

DUTCHMEN
902: INSIDE A BRITISH CONCENTRATION CAMP—
WHERE 20,000 DUTCHMEN INCLUDING CHILDREN DIED—
DO YOU FEEL ANY PITY FOR THESE MURDERED MEN
—WOMEN—
WHO DIED AT THE HANDS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE—
—CH—
VICTIMS THEY MAY HAVE BEEN—
BUT INNOCENT THEY WERE NOT: &
THEY WERE MURDERERS JUST THE SAME—
WITH THEIR OWN CODE OF HATE—
—CH—
THESE DUTCHMEN CARRIED RIFLES—
WENT OUT HUNTING ON HORSEBACK—
DELIGHTING IN THE SLAUGHTER—
OF A BIGGER KIND OF PREY—
TAKING PART IN THE LATEST WAVE OF GENOCIDE—
THEY FOUND KILLING ZULUS MUCH MORE—
FUN THAN ANY OTHER GAME—
—CH—
THESE ZULU WARRIORS FELT SO PROUD—
OF ALL THE SUFFERING THEY HAD CAUSED—
DRIVEN TO A FRENZY BY THE DEATH HATE—
OF TRIBAL WARS—
BOUND UP BY THEIR OWN MORALS—
THEIR OWN BIGOTRY+LIES+SHIT—
IT'S JUST THE SAME IN—
NORTHERN IRELAND+POLAND+AFGHANISTAN—
THEY'RE JUST FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT—
TO ENFORCE THEIR OWN OPPRESSION—
THROUGH THE BIGOTRY+BLINDNESS—
OF THEIR MORAL LAW—

RUDIMENTARY PENI (UK) 1983
ROTTEN TO THE CORE
HAVE YOU REALISED THAT ROCK STARS
ALWAYS SEEM TO LIE SO MUCH?
JOHN LYDON ONCE SAID HE CARED
BUT HE NEVER REALLY GAVE A FUCK
SAID HE'D USE THE MONEY HE MADE
SO THAT PEOPLE COULD HAVE SOMEWHERE TO GO
BUT NOW HE LIVES IN THE U.S.A
AND SNORTS COKE AFTER THE SHOW
WHY IS IT THAT "ROCK STARS"
ALWAYS SEEM TO LIE SO MUCH?
JOE STRUMMER ONCE SAID HE CARED
BUT HE NEVER REALLY GAVE A FUCK
SAID HE'D USE THE MONEY HE MADE
TO SET UP A RADIO STATION TO MAKE THE
AIRWAVES FULL OF SOMETHING MORE THAN SHIT
HAVE YOU NOTICED WE'RE STILL WAITING?
YOU MUST REALISE THAT "ROCK STARS"
ALWAYS SEEM TO LIE SO MUCH
SOME WILL ALWAYS TELL YOU THAT THEY CARE
BUT THEY DON'T REALLY GIVE A FUCK
STILL YOU SUCKERS DON'T EVER LEARN
THAT ROCK STARS DEAL IN MONEY NOT TRUTH
IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO EXPLOIT YOU
JUST LOOK AT LYDON OR STRUMMER FOR PROOF

ARTIFICIAL
I KNOW I'M ARTIFICIAL
BUT DON'T PUT THE BLAME ON ME
I WAS REARED WITH APPLIANCES
IN A CONSUMER SOCIETY
WHEN I PUT ON MY MAKE-UP
THE PRETTY LITTLE MASK NOT ME
THAT'S THE WAY A GIRL SHOULD BE
IN A CONSUMER SOCIETY
MY EXISTENCE IS ILLUSIVE
THE KIND THAT IS SUPPORTED
BY MECHANICAL RESOURCES
MY EXISTENCE IS ILLUSIVE
THE KIND THAT IS SUPPORTED
BY MECHANICAL RESOURCES
I WANNA BE INSTANTANEOUS
I WANNA BE A FROZEN PEA
I WANNA BE DEHYDRATED

