

A CLASSLESS SOCIETY?

According to the latest Annual Survey of Hours and Earnings the average annual earnings for full-time male employees in the UK is £31,515. The average for women is £22,975 – which brings the total average for everybody to £28,258.

Firstly the say sexism's dead- bollocks. That's nearly ten grand difference and that is fucking disgusting. How can one person's labour be worth less than another person's labour? Also there are an estimated 327,000 jobs which pay less than the minimum wage. Fuck economic, fuck market forces, fuck profit and loss margins, or any other excuses bosses may have for paying low wages – it is just unacceptable.

But how many of us are actually earning £31k anyway? Fucking nobody I know that's for sure. The average wage is so fucking high because of rich fucking MDs, directors, chiefs of police, government ministers and the royal fucking family. Rich scum in other words. While an ocean away the working class struggle with their bills. It's not fucking fair. I know that sounds childish – but the rich scum that force the latest must-have gadget down our throats from their trillion pound company, and the same people who whinge when said gadget gets nicked from the supermarket.

I would just like to see things evened up a bit. I'd like to see nurses paid more than useless pop stars, and so-so footballers. My local binmen are more important to me than Robbie fucking Williams will ever be – at least they are doing something good for society – he's just a cunt!

People always complain when anybody goes on strike – but what other weapon have you got against your boss? Short of blowing up their fucking company, striking is the only way of hitting back. They are making money from YOU – they should fucking respect you – not the other way round. Without you and your colleagues they are fucking nothing. It's about fucking time they realised this!

“Science, already oppressive, with its shocking revelations, will perhaps be the ultimate exterminator of our human species – if separate species we be – for its reserve of unguessed horrors could never be borne by mortal brains if loosed upon the world.” H.P. Lovecraft from Facts Concerning the Late Arthur Jermyn and his Family 1921

BIG SHOUTS GO OUT TO TITCH (STEVE) FOR DOING THE COVER, AND FOOTPRINTERS FOR PRINTING THIS THING AGAIN –
www.footprinters.co.uk THANK-YOU. ALSO – NEVER FORGET THE PEOPLE WHO BOTHER TO PUT ON DIY GIGS IN YOUR LOCAL VENUE – IT'S HARD FUCKING WORK, SO GIVE THEM THE DUES THEY DESERVE.

LATE REVIEWS

Born caught issue 1 50p and SAE, PO Box 53, Leeds, LS8 4WP, England. As ever (this is the second issue) this is the zine that thinks outside the box. There's a great article on magpies and a Columbian scene report, plus loadsa stuff on prisons. The interviews are with the awesome Easpa Measa and Columbian band Anti-Todo. Well worth a read.

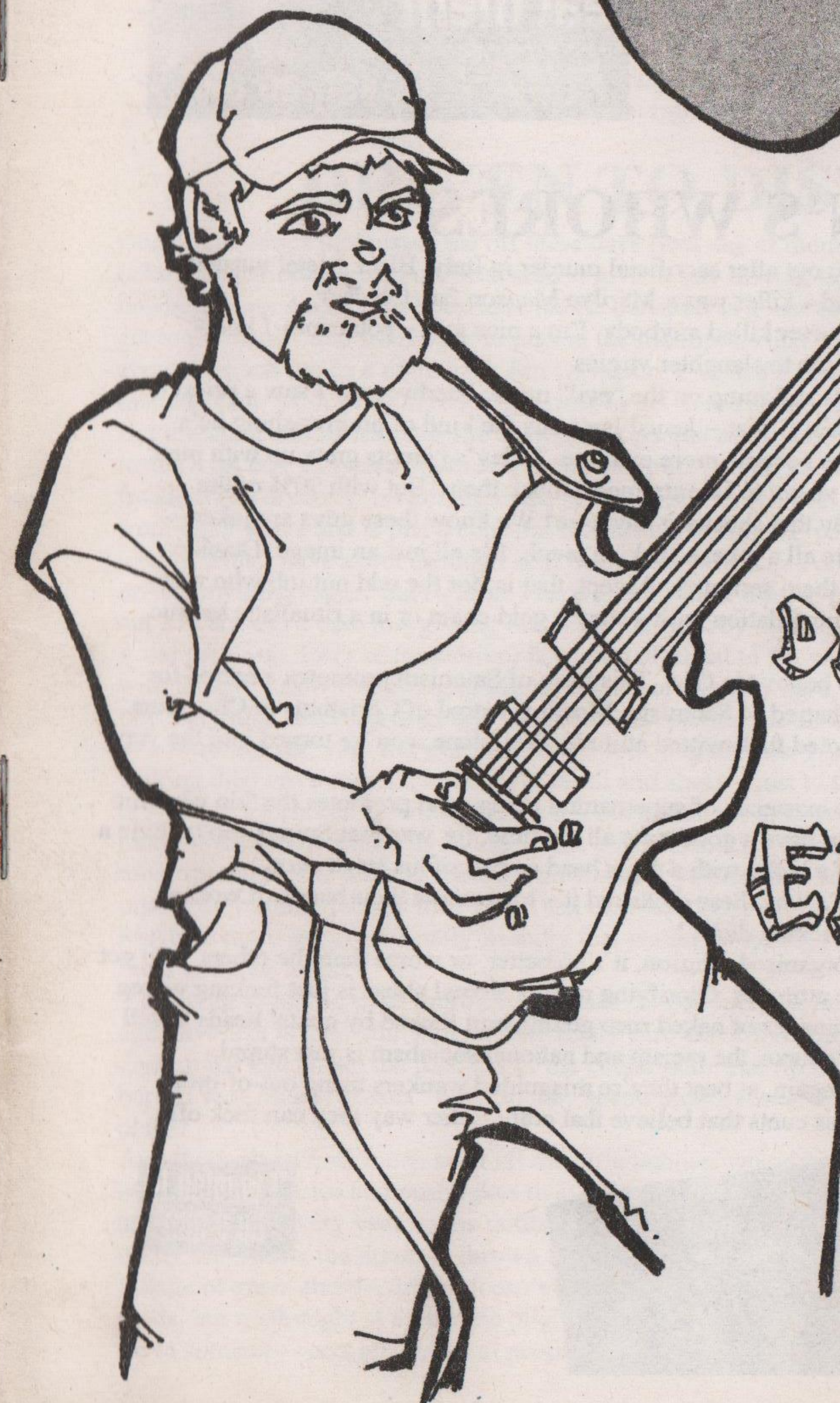
South Coast Vegan Cooking Zine 4 £1 and SAE, Hannah, PO Box 1398, Southampton, Hampshire, SO16 9WX, UK. This even came with a free badge but best of all, there are loads of ideas for cooking with mushrooms – the best food ever. Easy-to-follow recipes with a zine layout – it's good!

The Computers Are Turned Off For A Reason 2 50p and SAE, Will Bomb, 10 Nightingale Crescent, West Horsley, Surrey, KT24 6PD, UK. Not only has does this have a cool cut 'n' paste look – but much of it is also handwritten. The best thing in here is an interview with David Renton, an anti-fascist historian, there are also chats with The Motherfuckers and Beat Motel zine. A nice read.

You Can't Say No To Hope 7 Free with SAE, 71 Merlin Ave, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, CV10 9JY, UK. Another 8 pages of fun. This time you get, more veggie beers listed, how to make a log pile and rants about walking not driving and the art of writing a letter. It's free for fucks sake – get it!
Get Stuffed CDRfenedge4life@hotmail.com Got this for a quid at a gig. Sound is OK. Music is good female-fronted crust punk with fine harsh vocals. One to look out for.

INITONIT

20



DAY MAN LOST
EASTFIELD

50p

INITONIT 20

Hello again. I really don't know what to put in the intros these days as most of what I have to say is said in the rants. Anyways I still live in Peterborough, I still like punk and I still go to Boston a lot. Boston and Peterborough still has great bands, Boston is more thrash-orientated, Peterborough has a younger/more ska/metal feel to many of the gigs – and of course the Peterborough Punk Club puts on your old skool street punk. It's all good. At the moment I like Eastfield, Conflict, Lost Cherrees, Napalm Death, The Day Man Lost, Patient Zero, The Berzerker, New Model Army, Disco Volante, Sonic Boom Six, The Black Marias, Drongos For Europe, Skitsystem, Nasum and loads more bands. Plus Shameless and Dr Who on telly.

Paul, 10 Regents Court, Princes Street, Peterborough, PE1 2QR. Email paul@paulinitonit.plus.com



SATAN'S WHORES

Death metal killed my son. The headlines scream out after sacrificial murder in Italy. Black Metal musician butchers rival scream Norway's press. In England a killer was a Marilyn Manson fan. Oh dear.

I grew up with bands like Slayer and Bathory, I never killed anybody, I'm a nice guy – you cunts. I know Obituary and Cannibal Corpse don't really want me to slaughter virgins.

But is it really surprising that in 2005 the tabloids still jump on the "evil" music bandwagon? I saw a priest on TV who still gets kids to burn their CDs and accept Christ – Jesus! Isn't this the kind of brainwashing he's accusing the metal bands of? Of course music has become more extreme. Today's parents grew up with punk rock, with Black Sabbath and Motorhead – you've got to be extreme to shock them. But with 90% of the population not going to church, is Satanism really that shocking anymore? We know these guys are jokes – we're not stupid. Mayhem, Emperor et al, they're all a joke, a fucking laugh. It's all just an image. Deicide, Morbid Angel, they're funny, people don't take them seriously. Accept, that is, for the odd nut job who was always going to kill someone, whether it's by strangulation with a chav's gold chain or in a ritualistic satanic bloodbath. They're fucked in the head.

To believe in the existence of Satan you have to believe in God. This form of Satanism promotes a hatred for Christianity that's no different to Christianity's hatred of Satanism, Muslims hatred of Christians or Christians hatred of Muslims. In other words, a stupid, bigoted fuck-witted attitude. Well done, you've turned into the very people you hated – nice one. Twats.

Anton LaVey's brand of Satanism discounts the existence of supernatural beings and promotes the "do what thou wilt" philosophy, ie live your life as you want, or have a good time all the time. (or was that Spinal Tap?) Quite a few miles away from following the teachings of a bloke with a pig's head as part of his stage show.

Set fire to a church, get a front page story – that's why these dicks did it – to promote their bands. It worked. Their fans lapped it up, the rest of us thought, 'fucking dicks.'

For the record, Satanism, to me is just another organised religion, it's no better, or worse than the others. I do get pissed off with some of the bands' misogynistic attitudes. Glorifying rape or sexual abuse is just fucking wrong. I'd like to see a female black metal band using images of naked men getting butt fucked by goats' heads to sell records. Let's see how well that goes down. Of course, the racism and national socialism is just stupid, inexcusable bollocks. They think it's shocking, again, at best they're misguided wankers using out-of-order philosophies to shock. At worst, they're brainless cunts that believe that crap. Either way they can fuck off.



'I wanted to be a nun'

Kim and Aggie are cunts

My chosen headline for this piece is not an opinion. It is a fact. It is not up for debate. Anyone who disputes this fact is also a cunt. We can include all 'reality' shows in the 'cuntishness' bracket – because people are actually influenced by them. Yep, they watch How Clean Is Your House? And believe that life revolves around cleaning. Fuck that!

The reason for my displeasure? I have thin walls in my flat, and I'm sure playing the latest Skulls and Flames album at full blast pisses they neighbours off, but last night weirded me out. After watching a late night horror film I crawled into bed at 1am, yeah I know it's early but I'm getting on a bit! Anyways at about ten past one, I heard next door's vacuum cleaner. They were hovering the fucking floor at one in the morning. Fucking freaks. "Oh shit some dust, it must be wiped out right now". Nothing can be so dirty it can't be left until the following afternoon. For fuck's sake, when I was a kid I jumped over dykes, rolled in mud, and had a dusty bedroom, of course I did I was a kid – not a fucking creature living in a cleanliness bubble.

But the thing is it's rubbing off on me. I now get worried if I haven't cleaned the kitchen for a month or two, I get guilty if I haven't vacuumed for three or four weeks – what the fuck. I even clean the bath – baths have water in they don't need cleaning with more fucking water, that's just stupid!

I want to spend my spare time reading cool books, going for long walks and listening to punk rock, I don't want to waste my life by spending an hour of my week fucking tidying the flat, I have a life! And no I don't live in squalor, I tidy up after myself, just not obsessively like those cunts on TV would like. You DO NOT need to clean your house at one in the fucking morning – it needs to be said. Don't believe what the TV tells you, I know more than that fucking thing – you know I'm right!

DRIVEN TO DISTRACTION

One of the things that pisses me off these days (just one of them) is the fact, that despite living in a modern city (albeit a baby one), I haven't been able to give up my driving licence. You see, we border on the world of rural nowhere here. And in rural nowhere public transport is about as reliable as drunken train driver on speed! So, to get to my family and friends, or to gigs in the metropolis that is Boston I need to drive. Yes, public transport is about as much fun as a night with Jim Davidson. I've had a complete nightmare organising a late night (early morning) trip from Brixton to Kings Cross to get home after a gig – and that's in the capital for fucks sake! But the thing which astounds me most is that people can't understand why I hate driving. Well I hate getting inside a tin box that destroys the environment, puts people's lives at risk, put animal's lives at risk, restricts your freedom (no drinking, no getting tired, parking fees...) and eats cash up like a ravenous cash-eating dinosaur from outer space and is just a constant headache. Pay for tax, pay for servicing, pay for the MOT and pay for repairs. Plus I have about as much skill behind the wheel as I do with a guitar – zilch, nil, zero. I have never driven anything bigger than a large Fiesta – and I have trouble parking that! Imagine me with a Sierra, I'd take out 27 cars and a bike just getting out of the car park by my house.

A car (or a van, lorry or motorbike) is a lump of metal to get you from A to B. So why do people get so obsessed with them? I know I'm going to offend friends and family here, but when has that stopped me before? People buy furry dice, nodding dogs and pretty fucking pictures to make this ugly hulk of metal (there is no such thing as a beautiful car, van, lorry or motorbike) look slightly less grotesque – it doesn't work. The fools spend hours making their environmental destroyer clean and shiny – just to take it out and get it dirty again. And then they say "but it's a classic" – which means it's old and liable to break down, its old and its bad for the planet (at least modern vehicles are slightly kinder to the environment), it's old and it's bloody expensive. 'Classics' belong in a museum not on the fucking road. Some blokes love their cars so much I swear they'd fuck them up the exhaust pipe if they could. Maybe they could sell blow up cars in the same way sex shops sell blow up dolls and sheep. Maybe a more environmentally friendly fuel would be spunk. A totally spunk powered car, then you kill two birds with one stone.

I'm going to offend even more people that I care about now, but one thing I could never understand about new age travellers is their shit vans. If they really care about freedom and the planet why the fuck are they driving death traps that choke the fuck out of the countryside and rip into the ozone layer with all the subtlety of a barbed wire knuckleduster. Why do they spend their lives on the roads they protest against being built in the first place?

