



Welcome to Wozy #13, our first full sized issue in some time. As usual the expressed opinions found herein are those of the writer, not necessarily the editors. Not surprisingly despite paid advertising we remain a not profit effort only just keeping a little ahead of our costs. Thanks to all the bands and other folks involved with the benefits and production for helping things stay that way - finding creativity is never difficult, financing it can be. Thanks to the press for

the printing honours this time and thank to all contributors past and present for the role they play.

Our never ending search for distributors continues - if Wozy doesn't seem to be available in your corner of the world then please write, we're happy to do trades or work something out. Unless otherwise stated all the works in Wozy are anticopyright for non profit groups - use them at your discretion, just please credit the creator or at least us as your source.

Most of the central Wozy folks will be overseas for a chunk of '96 so please don't send review items and contributions till early '97. We will be still producing stuff and hope to have a book of found photos and some O/S editions coming your way soon. Still write us letters and order stuff though because the Choozy distro will be handling the zines and forwarding mail to wherever we may be. The Wozy address remains - P.O. Box 4434, Melbourne Uni, Parkville, 3052, Australia.



TOTAL ART MATCH-BOX

USE THESE MATCHES TO DESTROY ALL ART — MUSEUMS ART LIBRARY'S — READY — MADES POP — ART AND AS I BEN SIGNED EVERYTHING WORK OF ART — BURN — ANYTHING — KEEP LAST MATCH FOR THIS MATCH —

Nice! And you're just another bourgeois dilettante who thinks he is making some sort of "statement" when all you're really doing is the only thing you were ever taught to do... shopping!!

That is such bullshit! You hear Me?! Bullshit!! We're changing the world without you and you can't stand it!!

I'm sorry Baboon, but all you're doing is helping create new products for the privileged out of the pain of the truly oppressed. You're not a movement, you're a consumer focus group!

Dude, check it out, they're yelling at each other!

Whoa!

I wonder what they're hollering about?

I think the old dude is pissed cuz the geek spent all the money shopping.

All I want to do is talk to you and all you do is insult me and everything I believe in! What is wrong with you?!

Wrong With Me? You call me a bitter old man and a hippy, what do you expect, a kiss?

OK, I'll stop. So what's your almighty fucking point?

My point, Dooley, is that countercultures, especially yours, are one of the most highly developed forms of capitalist co-optation - the gentrification and commodification of the Left!

You think they're doing each other? I don't want to know that!

A condition where alienation is not only trivialized, but sold back to it's victims for profit!

Yes, but we're stopping that by exposing those persons and labels who sell us out!

It won't work! By creating a community seemingly outside corporate control you're merely giving their presentation an exotic and threatening patina that only adds increased commercial legitimacy to the eventual end product.

You're So Full of Shit!

I'm full of shit? While you fine fellows babble endlessly about the purity of your goddam record labels the right wing has taken over the entire country and is destroying 50 years of progressive legislation!!

Look Maw! Punks on the teevee!

Oh Jahzuz!

Old ladies will get thrown into the street this winter and all you seem to think is important is whether or not your New colored vinyl singles have barcodes on them!!!

You've completely lost your mind haven't you, Beardo.

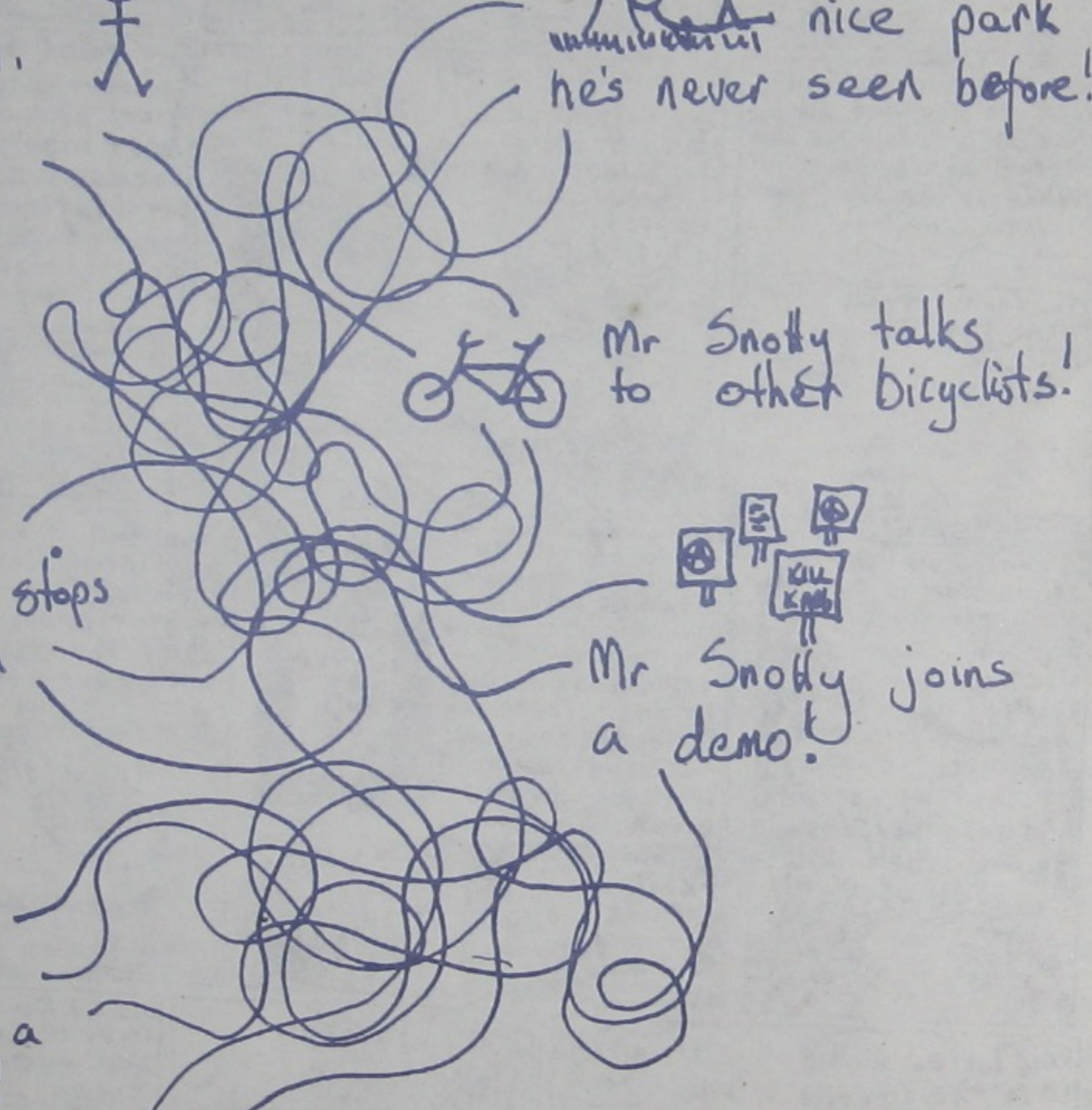
It's like everything I've ever known is gone + I'm living in an alien, evil world!

My dad said that once, just before his dirt nap.

Now HELP Mr Snotty on his NEW BIKE!



Mr Snotty sees a nice park he's never seen before!



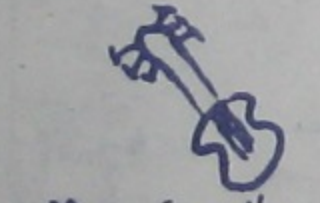
Mr Snotty talks to other bicyclists!



Mr Snotty stops off for a drink!

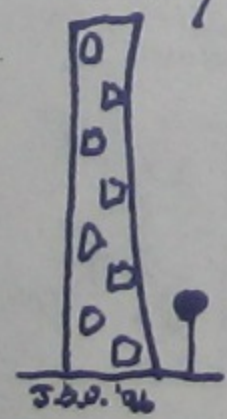


Mr Snotty joins a demo!



Mr. Snotty listens to a bosker!

Mr Snotty gets to work late, gets fired, burns the office block down, sets up a workers co-op & lives happily ever after!



My Dragster

The Dragster - what's left to be said? Probably not much, but what the hey, I'm willing to give my two penny's worth on what was, and probably will remain, peddle-power's finest hour. By no means do I class myself as an aficionado on the cycling world's answer to flares and any other 70's extravagance you might care to think of. I merely wish to share a treasured childhood memory regarding a boy and his bike. I can proudly say that my first real, no training wheels, too-big-to-ride-properly-but-you'll-grow-into-it bike was a real life Dragster. No, it wasn't new, in fact it was a distinctly old and rusted, with it's original coat of British racing green (what else?) a faint reminder, nay, teaser of what the bike once was. Yep, it was all down hill for this old Dragster, but as the saying goes, it was mine and I loved it dearly. Like the BMX which would follow and indeed herald the demise of my beloved "green demon" (and all others like it), the Dragster was a peddle powered clone of the then-current trend in motor bikes ie. the "Chopper". The extra long seat with the extended chrome back rest (to accomodate your "pillion passenger"), the ridiculous bent front forks which were of course in obvious direct contradiction to the most basic laws of physics. Most daring, however, was the centrifugally located three-speed gear shift (I should point out it was with some disappointment I discovered there was no "R" for reverse built into the push bike gears, an obvious oversight when compared to our petrol fuelled older cousins. Actually, in thinking about it now, I'm not exactly sure how the three-speed shift tied into the Chopper at all, but hell, we're talking about a decade in which "fashion over function" was taken to the limits - and beyond). If you can remember most of what I've discussed so far then you stand a good chance of remembering the Dragster accessorie called "Roar Power" (or was that Raw Power?). For those who don't remember, this was a plastic device attached to the handle bar which, when activated, emitted a noise similar to that of a revving motor bike! Yes, I had one, yes, I loved it, yes I suffered ridicule from my foolish peers who had perhaps already caught a whiff of the on-coming BMX frenzy. Whilst I thought this was cool, my greatest years were ahead of me. My parents, perhaps sensing a certain "hollow roar" to my cycling activities planned for me a birthday gift no one has come close to supassing since. For my 10th birthday I arose to find not my usual "green-demon" awaiting me, but what was possibly the most awesome peddling machine I could ever have imagined. I was confused and exited all at once. Confused because this amazing bike looked oddly familiar, yet excited because it was so outrageously fucking cool! Then I realised, it WAS my "green demon" after all! My parents had taken my old bike and had it hotted up! It was now sparkling silver, with new everything! All the fucking trimmings including a front mount pack rack and, the coup de grace, a stand exactly like one on a motor bike! I've never seen one like it since and I hope I never do. I hold

firm to the belief that my machine was indeed custom built! Oh she was a beauty and now my friends could never laugh at me again. And they didn't. Even the older kids at school were genuinly in awe of this mother of all Dragsters. But, like always, it was the best of times, it was the worst of times. It was so cool every one wanted to ride it. "Fat chance" I thought, "this baby's mine and mine alone". Of course, the one time I fell for the old "you can ride mine if you let me ride yours" the stupid kid stuffed up the gears and and bolted for home without telling me what he'd done. His name was Craig Scoble and I litterally never spoke to him for years. But alas the 80's were nearly upon me and the fickle wind of fashion was about to change as It always seems to do just when you're sitting pretty. Bicycle Motor Cross was the buzz-phrase and once again I found myself languishing at the bottom of the bike fashion heap. I'm ashamed to say that after a sold stand I too succumbed to the frenzy that was BMX. My poor Dragster was to under go yet another transformation. However, whilst last time it became a thing of orgiastic beauty, it's next life span can only be likened to that of a Frankenstein experiment that went horribly, horribly wrong. I'll spare you the details and leave it up to your imagination. Let me just say this - a Dragster is built to act and function as one thing only - a Dragster. Woe betide the person who dares fuck with the Dragster gene pool. I learnt my lesson the hard way. I grew to be so ashamed of my creation that I can't even tell you what happened to my original "green demon". Lost, sold for scrap, who knows? I'm a wiser man now. I've given up chasing the latest bike craze and can occasionally be seen on a white, plain-as-they-come mountain bike brought from a friend for fifty bucks. It works and that's all I care about.

-Story by Neil Ricaine.



Neil on his dragster

Beardo the Weirdo asks:

"Do You Really Want to be Free, Punk? Or Are You Just Looking For Something to Replace High School?"



A Queen of the Scene Forum: Beardo y Baboon Face Off on One of the Most Important Underground Topics of Our Time! (in their opinion)



Terrific. I think we can agree. Naturally count us in. We have come in spirit and in a few cases in the flesh. Crawled up from the Underground to vote YES. We have not come to obstruct, but to build, and so we are here to spread communism like so much red jelly on a peanut butter cracker of a country. How are we to explain communism to a people we have been taught are complacent, cynical and ready to oppose us with vengeance? The government and the press use every conceivable method to deceive the masses. The old order is protected with guile and cunning. We watched the Vietnam War for 10 years as a war between America and Communism. Never, not once, in the media was it ever capitalism versus communism. You may think this is a small point. A word here, a phrase and intonation there. But I tell you, as a language freak, that is how it's done. I pledge allegiance to the power and the glory. Amen, America. If the people are bored with religion, give them nationalism. What greater calling is there than to be a patriot? Look at our history. Look at this city. Was it not the first patriots who freed us and built the nation? We demand the war be spoken of as communism versus capitalism, of colonialism versus revolution.

"Oh you people are too far out. Some of what you say is true, but some of what those on the far right say is true also. We have to strike a balance." So they shuffle a well-oiled deck of cards and deal again.

"See, it's this way. You're over there and these other weirdos are over there, but we are here. Here in the middle along with Truth, Justice, Mercy and the American way. Besides we're the dealers and we play by House Rules." Oh, I wish I could share with you how much I learned sitting in on that rigged game.

Take a tape recorder and record a half hour of television news. I don't care which flavour chocolate strawberry or vanilla (they all use artificial flavourings anyway). Go over the choice of each and every word used. Study how subtle images are manipulated, what is selected as news what questions an interviewer asks, doesn't ask, the language.

"A father goes berserk and slaughters his family." Why is that news, as opposed to workers out of work? It's not news to us that America makes people crazy. But those stories keep the population on the edge, psychologically afraid, easily manipulated. The American population believes to this day, for example, that inmates at Attica killed guards by slitting their throats. It matters not how many committees are formed and books are written.

Let's take a look at the language: "Terrorists exploded a bomb last night in Tel Aviv. Shortly thereafter Israeli planes retaliated by bombing strategic targets outside Beirut." Terrorists! God save us! Deliver us from terror, oh Lord! And since it's a modern world deliver us in a jetplane.

I say to you and we must say it to everyone we can reach "a terrorist is a freedom fighter too poor to afford a jet bomber." Oh, there are so many examples. But I say this to you who already have seen through this word-shuck we are as gullible as the next person.

Communism is distorted in America through different ways. Class by class: to those poorly educated, communism has been created by the Devil. It is to be shunned and feared as if it were Lucifer himself. To those whites with jobs at the proletariat level it's the menace agitating blacks to steal their jobs. Never are they told there is no such thing as unemployment in a communist country. To those better educated, they cannot scare these people with religious bugaboo then communism means unhappiness, boredom, rigid conformity. It means no more Cadillacs, servants, mistresses and Mansions. And only to itself does it tell the truth.

Don't take this lightly. The vast majority of two car garage America is skin deep happy. Underneath is an anxious, neurotic people. The members of the ruling class know this. "How can you be happy in a society where there are no individuals, no humour no art, no sex, no love. Nothing but blue or grey jackets to choose from?"

How can we go back to these people and tell them they were fed lies by the ruling class? How can we convince them what we know to be the truth, that communism means happiness? There are ways, our task is easier than in eras gone by. We are not talking of an abstraction. For most of the people in the world communism is a reality. We can defy anyone to find an orphan in China.

We can point to Cuban art and movies and smash the erroneous proposition that communism is anti art. We can hold the socialist successes abroad and point to the failures of other forms of government to serve the basic needs of food, shelter and education.

Now it's getting late and there are other comrades with more important things to discuss, so I'll briefly rush on to the second task the building of a clandestine organisation.

The lesson of Watergate, the Rap Brown Act, the CIA hearings, analysis of past repression, the Huston plan, the illegal use of grand juries, forces us to organise a secret system of survival, communication and action. There simply is no other choice. This very room is infiltrated. We communicate through electronic talking devices in the pockets of government agents. Freedom of Information Act, my foot. How can anyone entertain such nonsense with an FBI agent standing on their toes?

We must openly defy the law by aiding and abetting fugitives whenever and by whatever means possible. A popular war this year or next and half the people in this room will be fugitives. That war is coming. Somehow the media deludes the public into believing that America has a future filled with nothing but peace and roses. The capitalist economy demands war.

America in its 200 year history has had no less than 147 wars. Just the other day it rattled its sabres by threatening to use atomic weapons in Korea. It is training Arab mercenaries to war against the P.L.O. It will surely intervene militarily if it's policy of bribery and division fails in the Middle east. It senses imperialism is on the run all over the world.

In Washington they secretly authorise funds to stay the inevitable. All money sent to Brazil is to stop insurgent movements throughout South America. To obstruct the will of the people in Italy, Spain and Portugal, and also to maintain US bases, 100's of millions of dollars make their way through Germany to bolster right wing elements in Southern Europe. And still this is not enough, for each day 1000s upon 1000s of people take to the streets, the factory floors, to the classroom and the mountains to denounce and battle against American aggression.

At home the movement may be dead, but the revolution is blasting away. Indians are shooting at FBI agents. Daughters of the ruling class are learning to rob banks. There have been more strikes in this year since before WWII. Most aren't news. People are fed up and fighting back.

We are at one with that battle and must build quietly and secretly an organisation dedicated to carrying out revolutionary goals through armed struggle. We must follow the guidelines set down in Prairie Fire making it the invaluable red book of the American masses. We must translate it into a 100 languages and dialects including American - the American spoken in the streets, in the comic books and the movies. We need a glossary of terms.

Damn it, fish, start swimming in the sea. Come on, radicals, who's in the first place in the American league today? Forget TET and TDA and bourgeois feminism, anarchist syndacism and that whole elitist fantasy talk for a moment. Who's in first place in the American League tonight?

BOSTON is god damn it, and the people in this room are the only ones within miles that don't know. Shit we all should go out to the Fenway Park tomorrow...the Vietnamese always remarked how little about our own country US radicals knew.

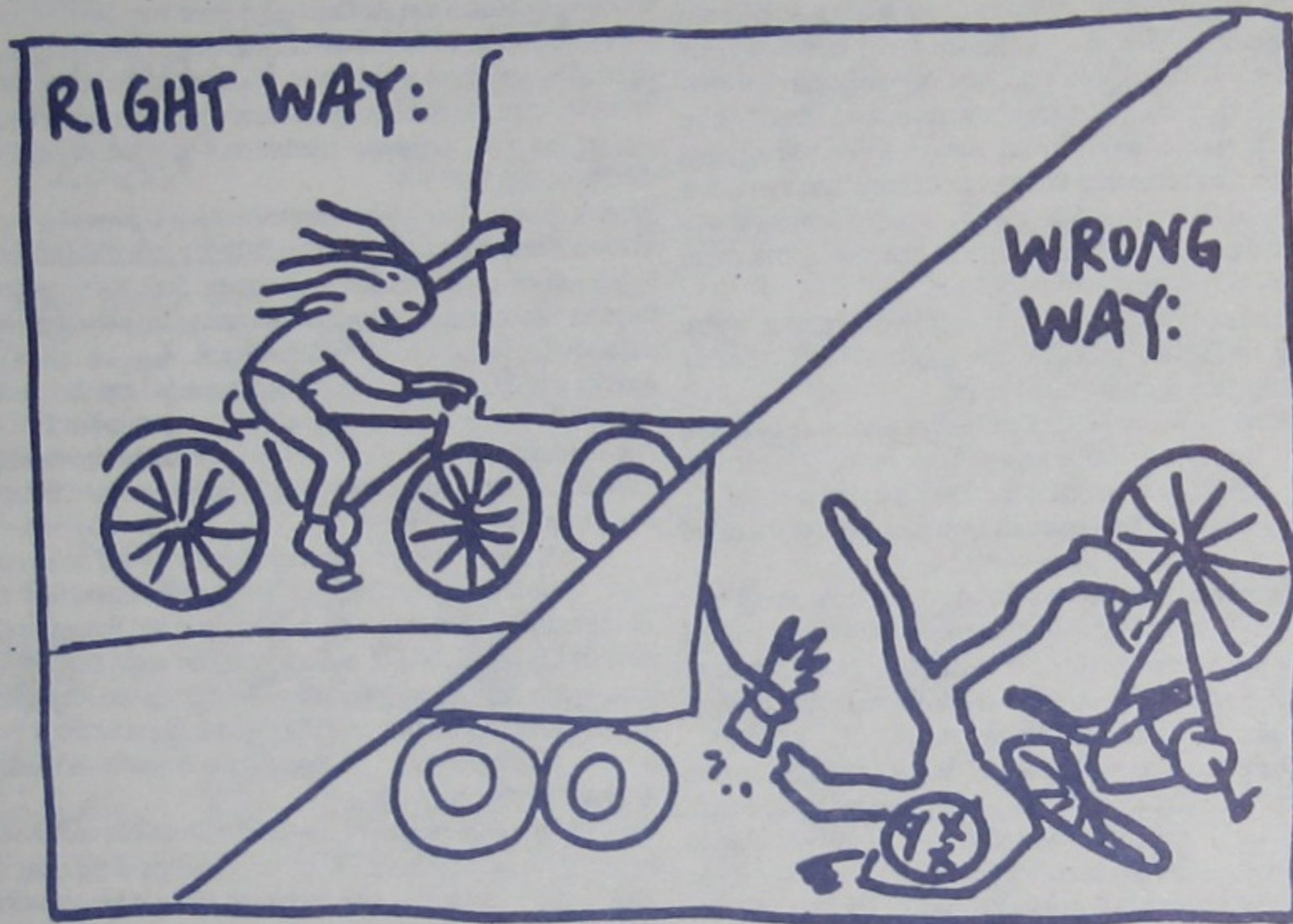
Sorry, on a nice day like this thoughts stray from the business at hand. I've overstayed my welcome, gotta run now. Thank you.

(After this speech Abbie failed in his application to join the communist Weatherpeople who within a few years were to disintegrate having lost touch with the aboveground "masses" - ed).



HOW TO GRAB ON

BY CASH



HERE'S HOW TO GRAB ON AND NOT DIE:

① DON'T GRAB ANYTHING THAT CAN ACCELERATE QUICKLY. START WITH SEMI-TRAILERS AND GARBAGE TRUCKS.

② DON'T GRAB DOOR HANDLES. THEY COME OPEN AND SCARE THE PEOPLE INSIDE.

③ MOST IMPORTANT: GRASP PROJECTION WITH FINGERS AND THUMB HELD STRAIGHT, NEVER SO THEY CURL AROUND IT LIKE HOLDING A HANDLEBAR. IF YOU DO GET PULLED OFF THE BIKE, YOUR MONKEY REFLEX WILL ACTIVATE, MAKING YOU GRIP ANYTHING YOU'VE GOT YOUR HANDS ON. SO DON'T GET DRAGGED. (I GOT FACIAL SCARS AND BRAIN SLAP BY NOT FOLLOWING RULES 1 AND 3.)

