


THIRSK  FIRST

50p



HOMERBREW

Russ Substance



SPERMBIRDS TRIBUTE 7"

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DIYS NOT DEAD! 10 COMP

Feat: Hardskin, Pilger, Oi Polloi, I Object, TV Party, Bickle's Cab, Intent, Swellbellys, Four Letter Word, Volunteers, No Substance. Art by Mike Bukowski. (orange splatter vinyl) £5.

TV PARTY/ VOLUNTEERS 8 track split 7" of mid-80's influenced hardcore punk. (blue vinyl) £2.50

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Send SAE for distro list.

Town Clock, PO Box 132, Thirsk, YO7 1WR, UK.
smallssailor@another.co.uk
www.myspace.com/townclockrecords



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Aaron's Intro

Ahhh. How the hell do we breathe sometimes? When I was a lil' whippersnapper, puttin out a zine was something that took days, but now I'm on the wrong side of 30 its a chew on gettin together a few pages for a split zine. I tell ya, a kick int arse is deserved. I do have good reason, I got 3 bands (get on myspace music and check out Tha Gremlynz, Dead Beat At Dawn, and Aaron BeatUp... and all you myspazz haters, fair enough, dont check em out... find some other way, like checkin us out live...) and time is something i dont have a lot free (2 jobs, 3 bands, a girlfriend, a cat, a flat, and a few gram of hash...), and what little time I do have is usually spent watching wrestling and getting stoned. So stuff ya.

I tried interviewing a few bands for this, but for whatever reason (either they didnt reply, or they did and we left it too late so it was out of date...) anyway, I ended up sticking with Homebrew, cuz they're good lads and God knows they need the shout-outs... They got a myspazz page too, so check them out, and watch their video, there's a handsome punk rocker in it going ga-ga in his flat...

A few words before you flick past the rest of the zine... Yes, this country is turning into a police state. No, theres nothing we can do - we're all fucked. Yes, we should keep trying anyway. Yes, I'm saddened by Chris Benois death - he was a good wrestler. No, I dont care if he killed his wife and kid before killing himself - he was still a good wrestler. Yes, I am a prize cunt.

Stay Safe kids, and dont do drugs (except weed & salvia)...

- Aaron BeatUp

Rich T's Intro

Wow, is this really gonna see the light of day? At one point I didn't think it would. After we did the first issue of Thirsk First we planned on getting another one out straight away but that was about 2 years ago! It then seemed that another issue would never happen, then we got talking to Paul at Initonit and decided to do a split zine. So here it is. For people who don't no me and Aaron used to do Small Sailor and My God Can Beat Up Your God fanzines way back in the day when zines were cool and people didn't expect to download everything for free. Anyway, enough of that.

Town Clock Records still lives. We have just put out a Spermbirds Tribute 7" compilation featuring Lowlife UK, TV-Party, Swellbellys, Bickle's Cab, BSD and Sunpower on lovely white vinyl, and next up will be a Bickle's Cab 12" LP. The band have recorded and it'll hopefully be sent off to the pressing plant whilst you're reading this. Since the last ish we also put out a TV-Party/Volunteers split 7". and we are planning an FxPxOx CD.

Check out: www.myspace.com/townclockrecords for tracks 'n' news, etc. We also have a large list of rec's n CDs so send a SAE for the latest list.

Thanks goes to Paul for doing the split, Russ n the Brew for the ints and anyone who did an article, etc. Soz it's taken so long!

Don't forget, always be polite to your postman and buy vinyl not CDs.

Take care
- Rich T



Town Clock Mailorder

Town Clock Records, PO Box 132, Thirsk, YO7 1WR, UK.
smallssailor@another.co.uk

We do a DIY punk distro sellin' records, CD's 'n' sines. Here's some of t'stuff we 'ave:

- Pilger 'Begging for a Silver Lining' LP \$5
- Bickle's Cab 'Only Darkness Waits...' CD \$5
- Hit Me Back 'Life' LP \$6
- The Horror 'The Fear, the Terror, the Horror' LP/CD \$6
- Bones Brigade 'Endless Summer' 10" \$5
- Swellbellys 'Bullets & Blades' LP/CD \$5
- Because/Dauntless Elite - split 7" \$2.25

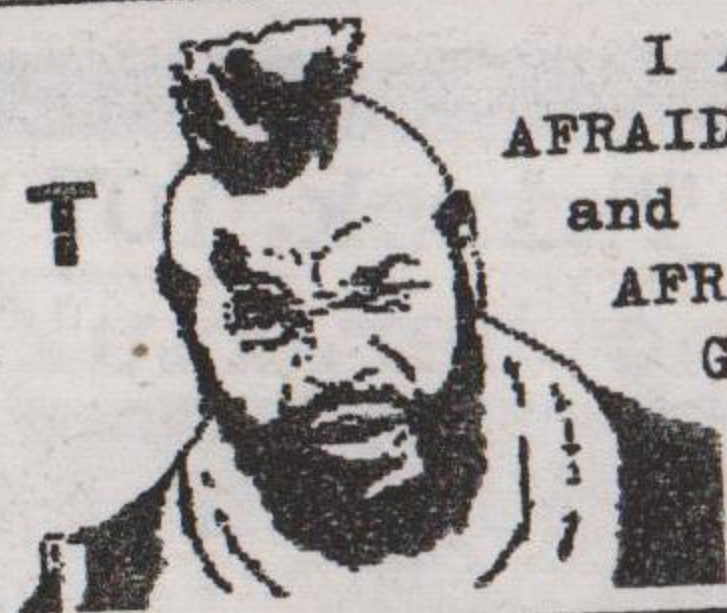
- Direct Control - s/t 7" \$2.20
- I Object 'First 2 Years' CD \$5
- Mingers 'Passion Not Fashion' CD \$6
- Out Gold 'Goodbye Cruel World' CD \$5.50
- Practise/Smalltown - split 7" \$2.25
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- The Restarts 'System Error' CD \$5
- Let's Grow 'Neverending Story' 7" \$2.20
- I Object 'America Today' 7" \$2.20

- Sainte Gatherines/Whiskey Sunday - split 7" \$2.20
- Various 'DIY's Not Dead!' 10" \$6 (Pilger, Hardskin, I Object, Oi Polloi, Intent, Volunteers, Bickle's Cab, No Substance, Four Letter Word, TVP, Swellbellys)

Postage (UK only): 7"s 50p, 10"/LPs \$1, CDs 50p
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UK Cheques/PO orders: C Thompson; £1 = \$2
Send SAE for full distro list!



Mr Rich T



I AIN'T AFRAID TO FLY!
and I AIN'T AFRAID TO GROW VEG,
SUCKER!

Just another vinyl rant!

I've heard a few comments about how hard it is to sell vinyl nowadays. Some labels have even gone to the extent of releasing ep's only on CD. Personally I prefer the vinyl format and choosing to buy summert on CD when I could get it on vinyl is like me going and buying a hip-hop record when I could spend my money on some hardcore 7inches. It just wouldn't fuckin happen. I leave the hip-hop shite to Aaron. The common excuse I hear from kids is they don't have record players. But they have CD players, and probably ipod's or mp3 players too! For me, buying vinyl is part of being a punk. It's been part of my life since I was fifteen or sixteen. The first thing I do when I get an order, or come from Out of Step is check-out what I have bought. Looking at the artwork on the sleeves, and the inlay sheet, and more importantly, checking out the colour of the vinyl. I get excited, it's like being a kid again at christmas. I don't get this sort of satisfaction from a CD, tape or even a DVD. As the vinyl release disappears from the music scene (even the dj's use CDs now), it seems that the DIY punk scene has embraced it and used the record to make some excellent releases, flicking through Maximum RockNRoll you can see that the 7inch is still thriving. As someone who releases records I also find it more fun to put out a vinyl release. You have to choose the colour of the vinyl, or combination of colours, with speckles, etc, and then decide on the packaging to go with it. Cardboard sleeve or plastic bag? Fold out sleeve or inlay sheet. Gatefold, poster? You can do what you want, and even go for some screen printing, all relating to the budget and resources you have. You don't get much leeway with a CD or tape has they're mainly all done in the pressing plant. The main problem with choosing to press on vinyl is the price, which is rapidly increasing. If you go for coloured vinyl or fancy packaging then you are gonna struggle to beak even with a limited release. A CD costs about a quid to manufacture, and can be sold for anything from a fiver to fifteen pounds. You can also get ripped off with some rare or bootlegged vinyl, but you can also find that fifteen quid Ramones LP for a couple of pounds if you search around second-hand shops (or even as low as 50 pence down the car booty), and the searching around and collecting is part of the fun. In the future the interest in vinyl will probably decrease even more but I think there will always be a core of listeners (bands, labels, etc included) that will want the vinyl format and keep it going. And with the ipod and mp3 players taking over from the CD it looks like vinyl might even out live the compact disc?!

- Rich T



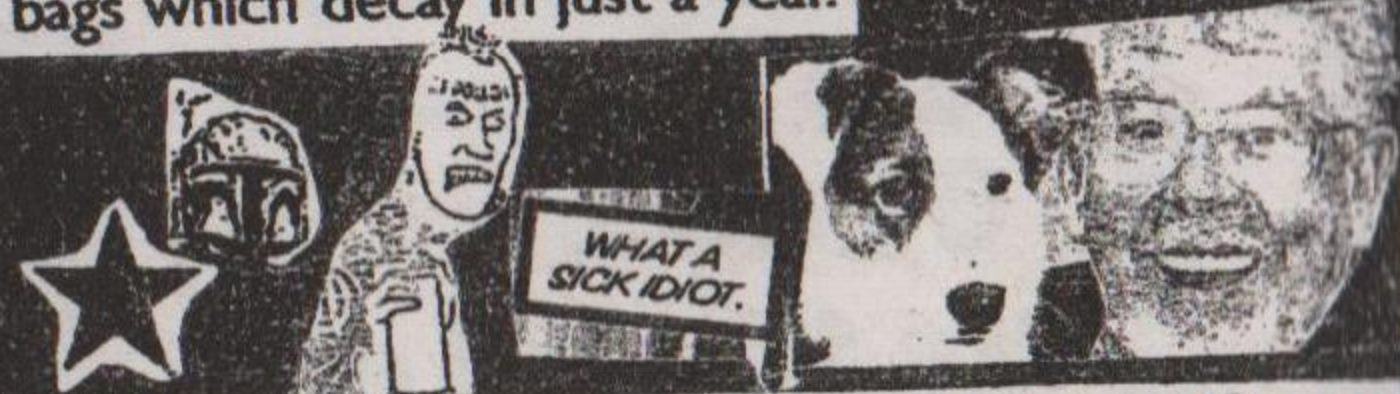
KIRK T. BURTON

Just before Christmas I spent 2 months working in Argos. One thing that really did my head in was that, like in most shops, the staff were supposed to put the customers purchases in a plastic bag. Now it wasn't the fact that I'm a lazy fuck (ok there is that as well) that annoyed me but that plastic bags are a complete waste of resources and cause pollution. It can take up to 500 years for a plastic bag to decay in a landfill. Every person in this country uses an average of 134 bags a year. That's a hell of a lot of bags just sitting and not decaying. 8 billion a year in the UK alone.

Really, is there any need for it? Unlike other workers, I wouldn't give bags out so willingly. I'd often just say to the customer "You'll be alright carrying it as it is won'cha?" but each day you'd get some twat who'd want a bag to carry batteries or headphones or something they could easily fit into their pockets. Bastards.

Plastic bags have also made me hate Asda. I didn't like it as it was because of it being owned by Wal Mart but now I fucking hate it. I only got some bread from there the other month and I told the woman I didn't want a bag. She insisted even though I assured her I was fine but she wouldn't let it go, saying the security would think I'm stealing otherwise. Charming, I look like a shoplifter now do I? Well I have been known to but that's a different story. As it was, I ended up accepting the bag as my friends Mum was there and I didn't want to kick up a fuss in front of her but I haven't been in Asda since. No sir!

Co-op on the other hand has to be one of the best chainstores ever! Not only is a lot of their products like coffee and chocolate fair trade, but they also use degradable bags which decay in just a year.



So kiddies, if you want to help the world, shop at Co-op. Or save your plastic bags and use them the next time your out. Or better still, buy a backpack. Just don't wear it down the front of a punk show cos as the wonderful Atomgevitter sing in Backpackcore: "What's so important that you need a book, a mug, a thermos of tea? What's so important it has to go down the front at this punk rock show?"

Shameless plug time! Word on the street is all the cool kids are listening to The Planeteers/The Declined/Swordface split 7" this summer. You too can purchase a copy. £3 PPD from Kirk, 4 Gilcomstoun Land, Aberdeen, AB10 1TA, UK or if anyone wants to trade mixtapes or just talk about the aceness of punk email me: joetown_punk@hotmail.com. Adios for now!

- Kirk

Done Reckoning



STEVE SCANNER

Another shocking picture comes on your TV screen
You just try and turn away from the things you hate to see

- The Instigators



These days, it's rare for me to be genuinely shocked by something I have seen on television. Images that should shock, disgust or cause a minor mental trauma "Iraq's war dead, any war dead in fact; famine in Africa; Mugabe's rampant, despotic regime in Zimbabwe; treatment of those incarcerated without trial at Guantanamo" resoundingly fail. We see these images (and more) so often that we, or at least I, have become vaguely desensitised to them all. After a brief, initial reaction of "Yuk, or Jeez" or even pushing the extremities with a "Fuck me," the shock value has been absorbed. The image has become a part of my history and one that I may be repulsed by, but shocked? Nah those days have gone.

But still, I get depressed and irate about those issues just mentioned. Man's inhumanity to man rests heavy on my conscience and political and social awareness is certainly preferable to apathy and ignorance. It's just that media saturation of images, which should leave a long-lasting sense of dissatisfaction, usually renders them impotent. I believe words have a greater power than images. Images are, all too often, sensationalistic (fetishistic even) a quick fix with no real substance. Words require a bit of thought, some cognitive exercise and remain with me a lot longer.

It's odd what tends to leave a long-lasting impact. What knocked me for six was not the recent Panorama documentary about the London Bombs. It was something as innocuous as a programme noted more for culinary culture than breaking sacred taboos: Jamie's School Dinners.

Quit laughing, readers! I stumbled across the programme one evening and decided to watch. It basically documented the state of school dinners in the UK and the effect they have on the health of the kids eating them. My interest was held because I never had school lunches. At primary school, I lived close enough to go home for dinner and at high school I took a packed lunch. So, with interest roused, I watched "and couldn't believe the shit shovelled down the throats of kids and the lack of knowledge, today's kids have about what they are eating.

I've watched a couple of episodes now and each time I have been genuinely shocked by the facts Jamie Oliver has revealed about the state of school cuisine. Sure, I



appreciate that Oliver could be focusing on a worst-case-scenario, but I'd really worry if I had a child who didn't know the difference between a stick of rhubarb and a beetroot! That's fucking tragic. These kids knew the difference between the MacDonald's and Domino's Pizza logos, yet failed to identify an onion.

Worse than that' in a recent episode, an actual dinner lady, who was in her 40s I guess, confessed to the fact that she had never eaten any form of beans!? What gives? Maybe she lacked the basic gastronomic intelligence to realise Baked Beans (which I'm sure she chowed down on a regular basis with a copious helping of chips) are in fact beans! The look of apprehension on this lady's face before she ate some Runner Beans for the first time would have been hysterical had it not been so tragically true. Most of the dinner ladies apparently had no formal cookery training either; some didn't know how to cook pasta, others couldn't prepare vegetables. But give them Bernard Matthews, frozen, regurgitated chicken offal in breadcrumbs (aka Chicken Nuggets) to fry in a pool of lard and these same dinner ladies were in their element.

But what really twisted my guts (although not as much as school dinners do on the kids eating them) were disclosures about the health of these kids. It seems that in the London borough of Greenwich there is a Constipation Counsel Group. Today's kids are eating so much processed rubbish full of e-numbers, offal and chemicals it's actually clogging their systems. One lad had apparently not taken a crap in six WEEKS. Others were so bad that partially formed turds were being vomited out of the mouth, as they couldn't pass in the regular manner.

Gobble down your green eggs and ham
Wash it down with processed lamb
Keep everyone stupid is the plan
Brought to you by the man

More Squawk, (adapted) - MDC



One of the main problems seems to be the kids, unwillingness to try something new. As a kid, I don't recall refusing food I had not tried before. Sure, there were things I didn't like (and still don't) including garlic, curry and rhubarb, but I gave them a go. These kids didn't. Oliver created fantastic, healthy menus comprising all the necessary vegetable servings, vitamins and protein required for a nutritional, balanced diet, and the kids didn't wanna know. Maybe it was peer pressure, maybe it was parenting or maybe it was a conglomeration of reasons. Whatever the reasons why, one thing was proven: the kids, attention span improved dramatically after eating wholesome food. These kids were actually learning more when eating decent food.

And what occurred when Oliver presented this to the Government? Besides vague indifference, the big issue was money. When Oliver's meals were a mere 10p per head over budget, the whole experiment was stopped, even though proof suggested the kids were not only healthier while eating these meals, but more attentive and willing to learn. It seems the Department of Education would rather hinder a child's learning process

"I'VE HAD SOME GOOD TIMES DOWN THE STATION."

and expose them to matter that could trigger an early death while saving a few pennies than breed a new intelligent, healthy generation.

In an attempt to take the sting outta Oliver's programme, it should be no surprise that the esteemed Labour Government announced, just before the first episode of Jamie's School Dinners, a new drive to improve the quality of school dinners by establishing an independent school food trust and introducing tougher standards on processed foods. Essentially, the regulations only apply to processed foods, so there is no progress regarding fresh fruit and vegetables, and there are no restrictions on monosodium glutamate, E additives or colourings. It could be seen as a small step in the right direction; it should be seen as political whitewash.

Either way, I tip my hat to Oliver for bringing the deplorable state of, not only school food, but ALL processed food to the attention of a wider audience. I also think he should be commended for trying to change a system that has been entrenched in apathy for too long. And the fact he's stirring up some trouble with the Government? Now THAT'S what I call progress!!

Ya got to know who your enemy is
The Enemy, - DOA

Steve Scanner
www.scannerzine.com

there are serious issues that directly affect them and they keep themselves informed.

I'm sure to be preaching to the converted in these pages, but it is time to stop and think about these serious issues and pay attention to the world around us, no matter how depressing it can appear to be. It scares me to think that some people in this country actually have the right to vote despite their uninformed opinions; but hey, that's democracy for you! It makes me wonder how this once mighty nation ever held as much power as it once did. It is an oft-cited fact that even the average French plumber is significantly more articulate and well versed in esoteric matters than your average Englishman.

I implore you dear reader to make a stand against the mind-numbing dross that television and tabloid media feed us to keep us dumb. Hell, our TV programming has become so mindless that the Americans are finding it palatable enough to buy the leftovers. Allow your escapism to be based in creative arts and expression as opposed to twisted voyeurism and banal celebrity gossip. Seek out the truth before forming stubborn opinions and always retain an ability to evolve your conceptions.

For anybody whose not yet figured, this article was written to the super swingin' sounds of N.W.A - Express Yourself, Public Enemy - Channel Zero and Anti-Flag - Underground Network. Go listen and then read about yo'self.

ALL - K.O.
PUNK'S NOT DEAD



Scared to Kick Reality??

Why does your average White Van Englishman not give much of a shite about what goes on in the world unless it directly affects them? Is it because they are wrapped up in tabloid pap with an average reading age of 8? Is it because people are too busy hustling and jacking five-point-o's on PS2/XBOX? Is it because the great British public are becoming more and more Americanis(z)ed - i.e. Keepin' 'em dumb via the media? I hope not....

Following a week around Northern Ireland hanging out on Bosseye's recent tour, I reached a minor enlightenment on the subject. Northern Irish hospitality is second to none, and it was interesting to hear many locals speak quite freely of their lands political past and history of violence. It became apparent that everyone knows someone that had been caught up in the shootings, car-bombings and assorted bloodshed, and this is how they grow up with an almost innate awareness of both domestic and global politics. So Joe Public takes an interest because



I'm sick and fucking tired of useless, brainless, rich, arrogant 'celebrities'. But now they're not even proper celebrities. One footballer's cock inside them, or one popstars cunt penetrated, and they're whisked away into reality TV heaven - heaven for them, hell for the poor cunts that what this shit is your life so dull, so fucking mundane that you have to resort to watching zeros on shit 'reality' TV. Reality? Bollocks. Let's have reality TV live from death row. Each week you get to vote which famous wanker gets to fry in the electric chair. Or, better still, you can vote how the cunts die. Beckham can have golden cannonballs fired at his head. Jordan could be drowned in silican, Peter Stringfellow could be garrotted with a thong and Vinnie Jones could have his eyes pecked out by the birds, the talented fuckwit loves to shoot. You couldn't play football and every film you've been in is complete bollocks - you twat. Of course, the death penalty wouldn't be used on 'real' people, it would be reserved for those who are so desperate for their fifteen minutes of fame they'd sell their child, mother and fucking poodle. Cunts.

Driving back from seeing the fantastic Lost Cherries in Leeds, I noticed rows upon rows of rabbits staring at the side of the A1. Come on bunny, it's a fucking dangerous road, drivers are heartless bastards, they won't stop for a little rabbit. PLEASE, I plea to all the cute furry animals reading this, stay away from the roads, roadkill isn't pretty, it pisses me off, because I actually give a fuck about our natural world. I'm not saying drivers should swerve into a line of school children to avoid a mouse, or drive into a tree to avoid a pigeon (trees have feelings too). But watch out for the innocent creatures who seem to have to pay the price for human progress.

Can I just say that all NIMBY's should DIE, DIE you fucking cunt-faced, bollock-brained arseholes. These motherfuckers bring misery to thousands. Travellers camp - not in my backyard, homeless hostel - not in my backyard, skatepark - not in my backyard, wind turbine - not in my backyard. Well, I don't want you narrow-minded, selfish zealots in my backyard. No excuses, you just don't give a fuck about anyone else, I hope they knock your house down and replace it with an animal sanctuary. You will be forced to stay there, sharing your house with the hedgehogs. God, I pray for justice.

- Paul



R.I.P. THE HORSESHOE



Portsmouth. A naval port situated on the south coast. In fact - its an island, its that far down the country. Home to many a chav & visiting sailors. Famous for its profusion of pubs & crap football. Custodian of the dis-used warship, tank & submarine. You can probably tell already that I really really loved living there, but what was the catalyst for my 9 years in the place? It was the people. Nestled at the bottom end of town is Southsea, an enclave of open spaces & good pubs - and its one of these pubs that changed my life forever.

