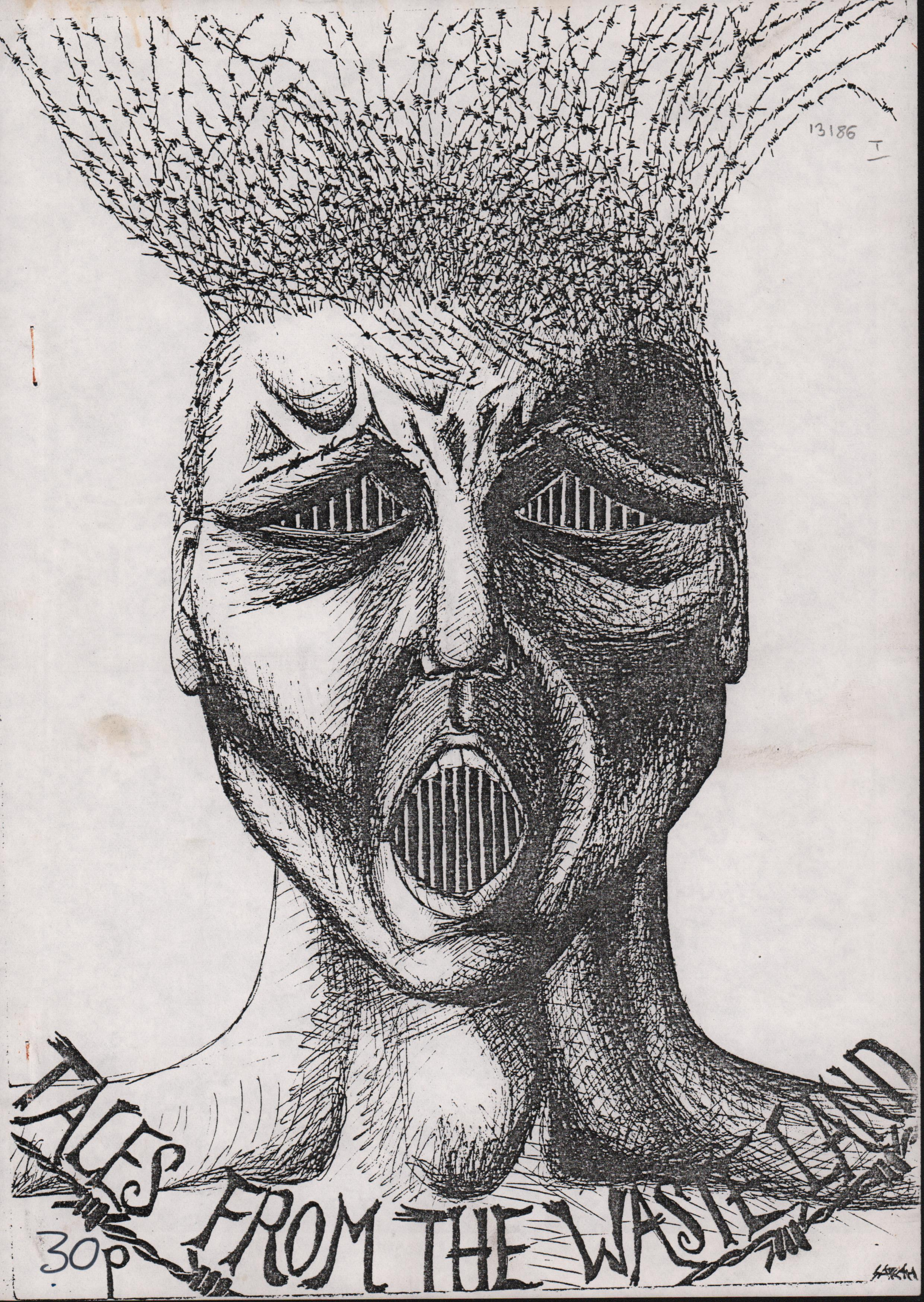


13186

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30p

ALL FROM THE WASTELAND

13186

WHEN YOU WAKE UP ON
SOMEONE ELSE'S FLOOR
WHEN YOU JUST CAN'T
FIGHT ANYMORE
WHEN YOU'RE LONELY
WHEN YOU WISH 'IF ONLY'
WHEN ALL YOU FEEL IS
ANGER & HATE
WHEN YOU'VE GOTTA BE
AT WORK BY EIGHT
WHEN YOU WANT TO (R)
WHEN YOU REACH
EMOTIONAL HIGH
WHEN YOU KNOW
YOU CAN BE FREE
WHEN.....
TALES FROM THE
WASTELAND

LIFE,
LOVE

&

LIBERTY

THE MOB LET THE TRIBE INCREASE

The mob/The sun SHINES down From an empty Sky Onto the
DesERTED RUBBLE SHREWN STREET In The BackGROund a Lone
GUITAR pLAYS In the dISTANCE 3 FIGurEs Are SLOWly MovIng
CLAMBERIng Over The RuIns They CaRRy a FLAG ExENTually
They ReaCh The sQuARE And MAKE Camp The GUITer FADeS
AWAY As The FLAG IS unFurLED BLAck With FoUR GRubby
LETTERS formIng The Word 'HOPE'.....

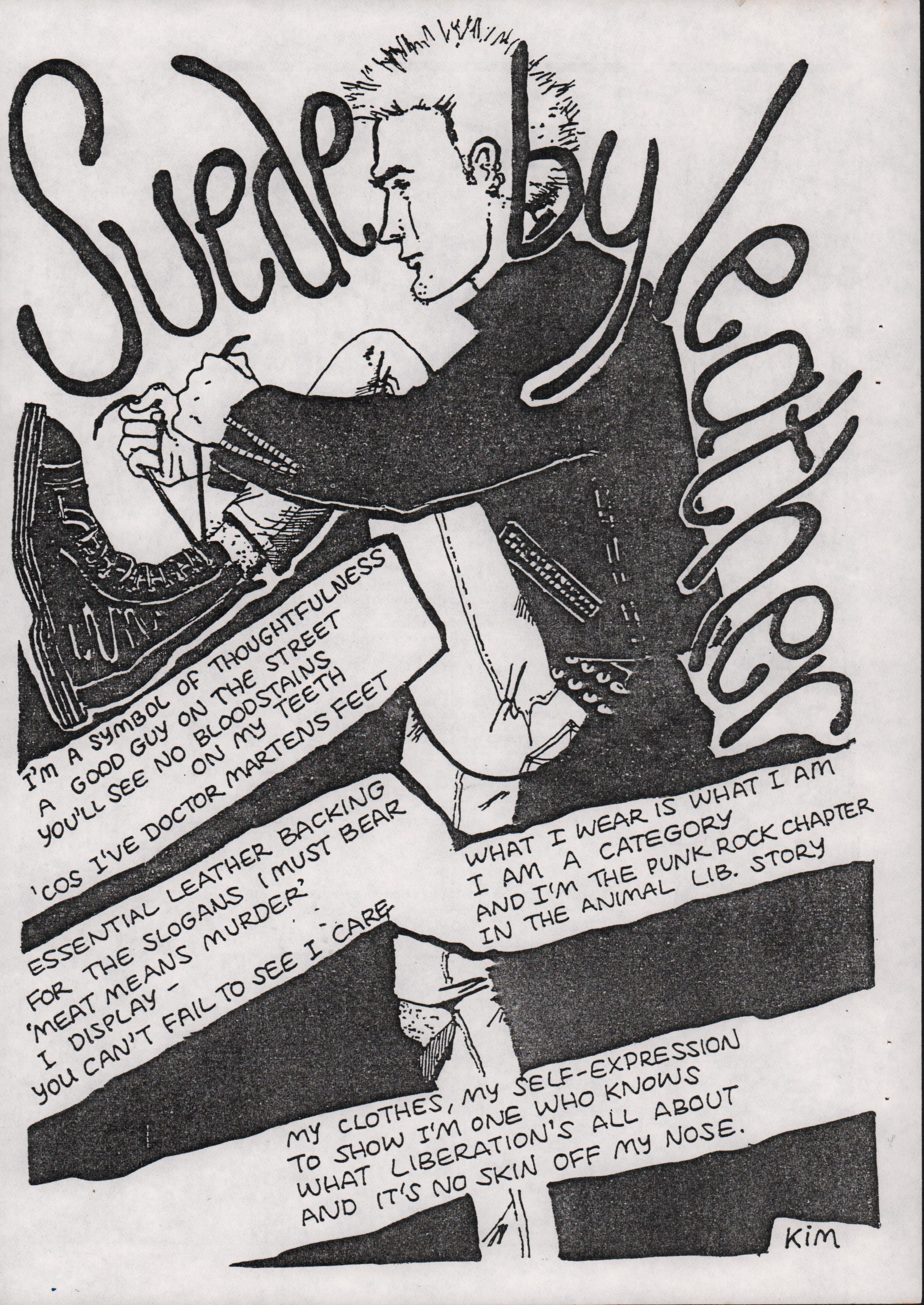
The MoB/A SIREn wails In The pITCH BLACK OF NIGht a
ShADOWeRY figUre WALKs slowly Under The Light Of The
Lamp Post At The OTHER end of The STREET More SHADOWS
AppEAR A SHOUT IS HEARd The sHAdOWs cOME NeARer The
LoNe FIGurEs STArTS To RuN.....

The MoB/The ROOM Is FILLed With nOize TWISTIng and
TurnIng The WrITHIng SHAPes DANCE Bathed IN COLOuRed
LIght They Carve sTrANge SHAPes IN the AIR LIke LemMINGS
AttrACted By Some UnKnoWn FORCE They COINverge On The
STAge Where A CompULSive VOIce SPITs VeNOM "WaitIng For
The WITCh hUNt DeAr".....

the mob/FootstEpS On the ForEST PATH aROund The CorNer
ApPeAr 3 Men DRessEd In Tatty Rags Cailly COLOuRed and
CLUTChIng MUSICAl INSTRUMENTS They TRAVel On QUIetly
WhISTling 3 wANderIng MinSTrAls And An endLeSS QuEST For
TRUTH.....

The mob/A pLEAsEnt sMELL Of COOKIng PreVAdEs The AIR
IN The RunDOWn STReEt FULL Of SLUMS And SquATTers dIrty
CHILDren rUn And GIGGLE In The RoAd The CHImE Of An ICE
CreAm Van DRIFTs FroM the DIStANCE And In A GArDEN ShED
A LoNe COuple QUIetly FIND Love.....

Steve



I'M A SYMBOL OF THOUGHTFULNESS
A GOOD GUY ON THE STREET
YOU'LL SEE NO BLOODSTAINS
ON MY TEETH
'COS I'VE DOCTOR MARTENS FEET

ESSENTIAL LEATHER BACKING
FOR THE SLOGANS I MUST BEAR
'MEAT MEANS MURDER'
I DISPLAY -
YOU CAN'T FAIL TO SEE I CARE

WHAT I WEAR IS WHAT I AM
I AM A CATEGORY
AND I'M THE PUNK ROCK CHAPTER
IN THE ANIMAL LIB. STORY

MY CLOTHES, MY SELF-EXPRESSION
TO SHOW I'M ONE WHO KNOWS
WHAT LIBERATION'S ALL ABOUT
AND IT'S NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE.

Kim

YES SIR, I WILL.

CRASS

I suppose I should have learnt by now, you shouldn't believe in anyone because you'll always be let down. I believed Crass would be the ones to break down the barrier of being an 'Anarchist punk' band and reach the world outside. To some extent they have done this (eg. The much publicised letter to Thatcher and the release of the Christ-The Album booklet) but Rock 'n' roll is the most important means of communication for anyone who's young and this is the medium in which Crass had made a little headway but have with 'Yes Sir, I Will.' failed completely.

Way back in the heady days of the late 70's Crass released a 12" 'Feeding Of The 5000', two 45rpm sides which were listenable (except for 'Women') and in terms of ability, anger and effect way outranks 90% of today's no-hopers. It was an incredibly important album, right up there with 'Never Mind The Bollocks', 'The Scream' and the first Joy Division LP in terms of the number of bands influenced by it. It was quite a long time before the first setback was revealed in the form of 'The Stations Of The Crass' a double album with 3 studio sides. Much of what had been achieved with '5000' had been thrown away by a load of dirgeful songs with the odd piece of brilliance. Like most double albums it would have been better as a single, to save having to sort the wheat from the chaff. More importantly it totally alienated anyone who may have been interested in what Crass have to say but are unwilling to spend £3 for a record that they'll only play once, a nice poster for their wall and a chance to read the lyrics. With the music most who will hear it will simply learn the words parrot fashion and simply jump up and down and shout them back at Crass, the whole process bypassing the brain. All very reasonable if all you're shouting is 'Fuck the system' and 'lets go down the pub' but Crass mean more than that or they should. After this Crass took stock, admitted their mistake and released a double single with the Poison Girls, 'Bloody Revolutions/Persons Unknown', completely different from anything that had gone before, melodic, listenable and a total success. Anyone could listen to it, even my little brother could without running out of the room shouting what a racket. The record was reaching those who needed to be reached. Having laid the foundation stone they moved on with the 'Nagasaki Nightmare' single and the 'Penis Envy' LP, neither of which I particularly liked musically but they were getting good reviews in the music press from people who normally wouldn't touch punk with a barge pole, and that's what matters, if we're going to change something there's millions of people out there who have got to change their minds not just a few 1000

punks. From 'Envy' Crass pulled a masterstroke releasing 'Loving' as a flexi with the Woman's magazine of the same name. Crass's ideas reached out into the lives of ordinary housewives, the great mass of the British public before the storm broke. The resulting publicity got them into the national dailies and into every household in the land. Next came a throwaway Crass on 45 single entitled 'Merry Crassmas' followed by an impossible to get hold of flexi 'Fuck The Falklands' which followed their previous flexi effort into the national press. It was coupled with an open letter to our beloved PM which got various Tory MP's upset as they threatened them with legal action and tried to persuade everyone that Crass were in the pay of the hated Argies or the Russians or both. Last summer 'Christ-The Album' appeared as a double album boxed set and the decline had begun. Most of the songs on the album were back to 'Stations' type dirge and the rest just average. This album tho' also marked one of Crass's best ideas to date, it contained a large booklet containing views and history in a very readable form. Realising it's importance it was released in it's own right, which along with the last single the noisy but listenable in parts 'Mother Of A 1000 Dead' brings us up to date.

'Yes Sir, I Will.'s main subject is Maggie and the Falklands, admirable targets although Crass seem to be taking the subject to excess with the new single on the same subject as well. The subject matter is contained in a single song which is spread over 2 sides of totally unlistenable noise, by the time you get to the end of one side it's driven you totally up the wall making the worst of today's thrashers look positively pleasant in comparison. The message is utterly lost in the mish mash of feedback and it's all so pointless, so unnecessary to get a message across. Crass claim that violent music is the only way to do it but this is easily refuted by looking at the success of the Mob and (early) Rubella Ballet - don't tell me people don't listen to their lyrics. To take an opposite in comparison, Elvis Costello's new single (as the imposter) which was featured on TOTP the other week. This song has some of the best and most disturbing lyrics I've heard in a long time and at the time of writing is high in the charts and in the homes of 1000's of 'normal' peoples homes where it will do infinitely more good than 'YSIW' by virtue of the fact that people will listen to it. Crass have got themselves into a rut and have got to get out of it, for our sakes as well as their's coz we need them. And so to the lyrics which are as usual well thought out except for one bit which goes,.....

"Who'd drive the fire engines? Who'd fix my video? If there were no prisons, well, where would the robbers go?

And what if I told you to fuck off?"

this is a pointless negative response to something which WE see as obviously easy to solve but other newcomers may not or do. Crass know they are preaching to the converted? If by some chance one of them is reading this I'd like an answer. Incidentally just before this is the LP's only effective part where for 2 minutes the noise disappears and the lyrics are sung over a melodic piano backing and they come up with one of the best lines ever written - "Anarchy's become another word for "got 10p to spare?"" a line which stinks of the truth and should be written large on the wall of every leather jacketed, glue sniffing, 'punk' with a circled A on his back. Enclosed along with the album is a postcard designed as a parody of a police file on one M. Thatcher which amongst other things charges her with the murder of everyone who died in the Falklands War. It is very effective. But also enclosed should have been a similar one on the leader of the Argentinians, whose name escapes me for the moment as he is also guilty, they are all the same and have exactly the same motives. Like it takes one to commit GBH but it takes two to start a fight.

Crass have something important to say, which should be heard by many, many more than will hear this album. I have played it and I doubt if I will ever play it again but the lyric sheet/poster I will probably pick up and read quite a few more times in odd moments as would many others if Crass released it separately, you tell me which will be more effective? STEVE 190T3



COMMUNICATED

Sunglasses After Dark c/o Baillie, 11 Grimsdyke Rd, Hatch End, Middx.

Committee c/o Steve, 17 The Avenue, Northwood Middx.

Malice c/o Marc, 64 Harrow View, Harrow Middx.

FATAL INFECTION *1, nothing really special but a good Flux i-view. 36 The Grove, Farnbro, Hants. 20p.

NEVER SURRENDER *3, really well written and informative. D-Fekt, Cult Maniax, Dead Popstars etc. Higgs 27 Abbotsham Rd, Bideford, N Devon. 30p.

NO CLASS *5, good lengthy i-views and articles, again well written. Flux, Committee, Red Beat etc. 37 Hodder Drv, Perivale, Middx. 30p.

BLIND ATTACK *1, pretty good, average sorta thing. Actifed, Fits, Destructors. 17 Gordon Rd, Grays, Essex. 20p.

VERBAL ABUSE *7, a cross between a band & article zine which would be better off deciding which way its gonna jump. MOB, Polemic, System etc. 586 Archer Rd Stevenage, Herts SG1 5qn. 15p.

OBNOXIOUS *2, very thin, very stereo-typed zine, gives the Exploited a good review: Action Pact, Crostalk A/V etc. 8 Langwood, Fleetwood, Lancs. 15p.

