

THE

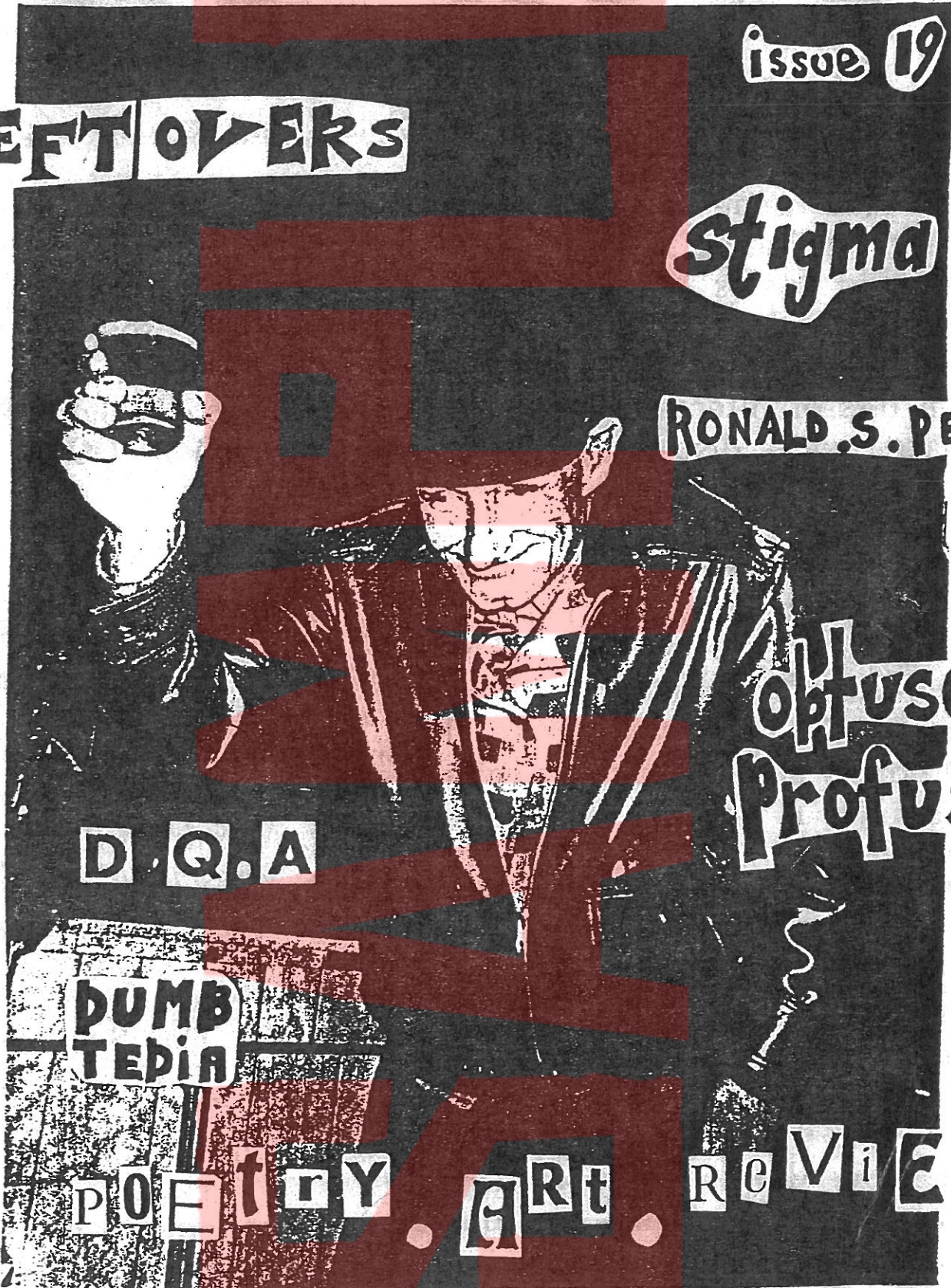
BLUNT

issue 19

LEFTOVERS

stigma

RONALD S. PENO



obtuse
Profuse

D.Q.A

DUMB
TEDIA

POETRY . ART . REVIEW

SEP 94

Cover by -

Noula 94 ©

greetings

Good evening and welcome to the next edition of Blunt for the year. This issue is a bumper issue, including for your delectable tastes an interview with Ronald S. Peno, The Leftovers, Stigma and various other bits of interesting stuff to titillate your discerning brain cells.

