

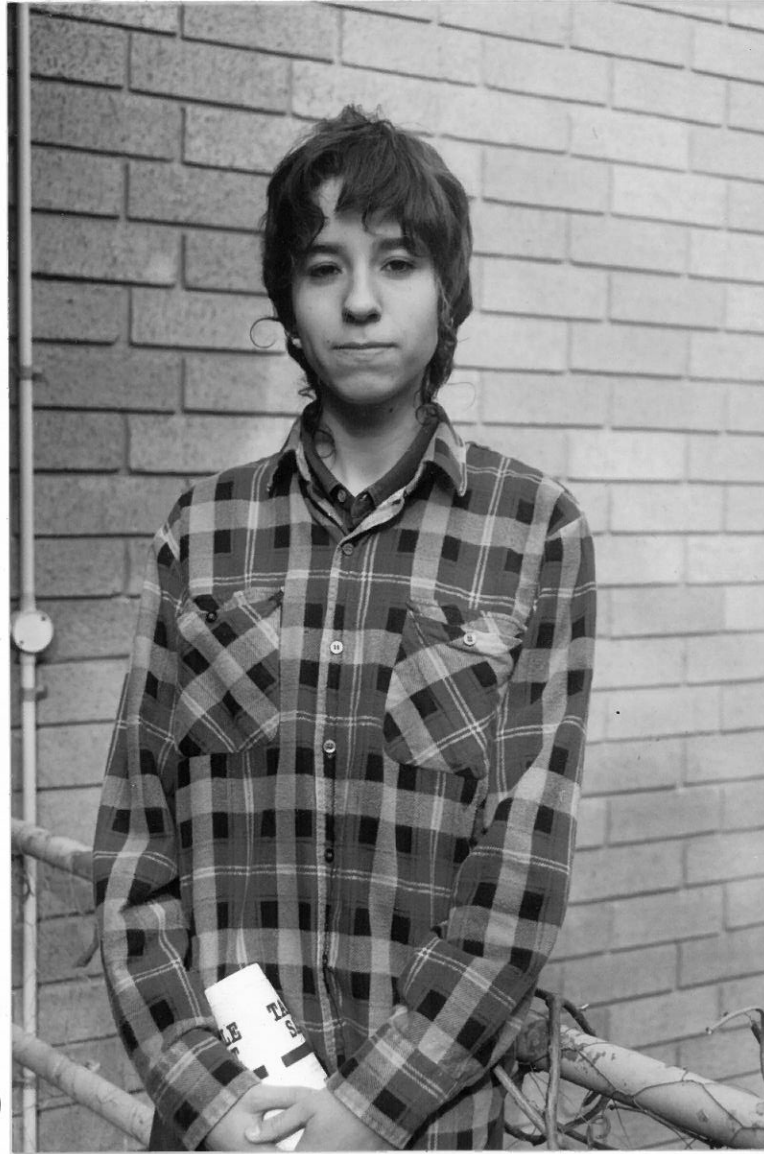
BLUNT

15

Profuse

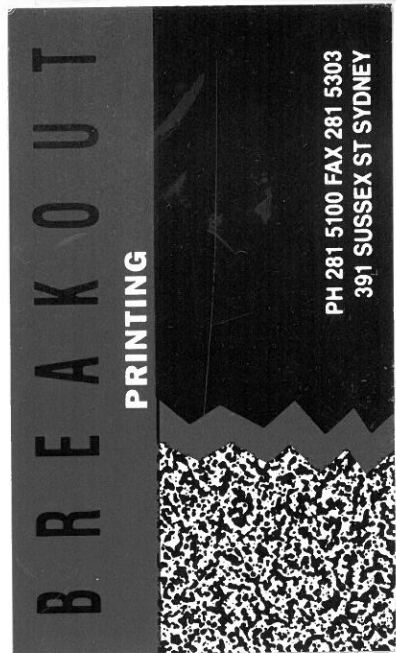
PEG ★ ★
CALLIGULA

MIXED RE ★
WOPPING ★
BIG
NORTY
★
ACTIONS



ART Obtuse

WANK-MORE
POPSTARS +
FREE FLANNO
INSIDE!!!



Welcome to another edition of BLUNT, that homely winter rag that keeps you company all year long. This is the first for 92 and whilst one may have thought it all had died after the LP, *energy* was mustered to make another one. If *you* wanna contribute by sending in any articles (we'll print just about anything providing the content is not too dodgy) photos, drawings, stories, cartoons, abuse, praise, or whatever, please send it all to: BLUNT MAGAZINE

c/o Hut 23 Addison Rd Community Centre
142 ADDISON RD
Marrickville 2204 NSW Australia.

*Jellyheadz have found a new warehouse space and if you don't know *by now* it is in Wellington Lane, Redfern, opposite the mortuary station which is on Regent St. Redfern. What they are offering down there is space for bands to use, *thus* getting music away from the usual venue thing, *it also* provides space for dancehedz, *+* yummy food for veganhedz and the like.

*The BLUNT compilation LP - 12 SOLID GOLD INNER CITY HITS that was launched at Max's last November is in the process of finding a new home in the U.S. with *orders* there outweighing the response it has had back home. Overall we made our money back and those that did gain a copy enjoyed it, so if the rest of Sydney ain't interested why not shove it and shift it elsewhere. Some of the stars from the compilation have been rather quiet, *while* some have been making a bit of noise. MONKEY POT who went into the compilation as formerly Waxworks have broken up, WIPE () have just released a fab. CD on their own label, The CANNANES have been real quiet awaiting the release of a new album called "CAVEAT EMPTOR", CROW are heading over to Boston to record an album, *courtousy* of Regular Records, who were kind enough to realise how fine a band they actually were and offer them *dollars* ~~to record~~ to record, DUMB AND THE UGLY have been quiet with Michael Sheridan overseas in Japan, *while* some of Starbelly are in the U.S trying to muster up some interest, Even As We Speak went o/s at the beginning of the summer, SUNLESS have broken up, MAHATMA PROPAGANDHI can be seen at Jellyhedz things, AMARANTH are too confronting for anyone to offer them a show, NICE are on a health farm, whist MONROES FUR plan to head to Europe at the end of the year for good. So Sydney take a bow!

*There are some things live which have struck me of recent. I must admit I was somewhat impressed with Half at a recent Hoey show as they seem to exude energy that belies the number of years their ears have endured. I must mention my interest in seeing MASSAPPEAL recently at Max's under the name of S.N.A.F.U -see CD review. Methrapunge are also good value for live energy sakes

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THE MIXED RELATIONS EXPERIENCE

ARTICLE
BY ANDREW
O'HEE

Is rascism alive and well in the Australian Music Industry, or is it just a little oversight that they have neglected to notice some of our brightest talent ??? I am refering to Mixed Relations, one of the **biggest, baddest , blackest bands** to ever kick the collective Australian Arse. Mixed Relations should be huge/mighty , yet the response from the industry seems to be "get back in the shadows".

Mixed Relations was formed by **Bart Willoughby** back around 1986. Bart had seen some limited success in his original band **No Fixed Address**, touring Great Brittain and Europe, as well as packing out shows back home. He spent a few years playing drums with Coloured Stone and attempting to reform No Fixed Address, but with a notable lack of recognition from the industry. Bart needed a vehicle capable of pushing his unique songs. He linked up with **Murray Cook** (bass and keyboards), who had been playing with Warumpi Band. **Alvin Duffy**, the big blackest rythm man from Kuranda allowed Bart to step away from behind the drumkit and into the spotlight. **Alice Haines** a young Koorie star in the making joined in on backing vocals with Sharon Carpenter (no longer in the band)..



Almost four years of gigging in Sydney and around the country has seen a few line-up changes, but also a solidification of the band. Along with those named above, the current version of Mixed Relations includes **Brenda Gifford** on Tenor Saxophone, **Meg Brianski** on Keyboards , **Leroy"Bad" Brown** the 17 year old guitar sensation, and **Vanessa Lucas** on Bass and Violin. When the whole band squeezes onto a tiny Sydney stage watch out!!!!!! The result can be formiddable and sometimes frightening.

Bart writes simple yet complex lyrics, complete with riddles and spiritual overtones that unfold the deeper you want to look. It must be said that his songs come from a tradition of passing on knowledge through **oral culture** and Bart is very much the young tribal warrior, entrusted by his people to spread their message of understanding to the rest of the world. Like a lot of other Koorie songwriters-- Bart's songs reveal a huge tapestry of concise and consistant philosophies and beliefs. Something that is a bit beyond the comprehension of most bands and musicians. The idea of knowing who you are, where you are from and where you are going to. This is dealt with in almost every Mixed Relations song in one way or another.