And think about how much safer all the little bunnies would be without cars. (The roads would just be full of buses, trams, lorries and push bikes to avoid.) And it's not just little rabbits, deer, cats and dogs. How many flies are massacred every year on the nation's windscreens and bonnets? Nobody cares about them – if a cat goes splat under the wheels the driver is thrown into a state of intense mourning, but wipe out six generations and entire village of gnats and the driver doesn't even blink. Save the hedgehog, save the frog, crossings in the road for toads, but no thought at all for the plight of the poor old fly!

So to some up – cars are crap and people who like cars are crap.

Eastfield



railpunk



www.eastfieldrailpunk.co.uk

LOOK EAST

I am a huge Eastfield fan. There's just something about the way they blend politics and humour into fast, but melodic and very catchy punk rock songs. A sense of humour is something which is all too often missing from bands with a political/social conscience. Anyways, Jessi is a very nice man too, and, in case you hadn't noticed the band also like trains quite a lot. There is a loads of their stuff available from various distros and the band themselves. The latest CD album express train to doomsville is a corker, and I recommend it fully. Not sure about the Eastfield mugs on sale at shows tho! This interview was done with Jessi, singer and guitarist just before the band's 10th anniversary tour.

You have long been advocates of train travel, but in Spalding I saw your drummer loading up a car after the show. All my illusions were shattered. Are you really a bunch of sell-outs?

Yes, collectively we are a bunch of sell-outs. However, some of us 'keep it real' by refusing to learn to drive and still get the train to meet up with the others...so at least those travel expenses are still negligible (ha ha). I personally prefer touring by train - with all the dodging that went on it was actually cheaper too!!

How can people be persuaded to take the train when it cost me 43 quid to travel from Peterborough to Leeds and back? What are your top fare-dodging tips?

£43! That's a rip-off - why didn't you hide in the toilets??? Fares have just gone up on that route (GNER) by 4x the rate of inflation which is sick. Over recent years there has been a gradual shift to hike up train fares which is effectively pricing the common (wo)man off the trains. This comes at a time when there are far too many cars on the road and goes against environmental concerns and plain common sense. Presently there appears to be little incentive to take the train - so all the more reason to fare-dodge...I cannot condone train travel without trying to bunk it - it is more ethical not to give these business-types your money as they have shafted the railway network. Anyone who says otherwise and comes up with that nonsensical lame excuse "not paying your fare makes the fares more expensive for everyone else" can get stuffed. So hide in the toilets, reuse tickets, rub off the guard's stamp, only pay for part of the journey, hop over the barriers, ignore the conductor, etc etc...IT IS YOUR MORAL DUTY!

Just how evil were the McWhirter twins? (Remember Norris from Record Breakers and the Guinness Book of Records, and of course the Eastfield song, It's Gotta Be A Record Breaker?)

The McWhirter twins belonged to an extreme right-wing group called One Nation, which had very neo-fascistic views. Anyone coming from a perspective that is based on prejudice is totally evil in my opinion. Look at human atrocities in the 20th century, whether it's the holocaust, ethnic cleansing in Bosnia, Stalinist purges etc etc and draw the links.

You quite rightly point out that Burt Reynold's domestic violence is glossed over when we talk about his films. Why don't we hold celebrities to account for their actions?

Some of us DO hold celebrities to account for their actions...it's just a shame we can't get close enough to them. Unfortunately the general public via the media still has a mindset of putting these figures on a pedestal no

matter what scumbags they are. Take for example George Best; the TV and newspapers are full of what a legend he was - yes, agreed his football skills and alcohol consumption were indeed legendary, but all of a sudden everyone forgets that he was a nasty piece of work and used to beat his wife up.

What's the best mobile phone conversation you've ever over heard on the train?

During his stint in Eastfield, our ex-bass player Ben had an uncanny knack for losing anything and everything: a tent, a sleeping bag, 3 mobile phones, even his bass guitar en-route to a gig in Swansea! I once got a call out of the blue from Virgin Trains lost property in Welwyn Garden City saying they had a mobile phone belonging to Ben and could I get hold of him as I'd been the last person to contact him by text. They read out my message which contained the line "...Hope you got back ok and FREE..." They obviously hadn't worked out that he'd actually been bunking the train when he'd lost the phone, ha ha. However, he was a bit worried giving his address for them to send the phone back.

Apart from that, I can't recall hearing a decent phone conversation from anyone on a train. They're always so mundane and boring...I wish people would spice them up!

I heard you played your part in the Tallington Ashes weekend. Did you take part in the cricket. Who won the plastic train filled with fag ends? (Tallington is a small town in Lincolnshire which has a pub near a railway crossing which host a punk/folk weekend each year, the centre piece of which is a cricket competition for a plastic train of fag butts)

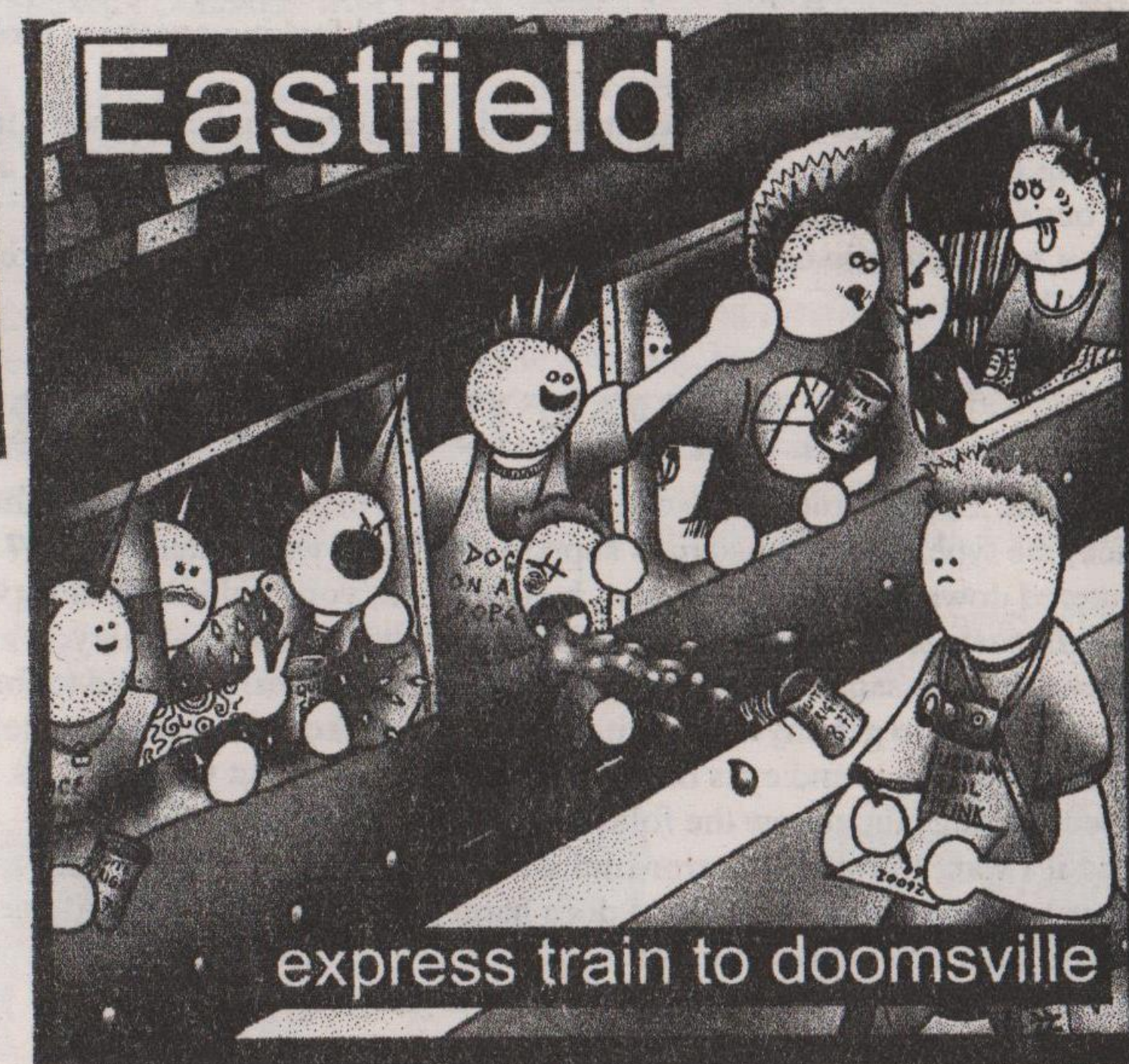
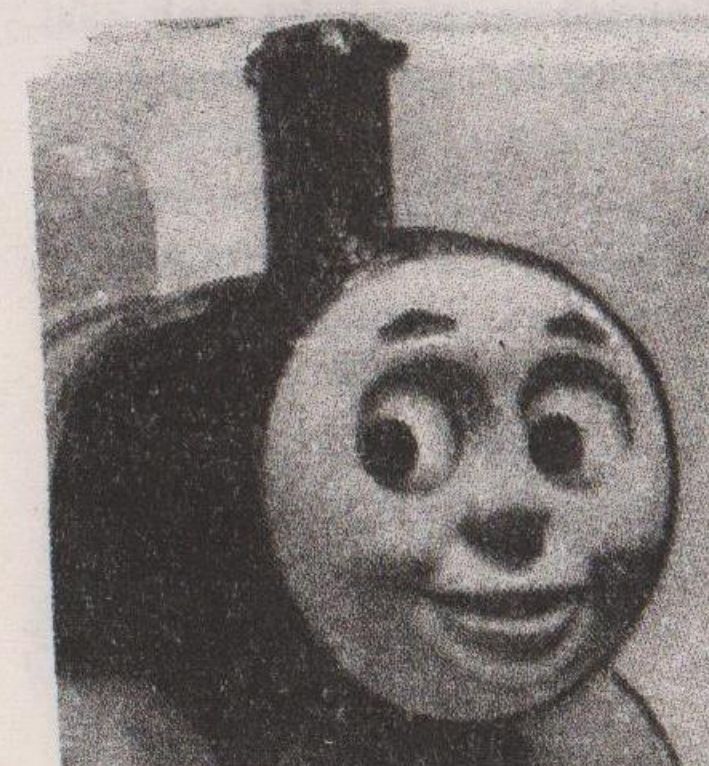
Eastfield have played the Tallington Ashes every year - it just wouldn't be the same without us! Traditionally the cricket game has been between Blyth Power with whoever they can bribe and Chris (who has since become our drummer) with whoever he can drag in, which includes some of our members and ex-members. Chris' team invariably wins. I personally don't play as it's the wrong sized ball and I didn't go to public school.

Do you think sharks get a bad press when it comes to their occasional taste for the odd surfer?

Absolutely, it's a case of double-standards - you don't hear the press condemning surfers and beach types for persistently barbecuing seafood. So if a shark takes a chunk out of a surfer what's the difference? A shark being a predator in its habitat is far more natural than mass commercial fishing. Besides, aren't surfers all thrill seekers that would see the extra injection of danger as part of the adrenaline buzz - just imagine all the talk up in the pub afterwards!! Although I don't actually like to see surfers get hurt, the consequential human retaliation in hunting the shark is all wrong. Be proud of your scars and let your mates get them too.

Your latest album talks about Geoffrey Palmer being targeted by the ALF for promoting lamb, what do you think of certain supermodels who modelled for Peta, then were pictured in furs the following year?

Peta and other organisations should try to be careful in who they choose for their campaigns. Obviously a sincere celebrity is going to have more effect than some fickle money grabbing lowlife who is more concerned about their increased personal publicity and bank balance. Celebrities by their very nature are at the mercy of a vicious and vindictive media that likes nothing better than to build them up then cut them down and what more than a celebrity that is seen to be a complete hypocrite. While I'm all for exposing celebrities as being complete tossers and not some demi-gods and goddesses, the notion of insincerity and hypocrisy will also have a detrimental effect on a campaign eg as if to say "not wearing fur isn't 'in' this year". So choose someone that's genuine and



sincere and can be a good ambassador for a cause not some selfish empty-headed turncoat.

What do you get up to outside of Eastfield? Have you released any of your solo stuff?

Some of us work full-time, some of us part-time, some don't do conventional work at all. We all have our interests and obsessions. Do you want us to talk about trains? We've moonlighted in various bands over the years, some of us are still up for this. I personally have no desire to do this as most of my creative input goes into Eastfield and sometimes there aren't enough hours in the day. There hasn't been any solo stuff released although it's always been an idea that's currently stored on the backburner. Waiting for a prolific period to come along so some songs can go to the band and some for a solo album, but it's like waiting for a train...have you seen the state of the railway network these days?!!! I could do solo versions of already released Eastfield songs but they'd probably end up sounding like my old demo tapes ha ha.

If you could build a stretch of railway anywhere in the country, where would it be?

Right past my bedroom window for starters!

Thanks for your time and patience Paul. Keep on keeping on.

Recommended further reading:

www.eastfieldrailpunk.co.uk

BUS RIDE FROM HELL

Living, as I do, in the baby city of Peterborough, I rarely catch a bus. So, when I visit friends in Nottingham, I'm always amazed at how bus culture has changed since I lived in Leicester 15 years ago.

One dark December night, my friend and I made our way from Beeston to Nottingham city centre to see New Model Army play a storming set. Fuck me, the bus driver pulled away as soon as we had one leg on the bus – if we'd been any slower the other would have been left at the bus stop for the local strays to devour, and the driver would be bathed in a gushing red liquid! So we paid our 'exact fare only please' – because bus drivers are too fucking important to hand out change for a fiver, and sat down.

Fuck me with a banana, this guy was in a hurry – I could have sworn that one lady nearly left her baby at the bus stop. It reminded me of growing up in Holbeach, myself and three friends ran for a bus to Spalding. Myself, and two friends, managed to catch the bus before it pulled off – we waved sadly at the slow cunt left at the bus stop. Well he only had an hour to wait to catch the next one! At least in a modern metropolis like Nottingham you only have 20 minutes to wait. Which is good, because our bus driver on speed passed two stops without even bothering to pick up the passengers – or potential passengers – who stood there freezing their cocks and vaginas off! One girl nearly had her arm torn off trying to stop the double decker beast in its tracks. That would have got the driver into trouble!

He did stop at the next one, and grunted at the people getting on in a "how dare you want to travel on MY bus" type of way. Fucking hell, we all hate work, but smile man, we're paying to ride on these litter infested shit holes, we have to listen to out of control kids and fucking annoying mobile phone conversations too, and some of us can smile!

The other thing which confused me (easily done) was that 20 minutes into our journey new passengers were paying the exact same fare we had paid three miles ago. Wot? Does it always cost £1.20 to get into Nottingham by bus whether you live four miles or one stop away from your favourite pub? That hardly seems fair does it? But it was a bargain compared to the £13 we paid an illegal mini-cab driver to take us back to my mate's house after the gig!

WATERED DOWN BOLLOCKS

What the fuck is American burger mustard? It's pissy weak bollocks that's what. English mustard has a real kick, the type of kick mustard is supposed to have, why water it down? Fucking hell French fries are as bad – watered down chips, twice as thin, half as much, you couldn't fill a supermodel with that shite. And have you bought pasta sauce recently? There's hardly any garlic in it at all, you have to add a whole bulb to make it taste of owt. It's the same with curry sauces and chilli sauces, you need to throw in 6 fresh chillis and a handful of curry powder to get anywhere with it. And the fuckers are doing it to telly too! I wanna see decapitations, disembowelments and eyes being gouged out at 7pm, but you can't get it at fucking 11pm without some half-arsed warning about how the following programme could offend you – turn the fucker off then!

