

# INBT

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ISSUE



**Celibate  
Rifles**

**Mr T  
Experience  
(USA)**

**Aftertaste  
Las Empaladoras**

**Cosmic** ☆

**Conspiracy  
Productions**

**plus Reviews,  
Short Stories,  
& Poetry ....**



Chant and be Happy.....

νμσδπσφρνψτιγοωχσμπβγισαθ

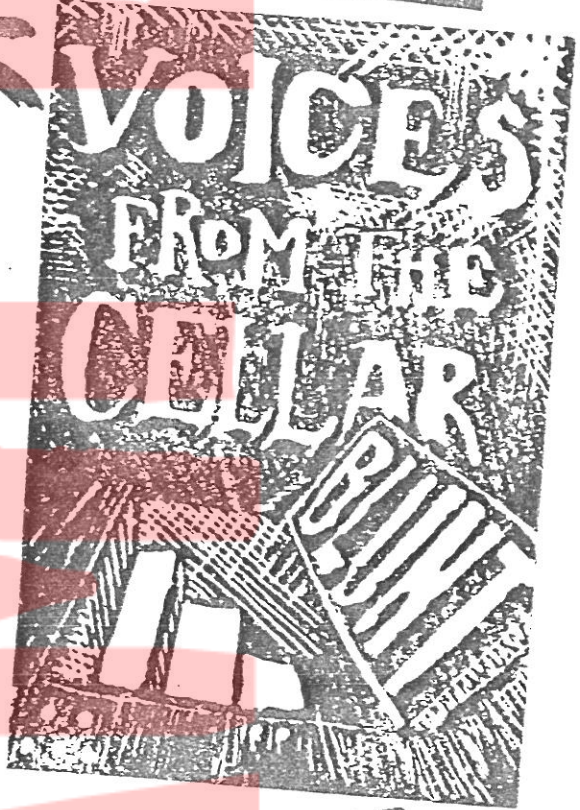


THE AFTERTASTE

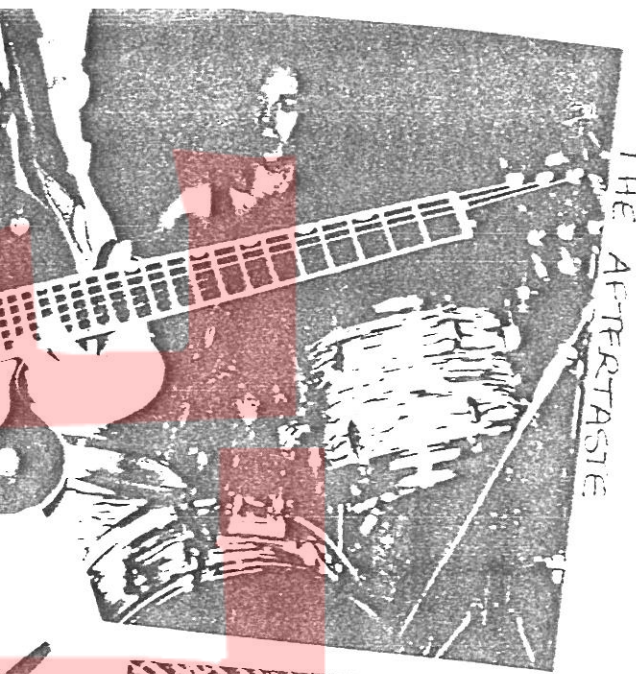
CANNINES

M.C. BEN

BLUNT  
CASSETTE  
LAUNCH  
18.6.89  
EVENING  
STAR  
PHOTOS  
EWAN  
HILL



LIVING WITH ROBERT





The band are as follows:

\* Lachlan Dengie - creator, lead band mover, general meaning of band and drummer

\* Paddy Manning - vocals, chief lyricist, guitar

\* Adam Lill - lead guitar

On the eve of sunny spring, The Aftertaste were interviewed at H.Q. Ultimo. Present were Lachlan and Paddy, not present was Adam, the non band mover of this rather entertaining threesome.

