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Party Fears

Number Seventeen

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 sleeves. In the interim, a cassette-EP, *Destination Werewolf* ("Sister Morphine", "Burning Up Adrenochrome", "Crawlspace", "Ithaque"), should be released to lead the LP. The second album is almost 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 Melbourne are also in progress.

• The BLACK ORCHIDS have reshuffled, in that I've left and been replaced by Josh Buckeridge (b).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 happens to the band name is undecided at present, but the previous lineup — Danny Ruggero (g), David Gerard (b) and Sioux Baker (d) have a song on the next *Zeeeen!* magazine 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 Plais-towe's jam night and followed that with the RTR *Go Loco* (see PF#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)

• The BRAUTIGANS are on long-term hold for the time being and played most recently at the Melbourne on November 23rd (bottom of the bill on Ausmusic Day, which at least reassures us that nothing changes in the industry). Their cassette *Scarred* 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 Michael 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 playing in the New Year. Charlotte's Web are touring east in early January with Ian

Collishaw on bass.

• 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 Valentini on vocals and instruments, previous vocalist Andy Brown having last sung with the band in November last year. The 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.

• 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 'Shaft 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 *Rollercoaster* is out now. Get one while you can — they limit 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 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 lineup.

• PANEL VAN have actually played their first gig — Wednesday 6th November at the Melbourne Hotel with Pool Flotation Device and Mustang! — and haven't 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 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, Serpentine 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)

• 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), previous bass being Dave Llewellyn, who is off to Egypt, no less. The band started in March after CüCühalaine Powerhead finished. The band is playing again late December or early January — they've been getting ready, polishing stuff and redirecting it. "Er, um, er, um, er... we're trying to make it more textured than CüCühalaine, 'cos that was more straight hardcore. We're keeping it harder by using softer influences." (Paul) (5 Janet Street, West Perth 6005)

• While T'ROLL are rent asunder (Tim Boykett is off doing a Ph.D. in mathematics in Vienna, "the city of many brands of sausage" — he couldn't find anything more interesting to say about it), drummer Jay Cohen is putting together a unit to include Mike Dean, Danny Passlonfruit and a bass player so far, and are "looking for interested whatever's 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 present.

• 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.



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Tom Ellard interviewed early one morning by David.

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 *Cuisine*'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 *Round 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 out of it."

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 *Rotunda*.

"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 Heads — 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 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 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."

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 Netwerk, 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?

"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 trying 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 responsive 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 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 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."

"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 extent, 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 G.I. 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."

"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 starting 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 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

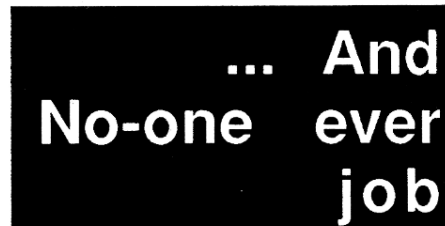
from now on will come out on a CD with enough extra stuff on it to make it worth the money. The last thing we put out was a thing called *Retread*, and what you're getting there is over seventy minutes for eleven dollars. I think that's a responsible thing to the audience: that you keep it down and you keep it full."

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

"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."

"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 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 to 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 morning, 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 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 Netzwerk, 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 Netzwerk 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 Surveillance 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 arseholes they are. It's actually easier to get our records in 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 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 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

do it."

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 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 so on.

"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 marketable."

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.

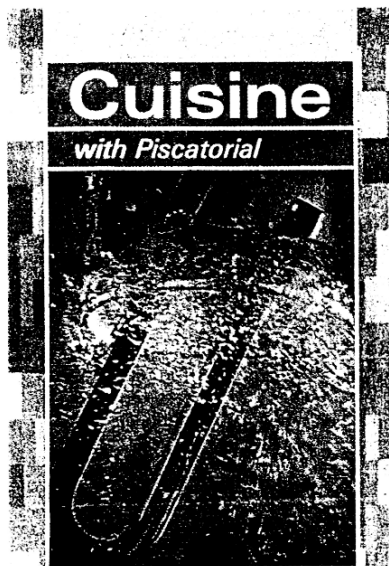
"The design of this show will be the same design as the shows we've been doing over the last couple of years — the vision and the sound are locked together so that what's happening on the screen will be exactly related to what's happening on the PA. You could also have the thing where the music's playing 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.

"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 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 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) (Volition CD)

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 Beatles.

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 as well as attracting the acid hordes who wanted more substance and less wank with their streamlined dance beats.

The album has all the spine-rattler rhythms and melodic suss that characterised *Rotund 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 bass 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 blanks.

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 Stars In My Hands*
Scattered Order: *Professional Dead Ball*
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 eighty bucks' worth of CDs we've got here. Here are the questions:

- (a) Which Severed Heads album or albums was/were produced by a member of Single Gun Theory? (Two points)
(b) Which member? (One point)
(c) Under what name? (One point)
- What is the correct spelling of the surname 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 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 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. Good, eh.

