



GRUNT MACHINE

NEW NEW ZEALAND VIDEO ART

A PHYSICS ROOM VIDEO PROGRAMME

GRUNT MACHINE

GRUNT MACHINE: New New Zealand video art is a video package curated by Simon Cuming and Gwynneth Porter for The Physics Room, Christchurch, in 1998.

GRUNT MACHINE was shown at The Physics Room in Christchurch from February 9 to February 21, 1999. Watch out for *GRUNT MACHINE* coming to your home town in 1999!

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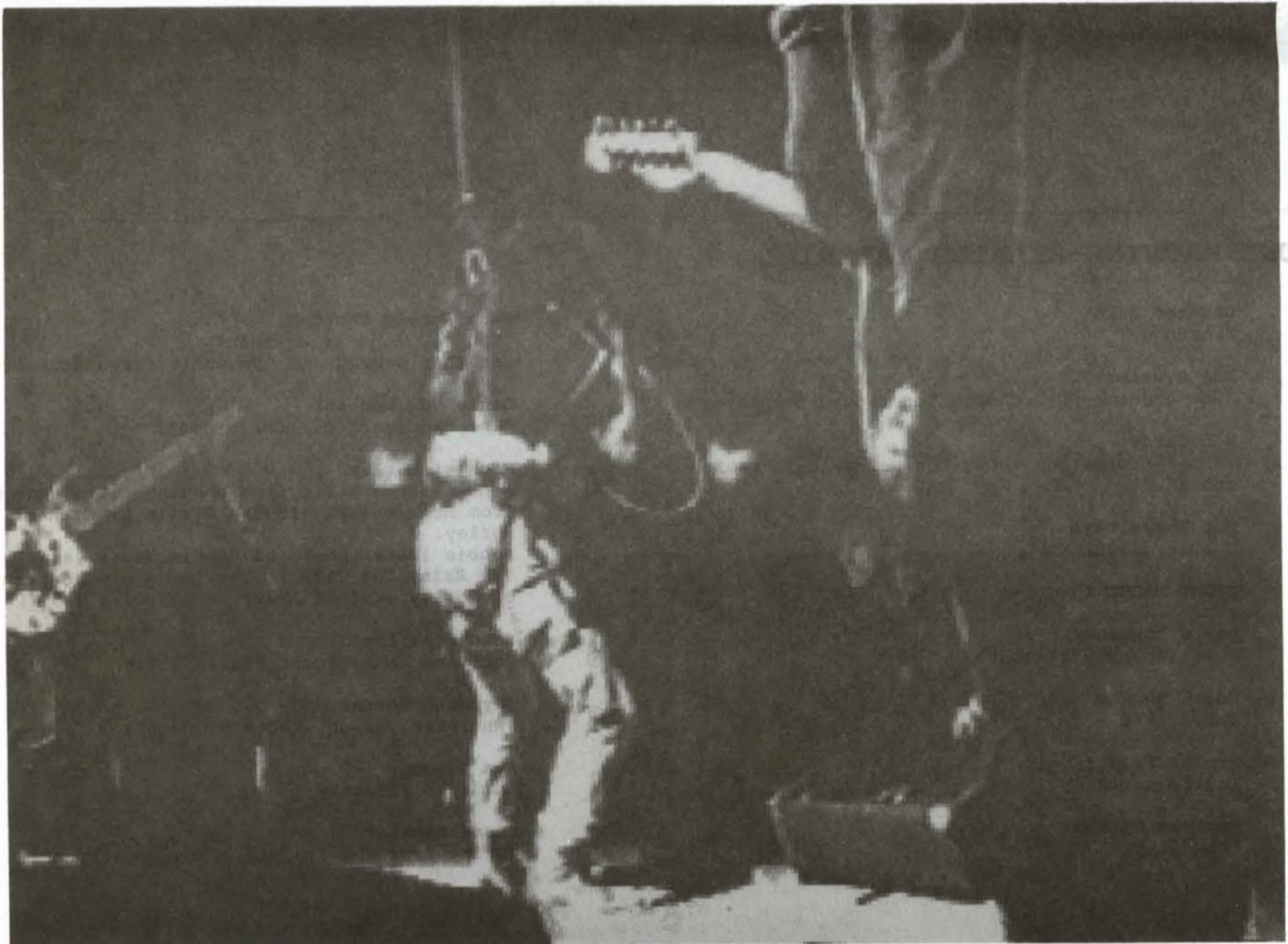


Spermbank 5 - The Band That Loves You (1998)

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JEFF BELT

Spermbank 5 - The Band That Loves You (1998)





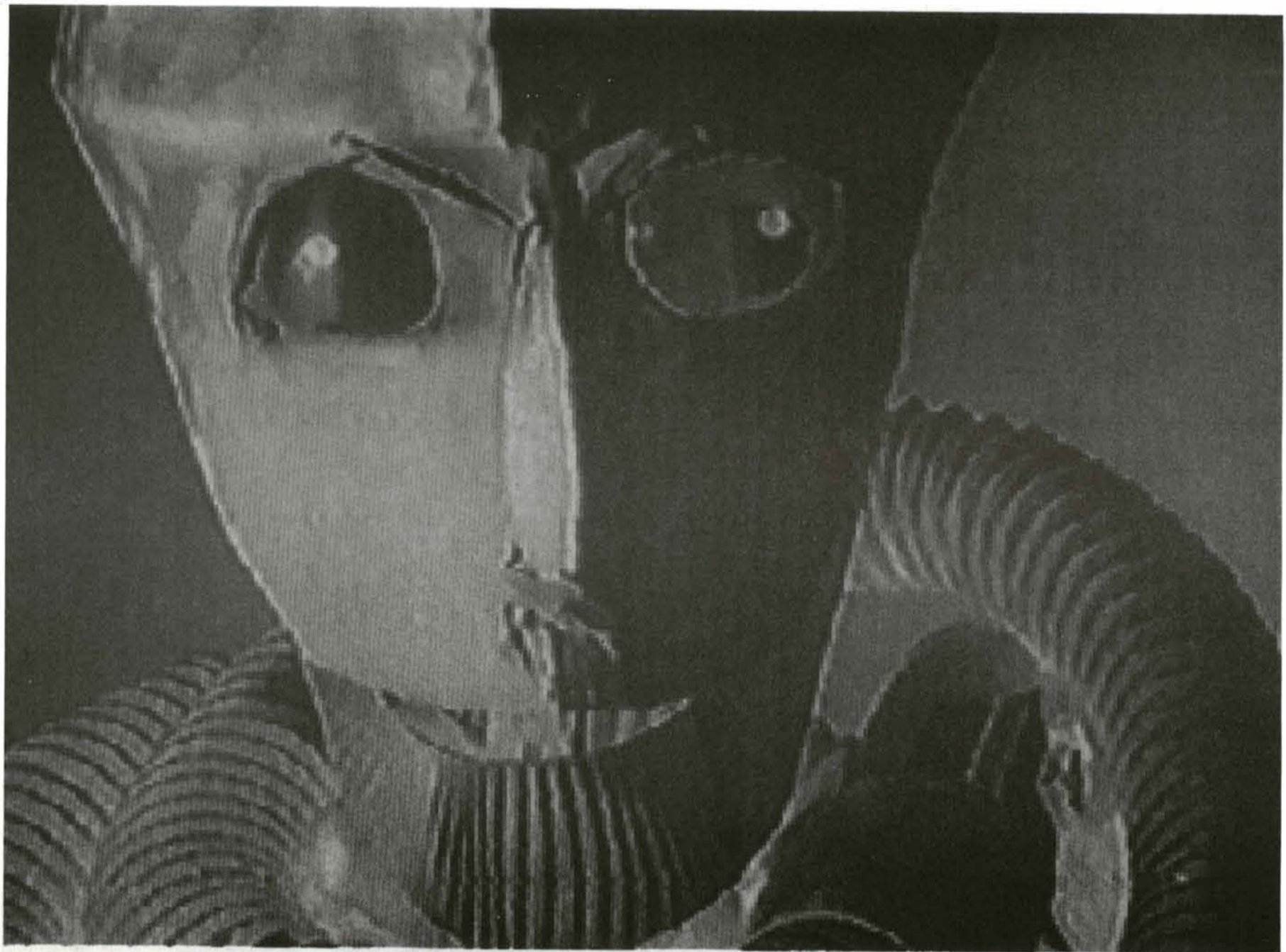
Dandelion Seeds (1998)

DAVID CARMAN AND ANYA THOMPSON

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Dandelion Seeds (1998)



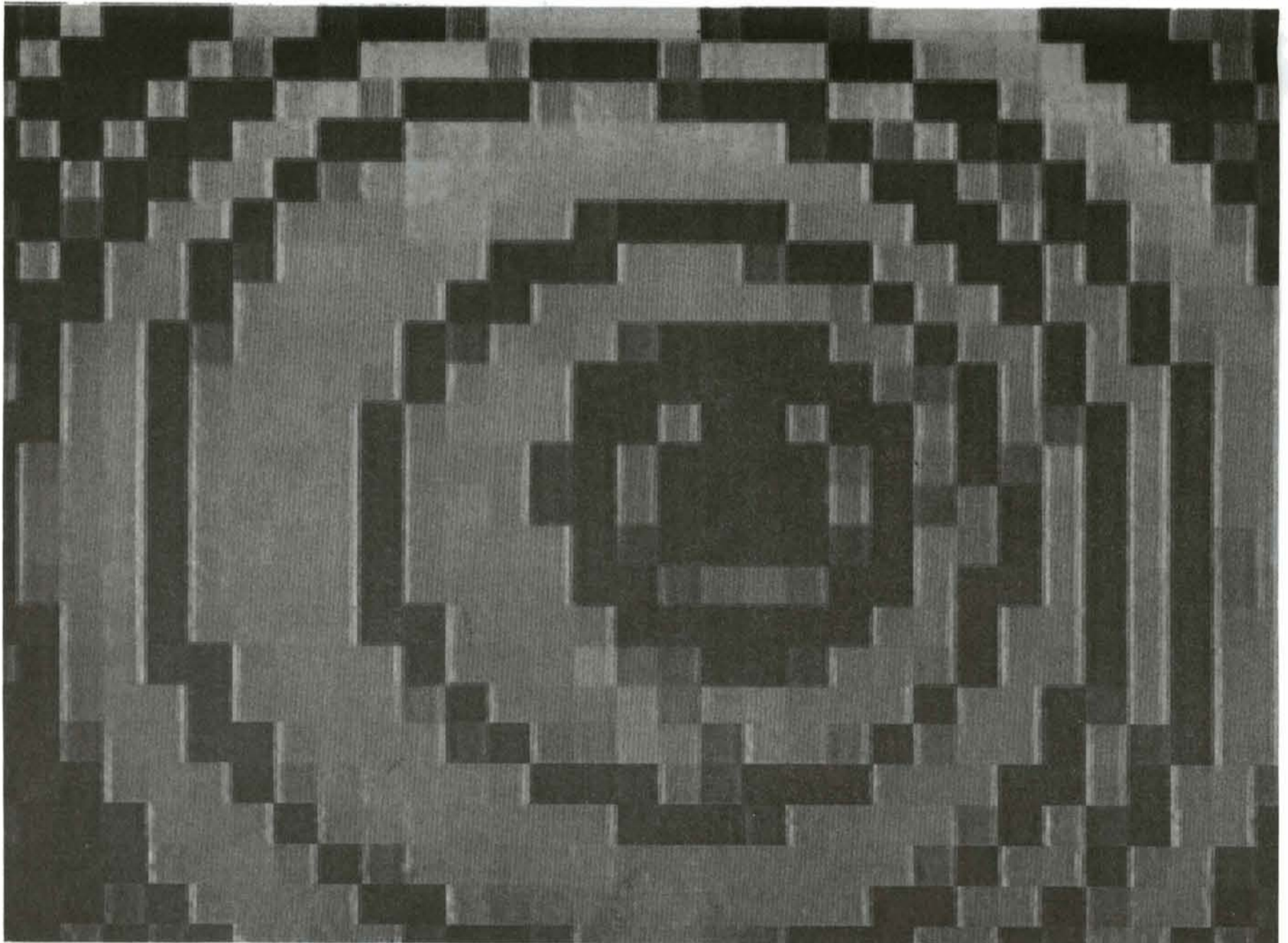


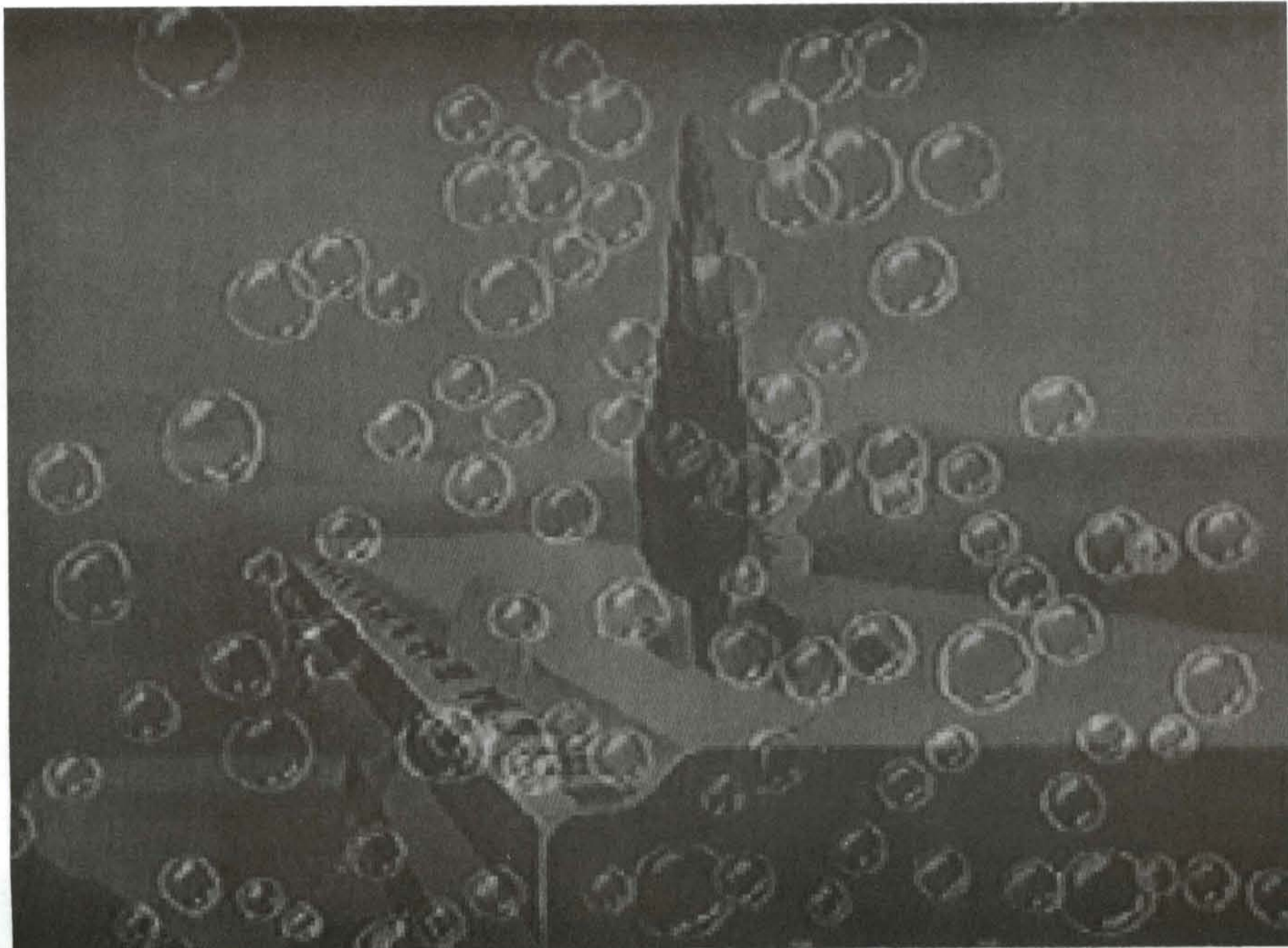
Digitalist (1998)

