

12

B L U N T

Straitjacket Fits
Kiss My Poodles Donkey
Driptray
Celts

Record Reviews, Art,
Writing, Comix

The Straitjacket Fits came and went this month and we was blessed.

BLUNT: We're inside the Lansdowne, it's too noisy here, the bang of those drums...

SHANE: (outside the Lansdowne) I'd rather car noises any day.

BLUNT: So, what's been happening Shane since December when the band were last here to promote MELT.

SHANE: We had a long holiday than we arrived here mid-April to primarily do a national tour with the Church which has given us the opportunity to expose ourself to more than 500 people.

BLUNT: How was it?

SHANE: Good, really good. Hang on, there goes a car, thank you very much that was a blue falcon station wagon. The supports were great cos as you know the support scenario can really suck at times. We had a real ugly experience supporting Public Image go through it again. The roadcrew people were such wankers. The Straitjacket Fits have played more here in the past 2 years than back home a factor Shane puts down to limited exposure back home with a pop. of 3m.

Straitjacket Fits

angle. In N.Z for the past 10 years there has been people in a certain group influencing each other and then going off in their own tangents to deliver it. Things definitely are less contrived, you haven't got this golden egg right in front of you to chase which means you can concentrate on producing your own music and doing something fresh and exciting.

From MELT the Straitjackets released a double seven inch with 'Lay Down in Splendour' receiving airplay back home on commercial stations and here as well.

SHANE: That song is an accessible tune, and at the time we thought by releasing it that the cool people had already bought the album so it was time to bring the idiots in. The cynical record companies work in that fashion. I look at it this way, we make the record and they sell them.

With MELT the band received the backing of known American label Arista, a label Shane says have been beneficial in that 'they have a small roster so your not placed 212 on their list of priorities'.

SHANE: It all becomes strange when you hit a major deal from a left angle, you become paranoid because you wonder what they want to do with you. We made MELT on our own terms and it boded well with them but I'm sure they'll want to stick their finger in later on.

BLUNT: Does that?

SHANE: Yes, it does, but we've got to be careful. It's been a good move and one we had to make eventually. All the resources that come with it help.

SHANE: Do you feel that might affect the music?

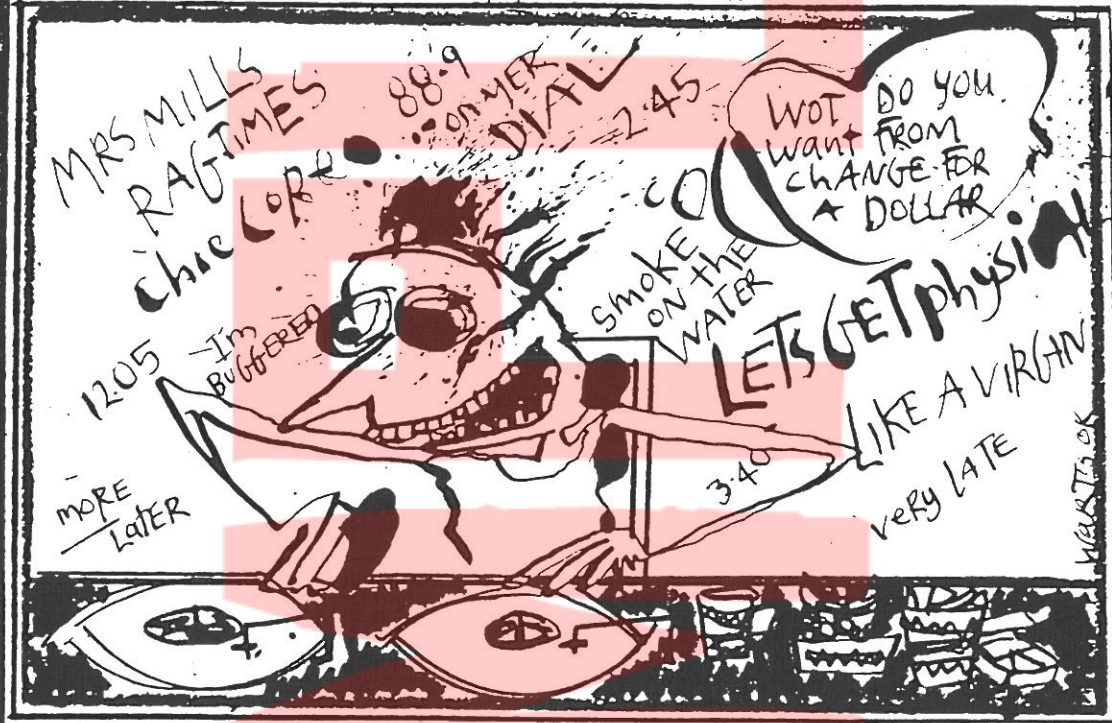
SHANE: I think the bottom line is you can't let it affect the music otherwise you are stuffed and you become like everyone else. One of our distinctive strengths is that we have our own sound and if we became concerned about writing hit singles we'd become creatively constipated.

