

Incredibly Hot Sex
with
Hideous People

Bryce
Galloway

Please answer truthfully.

Name: Scott McEwen

Date of Birth: 12/01/1979

Band(s) you are/were in? TIEA For Treason

When did you first start to hit things?
 HENSLY (AND REMEMBER, WAS PREBABLY A FRIEND OF MINE
 WHEN I WAS 4 or 5. OF COURSE IT WAS THE FAMILY CAT.
 What kind of kit do you have?
 MAPLE 5 PIECE. MY BRAND NEW SO TIM STOKED.

How often do you practice? WHENEVER THE BAND PRACTICES SO
 WHAT DO THE NEIGHBOURS THINK? THAT MEANS HARDLY EVER.
 NO COMPLAINTS YET. JUST MOVED INTO A NEW PLACE THOUGH.
 SO HAVE MY NEW NEIGHBOURS WON'T BE SO TOLERANT.

Do you rate Ringo Starr? 'EYAH, AS THE VOICE OF THOMAS THE
 TANK ENGINE, HIS TALENT AS A DRUMMER ARE TOO SUBTLE FOR
 ARE YOU FEELING SEXY? ME TO COMPREHEND THOUGH.

NOPE, NOT RIGHT NOW. ALL MY CLOTHES ARE DIRTY AND SOMETHING SMELLS.
 Have you ever had sex with a stranger from the
 audience? NAM MAN, CAN'T SAY THE OPPORTUNITY HAS COME UP.
 NORMALLY TOO BUSY WHEN WE PLAY ANYWAYS. STILL
 WAITING FOR HIS LIGHT TO MAKE HERSELF KNOWN TO ME.
 Do you think your superior sense of rhythm makes
 you a better lover than most?

I DON'T HAVE A SENSE OF RHYTHM AND MY LOVE LIFE IS NON-
 EXISTENT BECAUSE SO MANY IT DOESN'T. WITH IT ON.
 What are you reading? JUST FINISHED READING "DAVID & GOLIATH"
 THE STORY OF DAVID'S BAND. WAS PRETTY INTERESTING. DON'T TAKE
 WHAT'S YOUR IQ? FOUR FINGERS.

ME IF HE DID IT THOUGH
 ME IF HE DID IT THOUGH

What's printed on your favourite T-shirt?
 "ARE MUSICIANS LOUQU LOUQU?" ON THE WHOLE I WOULD HAVE
 TO AGREE WITH THAT PROFOUND QUESTION.
 Do you prefer dogs or cats? BOGS DEFINITELY. ALL CATS DO IS
 EAT, SLEEP, WHISPER AND WHINIE. BOGS ARE LOYAL & HAVE PERSONALITY
 Is there any truth to the rock myth that drummers
 are over-sexed and stupid?

I CAN ONLY SPEAK FROM EXPERIENCE AND THERE IS DEFINITELY
 NO TRUTH TO THAT MALICIOUS MYTH. ID LIKE TO THINK THAT
 I AM NOT THAT STUPID AND ABSOLUTELY NOT OVER-SEXED.
 I THINK GUITARISTS STARTED THAT RUMOUR TO MAKE
 THEMSELVES FEEL BETTER. HAHHA. DRUMMERS ARE THE
 MYSTERIOUS DARK HORSES HURKING AT THE BACK OF THE STAGE.



Incredibly Hot Sex with Hideous People spoke with the fashion luminary whose mere initials are calling card enough. We spoke to the legendary CK.

CK, you seem to have created a signature style out of jandals, black shorts and black sleeveless tee, have I left anything out? Maybe you should include headset mike and Ovation breadwinner guitar cos I only ever wear those particular shorts onstage. If you're gonna be a pedant.

Do you refer to them as "sleeveless tees" or "muscle tees"? I seldom refer to them at all but, if such reference is utterly unavoidable, I will cheerfully opt for the sleeveless variant. I wear em two sizes too big to disguise the fact that I don't have muscles.

Has finding the best of each constituent element, that goes into making up your ensemble, been a journey of discovery? No. But it is bloody difficult getting the common or garden Skellierup Jandal of old. And most of them are plastic rather than rubber, these days. You hafta find the "superjandal" for that good old, squishy 60s thrill.

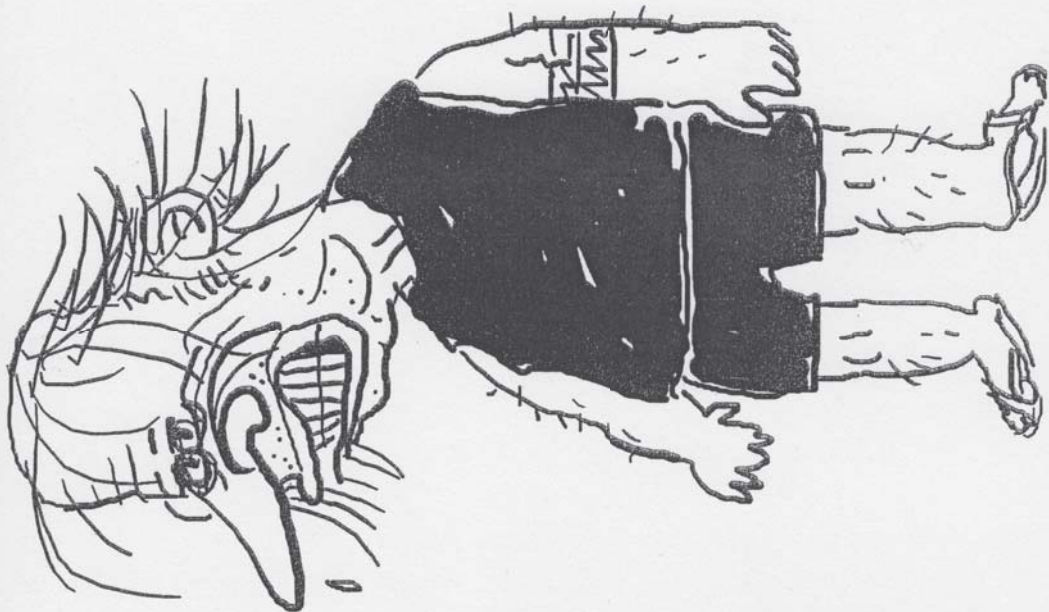
How do you get through the winter months? I have two identical pairs of black cargo trousers and two identical black jerseys. Also socks and two identical black boots. Well, not quite identical, one will only fit my left foot, the other, my right.