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SIMON CUMING

Digitalist (1998)

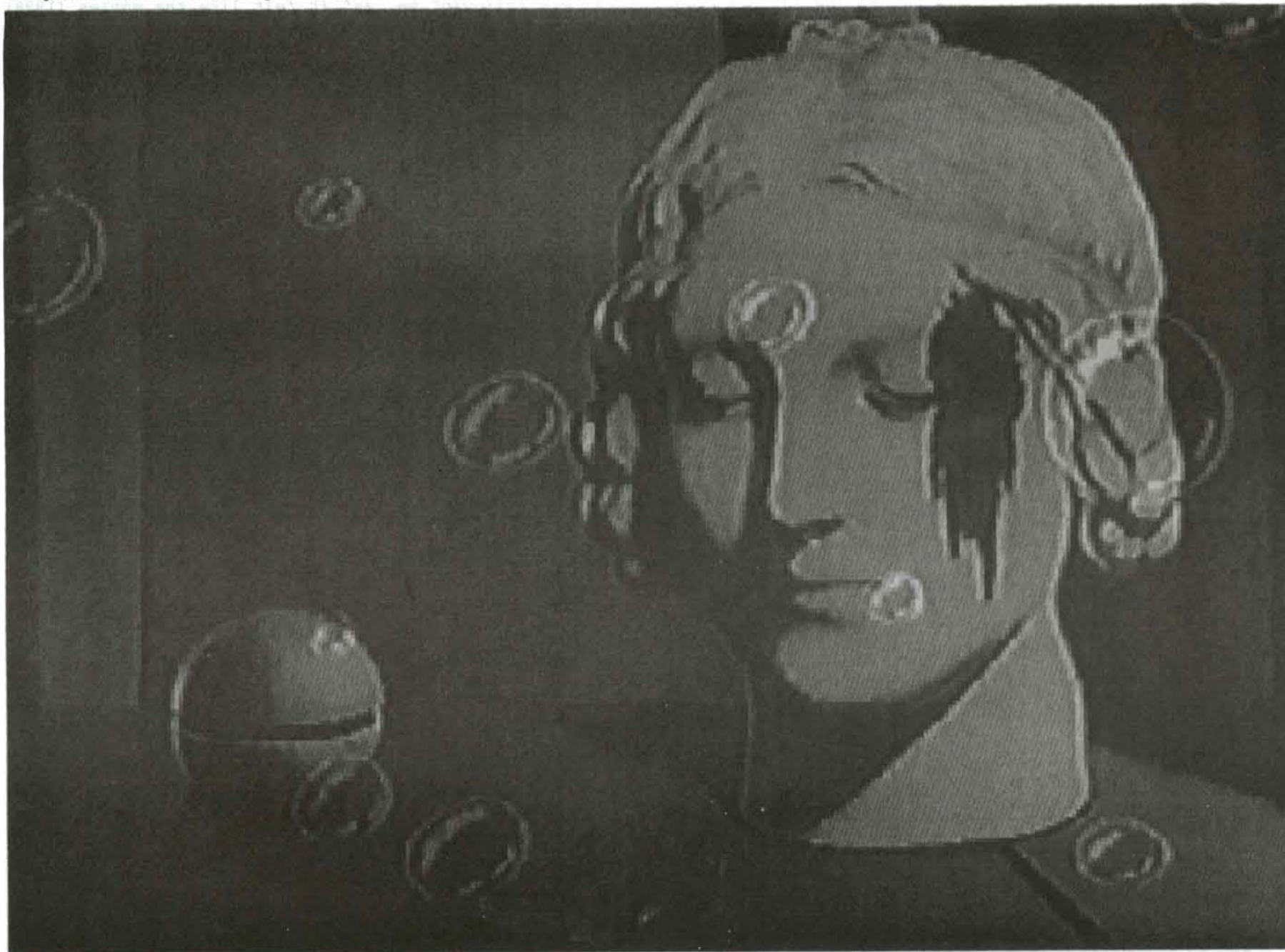


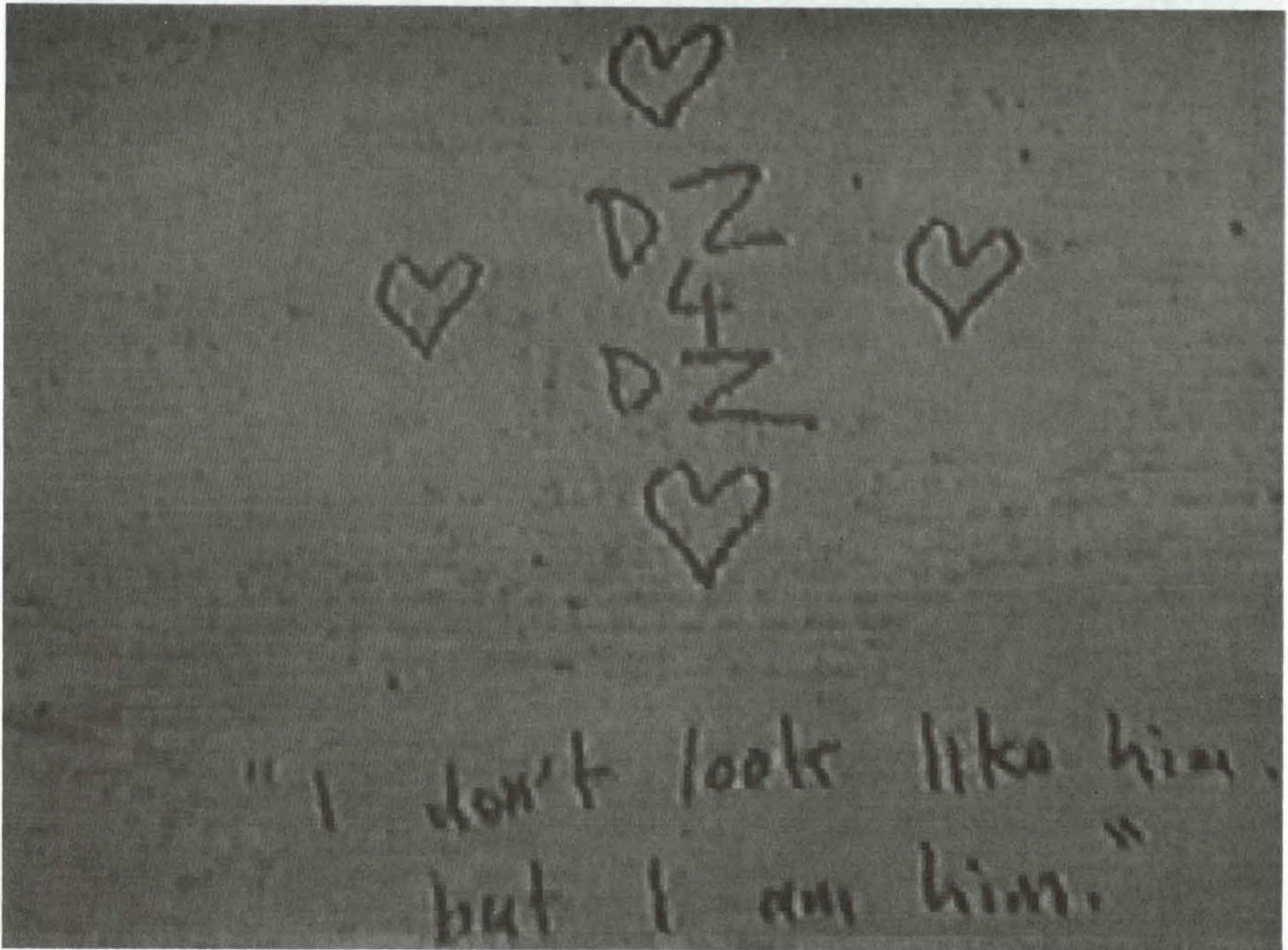


The persistence of memory (1931)

MEGAN DUNN

The persistence of memory (1931)





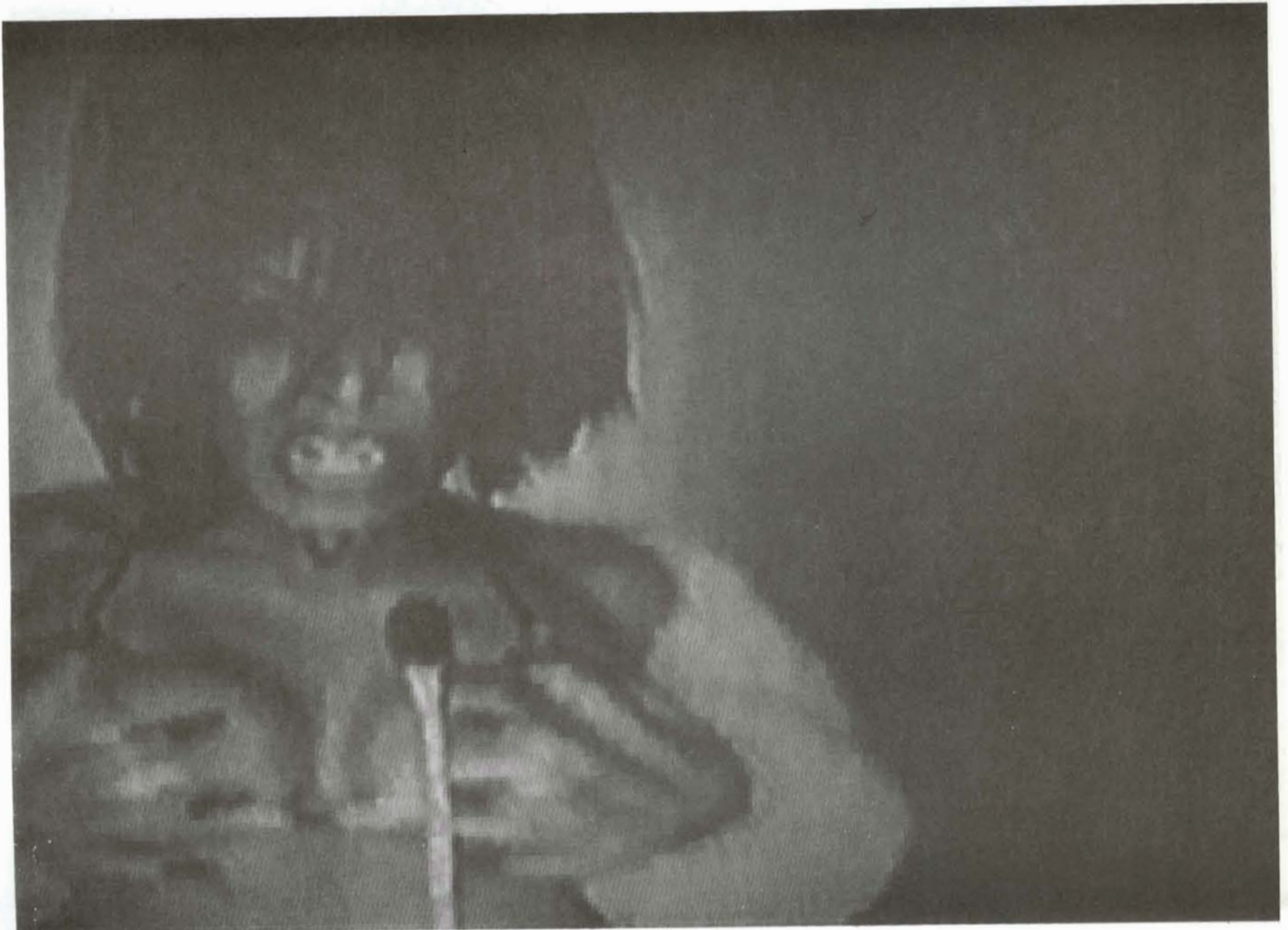
I was following this girl, or she was followin' me, an' it felt like the movies (1998)

8

VIOLET FAIGAN AND DUANE ZARAKOV

I was following this girl, or she was followin' me, an' it felt like the movies (1998)





