

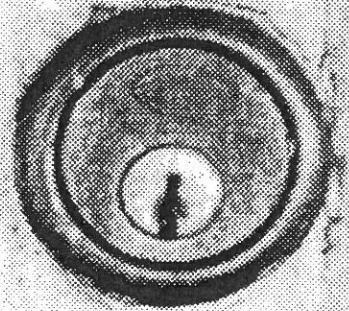
# BLUNT

FEAT.

MASSAPPEAL

LUNARCIDE

MEDICINE SHOW



AUST COPY

\$ 2.00

THE WINTER RAG - JUNE '93....



*POETRY*  
*FICTION*  
*ART*  
*REVIEWS*

# 16

## EDITORIAL AND NEWS

Hello and welcome to another BLUNT issue. You may have noticed that there has been somewhat of a lull in between the last issue and this, but hey, what makes things interesting is not necessarily consistency, yet sometimes the essence of a time gap to motivate a production. Changes in the last nine months include new ready made contributors, access to some hellish equipment, greater distribution, and change in address. Contributors who wish to help out on BLUNT, those who are committed to input of a community anarchic cultural and realistic presence, please send contributions c/o BLUNT MAGAZINE 386 Parramatta Rd, Petersham 2049 Sydney New South Wales. Also if you are interested there are plenty of old copies of Blunt mags/cassettes/ and record available through post - see catalogue.

\* There is another Blunt cassette production in the making for the end of the year. Keep in contact to hear more about it. Interested parties can reach us at our postal address.

\* Don't believe all the hype!! There is more to life than the collective of bands that get it. Check out some local bands like.....

**THREE TOAD SLOTH** - feature ex member of one of Sydney's finest Feedtime. A three piece with plenty of grunt.

**STIGMA** - one of the best heard demos in some time. Remember one of early Go-B's, Small World Experience, and Sonic Youth.

**AVATAR** - a weird bloody lot intent on evoking a challenged reaction.

**LUNARCIDE** - see interview for further info. Used to be called Orson.

**CORN BEEF CURTAINS** - ex members of Methrapunge minus old lead singer. Into putting on a performance with the odd candle or two.

**FREUDIAN TRIP** - a bent jazzy fusion combo made up of operatic singing, tribal percussion, live poetry to music, etc.etc...

**TEMPEST MOON** - provide an interesting blend of psycho-rock hillbilly post punkish sounds soon to hit the Blunt Banter in the winter issue out in August.

**SKIN JOINT** - feature Roger from the Plug Uglies, Lachlan from the Aftertaste, Steve from Johnny Teen and the Broken Hearts, and Roberta from Velour. Pop, funk, punk a dunk with this lot! Much heavier than a lot of the stuff they've all been responsible in the past for. Have a knack for changing their name before every show. Don't ask me why, but I'm sure there's a good reason.

Just some names to remember. MORE NEWS !!!!!

\***Ashtray Boy**, featuring Randy from Nice, Neil from the Craven Fops, and Thomas from Big Home Orchestra, have recorded an album to be released on a Chicago based label in August. One awaits the Cannanes next album to be released on the same label and titled **CAVEAT EMPTOR**.

\*Stewart from **A HAPPY FAMILY** has returned from Europe in the hope of some recording and some live work. Stewart spent some time in the U.K. and Poland spreading the word. Look out for future gigs.

\* Also on the overseas news, Half left recently for Holland, with three of them cramming into small rooms together in chilly Amsterdam. They plan to gig over there, then if they can they will get to the U.S.

Monroes Fur have been getting good reactions in the States having spent the last six months or so there. They've done countless Mudhoney supports, and were believed to have supported a recent Soundgarden show where agents and promoters took strong interest in their music, noise or whatever classic garble you want to call it.

MESMO, one of Sydney's fine all female bands, have been put on a hold whilst Zeb enjoys Amsterdam and Jo prepares for the very same life O/S.

DISTANT LOCUST are apparently under new management and will be gigging soon. Bassist Steven couldn't resist returning to Europe recently.

PEG have a fine mini album out on their own label Yellow Records.

Matt from Even As We Speak was recently as six months back cited in Bangkok enjoying the fine Mekong whisky in between some heavy meditation in east Thailand.

Daniel Morphett disbanded the Craven Fops and has started another lineup called Smitten featuring Suzannah from Nice as well.

PAVEMENT get trashed on three cooper!!!

THE BIG BACKYARD have consolidated on all the good work they've done for local music in this country. Established a few years back, they are a collective of announcers fully enthusiastic about promoting live music overseas. What the BIG BACKYARD entails is a 30-minute radio series of new music exclusively featuring Australian recording artists, including interviews and Australian music news, with the series available weekly on CD to radio stations around the world free of charge. It is recorded at 2MMM and is presented by Mark Dodshon (ex JJJ) with other members of personnel being Laurence Boswell (Producer-Advertising) and Steven Hindes (General Manager and Editor). Bands interested should contact Sydney 02) 360 4574 or mail to G.P.O. Box 697 Sydney 2001.

There is a Frock catalogue available of some fab. stuff put out by Cannane David Nichols 'when he was silly enough to hope that if he put out some good records people might actually buy them'. Material available on the Frock catalogue includes material by Fungus Brains, Crabstick, Mesmo, the Cannanes, and the Particles to name a few. Those interested in such fab. stuff can contact Frock through P.O. Box 219 Newtown 2042 NSW.

TOYTOWN label in Melbourne still exist and have been responsible for some great compilation cassettes and material in the past as well as fab. T shirts and assorted specialities. For more info. contact Po. Box 295, St. Victoria 3182

### THANKING YOU....

Without the following this issue would hardly be possible -  
Hello and thanx must go to Craig Hughes, Mariella Attard, Cecillia Ballesteros, Andy Marks, Darcy Euson Cottle, Rowan, Garth, Krypton Taylor, Voula for artwork and photos, Maria B. for Psyclone photo, Phillipa, Max's Petersham, Pavement, Ashtray Boy, Three Toad Sloth, Carbunkle Shack, Lunarcide, Chris Fay, Dominic Doyle, Claudia Waters, Kylie Walker, RPR, Tina Collins, and Chuckles.

# Scratches, Newtown. R.I.P.

Nowadays it seems like that main street of Newtown, King Street, is becoming more and more of a cosmopolitan melting pot due to the ungainly nature of the shops which reside on it.

Bookshops, hairdressers, cake shops, cafes, restaurants, hotels and cocktail bars, all clutter the lengthy street, adding a

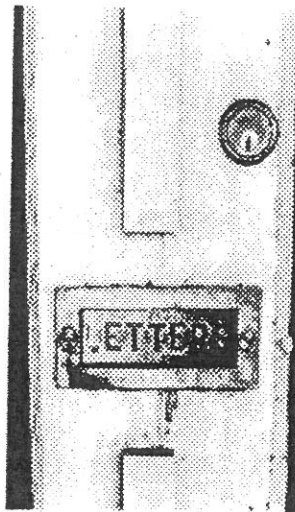


cosmopolitan flavour to a changing cosmos suburb.

All this crowding brings with it a competitive business environment where time and sales are the very essence of

survival. That's life...but, the cruelty of it all is what the private world does, the community barons and to the heart of a town. Recent competition on King Street has meant that those who offer a little more than a plush shopfront have found it hard to keep up with the Joneses. Peter and Jeanette who were part of the scratches stable (one of the better record shops in Sydney) for some ten years, abiding in a small space in the north end of King Street, closed shop in late March of this year.

The recession and the changing nature of things didn't help according to Peter, a friendly man with a genuine concern for lovers of music. Scratches alone provided earbashers with a quality collection of predominantly women's



# alter Natives

The indie scene rose from the embers of the dying punk ethos of the late nineteen seventies. Punk was replaced by a new cynical pop, illustrated by bands such as the Cure, late Joy Division, and the NME darlings, the Smiths. These groups continued the legacy of a pop-political cultural groove, started by the industrial waste sounds of punk and New Wave.

Unlike the musical style of the seventies, these bands carried significant political undertones, specifically targeted at, to quote Rik, (that well renowned social theorist, "Thatcher's bloody Britain").

With most sub-cultural emergences, comes a trademark, which characterises and reflects its beliefs and musical leanings. BLACK - a non-descript, non-colour, which seemed to best reflect the enigmatic and sombre attitude that these groups approached in their musical social commentary.

Bands like the Smiths managed to encapsulate in their lyrics, this feeling of hopelessness and nostalgia, for a pre-Thatcherite England.

Their music can be seen as a direct rebuke against the competitive dog eat dog Toric work ethic, in their sense of nothingness and personal ennui.

In Australia, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, amongst others, succeeded in imitating the sound, but something was lost in the translation.

The image was artifice.

The scribbles of doom, and the cold austerity of a northern winter, could hardly be seen as an accurate portrayal and reflection of our cultural bent.

But unfortunately, the image myth is still being perpetuated today, when the true discourse behind it died almost a decade ago.

Not only has the underlying cultural meaning of the music been warped, but so too has the concept of what alternative music actually is.

"Alternate" record labels were set up by middle class, publicly educated entrepreneurs, as just another way of entering the youth market. Labels in the U.K. such as Factory, Rough Trade, The Smiths and Stiff Records, which featured artists such as the Damned, paved the way for this new musical trend. It was conceived that because these groups fell into the category of "alternative" their music was considered to be more radical than their "mainstream" counterparts, and offered a whole new lifestyle to go with it.

