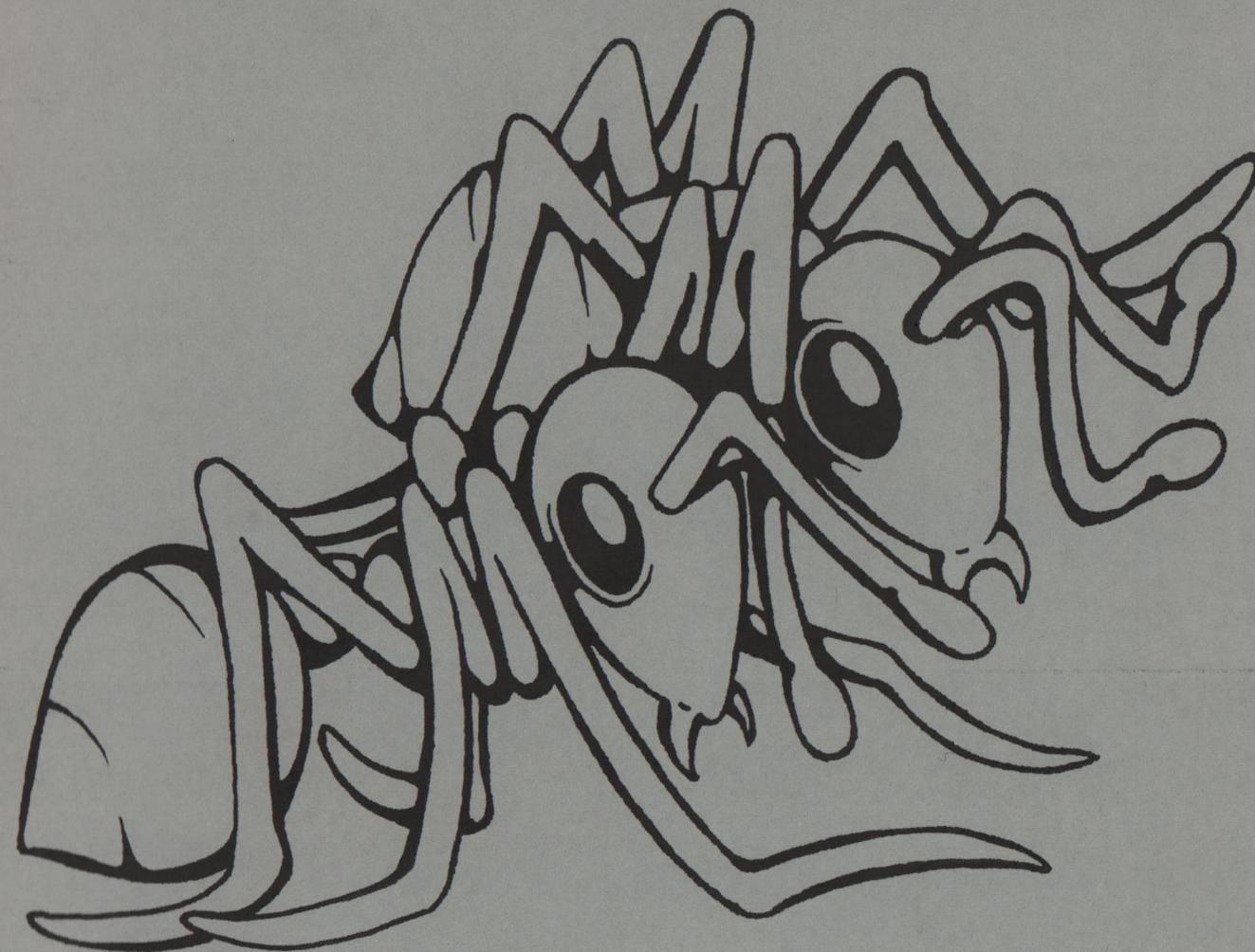


M I S F I R E



M I S F I R E



**VOLUNTARY HUMAN EXTINCTION,
INDIVIDUALIST ANARCHISM, PUNKROCK NURSING,
A MISANTHROPIC TRAVEL REPORT FROM INDIA,
SUBSTANCE ABUSE, A LOOK AT SCENE CORRUPTION
& NOT A SINGLE BAND INTERVIEW**

#1 5;-

MAY WE LIVE LONG AND DIE OUT

Voluntary human extinction for the eternal good of all other life on Earth will be the ultimate demonstration of the best qualities of humanity: compassion and reason. You are all familiar with the concept of animal liberation. Welcome to the concept of planet liberation.

PUNK IN NURSING

Excerpt from some mail I got: "hello, this is Sigg. How the fuck are you doing? Still drunk? I gave up drinking last fall, it takes too much time from my hobbies and interests - not to mention my daughter and my work as a nurse (I could fuckin' kill someone by accident, coming to work hungover)".

UNDER THE INFLUENCE

Still drunk, Sigg asked. Fucked up, passed out, that's my game? I've been sober with occasional lapses of moderate drinking since I wrote this piece. I don't mind drugs, it's habits I despise.

FREEDOM IS NOT A GIFT

Anarchism is not an ideological movement.
It is an ideological statement.
It says that all people have a capacity for liberty.
It says that all anarchists want liberty.
And then it is silent. Figure out why.

REVIEWS

Only sent-in material is reviewed.
All contact addresses listed in this section.

BHARAT BODHGAYA

The world is a desert where the nuggets of gold life has to offer disappear into the sand. It could prosper, if not all vegetation was mercilessly uprooted before it could flourish into lush greenness. India marks its visitors for life.

CORRUPTED

Heavyweight champions of aural butchery.

TWISTING AND CHURNING IN RETROSPECT

I'd like to thank all dedicated, caring bands who make the underground a true alternative to a numb mainstream; who are outspoken and always ready to share ideas with others; whose openness and commitment inject vitality into the scene - a scene they wisely use their fame to strengthen. Just kidding.

RELEASED APRIL 2000



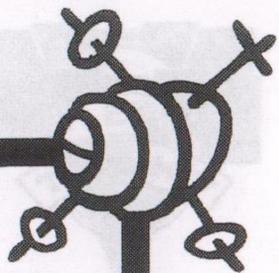
This is just the beginning. A debut issue. It has been put together to act as a 'hello' and to express a hope of growth, development and a lot of fun. With the right response, feedback and support, anything is possible.

I once had a co-editor, but since he won't do anything unless it involves aerosol or alcohol, that unfortunately fell through (Macke is, however, responsible for a good lot of the graphics. I simply plundered his mountain of sketchbooks prior to the exhaustive layout ceremony). Producing a decent magazine is hardly a one man job. I do my best to involve others in the making of Misfire. 'Til next time, I definitely require even more partners in crime. I'll track some down.

While not fitting into any mould, I'm still confident that both punks and 'non-punks' can easily relate to most of Misfire. I'd like to keep things that way; punk in spirit, yet open for anything.

Enjoy reading it. In hindsight, you might notice how the various bit and pieces herein converge into a loose theme. A connective thread can be spotted, as certain subliminal and blatant messages link together. Messages of figuring things out; of seeing through smokescreens and recognising mirages; of cherishing only what's worth to cherish and disregard the rest; of making things move in the right direction. Whatever//

Eric



Editor
Eric Tengvall

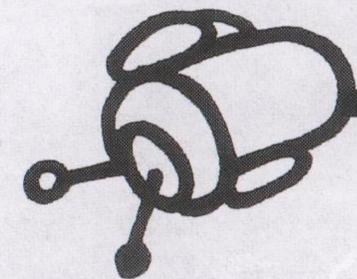
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Additional copies
are US\$2 postpaid.
10;- inom Sverige.
Trades are ok.

Distribution help is as
needed as appreciated.
I depend on your support.

Thanks to all buyers
and sellers of this zine.



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MAY WE LIVE LONG

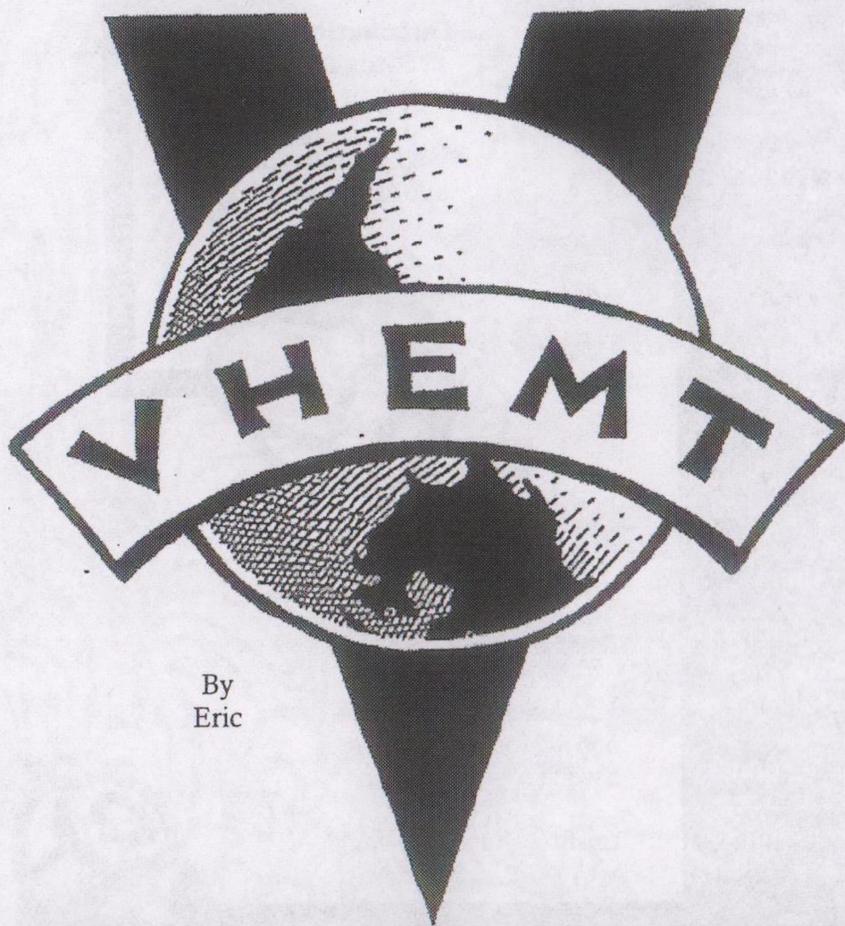
Beware. At this very moment, devious plans are being contrived in fanatical minds across the planet. The collusive chemists Henri Mevel and Jean-Michael DuPont seek to exterminate us all from poisoning. The Church of Euthanasia advocates suicide and cannibalism. The Gaia Liberation Front agitates for downright cold blooded killing sprees – preferably in hand-to-hand combat because of the little collateral damage. Or better yet, letting loose biological agents that only kill humans – like airborne hiv, which highly educated scientists sharing their vision strive to create. Etc. You get the picture.

