

Summer/Autumn '93
18 1/2
* FREE *

Party Fears

be an important social force. Look at all the people you see now w/ nose-rings.

G'd evening. This missive is to let you know that Party Fears magazine, the finest goddam magazine of music Perth has ever seen, is alive and well, if a little slow-moving ... but still cooking.

1992 has been a bit of a null -- "annus nullis" looks to be damn near universal (if not "annus horribilis"). My conversational icebreaker for January '93 (try it yourself next year -- always works) was "How was your '92, and how will your '93 be?" The standard response was a loser of a '92 and a great '93. (The follow-up qn. is, of course, "So what are you going to do to make that happen?" -- then to gently break the news that, if they don't actually do something different from what they did last year, it'll be exactly the same ... helps provoke thought in the world, which is a good thing.) So there's a lot of hope out there, which is a good thing. Hoping isn't enough, but it's a start.

After that '92, '93 looks to be goddamn wild. PF no. 19 has been cooking since last April and looks like this May or June. Do you know that it's real hard to get things out with no resources? True. I put six PFs out in '91 because I was working and, whenever a problem arose, I just threw money at it until it went away. "We're runnin' late? Well, hire the computer for another week! Don't bother me with detail!" (I have a tremendous new respect for the power of money to accomplish things. One of my major projects for '93 is to actually make as much money as I can, because I have a lot of uses for it ... don't listen to anyone who knocks the usefulness of money if they've never actually tried doing anything that soaks up theoretically infinite quantities of the stuff -- zines, bands, labels, studios, venues, activism, any form of communications/publicity/idea-spreading -- and especially if they still live off their parents.)

PF 18 came out in April '92 and was not distributed in quantity outside Perth (there is still a small stack of copies for Brisbane, which will arrive in the package with no. 19. Promise.) because independent record and zine distributors seem to be a pack of dog testes. If any jerkoff tries to tell or imply to you that indie labels are somehow inherently morally superior to majors just for being indies, tell 'em to eat my dump. I have too many counterexamples and too many bills that were paid only on threat of public denunciation.

(What's worst is that a lot of these are run by people with really good ears who actually love music as much as you or I ... but still run their businesses like crooks. This actually makes it worse.)

(I must note here that a great many individuals in indie music are scrupulously honest folk and who can be trusted implicitly. You know who these are by their reputation. Reputations are earned, not hyped.)

So it's only possible for me to get PF around if I don't want to be paid for it. Which is OK except it's basically not financially possible. Which sucks, but there you go.

Hmm, that's very whiny. Must inject a positive tone here. PARTY FEARS STILL EXISTS AND WILL CONTINUE TO EXIST UNTIL THE MOON FALLS OUT OF THE SKY. Maan. (I am considering a name-change for issue 21, but more on that later.) Many back issues are available. (See elsewhere.) Issue 19 is still in the ol' works and so far has: MUSTANG!, BOB'S LOVE CHILD, DOUG THOMAS (Greasy Pop pt 0 -- the end of the affair ... Doug, incidentally, is alive and well in Perth, working in Dada Records and in the black for the first time in ten years ... pretty cool), a HORRIBLE TALE OF A YUPPIE HOLIDAY (if I ever get it finished), DAVE CRANEY (a top dude), IAN UNDERWOOD/KRYPTONICS (whatever's usable), a shitload of reviews &c. ... Currently exists on a couple floppies and as a folder on Ross C.'s Macintosh (the one he does his family trees on). At the time of writing, I'm working again (tho' for no money ... it's a long and tedious tale) and so have NO time for 'zine ... was going to do two weeks' solid in Jan., but had a bad housemate who refused to pay bills and who got the locks changed on her (name is Kathi "Bad Penny" Moyes and owes every fucker money and has fled home to Brisbane. 5'2" or 5'3", brown hair, English-via-Qld accent and talks more than anyone I know. DO NOT TRUST. AVOID. AVOID. See next issue's "Deadbeats" column for more.) who wasted unbelievable amounts of my time. Oh well. Visiting

Melbourne in April/May (with a view to moving there eventually ... Perth is beginning to get to me. Yes, even me), will try to get it out around that.

