Party Fears

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FREE

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Perth News

•The ACCELERATED MEN are Jay Nova (v.g) and Shane Hart (g,v) with assorted machines. The Dead Names LP (of the cassette — told you to get it while you could) "should be released by the end of the year" — currently waiting on white you could should be released by the end of the year" — currently waiting on sleeves. In the interim, a cassette-EP, Destination Werewolf ("Sister Morphine", "Buming Up Adrenochrome", "Crawlspace", "Ithaqua"), should be released to lead the LP. The second album is almost united the could great model to the state of the country of written and recording work should start some time in the New Year. The band may play a couple of shows before Christmas. Plans to shift to Melboume are also in

· The BLACK ORCHIDS have reshuffled, in that I've left and been replaced by Josh Buckeridge (b). I will be forming something else as soon as I get off my bum — drummers who are bastard children of Brett Rixon and guitar-playing persons with no wish to be rock stars are particularly encouraged to apply. What har the band name is undecided at pres What happens to ent, but the band name is undecleded at present, out the previous lineup — Danny Ruggero (g), David Gerard (b) and Sioux Baker (d) have a song on the next Zeeeeen/ maga-zine compilation, probably around May or June next year. (clo PF)

• BOB'S LOVE CHILD are Nathan Jarvis (v,d), Scott Nichol (g,v), Drew Griffiths (g,v) and Graham Hope (b, harp). They first played in June at the Plaistowe's jam night and followed that with the RTR Go Loco (see FF#14 live review). They have recording plans and the guy from Mushroom liked them too. 90% likely to play at the Mars Bastards Christmas Eve show and may be joining up with Charlotte's Web for some underage gigs in the near future. They are the Bright Young Hope of Perth pop music and have more songs than you knew existed. People danced at their first gig — so there. (2/21 Myers Street, Crawley 6009) · BOB'S LOVE CHILD are Nathan

• The BRAUTIGANS are on long-term hold for the time being and played most recently at the Melbourne on Novem-ber 23rd (bottom of the bill on Ausmusic Day, which at least reassures us that noth-ing changes in the industry). Their cassette Scared is out now and do I really need to tell you twice? (PO Box 330, North Perth 6006)

• CHARLOTTE'S WEB's CD Short Time Strait is out now (get it), and Mi-chael Zampogna has just left through "disillusionment with attitudes" — last show to be Saturday 14th December at the Victoria. Be there. His new guitar band is coming together (should be hot) and will be in the New Year, Charlotte's Web are touring east in early January with Ian

• The CRIMSON BOY 12", "Desola-• The CRIMSON BOY 12", "Desolation Angel/Neon Dog (Retribution Remix)", is on its way (honest), to be out January. The last year has been spent
recording (Jan-Jul) and mixing (Sep-Nov)
the 12". The band is now just Vince Valential on vocals and instruments, previous
vocalist Andy Brown having last sung
with the band in November last year. The
12" was recorded at Finance Studies with 12" was recorded at Emanon Studios with engineers Gary Devlin and Donna Cole. "It's closer in sound to what I've intended Crimson Boy to be than anything I've done before." T-shirts (all different) are coming as well. (9 Rail Street, Balga 6061)

• Called up André Scannell to see how the CUSTARD CRASH were going. Terrible, absolutely terrible at the moment. We recorded a tape and it got accidentally wiped! And the drummer (Cameron Potts) is going to Melbourne. So that's it for that. Oh well." The first self-titled tape is still available.

• Martin Gamble is releasing his solo mini-album as a CD under the name MARDI PICASSO. Mardi could well have fitted his entire recorded works on the disc, but he couldn't have filled it — you can only put 99 tracks on a CD, after all ... I've heard it and it's top-rate (of course).

• The GOLDSTEINS have split after the drummer left to join a blues band — the last show was with the Feends at Shafto's on October 13th. David Johnston of the Goldsteins may be forming a band with Adrian and John from the DIEHARDS.

• The HUNKPAPAS' CD is confirmed, minus recording costs, and the band have one or two songs to go.

have one or two songs to go.

"LOVE PUMP started reforming about a month ago. This is probably the last summer that everyone will be here. Even Ron Pickett will be here for the December shows." (Trevor) The band will be playing New Year's Eve somewhere. This year's lineup is Guy 'Hugh Schlong' Cromlin (b), Val 'Hung' Tarin (d), Trevor 'Big Jim' Hilton (v), Thomas 'Shaff Steele' Kayser (k), Adrian 'Whip Creme' Wood (trumpet), Peter 'Snake' Hobbs (g), Darrel 'Darko Funky' Le Mercier (congas) and Peter 'Dolph Subway' Morse (b) "on one song." Ancillary members are Rod 'Hot Rod' Glick (g), Fred 'Ron Pickett' Gilbert (MC) and Craig 'Rim Shot' Weighell (d). "The only person missing is Peter Hadley, who is in America."

The BEAT BONGO MANIACS will be returning "as per yearly" in December or January. "I think Love Pump is the most documented band I've ever been in. I've got more handbills than anyone." Send confessions of undying love. — "I haven't had it for quite a while..." — to (20 Marmion Street, North Perth 6006)

*The new MARS BASTARDS tape

· The new MARS BASTARDS tape Rollercoaster is out now. Get one while you can — they limit them in an attempt to you can — they infilt them in an attempt to train the buyers. The tape includes a free sticker, a lyric sheet and about two hundred dedications. "We've even gone for the pseudo-CD-style cassette that has all six songs on both sides." They have a new bass-player, Cliff Kent, Mark Scarparolo bass-player, Chill Kent, Marx Scarparolo having left due to Month Of Sundays commitments. The Bastards also won Most Popular Cassette in the West Australian Music Industry Awards. "Put it this way, it took us by surprise." The band will be taking two months off early next year to straighten out the lives. straighten out the lineup.

• PANEL VAN have actually played their first gig — Wednesday 6th November at the Melbourne Hotel with Pool Flotation Device and Mustang! changed. See PF#12.

• The RACHELS have taken a break due to Glenn's trip east, which "did some good." Playing soonish.

. The RAINYARD are off to become pop stars. Serious negotiations with rooArt are in progress, "Technicolour Blind" is the standout track on Youngblood III and, best of all, the Rainyard have the support for the Baby Animals tour! The band went to Syd-Daby Animals tour The band went to Sydney for a week (recording, three shows, a tiny bit of press — "it went reasonably for an unknown band" — Liam) and the first rooArt release will possibly be a six track EP. (841 Gull Road, Serpentime 6205)

• A TERMINAL POSTURE: "Darren has duodenal stress ulcers from work. That's the news" — Roy. The band consists of Darren Foster (v), Roy Schuller (k, programming) and John McKie (k). John McKie is back from Europe, where he had an apparently lovely time, saw and spoke to many heroes and got the odd low-key contact. Lethal Image Intensity is coming around the time I get another Rock Award — "some of the live stuff we did didn't actually record and we looked at what we had and ... it's on the back burner for now." The next 'proper' release will be some time after the next round of shows. (39 Marmion Street, North Perth 6006) A TERMINAL POSTURE: "Dar

• THROMBUS have recorded eight or nine tracks for an album, single or whatever eventuates. There are also plans for a Christmas cassette, A Turd In My Stocking, plus a matching show. The double 7" "is going fine, thank you."

• TOTAL JESUS are presently Paul George (v), Paul Sherriff (g), Chad Hedley (d) and Pete Dunstan (b), previ-ous bass being Dave Llewellyn, who is off to Egypt, no less. The band started in March after CuCuhlainne Powerhead fin-March after Cucunianne Powernead in-ished. The band is playing again late De-cember or early January — they've been getting ready, polishing stuff and redirect-ing it. "Er, um, er, um, er. ... we're trying to make it more textured than CùCùhlainne, 'cos that was more straight hardcore. We're keeping it harder by using softer influenc-es." (Paul) (5 Janet Street, West Perth 6005)

While T'ROLL are rent asunder • While T'ROLL are rent asunder (Tim Boykett is off doing a Ph.D. in mathe-matics in Vienna, "the city of many brands of sausage" — he couldn't find anything more interesting to say about it), drummer more interesting to say about it), drummer Jay Cohen is putting together a unit to include Mike Dean, Danny Passionfruit and a bass player so far, and are 'looking for interested whatevers in the realm of keyboards, samplers, DJs, dancers. At the moment, we're a happening four-piece rock band, but we're trying to expand." T'Roll bass player Simon Stringer is jamming at

•The VOMIT BAGS are working on a new cassette, to come out around year's end, and are playing a few shows soon. "A bit more powerful" — Tracy.

BANDS I DIDN'T MANAGE TO TRACK DOWN: The Bright Eyed Drops, Grin, Mustang!, Pool Flotation Device, Yummy Fur, most anyone from From The Same Mother, see above and make your own list. I can only try to be everywhere.



short TIME strait CD AVAILABLE NOW

What have you been up to lately?

"The band's been quiet on the surface, but that's because ... other bands can sit there tuning their guitars or getting their drums in order, but when you're dealing with computer graphics, publishing, video technology and so on, you can actually take a lot of time doing things and it doesn't look like much from the outside. We've been upgrading to be able to make compact discs which have computer code on them. One of these days, we're hoping to release CDs that you can play and pictures come up on the screen and you can have animations happening and navigate through the music and all that sort of caper. For a couple of guys with not much money between them, it takes a long time to do these things.'

Especially when you've been spending years recording stuff in your bedroom.

"it's still in the bedroom. It's a reasonably big bedroom ... it's a mixture between a bedroom and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology computing department. Looks a bit like both. We've been going for ten years now, and we're keen to always try to be ahead of what's going on around the place, but people are starting to catch up. It's a worry."

Tell us about the new album, Cuisine (With Piscatorial).

"We've got a sort of in-joke about food that's been running for a few years, and calling it Cuissine's like refining the whole thing — beforehand we were dealing with snacks, now we're dealing with French cooking from the Riviera. The whole food joke is really about what music's about and how disposable it is; people have records like they have cups of coffee. We're sort of acknowledging that by calling our albums after food and using food on the covers. Calling it Cuisine is like saying, this is still food, but it's a very refined form, something we've been working on.

"The cover's got a tuning fork that's been shoved into a beaker of water and the water's flying everywhere and hitting things. It's symbolic of the power of music: 'we're the tuning fork and the beaker's your brain and we're shoving this into it.'