All this in order to completely wipe Homo sapiens out, or at least severely downsize the population. Media call them eco-terrorists and their objective is to save Mother Earth from you – by the means they see fit.

The ecocentric thought denies mankind an exceptional position in nature, as nothing can be more important than restoring and preserving ecological harmony. There is, however, still a distinctive fork in the ideological road. While some are capable of anything to accomplish their goals, the Voluntary Human Extinction Movement (VHEMT) chooses a different approach. As indicated by the name, they aren't nitwits shoving their ideas down others' throats. On the contrary, *compassion* is an integral part of their struggle. By countering greed with responsibility, ignorance with education and oppression with freedom, awareness will increase and the quality of life on Earth will improve as mankind begins to phase itself out.

The higher a species is on the food chain, the less important it seems to be to the survival of that chain. Humans have virtually left the chain and will not create a missing link when going extinct. It would on the other hand only benefit all of our surroundings if we did.

The ecocentric thought denies mankind an exceptional position in nature, as nothing can be more important than restoring and preserving ecological harmony. There is, however, still a distinctive fork in the ideological road. While some are capable of anything to accomplish their goals, the Voluntary Human Extinction Movement (VHEMT) chooses a different approach. As indicated by the name, they aren't nitwits shoving their ideas down others' throats. On the contrary, *compassion* is an integral part of their struggle. By countering greed with responsibility, ignorance with education and oppression with freedom, awareness will increase and the quality of life on Earth will improve as mankind begins to phase itself out.



By
Eric



Fancy Titles

The (un)official spokesperson of VHEMT and thus answerer of this enquiry, Les U Knight, proudly admits being a "mad fucking scientist" as many call him: "since procreative sex is insane today, one could call it 'mad fucking' and I'm scientifically studying it". His interpretation of eco-terrorism also deviates from the norm. Without wallowing in how bad things are: the *true* terror is me, you and the whole destructive uncivilisation we are part of. Through his concern for the natural world, Les realised this; that every ecosystem's problems could be traced back to one single species – which, hrm, boded ill for mankind. And he is not alone. Almost daily, he hears from people who independently have come to the conclusion that Earth would be better of without us: "each of us followed a path of logic, guided by love, and arrived at virtually the same place. Follow your path of concern long enough and, if you don't get side-tracked by society's indoctrination, you'll eventually get here too".

I think my fascination for the concept of voluntary human extinction stems from its purity; its *ethical flawlessness*. Humans are taught to be self-centred, competitive creatures capable of trampling upon others in order to get things their way. Dirty tricks are as natural as breathing, sleeping, eating and shitting. In a world soiled with egocentric filth, it is always such a fucking kick to discover a clean spot. VHEMT is one.

While this path Les and millions of others have chosen does appeal to me, I might or might not follow in their footsteps. I have by no means made up my mind yet (for antisocial loners like myself, having children is probably out of the question anyway).



AND DIE OUT



Beware of Dogmas – We Speak of Our Own Voices

The Voluntary Human Extinction Movement, as the name also indicates, not an organisation but a movement. It's not a complex code of behaviour to live by, but a loose yet firm concept free to be added to existing belief systems. No official statements beyond the one of *not sentencing another human being to life* are taken. You are not even obliged to favour human extinction – merely agreeing that no more of us should be created at this time is enough. Even parents are warmly welcome.

VHEMT is pronounced “vehement” which means ‘marked by extreme intensity of emotions or convictions’ – a description dead on target, exquisitely capturing the mood of the movement. Some dictionaries include a violent aspect to the definition, but violence would according to Les just counter the voluntary nature of the movement; “there’s no point in adding to the violence already rampant among Homo sapiens”.

On a more humorous note, I presume one certain deviation from this pacifist stance is not only justified but even encouraged by Les: “snip, snip. A lot of men pay lip service to women’s rights, but some of us dare to put our balls where our mouth is. We should respect a woman’s right to choose to not need an abortion in the first place”. He’s a terminal bud on his family tree. Irrevocably. No turning back.

Undergoing a vasectomy is undeniably an incision with serious physical effects on your body – albeit not really violent, since it’s freely chosen. Still, admit it’s a radiant sign of vehemence!?

Your Reality Is Filtered By Your Prejudices

Not that it's a unique notion of his, but Jason of the audio fuckery squad Suppression once remarked that “we all see each other worldwide in a narrow, misinformed perspective”. Disturbingly often, the uneducated do react on the philosophy of VHEMT – presuming they are a pack of hatefilled madmen with violent extermination on the schedule. With the risk of sounding repetitive, that is simply not the case.

A thorough insight of VHEMT is available on their informative and easily navigated website, which I strongly advise you to explore. Since space is limited, this feature of VHEMT basically serves as a mind-boggling introduction; an appetiser. The convincing arguments are to be found elsewhere.

The movement has actually received amazingly favourable coverage in the media, despite their controversial standpoint. Or thanks to it. The Economist included a two-page article which agreed with the concept. Reader’s Digest included VHEMT in their That’s Outrageous! compilation which includes government corruption and the like; “in that case, it didn’t matter that they were opposed to the idea – 28 million copies and 17 languages. I love the fact that the suggestion of voluntary human extinction rested on the toiled tanks of middle America for a month”.

The biggest difference between the mainstream- and underground press hasn’t been whether the coverage is favourable or not, it’s just the number of readers that changes. As long as the information meets the loose standard of journalistic accuracy, readers are capable of deciding for themselves if it’s a good idea or not. A kernel of truth gets planted in a fertile brain, and the harvest will be reaped in due time, Les philosophises.



Good Bye For Good

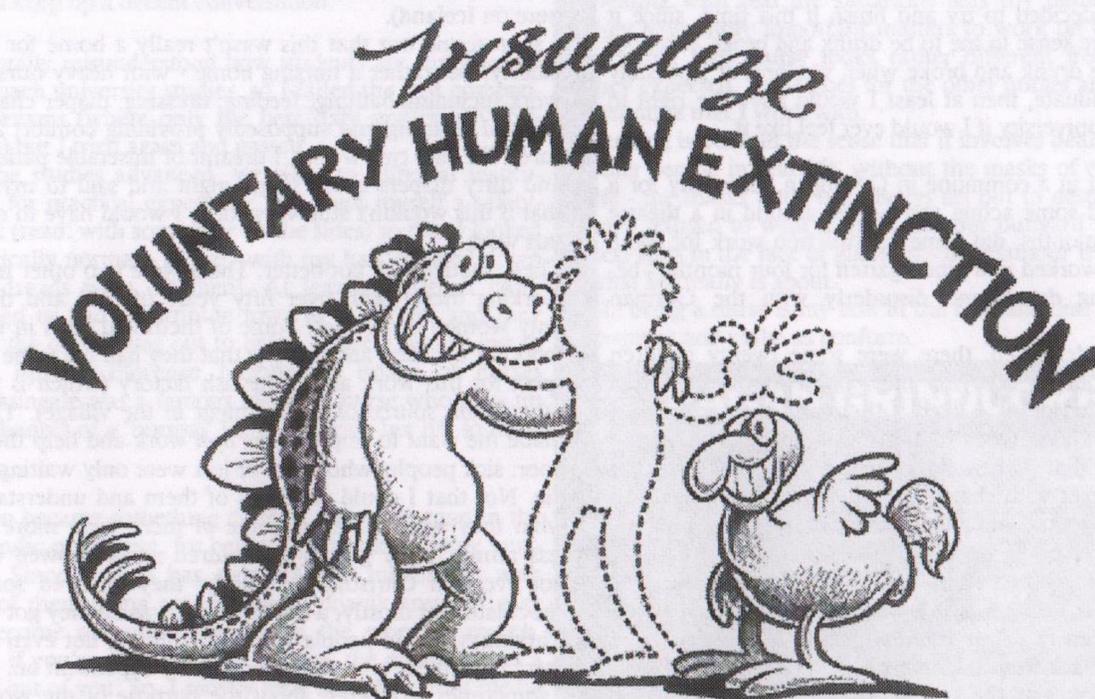
Never mind the reason, just imagine an utopian future devoid of further pregnancies. No more round bellies. No more babies. No unions of ovum and spermatozoon. After one decade, children would be an endangered species. After two, they wouldn’t exist. Not a single one. Not only that, humans at all would be remarkably fewer. This would profoundly affect your life.

As the human populace and its habitats imploded, wildlife would regenerate and expand. The air would freshen up and the environment grow healthier as Earth took delight in the benefits of an improved population density.

