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Party Fears

Number Eighteen

ONE DOLLAR (Australia)

Autumn 1992

Summer Suns

Calpurnia track-by-track

The Rainyard

Through the technicolour blender

David McComb

Lurid

... all coming out in the Wash

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Perth News

One of the many things delaying this issue of *Party Fears* was the day I pulled off the dazzling stunt of erasing both the *Perth News* file and its backup at the last second, thus losing three or so weeks' careful work. The following was reconstructed from memory and remaining notes, so please excuse any errors.

• The ACCELERATED MEN have finally shifted to Melbourne, just as the album *Dead Names* has come out. The tape *Destination Werewolf* is also available.

• BOB'S LOVE CHILD may have Vivienne Langham joining on cello. T-shirts are on the way (design almost finalised, now to get the money) — probably in a severely limited pay-up-front edition. (2/21 Myers Street, Crawley 6009)

• The BRAUTIGANS aren't likely to play in the foreseeable future, but the tape should be reissued soon or now (the bootlegs are ready, anyway). Get it or weep. (PO Box 330, North Perth 6006)

• Stuart Engel of the CEREMENTS is back from Europe and the band is still in recording; meanwhile, drummer Daniel Booth is also up to some recording of his own. (GPO Box W2044, Perth 6001)

• CHARLOTTE'S WEB are not playing in Perth any time soon — "after going to Melbourne, I can't really see any point in continuing under that name in Perth" (Jeff) — but may play in Melbourne some time this year and will be recording there as well. Meanwhile, Jeff Lowe (g.v.), Kym Skipworth (cello) and Laurie Mansell (g) are playing the odd show as the INDIAN GIVERS (first with the Jackson Code on March 21st). Ex-members' plans are unknown at the time of writing.

• The CHERRYTONES' "What They Say/Miles From Home" single has been issued as a cassette on the Mars Bastards' Candlestick label (Jeff Baker talked Paul into finally putting it out); only a small run has been done, so (as usual) hurry. (43/59 Malcolm Street, West Perth 6005)

• The CHEVELLES have had a lineup blowup, with Richard Lane leaving (see ROSEBUDS below), Adrian Allen (g) (ex-

Diehards) joining and Duane Smith shifting to lead vocals. The band has just signed a three-album deal with Survival and has a CD single "Girl For Me/Valentine/You're On My Mind" out in four weeks (launch May 1st at the Beat Room). There is also a European CD of *The Kids Ain't Hip!* coming, to comprise the mini-LP, the "Be My Friend" 7" and three extra tracks, a few copies of which will be available in Australia. The band is doing a tour to Melbourne and Sydney from May 18th to June 1st.

• CINEMA PRAGUE have a cassette, "Mushroom Cloud/The Walking Song", out on their Proton label and selling well. Recording is under way for a full-length CD. (Beware of any CD under sixty minutes, says PF.) (29 Milson Street, South Perth 6151)

• CIRCUS MURDERS have a cassette out now, available at Dada.

• The CRIMSON BOY 12" is out now and sounding good — better than any previous, in fact. A fine thing for drum-machine heads to own. It might well be possible to find the previous tape (worth having). (9 Rail Street, Balga 6061)

• The DIXIE OUTLAWS have finished a single, two originals done at Poons Head.

• ELEGANTLY WASTED have a cassette EP out, *Apocalyptic Baby*. Dead rock'n'roll for dead rock'n'rollers — not good enough to be good but not bad enough to be awful; strictly mediocre — but we'll note their existence. (Larry W. insists they're a lot better live, though.)

• The FUR VERSIONS have split, but a single of "Midnight/Giant Water Fist" is out on Survival (see review). Sam Mladineo is no longer manager of the Fruition nightclub, hence its return to the name Limbo (house music ... hooray) five nights a week.

• FUZZSWIRL are David Johnston (g.v) (ex-Goldsteins), Alan Balmont (d) and Josh Buckeridge (b). Details as they come.

• The HEALERS may have died of various musical differences, but Craig Hallsworth has a tape out under the name THE WILD PALMS — see review. Tony Vespoli has been sighted mixing for POKERFACE.

• HOGFODDER didn't change their name to Beulahland after all. The *More* tape is available around town (see review).

• After a year of successful playing, the MARS BASTARDS seem to have discovered ambition. New songs are being pumped through at a steady rate in preparation for a CD to be recorded as soon as possible, say mid-year. "Expect at least fifty percent new material — the treadmill is running." (Jeff) (43/59 Malcolm Street, West Perth 6005)

• Bruce Matthews is back from Europe (and working upstairs at Dada) and is getting something new together — in rehearsal with Steve Drew (g) and Carl Steppe (b), both ex-New Tradition (urk). Looking for a dynamic front-man.

• David McComb and Will Akers have apparently done a five-song session at the ABC, to be broadcast on JJJ sometime.

• A MONTH OF SUNDAYS are back with Caleb Merrey (one show with King Pig) as the new guitarist. Cassette out very soon indeed. Old guitarist John Dutton has a new thing together as well.

• MUSTANG! (note exclamation mark) are Hamish Fitzsimmons (b.v), Chris Gorman (d), Toby Richardson (g.v) and John Henderson (g.v). This lineup has been playing since March this year. The previous lineup, with John Campbell (g.v, painter) ("We kicked him out for being an artist"), first played June last year and released a cassette; John left and the band merged with PLOT FLUTATION DEVICE in the form of Toby and John. "We linked up over martinis at Mangoes" — Hamish. They list their influences as Mountain, King Snake Roost, Killdozer, Kim Williams and Grand Funk. How could you miss 'em?

• The PINK FLUFFY BUNNIES have a tape, *Mary Poppins Apocalypse*, out now — see review.

• POKERFACE comprise John Phantouros (g.v) (ex-Satum Crisis), Geoff Scott (g.v) (ex-Heathens, Raindogs), Mark Hayward (d) (ex-Heathens) and Steve Gibson (g) (ex-Raindogs). First played mid-March.

• PRAWNS WITH HORNS are Dan Jarvis (g.v), Tim Robb (b.v) and Pat Brosnan (d). The band first played June last year and haven't played much since, but it's picking up. They even have a south-west tour lined up for Easter — "most progressive for an original Perth band" (Dan). "Hardcore headcases ready to deal steel to the forces of conservatism."

• The RACHELS have lost Michael Forster (a victim of overall stress and lifestyle overload), Norman Berg and Conrad Drake; Paul from the Cherrytones is the replacement guitarist and the search is under way for a drummer and bassist. Glenn Tonnessen's phone number has changed (did you know that you need to get a new number if you want call-waiting?) to (09) 388 3947. (35 Coolgardie Street, Subiaco 6008)

• The ROSEBUDS are Richard Lane (g.v), Rob Findlay (b) (Neptunes), Dave Weir (g) and John Tonbedes (d) (ex-Diehards). Richard took five tracks done by the old Chevelles and will be releasing them as a CD under the Rosebuds' name on Rubber Records: "Honey You're My One", "Lonely For You", "Sarah", "Red Dress", and "Get It Out Of Your System". "It's not totally indicative of the new band, but it's a start. I think we'll be a little bit more ambient, a little bit more pop ... a bit better all around. I was on a very limited budget when I re-did the tracks." (Richard) Playing sometime soon.

• The ROSEMARY BEADS are the new band for Tim Underwood (ex-Northern Lights, Charlotte's Web mk 1) plus Gretta Little (same background), Cath Smith and possibly others.

• RUPTURE's split mini-LP with German band BELCHING BEET is out now.

• RUST played their last show at the Melbourne on January 1st (see review) as Matt Snashall is moving to Melbourne — ten years of playing in Perth for no reward having taken its toll. Matt will be putting together another band over there. He isn't sure what the others are doing. Rust did some recordings as a four-piece (with Craig Hallsworth added), but it looks like these will be shelved.

• The background to the 'Kim Salmon To Leave BEASTS OF BOURBON' story that's been going around: apparently, Kim gave his notice when he was 'told' the dates for the Beasts' most recent Australian tour without it being checked with him whether it was actually feasible for him to tour at that time. Kim had a Monday night residency with his new band (see below) and didn't want to blow the gig. The rift was smoothed over when Kim arranged to fly back to Melbourne every Monday for the residency. The word is that the Beasts would have split had he left. However, all seems fine now.

Kim's newest band includes the drummer from Fungus Brains, a bassist and a violinist and is apparently heading in a more jazzy and funky direction.

• The SOMELOVES have finally wrestled free from their useless Mushroom contract and are selecting songs and seeking finance for the second album. Dom Mariani may be having a live thing happening soonish with Pascal Bartolone (Summer Suns) and Jim Butterworth (ex-Healers).

• STARGARDEN have a cassette, "Portrait/Brave", out now.

• New band in rehearsal: James McCann (g) (ex-Heathens), Phil Chilton (v) (ex-Leatherface, Greenhouse Effect) and Simon Stringer (b) (ex-T'Roll); searching for a drummer.

• The SUGARDADDIES seem to have split, last show being with Rust at the Melbourne on January 1st, just as they were getting a bigger profile. Lead vocalist Shawn Unsworth has moved to Melbourne to pursue an acting career; guitarist Craig Tobin left at the same time, apparently just sick of playing in bands. The rest of the band may keep going in some form or other, probably with a new name.

• The Steve Tallis six-album box set of mostly unreleased material from his last twenty-five (!) years in Perth looks like never coming out since Modern Records finally went into liquidation (the box being the only way for him to get the money they owed him). The demise of Modern leaves Festival with the only vinyl press still operating in Australia. (Modern's press has apparently departed for New Zealand.)

• The member of A TERMINAL POSTURE who isn't Darren or Roy is John McKee — M-C-K-E-E — not 'McKie' or 'sumthin'. Sorry 'bout that.

• THROMBUS are playing a bunch of shows leading up to the Buzzcocks support on May 3rd and then the *Winnie The Pooh*

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Editor/Publisher: David Gerard, PO Box 89, Northbridge 6865, Western Australia. Phone (09) 328 6587.

Photos: David McComb and Rainyard by Brett Klucznik, Mapatassce Raiders by Larry W., Kim Williams by Deborah Dickson (from the album session), Mars Bastards and friend by Vanessa Miklaszewski.

Ad rates: \$120 full page, \$60 half page, \$30 quarter, \$20 eighth. Call for sizes, details and bookings.

Subscriptions: Told you'd go up. A\$6 for four issues Australia; A\$13/US\$10 for four issues US air; A\$14/US\$11/UK£6 for four issues Europe air; A\$9/US\$7/UK£4 for four issues overseas surface.

Classified Ads: The offer stands: free classified ads for non-commercial purposes. Up to 50 words (not including address/phone) for band members, penpals, wild subcultural lust, flatshares or whatever. (The editor reserves the right to edit or omit any classified ad for any reason or none at his sole discretion.) Go for it.

Volition Competition: And our winners are Neil Gray, Northbridge; Suzanne Smith, Perth; John Curran, Leederville. These lucky folk win a Severed Heads, Single Gun Theory and Scattered Order CD each but also have to take a Boxcar CD as well (despite a few entries having requests that it be excluded). The answers as they stand are:

- (a) *Come Visit The Big Bigot*; (b) Peter Rivett-Camac; (c) Topsy Ke-Evil.
- Carol Rohde or Brett Mitchell. (They just had to change lineup just before the tour, didn't they.)
- (a) "Petrol"; (b) 1886.
- (a) *I Feel So Relaxed With You ... My Spleen Sometimes Shows*; (b) 48 copies (see sleeve notes to *Comfort/Compilation*).
- Either "Exorcise This Wasteland/Raise My Soul" or "Open The Skies/Red

Sunshine".

Anyone wanting to argue the above should feel free, though it won't get you any CDs. Thanks to BMG for the little silver things.

Back Issues

- #1-4, #6, #8, #16 1/2: not available.
- #5 (Oct '86): Martha's Vineyard, Died Pretty, Errol H. Tout, Citadel Records, Waltons, Blue Ruin, Flamin' Groovies, Paul Kelly, Gravybills, A Company Of Angels, Sydney punk \$1.
- #7 (Oct '87): Greg Dear, Stu Spasm/Lubricated Goat, Rabbit's Wedding, Trifids, White Cross, Linn Spiders, Diddywah Hoodaddys, Kansas City Killers, Pontiac Conspiracy, Caterwaul, Liverpool report \$2.
- #9 (Dec '88): Mick Harvey pt 1 (Bad Seeds), Honeys, Triffids family tree, White Cross family tree. Free. (most water-soiled)
- #10 (Apr '89): Kim Salmon, Neptunes, Widdershins, Kryptonics, Waterfront label interview and discography, Summer Suns, Rainyard, A Month Of Sundays, Mick Harvey pt 2 (Crime And The City Solution), Purple Hearts, Hunters & Collectors, Sunday's Child, '88 roundup, Peter Hartley philosophy, Waltons/Love Pump family tree, Marigolds/Neptunes family tree. \$2.
- #11 (Feb '90): Black-Eyed Susans, Celibate Rifles, Ed Kuepper, Rabbit's Wedding, Martha's Vineyard, Greg Dear/Beautiful Losers, TISM, Brisbane news. \$2.
- #11 1/2 (Nov '90): Perth band update for '90 (news on seventy different bands), zine reviews, APRA. Free.
- #12 (Feb '91): Someloves, Charlotte's Web, Chevelles, Crabstick. Free.
- #13 (Apr '91): Healers pt 1, The Clean, Greasy Pop, jangling family tree. Free.
- #14 (Jun '91): A Terminal Posture, Mars Bastards. Free.
- #15 (Aug '91): Healers pt 2, Plunderers, hardcore punk family tree. Free.

#16 (Oct '91): Jackson Code, Third Eye pt 1. Free.

#17 (Dec '91): Severed Heads, Scarecrow Tiggy, WAMI Awards. Free.

All issues include news (with a wealth of detail on bands around Perth) and reviews.

Postage: Australia: \$1 extra on total, \$2 if you're only getting free issues. Overseas Economy Air: A\$5 extra on total. Overseas Air: A\$6 extra on total.

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Deadbeats

I am very sorry to say ('cos now I'll never get paid) that someone has finally defaulted their way into a mention.

Despite four(count 'em) requests, the last including a warning of their impending mention here, TWENTIETH CENTURY CRUCIFIXION (comprising Wendy Gardiner, Dennis Grincer, Haydn Hourn and Dave New Wave, whatever his real name is — anyone know?) have yet to pay for their ad in PF#16 (\$30) from six months ago. When confronted in person, they gave me a line of bullshit about "Yeah, Haydn's just coming tonight ... yeah, he'll pay it ... when he gets here ..."

We at *Party Fears* must unfortunately recommend that no-one deal with any of these people on any basis other than cash-up-front if at all.

This is deeply regretted, but I am far from rolling in it and the zine does actually vitally need the money. There are good reasons to pay your press bills ...

David McComb interviewed at the Court Hotel in February.

You've been back in Perth since September and will be going to Melbourne in March. How was England?

"Fantastic. I really like England, it's a great place. Not specifically for pop music, for most other ... the longer I stay there, the more I like the more conservative side to English life — village greens, the Royal Mail, the *Sunday Telegraph*, that sort of thing."

You haven't really come back to Perth yet, have you?

"Yeah. I guess, eventually ... I probably still am carrying my English bubble around with me. All of this sounds very unpatric, but ... see, I used to have C-90s of *This Sporting Life* sent over — virtually every episode — and that's probably all I needed from Australia."

"In fact, *This Sporting Life* is good here, but is incredibly funny in Europe. If you're ever travelling in a tour bus across Norway and no-one's slept for three days and everyone's in a fairly bad mood ... The main problem with a lot of those northern European countries is that they're irony-free zones, and you couldn't begin to believe how potent Roy and H.G. sound somewhere like Sweden or Denmark. They just sound great. I never took any tapes with me to America, but I wish I had, 'cos it would have sounded even better there. America's a country that's sorely in need of irony. I went and saw *Boyz N The Hood* today."

Oh, a subtlety-free zone, definitely.

"They say America has the extremes of everything. That's one of those clichés I really hate — y'know, when people say the Americans have the best and worst of everything."

And now you're off to Melbourne to live.

"For a while, anyway. I'm not very good at planning, so I don't know exactly what is going to happen. I'm going to do a record."

"I really want to find a keyboard player who can play like ... if you've ever heard the first Pere Ubu album, there's a guy on that who plays a synthesizer without a keyboard — lots of white noise, tone modulation and stuff — and I'd really like to find a keyboard player with that attitude; who has the same attitude to the keyboard as Jimi Hendrix or Rowland Howard to guitars. Unfortunately, keyboard players tend not to be physical enough. People that use factory samples. People that use overused samples. Urgh! Still can't go past Kraftwerk, that's what I've always said."

"I've got enough songs for at least two records now, but, to be quite honest, I should be content not to release anything for a long while. Lots of people put out records all the time, put them out too soon and they aren't very good, so it's quite nice to have a state of complete non-productivity. Once you release something, it oxidises in the open air and starts to smell a bit. The problem with the world is too much product out there. I'm doing my bit by not putting out any."

Someone I used to work with quit his previous job to write a novel, spent six months writing it, finished it and then decided not to put it out because it was only OK. That's what the world needs.

"That is the crux of the matter. If you're a critical person, if you criticise other things, you do have to turn the blowtorch onto yourself too. I've found I'm happy with stuff that I've done."

You mentioned a while ago that you had tons and tons of demos of songs ...

"More than half of the demos that I've done in the past three years have been written with Stephen Street. The way Stephen used to write with Morrissey was to send him a cassette in the mail, then Morrissey would write the words and sing over the top. He still gets lots of Morrissey fan-mail from real fruitcakes ...

"When he had a falling-out with Morrissey, about the time we did *The Black Swan* with him, I started to write with him. The way we worked was, he's got a home studio in his house in London, so every day I'd catch the bus down there and we'd sit in his little room with a computer. Sometimes I'd stay with him and his wife and two kids."

"We did really electro sort of ... not like the Triffids at all, not band-oriented music; it was really contemporary. It sounded great at first, and I got very excited about it; which is all well and good, and I think a lot of the songs are good, but we found that, doing something with state-of-the-art equipment and doing contemporary-sounding music — which I'd never really done before as the Triffids have never gone out of their way to be current — within about two and a half months, the drum sound we had used, the production style and arrangement, the samples and loops and stuff, were all out of date! And that's why I have not released this bunch of stuff. I mean, there's only one that got through the net, and that was 'The Message', and that's not a record that I enjoy listening to."

