

All Pe

Party Fears

ones

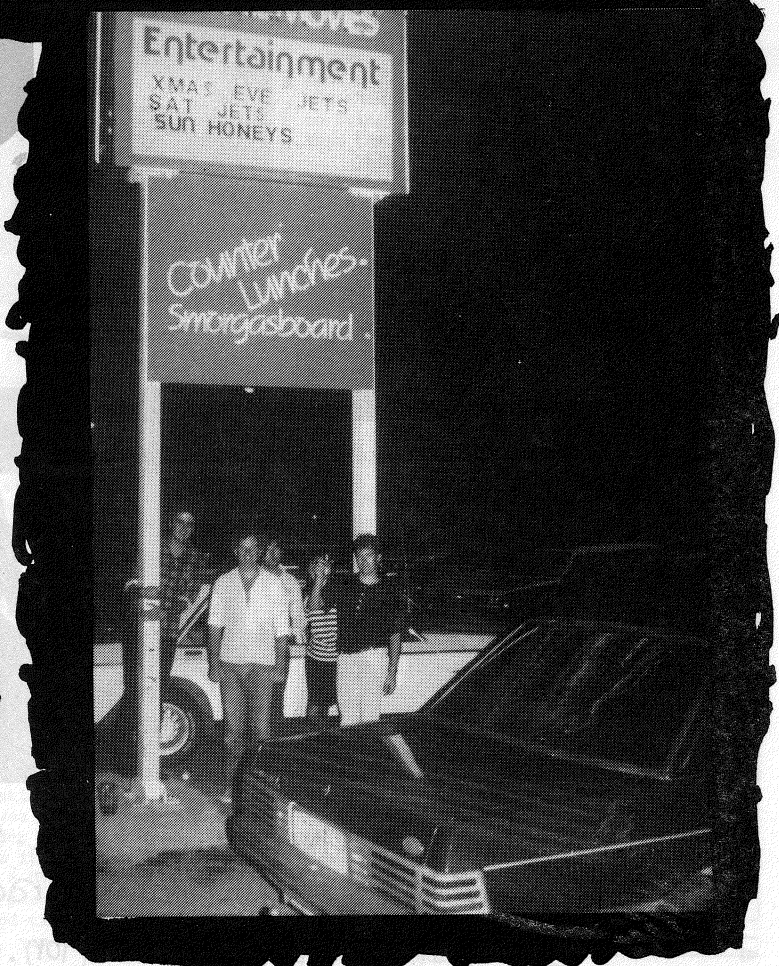
Number nine

Summer 1953-54

\$1.20



Mick Harvey pt 1
The Honeys
Triffids family tree
White Cross family tree
plus more reviews than
you can shake a stick at





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Party Fears Nine -- Hello again ...



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Phone: (09) 387 6578, after hours.
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TIME ZONE PERTH IS!!

The time in Perth is GMT plus eight
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etc. on page 19.

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ed, may not. Mark "Not For Publication" if
such is the case.

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i) stamped, addressed envelope (within

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ii) two (2) (TWO) (a pair of) Inter-
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If I'm in a good mood I may reply any-
way, but don't count on it.

Subscriptions: Are not presently av-
ailable, nor are they likely to be avail-
able in the future -- they're too much nu-
isance and the magazine is such too uncert-
ain.

Circulation: 1000.

And An A Fan Club Membership: #0001.

Kryptonics Fan Club Membership: #6.

Radio

You can now hear me on 6-UVS Radio
Homegrown every few weeks, Tuesdays at
6:00pm, with the Party Fears World Service
News -- three to seven minutes of gossip,
slander, gratuitous slagoffs and occasion-
ally even information. LISTEN OUT.

(Homegrown was shifted from Wednesday
to Tuesday in order to try and shake off
the few listeners it had left. I suggest
you all write to 6-UVS, c/o UWA, Nedlands,
and tell them to push it up to a full hour
and give it a good timeslot. Now that
you've saved UVS, you can do something
with it.)

... and welcome back to the eternal
saga of Party Fears. This issue is numbered
nine in honour of the "lost" issue eight
that was made up of all the things I had to
chuck out 'cos they were too old.

I've had an interesting year. I signed
my soul over to the tertiary education sys-
tem last December, and now have a fairly
good idea of what I'm doing for the next
three or four years. I haven't done a zine
in a year because I basically haven't had
the time -- that is to say, hours in a day.

(nb: "full-time student" doesn't mean
nine-to-five, it means any time not spent
sleeping (let's say nineteen hours a day).
Students do not spend their days idly ly-
ing in the sun and doing nothing, or not if
they want to pass they don't. Next time you
call a student a sponging layabout for
being a student, pause to reflect on this
in the moment before he/she kills you in
one swipe. OK?)

Like almost all fanzines this one
started as a substitute for a social life;
then became the social life, then the soc-
ial life went off on its own and the maga-
zine became less directly necessary. Now
it's 1988, I am no longer a teenager (near-
ly twenty-two, in fact), I have other
things to do, I have a wonderful girl-
friend, a pleasant domestic life, a moder-
ately secure long-term future a hard-work-
ing but quite OK short-term one, no time
and no money. I'm fine, how are you?

Now I'm on holiday, and so I've had
time to do this issue for your enjoyment.
(To get it done I simply worked at half the
rate I've been used to all year. Piece of
piss.)

There will be at least one more PF
before the end of February, then ... who
knows. Party Fears will always exist, let
that be known. Random swoops. Price will
vary with size of issue. Content will get
ever more bitchy and more informative as it
always has. This year's backlog will be
cleared this and next issue. Forget the
"photo issue" for now, though.

Party Fears has no regular schedule;
rather, it should be looked upon as a gift
from God, descending from Heaven every now
and then at totally unforeseeable intervals
to bring enlightenment, joy and happiness
into the hearts of all.

This has always been the case ... I
just thought I'd make it a bit more explic-
it. As far as I can tell it also applies to
every other zine there ever was, so any
zine editors out there are free to use it
if they wish.

THANKS this issue go to: The starving
millions; all those who submitted articles
which died of old age before even being
born; all those bands whose interviews did
the same; all those who kept faith regard-
less; all those whose letters I still hav-
en't answered (that's how little time I
generally have); Harry Butler, who I owe
money; all those who put me on their "thank
you" lists; Sandra Seman (the Wilted Petal)
who is now a Bunbury media-personality; The
Honeys for being pissheads; Chris Spencer;
Robert; and a special PF hello to Vanessa,
Melissa, Wendy, Jenny, Vanessa, Louise,
Gabrielle, Vicki, Belinda, Cassie, Ursula,
Madonna, Kelly, Helen, Julie, Melanie,
Toni, Sylvana, Andrea, Roslyn, Sandra,
Jenny-Anne, Peggy, Stephanie, Anna, Anna,
Anne, Lucy, Lucy, Lorraine, Diane, Cathy,
Karin, Tina, Mary, Mandy, Elinor, Rowena,
Deirdre, Robyn and especially *JULIA*.

There are a million other well-deser-
ving of a personal namecheck, but you know
who you are and the list would take up
twelve pages in itself. If you feel put out
by not being mentioned, let me know and you
can be listed next time, OK.

A DEEPLY HEARTFELT AND SINCERE FUCK-
YOU TO: You know who you are, too.

Further rubbish over page



T'ville scene

I see readers are dying to hear about the excitement of Townsville -- well, let's see, we've had square dancing in the mall courtesy of Expo '88 -- I had to hold myself back from slamming -- but other than that, this trendy club has decided to strike a deal with the Rock Association of Townsville to make another, dare I say, "alternative" nightclub after the infamous defunct Mushroom Club, to be called the Jungle Club. I decided to check out the first night armed with a mate's Hanimex camera as official photographer. The Rock Association tried hard and so did the band -- Rank Noises For Freaks -- but most of the trendies didn't appreciate the band, and stood there yelling for Kylie Minogue. Some different place to go, eh! The Freaks plodded on -- they have quite an original guitar sound -- with more confidence and practice they should go far. A bit of a mixture of punk and other Australian bands -- a three-piece who love telling jokes when something goes wrong -- I hate jokes -- bah humbug!

Then the band I most wanted to see, Stingers -- a ska dance band, and that's exactly what you do -- very impressive and very skanky, tight & good -- gets everyone up who don't like Kylie.

Then Dogs of War -- but something blew up in the kitchen and everything went off. They did return. Dogs of War aren't my fave, but people who like middle-of-the-road metal might like it. Being drunk I didn't care -- walked off to the bar to have a sip from the jug of water, and next thing I know I'm kicked out 'cos they didn't like the look of the situation.

Anyway, I knew it wouldn't work out -- last week (April -- ed) the Jungle Club was deceased after the fascists who work there cut the bands off ... don't know why, maybe they got enough out of short-changing the till (just guessing, just guessing), so there's nowhere to go -- except one place I won't even mention the name of 'cos the publican goes around bashing his patrons. The rage is to buy a goonie and sit at home playing with your self. (I'm nearly blind now -- my cat is transcribing this.)

My travels to Melbourne relieved my habit. Bad luck followed me and Gash did not impress with their death-metal, though the bangers enjoyed it after a scuffle between skins and headbangers, well, one skin and five headbangers. No, make that two skins -- a lass who got in the way with Mr Drummer of Gash -- but that's Melbourne and not Townsville, so that's that. But I enjoyed Vicious Circle and the Hard-Ons, and we need a Prince of Wales in Townsville. I must applaud Vera of Gash, she was the only one enjoying herself on stage. I like that.

Anyway, end of biased report. Ta ta. Oi & Strength
Unite to fight
Not fight each other

Ruth Rebel Rat.

(Young Ruth publishes a zine called "Wot No Toilet Paper Again", available in Dada, or write to her c/o 39 Yolanda Drive, Murray, T'ville, Queensland.)

Distribution: Monkey Music (09) 227 9449, PO Box 8327 Stirling Street 6000. If your shop does not stock PF, order it. Hassle 'em. Get their favourite distributor to order it from Monkey, or even direct from me, should it come to that. If they start getting PF, they will in all likelihood read it themselves -- perhaps opening the way for good records, other zines, etc. Go for it. Now for some administrative trivia:

Contributions

Anything -- anything at all, doesn't have to be musical -- will be accepted as long as I (the Editor) consider it utterly wonderful ... a considerable improvement on the blank page, if you will. Please, please phone or write first before doing anything that would involve going to a lot of trouble. One day I might even accept poetry, so there you go.

Contributions may be anywhere from sweet and lovely to obnoxious and indigestible. Anything and everything is subject to Editorial Whim. The Editor reserves the right to delete/insert commas, expand apostrophes and abbreviations, "clarify", change "the" to "a", generally hack submitted articles to death and basically do anything he damn well pleases. So there.

Should the Editor perhaps disagree with you over the quality of your contribution and its suitability for PF, DON'T GET

Posting things

This applies to daily postal life, not just posting to PF!

LETTERS: usually make it here reasonably unscathed, though ridiculous delivery delays have occurred (like sixteen months in one case -- I tell you, the sheer nostalgia of seeing once again what a 33¢ stamp looked like was simply beyond compare.)

PHOTOS: Please ... ALWAYS put a reinforcing bit of cardboard in ... ALWAYS. Also please note that you should not put a photo in with a cassette if it's larger than the cassette -- guess what happens?

RECORDS: should at THE VERY LEAST be packed between two bits of cardboard with crossed corrugations. Four thicknesses is probably better -- eg. corrugated cardboard box with two bits of card inside padding the record. (If you can afford to send out review records, you can afford to pack them

Back issues

Issues one, two and three are LONG gone. The last six copies of issue four went within six weeks of issue seven coming out -- told you they were limited. Ahh, wait! All except ONE ...

#4 (Jul '86): Greenhouse Effect, Hunters and Collectors, Marigolds, Fallen Angels (now Palisades), Church, Love Pump, Rabbit's Wedding, Stems cartoon, WA Original Music Awards, Perth family tree #1 (Stems/Gostarts/Bamboos/Kryptonics).

One of those remarkable things, a zine with the exact time and place to document a volatile and happening scene meaningfully ... but with that youthful enthusiasm still intact. On overdrive. A collector's piece.

This item will go to the highest bidder by January 31st, 1989. Minimum bid A\$20, not including postage. No personal cheques please.

#5 (Oct '86): Martha's Vineyard, Blue Ruin, Died Pretty (F. Brunetti vs. The World), Citadel Records (circa CIT 024), Errol H. Tout, Flamin' Groovies, The Waltons, Gravybillies, Paul Kelly (just before fame), A Company Of Angels (starring the illustrious Gabrielle), Sydney punk. This one's a different matter ... I have a million of these bastards sitting here. Dunno why, it was a really good issue. Just did too many I guess. This one is \$1 for letter-sending folk. Whoever wins the copy of PF#4 gets one of these free. Distributors can have 'em for 75¢ each -- phone to confirm availability, send payment and I'll send the zines.

#6 (Mar '87): Kryptonics #2, And An A (five pages), Kim Williams and the Summer

MAD -- GET EVEN. The best way to get even is to write your own zine and best the shit out of PF in the good old free marketplace. A one-page fortnightly photocopied dirt-sheet, even; anything.

note: it's also a real help if articles don't date easily, and/or updates are simple and readily available.

Advertising

Full-page: \$50. (185 x 271mm)

Full-page w/ extra colour: \$80.

Back-page: \$80. (1 extra colour)

Two-thirds: \$34. (123 x 270mm)

One-half: \$26. (185 x 132mm)

One-third: \$17. (123 x 132mm, or if you prefer 60 x 270mm)

One-sixth: \$9 (60 x 132mm)

One-ninth: \$6 (60 x 88mm)

Spot colour: \$30 per colour per page.

Any graphic design: \$40 extra plus cost of bromides etc. (ie. do it yourself, because I don't really want to.)

so that they arrive safely -- record-size packing isn't hard to find.) Four thicknesses is the absolute minimum for anything from overseas -- which almost never arrive intact (the record is usually playable, but the sleeve is always at least slightly, and usually a lot more than slightly, mangled). Take care with your precious records.

CASSETTES: Size 0 padded bag is the go here -- that's a tape-sized envelope with bubble-wrap inside. Or a same-size cardboard box, possibly with extra padding.

MAGAZINES: Mark it "DO NOT FOLD, DO NOT BEND, DO NOT CRUSH" on both sides of the envelope or I guarantee they will do all three. This applies to photos, too. A padded bag is probably excessive expense for zines, though.

If an item gets killed, maimed or even bruised in the post, I'll let you know (valuable feedback). I would greatly appreciate receiving the same concerning anything I send out.

Suns, Painters & Dockers, The Homecoming, The Fate, Huxton Creepers, Headonist (now Purple Hearts), Jackals, Die Monster Die, Deadly Hume, Psychotic Turnbuckles, Perth family tree #2 (Victims/Scientists/Manikins/Gurus/Rockets). \$2. Twelve copies left.

#7 (Oct '87): Greg Dear, Pontiac Conspiracy, Stu Spasm/Lubricated Goat, White Cross, Lime Spiders, Triffids, Rabbit's Wedding, Diddywah Hoodaddys, Freuds, Kansas City Killers, Caterwaul. \$2 single copies, \$1.20 distributors.

Postage

Within Australia: A\$1.00 extra on total.