I know this raving fan of yours who puts Severed Heads graphics on his leather Jacket.

"Oh yeah, he's got a pumpkin on there, right?" (The previous album Rotund For Success has a large picture of a pumpkin on the front.)

No, at the moment he has an old one, the bomb dropping on the field of crosses. (Canadian sleeve to Dead Eyes Opened CD)

"We're not responsible for that one. It looks like the Simple Minds school of graphics. That's the way they try to market us in America — one of those bleak industrial preachers-backwards-through-reverb-chambers sort of things. That's all right, it can be amusing for maybe a couple of years, but I wouldn't want to make a life-form

"That's why we use pumpkins. A pumpkin's much more ... there's something sort of endearing about a pumpkin."

My cat's called Pumpkin, as it happens. When he curls up, he looks very like the cover of Rotund.

"Right, well, you'd understand it. If you write about your cat, you'll get it in one. I'd rather use cats and pumpkins than bombs and Armageddon; I think they've got a lot more to do with life, particularly in Australia, than all this other stuff."

That's one thing I've always liked about Severed ads — a sense of humour.

"Well, life is hideous, and there's two ways around it: you can either sit around moping all day or you can have a sense of humour. I also think it's more appropriate for Australia; being somewhere that has a fairly larrikin idea about things — we're not pretending to be American or English or anything — I think using that sort of humour is more nationally correct or useful or in tune with things."

Where did the name Severed Heads originally come from?

"It was a bit of a mistake. When the band was starting, there were lots of bands around that were named after all this gruesome imagery and, to get noticed, you had to fall in with it. I mean, I don't know whether the Perth thing seems to be that everyone's called after some sort of plant seems to be that everyone's called after some sort of plant or animal, y'know ... At that stage it was appropriate to name yourself like that, but we never really believed in any of that, so we thought, 'OK, we'll do that and use it as a way of questioning the whole thing in the first place.' That was getting ahead of ourselves, because everyone just went, 'oh yeah, fine, Severed Heads.' Boom. We sent a tape in to the radio, put it under the name Severed Heads and that was it — it was locked in for life."

Like naming a baby.

"Yeah, that's right, and the poor bastard has to grow up being called Bartholomew or Bamboo or Rainforest or are some cape. Darmotomew or Bamboo or Rainforest or some crap. Naming your band is something you have to be very careful with, and we were trying to do something which basically backfired on us, and now we get put in the gothic and industrial bins at record stores. Or heavy metal."

'Yeah. Yeah, we go in the heavy metal bins at some of the big department stores, 'cos they don't know what to do with us. There's a shop in town that has 'Electronic' Avant-Garde,' right, and anything that comes off Nettwerk, the label that we're on in Canada, goes in that bin. Jingly-jangly bands, folk singers, people who play Swanee whistles, all go in the industrial bin."

Have you ever had reactions from people who've bought your records from the wrong bin?

"That don't better companying ting. We try to be really."

"They don't bother communicating. We try to be really easy to get in touch with."

I like that on the back of each record: 'please send \$5 for booklet' and the address

"We've stopped doing the five dollar bit; it's free now because we're a bit more financially secure. The problem is that the booklets aren't worth five dollars; it's really geared for Europe, where it's two dollars eighty to mail the damn thing. The Australians have been subsidising that. So we've stopped charging.

"With the booklets and addresses and stuff, we're trywith the booklets and addresses and sturt, we're try-ing to make people understand that it's a two-way thing. We don't just have a megaphone and you have an ear and we yell into your ear, we're trying to be somehow respon-sive and responsible. I can't have my number in the phone book any more because of nuisance calls and things, but we now have an electronic mail address so that people at computer sites around the world can leave messages. Interestingly enough, the sort of people that are logging on are people at BHP and MIT, various large corporations, and a leave the records talk to we." people at BHP and MIT, v. lot of the people talk to us.

That's very good.

"It's weird.

There's an approachable aspect to Severed Heads; you're actual humans instead of machine creatures.

"Oh, yeah, Gimme a break — don't these people ever "Oh, yeah. Gimme a break — don't these people ever go to the toilet? They have to make a concept album about it: (European accent) I Go To The Toilet by Thirty-Six Forty-Two Hike or something, y'know. That sort of stuff was never very good in the first place and it's certainly inappropriate now — these people who think they're industrial but are really locked into some old hippy trip. It's a mentality, not instruments."

How did you get into this musical thing, twelve years ago? What did you listen to? What got you pointed in this direction?

"1976 was the punk thing, that anyone can do music, music doesn't have to be done in large studios. I was a bit too young for that — I'm twenty-nine at the moment, so I was fourteen then, which is a good age for listening, but not for actually doing anything — but in 1978, you got a switchover — you don't have to use a guitar, you can actually use boxes that make noises — so, in a way, our orientation is a matter of timing.

The boxes are also a lot more in tune with the sort of noises that I wanted to make. I found film soundtracks really interesting, and it's sort of hard to do a film soundtrack with a twelve-string guitar, y'know, unless it's set in the deep south. So I needed boxes that made sounds that would evoke some rich sort of mental thingy and I went for the synthesizers and tapes, and it grew from there.

for the synthesizers and tapes, and it grew from there.

"In the early '80s, nationally, there was some sort of team spirit for that sort of music — there were lots of bands doing that sort of thing and you felt like you were part of a team — and that's really died off to a great extended to the sort of t tent, but we're at a point now where we can exist without any outside help and we're quite determined to do that."

I read an old interview where you spoke of playing with tape recorders at an early age.

"That was just because they were there. If you've got books in your house, you've got the opportunity to read; if you've got tape recorders around the house, like I had, you have the opportunity to work with the things without all that baggage about art and creativity and shit. When you're twelve, you don't worry about all that stuff, you're just playing. It's a toy, like Gl. Joe or Barbie; it doesn't matter, it's just a tape recorder. If other people grew up in houses where there was poetry, maybe they'd become poets. I don't know. poets, I don't know.

'It just becomes something that is ... you just do it and it's there and you become fluent in it without having to worry about why or how or anything like that, and so I was really lucky that that was possible. I'm not claiming any sort of mystical talent here, y'know.

"Later on you want to express yourself because you're staning to get pissed off with things, so you've just got to reach back to the things you know how to use."

How do you come up with the music? Are there various processes?

"Whereas the older music would have had a tape loop at the heart of it, I think it's true to say that the newer stuff has a sequence at the heart of it and the tape loops might come later on. I've got a workstation thing here now, a great big black thing with lots of knobs all over it, and I mainly muck around on that."

A great big musical computer thing?

"Yeah, a great big musical ugly computer doodly thing, to use the technical name. Which is good — you thing, to use the technical name. Which is good — you tend to get down to things like sine waves and molecular movements. It's very navel-inspecting, but you can get good results out of it."

Tell me about the CD reissue program.

"Part one is that records have become more expensive, and twelve-inch singles in particular are a really inefficient and expensive way of distributing music. I've been really opposed to twelve-inch singles because they came up to fourteen, fifteen dollars and you're really only getting one or two songs, so we're shifting those onto CDs; so you get CDs which have got all the twelves on them, and any twelve-inch or single song that comes out from now on will come out on a CD with enough extra rom now on will come out on a CD with enough extra stuff on it to make it worth the money. The last thing we put out was a thing called *Retread*, and what you're getting there is over seventy minutes for eleven dollars. I think that's a responsible thing to the audience: that you keep it down and you keep it full."

I'm really suspicious of any CD that runs under sixty minutes these days.

minutes these days.

"Yeah, pretty much. Singles should have enough material to almost be albums. The seven-inch is dead, effectively; there's no way of putting out a seven-inch at the moment. I'm just looking for the best way of getting stuff across; the little discs have got better sound quality in some respects and you can pack a lot more on them. And they can be cheaper; they don't have to be more expensive than the vinyl. They pretty much cost the same. You can get a CD out at a reasonable price; Cuisine is \$19.95 (cassette \$11.95), which is the same as vinyl at the moment, so we're trying to keep the prices down for people. we're trying to keep the prices down for people.

"The reissues thing is ... people are always complaining that we're not doing the same sort of music we were doing in the past, that it's not album one over and over again; so what we're saying is, 'OK, that's true, that's just a fact of life; we will make album one very easy to get hold of, then we will not need to continuously reinvent it."

So you're going to go back to the very start?



"Ahhh, can't quite do that, and I don't think anyone would really want to hear that garbage, but back to when the stuff was actually good. It's all happening overseas, which is a problem; we're trying to bring the CDs of the which is a problem; we re trying to oning the CDS of the old albums in, but you've got all these terrible problems with bringing things in and customs and local distribution that's incredibly hard to deal with Our really early albums, Since The Accident and City Slab Horror, are available on CD in America, but we haven't been able to import them here in any large quantity yet. The importers are getting them in in small quantities, though."

Someone told me you were reactivating the Terse Tapes/Dogfood label.

"Oh, no, no, I'm not that silly. That was '81. No, I can't do all that garbage any more. I'll leave it up to the record companies to do that sort of thing. What we're really trying to do ourselves is to be responsible for ... how of I put it ... We do our own videos, right, and we publicise and explain ourselves to a certain extent with the booklets. We're trying to be, rather than a band, some kind of communications company; I mean, I know it sounds like a wank, but it's the best way of putting it. Like Warner's is Warner Communications. We'd have a computer graphics department and a publicity department and all that sort of stuff. That is the pipe dream.

"If it came, then we could have a place where people could drop in and do their own work like ... God, here's the wank of the moming, but like the Bauhaus or something, y'know; somewhere in town where people could come in and use the studio or the graphics boxes or anything like that and not be pressured to come up with a top-forty single or an art statement, y'know? That's more important than reinventing the wheel by starting up a label, I think."

How are things with all the record companies? What's the label setup? It can get very confusing

looking in the racks ...

"I know, I know. It's sorting itself out slowly. It's basically that we never signed with a major. We did Virgin once. Never again, never again. That was because we were signed to a wretched bunch of bastards called Ink Records who ripped us off. We'll sue the Christ out of them if they ever ever, think of putting that stuff out. them if they ever, ever, think of putting that stuff out again. It's being put out through our Canadian company.

again. It's being put out through our Canadian company.