It's not as good as records you've been involved in.

"No, I certainly didn't think so. One of the reasons behind it was not to put out the best song first — I had another couple of songs in the same vein and 'The Message' was the sacrificial lamb — and I never expected it would get airplay like it did here (*thrashed on JJJ*). But, to cut a long story short, that's probably going to be the be-all and end-all of any excursion into being contemporary."

It sounded a lot more contemporary than from the heart.

"The lyrics actually are from the heart. The music is

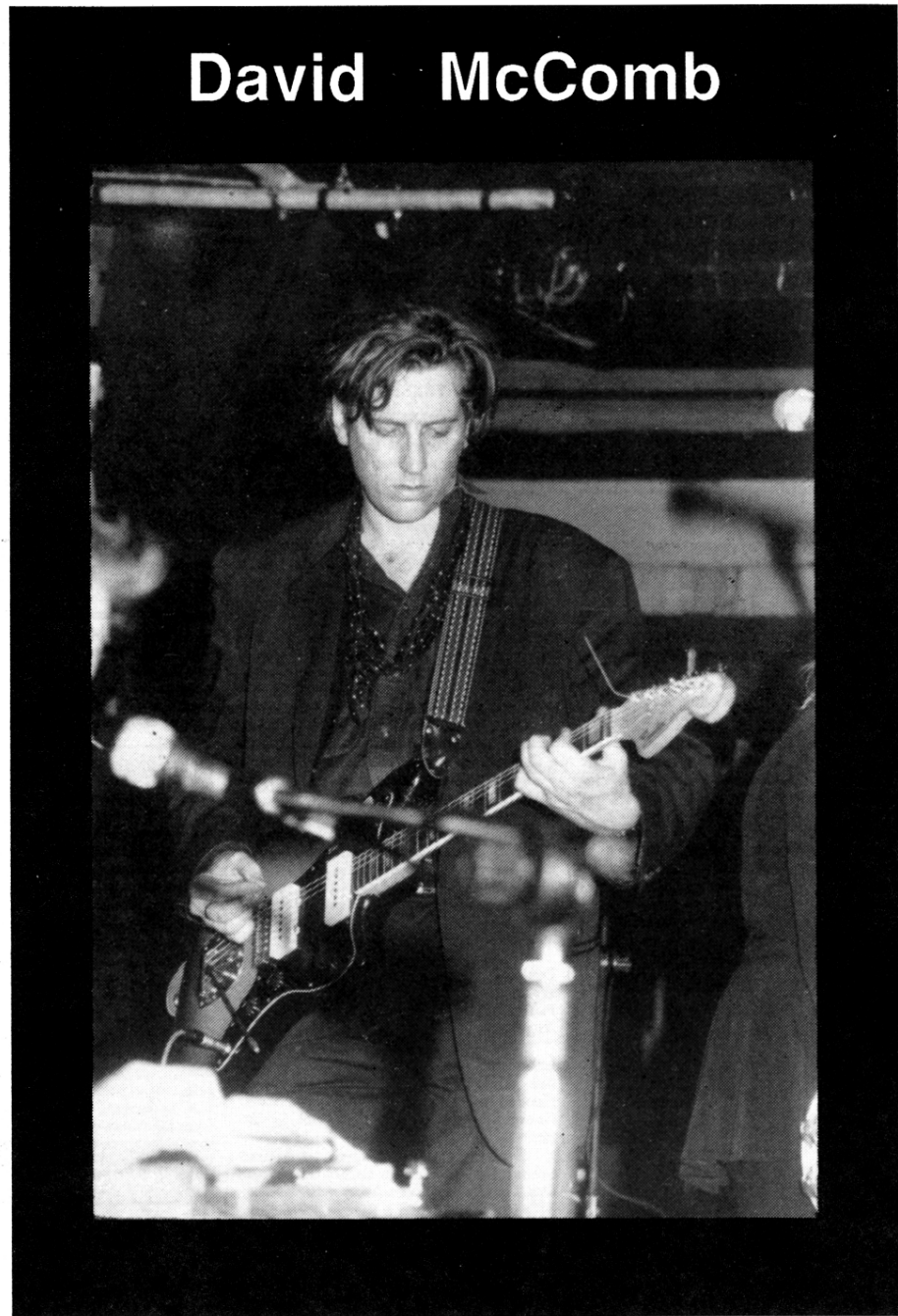
Stephen's, though I wrote the melody. Not that I'm disowning it ... but this is what it comes down to. I mean, it's my fault for putting it out — I can't really complain that I dislike it that much — but I think it's very much the first and last time I'll do something like that."

"The Message" was the first time I've ever had that much airplay — the Triffids have never had a record played that much on radio — and it's very ironic, but you get sick of it. I was really, really sick of it, I couldn't stand it."

"After slagging off my own record, I'm definitely going to release it again — the last song on the EP is 'I've Heard Things Turn Out This Way', which I wrote with Mark Snarski. It was totally uncontemporary and I think it sounds fantastic now, just one of the best things I've worked on. It gives me an indication of what I prefer in music. I am a fan of trashy pop music, but ... it's probably

"Fucked. There hasn't been anything good. I went to see *Boyz N The Hood* today. *New Jack City* was quite good, but this was quite muddled. And I hate these preachy 'Stop The Violence' rap movies ... if I wanted to listen to that, I'd go to a school-teacher ... It's really dismal. You just have to wait for things. I think there was a golden age — Schoolly D, LL's second album, Eric B. and Rakim's first couple of records — and I just can't see anything. I mean, you've had this hippy stuff, which is OK as far as it goes ... who's that fat guy? P.M. Dawn. I don't mind him. This is just in answer to your question ... I just don't think it's in a very good state. It's a type of music which thrives on new blood and it seems to have become very institutionalised. Just boring. Queen Latifah gets me down. All that positivity. I'm stunned that Ice-T, now he's getting big, is starting to make bad records."

David McComb



not my exact forté. It's funny, 'cos I don't like a lot of the stuff which people expect me to like."

"Luckily, JJJ are also playing a song off the Leonard Cohen tribute album, 'Don't Go Home With Your Hard-On', and that's what I call a fuckin' good song!"

Are all the voices on that yours multi-tracked?

"Some. Adam Peters and I put a lot into that, because we wanted it to be the best song on the record. The fucking record company won't put it out here ... WEA, I think. The voices are mainly myself, but there's some call-and-response bits done by these dwarf creatures — me and Martyn Casey sped-up — Will Sergeant from the Bunnyman plays a little bit of guitar, Marty plays bass and the sample is from 'Let The Rhythm Hit 'Em' by Eric B. and Rakim."

How's your hip-hop collection coming along?

Original Gangster is a real dud. I've stopped consuming until I start hearing something good again. I've bought a couple of hip-hop singles, I haven't bought a hip-hop album since *Original Gangster*. It's put me off!

"Things are so bad that I've just gone and done what everyone's done and bought the Nirvana album! Times are tough. It's not Nirvana weather to go and see them, that's the other thing. (*Interview done before the non-show — hee hee hee. Did you get your hundred bucks refunded by the scalper?* — ed.) Too sweaty. Too many people. Too many young people."

"I found out last night that Will Akers does the best Willie Nelson impersonation I've ever heard in my life. He actually does the tremble. Quite incredible."

Are you still signed to Island? (*'The Message' came out on Stephen Street's Foundation label.*)

"Nuh, we were sacked along with about half the roster. PolyGram bought the label and sacked about half the label. Everyone except U2 and Bob Marley, but it's hard to sack a dead guy. It was quite incredible — half the staff and half the bands were sacked. Even Paul Morley had his sub-label Sense going there at the time ... All the people that knew us had signed us in the first place were sacked. It was exactly like a Stalinist purge."

Why did they buy Island and A & M, then? Just to get U2 and Sting?

"It's beyond me. It's a corporate thing. They bought these companies and gutted them and we were just the flotsam and jetsam attached to that. It could have been worse — I could have had a record just about to come out, like Claudia Brücken's solo record. If you'd had a record out at that time, it'd have been so heartbreaking — she spent three years on that — and to have it come out and the label get fucked up, your record is just going to die a thousand deaths."

"I seem to have spent two years in London speaking on the telephone to lawyers; and, no matter how much I like England, speaking to lawyers is not my idea of an absolutely fantastic time. So that's why I'm here. It really is incredible, you can't do anything without getting a lawyer in. You can't move. I was trying to get master tapes back from Island and I just ran out of money paying lawyers. I was after the rights to *Calenore* and *The Black Swan* and the solo single. Boy, wasn't that single ... a scream."

That single was great, especially the B-side, "Willie The Torch." Everyone in Perth loved a song about a local hero. (William H. Akers, in case you didn't realise.)

"That was originally the A-side! We did it in England about November 1988. I came back for Christmas and got rung up by the head of marketing at Island: 'Dave, Dave, you won't believe it, we really have got a vibe for the B-side, for "I Don't Need You", we reckon that we can get Radio One to play it, and we reckon it is going to be a smash-a-roonie, we think it is absolutely fantastic, please, please, PLEASE can you let us put it on the A-side!' I said, 'Oh, gee, I really don't know, "Willie The Torch" was the A-side, that's the one we put the work into and "I Don't Need You" was just a throwaway ...' 'Oh, but we reckon it'll be a hit!' ... I said yes."

"That's a very good example of what not to do — not to listen to some asshole ... It's very easy to have 20/20 hindsight, but they are so rarely enthusiastic — no-one had ever rung me up about a Triffids record and said, 'we reckon this is going to be a big hit.' You also tend to think that this guy's a hot-shot London marketing person, he must know what he's doing ... (mutters) fuckin' makes me feel so ... But anyway."

So 'The Message' came out on Foundation ...

"I could have just kept putting stuff out on that label,

Rolf Farstad — guitar, vocals
Alan Matthews — bass
Courtney Babb — guitar
Jamie Hamilton — drums

Just after this interview with Wash was done, they changed their name to Lurid, so feel free to mentally change all references below. Look out for a show some time or other.

Rolf and Alan interviewed by David in February.

Rolf: "Wash started just over a year ago with myself, Alan and Mark Brysland. Mark went to England. Jamie's going to Melbourne, but he's coming back, so it's okay."

Alan: "I replied to an ad in Dada and Rolf and I got together with me on bass and him on guitar, had a bit of a jam and went from there."

Rolf: "For our first show, we played with Cameron Potts and Mark Lillypie at the Actor's Centre. Since then, we've been throwing out lots of old songs and bringing new ones in. That's why we have a new set now and will have another set by the time Jamie gets back, so people won't get bored with us. I get pretty bored playing some of the old stuff."

Alan: "We think people would like to hear new songs as well."

Rolf: "We get bored fairly quickly. A set usually lasts about a month and a half and then we want to change it. There should be another cassette coinciding with the live stuff. The first cassette's sold out."

How many copies did you do of the first one?

Rolf: "About seventy. Fifteen or twenty went overseas and the other fifty went very fast, in about a week."

Alan: "And most of them sold to people we didn't know!"

Rolf: "Most of my friends said Wash were shit so they wouldn't buy it. It's kind of good how a lot of people don't like us, 'cos it motivates us to be better. The more people hate us, the better we'll be ... so we're going to be fucked soon! We suck big sometimes. If anyone ever sees us, don't buy us drinks. Actually, they should buy us drinks, because none of the venues give decent drink riders any more. We got a hundred and fifty people into the Melbourne and they gave us a six-pack each." (Quite adequate for you young lads — ed.)

Tell us about the songs.

Rolf: "At the moment, it's pretty well me writing them. I have a cassette with all these little bits, then start realising which bits go with others. Or, we've got a new song with two basses which we jammed in one go."

Alan: "Rolf will bring along a new song, ask us what we think and we'll work on it from there."

How often are you playing?

but I decided to come back here. The Triffids have one more album on Mushroom, but I won't be bringing out something myself without renegotiating. There's no such thing as a lovely record company, I'm under no illusions."

"Have you heard the third Black-Eyed Susans EP? Good production?"

Yeah, that's great! I also like the first one a lot more hearing it with the other two. That's all coming out as one CD, isn't it?

"Yeah. Rob cut it just a few days ago and rang up and said it sounded totally weird, obviously, because they've got such different-sounding productions. There will be another three songs on the CD only, which we did in London (with the third EP). We did an album's worth, twelve songs. I really wanted to release the whole thing, but they didn't want to. I really like the stuff we did in London. It's my kind of record — no drums! I've always wanted to do a drumless record."

Tell me: is there any hope of the Triffids getting back together?

"Well ... For a start, I'm not the first person you should ask about this. I would do it, personally, but I think everyone else is off with different things dominating their lives, so I can't see it happening for a while. I'd just like to do something strange, like, y'know, about 1997 just play some shows in the country, then play some homes for mentally-handicapped children, then play a residency in Darwin ... It'd be really boring if the Triffids just got back together and played the same thing."

"Martyn Casey and his wife, Liz Pippet, are having a baby next month and he's still playing with Nick Cave and has just done an album with them. Graham Lee lives at the Standard Hotel in Melbourne and has his own band, the Paradise Vendors, and plays with lots of other people. Alsy and Jill are in Perth, working. My brother Robert is in Melbourne and he's a teacher. So that's the deal."

Do you have a day job as such or do you live off music?

"I don't have a day job as such, but I put together a band in London called the Red Ponies, doing my part of the Black-Eyed Susans' set, the songs I sing, and a lot of my new material. That was okay. Then I do the Susans here, and when I go to Melbourne I'll be in the Black-Eyed Susans whenever they tour there. That's what I do. That's my job. And I write songs."

So there will be more Black-Eyed Susans? I heard tell this was going to be the last one.

"No way. If anything, the opposite — we'll be getting really serious this year. There's never been any constant thing, and Rob is very frustrated and wants to do more."

"I think those records are very good. And Rob is, as is self-evident, such a great guy and a good singer, that we should do something a bit more. So yeah, there'll be a lot

Rolf: "Once a month or so. We've got to start organising more gigs because I don't think we play very well as a support band; we're much better headlining. We got lots of people to our last gig (Melbourne, Wednesday 15/11) and that will hopefully keep up."

That handbill was pretty impressive. (a lovely colour photocopy)

Rolf: "Yeah, we'll be doing more of the same. We get them done cheap. I'm not willing to say how cheap. We did eighty copies last time, but that's all you need."

Alan: "I think we got a lot of people to the gig because



they were eye-catching. Which is what a handbill is for."

Why did you start Wash?

Rolf: "I was feeling dissatisfied with a lot of music. I was influenced by a lot of other bands who aren't that good technically, but are good bands. We're close to splitting up every couple of weeks, which keeps it fresh because we know that if we don't play better or do something new the next time, we'll just give it away."

Alan: "We are taking the music seriously ..."

Rolf: "We don't rehearse too much because the songs are good enough by themselves — they don't really need to

more Black-Eyed Susans this year."

Tell me about the magazine you're involved in, *The Good Fight*.

"The editor is Julian Miller, who I've known for quite a long time, and he had the idea for it. It's the kind of thing where you're always saying, 'some day I'm going to get around to doing a magazine ...' it's the kind of thing I always say. So when he phoned me up and had the idea for it, I said that I should do whatever I could for it. So we meet every couple of weeks, we write things and try to get other people to write for it."

"Some people will find it illogical because it doesn't have any editorial policy to speak of except non-conformity. We just like maverick-style writing and we don't like too much conventional politics in it. Knowing Perth as I do, we are going to get heaps of shit for it."

How are you today? Enjoying the summer?

"I'm fine ... I'm only enjoying it up to a point. No, it's not my favourite time of year. I'm going out tonight, after this. I had shorts on, but decided to change at the last moment. Got a very nice thin shirt on. (Dark green with white dots all over.) I like polka-dots. One of the worst things about '88-'89, Aspro house coming in, was polka-dots being in for eighteen months. I had to put a chastity belt on the polka-dot section of my wardrobe. But now that all those arseholes are dead and buried ..."

(Some arcane story about Bledwyn Butcher achieving the dubious honour of saving Bono Vox's life, plus a probably-actionable story about someone who was freebasing cocaine with an unrespectable member of U2 and didn't realise what she was actually doing and had to be told ... but anyway ...)

"Ronnie Spector's autobiography — don't buy it 'cos it's terrible, but go to a bookstore and look up Bowie, 'D in the index and read those few pages. Her and David Bowie during his big cocaine period, it's really good."

(ramble ...)

"I found something quite amusing in my old drawer the other day. It was a bus pass I'd had when I was a student at WAIT, and I'd taken it backstage at the Talking Heads concert and gotten them all to sign it. They were quite nice backstage, though David Byrne burped a lot. Tina Weymouth was very like a mother from an American sitcom, like in *Bewitched*. I kept asking Jerry Harrison lots of questions about Jonathan Richman, because he was in the Modern Lovers. I'd read that Jonathan Richman had had these visions, these apparitions of things. I asked Jerry, 'is it true, Jerry?' and Jerry said (high, nasally), 'Ahhh think Jonathan only had visions of himself.' He was probably pissed off that I wasn't a beautiful blonde girl ..."

David.

be that tight — and because some are a bit hard to rehearse and make it sound exactly the same live, so we usually let it go by ear. We're very slack."

"I get really annoyed when people complain that it's too noisy or it hurts their ears. That's the whole point!"

It's good! The four-piece is really powered-up!

Alan: "I think a lot of people were really spun-out by the new sound."

Rolf: "One of the exciting things about being in this band is the fact that I can write lots and lots and lots. I write a song a day when I'm not trying, three when I am. At the end of a few days I have a choice of songs good enough to use. I've stopped for now, though, until I get bored again."

What are your other bands?

Rolf: "Benji is John Scull on guitar and vocals, Jamie Hamilton on drums and me playing bass. Hopefully that will be happening soon. It's a bit hard to find time with two bands. Actually, it's hard to find time with the drummer 'cos he's a lazy bugger. I'm going to say that in print so he gets his shit together."

(chat of the drum machine option)

"It depends on what sort of music you're playing with the drum machine. We're going to try to make music that goes well with a drum machine in Ambulance — that's what the other band's called. We haven't got any songs yet, but we know that they're going to be excellent anyway, so we'll get around to writing them when we feel like it. We're looking for a bass-player for Ambulance, but we're considering just having the two guitars and a drum machine."