The band tour next month for the States where they played in 1989 as part of a college radio thing. After August it's back home then they go back to the states and Europe in September.

SHANE: We're ready to hit those American buggers over the head with our music and hopefully we will be acknowledged for it, arrogance or no arrogance.



MIDNIGHT SCRAPs



GRAVE YARD SHIFTS

IF YER UP CÒP THOS YER BARSTARDS.....

meant in the nicest possible way



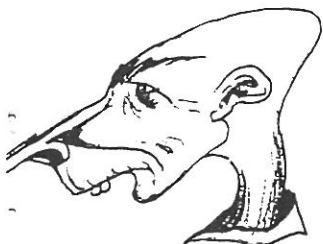
thanks to Georgina + BLF for
printing

THE COS' WAVE

My power had risen to great heights
Reaching its pinnacle in a night of fear
Fate lay pliable in the palm of my hands
yet by the quiet of the morning my power had eroded
Confidence undermined in the presence of Venus
A long forgotten experience for mind and body.

Time passed, days, months of mental deterioration
Lost in a spiralling decent of self abuse
Freedom strangled as shame haunts my demeanour
Finally I flee into solitude to fight the demons,
Open the doors of fear and discover the unknown
My power rises one more!

Michael Phillips



Evil StarWoman.



WHY IS THAT BABY'S HEAD SO BIG / RELIGION RUINED MY LIFE
BRIAN RITCHIE

It's always interesting to hear what an individual member of a band will get up to when given the opportunity to record by themselves. Brian Ritchie's (bass player extraordinaire from the Violent Femmes) "Why is that Baby's Head So Big?" is no exception. Whilst Brian's bass playing needs no introduction the guitar and vocals are far better than the token effort which can often be expected from similar undertakings. As a matter of fact they are damned good.

Although the single is no great departure from previous Femmes' material - ie; it's catchy and humorous - Brian Ritchie's songs certainly have a different character to that of Gordon Gano's.

The B side, "Religion Ruined My Life" is a dryly told elegiac, country and western number, which basically outlines how religion ruined Brian Ritchie's life. Needless to say this is seven inches of vinyl worth buying, and a must for any Femmes fans.



MARK: Only the name remains the same, except for one song titled *Stupid Girl*. It's the B-side of our new single.

TIM: If you compare a song like *Living in Darlinghurst* with the sort of stuff we're doing now you'll find there's almost no difference.

COLIN: No similarity.

TIM: Yes, no similarity. We're very noisy. It's the first time I've ever been in a band and it's really cool.

MARK: A lot of people have been quite disappointed with this new version of the band - some people that saw us play at the Evil Star a few weeks ago were obviously expecting a lot of nakedness and general silliness.

BOB: Tim, as a vocalist do you have the problem of not being able to hear yourself.

TIM: I hear myself all the time.

