

woozy 24

“who would have thought?”



Welcome to Woozy #24, the one I didn't think would happen. Hope you enjoy it...

All writings in this issue are by Iain. Graphics on page 5 are by Claudio and on pages 4 & 10 by Icky. The rest are found, anonymous or manipulated by Iain.

If you are after back issues of Woozy just send me some money or stamps for postage and I'll send out some copies. The postal address is on the back.

Thanks to all who helped, but especially Grover for computer use.



## Boo Hoo

"soft serve and a waste of time" CD  
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Featuring the songs of Fiona McCartney Hood (ex Arosa) backed by Laura MacFarlane (ninety-nine) and Andria Prudente (ex Arosa).

\$15 postage paid from P.O. Box 4434 Melbourne Uni, Parkville, 3052, Australia.

## MR C. ROBERTS BASTARD AND THE SAGA OF THE ILL FITTING SUITS.

March 1890 saw a unique group of Indian performers enter and perform in Australia. Having been recruited overseas by the manager of the Melbourne Royal Museum, the group had come out here on the basis that they would have their return fares paid after six months. Before they could do so the group would become central to a political storm related to the imminent White Australia Policy. This battle was somewhat unusual in that this group of visitors weren't fighting to stay in Australia, but fighting to get out!

The group's performances took three main forms. The first was a portrayal of royalty. Three of the women (unnamed in articles concerning the affair) claimed to be princesses and were featured in the show as the "Three Queens of Oudh", Oudh being a defunct Indian monarchy. An older man, Moon Swaney, posed as the brother of the deposed king of the monarchy whilst his actual brother played the current Prime Minister of an Indian state. The group were sold to the public as royalty fallen on hard times and crowds wishing to view this "dynasty" were drawn in for months.

The second lot of performances were based around circus acts. Hansurhab Sing, a juggler, and his two children Gibbie and Madha kept the crowds entertained with various "Indian" tricks. The son would perform as a contortionist before working with his sister to perform an Indian basket trick. This was so popular it was performed up to ten times a day.

The last group of performances was the ever popular "Freak Show". Until recent decades anyone who failed to measure up to the "norm" was hidden away and the few disabled people who escaped such isolation were often forced into the carnival circuit to make a living. The enforced conformity that had brought about this situation subsequently created an enduring public interest in difference that could only be satisfied by viewing such shows. This particular act had an extra drawcard in that those on display were also Indian and therefore taboo on a racial level.

The show included two "monkey-boys", the sons of Moon Swaney, as well as a "pig-faced" boy and a "double headed" man. The "monkey-boys" were described by Charles Fredrickson, one of their spruikers, as having "heads no larger than coconuts... they came from India and wore ill fitting suits with half mast trousers." This element of the show brought the greatest condemnation from the theatrical scene as well as from racists who deplored the introduction of "such monstrosities" into Australia. However as far as the public were concerned it was the most popular act of them all.

By all reports the show fared well up until the six month mark. By this time the Museum's owner Mr. Ridgley had sacked the man who had recruited the performers, a Mr Roberts. Since he had not signed them up personally Ridgley told the performers to look up the man who had. Roberts, who coincidentally was also up on embezzlement charges resulting from his time at the Museum, refused to cough up the tickets. Left with no other option the performers took him to court.

On Thursday November 9th the case was heard before the District Court. Judge Panton was scathing in his attacks on



Roberts who claimed he had no money and that the Museum proprietor Harris should pay. In response the judge informed him that "You will have to make some arrangements about getting their passage money paid and if you don't we will make some arrangements with you... This Indian trade is becoming very common in Victoria. If these agencies are allowed to bring out these people then we will have all the lunacy of the East out here, and consequently a great nuisance will be

imposed upon the state". Despite the fact that the Museum had profited from the performers it seems that Pantou was determined to punish Roberts as an example to others who might dare bring non Anglo performers into the country.