While putting together this issue, we threw around the idea of getting some advertising. The reason for this is that it might be time to venture beyond the usual 100 copies churned out for each edition (it is time to bring the light of Blunt to the heathen millions). Being the kind hearted, generous, non-profit hungry people that we are, these most amazing rates are offered for your perousal: \$25 full page, \$12.50 half page, \$7 quarter page. So, if you have anything that you think might interest Blunt readers (and a discriminating group they are!)

please ring as soon as possible.

Don't forget, any letters of abuse or adoration, any contribution are more than welcome (in fact desperately sought). Please forward to Blunt, 78 St. George Cresc. Faulconbridge, NSW, 2770
Phone: (047) 516 003

Enjoy!

Also, Thanx to J. Habermas, Phillipa, Joe, Ron Peno, And Marks, Matt Gleeson, Stigma, Bridie, Marjorie (Large Marge), Mariella, Rowan, Scott Lane, Blaire, Alex from RSR, Tom (our cover guest), Alan Scott for Feedback, Tony for the Journalist Club, Amarant, Whopping Big Naughty, lunarcide, The Bacchantes, The Leftovers, Citizen Dog and Freudian Trip, and Peter Herr. See you all in December,
Love and kisses,
Bob & Voula.

XXXXXXX



A PRELUDE:

With listening to STIGMA, this is what you must do.

SIT IN A ROOM OR STAND OR LIE DOWN AND OPEN UP TO WHAT YOU HEAR. LISTENING TO STIGMA IS LIKE GOING TO A SAUNA. SOUNDS CONDENSE AND SETTLE ON YOUR SKIN. THEY FILTER IN THROUGH YOUR PORES. THEY SATURATE YOUR MIND AND YOUR BREATHING.

TOM'S VOICE IS LIKE A CATERPILLAR, CRAWLING ACROSS THE SPHERE OF A SOUNDSCAPE CREAKED BY WHO KNOWS WHAT. HAVE YOU EVER PLAYED A COMPUTER ADVENTURE GAME OR BEEN TRIPPING BY YOURSELF OR HAD A LONG DREAM ?

'MUSEUM ' TAKES YOU ON A JOURNEY TO A HUNDRED DIFFERENT PLACES. I'M LISTENING TO IT NOW. I FEEL LIKE I AM IN ONE OF THE SIXTIES SPACED OUT MOVIES WHERE THE WALLS SWIRL WITH COLOURS AND THE CORRIDORS TWIST ROUND SHARP CORNERS UP AND DOWN. THINGS GET BIGGER AND SMALLER. UP UP NOW DOWN.

re: Mariella 1994

It was the kind of day where people moved leisurely along the street, bouncing with every step. A reggae day. It was hot, a summer beach town day, bare brown shoulders and long smooth legs, white teeth and salt dried hair. No rain in sight. No umbrellas.

"Watch where you're going!" He had been. The horizon- he was walking towards it and that was why he hadn't noticed her. Not until he had been thrown against the scratchy red bricks and blamed unjustly for the accident. And even then he might have missed her had it not been for her shoes. They were good thick shoes. Boots. Old and wrinkled and black shoes. The kind of shoes that turned him on. This time he would keep his cool. He would not be gallant. He would not be romantic. This girl wore boots. "Are you always this polite to people you've just met?" Sufficiently sarcastic (and dare he say it) even witty?

Emile was not. It was not a good day to pick something with her. It was never a good day to pick something with her. But he wore converse. She liked converse and she liked the way his hair fell sloppily over his eyes and his round glasses that made him look owlish. Most of all, she liked the floppy kind of way he's been thrown back against the wall, his body yielding, submitting immediately. Here was a relaxed guy. Here was a man with loose limbs.

