

WOOPY#20

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CD + ZINE





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Welcome to Woozy #20.

To celebrate getting this far we decided to put together a special edition incorporating a CD and a zine. As usual the zine was edited by Iain and Harry. All articles by people who played on the CD. The mastering of the CD was done by Paul Morris with assistance from Keith Urquhart. The zine was printed by El Cheapo on recycled paper. As always any articles that appear in Woozy are available anti copyright to other non profit groups. Please acknowledge the author and the source however. Copyright applies for corporate and profit oriented organisations. Musical copyright remains with the individual artists. Much thanks to- Paul, Keith, Mat, Laura, Fiona, Rhonda, Pete, Erica, El Cheapo, Choozy, COSHG, xchange, 121 Centre and to all the bands that appeared on the CD and anyone else who helped. Write to Woozy at P.O. Box 4434, Melbourne University, Parkville, 3052. Australia.

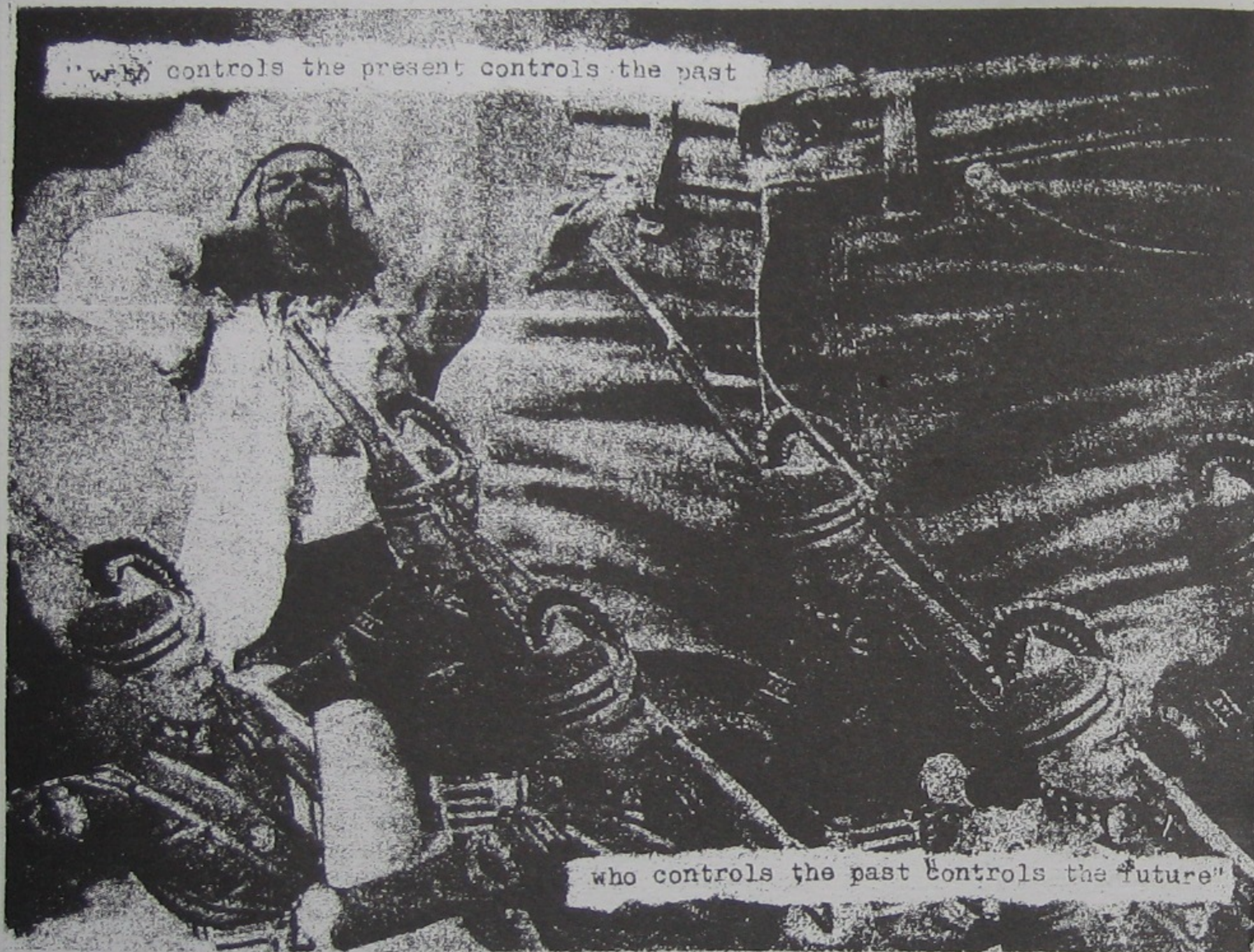


on the mass psychosis of modern life

"to be absolutely modern means to be the ally of ones own gravedigger"

i died and went to hell...they were mass producing boredom on a giant factory production line, the product was just seeds made to look like everyones favourite breakfast cereal and was compulsory consumption for all...it was hard to see so i followed the screams of the quality control workers as they slit their wrists in time with soothing background music...the seeds flowered in to apathy and every store had them on special offer under different brand names...in the street outside people walked bent double...modernity on their backs had crushed their spines...

casualties of socialised lobotomies were looking at what they'd been shown and repeating what they'd been told...daily life was a copy of a copy of the replication of psychosis, passed down from family to family, generation to generation: passed out like sweets to people too hungry to resist this last temptation because after all everyone had their cross to bear depending on their preferred method of crucifixion methods of ingestion were multiple choice but the correct answers were whispered quietly over megaphones implanted in to everyones head to drown outside interference...