"What happened was that we signed to Ink and, because we were signed to an English label, an Australian label called Volition put us out. Then we got signed by a Canadian label called Nettwerk, then we got signed by an American label called Important, and in Belgium it comes out through a company called Play It Again Sam. That sounds convoluted, but what you've effectively got there is the equivalent of something like RCA or one of the big companies, except that in each case you've got a local distributor.

"Most of the work is done by Volition — the art, the cover design — but the rest is administered by Nettwerk in Canada, so our commercial heartland is Vancouver, which is where most of the records get pressed and distributed worldwide. So what Volition has to do is pump the records back into Australia from Canada. We've had a go at pressing records here now, but the Prices Surveil-lance bunch will probably make it easier to ship them in

remember: lost their buying **Heads**

than press them here. Which shows what a bunch of stupid arscholes they are. It's actually easier to get our re America than it is here."

So, do you have a huge fan base in Vancouver?

"Not really. America, yeah. Canada's not much bigger than Australia. America, of course, is huge. Canada's sort of annexed to America. Pressing records from Canada is interesting because you're outside the looney bin but looking in the windows, y'know? It's like that."

Tell me, why have you never come to Perth before? (Stupidly obvious, but still has to be asked.)

"Cos it was so expensive. There's three bands coming now, which means fifteen people on the road, which is not cheap, but we think that is a sufficient amount of entertainment to charge more than we might. We're working on the principle of big show and big costs, but maybe being able to recoup those big costs.

"It's easier to go to California than it is to Perth. There are certain places that we've tried to get to for years. Perth is one of them. New Zealand is another that we'd like to visit but that never seems to work out.

"I look at places in terms of their actual productive worth. I know I've been called a biased bastard over this before, but I'm much more interested in, say, Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth than I am in Melbourne, because more Brisbane and Perth than I am in Melbourne, because more actually seems to be happening in terms of creativity in those places. I can't be bothered with New York because everybody goes to New York to do things and no-one ever actually comes out of New York. The places that I deal with in terms of creativity seem to have nothing to do with geography or the size of the place, but geography comes in when you're trying to organise touring.

"When you're brically equipe for yourselves."

"When you're basically paying for yourselves — we don't have the participation of a sponsor or a major label — it means that you can do it, but it takes a long time to

What are your sales like in Australia? How many people actually buy Severed Heads?

"It goes up and down. It's in the thousands, which is good. When everyone else's record sales were higher, ours

good. When everyone else's record sales were higher, ours were higher. At the moment, everyone's not doing as well as they used to do. Truth be told, we do live off what happens in America and not here. Johnny Farnham has not really got anything to worry about from us.

"We're doing pretty good in America. I could live off record sales at the moment, which is fine. I've got a few other advantages up my sleeve; I write for a newspaper — a computer column in the Sydney Morning Herald — and

"The bands that do better than us that are in our area that are supposedly our peer group, are mainly bands whose sound ... they're in a genre, you know what I mean? Bands that are selling a sound and an image. We don't do that and we get penalised for that. If you don't say, 'I am rap' or 'I am this' or 'I am that,' then you're penalising yourself, but I'd find that too disgusting to do."

Oh, I think you've got a sound and an idea about you. 'Yeah, but it's very diffuse and it's not very marketa-

What's the setup of the live show going to be?

"At the moment, we've got twin beam-projector systems, so you've got two video screens and two video projectors, and they're linked up to a vision mixer and there'll be a couple of video signals fed into that. All being well, we'll have a couple of tapes running and cut between them, so this image here will be combined with that image there and sent to the projectors. A few little technical things to work out yet — it's unclear at the moment whether we'll have a computer on stage generating or just use tape — but these things depend on how much soldering we can do in the intervening weeks.

"In terms of sound, it looks like we've got a stereo PA, two keyboard players — if you can call me a keyboard player — and we'll have a couple of tape machines and sampling keyboards and stuff on stage. So it's a sort of cutting-and-splicing-things-together-on-stage deal.

"The design of this show will be the same design as the shows we've been doing over the last couple of years.—

"The design of this show will be the same design as the shows we've been doing over the last couple of years—the vision and the sound are locked together so that what's happening on the PA. You could also have the thing where the music's playing and the video is the splashes around it, which we're looking at doing in the future, but at the moment everything's still locked to within one twenty-fifth of a second. a second.

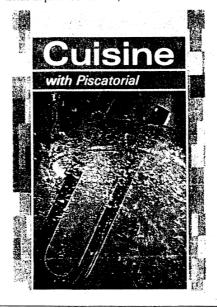
a second.

"We're having trouble getting the right beam projectors for what we want to do, but it should be all right. We'll be bringing LCD beam projectors — there's only one light that goes through, like a computer screen overhead projector. The three-beam projectors are very fuzzy, so we can't rely on them; it's like playing through a PA that's had the woofers taken out. People shouldn't be leaking at the table should be looking at the tellies. looking at us, they should be looking at the tellies

But once you've played two hundred and fifty concerts like that, you can figure out anything. We've done this show everywhere from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan to Liverpool, England, so, y'know..."

You're coming with Single Gun Theory and Boxcar. Is this a big triple tour you're doing?

"We'll see how it goes. If we've all strangled each other within the first weekend, then we won't go overseas with it. We all know each other reasonably well; Boxcar with it. We air know each other reasonably well, Boxcar live in Brisbane so we only see them every now and then, but the other two bands live in each other's pockets to a certain extent. But going on the road with people's a lot different to having beers with them, y'know; you find out that he likes to dress up in a dress and she likes to run around the place with a machete, blah blah blah ..."



SEVERED HEADS: Cuisine (with Piscatorial) (Voli-

Tom Ellard has always existed on the fringes of the Australian scene. His Dadaist humour and unique machine abuse has drawn eager response overseas, but continues to baffle a local indie scene that is still getting over the

Early Severed Heads was like a series of brilliant pranks with an accompanying soundtrack placed somewhere between Hell and the local deli. They performed a show where the only instruments used were TV sets. The Blubberknife cassette was originally sold taped to pieces of gutted televisions. They drop watermelons from three-storey buildings and use the sound of the impact as percussion. Have you ever danced to the sound of "a cat spewing, played backwards through a distortion pedal"? No? Why the fuck not?

Cuisine sees Severed Heads continuing towards some

techno-Utopia. The bastardised acid house Ellard flirted with for a while has thankfully been pushed aside for some stripped-down Detroit techno sort of thing. It's still instantly recognisable as Severed Heads, but totally different to previous releases — it's this ability that has kept Severed Heads fresh and kept the diehard fans from getting bored search a structing the acid horders who wanted more subas well as attracting the acid hordes who wanted more sub-stance and less wank with their streamlined dance beats.

stance and less wank with their streamlined dance beats.

The album has all the spine-rattler rhythms and melodic suss that characterised Round For Success, The Big Bigot and Bad Mood Guy and if you removed Ellard's spaced vocals from "Ugly Twenties", it would slot quite comfortably with Depeche Mode's Violator sound. The real beast, though, is the current single, "Pilot In Hell": enough bast to cripple and a classic Ellard surreal lyric. It has to be said that there's some real elevator music on the CD, but, with so many tracks, there's bound to be some

It's definitely worth getting Cuisine. Check out the live show on the fifth; don't let Boxcar turn you off Severed Heads and Single Gun Theory.

Tom Ellard: space cadet, mutilator of vegetables/machines/cats, mischievous brat and sound sculptor extraordinaire. Keep those heads rolling.

Crimson Boy.

Volition Records Giveaway

Volition Records is presently running a promotion for the new Severed Heads, Boxcar, Scattered Order and Single Gun Theory CDs under the name An Intro To Techno (no, I suppose it isn't a hideously worse name than electro-beat or electro-goth or acid-goth or industrial or whatever else it's been called in fifteen years ... and you'll have to decide for yourself how well it actually fits the bands); to this end, BMG have given PF packs of the following CDs to give away to three lucky readers:

Severed Heads: Cuisine (with Piscatorial)

Single Gun Theory: Like Store In My Hands

Single Gun Theory: Like Stars In My Hands Scattered Order: Professional Dead Ball

Scattered Order: Projessional Dead Dan.

Boxcar: Vertigo

Now, since PF readers are, by and large, an unusually well-informed lot, I've decided to make this one not so easy. Remember, this is eightly bucks' worth of CDs we've got here. Here are the questions:

1.(a) Which Severed Heads album or albums was/were produced by a member of Single Gun Theory? (Two

(b) Which member? (One point)

(b) which member? (One point)
(c) Under what name? (One point)
What is the correct spelling of the sumame of Boxcar's keyboard player? (Is the album correct?) (One point)
What was the last Severed Heads 7" single and what year was it released? (One point each)
(a) Which Scattered Order album or mini-album had sold less than fifty cories in Australia by 1987? (Full)

sold less than fifty copies in Australia by 1987? (Full title — front and back!) (One point)
(b) What was the actual number of copies? (One point)

What was the single off the first Single Gun Theory album? (A-side and B-side, please.) (One point)

No-one is expected to get all of the above right.

What you do now is:

1. Write as many answers as you can on a piece of paper with your name and address and send it to PF. 2. Wait

The prize-winners will be the three entries with the most points by the end of January. In the case of ties, the earliest postmarked entry gets it.

Chance plays no part in it and duplicate entries will do you no good.

The winners will be appropried part issue as will

The winners will be announced next issue, as will anyone who got the lot right. Editor's decision is final. Bribes will be absorbed and ignored.

As a special PF bonus, any prize-winner getting the lot correct can have a tape of the Severed Heads interview.

For those with no stomach for competitions, the above four CDs are available for twenty dollars each (cassettes just twelve) and are available even in Brash's and places like that. PERRI: "I'm Perri and I do vocals, saxophone, glock-enspiel, tambourine, melodica and two chords on the

"Kenrick is my sumame. Marion is my real name and Alison's my middle name. The Italian word for 'dangerous' is 'pericoloso,' and I think I was called that because I was a mistake. I've been called it since I was a baby. My parents said that I was conceived in Perth. Local interest,

hey.
"I'm not saying how old I am. I'm a Libran. I'm so well

Height: "Five foot two and a half."
Natural hair colour: "Oh, there's quite a lot of it here!
I hadn't seen it for years, but there's actually quite a bit of it now ..

It now ..."

I was hoping you'd say it was the pink bit on the end.

"No, that's my brain bleeding."