The local theatrical paper *Lorgnette* chimed in attacking the Indian women as "immoral characters from Calcutta" and referring to their recruiter as Mr. C. Roberts Bastard. *Lorgnette* also condemned the "monkey-boy" show on the grounds that "instead of affording us legitimate entertainment, (they) created little more than disgust." The magazine urged that they be sent home as soon as possible.

Despite the Court order the tickets were not forthcoming. No passive party and fed up with being lambasted the performers decided to take a more direct form of action. On Monday 13th November seven of them "billeted" themselves at the Central Police Station refusing to leave the yard until their problems were solved. In turn the police arrested them for "insulting behaviour". An interpreter accompanied them at their subsequent court appearance and was instructed to make arrangements for them to travel on the *Nuddia*. In the meantime the police were ordered to escort them back to the Museum where they would spend the rest of their stay.

The following week saw the group still stuck in Melbourne. All of their performances had finished and all but the "princesses" were back in prison. Reports fail to specify the reasons for the return to the lock up although it is reasonable to assume that in lieu of tickets troublemaking had resumed. *Lorgnette* continued its campaign complaining that "We are sorry for them, but what on earth are we do with them?"

In the end the Colony was forced to step in. Whilst the White Australia Policy had not yet passed into law the idea had clearly had taken root amongst a Melbourne establishment who did not wish to be lumbered with the troublesome group any longer. Coughing up two hundred pounds they sent the majority of the group home aboard the *Bucephalus*. Despite their poor reputation the "princesses" opted for a better class of travel paying up twelve pounds each to travel in the style to which royalty is accustomed.

#### References

- Lorgnette*, 1890-91.
- The Age*, 1890.
- The Outdoor Showman*, 1948.
- Sideshow Alley*, Richard Broome and Alick Jackomos, 1998.



## A VERY GOOD GIG...

**Warped/Legends of Motorsport/Little Ugly Girls.  
Saturday May 6th- Empress of India.**

Probably the loudest gig ever seen at the Empress and a few years back who would of predicted it? The packed house was certainly a sign that ROCK is back in Melbourne (courtesy of bands from everywhere else). Whilst we certainly don't need 30 million mediocre guitar bands to start cluttering up the inner city some six string action sure makes a welcome change from post rock overload. Good to hear so many Aussie accents on stage too.

Little Ugly Girls opened and were easily the most intense band of the night and probably rate as the bleakest in the whole country. No lame grunge "I stubbed my toe, boo hoo, I think I'll write a song" angst on show here, this group exude pure waves of animosity perfectly capturing small town 'too much speed and nothing to do' claustrophobia. Sporting a new bassist (ex Fur) and hence a shorter set the band magnificently combined Rose Tattoo/Black Flag rocking with the spastic beats and feel of Venom P Stinger. When they dropped back to just vocals and drums on one song the walls seemed to move ever closer.

Legends Of Motorsport were also heavy, but with the DUMB switch turned up to eleven. The band produced a top grade pastiche of Iron Butterfly, Ted Nugent, Deep Purple, Budgie and all the rest of the best of the seventies, but with the sound tuned down to unheard of depths. The twin guitar virtuosity and organ grinding pushed things to the rock n roll limit enhancing a sound that would tease a wiggle out of even the most jaded Melbourne hips. No equipment destroying Holden burnouts on this occasion, but the Legends most certainly kicked out the jams in a suitably drunken fashion.

Warped were up last and things got even louder, although it may have been more a matter of tone than volume. As befits the last band out of Geelong still standing (they were after all the youngest) their sound was on the Detroit cum Oz side with stage moves straight out of the Kiss handbook. Plenty of Cheap Trick in there too. Despite bassist Brett's near constant salutes to Beelezebub Warped's sound was somewhat more pelvic than satanic and possibly a little too slick, but nonetheless they rounded out a mighty fine night.



# Record Reviews

Mainly been listening to older stuff of late (Mekons, Temptations, Serge Gainsbourg, Chad's Tree, The Wailers, Feedtime, Died Pretty, MBV, etc), but these recent releases (though not all of new music) have been making happy.