And if I want to watch a horror film on DVD, I'll watch a horror film full of blood and guts, it has never done my mental state any harm. What does harm my balanced view of life is cunts who think they have a right to decide what I can and can't see!

The moral of this story is make your own fucking curries!

DROWNING IN POLYTHENE

I read an article in The Observer about modern packaging. Morrisons were selling a coconut which was shrink wrapped and had a price label stuck on it!

A fucking coconut – fucking shrink wrapped! How big a cunt is the twat that came up with that idea? The hardest shell on earth, a food that you can use to smash windows, knock out coppers and play cricket with does not need to be fucking shrink wrapped to keep it fresh. And what happened to price lists and weighing scales – bar code my fucking arse! You'd have to be a complete wanker to buy one of them fucking things!

It gets cuntin' worse!

Why oh why are carrots, apples, cabbages, sprouts and cauliflowers fucking buried in polythene tombs, you're fucking smothering them you fuckers! Free the veg now. Come on this is a call to arms, kick down the supermarket shelves throw coconuts at the windows, pour orange juice over the bosses' heads – let's have a fruit and veg revolution, let's fuck up the fucking food fascists, death to packaging – FUCKING NOW!!!!!!!

You go to your local market, take as many mushrooms as you want, put em in a paper bag and take em home. You use them and pop the bag in the recycling bow – job done! You go to the supermarket and the mushrooms are in a fucking plastic tub with a fucking layer of polythene for a lid, and you get about three mushrooms – fuck off! How fucking stupid do you think the consumers are? Why the cunt don't we force the fuckers to use biodegradable packaging, it's that fucking simple – and consumer power can force them to do it. Rise up and tell the cunts – "I want my carrots in paper not plastic!"

And every time you go into these shops you get a weak fucking plastic bag to stick in the bin, which goes to landfill, which fucks up the planet. Why not take the plastic bag with you the next time you go to the supermarket, and the next until it has no handles and 46 holes, don't let them keep forcing the fucking things on you! Or, even better, buy a cotton shopping bag – even better a fairtrade cotton shopping bag. The Amnesty catalogue sells them – buy one from them and be mega right on!

Personally I've found that veg lasts longer if it has still got the dirt on, and cleaning it is all part of the food preparation fun.

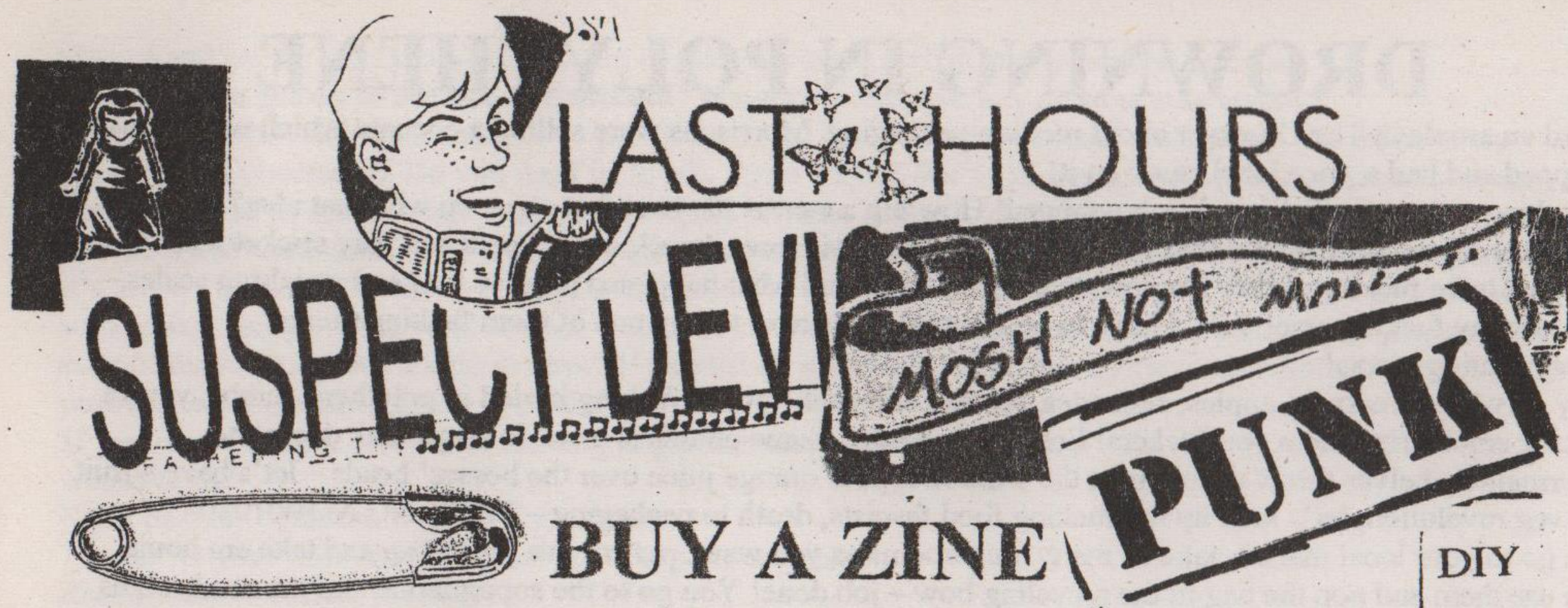
Also only certain plastics can be recycled. For example, your plastic bottles are made from one of only three polymer (chemical compound) make-ups of plastic, and are very easily identified, both by us and the poor fuckers who sort the stuff in our recycling bins. The three polymer types used are PET (e.g. fizzy drink bottles and squash bottles), HDPE (horrible milk bottles and detergent bottles) and PVC (huge fuck-off squash bottles), although the use of PVC in such applications is in decline, because the Goths are wearing it all!

But things like marge pots are made of blends of polymer, which makes them difficult to sort out, many plastic tops have the same problem! And most yoghurt pots are actually polystyrene (and I don't mean the punk singer) so quite often ya fucked if ya wanna recycle them! So what about our horrible plastic bags, well some supermarkets will recycle them (ah bless – guilty conscience or wot?) BUT there's no call for the type of plastic used in them – ie they can't make a profit from recycling them. AND, the ink on them limits their use further, so they can only be used to make dark stuff like bin liners in their next life! – so why the fuck don't they leave them blank? That way there's no contamination and Mrs Donnalds won't feel a wanker filling her reused plastic Sainsburys bag up in Waitrose.

At the end of the day, it's all these difficult fucking chemical compounds used to keep your food 'fresh' that are causing the problems, the advertising industry feeds off the packaging (using it in shit adverts that break up Shameless), the industry making the packaging feeds off it, and we get charged the earth for it. Fucking madness! But there is good news, Bangladesh has banned poly bags completely (in March 2002), because they're an eyesore, they float in the wind and hang from bushes and trees, plus they choke and kill our wildlife. When I drove by the tip in Louth I was amazed at the state of the countryside around it – fucking plastic bags everywhere – a complete nightmare. Bangladesh has replaced them with the Jute bag, kick starting the old jute mills again. Jute comes from plants – NOT FUCKING CHEMICALS! Ireland's tax on bags seems to be working (an estimated 90 per cent reduction in their use) Finally governments, including the British, seem to be taking the taking the problem seriously. Get a fucking move on! Thin plastic bags have also been banned in South Africa, some states in India have banned poly bags, and in Taiwan their use by shops is banned, although the law doesn't apply to market traders yet. You see it is possible!

Make these fuckers realise that they're killing our planet in the name of profit, don't let the cunts get away with it! Or maybe over government aren't quite as forward thinking as those of Ireland and Bangladesh!





Anarchoi 15 £1 and A4 SAE, James Gemmell, 3 Hazel Grove, Kilwinning, Ayrshire, KA13 7JH, UK. This zine is really growing on me. This issue is fantastic looking with plenty of cool punk pix cut 'n' pasted all over the place. And the interview with Drongos For Europe is brilliant – the best interview James has done to date. And The Swellbellys are in here too. Oh yeah, there are loadsa reviews as well!

Anarchoi 16 As above. This time you get Antibodies, the great Refuse/All and Holy Racket. There's a George Best, he was a great footballer, an Irish boy done good. But he was a wife beater too, and that makes him a cunt, however good a footballer he may have been. But, all in all another great issue

Barbies Dead 19 50p and A4 SAE Woodhouse, The Square, Gunnislake, Cornwall, PL18 9BW, UK. Sad to see that Alex has fallen on hard times and had to cut the size of this zine. It is now just a review zine really, but with an interesting bit on the plight of Royal Mail postmen and a bit about darts. Plus there's the usual A-Z Subs CD review. Alex writes well and provides a great insight into the world of punk in an old skool layout. I'd just like to see this grow again with a few more rants/band articles!

Bald Cactus 24 50p and A5 SAE, Andy Cactus, 145-149 Cardigan Road, Leeds, LS6 1LJ, UK. One of the consistently good zines around. Great interview with The Restarts, who are a fantastic band. Plus a chat with Andy Higgins and Abrasive Wheels, and some good rants, especially about mobile phones and playing football at work! A fine read.

Last Hours 12 £1.50 They're everywhere at gigs and on distros. The new Fracture continues to delight and annoy in equal measure. It's so big, I haven't read half of it, but I loved the Espa Measa interview, but the Levellers one told me fuck all! Good article on Coca Cola and one on global warming has loadsa links. Actually as a resources guide this can't be beaten full stop. The reviews are good too. It's just a little too right on for me sometimes – there was a column in number 11 that said Oompa Loompas are racists – bollocks they're just fucking annoying, besides I'm not sad enough to sit around analysing kids' films, but that was last issue, there's nothing in this issue that's pissed me off so far, and it's worth getting just for the volume of stuff inside.

Lipgloss 1 £1 and A5 SAE, 8 Commodore Place, Weevil Lane, Gosport, Hampshire, PO12 1AU, UK. I like the look of this, the pictures have come out well, and the various typefaces and the cut 'n' paste style brings out interviews with Jeniferever and Curl Up And Die, and plenty of personal attitude type stuff, but it does get a bit too emoy for me in places, poems are bad Kay! Very promising.

Lost Property 2 £1 and A5 SAE, Hannah c/o schc zines, PO Box 1398, Southampton, Hants, SO16 9WX, UK. As a travel zine this works extremely well, and the tales of Megabus experiences are very funny. You get to go to London, Liverpool, Tokyo and Spain – all in 28 pages of very accessible prose. Well worth a read, and quite inspiring too!

Morgenmuffel 14 60p and A5 SAE, Isy, PO Box 74, Brighton, BN1 4ZQ, UK. If you're not familiar with Isy's cartoons it's time you were. This time her adventures take her to Dublin and to last July's G8 protests. This is done with humour and passion and oozes personality. And it looks cool. Buy it now.

Ploppy Pants 4 50p and A5 SAE, Roddy, Pillars Of Hercules Organic Farm, Falkland, Fife, KY15 7AD, Scotland. The day after I got this I was in Peterborough city centre when I needed a shit so badly, couldn't see any public bogs and didn't know which shops had piss basins in, so I had to rush the 20 minute walk home, walking as delicately as possible so not to park my load in the middle of the street and end up with ploppy pants – I just made it! The 29 track free CD on its own makes this worth getting. Filthpact, Atomgevitter (Roddy's band), Espa Measa (fucking ace band), Dangerfields and Duckstab to name but a few. There's loads of crust, but it's all good DIY fun The zine itself has an old-style cut 'n' paste look and is much better than I remember old issues being. There's a fucking fantastic page about bits from the bible that tell you to go out and kill and other such silly things, there's a couple of columns, and a good bit about Buckfast, plus a tour diary. Fucking ace!

Suspect Device 46.6 £1 and A5 SAE, PO Box 295, Southampton, SO17 1LW, UK. This is a mini xmas issue, but it comes with a fantastic Intent CD – straight ahead hardcore, which shows how the band have come on well since their last CD, worth the price of admission alone – top stuff. The zine is packed with reviews, and the review of my last issue takes me to task over one of the rants – brilliant – it proves people do actually read zines! Alongside the usual class columns – one of the outstanding features of SD – and views there are interviews with the Violators and Flamingo 50 – and they call this a fucking MINI zine!

Sweet Shop Syndicate 1 50p and A5 SAE, Christina, 56 Rushden Way, Farnham, Surrey, GU9 0QG, UK. Ace, another new zine, and what a good name too! The stories about trains should please Eastfield, not sure about the ant-Avenged Sevenfold poem tho! This is the kind of personal zine that has become popular these days, it's great to see a break from a million and one Oi Polloi interviews (great though they are). Support new zines kiddies!

CLICKETY, CLICK – YOU'RE A FUCKING TIT!

Punk rock is my life, we've all said it. And in pubs and clubs up and down the land punks welcome fellow punks with open arms. Well most of the time anyway.

There are a few spunk-brained (I guess all of our brains are, in a small chemical way, made up of spunk indirectly, so it's a bit of a crap insult) wank faces who like to keep their scene exclusive.

Yeah I know we're all outsiders as punks, so why make outsiders outsiders to our outsiders' scene? Is it because they've got an emo record in their collection? Is it because they mosh in a different style? Is it because they're socialists and not anarchists? Or could it be that they drink beer?

Yes there are twats in the punk scene – racists, homophobic wankers and sexist pigs. But, in general when the DIY spirit prevails why the fuck do you want to exclude fellow punks. Instead of "ooh I've not seem him before," when a visitor appears at your local punk pub, it should be, "great a new punk, let's make friends." And these clicky arse cunt brains also decide which bands are 'cool maaan'. Yep, if you're in a local band and you're not a part of the inner circle they'll stick their noses up when you play live, and not turn up. Why not? Because it isn't cool – and punk's just an image to them. Fucking posers.

A NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE

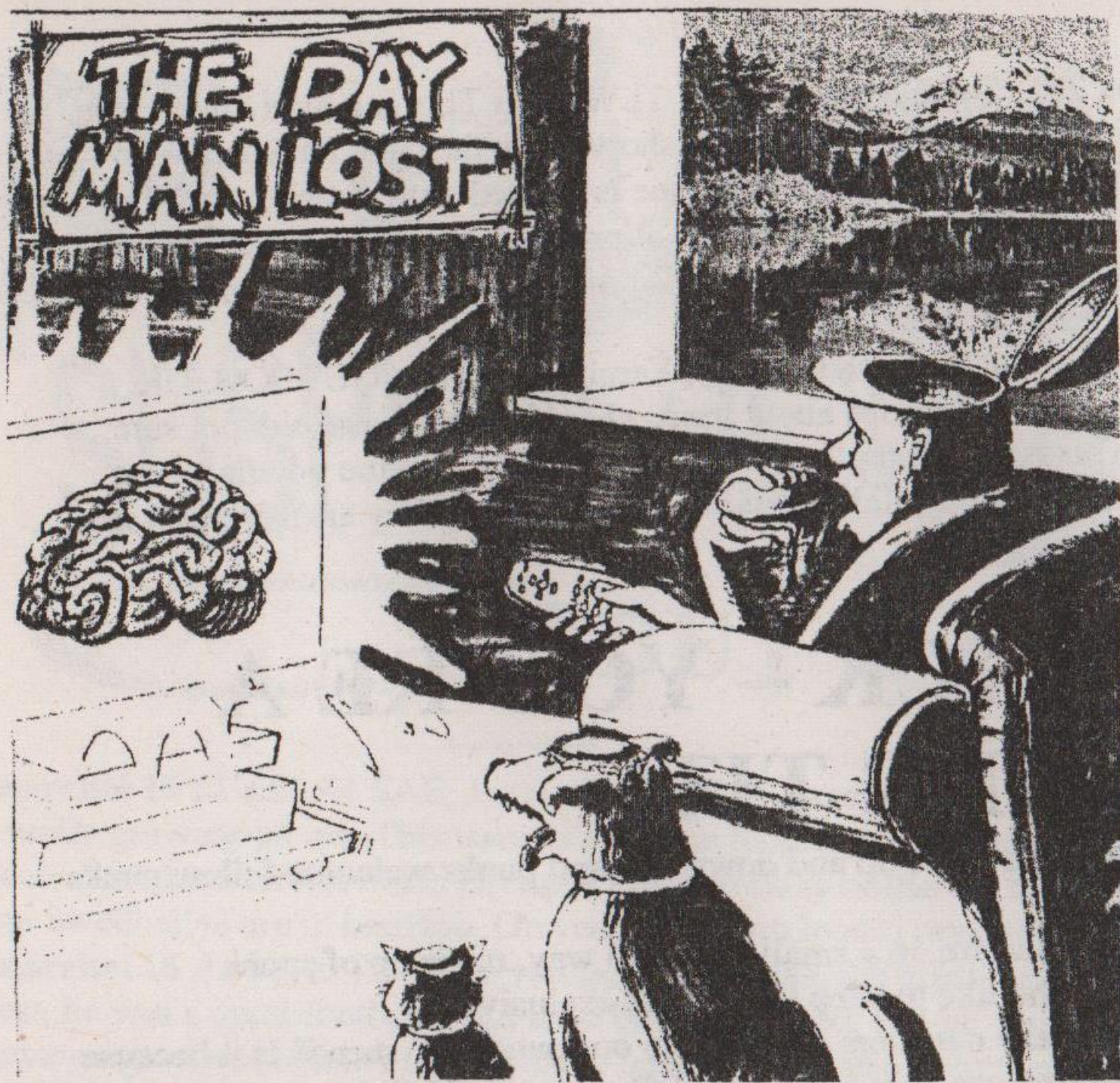
I could have died today.

I needed to go and get a new tax disc, so I wandered into the town near my house. Crossing the road my mind was elsewhere. A car came screeching around the corner so I stopped, no fuck I thought I'll keep going. So did the car. I slipped. Bollocks, what a time to discover my shoes have no grip in the wet. The driver's brakes weren't quite so crap in the wet because he was no longer doing six billion miles an hour (I could be exaggerating a touch). But being an agile old punk who could give 18-year-old moshers a run for their money in the pit, I twisted my body out of the way, and dashed to the pavement and safety – trying not to look a total wanker in front of the crowded street – well there were about six people around. But luckily nobody I fancied saw me make a twat of myself!

So did it make me ponder how easy it is to lose your life? Yeah, I could have slipped under the car and my head could have exploded under the wheel giving the road a new paint job. I could have made young mums faint, old men have a heart attack and posh students puke – I could have made the front page of the local paper. Or I could have broken my ankle, which would have meant me missing Skulls and Flames' IQ gig tonight. Then I would have been really pissed off with that fucking car.

Yes, every time we walk out the door, turn on the kettle or step into the kitchen we could die. So why be afraid of flying, parachuting or tightrope walking over the channel when you could die making a cup of tea? You may as well go in style. But what really took the piss was when I got to the post office they didn't do car tax, so I had to walk into the city anyways.

As a footnote – why did you get so excited reading the first part of my tale? You knew I didn't die or I wouldn't have been able to tell you the story. As a kid it used to piss me off when horror novels were written in the first person because you knew the narrator survived. I just wanted the cunt to die!



10. More Rocks To Throw At The Cops

Freedom needs to be fought for and take
Break silence with righteous violence
Taken shit far to long
(But) we know we ain't gonna change
Nowt with these songs
Freedom needs to be fought for and take

11. Fast Music Doesn't Mean Shit Lyrics

Your lyrics are fucking shit
They're even worse than ours
They're so comical they sound like a scrip
From Fawley Towers
You say you're punk
But your lyrics have nothing to say
You say you give a shit
What happened to your ideals
Have they gone away?

Powerviolence/thrash/hardcore punk, call em what you will, but to me The Day Man Lost are just good. I saw them at an IQ all-dayer and picked up their free CDR. New vocalist Myke and guitarist Dave answered the questions. Kev and Stu make up the numbers on bass and drums/vocals respectively. Everything else you need to know is explained in the interview!

Give us a brief introduction to the band, are there any other bands your members are or have been in?

Myke I'm the new guy, I joined last July I've known the rest of the band for a long time and share their love of thrash/fastcore and INFEST worship! By me sharing the vocals with Stu, it kind of frees him up to drum faster. Prior to THE DAY MAN LOST I sung in a band called BURN ALL FLAGS

Dave: We started just over 3 years ago. Both our drummer and bassist had played in State Of Filth for years. Both S.O.F. and us were going at the same time, so it's not like we're an ex-State Of Filth band. They called it quits in late 2004 after Wayne Southworth (r.i.p.) had left. Our singer had been in Burn All Flags, but they split up a while back and then he joined us last summer. All our songs are fast, short and to the point which is why we get labelled Power Violence a lot.

You gave away your latest CD-R when I saw you play, is there any need for 'real' CDs at all in underground punk rock when CD-Rs are so cheap and easy?

Myke What matters to me is the music and the sentiment. Personally I couldn't give a fuck what medium the message is delivered on. CD-Rs are a really good way of producing high quality recordings very cheaply, they don't chew up like tapes and are totally DIY. Unfortunately there are a lot of people who don't see CDRs as a "Legitimate" format. Apparently a "real" CD has to be professionally mass-produced with glossy inlays and shit. It's a shame when so called "punks" downplay self produced releases and judge a band's credibility by fancy packaging. I suppose its mainstream consumerism filtering its way down to our scene. Please note when I say this I'm not having a dig at all the DIY labels who work their arse's off to put out some great CDs I just wish people gave CDRs an equal footing... DIY or DIE!!!

Dave: Cdrs to me, are just the new version of tapes and as far as I'm concerned, a great idea to keep things cheap and always in print. Though, I do hear they aren't supposed to last as long as ordinary CDs. I don't know if they'll replace proper CDs, but it's just cheap, easy version of getting your stuff out there and you can pretty much bet everyone these days has equipment they can play a CD on. I do actually prefer vinyl anyway, as there's more room for artwork to be put on. CD's have always been an inferior format for that! Sometimes at gigs, we just stick our CDRs down in the hope that people might pick it up, as we haven't got a distro with us and I'm not much of a salesman and lack the confidence to go round and try to flog them to folk.

Your song Peaceful Protest basically says petitions and campaigns change very little, but don't you think that direct action leads governments to crack down harder on counter cultures and gives them an excuse to introduce draconian laws?

Dave: I think if we're serious about our politics and committed to what we're fighting for, then if the government does introduce (more) draconian laws and starts to crack down even harder on counter cultures, then I'd like to think that we could weather the storm, as it were. But there is a problem here, 'weathering the storm' to me, is a never-ending battle against people who wish to have total control over our lives! It just all goes on and on! I

suppose legislation can always be worked around (Criminal Justice Bill in regards hunt sabotage, for instance). But really, any new legislation will make it a lot easier for the pigs to arrest us. I know they employ the 'anti - stalking' laws against people carrying out home demo's, when really those laws weren't created for that purpose. They just love these 'Catch all' laws don't they!

I've been on demo's in the past and the cops have been there handing out bits of paper or stopping folk and making them accept one and if you do then you'll have to accept whatever Section order they've got in place that day, to contain the demo. If you haven't accepted one, then they haven't even allowed you to get anywhere near the place that you're demonstrating against. It's total bullshit. Our right to protest has been eroded so much! Of course, the state will say that if we all behaved ourselves like good little boys and girls and protested nicely (on THEIR terms) then there would be no need to do this. I think there is a difference between campaigns and the use of petitions, as a campaigning tool. Too be honest, I find it insulting, that anyone would expect me to sign something and then expect change from that. I sometimes ask the person who has the petition (it doesn't have to be in relation to animal rights - it could be anything) what's going to happen if I sign it and where's it going to be sent and who's going to see it & the funny thing about it, they don't even know! It's like they have haven't even put much thought into the methods of their own campaigning tactics.

I know things don't happen overnight and it's always a slow, tedious process of gradual change, but are things actually getting better?

Has the hunting ban had any effect at all?

Dave: Well, hunting with dogs is still taking place today (pretty pathetic really isn't it) and there doesn't seem to have been very many prosecutions of huntsmen so far, for breaking the new law. I know Labour, when they came into power, always said that they'd ban it and they couldn't really get away with not doing something at least, even though what's happened hasn't actually had much effect - i.e. they seem not keen on hunting when people are around, then once they get somewhere more remote, they are at it like normal. Hunts in my area are still active (as opposed to becoming a drag hunt) and people going out to monitor are still being assaulted. Someone got twatted in face not long back just for filming. They weren't even sabbing either, which is the usual excuse for hunt heavies to come over and have a go.

Could I just add here, that 3 of us in the band have in the past been active hunt sabs to different degrees. I went out for 5 years every weekend and during the week, if I could (oh, I'm such a martyr for the animals, I know!), so I have seen a lot of what goes on at hunts. Sabs come in for a bit of stick off people, for the fact that some people think it's a waste of time and that we're not that effective (just acting as a band aid approach to the issue), but these are the people that always just moan and just do nothing. Being a sab, I felt insulted by people I'd meet at gigs or just friends and they'd say stuff like 'Oh, I'm surprised you just don't go a kick the shit out of them, cus that's what I'd do' and other sorts of comments. These make me mad cus you just know that these people are full of shit. They'd probably come out once and realise that they could get nicked etc and that's the last you'd ever see of them. Personally, I saw it as myself being part of a politically active punk scene (never a t-shirt just to wear!). Though I guess these days and for the last few years, that the gap between people being in the punk / hardcore 'scene' and then being actually active in political stuff has widened a lot. I stopped sabbing for a variety of reasons, but now with working patterns, I couldn't go out even if I wanted to.

How far would you go in the name of animal liberation - how far is too far?

Myke I fully agree with industrial sabotage, damage to property and commerce. I think Dave will have lots more to say on this issue.

Dave: How far would I go? Well, without wishing to land myself in a load of hot water, I think I would go as far as I thought necessary at the time. I know that seems a bit wishy washy, but it all depends on how you look at the struggle against animal abuse, if, indeed, you look at it as a struggle at all. Some believe that we should be patient and wait for governments to come around and make new laws on the use of animals in society. I'm not one of those people!

In regards direct action to achieve animal liberation. I think that I understand someone's motivations behind a particular attack, but sometimes people's mind sets go a little too far, i.e. attacking the pub which a vivisector drinks in. This would be too far in my mind and pretty stupid as well. What about the supermarket he / she shops at? Would that be a target as well? Would the people who work in those establishments be guilty of association? You've got to remember that not everyone will be aware of what the vivisector does for a job.

I remember when someone had sent a letter bomb and it went off slightly injuring a secretary of the guy who it was addressed to, but the secretary isn't the person you should be harming! I feel this is fucked up. Yes, this person works for the company involved, but they aren't the person making the decisions that hurt the animals. They are just going to work to provide a living for their families. I feel this is where the 'class war' side of animal liberation is lacking, if you just stop and think for a minute that really, people involved throughout businesses that are involved in animal abuse, are just another cog in the machine - the same as you and me. People who work at shit establishments like McDonalds for instance, aren't the enemy - they are just trying to get by in their lives. They shouldn't be targets or part of the collateral damage in people's actions.



I think 'direct action' (in all its forms) can be a very positive and life changing experience for a lot of people. It's very empowering! And, I don't just mean the 'buzz' you get when doing something. By voting with our feet, so to speak, we can change an animal's life in seconds. For the better! I would add here as well though, that when I mean direct action, I actually mean direct action, not standing outside a lab with a placard. This does little for me personally! Though fine if someone else wants to do it, but I think some people who do this it's almost like they are giving therapy to their conscience more than anything else. They feel like they have achieved something. Ok, I'm aware that you could argue we all do that to a certain extent, but if someone's just run across a field with a couple of beagles in a bag, then you've just cost the supplier / lab some money and more importantly, have given life to a dog that without a doubt would have died in a useless experiment in the not too distant future.

I wouldn't like to predict what will happen in the future with actions that are designed to bring about a change for animals, but I think that eventually someone who is blatantly abusing animals, will be very seriously hurt. I'm reluctant to come across as 'too militant' here, but it is a case of 'Well, you were warned! Can I just point out here, that at least 3 people, who have been trying to stop animals being hurt, have been murdered in cold blood. Mike Hill was deliberately run over, as was Tom Worby (both happened at hunts!) and Jill Phipps was run over by a lorry driver involved in the transportation of animals for live exports! But no one who abuses animals, has been killed, yet all the focus is on the 'violence' of animal liberationists.

I remember when Mike Hill was killed, Alan Summersgill the driver of the hound van that killed Mike, was interviewed by a reporter when he had been fighting with sabs and the reporter asked him how hard he hit the sabs and he just said 'As hard as I hit my wife'. What do you do with a cunt like this? Not only has he murdered someone and got away with it. He also admits to being a fuckin wifebeater. Do you think this guy will listen to a compassionate argument? Also, very recently, a guy who lives in my town has just got done for badger baiting. Now, whilst he was going into court he was filmed by a TV crew and a reporter asked him if he had any remorse and all he did was spit at the camera, tell the reporter to fuck off then start to racially abuse the camera guy (who was black). The badger baiter got fuck all sentence as well off the courts - as usual. Fuck knows how many badgers and other animals he has killed over the years. I'm sorry, but these people are utter scum. As far as I'm concerned, where possible, violence should be used against these fucks. There is no other way! I wish there was, but there isn't. Justice won't come from the legal system.

Why do you think there are so many myths surrounding how healthy vegetarianism is, and whether or not it is 'natural' and vegans are often portrayed as being extremists?

Myke I guess its the food industry spreading misinformation to protect their sales. I also subscribe to the theory that a lot of people who strongly oppose vegetarianism/veganism may feel the way they do through their own guilt. They know that exploiting/killing animals for food is wrong but they attack those whose lifestyle is a constant reminder of their guilt.