who controls the present controls the past

who controls the past controls the future

the lucky ones worked in high-tech electrical stores where they watched themselves die everyday on giant television screens while on the street trick mirrors borrowed from circus side shows reflected a twisted reality to pacify the corpses who trudged daily up to their knees in concrete...street vendors sold prosperity and happiness to unsuspecting office workers on their lunch break, but their trinkets were poorly made of inferior quality materials and disintegrated to sand that slipped through their fingers before they got the chance to encase them in glass as a reminder of something they never had... progress was on everyones lips...tattooed with a large kitchen knife... people queued to have tubes inserted in their wind pipes, newspapers reported it as the latest craze in body modification but no one realised the tracheotomist was really a cut throat in disguise...the writing on the wall directed the homeless and dispossessed to a large building on the edge of town which was now used for the incineration of products no longer viable, exploitable or profitable...after a short film show on the monotony of life in the slow lane they were fashionable hand bags, assorted make up and low grade luncheon meat to be given away free to the hard of living who had their skulls cracked weekly...live on tv...when the carrot decays there's always the stick... prostitution was legal and positively encouraged, everyone was so busy selling themselves they didn't realise they'd been locked up in prison ...in the isolation block...but they were open prisons and you could go home at night as long as you came back in the morning...on time... there were no warders, no security; the lifers had already grown bars over their eyes and ears and mouths...chains were made of money and the recreation period was spent comparing your length of chain with your neighbours, the winner got a better choice of tv viewing and their bread buttered on both sides...they were their own jailers and there was no parole... green was the colour of money and their white sticks tapped out the monotonous daily rhythm as they drowned in a sea of passive consumption they'd decided to go with the flow...

"I bought this record in here the other week, but it's really crackly – it sounds like it's second hand or something. Or it's sort of bees and flies. You know that noise in your ears at night like a fax machine. The more you think about it the louder it gets, just sort of gushing and whistling past your ears. What is it that rushes into your blood when you come – is it fish? Is it some kind of dolphin? It's like stupid endorphines popping and bumping up through the waves, ignoring everything else and not even being invited. I don't know where I'm getting it from but the day it goes I'll be happier than hell. It's worse than dogs and all their racket. Noisy bastards, and sometimes they virtually *eat* little birds. Mind you, mostly little birds are in the garden pulling out worms that are already dead. Where's the fucking point in that? It'd be easier to sing a song or something. Something like that. I'm just sick of thinking about it now. Alright? Anyway, why don't you take your fucking record, stuff it up your arse, and shit it out back where you came from. Scotland was it? Yeah. Fine."

SHADOWS THAT MOVE AND SPEAK



Little Oliver Tit asks for more! The Great Tit finds it difficult to supply the wants of his hungry family



inexplicable reason

How wonderful it would be if everybody had the chance to venture out of their immediate environment and see the world. There's so much to learn from different peoples in different places. I think it would even help open our minds so that we do not become quick to judge those who are different from us. After all, if you are a stranger in a strange land, you would have to do some adjustments in order to get by. And hopefully with these adjustments will come some sense of understanding.

Unfortunately though, the opportunity to travel is not the birthright of everyone. It is for those who travel for leisure. But for those who equate the chance to travel with a chance to better their lives, it is not. Of course you already know what I'm referring to. These people who come from "underdeveloped" countries are viewed as a threat by the residents of "developed" countries. From their point of view, these people are out there to take their jobs away from them as they are willing to accept lower wages for harder work. From the point of view of "these people," these people from privileged countries are so lazy and take their privileges for granted. So, whose point of view is correct? Neither.

Unless we view the situation in a holistic manner, we will always be groping in the dark and blaming each other each time we stumble and fall, failing to realize that we should not even be dealing with such a kind of situation in the first place!

But as the situation is already a given, we have no choice but to deal with it. And pardon us if we are scaring some people with the way we are dealing with this shit. We can't help being scary as we are the ghosts of the kind of development which fueled the rise of such countries to their privileged status. Boo!

Lets Do Our Comrade The Catapult Justice...

The Funny Haircut Brigade

There was great need for this, considering the confusion reigning among the zealous directors of the disinformation papers. Lately on several occasions we have heard talk of a phantom "catapult". Well this weapon is no longer a phantom, it is very real indeed.

Let us clarify the usefulness of catapults and slingshots in the realm of class combat. Catapults are clearly available to modern proletariat bands as they are easily constructed by bending welding thick wire or metal into a "y" like shape before attaching thick elastic, flexible rubber or "bungy" cord and a patch for holding ammunition. Comrades active in the imperial core of the U.S. or Western Europe will generally find that sophisticated, ready made catapults are available by mailorder or through retail purchase. Ammunition can be obtained at anytime or in any situation in the form of stones, ball bearings, bolts, etc. Revolutionaries in those countries where possession of a catapult is illegal are unlikely to face as great a penalty as for possession of other forms of weaponry. Catapults are quiet to use, but capable of hurling ammunition at a great velocity. They are equally useful in actions against bourgeois property and in anti personnel activities and can be fired from a variety of moving vehicles. Catapults can incur incapacitating injuries, but are unlikely to kill and thus more useful in a wider range of actions than say revolvers. Precise usage of the catapult requires discipline and dedication and is thus an important tool in building revolutionary character. However in actions against windows, property and "walls" of riot police it can be equally useful for the more unruly, lumpen elements of