If you care to phone or write, feel free. I'm never home, so reliable times to call are between 7-8am or between 11-12pm. Messages may be left other times. (09) 328 6587, that's the go. Those time-slots are Perth time, by the way. Get it wrong and I and the other residents will kill you. PO Box 89, Northbridge 6865 is a fine idea too. If you have the home address, DON'T use it for mail ... don't know when it'll change. The PO box is much safer.

This is the year I still didn't get a CD player, but my new housemate buys all his recs out of \$1-\$2 bins and has some beauties. Astrud Gilberto! Peggy Lee! The Modern Jazz Quartet! "Let's Dance Latin" with the Martinez-Cheda Orchestra! Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (conducted by Constantin Silvestri)! The Dubliners! Pop Goes Hawaii! The Alexandrov Song and Dance ensemble of the Soviet Army! (No, Dylan, "Pal Joey" does not cut it. Even for the cute pic. on the back. (Tho' the guy in the background is a bit of a worry, isn't he?)) So bugger new music, say. What the world needs now is more of those great records your parents bought when they first attained the consumer status symbol of owning a Record Player and then needed to buy something to play on it ... those were the golden days of vinyl.

NAME CHANGE

The name Party Fears has some great status, but we say that status is what people (e.g. employers, the indie music scene) give you instead of money. So out it goes as of issue 21. For a few issues thereafter it'll say "Formerly Party Fears", but that's fine. You'll get used to it.

(Why the change? Because I'm looking for some universal trademark that I can apply to everything I do. I'm looking to the next fifteen to twenty-five years here. When I'm forty-five years old and running the world (it'll be awful. Oh, some of you'll like it), I can't be bothered explaining the name every ten seconds; I'll be way too busy. So change it now and save a lot of trouble later. PF's great reputation hasn't been turned to any measurable practical use in terms of effectiveness of communication that won't survive a name-change and it was something I thought up in precisely two seconds ...)

(I've got a couple of really good ideas for names, but -- needless to say -- if anyone out there has better ideas, TELL ME.)

"... Shirley Jackson (1919-65) had the distinction of being the only writer to use, with success, black magic on a publisher. Alfred Knopf was skiing in Vermont. She made an image of wax and stuck a pin in one of its legs. Knopf broke a leg in three places. There are others in that great house who could have done with the hex, but there are no more Shirley Jacksons. It was her husband who floored Dylan Thomas for making a pass at her and ruining his television of the ball game" -- Anthony Burgess

After seeing Mustang! at the Cave Bar on Feb. 27th, it has to be stated: Mustang! are the only great band in Perth at present. A collective genius. Particular points to Mike Stauda, a brilliant and effective noise genius gtrist who nevertheless isn't a basket-case off stage. Mustang! sponsor the PF Physiotherapy Centre.

A special message to those we love: cheers to Tim/Mel, Amanda, Paul/Jos, Bernard/Fiona, Jennifer/James, Leisal (wonderful, wonderful person), Viv/Graham, Robert, Bart, DOS/Maria ... there are many others ... Barbara/David send our love to you. Lists such as this are always fraught with the hazard of missing someone, but if we have then please let us know rather than feel even slightly upset. Love to hear from you. We love everybody, dammit.

Paula! L'Ami! We love you!

PHONE
ADDRESS

Which of the two small-major "large-indie" distributors owed \$66.00 on unpaid PFs for TWO AND A HALF FUCKIN' YEARS, regardless of repeated bills? Which Melbourne shop did the same? Will they pay your bills? Do you feel lucky? Well, do you?

Answer to "Music Scene As Social Force" Puzzle: -- These days, the really creative ones are staying out of sight, dressing down and planning with care before action. Note that planning with care before action need not have bothered happen-ing.

"On domestic news, I heard of many cases where an editor would tell a reporter, 'Ten thousand at that rally? That's too many. Make it 3,000.' The reporter would say, 'Sure,' then go out and get drunk. ... Everybody who makes and reports the news knows what I'm talking about."

