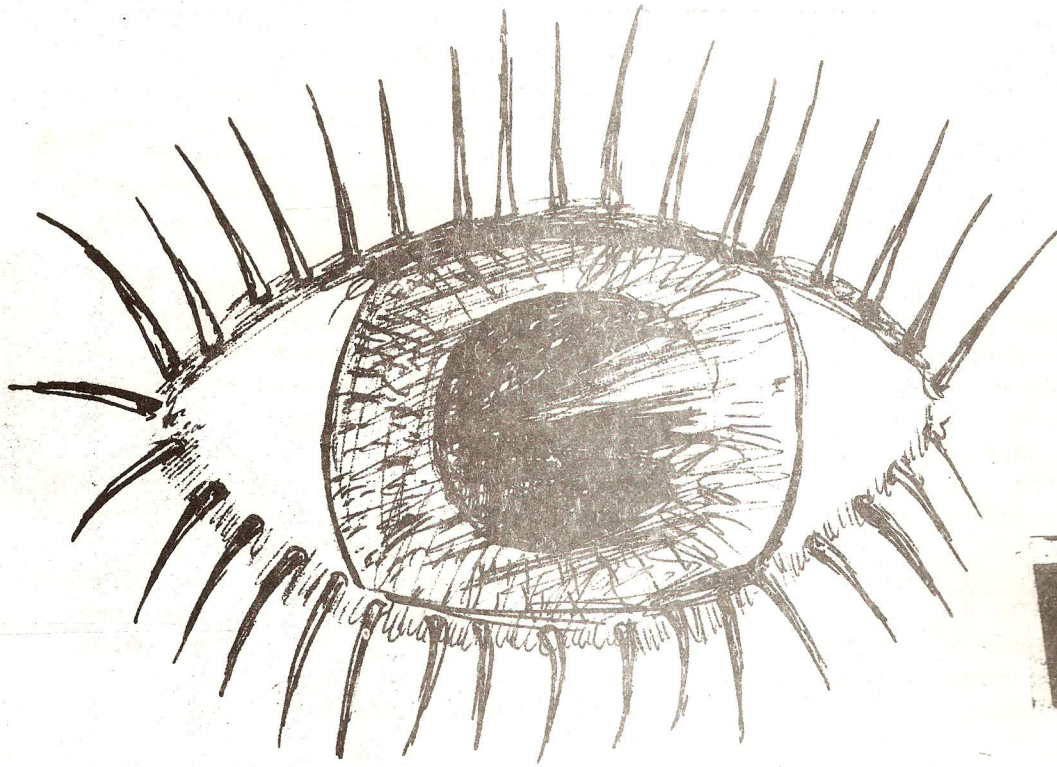


PAUL (82)

