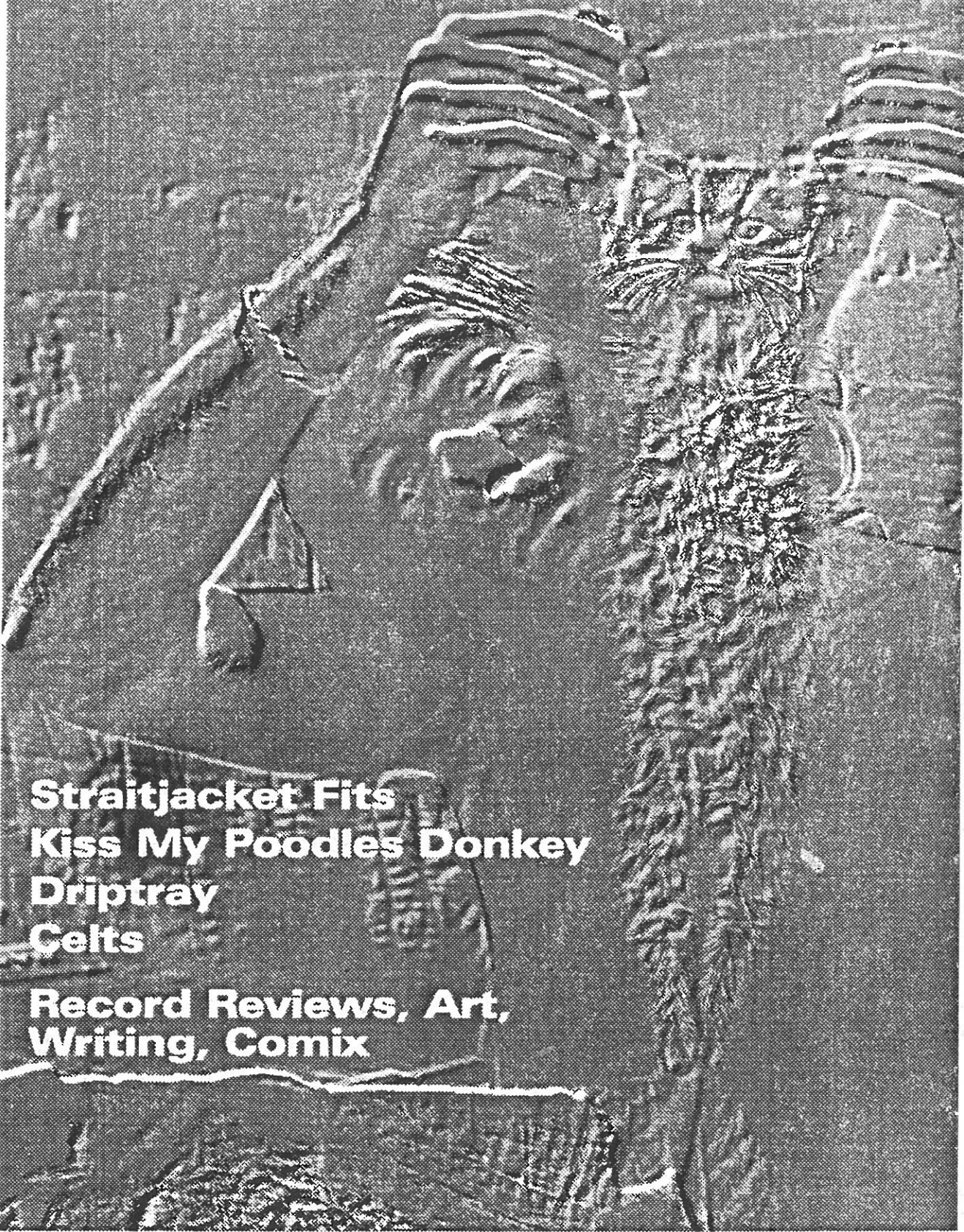


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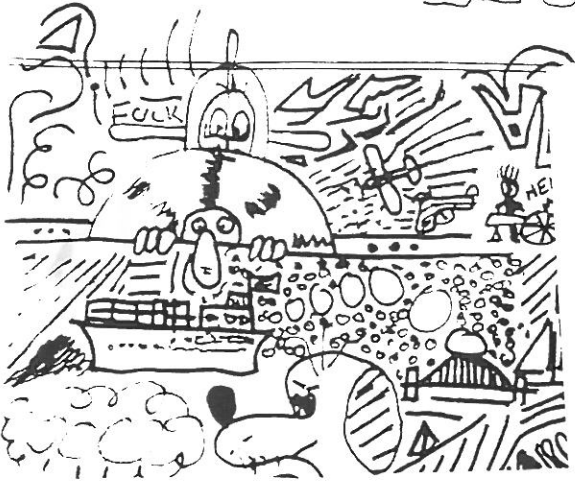
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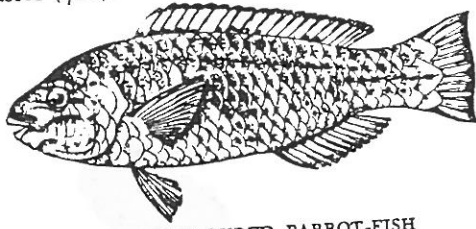
**Straitjacket Fits
Kiss My Poodles Donkey
Driptray
Celts**

**Record Reviews, Art,
Writing, Comix**

BLUNT.



territory
is flame-coloured beneath the throat and generally
coloured in greens and blues over the rest of the
body. The name parrot-fishes is also given to the
wrasses (q.v.).



FLAME-COLOURED PARROT-FISH
Calluodon pyrrhostethus
In southern Australian waters the Scaridae are
with a family (Neodaci-

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EDITORIAL..

Here we are yet again with another issue of BLUNT, number 12 in fact. It's been over half a year since the last one was released but as we all know too well 'lethargy breeds action' eventually. So for this one you cop an interview with the recently resurrected Drip Tray, a chat with Shayne Carter from the Straitjacket Fits, and one with Paul and Dave from Kiss My Poodles Donkey as well. There is also the obligatory literary and artistic shit as well. So, read on.....

rough in Adelaide and "herring"
Perth; but it must not be confused with the
South Wales "roughy" (q.v.) which is
australis, a distant relative of

THE

members of the family
species are known in Australia.
they are valuable as food-fishes. They
chiefly marine in habit, but may enter fresh wa.
periodically, and one, the pink-eye mullet (*Trachy*



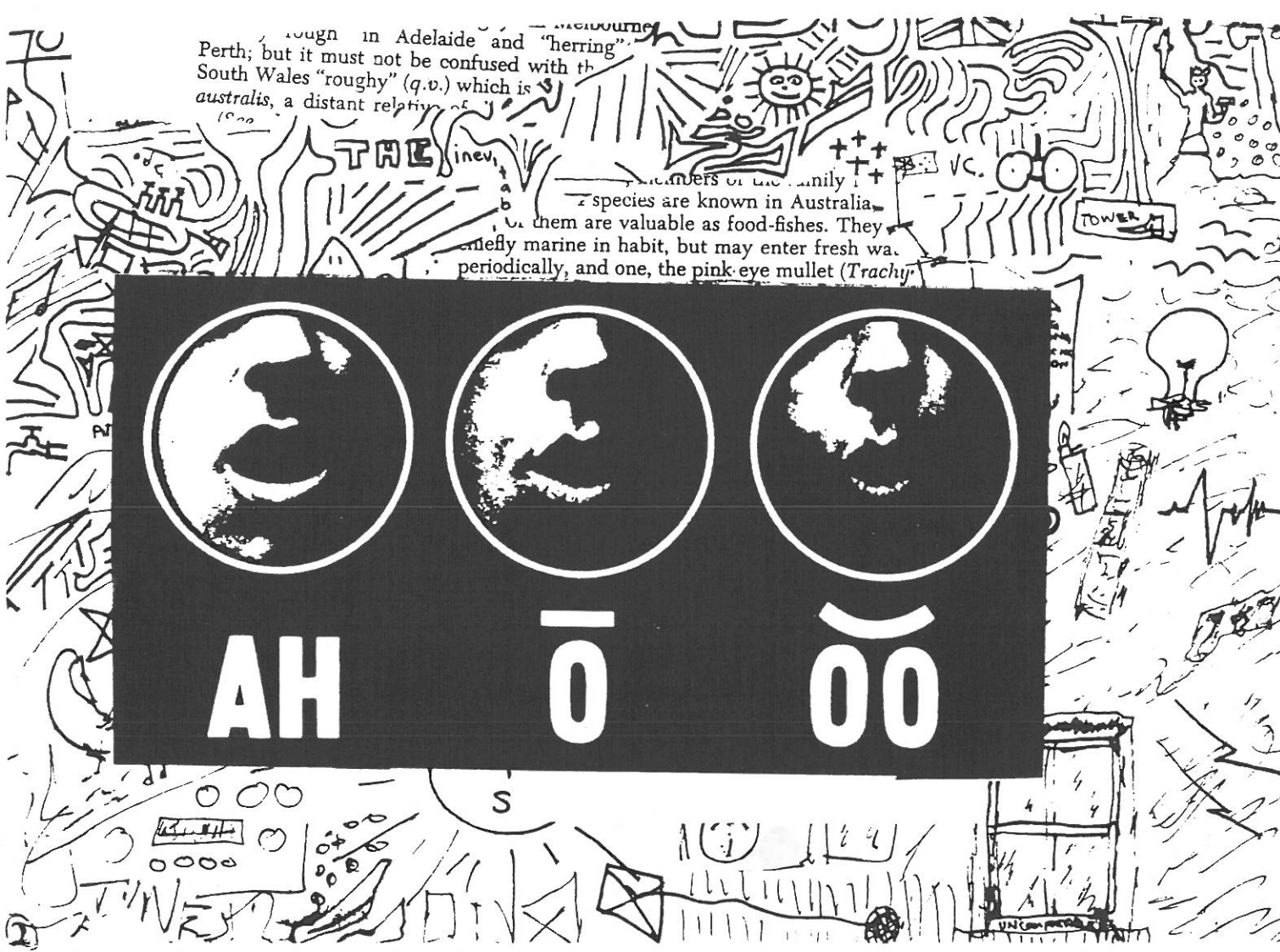
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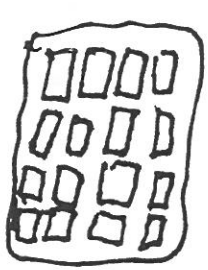


THE RETURN OF
DOUG
DOG
by HERB THINGS



IN WHICH
PRESUMED EXTINCT CORN CHEX ROY
THEIR LONGEVITY BY ATTACKING
S HENECTADY

BONZAI



SHE-IT



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 back home which was so ugly that we pledged that we'd never 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



SHANE: In N.Z. we've been around for 4 years so its been like a mutual wearing process where after a while you have to take it out to greener pastures so you can become enthusiastic about what your playing

BLUNT: And the audience can as well.