Others of signature style have included Andy Warhol, Joseph Beuys and Eric Satie. Are you happy in their company? Any threads of connection? Andy loved the Velvets and so do I. He had an unsightly nose and fuckall hair. I also share these characteristics. My arcane duo, TD, once wrote and recorded a song called Boys that we almost spelt Beuys because the subject matter was the horrors of the Reeperbahn, and I have made art with meat. I have an Eric Satie record but don't like it very much. Happy? Let's say, not unhappy.

Do sales assistants pounce on you and treat you with much fawning when you step out into the world of retail fashion? No, they are young and callow and have no idea who I am. Even at Hallensteins and Glassons, both of which have TV ads with my music on em.

Favourite fashion song: The Kink's Dedicated Follower of Fashion, Bowie's Fashion or another? Chris Knox's Face of Fashion eclipses either but The Kinks are quite good also. Bowie's other big one word F song, Fame, is much better.

Top fashion tip for those in doubt? Wear the same thing every day for the rest of your life and for approximately one month every seven years you will be in fashion. That is more than enough time for anyone.



editorial

Bryce Galloway

The hallowed temples of high art remain safe from an onslaught of Incredibly Hot Sex with Hideous People!

As promised here's me showing you the spots on my dimpled arse; telling you what mark I got for the first instalment of my Masters of Fine Arts/fanzine production. You'll be pleased to hear that my street credibility is still intact with a big fat C-. Still, they could have given me a D. I'm trying my best to swagger here but I'm obviously more than a little wounded.

Here's what the experts had to say:

"In general this submission was inadequate for this stage of the WFA programme. The two artworks [the fanzine and previously hinted at shopping trolley project] were engaging in their own right but lacked the necessary exploration beyond the original concepts to develop an experimental methodology. The low amount of work produced also contributed to a narrow range of artistic strategies developed. There needs to be a more thorough investigation into the theoretical and historical issues that relate to your work, along with a bibliography that is both responsive to everyday events and focused in terms of theoretical texts."

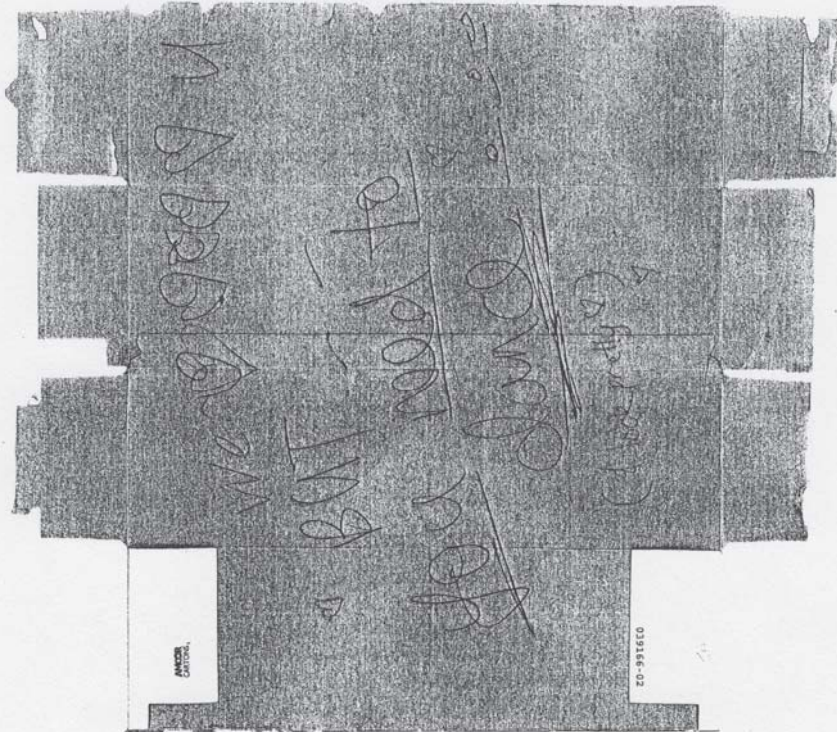
So there you have it. I suck. If you enjoy Incredibly Hot Sex with Hideous People, send indignant fan mail to the address advertised below. I'll forward them this time round because if I keep giving out Massey staff addresses I'll loose my job.

Welcome to The Disc Jockey issue. Say the word, "disc jockey," it fair falls from your mouth like a stack of scratched seven-inch singles. I'd all but forgotten what the word DJ stands for. DJ, invoking images of street-wear cool and unsmiling baldness bobbing to the backbeat, twelve not seven inch. Disc Jockey on the other hand makes me think of afros and sleaze and WRRP In Cincinnati (er, that's an ancient TV show). Bring it on!

All writings, drawings and photographs in this issue are by DJ Good Music (AKA Bryce Galloway) except:
Page 3 note by anonymous party goer
Page 5 party invite by DJ Ram!
Page 8/9 DJ Ram! dream diary
Page 10/11 Paris Swings with Andrew Billing

Incredibly Hot Sex with Hideous People, PO Box 27527, Wellington. stinkpink@yahoo.com

Back issues available for \$1 from:
Moon Rocket Distribution, PO Box 7754, Wellesley St. AK.
Red Letter Zine Distro, PO Box 14562, Kilbirnie, WGTN.



The Deadest Party Ever

On the facing page is the flyer that I sent the Govett-Brewster for my band's Fluxus gig back in 2000. We were really honoured to be invited to play on the occasion of their Fluxus survey-show, because we'd heard that Fluxus was like this hip neo-Dadaist party that took place in the 60s, enticing the likes of John Lennon, Yoko Ono and Beck's grandad, Al Hansen.

Unfortunately the Govett-Brewster refused to use this flyer. No official explanation was given; it was all a bit weird and close to the chest, as the art scene often is. Of course I enjoy the righteous indignation afforded by having something 'banned' as it were. Considering how safe the flyer really is, to have it banned is like a no effort/free ticket to the margins, were all sorts of far hipper, far more dangerous characters than Wendyhouse hang out.