HE'LL PROBABLY SMASH THAT CIDER BOTTLE OVER YOUR HEAD *1, total anti-(stereotyped) punk rant it even slags of the bands featured-thats integrity! the object is to make you think so please oblige. NIK, Holy Cottage, Lodge Grn Lne, Meriden, CV7 7JZ. 15p.

FINAL CURTAIN *7, size this time and a lot better for the change, never stand still. Inc, Amebix, Icons Of Filth, War Whores and more, Plebb, 13 Maycroft Ave, Grays, Essex, RM17 6AN. 15p.

DIVINE PLAGUE *1, ok but I've read it all before, the 'info sheet' strikes again. DMS, Membranes, Action Pact etc. 71 Earls Gate Winterton, nr Scunthorpe, S Humberside. 30p.

SCROBE *3, incredibly thick, there's a fair few good bits if you look hard enough. Trunt, 18 Hillcrest Ave Whitehaven, Cumbria. (Flux, Rubella & loads more). 20p.

FISH *3, loads of personal articles. From Psycho Distribution. 10p.

ARTIFICIAL LIFE *3&4, at last someone who's trying to write, their 'motto' 'some things matter' sums it up. No3 UKDK, Spear OD, V Prunes, No4 Joolz, Flux Danse Society. Jake, Basement Flt, 37a Hilldrop Rd, London, n7 oje. 30p each.

SUBURB *4, better than average 'punk' zine, System, Crass, DMS etc. Steve, 6 D'arcy Rd, N Cheam, Surrey. 25p.

@IST PROPAGANDA *14, really good mixing articles with bands like Flux, the articles are easily the best tho'. No2 will be called 'Death On a Summers Day'-title of the year. Skinz, 5 Kinkell Ave, Glenrothes, Fife, KY74 9G. 15p.

A STEP BACK *1, a disturbing story by Rob Enigma (address elsewhere). 10p.

THE EKLEKTIK *2, takes you ages to read if you try and work out what the articles mean, thought provoking. Po box 279, London N22. 60p.

COSMETIC PLAGUE *1, don't like this one much, very untidy layout. Conflict, Poisons etc. 7 Hebron Rd, Kilkenny, Ireland. 20p?

ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER WORD *2, a poetry/ranting zine with some good artwork. 20 Andrews lane, Formby, Lpool, 137 2hh. 25p.

SLAM *15, pretty good effort, pro-direct action, articles & bands. po box f68, Akron, OH 44308. 3p.

STANZINE *4&5, very different and very funny at times, weird!! no4-Riot Sqd, Deprived etc, no5-Fits, articles. Stan, 130 Common Edge Rd, Blackpool. 20p each.

TOXIC GRAFFITY *6, full of readable articles and rants. 121 Railton Rd Brixton, London SW9. 35p.

MAXIMUM ROCK 'N' ROLL *1, very thick and mixes articles, bands and reviews. Sometimes tho' I think they miss the point of it all. Po box 288, Berkeley Ca 94701. E1.

CATCH 22 *9, something different, with an identity. Fall, S Hooker, 2nd Floor, 124 Bath Rd, Cheltenham, Glos, GL53 7JX. 20p.

UNTITLED FANZINE *1, if you only get one article mag, get this one the quality of writing is superb, the layout original as well-not one to idly consume. From Lee (address elsewhere) 30p.

DAWNING OF A NEW ERROR *?, loads of articles from a non-@ist viewpoint (makes a change), very good. Dig, 42 Hazlewood Rd, Nottm, nq7 5ob. 5p.

ATTACK ON BZAG *45, a strange one this a lot of humour. M Violets, Major Accident etc. 1 Granby Grove, Leeds. 20p.

WHY? *3&4, no3 is ok but is too thin and contains the worlds worst Omega Tribe i-view. No 4 is miles better, good articles and reviews. Box 261 c/o Peace News, 8 Elm Ave, Nottm. 10p.

ISSUE *17, very well written with a welcome dose of humour, localized but not to the extent of elitism suffers a bit in the layout dept tho'. A-Heads, Look Back In Anger etc. Neil, 83 Bennet Close, Basingstoke, Hants, RG21 2JS. 20p.

UG THE ZINE *2, at last I've found the worlds worst zine, stuff about bashing mods and other rubbish, it even slags of the Fits for being rich???? Action P, DMS. 22 Duddon Ave, Fleetwood, Lancs FY7 8EP. 10p.

NORTHERN SPIKES *1, so-so first effort from Graham & Stew, a dramatic improvement is promised for no2. Covers most Scottish bands. 21 Lawnsdale Ave, Westhill, Skene, Aberdeen, AB3 6TU. 30p.

TESTAMENT OF REALITY *5&6, enjoyable but average punk stuff. No5 Xpotez, Combat 84 (?), Hagar, no6 Naked, Attak, Partizans etc. Suffers from the 'info sheet' syndrome. Ian, 11 Salutation Rd, Darlington, Co Durham. 30p each.

OBITUARY *4, this has a lot of the dreaded 'info sheet' stuff (not again) but has a strange quality about it that lifts it above the mire. Sears, Sinyx, Hagar and tons more. Mick, 16 Coldblow Cres, Bexley Kent. (no 5 due soon) da5 2ds. 20p.

NEW CRIMES *6, again a bit old but excellent, well written. Conflict, tapes, articles. 360 Victoria Ave Southend, Essex SS2 6NA. 25p?

A SYSTEM PARTLY REVEALED *3, yet another really good one this, virtually all bands this time + some excellent articles. Rubella, Dirt, Anthrax, Anarchy in the UK revisited and cover of the year. John, 50a Erith Rd, Belvedere, Kent. 20p.

BEATNIK *1, not terribly wonderful this one. Hagar, Tronics, Essex, 10n. 40 Cromer Rd, Norwich, Norfolk. 15p.

BE BAD BE GLAD *1, pretty good at times, practical Anarchy, Amebix, Disorder statement. Bad bits a glued up order 1-view + a pathetic Chaos. Bristol. 20p.

PROTECT & SURVIVE *1, another case of I've read it all before. Hagar, Flux, Peni etc. 5 Park Rd, Stony Stratford, Milton Keynes. 10p.

MASS *1, interesting articles and excellent artwork, distinctly feminist stance. Steve, 17 The Avenue, Northwood, Middx. 15p.

PRISONER OF CHARITY *1, very good debut, well written and very thick. Faction, Peni, Riot/Clone etc, 22 Burnside, Brigg, S Humberside. 20p.

MINISTRY OF DEFENCE BRADSTOWE ARMS FACTORY									
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ANOTHER BLOODY DAY.....

The alarm bell rings at 7.30am, like it always does (and always will) and shatters an erotic fantasy. I lie there savouring the few moments between waking up and your body reminding you of just what you did last night. Eventually I drag myself up and onto the floor, gasping at the icy touch I reach for the aspirin bottle and I remember last night, down the pub same as every night. The clink, clink fizz stirs the wife, I look at her, complete with curlers and try and reconcile her with the erotic fantasy. I can't look at her with love anymore, we did away with that years ago, we swapped it for a tank of tropical fish.....

ANOTHER JOURNEY BY TRAIN.....

The ticket collector greets me as usual with a cheery 'Mornin' Mr James' just as the 8.00am to nowhere. Sitting opposite me in my usual compartment seeing him brings back memories of my own son flooding back, he's in the army too, a lance Corporal no less, he'll be home on leave soon from his posting somewhere in Africa. My train of thought is halted by the arrival, at the next stop, of Mike my regular travelling companion, breathless as ever, he always gets up late, it must be something to do with that young wife of his.....

ANOTHER NAIL IN MY HEART.....

The hooter sounds, tea break already and everyone heads towards the canteen. At the door a security man checks our passes, little clip on things with a photo and 'Ministry Of Defence Bradstowe Armaments Factory' in bright yellow letters. In the canteen I light up a fag and listen in to the conversations around me, one group make patriotic denunciations about England's defeat by a 'load of stupid coons' last night and another is discussing the sale of the new anti-personel mines we're working on to an African country. Personally I've never cared where or who we sell them to as long as I get my paycheck.

ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER DEATH....

Sitting eating breakfast, bacon and eggs today, breakfast TV's on, something about some foreigners eating dogs on something, I could never do that. The wife collects the papers from the letter box, I unfold it and stare at the front cover. 'Inquiry demanded into bomb blast that killed 6-mine thought to be British made'. I read on, 'A British patrol was blown up by rebels using a new anti-personel mine thought to be British made. Those who died were named last night as Sgt Phillips, Cpl Moore, LCpl James..... steve at3

MINISTRY OF DEFENCE

1ST REGIMENT
LIGHT INFANTRY
"FIGHT TO DEATH"

DEAR MR JAMES,

It is with the greatest regret that I must inform you that your son, Lance Corporal D.K. James of the 1st Regiment Light Infantry was killed in action along with five others on Monday 25th of March 1983. I regret that the precise details must be withheld from you under the Official Secrets Act (Page 27, Section 23, Paragraph 4). However I can inform you that he died fighting for Queen & Country.

Yours Sincerely

PP D. EVANS C.O

"the kids of the Coca-Cola nation...."

THE NIGHT THE MUSIC

Rock 'n' Roll as protest is dead! You blew it! and when the bastard businessmen with their 6 inch cigars lean back in their Parker Knoll reclining chairs and laugh at the thought that you might ever threaten them I'll be laughing with them 'coz it's all over now. I had my cry while you danced on the grave of protest moving blindly in time to the dances of violence and apathy and uniform and all the other music biz crap that you pretended to hate but like I said it's all over now, I was there at the funeral with tears in my eyes, tears for the animals, tears for Nagasaki and tears for you. While in the packed 100 Club graveyard you only had eyes for the beer, you only had ears for the noise, I stared at the dirty, hard floor covered with torn and unread leaflets given out in an attempt to make you think. I stared at the laughing, happy kids at the back quietly murdering a hamburger. I listened and couldn't believe it when you all cheered like mad when they played 'Animal Liberation' with it's heartfelt intro "This one's called Animal Liberation take note of it"

I looked at my companions, slumped in various positions at the back of the hall, we surely can't be the only ones to feel it, I thought to myself but we were This was supposed to have been an occasion, one defiant stand in the face of them all. Everything pointed to it, the reduced entrance fee, the BUAV posters everywhere, the money that was going to the anti-whaling fund and there was not a blind thing the music biz could do about it but by 11 O'clock they were wondering what all the fuss was about and I'd lost my smile. The band played on but by that time you had even got me, I couldn't even find the energy to care anymore, I just sat and watched the dancers, the drunkards at the bar, the uninterested faces at the back and wondered what it was all about.

We could have had it all that night and yet we came out with nothing, it wasn't the band's fault, they'd tried, they'd tried very hard and their hearts are most definately in the right places. The unworried, smirking faces of the bar staff said it all, smiling as they greeted old faces who were only down there for a drink, they delivered the last rites of Rock 'n' Roll rebellion in pints of watery Skol. Conflict played 'Exploitation' and nobody not even the band understood what it meant but they danced anyway. They even dedicated it to the Sex Gang Barmy Army without appearing to notice the difference. Finally the mass of leather jackets marched wearily and solemnly up the stairs into the cold, night air, convinced that they had really done something, a kick in the teeth for the businessmen but as I was walking past the entrance I heard a familiar sound, I could have sworn I heard someone counting the lovely chink of money, blood money, our blood. I walked down Oxford St, someone somewhere is laughing

Steve

DIED

...are too doped up to realise"

Sometimes we live... Sometimes we die...

As the new dawn enters I see the mists roll over the hills, a fine dew on the lush grass lit by the first rays of the morning sun and hear the birds and their morning call.

Presently occasional traffic begins to flow along the quiet, narrow country lane at the bottom of the peaceful valley, cars are no bigger than beetles and people no more than ants from this height, my home.

Life has been like this for as long as I can remember, each day the same as the last, long and lazy days running in the fields, wading in the cool, fresh water of the stream, today looks like being like any other day I think to myself as I look up into the bright, blue, cloudless sky only marked by a long white trail left by a passing aircraft, yes, today will be like any other day.

Just as I begin to feel the first pangs of hunger a van draws up in a cloud of dust to take us out to eat, the sound of our clambering into the back of the van where we always travel to admire the passing scenery rebounds around the empty buildings. I feel the soft breeze on my face as we move off, dispelling the drowsy heat of the midday sun. As ever we pass down lanes with trees on both sides until we reach the village at the bottom of the valley, it is much warmer down here and you can barely see my home at the top. Passing a small white building with a large glass window in the front which always has a strange and slightly sickly smell coming from it, I turn my head ready for the expected left turn but instead we turn left, today is going to be different after all.

I am not worried by this change in routine for it is a lovely warm summer's day and who could be worried on a day like this? We drive on for a long time through unfamiliar surroundings until we reach a large, imposing grey building in the middle of nowhere, up in the sky the sun has gone in behind a lone cloud. There is a scramble to get out of the van and into this strange and exciting building, my long legs make sure I get there first.

The stench is terrible, there is very little light, my head reels and out of the corner of my eye I see the others trying to turn back but it is too late and great wooden doors close behind us with a sickening thud. My eyes are jerked forward again by a flash of metal in the dim light, for a second I feel nothing as the blade slashes into my neck, blood spurts over me, my attacker and the wall then slowly my knees grow weak, first one and then the others collapse under the strain. I retch as a vile taste fills my mouth, spots appear before my eyes and everything slows down as though I was swimming in treacle. A tall, brutal looking man in a red stained overall hacks at me with a knife slowly but surely stripping my flesh, once, twice I pass out with the pain I can scarcely feel anything as more blood flows in a never ending red river, my ears ring with the howls of my friends, the bloodcurdling screams of those experiencing pure unbelievable agony. I drag my eyes to the floor is a sea of red with floating pieces of torn flesh, the sickly white gleam of fat and gristle and tendons, the glistening vile pink of veins and arteries. Through the haze I sense hands dragging me across the floor to a hook, pain like the fires of hell stabs at my neck, more men and knives attack me as I am slowly lifted upside down and the last drops of blood drip from my almost lifeless body. The green fields and the cloudless blue sky slowly fade to black as I utter one last agonising scream.

The next day life goes on as normal in the nearby village, the postman delivers his letters as usual, the milkman delivers his milk, two old ladies stand on the corner outside the village shop and gossip like they always do and at the crossroads a small white building which always has a strange smell has a sign up in the street outside. In bold white letters on black the sign says 'Fresh Meat Today'. Life goes on as normal.....For some.

Love Steve 1983

Sometimes we live... Sometimes we die...

PULSE

Capture was inevitable I suppose, the first time I walked past the strange looking house with the bright orange door I knew something was not quite right but rejected the idea in favour of a pint of roddles. Many times since then I've passed by but never seen the slightest sign of movement. It played on my mind for days though until one night I headed for the pub and as usual passed the strange house. I noticed a light on in one of the windows, curious I stopped and the next thing I knew 2 shadowy figures jumped me from behind and bundled me into the house.

"Just coz we live in a squat doesn't mean we have to....." One of them shouts in my ear, an unexpected outburst that would have had any normal person reaching for the first aid cabinet but us fanzine writers are made of sterner stuff and I recover my composure and slip in an awkward question, like who are you lads?

"Oh! we're Pulse and we're a pop band," grins the vaguely familiar, thin, dark haired one who was later named by the police as Ian (alias, Jah, Chis, Chippie etc). But what don't you have to do?

"I think if we were standing up and screaming 'fuck the system' then there would be a contradiction between music and lifestyle. In the way that you think a lot of bands might try and hopefully not preach but put through their ideas on certain issues and were living in an inappropriate manner then it might be but we're not".

My face must have registered confusion or something as Nick's face splits into a grin and he continues....

"What you mean is why are we playing simple pop songs and living like dirty sods? I don't think there are any hard and fast rules about making pop songs."

By this time I've been allowed onto the front room and I throw in a question about progression.

"I can play 3 strings on my bass now," Ian laughs and "I've stopped singing like Pete Perrett," adds Nick "But seriously we're captured by the audience we have which is at this stage friends, punk rockers who prefer to jump about and if you get people to come all the way down to the Clarendon and you're not a name band then you do have to make concessions to the people who come to see you, perhaps in that way we're not really allowed to play what we want, it's not a question of not being brave enough but attempting to please the people who have been good enough to come and see us."

He stops breathless and the house is ransacked without success in search of beer. "Onwards, Steve, ever onwards through the questions," Ian shouts. "The bassist....." Ventures Nick. "What do you mean 'the bassist' comes back the answer and finally "We're a pop band, it can be anything really."



Enough is enough, I say and try to slip in a little gem I dreamt up that morning to get me out of desperate situations like this so lads.. do you believe in love? "dumb question," Ian retorts, Nick opens his mouth but nothing comes out. "Nick's non-plussed." Puts in Ian helpfully and we sit for what seems like hours with baited breath until... "I would hope to" and promptly goes off to the toilet. What did you want to be when you grew up Ian? "Drunk!!" I give up, what can be done for these people? I advocate long prison sentences, innocent people should be protected. Nick comes back, relieved. "My fave books are lots of Alan Silletto, George Orwell, To kill A Mocking Bird, 'O' level sorta stuff."

PULSE



What's your most precious thing then? Ian considers the point. "I don't get very worked up about 'things'." he says, fair enough but the next morning I find he's got at the question sheet and 'My fave things are, Moominland Midwinter (book), Mentadent P (toothpaste), Alcohol (thing), Badger (animal)' has been added in neat black scrawl. When and why did you first pick up a guitar?

Nick, "At school with some mates doing Pistols covers coz it was fun."

Ian, "2 years ago, I wanted to learn the guitar but they've got too many bloody strings."

Would you be happy if you never picked up a guitar again? "No!" They chorus, my hopes of a paragraph or two out of that one shot down in flames, then just as I'm about to ask my best one yet something resembling a hurricane comes flying out of the kitchen, screams "By the way thanks for doing the fucking washing up again" and hurtles off into the night. My nerve shattered, I can only whisper-are you sexist? Ian's back is immediately up.

"Whats that got to do with anything?" he mutters threateningly. But you write songs about love I valiantly protest.