While technology could be scaled back on the whole, it could still advance with a new, appropriate focus. We could repay past exploitations of the planet by aiding it’s recovery – and at the same time take more and more care of ourselves.

As shortages of resources are caused by longages of consumers, starvation would cease and wealth gradually become abundant, thus eliminating greed. For a while, a true treasure would however be held very dear; the dwindling numbers of children. Our priorities would shift as luxury lost its status. Due to the inflated value of human life, social justice would improve greatly – creating a more fair, wholesome society – as we phased ourselves out from the surface of planet Earth.

In the words of Les: “the last humans could enjoy their final sunsets peacefully, knowing they have returned the planet to as close to the garden of Eden as possible under the circumstances. The last one could turn off the lights”.



PUNK IN NURSING



A personal
Perspective
by Siggí

After graduating from college I didn't know where to go with my life, so I went abroad for a year, to Germany, through a non-governmental exchange organisation built on voluntary work. I had been in and out of college before, but decided to try and finish it this time, since it made more sense to me to be drunk and broke at school than to be drunk and broke when working. If I possibly would graduate, then at least I would have the right to go to the university if I would ever feel like it.

So, I lived in a commune in Göttingen, Germany for a year. I did some acting and helped around in a theatre for three months, did some construction work for some time and worked in a kindergarten for four months - besides being drunk and disorderly with the German punks.

In the kindergarten, there were some twenty children (mostly four to six year olds and two of them had Down's syndrome). I liked it there and they seemed to like me. At least, when I left the kindergarten, one of the boys said that "when he grew up, he would want a leather jacket with chains and studs like Siggí" and another one felt sad and cried because of my departure.

Coming back home after some time abroad is always a shock; what you see is that nothing has changed while you were away. Your friends greet you like you have just come back from taking a piss at a party and tell you the same jokes as the year before. You realise that the changes you were going through from travelling and seeing and trying new things didn't reach the place you call home. It was only you who had changed, and hardly anyone was interested in hearing about what you had been through and how you felt about it.

The experience of working with children made me think

that since they liked me, maybe I could work in a home for the elderly? There was one in the small town close to where I grew up, where I applied for work and was hired on the spot, since such are always short of staff (at least here on Iceland).

I soon found out that this wasn't really a home for the elderly, but rather a nursing home - with heavy nursing work including bathing, feeding, dressing, diaper changing and cleaning and supposedly providing comfort and care. The first two weeks, I dreamt of miserable patients and dirty diapers every single night and said to myself that if this wouldn't stop very soon, I would have to quit this work.

Then, suddenly, it got better. There were two other men working there (both over fifty years of age) and then only women of all ages. Some of them had been in this work for decades, and told me that they had the same respect for this work as for the fish factory (which is the other main source of employment in the village). That made me want to improve *my own* work and help those poor, sick people, who more or less were only waiting to die. Not that I could reach all of them and understand what they were thinking; some of them were more or less numb. Their grown-up children never showed up, not even on Christmas. Possibly, they received some chocolate, but mostly, a bad stomach was all they got for Christmas - those people who had nothing, not even respect from those who they were totally dependent on.

I sometimes wondered about the purpose of my work, especially when someone who I had spent the last six months helping with all aspects of daily life, simply died. Luckily, I realised that the goal of my work was to do my best in order to make them feel as well as possible, during this last stage of their lives.

At the time, I had a long dreadlocked mohawk, ear- and

nose piercings and punk- and black magic tattoos showing from underneath the sleeves of my working clothes. Most of the patients didn't notice or care, but those of my workmates, who felt like they had an opinion, all came up to me - one by one - and told me that "they hadn't been really sure what to think of me at the beginning, but they sure knew now that I was a good person".

The idea of studying something related to health care work was slowly coming to me. I was 28 at the time and felt like studying something useful that gave me the opportunity to have a morally satisfactory career... The kindergarten work I mentioned before was the first thing job-related that I had that didn't involve killing and/or exploiting animals. My workplaces before had been my parent's dairy and meat farm, slaughterhouses, fish factories and a fox fur farm.

By now, I had become a vegetarian and was totally fed up with the animal industry.

When I showed up in my first nursing class at the university in Reykjavík, I realised why someone at work had been joking about boys and girls in nursing; there were one hundred and forty girls and three guys in the class.

Later on, I heard from a friend in engineering that one of the guys in her class had described the nursing class as involving "loads of chicks, two guys and a punk". So, punks are alien, sexless beings at the university.

Another comment I heard from another friend was that one of the girls in class had said that "she had ended up in a discussion group with the punk and he seemed really to be okay". I don't know what this person was expecting, but at least it wasn't something like a punk who could keep up a decent conversation.

...I totally misunderstood how students are supposed to approach university studies, so I failed the first competition exams (where only the best sixty grades can continue) but I tried again and passed.

As the studies advanced, we went to different institutions for practical experience. So, I got myself a safety-hawk (read: with some hair on the sides) so that I looked practically normal - to me - with my hair combed down (the dreads were off then). At least no patient complained or had an attitude towards my looks and they were the ones I was out to help - I surely wasn't out to keep up the Florence Nightingale image of nurses (Nightingale was a famous idealistic nurse who gave up her chances of a 'normal' life to dedicate her life to nursing).

I soon became something close to a phenomenon in the Icelandic public eye, for being "that punk studying nursing". Since Iceland has only 300.000 inhabitants with half of them living around the Reykjavík area, it's easy to become somewhat known by the word of mouth. And, if you're cute and have money, the media makes a meal out of you. So, I mostly have been free from media attention, but when I was out on the nightlife, I was constantly running into people who had heard of me and wanted to tell me that if they would ever end up in a hospital, they wouldn't be happy, if I would suddenly pop up and introduce me as their nurse...

Some of the people who came to our gigs and are part of the scene found it hilarious that the screaming vocalist of Forgarður Helvítis was really someone who wanted to spend the rest of his life helping others. It somehow doesn't fit in the image people like to have of someone who doesn't conform to the dress- or behaviour codes.

It's the same if you, by coincidence, start chatting with some lady who is also waiting at the same bus stop as you. It has happened to me several times and in different countries; they telling me that being approached by 'people like me' usually scare them, but that I seem to be sensible person when they talk with me.

...About normality and conformity, my interest in being taken seriously as a nurse has gradually won over the urge to be a drunk and disorderly punk in the streets. I gave up drinking for various reasons, one being fatherhood and another being the responsibility nurses have in their work. I cut off my big mohawk and removed some of the other more visual aspects of being a punk. I do have the ability to adjust, although I believe I'm too old (33) to ever stop being a punk. My band is as fast and brutal as ever, my mind is clearer than before and I feel more mature. I believe that I have learnt something about relationships with other persons from working and making good friends with so many women through those four years at the university and at work (men constitute about 1% of all Icelandic nurses).

Also, working with people has shown me how every individual matters. I now have a deeper understanding of my anarchist beliefs. I am in better condition to put them into words and voice them. I am constantly evolving as a person and as an anarchist punk.

Dealing with real life situations tells my patients that they have more important matters to work on than the fact that their nurse looks rather different from what they expected. Same goes for the other nurses and nurse assistants that I work with.

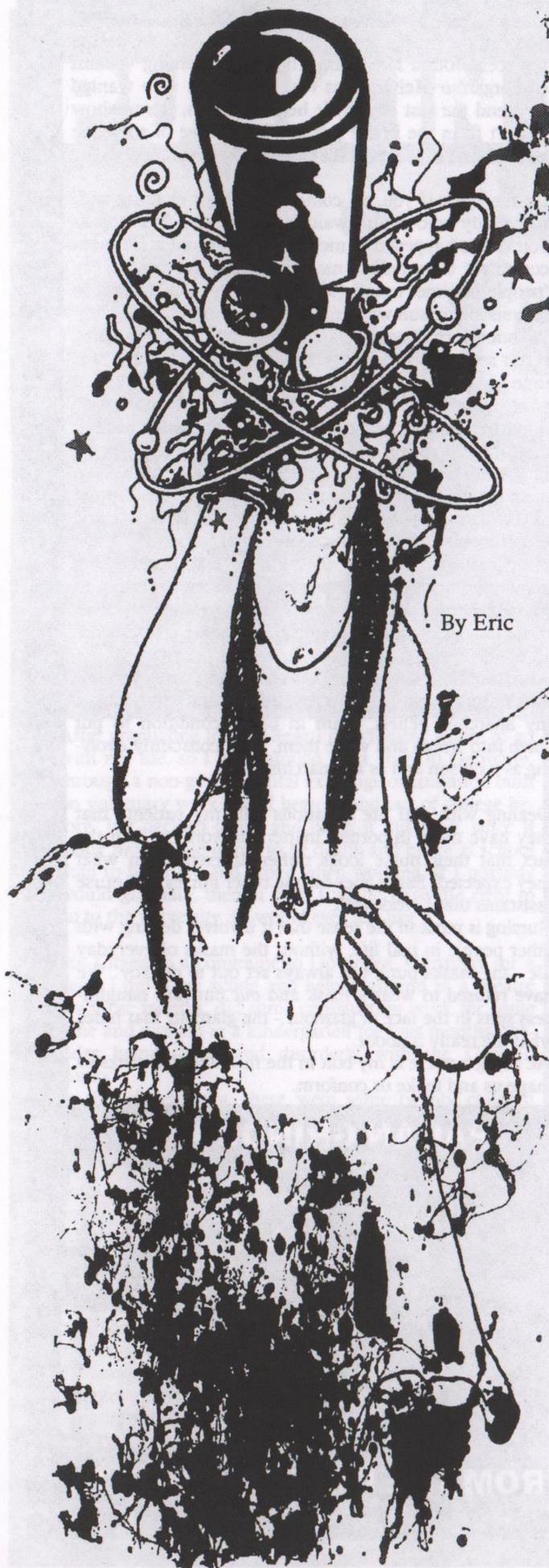
Nursing is punk in the sense that it involves dealing with other people in real life, without the masks of everyday life - the masks punk has always set out to destroy. We have refused to wear a mask and our outward naughtiness spits in the face of glamour - the glamour that hides what life really is about.