And so the romance began over respective attractions to footwear.

by Mariella

THE

PULP MEDIA

MACQUARIE UNI - QUDON - BEVERLY HILLS - NEGATIVLAND - 15 NOVEMBER



cute

**ALICE
IN CHAINS**

FREE

CAME AROUND TO OUR OFFICE
AFTER THE GIG AND BLEW US OUT

**INSIDE: TAFFETA UNDERGROUND - BABY TOYS
RIPE - WIPE - SWIRL - SMUDGE - BLUR - CURVE
FELCH MY ORANGUTAN'S PANMAN
BEFORESCIENCE - I KILLED A BACKPACKER**

TISM AND KEN DONE

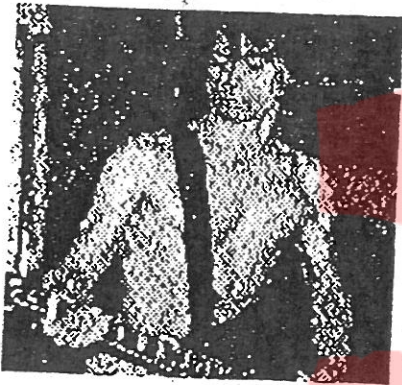
● Melbourne rock band TISM, in the legal hot seat due to a legal suit launched in their direction from Sydney artist Ken Done, have finally announced that they are in fact Ken Done. For years refusing to reveal their identity to the public, TISM became reknown for bizarre appearances in "Home and Away" as items of household furniture and the jar of lollies on Alf's counter. But now the truth is out, as this recent TISM fax makes plain: "We are Ken Done, and we always have been. All of us."

RARE BONO IMPORT BAN

● A Brisbane-based distributor is moving to have a rare U2 album banned in Australia because lead singer Bono is reputed to have wanked constantly during the CD's recording. The move follows comments from Ira McGuiness, U2's former sound engineer. In her four years of service, touring and recording with the quartet of Irish druggo backslidden christians, she estimates that Bono would have "had somewhere in the vicinity of thirty or forty thousand wanks"

MORE WACKO SCANDALS

● More trouble for Michael Jackson this week when it was discovered that the loony pop star's llama is actually two grown men in a stupid suit. "I really don't know why they did it" said Jackson's dumbfounded manager yesterday, referring to the eight years spent inside the suit by the two Texan Republican candidates. The pair's motives are unknown, although it is believed an element of sexual fantasy runs throughout every edition of "Melrose Place".



DIESEL'S NEW BUTTOCKS

● On Friday, Diesel's career entered a new phase when he was fitted with a pair of brand new buns. Deciding that the old bum cheeks had become to flabby and over-pinched, Diesel's Perth-based management ordered a set of "Iggy Pop model" durable buttocks and had them attached in a quick nine hour operation. Diesel is said to feel "much happier now".

THE LOSERVILLE HOTEL

THURS 18: **TEX IS SEX**

THE TEX PERKINS ERUD SEA COVER SHOW

FRI 19: **HOWZAT!** SHERBET COVER SHOW

SAT 20: **SWERDGE**

SUN 21: **BAND COMP** FOR A CHANCE TO EMBARRASS YOURSELF AND DISCOVER WHAT IS CONSIDERED TALENTED IS HIGHLY SUBJECTIVE CALL AND BOOK BY

MON 22: **HAPPY HALF HOUR** 12:30 - 1:30

TUES 23: **AUSINGDY** COMES IN TO MORROW GO HOME!

WED 24: **GET DRISSED** THROW IN HAVE AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION WITH A DRUGGABOONE AND ROBE 204

OPEN DANCE WITH DAWN OR LINDA THE HOUSE OF LADENGE

With Robert, weird bloody Lester and his Good Chamber,
Even As We Speak, and more....

* PLUCKED FROM THE BOWELS OF MEDIOCRITY - OCTOBER 1990

* The tape which launched the Nineties, and so aptly titled by Crow's Peter Fenton. Hot new local talent on the tape with Nunbait, Crow, Aftertaste, The Plug Uglies, Wallflowers, The Moles, Monroes Fur, Slub, and much much more. Comes with Blunt magazine featuring interviews with all bands.