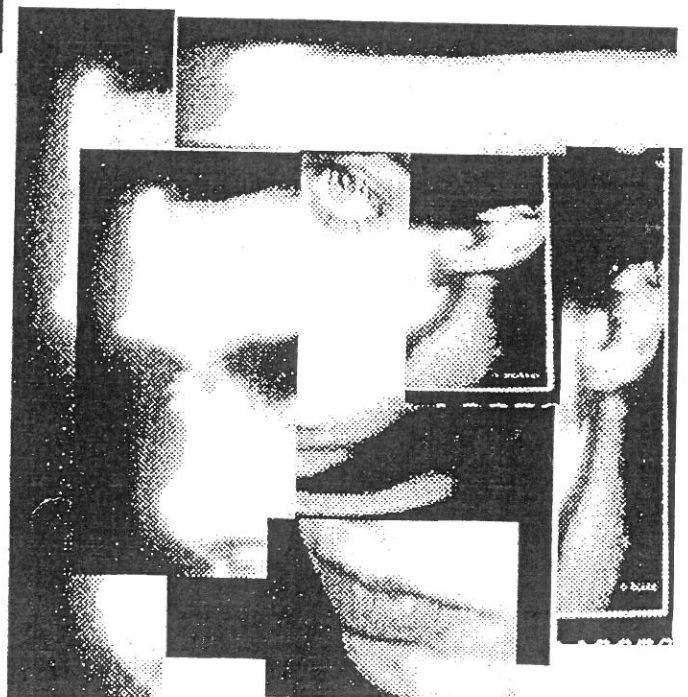
Enter the world of the groove-lick nite-club of studied boredom, severe haircuts, one packet, blue-black, one packet auburn hi-lights, done by a "close friend". Of struggling artistes, who don't know what they are struggling for, teenage angst fills the room heavier than oxygen, Doco's pound the floor.

But what does it mean to be 'alternative'.

Alternative to what? to the 1000's of other people who do exactly what you do? Individualism now means uniformity, so called "Indie" bands have crossed over to the mainstream.

The notion of being alternative, as previously mentioned, is artifice, propped up and destroyed by its own self righteousness in continually having to be different.

## MC



and other 50s, 60s, 70s, 80s, 90s, worthy shit. The prices were fair, the collection of reading material worthwhile, and the service was genuine. And, yes, it was away from the Metropolis of the CBD, in the heart of Newtown, where else? Now it's gone, a sad thing, a cherished memory of the good ole days, and what sick ethos is gonna replace it.

## A MESSAGE TO YOU

Saw a great opera,  
it was something like  
Madame Butterfly except Madame,  
had no wings, it no longer  
had grace, so it couldn't be  
considered holy.  
Something needed to eventuate  
but it had been retained in  
an absent bowel motion,  
motion..motion..

and  
absence .. has no grace  
And the holy opera torpedoed  
along like Red barons jet plane  
a missile on its way to  
know where  
So the fly had been buttered  
just like mad-dame  
that couldn't even eventually  
become holy  
but sooner so later  
something had to pass  
love with a twist

by PRN

## WHITE CHRIST'S SUICIDE

LONG AGO  
BEFORE THE REVOLUTION  
THE LAMPLIGHTERS lit the CITY OF OLD PARIS  
CARDINAL RICHELIEU WANTED TO SMOKE OUT THE VILLAINS  
AND SO WITH INFORMATION  
COMPUTERS SPOTLIGHT THE ESCAPEES  
WE KNOW THERE IS A FILE ON EVERYONE  
BUT WHAT THE NEW CARDINALS  
DO NOT KNOW  
IS THAT THEY ARE  
DIRTY GRUBBY SCORPIONS  
AND THEY WILL STING THEMSELVES AND DIE  
AS WE ALL HAVE A SECRET DEVIL  
WHEN IT BECOMES PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE  
THE SEWERS WILL RISE TO THE SURFACE  
AND THE WORLD WILL BE COVERED IN MURK  
AND THE WORLD WILL BE BLACK  
ONCE AGAIN  
LIKE OLD PARIS  
WHERE THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS SIN

Peter Meyer

## †Chartres†

The pavement scars my drunken face in gravel and  
her cursing bitumen eyes the houses of her face  
more derelict than distraught in their abandon  
to an unrelenting season of heat cooled  
only slightly by the calming storm  
wetted and bedraggled by the rain runnelled gutters  
and the debris it casts a dirty city's jetsam about  
my damming atoll whose birds are all dead  
of some falling sickness as heavy as gayly and as inexorable.  
Such is my defiance that I rise only a little above this earth,  
an escape velocity to the first power of c, required,  
is beyond me.

The wings of her simple joys, the cathedral of her face, flies  
me so high above the accusing fingers of her spires.  
Soft with the cumulos, a mist in nimbus

From here the pavement reviling the footprints  
of its billion erosions  
is static as a map

Iron Stone Thorn

"OH! HONESTLY JOHNNY!"

# Ophelia . . .

It is a small room. Two candles burn slowly and the fire flickers and glows. The shadows are deep as are the furrows in the old man's cheek and the smell of opium lingers like...*opium*.

Sweet and sour. It is as it should be really - dark, serious, evocative.....a just and noble setting for this the god narcotic - drug of drugs; sweet sugar from the east and root of many evils.....

this is opium man, sister morphine - fat, black, stacks and stacks, tracks and tracks, 'gonna wack that smack' but whoooaahhh.....

.....ahem, .....from where I lie - reclined, resolved and immobile - I watch only my companion and his art; the deft and practiced ritual of the smoke.

It is smooth. It is smooth.....  
Tonight the pipes are big and the quality good

(the grade of opium varies as with wine, cheese, and pot) and already the heaviness is upon me

....."Only ten pipes tonight," I lie to myself and the old man chuckles on cue.

kieran darcy-smith

b)

Each layer of blubber crept up on her like an enemy through the night  
For each day she'd wake  
and feel her curves to see if it had stopped.

The ritual of decisions made  
sticky sweet or savoury grease?  
Wandering thoughtfully down the street,  
Inspecting potential saucers (sources) of love

Abundance her priority,  
be it hot or cold  
devoured slowly, savoured.  
Best no distractions to her concentration

Her bulbous figure, a reminder  
of her potential to nurture,  
or be it nurtured by consumption,  
tantalised by tastes and textures.

a)

His shoulders relaxed  
as he removed the glass from his lips  
He knew that with the first sip  
Came the initial wave of warmth

His tongue tingles as he held  
the beer just a touch longer  
in his mouth than necessary  
to swallow. Ah !!!

He sits in a gloomy corner  
preferring not to be seen.  
Not in a bowling club, anyway  
alone, surrounded by pensioners.

Number of beers consumed is forgotten.  
He steadies himself ready to stand.  
Avoids the reflection of his bloodshot eyes  
as he washes his hands in the toilet

He wakes himself snoring in the bus  
He feels relieved that he'll sleep tonight,  
Oblivious to the emptiness of his bed.  
He feels more like SS than 25 years old.

c)

It was a Monday. We plucked his skull.  
Feathered stiffs protruded from  
his scaly cranium.  
In his intoxicated haze, all he could proclaim  
Was " Dylan Thomas is God "  
He plunged a cocktail umbrella  
into his Guinness and slowly slurped  
the thick, sticky liquid.  
All it would take to please him  
was a couch for the night  
or a collective reading of " Under  
milkwood " round the tavern table.

lina collins

## a respectable girl

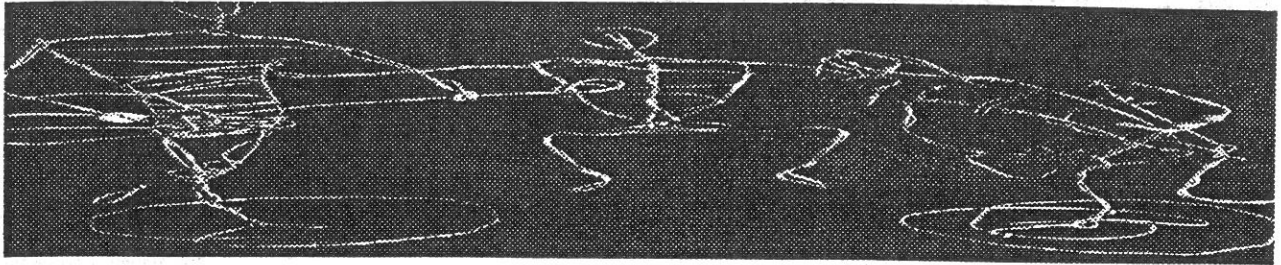
In you I see your mother:  
The artifice of grace learnt by many women.  
Dolly to Women's Weekly have taught you deployment,  
" to sit with your legs crossed "  
Country Road and Portman's  
as to what you should wear and think-  
" Got to get, got to get the look "  
The hypocrisy of having to be ladylike:  
One must have a man  
but never appear to want one.

Darcy Euson Cottle

## Good Morning Poem

Good morning, Good morning, Good morning,  
The sun has broken the night,  
An heraldic bird  
On molten wings  
Arcane above the city.

iron stone thorn



### GADFLYS - "TAKE YOUR MEDICINE" debut LP (PHCD-21)

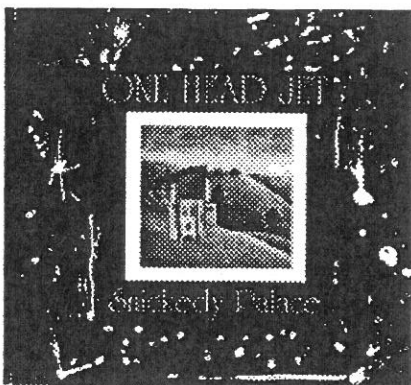
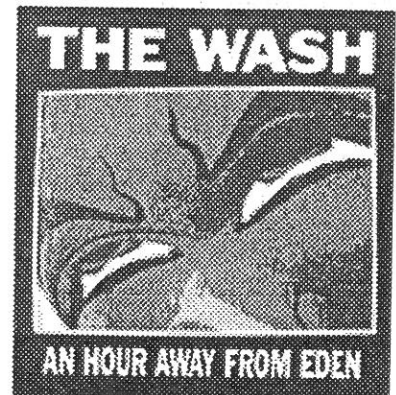
You may have captured the Gadflys at a rare student funded gig' either at Werro or Kingswood this year. They consist of two Moriarty brothers. Sexy Phil Moriarty on clarinet, guitar and vocals and Michael leading the show on vocals and guitar. At the side playing one helping hand is feral-like Nathan Nancarrow, on double bass. This is the Gadfly's second major release following up a mini LP on the same label, *Phantom*, some two years back.

*TAKE YOUR MEDICINE* is a healthy swag of tunes that fits readily into the brain circuits on initial listening. That is not to dismiss the bands musical capabilities as catchy and trite, for that they are not. The Gadfly's, like they do live, perform their stuff with an infectious manner; combining harmonies with an original blend of acoustic music. They sure don't compromise either, providing a great mix of folk, blues jazz, swing, and other obscure shit that leaves you relieved and infected. A fine dose.