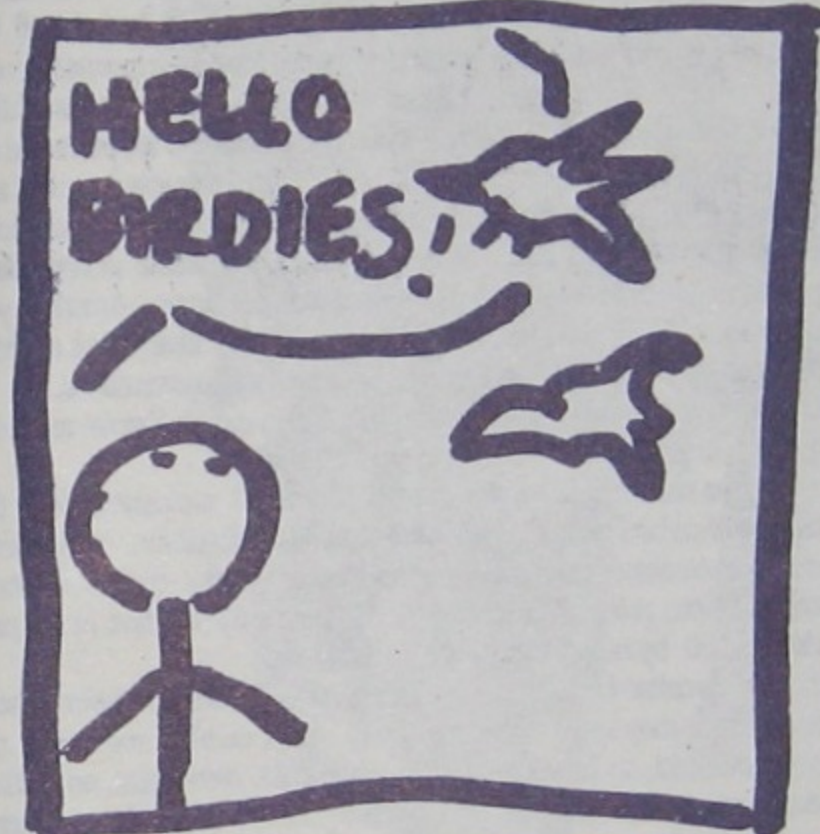
③a DON'T PUT YOUR FINGERS ANYWHERE THEY WILL SLIDE BACK INTO A KNUCKLE-CATCHING SLOT. IF YOU DON'T GET PULLED OFF, YOUR FINGER MIGHT

④ DON'T GRAB ROPES OR CHAINS. YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO USE THE VEHICLE TO DECELERATE.

⑤, 6, etc. PICK A VEHICLE, MATCH ITS SPEED OR BEAT IT. LOCK THE TOP TUBE BETWEEN YOUR KNEES. REACH OUT AND LATCH ON. I LIKE THE RIGHT REAR CORNER. IT GIVES ME A GOOD VIEW OF THE ROAD AHEAD, I CAN SEE THE TURN SIGNAL LIGHT, I CAN DUCK BEHIND THE TRUCK IN CASE OF HAZARDS, AND STILL SLING OFF WHEN THEY LOCK UP THE BRAKES AFTER THEY SPOT ME.

IF YOU DON'T FEEL COMFORTABLE ABOUT GRABBING ON, DON'T DO IT! LEARNING HOW IS ONLY FOR PEOPLE WHO BOUNCE GOOD. IT'S NOT FOR GOING FASTER, IT'S FOR GIVING YOUR LEGS A REST. GETTING IT WRONG DOESN'T SHOW ANY CLASS.

From Mydflap.ün



CHRIS KRAZ BIC BOK 96



ABBIE HOFFMAN'S '76 BICENTENNIAL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTH INDIES.

Welcome sisters and brothers. Welcome to Boston and to the beginning of the fire that will spread out from this coming together, that will re-ignite the torch of revolution.

Two hundred years ago Sons of Liberty hurried through these streets at night. Hunted by the enemy, they built their underground cells and published their underground newspapers. They plotted and schemed ... possibly the first guerrillas in history. Farmers,

lawyers, doctors, students and teachers. Smart, strong and brave, they dreamed of a cradle that would comfort the orphan and nurture the homeless.

Politically outmanoeuvred after the war of independence, the radicals bent the dream to fit the greed of Southern tobacco growers. George Washington, with 300 slaves and a record on the battlefield that was composed of nothing but losses, was anointed president - a rich powder-wigged dandy who got lost in the country as soon as he stepped off the plantation doorstep.

I tell you, comrades, George Washington and Richard Nixon were one and the same. From the beginning to the end, America's problem was that its leaders couldn't survive without the plantation whip. The dream of government by and for the people was crushed beneath the boot of imperialism and racism.

We come together as children in a 200-year-old rusty shop of greed. We come together when a man sits on the throne, placed there by one of the century's most hated criminals. A man who selects as his second in command the American rock of imperialism. A man whose very name is hated by the peoples of the world. The Butcher of Atica. Raper of Venezuela.

Is it not ironic, 200 years to the date, we are summoned here to this spot to declare that government illegal? To voice what the people know already to be true, to organize with a determination to confront the state. The guerrillas of Lexington and Concord were in these hills and fields. Here the abolitionists built the underground railroad. The first feminists marched these streets. The Wobblies worked the waterfront.

I can personally tell you of the moment, 16 years ago across the Charles River when Fidel Castro spoke to 80,000 of us screaming students—young people who sensed something was right with this man and his vision and something dreadfully wrong with the America that had raised and educated us. People left the stadium that spring night in 1960 and what was to follow was a decade of rebellion and resistance.

We were innocent and naive. We wanted merely to set things right again to turn the wheel a bit and set a slightly better course. Why did we need bombs big enough to kill humanity 10 times over? Why couldn't black people in the South vote like the rest of us? Why couldn't we students have a say in our lives? Why were there people poor and hungry tonight in a land which dumps grain in the ocean? Why did people around us feel so helpless, so unhappy, so much a cog in a huge machine going nowhere?

Could we not have a democracy in which all the people participated? Could not the affluence be shared? A little?

Was more to be expected of us? We had come of age, schooled in the lies of American education and mythology. We walked into the stadium that night the best educated group of students in the world. We believed in the moral superiority of our country. The Indians fought dirty. Yellow-Bellied Chick comies had no regard for human life. They rushed our boys machine guns in Korea, charging up Pork Chop hill hurling their bodies against our bullets until the ammunition gave out. God, did you ever hear of such dirty skunks?

I was graduated 50 miles from this hall with high honours and didn't know there had been a depression, that 50,000 blacks had been lynched in the 20th century, that the Scottsboro Boys, the Rosenbergs, the Palmer Raids, Wounded Knee,

Haymarket Square, Nat Turner, Japanese internment camps ever existed. They burned Sacco and Vanzetti across the bridge and we were not told.

John Brown was a lunatic and Dwight David Eisenhower was the good patriarch Abraham returned. Goddam it! They stuffed our minds with rubbish. It's time to dump the rubbish in the harbour.

We have learned a new history of America. Of genocide, of foreign rape and plunder. Of cultural conformity. Of oppression of women. Of the enslavement of a race. In the pages of *Prairie Fire* (the Weather People's journal - ed) we are reading the true history of America. We are angry at those who kept the truth from us. We learned it from comrades underground, the same way the early colonists read it in the *Massachusetts Spy*. Moreover, we have seen it ourselves and learned it from the peoples of the world. "America," as Arnold Toynbee (certainly no flaming radical) has said, "America, you are the nightmare of the world."

The Nightmare of the World! Liars. Cheaters. Rapers. You, the ruling class—you stand naked, your bloody sword and filthy lucre are hated by the people on the planet. We have seen what you did in Vietnam. We have seen the flesh you ripped apart. We have seen you brutally crush the dreams of a Chilean people and we watch you buy the same chaos in Portugal. We have been inside your prisons and your ghettos, your factories and your schools. Last night we listened to your megaton bombs of death, rumbling beneath the Nevada sands. We have heard your pompous language of equality and prosperity for all, but your jails are stuffed with black people and your sidewalks are crowded with desperate unemployed. Women are raped and children starve. We have fallen for your freedom of speech hypocrisy while you wiretapped us, infiltrated us, spied on us, harassed our relatives, tried to bribe us, and, yes, even tortured and maimed some of us. Especially those among us who are black revolutionaries. This is no paranoid LSD trip, America. You, yourself, admit in committee hearing after committee hearing the lie of American democracy. America, you have pleaded guilty. We are here today to accuse you of treason; we are here to join an angry world ready to fight your machine and mercenaries.

America, we are a world at war with you. The King and his Empire are dead. We are here to give aid and comfort to your enemies.

There are two tasks before us. We must build a mass movement along the principles outlined in *Prairie Fire* and we must build a clandestine organisation committed to continuous and victorious revolution. The first because we must organise a serious political alternative in the same way we have in the past decade prepared byroads for cultural alternatives.

There can be no cultural revolution without a genuine political revolution. There can be no peace movement, no women's movement, no black movement, no ecology movement, no Indian movement, no student movement, no worker movement, no consumer movement, no gay movement, no children's movement, no senior citizen's movement, no spiritual movement, no NICE movement. . . without a Communist movement. People's socialism means revolution in America. It means the destruction of imperialism.

From Argentina to Italy. From Burma to Mozambique. Portugal to Peru they struggle. In China, in Cuba, in Vietnam and Cambodia they have said it and said it brilliantly. Isn't it time we said what the peoples of the world are fighting, to realise day by day? Death to the tyranny of imperialism.

Isn't it time we asked the welfare mothersworkers in the unemployment lines, the artists and writers forced to kiss the asses of the rich, the veterans without limbs? Isn't it time we asked, "Is not capitalism your enemy?" God there are loads of "isms" we must battle out there and in here but can't we set aside our individual outcries formoment? Certainly our land is fraught with injustice, but let us come together in spirit and dedication and say first and foremost we are here to organise against capitalism and imperialism once and for all for ourselves, for our children and for the future of humanity.

To those in power we have in our recent historical past, we have repeatedly said: "We are the people you have warned us against." We have struggled with our own upbringing and with our comrades. Despite the pain and disruption in our lives we have yanked or pried open closet door after closet door of our minds. Fought to discard the cultural stereotypes programmed by media brainwashers. Isn't it about time we tore the last goddam closet door of its hinges, tore the motherfucker down and shouted "That's right, America we are communists. Blood red through and through."

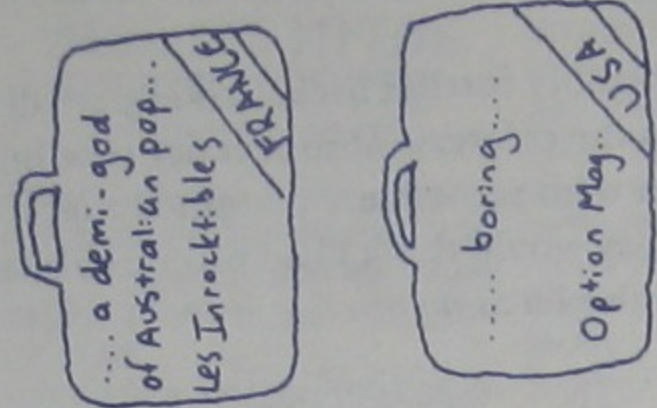
Casting the net of memory further back, I vividly recall feeling quite unable to go into the cafeteria at university (the hub of all social life) unless I was with someone. I imagined that if people were to see me alone they would think I had no one to be with, or that without someone else *I was no one*.



**inner strength:
invaluable
but widely ignored.**

More baggage from.....

ASHTRAY BOY



The Everymans 4th Dimension

Open the 4th Chapter in the Saga of Ashtray Boy



Out in May on thru MDS

THE WILD PUMPKINS AT MIDNIGHT Low-Fi Lucy's Mobile Temple



JAMES DIXON Is Pure Dope For the People



all cds are \$20
send cheque/money
order made out to
Richard Moffat
PO Box 1167
Carlton, 3053

WWW <http://www.aussiemusic.com.au>

buy it
off the
rack
from
way
over
there

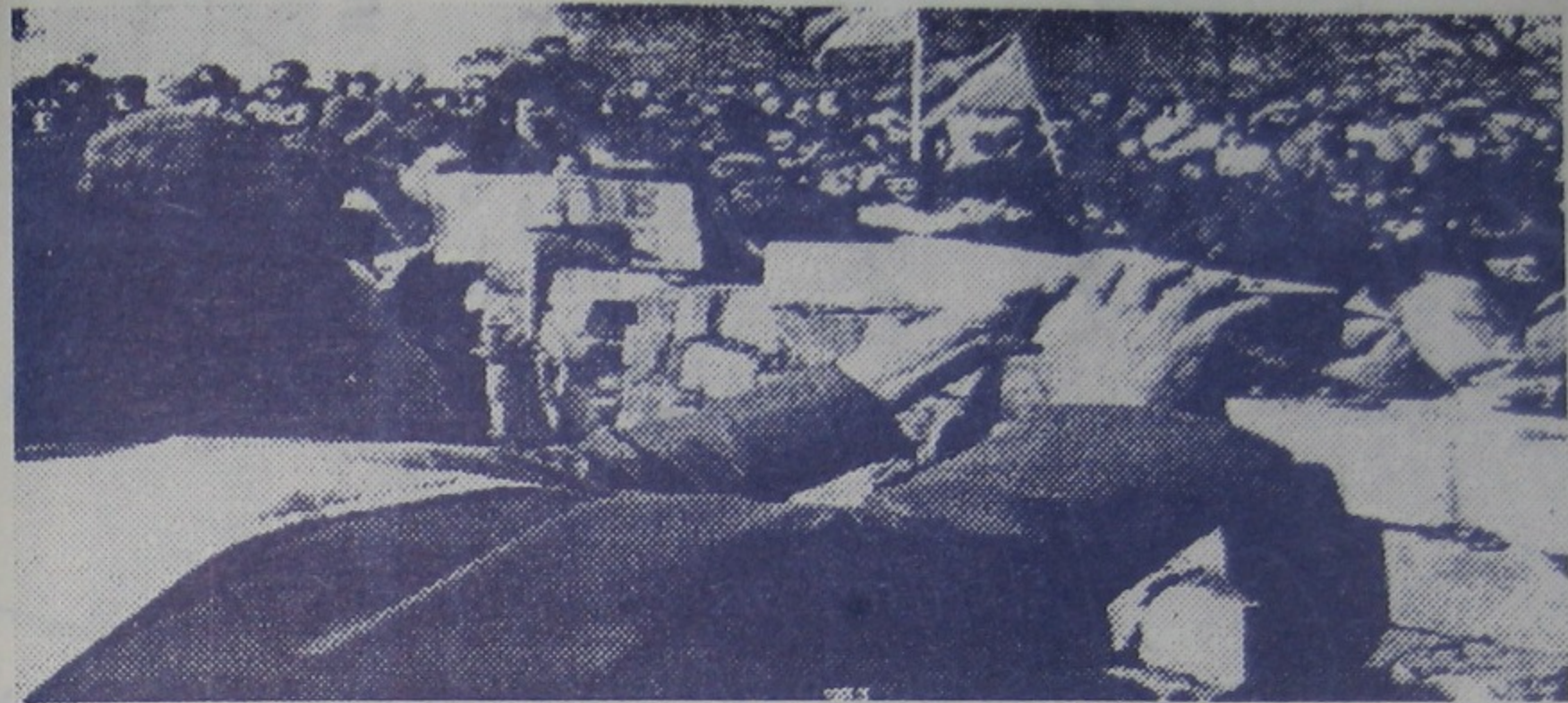
way over there
distributed by shock

BREATHER HOLE

Scrape The Bottom Of The Barrel And
That's Where You'll Find Us



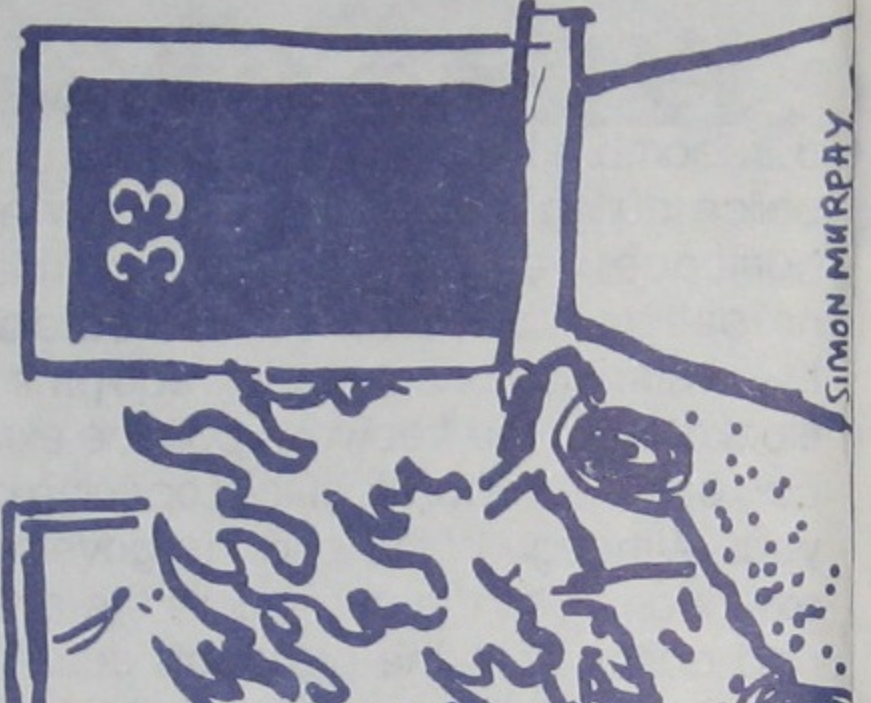
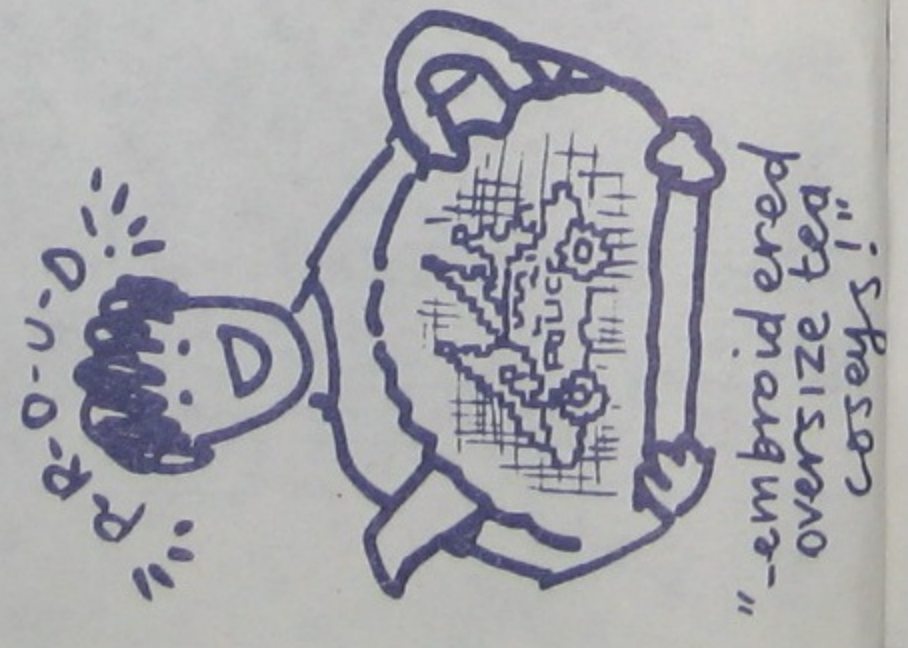
THE BODY ELECTRIC I Don't Want It



a firebomb attack by contractors the barricade was maintained until it was broken by police during pitched battles on November 24th. Within one day a second lot of barricades were thrown up and again removed during further battles. Residents were not deterred however and continued to disrupt road works with picket lines, occupations, the destruction of contractors equipment and the dumping of soil along the parade. Blockades of the freeway upon the extensions opening with picket lines and stalled cars occurred upon its official opening and harrasment continued onto into the new year. Although in the end the government was able to force the opening of the extension upon the community the direct actions proved that spontaneity, bravery and action from the grassroots could successfully disrupt and slow the actions of developers whilst more "reasonable" attempts to negotiate through a working party and contain action to "peaceful" protest only proved the governments capacity to lie and the ability of others to be fooled. The direct action and barricades were also a crucial factor in preventing future governments from expanding the freeway until the Kennett government widened the Alexander Parade entry in 1994/95 easily pushing aside the more disciplined and non violent protests of that year. For the anti-freeway folks this should only prove an old adage correct- "Direct Action Gets The Goods."