Nick, "It's not done in an ego, trample all over women way.... If you keep the words very, very vague like we do..."

Ian, "You can interpret most of the songs any way you like."

Many moons ago I remember Nick saying something on cover versions to the effect "we don't want a psychedelic albatross around our necks." so why are you still doing 'Blacks' then? Ian looks accusingly round the room, "It's the only one you bastards dance to, that's why." Nick blabbers something about punk rockers, "and we've run out of fast songs by the time we've got to the encore."

Nick again, "Don't get the idea we're not interested in cheap gigs, records etc, we are



but not to the point where we'd sacrifice what we'd like to play, we're apolitical, music would seem to be a pretty impotent weapon when you're trying to go on about cheap records and not exploiting the audience. In realistic terms you always end up preaching to the converted. I would like to keep gigs as cheap as possible, I mean I felt bad about the last time we played and everyone was charged £1.50. I feel very detached from that sort of idea."

Ian, "Just coz we're a pop band why should we go chasing round EMI saying give us a deal? we're just doing it, it's not contrived."

Nick, "If we brought out a single I'd hope to sell it as cheap as possible but, whether that's for credibility as a band or to satisfy my own conscience remains to be seen."

When comes the time to call it a day?

Ian, "When we don't enjoy it anymore."

Nick, "It brings us back to the line up which is as we said very limiting and there comes a time when you hit, if you like, your ceiling, as far as you can take it without recycling the old ideas again." and with that he heads off to bed and I'm bundled once again through the orange door, this time out into the night. I make it as far as a roundabout several miles away where I fall asleep under a wall on which someone has sprayed one word. The word is Pulse. Steve



Dearly beloved, we will now sing hymn

"I christen this child John George Brittain, with the blessing of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." The proud godmother beamed in her new pink hat, bought especially for the occasion. She swore solemnly that she followed the christian faith and promised to ensure, to the best of her ability, that John be brought up a true christian. The tiny baby, too young to understand, cried vigorously throughout the service; only to give in resigned as the cross of holy water was branded upon his forehead. The mother took the child from the vicar, binding it to herself with her arms. Outside the church, she tightly tied mittens over its small hands and enveloped its head in a blue bonnet. Finally muffled in a blanket of silence, the child is ready to be photographed. Ranks of relations line up wearing regimented smiles that are kept in moth balls for family matters of birth and death. Bald heads and ostentatious hats immortalised forever in photo albums; proud evidence that this family always do things in "the proper manner".

Years later the same faces automatically smile from the gilt frame into the Brittain's front room. She attacks the "sensible short back and sides" with a hairbrush pulling it from side to side, until it falls into place, at last conforming. He was unceremoniously thrown out of the front door, clutching five pence for the church plate. He was a good lad, he went to Sunday School every week. He looked so angelic in the choir stalls; a little angel fighting the "good" fight against evil.

In the "play" ground, a group of excited children crowded, drawn by a powerful force of instinct or convention. They quote a rhythmic, ritualistic chant from things half heard: "Fight! Fight!..... Come on John, right between the eyes..... Hit him Paul....." The two small figures writh in the arena of tarmac, grey and hard. Their faces pink but hardbitten with aggression that denied their meagre years. Two teachers pass muttering "All good clean fun.... Boys will be boys" with a smile and a dismissal. One figure falls, his head hits hard and heavy on the "play" ground. He lies, eyes shut, unmoving, his small face cold and pale, the shock of dark hair, disordered; defeated. Silence falls like the toll of a knell.

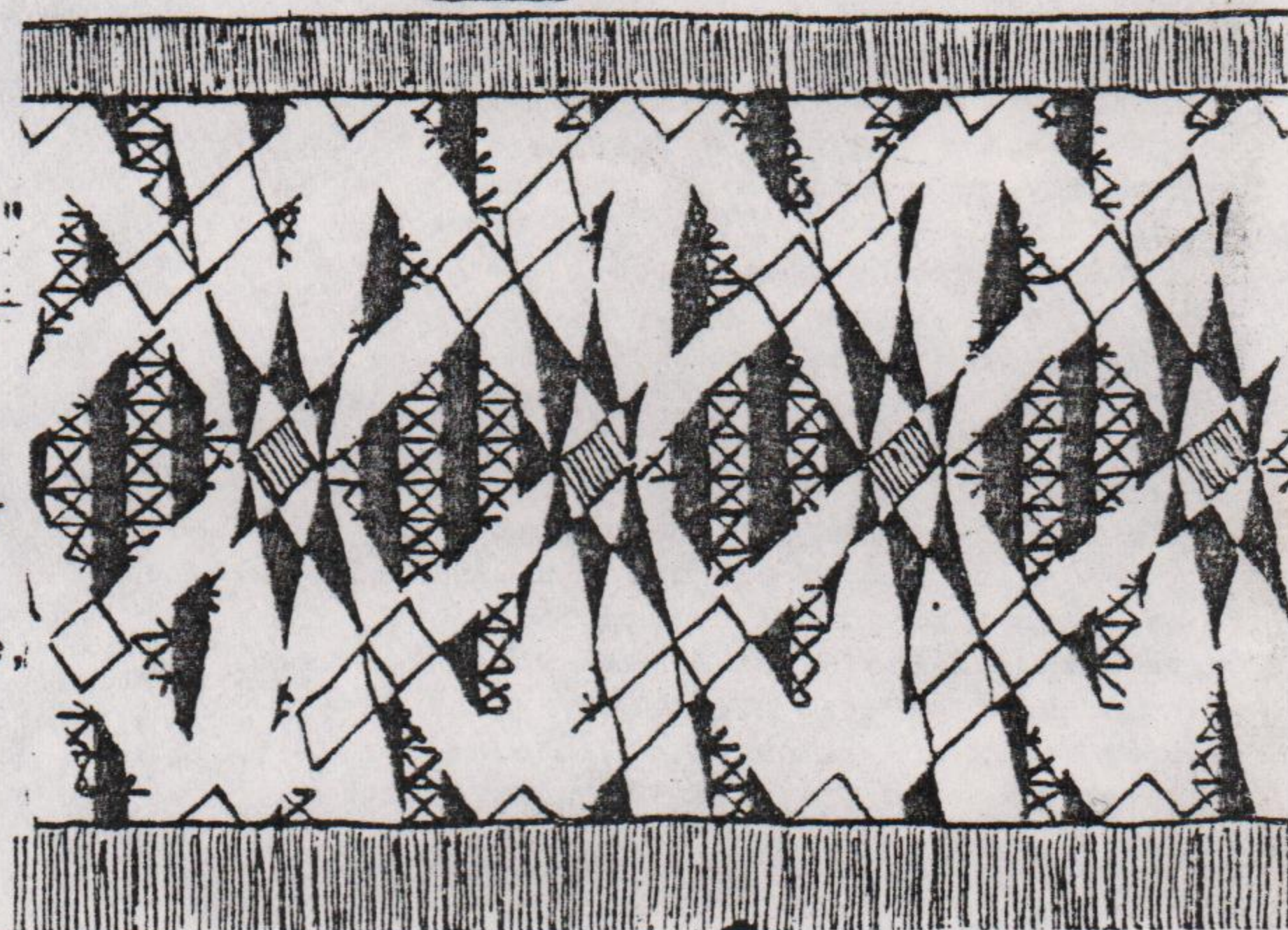
"Is he all right?... You've killed him.... John, what have you done? He's not moving.... Quick, get "Miss"!....." John falters and splutters, he didn't mean to hit him that hard, he didn't mean to hurt him. His bravado slipped and he began to cry, ultimately afraid, as kids are, of hurting each other seriously.

As Paul recovered John was reinstated the victor, his tears forgotten; he blushes at the thought of them. At school he is surrounded by a halo of awe, as the "man" who knocked someone out! At home that night, his Dad congratulated him for standing up for himself and "showing the little fool what the Brittain's are made of." "If he called you a cissy lad, you have to make a fight of it to defend your honour and your manhood." The seven year old shook his father by the hand and went to bed with "Teddy" a proud man.

At high school he was captain of the rugby team. He would grab the ball and charge into the defenses, his face a mask of grim, unflinching determination. It was more than just a game to him, it was his own private war. Sometimes as a joke he would shout in a mock upper class voice: "Come on lads, over the top before we can get back to old blighty!" At the edges of the pitch supporters would yell the name of their school with passion and fervour. The games teacher stands behind egging them on. "Two, four, six, eight who do we appreciate?"

He went to football matches every week, his father took him to get him out of the way, whilst his mother did the weekend cleaning. More recently he went along with his friends, "one of the lads." It was such a good feeling to be standing in a whole bank of people who believed strongly, almost fanatically in the same thing. He felt great to be part of one huge impregnable force. His team were losing, the referee was obviously biased, he thought. Across the stadium were another mass of people, pulsating, alive with excitement. He hated them, he hated their cheers, their smug smiles, as one of his players was sent off. "Just wait," he thought, "just wait 'till I get you bastards outside."

no. 584 "Fight The Good Fight..."



As he strolled home he sipped a can of beer, bored. Ahead of them a lone figure climbed off a bus; wearing the forbidden colours of the other team. Instinctively the beer can was flung, John and his friend broke into a run, faces clenched with almost demented smiles. Panting, they threw their victim hard against the brick wall. John recognised him vaguely, from his school, but that seemed all the more reason to "teach the bastard a lesson." As they kicked the boy a sarcastic banter of bitterness and petty prejudice ensued: "...and this is one for Bowman being sent off....and this is one for that scarf around your neck....and this one is a present...." The boy lay in a heap at the base of the wall when they walked on; smiles, self satisfied. He whimpered and tried to move but his limbs lay defeated, distorted at odd angles. "Just wait," he thought. "Just wait 'till me and my friends get you for this after the next match."

John joined the army when he left school, he had always wanted to, ever since his dad had started to collect "War Monthly"; he had them stacked up in binders in his room. He loved the training, the drilling and most of all the uniform. The army liked him too, he had a good team spirit, the ability to be one cog in one lethal machine.

He hadn't heard of the Falklands before they were invaded by the "Argies" but now he felt it imperative that they be British, whatever the cost. He was overjoyed to find that he and his battalion were to sail on one of the first ships. His father shook him by the hand, proud but slightly envious; his mother shed a shame-faced tear and smiled bravely. That Sunday they said prayers in church for their boys who were in faraway lands fighting the "good" fight against evil.

A khaki green snake of humanity edged it's way through barren green hills. John, surrounded by them, felt brave and strong. He mused back to his days on the rugby field; it was the same feeling of being at one accord. This time their supporters were at home, egging them on from the edge of the pitch. "Come on lads, over the top before we can get back to old blighty!"

But this time it was real war. Jumping into a pit he was confronted with one Argentinian boy about the same age as himself. Instinctively he writhed on the grass ("Fight! Fight! Fight!") HE hit the figure with the butt of his gun; a sickening low pitched boom echoed and vibrated reflecting horror. He lies, eyes open, staring, accusing; his face, cold, pale; red; the shock of dark hair discoloured; defeated. Silence fell but the toll of the knell rang hard and insistent into the void where a life had been.

John stared down at the boy, something half remembered stirred in his mind. He felt the same feeling of fear and guilt, an echo of childhood when emotion was allowed, an necessary evil, forcibly discouraged. The bravado of twenty years seemed to slip from his body, his face crumpled like a discarded paper bag. He began to sob, dry and bitter wracked with pain. He didn't mean to hit him that hard, he didn't mean to kill him. Accusations and excuses flew about his head wildly, he needed someone to help ("Quick, get 'Miss'"). The boy's eyes looked up at him, scornful his tears, ("Just wait, just wait, 'till my friends get you for this....")

Johnny was a hero for taking that machine gun post. His tears hastily forgotten, "It's always like that the first time," they said "you won't give a toss about killing any of the bastards now." He wrote his father a strictly classified letter about the action, the news of his medal and how the the commander had shaken him by the hand; He felt so proud; so did his father when he had placed his son's sentences from the sensor's pen.

A few weeks later John was killed by treading on a British mine; not an honourable death; but sent off by an obviously biased referee. He was buried in a pit with too many others. At home his family held a memorial service; at the church he was christened in. The same faces were there, for many of them it was the last time they had seen John. A few of the bald heads and ostentatious hats were missing, others hobbled with walking sticks. Tears had been purchased in bottles like mineral water by giving pennies to The Falklands War Fund. The godmother with greying hair, cried vigorously in her fading pink hat. After a stirring sermon about sacrifice and duty they sang hymn 584, John's favorite:

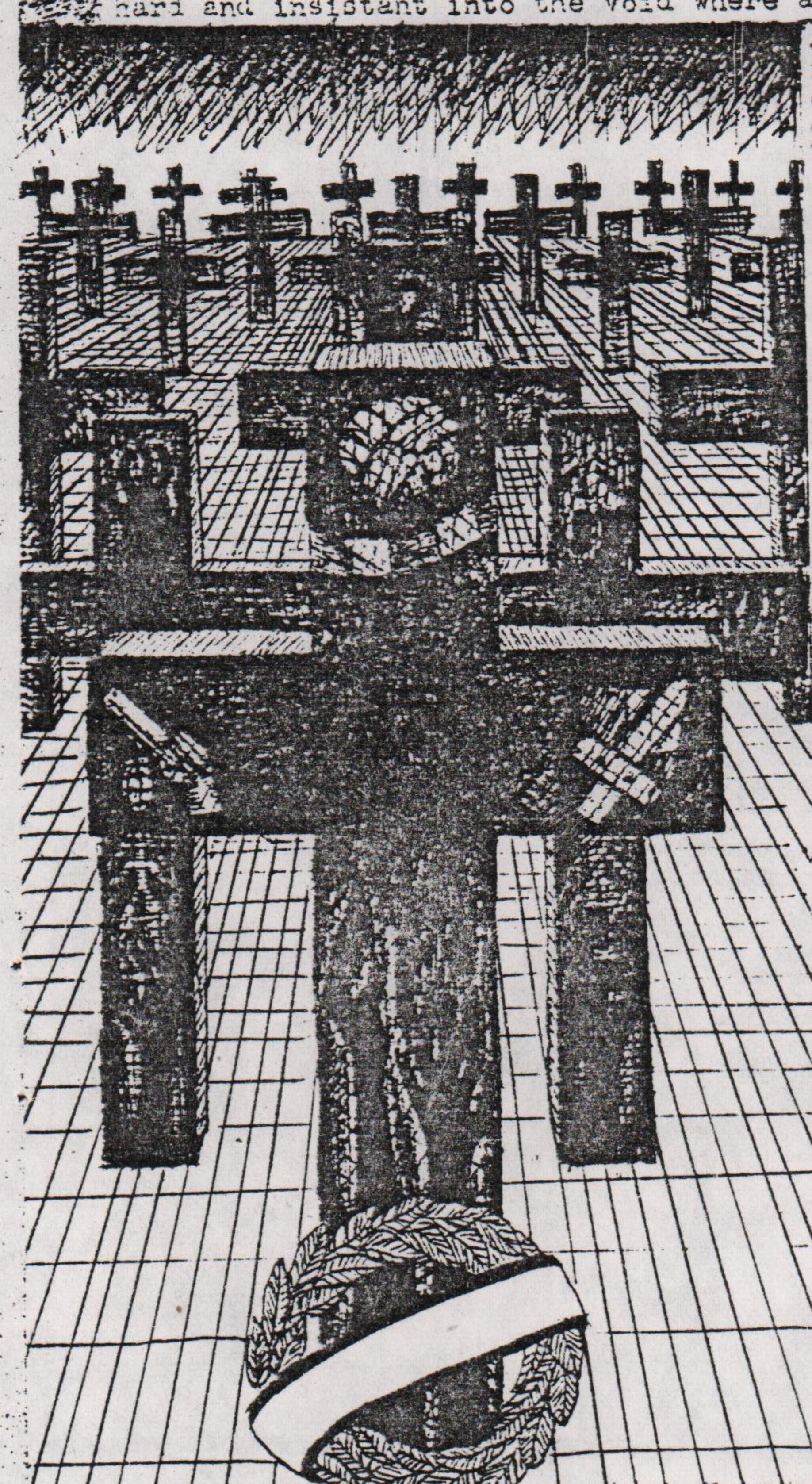
"Fight the good fight with all thy might....." The voices were raised like fists inside the musty, out moded symbol of Victorian propriety. His parents clutch his medal and a photo of him in uniform still proud; Mrs Brittain fights back an embarrassed tear.

At the end of the street the shop sells newspapers, Their neat crisp pages deny violence and horror; their bold type denies propaganda. In english (in argentinian, in any language, about any war,), they talk of "...our gallant brave boys". Perhaps if they could see the dead bodies, with limbs distorted like broken puppets then:

"My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori"

(Wilfred Owen)

From birth to death we are taught to fight, disguised with socially accepted names like sport, competition, ambition and in an extreme case-war. Has nothing been learnt since that poem, written nearly sixty years ago?.....S&R&H..June '83.....



A LIFE MEASURED OUT IN COFFEE SPOONS.

At school he had been teased. He had always been picked on ever since his first day at school when his "playmates" had found out that he was illegitimate. Children have a strange way of finding their victims weak points and using them to their advantage. At break times he used to stay in the classrooms, reading the work displayed upon the walls. Not daring to go out into the playground where boys of all ages played various games of football up, down and across the slab of concrete that had been allocated as the boy's playground.

"Come on Tom, go and play with the others. It's not healthy to be on your own!"

To him it had never seemed "healthy" to be with the others. Rejected by both adults and children he had made his way over to the steps and sat unceremoniously upon them. He had stared at the accepted ones playing football with envy and resentment. To fit in was his ideal and he made it his goal in life.

"Hey, there's fatty, all on his own!" one of the older boys had called and a group had quickly gathered around him staring and prodding him as if he were some animal in the zoo.

He had felt that sick tight knot form in the pit of his stomach and closed his eyes trying not to hear their comments or see their grotesque, ridiculing faces. He had done his best, god knows he had done his best. With all the courage he had been able to summon up he had stood up and walked quietly inside again. He had never told, he had kept the problem to himself and everytime they had teased him the knot in his stomach grew bigger and bigger untill he had thought it must surely burst.