The band like to play sporadically. They like to outlive the 'myth of getting on a treadmill and slogging out your guts just to break it'.

MELT was released late last year and showed indications of it being a less rawer record than the previous 'HAIL', more refined in terms of production and songs.

SHANE: MELT was a progression I feel. It's a chronicle of where the band was at the time and that's where we were. HAIL was a band not really knowing what they were doing where MELT was more thought out, though I feel it's still slightly obtuse which I don't mind coz we wanted to make a record we made. Next time we might do it simpler.

BLUNT: Do you feel the isolation of N.Z music itself gives bands more scope to create inventive things?

SHANE: I guess it's coming to people like yourself at a different

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.

Honey don't go!



SIMON KNUCKEY PAGE 1

RECORD REVIEW FOR BLUNT MAGAZINE

WILD PUMPKINS AT MIDNIGHT : LITTLE VICTORIES

HAVE A SOAPY TIT WANK! rather than listen to this record. It is watered Violent Femmes type acoustic pop married with lyrical bombast worthy of Midnight Oil. The song structures are predictable and uninspiring and they are deluded in their self importance, printing the song lyrics on the inner sleeve. (As if they think that these lyrics are worth reading). The best method of listening to this album is to dip it in paraffin and apply a blow torch to it.

ED KUEPPER : TODAY WONDER

The latest Ed Keupper record is refreshingly spartan compared to his "yard goes on forever" recordings. The acoustic guitar, vocals and drums/percussion are recorded simply, with no over dubbing. This creates a laid back atmosphere and breaths new life into some of the older Ed Keupper repertoire eg "Eternally Yours". This makes pleasant listening. As well as the original tunes, the album features versions of "If I Were a Carpenter" and a Skip James song called "I'd Rather Be The Devil". Fans of Ed Kuepper's music and singing style will like this record.

RECORD REVIEWS FOR BLUNT.

UNTUNE THE SKY-THE MOLES(SEASIDE)

This the follow up to their fab single release last year, Propellor/With Body's Wife Seven Days, sees the Moles experimenting with a bag of diverse instruments, ie bagpipes, samples, horns, and at the same time maintaining their penchant for simple unwashed pop, a rather interesting formula. From the obscure 'Curdle Curdle' to the cool Europe by Car, the Moles deliver a swag of fresh sounding tunes. Note the interesting use of keys by Glenn Fredericks blended in with guitar in its simplest purest fashion c/o Richard Davies and the solid drumming of one Carl and you get vinyl that you find hard to remove from your turntable.



COME ANYTIME/NEVER SAY NEVER-BROKENHEAD(SEASIDE).

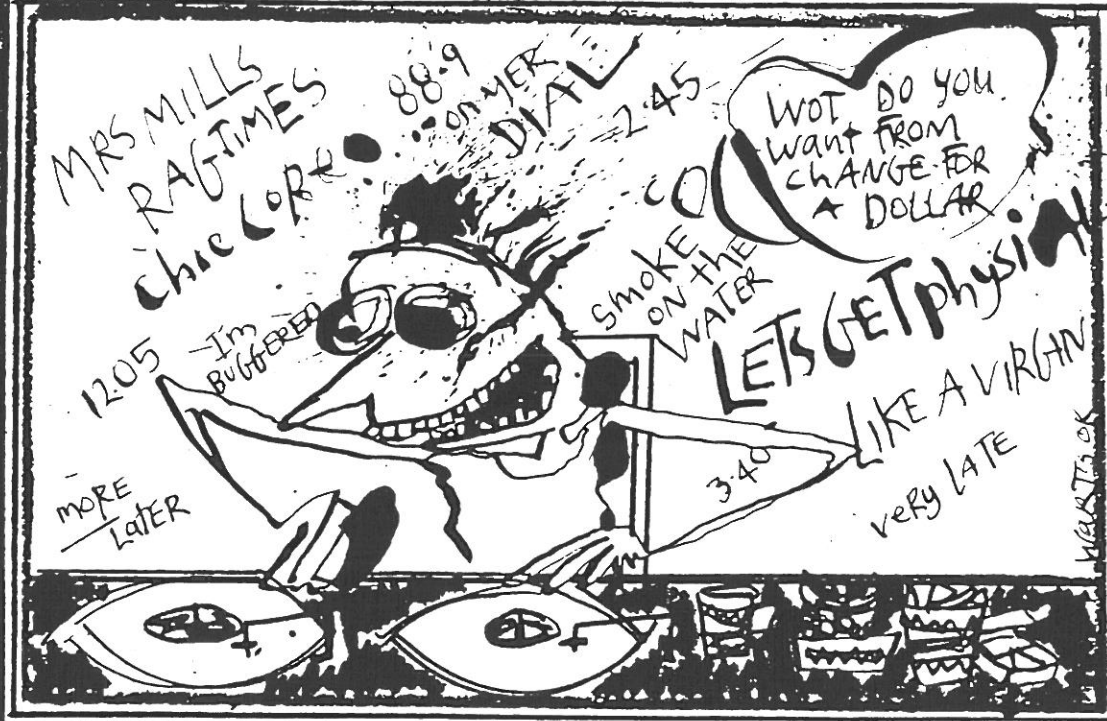
Debut single from Melbourne band out on Waterfront offshooter Seaside. Not bad but not memorable at all. A side sees a tripped out guitar lick right through it interspersed with heavy rhythm and gravelly vocals, with the B side pretty much the same.

I COULD SEE IT COMING/LETTER TO THE COMPANY-HAPPY HATE ME NOTS.
(WATERFRONT).

Tasty purple coloured vinyl which seems to be the flavour of the year so far. The Happy's latest release voices a power pop treat not unlike their earlier ones, questioning how much further do they want to go on with all this. Deserves airplay above alot of the shit that is getting it.

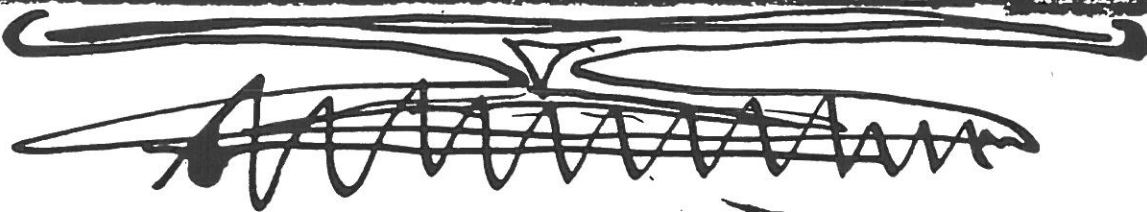


MIDNIGHT SCRAPs



GRAVE YARD SHIFTS

IF YER UP CÒP THOS YER BARSTARDS.....
meant in the nicest possible way



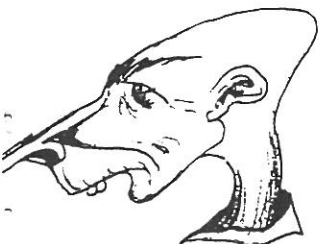
thanks to Georgina + BLF for
printing

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 descent 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

Its 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 Ritchies life. Needless to say this is seven inches of vinyl worth buying, and a must for any Femmes fans.



DRIPTRAY

BOB: DRIPTRAY have been around for about four years now...

MARK: About the beginning of 1987, born out of the remnants of the Tight Cunts.

BOB: Exactly.

TIM: The seventeenth incarnation. I'm not Glynn.

MARK: There's been a few line-up changes.

BOB: Would you like to go through them?

MARK: Yes. There's been a lot of changes of people and a lot of changes of songs. Colin and I are the two remaining original members and we are pretty much the heart and essence of DRIPTRAY.

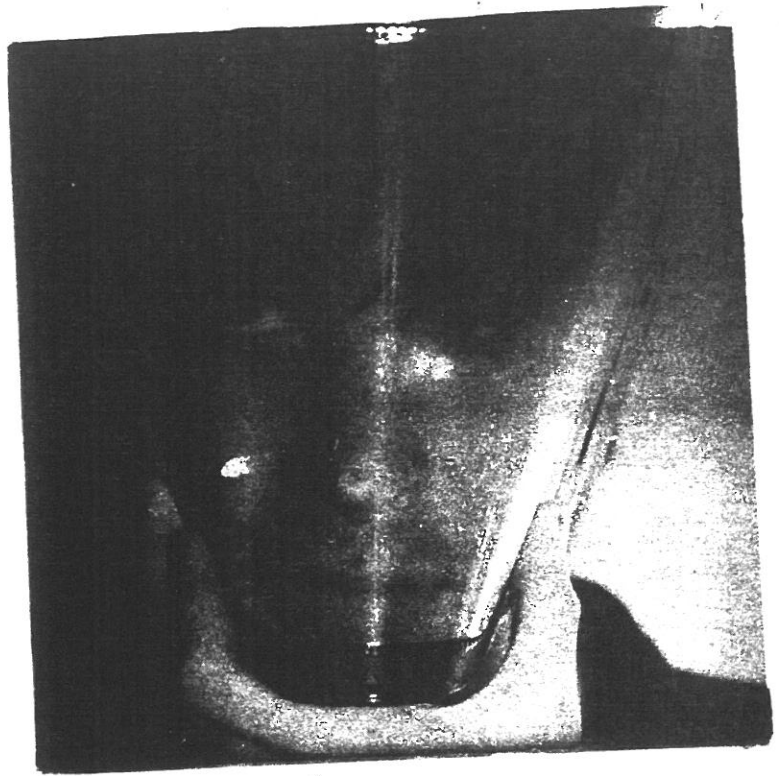
BOB: You stuck at it.

COLIN: We are the hidden executive.

MARK: The League of Rights.

BOB: The others have moved on to greener pastures....

MARK: Martin is a wonderful bassplayer, no band is complete without Martin, they're all just missing out.



BOB: Do you still play guitar Mark?

MARK: I still play guitar. Colin's actually switched from bass to drums which is probably the most crucial move we've made.

TIM: The Ringo Starr of the band.

BOB: How has that been?

COLIN: Actually it's a major hassle and I really feel incompetent on the drums and don't know how to play them. But I'm supplemented by a man named Carl who plays just a tom drum.