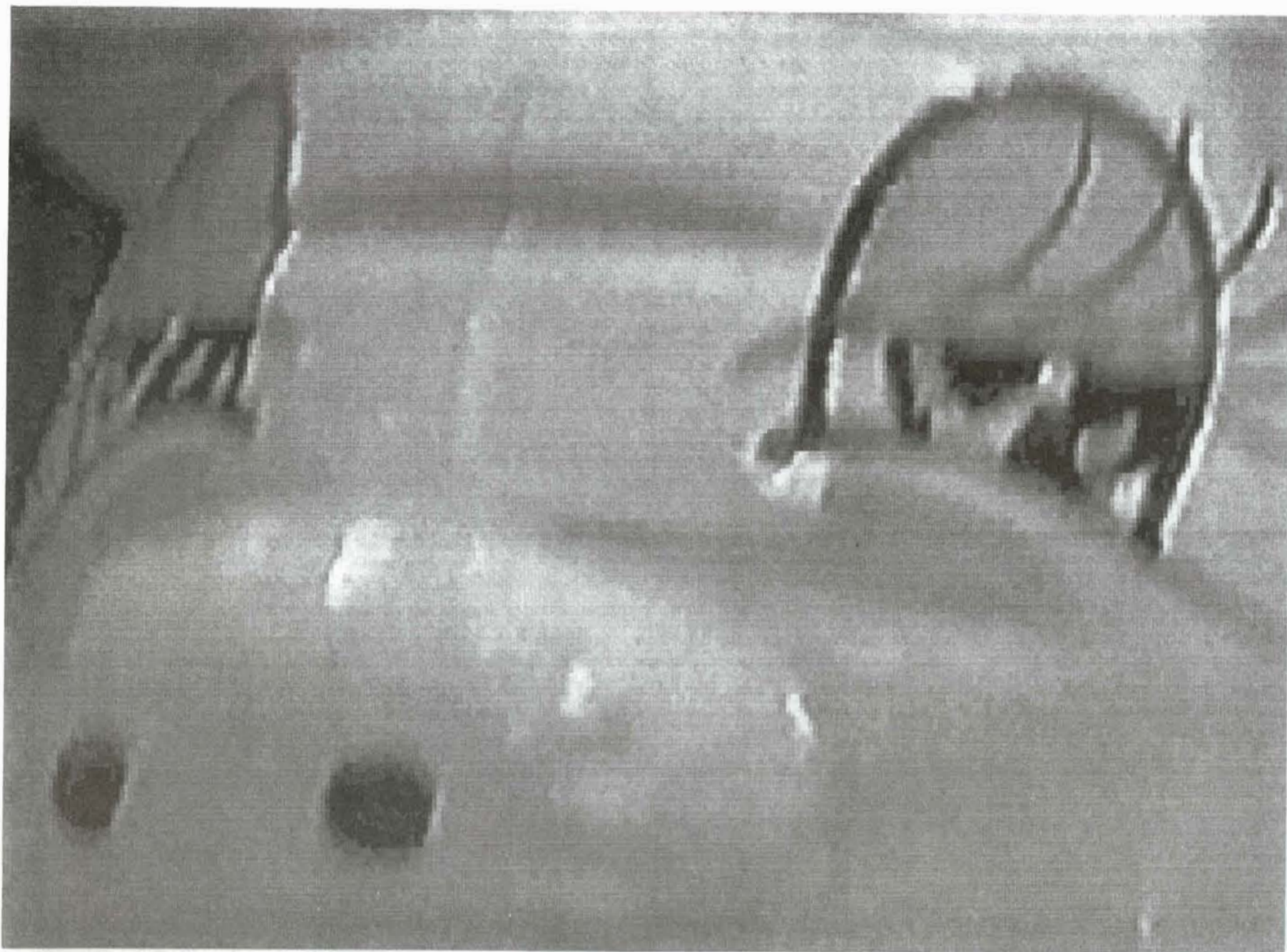
Endless youth (1998)

MATTHEW HYLAND AND LIZ KANE

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Endless youth (1998)





Tropical hot pig night (1998)

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GRAHAM MCFELIN AND AVA SEYMOUR

Tropical hot pig night (1998)





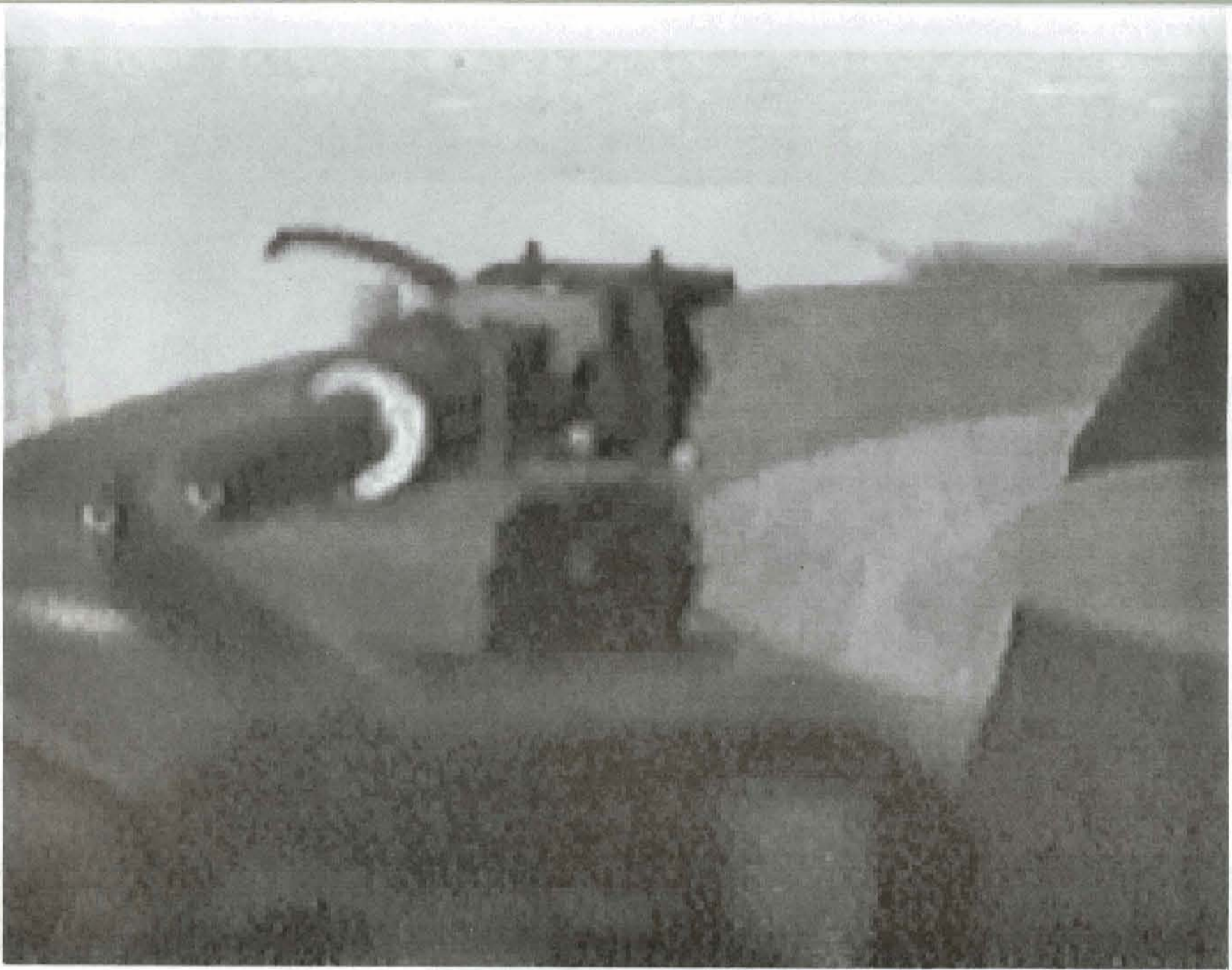
Driving a car across the carpet episode one (1997)

MICHAEL MORLEY

Wipeout Jim (1997)

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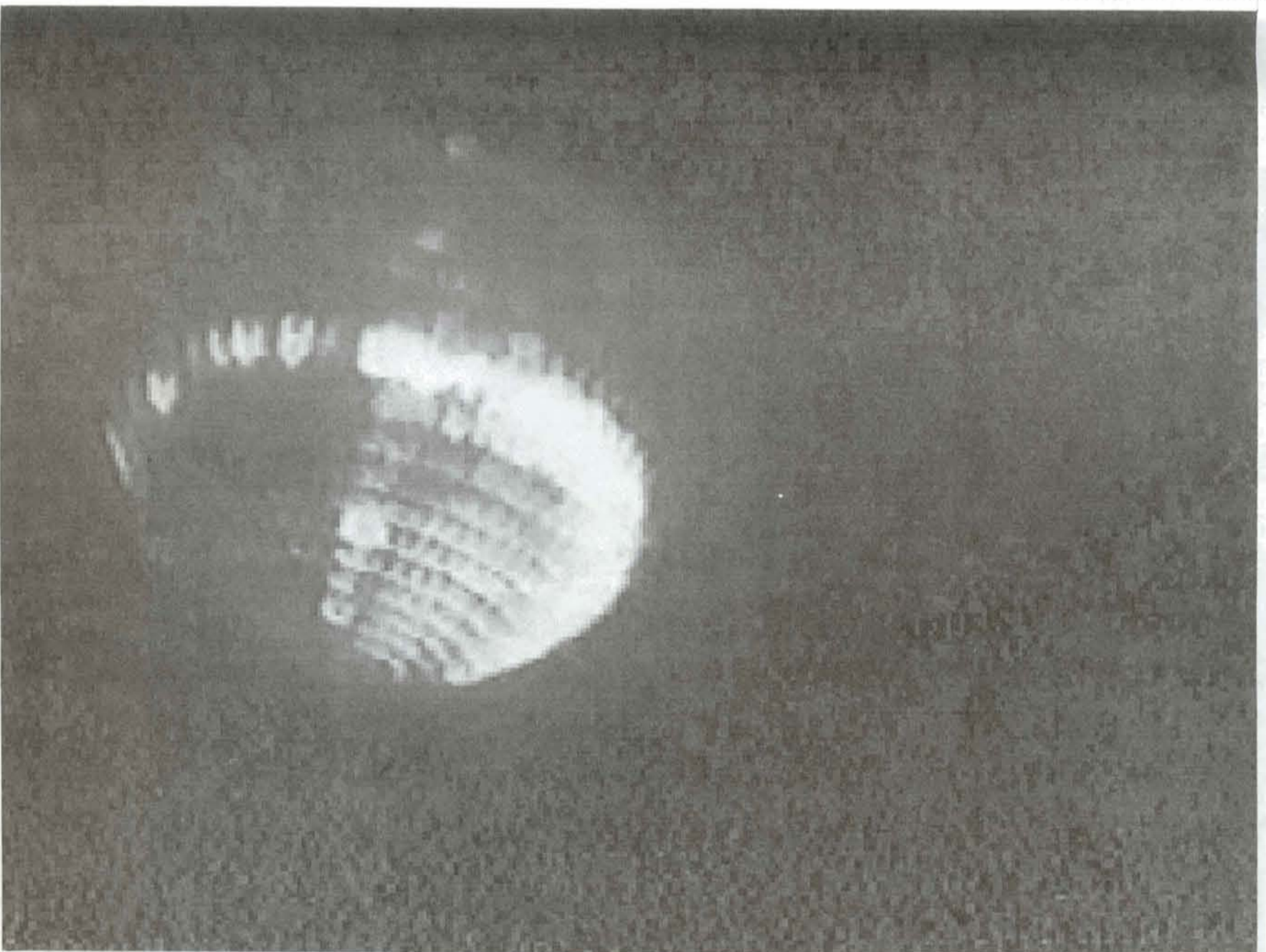


Jungle (1998)

12

NOT THESE DAYS

Jungle remix (1998)





Axemen on TV: Yahoo!-"Hey Alice"

STUART PAGE

Axemen on TV: Yahoo!-"Hey Alice"

13





A fatal thought cost me a year (1998)

14

RACHEL SHEARER

A fatal thought cost me a year (1998)





Ecstasy (1998)

DAVID TOWNSEND

15

Ecstasy (1998)



**GRUNT
MACHINE
RELATED
MATERIAL**

DAVID TOWNSEND

THRENODY

Postulate # 1: That the determining principle behind rock'n'roll is this:
cacoethes

the dream's poison
wound the song's
platinum tines (horns)
about your brow,

a deciduous crown

outstretched, bound
wrists bridged intervals,
a mathematical intimacy comprised of
tendons' decimal points.

the rotation of dials
by degrees
intensifies

light's expulsion, lymphatic rhythmns,
a kinda broke ataxic lope,

tracks through high static

let the strings sing of their own accord,
swelling into a magnificent inarticulacy,
the snowy embrace of pure vibration...

in the kitchen, steam and tea,
the cups were practising speech (distantly)

in lounge burrows, i remember,
the solitary play of our faces' flames
in gentle phosphorescence

empty machines lean
against the walls

vol.

across town,
it is rumoured,
a new chord has been unearthed:
C-last

Further Fragments:

Soliloquy (after "Hamlet"): "men are gross. I also dislike women and children."

An Ejaculation: "Evviva il coltello!" ("Long live the little knife!") – Historic response of Italian audiences to an aria particularly well-sung by a castrato. Consider the lengths this particular society went to in pursuit of a sound.

Mediaeval Chant: "Evertite omnia specula" ("Destroy all mirrors") – that was holy which permitted the unimpeded passage of light. Mirrors repulse light and drive the image back into its material, debased form, thus they are unholy.

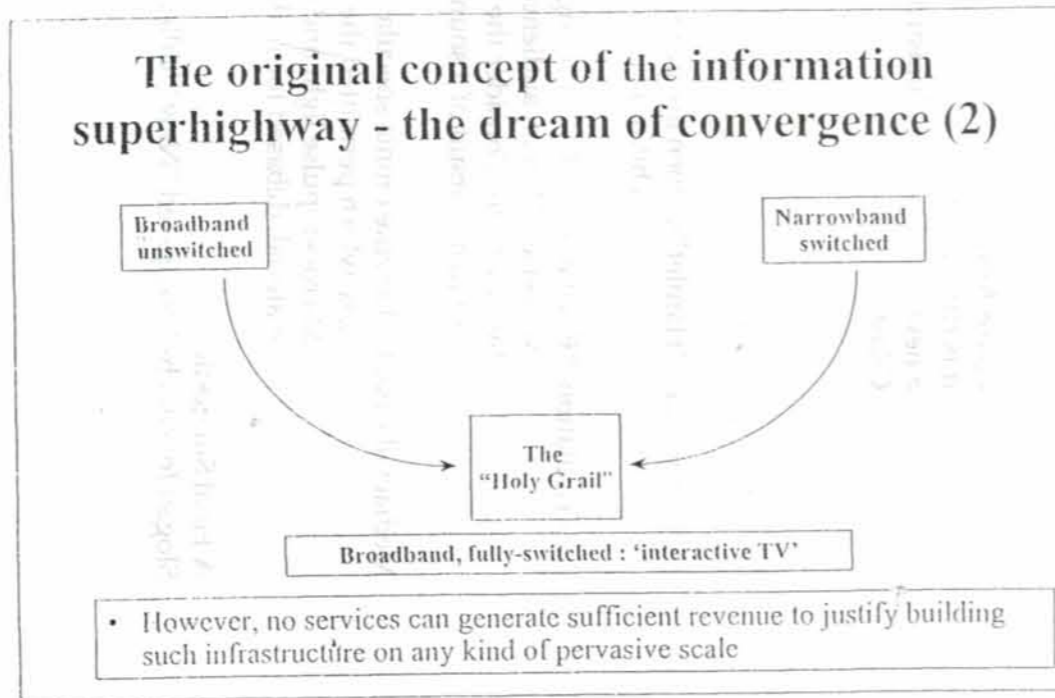
A Final Suggestion.