Too Much Too Young
Recorded by **THE SPECIALS** on Two Tone Records
You've done too much much too young
Now you're married with a kid when you could be having
fun with me
(COVENTRY)
1979
You've done too much much too young
Now you're married with a son when you should be having
fun with me
Ain't he cute, no he ain't
He's just another burden on the welfare state
You've done too much much too young
Now you're married with a kid when you could be having
fun with me
Call me immature, call me a poser
I'd love to spread manure in your bed of roses
Don't wanna be rich, don't wanna be famous
But I'd really hate to have the same name as you
You've done too much much too young
Now you're married with a kid when you could be having
fun with me
You've done too much much too young
Now you're chained to the cooker making currant buns for
tea
Ain't you heard of the starving millions
Ain't you heard of contraception
Do you really wanna programme of sterilisation
State control of the population boom
It's in your living room keep the generation gap
Try wearing a cap

THE MOB (UK) 1982
Oh Bondage Up Yours!
Bind me, tie me,
Chain me to the wall
I wanna be a slave
to you all
Oh bondage up yours
Oh bondage no more
Oh bondage up yours
Oh bondage no more
Chain-store, chain-smoke
I consume you all
Chain-gang, chain-mail
I don't think at all
Thrash me, crash me,
Beat me till I fall
I wanna be a victim
for you all

X-RAY SPEX (LONDON) 1977-8
PLASTIC BAG
1977 AND WE ARE GOING MAD
IT'S 1977 AND WE'VE SEEN TO MANY ADS
1977 AND WE'RE GONNA SHOW THEM ALL
THAT APATHY'S A DRAG
MY MIND IS LIKE A PLASTIC BAG
THAT CORRESPONDS TO ALL THOSE ADS
IT SUCKS UP ALL THE RUBBISH
THAT IS FED IN THROUGH MY EAR
I EAT KLEENEX FOR BREAKFAST
AND USE SOFT HYGIENIC WETARIX
TO DRY MY TEARS
MY MIND IS LIKE A SWITCHBOARD
WITH CROSSED AND TANGLED LINES
CONTENTED WITH CONFUSION
THAT IS PLUGGED INTO MY HEAD
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON
IT'S THE OPERATORS JOB, NOT MINE
I SAID

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS (BELFAST) 1978
SUSPECT DEVICE
INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL IS PLANTED IN MY HEAD
IT'S A SUSPECT DEVICE THAT'S LEFT 2000 DEAD
THEIR SOLUTIONS ARE OUR PROBLEMS
THEY PUT UP THE WALL
ON EACH SIDE THERE AND PRIME US
AND MAKE SURE WE GET FUCK ALL
THEY PLAY THEIR GAMES OF POWER
THEY MARK AND CUT THE PACK
THEY DEAL US TO THE BOTTOM
BUT WHAT DO THEY PUT BACK?
(CHORUS)
DON'T BELIEVE THEM, DON'T BELIEVE THEM
DON'T BE BITTEN TWICE
YOU GOTTA SUSS, SUSS, SUSS, SUSS, SUSS OUT
SUSS SUSPECT DEVICE
THEY TAKE AWAY OUR FREEDOM
IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY
WHY DON'T THEY ALL JUST CLEAR OFF
WHY DON'T THEY LET US BE
THEY MAKE US FEEL INVESTED
FOR SAVING US FROM HELL
AND THEN THEY PUT US THROUGH IT
IT'S TIME THE BASTARDS FEEL
(CHORUS)
DON'T BELIEVE THEM, DON'T BELIEVE THEM
QUESTION EVERYTHING YOU'RE TOLD
JUST TAKE A LOOK AROUND YOU
AT THE BITTERNESS AND SPITE
WHY CAN'T WE TAKE OVER AND TRY TO PUT IT RIGHT
(CHORUS)
WE'RE A SUSPECT DEVICE IF WE DO WHAT WE'RE TOLD
BUT A SUSPECT DEVICE CAN SCORE AN OWN GOAL
I'M A SUSPECT DEVICE THE ARMY CAN'T REFUSE
YOU'RE A SUSPECT DEVICE THEY KNOW THEY CAN'T REFUSE
WE'RE GONNA BLOW UP IN THEIR FACE

Decontrol
They fill you up with
their fucking lies, you're the
victims of the government.
they take liberties
they've no right to take
and you're lead to believe
they're oh so right
they only show concern when wars
declared, cause you're their
power and glory.
This whole affair's so fucking
unfair, it's so fucking sick
Decontrol, decontrol, we're being
shit on far to long.

