

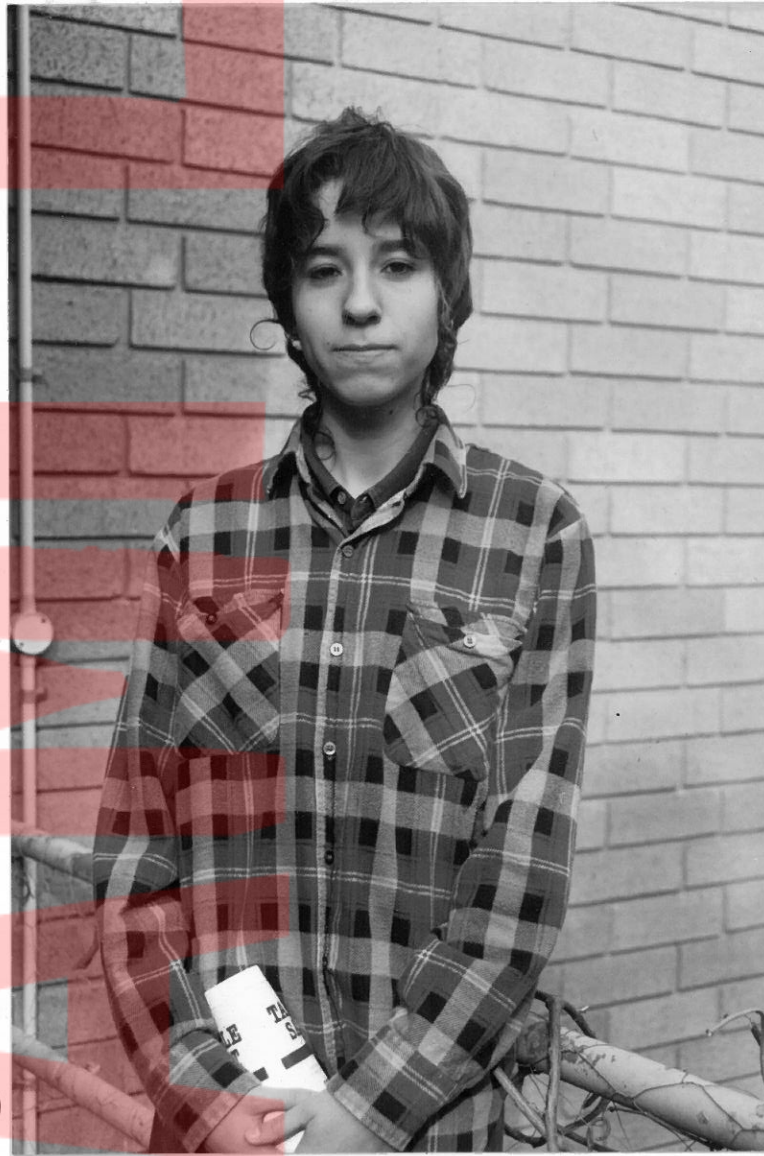
BLUNT

15

Profuse

PEG ★ ★
CALLIGULA

MIXED RE★
WOPPING ★
BIG NORTY
★
ATIONS



ART Obtuse

WANK-MORE
POPSTARS +
FREE FLANNO
INSIDE!!!

13
+
-

GIVE ME SOME ^{1.}

Oppression is 1. Unjust or cruel exercise of authority or power, esp. by the imposition of burdens; also, that which so oppresses. 2. A sense of heaviness or obstruction in the body or mind; depression; lassitude.

* Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, 1979

Oppression is evil because injustice and cruelty are unpleasant and anti-life.

Women are oppressed because...

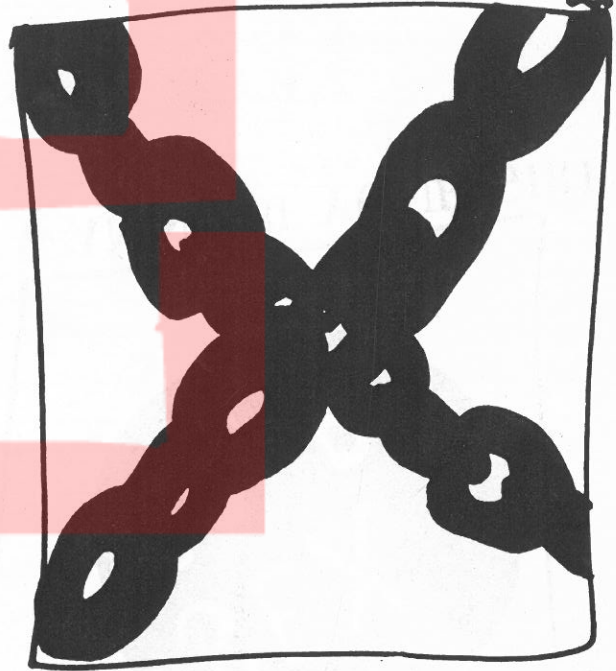
CON-US ADONIS

Much oppression stems from the Western idea of binary opposition. Good and evil. Worthy and worthless. This can be eliminated - starting with language - and it would be a good project for women writers to undertake as it is especially important for women to break down the language of oppression.

