

BLUNTED



THE
COMPLETE
COLLECTION

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DEAR BLUNTED MONSTERS,

I WANT TO START BY SAYING THAT MY APPRECIATION FOR YOU IS, LIKE THE BIRTH OF A NEW RACE, ETERNAL. WORKING ON BLUNTED GAGA HAS BEEN SOME OF THE MOST FUN IN MY LIFE. IT HAS BEEN A JOY TO MAKE ART THAT BASED IN A COMMUNITY OF LIKE MINDED PEOPLE (ALL OF YOU). TOGETHER, WEVE MADE 4 KICKASS ZINES, A SICK WEBSITE, MUSIC, MOVIES AND OVER 400 MEMES. IT'S BEEN A WILD YEAR. THROUGH THIS PROJECT I'VE PUSHED MYSELF TO GROW AND LEARN NEW SKILLS AND I LOVE THAT Y-ALL WERE PATIENT THROUGH THE BUMPS ALONG THE WAY. MY GOAL WAS TO SEE THIS PROJECT BECOME REAL, AND I DID. HOWEVER, DESPITE MY LOVE FOR BLUNTED GAGA, THERE IS A LIMIT TO THE DEVOTION I AM ABLE TO INVEST AND I WOULD LIKE TO SPEND SOME TIME FOCUSING ON NEW AND EXCITING CREATIVE ENDEAVORS. BLUNTED GAGA IS NOT ENDING, IT LIVES FOREVER, BUT IT WILL BE SLOWING DOWN FOR A TIME. MEMES WILL CONTINUE FOR NOW AND WHO KNOWS WHERE THE FUTURE WILL GO. I HAVE MANY IDEAS STILL UNTAPPED...

I HAVE MANY PEOPLE TO THANK. FIRST I MUST EXPRESS MY UNENDING GRATITUDE TO SUS QUEEN FOR BEING MY COFOUNDER, FOR MAKING THE FIRST TWO ISSUES OF THE ZINE WITH ME, AND FOR COINING THE NAME BLUNTED GAGA. I ALSO MUST THANK MISS BUSHWICK AND ROSS FOR YOUR ONGOING COLLABORATIONS. TOGETHER WE FOUR ARE THE HAUS OF BLUNTED GAGA. I LOVE YOU ALL ETERNALLY. NEXT I WANT TO THANK ALL MY BLUNTED CONTRIBUTORS WHOSE WORK APPEARS THROUGHOUT THE BLUNTED GAGA PROJECT. THANK YOU, AI SLING FOR THE SICK BLUNTED MERCH. I LOVE YOU ALL.

AND OF COURSE, THANK YOU LADY GAGA. YOU ARE A WEALTH OF INSPIRATION.

XOXO;
LOVE + ART;
MY AURA AND YOURS;
CHEEK TO CHEEK,

BLUNTED

"Lady Gaga - Million Reasons
(Medley/Live From The Victoria's Secret
Fashion Show In Paris)" - annotated by
celes

B constrained her perfect ass in an
custom corset hand embroidered with
flowers from her homelands, her carnal
energies being held and channeled in
limbo-like suspension as she walked like
a goddess through the Great Hall, twirling
her sex like an angel, wings splayed
forceful and available to the heavens, the
Freya and the Gods of Fashion ready to
smite her into stone with bright light and
preserve her form for eons to come, and
birth a child, so that others might look up
in aw with lust and admiration, and dream
of the same possibility

Meanwhile the priestess of the temple
sang about a song of melancholy, making
you think of home, just like my perfect
ass.

Stefani Germanotta materialized in the pop dimension as Lady Gaga in 2008 with the effervescent RedOne-produced hit, “Just Dance.” Serving as the debut single on her debut album, *The Fame*, the song is narrated by a woman who seems to be coaching herself through successfully finishing—or at least continuing—a night on the town. “I’ve had a little bit too much,” she concedes with the first line, explaining why the coaching is necessary. But too much of what? Gaga obscures the object of her overindulgence. One could assume she’s referring to alcohol; the descriptions of her physical and mental state that follow seem to square with such an assumption. Drawing on lines like “I love this record, baby, but I can’t see straight anymore” and on the disembodied “Incredible...amazing...music” that introduces the bridge, I’d argue that the missing object could possibly be music. Regardless of whatever Gaga has consumed too much alcohol of, she suggests that dancing is the cure she needs. Ordinarily, “vice” implies immorality or illegality, but I use the word herein as an umbrella term for those cravings and behaviors which Gaga indulges in and which should be enjoyed in moderation. In this self-dialogue, her first single gave us an early look at Gaga’s approach to vice; that is, to revel in the positive aspects and repel the negative.