Day job: "Me and Bo run our own studio, an eighttrack, Phantom Tollbooth, and we do Giggle Records. I also have a show on 3CR Community Radio. And I manage the band. That's all I do all day. Except when I'm patting my cat or playing with my plants. I don't make a living from it, but that's what I work at — music all day, every day."

Past bands: "I used to be in one called the Delicates-Past bands: It used to be in one called the Delicatesens. We used to do smallgoods tours and hand out salamit to people. That was a send-up of music and the scene and everything, and people used to mob us in the street as part of the game. Our claim to fame is playing this little venue called the Exford, and Nick Cave was there and we did a cover of 'Shivers' and he walked out in disgust."

What made you take up your chose in particularity. "It

What made you take up your chosen instrument: "I like the physical side of playing a saxophone. I really like the low notes that rumble through your whole body. I don't really like listening to saxophone, just playing it.

"I don't really know how to play a glockenspiel. I put

cheat markers on it.

"I picked up the tambourine only the other day 'cos I've never wanted to be a girlie in a band playing a tambou-

rine. I can't stand the image.
"I just use instruments. I'd always wanted to be a singer but didn't think I could, so I started playing drums initially. I was really nervous as hell about singing at first and I still have panic bouts."

MICHAEL: "My name's Michael Szkutenko and I'm the drummer. Also marimba and odd percussion things

the drummer. Also marimba and odd percussion things when we record."

Height: "Five eleven and three quarters."

Day Job: "I work for a company called Rainforest Survival Enterprises, which sounds a lot more esotetic than it is. Basically, we're a furniture removal, renovating and building firm that's set up such that profits go to environmental issues. They donate something like fifteen, twenty thousand dollars to A.C.F. and so on. I'm on twelve bucks believe the second of an hour, which is not a lot. So I'm a furniture removalist and truck driver.

and truck driver."

Past bands: "I haven't been in any other ... well, I've ...
I've done different sorts of things. I've played in an acoustic Greek band called Lenko for a while. I had a band with some friends who lived in Perri and Bo's place, called Beyond Westgate. We never actually got to play. I've played in classical orchestras and coffee-shop jazz things, playing percussion."

What made you take up your chosen instrument:
"Thoma. I've always listened to music firstly from a

"Uhmm ... I've always listened to music firstly from a rhythmic point of view. I don't know where or why I

rhythmic point of view. I don't know where or why I started playing percussion.

"There's a tonal texture to drums which is not pitch—oh, it is in a different sense of the word—but it's not ... there's a whole different spectrum of sounds that you can get out of the one skin that you don't seem to get with a single-pitched instrument like a guitar or piano. The pitching on a drum skin ... there's so many different overtones on the one skin unless you get it perfectly in tune, which is very rare 'cos heat and light and everything affects it as well. It's just the sound of all that."

So when did you actually make the decision to spend a sizable chunk of money on a drumkit?

"Um ..." (all laugh uproariously) "... last week." (all continue, louder) "I finally bought my first drumkit last week! I've been using my childhood drumkit I've had since I was sixteen!"

Alex: "He looks like a real drummer now."

Alex: "He looks like a real drummer now."

Michael: "Oh dear."

ALEX: "I'm Alex Szkutenko, I'm the bass player and I've just started doing a tiny bit of backing vocals. Michael and I are brother and sister. WE'RE NOT MARRIED."

Height: "Five four."

Day job: "I work part-time so that I can pursue my musical career, if it ever takes off as a career. My day job

musical career, it it ever takes off as a career. My day job is driving intellectually disabled people to their workshop in the morning and taking them home in the afternoon."

Past bands: "Er ... none worth mentioning. I've been on stage before. That's it."

What made you take up the most noble of instruments: "I just always like the bass sounds ... even though I can't hear them. (all laugh again) I can't hear that frequency range. I have to write all my bass lines an octave up.

"It's the best stringed instrument, I like it. It's where music makes sense to me. I can't really play guitar. I did

music makes sense to me. I can't really play guitar. I did leam classical guitar when I was little, but they mystify me now. The B string puts me off 'cos it mucks up my patterns. They're too little. They're toys. Nup, basses are right."

MARK: "I'm Mark Johnston and I'm thirty-two and

I'm the father of these three children."

Height: "Six six." ("Five eight!" — Michael.)
Day Job: "I'm in the travel industry. (all laugh) I drive

tram around Melbourne. I'm a tram-driving man."

Past bands: "I was in a West African drum ensemble called Adzohu. Another band, that did a couple of live shows, called Splash of Shame."

What made you take up your chosen instrument: "I copied my brother. He started playing and then showed me a few things, but he stopped and I kept going. The dexterity of guitars. It's good to know you've got some control over your motor reactions."

How did it all start?

Perri: "Stingray', on the first Screaming At The Mirror cassette, under the name Scarcerow Tiggy. No-one can fight over the band name. That was December '88. That was me and Bo, who's in Clowns Smiling Backwards, and he played guitar and bass. I did the vocals and drum machine and I sort of la-la'd some other ideas I wanted him to play. He's mixing for us over here.

"That was when I was looking for people. I asked Michael because I knew he played drums and I knew he had this amazing sister who played bass and I was in awe of them because they were real musicians and I wasn't, and I was really nervous about asking them."

Scarecrow^D

Perri: "We haven't had time. We've been busy fixing

up fuckups every day."

Michael: "But what we have seen of it, I myself think is really nice. It's a nice looking city. It's different, like the is really nice. It's a nice booking city. It's different, like the roads all seem to go at nice angles and things ... it's environmentally putrid ..."

Perri: "I want to see the oil slick!"

Michael: "... but it's a very picturesque city."

Don't drink the water.

Perri: "Oh, that's why the tea tastes funny."

Michael: 'There's no logic to the roads, either. Mounts Bay Road or whatever. You can't orientate yourself north south. It's not like Melbourne, which is all straight and

Perri: "It's nice and orderly in Melbourne. Nice and

conservative."

Michael: "It's been a great experience. 'Oh God, hang on, I'll try a U-turn here ..."

What are your Melbourne audiences like?

Perri: "Mixed. Just depends who you're playing with and where you're playing and whether it's raining out.

"In Perth, the people that have stayed to see it have really got into it ... but the crowds haven't exactly been really got into it ... but the crowds haven't exactly been huge, have they? But it's good playing to an appreciative

"The mismatch of bands is a problem."

Tiggy

(On the Friday, Scare-crow Tiggy played with a Perth band called Let's Get Naked, who are actually worse than their name might suggest.)

Alex: "It's a pity we couldn't have played with some of the interesting Perth bands, 'cos there must be some. The Rachels, the Brau-

igans, Bob's Love Child ..."

Michael: "Last night's
was the most mismatched
we've ever been. I was horrified by what I heard. Buck's night music." Perri: "Their attitudes

were fucked. Politically they were fucked. Ideologically ... As humans .

How do your crowds react? Do they love or hate you, or do they think you're OK-yeah?

Michael: "There is a bit

Mark: "It's mostly favourable. We've never been booed off." Alex: "No-one's pulled the plug. Some friends of mine were in a band, Buick KBT, and they pulled the plug on

them."

But do you get raving fans who want to marry you and have your children?

Perri: "Yeah, Cocteau the cat and Spot the dog really like us. They're devoted."

Michael: "There are people who come regularly."

Perri: "I don't want their children, though."

Mark: "We haven't had clothes ripped off us."

How do you select slides for the backgrounds?

Perri: "Connie Mitropoulos, who did the cover on 'Passing For Human', does these really beautiful big pasted drawings with beautiful bright colours and she does slides drawings with beautiful bright colours and she does slides

Michael: "Our sister also does slides."

Perri: "Rock'n'roll lighting's really bloody boring."

Alex: "I think Cocteau should have had a bit more colour in his slide."

what's your ambition with the band?
Perri: "World domination. We're going to be Metallica. We're going to be on the level of Madonna and Kylica. We're actually going to put all our singles into the Kylie Minogue covers in Brash's." (Sadly, Brash's no longer stock vinyl except for one rack of 12" singles. So week for this plan!

longer stock vinyl except for one rack of 12" singles. So much for this plan.)

Michael: "Looking back at what we've done, it's gratifying to see that we've accumulated a lot of our own individual kind of song and it feels like a good solid bit of work and it'd be nice to see where it goes. I think we have worked together well."

Where does the name of the band come from?

Perri: "It's a kid's game. Someone's it and counts to twenty and everyone runs and scatters and then you have to twenty and everyone runs and scatters and then you have to tag people. If you get tagged, you have to stand still with your hands apart like a scarecrow and wait for someone to crawl between your legs to set you free."

Michael: "It's had mixed reactions, really, hasn't it? People either instantly like it or think it doesn't make any sense. It's hard to know what effect it has had."

Perri: "Some people think we're Scarecrow Twiggy or Scarecrow Titty..."

Scarecrow Titty

Why do you chuck in cat meows at the end of songs?

Perri: "'Cos the song's 'Mute', about my cat Cocteau
and how he's going to rescue the world. It's about how
nobody listens to what's going on in the world and there's
millions of people with problems and the politicians are

safe in their lives and aren't living on the edge of anything. But I haven't really got the right to preach because my life isn't perfect, so Cocteau comes to the rescue. Mreow!"

David.



Alex: "So there were the three of us -- bass, drums and singer — and we were looking for a guitarist, and then I remembered an old tram-driving mate of mine and so we formed in July.

Formed in July."

Perri: "We did have a guitarist, Neil Marks, and it just turned out that he just didn't have enough time to put into the band. We never played live with him, but he helped write songs like 'lagged'. And he ended up being our sound engineer, then he killed himself. The song 'Jagged' is dedicated to him."

Michael: "Our first live show was on the twenty-third of September 1989 at the Tote. I remember it well."

Mark: "I don't."

What recordings have you put out?

Perri: "Stingray' on Screaming At The Mirror I..."

Michael: "... 'Jagged' on Screaming At The Mirror II, which was an album ..."

Michael: "... 'Isaged' on Screaming At The Mirror II...
Michael: "... 'Isaged' on Screaming At The Mirror II,
which was an album ..."
Alex: "... then there was our single, which was a double
A-side, 'Mute/Worth', and we put that out ourselves on
green vinyl in 1990 ..."
Mark: "... then the single on Shock, 'Passing For
Human/Edge Of Your Smile', in May this year."
Perri: "We have 'Monopoly' on Screaming At The
Mirror III. We've got to mix it down the day I get back."
Do you have any concrete album plans?
Alex: "Half of it's already recorded, not all of it's
mixed yet and we've still got to record a couple more."
Michael: "Hopefully that'll be by the end of the year.
It's also going to be on CD."
How do you write the songs? Who does what?