Dave: It's totally understandable why there is so many myths (having no energy, skinny etc) cus everyone's been so brainwashed into eating meat. Really, it's just easier to ridicule what they don't know. When I stopped eating meat, my family were concerned to start with, but after a while, could see that I looked the same and didn't look ill or something. I don't think they still understand about the dairy issue though. But I decided to leave that alone, as these days my parents are vegetarians, so I'd thought I'd cut them some slack.

A lot of people who eat meat, in my eyes, always seem to say that it's part of their culture or something, but do they really know where their culture comes from? I know it's easier just to accept stuff as it is and not question, as it's mentally easier if you 'just get on with things' etc. I think sometimes it would make it easier if we didn't know / care what happens to animals as it's one hell of a head fuck when you find out! These days really, there's no excuse for not being at least vegetarian, but for me and I know the other guys in the band will no doubt disagree with me, I'd like to see a lot more people going vegan, as I find vegetarianism a bit of a cop out. Really, as I diet, it's sitting on the fence on the issues that really vegetarians should be concerned with. I.e. they say it's cruel to kill animals for food, but in terms of the amount of suffering endured, no other farm animal like the dairy cow suffers more. She's worked harder than any other animal! I feel vegetarians miss the point of the argument. They are kinda giving it with one hand and taking it away with another. I welcome any moves towards a more compassionate existence, but I feel that it just doesn't go far enough!

I know people might come back with a load of counter arguments to some of the points I've made / tried to make and certainly some people who do stuff in the scene do seem quite hostile towards the whole concept of animal rights issues being talked about in bands and stuff, labels getting thrown back in people's faces like 'militant', 'self righteous', 'middle class vegan' - the list goes on. It is possible to be vegan and working class as well

y'know?

I think the bottom line for me, is that I've seen what is happening and just attempted to do something practical about it.

One of your songs attacks shit thrash lyrics, but don't you think that in many ways the thrash scene has become the new anarcho punk scene in that it shares many of the DIY ideals and political attitudes of that scene?

Myke Even though I didn't write the song I agree with the sentiment. Yeah some bands may produce some excellent music, but then write total bullshit lyrics to go with it. I don't want to hear mainstream right wing, macho, sexist and some times borderline racist crap. Isn't punk/hardcore supposed to be an alternative to this shit? We are here to show our anger at injustice, no celebrate it. And yes of course DIY thrash is part of the continuation of the anarcho punk scene.

Dave I don't think the song you're referring to actually attacks 'shit thrash lyrics' as such, but more attacks people who have the chance to politicise /inform people through putting out ideas in bands and just not really using that chance. It always saddens me that some bands you hear have great music, but are then let down by crap lyrics. I think a lot of different scenes are D.I.Y., not just the thrash scene. Yeah, you're probably right when you say the thrash scene is more like the new anarcho scene. I dunno really cus I'm not that involved with the scene as much as I should be. I'm not a fan of the label 'Thrash' either, but I understand why it gets used. I do like bands with a sense of humour or who can make a statement about something, but do it in a funny way. Bands singing about skateboarding or wrestling though, suck dick. That shit's just really 'Americanised'. I'm more influenced by old and current anarcho stuff than thrashy sorta stuff really. While we don't sound like Conflict (who are shit now!) or whatever, I personally align myself more with that style if anything.

What's the best punk rock pit you've seen so far?

Myke The best dance floor madness I taken part in, lately has to be RAMBO at the 1 in 12 club in Bradford last year and MUNICIPAL WASTE at Manchester n'all. I've got to say though, the kids at The Indian Queen in Boston have always impressed me with their crazy antics! Unfortunately I've have seen some macho dick head "pits" in Manchester. It makes me sick to the "pit" of my stomach to see knob heads throwing themselves around trying to intimidate people. These people don't belong in the scene, they just don't fucking get it. On a lighter note, I just remembered watching some kid walking along the ceiling in Southampton, that was cool!

Dave: I've never been one for the pit action I'm afraid. I love watching other people go at it, but I'm too worried I'll get an elbow in the face or something. I remember Municipal Waste last year being pretty good, but I suppose Rambo at the 1 in 12 club with the 'wall of death' being a standout for me. Dunno really, I've forgotten some bands that I've seen that have no doubt have inspired people to fuck-shit-up-in-the-pit. Hard To Swallow always seemed to make people go a bit mental and rightfully so really! Drop Dead too!

I'm not too fond of bands like Converge, though the band themselves may be alright, but these bands seem to attract right dicks to their gigs. They're there trying to boot some poor bastard in the face with a round house kick or something. You can see people swinging their arms about and you know their going to make a connection with someone's face at some point. Fuckin idiots if you ask me.

Is it possible to live a money-free existence in today's Western world?

Myke Whoa I wish! Like everyone else yes I would love a utopian society where money didn't exist. But ever since leaving school I have had to work to support my self, I now have a family to support so I have to keep working. Believe me given the choice I would love to not have to go to work. You may have to take part in the rat race in some way (i.e. by going to work) but you don't have to buy into mainstream ideals, its better to be a spanner in the works. To quote the old saying " you don't have to fuck other people over to survive".

Dave: Well, all I know is that I'd like to live in a money-free existence! Some of the mutual aid and the local economy trade schemes I've read / heard about, seem to me, to be the way forward. But I'm just not sure if it could be a viable alternative to money at the moment. Not that I'm saying we should keep things the way they are by any means! I suppose, like I said in another question, it's just a gradual change. If I knew somewhere local that was doing something like a L.E.T.S or something, then I'd probably take part, but I don't. I remember Active Minds talking about this in one of their 7"eps a while back!

I don't wanna come out with something cheesy like, money is the new God for people to worship or something. I'm a little stuck on this question to be honest.

You played a short set when I saw you - do you get tired easily playing so fast - how long is your longest song?

Myke I'm lucky as I only sing, it's the rest of the band who do all the hard work. But I am a great believer in short sets. I've got a really short attention span and prefer bands to just get on with it when they play. I know we rarely go beyond 10mins (ish) when we play, but we do like 12 songs. I think any set over 20mins is rock and roll excess!

Dave: We always try and play a short set. Personally, I get bored watching a band on stage for more than 30 minutes or so. I remember seeing Oi Polloi (great as they are) recently, who must have played for getting on close to an hour and a half. Way too long if you ask me! I just glazed over after a few songs. We just like to keep the energy there and not to let people get bored. We never get tired of playing fast cus we're all very hard northerners and do plenty of bicep and tricep curls before going on! HA! I think our longest song is about 1 and a half minutes (if that really). I think it just feels right to us, that when we're coming up with new songs, we just feel like it should end in a certain place, usually after 30 seconds, ha! I think everyone in the band looks at gigs like it's a good chance to put some ideas across and meet some likeminded people and to make friends - it isn't just about drinking beer!

What's next for the band, any more releases planned? How can people get hold of your stuff?

Dave: We've just recorded 9 songs at the 1 in 12 club with Bri. This is for a split 7"ep with Dreams Are Free, Motherfucker from Lancaster. It's going to be a split label release between Eddie (Dreams Are Free) - he does a label called Bay Area Thrash and Duane, who does Force Fed recs and plays in the band Hangover Heartattck. After that, we're planning on doing a split 7"ep with a band from Sweden called Modorra. Ola from this band does a label called Goryfied. Basically, the idea behind this release is that it's a tribute / memorial for our mate Wayne Southworth who passed away in March 2005. A couple of the Modorra guys and everyone out of The Day Man Lost were good friends with Wayne, so it makes sense to do something in memory of him. There's been a couple of guys from the U.S.A. who have been interested in releasing split 7"eps as well, so we'll see what happens with that.

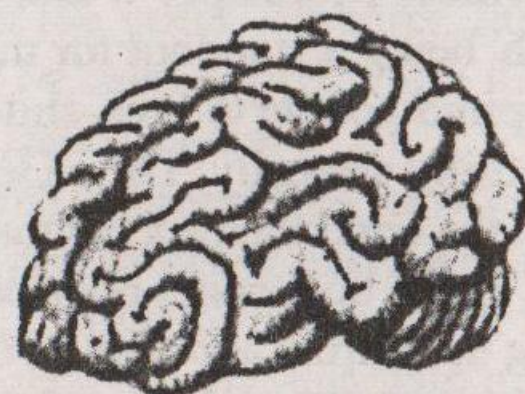
If anyone's interested in communicating further, then please email me at thedaymanlost@hotmail.co.uk

12. Serve Up Justice

Justice served up on a plate
Rich fat bastards on the take
What's the answer to this state
Pure bred violence no mistake
Back hander to the
Government is one way
Buy land cheap and fuck communities
Governments make millions
From their sources while us thick cunts
Are left to foot the bill

13. See The Tides Turn

You wankers your fuckin sport
Is not fuckin sport
Tradition it counts for
Fuck all in your case
Prince Charles you talk to plants
But you've murdered
Thousands of animals
See us come round to yours
We will fuckin kill you



WAR WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR?

Watching the last remaining gentlemen of the First World War remember the horrors they went through on TV was truly moving. One stood by a cemetery and said "look at them all, dead, and what for? Why?" Exactly, why? That was supposed to be the war to end all wars. Millions upon millions were slaughtered, and what did we learn? Fuck all? Not entirely. Now, not everybody blindly accepts war, not everyone blindly follows the country's 'leaders' in believing war is the only answer. It is not not the only answer, but it is not the answer at all - EVER. There is no fucking excuse for guns - they SHOULD NOT exist. Cops shouldn't be armed, the army shouldn't be armed, gangsters shouldn't be armed. Anybody who wants to carry a gun is a cunt. FACT. It doesn't make you look big and hard, it makes you look like you've got an inadequate brain. Iraq, Afghanistan, the Falklands - what a fucking waste of lives - for nothing, zilch, fuck all. These kids are getting their legs blown off. This is not glamorous, imagine the searing pain and the smell of burnt flesh, the sight of spurting blood and feeling of blind panic. That's the reality. You kill the bloke next door you get life. You kill two blokes, you get double life. Thatcher, Blair, Bush, Hussein, they get power, praise and money. They should be jailed for life the fucking lot of them. The army is an attractive career to working class lads and lasses. They pay fucking well, teach you a trade for when you come out and take you all over the world. When you're skint with no hope on your local council estate that all sounds great... great until the PM decides to send you to get shot at. While he's safe in his upper class abode surrounded by expensive art and bodyguards paid for by our fucking taxes. If he is such a great fucking leader why can't he talk himself and his mates out of going to war - that takes real leadership!

RAMOANING

Since the death of Johnny Ramone many people have slagged off The Ramone's legacy. This is mainly due to Johnny's right wing leanings, and his support for the evil that is the Bush. Well the Ramones were never going to be fucking Conflict were they? They were not a political band, the members were not openly political, and as far as I know, none of them were Klan-clan raving Hitler fuckers. So, why does it matter? The Ramones wrote dumb High School songs about girls, being mad and zombie cats (Pet Sematary). They did not tell you to stick your voting hand in the Bush, they did not tell you to bomb foreign nations, and I don't think telling you to 'beat on the brat with a baseball bat' was a serious call to arms. They were a dumb fun band. If they had written pro-war songs or racist songs then I would have a problem with them, I just think we're being a bit over PC about the whole fucking thing. I was lucky enough to catch them live 20 years ago - and they were fucking good - they were fun. And, in fact, they did write Censorshit - an anti-censorship song. Also, Rock 'n' Rock High School is the best fucking film ever - a dumb story, directed by the genius that is Roger Corman, about teenage rebellion. It's just a shame that the lead actress was subject of a tug-of-love between Joey and Johnny, leading to a rift that was never healed! All I'm trying to say is that before a night on the piss what better way to get ready than bunging on a Ramones CD.

A DELETED SCENE

The money men are always on the lookout for a new depth to plunge to. But new technology throws them a million different opportunities. CDs and DVDs are plagued with a wealth of shit. Bands and film directors carefully tailor their products to offer the finest offering of songs and scenes they have available. (in most cases) But now we get deleted scenes, rehearsal tracks and previously unavailable tracks. They were deleted/unrealised for a fucking reason - THEY ARE FUCKING SHIT YOU CUNTS! Who wants to see the shit that wasn't good enough for us to see at the cinema? Who wants to hear the songs Kurt Cobain half finished before he shot off this mortal coil? SAD FUCKING WANKERS - that's who! Fucking record collectors, movie geek cunts and saddo record company execs are the only people who give a fucking flying fuck about the fucking pieces of shit that didn't make the final cut. There is one general rule that applies to this stuff. IF YOU BUY IT YOU ARE A CUNT. That is a fact - it isn't debatable.

ON YER BIKE

I have mixed feelings about cyclists in the city. Of course, I'd prefer to see people on a cycle than in a car any fucking day. And, it is a quick, and healthy way to get around. But, it does fuck me off when you're walking on the pavement and you nearly get hit by a cyclist doing 68mph. Excuse me, but, quite often, this is next to a cycle path. Such behaviour has pissed some people at work off so much that they walk in the middle of the pavement so the cyclist can't get round them. Is this being a cunt, or just getting revenge? Thing is, many pedestrians are just as stupid, they walking in fucking cycle lanes then whinge when they get a handle bar rammed up their arse! And, even worse, some cunt-faced, wank-brained, shit-headed, bollock-minded mucherfucking drivers take their fucking cars into the cycle lanes, or park their fucking cars in em. In the latter case, cyclists have a moral duty to kick their fucking wing mirrors off, or to accidentally scratch the paintwork. But, I don't recommend trying this kind of direct action on a moving car. The cyclist could come off worse! And, where there are no cycle lanes? Well, have you seen how close some drivers driver to cyclists? Other are just inconsiderate scrotum faces. They sound their horns, rev their engines and yell moronic crap, just because they get stuck behind a cyclist for five minutes - be patient fuck face! So, can you blame some cyclists preferring to use the pavement? The answer, of course, is more cycle lanes, and less cunts on the road!

DIE YOU CUNTS

Can I just say that all NIMBYs 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.

But back to the matter in hand, most of these fucking mags contain less words than your average daily paper. But, because they contain huge fuck off pictures on horrible glossy paper they cost the earth. So you learn fuck all but you get a nice photo or two and the odd ad or 20 thousand – so why would anybody want to fucking buy them? Maybe Digital Camera Buttons Revealed is less taxing than reading about the Middle East's problems! But what really gets me, is this sign was near the porno mags! Are they scared some bloke's gonna wang it out and wank himself around the shop? Does anybody READ that shite anyway, "Ooh Dave I saw a great article on clitoral stimulation in Big Wangers Weekly!" Sad fucking losers, do you really want those fuckers in your shop anyway? Hey maybe that's the point, maybe the signs are aimed at frightening away sad porn-obsessed fuckers! Maybe I won't burn the shop down after all!

THE AGE OF BEAUTY

So the general philosophy here seems to be work hard as fuck, making yourself look 20 years older to save up for a product that makes you look 5 years younger. Bollocks to that, I'd rather spend my money on the latest Napalm Death CD thankyouverymuch!



Disco Volante – Blood On The Walls www.discovolante.nu How fucking good were this Swedish band when they played Boston's legendary IQ? At the end of a relentless all-dayer they kicked the fuck outta the place. Pure punk rock heaven. These girls (and one guy) show the Distillers how to do it properly. Rock 'n' roll played fast and hard with a dirty attitude, this is best time music. It fucking rocks!