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.

WEST AUSTRALIAN MUSIC INDUSTRY AWARDS — Metropolis, Monday October 28/10

The Rock Awards. Here is the story you didn't see in X-Press or the West Australian. Excuse me if I wank on a bit, but I think I've earned 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.

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 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 nightclub Gobbles [for Christ's sake], keep 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, p.7].)

Of late, the active hostility has quietened 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 something 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 Stephen Cummings 'Top Alternative Artist' over Nick Cave at 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 voting 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 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 people, so there was a fair bias of arseheads — 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 category*). 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 organisation with some decent people involved; I was on the committee for three years and only quit due to time problems; Ian Underwood of the Kryptons was on it for almost as long; Mark Gharardi is presently on it. There is also, once you accept that the idea of 'awards' for the 'best' is fundamentally rubbish anyway, the possibility of an awards night being at least *something* of worth and decency. But the Industry daisy-chain of noses up arses continues circling around and around, oblivious to the world outside.

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* (he 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 dodgy and to be avoided. The nibbles (micotone-glazed 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 strawberries, obviously.

Music Industry parties. Let's get this straight: they are ugly, ugly, UGLY* scenes. Sardined with Industry people. In case you've 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 better — 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 medication and sunk them as absolutely fuckin' fast as possible. Trust 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 delay. This was a job for Dr. Duke. I remember reading in P.J. O'Rourke's *Holidays In Hell* of the Beirut 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 fuckin' 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't deserve 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.

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 'em himself?) For the uninformed, John 'I fucked 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 asshole. The Sweet Blue Midnight were next up, playing ensnared in pink light and dry ice. The band is jazz for people who think of Kate Ceberano as a serious jazz artist. "Oooh, we're listening to jazz!"

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

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 (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 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 Mladinovic, 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 arsehead side of the tracks. Nearly none of us bothered showing up — not being aware of the composition of the judging panel — preferring to leave the Industry to play with themselves as usual. Tch, what you miss out on); **Best Keyboards:** all nominations 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 — yet again, a 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 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 industry-troids 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*:

Sometimes, you've just gotta tell 'em

At the judging panel, myself and one other* nominated A Terminal Posture (who are my tip for the top, i.e. a band with genuine potential to be really good on a long-term basis) for everything they were eligible for (Roy and John in this category, I instance). 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! Phew!

Best producer: Norbert Roth (Healers album) (justice); **Best songwriter:** Kim Salmon, 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 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:** 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 industry 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 j); **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 GOURMETS 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 pig-fuckers. (Yes, the word you heard about.)

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

(iii) The list of bands, basically the crap 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

so... what really happened to Robert Maxwell?

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

(iv) 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 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/International Achievement Award in 1990. Jill 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!" Utter crap, of course. It's never risen. We have always been 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 'arhead' 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 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 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 while pumping out the top forty in a huge beer barn. 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 now dead in the water.

Yes, the Industry really is terminally fuckin' stupid. It had a damn good go at terminating itself in this particular case, anyway.

(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:

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

The constitution of the Industry Nation:

1. Truth is money and money is truth.
2. 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.

(iii) "... because the industry has dared

extend its parameters beyond a handful of ... college radio-type outfits." This is an 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 recently 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 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 the full version):

Bernard: "Hello, Michael."

Michael: "Hi. Congratulations on your award, it was richly 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 else) "... 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. 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 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 the industry might somehow harm a certain class of band: you're being hammed 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 received 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 entirely welcome.) Who invented this wonderful custom? Must thank them.

* Asterisked lines are courtesy of other people whose identities are being protected.

David.

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

The WAMI's purpose is to provide a focus to unify the industry, while many, including this year's Golden WAMI winner David Gerard, chose to view it as a target to help divide it. David gratefully pocketed his gong, while loudly and moosily abusing the industry that awarded it. Why? Because, it seemed, the 'Industry' has dared extend its parameters beyond a handful of (no doubt deserving) college radio-type outfits. The rather elitist-sounding 'Arthead Nation' must be a very credible place, Mr Gerard, but how many people live there?

Still, heaven forbid WAMI should ever hold an awards presentation that isn't graced with at least one 'up yours' speech. Nothing like a bit of hot and healthy debate (the Feedback page welcomes your thoughts). Whatever. See you next year.

MICHAEL DWYER
X-PRESS
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Party Fears #17

Editor/Publisher: David Gerard.

Address: PO Box 89, Northbridge 6865 Western Australia.

The street address is 75 Cowle Street, West Perth 6005, but only use this address for letter-bombs or cartons of beer — send all mail to the PO box.

Phone: (09) 328 6587.

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Distribution: me (Perth), Robert Brokenmouth (Adelaide), Ian Wadley (Brisbane), David Nichols (Sydney) and David Laing/Shock (Melbourne).

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. Well, it's sooner than the next B-Side.

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 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 warned.)

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 proper ad.

(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 bi-monthly 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, dammit.

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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