The Aftertaste formed around 18 months ago in a lounge room, like most other bands. Lachlan and Paddy, old pals from the inner suburb of Glebe have been jamming together since they were about 4 years old. The story continues...

**Lachlan:** You could say that we were basically born into it.

**BLUNT:** How about Adam?

**Paddy:** Well, I met Adam just before it all started. He hadn't picked up a guitar as yet so I had to show him a few things. He'd never played in a band before. It was like he'd never put a foot on stage, like us.

**BLUNT:** Oh, yeah?

**Paddy:** No, that's not true.

**Lachlan:** He'd been in two. The Helmsman who were notorious for party gigs, and The Bicycle Thieves who lasted 2 weeks.

**Paddy:** After the Helmsman thing broke up I said to him what do ya reckon and he replied in the form of 'let's get married' and that was that.

**BLUNT:** So what helped to inspire its formation?

**Paddy:** I was listening to the V.U. at the time and felt that I wanted to make music as good as they were.

**BLUNT:** What drew that?

**Paddy:** Lou Reed's songwriting ability and the structure of the whole thing. It's not just the sound of V.U. There's something about Lou Reed that I liked. I also like poetry.

**Paddy is quick to point out that he feels this band don't sound like V.U. Lachlan, on the other hand, feels that Paddy's vocals are pretty Lou Reedish at times.**

**Paddy:** We don't mix grunge and chaos. You know how alot of V. U. stuff is fairly chaotic and unproduced. I don't feel that we're going to sound like that at all. Lachlan is influenced by things like The Rolling Stones, Jimi Hendrix, Paddy and all the other usual things, if you know what I mean. For Adam he's much different.

**Lachlan:** He's a cleaner dresser than what both of we are.



# THE AFTERTASTE

**Paddy:** He's also got a job (laughter) No, he comes from Adelaide, went to different schools unlike Glebe ones. He also plays at present in a band called The Big Bang Theory who are much different to us. The Big Bang Theory played to thousands of people at a New Years Eve party supporting Grace Jones amongst other things. Paddy declares that Adam's also a good musician, something that separates him from Lachlan and I.

*To see The Aftertaste live you'd notice the dominance of twin guitars and little bass guitar in their set. I ask them about that.*

**Paddy:** Say we've got 13 or 14 songs in a set, you'd find bass on say 4 or 5. It's not that I don't like bass or anything it's just that I got sick of three guitars coming at you. The way we have it is much lighter and simple, without necessarily going for the chunk.

**Lachlan:** Even though it sounds great, I feel that say the Celibate Rifles who have a more traditional style are far too common in their style. It's like this huge wall of sound coming at you where you can just hear the kick drum and snare drum bashing through it all. For people who like to go out and have a good time that's fine, yet it seems all the time. If you're trying to do that sort of thing now it's really hard to be

**BLUNT:** So how does it all interact with 2 guitars?

**Paddy:** It changes all the time. I write things with drone strings in them and that basically revolves around not playing the full six strings all the time. If they were full chords it'd probably get a bit muddy so there's a drone in there which fills it out. Also with a valve amp it keeps it a little warm. Adam has got all that top end of sound which gives it a strong juxtaposition without there being just bar chords.

**Lachlan:** Like most rock'n'roll bands do.

**BLUNT:** Have you considered filling out the sound further with another instrument say?

**Lachlan:** We did have a sax/flute player called Jane which most people felt gave it more space.

**Paddy:** At the moment we're interested in a sax/vocalist player. They can call us if interested on this number - 02) 660 6914. I think there's alot of room for those gaps to be filled out. At present there's not enough room to support Adam when he trips out into the wilderness on his lead.


**Lachlan:** With Adam sometimes it's like see ya guys. After doing a lead break he'll come back later into a song and it's time to end it all.