## Small World Experience- Side Projects LP (Chapter)

Brisbane produced some excellent, but widely ignored (especially in their home town) pop bands in the early to mid 90s most of whom eventually made the trek to Melbourne. SWE were one of these and lucky for us Chapter Music have facilitated the unearthing of some of their final recordings which showcase Pat Ridgewell and Ian Wadley's spidery, shuddery guitar and drum work teamed with wry bass care of Wendell and Julian Harris. This album comprises the polycarbonate double 7 inch stuff that came out a few years back plus some rough, but charming extras. The album has a definite northern Australian feel to it as even on the epic "Blackspots" things come across as laconic. There are flashes of intensity, but of a sweltery, weary kind. All the songs are of a pretty high standard, but my favourite tracks here are "Sea Dog", a crumbling surf instrumental, and "Side Projects", a self depreciating take on indie prospects combined with the most romantic DIY line ever put to vinyl. 'I love you, Let's form a band'. (Chapter- P.O. Box 4292, Melbourne Uni, Parkville, 3052, Australia).



## Various- Some Places, Some Songs, Some Feelings, CD (Submarine Records).

A compilation featuring eight, mainly South American, emo and punk bands although Washinton DC's Blue Tip and Sweden's SaidIWas make an appearance too. Handsomely packaged in a thin box the bands tend to suffer, as so many do, from a tendency to remain happy being trend followers rather than setters. Still genericism need not be a deadweight as opening band Page 4 prove with the energetically catchy "Elsewhere" and the sleepy "Grammar Mistake". Argentina's Verme Arder are similarly impressive adding a couple of droney melodies that achieve more feel than most indie rockers are capable of. Auto lift the feel with a couple of outrightly stupid numbers, the ZZ Top style thrasher "Look Mom" and "Heavy Metal" a laid back pop tribute to an awful radio station.

(Submarine- caixa postal 808, 20 123-970, Belo Horizonte/M.G., Brazil. submarine\_recs@zipmail.com.br).

## Various- Kraftworks CDR (Spill)

A tribute to electro pop meisters Kraftwerk that could just as well serve as the latest volume in the excellent Spill compilation series. Most of the tracks here showcase the finery of the Melbourne DIY pop underground as they do the quality of the originals. Naturally there are a few patchy and over long efforts, but tracks like Dart's melting guitar take on "We are the Robots" and Letraset's sweet "Telephone Call" cleverly reinterpret rather than cover. Huon take this concept even further with a genuine tribute "Upfield Bike Path", an original song in the style of the *Autobahn* album. Unfortunately I only have the single volume set of this, but have heard the double and the live launch were just as good.

(Spill- GPO Box 2637, Melbourne, 3001, Australia).

## Mukeka Di Rato- Gaiola CD (Laja Records).

The most effervescent hardcore I've heard in quite some time. This Brazilian band sure look young which may account for the enthusiasm and vitality their songs exude. Their sound is in the main fairly straightforward early 80s style hardcore played at a hectic pace with the odd modern touch thrown in for good measure (eg- cheesy grind vocals). Spanish is a language whose rough edges are built for hardcore and the fact that the band stick to it aids them immensely.

(Laja- Cx.Postal 025519, Itaparica, V.Velha, ES-CEP 29.102-973, Brazil. mozine@escelsa.com.br).



## mukeka di rato

## Bored!- Chunks Double CD (Full Toss)

As acknowledged heavyweights of the late 80s/90s Geelong scuzz scene it was about time Bored! got around to making much of their back catalogue available. This "greatest hits" package matches 33 tracks with a booklet featuring liner notes and a stack of photos. Whilst there is maybe too much of the band's later songs here and not enough earlier stuff (only 2 tracks off "Negative Waves") this collection still, um, rocks. The opening "Cherry Bomb" style blitz of "Little Suzie" never fails to disappoint and whilst the band's choice of covers was never less than predictable they generally brought their high energy intensity to them as "Over The Edge", "Electroponic Tonic" and the awesome "Iron Man" (with Sly Splatterhead on vocals) amply attest. Enough of the Detroit via Oz Rock riffage the band are famous for to impress the youngsters and plenty of obscurities to make it worthwhile for the rest of us.