Bart's music unravels like a giant serpent, that slithers and slides about the stage and then suddenly strikes fast and accurate-- never missing the mark. He stalks about the stage attacking his guitar with bare hands and then bellows through the didge, enough to wake the dead. Murray Cook deserves a lot of the credit for the success of the Mixed Relations experience. His gift is to be able to interpret Bart's sketches and thoughts and to build on them, providing the counterpoints, with the typical throbbing triplets, the carefully constructed chaos and finally the release into the sheer beauty of passionate melody. Eachsong takes on almost anthemic proportions.

FROM RADID SKID ROW MAGAZINE
"OFFYADIAL"



The rest of the band is just the cream on the top of this glorious cake. Alvin is a monster of the big third beat, and adept at building up the anthem like arrangements, while Meg and Brenda weave through the gaps and crevices, reaching ever higher and then plummeting to the depths of musical composure. And somewhere there is room for young Leroy to feel his way through what's left. Watch this guy. He has found himself in the right band at the right time and after serving his apprenticeship, this 17 year old will be capable of anything.

Bart's voice stretches effortlessly over the repertoire- purely at ease- from whispers and monologues to full lunged assaults on the microphone--but never harsh.. While Alice provides the perfectly understated accompaniment with her backing vocals. (my one criticism is that Alice should be given the chance to sing some more songs) Perhaps Bart Willoughby's greatest strength is that he has managed to bring such a cast of skilled and committed musicians together. (They are obviously not in it for the money.)



While the early Mixed Relations songs owed a lot to Bob Marley, they have been developing a **truly unique and indigenous sound**. It is hard to believe that this band has never released an album, with some songs such as **Aboriginal Woman, Take it Or Leave It ,and Message For Young And Old** already credited as modern Koorie Classics-- that it seems that everybody has heard and know off by heart. With the lack of recognition Mixed have taken bold steps with the new songs. **Black And White, Father, Love**, come from a more obscure direction. These songs redefine the concept of power in music. One night soon, somebodys' head is just going to explode in the middle of Black And White. You call that an arrangement- It is more like evolution, the apocalypse and the rebirth all in five minutes-- Over the top yes- but someone's gotta do it.

So why is it that this band has been shunned by Record Companies and the rest of the Music Industry ? Why is it they can support the **Wailers, Bhundu Boys** etc and not score a review ?? Is it because Black Music is something that comes from overseas ??? Is it just this obsessed reviewers bias, and that noone else really cares ??? Is it that the Music Industry is slightly biased against Aboriginal Performers ??? (None dare call it rascist) Is it because they are a band that reflects the hopes and aspirations of the modern Urban Koories (Troublemakers) ??????????

Yothu Yindi have just turned this same Music Industry on it's head with the success of the dance mixed 'Treaty'.. Nobody had planned for this to happen and now they all want a slice of the traditional pie. They are all out there trying to sign up the next big Koorie Experience that they can manipulate this way or that-- Watch Out --Be Warned-- But they have missed the boat with Mixed Relations, Who have moved way past that. The last thing they need is to be 'discovered' by some **Captain Cook A&R Reps**. They are here right now and all they want is a bit of truth and justice. They are gonna kick some serious arse so you can **TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT...**



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+
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GIVE ME SOME ^{1.}

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

* Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, 1970

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

Women are oppressed because...

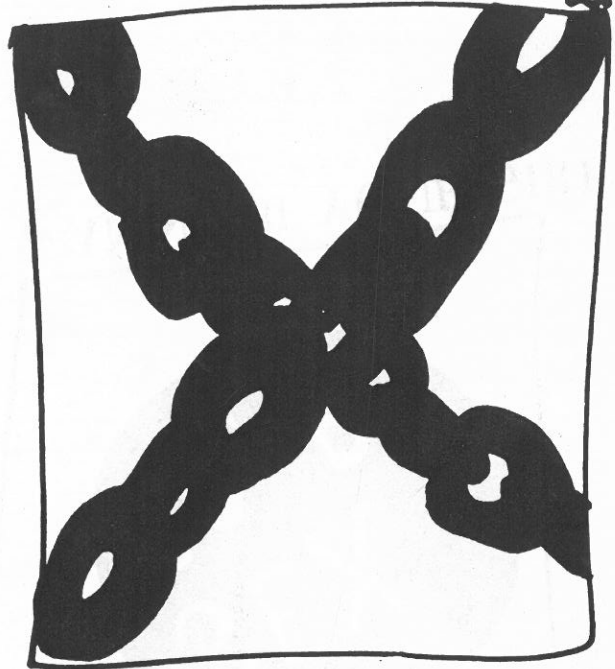
CON-US ADONIS

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

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

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

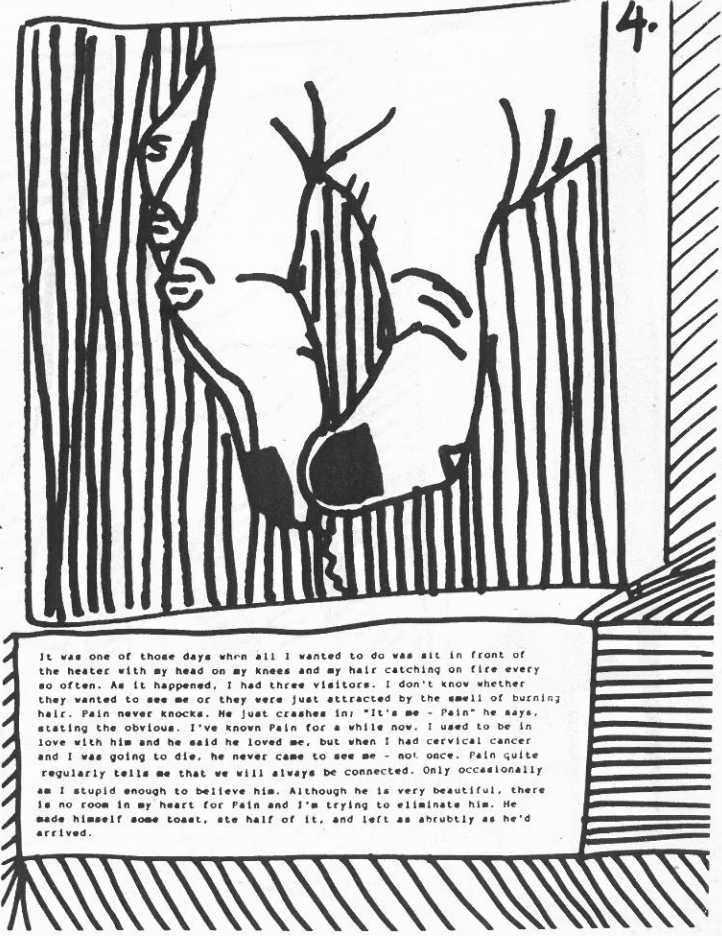
To escape the language of oppression women must write in whatever way they can. In 'Fuck Me Blind', Maggie Fingers has written in whatever way she can. Loosely connected paragraphs, poetry, dream-like sequences, illustrations, different type-faces. And I understand her. I dig what she's saying. I have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



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



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



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



Male writers, philosophers, and artists form the basis of Western thought. This is a scary and dangerous fact. It is a struggle, but women are learning and can learn to stand on the shoulders of this male tradition to reach higher and more important realms of art and thought. Women are inherently more qualified to express themselves on the subject of life, because they are more in touch with pain, emotion, the earth and the creative process in every day living than most men, who have been 'conditioned' to reject and devalue some of life's most important qualities.

Women can be made to feel that they don't exist. Women hold the power of creation. They exist and their existence is validated every day - even if chosen to be ignored somewhat by patriarchal society. Women may find that producing art helps to validate their existence. It certainly provides a language with which women can communicate with each other and with any men smart enough to listen.

Women must rise above a hatred of men. Hatred stems from fear. Men threaten women to make them afraid. Men hurt women and other men to make them fear. Women are not victims. They are the lucky ones because they know more. Men can never take that away from women.



As a woman I am sometimes not taken seriously by men. Sometimes men talk over me and don't listen to what I say. Women do this to me too. I have the power to ignore these people. As a woman, I am sometimes the subject of intense attention from men. I still get the feeling that I am not being taken seriously. Some men think that because I am a woman I must find them extremely interesting. They are often wrong. Everyone wants to be listened to. I will take you seriously if you take me seriously. Otherwise I'm happy just to take myself seriously. I had a job that involved me listening to men talk about how wonderful they were and how everyone would one day listen to them and take them seriously. They were never interested in what I had to say. It was my job just to listen. But then I could express myself in writing about what they had said and I could say what I thought of them and their 'ideas'. They would always read what I had written - they couldn't help themselves - so I always had the last word. Producing any kind of art - even if no one ever reads, hears or sees it - is a way to have the last word. To say "this is what I think - take it or leave it - and fuck you".