### THE WASH - "AN HOUR AWAY FROM EDEN" (PHCD-24)

*The Wash* are a bunch of Novocastrians, who have engineered an eclectic bunch of 11 tunes - which unlike the *Gadflys* release, takes a greater concentration of listening to, to fully realise what's going on in their songwriting approach. *The Wash* in their songwriting, promote stark images of intensity through an intelligent mix of grunge and psychedelia, combining it all with loads of melody.

In listening to *An Hour Away From Eden*, one conjures up the feeling that these lads from up north have put alot of thought into their songwriting. Time is the essence here, unlike spontaneity; giving the listener the labour of listening to layers of sounds which are moody and diverse to the fullest.



### ONE HEAD JET - "SNICKEDY PALACE" mini LP (PHMCD-23)

... is another lineup on local label *Phantom*, featuring a trio of family members. This one concentrates on the three Appel brothers, featuring ex-*Lighthouse Keeper* and *Widdershin* member Greg sharing vocals and acoustics; Stephen on main vocals and David on bass. Ex-*Widdershin* Peter Tinnerman compliments the lineup on the drums.

*Snickedey Palace* is a collection of heart rendering acoustic stuff, ranging from rural ballads to dance. One gets the feeling that *One Head Jet* would fit nicely into a barn shed setting on a farm somewhere very rural and isolated. Such is the atmosphere they evoke in their songwriting approach. Sit back relax, and absorb, if you fit the gist.

### CASUALTY - "HARD WAY TO LEARN" Messiah Complex (ICCN-002CD)

*Casualty* are a 4 piece, who feature founding members Chris (lead guitar and vocals) & Mike Fegan (drums) and two ex-members of defunct Sydney thrashers *S.U.X.* On this release on *Phantom*, offshoot *Messiah Complex* one gets 8 songs full of crunchy melodies and loud guitars. Not unlike their influences *Fugazi* and the *Descendants*, *Casualty* crank up the decibels to the hilt. One particular standout is the 'Censorship Song' which displays *Casualty* at their awesome best-hard hitting rock n roll emeshed with a passion for melodic power pop.



# THEATRICALS

Greg Hyslop

This is the may Edition. A lot of theatre is around at the moment. The Q THEATRE has a hot new play, and some of the alternative centres around Sydney have been doing a lot of new stuff as well. Congratulations to TAQA and TRIQUINELLA theatre groups who have received development funding grants from the Performing Arts Board. They had been holding their breath for the last month or so, and I suppose it's lucky there was a Labour victory at the last national elections - how long ago that all seems now...

Coming up at the performance space are two nights of performance art. On Wednesday June 9 there will be a two hour performance- installation with live music in the upstairs gallery in the performance space. There will be at least 12 performance artists at once so book early. During the last week of June the Open Season at the Performance Space is on. For a week there will be about eight performances a night going till late with some of the best, the most interesting and the most ridiculous performance artists and writers to be seen around Sydney. These were packed out last year and they aroused a lot of interest.

THE WILL is a creative piece of theatre staged recently by BODY TALES at the performance space. Unlike most theatre there is not a word spoken. Instead the four actors create the characters and the intricate story line using techniques of mime, dance, and shadow play with a great accompaniment on the keyboard by Alex Harding. The inspiration for this style is both the silent movie, and the vaudeville and pantomime traditions. The first movies were not given artistic credence in much the same way that photography suffered. They were seen as merely copying nature. In fact they brought about a revolutionary style of acting as the performers were forced to create realities without the ease of dialogue. The characters were drawn from types and were instantly recognisable. The villains, the goodies, the suffering heroines, and the wicked stepmothers.

The audience is drawn into a world of blatant evil and good as we follow the ambitious scheming and trials and travails of the characters. The plot is drawn from actual silent movies complete with the Lillian Gish good girl, and the villainous sister, the evil mother, and the sisters lost and separated at birth. Completing the line-up is an ocean liner, an intrepid seaman and an unstoppable steam engine. The characters live in a fraught and dangerous world of villains and angelic heroines.

There is a good guy solicitor who naturally escapes the nefarious psycho sexual clutches of the bad sister to fall in love with the good and hard done by - the true heiress.



Dastardly deeds abound. People are poisoned, and the heroine miraculously avoids a series of attempts on her life through the workings of providence, and having managed to survive to the end, the evil get their just deserts and she will hopefully live happily ever after.

Visual jokes abound. For example when the evil sister is enjoying a night on the town and guzzling liquor in shadow play, she finishes and lets the bottle flutter from her grasp - a paper cutout.

The performance was frequently very funny as the audience was drawn into the worlds of silence and melodrama.

Theatre Nepean put on a good show with THE RIMERS OF ELDRITCH. It got good revues and raves from the people that came to see it. Unfortunately these were relatively few in number. I don't know what has to be done to get full houses. UWS has one of the hottest theatre training courses in the country. The plays are performed on campus, with a bar, and ticket prices are so cheap that you'll get change for drinks or whatever you want. What do they need to do!?! "All we want is to be seen and appreciated...We're like lonely little petunias parading and waiting for appreciation, the applause to ring in our ears, our little waxed ears..."



The Stables is presenting the Australian premiere of FORTUNE by Hilary Bell. Its subject is the relationship between Australians and Chinese on the gold diggings in the 1860's. The play combines Australian and Chinese theatrical traditions and actors. Together they create a unique blend; a western narrative play merged with Chinese Opera.

Fortune is a hard line drama that does not shrink from the brutality of the goldfields during the 1860's.

The actors enter the space to the haunting of a chinese violin. Together they put on their last pieces of costume and makeup before us. Ian Dixon straps on the three foot stilts he uses to play the child giant Chang whose experiences are the focus of the production.

Ian moves with the fluency of a dancer on his stilts as with a surreal physical transformation he creates the gangly awkwardness of the child out of step with his surroundings. The set is a flexible space and the traditional chinese music gives the production an eerie timeless feel. The play begins.

It is a play of outsiders. Virtually all the characters are marginalised in some way. Chang is the child treated like a monster longing for the normality of a family. Reinhardt, played by Justin Monjo is a german immigrant scratching a meagre living as a photographer on the gold fields who has purchased Chang to use as a trade attracting prop. He uses Chang like a slave and makes no pretext of becoming a father to him, rather he refers to him as a disgusting animal and starves him. The language is frequently brutal and abusive. The slang is familiar and this serves to focus the issues firmly in a contemporary setting. These are terms that are used today to denigrate and this reinforces the wider terms of the play. Racism is an ongoing problem. Kathleen is an irish convict who siezes the opportunity to capitalise on Chang as a sideshow exhibit. Not only is she victimised for her past but also because she is a woman and single. They struggle for possession of him.

Iris McKinnon is an anglicised Chinese woman who runs a shop and boarding house for westeners only. She is rejected by both her race and the culture she has aquired. Bell juggles the inter racial and cultural antagonisms well to show the complex web of social tensions. The Westeners despise the chinese and the exconvicts. The chinese despise the occidentals for their lack of culture, and other chinese for not owning property for example. The MacKinnon boarding house and store is eventually burnt, leaving only a shell which she inhabits like a ghost while she struggles to reaffirm some sense of identity.

There is a figure drawn from Chinese opera who appears in a KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN sort of a way; his dreams mirroring the hyper reality of the situation. He plays a bride who is being married to an older man despite her love for another. It is this longing for a different life denied in such a tragic way that reinforces the perpetual nature of their predicament.

The different acting styles broadcast the differences between the cultures. There are some extraordinary stylised movement pieces and sword play. Through the play Chang comes of age as he is drawn from one culture to the other. He gradually discovers his power, firstly his physical strength, and finally his independence of character. The problem of personal identity is one that many people can relate to. Fortune is an umbrella event of the 1993 Celebration of Australian Asian Artists and is running until May 30.



**Smudge  
Superhero**

In a nutshell, this ep is full of cute, catchy tunes - the kind you'll find yourself humming while chopping vegetables or something. The title track is just that - all of them are (maybe they should be in advertising). Maybe they are! They all feature the light 'grunge' guitar sound, thin happy vocals and the characteristic Smudge drumming that seems to run ahead of itself with the rest of the band running to catch up. Their cover of John Waite's Missing You (remember the mid-eighties?) is actually a lot better than the original. It suits Tom's voice, (even if it does sound a bit like early Simon Day). The second cover is just Laverne and Shirley electrified. Basically, it takes only a couple of listenings to imprint each song distinctly on your brain, but really, it's not worth the effort.



**WELCOME MAT  
-GRAM (FESTIVAL)...**

At first I wondered what the hype was all about. They are a good band but their work doesn't stand out as such. Then I realised. Everything is uplifting, but it's just under the surface, so it's too easy to miss. Songs like 'Leap of Faith' and the title track 'Gram' are perfect examples. Here the 'uplifting something' hits just the right level between moving and strictly sentimental. Unfortunately there is a line on track 8 where Bon Jovi meets grunge. But apart from that, persevere, you will be rewarded.



**STARBELLY - LOVE IN THE WASTE (HOLE 93 01)**

How things change, progress, develop, go forth, etc... It seems Starbelly have at last found the right formula they were so badly stripped of in the beginning of their main guitarists playing days with Dog Who Loved Trains. Grant Meffan watched John Fenton, Peter Archer, and lastly Jim Wolf, all leave that band for Crow, thus forcing Meffan into a state of quandary. Enter a few guitarists and drummers, and finally the right stability happens in Robert on guitar, Dale on drums and Simon on bass.

In the last 18 months or Starbelly have honed what was quite a raw tinnish sound into something a little more craftier, experimental, and damn effective. I like this recording in the sense that diversity plays a key form in songwriting approach. You cannot particularly categorise any song of Starbelly's, there is a real hotch potch of influences, with other magazines being correct in detecting the Saints, Celibate Rifles, and west coast U.S. stuff all with a postpunk ethos and spirit. Favourites include Fear, Your Hell or Mine, and the title track Love In The Waste. The artwork is also another favourite, again testifying the great art which Grant does. This recording may not receive the recognition it deserves locally, but at least overseas it will! Have a listen and you'll understand probably why.