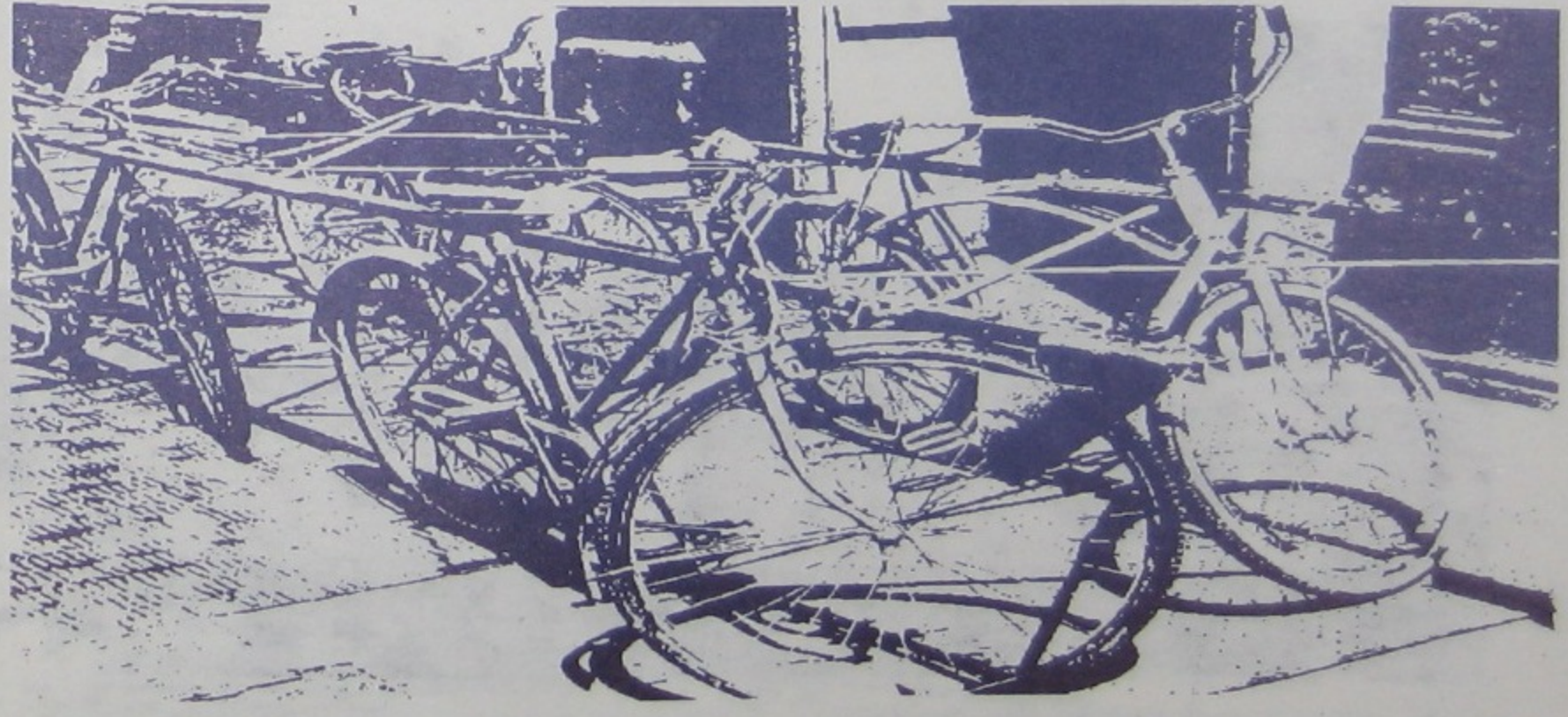


ROMAN'S
BURNING
CAR COMICS
 NO 12

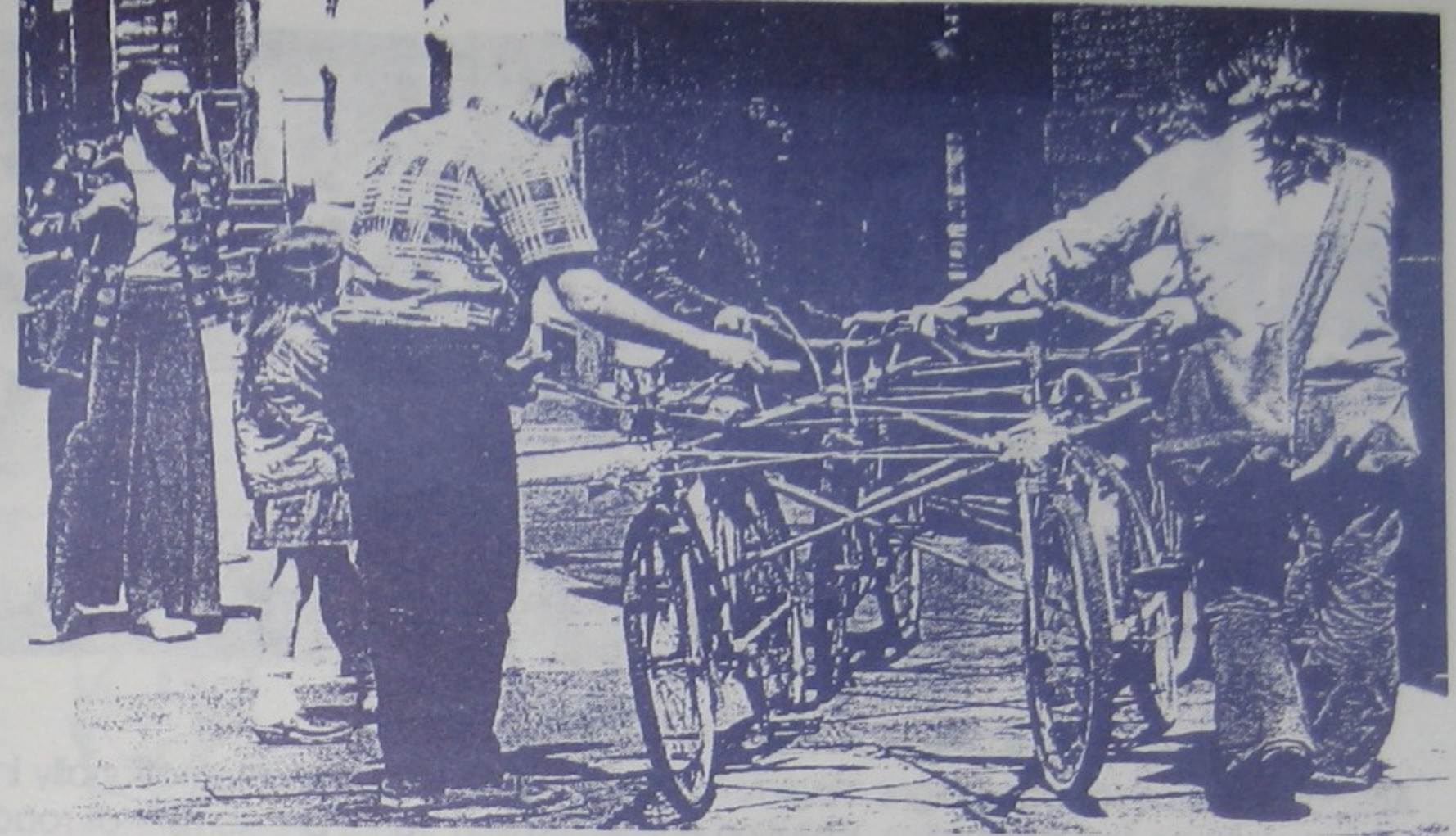


Roman's
BURNING
CAR COMICS
 ISSUE TWO
 33 ROMFORD ROAD
 LONDON E15 4LY-UK

Other comics + zines available - send a bit of cash or something to trade.

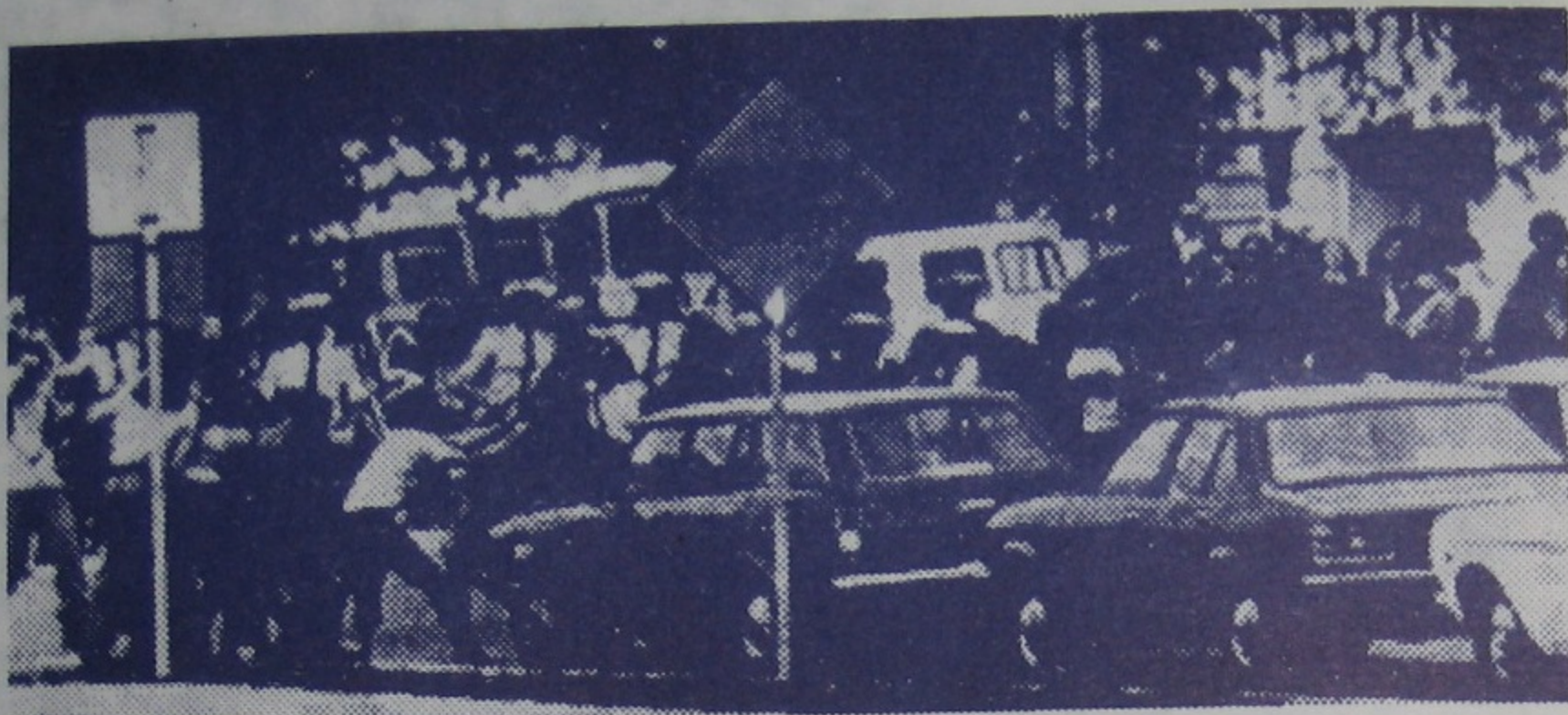


In 1966 Fluxus founder and guiding light George Maciunas proposed to others in his "art terrorist" movement that they come together and construct a cycle that could accommodate between 20 and 100 riders and would form a parade in the streets of New York. This festival was intended to celebrate the cycle culture of the time, show possibilities for collective cycling activities, challenge mundane cycle design and generally amuse both the riders and passers by. In the Flux Festival kit #2 Maciunas foresaw, "A 16 to 100 seat passenger cycle with a space frame consisting of four rows with 4 seats each (or 10 rows with 10 seats each in the case of a 100 passenger cycle) without steering, but with pedals and wheels for each passenger". The final design was a little smaller than intended, but could incorporate several cycles that could be put together as a multi-tandem and then later taken apart to form single bikes again. In the end this early and weird Critical Mass was a success with further Fluxus bike actions taking place in the 1970's.



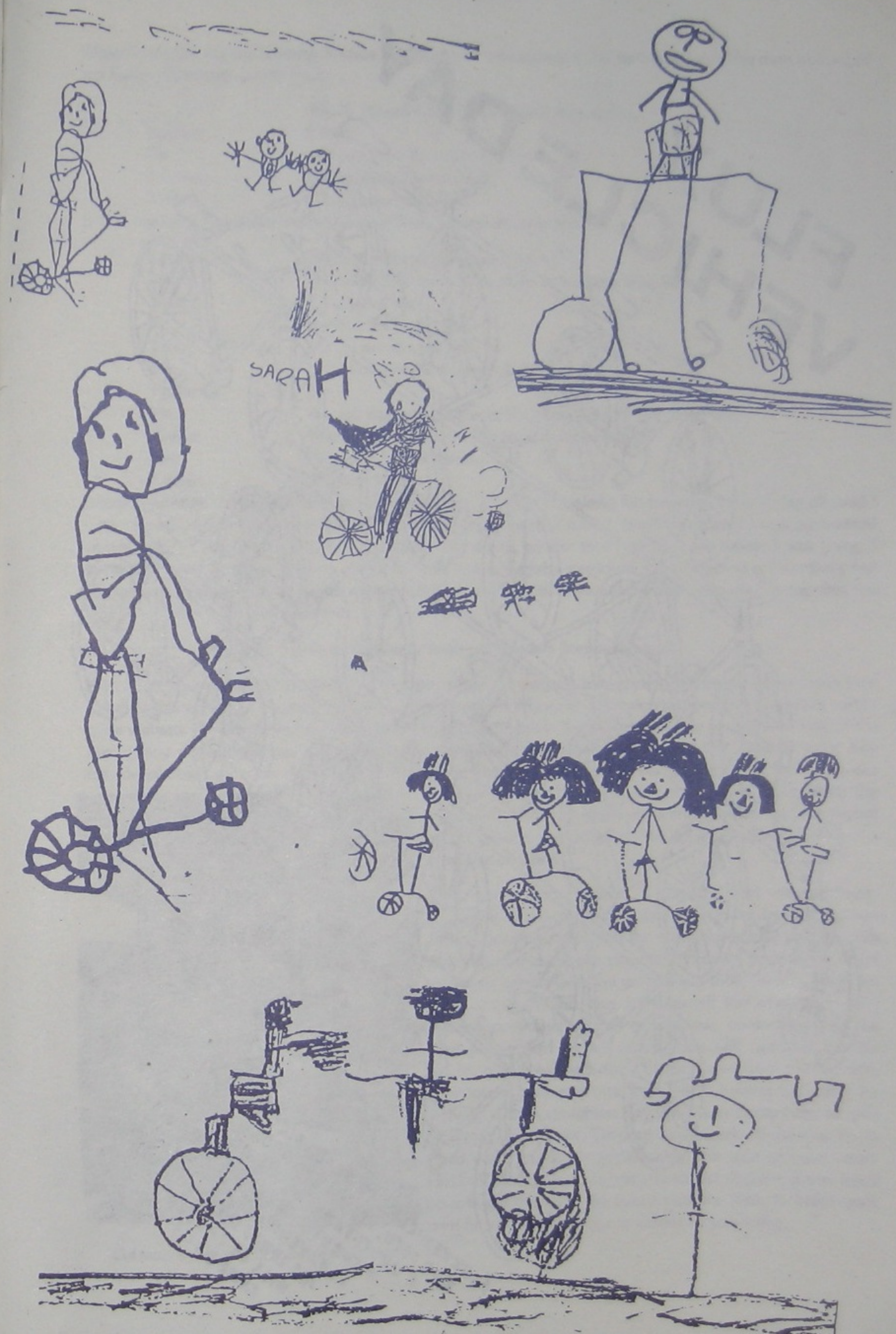
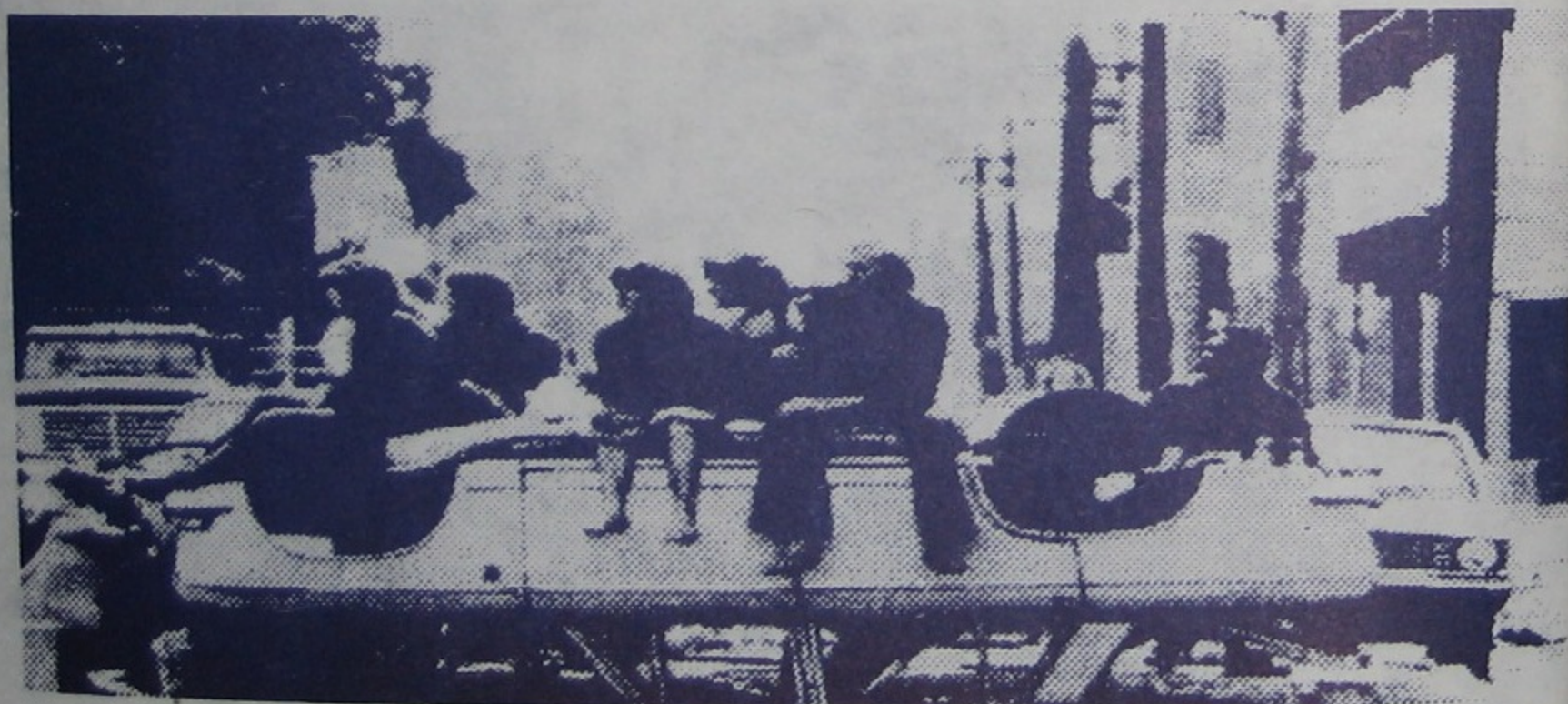
The Fluxus Multicycle.

SIMON MURPHY



Barricade!

Although anti-roads campaigns have refocused public attention internationally in recent years on the destruction, pollution and increased traffic problems that road building causes it should not be forgotten that the fight by communities to protect themselves from carnageddon (and other noxious forms of modern technology) is hardly a new one. A classic example of ongoing resistance is the Fitzroy community's struggle against the F19 freeway extensions in the 1970s. Having campaigned via lobbying, letter writing, etc for near on a decade the State government announcement to overrule council decisions and open the F19 by the end of 1977 brought a swift community response. After large demonstrations community groups began vigils and pickets in the area to halt the road construction and held protests at politicians' houses bringing the trouble to their door. After 100s of police and the Country Roads Board occupied a street near to the site locals followed on their actions of the previous year (the building of a brick wall across the freeway) and threw up barricades made of cars and scrap metal across Alexander Parade on November 7, 1977. Having resisted attempts by health workers and police to dismantle the barricades and having suffered



FLUX VEHICLE DAY



FLUXVEHICLE DAY NEEDS BICYCLES WITH RIDERS ON SAT.
MAY 10TH, 10AM AT 80 WOODSTER SIDEWALK.
A MULTI-TANDEM-BIKE WILL BE CONSTRUCTED
WITHOUT DAMAGE TO YOUR BICYCLE.
FLUXVEHICLES BY G. MACIUNAS.
JOE JONES & TAKAKO SAITO
WILL BE TRAVELING
SAME DAY 3PM.

When I went to get my learners licence I learned just how stringent the testing is. I saw the man in front of me being rigorously questioned;

Tester: (Holds up red card) Now what colour is this.
Applier: Green.
Tester: Are you sure it's not red?
Applier: Ah yes, red, I meant red.
Tester: (Ticks pass box) Fine.

It was my turn. The tester sat behind the desk, I stood in front of it;

Tester: Now, sit behind the green line.
Me: (Noticing that there is no chair behind the line) Sorry?
Tester: You heard me.
Me: Behind the green line?
Tester: (As if I am stupid) Yes.
Me: Not in one of those chairs back there?
Tester: No.
Me: So you want me to sit, on the floor, behind this green line?
Tester: What? No, I don't want you to sit anywhere.
Me: Aha, you meant stand.
Tester: (Disbelief) Yes.

Some time later I had got to the stage of driving my Mothers car along the freeway. I was doing ok until I saw a small bird approaching the windscreen at high speed. I admit that I panicked. I was so worried about hitting the bird that I ducked. I ducked way down, so low that I couldn't see where I was going. I know this wouldn't have done much for the bird but as I said, I panicked. I only ducked momentarily but the psychological damage was done. My Mother went ballistic. I was unnerved. I am glad to say that the bird turned in time and wasn't hurt.

I never got to getting my P plates. Eventually even my learners licence expired.

I was not a big fan of most modes of transport. Public transport lost some of its appeal after I was in a bus that missed a turn causing the driver to become lost. My sister had been trapped in a shopping centre glass elevator for several hours being stared by shoppers while the security people at the other end of the emergency phone told her not to play silly games and the other occupant of the elevator went into claustrophobic psychosis. At the age of three or so I had witnessed a boy being partially sucked down the edge of an escalator. First went his shoe laces, then the edge of his shoe. He started screaming when his foot started to get ground up. Some of his leg got mulched before the escalator stopped.



Now I use inline skates. I haven't had any seriously damaging accidents yet. I get no respect from most car drivers but skates give you the manoeuvrability to cope with that. Wrist guards are meant to protect your wrists from injury on impact with the ground but they are also great for palm strikes. When cars cut you off too close just palm strike a convenient panel or window, contacting with the bent plastic part of the guard. You will need reasonable quality guards so they don't break. Twist from the hip with your knees bent and one foot a little behind the other for stability. Don't straighten out your arm completely as you might jar your elbow. Tilt your wrist nearly all the way back. Keep your thumb straightish near the side of your hand. Hold the tips of your fingers out almost straight, if you hook your finger tips over the guard you are likely to break your own fingers. Don't forget to exhale as you strike.

Cut from a photo by Belinda, Jack Airborne.



Bypass #6

The latest issue of the UK's premier review and networking zine. 500+ reviews of all kinds of small-press publications – comics, music-zines, fan-zines, novels, non-fiction books, anarchist, dissident, politico, graf-zines, mail-art, poetry, minis, weird shit. Features on underground cassette labels & Spanish zines. **Bypass** is a crucial cog in the burgeoning underground press network.

If you are the creator of a DIY publication or any related project then send it in for review. To receive the issue in which your review appears, at cost price, send £1.00 (or three dollars if you're outside the UK)

Bypass costs £1.50 plus 40p p&p (UK), \$4.00 cash post paid (World)
Subscriptions are £4.00/\$10.00 post paid for 3 issues (please state which issue you'd like to begin with) • Please make cheques etc. payable to Bypass • Get yourself connected!

**BYPASS • PO BOX 148
 HOVE • BN3 3DQ • UK**



**NAZIS
 DRESS
 FUNNY**

Groucho Marxists. Summer Offensive '95

Woozy Users Guide

Our irregular guide to the Australian DIY underground.

Books and other reading matter.

Barricade Books- Melbourne's own anarchist infoshop with a wide range of books, zine, posters and music at anti profit prices. Also has a library and internet access and holds regular talks/video nights. Address- 115 Sydney Rd, Brunswick, Vic, 3058. ph- (03)9 387 8646. email- barricade@exchange.apana.au

Black Rose Books- Anarchist, feminist and other radical titles. Books, badges, etc plus a media room. Also gets a regular order of punk stuff from Spiral Objective. Occasionally holds talks and dinners. Address- 583A, King St, Newtown, NSW, 2042. ph- (02) 519 9194. email- cat@lyst.apana.org.au

Jura Books- Similar range of books to the above, but with more of a permacultural and theoretical bent. Also does mailorder and has a media room. Address- 110 Crystal St, Petersham, NSW, 2049. ph- (02) 550 9931. email- medi@sysc.apana.org.au

Anarres Books- Sell anarchist and non violence oriented books and pamphlets by mailorder. Address- P.O. Box 150, East Brunswick, VIC, 3057.

Factotum Books- Weird and cult books on a wide variety of subjects. Mailorder and shop. Address- P.O. Box 666, Mitcham Shopping Centre, Torrens Park, SA, 5062.

Muzak.

Choozy- Yes thats us. Chapter Music and Woozy have come together to form a new distro and mailorder service. Currently distributing zines and music from a variety of O/S and Australian DIY creators. Address- C/O P.O. Box 4434, Melbourne Uni, Parkville, Vic, 3052.

From the Same Mother- FTSM continue to release weird and wonderful tapes with the odd recent foray into poly carbonate. New Small World Experience tribute tape out now. Address- C/O Choozy.

Toutown- Melbourne's happiest little pop distro continues to make available stuff by the likes of Stinky Fire Engine, the Cannanes, Cats Miaouw plus zines ans and T-Shirts. Address- P.O. Box 295, St Kilda, 3182, Vic.

Spiral Objective- Still Australia's biggest distributor of punk and hardcore music, zines, T-Shirts, etc. Lots of vinyl and cheaper than any shop. Address- P.O. Box 126, Oaklands Park, SA, 5046.

Spill- The Melbourne connection for experimental noise and oddball pop of the likes of Volvox, New Waver, etc. Write for one of their extensive, but cheap compilations (\$10). Address- P.O. Box 2637, Melbourne, Vic, 3001.

Southern Black Cross Distro- Oz distributor for Profane Existence and Slug and Lettuce zine. Lots of crusty, anarcho punk music and zines. Address- P.O. Box 154, Tweed Heads, NSW, 2485.