Destructors 666/The Ruined split CD www.destructors666.com or www.the-ruined.com Two Peterborough bands go for it. But, it sounds like it was recorded inside a fucking washing machine. Destructors are the original Destructors' bass player singing with some other blokes – basic old skool punk rock that keeps the spirit of the original band alive. The Ruined are something special. A horror punk band with fantastically catchy evil songs. How the Misfits SHOULD sound in 2006. They're a great live band too.

Destructors - Exercise The Demons Of Youth/Punk Singles Collection. www.captainoi.com Oi, oi, captain, wot more re-issues. Great packaging, extra songs – the works. You know the score. Destructors were/are a good band, and basically if you agree you'll buy these, if you don't you won't – simple as that!

Drongos For Europe – Hotline To Hades www.punkshitrecords@stigon.com or distros. This is even better than Barcode Generation. It just gobs '70s attitude, and delivers a powerful kick in the bollocks. This is old skool – and fucking proud! From the opening burst of Untamed to the closing title track there's not a bad tune on here. This is real shout and stomp-along stuff. The socially aware just add to the inyourface anger of the whole thing.

Flyblown/Disclose In Chaos We Trust split 7". Pete, Orchard House, Breeds Road, Great Waltham, Chelmsford, Essex, CM3 1EE, UK, or email ontheverge666@yahoo.com In crust we trust, oh yes. Disclose buzz into action with some nice d-beat punk. I've wanted to hear this band for a while, and this is what I expected and hoped for really, bet they're good live. Flyblown play Boston ever week or two, and seem to get better with each visit. They are also great at proving that political convictions still exist amongst the punk community. This is real crust with vocals that sound like they hurt. It's that good!

The Freaks Union Songs From Despair www.deckcheese.com I picked this up at a gig in Lincoln. I've liked Freaks for a long time, and I've even interviewed them in an old initonit. And, despite the singer's sore throat they were great that night too. But this disappointed me at first. I know we shouldn't scoff at musical progression – but I liked them as they were, a band that wrote instant street punk tunes. They still pack a hard punch, but one that's bandaged in a mass of professional production. Thing is, it's still a good album, others will say their best album, and it is slowly growing on me. But I personally don't think it's as good as The Beginning of the End, but maybe that's just me!

Intention – Afraid At The Edges www.intentionuk.co.uk 105 Rugeley Road, Chase Terrace, Burntwood, Walsall, WS7 1AB, UK. I was scared when this arrived – it looks very metal, and most modern metal is shite, poesy wank. It is metallic, it is tuneful, but it's pretty punk too, and pretty aggressive, although not quite aggressive enough! But there is enough anger here to carry off the pretty fine lyrics. I do think they're the type of band that could kick a little intelligence into the Kerrang! crowd and please a few punks at the same time.

Kismet HC 10" Contact Ignore This Records, c/o Alex, 9 Thursfield Place, Norton, Stoke on Trent, ST6 8HD, UK. Yep they're still going, and they're still good. Eight tracks of female-fronted thrash punk about sexism, racism and fighting back. The addition of a little male shouting only adds to the power, especially on Spirit Of Resistance. Angry as fuck, but well played with it. The perfect way to get all that well-placed anger out.

Lararus Blackstar – Revelations. www.undergroove.co.uk Fuck this lot are difficult. Bri Doom is in em, as is Paul (ex-Medulla Nocte and Murder One) Catten, which I guess means it ain't pop punk. This is dark as fuck. Paul's distinctive vocals scream darkness and chaos all over the heaviest, slowest, darkest riffs known to man. You'll either love it or hate it, an easy listen this ain't! Live they are one of the most intense bands I've seen. Utterly compelling. On CD? I dunno if I like it or not yet – dark as fuck.

Lemmy – Damage Case Double CD. This is an anthology of the Motorhead man's career to date and it's fucking good. You get Motorhead standards such as Killed By Death and the fantastic punk metal of R.A.M.O.N.E.S. But also there's 1916, a surprisingly touching ballad about how shit war is. Then there's loads of 50s-style rock 'n' roll from Rockin' Vickers, Lemmy/Slim Jim/Danny B, which are fun and the collaborations with Girlschool, The Damned and Wendy O Williams. Then there's covers of Whiplash, The Trooper and Tie Your Mother Down. I was surprised at how good this is!

Litterbug – Speaking Through the Gaps CDEP £3, JSNTGM Records, PO Box 1025, Blackpool, FY3 0EB, UK www.jsntgm.com This is a weird one, not Andy's usual stuff. It's OK, a bit like the Pixies and Goo-era Sonic Youth with a great female vocalist, low-fi tunes, and it's quite catchy. But the seven tracks here were more than enough for me – it can get a little monotonous I'm afraid. Very nineties – but still pretty cool!

Nasum - Grind Finale Double CD/booklet Trust me to get into a band a year after the singer tragically dies. But this is the best package ever. At 152 tracks it's too much for one sitting, but everything that wasn't on the albums is here, plus lyrics and band/recording info. Nasum were a ferocious grindcore act with political lyrics and a huge fucking attitude. Covers include Drop Dead, Napalm Death, SOB and Discharge. If you know the band you'll want to own this, if you don't, and you like grind, I strongly suggest you check them out, there are very few bands that could/can come close to them in this genre of music.

Pleasant Valley Children – Welcome To Bedlam Valley £5 from Flat Earth Records, BOX FLAT EARTH, 145-149 Cardigan Road, Leeds, LS6 1LJ, UK. www.flatearth.free-online.co.uk Sned is celebrating Flat Earth's 20th anniversary by putting out everything this, his first band, ever did on one 40-track CD. Sound daunting? It isn't, the tracks are short burst of noisy brilliance. The artwork and booklet with this are outstanding, it's such a fucking bargain at a fiver. Any band that released an LP called Fuck Kill Destroy is worthy of your respect, and then some! The vocals are a mad, evil cross between shouts and menacing growls – but you can hear every word.

Throw in a dark sense of humour and strangely memorable metallic punk tunes, and I make this the CD of the issue!

Rotten Agenda - I Reject CDR <http://www.myspace.com/rottenagenda>, rottenagenda@ntlworld.com £2. I saw this Northants band at Peterborough and couldn't believe it was only their fourth gig! Conflict-style punk with angry vocals, great tunes and good political/social lyrics. It's catchy and they're actually a breath of fresh air in this age in which most new bands seem to be so fashion conscious.

Sonic Boom Six – Sounds to Consume CD Champion Edition www.moonskaeurope.com I guess it's a champion edition because it's a few eps, demos and mixes stuck together to form a 16 track album. But don't let that put you off. This is fantastic. Basically I saw they were playing Peterborough, checked out their myspace page and decided they were ace. They sound like King Prawn with a girl singer. Powerful ska/reggae/dance/hip hop infused hardcore punk. Their lyrics attack the media, racism and Blood For Oil is a spot on political punk song. This is danceable punk with a kick. I like it a lot, and they know how to have fun live too!

Sotatila – eka demo CDR. www.sotatila.cjb.net On a cold winter's nigh in Spalding I met the Patient Zero lads, Marv Gadgie, 2 or 3 of their friends and very few others to see this band at the worst promoted gig in history. And this band blew me away. This Austrian band deal in anarcho-punk lyrics and good solid tunes. Not quite fast enough to be thrash, but too hard to be street punk this delivers on every level. At least the Boston lads made sure they enjoyed their trip to Spalding despite the poor turn out, and I enjoy this every time it hits the stereo. Punk as fuck!

Sylvester Staline – Gonna Spread Hard Drugs To Your Stupid Kids With The Royalties Generated By This CD. Troma10@hotmail.com 33 songs/39 minutes. With songs called More Crack and Andre From Mongoli Is A Mongloid Android And Tetris Made Him Fool. This is fun thrash played at 100mph, shouty vocals, and blink and you'll miss 'em choruses. Not exactly politically correct, but fun. They even attempt to play the Tetris theme – fuck. It's a real good-looking CD too, with loadsa crap '80s pics and funny cartoons. Pretty mental, but very good!

The Day Man Lost CD-R TDML 32 St Philips Road, Deepdale, Preston, Lancs, PR1 6NP, UK. 17 tracks in 12 minutes – punkfuckingrock. Picked this up free from a gig – in your face aggressive power violence. Tight as fuck with political lyrics about animal rights, the police and direct action. All good, comes with a lyric sheet (you'll need it!) and piece on why it ISN'T natural for humans to eat meat – good tool when tools tell you "eating meat is natural, we're built for it" – NO WE'RE FUCKING NOT! Devastatingly brilliant!

The Horror – The Fear, The Terror, The Horror www.wearthehorror.co.uk Try distros too! I love The Horror, their lyrics are funny (this time we get Give Me Boxed In Or Give Me Death, Get Your Ass To Mars, Conan The Republican etc) but fucking intelligent with it – the band have something to say, and the music is top-notch hardcore punk. The vocals are less high-pitched now (I liked the First Blood style), but they still deliver the goods. A fantastic live band as well!

The Let Down - CD-R I love this attitude of giving away free CD-Rs at gigs, I know fuck all about this band, it's just a bag with a badly drawn picture quickly sketched on the front. But the music kills, manic thrash, not really well recorded – but who cares – it's fucking free? This is real punk rock. The vocals sound like they hurt it's so fucking manic – top stuff!

The Wednesdays – Invisible Youth LP. Contact Arkam Records, 1925 Hwy. 69 South Savannah, TN 38372. These rock 'n' roll punks had the audacity to take a keyboard to the IQ in Boston, but they soon won over the crowd. Tracks like You Cannot Fail burn with energy, and foot tapping tunes. You just have to open your mind and let the music talk. Fuck, the organ even enhances a couple of tunes. They'll Hunt Us Down is pure rock 'n' roll heaven. Very good.

V/A Direct Action Arkangel. www.directactioncds.com £5 post paid. A Fiver for 24 punk songs and a booklet with loadsa animal rights info, and it's a benefit. That is reason enough for you to buy this. Want more? Ok then, Lost Cherrees, Goldfinger, The Mingers, Active Slaughter, Conflict, Severed Head Of State, Kismet HC, Red Flag 77 and Icons Of Filth are among the bands. Riot/Clones' Cows With Guns is funny and bangs the nail on the head. This is a great comp raising cash for animal rights organisations. Buy it.

VAA Ceol Gaidhlig Mar Sgian Nad Amhaich 7" www.problemrecords.tk Pillars, Strathmiglo Road, Falkland, Fife, KY15 7AD, Alba. This is all in Gaelic, and it's good. Oi Polloi kick things off with the hardest slab of punk I've yet to hear them deliver. Mill a h-uile Rud, Atomgevitter and Nad Aislingean add catchy poppy old school punk jangles, screaming thrashcore blasts and weird electronic dance beats respectively.



BOOK OFF!

I thought I'd share my views on a few punk rock books I've read recently, because I'm nice and I want to share my knowledge with you!

Choosing Death by Albert Mudrian published by Feral House is a history of death metal and grindcore. It is actually very readable and has loads about the early grind scene with Napalm Death, Carcass and that lot, which I must say appealed to me more than the death metal stuff – I bet Satan gets really pissed off with the quality of the music written in his name!!

Ian Glasper's Burning Britain published by Cherry Red is a couple of years old now – but I still use it as a reference book. There's also an OK DVD of the bands in it available! All the '80s bands are covered in great detail region by region. It is very readable and doesn't come across in that poncey NME muso manner that cunts all of us off!

Surprisingly enough Julian Cope's Head-On is also a damn good read about the Liverpool scene, haven't read the sequel – Repossessed yet, but if it's as good as the first one it should be great. The writing style is funny and very personal, he doesn't come across as the pretentious twat many people think he is, well not much anyway! It was published by Thorsons, and you can get both books in one volume!

Footnote by Boff Whalley is easily the best of these books. It's published by Pomona and is available from quite a few distros. Boff, in case you didn't know, is in Chumbawamba, he writes in a very accessible and funny way. I, like many others hated the band after Tubthumping, but they've kept at it, and they gave away a lot of cash to good causes. I saw acoustic Chumbawamba last summer and must say I was impressed. Anyway Boff lists Oi Polloi's song from the anti-chumbawamba ep in his favourite songs. But whatever you think of the band, this is a damn fine read, the best story of life in a band I've come across so far, by someone not afraid to laugh at himself and by someone who doesn't take himself too seriously. A refreshing change in the world of rock bios – and yes there are a fucking lot of footnotes!

Finally – Crimethink. I've reviewed Days Of Love Nights Of War in a past issue, and I've told you how inspirational I found it, and still do. The second book by them – Off The Map, is about travelling around squats, and is also very inspirational and accessible, and fun as a punk rock travel book. The third one is a fucking monster! Recipes For Disaster is an anarchist cookbook and is 600 pages of how tos. Not read it, but looked at the anti-fascist section, and there are some very good tips in here. There's also stuff on shoplifting, stickering, pie throwing, sex and loads more. All these are available from distros such as Active Distribution at www.activedistribution.org

Your Life is not a TV Show!

Pete Burns is not funny, he is a plastic abomination. He thinks it's cool to wear monkey fur – this makes him a cunt, nobody can argue with this (unless they are cunts themselves). Now everyone with half a brain hates 'reality TV' but half the fuckers who claim to hate it actually watch it – they bump up the viewing figures and another series gets made. Real news is pushed away from the front pages for six weeks while has-beens and nobodies grab headlines. I'm sick and fucking tired of people wanting to be famous or wanting to be famous again, and we don't hold these celebrities accountable! As Jessi says in the Eastfield interview George Best was a fucking wife-beater, Pete Burns, Paris Hilton and Naomi Campbell have all worn fur – we can't let them get away with it – they deserve to be fucking hounded – in this fickle, fame-obsessed world they are setting a bad example. They should not be covered with flour, they should be covered with treacle and thrown into a fucking wasps' nest! Jeremy Clarkson is an environmentalists' worst nightmare – he's not fucking funny, he looks cool in countryside killing monsters disguised as sports cars, why can't he drive on over Beechy Head? Roman Polanski the film director shagged a 13-year-old – OK he had a shit life, but he fucked a child, he's a fucking paedophile and he gets international awards and acclaimed as one of the best directors in the world, fuck! Gazza – wife beater, how good he is a football is irrelevant, so he scored a few goals, he's a cunt! People look up to these 'heroes' they must not be portrayed as stars, as good examples, Jesus. Young girls are becoming obsessed with their looks, they are getting it into their heads that they need bigger tits and a smaller nose, fucking hell, no they don't. And men want to be less hairy, have bigger arms and fewer wrinkles. TV and fucking tabloids are putting this shit in their minds. Who gives a fuck how big your arse looks in a pair of jeans, Paris Hilton is an arse whatever she wears, because she's a superficial twat that cares about nothing but money and fame. Turn off the TV and live your life as you want, not as some rich fucker tells you to!

Of Course it's fucking art!