PROFANE EXISTENCE
MAKING PUNK A THREAT AGAIN!
GOVERNMENT IS SLAVERY
IT'S LAWS ARE FOR THE RICH
AND CHAINS OF STEEL
FOR THE POOR
INSIDE!
SERVITUDE Interview
Sveriges Arbeters
Centralorganisation
Repression of the
anti-fascist movement
in Germany
Anti-fascist reports
Police Brutality
The State Made Flesh
Anarcho-Punk Federation
D.I.Y. electro hints
Dread Scene Report
DISKONTO tour photos
WHOEVER LAYS THEIR HANDS ON ME
IS A USURPER AND TYRANT
I DECLARE THEM TO BE MY ENEMY.

AVERSION
ISSUE NUMBER THREE WINTER 1996 30P/\$1/TRADE
CRACKED COP SKULLS
DOOM
PROFANE EXISTENCE
Heartatta Ck
Hard #2/25¢ Core

CRIMOS
Iconoclast

ANARCHO-PUNK LYRICS + INTERVIEWS
1977-1999

SLUG & LETTUCE
c/o Christine Boarts • PO Box 26632 • Richmond, VA 23281-6632
A ZINE SUPPORTING THE DO-IT-YOURSELF ETHICS OF THE PUNK COMMUNITY
SOME THOUGHTS FROM THE EDITOR
TO:
#57 FREE!
JAN-FEB 1999
DONATIONS APPRECIATED!

暴動 RIOT
SEVEN 65P/\$1-NO MORE!
HEALTH HAZARD
ECONOCHRIST
DEAD WRONG
CROSSED OUT
CHRIS DODGE
HELL NATION
DROPPED
HIATUS

fracture
issue #7
FREE
red monkey
gameface
u.s. bombs
the queers

CONFLICT • EXCREMENT OF WAR
CRUIE
ISSUE 6 • 40p
CHRIST! HE'S...
HE'S SOME KIND
OF... ANTI-STATE
TORTOISE!
FREE POSTER INSIDE!!!

MAXIMUM ROCKNROL
OCTOBER-NOVEMBER
ATROCITY TREASON
TRIAL P.L.H.
CRUCIFIX A STATE OF MIND
DISORDER
ECLITBOYS
MISGUIDED
WHITE CRASS
FU'S
SWEDEN
SPAIN
ITALY

SOME STILL SHOW STRENGTH, WHILE OTHERS JUST SHOW ANGER
HOLDING BACK OUR ONLY CHANCE FOR THE SAKE OF NEVER LEARNING
JUST WHO AND WHAT IS ON OUR SIDE? ONE THING THAT AIN'T, IS TIME
THEY'RE JUST WAITING FOR THEIR MOMENT.
CAN'T YOU SEE THEIR GUNS ARE LOADED?
AND POINTING AT OUR LIVES, OURS THEY WILL DESTROY
WITHOUT EVEN A SECOND THOUGHT, DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY CARE?
THEY COULDN'T GIVE A FUCK, BUT WHY SHOULD THEY FUCKING BOTHER?
WHEN WE ACCEPT THE SHIT THEY'VE SHAT,
THEY THINK THERE'S NO CHANCE OF ATTACK
COMPLACENCY CREEPS IN, CRACKS FORM IN THE FOUNDATIONS
SYSTEMS START TO SEIZE UP—POWERMONGERS FLEE THE NATION
ALL POWER'S BEEN ABDUCTED, ITS PROTECTORS HAVE ABANDONED
THE SHIP THAT SAILED TO NO AVOID, THE MUTINY DESTROYED THE SAIL

WELL IF YOU THINK THINGS CHANGE THAT EASY,
THINK THOSE BASTARDS WILL EASE UP
DREAM THEY'LL END OUR NUCLEAR NIGHTMARE,
THAT THEY'LL GIVE OUR WORLD BACK TO US
YOU'D BETTER GET AN EYEWASH
AND WIPE THOSE ILLUSIONS FROM YOUR EYES
FOR YOU MUST BE FUCKING JOKING,
THEY WON'T GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT

IF IT'S A FIGHT THEY WANT... THEY'VE GOT IT

BUT WE'D BETTER GET PREPARED
THEY'RE GONNA COME AT US LIKE HELL FOR LEATHER,
NOT ONE OF US THEY'LL SPARE
THEY'LL DESTROY US WITH THEIR ARMIES,
SMASH THE ANARCHISTS' BRAINLESS SKULLS
SO WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU SITTING BACK SAYING
"OH THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT GOES?"