BOB: How have your aims changed?

COLIN: Our aim has never been better.

TIM: I don't know the old aims. I think we're quite aimless.

BOB: So you've stayed the same?

MARK: The best of intentions but the worst of motivation. We can't get our shit together to put it bluntly. I wouldn't be in any other band in Sydney at the moment, they all just pale in comparison. Most other bands are pretty awful and if they don't know it they're just silly.

BOB: Why do you say that? Do you go out and see many bands?

MARK: No, none at all. I feel very hypocritical saying that but that makes me feel even better. I saw JAUNDICED EYE the other week. They were really good but I thought the front person was a little over the top, a little over dramatic, but they had a good sound. I hope they do well.

TIM: Anita Lane.

BOB: Tim, you go and see a lot of live bands, you drink a lot of beer,

TIM: Sort of - there is a lot of crap around but there are some bands I like - KISS MY POODLE'S DONKEY and MONROE'S FUR.

MARK: But most of the so-called established independent bands - the pride of the fleet that you see drag their corpses out to gigs at Selina's are just crap, absolute bollocks. I think a lot of JOHN FARNHAM'S recordings are more innovative than a lot of those "indy bands" who pedal their pathetic little pop numbers and think "wow - we've got this cutesy guitar sound" with crappy half-arsed harmonies that don't even stay in tune.

COLIN: You must be talking about the HUMMINGBIRDS.

MARK: No, I was talking about the FALLING JOYS. But I haven't met them and I'm sure that they're really nice people.

TIM: FATCAT AND FRIENDS, Mr Teddy Bear on stage.

BOB: How is DRIPTRAY different to all those bands?

MARK: I'm just really enjoying it, apart from my amplifier playing up all the time. I'm really enjoying some of the sounds that we're getting.

BOB: Tell me about your latest recording...

MARK: Someone wanted to release it, someone wanted to make a single, someone wanted to pay for it, who was I to say no?

BOB: Who?

COLIN: Our benefactor. His name is George.

MARTIN: George is a friend of mine who likes music and decided he wanted to have his own record label. I knew he'd been thinking about this for a while and so I gave him a tape and he said OK - this is it. And so George has started PUSSY TORQUE records.

BOB: And this will be the first release?

smile a lot, lie on the ground, do some jigs... Do you agree with Mark's comments about the quality of Sydney's bands?

MARK: I'm going to buy a copy.

BOB: When I listened to the tape it seemed a lot of the songs were quite spontaneous.

TIM: Exactly. Most of the songs we recorded we had never played before.

COLIN: And haven't played since.

TIM: The first time we play a song is always the best. It just deteriorates from then on. Playing a song over and over again just makes you incredibly bored with it. I'm bored with a lot of our songs.

MARK: Although in the case of *Theme From Big Dipper* and *Stupid Girl* they just get better every time. They're just going to get wonderful.

BOB: Songwriting?

TIM: I write all the lyrics.

BOB: Do you ad lib?

TIM: I do and I don't. I do write down a lot of words but I only use

them as a base. A lot of my words don't make any sense. Sciggy Wiggy with paint on his wrist. It's not telling stories or anything straightforward. Scratch me Dick Smith.

BOB: So there is an element of humour there.

TIM: Yes there is.

COLIN: I think some of it is hilarious. Injured bishops shaving. Iron Skindivers playing.

BOB: Live performances have been very rare...

MARK: That's because no-one wants to play with us.

TIM: That's not really true. We only just got our act together at the end of last year and then were forced to take a two month break while everybody went on their various summer holidays.

MARTIN: I thought we were ready to play after the first week of rehearsing.

TIM: And that's what we did. Although our INXS/SWINGERS cover didn't go down too well.

BOB: What's your live show like? Is it very theatrical?

TIM: No. I don't do handstands.

MARK: About the most theatrical thing about us is how low-key we look. We're just a bunch of boys with T-Shirts, trousers and shoes.