It had been the same at high school. The feelings of rejection, the looks that had burnt into his back as he had walked away. There had been nowhere to run, nowhere to hide himself from the prying remarks and the kicks and punches, and nowhere where he could have forgotten those faces leering down at him as he had lain on the floor, provoking him only to leap upon him if he so much as moved.

The feelings had become worse. He had taken the blame in fights and had been duly punished for it, never complaining or showing how he had felt or what he had thought. He found it hard to show any emotions now. Good or bad he had banished all feelings to the back of his head. Tucked under a rug in the corner of his bedroom.

They had never eased up, untill it was too late. Perhaps they never quite understood what they had done. It was just a piece of harmless fun, and he knew they were only joking, didn't he? They couldn't see inside that fragile body lying at their feet. They couldn't see the knot of fear in his stomach growing till it filled his entire body. They couldn't see his feelings tucked away at the back of his head, or the fear in his eyes and growing throughout his body like a fungus.

He had found no refuge for indeed there was none to find and even in his nightmares for many years after he could see their faces glaring down at him, mocking him, and their voices laughing at him.

Finally the knot that had been growing for over fifteen years pushed its way out. His feelings had emerged from under the carpet and begun to show their presence. He no longer saw or heard anything except his own resentment and pain. Bottled up for so many years his feelings finally found an outlet.

It was funny, he thought, the things you remembered at times like this, and he wondered whether anything had really changed that much. The lone figure sat slumped against the corrugated iron fence raised the bag to his mouth and breathed deeply. The nightmares didn't seem so bad nowadays, maybe he was getting better as the doctors had said he would.

THINK

Hate! Hate! Hate! - always such hate: people never want to love; people never want to care: just hate or apathy: - so afraid of showing any emotion; just robots hiding behind masks of normality. But what is normality? Is it walking around doing the daily routine of work/lunch, work, go home, dinner, wash up, watch Tv., go to bed, start all over again.... Is your life worth more than that? Yes, I think so. Why do you lie to yourself? Reject "normality" and maybe those around you will come to their senses. Learn to think about what you're doing; seeing and accepting, - you'll come to the conclusion that things are not all they seem. Go round your high street and try to figure out what's really going on, - carefully controlled brain washing. Your local video shop will mix nice, soft music with clips and adverts. of sadistic, violent, sexist films; to force an illusion that is nice and good. Your local funeral directors, an ever-present reminder that you have to pay to die. Your friendly car/electrical salesman will show you all the goods you can't afford, - the carrot of temptation is always dangled in front of you; then they are shocked and horrified if you steal. Butchers shops brainwash the idea of slaughter, making it "acceptable", you accept, walk past and the smell of death will make you retch; but the advert. in the window says "treat the family to lamb"; so you go in and sponsor the death of more innocents. Banks and building societies are there to remind you of the money you can't have.... If this is normality; then I'm insane....

ACT

Now is the time to repent for what we have done to our earth, and to hope to be forgiven for our sins. We call ourselves "civilised"; but there is no justification in that. How can we say we are civilised with all the pain and hate in the world? We beat down both the spirit of animal and fellow human in the same way - any rebellion is quickly noted, and the person or animal is "broken in" - a horse, unwilling to work for man, will be whipped and punished until it does what it is told; a person who rebels, whether at home, school, "work" or simply while "living", will be broken down by humiliation and threats until they conform. And this happens in the, so-called, civilised western world, led of course by the good ol' U.S. of A.. They would have us believe that they are our allies, but the occupation of Greenham Common and many other air bases in the country proves otherwise. Unbelievable cruelty is dealt out to both animals and human alike, - animals suffer through experiments and the mass daily slaughter for food. Humans suffer in many different ways: in the third world, 10,000 people starve each day, it is sickening that 1/3 of the world of the world are starving to death whilst 1/3 is letting good food rot to keep up profits. Governments use us to keep the system going, then when we are too old or sick to work they discard us. They humiliate the unemployed, - you're useless they tell them; and they make us suffer if we are different in any way. Things are not so bad in the U.K. as in other parts of the world, but we do have our fair share of oppression - if you are working class, you are treated as mere fodder to keep the rich rich. Blacks are used as convenient scapegoats for unemployment. Women are told from birth to use their bodies, not their brains; to achieve anything a woman is much more likely to get a job if she is pretty and wears a lot of make-up. Diet, exercise, keep slim and beautiful: - it's your duty to be beautiful if you want to be loved. Women have always to look young and pretty; forever on the search for a man.....

.....If there is a god, he must be looking down on what he created; - and throwing up!

REALISATION

You try again to force me to obey your command. Again my mind screams "NO!!", but the fear keeps me quiet. Fear of reprimand, fear of being further punished for my "crime". What did I do wrong? O.K., maybe I look different from the others, but what is so wrong in that? I do not understand. What is it that you fear? Is it the public image of the institution you call school? Or is it that you realise that I am against all you stand for? I say again, what have I done wrong? You despise my very existence. But you said this country was free, you said we could say what we wanted, why can't I have my share, say? But this is different - no I'm not really being punished, no it's for my own good. You mean it's just a taster of what's to come - conform now and we'll let you off; don't conform and..... well, you'll see. But they've got it wrong you see..... THEY WON'T SHUT ME UP.....

OF TRUTH

DO IT YOURSELF.....

METHOD ONE - Markers: This is the easiest method of making a t-shirt but is also the least effective. Look around for cheap plain white t-shirts and I mean look around coz some of them are as expensive as your latest £5 Sex Gang job from Boy. Indelible markers can be got from loads of places, use your imagination! The first thing is to put a thick layer of newspaper between the two bits of your t-shirt unless you want a mess on the back then stretch the shirt as tight as possible over a large piece of board, this makes it miles easier to draw on, get your pen out and start drawing! Oh! and wash it separately by hand the first time some 'indelible' markers do tend not to be 100% so so unless you want it on your best.....

METHOD TWO - Spray paint: This method involves the use of a stencil. Trace or draw freehand your design onto a large piece of card remembering that anything like an 'O' will have to be done in 'Crass style' writing otherwise the middles will fall out! The best thing is to do the spraying outside, again put a thick layer of newspaper in the middle and stretch the shirt on a board. Use bricks and things to hold the stencil down and then cover every visible part of the shirt with newspaper (except of course the part you want sprayed). Shake the can of paint for ages and then hold it a foot or two above the t-shirt and spray evenly from side to side, holding the edges of the stencil down tight. It will fade with time so make it dark to start with.

METHOD THREE - Dye Paint: The best way this. Dye paint can be obtained from most hardware stores it's called 'Dylon'. You set the t-shirt up as for the other two, get a paint brush and just paint it on. When it's dry iron it for a while before you wash it to get it to stay then wash it before you wear it. Now go and do it!

DO IT NOW! ^{by} SLAVE

EVEN MORE
THAN

LIFE

Kim

I
WANT
TO HOLD YOU

clutching at straws...

Ω Omega Tribe *an interview...*

"Are you the people?", he said, we nervously replied in the affirmative and followed Hugh through the suburb to a block of flats. We entered a room lined with books, the ceiling was covered in posters and a huge Crass symbol. Humbled by the weird and wonderful surroundings we began to question Daryl and Hugh.....

"Angry songs and bitter words, But words are not enough!" What is?

Hugh: You have to live your ideals, you can't just sing about not having prejudices or indoctrinated hatreds. Don't just say it, do it.
Daryl: We meet an awful lot of people who are just talking about it and going along to the gigs; even people in bands are just singing it.

If you got more successful would you sign to one of the major record companies?

D: I don't want to sign anything. With Corpus Christy, Crass and Xnatrix it's all based on trust; you can't even do this with small "indies"; they don't trust you, you're not supposed to trust them so you have to have documents to sign.

What about the large music papers? Would you talk to them?

D: Well, we got a letter from one of them and we are going to do a feature. We've been told by people to do it and not to do it, so we're going to try it and see. If the misrepresentation is very bad then we'll never do it again.

Qu: If you were misrepresented do you think it would put people off who've never heard your stuff?

H: People who haven't heard our stuff would go on not hearing it if they went by the music papers.

Brace yourselves, it's the old cliched question..... Do you consider yourselves a "punk" band?

H: It doesn't matter.
D: I don't like labelling, -it depends what each person's idea of punk is. If we were to say "yes" or "no" we would be excluding part of our audience. There are even little boxes in punk: crass punks, of punks even positive punks. People feel safe if they know what you are and so what you should and shouldn't do.

So what do you think of the new "positive punk" label?

H&D: Just a joke really.
H: I don't see what's so positive about putting a bit of make-up on, it's just posing really. I don't like the "heavy", "meaningful" lyrics about death and stuff.

Can peace be obtained in our lifetime? Do you think CND could do it?

D: Whether it's CND or not it's the people that matter. I personally don't like CND much because they're left wing orientated; all the left wing parties are using it as a vote catcher. E: As soon as anything like that becomes associated with any political movement it totally negates it as far as I'm concerned.

What did you think about the Zig Zag gig that Crass did?

H: It was good fun, I liked the idea of squatting a venue. But the gig itself was a bit passive. It was friendly but that's not what I like.

Qu: What do you like?

H: I like it very tense, very nasty. The best gigs we've done are when there's been a really nasty atmosphere, it needs to have an edge to it, then people really think.
D: We did a gig with a band and we had no idea what the crowd would be like. The trouble is that when you support a band a lot of people tend to think that you share the same views as them.

What did you think about the last night at the anarchy centre?

H: It was nice, it was a gig we had to do because it was the last night at the anarchy centre.

You said you liked playing the last night at the anarchy centre, but you didn't like that kind of atmosphere at the Zig Zag. Isn't that hypocritical?

H: There are two kinds of gigs. I enjoy making music for the sake of it, you couldn't have got any real feeling of challenge going at the anarchy centre gig.
D: We only heard about it the night before. We just went and played on the spur of the moment really.

Do you agree with the idea of an anarchy centre?

H: I don't know, I don't really know that much about it.
D: It's a nice idea but they used all the money up at the beginning, when it ran out they had to close it. It was just lack of organisation; you do need some or it all falls apart.

Don't you think that having an "anarchy" centre excludes a lot of people who don't agree with anarchy but agree with the ideas of the bands that play there?

D: Yeah, it's better to have all views going at one place then people could make their own choice. A lot of the time people are being told what to do. If the National Front came round leafletting I'd take one 'coz I don't really know much about them.
H: I don't like the tribalism of all these groups though.



Isn't tribalism human nature to a certain extent?

H: It is an instinct that you need to belong, but I don't think it's instinct to give a name e.t.c. to a group; it's enough to know you belong to the human race. You have a group of people that you like and can live with but that's as far as instinct goes; the rest is indoctrination. People are afraid to show what they are really like so they hide behind tribalism and can't really communicate.

What do you think about the pre-occupation with death that a lot of bands show in their names and artwork?

H: It's easy to relate to, most people have experienced it in the family or on the telly.

D: I think that people talk about war so much now that it's a bit of a "done" thing; people are beginning to accept it and stop thinking.

Do you mean you'll stop singing anti-war songs 'coz it's been done?

H: We won't stop but we'll try to treat in a different light.

D: We could have more songs about nice things rather than be really pessimistic. It would be different nobody would expect it.

at this point Hugh burst into song doing his impression of a nice song.

D: No, I meant saying that there are bad things but it's not all bad.

Do you think music is a good platform for ideas?

H: I think it's the only medium that young people listen to.

Do you think people listen to the lyrics?

H: No, not everyone, but there are always a few. But live gigs aren't really about words, they're a lot to do with atmosphere and presentation. You have to back gigs up with records and handouts to get your message through.

Do you think what your doing is going to change anything?

D: The only thing we're trying to change is people; when enough people change then so does society.

Do you think people will grow out of your ideas like teenage rebels?

D: It's a challenge to us to put it so strongly that people can't ignore it. So that do "grow out" of it it will still be there nagging at the backs of their minds.

I think this last statement summed up Omega Tribe, they came across as a band deeply committed to their ideas; this is reiterated by the handouts they have given out at gigs to follow up half heard lyrics. Their music is a balance of a strong driving force of sound combined with slow melodic passages. They have released one very good single called "Angry Songs" on Grass records; and when we spoke to them they were in the process of recording an album; we heard snippets of it on tape and it sounds well worth getting.

More information can be obtained by writing and sending an S.A.E. to:

Daryl,
18, Kirkland Court, Park Road,
New Barnett, Herts.

ANOTHER BLOODY DAY

Their morals, ethics, religious relics,
The rich, the poor, the products of law,
The dead and the dying, the H-bombs flying,
Positions of power, a million every hour,
The blacks, the whites, the left the right,
Violence and wars, why? and what for?
I'm slipping, I'm falling,
Can't you hear me calling?
Help me I'm drowning, ANOTHER BLOODY DAY!

Angry songs and bitter words,
Have you heard it all before?
A great man, a leader of men,
It's just another bloody war.
A great river, of acid,
To burn all your troubles away,
The sun comes up, a bright red sky,
ANOTHER BLOODY DAY.

The images, the memories,
Now everything seems so real,
The smile on your face just can't conceal
The bitterness you feel.
It's happening, it's real,
It's really affecting you,
You try to switch off, shut it out,
You don't want to believe that it's true.

Angry songs and bitter words,
Have you heard it all before?
A great man, a leader of men,
It's just another bloody war.
Angry songs and bitter words,
It's all the same old staff,
Angry songs and bitter words,
But words are not enough!!



IS THIS A FUTURE?

Another life, a baby's scream,
Another elated lovers' dream,
A baby's laugh, a baby's cry,
A baby's smile, a baby's sigh,
And then the babe opens up her eyes
And look into the deep blue sky,
And looking up into the sky
She sees a warplane flying by,
And when she's told why the war planes fly
She looks to the future and it makes her cry,
She just can't see a future where the pleasure and the joy
Are derived from the craving to defend and destroy!

Another unique life, but what does the future hold?
She doesn't yet know that her earth is being sold,
And she just can't see why some people labelled "big"
Can determine her intelligence and future and the way she
ought to live!

Is this a future? Is there a future?
Another baby born today,
Another life on another day.

Another unique life, but what's the future for?
Forced to live in a state who's

Another unique life, but what's the future for?
Forced to live in a state whose economy is war?
She's gonna grow up in a world crazily run,
By men with dominant smiles holding great big dominant
guns!

Is this a future? Is there a future?
Let's give all life from birth
A peaceful, happy equal earth!

All lyrics c of Omega Tribe '82.



SARAH

indeed it is well said, 'in every object there is inexhaustable
meaning

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

THE OTHER DAY, I WAS DISCUSSING THE MERITS OF CERTAIN FANZINES WITH A CERTAIN FANZINE WRITER. OBVIOUSLY THERE WILL ALWAYS BE DIFFERENCES OF OPINION BETWEEN INDIVIDUALS AS TO WHAT MAKES INTERESTING READING, AND WE AGREED TO DIFFER ON SOME POINTS. THE CERTAIN FANZINE WRITER, HAVING WORKED ON FOUR ISSUES OF HIS FIRST FANZINE, FEELS THERE IS A NEED FOR A PROGRESSION OF SOME KIND, EXAMPLES OF WHICH ARE NO DOUBT DOCUMENTED WITHIN THIS VERY PUBLICATION. THIS SET ME THINKING: HOW SHOULD FANZINES PROGRESS?? IN THE SAME WAY AS MUSIC WILL ULTIMATLY MOVE ON TO A DIFFERENT CLIMATE, FANZINE WRITING WILL CHANGE. BUT IN THE SAME WAY AS THERE ARE INDULGENT TYPES OF MUSIC, WHICH COULD BE SAID TO HAVE A MORE LIMITED APPEAL TO PEOPLE, WRITING COULD GO THE SAME WAY. IS THERE NOT A DANGER OF ONLY GETTING ACROSS TO A FEW, IN COMPARISON WITH MORE 'DIRECT' WRITING???

PERSONALLY, FANZINES REPRESENT AN ALTERNATIVE MEANS OF DISTRIBUTING IDEAS AND INFORMATION, TO PROMOTE COMMUNICATION AND THOUGHT. SO LONG AS IDEAS DO COME ACROSS, IT DOES NOT MATTER HOW IT IS WRITTEN. THOUGH, JUST POSSIBLY, BY WRITING MORE CHALLENGINGLY, TO FORCE THE READER TO THINK MORE?

TAXI

(WHY? -WHY INDEED.)

the eye sees in it what the eye brings means of seeing

P.S.

APOLOGIES TO THE APOSTLES FOR THE TITLE

(CARLYLE, F. BOGEYMAN + ME)

What makes you so different punk? Why do you claim to be so positive? It's a big lie and you know it. Perhaps I'm just missing the point but everything's the same to you, another day another gig. Perhaps I'm a masochist, every week I go to a gig hope against hope that it'll be better than the last, that something will click for once but it never is and it never does. Perhaps I'm the only one who cares but there must be more, there must be or am I going insane? What's the point in sitting around on the floor, composing your unearring face and removing the snarling one you put on for Joe Public. Nobody cares what band is on it's just an excuse for a drink and a casual chat, why don't you go down the pub like the rest of us do when we want that? This is rock 'n' roll it's supposed to be rebellious, fun, communicative for christsake! The system has fed us all shit but where's the point in revelling in it, being black and negative will just give you one big, black, negative, fat nothing. You say you refuse take their system so why are you so ready to adopt the role they've cast you in? Accept that you're nowhere and that's where you'll stay. Come on get off that floor, get dancing, get thinking, cast your blank looks aside, hold your head up high, gigs are for fun and communication for gods sake remember it, anyone can sit on the floor at home and play an endless series of average records without the effort of getting up, going out and paying to do it. If it was worth the effort of getting there it must be worth doing something when you get there or am I going insane????????? steve

If I say this is going to be about Police(?) harrasment, I suppose a good few of you will think; "Oh God(who?), not again!" and stop reading right here. Well, it is about harrasment but not to do with "crime", that is unless you count being a "1" on the bus as a crime.