Me being a nurse is my bolt in the machine that seeks to shape us and make us conform.

PAGAN GRINDCORE



FROM THE FREEZING NORTH



By Eric

As a way of saying thank you for yesterday's swilling, I once again perform a certain ritual. And I feel like shit. My exhausted body quivers, sweats ice and feels tons heavier than usual. My heart is all stressed up. The slightest movement is like rubbing my aching brain with broken glass. My poor stomach is out of order due to a meltdown, with outdrawn moments of pain – like it's about to burst – coming and going. My gasping throat has this slimy, very bitter sensation. A result of my generous sacrifices to the porcelain god I so devotedly worship.

That's sarcasm. During the entire procedure, my bloodshot eyes detest what they see. My nose agrees in its way, by telling me I stink. A piece of information my mangled mind vengefully elaborates without mercy. Well aware of how someone can stink in more than one way, I desperately wish to escape all this nausea. Yet, it's all self-inflicted.

From the occasional zip of expensive cognac after work, to shooting smack at public lavatories on a daily basis, the principle of drug intake stays the same. You stuff a mind-affecting substance into your body, with the purpose of altering your perception of the world.

Every weekend, alcohol flows through my system. One glass too much and I malfunction as described above. Laughably enough, the curse of alcohol is that you haven't had enough until you've had too much. This has a corrosive effect. After every weekend I'm prone to be a little more shabby; a little more deranged.

Engines need petrol to run, living creatures stimulants to have fun. The mechanism we all function according to is universal, the fuels individual. Some thrive on choir singing, others on hopping about on the moon as astronauts. Some enjoy exotic fruits, others yoga. Some have sex at odd places, others build aeroplanes. Some dig graves, others invent new technology.



A spontaneous reflection, but in the face of all this, drugs somehow feel so futile. Like, instead of *doing* something, you have a drink or puff on a spliff.

For some crooked figures, this behaviour is repeated frequently enough to turn into a habit, and so it's practised until they're ruined beyond repair. Perhaps needs and wants only burden you on the path towards meaning – even making some collapse under their weight. Sometimes in silence, sometimes with a shattering crack.

I admit many highlights in my past have involved voluntary intoxication and many will in the future. Highlights both inside and outside of the skull. After a pint and a half of moonshine, all sorts of bizarre ideas pop up in your head; all sorts of nice folks cross your staggering path.

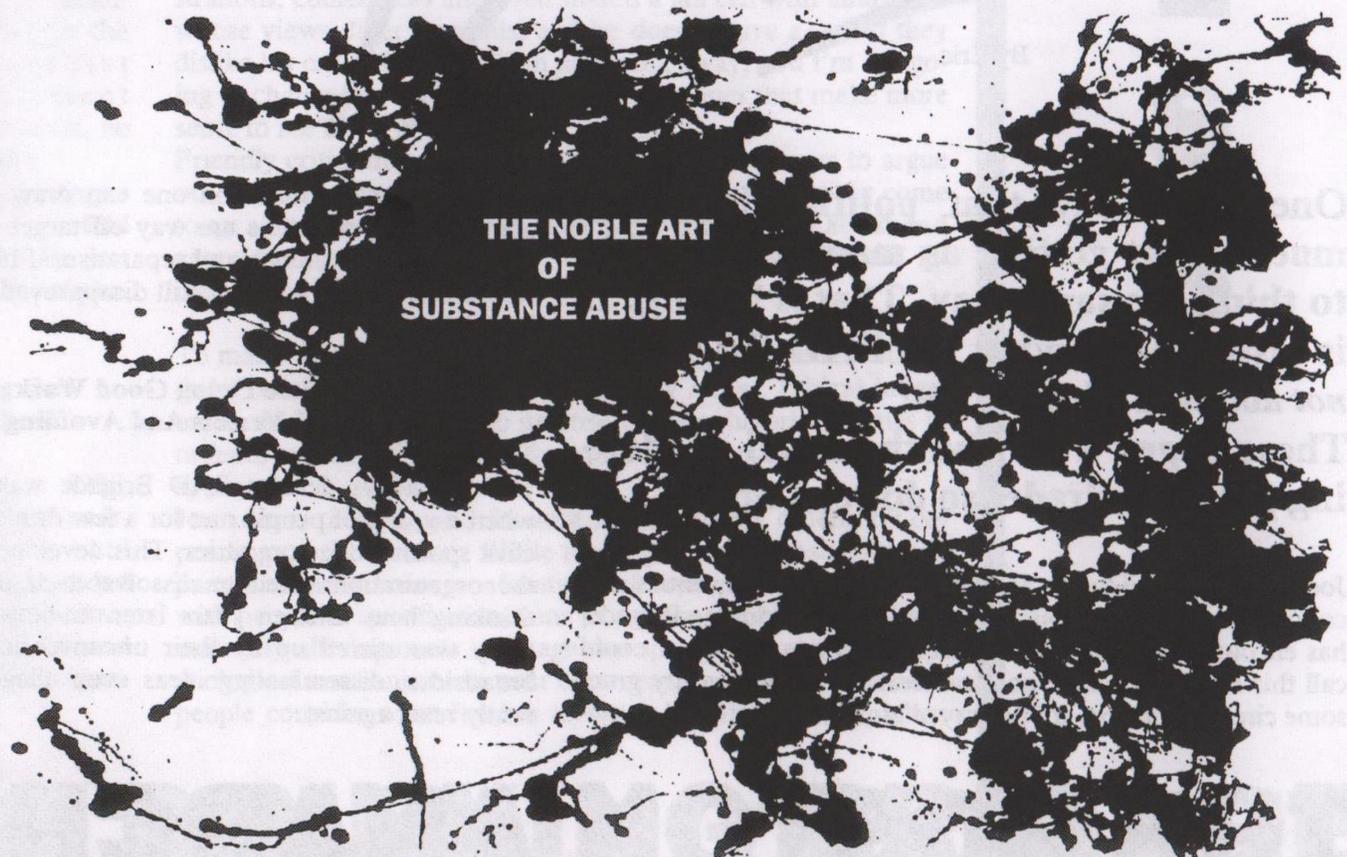
Where I'm heading? Towards condemning or justifying? Neither. Moralising isn't really my cup

of wine. Instead, I'll share you a purposely thought-provoking observation of mine.

Dreams of one lurk in earthlings all over the mudball, yet a shortcut to self-fulfilment would fucking astonish even the laws of nature. Dreams manifested in the most different ways. Getting pissed or in some other way fuck your mind is a popular approach. In this context, with what, how much and how often are all details.

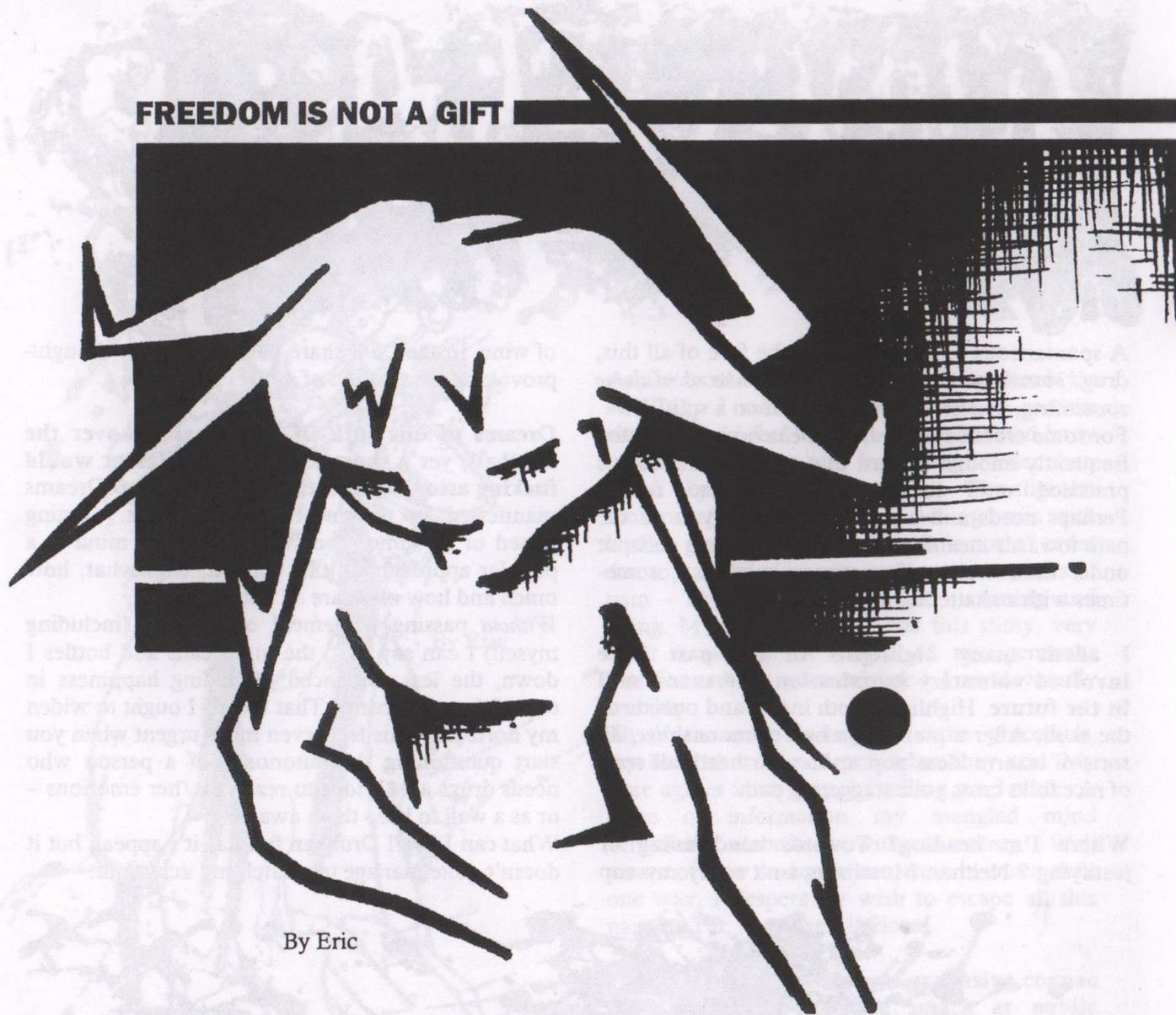
Without passing judgement on anyone (including myself) I can say that, the more cans and bottles I down, the less convinced of finding happiness in one of them I become. That means I ought to widen my horizons. This feels even more urgent when you start questioning the autonomy of a person who needs drugs as a bridge to reach his/her emotions – or as a wall to keep them away.