The Horseshoe sat forbodingly on a roundabout on the main road into Southsea (great for giving visiting bands directions!) and had a peculiar curve to its architecture. In the main bar was ample space & seating, a pool table & a perfect chill out, but upstairs was 'DOCS' - a smaller bar for hire.

I first stumbled upon Docs after another pub, The Air Balloon, shut down back in early 1996. Fat BABE played & the place was heaving & sweaty. People moshed, then people left. The next gig wasnt until a few months later - & I couldnt wait that long. So after a conversation with the Indlord I booked my first DIY hardcore show in the summer of that year, booked a PA, got some bands to

play, made a rainforest worth of flyers and put them everywhere I could, and the gig was very well attended! This led to another gig, another, and so on, and by the time only 6 months had past I found myself networking with bands & scenes from all over the country with a view to bringing them down to play. We even had touring bands from France & Italy at one point! 'Pompey' (as it is known locally - I dont know why) was on the map!

And things kept going for a good few years till the dark days, whereby we had a regularity of at least 2 gigs a month featuring at least 4 bands, all sharing equipment (within reason), and the same people kept coming back! New bands began to pop up in the surrounding area of whom would also start to play and for them, like me, this one little venue was something theyll always remember.

It wasnt just me though. Although our nights had preferential dates (ie saturdays!), the venue hosted shows from all genres of alternative music - almost every night - and seemed to always be the hub of activity for just about every scene in existence in the town!

At the time I left for Australia in 2001 the punks had well & truly taken over and the Horseshoe began to be known locally as 'the punk pub', an Identity it carried for a few years! Not only was it our favourite poky little venue, but somewhere to go & get wasted as well!

Like every happy story there is an unhappy ending. Trendy apartments now occupy the space our beloved 'shoes used to. Almost a year ago to the date the last dayer was held & it was quickly demolished. It had been on the cards for some time as the last landlord willingly ran it into the ground - Literally. He didn't care, it was all about the money for him.

Although there are a few punk/hardcore shows going on nowadays in Portsmouth, I think few will disagree with me that when the Horseshoe went down a good part of the scene went with it. Still there are some outstanding bands down there, and it seems such a shame that they dont have a regular 'home show' venue.



JOE

People and Wildlife

Recently I have been getting pretty stressed out by living in the city. You'd think I'd be used to it by now, having spent most of my life in urban places, but I still find myself getting pissed off at the crowds, traffic, pollution, incessant noise and the general pressure of everyone rushing about and treating each other with contempt. So the other day I decided to have a wander away from the city

centre, just relaxing and looking at the wildlife, something I do from time to time just to escape the hassle and "normal" life.

This got me thinking why most people don't make more of the land and wildlife around them, and I'm like, fair enough, not everyone cares too much about that sort of thing anyway. Then again, I know from personal experience that lots of people are interested but just don't know too much about it. Kids are always really interested in running around outdoors and finding out about their surroundings, and adults regret not knowing more. The system in place right now neglects this side of education or whatever and people are kept ignorant of what our ancestors would have learnt without trying. People are, in this way, separate from the land; connections are severed or prevented from being formed. It is not of value, apparently, to learn about animals and land around you. If people know the true value of their environment, they may object to progress. If people were to realise exactly what they'd be losing by development or roads being built, then it would be harder to sell land to the highest bidder as the current system does. Ignorance in this way (as in other ways) feeds the capitalist machine.

But there are more personal benefits to knowing a bit about what's around you. Knowledge can give you hope, make you smile, surprise you, make your day memorable. This is especially true in urban places, where, once you learn a little, you begin to realise that wildlife exists. People say there's nothing left here, I don't see this or that bird anymore. I say listen, in the background you can hear the creature you think is missing, but they just don't know how to listen or what to listen for. Or because they're too busy running for the bus, the train, for their workplace. But this realisation that their surroundings still contains life makes them smile, and maybe they slow down a little.

More knowledge also gives people a connection to the changes that happen all around. The changing seasons, for example: more than just a change in temperature and the clocks. Each spring and autumn, millions of migrant birds, moths and butterflies, and so on come and go, making a mockery of human borders. And so I tell people, that butterfly came from the Mediterranean, that bird from southern Africa, that one from the Arctic, and people are amazed. It is, I think, a liberating feeling to know that humans have not got total control over all natural processes and also show us how self-limiting we can be. And knowing something is an unusual visitor, or knowing that something else has returned for the first time since their population was decimated suggests that, in time, good and surprising things are possible.

But we are not encouraged to know these things. Instead, wildlife is an irrelevance, sometimes welcomed, but to often seen as an impediment to, not a part of, our lives. People say there are too many of something, and it is becoming a nuisance, etc., after all, we have to be in control! Certain "country" folk lecture city people about how they're the guardians of the countryside and know best. Sometimes they have a point, but very often these

same people wipe out all the predatory or "pest" species in a site so they can rear artificially high numbers of gamebirds to be blasted from the sky with guns. They may have saved a small fragment of woodland, for example, but if you walk through it, you'll see and hear very little that isn't of cash value to the landowner, and sport for the rich. Only a shadow of a woodland. And rare farms take over elsewhere, semi-sterile prairies, hence the massive declines in Skylarks, Hares, wildflowers, etc. And these losses go on without resistance, because most people wouldn't even know a fraction of the species been eliminated.

So what am I trying to say? Well, just if people knew a little more, wildlife wouldn't just be seen as either a nuisance or in terms of profits, the exploiters would get away with fewer abuses of our land, and there would be far more resistance to the destruction of what is rightfully our heritage. The cities', parks, green spaces, allotments, etc, harbour healthy populations of many creatures that in the countryside are harassed and struggling. These places give us an opportunity to learn, and gain a confidence that comes with knowing about your surroundings, confidence to refute and react against the greedy lies of developers and the bloodsports lobby.

And day to day I reckon that, by being more conscious of the life around us, our lives would be richer, people would take time to observe things, have time to think, to escape sometimes from everyday life, have another reason to be late somewhere or not turn up at all. These are just some thoughts about another small way of altering for the better how we live and not just accepting how the system wants us to be.

TALIA MINGER

token female



i'm not used to this writing lark, but i just wanted to let people know about some goin on over in sri lanka right now, so bear with me. i went over to sri lanka with the aurora charity (check em out: <http://www.turtle-moon.plus.com/aurora/>) who i found on t'interweb when i was researching charities to give the money from that benefit comp to (a lovely cd-r of 18 lovely songs donated by 18 lovely bands. if you want to know more get in touch at taliabitch@yahoo.co.uk - it could be yours for a mere 2 squid, all of which goes directly to the charity and so directly to the sri lankan people, with none lost in admin or corruption! aurora have received the first £100 from the sales, and the second £100 is on the way very soon...)

the village we are involved in building will have 40 houses, 4 shops, a montessori school and an ayurvedic doctors surgery, when completed. it is situated in the rather

badly hit (but not the worst by far) area of kosgoda on the south-east coast.

it was 8 months after the tsunami hit, and it might as well have been a few weeks. the promises the government made to the surviving victims, of funds to help them get their lives and homes back together, have not (surprise surprise) held true. there is no sign of the millions of pounds sent over by the uk and other concerned countries, in an effort to help the victims, apart from a load of temporary wooden huts. but are they really temporary? cos it seems that that's it now, their new homes! and the tin roof doesn't half heat the place up like a bloomin oven during the day - not ideal in that climate! and they're built right by the sea, that terrifying mass of water that already took almost everything these families ever had, including some of their friends and relatives. i wouldn't want to be sleeping metres from that water after experiencing once what it could do, would you? and even if they do want to stay by the sea, on the land that was theirs anyway, if their house was less than 100m from the sea they aint allowed to rebuild it. safety reasons apparently. yeah right, so why are there hotels building on these people's land? they're not even seeing a penny, and they never will. the government and the tourist industry seem determined to exploit this disaster as much as they can. rake in the cash. fuck the people left without homes, without members of their family, without the land they once owned, without any of the possessions they're used to (and they're not used to the life of poverty you might think: some of these people had computers, tv's, stereo's, all those little luxuries we all like to enjoy, and it all got taken away, never to be seen again, with no help from their government, or anyone, to get their lives back together again)... just those wooden huts... oh, and the odd red cross water tank that once had fesh water in but now is as contaminated as the wells that got filled with sea water and still haven't been cleaned up to drinking standard again, even though they are the only source of drinkable water for most people in that area.

on a more positive note, there are quite a few little villages being built around the area, by smaller independent charities (like aurora) from all around the world. they are employing sri lankan labourers to build the villages, helping to give jobs back to the people, and providing good quality housing for some of the luckier families. hopefully these villages will continue to pop up, cos they're pretty cool, and many more families need homes than are getting them right now...

so that's a brief explanation of what's going on in sri lanka: nowhere near enough, but something at least. and just because it aint on the news over here any more certainly doesn't mean they're all fine and dandy now. perhaps if all the money that had been sent over there had been used to help the victims get their lives back together, they would be well on the way, but the sad truth is, it hasn't... but some fat cat government bastards have had some awesome holidays and those new cars are lovely and shiny!

ayubowan

— Talia Minger



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Trying to write about something you haven't already read about a million times in other zines is a tricky one, and after much debating I decided to write about something that probably has been done a million times, but hopefully I'll be putting a slightly different slant on it. The subject in hand: God and Religion, and punk! Straight up, I reckon practically everyone that reads this column don't believe in God. Well, I do (I'll pause a second here while you swear a bit, and say I'm not a punk! blah blah). Ok, I first I saw the light one summer afternoon in 1999 while I was high on Ecstasy (another pause for the insults!). In that drug-heightened state it occurred to me that God was real, and God was love. Yes, I know I was high, and that the drugs brought on and led me to feel like that, but brother I taken drugs for long time now (that's not a boast) and its safe to say I know exactly what is and isn't real, what is and isn't an effect of the drug. Yeah, it was the ecstasy that put me in that loved up state, but that just led to my mind being open enough to see the light. Anyway, as someone who had always considered religions evil, and questioned all theologies with distrust (blame them Dead Kennedys songs! ha), I just couldn't justify belief in a God or system shackled by rules and regulations. For the next three years I questioned how I could have such faith in God, there was nothing any religion could offer that provided even a hint of "being right". Religions are wrong, and I know this. Based on mythologies and ancient traditions, and altered through time to suit the needs of the greedy, and more importantly rules. Rules, do this, don't do that, God said this God said that. That is bullshit, straight up. bullshit. We have been gifted with free will, and that means exactly that, whatever the fuck we want. Gods an anarchist, no fucking doubt. Anyway, in summer 2003 I came across a book that allowed me to understand the relationship between myself, God and everything in between. To me God is so personified by the punk scene, its unreal. A fuck you to the rules, the being told what to do, and the want to do it our way. The realization that we're all the fucking same, black, white, male, female, young or old, and our compassion and love of all life, including the animals. It's our thirst for knowledge, to find the truth out there, our constant questioning of all laws and everything put in front of us. Its appreciating everybody's contribution to



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our scene and our lives, doing the bands, the zines, the labels, the shows, not for the money, not for the ego, but for the love of it, for the want of sharing it with everyone else.

So yeah, God fucking rocks. Now I aint sayin ya'll should go and find God, cuz at the end of the day that aint the important bit, nor am I condoning the use of ecstasy or any drugs (I don't drink or take any drugs, except for smoking copious amounts of weed, but they way I see it weed is a plant, and thus it counts as one of our daily intake of 5 fruit & veg! oh yeah I do!). All I'm saying is its worth letting the love in!

Endnotes:

* Seen some great shows over 2005, but without a doubt the best of the lot was Gwar, so good we went see em twice!

** I've mentioned this elsewhere, but the death of Eddie Guerrero is a tragic loss, one of the greatest wrestlers of the last few years. Make an effort today to lie, cheat n steal in his name!

*** I been a playstation geek a whole lot recently. Tiger Woods Golf 2006, and Smackdown vs Raw 2006 are both ace games providing plenty of hours of entertainment. Also worth checking out are The Warriors an cool beat em up based on the classic film, and Ultimate Spiderman, which we loved till we got stuck on a level. And its an oldie but a goodie, Def Jam 2: Fight For NY is awesome fun, all your fave hip hop stars are included, and a pretty cool story mode, however it really comes into itself when you build up your character and battle your mate for four hours!

**** That book mentioned above, for anyone who cares, is called "Conversations With God" by Neale Donald Walsch. It aint gospel, and should be taken with a pinch of salt, but it best sums up the way I feel. However, Sticky Fingaz, from legendary Hip-hop act "Onyx" summed the whole thing up perfectly on his song "Oh God" on the solo album "Black Trash", which I cant recommend checking out enough.

***** Hoping to finish my DIY hip hop demo over the next coupla months. You wont like it, lyrics are too punk for rap fans, the musics too rap for punk fans!

***** 2006: Year of the mustache, I'm sure it will be!



LIFE MINT Sir jimmy hickman NUTHIN BUT BITCHES AND MONKEYS

Was this time last year I was getting ready to head out to South Africa get up to some monkey business. Since I got back had offers from Hello, O.K. and all the other limp dick mags but I've put an article together to hand in to the only zine worth writing fo'. Check below fo' the uncut truth on drug running, people smuggling and hard-core filth...

I set of to South Africa 9th of January last year to get outta this cold British winter, work on me tan and most importantly go see some of the world and try to give something back. I did bits of voluntary work in the south got to go see a lot of the country, I ended up in a place called Tzaneen. I always planned on coming here but fo' reasons I can barely remember and that don't matter to this story but I almost didn't make it. But hell now I was here and it felt good, I was heading up to the Vervet Monkey Foundation. The Vervet Monkey Foundation is a rehab



centre fo' vervet monkeys. It takes in maimed, ex-lab, orphaned, well any monkey that can't survive in the wild. Everyone there was there for the same reason, it had the most amazing vibe around the place and yer really felt people pulling together for one goal, it didn't matter who yer were, where you were from you just got down and pulled together, it was the best feeling of community. You'd get up every day sweating worse than the big show doing star jumps to go work around the centre doing what needed to be done, sometimes bathing the babies, feeding em. Even just going on a patrol to make sure they were all doing well but I could garun damn tee there'd be more shit flinging than at a G.G. show. There is only so far you can rehab vervets in the centre, we can get them living back as troops functioning in the hierarchy they would in the wild, but when we got them to this stage there still gonna fall prey to the grim reaper in the sanctuary, that's why people have launched the Vervet Forest Project

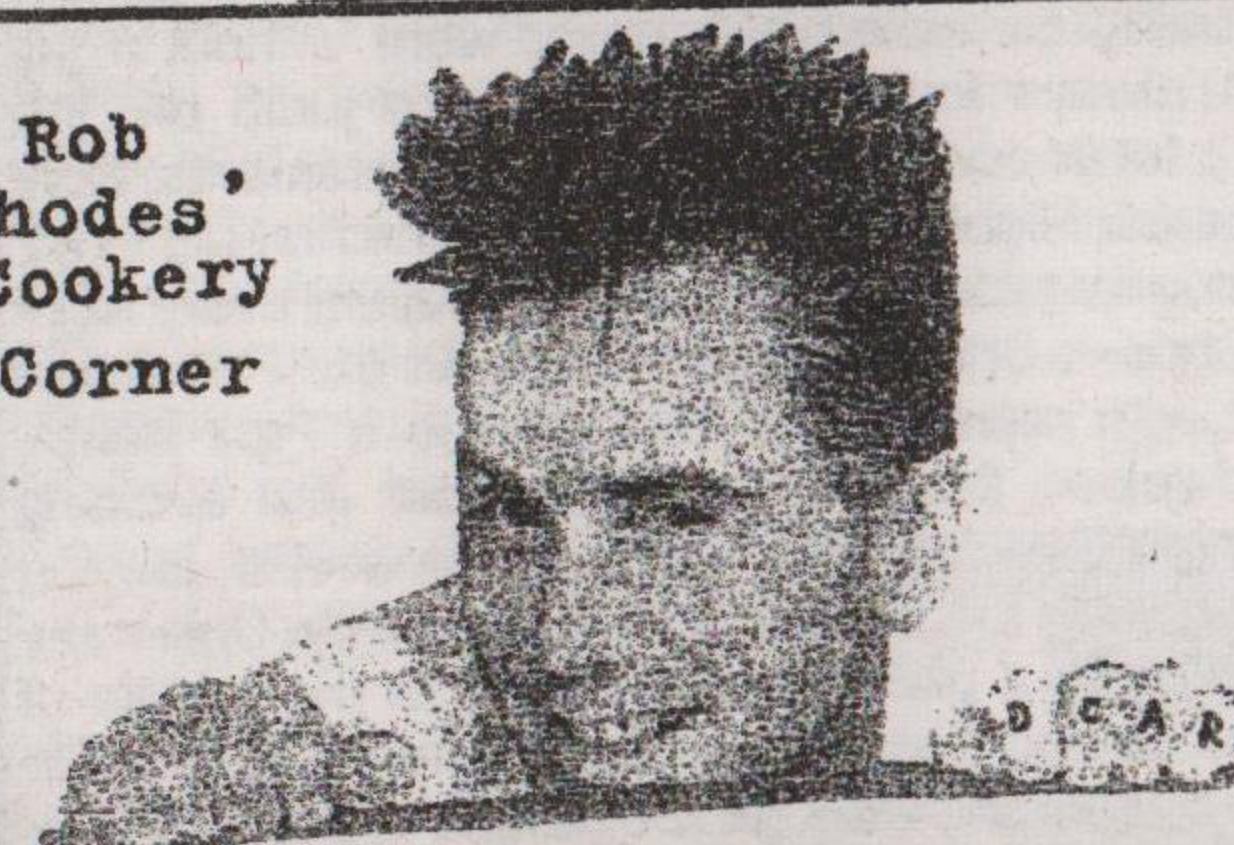
Vervet Forest is buying up degraded land to plant new forest, which is getting smaller from deforestation. It plants the new land which will be fenced in to release the vervet monkey troop after a few generations, this monkey will be a fully wild animal again. I learned a lot about this fantastic place and since I got back I've done bits of fund raising. I'd like to say thanks to Jamie and Katy at the "Loud" Nelson fo' helping sell some vervet monkey soft toys, all the proceeds heading to the monkey sanctuary and cheers to anyone out there that bought one, its all towards a good cause. If anyone that read this feels they can help adopting a monkey, buying the merch or getting out and volunteering go find www.vervet.za.org. Cheers!

Jimmy's final thoughts

So yer finished reading and realized that there was none of the shiit I promised at t if that's the only reason yer read it maybe its time to pull ya head from the sand and get out and do something fo' the world yer whine so much about, everyone's got it deep inside, yeah some deeper than others but we can all make a change, so go do it baby.



Rob Rhodes' Cookery Corner



Roasted Tomato Soup with Basil

Ingredients:

Soup:
1lb 8oz (700g) red tomatoes
1 small bunch of fresh basil leaves (3/4 oz or 20g)
3-4 tablespoons of Extra Virgin Olive Oil
4oz/110g potatoes
1 heaped teaspoon tomato puree
1 teaspoon balsamic vinegar
2 cloves of garlic
salt and black pepper

Croutons:

1 ciabatta roll
1 tablespoon Olive Oil



Method:

1, Skin tomatoes by pouring boiling water over them, leave for a minute, then drain them a slip the skins off by rubbing them in your hand. Slice the tomatoes in half and arrange on a roasting tray. Season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle a few drops of oil on each piece, followed by a bit of chopped garlic, and finally top each one with a piece of basil leaf.

2, Roast the lot in the oven for 50 minutes or until the edges are slightly blackened.

3, 20-30 minutes before roasting ends boil the potatoes in water with salt and the tomato puree.

4, For croutons, Slice the edges of the ciabatta into small cubes and place in a bowl with the olive oil, stirring them until you get a good coating. Arrange on a small baking sheet and place in oven for 8-10 minutes on 190. Leave to cool.

5, Mix the contents of the cooked tomatoes and the potatoe puree together including the water.

6, Mix basil with salt and crush in a mortar. Add some olive oil and the vinegar, then stir into the soup.

7, Mix well, simmer together for 5 minutes, then serve with a garnish of croutons.

Peeling the tom's can be a bit tricky but it's worth the hassle.

Alternatively you can use tinned tom's and just bung it all it a saucepan, but you don't get the oven roasted taste to it.

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Russ Substance

This is an interview done with Russ Substance, singer/guitarist with SouthCoast punx No Substance. He also does his own solo stuff, writes 'You've Come to Take my Toys Away' zine, and was recently in Gordon Gano's Army.



7. What music do you listen to regularly?

Right now spinning on my stereo is Bikini Kill's, Reject All American, which is a fantastic record. I listen to a lot of acoustic / solo artist stuff. Probably what I'm into most right now, particularly The Mountain Goats, Billy Bragg, Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Kimya Dawson, Tom Waits, Spoonboy, Madeline Adams. I like most stuff on Plan-It-X records. I like punk rock! Stiff Little Fingers, Angry Samoans, Social Distortion, Youth Brigade. I like tuneful/pop-punk/lo-fi stuff like This is My Fist, Onion Flavoured Rings, Bent Outta Shape, Crimpshrine! I like Blatz! A lot. Everyone should listen to Oi! A lot. I'm also into more indie type stuff like the Smiths and Blur! sorry. The Pogues are one of the greatest bands in history. Great drinking music. And how can I forget Dillenger Four and RADON?! Radon are the best band in history?! maybe. Nearly. As far as local / UK bands go I like Pilger, Wreck of Old '98 (RIP), The Mingers, Intent (RIP), Flamingo 50 and Circus Act! Also see: Replacements, Husker Du, The Lemonheads, Discount, Descendents, Avail!

4. How did you solo acoustic stuff go down?

I did about 8-10 gigs with Spoonboy and Chris from Ghost Mice. It went very well, i mean I took 50 cd's and came home with none so I must've been doing something right. We totally had a token English factor, but aside from that there was a really nice reception we were playing to punks afterall. Having said that though there were a few passers-by who watched in the park in Pensacola and outside the Whitehouse in DC which was weird but fun.

We've taken a while getting the zine out so the interview is a bit out dated so I have asked Russ a few more questions to fill us in on what he's been up to.