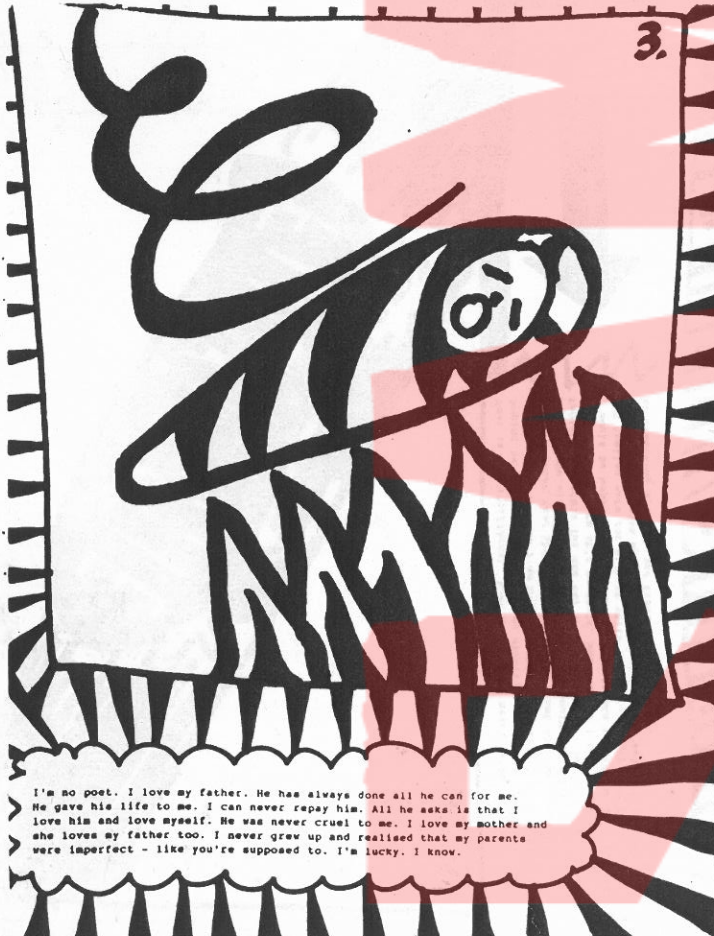
Women must write in a self-invented system of words. It is a language of oppression. However, there is certainly room for women to twist and adapt this language, as well as the language of the visual arts and music, in order to express their viewpoints.

I have been taught to express opinions in a coherent and structured way, and to 'evaluate' art works with clarity and a firm opinion. I no longer have any need to write like that. Writing can be just as useful if it is disjointed and expresses no firm opinions. One hopes it will stimulate thought. Do the words: CLUB. FOOD. CANCER. PAIN. LOTTERY stimulate thought?

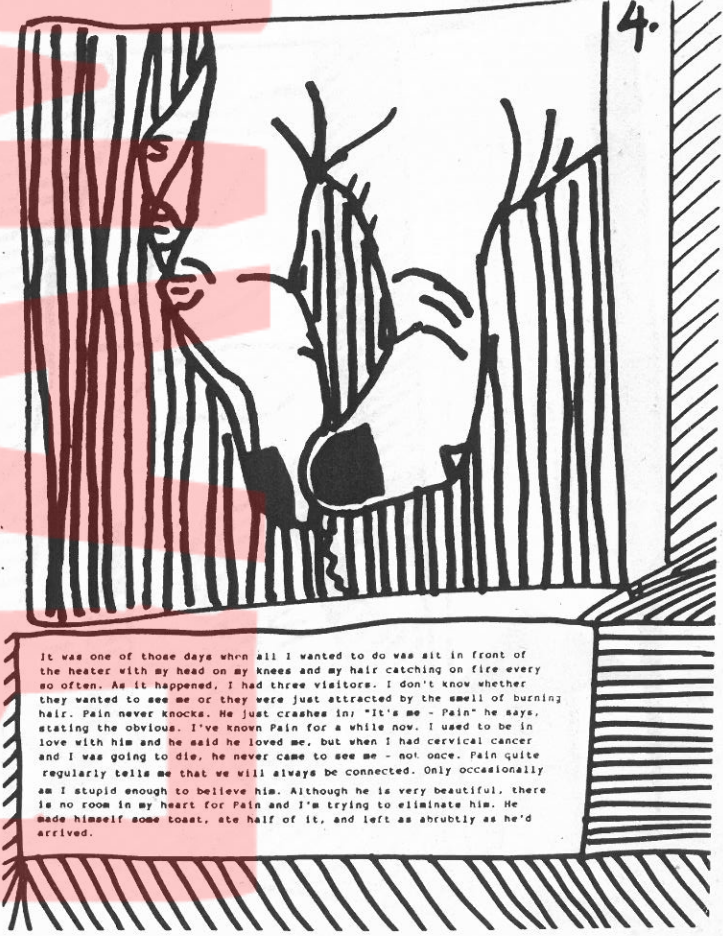
To escape the language of oppression women must write in whatever way they can. In 'Fuck Me Blind', Maggie Fingers has written in whatever way she can. Loosely connected paragraphs, poetry, dream-like sequences, illustrations, different type-faces. And I understand her. I dig what she's saying. I have been moved to write in a kind of response to her book. Art has inspired art.