There is no way I can give you a complete detailed history of graffiti – I don't fucking know enough. But here's a few bits about it that I found out – you may or may not know all of this, you may or may not give a fuck, but it interests me, and I think it is important as a protest tool. What's the point of the ALF attacking something if nobody knows it's the ALF, so they spray it on the fucking wall – job's a good un!

The word "graffiti" derives from the Greek word *graphein* meaning: to write. This evolved into the Latin word *graffito*. Graffiti is the plural form of *graffito*. Simply put, graffiti is a drawing.

Graffiti, if we define it as any type of writing on the wall goes back to ancient Rome, and if drawn images count, then we could point to the first graf artists. Of course writing on the wall started with cave people and the ancient Egyptians. But what we know as the urban graffiti you know – the kind that uses spray cans – came from Philadelphia in the mid '60s. There were two people competing about having their name most places. They wrote Cool Earl and Combread all over as they were travelling. For a lot of people today these guys are the founding fathers of graffiti as it is known today.

Then in New York in the late 1960s graffiti moved to the subway trains. Some dude called Taki 183, who lived in Washington Heights, worked as a messenger and he travelled all throughout the city. While he did this I guess he was bored as fuck. So he used a marker to write his name wherever he went, at subway stations and also the insides and outsides of subway carriages. Eventually, he became known throughout the city as a mysterious figure. You know the type – the scarlet pimpernel of the fucking railways – how cool is that!

In 1971, he was interviewed for an article by the New York Times (fame at last). Kids all over New York, realizing the notoriety that could be gained from "tagging" their names on subway carriages began to emulate Taki 183. The goal was get their names in as many places as possible, and as kids competed against each other to get famous, the amount of graffiti on trains exploded. Fucking kids'll do anything to get famous eh? In 1976 person called Caine 1 painted first Whole Train, and a famous group named Fabulous Five painted the second one.

Obviously these fame-hungry kids wanted to show off and outdo each other so the 'tags' got cooler, more colourful and stylish. Spray cans became more popular because they allowed this style to flourish, and speeded up the process before the pigs arrived!

But the taggers got together to perform 'bombing raids' and teach younger artists their craft – sub-fucking-vert! But this art has all but died out on the subways of New York thanks to the Big Brother-style security we all know and loathe. (boo hiss). Of course gangs also used it to mark their territories and the art has become synonymous with hip-hop culture.

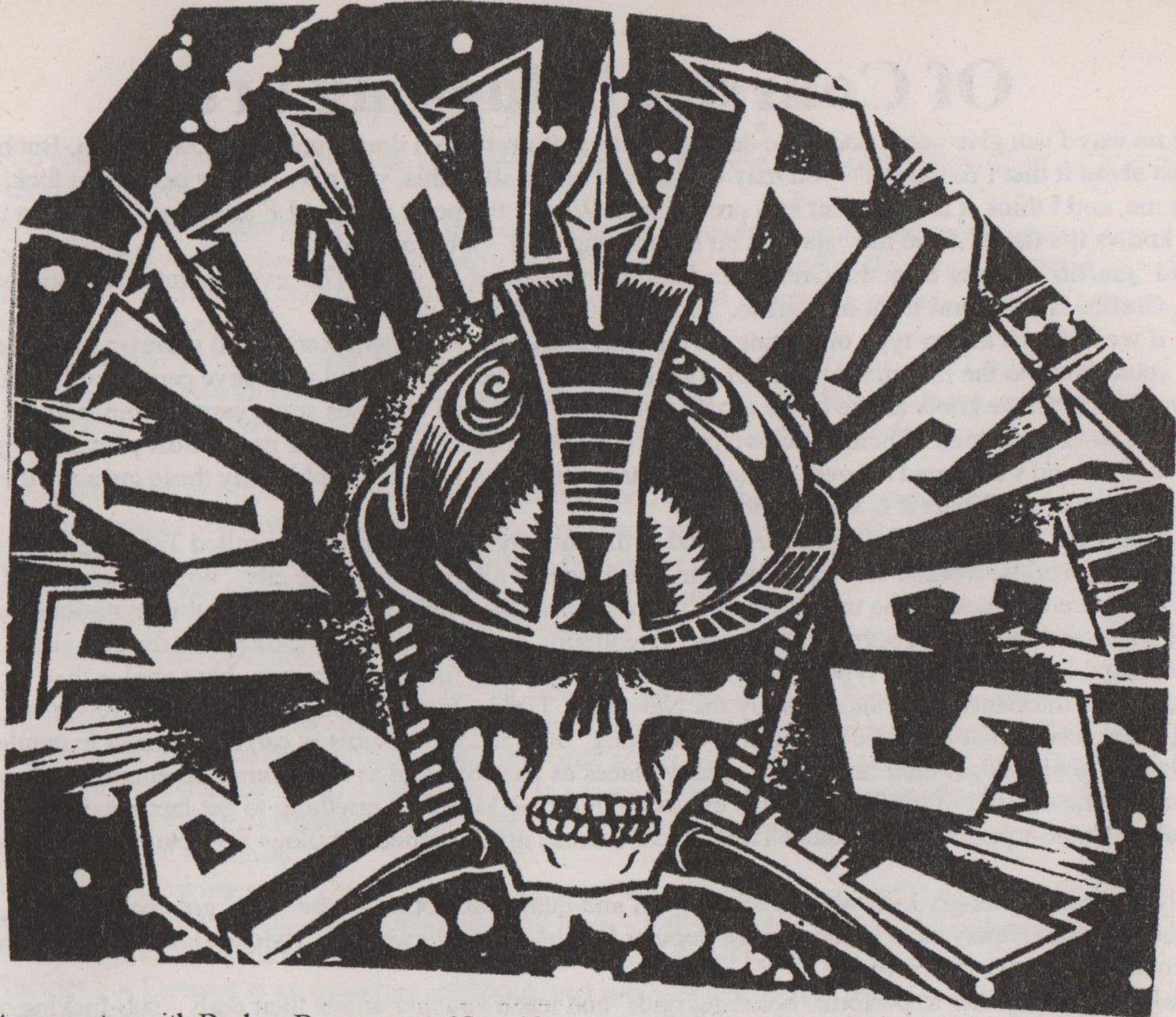
Of course in England we've got Banksy. They still don't know who the fuck he is, but he's even got his own website now – www.banksy.co.uk, and his work is ace, and it means something. The guy has even been to the West Bank and painted images of the fucking wall that keeps the Palestinians prisoners in their own lands! Have a look at these images at <http://www.guardian.co.uk/arts/gallery/0,8542,1543331,00.html> His artwork is even for sale over the net – and his identity is still a secret! His art questions icons and authority and can mainly be seen in Bristol and London – and of course Palestine!

One of the effects of the Gaza pull-out was a graffiti clean-up, ever since the first intifada in 1987 the area has seen tonnes of graffiti. Walls of the Gazza Strip were like newspapers, covered with info about the PLO abroad, demonstration dates and such-like. That changed when the Palestinian Authority took over!

And who can forget the murals in Northern Ireland? These pieces of art are a piece of history however provocative they may be! Check out <http://people.ku.edu/~kconrad/murals.html> for pics! I know I keep using webshites for illustrations – but they give the photos a much better representation than I could ever hope for in a fanzine! But some of these murals covered whole walls of houses. But as I know fuck all about the history of the Northern Ireland situation I'm not going to go into it here! I just hope you take a bit more notice of the slogans sprayed around your towns, and don't dismiss them all as mindless vandalism – they say a lot about our culture, the people that live around there (Mandy might really be a slag, and maybe Dave is actually a cunt) And some of it is actually more attractive than the dull looking concrete walls. But, on the other hand some of it is just shit – let's not forget the racist bollocks and pointless scrawls which 'decorate' many modern walls, the cunts responsible for this give graffiti a bad name!

HELL IS...

Being trapped in a town of middle class trendy Arsenal supporters who spend all day listening to Robbie Williams and Manowar while watching endless episodes of Star Trek – and discussing them at length – with the local Tory councillor, vicar and magnifying glass expert, who all live in your house!



My first encounter with Broken Bones came 18 or 19 years ago I was a young thrash metal fan writing to other thrash metal fans, and a girl in Scotland sent me a compilation tape with FOAD on it. Yes, I loved it, the energy, the passion, and the metallic power. But I never did buy the album. I have to admit, my next encounter with the punk legends came after they reformed with a new vocalist, Quiv, (he also sang on their later stuff before they split) who sounds similar to the band's previous shouter, Nobby. Anyways I went to an all-dayer in Leeds to see Conflict and they played that. I thought they were OK, and Paul Hoddy plays bass in both bands. But, I saw them in Nottingham late 2005, and they were truly awesome, the latest CD, Time For Anger, Not Justice, is also awesome, a real return to form. They also recently put out a 25th anniversary edition of Dem Bones/Decapitated, which should serve as a fantastic introduction for those who have yet to discover the punk/hardcore/thrash/metal delights of Broken Bones. Oh yeah, Bones, who used to be, and now is again the guitarist for Discharge is the founder member. The current drummer is called Dave. The band are also famous for their cool artwork – loadsa skulls in other words, and skulls are punk rock – so there! Anyways, if you wanna know more, listen to the music – there are loadsa free downloads at www.broken-bones.co.uk (if you google em you get lots of health advice sites about broken arms and things). There's also a good bit about the band's history in Ian Glasper's Burning Britain book.

This interview was done by e-mail with Paul Hoddy.

Why did you decide to release a 25th anniversary edition of Dem Bones and Decapitated, is there any old footage we could see on a DVD any time soon?

We released it for Ezzat at SOS Records and we're doing stuff for him in the future, there is no old footage but we are releasing a live in USA soon.

The Time For Anger... album is a vicious return to form, haven't any of you mellowed as you've matured?

No, the album is the best we've ever done!

With Conflict and Discharge also active again don't the bands ever get in each others' ways when it comes to arranging tours etc?

Yes sometimes it is hard but we are getting better with communicating.

Broken Bones have always have had a metal edge, are any of you still metal fans. I know Paul used to be a Metallica fan, what do you think about what they've turned into?

I think that we're all into metal still, but a lot of it is classed as hardcore. I liked the last Metallica album.

I know in past incarnations Broken Bones played to thousands, does it feel like a bit of a come down playing to 50 people in the back room of a pub, or do you prefer the more intimate shows?

We love the intimate shows, up close and personal. It doesn't matter if there is 5000 or 50 people, we still put the same effort into each show.

With our government taking us into illegal wars, international terrorism and the loss of our freedoms does it disillusion you that many new punk bands see to prefer to sing about getting drunk and their girlfriends than the issues that really matter?

Each to there own

What new punk bands do you listen to?

There's an English band called Chemical Kaos, Dogsflesh, Extinction Of Mankind and Cruelty, but some of them aren't really new but.....never mind.

How did the deal with Doctor Strange come about, how come the reissue is on SOS records not Dr Strange, are you linked to any UK labels?

It was Tim Cundle from Mass Movement zine, he put us onto Bill at Dr Strange and we had a one album deal with him. The only UK label we are linked to is Jungle (Fallout) as they have the rights to the old stuff.

Are you going to follow up Time For Anger with another new CD?

Yes, most definitely. We hope to start writing it this year.

What do you think about events like Wasted? Why do you think it is that Nazi skinheads seem to crawl out of the woodwork for some of these old skool shows? Have you had any trouble with the left and right fighting at your gigs?

Wasted has its good and bad points, I'm not swayed either way with it myself I can take it or leave it. I don't know of any nazi skins turning up, maybe I don't look hard enough. We don't get trouble at our gigs really.

Who is the biggest piss head in Broken Bones?

That's gotta be Quiv, followed by me. Dave is a shandy pants, and Bones doesn't drink much at all.

What footy teams do you support? Has the working class game been taken over by big business?

Me - Port Vale. Dave - Man Utd. Quiv - Man Utd, and Bones doesn't care! I think it is big business nowadays, I feel it supporting my team as we're being priced out of the market now.

With all the skull imagery are any of you big fans of horror movies and books?

Yeah, Bones is the worst culprit.

There are a lot of songs to download from your website, what do you think about the whole music piracy issue? Should the authorities be able to track what websites an individual visits?

No, that's like Big brother, although they can find out anything now anyway, there is no way of hiding things from them when you're online. The piracy thing will always be there like it or not.

LAZY TECHNOLOGY

Just imagine for a moment; your life without punk CDs and records, without videos or DVDs, no cinema or computers, no video games or radio. What would you do when you wasn't at work? Well it's the 21st century, there were 19 centuries and beyond without this stuff. So, I guess, the rate that technology is now moving is terrifyingly fast. But this isn't an anti-technology rant, even if a lot of it does fuck up the environment and is totally unnecessary, the scientific advancements at least mean we live longer to enjoy it – unless you get killed by a hi-tech gun that is!

No, what gets my knob is how lazy it makes us. Now I have no problem getting off my arse to turn over a 7" single, replace a CD or change a TV channel. But now with fucking MP3 and ipods even fucking CDs will be condemned to retro-stores. And how many people are too fucking lazy to do the washing up? How long can it takes to rinse a tea cup? Fucking dishwashers I shit em! (but the doctor can cure that apparently) Now the idea of not having a TV remote terrifies some lazy cunts. They can't even be arse to get off and turn off the fucking set, it sits on stand-by for six years at a time! Now you can do your supermarket shopping on the internet and get it delivered to your door as you sit playing a video game. Nuff said!

Ten years ago you didn't have a mobile phone, so when you say you can't live without one you're talking bollocks. Ever heard of writing phone numbers down, dialling numbers and walking to a phone box? Ever heard of talking to people face-to-face?

A three mile walk is fuck all, if it is catch a bus, but no, some rich twats need a 4x4 to go and get a Sunday paper. Then, if they go on holiday reading a map is too much like hard work – let the sat nav take care of that. Let that guide you through country lanes meant for one horse and cart a week. Oh well, I guess it's one more thing that can be nicked and sold in the local boozer!

VEGGIE-FRIENDLY BOOZE

There are many resources around which offer comprehensive lists of what alcohol is and isn't suitable for vegetarians. Free zine You Can't Say No To Hope 6 and 7 is one, vegsoc.org is another. But I found a list online (http://homepage.ntlworld.com/geraint.bevan/Vegetarian_beers.html) So I thought it may be helpful to list a few of the most popular pub beer choices, and state whether they are or aren't suitable. Basic I know, and the list is a little old, but here goes:

SUITABLE FOR VEGGIES

Becks, Batemans, Budweiser, Carlsberg (including Special Brew), Grolsch, Harp, Heineken, Holsten Pils/Export, Kingfisher, Miller, Rolling Rock, Sainsbury's own brand, Weston ciders and Most spirits seem to be OK

NOT SUITABLE FOR VEGGIES

Bass, Boddingtons, Carling, Castlemain XXXX, Fosters, Greene King, Guinness, Hobgoblin, John Smiths, Kronenbourg, Manns, McEwans, Newcastle Brown, Old Speckled Hen, Skol, Stella, Tetleys, Theakstons

"I'M TOO BUSY PLAYING"

The above is what my young nephew said to me when I asked him to help his brother tidy up. In fact, he said the same thing a couple of times.