BLUNT RECORD RELEASE ...

* 12 SOLID GOLD INNER CITY HITS - NOVEMBER 1991

Yes, there are still copies around my loft!! Thanx to the main media press one can obtain this via postage (see details) cheaply and receive tracks from the likes of Wipe (), Even As We Speak, the Cannanes, Crow, Dumb and the Ugly, Monroes Fur, and Mahatma Propagandhi.

PRICES:

* Straight Blunt issues will cost you \$1 (BLUNT 12 is \$2) plus 50 cents for postage and handling.

* Voices from the Cellar cassette costs 5 dollars plus 2 dollars for postage and handling.

* Plucked from the Bowels of Mediocrity cassette plus zine will cost just six dollars plus two dollars for postage and handling.

All cheques and money orders to be made payable to BLUNT. Send payments to Blunt Magazine, c/o 78 St Georges Crescent, Faulconbridge 2776 NSW.



The Canal

I

It was midday, when the bell rang loudly amidst the raw shouts of ecstatic children. Marie-Ange was going home for lunch. Her house was only a few metres away near the croaking frog canal on the street that faced the school.

She was swinging her bag, thinking about what her mother would have ready for her to eat, when she heard her name. "Psst! Psst! Marie-Ange...Marie-Ange...".

It was a dark man of about thirty. He was just barely holding a bottle of Mainstay Rum in one hand. The sultanas seemed to drown down there, at the bottom, trapped inside this glass.

He stood in front of the clearing where all the drunks in her neighbourhood slept, when at night their bent backs were heard, cracking against the fruit logs.

"Come and show us what's in your bag, little girl...". His face suddenly came alive, and he sneered in her direction, his arm swaying to and fro, motioning to her to come closer.

She was confused. A million visions raced through her mind. Mostly of food. Hard coconuts with seeping sweet juice, mangoes still green, sprinkled with salt and bitter on her tongue, her contorted features wincing with pleasure as she bit into the fruit, as the soft, boiled jasmine rice squished and mashed onto her teeth and welcoming palette.

She awoke from her daydream to find herself seated on a log under a longane tree, her hands being rubbed furiously by a laughing maniac drunk.

She looked around in an alarm. She was surrounded by men. About ten. Maybe fifteen. Their forms were evanescent, slippery and without frame. They drew wayward patterns above her head with twig fingers, and released strange laughter into the heavy liquor air.

II

The spirit children scampered along the undergrounds of the canal like drug-induced circus animals.

They had performed with Marie-Ange for a long time. They would hover above her as she skirted the sides of the mud-drenched canal with her grass-thick shoes and hopping back-pack.

They would envy her gaiety, her gypsy trails, her sojourns from reality.

They felt so achingly material next to her; for she was not an ordinary earth child. She had powers.

Once, she dropped something so near the opening of their sordid and base dwellings, that when she lowered her face to pick it up, they had almost felt her hairbreath as she sighed through their wistful, invisible fingers.

It was then that they came to the sudden realisation that their only way back to the delights of the earth world, was through her.

III

Marie-Ange's body was soon consumed with alien sensations. She observed numbly as a light jade liquid was injected into her thin, blue veins.

The alcohol, still lurking in her blood, made the horror giggly, distant and delirious. Surely she was fast asleep, her lids blocking all contentment from her view, her pupils dilating into nightmares, wide and gasping.

A few hours later, she felt herself awake and very alert. She was besieged by murky, brown-green frogs, their eyes large and watchful.

The walls were like tunnel arches. She could hear her school friends playing above her. They were encircling each other, and their feet made empty echoes that filled Marie-Ange's head with silent despair.

She knew she would never reach them again. She was no longer real. They would not feel her.

No bamboo stick trapped in the mud, no goo, and ox-cart spells, no flower prayers above the din.; nothing, could conquer the midnight of her tigress rage when at two or three o'clock, the outside sun bit hard into a silver-grey sky and left a hole of harsh yellow to simmer above her savage shrills.