Slogan for Much-Anticipated "New" Millenium: "Electricity, not Personality"

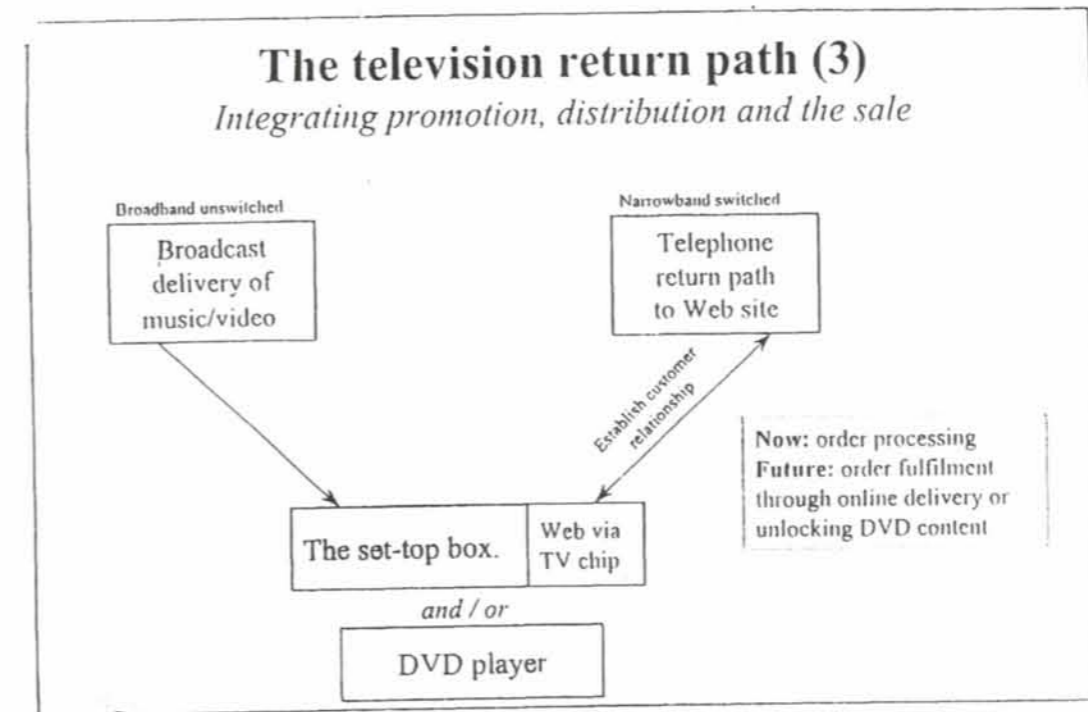
Jon Bywater

The endgame environment for record companies

The credits were rolling on the 1970s when MTV first broadcast. A bare trickle of grand piano is shrouded by wisps of synthesiser, the lap of the New Wave's tide. We're hearing the first few seconds of the very first clip to go to air on the new channel, by English one hit wonders The Buggles. Our narrator addresses an unlikely straw man whom he meets, poignantly, *in an abandoned studio. We hear the playback and it seems so long ago. Pictures came and broke your heart. Put the blame on VTR:* Like a bitter silent movie actor, the man who was heard *on the wireless back in '52* has told the next generation, his own children, that "Video Killed The Radio Star". Not strictly true, Dad!



Now that some kids and teenagers play the TV more than the radio, video can make a radio star. On anecdotal evidence, kids last year would rate a band like Aqua, say, on their videos. Similarly, Céline Dion's huge *Titanic* soundtrack number is primarily an audio mnemonic for the movie synopsis that accompanies it on TV. Video is thoroughly integrated with radio in this way.



Video in general may have killed porn cinemas and film societies, but music video's relationship to the music industry's star making machinery has not been, structurally and economically at least, much of a change at all from radio. Unlike the movies, where you can sell tickets to a particular session, but like radio, TV has always had a more convoluted way of paying for itself. These media want audiences so that their sponsors and advertisers get audiences. Broadcasting fees and TV licenses might chip in, but the basic model is advertising sales through audience share. Broadcasting companies give free airplay to videos and sound recordings, which advertises both particular recordings and the artists who make them. The symbiotic return is that the popularity of the song/clip wins an audience that in turn attracts sponsorship and advertising revenue.

Unequivocally in 1999, from the point of view of a major record company: "Television and radio are the key media to build music brands." I'm quoting an unpublished document, illustrated here, which fell off the back of a photocopier in Auckland (someone left it behind somewhere after a meeting), **The end game for major record companies**, prepared by a London consultancy in June last year. It affords a view of how the effective monopolies that dominate the

global music market (ie. Sony, Warner, EMI, BMG, Universal) see a new wave of technological change affecting their business. Amongst other things it raises the possibility that the internet might kill, well, at least dim their anti-market supernova.

As exclusivity of access to distribution diminishes, the power of brands increases

- In this environment, promotion becomes more important
- Online sites are lost in the crowd without
 - Brand recognition
 - Cross-promotion
- The same is true of multichannel and emerging digital television environments
 - Strong brands win, e.g. pay-per-view football
 - The value of terrestrial television to Disney
- In a world of limitless choice, *branded* content is king

While the predominant media angle on the impact of technology on the music industry has been piracy (MP3 files, CD burners and so on), the inside view reveals that this is clearly not what is of most urgency to corporate management in this sector: A significant threat to their dominant market share presented by the world wide web. It's not surprising that they don't want everyone to know.

Suggested brand strategies

- Reduce number of brands and focus on those that are key
- Build talent-independent brands wherever possible
 - Package talent to build own brands (e.g. MTV Unplugged)
 - Where possible, package new artists under record company owned name and trademark - own or co-own the band name
- Extend upstream niche brands into downstream markets
- Where possible, obtain name/likeness licences from new artists
- Why should artists agree?

The analysis given by the **end game** paper offers a fair breakdown of what sorts the mainstream from the undergrounds in terms of "the current business model": Record companies all need to do A&R, to produce recordings and to replicate them. That's the easy part. That is to say, in these areas of the business there are "low entry barriers", and as a result non-corporate record companies, "indie competition", is enabled to "emerge at small level". The crunch comes with promotion, PR and distribution. Right now nothing matches corporate might in these areas. CDs don't get newspaper reviews or shop window displays because they are good or the people who work there like them or even because they are popular acts (yet). Interrelated ownership, economies of scale, money changing hands in all sorts of ways ensures that few players can leverage the brand building power of mainstream media and retail space promotion. Here then there are "high entry barriers to global markets, and mass markets locally".

Even if there's likely to be little fundamental change to the first cluster of operational areas, the business of promotion and distribution could undergo significant structural re-formation. Simply and briefly, the web threatens a freer market, where active consumer choice can have more impact on who makes money out of music. The web, unlike radio stations and television networks, is not owned by anyone in the same way. You can't just take up a lot of space there; getting attention is about offering something good -better, more useful, cheaper, more informative- to people accessing it. If finding out about some new recording, and getting to hear a sample, and being able to purchase it can all happen in this medium, the kind of sales that are made through spending huge amounts of money on polystyrene window displays, glossy cardboard mobiles and bulk shipping won't happen there. To some people, that is a disturbing thought.

SOME INFORMATION ABOUT THE WEREWOLF-IN-RESIDENCE

The werewolf not in possession of an ordinary human body is said to be a *roaming* werewolf.

The roaming werewolf is incapable of being alone, which is why it habitually resorts to inhabiting the most built up areas of vastly populated cities such as ours.

So long as the roaming werewolf is in the city alongside us it must seek out company, exercise its charm, practise its allure: its dazzling charisma enables it to move freely among us, for such are its powers of hypnotic enchantment, we literally *cannot see it for what it is*; inevitably we succumb to its irresistible attraction and there is bloodshed.

Because the roaming werewolf *must* maul and revel in gore, eventually, even if today most werewolves prefer to gainsay their anthropophagic propensities and in many cases will go to great lengths to transcend them the fact is somewhere along the line their fangs cannot help but sink into human throats and *rend and mangle*.

Rending and mangling appear to be preprandial characteristics but in reality they constitute the middle phase in the roaming werewolf's digestive process: *smelling and stalking* enact the true initiatory phase, *chomping and gorging* the finale.

No further digestion is required as the roaming werewolf produces no waste; everything it eats is preserved inside it, adding to its monstrous bulk and aiding it in producing a literally stunning, or paralysis-inducing, halitosis.

The horribleness of the roaming werewolf's breath is measured in units known as *limbergerskunks*. A mature roaming werewolf is capable of producing an eructation, or *snoutfart*, of thirteen thousand limbergerskunks; the average human nervous system is unable to sustain consciousness when exposed to a stench exceeding one hundred *limbsk*.

The roaming werewolf which makes no attempt to contradict its innate appetite is called the *simple roaming werewolf*, that which, while also making no attempt to reform its diet yet while claiming to *want to do so*, is called the *compound roaming werewolf*, that which is successful in foregoing totally and permanently the usual bestial frenzy of rending, mangling, chomping and gorging, and furthermore is prepared to undergo breath-freshening surgery and charm-management therapy, is called the *complex roaming werewolf*; this last is also known as the *antiwerewolf werewolf* and even the *weren'twolf*.

While the compound roaming werewolf is grudgingly tolerated but frequently *picked on* by the simple roaming werewolf, the *weren'twolf* is hated by all.

This stark and often sudden alienation from the affections of the traditionally supportive community of urban roaming werewolves drives the *weren'twolf* to such an extreme pitch of confused identity that it actually seems to develop the need to be alone. There follows the development of the need to hide and the inception of the ability to possess the bodies of ordinary people like you and me.

The process of possession returns the *weren'twolf* to the true *werewolf* state, with all its original appetites restored.

Once this werewolf takes up residence inside us it is able to take advantage of our solitariness: one evening alone is not extraordinary for the average city dweller but for the roaming werewolf this is a nightmare of aloneness; yet for the werewolf-inside-the-city-dweller there is the possibility of adjusting.

The city dweller's gestures and way of talking and outward appearance all remain the same - especially unchanged are the city dweller's habits - while the werewolf in its cramped quarters undergoes the maximum of discomfort: the cricks in its spine develop cricks of their own; after seven days and nights the spine itself is a single palpitating *supercrick*.

A kind of revelation takes place, and what is revealed is the poverty of the werewolf's original response to the city, and what experiences this revelation is not the city dweller but the werewolf within the city dweller:

What's needed is a creative, critical tension with the city which will require the flexible use of intellect to mediate between rending and mangling.

The roaming mania is a false dynamism which claims to set the spirit in motion but actually only repeats the same motions: the gestures of the roaming werewolves are conservative, even when the appetites are not.

The cycles of the roaming werewolves, between messianic hope and desperate cynicism, confirm for me the sterility of a bloodbath of great terror without enough intellect or patience to sustain it.

The roaming werewolves, too much the victims of their own passions, dogmas and trends, without the leaven of intellect, residency and supercrick which might nurture unlimited audacity in both smelling and stalking, chomping and gorging.

By making a cult of roaming they throw themselves into an assumed deeper language of life without first trying to understand it.

Such are the meditations of the remorseless werewolf-in-residence.

To the same degree that the city dweller's habits are unaffected by the possession-by-werewolf, the werewolf's habits are also unaffected by its residency within the city dweller. That is to say, the werewolf within the city dweller is as distressed as ever by the experience of aloneness, as enticed as ever by the smell of fresh meat: only a kind of barrier has allowed itself to be erected in relation to the will of the werewolf, so that the functional energy at its disposal, once immediately ignited in the *act of being*, now appears, both concentrated and diluted, or *dicated*, in the *gnawing of knowing*.

It is possible to be alone, reasons the werewolf-in-residence, *not because it is bearable, but because the city dweller is habituated to it, and the essential relationship of my residency within the city dweller is one of acquiescence to the motions of the city dweller's will.*

This acquiescence is itself the most successful weapon the werewolf-in-residence has in its bid for complete colonisation, because the will of the city dweller, having undergone and at present continuing to undergo its own process of dication in its relationship with the will of the city, is mostly a kind of penetrable sponge of *acquiescent potential*, drawing into itself what it must itself surrender to, effectively undergoing its own undergoing.

The werewolf fists its way around, treading entrails, cranking its freezing supercrick into corrugated musculature. The city dweller alone experiences this new ice age, a flat monotone disquiet crackling with panic and bewilderment, jagged glacial plates locking jaws like frozen gasps.

The endpoint of this process is: the frozen werewolf expands in size, the human explodes; the new werewolf eats the bits of human matter adhering to the walls of its new den, checks out the night sky and returns immediately to the simple roaming life.

This new roaming werewolf is taller, fatter and hairier; within seconds, it is capable of snouffarting a stench of *nineteen thousand limbsk*.

But this endpoint is rarely reached, otherwise we would have more new roaming werewolves among us than we do werewolves-in-residence, and this simply is not the case.

What seems to happen is this: the city dweller experiencing the freezing is driven to find ways to relieve this sensation. Being squeezed by other human beings, being lain upon, being sandwiched between, being vigorously manustuprated by mastigophoric irrumites, all manner of rubbing, blubbing, glugging and krunking, is enough to provide, say, two or three days' relief.

Meanwhile the werewolf-in-residence is exasperated by the city dweller's show of resistance. Gone is the possessed one's reclusive routine of pious quietudes and contemplative retirements, in its place a rampant grasping hysterical leisure. Following exasperation the werewolf-in-residence is prone to gagging on its own carelessly unventilated aura; this stress-related disorder, known as *pervasive snouffart syndrome*, temporarily reverses the freezing of the supercrick and severely humiliates the werewolf-in-residence for at least a week.

When the werewolf-in-residence regains strength the supercrick is *doubly supercooled* - to achieve this, the membranes periodically generated throughout the crick known as *crickcracks* actually shuttle between two highly unstable states, that of *slab* and that of *flab*, massively rigidifying stitfidity.

Soon the city dweller re-experiences the freezing and goes about the process of relief, then the werewolf-in-residence is again exasperated, pervaded and humiliated.

This tug of war, also known as the *war of tug*, may last a very very long time.

Until one day the city dweller spits the remains of the frozen werewolf into the bathroom sink, a greyish brown globule of phlegm tasting of salt and rancid lard.