BANANAS

I am making love to a girl. Upon each thrust of my penis into her body the smell of bananas becomes stronger and stronger. I enjoy this to begin with as nothing like this has ever happened to me before. However after a while the odour becomes overpowering, and I become alarmed.

She does not seem to notice and begins to moan and growl, throwing herself about the bed. Just as she climaxes I notice a small tear in the skin above her vagina. I place my finger in the space and pulling upwards reveal soft yellow flesh beneath. Her skin now simply falls to pieces in sheets away from her body and I am left lying alone in 70 kilograms of soft rotten banana stained in places with semen and blood.

1991. James.

THE QUEEN OF SNOWS

crystal;
ice blue;
the centre of her sight,
the fringe of the spectrum's
piercing monotone:
Her eyes contain all these.
Eyes that may perform the perfect lie,
betraying no emotion in their winter coloured gleam.

2.
She is,
at another time perhaps,
the queen of snows.
A blizzard-stricken travellers
last life-moment;
A vision
of Her and
a company of snow-leopards,
gaze all alike:
Frosted.
Remorseless.
Polar air, then death still
Hypothermic,
breath-stealing
beauty.

Darcy

People are
An ugly army.
Pulling
Tearing.
All claiming
Their own
Territories
Of understanding.
While consciousness
Is somehow an
Unknown land.

James. 1992.

Newsagency
Bought recipe books
Afterwards
We eat
Them.
Picking the staples
From our teeth
We muse
Upon the romance
Of being poor.

1991.

James

BREAD AND GAMES
SUPERMARKETS AND T.V
MINDLESS SLAVES
SUCK THE STATE PUS
ONLY TO FINALLY FALL
INTO EMPTY GRAVES
AS CONDOMS FILLED
WITH CUSTARD
DEAD!

1992 James



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

We carry a large and diverse range of stock to choose from including :

Aboriginality, Koori life and land rights, political theory, practice and history; in particular anarchism and class struggle (from various perspectives), women's issues and a wide selection of books by women authors (including women's press publications), social issues, men's studies, children's books, gay and lesbian novels and information covering gay pride, health and AIDS, peace and anti-militarism, health and the environment, cook books, philosophy, art, surrealism as well as records in many different musical styles such as reggae, dub, aboriginal, folk and punk plus bits of this and that. We also stock many papers, magazines and fanzines including popular publications *Class War* and *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*.

We are a non-profit organization who believe that by selling books, records, papers and other publications at cheap prices we can provide a much needed service to the community. All monies made through sales is channelled back into the project to pay for rent, electricity, updating old stock and purchasing new stock.

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Liottan Reality...

You may have come across him at a party, heard him on the radio, been abused by him, or maybe felt like killing him at some given moment or time. Who is this him, eh ??? Well his name is Mathew Liotta and his presence in modern day society is being a worker on a voluntary basis for 2RSR 88.9FM. *He has a* penchant for getting on the backs of other people, pestering and probing for an answer whether it be in a serious tone or a humourous one.

Not long ago I decided to have a chat to Mathew and brought some pertinent questions to him regarding his life, his answers, his fuckups, and his ethics. So.....

ORIGINS:

Mathew was born in Tasmania (*don't knock Tassie - Mathew's quite sensitive*) to a father of Italian descent and mother of colonial descent. Because of his European background and being brought up in a state enriched in colonial roots, he was often ostracized. His father experienced traumas of being bashed up and picked on but managed to gain respect from his colonialist peers by showing them things like how to make a garden, how to make things grow, and ~~and~~ how to express.

Mathew: Dad was great. He was like Big Bert and I was like little Bert.

Father Ray was a staunch communist who was into philosophy, world events and like Mathew a bit of justice..

Mathew: At home there would be plenty of arguments over the kitchen table especially in the 60's with the Vietnam War, *plus* the bloody hippies. Dad hated them co's of their long hair. His influence has helped me in a big way in that it has helped me question people. I like to get an answer from someone when I talk to them and if I don't I guess I get somewhat provoked.

INVOLVEMENTS:

Before I got involved with Skid Row, the whole radio thing, I worked in a paper mill for 6 years. It was my interest in art and theatre that took me away from the whole workforce thing. For all that time in the mill I had plenty of money but I'd end up smoking most of it.. Though art school I got involved with radio and ended up doing a shift on 92FM in Hobart where I was known as Matt Vinyl. I had somewhat of a reputation for taking the *piss out of* commercial radio announcers,

BLUNT: Why?

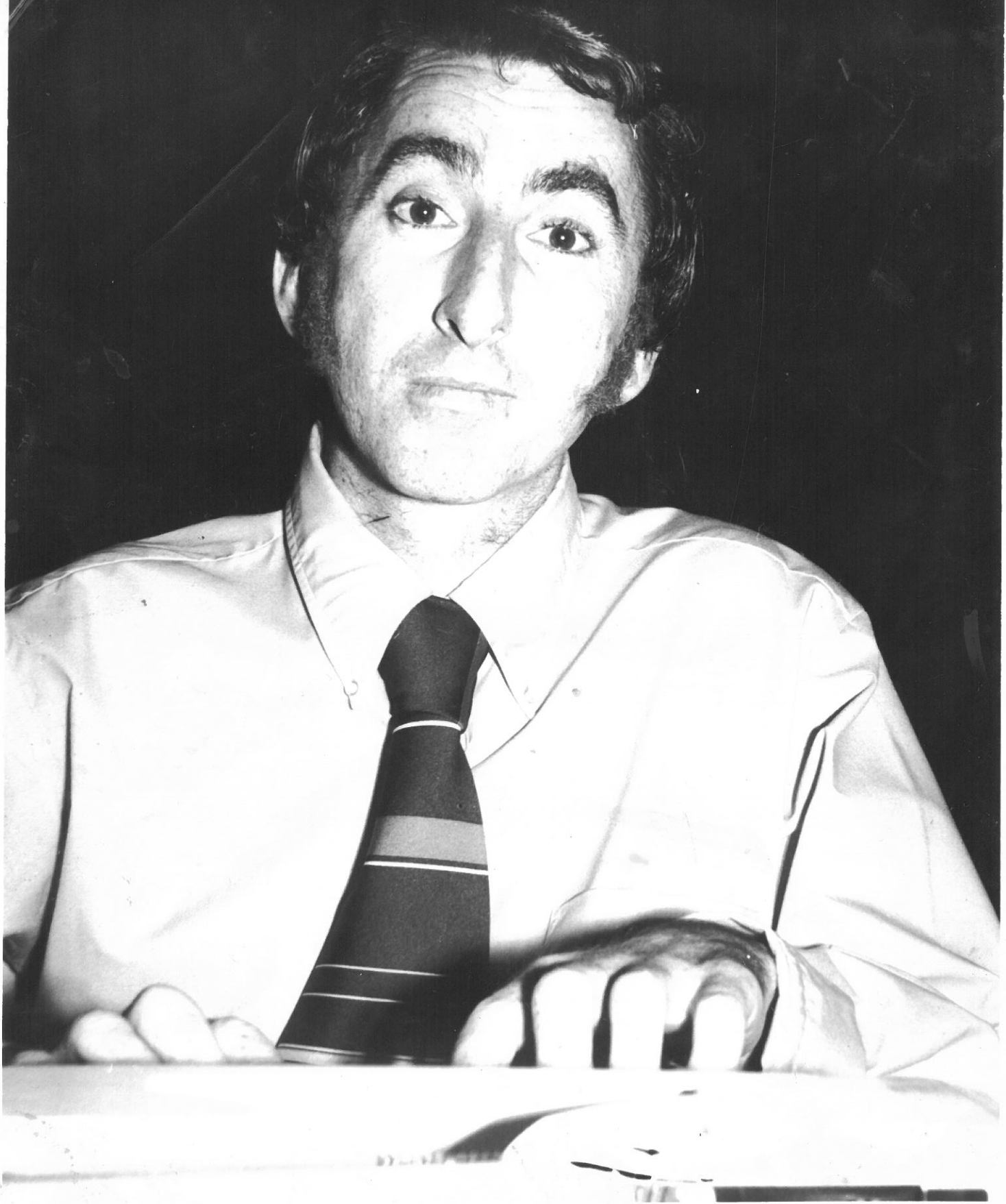
Mathew: Co's I was a stirrer, a larrikin. I always had this thing about justice and that it would be done one day. I still do.