When I was just a kid I thought that anything punk enough to get banned must contain important information on how to escape the banality of being sixteen, middleclass and Presbyterian, growing sideways in suburban Hamilton. It was with this rational that I ordered LPs from the Sounds Records catalogue advertised as "banned worldwide!" Records like:

GRH - 'Leather, Bristles, No Survivors and Sick Boys' and

'Strength Through Oi - Volume One'
 In case you're unaware as to the content of these gems, the former is early 80s generic thrash-for-white-trash, and the latter is a racist call to arms, courting this same audience. So what I learnt was how to feel guilty about being middleclass, giving me a real head start on most of my peers, and there was one other lesson: The night skinheads trashed my party, beating up a gay friend and spray-painting swastikas in the hallway, afterwards my flatmates and I were able to sit around and listen to 'Strength Through Oi - Volume One' for anthropological insight as to what had just taken place.

But back to the flyer, I thought I was being far more responsible than the cynical catalogue of Sounds Records. The flyer was specifically designed to have Fluxus spirit. George Maciunas was the Fluxus prime mover and is quoted as follows. "Art must appear to be complex, pretentious, profound, serious, intellectual, inspired, skilful, significant and theatrical; it must appear to be valuable as a commodity so as to provide the artist with an income."

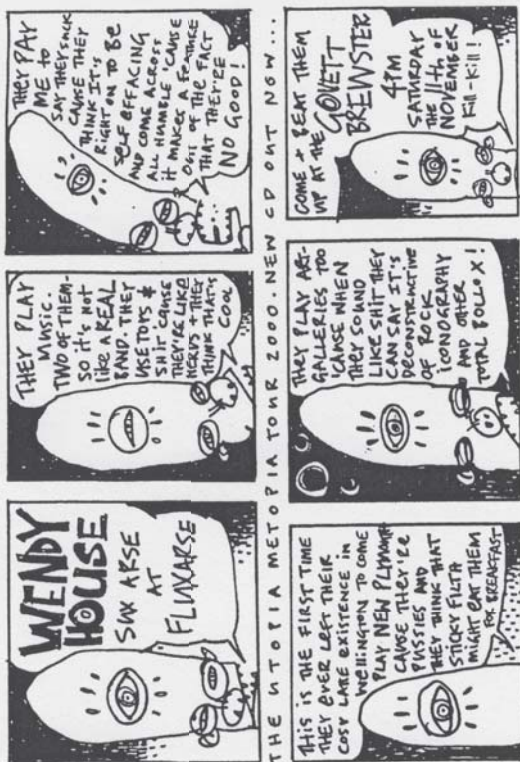
Fluxus, on the other hand, must be "simple, amusing, unpretentious, concerned with insignificances, require no skill or countless rehearsals, have no commodity or institutional value..." (1)

And there's the rub; How can a publicly funded art gallery indulge that kind of philosophy when this same gallery is in the position of having to convince a sceptical populace that

this "art" thing is deserving of their financial support. I'm sure the ratepayers of New Plymouth are suspicious enough about much of what the Govett-Brewster deems worthy. It's due this dichotomy that ultimately, an institutional survey of something like Fluxus, is fated to be the deadest party ever; for anything truly Fluxus must be rendered impotent of its power to freak the natives before the gallery doors can be thrown open.

And so, I'll never tire of congratulating myself for the irony of having my flyer deemed inappropriate.

(1) p29, Flux - A Long Tale with Many Roots. Institut für Auslandsbeziehungen. Various essays/coupling show.



antenatal revisited

That was our birth story - so irresponsible in its goriness. Birth stories have a short life, requested and enthusiastically spilled to those first few well wishers who turn up with their foody offerings. But then you get the events of the full sweaty thirty-four hours hopelessly tangled, and you end up making a hash job of the telling.

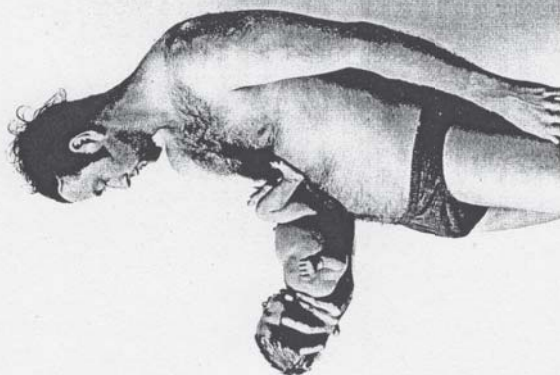
The only other audience for your story is at your antenatal class reunion. But then there's still one couple who're waiting to give birth, and so mention of say... scraping blood from the baby's head with an "inglorious cake icing contraption" and a glass tube, well it's not exactly encouraged. We were just four days from ground-zero when said reunion took place, and so, sleep deprived, it all just came tumbling out of our mouths. With mention of anything gory the facilitator would interrupt, "Oooh, no no, yucky yucky, let's move on huh?" And so one never really hears what a long and complicated birth is like, and such a birth is an increasingly common occurrence in these weird times of bigger babies and slimmer hips.

It's no coincidence that DW and I are not one of the couples invited to tell our birth story to the next antenatal group. Of course such sensitivity and censorship makes perfect sense in the context of an antenatal class, it's about feeling prepared but not freaked out. Still, shit happens, so there should be some opportunity for such stories to exist. Lucky for me I have my own publishing empire.

When writing out mine and DW's birth story, I found myself pausing at phrases like "gapping bloody vagina," and thinking "oh no, I can't use that, that's just too over-the-top." I had to remind myself that such a phrase was totally factual, not even dressed up for effect, that I should leave it in. I did mean **DO NOT REAL IF PREGNANT**.

A down side to not hearing birth stories similarly involving intervention, is that it can leave the newly mother feeling that she failed to give birth like a real woman would have. That's just the comment that regularly escapes DW's lips ever since our baby was born.

So, four days into having our babe in arms, a separate entity in this mad world, we went to our antenatal reunion. We arrived late. That's the first change; you're late for everything. Anyway, There they were; all of these brand spanking new, new and newish babies, lined up in their individual car seat/baby carriers, fleshy pink kernels in moulded plastic husks. I took one look up this row of babies and went and placed ours on the other side of the church hall. It was just too much, too



Yes that's me and my first child. Styling and concept by me - Bryce Galloway. The photographs in this issue were taken by a former assistant to Ane Geddes who wishes to remain unnamed, I kid you not. Interested buyers of fine art prints may contact stinkispinkie@yahoo.com - PO Box 27527, Wellington, NZ.