1. Russ, you're the singer with No Substance. Can you please give us a brief band history? (who, when, where, etc)

Well me and Steve (bass + vocals) met many moons ago at a friends house. We were very young (maybe 15) and very drunk (easily done back then) and we decided to start a band! I rushed home and got my bass for Steve to take home and learn and started looking for a guitar. It took us a long time to find Mark and we were absolutely terrible until we did. We borrowed Mark from a friend's band and never gave him back. Since then (mid-2002) we've been a band. As long as people keep giving us gigs we'll keep playing!

always said "if you ever wanna come over let me know." so we thought "yeah, alright!". The whole tour was 16 dates long and we travelled from Bloomington, IN (after a 20-hour greyhound from NYC) down through Kentucky + Alabama, played Pensacola and Gainesville in Florida and then went up the east coast through North Carolina, Richmond VA, DC, NYC, two Ohio gigs, and everything in between. The whole thing went pretty smoothly, the only major mishap being the van breaking down and us having to travel on a 38-foot school bus (but that was awesome anyway) and a few gigs being cancelled. We never went without a gig because we always found a nearby gig to jump on. We played with a lot of cool bands, in a lot of basements, front rooms and parks. Highlights would include the first gig in KY where the house was a complete wreck, playing every night with LGN, Chris + Spoonboy, swimming in the Pensacola sea at night with members of This Bike is a Pipe Bomb, drinking Budweiser, listening to the thunder and avoiding sharks, seeing a Wreck of Old '98 LP in Gainesville, playing an acoustic show in the middle of the Gainesville University campus, playing in a giant country house in the middle of acres of Tobacco and Corn Fields, Richmond VA as a whole (we played a basement, went for a midnight tour of a graveyard, walked past Tim Barry sitting on his porch and said hi, played a gig on Belle Isle on the River James and then swam in it! Fuck yeah), playing outside the Whitehouse in DC and travelling around in a giant yellow school bus. It was crazy. Downsides included: the food at truck stops. There was nothing substantial and nothing that wasn't coated in fat or sugar. Also, Shelton CT was pretty mad because two gigs got shut down by the police in one day! (The acoustic show when I was playing and then the Electric show that night in the middle of Requiem's set). We went mental, got stressed, sweated, didn't wash much, got hungover, slept in strange places and drunk more herbal tea than I even knew existed. We also discovered a drink called Sparks. It's a highly alcoholic energy drink containing lots of sugar, caffeine, taurine and ginseng. Does the job. Also, the USA is very very HOT. Especially in August. We melted.

8. What is the score at the moment with:

a, No Substance (I hear you've split up. Why is this?)
yeah, no substance split up at the end of last summer. it just seemed like the right thing to do. we had all been in the band since we were really young. we kinda ran out of steam. We did a big european tour together and both had one of the greatest trips of our life and ran it into the ground. it felt good to end it on a high note. it was nice to close it off positively and move on to do other projects. you know?

2. You are also in another band, Gordon Gano's Army, with the singers of both Trend Abuse and Pilger. Tell us about that.

Interesting you should mention that, because we've basically just broken up! You heard it here first. In fact, you probably heard of us here first, then heard that. How exciting! Anyway, it was a kind of side project band, because we wanted to play something with a bit more of tune to it than the usual hardcore / punk that's going round at the moment. So we played jangly pop-punk with catchy choruses and everything. Bands like Radon, Onion Flavoured Rings, This Is My Fist etc were all influences it was a lot of fun! Shame it's over. We have a myspace site with songs: www.myspace.com/thenancyreagans because we were called the Nancy Reagans for a bit. We also have a bunch of cd's we need to shift and they're very cheap!

5. What do you prefer doing out of No Subs, GGA, and the acoustic stuff?

Well that's a hard question really, because there's no real favourite. No Substance is my main band, as it were, I mean it's my only band now. I enjoy that because we've been playing for so long and we get on really well. We get to thrash around and make a total racket. GGA was a breath of fresh air because I've never been in a tuneful band before so it was great to not play total noise for a bit. And I love doing my acoustic stuff because it's something I'm really into doing and is much more liberating than playing with a band! much more scary too. It's a shame GGA has broken up because a large melodic part of my life has gone, but there will be more. I even have a new band name planned already.

b, GGA (I heard you'd split up but you seem to be doing some gigs?)

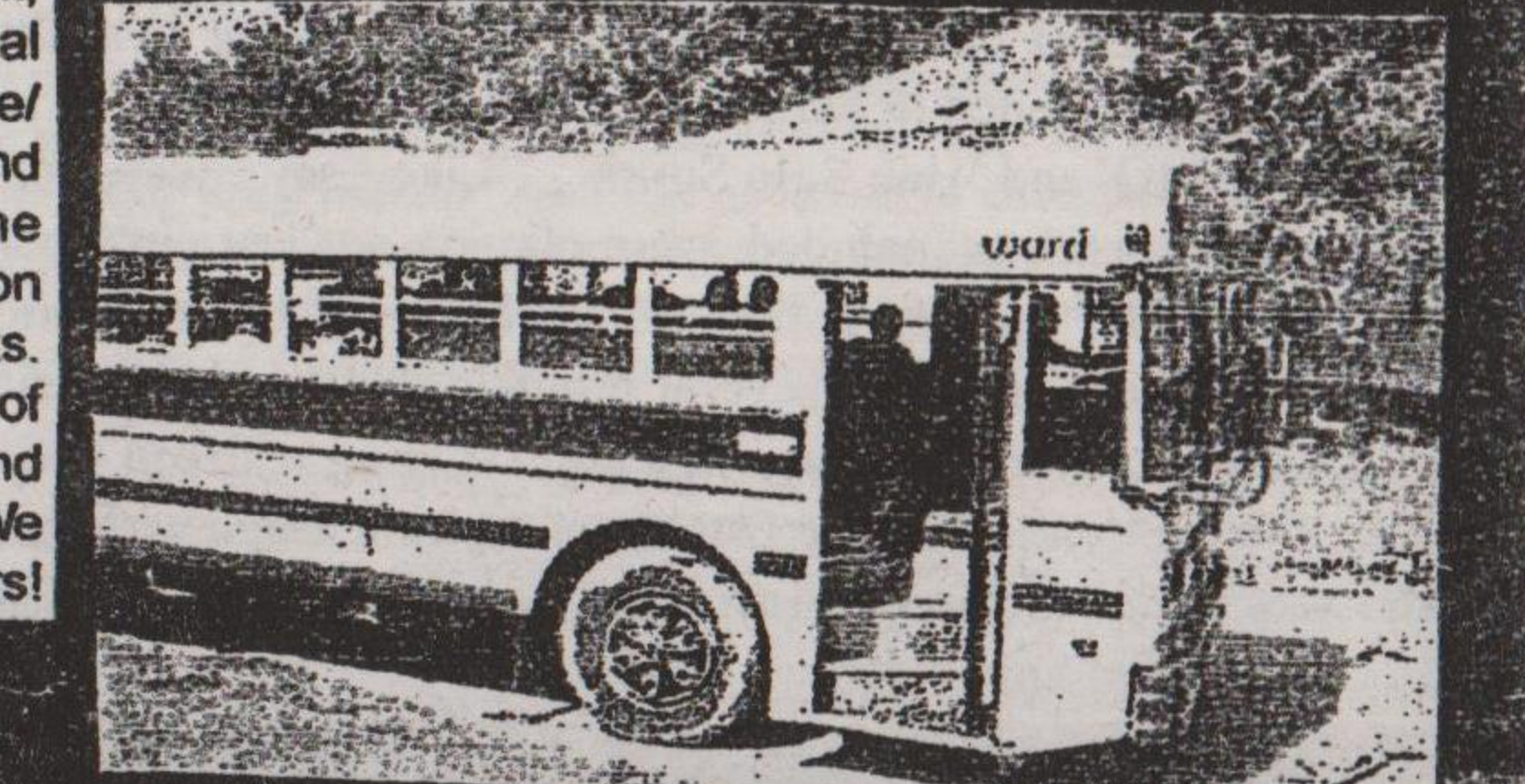
Well we did break up, twice actually. the first after a big US tour. we just went a bit crazy, had a good time but didn't feel it was working and broke up. then we played a few gigs earlier this year, acoustically. it was a lot of fun, but we broke up again when phil went to canada. In the run up to our second last show me and rich decided to record the remaining two songs to hand out at the gig. we ended up writing five new songs and suddenly thought... fuck! this is cool! let's not break up! and so now we have a 7" coming out on fast crowd / arrbr records... we're recording a 7" single for the Art of the Underground singles series and are gonna play a couple of gigs at the end of september. it's quite exciting. i got a new amp and everything. rich bought some cymbals.

3. You've just been over to the States. How did that come about and how did it all go?

It was amazing! Honestly. Best opportunity we could ever be handed. It was Gordon Gano's Army that went and we toured with a Plan-It-X band called Los Gatos Negros. It was also a kind of double tour because at about half the gigs me, spoon boy and Chris (Ghost Mice) played acoustic gigs in the parks and basements of America! It came about because me and Phil got to know Chris and Hannah when Ghost Mice toured the UK on several occasions. We became friends and Chris

6. Do you prefer to play drunk or sober?

What a question! Anyone who knows me personally will probably find this question amusing. I've had a few gigs recently where I just got so pissed I couldn't play and while it was a lot of fun for me and a few people watching I think a lot of people just thought "what the fuck", and weren't impressed. Poor old Steve and Mark. So from a crowd point of view it's better that I'm sober. Well, sober enough to be able to play anyway. I never or very rarely play without having at least one or two drinks. It's half and half between a social thing and a confidence thing. I love to have a beer. So, for a tight, sensible display of punk rock riffery and polite, functional on-stage banter choose no booze. For a loud, out of time/ tune/ control, in your face set with lot's of shouting and offensive body decoration ala marker pen then get me trashed and push me towards the stage! My perfect situation is 1-3 beers to get me in the mood and oil the old joints. Speaking of getting wasted, there are certain members of No Substance who can play with a soul full of opium and head full of acid! I shit thee not. Won't tell who though. We have no idea how though, I struggle to play after a few beers!



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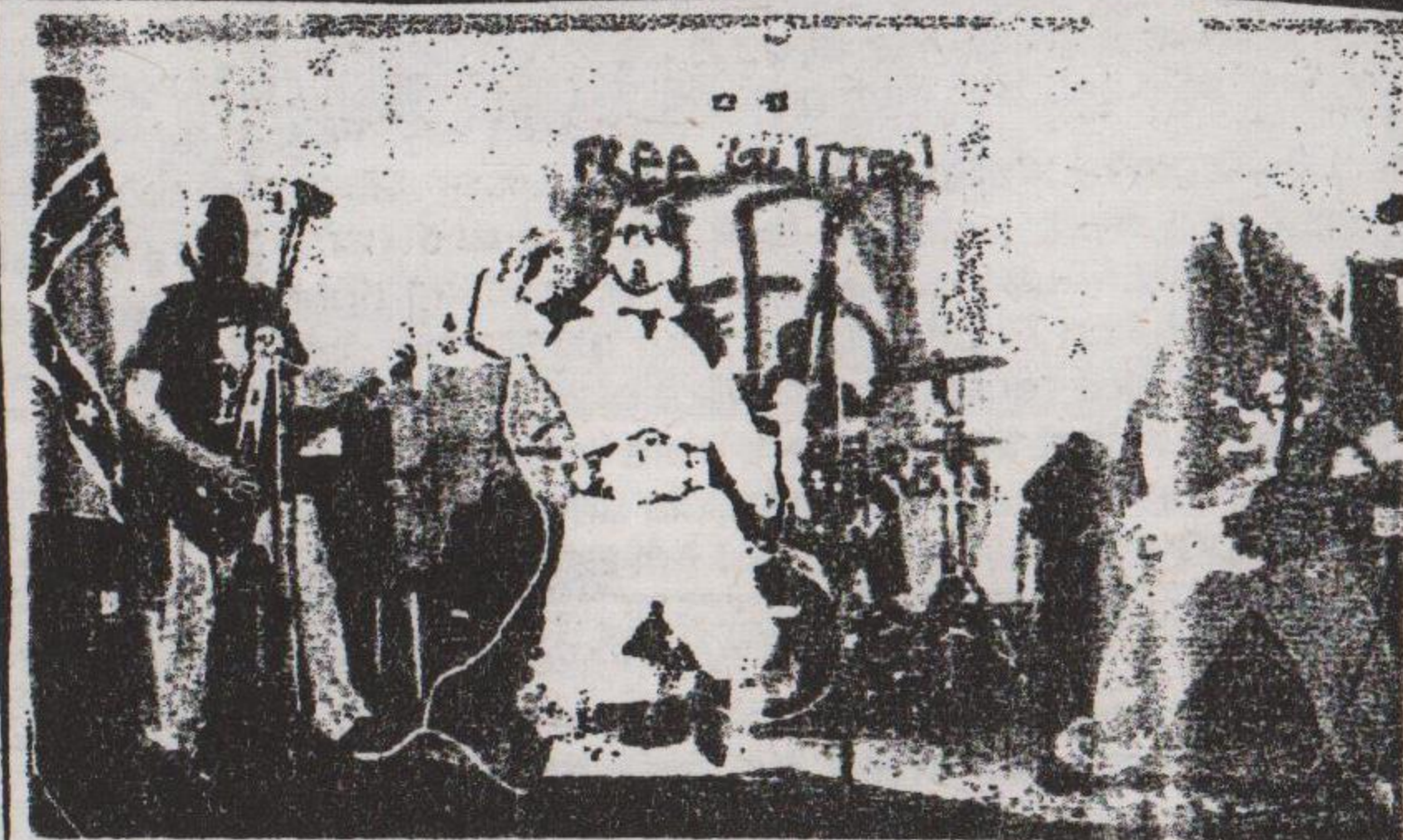
c, The Russ Substance solo stuff. (How is it going at the moment?)

Well I really enjoy playing solo, but i am ready to call it off for a while. it was only ever supposed to be a side project between bands. but because of no substance and GGA splitting up i have been touring alone a lot. i wanna play in bands again. Playing acoustic is great because you can do it anywhere, but the thing i really liked about playing acoustic was the fact that it was a wierd thing to do in the punk scene. to turn up at a punk gig with just a guitar and play without a PA and just stand there, singing. sometimes it works, sometimes not. i think the one-person, punk rock singer-songwriter thing is getting a bit out of hand at the moment. i'm touring in september with my friend RAT-FACE and after that... i'm gonna not play very much.

9, What have you got lined up on your label, At the Library Records?

At the moment, nothing much. i have put out a cd by RATFACE called on ice. i think it is amazing. RAT-FACE is a one-man, punk rock, hip hop sing along arrangement. it is really honest and inspiring. he is, i mean. the music. you know what i mean. there are some really bitter lyrics in there. it's about the words and the attitude. i love it. There is talk of a GGA / Flamingo 50 split 7" which i may do...but i doubt i will have the money. i think my label is just a useful tool for putting out little things when i really need to. nothing major.

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CLASSIC THIRSK GIGS PART 2 THE RETURN OF LFD

Quatermain, BossEye, Captain Hotknives, LFD (Nov 05)

For her birthday Charlie managed to get together enough cash to bail LFD out of prison for their first gig in over a year, their last gig ended in a riot that destroyed the venue and put a halt to Thirsk gigs for a long long time... Anyway, they must have been gathering up a helluva lot of anger in jail, cuz these rock n roll terrorists once again caused an audio version of 9/11 in a 20 minutes set. Entering the venue like real wrestlers (to the Undertakers entrance them) and onto a stage decorated with confederate flags, barbed wire and undressed barbie dolls taped to everything, and their infamous LFD backdrop (with 'Free Glitter' sprayed across the top - this was days after Gary Glitter got arrested for rape of a minor) they then blitzed through a self-abusive set comprising of a cover of GG Allins 'Expose Yourself To Kids', and a bunch of their own numbers like 'War in My Head', 'Son Of A Rapist' and 'Big Fat Fucking Sausage Fingers' (about wwe wrestler Big Show). Halfway through the set they let off an army issue smoke bomb, which filled the venue with thick fog, causing panic amongst the fear stricken crowd, until they closed the set with their anthem "Savior Of Rock N Roll". After punching a few members of the crowd they grabbed a few underage looking girls and fled the venue, not to be heard of since... Ok, so it might not of been exactly like this, but I breathed in a lot of that fog-stuff and it made things all weird like... After all that excitement we got the ever funny Captain Hotknives ("doesnt that LFD backdrop look suspiciously like a swastika - not that you want to argue with a band who carry baseball bats wrapped in barbed wire on stage with them..."). He treated us to a coupla new ones too, 'Robin Hoods Got An ASBO' and 'Han Solo Smith'... Like I say, always funny... Next up BossEye were up, who, unbeknownst to everyone - ourselves included, were playing our last gig (apart from the real final gig, but thats a whole other story). T'was a blinder though, I must admit. Maybe I breathed in too much smoke while watching LFD, maybe it was because I'd been punched several times in the face by the singer from LFD, or maybe cuz I was all full of energy drinks, but I had a riot on stage that night singing with tod BossEye, we even nailed a few new numbers which seemed to go down a treat... Finally Quatermain hit the stage with their bouncy infectious horn filled ska, to a hyped crowd who was booging all night (especially two young metallers who had had a some disco biscuits)... But this was all about LFD, and how much we all love them...

RAM RAID THE OFFY

The following is an interview with Itch of Oil band, Ram Raid the Offy.. Interview conducted by Chris Barbie.

CHRIS: Tell us about RTO - who are you & where are you from.

ITCH: I sing, Jamie plays guitar, Katz plays bass and Ritchie's on drums

C: I like the name - what was the inspiration behind it?
I: Well I love them really blatant names like Throw Bricks At Coppers or Dog Shit Sandwich. We definitely didn't want anything obscure, we wanted people to know what to expect when they heard us.

C: Who/what influences your writing?

I: Mainly politics, Job Centre, Housing Office, consumerism, booze, but I try to make them quite personal so they aren't as bleak as they may sound. Our main message is to just be yourself, as cheesy as that sounds, and to not give a fuck what other people think of you

C: Have you played many shows outside London as yet? Is this something you would like to do more?

I: We haven't toured properly yet, but we're currently trying to book one. We're a DIY band and we're all involved in other things so when it comes to getting out of town it normally comes down to whoever calls and asks us. That's said, London keeps us fairly busy, playing the Camden venues, Hackney squats and Brixton venues is like 3 separate towns. We've been to some wicked places out of London but definitely not as many as we'd like to.

Breaking Kayfabe

Well, the state of wrestling on both Raw & Smackdown is getting worse. How long are we going to have to endure people like John Cena as Champ. The homophobic rapper who cant throw realistic a punch, let alone put together a coupla simple moves, the man who turned a time honored championship belt into a spinning toy needs to be taken out and dealt with pronto. Even the crowds boo the shit out of him (and he's meant to be the good guy). Turning him heel (bad guy) might work, but then Vince would loose all the money on merchandise he's making of little kids and women (?) who like him. I cant believe he beat HHH at Wrestlemania. As much as HHH is a selfish bastard who ruins wrestling a lot, he does have a credible history as champion, and I'd of preferred the belt to go to him. Edge is getting thrown in the mix a bit too, which is pretty cool, he's certainly paid his dues, and his character is coming along in leaps and bounds. Also we got Rey Mysterio as Smackdown champion. This is fucking awesome, but I reckon he'll just be a transitional champ who'll be passing the belt on pretty soon (probably to Randy Orton, who's not bad for a champ too). With Batista and JBL as past champs too, you wonder where the days went to when champions were believable ass kicking characters, The Rock, Austin, and Taker all shone as champs, no ones really filled their shoes since... Noticed they been bringing back a few wrestlers from the 'golden age'. Seeing Tatanka, Animal or Marty Jannety is kinda cool for a one off, but for fucks sake they sucked back then, what makes you think they'll be any better nov.

Gotta mention the death of Eddie Guerrero too. An awesome wrestler who died, like many wrestlers, due to heart attack brought on by an addiction to painkillers. Steroids don't help either. Wrestling (no matter what you think) isn't good on the body. Wrestlers are constantly on the road, which is tiring, the wrestling hurts, and major wrestling promotions are always going to push the super-human physiques over the less well pumped guys, so drug misuse of all forms is rife amongst wrestling. And then on top of that there are wrestlers, er, personal drug misuse. And this all leads to wrestlers blood becoming too thin, and heart attacks are just way too common. The WWE has finally recognized the problem, and has subsequently banned "the non-medical use and associated abuse of prescription medications and performance enhancing drugs, as well as the use, possession and/or distribution of illegal drugs". How this will go down is another thing. They say they'll be doing random testing, but will the money makers at the top of the game be getting tested as much as the guys at the bottom? Is this just gonna be a way to save some money, or does Vince really care about his wrestlers well being? We don't need another loss like Eddies to answer that...

C: Are you involved in any other bands/side projects?
I: Ritchie plays in The Reverse who are an Anglo-Japanese melodic punk band playing round the London circuit. Me and Jamie play in The King Blues, we're an acoustic ska duo, but not ska in a whacky, Hawaiian shirt way we're more roots. We play a lot of squats and benefit gigs as well as doing our own gigs. There are a handful of unbelievably cool promoters who will put us on, but it's really hard to get on a punk bill as soon as they hear the words acoustic duo. The cool thing is, we can infiltrate posh wine bars and sing about throwing bricks through Nike Town as we have been known to do. Jamie also does a solo acoustic thing which is more personal songs and stuff under the name Dead Dying Done, and I do a solo thing under my real name Little Johnny Fox. I'm also part of a large hip hop project called London Urban Collective, we've just finished recording an album and it'll be out in January 2006 on Freeport Records.

C: You're quite active in anti-capitalist protesting. Can you tell us a bit more about the repercussions of the recent G8 summit protests?

I: I'm not the kind of person who could sing songs about politics but not really give a shit about it, it shocks me how many bands are like that, singing about revolution when they do nothing towards it, there are just so many punk kids around who wear T-shirts with political slogans and dance to Anti Flag at clubs but never show up to the marches. With regards to the G8 protests in particular, London being bombed on 7th July diverted everyone's attention swiftly away from the outcome of the summit which was Africa's still fucked and we're really gonna fuck the weather. On a more personal level, While I was up there with my girlfriend, she was falsely arrested and is currently on bail for assault on a police officer. We've done a series of benefit gigs for her and people have been amazing with playing and coming and helping out, it's obviously been a pretty stressful time but ya know, don't let the bastards grind you down and all that.

Homebrew



A quick chat with John from Homebrew, one of the finest punk rock bands this side of the year 2000.
www.myspace.com/homebrewpunk

1) Hows the new recordings going? Whens the new album out? What label will it be on? And What with recording it in 2 parts?