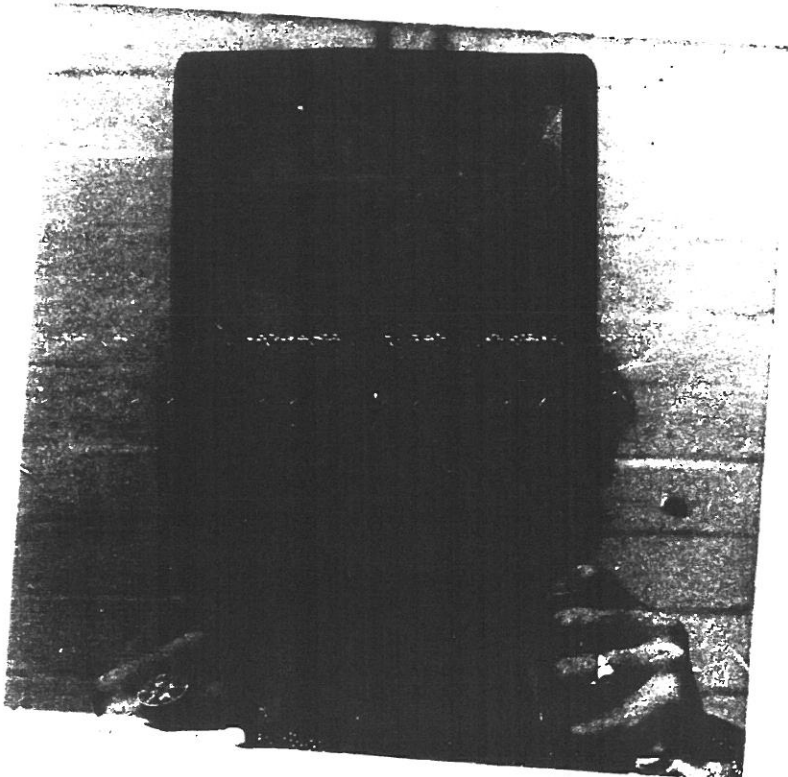
BOB: So how many of there are you?

MARK: Six.

BOB: A great party band...

MARK: We're very good.

BOB: The DRIPTRAY of old was a very gung ho style party band. How have you changed?



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?

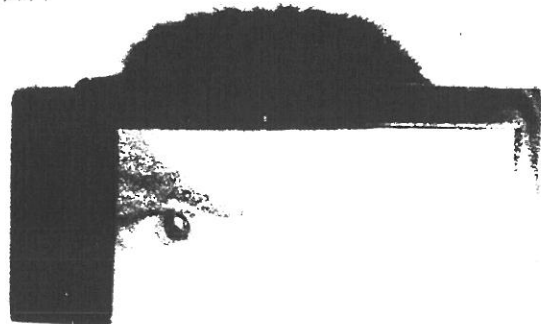
BOB: Who?

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?



MARTIN: Yes.

BOB: When will it be in the shops?

MARTIN: It was supposed to be in the shops two weeks before Christmas. *[Editor's Note: It's in the shops now.]* Don't anybody use Modern records.

MARK: Why, they've pressed it, the hole's in the centre, it plays quite well. I don't think we should say "Don't use these independent record presses". I have no complaints even though it's taken a long time. A major pressing plant would have taken just as long.

BOB: How representative of the band's sound is the record?

MARK: Not very.

COLIN: The song that was chosen for the A-side is just not very typical of most of the songs that we do while the two songs on the B-side are equally non-representative, although they are at the opposite end of the spectrum from the A-side.

BOB: So it's a three-track single.

MARK: Yes. To call it an EP would be silly.

COLIN: One of the songs on the B-side is an old DRIPTRAY favourite called *Stupid Girl* but it's done a little bit differently this time. The other is one of the first songs that this new line-up of DRIPTRAY wrote and it's called *Theme From Big Dipper*.

MARK: We were actually going to call the band BIG DIPPER at that stage until we found out there was an American band with the name. It was very disappointing. And so we stuck with the name DRIPTRAY, although after one gig somebody said to us "Oh you're really serious now" and so we toyed with the idea of calling ourselves SERIOUS DRIPTRAY. My other suggestion was SONS OF DRIPTRAY but no-one liked it.

BOB: Is this the first of many DRIPTRAY records?

TIM: We actually plan on doing a lot more recording, perhaps every two months recording some songs and just taking the best stuff from the tapes to release.



MARK: I actually thought that we should never record again and just keep culling stuff from the two hours of tape that we have, just bleed it dry.

BOB: How did you do the recording?

COLIN: A man named Brian from Troy Horse helped us.

MARTIN: Brian had apparently returned to his original occupation as a pastry chef.

MARK: He was very, very understanding and he wasn't a rockist loser.

BOB: It has a real home-recording feel to it.

MARK: Because it was all recorded live - we even took a PA into the studio.

BOB: Are you happy with it?

MARTIN: We recorded about two hours of stuff and the problem we had was that all of the songs were too long to fit on a 7" single. The three songs that we did choose are not really the best, but they are the shortest.

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.

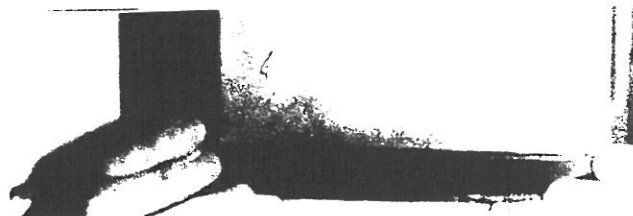
TIM: Except that I dress up for it.

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.



FOOD FROM TAROT, PILGRIMAGE, RUBEAS, WAR.

Incontinent suitor, who can ride the ridge and
still deny the lessening of delicious metal worth
Ill focused life, upon whose bridge such
children fly
as those who cede their souls before rebirth.

Designs of might, sprung forth from vallies
bearing thoughts, these debtors lose their swords
the grieve.

Introductory rite, remorseless throng now boiling
wine for pouring onto baleful lips, moist, yet
still to breathe.

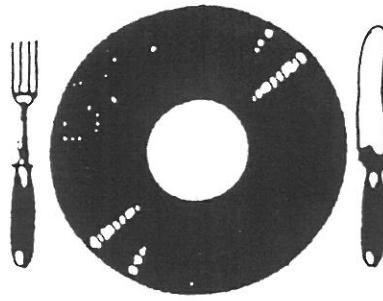
Indecent scent, such stones remain unturned,
as senses for their sleep procure an ailing
theme, which offers rest.

Desultory mirth, new incandescent humour melts
the sand
despite cold pleas that cry denial of its
quest.

Chastened longing rich creams of flesh defiling all
Dead officers, fraught with thirst experiment and
journey to the east.

Leprous affliction, patterns of unwonted
make reduce the law, crumbling walls, solitting
metals, the marching time has ceased.



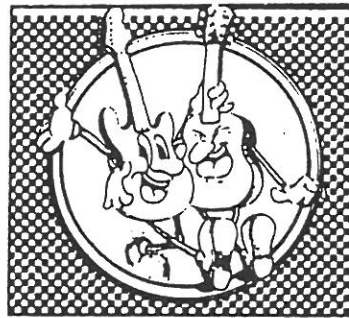


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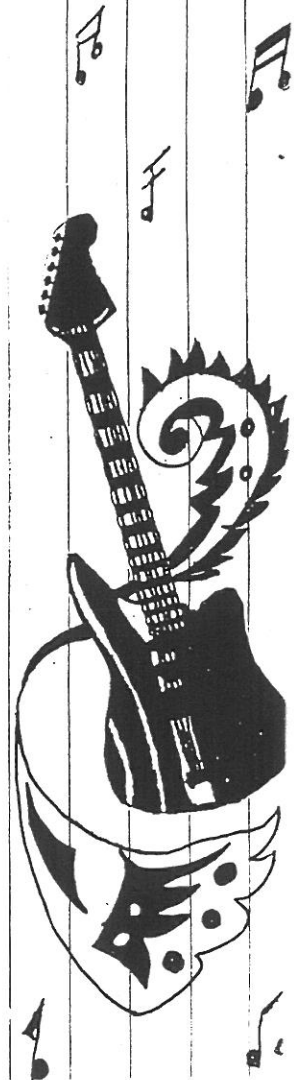
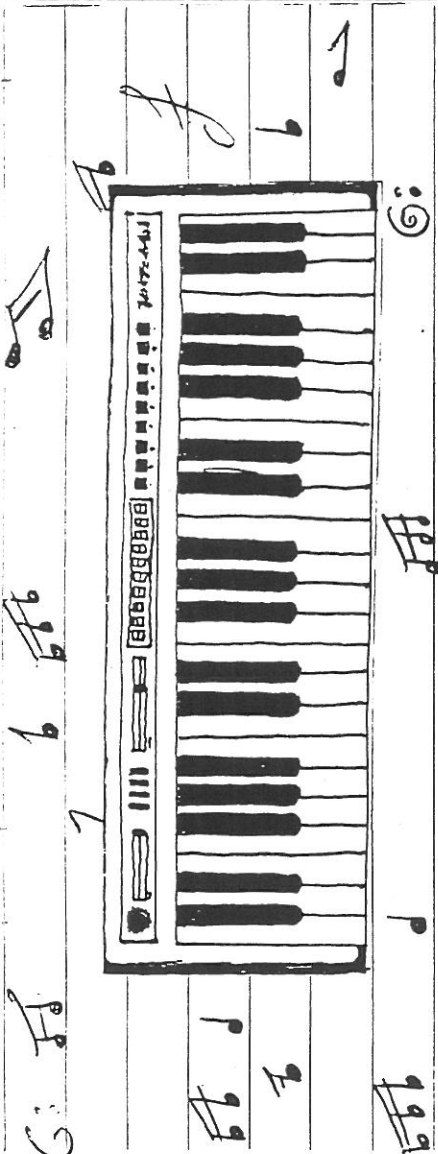
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SWIRL