5000 lecturers can't be wrong

I'm reading words, I'm writing words, and sometimes others even write their own words about my writing. My words have engaged with other words deemed lofty enough to be referred to by that word - "theory." "Now here's a perfectly sculpted piece of photocopying," one esteemed journal wrote about this journal. Humm, that's one for my PBRF, that's a "peer esteem factor." PBRF stands for the Performance Based Research Fund; a new system whereby every few years the government gets a current CV off each of the 5000 lecturers in the country, and then scores them A, B, C or R. That's: internationally research active; nationally research active; research active; research inactive - respectively. This is a big deal to universities because part of their government funding is based on their staff's PBRF performance.

One of the things you submit is "peer esteem factors," e.g. good reviews, like the one just mentioned. What you don't submit to PBRF is the bit from the same review that says, "Bryce Galloway brings you the... continuing story of his failure to attain his Masters of Fine Arts." That doesn't look so hot. You also hope that they don't realise that the esteemed journal - *Manual* - is a sk8boarder's mag. *Manual*, sounds austere enough to be an art mag doesn't it? I scored well in the nation's inaugural PBRF round, getting a B, but before you decide that's one too many for the camels back, that I've betrayed my last, it was not for this journal, dear reader, that I got my B. You'll be relieved to know that this journal, this fanzine does not count. Self publishing is touted, by those who do it, as empowering, but to the PBRF, a fanzine is just a "Non-quality assured" research output, i.e. "who of importance invited you to produce this piece of detritus?" The lame thing is, say you were to put out a really celebrated zine that garnered rave reviews, PBRF would rate it lower than a critically-maligned publishing-house book that sold three copies to author's mum. The latter document, you see, is "quality assured," albeit via the poor judgement of the publishing house.

Now this doesn't have much to do with being an MFA student, but it does echo the paradox (yes, paradox!) of my MFA experience. It also gives me the opportunity to betray myself, yet again, to my own sense of reverse snobbery. The Head of Massey's School of Fine Arts spoke at their very first exhibition of graduating MFA students. I braved the stigma of being "one of two who had failed," and went to see the work of my former fellows. The Head spoke in the context of tradition, about how what we saw around us were the "master works" of people who had moved beyond the apprenticeship of their undergraduate degrees. These words haunt me, because my so-called mastery is to embrace a form and medium

Reach for the higher plane damn it! You splash cold water on your face and walk about, yawning, trying and get the blood from your crotch back to your brain.

I'm a slow reader. It's been a long road from remedial reading classes - after school with Mrs McKessar - to the dizzying heights to which I now aspire, or am pushed by circumstance. I was a childhood dreamer. My dad told me I was stupid. It's hard to read theory. I should get my eyes tested.

My lead on theory has been chequered. After my year at Massey, I made the move to Elam to discover that my new theory supervisor was a Lacanian. I never met her, it was an email relationship, so I'm not sure what Lacanians look like. I like to imagine that they're not dissimilar to Vulcans; Dr Spock et al. Lacan was a psychologist. Was I in trouble, being someone outside theory, who, if pushed, was probably more comfortable with sociology than psychology? But it's all just called theory these days isn't it? At one point my Lacanian theory supervisor with the pointy ears sent me an article, which amounted to a psychological evaluation of the zine author. It included lines such as, "By shaping or distorting images of the human body, zine publishers can reinforce or alter their body egos. In *Ashhole Weekly*, for example..." At first I was furious, I felt like I was being patronised, judged, but once I had calmed down my response to such an evaluation became (in the Ali G. style), "Well what's wrong with that?" Nothing eh. Then in a fit of intergalactic xenophobia my Lacanian theory supervisor was not rehired for the job. My next theory supervisor seemed alright, but he refused to recommend any texts because he was just an interim supervisor, and didn't want to confuse the issue with my next and last supervisor, the one who would be marking me. Since I was lost for texts I approached the Head of Fine Arts at Massey. She ignored my request, then when I finally saw her she just muttered, "You're pushing your luck!" walked straight past me, no eye contact. So territorial! In the meantime, I was lost for texts, floating, freefalling, theory-less.

But now, once again, I am with theory supervisor. She used to be a friend, but we'll postpone our friendship for a while in the interests of professionalism. I did not have a joint birthday party with her during my undergraduate degree. She did not send me a tumbourine made from a recycled fly-spray can during her OE in Egypt. And this tumbourine does not decorate the office in which I now write. While doing my Masters, a lot of friends and acquaintances have popped up in different professional guises. My studio supervisor was also at Elam during my undergrad, but we were never close. In short, it is kind of weird navigating our small national art scene, the whole while you're changing roles: From co-conspirator, to critic, to art director, to host, to panel-member, to waiter. So it goes in swings and roundabouts.

A & E at Wellington Hospital is always the same, that is, there is no sense of emergency: the way they treat you, or don't, requiring you to fill out forms while you wait and wait. Finally I'm invited to hobble through to see a doctor, then hobble through to radiology, then hobble back to the curtained off cubicle where I was before. When the X-ray results come back showing that I've fractured my knee it's like "Oh no, don't move, where's an orderly, where's the wheelchair", guilty until proven innocent in other words.

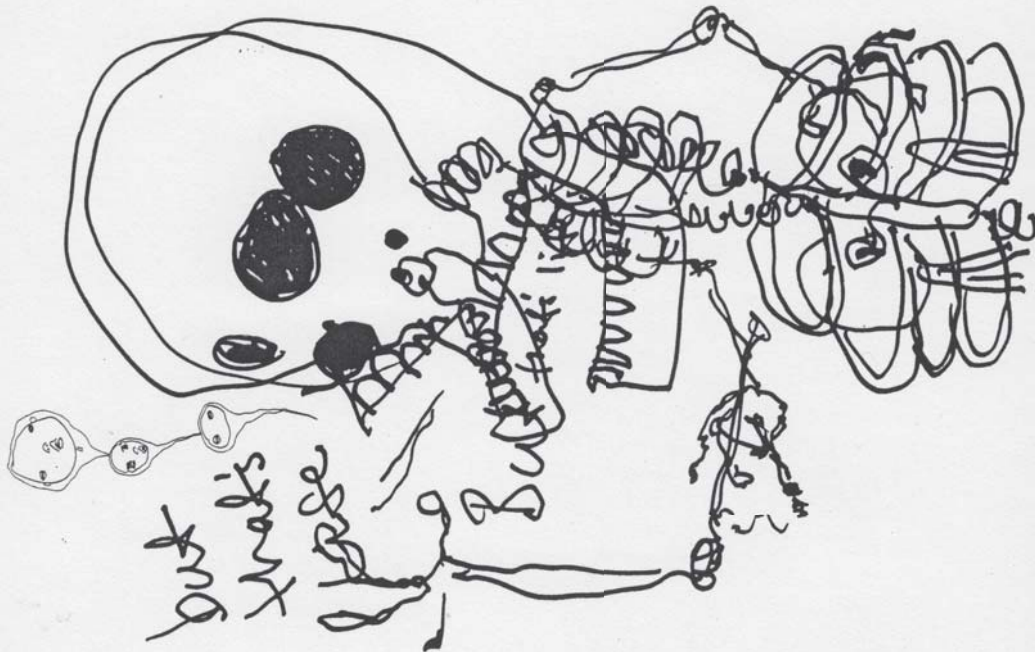
So I'm wheeled up to radiology, which makes me feel like a prince, such is my not-to-be-a-bother mousiness. I'm laid out on a bed where I'm to be fitted for a cast. An old copy of *Time* magazine is all the company I have as DW has had to return home, where she can properly care for and entertain our wee child. Half an hour later and I'm still waiting for some sign of action. An hour goes by, *Time* magazine exhausted. Two hours go by. Three hours, my bladder is ready to burst. I'm craning my neck to find the buzzer. Where's the toilet? Where's the buzzer?