3 parts actually. We have recorded 8 songs so far, with 5 more ready to record, but the studio has lost a whole days recording from the 8 songs we already did, so we will have to do the lead guitar and the vocals again first. He said we can have some free time so hopefully it will work out ok. We plan to do another 3 or 4 songs after that, then mix and master it. We are skint and lazy, thats why we are doing it in parts.

2) How'd the video come about? Are you pleased with it? Will the 'brew be gracing our screens with another when the albums done, or was this a one off?

The video came about through Shrimp (Nuisance Films). He offered to do it and gave us a good price, and we are really pleased with the outcome, except Lee, who thinks he is only in it for about 3 seconds, vain git. We want to do one for Ciderpunk Revolution and maybe another for a song we still have to record. Will depend on finances and if Shrimp can fit us in.

3) When i was in Homebrew, Lee was being a stand-in guitarist, 7 or 8 years on and he's still doing it... has he succumbed to the idea of being a full time member? Are you looking for another guitarist? Is it hard getting gigs with him being in about 20 other bands?

He made an arsey comment in another fanzine interview a couple of years ago about being the longest ever stand in band member, so Me and Dave actually asked him to join the band proper and he accepted. Wouldnt be the same without him, so we are not looking for anyone else, but he is in 3 other bands and sometimes is can be a pain in the arse, but we have managed for 9 years now.

5) At one time Leeds was the 'in' place to be, punk rock was thriving from there. Is it still the same, or has it died a death? What bands are worth looking out for from there, or Ripon? Hows it going putting on gigs in Leeds?

Leeds is shit for gigs now. They all dress the same (like the emo kids they are always claiming they dont like they dont come to gigs and they are very cliquy and insular. I went to see 3 local bands on a Tuesday night in Harrogate a couple of weeks ago and it was really busy and absolute mayhem from start to finish. Leeds would have been dead if you put some local bands on on a weekday. Not everyone in Leeds is bad, the potential is there for a good scene but i dont know how to revive it. Stevie Caldwell has started to put proper punk rock gigs on in Leeds, with decent head line bands and putting several local bands on the bill a well and i urge anyone who likes punk rock to support these. A scene tends to snowball, a few good gigs and a few decent turn outs and hopefully we can attract more good bands and decent audiences again in the future and this may have a knock on affect to the smaller gigs as well. Ripon has a good turn out, like Thirsk, but they have to be all ages and a venue in Ripon is difficult or expensive. Me and Dave put 2 gigs on in the Fenton in Leeds and had 2 good line ups as well, but we lost about £80 one night and about £12 the other, so i doubt we will be doing any more.



4) With England becoming more and more a police state everyday, and the whole world pretty much shitting on itself, do you think its important to raise these issues in music, or do you prefer to do drinking songs because no one listens anyway, and what difference can one punk band really make anyway?

We do like to have a laugh, but if we were only about having a laugh, i would have left years ago. I dont know a band like Homebrew can make a difference, but we can voice opinions and hope some people will be influenced enough to think about things or talk about our lyrics. We as a country are becoming more and more apathetic. We are just rolling over and taking ID cards, CCTV everywhere, the Criminal Justice Bill, etc. with little fuss. So every little helps, but unfortunately we dont have the exposure some punk bands in the past have, with the exception of bands like Green Day and Offspring, but they are about selling records, merchandising and making money these days. They could give something back by taking a stand, but that might have effect their record sales, so they wont. Wankers.

6) Fave question here, based on a great GG Allin song... With who would you most like to drink, fight & fuck? (obviously not all at once... unless yr into that sorta thing...)

Love to have a drink with either John Lydon, Jello Biafra or Steve Ignorant. Not much of a fighter but Piers Morgan has a face i would never tire of punching. Who would i like to fuck? I'm in Homebrew, the best looking band in punk rock, people want to fuck us.



7) What are 5 records that you couldnt live without?

5 Albums
Antisect - In Darkness There Is No Choice
Crass - Stations Of Crass
Misfits - Box Set
The Casualties - On The Front Line
Dead Kennedys - Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables

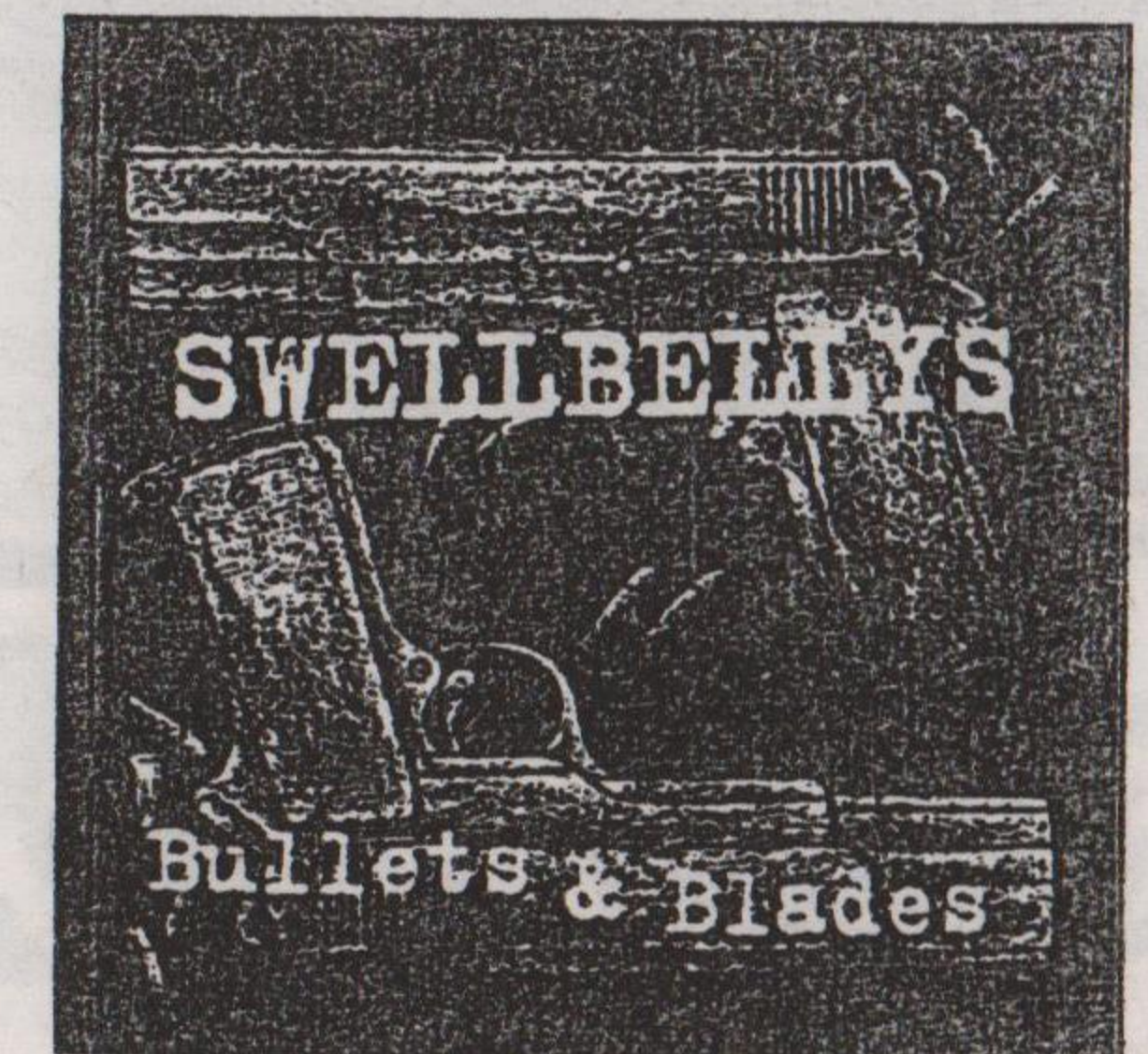
5 Singles
NOFX - The Decline
Demob - No Room For You
UK Subs - Warhead
Discharge - Never Again
Conflict - The Serenade Is Dead

8) Any last words, plugs, death threats, insults or whatever you wanna hoy our way..?

Check out the Grebs and the Diehards, young local bands who just released a joint CD work together.

A big thanks to everyone who has helped us out in any way over the years.

www.myspace.com/homebrewpunk



GDF 001: SWELLBELLYS
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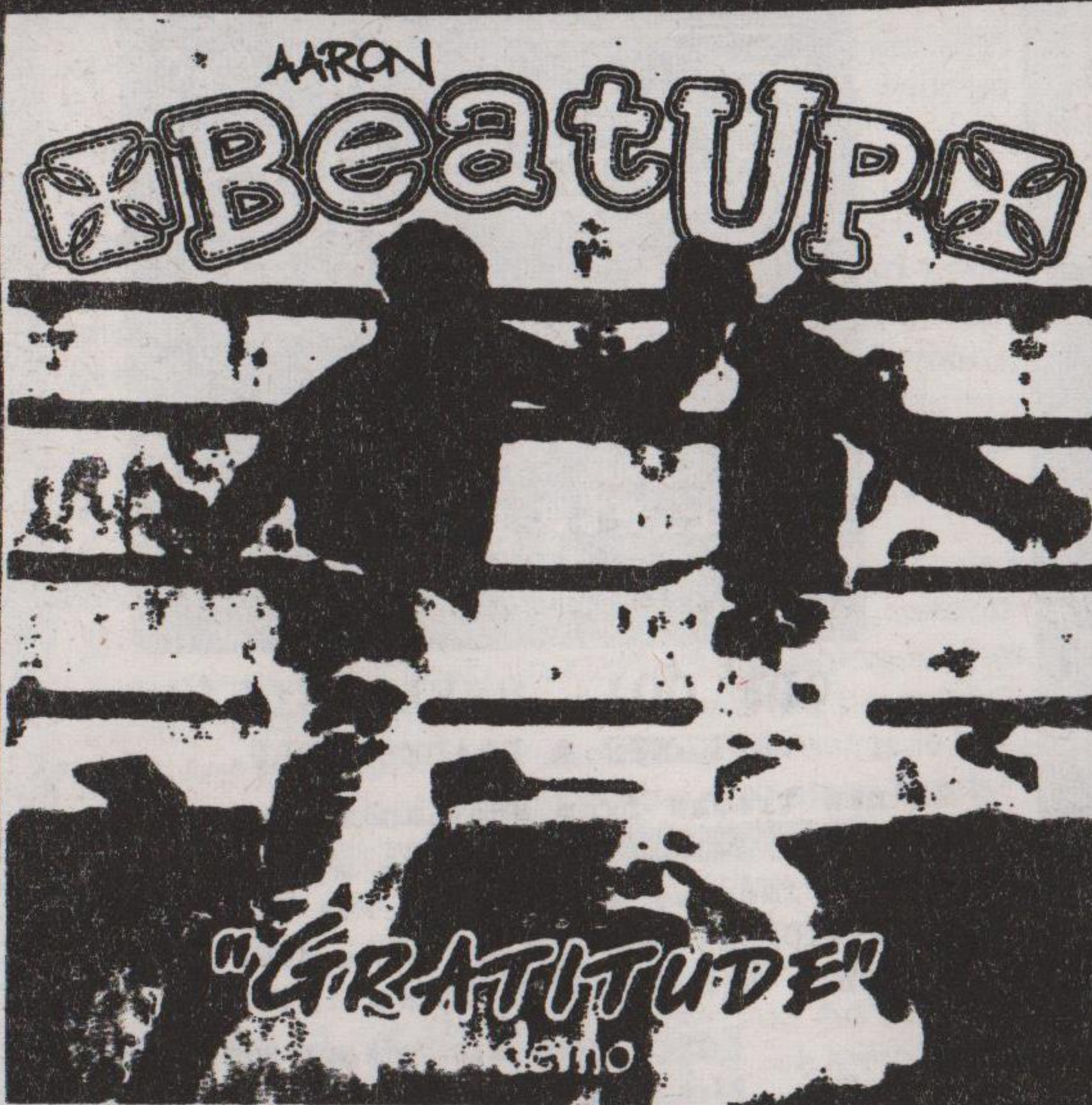
FUCK THE BNP

I'll try keep this short, cuz its kinda standard issue in punk zines writing a 'fuck off' article about the BNP, I'm sure yr getting bored of them already... So anyway, it was a Monday morning, sometime last year, and I was getting my groove on at work, all in a good mood n what not, when I got a text off of Kristain. "Hey the BNP are in town handing out leaflets - lets go sign up!" Ok, so Kristian was bein sarcastic (before ya'll accuse him of bein fash), but I got his point, we needed to go down and give them what for... I got a break from work and went out to take a look see, and sure enough, next to the town clock were three nob-ends stood behind a folding table with a union jack taped to it and handin out the BNP newspaper. Two of the guys were oldish, rocking the inbred farmer look, while the other was a young man in a suit. As I approached they said hello and offered me a paper, which I told them to shove up their ass. I was almost about to say 'fuck it', and walk away, then one of them said something that I can't quite remember, so I told him if he's still here when I finished work I'd be back with a bat, to which he replied "well you better bring a lot of them". I was a little puzzled, he musta misheard me (maybe he thought I said I'd be back with a black?), but anyway summin just clicked and I turned back and went for him. I grabbed hold of him (he was one of the older ones) and started shouting all sorts of stuff into his face (bear in mind this was market day about 11 in the afternoon, musta looked funny as fuck to passers by, they'll of just seen some kid in a hoody top and burberry cap startin trouble with three nice gents on a stall) but by this time the younger lad in a suit stepped in and pulled me off him, asking me to calm down. I pushed them both away and told them if they didn't clear their stall off I'd kill them (in reality I had to get back to work), so I walked

away and left them and a few bystanders wondering 'what the fuck?'... Anyway, I went back later in the afternoon but they'd gone by then. Kristian had gone down too, and he was chatting to the traffic ticket lady, who said the BNP had called the police about me hassling them. Cheeky fuckers, 60 years ago I'd of got a medal for doing that.... Anyway, they turned up a couple more times after that, only for a couple of hours at a time and then stopped coming all together. I'm not saying it was me that had them clear off, it probably had more to do with the weather getting worse or maybe just lack of interest from the locals, I dunno, I'm not making out like I'm some hard ass militant anti fascist, I'm just a skinny white boy...

The thing that got to me about this most though, wasn't the fact that we had some fucking fascist cunts handing out filth in my town, but the way the majority of friends/peoples thought this was the wrong way to deal with them. Er? Some person even said I was stooping to their level for starting with them, and even went on to say that the best way to put my point across would've been to ignore them. Errr again? I'm not gonna spell it out for ya'll, cuz I'm sure your not all that stupid, but the bottom line is fascism needs dealing with on a physical front just as much as any other front, you only have to look briefly into our history to see where fascism leads, and how it has to be dealt with. Its not politics, its fucking fascism, it's a fucking cancer.

Anyway, I'm babbling and what not, and this was just meant to be a short bit of writing... all I'm asking is if the BNP come back, please don't let it be just me again, I know I'm a wrestling legend, but I can't look after this town on my own...



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DUCHESS OF YORK

"There was this shite band called Choke, they used to open all the FIH gigs til Chopper came along..."

A lot of my earliest and best moments in punk rock were at a venue in Leeds called the Duchess of York. From the outside it just looked like any other dodgy pub in the city centre (before the trendy pubs took over). But once you got inside past the dark seated drinking area and the bar you came to a good sized dance floor and stage with the white on black Duchess of York backdrop. My first gig was seeing Rancid in '92, who were just ex-Operation Ivy back then, when they came over to promote their debut album. They played in front of about 50 people, approximately a third of the venues capacity, but it was still excellent. This gig like most was organised by Flame In Hand, the people who went on to do Crackle Records. Through the gigs we got to know Becky and Dave (even though they probably wish they'd never met the Thirsk Punx!), They used to let us in early to gigs to interview band for the zine, etc... Another early gig that stood out was Green Day (sad bastard you all say), this was way back before they made the big time (you wouldn't get to see them in front of 200 people now, would you?). It wasn't just a punk venue though. Oasis played the Duchess on their first ever UK tour, and Kurt Cobain even slept in the bar the night after Nirvana played there! And now it's just a fuckin' Hugo Boss clothes shop!!

Voodoo Glow Skulls



The Voodoo Glow Skulls gig in March '96, was the first time Paul Sailor and myself went to interview a band for the first issue of Small Sailor. We went in at dinner time for a pint and got talking to a barmaid, who just happened to be the girlfriend of Ian from Mutt... she arranged for us to meet the Voodoo's later on and do the interview. All I can remember is one of the horn section having a bit of white powder on his top lip after he'd been to the toilet, and the band wanting directions to McDonalds! They did put on a good gig though, and the place was bursting. I also got the Mutt demo sent through the post a few weeks later and cos of that we saw 'em loads and did a 7inch!

The first band from one of my labels to play the Duchess were Mutt. This when I was doing Peter Bower Records. Mutt supported Wat Tyler at a FIH gig, and went down a storm. But I remember the gig more for the time when Sean Forbes was reading out bit from my old zine, he was proper taking the piss like he does in his cockney

way, so I decided to go for a piss myself and bumped into the bloke from BAD (one of the best record shops ever), he had also gone for a slash but he was that pissed he'd fallen into the urinals, which ran along the floor! BAD was

a cool-as-fuck punk record shop is the basement of a crusty clothes shop near the station. In the olden days I used to skive off college with my old mate Boozy, and we'd go to BAD to buy some viny!!

The record sales for an issue of Small Sailor (75 at one gig) was at the Duchess when Strung Out were supported by Diesel Boy and Goober Patrol!

Do you remember the Lag Wagon gig, when they were supposed to be playing with Face to face? Probably not, cos there was only about 15 people there.(and 11 of them were from Thirsk. I don't remember it either cos I was very pissed and blacked out in stages! Face to Face had cancelled the UK part of their european tour so there was a bit of waiting around and I had too much lager... But I do remember seeing Chopper, who'd taken over the mantle from Choke as FIH's opening band, then they went on to become the golden boys of Crackle Records. Any way, back to the gig, as I was very drunk it made sense to stage dive throughout the Lag Wagon set into the few pissed up Thirskers, and I ended up in the drum kit a few times. Credit to Lag Wagon, most bands would have been pissed off but they had a laugh and nicked named me the Annihilator!

Oxy Moron



Other great times were getting to see our friends bands playing the Duchess. The Write Offs (Thirsk legends) got to support MU330 and Blank 77, whilst another of Beat Up's previous bands, Homebrew, played with Dropkick Murphy's and the excellent Oxy Moron. Both were excellent gigs. Some of the Thirsk punx decided they'd show the Californian potheads Link 80 a thing or two by getting the band stoned before they went on. Unfortunately they left the smoking device behind in the upstairs room only for Becky Crackle to find it, and that was the end of getting in early to interview bands!! (and to make matter worse I was away in Norwich at the time watching the Write Offs, The Riffs and the Xplosions.) And there was the Dog On A Rope gig, with Panic and Lowlife, when the fash turned up and the gig got cancelled. (We got to see them a few weeks later with Mutt, in the cellar of the Royal Park. 50p entry and you got a free shot of vodka!)

We'd go to the Duchess any night of the week, whenever there was a punk gig on, meeting friends and seeing good bands, but as they say, all good things come to an end!?! - Rich T

Country!Keep It Country!Keep It Country!Keep It Country!Keep It Country!

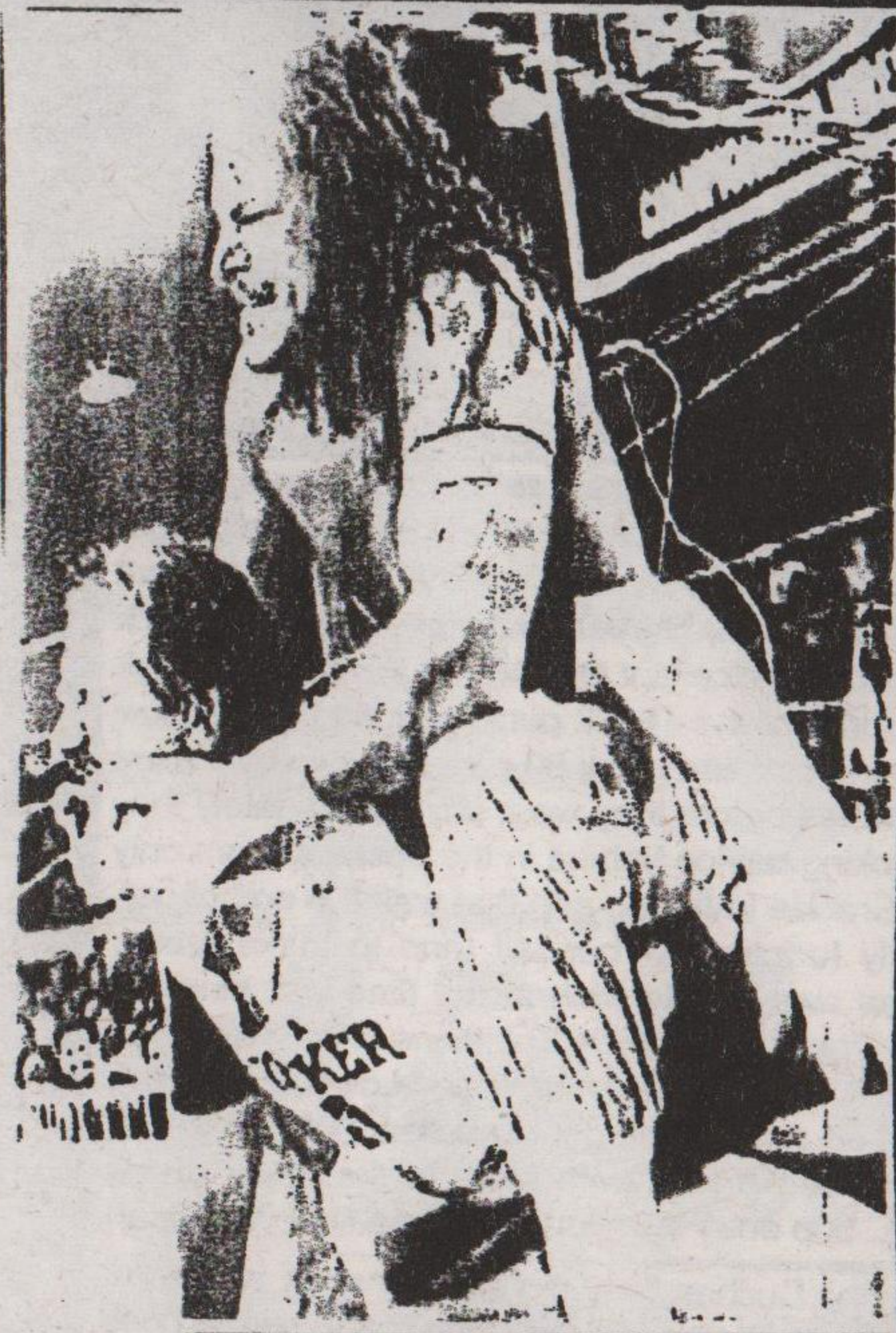
Alright you sissified emo fans, its time to put away all those depressing records and go out shopping for a new collection, cuz lets face it: your music sucks ass so much its gone way beyond a joke. Ok, first stop: Country! Yeah, this aint no joke, country rocks, it's the real music of pain, why cry over your girlfriend shaggin your best mate to the sound track of "At The Drive By" or what ever wanky band it is that has you dying yr hair black and dressing up like a girl, when you can do all that to country, and you'll probably get drunk and shoot them both after. See, its emotional yet you can still be a MAN listening to it at the end of the day.