Overseas SAL (if available): A\$3.60 extra.

Overseas airmail: A\$4.50 extra.

Payment

Australia: Cash (well-hidden), cheque or money-order. Isn't the passing of the two-dollar note a piss-off.

Overseas: *NO* PERSONAL CHEQUES -- I may send 'em back or I may not bother. Send a bank-cheque/International Money Order in Australian dollars; or, better yet, Australian, US or UK CASH (very well-hidden).

ESSENTIAL: Make EVERYTHING payable to DAVID GERARD. Is that CLEAR WITH EVERYONE??? (Cheques made out to Party Fears will be regarded as would a three-week-dead mouse, though of perhaps slightly lower general utility. See above, the fate of overseas personal cheques.)

I found Mick to be a, er, pleasant cynic. He's very expressive in his facial gestures, is quietly spoken except for the occasional burst of chuckling or laughter and takes his time when it's needed to answer the questions as accurately as possible. Among other things, we chatted about music in general. I confess that I was trying, in some inept way, to draw out those "influence" things, preferably without sounding like a complete pillock; what I deduced from his replies is ... he doesn't have any. Not influences as such; he enjoys musical forms from the Reels to Hasil Adkins to Sonic Youth to John Lee Hooker -- but I reckon this guy's "influences" are simply the creation/existence of music in its possible forms ... the quality of it and his tastes are his own, but it can't be pinned down to, say, the fact that he likes Lee Hazelwood ... Lee Hazelwood ain't the influence, nor is his music; that the music is possible, and contains further possibilities of musical form, is influence enough. That's it, really.

The interview has of course been reorganised from its original haphazard and chatty format, but I've tried to preserve the flavour of the conversation ...

Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds section

Does Nick always get last night's sort of reaction (Feb '88), a field day of "let's insult Nick Cave"?

"Oh, it often happens, sometimes people think that's what he wants; they seem to think that the impression he gives is of a big tough guy, and therefore he'll respect you if you insult him. That's ridiculous, but it happens a lot."

I noticed there were a large number of women who were most vocal, is that unusual?

"It was quite unusual; it was quite a small crowd last night, and we're not really used to playing to that small a crowd; I think that sort of incited it a bit. Nick was just winding up the crowd from the beginning, saying, 'Oh, I feel sick,' so that everyone would feel like he wasn't giving a good performance. Actually, he sang really well last night. It was quite a good gig, I thought."

He's quite a skilled ironist in his way, isn't he? (hilarity)

Oh, you know what I mean. He's quite good at baiting; he's a terrific showman.

"Yes, I do know what you mean ... He's a terrific showman, that's his finest ... his greatest talent ... and that covers just about everything!" (laughs) "I was laughing at what Nick was saying, just thinking of all the people that would respond, how many wouldn't get it. He did feel sick, but he was also doing it deliberately so that people wouldn't think they were getting a poor show. I was just thinking about all the people who would believe it because Nick was telling them ... but that's just the way it goes. I don't think the audience reaction really affects me at all that much."

"Last night wasn't an example of this, but some nights Nick is totally disinterested in playing ..."

Do you blame him for this?

"Not at all! I think that if he doesn't feel well or inspired that night, I'd much rather he did a bad show than pull off some slick professional kind of thing, I'd much rather he were just bad that night, it's a lot more honest."

The audience might not agree ...

"Well, the audience might want 'professionalism,' I suppose, but it just happens that way, it's always been a part of what we do. The good nights make up for the bad nights. The kind of good nights we have just would not happen if we were that sort of slick, it wouldn't be the same thing at all; it would be a completely different group you were watching."

He winds the press up a bit too, doesn't he?

That's Mick at the back there, on drums.



Mick Harvey

by Effigy 1+2

"Yeah, well, he doesn't like them, so it's not surprising. He's certainly not particularly open with them any more."

Is it any particular country, or is it just in general?

"It's just general, really ... which it shouldn't be, but that's just the way Nick is; he's not particularly 'logical'."

A description of Nick that a friend of mine came up with after seeing the Birthday Party in 1981 and chatting with Nick for a couple of hours was, "He's just a really sweet, nice guy, with a few weirdy bits ..."

"With a few weirdy bits?! Well, he is actually a very nice guy, but very few people get to see it because they always throw something on him before he has a chance to be himself, and then of course he just shuts off. He gets something totally artificial that isn't anything to do with him at all thrown at him, and he shuts off, and then the whole thing can just get worse ... so people have all these weird encounters with him and think he's a freak, or a total bastard, or whatever ..."

About the "Kicking Against The Pricks" LP -- I heard it was to be a double LP and that it was nearly finished in February '86 ... it's a single LP ... what happened?

"We recorded about twenty-three or so backing tracks, but a lot of them weren't that great; some of the ones on the album are just 'okay' too ... they don't all sparkle. 'Long Black Veil' could have been left on the shelf, surely. It became ordinary; a lot of the songs were just average and didn't really deserve release."

Is that why the note on the inside sleeve reading, "Time & money wasted at Richmond Recorders"?

"No, no, it's not that. That's a long story ... We were meant to be using 'dead' time on a special rate 'cos Nick was doing endless overdubs; they made a special deal that he could go in whenever they had dead time, and it was meant to be confirmed with us that we were doing it -- and it very often wasn't, because we just weren't

free to go in at midnight on two hours' notice -- and we came to the end of the sessions, and they billed Mute for everything, all their dead time right through the last couple of months, and not only that, but at full rate too. Then they held the tapes until they were paid, and we were in Germany and couldn't get them. Then the tapes didn't arrive and we wasted studio time in Germany. I feel really pissed off with all that ... the guy who did all that is in jail now, so it's not 'Richmond Recorders,' it was just this guy who was running the place at the time; we should just have put his name on it."

Have the Bad Seeds been to Japan again?

"No, no, we haven't ..."

Will you get a similar riotous reception?

"I think most people who go there get some form of riotous reception ..."

They're really into pop stars there, aren't they?

"Yeah. There's a real pop star problem over there, so you get very strange behaviour. If people are well-known enough to go to Japan, there's going to be that sort of response waiting for them."

"It is quite hard to go there; since that tour we've tried to organise another, but with the Japanese it's got to be tied in with the new album release and it's got to be at the right time of the year, so it gets complicated. Neubauten toured there and were massively successful; they sell more records there than anywhere else in the world."

Even Germany?

"Yeah, 'cos the Japanese really like the Germans, they've got this long-standing thing going ..."

!!

"Well, it makes sense to me; they've both got a national mind; they're both totally efficient; they both lost the last war; they're both really rich countries; they've got quite a lot in common ..."



"So, Neubauten represent one extreme of 'German/European avant-garde music' ... and because every form of music has an audience in Japan, because they like its style for one reason or another, everyone directed their attention to Neubauten, and so they were really successful.

"But they haven't been able to do a follow-up tour for three years, for the same kind of reasons as us: they're going there again when the next album comes out, they put off the release of the album so that it's timed right for Japan, and then the Japanese go, 'Oh, uh, no, no, not now; is not right time.'"

What did you feel like walking around Japan?

"Quite strange, because I've always woken up at six in the morning! Nick said it was like going to a health farm for a week ... I'm no expert on Japan, so I'd rather not come up with some mundane observations."

What happened to Barry Adamson? He was advertised for this tour.

"They must have just picked up some old record and thought he was still in the group. He had a kind of tempestuous stay in the Bad Seeds, anyway; pretty much blighted during his time with us in his personal life, which I won't go into for obvious reasons. He actually stopped playing with us for a while because things had simply gotten out of control in certain areas; and then they got better, and he came back in again. Then we did the tour of Australia, and he was really good that tour. He's a really fantastic bass-player.

"I think he's had enough of groups, I think he's just decided it was time he did something for himself rather than just make everyone else sound great. That's kind of an outrageous statement to make, but it's true. He told me, 'ohh, I just don't want to be on tour all the time.'

"He set to work on doing soundtracks and stuff. He's been doing that for about two years now and practically recorded a whole album, the soundtrack to the feature film that he's writing the script to, and

the soundtrack album comes first! Some of it's really great, too. He's got it scripted, the music and atmosphere all set up. He also did five minutes for one section of the new Derek Jarman film, and some ad. He's trying to get into that field.

"He toured with Iggy Pop, the second half of last year. I saw them on that tour and they were just fantastic. I've seen Iggy several times over the years and always thought he was really disappointing, for obvious reasons; but last year the band were really good and he was fantastic. Maybe he finally sat back and listened to what he'd done over the years, realised what was good and decided to do the good songs. I thought the band handled them really well.

"That was good to see, and Barry really enjoyed doing that. He was going to be on Iggy's new album, but I think he ran into problems with the management and just went, 'aaah, forget it.' Shame in a way, I think Barry would have helped him do a really good record."

Did you hear his last record?

"No, just the singles. Iggy apparently didn't like the production on it. He obviously went back to working with Bowie 'cos his two best albums were done with him, but I don't think he liked the way it went. He really wants to make a similar album without old droopy drawers around ... I mean, he probably realised Barry had the right idea in his head, but it hasn't happened. Seems like, now Iggy's got hit records and stuff, he's in those channels."

I didn't know what to expect when Nick released his first album.

"No? I was surprised, too."

I was impressed by it ...

"It's alright for a first album, it's not that great. It's really patchy and strange, and everything's obviously done in a completely different manner to the way we've worked before. Some of it worked and some of it didn't."

Which songs do you think didn't?

"It's overall in a way ... 'Cabin Fever' doesn't really work, although it's got some great things about it, the same

about 'From Her To Eternity', it's actually just a kind of mess.

"That's not necessarily to criticise the songs in themselves, just the way they were handled or recorded, or whether they were effective. 'From Her ...' is a great song, and we've actually recorded a version of it for the new Wim Wenders film. I'm not sure it's totally the way it should be; it's kind of like a live version of the song, it's a very different version, and it's a lot stronger than the one on the first album."

Who the hell is Tim Rose?!

"He's this strange guy. He used to be in a group called the Big Three in the early-to-mid-60's, and he's done a few solo albums. One had a song he wrote called 'Morning Dew', which has been done by quite a few people -- Lee Hazelwood, Marc Almond, Neubauten on their new album ... though I think they've done a bad version of it ..."

Their version of "Sand" was good.

"Yeah! There's this one Tim Rose album which I think Blixa stole from some Canadian radio station, this really rare record. It's got some great stuff on it, a great version of 'Hey Joe' before Hendrix', 'Long Time Man' ... I've got a tape of it back in Berlin. It's a pretty scratchy record; I should think it would be impossible to find by now, I've never seen a copy of it anywhere."

(STOP PRESS: The Tim Rose album has been reissued on Edsel in the UK and so should now be readily available -- ed.)

Do you think the Bad Seeds will ever do a live album?

"Hahaahahahahahahahaha!"

No? I gather not?

"No, we wouldn't be organised enough. I don't think there's much need, there's about three or four bootlegs going around in Germany. I don't feel the need to do one; if people really want one, they can get one of those."

I just wondered ... some of the things that are said or happen are pretty peculiar to the stage ... like "Black Betty" last night, with you and Blixa with those big silly grins ...

"Singing out of sync with each other?" Yeah, that was wonderful. How often have you actually done that song?

"Ummm, er ... about twice."

It sort of showed.

"We did a great version of it in Italy once which went for about fifteen minutes, because Nick was really drunk and improvised the whole time, so we just kept going. It was much faster, and we had a stage with wooden floorboards so everyone was stomping and stuff, it was quite funny ... I mean, it must have been all right if Nick kept it going for fifteen minutes. I think he went straight into some song and we had to start playing it, going, 'what the hell is he doing?!'"

Tell me about the new Bad Seeds album.

"We've recorded about fifteen songs, we just have to finish a few of them and decide which ones we want on the record; which ones we go ahead and mix for the album. It's extremely varied in style, so I couldn't tell you what the album's going to end up like, because it all depends on what we choose; we could choose certain songs, and the headlines would scream, 'Nick Cave Records Pop Album!!!' ... but those ones probably won't be on the record, so I won't say that. It's a lot more 'up', the songs are more ... pacy; a lot of our records have a lot of slower songs on them."

Are you going back to England for another tour?

"I'm not going back to England, hopefully, for any tour. We might do a couple of gigs there ... by default!"

You don't like playing there?

"No, not at all. It's a shithole.

There seems to be a severe problem in England with the people's preconceptions. England's the worst place for that by far. You can smell it in the air, and you can't combat it; so it's like you're wasting your time apart from about ten percent of the

audience. They've got a set idea about what they wanted before they arrived, and very often they get it even if they didn't get it at all. That's how bad it is.

"We do play there occasionally, it is very difficult. We didn't play there at all last year, but we didn't play a lot of places last year.

"You can play and get a reasonable amount of money in London, if you can discount the British audience problem being at its worst in London. It's just the conditions once you go touring around the country ... the way you get treated by the clubs ... the food you have to eat that's always in a lump ... it's just unpleasant. Each club varies, of course ... it's just everything, really.

"By contrast, when you go to the Continent, you just get treated so well by everybody. They usually have all the right equipment, they take you out for dinner and they're really interested in the group. In England they couldn't care less."

You've just repeated most of what the Lizard Train told us about Europe. (See Effigy's "Delay" #1 -- ed.)

"That's the way it is, it's so patently obvious after the first few minutes of being somewhere, how you're being treated, that you can't help but notice. It's just not very pleasant, playing in England."

Kind of a shame ...

"No, not really, why bother playing there? Germany and France are both bigger markets than England, if you want to talk about markets.

"There's also this press thing in England, where so many people pay attention to the music press. You can't get around that, unfortunately. We just put in a minimum number of gigs to make an appearance in the country.

"The situation exists because of the appalling condition of radio in England; the music press exists to service the youth of Britain, usually in their late teens, who don't have any decent radio to listen to. It's completely different in Australia; if it were the case here, then RAM and papers like that would be that influential. As is they're not that influential (however obviously much they achingly wish they were -- ed), they're just a service.

The UK papers tend to say that a band is such-and-such, the reader thinks, "that sounds like what I'd be interested in," goes and sees the band, and if the band's not like that at all they blame the band for not living up to its promise, rather than the paper for its mistake. And if the paper had been more accurate, the reader might actually have liked them.

"Yeah, but also people don't often get to hear for themselves what a group is like in England; they decide before they've heard the group. As a consequence, the UK music press has become very powerful and sell a lot of papers; they cover a broad area, all sorts of groups that are up and coming, and people in America and Australia get to hear about these groups in that way too.

"If there were strong radio in England, the music press wouldn't exist in that form, they couldn't. They wouldn't get away with what they do now because people would hear the music first and then make up their minds, and we wouldn't get these journalists being able to completely bullshit the whole time about things.

"One thing I've noticed is how many groups in Australia still seem to be able to follow their own path ... there's still the potential for groups to be really good here, untainted somehow.

"In England, the lure of big money and fame is just so close and so easily accessible that people fall for it early on in their careers; they see the temptation, and the ones with the biggest egos, usually the singers and songwriters, go and get taken in by it. That doesn't really exist here; unless you always intended to be commercial anyway, you're given years to develop, to feel bitter, to work it out over and over."

Ollie Olsen's been going for a while

now, he's done some very good stuff ...

"I know, I know he has, he's quite bitter too!"