THE WHITE HORSE, UFFINGTON, OXON
TEL UFFINGTON 652

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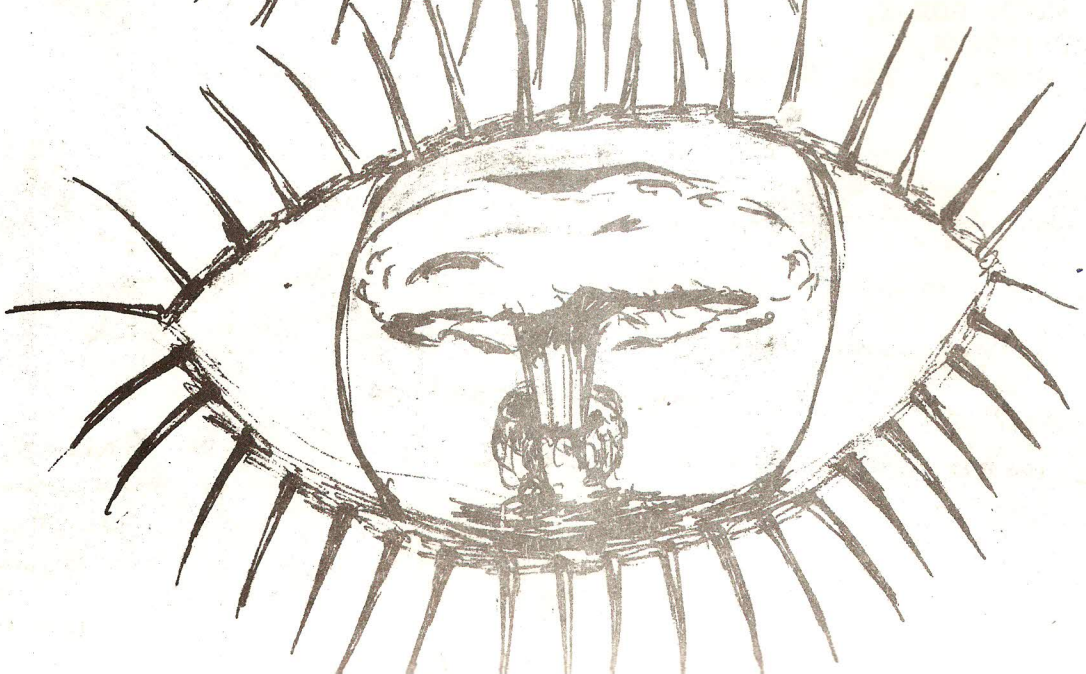
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Paul

A Z N° 1

RE WRITING HISTORY

The above term was made famous by George Orwell in 1984. It's Principle Character altered old news to bring it into line with Big Brothers predictions.

In 1980 it's already established Music Biz Ploy. Take the UK Subs, recent press photos for instance. Hod carriers with hairdoo's, revolutionaries in rouge, Wow! So tres Anarchiste. Why not take a picture of the record companies advertising dept. that would be far more honest. Ask Charlie Harper about anti fashion he'd probably turn away and mumble he'd never heard of it.

Whilst the UK Subs choose to ignore a cornerstone of their movement, Rich Adar Ant denies it ever existed. In the interest of American sales he tells or reasires the US Press that there was no threat just "A revolt into style" for him the great thing about the Sex Pistols were the Pink Jumpers they wore at one gig he saw. Of course he does'nt want to bother his pretty little head about things like, Anarchy revolt, Anger or Frustration partly because this would not do well for his putrid American sales campagne and partly becouse he's a ~~really~~ old fox and knows that Virgin have been flogging a dead horse for three year now. Virgin would have you believe it was all Sid vicious's drugs and nasty swear words viable commodities both Adam and Virgin have re Written History Aided unwittingly by Oi Bands. When the UK Subs and Cockney Rejects who see Punk as a Piss Up and a puke up and a light stung together by a 90 mph guitar solo. " By the way readers homework for today

" What did Punk mean to me?" Double think and newspeak must be used.

MARK B.

I thought I'd open my zine with the above piece by Mark because I'm so fascinated by his style of writing. I aim to cover the lesser known bands as much as possible and maybe occaisionally take on a bigger band if needs be. The name can be seen as an anarchist's send up of the famous hippy oz zine of yesteryear, or maybe you can interpretate the A as a symbol for anarchy and the Z as the last letter of the alphabet or last resort, and from that derive the statement or question "why shuold anarchy be the last resort..... ~~Enough~~ Enough of all that this zine is to show you that anyone can produce a publication of some kind, and is just a big V sign to the established press who seem to have ability to manipulate interviews and what have you into what they like to provide interesting but inaccurate reading, and they have the POWER to condemn some of our up and coming bands into oblivion, why should the opinion of one person be final.....

PAUL - AZ,
THE WHITE HORSE,
UFFINGTON,
OXON. TEL UFFINGTON 652.....