SYDNEY 1985:

I arrived in Sydney the day after the Mardi Gras. I remember it well co's I was standing on Oxford St. unable to come to grips with homosexuality co's such a thing was unheard of back in Tasmania - I felt vulnerable. I've now overcome that vulnerability.

WORKING AT SKIDROW RADIO:

I approached mainstream radio as well as JJJ only to get knocked back on my naivety. I found voluntary work at RSR, a place which has turned out to encapsulate the way I have always thought, walked and talked. Skid Row brought out that person that was lying dormant changing *me* into a fuller person.



BLUNT: WHAT DOES SKIDROW REPRESENT TO YOU?

MATHEW: Freedom of voice and opinion and in a humanity sense that the whole world is one, *that* everyone should be the same hence weighing out the pros and the cons of all society.



BLUNT:WHAT DOES AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY REPRESENT TO YOU?

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

HOMOSEXUALITY:

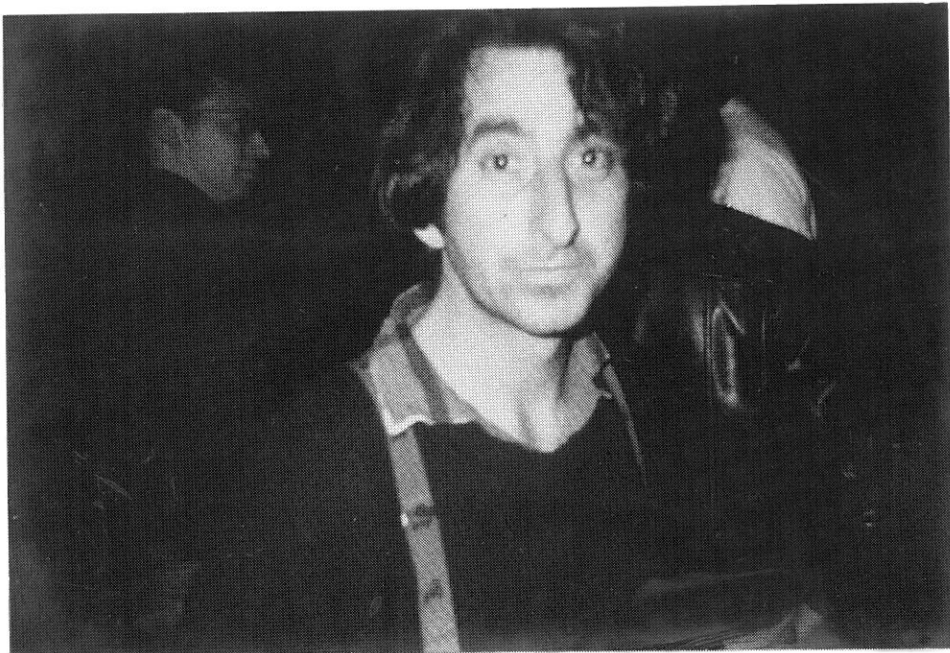
I am heterosexual. My two sisters are both lesbians. I hate homophobia and have become involved at different times in homosexuality justice as well. They've been persecuted so why not stick up for them as well.

FASHION:

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

SEXISM:

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



MONEY AND ADVERTISING:

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

POLICE:

They are pretty pig headed and very narrow minded. The convict colonialist thing is drilled into their brains and this results in their attitude being too overprotective taking what power they are given, too heavily on their shoulders. They have got a job to do but they don't do it properly, abusing the power bestowed upon them.

MUSIC:

Music is everything. All things are music. I like opera, classical, jazz, rock n roll etc.. All music is good and I can't understand that people are so narrow here in their tastes.

The music industry here has its head shoved up its arse. There is so much talent out there but unless you look the part or go to the right parties you're ostracized.

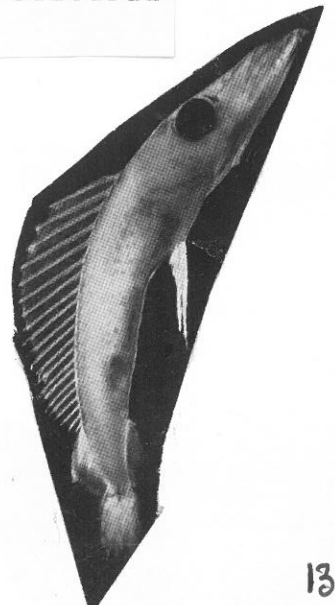
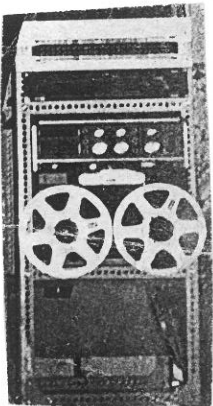
Most music on radio is utter crap apart from the smaller ones.

Australia seems to not want to invent ⁱⁿ its own style. It follows something that's already secured itself somewhere else, ie. the Subpop thing or even Sonic Youth for example. It's all copyist. Some of the more melodic stuff is O.K.





DRUGS:

I've experimented. I think everyone's immediate attraction to drugs is the fact that it is alluring and inviting. But that wears off after you've experimented somewhat. I believe marijuana should be legalized and used properly like for making paper. Cigarettes should be outlawed. Alcohol is a bad drug especially in Australia where we've been brought up to drink and drink and drink. It is not controlled here like in other countries where its used as more of a cultural thing.