Life consists of connections with other people. I am connected with the people I love, and the person that passes me in the street, with my mother and my father, and with a man who shoots pigs. I don't spend a lot of time thinking about my relationship to the person in the street or the pig-shooting man because I don't have to get along with them. I spend a lot of time considering my relationship to the people I love because I want to make them love me. I love people who are good to me, but I also love people who treat me badly. People who strive to be totally independent and separate are missing the point of life. People who have no independence or separateness are being hard on themselves. The self needs attention. Connections make productivity possible.



I'm no poet. I love my father. He has always done all he can for me. He gave his life to me. I can never repay him. All he asks is that I love him and love myself. He was never cruel to me. I love my mother and she loves my father too. I never grew up and realised that my parents were imperfect - like you're supposed to. I'm lucky. I know.



It was one of those days when all I wanted to do was sit in front of the heater with my head on my knees and my hair catching on fire every so often. As it happened, I had three visitors. I don't know whether they wanted to see me or they were just attracted by the smell of burning hair. Pain never knocks. He just crashes in: "It's me - Pain" he says, stating the obvious. I've known Pain for a while now. I used to be in love with him and he said he loved me, but when I had cervical cancer and I was going to die, he never came to see me - not once. Pain quite regularly tells me that we will always be connected. Only occasionally am I stupid enough to believe him. Although he is very beautiful, there is no room in my heart for Pain and I'm trying to eliminate him. He made himself some toast, ate half of it, and left as abruptly as he'd arrived.

BLUNT:WHAT DOES AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY REPRESENT TO YOU?

MATHEW:It makes me very angry. There's no real input to question why things are the way they are - apathy! It's all got to do with this colonialist attitude which stems back from the invasion days.What happens is that there is this division of power where the influential drown out the voice of the battlers and the group of fighters. That's why Skidrow is so important coz it can be used as a tool to educate people. Doing the radio I am able to vent my frustrations out on this society but the problem is coz of lack of time I can't do it enough so I end up being this radio person in all forms of life. It come across as being confrontationalist! People don't like that, they usually don't like what they see so they hide from it in their black leather and sunnies, or whatever.

HOMOSEXUALITY:

I am heterosexual. My two sisters are both lesbians. I hate homophobia and have become involved at different times in homosexuality justice as well. They've been persecuted so why not stick up for them as well.

FASHION:

Hasn't really changed that much. People have become groovier which makes me somewhat sick. It's all too overindulgent and I mean fuck who cares? I think the 90's should be more simplified - no wonder we are becoming crazier.

SEXISM:

It's still something I am coming to terms with.I know I suffer from chauvinism at times. I feel that it comes from my origins where it was the norm and where women didn't really confront it. I know that chauvinism occasionally rears its ugly head from within me and I become somewhat ashamed of it.



MONEY AND ADVERTISING:

Money to me represents power and that in turn generates the root of all evil, not forgetting religion as well. This element of power is controlled by the way the person whose hands it lies in uses it. It creates greed which in turn creates anger. The thing is that its been borne into us and has become a natural thing, hence we are easily able to manipulate each other through this materialistic process.

PEG



A recent chat with Dave Archer, vocalist and occasional guitar strummer for PEG, brought about the following. PEG by the way are Craig Rossi (drums), Tony Bonza (guitar), Paul Gormack (bass) and of course Dave.

BLUNT: Starting with the obligatory ^{please} give the reader the facts!