A.P.I.T.O- Cheapo punk tapes and zines. Address- P.O. Box 6280, Rockhampton Mail Ctr, Qld, 4702.

Fear of Children- Tassie label, distro and promoter for heavy, but screwy guitar monsters. Address- C/O 3 Moreton Crescent, Claremont, TAS, 7011.

Trevor the Fish- Send Macka a tape or zine and get one in exchange. Address- P.O. Box 356, Brunswick, 3056, Australia.

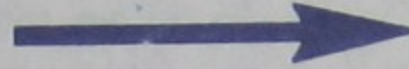
Pagan Waste- Punk and hardcore tapes from around the world. About as grassroots as you can get. Address- C/O 28/150 Healy Rd, Hamilton Hill, WA, 6163.

Thrash, Grind, Grunge- Harry Butler of DNA magazines' store and mailorder. Pretty much carries what the name would suggest. Address- 274-276 Morphett St, Adelaide, 5000.

Note- When writing to the above send an International Reply Coupon or a SASE for a reply.

Victim Impact Statement

by Justy



When I was eight I was attacked by a car (very) full of (very) drunk males. I was riding home from the shops when I heard an engine roaring sound behind me. I started to stress as I had seen this car earlier with many drunken yobbo types draped over it. The driver attempted to squash me off the road. The occupant of the front passenger seat rolled down his window, reached out and hit me. Someone in the back seat then did the same thing. As the car edged past me the boot opened, someone reached out of it and tried to push me over. Then they left.

I wrote down the cars numberplate, colour, make and model. My father rang up the police to report it. They said they would call back if they caught them. I was expecting them to call back almost immediately, how hard could it be to trace a number plate? They never called back.

The second time was when I was about ten. I heard a car slowing down behind me. It drew up next to me, someone in the front passenger seat rolled down the window and hit me with a metal bar. He tried to stick the bar between my spokes but I kept moving my leg to block it. After a few more whackings the car drove off.

I wrote down the cars numberplate, colour, make and model. My father rang up the police to report it. They said they would call back if they caught them. I was expecting them to call back almost immediately, how hard could it be to trace a number plate? They never called back.

After this I spent much of my daydreaming time trying to engineer a way of defending myself against car drivers while riding. I never came up with anything practical.

When I was about thirteen, I was in a hit and run. A car clipped me with its side mirror as it overtook causing me to fly over the handle bars and come down head (helmet) first. When I woke up I found I was lying on my back in the middle of a busy road with my arms and legs stuck out. The car that hit me had long since driven off. Cars were driving around me quite slowly, being careful not to run over my outstretched fingers. As I dragged myself off the road by pulling myself with my arms (my legs were temporarily paralysed) it occurred to me that I could have done with some help from the drivers who were carefully driving around me. I guess they must have been very busy. When I got to the nature strip I fainted. Some time later someone walking their dog woke me up.

This time I didn't have the car's details although I did have a pretty clear idea what its left side mirror looked like. We didn't bother calling the police. In this way we saved twenty cents and the polices' valuable time.

After this I decided that riding bikes was maybe not for me. It seemed that the personal vendetta that cars have against me would escalate and lead to my own death.

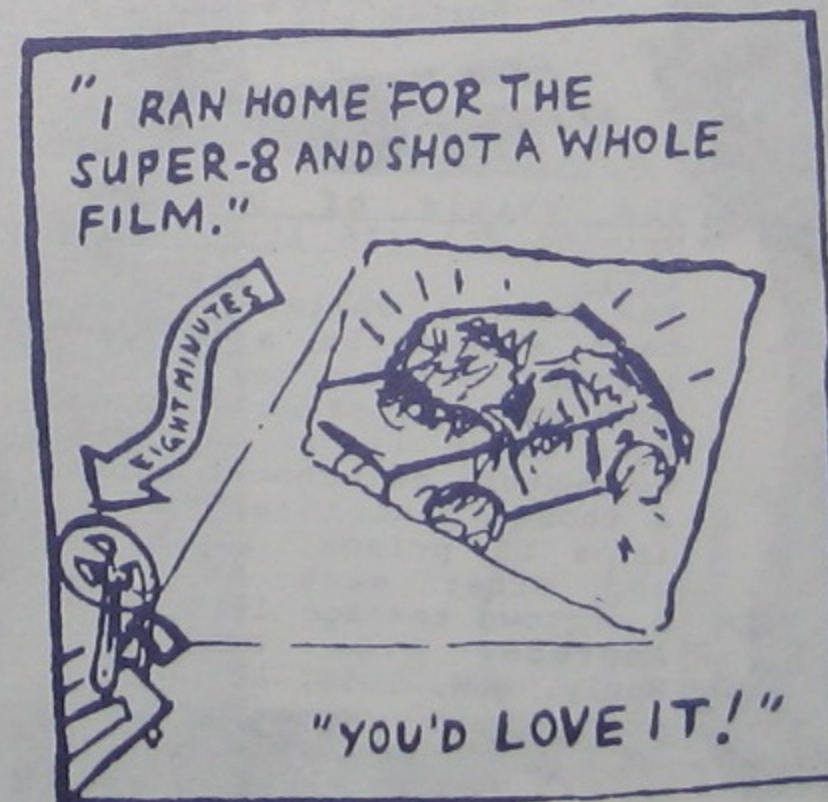
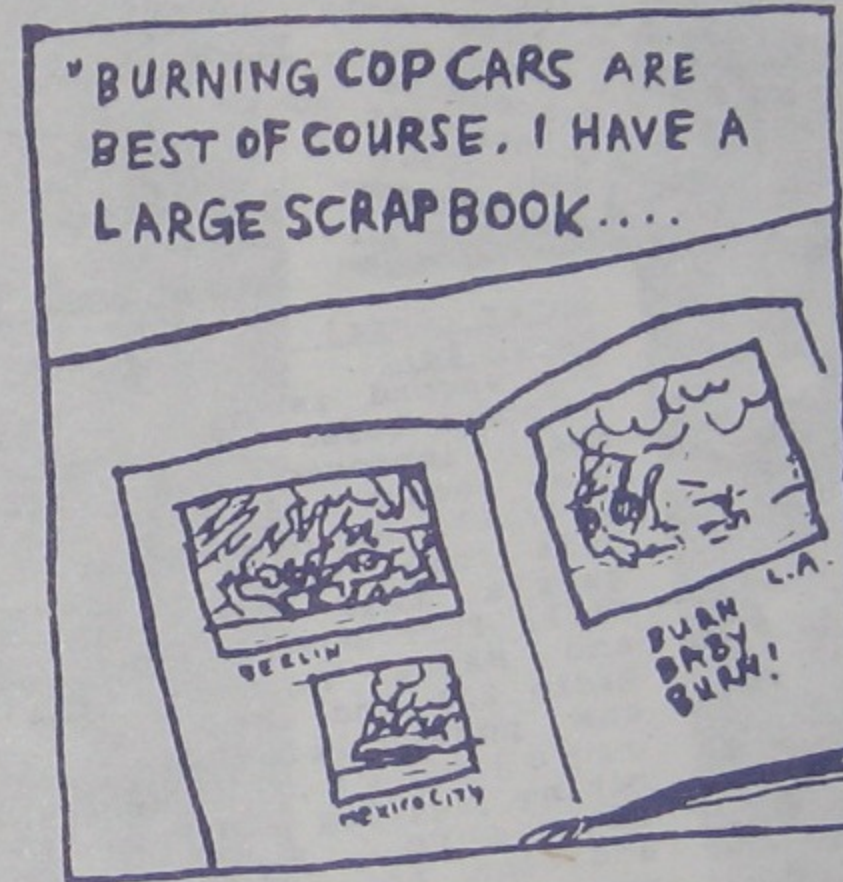
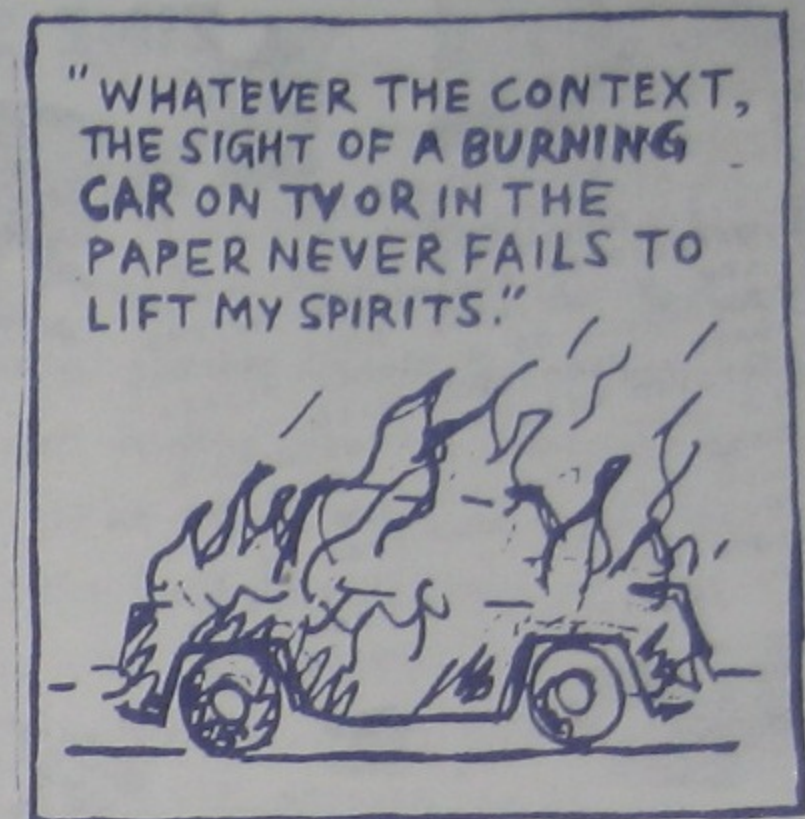
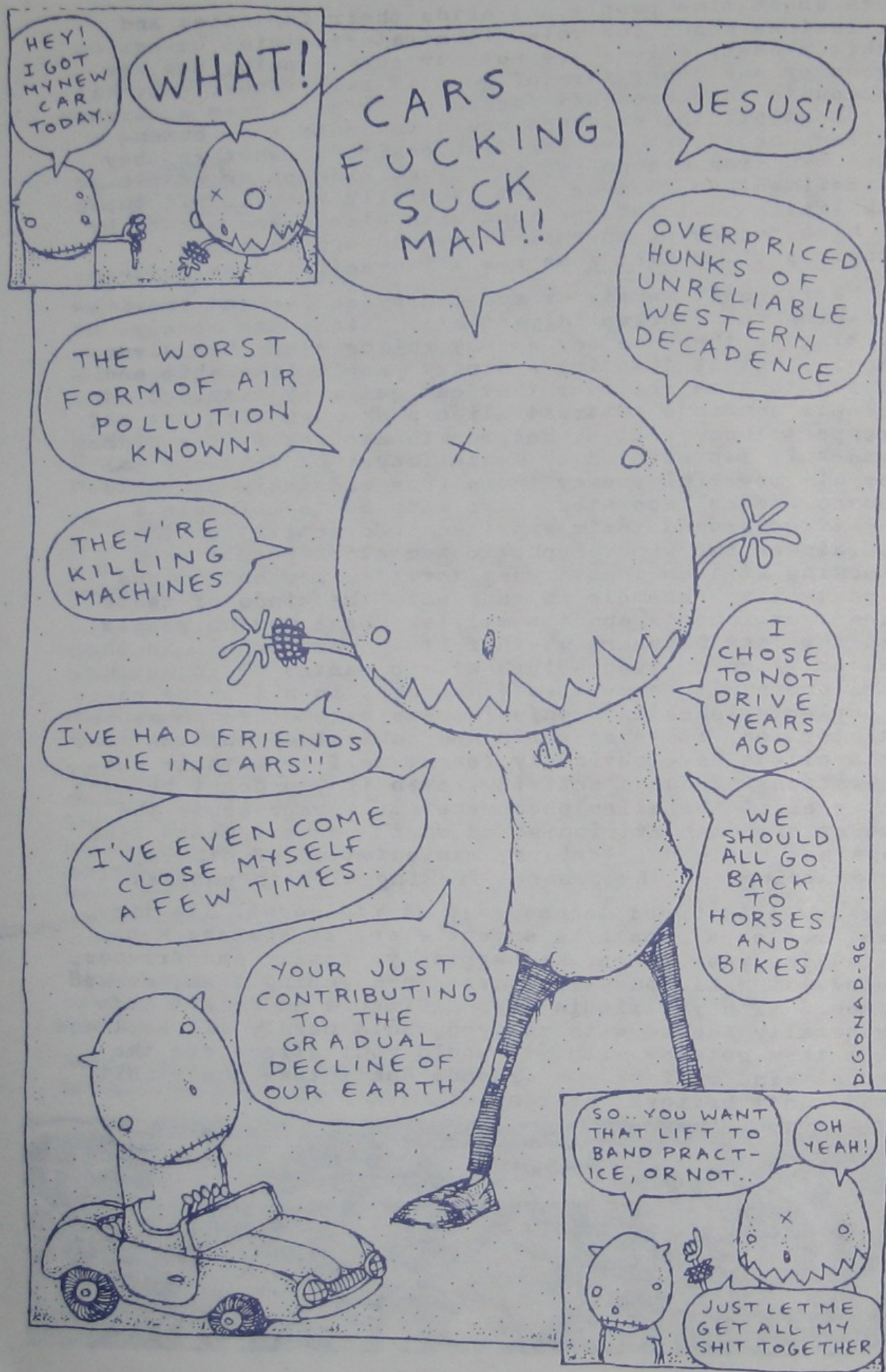
I got my first car driving experience driving a family friend's Morris Minor in a cow paddock. My Father held onto the door handle for grim death looking as if he would leap out at any second. It encouraged me to know that he thought he would be safer jumping out of a moving car than being in a car with me driving. I was doing ok until the universal joint broke (the car's, not mine). This caused the drive shaft (long metal piece under the car connecting the engine to the axle) to fall out of the bottom of the car, dig into the ground and bring my driving lesson to an abrupt halt. No-one directly said that this was my fault but the implication that I had ruined the car by recklessly driving at speeds up to twenty km/h was obvious. The owner of the car was especially unimpressed.

its about time people put aside their fantasies and illusions about the role of extraterrestrial beings on this planet. aliens are not our cosmic pals, new age gods or any other form of good or evil "other"- by all accounts they are just fucked up people. even a cursory look at all the evidence would indicate that human-alien encounters are far from positive. whether they are skulking around spying on us, kidnapping people to experiment on them or just generally showing off their abilities most interactions with aliens are marked by a high degree of insensitivity and ego boosting on their part. whilst some see alien activity as goddess

like i see it merely as rude, provocative and boorish- nothing too otherworldly at all, aliens are merely acting in the same way as any ruling class has always done, that is treating ordinary people like shit and doing to them whatever they can get away with. why do people continue to treat alien phenomena with awe and respect then? well by keeping themselves fairly hidden and only represented by media images of friendly pal or all powerful enemy the aliens and their probable corporate collaborators have managed to maintain a mystique around their reprehensible activities that paralyses the general public and stops people from looking at them in everyday terms. alien abductions and testing resemble in many ways the kinds of tests that governments and the military have run on people in the last 50 years whether it be putting LSD in the water, running troops thru atomic wastes or injecting prisoners with experimental serums. in all those cases peoples silence and confusion was earned through media distortion, state coercion and control of information. the aliens have obviously learnt well from their observations of human activity. even if you don't believe they exist the alien phenomena still represents the worst of human attributes on earth- covert activities against citizens, torture, manipulation of others, kidnapping and the general fucking of with peoples

heads- cold faced technocracy at its worst. its time we treated aliens like anyone else. if someone kept stalking your place, kidnapping yr family and friends, conducting hideous experiments and raping them, mucked around with yr life in ways difficult to detect and generally fucked with you you would hardly sit back and let them getaway with it, would you! aliens are the worst kind of fascists around, don't take their shit and don't believe their hype!





Simon is Roman and also Mona. Between the 3 of them they do comics/zines/pamphlets etc.. Mona also plays gtr in SIX-INCH KILLAZ ("punk/drag noise in yr face™") send something to trade and see what you get: 33 ROMFORD RD LONDON E15 4LY UK. OK?

ZINE SCENE

Counter Information#44
(4 A4pp, UK, IRC).
C.I. continues to chronicle grassroots resistance across the world with this issue focussing on a global strike wave, desertion within the Serbian military, resistance to car culture, Critical Mass in the UK and much, much more. A good read if yr feeling sorry about the state of the world. Address- c/o 28 King St, Glasgow, G1 5QP, Scotland- UK.

The Lil Rhino Gazette #25
(72 A4pp, US, \$4).
Good to see this long running Texan music zine is still going. Excellent articles/interviews with the Toadies, Madder Rose and Evan Dorkin (Milk and Cheese comix) as well as numerous reviews of comix, music and other cultural debris. Enough here to keep you out of Mums hair for at least a day. Address- P.O. Box 14139, Arlington, TX 76094-1139, USA.

Veganismus#1 (20 A5pp, US, \$2)
Lots of angry, anarcho punk, vegan type raves from this Canadian based collective. The main theme here is moving on from protest to resistance and though its been said before there is no harm in saying it again. One for those who'd like to up the ante. Address- P.O. Box 8137, Victoria B.C., V8W3R8, Canada.

Nosedive #6 (28 B5pp, US, \$2 + IRC).
This is a really beautiful piece of handiwork with an etched cover and really amazing layout and art throughout. Lots of intelligent musings, comix and raves about low rent life and adventures. The most inspiring thing to come my way this year. Write to them now. Address- P.O. Box 6834, Portland, OR 97228-6834, USA.

Modern Murder #28 (32 A5pp, Aust, \$2.50).
Well its good to see Gerard Ashworth (one of Australia's finest comeek artistes in our humble opinion) is still around. Electric Ferret is now Modern Murder, but Gerard is still producing densely packed artwork with excellent storylines. This issue sees an intelligently personal account of living with pornography (with some good shots at the pro/anti polarisation of attitudes thereof) and an excellent adaption of the Apocalypse Culture article on Karen Greenlee. "Unrepentant Necrophile". Address- 7/70 Queenscliff Rd, Queenscliff, NSW, 2096.

Loser Gurrll #2 (52 A5pp, Aust, \$2).
The second issue from this Brisbane based grrll zine and mucho improved layout this time though the lo-fi ethic is still happily apparent. This time round the loser gurrlls talk with Bikini Kill, Purr, Babes In Toyland and Mazee Fantazeh from Radio ZZZ and inform us of the possibilities of DIY cryogenics, incense making, juggling and a whole lot more. A valuable addition to the Oz DIY scene. Address- P.O. Box 808, Spring Hill, Qld, 4004.

The Skills of Defensive Driving #11 (16 A5pp, Aust, IRC).
Its been a while, but its back albeit in a reduced format. Skills has always been an interesting read and this issue is no exception with stuff on school sports, a thongs fact file, working in a UK prison, losing it and other such tales of overgrown teenage life. Address- P.O. Box 394, Manly, NSW, 2095, Aust.

Man Lifting Banner a band who right from the start claimed it was a political necessity for the oppressed to give up drinking and smoking, join the vanguard and kill all the rich. Man Lifting Banner's 10 inch LP is a Red SE masterpiece musically, lyrically and graphically with quotes from Lenin encouraging the poor to put aside the booze for class struggle and a brilliant little ode called "Commitment to Communism" as well as an anti Gulf War number that holds "you should be for peace and the capitalists' death". Some have claimed MLB are taking the piss out of themselves, but it's hard to tell and who cares- by synthesising the most ridiculously sincere bits of hard core and SE they're bloody funny anyway! Bands such as Spawn and Feeding the Fire seem to be continuing the tradition with their gastere graphics and lyrics although scarily there's nary a trace of humour evident here just copyism fricht down to using the same "We know why our class drinks." sample off the MLB record) and lots of songs about the evils of smoking the destruction of environment as well as pictures of people selling socialist newspapers (revolutionary or what!). Feeding the Fire are an exception to the boys club on one level though- they've actually got a female bassplayer! Regardless of yr specific music tastes if you like weird musical genres or just good punk then Euro Communist SE is for you. Contact Spiral Objective for details on getting records.

occasions in europe, but like most dutch bands they rarely play their home town and cancelled the only show i had a chance of catching in the UK. apparently their live show can be unintentionally comical with the geeky blonde guy pulling various "guitarist playing a searing solo, man" faces, but i'll probably never get to find out. the "lamprey" ip sees them continuing in good form despite the slick production knocking out much of the first lp's atmosphere (now reissued on half a cow) and all in all its more of a straight pop affair. luckily Betty Serveet write a fucking good pop song and so remain some of my favourite music to be sad, too.
- Iain.



CHRISTMAS HURTS

Most of us have been vaccinated at some point in our lives, either as a wailing child in a doctors office or grudgingly as an adult. Although its a universally uncomfortable experience, it is done anyway, "in your best interests." As a warning beacon for approaching alien contact, V2 has warned that an inoculation theory may best explain the current prevalence of the alien head image in modern society. The theory goes like this:

Much like an actual inoculation, where small amounts of a virus are injected into the body to compel the production of antibodies to fight off subsequent invasions by the same virus, the alien face is acting as our inoculation against their imminent arrival. Preparing us if you will so we will be less afraid and more accepting when we see them face to green face.

Whether it is government propaganda, an alien effort or a worldwide subconscious realization no doubt exists that the appearance of this common alien face, a rounded triangle with bug eyes and a tiny mouth, is more than mere coincidence. As you travel thru life try and find one person who doesn't recognise that image as an alien. Chances are you won't.

The question then becomes, why? Why this inoculation? Why now? Some say the answer is that the aliens are due for their first worldwide appearance. Tales of UFO sightings abound, alien abductions continue. Even respected scientists are no longer scared to publicly voice their belief in alien life.

It's what we've anticipated, feared & even expected all these years and if inoculation theory proves true E.T. may soon be more than a movie character. Given the fascist behaviour of alien abductions we'd best be ready for any eventuality.

ALIEN BEGINS WITH A LIE!

Contact V2 - P.O Box 911, Stanwood, WA 98292, U.S.A.

Then forsooth, in the morning the hippies did rise up, up to the top of Salsbury Hill, and they listened with patience to rallies and to speeches. And then (this is the good bit) they did with one accord clasp the hands of each other, and spread out into a ring, and there were happy smiling hippies as far as the eye could see.

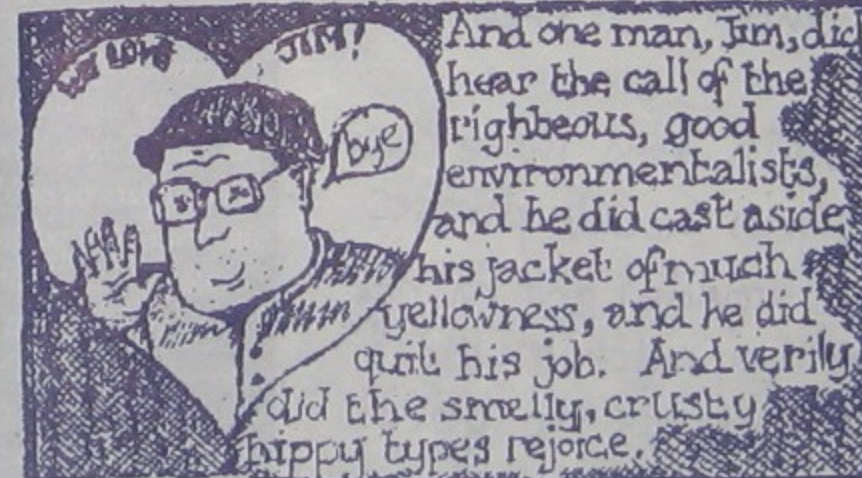


I'm not a hippy either. I'm a professional working person who cares about the environment. But I am happy & smiling though.