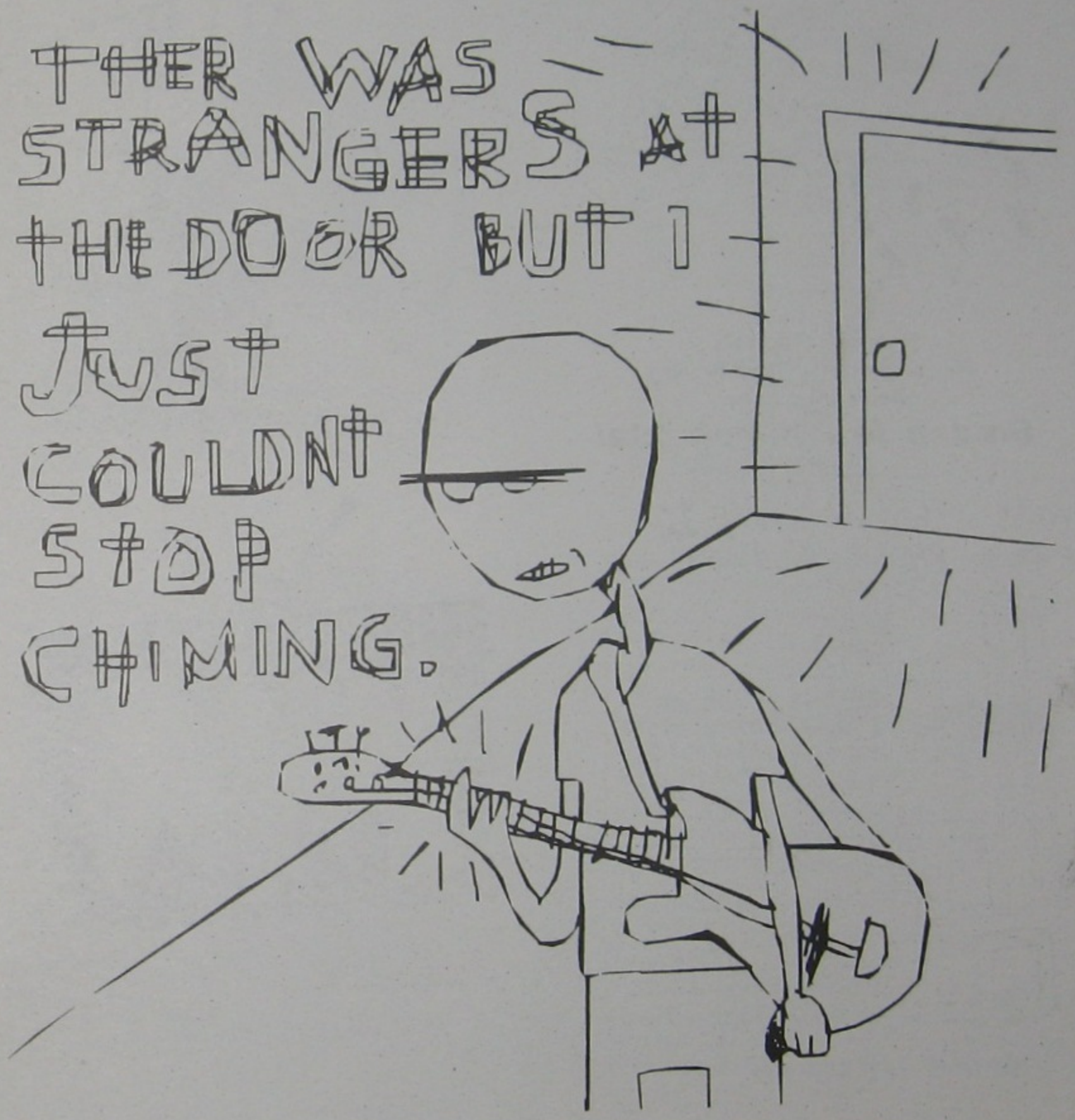
our class. They will find it eminently more efficient than the traditional brick. In all the catapult can be characterised as a truly proletarian weapon, one that is equally available to any and all and thus a fitting tool in our struggle and an important symbol of it.

If, in autonomous demonstrations, the comrade "catapult" or "slingshot" is mentioned it is not necessarily because we are hiding catapults under our coats (although we could be). We must however observe the symbolic quality in this, the admission that today it is necessary and just to carry arms. What is obvious is that those who consider arming themselves in view of close prospects do not envision arming themselves with say a Walther P-38.

During numerous struggles from ancient Israel to Rome to Berlin to Berkeley the catapult has proven its mettle. Just as the struggle against the oppressor has never ceased, so too has the manufacture of catapults. Revolutionaries of the capitalist era-industrial era have been blessed with improvements including arm holds and tauter, longer forms of elastic for increased accuracy and range.

So to conclude, we must acknowledge that the catapult is indeed our comrade. In actions against the inanimate and animate tools of the state it is without parallel. Its technics are unmarred by a need for specialisation and are thus unlikely to give rise to the creation of elite groupings cut off from the wider conditions of the class. As astute German revolutionaries were once compelled to cry "Bricks not Bombs" so too we now roar...

THER WAS
STRANGERS AT
THE DOOR BUT I
JUST
COULDN'T
STOP
CHIMING.

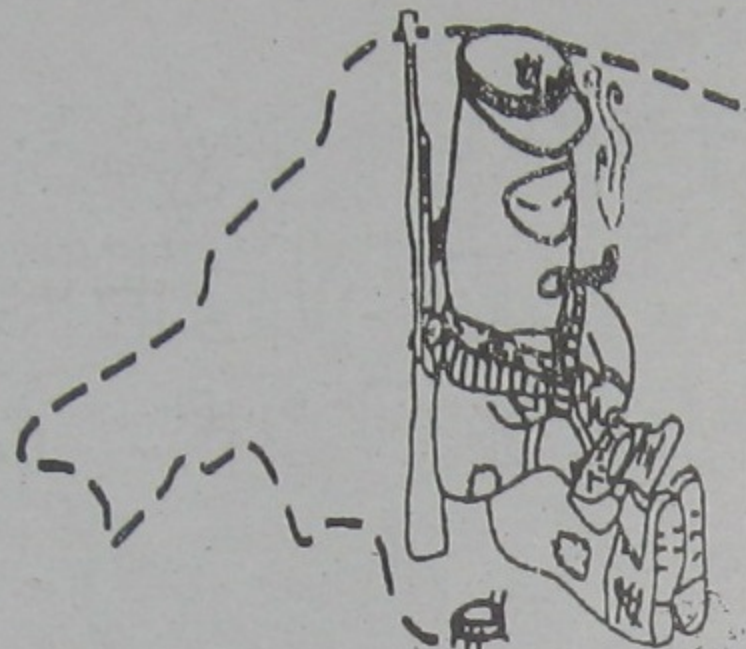


Catapults Not Carbines!



Spiders are our friends.
Nice people don't kill their friends.
Don't kill spiders.

Smash Arachnophobia!