REPRESSION

GONNA START ON TUESDAY...

This brief story begins as I set out for my Saturday job about a week ago. I caught the 183, and asked for a "1", after the driver's usual suspicious enquiries about my age and year of birth, I was let on; -only to be stopped by a man near the front of the bus. He opened a wallet and I only had time to see the word 'Inspector' and some sort of badge before he whisked it away. Detective inspector? Bus inspector? I don't know. He wasn't in any sort of uniform and the badge looked like a police badge but I don't know. I was then to my astonishment, bombarded with questions about my age, school, exams etc. He then asked my age again but in years and months and before I could answer, he asked again how old I was, in a "come on how old are you really? way. After I insisted that I was telling the truth, which incidently I was, he muttered something about me lying and that he didn't believe me and let me go. I was too confused to say anything to him.

"So what?" I hear you cry and ok this isn't exactly an earth-shattering event and seems pretty insignificant but you don't expect to be picked on on a 183 because you pay a '1' fare and maybe look older than you are. Well I don't. If it was the police haven't they got anything better to do than find someone who they think can't or won't stand up for themselves and interrogate them on any subject that comes to mind? It doesn't seem like it! But whether it is the police or a transport official or man walking down the road surely no-one has the right to stop them and question them on anything against their will, no matter how trivial the matter seems. It's a great isn't it? so much for efforts by the police and even transport workers to be helpful and be on good terms with the 'general public'.

SHARON MAY 83

Another Pleasant Valley Sunday.....

It's Sunday afternoon, he sits, watching the sport on BBC2. Outside, the tree rustles in the breeze, rooted into the suburban grass verge with an air of permanence, as is the man to his armchair; both with due reverence to what is expected of them by society and tradition.

In the morning, he and his wife had been to church. He only goes to keep her quiet, for himself, it gives him time to ponder on crossword clues whilst his mind goes through prayers and hymns in automaton. He's not sure if he believes in God, but has a vague superstition that if he were to die he would be "saved" due to his steadfast dedication to Sunday morning boredom.

In the interval before dinner, he sits; newspapers strewn about himself in a heap of self-indulgence. He reads of another shooting in Belfast, the horrifying description of human suffering is restrained into the stiff upper lip of typeface. Yet the man is moved; he feels helpless towards a situation that he doesn't command, nor fully understand. As escape, he turns to a "trivia" article of how starving prisoners of war were known to have killed and eaten cats; he squirms, "How could they? Barbarians!". (He prides himself on being the traditional British animal lover).

From the kitchen his wife calls him for dinner. He enters the dining room which is filled with a warm aroma of roast beef and gravy enriched with the animal's heart. He cuts generous slices of meat for himself and his wife. On his plate it oozes red, the fat, crispy around the edges (just how he likes it), around it he piles heaps of potatoes and cabbage. He eats, savouring each morsel at first, then gorging it greedily, hungrily, with an appetite that is scorned by the fat on his body. In their porch lies a charity envelope, on the front it has a picture of a starving child; he has put 20p in it and sealed it with a self-satisfied smile of a man doing good. A sigh of relief was heaved and his conscience goes back to sleep, contented for another few months. His thoughts are far away from the child in the photo, he doesn't see it's plea for help. He informs his wife that the potatoes were slightly underdone, she apologises and fetches the rhubarb crumble and custard. The volcanic liquid slips down their throats and onto his Sunday shirt. (God insists on a clean shirt), he swears; she makes a mental note to soak it that night.

Rather than talk they listen to the radio. The programme is a series of questions and answers between a regional audience, politicians and a bishop. The man chokes, and splutters red juice onto the white tablecloth in indignation, "The man's a fool, doesn't know what he's talking about and it's just like a bloody stupid female to make a comment like that, no sense, no logic!" At the back of her subconscious she disagrees, but ingratiatingly nods her head to him not wanting to be a "stupid female".

She collects the plates and does the washing up, he sits; and watches the sport on BBC2. He gets excited as he imagines himself as the British boxer, beating hell out of the Argentinian. What warped imagination he has left goes into ecstasy at every punch and drop of blood. She sits on the sofa, knits and reads a romance. She is in another world, a beautiful young princess, rescued by a rugged knight on a white stallion, happy to be seduced, roughly, in a castle.

In the bathroom, she gently rubs the shirt, prodding and poking with her fingertips. The deep red stains seep out of the fabric, ebbing and swirling in the clear water. Under her fingernails there are still traces of dried blood from preparing the beef that morning. Against the white of the bucket the whirling mass also looked like blood, she thought. — She had drunk blood that morning; drunk the blood, and eaten the body of Christ (Flesh, blood and imagination fused).

She liked to think of Christ (to dream of Christ) living, as the vicar said, in all of us; yet, in another sense; dead. She looked down at her hands, puffed in the warm water. She could see the veins bulging and throbbing at her wrist, proving life whilst her mind denies it. She straightens and half mutters, as if afraid of what she might hear herself say: "perhaps, I too am living; yet, in another sense, DEAD."

In the front room the man sat, rooted to the chair, like the tree. Like the tree, shifting imperceptibly in the breeze, but returning unchanged in the stillness. Like the tree, he is socially acceptable, disturbs nothing around himself. Like the tree, he is unknowingly constrained in a small grass verge of his own. Like the tree, he is abused and admired but responds to neither; because, like the tree, he has no emotions, to call his own.

On grass verges in every town, trees come and trees go, shifting imperceptibly in the breeze..... opposite, through a window, a body, in an armchair sits..... S@R@H, June '83.....



The Queen sat in her counting house.....

When younger, I used to be a patriotic little person with a respect and awe of the monarchy. At that age your mind is too channelled and idealistic to question convention or it's motives; anyway it is "the done thing" to respect the queen. Royalty invades everyday life in small ways which are picked up so that acceptance comes subconsciously. I expect that quite a large number of people reading this were in the Brownies, Cubs, Scouts or Guides, where a heavy emphasis is laid upon duty to queen and country; almost as strongly as is the idea of christian religion being imperative to a normal life.

But even in later life undue reverence is given to the Queen which we can do nothing to stop: --everyday you acknowledge her presence and power just by using money; --every time you send a letter the stamp has her head on it. Personally I object to this, but what can you do about it? It's bad enough that this month you have to ask for plain stamps so as not to be condoning the military as well as royalty.

In these small, unobtrusive ways we accept from childhood that the monarchy are a desirable and necessary thing; this develops into pride, patriotism and the uncritical affection and respect of a child for it's elders. To sustain this feeling we are constantly with them in newspapers, television and radio.

However, I'm not saying that they are mere figure-heads without a purpose; infact they have a strong and powerful role; --they uphold institutions and conventions of this country. People respect them and copy them and so conventions are sustained. I bet that nobody reading this can honestly say that they didn't see, hear or read a flicker of the "royal wedding" where marriage was once again given the seal of approval in a spectacular, mind-blowing way. It was given full coverage, five star publicity; millions spent. A generation of kids who waved in London streets will grow up convinced that marriage is your only option; the thing to do. Especially, as I have no doubt, that it was followed up in primary schools with numerous projects, (as I remember the silver jubilee was); --minds too young to understand painting union jacks over and over again.

But that wasn't it's only effect, I remember people having the cynicism to say it was a good thing; --the souvenirs would boost industry. People even said it would boost morale in the recession; and it did; people forgot their troubles; buried themselves in a dream-world of princes and princesses and fairytale weddings. Once I met two Glaswegian anarchists on a London bus, who suggested that royalty should spend a few nights in a doss house and then live in a council flat. At the time I laughed but now I think it would be quite a good idea; at least then they could see how "the other half live".

Doesn't anybody ever think in those masses of cheering red, white and blue? Millions of pounds are spent on occasions like "the wedding", not to mention the numerous royal tours, expensive holidays, large country houses and, of course, they (Diana especially), can never be seen in the same dress twice.... and so the list goes on. Don't you think the money could be better spent?

Even abroad, on the royal tours, people seem to be as blind. They only see the romance of a queen, they think she represents all that's British, the "British way of life". Ours is a country who seriously thought about bringing back the death penalty for terrorists, whilst condoning similar offences committed by the army. Royalty condone this accepted institution of the military, they are all honorary members. Andrew went to the Falklands and has even opened a commemorative

museum to the war; --it boasts nearly a whole Argentinian plane pieced together; --it's a pity the pilot can't be pieced together.... Surely this hypocrisy, of which this country is ridden, is not accurately represented by splendor, romance and tradition.

The image of the monarchy is just a drug to keep "the people" happy. The majority happily go and wave and cheer fed by crumbs of insincere handshakes and well practised smiles. These people are seen as higher beings because we are never allowed to see their personalities, bad bits included. Can you imagine the stir if Charles argued with Di in public? Or if their fairytale marriage was on the rocks? Perhaps the only heartening thing, I find, is when at a function the royalty present look bored out of their minds; --this has to be better than insincerity.

I'm not saying I hate them; I don't know them so I can't say either way. But I object to them being worshipped as gods, when they are ordinary people, no worse, but certainly no better. I object that they spend millions of pounds upholding conventions best forgotten and the pretence which makes people forget the things they should be shouting about. The monarchy are just a drug, Marie Antoinette told the starving people to eat cake; our monarchy are just as out of touch, they tell us to swallow pipe-dreams and fairytales and "trip" on the surface glitter of Di's latest ball-gown.

@, love and peace.... SARAH.... July '83

...eating bread

and honey.....

SCREAMING INTO THE VOID

"We'll distribute for you, we'll compare for you, we'll analyse for you, we'll THINK for you" ran the advert in the newspaper and somewhere hundreds of kids dancing and shouting "fuck a mod"....
.....Who REALLY killed Bambi?

"Never trust a hippy"....The room is smelly, full of empty beer cans.....Alcohol is the new acid and "Never trust a hippy" becomes never trust a punk, 1984 becomes just another gram of speed.

They're sterilising Red Indian women for uranium in America or was that something I read?...."I don't take drugs"...."you watch TV don't you?" It's only Rock 'n' Roll and after all "I just got lucky".

"You shouldn't go round biting police officers" Don't bite the hand that feeds you.....but this land is my land or was that something someone shouted at an NF march, I mean swastikas are a punk symbol aren't they? but then so's CBS...."A funeral in 83 I was the only mourner"

The history of the world, Brigandage on the highway to hell,
"Yes it's all in your super soaraway Sun"...This week-Too drunk to be posi-punk-the shocking true story.

It's sunday and the christian church take their morals out from under the bed.....Sitting in the front pew is a family of missiles.....Back at home little Johnny says "I don't want to eat this poor cow" as daddy carves the roast beef, "How many times have I told you, put your morals away before you sit down at the table" Big brother, Billy is a real rebel punk, he's in a good mood, he was allowed to wear his Exploited t-shirt to church.

A computer program is burning a hole in your identity....hoist up a black flag and they'll crucify you on it....."I couldn't wear other peoples clothes" but you don't mind wearing other peoples ideals...."I just don't like the idea of sharing everything.

And anyway what does it matter as long as they don't take away my dishwasher.....I wonder why people want to get married in church when they never go there?....A man knocked at my door today offering to do my thinking for me...I didn't have a lot for him to do.....

Crass punk/01: punk/76 punk/new punk/real punk....divide and rule.....more Government sponsored dope...positive punk maannn!

steve 10.15 am 15/6/83

the
revenge
of punk
rock

THE DEATH OF HOPE AND DESPAIR

I sit here at the top of this mountain waiting for the final flash. The warnings were given, the people ran, panicked and tried to protect themselves as best they could. The first flash exploded showering everything with fire and leaving all in its path in total destruction. The people, or should I say mutants crawled like lizards, looking for their homes and loved ones. They are all totally unrecognisable, burned so badly that only a few can stand. Tons of rubble that had once been luxury homes, swimming pools, council houses, semi-detached, schools and factories are littered over the countryside. Black and desolate..

Above us the sky is the colour of the blood that runs in rivers and the clouds that are gathered above us are so large one would think that they were a figment of the imagination. The whole scene below me is one that I could not have dreamed of, even in my worst nightmares. The mutants scratch around me looking for food, water and shelter, there is none. Whatever happened to the government shelters? The rats that roam the streets are not too different in appearance to the survivors and scour the streets together, forming packs and large battles are quite frequent.

THIS IS THE DEATH OF THE EARTH

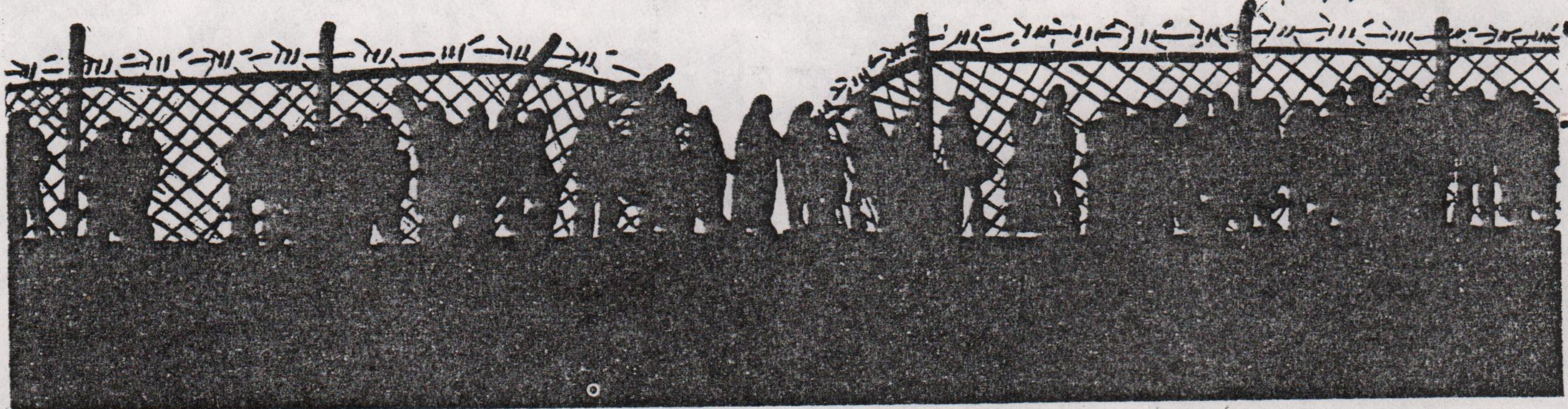
I cannot describe the scenes as they truly are, I cannot find the words. It repulses me so much I want to pluck out my eyeballs and cut off my ears so I don't have to watch and listen to those scenes that are happening all around me.

These mutants, for that is the only really accurate word for them, were once decent people living in semi-detached houses, going about their daily duties with a sense of urgency. Their sense of urgency dwindled and died when the protesting began. The cry of impending danger went unheard. Their attitudes were of disbelief and of a trusting nature. They had trusted people who are now safe in fall-out shelter watching us. Now they do not even trust their own children who would steal the food out of their parents' mouths...if only they could recognise their parents.

Their future, suddenly seemed as black as the clouds and their only thought is one of survival. For one so young the urge to survive is so strong. Survival is the after-thought, and they don't seem to realise that it's too late now. I see the everyday struggles for survival up here and wonder why these pathetic creatures don't just give up and become as resigned to their fate as they had been before.

We wait for the second flash, for there will be a second flash, and it will be the last one...for us.