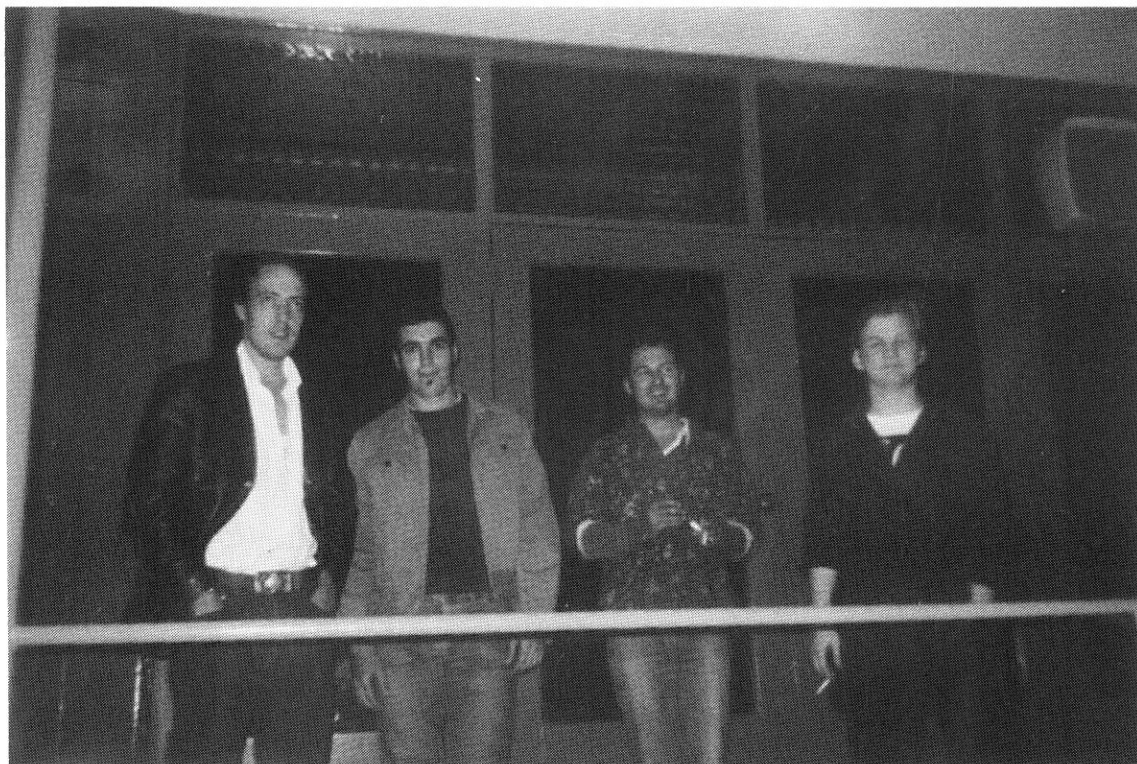


Radio Skid Row 88.9 FM

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
1am	Graveyards "If yer up, cop this...!"		Graveyards		WOMEN'S DAY	1am-4pm 	MOVE ON UP
6am	Breakfasts			6am-9am	Women on air all day		INNER CITY JOY 6-9am
9am	Mornings Music, Community Information, News, Interviews			9am-6pm		Make Your Black Hearts Burn	RADIO SOLIDARITY 9-12
Noon			12-3pm RADIO REDFERN Aboriginal Broadcasters		Koori Women's Show	RADIO REDFERN	12-3pm A f r i k a conexion
3pm	A f t e r n o o n s				Women on air		3-6pm GRAFFITI News and Current Affairs
6pm	M.O.B. (Youth)				Many Voices	ROTAHITANGA Maori News and Culture 4-6pm	
7pm	N.O.S.C.A. Overseas Student Collectives	Fijian Indonesian	6-7pm Hungarian	Vietnamese 6-6.30pm Portugese 6.30-7pm	One Chant 5-7pm	WHAT'S ON	6-8pm Prisoner's Request Show
8pm	IN CONTRO ITALIANO		HINDI	7-8 Croatian	TONGAN 7-8pm	WILD	
9pm	Spanish Migrant Forum	LATIN UNION	Radio RIXI	Macedonian	Iranian Voice for PEACE and DEMOCRACY	G.A.L.S. a n t h e s i a n	Arabic
10pm	Voice Of Iran In Exile	Armenian	Greek	9-10 Serbian	9pm-Midnight		Korean
11pm	Down and Out West ALTERNATE FOLK	INTENSIFIED Ska, Reggae, Rocksteady	Dhruva and the Poetry Show	Australian INDEPENDENT MUSIC SHOW	INSIDE INFO Ex-Prisoners + Prisoners PAROLE REPORT	MOVE ON UP Presents... Music Dance Aesthetic	Kurdish
1am	Cut the Crap Punk		SOUND ACTIVE Techno-Industrial		Radio Redfern	Rave / Club Music 10pm - 2am	DOG'S DINNER A bit of Everything 10pm - 1am Graveyard
	GRAVEYARDS						

GRAVEYARD SHIFTS
 - YER UP COP THOS YER BARSTARDS.....
 meant in the nicest possible way

PEG



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

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

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

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

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

DAVE: We write most of our stuff while we are jamming. It seems to be the way our songwriting is able to work best for us. Whilst things gel far better when we are jamming, we are very careful about what we allow and what we don't.

Messrs Bonza, Gormack and Rossi are an entity that have been playing together for some time and it is this reason which Dave feels makes it all work in the way it does.

DAVE: Those guys have formed a combination with each other that is able to work in the way something like a Mal Meninga and Bradley Clyde are able to.

Archer is somewhat of an interesting frontperson and it is the lyrical story telling which often catches the ear at a live PEG show.

DAVE: I take a lot of time over what I write. It's not so much of a labouring process as it may seem. When I do actually write I write rather quickly. It either happens or it doesn't. As they say there's a time for writing and a time for...

BLUNT: What do they border around?

DAVE: They're all pretty personal with the reference point generally being myself. It's the only thing I feel justified in singing about. I don't feel that singing about 'John down the road' means a hell of a lot coz I don't know what 'John down the road' is thinking.

BLUNT: So I guess you cop the self indulgent thing?

DAVE: Well I'm not Morrissey. I don't try to imprison people as such with what I'm thinking, but I guess that's something that'll always be open for some interpretation.

PEG, through a successful formula of songwriting that's sparse

to very busy, works!

The lyrics create a sound that evokes true passion, true grit, a sound that swings up and down like a pendulum, bringing you up then bringing you down. But please don't mention the word ballad round Dave.

DAVE: Please don't say that word. It makes me feel like I should put a 10 gallon hat on and some riding boots. All PEG want to do is try and do something a little different. I'm sick of listening to bullshit all the time. If it's been done by someone overseas, what's the use of rehashing it over here. There's no point being a covers band.

BLUNT: So who and what do you like then?

DAVE: Personally I love the Verlaines. I dig anything that is different, and that means lyrically as well as what's written. Trout Fishing in Quebec are great!

As opposed to most new bands around, PEG have been somewhat fortunate with getting shows and building a following.

DAVE: We've been lucky with gigs and from that we have been able to build up the following we've got. Also to get a review for our first show in the DRUM was pretty lucky. We can't complain.



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

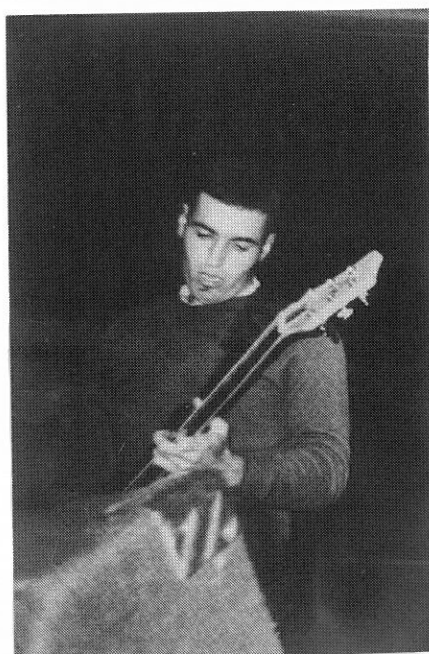
BLUNT: There's no real hurry then?

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

BLUNT: Don't you wanna travel?

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

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



REVIEWS...

DAVID KILGOUR - "HERE COME THE CARS" FESTIVAL

Well what a fine piece of work. This jewel of a CD is illustrious and youthful. David Kilgour, formerly of The Clean, has changed his style since The Clean days. In fact the this whole recording bursts of cleanliness.

With a touch of wry humour, the song "Nothing vol 1" is both *humorous* and witty with a beating rythm to boot as well. Songs like "You forget" will get you going and thinking. "Sometimes" is richly steeped in love and *swaying* rythm and is great for a lazy day.

David Kilgour you have achieved great heights, now bring us down.

L7 - "BRICKS ARE HEAVY" (SLASH) THRU LIBERATION

OK, this album is full of punches and riffs. Songs like "Wargasm" reek of general Swartzkoff and make you realise what a phallacy war really is. Great lyrics by Sparks. *These* women knows how to pen songs that turn heads around. Then there is *that* fucken great song, "Mr Integrity" which is full of great rythm, beat, lyrics - a real shot in the head for men like this. This band creates sonic boom right through your body and makes you dance.

The band comprises of Gardeer/Sparks/Gurewitz/Finch from the great L.A. U.S. of A. and they will probably be here in SEptember or October with support from the COsmic Psychos. It seems they have started to cross pollinate their songs. If this is not on your playlist then you better get it on there before it gets you.

mathew

MASSAPPEAL - "THE MECHANIC"

This album has been available for some time and is worth full praise. The sort of stuff that makes you wake up and realise the beauty of angst in full flight, full of passion and full of fury. Massappeal evoke all one may need in a live performance and "The Mechanic" fulfils the bands live potential in duplicating what you get live back on disc. *great* vocals cover a full range of screams, squeals, growls, and harmony, with Mr Curotta on guitar giving great service to guitar heads. The rest follow *perfectly*.

Randy's

WIPE () - "DANGLE YOUR CARROT" OUT YOUR WHOLE FAMILY

A five track CD which represents the band in a somewhat different light to the more raucous live demo they handed out last year. *From* what I can remember from their live performances, Comparisons hover around the type of recordings TTT were doing after their first single. *But* don't stop there. *Though* the recording is slightly slicker, WIPE () vary their use of instruments and are able to cut the mustard so to speak with intelligent mixed up tunes. The instrumental "Jimmy the Litmus Test" is rather atmospheric and is the one getting all the airplay at the moment. "Drag me Down" is the real scorcher, whilst the rest are worth their own grain salt. *This* feels Fine" reminds one of *The* Moodists stuff, especially the much younger Graney-like vocals.

R.P. Puddle

LIVE REVIEWS FOR BLUNT..

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

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

Psychlone Smile feature on the BIG HOPE LITTLE TOWN compilation record and from memory they ~~are~~ ^{schick.} into that U.S. punk funk slap have alot of funk in their sound which was quite refreshing after the first act, ~~but~~ like the latter turn it up one extra decibel to get that extra noise generated. I like the vocalist, a damn fine sight to hold and a damn fine singer to boot, Hooray!