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## 88.9FM RADIO SKID ROW REDFERN

BROADCASTING FREEDOM

PUBLIC RADIO

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
1-6 AM GRAVEYARDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT WHO KNOWS WHAT LURKS ON AIR.	6-9 AM BREAKFAST SHIFTS MUSIC & NEWS	9-12 PM MORNINGS MUSIC COMMUNITY INFO NEWS INTERVIEWS	10-12 PM WOTS ON ACCOMMODATION & TRIP NOTICES	1-4 PM WOMEN'S DAY'S WOMEN'S ISSUES MUSIC NEWS INTERVIEWS	1 AM-7 PM WOMEN ON AIR BLACK HEARTS BURN	1 AM-4 PM GRAVEYARD CITY JOY WORKERS RADIO NEWS AFRICA CONNEXION P.A.C. NEWS RAFFITI NEWS ROUND-UP
12-3 PM RADIO REDFERN ABORIGINAL BROADCASTERS	3-6 PM AFTERNOONS LIVE FROM MORE LOCAL CONNECTION MUSIC COMMUNITY INFO NEWS INTERVIEWS	5-8 PM WOTS ON ACCOMMODATION & TRIP NOTICES 5:30 WOTS ON MUSIC COMMUNITY INFO NEWS INTERVIEWS	9-10 PM MUSIC NEWS INTERVIEWS	7-10 PM WOMEN'S ISSUES MUSIC NEWS INTERVIEWS	7-10 PM BLACK HEARTS BURN	7-10 PM AFRICA CONNEXION P.A.C. NEWS RAFFITI NEWS ROUND-UP
7-9 PM KURDISH	7-9 PM MULTICULTURAL HOUR	7-9 PM HINDI	7-9 PM MIGRANT WORKERS' COMMITTEE	7-9 PM TONGAN	7-9 PM WILD GALS.	7-9 PM PRISONERS REQUEST SHOW
9-10 PM SPANISH MIGRANT FORUM	9-10 PM LATIN UNION	9-10 PM GREEK	9-10 PM MIGRANT WORKERS' COMMITTEE	9-10 PM TONGAN	9-10 PM WILD GALS.	9-10 PM PRISONERS REQUEST SHOW
10-11:30 AM VOICE OF IRAN IN EXILE	10-11:30 AM VOS VODINA	10-11:30 AM GREEK	10-11:30 AM MIGRANT WORKERS' COMMITTEE	10-11:30 AM TONGAN	10-11:30 AM WILD GALS.	10-11:30 AM PRISONERS REQUEST SHOW
10-11:30 AM & OUT DOWN WEST SHOW	10-11:30 AM REBEL MUSIC	10-11:30 AM ENVIRONMENT SHOW	10-11:30 AM MIGRANT WORKERS' COMMITTEE	10-11:30 AM TONGAN	10-11:30 AM WILD GALS.	10-11:30 AM PRISONERS REQUEST SHOW
11-11:30 AM CUT THE CRAP PUNK SHOW	11-11:30 AM REGGAE & AFRICAN	11-11:30 AM ENVIRONMENT SHOW	11-11:30 AM MIGRANT WORKERS' COMMITTEE	11-11:30 AM TONGAN	11-11:30 AM WILD GALS.	11-11:30 AM PRISONERS REQUEST SHOW

ALTERNATIVE AIRWAVES TO THE LEFT OF YOUR NAIL NOT QUITE IN THE GUTTER



with her own dry towel from the linen closet. Freshly washed and pressed towels from the laundry which exceeds the requirements of the bathroom are filled in the linen closet under "T" for "extra towels". This job is precisely executed by a row of pinched and pocketed hands which pass each item along back of chain fashion out of the washing machine and into the dryer, then out of the dryer and onto the ironing board, and then, once the ironing hand has pressed and folded each thing one by one, from the ironing board to the linen closet. Out of the linen closet, another chain of hands convey garments to the master wardrobe.