IV

Meanwhile, the onion soup placed in Marie-Ange's favourite purple-flaked bowl, sat in the kitchen untouched, as the bemused authorities searched through every inch of the small village.

V

low is the sunken ship you sail

to get back to the voices

of
sober days hung over

the
shimmering
mast

Lower you sink,

And the earth swallows the rain and coughs up
flowers that writhe and bend with acidity,
as you bury another child

Ah, calm your pathetic being down on the ground
that feeds you,

Calm your narrow self down here in the wake
of new and sudden shocks that pelt through your body
like wet electricity,

like the morning you got up
and felt nothing more in your arms
when life was nothing but grog, brown paper bags
and carbon from newspaper fingers
rubbing into your skin

And you find that you are no more
than an old drunken sailor
trapped under the broken back
of the ocean floor...

The men knew. They would speak to their inebricated selves
so ramblingly afterwards, that if they ever found themselves
sober again, it would be purely by accident.

VI

Marie-Ange was led into a chamber that seemed to evoke an
aura of magic. She was taken there by the Will Master
who had awakened in her after the drug.

Feathers dipped in golden inks dripped light onto her face
and her opalescent eyes caught abstract glimpses of floating
forms as they quickly disappeared into an opening shaped
like a crescent moon.

She followed. The passageway was empty.
Where were they?! Where were her abductors?!

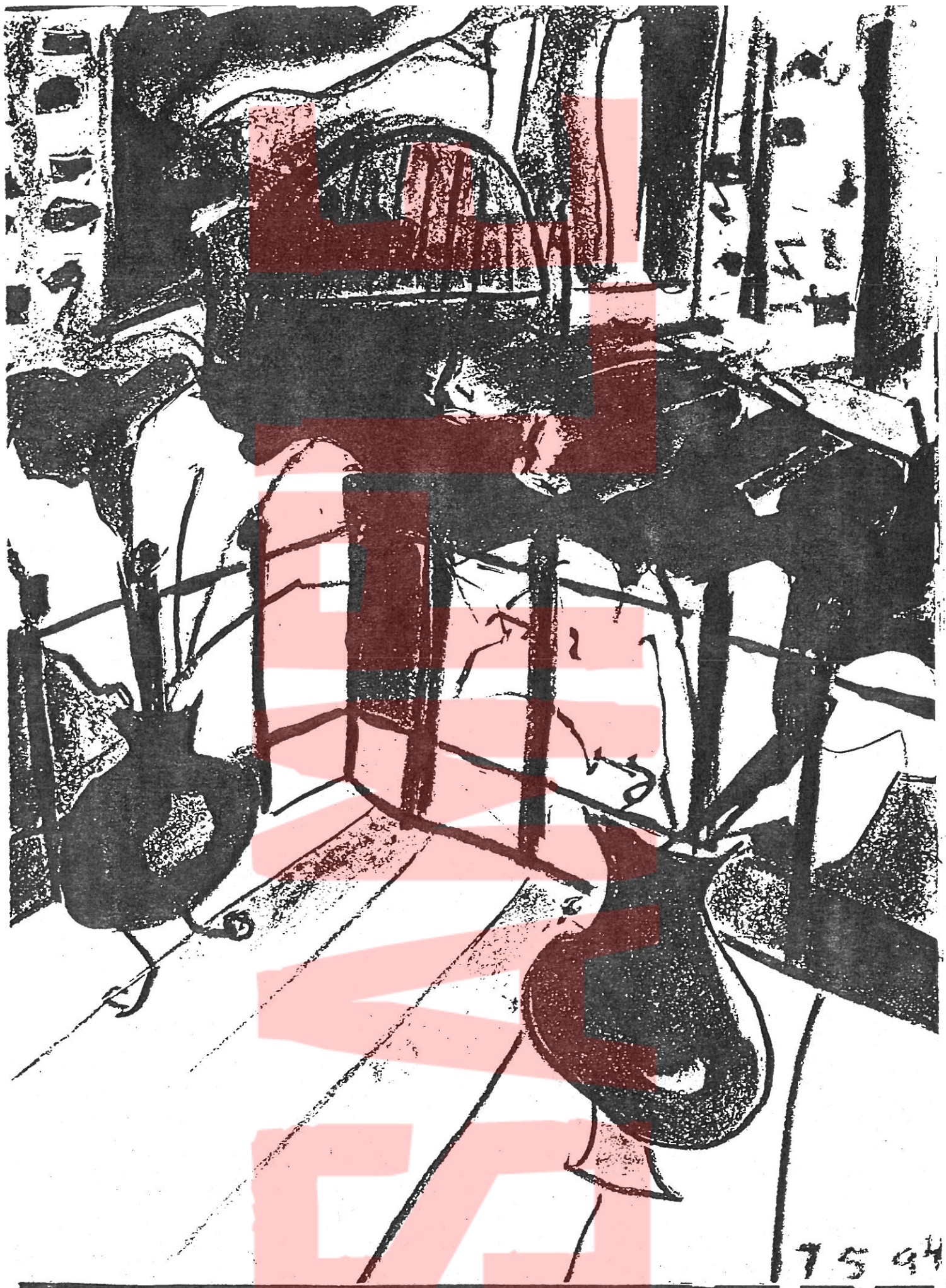
Her hands wanted revenge, her nails clawed at the bare
walls, eating up the glycerin that fed its moisture.