YEH, THAT IS THE WAY IT'S GOING, BUT ALL PATHS CAN BE DIVERTED
DIRECTIONS CAN BE CHANGED—IT'S UP TO YOU TO LAY THE SURFACE
YOU'RE NOT ALONE SO HOW ABOUT TRYING TO GET UP OFF YOUR ARSE?
PREACHING WAYS AND MAKING STATEMENTS, OK FINE!
BUT THAT WON'T CHANGE THE NATION
PILING ON THE PRESSURE, WITH MASS ACTION AS BACK UP
YEH, LET'S TAKE THE FIGHT TO THEM!
WHY WAIT FOR THEM TO COME FOR US?
LET'S PULL TOGETHER AND GIVE THEM THE TEST
THAT WILL NEVER BE FORGOT

MOTHER THATCHER ORDERS MEETING WITH THE ARCH-ANGEL HESELTINE
DISCUSS A PLAN THEY'VE BEEN PREPARING—"THE DREAM TO END ALL TIME"
THEY PRETEND TO SHOUT, BUT WHISPER,
AS THEY PLOT THEIR MAKEPIECE FEUD
PREACHING MORALITY OR INSANITY,
WHICHEVER ONE ATTRACTS THE HORDES
CRUSHING REVELATIONS, MOVING IN ON LOVE AND TRUST
WHILE SLIVLY CORNERING OUR FREEDOM,
MAKING SURE IT DOESN'T BURST OUT
TO THE MANIPULATED MASS OF DARKNESS
THAT'S BEEN CONQUERED AND FORGOTTEN
"FUCKED HARD" AND LEFT FOR HOPELESS,
LIKE THE SCUM THAT PASSED BEFORE THEM
THE TASK OF THE ALMIGHTY TO PROVE THE UNBEATABLE HAND OF RIGHT
ENCOURAGING THE CHALLENGE TO ATTEMPT TO SLAY THEIR MIGHT
THESE BASTARDS THAT FORCE RULE AND QUELL
ALL HOPES AND PLEAS FOR PEACE
JUST CAN'T WAIT TO GET THEIR FINAL CHANCE TO PROVE SUPREMACY

"LOVE, CONFLICT"

WHO WAS THAT ON THE WINDOW LEDGE DID HE JUMP OR WAS HE PUSHED, HE LEFT A NOTE WHICH
NO ONE READ IN DESPERATE HAND THE NOTE JUST SAID, DIDNT TURN MY BACK ON SOCIETY,
SOCIETY TURNED ITS BACK ON ME, I NEVER TRIED ONCE TO DROP OUT, I JUST COULDN'T GET
IN FROM THE VERY START..... THE CHILDREN ALL PLAYED CLEVER GAMES THE GROWN
UPS GAVE THEM CLEVER NAMES, TURNED THEM ALL FROM VERY YOUNG ON TO THE DRUG
COMPETITION, FEED THEM T.V. EVERYDAY TEACH THEM JUST HOW THEY SHOULD PLAY, THEN
FOR THE ONES THAT START TO STRAY CUT THEM OFF TILL THEY OBEY..... OUR LITTLE
FRIEND WAS NOT THE TYPE TO WANT TO HAVE TO STAND AND FIGHT, SO THE BULLY BOYS ALL
COULD PICK UPON THE LONELY LITTLE KID, THE GROWN UPS ALL LOOKED HARD AND
LONG, SAID HE'S GOT TWO FEET HE CAN STAND ON, HE NEVER LIKE THE SICKLY
ONES THE BOISTEROUS ONES ARE MUCH MORE FUN..... HE FOUND IT HARD TO
SOCIALISE COS WHEN HE LAUGHED OR WHEN HE CRIED IN THE WRONG PLACE HED BE
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THAT YOUR SUPPOSED TO PLAY, NEVER LEARNT THE THINGS TO SAY OR LOOK EMOTION
SAFE AWAY..... ALL THE WORLD CAN NOT BE WRONG IT MUST BE ME I
DONT BELONG.....