Colour in the Zapatista

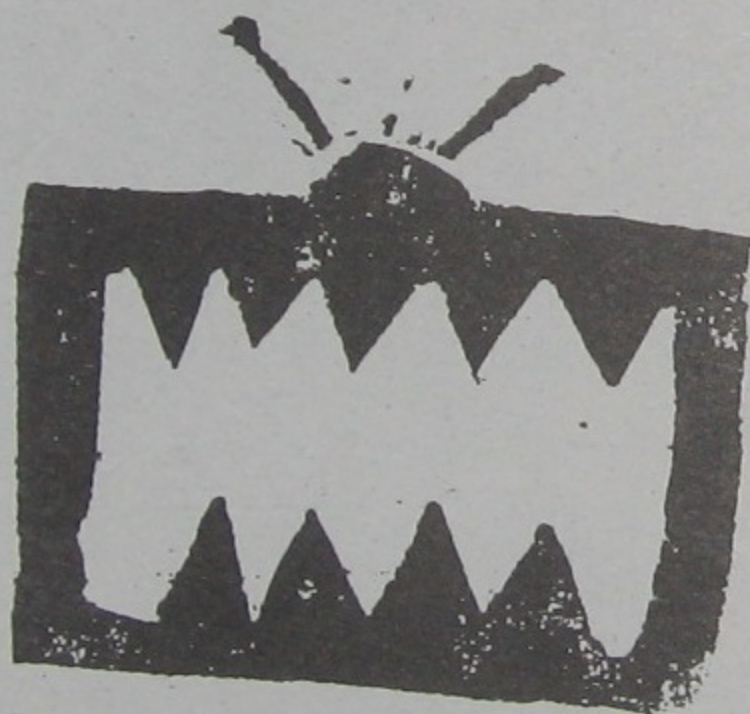


This is an exercise to help future Autonomous Astronauts to visualise reality differently during space missions. Stare at the Autonomous Astronauts Association's symbol for one minute. Then stare at a blank wall and watch reality distort.

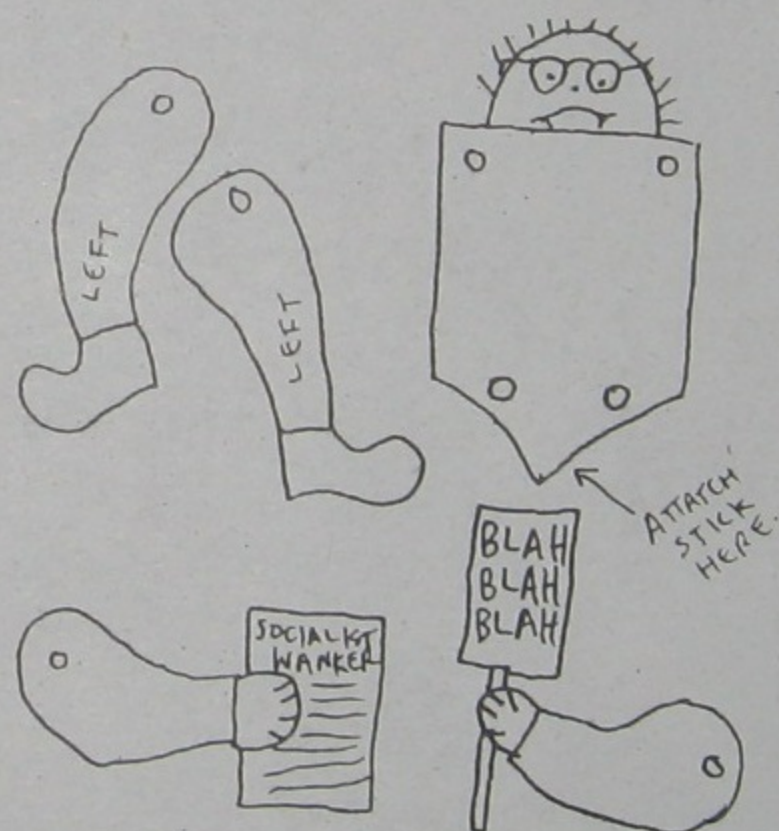
Colour in Pippi Longstockings.



help the McLibel II
catch Ronald McDonald in
the act...