Is he bitter, or ...?

"I think he is actually quite bitter, yeah. We all started off in Melbourne at the same time, and there is, although I don't get involved in it, a very strong level of competition between the people who started off at that time. There was in the late 70's, anyway; a very bad competitive streak running through. It can be healthy, I suppose, but usually it isn't.

"Ollie's always had a bit of an obsession about Nick, anyway; and one about Rowland (Howard), because Ollie and Rowland were in a group together (the Young Charlatans) at one stage, writing half the songs each and singing half the songs each.

"Ollie's still here, still struggling, trying to get a start in some way, and I think he must feel pretty bitter about the Birthday Party going overseas and getting popular, and now Nick's band. I really like a lot of Ollie's stuff, and if he wasn't so bitter he'd probably like a lot of our stuff too."

Doesn't he?

"Oh, I don't think he'd allow himself to ..."

(later)

"Is Adelaide really dead these days? It seems to be."

Not many people go out to gigs; they go out and see that crud that support you now ...

"The Mad Turks!?"

They're the most dull bunch of ...

"Yeah, they did seem quite dull to me."

(That's what I like to see! Gratuitous slagoffs! Keep it up guys! -- ed.)

The best bands in Adelaide at the moment are the Lizard Train and Bloodloss; a couple of others aren't bad.

"I just remember Truck. Truck were wonderful! Truck were great! I like Truck!"

!! (pleased surprise!)

"Truck are a good band!"

You should have seen their first few

shows, they were funnier than the time they supported you ...

"I bet! They were all funny! In fact ... they might be doing a guest spot for twenty minutes, I invited them ..."

(Truck, a.k.a. Raw Meat, with Lynton Cox, Tony Cohen, Kym Tonks and someone else I've forgotten, played to a slightly bemused crowd right after the Mad Turks on 24/2/88, the second Bad Seeds gig here in Adelaide. Naturally a lot of people not only had no idea who or what this band were but most accepted their presence with weary tolerance, which didn't really differ all that much from the way the Bad Seeds were received. Raw Meat looked nothing like the Bad Seeds, and it was amusing to hear the (dead serious!) question, "where's Nick Cave?" That was fun.)

"Well, after the Mad Turks, I thought we needed something. We were a bit stunned backstage with that group ... we were going 'oh my God, what a throwback ...'"

What do you think of the Swans?

"I don't go for the Swans really. Nick thinks the Swans are just unbelievably fantastic."

How's your hearing?

"Oh, it's fine. Seems to be better than most people's. I think I have slightly damaged my right ear from one night when I was playing drums and I had a monitor on my right. Barry gave the monitor mixer some kind of instruction which he interpreted as 'turn my guitar up full in Mick's monitor,' and it just went BANG, like that. This guitar was coming out of here, for three-quarters of 'Avalanche,' at white noise level; you know that level where your eardrum just turns over and you don't hear any more? Just CCZZCZSKSKZXSKSSK; it was like that for about five minutes, I couldn't get away because I was stuck playing on the drums, and the monitor man couldn't see me ... but that's all. The general level of playing hasn't damaged my hearing at all."

Part 2 Next Issue



White Cross

This tree is an exercise to document the roots of WHITE CROSS

HERES THE DISCLAIMER:
As many of the bands are from the early 80's and the information has been collected mainly in 1987 the dates are quite dodgy so if you disagree with the dates or anything else please advise.

Although the RIVETS, ORIGINALS & the FLAVOURS were differently named they all played FLAVOURS songs, thus the only difference between the RIVETS & ORIGINALS was the names.

RIVETS 1980

KIRK GODFREY gtr/vcls	TREVOR RICHARDS bass/vcls	DAMIAN WARD guitar	ASHLEY DAVIES drums
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ORIGINALS 1980

KIRK GODFREY gtr/vcls	TREVOR RICHARDS bass/vcls	DAMIAN WARD guitar	ASHLEY DAVIES drums
-----------------------------	---------------------------------	--------------------------	---------------------------

FLAVOURS#1 1981

DAMIAN WARD guitar	KIRK GODFREY gtr/vcls	TREVOR RICHARDS bass/vcls	MICHAEL VIVIAN drums
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FLAVOURS#2 1981

KIRK GODFREY gtr/vcls	TREVOR RICHARDS bass/vcls	MICHAEL VIVIAN drums
-----------------------------	---------------------------------	----------------------------

Kirk went on to BIG RED TRACTOR and Michael to MAINLY MODERN

Damian Ward went on to find relative fame & fortune with some of Perth's infamous cover bands: V-CAPRI, PERFECT STRANGERS, PERSAUDERS, GATECRASHERS & RIFFS

THE SOFT ONES when in its early stages was known under 2 other names first JIMS GIFT then FAUVE PEOPLE. In 1984 the SOFT ONES went off the road with the idea of recording but only broke-up Tanya, Ashley & Peter drifted off to Melbourne and started jamming with Nigel. Tanya left soon after turning up later in ELROY FLICKER & THE FITZROY GUTTERSUGS in Perth

NOTE: Tanya, Ashley & Peter travelled over to Melbourne separately.

Although the other members of WHITE CROSS have been in other bands this is PAULA HENDERSON'S first band.

Nigel had been in other bands which aren't included in the tree. One of the bands he was in was a high school band in 1975/76 with Crispin Akerman (ended up in THE EUROGLIDERS) playing STATUS QUO covers. Another more prominent band he was in was AND AN A which Nigel played in at the same time as STRAY TAPES & GERMAN HUMOUR.

DISCOGRAPHY:
WHITE CROSS:
WHEN THE FABRICS TORN (6 track 12")
THE BRIDE (L.P.) both CRASH RECORDS with STEVE LUCAS:
DOUBLE CROSS (L.P.)
City Song/Mr Anfenger's Putrid Fish Both RAMPANT RECORDS
GERMAN HUMOUR:
DUTCH COURAGE (Cassette)
STRAY TAPES:
FLASHCUBE 7"EP
track LIGHTS ON on LAST GASP COMP
FLAVOURS:
track WORDS & MEANINGS on LAST GASP COMPILATION
last 3 on RESONANT RECORDS

Peter Stafford was a founding member of the HELICOPTERS previous to joining the LE VICIOUS YOYOS.

LE VICIOUS YOYOS
NOV 1981-APR 1982

PETER STAFFORD gtr/vcls	PETER TAYLOR bass	ASHLEY DAVIES drums
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BIG RED TRACTOR

After LE VICIOUS YOYOS Ashley played as a fill in drummer as a favour for a friend in a band called RUIB12, he only played about six gigs... then came the SOFT ONES.

SOFT ONES

MAY 1983-FEB 1984

TERRY LOCKWOOD guitar	JAMES HOWE bass	TANYA DAVIES vocals	ASHLEY DAVIES drums	PETER MATHER guitar	LINDSAY BOLANDEROS saxophone
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WHITE CROSS#1

EARLY 1985-AUG 1985

TANYA DAVIES vocals	ASHLEY DAVIES drums	PETER MATHER gtr/vcls	NIGEL HARFORD bass/vcls
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WHITE CROSS#2

AUG 1985-JAN 1986

ASHLEY DAVIES drums	PETER MATHER gtr/vcls	NIGEL HARFORD bass/vcls
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WHITE CROSS#3

JAN 1986-PRESENT

ASHLEY DAVIES drums	PETER MATHER gtr/vcls	NIGEL HARFORD bass/vcls	PAULA HENDERSON saxophone
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STRAY TAPES#1

MID 1980

NIGEL HARFORD bass/gtr	PETER BATES gtr	NEIL GRIMES drums	NICK BETTS vocals
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ZOOTIME/PART-TIME EUROGLIDERS
DJ
MANAGER

STRAY TAPES#2

1980/81

NIGEL HARFORD vcls/gtr	PETER BATES gtr	MARK OLOUGHLIN bass	NEIL GRIMES drums
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Even though the sleeve seems to say otherwise this is the line up that recorded the FLASHCUBE EP

STRAY TAPES#3

1981

NIGEL HARFORD vcls/gtr	PETER BATES gtr	MARK OLOUGHLIN bass	ROSS PHILPOTT drums
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STRAY TAPES#4

1981

NIGEL HARFORD vcls/gtr	PETER BATES gtr	ANDREW CHAMBERS keyboards	MARK OLOUGHLIN bass	ROSS PHILPOTT drums
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SILENT TYPE/
NEVER NEVER/
GOSTARTS REUNION/ESELS

STRAY TAPES#5

LATE 1981

NIGEL HARFORD vcls/gtr	PETER BATES gtr	ANDREW DALY drums	ANDREW CHAMBERS keyboards	MARK OLOUGHLIN bass
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RIVEL TRIBES

STRAY TAPES#6

1981/82

NIGEL HARFORD vcls/gtr	PETER BATES gtr	LIZ FINN bass	ANDREW DALY drums	ANDREW CHAMBERS keyboards
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MIXING/LIGHTS

STRAY TAPES#7

1982

NIGEL HARFORD vcls/gtr	PETER BATES gtr	LIZ FINN bass/ keyboards	ANDREW DALY drums
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The location of ANDREW DALY, NEIL GRIMES & JOHN AWLAN is currently unknown

STRAY TAPES#8

EARLY-MID 1982

NIGEL HARFORD vcls/gtr	PETER BATES gtr	LIZ FINN bass/ keyboards	JOHN AWLAN drums
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GERMAN HUMOUR

NOV 1982-JAN 1984

NIGEL HARFORD bass/vcls	PETER BATES gtr/vcls	ADRIAN WOOD keyboards/ trumpet
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all members on percussion

LIZ FINN (who had previously been in the TEENY WEENYS) went on to play in FUNK DER-KLUMPIN

in the wake of GERMAN HUMOUR disbanding Peter went off to Europe for a holiday since returning to Perth hasn't played in any bands and now mixes for AND AN A. Adrian went on to play in JUST ADD WATER and LOVE PUMP which is dealt with by a separate family tree by ROSS CHISHOLM.

Members of the LE VICIOUS YOYOS had high hopes held for the band but after 6 months of rehearsals only managed to play 2 gigs then disbanded. Some trivia: Peter Taylor went under the pseudonym THOMAS COVENANT (Stephen Donaldson Trilogies)

THANKS go to the following people for their assistance and information :- PETER BATES, ASHLEY DAVIES, PETE FRAME, NIGEL HARFORD, ROSS CHISHOLM, ALEXANDER LIBRARY, DNA & HARRY BUTLER

BY BRAD LAMBERT (1987)

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Daisy: It all started in 1976 when both Dave McComb and Alan(Alsy) McDonald were still at school, and started practicing together in their bedrooms. They added Phil Kakulas along the way. Daisy put down a number of recordings with various people helping out.

It wasn't until 1983 that the Triffids actually released an album. However prior to that they had been fairly prolific in the way of cassettes:-
 Tape 1: had Alan, Dave, and Phil with help from Andrew McGowan and Kirk Godfrey (g) - recorded May 78
 Tape 2: lineup #2 recorded Sept 78
 Tape 3: lineup #2 recorded Feb 79
 Tape 4: lineup #3 recorded Aug 79
 Tape 5: lineup #4 recorded Mar/Apr 80
 Tape 6: lineups 5&6
 The Dungeon Tapes and Son of the Dungeon Tapes collected various bits and pieces from 79-83. The Last Gasp cassette featured lineup #6 and was in part a rerelease of the E.P. already released by that lineup.
 All the Triffids tapes were to be rereleased sometime via Easter Records.

DALSY 11/76-late 77

Dave Alan Phil
 McComb McDonald Kakulas
 (b+v) (dms+v) (g+v)

ERIC + THE IONS 78 BLOC MUSIC/TRIFFIDS #1 2/78- mid 78

Anton Graeme Gavin Byron Alan Dave Phil Andrew
 Curlow Taylor White Sinclair McDonald McComb Kakulas McGowan
 (kazoo) (g+pno) (v) (b) (dms+v) (b+v) (g+v) (g)

TIGER MOUNTAIN BAND late 77- late 78

Vic Dennis Bruce Rob Rob
 Lundy Byrne Gilbert Britten McComb
 (b) (g) (g+v) (dms) (vln)

TRIFFIDS #2 mid 78- early 79

Dave Alan Byron Phil
 McComb McDonald Sinclair Kakulas
 (g+v) (dms+v) (b) (g+v)

TRIFFIDS #3 early 79- late 79

Dave Rob Byron Alan Will Phil Kim
 McComb McComb Sinclair McDonald Akers Kakulas Williams
 (g+v) (g+vln) (b) (dms+v) (b) (g+v) (g+v)

REAL DREAMERS #1 79

Alan Byron Phil Kim
 McDonald Sinclair Kakulas Williams
 (dms) (b) (g+v) (g+v)

Triffids etc

In January 1982 the Triffids went to Sydney. In May Will Akers fell sick and split back to Perth. He was going to rejoin when he was better, so the band drafted Byron back in for a while. When they came back to Perth Will told them he wasn't well enough to rejoin, so they brought in Martin Casey.

Simon Cromack an old school friend was brought in to the Triffids as manager (they needed one, but didn't want one), added percussion when needed. After the Triffids Byron Sinclair played with And An A for one gig, supporting the Birthday Party. Phil Kakulas has more or less left rock music. Since Wanderlust Trio split he has been gigging solo, as well as working with 'Crab Tango' - Phil (g), Mark Cain (keys), and Tim Chambers (g+perc).

Most of the Triffids from lineup #11 appear on the Lawson Square Infirmary mini album. It was designed as an outlet for some of the more country leanings of certain members. Apart from members of the Triffids, it also included James Patterson and Graeme Lee. It was from this project that Lee was introduced to the Triffids, whom of course he joined some time later.

Both Russel Wilson and Ron Fleckner went on to play with the Rising Sons after Ground Zero. See Scientists family tree for further details. Spec Tragic was a Sydney based group.