Through the curtain that separates my room from the next, patients with - what must be - more serious injuries than my own, have come and gone. Judging by the noises filtering through at present, a child is being consulted and comforted. I stagger over to the curtain on my swollen knee, my ribs are killing me, should I have made more of this earlier. I slide the curtain back a few polite inches and call out, "Hello? Hello?" A man my own age steps back into my line of sight offering an enquiring smile. "Is there a doctor or nurse available?" I ask. A doctor with a fuck-off expression appears, "Yes!" he says. "I need to go to the toilet," I say, offering an apologetic grimace/grin. Fuck-face rolls his eyes, adding a non-committal, "Yeah, OK," and shuffles off. Presumably I'll be attended.

I lie on the bed holding the piss in until a nurse arrives to offer me a bottle. If I sound upset, I'm just hamming, I'm really not that fussy about my own dignity, I'm just hamming for effect, hamming for those readers with higher standards and expectations. Even in the moment, I merely take it all as proof of what I've already known to be the existential truth; that after civility one finds oneself self truly alone, with a broken wing and the piss-aches. They say we believe what we want to believe, under-staffed hospitals come as no surprise.

Finally I make fuck-face's to do list. He comes to the foot of my bed and actually smiles, saying, "There's been a break in the weather." I am to be attended to.

Two nurses arrive to apply the cast. I get a choice of colour for the synthetic gauze outer: blue, green, red, orange, or black. I have to stop myself from verbalising the thought that enters my head, that thought being, "Aaah, exactly what shade is that?"



Thursday Sept 14, 2006.

9:00 AM Art Studio class.

5 years when artists
goes, you just open the whole
up and you see every-
thing differently.



12:25 PM

I.T.



HELLO, I.T. SOMETHING'S WRONG
WITH MY COMPUTER, I HAVEN'T
RECEIVED ANY INTERNAL MAIL SINCE FOR
48 HRS.
(BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THIS THREW OUT
TO BE COINCIDENCE).

ROCKSTAR
SUPERNOVA

THURSDAY



12:10 PM

LUNCH - Dining on
Wallace St.



My standing
order.
Senosa and
a muffin.

6:00 PM

Found out my
Life Drawing model
also does...



Desktop
stand up
comedy

8:00 PM

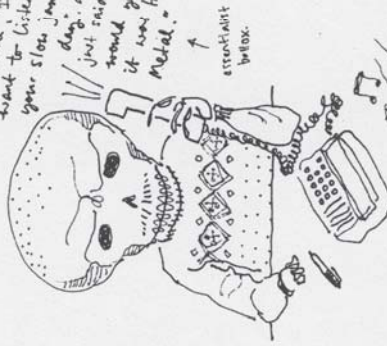
Waiting for
the bus



Monday Sept 18, 2006

LUNCH TIME

DTN reports that she's had
a blow up with the neighbours



So I said, "I don't
want to listen to
your slop jams all
day," and they
just said, "Oh,
would you rather
it was Heavy
Metal?"

essentialist
brooks

8:00 PM



Waiting for the
Piranha bus in
an Irish pub

9:00 PM

I've had the neighbours
have talked some more.



So I said, "this
is a nice apartment
with a nice view of
the neighbourhood
and the bus is in a
good place to sit in a
family room."

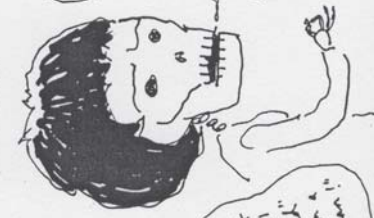
Trying to write
my zine
but too
depressed
about home
dresses to
concentrate



Trying to teach
Life Drawing
but feeling
flat.



10:15 PM Dine for Cap falls off her
front teeth.



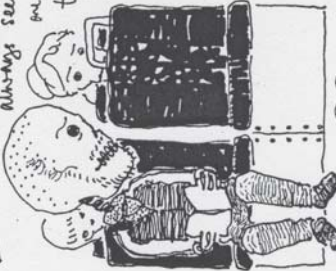
HOW DID
THAT
HAPPEN?

That's
just what
happens.
Cos I'm
in hell

Thursday September 21, 2006

18.10 AM The bus seat next to me always seems to be one of the last to be filled.

I must look dodgy. Yeah!!! I like.

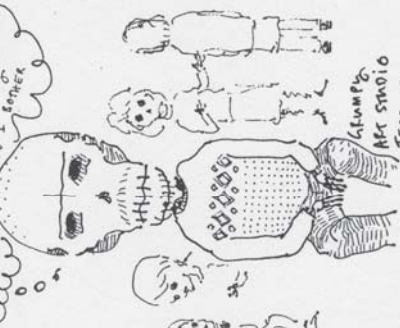


15.30 PM MINI, I SEEM TO BE DRIVING A LITTLE TEASING. HURRO! FICK THAT SHIT!



At the bus stop, a 7 foot bar-foot break in a T-shirt that reads 'shark' offers me his 'day tripper' bus ticket. "Sure."

10.30 AM THIS IS AN ADVICE OF MY GENERATION. EVERYONE'S THINKING IN WHITE & TEALING SHIT. WHO DO I BELIEVE?



At the bar, end of Courtyard Place, the divide between the alcoholic bins and the wine bar is unacceptably narrow.