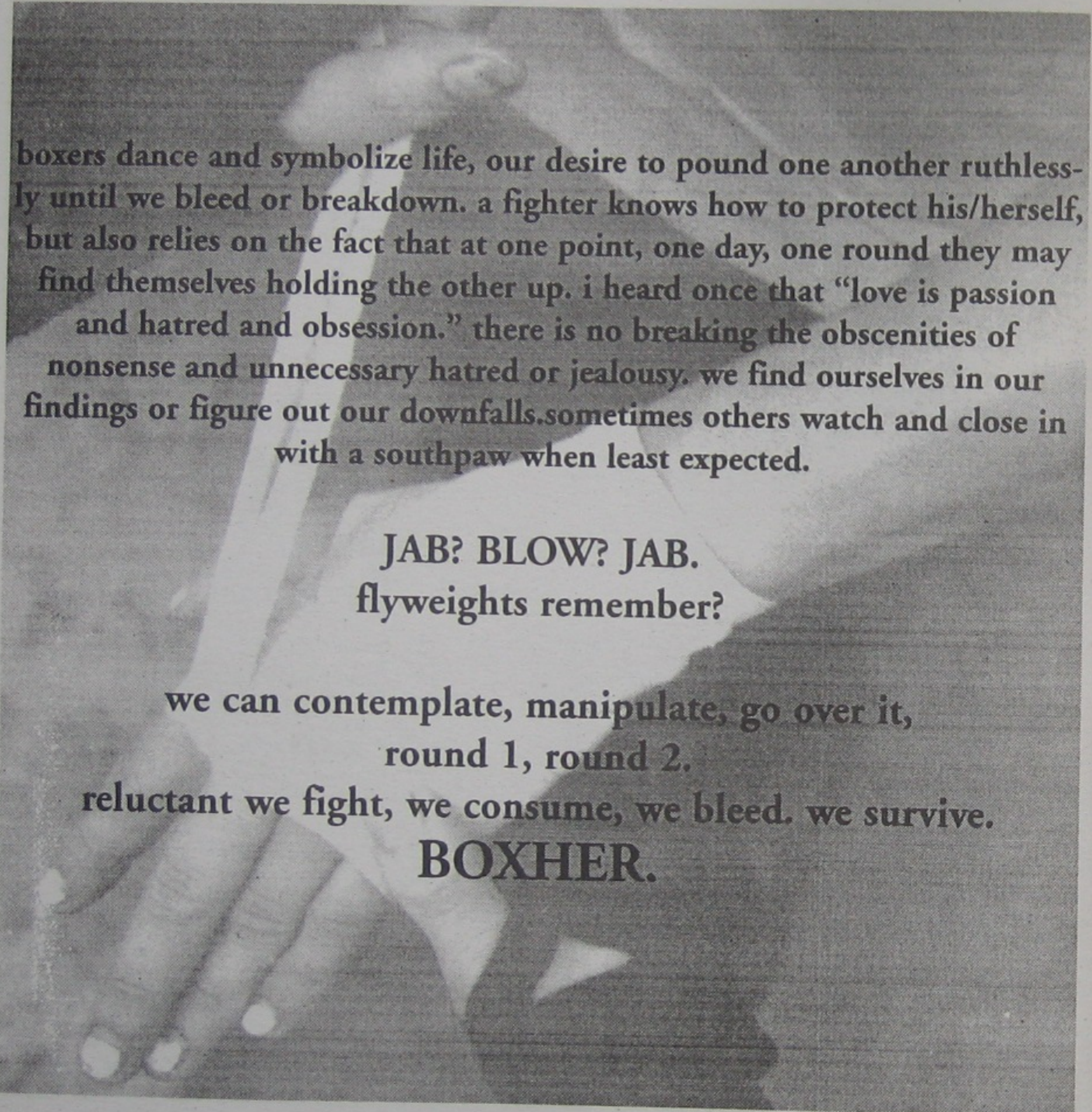


Stare at the centre of the image for one minute then turn your eyes to a blank wall or roof. Squint your eyes and a ghostly televisual apparition will appear.



WANT TO LEAD YOUR VERY OWN ARMY OF GULLIBLE STUDENTS? WANT TO CREATE A SUITABLE CADRE FOR YOUR REVOLUTIONARY PURPOSES? THEN FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS AND MAKE YR CUT OUT & KEEP **SOCIALISTWORKER!**

1. PHOTOCOPY WORKSHEET AT TRIPLE SIZE.
2. TRACE PIECES ONTO CARD.
3. COLOUR PIECES IN. NAME PAPER, PUT BORING SLOGAN ON PLACARD & CUT OUT.
4. PUNCH HOLES WHERE MARKED.
5. FIX ARMS & LEGS TO BODY WITH SPLIT PINS.
6. TAPE A POP STICK TO THE BACK OF YOUR PUPPET.
7. SHAKE STICK UP & DOWN & WATCH YOUR SOCIALIST WORKER FLAIL ABOUT TRYING TO MATCH "CORRECT LINE".
8. REPEAT PROCESS TO BUILD YOUR VANGUARD!



boxers dance and symbolize life, our desire to pound one another ruthlessly until we bleed or breakdown. a fighter knows how to protect his/herself, but also relies on the fact that at one point, one day, one round they may find themselves holding the other up. i heard once that "love is passion and hatred and obsession." there is no breaking the obscenities of nonsense and unnecessary hatred or jealousy. we find ourselves in our findings or figure out our downfalls. sometimes others watch and close in with a southpaw when least expected.

JAB? BLOW? JAB.
flyweights remember?

we can contemplate, manipulate, go over it,
round 1, round 2.
reluctant we fight, we consume, we bleed. we survive.
BOXHER.

This year I did a UK government training scheme for music/sound engineering- an extra ten pounds a week and no dole hassle for a year was the bribe... another figure off the preposterous statistics. It was the first time i'd spent any time in an office set up.

The atmosphere was outrageous- sexist and homophobic shite and folk trying to justify what they do in the terms laid out by the course/ work ethic/ social and government pressures. People having to pretend that they are connected to the work that they were doing and that it had some relevance to their lives. With no staff and no money for extra equipment anyone who was genuinely interested in doing stuff was considered a hassle. So much bullshit and role playing.

In May the Labour Government were elected with a huge majority and some sophisticated rhetoric: suddenly we were all "citizens" who had their "freedoms" insured by the new government (aaahhh everything was different now) and those freedoms required "social responsibility". ie- accepting the roles and ideas assigned by the new government. In other words, for the unemployed- workfare.

Apparently people need work for their self esteem. That the office is what we're meant to aspire to. That invention of usefulness. That total emptiness.

The rhetoric is SO clever- the government keeps the onus on the unemployed to justify how they spend their time in terms that they (the government) dictate. Just once it would be nice to force the politicians to justify how THEY spend their time, the motivations they have for their decisions, the institutions they shore up and all the things they've never challenged. All the people who get fucked over by them. Just once. Just fuckin sit down and answer some questions.

WILLIAM "IRON MAN" MARTIN. BICYCLIN' BADASS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA.

Bicycle couriers have in recent years enjoyed a reputation as the maniacs of the mean city streets. This designation is in parts deserved given the very real dangers and stresses of a job requiring one to shoot back and forth across the central business district dodging jaywalkers and attempting to avoid being flattened by pissed off, envious motorists. Very few of today's cycling deliveryfolk however even come close to touching the bad attitude of Wild Willy Martin.

During the 1890s technical innovations meant that bikes were enjoying massive popularity as an affordable form of transport for all classes, much as cars would do 50 or 60 years later. Their popularity was so widespread that cycle racing enjoyed a huge following with people checking out the fastest riders and newest models, much the same as they do today with motorsports. And as with motorsports there was of course the carnage factor via spectacular stacks and also strangely enough by today's standards, major punchups. One of the main draws of Victorian era races was that they interspersed speedy cycling with bouts of boxing often ending in knockout blows. Races tended to provide spectators with the high drama missing from late colonial era life as well as with the release that comes from cheering on the good guys against the villains. Of the cycling brigade

World Champion William Martin was perhaps the biggest villain of them all dragging in huge crowds on the basis of his reputation for creating thrills and spills. His 1896 visit to Australia more than enhanced his reputation.