FALLOUT (SURREY) 1983

RAPE...rape!sperm injected in your womb,pregnant for months then the baby starts to move and when
its born they take it away,deprive you of your love,the beauty of your pain.then they starve it,
watch it bleed to death as they let you hear it screaming as the life runs from its veins and you
can smell the murder of your young,as they rape you again a new process had begun.then they atrap
machines to your nipples and milk you till you bleed the produst of your seed and when you're old
and can produce no more your throat is cut and your flesh is erved up.born to permanent pregnancy
regularly raped,no matter about the pain,profit you will make.

SALT MINES...smash the commie unions again and again workers are scum and should be kept that way
lets get tough,make laws stricter,k eep the peasants down and help the rich get richer.twenty hour
shifts are fine,workers have an easy time,snorting coke with a freind of mine.work all hours to
make ends meet,fall ill and you'll be on the street,we'll have your children at your side,and flog
thier guts out until they die.eat your heart out wilberforce,rest in peace tuc,unions now dead and
gone,what you wanted all along,shoot the marxists,gas the trots,get back to the bench,work till
you drop,lets go back to the salt mines,back to victorian times,back to slave labour lines,back to
the salt mines.

REMEMBER...do you remember the time when people worked in factories and down the mines,when there
was a working calss,do you remember the time?well times have changed,society has moved,things are
different,they arent quite as crude,but the relationship remains of oppressor and oppressed,its
exploitation all the same the balance hasn't been bedressed,we can only solve the problem if we
accept that fact,stop hiding behind illusions,which is the laughable attack?

PROTEST TO RESISTANCE

NO! NO, — THERE'S NO FUCKING WAY THAT
ANYTHINGS GOING TO CHANGE, IT DEPENDS ON
YOU & YOU KNOW WE CAN PROTEST TILL
DEATH THEY WON'T LISTEN. DON'T SHIT BACK &
THINK IT WILL HAPPEN THEY WON'T GIVE UP
WHAT THEY HAVE ROBBED. STAND UP & RESIST!
BUT THE LEADERS HAVE CAUGHT ON WE SEE
THAT THEY'RE PREPARED FOR CIVIL WAR WHILE
ON OUR SIDE WE SQUABBLE ABOUT WHO DOES
WHAT & WHO SELLS MORE. THERE'S WOMEN
WITH JUST ONE REASON TO FIGHT FOR THEIR
EQUALITY FORGETTING THE SYSTEM HOLDS
SUPERIORITY.
FIRST WE'VE GOT TO COME TOGETHER SO FUCK
THE DIFFERENCES. IT DOESN'T MATTER IF ITS
NOISE OR MUSIC. TO THEM WE ALL TALK PIS.
TO THEM WE'RE THE SICK FARCE NOW LETS
NOT PROVE THEM RIGHT. IF WE'RE TO STAND
THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE WE MUST UNITE AND
FIGHT. WE MUST NEVER GIVE UP MAKE SURE
OUR MESSAGE AIN'T FORGOTTEN. THATS IF
THEY DON'T FUCKING STOP.
WE'RE GONNA FUCKING STOP
THEM !!!

CONFLICT
(LONDON) 1984-5

WHAT DOES THE CONFLICT SYMBOL STAND FOR?
COLIN... "THE CONFLICT SYMBOL STANDS FOR 'ANARCHO-Nihilist'. IT REPRESENTS... NO PARTY
POLITICS & NO LEADERSHIP. IT ALSO STANDS FOR ANARCHY & AUTONOMY WHICH WE BELIEVE TO BE
THE BEST FORM OF SURVIVAL." * * * * *
WHAT ARE YOUR OPINIONS ON ANARCHY?
COLIN... "I BELIEVE IN ANARCHY AS SELF EXPRESSION, A FORM OF HONESTY WHICH MUST NOT GET
CONFUSED WITH POLITICS. THERE IS NO ANARCHIST PARTY TO JOIN, ITS SELF GOVERNMENT...
TOTAL FREEDOM!" * * * * *

"MAXIMUM ROCK 'N' ROLL"
APRIL '85

ZOUNDS
(LONDON) 1980-81

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accept that fact,stop hiding behind illusions,which is the laughable attack?