HELEN



Between

The

Idea

And

The

Reality

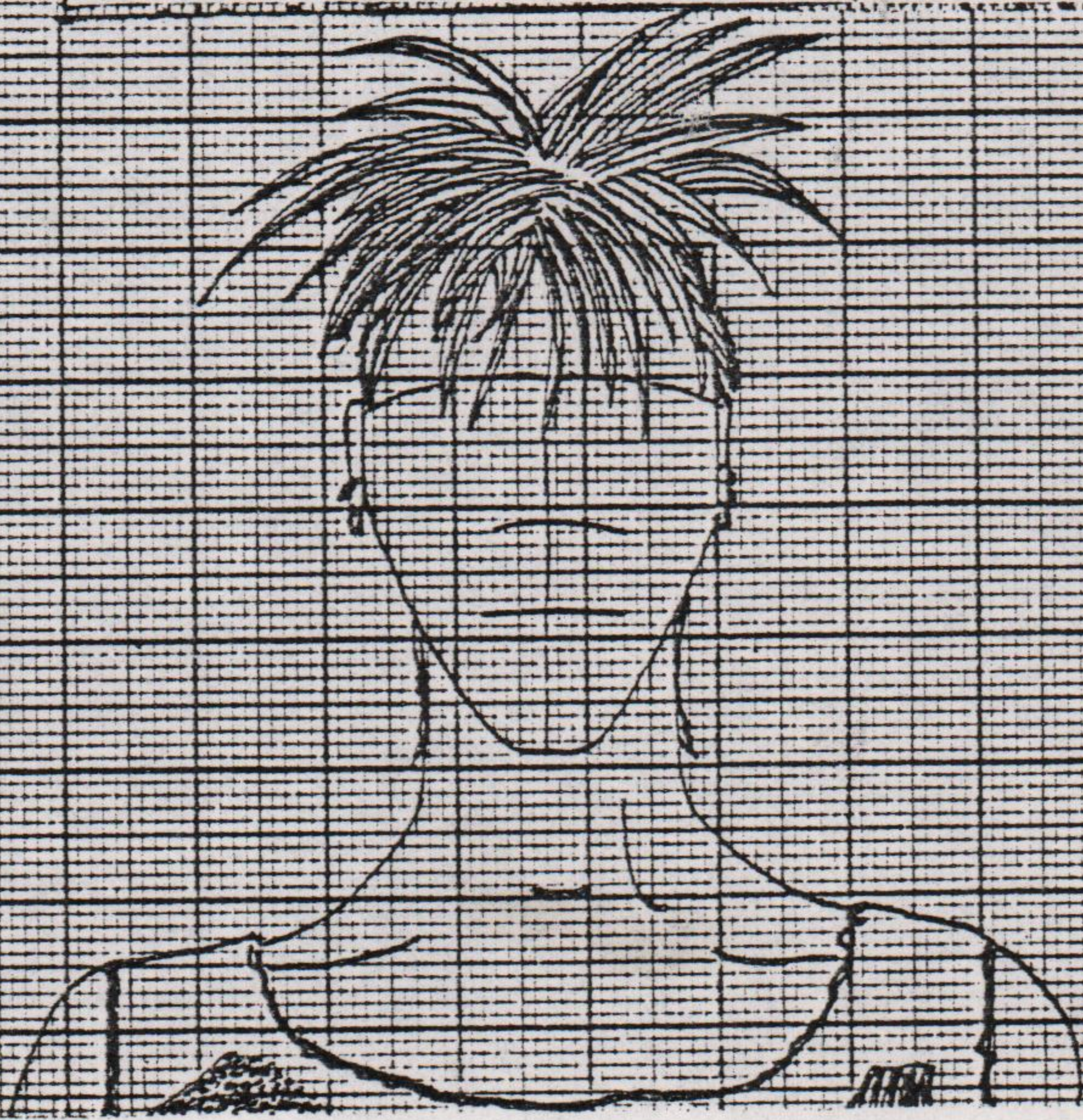
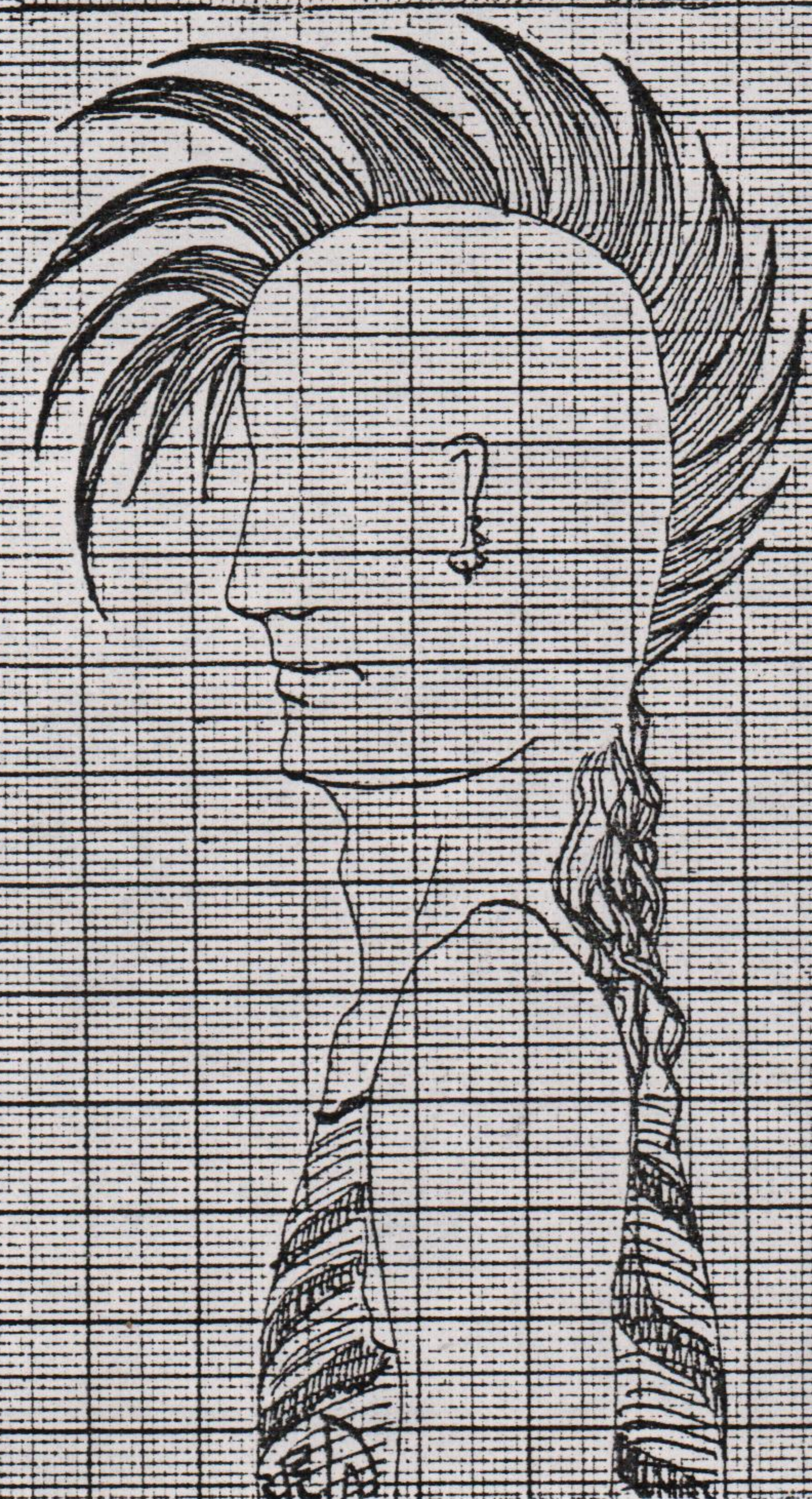
Somewhere in Uxbridge, a room gradually filled up with "haircuts". Significantly, practically no local interest had been aroused, so the audience were friends, or followers of the groups about to play. Despite this, the atmosphere was prickly as the first group began. The audience, talking amongst themselves, shifted to the farthest corners, leaving a hostile void in front of the stage. An obligatory clap and cheer signified the end of each song.

The audience, believe it or not, are supposed to be a group of people who care; who are prepared to listen to people who have something worth communicating. I wonder how many people listened to the lyrics of those songs or how many of them will ever read them. -I know that the answer would be pitiful.

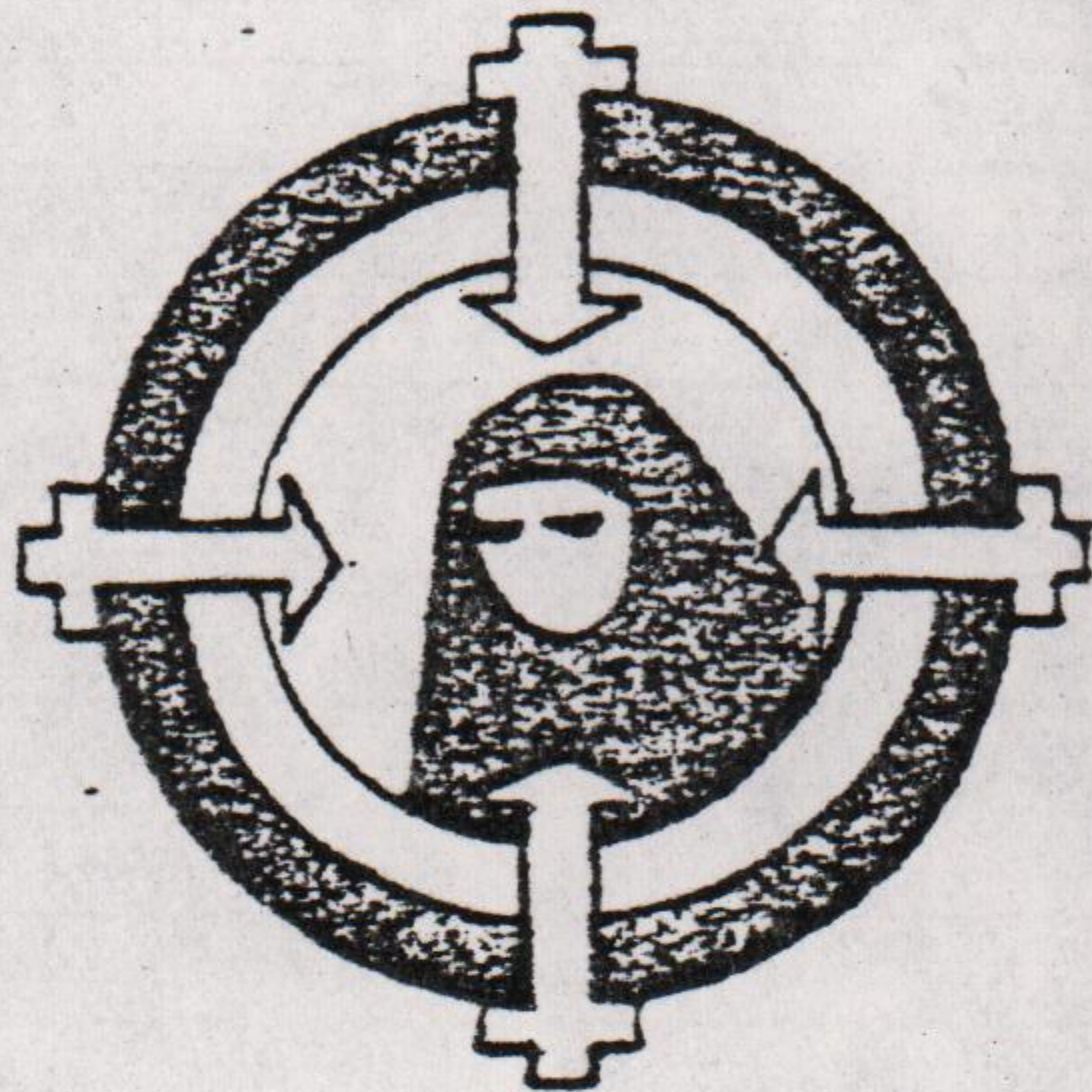
The headline band played to a good reception, a lot of which I feel was due to the fact that they were what the audience expected, so they felt secure. Through an open door a group of "soul boys" and "soul girls" looked on, amused at their writhing bodies with "silly haircuts". They were obviously as untouched and as uninterested in the lyrics as a lot of the lively audience. Does your music, clothes and "silly haircut" make you a better person? Even if you "aware", what good is punk anyway if it only gets through to the people who agree with it already?

After the band finished to a ritualistic encore the room empties. The audience creeps home hoping that they won't be beaten up for their appearance and what some of them believe in. Sitting on the train, the ideology is filed into a cubby-hole at the back of a mohican; the clichés accepted, but not thought about, can be brought out fresh and unused at the next gig, or then next time you buy a fanzine for an article about your musical heroes. Many of whom hold their instruments and idealism high; until they settle down with an overworked wife, 2.5 kids, a television and a car.

I didn't mention the names of the two bands because it's totally immaterial as to who they are and that I like their music and them personally. I think if a group of people have something to say and try to communicate it, then you should respect them, -and respect them more if they often do so to a hostile reception. Watch out because they show you up for what you are. Are you a person or a teenage rebel who'll grow out of it? THINK ABOUT IT. If there's something you want to say, say it, -because, when it comes to it, most of the rest of the world is silent.....@, love&peace, Sarah



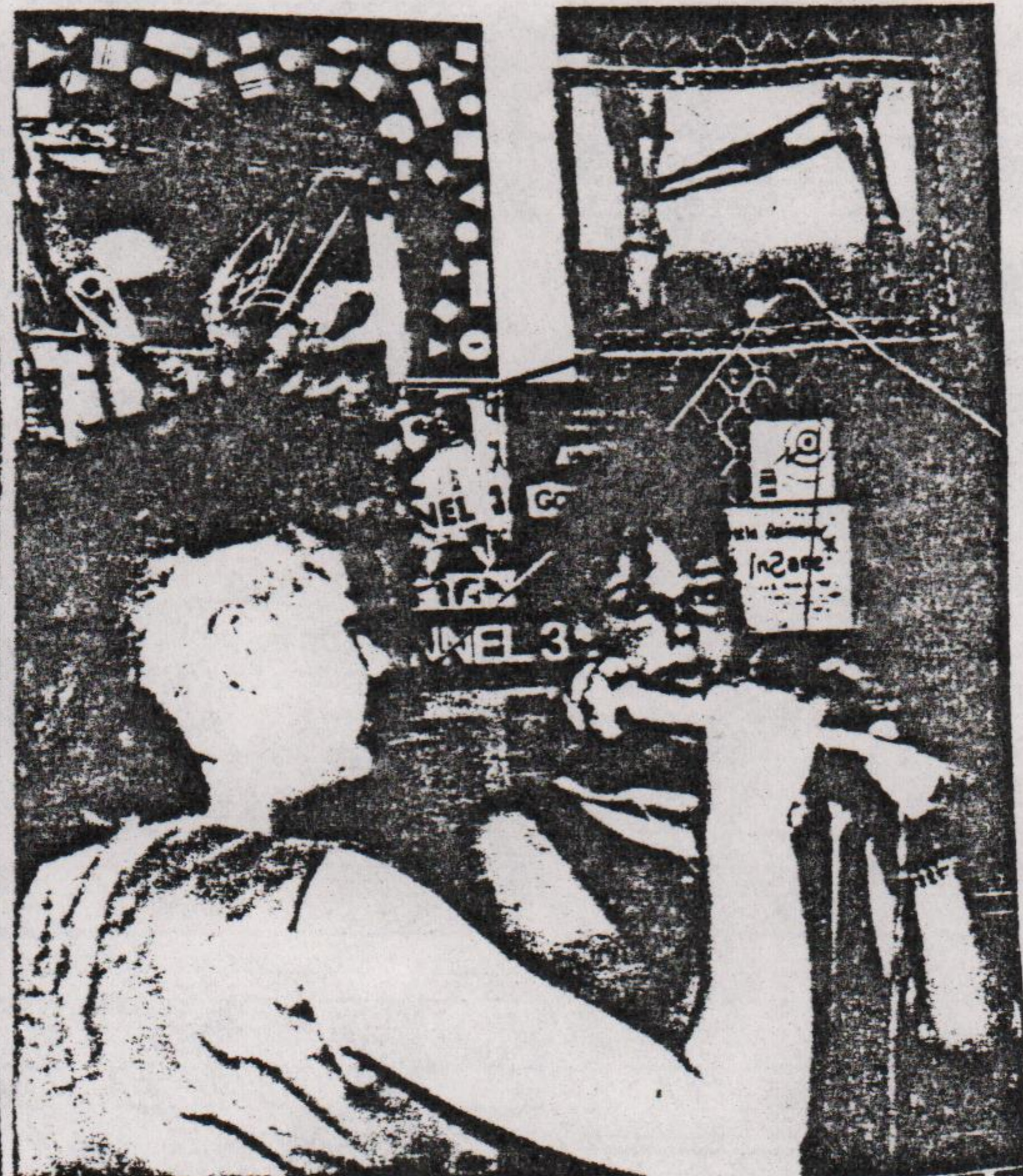
HAGAR THE WOMB



HTW collective c/o
Ruth -16 holmdale mns
holmdale Rd
London NWS



HAGAR THE WOMB



HAGAR THE WOMB

"Christ it's hot!" Sarah muttered for the 20th time today, today is the 26th of July, 3 weeks into this steaming jungle and still no sign of our objective. Perhaps we shouldn't have come after all, if I closed my eyes I can still see the laughing faces of our companions back at Wasteland HQ. 'Don't be silly' they had said 'Come down the pub instead' but of course we hadn't listened and now months later we had reached the last of our supplies, if we don't find food by tomorrow I hate to think what'll happen. Yesterday had been the worst, incredibly hot and Sarah had been attacked by a giant snake which I just managed to drive away with the aid of my trusty forked stick. At last though our luck seemed to be turning and just as the sun reached its highest point in the sky we broke through into a clearing and there in the centre were 8 identically shaped huts and a larger building made out of wood with a large colourful banner hanging over the door. Just as we took our first steps into the open someone smashed me over the head....

Gradually my vision cleared sufficiently for me to realise that we were in some kind of cell with no openings except a large barred door. Immediately I raised my head there was some sort of commotion outside and presently the door was opened and in strode 2 colourful characters with brightly coloured hair. So it was true, we were right after all, after all those months of searching we had at last found the lost tribe of the Hagars! We were dragged outside where 4 more stood waiting. One who appeared to be some sort of leader but certainly not from what we saw a dictator spoke. To my amazement she spoke almost the same language as ourselves although it was continuously punctuated by laughter. For what seemed like hours they quizzed us until finally they appeared satisfied and I ventured that I might ask them a few questions so as to take some sort of evidence back to civilisation. After talking amongst themselves for a few moments they agreed and what follows is written word for word with a few explanatory comments from our second conversation. At this point I should point out that they revealed their names and these are the nearest English translations, Mitch who is by trade a bassist, Ruth (a singer of songs), Elaine and Jane (2 dancers), Chris (A drummer), Paul (a guitarist) they also explained that the tribe had 2 further members who were away gathering food, Janet (another guitarist) and Karen (another singer). None of them as far as I can see actually did any useful work.

Do you think having a lot of girls in the band has made you successful?

E) Don't be so fucking sexist!

R) No, they go by our musical disabilities, I think they like the way we cause.... chaos. They go along coz they know they'll get a good night out. I don't think they care whether there's girls in the band or not.

M) If it was due to that Hagar would have made it years ago when the band was almost all girls.

So do you deal with feminist issues?

R) No more than any other band, we don't make an issue of it and don't write more than once about any subject in case it becomes (adopts bored voice) boring and repetitive.

M) Ruth writes them, they're the things that affect her.