During his first race in Sydney Martin attracted the crowds wrath before he'd even had a chance to do anything. It wasn't long before he rectified that situation though hopping off his bike midway through a lap and laying into one spectator who had loudly questioned the legitimacy of his birth. Having knocked his abuser out he was quickly back on his bike and flying around the track copping even more flack than before. However he soon silenced most of this by hopping off his bike randomly and laying into one crowd member after another. By the end of the race few dared to hassle him again.

Crowd thumping was soon recognised as a regular part of Martin's repertoire. Wherever he raced in Australia a few unlucky folks were bound to get bashed before the race was over. Martin's antics naturally also extended to his competitors who he often knobbled in an attempt to win the race. During a race in Adelaide he got his comeuppance when another competitor McDonald who he was closing in on took a sudden swing up a bank on his bike sending

Martin into a fence at full speed. Down, but not out Martin picked up his smashed bike and continued to wobble around the track. Eventually he was able to catch up with McDonald, who had now won the race, and knock him out in revenge. Having outstepped even the wide bounds of cycling viciousness Martin was then suspended for two months from competing.

On his return to racing Martin further cemented his bad reputation with allegations of race fixing after going down to a vastly inferior competitor in Sydney. The fact that certain bookies had gone against popular opinion and bet on him losing further fuelled suspicions. One of the stewards at the race was so dumbfounded by Martin's obvious throwing of the race that he was game enough to openly challenge him. Strangely enough Martin replied by knocking him down, an action that cost him another suspension and a short spell in prison.

Having sat out his sentence Martin was back with a vengeance drawing bigger crowds than ever and rating as a bona fide sporting anti-hero. Papers of the time were full of tales of the bicycling beast and are certainly worth a look at for a laugh. Back on track Martin continued living up to his legend slugging it out with audience members and other competitors and generally winning races and their prize monies. Martin proved so tough that attacks by other cyclists did little to stop him. Even on the one occasion when they managed to remove him from the race by sending him sprawling through a iron spiked fence he was back on track again within a fortnight. This incident also served to give him his nickname Iron Man Martin, one that stuck throughout the rest of his Australian tour and indeed his career.

-Article largely based on one that appeared in George Blaikie's "Great Australian Scandals" with additional information drawn from contemporary newspapers.



Against The Conspiracy of Concrete!

A Stencil Artist's Manifesto.

Ha ha, ho ho, hee hee! Into the streets we descend like shadows in the night, to leave our mark upon the grey concrete walls of mundania, upon the smooth sidewalk surfaces, upon the inviting blue and greens of mail boxes and other metal protrusions on the land. With a swift flip of cardboard and the sweet hissing spray of stolen paint, we



put our message out for all eyes to feast upon. In a mere few seconds, the work of careful hours in secret caves with the sharpest of x-acto knives and the thinnest and sturdiest of cardboard is brought out for public consumption. Before the blue suited squadron of the protectors of

private property can leave their donuts, we are up the fire escape and across the roof tops into the night. Again and again the scenario is repeated, until at last the random and

gleeful painting of the city is complete and we retire wearily to our beds, hanging up our tireless stencils for some future onslaught. We are part of the secret army of the recapturers of

everyday space, the asserters that the owners of the buildings and walls will not be the controllers of our environment, or the inserters of the concrete mentality and colourless existence into our brains. No! We shall reclaim, and add our voices and images to the brilliant cacophony of

public expression. We shall bring art out of the safe and static closets of gallery walls and into the streets and minds of commuters on their way to work, of consumers doing their shopping, and of all the other cogs and wheels of society. They will see our work and receive it as a wink from the forces of

imagination, creativity, and protest. However fleeting may be the lifespan of our paint, the victory is ours if we have captured a space in the trickle of time. WE support our co-conspirators against the hegemony of billboards in the reclamation of everyday space as the canvas for multiple voices- the taggers, the swift as lightning free hand piece artists, the political sloganeers... But not for us is the prestige of danger or proliferation, nor do we rely on the word

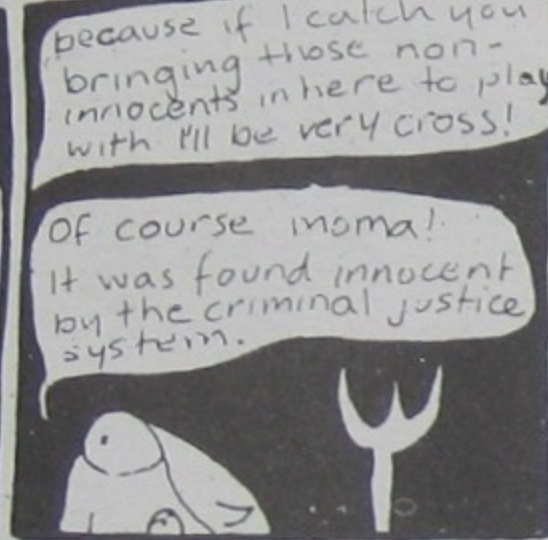
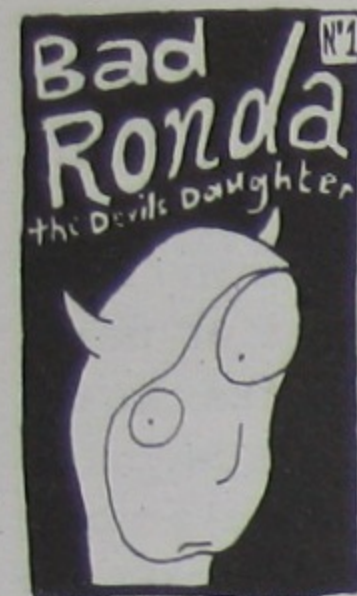
alone. For maximum art and minimum risk we choose the cardboard medium to hold the images we carefully carve into it, to lie between the



mist of paint and the chosen surface, the faithful ambassador of our messages. Sharpen your x-actos and join us in the conspiracy against concrete through the filling of negativ

space! The walls belong to all of us. Let the streets bloom with art!

My friend and I are putting together a book of photos of stencil art internationally, perhaps including writings as well. We are looking for contributors. Please send photos of stencil graffiti (not necessarily your own) or writing for consideration. Address- Rebecca Parker, 42 Quannacut Rd, Westerly, RI 02891, USA.