TRouble AT THE HEART
Another fucking peace record
What good can it do?
Well we posed the question
The answer's up to you.
You can philosophise until you're blue in the face
But it will have no effect on the nuclear arms race
At some point protest should like getting through
The finger on the button will come down on you
Try to explain that we're repeating errors of the past
And they'll keep you from seeing into their holocaust
The authorities are prepared to keep you in your
place
With more and more armed police, and just in case
You decide that you have had enough
The police are prepared to play it rough
Death on the streets, daily reality in Northern
Ireland today
Don't kid yourself, it could happen here in the
same way.
We are integral cogs in their murder machine.
If you don't agree with the power games they play
Why don't you stand up and fucking say
And if they ignore you or tell you to go away
If you stand up and work for what you believe
In give up and just obey
How many more innocent victims are you
Prepared to sit back and let them slay
Before you face up to yourself and stand up
For what you believe and call it a day
It's so fucking easy to say you believe in
anarchy and peace
I'm shouting your mouth off to the system
We don't need your rules or your police
But it's so much harder to really believe and
think it through
To try and live your life like you know you ought to do
Don't do to others what you don't want done to you
There's so much shit about it it's difficult to know
where to start
But we should put our own homes in order before
treating others apart.
It's no good working on the body when there's
trouble at the heart.
You can't force others to do what you say
Show them a workable alternative, it's the only way
Stop putting it off, face yourself today
It's your life so fucking live it
Stop using protest like hippies used dope
Action, corruption, is our only hope
The noise is rapidly tightening around our necks
And slowly but surely we're running out of rope
Act now or choke
If we want to change the system our only hope
is to get off our asses
And give the bastards a poke.
CHURCH:
If you don't agree with the games they play
Why don't you stand up and say
Withdraw support, tell them to fuck their ways
How many times does it have to be said
You have your life, you don't need to be led
You have every right to fight for your freedom
But it doesn't have to be like their game
We don't need violence to forward our aims
Refuse to be part of their twisting games.

FLUX OF PINK
INDIANS (LONDON) 1984

SUBVERT
SUBVERT. SUBVERT. SUBVERT. SUBVERT.
IF YOU GOTTA JOB
YOU CAN BE AN AGENT
YOU CAN WORK FOR REVOLUTION
IN YOUR PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT
IF YOU WORK IN A FACTORY
THROW A SPANNER IN THE WORKS
INTERNAL SABOTAGE
HIT THEM WHERE IT HURTS
SUBVERT. SUBVERT. SUBVERT. SUBVERT.
IF YOU GOTTA JOB
WHERE THEY TREAT YOU LIKE A SLAVE
WHERE THEY TREAT YOU LIKE A ZOMBIE
IN THEIR CORPORATE GRAVE
IF YOU WORK IN AN OFFICE
MAKING TEA FOR THE BOSSSES
WHILE THEY ARE GETTING RICHER
ON TEN TIMES YOUR PAY
THEY MAY THINK YOU'RE STUPID
BUT YOU'RE WORKING UNDERCOVER
YOU'VE GOT THE POTENTIAL TO
DISOBEY
SUBVERT. SUBVERT. SUBVERT. SUBVERT.
IF YOU'VE GOT A JOB
COS THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO
WHERE THEY THINK THEY'VE GOT YOU TRAPPED IN
THE BOXES THAT THEY CHOOSE
IF YOU'VE GOT A JOB
YOU CAN BE AN AGENT
IF YOU WORK IN A KITCHEN
YOU CAN REDISTRIBUTE FOOD
IF YOU ARE A POLICEMAN
ORDERED TO ARREST ME YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO IT
YOU CAN REFUSE
SUBVERT. SUBVERT. SUBVERT. SUBVERT.

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STICK THE FUCKING FLAG UP YOUR GODDAM ASS
My father told me "Son, it's futile to resist. You
can't topple the ideology but not the armies they
enlist." I questioned the intentions of the
bystanders chanting "WARR!!"
"Well that's the sound of freedom, son," he
said (free to say no more)...
But wait a minute, "dad", did you actually
say freedom? Well, if you're dumb enough
to vote, you're fucking dumb enough to believe
him. Because if this country is so goddamn
free, then I can burn your fucking flag
wherever I damn well please.
(Cheese)
I carried their anthem, convinced it was mine.
Rhyemless, unreasoned conjecture kept me in line.
But then I stood back and wondered what the
fuck they had done to me. Made accomplice
to all that I'd promised I would never be.
You carry their anthem, convinced that its yours
Invitation to honour. Invitation to war.
Bette Midler now assumes saint-hood. Romanticize
murder for morale. Tie a yellow ribbon 'round
the old oak tree and, "Gee, Wally, that's swell!"
Fuck the troops
(insert corny but relevant/poignant catchphrase here)