In the automatic house that Jack built, when Jill turns the shower off and emerges through the bathroom door during the hours of darkness, the sheets roll back on the queen size bed in the master bedroom ready for Jill to slip in between. But Jill doesn't feel like turning in yet. Instead she saunters into the well-stocked library and reaches for a book out of the bookshelf. At once an armchair carrying a glass of port and a cigar on a tray slides up beside her, and a reading lamp moves to its side. But Jill neither drinks nor smokes. As she settles down in the chair, the stereo system automatically fills the library with the soft strains of Mantovani, the reading lamp flicks on, and all other lights in the house along with the T.V. and the radio are switched off to provide a soothing atmosphere conducive to reading. But tonight, the bulb in the reading lamp flicks and then blows, and the house is plunged into pitch darkness. Jill has a phobia about the dark. Her knuckles turn white as she tightly clutches her book to her breast in helpless dread, hoping - hoping that somewhere in the unfocusable blackness, somewhere through the wafting strings of Mantovani and his orchestra, the telephone is automatically summoning help: ringing an electrician who could come to the rescue and change the blown light bulb screwed into the reading lamp, which sits beside the easy chair, in the library, in the paralyse house that Jack built.

by Greg Poppleton



language is constantly changing  
 the remaining spelling mistakes  
 of this issue are my respons-  
 ibility. I make no apology for  
 these mistakes as they are  
 not so distracting as to  
 change the obvious meaning  
 of the words M

...these tired words...

by Brian Purcell

To make these tired words tell  
 of the ugly, the humiliating  
 heroin's pure shot  
 experiment and gut  
 affirmation

you would have to be as snow...

tasting the first footprint -

snort, the girl  
 divests of clothes.

She walks  
 but not yet  
 'in the street'

for smack unstops  
 feeling's faucet  
 a tap to drink,  
 an engine on which  
 to build a spine

but the gun you felt  
 within your hand  
 was no gun, the foot  
 no foot but careful  
 signature of the limb's support

the ends of flesh,

a sentence  
 not yet passed.

\*\*

We are the intimate bullets

beyond the rise  
 a lop-sided barrel  
 that rolls to meet you,

at the corner of a drum  
 that waits to sound

and your elbow relaxes  
 on the side-window  
 at a point in the road's  
 sinuous winding  
 where it's calm white line  
 aims down your veins

and climbing the crest  
 it breaks, fattens, surges  
 towards you like a breast, like  
 a finger on a syringe.

Rest. Close your eyes.

Cross over.



# THE AUTOMATIC HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

In the automatic house Jack built, there is a place for everything and everything has its place. When Jill drives home after a hard day's work at the office, or perhaps after a day of playing tennis with her friends, the moment she swings her car off the leafy tree-lined cul-de-sac and onto the driveway of the home she shares with Jack, the garage door automatically rolls wide open for her to drive in and park out of the weather without her ever once needing to get out of her car. The garage is programmed to greet her as she approaches up the drive, and to say in a jovial, mechanical voice: "Welcome home, Jill Merivether. Had a nice day?" But Jill always chooses to park out in the driveway. However, this doesn't stop the carefully conceived chain of events, pre-programmed into the automatic house that Jack built, and all designed to make life easy, from rolling into action. For once the garage had dispensed with the pleasantries, a moving covered walkway leading out of the garage is actuated to convey Jill and her friends to a special security entrance at the side of the house which can only be unlocked and opened by Jill giving the specialty programmed command, "Hello, darling. I'm home!" But after Jill steps out of her car, parked on the driveway, exposed to the weather, and blocking the garage, she always makes her way across the front lawn instead, sometimes having to dodge the prowling automatic lawnmower as she goes, and heads straight for the front door, where she stands on the door-step and invariably repeats her daily ritual of fumbling about the loose bits and pieces laying in the bottom of her cavernous, black handbag, trying yet again to find her small, brass house key, so she can unlock the three-ply door and get inside.