DAVE: We started gigging as PEG some 9 months back. That came about after Tony, Paul and Craig (who'd been jamming together for some time) spotted me singing for my old band the Wallflowers. ^{They} then asked me to fill the vacant singing hole. The Wallflowers weren't really going in any direction so we broke up!

BLUNT: For you how different is playing in PEG as opposed to the Wallflowers?

DAVID: Obviously it's alot different. PEG is more of an open forum for writing music. ^{it's} pretty much equal input from each member. In the Wallflowers there only two songwriters directing the way songs should sound.

After seeing PEG a few times live, I've noticed a similarity in their sound that borders around the sort of quirky discordant stuff you were able to see more of a few years back. In that sense, PEG are somewhat of a different light of sound in a rather non confronting minefield. The engine room, which supplies the rythm and sound for Dave to put lyrics around, is based on the energy of free-flow of thought. There's alot of spontaneity in the PEG songwriting discipline.

Because they've been involved in music for some time now, PEG are all aware how finnickly things are in terms of hype and expectations. DAVE: The smallest amount of hype can be turned around and We've sent a few demos around to a few record companies and we are still waiting to see what will come from it. You never know what goes on with this sort of stuff. Co's we were not too happy with the demo we might have to re-record and put it out ourselves. Who knows? I'd certainly like the hassle of that taken out of our hands.

BLUNT: There's no real hurry then?

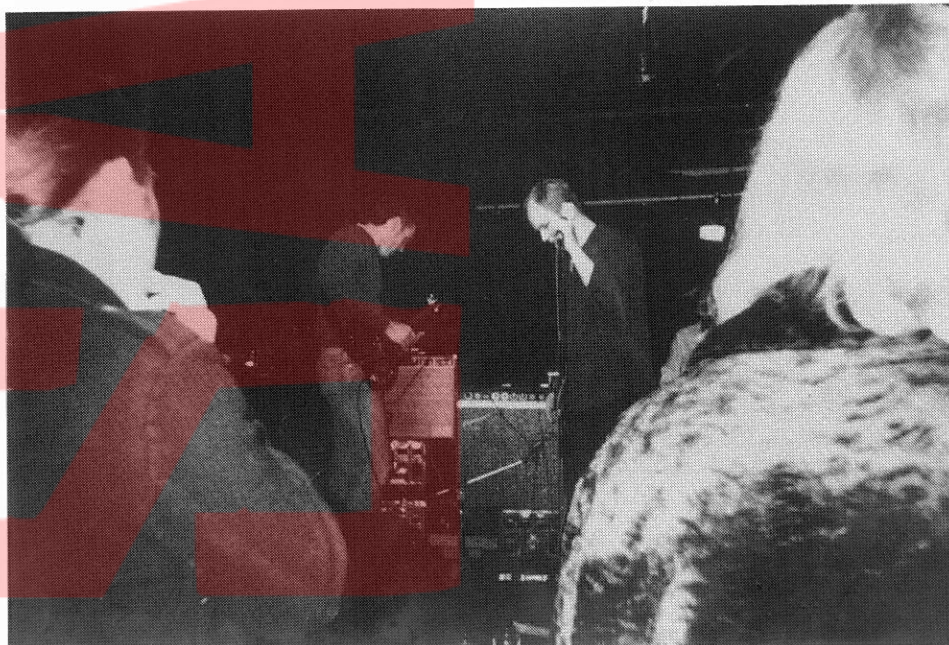
DAVE: I think the others might be in more of a hurry but I guess they've got 5 years on me even though I've got the worst of the hairlines, even (though that's a little debateable - ED).

BLUNT: Don't you wanna travel?

DAVE: I'm going to Melbourne this weekend but only to watch the footy. I don't think it's a viable option until we get something out to flog,



PEG, really are just happy to ride on with things. Dave knows the old liner about whether 'his cock is big enough' or does he 'go to the right parties. A cool, calm, relaxed type he adds, he is such 'a lazy prick with a short memory' that he 'couldn't be bothered doing anything'.



LIVE REVIEWS FOR BLUNT..

TUMBLEWEED, PSYCLONE SMILE, SCREAMFEEDER - MAX'S PETERSHAM
SATURDAY 7/5/92

Max's has been quiet for some time now but tonite was a little more rowdier than usual, with some flavour of the month bands appearing on a three band bill for a mere six bucks. Screamefeeder hail from Brisbane and from what I gather used to be called The Madmen. They had some ever so original single on the defunct Modern Records label some time back. Well, I'll say this, Screamefeeder aren't too big on originality either - they seem to be locked into the cool 'same old boring U.S. substandard pop shit'. And yes they do have long hair and yes, the guitar does outweigh everything else. It was comforting to see a female on bass for a change. Wasn't it all ironic that someone from Bum said they were the bees knees for this week and wasn't it even more ironic the amount of people in the crowd who took it all for gospel.