So where do you start? Yeah, every NME reader and student will point out Johnny Cash "he's the greatest country singer ever" they'll tell you. He's good, but he aint the greatest, I mean "When The man Comes Around" is a great song and all, but dig further into the crates and you'll find other unsung heroes that are deserving of your attention. One man that surpasses the Cash, is a bloke called David Allen Coe. He's got hundreds of albums out over the many years, but its his newer stuff that impresses most, the fact he's "over 60 staring death in the face" and still rocking the shit out of country is testament to him. Check out his live album 'Biketobeerfest 01' which pretty much sums him up perfectly. One of the originals of country was the man himself, the late Hank Williams, his resume is a mile long, but his early album 'I Saw The Light' is still great today, and well worth checking out, despite its religious content.

However, when it comes down to country, there really is only one man: Johnny Paycheck. Yeah, ignore the kinda lame name, ol Paycheck is without a doubt the greatest country singer to have lived. Go out and buy his best of cd 'The Soul & The Edge', it's the dogs bollocks. This man done time, hard drinking and hard talking, yet his voice on the likes 'Slide Off Your Satin Sheets' & 'Yesterdays News Just Hit Home Today' will have the hardest man crying in his beer. Then you got those good ol time drinking classics like '15 beers' and one of the greatest songs of all time 'Take This Job & Shove It' (covered by none other than the Dead Kennedys), no doubt this is a mans man, and also a ladies man, God rest his soul.

No excuses now, that's 3 albums to go check out, or if you're some sort of internet geek (virgin!) then download some stuff off those albums. Time to grow up son, that emo thing is just a phase your going through!

- Beat Up



Sabu applies the Camel Clutch to Terry Funk in a barbed wire match for the ECW title.

Submission Of The Fortnight "THE CAMEL CLUTCH"

This is one of the old school granddaddy's of them all, one of my all time favourite submissions. This hold is often the finisher of many Middle Eastern wrestlers, and was used by the Iron Sheik to cost Bob Backlund the WWF title way back in the 70's. During the 1st gulf war in the early 90s, American good guy wrestler, Sgt Slaughter became number one heel (bad guy) when he defected to the side of Iraq, and chose the Camel Clutch as his finishing hold, with which he defeated the Ultimate Warrior to raise the WWF title, and dedicated his victory to Saddam. What a guy.

To successfully apply the Camel Clutch, your opponent must be face down on the mat. Squat on his upper back, and hook his arms over your knees. Finally clasp your opponents chin in your vice like grip, use your elbows and arms to further lock in your opponents arms, preventing them from freeing from your knees. Leaning back will cause an extreme amount of pressure to the entire back, and also to the face and neck. For an extra spicy twist, try applying a cross-face lock or something like that to their face, to tighten your grip and add more pain to the factor.

This is a hard move to get out of if successfully locked in. The best way to get out is, simply don't get caught in it! Try and get on your knees before its fully locked in, this will help you power out of it. Also you've got to keep those arms free, this will help you with leverage to roll out of the hold. Once it's locked in tight, you won't be getting out of it in a hurry.

Next Fortnight: The Fujiwama Arm Bar!!!

That's entertainment?

Driving home from a late night gig, the debate on the radio turned to the abomination that is the Eurovision Song Contest. They played a mish mash of the entries. It sounded like a bad '80s disco put on by the worst wedding DJ in the world, with the worst record collection in the world in front of the worst audience in the world. This was cheesy pop from cheesy performers, who come from the town of cheese - the capital of the planet cheese in the outer cheeseosphere. They deserve to be lowered head-first into a molten fondue, until the rancid burning cheese makes their eye pop out and fly into a rich TV executive's cocktail. The rich cunt will then eat said eye mistaking it for an exotic olive - and it serves the cheesy, so-called pop star right.

Apparently it's the most watched TV programme at that time on that day! Hopefully this is because 90 per cent of the population actually have a life and are not staring blankly and a televisual nightmare on a Saturday evening. But, on other Saturdays so-called TV 'entertainment' is no better. X-Factor indeed. How desperate are some people to get on TV? These fucking fucks would sell their soul, their house, their family, their dignity, and their body to Simon Cowell so he can dress them as a gimp-masked gorilla and use them as a fuck buddy for the next 27 years, just to get a record deal.

Big Brother is no better (or worse). Hey, I know, lets take a bunch of wannabe 'normal' people and laugh at what idiots non-celebrities actually are. How cunning patronising are these fucking 'reality' shows? Don't you realise they're taking the piss out of the audience? "oooh, he's gay - that's a novelty, she's got big tits - that'll wow 'em, he laughs funny - what a hoot, and he used to be a she, before he was a heshe with a crack addiction and a coffee habit - BINGO - A STAR!!!"

I'm afraid, I'm a bit cynical about it all. And, to make things worse, Eurovision meant that Dr Who was cancelled. Now that's proper telly - family fun, sci-fi action and a real story but it stands out like a decent meal in a fast food joint. Other TV atrocities I've noticed in the listings recently include, a school for sexually inexperienced men, a programme about boob jobs and the under-16s (don't get me fucking started on that!) and a competition to find singers for a West End show - why, are all the professional singer too shit for ya? Or do they want too much fucking money?

On the same radio show they said that tickets for the new Wembley stadium cost up to £95, an you can get an £8 hamburger. Cunningfuckingbastardwankers, what the fucking fuck, you can't go to the fucking footy now unless you're a rich fucking middle class fucking wanker. What's happened to the working class game? And some so called 'stars' - stand up and die Elton John, Madonna and all those other too rich fucking whores - charge 40 quid to go and see a live concert. FUCK OFF!

Add to this, a recent cinema trip to see a popular movie. We booked our ticket in advance to avoid the queues - £7.20 - that's bastard right. Seven cuntin gquid to see a fucking film! No wonder we all watch pirate DVDs and download stuff for nowt! Piracy may be illegal - but it's fucking necessary when you're skint. All this goes to prove that you can't beat a good old cheap punk rock gig!

Where is the passion?

There's a line in a New Model Army song that asks "where does all the passion go when it's not needed?" Well I'll be a cunt fucker's uncle if I know, but the passion is needed more than ever right now. It's needed more than a robber needs a gun, than a neurophiliac needs a corpse, and than the flowers need the sun. The world is turning to shit, young soldiers are dying in pointless wars, kids are getting ill because they live in poverty and the air is full of pollution pumped out by money junkies fed by big business dealers and our 'rulers' could give a flying fuck - and neither could most other people.

So where is the passion to take these fucked up fuckwits on? Where is the anger? Where is the 'I'm not gonna take this shit' attitude? Are we getting so bombarded with bad news night after night that we've become oblivious to it? CARE you fuckers! It's your world, it's your life, it's your children's future - start to care, get the passion back, the passion for life, the passion for change, the passion to make a difference and the passion that stands you apart from the faceless, dull nobodies who trapse into work every day looking like they'd rather be in the Deal or no Deal audience hanging on uncle Noel's every word. Regain your passion my friends.

Even worse are the faceless 'punk' bands without passion. "my girlfriend left me", "my mummy hates me", "nobody understands me" they whine before their corporate manager brings them a bottle of champagne. Fuck that, bleed for your art, crawl over the broken glasses to get to the stage and then stand in a puddle of beer and fucking electrocute yourself - then you can feel the punk rock passion. Why don't you play squats? Why don't you do animal rights benefits? Why the fuck don't you sing about something with some meaning? Passion, I want fucking passion - I want you to mean it!

Tone deaf

I was dismayed to see an ad in a recent copy of Terrorizer mag for ringtones. They had Carcass ringtones. The brutal Gods of Grind's Genital Grinder and Incarnated Solvent Abuse reduced to an electronic beep warning the mobile owner his mum wanted him home for tea. Now a great song is a great song, but if you hear it every time your phone rings you get tired of it, and every time said song comes on the CD player you think your phone is ringing, and, if like me, you often dread getting phone calls your favourite song soon becomes a source of unconditional hatred. I did think of voice recording a 'oi cunt answer the fucking phone you twat' ringtone for my mobile, that would be ace on a bus, but not so ace if you forgot to turn it off at a funeral (mind you it'd be no worse than Venom's Welcome to Hell blasting out from your phone as the body is lowered into the ground!). But we all know that most ringtones are designed to scream out 'oi look at me, aren't I cool?' whenever the owner receives a call, but nine times out of nine they scream 'I'm a fucking twat' at full volume, and the temptation to drop the phone into the nearest pint of bitter is just too much. Also, more often than not, the fuckers with 'cool' ringtones are the ones who talk in an overloud voice letting the whole train/pub/factory/office in on their conversation. Overloud conversations are never very interesting anyway, it's the person who is whispering into their phone whose conversation you really want to listen in on - just don't go shouting out 'I think you should shag Rick not Tom' to them when the conversation's over!

Annoying ringtones inevitably mean the owner of the phone has the latest hi-tech model, and they usually delight in showing you all the unnecessary features on said model. 'Look it's a camera, it's a video recorder, it's an MP3 player, it's a tracking device that lets the Government know exactly where I am, it's a speedboat and a games player, I just haven't worked out how to make a phone call yet!'

I don't know about the fors and againsts about whether or not these things fry your brain and microwave your mind, I guess time will tell, and I know that disguising phone masts as signs near petrol stations, sticking them in the middle of beautiful natural landscapes and in people's living rooms is wrong, but I have to admit, I do own a mobile!

So what's my excuse? Well a few years ago I broke down driving home from work at 9pm and had to walk two miles from the car to a phone box to call for help. That was very annoying - in fact it cunted me right off! So, after that, I've always had a phone on me when I drive 657 miles to see some obscure punk band play to three people and a dog. They can bring enormous comfort and reassurance to the lone traveller (unless some fucker mugs you for it). I also don't have a home phone now, so I use my mobile, I also don't have an MP3 player or camera because my contract phone give me these things for free! So yeah, I guess it is, as Marv Gadgie calls them, a 'middle class toy', but in organising riots and telling fellow demonstrators where the pigs are it can be immensely useful, and it saves me a few quid too.

I do get uncomfortable seeing six-year-olds walking around with them, but for older kids they can bring reassurance to parents - as in letting mum know they're safe, but as with everything these days textual bullying, and the ability for people to get in touch with kids without their parents' knowledge is truly terrifying.

So, to sum up, show-offs with phones are cunts, I have environmental concerns about phones, they can save you money and be reassuring, but they can also be dangerous and evil - it's as simple as that!

Zine reviews

Agitate 8 40p and A5 SAE or trade from PO Box 202, Shipley, BD18 3WB, UK. An old favourite this one. The dark printed photos always manage to look cool in here, and the reduced text size means there's plenty to read! This time there's an eye-opening Czech scene report, an After The Massacre interview, a bit about Norwich Anarchists and loads of reviews - check it out if you haven't done so already!

Anarchoi 20 £1 and A4 SAE, James Gemmell, 3 Hazel Grove, Kilwinning, KA13 7JH, UK. Another zine that's become an established favourite of the UK scene. This time we get The Dragged, Toxic Reasons, and a thing about punk rock forums. This one isn't heavyweight reading but it gets better all the time.

Back2Front 2 £2 plus A4 SAE, Danny, Box F, 67 Tannaghmore Road, Ballynahinch, BT24 8NU, Northern Ireland. There is just so much to read in this, it's pretty much essential, the best zine I've read in many a year. There's a massive piece on religion and a history of why it's shit, there's a really good interview with Boff from Chumbawamba and a strange one with Unit. This is Andy Martin's new band, and, once again he slags off punk, proving he has a huge chip on his shoulder and talks as much crap as he does inspirational truth - but he is always worth a read. Other interviews include Peter Singer, Flat Earth Records, The Ex and Noam Chomsky. Who could ask for more?

Barbies dead 21/22 50p and SAE, Alex Woodhouse, The Square, Gunnislake, Cornwall, PL18 9BW, UK I love Alex's old skool cut 'n' paste style. This has quite a few reviews and the usual UK Subs bit, plus a bit about Plymouth punks, and, er that's it! But it did make me go away wanting more which is always a good sign! BD is becoming a reliable staple of the British punk scene, and long may it continue.

Fuck me, I though I was getting this issue together quickly, and then another BD drops in me box! 22 is more of the same but with an added Bus Station Loonies interview which is well worth a look.

Cream Of The Crop zine £1 and A5 SAE from 89 Pinecrest Drive, Thomhill, Cardiff, CF14 9DU, UK. Visit www.myspace.com/creamcropzinelabel for details. Like the label, there's always a diverse range of stuff in here. One of the main things to appeal to us punks about this issue is a previously unprinted interview with The Mob, and there's always lots of reviews inside too! Just check it out - you may find something new you like. I always like zines that are a little bit different.

In My Head 1 tobychelms@hotmail.com This zine apparently took a couple of years to put together. It's an A5 zine packed with loadsa interesting articles all about mental health. Ginger from the Wildhearts piece is the surprisingly honest highlight for me, but the whole thing really is worth a look. It's an important issue tackled in a very positive way.

Last Hours 15 £2.50 from loadsa distros, or contact Last Hours, PO Box 383, 456-458 The Strand, London, WC3R ODZ, UK. - It's £10 for a 4 issue subscription. Fuck me a punk zine on glossy paper - whatever next? Whatever you think of this, it's packed with stuff to read, and pretty much knock Maximum Rock And Roll for six! The columns are always interesting and the cartoons fun. My Aunt The Anti-Fascist is a great Spanish Civil War tale, and the Propagandhi and Seeing Red interviews interested me greatly. Elsewhere there's Strike Anywhere, a great piece on punk compilations and loads of reviews. This'll keep you occupied for hours. **Now Or Never 22** 50p and A4 SAE from the initonit address (got a load as a trade). The Norwich anarchists really do themselves proud with this mag. There's some great hints at how to download TV, music and film for free over the net, views on the anti-war march in London, stuff on watching England play footy and a interview with a Starbucks Workers' Union. Loadsa informative stuff - and it's written with a sense of humour - no po-faced bollox here!

Oi Warning 5 £2.50 postpaid from PO Box 333, Clenchwarton, Kings Lynn, Norfolk, PE34 4WU, UK. This is packed with interviews with street punk/Oi/skinhead bands, most of which I haven't heard of before. There's a strong anti-fascist slant which I liked, but no articles as such, which is what I like from zines these days, however, some people don't and those people will love this. Bands featured include Phoenix City Muggers, Dead City Shakers, Urban Rejects and loads more. There's also an interview with BZ, the singer used to be in Battlezone, a band with right wing leanings, but he moved to Peru and changed his views, but he holds his hands up to his past and talks about it openly. There's been a lot of work put into the zine and it's worth a look.

Ploppy Pants 6 50p and A5 SAE. Email dirty_little_punk@hotmail.com (he's in the process of moving). This is the best load of shit so far - there's a great article of pissing and shitting for sexual pleasure from a female perspective, and the usual amount of thrash mayhem and humour. And, an old article from Crass! If you want other band names, try Confuse (article), SSS (interview) and I Object (interview). Plus, it's all done in the ye old put 'n' paste style. Yippeeee!

Random Nonsense Contact www.myspace.com/128782634 or email spinal_plaquell@hotmail.com I contributed to this, so I guess I'm biased, but I still like it (and my copy's got 4 pages missing). It's a cut and paste style zine with various views, poems, artwork bits and rants, and it works very well.

Rum Lad 2 £1 and A5 SAE from Somerset House, Cherry Holt Lane, Sutterton, Boston, Lincs, PE20 2HU, UK. www.myspace.com/stevanhale Steve, the bloke that does this is in Patient Zero and was in the Jipwits (I'll let him off for that tho!) and he likes to draw pictures (he's done two initonit covers) and he does it well. So if you like art zines then get this - it's good!

Suspect Device 48 £1.50 and big SAE to PO Box 295, Southampton, SO17 1LW, UK. Fucking hell, 48 issues strong, that has to be a UK zine record. As usual this is packed with interesting stuff. The columns are as good as ever - I particularly liked Tony Suspects rant about gigs (I hate smoking at gigs too) and Marv Gadgie's memories of breaking windows as a kid (breaking stuff is cool heehee!) Then there's memories of the Dorset punk scene, The Phoenix Foundation and You Me And The Atom Bomb amongst others. A diverse range as per usual, and a zine that comes highly recommended as ever.

Tear Down The Walls - John Bowden £1.50 + 50p postage from Lees ABC, PO Box 53, Leeds, LS8 4WP, England. www.myspace.com/leedsabc This is important - a pamphlet written by prisoner John Bowden. It's essential reading really and is made up of two essays, one about John's prison experiences and how he came to be there, the other about why prisons need to be abolished. There's also an introduction by Mark Barnsley. Buy it!

You Can't Say No To Hope 8/The Computers Are Turned Off For A Reason 5 Free with A5 SAE from Jon, 71 Merlin Avenue, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, CV10 9JY, UK. YCSNTH is fantastic, it's always a joy to read this free zine. This time you get a guide to making a kestrel box, a thing on local bands and ideas for dressing up for gigs, it's fun, it's messy, it's ace! The computers side of things is good too! There's an interview with a radical history group for fucks sake - how original is that! It's free dammit - so buy it!!

the Hospitalised Copper feature in Class War was funny, but a dead copper isn't funny. Not only does a death affect people not involved in the battle, it also ups the circle of violence a notch – the desire for revenge is a strong human emotion which can drive one to depraved and insane lengths if not controlled properly. So, what I'm saying in essence is that we need to be careful in what we advocate in our struggle to overcome the state terrorists. Yes pacifism is an ideal – but it's also impractical and a naive answer to a violent problem. Of course, an interest in global politics at all isn't practical for everyone. The working class are struggling to survive, struggling to pay the rent, getting in debt paying the bills and drowning in the banality of soulless jobs that zap every ounce of free-thinking idealism from your soul. And putting up with that day in and day out is a pain in the fucking arse. You're expected to worry about the situation in Dafur while some cunt is making you work six hours of unpaid overtime every fucking week. But, at the end of the day, it's YOUR taxes, YOUR Government, companies acting in YOUR name that are taking part in these atrocities. These cunts are murdering children with money stolen from YOUR wage packet. If you think this is shit tell the fuckers you think it's shit, support the freedom fighters who do want to take the fuckers on, you have a voice – use it to fucking shout at deafening volumes!

Yes you can fight the battles closer to home too, or first, or you can make them your priority – because they are battles you know you can win – make your council more accountable – ask them how they are using your funds, question why your local police force does what it does, ask why you need three expensive shops in the precinct when 90 per cent of the people in your area are working class and can't afford to blow eighty fucking quid on a pair of sweat shop-produced trainers? These questions need to be asked, these battles need to be fought, the local hospital needs your protection, the local school needs your help. Stand up and fucking fight!

Music reviews

Atomgevitter/Far Too Close Split CD-R 2005 Contact Problem? Records, Pillars, Strathmiglo Road, Fife, KY15 7AD, Scotland. www.problemrecords.co.uk Raucous thrash meets raucous punk rock on a CD-R. Twenty tracks of fine rock action. Atomgevitter let fly with their raw as fuck, old skool, under-produced, and fantastically energetic sound and Far To Close follow it with some fine shouty numbers, and even have a go at some fast ska, but all the way through there's a nice underlying melody missing from many bands of this ilk. Proper punk rock!

The Berzerker Animosity CD This is even faster and more aggressive than their last album. This is good! The gabba beats and manic vocals are a ferocious pleasure, and the lyrics are as bleak as ever. Plus, at 30 minutes it doesn't overstay its welcome as most modern metal albums tend to. Mine came with a bonus live CD which is also good, and made the package well worth the cash. Earache should concentrate in releasing stuff like this instead of shite death metal or reissues most die-hards have in six different formats already.

Black Sister CD-R Contact Problem? Records, Pillars, Strathmiglo Road, Fife, KY15 7AD, Scotland. www.problemrecords.co.uk. METAL, METAL, METAL. Hear the screams as the growler grunts "Let's Go", then raise the devil horns to Vikings From Hell. Then bang your fists to Drinking In Hell. Yes, my friends, this has the Slayer screams and the heavy as fuck riffs which pound the fuck outta your face as you grin from ear to ear and down copious amounts of ale. Fucking YES!

Burn Subvert Destroy Mini-CD/Burn CD They have a Myspace page, and they seem to gig everywhere – so you should be able to find it. This is straight-ahead street punk played as it should be played – fucking fast, fucking hard and fucking political. Yep, it's catchy enough to make you yell along, yep it's angry enough to make you wanna kick the fuck out of a nazi and yep, it's produced well enough to make this a listening pleasure. A great band. They've now got a full-length CD out. They've re-recorded most of their new songs to inject even more fire into them, thrown in some newies, and provided a great production job and some cool artwork too. Check it out!

Constant State Of Terror CD-R www.constantstateofterror.com Excellent pissed-off hardcore punk. This is real political punk, a metallic thrash attack, that's pretty well recorded – and just as good live as it is on CD!

Destructors 666/Sup No Parasan CDEP Contact www.destructors666.com If you have any interest at all in the Destructors 666 you will have picked up one of their many split CDs by now – if not you wont have! But, if you were to choose one, just one, then make it this one because \$up are (or were, this is their last release) a very good ska punk band. Their three songs really make this release. It's melodic, but also fast and has a strong sense of aggression for that style of music. The Destructors continue in the same vein as their previous splits, dirty punk 'n' roll dragged up from the early '80s, this won't win them any new fans, but it won't lose them any old ones either!