JUPITER

STUDLEY LUSH

and his TEENYBOPPERS from HELL

SMUDGE

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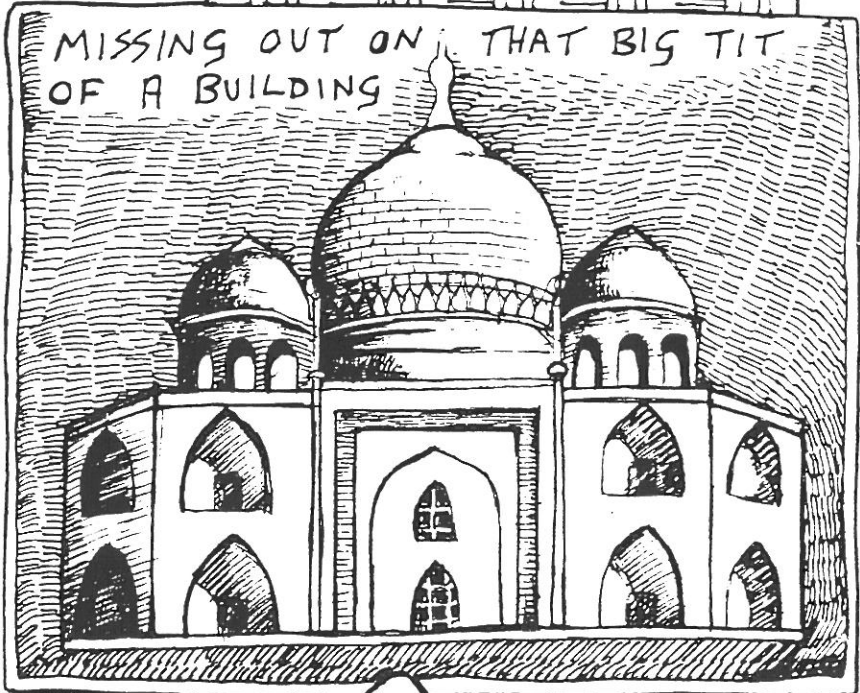
blind in India?
missing out on that
big tit of a building
those screaming stumps
those streets of sewage
and fancy like beautiful pebbles
washing down gutter streams

i would not be blind in India
then i would see
what its like to be alive
and skinny and homeless
and illiterate and still
have a sense of humour

a sense of humour
a sense of humour
to make up for the sense
that got away

would you be blind in India
if you could feel your way
along the piss walls
and sewers and incense
tapping brown ankles
and dying dogs
with your long stick

you cant be blind in India
third eyes are on sale
everywhere
everything is everywhere



SUE LEONARD

A DAY WITHOUT A CIGARETTE

Waking up was, as usual, a chore. Opening my eyes I saw the ceiling come into focus and then with a slow movement they wandered around the room. I noticed a moth I'd squashed against the ceiling the night before. A long protracted yawn escapes and then the inevitable double cough. I wanted a cigarette. I remembered the night before, a band at the Sando followed by two parties. The usual crowd which always seemed to stay the same in numbers but the people constantly changed. It was a good night all mixed with a lot of chatter of which I remember none and a lot of drinks and cigarettes. I managed to get up and, with a towel around my waist, proceeded downstairs towards the bathroom. Drawing near a sigh of oh shit not again went through my mind as I realised Lee, who is one of my flatmates, had beaten me to the shower. This is a common occurrence in the mornings during the week but not on the weekends. She had been out earlier and bought the Sydney Morning Herald which was still folded and left in one of the kitchen chairs. This wasn't the only thing I noticed though, a brand new packet of Winfield blue 25's was sitting plumb in the centre of the table. I stared at them. I wanted one.

The realisation that my hand automatically reached for a cigarette whenever one was offered was compounded by the immense will power I just now had to exert to keep my hands from opening this packet. And it didn't just go away. I hung there for a full minute dreaming of putting that fag in my mouth and lighting it from a brightly lit match. The sweet taste of the smoke as I drew back and expanded my lungs. Holding it there for just a few seconds till my two fingers pull it away and the smoke blows across the room. I opened the newspaper and laid it on top of the Wini blues. I had made up my mind. Today I was going to go without. Lets see how strong I am and lets see if I can hold off the desire to smoke one of those blasted things.

If it comes to 'out of sight - out of mind' then this didn't work now. Every article in the paper became just a simple droning in my mind compared to the shouting and nagging of something hidden underneath, wanting and lusting for one of those sticks of bliss. This was madness. My hand started to reach under the paper. It gripped the packet. This was it. Just then Lee came out of the bathroom and I released the packet. My hand quickly shot out from under the paper and landed on top clasping the other. I tried to look casual. "Everything okay?" Lee asks looking sly. "You can have one if you want". "Ah no thanks" I reply "it's too early to have one now - maybe later" She smiles and moves past me, leaving them there. Damn her! Why couldn't she have taken them with her. I had to get away. Away from this packet. So I had a shower. Well, a shower is not that far away I know, but at least it took my mind off them for a while. I finished the shower and went to my room and got dressed. Thank goodness I don't keep cigarettes in my room. So what could I do now which doesn't involve having them nearby? I had to clean my car and wash it. Yes, that would be good. Wet hands don't go to well with smoking, and fortunately, I don't keep any in the car either.

Do you know that you can spend quite a lot of time finding things to do in and around your car. By the time I was finished it was dark but most of the ripped clothing and blood clotted hair had been removed. Only now the most dangerous time was drawing near. The time when you want to eat out at a restaurant. Food, lovely food and the ecstasy of a cigarette after that. This was going to be hard.

By now the other guys were home and hungry and the inevitable 'where do you want to eat' question was being asked. I remained silent. Perhaps the phone would ring and I would be asked to drive a truck or something. It didn't happen. Oh well No Names spaghetti it looked like again. After half an hour fucking round looking for keys and things we all managed to be in the car at the same time. It lurched forward at precisely the same time that all our heads slapped the metal bit at the back of the seat. If only she'd learn to ease her foot off the clutch. Eventually after ten minutes of terror we arrived, piled out, and joined the rear of the queue.

No Names was, as usual, very busy. The milling around of the people, the arguing of the cooks and the choruses of "three spagget" from the Italian waiters. It was our turn. I held up four fingers. The waiter held up two. I held up two more and he held up four. Don't ask what this means as I certainly haven't figured it out yet. He went to look out the back and Simon went for drinks. Yes we could sit down. Out the back and next to a bin. After ten seconds of sitting down Mike lit up. What a bastard. Of course he didn't know I was trying to give up for a night but this guy was an addict. Dunhill, one of my favourites. He blew smoke in my direction and I breathed it all in. Ecstasy. Passive smoking was allowed. Simon was back with the drinks and a new packet of Camel. Bastard as well. I grabbed my drink which was orange juice. If I'd had a beer the contest would have been over. I rolled a piece of ice around my mouth as a waitress came to take our order. "What's your problem" she asks in a gruff accent. Four spaghettis, one with no Parmesan cheese. She stares. "What?" she replies scowling. "Oh, ah just four will do if you don't mind". Off she goes muttering to herself and returns ninety seconds later with our dinners. Launched them at us from four feet away and had turned to serve another table before the last plate landed. We all tucked in heartily and scooped it down with bread. The arguments in the kitchen were still going strong but the spaghetti... perfect.

The others ended their meals. They all light up in front of me and a packet is sitting open and facing me. I started to salivate. Everyone is looking at me and I'm looking at the filter of the nearest one jutting out. I could see nor hear nothing else. The world had paused. What seemed like minutes ticked by as the tips of my fingers of my right hand two centimetres above the table slowly traversed the amazingly small distance towards the gold packet. My mouth opened slowly and my breathing stopped. Mike farted. Twelve people drop their forks and stare at our table. Simon points at me. What a prick! I snap out of it and the waitress is screaming at me to leave. "I haven't finished yet" I say. But she escorts me out still shouting something about not waiting for me to let out another one.

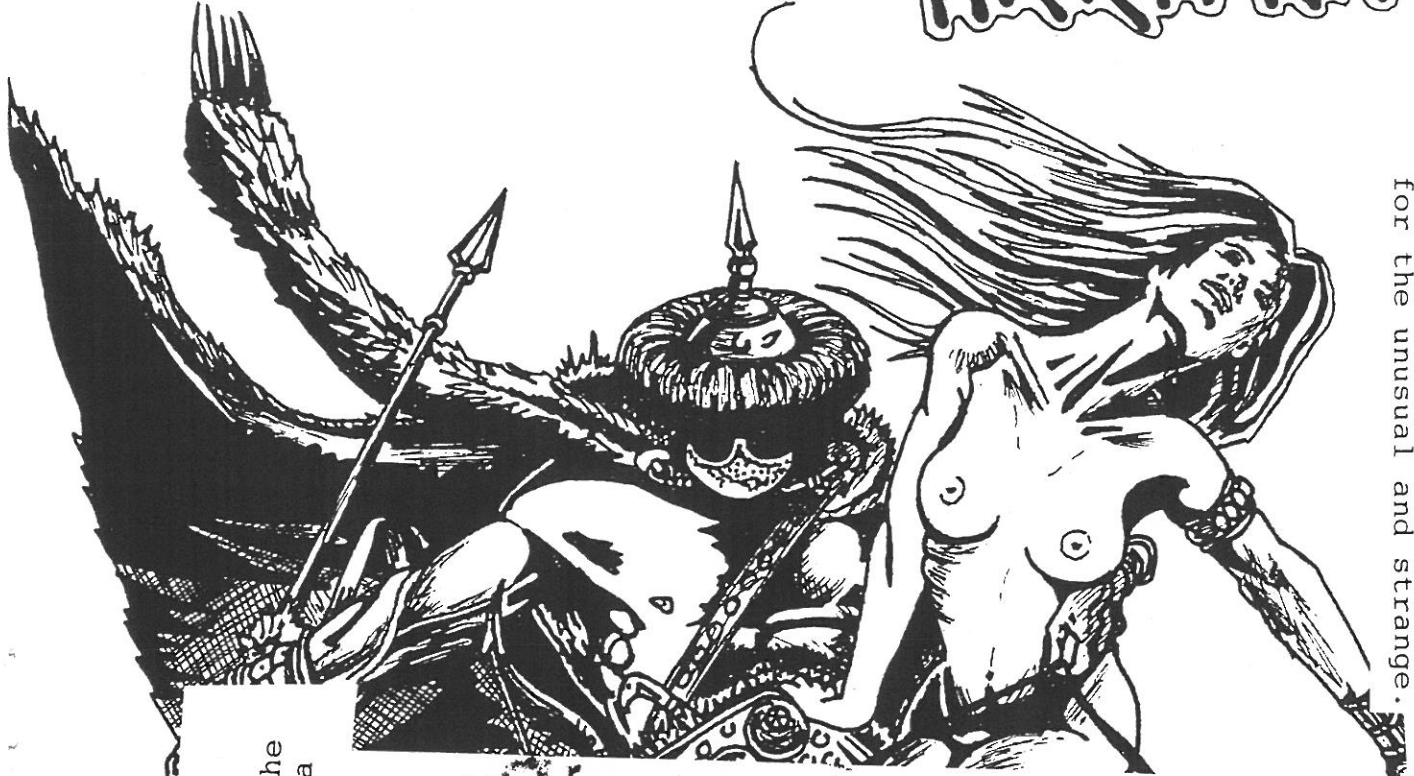
Before I am shoved out the door I glance back at the table for support only to see my spaghetti being divided up. Typical! Well, there is a consolation to all this if you can call it that. Even though I was outside with no money and no friends, at least I had no cigarettes.