What a fantastic role model for adults, what an awesome moto to live your life by. The catchphrase of the year by far.

Kids know you know? Kids get their priorities right, play first, tidying up second. Isn't it obvious? Tidying the house is fucking boring, and why should we waste part of our already short lives doing something we don't want? Maybe we should give political power to children, I'm sure they'd do a better job than the bunch of jokers we have running the country at the moment.

Of course there are times when playing is a bad idea. When you're driving a bus for example, if you're playing with your toy R2D2 you can't watch the road, and you could knock some poor bloke's artificial leg flying through a shop window when you run him over. Or worse you could crush a child's toy (or a child!)

But this is all by the by. Most of the time play rules and work sucks. Yeah, more play less work – doesn't that sound good to you?

If we all took tomorrow off work and spent it chasing each other around the local wood wouldn't we have much more fun than we do in the office?

The revolution starts at playtime comrades!

E-up

I've finally fallen under the ebay spell – it's fucking nuts! You get addicted to it in the same way you get addicted to internet porn (so I've heard) and fags. You stray onto the site to pick up a DVD for £1 that's £26 in Virgin, and find 37 others you didn't know you wanted – but do – so you end up spending £95 instead on £5! And some of the DVDs you see on there beggar belief. Old horror film DVD you see in your local pound shop for, well £1, and they charge a fucking quid postage even before you start bidding. You can get any film on there – even ones which have only just come out at the cinema – but I have an idea that they might be bootlegs. And you get fucking Crass and Conflict 7" for a tenner – fuck's sake. Many of these have Pay No More stickers on. So you pay £8 for a Pay No More than £1.50 single – fucking knobhead! And you can buy everything in the world ever connected to your favourite band – including their fucking hanky. Fucking why? Are you that fucking gullible? Take this for example – Bill Hicks was a genius – he died years ago leaving behind several great comedy records and a couple of ace videos. Now the fucking leeches are dragging out every scratchy recording ever made – regardless of quality – to squeeze every penny out of the fucking completists out there – fuck off! And if you don't like what you buy? – stick it on ebay of course!

Also, if you've got a really slow computer you can lose an item you're bidding on while you're trying to bid 50p higher than some bloke in Mexico bid ten minutes ago. Jesus! But, I guess if you want a bargain it's better than going to Woolies!

THE WORST HORROR FILM IN THE WORLD – EVER!

Now, I've seen some bad horror movies. I still haven't been able to sit through the whole of Driller Killer – a film more boring than an accountant call Abraham talking about the stocks and shares of paint stripper. I've also seen Omen IV – a film, which following three magnificent flicks, is a bucket of shite, filled from a well of shite, in a garden of shite, to be found in Shite Street, residing in Shite Town. Or, to put it more elegantly it's a load of complete fucking bollocks. But The Werewolf Of Washington takes the biscuit.

I first saw this film when I was still at school. It was on TV late one Friday night at the same time as Psycho – some knob face told me Werewolf was a better film. Yeah fucking right. Psycho is a classic (as I found out when I finally saw it about 250 years later) Werewolf was made for £2.50 in somebody's garden shed.

To remember how bad it is I bought the Vipco's Screamtime Collection DVD release. It's 'digitally remastered' – fucking shite, the picture quality's slightly worse than a Slayer bootleg filmed from the moshpit on a dirty mobile phone! I found it reduced to £4 in Virgin – don't pay more than a quid for it, I'm begging you!

It's billed as an 'uproarious comedy' – er no, I don't think it's supposed to be funny. It stars Dean 'fangs' Stockwell – I kid you not – from Quantum Leap. He manages to look like Del Boy in some shots, and to be fair, he is slowly learning to act as the film goes on. He was never billed as 'Fangs' on Quantum Leap's credits – and I don't think he ever tried to rip the throat out of the poor time traveller.

Here he plays a press aide to the President of the USA. He's shagging the president's daughter. Bollocks – who's ever heard of a politician involved in a sleazy affair? And, get this, the American government try to cover up things they don't want people to know about – how unrealistic is that? The Werewolf (or aide) was going to be buried a hero after saving the top dog's daughter – not as a rabid animal who tried to rip her face off! And this president even tries to manipulate the media – so unrealistic!

You have to see the wolf's makeup to believe it. I'm sure I've seen the mask on sale in a joke shop in Hunstanton. The transformation is slightly less high-tech than the transformation in the 1940's Wolf man film. And, he still wears his fucking suit after he's changed. A killer werewolf in a fucking suit! He looks more ridiculous than that cunt in Teenwolf. He is worse than the werewolf was in Buffy – and not half as scary! The fucking thing attacks a girl in a phonebox – and it can't get in – it's so fucking hard it can knock the bloody thing over – but it can't break the glass – Jesus! And, for another attack he (or it) has been driven across town sitting on top of a car – didn't anyone fucking notice – "oi mate, there's a fucking great werewolf on your roof!"

And, as the final credits run the fucking president turns into a werewolf – FANGTASTIC – can you imagine George Bush as a beast from hell? In a recent, slightly more scary, Dr Who it was revealed that Queen Victoria may have been a werewolf, and so may our present Royal family – that's why they like hunting so much. So you see, our world is controlled by a conspiracy of werewolves, we're all doomed! But you don't see this transformation, unlike The Howling, where a news presenter transforms into a werewolf live on air – how good would that be? That would make local news programmes worth watching – but apparently it happens all the time in Norfolk!

Somehow it's rated 18 – I think this is because of the trailers for classics such as The Claw and Cannibal Holocaust tagged on as 'extras' – because there is slightly less blood than an average episode of Eastenders (and that has more realistic storylines). So it even tries to sound more horrific that it actually is. Actually it is quite horrific – but for all the wrong reasons – You have to see this film!

But there are werewolf films that I DO like my top eight (I can't think of 10) are: 1. Company Of Wolves 2. Ginger Snaps 3. The Howling 4. An American Werewolf In London 5. Dog Soldiers 6. Curse Of The Werewolf 7. The Wolf man 8. The Beast Must Die

FIVES

FIVE BIGGEST CUNTS ON TV – 1. Noel Edmonds 2. Jamie Theakston 3. Jeremy Clarkson 4. Derren Brown 5. Grant Mitchell

FIVE SMUGEST, MOST ANNOYING MOVIE STARS. 1. Tom Cruise 2. Tom Hanks 3. Tom Cruise 4. Keanu Reeves 5. Tom Cruise

FIVE BEST VEGETABLES – 1. Mushrooms 2. Onions 3. Broccoli 4. Spinach 5. Peppers

A MACHINE FOR LIVING IN

I recently went to see a mortgage adviser – because it's what everybody told me I had to do at my age – cause I 'should be on the property ladder by now.' Cunts. The adviser told me I how much I could borrow. An exact same flat to the one I rent for £400 a month would cost me £600 a month mortgage – yeah I'd really be better off you thick fucking fuckers. I can't afford to buy my own fucking flat- the fucking flat I live in – how fucked up is that? But there are millions of these evil fucking money lenders out there throwing cash at young people – chucking them a lead weight and then pointing them in the direction of the sea. What a bunch a heartless, self-centred, profit-obsessed, cunt-faced, arse-brained, wank-breathed bastards. I'm single, what am I going to do with the fucking house when I die – be buried in the cunt? So I have no security, so I have to move every now and then – but I'm not chained to the fucking wankers who jerk off to meaningless long words that confuse the fuck out of anyone with a life. But the worse thing is the fucking interest. If I borrow £1 from my mate I pay him back £1 NOT £1.50. There is a whole fucking industry based around getting the nation into debt, making money from that debt, collecting that debt and giving you expensive advice about the fucking debt. We're not just talking houses here, but cars, fridges, holidays and just being able to live. Go on borrow £100, you'll only have to pay back £120 – does that really make sense? Isn't throwing cash away on rent the same as throwing cash away on interest?

It seems the main reason most people want to get on the property ladder is because it's the thing to do. People tell them they have to – 'ooh you're 30 and you haven't got your own home'. Yeah, making a 100 grand decision because 'it's the thing to do' really makes fucking sense!

There are thousands who don't even have anywhere to live at all. And the rich fucking cunts are the ones who sneer at the beggars and the Big Issue sellers on their way to buy a copy of Gimp Mask Weekly. And why is squatting so bad? If your car is left for six months without going anywhere, then you get in one Sunday morning to nip to the local whipping parlour and it don't work properly. Same with a house. It gets damp, it gets cold – squatters warm it up – jobs a good un – the landlord should be paying them for fucking looking after it. And, it's certainly better than throwing young families into mountains of debt. A mortgage is a fucking 25 year loan for fucks sake – does that make sense? And what really takes the jizz-stained piss is that for several years of that you're paying off the interest on your debt. Not only do they charge you thousands for moving into your own home, they fucking charge you for being able to afford it. And the reason the property market is in such a shit state – is you have to do it because everybody else is, while the money men make more and more. They get a big mansion – you get the debt. So while the fat cats rub their hands with glee, poor working class families are tied to a huge fucking debt for the rest of their working lives. "But you don't own your home if you rent, you're just throwing money away." Yeah well, with a mortgage you don't own your own home anyway until you've only got a couple of years left to live.

I think travellers have the right idea – owning a home that only costs a couple of grand, parking it somewhere different every time they get bored (or evicted) – that's the life. But then middle England doesn't like them either – because they're not conforming. They're not buying into the life the middle class think they should be nuying into. Well fuck the middle class, fuck middle England and fuck the money lenders – you're all cunts!

DEATH TO YOU

This was supposed to appear as a column somewhere else – dunno if it ever did, so I'm using part of it here: 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 pop star's cunt penetrated, and they're whisked away into reality TV heaven – heaven for them, hell for the poor cunts that watch 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. Jordon could be drowned in silicon, Peter Stringfellow could be garrotted with a thong and Vinnie Jones could have his eyes pecked out by the birds, the talentless fuckwit loves to shoot. You couldn't play football and every single 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 Cherrees 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 cute 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.

Zombie law

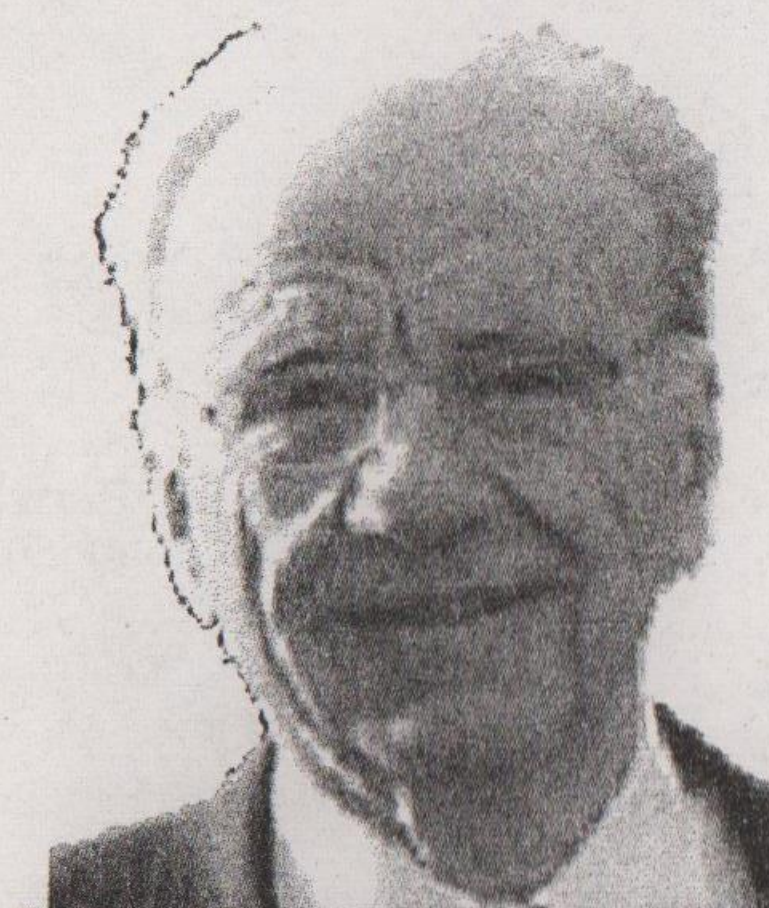
Several people were upset that the zombies in the remake of Dawn Of The Dead could run. And boy could they run – these fucking zombie were jet propelled – one minute you think you've escaped their evil clutches – and the next you've got a flesh-hungry monster tearing the fuck out of your throat. Now, I love the Romero films. I love the zombies stumbling around looking as lost as a crusty in a bathroom, but times move on. Yes, the zombie in Plague of Zombies that catches fire and tries to slowly hit the flames with a hand travelling at 0.0025mph looks funny as fuck, and yeah it's fun watching people desperately trying to outrun 50 billion rotting corpses that move slower than a Saturday supermarket queue, but times move on – and zombies must move with the times. Haven't you heard of evolution? But some horror laws have been broken in ludicrous ways. How many different ways to kill a vampire are there, for instance? In one film Christopher Lee is killed by running water. He stands on a frozen lake and the ice is shot away. Fucking hell, why didn't they just pour a bucket of water over him – oh wait that's been done in the Wizard Of Oz. In The Satanic Rights Of Dracula he dies in a fucking thorn bush – great we can kill a vampire by taking him to a garden centre. Some zombie films do take the piss – Return Of The Living Dead 3 is about a fucked up teenager who wants to bring back his goth girlfriend. HE'S FUCKING A GOTH ZOMBIE – I've heard of growing pains but for cunt fuckers sake! And in Psychomania the fuckers are bikers – zombies on motorcycles – and it's a film with no blood in. And how do they kill the undead? They turn the fuckers to stone – I ask you – how unrealistic is that?

I personally like zombie that can run – it gives them a better chance of catching their prey – they've just evolved to become better hunters that's all! My top 10 zombie flicks – 1. Dawn of the dead (original) 2. Return Of The Living Dead 3 Evil Dead 2 4 Plague Of Zombie 5 Day Of The Dead 6 Zombie Flesh Eaters 7 Evil Dead 8 Living Dead At The Manchester Morgue 9 Night Of The Living Dead 10 Shaun Of The Dead.

Trumped up madness

I nicked this off the Class War website – cause I think it's funny:

The current TV advertisement for Quaker Oat Granola is a disgrace. Windy Miller, an honest worker enjoying his hard earned breakfast, is clearly harassed into sharing his food with bosses lackey PC McGarry. Typically ungrateful, McGarry then chases Windy Miller in an attempt to beat him with his truncheon. We demand justice for Windy Miller! Whilst Quaker Oats are to be praised for their accurate presentation of the police (we are amazed the Police Federation has not sued them) we wonder what else is happening in Trumpton and Camberwick Green these days? There won't be any boys at Pippin Fort (all serving in Iraq and Afghanistan) whilst Dr Mopp will have gone private. PC McGarry spends most of his time watching the residents on CCTV, whilst poor Mrs Honeyman soon won't be able to leave the house without an identity card, which has to be shown to PC McGarry on demand. All of a sudden Trumpton begins to look very much like real life.....



Capitalism Is Killing Football



CLASS WAR

PO BOX 467, London E8 3QX | www.classwaruk.org