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

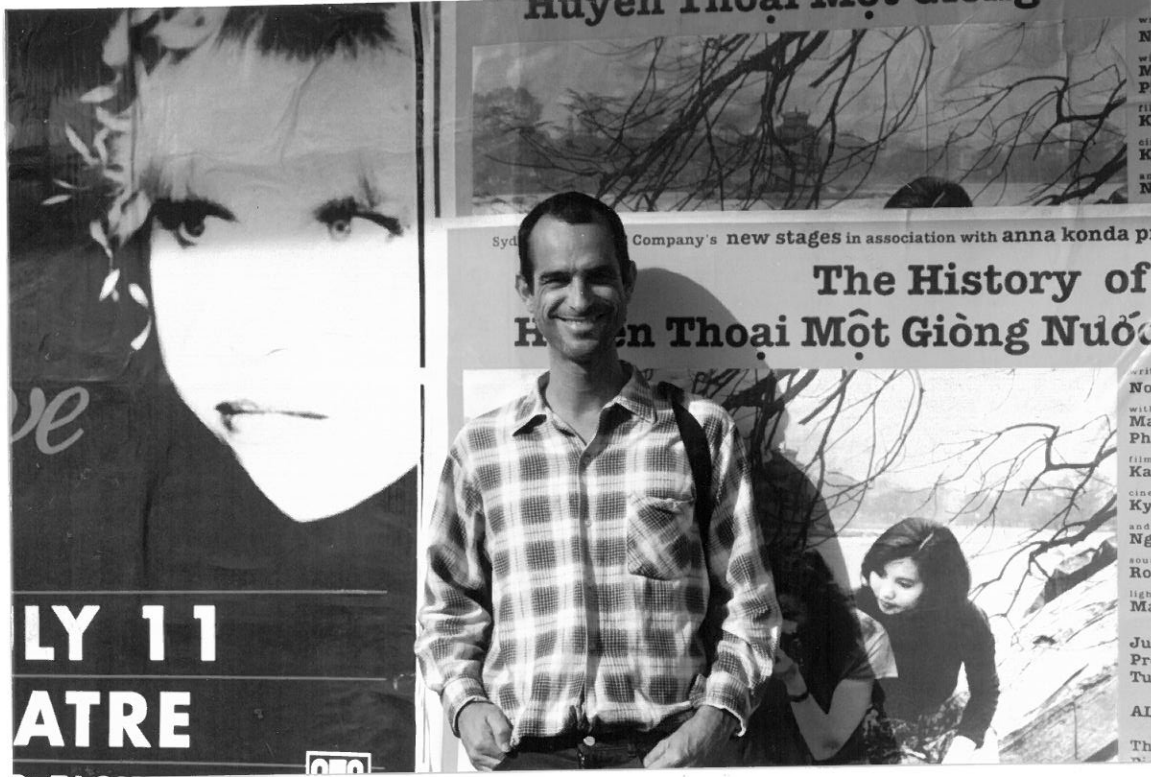
R.P. PUDDLE.....

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

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

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

Flannelette



'Today at Woolworths, flannelette shirts are going at the special price of only \$5.95'. Unable to get through the rush of people to speak to the sales assistant, I abandoned my study of Woollies and flannelette shirts and trekked further down George Street, only to be confronted by what seemed like a hundred variations on the Woolworths variety of the flannelette shirt.

Gowings also had a special on flannelette shirts that day. I approached a sales assistant and asked him if he too had noticed the re-emergence of the flannelette shirt. The sales assistant I talked to at Gowings agreed that the flannelette shirt was becoming much more popular, and that 'women, men and younger people considered it quite fashionable'. He attributed the increased popularity of the flannelette shirt to the recession and its affordable price.

Traditionally, the flannelette shirt has its origins in the 'masculine world of the proletariat' and even though it has not, from my observations been abandoned by people on lower incomes, it has re-emerged in the pubs, universities and streets of Sydney as yet another subcultural symbol of difference.



As a result of high unemployment, there has been an increase of 'micro mass sub cultures' with the time to create more different styles. These styles may in some instances be of some relation to pop culture where, the demands created by pop culture are quite different to fashion culture. Pop culture in the 60's created the demand for the 'production of difference'. The production of difference was based on the rejection of conventional values, and was seen as a breaking away from the family unit. But as we move into the 90's the reality is that music has done little to 'reject the domestic image of daily life, including the privileged position we gave to men in both gender and sexual relations.

Indeed the flannelette shirts connection with independent music is becoming quite obvious. Whilst looking through the free weekly paper 'The Drum Media', I came across a story on inner city noise merchants Nunbait. At one of Nunbaits gigs last year the singer Ivan described Nunbaits music as working class punk. Ivan, the lead singer often sports a flannelette shirt as do all the women in the American band from L7. In one of their film clips, they are an example of one of the positive aspects of the re-territorialization of the flannelette shirt.



The adoption of the flannelette shirt by women as a 'stylistic reply' also signifies the adoption of a strong patriarchal presence. But, because of a band like L7's strong lyrics the negative connotations associated with the flannelette shirt, are reversed in that they not only manage to successfully invert such connotations but also manage to exploit the conventional cock rock format in the process.

All the shop assistants I interviewed said that an equal number of both men and women bought flannelette shirts, but getting back to the negative connotations traditionally associated with the flannelette shirt Sarah from Just Jeans added that 'some people won't buy one because they think it looks like a 'westie shirt'.

With the flannelette shirt, traditional class categories and divisions are successfully blurred, or were until the popularisation of the flannelette shirt that resulted in its rather over glamourisation. These days while the cheaper brands are still popular, there has been an increase in the production of higher quality flannelette shirts, ranging in price from \$40 to \$300 for a designer Ralph Lauren number. This according to Amanda from Shirts and Shirts is due to fashion designers picking up on the 'street look' or what Tracey from General Pants describes as the 'industrial look'

The industrial look according to Amanda, comprises of 'the flannelette shirt, torn jeans, doc martins and a baseball cap'.

The flannelette shirt is also appearing in second hand shops around Sydney, and is becoming an increasingly acceptable fashion item. Brian, from 'The Look' a second hand clothing shop in Newtown said that 'second hand flannelette shirts were very popular especially with younger women and university students' and 'the more worn they are the better they look - it's popular to look poor, he added. It has suddenly become acceptable if not desirable to look 'poor'. This anti-consumerist trend even amongst the economically mobile may be due to a radically changed social and economic climate. Brian went on to say that 'some people don't want to look like they've got money'. Recession associated guilt, or just another example of the consumption of difference?

The flannelette shirt in the 1990's has managed to become like *Doc Martins* yet another superficial symbol of difference and ironically but inevitably, an external expression of homogeneity. Through the process of being glamourised, the flannelette shirt has been consumed by popular culture, the effect being that its traditional function, that of being an inexpensive and practical item of clothing has been removed, firstly by becoming a symbol of difference and then, by entering the world of fashion.