A special thanks to the Talestine, for their
tape e record (75p + postage) - I'm afraid
your letter was too late for issue N°1 but
N°2 Z will contain yourselves.
FOR INFO OR RECORDS WRITE TO:

ROB BANKS,
12, MACLEON ROAD,
WEST HOVE,
BOURNMOUTH
DORSET,
BH11 8EP

CROSS - POISON GIRLS - ANNIE ANXIETY THE OLD TOWN HALL READING

I'd been looking forward to this gig for a long time, it was sold out when I got there

but the bloke at the door took a quid off me and let me in (what a corrupt world.....)

The music was preceded by some really disturbing films, which though were quite disjointed, had a very powerful message to portray, showing scenes from Hiroshima, test crashing, a brand new kitchen which seemed to be the centre of life for a particular couple, a status symbol to show to friends and neighbours.

The first act of the night was Annie Anxiety who performed just one number to start with called 'could this be love, a clever parody of a slushy/shitty love song, which with the aid of her facial expressions, and other manorisms created a rivetting' experience, which I shall not forget for a long while. my only disappointment was that Annie only performed two songs

Next on were the poison girls who performed an immaculate set, and established an even tighter sound than they do on record, they played most of their classics from C. Bridge and Hex, and a few besides I didn't recognise. Their performance was highlighted for me by the much speeded up version of State Control and rock and roll, and the new Gem Dirty Work. The crowd really loved them and if they were half as exhausted as I was at the end of their set, and despite not being drop. Annie took out every word I feel I understood what she heard before, and this particular song seemed to be about the brainwashing of children through their toys etc, i.e. girls are given dolls and taught how to housework and cook, while the boys are given imitation weapons of death and destruction.

The climax of the evening arrived with a white piece of tape across his face and proclaimed to the world 'Stand and deliver'..... The crowd was behind them all the way while they pounded out their songs with us lot doing the backing vocals. My favourites of the night they pounded the 'xx' even more fantastic live, Nagasaki Nightmare, and the real showstopper Dothey owe us a living. At one point during their set a hairless young gentleman clambered on stage grabbed a mike and uttered that most meaningful of statements 'Skin 'leads' to which Steve replied

and taught how to PRETEND to kill and be killed, so the objections will be fewer when the call up papers arrive, and taught how to cook, while the boys are given imitation weapons of death and destruction.

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PUNK IS DEAD? SYSTEM?

Subtle

ELECTRIC
REFLECTIONS
OF WAR

WAR

TANK (A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY).

Pounding along in a tank of metal,
A feeling of power that can't be equalled,
Irresistable force crush imovable object,
All give way before us.

Screaming above us,
The planes flak the hillside,
The cut huge chunks from the earth,
Excreting lead at 200 a minute,
Firing metallic death.

Fear finally penetrates our metal haven,
We are struck, Not so invincible now,
Baking in our metal prison,
Not so Invincible now,
Not so Invincible now,
Not so Invincible

PAIN AND SUFFERING
TO THOSE WHO QUESTION
MY POWER STATUS



"Your Orders are
to MURDER them
before they fulfill
their orders to
MURDER you"

TRENCH (WAR'S FUTILENESS REALISED).

Sitting in a forHole, Deaf to all the noise,
A soldier waits his turn to die.
"Over the top lads" The seargent cries,
And over the top he goes.

"It's just like coming into Hell",
He thinks as he runs.
A man made fog begins to clog the air,
His mask goes on "It won't get me aswell",
Men slowly gasp for breath that is'nt there.

"Forward lads, Forward" The Seargent cries,
And falls silently as he dies,
With hearts pounding, onward they run,
terrified, with no direction.

After the carnage theres only him left,
His eyes blinded with hot tears.
All of that slaughter, all that death,
What a waste of years.

FIGHT WAR NOT WARS

ANYONE WHO WANTS
TO KNOW ANY MORE
ABOUT SUBTLE FRACTURE
WRITE TO ME AND I'LL
PASS THE MAIL ONTO
THEM. OR WRITE TO
SIMON, 251. LAWRENCE
CLOSE, ABBOTS LANGLEY, WATTFORD, HERTS.

----- Subtle Fracture ALL © Copyright 1981. -----