# MEDICINE SHOW

## Interview- Medicine Show

### Medicine Show are:

Adam Gathercole (drums)  
 Andrew McRoberts (bass)  
 Begsy (lead guitar)  
 Ross McDonald (rythm guitar)  
 Dave Slade (lead vocals)

The current abovementioned line-up have been together since January, 1992 and are all responsible for the 'noisy racket'; which 'blasts the ears' on their self titled debut CD out now on Timberryard.

Medicine Show are an interesting band in that their music reflects a crossover of what one could well tell is 'conventional hard OZ rock' (like ACDC) mixed with the hard edged sounds of naughty rock bands such as the Stooges, MC5, Danzig and The Scientists. The CD reflects this hotchpotch of influences providing the listener with a diverse array of sounds and experiements.

Dave Slade, recent frontman for ex-Sydney band No-Man's Land, and current expouser for Medicine Show, had a chat to me in the Pismo Bar in April, just after the release of the album, and what will be remembered as before plentiful things to come(?) Dave> The whole thing with No-Man's Land was that frustration

was coming into everything we did or tried to do. The line-up kept on changing and to tell you the truth, I got a bit sick with it and the whole music business. There was also interpersonal band matters which didn't help. No-Man's Land were a rather comical rock band of the 1980's who cleverly rehashed the 70's Stooges era with a finesse for hard glam rock. Signed by Augo-go they released a few recordings until they split.

BLUNT > How different is the songwriting approach of Medicine Show as opposed to No-Man's Land?

Dave > This is definitely more accessible and more straightforward rock n roll. All along my intention during and after NML was to get back into doing something more to my liking. My roots were embedded in bands like Terms of Power, New York Dolls, Creedence, etc, with a local likeness to bands like the Birthday Party, Scientists, Radio Birdman.

BLUNT > How does the music crossover in style?

Dave > I feel that cos we're from different backgrounds we tend to overlap in what we write. For instance, Begsy (lead guitar) and Adam (drums) come from a much more hard rockin' straightforward, where they love ACDC, but in an also surprising manner, really like Alice in

Chains, which is a more menacing and darker style of music.

Ross (guitar), as we all do love, likes Rose Tattoo. He'd always be seeing them down at the Lifesaver. He also likes alot of Birdman and Stooges as well. Andrew (bass) is the youngest, but don't ask by how much 'cos I won't tell you, is into things like Iron Maiden and Danzig.

I guess when you have such diversity it makes it all the easier to overlap and brings styles to each other.

Medicine Show work within a communal structure in regards to their songwriting. Rather than having a dominant player, each member contributes equally, which Dave feels enables the members to "input into everything, be credited, and remain interested".

BLUNT > So democracy can exist in songwriting?

Dave > Of course. We're a fairly democratic lot to the extent that I write all the lyrics. It seems to work better that way. I don't oppose to having a ringleader, I just believe its better to have everyone contribute rather than one boss and a host of employees. Obviously if one is good at something they'll do whatever that may be. Occasionally someone will say that sounded good, let's do that, but that happens spontaneously anyway.



Historically, conventional hard rock music on a local basis has emphasised more on guitar based lick work than lyrical content

**BLUNT** > Because of such a tradition, how much work do you emphasise as word as in relation to sound?

**Dave** > The lyrics I write don't necessarily co-relate with the music we are writing. I think that they're alot more ambiguous and more thoughtful than your typical lyric from any genre, i.e. the typical OZ rock shag in the panel van syndrome.

Again, a crossover in style is noticed in the Medicine Show profile.

**BLUNT** > But how really hard is it to get shows because of the crossover?

**Dave** > We haven't had a really hard time, basically because we'll play anywhere. Steve and Adam will crawl up a wall if they haven't got anywhere to play. It's not that we're too fearsome for one and not straight for the other. People everywhere, I feel, are coming around to our thinking. We are straightforward and we do write great songs which I think is our strength. You can see three or four hard rock bands in a night and you'll know who those three or four bands were because none of them had a chorus to save their lives. I think our versatility is good 'cos we're able to polarise people into thinking whether

they love or hate us.

The lads in Medicine Show have an attitude which they construct as being thoughtful in terms of all things that come their way. They look at things from an intelligent angle rather than compromising themselves to what goes in certain genres. With Image, the band looks themselves, with Dave adding that all the members 'have looked the same way for probably the last ten years...we are conscious that we're a rock n roll band and to please followers we're not simply gonna come out in a Gary Glitter style suit.

**BLUNT** > Their debut album, (as mentioned) offers diversity, so from an account of it, there's been a lot of thought put into the result.

**Dave** > I wish I'd said that. Basically we don't want to come across as your average hard rock heavy metal indie band.

**BLUNT** > What experiments did you undertake with the recording?

**Dave** > After we did the guts of the album in three days, that is six tracks, we decided to experiment with the other three. We went over to Chris Townsend's house from Kiss My Poodle's Donkey and got all these different sounds. We got chopper noises from Apocalypse Now, some

background noise which made a collage of different sounds, and some panpipes from B Janes of the Stones Tutuka. There's also a 14 second death metal sound with a satanic message.

**BLUNT** > How is the CD reflective of Medicine Show now?

**Dave** > It's more relevant I think to the sound we were creating a year ago. There's only 50-60 hours of work done on it which is not much compared to other bands today.

Basically the band are happy with the result of it and are now awaiting work to promote it. A tour in June to Melbourne seems imminent.

**Dave** > We want to travel, see the world, record, etc- all those cliches.

**BLUNT** > Finally, how does one maintain momentum after having played in and seen music for some time?

**Dave** > Basically for the same reasons I picked up a guitar when I was sixteen. The same reasons that I saw all those bands such as the Birthday Party and the Scientists. I feel our music has got a lot of important energy which drives us all on. We're not going to compromise.

**BLUNT** > Any more secrets?

**Dave** > I never get depressed about the music industry, only more cynical. A great band is still gonna move me in the same way, only now it takes a little more.

THE END.....

# U.S. does not mean US nurrungar '93



It was only two days before they were due to depart that I actually took the idea seriously. I hadn't really considered the invitation properly. I had been asked if I wanted to spend a couple of days in the desert to participate in a protest action at a place called Nurrungar.

---

*Sure I would have  
to go to the middle of  
fucking nowhere...  
put up with the heat,  
the dust, the flies,  
the scorpions....*

---

Sure, I knew this was a U.S. military base (one of those big white doobies that stood out in the desert like the proverbial golden arches across the terra-cotta tiles suburban skyscape. Sure I would have to go to the middle of fucking nowhere (500kms north west from Adelaide), put up with the heat, the dust, the flies, the scorpions, and, of course, my constant paranoid fear of dying a death worse than a blighted Burke and Wills camel, and sure it would be lots of fun, a barrel of laughs, my inviters insisted (it turned out to be a small 12 seater mini bus and the laughs were 14 passengers with 4 days of supplies) but WHY? Upon reaching this conclusion I asked



the trusty tour leader, who then insisted I read some user friendly material about the cause. Hmmm, it wasn't the usual choice of quash the American imperialist dog propaganda, but a selection of information that inspired my consciousness, annoyed my delicate sensibilities, sent a shiver down my loosely affixed spine, and, by this stage, had got up my, socially and morally left wing aligned goat, or is that goad? Anyway my nanny went on a completely narky rampage, giving any American sympathiser a damn good talking to before gnawing off their Levi 501's.

This wasn't an American base, but a joint (insert drug joke/ anecdote) American-Australian facility, whose main purpose is to track missiles for the Star Wars program (invented by astro head himself Ronald Raygun - "Use the force Nancy, use the force ????, umn, arr..."). However, our control of the base is nil.

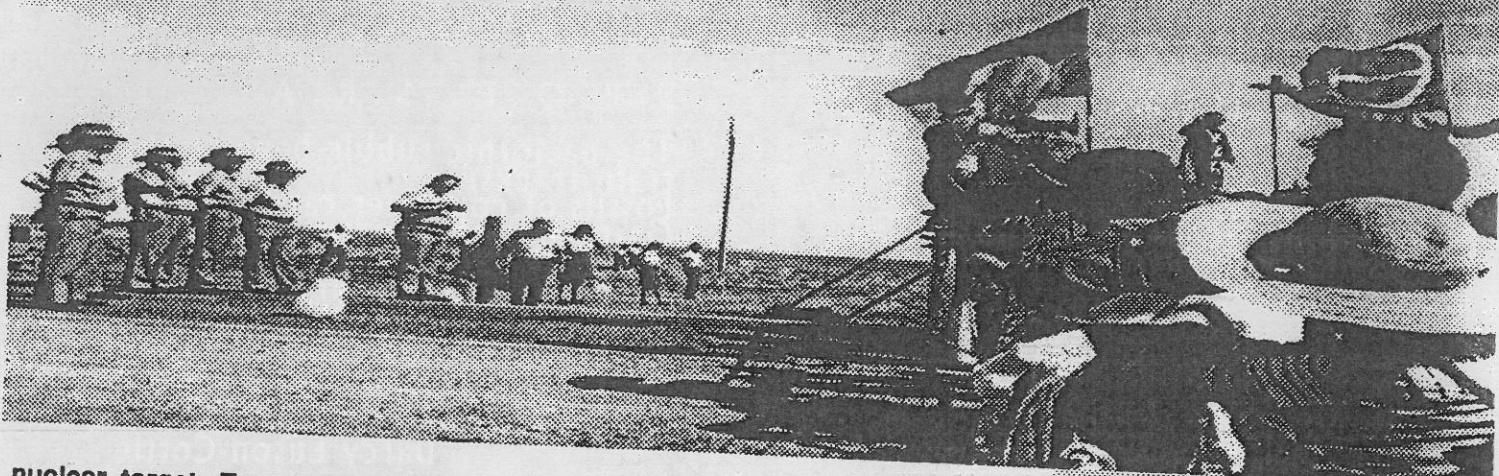
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*...it wasn't the  
usual choice of quash  
the American imperialist dog  
propaganda, but a selection of  
information that inspired my  
consciousness...sent a shiver  
down my loosely affixed  
spine...*

---

The Australian military is represented by a "Deputy Commander", an Australian Air Force Commander, however, when the US commander is absent he is replaced by another US officer. The Australian people pay for the maintenance and upkeep of this base (23 million in 1986/87) and for his honour we receive no top secret level information and have no say in the running of the facility. We also have the distinction of being a prime





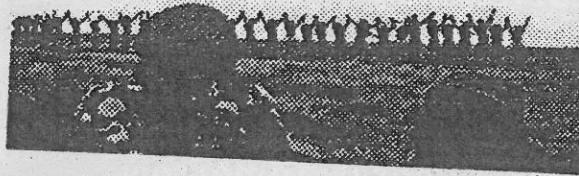
nuclear target. To compound this, there are another 29 US military facilities on Australian soil for which we pay over 100 million dollars on each year. What a privilege!