Fly's Ears made by Will Prentice with a scratchy novelty silent record plus echo machines. Thanks to JJ Maurage.

Full Boney

**Karin Gembus- Drums, Kicks.
Cathy Ellis- Bass, Flyweights.
Laura MacFarlane- Viola, Mouthpiece.
Rhonda Simmonds- Guitar, Vocals, Southpaw.**

"The Fight"

**Recorded by Greg at Ripoff Studios, S.F., U.S.
Songs- Dignity, Boxher.**

casini

new season reason
construction dub

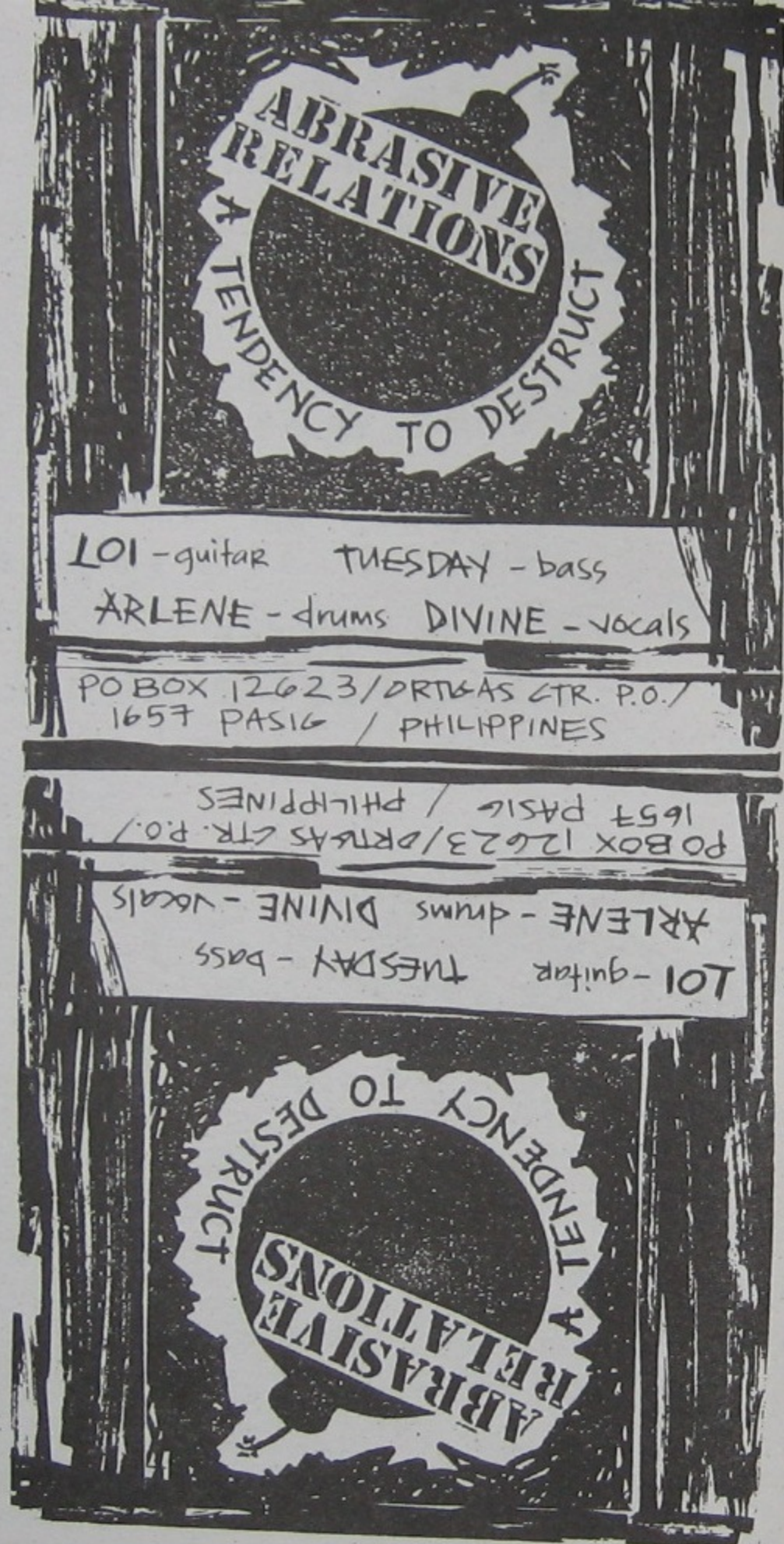
minikin

lumini

drums- sampled from jason boyce
vocals, pots, harmonica- laura
guitar, sampling, bass- jer
sax- criterion

recorded and engineered by
jer at beatbox, glasgow.
winter 96-97.

thanks to iain, hubby, nicky,
john mckoewn.



These songs by the
small things got
recorded at home on my
town with the rest of
the band living in
another town miles
away no one saw nor
heard the stuff until
now it was a kinda out
take but more of a
mishap of solo fumble.
To hear the whole band
write to me andrew at

14 worcester close
langdon hills essex
SS16 6tw uk

or email
AClare7865@aol.com

visit the chug
website:
<http://www.members.aol.com/acclare7865>

Kind chimes for tough
times.

kokoshkar

barrrrrrrrggggghhhh

recorded by kokoshkar mkl
iain- guitar/vocals
laura- drums/trumpet
recorded at drummond st, melbourne
by greg wadley, april 1996.

cicada

i don't want to work

recorded by kokoshkar mkll
rebecca- drums
iain- guitar/bass/vocals
will- plank, recording
crito- saxophone
recorded live at rot squat, london and
further worked on by will and iain in
brighton, novemeber 1996.

salmon

recorded by kokoshkar mkIV
rochelle- bass
mark- drums
iain- guitars, vocals, bass
andru- pedals, recording
recorded live in newcastle and further
worked on by andru and iain in brighton,
may 1997.

all songs by kokoshkar except salmon
by masonite/kokoshkar.
write to us c/o woody.