Psychlone Smile feature on the BIG HOPE LITTLE TOWN compilation record and from memory they are into that U.S. punk funk slap schtick. Well it's May 1992 and not much has changed. They do have alot of funk in their sound which was quite refreshing after the first act, but like the latter turn it up one extra decibel to get that extra noise generated. I like the vocalist, a damn fine sight to hold and a damn fine singer to boot, Hooray!

What is it about Tumbleweed? Well from my view there is nothing in particular. Just another boring band who are trying to shock us all with their dated late 60's early 70's acid rock sound. Apparently they're loved in the States and I can see why - fuzz guitar with that substandard popshit' rythm and sameish vocals. BORINGBORING BORING BORING BORING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!BORING!!!!!! But alas, I was probably one of the oldest of 300 odd in the room that night and plus everyone is entitled to what they like arent they? All I can say is that it is a wee sad that a band like Tumbleweed are the bees knees of Sydney. I guess it's time to pack ma bag and leave. Sorry to upset you all.

R.P. PUDDLE.....

CASUALTY, METHRAPUNGE, FRONT END LOADER - MAX'S 21/5/92

A cold night and not the sort you'd half expect to see a crowd of people at Max's for. On the bill were Front End Loader (who comprise of 50% Kryptonics), Methrapunge, who were trying out a new lineup, and Casualty, who hadn't played for some time. Someone told me it was Front End Loader's first gig and maybe that had something to do with the amount of time they spent tuning guitars. Average, plus I've never liked the Kryptonics anyway.

Methrapunge, now there you've got an exciting band willing to try something a little different with great amounts of energy and power. The singer is a sight to be seen. A thickset islander chap who puts his all into it - singing songs about existing, plus more or less pleading. With Graeme you know how hee feels about life and all. The bass player has recently done some time with MASSAPPEAL and yes what a damn fine bass player. He doesn't just give it a thump he plays interesting chord patterns. We may need more of this shit. Casualty seem to be concerned musically with the postpunk period and for that reason if you happened to be at Max's some 12 to 15 years prior you may have jumped around and had a fun old time. They sent me to sleep!

LIVE REVIEW...JAUNDICED EYE NOV. 91

This isn't a band review coz I don't know whether what I saw was a band, more a piece of theatre with musical accompaniment billed as a night of mystical mayhem. The thing is that the show combined alot of disparate elements. The music itself was a kind of ambient grunge-heavy percussion and long seering bass but also some very traditional classical sounds were incorporated, such as chimes. I guess one could describe the music as a soundscape. A soundscape to what? The singer's style was operatic, caterwauling, incantation. Something reminded me of Wagner (this is not to express a familiarity with the great man's oeuvre) but her singing had captured the sensation of the brink-or childbirth or what have you-a sort of speech from Ophelia. Lots of gesturing, flesh, pink hair, pseudo-bondage. The operettic pink-haired singer was surrounded by white-haired spritelike creatures/dancers. Some would say the whole ordeal was painful. Perhaps, but it also played alot on some very traditional Western mythology-Juno and her sidekicks/Hansel and Gretel-lestways something Bachanalian. The emphasis on tradition and baroque theatre can be construed as forced or charming. Perhaps the ol' whip was a bit of a wank because it lacked bite. But the whole thing was kinda long and showy and thus able to incorporate disparate elements. Longevity was the main drawback-even the most stalwart post-punkers pissed off before the end. In the great western classical tradition it just went on and on and on and on. Leastways one could veg out and look at the slides-odd fairytale imagery as opposed to more typical choices such as Nazism or deformities. Instead sepea shots of the Raj. Which played against silhouettes of muscled long-haired axemen. All in all the combination of slides, dancers, grindings, drummings, light and shade, storm and stress, etc, etc reminded me of Merlieux films or German expressionist cinema. Brilliant but OVERBLOWN.

---PETER MEYER.
PITA MIRE



WHOPPING BIG NAUGHTY

If you hang around the Sando on a Sunday night at the Shout Bros. you've probably witnessed those Hayes boys from Canberra strutting their stuff over cover versions of 60's 70's and 80's rock climbers. One Hayes brother who is not a permanent member but occasionally joins his older friends on stage is Justin, who is responsible for forming Whopping Big Naughty.

One Thursday night ~~this year~~ Justin and Peter Archer (bass) - who plays guitar and sings a bit in Crow, came down to Addison Rd for a chat about one of Sydney's more amusing rock fronts.