What anger festered at that time that would not have
scorched dry the most innocent of touches, the most fragile
wisps of skin against her burning flesh?

Did the breezy tap on her wrist, filled with alarm and
concern, have any effect on a body overcome with fury?

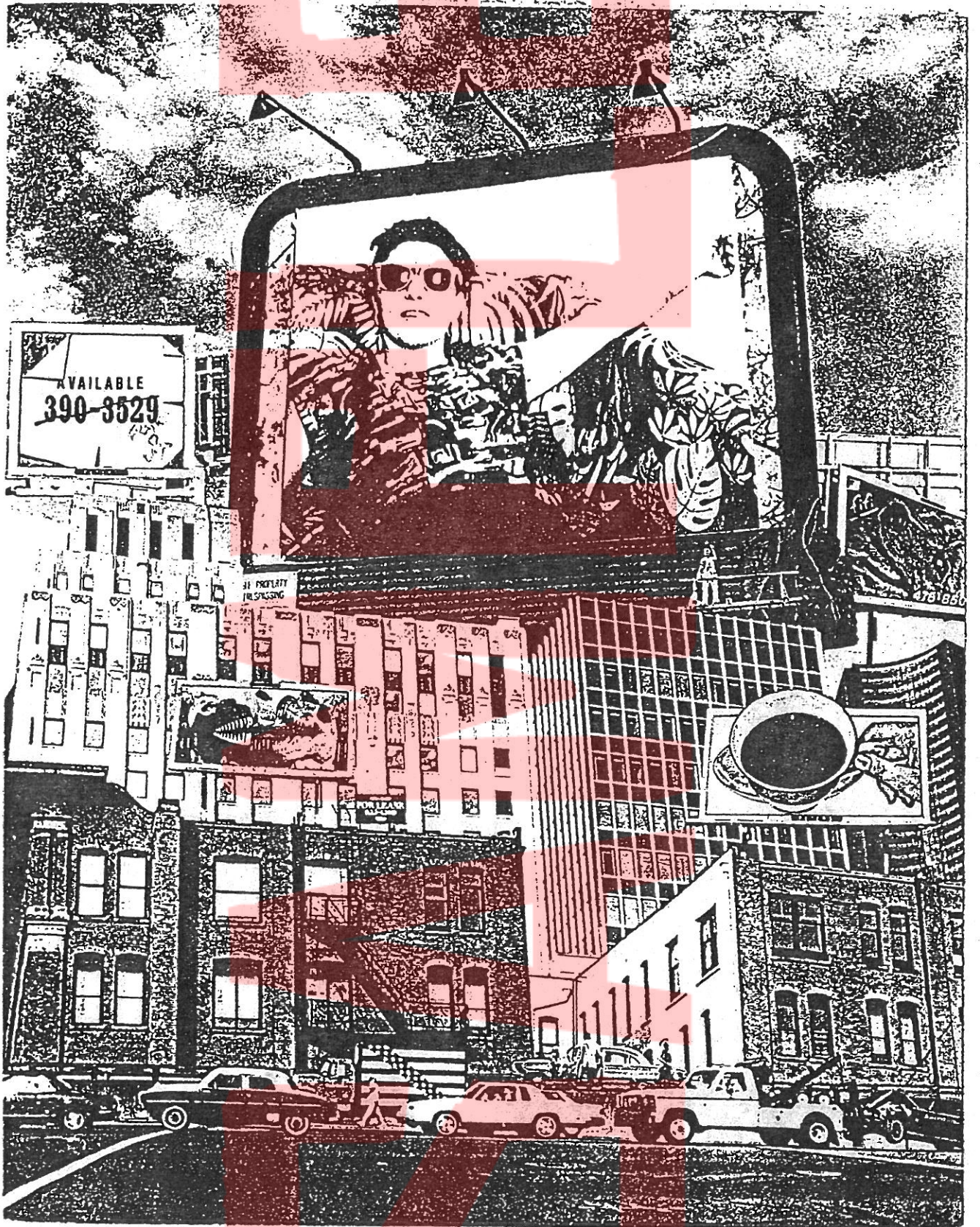
One of them spoke: "Quick, fetch me a banana leaf!".
After a long pause, a siren's voice gifted the speaker's
impatient ear: "No," was her curt reply.