NOBODIES #1 2/80- early 81

Martin Matthew Steve
 Casey Stirling Eskine
 (b) (g+v) (dms)

NOBODIES #2 early 81- 8/81

Mark Matthew Charles
 Apeland Stirling Tango
 (dms) (g+v) (b)

NOBODIES #3 9/81- early 82

Mark Matthew Charles
 Peters Stirling Tango
 (dms) (g+v) (b)

Q-DECAH early 82- 7/82

Elliot Matthew Sharon Steve Bourgl
 Morris Stirling Price Vuduris
 (b) (g) (v) (dms+v) (g+k)

TRIFFIDS #4 late 79- 4/80

Dave Rob Margaret Alan Byron
 McComb McComb Gillard McDonald Sinclair
 (g+v) (g+vln) (k) (dms+v) (b)

TRIFFIDS #5 4/80- 9/81

Mark Dave Rob Will Margaret
 Peters McComb McComb Akers Gillard
 (dms) (g+v) (g+vln) (b+v) (k)

TRIFFIDS #6 9/81- 1/82

Dave Rob Alan Will Margaret
 McComb McComb McDonald Akers Gillard
 (g+v) (g+vln) (dms+v) (b+v) (k)

TRIFFIDS #7 1/82- 5/82

Jill Dave Rob Alan Will
 Yates McComb McComb McDonald Akers
 (k) (g+v) (g+vln) (dms+v) (b+v)

TRIFFIDS #8 6/82- 9/82

Dave Rob Alan Byron Jill
 McComb McComb McDonald Sinclair Yates
 (g+v) (g+vln) (dms+v) (b) (k)

TRIFFIDS #9 9/82- 1/83

Dave Rob Alan Martin Simon
 McComb McComb McDonald Casey Cromack
 (g+v) (g+vln) (dms+v) (b) (perc)

TRIFFIDS #10 1/83- 6/83

Dave Rob Alan Martin
 McComb McComb McDonald Casey Birt
 (g+v) (g+vln) (dms+v) (b)

TRIFFIDS #11 6/83- 2/85

Dave Rob Alan Martin Jill
 McComb McComb McDonald Casey Birt
 (g+v) (g+vln) (dms+v) (b) (k+v)

TRIFFIDS #12 2/85- now

Rob Martin Jill Graeme Dave Alan Gary Will
 McComb Casey Birt Lee McComb McDonald Jennings Akers
 (g+vln) (b) (k+v) (pd st) (g+v) (dms+v) (g) (b+v)

WHAT LITTLE BOYS ARE MADE OF #1 7/82

Jill Liz Mary Beverley
 Birt Dear Cameron Howell
 (k+v) (b+v) (g) (dms)

WHAT LITTLE BOYS ARE MADE OF #2 8/82- 12/82

Jill Liz Mary Beverley Flick
 Birt Dear Cameron Howell Dear
 (k+v) (b+v) (g) (dms) (g)

HOLY ROLLERS #1 7/84- 2/85

Will Flick Greg Craig
 Akers Dear Dear Chisholm
 (b) (dms) (g+v) (b+g)

HOLY ROLLERS #2 2/85- 6/85

Will Flick Greg Craig
 Akers Dear Dear Chisholm
 (b) (dms) (g+v) (b+g)

HOLY ROLLERS #3 6/85- 11/86

Flick Craig Kim Greg
 Dear Chisholm Williams Dear
 (dms+v) (g) (b+v) (g+v)

CHARLOTTE WEB #1 4/86- 1/87

Jeff Tim Greta Chad
 Lowe Underwood Little Hedley
 (g+v) (g) (b) (dms)

CHARLOTTE WEB #2 3/87- 8/87

Will Craig Flick Jeff
 Akers Chisholm Dear Love
 (b+v) (g) (dms+v) (g+v)

CHARLOTTE WEB #3 9/87- 9/88

Mandy Flick Jeff Craig
 Haines Dear Love Chisholm
 (b) (dms+v) (g+v) (g)

CHARLOTTE WEB #4 10/88- NOW

Laurie Flick Jeff Michael
 Mansell Dear Love Wilenski
 (g) (dms+v) (g+v) (b)

WANDERLUST TRIO #1 83- 84

Phil Sally David
 Kakulas Trewin Backler
 (g) (flute) (g)

WANDERLUST TRIO #2 85- 86

Phil Mark Sally
 Kakulas Cain Trewin
 (dble-b) (rds) (flute)

THE FAMILY 1/83- 2/83

Michael Gary Will James
 Glass Jennings Akers Hurst
 (g+v) (g) (b) (dms)

3 D's 5/82- 9/82

Craig Stu Pete Margaret
 Chisholm Charters Robson Franklin
 (g) (b) (g) (k,perc+v)

ELLEN JAMES SINGERS 5/83- 12/83

Craig Stu James Mark
 Chisholm Charters Hurst Snarski
 (g) (b) (dms) (g+v) (g+v)

HOLY ROLLERS #1 7/84- 2/85

Greg Craig Tony James Mark
 Dear Chisholm Watson Hurst Snarski
 (g+v) (g+v) (b) (dms) (g+v) (g+v)

CHADS TREE #1 1/83- 8/83

Craig Stu James Mark
 Chisholm Charters Hurst Snarski
 (g) (b) (dms) (g+v) (g+v)

CHADS TREE #2 8/83- 10/86

Greg Craig Tony James Mark
 Dear Chisholm Watson Hurst Snarski
 (g+v) (g+v) (b) (dms) (g+v) (g+v)

CHADS TREE #3 10/86- 10/87

Rodney Barry James Mark
 Howard Turnbull Hurst Snarski
 (b) (dms) (g+v) (g,b+v) (k+vln) (b)

CHADS TREE #4 10/87- now

Errol Greg Cliff Russel
 Tout Dear Kent Wilson
 (g+v) (g+v) (b+v) (dms)

BEAUTIFUL LOSERS #1 5/87- 5/88

Errol Greg Cliff Russel
 Tout Dear Kent Wilson
 (g+v) (g+v) (b+v) (dms)

BEAUTIFUL LOSERS #2 6/88

Greg Cliff Russel Gil
 Dear Kent Wilson Bradley
 (g+v) (b+v) (dms) (g)

HABBITTS WEDDING #1 early 84

Cathy Bruce Richard Paul Matthew
 Webb Matthews Shawcross Watling Hall
 (b) (dms) (g) (v) (g)

HABBITTS WEDDING #2 6/84- 1/85

Bruce Richard Paul Matthew
 Matthews Shawcross Watling Hall
 (dms) (g) (g+v) (b)

HABBITTS WEDDING #3 1/85

Bruce Richard Paul Matthew Rebecca
 Matthews Shawcross Watling Hall
 (dms) (g) (g+v) (b) (k)

HABBITTS WEDDING #4 1/85- 5/85

Richard Paul Matthew Rebecca Adam
 Shawcross Watling Hall
 (g) (g+v) (b) (k) (dms)

HABBITTS WEDDING #5 5/85- 6/85

Richard Paul Matthew Russel Rebecca
 Shawcross Watling Hall Wilson
 (g) (g+v) (b) (k) (dms)

HABBITTS WEDDING #6 7/85- 9/85

Richard Paul Matthew Fiona Russel
 Shawcross Watling Hall Boyd Wilson
 (g) (g+v) (b) (k) (dms)

HABBITTS WEDDING #7 9/85- 1/86

Richard Paul Matthew Phil Fiona
 Shawcross Watling Hall Rawlinson
 (g) (g+v) (b) (dms) (k)

HABBITTS WEDDING #8 1/86- 10/87

Richard Paul Phil Matthew
 Shawcross Watling Rawlinson Hall
 (g) (g+v) (dms) (b)

HABBITTS WEDDING #9 1/88- now

Ken Paul Phil Matthew
 Davis Watling Rawlinson Hall
 (k) (g+v) (dms) (b)

The Garry Meadows Syndrome, like Clarinet Magic were holiday bands put together while the various people were back in Perth for Christmas. Both only did a handful of gigs.

Ill Wind started off before the Holy Rollers eventually split. They looked set to get going when Charlottes Web split. All three joined as a temporary measure, which became more permanent. Both Jeff Love and Tim Underwood had been in the Russians.

The Bottomless Schooners of Old were a band put together to play a few acoustic type gigs in Sydney, Melbourne and Perth. The nucleus of the band were: David McComb (g,k+v), Martin Casey (b), Graham Lee (pdl, stl.vv) and Robert Snarski (g+v). Plus Ashley Davies (dms) in Sydney and Melbourne, and Phil Kakulas (perc+v) in Perth. They gigged during June/July 1988.

Thank you's this time for info and help go out to:- Greg Dear, Will Akers, Craig Chisholm, Flick Dear, Kim Williams, Russel Wilson, James Hurst, Byron Sinclair, Phil Kakulas, Simon Cromack, Chad Hedley, Bruce Matthews, Rob McComb, Dave McComb, Pat Monaghan, Rob Sampson and Brad Lambert.

Slaved, sweated over and finally put together by Ross Chisholm for Never Never Land Productions during June/July 87, updated May 88.
 Another one for the Pixie.

The first lineup of the Real Dreamers only managed only one gig- a party. It was so bad they split.

Wanderlust Trio #2 put out a cassette 'Rite of Passage'.

Rabbits Wedding played their first gig 1/7/84 at the Underground. It was the first band for all involved. Fiona Boyd had played in Greenhouse prior to Rabbits Wedding. Phil Rawlinson had been a short lived member of the last lineup of the Peppermint Drops.

Will Akers looked set to join the Holy Rollers. He went to a rehearsal or two, and played on a few numbers at a gig, but split before things became more permanent.

Both Andrew Watt and Scott Sloggatt had been in Just Add Water. Midnight Choir only managed one gig, they never gelled as a group, lack of consensus over direction.

The Triffids, the Holy Rollers, Chads Tree and Rabbits Wedding all appear on the 'Perfect Travelling Companion' cassette released by 60V8-PM.

About time for a few words on Greg Dear. The Holy Rollers was his first band that got as far as gigging. He had 'played' in two bands in 78/79. The first band was called 'Correct Methods' and included Steve Acres (v) - Emsy Sounds/Audio Damage, and Modern Wimps; and Noel Davies (b) - Perfect Strangers!

90-proof candy

Andrea Croft (22) -- voice, guitar, bass, tambourine, sax
 Bruce Begley (>26) -- guitar, vocals
 Grant Shanahan (>26) -- bass, vocals, junk mail
 Michael Dalton, esq. ("one more year and I'm Christ") -- slide, harmonica, guitar-wank
 Brett Thomson (22) -- drums, tambourine
 -- plus Cappucino Pete -- sound-person.

* What were your nicknames at school?
 Andrea: "Penguin. Or Margot, 'cos I

look like Jane Clifton did in 'Prisoner'."

* What was your first crush?
 Andrea: "A surfer boy named Simon. He was a real spunk. I was about ten, I was a late starter. My current crush is Prince."

Brett: "Michelle Hersey was my first female companion, in kindergarten. The genuine one in high school was Corinne Berry. After that it was Kim Wilde, Linda Ronstadt and that. That's why I became a musician."

The Honeys formed in Sydney in August 1987, when ex-Perthians Andrea, Bruce and Grant got together and dragged in Michael, with Phil Rawlinson of Rabbit's Wedding helping on drums until a permanent drummer (Brett) could be found.

Andrea Croft was once in a Perth band of (apparently) extremely potent embarrassment potential. I was told the name of this historical unit by my secret source on three separate occasions and still couldn't remember it, but then again some things are probably best left forgotten. Andrea's twelfth birthday party was apparently a really good fun event; I know this because a PF reporter was present. No escape.

Immediately prior to the formation of the Honeys, Bruce Begley and Grant Shanahan were together in the Slaybells in Melbourne. A few songs from that band are now Honeys songs. In Perth, Bruce was a member of the Modules, and Grant was a member of Scaramouche.

Michael "Blue" Dalton had previously been a member of the Lighthouse Keepers. He's changed a fair bit since then. I first met him in late 1985, interviewing him as a member of the Lighthouse Keepers (got your Party Fears #1 to hand, kids?); I recall him as every bit his image of the sharp young man with a clear understanding of the world, and a faculty for spotting bullshit at one hundred paces and destroying it with a mere word or two. Someone to have around in a verbal fight ... Now he's become a good example of a particularly fine Australian character-type, the Drunken Favourite Uncle, as found at family barbecues and suchlike: shirt undone to second button, a touch flabby, beer-can surgically attached to hand, vastly entertaining to young and somewhat embarrassing to old. A marvellous sort of person to have around. I s'pose the change is part of growing up ...

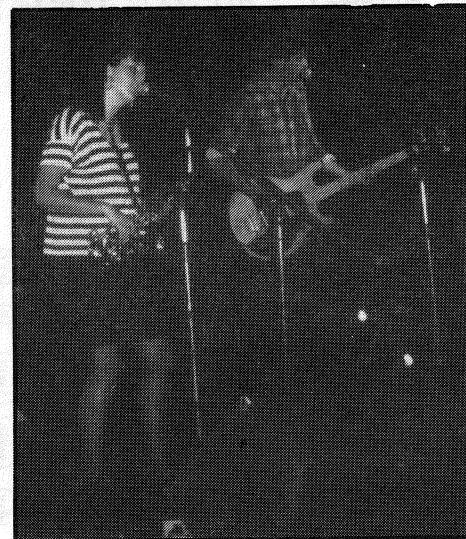
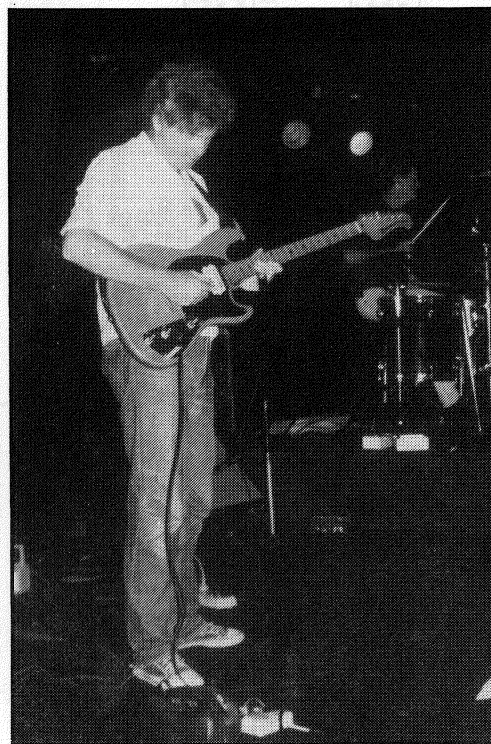
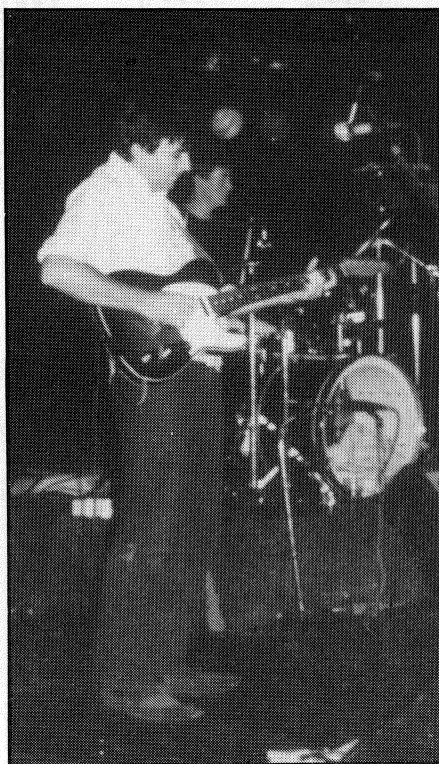
Phil Rawlinson teamed with the band until February 1988 (thus appearing on their tour in December and recording with them on the album -- originally a demo for a single!), when they found young Brett Thomson, of whom I don't have any photos (sorry), and who wears a Morticia badge. (Andrea's is a Nina Hagen.) This is his first "proper" band.