Or the werewolf spits the remains of the hollowed out city dweller into the bathroom sink, a pinkish ricotta clot which is mistaken for soap for weeks afterwards.

from EIGHTIES ROCK MURDERS IN NZ by Bob Brannigan



Not These Days: Jungle (1998)



GRUNT MACHINE

NEW NEW ZEALAND VIDEO ART

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ARTS COUNCIL OF NEW ZEALAND THE ARTSBOARD

A PHYSICS ROOM VIDEO PROGRAMME

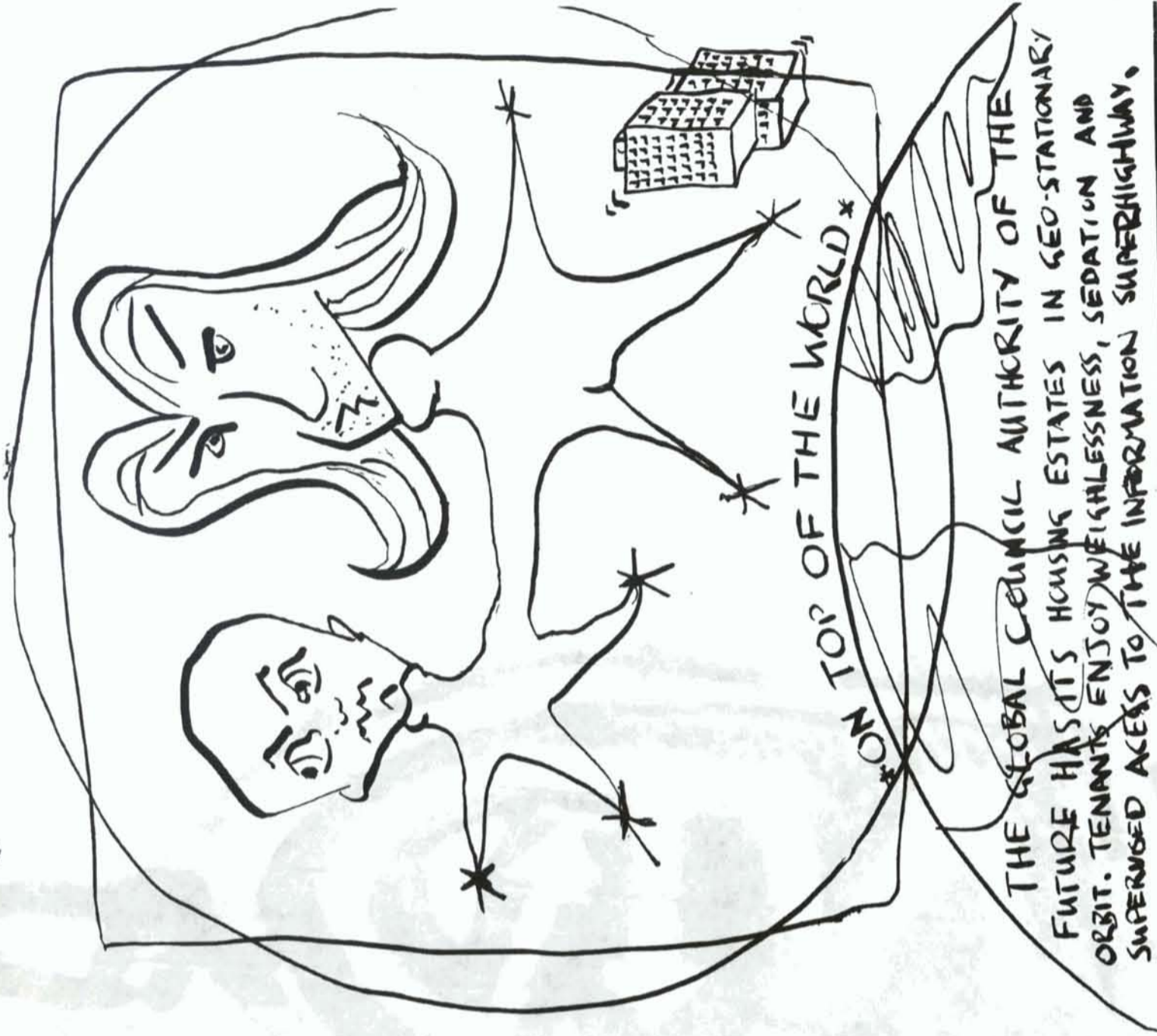
Dear Tony Blair

RE: BRIT BRAT POP-RACK

1968's
Dandilion Seeds

The song is by a band called Dandilion Seeds. It's very good. Apparently it's the only recording worth care of pounds, and was taken 100% of pounds, and was taken evidently done in one take.

The vid was edited on computer on shit software. The sort of freebie together folk way to post a few dollars. I think home porn is a bit from a few to one. All the special effects are in camera.



THE GLOBAL COUNCIL AUTHORITY OF THE FUTURE HAS ITS HOUSING ESTATES IN GEO-STATIONARY ORBIT. TENANTS ENJOY WEIGHTLESSNESS, SEDATION AND SUPERVED ACCESS TO THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY.

David Carman: Dear Tony Blair (1998)



and her and her boyfriend, ~~knocked~~
me down on the lawn

they ~~trashed~~ my ~~arm~~

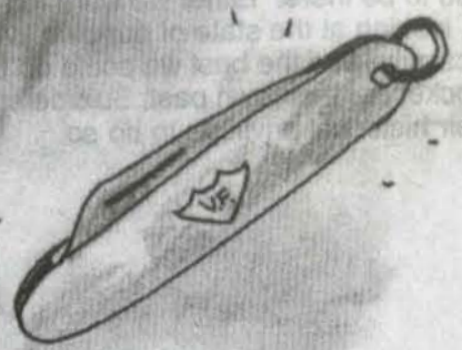
arm
arm
arm
arm

ARM



~~Demanded~~ ~~total~~
~~Demanded~~ ~~total~~

~~Submission~~



MATTHEW HYLAND

RAW PITY

What is nature to animals we call misery in man, through which we recognise that his nature, like an animal's today, has fallen from a better nature which was once his own.

Blaise Pascal, Pensées

Consider the old and the very old: they have lost the model, but at least they have had it. Many of them, moreover, are not aware of having lost it. But the young suffer atrociously from this deprivation; they don't know whom they should resemble, that is, what model to follow...

There is no light in their eyes, or it's an exalted light, or a purely physical, crazed light, as in the eyes of certain animals that circle and circle back on themselves as if mad because the ardour persists even though the reason for it has been lost.

Pier Paolo Pasolini, Petrolio

In April 1998 Suicide played in London for the first time in years. The promoter cleverly decided to compile the whole press package out of descriptions of violence between band and audience -- and Alan Vega's violence against himself -- at their shows in the 1970s. So in the week before they played, the entertainment press duly promised a portable riot: the stage would be covered with broken glass, and Vega would roll screaming in the shards, smashing the microphone into his swollen face.

For four nights running, a capacity crowd waited eagerly to witness authentic sacrificial carnage, without the least notion of creating it. But when the thick black curtain was pulled back from the stage, hostilities didn't suddenly break out. Ghost Rider was delivered up on demand, through a soft lather of colourful synth noise. They played Frankie Teardrop too, though not without a show of coy reluctance: 'aw no...that's special'. Martin Rev couldn't stop smirking and striking rock poses as he ran through the basslines with one hand and absently slapped the keyboards with the other. Vega bounced around the stage swaddled in coat and cap and sunglasses, clasping happy fans' sweaty fists in his palms, affectionately baiting 'all you guys with your fancy girlfriends who are AFRAID TO BOOGALOO!'

Everyone was bitterly disappointed afterwards. Where was the intensity, the numb autistic drone, the confrontation? Yet something about this debased performance, its incredible condescension, was more aggressive than any amount of bloodletting would have been. Far from being reconciled to the audience and the world, Suicide made the rupture absolute.

Vega was almost invisible: it could have been anyone panting and sweating behind the dark glasses and layers of cloth. But this was only a gratuitous advertisement of the fact that the 'true cry of rage and pain set to subway rhythms and feedback like the grinding of train gears' which Lester bangs witnessed in 1978 was slowly, coldly, palpably being withdrawn.

Sure we could recognise this as a travesty of Suicide's former glory, but that wouldn't bring us any closer to the Model. An irremediable Fall separates our tiny pain from their newsreel, our involuntary complacency from their barely remembered ride in a killer's car. Our critique might be devastating, but we'd paid to be there. Either we were too numb to notice the passage of 20 years, or, looking at the state of our own lives, we'd decided that this ragged facsimile was the best we could do that night. In making so disdainful a mockery of their own past, Suicide spat pity at present day London. It was their historical privilege to do so.

if band

"You Say I Am An Animal."

it they

LP. If

ngles

years

ords

Jonathan Jamrag

and the whole

Proud Scum

story

in

en

a

pt

come of

to the

Jonathan Jamrag (Proud Scum)
Rock H.O., Queen Street, Auckland.

By Wade Ronald Churton

"you say I am an animal..."

1998

money warehouse manager Jon Griffiths is an amiable, large-framed and studious-looking man, a youthful forty-ish with glasses and a neatly-trimmed beard. He is married, writes short stories and wine and produces plays. Twenty years ago in Auckland he was Jonathan Jamrag, a Punk's Punk and vocalist for what is still undoubtedly the most vilified New Zealand band of the entire era. Proud Scum were written off as racist, sexist thugs who couldn't play and made it hard for everyone else to get work or even respect. There is some truth to the accusations, but the actuality is somewhat murkier. Yes, there were some very untoward and irresponsible aspects to Proud Scum, but one cannot bring the tenets of 1990s Political Correctness to bear on a past situation, the times were different then. They weren't the only ones, just the most extreme: at the cutting edge of Punk all the way on its downward spiral. It all started in the rosy morning of the New Zealand Punk era.

1977

"There was a club, Disco d'oras, in Auckland... in Newton Road. So we used to go there, and the Scavengers played, and a band called Junk... Alison, my sister was going there originally, so I started going. I'd sort of read things in the Sunday News and what have you... all about Punk, and I thought oh, that sounds interesting... but I hadn't heard any of the music... I just thought this is different, this is exciting. I didn't really go out of my way to get the records, I just went along and saw the bands, and to a large extent the first few times I went I didn't know one song from another. I had no idea what the lyrics were and I didn't really care, it was just this noise and this energy that appealed to me."

1978

The semi-legendary Punk-for-Punks-only club Zwines opened in March and the Scavengers were the resident band for the first three months. Not long after it opened, their vocalist Mike Lesbiau/ Stimulous suddenly quit and the hunt was on for a new frontman. Auditions followed. "I was living with Ronnie and Johnny from the Scavengers at the time... and then they were looking for a singer, and I auditioned and I was just crap... couldn't work out the timings, didn't know where the words came in... I remember there was one guy... I don't even know where he came from, but he had like a telephone strapped on his belt... I think they called him Captain Telephone or something... All the freaks came out."

It was as a musician however that Jamrag next trod a stage. In April, inspired by the 1977 bands, he and a like-minded group of Disco D'oras/ Zwines patrons formed the pungently named Rooter as their own contribution to the paisiëson. Giving themselves "Punk" names (in the custom of the times), there was John No-One/ Hunter on vocals, guitarist Peter Mesmer/ Hoffman, Jonathan Jamrag on bass and drummer Eddie Changer/ Kerry Buchanan. Jamrag's choice was the most repellent; therefore the most Punk. "...I was sort of learning to play bass at the time, Ronnie was teaching me how to play bass. And there were a lot of people round who wanted to be in Punk bands and they all said 'know, I'm gonna be a singer, I thought, well only so many people can be singers, there's other people gotta play the other instruments... and the first band I actually played in was Rooter... We were all fans of mainly the Scavengers, and there was John No-One and his brother Wayne, who sort of fanned himself to be the manager of the band, and Kerry... and then there was Peter the guitarist who actually was a real musician, he could play. I remember the first Rooter practice, I got very drunk and there's this photo of me... I'm asleep with my thumb in my mouth, all flaked out."

In his book "Stranded in Paradise" John Dix relates a live Rooter scenario which equates the sporadic bouts of violence which followed the band with mere knockabout laddish fun. Occasionally even at this early, pre-Boot stage, the violence could go beyond the pale.

"I remember one time we played, it was at Zwines and I'd been fighting over a bottle of bourbon or a bottle of something with someone and I fell over and split my head open on one of the stools, I had all this blood pissing out my head and then we went on and played anyway... and we were using somebody else's gear... and I couldn't hear the bass... so I sort of turned up to eleven... and I still couldn't hear it, and then the guy came in whose amp it was and was really pissed off... I think I put him into a hospital at some stage... I used to drink a hell of a lot then..."

Rooter lasted a mere three months in this early form; that old devil 'musical differences' made the chaotic outfit unstable. In July, while still playing bass for Rooter, Jamrag started his own band to pursue a purist vision.

"... I was very much into Punk music and seeing it as something that was separate to what came before. I was never a big fan of music before Punk and to me it was a whole completely different lifestyle. Whereas to those guys it was more like Punk was a progression of pop, and it was more like: this was the music of the Sixties, reinterpreted. So they... wanted to do a lot of Sixties songs, which I really wasn't interested in... I came up with these other guys, Alistair, who was playing bass and some friends of his... there was a vacancy there for a singer, so I gave it a go, and it seemed to work. I was intending to stay in both bands; sing in the Atrocities, as it was, and play bass in Rooter... it didn't work... I just left. It was better for them anyway, they wanted to go in one direction, I wanted to go in another."

The Atrocities were a five-piece with guitarists Warwick Fowler and John Atrocity/ Jenkins, bassist Alistair Rabbit/ Duguid and inept drummer Tom Wilson/ Tommy Vomit. They were very much the definite article, with plenty of year-zero 1977 covers (Pistols, Ramones etcetera), eschewing the comforting 1960s pop overlap utilised by virtually every other New Zealand Punk band. Originals in a bad taste vein began to creep in as well, with Fowler a guitarist and writer of some ability even at this early stage.

"... the Atrocities... played the wildest Saturday afternoon ever at the Windsor. When someone set fire to some decorations the band played on as the pub burned - real professionals."

Kerry Buchanan,
"Tales Of A Young Terrorway", "Rip It Up" # 100 (11/85)

Whilst quickly popular, the sloppy, chaotic Atrocities were also somewhat short-lived.

"I left to go to Australia in September seventy-eight. There was a friend of mine who was going to Australia, and I thought oh, that'd be a good idea. I think we'd originally planned to save some money in Australia and then go on to England, which never eventuated. We went to Sydney, and we didn't know anyone... And he'd been over with his cricket team, he'd been in Adelaide, and he thought Adelaide was better, a similar size to Auckland, so we ended up going to Adelaide, and that was a lot easier... we worked there for a while... I had a job that only lasted until Christmas, so then I went to Sydney, and then ended up going back to Adelaide; down to Melbourne for a while. Saw the Scavengers, who were then the Marching Girls, and then went back to Auckland... (The Marching Girls) were suggesting to me that I could be their roadie, which sort of appealed to me a bit, but I mean I was there for a week with them in Melbourne and we just got blind drunk every day."