TIM: Except that I dress up for it.

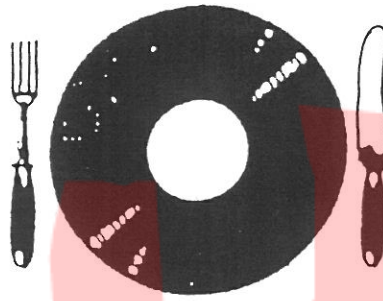
MARK: Tim's a very dapper dresser. But the rest of us are pretty ordinary except for Carl who looks magnificent in his sleeveless shirt with his rippling muscles on display. It's a sight to behold - this firm, taut young man with muscles.

BOB: Finally, what is the essence of DRIPTRAY?

TIM: No essence.

MARK: Something to do on a Friday night.



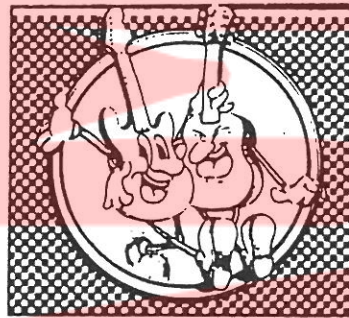


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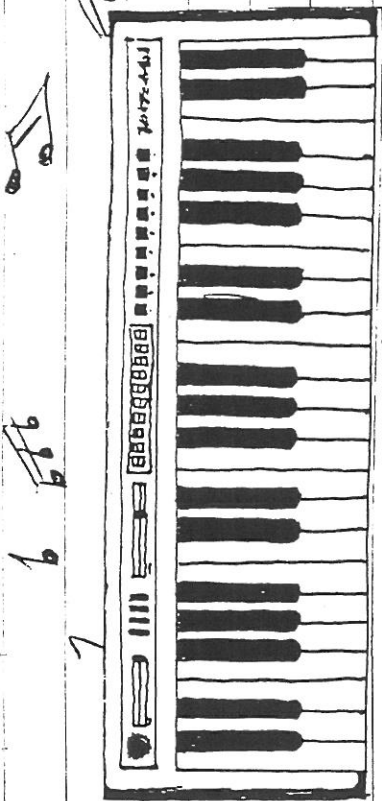
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Before I am shoved out the door I glance back at the table for support only to see my spaghetti being divided up. Typical! Well, there is a consolation to all this if you can call it that. Even though I was outside with no money and no friends, at least I had no cigarettes.

I started to wander the back streets and alleyways. Home to stray cats, loud dogs and homeless men. I walked a long time. It became cold and a light drizzle started to fall. I slipped over in the dark and grazed my hand. A little further someone came out of a darkened side bit and tapped me on the shoulder. Scared the living shit out of me but only wanted a light. I went on still further till I came out of a small lane into the lights of King street. The Sando was on my right and I walk in. An old friend is sitting at the bar so I go to sit next to her. She sees me coming and without a word orders a Coopers ale. I have a long cold drink and rest it back on the bar. She offers me a cigarette and watches as I take one, light it and draw back in a long slow breath. Ecstasy. "Been trying to give 'em up again have you?". I nod yes and ask what the time is. "Why it's five past twelve" she replies with a smile. "You only just made it". Yes, I thought. What a stupid story.

From: The Independent Observer.





LIQUID MIRRORS

Never be afraid
They say
Of what you feel
The aching intensity
Of the rooms you fill
Like an absorbing ghost
You slip away.

I want your life
Inside of mine
Sharing our intensity
Without fear, without time
For endless peaceful hours
Let our mirrors
Reflect.

Cindy Luckman

TUMBLEWEED (a.k.a. Proton Energy Pills) - THE SUN IT SHINES.

It's hard to say anything constructive about this album - mostly boring and repetitive, switching from slow thrash with sickly high vocals to gone mad noise and chaos. I think these guys should write a few more lyrics rather than repeating themselves.