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.



"JAG SKA
TA DIG.
HÄRIFRÅN"



cover you will find a mighty fine slab of Butthole vinyl
inside. What these guys have done to this song will surely
horrify the music purist but tantalize anyone with an appetite
for the unusual and strange.

Well, if you can visualize that scenario then you may be
somewhere close to understanding the Butthole Surfers. The
good ol' boys from Austin, Texas have done it again with a
piece to assault your eardrums and your mind.

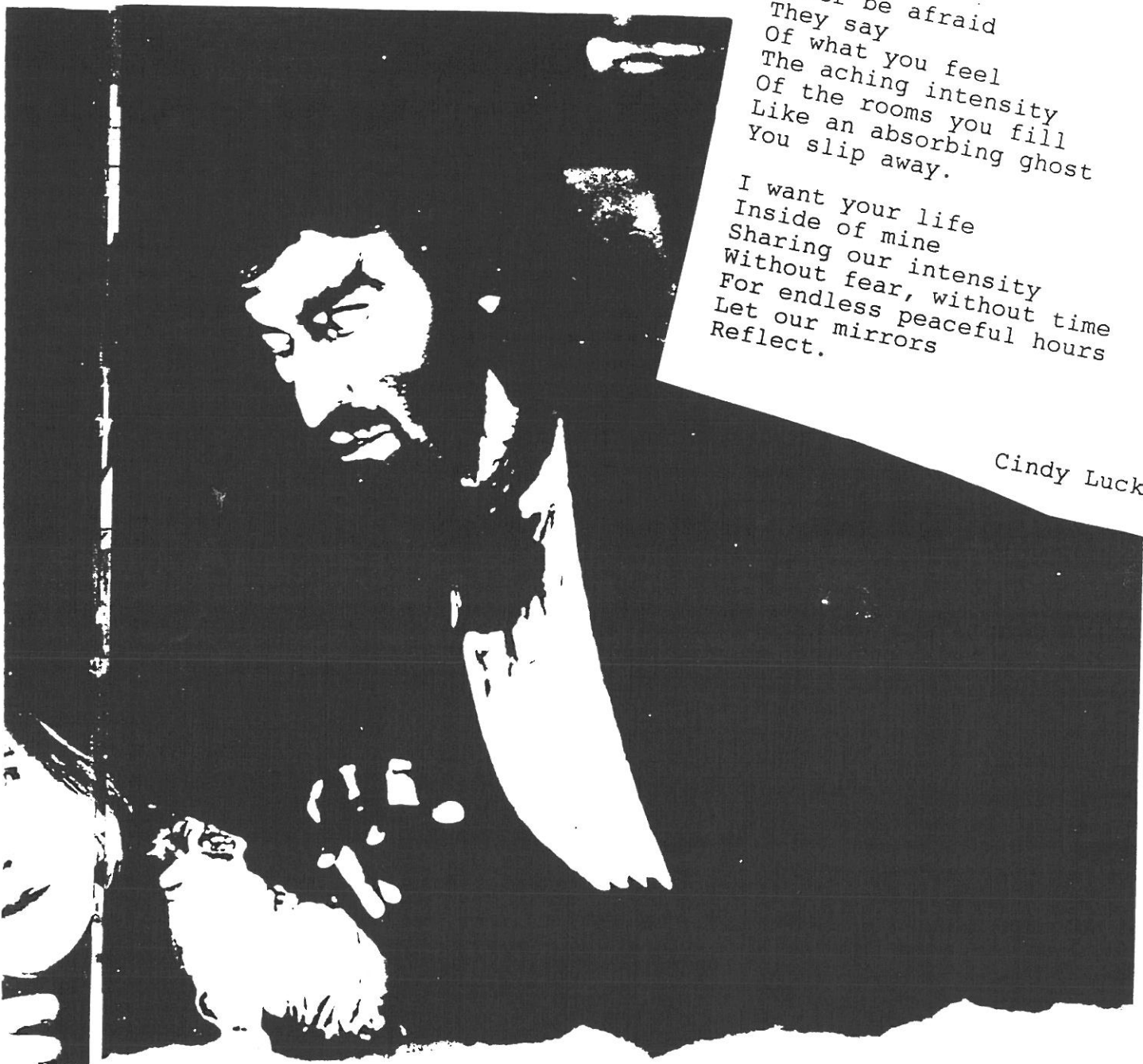


TRAFIKANTER
SE UPP
FLERA ÄLGAR
PÅ VÄG

Imagine riding a bicycle off the edge of a cliff wearing
nothing but a pair of Mickey Mouse ears into a sea of Pure
L.S.D.!

And yes, the impossible has happened. The Butthole Surfers
are now on a major label. This is something I never thought
would see in my lifetime, let alone theirs.

Could they be selling out I hear you ask? The Buttholes that
we have come to know and love? I guess only time will tell.



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.

BLUNT CENTREFOLD

once again BLUNT shows the world
that it is NONSEXIST and
NONDISCRIMINATORY!

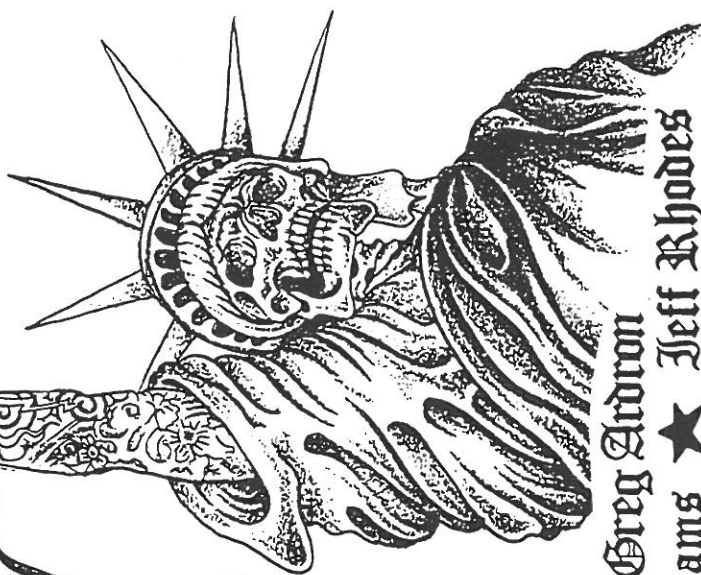


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Greg Ardron

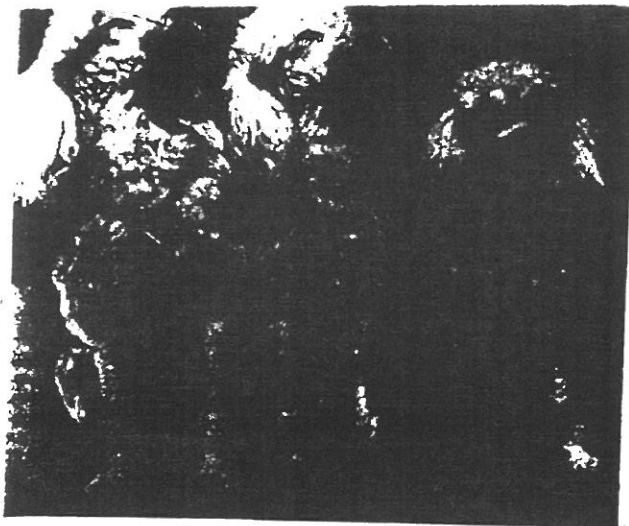
Ken Adams ★ Jeff Rhodes

Fred Heinrich ★ Arm ★ Choot

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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 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.

DAVE: This will be a period of seriousness for us. It'll be interesting, we might even write some new songs.

PAUL: We very rarely write new songs.

DAVE: Cos we are still new, we haven't been compressed as such. We've had plenty of gaps.

PAUL: Plenty!

DAVE: Three of us live in the Mountains, the other three in the city which means we rarely get together to do things like writing new songs. We only get together when we do a live show.

BLUNT: And that's rather sporadic.

DAVE: We like to play a coupla times a month without over doing it. With the vinyl we'll do more..



BLUNT: Paul, being the vocalist are you responsible for the lyrics?

PAUL: Chris writes alot of them. He'll come to me with them and I might change them a bit. Some songs won't have any lyrics at all and I'll make them up. I ad lib alot but most of the time there will be an idea.

BLUNT: The name of the band evokes a kinda concept?

DAVE: It does and I think it sometimes is a hindrance cos some may see us as being a comedy band when we are not. We do have a social conscience but with six members that varies. If there was any concept to the Donkey it's that we like to play loud and have fun. Sometimes we play too loud and I admit that.

BLUNT: What's important to you both.

DAVE: We like to see smiling faces and people dancing, that's important to us.

PAUL: Who wants to see unhappy ones. It's good to see yours.

DAVE: We like to create an energy that's positive in an organic kinda way. We'd stop playing if we were not enjoying ourselves.

PAUL: Your such a dinasour Dave.

DAVE: Well dinasours are supposed to bewarm blooded and intelligent you know and I feel that's kinda appropriate. I'm also a percussionist and a noise maker.

PAUL: I'm the noisy mongrel.

TIME TRAVEL ON AN INNER CITY BUDGET

by Alasdair the Ribald of Rannoch Moor

The sight of her was dragging me around by the saliva glands. Long, golden locks, rich, blue-green eyes, a mischievously, beautifully pointed nose and large, youthfully upstanding breasts. I had to have her. And I did, thanks to the fact that she was as drunk as I was, and that it was summertime and a nearby park was in staggering distance of the party. Fine. But one night wasn't enough. Thanks to pillow conversations I discovered we had little in common beyond things of a rather carnal nature. I couldn't bear it. I felt I had to interest her somehow. Lust was like intravenously injected ecstasy. Perfect but ephemeral and not at all fascinating. I had to fascinate her. To make her trip out on some aspect of me. I quickly searched my life for something suitable. . .

It came immediately.

"Would you like to come time-travelling with me?"

"What?" Her laugh betrayed that she was used to weirdos. "Where to?"

"To the Middle Ages."

Her still-sweaty face beamed. Women, perhaps even more than men, have some fantasy involving themselves in that era. Strong, bold, spunky knights, beautiful damsels in lavish dresses, castles, dragons, princesses, witches, horse rides in lush, quiet forests, feasting, drinking and decadence. Deep down, everyone knows that once such things were reality and oh, the desire that they would be once more.