Meanwhile, Fowler, Atrocity and Vomit teamed with flamboyant "Rocky Horror" fan vocalist Craig Emery, guitarist Keith Bacon and co-vocalists the Trezevant sisters, Giselle and Yvette. This was the fun, covers-drenched Aliens, one of the few decent Punk bands left in Auckland over the barren summer of 1978 when most bands were out of action either temporarily or permanently. Many musicians followed the Scavengers to the Australian Experience, whilst all the old 1977 bands had split or were transforming into newer, more user-friendly forms.

1979

Trendy mainstream-friendly New Wave was now all the rage and the newer Punks reacted by becoming heavier in looks and lifestyle. After all, now almost everyone had short hair, sneakers and straight-leg trousers. Bands like Pop Mechanix, Lip Service, and above all Mixex were seen as exploitative, riding the backs of the real innovators, and were scorned along with their trendy audience of "plastic" or "weekend" Punks. To mark the difference, skinheads, mohawks, leather and studs appeared, along with Doc Martens boots. Violence ensued as the situation became more gang-like, the growing Boot contingent providing a new and uniformed menace at hotels and parties.

The Aliens split in February, coinciding with Jamrag's return¹. He, Rabbit and Atrocity reconvened and a crack new drummer was found in Bruce Huik/ Hoffman, brother of Peter whose band was now called the Terrorways. This stripped-down, no-name new band was destined to become

"... the infamous Proud Scum, last-line punkers who provided the soundtrack to the Boot Boys"

¹ In an intriguing and somewhat amusing turn of events, later in the year Vomit drummed briefly for a hopelessly-unstable relocated Clean.

trail of destruction..."

John Dix. "Stranded In Paradise"
"There was this guy called Heuben... he was living with John and Alistair, and Alistair kicked him out, and we'd been playing for a while

... but we didn't have a name for the band. And then after Alistair kicked him out he wrote this big note saying 'proud scum, you'll be brought low soon, you're no mates of mine, if I saw you lying in the gutter I'd shit on you and walk on by'; it just went on and on in this vein, and we read this big note and thought Proud Scum, (laughs) what a great name for a band, and it just stuck."

With just bass, rhythm guitar and Hulk's galloping no-frills drumming, the new outfit was a far more streamlined machine than the Atrocities; a potent amalgam and distillation of primary (and secondary) Punk influences. A rough analogy might be an unlikely combination of the Ramones fronted by Sid Vicious - when they got it right. In no time at all they were the choice of the Punk hard core, which by now included a sizeable number of the pub-wrecking Boots.

Proud Scum were unabashedly a Punk band, on the outer with no commercial potential, and when confronted with the rise of the Boots, they reacted by accepting and reflecting aspects of the movement. If this was where the Punk cutting edge was going now, then so be it. In this they were not alone; the Terrorways also found playing up to the Boots gained them a larger following, as did Warwick Fowler's new combo the Spelling Mistakes.

History-books have damned Proud Scum for their offensiveness and irresponsibility. In fact, they were merely one of a number of bands working with some very questionable themes. For instance, Fowler was now Warwick Hitler and performed in a full Nazi uniform and his band had a brace of equally bad taste and downright offensive songs ("Reena's Piss Flaps" for example), whilst the Primmers' anthemic reggae/pop "You're Gonna Get Done" actually advocated inter-racial violence. Even the wildly popular Toy Love and especially the Enemy before them had a dark misogynist strain, using often grotesque sexual imagery. This is not to mention material by the many "underground" Punk bands up and down the country, which exploited similar taboo/bad taste themes for a cheap shock, but which go undocumented.

Proud Scum however were Punks out on the edge and sought to outdo them all. Unfortunately they lacked the mainstream-friendly elements (Sixties pop covers, commercial viability) of their contemporaries and paid the price for their militant outsider stance with isolation and ostracism. Punk songs by tradition had to be "against" something, and hopefully outrage someone. True, Proud Scum went further than most, particularly with the notorious "Drop An A-Bomb On Tonga" and their unashamed adoption of the Boot look and cause but in the light of some of their more widely popular fellows' doings, they were judged particularly harshly. One might even say scapegoated.

Along with the braces and boots, the band and its inner circle developed its own curious aesthetic, with the Beagle Boys jerseys. Modelled on the numbered prison garb of the thuggish, none-too-bright gang of criminals in the Donald Duck/ Uncle Scrooge comics, a relative of Jamrag's knitted them on a machine and no two "serial numbers" were alike. This led to the band themselves being nicknamed the Beagle Boys, which could be useful as an alternate name.

Proud Scum quickly became popular enough to record two well-drilled demos at Harlequin studio around June. Rabbit's "I Am A Rabbit" and Atrocity's "Suicide" pay testament to the explosive energy and cohesion of Proud Scum at this stage; they are excellent examples of Ramonic Punk rock even by world standards, if a year or two late in the piece. The former item is absurdist cheap-shock misogyny, the latter pure Punk bad taste as the act of particularly messy self-murder via a leap off Grafton Bridge (and on to the busy motorway far below) is mulled over with no little black humour.

Unfortunately the demos took another six months to be released and there was no more from this protean, short-lived incarnation; in August the band were critically stalled by a major setback.

"... we'd been playing for a while... and then John left the band, and we had to find a replacement guitarist, so we were out of action for a month or two. He was pretty pissed off, 'cause we were doing really well at the time, we had a lot of gigs booked and of course we had to pull out, and then by the time we got back on our feet again, it was getting more difficult to get work. The police were putting pressure on pubs not to have Punk bands, and there just wasn't as much work available. There was always Zwines, and like we had a regular spot, which was the Occidental, in Vulcan Lane... Sid was certainly a much better guitarist; Sid could play unusual-type chords and he could play like a lot of lead guitar as well, whereas John was just a rhythm guitarist, and he just played like the very basic chords."

Atrocity's successor was Sid Rowe who, lacking a "Punk" name of his own followed Jenkins' example to become one Sid Scum, and the line-up was settled for the band's last six months in New Zealand.

In October Proud Scum entered a "Rock Quest" band competition at the Windsor, which earned them a rather curt and damning review.

"Proud Scum's Pistols imitation went down well with a certain sector of the audience."

John Malloy, live review, "Rip It Up" # 28 (11.79)

The Sex Pistols had been gone almost two years, and Sid Vicious was now a dead and buried murder suspect. Punks weren't mostly cheeky media-savvy middle-class art students any more and the movement was by now stale and thoroughly discredited media-wise. There was also inter-racial violence, which escalated throughout the year. The line was drawn with music and lifestyle; Polynesian kids liked Disco, White kids liked Punk.

In November came the fateful night when the disco adjoining Zwines was firebombed, ironically ending both night-spots. With their main nodal-point gone, the Punk bands were cast out into the cold commercial reality of the hotels. First to self-destruct were the respected but Boot-plagued Terrorways who bowed out in December, whilst Proud Scum refused to succumb, still playing even as the pub was burning.

It must be stressed just how popular and influential Toy Love were in New Zealand's early Postpunk era; they straddled both the Punk and New Wave audiences, satisfying both, and even had chart success. Quite simply, many bands wanted to be Toy Love, writing similar songs and aping Chris Knox's often self-destructive stage antics. Jonathan Jamrag and Proud Scum were no exception, and one could see him throwing himself around, drinking beer through a tampon, making unbelievable inebriated asides to the crowd or any one of a number of audience-confrontation techniques nearing performance art when the whole Scum circus cranked up. One might even hear some Toy Love.

"Proud Scum are learning "Rebel" and "Squeeze". They've already learnt "Swimming Pool".

They haven't got any shame."

Chris Knox

in "Toy Love Week In Dunedin" by Roy Colbert, "Rip It Up" # 28

"Probably I wrote the majority of the originals, but then there were only three songs ever recorded... Obviously "Suicide 2" was inspired about John Atrocity walking on the band... He'd originally already written a song called "Suicide"... because he felt a bit depressed one day and Warwick was trying to encourage him to jump off Grafton Bridge and end it all... "Suicide 2", we were approached by this guy Bryan Staff, who had like a radio spot and he wanted to do a recording... I guess -not intentionally- but certainly that song was influenced by the Toy Love style."

A few days before the December recording session, Jamrag had the idea of adding a spoken introduction to the song, just to fill the listener in on what had inspired it and to push it all the way over the top. The mockingly-titled "Suicide 2" was released with the Terrorways' "Short Haired Rock and Roll" on a split 7" single on Staff's new independent label Ripper in March 1980. One bought the record, put it on, heard crashing Toy Love-style drumming and then this:

"In 1958 Mrs Atrocity lay in agony on a hospital bed,

She had been in labour for three weeks.

The doctors were puzzled as to why only the top of the baby's head was sticking out,

Until suddenly, out popped an ugly little baby boy; two feet long, weighing three pounds,

With the biggest pair of ears anyone had ever seen

It was John Atrocity.

The next twenty-one years of his life were fairly uneventful, until he joined a band called Proud Scum

Six months later he decided to leave the band and jump off Grafton Bridge..."

And then a lurching, surging instrument-blur which resembles a high school band practising in the school hall and churning out a lumpy gruel of Black Sabbath riffing over crashing, hyperactive packing-crate drums. The rest of the lyric is rich black humour as Atrocity is encouraged with several reasons why he should throw himself off Grafton Bridge. The music is a step backwards however; the sound and performance is so dissimilar from the blistering May 1979 demos that it might have been an entirely



(Clockwise from top) Bruce Hulk, Jonathan Jamrag, John Atrocity, Beagle Hoys in the crowd at XS Cafe; in the front row Allstate-Rabbit, Atrocity, Hulk; postor; single cover and label; Jamrag sings live at the Windsor stage; Jamrag and Rabbit

different band. The recording lacks clarity, the guitar and bass merely a sludgy coating for the furious drumming and Janrag's hollering. Needless to say, critics were unkind.

"On the flip are Proud Scum with the story of John Atrocity. He was born in 1977 and has failed to develop. There's time yet."

George Kay,
singles review. "Rip It Up" # 34 (05.80)

"I think the police were really heavy on Punks; we used to go to a lot of parties after gigs and it started off being like a couple of people go to a party and that was fine, but then... someone would find out about a party, y'know, a hundred Punks would turn up. The people holding the party obviously didn't want these hundred Punks at their party, they'd call the police, the police would be there very quickly and everyone would be kicked out... I think it had been violent the whole way through Seventy-Nine... things changed quite a bit at that gig at Auckland University where Enemy first played, because the guy got thrown off a balcony and broke his back... after that things were a lot more violent; like when I'd been away in Australia for four-and-a-half months, I came back and there was like a lot more violence in the Punk scene than when I left... so it was probably getting worse by the end of Seventy-Nine, but it had been a steady progression for quite a while."

1980

In January came the birth of a new renaissance in New Zealand music with the first privately-financed "independent" records appearing, beginning with the epochal "AK79" compilation album. Out on Bryan Staff's Ripper label, it featured the two Atrocity-era demos. By the time it appeared however, the album was all ready more than half-nostalgic; of the three bands on the "Punk" side, only Proud Scum remained.

Punk had passed through its golden era and now there was regular raiding of hotels by police for underage patrons when the Punk bands played, and of course the Boots were on the rise, purging their aesthetic of any lingering taint of the art house and acting out the violent rhetoric of their forebears. Proud Scum were becoming untouchable. With no big company support and a bad name with the hotels, touring was not an option. Nevertheless, the band did try to ply their trade further afield. It was the first and last

time.
"We did one gig in Hamilton, and that was about it, yeah (laughs)... which was just a bloody fiasco. We'd all been sniffing ether, and we couldn't hardly hear, never mind tune the... guitars. And this place we played had really bad acoustics, so we were just trying to tune the guitars... bloody awful, so we didn't feel that inspired to do any more out-of-town gigs after that. I guess in some ways we felt it was a bit of a limitation, being a Punk band because it was difficult to get work and because of a lot of violence around. It would have been in some ways easier to have been musicians that weren't Punk musicians... but by the same token we really didn't want to change the musical style. I think a lot of our later original stuff was more poppy, more sort of harmonious-type stuff. More sort of harmonic, less "serious", if you like. But... still, we didn't want to become like a non-Punk band."

By February, Proud Scum's reputation was so destroyed they were besieged in their semi-residency haven, the Occidental in Vulcan Lane, preaching to the same small but fiercely loyal enclave of converted with few realistic options left. So, with nothing left to lose, three-quarters of the band decided to decamp to Australia and fresh fields.

"Well... Sid was going to Australia with his girlfriend anyway, and he just suggested well, why don't you come to Australia, and we thought well, it seem like a good idea... we still wanted to keep on playing as a band. He thought we still had a lot of future, we were doing well, but it just seemed like there wasn't the opportunity to play a lot in Auckland... and Toy Love had just gone over, and the Scavengers had gone over, and it seemed like this was where the New Wave was going to occur or continue, and we saw big hopes of making it in Australia. Which of course never happened. The last gig we played in New Zealand was at Liberty Stage... and we had an enormous amount of people. It must have been like three hundred or four hundred people, like, which to us was just this enormous crowd... because we'd been playing to crowds of fifty to a hundred people, particularly at the Occidental... you couldn't get more than about seventy or eighty people in there... it was really packed and there were people there who had come out of the woodwork that hadn't been coming to gigs for months and months came along for the special occasion... I remember thinking after that gig: shit, you know, maybe we shouldn't leave, maybe we shouldn't be going (laughs). If its gonna be like this, we should keep on going. But it was just a fluke..."

Mum Rabbit: Proud Scum left the country just after the single was released in March and arrived in Sydney's challenging, alien environment. Once the band were reconstituted with fellow ex-Auckland-er Vince Pinket, the band played a one-off support slot to the hardworking Toy Love at the Civic Hotel, and soon discovered major contrasts to the venue situation back home.

"It was... completely different to what we expected, like compared to Auckland it was a lot more difficult for bands to just arrange their own gigs. There was much more control by promoters and managers and that type of thing. At the time Toy Love were playing about six nights a week, I mean they were playing more than they'd ever played in Auckland. And there was a lot more money in it; bigger p.a.'s, and there were lighting shows, there were roadies, and there was all this type of stuff. And it just seemed from our perception that it was a lot more difficult to get into for like a garage band. Whereas in Auckland, y'know, it was just a matter of fronting up to a pub and saying can we play? And I guess also we had a lot more contacts in Auckland, so we were starting from the outside and found it very difficult to get going. (The Punk scene) was a lot smaller in Sydney than it was in Auckland, and I also think it happened later... I think Sydney was about a year behind Auckland... Sydney was just starting to get into Punk then, whereas in Auckland it was almost over; it had sort of peaked and was sort of on the downturn. We got a regular spot... (at) the Civic hotel as a Saturday afternoon thing... and that was like a residency. There'd be us and a couple of other bands on... and the lady that owned the pub was... getting quite into Punks and, y'know, thought they were a lovely bunch and all these Punks treated her like she was their mum. So we used to play there regularly. But it was a recipe for disaster because we'd end up getting blind drunk by Saturday afternoon, so Saturday night you're even more wasted and... that's the way it went."