In the automatic house that Jack built, when the moving footway from the garage starts running, a shiny, chromed metal hand extending from the wall of the kitchen alcove in which the gas stove sits, strikes a match and lights one of the four gas rings on top of the stove. On the other side of the alcove, another chromed hand places a saucepan of water over the lighted gas jet to boil. As the water heats up, an extra gleaming metal hand dips an extended finger into the saucepan at intervals to test the temperature, while the first two metal hands carefully place a filter paper into the dripalator, and grind in always just the right amount of fresh coffee. And when the hand which has been dipping its middle finger every so often into the pan of water has determined that the water has boiled, it picks up the saucepan and pours the contents into the coffee maker. Then, using its thumb and fingers, it counts off the time for the coffee to draw properly before getting the other two hands to pour the steaming brew into a cup, and add the milk and sugar. But Jill drinks tea.

When the coffee is ready, the numerate hand by the stove clicks its fingers and beckons a deeply cushioned armchair, with a fresh cheese sandwich resting on a plate balanced on top of one of the armrests, to roll in from the lounge room and transport Jill to the T.V. set. On either side of the set are attached small metal hands covered in smooth, white, cotton gloves which switch the set on once the armchair has rolled into place in front of the telly, and then select the channel. The T.V. set selects the programs all night long, dependent on what it deems to be appropriate viewing, and it likes to say so, too, in a thin, pompous voice while it changes from one channel to the other. But, Jill prefers to listen to the radio.

In the automatic house that Jack built, when Jill walks into the bathroom and locks the door behind her, the shower immediately runs a steamy spray of hypothermal water. But Jill has a dislike for showers ever since she first saw Psycho at the movies as a teenager, and prefers to run the taps and luxuriate in a nice warm bath instead. She likes to lie back in the bath tub across from the steaming shower, and watch the pair of chrome washing hands covered in hygienic plastic gloves reach out from opposite side of the shower recess and feel about in the vacant cubicle, gently at first, and then with increasing bewilderment, for the head of curls they're programmed to wash with the shampoo that automatically adjusts to the condition of the hair, and for the pair of ears they're meant to scour for potatoes. The hands become increasingly agitated as they search in vain for the body they're meant to scrub, and by the time Jill has finished her leisurely soak they're all in a frenzy, and only by turning the cascading water off can the frustrated metal hands be spared their torment and return limply to their place by the cubicle wall until the next shower. Crawling into the tiled recess to turn the shower off without being grabbed by the confused mechanical hands, picked up, held finally in place, and thoroughly scrubbed from top to toe with a vengeance is a calculated risk, but Jill hasn't been caught yet.

In the automatic house that Jack built, once the water is turned off, a metal hand passes Jill a clean, dry towel. At least the towel is meant to be dry, but for the past two months it has always been dripping wet from the



# ENTROPY

It was late afternoon and the assignment due midday that day was still unfinished. Undaunted, I continued to meander on the system looking for the solutions. The file storage on the newly installed Thanatos computer was a mess. Complicated maze-like paths connected users to files and users to other users. I followed a seemingly endless number of routes, mapping the myriad as I went. All were fruitless: not a solution to be seen - not a sausage. Something, however did divert my attention.

Dr. Blackburn had been with the department four years now, as long as I had been a student, yet in this time I'd never seen him once. Sure I'd heard of his famed Pandemonium project - everyone had and I'd constructed a shadowy mental image, from the black and white photograph in the departmental handbook, of some aged, Artificial Intelligence researcher that nobody much bothered about. Not much that is until the Pandemonium project.

Rumour had it that the Pandemonium project was attracting unprecedented attention from the military and ASIO. The strait corridors of the Ravenwood building were fed a continual flux of blue-suited government staff. The terminal room increasingly was filled with unfamiliar faces tapping silently away on their keyboards at breakneck speeds.

It was with one of these faceless administrators that I imagined I was conversing. The message passing system was finally in operation and a flag requesting acknowledgement arrived from one of the remote users on the network. I replied. The messages were encrypted in an unusual format and my decoding program was only partially effective. After some study, I ascertained that my communicator wasn't in fact a remote user but instead an *internal user* emanating from Dr. Blackburns' room. I began to recall what I had heard about the Pandemonium Project. It involved a simulated environment containing various 'intelligences': a sort of AI\* menagerie.