"Benji is recording this week (early February) and so is Wash, then there'll be a big break for both bands while Jamie goes to Melbourne, and Ambulance will get its shit together."

"We'd like a week to record each Wash song, but we've got nine hours to record four songs (Planet special deal). Mixing as well — mixing's the crucial thing. Our first cassette had fuckups everywhere, but we hid it all."

So, three bands. What else do you do?

Alan: "I'm a student, doing Social Sciences at University. I find it interesting and rewarding."

Rolf: "I'm a bum but I don't go to uni. I'm not an educated bum, though I'm going back to school this year. Jamie and Courtney go to uni as well. Courtney does Arts, Jamie does Media or something. Jamie's great — he gets us lots of stuff for free."

How old are each of you?

Rolf: "We're all twenty except Courtney, who's nineteen."

Anything to say to the world?

Alan: "Just come and see us and buy the cassette when it comes out, which shouldn't be too far away."

SUGARDADDIES / RUST — *Beat Room, Wednesday 1/11*

I heard about this gig by word of mouth; unfortunately, not too many other people seemed to have heard. This was Rust's last stand and, as it turned out, the Sugardaddies' as well. Both bands deserved a better response, but what it lacked in numbers was made up for in enthusiasm.

Cortez The Killer / Steel Ships / Changing / Shakey Fingerman / Watching Yard / Girl From The Hill / Broken Down / Figure Of Light / Flight / Firebird / Barstool

Rust played as a four-piece with Craig Hallsworth helping out as he had done semi-regularly for a while. Craig's extra guitar fills out the sound and takes the pressure off Matt Snashall, allowing the band to move into areas they couldn't as a trio, although I don't think the rhythm section has ever been as prominent as perhaps it should have been.

I've never been able to work out why people keep harping on about Rust and the Sub-Pop connection. Yes, there is a similarity, but so what? What people call the 'Sub-Pop sound' was around way before anybody had heard of the Sub-Pop label. The idea of tempering a raw and gutsy rock approach with an element of melody isn't exactly new ... Suffice to say, Rust aren't nearly as derivative as some have made out.

Matt's vocals add a very distinctive flavour; a source of irritation for some, but I think it may come down to the mix on an individual night. Craig's presence led to an interesting use of twin vocals — Matt doing most of the lead vocals, but Craig wisely being used as both support and contrast. If you missed the band, see if you can get their cassette. They're a band I'll miss!

Stacey Keach / King Of Oblivion / Gig Is On You / All The Time / American Ruse / Raincoat / More Than It's Worth / ? By Me / Missy / Boring Conversation / Fears / Murder / Truckin' Mother / What The Hell / Tonight I.C.U. / She Falls Over / They Got Files / Bottle Of Gin / Wild Habit / We're Leaving You

I was thinking during the Sugardaddies' set that it really is time they released something; I didn't know at the time that they were about to split, or at least lose a couple of members. It was hard to believe it was the same band I'd seen two weeks earlier at the same venue playing a loose support to the Jackals. They were certainly a lot tighter tonight. The songs were generally short, concise and to the point; even a bit Lime Spiders-ish at times, although sometimes I felt they could and should have pushed them further. The use of two guitarists with different styles and sounds was a plus, although Scott Shaw (playing the majority of the lead breaks) began to occasionally get lost in a wah-wah haze towards the end.

The visual side of the performance is something many Perth groups ignore, but in Shawn Unsworth, the Sugardaddies had no problems. Not only has he got a good and powerful voice, but his occasional harmonica playing added another dimension to their sound, and as a frontman he is very good — running, jumping, but rarely standing still, although, to be honest, the preening David Johansen (New York Dolls) routines distracted you from the music.

This was Shawn and rhythm guitarist Craig Tobin's last gig; I'm not sure what's going to happen now. I know the gig was recorded, but I'm not sure if any of it will see the light of day.

MAPATASSEE RAIDERS — *Karrinyup, February '92*

It was a major expedition into the deepest, darkest recesses of the northern suburbs for this gig. Despite being interested in the band because of the various members' musical pasts, it was a word-of-mouth recommendation that finally got me here. (Thanks, R.B.!)

Support band was called Drone and played Led Zep, AC/DC and Sabbath covers. Just when I thought they were simple '70s suburban retarders, they threw in a Metallica song — to show they like to keep up with the contemporary scene.

It's hard to know where to begin with the Mapatassee Raiders. Their two sets, which went on for eighty-five or ninety minutes overall, were predominantly original — they played perhaps half a dozen covers and their originals were better anyway. In fact, from the first song — which started with just the drummer on

stage, then the bassist, then a guitarist and finally the other guitarist and vocalist — I knew this was going to be good.

Fronting the band is Dave "DJ" Johnson, most notorious for his stint in the Mutants of Desire. Guitarist/vocalist Jeff Brown used to play in the Scarlets, while bassist/vocalist Alan McNeil has played with the Fate and Leatherface. Tony Sarich is the other guitarist/vocalist and Mike Sarich is the drummer/vocalist. Their first show with this lineup was in August last year, though a lineup with Steve Buck on bass played back at Christmas '89. Most of the originals are written by DJ, but the rest of the band are adding contributions as time goes on.

They played a couple of old Mutants numbers — "Babylon" and "Cruise" — and did a pretty good job. There's a musical similarity with the Mutants, which is sort of inevitable with DJ's vocals and songwriting. He remains one of the most charismatic frontmen Perth has ever had, from his stage patter to his on-stage antics, which culminated in the last song of the second set being sung by DJ standing on his head. The rest of the band was pretty tight and, with Alan McNeil's ability to sing lead vocals as well, they could perhaps develop this side of the band.

Not much more to say but that I enjoyed this gig. It was probably the most intensely I've gotten into a band since Kim Salmon and the Surrealists back in September. Boy, did I hurt the next day — and that's a good sign.

Larry W.



FLYING NUN TENTH BIRTHDAY BASH: THE BATS / GOBLIN MIX / JEAN-PAUL SARTRE EXPERIENCE / THE STRANGE / CHRIS KNOX / ABLE TASMANS — *Power Station, Auckland, Friday 20/9/91*

Back in 1981, someone called Roger Shepherd started up a do-it-yourself record company named after an American TV show that old farts such as myself used to watch after kindergarten. Ten years on, the label that brought us the Clean, the Verlaines, Look Blue Go Purple and the myth of the 'Dunedin Sound' has gained an international reputation as probably the most significant source of promising New Zealand bands. On the domestic front, the story is rather different, with local commercial radio stations avoiding Flying Nun bands like the plague; but F. Nun has plenty of grass-roots support from record-buying people prepared to pay NZ\$18.00 to see a few of the bands play live as part of the label's tenth birthday celebrations.

First up were the Able Tasmans. They are five males and two females who recently released an album called *Hey Spinner*. Jane Dodd (probably best known as the bassist for the Verlaines in their *Death And The Maiden* days) features in the lineup, and the only other two whose names I can remember are Peter Kean (the singer/acoustic guitarist/trumpeter) and Graeme Humphries (the singer/electric guitarist/keyboardist). The others play keyboards, drums and clarinet. Lots of instruments for well-arranged songs which lots of people like. Unfortunately, I can't get into them and it didn't make any difference on Flying Nun's birthday. What a pity they aren't

dwarves because I could have written a fairytale review and remembered all their names, too.

Next up was Chris Knox, who has a distinctive profile on the New Zealand 'scene', whatever that may be — a cynical cartoon for the national newspaper once a week, he used to do a music column in a weekly magazine (and may still do it, but I can't afford to buy it), he's on some type of New Zealand Arts Council and was vocalist in the first Dunedin band to make a significant dent in the New Zealand music scene, The Enemy. He also makes up one half of the Tall Dwarfs.

With a background like that in a small place like this, his reputation amongst the faithful is like a huge pair of shoes which come around the corner before the wearer, and tonight was no exception. The crowd was winding itself up by trying to wind Chris Knox up even while he set up his gear wearing a cardboard Roger Shepherd mask. Tonight's gig was rather subdued compared to some I have seen, with very little heckling (Knox usually turns his rapier wit on the audience before, during and after songs as it suits him) and an alarmingly tight and straight delivery of his songs. Highlights were "The Woman Inside Me", "The Great Escape" (The Chills) featuring audience participation as "the human horns" and an impromptu duet about Roger Shepherd at the end which finished with "pay me some bloody royalties!"

Next was David Kilgour with the Strange. Flying Nun might not be ten years old if not for this chap and, as it turned out, the Strange are the latest branch on the Clean's family tree. I won't beat about the bush — they were the highlight of the night for me. If you like the Clean, check these characters out as soon as you can. There were only three of them, but they had that spark that marks some people apart from the rest.

The Jean-Paul Sartre Experience were next and were good too. There are five of them now that Russell Baillie has joined on keyboards and, like the Strange before them, they got the audience on their side. They're one of these bands that had tuning-up problems between songs and so tried a more moderate Chris Knox approach by telling jokes about drummers that the whole audience already knew the answers to and making excuses for not showing their dicks to the audience as requested. Banter aside, though, this quintet is a promising contender along the lines of Straightjacket Fits.

Speaking of the Straightjacket Fits, they were originally scheduled to play but, due to Andrew Brough leaving the band, the mothballs were dusted off the Goblins instead. Maybe the two bands before them were damn hard acts to follow or I was just getting tired, but they didn't really grab me. I saw them once years ago and they haven't changed much.

Last up were the Bats. I suspect the crowd had been waiting for them because they got the best audience response by far. They were very tight and their constant use of harmonious backing vocals added that something special to the overall sound. The PA even shook to the Bats.

The show worked out to about NZ\$3.60 per band (you think about things like this when you live in a third-world place like New Zealand), which isn't too bad considering GST is in there somewhere too. It's a pity that Look Blue Go Purple couldn't somehow have been dragged out of mothballs too, given that only the Bats and the Able Tasmans included women performers. It was largely a no-frills gig without fancy backdrops and so on, and it's obvious that the bands themselves don't put too much emphasis on the fashion parade mentality which seems crucial to so many bands today. If you're still curious about Flying Nun bands, check out the *Pink Flying Saucers Over The Southern Alps* and *Getting Older* compilations released to coincide with the tenth anniversary.

Billy Gibson.

HENRY ROLLINS — *Le Rox, Adelaide*

Despite being abused with beer and having the winner of the Angry Anderson look-alike contest strip hair from his calf, Hank has warm feelings for us here in Adelaide.

A man who people regard as a punk legend, some sorta tough guy extraordinaire, he reveals himself emotionally on stage in a way which most tough guys could only

worry about. He's not really so tough. Like all of us, he blusters and flusters, makes stupid mistakes and meets odd and unusual people. Which, with a bit of organisation, spin out to form an intimate, enjoyable trip to ourselves. Yes, he does preach a bit, but he presents it a lot better than those in power (he allows leeway and argument); and when was the last time you met someone at a gig who changed your mind about something you'd taken for granted?

I mean, what an event. I hadn't laughed so much at a gig in years, a real enjoyment shared by most of the audience. Hadn't been so contemplative at a gig in years either. Wonderful, wonderful show.

Robert Brokenmouth.

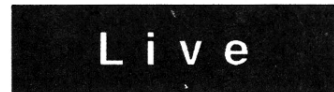
AUSMUSIC DAY: STORYTIME / CALHOONS / OUT AND DREAMING / BRAUTIGANS — *Beat Room, Saturday 23/11*

The Day The Industry Supports The Independents, so they say! Hey, I believe 'em. They're probably still completely bowled over by JJJ not playlisting Bamesey or Clapton. Tonight's bands were the Brautigans (half an hour, on at 8:15pm), Out And Dreaming, the Calhoons and Storytime.

The Brauts were on first, were great and I and many others went for them and left ASAP. This was their last show for quite some time as everyone is going off in different directions for a while, but my guess is next Christmas. Two copies of *FreakZine* were sold and I don't know how many of the new Brautigans cassette *Scared*, which is available exclusively from the House Of Wax and do I really need to tell you twice?

Lots of people left immediately after the Brautigans, which is a good thing. However, at about this point the Calhoons fans started coming in.

Out And Dreaming sure are something. They play pseudo-commercial music, i.e. songs that people might write trying to be commercial if they thought commerciality was a matter of the song alone rather than all the other stuff. (The lie has been given to



this by Max Q, who did songs from Ollie Olsen's zero-sales days and had hits from them basically due to having a pop-star up front singing them. Songs have not one damn thing to do with commerciality whatsoever. *Anything* can be sold or not sold.) Not one musical figure, change or beat is not telegraphed minutes before it occurs. If it isn't a cliché, avoid it like the goddamn plague.

The performance itself has all the fire and passion of an arranged marriage. The singer had his collar completely turned up, for some reason I can't and don't want to fathom. The drummer sounded like the Human League's drum machine (I'd played my old copy of "Love Action" — purchased 1982 — earlier that very day and marvelled at how badly it had aged). This is the acceptable future of new music. I think of this band and the PF Lame Gun and get an itchy trigger finger.

The Calhoons are solid third or fourth raters, sounding like a cross between the worst of the Bamboos and the Chevelles. They are also quite popular. That's all.

Storytime are technically competent instrumental metallers, but rather dull. Not awful in detail, but in quantity.

Tonight's show was part of the industry's quest for an acceptable alternative. This quest is inherently doomed, because people who knuckle under don't have ideas and people who do have ideas either lose them (slowly, by attrition) when they do knuckle under or else just keep it up for ten years until they can't be ignored (though they often still are). The acceptable 'alternative' isn't actually viable (do you know anyone who's bought a Hipslingers CD? or a shop that's sold one? I don't), but they have to keep finding that out for themselves, over and over. Look at the treatment afforded the only band tonight with anything approaching an idea.

Nothing has changed in ten years. Get a copy of *Inner City Sound* (by Clinton Walker: a book on Australian music '78-'82 — essential purchase) and see the attitude to and from the bands therein.

Familiar, isn't it?

When you think of the relationship between music and the music industry, repeat the following mantra one thousand times: *Nothing ever changes. Nothing ever changes. Nothing ever changes. Nothing ever changes. Nothing ever changes. Nothing ever changes. Nothing ever changes. Nothing ever changes. Nothing ever changes. Nothing ever changes.*

A TERMINAL POSTURE / THE CEREMENTS — *Beat Room, Wednesday 8/1*

The first time I've seen the Cerements, tonight minus Stuart. The band is OK, if hardly inspiring. This may be due to the missing guitar — the bass is still playing rhythm (four-piece) rather than lead (three-piece) and the drums need filling-out. The songs are unremarkable — could-be-JJJ-able commercial guitar songs with more than four chords, harmony vocals and a simple, strong beat. The spot-on comparison to them is Pride And Punishment (Perth '84-'86) minus the politics, if that means anything to you — count yourself lucky if it doesn't. Don't go out of your way to miss 'em, but don't go out of your way not to.

A Terminal Posture need to take some radical action re: the live side of things. Two guys behind keyboards and one jumping up and down isn't inherently interesting; slides don't make up the difference and nor do tonight's assorted video monitors. I go to ATP shows to hear the new songs and to hear the old ones REALLY LOUD, but the live performance element (the unexpected, the synergy of non-predetermined elements, etc.) is not so much present. Must admit I don't have a pat solution at hand, but there must be one.

VOID MAGAZINE BENEFIT: CINEMA PRAGUE / BOTTICELLI'S ANGEL / PRAWNS WITH HORNS / TOTAL JESUS — *Beat Room, Friday 7/2*

Arrived late and missed Total Jesus, which was a bit of an annoyance. Caught most of Prawns With Horns, however — a three-piece (no horns in evidence ... I looked up close) who seem to have started with hardcore/thrashy things and done something different — tuneful singalongs (or I expect they would be if you knew the words) with harmony vocals on everything. Pretty good and fun so far.

Botticelli's Angel evolved from what was hardcore band Inquisition into something more blatantly metal-oriented. I dislike metal in general (too much instrument wanking for too little genuine rock'n'roll essence ... PF has no plans to increase its metal coverage any time soon), but was pleasantly surprised by this band. Standard musical figures are used in a sensible way — no spotlighted solos, not even implied ones — and singer Declan takes the show-must-go-on prize for his performance on one broken leg. (I would have played the show seated.) They're really pretty good and I wouldn't object to seeing them again.

Cinema Prague got a massive response. The music is fun — if a bit light-weight — and they put on a fine show. I'm finding them a bit like a novelty record ... it gets dull after a while. I want something new. Still, millions disagree.

MARS BASTARDS / BOB'S LOVE CHILD / THE GLUMMENS — *Beat Room, Friday 14/2*

The Glummens got the show because of having won some high-school competition or other. I would suggest that urgent attention to our educational system is required immediately. In the first five seconds — a rap song introducing themselves — I thought, "naah ... they can't really be this bad ... must be a pistake ..." My next theory was that they were the Kaper under another name (*The Kaper*: probably the consistently and persistently worst band in Perth and still going, no less! But that's all the notice they get in PF) — but no, their awfulness was too fresh and ready. I must conclude that they learnt about rock'n'roll by watching television and buying major-label cassettes.

What can you do when a band so young plays so well and is so actively awful? I hope they (and all their friends — lots) stuck around for the next two bands — they might have picked up some hints and tips on subtlety (uh? thud) and how not to wear horrible hats like that.

Bob's and the Mars Bastards were fine. Mars didn't think much of their own set, but hey, the show went off — people danced, it all worked fine. Millions had a good time. (Both are great at filling floors without hav-

ing to prompt the audience.) There was also a decent audience, which helps everyone. But avoid the Glummens like the plague. Or go along and throw decent records at them.

KILLJOYS — *Northbridge Festival (Aberdeen Hotel stage), Sunday 1/3* MARS BASTARDS — *Northbridge Festival (Aberdeen & Lake Streets stage), Sunday 1/3*

An encapsulated description of the Northbridge Festival: For one weekend, Lake, Aberdeen and James Streets are closed to traffic and the rectangle inside those streets and William Street is host to a great many Artistic Events (funded by sponsorships and the Department for the Arts) and a million suburbanites come down for a gander.