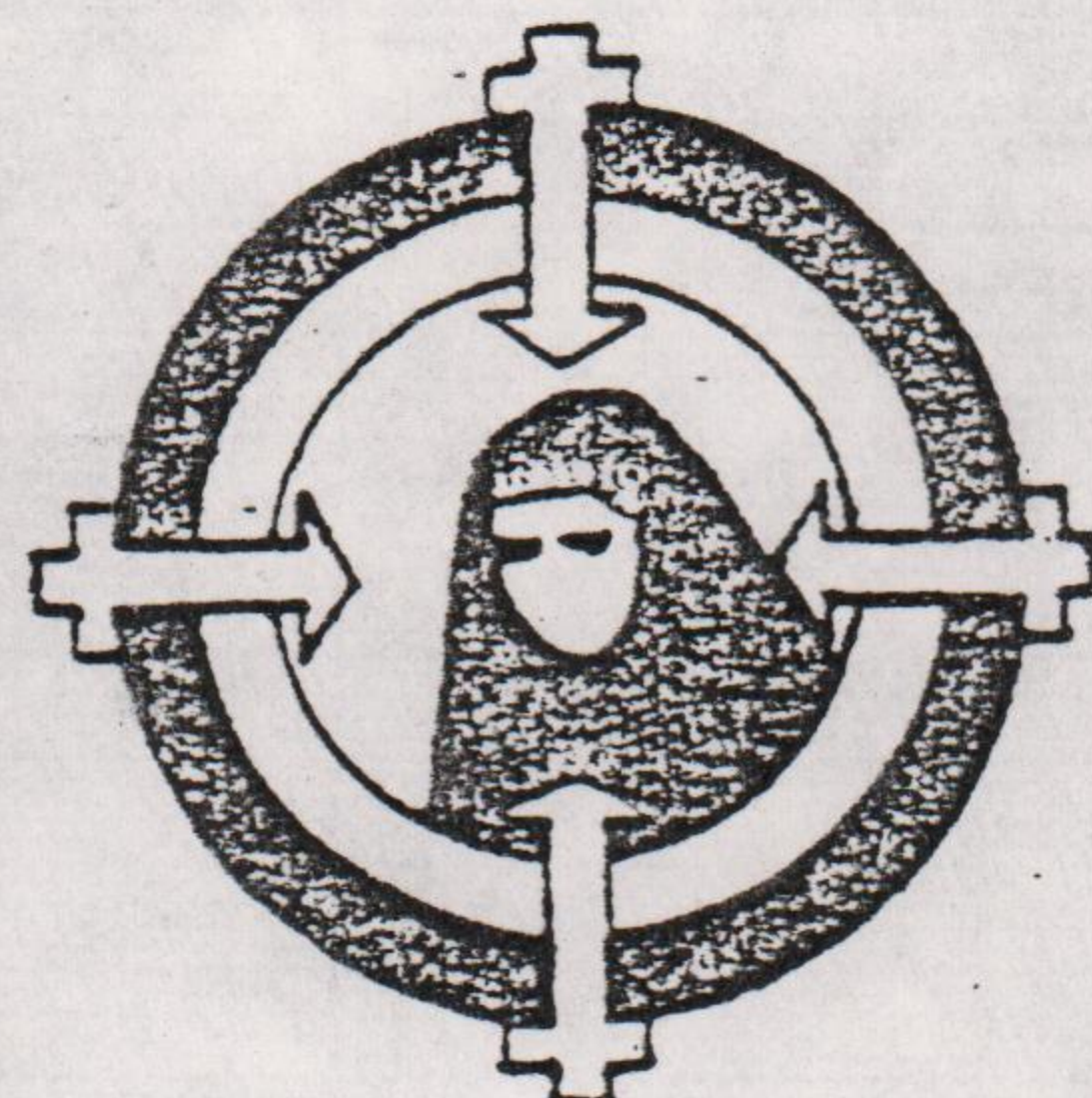


HAGAR.



REJECTION
OF A
LIFELESS
LIFELINE...

HAGAR THE WOMB



HAGAR the WOMB.



HOGAR
THE
WOMB

HOGAR
THE
WOMB



HOGAR THE WOMB

Are your lyrics important?
ALL)yes!
Then why hasn't the guitarist seen them before?
P)Coz I' only joined 3 weeks ago!
R)It's trust,he knows we won't come up with any NF numbers.
We're all different people so why should we agree with all the lyrics?

C)Some lyrics only mean something to one person.
Why do you consider yourselves different from other 'dist' bands?

E)coz we're not @ists!

C)If you pick 6 people in the street and interviewed them it wouldn't make any difference.Just coz we're in a band doesn't mean we all believe this and all believe that,have moheicans and all wear the same t-shirts.

E)We're more shambolic.

R)Every gig we do seems to fall apart,we're so unprofessional it's unbelievable,after 14 years we still break amps,bust strings and go Oh shit in the middle of songs where everybody notices,I can't see us ever getting out of that.

P)My first impression was organised chaos and after 3 weeksit is organised chaos.

R)I do try an organise things tho'.We're different coz we show that we're having fun and people say you shouldn't,they sayyou can't laugh and get your message across,they think that you should wave your hand in the air and scream at the top of your voice.Most of them are too serious to be human.

C)If @ came along and everybody was still so serious then it'd be useless,I mean who'd want it?

Do you agree with what Crass said that nasty subjects can only be tackled with nasty music?

R)No,if you make nice music you stand more chance of getting your point across.

E)If it's nasty who'll listen?

M)The best idea would be for ABC and Dollar to sing Crass lyrics.I mean music which we think is shit,the thing is the majority of people in the country like that sort of thing and that's the sort of thing they're gonna listen to and their lyrics are going to get over to.

C)no music has ever changed anything so.it doesn't really matter how you put it across.

The one called Ruth had spent a lot of time tending her hair but I thought the song 'Dressed to Kill' was against this?

R)Dressed To Kill is.....most people misinterpret it.Its actually about the role playing that you have to go through to ensnare a partner.Like when I went to college and did my secreterial course,most of the girls in my class were concerned about what they were going to wear and who they were going to get off with,instead og going out to have a good time They're going 'I wonder if he'll be there?' it's just written about that. Most people,if we say something as a joke and just coz you're in a band they take it really seriously and think WE'RE really pigheaded or something.

C)If you're in a band and you say something then everyone takes it about 10 times more seriously.

E)You can't change your mind and how many times do you change your mind in a day? You can't if it's written down.

A break ensues while the Hagars discuss their staple diet of toast and talk about their role as a band in a flipant manner.....But surely if you write about the things you've written about so you might be able to change somebodies opinion so you're changing the world in a small way.I mean if you only change 5 peoples opinion.....

R)That'd be good.

E)But what can 5 people do?

C)I don't want to change anyones opinion just make them think a bit.

R)We don't really preach but there are topics that we've covered that other bands haven't.If you can make people think then that's astart.If we can actually change anything,that'd be good but we wouldn't want to force feed them,they'd have to do it themselves,if we spark something off.....

C)I think that's a bit of a myth changing peoples ideas. What I'd like to do is release records and stuff and then send them to politicians etc,people who've never heard of the ideas.I mean Crass,they release a record and thesame people that buy them don't take any notice anymore.

R)People who grow out of Crass,there's another generation getting in to Crass,it just goes on like that.

By this time I can hardly keep my eyes open and the conversation draws to close and we're led back to the cell tightly clutching the manuscripts to my chest I fell asleep.All this has been written down and sent my messenger to the nearest port and hence to you my air mail in case I don't make it back.....



REJECTION OF A LIFELESS LIFELINE...

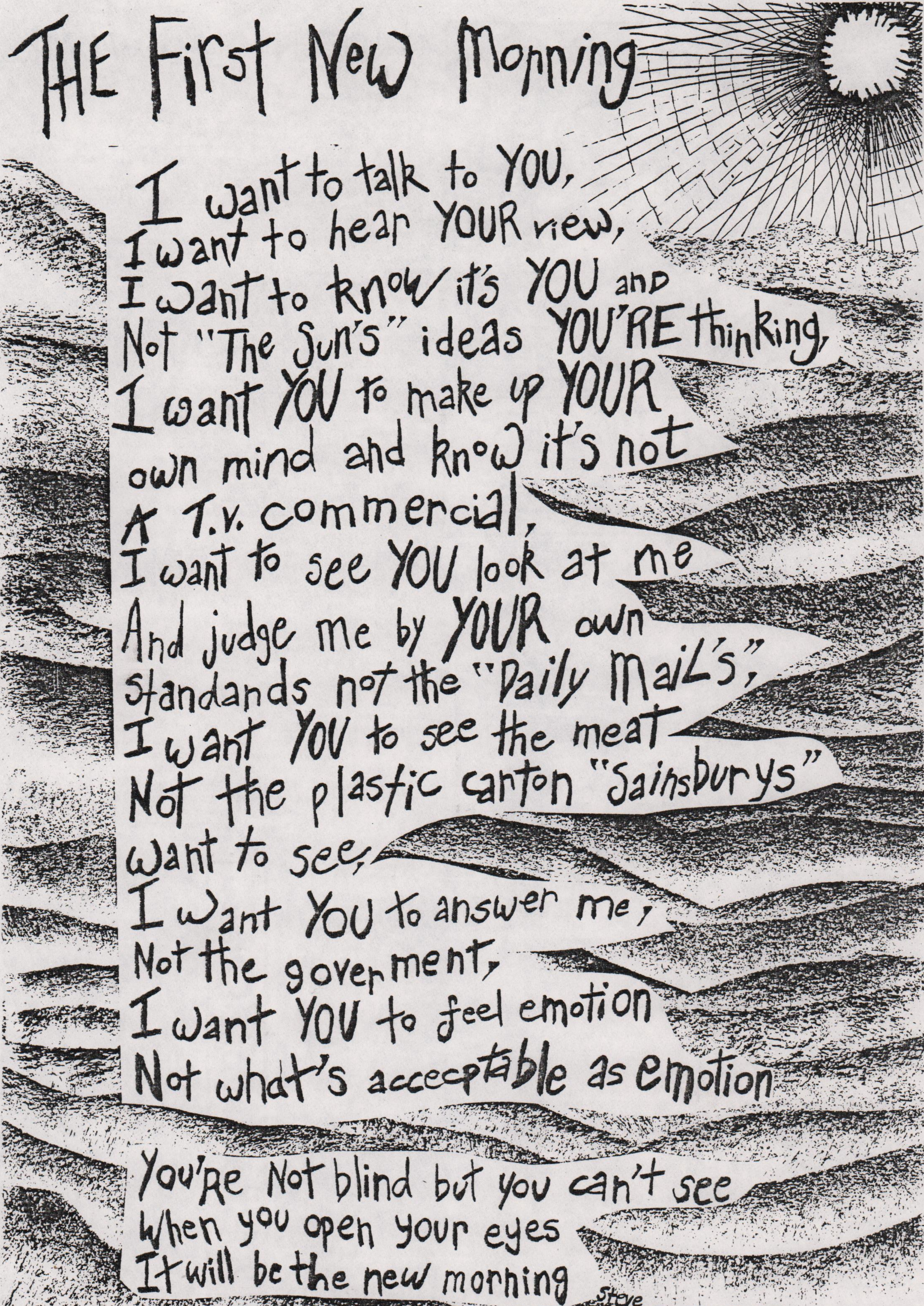


HOGAR

THE

WOMB

THE First New Morning



I want to talk to YOU,
I want to hear YOUR view,
I want to know it's YOU and
Not "The Sun's" ideas YOU'RE thinking,
I want YOU to make up YOUR
own mind and know it's not
A T.V. commercial,

I want to see YOU look at me
And judge me by YOUR own
standards not the "Daily Mail's",
I want YOU to see the meat
Not the plastic carton "Sainsburys"
want to see,

I want YOU to answer me,
Not the government,
I want YOU to feel emotion
Not what's acceptable as emotion

You're Not blind but you can't see
When you open your eyes
It will be the new morning

Steve

Getting up at 6.30am after an extremely paralytic Pulse gig is not the best way to live. Still, I managed to struggle up, and wander in a dazed manner to the train station. Despite Sharon being late I thought we'd still catch the coach but at Victoria we realised that we'd missed it by about five minutes. After having gone for a cup of tea, 30p in a polystyrene cup, and a packet of peanuts, an astronomical 40p, we boarded this old converted green line bus that was posing as a National Express coach and the journey down to Southampton was just as uneventful. Southampton seems a glorified version of Harrow mixed with Watford and is just as dull. I thought that, being by the sea I might get to do a bit of paddling while I was there but the only water I saw was the stuff that comes out of the taps or waters down the beer.

We eventually arrived at the venue, the "Solent Suite" which is part of an extremely official, governmental-looking building that jacks onto the local police station. As far as I could see everyone was doing something and looking fervently busy except for us so I sat about reading various fanzines and deciding whether I could afford to buy any and how pissed I wanted to get when the bar opened. Look Back In Anger arrived in dribs and drabs and dutifully did a sound-check that gave me hope for the evening ahead.

By this time both Sharon and I decided we were extremely hungry, which, as we hadn't eaten since about eight that morning was not surprising, so we tramped off to a chippy and spent an arduous half an hour being chatted up by a bunch of skinheads who seem to think that London is all sweetness, light and excitement and were amazed to find that I'd never been to Kilburn. After humouring them we returned and continued to read fanzines and deciding whether we had enough nerve to ask this strange-looking bloke whether or not he was Jim (the guitarist of Look Back In Anger). Sharon thought he was but I wasn't sure. I'd been writing to him for about a year but had never got round to meeting him or going to see the band when they'd played in London. Eventually, as the bar was within half an hour of opening we wandered over and plucked up enough courage to ask. Sure enough, Sharon was right and I, as usual, was wrong. We all sat around waiting for the bar to open and when it finally did you can guess who were its first customers.

Look back

In anger

The current line-up of Look Back In

Anger is as follows:

Mich Ebeling - vocals
Jim Newby - guitar
Simon Tufnail - bass
Chris Pickford - drums

They formed around the end of 1979 but have gone through many line-up variations since then. Their current single / tape is called "Foxhunt" / "Lifes Dispute" and is available at £1.45 from Jim (address at the end) as is their first single "Mannequin" / "Caprice" (£1)

The place began to fill up but the audience were certainly a strange bunch. The gig was being organised by "Stick It In Your Ear" tapes so all the bands that had been recorded on that label were appearing. Most of the audience seemed over 30 and it was strange seeing the odd occasional "punk" standing next to a group of people who looked as if they would be more at home at a garden party. The music started at eight but it wasn't until half eleven that I saw something I enjoyed. The three of us stood around discussing various subjects like the death penalty, dying your hair black and intelligent life on other planets (well lets face it its certainly not on this one!) and getting more and more pissed as each pretty awful band came and went. Most of them were good musically and nobody can accuse the organisers of not catering for varied tastes but most of them I didn't like. There were a couple of mime artists/theatrical performers who I admired even if I didn't think they were very good.

The night wore on and I spilled more beer down my leg or, if that wasn't obvious enough the glazed expression and blood-shot eyes would have been. Look Back In Anger place quite a lot of emphasis on stage appearance and have quite a strong focal point in Mich, who was dressed all in black with a shock of white hair. With the parting phrase of "Don't laugh!" they clamored up on stage and proceeded to launch themselves into their set. With songs such as "Cut!" (about vivisection) and "Foxhunt", "Look Back In Anger" seems to be an appropriate name for this band.



Nobody can stop an idea
Whose time has come

"Killing me for beauty,
Killing me for science,
You're killing me for profit." seemed slightly hypocritical to me with Mich sporting a pair of thigh-length leather boots, but then, their hearts seem to be in the right place. Perhaps her fury paralysed the audience because apart from us the movement was purely backwards, towards the bar. In fact nobody even clapped! The set was fast and furious, a combination of a heavy beat with catchy danceable tunes, and lasted about three quarters of an hour. I wondered how they had managed to finish it because they seemed to have little if no effect on the audience. The apathy was reiterated with the overwhelming fact that Jim only managed to sell two fanzines in the entire evening and not many singles either.

We arrived back at Sims at a particularly cold 3 o'clock in the morning only to be greeted by a rather enthusiastic boxer dog, a piece of wholemeal toast and an extremely welcome sleeping bag.

A very bleary-eyed Helen emerged that morning at around eleven and once we had regained consciousness we all walked about half a mile to the nearest pub. I had noticed that there was something strange about this little place Swanmore, the night before but hadn't been able to pin-point it until that morning. There don't appear to be any street lamps and, coming from the "bright lights of Harrow Weald" I found this extremely unnerving.

After having been thrown out of the pub at two we sauntered up to the bus stop only to be hit with the reality of our fate. The buses that run from Swanmore to Southampton do not emerge on a Sunday. The bus journey we eventually took to Southampton (via Fareham) was long, arduous and expensive and when we finally arrived we watched the last seat fill up on the coach back to London. Look Back In Anger certainly live up to their name and gave a good performance that, if given the right audience could have been excellent. Despite the distances involved I was glad that I'd gone as I think they are certainly a band worth going to see if the opportunity arises.

Further information about Look Back In Anger can be obtained by writing and enclosing a s.a.e. to: Jim Newby, "Glen Eyre", Brickyard Road, Swanmore, Southampton, Hants.

HELEN JULY 83 (with help from Sharon) Thank to the band, particularly Simon and his car and Jim for putting us up.

Co-existence In The Half- Light

In the gloaming,
in the twilight,
at the witching hour.....

Halfway 'twixt normality and reality,
'twixt "reality" and sanity;
nothing is normality.....

Unsure,

Unstated,

Unperceived,

Unreal(?); in the half-light.....

I look outside, sitting in the gloom of the half-light.... The cloudless sky is a deep blue; cold as humanity, yet warm and inviting; an endless void, yet a grimly protective shell. The street lamp shines a yellow glow, curiously mundane and out of place. Everything around is drenched in a yellow luminosity; artificiality imparted on every brick, bush, leaf and window. Leaves are not leaves now, but shapes reflecting light whilst remaining dark. The world is of a different aspect now; all is unreal in the twilight.... Two cats cast of white concrete sit on a wall; in a second they leap and run to the shadows, defying mystery. A child shouts and runs through the cast circle of phosphorescence; it's face is grotesque with the night, yet, the shout is full of sunshine..... Everything has a double life, half-here in the half-light.....

Faces pulled into expressions of practised boredom file in a silent queue; in the dim light. Allotted money paid, each figure stamped, like cattle. A room, cavernous and dark. All hidden behind haircuts and holes; in the half-light. Muddled in corners, trying to talk, but the noise is too loud, too distracting; confusing; nobody hears in the half-light. Bodies rise, flock to one point, gyrating. Faces catch the light, features writh, disfigured; yet, one looks half calm, he half understands the half-light.

In the gloaming,

in the twilight,

at the witching hour.....

Halfway 'twixt normality and reality,
'twixt "reality" and sanity,

Is sanity reality?

Is sanity normality?

