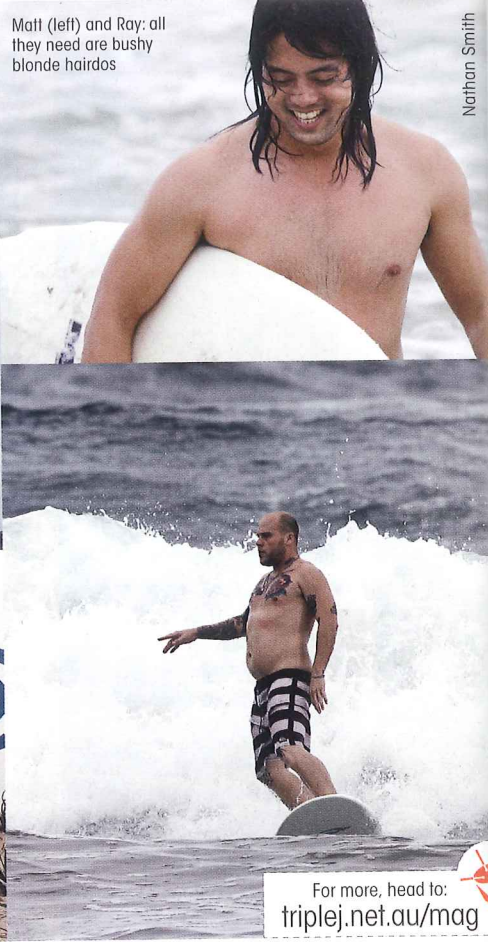


Off the RECORD



Matt (left) and Ray: all they need are bushy blonde hairdos

Nathan Smith

For more, head to: triplej.net.au/mag

Mariachi El Bronx/The Bronx

Matt Caughthran swaps his mariachi suit for boardies and goes surfin' USA

IT ISN'T until after we've paddled in from our surf session at Sydney's North Narrabeen that *triple j magazine* tells Matt Caughthran a bronze whaler has been spotted sniffing around. But the southern Californian, in town for the Big Day Out, is either putting on a brave face or too genuinely "stoked" to let the notion of a shark encounter dampen his day. "The shows have all been great, but to get some Australian waves has been the best thing about the trip so far," he hoots.

The frontman of hardcore punkers the Bronx and their mariachi offshoot Mariachi El Bronx is joined in the ocean by bandmate Ray Suen (violin), with Jorma Vik (drums) enjoying the view from the safety of the sand. Matt is looking forward to rubbing in their Beach Day Off to the rest of the group, who'd elected to stay in the city. "We've been doing our typical thing; we kinda hit it hard a little bit, but it's always the things you don't usually do that always stick out and are more special, you know?"

Matt may have spent his childhood in east LA, but he now needs the ocean at his fingertips. "It keeps me grounded, it keeps me excited to come home, it keeps me inspired, it keeps me humble... It's something I can't live without. I'll never live in the city ever again."

Matt and his brother share a beachside pad at renowned surf spot Huntington Beach. "It's perfect," he says. "It's this big,

rundown oceanfront complex filled with everyone who's super relaxed."

Fiesta starter '48 Roses' has seen a sea of hip-swaying and arse-shaking all over the world, and Matt believes the "rhythms and waves" of surfing have had a huge influence on Mariachi El Bronx's music. "[It's] inspired by the ocean and coastal living, realising what's important in life."

So does Matt also seek song inspiration while sitting out to sea?

"Yeah, well, for a Bronx song... I wrote 'Oceans of Class' because I got caught really bad. There was a set — huge, probably 10ft [*coughsixfootAustraliancough*]. It was gnarly. I was getting my arse kicked and was under for a really long time. I felt like I was drowning and didn't know which way was up."

"I had this song on the second Bronx record that I could not figure out; songs are like locks sometimes. I just knew that feeling of helplessness was going to be the root of the song, so I paddled in and wrote it in about 30 minutes."

Matt has his late dad to thank for introducing him to the beach via weekend trips to swim and bodyboard. He took the next step to longboarding as a teenager, under the wing of some new mates who were badarse in and out of the water. "I was running with a group of older friends who were just hellraisers, but great surfers. We'd be going down into Mexico and partying all night, or even in Huntington or Malibu ... to the point where your buddy's riding by on, like, a 9'2" board, perfect stance, but he's throwing up all over himself!"