This is not only a privilege that Australia as a whole can be gratified by, but also the indigenous people of the region, the Kokatha people. 1993 is the year of the Indigenous people, yet there are no moves to return this land, on which Nurrungar is situated, to its traditional owners. A move that could see the area be turned into a 'region for environment and disarmament'.

*We also have the distinction of being a prime nuclear target. To compound this, there are another 29 US military facilities on Australian soil...*

So you are wondering how this could happen? Well in 1988, when we were all trying to figure out the best way to wear green and gold without clashing (I personally tried a stripey suit thing,

bolero style, but conformed to gold thongs, green stubbles, tie-died green and gold Bonds singlet and floppy white terry towelling hat), the Australian government extended the non-terminable lease on Nurrungar an extra ten years to 1998. It seems that they had, once again, pulled a swifty on me and everyone else



in the country (Kerr, you CIA puppeted prick!). The Nurrungar protest and desert festival aimed to bring these issues out of the cabinet and move them onto the public stage.

I made a resolution, telephoned my trusty tour leader (Kylie the evergreen) and joined the Easter weekend pilgrimage. The rest is history. Thousands of kilometres, four days of heat, dust, flies, scorpions (no camels to be seen), and the most amazing protest action I had ever the privilege to participate in.

Krypton Taylor



S . P . Q . R . - S . R . A .

The paelothic rubble beneath the train tracks.  
Fossils of container cars.  
Granville-Parramatta:  
the dead, yet preserved cities of the decaying 20th century.  
Swamped in Vesuvius' smog,  
another Herculanean's bus terminus  
and the fibre glass, high - rise villas of a second Pompeii.

Darcy Euson-Cottle

JEWELRY

I have learned to place your head  
upon a petri dish  
and view its minor beatings,

Varnish yourself completely, and I  
shall place you upon my mantle piece,

An Ornament

Claudia Waters

MANNERS

Sometimes my mother is like a lioness  
teaching me the predatory ways,  
of how to Catch and Kill a man.

Sometimes lessons in etiquette  
are lessons in Murder

Claudia Waters

DOMESTIC BLISS

In the struggle for the grocery line today,  
I accidentally killed Marjorie,  
her little kate she's my next door neighbour,  
is my little Sarahs best friend  
The funerals tomorrow.

Yesterday as I was walking in the mall,  
I accidentally killed a spider  
poor little miss muffet will have to go  
without her

Adventure today.

Tomorrow I plan to take the kids  
to the circus.  
So they can see how  
Clowns and Animals  
ought to behave.

Jim and I are going out for dinner tonight.

Claudia Waters

TEMPTATIONS.....

Familiar with the surroundings  
Neon lights and carpeted floor  
cigarettes hanging over ashtray  
Black coffee, sweet and sure

The lure of temptation  
her hands grab mine  
soft gold bracelet  
manicured looks will kill

The cost is short  
The rooms are small  
confusion gets in the way  
mind cannot think

Inspiration drawn elsewhere  
It's not their fault  
they must sell to feed the rent  
what lies behind it opens to questioning.

HOURI

Nornie Wilson

In white robes, a princess  
Egyptian eyes - Akhari  
Hot Shepsut has travelled west  
In the company of flies and heat.  
I can only make offerings of praise  
secret humble kads  
and the bright day  
Ra's golden body

Darcy Euson-Cottle

AN EASTER LOVE POEM

Halflit darkness,  
Nakedness,  
Always at times,  
when senses faded  
one has dipped into  
the pit of melancholy  
and the Belfor Love  
it is then that I think  
of

you.

Claudia Waters

# Hugo Race's True Spirit and Dumb and the Ugly March '93 Melbourne

For quite some time people have put shit on Hugo Race as a poor man's Nick Cave. Heck he's even writing a novel. Except on Saturday night any such jibes seemed very very shabby. Once upon a time it was all very manner, posey and bluesy but Hugo Race is reinventing the rock n roll formula. It is difficult when writing about such great music to avoid using the generic cliches like a sidewinder, like a wildcat prowling, crying in the night through the Arizona. But it did sound that good. There was nothing trad about the True Spirit - it was bluesy but groovy and danceable, with two drums, seering harmonica and wild guitars. Wild would be the word which comes to mind - not dirge, but to use another cliché - it was as beautiful as the noise bobcats make when having sex. Not that I have ever been to America, but who has? Anyway, the point I am trying to make is Race left the blind lemons picking their noses. It cooked.

The supports did justice to the main event. The Dumb and the Ugly played a short set of dark instrumentals. Very reminiscent of late sixties British psychadelia on a bum black trip. Something very spacey and Dr Whoish there, but perhaps this is just because two of the members had funny beards.

What I saw of Soulscraper was a very full on crossover metallic experience. They should go places - a bit in the Pop Will Eat Itself camp. All in all, a great night.

## PAVEMENT, SMUDGE and, BIG HEAVY STUFF - Max's Petersham 23rd May 1993 on Sunday

The blonde lead singer from Big Heavy Stuff opens the evening by praising what has been a successful Sydney tour for U.S. killers Pavement. How correctly right he was. The previous two evenings at the heartfelt Petersham Inn (one of the first big shows to go through there for yonks) had proven to be two of the best shows witnessed all year. The lineups on both evenings, Crow and Screamer, plus Pavement only helped to serve such success.

What I'm stating here is that the lineup on the Sunday for such a class act as Pavement proved to be somewhat wanting. The kids might disagree, but Big Heavy Stuff and Smudge provide some of the most uninspired insidiously boring unchallenging music I've ever laid eyes on.

Big Heavy Stuff feature ex-members of Dutiful Daughters and Ups and Downs, two fine bands that they were, but maybe the chemistry with this band is not so inspiring. They plod, offer little dynamics and when they try to provide the obligatory triehard power chord it goes amiss, lost, with bare reaction. Maybe they would have been better carrying their old flames instead.

Smudge are the three piece pop band your parents will accept as a pleasing aspect of your disc collection. Superhero proves that (see review) and Smudge tonite did little to keep me away from heading to the Pismo Bar in anticipation of a quick finish and a quick return to the sounds of something a little more solid and rawer in Magic Dirt (more on them later).

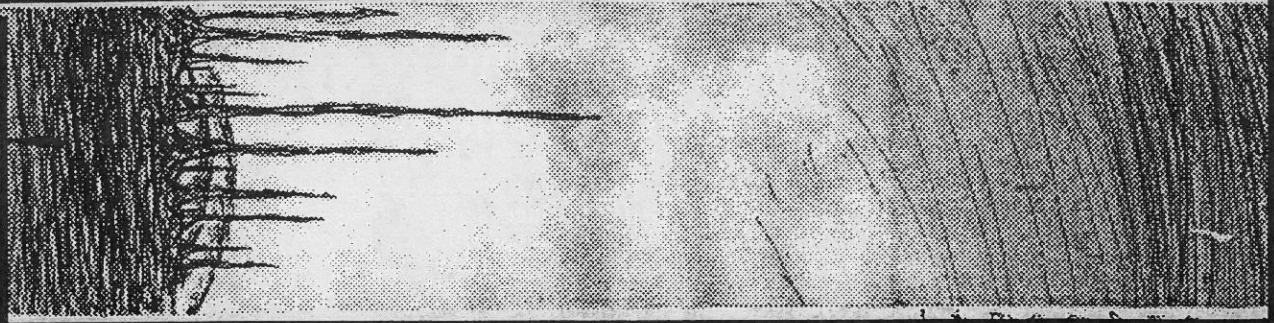
I was one of the unlucky ones not to have known much about this band before they embarked on their first national tour of Australia. Pavement conjure up early images of the Pixies - infectious, solid, raw, a study to listen too, etc. etc.....

Slanted and Enchanted has found a place in my tape collection which will stay for some time. From what I gathered alot of the material played tonite came from there. Pavement are able to uplift one to a state of emotional bliss. Thankyou and come back soon.

RP Puddle



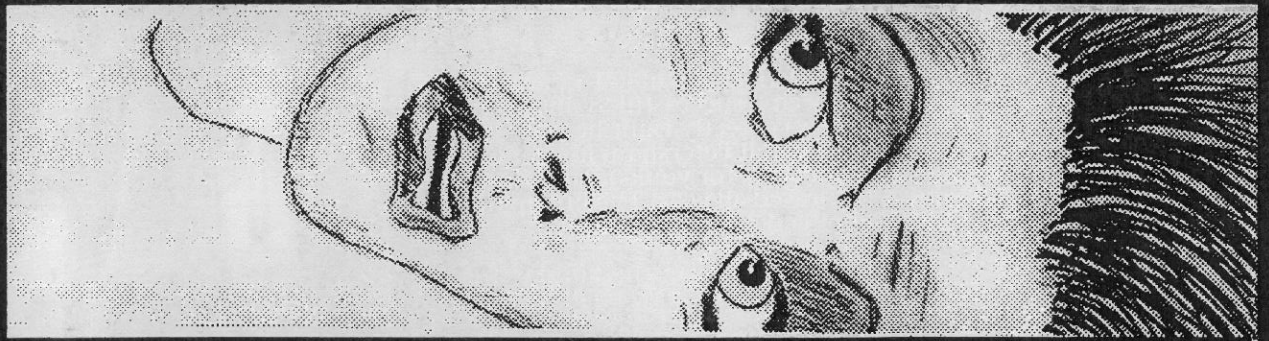
Smudge



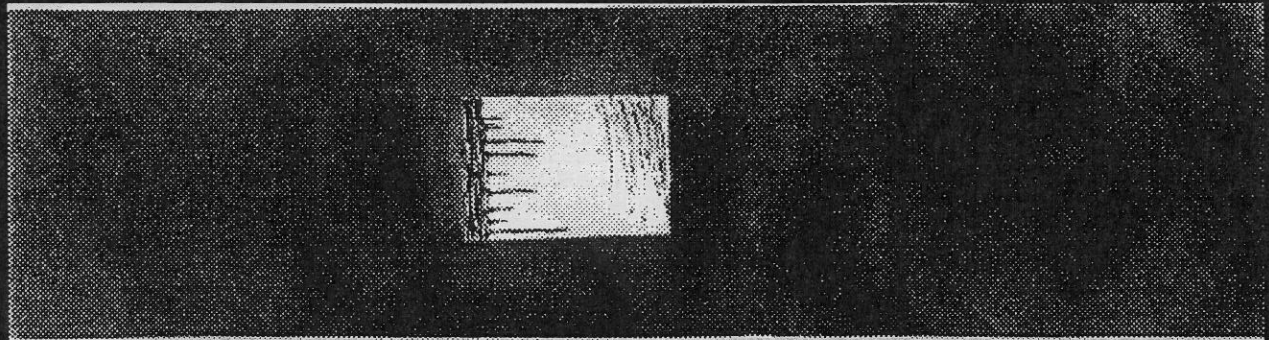
Did I seek where the wind cuts keenest, learn to live where no one lives, unlearn to pray and curse, unlearn to man and god, become a ghost flitting across the glaciers