The streets filled with suburbanites dressed 'up' for the night. A number of stages were set up on street corners, with bands going from early afternoon to midnight on both days; surprisingly enough, a few of the bands were actually worth seeing. Restaurants and pubs had special

the planning dick who let the traffic flow on the other side from Lake into Aberdeen stay open, zooming by just feet from the stage), but that didn't stop the kids from gathering in a large clump nearby. And when I say 'kids', I mean kids: a bunch of young folk lining the stage and staking out their front-row possie well ahead of time. Just like with touring bands, yes.

Then the band started and we saw why the kids had clumped in front ... they started stage-diving. Slamming! The killer mosh-pit! Crash! Bang! Jesus ... us older folk stayed well back to do our jumping up and down. (A sort of no-go zone of three or four metres between the clump and the crowd behind.) The stunner of the evening, no two ways about it.

The band wasn't so keen on the stage-diving (things getting knocked out, etc.), but I maintain that it's thoroughly worth it to get the kids out where they can see a goddamn band. And a great band, too. The Mars Bastards have it together — great songs, played with verve and power, entertaining performance, the knack of filling t

half an eye) on the charts.

All this Northbridge Festival stuff is appalling. The streets fill with (a) yuppies (b) those of the suburban middle classes with aspirations to culture (i.e. the parents of (a), who have no objections to yuppie-dom whatsoever because they've made things so nice) (c) similar folk. Have you noticed how people in the city are entirely too well-dressed these days?

I remember a piece of parental wisdom from my youth, when I first started going out to shows (the Lighthouse Keepers at the Equator, to be specific): "But ... you don't want to go to Northbridge!" "Er, why not?" "Well ... murders happen there!" (exact quote.) "Right ... well, I'm sure they're not an hourly occurrence. See you later." No such perceptions today — no more a don't-go-there-Johnny area ... good and wholesome no more. What are the young folk to look forward to? (I spent last year working in Mirrabooka and am presently busy convincing myself that nothing exists north of Vincent Street. I think I'm onto something there.)

Time was when Northbridge was a hive of lowlife, speakasies, dives, scum, brothels, junkies, every rubbish bin full of bottles, gambling dens, sex shops, sexual deviants and great cafés (and remember, it wasn't even officially named Northbridge until 1979!), rather than the present condition of nowt bar restaurants and yuppie cafés. Even the junkie population has drastically diminished. It's all so nice. I didn't move to the city to live somewhere nice. This won't do at all.

The Perth City Council and the Northbridge Business Association (i.e. the restaurants and cafés) didn't actually do this to the city, though they certainly have no objections — it's all down to the forces of yuppiefication, the general all-purpose awfulisers and the fact that people are shit. (I was of the opinion a couple of years ago that the PCC would, sometime before decade's end, embark on a major cleanup of the scum in the inner city and make life safe for members of the NBA [thus killing the golden goose, but try telling them that], but this has proved superfluous ... it's happening on its own.) I don't know what the result will be.

The murky side of the city is disappearing — not just from the musical side, but from all of it. This makes things neater and tidier for all concerned, but is very, very stupid ecologically ... because the murky side is where all the good ideas come from. Every single fuckin' one. The nice people, who are generally somewhat squeamish both mentally and physically, don't like being told this. But it is the truth. This is the meaning of the word 'sterile' in a socio-cultural context and the reason why such is a bad thing. If you don't leave room for the rats in your culture, it will die.

One can hope that there is a natural 'murk quotient' in society such that pushing it aside will cause it to bounce back even stronger some way down the track. (Something analogous to the way that, if the nice middle classes keep the poor, the non-European and other such anti-democratic forces ghettoised — either physically or mentally — then these people will respond in kind and have no respect for such folk and steal their cars and so on ... whereupon the nice people will be horrified, demand stronger fortifications as a 'cure' and wonder how on Earth things came to such a state. It couldn't be their own doing, could it? Naah ...) However, I must say that I haven't much confidence in such happening. Completely sterile cities are far from impossible.

It is our job (yes, you, reading this — you know who I am and who you are) to preserve, extend, nurture, nourish and mutate the murkiness in society. For that murk just happens to be the source of all things.

*Independent Music: "music created on the fringes (almost 'independently') of the established music-industry. Since financial rewards tend to be minimal, the focus is on refining, advancing and extending the state of the art."

This definition comes from the above-mentioned arts grant just filled out for PF; and, although it doesn't look that much like any other definition I've seen (note the lack of mention of record labels) and is far from conclusive, I think it's pretty operational. Any refinements are welcomed.

David.



...plus the only hope for the future?

fenced-in licensed areas. (Every pub, café and restaurant raked it in.) Porta-loos abounded.

(Incidentally, have you ever wondered why a lot of state-funded arts events are utter drivel? It's because the people involved are primarily those adept at filling out grants applications — it's really cool to be a paid, professional artist and it makes a great chat-up line. The art itself is generally

dancefloor from the word 'go' ...

Have you noticed the serious shortage of really top-notch bands in Perth lately? I don't mean your highly-talented favourites (e.g. Bob's Love Child, Mustang, etc.) who have it and will doubtless get all the rest a hundred percent in due course — I mean bands that have it all, *right now*. The Mars Bastards are one of the few, if not the only, but where are the rest?



The Mars Bastards at Northbridge ...

an afterthought. This is why things of value often have a hard time getting funding — spent too much time thinking about how to do something good, y'see. [None of this stopped PF from putting in an application this February, but you know that we're totally incorruptible.]

Our plan had been to see the Killjoys at 9:00pm, the new-look Chevelles (who cancelled, as it turned out) at ten and the Mars Bastards at eleven (we'd missed the good stuff the night before). The Aberdeen Hotel stage was a fenced-off bit of street dedicated to drinking. You could hear this stage as far as Loftus Street (the next suburb). Everything on this stage was broadcast on JJJ as well. The PA was set to 'skreek' — killer top-end ... leave your high frequencies at home. The Killjoys played very well, even if everything did fuck up on 'em. The show the previous night (Beat Room) was a lot more enjoyable.

The Mars Bastards were king tonight. The Lake and Aberdeen Street stage was a tiny little thing that looked like an afterthought (and special thanks for this go to

Independent music* in Perth is dying in the fuckin' ame. The causes are many (JJJ's attitude to Australian music in general; one venue [one and a half if you can actually get to the Cave]; the perennial difficulty in getting through to Perth people that there is actually music here and it isn't all elsewhere [though it will be soon]; the fact that, to be good live, a band needs performance influences [hints and tips] as well as musical ones; the impossibility of selling recordings outside Perth; add your own to the list), but the effects are clear. Just think what happens if the QV1 building ever actually gets large numbers of tenants and the Melbourne fulfils its years-ago promise to cater fully for them — feeding Redback to a thousand execs and sekketries every lunch and evening. It really is possible for a city to have nothing, y'know.

The point is, having an 'alternative' musical sector of Australian origin at all requires a virulent independent sector running wild, because that's where the good ideas in music originate. In 1992, you don't get good ideas by keeping one eye (or even

What's happened since the end of '88? You put out "All Away" late '89 on Waterfront, which sold out its pressing ...

"Yeah. Waterfront have a policy of not repressing their back catalogue at the moment. I just went over to Sydney, actually, and had a look at their warehouse, and there's about ten bands of whom they have maybe thirty copies of each left. So you'll probably never see that again."

The band played live through '89 and '90, then you stopped playing live.

"Yeah. If you're asking me why we stopped playing ... you live in Perth, you know why. People just don't seem to care much about live bands, other than a handful of bands which are good-time showbands but are not really musical, more party-oriented; basically cabaret. So I didn't think it was worth my while continuing to play, because nobody seemed to be terribly interested."

"It's a pity for the handful of people who really care, but that's just the way it is. I've got other fish to fry now — I've got my shop — and I'll probably continue to make records or CDs or whatever, but I just don't think we'll play live any more."

Starting the shop, House Of Wax Records — how long was that in the works?

"It's something I thought about seriously for probably eighteen months before I finally did it. It took a long time to get everything together and it was with a lot of fear and trepidation, because I didn't really have much money to start with. It was a big gamble, but I made it. A combination of good luck and good management, I guess."

"My experience at White Rider and Dada held me in good stead, I suppose, but I tried to use the influences and groundwork that I'd picked up on there to try to make something slightly different and individual."

How long was the Summer Suns album in the works?

"About three years; not as in recording it, but in writing the songs and getting enough together to make a fairly flawless LP. I wanted to wait until I had enough for something that would really stand the test of time, and I'm pretty happy with the way it turned out. It's not flawless, but I think it's fairly seamless."

How much of a label is House Of Wax Records?

"It's a label, but I'm not going to pursue it with a great deal of vigour. I'm not going to run the label the same way I did Easter, which was much more benevolent than business-oriented; I think that, in the unfortunate economic climate we're living in, it has to be completely business-oriented. Even if there were a band I really, really liked and thought deserved to get put out, I would have to take the business consideration into it."

If they can sell their thousand CDs.

"Even five hundred; I think you could sell five hundred and make a small profit. It's an unfortunate economic reality that to make a record now is not a good idea. In retrospect, I probably should have done my LP as a CD, even though I have a personal distaste for them. Things like ... JJJ will not play anything that is not on CD now, even if it's the best thing since the third Big Star album, which leaves my record up the creek without a paddle."

Any particular reason for purple vinyl?

"It was the best colour of the choices I had. I wanted orange, but, for some unknown reason, they couldn't do orange; so, of all the colours they said I could have, I thought purple was the best. ... Prince!"

When did you start recording?

"About the middle of last year."

Any reason for picking Poons Head?

"Well, basically, I think Planet is the state-of-the-art studio in Perth, but, unfortunately, they're also very expensive, and I had a budget to work to. I listened to quite a few things that had come out of Poons Head and thought they sounded pretty good, so I thought that I would give it a shot down there."

"It seems to have worked out OK, I'm pretty happy with the way the record sounds. It was a rush job even then — I think I worked a lot faster than Rob (*Grant, Poons Head*) is used to working, which occasionally caused a few problems — but I think both of us are pretty happy with the way it sounds, given the constraints it was recorded under."

"I don't even know that it would have sounded better if we'd spent twice or three times as much and recorded it at Planet. Maybe the guitars would have sounded different, but that's not to say they would have sounded better. Not to put Planet down, but there's almost a generic Planet sound when you listen to the Perth indie records that have come out of there — the Stems, the Neptunes, even the first Summer Suns single. I suppose it's a John Villani sound (*house engineer at Planet*).

"There's more warmth in the album than in the two singles, which is something I was conscious of trying to do."

Why did you call it Calpurnia?

"Calpurnia is a girl's name which I heard somewhere — I think it might have been on a TV show or something — and, the very first time I heard it, I thought that it'd be a great name for a record. So I used it."

"The name Calpurnia ... there's something slightly mystical about it, which is what I was trying to put across."

Who took the pictures?

"I took the picture on the front and Deborah Dickson from *The Harvey* took the picture on the back."



Side one. "Brighter Than The Sun":

"The title of this song came to me when I was walking down the street with a fairly well-known Perth journalist of female gender who had almost white-blond hair at the time, and it was a typical brilliantly sunny Perth day; just the image of that hair shining in the sun gave me the title, and I got home and wrote a song around it. It was written fairly quickly. It's one of my all-time favourite songs that I've written."

"I can tell you one very funny thing ... or maybe I shouldn't ... People who are familiar with the song might notice a discrepancy in the guitar solo between the way we regularly played it live and the way it came down on the recording. See if you can work out what the difference is ... put your answers on a postcard and address them to the House of Wax, 45 King Street, Perth 6000. If anyone who can tell me the difference and why the difference happened, there might be a special prize for them."

Why did it fade at the end rather than have the ending?

"It just seemed a good thing to do. You have the luxury of doing that when you're in a studio. I never really liked the way we ended it live; it was a fairly standard ending."

I noticed it was a lot faster than I'm used to hearing it.

"Yeah, I wasn't really conscious of it, but ... I always have this idea that you will hear bands that quite rock out when they play live, because you're always a bit nervous when you go on stage, so there's a lot more energy to a song, but when people get in the studio they just bang it down and they're not ... Because you usually have to do more than one take, the energy level can flag, so I always try to put a lot into each take. Focus our energy and just be conscious of playing it at a speed that you're going to be able to live with for the rest of your life."

"We've made a few balls-ups in the past, like we recorded 'All Away' much too fast. We recorded the backing track of that for the album at the night speed, but I decided to leave it off. We also did 'Honeypearl' and 'Samantha' and left those off. We can always record 'em later — I don't think there's any problem with a song going out of date, especially if you don't play live any more."

I just thought the version on the tape (1989 self-titled cassette) was at the perfect speed ... By the way, how do you feel about the tape, three years on?

"I haven't played it for a long time, but I was quite happy with it for what it was. It was not meant to be a serious document, just a personal thing that we decided to do for the band; we only decided to release a few copies to the public to pay for the actual recording of the single ('All Away'), which was paid for by a grant anyway. It sold probably a hundred or so, which is quite good considering we hand-made the covers and hardly promoted it. Yeah, it was all right."

"All of those things were pretty much banged down in one take with hardly any overdubs. If we'd been taking that seriously, we would have spent a lot more time on it."

Naah, it rocks. It captures a moment.

"Yeah, exactly. It's a good thing. Particularly the version of 'Angel Angeline'; the guitar-playing on that by Dom (*Mariani*) was really exceptional. Yeah, those were the days. When there was a Perth scene."

"Why I Fell":

"Yeah. Um ... I don't know. That's one of the more recent songs. Again, it's a song that I'm particularly fond of. It's a fairly simple riff, yet it just seems to work. The guitar riff over the acoustic start was something I came up with quite recently, which we never really played live. I had to find just the right guitar to get that sound. I'm pretty much a Rickenbacker kind of a guy, but using a Rickenbacker and as many effects pedals and whatever else was in the studio, I just could not get the sound I was looking for. I knew what I wanted, but I just couldn't get it with the equipment, so I borrowed a Gibson Les Paul from Dom, and that was just the ticket."

"It's just a nice, fairly heartfelt love song. You could say that for all of them."

"She's My Kind Of Girl":

"That's one of the older ones. In terms of pop sensibility, it's probably one of the best songs I've ever written, even though it's not necessarily one of my favourites. That was going to be the single off the LP, but we ended up not doing a single."

"That's one song I think we could have recorded better, but it's an adequate version. It's not the killer version the song was capable of being. But that's part of trying to record the song in a way that left a bit of warmth and a few rough edges on. I think it probably shows through more on that song, anyhow."

"Politics Of Love":

"It's always been a riffy kind of thing, but it's the kind of song that was inspired by bands like the Shoes, who often just sort of ride a chord like that and have a few guitar lines going over the top, with a bit of Big Star

Summer

thrown in when it gets to the chorus. That song really divided the audience — a lot of people liked it, a lot of people hated it — because it was so riff-oriented that it ostracised a few people. But those are the breaks."

"When I initially conceived that song, it was meant to be much, much slower than it is, even slower than on the record. I like it that way."

"All For Her":

"I wrote that specifically about somebody who shall remain nameless. It's one of those ... I think there's a lyrical concept going through from one verse to the next sun, rain ... The thing that song lends itself to is a lot of great vocal harmonies and stuff."

"I think this is a good opportunity to say how well I think Liam Coffey from the Rainyard sang on the record. I think he did a good job. Liam has a better voice than most people singing in pop music."

"Love In Stone":

"'Love In Stone' is a bit of a throwaway rock'n'roll song. It's more of a live song than a recording song, but we needed a few rockers in there."

By the way, how do you write music?

"I usually get the tune first, usually through diving around in my car. I don't ever have any music playing in the car. If a melody comes into my head, I put the first words I can think of to it, to remember how it goes, and when I get home I'll work out how to play it on the guitar and then I'll write a proper set of lyrics. I hardly ever write the lyrics first and then write the music. Getting a good tune is the hardest thing to do in pop music."

Anything else that occurs to you, before we turn over the record?

"There was a lot of dogshit in the studio when we were recording. There were dogs running around and they would just shit on everything; we would often have to stop while the shit got cleaned up. That's just one studio anecdote ... not particularly illuminating, but ..."

"There aren't dogs there any more; I think that experience kind of ... One of the last times I spoke to Rob down there, the last days of making that record, I said, 'where's your dog?' 'Oh, so-and-so sold it.' — some guy that used to hang around the studio. Somebody just took his dog and sold it on him. Which is, y'know, quite good when you think about it ... It did do an awful lot of shit."

Rob says he "found the dogshit personally very difficult, myself ..."

Side two. "In Your Eyes":

"It's one of those songs that I don't think we really did justice on the cassette. I mean, I had ideas for this song that, when you just do a banged-down version, you can't really fulfill. The record version is closer to what I was trying to get at, although I still think the definitive version has yet to be recorded; it's such a complex song, in terms of arrangements.

"We changed the middle eight as well — there's a descending melody there instead of a one-chord one."

There's one moment in the tape version, near the end, where the two vocals come in ("I don't want to be/ The one to tie you down"), which is just it.

"Yeah, I know the bit you mean ... It's still one of my favourite songs. It's probably the hardest pop song to learn in the Summer Suns repertoire. When I first took it to the band, I had to teach it to them section by section because there are so many bits in it — there are four or five parts, whereas most of the other songs are verse, chorus, verse, chorus, middle eight. Because I hadn't done any playing for quite a long time before the record, I actually had to relearn some of my songs from scratch because I just could not remember how to play them."

Didn't you spend a bit of time in rehearsal and pre-production?

"Yeah, but that was basically two people, myself and Pascal (Bartolone). Graham Hope came to rehearsals as well — it was going to be a three-piece — but he decided during the recording that he didn't want to be in it any more, for whatever reason, so it became incumbent upon me to do the bass parts as well. Since we don't play live any more, there's no real point in having a bass player; I might as well do it myself, because I'm still a better bass-player than guitarist. It just takes a little more time."

"Waiting For My Love"

"I usually write songs in my head, but this is one I actually wrote on the guitar — I just picked it up and started playing the tune.

"Again, this is one that has a lot of scope for vocal harmony — we spent quite a lot of time on that in the studio — and it sounds pretty good. It's actually one of the most fully-realised songs, in terms of the way I wanted it to turn out."

Do you pick up an instrument and play with it much?

"Not any more; I just don't really seem to have the time. If somebody said, 'I'd like to bring a record of yours out,' I'd probably make more of a conscious effort to do it."