(Full Toss, P.O. Box 4171, Richmond East, 3121, Australia).

## DDT- 1981-91 CDR (Aon-Aon18).

Some of the roughest street punk I've ever heard. How these Bulgarian guys managed to hook into the European hardcore/oi sound in 1981 is beyond me. Eastern European communist regimes had made a major point of repressing any free musical expression from the mid 60s onwards killing off many a fine garage band in the process. Far from the radical western radio stations that a handful of Polish and East German punks tuned into and stuck in poverty stricken Bulgaria these guys must have been pretty lonely. Regardless of where they found it DDT stuck fairly close to the musical formula although the accents and ferocity mark them apart from the many bands of the period who later lapsed into metal or U2 style rock. The 28 songs made available here draw from three recording sessions all of which I suspect were done using basic tape recorders. The first two from 1985 and 1987 (after a period in the army) see the band openly flirt with politics ("War" and "No Heaven"), but the one from 1989 shows them really letting loose with "Fuck The Bulgarian Communist Party". Featuring some classic cheesy photos of the band as youthful punks and then older rockers this is a nice piece of obscure musical history.

(Aon-Aon18 c/o Ivalio Tonchev, Stara Zagora 6010, Kv'Kazanski"16-G-115, Bulgaria. ivalot@mailcity.com)

## Hot Snakes- Automatic Midnight (Sympathy/Swami Recordings)

Insistent chiming guitars and heart-in-mouth melodies from this San Diego side project whose members sum beats hands down anything ever released by their parts (Rocket From The Crypt, Drive Like Jehu). Songs like "Apartment 0" and "Let It Come" uniquely combine surf and emo stylings and when the band drop the pace back on "Salton City" and "Our Work Fills The Pews" they evoke the edgy melancholic brilliance of late 80s Dischord act Soulside. The pared down production concisely conveys the excitement of a band on a perfect roll in the studio. Possibly the only fault here is the song order as whilst most of these songs could stand alone as singles they come across as disjointed when lumped together. Epic without being vacuous or cheesy Hot Snakes have managed to create that rare beast - an indie rock album with soul.

(Swami- P.O. Box 620428, San Diego, CA 92162, USA).

# PAUL FRANCIS PERRY AND FROSTWAVE

**Woozy:** When did you first become interested in musical electronics?

**PFP:** I was interested in analogue computers. They were an engineering tool. If you see a photograph of one now, they're more of a museum article, they look like Moog synthesisers. Moog who did the first popular synthesiser was an electrical engineer and if you look at the old computers you can see where the idea for the synthesisers came from. My interest was in the computers, but one day I was in a pawnbrokers and saw there was such a thing as an analogue synthesiser, an MS20, which was all full of quarter inch holes to plug things into. It was love at first sight. This would have been around the mid 1970s.

**Woozy:** So you became a collector?

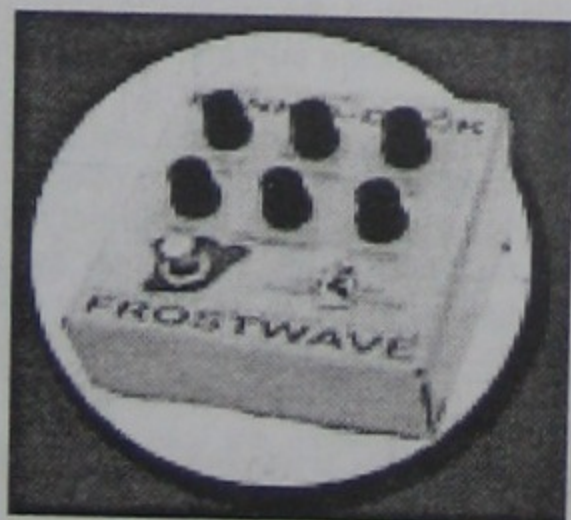
**PFP:** I began buying a bits and pieces. Once the digital synthesisers came out, the Yamaha DX7 especially, everyone wanted the latest digital ones and were throwing away the old analogue ones. Which was nice for someone who was collecting them then. I'd look at these things and develop ideas and say "I wish I could do this or do that". I began trying to get people to build me custom pieces of electronics and suddenly found that anybody who could do it I couldn't afford and anybody I could ripped me off. So I thought "Fuck this I'll have to learn electronics and do it myself" and so that's what I've been doing.