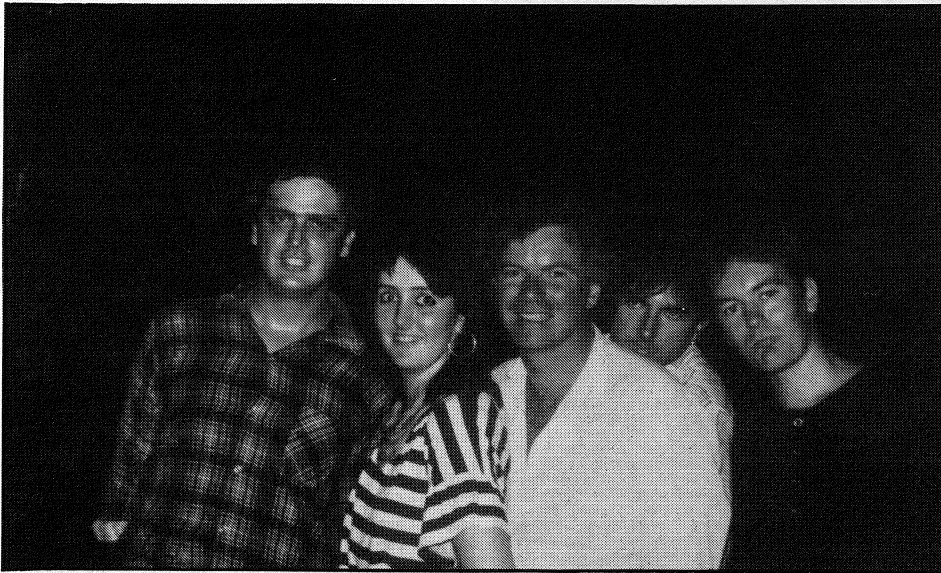
When the band popped over in December 1987 (originally for the purpose of visiting the family at Christmas), I did a lovely interview with them, containing full history, lots of detail on musical ideas, all that good stuff; this tape was unfortunately lost, and so, after one false start in June, the following was bashed together over a totally inedible "meal" of green pasta and vomit at L'Alba Art-Yuppie Cafe. Brett was so inspired by the food as to shout "ANYONE HUNGRY?", but none were fool enough to take him up on it. Andrea merely gathered up all cutlery and napkins and piled them on her plate. Julia and myself thus adjudged that these two were in suitable condition to be pumped for info ...

* Songs:

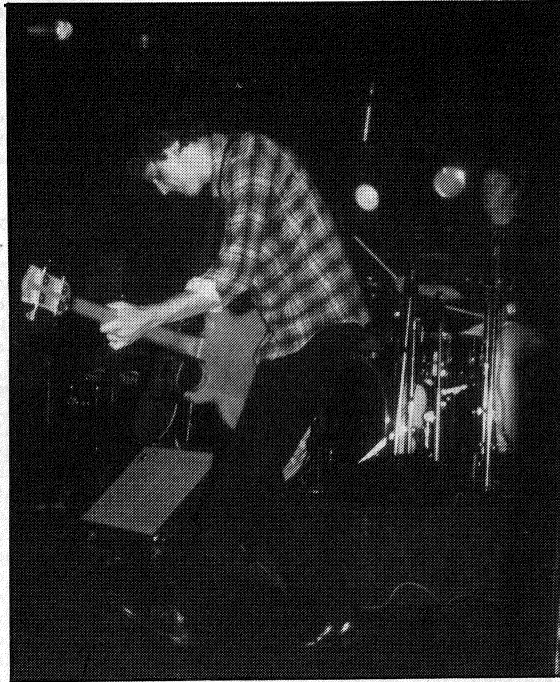
Andrea: "Bruce writes most of them. Grant's written four of them. Four absolute pearlers."

Brett: "Grant's been heavily influenced by Chad Morgan."





Grant, Andrea, Blue, Bruce and someone who ain't a Honey no more.



* First show:
Andrea: "Abba at the Entertainment Centre -- the 'Arrival' tour."
Brett: "The Triffids at the Strawberry Hills, some time in high school."
 * Previous jobs:
Andrea: "I was an undie-folder at Woolworth's, 'my job is very boring I'm an office clerk' and a junk-mailer."
Brett: "A health-food shop assistant, a cheese salesman, I worked at David Jones for a year and then I was a film editor."
Andrea: "We're all Rock Pigs now."
 * What would you change about your body, if you could?
Andrea (instantly): "My liver."
Brett: "Oi wouldn't change moi pecker."
 * What are your groupies like?
Andrea: "Drunk. Drunk and smelly."
Brett: "Mine are frustrated drummers."
Blue: "They're rather more naked than NOOD."
 * What's the most horrible thing you've ever eaten?
Andrea: "Avocado soup. Tastes like ... mmm ... urgh."
Brett: "Goat's milk cheese. They make a goat's milk cheese log, and roll it in ash. It's forty bucks for a little bit like that and it tastes like URINE."
 * Favourite drink!
Andrea: "First is Foster's Lager, then snowballs; then Scotch, Johnnie Walker Red Label -- I'm not cultured enough to tell the difference from Black -- and fourth is Royal Reserve Port, which is three dollars a bottle."
 ("* I * AM * A * PISSEHEAD *")
 "Yeah, that's fair."
Brett: "Apple and guava juice. Great for hangovers. Two: Campari, lemonade and lime. It's what the pofters drink. Three: BEEHR. Worst is gin and orange."
 * Favourite colour:
Andrea: "Purple. Best colour in the world."

So there's the interview for you. As a live experience, the Honeys are a marvel. Simple countryfied tunes belted out good and proper, Andrea's glorious voice and Blue's frantic sizzling slide spinning around each other.

Gretta Little the devoted dancer at all the December shows. The show at the Raffles, Sunday 27th December: Spinx (that is S-P-I-N-F-X for out-of-Perth readers) had cancelled, so the Honeys were considered suitable as a last-minute filler. Although most of the little girls in white heels didn't chance coming in, the few that did showed considerable appreciation of what must have been a wholly new experience for them. The Raffles is a thousand-capacity hole, by the way.

The album, "Goddess" (DAMP-75): despite Waterfront's apparent inability to spell "Gode~~ss~~", the LP is a wondrous spin-out glory, a marvel of joy and a tremendous pick-me-up that had me glowing for a week after I bought it. When the songs are naked before the world, the secret shows up: rather than the songs having hooks, the hook is a melody-line and chord pattern itself, that is to say the entire song; drawing you in. Works wonderfully. They cope equally well in the world of recorded sound as in that of live performance.

They did some more recording in June this year, doing four new tracks ("I'm Obese", "Sick", "The Man Who Was Through With The World" and "Run Run") at Swan Recordings in Trigg. "Man Who Was Through With The World/Sick" is the spanking new 7".

* What do you see as your future?
Andrea: "Financial disaster. Death. Bankruptcy. Angst. Musical conflict. Four new songs. Drink."

The Honeys are lovely children who drink too much (to the extent that I could seriously worry about them) and are very entertaining and talented, and you must see them lots and buy both their records and everything.

David.

Live



The Mice.

EXPLODING WHITE MICE -- Shenton Park, June '88

This was hardly a representative gig, as Cremator's Russell Hopkinson filled in for injured Mice drummer David Bunney (a broken toe), and consequently the set consisted of songs which everyone knew, and was very different to the previous night's mostly-original set at the Old Melbourne. The sound was better too, but I don't know if Giles Barrow and Jeff Stephen's Rickenbackers were really designed to play this sort of music. Most reviews describe the mice as Ramonish, but there's more to them than the simple "gabba gabba hey" approach; a definite underlying manic "yeah hup"-ishness, I think.

The audience was a bit thin, to no small degree due to the group's overlong stay in Perth; while the response tonight was mixed, no doubt due to the nature of the (by necessity compromised) set.

For the encore, Andy McQueen took over the vocals after showing Paul Gilchrist where to place his fingers on the neck of the bass and which string to play ... a definite one-chord song, but with "The Crusher" they could get away with it. McQueen hasn't got a bad voice, the group should use him more to give some variety in the vocal department. At least when he's singing, he isn't doing his Keith Richards/Johnny Thunders pose.

Larry Wallis.

WALTONS Final Show -- Shenton Park Fri 18/12 -- I was only lucky enough to see the Waltons play a couple of times, but that was enough for me to say that they are honestly the best live band I've ever seen. I can't believe that I won't be seeing them again (you will -- ed), but change is the most constant thing around, so I wish them all the best for whatever they individually get up to next. PS: Perth needs more guys like Ron Pickett. Thanks fellows. Love, Di.

MARIGOLDS -- Limbo, Fri 27/11/87 -- "I met a group, they stole my heart and they stole my guitar." With help from the Waltons family band, I dedicate the above elegy to the now-defunct Marigolds -- those hip and popular psychedelic Perth dudes who wowed audiences whenever and wherever they played. I know for a fact that many, many fans and general ragers feel their loss badly. Even though it's been several months now since their "final" gig, and several since Mark told me (in May) that he foresaw another gig, I still wait in the hope that this phoenix will resurrect to wow us one more time. Until that time, fans will have to get by on fond memories of the band that brought us Marigold-mania. See you then. -- Inchworm.

AND AN A: So how much can you say about one band in an arbitrary number of issues of any given magazine? For those that have been away, they have three all-new songs and a totally reworked "Goon Squad". A pile of their equipment was stolen in July, but was almost all recovered two weeks later, monies from a hastily-organised benefit (put together by myself and Darryl Edwards) helping to make up the loss. (Of course they bounced back, this is Rock'n'Roll. They could hardly quit to become accountants at this stage, after all. Can you imagine the ignomy of being tracked down to your suburban home in the year 2006 by the "Livin' End" of the 80's ... "so, tell us what it was like back then ..." and realising just what you gave up?)

For those who have never seen And An A: most of their songs are five to eight minutes and have a dance beat. There are lots of programmed things to allow singer David Kelsall to jump around and perform instead of being stuck behind a keyboard. The shows have seven or eight songs, typically running just under an hour. A song is played, all the fans jump around wildly, then there's one to two minutes break while the band program in the next song. This particular technical nuisance is due to a lack of about \$5000, and so must be made into a virtue by the sheer need for recovery time amongst the dancers, and a space for the aesthetes to appreciate the just-finished piece of music in depth and note changes and so on. The music has a somewhat steady dance beat, and is descended from English punk-descended things, a dose of everything from everywhere and laarge helpings of Kraftwerk, the band's true heroes. If I had money I'd lock And An A in a studio with thousands of dollars and not let them out till they gave me an album. Then I might even let you listen to it.

And An A Fan Club: 51/227 Vincent St, North Perth 6006; phone (09)328 2275. This is current to Jan '89 at the least; failing this, write c/o PF. Photos, picture cards, posters, stickers, the first single etc. all available. Write soon.

BED OF ROSES: A synth duo -- vocalist, keyboardist/singer, programmed keyboard, drum-machine, onstage computer. I've seen them twice; the first time was with Errol Tout and I was notably unimpressed, the second in the "Top Of The Rock" battle-of-the-bands being much more like it ... They've realised that synth duos need to keep the heart foremost at all times. They do a nice version of "Sitting On The Dock Of The Bay". They've had a lot of the better early Cabaret Voltaire flung their way. The singer is Dr. David De La Hunty, brother of Matthew De La Hunty of Tall Tales & True, and I don't know the name of the other one (who actually has a better voice). More details as they come.

CARETAKERS: This is the current band for Dave and Phil Berry, who have been around for many years in such as the Plants and Adventure Stories (aka Projectionists for our eastern viewers). A year after sounding out the idea I have yet to get around to calling up and firmly arranging the Detailed Lengthy History Interview with Dave & Phil Berry, but I'm sure it'll be here by 1995 at least.

I've seen them three times: their first-ever show (Shenton Park 2/3/87), the second Kryptonics' last-ever (Old Melbourne 28/9/87) and the "Out Of The Woodwork" launch (Hellenic Community Centre 30/9/88). The first two were with the girl Kat (no last name) on keyboards and triangle. Prior to having no last name she was known as Kat Atrocity and once held a party in a tree at WAIT (now Curtin), so she sounds like a good person to replace. They now have Richard Poole (ex-Moment, Threads) in her place on guitar. He looks out of place, but fits in well musically. The fourth member is Mark Coddington, aka Mark One; his claim to fame is leaving Jeff Lowe's first band, the Royal Family, by the simple method of coming to actual blows with Mr Lowe live on stage at their second show. Exit the Royal Family from all official histories, though not the PF files. A girl called Linda has been asked to join on keyboards, so as to help recreate the sound on their recorded but unreleased single.

The 30/9/88 show wasn't awesome, but OK. They sound like a country New Order and want the image of the Triffids -- dig the full-on McCombing up front (them black clothes ain't goth black, they's country black, y'hear me?) and the lyrics (Jesus, deserts, etc). The tunes are mostly New Order basslines at various speeds, except one which has the unfortunate distinction of being the bassline from "You're The One That I Want". Their favourite beat is the Woodentop shuffle.

If I hadn't seen them before I wouldn't have been too keen on them. But they basically have the right idea, even if an original image is in order.

CHARLOTTE'S WEB: Considering how often I saw them, at about half of all the shows I saw at one stage, it was a tremendous joy when I discovered they no longer had the power to bore me to sleep. This coincided with their accumulating various secondary member on non-guitar instruments (trumpet, keyboards, tambourine, even noise guitar and extra vocals); guitar, guitar and more guitar does get wearying, and like it or not Jeff Lowe has a soft lullaby of a voice. (The one I fell asleep at was actually a Jeff Lowe solo with guitar set. I was up front, sitting down, two metres away from Mr Lowe, so it was rather embarrassing. I'm not apologising, mind you.)

The band went off for three months to record, came back and did three shows, two of which were disgraceful (Craig Chisholm plus too much drink) and the third was so good I gave my left ankle in support of it. After these three Mandy Haines/Swift/Smith/Smith/Seniah quit to join the Palisades as they sink slowly in the east, and Craig has left at least temporarily and maybe longer on a trip to Italy. See centrefold for further details.

But anyway, the upshot of all this is that Charlotte's Web are now a REALLY GOOD BAND, and that's official PF policy.

(Token snitty bit: why are all Mandy's bass tracks being wiped off the forthcoming LP? What happens to her quarter-share of the original cost? Just being nosy ...)

CRAZY JANE & THE BISHOPS: Review deleted due to split. Yaaay! Look out for a new unit containing the good members and Darryl Edwards. A PF-Clusive.

CREMATOR: Back to music, and here we have Perth's good hardcore band. It's not just a barrage of noise, the stuff actually sounds composed; though put into it. This was extremely noticeable at their Vicious Circle supports, where they were not only down to a three-piece (due to the loss of John Cook, a "mutual decision due to per-

sonal differences" (Russell)), but the volume was kept down to a tolerable level as well; thus making every note clear and visible, to stand or fall. It all stood very well. This didn't change at all the fact that they were fun to jump around pissed to. Hey, perhaps this volume is a good idea. The second time I saw 'em you couldn't talk without literally screaming. The third I had my head against the back wall with my fingers in my ears and it still hurt. I said, THIS VOLUME IS A ... never mind. These boys have something.

GREG DEAR, CRAIG CHISHOLM, DAVID GERARD, DANNY RUGGERO -- Stoned Crow Sat 27/2
King Pig having split two days before and me not having found out until 3:30pm on the day, not confirming it until 5:30pm and having to do something drastic. Ross Chisholm desperately wishes he hadn't gone to Europe for three months after all. Beyond description. Danny spoiled his rock'n'roll cred irretrievably. Will either be remembered forever or forcibly forgotten by all present. What a way to turn 21.

HOLY ROLLERS: Bloody hell, this ghost will live forever. Three songs at the Charlotte's Web cassette launch. Greg will be referred to as "Greg Dear of the Holy Rollers" for the term of his natural life. Look out for next year's one-off reformation, and remember that them Holy Rollers LPs and seven-inches and that Greg Dear 7" are in exceedingly short supply indeed and will be worth bucks, never mind being excellent. In ten years I'll start a reissue label and get to work on this. You have been warned.