And then a great rage did come upon the hippies and they did swoop down upon the road site, and the gates and the fences were as butter before them, and the utmost efforts of the yellow jackets were in vain.



And so the hippies did come to be in occupation of many cranes and diggers, and they did drum and sing with hilarity, and they did taunt and tease the yellow jackets from a great height.



And one man, Jim, did hear the call of the righteous, good environmentalists, and he did cast aside his jacket of much yellowness, and he did quit his job. And verily did the smelly, crusty hippy types rejoice.



And then when the sun had set, and all were cold and hungry and needing a piss, then the great unwashed hordes did descend the cranes and the diggers, and lo, they did go unto the chip shop.



the best music to be sad by...

from the moment the first opening chords of "palomine" hit these ears I knew I was onto something special in the form of Betty Serveet. In the way that only a select number of bands can do, they've picked up on a musical genre emanating from a different place and time, in this case 80s mid western US guitar jangle, and somehow outshone the originators. On the "palomine" LP (and to a lesser extent "lamprey" as well) they've captured the 60's via 80's hooks and guitar sound, but injected a sense of melancholy, world weariness and atmosphere that the perfect pop of Let's Active, Syd Straw, Chris Stamey, etc often lacked. Whether it's their overenthusiasm for a past sound, a simple matter of talent or what I don't know, but unlike most of the European copycat bands Betty Serveet have adopted a sound they love and infused it with a feeling of their own.

perhaps it's the times this music (like all great music) encapsulates for me that makes me so fond of it - an unrequited, yet familiar passion that "brain tags" tilting déjà vu captured or the generalised feeling of resigned optimism that permeates "under the surface". certainly when I heard "palomine" unexpectedly in a Dutch cafe last year it shook me back and reminded me of how far I'd come. even now hearing it carries a mixture of weird and happy-sad memories - but then I think it's meant to.

overall I think though the band's power results from more than the associated memories. Carol Vandijk's lyrics include phrases and descriptions a native English speaker's wouldn't and rather than just echoing their pop contemporaries they catch you in the places where most pop bands fall cliché. certainly the lyrical quirkiness is fleshed out by the unusual (almost unplaceable) slurry accent. similarly the geeky blonde guy plays a lead guitar straight out of the Jefferson Airplane meets David Crosby psych-rock era and melds it with a straight pop tune in a way that only just defies wankiness, but works all the same. in this way Betty Serveet like all good pop bands not only appropriate, but also innovate.

it's weird that a pop group that totally fail to radiate much of a collective personality have managed to even get the amount of publicity they have thus far. I tried to catch them on a few



**INTEGRITY
STRAIGHT,
HARDCORE
AND RED!**

Weird Musical
Subcultures #149.

Lately I've really been getting into European straight edge communitarian hardcore. Although as usual I've missed the boat by a few years (most of these bands were around in the early 90s) the

whole genre is so hilarious and the music so energetic that I've

found it's lure inescapable. Emerging out of the trend in late

80s Euro hardcore towards NY SE mosh

style bands like Youth Today and Gorilla Biscuits the "Red, but

Straight" crowd abandoned the lame preoccupations with

sports, cleaning up yr room, etc and latched onto the vegan, anti

smoking and other political aspects.

Politically and socially puritanical these bands create a hilarious meld

simplistic class politics male bonding, clean living and fast, heavy focussed riffage. The

amazing and far less on the top anarchist band Seein' Red can perhaps

be seen as the granddaddies of the scene. In the mid 80s

Larm the band helped popularise DC style SE

hardcore in the Dutch anarcho scene and today

as Seein' Red they continue a tradition of quick, but pointed political blasts. Taking Seein' Red's political ambitions to an extreme

NOFX

Heavy Petting Zoo



**THE BRAND "SPANKING"
NEW ALBUM WITH
13 NEW SONGS**

LP-CD-CS Out Now
2798 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90026 Epitaph



LUNGFISH

Records & Stuff We Sell:

- 97. LUNGFISH 'Sound In Time' * ©
- 96. SMART WENT CRAZY 'New We're Ever' * ©
- 95. BRANCH MANAGER * ©
- 94. SLANT 6 'Inzombia'™ ©
- 93. TRUSTY 'Good-Bye Dr. Fate' * ©
- 92. LUNGFISH 'Pass and Stow'™ ©
- 91. SLANT 6 'Soda Pop-Ripoff' (CD includes #85)™ ©
- 90. FUGAZI 'Red Medicine'™ ©
- 88. IGNITION 'Complex Services' CD contains everything ©
- 87. FAITH/VOID CD has Faith/Void Split LP and Faith 'Subject to Change' EP ©
- 86. HOLY ROLLERS 10-Song LP™ ©
- 85. SLANT 6 3-Song 7" (A)
- 70. FUGAZI 'In On the Kill Taker'™ ©
- 32. STATE OF THE UNION CD Only (D)
- 14. DISCHORD 1981 'The Year in Seven Inches' (D)

Price Guide, including postage, in U.S. \$:

	U.S.A.	SURFACE & CANADA	Airmail
(A) 7"	3.00	4.00	6.00
(B) 12" EP	6.00	8.00	11.00
(C) LP	7.00	9.00	12.00
(D) CD	8.00	9.00	11.00
(E) MaxiCD	10.00	11.00	13.00

New (#2) CATALOG! please send one US \$ or 4 US stamps or 4 IRCs. For a plain but complete LIST of records, send us a US stamp or an IRC.

3819 BEECHER ST. NW, WASH., D.C. 20007

Sing a song of direct action

~ Solsbury reunion

katevans '95.

It did come to pass that on the fourteenth day of the third month of the year that was 1995, there was a great anniversary gathering of many people who never quite made it to Solsbury Hill when it was all happening, but fancied the party a year later.

And there did come together a multitude of hippies and they did stand and stare in amazement at the muddied, fucked up stretch of desolation which cut a swathe through Solsbury Hill.

And so the hippies did join together in an encampment and there was much drumming and singing and much was drunk and smoked.



Chunk Technical Documentation

The technical documentation of Chunk is under the slow process of public distillation as our scientists sort through the data to censor the hidden weaknesses of our master plan. We offer here the current collection of declassified specifications. Those who wish to construct a chunkcycle of their own are urged to learn from our mistakes. Much damage has been sustained in the course of these experiments.

Warning

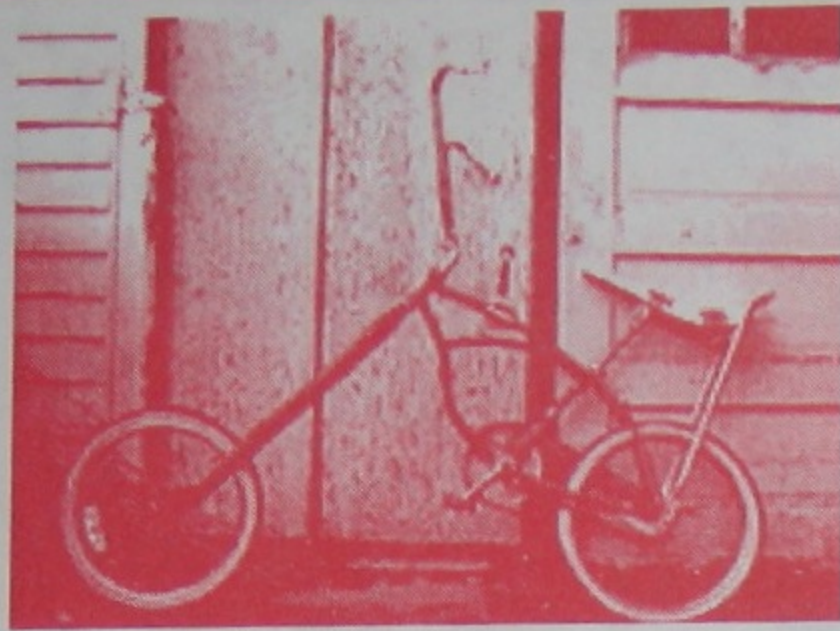
This document is distributed for informational purposes only. The designs presented in these documents are inherently dangerous. Many effects of the wide-band chunkulation field are unknown and potentially harmful. Even if a vehicle of the type outlined in these pages does not break (and they all do, eventually), it may still produce extreme adverse effects in its rider, including but not limited to "chopper crotch", the bends, scrapie, and devolution.

Forks

The chopper fork is, of course, the foundation of most of the bicycles in the fleet. One who masters a chopper finds that everything else in life is that much easier. There are a few general comments to be made about forks. The point where the fork enters the head tube receives more stress than anywhere else on a chopper. Because of this, thick and sturdy parts should be used for this component. Modern, "high performance" forks are out; old, clunky, steel forks are in. Welding performed in this area also tends to weaken the machine.

After the structural integrity (or lack of same) of the fork is ensured, the effect of the fork on the geometry of the bicycle must be taken into account. Draw a vertical line from the pilot's ass to the ground. The rear hub must be behind this line. If the hub is before the line, the front wheel will never touch the ground, and the bicycle will be unridable. If the hub is at or just behind the line, the bicycle will wheelie at the slightest provocation - which is fun, but should not be the case for every bicycle constructed; what is the use of riding a chunkcycle if one can't run things over? Putting the line well before the hub puts more weight on the front wheel, and makes the bicycle easier to steer at the cost of higher stress on the fork. Experiments with weighting the fork to allow the line to be moved back have proven unsuccessful, since the weight tends to wrench the fork into a turn.

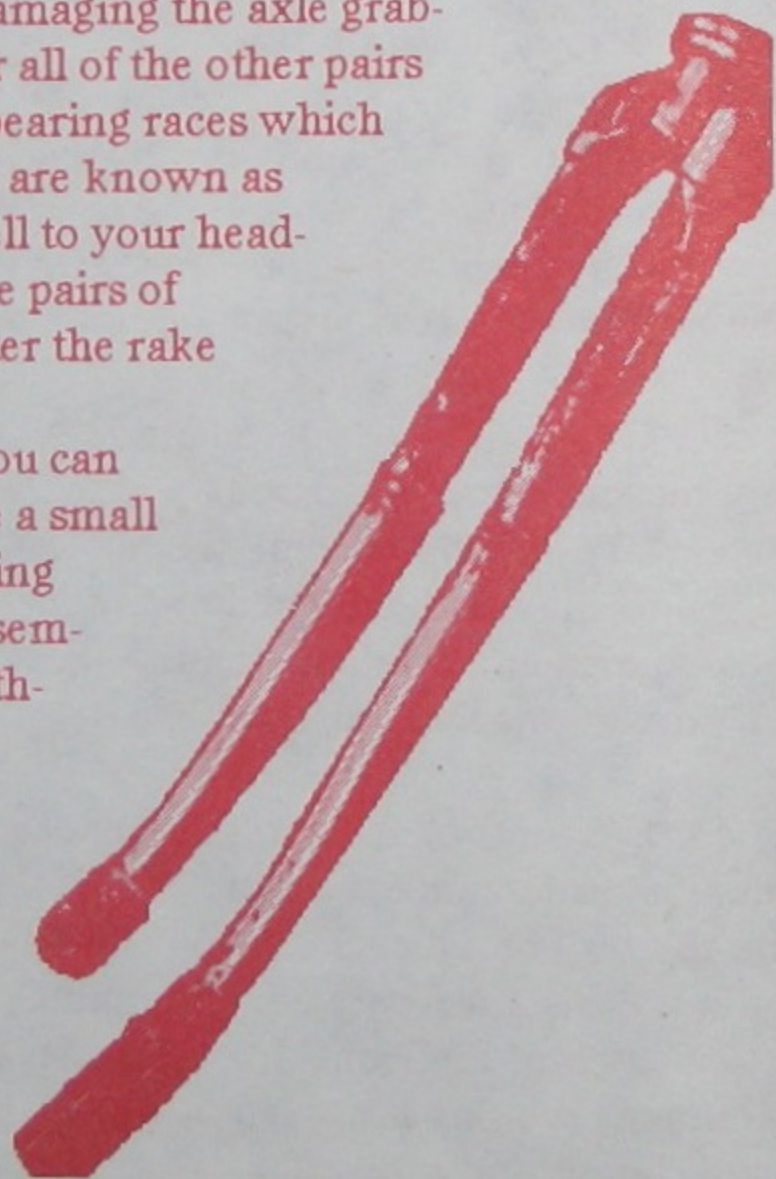
The configuration of the fork also affects the rake of the bicycle, or angle of the stem. The rake along with the size of the front wheel affects the trail. To determine the trail of a bicycle, draw a straight line from the stem to the ground. The trail is the distance between the point where this line hits the ground and the contact patch of the front tire. The effects of the trail on steering are interesting; a document is being prepared by our technicians. In the meantime, you will have to experiment for yourself.



The Gazelle Fork

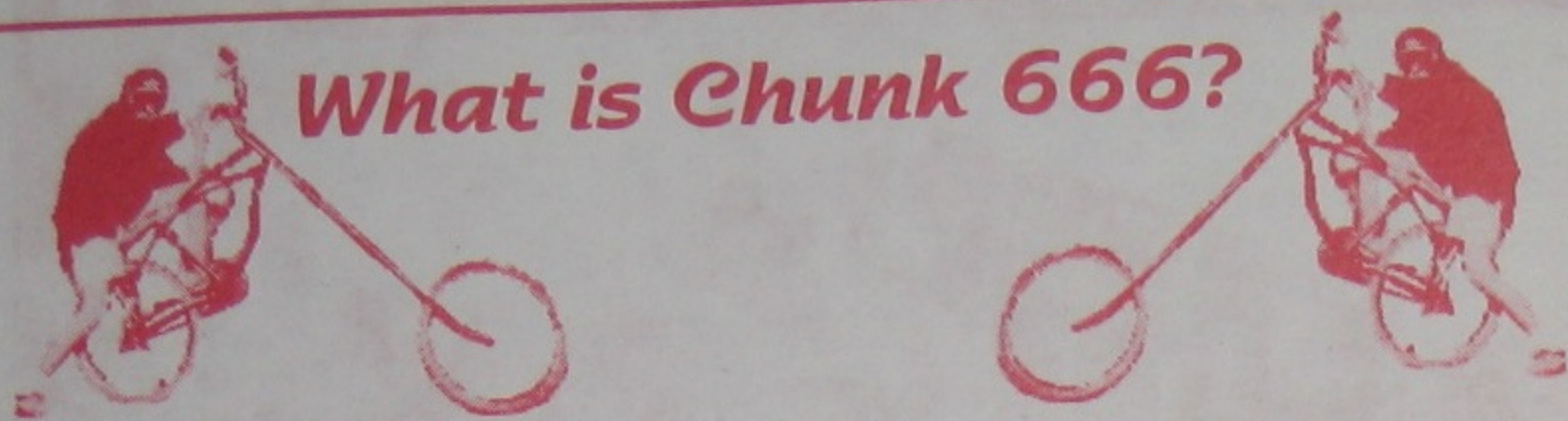
The oldest and simplest method of chopper construction requires several extra forks, as shown above in Stars and Stripes Forever. First, saw the tips off of the fork of the host bike, so that the grabbers for the front axle are removed and the forks end in points. Saw the blades off of each donor fork as well, just after the bifurcation point, to create two separate blades each. Saw the tips off of each pair of donor blades except for one; this pair will become the end of the composite fork. Slide the first pair of donor fork blades onto the host fork; you may have to squish the wide ends of the donor blades in a vise to make them round enough. Hammer these blades down well, making sure that the resulting composite blades are of equal length. Continue with each pair of donor forks. A rubber mallet works best for the final pair, to avoid damaging the axle grabbers, but a metal hammer must be used for all of the other pairs to ensure that they are tight. By the way, bearing races which contain little dents formed by the bearings are known as "brinelled", a term which now applies well to your headset races. Experiment with installing some pairs of blades with the bend pointing down, to alter the rake and trail.

If you don't have access to a gas welder, you can simply ride your chopper as-is, if you have a small front wheel. The forks will eventually spring apart, but will in all probability remain assembled as they do so, allowing you to stop without injury, hammer them back into place, and continue riding. Eventually, however, you will need to replace the tips, as the axle grabbers will break from all that hammering. If you do have a gas welder, brass braze the forks together, and if possible add a bar across two of them to stiffen the fork against torque.



PREPARING FOR THE ANTICARMAGEDDON

Salutations and welcome to the current headquarters of the Chunk six-six-six disinformation distribution cadre. You will be hearing more and more about us as our nefarious plans of world domination progress, and we suggest that for your own safety you learn as much as you can, as soon as possible. The world will be experiencing great tribulations any minute now, and we intend to be in the center of it all.



What is Chunk 666?

We are a chopper bicycle gang and temperance league. We are a wandering klezmer band working to hasten the heat death of the universe.. We have stolen more children than the Romany and lost more fingers than Django Reinhardt.

Most importantly, we believe in the use of muscle-powered steeds which augment the physiology of their riders. Non-organically-powered vehicles tend to induce boredom in the people who are steering them. Driving a car is similar to pushing buttons on a microwave oven, and the Magic Fingers effect of a motorcycle does not prevent its rider from growing an expansive belly. Humans counter this boredom by driving drunk. So easy to do! So weak and spineless! Chunk nullifies this effect by crafting bicycles which induce a state of intoxication in their pilots.

The canonical method is the chopper. Each foot of length added to a chopper fork induces the equivalent of standard can of earth beer, drunk within half a minute, on its pilot; each foot of rake (forward curve of fork) is equivalent to a medium-sized paregoric. Other methods of intoxication include raising the pilot towards the heavens (which accelerates orgone ray accumulation), or sticking the pilot close to the ground. Accoutrements such as huge handlebars, ass-killing banana seats, wheelie bars, visual and sonic distractors, etc. have similar effects. A caravan of these devices creates what is known as a "wide-band chunkulation field", which enhances the system. If this field is strong enough, bicycles within can actually collide, bounce off of the pavement, and keep riding, with no ill effects felt until the next morning (when it doesn't matter anyway).

Why choppers?

We ride these things because we have no choice. We ride them because life is short and should be painful as well. We ride them because we have a message to bring to the people:

"Clear the streets! Return to your homes!"

MANGLED MUSIC.

The Martians - We 3 Assholes CD
(Aust, Dr Jims)

The first track annoyed the hell out of me, but after that its sublime, mean, hienergy, stoooges meet Hawkwind garage rock all the way. Puts Oz garage rock back on the map after too many years of lame Bored cupists.

The Frustrations - Live in Leipzig cassette
(Foc, Aust.)

Hobart seems to have grabbed Perth's mantle as the home of innovation right now. For a 2 piece the Frustrations create a huge sound that reminds me of many of my favourite guitar bands yet defies description. Send 'em \$600 Fear of Children.

Magnacite - Deconstruct 7"
(Reported, Aust.)

Arrrrrrgh, growl, growl! 6 trax of intense grindcore metal thrash stuff with the 45491 samples thrown in for good measure. You know the thing, but fuck they do it extremely well.

Feedtime - Billy CD
(BLACK HOLE, Aust)

After a 6 year hiatus they're back thankfully with an excellent album & a blistering live show. "Billy" shows a swing back to the dirtier sound of the early CB which is a very good thing. For those unfamiliar with the band, Feedtime are a pretty unique mix of folk blues, rumbling bass and vocals and noise guitar - except not like that at all. Music for your spirit,

SLUB - Comic Stellar / The Golden Ass 7"
(Sympathy for the Record Industry, Aust.)

An incredible single from 1989 I found in a bargain bin. Yoko Ono meets the Stooges on acid on one side whilst the wailing wall hits a psychedelic Neil Young on the other. An aural delight and they're still this good today.

Songs for Scientists Tape (Aust.)
A 20 song compilation of bits & bobs from the mind of Richard Kin

Hosel. As you would expect from a central member of Silly & San Jose Cow Muzak there's casio madness, oomph beats & Silly samples a plenty. Warm & wacky, the way it should be.

Letters and words by Iain. Pictures by Paul Sloane.

I Spy - Revenge of the Little Shits (Recess, Canada)

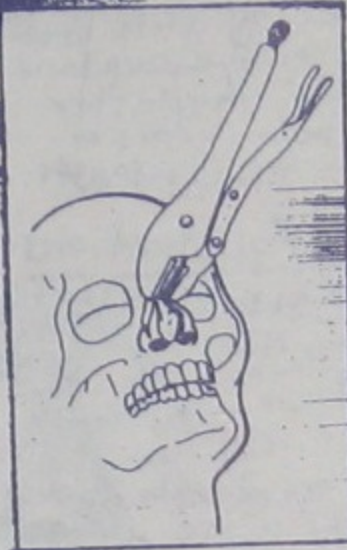
Anthem pop punk it is, but APP with soul for a change. 10 songs in 10 minutes from punk rocks true believers as corny as that may sound in the age of Bad Religion & Green Day blandness so there.

Primer Passiente Douhle 7" (Finland)

3 Finnish hardcore bands all luckily singing in their own distinctive tongue. Valse Trieste get 2 sides which is good because they play the sort of quirky hardcore - u-want-to-hear-of-the-other-two Silmi orasto are fairly fine and even Tyttaret are not former straightish h/c I can appreciate, gloomy drum machine h/c I cannot. For a copy send \$8 to Makasi-niki 95, 61800, Kauhajoki, Finland.

magnacite

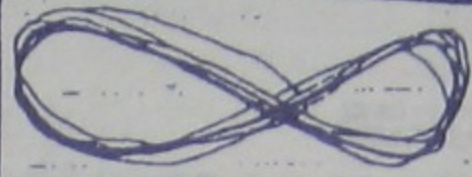
safety in the workplace



cd/lp out soon on dr jims
 contact c/o po box 4155 richmond east
 victoria australia 3121



DR JIM'S RECORDS
 P.O. BOX 45
 CLIFTON HILL VIC 3088
 AUSTRALIA



Long documented use of symbols in Sea Scouts;
 ∞ symbol equals continue use of feedback to stimulate ideas, create textures, oneness of existence; the interconnectedness of all things, Destroying anti-life ideas and move forward with CONTROVERSY and enjoyment. infinite peace = infinite progress = infinite ideas. play & listen & meditate tape loops & locked grooves for MENTAL DISCIPLINE; forward into the sublime

Explanation

Came to me in a hazy state after a leisurely philosophical discourse about dreams; alien politics; sound vs music looking at drawings, confronting my own insecurities, (almost embarrassed by them) I eventually listened to, alone & elsewhere, LOCKED GROOVES the state I was in emotionally made the grooves resonate within me somehow. I had to become a more productive sea scout so I withdrew myself from first railton S.S. & then automatically became HOBART. this communication is a mani festo, a tract, a declaration of existence

SEA ∞ SCOUTS
 FOR EVER



WE STOCK THE LATEST LOCAL AND IMPORTED CDS, RECORDS, VIDEOS, TAPES, FANZINES, MAGAZINES, TEE-SHIRTS, BOOKS AND POSTERS...

SPECIALIZING IN PUNK, HARD CORE, METAL, NOISE AND ALL THINGS INDEPENDENT!

COME TO US FOR EXCELLENT PRICES ON SECOND HAND DISCS...