What can I say?! Drunken fun has its appeal, but it doesn't quite manage to scratch my itchy soul.



THE NOBLE ART
OF
SUBSTANCE ABUSE

FREEDOM IS NOT A GIFT



By Eric

One could say that politics is pretty much about getting as many as possible to think the same way. That *is* boring. It is also exactly what the BAD Brigade is *not* about. I admire that.

These pages won't be the usual deadening political tirade, so do read on.

Joe Peacott, individualist anarchist since the late seventies and co-founder of the notorious Boston Anarchist Drinking Brigade, has encountered many critics during the years. In fact, I could call this story a macabre political freakshow and Joe my gruesome circus attraction, if I portrayed him according to all name-

That's the only conclusion one can draw from the harangue above. The accusations are way off target. Once, he was told that maybe he'd understand separatism if he were gay. He just responded that he was, but still disapproved of identity politics. Touché.

"A Couple Were Doing Good Work, Drinking Out of Appropriate Vessels And Avoiding Bottled Beer"

The nowadays defunct BAD Brigade was founded in 1986, when a group of people met for a few drinks after a local anarchist sponsored lecture series. This developed remarkably, until the organisation voted to dissolve itself during an extended drinking bout thirteen years later. In-between, much controversy was stirred up by their unconventional pamphlets and broadsides, disseminating ideas even alleged anarchists ignorantly react against.

callers version of the truth... Not that the absurd picture of a racist, sexist potential rapist and lackey of capitalist hegemony endorsing wage slavery, whose bizarre frightening collection of ideas were the perfect tool for the fascist regime as an infiltrator of the true radical left is very true.

Individualist thought is out of the mainstream in the anarchist movement these days, he avows.

These ideas live on through BAD Press, which Joe operates from his new stomping ground Kansas City. New broadsides are being produced, and old are kept in stock. You must read their rummy break-up statement, by the way...

Joe envisions a world composed of different groups living in different ways – some using money and owning private property, others sharing their wealth and living communally – as people differ in their social views and temperament, and should therefore set up living conditions that suit them. When explaining his utopia, Joe used the words "anything voluntary is acceptable, anything coercive is to be opposed" – an axiom strikingly describing the core of his philosophy. A philosophy that obviously is too much to bear even for many liberals. The need to control and be controlled is that deeply rooted.

I want to stress that even I partly disagree with Joe's views. He's by no means flawless. Albeit preferable to seeing humans as weak victims of circumstances, I am for instance not fond of his idealised view of the human nature as always rational and autonomous. I am however totally for unlimited freedom of speech, and hope these pages will counteract ugly prejudices.

Ain't No Feeble Bastard

It's easy to believe that Joe would feel victimised by his critics. That is not at all the case. He has often participated in demonstrations, conferences and even shared a jail cell with anarchists whose views differ from his, and he doesn't give a toss if they dislike his outlook or not; "I'm not going away, and I'm not going to change my ideas unless I encounter ones that make more sense to me".

Friendly criticism is responded to in kind, by attempts to argue out disagreements. Either to clarify a point and possibly come to an agreement, or to make clear what is disagreed about and agree to tolerate each others' views. Hostile assholes are ignored.

To many leaders' delight, the mob cares more about *how* something is said rather than what it actually *means*. Ethical judgments aside, all speakers do practise various rhetorical tactics in order to successfully convey their messages. Assimilation is one approach.

Joe admits tailoring and framing his arguments differently depending on the receiver. While tending to write broadsides and pamphlets in a more confrontational style, he communicates with people in specific situations in a more flexible way. Diplomatically altering one's language can spring advantageous psychological mechanisms in your opponent, and it has often made people consider what Joe has to say in a different light, when

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THE BOSTON ANARCHIST DRINKING BRIGADE

they talk in person. It's easier establish rapport in an informal conversation, as things can be stated and restated in a variety of ways. A misimpression can be corrected on the spot. As Joe puts it: "for instance, I have criticised feminism a number of times in print, and some feminists have taken offence. However, once we have met, and I have been able to explain my position in different ways, they have seen that I'm not sexist".

When writing a letter to a mainstream newspaper, taking an approach that is less likely to keep you off the letters page is recommended; "I think words are important, and therefore I'm very careful when I write (even if it means people may not like it) since I may never have the chance to clarify words or concepts with the reader in person". The weakness of the written word is at the same time also its strength and vice versa. Or something.

An Asshole Is An Asshole Is An Asshole

Somewhat linked to the choice of words is how a target of criticism is picked. In the anarchist movement as well as anywhere else, good and evil sometimes integrate with each other – creating perplex contexts. As opposed to Joe, I do believe anarchists *can* work as Trojan horses inside a body of authority, provided the positive outweighs the negative. I dare even ask if not the concept of an anarchist as someone as outside the mainstream society as possible is a bit outdated?

For two main reasons, this makes me gently question the sometimes reckless approach in the BAD publications.

Firstly, I see a risk of causing unnecessary and easily avoided anger, by disregarding the communicative shortcomings of your audience (as already discussed herein).

Secondly and more importantly, I also see a risk of even causing the anarchist movement harm by aspiring to exorcise all evil in it without discrimination. This because good and evil sometimes *are* inseparable, meaning you can't battle one without battling the other. Joe is of another opinion and uncompromisingly sees means as important as ends: "when anarchists act like assholes, other who disagree should make it clear they don't approve".



In Opposition To All Authority

The main reason why I'm not very politically active is because of all fragmentising and dividing involved. There's usually no holistic view, but a disassociating 'us against them' mentality. Without elaborating this any further, my point is that the BAD Brigade rises above this political blabber. That's what anarchism is about.

Once again: "anything voluntary is acceptable, anything coercive is to be opposed" – do what you want, but do not cause harm. A wholesome outlook on life, although incompatible with the caricature of an anarchist as a bomb brandishing terrorist. A caricature sometimes accurately reflecting reality. Joe would prefer that anarchists should be more considerate of working people when they block streets, trash businesses and provoke cops; "these actions have effects on others, but the anarchists act like vanguardists and disregard how regular workers might view their actions".

A jail cell was mentioned earlier. Well, Joe got arrested for disorderly conduct and mob action against the state at a demonstration in Chicago, 1986. Some demo participators did property damage in a store on a march route and the cops arrested people at random. He never returned for trial, so presumably there's some warrant out there for him.

No Kidding?

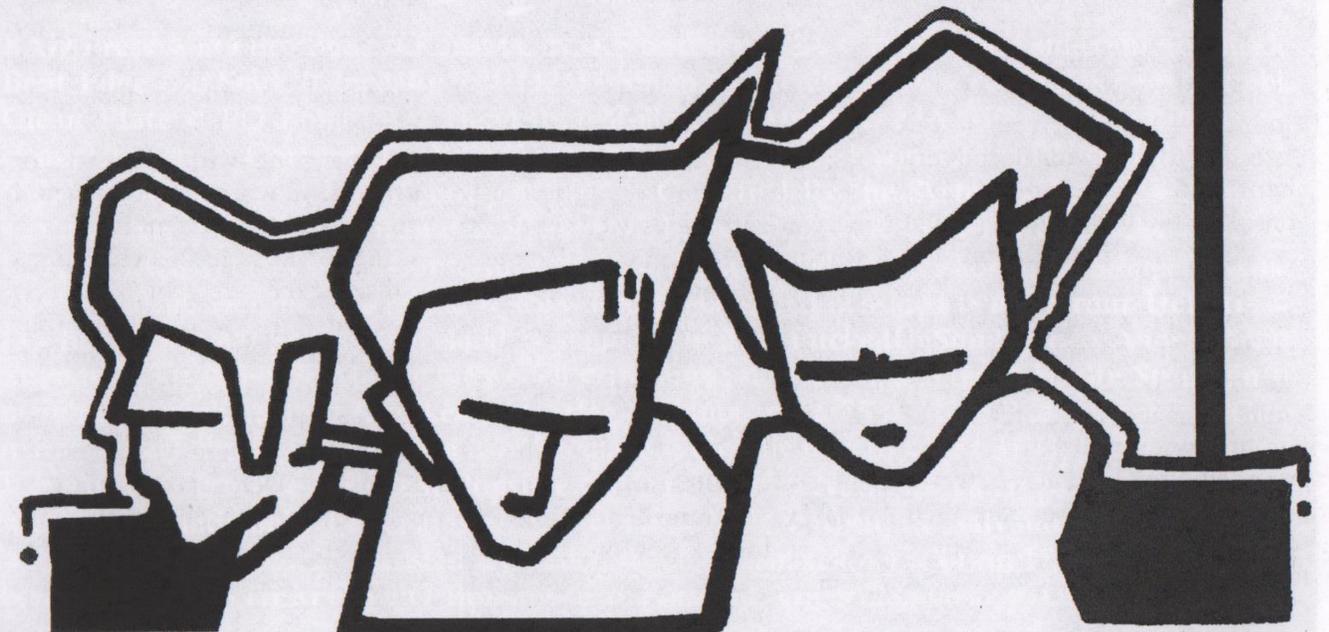
I have this theory that fundamental social change often occurs due to a redistribution of power from one generation to the next. From a revolutionary perspective, it could therefore make sense to raise as many children as possible in the spirit of anarchist ideals. By increasing our numbers, our influence is bound to grow. Actually, it sometimes feels like this is the only true form of effectual revolt and that the best this generation of subversives can do is to stick to their ideals and hope for the next wave's reinforcements.