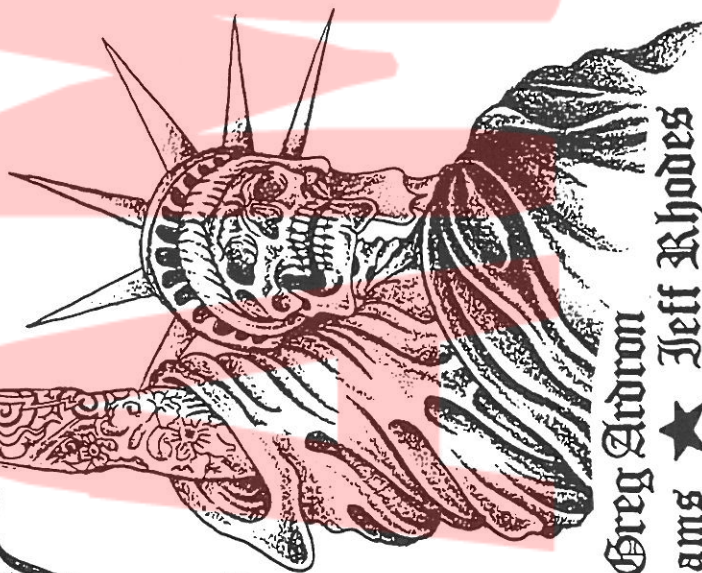
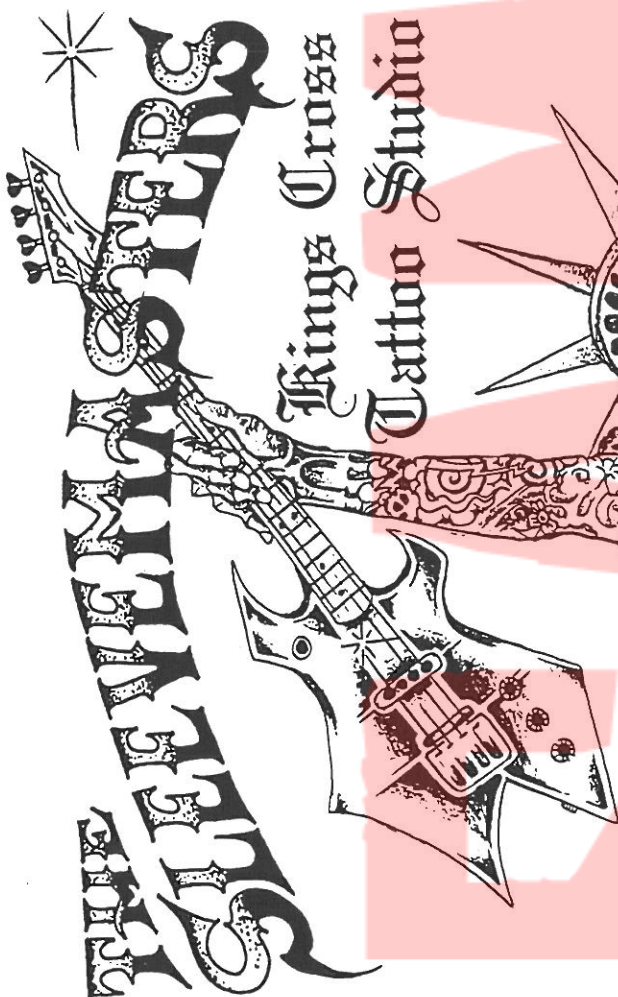
One song on the album that this style does work for is called The Ride which, as the title suggests, takes you on a ride up and down through the song; cool song, but fails overall in terms of the album. Personally I can't stand the singer's voice on most of the tracks - high pitched melodies just don't suit the noise therest of the band are making. Maybe ten to fifteen years practice and these guys might get it together.