Badhead

Paul Sloan

Jad Larraway

1. Kookachew (Drums- John O'Brien)
2. Single Pants
3. Stereo Power
4. Don't Call The Butcher. Don't Call The Priest
5. Waco

Kooyong '73 "live"



Juliet's Song Creation

These songs are by the Cannanes which in this case was Stephen O'Neil (guitars, drum programming, production etc) and Frances Gibson (vocals, lyrics) but Ian McNeil and Ivor Moulds are also in the Cannanes - they just weren't around at the time. Both songs were recorded in Sydney 1997,

You can contact the Cannanes at 55 Ashmore Street Erskineville NSW Australia 2043 or e mail f.gibson@unsw.edu.au.

Large chunks of Cannanes history are recorded at <http://www.dar.net/~cannanes/> should you care to know more.

The first song was originally written to give to Juliet Ward from the Lighthouse Keepers to sing but we haven't done that yet and the second has nothing to do with religion.

Woozy Chronology

Woozy #1- 1992. 44 A4pp landscape. Can, Ergot Derivative, Know Yr Punk, Armchair Stories, Shirkers of the World Unite, Mavises, Stoned Posers.

Woozy #2- 1993. 48 A4pp. Sonic Youth, Scarecrow Tiggy, Clowns Smiling Backwards, Church of the Subgenius, Revolution Grrr! Style Now, Urban Planning, Bisexuality, Psychogeography, Squatting.

Woozy #3- 1993. 52 A4pp. Mutiny, Kim Salmon, Johnathon Richman, O, Jane McCracken, Magic Dirt, Peter Bagge, Crank, The wit and wisdom of Diogenes, A Critique of Sega.

Woozy #4- 1993. 64 A5pp. Peter Jefferies, Nancy Sinatra, Do It Yourself, Pavement. Gerard Ashworth. First 300 came with the Woozy Couchfinder tape compilation.

Woozy #5- 1994. 32 A3pp. "Influences" issue. Emma Goldman, Goddess Hecate, The Raincoats, X Ray Spex, Joel Peter Witkin, David Gerard, New Zealand musical magic.

"Wheezy". Un-numbered issue- 1994. 24 A4pp. Flyposters, Forest protests, Music Industry critique.

Woozy #6- 1995. 32 A3pp. "Urban Survival" issue. Permaculture, Urban Survival Alphabet, Fruititarianism, Bikes, Home brewing, LETs, Cananes, Solids, New Waver, Clag.

Woozy #7- 1995. 36 A5pp. "Wazoo" issue. Make Your Hobby Punk, Chumbawamba, Bonnie and Clyde, New York Squatters, Kill The Bill.

Woozy #8- 1995. 64 A5pp. Life Drill, Squatters Fairytales, Fitzroy Free Store, No M11 campaign, Anarchist Brownie patches, Sea Scouts, Dr Seuss, Johnny Cash, Shoplifting.

Woozy #9- 1995. 20 A4pp. In defense of Barry White, Boxcar Bertha, Barricade Bookshop, Devotion, Anarchy in the UK, Hemp is Crap, Get Out Of Fitzroy.

Woozy #10- 1995-1997. "Floozy" Womens issue. Still caught up in endless production hassles.

Woozy #11- 1996. 32 A5pp + Crapzine comix insert. "Comix" issue. Art from Fly, Mikko, Jad Larraway, Gerard Ashworth, Chris Craz, Lester Vat, David Nichols and Neale Blanden.

Woozy #12- 1996. 4 A4pp. Dole changes, Dumpster diving, Ms Barricade Books 1996.

Woozy #13- 1996. 68 A5pp. "Wheeler" Issue. Fluxus Multicycle, Bike Couriers, Skateboarding, Lester Vat, Sea Scouts, Latvian cyclists, 1970 anti F19 protests, Abbie Hoffman, Neil's Dragster.

Woozy #14- 1996. 72 A4pp. "Phound Photos" issue. Paperback book of found photos.

Woozy #15- 1996. 2 A3pp. Dragster tour diary, Dutch found photos, Reclaim the Streets action.

Woozy #16- 1997. 40 9x9cmpp. "Fun Book" issue. Political pieing, Squatters bedtime stories, puzzles, parodies, porkies. European limited edition only.

Woozy #17- 1997. 30x10.5cmpp. "Political" issue. Squatters and gentrification, Jim Keith critique, Crappy Actions I Have attended, Ms Marita's Travelling Health Guide, HIV as Myth?, CS Gas.

Woozy #18- 1997. 68 A5pp. "Cananes Biography." Paperback book on Aussie DIY indie stalwarts.

Woozy #19- 1997. 44 A5pp. L'Attentat, 5th Street Evictions, Gorleben, Dutch Squatters, My night with Noam, John Cage on Anarchism, Critique of Ideology, Kokoshkar tour diary, Concrete.

Woozy #20- 1997. Well here we are then.

Each issue also featured an assortment of art, comix, phound photos, reviews and other gripping stuff.

Copies of #6, 8, 9, 13, 14, 17, 18, 19 and limited numbers of 2 and 15 still available from Choozy at P.O. Box 4434, Melbourne Uni, Parkville, 3052, Australia. European folks should try Slab 'O Concrete Distribution- P.O. Box 148, Hove, BN3 3DQ, UK.

Woozy # 20 Track Listing

Full Boney (USA)

- 1 Dignity
- 2 Boxher

Kokoshkar (Australia & UK)

- 3 Cicada
- 4 Salmon
- 5 Barrrggghh
- 6 Work

Abrasive Relations (Philippines)

- 7 Massacre at Mendiola
- 8 KSP (Kulang Sa Pamagat)
- 9 Bwakaw
- 10 On Pain

The Cannanes (Australia)

- 11 Juliet's Song
- 12 Creation

Small Things (UK)

- 13 Shrunken Leg
- 14 Mint Suck

Casini (UK)

- 15 New Season Reason
- Construction Dub
- 16 Minikin
- 17 Lumini

Badhead (Australia)

- 18 Kookachew
- 19 Single Pants
- 20 Stereop Flower
- 21 Don't call the Butcher,
Don't call the Priest
- 22 Waco

Will Prentice (UK)

- 23 Fly's Ears

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