Destructors 666 Many Were Killed Few Were Chosen CD Finally, all the EP tracks are squeezed together onto one shiny silver disc! As with the above review, if you like 'em you'll love this. The packaging is ace – cool pictures and a rock 'n' roll attitude that hasn't aged. A couple of old Destructors songs get re-vamped (they still play these live, if you're an old fan wondering whether or not to see this version of the band) – Northern Ripper, Trinity and Bullshit, 1970 gets covered and a few newbies get thrown into the mix – Resistance and Pavement Pizza Song being obvious highlights. Hearing them deliver a full length album makes me like them better than listening to the many splits for some reason!

Dirty Protest CD £2 post paid Contact Geoff, Heavy Horse Centre, Great Steeping, Spilsby, Lincs PE23 5PS, UK www.myspace.com/realdirtyprotest (you can get the CD free if you become one of their 'friends') When I first heard this band I liked the fact that they could play fast hardcore punk and throw ska in – but play it in a fast hardcore punk style. The EP (or demo) has an OK sound quality and a good sense of fun running through it. There's a strong sense of melody and some fantastically deranged vocals. It's something a little different from a Lincolnshire band, but something very good as well!

From the Ashes Mind Vortex CD Contact www.fromtheashes.tk FTA are a killer live band, and I wondered if they could catch that brutality on a CD. They do a sterling job, I even recognised a couple of tracks from their live show, which is a rare bonus indeed in the world of grindcore. This is old school grind, angry and dirty. Socially-aware lyrics are growled out at a fantastic pace. This is my new favourite album to put on when I'm pissed off!

Gaunt CDR Contact 17 Banton Place, Glasgow, Scotland, UK, G33 4NZ. www.myspace.com/gauntscotland 50p and SAE. This lot were excellent at the Notts punk picnic Anarcho-style female-fronted angry punk. This CD shows all the promise of their great songs, but the production lets it down, it sounds like it was recorded in a field – but when a band covers Rudimentary Peni and Icons Of Filth you know you're onto a good thing!

LA Piovra LP Contact Marco Rapisarda via tommaseo, 41 30030 Scaltenigo, Italy or slyactions@hotmail.com This has a giant picture of an octopus on one side, the other side has nothing one – so you get seven songs, all under a minute long for £8, which seems a little steep really. But, like their live show, this is energetic inyaface hardcore punk, and it's very good, very fast and short and to the point. It has twinges of rock 'n' roll here and there, and that adds to the brilliance of the album. I love short albums, like I love short live sets, so should you!

Lycanthropy? Joe Pesci/From The Ashes/After The Last Sky – 4-way split 12" Contact www.afterthelastsky.co.uk Czech band Lycanthropy are fantastic. Dual male/female vocals they are pure grind aggression. This is face-shredding stuff indeed. It's unrelenting political brutality, and with an improved production, this would be perfect. Joe Pesci aren't as good, but their abysmal production lets them down somewhat anyway. From this they sound like an adequate grind band, but I'd like to hear more to give them a chance. From The Ashes are great. They're fast as fuck and they grind like fuck – that's all you need to know. After The Last Sky are a kind of black metal version of punk and grind, in a political kind of way. And it works a treat. Their songs are well crafted metal tracks. Over all a great record

NO Substance The Last Seven Songs CD At The Library Records, PO Box 1398, Southampton, SO16 9WX, Hants, UK. £3.50, cheques to R Smith Visit www.atthelibraryrecords.co.uk This is fucking rad, a fine testament to a great band. Not only do you get seven good solid melodic thrash punk songs, you get a lyric sheet with loadsa photos on and a booklet detailing the history of the band. This is an inspirational release and a real labour of love – I suggest you support it and kick yourself for not catching one while the band were still together.

Omerta CD There's no contact details within this, but they do have a Myspace page – so look that up. This is a real DIY effort – you can almost smell the paint on the CD cover. They've played the IQ a couple of times and have gone down brilliantly. Hailing from Leeds, they deliver an epic brand of thrash, there seems to be a little of bands like Tragedy in there, but with a more structured style and aggressive female vocals. This is really very good stuff, so go see them when they play a town near you.

The Plight CD Contact www.thirtydaysofnightrecords.co.uk Another British band that went down a storm in Boston. These guys take the '70s rock formula and play it at 300mph – this is thrash rock, it's fast and fast is good, it's tuneful and tuneful is good and it's angry and angry is good. There is absolutely no reason whatsoever not to like this CD!

Post Regiment/Cress Split tape £1 from Dave, 73 Bag Lane, Atherton, Manchester, M46 0JX, UK. This is ace. I've got most of the Cress songs – but now I can play them on the tape player in my car! Cress, for those who never had the pleasure, come straight out of the anarcho school of political punk with a crusty edge. But you can actually hear the lyrics and shout along. Post Regiment come from the hardcore side of things – they deliver a catchy band of melodic and fast punk, and are well worth checking out. Actually, the whole package looks great – very colourful cover and inlay. Come on it's only a quid!

Systematisk Terror Ueeehhh! CD-R Contact www.myspace.com/systematiskterror This is good stuff. A Swedish thrash band who found me through Myspace. It's good solid political music. They thrash through their tunes in a tight and solid manner using a tried and tested formula to great effect. The anger shows through as the driving force of this d-beat wonder. Check them out.

UYA CD This is so DIY it has no contact details at all on it – but I think they have a Myspace page! Anyway, I picked it up at a gig, and so should you. It's straight-ahead angry hardcore political thrash – and that's good. The relentless barrage of anger never lets up throughout the eight tracks, this is tight, well played and aggressive. Cool inlay collage too!

Omerta interview

I like Omerta so I sent them an interview. Everything else you need to know is in it, so read it NOW!

Pete- drums
Ryan - bass
Laura - shouts
Phil - guitar

Tell us about the background of the band/other bands you've been involved in/where the name comes from/releases etc

Pete: Hey! OK, we started about 18 months ago as a four piece with our mate Sam on bass. After about 6 months we realised we needed a second guitarist, so we got Phil in. After about another six months Sam left and Ryan moved onto bass from guitar, and were pretty content with the line-up! Laura (vocals) and I had been in a band previously called Flick Knives And Splinters and had moved up to Leeds together. Ryan, Sam and Phil had all been in tonnes of bands together for a couple of years.

Laura: We got together from an ad that me and Pete stuck up in a local pub. The name OMERTA means in brief vow of silence. When you're initiated into the mob you have to swear that you won't rat anyone out, and its called the Omerta. So we nicked it from that. We have a demo that we did which is out of press (shit) we have this new ep "we'll never see the snow again" and were recording a lot this summer for a bunch of splits.

The CD, right down to the artwork has a very DIY feel to it. Is this approach important to the band?

Pete: I wouldn't say were a massive DIY band, we don't go round shouting about it or anything, we just like handmade stuff and we like to have the input into it!

Laura: we printed the cds and shirts for our last tour ourselves because its cheaper and we know about screen printing, I just feel there's no excuse not to! Plus, its fun!

You've been described as 'epic crust' Is this a tag with which you would agree? Is musicianship as important as the lyrics to you?

Ryan: We don't really try to be 'epic' or 'crust' we just kind of got that tag by the gigs we played. We just write music that we like and have fun playing!

Laura: I don't think we really are an epic band and although we have a couple of d-beat parts we aren't really crust.

Pete: When I email people about gigs and stuff I just describe us as cursed esque hardcore. We've played a few shows with crust bands where we've stuck out like a sore thumb! Equally though, some gigs with more hardcore bands where we really haven't gone down well!! I don't know, were not really into genres and that, if it's fun we play it! I would say that music is totally equal to lyrics and stuff

Phil: I think as far as musicianship goes, we all like a lot of the same stuff (aggressive music) and don't want to deviate too much from that, but at the same time we all like a lot of different music that we take inspiration from and this gives us all different playing styles which lets us all have our own input and take on the song.

Leeds seems to be spoilt for gigs, do you see the punk scene as being healthy there? Which other bands should we be checking out?

Laura: I do think Leeds is pretty spoilt for gigs, I come from a small town but have lived in Leeds for four years now so even I am a bit jaded. It's just really disappointing when you go to a gig and everyone leaves after their mates' band has played leaving the out of town headline band playing to no one.

Phil: I also don't like the fact that a lot of the time in Leeds it seems like the people are there just to be seen or maybe scene! No one ever dances at shows and no one ever seems to be having any fun! It just annoys me sometimes, and I don't see the point in going to a gig if you don't intend to have fun!

Ryan: I personally think there's some amazing bands out at the minute that we've been lucky enough to play with. We always tend to feed off these bands too when we see how much passion they put in to their music and live performances and we hope we make other people feel that way. I've loved playing with bands like Square Of Black, Whole In The Head, Lakes, Attack! Vipers!, Year Of The Man, U.Y.A and a load of others.

On your stall at the last gig I went to you had loadsa Peta stuff. What do you think of their use of celebrities to get the animal rights message across?

Pete: To be honest the girl who drove us on tour brought all the leaflets. A couple of us are veg, a couple of us aren't. Its not that we don't care about the subject, it's just that as a band it doesn't enter into our songs. I personally don't like PETA as an organisation, I don't eat meat, but I don't need the singer of Fall Out Boy telling me about it! I just feel like there shoving it down people's throats a bit. They can come across as kinda preachy. We don't call the other guys in the band cunts for eating meat, its totally their decision, I'd like to think people stop eating meat because they want to, not because PETA makes it out to be cool.

Laura: two years ago Naomi Campbell advertised an anti fur campaign for PETA this year she wore fur on the cat walks, that pretty much sums up my opinion of the people they choose to represent them!

Phil: I'll be honest, personally I have a very naive way of looking at the whole subject. I eat meat because I believe people are at the top of the food chain and it's a natural instinct to eat meat. I believe that I would only stop eating meat if I didn't like the taste...but I do, so I don't want to deprive myself of something I enjoy. All

this being said, I also believe a lot of people will have there own reason for giving up meat and I don't have a problem with that at all, and when we tour, if the promoters are cooking food for us I will happily eat vegetarian or vegan food because I respect other people's decisions. I just think there shouldn't be any preaching about it, if people are really interested they'll learn about it themselves and make their own choice.

Ryan: I am actually at the minute trying to cut down on eating so much meat. I just noticed how much healthier I felt while on tour when all I was eating was vegan food. Like Phil though, I do believe if I enjoy eating meat from time to time I'll have it because I don't want to deprive myself of something I enjoy.

I've spoken to several people recently who have criticised the political apathy of many UK punks. Is this a sentiment with which you would agree?

Pete: I don't know, I don't think that just because you're a punk band your lyrics need to be political or anarchic.

Laura: The lyrics I write sometimes are political, sometimes not, they are generally more about what is happening socially around me, some songs are about person events that have effected me, others are comments on worldwide and therefore often political issue. I'm not the type of front person that likes to explain what the songs are about on stage (I am quite shy!), although I am quite happy to come over once I am off it.

Phil: I try to stay away from the whole political side of punk. If you're into that, it's fine with me, but personally I like to educate myself about both sides off the issue so I can make my own educated choice. I don't really want to have a load of propaganda rammed down my throat from either party. I also believe that a lot of people into political punk rock music are often all for the greater good but never really think of how it may effect the social or economic aspects of living and they almost assume it would be easy to run the country or world and get rid of all the evil in the world, and because of this some people seem to contradict themselves, or come across almost seeming to be all for communism!

What are your main targets lyrically?

Laura: Well when we initially started the band we had a misguided plan to have all the songs about the mob. This wore thin after about three songs. I just don't have that much to say about gangsters! I don't really know that I have actually targets. I don't write songs to change the world, they're not a message to anyone, although if you can take meaning from the lyrics that is a bonus. Singing for me is about a release of anger I guess, so the songs tend to be about what piss me off. On the EP two of the songs are about global warming; one of the gangster songs; a songs about being "scene" in punk/hardcore; a song about the sickness of the beauty industry and a song about someone I know who deserves to be beaten.

Do you think there is such a thing as being 'too politically correct'?

Pete: yes, totally, were living in a complete nanny state.

Laura: I do too

Phil: Definitely

Ryan: no.....I mean yes

I picked up an animation DVD by your singer at the gig. Tell us more about your artistic projects/interests

Laura: I want to do more stop motion animation, although when this will be I don't know as currently I do not have the space or a camera. I studied animation at university so it is something I am very interested. I have also just stated to screen print things (hence the CD), this is something I plan and am doing more of both for other bands and for myself.

Phil: I am currently studying art at uni, but I suck at it and I think I'm gonna fail! hah I enjoy the photography, sound and moving image side of art but I don't really understand a lot of the more contemporary side of it.

What's in the pipeline for the band? How can people get in touch with you?

Pete: we have a split 7" coming out shortly with a band from Canterbury call Square Of Black who RULE! then two more split 7"s with Whores Whores Whores and UYA the ANOTHER split with a band called Year Of The Man, that will be a double 10" Then we'll set about making the first album!!

Laura: We are planning to play quite a few gigs in the summer and play on the Converge tour from 5th to the 8th of July!!

Ryan: I get to play with Converge (one of my favorite bands ever) on my 21st first birthday. Fuckin sweet!

Phil: you can contact us by myspace- myspace.com/omertarock or by email- omertacore@hotmail.co.uk thanks for showing some interest in us, and thanks to anyone who reads this, has seen us or will see us. It's much appreciated!

Stand up and fucking fight

There has been much debate about the merits of direct action. I wrote a piece in my last zine about how pacifism if idealistic nonsense in the true battle for freedom. In the words of Conflict, "should we fight with fists when they use guns, planes, bombs and tanks?" In other words, many people consider what the Governments, armies, research labs and arms dealers are doing to be terrorism in all but name. These cunts are killing people, they are funding people who are killing people, they are making money from killing people and they are covering up the killing of innocent people. Are we expected to sit back and take it? I'm not advocating terrorism, I'm just being realistic. When discussing the Broadwater Farm incident in his excellent book Bash The Rich, Ian Bone said the

Supermarket slaughter

The following comes from www.myspace.com/careforthewild_turtles If you're on myspace add them as friends, if not visit the site and lend your support. Big supermarkets must be made accountable, and it's consumers that give them the power, so consumers must start standing up to them and telling them when they're out of order. Anyway, this is just one of the aspects of Tesco's trading that I find repulsive, for this reason I've reproduced a blog from the people behind this site, and I thank them for allowing me to do so.

FACTS:

China - An Expanding Market

Tesco announced in 2004 that it signed a joint venture agreement with Ting Hsing, for its wholly owned subsidiary at Ting Cao, which owns the Hymall chain stores in China. Tesco currently maintains 90% investment in Hymall supermarkets.

- Hymall stores serve around 2 million customers each week, and are located mainly in the East, North and Northeast of China (Shanghai, Hangzhou and Ningbo in the east; Tianjin, Shenyang and Dalian in the north).
- Within the 45 Hymall stores, live turtles and frogs are openly sold and slaughtered in front of customers. In China, as a whole, up to 20 million turtles are consumed each year.
- On 26 December 2006, Tesco opened the first own-name store in Beijing ('Hymall Tesco'), and announced that all its Chinese branches will change their signs to Hymall Tesco gradually.
- Tesco aims to open TEN more outlets in China in 2007.

Conservation Implications of the Turtle Trade

- Turtles are a luxury food, not a source of protein for the poor. Due to a changing economy, demand is growing, and Chinese populations are becoming increasingly scarce.
- As these animals now can fetch large sums of money, it is profitable for hunters to spend time searching for rare, more expensive species.
- Wild populations of turtles have rapidly declined due to the growing trade. Professional hunters and farm workers collect every species, and native species are being depleted. Increasingly, species are imported from countries such as North America, Africa and Europe. For example, Red-eared sliders enter China in their millions from the USA.
- Trade is currently the largest threat to turtles, with China being one of the largest consumer of turtles in the world (van Dijk *et al.*, 2000). The trade to and within Southern Asian - especially Chinese- food markets has become the main threat to the survival of Southeastern Asian turtles.
- Chelonians now have the highest proportion of endangered species of any vertebrate group, and 3 quarters of Asian species are threatened with extinction. The most commonly traded turtle in Asia is the Asian yellow pond turtle, *Mauremys mutica* (Canto) (Zhao, E. M. (1997). This species is classified as CITIES Appendix II, and listed as 'Endangered' on the IUCN Red List 2006.

Turtle Farming, Transport and Selling

- During farming, transport and slaughter, extremes of temperature, moisture and overcrowding should be avoided, and reptiles are highly susceptible to environmentally-induced trauma. However, turtles and frogs are farmed, transported and handled with no regard for their physiological or psychological well-being.
 - Hyperactivity, hypoactivity, persecution from other occupants, disposition-related environmental temperature preference and aggression are a few examples of abnormal behaviours which commonly arise from poor housing conditions (Warwick, 1990).
- Turtles have also been demonstrated to benefit from enriched environments (e.g. Case *et al.*, 2005).
- Turtles suffer capture stress and inappropriate handling, which can cause the development of lesions on their sensitive skin. Excessive handling also causes tachycardia, and is hypothesised to cause a fever in turtles similar to that observed in stressed mammals (Cabanac and Bernieri, 2000).
- Upon arrival at the supermarkets, the turtles are restrained in net bags (possibly the same ones they were transported in), and placed upon a display counter. Extreme temperatures and lighting may be stressful for the animals, and they will likely be frightened by a bustling supermarket environment.

"Humane" Euthanasia or Nightmare Killing?

- This is Tesco's claim "Our standard Operating Procedures require that the animals are slaughtered in ways that immediately kill the animals and minimise the risk of suffering".

- Evidence collected by CWI show this statement to be false, and therefore either deliberately or ignorantly misleading.
- Pain perception in fish, amphibians and reptiles is likely to be analogous to that of mammals (Machin 2001), as they have the neurological components for pain perception and respond behaviorally to pain.
- There are various methods used for killing in Chinese markets, one is decapitation, whereby the head is chopped off whilst it is extended (if, as a protective reaction, the animal withdraws its head, the shell is then smashed to reach it) or, as in the case of softshell turtle species, exposure and removal of living internal organs with a sharp knife precedes killing. The turtle dies from a loss of blood, minutes after the excruciating procedure begins.
- There can be no doubt that *all* of the methods employed are inhumane, and *all* necessarily involve prolonged pain and suffering.
- Whilst the method of decapitation may be classed as 'humane' in other animals, in aquatic turtles it is anything but. In contrast to the mammalian brain, which exhibits rapid degeneration during anoxia, the brains of aquatic turtles (e.g. Western painted turtles) shows extraordinary capacity to survive prolonged anoxia (Perez-Pinzon *et al.*, 1992; Cooper *et al.*, 1984). In their natural environment, this ability would enable them to survive over winter in terrestrial habitats where they may be exposed to subzero temperatures (Dinkelacker *et al.*, 2005). Unfortunately, for the thousands of turtles killed by decapitation each year in China, this tolerance to low oxygen and blood flow means a consciousness long after the procedure, possibly up to an hour (Warwick 1990; Cooper *et al.*, 1984; Melissa Kaplan's Herp Care Collection website, 2006).
- It has been stated: 'If reptiles are to be killed by physical means... then it has to involve complete and rapid destruction of the brain, otherwise they are very likely to suffer enormously and for a long time before dying' (Warwick, 1990). Thus, decapitation alone is not acceptable. It has been observed that humane methods would include not only decapitation, but also pithing or stunning. None of these methods are practised, and (pithing especially) requires great skill.
- There are no requirements for the turtles to be killed inside the store. Many of these unfortunate animals are taken away to be killed by customers. There is no animal welfare legislation ensuring 'humane euthanasia' for any of them.

Zoonosis Risks

- Whilst Tesco states that they 'work hard to maintain the highest hygiene standards', the consumption of wildlife and its maintenance in close contact with other food sources presents a massive danger to human health worldwide, one only needs to think about SARS and avian influenza!
- These animals carry multiple bacterial, parasitic and viral pathogens. There is no effective way of eliminating these. Exotic animals, such as turtles represent important reservoirs of *salmonella* infection (Woodward *et al.*, 1997; Römkens *et al.*, 2003). In fact it has been stated that 'there is no such thing as a guaranteed salmonella-free turtle' (Williams 2006).
- In the US alone, approximately 1.4 million human *salmonella* infections and an estimated 600 associated deaths occur each year (Mead *et al.*, 1999), and direct contact with reptiles is not even necessary for infection to spread (Mermin *et al.*, 2004).
- The very presence of live wildlife in a food store is a recipe for a human health disaster of epic proportions. By engaging in this trade, Tesco is not only endangering human lives in China, but also worldwide.

Transport woes

Every time I drive to a gig without knowing where I'm going there always seems to be a big fuck-off lorry in the lane next to me - especially when that's the fucking lane I want to be in! Then there's one behind me - and where the buggery did that one in front come from? Fuck off the roads you cunt-faced, bullock-twatted cock-breathed wankers. Freight belongs on the rails, or the canals, or the sea - not on our crumbling roads. Fuck ya jobs - you can drive a bus instead - a much more environmentally friendly option. I'm tired of being intimidated, slowed down and splashed by these fucking monstrosities. Take all the lorries off the roads and half the environmental problems would be solved, most of the feelings of road rage would vanish and road repairs costs would halve, so council tax could fall (hopefully). The drivers would be available to put more buses in bus lanes and to improve our struggling public transport 'system'. (Systems never fucking work). Others could learn to drive trains, as we'd need more of them - what about double deckers aye? What about decent fucking trains like they have abroad? It's about time we got this transport problem sorted. And the cash made by the railways from freight can be ploughed back into the railways to reopen old tracks, to provide more late night and weekend services and to help get more cars off the roads too! You see, everyone's a winner!

about £6 each! English train prices are a disgrace!

We tried to sleep on this train, but some woman had brought her cat with her. It proceeded to meow the whole fucking journey pissing off the whole train.

The trains slowly declined in quality as we headed closer to Znojmo, the final one seemed to be about 200 years old and stopped several times at random points in town centres – seemingly nowhere near a station. About three people got off when we arrived in the middle of a town that seemed to have less life in it than Skegness in November.

And by now the ramshackle trains seemed to be held together with gaffer tape and a couple of bolts.

Nevertheless, they were all on time, and the connections were made with ease. Well, I say ease, but Dave, Tom and I did panic before the first change – the rest of our party disappeared about two minutes before the next train was due to depart. However, as they returned with beer with seconds to spare we forgave them!