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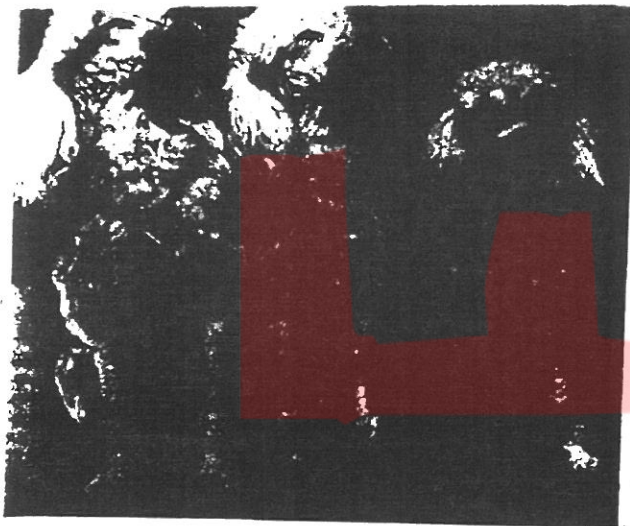
Greg Ardron

Ken Adams ★ Jeff Rhodes
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Poodles Get a High Rating for both intelligence and friendliness. At the left is a group of white toy poodles. At the right

is a French poodle — a born showman. It is a natural clown which delights theater and circus audiences.

Osten, Monkmeyer; H. Armstrong Roberts

who seem to be receiving quite a lot of interest or interest (not surprised their bloody good) Kiss My Poodles Donkey. Not present were Chris (guitar, keys), Doug (guitar), Richard (drums) and bassist and part time saxophonist Glenda.

KISS MY... ..

BLUNT: YOU've all played in a lot of bands?

DAVE: We've been playing for years, probably 30.

PAUL: Some of us have.

DAVE: Well 25 then. We're veterans and still kicking yet most of us had a spell for quite some time before the Donkey came along.

The band formed in late 1989 thru the remnants of Southern Fried Kidneys, Jeffrey Jeffrey Hysterectomy, Matt Finish, and M2 band of the early eighties Makers of the Dead Travel Fast. Chris, Paul and Dave are also involved in other projects, namely Monroes Fur together, and Chris having a hand in Damien Lovelocks Wigworld and Crent.

BLUNT: A Donkey show borders on intensity, it's not what you call traditional cock rock?

DAVE: There's all sorts of instruments in the sound, like sax, me..

PAUL: And me.

BLUNT: How is the sound mechanised?

DAVE: With a lot of help from Chris. He is the main songwriter who puts down the basics on guitar and computer. From that the other musicians add their bits on top and from there you get the Donkey sound.

BLUNT: Was it a conscious decision within the band to go for a less traditional kinda sound?

DAVE: We like to go for it. The thing with the Donkey is that we are not stuck with playing the same notes. We just couldn't possibly do it that way. To play to a set formula would just not work, we don't rehearse enough to get things down that way.

PAUL: It's good to be spontaneous, we kinda prefer things that way.

DAVE: And people seem to like us which is great. I think our diversity in tastes has a lot to do with what you hear at a Donkey show. It's the sum of everything.

Unlike a lot of the more serious bands around town the Donkey like to put on a show when they play, the focus of it all being fun.

DAVE: We like to have fun, which is why people wanna hear us. It's not that we aren't serious musicians. Our involvements in the past have been serious ones. In a sense we know what we wanna get done.