Thankfully today's surf hang is chunder-free, although Matt does admit to feeling a little intimidated. "You know, Australians are basically like: you're born, you learn to crawl, you learn to walk and then you learn to fucking surf! It's a beautiful thing, the way you guys are with the ocean and waves and surfing, and it's something that I've always been very aware of."

You haven't done too badly out there yourself, Mr Caughthran.

: Kate McMahon

WHEN MATT MET KELLY

(and lost his shit)

"I'M pretty sure [surf champ Kelly] Slater's into what we're doing. I met him when El Bronx opened for Foo Fighters. He was an awesome dude and stoked on our band. We play festivals and we'll see Noel Gallagher or whoever walking around backstage and it's no big deal. But I saw Kelly Slater, and it was like, 'OH. MY. GOD.' I couldn't even fucking move, you know? That was cool."



Greetings from the Maldives

CURSE of the Couples' Retreat

WHEN KATE MCMAHON BOOKED A HOLIDAY TO THE MALDIVES, A COUNTRY SURROUNDED BY WATER, SHE WAS KINDA HOPING IT WOULD END HER DRY SPELL. BUT NO

No Man, No Cry

I'D RATHER presumptuously planned to spend my honeymoon in the Maldives. Presumptuous because there was no proposal, or even a boyfriend to deliver it. I'd never considered travelling there as a single — surely nothing would top off a day's surfing in paradise than a spoon with a special fella? Or a good fork for that matter. But I heard a whisper the Maldivian surf resorts attract a sea of single fellas, and convinced my two dude-deprived female mates to join me. So off we went with hopes romance would find its way onto our itinerary.

Love Shack

THE Maldives is made up of about 1200 islands bobbing in the Indian Ocean, 700 km southwest of Sri Lanka. Only around 200 of them are occupied, mostly by resorts offering more romantic goad than a Barry White box set. Or in the case of our resort, a drove of delish surfer dudes, frothing in our wake. Here's hoping.

The brochure promise of cuddling up in the lap of blissful gob-smacking beauty certainly isn't an empty one: our villa, in all its thatched-roofed cuteness, boasted a beautifully pebbled outdoor bathroom, and air-con for relief from temperatures that tripled those of a Big Day Out Boiler

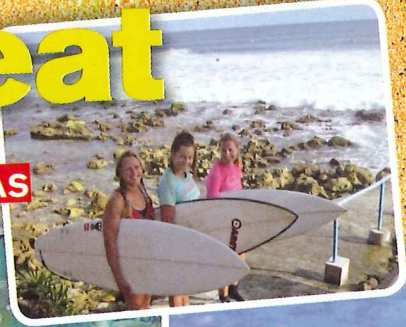
Room. Twenty steps across flour-white sand from our outdoor deck and we were at the shoreline of clear, cobalt 29°C waters.

A 15-minute saunter to the other side of the island saw us trespass into honeymoon territory. A long jetty stretched out into the ocean, leading to 40 luxury, over-the-water villas, where couples could canoodle in full view of dazzlingly coloured tropical fish and sea creatures. I soon wished the rising sea levels would hurry the bloody hell up and wipe out the entire kissing-and-cuddling lot of 'em.

Whore to Bore

EVERY day was a stunningly hot 32°C, cooled by a sea breeze that carried my favourite scent: humidity mashed with sea salt. But something else began to permeate the air. It was love. Lots of hand-holding, neck-nestling love. And I had to get the hell away from it. Two boats ventured out daily to surrounding islands, so we hopped aboard for the surfing excursion at least once a day, hoping for waves, but also hoping to run into some fresh blood.

Through a haze of the usual unattainable (boyfriends, fiancés, husbands), undesirable (middle-aged men) or just plain illegal (middle-aged men's teenage sons) options onboard, sat a new lone soul, in all his



deliciousness. The empty seat next to him was fair game. He was 28 (legal!), his name was Hoare (pronounced 'whore': promising!), and he was getting his flirt on (boom!). So I asked a question, not for the first time this holiday:

"So, you on your honeymoon like everyone else here?"

"Oh, gosh no..."

Wahool Batten down the bungalows! "... I've been married for three years. My wife's an amazing woman..."

Oh.