Computer simulations weren't new but Blackburn's approach was novel in focusing on the background environment, attempting to create an infinitely random or white noise pattern out of which the 'animals' would differentiate themselves.

Communication between my friend and I was continually disrupted, apparently due to excessive noise on the line. Despite the problems, I discovered his system name - Shelley - and the general gist of his message. It seemed he'd struck upon an elaborate algorithm for computing the Golden Mean. Much of his message consisted of a long string of numbers which constituted, when paired, Golden Mean ratios. Which, when read sequentially, were increasingly accurate approximations of the supposed numerical yardstick of order.

When I enquired as to the nature of Shelley's calculations I received a perplexing reply. The incoming electronic mail wasn't prefaced with the now familiar address 'Gretta Daedalus : Student Identification # 9126934' but instead the unusual directive 'Peter 1 : 9 : 12'.

Shelley's dialogue shared many of the aberrations of early AI 'animals' - the grammar employed was productive rather than creative. His sentences lacked any generalization, extrapolation or lateral thinking. It was as if any meta-thoughts, which he may have had, were constrained by his environment. As if he was living in a semantically two dimensional world.

I suspected Shelley wasn't of blood and bone. Nevertheless, from the breadth of his common knowledge he seemed uncannily familiar with human experience. Either Shelley was alive or the Pandemonium project had yielded some damn fine memory programming.

The network link connecting Shelley and I seized; accordingly our communication ceased, so I decided to fossick amongst the computer-based departmental administration records:

Seabrook, Shaw, Shearer, Shelley.

There was one Shelley on file: Gabriel Shelley, a controversial associate professor of neuro-surgery from the Medicine faculty. He served in Vietnam and was killed in action.

The small of my back began to ache; cognition was imminent. This was no simulated environment. The Professor Blackburn was no antiquated academic. He was an old one alright: he was *the* old one and Thanatos his home, Hades.

The air-conditioning had failed again and I felt my body, disarmingly warm. The skin covering my limbs was taut with the chaotic animation of heated blood cells. My spinal chord reverberated with random impulses, causing my oesophagus to contract involuntarily. The pulses resonated and my throat was aflame.

I looked up from the screen. It was eight o'clock and all had left the terminal room, for the Elysian cafe's special Friday night dinner - except one. In the corner of the room, by the printers, sat a young man. In my haste I fell over a chair, then another. He disappeared out the side door as I struggled towards him. At the terminal where he'd sat, a half completed login procedure read 'User Identification ? : Shell....'

Paul M. Carthy

\* Artificial Intelligence.



# LESTER SAT AT A BUS STOP AND TOLD YOU NIGEL IS YOUR ENEMY

It seems that everywhere you look they are laying bricks to make everything flat and respectable or somethin I jus don know. They tore up the park on Ogilbee St. ripped up the trees savaged the flower garden where the old lady sat and garbled with the pigeons in, they said, Guinness book of record time they didn't blink just yanked the gearsticks on their bulldozers and thought about their next beer while the last one was swilling around their rotund bellies.

I was watching it all, wishing not really for a beer but a stronger dose of oblivion, but hanging outside Chesterpool pub waiting for the door to swing open and my patron to appear. When he did it was with his white arms that the skin no longer wished to roll with his bones and was just kinda falling off but they were filled with bottles of tequilla and he said Naa, Naa we're closed. But I followed with annoyance "I was just going to visit your fine establishment." "But I tell you not today we a closed," he said and was just about to walk off "Why now, why today, you really are to be my guardian angel." "Look" little beads of sweat were falling down his moustache "I have to see my aunt," he added "in hospital." "But but but I am like an orphan now you are my only family." At that he threw a brick at my head.