JESUS & MARY CHAIN / NEW TRADITION -- Canterbury Court Fri 9/9

Probably my "show of the year", for reasons which will be led up to ...

The support: you didn't really think Died Pretty would be it, did you? Hahahaha. The honour eventually fell to New Tradition. I'd never seen New Tradition before and sort of hope I never do again. Their music is a loose amalgam of various bands in their "fat" period: the Cult, U2, Psychedelic Furs, the Models, Simple Minds, etc. Get the picture? Presumably the idea is to go straight to the stadium mega-stardom without having to bother with this arty shit first. Good luck to 'em, though away from my ears if you would. Actually that's not true, I wish they'd go off and become Hyundai salesmen or something. I've also got a few Doug Hedley tales lying about here (hi there Mr Hedley, can you guess which PF contributor they come from?), but they can wait for another day.

On to the Jesus & Mary Chain. The audience: everyone -- every single one -- was wearing black. I was desperately wishing I'd foreseen this and worn a "G'day from WA" shirt, or a Bicentennial sweat-shirt perhaps. About half of these black-clad creatures were full-on, no holds barred, Goths, the genuine article.

Now it surprised me to discover that there are certain people out there, even PF contributors, who have no understanding of what this really means. So let me try to explain Goth to you.

Most of these people wear black or grey. They tend to listen to the music you would associate them with: Joy Division, Siouxsie, Bauhaus, Cure, Birthday Party, Sisters, This Mortal Coil, the 4AD label and the Jesus & Mary Chain.

I say "tend to", as it isn't really a matter of either clothes or music; it's an attitude, a state of mind, a worldview -- something very simple, basic and utterly fundamental.

Goths are the last surviving children of punk. I don't mean 1988 punk, I mean the dead one of 1979-81. It owes allegiance to the legend of 1977 but didn't actually start separating out as a subculture (even I can remember when everyone was an implicit goth if not an explicit one) until about 1983-84. The moment is passed; the goths are still here after the world has ended.

All appreciation of everything tends to be black-and-white; it's either Godlike or worthless. This is an unspoken and rigid

self-discipline; unrewarding in day-to-day life, but no other course of action makes any reasonable sense whatsoever.

Everything is dead and must be rebuilt from scratch ... from nothing. Their special time was years ago; they only live for another punk, all else is meaningless.

They tend not to be likable people; a bit arid and empty, an all-pervasive but often pointless contempt for everything. Think of the sort of frame of mind these people would have; take away the subcultural trappings, and you probably know at least one person like this, even if they don't like music at all. Are you getting the idea now?

The band: The Jesus and Mary Chain are the worst touring band I have ever seen. They are worse than New Order were in 1985, and New Order were chemically disabled at the time. They could not play, they could not sing, they had no presence beyond "I wish to look pissed-off, I wish not to be here". The sound was so muddy it was barely possible to make out the chords (all four of them), let alone the singing.

Nevertheless, this was one of the most incredible shows I have ever been to, and will probably rate as my personal best of 1988.

The reason for this was the atmosphere. It takes a lot for a goth to look anything other than vaguely pissed-off, or perhaps slightly interested; and tonight's show had the poor dears reacting more than I suspect some of them ever have in their lives. A realisation that it's 1988 and time is getting on, the revolution probably will not happen in their youth; and this is one of their bands, who came closer than anyone did to fulfilling the promise they made, as so many did before, and are defaulting on the promise as so many have before and since. It's the last straw. Something snaps and the killer comes out.

When a large number of goths get going (and remember, most of them would never have enjoyed anything as a mass before in their lives), they are the most utterly nihilistic, violent punk rockers you ever met. (I am told a story of how, when slam-dancing first came to popularity in Perth -- slamming is usually a friendly affair here, bounce off people, if anyone falls you clear a space and help them up immediately -- the punks used to complain that the goths didn't keep to the rules. The goths just said, "what rules?" and continued to kill each other.) I think the only reason there wasn't mass injury was that all these children were pissed out of their tiny little minds; they could have made it free entry and made \$18,000 from the drink sales. Cheap moselle, wooh ... never again.

This show truly rates as an orgasmic rock'n'roll experience -- like a peak of orgasm lasting an hour. The sheer volume (120-130 decibels -- occasional tickling in eardrum), the extreme quantities of alcohol consumed, the extra-heavy-duty slamming (the heaviest I've ever been in, heavier than the Painters & Dockers show that saw bits of the Shents ceiling ripped down), and five hundred members of an orphaned subculture realising all at once "there's no more time, the time is right, the time is NOW" and letting go for once, being uncool, years of built-up unacknowledged frustration released all at once.

The band was not the focus of attention in any way, any more than you go to a disco and stare at the DJ booth; it was merely the backing for the event. The people on stage were not really relevant; their function was to play those three chords in repeated patterns for ninety minutes, grinding them into your every braincell. Repetition not monotony.

They did show the musical talent they were capable of by the second encore (half an hour!); they started "Sidewalking", the microphone wouldn't work, so they just played the intro chords for five minutes, with subtle variations in a straight line. (How they got subtly through that sound-system I'll never know.) They can play

brilliantly when inspired ... a bit of professionalism needed here, I think. In fact, at one point they realised that they were playing well, and turned to face each other: "urgh, whit wuz that? Sounded like that 'rock'n'roll' or somethin' ..." I hope the experience sinks in.

A perfect show: the people fit (who will probably remember this as the greatest day of their youth), the band were rubbish when they could have been good, all were wiped; a hell-hole venue, a hell-hole band with a hell-hole sound, an audience who looked like death cooled down. Apparently the show at the Old Melbourne the next night was really quiet and dull with about 200 people. There you go.

Half past twelve and a thousand people stagger out with indelible post-orgasmic wipeout expressions. A few fall over. I get back to the car and someone has broken the antenna.

What a night.

(note: for those with a keen eye: As you know, Watson, I had in fact only arrived back from Poland on the Saturday morning after the show in question. The above review was written using the technique of "psychic journalism" that seems so popular these days. I have heard reports that my recently-escaped twin brother was present; perhaps that was him you saw there.)

KRYPTONICS: This is an overview of the life of the third Kryptonics, composed of Ian Underwood, Jeff Halley, Greg Hitchcock and Russell Hopkinson; a fine fighting-unit based in Detroit, who eventually lost their battle in the War against the Jive but stood fast and were a credit to their country (the far-off land of Quality, perhaps you've heard of it). Just as they were getting ahead, the top brass decided on a "re-organisation", sending Hitchcock and Hopkinson back to full-time duty with their original units, in Coastal Attack and Nuclear Operations respectively.

The above Kryptonics have recorded their mini-LP, a five track affair with "Love Crusade" (a Cult song I believe), "Telephone Line" and a new version of "Trapped Inside", plus two others I forget. This should be out on Waterfront by April or May. The band may be getting together for a few shows for the album (*BIG NEWS*), though these may be only Sydney. It's an injustice I tell you. There also exists a videotape of the Anzac Day show (25/4/88), just to keep you collectors panting.

And so we have the three Kryptonics: the first, a trendy pop-rock fun unit; the second, a shuddering impossible mutant rock'n'roll monster; the third, the above-celebrated rock'n'roll soldiers; and the fourth? Well, Ian has been noticed of late sporting a Guns'N'Roses logo shirt and expounding upon how good Poison are, so I for one can hardly wait.

A MONTH OF SUNDAYS: The bright young hopes of Perth. Favoured influences are the Smiths, the Smiths and the Smiths, with one dash of the Go-Betweens and one dash of everything else to finish the mixture. The Smiths they take from is the stuff with muscular tunes and beats, as opposed to the dull grey dishwater moans. Imagine the Smiths but non-depressive and Australian. They glow sheer excellence. The only real problem is that drummer and drumkit. **TURN THE FUCKER DOWN.** The problem, you see, is that the drummer is by far the best technically, and the structure in the songs depends on him a great deal; but the guy obviously has no idea about space, nor about playing so as to make others (and thus the band as a whole) sound good. See them somewhere large enough that the other instruments can be turned up to balance him out; making their jangle factor as gloriously visible as it should be.

NEPTUNES: just saw them at Dada. I was amazed. They should stick to originals. Not sure about their pub potential, but I was deeply shocked by how good they were. What they should do is play beach shows this summer. Now that would be interesting.

SCREAMING TRIBESMEN: For some reason known only to God, I a) missed the Exploding White Mice b) didn't miss the Tribesmen. So ... forget all Detroit-associated thoughts about the Tribesmen, save minor debris still floating in the general swirl; the 1988 Tribesmen are a typical Australian dumb hard-rock band, with perhaps a little more class than the average. I even enjoyed the last forty-five minutes, once the first forty-five had battered my quality control down to its own level. I even shouted for one of the encores. Mick Medew is the most hilariously weedy chickenshit glam-rock hero I have ever seen. Chris Masuak's naked chest is one of the more uninspiring sights I have ever seen. Enough.

Following this Tribesmen show was the opening night of the Firm. For that first weekend it had even less ventilation than it does now, and the green lights were even brighter. (The fatal flaw of the Firm is that what should architecturally be the Dark, Sleazy Corner has a bright green light directly above it.) The clientele consisted of manager Tren's friends, a few hopeful alternative types and some terminal nightclub lowlife (men in pastel shirts with moustaches and six hands; tall desperate women with six inches of makeup, typically wearing underwear and a skirt; a separate species). It was packed and airless (it's a tiny place); we had to leave due to genuinely serious problems breathing.

It's changed now, of course; there is now an open window (over near the far end; if trapped in the Firm, go to the far end, put your face against the flywire and inhale; in one breath you will receive the oxygen equivalent of one half hour anywhere else in the club), and the clientele consists of Tren's friends, various models and the new Perth subculture. We've been outmoded, kids; the hip people now go to the Firm, go to all these various warehouse dances, genuinely like Acid House, are Ecstasy to the gills, complain about the fashion coverage in the new X-Press the way we used to complain about the rock coverage in the old X-Press and don't feel like murder every time they see a fuckin' smiley-face. We are the old guard; live music is a dying cause and our future is gone. It's tragic, yes. Looking at the folk at the Firm is quite hilarious; all these formerly pristine-stylish people spinning around in such an untidy and unhip fashion. You'd think the Firm was the Ecstasy distribution centre for Perth or something. And I wouldn't mind a percentage of the Ecstasy concession at a few of the warehouse parties lately. No, I don't like the Firm much; but then, as the great TISM say, nightclubs exist so that people can go there and say how much they hate them.

WORDS OF CHEER: Despite the general malaise, it is an extremely good sign for 1989 that Billy Mackenzie has started making records again. For those of you wondering, Billy is a Scottish chap who co-wrote a song called "Party Fears Two" with another Scottish chap called Alan Rankine. With the sort of brag he's been giving the new Associates album, 1989 could in some respects be a very bright year indeed.

VARIOUS: Out Of The Woodwork (cassette) The 1988 Perth compilation, I could hardly miss out on it could I now. This tape specialises in the quiet sort of band that Perth seems good at producing in large quantities, the sort that hates getting compared to the Triffids, because they know that the link is the city and attitude, not the band -- the attitude one comes to when one realises that Perth will not produce enough art for pure consumerism, and that ultimately everything that will be done here, one must do oneself. This may hopefully lead to the realisation that this holds for every city or village everywhere in the world, in which case one may then start on productive life. "Creative artists" who whinge about how dull Perth is

Addendum: On my most recent visits to ye Sagging, I noticed that (a) the windows were open (b) there was an air-conditioner thus (c) you could breathe (d) they've cut some of the lights. The place is now not all that bad. The terminal cases are all but gone now, and it's actually quite enjoyable to be in. Hmm. People really don't like smoke in nightclubs, y'know. (When a Limbo staffer was asked about the amount of smoke poured into the air by machine: "But ... but ... it's a nightclub ... it has to be smoky ...")

SEVENTH SEAL: Another up'n'coming, to be a feature of '89 for sure should they last that long. I have heard tell (from them) that the band may stop soon, for no more than the lack of a drummer. I mean shit, this is a six-piece (voice, bass, guitar, drums, keyboard, flute), it's a bit big and fragile to say it ends with the loss of no more than a drummer. Six people, a lovely sound, some careful (interesting) lighting, the songs bassy dirges with three to four tunes between them, a singer whose voice is ten times better than the musical form is made for. But who's fussing, I like 'em. I wish they'd write a new song though, and I also wish they didn't rip off New Order's "Doubts Even Here" quite so blatantly for the first minute and a half, then change the tune slightly and use different words. There I was all set to hear my first New Order cover in a year and they go and do that. Ripping off openings is a despicable act and earns no cups from me, no sir. They have the basic idea, though, and I hope they really get on the case, especially with the songwriting, perhaps even to match it up to the voice. They also need more originality in the image department, less of this British tat if you please. I look forward to the Seventh Seal Beach Party, to be held at Cottesloe at 2am (just after they switch out the lights), all Perth goths and aspiring goths present in their black boardies and swimsuits, moontan cream at the ready. See "Ignore This" in PF#1. I still claim my powers of prediction as infallible; the effects just take their time showing. Support bands will be Sunday's Child (in beachwear) and Neil Trainor solo telling Scottish jokes, with Greg Dear solo at the end to clear the place before the sun should actually rise. Special guest appearance by Nobody's Children, doing their smash-hit "Pit Bull in a White Jacket", with new members Janine and Brigitte on backing vocals, with possibly the Vice Squad as well. Anyway ... as I said, Seventh Seal have image problems. But then, NME did say that blondes were in this year.

SUNNYBOYS / MISCREANTS -- Vegas Sun 17/1: The Miscreants are everything that's commercial and horrible from the last ten to fifteen years put together in one All-

Original (hey, I'm into Perth Original Music! Are you??) jukebox. They also do a Pretenders cover. (As the Pretenders are to that Hendrix song they did, so to it are the Miscreants ...) The Miscreants are a gross experience but an educational one.

There were one million stories about the Sunnyboys this tour, mostly centring upon The Performing Ego of J. Oxley and how it was proportional to the size and sycophancy of the crowd. None of that here. The Vegas is a fairly horrible commercial suburban venue, not very big and lots of pillars to help vision; est. capacity 300 or so? not more than half full at most, the band can see the audience's faces and besides which it was a Sunday afternoon crowd after a weekend out. No-one is going to jump up and down with boundless energy, and especially not to communicate anything even vaguely resembling "we looove you Jeremy even though you're shitting on us!" in any detail ... and the funny thing is, all this combined to possibly the best of the shows over here. I didn't actually see any of the others, but the comments about them ... yeek. So, faced with a crowd who could see exactly what the band were doing and knew what they wanted, the Jeremyboys got up off their industrialised arses and delivered a tight and dare I say it enthusiastic set. The hits were "Happy Man", "Alone With You" and "Show Me Some Discipline". They didn't do "Love In A Box" despite numerous requests, apparently they just don't do that one. The other single done was "Can't You Stop" as done by the Fishermen, Jeremy's interim unit (Sunnyboys mk II having no connection with this other than Jeremy). The new songs sound good though the show was marred by the drums being turned up to "stun", possibly an attempt to pump up the Oz-rock quotient for the venue's sake. I had a moment's chat to the drummer afterwards, and he talked about "product" a lot, as in "yeah, we'll be back soon as we get some product out ... we got some great product we haven't recorded yet ..." sounds lovely. (Puts one in mind of the Hoodoo Gurus on MTV -- Richard Wilkins asks the Gurus "So, tell us about your new product", and the band stare at him jaw-dropped stunned, "what is this creature??" -- irrelevant I know, but worth noting.) The Jeremyboys are basically worth your trouble, but not at a popular venue -- try catching them off-guard in human form at somewhere unpopular, some grotty scummit on a Sunday or Tuesday or something. God only knows what the records will be like with a band-member who speaks of the songs themselves as "product".