Hard to Swallow

OUR all-inclusive package meant we'd eat three times a day in the buffet area. The sandy floor allowed us to bum about barefoot, but this was the one area of the resort we had to cover up our bikini bits, in accordance to Muslim culture. Our dining experience pretty soon turned from wide-eyed enthusiasm

to kinda giving us the shits. For one, our central in-the-round table allocation saw suggestive eyes and a few winks fly our way... however, they were behind the backs of the perpetrator's wife/girlfriend/boyfriend. Rotters. Secondly, for 27 meals, we were tortured with love ballads blaring on repeat, rubbing salt into our non-sexed wounds. Lastly, those celebrating honeymoons or any other romantic putridity would see staff decorate their tables in rose petals and shells. Where's our table declaration? Why can't we have a display that simply says 'Up for it'?

Despite our libido — along with the condoms — remaining unpacked, it didn't bitter our taste for the Maldives. It's one of those rare tropical regions where you don't have to worry about safety, theft or street hassling. But next time, I'll be sure to pack a fella for indoor activity. Just keep your grubby hands off him.



LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

Surf chick Kate McMahon ends up off the beaten track in Bali... and it's no thanks to the travel writers

WITH Thomas Kohnstamm's recent exposé into the deceitful doings of travel writers, *Do Travel Writers Go To Hell*, what was I to do? With a relatively blank Bali itinerary, I paced the bookstore back and forth, trailing my finger along the dozens of paperbacks in "travel" under "B". However, the skeptic in me couldn't help but picture my journey being mapped out by some ignoramus homebody whose closest tie to Bali was scoffing nasi goreng at the local food court.

I wanted to do the sightseeing thing and leave with more than the predictable tan, empty condom packets (okay, one) and "this is me trashed" online profile pics. But without a travel tome I weighed up my options: surrender to the pamphlets and book into a Contiki-type tour? I may as well get my hair braided, don an "I've been to Bali too" T-shirt and be done with it. Nah-uh. So I spent my time stalking the very people who could quite literally tell me where to go: the locals.

Meet Wayan Widyartha

■ born and raised in Kuta. Son of a fisherman. Lived off the ocean and enjoyed an easy-going childhood.

Tell Me Where To Go:

Uluwatu cave

"My friend took me to Uluwatu when I was 11. We had to climb down a cliff and walk across a bamboo stick to the sand inside the cave. It was very dangerous, and back then only surfers visited this spot. There was a huge scary monkey with really big balls who would block the path knowing people would throw him a banana to get him out of the way. My friend and I lay down on the sand, played guitar and sang, it was a very beautiful and natural place."



So Off I Went

Compared to the chaos of Kuta, the Bukit peninsula was like wading into crystal-clear waters after hours of sludging through sewage. It was only about 20km south, but littered pavements were replaced by rugged coastline hugged by a tropical blanket of foliage. I hired a driver (\$35) — having spotted signs such as "Wank Internet" and "ATM Toilet" (insert "deposit" joke here), who knows where I might've otherwise ended up.

Standing on the Uluwatu cliff, I had to scoop my jaw up from the floor; watching Mother Nature teasing surfers into a lifetime of wet dreams with perfect lines of swell marching in from the depths of the Indian Ocean, and a view that left me gob-smacked.

I shuffled down the rock-ridge stairs and crossed to the row of surf shack-style *warungs* (small cafes), whose tables had million dollar views and whose menus had my wallet air punching. I wasted an hour

away eating a \$2 meal (go the 'nana pancakes!) while watching surfers eat shit, leaving more scrapes of DNA on that reef than a season of *CSI*.

In place of the bamboo pole Wayan spoke of were stairs winding down the cliff. But sadly no monkey, nor his big balls, in sight. The low tide allowed me to tramp under the arch of the cave and onto the open beach. At high tide, seas surge through the cave up to the steps, and have left many an inexperienced surfer stranded and whimpering for their mummies.

The beach stretched for several kilometres, and was dotted by little pockets of algae-coated reef cupping pools of water; perfect for an outdoor beach bath. I spent the arvo cruising around and swimming, and it wasn't until I saw over a dozen monkeys bounding up the cliff (and a couple having a sneaky mid-climb make-out) that I could retreat back through the cave completely satisfied.



Our narrator searches in vain for the huge scary monkey with big balls

Meet Made Rusni

• A Kuta local since birth. Expert at weaving religious offerings.

Tell Me Where To Go

• Hot springs in the mountains

"Many years ago I would tell you to go to Ubud in the mountains, but it's just like Kuta now: lots of tourists! I went with my family to Jatiluwih for a wedding. It is traditional Bali, with beautiful views of rice fields. I was taken to some hot springs there, and the water just washed the stress away. I would love to go back, but I get too car sick."