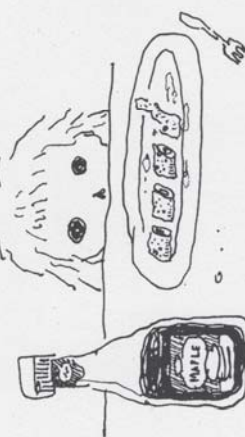


17.45 PM BUCK HINDS, EVEN THE PRESIDENTIAL COT IS TRYING TO INFLUENCE ONE TONE. TOMMYDING NIBB.



Friday Sept 22, 2006

8.00 AM Pancakes Friday not as celebrated when whelmed.



11.15 AM The video store. Two-year old sadie. Spoilt for choice.



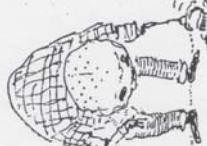
4.00 PM TAKE Sadie of Either for visit Matt Hunt.



11.00 AM Sadie's that unintentionally ironic of stop T-shirt. It's not really sadie. Since I threw out my white wardrobe of too thick.



3.00 PM Play dough in Sadie's carpet of clothes.



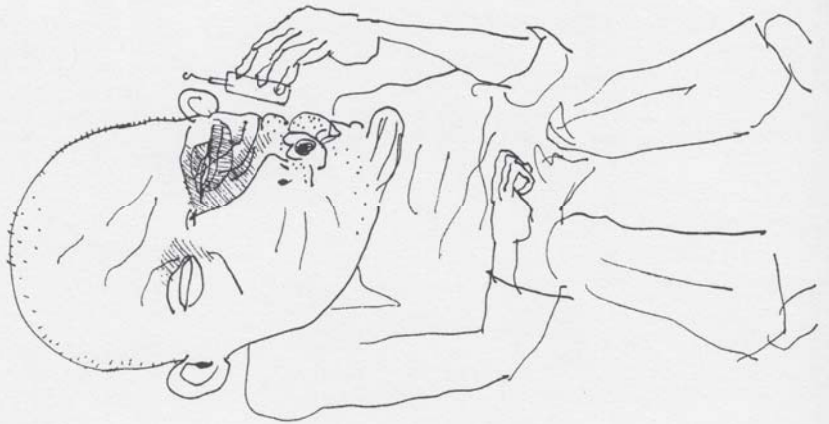
(Beady needles)



mum, it actually feels really good cuddling a baby



ON THE COUPLE OF OCCASIONS I'VE BEEN
FORCED TO BORROW SOMEONE'S CELLPHONE, I'VE
FOUND IT VERY DIFFICULT TO STRETCH MY LIPS
'ROUND TO THE MOUTHPIECE.



Thursday November 2, 2006

7:30 am DWT and i share a parenting philosophy, or lack thereof



I never what
your are
your are
their about
their about
now to raise
their kids if
they do it
with your anxiety?



you, and
besides,
what the
point when
the kids
just end up too fragile for this
drugged-up world of ours.

9:00 AM Noon Interview incoming art school students



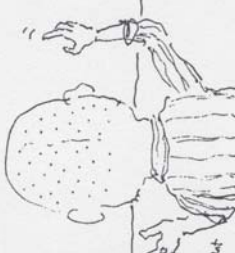
ONE student
gives me this
very similar
his mother.



This is the noon
it does not smile
but it's not sad either.



Another student
has the disconcerting habit of watching my
gesticulating hands like they're dancing, ecstatic
insect and she's ready to STRIKE!



A Rare Break

1:00 pm ~ 2:00 pm



With the kids asleep in the hot
car, I get to read a book for
a whole hour. Absolute luxury!

Subjects for arguments



"If a car's going to pull
out in front of you (like that
you need to use your horn
ya know."

"It's time carry for dinner! Whaddya
mean you don't eat fish!?"



"You want to go to your
ex-girlfriend's exhibition
evening instead of being
here when my mum arrives!?"

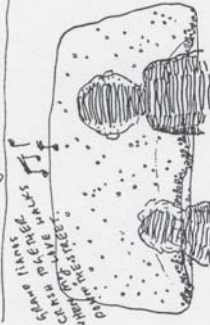
Thursday November 9, 2006

The first night of unbroken sleep
after 8 1/2 months



Baby Esther sleeps through the night.

AND I HAD A
GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP AND
WAS HAPPY
TO HAVE
CENTRE
OF THE
UNIVERSE
IN MY
HANDS

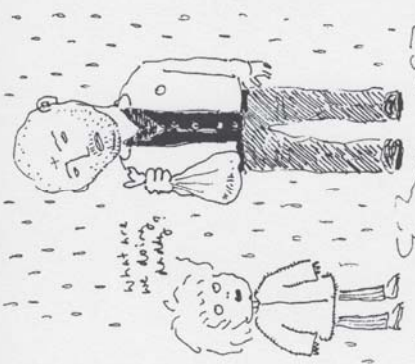


SITTING IN THE CAR AND WATCHING A
MAILSPIN WHILE LISTENING TO THE MAGNETIC
FIELD, OUTSIDE KILNIE REC. CENTRE.

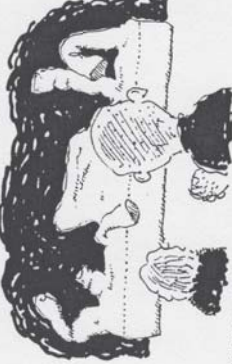
A GEM OF OF THE PLOT.
PERHAPS THE PINKY DOT SHIRT
WAS INSPIRED BY THE HAIL.
THAT BRINGS ME BACK TO BATH.

COO. HAH

WON LOOK LIKE
A FARMER



HOW TO EXPLAIN TO A 100 OLD THAT BOWTIE
LEAVING HER NAME FORGOTTEN FURCE IN THE
OUR HOUSE OF A HISTORIC PLACES TEND
GETTING TO THAT A KACHONER FISHING CAN
FORGET, IT TO HER IN FASHIONABLE. WHERE
SHEET OR HOLDING UNUSUALANCE.



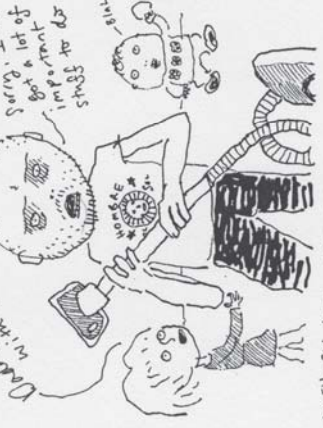
INSIDE THE KEE. CENTRE THERE ARE NO KOS
TO BE SEEN. WE'RE THINKING TING TONG!
CLOSED, BUT NO, THEY THEN THE FAN ON THE
INFLATE.