As evidenced by its name, Gaga’s first album is an exploration of her relationship with fame. On the title track, she makes it clear that to her, fame is just another vice; She opens with “I can’t help myself; I’m addicted to a life of material,” equating fame with money, a fair enough leap to make in the 21st century. But just like the sex of “LoveGame”, the gambling of “Poker Face”, and the love of “Starstruck”, fame is an indulgence that she struggles with enjoying in excess. With *The Fame*, Gaga argues that fame is just as addictive as any indulgence, if not more so. Fame as a theme recurs throughout the album, even in reference to other vices. Consider the reference in “LoveGame”; by asking “Do you want love? Do you want fame?”, Gaga implies that these will be results of indulging in sex, and uses this to entice her lover. In “Paparazzi” she threatens, “Baby, you’ll be famous, chase you down until you love me”, once again promising fame as a way to get the love she seeks. It’s worth noting at this point that Gaga seems not to be indulging in fame herself, but rather using it as a bargaining chip for other vices. However, her use of it as such betrays her opinion of it; she must consider it valuable in order to barter with it. Fame even appears as other vices: “Starstruck” toys with fame as love, as does “Paparazzi” to an extent, while “Money Honey” weighs fame/money against (and ultimately equates with) love. In fact, given its role on this album, it’s tempting to return to “Just Dance” and claim that the obscured object is fame. Yes, *The Fame* remarks generally on all of Gaga’s vices in various ways, but the importance and given to fame suggests that she considers it to be her principal vice.

Again, these “vices” are indulgences that should be enjoyed in moderation, including fame. After all, in the pop dimension, fame is a necessity. But even necessities have limits; too much fame can suffocate a career, while too little can starve one. This, perhaps, is why Gaga posits fame as her principal vice; Vice with a capital F. Because of that position, the narrative arc of fame is able to persist throughout her oeuvre. Of course, *The Fame Monster* explicitly continues the fame narrative, describing a near-overdose of fame. *Born This Way* begs for deliverance from the Vice, while *ARTPOP* embraces it. Stefani Germanotta teamed up with Tony Bennett to sterilize the Vice with *Cheek To Cheek*, and her latest effort *Joanne* seeks to repurpose it. The



the first mirror on the decade-old ceiling

ten years ago radio was graced by Lady Gaga. her melodically keys-heavy dance-pop signified a cultural shift for the landscape of popular music (just one of many cultural shifts she would go on to forefront). pantsless and hiding behind Versace glasses and platinum bangs, we were won over in part by the media's begging question, "WHO IS LADY GAGA?" and the subsequent never ending attempts by journalistic and artistic faves to end her, but mostly by Gaga herself - willing to show us exactly who she is, including the ways she changes with each endeavor - who always demonstrated the ability and willingness to learn necessary to produce a decade's worth of nonstop high-quality content. Ten years ago i couldn't see straight anymore, struck by the glittering Italian blonde before us and ten years later i still love this record, baby.

Goodbye, Joanne

the final curtain call of the Joanne era that was the 60th Grammy Award performance has me emotional. for the past year+, Lady Gaga has taken us with her on an extremely intimate journey through trauma and grief, healing and celebration. this included moments of extreme closeness, such as the Dive Bar Tour and moments of extreme universality, such as Victoria's Secret Fashion Show and Super Bowl 51. Million Reasons was the heart of these moments. it transported Joanne to the masses without oversimplifying the breadth of the album's content and without sacrificing it's unique authenticity. to have spent the past year+ listening to Million Reasons be re-interpreted for what felt like a million live performances is, in short, a blessing. through healing with Joanne, i was able to explore my own inherited trauma as a member of the Jewish diaspora, with a differently interpreted racial composition than that of my immediate, mixed family. i was also able to explore my own strength - and creativity - as a woman, as i navigated pain. be it from Sinner's Prayer, Angel Down, A-Yo or the title track, for me, all roads converged at Million Reasons. so, there was no better way to round out such a holistically accomplished era, an era that saw the story through til its end and left room for it to continue growing, than with one final heart-pulling performance of Million Reasons played and sung beautifully at the piano by Lady Gaga with guitar accompaniment by this album's pulsing vein, Mark Ronson.

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Mary Jane Holland, described as the "hardest marijuana record of all time," is unexpectedly the most vulnerable moment of ARTPOP and quite possibly of Lady Gaga's entire career. Sprouting her brunette, the singer-songwriter confronts herself, admitting she is, in fact, not fine. Not only that, but Stefani remains unsure of the solution to her supposed problems: the pressures of fame and respectability and the subsequent alienation from loved ones, as alluded to in the first verse and the bridge. Suggesting marijuana as the cure to her sorrows, she croons "*i think that i could be fine,*" leaving an intoxicated audience with both hope and doubt for the pop superstar.

insert waspy sweatwer pic!!!



 Notes

The Cure may be Lady Gaga's most socially aware bop to date. With lyrics stressing the importance of consent, it is clear the songstress is trying to raise awareness about sexual assault.

So baby tell me yes
And I will give you everything
So baby tell me yes
And I will be all yours tonight
So baby tell me yes
And I will give you everything
I will be right by your side

This isn't Gaga's first time speaking on the subject, either. Alongside Diane Warren, she penned "Til It Happens To You" for the 2015 documentary *The Hunting Ground*, which raised awareness of the large numbers of sexual assaults that take place on college campuses. Additionally, Lady Gaga has been vocal in her support of fellow singer Kesha (formerly Ke\$ha) who has been in legal battles with rapist/producer Dr. Luke.