Suns

"I'm still writing every now and then, though not very often. Because we don't play live, there's no real incentive to write songs to play."

Has having the shop affected your songwriting style?

"Only in the sense that I hardly write any more because I don't have the time. The music I sell doesn't really affect me. I write the way I write; my influences are already too well-established. If I wanted to get a different kind of band together, I could probably write some grungy songs — some Dinosaur Jr.- or Nirvana-influenced songs — because that's what's played most here; but it hasn't really affected me."

"Meltdown":

"Another rocker. This is another true story about someone I used to have a crush on. I guess it was initially about ... do you ever watch Sunday on Channel Nine? Business Sunday? There's a reporter called Helen Dalley. That's it, that's all I'm saying."

"Mystical Girl":

"That one might have been written on the guitar. Again, it's a really recent song. When I wrote that, I was going through a phase of wanting to write very simple but still nicely melodic pop music

"I really like that song and especially like the lyrics — it's very simple, but it means a lot to me because it's ... because it means a lot to me."

"Magnolia". You used to do that with a full band, not like the minimal LP version ...

"It was mostly one Dom and I used to play when we did our acoustic set at the Seaview. There was always the thought that we would make a recording of that, probably as a B-side; but, because somebody personally requested that we record it, I thought we should do it on the LP."

"Lovers Do":

(Q. Urgh, what's that you stepped in? A. Oh, it's just some lover's do.)

"That was probably the last song that I wrote. It's actually never been heard in public before the record. I just wanted to write a really sincere and sentimental — in terms of being acutely in touch with one's sentiments — song about a love that went bung.

"I thought it would be nice to do it as a duet. I'd never really written a song with the two people doing their thing, so I thought I'd like to have a go at it."

Wendy Robinson's voice is so good on that!

"Everybody who heard that song in the studio when it was playing commented what a great singer they thought she was."

You should make her the vocalist for the next album.

"Yeah, well, I'll try to talk her into it ..."

Why was Vivienne Langham's cello credit for that song missing? Huh?

"Ahhh, that was an oversight. I went through everything and thought I had all the details ... I also didn't put Poons Head as the place I recorded it, so I feel apologetic to Rob for that.

"I wasn't going to have any credits on there at all, not even myself, because I think there's too much crap on modern records, down to what the guitarist had for lunch and what gauge of strings he uses. It just goes over the top. In the sixties, you'd have the songs, a photo of the band — not even what their names were, not where it was recorded, not who produced it — and that was it.

"I like that simplicity and I wanted to have that on my own record, but people complained that they weren't getting credit for playing on it, so I relented; but I think the next one will have 'The Summer Suns' and the song titles and that'll be it. (The cassette had just 'The Summer Suns' and not even the song titles — ed.)

"I've never been fond of having lyrics on records, because if you want to sing along, just listen to the record and you'll pick it up sooner or later. It's pretentious to have lyrics; it's as if they stand up as poetry, which they don't in most cases. I used to sing along to records as a kid and I never used to have a lyric sheet to look at; you just play the record enough times and you learn it off by heart."

Anything else in the studio?

"I can tell you an interesting thing that happened. I sprained my ankle really badly about a week before we went in. I was doing acoustic guitar parts for nearly every track and I was sitting in the one spot for nearly three hours; and I finished, thought 'I'll take a break' and looked down and the foot had ballooned up to about three times its normal size. It was like the Elephant Man. I could hardly walk.

"Rob didn't have a bucket for me to soak it in, so I actually borrowed his baking dish. I sat on his verandah with my foot in ice in a baking dish ... That's why the run-out groove says, 'Swell foot ya got there!'"

You've got a degree in literature — does that affect your songwriting?

"That's a handicap more than anything, because you become really self-conscious and you just can't write the first thing that comes into your head — you think, 'is that a good enough line?' — when you've been exposed to something really good. That's why I have more trouble with lyrics now than I ever used to."

How long have you been writing songs?

"I've been writing songs for about fifteen years, but only the Summer Suns ones have survived ... the rest are just folkly crap."

You used to do some songs in the Holy Rollers. (led by Greg Dear, '85-'86)

"There weren't even too many of those and most of those weren't good enough. We actually did 'Honeypearl' in that band, but that's about it."

What about writing music? You keep to the three or four chords ...

"Oh, I don't, actually. The songs are deceptively simple — they sound simple, but there's a lot more going on. Particularly something like 'In Your Eyes'; there's no way you could call that a normal three-chord pop song.

"The arrangements are all in a distinctive style, which, for want of a better term, is in a '60s pop tradition ... but I think they're all sufficiently different to stand on their own merits.

"There's one song on that horrible JJJ Across The Null-arbor compilation — which, to my everlasting regret, they released — which was a real throwaway song ('Lonely Girl Tonight'). It was one of those throwaway garage-y ones. All I can say is, I'm glad the fuckin' thing's deleted!"

(Don't bother searching this album out — you'll regret it if you do — I paid two dollars for my copy and felt ripped off — ed.)

I've yet to speak to anybody who liked that record or their track on it.

"I would never again do anything under the kind of circumstances that came about in. I learnt a lesson with that. We gave them 'Brighter Than The Sun' and they picked that other fuckin' thing! Can you believe that? The version we had was twelve strings to the max — possibly even better in some ways than the version we put on the album — and those dum-dums ...

"I thought I was clever in giving them a good song and a throwaway song, thinking that there was no way in the world that they would pick the dud, that they'd just go for the good one — everybody was supposed to three or four, so we gave them two ...

"What was even worse was that the track was mixed when we weren't there, even though I was doing nothing at the time and could have come at five minutes' notice; but, because they thought we would get in the way ... or all bands would get in the way, because no band was present when their track was mixed. And that sucks."

This is important, because that should have been a great compilation, and it was a pile of shit.

"I think the people who did it were not in tune with the bands. You had a guy who was into the heavy bands — the Healers, the Kryptonics — and I think those bands came out best, because they were given a sympathetic treatment; but the pop bands — the Summer Suns, A Month Of Sundays — were the ones that drew the short straw ... they were shafted, basically."

Do you know who was responsible for picking the tracks?

"I don't know, I can't remember the guy's name. I don't know if he's even still at JJJ. There were two guys doing the engineering. (Three — Norbert Roth, Bill Atkinson and Karl Akess — ed.) Norbert's into the heavy bands. Our track was engineered by some guy called Bill, who seemed to be fairly into it at the time.

"Yep. It's a piece of shit. Fucking shameful. I got my copy free and I feel I was overcharged. I posted it off to one of my penpals — I didn't even want it. Not even worth keeping for posterior's sake."

Anything else about the last few years in the Summer Suns' career?

"Well ... I dunno ... I feel that, in some ways, the band got to a certain point and could really go no further, other than to make an LP and tour east or overseas, and we decided not to.

"In a way, we've probably gone backwards in terms of our local fan base. I reckon I've played to a thousand different people in the time we've done gigs, yet local records always seem to sell shit quantities. (A good-selling indie, Perth or otherwise, does about a hundred copies in Perth, a huge hit might do two hundred — ed.) I did about thirteen or eighteen hundred of the first single and I don't know how many copies it sold locally but it was quite a lot; then a thousand of the second single, of which about a hundred sold in Perth. The album looks like it's doing the same — about a hundred in Perth and the rest going overseas or to the east.

"The album's going OK; I think it would probably have gone better if we'd recorded it a few years earlier, but then it probably wouldn't have been as good. It's also difficult because it's on an LP and not on a CD.

"It's shameful, really ... if anybody liked the band, do they not like the band any more? All bands suffer the same thing eventually — the fan base dies off — but I find it strange."

What's next for the Summer Suns?

"There's nothing on the immediate horizon. I'm just going to let the record sell itself for a while, probably for six months, then I'll think about doing something else."

Write c/o House of Wax Records, 45 King Street, Perth 6000.



"... but Bing is alive and well with his new owner in Guildford."

Ian "Ollie" Olsen of Third Eye interviewed by phone in February.

What have Third Eye been up to lately?

"Well, we've just released our album. It just came out on Monday, actually (*February*), so we've been doing the promotions run this week, we're doing a performance here in Sydney and then we're going down to Melbourne and doing a couple of shows there. Then we'll be doing work on a film soundtrack and then some touring.

"We're doing a few shows, then hopefully touring more widely. I've never played in Queensland or Western Australia and I think it's about time I did, actually.

"I really want to go to Perth, actually, 'cos I've got family there — my dad lives there and I haven't seen him for a while. I really like Perth, I think it's just a great place. I like Fremantle. I like Margaret River."

What do you do for a live show? A dance party, live band, DJ ...

"That's essentially what we do. We're just doing a fairly short set for the dance party we're doing here, but for the ones we're doing in Melbourne we're actually taking over the venue for the entire night and Third Eye in some form or other is playing all night.

"I'll be DJing with other DJs who come under our collective umbrella, the band will play for three or four hours — we've got heaps of material, including stuff

frustrating. I've tried to inject that into it."

What are you releasing next?

"We're already working on ideas for the next album. Gus and I are hoping that next time we can actually make a double album — a double CD — so we can *really* go for it. I want to get some ambient and industrial ideas in there as well. With a double, we can afford to put some really poppy stuff on it plus the most extreme, really full-on stuff."

What's Third Eye about for you?

"It's hard to describe the actual sound ... it's basically a combination of my and Gus Till's songwriting."

What made you take off and do Third Eye together?

"Well, we'd been doing work in a dance-music idiom for a couple of years; even during the time of No, Gus and I had been fooling around. We'd known each other basi-

Third Eye pt 2

cally since the time of *Dogs In Space* (1986) and I think we just found that we shared musical interests. We're actually totally different people on a personal level.

"We just had a very similar musical vision. Gus has

"I've played guitar, piano, violin for quite a long time. I suppose I'm mainly keyboard-based these days. I've always found the piano a very good instrument for songwriting."

How do you write your lyrics?

"The lyrics come to me in a funny kind of way. I sort of write in an automatic writing sort of way; I just write, I don't actually think about what I'm doing and it just comes out. I usually have sheets and sheets of it ... I go through times where I don't write — I'll write very simple lyrics — and other times I get some sort of overload and write hundreds of words.

"The stuff I've been writing recently is far more complicated lyrically than the album. It just changes all the time. It's usually flow of thought — though I don't sit down and think, 'I'm going to write about this,' it just comes out."

It was interesting reading the lyric sheet, with all these love songs ... you mellowing out on us or something?

"Ahhh, no, not at all. I've always written love songs. I think it's a good thing, love, I've got nothing against it whatsoever ... I just think ranting and raving about ... I dunno. I find certain love songs highly objectionable, usually because they're not really love songs ... I think there's a lot of room to write about anything. I don't like to say, 'I'm only going to write one sort of hard-core dance song.'"

Who did the graphics for the album?



that's purely for the live show, because I separate live from studio. And I'd like to give people something new every time, so that the performance is something special rather than just a re-enactment of something they know already; I'd like it to be something fresh.

"We also have a chill-out room with ambient music so people can relax to that before going back to the hard-core dance stuff."

What was the delay with the album? You completed it ages ago ...

"The delay's been our record company and also that we're trying to make it closer to the American release. The single 'The Real Thing' actually comes out there this week and I think the album comes out in late March. We have to go to the States pretty soon to promote the album."

Any more singles coming off this album?

"Uhhh, I think so — I'm not too sure what, though. At the moment we're still trying to decide. Got any ideas?"

How available is this 5x12" box set edition of the album? (its only vinyl release)

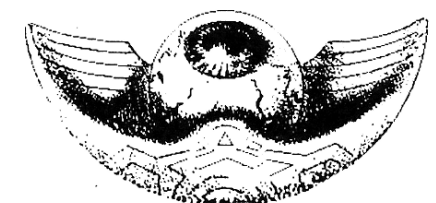
"Oh, it's pretty available. We basically put it out on vinyl like that so it'd be dancefloor-friendly. Also, we couldn't fit it on a regular vinyl album 'cos it's got the playing time of a CD (*just over an hour*)."

I've been listening to your records for years, and No was one of my favourite bands ever ... I'm surprised how well Third Eye fits in.

"Yeah, it's just a natural progression."

The songs are more song-like than your typical dance record.

"That's the big thing. I like dance music for its experimental potential, but I've found the lack of songs a bit



come from a more technical perspective, he's much more into that side."

So you do things and he tells you what you just did?

"Yeah, something like that — 'do you realise that you just created a chord that Stravinsky once ...' It just sounds all right to me, 'cos I don't approach it like that."

How do you actually write the music? Do you bash things together until it comes out?

"No, I usually have some kind of music in my head — I'll often remember some riff or idea or atmosphere that comes into my head — and then we go about trying to create it. That's essentially what I've always done."

What instruments do you play? Are there any you're particularly good at?

"I'm a jack of all trades, master of none. I've always been pretty good with the electronic side of things. But I've played lots of instruments. I'm actually learning the sitar at the moment. I've been playing that for my own amusement. I don't know if I'll be dragging that out to play live or anything ... I just enjoy playing it."

"Most of the graphics were done by a fellow called Troy Innocent, a young computer hacker. Troy does a lot of graphics for us. The eye logo was done by another fellow."

"We basically know all these people who are incredibly talented and doing new things and try to get them to work with what we're doing. That's how the Third Eye umbrella works. It's a collective, and we like to tell people who they are so that they can get work out of it as well. We're all pretty much into the same thing — technology, art ..."

How are sales so far? Is it viable?

"Well, I sincerely hope so! We've got a lot of hopes pinned on America because, obviously, it's difficult to achieve a lot of recognition if you're doing something different in Australia; so if we can get some success over there, then it'll hopefully transfer back here."

How do you feel about the album, having had a few months?

"Good, I think it's a good album. It's been finished a while, but I feel fine looking back at it. It's consistent but it's got all kinds of styles. I just hope people get something out of it; that's all I ever hope for with my music. But I like to surprise people."

Anything else to say to Perth?

"I hope we'll get to Perth. I'd really like to play there. What else ... enjoy your life. Enjoy the weather. I appreciate hot spells, coming from Melbourne ..."

David.

Liam Coffey — bass, vocals
 Brad Bolton — guitar
 David Chadwick — guitar
 Adrian MacMillan — drums.

Let's start with the new version of the Rainyard, after Jeff Baker left.

Liam: "We initially auditioned for a bass guitarist and when we couldn't find one we got Dave in to play guitar."

By the way, how are the Faradays going? (David's other band)

David: "Oh, they're still there, sort of."

When did you last play?

David: "About eight months ago, just after the Rainyard did 'Technicolour Blind'. We haven't really had time to do anything else. None of us can be too bothered to get ourselves to rehearsal. But it'll happen."

That "Hellbent Suicidal Over You Baby" 7" finally came out. (last thing released with Jeff in the Rainyard)

Liam: "Yeah. We were a bit disappointed with the sound on that. It was very poor production. But we sold all the copies, I think. Haven't seen any money. But I think that single's not much to do with us now."

Liam: "I've only heard it two or three times, but other people have heard it heaps of times. I think the album was number ninety-three on the Australian top one hundred."

"Nothing much is happening, rooArt made an offer of sorts, then what transpired wasn't to everyone's complete satisfaction, so we're still sorting out details. And we're still shopping around for other deals, 'cos I think it's really stupid to just jump for the first offer."

What was the purpose in your recent trip to Sydney?

Liam: "rooArt had asked us over to do a couple more demos for them, so we went and did them. I don't think they were really impressed with us in general and I think the feeling was pretty mutual. There were two or three nice people, but the rest were wankers. We didn't get to do much sight-seeing or anything. We did some recording, but I think it wasn't what they wanted to hear."

"We got into their recreation room or whatever and they had all of these minutes or notes for their annual meeting, discussing how much bread they've ripped off people for the last year, and there was a little paragraph on each of the bands on *Youngblood* saying what sort of sound they were. It was so crappy. We were 'ultra-contemporary new sounds à la Jesus Jones' or something. They obviously thought we were going to be a guitar-based dance thing like EMF or Jesus Jones, just going by 'Technicolour Blind' — which we did as a bit of a joke

better. The good thing is that they only serve schooners, so you get pissed really quickly — you drink them as fast as middies, but they're a lot bigger."

Liam: "Yeah, about as much as a can. It's a good idea in principle, but it still means you have a middle and a half of fuckin' Resch's or Toohey's."

Did you play much?

Liam: "Played some shows and went to Wollongong for no reason. Y'know, you wouldn't want to go to Wollongong even if you had a good reason. We went for this bogus Jenny Morris support that never eventuated."

Brad: "It was quite a relief, actually."

Liam: "Yeah. You should have seen the hoons queuing up to go in. I thought, 'oh fuck, we'll be lucky to get out of there alive.'"

Brad: "When we got a carton of booze for the trip back to Sydney, we pulled up to the drive-through, no-one would come out to the car and none of us wanted to go up there ..."

Liam: "Fuckin' weird place. We came back to Sydney, stayed for another three or four days. We were staying in King's Cross, one street down from the bloody Darlinghurst Road."

Brad: "Makes Mirrabooka Shopping Centre look like bloody paradise. The strangest thing was that guy in the hotel."

Liam: "Yeah. This bastard in the room next to me ... he couldn't have been wanking, 'cos it went on far too long. As soon as it tumbled daylight, he'd be going, 'whoop! whoop!' (whooping noises) 'whoop! whoop! whooooo!' and build up to a crescendo, pause for a couple of seconds then start up again, and continue until eleven o'clock at night. Fucked if I know what he was doing."

Brad: "We almost got killed by a man with a machete, too."

Liam: "Yeah. Fuck! It was a rainy Sunday night, so the weirdos were out in force. That was the night we got back from Wollongong, I think — we were so pissed off that we just wanted to go to a bar and get drunk. We walked out the back of the hotel, down the alleyway, and there was this big fuckin' really tall, fat guy with a mohawk and this prick behind him trying to break into cars, and he swung this machete around his head and came after us and we turned around and ran back to the hotel. I assume he was keeping watch for the car thief ... either that or he was just out for a bit of light entertainment. You have to make your own entertainment in King's Cross."

Who paid for all this?

Liam: "We did. Still are. That's why we haven't got much recording done of late, 'cos we had to spend a fuckin' fortune doing demos."

Well, you got to see Sydney. Did you play any shows?