"Later a group of us performed a guerrilla theater piece which adequately summed up our attitude toward television. While Nixon addressed the nation on the need for invading Cambodia, we set a twenty-four-inch receiver on a pedestal and before twenty thousand angry protesters pick-axed the flickering image. Sometimes the proper intellectual argument is 'FUCK YOU!'"
-- Abbie Hoffman, Soon To Be A Major Motion Picture

The Big Day Out: Detail can wait until no. 19; just wanted to put a few notes here. The remarkable distance from Stage One and Two (interstate/international) of Stage Three (local) and the influence of the corporate cock on the band selection on stage three was a marvellous example of the principle that music is something that really happens somewhere else, and certainly not in Perth. After all, look at these great bands from outside Perth and compare it to the shite we have here. C'mon, here's a genuine A-B comparison right in front of us. Don't give me this shit about supporting local music. Huh.

The attempts at politics were also entertaining. The Disposable Heroes got it right -- realising that a lot of the issues facing local communities are the same all over the world, so it is actually reasonable for them to have an Aboriginal flag up on stage and to follow the shredding of a picture of Bush with the shredding of a picture of Court and so on. And any band that uses an angle-grinder in the production of pop music gets a lot of points. I've been converted to rap at last. Iggy's attempts were endearingly thick (by the way, who was his band for this show? anyone know?) and SY shouldn't have bothered with their guilty mumbles. I'm surprised no-one told Sergeant Desmond Smith jokes -- e.g. "How many Sergeant Desmond Smiths does it take to change a light bulb?" "None, 'cos he kicked the shit out of it. But it's OK, he was under stress." Or: "How many Sergeant Desmond Smiths does it take to break an egg?" "None, it fell down and broke itself. But he was defending himself against it when it swore at him. And anyway, he was under stress, so don't worry about it. Mate."

How to make a Mudhoney shirt: take any picture of anything at all (cars, girls, guns, macho dudes, babies, etc) and put the word "MUDHONEY" above or below it. Someone, somewhere, will take it as being a snide post-modernist rock'n'roll comment.

I think it's also a great thing to see a show without a lot of drinking. (PF has gone more or less straight edge 'cos we're thinking all the time. Well, on the wagon anyway. This has led to greatly increased caffeine consumption ... And cigarettes. But only other people's. Not so much straight edge as ragged edge ... The bleeding edge of communications technology. If you're not running a lot of nineteen-hour days and being as effective as possible, y'r goddamned lazy.) Anyway, you don't go to an eight-to-twelve-hour show in hot sun (thank the Lord for high cloud cover and sea breezes, we say) and get wiped-out pissed unless you're fuckin' stupid. (There were a few.) Youth uniform early '93 is band T-shirt (pref. bootleg), shorts, Doc boots (coloured). Purple is a boot colour of choice. The green ones look like gardening wellies, I fear. The water-pistols were brilliant ("Go away, annoying little brother!" -- Miranda) and I think every doorman and bouncer should be equipped with a pump-action water-pistol. It looks silly, it's fun, it'd be an effective method of crowd control. Someone acts like a jerk at a place, squirt 'em -- complete humiliation without physical harm. Pretty cool.

Deadbeats: Last issue's winners have in fact paid their bill. ... Twice. Huh. I was laughing & dancing down the street. (Dave New Wave: send yr address in yr own handwriting & a payable name for a refund.)
Typewriter; liquid paper pen; biro; scissors; glue stick; photocopier. Oh, yes: something to say. Amazing how many people clean forget that one.

BACK ISSUES

Numbers 1-4, 6, 8, 12, 16½ are no longer available, if they ever were.
Numbers 5, 7, 9, 10 and 11 (with either 11½ or 17 thrown in) are available as a pack for A\$4 within Australia. That's a lot less than cover price. I want to get rid of the things. Make it A\$7 overseas for surface.
Numbers 11½ to 17 are free issues. Add A\$2 post within Aust, A\$4 overseas surface, A\$5 overseas econ. air.
Number 18 has a cover price of A\$1. Add A\$1 post within Aust, A\$4 overseas. (Suggest you combine it with some freebies.) These are scarce and on their way out.
All issues have news, reviews, interviews and shit. All are thoroughly wonderful and worth your time.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Australia: A\$6 for four issues.
Overseas surface: A\$9 for four issues.
Overseas econ. air: A\$14 for six issues.
Note, subscribers, that this issue is given to you absolutely free -- you still have as many coming after no. 18 as you ever did.

I was lying before. PF no. 19 will actually feature Allegiance, Vivid, Thrombus, the Chevelles and Storytime.
("WHAAAAAT! YOU SUCK CORPORATE COCK!" -- Anna Zanella on hearing this.)