We walked to the venue, taking in our first taste of the breathtaking architecture of this amazing country and found a dingy dive of a venue – fucking ace, we were at home. As soon as we got there some random bloke started giving us free drink and drugs. We presumed he was in SPS, he wasn't. We never did find out who he was. But we were fed beer, Jagermeister, tequila and absinth all night. But it would be rude to refuse to partake in the local customs – so we didn't! It was also the first time I've seen the bar staff giving out dope and getting hammered with everyone else. I think Dave's coat is still at the venue!

The sound was good, and Pete and I both agreed that it was the best we'd seen the Marias play. Nobody understood a word Dave said, but they cheered and danced and kept buying us all beer. Everyone was so friendly, which is what punk rock is all about – being one big happy family.

Plus they played Football Aint Cricket, my favourite Marias song. It's about how the beautiful game has been stolen by moneymen and has turned into a fucking moneyspinner – but we still follow our favourite teams anyway!

SPS are OK too, we were fucked by the time they played, but the locals loved it, they are a rocky version of punk, less aggressive than I'm used to, but they did cover Pet Semetary!

The chances of getting back to Prague were zero. So Pete the driver paid for a hostel for the night. I just remember waking up there next morning. It was the middle of nowhere and fucking cold, but we were there, we had had a fucking amazing night and were ready for the other gig – that night supporting Neville Staple's Specials in Prague.

However, not even Pete could work out bus times – and there was no fucking way we were going by train this time. So we offered to hire a taxi – expensive as fuck by Czech standards, but we were on holiday! Pete offered to drive us for a couple of thousand Koruns less – money talks wherever you are. So he would take us by road then head to Slovakia with SPS. The journey was hampered by loadsa snow – but we saw some nice countryside

and got scared at the standards of driving once again – fucking terrifying. Pete reassured us that the van was a four wheel drive – Tom said he only heard him say “it has four wheels” though!

Plus, he had a bad eye, we knew he'd been in hospital with it, but didn't know how bad his vision actually was. We just had to hope!

We stopped for food – which was great for Phil and I – the only veggies. Veggie food is crap their, the day before I had eaten the blandest risotto ever – basically boiled rice with a few boiled veg thrown in and no spices!

At this place it was salad or nothing, everyone else got ham and eggs.

But we eventually made it back to Prague feeling a little better after food. I topped up the salad with some petrol station crisps. On a long journey you have to eat petrol station crisps – it's the law!

A shower, shave and nap at the hotel also helped, while some of the others nipped down the local pub. Tom bought a Rancid T-shirt – it said Give Em Booth. I saw a Motorhead one on the last day which said Born To Loose. I know you shouldn't take the piss out of people who struggle with a foreign language – especially when you're a Brit abroad, but it was fucking funny – wonder if they'll ever become collectors' items?

We went into town for a little while on the Saturday afternoon. I wandered off and found a falafel bar – the best food I had all weekend, and the only food with any spices in. I didn't have a fucking clue where I was as I walked off on my own, but there's something relaxing about wandering around a strange and beautiful town without a care in the world, besides I found the hotel in the end!

On arrival at the venue for that evening's gig we were met with fond hellos from Neville and his band. They were just happy to meet some people who spoke English. But the fact that it was 6pm meant we were in for a long evening of drinking. It was also a more professional venue so there was no free drugs, or any drugs in fact – which is probably a good thing!

It was a dodgy start though – the promoter didn't know the Black Marias were playing – something to do with a misunderstanding with SPS's Pete. But play they did. Apparently the monitor sound was shit, and Neville yelled at the soundman to “look at me cunt”, because he was paying no attention to what was going on stage whatsoever.

There was another band tonight too, called DiscoBalls. I don't like too much ska, but these were fantastic. The girl singer had a fantastic voice, and during soundcheck they played an amazing version of Ring Of Fire, and a

song which went “melodies, in my memories, this song makes me happy, this song makes me cry,” which was in the main set, and encore, and the whole of our group had it in our heads for the rest of the weekend.

I later discovered they'd only been together for a year or so, which makes them even better in my mind. They were tight, comfortable on stage and seemed to be having a great time. You can check them out at www.myspace.com/discoballs, and I suggest you do if you like ska!

The Marias had a shorter set that night, but at least they were playing. The crowd were really into it, and the band played hard and had fun. You can always tell when a band is in it for the friendship, fun and music. That's one thing about the Marias is that they always enjoy themselves on stage. Dave forgot the words to one song and began to improvise singing “I can't remember the fucking words” and the like. Unfortunately, there were several English people in the crowd – and at least one person did notice – at least he was paying attention I suppose.

And one punk fan jumped on stage to help them out during a closing cover of Borstal Breakout. The second band, as I said were cracking, and Neville Staple put on a really enjoyable show – all the classics were present and correct. Jules got on stage for a dance. The bass player was later heard to comment “it had to be a fucking Englishman that got on stage.” The rest of the night is a blur. The second band's singer was spotted asleep under a table, Neville went back to the hotel to sleep, the rest of the band were still in the bar drinking when my memory became hazy. There was a skinhead sing-off – the Czech skins singing their terrace anthems – us ours, that ended when Jimmy led a rendition of YMCA, before disappearing into the night with several of the Czech guys. He had to alert reception in the hotel, when he got back at 6am to let him into the room we shared – apparently I couldn't be roused – I also couldn't open our room door by myself when we staggered back ourselves – so I'm told!

Sunday was spent in the pub. Why do English people always go to English bars abroad? Surely the point of going abroad is to get away from all that? But this one was two doors up from the hotel and we talked footy with some other English people – who were told off by their wives for ignoring them – they were round the other side of the bar!

We had the worst curry in the world that night. We went to an Indian restaurant with no Indian staff. In fact, there only seemed to be one member of staff in the place. The curries seemed to have all the correct ingredients – except for the spices which were replaced with salt. Yum!

In town we were bombarded by men advertising ‘titty bars’ they followed you down the street and wouldn't take no for an answer. Every two steps another one of the fuckers tagged onto you. I know they were only doing their jobs – and were probably very badly paid – but they were fucking annoying. The drug dealers were just as much in ya face. So we escaped to an Irish bar. The most expensive bar in Prague and full of the fucking Englishmen abroad types we'd spent the whole weekend trying to avoid. Cunts.

So we went to see a band called Mr Pig in a different bar. They were a bad rock band doing bad rock songs badly. We called it a night!

Phil, Jimmy and I wanted to walk up to the castle on our final day – the others walked off somewhere else. So we saw the tourist part of town. We'd spent most of the weekend avoiding this side of things, but now we played up to it a little. Why be a tourist, a bystander abroad, when you can get a taste of living as the locals do – getting drunk with them, travelling as they do etc? But Prague is an amazing looking city with some fantastic architecture, which even the hardest punk rocker cannot fail to be amazed by. But it now has Tescos in the town centre and load of McDonalds and Subways scar the city. The ultimate irony seemed to be that the Communist Museum was above a fucking McDonalds. On walking over one of the many bridges, Jimmy wondered if we brought a duck from England would the Czech ducks ignore it? Would they make it feel like it didn't fit in? I wondered if would be able to understand the other ducks. Is the language of quack universal – or is the English and Czech quack different? We soon realised that all the souvenir shops were actually exactly the same, the same gifts, the same prices – and sometimes the same members of staff! Yeah tourism is big business now – however far you fucking walk. The other odd thing was the amount of derelict buildings, there seemed to be two or three grand looking mansions followed by a token derelict building with bad graffiti. I was heartened by the amount of graffiti in the city, but none of it was very good – just tags and word – nothing imaginative, I like to see something interesting in graffiti – but it wasn't to be.

And that was our trip really. Two fucking amazing gigs, some fantastic people and a bit of culture – job's a good un!

You can check out The Black Marias at www.myspace.com/theblackmariasuk, their album Anti-Social Behaviour is well worth a listen!



The vegan versus the housefly

Our unusually warm winters have some unusual effects on the unusual creatures that share this unusual planet with us unusual folks. Now some say climate change isn't a problem. You could call these people deluded, or, like me, you may prefer to refer to them as thick cunts, stupid bastards or bullock-brained morons living in fuckwit land. Whatever your abuse of choice, you have to agree that snowdrops in January and butterflies in December is just wrong in Britain.

So, imagine my surprise at having my little flat invaded by a huge fuck-off fly in February – not even late February, but mid-fucking-February. Now this cunt was a particularly noisy bastard, and I had to be up for work in the morning. The constant buzzing was enough to drive a man to murder – but I wouldn't stoop that low. No way I was going to splatter this poor bugger's bastard face across the copy of *Headwound* I happened to be reading at the time. Besides, Rachel and Chip would be greatly offended to have a dead fly splashed across their photos, so I decided on a capture and return to the wild policy. Besides, I'm a vegan, and all species of creatures deserve to live, just because they're a mild inconvenience to us, it doesn't mean we have to wipe them out. That's the twats' way of doing things. However, I decided the best course of action was to put some clothes on first, as this policy involved going outside and I didn't wanna trap my knob in the door on the way out! My first attempt was to shoo the invader toward the open door, but the little fucker wasn't having any of it, it just flew to the ceiling, and then into the lampshade. It being a weak paper lamp shade I blocked both ends with my hands and gently lifted it away from the light bulb – being careful not to burn my fingers to cuntary in the process – if there are any children reading this, get an adult to help you with this part of the captivation process. So I took the imprisoned fly and shook the lampshade outside. I returned to my room, smugly smiling at the success of my liberation mission and put the lampshade back in place. Then would you fucking know it, out buzzed the fly – the cunning cunt had hidden in the corner and snubbed my attempt to return it to the wild. Fuck. So I continued to chase the little bastard around the room, desperately trying to persuade it that the open door was its best option for an enjoyable future. But it was having none of it. As I waved my hands frantically it just snubbed me and kept hiding behind piles of fanzines, clothes, a model of *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, or anything else to hand in my bedroom. Exhausted I crashed out on the bed and slept a deep sleep, despite the buzzing beast berating me from my own bedroom!

Weary in defeat, I heard nothing more from my invader until the following evening. And the bastard began taunting me once more with its powerfully annoying buzzing. This time, however, I was prepared to do battle. That evening I had just finished my latest jar of vegan mayonnaise and, like a good little eco boy, had washed the jar out ready for recycling. I collected said jar, and in an instant had my opposition captured. It was as easy as that, no epic battle this time, no daring chase, just a flick of the wrist and the fly was mine. Expertly, I placed my hand over the jar's entrance and took it outside. This time I watched as the fly flew free into the night. It may have won the first battle, but I had won the war.

The great punk rock fashion show

I am becoming increasingly horrified by the peacocks preening themselves at punk gigs. I've seen blokes doing their hair in the bogs, girls changing halfway through gigs, or nipping off to do their make-up (sometimes blokes do this too) and bands that now have a sideline in selling fashion. What a fucking joke!

Punk started from a fashion shop in London you say – yeah, it did, and that version of punk is dead – and good fucking riddance, we've evolved and moved on. The punk we have now is about politics, passion and music. It's about working class kids kicking back against the state – or just kicking back and having fun. It's not about middle class wankers paying twenty quid for a fucking T-shirt that's so tight you can tell when a bloke's nipple is erect! It's not about everybody having the same tattoo or piercing and it's not about wearing jeans with your pants pulled up higher than them! It looks like you can buy into these cliquey little gangs if you can afford the right fashion, you can rebel by looking the same as everybody else – well fucking done – you cunt!

The revolution will not be sponsored

What the fuck is happening to rock 'n' roll? Away from our DIY scene every fucking festival up and down the country is draped in adverts for drinks and food! The corporate beast is slowly devouring youth culture, 'punk' bands are flogging brands of clothing to the fashion-conscious 'rebels' faster than you can say 'guidable mind-fuck', and the trends are now running the commercial side of punk rock. The 2007 Glastonbury Festival costs £150 a ticket – plus you had to have photo ID. Very fucking rebellious, very fucking free-market, the rebels are taking their seats in parliament and the punks have all fucked off to a meeting with the ad men.

On the big screens at Reading and Leeds ads sell you phones, beer and fucking crisps between watered-down indie wank and corporate metal shite. The Levellers want to sell you fucking lighters and underwear, and the transformation of music into an industry is complete. Fuck off you fucking fucks – six quid on the door – no more, pay no more than £5 for a CD – or steal the fucker. Free downloads and home CDR recordings are the way forward – fuck off corporate whores, get your fucking hands off our music!



Anti-social behaviour in Prague

When any British band gets the chance to play their songs in a foreign land they have to do it. The Black Marias were understandably excited to be able to get punked in the Czech Republic with two gigs on guitarist Tom's stag weekend. Myself and a friend of the band called Pete joined Tom, singer Dave, bassist Jim, drummer Jules and the other guitarist, and youngster of the band Phil for the excursion.

The Marias play old skool street punk with a strong sense of melody and some killer hooks. They also run the Peterborough punk club and all the members have played in bands before including The Anoraks and Evil Macaroni.

The fact that the whole band, apart from Jules smokes worried me. I read in a guide book that everyone in the Czech Republic smokes and I had just quit for the 20th billion time. But Pete was a fellow rejecter of the evil weed, so, drugs apart, I never succumbed! The evil nicotine beast had failed to rip the fuck out of my throat again, and I'm determined to have slayed that fucker for good this time.

As we were leaving at 5am on the Friday morning, I decided that staying awake all night was a good idea. What a cunt. I was constantly dozing in the cramped works van on the way to the airport – threatening to collapse onto Jules's shoulder at any moment. Why is it the law that wherever you go on holiday you have to get up at 4am? Even when you were going up to the coast – an hour's drive away your parents made you get up at stupidoclock just to give you 'that holiday feeling'?

After landing in Prague and deciding on drinking beer while waiting for the gig organiser and SPS driver Pete, we encountered our first lesson in manners. It's rude to stand at the bar – they blank you, you can stand there for three days and they'll just walk past you thinking 'tourist cunt', while your friends sat at the table in the corner were serviced by a waiter within the first five minutes. Fortunately, being used to tourists, the bar staff pointed out our error and charged us twice as much for beer as anywhere else in the country.

Pete, the driver, seemed OK, but had a habit of counting when explaining things – the first gig was in Znojmo, which is on the Austrian border, he said it was "200km away, maybe 210, maybe 220." The journey would take "maybe four hours on the train, maybe five." A coach ride would only take three hours – so that seemed to be the best bet, and Pete would take the band's gear to the gig in his van, I guess he had to pick up SPS – the band the Marias were supporting to the gig. He had trouble finding our hotel, and we seemed stuck in a traffic jam for hours. Driving in the Czech Republic is mad. There are no gaps, drivers pull out in front of you and drive bumper to bumper all the time, they drive full pelt at zebra crossings and break at the last moment – for out-of-towners this can get quite hairy. Couple this with the fact that pedestrians have to go first at zebra crossings – you walk they stop – you wait they don't, and all you can do is walk and pray!

After dropping off our luggage, we tried to work out the Metro system to get to the coach station. We had no change for the ticket machine – so we all wound up the girl in the shop by demanding coins as change for our cans of Red Bull. We then queued for the ticket machine and stared at it blankly trying to work out where to go. Half an hour later we were still staring! When we finally got our tickets and got on the train we discovered that nobody checked our tickets – so we didn't bother buying any more for the following journeys – Eastfield would be fucking proud.

The fucker at the coach station obviously didn't like us and told us all the coaches were full – we being ignorant Englishmen didn't have the ability to argue, we were going to arrive in Znojmo by train half an hour before the band were due on stage – rock 'n' fucking roll!

The most disturbing thing about the train station was the number of tramps hanging around, many look about to pass out at a moment's notice. Wherever you go on this fucking planet you can always see extreme poverty and desperation – it's heartbreaking and it's fucking wrong!

The first train was big, warm and comfortable, we had to change twice, and so, at three hours, the first part of the journey was the longest part. GNER and Virgin should take note though, the tickets cost us the equivalent of

proper studio, and do them justice, which I think we've done. I think half the tracks on the CD have been available before, but these are the definitive versions! (at least in our eyes!!)

Do you think it's fair to say that much of your political outlook comes from the issues you face day-to-day rather than world-wide concerns? Do you think politics should begin at home?

M I think with the ever increasing influence that globally controlled mass media and multinational business exerts over all of us (even us 'clued-up' snotty punkers) the day-to-day and the worldwide are increasingly becoming inseparable. My wants, desires and expectations are being manipulated in the same way as some bloke in America, in China, Russia, wherever. I don't oppose the McDonaldisation of our High Street, or the meat industry or whatever simply because I want it to go away and reappear somewhere I don't have to see it. I oppose it precisely because it is making ALL our day-to-day issues the same; we're all chasing the same cars, the same dream house, the same pointless shit. On the other hand my concerns are very different from say, a rural Chinese worker or a Somalian refugee whose concerns are far more immediate. (i.e., finding food and not dying) so I can only apply myself to the issues as I see and experience them. But, of course, in today's capitalist world my life and how I (and all of us in the prosperous West) live it often DIRECTLY affects those in the poorest countries whose labour is being exploited simply to provide me with the crap that I don't need but that I have been brainwashed into thinking I can't live without; whose waterways are being clogged up with the plastic bags I throw away; whose world is being irrevocably damaged by the toxic shit that we pump into the air, into the sea.... Ultimately, politics should begin with your own conscience. I can't control the world but I can control at least some of what goes on in my house, in my life...

Have you any gig horror stories to tell us? -

S. Ultimately gig tales always sound funny to those who were there and totally irrelevant to those who weren't, but the one total horror story that sticks is of a gig in Rotherham. (horrific enough in itself some might think!) Chizz asked if we'd play with a mate's band, he described them as a bit like the Macc Lads so we thought we'd do it - it would be a laugh, we knew all the Sheffield lot would trek over for a night out anyways. So we play - and to be blunt we were shit, totally untogether and all over the shop.. we finished and the next band set up - hung like Hanratty - all in their late 20s 30s and I think the singer was early 40s they play the first song, melodic-ish 77 style punk, not bad sorta what we expected though the singer seems to be trying to hard to be a bit "zany" but then it all takes a turn for the surreal when as the intro to the next song the singer shouts "this one's for Ian Stuart - best neighbour a man could have" at which point this little skinhead runs up and they both seig heil... so to cut a long story short, within 2 more songs they'd emptied a room of around 40-50 people down to about 5-6 ... their singer thinks its cos he's simply too punk rock for everyone and proceeds to shout the odds, and we have to physically drag one of our mates away who was going to bang him.. I think the singer was just trying to wind people up - other songs were dedicated to stringing up vicars etc but he just totally lost the plot...

How well did the CD-r sell - isn't the front cover a bit of a Clash rip-off?

S. We've done 3 CDR demos now, I think we sold over 100 of the first one (we did it numbered out of 82, then made another 50 or so), definitely over 100 of the second (we got through about 35 at the first city invasion in Sheffield) and the last one we did two runs of 50 but it was only meant to be a stop gap before the album, so we kept trying not to make anymore to force ourselves to do the album! But then we had no music to sell to people so we'd make a few more. The cover is a total rip off of the clash, I did one run of a few t-shirts with that logo on cos it worked well and as the CD was a rush job just nicked the t-shirts art for it!!!

Tell us what the song We Are The System is all about.

M. Heheh. It's about me. It's about you. It's about all of us. I spose it's just that sometimes I look around within the 'scene' and despite all the positive aspects we can all be so judgmental, so rigid. Sometimes it's like you meet a new kid and you brain runs through some bullshit mental checklist - spiky hair? Check. Black t-shirt? Check. Vegetarian? Check. Requisite amount of Nausea patches and faded Crass slogans? Check. I think that luckily most people involved in the DIY scene are intelligent enough to move on beyond these first impressions but I think we're all guilty of expecting 'rules' of the scene to be followed. But when we start imposing stricter and stricter constraints, when we expect punk to become some homogenous mass where we all think the same, we simply set ourselves up to become what we are trying to oppose - a hierarchical, controlling system. I am the system, I'll tell you what to do. You are the system, the system's me and you.

On a scale of one to 10 how angry are BSD?

M. Oooh, tough one. We are very much a band of individuals on this one. Chris spends most of his life in a near catatonic state so I'd say he was about a 1 (rising to 10 when the rest of us don't help load gear back in the van after a gig thus keeping him from his ideal state which is asleep in bed). Jon is a card-carrying mental with a pathological fear of confrontation so we never know HOW angry he is about anything because he has to run

away and be angry in private. Tommy spends most of his life fucked and occasionally gets a bit shouty when something or someone prevents him from getting fucked. Stu is a robot from another planet who has no emotions whatsoever besides a permanent vague annoyance that the world (and especially the members of his band) refuses to conform to the painstaking plans he has laid out for its betterment. And me? I am a classic only child. Generally easy going yet prone to occasional toddler-style hissy fits of monstrous proportions when everyone else forgets that everything they do is supposed to revolve around me. :-)

Animal liberation is human liberation

If another person says to me "worrying about starving children is more important than worrying about animals" I will scream so hard that every window in the city in which I live will cave in, every street lamp will shatter and all car windowscreens will crack. It's one of the oldest clichés known to activists, it's the most annoying thing in the world to say to anyone who gives a fuck about our fellow creatures, other than saying "what do you eat?" to a vegan.

There are, of course, exactly one million, three hundred thousand and 26 things wrong with the point that some fuckbrain or other is trying to make to you. I can't list them all here, otherwise I'd write you a book, and I wouldn't be able to flog it for a few pence and a stamp. The first point to make is that it presumes that everyone is a one issue person. This is more patronising than a Richard and Judy interview and shallower than yesterdays Sun newspaper. Because we care about animal rights does that mean we can't care about opposing wars, human rights and child abuse? Don't be so fucking dumb you fuckwitted dumbfuck arseholebrained twat! There is more than enough room for several causes in a person's life. I lothe racist fucks just as much as I lothe vivisectionist scum thankyouverymuch!

This point of view also seems to presume that human rights and animal rights are mutually exclusive. Of course they're not. Thousands of people have died, or have had adverse reactions to drugs which have been marketed following flawed tests on animals. I won't go into the science here, but there are much more reliable - and faster - ways to test drugs, ways that are safer. If these methods were to be employed tomorrow many remedies, which remain hidden because they don't work on a rat, could come to light as a miracle cure. But while we wait for this to happen more and more people die needlessly. If this isn't an example of human rights then I don't know what is. Plus, while people starve in the third world, millions of tonnes of grain are thrown down the throats of purposely-bred pigs so they can be slaughtered to fill the bellies of the rich in the Western World. We feed pigs better than we do fellow human beings. It takes much less land (and there's a much lighter impact on the environment) to feed a vegetarian than it does to feed a carnivore. Grain used to increase the pork mountain could be helping the starving to survive. Is this not human rights?