Liam: "Yeah, played three shows. Our first was at the Moby Dick Surf Club at Whale Beach. We were supporting the Rum Babas. They had imitation leopard-skin on their drumkit. All these mid-thirties beach types came up to listen to the Rum Babas — or watch 'em — and we played every song to stony indifference. They looked at us with a kind of detachment ..."

Brad: "I would have expected the audiences to be more outgoing. Even when they're getting into it, they don't applaud."

Liam: "It's weird. It can't be because they think they're too cool, 'cos they all look like fuckin' dags. It's true. I haven't seen any grottier shithouse turds since I went to London. They don't ever wash, it seems — they certainly smell a great deal — and they have the film of shit all over their skins that people get in dirty large cities."

Brad: "And the whole time we were there, we couldn't get any fuckin' grass."

Liam: "They should make it free issue, they're all so fuckin' uptight. In your face all the time — you want to say to 'em, 'what's your fuckin' problem, man?'"

Any plans to go back there?

Liam: "Under better circumstances, for sure. If we get a record out this year, we'd like to tour. We'd like to go to Melbourne this time as well. It's meant to be more arty-farty, I understand."

What, they brag about the rolling-pin stuck up their backsides?

Liam: "Oh, that's fine, it sounds a bit more like Perth."

What's the band doing at the moment?

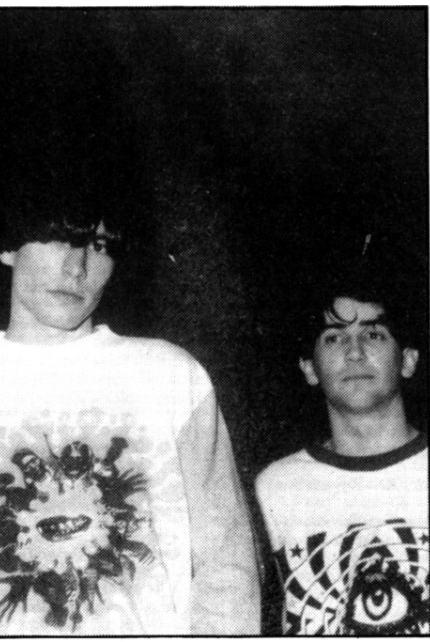
Liam: "At the moment, we're just trying to play as many gigs as we can to pay a lot of recording debts so that we can do more recordings and put out something before the end of the year. It's been next to fuckin' impossible to get a gig — and I'm sure it's been the same for every other original band in Perth, with one venue — and there's always a problem with getting tour supports, for one reason or another, but I'm sure we needn't get into that ... Still, it's a small city. Been in this caper long enough to know what to expect."

"We're doing some recording this afternoon for Mark's compilation (*the Initiation studio compilation*) — we did some before, but we had to rush it to send it over east and stuff, so it didn't come out as well as we would have liked."

Any final words for the readers?

Liam: "We can't say 'buy our records', can we, 'cos we haven't actually got anything currently available ... Come to our shows. Come to all our shows. Give us your money. Get us out of debt."

David.



The Rainyard

So the Rainyard got itself back together early '91 and chucked out most of the old songs.

Liam: "Yeah. We kept two songs from the old set, but they were relatively new ones."

Expound upon the philosophical differences between the old band and the new band.

Liam: "I think we're more concerned with making money now. I don't know ... I guess we're not as concerned with sixties stuff as we were; we still like the music, but not to the extent of ripping off every sixties band we enjoy."

David: "Now we rip off contemporary bands."

You recorded a single of "Technicolour Blind" and "Die" in early 1991.

Liam: "We initially did it as demos to send off."

Brad: "But we were hoping to get it put out. Did those at Poons Head?"

Liam: "The original version was far more grungy ... not grungy, but far more distorted. More like we play it live, I guess. The only people who liked it were rooArt, then they re-recorded it and made it more ..."

all together: "... FM-friendly!"

Liam: "They hired Planet for two days and sent this guy Daniel Denham over to record it for the *Youngblood III* compilation. I think he did a few other tracks on that as well. We had to argue with them to send him over — they wanted us to go over there and use their studio."

"We'd actually sent them a tape before that, then Andrew Valder (rooArt) called and said, 'can you send us another tape? We've lost the other one ...'"

So you got on *Youngblood III* — first band on the album, first one mentioned in the ads, the one on JJJ ...

initially — so they must have been a bit disappointed."

Well, hey, that must be where the money is. Welcome to the industry. So did you set fire to the bins?

Liam: "No, but we managed to brush up on our pool game. They had a pool table with a torn cloth on it, which Ratcat had obviously done — got the pool cue around the wrong way, I suppose. We spent a large amount of time playing pool and drinking booze and doing some recording in-between."

Tell us some tour stories.

Liam: "Our stories, fuck ... there must be some we haven't told."

Brad: "We can't tell that one about the body ..."

Liam: "The body ... the body in the bag. What about the urban cowboy? That's a pretty good story."

Brad: "Oh, I don't think we need to go into the urban cowboy. I certainly don't want to."

Liam: "Oh, it was pretty amusing. Brad didn't find it amusing. We were sitting in the Hopetoun and he was facing the bar. I looked up and I saw this expression of abject disgust cross Brad's face. I didn't see it, but apparently this really old and super-skinny guy had come into the bar, and he had a complete black leather cowboy outfit and he had long, grey hair and a beard. And he bent over at some cunt, parted his cheeks and asked him if he wanted to fuck him."

Brad: "The legendary Hopetoun."

Liam: "Sorta put the stamp on the whole place."

How long were you over there for?

David: "Six days."

Liam: "Yeah. There was a lot of booze to be drunk ... except that the beer over there is fuckin' disgusting."

Brad: "Once we had a few dozen we were feeling

BARRACUDAS: Hear Me Calling/She Knows (Dog Meat 7")

For me, the Barracudas had a few real gems and a lot of material that was only just okay. These two songs, both recorded quite a while back, fall into the second category. "Calling" is pretty standard mid-period Barracudas. It makes all the right sounds but, for some reason, just fails to connect and leaves little aftertaste. "She Knows" harks back to an earlier period when the band were drawing inspiration from an earlier period. It sounds a bit more willing to take a chance and works better. There's a message in that, I'm sure.

BO-WEVILS: Jay's Song/I Was Wrong/Grand Master Of Disaster (Rubber Records 7")

"Jay's Song" comes on with a bang, but doesn't seem to go anywhere. It does have a lovely recurring guitar theme, but a good guitar line doesn't make a good song. "I Was Wrong" is an organ-dominated song with an attempt at gruffer and snottier vocals than the first song, but, again, the lyrics left me wanting. The best of the lot is "Grand Master", with its keyboards and general style being very reminiscent of a younger Died Pretty; again, with the gruffer lead vocals and some nicely contrasting thin Johnny Thunders-type backing vocals.

BORED: My Pal/Say Goodbye (Munster, Spain 7")

What I assume are a couple of outtakes from the group's *Negative Waves* album, as it features that lineup. "My Pal" starts out with what sounds like a sitar and the sound of waves lapping the shore — it could almost be meditation music — then the guitar comes in and plays around with the riff for a while before the rest of the band comes in and the tempo picks up. Either the vocals are distinctly lacking or they're mixed too low, so it's left to the guitar to carry the song, with a neat noise/distortion sound before the sitar, waves and bird noises fade out. I wonder whose idea it was to do a version of God's best-known song? Whatever, it's an interesting interpretation. "Say Goodbye" begins with a great harmonica intro. Again, the vocals are lacking, but it's the recurring (and uncredited) harmonica that almost makes the song. The song itself is in the early Rose Tattoo tradition, while the recording is rough and loose but hangs together well.

BUSHPIG: Bushpig (PGK LP)

The follow-up to their 1989 EP, which was basically King Snake Roost give or take a couple of people. Principals Charlie Tolnay and Peter Hill (both K.S.R.) remain, this time joined by seven others, including John Murphy (ex-almost everyone!), Martin Bland (Bloodloss, Primevils, Lubricated Goat) and Guy Maddison (Monroe's Fur, Lubricated Goat). As with the EP, this is not an easy listen; almost slub-ish at times (the Murphy connection), but without the vocal gymnastics. Sort of grungy-industrial; sounds like they jammed it in the studio, as live and ugly as it happened. (*This is how the 7" EP was actually done — ed.*) All nine musicians are multi-instrumentalists and there are no credits given, so who contributed what is anyone's guess.

Someone I know who knows the music of the members' various bands, and doesn't particularly like it, had a listen to this and commented that it wasn't nearly as horrible as they were expecting. Take that how you like.

CHERRYTONES: What They Say/Miles From Home (Candlestick CS)

The final release from a band that passed away in the middle of last year — two good examples of appealing and melodic guitar pop, with nice use of harmonies. Listening to this makes me feel I really should have paid more attention to them when they were around.

FUR VERSIONS: Midnight/Giant Water Fist (Survival 7")

The main problem with this single is that the band have put the wrong song on the A-side. "Midnight" is pretty average — the riff's a bit of a plod and the lyrics don't do much. The drummer and bass-player sound pretty good when they're allowed to move beyond the limitations of the music.

"Giant Water Fist" begins with a bang of drums, some catchy guitar and more interesting lyrics and continues in this manner

for the first half of the song before some guitar effects, fuzz bass and studio effects take it out. It's similar to the heavier side of some of the more interesting English material that's coming out. Yep, I don't mind this at all.

The band split late last year, so it looks like this will be their final release. I think this was actually recorded a while back. I wouldn't mind hearing some of their recent material — a tape of unreleased stuff might be an idea.

GO TO BLAZES: Pagan Baby/Bad Cup Of Coffee (Get Hip, US 7")

Back to the garage for this one. Vocalist Edward Warren has the raw and earthy appeal of John Fogarty's vocals on this lengthy Fogarty song, but the best bit for me is the long distorted guitar solo.

As soon as "Coffee" came on, I knew the style — I just had to pick who it reminded me of. In the end, the vocals clicked — Nick Barker and the Reptiles, even down to the slight country twang in the guitar work. Even suffers from the same problem of being loose and appealing but a bit anonymous.

HOG FODDER: More (ind cass)

I've seen these guys play a couple of times now; the last time, I thought they sounded like Jimbo Morrison meets early Black Sabbath. This five-song tape doesn't change my mind that much, it just puts it in perspective a bit better. In the studio, Alan Hooper's vocals have been mixed up and are therefore clearer and more pronounced, and it becomes clearer that the (unintentional on his part) Jimbo comparison is in some of the lyrics and phrasings and the bluesy leaning of Hooper's singing style, although the bluesy connection isn't really reflected in the music.

Musically, there's a subtlety not present live. There's a lot of space in the music, being predominantly down-tempo and spartan in approach, underpinned by Mark Cooney's prominent basslines; which, overall, means a refreshing willingness not to overplay and which, despite earlier comparisons, allows for a certain individual style to emerge.

INSECT SURFERS: Reverb Sun (Sky-clad, US CD)

One of the things I dislike about CDs is that when they fuck up, they really fuck up, and virtually the whole disc is rooted. Such, sadly, was the case with this rather interesting (for the first half-dozen tracks, anyway) release.

The band is predominantly a surf instrumental concern and demonstrate why this musical style continues to have an enduring appeal. With a simple two guitars, bass and drums lineup, the group seem to have come up with enough catchy riffs to avoid drifting into the retreat syndrome. By incorporating other instruments on occasions, such as sax, keyboards and "sitar guitar", they have managed to vary the sound within the bounds of the style. What the other eight tracks contained I'm left to guess at, but that's the price of modern technology.

INTERSTELLAR VILLAINS: Big Head/Like Flies On Sherbet (Munster, Spain 7")

On this release, the Villains remind me of someone, but I just can't put my finger on who. I keep thinking of a semi-acoustic Red Crayola (the mid-late '60s Texas psychedelic band), but it may just be that they both have/had the same instrumental set-up — two guitarists and a drummer. The band seems to be floating, with out-of-tune harmonies and dreamy lyrics, or should I say acid/mull ramblings — sort of like Syd Barrett's lyrics on his post-Floyd material. The absence of a bass player seems to have kept them free of some of the limitations of the usual rock formats and allows the two guitarists to go off individually, and the drummer seems to have been freed up as well. (*What this means is that they still can't play — ed.*) Overall it doesn't sound that tight (*see! — ed.*), but the looseness is appealing and, after a couple of listens, even hypnotic. Well, kind of. None of the trio is much chop as a lead vocalist, but it doesn't seem to matter much. "Sherbet" is an unusual Alex Chilton cover which had me laughing — bad acid burnout shit!

This band has an unusual musical vision, which probably accounts for them having to go overseas to get this record released.

THE JIGSAW SEEN: My Name Is Tom (Skyclad CD)

A bit of a mixed bag from this LA quartet on this five track release. "Black Aggee" has a decided late '60s sound and feel to it, complete with tablas, some Spanish guitar and the almost mandatory lyrical mysticism. The cover of Love's "Daily Planet" is quite good, but too close to the original. Listening to this reminds me of what a distinctive songwriter Arthur Lee could be.

Last up is the title track, the longest and by far the best and most interesting song here. Combining various Eastern influences and styles, the band manage to build this into quite a tour-de-force. If the rest of the disc had been this good, they would have had a killer on their hands; as it is, the mediocrity of some of the other songs, particularly the opener, pulls it down somewhat.

MANIC PIZZA: Deep Pan Delivery (ind cass)

From the class of '91, last heard of heading to all points east. The band always struck me as a strange combination of people and musical styles. The recording quality is rough — very rough — live in a rehearsal room, at a gig; shame, really, as bits of it sound quite okay.

The twelve songs are made up of five by guitarist Gareth Edwards, five by drummer Cameron Potts and two covers, and what strange covers they are considering the rest of the material — one song apiece by Lou Reed ("Caroline Says") and David Bowie ("Ziggy Stardust"). It's surprising that bassist Laura MacFarlane doesn't contribute any songs, especially considering the quality and quantity of her songs in the Brautigans. Cameron's songs have a definite late '70s/early '80s English punk/thrash approach, with buzzsaw guitar and suss vocals; Gareth's, on the other hand, seem more fully realised — sort of a melodic guitar raunch. Also, his vocals don't grate as Cameron's tend to.

I don't think there were too many copies made, but there's lots here to like if you're willing to pick and choose.

Records

THE ORIGINAL SINS: Nowhere To Go (From Here But Down)/Can't Get Over You (Dog Meat 7")

An up-tempo rocker with some snotty vocals which is let down a little by the lyrics. The title sorta gives an idea what to expect. By way of direct contrast, "Can't Get Over You" has a couple of acoustic guitars in the Dylanesque-cum-acoustic-Steve-Kilbey number, which sounds pretty damned good.

PINK FLUFFY BUNNIES: Mary Poppins Apocalypse (ind cass)

The Bunnies have managed to get a really good, clean sound on this tape; certainly not as powerful as they are live, but the quality of recording allows for a degree of sophistication and subtlety that they couldn't achieve in the live context.

For those that haven't caught them yet, the band plays a predominantly instrumental funk/metal/percussive cocktail and can slip from one to another in the blink of an eye. Only three of the thirteen pieces have vocals and the quality of the vocals is a pleasant surprise, considering that none of the trio is a proper vocalist, something that's clearly evident live and which explains why they're looking for one (in-side tape cover).

However, the band is essentially an instrumental project. The trouble with instrumentals for me is that the songs tend to blur into one another and, on occasions, sounds like some musical workout; but, just when I'm getting bored with the instrumental approach, a vocal piece is thrown in to break it up. Best bits are "Outward Bound" and "Explorations", both heavily percussive pieces, the latter one of the highlights of their live shows, and the reggaeish "Jelly Rubber", closing side one, which really surprised me as I'm not a reggae fan by any stretch of the imagination.

Considering the current plethora of power trios in town, it will be interesting to see how many of them survive. (*You could say the same about bands in Perth in general — ed.*) The Bunnies' best chance may well be to find that elusive fourth member.

This is an interesting and quite enjoyable first release; these guys clearly know their stuff and I can hear the potential to move on from here. Stay tuned — it could well be an interesting adventure.

RIPE FOR YOU: Single Bed/Cocksure/Topless Mother Of Eight (Timberyard 12")

For those who need a frame of reference for this group, the name to mention is Box The Jesuit, a sometimes-interesting Sydney band. Ripe For You is an offshoot put together by Goose and Susie plus vocalist Victoria. I'm not sure why they bothered with this heavy reworking of the old Fox number. They probably had fun doing this, reliving their youth, but just 'cos it was fun for them doesn't mean it is for anyone else. File this in the "one-hit-wonder exhumation" pigeonhole for reinterment ASAP.

There is life on the second side, sort of. "Cocksure" is a heavy industrial noise/sampler piece that leaves you numb, while "Topless Mother Of Eight" is closest to Box The Jesuit, probably due to Phil Clifford and John Murphy from the main band making an appearance; again, a fairly heavy number which is surprisingly catchy, relatively speaking, with Susie's violin bring to mind Simon House in his earlier Hawkwind daze. Sounds quite okay.

If you're a Box The Jesuit fan, side two will hold some interest, more so as it's probably the last recording of the old band following recent personnel upheavals.

SCIENTISTS: Hideous Throb (Steamin' Turd bootleg 7")

A four-song live EP with twelve minutes of music. There are no lineups or dates given, but it was probably recorded in mid-late '83 during their grungy period. The sound quality is only passable. The songs are "Happy Hour", "Fire Escape", "Burn Out" and "It's Beautiful" which, to these ears, sound like pretty standard Scientists of the period — sorry, no unreleased gems to be found here. One for Scientists completists.

SCUPPERNONG: Strayhorn/Pave (Jettison, US 7")

"Strayhorn" is low-fi, but hasn't got a bad sound — bass-heavy with a thin Johnny Thunders-type vocal and some nice acid guitar work hidden in there. A predominantly instrumental guitar-driven piece, but thankfully minus the usual contemporary guitar wank. It certainly sparked my interest. "Pave" is more conventional and, to me, less interesting; again the acid guitars, but the vocals seem to get lost somewhere along the way.

SPRINGFIELDS: Tranquil/Reach For The Stars/A Million Tears (Summer-shine 7")

Semi-acoustic guitar pop which tries to sound innocent and naïve by being sugary and sweet, but ends up sounding simplistic; but catchy, although "Stars" does slip into some soft psychedelia with the use of backwards guitar and collage-type effects.