So Off I Went

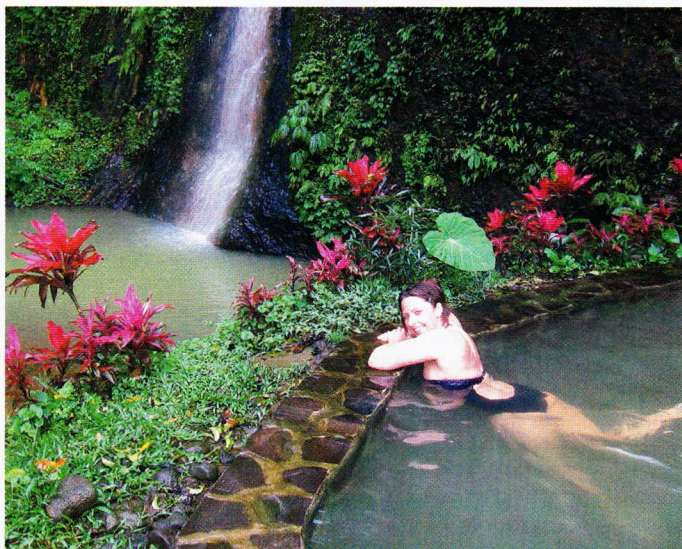
About 90 minutes drive north-west of Kuta and we had finally reached Jatiluwih. On the journey up I was doing double-takes around every bend at how stunning the scenery was. Neatly descending rice field steps cradled puddles of murky water, and an assortment of flora displayed every shade of green imaginable. I myself was one stomach spasm away from adding to it my own splash of colour (and carrots) from too much map reading on too many turns.

Lucky for me, I had a Bali-based mate with a car at my disposal. This raw region is yet to be caught in the tourist trap, so it's best to hire a driver for the day (around \$50). We took a right turn (if you reach Bali Nature Land Villas you've gone too far) traveling 15km through Angseri — an authentic Balinese village, whose version of a social networking site is neighbourhood gatherings in front of their self-made homes.

We turned left at the *Air Panas Alam* (hot water springs) sign, and drove at nana-pace down into the car park. I was a little startled to cop a glimpse of a group of nuded-up locals bathing in the hot spring run-off. Diverting our eyes for the sake of their privacy, we paid the 20,000 rupiah (\$2.50) entry fee and wandered in.

The water was contained by a circle of big rock slabs snuggled at the base of a cliff, and the surrounding pool area was frocked-up with a sea of bright red flowers bobbing on top of deep-green bushes.

I popped into the change room to slip on my cozzie, and gagged at a smell reminiscent of my days spent flatting and toilet-sharing with aim-challenged boys. A few seconds of breath-holding and I sank into the water and waded over to spend the rest of my arvo watching the waterfall trickle down the cliff. Cheers, Made.



Don't go watch the waterfall from the hot springs if you're busting for a wee

Meet Made Sudazulawan

• Lives on Nusa Lembongan, son of seaweed farmers. Wants to be a policeman and focus on stopping corruption.

Tell Me Where To Go :

• Underground house (Nusa Lembongan)

"Down in the main village there is a house that's under the ground, like a cave. An old man built it and I find it amazing he did it himself. When I was young I used to play and hide inside the house. It had lots of steps and was really spooky."



So Off I Went

I arrived on Nusa Lembongan island after a 60-minute ferry ride from Sanur (15km north-east of Kuta), and followed Made's advice to check out the island's underground: literally.

Officially named "Gala Gala", this buried abode, nestled in the middle of the quaint Lembongan Village, is the product of one man's desire to get away from the world. Come 1961, Made Bayasa was searching for a new spiritual high (or low, perhaps) so began to chip away with only a hammer, a chisel and a fuckload of fortitude to guide his way. Basing this endeavor on one of his favourite Hindu Epics, *Mahābhārata's* episode *Vana Parva*, he popped to the surface 15 years later, to admire his 500 square metre meditation labyrinth, where he lived and chilled in for 10 years before passing away.