To cut a long story short, Joe funnily enough turned out to be an old VHEMT Supporter. To breed or not to breed? Go figure.

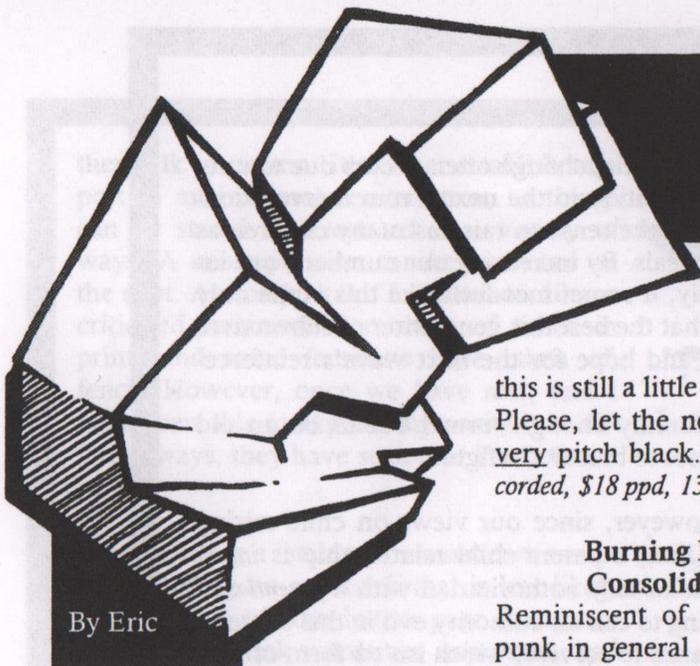
This didn't kill any discussion however, since our views on child-raising proved to differ remarkably. To him, a parent-child relationship is *inherently* authoritarian. To me, it's *traditionally* authoritarian with a *potential* of being anarchic. I'm not even willing to call all authority evil in this context, since children need parental guidance to survive, which isn't a form of suppression. And, infants born into an anarchic environment might be more likely to profoundly adopt those ideas without coercion of any kind.

According to Joe, 'guidance' usually means getting children to do something the adults want them to do, instead of what the child wants. The adult is more powerful in all ways, and therefore wins. In a small number of cases the adults let themselves be pushed around and dominated by the child. He has never seen an equitable relationship between a small child and an adult. Therefore, children learn about hierarchical relationships as they grow up – not libertarian ones.

As I see it, the very concept of life revolves around power. It's in-built in every kind of relation. However, anarchism strongly emphasises the ethical necessity of a balance between power and responsibility. This principle is valid for child-raising as well, if it's based on negotiation and communication, rejecting coercion and manipulation. Raising children *can* mean a free, healthy and even mutual growth – not a dominant slaver injecting data into a subservient slave. The beauty of anarchy is that *the most powerful mustn't win* – and such an environment is what coming generations need to be born into. If they now need to be born at all: "I see no value in having more humans around, although I would love to see a world where those who are around now spent their time making their own lives better".



REVIEWS



By Eric

Boycot & Yuppiecrusher 7"

Yuppiecrusher (rip) play melodic yet harsh punkrock. Pretty catchy musicwise, as opposed to the very mediocre lyrics.

The rebellious souls of Boycot, on the other hand, surely make the adrenaline boil with their hard-hitting protest poetry accompanied with raging musical fury.

Poor sleeve design, but a gorgeous record = transparent/orange splattered vinyl (possibly inspired by the line "orange is the colour of my vomit in your face" from one of the Boycot songs). Comes with an informative booklet about prisoner support. *Sacro K-baalismo*.

Brain Damage- For Burning's Sake cd

Gothic music in the vein of the Sisters of Mercy with deep, very charismatic female vocals. Disconsolate and melancholic, but at the same time both potent and powerful. In the same way, it is also both uniform and consistent, yet varied and complex. If you're into this kind of gloomy stuff, Brain Damage is definitely for you. An excellent debut.

In the future, I would however like to see them benight their sound even further. I do suffer from a warped taste of music, but

this is still a little timid and clean. Please, let the next recording be very pitch black. *Strange Days Recorded*, \$18 ppd, 130;- inom Sverige.

Burning Kitchen- Consolidation 7"

Reminiscent of poppy anarcho-punk in general and Dirt in particular – unusual these days. Music, lyrics, vocals, graphics and production all harmonise well with each other, making this release feel like a solid entity. Impressive. *Bent Edge*.

Crucified By the System #3

Four interviews, reviews and a few lines from an editor who doesn't care. All characterised by a disorderly rawpunk manner. Suitable as 'easy reading' when you're tortured by a hangover (I presume only vegetated alcoholics can enjoy this zine). Slick glossy cover – nice one! 20 A5, \$2 ppd.

Downsided #3

A high dose of cynicism, misanthropy and attitude – all conducted in a competent, nearly professional way. Since Toni (of Kirous) is a talented editor who takes his zine seriously, it becomes *worth* taking seriously by you and me as well. Features Rubbish Heap, John Holmes/Flat Earth etc + various daily life/music oriented writings devoid of political rhetoric. Gets my seal of approval for sure. 24 A5, \$2 ppd.

Diskonto-

Diy-anarchohardcorepunk 7"

If you don't know the Diskonto sound by now, well... Full throt-

tle Uppsala hardcore with characteristically shouted vocals you either love or hate (some sore throated lady grabs the mic on the last song, which is fine with me).

Fucking decent lyrics for a change, in Swedish with English comments littering the actually ok looking sleeve. *Retard*.

Diskonto-

Silenced By Oppression 7"

See above, but with nonsensical lyrics and a matching sleeve design. Aesthetic blindness and computers don't mix. Old but not aged songs including an Anti-Cimex cover (same recording sessions as on Distortion For Profit). Minimalist rawpunk. *Clean Plate*.

Krankheit Der Jugend- Imenau Bad Rappenau cd

How beautiful. After journeying across a gentle psychedelic soundscape for well over half an hour and barely hearing a human voice, some dark almost gothic vocals surprisingly emerge from out of nowhere. A prime example of good taste. Laden with delicate emotions, soothing tunes and mind-boggling sounds harmoniously blend on this enigmatic disc.

Comparisons with Neurosis or even Maya would be farfetched, I guess. And recommending this to savages whose record collections consist exclusively of the worst sorts of noise would be foolish, I'm sure. Still, I'm reasonably convinced those into Neurosis and not minding a little softness could and should appreciate Krankheit Der Jugend. If not, a spliff ought to solve that problem. Highly recommended record. *Krankekunstverlag*.

No Rest For the Dead- The End of Space cd

It's always such a fucking thrill when you stumble upon a new band – that totally blows you away. Successfully mixing old school Cannibal Corpse and Brutal Truth with Pink Floyd and Jimi Hendrix takes a lot. Unless you know what you're doing, you might as well end up clashing the worst aspects of the different styles together, instead of combining the best. To cut a long story short, this piece of Japanese stoner grind rock rules the universe, since it shows both brain and brawn. Sheer excellence. The kind of record you can listen to daily for weeks or even months. *Deaf American*, \$10 near, \$12 far ppd.

Salvador #3

I know it's rude and unprofessional, but since Salvador is in Swedish, I'll review it in Swedish. 'Trots' att detta i grund och botten är ett musikzine huvudsakligen

bestående av en trave intervjuer, så finner jag det helt klart läsvärt. Zinet genomsyras av en gemytlig öppenhet, en snudd på vansinnig variation, kunnigt skrivande och riktigt snygg layout. Krigshot blandas friskt med Herb Alpert & the Tijuana Brass, Groinchurn med nån osnuten poet. Och mitt i allting dyker en fyllig utfrågning av Flashbackredaktör Axelsson upp. Grymt.

En liten uppfräschning av grundkonceptet torde dock vara på sin plats, så inte nästa nummer kommer kännas som en repris av det förra. 60 A5, 20;- inkl porto.

The Jam Session- s/t 7"

Harsh, distorted, noisy, freaked out, screechy, psychotic, warped, pissed off, crude, frantic, unholy and an incredible debut release. The Jam Session are evil geniuses. Actually, this is one of the coolest bands around in Sweden right now. New material is in the pipeline. *FuckedUpSunday*.

Toxic Narcotic-

Damn Near Killed 'Em cd

Abrasive hc punk complete with relentless "fuck you, you fucking fuck" type lyrics. Not groundbreaking, but still original in some indescribable way. Needs to be heard. Dull sleeve design, which fails making the good music justice. *Rodent Popsicle*.