STEVE TALLIS AND THE APACHE DROPOUTS: First Girl On The Dancefloor Wins A Night Out With The Sax Player (ind cass)

Due to his past musical associations, Steve Tallis' name is still linked with the blues scene, but his talents extend beyond that. This release (clocking in at seventy minutes) is a pretty accurate reflection of the band's current live set.

Side one is originals, a number of which have previously seen vinyl release, and is uniformly good, with "New York City Blues" probably being my favourite — Tallis reminiscing about his time on the Perth scene. Someone else likened his voice to Dylan's; I don't necessarily agree with the connection, but can see what they meant.

Side two is devoted to covers: blues standards plus a couple of more contemporary Tom Waits numbers. For me, the problem with doing blues standards is that they've been done so many times before that they begin to lose their appeal. That being said, it doesn't sound that bluesy — I think the jazz leanings of some of the players (three of whom hail from the Sweet Blue Midnights) has given these much-covered numbers a refreshingly different feel. Tallis even throws in an acapella rendition of "Rock Island Line", which makes it sound quite unusual.

I'd really have preferred some more originals on side two, especially consider-

ing the quality of the songs on side one, but then it wouldn't really be an accurate reflection of what the band is doing. I've been playing side one a fair bit of late. As for side two, time will tell — ask me in a couple of years.

TORCHEY BLANE: Torchey Blane (*ind CS*)

At the moment they're only a studio duo, with Caroline Hadwin on vocals and things and Lachlan Tuppin on bass and other things. Both were in the Hindus and

Torchey Blane



the music certainly bears some similarity, retaining the same low-key and atmospheric approach. If it brings anyone to mind, it's early Durutti Column, with a proper vocal-ist and Lachlan's harmonic bass instead of a guitar. They have wisely mixed in bits and pieces of other things such as backwards tapes, vocal effects and occasional percussion to break it up and extend the musical limitations that a duo imposes.

Despite being recorded on a four-track, this goes to show what can be achieved with a bit of imagination. It's a subtle listen, to be sure.

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. 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 managed to make Jonathan 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, though, which left me wanting to hear more.

WILD PALMS: Wild Palms (*ind cass*)
I'm not sure why former Healers frontman Craig Hallsworth has decided to hide

moves along at its own pace. The last two songs on side two have Craig backed by the rest of the Healers and, as a consequence, are a little more rocky and electric. Both songs move into styles that the Healers as a unit seemed unwilling or unable to do and provide an interesting contrast to the hard rock style the band seemed to slip into in their later days.

If you're looking for the Healers part two, you're not going to find it here. If you've seen Craig solo or with the occasional duos he's played in, you may have a

better idea of what to expect. Not so much a simple step or two forward; more a step sideways, then a step forward.

VARIOUS: Wally's Wild Weekend (*Au Go Go LP*)

Eight Melbourne bands contributing a couple of songs apiece for this live sampler/taster, which was recorded last Easter at the Tote. As is usual for this sort of release, it's quite a hit-and-miss affair. Interestingly, of those bands that do connect, such as Hoss, Nursery Crimes and the Guttersnipes, it's those bands (or the first two, anyway) that have moved on to bigger and better things since this recording.

Au Go Go seems to have tapped into a particular seam on this release, which means that if you're not into US-influenced (Seattle/Sub-Pop in particular, in a few cases) guitar-based music that tends to be appealingly rough around the edges, you'll do well to pass on this — if the sleeve doesn't put you off first. The album doesn't purport to cover the Melbourne scene as a whole; it's simply a taster for one of the sub-scenes happening in that city.

As a live sampler it's okay, but I really think some liner notes giving band lineups, some background and a bit of a rundown on the scene this depicts would really have been a definite plus.

Larry W.

open by turns, sweeps us up, rescuing us from a dreary job (or not) and we are not of this earth.

The version of "A Pox On You" is suitably over the top as befits the original's fetishistic nature. Nasty, it's tailor-made to fit the surreal man of today, despite rather simplistic lyrics. Each song a perfect hit; put it on the jukebox today.

Robert Brokenmouth.

BARRACUDAS: I Thought You Sounded That Way Yesterday/Remember (*Shake, Canada 7"*)

Available in Australia courtesy Rubber Records, who are releasing a Barracudas album soonish. Recorded 1990 by a lineup of Robin Wills, Jay Posner, Steve Robinson and Jeremy Gluck. "I Thought" is a sterling piece of power-pop brilliance. The Neptunes probably wouldn't do this one — ultra-melodic, but a bit too down for them. "Remember" isn't very melodic, but sure isn't bad at all. This is definitely one of the best things through the review pile in quite a while. (Shake: 150 Laurier Avenue West, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5J4, Canada; Rubber: PO Box 32, Hawksburn 3142)

BLUE CHAIR: Where I Hunt My Enemy; Double 7 (*both Jettison, US 7"*)

On *Where I Hunt My Enemy*, the songs don't go anywhere near a standard three- or four-chord progression, but nevertheless don't sound contrived for it. The recording sound is pretty bad, though the playing sounds just fine. Reminds me a bit of what the Nightingales might have sounded like had they been American instead of English, though that's not all. "La Muerte De Los Huevos" is the best here and has been played here for a couple of weeks now. I'd love to hear 'em with a bit more money thrown at the recording.

Double 7 sounds a lot straighter (and a bit better-sounding) than the previous. This *does* use the three or four chords the way you're used to hearing them; a few others are chucked in, however. Recorded "live to two-track in less than an hour and a half" one morning. None of these songs are as memorable as "La Muerte" from the first one, which is really good (and "Like A Mind Siren" is boring sludge). Get the first 7" instead. (PO Box 2873, Durham NC 27715, USA)

BRAUTIGANS: Scarred (*ind cass*)

Another exercise in creative packaging — rubber-stamped brown paper bag, lyric/picture insert, colour photocopy card (Tracy Reid). Never mind listening, it's fun to just look at.

The important thing about this cassette is that it shows the other side to the Brautigans: the side that isn't a pop band. The noise and bash factors are prominent. This has to do with the band having to record everything they possibly could in the few seconds before Lara went east — bash it out and leave it alone. It doesn't always work, but it does enough times and it gets the songs down. Includes new takes of "Walk Along The Waterfront" and "Homecoming". (I'm somewhat disappointed they didn't use the drum-machine version of "Gethsemane" — the way it should be done.) Get this for the songs, but be prepared for the rough-and-ready feel. (PO Box 330, North Perth 6006)

THE FALL: Dresden Dolls/Psycho Mafia/Industrial Estate (*bootleg 7"*)

Rehearsals from early '77; fine quality, good takes — barring tape dropout problems, as good as anything available officially. Strongly recommended, especially "Dresden Dolls", which is a great song. (Was this song ever on an official release?)

FUNGUS BRAINS: I'm So Glad (*Frock mini-LP*)

I have yet to figure out the Fungus Brains' place in the world. They have released three albums (*Ron Pisto's Real World*, *Fungus Brains* and this) over the course of several years; all completely different, all brilliant. These records always completely fail to make the splash they should.

This one has reasonably normal-sounding songs played on thrashy guitars, lots of horns (which will cause plebs to call it 'jazz', which it isn't), shouted vocals and damned good drumming providing the framework to hold it all together. It is very good (brilliant, in fact, as mentioned above) and your collection needs it as a resource.

(PO Box 219, Newtown 2042)

(Not a very descriptive review, but a honest one.)

(By the way, whatever happened to good drummers who could play lots and lots, but in such a way as to bring things to life rather than wank? Seems no-one these days can manage anything beyond a standard thump-thump-thump without first thinking of a drum machine. [Bad drummers who put in gratuitous fills and so on "so I don't sound like an amateur" sound worse than before, not better.] Get a copy of "Flight" by A Certain Ratio (1979) and listen to the drumming. Can you imagine anyone doing that record these days without reaching for the drum machine? Me neither. [Worse yet are the people who try to approximate a drum-machine rhythm on a drumkit ... God, that shits me. If you can't play it, don't play it. Get it right or don't bother.] The drums are the critical instrument in rock'n'roll. [Guitarists are not only ten a penny, but thoroughly interchangeable.] If the drums work, the whole thing rocks — if not, the whole thing fails. No other factor matters. Sadly, there are a bloody lot of bad drummers out there ...)

GLASS: Little Nothing/Frequent Now (*Giggle 7"*)

Most notable for appalling drumming. The drummer doesn't actually lose time, he just wanks around a lot and puts in little fills and rolls and doodles and awful underlying patterns that actually detract from the song rather than empowering and enabling it. I think every rehearsal room in the country should have a sign in it saying, "INSTRUMENT MASTURBATION FORBIDDEN — PUNISHABLE BY DEATH."

The songs sound like the band grew up on the Cure and New Order (the git/bass/drums songs, not the disco ones), but then one of them bought *Daydream Nation* by Sonic Youth and played "Teenage Riot" twelve hours a day. What this means is that they aren't great yet but could well be if they learn a lot more. And kill that drummer, of course. (PO Box 1064, Collingwood 3066)

PRAY T.V.: In Black/CLOWNS SMILING BACKWARDS... It's Understood (*Giggle 7"*); PRAY T.V./CLOWNS SMILING BACKWARDS: Split Single Promotional Tape (*Giggle CS*)

A split 7" doing each other's songs. Interesting ... Both bands are known for a sort of sonic-psychic approach to recordings, by which I do not mean '60s trappings but the way they use the sound of things to the same aim. Pray T.V.'s drums are too much of-this-Earth to bring about this effect on their side, though this is presumably the intention — you can hear everything individually down to the kick-pedal squeak (well, slight exaggeration) and it doesn't form a wash at all, though their guitar sound manages to be both crunchy (as in munching though concrete) and out-there at the same time and is worth hearing in itself. Clowns Smiling Backwards form a wash (the sonic landscape bit) just fine on their side. Both songs are simple and straightforward, but do have quite sufficient inherent strength under the effects and either would do just fine on acoustic guitar. Song-swap split seven-inches are either functional objects or they aren't; this one works very well and earns its right to exist. Recommended.

The *Split Single Promotional Tape* is a very nice item, though it isn't precisely what it says it is — it's the same songs as on the 7", but each done by its own band this time and each in two versions. Pray T.V. start with an acoustic guitar demo of "... It's Understood", which is as good as I had guessed. The "Weird Version" is a full-band instrumental (same crunchy sound as on the 7") with air traffic control voice snippets over the top. (Not very weird.) Clowns Smiling Backwards do "In Black" as the "Original Demo" and "Ambient Mix". The first is as crunchy and in-the-room as the Pray T.V. version, but still somehow taking off into the outer reaches ... must be inherent to the song and/or band, I guess. The second is the first with guitars way down, lots of reverb and a fair bit of echo on most things. It works. This tape achieves results. I don't know how available it actually is, but if it really isn't at all then you can copy mine and it'll serve 'em right. (PO Box 1064, Collingwood 3066)

David.

The Brautigans



behind the Wild Palms moniker; maybe he's just trying to avoid the limelight. Whatever the reason, this is an interesting and enjoyable release. Containing six songs, this perhaps gives a hint as to why the Healers went into limbo. Four of the songs have Craig playing everything. The first side is predominantly semi-acoustic and not nearly as country-influenced as I was expecting. He's got the songs, the melodies and the voice, which makes a quiet and refreshing listen, as the material isn't in a hurry to get somewhere — it simply

KIM SALMON AND THE SUR-REALISTS: Essence (*Red Eye LP*)

Only Kim could make such an album. His sense of threatening irony leaps out and conjures up images reminiscent of surrealist films, Man Ray and Hitchcock. His best and most varied solo album so far, a closed fist crump and an expansive gesture all mushed up together. The web of intimacy wound about us forces us to pay attention, then wallops with a force so strong we're beyond speech and thought, the magazine we're reading slips from our hands. Insidious and

THE BLACK DOG #2 (16pp A4): An A4 local "newspaper" from inner Sydney — a combination of genuine and relevant news and features, opinion, humour, gossip and anything else they feel appropriate. 6th TV Channel for 1992 (Community Access Television), "Missing! Hundreds Of Pop Stars", the Cave Clan (amateur speleologists in the Melbourne sewage system), magazine/newspaper reviews, media gossip, the new Australian Communist Party, a centrefold, Tasmanian beer, offal recipes, Persian phrasebook, Home Sweet Home by Jeff Fluck. "New York, London, Darlinghurst." They've really hit the spot with this one — recommended. (\$2 from PO Box 190, King's Cross 2011)

B.U.M.S. #34-44 (16-20pp A4): Brisbane's "free fortnightly magazine for independent music & arts", published on a regular fortnightly basis and seemingly not the sort of financial black hole that a free PF was ...

A tendency to (i) thoroughly confuse 'independent', 'alternative' and 'not-quite-in-the-top-40-just-yet' and (ii) being not merely wretchedly non-judgmental, but bubbling over with praise for anything confused into one of these three categories. This is presumably to keep the ad revenues ticking over whilst continuing to provide a news service, if not anything that one could use as a credible critical opinion (i.e. a usable pointer to cool new sounds). (Brisbane is possibly in need of a high-quality bastard fanzine. Something like Party Fears, hey.)

I've just spent fifteen minutes looking through these things for something worth sending away for in issues 34 to 37. At #38, it starts showing faint traces of a spine — the odd bit of information amongst the gushing; half-decent layout; some politics (when I say that this was a blessed relief, do you get some idea of the zine's invertebrate heretofore?). #42 features locals Budd, Spiny Norman Conspiracy and Daydreamers plus Wonder Stuff, Helen Razor (JJI), Dark Carnival and news from Toowoomba. #43 has locals Noose, Beer Hippies and Ziggerants plus Dave Steel, Swordfish and Single Gun Theory (the latter a real good one). #44 has Chelsea Town, Slaughterhouse Joe and Freak Circus plus the Trilobites and the 4-ZZZ Hot 100. All issues have news and 'reviews'.

The local coverage may be a good thing, but there's no fuckin' way I'd use this magazine as an indicator of whether a band's worth noting or not. Having no critical whatsoever, B.U.M.S.'s value to anyone outside Brisbane is severely restricted ... possibly for the Bris expatriate wanting news from home, tho' letters from more critical friends would also be necessary. Available free with postage. (PO Box 59, Toowong 4066)

CROSS #1-6 (10-16pp A4): A magazine of the weird and wonderful. "Neo-Conservatism is invasive but not universal ..." Articles in the first year include Santa Claus as a magic mushroom, a series on Any Wathol's Superstars, censorship (details and examples), the need for new political ideas, Max Stimer (anarchist philosopher), why capitalism and art mix about as well as politics and art, nitrous oxide (Bulbarella and the Illuminating Gas), The Fallacy of Discriminatory Language, necrophilia, chain letters (if you get one,

send it to them), band interviews and fiction. Cross is a small concern, but its focus on the edge of things is especially valuable in these trying times. (\$1.50 per issue from Paul A. Leech, Cross House, 14 Lincoln Street, Brunswick East 3057)

DETOX #1 (64pp A5): A small but good international rock'n'roll zine; same area of coverage as Marcy but not as self-important. (Or, to put that in perspective, nowhere near as self-important as PF.) Noose, Hellmenn, Low Meato, Cosmic Psychos, Poison Idea, the Dog Meat Label (excellent and highly informative piece and the reason why you should get this) and Einstürzende Neubauten. No reviews of anything — "I think it's kind of futile when you see a fanzine that has about twelve badly written reviews of records that you already know about ..." Well-written and informative. Get it for the Dog Meat piece if nothing else. (Richard, PO Box 666, Indooroopilly 4068)

DIRTY ON THE SHOVEL #2 (20pp A4): This is a goddamn brilliant zine. Life At A Glance (a page describing the Tall Dwarfis, a drug hunt, pleurisy, lunch with friends and with parents, a jewellery exhibition, the Phoenician Club and Newtown Markets), a review of tavern soloists (the people with a guitar and programmed keyboard and drum-machine) — "It's probably not a good idea to ask why behaviour like this is enjoyable. If you haven't got a taste for inebriation in and around the

Festival, the Hard-Ons in London, Dinosaur Jr (dull, dull, dull — if I'd been sent this int I'd have trashed it), Primal Scream press conference, Slowdive. It's decently written and I'm sure that many of you will love this issue to pieces, but I stopped reading NME a fair while back and don't miss it. (\$3 shops, \$4.50 post from Garry Williams, 12 Borrows Street, Virginia 4014)

FATAL VISIONS #11 (36pp A4): A top-notch film zine of international perspective — I'm not a film nut by a long stretch, but I still loved this. You will too. Interviews with Charles Napier (Cherry, Harry and Raquel), Rambo, Frank Henenlotter (Basketcase, Frankenhooker), Peter Jackson (Meet The Feebles) and Kitten Natividad plus film reviews (excellent), recent Hong Kong films, German underground cinema (the Werkstattino — "the most Psychotronic cinema in the world"), video reviews (lots), book reviews and a holiday in Italy. Highly-informed, excellently written and packed to bursting — you'll like this one. (\$6 from PO Box 133, Northcote 3070)

THE GOOD FIGHT #1 (16pp A4): A new local magazine of opinion ... of varying degrees of rabidity and clarity or murkiness. Bikie décor, a (good) poem, detailed instructions on shrinking heads, a brilliantly rabid anti-carnivore piece by David Nichols ("You pain in the arse fuckhead. You're a real bringdown. I hope it chokes

to come" in a review of Screamedelica by Primal Scream. [Culprit: Michael Lock.] Adventurous in terms of who's hyped in NME or signed to Creation ... nowhere else. Gi's a break — I have five trillion more innovative records from ten to twelve years earlier than that painting-by-numbers. With full annotations it might be useful for instructional value to the young, but ...)

LEMON #13 (48pp A4): An indie-alternative mag dealing with Australian major-'alternative' stuff and US semi-obscurities that's OK-average with some good bits; not great yet, but improving as it goes (as we all must).