David.

Records

are boring uncreative wusses who can't see a golden opportunity when it bites them on the arse. Be first, not second. I like Perth as a place and find it inspiring, it gets me to do things, eg. this issue of Party Fears. Move yer ass, turkey.

Anyway, the bands tend to take things quietly. Many of them are dead fucking boring, but the good stuff comes through. Good ones on this tape are Stolen Picassos ("Her Beside My Phone Book" is the best track on the tape), Month Of Sundays (although they have about the worst recording on the entire tape, and something has gone seriously technically wrong in recording) and Charlotte's Web (though both tracks are straight from "Flies In The Face Of ..."). Middling are the Palisades (demos for a planned single) and the Caretakers (see live review for musical details ... they should be able to do a lot better than this, I'm certain). Dull are the Beekeepers (who are also the sort to whinge over reviews) and Crazy Jane & The Bishops. Actually, Crazy Jane are straight-out shit. They have now split and good riddance.

So, forty-five minutes and two tracks

each. Problems are that the presentation is very shonky indeed, especially for the price (the other problem) -- \$15. It does come with a nice booklet -- also shonky, but informative.

For the price. I can't really recommend it to all no matter what; but for fans of any particular band, or followers of Perth or Australian music, it is a must-have item.

CHARLOTTE'S WEB: Flies In The Face Of (cassette) Originally to be an LP, but the recording just wasn't up to it. Pity, really -- this tape is a real winner. Charlotte's Web songs get better the further their creator distances himself from them. Things to do for the proper LP, now being recorded: (i) work out those choruses thoroughly, to the very last detail -- the "this is the chorus" theory really does apply in a lot of cases, y'know; (ii) no guitars at all in lots of places, have other acoustic instruments instead (cello, clarinet, violin, brass, piano ...); (iii) powering out is appropriate on occasion -- "Train For June" as a screeching steamroller noise in three chords, for instance; and so on. Jeff Love can write a song all right, but Charlotte's Web's quality is inversely proportional to how precious and purist he is. Let loose,

go overboard. Dare I say get someone else to sing -- not a bad voice, just a non-one. This tape is a good one, though, and I'm hanging out for the LP.

EXPLODING WHITE MICE: Brute Force and Ignorance LP (Greasy Record Company) I've got this overwhelming temptation to say, "spend three bucks more and get 'Ramones-Mania' instead", but I'll resist for the moment.

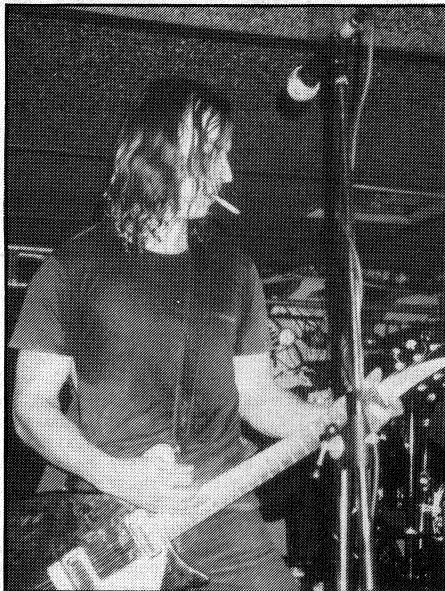
The Mice are, as you know, fond of Ramoning: a musical form which consists of playing melodies at the intersection of punk and bubblegum, using no more than three chords and going very fast. Ramoning can be remarkably successful, but the problem is that those given to it can rarely tell whether it's working or not.

Enter this LP. Contrary to some expectations, eleven out of twelve tracks are originals. (The one cover, "When I Get Off", sounds dreadful.) Best/most interesting tracks are "Fear" (opener, single), "Surfing In A Dust Storm" (slow distorted two-note dirge, then a melody in the middle, then a fast two-chord finish to fade), "Worry About Nothing" (good Ramoning) and "Hit In The Face". The others show the many dangers of bad Ramoning.

(Yes, I know there's more than the Ramones there, but they're at least 50%.)

This should probably have been a four-track EP. Perhaps I should have played it louder. Hey, ho ...

FALLING JOYS: Nearly A Sin 7" (Volition) So, what does a new Volition band sound like? This single doesn't work too well -- the beat has been deliberately broken up so it can't be passed off as a "dance" record, it sounds like it's avoiding a cliché every ten seconds, it doesn't have "commercial" production, it doesn't hang together too well ... they're clearly



A Mouse.

not fools musically, but they're suffering badly from the syndrome of avoiding things, rather than trying to achieve something specific. Probably one to watch, though.

FEEDING FRENZY: Rain/Xoffender (Kick That Sucker In) (NKVD) Most "no-brand" US independents (ie. unknown band on unknown label) aren't worth spitting on these days (holds for a lot of known ones too, mind you), so this 7" is pretty reassuring. The press release says "punk but not hardcore", but they're considerably better than that sounds. The songs have three chords, distinctly non-stupid drumming and were rec-

could as well.

You've all seen these records. The back has a large picture of the group. There are four, five or six of them. They are always thirtyish, balding and hideously ugly. They also always have huge grins on their faces so horrific as to curdle your carpet. These are the faces of music's born losers; those who assiduously try for ten to twenty years, and never quite break through; those who give their lives to their rock'n'roll dream and are eternally disappointed that they never quite seem to break through; trying to keep a brave face and never giving up hope, never realising that their ambition is unsupported by talent; never realising that they have missed the essential point. They may have given rock'n'roll the best years of their life, but what makes them think that rock'n'roll ever wanted their pointless and boring years in the first place? Had they gone off and tried to become the world's best accountant instead, they could have contributed much more to society; instead, they seem destined to bang their heads against that brick wall forever, rather than wandering off in whatever direction would otherwise take their interest, perhaps taking them around the wall altogether. With effort one can find out how to open the door in the wall, but very few can be bothered. Forget the wall and get on with your music. And if it loses its point when you're not banging your head against that wall ... well, there are other ways to spend your life that are just as enjoyable and productive.

This has left the original subject and become a general diatribe, but if you got the fuckin' awful useless horrible worthless shit records that I get through my letterbox sometimes, you'd feel much the same. Some music is worthless, after all. And hopefully, there will be some aspiring star who's bought this magazine with millions of others in the hope of decoding the industry, who will read this and be so thoroughly discouraged as to never attempt to make a record. This means YOU. Vinyl is a limited resource -- discourage its blatant wastage.

Note that far above I say this is a

orded for \$90, what more do you need. I want to hear more. US\$4 inc. post from Steve Gardner, 5310 Bragg St, San Diego CA 92122, USA.

STEVE TALLIS: Alexander Monkey/ Cinema Masquerade 7" (Monkey) The predominant sound on this one is 60's pop with lots of bits of sorta psychedelic guitar on top. Subtle stuff. I like it. Great sleeve.

THIS IS SERIOUS MUM: Form And Meaning Reach Ultimate Communion 2xLP (Elvis/Musicland) TISM write the best press releases ever and really brighten up the morning mail. They should write a book on how to catch the press's attention and make it remember your name. I got the TISM press-kit with the LP and may reprint slabs of it next time. They should have sold it as a Christmas book.

The record. TISM's way of working is to take one silly idea and hammer it into the ground. This sometimes results in crap, but other times the results are pretty damn awesome. This double LP has much more of the good stuff. The first record is the studio one, the "proper" LP. The second is live and assorted rubbish, and has the disclaimer on the label, "This record is not as good as the other one". Think of it as a \$5 bonus offer with a \$17 LP. The package averages a B+, with "Fosters Car Park Boogie" and "Morisson Hostel" each scoring an A+ (hint: mandatory shop listening) and several A's scattered about.

TISM frequently issue worthless crap (eg. "Form And Meaning" ... though the joke at the end of side 1 was a stroke of genius), but by some lucky chance this is a highly recommendable LP. I also urge you to the 12" "40 Years Then Death" for the brilliant non-LP B-side, "The Back Upon Which Jezza Jumped". The record is also highly recommended to Wreckery fans.

second-order example of this. I say "second-order" because true first-order examples are issued by the band themselves, whereas this has come out on a well-known label of some reputation -- a somewhat besmirched reputation, which "Lupe Velez" does nothing to help. Musical comparisons, oh, how about Elton John on a really bad day. There's a song called "Sydney Town" on there too. It would be interesting to know the members' past histories as well ... or maybe it wouldn't -- predictable in form. A definite must-have three-copies item for sure.

Verdict: The above four are from the REDEP series, and Crystal Set and Curious (yellow) make me think a REDCD series is likely within a few years at most. The label's releases are immaculate in form, but sometimes questionable in substance. Will I keep listening? Who knows? Who cares?

Phantom

HUMMINGBIRDS: Get On Down/Everything You Said 7"; Swim To Shore/Be Careful 7"

VANILLA CHAINSAWS: Like You/Onslaught 7"

MARK OF CAIN: The Lords Of Summer/Can You See Now 7"

SHRINKING VIOLETS: Everything/She Said 7"

DEADLY HUME: Lonely Mr. Happy mini-LP What a selection ... The Hummingbirds are Godlike and you must get their previous also, "Alimony". They have a knack for simple and brilliant pop gems, eg. "Alimony" or "Get On Down". "Swim To Shore" and "Be Careful" take the basic pop gem and embellish it, then take away the original base, leaving the embellishments to stand on their own (REM style). The Hummingbirds are winners.

The Vanilla Chainsaws are not. I take back that "necessary" I so foolishly said last time, that was purely overenthusiastic teenage hype. Actually they suck. (Well, there you go.) They have a fondness for grey, convoluted, grinding noise, much like Husker Du on a bad day. Don't touch 'em.

The Mark Of Cain single is a wonder. The first thirty seconds is "Sound Of Mus-

Record labels

Red Eye

CURIOUS (yellow): I Am Curious (mini-LP) Starring Karin Jansson, songwriting partner and romantic attachment to Steve Kilbey. The music is arty in a commercial way, what you once might have heard on 96fm on a Sunday night when they wanted to get arty on you. (Do they still do that? Anyone remember Brad McNally?) It's distinctly odd in its own fashion and they obviously think of themselves as owing nothing to anyone, but it's really very standard in essence. Pleasant enough and a couple of catchy tracks, but I wouldn't worry about it.

BHAGAVAD GUITARS: Foreveglades (mini-LP) Anyone indulging in punny names and titles is immediately suspect. This is typical Sydney indie-rock with four or five chords, more workmanlike than inspired. Doubtless popular with their friends, but fundamentally second-rate 60's stuff for sure. Not third-rate, though.

CRYSTAL SET: Cluster (mini-LP) The Crystal Set are lush, psychedelic in a precise sort of way and a very commercial sort of independent band. What amazes me is the lushness they get out of three or four instruments. It gets a bit difficult telling where the production frills and gloss end and the songs start; all the tracks sit there and don't seem to jump out as individual songs very much. I'll keep this but don't know if I'd have been pleased to have bought it. More songs, guys. Write twelve singles, distinctive pearls, and put them out as an album. Or do something, anyway.

MEXICAN SPITFIRES: A second-order example of a misbegotten bastard style of record, the Independent Mainstream release -- a vinyl demo-tape that is not designed for you or me (the punter), but for A+R-men and industry figures of all kinds. Look, look at its wishy-washy songs, plastered with imitation hooks; the selection of this week's fashionable production hooks bolted on in such a manner as to suggest only how the next week's

ic" by Joy Division. The next thirty is the instrumental intro of "Dead Souls" by Joy Division; the next thirty, "Dead Souls" again, but with a Morrison clone singing. Then a Doors song I can't identify; then "Dead Souls" again; and so on. The amazing thing about all of this is that the song-writing credit reads "Mark Of Cain". These boys have a great future in litigation. The B-side merely steals from Joy Division lyrics every second line. In the photo on the back they look like cultured yobs, who would probably think of Joy Division as their favourite heavy metal band.

The joker in this pack is the Shrinking Violets, who make me think of all those commercial hit bands whose first was on Phantom, eg. the Cockroaches, Rockmelons, etc. The sound (not a song) they've tried for is like fast 4/4 English electropop (eg. OMD) on guitars. Trouble is that it's basically uninspired and thus meaningless. I hate wordplay lyrics too. The B-side sounds like a suburban commercial band being quirky. The music is a real pity 'cos it's beautifully packaged -- blue and silver sleeve, nice cover photo, and a record pressed on violet vinyl; gorgeous.

The Deadly Hume mini-LP is something quite different from the awesome "Me, Grandma, Iliko and Hilarian"; rather than the grey-to-black nihilistic thrashy noise of the first LP, like explosions going off just behind your eyes -- a record exploring the impure side-effects of too much caffeine -- the current mini-LP has six songs that are just songs. "Bed, Bread and Humour" is about the best Hume thing I've ever heard. "Waiting For The Boy To Come A Cropper" is ripped off the Fall's "Room To

VARIOUS: Boogie, Balls and Blues vol. 1 (Australian Hard Rock 1970-77) (Raven) Hailing from the days when just wearing a plain black T-shirt (without any poxy glam/hardcore/speedmetal/alcoholic beverage emblem on the front) was a statement in itself. The mere fact you wore it showed you were a person to be feared and respected. This is the music to complement those days; the heads-down, mindless, senseless boogie. I suppose you could call it early 70's suburban rock, but that's being unjustly patronising -- there was more to it than the contemporary brain-dead species that festers in your local beer-barn.

While all fourteen songs on this compilation fit the criteria they set themselves, a number of the songs are not particularly representative of the individual bands' work as a whole. Into this category fall the Master's Apprentices, La De Das, Blackfeather, the Coloured Balls and Sid Rumpo.

The idea of splitting the record into studio and live sides is good as it gives continuity. The studio side has three examples of the commercial viability of the boogie/blues end of the spectrum: Carson's "Boogie pt 1", Band Of Light "Destiny Song", Chain "Black And Blue". All three managed to get into the charts despite commercial radio's reluctance to play them. The rest of the first side is made up of the Master's Apprentices' "I'm Your Satisfier" (one of their harder-edged numbers), AC/DC doing yet another version of "Baby Please Don't Go", and a track apiece from Buffalo and Buster Brown. Buffalo's "I'm A Skirt Lifter" is the band caught halfway between their more interesting heavy-rock beginnings and their mediocre more boogie-oriented later period.