**Woozy:** What did you start with?

**PFP:** First thing I did was a MIDI to control voltage converter, which we still sell, which is to help people use modern equipment to drive old analogue synthesisers. So I had an idea for that and someone said "Give me all this money I'll build one for you" and of course they took the money and spent it on dope and mobile phones. Which were quite trendy at that time. I was left sitting above the Music Swap Shop in my office bemoaning my fate to anyone who would listen. Then one day Richard Van Hoesel (San Jose Cow Muzak, Sally) came in and I told him the sad story and he said "That doesn't sound like such a hard job, should take a few days". Imagine my surprise when he showed up again and had done it. I offered to pay him, but he said "There's no charge, there's only one condition and that's if manufacture this thing you employ my mate Christine (San Jose Cow Muzak, Bearded Ladies) to solder it" (Laughter). So that was the start of Frostwave and we've been going about 7 years.

**Woozy:** So you were previously a bookseller?

**PFP:** Yeah. I did 12 years selling second hand books, but gradually the books became less and less interesting, which was unfortunate. I got into an awkward moral position of having people ask for books on how to do something that struck me as particularly senseless and me having to sell them. I was always into non fiction anyway and became totally out of touch with fiction so was possibly the wrong person for the business. I did however manage to get lots of electronics books so that



was nice.

**Woozy:** You're not a musician yourself are you?

**PFP:** Oh God no! (Laughter) Which is an advantage. I have no idea where the attraction to all this comes from, but I like people who are obsessed and it doesn't matter what they are obsessed with.

Certainly the people who are into the stranger kinds of electronic music are more obsessed than most. I guess I like pandering to their obsession really.

**Woozy:** You had quite a collection of analogue musical equipment didn't you?

**PFP:** I did at one stage, but I didn't realise that when I started this business I had taken a vow of poverty, but I have (laughter) because I'm building for a niche market that is a very narrow niche indeed. So many of the gems in the Frostwave synthesiser collection have gone to better homes.

**Woozy:** So what are the models you've come up with?

**PFP:** Well first thing was the rack mount MIDI to CV converter and then Brian May from High Pass Filter wanted a Ring Modulator. I said "Oh it won't take long to build you a Ring Modulator". Well a couple of years later he had his Ring Modulator (laughter). Now quite a few people have them, the Japanese noise musicians like them, KK Null and Merzbow, those sort of people. Then we did a filter which is a clone of the filter section of the famous MS20 the first analogue synthesiser I ever saw. We called that The Resonator. Now we've got the Funk-A-Duck pedal which is an envelope follower and has that name because it makes a "quack, quack, quack" type of sound. You plug your guitar or keyboard or whatever in and it makes a Funkadelic, Bootsy Collins kind of sound. I'm working on more guitar things and we also have a sequencer in the works.

**Woozy:** Are the designs original?

**PFP:** Well there is nothing really original in the world of electronics. Everybody is working on bits and pieces from other people. It depends how you put it together and it's a matter of interface as well. I hate those bits of musical equipment that have a 1000 buttons on them. I like to have knobs and to make it as simple as possible. We also put our equipment together ourselves with their own power packs and put the pedals in boxes that can withstand light arms fire. Its important that what we make is easy to use and will stand the test of time.