Best bit this time is the Tex Perkins/Beasts of Bourbon; long, interesting and informative. There's also the Lemonheads, Third Eye, L7, Died Pretty, Jack Brewer, the Lyres, the Welcome Mat, Fugazi, the Coal Porters (new band for Sid Griffin of the Long Ryders), Billy Baxter, Redd Kross, Bastro, You Am I, the Poppin Mommas, Frente and the Bats plus some not terribly well-done record reviews. The other best bit is the Andrew Lang cartoons. There is a hard vinyl 7" of the Welcome Mat, You Am I, Coal Porters and Poppin Mommas which is pretty good, but they lose a lot of points for the claims of a "FREE" 7" just above the six-dollar price tag. (When it becomes a CD, I promise to go over there and personally kill 'em myself.)

Lemon isn't wall-to-wall brilliance (like PF, say), but gosh, there's a lot of it. I would suggest a lot more obscurities on the Australian side of things — more bands that have yet to put out a CD through MDS. Lemon sells a lot more than PF. Oh well. Have a look in the shop. (\$6 shops; Louise Dickinson, PO Box 651, Glebe 2037)

MARCY #2 (68pp A4): A gorgeous production without being fat. The opinionation is so pungent that the bad typesetting doesn't matter. Completely one-eyed (the only music in the world is punk-descended rock'n'roll), but it's got it in its field. Prisonshake, Antiseen, Thrombus, Railroad Jerks, Seaweed, Glass, Hoss, Poppin Mamas and King Snake Roost plus splatter movies, live, a book and twelve pages of records. Can't say I'm so keen on the bike race on the back — "Indie Cola" I can put up with, but as for "Popstar" ... But anyway. This is a class international zine and essential to your health. (\$2.50 around town or \$3.50 to Richard Niels Loveday, 13 Bamlett Street, Kelmescott 6111)

VOID #1 (32pp quarto): A new and hyped "Students Opinion Monthly" that isn't nearly as bad as it could have been. Actually, it's got some fuckin' great bits — mainly the product of the anarchistic streak running through the thing like a knife through shit ... haven't seen its like (without actively going out and looking for such myself, I mean) in years. (Although I think I'll kill the bastard who did a pranks article just as I was preparing a fine one for Good Fight #2 ... wait, gnash ...)

There's a fair bit of student dribble as well (I don't mean from 'students' per se, I mean from fucking students ... had the bad luck to be at UWA on Orientation Day ... seeing this year's crop of fresh young faces, it sunk in ... we're doomed ... fuckin' doomed ...), though the high points stand out much more. It's a fine read in total.

The really interesting thing about Void is that they've already been censored. Who by? The printer, no less: Progress Press, who delayed the magazine a day (the crucial day, thus pissing them around severely) until they deleted an article on police brutality that just happened to feature some very clear photos. Turns out Progress Press is owned by Rupert Murdoch. (Editor: "if we'd known that, we'd never have gone near 'em in the first place.") Now, where's that pranks article again ...

(Another good one to avoid is Vanguard Press, owned by the Catholic Church. They refuse to print anything with the word 'cunt' in it and hassle heck out of you for the word 'fuck' — so victims' reports have it. Isn't it comforting to know your tender morals are being safeguarded? Thank God for photocopyers, I say. Hope it doesn't prove necessary to add a photocopyed supplement containing these two paragraphs to this issue ...) (Free around town; write c/o 141 Richmond Street, Leederville 6007)

David.

Zines, Zines, Zines

many and varied stylish sleaze-pits that this great city affords us, then any kind of explanation is not going to help" — Mark Perry (Alternative TV), a short story or two, part one of an epic Zeb Olsen interview, a few reviews, a piece from Melbourne and John Fenton (Crow). It's a music, culture and lifestyle magazine with some excellent shots of life in an active inner city. It's got life and love and wit and truth, which is what a zine really has to have. Inspirational. I'm hangin' out for #3. (\$2 inc. post from PO Box 219, Newtown 2042)

EBB! #2 (34pp A4): A personal-rock'n'roll zine from Chicago and a fine one with it. Record reviews, cartoons, art, comics, "After a sweaty night in the pit, go for the beer that won't fuck you up ... STRAIGHTEDGE™ non-alcoholic beer!", live, a six-page piece on a holiday in Sydney (excellent and well worth your time to get an outside perspective), book reviews and the Gulf War and other rants ("The Bushes and Hussein's of this world did not get where they are by writing a fanzine. Gorbachev did not get in his position by having a 'Visualise Glasnost' sticker on his car. Someday, someone like me is going to have to put away the records and put on a suit, and do all the sleazy things needed to be in charge and change everything."). Corners of all pages are filled with odd little interesting things. Entertaining and highly recommended. (US\$2 cover ... est. US\$4.5 to Paul Keller, PO Box 397, Skokie, IL 60076-0397, USA)

ENDZONE #7 (28pp A4): UK holiday edition — My Bloody Valentine, Danielle Dax, Voice Of The Beehive, the Reading

you."), the tale of my holiday in Kalgoorlie (why in God's name would I or anyone go to Kalgoorlie for a holiday? Read and find out), Boat Names — A Nation's Shame ("Look and laugh at man's inhumanity to leisucrecraft."), a collection of press idiocy (and yes, Libby-Jane Charleston is prominently featured!), Pat Monaghan on the Clash and a few other things. Some art as well, though it doesn't do much for me (the Speed Queen photo is great, however). A fair bit of first-issue mess (if you do a column of press idiocy, you must never, ever have types in it ...) and it needs development, but there's a lot of great stuff here and you'll enjoy reading it. (\$1.50 shops, est. \$2 post from Julian Miller, 31 Doris Street, North Perth 6006)

THE HARVEY #2 (40pp A4): Uh, what I was saying last time about Perth's Other Zine in regard to FreakZine ... uh ... A glossy pop fanzine, no less — 100% alternative pop heroes wall-to-wall. The Clouds, Roddy Ray'da, Mars Bastards, Grant McLennan, The Rainyard, The Wonder Stuff, Caligula, Died Pretty, My Bloody Valentine, Ed Kuepper, Falling Joys, Splash, Childlike Primitives, a few nasty reviews. Possibly a bit concerned with being seen to be hip ... rock-crit as inherently interesting entity. (Whilst a good crit may be more worthy than a bad band, a good band is worth a hundred thousand good crits.) But the Harvey aims to be king of the scene. (\$2.90 plus \$1 post from Deborah Dickson, 331 Stirling Street, Perth 6000)

(Note: Page 38 of every copy should be burned for the sentence "This album is the first adventurous step in the '90s and will be seen as a turning point in music in years



BUGGER IT! THIS MAGAZINE IS FULL OF BULLSHIT ABOUT CRAP I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT!



© D. NICHOLS 91

RoJaRo Archive — Calling on all friends of contemporary music:

The RoJaRo Archive has been established with the purpose of compiling the RoJaRo Index and to become one of the largest, most wide-ranging international collections of music periodicals covering all kinds of music outside the classical/notated music field.

The periodicals chosen for inclusion will cover all from rap to death-metal to jazz to country music. The focus will be on specialist periodicals within each genre, in addition to more general interest mainstream magazines. The Index will include up to 300 periodicals. 150 of these will be fully analysed and the rest will either receive a listing in the periodicals list or be part analysed. The magazines will cover ca. 22 countries and 11 languages (15 if we can find volunteering language consultants in Greek, Japanese, Russian and Czech). Articles, interviews, record and live reviews, etcetera will be indexed.

The RoJaRo Index will be a quick-reference index containing short information on where to find articles/reviews according to performer/group, record titles and subject headings. A printed edition is planned yearly, starting with the 1992 edition. We hope to work retrospectively back to 1990; before this time, we will concentrate on one periodical at a time. We also hope that the complete database will be available on-line after an initial period of concentrated indexing.

For music lovers, the RoJaRo Index will mean that hours spend leafing through old magazines in search of that special interview might become history. In addition, they will find references to most things written about their favourite artist/group during a certain period.

For libraries and researchers, the Index will be an invaluable reference source in addition to making their collection of music magazines into an accessible source of information on contemporary artists, etcetera. By using the Periodicals List in the Index, libraries will also find out about new and interesting periodicals.

The Index will also provide information on where to order all magazines listed, along with information on subscription rates and a presentation of scope of the various magazines and fanzines. This will be of great help to collectors worldwide, as the Index will cover a lot of fanzine and 'underground' publications which are not widely distributed and are very hard to find. Due to the international scope of the index, many of the magazines will not be registered in other bibliographical sources like *Facsheet Five* (recommended) or general periodical indexes such as *Ulrich's*.

The team behind RoJaRo Archive and the RoJaRo Index consists of both professional music librarians/collectors and support data specialists. The index is a labour of love, and we will need all the support we can get from both magazines and fanzines — through free promotion subscriptions and back issues — and from music lovers worldwide — for support memberships and donations of magazine collections (large or small) to complete the archive's runs of periodicals. It is impossible to analyse and index magazines we do not have, so every contribution helps. We also guarantee that nothing received will ever be sold.

For information on support membership rates, subscriptions to the printed edition of RoJaRo Index and periodicals needed by the archive, please send two IRCs to:

RoJaRo-Archive, Kjetil Maria Aase, PO Box 64724 Rodolokka, N-0503 Oslo 3, Norway.

p.s.: We're not in it for the money, but with a crazy workload like this we need you all to pull this project through. Help RoJaRo to help you to find info on all the music you love.

Dear Dave,

Congratulations! I don't know exactly what you said but if you say it next year I might even come along myself. The Perth air is thick with indignant outrage ... all very amusing. I particularly enjoyed Sean Diggins' (who he?) strident claim that "any young band will learn ..." (sounds like a Holden ad!) "that their time will come." Yes and I'm Salman Rushdie.

Anyway I thoroughly enjoyed the stream of Party Fears in London this year. I'm now back at the usual place with Cyril the post-post-industrialist canary or whatever it is. I've taught it to sing the whole

new Angels album. Tell me when I need to renew my subscription.

Yours infantile-outburstingly,
Dave McComb, *Cottesloe*.

26 February 1992

Dear Party Fears

I have a tale of distress, disappointment and general pissed-offness to relate to you. It has been weighing heavy on my mind for some time now and I have decided that something must be done.

On New Years Eve I was looking forward to what I predicted would be a wonderful evening of drinking and listening to some very good bands in salubrious company at the Beat Room.

Despite a recently twisted ankle, I was bloody well going to enjoy myself — even if only by sitting down, tapping my useable foot and shaking my head around in wild

Letters

abandon.

The Dixie Outlaws were fine — I quite like 'em and a good spot on the floor to watch from — but I was particularly looking forward to the Blackeyed Susans.

Imagine my horror when two full-blown wankers (with initials DMcC and RS — the ones on stage with guitars) berated those sitting on the floor when "We're not here to play to people sitting down" or some such wank and, get this, sent the bouncers around to tell those on the floor, myself and my support contingent among them, to stand up!

The bouncer was almost moved to waive this 'rule' due to my ankle (he claimed it was fire hazard laws that no-one could sit on the floor — what a load of BOLLOCKS! and even if it is true it has certainly not been enforced either before or after that night), however, the stern and disapproving scowls of the aforementioned guitar-nobs allowed no such leniency.

I have no proof that the bouncers were actually sent around, however it seems too, too coincidental to me that they should take it into their heads to act in this manner without that it was strongly connected with the speech mentioned.

Would people in wheelchairs be considered to constitute a fire hazard? It makes you wonder.

Needless to say, I was extremely perturbed and left soon after.

Dave, I would like you to ask those fuckers what the hell they thought they were achieving, that is if their heads aren't too tightly up their asses to allow communication.

Also, how about my money back?
Love
Cait O'Halloran, North Perth.

We sought replies from David McComb and from the Melbourne Hotel:

"Rob didn't like people sitting down, I didn't care, but neither of us said a word to any bouncers." — David McComb.

"To clear up this issue once and for all, we would like to explain that when customers sit on the floor it makes staff and patrons' access alike difficult. Glasses and Security must be able to get through the crowd easily and quickly. When patrons sit on the floor they inevitably leave cans, glasses and ashtrays. The results are almost always broken glass and the resulting injuries are likewise made the venue's responsibility by the unsuspecting victim (who is usually part of the vertical audience).

"In this instance, if the patron in question had explained the situation (and in a relatively calm manner — dealing with belligerent customers is not a task any of us look forward to with glee), she/he would have found the staff member to be more than willing to compromise or rectify the situation. We would expect and do require common sense from our patrons to make every gig run smoothly, but do apologise if any offense was taken by the patron concerned." — Susan Hammersley, Promotions and Entertainment, Melbourne Hotel.

Read the above and make your own mind up. We at PF consider that if a band wants people to stand up, they have to make 'em through musical means alone. The Mars Bastards and Bob's Love Child have cracked it, so the rest of you have no excuse to complain any more — ed.

Perth News cont.

tour of Adelaide (Thursday 7th to Saturday 9th) with the BORN LOSERS (ex-Exploding White Mice) and Melbourne (Wednesday 13th to Saturday 16th). The band will be recording two tracks in Melbourne with one of the Meanies and will add those tracks to four already done and the *Nun Chuckers* double 7" to release as a CD cassette. "We're looking for a deal; but if we don't get a good one, we'll do it ourselves." (Paul) The band will be coming back from the tour, doing two shows and then Tom goes away for five weeks' break. (clo 26 Karimba Street, Wanneroo 6065)

• TORCHEY BLANE are Lachlan Tuppin (instruments) and Caroline Hadwin (v.instruments), both ex-Hindus. The band has yet to play live but has released a fine cassette EP and have a full-length tape on the way. Special FBI Agent Mark Cooper (ex-Hindus) is down in the secret underground lab busily working on a chaos-theory guitar pedal (its output being a chaotic function; I'm not sure how the sound input affects the output. See next *Sonics* for details. Would I lie to you? He says he hates being called 'Special Agent Mark Cooper', but anyone building a chaos guitar pedal is a first-rate special investigator for sure).

• TOTAL JESUS are in limbo — Chad Hedley left, the replacement drummer had to quit before his first show and Paul Sheriff is going to the Conservatorium this year, so we'll see what eventually happens. (5 Janet Street, West Perth 6005)

• VACSONICUM are Paul Bristow (l.g.), David Coggin (v.r.g.), Damien Ireland (b) and Chris Jones (d). First show was January at the Melbourne with Wash. "Dirty grungy sub-pop" (Chris). (5 Henry Bull Drive, Bullcreek 6155; phone 361 3196)

• THE VIOLET SLIDE (previously Afterglow — no relation to the Melbourne band of that name) are Gavin Ee (l.g.), Carl Properjohn (r.g.), Brad Roberts (b) and Grant Warner (d). Grant is also in Zebedee and Carl replaces Courtney Babb who was on the track that is going on the Chapter 24 compilation (see below). Playing live

sometime. "Just an indie band, basically, playing some quick popnoise stuff." (Gavin) (72 First Avenue, Rossmoyne 6155)

• The WALTONS have apparently been recording with Dom Mariani producing.

• The Initiation studio tape *Habités* (the name coming out of PF#16, no less) is out soon or now, available on cassette or DAT (by special order). Launch happening Saturday 18th April with Bob's Love Child, Circus Murders, the Rainyard and the Elf King (first show).

• The rumours are flying thick and fast and are mostly true: Mark GHIRARDI is currently working through the labyrinthine complications of doing a Perth compilation CD/cassette (primarily intended as an export showcase) and getting someone else to pay for it without them being allowed to fuck it up. Appearance by invitation only. That's all you need to know at this stage.

• Guy Blackman of Chapter 24 zine is doing a compilation tape some time or other or other, currently gathering promises.

• No names, no writs, but which bassist from a rather big-time Australian indie band decided to quietly turn blue at a party in Perth recently? Didn't your mother (or Keith Richards) tell you that it's impolite? Jeez, some people's manners.

If your band or whatever isn't mentioned above, then FUCKING CALL OR WRITE. It takes a hell of a lot to exclude news (though I try not to go lower than third-rate in the band listings), the usual reason being that we don't have the news or can't confirm it.

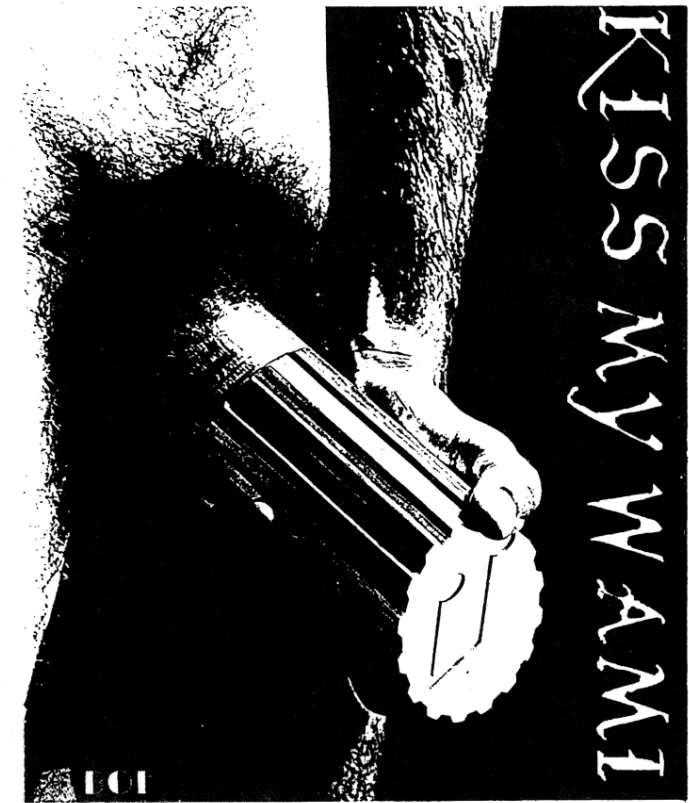
Although PF is the only music news in Perth that actually gets out there and looks for the news (the vibe on the streets, don't you know), you should nevertheless get off your butt. Write or phone. Do it today.

David and Larry W.

Next issue: out May-June. See you then.

This issue is dedicated to Melanie Rat-Girl. So there. Special thanks to Viv too.

advertisement



We at Party Fears must note that the above is a paid advertisement for the *Book Of Funk*, winners of the ashtray for Most Popular New Band 1991 (book 'em on 339 6867) and all possible accusations of gross tastelessness are rendered null and void by the fact that they paid thirty bucks of cold hard cash up front, artwork supplied. Personally, I am proud of having won my WAMI — I worked very hard for it — and it makes an excellent book-end. But I always keep in mind the PF Motto: "Anything for a buck." Thank you.

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