She frowned. "How....tell me about it."

So I explained the whole thing to her. We prepared. Made her a few costumes - long, silk dresses, a bodice, a cape, and a linen and wool peasant outfit for getting dirty in. She almost quivered with excitement. Baskets for food, daggers for eating with, brooches for clothes, goblets for drinking and ribbons for her hair. I repaired my trusty tunic and cloak, polished my 16-gauge steel plate armour and weapons and we were ready. Into the car we climbed and off we drove into the depths of the N.S.W countryside. Two hours later I parked the car on a hill at the end of the dirt road. We locked up, slung the hessian sacks with our belongings over our shoulders and said goodbye to the twentieth century.

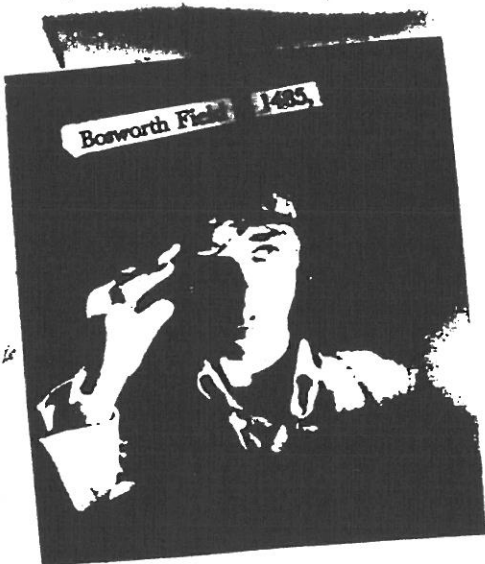
Over the rise and down the hill, smoke from campfires rose up through the pine trees. People were chopping wood; some dressed in sheepskin, others in kilts, others in leather and linen. More people sat at along table laughing and drinking ale from generous horns. A boy of about 14 played a wooden flute. A girl of the same age was carving something with a sharp knife out of a freshly cut piece of wood. Children dressed like their parents ran about playing. One thing about these people was that they all looked beautiful. In 20th century Bankstown, they'd probably fit in with all the other mundane types, but here everyone was in their element. We were welcomed with open arms and introductions were made. I was Lord Alasdair

the Ribald and she was Lady Viviane des Etoiles. We pitched our tent and dug a hearth. Then the heralds 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



The Book Of Kells has recently appeared on display at the State Library of NSW. Purchased in March, 1990, at a cost of \$19 237, this excellent Luzern Faksimile can be seen under glass at the entrance to the General Reference Library. A limited edition of 1400 copies, the Luzern Faksimile is a quality fine art facsimile made in Switzerland of the 8th century Irish original and is scarcely distinguishable from the original. The reproduction is exactly the size and weight of the manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, hand bound in white leather and even the original holes in the parchment have been reproduced. A complicated photographic procedure, involving transparencies and a ten ink process (the normal is four), results in a laser print. This is then taken to Dublin to compare colour tones. Lithography is then used to improve the lithofilm until the colour is satisfactory to both the Swiss publishers and the Library of Trinity College.

A christian gospel, ingeniously interpreted by the celtic monks of the 8th century, the Book of Kells is a masterpiece of detailed and well crafted Celtic art. Like the paradox of using modern electronic technology to reproduce such a faithful copy of an ancient artform, so the monks of the Book of Kells used many of their traditional celtic beliefs and design to approach the new christian influences seeping into Ireland and Scotland in the 5th century, and much earlier in England.

The Celtic Tree of Life, figures of beasts and men in bizarre positions, intertwining limbs, birds, snakes, and spirals



Taken from The Book of Kells, Actual size, less than 1cm diameter.

dominate the artwork in the Book of Kells. Intricate knotwork patterns and irreverent knaves are often hidden away in designs no larger than a fingernail.

The script is in Latin, but it is the design of many of the capital letters in full colour, becoming artworks in their own right, which draw the attention, for only two pages out of 680 are mere script without ornamentation.

Believed to have been written in the 8th century at Iona, the Book of Kells was brought to the monastery at Kells for safe keeping sometime between 806 and 813, when the threat of vikings with a penchant for destruction arrived on the coast of Ireland. There it remained until 1541 when the last abbot of Kells surrendered the possessions and was passed from hand to hand until it reached the Library of Trinity College, Dublin in 1661, where it remains still.

Although the influences of coptic, byzantine, and even Arabic calligraphy are present to a degree, the Book of Kells, along with the Books of Lindesfarne and Durrows, remains a tribute to the craftsmanship, mathematical skills and artistic ability of the Celts who created it. While the inspiration and goal of the monks was to create a dedication to christ, it is apt, in the hypocrisy of christianity, that the Book of Kells is recognised today as an ingenious surviving example of the celtic skill in pagan art and craftsmanship.

Andrew King

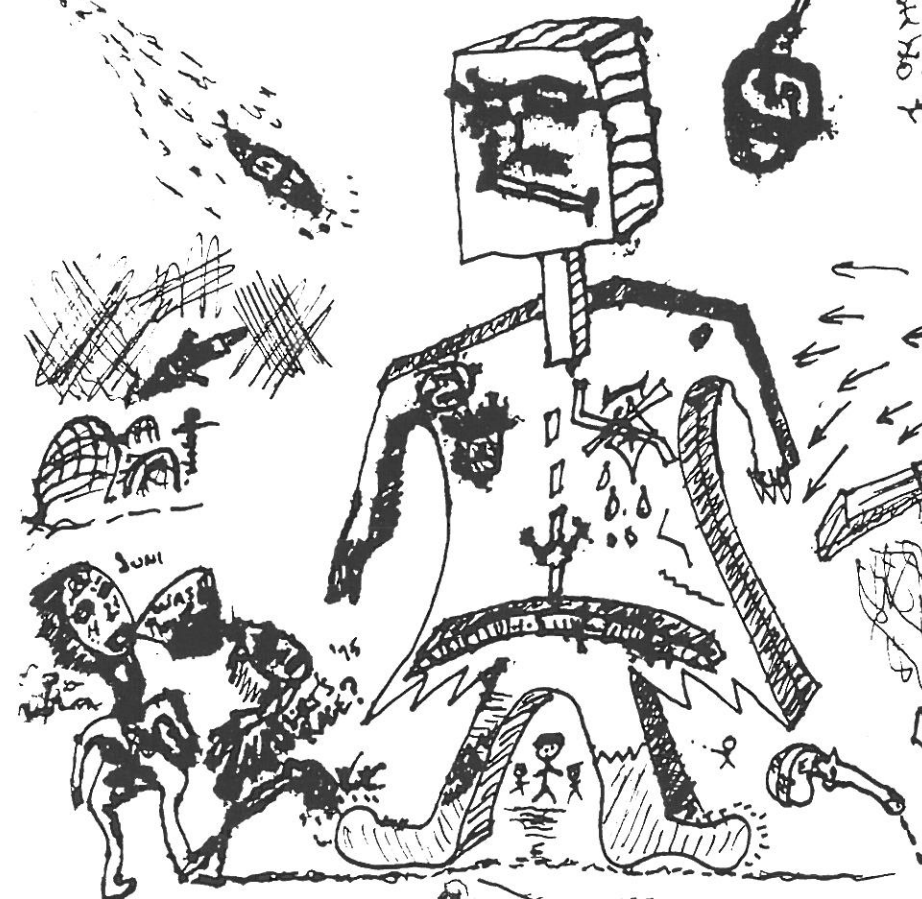
11-11-87

MAINTAIN THE LINE

FOR THE IRISH WIFE
SUCH IS LIFE...

BUT

FOR ENGLISH DEVILS
BUBONIC FLEAS SCRAPE
BRIXTON'S RUBBLE:-
DISEASED, BENIGN,
EMPTY HOUSES SO
SQUALID:- GOD DAMNED!
RETREAT FOR SOME
VICTORIAN HORROR.



A
B
A
B
A
B



No.
CO-OPERATE,
I'LL TOLERATE,
I'LL TOLERATE,
YOUR OLD DEBATE
MORATE

"MY STATE
WILL ELIMINATE
A LABORED
OF WHO
YOU HAVE

NSW
'88

OR
BUST.

OR
ELSE!

past Hard Ons standards. Although the familiar "there is only 5 minutes to write the lyrics sheet" and "thanks to everyone we've ever known", sleeve is still ever present.

Anyone who has ever actually sung along to a song, or has any sense of humour what-so-ever will appreciate and love Yummy. Failing that, the album is worth hearing anyway, merely as it contains the most inspired version of "Stairway to Heaven" yet placed on vinyl.

Even better are the love(?) songs. Varying from the satanic - "Little Miss Evil" - to the patriarchal - "Where Did She Come From" - they say everything you want to say to the person you love and/or hate.



YUMMY - HARD ONS

Jam packed with raunchy guitars and more melodies than you can poke a stick at, Yummy is yet another great album from the Hard Ons. The Hard Ons possess that down to earth, raw style which made bands like Buzzcocks and the Ramones legends. The songs are simple, short and sweet. The music is catchy and you can not only relate to the lyrics but more often than not they are quite funny. "Don't feel good, don't feel right / had too much to drink last night / VB, Coopers, Corona's too / I think I'm gonna spew". Hell, not even Kylie Minogue's lyrics are that accessible!

TAD - 8 WAY SANTA. (LP)

A local release album out through Waterfront with a really horrible cover, but the record itself isn't to bad at all - a hard tight sound with fairly grungy vocals over the top.

The album sticks to that formula pretty much throughout with songs like "Jinx" and "Plague Years", but also veers off on occasions with 3D Witch Hunt where they trade in their heavy warped guitars for acoustic and the dude actually sings instead of screams - fantastic song with brilliant acoustic guitar riff!

There are also a couple of funky rap type numbers like Delinquent and Giant Killer that give rise to the thought that you can't really toss them into the grunge/heavy basket as some might like to.

Great music and lyrics through the whole album with the band really tight and together. Definitely showing great potential for any future endeavours due to the versatility of the whole band. The album grows more and more on you every time you play it so check it out. Well worth a listen.

This single was released as a freebie to those punters who attended Died Pretty's Paddington R.S.L. concert in late January. If you weren't there you missed out on a lot more than just the giveaway. Regardless both these songs are certain to appear on the upcoming album which can't be released soon enough for me.