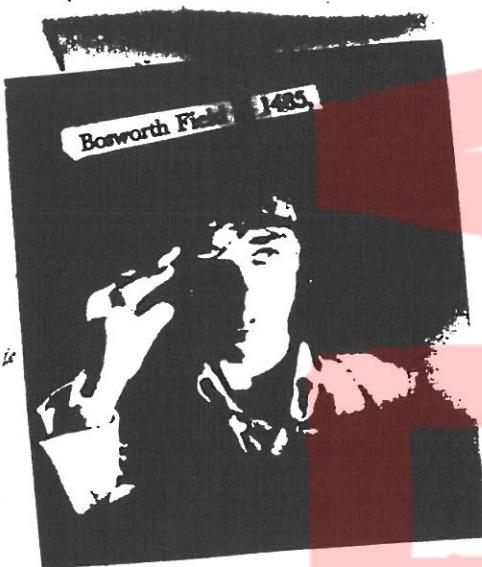
Round about the time of the release of this typeset the Donkey will have featured on a compilation record titled Week at the Hoey along with twelve local acts. A single is also in the pipeline.

the Ribald and she was Lady Viviane des Etoiles. We pitched our tent and dug a hearth. Then the heralds only told us the feasting was about to commence. We sat at huge tables, our hands stuffing food into our mouths and our teeth ripping cooked flesh from bone. We washed it all down with hot, spiced wine. Desert was honey and saffron quiche and a heavy draught of mead. There was much snorting, laughing and falling off of chairs.

The next day, hangover cleansed by a quick bathe in the lake, I dressed for battle and joined my fellow fighters in their clanking chainmail and plate. Banners flew proudly as we roared and charged the enemy. Swords clashed, clanged and cracked on armour and shields and each other. Arrows whizzed through the air. I brought down three of the bastards before an arrow landed square in my chest. My lady was nevertheless quite thrilled and professed an interest in learning archery. Another feast was enjoyed with songs and story-telling. There was much dancing and later, great ribaldry under the stars.

Our fantasies were lived out. She said it was the best weekend ever. And all this is TRUE! It's run by the dedicated people of the Society for Creative Anachronism. They organise feasts and tournaments (using wooden swords and blunted arrows) on a regular basis and occasionally have huge outdoor festivals with hundreds of people which last for up to five days. Everybody has a medieval name and personality as well as certain ranks and titles (which must be earned). If you'd like to get involved or want more info on SCA, write to:

The Seneschal
Barony of Rowany
38 Armstrong St.,
Ashfield 2131



couldn't wait for another hospital. I carefully pointed out that the choice to transfer this woman was his decision and his responsibility. "I'll take that responsibility" he said. Marie was given the medicines in her drip, temporarily a patient of Brits hospital till the ambulance arrived, half an hour later. The white nurses and office staff tried to ignore me and the whole affair but a few were sympathetic. In sandals and black T-shirts, I was greeted with respect by the black cleaners. They knew what was going on.

After being reassured by three people that it wasn't necessary to ring ahead to the other hospital, Marie was dispatched via a wheelchair into the ambulance, with a note from the doctor. I sent my letter too. I thanked all the staff, and walking out I ran into Dr. Conradie. Slightly embarrassed and very civil, he said he felt I'd been rather sarcastic. "If you'd been in this country as long as I have..." he began. I quickly agreed that it takes a stranger to see the injustice of the situation. "This sort of thing makes me very angry" I said. He replied "I grew up with this system, I can't change it" now sounding very apologetic. "You can't hide behind the regulations forever" I answered. "I'm a Christian, I treat all my patients alike. How can you agree to work for a hospital like this?". He quietly admitted it was wrong by international standards. We shook hands. He asked where I would send patients in future. I said I would send emergencies to the nearest hospital. Soon after, we were both back in our separate clinics, his all white, mine all black. I hope that Marie is all right.

Dr. Eric.

Note: This is a true story. The authors name and the patients name are fake. Dr. Conradie's name is real.

From: The Independent Observer.

Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

These states have formed a vigorous young country where the pioneer spirit is combined with a modern industrial civilization. South Africa has long been famous as a treasure house of gold and diamonds. Since World War I, South Africa has been developing into a manufacturing country.

The climate in South Africa is healthful, and well suited to Europeans. White men have lived in South Africa since 1652, when a Dutch colony was first founded there. The white colonists gradually pushed their way into the interior in much the same way that descendants of European settlers conquered the West in North America.

The Land and Its Resources