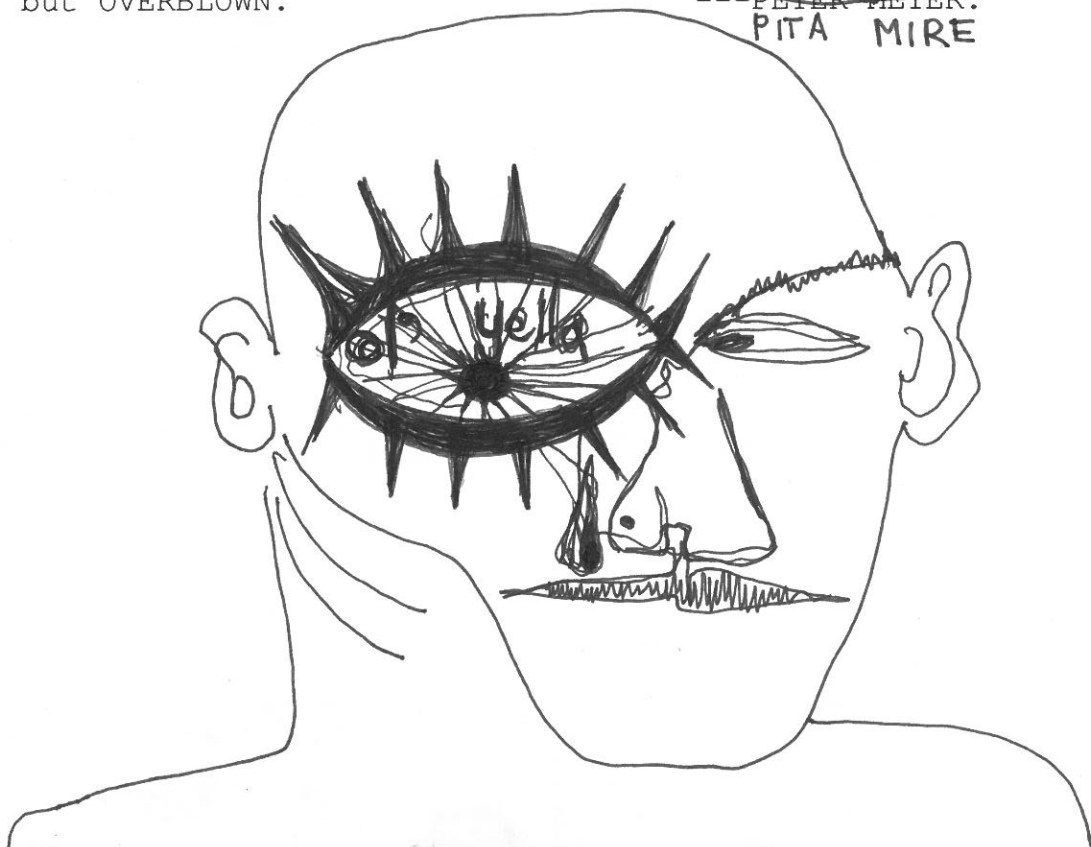
Peggy Jack analysis



LIVE REVIEW...JAUNDICED EYE NOV. 91

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

~~---~~PETER MEYER.
PITA MIRE



WHOPPING BIG NAUGHTY

If you hang around the Sando on a Sunday night at the Shout Bros. you've probably witnessed those Hayes boys from Canberra strutting their stuff over cover versions of 60's 70's and 80's rock climbers. One Hayes brother who is not a permanent member but occasionally joins his older friends on stage is Justin, who is responsible for forming Whopping Big Naughty. One Thursday night ~~this year~~ Justin and Peter Archer (bass) - who plays guitar and sings a bit in Crow, came down to Addison Rd for a chat about one of Sydney's more amusing rock fronts.

NAUGHTY



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

GARY

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

About four of them are covers.

P-There's a cover on the tape!

B-Top forty, very naughty.

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

B-Why?

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

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

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

DEMOTAPE/RECORDINGS

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

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

---R.P. PUDDLE.



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Cockrock News Column..

*N:B// The following are not necessarily the opinions of the editors in charge!

*David Nichols from Australia's ever most popular fanzine group the Cannanes has decided to go to university to learn how to write.

*James Brian Currin of Crabstick totally fucked up the band and decided to move to a bedsit in Chinatown, in Melbourne, to do some more procrastinating. Jellyhedz are rather sympathetic to James's previous drug neurosis and send all their kind thoughts and love.

*Ivan Fraser, lead singer of Nunbait, is lead to believe to have lurid sex dreams about Peter Garrett and recently found himself in trouble with William Burroughs for being an annoying little fuckwit.

*The staff from Waterfront eat out at Macdonalds.

*Louis Burdett from Monroes Fur does not wear underpants.

*Henry Rollins is believed to be genuinely insecure and uses his swarming tattoos as a protection shield to support his ego.

*All booking agents and promoters are capitalist, ignorant, self indulgent fucks.

*Hats off to Ben Aylward from SWIRL who recently admitted his Don McLean fetish.

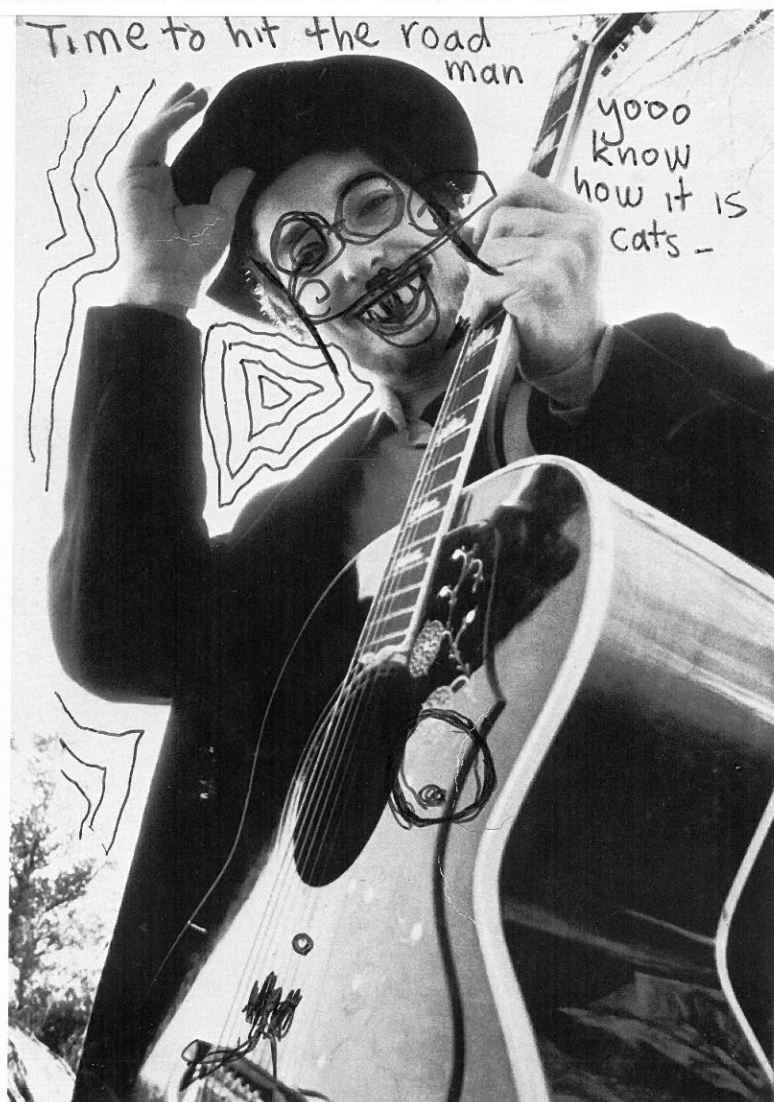
*Get a job. get a haircut, and stop being a prat.

Don't BUY CD's

*BOB Blunt has developed his writing style greatly since issue 1.

*Drip Tray are returning to the fray so be real quick!

*Jellyhedz know where it's all at, man!





IDYLLS..

A gust slips through a crevice window,
to stir me,
waken thought in my idle mind.

2.

cumbersome rain-clouds bloat on a colourless horizon.
Strangely the sun seems
to deprive the sky of colour,
in a burst that remains all day.

3.

To another side
a little, uncertain blue lingers,
delicately hung.
And is threatened to be borne onward,
when the wind's sweep next rouses,
to a following, mysterious portion of sky,
unseen from my peeping window.

B. WHITELEY'S SUMMER HOLIDAY

The fleshy beach.
Limbs, loins, ligaments
leer at you in brightly coloured costumes:
A carnival.
An erogenous zone of summer love.
For sun and surf
Apollo and Poseidon
we offer up our sun-burning bodies.

poems by Darcy

Sydney Institute of Technology

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL

SCULPTURE EXHIBITION



Opening - 7pm - August 24

Open - 10 am to 8 pm

AUGUST 24 to AUGUST 28

CELLBLOCK THEATRE

EAST SYDNEY COLLEGE CAMPUS

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



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

BACK! BACK! BACK! BACK!
BACK! BACK! BACK! BA
BACK! BACK! BACK! BA
K! BACK! BACK! BACK
BACK! BACK! BACK!

REVIEWS

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

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

THE EARTHMEN - SELF TITLED (DOGMEAT/SHOCK)

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

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

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

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

NUNBAIT - "SPINOUT" on Survival.

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

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

M. LIOTTA ...

THE YOUNG GODS - PHONECIAN CLUB 30/5/92

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

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

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

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

PITA MIRE...

DISTANT LOCUST AND HALF - THE HOPETOUN IN JUNE

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

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

Puddle ...

FURRY FURY!



two mean badass mothers - on the edge - wo baby yeah.

MONROES FUR at Sandringham sometime in July.

What a good way to spent a winters night over a few ales down at your local listening to another neglected act who evoke true angst, true rage , all in the name of Fur fury! Kidneyless, it didn't seem to daunt them, though. It will take some time to listen to their new 'Toyboy' vocalist who adds a different dimension as expected but not a bad one in the least. Yes, the engine room was as solid as ever and yes Murph's backside is getting more flamboyant each day. Check them out before they go D/S!



two of the most glamorous, sensational, talented, beautiful, brilliant lads in the whole history of twentieth century music - popular or otherwise.



hubba hubba - its a pity however that the photocopy didn't pick up Guy + Ringo.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.

CALIGULA story by Simon Killalea.

"Let's omit that word 'rock'...let's say 'guitar' for now," Caligula's Sean Fonti, he of the massive dreds and monstrous bass, is getting a mite peeved by my incessant use of the nasty 'R' word.

"Rock's a joke...just the word, Rock!"