MISSING LINK

OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK



262 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, 3000 - PH/FAX: (03) 9654 5507

Contact:
 2nd Hobart Sea Scouts
 148 Elizabeth st
 Hobart TAS 7000
 AUST.

second Hobart Sea Scouts create new infinity ∞



Latvia- My Bike Experiences

Latvia- where? Look on a map and you will see us over the Baltic Sea from Sweeden. Latvia could also be called Flatvia becuase its very flat here with no real mountains to speak of. I have a bike, its blue and gold and made in the USSR. It has foot brakes, no gears and cost about \$A30 brand new. Latvia has one of the worst road accident records in all of Europe so bike riders beware!!! I could tell you lots of horror stories about being hit and of many near misses with cars, but I won't bore you with my personal-tales of woe. If you ever come to Latvia and ride a bike or are a pedestrian don't assume you have any rights at all. Even at pedestrian crossings or green lights you'll have to always look out for the men (or women, but usually men here) in their cars.

By Simon Butcher. Simon also does a radio show in Latvia- send him tapes, zines and CDs at Terbatas Iela Valmiera, LV 4200, Latvia and let the Eastern world hear your stuff.

NEW MATCHBOX ROOM!
Room-matics
 clothes, shoes, bags, objects, art and stuff for boys and girls! and live got no lips.

I'm driven on in to Room

Student or Unemployed 10% discount until May 1st
 Shop 2, Flinders st subway.

Emmalou

Misuse #5/Numb#6 split (28 A5pp, \$1, Aust)
 Two of Melbin's happiest little zines get it on for one split issue. Misuse writes about Critical Mass, skating, Sleater Kinney and more DIY oriented stuff whilst Numb explores similar regions via Global Mail, dada sculptor Loise Bourgeois and Mssr Jello Biafra. Address-P.O. Box 1224, Carlton, 3053.

Girly #2 (Double A3 poster, UK, IRC)
 A transgender fold out zine in a personal DIY style. It's got laffs, tips on gift giving and ripping off the current trend towards drag in ads and much, much more for the girl in y'all. Address- c/o P.O. Box 33 Romford Rd, London, E15 4LY, UK.

Ten Years in Babylon (48 A5pp, Aust)
 A pleasant surprise this one. Having seen an extract I was expecting yet another crap anarchist novel of "how we won the revolution". Thankfully this collection of short stories only occasionally delves into adolescent revolutionary fantasy instead choosing the infinitely higher path of pisstake, self derision and the odd telling comment all mixed in with a bit of extreme violence. Overall its kind of like a cross between Martin Millers self parody and Stuart Home's blood thirsty rants and thats a mix I'd happily endorse anyday.

The Bus Stop Requests #1 (36 A5pp, Aust, \$2)
 A new addition to the burgeoning Melbin zine scene TBSR contains a mish mash of cartoons, comix, stories and the occassional lucid rave some of which works well some of which doesn't. All in all fairly cool, but could do with more original writing.

Pigmeat #8 (12 A4pp, Aust, \$1)
 Fuck Pigmeat zine has discovered computers! Very clean layout, but the classic Frig and Frug comix and Perth band news content remains unchanged. Nice intense cover art and an article on the higher uses of nitrous oxide to boot. Address- P.O. Box 1335, West Perth, 6872, Australia.

is that all there is #2 (64 A5pp, Aust, \$2)
 This zine truly rules the reading roost around these parts at the moment. Personal writings, letters and drawings from all over the place answering the vital Laura Pinkstone questions with mucho wit and wisdom. Great drawings, cool layout, fucken brilliant. Address- P.O. Box 2062, Hotham Hill, 3051, Australia.

Exit #1 (24 A5pp, Aust, \$1)
 Photocopied A5 seems to be the format of the moment in Melbin cos here comes yet another tightly packed, smallish zine. Exit explores the works and ideas of a number of low brow gurus- namely Noam Chomsky, Billy Burroughs, Jamie Read and John Yates. Exit is no slacker in the graphics department themselves either with a number of arresting graphics and slogans throughout. One for the marginals. Address- P.O. Box 1224, Carlton, 3053.

Chance Musical Lesson (16 A4pp, US, IRC?)
 A tasty little zine from the US from Shawn Mediaclast who's understandably bored with punk music, but frustrated with a lack of DIY attitudes outside of it. Excellent articles on not being an avante garde wanker, creating obscurisms, loving disco and generally pumping out weird noise for the love of it. Address- P.O. Box 25243, Eugene, OR 97402, USA.

Some other places we'd suggest people send their zines for review or listing are- Bypass-P.O. Box 148, Hove, BN3 3DQ, UK. Factsheet 5- P.O. Box 170099, San Francisco CA, 94117-0099, USA. Global Mail-P.O. Box 597996, Chicago, IL 60659, USA and Slug and Lettuce- C/O P.O. Box 154, Tweed Heads, NSW, 2485, Australia. If you sent us a zine and it isn't reviewed here then we probably reviewed it in Bypass.

Second Hobart

SEA SCOUTS



MANIFESTO
MANY FEAST
MANIEEST
MAGNIFICENE

inform
YOURSELF

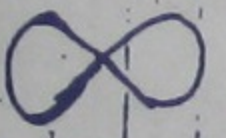
read what
to ascertain
facts about
allong, CIA
feedback
helpfulhinks
could be:
-don't watch
television
-listen to music
open RA
-create tape
loopy sing
songs about
nothingness
over them

questions:
form your own sea scouts
troop. Everyone who has
been in one sea scouts
group may start another
you must be DEDICATED
to forcefully moving ideas
forward, to creatively
use music and sound
and word to provoke
revolutionary thought.
Create imagery and
uniforms to proudly declare
you are sea scouts

known Sea Scouts

- Tim
 - Zach
 - Monica
 - Dave
 - Andrew
 - Julian
 - Callum
 - Steve
 - Andy
 - Mike AL
- THERE ARE OTHERS BUT SECRETLY!

PATTERN



recognition
SEA SCOUTS



note that there are
different political groups
of aliens. SOME seek
peace, others deal with
U.S. Govt for military
secrets

KNOWN Sea Scouts
GROUPS:
First Railton
Second Hobart



OVERTHROW THE HUMAN RACE !!

We, the REALISTS, accuse humanity of the following inherent biosocial defects:

- A) Predisposition to oligarchic social organization.
- B) Perpetual division between exceptional individuals (leaders, heretics, etc.) and the herd-like masses.
- C) Asymmetry of the sexes, resulting in perpetual male primacy.
- D) Perpetual war and preparations for war, including preparations for the self-extinction of the species.
- E) Persistent problems concerning sexual adjustment.

The evidence is overwhelming that humanity is biosocially irrational. (The recent possibility of war between Communist countries is only another confirmation.) "Social problems" can only be solved outside the biological limits of human beings as social animals. Loyalty to the human species is absurd. Genuine commitment to the solution of "social problems" requires the overthrow of humanity.

We, the REALISTS, are orientated to the following strategies.

- 1) Forming an alliance with a superior life-form from outer space to attack the human race.
- 2) Building intelligent, self-reproducing machines which will overthrow humanity.
- 3) Causing mutations in animals, producing intelligent species which will rise up against their human oppressors.
- 4) Causing mutations in humanity that will transform it beyond recognition.
- 5) Starting a thermonuclear "spasm" war that will decisively transform human consciousness (and possibly biology).

We pledge ourselves to initiate any and all of these strategies as they become feasible.

subversives of the world, join us in the struggle against the human species!



squatting

not for rent is an excellently written and produced book chronicling the current state of d.i.y. culture in the u.k. from rave to rasta, riot grrrl to road protests and all points between. the primary strength of this book (and indeed the communities it chronicles) is the fact that its interviews and articles cover a wide cross section of what people are doing rather than just focussing on one area. the book is one of the most beautiful i've seen in some time, printed on recycled paper and utilising fold out pages and colour to their full capacity. the book is available for \$A15 from P.O. Box 11286, 1001 GG, Amsterdam, The Netherlands.



bike punks

RADIO JIHAD TAPE

THE NEWEST CRANK CALL CLASSIC FROM POLYESTER BOOKS. SPORTING A COVER THAT IS MORE "PRICK CHRIST" THAN "PISS CHRIST", THIS COLLECTION OF CALLS THAT MERCILESSLY BAITs CHRISTIAN TALK BACK RADIO AND PRAYER LINES IN TEXAS USA, SHOWS HOW WITH A LITTLE IMAGINATION AND A LOT OF MIRTH, THE "MENTAL" CAN STILL BE SHOWN TO BE A LARGE OF "FUNDAMENTALISM". THE HOSTS ARE RELENTLESSLY TAKEN IN BY SUCH CONCEPTS AS THE US SPECIAL FORCES TRAINING ORANGATANGS TO STORM THE VATICAN AND REPLACE THE POPE WITH A CRYSTAL THAT WILL USHER IN A NEW WORLD ORDER. AFTER A WHILE SOME OF THE RADIO HOSTS COTTON ON TO WHATS HAPPENING AND LAUNCH FROTHING ATTACKS ON THE CALLERS WHO ARE OBVIOUSLY PART OF "THE GAY COMMUNITY" AND ARE TRYING TO SABOTAGE THE TRUE WORD OF GOD. A "PAY AS YOU PRAY" PHONE LINE WEATHERS THE ASSAULT OF A REFORMED BISEXUAL PARTY GUY WITH AN OBSESSION WITH ANNIE SPRINKLE, THE FILM "SAN FERNANDO FUDGEPACKERS", JEFF STRYKER AND AN ABILITY TO SPEAK TONGUES AT WILL, ALL TO THE POLITE BEWILDERMENT OF DEVOUT MONEY MAKERS DOWN THE LINE. THIS TAPE SHOWS THE SCARY DEPTHS TO WHICH CHRISTIAN FUNDAMENTALISM HAS FALLEN IN AMERICA. THAT THERE ARE PEOPLE WILLING TO TAKE IT TO TASK FOR THE SHEER CRAP IT IS IS HOPEFUL AND FUNNY, BUT THE FACT THAT THE MOST OF THE VICTIMS OF THE CALLS BELIEVE WHAT THEY ARE HEARING IS BOTH FRIGHTENING AND AMUSING IN THE WAY WE LAUGH RATHER THAN CRY.

THANK YOU, LORD, -- I'M PRAYING YOU'LL LET DEBBIE BECOME CONSCIOUS ONCE MORE -- FATHER, SO I CAN LEAD HER TO THE SAVIOR BEFORE SHE DIES--I PRAY THIS IN JESUS' PRECIOUS NAME -- AMEN



po box 4434
melbourne university
parkville victoria.
Australia 3052
ph/fax 03 9329 1997
all cheques paid to
L. Macfarlane

- SLEATER KINNEY 10" (self titled) (vbk) \$16.00 pp
- MOVE INTO THE VILLA VILLA KULA 12" (vbk) \$18.00 pp
- FUNGUS BRAINS 12" (frock) \$12.00 pp
- "KITTY FINGER" 12" (matrimony) (frock) \$12.00 pp
- DOG SWAMP 7" (sulk) (chapter music) \$7.00 pp
- MOLASSES / MINIMUM CHIPS 7" (chapter music) \$7.00 pp
- CANNANES / SWE (spit 1/2) 7" \$7.00 pp
- BLAIRMAILER / FLYWHEEL (spit 3/4) 7" \$7.00 pp
- CLAG / ASHTRAY BOY (spit 1/2) 7" \$7.00 pp
- FELT PILOTES (spit 1/2) 7" \$7.00 pp
- CRANK 7" (songs of science) \$7.00 pp
- TURNPIKE / CARDIGAN 7" \$7.00 pp
- SMALL WORLD EXPERIENCE (self titled) cd \$15.00 pp
- SPILL II (spill cd) \$10.00 pp
- SPILL III (spill cd) \$15.00 pp
- JELLY cd (woozy musik) \$15.00 pp
- BLAIRMAILER (imp) \$15.00 pp
- VALIANT (s.w.e tribute) (f.t.s.m.) cass. \$6.00 pp
- SONGS FOR SCIENTISTS (R.V.Hose) cass. \$6.00 pp
- RIOT GUY (chapter music) cass \$6.00 pp
- COUCH FINPER (woozy musik) cass \$6.00 pp
- LOSER GURRL (loser gurrl) \$3.00
- WOOZY BACK ISSUES \$3.00 pp
- SALTLY & DELICIOUS BACK ISSUES \$3.00 pp
- F.T.S.M. \$2.00 pp

FOR MORE DETAILED LISTINGS PLEASE SEND A S.A.E TO CHOOZY PO BOX.



Whatever happened to the Throwaways?

There they were riding the grunge wave of the early 90s. To anyone who was around during that heady period the Throwaways meteoric rise to the top of Oz Rockdom seemed unstoppable. Having emerged as front runners in the alternative bratpack of Spiderbait, the Guttersnipes, etc and with a groundbreaking second album out on the seminal Dr Jims label the band seemed set to be the AC/DC (or at least Roxus) of our generation. And then... nothing. The band dropped without a trace from the public eye. Why this sudden disappearance? Were they just another victim of the grunge wars? Was it that old chestnut-musical differences that had rendered them assunder? Perhaps we'll never know the full story, but Woozy sent investigative reporter Harry MacIntosh out to seek the facts and try and find out... where are they now?

"You don't need love, You don't need God, There's only two things that you need, A gutfull of bourbon and a head full of speed". Never were truer words spoken, Marc was truly a spokesperson of his generation. The interesting thing though is that shortly after the bands demise he did indeed discover a need for Gods love accepting Jesus as his personal saviour and joining the First Church of the the Tongues of the Crucified Christ. Despite the conversion experience Marc is still as angst ridden and unintelligible as ever having taken a vow to only speak in tongues. When asked for a comment on his crazy rock 'n roll days all he had to say was "Malakai, Forceum, Addendum, Malakai, Arrrrrrgggghhhh", a clear sign that the master of the heavenly world now speaks through him.

Moving over to the hallowed ivory towers of Melbourne University we found Sean, the bands former drummer. After the split Sean wasted no time in devoting his full energies to his first love- the study of Clysmaphillia in the Maedival Church. That is the forcible practice of enemas by catholic Priests in the middle ages. "This stuff is really vital man, it finally explains the real reasons behind the Enlightenment, the creation of the Protestant church

and the rise of the work ethic and industrial capitalism," he states withstammering force, "For instance it wasn't Henry the Eighth's desire for a divorce that led him to split from the Catholic church, it was just he was sick of having water squirted up his arse". In his spare time Sean busys himself with his cacti collection and campaigning for the moving of the Coode Island chemical storage facilities to Albert Park- a worthy cause indeed.

Whilst those members we could track down (Chuck was mysteriously abducted by aliens after starting work as a bank teller) had in the main moved away from the musical world it was interesting to



last photo of Chuck Throwaway.

see that Dave had managed to maintain his involvement in the industry. "Well the breakup of the band really hit me hard" explains? "But after the initial cocaine and self mutilation binge I realised that music was what I wanted to do and hey, now I'm more famous than ever". Thats right although many of you would not have heard his name in years Dave is the musical genius behind many of Australia's best loved advertising jingles including "Snap, Crackle, Pop, Just can't stop", "Beer is best", "Army, Army, Army, Army, Army" and the Kimbies ad. When not in the studio he keeps his bass licks fresh playing with Melbournes top grunge tribute act "No More Nirvanic Chilli Jammers in the Garden Chains". As he says "People say todays music is great, but for my money you can't beat the sincerity and passion of those crucial times."

Recent renewed interest in the band following Gravens "Greatest Hits" reissue has prompted rumours of a reformation for appearances at the AFL Grand Final, the Big Blow Out and on "Hey, Hey Its Saturday" with Kram (formerly of Spiderbait) rumoured to fill the place of the missing Chuck. Whether or not it happens the new release is bound to bring the Throwaways music to a new generation of kids as well as back into the memories of their mums and dads.

-Story by HarryMac. Photo by United Foto Org.

MAIL ORDER P.O.Box 73 Fitzroy Vic.3065 AUSTRALIA
Email: weirdshit@polyester.com.au * WebURL: www.polyester.com.au/PolyEster/index
FAX: 61+3-94194961

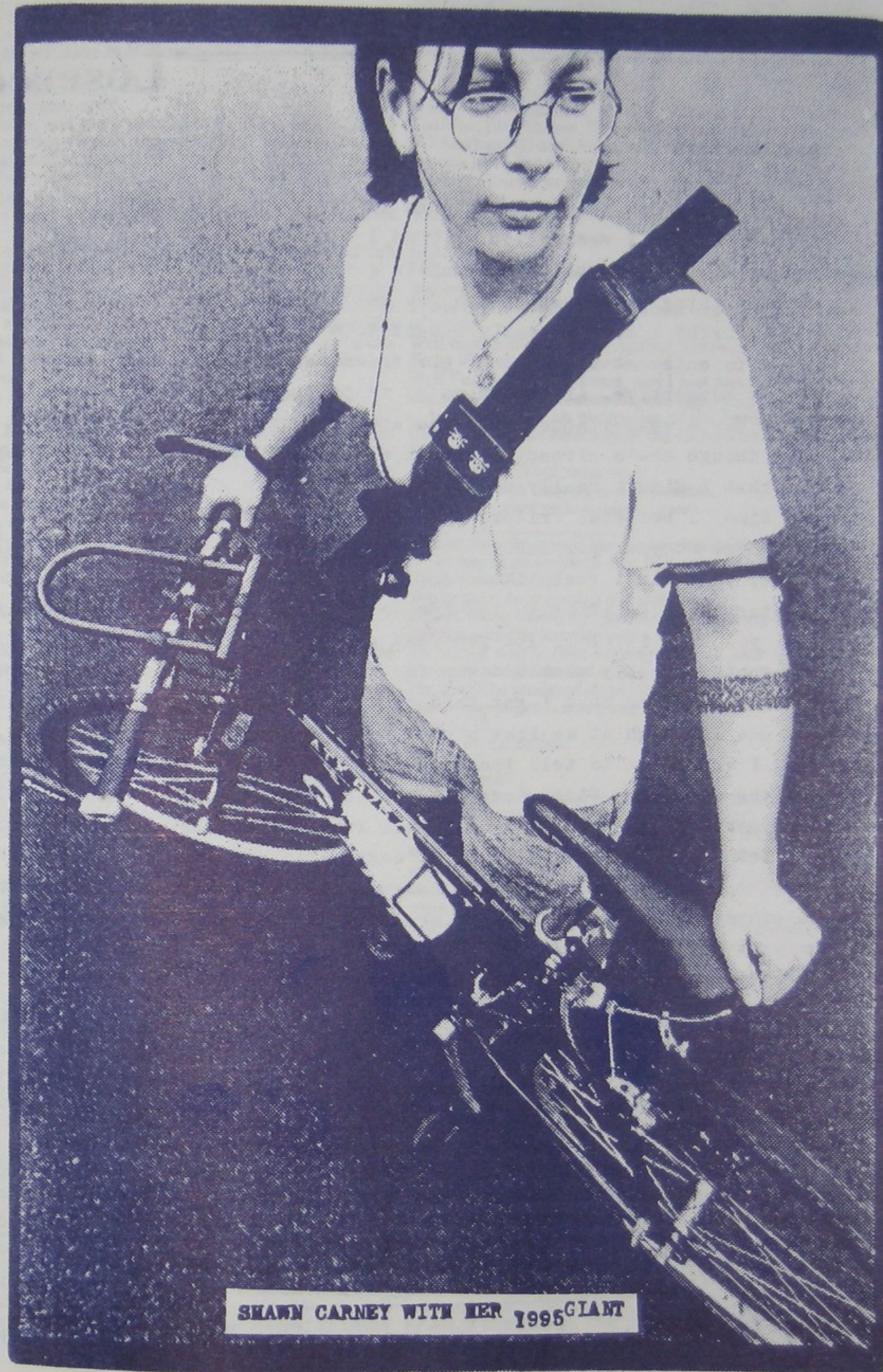
*Music & books
to melt your brain!*

POLYESTER

RECORDS: 387 Brunswick St.
Fitzroy Ph.03-94195137

BOOKS: 330 Brunswick St.
Fitzroy Ph.03-94195223

Design: Philip Brophy '96



SHAWN CARNEY WITH HER 1995 GIANT

Losercorp

Dear Writers Group,

I just found out the prize-winners in the Age Short Story Competition, and I was amazed to find I was not one of them. Can you believe it? Maybe I should join a writers group. I bet this sort of thing never happens to you guys. Do you reckon maybe I came fourth? I didn't really expect to win, in fact I wasn't going to enter at all, but my girlfriend said I should. She's really supportive, like when we go to parties if no-one talks to me she always stands beside me and asks what I did at work that day, even though she's already asked me when I get home and I've already told her that I didn't really do anything. I bet you guys go to parties all the time. I bet real writers are really popular. Would you invite me to one of your parties if I joined your group, and would you talk to me, so I didn't feel like a dog on Monday at work? Also I'm thinking of starting a petition to the Age to say that I should have won, and will you sign it? I'll let you read all my stories, and my novel if you want. I really wish I'd won the Age Short Story Competition, because I told my mother that I got told by the Age that I probably would win, and she'll laugh at me like always, and also the nice girl at work. Also I was going to tell the boss at work where to stick his job if I won the Age Short Story Competition, and I wasn't going to be a filing clerk anymore, because I would be a well known and highly respected writer and being a filing clerk is a bit degrading, and most people I talk to try to make an excuse and walk away from me, but I reckon if they knew me properly they'd really like me and respect me. Do you want to get to know me? I'm free most nights, and on the weekends. Do you think if I practised real hard, and maybe joined a writers group and sort of got in on the scene, maybe I might have a better chance of winning the Age Short Story Competition? Also are there any women in your writers group, do they like sensitive men who write and they don't care if they're not that good looking and don't have a car or really do anything glamorous. I'm going to start coming to your meetings anyway, but I'm a bit shy, so can you sort of look after me, and if I give you a list of questions that I know interesting answers to can you ask them to me at your next party? Also do you know the addresses of the judges in the Age Short Story Competition?

The quiet under-achiever...

signed, A.Loser

Late 85.

Cos you spent a long time in a hospital after that, didn't you?

Yes, till late 86.

So when did you come to Melbourne? That would have been about 91?

No, end of 1990. Five years after my accident.

Why did you move here?

I visited here, and there seemed to be something going on here. Sydney there wasn't, that's why I left Adelaide, it didn't seem to be going on there, and I went to Sydney, and then it stopped being interesting, so I came here, being more interesting. I still can't, well the Good Chamber started off as, wanted to play with people, but I couldn't play music with people.

You tried to tee up something with someone recently, didn't you, doing vocal-only stuff?

Yep. Vocals and movements. This person is a classically-trained ballet dancer, she also sings. I'm interested in, I'm certainly not classically trained in movement, I just like strange movement - strange? I don't know if "strange" is the word that I'm looking for ... (frustration noise) Movements that go ping, zaxp, (etc).

So Volvox started, when did Volvox start? About 91?

Yes.

Cos you'd been writing to Glenn, I know, cos I remember him telling that you were going to start Volvox when you got to town. Or something like that. So did you already know Dave Taskas?

Oh I knew him in Adelaide. 1982 I met him, 83.

What was he doing then?

It was before he was in Grong Grong. He was forming Grong Grong I imagine, and going to see weird bands, or trying to. Right. So everyone was pretty young then.

Yes.

So what did Volvox do? You put out, three of four tapes?

Two.

Can you, without me asking specific questions, can you just sort of describe what Volvox is all about?

It's about ... it's more unsaid than said, it's better unsaid than said, more done than said, things rising to the top of the fluid and putting their fingers out, and waving horrible horrible, making horrible rooster signs, and flying around on unpleasant rubber-band-driven gliders, into tubs of strangely enriched cream. And ... bouncing. I could probably say a lot more but it would become meaningless.