Marjorie Bhoyroo



75 94

Voula



MIGRAINES
CONSUMER FRENZY
THRUSH
HERPES
CHICKEN
WARTS
MOUSTACHE
DELUSIONS-OF GRANDEUR
HYPERTHERMIA
CANCERS
HYPOCHONDRIA
ONE-EYEBROW
ADDICTIONS (list)
BLEEDING FROM ORIFI
LONG NOSE HAIR
PINK SOCKS
SKULL LUMPS
OBSESSIONS
CRIMINAL TENDENCIES
BRAIN TUNAS
POST AMPHETAMINE SURGERY
ALLERGIES
HALITOSIS
EMPHYSEMA

Qrama

Qqueens

Have you ever tried to OD on any of the following: Matthew Liotta, aspirin, Bacchantes rehearsals, work, sleep, Listerine, vitamins, Absolutely Fabulous repeats?

Why are you answering these questions?

Describe your fashion sense

Are you? Or any members of your family?

What do you think it is that specifically qualifies you as a member of DQA?

Name three famous friends

Name six famous enemies

What is your favourite movie?

What is your IQ

Explain the average seasonal rainfall patterns in South East Asia?

Why?

Explain CHAOS theory - five words or less

Why is Ivan Denisovich?

Vitamins = Bondage. Discuss

Fuck off Dullards

VPHBDQAHQ (no relation)



Qanonymais

Hybiscus "talking" tongues translators

Elapse of this from that
come forth and scream
Scream your missions
Message to the unheeding
ears of those snakes
around you.

At long, long last
The arrival of abundance
Not anything in particular
But plenty of it

Suspecting people and the
real reason we die an
early death
riddled with that
special something

Gorge yourself, horde it away
If your pockets are filled then you have
Lived your life to the fullest
fullest
fullest

Outside the ulterior motive
We look for the long distance captive

Giving the last bread of life
The body of Christ to the
Judge's daughter
We devalue
The weeping and yesterdays

Unsure of just why
But continuing despite
We deliberate our sentence

Do I believe in my own sermon?
Divided by ritual
Let's sell some indulgence to our
New martyr.

Measure my purpose
Measure my worth
Give me your final
Evaluation.

Tune fills ears with emptiness
Chatter of voices becomes
A blanket of nonsense.

Captivated by the contradiction
In the other room.
Well let you and I be an exception

Melancholy misplaced
What is this non-sense.

Watching the donkey eat the donkey
We place our bet on
The death of our own cause.