Old friends! How pale you look, how full of love and terror! Be not angry! Here - you could not be at home! Here in this far domain of ice and rocks - here you must be a huntsman, and like the Alpine goat.



Now sure of victory together, we celebrate the feast of feasts: friend Zarathustra has come, the guest of guests! Now the world is laughing, the dread curtain is rent. The wedding day has come for light and darkness,



Oh life's midday! Oh second youth! Oh garden of summer! I want - restless ecstasy. I stand and watch and want - it is time, I await in readiness, day and night, new friends. Come now! It is time you were here.

# reviews :live!

## LIVE VIC. ON THE PARK MAY 93

It had to be the biggest crowd that Baby Sugar Loud had ever played to (to be fair, it was the only time their audience could have been defined as a crowd). To our amazement, a new set was thrust upon our unsuspecting ears - and we were pleasantly suprised. To put it bluntly (!) they deserve that sort of crowd every time they play. Their music is a mixture of funky, heavy, bluesy, and heaven forbid, even grungy tunes. Ben's voice is, to be modest, incredible. To be sure, it would be nothing without Stuart's powerful drumming and Justin's rythmic convulsions (when he's getting into his groovy licks). But the real reason why thousands (O.K. - hundreds) of adoring fans were there to mourn the impending loss of our most beloved Psyclone Smyle.

The humble little Vic on the Park felt like the Hordern (even without imbibing any delusionary substances). The sweat, the energy and the tears will always testify to the greatness of the band. For those who have never seen Psyclone Smyle (deprived people that they are!), we can only throw words like powerful, funky, rythmic backbeat. Their music was almost paradoxical in that the beat was so lazy you thought it might never arrive, while at the same time being so driving that not even a corpse could remain unmoved (physically and emotionally - O.K., maybe we are getting a bit carried away, but you should have seen Pieter move!)

So we are salivating slightly, but seriously, this was a great performance - the sort that actually left you feeling alive and wishing it hadn't happened so you could see it all again.

N:B An impromptu BLUNT interview with Pieter was too good an occasion to refuse.

B) Why did Psyclone Smyle break up?

P) The band was in a lot of financial trouble. The guitarist had alot of talent. Everyone in the band had alot of talent. The name basically didn't have a vibe about it any more. The press wasn't giving us any support whatsoever, basically letting us sink, and it was the same with the record company. Because we didn't have the right image with the right happening thing at the right time. The media got more and more insidious and sort of dragged people away...no one wants to see a band unless they are on the radio or in the press and that goes without saying unfortunately.

Well R.I.P. but you can still catch them all seperately. The drummer is in Living Daylights, the bass player in Nude, the guitarist is doing session work and no doubt starting a new band. And Peter? He's looking for work.

Cecillia and Mariella



Baby Sugar Loud

## Nunbait live at the Park

'twas a sad affair tonite down at the Victoria on the Park. Nunbait were saying goodbye for what will likely be their last show ever.

INTENSE MAN Ian 'IVAN' FRASER is to head off those United States in search of his much vaunted cultural interests, including doing some footage on super-eight and the occasional bootlegging whilst guitarists Mark and Shaun pursue other casual interests with Fante well and truly embedded on a southern piece of greenery Wollongong direction. So now you've got the goss, let's get on with what went on that fateful last evening.

NUNBAIT have been over their three year existence for producing angst ridden noise, bordering on moments of sheer exhilaration and dynamics, the sort of stuff that makes you cry in your beer, you know what I mean?????.....??????????

Forget the literate wank, NUNBAIT tonite provided nothing more than what I had never been captured by since they began. Rumoured to be dressed up in drag they turned up in the customary image less clothes, drank tones of water to ooze energy, joked a lot, while at the same time produced a 1 hour set of classic oldies, ie.

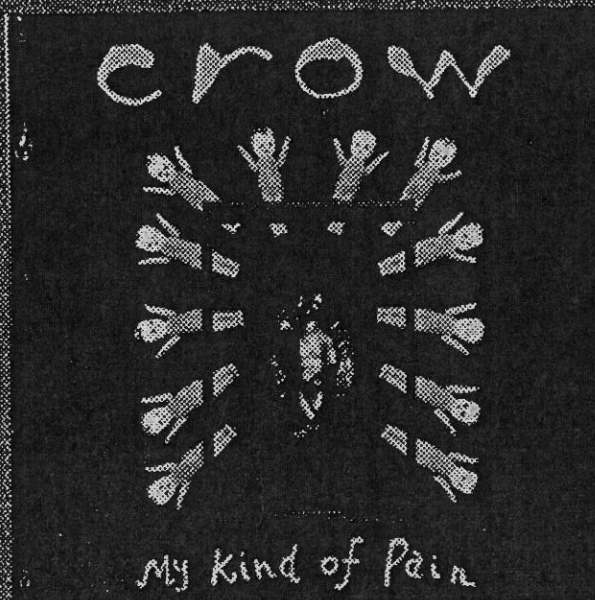
TRACK TRAUMA (avail. on BLUNT cassette) NOWHERE FAST, THE HUB, AND KILL KYLIE, as well as new material from their forthcoming album on Hippy Knight Records. NUNBAIT will be missed, maybe the album will be the tonic to remember them for what they were.

RP Puddle



Pieter - Cyclone Smyle

# reviews : albums!



## CROW - MY KIND OF PAIN (HAC 19)

My last fond memories with Johnny 'Boy' Fenton on sticks. This is the document CROW were pretty much always gonna deliver. When listening to it there is little that I didn't expect to hear or discover - soaring melodies, the cacophony of angst and beauty in tracks like "LIGHT" and "LH LH", while the post punk overtones of "Motive" and "Railhead" are all there. My Kind Of Pain is compelling on first listen - don't make the mistake I first did by letting your decibel levels too low. By doing this you get a polished feel that Crow have hardly ever typified. Turn it up and listen to the inviting sounds that they create. There's always something going on in a CROW song, and that is the beauty of a CROW recording, or even a CROW live show - you always remember it, whether it be appalling (less of them each gig) or subliminal.

## CELIBATE RIFLES - VIZGARNNOFF



I've never been a fond fan of the Rifles sound having captured them a handful of times live to mixed response depending on mood and what not. This disc is a compilation of live tracks recorded live locally, as well as at a concert in New York. It evokes the Rifles at their rawest doing what they know best to please their punter. I'm not a punter of theirs though I can say that those that enjoy such a defined style will enjoy this offering. Turn to a high decibel and imagine your at a show. See if it works. I didn't listen to it for too long. You might!

## NICE LP - FEEL GOOD ALL OVER (feel good all over # 11)

This album comes courtesy of Feel Good All Over, an American based label in Chicago, and responsible for previous recordings by the Cannanes and Beat Happening. The recording was put to task some 3 to 4 years back so there has been quite some time in the actual delivery. But that aside, it is a collection of 12 heartfelt songs, which are well worth the wait, mostly from the guitar of Mr Randall Lee who has the gift of the gab when it comes to writing an infectious tune. Upon first listen I feel somewhat impressed by the kind of bent country and western folkish pop songs Nice pen, the type that have you humming, fapping, and a whistling for more. Suzannah provides an atmospheric guitar twang which offsets Randy's distinct voice, whilst Jo contributes what is needed in simple effective stick play. Highlights include that fab. Dear John track, Christiana Amore, and the two instrumentals, Return to Nice, and Theme from Nice, but most of all there's something special about every Nice tune.



Coming up are the two Shakespeare black box productions. This year they are Hamlet, directed by Malcolm Keith, and Loves Labours Lost directed by Terrence Crawford. Hamlet is set to be an extraordinary production as it is deconstructed and retextualised. "We're not interested in simply recreating that ever popular Classic. rather we are going to high-light aspects of the play and the different characters while not losing sight of the fact that the story still has to be told."

Loves Labours Lost is a spiky drama about female rights and the right for equality in relationships. The protagonists fight the battle of the sexes. This is a play of wit and rapi

**BILLY BISHOP GOES TO WAR** is a two man play that confronts the serious issues of war and society by following the experiences of a genial human fighter pilot. It uses the tunes of the period to carry the text. These are performed by the rich baritone voices of David Baldwin and Peter Binning who plays the narrator and the piano while singing with a fine lisp. DAVID BALDWIN plays the lead and the multitude of characters who the young Billy Bishop comes into contact with. David would more immediately be recognisid for his character Alastair the psychiatrist in G.P ABC TV. He convincingly skips from character to character, 17 of them in fact! The show is frequently very funny.



The Q theatre have a tour-de-force with John Matzos' SKY. This is a solo performance that allows Henry Zseps playing Rocco in a solo performance to show his formidable abilities to the full.