How do you write the songs? Who does what?

How do you write the songs? Who does what? Michael: "Each song is written from a different basis or an idea, whether it be me with a drum pattern or Alex with a bass line or Perri or Mark with different vocal or guitar lines, and we'll all add other bits to it and see it through to its end. It's varied Perri writes most of the lyrics, though Alex and I have written a song each."

Why did you come to Perth?

Perri: "My mother was really excited. 'Ohhh, you're going back to where you were conceived!"

Mark: "We thought the sun was out here."

Alex: "We thought we'd escape winter. We were wrong."

Perri: "It's Melbourne weather exactly. Everyone accuses us of bringing it with us. We knew the Trolls who

cuses us of orninging it with us. We knew that I rolus who came over and they seemed to have a pretty good time."

Michael: "The cheap air fares also made it feasible."

Perri: "If we can play to a few people here that we've never played to before, I think that's positive. If there's a few people waiting for our stuff to come out, that's great."

Alex: "I wanted to see the Indian Ocean."

Perri: "And it looked the same."

Alex: "It was there and it had rain clouds over it."
Perri: "There was a glimmer of a rainbow once."
Have you been gallivanting around trying to tourist in the rain?

HUNKPAPAS / WASH / YUMMY

FUR — Beat Room, October '91
Yummy Fur are a young six-piece perhaps unsurprisingly, have quite an English sound about them, viz early Psychedelic Furs, Stone Roses and the Floyd, but are more than simply the sum of their influenc-They sound quite contemporary, but need more variation in their music and some work on presentation. The keyboard player also doubles on sax and is a real plus for the band as they can change virtually their whole sound and feel just by changing instruments. Worth keeping an ear open for (And all their mums and dads were there—

, Vapour / Spread / Velvet / Pool / Green use / Thought / Drivel / Too Tired

Wash started off okay but lost it as they went on, ending tonight up being one very fucked-off band. Not sure why; perhaps be-cause it was one of the first gigs for the new rucked-off band. Not sure why; pernaps be-cause it was one of the first gigs for the new lineup and it hasn't quite settled down yet. It got sloppy at times and sounded like the wanky side of the Jesus And Mary Chain— lots of noise with little passion. When they did keep their shit together, they seemed to have moved on from the music on their Demo cassette and more into the heavier Loop/Thee Hypnotics area, blurred vocals and all.

and all.

Boy | Hillside | Unrequited Love | One

Day | Friend | Beautiful Baby | Wave | Lelena | Morning | Jane | Plants | Dream Of A

Child | Golden Icey | Earth On Fire | River

The Hunkpapas were much tighter than Wash, with a really nice bass sound and a drummer who was not just content to play the beat but was more of a rhythm drummer. They were certainly the most experi enced and original of tonight's bands, with a hazy and quite subtle sound to them dreamlike and, at times, almost hypnotic, both musically and lyrically — which tends to work both for and against them. There are times when it's better to kick arse.

The band has progressed from its first cassette, Fallen Sby, but still continue in much the same vein. They have managed to retain the balance of the songwriting and the music so that they complement each other rather than one submerging the other. What I liked about the tape was the way they used guitar effects within the context of the song, and this element has thankfully been retained.

The Hunkpapas headlined tonight for a reason: they were the best band. Pity a number of the audience left after Wash's set their loss, I guess.

CRUEL SEA: I Feel/Zip It Up/Help

RUEL SEA: I FEEVZIP IT UP HEIP Me (Red Eye 7")

Let's try to resist the temptation to talk about the Cruel Sea as if it were simply Greg Perkins' band. It's not, but his vocals certainly dominate "I Feel", which has a light country (as opposed to country-and-western) sound, and what sounds like a restaurance of the sealing of the feeling of the feel

western) sound, and what sounds like a spartan recording adds to the feeling of spontaneity that permeates this song. Flip the record and you get the band recorded live in Melbourne, and what an interesting contrast it is. Live, the band exudes a strong R&B/soul sound, the result of what sounds like a Hammond organ. Think of Booker T. James circa "Green Onions", add Duck Dunn's bass and Greg Perkins in his bluesier mode and you're getting there. I bet it was a hot and sweaty night — wish I'd been there. The two live songs are only on this single — buy the band's new CD for sure, but pick up this single as well if you want the whole story.

PYRAMIDIACS: No Soul/Forever Gone (Zero Hour 7") The band's second single, with a more

contemporary sound to it than their first, but contemporary sound to it used and their inst, our still with the same appealing power-pop feel. "No Soul" has an occasional guitar lick that is straight '66-period Byrds and some harmony vocals that work really well, making this song continue to echo in your head long after it's finished. "Forever Gone" has a heavier hard pop sound, but still with an ear for melody; not as immediately appealing as "No Soul", but not a throwaway by any means.

STEMS: Can't Turn The Clock Back (Prickly Pair LP

A release of dubious origins. Let's just say that I know where it doesn't come from.
The quality of the recording itself is very good — probably a mixing-desk job — but, for some God-unknown reason, it's in mono (yeah! yeah! Smash the CD! Ludd Gang! Choir-Ette-Of-Death!! - ed), so you have to crank it up. No location or date is given, but I'd say most of it dates from about November/December '86.

What you get is fifteen songs, only eight of which the band officially released. Of the of which the band officially released. Or uncrest, most are regular covers such as "Stomping All Over The World", "Zero Hour" and "She's So Fine", plus a few unreleased originals. If you went to their gigs, you didn't, you may wonder what all the fuss was about — it's sounding a bit dated now — but, as they say, you had to be there. It's five years down the line from this

recording and most of those involved have moved on musically; perhaps it's time their fans did as well. I liked the Stems for what they were — an unpretentious garage-influenced power-pop band — but, like the title says, you can't turn the clock back. If you want a reminder of what their gigs were

like, see if you can locate this.

There were quite a few quality live tapes of the band made, going back as far as April-May '85, and some of this material may well surface on the CD of *The Great* Rosebud Hoax some time in the future

VELVET CRUSH: The Soul Crusher

EP (Summershine 7"EP)
Power pop much in the Let's Active
(Mitch Easter)/Someloves' style, i.e. quite a
full American sound; it even has some heavier guitar work complementing, rather than overshadowing, the rest of the songs. Side two has a couple of live-in-the-studio numbers. Appealingly rough around the edges, they even manage to make Jonathan Richman's "She Cracked" sound like a Richman's "She Cracked" sound like a meeting of Plastic Bertrand, early Damned and the later Velvet Underground, which is quite an achievement in its own way. I much prefer the originals on the first side, which left me wanting to hear more.

KRYPTONICS / EVAN DANDO / PINK FLUFFY BUNNIES — Beat Room. ednesday 23/10

The Bunnies (the Fluffies?) have never really set my ears on fire, but they're fine for what they do. They started in the hardcore-with-metally-bits area and have more or less turned into a three-piece instrumental progressive rock band. 'Santana-core', as Danny calls it. I remain impressed with the song that consists entirely of percussion.

(And it was lots of fun at the Ozone (And it was lots of fun at the Ozone Rainforest Benefit seeing five trillion hard-corish folk gettin' down wildly to a progrock band. What is it with all these instro prog three-pieces in Perth at the moment anyway? Jeez.)

(What constitutes hardcorish folk also deserves consideration. It cannot be a bad thing that a HC-described look be a bad

thing that a HC-descended look [eat it, oh self-righteous keepers of the HC faith] is trendy at present — long unwashed hair, no makeup, ratty maroon/black/green/grey jumper, basketball sneakers. Easy, simple, cheap, ideologically unproblematic and everyone looks good in it. Or as good as each other, anyway. Mind you, it is a fashion; but everyone knows at least ten artheads-who-look-like-ideology-heads these days, 'cos that's what the young folk do now when they don't want to be a yuppie or a goth. Sorry, an English Indie Pop Kid.) Evan Dando has this solo thing down pat. Watching him, I realise where everyone

else is getting it wrong. The usual approach to the solo thing is to try to play the whole band through the guitar — to give whatever impression you can of guitar/bass/drums using six strings and four fingers — and to skim the voice over the top just as you would with a band. And, of course, this hardly ever works. Dando's approach is to use the voice to hold it all together rhythm and vocals — and keep the guitar strictly to the rôle of wash and fill. (You do need to be able to sing to do this, but that's art, matey.) I was surprised how many people were here out of curiosity (me, for instance), but all were richly rewarded. Evan

stance), but all were richly rewarded. Evan Dando is welcome back here any time.

The Kryptonics were OK on Wednesday. Not thrilling, but it sure was fun watching all the people who can't dance getting up and dutifully not-dancing. (And I tell you, some of that non-dancing was wild.) A much better and interesting Kryptonics show was at the House Of Wax on the Saturday aftergood. In about ten recole play. urday afternoon, to about ten people play ing down at the far end near the twelve-inch single and second-hand racks — acoustically dead as a doornail, which didn't work too well for the Summer Suns (whose first show for 1991 was immediately before this), but worked like a charm for the K's. Every note in total clarity, the band having a great time, the music rocked, it all worked. I swear, I haven't seen the Kryptonics so good in years.

FREAKZINE #3 LAUNCH: POOL FLOTATION DEVICE / THE BRAUTI-GANS / WASH / MANIC PIZZA — Ozone, Thursday 14/11 This was Pool Flotation Device's sec-

ond and hopefully worst ever show. I didn't realise it was possible to mishmash NZ and US quite this way, but they did OK; no doubt a fine and functional combination on

a better night. Tonight they played their time, sank amidst the chlorine and went off e to die

The Brautigans played without Kevin, who was off at home studying. Laura (oops, Lòra) has shaved her head and now looks Lora) has shaved her head and now looks like one of the Bash Street Kids gone wrong — a maniacal, grinning twelve-year-old all set to set the place alight. Lora took the bass and all went beautifully.