...AND IN ANOTHER CONVERSATION

HAHAH. AND! I CAN'T FIND MY SHOES
FUR BIG BLUE
SETTLE DOWN. I'LL FIND JANE.
THESE NOG. WHY DON'T YOU GET
A PLATE. I LIVE BIG BLUE A 1/4
OF BONE CHICKEN SANDWICH.
HE CAN'T EAT DAD, HE'S JUST
A TUB.

Friday November 10 - 2006

Waking up
with me!



WITH MY ARM, HAVE BEEN DOING THE
SPINNING HOLEWORK SINCE THE KIDS ARE IN BED.
AS IN ALL EVENING



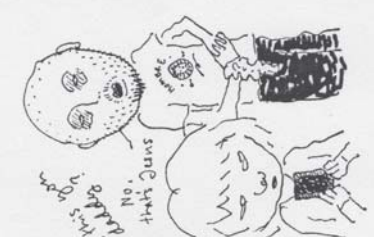
A MAD RUSH TO LEAVE THE HOUSE IN TIME.
I'm sorry, I've got a lot of
important stuff to do

Whoops



CRUNCH
///
People keep
standing on
the art.

IN A lighter moment,
Sadie examines the
bridge magnet
collection.



THREEO AWAY AT MY OWN
PLACE OF WORK BY BRING
CUNT. THANKFULLY, PRAMS AND
GOOD FOR SMUGGLING BEER.



HA HA HA
No empty
Oste. A head
magnetaph



WITH MY ARM, HAVE BEEN DOING THE
SPINNING HOLEWORK SINCE THE KIDS ARE IN BED.
AS IN ALL EVENING



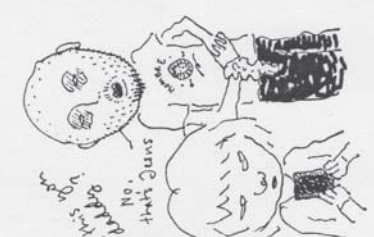
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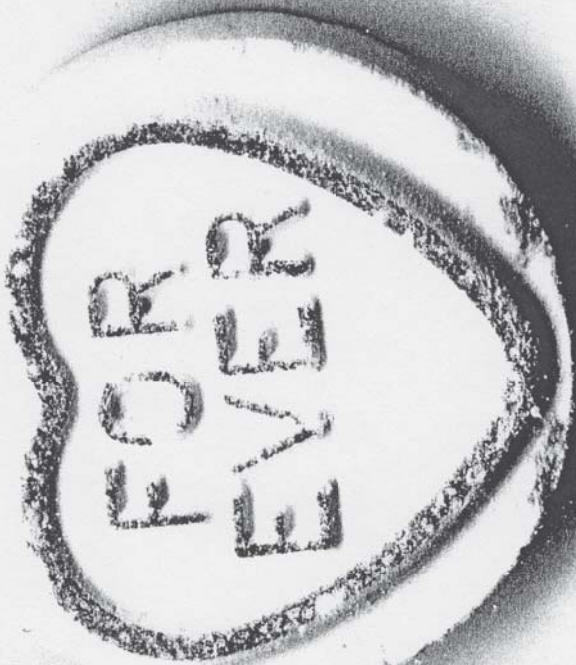
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magnetaph



mistaken, that cell phones actually work off a configuration of local cell phone towers. "Oh, bummer." So maybe Kylie's right; my query about the green cellphone was a non-starter.

Providence has me pick up an issue of New Scientist while at the doctors office. Therein I read an article about the mining of the cell phone's essential mineral coltan. I read how this is contributing to the likely extinction of the majestic gorilla.* The irony is, after all my huffing and puffing about the evil of cell phones, I take such news in my stride. I'm too desensitised to care a whole lot. There's guilt, but hey, there's always guilt. I'm a middle class fuck.

Secretly, I'm becoming enamoured with my new gadget. I like playing with the torch for the entertainment of my children. I like sending novelty txts. I like setting my ring tone to the hip-hop setting to bug DW. I like having the time on hand when I forget to wear my watch.

After only a week of cell phone ownership I start displaying the bad form I've so sneeringly observed in others. At the counter of the vehicle-testing centre in Newtown I take a call from DW, forcing me to communicate with the poor woman serving me via shrugs, eyebrow raising and nods. At Factory cafe on Hopper Street I find myself simultaneously txting and trying to maintain a distracted conversation with a friend I haven't seen all year. I'm txting while driving, endangering the life of my children and other drivers. I'm a slave to my cell phone; loathe to ever turn it off.