("Huh? But that's a beginner's joke. It isn't even a difficult one" -- Mike Staude on hearing that.)
We at PF had ideals, but we're sick of the headline. Let Corporate Indie Rock Whoredom Rule!

The River of Money: Let these great interpreters of the Go-Betweens' finest drain the pool for you.

The Weird Loves: Just like the album ... bad versions of Scientists' songs done for the money.

The Politicians Of Love: You never had Kim Williams' finest so good. For added authenticity, the entire band quit music at the end of each show.

Not: Paying tribute to the works of Ollie Olsen, Wayne and Garth.

The Low Roadies: Oops, the Beasts used this one themselves.
Fred's Love Child: Perhaps this segment has gone long enough.
Edsell: yep, definitely.

"... While I am being personal I may as well offer my father's dying words, which I heard clearly: 'Bugger the priest. Get me a pint of draught Bass.'" -- Anthony Burgess (again)

This issue is for the beautiful, powerful and effective Barbara Stiehl, who will be back this way pretty soon. It's gonna happen.
see. Large SABB to 34 Dickenson Way, Booragoon 6154.

Cheers to Flexible Headline -- the third tabloid time I've ever seen. Large SABB to 34 Dickenson Way, Booragoon 6154.
... to facilitate continuity, a higher level of professionalism and a consistent programme collective that can realise DF's potential to present independent and innovative music ... (especially with the recent disillusionment of JJJ listeners) ... Just like they did at JJJ two yrs back, hey? "Consistent" and "innovative" don't go in the same sentence. RRR Subscribers: WRITE IN! (PO Box 949 Nedlands) Everyone: Write in! Call 380 3380 (9-5): Make trouble! Call the techno DJs, request yer faves. (Anything musical should fox 'em.) 380 2980 -- only the technos, mind you. I don't see how cutting an open shop of 28 to a closed shop of 10 will increase innovation. (Whispers that 5 of these will be the technos?) Listen to it and see for yourself.

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That's an entirely unpaid announcement.

Current Top 10 at PF House: (not in any order.)
Astrod Gilberto -- "The Essential Astrod Gilberto LP"
The Pop Group -- "We Are Time" (Off Y LP)
Go-Betweens -- "Spring Hill Fair LP"
Mute Drivers -- "Amsterdam" (off One Little Indian's Greatest Hits LP/a comp)
Widerrhins -- Ascension LP
Scientists -- Human Jukebox LP
Cannemes -- "Ode to Jeff" (almost off The African Man's Tomato LP)
Mission of Burma -- comp. on Ryko Analogue
Headless Chickens -- "Cruise Control" 12"
Anything by Ed Kuepper.
Cheers and a PF Gold stamp to Michael Corey for some of the above.
Anyone playing Vivid, Ratcat or the Cult within a country mile of PF Towers will be summarily executed.

Why is RRR Drivetime so ratsht these days? It didn't just happen; there's politics behind it. There are two factions: the Drivetimeers (there to present music) and the techno DJs (there to present an atmosphere and mention their own names a lot. Not that they'd overstep the rules on self-promotion; I would never imply that). The technos have no interest in presenting music (and complete hostility to those who do) and tell in-jokes and talk about raves featuring themselves (tho' we must discredit all whippers about them wishing to shamelessly use DF solely to promote their own careers as DJs) and suggestions that they are using threats/promises of sponsorship \$ on the station are of course quite false.) Got a genuine media leak in the letterbox: all DF to be cut to a panel of 10 presenters, handpicked by the coordinator (Dave Murphy) ... to facilitate continuity, a higher level of professionalism and a consistent programme collective that can realise DF's potential to present independent and innovative music ... (especially with the recent disillusionment of JJJ listeners) ... Just like they did at JJJ two yrs back, hey? "Consistent" and "innovative" don't go in the same sentence. RRR Subscribers: WRITE IN! (PO Box 949 Nedlands) Everyone: Write in! Call 380 3380 (9-5): Make trouble! Call the techno DJs, request yer faves. (Anything musical should fox 'em.) 380 2980 -- only the technos, mind you. I don't see how cutting an open shop of 28 to a closed shop of 10 will increase innovation. (Whispers that 5 of these will be the technos?) Listen to it and see for yourself.