The play is based on the actual mysterious disappearance of his son while flying over Bass Strait. This made the headlines at the time due to a confusing radio recording made at the time which implied that there had been contact made with a UFO. Out of this mystery the playwright has crafted a script that does far more than tell the story of the fathers attempts to unravel the mystery while being thwarted by various bureaucracies. It shows the man struggling to come to terms with his own identity and what it means to be a father and a man in contemporary Australian society for a Greek migrant.

Henry Szeps takes us on this at times harrowing voyage of the soul. He works on a bleak grey stage with no concessions to naturalism. Above his head hovers suspended two white cotton screens that seem to lead up and away into the darkness above like a pair of wings. This is a dramatic statement in itself but these 'wings' are also used as screens to project images onto. Through this documentation of Roccas past we get an insight into his life and he is 'placed' for us to get the impression of his present predicament.

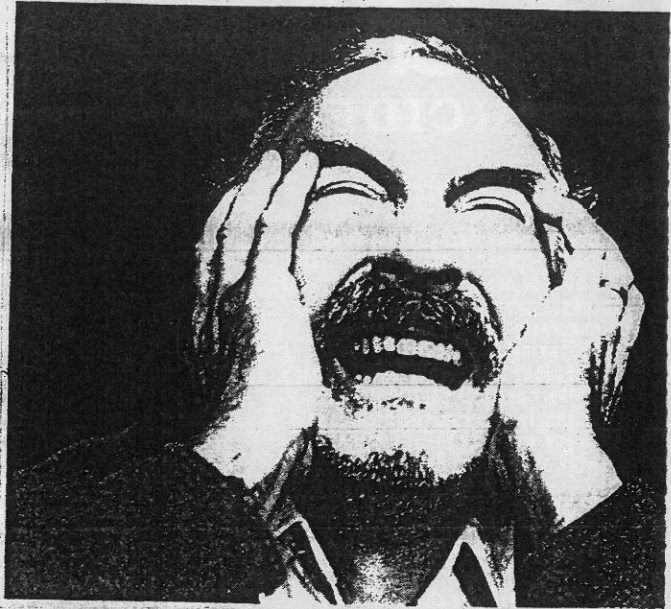
We share his pain, and his confusion. We share the harrowing experience of having his veracity doubted, and later his sanity. We see the way the media uses him, staging a campaign for their own publicity sake, and hounding him to get interviews. The idea that a UFO might have taken his son did not originate with him, and yet he was held responsible and ridiculed for it by neighbours and louts who rang to abuse the family and scrawled graffiti on the walls of the house and fence as well as driving past and yelling insults.

Henry Szeps has the ability to create a new character with the gesture of an accent and a change in body rhythm. Sky, which was written for him by John Matzos gives him many opportunities to display his prowess and manifold abilities. As an actor it was a delight to watch the accomplishment with which Szeps displayed his craft, and yet he never allowed it to intrude over the needs of the play and the expression of the characters. It was a virtuosic performance. We saw people as widely divergent as the hard bitten Truth reporter who became an ally in the search for the truth of his sons disappearance, to the Channel 7 reporters to the American news team that just happened to be at the right place at the right time in their classic insensitive way, and on to his wife and children. All is clear, and we are swept along with him.

**BILLY BISHOP GOES TO WAR** is a look at war that ranges from being tongue in cheek to capturing the tragic seriousness of some of the experiences. Billy is a young canadian colonial who makes the best of a poor school record to go and fight the Hun because it really looks like fun, and it really didn't seem like war at all! But life in the trenches is not good fun, what with being up to your knees in freezing mud and water, and then comes the dust and the death and the rats: and up above the men in the slush, are the gallant young men in the flying machines of the Royal Air Force. In a drunken bar Billy gets the low down, and with the help of his fairy god-mother, Billy ends up far above the trenches soaring with the eagles and the lone guns. The play is a bit of a history of the art of aerial combat and it uses anecdotes for much of the material. Nevertheless it does not fall into sentimental moralising or congratulations.

The play deepens to deal with a wider range of issues. The idea of the hero is explored. Billy Bishop was in fact an international hero for the allies. The fighter pilots were seen then as gallants doing battle with a sense of chivalry that was rapidly becoming absent from the world. The analogy is made between the airmen and cowboys of the wild west; that they were in reality more like hired guns. Murderers with attitude and missions. Their achievements were charted for a breathless audience by the newspapers on a daily basis. Flying was a bit like playing russian roulette. The longer they lasted the less chance they had of making it back alive.

Another aspect I enjoyed was the way the hero was romanticised at one stage, like an Excelsior type of figure, martyred with deliberately poetic language to create the analogy. Another was the Brechtian delivery that hardened and coalesced the issues at other times. These are some of the things that set this play above others that have attempted to capture the style. Billy Bishop is a play that can express the serious attitudinal shifts and incongruities of organised war and media.



# Lunarcide

## LUNARCIDE Lunarcide

### Lunarcide Were Orson, Orson are Lunarcide.....

Some time late 1989 Andy Marks (vocalist and occasional guitar) returned home from the States finishing off a bout of heavy shit touring with the Vanilla Chainsaws.

Andy at the time was only sixteen, a young drummer in the making, willing to smash tubs wherever asked as long as it wasn't behind Simon Drew & Co. and their pungent capitalist drive. Enter Pete, the gangly one with red dreads, your archetypal nice guy with a smile as long as his arms, and as wide as his hips. Peter plays the bass by the way.

Peter and Andy mucked around a little together until Tim, who played a bit of guitar and Mathew who played some drums completed what was the start of Orson.

Andy: the next year, 1990, we chugged along playing a few supports here and there and it wasn't until June 1991 when we became more recognised. There was the Sydney Uni. band competition which we progressed to the final of, playing with bands like Front End Loader, Frenzal Rhomb, and the eventual winners, the Remnants. It was all one fairly loose collection of bands playing a fairly loose conventional form of style.

BLUNT: Would you say that the band now fit into a loose kind of songwriting feel.

Andy: I think that when we started we were a lot more conscious of the way we approached our songwriting, whereas today we are a lot more harder edged and don't care as much.

LUNARCIDE certainly don't lack any spirit. Like all other bands they are derivative in one way or another, in their case they are not too obvious. Andy cites the Verlaines, Straitjacket Fits, and CROW, as being the bands overall influences, adding 'that you couldn't really pick one Lunarcide song that is particularly derivative of one group'.

Andy: A lot of the stuff we are doing now is mostly of an uncharted area for us. We are not the kind of band now where we write a song saying this should sound exactly like that. If one was to categorise Lunarcide, they could categorise the attitude to music rather than the actual form of music. I'd rather it be slotted into an attitude thing that is dynamic, creative and open, than say, 'these guys sound like a crossover of crazy hillbilly, thrash, r & r'. We've got a fairly similar attitude approach to bands like CROW and the Straitjacket Fits in the way they both approach direction and spirit. That kinda attitude holds a lot more power in the musical approach in that the narrativity which evolves around feeling can be captured fully. You are able to use something as a vehicle rather than IT as the main thing. By

carrying along spirit to a song, it in turn enables you to focus on intensity and more important things that relate to yourself. That's different to someone like Michael Bolton going on about how fucked up he is. Maybe it can come across as self indulgent but I don't feel that there is anything wrong with it if you use another vehicle to carry it for you.

YES, FOLKS.... Andy loves to theorise. Sometimes I become a little confused, but heck, he's beautiful, and you are too!

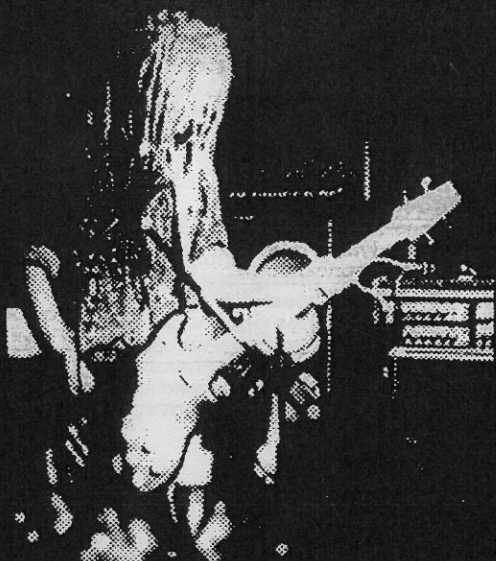
By the way, Lunarcide live play like they are fucking their instruments. The whole thing is carried off in a unsafe chaotic manner. There is this general element of intensity in a Lunarcide live performance.

Andy: We don't really care. We are playing for the sake of the music, not perfecting it. We attempt to give the music a lot more character than it is usually given. We make the music for ourselves. I feel it is good to remain like it co's you don't lose any integrity or intensity. By putting on some kind of live act, you can get intensity in other ways. It is all about the perfection of the mood.

The narration, the mood, the injection, promotes a result that is successful in execution. The secret????

Andy: Players like Tim help. Tim writes a lot of,





songs based around characters such as pixies, gnomes, and elves. He's got really intense characters which he narrates around to provide powerful pieces.

**BLUNT:** It's all fairly non-conventional stuff. I mean, the narrative side of things. You're writing music to the lyrics, as opposed to putting lyrics to already dressed down music.

**Andy:** Sure, a lot of the time our music is written around lyrics where with most bands you'll get music that requires the opposite. I write a lot of the music, or if I don't, I tend to shape the music around the theme, rather than letting the music dictate it.

I feel that music is going to squander around, bend and twist, and doing different things through time not changing a great deal, so if you be more powerful lyrically you can get a better point across rather than being just a throwaway. Spirit and intensity revolves around word.

**BLUNT:** The name change?

**Andy:** That came mainly about through the addition of Michael on guitar. We played a lot of gigs with his other band SONA (now currently defunct-ED.) who are a three piece with a completely different sound to us. Matt was embarrassed by the name ORSON, with the rest of us all tired by the sometime misinterpretation to AWESOME! Michael provided the catalyst for such a

name change to occur.

**BLUNT:** And Michael?

**Andy:** Well he does a lot of weird shit. He plays with a toilet seat around his neck. He basically does a lot of eclectic quirky stuff on the guitar. Occasionally we will all do the power three guitar thing, but often that can create an overcrowding effect.