I gave the mandatory donation to the gatekeeper, Kutut (Made Bayasa's son), and entered the cavernous home where

sunlight and humidity of above was quickly replaced by a cool muddiness tickling my senses. A claustrophobic's nightmare, I hunched over and shuffled through a clay maze of burrows, stumbling across two bedrooms, two kitchens, sitting room, meditation room, toilet (umm, double flush?) and bathroom. It was like a mansion for moles (not bunnies). ■



Venturing down to Gala Gala

Sarah Blasko

Having being raised within a “fanatical church”, the singer was inspired by *Rage* to lead a double life, she tells Kate McMahon

My older sister and I shared a granny flat from when I was about 15. It was pretty lame because it felt like we had partly moved out of home but we were just living upstairs. We had our own TV and stereo and stuff like that. We weren't very rebellious; we were two very good Christian girls. It was just that age where I'd gone from listening to Top 40 music to broadening my mind to music that was more about self-expression.

My first memories of *Rage*, I really started getting into it when my sister was in her later stages of high school, 'cause to me it was kind of an older-person thing to do. Even though I watched a lot of video clips before that, *Rage* was like this separate, almost R-rated thing. It was like whoa, you didn't know what you were going to see next. I started listening to the Pixies, the Cure and Sonic Youth, and then people like Björk and PJ Harvey, and then there was a lot of Australian stuff: Frente was really interesting to me and then You Am I, the Clouds, the Falling Joys, the Fauves, Sidewinder, Custard.

I felt I was pulled in a couple of different directions. We went to a very fanatical church and we grew up in this religious household. I just wanted to learn about myself and the world but then at the same time there was kind of this really strict, almost cultish ... it was sort of like the early days of the Hillsong Church and it was really intense, you know? Tori Amos had a big effect on me because she had a song called 'God' that really made an impression. Her father was a preacher and she went through a pretty similar kind of church when she was a teenager, so I really related to her.

I was leading a bit of a double life: I was swearing, having my first cigarette, then being involved in this weird church. I didn't really allow myself to fuck up enough, probably. But music was definitely my solace. I would go to my room and close the door and that was my secret world.

I remember very early on seeing a couple of Grace Jones clips, like one called 'Private Life'. That blew me away, because there's just no hiding in a clip like that. I think about that with Sinéad O'Connor's 'Nothing Compares 2 U' — these are all clips that just stick to you; you can't separate them from the song after you see them. I love the power in a very simple clip like the 'Sign o' the Times' Prince clip, mostly of just lyrics.

Probably the funnest one [of my videos] to make was for 'Always on This Line'. It's a one-shot clip. I've done heaps of one-shot clips, basically because I'm kinda lazy, but I like the engagement of it being a performance — and something funny and sort of strange always happens. With 'Always on This Line', [the set was] made up of a semicircle of different rooms that I had to go through. It was like a day-in-the-life

“... then the piano asks me to marry it and we have a child”

of me, and so each room is a different colour. I'm not a particularly coordinated person so it was quite difficult. I start off in a bed and then I have to get dressed and then I go into this next room and then I have to go into a car... and I change clothes as I go into each of the rooms. I have fond memories of it because we were all laughing a lot. We ended up picking one that had quite a few imperfections, because we really found the imperfections kind of cute. I'm taking a dress off the top of another dress and then the tie around my neck goes up onto my head and stays there.

The other clip I did with the same people [Ben Saunders and Germain McMicking], they made a puppet out of a piano. It's for a video called 'Planet New Year' and the whole story is of me falling in love with a piano, which is my favourite instrument, and then the piano asks me to marry it and we have a child. I just love pianos. The look, the wood, the feel of the keys, the sound of it. You just have to hit one note and you sound like you're doing something really special. I don't know how I got talked into it being quite as ridiculous as it was — because I gave birth in the video clip to a piano — but it was a very enjoyable video clip to make.

Guest programming *Rage* was amazing. My flatmates at the time were really jealous because it's everybody's dream to do it; I mean, everyone thinks they're an expert. You stay up watching it all night and you're like, "I wouldn't have picked that clip" — I think there's a bit of an armchair programmer situation going on. So when I did it for the first time, back then you got a big book of all the songs printed out, so I sat it down on a coffee table and everyone slowly over the couple of weeks just slipped in what they would program if it was them — so I actually felt the pressure to not only include my own favourite songs but all of my friends' favourite songs as well so they wouldn't be disappointed with the quality of the evening. I've done it twice now and each time I've felt quite overwhelmed with the choice and wanting to get that perfect flow, wanting people not to be pissed off with you for choosing the wrong things. ■

Kasey Chambers

Growing up in a roving family, the singer didn't know a *Rage* from an ARIA. But, as she tells Kate McMahon, she soon learnt

I had such a strange kind of childhood. I spent a lot of my life growing up on the Nullarbor Plain. I lived in my car with my family, and my dad was a professional fox hunter. We had a Toyota LandCruiser and my dad made bunks in the back of the car, so that was my playpen. We literally travelled to a different place every night, so that every morning I woke up I was in a new place. So I didn't really grow up with a lot of television.