All seems unreal in the half-light;
but;

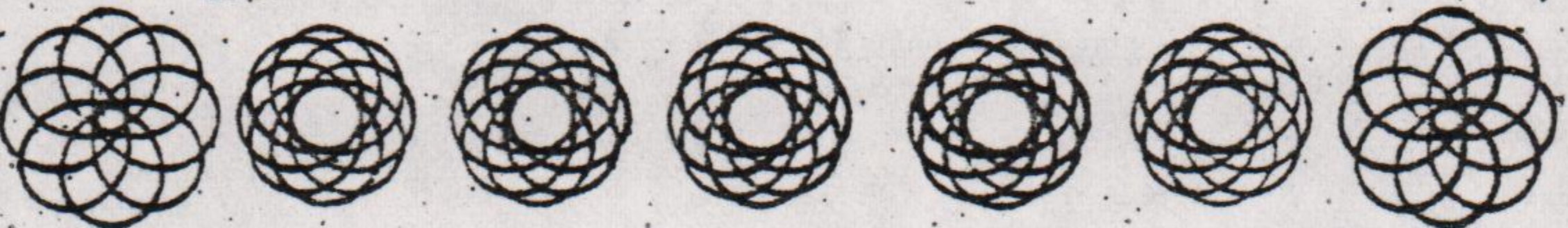
maybe;

it's hyper-real.....

A SONG AND LIFE

COME OUT ONE OUT AND
I WILL KISS YOU

"They gave their lives for something, never understood, never understood, never understood....."



In varying states of lateness tonight's representatives collect on Harrow On The Hill station until there are 5 of us, 5 individuals standing out from the mass conformity of the grey, life sentence commuters, I look closely but not a trace of a stain or rip or hole in their clothes can be seen and surely that has to mean something? Have you ever thought how carrying a sleeping bag gives you a sense of adventure and I love it. The train arrives, we sit down but it's a long time and a fair few sets of people getting on before someone will dare to sit next to us, the rest of the carriage gives her pitying looks they all look hostile, all together, a lumpen grey mass of flesh and blood, the epitome of the 'Falklands spirit' and a living proof that violent direct action will never work. A change of trains and a new set of people, or are they I really couldn't tell the difference. A lot of 'punk' gigs are like that, agree, sterile uniformity and that is one of the reasons why the Mob are wonderful. Fanzines are getting like that as well now, 10 info sheets stuck together does not a fanzine make, why don't people write anymore? Do we need a lot of mini sounds and NME's running about all trying to be as unoriginal as the last where are the new Mick Mercers, Tony Ds, Tom Vagues and even Lee tho' I doubt he'll like it???

Hackney in the dark is a funny old place and I like it (for a while at least as you'll find out if you don't give up 2 way through). It has a sense of something going on or about to happen, unlike Harrow which always feels as though something violent is going to happen, the lights shine and the buses rush by, it's exciting and the people don't stare as much, like I said, it's a funny place. Turning of the main road is like plunging into another world like one of those 'modern' films that sling unrelated images at you one after another. On one side is a dark, murky canal which always manages to look dark and murky even when the suns shining, there's a couple of houseboats on it, Coach says he'd like to live on one, I wouldn't mind either but I'd prefer a double decker bus and someone to drive it so we could run around the country like those old Cliff Richard films that they put on on lazy summer Saturdays when you're having dinner. For some reason it feels like the weekend.

Anyway back to the canal, behind the canal are numerous factories in various states of disrepair looking just like there should be an @ centre in them only they haven't got roofs, there is also a pair of gas thingies the smaller one of which Sarah is in love with, something about the lattice metalwork or something. A few kids are sitting around outside a solitary towerblock, they're still there when we eventually get back, I feel sorry for them really, is that really all they've got to do with their lives, hang around? Sometimes I wonder if it's all worth it, I mean these are the people we should be getting through to and we're not, I suppose it's too much of a struggle and I don't really want to spend large amounts of time and money going to gigs that these people go to (if they go at all) like I went to the Virgin Prunes gig at the Ace and we sold about 15 fanzines between 6 of us but we sold about 30+ at Conflict at the 100 club where there were about a 3 as many people. We sold about 3 to some soulboys at the Pulse gig the other day and that may be the most worthwhile thing we've ever done.

God knows how we did it but we eventually arrive at Lee's

this text is spoken in the Blackout



LOVE PEACE ANARCH

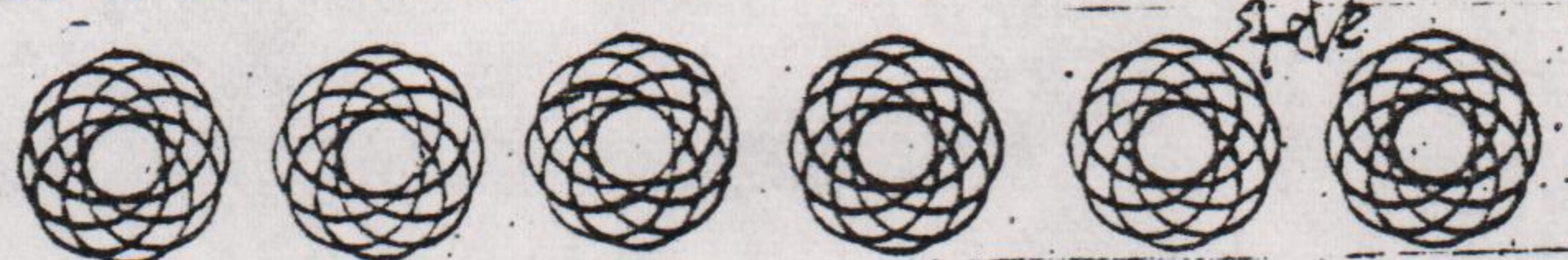
only to find the bastards have gone to see Star Wars or something but Kim agrees to guide us in the direction of Dalston. On the way we pass one of those Town Halls (always Labour) telling all the world how much unemployment there is in their town, I wonder if it'll still be up if Labour win the election? I for one doubt it. My feet are just about falling off when we finally reach Chat's palace. It's a really nice place, bar and everything and quite a nice atmosphere and we manage to sell the last of the fanzines. Someone accuses Coach of being a Capitalist, these people amaze me, do they realise how much printing, postage etc cost, I suppose they think all fanzines should be given away free and would be happy to see 99% disappear due to sheer lack of money. I'd love to be able to give them away, just think how many more people we could get through to, Anyway when this person produces something of worth for free I'll forgive him but until then.....D&V come on, 2 in number and song by song win everyone over (but it's not good old meat and 2 veg prime punkie wunkie pogo packed street anthems of the street is it, I mean drums and vocals that's long mac territory guv ain't it-G. Bushell) Of course it's punk, doing what you want, doing something different and all the more effective for it. I don't like reviewing gigs really most of the time it's seems so pointless so I'll just say that Youth In Asia were very good. A general concensus of opinion around me seemed to suggest that those lovable beasties Hagar The Womb were not liked Oh well these people have no taste, the bassist was brilliant bouncing around like one of those bright orange spacehopper things all the other kids except me had, except this one was playing the bass which you couldn't hear, and so to the Mob! The Mob are one of the few reasons why life is worth living they inspire a sense of adventure, a sense of freedom and above all hope and without hope what have we got? You can tell it's a Mob gig from the people, there's little of the drab, greyness that screams uniform that is so prevalent of so many of their contemporaries gigs, there's still a few though who haven't got the message yet but the rest are a joyful bunch of tatty rags, bright colours and uncontrollable hair, it's hot at the front under the lights not to mention total chaos, writhing bodies in a living celebration of dance remember that? not much of the tedious 'let's see how near we can push ourselves to the front of the stage and stay there' syndrome. Witch Hunt is not so much a song as a legend a song which simply explodes with energy the words dripping with venom and nothing can stand still, it makes you want to go back to the days where you could pick up a bag in one hand and a tent in the other and just walk and never come back, a glimpse of freedom. At one point it began to look like pantomime when Mark could hardly be seen behind a mass of Union Jack t-shirts and leather painted with the Exploited and other such fools all singing along in perfect conformity to Never Understood, I'm sure the idea behind the poster with the lyrics on was for them to be read and thought about not read and regurgitated without passing the brain in the process, another band, another gig to them, someone has got to make them understand before it's too late. Say it loud-The Mob are not just another band. As the months go by music seems less and less important to me I think it's because very little of it means anything nowadays, there's no passion no commitment, no excitement anymore, it's all so false, bands don't say what they mean, just what will appeal to the audience and put it in the most revoltingly obvious way possible. The popularity of the Mob shows that you don't have to take

All the Madmen?



the easy way out, The Mob mean something, moments like the last verse and chorus of Never Understood transcends mere words, analysis and thought and reach up into the realms of pure, undiluted emotion, in other words magic. It leaves you with a feeling of not wanting to do anything but wait for the next Mob gig, They're that good.

Staggering out into the warm night, we walk right into a group of very hostile, black youths, kicking cars and looking to have every intention of kicking us, we turn and go out of our way in the other direction, later I try to analyse it, what makes people like that? What possible pleasure can it give someone to try and hurt anyone and anything they come into contact with. Eventually I decide that the people who say that dressing differently will not have the slightest effect on anyone else is talking a load of rubbish, it threatens people and they don't like it coz they don't understand it and turn to the first basic, unthinking reaction and try to destroy it, by ridicule or by violence. They don't understand love and so it threatens them. Attacking them with violence in return is useless because they understand that and know how to deal with it. Shattered we return to Lee's and try to go to sleep until the next time.



"Black out the sun of the love that is trying to shine through, coz that's not the thing that a red blooded man's got to do..."

The sky seems to be glowing, almost pulsating, a vibrant blue void. Everything is thrown into sharp focus, glaring white light and deep chasms of shadow. Each sound shouts unshamed into the stillness; all is clear cut, precise, almost surreal. Momentarily I feel fright at the world's self-assured, self-satisfied, semblance of security. For the most part though I'm fooled and I feel a childish joy and excitement at the spring sunshine. On a brick wall a slogan proclaims peace and hope in large optimistic letters. On a day like this it doesn't seem naive nor impossible, I smile and walk on.

In the soft subtle shadow of a tree children play. There is a largish rectangle of grass, battered into submission by footballs and bikes known locally as the park. Aggression and hate lash from small fists and middle aged eyes; well there's nothing else to do save four stiffly squeaking swings. The audience of a few girls sit on a low wall. Obliging, they chant old familiar words of encouragement with their mouths on automatic pilot; the scene is obviously too frequent to be of any interest. In case of a truly boring interlude they have a lollipop in one hand and a cigarette hanging languidly from the other. One girl is partly entwined with her baby doll and partly with a small figure; tousled head buried in a torn carrier bag, sniffing his youth away. The shadow of the tree merges into oblivion as the sun is obscured by a small grey cloud. The breeze strengthens uneasily and blows an empty beer can into the gutter.

An old man sits alone in the pub I pass, with only a pint and a paper for company. He's always there, he's one of the regulars. He laughs along with an unheard joke and joins in with the happiness that radiates from a group across the room. He buys the young girls drinks as a sorry substitute for their company, they look embarrassed, they don't know what to do. He mutters quietly to himself and greets a small dog with the heartfelt welcome of a man who has been lonely for the last twenty years. He sits; and dozes quietly.

In a chip shop tribes of teenagers, each wearing distinctive war paint, eye each other warily. The air is filled with an expectant silence; a boot scraps provocatively along the floor, a look has the edge of a flickknife. Joking amongst themselves one of them mocks a spastic child; on the counter an old bus ticket lies at the bottom of an empty charity box.

Outside, an old woman sits on a bench. Her white hair disorganised by the wind, a shock of red lipstick smudged. She's there everyday, there's nothing else to do, she lives alone and hated the "over sixty's" well meaning coffee mornings. She used to receive glances of pity, then embarrassment, then disgust; she doesn't look any more. She sips from the bottle of maths badly concealed in a torn carrier bag. She doesn't seem to notice the rain begins to fall hard and unrelenting, lashing the pavement cold.

Out of a school gate swarm some women in eastern saris and Littlewoods jumpers, followed by a crowd of their small children. They hurry quickly in the rain passed the bench, the children block the pavement in a crowd of chattering excitement. "I wish they'd go back to where they belong" snarls a bitter hostile voice after them.

Through a net curtained window a television flickers, a family sit watching it through net curtained eyes. A scene of peace protesters is shown, they are depicted as irrational, over reactive, over emotional fools. A glossy film follows, a nostalgic look back at the good old days of slaughtering argentinian conscripts in the Falklands. As it's "family viewing" there are shots of waving sweethearts, brave soldiers with guns, patriotic islanders, much sentiment but no blood. Oh, and it wouldn't be tactful to mention that Britain's money paid for a great deal of the Argentinian's arms, would it? So the children collect their copies of Falklands War "magazine" and the family sit, cosy and safe from the cold rain outside, content in illusion.

On the way home I pass the same brick wall; splinters of rain splash hard on the slogan. It fades into the dark wet colour; you can hardly read it now, and it doesn't seem appropriate any more.

Violence and hate are splattered now, from a new can of paint; bitter and fresh. The sky darkens and rumbles ominously, a riverlet of ice cold water runs down my back, I shiver and turn away.....
.....SERPH.... May '83.....

After the
sunsets,
And the
adverts,
And the
Urban streets



FOR THOSE THAT CARE, OPEN YOUR HEARTS, THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL!

TAPES

NO-ONE GETS OUT THE WASTED ONES: STEVE 33, ALFRISTON AVE, N. HARROW MIDDX. SARAH 96 GLEGG HILL RD, HARROW MIDDX HAS 7DA

GOD THE TAPES + SICK SOCIETY- APF BRIGADE: two tapes with masses of tracks in the distinctive APF style, find out for yourself. £1.00 each + SAE to Jon, 56 Robert Ave, Paston, Peterborough, Cambs, PE1 3XY.

AURAL ASSULT: 10 tracks by Desert Rats/Feedback/ Reptiles/Screaming Dead/Steve B. Grouse/The lost Famous/ Lu-Lu Boys/Accursed/Spoils of War/G.G. Allin - very good quality. £1.25 + SAE to Kev, 2nd Floor, 124 Bath Road, Cheltenham, Glos, GL53 7JX

NEW CRIMINALS (VOL1): 20 tracks by Sinyx/Subhumans/86:Mix/ Stripy Zebras/APF Brigade/Flux of Pink Indians/ Enole Death - very good quality. £1.25 + SAE to Graham, 360 Victoria Ave, Southend-on-sea, Essex SS2 6NA.

GET D-FEKTED- D-FEKT: good quality tape of demo and practice tracks, fast loud punk with a lyric + info sheet and a patch if you ask for one. Blank tape + SAE to Steve, 37 St Paul St, Burslem, Stoke on Trent, Staffs ST6 4BZ.

TWISTED NERVOUS BREAKDOWN: 24 tracks by Krondstadt/Abortion Terror/Bible of sins/Apostles/ Heresy/Hagar the wench/Curse/Political Asylum/ Verbal warning/Napalm Death. Ok quality £1.25 + SAE (I think) to Miles, Broad Acre, Lodge Green Lane, Meriden, W.Mids, CV7 7JZ.

RETURN FROM THE GRAVE: 27 tracks by Icon M/Distortion/ Pagans/Nomadic/Dissident Sect /Peroxide/Anarchist/ Slaughtered Corpses/Andy T/The Dead/The Secluded/ Reality control - pretty good quality. £1.00 + SAE to Trunt, 18 Hillcrest Ave, Whitehaven, Cumbria.

NOT ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE- ICONS OF FILTH: another excellent quality tape I.O.F are miles clear of most of the other current trashers. £2.00 + SAE to Mortathate c/o RT, 137 Blenheim Cres, London W11.

ANTIBODY + GENOCIDE ASSOCIATION DEMOS: 4 tracks of tuneful decent stuff by Antibody and 3 tracks of total trash by G.A. £1.00 + SAE to the Final Curtain address elsewhere.

SUBVERSIVE ELEMENTS: 20 tracks by A-Heads/ Organised Chaos/APF Brigade/System/Sinyx/Xpopez/ Psycho Faction/Cold War/Napalm Death/Subhumans. Very good quality. £1.00 + SAE to Andy, 16 Mill Rd, Devizes, Wilts.

THROUGH THE WINDOW-FACTION: yet another excellent quality tape and again original and tuneful. £1.00 inc P&P to 96 Brougham Rd, Hackney, London E8.

DEMOS - A-HEADS : good to very good quality tape of Studio and live demo in the fast, tuneful A-Heads style. Blank tape + 50p to 96 Brougham Rd, Hackney, London E8

UNTAMED CULTURE-SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK: excellent quality tape, find out about 'Mentalbilly' by sending £1 + SAE to Baillie, 11 Grimsdyke Rd, Hatch End, Middx.

PAH : 30 tracks by Riot-clone/X-Cretas/Warming/ APF Brigade/ Health Hazzard/Lost Cherees/ Rebellions youth/ Panik/Ad Nauseum/Glimpo Saucers/ total Control/Hideous Mushrooms. Good quality. 70p + SAE to Nuts, 29 Summerville Gdns, Cheam, Surrey SM1 2BO.

SONGS OF ANGER, SONGS OF HOPE-AUTUMN POISON: Is track tape with booklet of melodic tuneful stuff with excellent lyrics. £1.25 + SAE to the New Criminals address.

THE VALUE OF DEFIANCE - THIS BITTER LESSON: again excellent quality, music and poetry and totally original. £1.00 + SAE to Rob V, 56 Brougham Rd, Hackney, London E8.

HMM: 23 tracks by Subhumans/Destructors/4 minute warning/ Naked/ Patrol, 3/D Scream/ Aged/ a lovely way to die? 75p to Nuts.

those ALSO RESPONSIBLE: COACH KIM HELEN JULIE SHARON IAN (CHIPPY)

those who Cared: chippy, NO 23 R-1-J, XvHe, Rob V, Graham, John, Hugh + Daryl, HTW, Nick, Steve I, Mick S, Interaction, Lee, MARK, ADRIAN, JAMIE

DANCE

FANZINES - the best!

PANACHE 23 - SIMPLY THE BEST. LOAD AND LOADS OF STUFF, UK DK, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 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