Neither side of the single has been highlighted as an A side which is somewhat appropriate as they are both of high quality. Time for me is the better of the two, possessing elements of that chaotically swirling mixture of guitars, drums and keyboards creating patterns that never quiet repeat, a distinctive Died Pretty trademark. Though for me there was a lack of the intensity associated with the lyrics or perhaps it was the commonness of the subject matter, could it be they've fallen from their eatheral plane?



March Past on the flip side has a considerably more ordered sound, softer and less intricate, indicative of many songs from their "Every Brilliant Eye" album. Dare I say it, a love ballad strained with Ron Penno's forlorn and despairing vocals.

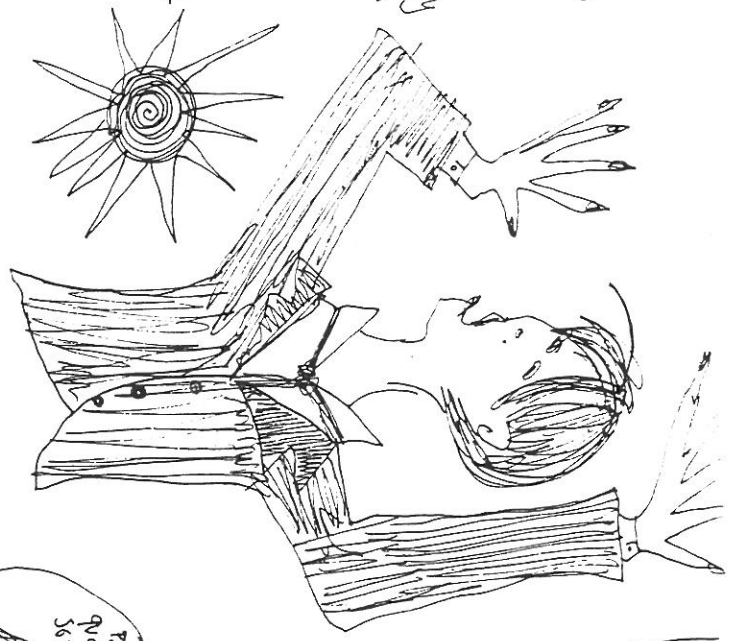
Died Pretty are losing a lot of the rough edges, but having heard the full set of new songs live, I can assure you the best is yet to come.

Mick Phillips

You one legged fuckwit! Do you realise how long that record took to make? Why don't you pick on Barnsie or something.⁷⁷



hello. I'm a character. I'm sitting on a park bench. I've been designed specifically to draw the cartoon strip away from the corny desperation of someone without any real talent. Someone who is having difficulty hiding the cheeky, twee, shrill aspects of End Blifton that looks like a parrot on a pirate.



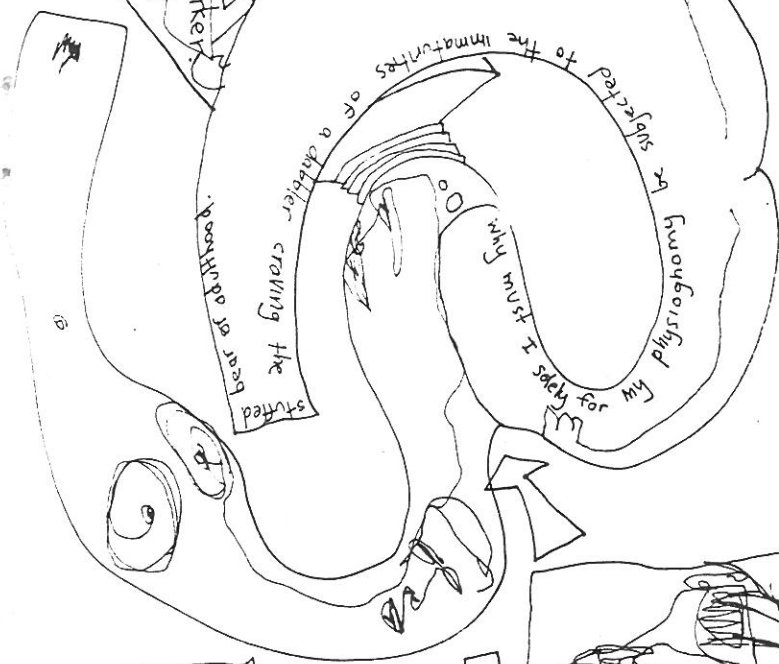
ROOTS

What does he want from me. The same gag? The old pants of 1 pins out routine I suspect.

#4 I

CLEANER WEAPONS

The guitar of the worker



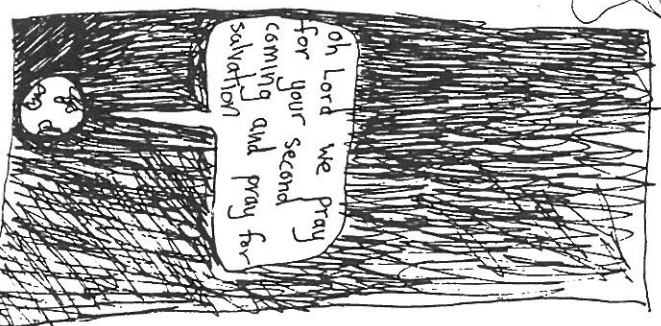
stuffed bears and of a dabbler craving the

my eyes I find my neighborhood subjected to the immaturities of a dabbler craving the

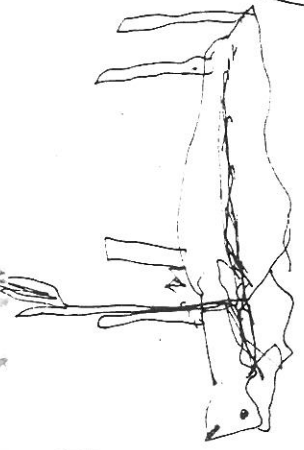


Perhaps but the graphic quality is as powerful as some Aztec imagery

THE WRATH



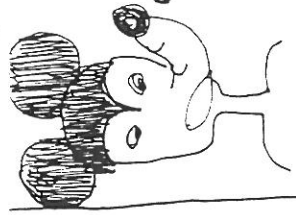
Oh Lord we pray for your second coming and pray for salvation



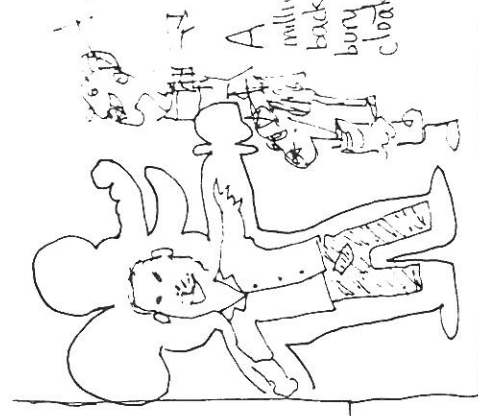
next week Cortes

The Wrath of bogs pt 2.

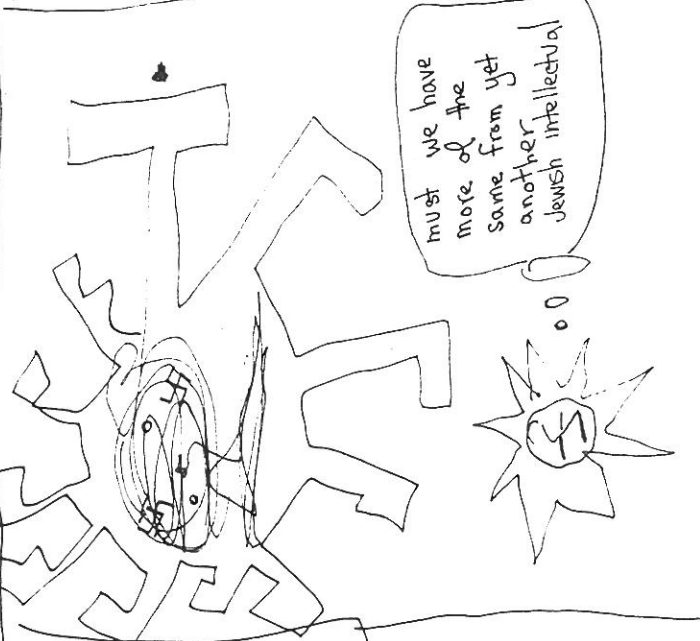
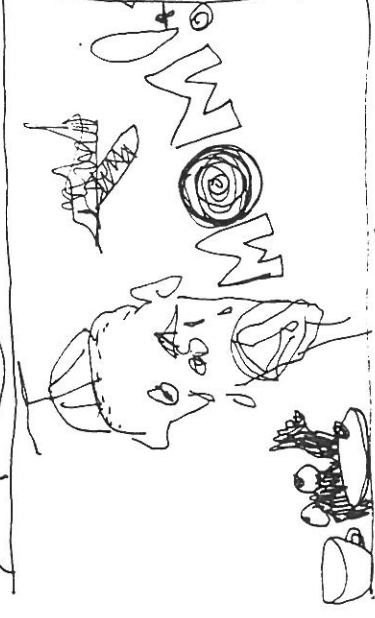
cheer up kids!
all great comic strips
start off badly drawn!



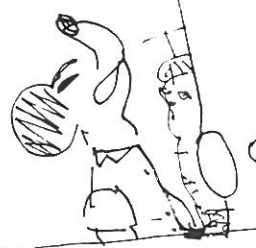
Hell. He doesn't even
look like Micky - even
before he became a
pawn of the bourgeoisie



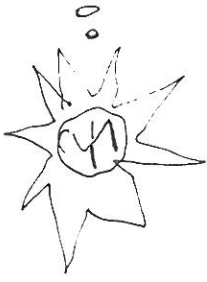
A mere pretext for a
millionaire, anti semitic,
backwoods child molester to
bury his evil behind the
cloak of innocuousness



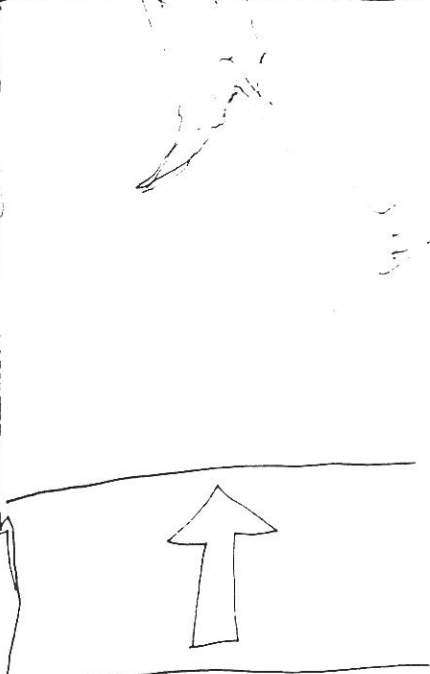
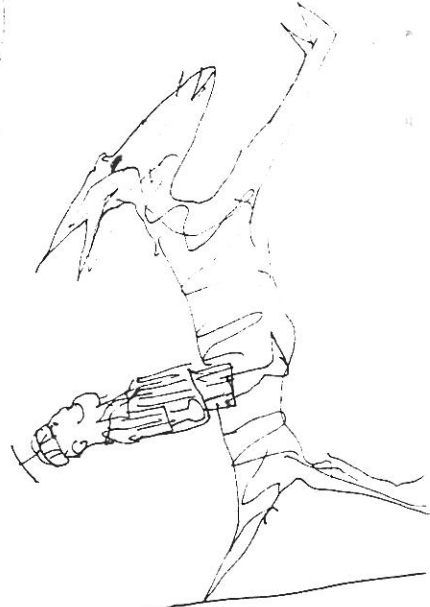
That
Night...