It's been described as the "rock and roll organism".

Yes. "A" rock and roll organism.

This is probably a good lead-in to your written stuff.

Yes?

Because, if I can start the ball rolling re writing, um, all your stuff has always struck me as very biological. Everything seems to be throbbing and pulsing and secreting, and there's also a bit of a metamorphosis obsession.

Change, yes I like that, I like metamorphosing.

Pupae.Cocoons.

Yes, I like the product, the end process. Pupa is very much like an egg. The new life.

Is it um, I don't know if I'm being stupid here, but, is the pupae metamorphosis thing got anything to do with your hospital experience?

Well it can, yes I've considered that as my pupation. I don't know, that just seemed to be a necessary thing to do, have that accident ... It was a career move.

(laughs) ... Yeah, I can't remember your exact wording, but I remember you once saying that, before your accident, you didn't like yourself, you don't like your former self.

No ... I don't, I didn't really, I did not like myself. And I was always apologizing for myself.

I wonder how an accident, you know, in the medical sense, can ... serve as a transformation?

Oh it did! Don't worry, it did. ... (someone laughs outside the window) Cackling from outside, beyond! ... It's definitely intensified some of my thoughts. And it sort of legitimated my thinking. I was a bit weird before and, maybe I had brain damage from birth, born foot first, which made me

uncoordinated, and it was more a matter of degrees. But still, the pupa, that is a confusing one, ladies and gents. It puzzles me at times, when I think about it.

Um, ok, well, romance. It's a personal topic, but, let's be personal.

(popping noise) Go on.

Is there any romance ...

Could be, I don't know. There has been, and surely there still will be. (pause) I don't know what this has got particularly to do with 1996. But it could very well ... It's very strange it has not. People never associated me with it before, if they didn't, I don't know.

Wonder why? Cos I'm horrific I think. My personality is considered ... unpleasant.

Is it?

I think it might be. Must be. (sings "will always love me" over and over)

You've been active in, environmental issues in the last couple of years.

Well mainly the Coalition Against Freeway Extensions.

Yeah. Why that one in particular?

Well I've always hated cars, and I just met someone at the end of 94 who told me about it, and I got sort of involved, and ... to a end of 95, an occupation of the banks of Koonung Creek, to stop the extension of the eastern freeway through there.

Where's that? What suburb?

Between North Balwyn and Doncaster.

(tape stops, they go to Lester's place)

(Lester tells Greg he is the first visitor to the flat.)

We've moved on to North Box Hill, where Lester lives in. A house with biscuits ...

You've got a book coming out soon.

I don't know when, but yes it's an anthology of stuff I've written over the last five years.

So, people who've been keeping up with your writing will probably recognize most of it.

Oh, they'll be rendered stupid for having the original things.

How many pages is this going to be?

About 112.

And what's it called?

"Thumb."

Why Thumb?

Well not for a very good reason. The main thing is that I did a drawing, well actually of a toe, and I didn't know what to do with this illustration, I thought that, I'll make this the title piece of the anthology and title page, and call it "Thumb", and turn this drawing into a thumb, because I didn't want to call it Toe. When I was about 10 I had "the Toe Empire", for some reason toes seemed unappealing.

You don't know when it's coming out, but I guess, we can probably guess ...

1996.

Yeah. And what's the distribution going to be? Are you going to be selling it?

I want to sell it cos I've given away most of my stuff.

I tried once to talk you into writing a novel, Lester, has anything happened?

Well, as what usually happens when I try to write a novel, it's going to be shorter than a novel. Maybe the first story of a new, superior anthology. Cos I can't believe some of the writing I'm doing now. The last two stories in Thumb hint at it.

What are they?

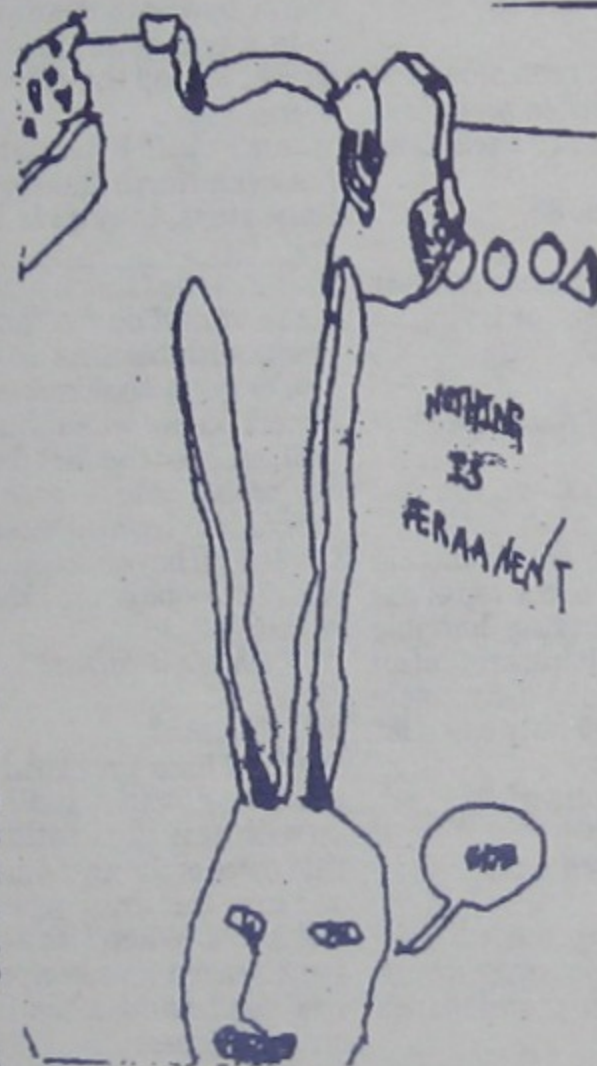
Dismayed Property" and "Quack Quietly".

The thing I like about your writing style is that it's sparkly. Every sentence is a new topic. There isn't really a ... logical flow to it a lot of the time ... and yet it does hang together, it's not like a cut-up, I've never really liked the idea of cut-up writing, I just think that's a bit, stupid, a bit pointless, I mean you've written it, why cut it up, but this has a vague hint of cut-up about it, which I've always thought was either caused by one of three things. One is that, you write slowly, and therefore by the time you get to the end of a sentence your brain

has moved on. Or two, you do it in short things, and you sort of come back to it with a new idea and move on from where you were. Or three, that just is the way you think. That's all true. All three of them are true. How was Volvox recording done? Were you there when the music was done, or did you just wander in and ... Usually when the music was done. I've done some of it. I don't understand how it's done. It seems to me sometimes, tell me if this is right, that you record, someone picks an instrument up and does something for ten seconds, then you hit the pause button, and then you come back with another instrument, because things change really quickly, in that way again. Probably. Yes. I've seen you mixing. It's all sort of, ... fluid ... (unintelligible sentence) ... four Western elements ... no that's a stupid, diarrhoea-encrusted analogy. It's a whole, I try to see parts in relation to each other. We talked about the first time Volvox played, and the next time I saw Volvox play was at the Spill-1 launch, up at the Empress.

The egg one. Why do you say that? Cos I had some eggs ... I'd forgotten that. And I wore them. Against my forehead. And I remember you had one song called "Sway", where no-one made any sound at all, and you just sort of stood there and ... We didn't call it Sway, we just swayed. That was the beginning. That was how we, directed the orgone within ourselves, arose and, that was very good thing to have done before playing, it allowed for goodness. We may have to do that again, I think so. I was just thinking about recent times I've seen Volvox. You did a thing in April, for the Spill-3 launch, that was really good. And that's where you had that mechanical device going up and down. That was crushing the Foodfoot. We were trying to destroy Foodfoot but it wouldn't get destroyed, it bound back after we pressed it down on Foodfoot. It was a revolting furry thing, toy, that I got from Coburg. An op-shop there. It got filmed. Video-ed.

I saw you again at the Arthouse in ... November? That was a funny night too, it was quite intense, and that guy kept attacking you. Well he was pathetic and drunk I thought. Well not "I thought", he was. He didn't really attack ... Too pathetic to attack. A couple of people wanted to hurt that fellow. In fact one approached me during the performance and said "can I take him outside and deal with him?", and I said "no he's just drunk, he's just stupid". He didn't seem to ... I don't know, it seemed to get in the way a fair bit, but it didn't detract from ... I wanted to use him, I wanted, he was a fac-tor. Towards the end, and you and someone else, that's right, you had some guy there with a kazoo or something ... Paul. A mouth organ or something. You and him were sort of dueting away and it was almost like you were crying. And Glenn just gave this sort of, made this speech into a microphone, rattled it off. So um, what's your long-term plans. We talked about how you've got a book out soon and, you seem to want to do some more music but, not sure what. Might leave earth, might get covered with treacle. But as to what I'm going to leave it in, I'm not sure. Two and a half years, 1998, that is the year that I predicted in 1990 that the



earth will be covered in treacle, from deep in the Marianas Trench it would come. What music do you like? I like, I don't know if he's still alive, a Hungarian composer called Gyorgy Ligeti. I have liked Einsturzende Neubaten, a famous German music group which I went to see in 1991, and I got personally abused by the lead singer. "I will hit you very fucking hard." What did you do? I don't know. I shouted, weird things. And I think I was among the, shouting wrong things, a lot of other people were, around me. He looked furious like an angry school-teacher. It's funny that people are like that when they play. Just can't bear the thought of being yelled at. But I've heard you yelling out "horrible" at the top of your lungs at various venues. Horrible things, what, like at Ruby Spleen. Just the word "horrible" I mean. I over-use the word horrible. Oh I don't know. It's not horrible, that would be exciting if it was horrible. Just bland and not interesting to know about. Bio-phobic would be a better thing to shout. Maybe I will. Do you want to define "biophobe"? Fear of life. (laughs) Fear of life! That's interesting. I started to get an idea recently about the difference between good art and bad art, and I mean art in a very broad sense, and that is that, bad art is art which is used purely to further the ends of the artist, and you know, so many bands fall into that category because their whole purpose is to look as good as they can, and to look as sexy and, you know, high status and what-not, as possible, and thereby increase their fitness. And to the audience it's just like, more of the same, you get that all day at work, or at school or whatever, and here you are confronted with it at 110 decibels, you know, "we're better than you are". And good art is if you can go against um, your genes if you will, and just leave that aside, and say something that's, true or something, rather than, cos most people don't ever say anything that's honest, because to say something that's honest would, you know, would make them look bad or something. It's good if it's good. So to me, that's why so much, "art" if you want, is boring. It's not just because

you've heard it a thousand times before, which you generally have, but you know what the end behind it is, you know what the purpose of it is, it's just another, it's just what everyone does all the time, but on a stage instead of in a cafe, or a lecture theatre, or an office. Competing, just people competing. Something to do with Western civilization. It is what I call "Loser Civilization". People are forced to lose, if they can't emulate or surpass particular areas of very small, incredibly tiny fraction of the seething masses up there. You think that's confined to the West? I'm not sure. The West has sunk its poisonous tentacles all over Earth. You're stuff is interesting because it's hard to locate influences... That's nice and good. Name a person as an influence. Lots, everything I've walked into has, everything has shaped me, like when I did an interview with 3PBS "Industrial" program, she wanted to know what influenced me, the first thing I thought of to say was "chicken in a biscuit", but she wanted a band, "what bands do you like?" Very limiting I believe.

Lester can be contacted c/o Spill (See Users Guide).

"HARDCORE IS A FEELING NOT A FASHION"

SPIRAL OBSCURITY

D.I.Y. HARDCORE PUNK MAILORDER

PO BOX 126 OAKLANDS PARK SA 5046

We carry a huge range of imported vinyl, Cd's & T-Shirts from non-corporate labels all around the globe. Alternative Tentacles, Ebullition, Revelation, Sound Pollution, Tribal War, Lookout, Victory, Very, Fat Wreckords, Cargo, Common Cause, Dr Strange, Conversion, Underdog, Dischord, Estrus. X Mist, Skuld, + hundreds more. Grind, Crust, Straight Edge, Hardcore - from Europe to the USA to Brazil to Japan and of course the very best of Australian hardcore!!!

CD's from \$16, LP's from \$8, 7"EP's from \$4.00.

DON'T DESPAIR, VINYL IS OUR SPECIALITY!!!

Send FOUR stamps for our huge 60 page zine/catalogue!!

"MUSIC IS MORE THAN JUST A PRODUCT"

AQUAMUDVUV MUSIC

MUSIC for saying "Yeah" to.

AVAILABLE NOW

BIG INTERESTING RIFLE : TSEDAMFORMORAY (cassette \$6)

LOST : Rocket engines: Nozzles + pipes (c.d. \$10)

BIG INTERESTING RIFLE : Electronic flash boop-boops (8inch vinyl + cass. for \$10)

COMING SOON

The AQUAMUDVUV VIDEO COLLECTION - A whole stack of bands going for it AUDIBLY + VISUALLY

SEND MONEY AND LLAMAS TO: P.O BOX 150 NORTH BRIDGE 6865 WESTERN AUSTRALIA. Yeah!

Greg interviews LESTER VAT

Greg's room, 12 Jan 96. Greg Wadley of New Waver and Spill distribution talks to Lester Vat, one of Melbourne's strangest performers and finest writers and member of Volvox about his music, life, loves, etc. Greg's comments and questions appear in italics.

(pause)
You mean you don't have any questions?
Well I'd first like to mention, incorrect detergent levels.

In ...
Incorrect - just mention them. We'll come to them at a later opportunity, maybe. This is what a strawberry sounds - oh! - this IS what a strawberry sounds like! (holds strawberry to mic) You're not able to hear that?

I think most people who are likely to read this will know you as the singer of Volvox, and as the writer of small pamphlet-type books that have come out pretty frequently during the last couple of years.

Good on them.
So we may as well start with that. What's happening with Volvox?

I don't know.
Seems to have gone into a bit of limbo, from my point of view anyway, in the last year or two.

Well ... Wwweeeelllll! The other mem - finding members, the other, part of, the other rage eggs, or reg rolls or whoever, are still, are in other music groups which are more important it seems, than Volvox, and I think I should follow suit. In fact I've thought so for a long time.

So keep Volvox going ...

Yeah have to I suppose, I don't know what else to do with it, I thought that it had stopped living but, it just does not go away. (Added after the most recent show: "I don't think it's going to go away very easily at all, it's too invigorating").

Do you want to give us a potted history of your music career?

I was born in Memorial Hospital, North Adelaide ...

What year?

1964.
You grew up in Adelaide?

Just outside in the hills. When I was 11 and 12 I was in the choir of the Church of the Epiphany at Crafers in the Adelaide Hills.

You moved to Sydney didn't you?

That's right. In 1984.

You did a lot of unusual stuff in Sydney, didn't you?

Yes.
But probably a few years after that.

No, in that very same year. I was in a thing called Nada, which played beneath, organized a number of artistes to perform, in an air-raid shelter in an underground railway station. It was probably the most intense, wonderful performance I've ever done.

I might be stepping ahead in time, but you did a lot of stuff with Cosmic Conspiracy.

Yeah that was connected to ... this person Vladimir Novocaine who ran CC saw Sundae School once, the rock band Sundae School, it's Sundae with an 'E', three years later or something, four years later he saw me at a hotel in Darlinghurst, New South Wales, we were both viewing a rock gig by Lubricated Goat or someone like that, and he approached me, saying he had this big log to give away. And he impressed lots of things upon me, and then after we'd met a couple of times he said something to the effect that he was putting a music label together, and I brought some music around and he thought that it was great. He did mail-order, and hawked things round to shops, and I introduced him to the fellow Mr Liquid,

who designed all the catalogues, he was a computer whiz, he was also in King Carbon and the Enemies of Algebra.

Were you in that? You were, weren't you?

Yes, I was.

What did you do in that?

I sung and played keyboards. Bit of guitar, bass, and ... stuff.
What other groups were you in, in Sydney?

Th

The Good Chamber, that was mainly me, but sometimes other people would come and do some thing in a song, like sing, or samples.

You went to art school in Sydney didn't you?

Sydney College of the Arts, yes. Yes. That's where I recorded most of the Good Chamber, and King Carbon and the Enemies of Algebra.

Did they have recording gear?

They did. I monopolized it sometimes.

From conversations I've had with you before, I know that while you were in Sydney you had a severe accident, and spent a year or something in the hospital.

Yes, 14 months. Two hospitals.

Tell us about it.

I fell through a sky-light. I presume that I was getting rain water. I presume that I fell, it might have been extraterrestrials, I don't know.

Did your memory of it get erased?

Just 10 minutes before it happened, till a long time afterwards.

Yeah. So what, you woke up in hospital and ...

Slowly, yes.

So was it, you were in a coma?

That's right. It was the best bit of being in hospital.

Can you remember anything from being in the coma?

It was like, a dream that wouldn't stop.

Did you want it to stop?

Yes.

Right. So was it like a dream, in the sense that strange things happened ...

Things related to the outside world.

Yeah. So you mean in the sense of, a nurse would speak to you, or a visitor would come or something, and you'd dream it?

I guess it was like that. Oh, I can remember one, oh, several things. I may have had a near-death experience, I'm not sure. I was, had to go upstairs I think to a, I don't know, up a flight of stairs I think, and then up another one, and then went into a room, or downstairs, it may have been downstairs, yes probably was downstairs, all the way, and I had to go into a really dark room, I had to, on my

hands, and my non-working legs.

So you basically lay in a bed, in a coma, for ... how long?

Well, ostensibly five weeks. I haven't finished the near-death story. And I went into a dark room, and I was aware of even darker shapes around me. It was totally black, and it was even darker than black, the shapes around me. I didn't want to go in there, so I got back out again.

So what do you think that was about?

I'm not sure. Going ... I don't know.

I suppose you can't really know, do you?

No. I just didn't, I got really sick of being where I was, and I dreamt that I had, it was an, because I woke up sometimes, always in the dead of night, but I could see by the decor, that I was in hospital. I think one of my eyes was closed. And, I had dreams behind that eye, and when I opened it, the dreams in the real world were happening, and now I've got double-vision, I don't know, I'm interested in how they're related.

You've got double-vision now?

Yes.

What year was this?

THE LATHE OF OMBIVSON

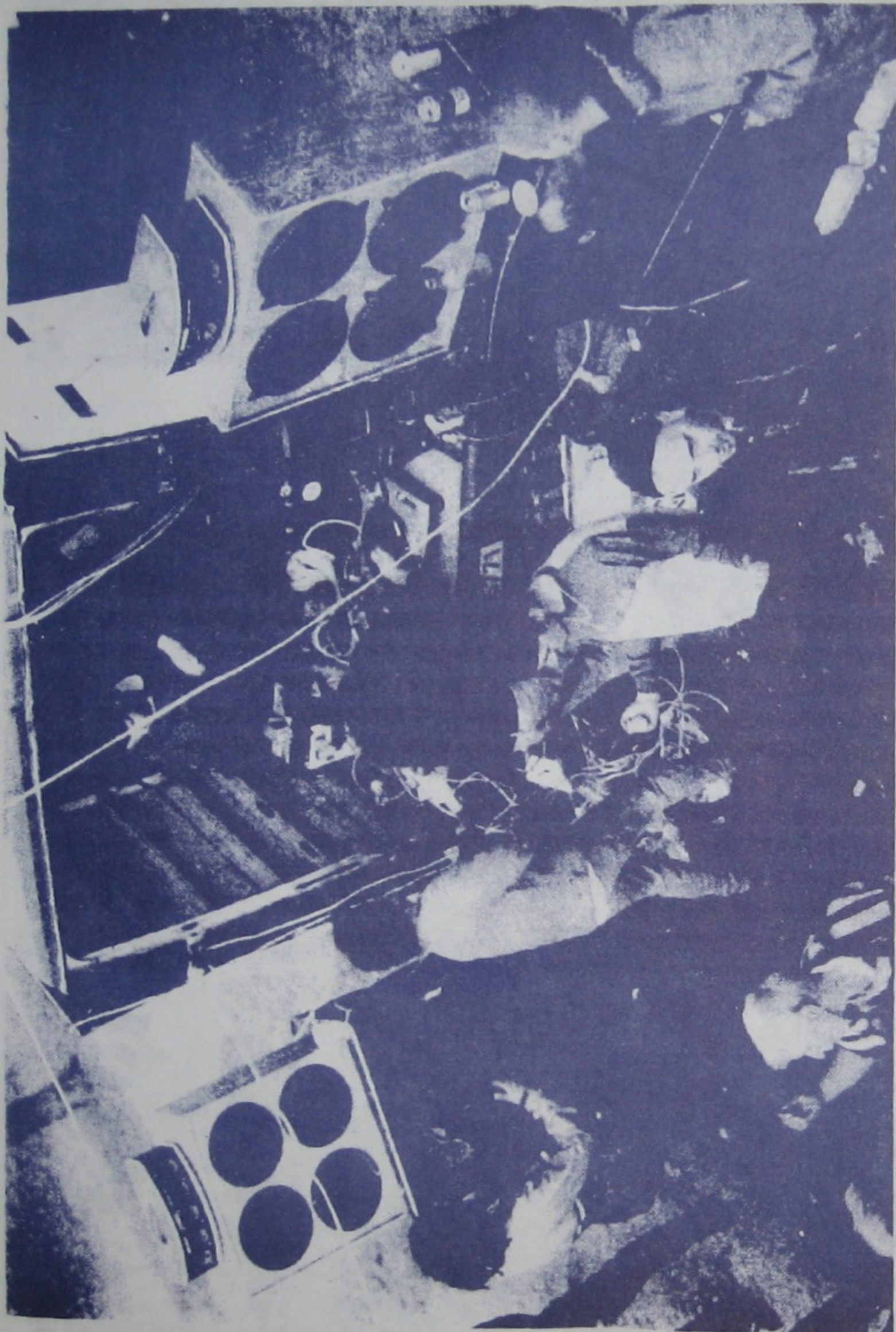


train.

gravy

on the

fong are



Matt

Straight off the back of a lorry - Desert Storm stylee. The free party posse from Glasgow were recently invited by aid workers to bring their beats to Bosnia. Desert Storm's special free party

for a war-torn people was crammed with dancers shedding their worries for the night. During the course of the event, Bosnian police arrived and told them to turn the music up

being "Little Elvis", little miguel likes to help his dad cut the lawn with his toy lawnmower. The fact is, the big oi' evil E wouldn't mean 1/2 as much to us these days if it wasn't for all those star-search-style obsessives shakin' & bumpin', & keepin' the sequined dream alive.

the Mavis's...