For a lot of the next part of my life I was travelling with my family all around Australia, playing in the Dead Ringer Band. Even then I had an unusual lifestyle, so it was probably around my late teens that I would have seen *Rage* for the first time. It probably wasn't until *The Captain* days [her 1999 debut album] and *Rage* started playing my music that I realised how much of a big deal that was.

I didn't really know a lot about the industry. One year the Dead Ringer Band won an ARIA award, and to be honest I didn't even know what an ARIA was. I do actually remember *Rage* playing 'The Captain' video, and I just thought it was exciting that one of my videos was getting played on anything. But I didn't know that it was quite the institution until everyone started going, "Oh my god, I saw your video on *Rage*, this is so exciting."

Around the 'Not Pretty Enough' stage I actually got to go in and do the hosting of *Rage*. By that time I was very aware of how exciting that was; to be able to come in and actually pick all the videos that had influenced me and share them with people through the night. Getting the chance to host was as exciting for me, and as big a moment, as having my own video being played; getting to share the different places that my musical influences had come from. I remember that most of the videos I wanted to play, I'd never actually seen the videos — it was just that these songs had influenced me. So I was watching them for the first time with the people watching them; it was like a little journey for me to put visuals to all these songs that had been a big part of my life.

'The Captain' is actually still one of my most favourite videos I've ever made. Part of it is because that song is more special to me than any other song I've ever written. I've never been a precious artist, by any means, but the one thing that I do feel a little bit precious about is putting visuals to songs, because I already create a visual to a song when I'm writing it. 'The Captain' video matched the feeling I have about that song. I felt like I was very well represented in that.

It's important to have faith in a director you're working with, but honestly, it doesn't always land. The biggest problem is when people tell me how to perform the song. I don't mind if they say, "Can you just make the mood a little lighter?" Yep,

“*Rage* takes chances. I wish we had that more in every part of the industry”

I can do that, but it's when they get really specific about things and they go, "Right, can you just make your eye-line go there when you say this word, and then when you say this word can you move your hand up and put it over your head?" I'm like, "You know what? I won't be able to do that, because I can't do that on stage — it just comes out the way it comes out and I don't really have that much control over it. Anyway, I don't want to." So that's when I struggle, when it starts getting really specific and then I'm thinking about it too much and I start to have this weird look on my face.

I've also had videos where I've tried to take control, and you know what? That doesn't really work either. Over the years I've learnt that it's more about having a connection with the director on a personal level than it is about the treatment. Luckily I work with a lot of people I'm really connected to. If I'm partway through a video and they tell me to do something that doesn't feel comfortable, I just say, "It's not very me. Let's try to come up with something else that is just as good for the video but I feel more comfortable with." I've learnt that if something feels uncomfortable doing it on the day then it looks uncomfortable on the screen. At the end of the day I like videos that I get to perform musically in and just get to be me, and then they can get much more talented actors to come in and do the other part.

Probably my favourite video of all time is Radiohead's 'Street Spirit (Fade Out)'. It's not over the top with the storyline and it doesn't look like millions of dollars have been spent on it. I just love the way the images connect to the sound and the feeling of the song. I could watch it a billion times over, and I have.

I reckon the most important thing about *Rage* — and why it has connected on such a massive level for such a long time — is that *Rage* takes chances. I wish we had that more in every part of the industry — on radio, record labels, publishers and even songwriters. I think there is something to be said about people or companies in this industry that are willing to take chances and step outside of the box and do things that are unexpected, because that's what keeps things alive and keeps things interesting, and keeps people connecting to them. And it's not always going to land, not everybody is going to love every video *Rage* play, but they're willing to take chances. ■

Paul Dempsey

That fateful day he switched over the TV from *The Early Bird Show* to *Rage*, the yet-to-be *Something for Kate* frontman set his world in motion, he tells Kate McMahon

It would have been about '86 or '87, I reckon. I would've been 10 years old. I was always up early on a Saturday morning watching kids' shows. I remember the exact morning when I decided I was bored with Marty Monster or whatever and just flipped around the channels and there were music videos on. I had watched music videos on other music shows but it was the first time it was just back-to-back videos with no talking head and no commentary — 'cause that stuff bored me as a kid; I just wanted to hear the music and see the videos. Also the mix, the fact it wasn't pop stuff and you didn't really know what you were going to see, I was immediately hooked. So from about 10 years of age *Rage* became the place for me to discover music because I never knew what was gonna come next and I didn't have to hear somebody hyping it up.