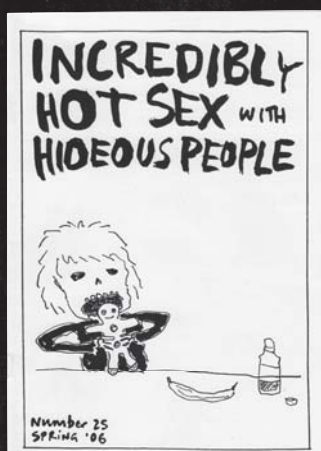
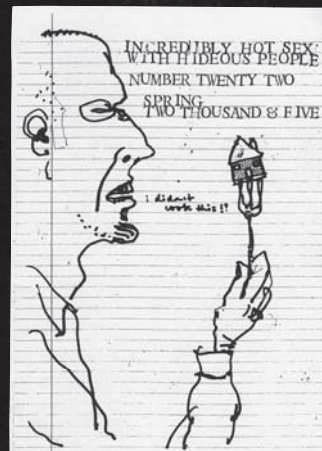
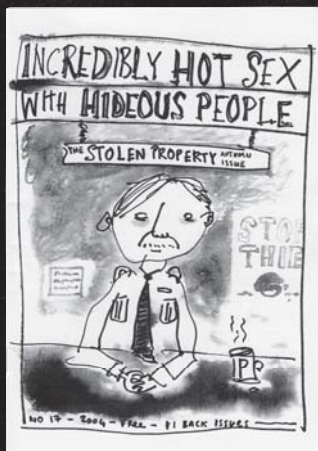
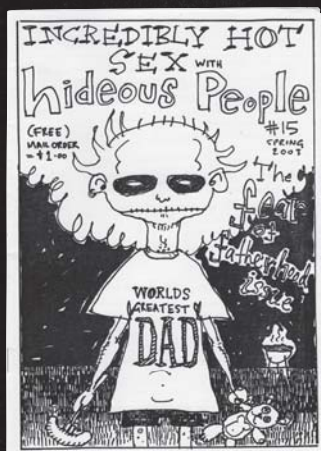
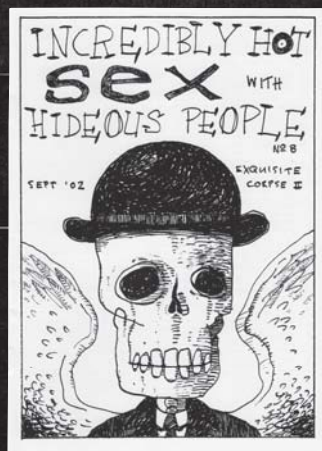
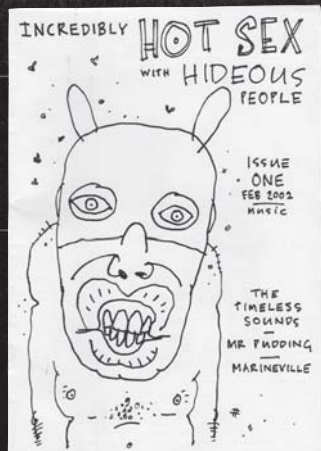
After only two weeks of cell phone ownership I say to a friend/aquaintance, "So what's your cell?" my head down as I access the phone's address book. "Don't have one." he replies in a matter of fact way.



*In doing online research for this zine I read about coltan mining's contribution to civil war in Africa, with the collusion of various western multinationals. So, it's as bad as I might have hoped. Hey, I was into doom and gloom before anyone, man! So, don't update your cell phone unless you have to (define "have to"). And if you do, recycle the old one, to reduce the need for further coltan mining. Check out the blood, on your hands & mine, by entering the word coltan into Google.

Incredibly Hot Sex with Hideous People is the work of Bryce Galloway. Available free at time of issue in central Wellington. Back issues are available for \$2 + P&P from PO Box 27527, Wellington, New Zealand, or from www.cherrybombcomics.co.nz. Two-yearly subscriptions are available for \$28 within NZ. Email stinkpink@yahoo.com

Printed on recycled paper



Incredibly Hot Sex with Hideous People was first produced in February 2002 and is ongoing. Issues may be purchased for \$2 each from Bryce Galloway, PO Box 27527, Wellington, New Zealand. Galloway produces 170 free copies of each issue at the time of production with additional copies available upon request.

Incredibly Hot Sex with Hideous People is the name of the Wellington-based fanzine I started in 2002. It's still going. There've been thirty-six issues to date, which is apparently a staggering number in the world of zines. Most zines exist for one or three issues before the zinester gets restless and changes the name or format of their enterprise, or just 'grows up' and moves on. At forty-three years of age, growing up is no longer an option. My age makes me a wonderfully weird fit; the zine scene being as youthful as it is, especially within the sub-genre of perzines (i.e. personal zines), as mine has become.

Incredibly Hot Sex with Hideous People started life as a vehicle for the shameless promotion of a CD I'd released under the name Mr Pudding. I was finding it difficult to get any press in the official media. Came the time to stop complaining about this and find another avenue. I asked a fan/ex music-journo to write a vanity piece about my fab new CD and added other pieces on a couple of favourite local bands. I got 150 copies of my modest yet immodest little A5 fanzine photocopied and left them in local cafes, record shops and galleries.

Did this act of self-promotion enable me to shift units of my ailing CD? No. But it did give me a taste for producing freebee zines (once over the small angst of going public in such an uninvited way). Issue two looked at local short film-makers.

2002 was also the year that I enrolled to do a Masters of Fine Arts (MFA). With full time work and post-graduate study, how was I going to find time to continue producing my zine? There seemed to be only one option, turn the zine into an MFA project. Thus, with the third issue I departed from my barely established format and attempted to make an art zine. It was called 'Drummers, are they oversexed and stupid?' It was about drummers—are they oversexed and stupid.

This did not satisfy my examiners. Neither did my issue on stencil graffiti, my forays into 'exquisite corpse' play, or my reprint of stolen 'band-mate wanted' posters. The biggest problem for the powers that be was the perceived inconsistency of my methodology. Thus, with the evolution of *Incredibly Hot Sex with Hideous People* into a perzine, my examiners were a little happier.

I don't mean to suggest that I was bullied into producing a perzine. I became attracted to the way the autobiographical might insist upon everyday themes. I was attracted by the small and lived story.

I wanted to mine the authentic embarrassing moment as a challenge to usual public constructions of ego.

And the how of it? Sometimes I write a text and then go about illustrating what I've written. But what I prefer to do is to dash off late night vivid-marker-on-copy-paper drawings inspired by the day's thoughts or events, and then edit this stack of doodly material in response to the completed text. This way I get drawings that might resonate with the words on paper rather than mere illustration as a redundant image of what I've already written. I'm sure some people probably think these doodly drawings are naff; require no time or skill. Well, personally, I don't think time necessarily counts for much. Plenty of old dears have peered into an etching or some pointillist wonder with no better affirmation than, "My goodness Doreen, this must have taken a long time!" No, I like doodly drawings. I love the honesty of the unrehearsed line. Love the humanness. Love the pathos.

At the other end of the critical scale I'm sure there are some zinesters who find my layout... 'stationery' is word that comes to mind, a word that was once applied to the overall look of my zine by an Elam lecturer. For many familiar with the aesthetics of zines, my zine might look stationery, for the way it clearly demarcates each page of Courier text against the facing page's economical doodle. Many might expect the rough cut 'n' paste of real typewriter text, ephemera and photocopies of photocopies of photocopies of the 1968 Paris riots. Something more akin to Kurt Schwitters meets Jamie Reid. I defend the look of my own zine by saying it's at least as authentic as anything that looks 'zine-y.' Considering zines come from a place where 'needs must', I'd assert that to ignore the now ubiquitous desktop computer that stares back at me from my, er, desktop, would be a bit of a pose. Not that I use my computer with any finesse or technological know how. Mostly I just use it to write. To start scouring the op shops for an old typewriter would seem like a zinester's pilgrimage. And I'm too much of an iconoclast, even for that.