...OUT NOW



THUNDER

"...addictive dark-edged pop at it's best"

MOON DRONE GOLD

"...redefining the boundaries of alternative music..."
Music Network



Stay tuned for their debut album out late April

Venus Returning

white

Write to The Mavis's at PO Box 374 Clifton Hill Vic 3068
Australia ... fax 61 3 9486 3379



...Skateboarding

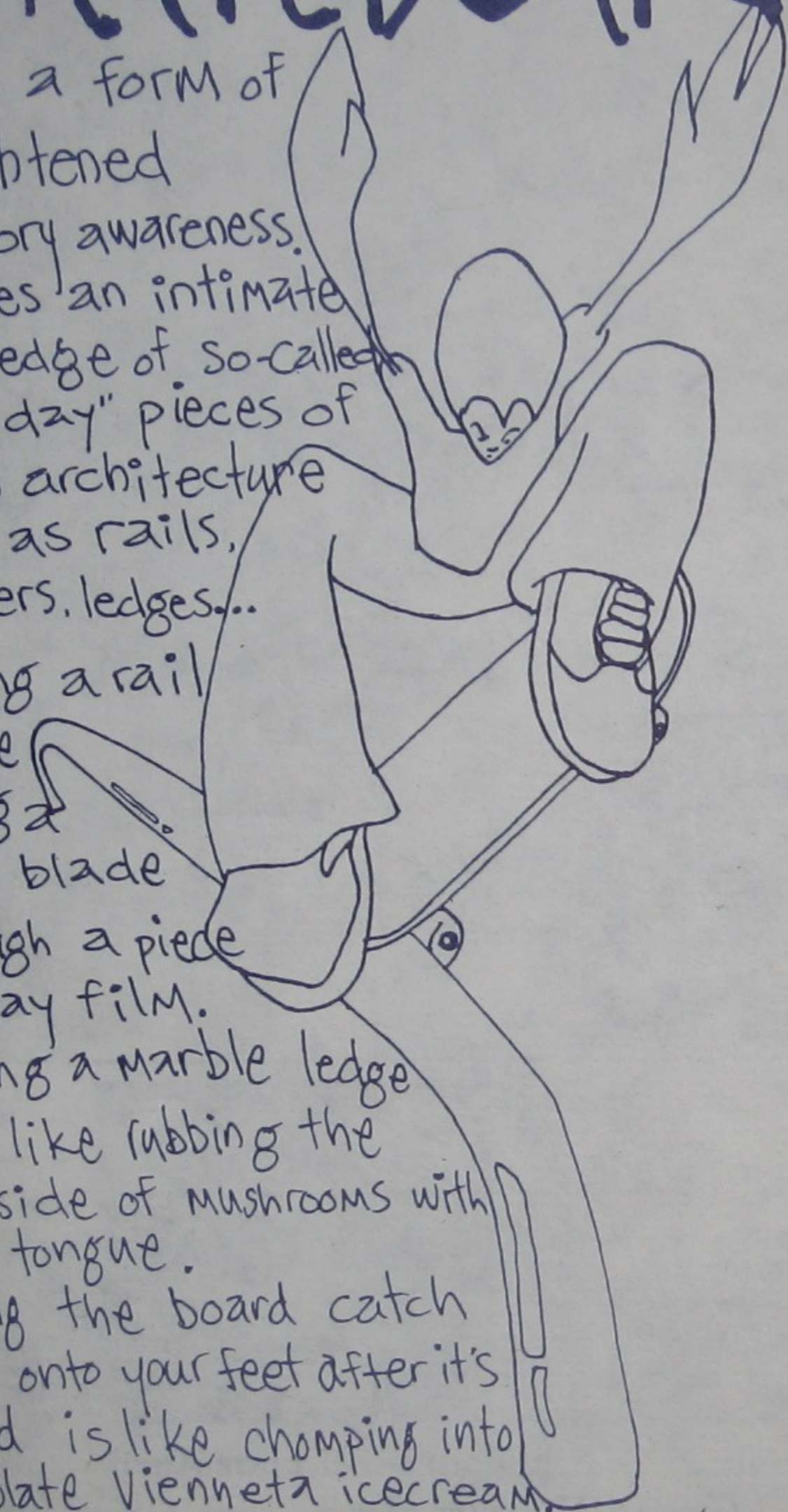
it's a form of heightened sensory awareness. it gives an intimate knowledge of so-called "everyday" pieces of urban architecture such as rails, planters, ledges...

Sliding a rail is like gliding a razor blade through a piece of x-ray film.

Grinding a marble ledge feels like rubbing the underside of mushrooms with your tongue.

Feeling the board catch back onto your feet after it's flipped is like chomping into chocolate Vienneta icecream.

Skateboarding is a movement of limbs and an expansion of the spirit... it is also illegal. BEN MOLETA.



Elvis' memory," Wise claims he's not attempting to take the place of the King ("general consensus amongst impersonators) but make people happy & bring back "those memories." He's clocked up 7,600 tribute shows & fantasises about doing his 10,000th at the Hilton Hotel in Vegas.



← Ken Welsh, 51 transforms from Melbourne ambulance supervisor by day, to "Elvin Eagle" by night. He chose that stage name 'cos apparently 'Elvis' is derived from 'Elvin', which apparently means "loved by all, & that's exactly what Elvis was." The 'Eagle' part of the

name came because Elvis wore lots of sequined Eagle suits. His favourite Elvis period is of course the 'Los Vegas years' & bejewels his jumpsuits all by himself. (Aquarius)

Janice K, aged 45 (Sagittarius) →

is known as "the lady Elvis", ever since being cast by her high school drama teacher as an intergalactic female Elvis on a planet ruled by ♀ "From that night, on I knew the trail that I must blaze would be the Elvis trail, however right, or wrong that might be. Grief-stricken after E's death, she



ditched a low-key acting career & returned to Nebraska, where she believes she saw Elvis' spirit. These days she says it's that spirit that guides her, & some of that magical essence she's managed to absorb - "And when I'm singing, it's the king's voice they hear."

South of the border, it's El Vez → the Mexican Elvis, 35, gemini, & it's a bit more of a jocular show that goes on ("Uno, dos, tres, you ain't nothin' but a chihuahua"). He performs El's songs either translated into Spanish or made more 'relevant' to Spanish-speaking folk. Many orthodox fans reject his light-hearted approach,



& feel he's almost sacrilegious, but he says his shows are just a good fun blend of 2 cultures in an Elvis context, including anti-gang violence & pro-Latino community themes - cha cha cha.

Finally, there's Colorado youngster Miguel Quintana (a Cancer), who's 10w 9 but he's been a part-time Elvis since he was 3 & was acknowledged as the world's youngest E-wanna be. His age has limited his knowledge of Elvis, but says his favourite song



is "Whole lotta shakin' goin' on". When not playing at



Sometimes I get really fucking sick of Melbourne. Anything original, that does its own thing in this town either gets hyped to the point of self destruction (Magic Dirt anyone) or gets criminally ignored. Prime example of this is Crank who after 3 or more years finally have an excellent 7inch EP out. Now Crank deal in the heavy sludge Chicago-esque side of rock 'n roll, but have always managed to sound like themselves (theres no way you'd mix up vocalist Chris with Steve Albini for example). Now maybe if they did sound more like a number of popular "alt-rock" bands they would be successful, in fact a quick look at the bands making it around here would indicate that is pretty much the unfortunate truth- imitate or die. However luckily for those of us who are just in it for the music Crank and a handful of other innovators continue on regardless. However it would be nice to see more than a small crowd at their gigs, so check out the "Songs of Science" EP and come along to a show. Otherwise don't let me hear you whinge of the cultural cringe.

you'd swear they were
ELVIS!

Elvis Presley - God or Satan? Master or Slave? Art or Pornography? The fact is, Elvis still occupies such a prominent position in our society/collective consciousness, that, like it or not, there's a little bit of the big E in all of us. Some of us, however, got a larger dose than others, and as it turns out, the existence of the original Elvis is a mere piss in the river compared to the hoardes of impersonators shakin' their hips all over the planet right now. These days, everybody can be Elvis, & some people have actually bothered.

By the way, these people are real...

Dennis Wise, 42 of Joplin, Missouri!

(he's a gemini) actually went so far as to have plastic surgery to closer resemble the King. "I figured sooner or later somebody was going to do it who just didn't give a damn but would do it just to exploit



Frances Willard (1839- 1898)

The cycling craze of the 1890's hit the U.S. in a major way with free wheeling females flying through the streets to the condemnation of pompous puritanical patriarchs. Apparently cycling not only meant that women ran the risk of developing pigeon toes and "bicycle eye", but also of leading them to immoral acts via the "intoxication" of the "unfettered freedom" of bicycling. Weighing in on the side of the freewheelers was Womens Christian Temperance Union president Frances Willard, someone who in no way endorsed either intoxication or immorality. She



instead urged women to take up the two wheeler, singing it's praises in "How I Learned To Ride The Bicycle". Contrary to her fellow wowers she stated that there were "high moral uses in the bicycle" and would wholeheartedly "commend it as a teacher without pulpit or creed".

As the newly fit fifty three year old was first to concede she had occassionally stacked it in her efforts to master the machine she nicknamed Gladys. "A good many people thought I could not do it at my age", she reported, there were dire

warnings that "I should break my bones" or "spoil my future". By her own admission, hobbled by hoopskirts and high heels from the age of sixteen she was "at more disadvantage than most, for I suffered from the sedentary habits of a lifetime".

Evidently it took wobbly Willard three months of daily practice to steer her "saucy steed" on a straight and narrow course. But on January 20, 1894 (a date she proudly recorded as her "red letter bicycle day") the triumph of woman over machine was complete. "I had learned all her kinks, had put a bridle on her teeth and touched her smartly with the whip of victory". From that

day on those who tried to tell Willard that women belonged on pedestals rather than pedals were scorned derisively. "The world is wide" she wrote "and I would not waste my life in friction when it could be turned in momentum." All those challenging conventions either on a transport or a gender basis would be wise to remember her conclusion that "All failure is from a wobbling will rather than a wobbling wheel".

Article based on a brief biography in Autumn Stephens "Wild Women" book.

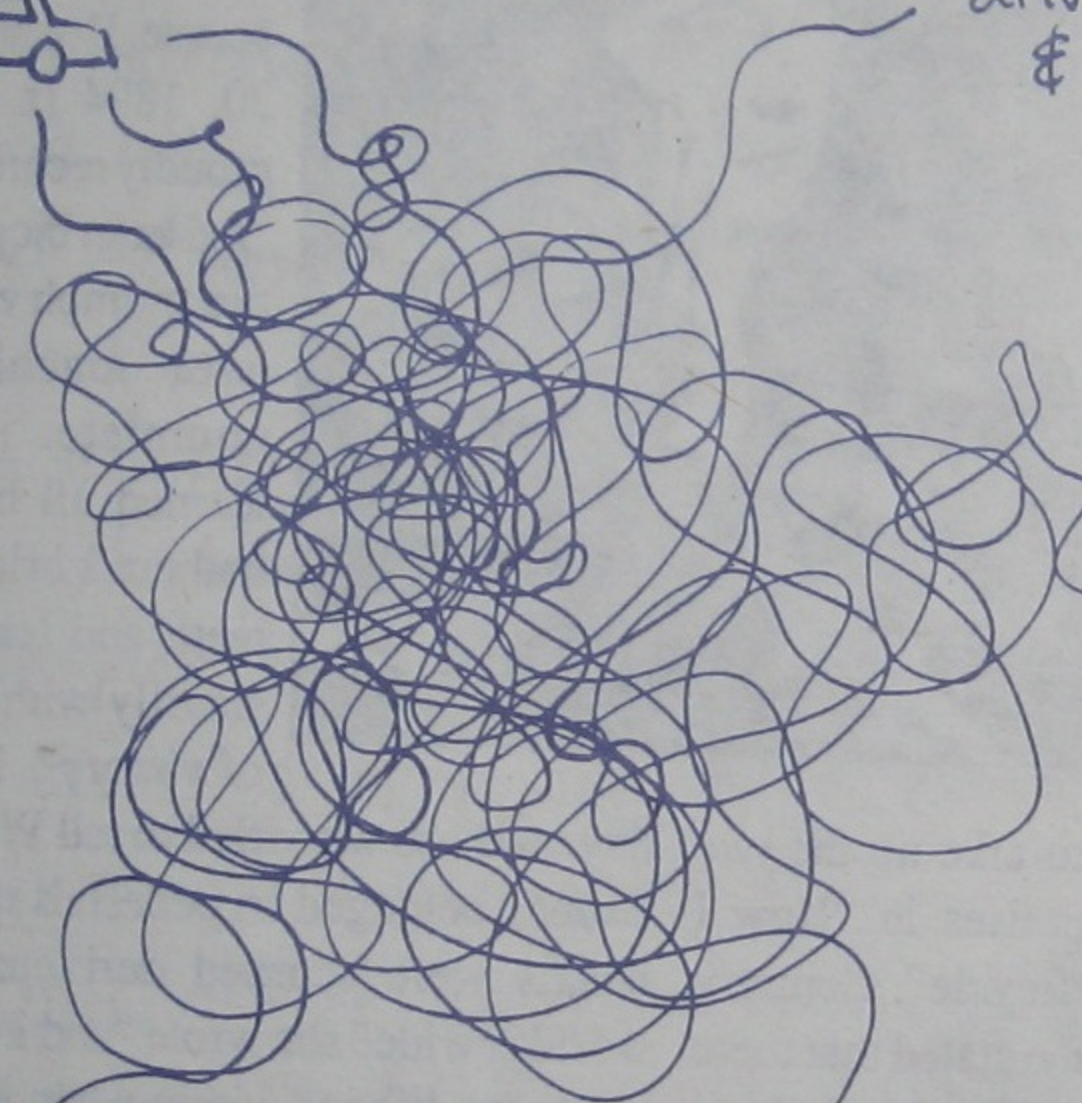
U.S. Feminist Bike Fanatic.

HEY KIDS, HELP MR Snotty get to Work!

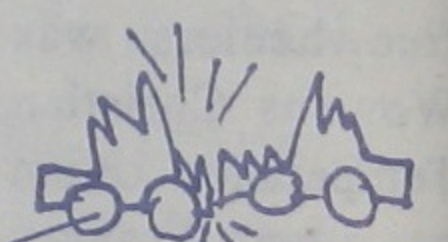
He's bought a new fast car & needs to pay it off!



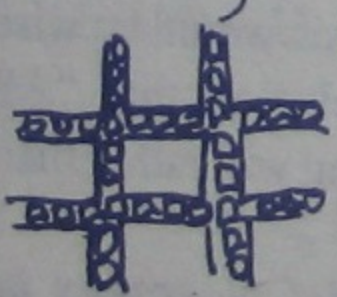
Mr Snotty has a heart attack due to driving stress & dies!



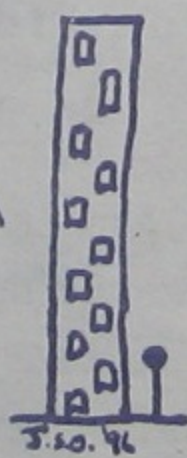
Mr Snotty has an accident!



Mr Snotty gets caught in gridlock, is late for work & gets fired!



Congratulations Mr Snotty gets to pay lots of money for a car park & works inside a stuffy office all day!



- In West Perth, as I was fizzling across the street in a stressed out rust, a car seemed to come out of nowhere I got hit and I rolled on the windscreen and landed on my feet with no injury. I almost forgot about it immediately as I was in a hurry.
 - In Perth I was gently hooning along a footpath when a car came out of a driveway. I smashed into the drivers seat door and came off my bike. I got a nasty cut knee and a buckled front wheel to boot.
 - Richmond, VIC. It had been drizzling for hours. As I crossed the tram tracks my bike went from under me. Luckily I landed on my feet, but I had to run back to get my bike before it got squashed by a tram.
 - South Melbourne. trying to avoid a pedestrian who came out of nowhere, I got caught by her handbag, came off my bike and crunch! Smashed my elbow on the concrete. I was sure I'd broken it, especially when I nearly passed out in the x-ray room. Still I had to wear a sling for three weeks.
- Couriering isn't all doom and gloom though. At times, when busy, and the adrenalin was pumping through my body, and everything seemed to flow, I had a feeling of complete serenity, my bike flying into the wind, hungry for the next parcel to deliver. I felt some sort of primeval instinct of not having to think, but letting my subconscious mind do the work: a great feeling.

I enjoyed the fact that your average Courier company is a hangout for people who don't fit into society. I've met some freaks in the courier trade, motorbike couriers usually being the freakiest. Some of those guys are addicted to speed, and they have ridiculous ways of getting from A to B in the shortest time. It was like some kind of religion for a few. One courier I knew had so many pins holding his bones together, he'd probably have a struggle at the metal detectors at airports. Courier boss are usually an easy going bunch. Most of them have risen through the ranks, so they have an idea of the shite couriers face.

There you have it. If you like hooning around, have an instinctual love of pain, enjoy carrying useless wads of paper from one point to another, couriering might be for you. If you have a desire to see the reception areas of large conglomerates where money speaks like a shaved bear in a sauna. If you have the desire to talk into a walky talky and say ROGER! a million times a day, if you want to travel in lifts all the time - up and down, up and down... excuse me I'm getting dizzy just thinking about it. In the future when I have to get a job I'll probably hit the streets once more



PUSH BIKE.

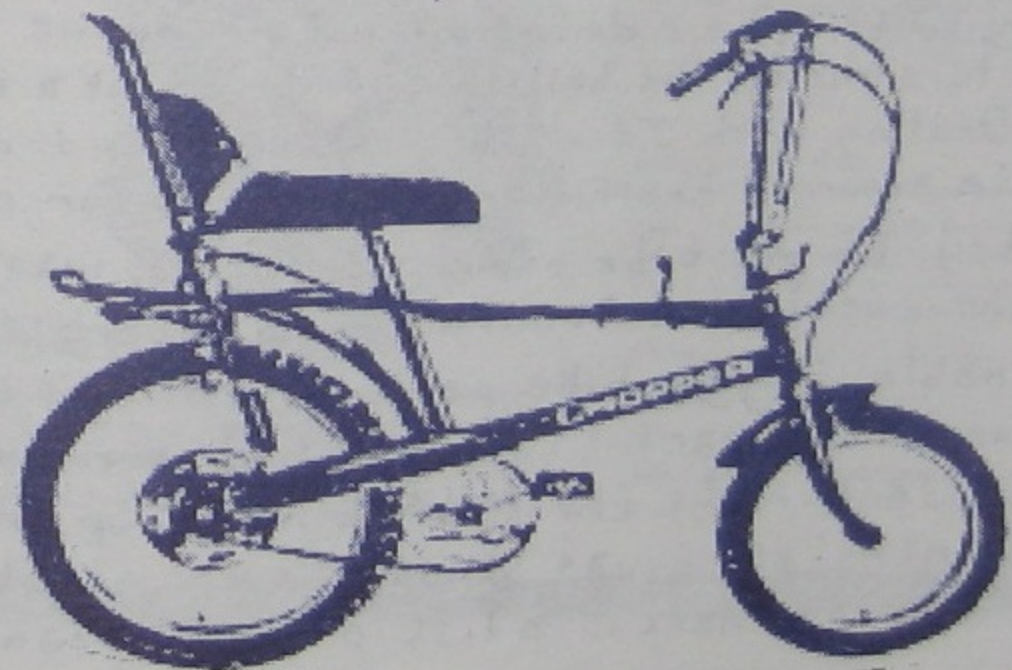


by 91 **BICYCLE COMMU-**

SOMETIMES WHEN I AM GLIDING THROUGH THE STACKED POLLUTED LANES OF MORNING PEAK HOUR, AND I SEE ALL THOSE PEOPLE SITTING IN THEIR CARS (1 PERSON PER CAR) I THINK HOW WRONG IT WOULD BE IF I WAS HIT BY ONE OF THOSE CARS. I WILL BE LYING THERE BLEEDING & ALL I'LL HEAR WILL BE SOME CRAPPY FM STATION PLAYING PERCIVAL SHARKEY & THE CAR PERSON WILL BE BENDING OVER, LOOKING DOWN AT ME AND SAYING... "IT WAS YOUR FAULT, YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ON THE ROAD."

Contents.

1. COVER (Peter Pavement)
2. INTRO (Iain / Fluxus)
3. YOUR READING IT (Laura)
4. UNGLAMOROUS WORLD (Juhann)
6. BICYCLE COMMUTE (Gi)
8. MR SNOTTY PART ONE (Jared)
9. CRANK (Iain)
10. PELVIS (Jane)
14. SKATEBOARDING (Ben Moleta)
15. FONG ON THE GRAY TRAIN
16. DESERT STORM (Dylan/Iain)
18. GREG INTERVIEWS LESTER (Small Reprint)
21. SHAWN CARNEY (Iain)
22. THROWAWAYS (Cynthia Connolly)
25. BURNING CAR COMICS (Roman)
26. ZINE SCENE (Iain)
28. SEA SCOUTS (S.S. Hobart)
30. LATVIAN BIKING (Simon/Iain)
31. MANGLED MUSIC (Iain)
34. SOLSBURY REUNION (K. Evans)
36. BETTY SERVEET / RED S.E. (Iain / Alison)
37. CHRISTMAS HURTS (Iain / Ariel)
38. ALIEN (VZ/Iain)
39. OVERTHROW / NOT FOR RENT (Fluxus / Iain)
40. RADIO JIHAD (Mr Hamish / Iain)
41. ALIEN BACKLASH (Iain)
42. CARS FUUCKING SUCK MANS (Don Gonad)
43. WOOLY USERS GUIDE (Iain)
44. VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT (Tufty)
47. FANG FUN (Dylan)
48. FLUX VEHICLE DAY (Iain)
50. BARRICADE (Iain)
52. BURNING CAR COMIC TWO (Roman)
53. INNER STRENGTH (Cam)
55. BIRDIES (Christine)
56. ABBIE HOFFMAN (Iain)
58. HOW TO GRAB ON (Mud Flap Reprint)
59. MY DRAGSTER (Neil)
60. BEARDO THE WEIRDO (J.C.)
62. MR SNOTTY PT TWO (Jared)
63. BOYS! (?)
64. BACK COVER (Cynthia Connolly)



The unglamorous world of A bicycle courier



For Roughly two years of my life-in two different cities,I made some kind of living as a bicycle courier. This job had its ups and downs just like any other job I guess and I'd like to share a few moments with you on these pages. The thing I mainly liked about this job was the fact I was alone all day, riding a pushbike out in the open, getting fit and not really having to deal with people other than the odd monosyllabic comment to a receptionist here and there. I amused me greatly that some receptionists treated couriers as the lowest form of life, About the Ameobic sludge stage of evolution. I found this especially in perth where 'glamorous' receptionists were so far up themselves, its a wonder they could see more than the insides of their intestines. I would just get on my bike and ride to my next destination and leave them with their delusions of grandeur. I'll now relate some of the hellish qualities that a bicycle courier must face. Dealing with Idiot drivers, corporate dodos and having to concentrate amongst traffic and pedestrians for eight hours a Day isn't easy. It must be admitted that I wasn't an express-risk your life every second courier, who cavort around in their all so fasionable dayglo bike pants like there's a colony of bees in their butt crack (by gingo their are some stupid Idiots who live for the thrill of winding up in hospital every six months) No. I was steady as you go. Still, It didn't help me sometimes. Here is a list of some prangs I had.

BOYS! - Give Your Bike the **ROAR** of a Motorcycle!



AMAZING NEW INVENTION MAKES EVERY RIDE A THRILL!

Startle your buddies!

This sensational, new Aero-Motor gives you a thrill on every ride! Not a motor but looks and sounds just like a real engine. The faster you go the louder the roar. Special "four-engine" sound device can give you an extra mighty roar like a Thunderbolt. When you slow down, you get the steady purr of a machine gun. Watch people scatter and look up when you come along. It's the thrill of a lifetime. When you stop a crowd will gather around you. Easily attached in a few minutes. Nothing to get out of order. Write for yours NOW.

BIKE DECORATION SET EXTRA for prompt action!

If you order NOW we will include at additional cost a Bike Decoration Kit which includes flag and red, white and blue streamers 10 ft long to dress up your bike on special occasions. Order TODAY

ONLY

1.49



SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. On arrival pay postman \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage on our guarantee if not completely satisfied your money back. If you send cash, we pay postage.

Aero-Motor Co. Dept. 861-F, 215 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.



Aero-Motor Co.
Dept. 861-F, 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Send Aero-Motor plus Bike Decoration Kit as a reward for prompt action. On arrival, I'll deposit \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage on guarantee if not completely satisfied I can return and you will refund my money.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

SAVE MONEY. If you send cash, we pay postage.