I was lucky — I have three older sisters, so when I was 10 years old they were going out to see Midnight Oil and Hunters and Collectors. My eldest sister, Jill, used to go and see the Birthday Party and stuff like that so I was getting some exposure to a lot of Australian non-mainstream music. Bands like Sunnyboys and the Screaming Tribesmen. At 10 years of age, that's the target for sugary pop music but I was listening to Peter Garrett and Mark Seymour screaming their lungs out with these sorts of angry, political songs and quite, discordant, percussive music. I always still loved pop music but ... I guess that's around when I picked up the guitar, so without that influence I may not have been drawn to that kind of frantic, guitar-driven music.

There are definitely videos that had a powerful effect on me, that created more of a fascination than I may otherwise have had in that particular artist. The first music video I remember ever seeing was Bowie's 'Ashes to Ashes'. I was only about five or six years old. It gave me nightmares and just stuck with me that David Bowie became this slightly scary but fascinating figure in my little head. Another one that immediately springs to mind is R.E.M.'s video for 'Orange Crush'. I remember that video was just so eerie and had this incredibly ominous vibe about it. I think the video played a big part in really turning me onto R.E.M. and wanting to know more about them — what was the idea behind this video and what the hell is orange crush?

I changed schools a lot and I made a lot of life-long friends just through trading tapes of *Rage*. You'd meet some kid on the school bus and he'd be like, "Oh yeah, I've got a *Rage* tape that's got that Napalm Death video on it." [That actually happened] and he lent it to me and we became buddies. A lot of my friendships I still have today are because we were trading tapes that had weird clips from *Rage*, then you know we'd end up spending weekends together just sitting around late into the night watching videos.



I definitely remember making [*Something for Kate's*] first video and the fact that it was on *Rage*. *Rage* always had the very basic titles at the start of the song in that very simple font with nothing fancy, just very simple white block letters. So I remember seeing the words "Something for Kate 'Subject to Change'" and just going, "Wow, there it is."

[Guest programming *Rage*] was a dream come true. When I was a teenager that became my weekends, just staying up late and watching *Rage* until all hours of the morning and watching the guest programmers. It sort of followed my changing taste in music, so from the age of about 13 I would put a tape in the VCR and as soon as I was too tired I'd go to bed and tape the rest and then get up in the morning hoping there was a thrash metal special, 'cause that's what I was into at the time and it really was the only place on earth you were going to see those videos. And then that changed and I hoped to see a bunch of punk videos.

Winding my head back through the [*Something for Kate*] albums, I was pretty happy with the 'Monsters' video. We were quite proud of that at the time and it really fits the song well. Music videos are hard to realise. You have an idea and sort of seeing it through to its resolution is always a bit fraught but 'Monsters', I was just really happy with that video and some of our early kind of weird ones I like.

I think the aim a long time ago, I guess pre-internet, was that [music videos were] a marketing tool, an advertisement for your song and your album. Now that any video can be watched at any time, it's changed the currency of the music video. I think it's freed everyone up to make whatever the hell kind of videos they want. They know their fans are just going to watch it straight away online and it doesn't have to fit into this certain sort of criteria to get played on certain video shows or whatever, so it's actually kind of exciting. ☺

Tim Rogers

The You Am I frontman tells
Kate McMahon that watching *Rage*
should involve administering fluids
and monitoring one's heart rate

I was forced out of university and then went back home, where I started working in a pizza restaurant. At the end of Friday night I'd bring home a case of sparkling ale and sort of grunt at my brother. We'd both moved back home from being away and we felt that this was a full stop in our lives, but we were trying to start a band, so of course we'd pass judgement on every film clip that came on *Rage*. At that time [in the late-'80s] there was a lot of house music and dance music going on, which I had no affection for, but my brother had an absolute love for.