Wash have their new guitarist and drummer. They have still yet to leam how to achieve continuity in a show, as opposed to just playing a string of songs — if Rolf to just playing a string of songs — if Rolf learns how to play, sing, look at the audience and even smile all at once, they'll be

ence and even smile all at once, they'll be stars — but have upped the power factor considerably and, on balance, I'd say they made it admirably tonight. Get the tape if you can and catch 'em.

I bought my box of Manic Pizza on the way in. Deep Pan Delivery comes in a 10" pizza box containing the tape and two leaflets — ahh, for the good old days of creative indie packaging! — and a colourlets — ahh, for the good old days of creative indie packaging! — and a colourphotocopied tape card of all three of the
Other Bash Street Kids (pic by Dylan).
They were quite loud and wild and thrashed
it up considerably, especially Cameron
Potts who looks like all of Midnight Oil at once done right. He puts in the 'manic', especially at the end when he circled the stage wildly three times with his head cut off wildly three times with his head cut off torching everything and everyone in sight, knocked over anything standing, killed and ate the other two members (who thus became the 'pizza', Remember: Don't Kill Animals — Kill People!) and proclaimed "COLD CHEEZEL IS KING!!!" as he raised the WFA flag over the mins No-one raised the WEA flag over the ruins. No-one believed him. Gareth Edwards had come straight from his last class at primary school to the show to play his guitar with true earnest innocence and sincerity. Lòra still had the bass chemb bit down pat. I was most wowed by the finale, which could not have been anything other than "Eight Miles High". I mind the old days when they would do a thirty-minute non-stop set usually featuring "Eight Miles High" at least three times. No Compromise Pizza Delivery is what this city needs. Sadly, it will miss it henceforth as the Manics are leaving on a delivery run to Melbourne, from which the old telephone gig-wagon may never return. Should go down a treat.

ALARUM #1 (72pp A4): An impressive new local comic/zine. Early days yet

the drawing style is Pete Milligan
(2000AD) to the last line, to the extent that (2000AD) to the last line, to the extent that I'd originally thought the first two pages were reprints of obscurities, the plots are verging on nonexistent and the musical section is lame UK indie for the most part (Wash and Fur Versions also get a plug) with no attention having been paid to the text presentation whatsoever — but the technical problems have been solved cheaply: the artwork itself is excellent, it's photocopied on a good copier and the artwork has been computer-scanned to excellent effect (I'm surprised how well it worked). Get this to encourage a second one. (\$2.50 shops; PO Box 273, Greenwood 6024)

FREAKZINE #3 (56pp A4): They said it'd never happen ... only a year late, Freak-Zine shuffles out of its room at long last. Needless to say, Perth's Other Zine is a Needless to say, Perin s of Other Zine is a strictly necessary purchase. This one has Rob Snarski, Charlotte's Web, the Brautigans, Wash, Manic Pizza, too much on Thou Gideon, Phil Calvert on the Birthday Party, the Trolls (not T'Roll, but the Melboume band now called the Plastic Tomaters that Mark Carling Bullet Durch does or the Hurdy Gurdies), Pelican Daughters, Ed Kuepper, Straitjacket Fits, poetry, film/zine/tecord reviews, Brisbane (Garry Williams, Endzone) and Adelaide (Harry Butler, DNA) bits and, best of all, a ton of live stuff from the past year or so - each

review with price of entry, no less.

The quality of writing and determined but sensible opinions are real plus points. This isn't an American-style fatzine with as much bilge shovelled in as possible. It's a lean beast; it doesn't stink of sweat, it's well-and softly-spoken — but it is big, well-muscled and takes no shit. A pleasure to keep the company of. (\$2.50 shops; PO Box 330, North Perth 6006)

ZEEEEEN #10 (24pp A4): Fresh Rectum, the Wallflowers, a David Nichols cartoon, top tribute bands roundup ("Atomizer: The Big Black show for those who came in a courier's diary. late ..."), one page in a courier's diary (Yeah, I Work.), book/film/tape/record/live/ (Yeah, I Work.), book/film/tape/record/nve/comic reviews. But the great thing about Zeeeeen is the sheer quality of the writing—it is a damn good read and you will enjoy it for itself as much as you are enlightened by it. Available sometimes at the House of Wax or send two dollars. Ask for the catalogue as well—they do zillions of rines (including the Efficy zines, for fans of the catalogue as well — they do zillions of zines (including the Effigy zines, for fans of oor Bobbie Brokenmouth) and cassettes that you should definitely know about. (You're Standing On My Hula Hoop Productions, PO Box 273, Leongatha 3953)

ACCELERATED MEN: Dead Names (Thundering Heart LP) The LP of the cassette. The Accelerated

Men are 100% goth by subculture, but not by music. The sound is loud guitar and drum machine and Jay's nasal screaming over the top and can work very well. The rockers of the world should check this.

The basic problem is that it sounds like the demo for the album rather than the alburn itself: (i) no real drums (as done by a drummer given his head and not told what to do beat for beat by some guitarist); (ii) the songs are treated way too preciously and need some bastard producer kicking hell out of 'em to shake off the loose decorations, and fuck the offended artist in question (see (i)); (iii) the sound works perfectly for a few songs, but not for all of them (see (ii)); (iv) too many of the songs should have been left at home (see (ii)). Good points: (i) good songs, some great; (ii) a few of these work damn well here.

This shouldn't have been released as an LP and isn't worth twenty dollars, but the tape is worth getting and I recommend it.

CHARLOTTE'S WEB: Short Time Strait (MDS CD)

Reviewed off a tape, of course. Charlotte's Web are a Perth pop band in the typical style. I used to think they were the most boring band in the world, but the third(-ish) version play with power and flair and really bring the songs to life. Miss them at your

This is a marvellous mini-album. The oddest thing about it would have to be that the songs don't go for the throat the way they do live, but seem somehow more subtle—especially strange with Dom Mariani producing. The strings, ah, weave a bit

It is nice to be able to hear all Jeff's lyrics clearly and in context — came home from work 100% mindfucked ("What is two plus two, David?" "Eeep!" [head crashes to table]), lay down, put on tape, didn't move and noticed the line in the first verse of "Tea And Biscuits" about the price of the car. How wonderfully Anglo-Saxon lower-

Jeff Lowe has good songs and this Char-tie's Web sure do play them well. Best tracks: all.

SPECULUM (A Celebration Of Women's Writing): This is not only an exposure of Perth women's writing talents but also includes drawings and photos with the text. Edited by Gabrielle (the Mad Bad Witch Girl) Everall and Hayley Winnett, whose own work is also included. Grim stories of trips to the VD clinic (hence the title?) and incest are mixed with happier subjects such as self-acceptance, joy and so on as well as beat-style poetry.

Speculum sheds light on many issues

not usually talked about. There is the usual overly feminist assertion and mysticism (I Am Wimmin) for one or two pages, but other work excuses this and makes interesting and unique reading. Available from Curtin Uni and Artshouse for a measly three dollars, so get yourself a copy.

RatGirl.

WEST AUSTRALIAN INDUSTRY AWARDS — MUSIC Monday October 28/10

The Rock Awards. Here is the story you didn't see in X-Press or the West Australi-

didn't see in X-Press or the West Australian. Excuse me if I wank on a bit, but I think I've eamed the right. (If you're not from Perth, I'll try to keep this comprehensible.)

To cut a long and potentially juicy story short, Party Fears won the top award of the night. — The Golden WAMI For Services
To The Industry: David Gerard. This is for having published PF for the past year every two months without fail and intermittently for the five years before that. for the five years before that.

How this was actually possible is a story in itself. As you know, the big-time rock industry is a subculture in itself. They occasionally trot out the ontological definition of the Deal Rock Laborate Victoria. of the Perth Rock Industry (that a thing actually is what it is defined to be) — that anyone who is in a band is in the industry — but, in practice, if you're not part of a certain industry subculture that has gone out of its way in the past to exclude certain bands (our music, to be brief — what you read about in Party Fears), you don't exist and have no business claiming to. (This is why The Night After, the house band at the nightchib Gobbles [for Christ's sake], keep getting nominated.) (Kevin Price, then of getting nominated.) (Kevin Price, then of Show Business Australia, speaking in his official capacity as representative of the company that put on the 1986 Rock Awards: "These original bands don't deserve awards. They don't have a high profile and don't make much money." [West Australian Reflex, 20/4/86, p7.])

Of late, the active hostility has quie-

tened down, basically since the bottom dropped out of the cover-band market (V-Capri grossed three million dollars at the door in 1985 and I hope they enjoy their present day jobs) and they have realised that omething else is going to have to do the job. (I got a ridiculous series of phone calls from these people earlier this year people who wouldn't know what music was if it bit them on the arse thinking that something called 'alternate' is the way to keep afloat. The sort of people who voted Ste-phen Cummings 'Top Alternative Artist' over Nick Cave at the the ARIAs.) X-Press has even become a readable music magazine — certainly a considerably better music magazine now as a 'lifestyle' magazine than it was when it was actually a music magazine — though it's been observed to be tightening up again of late.

The Rock Awards votting is two-tiered. The WA Music Industry Association (WAM) keeps a mailing list of everyone it can track down in the industry and sends them nomination forms, returns then being has even become a readable music maga-

them nomination forms, returns then being tallied up by an independent accountant and presented to a judging panel of twenty-five Industry Figures — this year's including me, Bernard Langham, Pat Monaghan, Rob Grant, Leanne Casellas and a few others as well as the usual industry-subculture peo ple, so there was a fair bias of artheads who add their own nominations and then vote amongst themselves to determine a

sensible industry award list.

This year's was fraught with problems. Huge numbers of forms (e.g. mine!) did not get sent out due to computer problems, pissing many people off and inviting the first round of accusations of bias. Forms were available at industry (subculture) meeting points and so (surprise!) some people sent in millions for themselves (e.g. Phil Bennett so sue me. Your name was in every cate-bry. Who else would have nominated Toys Went Berserk as a great achievement by a WA artist? e.g. Allegiance, who had a large number of entries all in the same handwriting, no less; complete disqualification was seriously considered). Not surprisingly, the judging panel's own nominations exceeded those sent in and knocked most of them off the final four. My own was one of those added, by the way; and that's how I got on the list and made it.