I went to look at the brick which had scraped my left earlobe. It was lying in the dust and it had a letter tied around it. This is what it said to me "Hey come a meet me cinnamon head" Damn him I muttered. Damn Lester and his goddam obsession with Nigel. But as I tore it up I thought about the agony of the brick wall in my bedroom that I would be studying otherwise and trotted off to the bus stop.

"Look Lester" He wasn't there

Peep

Peep

peep hole

people hole

He was there, behind, sitting complacently at the bus stop. "Nigel told me to say hello to you"

"And you," I spluttered "Nigel! Look Lester where is he? you've been telling me about Nigel for months but where is he but why don't you introduce us or I'm leaving. I'm not hanging around waiting for bloody Mr. Snufelufagus my whole damn life.

"Its only, that, its its for your own safety. Nigel hates you."

"Why does he hate me What have you been telling him about me?"

"Nothing"

I don't believe you

"No really I swear" he laid his hand on his tubercular chest "I haven't told Nigel anything about you" "you told me an awful lot about him. About how hes gonna get me and kill me in my sleep poison my hamburgers and spit in my face because some how for some reason he is my worst enemy. Now tell me how is it that he never comes to see us at these meetings?"

"You're so demanding" said Lester "I'll tell you the reason I don't know <sup>Nigel</sup> either."

Some people walked by looking the other way scenes are just not on. I was sick of it too and stormed away.

"Don't say I didn't warn you, me Lester, remember that name when they bring you round in hospital" he yodelled after me.

But that was the weirdest thing because now I am in hospital my leg is broken and I can't remember why. Nobody's come to visit me for a very long time and none of them knew what my circumstances were but I was telling them this story and then they all sorta get flying to appointments for things and I'm stuck with appointments with the counsellor. His name is Nigel. I have a lovely view of the rose garden. It is surrounded by a high brick wall.

by Maria Meyer



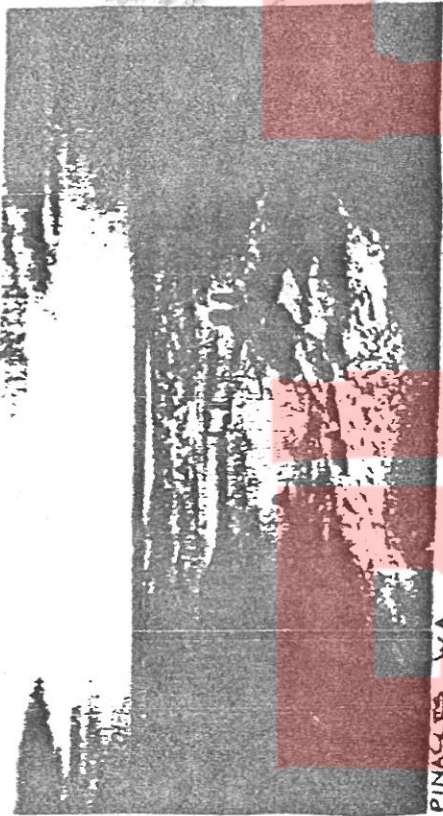
Maria Egyptian  
By Yandy

She is the egyptian ersatz love goddess  
An artist of colours.  
She plays with the real egyptian's lost in lover. She used to be the queen  
of kitsch  
(what's that sam word)  
kitsch

Maria, honey and liquor, beer and flutterbye.  
Nobody's doll to dress up.

Borrowed silks, violets, harlequin jewels.  
Pictures reclaimed from the past and present.  
She is not sweet but painful.  
She is not painful but sweet.  
She was locked in her room for a year but came out in rainbow style.  
To score the beautiful drugged angel to love too much.  
To read russian turn of the century turn up your noses  
at all this junk culture  
but all this turnip borscht is almost as bad as cream of ortail soup.

I see from my shameful telephone habit that I must resurrect  
the modern myth of all of them.  
Twins though they'll never be.  
DJ modern miss  
drink DJ scotch  
fueling her tea drenched manuscript.  
Ripped it off a crypt.