I remember that *Rage*, very early on, would program Easybeats clips or have a theme going, like psychedelic rock or new wave. For someone who is a nerd about music, it would be an introduction and a bit of an education. As much as I'd like to deny it, it was '60s kind of garage stuff [that did it for me]. And if there was a clip by [local] heroes of ours, like the New Christs or the Hellmen or the Lime Spiders or anything, people that we could see on the weekend at a show maybe once every couple of months, it would be a huge moment.

The first time I saw the Stone Roses' 'Fools Gold' clip I was just out of hospital. I was having some problems and they seemed to be associated with that particular type of music around 1987, 1988, 1989: guitar bands that were playing something that was danceful and had a groove. 'Fools Gold' was one of those songs that unfortunately really brought on a lot of fear, but also so much excitement. As soon as the song started I'd feel my heart rate go up and the anxiety start, then the clip — I'm watching them walk across those burning coal fields or whatever it was — slowed my heart down and I could absolutely enjoy it. Also 'Loud Love' from Soundgarden. I was in a possibly romantic situation and 'Loud Love' came on by Soundgarden and I remember casting an eye over to the clip and beautiful Chris Cornell jumping between large pillars of cement and thinking, "Well, I'm never gonna be a good-looking guy like that. I'm lucky to be in this situation." I'm not a particularly parochial person, but I do notice that when I recognise it's an Australian artist on *Rage*, my attention is about 632 per cent more focused. I could be mixing a cocktail in my kitchen and — thankfully my kitchen and living room are the same room — I go, "Right, this needs attention." Illy, who just programmed the show, he and his neighbours in Melbourne and he's a wonderful, wonderful guy. When he was programming it I shut out the night 'cause I wanted to hear what he was playing. He put me onto the Kendrick Lamar song that I didn't know and Chance the Rapper as well. I saw a Camp Cope clip after meeting those guys a couple of weeks ago and it was like, "They're my heroes that I was drinking with at the airport!" The clip was great but them playing at this gig, but I don't know... The world seemed perfect for three-and-a-half minutes. A couple of years before I was asked to program *Rage*, when TISM program it and I thought, "I really can't do that", and I tried to be esoteric and not make it just

“As soon as the song started I'd feel my heart rate go up and the anxiety start”

Tim-dimensional, but I was really being that horrible term, 'a try-hard'. When You Am I have done it — twice — we've been enthusiasts and as dorky as we can be.

With You Am I, apart from a couple of years when there was money being thrown around, we've always compromised on our clips. You know, when bands say, "Yeah, we never compromise!" it's like, no, we always do — and for everything, apart from most of the songs. I've had no visual eye at all. My ideas are about excuses to jump off buildings, thinking, "Oh this would be a great way to go out." A couple of years ago I may have had this big party, and at the end of the night it was Davey, Andy, Rusty and I, and we actually watched the film clip for 'Cathy's Clown' [1995]. It was a beautifully shot film clip and we watched it, realising the performances are actually sublime, they're wonderful. There's another one called 'Beau Geste' [2008] ... Rusty, Andy and Davey are much better actors than I, and yet I'm the one who is this slashy actor/musician guy. I'm gurning and trying too hard, and they're just themselves — and the characters are so much more fragrant because of that.

The song I want at my funeral is 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' by the Stones. There's a clip of them doing it in 1968 where they are in face paint and it's gorgeous. The first time I saw it, I was just overwhelmed. Seeing that as a 12-year-old in Adelaide, everything changes — your physicality changes, the way the blood flows in your body has changed; it's gone in the opposite direction. That clip... it came on again recently and the same thing happened. Bill Wyman looks ridiculous and Charlie looks like he doesn't want to be there, but then there's Keith and Brian playing and the way that Mick moves and then these sparks come at the end — and I felt exactly the same thing.

For a 47-year-old man like myself, *Rage* is now a conduit of contemporary street culture, contemporary art and contemporary music. It's unique that it's a TV show that's not selling something, which just allows the artist to present their art. I remember watching this beautiful Western-Sydney death metal artist at four-thirty in the morning, and there was this last little skerrick of speed on the table in front of me, and then that leads into some EDM stuff... They're the hours I tend to love the most, because you see scenes that you ordinarily wouldn't be involved in. I think that for kids who haven't grown up with *Rage*, they should sleep during the week because sleep is very important for mental health, but a lack of sleep over the weekends is also important for mental health. Watch with somebody, keep up your fluids and converse about it.