NAUGHTY



THE NAME---We got it off an ad from this sex shop in Canberra when we lived there. The shop's in Fyshwick and at the end of the night there was an ad for this video sale with sausage letters in big reds and yellows going WHOPPING BIG NAUGHTY. And did we love it or what. It cracked us up. Actually, I heard a better one -Whopping Big Crusty.

GARY

WHO DOES WHAT---~~Gary~~ plays drums, Pete-bass Justin-everything. Writes all the songs and sings all the words. I do that and it's enough. That's all you need to be obsessive with so you can lie down the rest of the time.
SONGS---J-We've got heaps. 16 on our demo tape in fact.

About four of them are covers.

P-There's a cover on the tape!

B-Top forty, very naughty.

J-There's Sun, Sun, Sun by the Sunrays. To show that we're not just aggressive arseholes we do the theme from Prisoner by Lyn Hamilton.

B-Why?

J-Coz I love the show. Frankie Doyle's the most beautiful person to have ever lived.

LYRICS---J-Whatever pops up. They're pretty short.

SONGWRITING---P-Justin puts the ideas down pretty quickly. It's quite a feast. They're basically written with a quirky feel to them I guess. There is some structure which we all embellish upon. Shit like that there.

DEMOTAPE/RECORDINGS

J-We've got the one recorded live to D.A.T at Troy Horse and we're giving one of the tracks to Nick from Half A Cow for a compilation C.D which has 12 songs on it.

N.B-If you like drunken revellry go and see W.P.N for a fun kinda night. ---R.P. PUDDLE.



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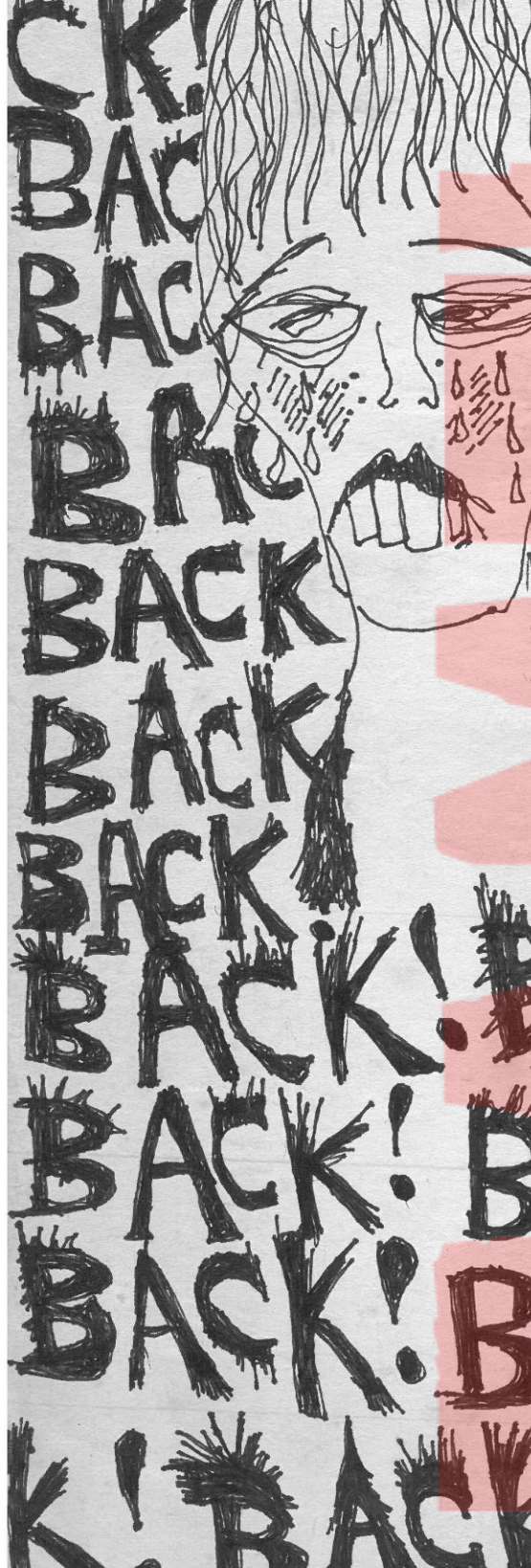
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AUGUST 24 to AUGUST 28