Back home, the Boot problem was inherited by the Spelling Mistakes, who were toning down somewhat and almost made it through to the mainstream with a May national tour and a hit single the following month, but were defeated by their hard Punk ties and disintegrated in October. Boots also caused the long-serving Liberty Stage venue to be closed after a Features performance in May, and nation-wide increasingly suffered the ignominy of having to remove their footwear before being allowed to enter venues. Proud Scum were not missed in the press, with misinformation and belated sniping colouring the last few reports.

"Speaking of mistakes, did you hear the one about fair dinkum kiwi band Proud Scum? A South

Africa tour is likely."

Rumours column. "Rip It Up Extra" # 2 (12.80)

Punk was all but over in New Zealand, historical fodder for later revivals. The new buzz was pop, pure and simple, with the rise out of the South of the Flying Nun label and Auckland Ska, Reggae and Funk, guitar distortion-pedals were being turned off all over the country. Toy Love became Tall Dwarfs, and hands-on recording with a portable four-track recording machine became the in thing to do. The Clean had chart hits, as did the Screaming Meemees, Blam Blam Blam and so on. It would be several years before hard and heavy Punk-inspired rock music became popular again.

"We played our last gig on New Year's Day 1981... we didn't play a hell of a lot, we had this one regular spot for a few months, and we did a couple of other gigs. I think we were playing regularly for maybe about three months, and then we did this one gig, after that. I stayed on in Sydney... (and there were) a lot of... people who a year or so later... (saying) 'Proud Scum were great, you guys should have kept on going' but we thought at the time 'No-one cares, no-one's interested'... For a while I was in a band in Sydney called the Dr! Horrors, and Mike Dooley was playing guitar in... They did the record before I joined the band, 'cause they had another singer/ guitarist who was always getting drunk all the time, and they kicked him out... and then they were looking for a singer/ guitarist and then Sid and I joined, so Sid played guitar and I sang, but then they kicked me out after a couple of months, and soon after that the drummer died of a drug overdose and then the band just disappeared."

Although new songs were written in Australia ("Dog Shit", "Reuben's Coming Back") there were no more recordings by Proud Scum. All three of their New Zealand recordings are available on both the expanded "AK79" 1993 CD/tape reissue (Flying Nun/Propeller) and the 1998 "Hate Your Neighbours" CD/tape/vinyl (Zero records p.o. box 8282 Symond St, Ak).

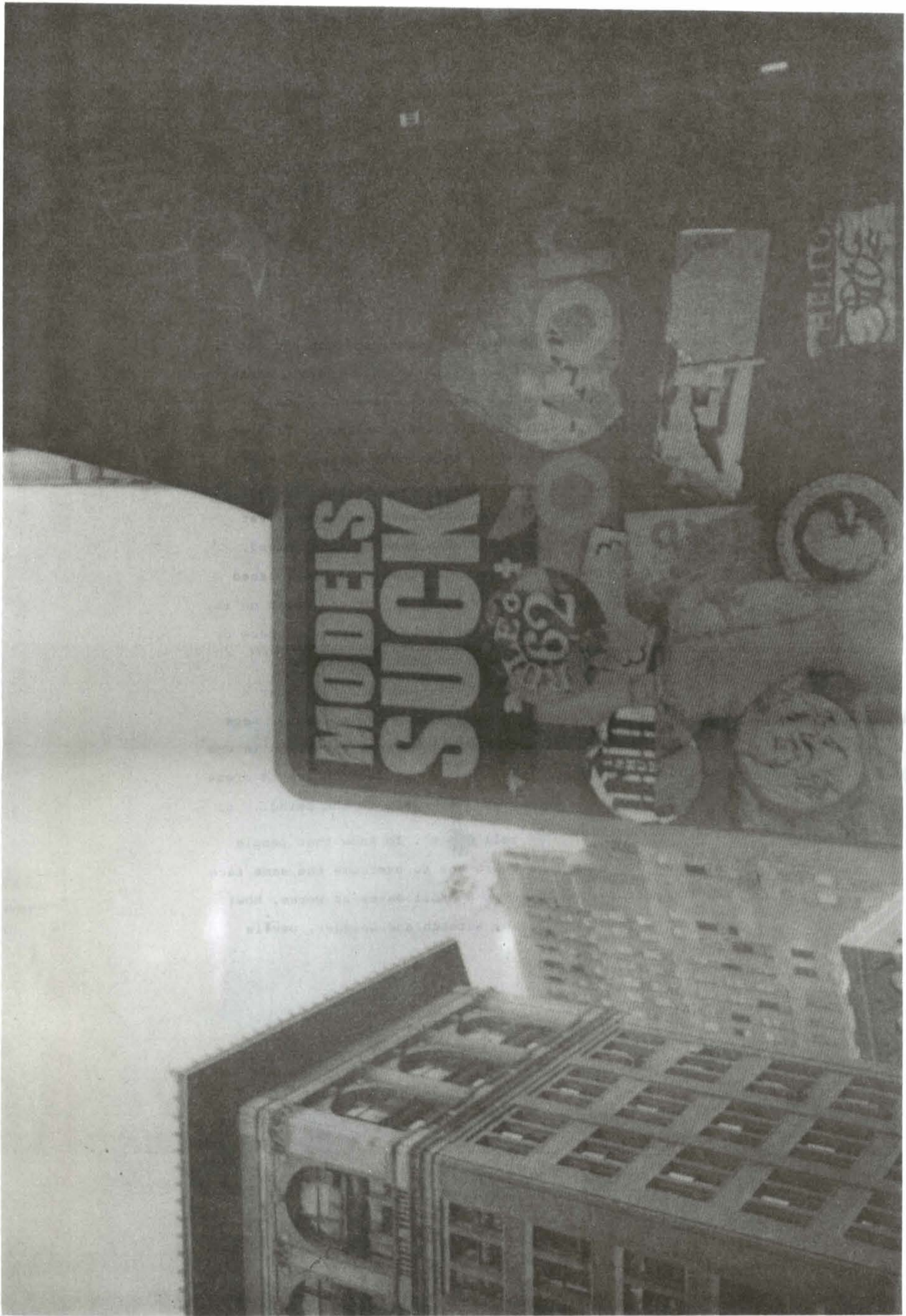
Wade Ronald Churton, June 1998

Mr. D. Mancini

THE TWO FACES OF ROCK N' ROLL.

What else is there, ^{gizmo} ~~gizmo~~ and scowl, insight and out of head. Its alright Ma' I'm only thinking. "I don't mean to come on like Hollywood but Hollywood is what I am..."
; Bachman Turner Overdrive. The devils walkman. "If I was two faced; would I be wearing this one": Abraham Lincoln.
Rocks are heavy and dirty creatures, they are too many neurotics; infallible, dependable and trustworthy. Pet rocks; a nippy lad and a freudian phenomena. A friend.
Rock is our friend. Rock is a great and scowling, laced and bleeding monster. Rock will fight for us. Count on it. Individually or collective and without personal attack or prejudice. Rock will protect and rock will ~~sense~~ ^{not shove daily.}
Infallible. And yet rock is flow, a silk curve under a leather engine. ^A pitbull shadow with a Casino leash. Rock is cool; a cigarette over perfect sunset. Rebellion in the most uncontaminated option. An individuals choice to dress, fall, die, hurt and covet; to relate to the swing... to 'go with the flow' to 'roll ~~off~~ it'. To know that people are bad. To react in a snare and to overcome the same face in the mirror; because Rock n' Roll makes us worse. Howl and burn, crawl and bleed, scratch and snigger. Devils music... and what a gift.

Daniel S. Mancini.



Michael Morley: Models Suck (1999)



Michael Morley: Robbie Yeats (1997)

FREEDOM OF SOUND

FREEDOM FROM SOUND

Handwritten note

NINE POINT PLAN

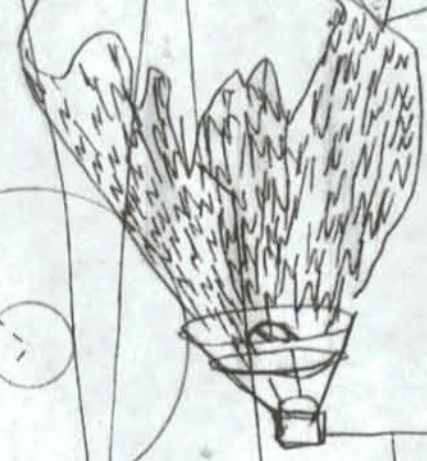


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CELL FOR SONIC DEVIATIONS

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REIGN SUPREME

MEDIOCRITY

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WE HAVE ARRIVED AT A NEW LOW

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ANTI-DEPRESSANT CURE
CURE CREATES THE FISSURE

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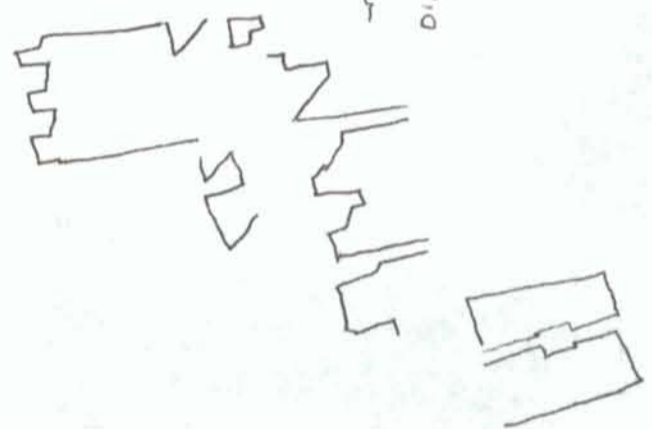
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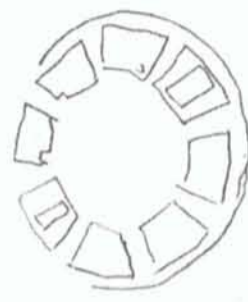


SANITARIUM FOR SURVIVORS OF PSYCHIC VAMPIRISM

ATMOSPHERIC DETONATIONS
-THERE WILL BE PEACE IN THE
VALLEY

FOR ME
SOMEDAY

ARTISTAR VS ROCKLOSER
TERSE T-SHIRT
CONVERS.
BIBLE SCHOOL IRONY



WITCH
ITA
LINEMANS

REINSTATE SUB LINGUAL
CONNECTIONS

NET PARALLEL
STALKER MULTI LAYERED KILL



Wherever you go, there you are

Gwynneth Porter

Rob owns and operates Waterbed World, a kind of bring-and-buy retail establishment situated in the not too distant future, where things are, not surprisingly, quite different. Things have changed a lot since the late 20th century. The high capitalist epoch has fallen, for example (which noone really misses, although it was a very traumatic transition for those involved), and it has been replaced with an age of recreation. Many died during this catastrophic change-over (hence the generally therapeutic tone to things now), but, for that matter, plenty of folks survived, and they are so much happier and more human for it. As a race, humans no longer rock plague proportions and pay far more attention to literature than what used to be thought of as the reality-based humanities. Resources seem plentiful, and work is easy and fun. Health and nutrition considerations no longer cause any stress, which is a thing of the past. An observer from the past might even describe the population as "high" due to a prevailing imaginative, fanciful mood; a sort of latter-day Warholian "everything is interesting" goes on.

Anyway, this is how his "business" works: people come in with boxes of surplus storage stuff, and they take away anything they want in a pretty fair ratio. Someone else was responsible for tidying it up, cleaning and disposing of rubbish. He is allowed to take whatever he wants to too. Right now he was very happy with his new vintage "Nowhere Fast" T-shirt. It looks excellent on. Just about as good as the "Youth in Asia" one he had just spilt coffee on. He sincerely hoped the stain would come out.

Around him sat a series of large padded boxes, some filled for display and others empty ready to be taken away. People use them as day-beds - waterbeds are horrible to actually sleep on. By now, everyone has these in all non-bedroom, un-plumbed rooms of their houses. He does a really good trade in these 20th century survivors - restoring them, or rather having them restored if necessary. And he does enjoy having leisurely conversations with the woman responsible for this conservo-restoration work. They share a common interest in history, books, art video, music, rock video; all the good old stuff that came in really. In fiction generally. But that is no longer a rare thing.

It had been George that had pointed out that Paul Holmes, the old-time square-o news TV personality, had once been the host of *Grunt Machine*, an early New Zealand music video "magazine" show that they had watched last time she was in. They really enjoyed it when a box of home videos turned up in the store, and were especially happy when they found old TV footage. (TV was fundamentally different now as there was no need to have a commercial thrust to programming.) He also really liked it when people didn't use the

maximum technology available to them - it seems more human, an attribute he values. As he "worked", his old-ish video player's mechanism panted. He knew it was just the heads turning, but it just sounded just like a dog. I'd like to get a dog, he thought. It would be fun naming it and training it.

As you can see, names haven't really changed either. George and Rob really liked "verb names". Well someone had to, and they didn't know anyone else who gave a toss - everyone is just too busy with their own interests. She was also the one who thought he wasn't really diabolic or sticky-fingered enough to carry off Rob, so she nick-named him Nick. Noone else found this very funny either. But that's OK. Everything is. Although, with a slight pang, he noted, looking in his diary, that today would have been his sixth wedding anniversary. What's that? He thought to himself. Paper? Glass? Shrimp crackers? And stifling a giggle - there were people in the store, and he did not want to engage with them unnecessarily - he put his hand to his mouth, which reminded him he had a nasty bruise there. Got a bit carried away the other night, Rob did. But bored with that train of thought, he went back to coming up with 20th century-isms to make George laugh - she had such a lovely laugh. "He was bored. He was tired. He was both." "There's nothing wrong with her that a good fuck wouldn't fix." "Five will make you feel alright."

From the PoV of an objective outsider, Rob operates under the impression he belongs to the early stages of an era, rather than the tail end of the protracted (and fraught) historico-political process that manifested in the late 20th century. (Rob, like his compatriots, had the distinct feeling that he was "from the future", which contributed to his habit of recreational retrospection and projection - he looks back and forward, lumping both together as "not now".) To him, people from that time seemed to keep things tied down very tight; hatches battened down against stress, input very limited, and psychological doors kept closed as if all hell would break loose if certain impulses were given in to. Others, on the other hand, evidently, made very interesting art work, and material came to him now and again that exhibits this opposite tendency.