WAM is a potentially useful organisaways is a potentially useful organisa-tion with some decent people involved; I was on the committee for three years and only quit due to time problems; Ian Under-wood of the Kryptonics was on it for almost as long; Mark Ghirardi is presently on it. There is also, once you accept that the idea of 'awards' for the 'best' is fundamentally nawards night being at least something of worth and decency. But the Industry daisy-chain of noses up arese continues circling around and around, oblivious to the world

The start of the night was the industry party. We got there at 7:45pm. Free beer, bourbon and coke and cocktails, the last being courtesy of the performance artist* (h couldn't have been there to serve people doing the balancing act with the tray with all the green things on top. The clear green things were nice (Midori-based, I think), but the creamy ones were distinctly dodey but the creamy ones were distinctly dodgy and to be avoided. The nibblies (nicotineglazed to perfection) were actually quite nice (none of us had had tea yet that night), so we took loads. The strawberries were damned weird — two or three inches long and warped to one side. Industry strawber

1 warped to
s, obviously.

Music Industry parties. Let's get this
are ugly, ugly, UGLY* straight: they are ugly, ugly, UGLY* scenes. Sardined with Industry people. In case you've never seen a whole lot of them case you we never seen a whole lot of them together, Industry people look like neither decent people (you and I), yuppies or even just suburban losers. Industry people are grossly deformed mutant mongoloid creatures with no ears whatsoever. (Some of them started with them, but you can tell those ones by the featureless steel plates—guaranteed 100dB sound attenuation or betguaranteed 100dB sound attenuation or bet-ter—on either side of the head.) The sight of a whole lot of Industry people getting together, having fun, drinking, enjoying each other's company is stomach-churning, and I don't mean that as a metaphor.

We grabbed as many green things and anything else we could as anti-nausea medi-cation and sunk them as a shoulety fuckin'

tion and sunk them as absolutely fuckin' fast as possible. Trust me: you would have last as possible. I rust me: you would have done the same. If you'd been there, you'd have understood to the depths of your soul that it was either go for the drink or get the old Uzi 9mm out right there and then and start production on Terminator III without the same the fore Duke I. delay. This was a job for Dr. Duke. I remember reading in P.J. O'Rourke's Holidays In Hell of the Beintt bar where the journalists all stayed; the bartender there gave out something that would let you get to the twentieth drink and keep right on going, for the simple reason that, with the

horrors around you, you would really fuck-in' need to. This was a bit like that.

Down to the tables. Metropolis has a rat's maze of about six hundred bars connected by intertwining stairways all wrapped around a dancefloor below, where the Industry tables were placed. Cans were three dollars and eighty cents and they don't serve VB. There was a dish of peanuts on the table, but not all the effort in the world could convince them to refill it. Hey, our tickets only cost thirty dollars; we don serve service. (A lot of money to waste? If you'd been there, you'd have felt it worth every cent. Trust me.) Metropolis has good sound and nothing else to recommend it; I suggest you avoid it wherever possible.

suggest you avoid it wherever possible.

The night opened with a speech from John 'Scumsucker' Dawkins. 'Shitbag' Dawkins opened with a speech saying the Prices Surveillance Authority were fools, which they at least half are. (So why doesn't 'Pusball' Dawkins stop 'en himself?) For the uninformed, John 'I fucked the third to the Complete'. Dawkins is the street over complete.' Dawkins is the street over complete.' the students over completely' Dawkins is the Federal Minister for ensuring that an education remains the privilege of the rich. What he was doing here, I'm not sure; we didn't applaud, but we did half-consider going around the back to beat the fuck out of the arschole. The Sweet Blue Midnights were next up, playing enswathed in pink light and dry ice. The band is jazz for peo-ple who think of Kate Ceberano as a serious

The 'Most Popular' awards were voted on by people who had taken a hundred copies of that week's X-Press and sent in the voting forms therein.

Most popular new band: Book Of Funk; Most popular new band: Book Of Funk; Most popular single: Chevelles "Be My Friend" (justice); Most popular album: Dave Hole Short Fuse Blues; Most popular venue: The Beat Room, Melbourne Hotel venue: The Beat Room, Melbourne Hotel (someone was on the ball here: backing music for the announcement was "Wildfire" by the Healers); Most popular tape: Mars Bastards Six ("Hey, I was surprised" — Jeff Baker. I stood up and gave a standing ovation to that one. Justice); Most popular band: Allegiance, who then played: lots of receding restalling duelling muitars. speeding, metalling, duelling guitars. Next up, the industry/Industry awards:

Best lighting: Alex Manfrin, who also draws Sick Dog, Jeremy The Boring Old Pseudo-Intellectual Of The Club Scene and Sarah Pax; Best sound engineer live: Ray Godfrey; Best sound engineer recorded: Rob Grant, Poons Head (justice); Best live special event: 6-RTR Go Loco (justice);

Best venue: Ozone (no-one goes up to collect it); Best Female Vocalist: this is not won by Laura MacFarlane, nor by Cassie Mladineo, but by Elizabeth Sanderson of the Sweet Blue Midnights, whose Gobbles residency should be coming up soon; Best Male Vocalist: won by Rob Snarski (major attack of justice), followed by the video trick again. In 1986, they did this when nominating Richard Lane for best keyboardist; they showed a video of Dom Mariani. This year, guess what the backing was? Thirty seconds of David McComb. Brilliant. (Courtesy producer Greg Green.) Do you people ever wonder why we don't think much of you? Best Guitarist: Ken Stringer, Best Bassist: Jim Butterworth, Healers (justice) (y'know, it's interesting to see who comes up to accept the awards for the winners on the arthead side of the tracks. Nearners on the arthead side of the tracks. Near-ly none of us bothered showing up — not being aware of the composition of the judg-ing panel — preferring to leave the Industry to play with themselves as usual. Tch, what you miss out on); Best Keyboards: all nom-inations industry shite, who cares who won.

opinion.

Most promising new band: Dixie Outlaws; Best band or artist: Dave Hole; Andy-Clayton Smith Award For The Pursuit Of Excellence: 6-RTR triumph for ... Golden WAMI For Services To The Industry: guess who.

Weaved up there, notes in hand. I had my white Terminal Posture T-shirt on for my white Terminal Posture 1-shirt on for statement purposes and, glory be, here was the chance. Bernard Langham had handed me the Brautigans' unused 'acceptance' speech — a list of deserving Perth bands with a profound 'fuck you' to the induswith a profound 'fuck you' to the industroids at the end — and Nathan of Bob's had given a similar list of ideas.

We understand: it's a jihad. (Or a crusade, for those uncomfortable with Islamic metaphors.) We are here to defend the true nation. Sometimes, you've just gotta. Sometimes, the truth must be spoken. Sometimes, justice needs to be seen to be done. Sometimes, you've just gotta tell 'em.

I did have a thirty second speech prepared. Thirty seconds is the ideal length for an acceptance speech*:

just gotta tell 'em Sometimes, you've

At the judging panel, myself and one other*
nominated A Terminal Posture (who are my nominated A Terminal Posture (who are my tip for the top, i.e. a band with genuine po-tential to be really good on a long-term ba-sis) for everything they were eligible for (Roy and John in this category, f rinstance). Six out of the twenty present concurred as their ears were open and they had heard the band. The other fourteen didn't, presumably since the band members don't hang out at Gobbles or the Backstage Bar. No nominations for ATP made it through; Best Drums: Miles Hitchcock, Healers (justice).

Dude Ranch (aging country-oid band) play, then we have the WA Country Awards announced in the manner of a bag tacked on the side of Rock'n'Roll. Bewdy

Best producer: Norbert Roth (Healers album) (justice); Best songwriter: Kim Sal-mon. iustice once again — Rob Grant (his mon, justice once again — Rob Grant (his engineer) accepted it: "Kim is a very talented boy and the industry recognises his tal-

"Thank you for this award. Party Fears Magazine has come out regularly this year and for the foreseeable future and has been spreading the word on Perth music around the world in that time.

But Party Fears has never been about the industry in any way at all. Party Fears is about music. Music bears the same relation to the music industry as gourmets do to meat packers. If an industry person claims to have anything to do with music, he is a liar and is after your money. If you want to get into the music industry because you are into music, DO NOT. Be an artist if you like music. Thank you. Enjoy your drinks."

The expected reaction was something

along the lines of some of the audience along the lines of some of the audience cheering and some booing (or at least muttering) while these simple and, as far as I can tell, one hundred percent accurate statements were being spoken.

As it happened, the speech got a bit more of a reaction than that — wild cheer-



ents." Rob Grant is a sarcastic bastard and, we would like to note for the eyes of history, a true hero. Rob made extra effort and shuffled recording bookings to make it to the judging panel for the sake of the indie bands and this is one result; Best single: bands and this is one result, best single.

Kim Salmon "Lightning Scary", yet more.

By the way, did you know that a certain

PolyGram W.A. promotions manager was

totally unaware that the one PolyGram artist then resident in Perth (initials K.S.) was even on the label? This has a lot to do with her being a fully paid-up member of the in-dustry subculture as well as the first editor of X-Press; Best album: Healers Secret Show (when announcing the nominations, they named it as "This Windy City") (still more ij ...); Best cassette: The Original Band Co-Op *Uncovered*, which only made it onto the nomination list by strong Industry backing. I had tried at the judging panel to get almost every one of our cassettes on the list, but no-one had heard of them. I suspect I was one of the few in that room to actually have more than five Perth tapes in total and the only one to have paid for them to listen to; Best video: Someloves "Sunshine's Glove". Justice

Storytime play. Instro prog three-piece; didn't wow me, but didn't offend me. No

ing and half of a standing ovation, though you wouldn't have seen that reported in X-Press, of course — and I got a bit heated and decided to go for it:

(etc.) "... MUSIC bears the same relation to the Music INDUSTRY as GOUR-METS do to MEAT PACKERS!" (cheers) "If someone from the Industry claims to have ANY FUCKING THING to do with MUSIC, he is a FUCKING LIAR! Kick him in the FUCKING shins and RUN!" (cheers) ...

I am sorry to report that no known tape of the speech exists (I thought WAM had one, but they don't — "we didn't know it'd turn out interesting, you see") — and you wouldn't believe how many people have asked me for a copy — but it did contain:

(i) Industry people are a bunch of pigfuckers. (Yes, the word you heard about.)

(ii) All the puljest people there that

(ii) All the ugliest people there that night were the industry ones. (Demonstrably true.)