**Woozy:** What's your driving philosophy?

**PFP:** The principle behind Frostwave is that its not like Spinal Tap where the knobs only go up to eleven. Ours go forever in the sense that there are no training wheels on our pedals. You can turn them up too far and they go mad and howl at the moon and everyone says "That sounds broken". I say "No you've turned the knob too far, but we've given you the opportunity in case you want to". Really and truly there is nothing more depressing for me than to have an effects pedal or a box where it doesn't go far enough. A mass produced item is for the masses and most people say we can't give too much power to the masses because they won't know what to do with it (laughter). My philosophy is that you should be able to go all the way (laughter).

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## Wily Wheelwomen of the 1890s.

When the bicycling craze hit Australia it hit in a big way. During the 1890s cycle races were one of the hottest forms of entertainment on offer drawing crowds of many thousands. For the pedestrian cycling was an exciting new option for transport. It was also one of the most enduring for ordinary Australians until falling automobile prices saw them switch over in the 1940s and 1950s. Today its popularity as a non polluting alternative is growing.

Women embraced cycling as another area in which they could prove their equality with men. Denied the vote and the right to property they could at least demand the right to pedal about as they pleased. This was challenged by conservative men in the medical industry as well as by conservative larrikins in the street.

The pages of *The Champion* saw a debate break out in 1890 between those who saw cycling as "injurious to the fragile female form" and those who scoffed at such wacky ideas. The following letter is just one of a number which aired the right of women to choose what to do with their bodies and their leisure time. It demonstrates that not only were women themselves active in the fight for cyclists rights, but that the largely middle class cycling scene could have an impact on the dress codes of all women.

*To the Editor of The Champion,  
Sir— Permit me to thank you for your criticism of Dr. Torrance's remarks on women cyclists. As one of them, I have had more abuse lavished on me in the last few months than during the whole previous course of my life, and the worthy clergymen's strictures are merely a few more straws to a weight which we wheelwomen are quite used. One can ignore the vulgar comments of street larrikins and larikinesses, well dressed and otherwise, but the press and the pulpit are of sufficient importance to be noticed. But even pulpit and press often make absurd mistakes and criticise many things in the blindest ignorance. Cycling is one of them. Many writers (on the Argus especially) do not even know the terms of the sport, and all others, clergymen included, who denounce it are invariably non cyclists.*

*I abandoned a skirt and adopted rational dress for greater safety (twice being nearly killed by my skirt catching in the pedals), and not, as the enemies of cycling say of all women who wear rational dress, because of vanity. No woman is expected to ride horseback in a street dress, to play tennis in a tightly fitting visiting costume, or to walk miles in a tea gown. Why cycling should be the only pastime for which women would dress in a thoroughly unsuitable manner (as in skirts) is a mystery. Imagine men playing football in tweed suits and tight shoes, cricket in mackintoshes or rowing a race in evening dress. Men dress suitably for every sport, why not women?*

*The hope of the Argus, "that those persons (ie-lady cyclists) may find themselves frowned off the road" like many a Cassandra-like prophecy of that well established journal, is doomed to disappointment. Cycling for women is coming to stay. Lady Brassey rides in skirts, but that will not cause the rational dress party, nor any woman with regard to her safety and comfort, to follow her example. Melbourne is singularly behind the times in this matter and it is odd that those persons (principally Australians) who venerate anything and everything British, from boots to the latest handshake, have not yet learnt that the majority of English women cycle (as they do in America) in rational dress.*

*"A lie has no legs" saith an ancient saw. Perhaps the anti-cycling public thought so of women and are shocked to discover their mistake,*

*Yours,  
Rational Dress.*



## Kokoshkar- Allah Akbar Overdrive CD

"I really liked Kokoshkar's songs. They flow in and out of sounding like Sleater Kinney or Unwound, the combination of which made for some damn good moments."

**Punk Planet.**

"A bizarre mixture of Beefheartian noise."