CELLBLOCK THEATRE

EAST SYDNEY COLLEGE CAMPUS

BACK! BACK! BACK! BACK!
! BACK! BACK! BACK! BACK!
ACK! BACK! BACK! BACK! B



Please. I don't want to be Queen of Transylvania
I've just been to Sanctuary and I've got to get
the 3.45 train. Its the last train to Artarmon.
Please I've got to go, My Dad will be waiting
up for me and I've got school on Monday. I'm
doing my HSC and I've got to go home very soon.
My name's not Bella but Tamson and I am
like all the other girls or most of them. There
are a group of us at School - Monte St Angelo. There
just into weird stuff - you know black Angelo - we're
val history, romance and a few black clothes, medie-
the Cure and The Smiths. Well I'm only sixteen, like
I don't even want to be a Gothic, I'd really, I shit
be a Rockabilly but once your in it it's really hard to
get away from the Gothic scene - its so incestuous!
Besides, all the Roker girls are really really straight, I
just like the Roker guys, Jesus I'll be getting in
trouble. Look whats the matter with my teeth, I was
going to get them fixed, but my orthodontist wanted
to wait till my mouth had stopped growing and now
I'm sixteen too old - I'd have to get catswhiskers!
Yeah but I still have to get home - I'm too old for
braces but I'm too young to leave home - Please
really I'm just a girl - whats the matter with my
eyes? - Whats the matter with my eyes? Oh Jesus!

BACK! BACK! BACK! BACK!
BACK! BACK! BACK! BACK!
BACK! BACK! BACK! BACK!
BACK! BACK! BACK! BACK!
K! BACK! BACK! BACK!
BACK! BACK! BACK!

REVIEWS

THE CHILLS - "THE MALE MONSTER FROM THE ID" - SLASH.

What a title, a song written from Phillips himself that speaks about men and the inherent perversity of destruction. The other two tracks on the CD are not on the album so your bonus is "I wish I could do without You" and my favourite "Big Dark Day". It's great to see that the Chills have not lost their familiar touch to their music. Typically New Zealand with *that* creeping guitar and bullish beat-true to form.

THE EARTHMEN - SELF TITLED (DOGMEAT/SHOCK)

Well these five guys have seemed to have penned themselves a couple of lovely little songs which have a mixture of pop, grunge and the average guitar lick. The record retains a freshness that unfortunately has been lost for some time in Australian music, holding on to its strong roots.. Produced and engineered by Chris Thomson, the great maestro himself, the recording exudes fine production skills and the best thing about it all is that it is on vinyl, so don't sell your record player yet. From Melbourne the Earthmen play songs that touch your brain cells with hammer like blows taking you the listener down to the depths of serenity.

THE RED PLANET ROCKETS - HEAVEN EXPRESS/B/W DOGMEAT THRU SHOCK

This three piece have released another piece of vinyl that oozes grunge with some sort of mutant rockabilly and rythms that are just waiting to be picked up and played on your record player. The Rockets comprise of Paul Kitten from the Buttheads and the Space Juniors, Carl "Mono Boulevard" on guitar and vocals and also from the Space Juniors, as well as Simon from the Splatterheads on drums.

Buy it for your granny as a present co's I'm sure she'd love it.

NUNBAIT - "SPINOUT" on Survival.

Well those four crazy lads have at last released a CD that has good production, great lyrics and fucken fantastic rythms. I mean a song about Kylie and Jason rperesents a song full of fast punchy guitar that manages to well and truly assassinate the subject matter. The other tracks well and truly speak for themselves. *They* further put forward the notion that due to the lack of airplay it has already received, that yes, Aus. rock, you certainly suck. *These* blokes know the art of creating that certain intensity and meaning we all sometimes feel by writing lyrics *that* hammer relentlessly at your brain with the *sounds* following as good as suit.

Hang around for some time guys and twist and torment the general public whilst continuing to give the music industry a good proverbial kick up the arse that it deserves.

M. LIOTTA ...

THE YOUNG GODS - PHONECIAN CLUB 30/5/92

I hadn't *actually* heard of the Young Gods before forking out my fifteen bucks so I just went in hearsay. I saw their photo in the paper and I initially thought you'd have to be three prize wankers to call yourselves the Young Gods especially coming from Switzerland the land of the clean. Yet these rockin cats managed to live up to the arrogance of their name being quite a claim.

It was my third favourite concert of all time - as good a one as Midnight Oil in 1979 (co's *that* was my very first) and as good as the Birthday Party in 1981. But this wasn't rock music or sound sculpture, this was gun sculpture, cannon sculpture! The drumming was very heavy, very staccato and percussive, a bit like Phil Calvert on angel dust - dark but clean - wierd - broken electricity, with a singer a cross between a Blixa Bargeld and Michael Hutchence.

It was rock opera with bits of sound that reminded me of some bits of classical music - Flight of the Bumblebee - and it was all very teutonic in that it did not once bore or make me even stiflę a yawn. It was more than interesting because all the computer technology, wierd sounds, nordic sturm and drang was able to grind forward in a sublime rythmic and aggressive manner. Hats off to the light person.