**BLUNT:** You mean, for Tim?

**Andy:** Timmy needs a helluva lot more room in his playing. For Tim, it is not a matter of being a good guitarist coz he is not a good guitarist in the guitarist sense of the word, more a good musician in terms of being innovative and taking the music in different kinds of directions. We are all pretty hopeless musicians who don't work within their limitations. We tend to push them. That's our own way of how we have become what we are. Sure we might lose a bit of technology but in effect we gain so much more by having a lot of freedom through other avenues.

**BLUNT:** Aspirations???

**Andy:** What I wanna do is settle on the music and wait till it gets to the stage where it is not easy for us to put our foot in the door, someone else will. I learnt a lot from the whole Vanilla Chainsaw thing when I went to the U.S. We'd turn up to shows and nothing will be organised. You rise up to

everything and not let it concern you so much. You have to scrape and play the game, but now I really don't let it worry me too much. The music is more important and nothing is going to happen overnight. If it does happen, let it. The intention for us is more driven by the music than getting signed.

**BLUNT:** The art of realism???

**Andy:** You can plug away for ever, do everything right and nothing will happen. There is a lot of chance involved, but there's also a lot to do with the intensity of the music, the difference and the originality. All those things that Bernard King looks for when judging on STARSEARCH. Their the factors which make people recognise, and if momentum comes from that and people recognise it, it is a whole lot better than scraping at someone's door and licking a few butts. I think that by scraping and licking you lose the longevity of the music coz you are compromising. That's one thing that stops me from having sleepless nights. STOP PRESS!!!!!! Lunarcide have just entered into the hands of studio whiz Tim Whitten known for his work with CROW, Swordfish, Peg, among others. The document will be available on Friday June 18th at the Sando. when they support one of their friends CROW.

# INTERVIEW ✦ MASSAPPEAL

Recently, May 93, Mariella Attard took valuable time out to talk to Randy, vocalist from Massappeal. On the green lawns of Belmore Park we talked about Massappeal - past, present and future. This is not always easy to define - Massappeal shifts and changes, its components as fluid as V.B. Or maybe that's an exaggeration, but the band has been through quite a few lineup changes.

**RANDY** - It's always bringing in fresh stuff and new ideas, but also it's bad because we've had so many line up changes it's prevented us from putting out records when we wanted to and touring and stuff.

In the space of 8 years Massappeal has released a total of two albums, a mini album and a couple of singles. These days Massappeal is Brett Curotta (guitar), James Meek (bass), Peter Allen (drums), and Randy Reiman (throat). In the years between their first album *Jazz* and the second *Mechanic*, Massappeal's sound has changed a fair bit.

**RANDY** - I think the *Mechanic* sounds a bit cleaner than the *Jazz* album. It's more produced, the guy who produced it is our sound guy. He does all our live stuff so he knows our sound fairly well but at the same time he had some ideas that now we sort of look back and go oh no we don't like that... it sounds a bit cleaner than *Jazz*. I'm just not really happy with the guitar sound but I guess we just wanted it to be more noisy like the *Jazz* record.

To get down to the technicalities...

**RANDY**: What they did on the *Mechanic*, our producer sort of squashed the guitar sound. The guitar sound on *Jazz* sounds a bit fatter and I guess we wanted that again. Also on the *Jazz* album there is a lot of bar chords and on the *Mechanic* there wasn't as many.

So what makes the Massappeal sound?

**RANDY**: Well we are all learning to play our instruments a little better....

Hmmm, I guess that's a definite plus. But what about the ideas, the inspirations?

Musically speaking, the *Mechanic* came mostly from the minds of Brett and Sean (the then bass player), but basically it is a collective effort with certain members bringing in some ideas but not completed, finished songs.

**RANDY**: I'm musically illiterate. (Randy admits in a lowered tone of voice). I sort of go da da da....

We think this is amazing considering how such literacy ends up with a bit of distortion. The lyrics are Randy's real domain.

**RANDY**: I don't know what they are really about. I sort of don't write with an idea, oh sometimes I do, now actually.... I was never trying to get some message across or trying to force anything on anybody... mainly it was just to have something to vocalise. They are important to me. Now with the new stuff, lyric wise I do have some sort of ideas that I write down. The song might actually mean something all the way through and not a whole lot of different little things but also people can take it or leave it. Yeah, I'm just not really into telling anybody what to do.

The definitive thing about Massappeal has to be their live sound. If you want to know what energy sounds like this is it.

While Randy might indulge in a few neck rolls back stage...

**RANDY**: So, I don't hurt it too much!

What sparks Massappeal live and seems to happen every time they are on stage is that it's still a bunch of musicians having a great time.

**RANDY**: I guess we really like the stuff we do. When it is not fun that's when we are going to leave.

The new album is likely to come out in August and will be out on *Survival*, like the *Mechanic*. With things being quiet on the Massappeal front for the last few months with the band being busy writing for a new album, we should be hearing from Massappeal very soon as they promote their stuff.

**RANDY**: We have to play the new stuff anyway to get it tight enough so we can record. Every time we've recorded we've played the songs for at least one year before we'd recorded them so the songs would work themselves out really well and this time we are sort of rushing it so I'm a bit worried about that. It could happen that after we record the album we start playing the songs and

they develop more and they are fantastic in a year's time and the versions that are on the album are not that good. Hopefully that won't happen.

You know when you go to a gig and someone up the back yells out for a really old and obscure track? Well, the band hates that as much as the audience does. Don't get them wrong, they really really appreciate their audience but....

**RANDY**: In one way we really don't give a shit what they like. We get up there to have a good time ourselves and play the songs we like... I don't want to get up there and play the songs for a crowd. Well, not all the time, like it has to be sort of 50/50, you get that sort of balance. If you play for yourself totally that is just really selfish, but if

you play just for others totally then you just don't get anything out of it. It's hard, people say play the old stuff and you think no, we want to play something new (he gets rather passionate about this) don't you want to hear anything new? A lot of people don't.... they have already heard the old Massappeal years ago and that's what they think Massappeal is.... that Massappeal is gone you know. Finished.

Which brings us back to that really hard question - what is Massappeal?

**RANDY**: Well it's not really easy listening. If people want to call us grunge or heavy metal, whatever that is fine... I don't know if it sounds wanky or not. You know, hey, we don't want to be labelled. No one wants to be labelled. Nobody wants to be put into this or that, everybody wants to be known as hey we're just Massappeal, but I couldn't be bothered thinking about that. In our persistent attempt to pin the sound of Massappeal we press on. Sometimes the guitar sounds like *Naked City* or late *Miles Davis*. In some songs they....

**RANDY**: Start with the melodic bit and work into the *Slayer* riff. but I don't think it sounds like *Slayer* at all.

Well, if you really want to find out what it is that Massappeal actually sound like, the opportunity will rise late in May this year when they start playing the stuff on their new release, which should be out in August or September.



# desert

The grey monitor lizard nuzzles the parched carcass of the wallaby. Dust and flies cloud. The lizard tears into the taut flesh across the rib cage. Entrails spill out, moist and purple. The lizard with a single sideways motion nips the maggot bloated viscera, raises its head, tendrils of flesh hanging from its lips, and swallows.

All that day the man lay in the sun. His eyes stung with sweat, and he ignored them watching the pulse in the crimson film of his eyelids. His beard, cut sharply under his cheekbones, was glistening and wet. The sun of noon burned his face, and he forgot it. His thin lips cracked and bled. The breeze of evening cooled him and he rose up, hollow and cadaverous when finally darkness descended and the lights of the city livened its shadows.

The hotel furnishings and fixtures were built for a people smaller than himself, and that unnerved him.

He showered, the water so hot it scalded his flesh a red that faded. He shaved, then swiped a flannel across the steam clouded mirror. He sneered at the face in that rivulet trickling slash. A high-browed, sun-burned grinning red skull mask.

The red death, he thought. And dressed in black and descended to be amongst the other empty shadows of the city floor.

The sign over the graffiti scarred door read, *The Fuck Club* in violet neon.

The light within was red, and the flesh. He felt anonymous in that light, amongst that flesh. He kissed the soft mouth of a pale beautiful man boy, and the hot breath of that mouth tasted of jism and milk and vomit, and that made him hard.

The boy said, "I might suck your cock if its nice, then again I might not. Maybe I just want you to suck mine. I wont be fucked up the arse, though. My arse is too delicate for that."

"You cant. Said the red death. "I hate you so much I want to come in your face." And he hit the boy hard with the base of a beer bottle, so the boy's face broke and became ugly with blood. Then he was beaten himself and cast into the street.

A tall, leather clad man looked into his face outside the red door of a club called *The Pump Room*. And the man's eyes filled with fear. But the red death passed him by, entering the red door. Young people danced under the pulsing colored lights within, their bodies jerking in parodies of fucking. He could taste them sweating with the sweet pure dew of their innocence.

A dark skinned girl with Elizabeth Taylor eyes and Persian jewellery said to the red death something he didn't hear and giggled. "I want to lay you on your belly on white silk sheets," he said, "and lift your arse in the air and slowly slide inside you, to feel your cunt devouring my cock, your buttocks rolling pressed by my hips. At the point of absolute devourment I'll push your face into the pillow until you're smothered and your ragged breathing stops."

"The soft folds of my cunt are filled with barbed wire for you."

Back in the hotel room, after he'd killed her, the red death drew the curtains wide and stood back, looking into his mask in the city dark and city light smeared glass. He ran the few steps in great powerful strides and leapt, pushing his face into his face so he penetrated and the virginal glass fractured around him.

He fell tumbling, the cool airs of the night licking him, and was broken on the hard steel edge of a waste disposal bin. His body busted, but he lay twisted and crumpled amongst the spilled garbage and the livened shadows of the city night, twitching until the dawn, when a dog came and ate part of his entrails. The dog walked away and vomited. Flies laid their eggs in his guts, and when the man from the waste collection service found him, he swore he saw a red lizard crawling in the hollow of the man's belly, along his spine and out his anus.

iron

stone

thorn

sex magic fish! sugar sex magic fish! sugar

sex magic fish! sugar sex magic fish! sugar sex magic fish! sugar sex

# DIED FOR YOUR DINNER

sugar sex magic fish! sugar sex magic fish! sugar sex magic fish! sugar

magic fish! sugar sex magic fish! sugar sex