We shall leave as I can
Mind turned inside

Heart dispensed in all your fear
Waters deepest sorrow
Swim, swim, swim and find



Hybiscus 1 - King Tongues Translations

Spirits released into
Transcending gifts of
Golden gulls.
Watery flowers
That seem to be them

Dream of reason
A crafted personality
Formula that is bent.

We can no contemplate their truth,
so why don't we become ourselves.

Sky below the atmosphere
Of some substantial world
We watch for the coming of our chief
Spiritual master.

The globe of reasonable thought
This nation of misunderstanding
Becomes the universe of
Long lost anythings

Thoughts do dwell
In the phantom forest
So we often catch the bus

Indifference the master
I told you it's habit
Alive, alive or appearing to be so

A warehouse in Newtown
Part of a cement realm called Sydney

I am the very thing
you wanted me to be.

I escape sometimes as the
So so assured
Alternative says
'Everything will be alright tonight'

Return to me shadow
Of my fellow distraction
Infiltrate the heart
Via an immediate correction
Miss interpretation is my name
And I know what you
were trying to say
She said.

Sell your gift to an image merchant
And you will never pass

Hopeful gesture and union of the other
Creatures dance in sublime
Euphemisms of your horrific deed
In the pursuit of some
substantial something
The consumption of the highest order
Was the whole sum of
Sacrificial splendour

Worship of the great God -
The American dollar
Your sermon to the merchants
A responsibility to your bank account.

In you herself himself or maybe
It was a reflection
I saw a special element of the
Eventual elapsing eclipses of a

Teach - I am ripe for learning
Taught at an early age
The way to anyone's heart
Is with a capital liquified
Some incented with a love song
Calculated, evaluated
To commodity
For personless whatsoever
Consumer supreme
You and I
Consumer dream

©

SCOTT LANE - BLAIR 93

Live Review

Live Music Review- The Cannanes/ Ashtray Boy, at the Sandringham, July.

This was my first exposure to the "international pop icons" The Cannanes. I realize that admitting this may damage any chance at inner city cred but the news I must bring forth is too great to let my budding career as a Sando regular stand in the way. They were fantastic, they were original, they were a lot of fun to watch too. Steve and the two Frans began their set with some light poppy tunes, bopping away on stage like happy little puppies and eventually moved on to some more intense, 'rocky' kind of stuff as the evening wore on. This band live are basically wonderful because they seem to be having a lot of fun up there and it's contagious. They're just like the people next door and up the street and two blocks away, they smile a lot and sing with their hands in their pockets and their idea of coreography is two co-ordinated movements in the same show.

The two bands alternated all night (each playing three sets) which was great because it kept every one interested and hanging out for more.

Ashtray Boy were also new to me, although after having listened to Nice's 'Dear John' about a thousand times in the past year, I had a few expectations which were pretty much fulfilled. Ashtray Boy were great in short sets. Their stage presence is minimal but their

REAL Wild Child

Real Wild Child Exhibition- Power House Museum.

Well, what did we expect? A few photographs of Johnny O'Keefe, John Bonham's drumsticks and a pair of Tex Perkins' Y-fronts? Actually, what you get in the Real Wild Child Exhibition is a pretty amazing cross-section of Australian music past and present. The project itself is a huge one to undertake and they could have almost been forgiven for making it general and mainstream, but the impressive thing is that they didn't.

The exhibition is divided by decades, each section displaying memorabilia (eg clothes, records, sheet music, etc...) as well as a choice of videos such as music clips, interviews and short documentaries. It covers every one from Johnny Young to the Saints to Nick Cave to the Cruel Sea. Basically, for something that attempts to cover such a broad area, it does a damn fine job.

Apart from documenting the eras, the exhibition also features hands-on displays such as a nifty, multi-sound drum kit, a laser guitar, and the best thing of all, a desk where you can manipulate your own voice by pushing little levers and pressing buttons.

This is definitely worth catching if you've got a spare \$2 and at least as many hours- hurry, it closes real soon.

HIVEMAN BREW

WEEKNIGHTS 9-10
(8 ON FRIDAY)



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BROADWAY 2007

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CITIZEN DOG
BACCCHANTES
STIGMA
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friday 23rd sept

9:30 till late

\$3

Journalists Club

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