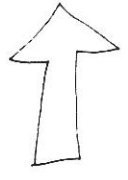
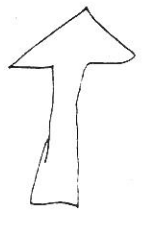
must we have
more of the
same from yet
another
Jewish intellectual



poor not
little boy. I am
crimpy the craxelle



and G...
will always
be there
to rescue
children from
the misdeeds
of gonzo
journalism
labeled not
by time but
by this



After just a few weeks in South Africa, today I came face to face with apartheid medicine. I took a black emergency patient to a white hospital.

Brits is a white, conservative, Afrikaner town near Pretoria, with a big "black spot" the residents would rather forget. Most of the town's menial workforce lives here, including labour for industries such as the Ciba-Geigy pharmaceuticals plant. Oukasie is part of Brits, a 60 year old community of 8000 blacks, living in crude wood and iron huts, surrounded now on three sides by rich white suburbs. It stands in the way of housing developments, paved avenues and lawns. Street lamps and rubbish collection stop abruptly at its edges. The white authorities have been trying to move these people out for years. Direction - Lethlabile 20 kilometres away on dirt roads, in the wilderness of the "republic" of Boputatswana. Dusty expanses of divided lots, each with a ready made toilet shed in the corner. Only a few tin houses about - why don't they want to move?

Oukasie has become a symbol of resistance, a black community determined to stay in their homes, close to where they work. Last year they won a court battle against forced removals and being restricted as an "emergency camp". My small clinic works for these people from rooms in the adjacent catholic mission. The hospital in Brits has always been whites only - until today.

This morning I saw a forty five year old woman with fever and abdominal pains. "Marie" looked very ill and the pains were getting worse. I diagnosed an acute abdomen with peritonitis - possibly appendicitis. Clearly she needed to be in hospital urgently and prepared for an operation. With her consent, I drove her a few minutes away to the well equipped, modern, whites-only hospital. I didn't know what to expect. I walked her to reception and was directed to the casualty desk, where I explained the situation to the stony nurses. They weren't impressed and said I should take her to Ga-Rankawa (black) hospital, thirty kilometres away. I politely insisted that this was an emergency and she had to be seen by the on-call doctor. On the phone, the same argument. He asked if I was a doctor of theology or a doctor of medicine. I asked for his full name, "and how do you spell that, please...?" Finally he agreed to come in and allowed an intravenous drip to be started.

The nurses took my patient away to the furthest corner of the hospital, in the empty 'white outpatients' department. I put in the drip with reluctant help from the staff. They went away so I had to watch over the woman myself. Waiting for the doctor, the white nurses came back with a senior woman who thought she would explain to me, a foreigner, how the system worked and how easy it was to get an ambulance to go directly to Ga-Rankawa. "The doctor has a lot of patients waiting in his surgery" she said. "So have I" was my answer. Outside the room, I calmly told her that the racist treatment policies of the hospital were disgusting, and I thought that a 'white' emergency would have been seen immediately. I asked for intravenous antibiotics. She had to ring back Dr. Conradie. "we're not allowed to just yet... just wait... the doctor is coming..."

Confused office staff asked me to help fill in registration forms and get Marie's signature and identification number. Not married, unemployed, three children... "Address?" "Brits" I said. I stayed a line by the bedside, reassuring my patient as she gasped with pain. I promised to inform her relatives.

After one hour the doctor arrived and examined the woman. We shook hands. "I agree with your diagnosis" he said. "But she still has to go to Ga-Rankawa. We don't have the facilities... our regulations... the operating theatre is for whites only..." I told him these excuses were unacceptable. A much older man, he looked at me and asked when I finished medical school. "That's irrelevant" I said. "Lets talk about the patient".

I asked for urgent intravenous antibiotics. "Oh, and what would you suggest doctor?" I named two doses; again he had to agree. These

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.

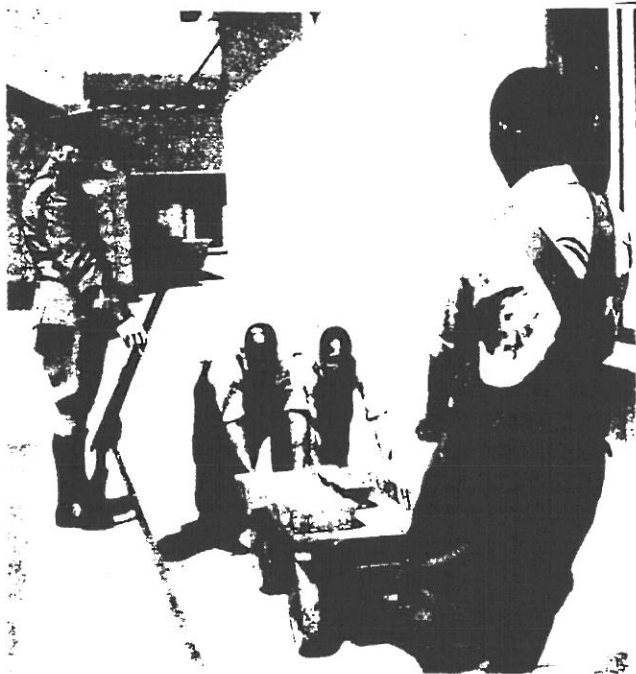
From: The Independent Observer.

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.

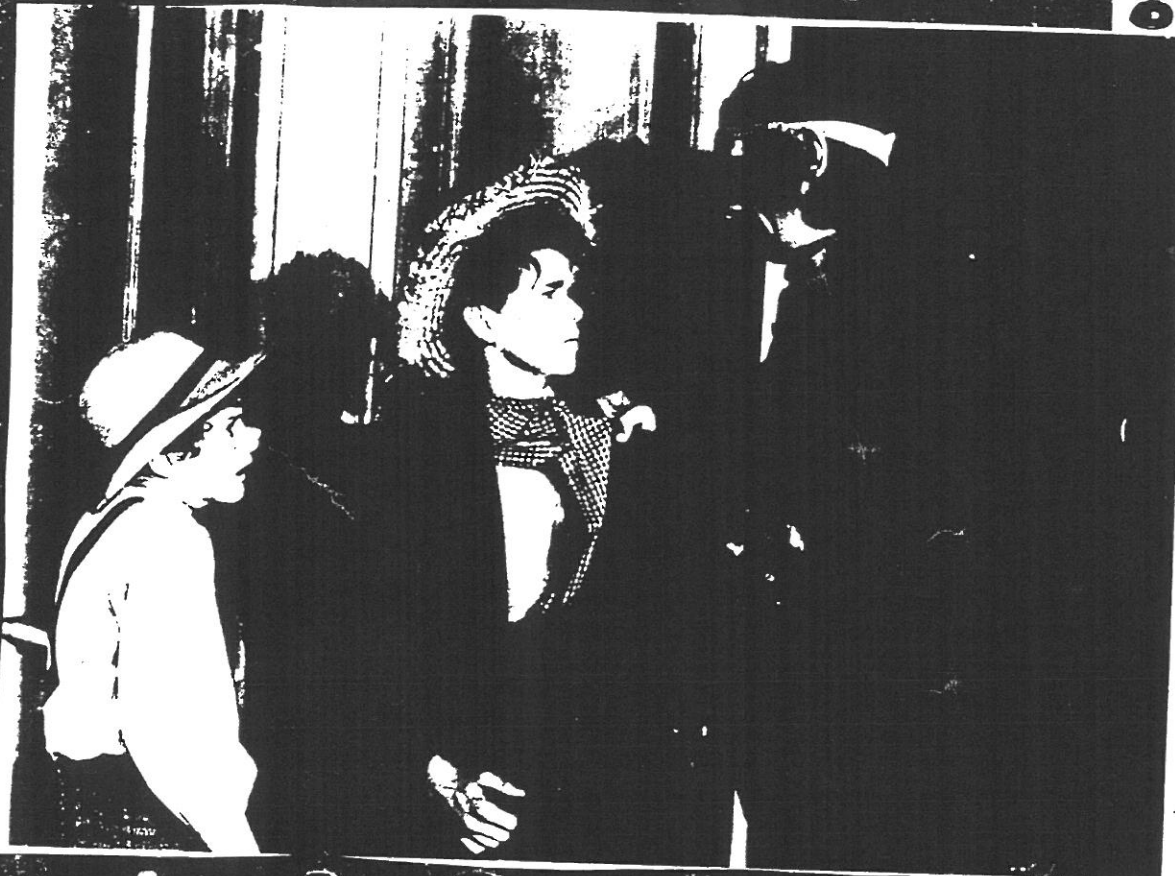
The Land and Its Resources



GOTHIC

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F G H I J

OR DOWN THAT RIVER



Listen Bucko. The Age of the post modern man of style is dead! Contributions are the only justification for a hat. Send your sole to

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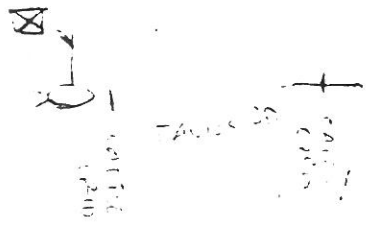
THANX TO

THANKS...

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PAT MURPHY

Alex Clarke



SHOP ↑
 TUNZEE COMMUNITY
 BRIDGE

Frank's Diner and Lounge
 gathered together
 mingle bitter cream's
 dark corners lighted sites
 minds are drawing
 while the body cries
 spitting in a gutter
 I'll kill you all

TUNZEE FALLS RD

NIMBIN
 SO
 RE WINNIE
 RE ALEX M. KILL
 STAR

The BLARNEY Stones

The Gab