**Drum Media.**

"Sixteen tracks of experimental freakdom... Drums, saxophones, keyboards, a gong and multiple vocal chords create an atonal mix of funk and frolic... I found myself lost on the concept and sound of this release."

**Heartattack.**

CD available for \$10 postpaid from P.O. Box 4434,  
Melbourne University, Parkville, 2052, Australia.  
kokoshkar@hotmail.com



For more art like this and words that matter send for a copy of Nosedive. \$US3 from Icky, P.O. Box 72581, New Orleans, 70172, USA.

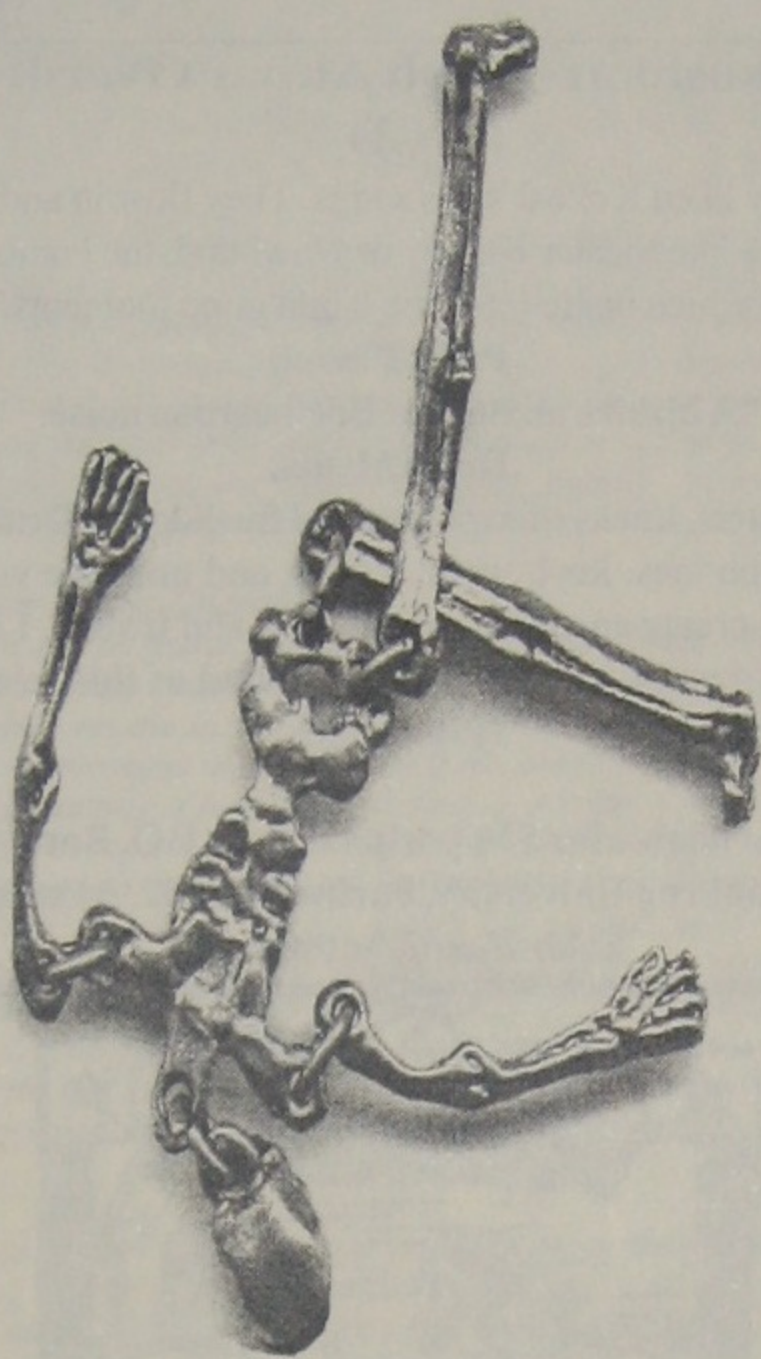
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