All blackness, a bit of silhouettes, staccato squares of white light. Suddenly I knew what it was like to be back in the Somme in good ole 1914. And special thanks must go to all those old gods and goddesses - Thor, Odin, Loki, Baldur, the beautiful Freyer, FRigv, the Young Gods could not have done it without you.

PITA MIRE...

DISTANT LOCUST AND HALF - THE HOPETOUN IN JUNE

Half were running late co's apparently they been up all night recording a demo. Disappoint they did not. In 20 minutes they played some of the most inspiring frenetic rock n roll I'd seen for sometime. What a shame no one gives two fucks about this lot but the good thing ^{is} they don't let it all concern them too much. Four wise cynics having a good time entertaining the punters - that's what its all about! Scratchy guitar bits with either demonic or candy vocals depending on whether its Zeb, Toby or Bill, as well as powerful fits of drumming bring together Half the band and what a shame it will be when they leave for Holland at the end of the year.

Back from Holland and the rest of Europe were Distant Locust who were *playing* their second show in some 6 months since returning. They started out with some oldies from the Evil Star days which got the crowd going and despite a few sound problems put in a good show for a rather appreciative audience. Th They were back in their domain at last and it does seem somewhat strange that now being August they have not played since but then true and tired cynics, that they may be, know a good way round a shitfight. Nice to catch you live again!

Puddle ...

"We've got a dub song in our repertoire," says Ashley
"did you hear it the other night?"

Insert my mumbled apologies for memory loss while Ashley impersonates the rhythm track to encourage any synapse action that may recall the song. Nah...not a hope.

Sean reckon's Harrow's "gonna love it, he's gonna go apeshit on it."

Ashley; "It's a full dub song but, y'know; Caligula style."

Sean; "What? You mean... 'with guitars'... 'rock out'."

Okay, settle down lads.

They're going in to demo the next record in about a week, and Sean is enthused about exploring how a hard-edged guitar works with reggae.

"I'm going through my whole record collection at the moment and DAT-ing everything. I've got about this (insert picture of Sean-as-fisherman, with hands spaced about a foot apart) many reggae records and I just go through 'em and get interesting things. Like that Angelique Kidjo record, there's lots of great percussion bits. She's got a great voice too, but I'm not about to start using voice samples."

"Whaddaya mean?" Ashley interrupts "you've got two songs with voice samples."

"No, but not those kind of voice samples."

Edit out the bits where we work out just what those voice samples aren't and what they are; Ashley's just announced that the new record will also contain Caligula's "First and last cover version"

The tease won't tell me what it is, "We're going back to the early eighties," says Sean-cluemaster "The most interesting time for music."

Really? What about the nineties, then? What about "We are here, we are now, we are power" and all that?

"Well...I think in dance music, there's a resurging of punk rock in the form of techno, with KMFDM and all that stuff. It's very fresh, but it's getting marketed very quickly - which is not necessarily a bad thing, because then you'll always get bands coming along who'll go to even more extremes."

So do Caligula see themselves as being part of that hard core?

"I wouldn't be so pompous," says Sean, not for the last time today, "We're not into identifying with something that much."

I mean, I'm not going to turn around and say 'Hi, we're innovators and we've done this and we've done that.' It's stupid. Everything you do is influenced by someone else, and that influence comes out all the time in your playing and your songs. You can't say you're original. You're not."

"What doesn't seem to be borrowed nowadays, that someone won't throw down and say 'You sound like this!' "

Ashley takes over, confounding me with acrobatic logic, "I mean, Jesus Jones were being strung as a Beatles thing. Which is true I suppose. I mean, the Beatles had harmony and chords and so do a million shitloads of other bands, but..."

And so on.

We discuss the new Hunnas single, the fact that INXS are "doing a U2", and that if you can't tell the difference between the genuine and the fake it doesn't really matter which side you're on at all.

Ashley comes to the conclusion that "Everybody's getting really twisted in their ways." I can only agree.

Sean impersonates a few more of the African/conga/steel drum sounds he wants to sample for the next record and Ashley asks me if I reckon "Checkpoint" would go down well at a rave. Caligula - more than ever - are obsessed with the possibilities of music...fired up, keen, and itching to soar.



WOMEN'S BAND DAY

Suzi Q
Sister Freak
Fluroamazons
Elizabeth Eldridge
(ex Birth of Mirtha)
Kate Henwood
Ms.C.Crass
Salamanda
The Bleeders
(fr. Newcastle)
itchybites
Louise
Bug

...plus more
Sound by DS

\$5 donation
SUNDAY 23rd AUGUST
2pm sharp→7pm
14-16 BUCKLAND St
Chippendale



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