(iii) The list of bands, basically the crop for '91. You've seen their names on the front pages of Party Fears. These bands will only get anywhere through their own incredibly hard work over many years and not through anyone in the Perth Industry lifting a fuckin' finger to help them; then, when

the Industry make a list of Perth successes they can add whatever band makes it through and act like they'd had something with it

Talked about awards for Kim Salmon this year and David McComb last year ... ten years too late. Talked about A Terminal Posture (who are, no foolin', my and if a tip for the top in the long term — and if an 'award' for them is to make any sense, it'll have to be within the next year or two) and how you pigfuckers would wait until they'd blown this town, gone to Europe, made their million and then you'd give them their award and sit there and applaud like you'd had something to do with it. Fuck me!

How dare these people spend ten years shitting on bands, treating them like dirt until they either give up or leave, and then sit here and give them a nice little award and applaud their success outside Perth.

How dare they.
The Triffids left Perth in 1983 and did everything they ever did elsewhere. The Triffids won a Greatest National/Inter-Birt came up to collect it in her Burswood waitress uniform, as she happened to be working there that night at the show. That says more than I ever could.

(v) Yep, I raised left fist in the air (left, you will note) and shouted, "THE ART-HEAD NATION WILL RISE AGAIN!" Uner crap, of course. It's never risen. We have albeen and will always be below. But good luck to those of our number who make it above — they deserve everything. I wish I could have thought of a better

word than 'arthead' at this particular point
— if you can think of a better one, please
write in — but I think 'nation' is an accurate word to use, in the sense of a musical rate word to use, in the sense of a musical ethnicity rather than a plot of land. It describes us — you know, 'us', as in 'our' music and 'our' bands — pretty well.

Want to join? Well, either you are or you aren't. The bottom line: if you gotta ask, you ain't never gonna know.

What did I forcet: (i) Naming names

What did I forget: (i) Naming names. There are a few, but it's probably just as well I didn't. If Scott Howlett had still been in town, I'd have remembered.

(ii) Expanding on the two nations theme. Example: the cover band syndrome.

In 1980, the cover band syndrome hit Perth in a big way (ten years before it hit Sydney and JJJ made wanky specials on the subject that completely ignored Perth's evil rôle in it): four guys dressing up in leather and pretending to be a rock'n'roll band pumping out the top forty in a huge parm. We (our nation) spent years telling them (the other one) that this was short-sighted and would kill live music stone-cold dead when people stopped buying it. See Kevin Price quote and V-Capri door gross

(and I mean gross) above.

In 1987, people stopped buying it. They now rent videos, go to basketball or do nothing. What they do not do is go to see a band, at any level. Live music in Perth is

oand, at any level. Live must in read is now dead in the water. Yes, the Industry really is terminally fuckin' stupid. It had a damn good go at ter-minating itself in this particular case,

(iii) Our nation might be two or five or whatever percent of revenues, but that two percent is the brain. Like it or lump it.

So ... if we're so smart, why aren't we rich? Because we have a different agenda.

The constitution of the Arthead Nation:

Truth is beauty and beauty is truth.
 No compromise in the name of the truth.

The constitution of the Industry Nation: Truth is money and money is truth.

 Whatever compromise is necessary. Hey, I've got a family to feed.
 NEVER FORGET THIS UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

(iv) How many industry people does it take to change a light bulb? One to change

the bulb and ten to crawl up his arse.
(v) Enjoy your drinks.
In response to the X-Press review: (1) Salmon has been in it for thirteen to fifteen years; the figure of ten comes from my words on the night. (This was described by someone else as "the standard X-Press Trick - they slag someone off, then steal

the good lines from whatever it was they actually did." (ii) The industry is already divided; recognising this reality and describing its effects does not constitute "to help divide

it." Those are the words of someone who has not been in Perth long enough to speak knowledgeably on the issue

... because the industry has dared

extend its parameters beyond a handful of attempt at rewriting history that verges on the obscene. The industry has spent years doing its best to fuck over these troublesome 'creative' types until only very recent-ly when it realised people weren't buying the same old tricks any more. Don't try to

feed us this sort of shit.

(iv) For those of you who got PF Special

Issue 16.5, I am forced to note that Michael

Dwyer (editor of X-Press) disagrees entirely with the conversation as described between myself and him (he originally demanded a retraction and apology, but I refused — dammit, I wrote that conversation down forty-five seconds after it happened), believing the tone and most of the words to have been completely different. Not having a tape recording as a reference, I am hereby noting this. (He also threatened: "... and I'll take ... some sort of action ... if you ever, ever, mention my name in your rag again!" So this is the last time. Didn't ask him exactly how long he'd actually considered Pet area though.

ask him exactly now using in a annuary sidered PF a rag, though.)

However, the following conversation between a paid employee of a weekly rock magazine and Bernard Langham (Freak-Zine) went uncontested (and I've just found

Bernard: "Hello, Michael."
Michael: "Hi. Congratulations on your award, it was richly deserved."

award, it was nonly deserved.

Bernard (who had won no award that night, else my speech would have been one of two): "Thanks ... What did you think of David's speech?"

Michael: (turns away to talk to someone

te) "... It was bollocks."

Bernard (to air): "How sad."

Not that cred matters in industry hardball, of course.

(A further note: Contrary to gossip, no, there was no physical altercation of any kind between myself and Mr. Dwyer. It was purely verbal and quite low-key.)
Other press reaction: Notice how both

X-Press and the West Australian slagged hell out of the speech whilst failing entirely to report its content accurately. Then the second-best bit: the identical (word for word) industry denunciations printed in both — on the same day. (Courtesy Sean

Diggins, industry hack par excellence.)
The best bit was the detailed personal attack from 'Scat Rabies' in X-Press 14/11 revealing the terrible details of my sex life

revealing the terrible details of my sex life. When it gets down to that level, I start thinking someone's taken it a bit personally. Hey, maybe they really do fuck pigs.

The present: The Golden WAMI is presently sitting above my fireplace. Four point two kilograms of steel. I think it's actually an award for body-building.

True but cruel: The gold plate is already coming off, as is the nameplate, but I am doing better than the Healers—their name.

doing better than the Healers — their nameplates fell off before they even got their awards. One double winner has the awards on either side of a double-glazed window in case of fire. One young band was using their award as an ashtray on the night.

For those who think that little talk with

For those who think that little talk with the industry might somehow harm a certain class of band: you're being harmed anyway. If you try to 'work with' (for) the Industry, you'll end up doing all the work anyway and pay someone else for the privilege. If that sounds good, hey, feel free.

The best part of the award: So far I've

eived well over half a carton in congratulatory drinks and am well on my way to a full one. (Anyone wishing to add to it is en-tirely welcome.) Who invented this wonder-

ful custom? Must thank them.

* Asterisked lines are courtesy of other people whose identities are being pr

10 years into an outstanding musical career Kim Salmon finally crocked a mention or three, including Most Outstanding International Achievement, Salmon and the

International Achievement, Salmon and the WAWAIs' purpose is to provide a focus to unify the Industry, while many, including this year's Golden WAWAI winner David Gerard, chose to view it as a torget to help divide ii. David grathfully pocketed his gong, while loudly and moistly abusing the industry that owarded ii. Why? Becouse, it seemed, the 'Industry' has dared extend its parameters beyond a handful of Ina doubt deserving) college radio-type outlist. The rather elitists arounding 'Arthead Nation' must be a very credible place, Mr. Gerard, but how many people live the Fee Still, heaven lorbid WAWA should ever hold on awards presentation that isn't great with all least one 'up yours' speech. Nothing like a bit of hot and healthy debate (the Reactions page welcomes your thoughts). Whatever, Sne yet next year

Party Fears #17

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Ad rates: \$120 full page, \$60 half page, \$30 quarter, \$20 eighth. Call for sizes, details and bookings. I'll keep these prices for next issue, but probably up them thereafter.

Deadlines: C'mon, there won't be one for six months. Oh, let's call it the start of May. V B-Side. Well, it's sooner than the next

Back issues: Numbers 5, 7, 9-16 are available. See #15 for details or have faith and send A\$12 Aust or US\$12 overseas for the lot. What a deal, eh?

Subscriptions: A\$5 for five issues Australia; A\$14/US\$11 for six issues US air; A\$16/US\$13/UK£6 for six issues arr; A\$16/US\$13/UK\$6 for six issues Europe air, A\$9/US\$7/UK\$4 for six issues overseas surface. Subscription prices are protected for the life of the subscription, so you could save a bundle if you sign up/renew now. (Going up next issue. Be

Classified Ads: Well, after all the fuss, no-one took up the option. However, the offer stands:

I will be happy to print FREE CLASSIFIED ADS for non-commercial purposes. Up to 50 words (not including address/phone) for band members, penpals, wild subcultural lust or whatever. Rules:

(1) No commercial enterprises (record-

ings, shows, shops, etcetera) - get a prop-

(2) The editor reserves the right to edit or omit any classified ad for any reason or none at his sole discretion.

Welcome to the last Party Fears for the year. Twelve months ago, I made myself a solemn vow that this year would see six bimonthly free PFs. That it did. It also almost sent me broke, but solemn vows are like that. The experiment was tried and basically didn't work, but we gave it a good go, ďammit.

PF#18 (Winter 1992) will come out at the end of May 1992 and will be sold for money, probably a dollar. This free zine stuff is fun in its way, but you can't run a quality zine on ads alone — no-one else has money either, especially not for adverts. (But call for my list of advertisers who have tried to bias content via their ads and the exact wording they used in doing so. Welcome to the industry. Urgh.)

#18 and later issues will be just like this year's, be about 16-20pp and come out QUARTERLY ON TIME. It will be available from independent record shops as this is. I may even be able to afford staples.

Keep the review items coming in as they will be reviewed and played as far as I can manage (I'll even get access to a CD player again some time), assuming they're any good in the first place.

Thank you for your support this year to those who deserve it. You know who you are and I LOVE YOU ALL.

Next issue: No promises on content, but it'll be a good 'un. You know PF to be a magazine of quality — a shining lighthouse in a sea of shit — the Derryn Hinch of the indie music world — the pain in the arse that just doesn't go away. MAINTAIN.

This issue is dedicated to Leanne Casellas again, this time because (the truth will out) she was the lovely soul who actually nominated me for the Golden WAMI at the judging panel. All my love forever. It's also dedicated to Johanna Dearle 'cos she asked. So there. And to Joshua and Ratty, the familiars of the RatGirl.

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