" 'Pop's a fantastic word but 'rock' is just like...

'get yer rocks off on ROCK!' " new (well, new-ish) singer Ashley Rothschild is here as well. We're all behaving ourselves quite nicely in a ridiculously large room with an equally ridiculously large table in it, in the offices of Caligula's new record label, Phonogram. We're trying to talk about genres and stuff, but I keep using objectionable terms...like the 'C' word...

"...you can say it another way. Maybe the people who define the limits between dance and rock have got a problem. When people can't categorise something, there's always 'crossover', what a lovely word." Okay, so pigeonholes are strictly for the birds and it's way too early to be hassled out in a big room by a dude with dreadlocks...let's talk about something else.

Caligula's newest EP 'The Bluff' is four shiny slices of dub, loud guitars and an ever growing pop sensibility that fuses it all into a big coherent mess. The man responsible for the glossy surface of these distinctly un-glossy sounds is one David "I've had my name dropped in Drum Media one time too many, buddy!" Harrow. Story has it that he'd gotten hold of "Sound Off", liked it, re-edited it, played it at some rave in Italy and it, umm...went off. Despite the fact that Sean had originally wanted a much harder sound, with someone like Nine Inch Nail's Trent Reznor in the producer's chair, he's keen to work with Harrow again, so impressed was he with the production of the EP, and because of their mutual love of reggae.

"I like really hard-hitting kicks, where he's from more of a reggae/dub background, and he goes for these big, fat, warm sounds. All the rhythm tracks and percussion are really mellow and organic. There's nothing really out there."

"We've got a dub song in our repertoire," says Ashley
"did you hear it the other night?"
Insert my mumbled apologies for memory loss while Ashley
impersonates the rhythm track to encourage any synapse
action that may recall the song. Nah...not a hope.

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

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

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

Okay, settle down lads.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And so on.

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

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

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



LOWER HARD GRAVE (HELLS END.).

Days spent wasted down on Ganges Road. In music, foot tranquil rythms from eastern origins. Sitar strings fly in the hot morning breeze.

She'd gone to work and I used up my time in exploring, although I rarely left the street.

The shop for cigarettes, the fridge for beer, and then back again to the lazy verandah for more music.

Dark children would rush down broken footpaths screaming in a thousand foreign tongues. Each language mixed to join in some unholy babble.



I watched, and sometimes gave them fruits in my weaker moments. At this laughter would ring silver about the street, like cool water in the parched gutters.

The parents of each child, hunched in their tiny houses, would laugh also when they heard the story from each offspring.

"The Cat Strangler from number twenty-four has given our little Fatima some tangerines"

Meanwhile, I was getting stoned for lunch and sleeping on my secrets.

WOMEN'S BAND DAY

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

...plus more
Sound by DS

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



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GOLDEN

'Anglo American'

Ice Rink/Shock

SENSUROUND

'Blind Faith' / 'Pretty Face'

Ice Rink/Shock

Seduced by the Stanley and Wiggs promise of heavenly disposable pop, thoroughly modern, exquisitely NOW, impeccably tasteful and delightfully askew - resplendant in their glorious Studio Treefrog designed sleeves - you want to be entranced by these records from the outset. You want to BELIEVE. Golden's "Anglo American" is three effervescent voice bubbles catwalking their way from sparse transcendental beats on the original version, to the shimmering House terrain of the Finn Family Mix; pocketed by bursts of wah-wah a-la "Shaft" and celestial visitations descending down piano-riff stairwells with velvet trim. In the words of the dead ex-husband in 'Tea And Sympathy', "a things durability is not always a measure of its worth." "Don't Destroy Me" is a a quieter shimmy through flute fields and rainy bus-stops. "What kind of love is this?" Only the best, my friend.

Sensuround's "BLIND FAITH" replaces Golden's ethereal feeling with a warm physicality, the trite chorus of "I've got faith in the human race" is forgiven on closer examination of these stately grooves - the same kind of slow motion streetwalking that levitated Massive Attack's "Unfinished Sympathy", with a vocal that recalls the velvet sleeved saloon bar musings of "Queer" period Wolfgang Press. "Pretty Face" is similarly luxurious, with a mellow techno remix, and some true middle-chest ballooning bass. Sensuous pop for modern times.

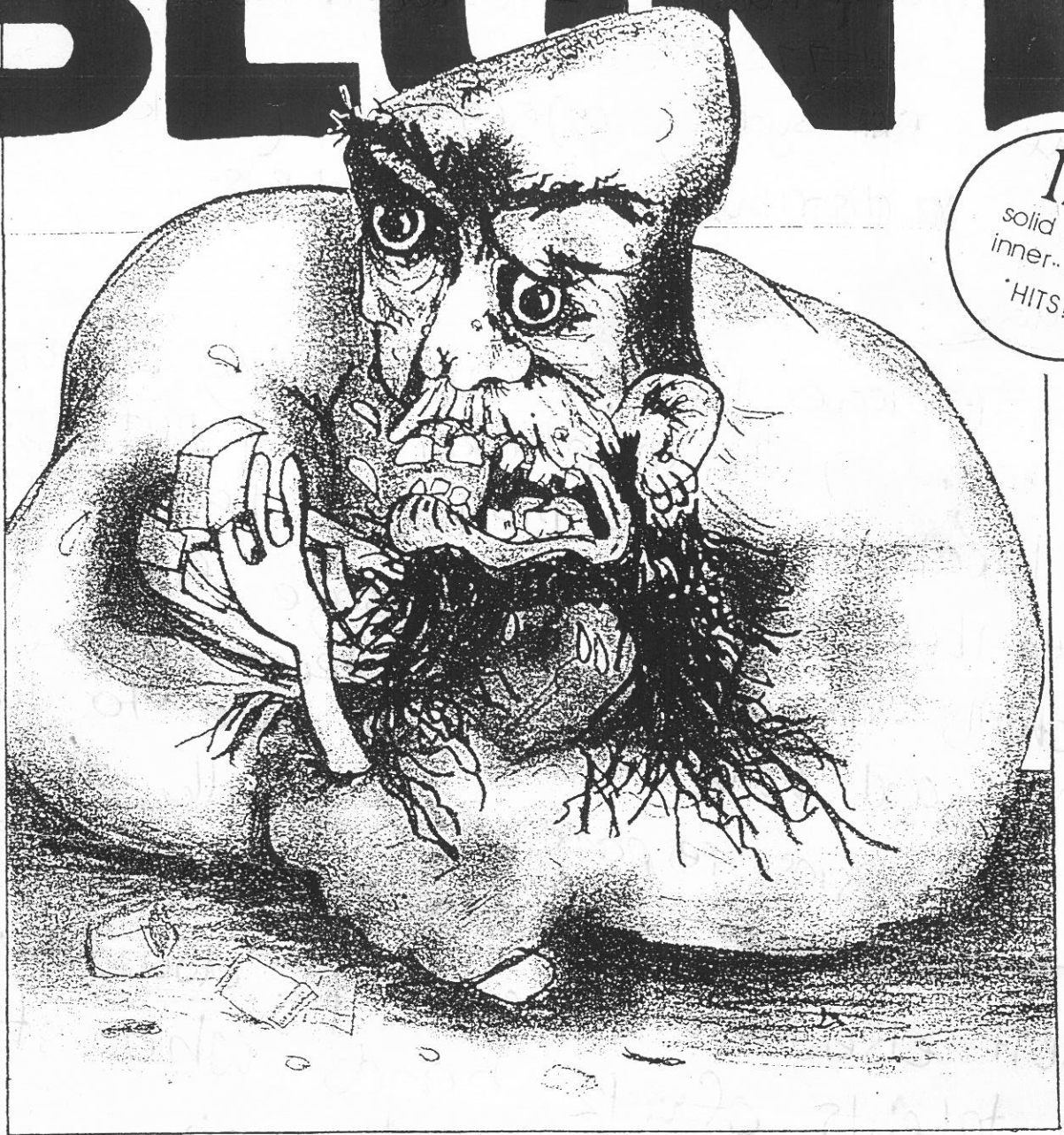
Simon Killalea.

Thanx must go to Voula for artwork and photos; Pita Mire; Mark Morte; Simon Killalea; Peg; Whopping Big Naughty; 2RSR, Ringo; Caligula; Zeb Olsen; Lemongrove; Lennox + Church st's, Max's Petersham; Mathew Liotta; Kirstine; Peggy Jackanalys is. David N.; Grant Meffan; Darcy Ewson-Cottle; James Barret; and anyone else I've forgotten; oh, Andrew O'phree...

Ciao for now.

R.P. Puddle xxx

BLUNT



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