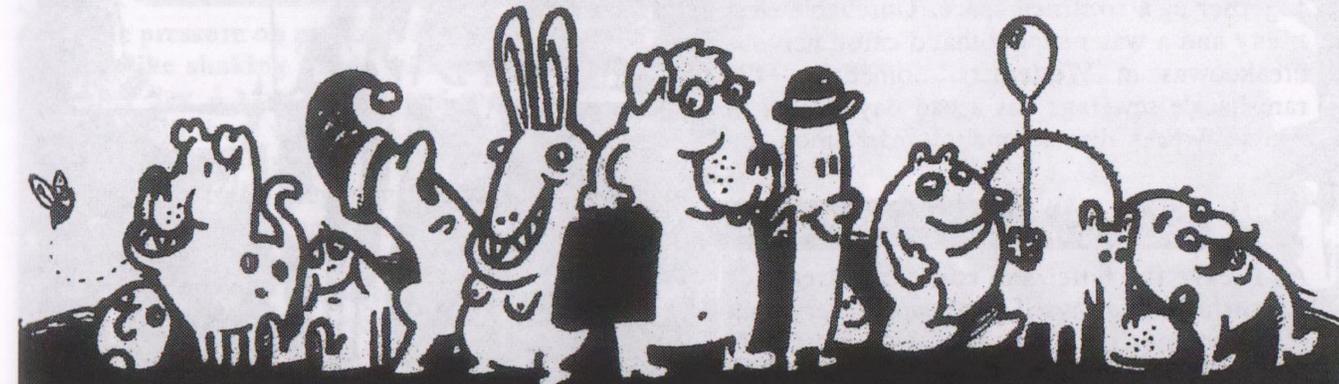
Review Policy:

Only sent-in material will be reviewed. Your reward is publicity, a Misfire or a few and my eternal gratitude.

Wanted:

The -Sisters of Mercy, Skinny Puppy, Tom Waits, Joy Division, Throbbing Gristle, Sodom, Leonard Cohen, Gism, Master, Jonathan Richman, Deviated Instinct, Coil, Kaaos and all things similar. Will pay what it's worth.

I also have a list of punk records to sell or trade (via internet only).



BAD Press □ PO Box 3682 □ Kansas City, KS 66103 □ USA □ www.world.std.com/~bbrigade
Bent Edge c/o Stark □ Inedalsg 7 □ 112 33 Sthlm □ Sweden □ www.communichaos.com/bk
Clean Plate □ PO Box 709 □ Hampshire College □ Amherst, MA 01002 □ USA □ www.cleanplate.com □ Corrupted □ Villa Kawaji #1102 2-14-18 □ Kyomachibori Nishuka Osaka □ 550-0003 Japan □ jo.gol.com/corrupted.html □ Crucified By the System □ hem.passagen.se/subcaos/cbts □ Deaf American c/o Hoak □ #3 Bethel Church Road □ Dillsburg, PA 17019 □ USA □ www.geocities.com/sunsetstrip/9607 □ Downsided c/o Eiskonen □ Siltapellonkuja 2K98 □ 00740 Helsinki □ Finland □ www.freespeech.org/downsided □ Forgarður Helvítis □ PO Box 51 □ 800 Selfoss □ Iceland □ siguhar@hi.is □ FuckedUpSunday c/o Andersson □ Strandv 3, 3 tr □ 595 30 Mjölby □ Sweden □ thejamsession@hotmail.com □ Hjalte Strandén □ meinhof@hotmail.com □ Krankekunstverlag □ Hauptstrasse 75 □ 74206 Bad Wimpfen □ Germany □ www.ilmrap.de □ Retard c/o Altemark □ Gränby bilg 18 □ 754 31 Uppsala □ Sweden □ martin@altemark.se □ Rodent Popsicle □ PO Box 335 □ Newton Center, MA 02459 □ USA □ Sacro K-baalismo □ Felberstrasse 20-12 □ 1150 Wien □ Austria □ Salvador c/o Danielsson □ Stings 12, 6 tr □ 652 26 Karlstad □ Sweden □ zeb@flashback.net □ Brain Damage □ turn.to/braindamage □ VHEMT □ PO Box 86646 □ Portland, OR 97286-0646 □ USA □ vhemt.org

TRAVEL REPORT FROM INDIA

भारत

As I arrive to Calcutta, the first thing I notice is the greasy film that covers virtually everything. After a while in the burning, asphyxiating heat, a strange odour has besieged my nostrils. It's the peculiar medley of incense, pollution, dirt and humans.

The urban jungle encompassing me surpasses my wildest fantasies. During the entire cab ride, I intensively grit my teeth, aghast by what I witness. That first evening, I sit on my hotel room, smoking plenty of cigarettes. Vulture-like birds circle outside the window. It takes a while before I step outside.

Twenty million human beings, all crammed together at a confined space. Unreliable electricity and a water supply that'd cause nervous breakdowns in Westerners. Sometimes, the ramshackle sewerage has a bad day, which of course wreaks disease and disorder upon the city.

As I leave the hotel and enter the streets of Calcutta, I find myself stunned by everything that surrounds me. Gods with blue faces contrast with the big, glossy posters of movie stars smiling at me with their neat sets of shiningly white teeth. Having spent some time in Calcutta, my fascination for the city grows more and more. It has an pulse and fervour I have yet to find elsewhere. Every sight is a spectacle.

Next to a bridge crossed daily by a million people, the carcass of a diseased horse reeks of putrefaction. No one seems to take notice of the bloated corpse. Some of the alleys I pass are practically filled with garbage and excrements.

Story by Hjalte
Translation and narration by Eric

Before, only containers of organic materials existed. Bags were made of cotton, food was eaten from banana tree leaves. You just threw them over your shoulder when they had served their purpose, and they'd moulder away fairly quick.

Now, the plastic bag has made it's entry. Plastic bags are almost tokens of status, but are disposed like all other rubbish – simply tossed aside. Unfortunately, there's no refuse collection of western model in Calcutta, meaning that the city is slowly drenched in synthetic trash that nature has an excruciatingly hard time taking care of.

We have obviously taught them our consumption patterns, but definitely *not* given them their well needed share of the world's wealth. That this global injustice would attract great enough attention to evoke change is probably just wishful thinking.

The pressure on me to fit into this system is a bit like shaking hands with the Reaper. Day after day, I have to hear and speak truths and lies with those who are blinded by their love of profit. If these people paused for a moment to listen inwards, they might hear a faint voice whispering for equality and justice. Still, embedding oneself in this tissue of lies is a more comfortable option. Therefore, they will live and die with these lies. I deprecate their downward spiral, and what else can I do? They live life unaware, in a persistent illusion.

Mother Earth is crawling with human parasites mercilessly consuming her – like ants destroying their own pile. She shudders with pain as we eat away at her from every direction. As her condition gradually worsens, I can only contemplate our work on our own doom, hoping that one day mankind will be no more.

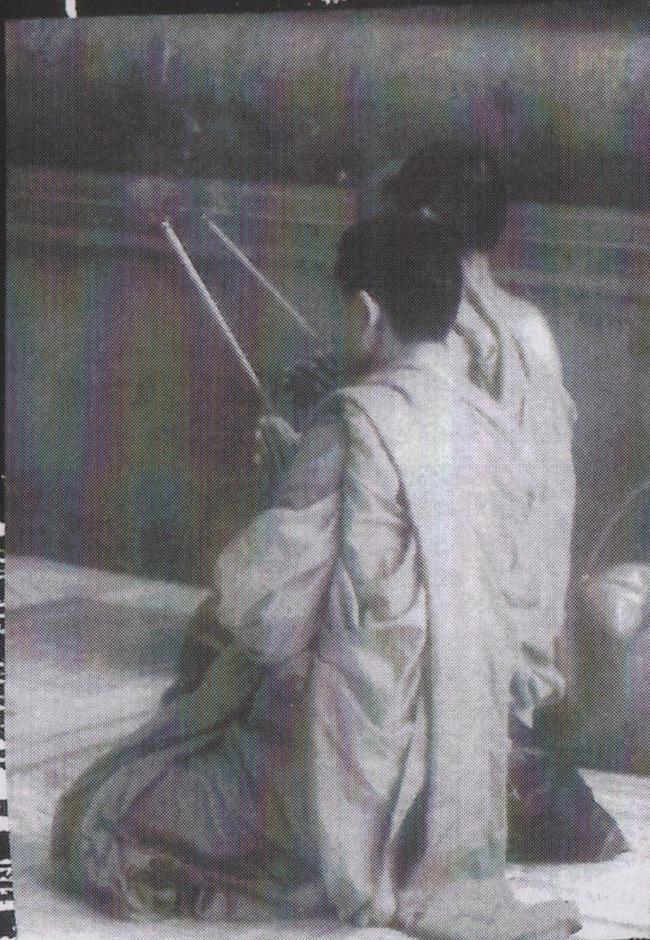




Bodhgaya. The pilgrimage centre of Buddhism. The place where Siddharta Gautama over two thousand five hundred years ago beheld everything's ultimate emptiness. That desire is the driving force of this world. That desire is the root of suffering. It was also here that he formulated the four noble truths and the eightfold path leading to the cessation of suffering.

Bodhgaya. It isn't actually a city, but rather a community of a large number of temples. As opposed to the rest of India, peace here reigns supreme. Sometimes the monotonous chanting of monks can be heard.

Bodhgaya. By the Buddha's place of enlightenment, a magnificent temple erects. That is the most central place of Buddhism. That is where he attained ultimate inner peace by renouncing desire, thus freeing himself from the suffering of this mortal coil.