He considers this strange tension to be pretty important in terms of piecing together particular past events and future possibilities. Not part of some forewarned is fore-armed alarmist strategy - everything is fine, and he is OK - but towards understanding. Even though by now it is universally (even though universal thinking had become quite out-moded) accepted that we simply cannot process the intricate textures of sensation and their interplay with what has happened and what might. But that is fine too - it's pretty enjoyable to lie around for most of the day and let fragments of such things wash over one, the waterbed undulating beneath.

I mean, it's all very lovely living now, and not as hippy as you might think, but he, and a lot of others, still feel the strong need to be attached to the material culture of the past, ancient and modern. He likes to leaf through many many confusing but apparently "hot" fragments of symbolically diseased material (as in "you're getting warmer") and let his mind play over possible backgrounds and implications the material might represent. His interest in the

past is by virtue of some kind of suspicion that on a metabolic, body-memory level, there is a residue from this time - one that sends out sensations of discomfort and attendant urge for both comfort and treasonous behaviour. He liked to fantasise about James Ellroy-esque adversity as the had none. (Like that dreamy thing Hercule Poirot had said on another of those secondhand TV videos that he had watched earlier that day: "Today, the maladjusted lives and complexities bring the young people together...") He wrote on a pad lying on the counter "there's something wrong with my silence." And "Be very careful what you say. Think before you shoot your mouth off. Loose lips sink ships."

It is as if there will always be the sensation that something is missing. To have unsolvable, down-right unfeasible desires, to want "more or not this", seems to be permanently and fundamentally human. But this is OK too - thin-skinned people are OK now. There are plenty of recreational outlets for what once might have been frightening scenarios. He counts his lucky stars that his days have been freed of the tragically oligarchic situation that had fucked over his forebears. It was evidently a lot harder then. But still really interesting. And the weather is so nice at the moment. He goes to the stereo and puts on another record. This time, an oldie, but a goodie (quel surprise): *Border Lord* by Kris Kristofferson. "Getting by, high and strange" seemed to him to be an appropriate sound component to consideration of some book material he was about to sit down to, and he had so just enjoyed *Jesus was a Capricorn*.

"Why couldn't there be, in some way, a new science for everything? A *mathesis singularis*, and no longer *universalis*?" an obscure theorist asked from the pages of the book he was reading [see fig. 1]. Very interesting, he thought, just one year after 1987 - a year of significant interest to him. He had recently read in this strange, cheaply produced '90s New Zealand "new age" magazine called *Input* the assertion "Hell was closed in 1987". Now, as he was and is wondering about the state of mind of 20th century man (i.e. how things became so, why he felt as he does etc.), he was naturally keen to find out what was meant by this. Evidently, he was not alone in this. Tucked into the magazine was a letter from the columnist, a Judy from Waiheke Island, to some reader who had asked the same thing. She had written that she didn't remember where she had read this assertion about 1987, but also claimed that her intuition had lead her to believe it even before she had read the book, so it didn't matter anyway. Rob was certainly there with Judy on getting down with his Higher Self (although he suspected they meant quite different things by this), but wished people generally would be more organised and forthcoming with their source material. He'd love it even more if he could just pick up a telephone and call one of those psychic hotlines advertised in this musty old zine and ask the psychic on duty what it all meant.

Moving right along, an article in the next month's issue revealed a lot about the odd meshing of art and science that was at the heart of many of the societal changes that took place in the ensuing years. An unidentified author (his name had been lost during an e-mail transmission of his piece, "The universe as a hologram: does objective reality exist, or is the universe a phantasm?") was writing, he read, about Pribam's Law, according to which

"our brains mathematically construct 'hard' reality by relying on input from a frequency domain. It has been found that each of our senses is sensitive to a much broader range of frequencies than was previously suspected... But if the concreteness of the world is but a secondary reality, and what is "there" is actually as holographic blur of frequencies, and if the brain is also a hologram and only selects some of the frequencies out of this blur and mathematically transforms them into sensory perceptions, what becomes of objective reality?"

But this was, of course, no real news to him. In realising the intrinsically fictional nature of things, people had been released from gravity, from burden, and allowed to be light. A popular way of explaining this to history students was by quoting the great 20th century Italian writer (who also was also the author of the memos mentioned just a little way back there): "In practical life, time is a form of wealth with which we are stingy. In literature, time is a form of wealth to be spent at leisure and with detachment. We do not have to be first past a pre-determined finish line..." He saw no reason to beat himself up about having a flystrip-ish predisposition for collage.

He made a mental note to, after work and once home, start in on a pile of Hugo and Nebula Award winners in hardback that had come in today. There might be some answers between the lines there. You never know. He looked for a fashion magazine or something else published in 1987 to see what might have been going on. An issue of *The Face* burred on about some "summer of love" which he thought sounded pretty lame. He recognised some of the music mentioned, and wondered if the rise of electronic music might have had anything to do with the supposed closure of hell (and its relocation to earth). He put this small bundle of *Input* issues aside, but picked up a quaint old photocopied section of a book that was tucked in with them. Someone had made copies from a book called *The Aesthetics of Rock* and circled sections of it. The first one he read read thusly:

"Every time I come home drunk and weepy-eyed from some horrible party where kids half my age, and with triple my energy, sit around a room - there's *always* such a room - doing nothing (not even talk) but watch rock vids by who could care whom, I run for the headphones, pull out all these albs and singles from a time when music was more concerned with *sound* than image, more about *risk* than fashion, more involved in the *dialectic* of profit than the "fore-the-fact-of-it fact of it, more a touchstone of genuine *liberation*, by gum, than a ring through your cultural nose awaiting the yanks'n'tugs of the absolute forces of the status quo... I reach, as for a lifeline, for the records described in this book."

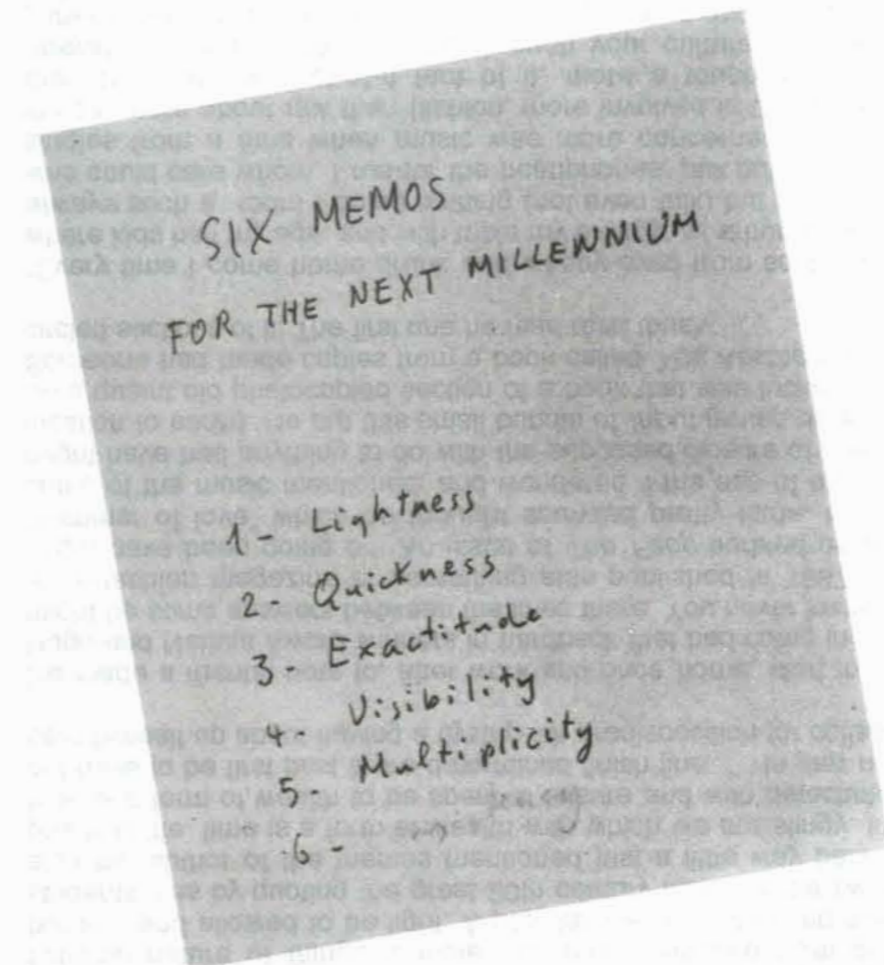
He did not agree with this as he liked historical art video and rock video both. Whenever given a choice (A or B, Rob?), he always took both. Rock video, to him, seems to illustrate nicely a theory that a lot of supposedly male traits resembled the symptoms of mild autism - only being able to do one thing at a time, inability to engage with some things, transfixion with other things etc. He wondered also if rock video might have something to do with a semi-conscious desire to act out the tenets of Pribam's Law. The protagonists seem to move, sway, pulse, as if unduly affected and beatified (both) by

frequencies not entirely of their own making. Richard Hell always said audiences packed in to see his band for a dose of reality. And Rob always liked to receive a lot of input. It made for interesting pictures if nothing else. (Since he was small, he had been trained to receive signals in order to sublimate darkness and the pull of the shadow world which beckons us all to collective sleep...)

Continuing with the circled sections, he received the following: "Rock is the brute actualization where all other art is potential. Rock is the only possible future for philosophy and art. Rock is a totality: it contains, or implies that it can contain, all varieties of experience. But because it refuses to talk straight, it collapses its own status as art. Rock collapses into the quotidian: a version of everyday life, which is what "quotidian" means."

Reading this made him want to smoke some pot to affect more of a '80s or '90s mood. He might even smoke a cigarette or three - get a little blood to rush from his head to his pants and all that. He considered momentarily about drinking a little, but after last week's "I am the ocean" debacle, he thought better of it. And verily, by design, a small power surge made him feel more sinister. O yes. He wrote a small note to himself to describe the slight rushing feeling he was experiencing.: "I don't know if it's me or the pot, but I feel like my brain - sitting up behind my mouth like it does - is like the driver of a van or campervan or some other vehicle with no bonnet to speak of and that involves sitting close, real close, too close to the windscreen. Very disturbing driving like that." He sat down in front of his work TV fully intending to watch so much of it that he would have no easy way of working out what to do or say.

Figure 1: Italo Calvino (Libra), *Six memos for the next millennium*, drawn up in preparation for the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, Harvard University, 1985-6.



I like to play the piano
And Jim likes to sing rock-and-roll.

I think you'll agree that is nice.

GRUNT FROM THE TOILETS OF MY HOME TOWN

by D. Zarakov

December '98, & here I am back in the South Island - my home, the scene of my birth and many subsequent changes, & boy is it great to be back here after the annus horribilis I just spent in swingin' cosmopolitan Auckland... that's another story tho' & if you're lucky you won't get to hear it... anyway, this is where "I WAS FOLLOWING THIS GIRL, OR SHE WAS FOLLOWIN' ME, AN' IT FELT LIKE THE MOVIES", the short film hurriedly tossed together for this here GRUNT MACHINE by my sister Violet, shoulda got made (but didn't), specifically in our hometown, Timaru... but one thing and another meant it didn't get done 'til we got back to Auckland, & as it happened V. found plenty of the kind of stuff she had in mind right there in AK., i.e. mostly lovers' graffiti, hearts carved into trees and such... Thus "I WAS FOLLOWING THIS GIRL, OR SHE WAS FOLLOWIN' ME, AN' IT FELT LIKE THE MOVIES" got made, with minor gutter-level input from myself to counterbalance its predominating vibe of romantic optimism, & it still turned out more than O.K. Back in Timaru a month or 2 later, though, I got to thinking about the different dimensions it could have taken on had we done it as planned in the town where we were born... there's still graffiti visible down there that I did when I was a teenager - 20 odd years ago, the scene of my earliest essays into teenage guerrilla art... thinking about it some more, that's a whole 'nother completely different film that we did not make... The late '70s: me and my hi-skool buds Phillip Howe (now the director of the Timaru Museum, which by the way I recommend you check out if you're ever passing thru) and Kevin Smith (now that guy who's always on the cover of WOMAN'S DAY) had sort of a gang, the prototypical form of the "avant-garde" (i.e. inept, rotten with the pretensions of smart-but-not-as-smart-as-we-thought-we-were teen losers) rock bands we would soon zoom to international stardom in... we had our own religion (in fact 2 rival religions, the followers of THOG & those of IGOR), we had the expected WEIRD TASTES IN MUSIC (1st kids in school with those happenin' English New Wave rekids!), we had all this wacky stuff derived from the books on Dada & Surrealism that I used to read in the school library... GRAFFITI was a big thing with us, as well as our own gnostic smartassism I always grooved on those far-fetched sex anecdotes that you'd always see in public toilets - seemingly a genre of graffiti that has kind of died out, maybe all those guys are on the internet now. But back then any public toilet stall you entered you would as like as not be able to read lengthy and detailed accounts of generic PENTHOUSE FORUM style sex action often starring the narrator's sister, mother or school teachers... yeah, dream on... I found this stuff inspiring, & initially very mysterious - I remember in the toilets of the sports ground next to the Catholic school that I went to when I was 11, "I FUCK A 14 YEAR OLD GIRL. SHE LIKES ME TO KEEP MY FINGER IN HER ASS WHEN I AM DOING HER". I didn't know exactly what "fucking" was, for all I was sure a finger in the ass was fucking - all I had to go by was the sinister and conspirational mumblings of the creepy dwarf child who held forth on the subject one lunch time in the school hallway... this kid was called Jamie something-or-other, a tiny ghostly creep with unearthly pale pinched features... he had something wrong with his lungs & I imagine he died young. I bet he died before he even got to lose his virginity. But back in those days he possessed a wealth of sleaze-knowledge far beyond his tender years. & when he spoke, we listened & tried to visualise: "fucking" involved some juxtapositioning of the penis, ass, fingers, female opening that I did not yet know the name of (I'd seen it tho'. Cheap thrills!), all of these things in eldritch harmony... I'm still trying to work that shit out. Yeah well like I said, it could've been a very different movie.

DUANE ZARAKOV is the author of the following works:

THANKS FOR NOTHING (autobiography)

LONELINESS IS NOT A CRIME (critical essays)

STONE COLD DOUBLE CROSS (espionage thriller)

20 MINUTES IN THE SHADOW OF THE SPACE NEEDLE (pornographic science fiction)

IN YR. ARM OR UP YR. ASS (double live album)

WIDE OPEN PLANET (rock opera)

He is also a contributor to such periodicals as THE JEWISH BEATLE, MAGIC BUNGHOLE, ROCK CITY ROCKER, ART CITY ROCKER, FAG CITY FAGGOT and THE SOUTH-CENTRAL AUCKLAND DICTATOR.