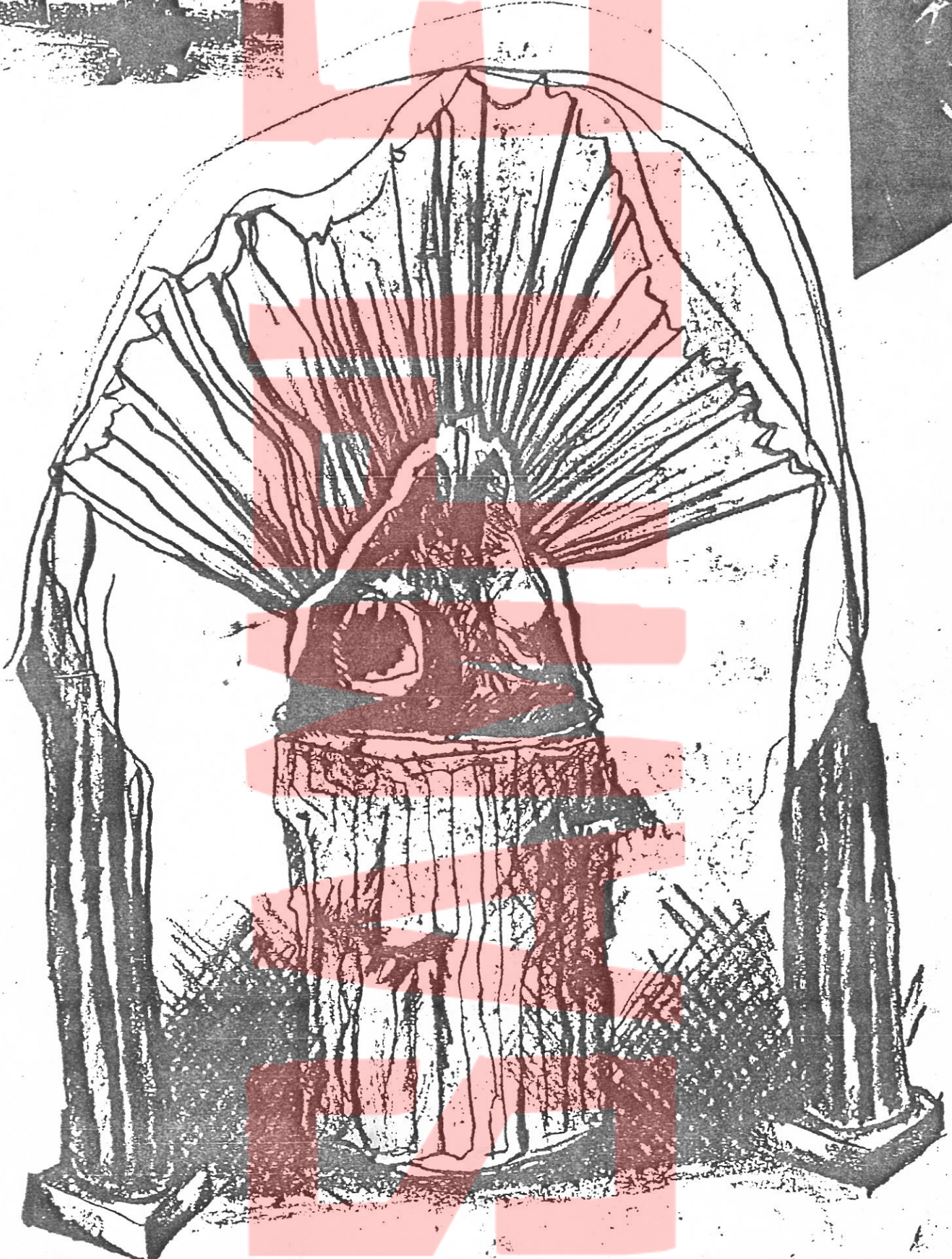


PINACLES WA





VIVE L'ANARCHIE



I HAVE A DIFFERENT VIEW OF THE WORLD