Corrupted

By
Eric

In a stale scene, **Corrupted** from Osaka, Japan break new ground. Music descriptions are prone to sound lame, but add crude melodic structure to the devastating noise cascade of a towering medieval castle violently collapsing in painstaking slow motion and you get the picture. Put in a more blunt way, **Corrupted** will simply fuck your ears silly.

Three of their songs are over an hour long. Each. As if that wasn't enough, the vocalist even grunts in Spanish.

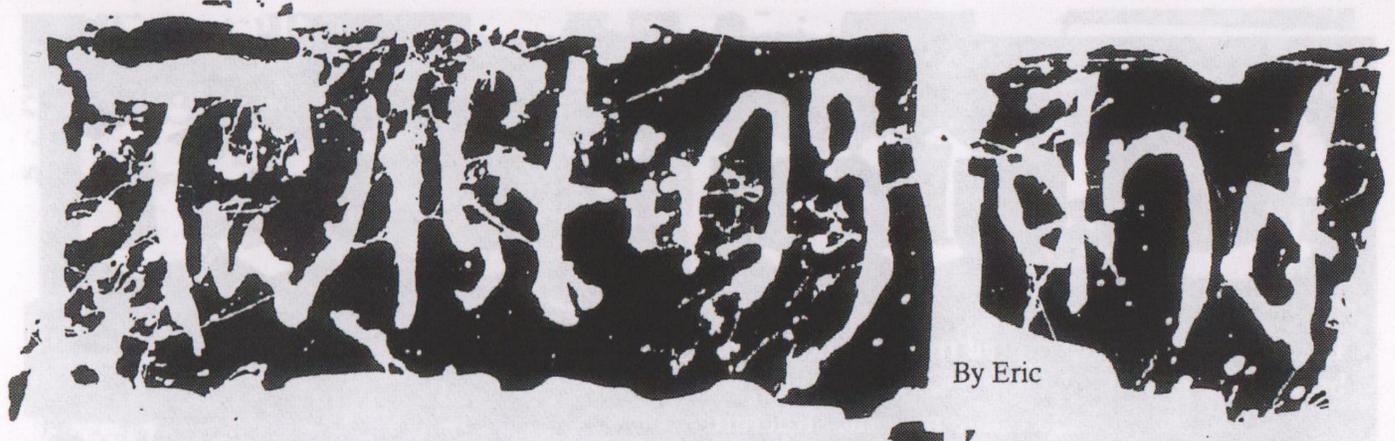
Needless to say, I had to interview them. A quest that came to a crestfallen end. **Corrupted** don't do interviews. At all. That's right, they decidedly limit themselves to record releases as their single channel of expression. Mysterious fellows.

Well, shame on them if they expected that to stop me from featuring them in the zine. You've read one hundred and fifty words about **Corrupted** by now, haven't you? With a hundred and fifty more to go. Despite them being so top secret.

In all fairness, I'd like to stress that my interview request was treated with respect. The bassist, Jose, politely explained how **Corrupted** had never answered a single interview or even let professional photographers take their picture. He informed me that this simply was their undiscriminating policy, but that they weren't playing rock stars. Still, when it comes to media coverage, they simply leave zine editors on their own.

Now, I could leave it at that and simply let their mysterious image grow, but I won't. You see, I do respect their refusal to do interviews. It's almost charming in some tantalising way. Nevertheless, I can't resist quoting Genesis P-Orridge of the legendary **Throbbing Gristle**, by agreeing that "there's nothing more irritating than somebody who's got nothing to say, pretending they're hiding something important"...





By Eric

Not a single band interview. How atypical for a zine of this creed. Actually, I originally reserved a third of these pages for chats with bands. Mission impossible. All I came up with was this shitty feature of Corrupted.

Not one single band interview, because no one answered. I guess I'm losing faith in the 'ethical superiority' of underground music, for fully legitimate reasons. During the making of this zine, I have mostly listened to Tom Waits and the Sisters of Mercy anyway. Call them mainstream whores if you like - judging from my experiences, they're exactly like underground bands. They're strangers whose art I can appreciate only from a distance. No sharing of common ground, no communication, no unifying ideals - just a cold exchange of money and records. Just like Rudimentary Peni, Dystopia, 1332, Disassociate, Systral, Cwill and all other bands who never wrote back.

In the past, this used to upset me. I passionately hated all arrogance, laziness and the whole fucking repertoire of dumb attitudes in the scene. I now know better. It just saddens me how so few share my interest in communication. Why release a record if you're not open for feedback? Why at all present your ideas in public if you ignore the response from that public? 'Cuz you're rock 'n' roll?

Perhaps you thought playing gigs and releasing records were forms of communication? False. A sender transmitting a message to a receiver without receiving any feedback in return is information. It's also inherently hierarchical - and what do we all think of that word?! Communication, on the contrary, means dialogue; that the participants are both senders and receivers in turns. As messages are mutually exchanged, discussion is created. (These rudimentary term definitions are highly abstract, yes, but unless you're really thick, you should still realise the differences. If you don't, go read a book and then come back).

I'm not saying information is 'bad'. Information can exist without communication, communication cannot exist without information. This may sound confusing at first, but it ain't. Neither is this some scientific lecture, so I'll skip the fluff and go straight to the point. This is too lecturing anyway.

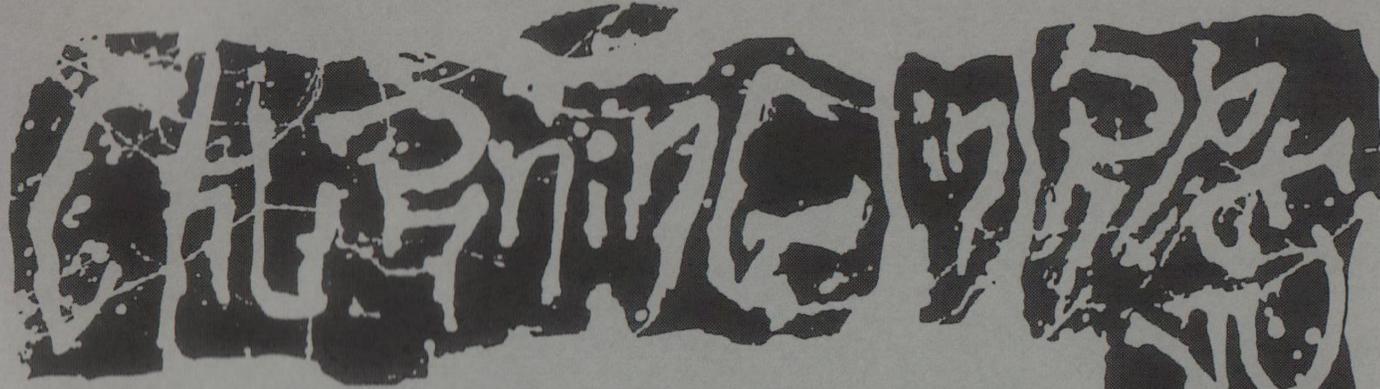
In a way, the punk tribe is still in its infancy. If it will ever grow up, it is crucial that the concept of communication is fully understood in theory so it can be applied in practise.

This may sound biased, since I'm currently studying communication science full-time at the university. Reverse that. I chose this education because it was this important. Words are our only means of truly challenging the status quo with our subversive ideas. Sure, we can draw attention to us by occupying streets and houses, blocking fur shops, setting up gigs, rallying demos and so on, but of what use can it be if we fail to convey our (hopefully superior) arguments in a convincing way? Handing a propagandistic leaflet out won't cut it.

It therefore bothers me that bands (who often have little or 'nothing' to say) have such status in the scene. For this issue, my interview requests were purposely directed to more or less non-political bands, because I already had covered politics. I also know I can't demand a sense of unity from some geezers I've never met. I also respect anyone's right not to communicate - I merely ask for their reasons as their refusal to communicate buggers me.

In all fairness, I'd like to stress that the average punk zine sucks. Brainless games has its charm, yes, but in the long run? Phew. If you see your zine as a plain toy to kill time with, why pollute the market with it? Too many don't have a clue about how to make a readable zine. No wonder the zine flora has its reputation (to the dismay of competent zine editors).

I'm not trying to rob zine editors of their enthusiasm. I just want it made well fucking clear



that it's the writer's job to evoke interest in the reader. If you fail, you're doing something wrong. That means it's time to change concept. Try harder. Put more effort into your work. Do something new. Surprise. Provoke. Love. Hate. Create. Agitate. Break new ground. Chock. Amuse. Enthuse. Share a secret. Experiment. Fucking make some fucking noise.

I have strayed from the subject, and it's about time I shut up. Let me just take a deep breath and summarise this shit.

The skeleton of this movement is interdependent units (distros, labels, zines, bands etc) who via an idealistic network push merchandise and ideas. Everything built on trust, co-operation and a dislike of profits. That's nothing less than fucking admirable. Now, what I would like to see, is a tipping of the scale from merchandise to ideas.

I'm not campaigning for political activ-

ism here - not at all. I find the philosophical, artistic and cultural planes just as important. That's why it's equally unhealthy when bands without political agendas to propagate for throw interviews in the bin. Everyone has something to say.

Whether music is a commodity or an idea is beyond me. Perhaps it's a hybrid; a tune captured on vinyl, expressing thoughts and emotions? In any case, having a conversation with a piece of plastic or even a lyric sheet is futile. Not a trace of interaction. Monologue, but not dialogue. Information, but not communication. A bit like mainstream society actually, with its ceaseless media chatter, dictating leaders and pacified masses. A caste system where you have those who speak, and you have those who are being spoken to.

It's a bit like sculpting in marble with your bare hands, but let's challenge this unjust world order.