To the live side. The sort of music this album tries to cover thrived in the live context. The album's liner notes state that this music "evolved into a bold and distinctive movement", but it'd be hard to tell from these examples. Four of the songs are R & B/blues standards: "Johnny B. Goode" (Coloured Balls), "New Orleans" (Billy Thorpe & The Aztecs), "Sweet Home Chicago" (Sid Rumpo) and "I'm Ready" (La De Das). I realise there's only a limited amount of live material available from this period, but none of this live material is particularly hard to get hold of. I think a

Live". "48 Coffees In 24 Hours" is a theme of which one LP is quite enough, thanks -- this song sounds like it took as long to write as to play. But overall, the record is a winner.

VERDICT: Phantom's musical taste has always been somewhat suspect, but the winners verify that every Phantom release is worth at least one listen ... if only one.

David.

PINK FAIRIES: Kill 'Em And Eat 'Em (Demon) So you expect me to be objective about this? Ha! If there was any justice in the musical world, these guys would be spoken of with the same reverence some people talk about the Stooges and MC5 with. The antecedents of the Pink Fairies go back at least as far as the other two, and their attitude and commitments are very similar. They should have and would have been cited as a seminal band but for the fact that they were born on the wrong side of the Atlantic. The English music press of the last ten to twelve years, which in part had a hand in elevating the Stooges and the MC5 to their current exalted positions, never really could/can handle homegrown talent unless it's the flash-in-the-pan/preentious-style-hopping-boys-and-girls-with-silly-haircuts type product. Let's face it, it's easier and safer to commit yourself to something when it's a bit exotic 'cos it's from "over there" (the US of A).

So to the record. I was expecting this

look through some record-company tape vaults would have turned up something, hopefully even some of the bands' own material.

The Coloured Balls were capable of a lot more than the rather perfunctory cover herein. Check out their albums "Ball Power", "Heavy Metal Kid" or "The Summer Jam" (none of which are available -- ed) for proof of this. Billy Thorpe and the Aztecs don't sound too bad here because they've kept the song short and concise so it doesn't bore the shit out of you like Billy tended to do live.

Blackfeather's version of "Still Alive and Well" features the twin guitar attack, rather than the piano-pounding style of "Boppin' The Blues" which most people would associate them with, and which should probably have been used instead. The last two songs, Rose Tattoo's "Rock'n'Roll Outlaw" and AC/DC's "Dirty Deeds" really have nothing to add to the studio versions.

This album is probably designed for an overseas audience rather than domestic consumption, hence the two moderately rare AC/DC tracks. As an overview of the period, it's a little superficial and uninspiring for those who want a more detailed look at the blues/boogie side of things. See if you can't get hold of Carson's "Blown" album, Chain's "Towards The Blues" or "History Of Chain", and the Havoc compilation "Australian Rock '71-'72" (all in a \$2 bin near you -- ed).

(Note: it should be pointed out that, despite Raven's deserved reputation as a label of worth and excellence, those who find hard-rock to be a stultifying, suffocating, sterile and empty musical form will not have their minds changed by the above compilation one little bit -- ed.)

BACHELORS FROM PRAGUE: Co/Even Dishwashers Get The Blues (Musicland) As seen on "Hey Hey It's Saturday". "Go" is inoffensive mid-tempo AM radio fodder, sort of like the Cockroaches but not nearly that bland. "Dishwashers" is what I tend to call "piano jazz", more towards cabaret; not all that bad, actually. Both songs are catchy in their own way.

THE BADARTS: The Girl's Gone Bad/Waiting In Line/I Won't Be Sorry (Polyester) "Girl's Gone Bad" is competent, punchy and almost catchy. The lyrics suck, but they were probably intended to. "Waiting In Line" came and went and left no impression. "Sorry" isn't too bad, a bit too poppy for me. The problem with this single is that it left me with the feeling: "But so what?"

reunion affair to be a Larry Wallis (gtr + voc) dominated affair. Yes, Mr Wallis is certainly prominent (who's the silly git on the cover with the mask on?) and they're mostly his songs, but new boy Andy Colquhoun (gtr + voc) contributes a few numbers, one of which, "White Girls On Amphetamine", comes close to being the best on the album. Kindred spirit Mick Farren contributes his lyrics on three numbers: the aforementioned "White Girls", the remake of "Broken Statue" and the very strange "Waiting For The Icecream To Melt". It's a pity Farren doesn't write more for the Fairies, his lyrics are always interesting. Larry Wallis has in the past had a real knack for writing witty lyrics, but it seems to have deserted him somewhat this time. Listen to "Takin' LSD", an old Fairies number that finally gets put to vinyl, to find out how good Wallis could (can?) be.

Musically it's hard rock; not metal, not even heavy rock, just hard rock with a slight R & B bent. The sort of sound you'd expect from two guitarists, bass and two drummers.

This record is not Earth-shattering, it won't be in NME's top albums of the year chart, but it will still be playing on my turntable long after all the people on the NME chart have run their course and returned to oblivion. These kinds of oblivion remain loud and proud. Can't wait to see 'em live, real head-in-the-bass-bin type stuff.

Ross C.

THE SPORTS: Missin' Your Kissin' (Raven) I had dismissed the Sports years back as being rather lightweight and aimless, but the material I was hearing was only the studio side of the band, rather than in their natural environment: live in a sweaty pub. This hour-long record consists of about forty minutes of live material recorded in mid-'78, plus five studio recordings from about the same time.

In the live situation, the Sports really shine, pumping out R & B standards ("Red Hot", "Nothin' Shakin'", "Don't Lie To Me"), some interesting covers (such as Graham Parker's "White Honey" and Co. Caine's "Now I'm Together") and a couple of good originals. Live, they're single-minded and focused; something they seemed to lose in the studio, where attempts at musical diversity led to a loss of direction, and they attempted to broaden their appeal by smoothing those rough edges that were the very thing that gave them character.

When they loosen up from their tight R & B/pub-rock approach as on "Put The Light On", Ed Bates stands out with some searing lead-breaks, and shows what a loss it was to the band when he split soon after this recording. Overall, Jim Niven contributes some rather good piano fills, while Steve Cummings' vocals come across as confident, raw and aggressive.

The studio material mostly falls into the trap described earlier. "Hot Dog" is OK rockabilly. The rest is a bit faceless, apart from "Big Sleep" which works because they follow the less-is-more theory -- keep it simple, don't clog it up with unnecessary frills.

I like this album for what it is: unpretentious pub-rock with a confidence they never really captured again on record; and for those reasons there's no real incentive to go out and have another listen to their later work. I'd rather remember them this way.

Larry Wallis.

NEXT ISSUE'S RECORDS: Gaga Goodies label; Black Eye's 1988 summer collection; various things from Seattle (hi Tim); S.H. Draumur EP; "Ugly Things" vol 3; Gougnaf Movement label; and so on; and so forth. By the way, the Wannabees LP "Did I Really Kill Two Of My Firends" is gonna score highly.

PS: also the Wishniaks. Also ...

a book review

CHRIS SPENCER (compiler): Who's Who in Australian Rock (Moonlight, PO Box 5, Golden Square 3555; 520pp; A\$25 mail-order from publisher)

First off, let's just say I'm a bit envious that someone's got off their arse and put this book together. I had been thinking about something very similar to this book for quite some time (oh yes -- ed), but lack of time/energy/money and apathy won out.

The idea of compiling a reference book listing rock groups, individuals and record releases isn't new. British authors Terry Hounsome and Tim Chambre put out an excellent book along the same lines entitled "Rock Record" some time back. Chris Spencer's book is the first one as far as I know to authoritatively cover Australian music.

What we have here is a nice and easily accessible reference book that collects material and information published in the Australian major music magazines (RAM, Juke, etc) and some of the better independent fanzines (B-Side, DNA, Party Fears). There is a problem with this, however, in that both Juke and RAM began in 1975, and the fanzines are predominantly from the 80's. This means the book's claim to cover 1970 to the present is okay for the more recent material, but is looking a bit rough for the early 70's. Perhaps for the second edition, going through some old copies of Go-Set would help fill in some of the gaps.

The idea of including both major music magazines and fanzines was good because it means the book doesn't limit itself to either mainstream or inner-city independent/alternative music. Further, the inclusion of the fanzines goes some way towards redressing the bias towards eastern-states bands. The inclusion of DNA magazine material means Adelaide is covered, while I notice a lot of the Perth material is drawn from Party Fears. On a personal note: while it is gratifying to see various material and information used (borrowed), it is disappointing to see it used inaccurately, and rather a piss-off that no credit was given for where or from whom it was obtained. (He means the family trees -- ed.) Still, that's just a personal bitch.

The book does contain incorrect information, however it is impossible to be 100% accurate in a book like this. Hopefully there will be enough feedback to correct these mistakes in time for the second edition.

Chris Spencer has limited his discography to include only 12" releases; unfortunately, the vast majority of Australian bands and individuals don't make it onto 12" records, they have to be content with releasing 7" singles. A 7" discography will definitely have to be included next time. The compiler gets around the problem in part by including a multitude of bands who have released singles; he simply doesn't include their discographies.

So who will this book appeal to? Well, yer basic vinyl junkie/music-head type person for a start. Really anyone from your musical terminal case through to the average person who cares about Australian music and wants some background information. This book is the first of its type in Australia, and the second edition will hopefully correct/address some of the problems raised above; but in the meantime this edition provides an easily accessible reference book for the last eighteen years or so.

Ross C.

Family Tree pt 3

Discography (Australia only)

- TRIFFIDS #5: Stand Up/Farmers Never Visit Nightclubs (Shake Some Action)
Reverie/Place In The Sun/Joan Of Arc/This Boy (Resonant)
- TRIFFIDS #8: Spanish Blue/Twisted Brain (No Records) (re-released on White Label)
- TRIFFIDS #9: Bad Timing And Other Stories EP (White Label)
- TRIFFIDS #11: Treeless Plain LP (Hot)
Beautiful Waste/Property Is Condemned (Hot)
Raining Pleasure mini-LP (Hot)
Field Of Glass/Bright Lights, Big City/Monkey On My Back 12" (Hot)
- TRIFFIDS #12: You Don't Miss Your Water/Convent Walls/You Don't Miss Your Water(inst) (Hot)
Wide Open Road/Time Of Weakness (White Hot)
- Born Sandy Devotional LP (White Hot)
In The Pines LP (White Hot)
Calenture LP (Island)
Bury Me Deep In Love/Baby Can I Walk You Home/Region Unknown 7"/12" (Island)
- Trick Of The Light/Love The Fever/Bad News Always Reminds Me Of You 7"/12" (Island)

Various compilation tracks and UK editions of singles have not been included.

NOBODIES #2: I Can't Sleep (on "West" album)
RABBIT'S WEDDING #8: Rideout/Someone As (Distant Violins)

In Truth About Road mini-LP (Waterfront)

Coming Like Summer/Mandarins (Waterfront)

CHAD'S TREE #2: Crush The Lily/Toll For Josephine (Hot)

Sweet Jesus Blue Eyes/To The Highest Bidder (Nude)

Buckle In The Rail LP (Nude)

CHAD'S TREE #3: Stroller In The Attic/The Orchard (Nude)

HOLY ROLLERS #3: Above The Law/Lifestyle (Easter)

Holy Rollers LP (Easter)

KNO MATTER #2: Criticize/100 Mirrors (Kno Label)

CHARLOTTE'S WEB #1: Big Letdown/Dance Of The Chimney-Sweeps/Delicious Pain (Easter)

GREG DEAR: Second Hand/Too Hard (Greg Dear)
ERROL H. TOUT: Atmospherics LP (Homegrown/Warp)

Sounds Of Swimming LP (Lizard)
Goodbye 7" (Martha's Vineyard "Our Day" on other side) (Lizard)

GROUND ZERO: Double Meaning/B.T.D./Flow Time/Friends (no label)

Ross Chisholm.

Note that various other items have also come out, notably:

TRIFFIDS #7-12: Jack Brabham cassette (a collection of oddities, outtakes, throwaways, sparks of genius and true collectibles; sold at 19-20/2/88 shows only, an edition of 50 copies. And I have one.)

TRIFFIDS #12: Holy Water 7" (third single off "Calenture", just out) (Island)

CHARLOTTE'S WEB #3: Flies In The Face Of ... (cassette)

BEAUTIFUL LOSERS #1: Ten Lies/Deadly Game 7" (Monkey)

Charlotte's Web also appear on the "Out Of The Woodwork" cassette.

David.

Etc leftovers etc.

PERTH NEWS: There isn't any. Uh ... Martha's Vineyard not only managed to spend all of their (rumoured) \$50,000 advance from RooArt on their first LP, they overran it and are now mopping up. One way they blew this many bucks was spending twenty hours failing to get a guitar sound ... until they hit upon the idea of borrowing Ian Underwood's Vox AC-30 (conveniently located next door where the Kryptonics were spending \$2500 recording their mini-LP) and got it in twenty minutes. Then there was the rhythm track ... ahem. The 6-UVS compilation is coming out at long last, as a tape instead of an LP. This will not include the Triffids (6-UVS paid so much to secure the track that they're going to wait for an LP) or Martha's Vineyard (due to contractual hassles). Thus two of the bands to be on the tape will actually still exist. I'm sorely tempted to tell the full story next time. There is also a news item involving the Hard-Ons and Cremator, but in deference to all involved I'll wait till it all clears up one way or the other. Next issue should do it. Bribes are happily accepted on the last two by the way. Listen to the radio for more fun and frolics as they happen (see p3 for details).

PHOTO CREDITS THIS ISSUE: Bad Seeds (c) Effigy Collective, Exploding White Mice by Brad Lambert, Mick Harvey cover shot courtesy of B-Side Magazine (originally appeared in B-Side #7) and Honeys pics and Page 3 girl Vanessa by me. I've just got myself a wonderful new camera so expect more.

... oh yeah, and the Ruth Rebel Rat pic on page four was taken from Wot No Toilet Paper Again number seven.

The Mick Harvey interview herein was originally done for PF, but first appeared in Delay, a product of Effigy -- a loose-knit collective of about a dozen people strewn about Australia and co-ordinated in Adelaide. Delay also contains a pile of stuff that was to go in PF#8, so if you really want an eighth issue of this zine then that would be the ticket. Both Delay and the second Effigy zine, Speed-Hungry Corruption Kings, are available in Dada for \$2.50. I suggest y'all write to Effigy HQ at GPO Box 2129, Adelaide 5001.

Another address worth writing to is PO Box 895, Fremantle 6160. This is the address of a bunch who put various one-page anarchy rants out around Perth all through this year. I had an article from one of them, but (a) didn't have room (b) lost it (c) thought it was too silly anyway (nyah nyah). However, it's a good address to try out and see what happens. Write RIGHT NOW and join the Richard Peacie Fan Club -- this could be bigger than Robert Vierge ever was.

One reason I wish I'd done this issue a bit sooner is so as to have put in a more timely obituary for Marina Kapsalos-Gorham, who died by her own hand on New Year's Day, 1988. For those who don't know, Marina was the founder of Black Plague Books, one of those shops that gets established for the simple reason that no-one else had even thought about doing so -- a shop for books and comics from all around the world, that added substantially to the cultural life of Perth. Marina was a wonderful and friendly person and her loss will remain deeply felt.

That's it for this PF. We hope you enjoyed this trip. Next one by ... February, I should think. See you then.

FANZINE REVIEWS: Next time, honest.

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-- West Australian, 8/12/88

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-- Network, Dec 1988

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