And, if these arguments don't sway you, there's the plain fact that I believe all species are equal on this planet. That means it's wrong to exploit a fellow creature for profit or gain. I am not going to help companies wipe out beautiful creatures just so they can keep the shareholders happy. We hunt foxes because they get in farmers' ways. Excuse me, if eating meat is 'natural' then a fox fucking up a farmer's business is 'natural', so let Mr Fox get on with it you cunt! By the way, I don't believe eating meat is 'natural' - and nicking the milk off another species most definitely isn't.

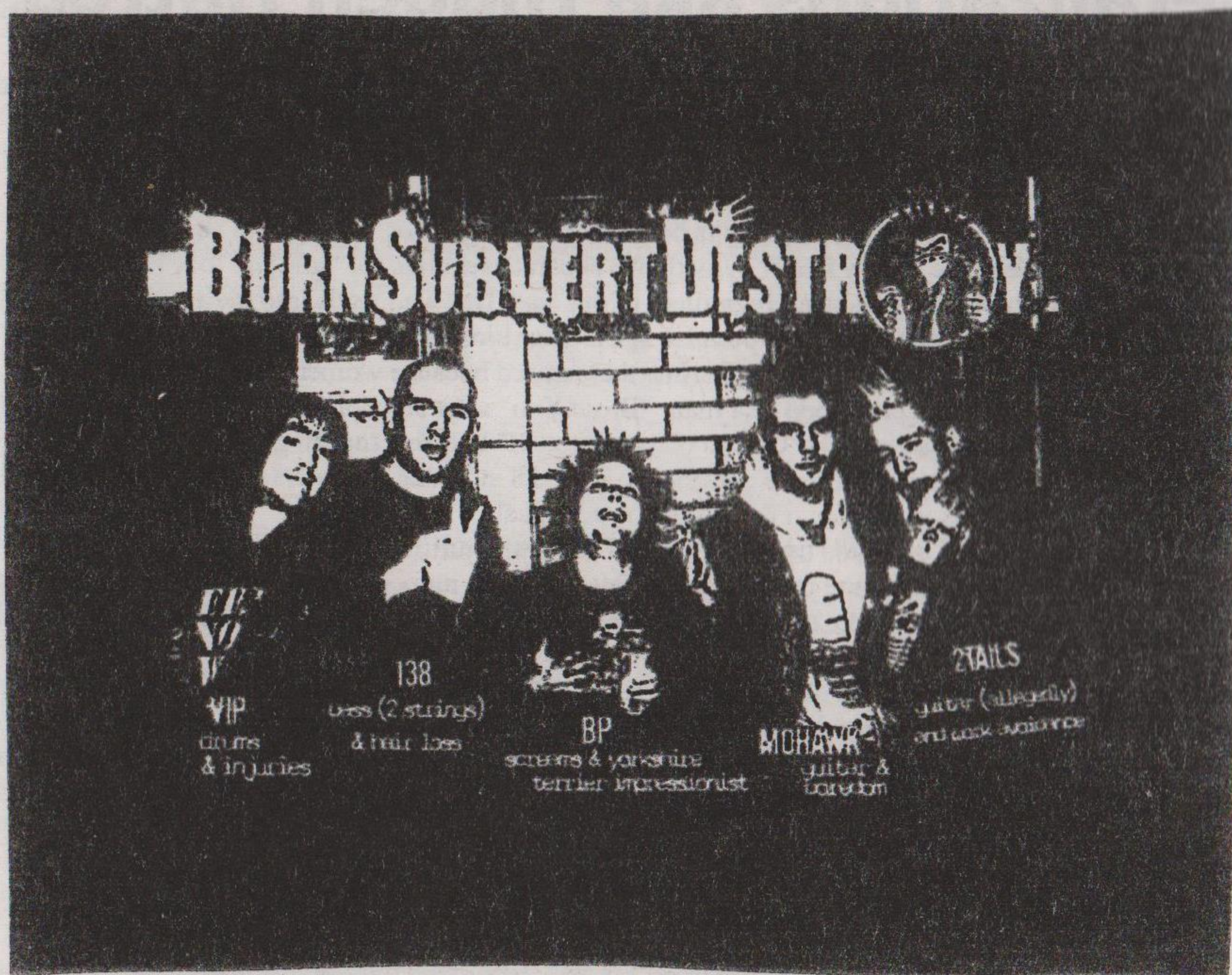
But the point is this, I will continue to fight for my fellow species on this planet because it's the right thing to do, and if you can't see that then you're the fucking dumb animal!

Go, go gadget shit!

Every Christmas, every summer, every fucking week some electronic giant unleashes the latest must-have piece of technology on the world. How did people survive by reading maps before Sat Nav? How did kids get through an evening before Playstations and computer games? How did you manage to walk to work without an iPod? Can't remember? I can, I still survive without all that over-priced unnecessary bollocks. The 'electronic revolution' is just one sick, fucked-up example of how far consumerism has come to rule the world in this cunt of a day and age. Now it's not good enough to have a computer, you have to have the latest software, the latest game, the latest instant messaging service. Now a stalker can phone you, text you, email you, find you in a chat room, send you a myspace message or, if they're really old-fashioned, write you a letter or turn up on your doorstep. What the fucking fuck, what happened to meeting new people by going out? How can you be friends with someone you've never met? How can you tell people intimate secrets without looking them in the eye to judge a reaction? Fuck, you can tell an internet friend anything, you can be anything you want - it's a fucking liar's paradise - that's truly terrifying!

And now, it's not good enough just to have a mobile phone so people can reach you in an emergency - you have to be able to take photos with it, listen to music on it and play fucking games on the train so you can annoy every fucker else trapped on the delayed 15.55 train to London at 23.07 - you fucking twat!

And if your kids haven't got the latest must have phone or game at school then they're looked down on - bollocks to that, bollocks to the consumer frenzy fuelling sweat shops worldwide, fuck the greed-powered 'electronic revolution' forcing people to work insane hours and driving people deeper and deeper into the sea of debt. Resist all that bollocks and go out and buy a vinyl LP instead!



Here's an interview with Sheffield's BurnSubvertDestroy. I first saw them supporting The Casualties, I liked their CD-R and so decided to interview them. Questions are answered by Stu (S. bass) and Mike (M. vocals)

Give us a little background/history of the band. Who came up with the very direct name?

S. BSD formed in June 2004 from the ashes of Last years youth, Dave the original LYY guitarist decided to leave and as him and Mike were the only original members and we wanted to move the sound vaguely into the '80s we decided to change the name. The 4 of us (at that point) mike, me, Chris and Andy, our original drummer, met in the pub and threw ideas around, in the end we went with BSD as we could make the initials mean whatever we wanted, (I was listening to a lot of the Japanese Band DSB at that point – so the influence is obvious me thinks!!) but we soon settled on Burn Subvert Destroy – I can't remember exactly why those words were picked – but they seemed to suit what we were after, and we've now moved away from calling ourselves simply BSD. There are some old badges with other names on – Bald Stupid and Dead – our Ian Stewart tribute, Bull Shit Detected – step on up Tony Blair and George Bush... anyways may as well complete the potted history, we got John in on second guitar (he'd just left Bickles Cab) and then in 2005 Andy left and we got Tommy in.

You have a very street punk image, but you list bands such as Conflict among your main influences - is the anarcho scene your first love both politically and musically?

M. Street punk? I always thought of us a just having a 'punk' image, though I can see what you mean. I've never been comfortable with the term 'streetpunk' in connection with our band as it seems to be a tag entirely devoid of meaning. Nowadays it seems an umbrella term to cover anyone who spikes their hair and plays anything kinda shouty. Personally I find it important to include some kind of message in the music and too many 'streetpunk' bands seem to cluster under the 'no politics' banner and sing too may songs about having green hair and drinking beer for it to be a description I'd welcome. That having been said, I do really like a lot of streetpunk bands...

S. I'd go with Mike actually – I think we just look "punk" - whatever that is! Street punk seemed to be a term used in the US more, to replace Oi and it's political ramifications.

Though we (ie not Mike) would actually like to write more songs about having hair (of any description in my case) and drinking beer. I don't see why dressing like this and having Conflict as an influence seems odd? I mean if you look at old pics of Conflict they look like the Casualties anyways, Colin had huge spikes like Jorge and Kev the original guitarist had a 3 foot Mohican, it's only now that dressing like that seems to mean you have no message, and to be in a political band you have to be slightly smelly, with dreds and combats as "it's not about fashion – right?"

M. That aside, what was the question? Oh yeah. Without ducking the question I'd say I (and probably most of us) take influences from across the punk spectrum. Yeah I do really rate bands like Crass, Conflict, Aus-Rotten, Subhumans (my favourite band), I love the passion and anger of their music and lyrics, and I think it's fair to say

it was Anarcho punk that really got me started on this whole thing. I also really love the kinda unbridled energy-rush enthusiasm of 'first wave' punk and its sense of chaotic fun, which I also get from the thrash bands more recently. So stuff like SLF, The Briefs, The Clash through to DS-13, Vitamin X, Tear It Up is also a big influence. I love bands that are saying something but still having a fucking good time in the process y'know? And, of course, the UK82 scene looms pretty large in things that float my boat, Chaos UK and the Partisans (1st album) being particular favourites. And then there's that kinda hard brevity that the early US hardcore bands had which is really cool. Minor Threat, Reagan Youth etc... shit, this answer could go on forever. Fuck it, I love ALL punk.

S I got into punk in 83ish, mainly via the Clash, then the Damned, Pistols etc... from there I got into the Exploited, Discharge, Conflict, etc the whole second (third?) wave, and then cos I'm a total punk junkie once I'd exhausted them I moved onto the US stuff, alongside Europe and Japan... but I don't feel I am into one "scene" or the other or indeed that I have to ally with one, I like punk simple as. I would say the punk "scene" as a whole is my first love.

You've played some high-profile support slots, are your experiences of bands such as The Unseen and The Casualties mainly positive ones?

M. Pretty much yeah. The Casualties I've kinda known for years and they're a really nice bunch of lads. It's weird cos they're obviously big enough that you get random people slagging them off in a really personal sense who've usually never even met them. The Unseen I didn't really speak to but they were friendly enough. Wattie Exploited was a top bloke, much more chatty and friendly than his reputation would have you believe! Because Stu puts gigs on and most of the rest of the band have helped him out at one point or another I've met quite a few punk 'celebrities' that way and most are just pretty normal folk. A couple of nobends but that's to be expected innit...

S. Virtually all the bands we've played with have been spot on tbh, unlike some of the bands I've booked shows for but that's another story! The Casualties I met when I put them on in 97 and it's weird now how people feel the need to backbite against them, when they are still doing exactly the same as they were then – every time we've played with them they've been great, the Unseen were really quiet, but seemed nice enough, some of the older UK bands are a bit as you'd expect – sit in their dressing room til they play, watch no other bands, bit of "rockstar" attitude, but then again, I suppose in their eyes they've seen it all before – however, Drongos for Europe and Riot Squad are always great to gig with.. Pommi and Chiz from Riot Squad are at any and every gig!

Burn The Stupid seems to be something of a theme song, who do you have in mind in particular?

M. The pessimistic answer is that, sadly, it's about a pretty large percentage of the human race. It's obviously not really a serious solution but sometimes I feel that if we're ever to actually make this world a genuinely better place it would be necessary to exterminate a fairly large amount of people in it who would forever be too selfish, ignorant and petty minded to not just fuck it up again. I dunno, that sounds pretty bleak and negative doesn't it? I am generally a hopeful person, and I DO believe most people are basically good. But sometimes you open the paper and read about someone, or you listen to a conversation someone's havin on the bus, or you see mindless dickheads threatening people or whatever, and you just think 'Just fucking die. Just do the world a favour and stop existing.' And that song is about feeling that basically....

Can punk rock really change anything?

M. Oh-ho! The BIG question. Yes. I believe that punk rock IS an instrument of social change. I don't believe that governments are going to crumble, or that capitalism will collapse and make way for a vegan utopia because a bunch of half-pissed unwashed losers like me sing some shouty songs with swear words in though. Where punk can actually effect change is at the personal level, on the individual. Look at your friends? Most of mine are involved in the 'scene' and nearly all have been permanently altered by it to one degree or another. Most of my political beliefs were influenced by punk, the lifestyle choices I have made, and continue to make, have largely been influenced or reinforced by punk. Any movement that encourages people to question the world around them, to think about what they eat, what they buy (and where they buy it from) is going to create changes in attitude. Any movement that encourages participation in the way that punk does (be it in bands, organising gigs, putting out fanzines, arranging benefits, running distros/labels etc...), that encourages 'ownership' of our own entertainment, our own media, on an entirely non-profit basis (and yes, I am pretty much assuming that 'punk' in this sense refers to the DIY punk scene), any movement that builds bridges between strangers in the way punk can HAS to be acknowledged to be bringing about change even if only in small ways. The fact that I can (and have) travel to another city, or even another country where I know NOONE and pretty much guarantee that if I can find a gig, or the right pub that someone will offer me a bed for the night and will talk to me is staggering in itself, and even that small feat of lowering barriers and creating friendships is a hugely positive change to the normal, selfish order of society, if only in microcosm.

S. I agree with mike to a certain extent, and I do think that it can change peoples perspectives on the way they live their life, although

Tell us about the new album - what label is it on? Have you re-recorded any songs from the CD-r?

S The new album is called "burn", we've self released it along with help from the nice chaps at Blind Destruction, Beanhead Hardcore and Angry Scenes who've all chipped in, also our mate josh who used to run upstart in the US helped. We've re-recorded about 60% of the songs. We really wanted to do them again in a

Just a brief hello this time, as I think the Why I Write article below serves as a good intro, and I have loads I want to cram into my part of this split! Thanx for Rich for suggesting this split – I'm honoured to be part of it. I've met loadsa cool people at loadsa cool gigs, been in touch with some great people through letters/email/myspace and seen some fantastic bands since the last issue. Get in touch with my by writing to Paul, 10 Regents Court, Princes Street, Peterborough, PE1 2QR, UK, email paul@paulinitonit.plus.com or visit myspace.com/paulinitonit there's loads more rants in my blog for you to enjoy!

Why I write

Yes I know the literary fans out there will realise that I've nicked the title from a George Orwell essay. Fuck, I like his writing. 1984 and Keep The Aspidistra Flying are two of my favourite books, and I like the fact that he used words as a political weapon. He was also a more straight-forward prose writer than an arty farty descriptionalist – his style was almost journalistic in tone, and therefore easily understood – a sure-fire way to get your message across.

Rachel Headwound wrote in one of her zines that people only joined bands because they're not good enough to write zines (or words to that effect). I used to be in bands but I couldn't keep time. I once finished yelling a song and asked the guitarist (this effort was a duo more than a band) to play such and such song – he said he'd just played that song – I told him it wasn't the song I'd sung. That sums it up really, I was more interested in running around the stage like a possessed Iggy Pop on speed than I was about remembering words or on what note to start sprouting my lyrical gems. So zines it is then.

I also get filled with that fucked up rage generated by pure exasperation at the stupidity of the society of which I'm supposed to be a member. I sometimes feel more out of place than a bottle of ketchup on the Queen's dining table. Government, royalty, councils, the mass media, the armed forces, vivisectionists, blood sport enthusiasts, boy racers, Daily Mail readers, celebrities, fourbyfour drivers, farmers who farm animals, people who wear fur, racists, homophobic twats, bosses, Sun readers, non-readers and people who believe everything they see on the internet all piss me off. Every day I think of something that gets on my hairy tits, every day I want to scream "you are a cunt" at some random bloke in the street who has dropped litter, spat on the floor or looked at a lamppost funny. But instead I write, I type like a fucking furious bastard, smoke pouring from both the keys and my ears as I construct my latest rant to be read by a couple of drunken punks and two lapsed straight-edgers! But I have to do it, I have to have an outlet, I'm a fucking show off and I have a message that I want people to listen to. I don't care if you want to debate with me, in fact I positively encourage you to debate with me, but I just want people to understand how fucked up some of the things in this world are, and I want to share the cool world of DIY punk rock with you too – because I'm nice like that.

Besides, those who know me understand that I'm quite shy really, I get nervous and insecure, so I'm not good during mass actions, and I'd be terrified breaking into a Bernard Matthews farm to fuck shit up, so I do what I can, and writing this zine is part of that.

Am I offensive enough?

The 2007 Brit Awards were a fucking embarrassment. For the first time in years they were to be broadcast live, and the ads kept screaming out 'anything can happen', as if the prospect of some has-been or wanna-be upsetting the readership of the Daily Mail would be enough to ensnare a few extra viewers, when the music industry has become so fucking bland and safe. A few 'risque' jokes from the presenter about friendly fire and the queen hardly set my world alight, and Oasis attempts at bad language are just laughable now. Sure rebellion sells and anything that upsets the moral majority is sure to appeal to 'the kids' but using it as a badge of honour is just wank. The BBC also tried it a few years ago by doing a Living With The Enemy TV special featuring Cradle Of Filth. A disproving parent spent time with the band, she despaired a little at the 'Jesus is a cunt' T-shirts, but found the to be normal blokes who like drinking tea – bet that did wonders for their image! Cradle's singer takes none of it seriously, and can be very funny in interviews, he realises the power of offence as a commodity. What is offensive, however, is the new badge of rebellious honour – drugs. I don't judge, I think every fucker deserves a chance or a second chance, I don't think drugs should be illegal and I loathe dealers, but rock stars, comedians and TV stars seem to use a drug-addled past as something cool – 'ooh look what I survived', 'I once did so much speed I was awake for three days, but I'm OK now.' Cunts. Heroin, ecstasy, speed are shit now, they were shit then and they will always be shit. So you survived, loadsa 'normal' people didn't, loadsa normal people died, had their lives ruined and got skint because of that shit – do they think, 'oh he survived so can I' or 'He's only 30 and he got over it, I can do it for a few more years,' no fuck off. Get responsible. Rock 'n' roll should be dangerous not fucking deadly. Celebrities really do my fucking head in sometimes!

Generalizations aka Hidden Hatreds

By Keimi Yamagata

Being politically correct is seen as a bother to many people, but what bothers me is that those people don't need the need for a re-working of the way we all speak... or even think for that matter. Generalizing left and right is socially acceptable, yet behind every phrase or word there is a hidden meaning that maybe even those who say it, don't realize.

"That's so girly!"... what does that even mean? Why is behaviour for a "girl" or "boy" set in some world stone and anyone who goes outside those lines a freak? Why do we separate sections for "girl" or "boy" clothing, considering we all should wear what we want, regardless of our sex. This also leads into the area where people say "gender" instead of "sex," which is incorrect because sex is your biological state, while gender is your mental state. "You're such a pussy!" is another word crime that is used because women are thought to be less mentally and physically strong when compared to a man. "Bless You" after someone sneezes originated from the Plague as a saying after someone sneezed for "God to bless your soul" because sneezing was the first sign of catching the plague. "In God We Trust" on some currencies... but, I'll stop there because my extreme issue with the illusion of religious freedom is vast enough for another article itself.

There is a whole separate category of words used that are just blatantly hurtful. People use the terms "gay" or "retarded" to describe something stupid and try to defend it by saying its innocent and not meant to offend... but how can you make that statement and make two lifestyles that are out of your control synonymous with stupidity and not realize that it's wrong on your part?

Words aren't the only culprit's, actions are too. Men opening doors or being expected to pay for everything... it all dates back to a time when women were delicate dolls to be taken care of and were completely unable to take care of themselves. Job seeking and job hiring... we still live in a world where there are these idiotic "male" and "female" jobs that are supposed to be just understood or the uneven hiring field for such occupations. The whole issue of political correctness where a mailman is now a "mailperson" or a "stewardess" is now a flight attendant... these changes are necessary, not finicky. The list of words that need to be changed is ongoing and while some back away from it on the basis that they see it as frivolous are allowing themselves to be ignorant and unaware of these subtle hatreds.

I must agree that we as a world have made some progress, but why would we then say its good enough and can stop now? How can you say a revolution for equality, freedom, and ending oppression should stop now? To me as a writer, I respect words and their power as weapons because I see the change they make in the world, positive or negative. To alter this planet in anyway, we must start with our words, which effect how we think, and then effect how we act... and our actions shape the world.

NB Keimi's above article appeared in Steve DIY's Streetvoice web newsletter. I liked it and she has said she would like to contribute further to my zines – something I look forward to. Paul

Living in fear of the bomb

I've heard several people say 'I ain't going there cause of the terrorists' over the last couple of years. These twats are, of course, talking about London. Fucking idiots, attitudes like that mean the terrorists have won – even the fucking Sun will tell you that for cunts sake! But it reminds me of being a kid in the '80s. Yeah, that's right the Cold War was raging – we didn't know what the fuck a 'cold war' was but if it meant loadsa snow and we could get a week off school (these were the days before global warming blasted us with sun-powered lasers) then it was alright by us!

However, it was the nightly talk of nuclear bombs, the arms race and Star Wars (which until then had meant lusting after Princess Leia and dreaming of being Luke Skywalker) which shited the fucking pants off us. We thought that at any moment a bomb could fall and rip our faces off, melt our heads and turn the world into a barren landscape inhabited only by rats, cockroaches and Cliff Richard. I was fucking petrified.

Government propaganda didn't help. Leaflets and adverts told you to hide under a table if the bomb went off – fucking great, the age of technology and the best defence we have against an atom bomb is a fucking table. They told you to stock up on tinned food and, if possible, build a fallout shelter. Fuck, talk about ruling by fear, these cunts wanted you to convert the cellar in case they fell out over their 27-course meal-fuelled meetings! Soon we would be brawling with our neighbours over who got the last place in number 34's shelter and wishing we'd bought 54 tins of baked beans instead of 34. Can you imagine an enclosed shelter full of people living on baked beans? Then there were the films, like The Day After aimed to terrify because 'they could happen', in other words YOU'RE ALL GONNA FU...ING DIE – RUN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! It worked on me, I remember walking around the playground asking kids to reassure me that Russia wouldn't really bomb the cuntin' fuck out of us because they were bored! To make matters worse, the CND lot were painted as being hippy nutters by the media – if one country had the ability to destroy the planet then we had to have the ability to destroy the planet too – makes perfect sense, doesn't it?