HEAD, CHEST OR FOOT?
Three choices. One bullet.
One trigger. Guess who gets
to pull it? One leader. One
thousand slaves. For every
throne there's one thousand
graves. (Give or take a nuke)
You're all the same. Just
part of their machine. Per-
petuate their dream.
They subsidize your nightclubs
and they subsidize your malls.
They herd and brand the
masses within painted
prison walls. Until your free-
dom of assembly becomes
the missiles they create or
just mass delusion dancing
to this music that you
fucking hate.
But I'm not the same. I'm
not part of your fucking
machine. I'll jeopardize
their dream.
I'd rather be imprisoned in
a George Orwell-ian World,
than this pacified society
of happy boys + girls.
I'd rather know my enemies
and let you know the same.
Whose windows to smash +
whose tires to slash +
where to paint the fucking
blame.
One future. Two choices:
Oppose them or let them
destroy US.

BIKINI
KILL
(OLYMPIA,
WASHINGTON, USA)
1995

BLOOD & ICE CREAM
The Sylvia Plath story is told to girls who write
They want us to think that to be a girl poet means you have to die.
Who is it that told me all girls who write must suicide?
I've another good one for you, we are turning cursive letters into
knives..

Do you get shit from people
either because you are a
predominantly female band
or because of your feminist
slant?
For girls to pick up guitars and
scream their heads off (or even
just to sing quiet-like for that
matter) and to start bands in a
totally oppressive, f—ed up
male-dominated culture is to
seize power... we recognise this
as a political act. When we "get
shit from people" (mostly it's
always from guys) it is usually
because these people are
assholes; Bikini Kill's articulation
of the pre-existing mainstream
ideologies that perpetuate girl
oppression etc implicitly sets
forth our (feminist) girl power
stance, thus making
confrontations with assholes
seem more politically direct.
However, to me, it is always an
act of political terrorism when
girls are given shit — whether it's
on stage or when we're walking
down the street
N.M.E. 13.3.93

PROPAGANDHI, INC. SEEK
progressive minded individual to
help disseminate revolutionary
propaganda/perspectives via the
shady world of rock. Must be ex-
ceptional bass player and have
stupid senses of irony and
humour. Song-writing/vocal
abilities, organizing/activist ex-
perience and a sincere love to rock
thine ass are definite assets: Box
3-905 Corydon Avenue/
Winnipeg, Mb/R3M-3S3/Canada.

WHO WILL HELP ME BAKE THIS BREAD?
I speak my mind. I question theirs. It seems to me like no one really cares. Emphatically
blind. Intellectually numb. Ignorance by choice? or just plain fucking dumb?
You're threatened by my mind. You want everything the same. But my questions
still remain. You bought your brain. You answer with fists. But my questions
still persist (you fucking asshole). You can rearrange my face, but you can't
rearrange my mind. You can beat this shell about me, but you can't touch
what's inside. So now who will help me bake this bread? Who will be the
first to speak and leave complacency for dead? I've done all that I can on
my own. But stagnant minds persist to squeeze blood from this stone.
But I won't bleed for you. I have no need for you. Death will be the day far as particularly on a federal or
I conceded to you. (As you can see, I really mean business. Foot!)

PROPAGANDHI
(CANADA) 1993

WHAT DO YOU TRY TO SAY TO YOUR AUDIENCE?
Oh god. That's a big question. One thing is by not being totally professional about everything
We play small clubs, we try to have it so that girls can see us play so they can see how easy it is
and like get confidence to go on stage themselves if they want to. We kind of say that by how we
do things not necessarily in the lyrics all the time. I have a lot of things to say but mainly it's to
encourage people not just to consume passively but to create stuff. Or to see us and go 'okay I
heard they were really good and they sucked so I'm gonna start my own band' or something like
that.

BIKINI
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N.M.E. 13.3.93

FUCK MACHINE
It's something physical. It's a conditioned reaction. It's something physical. It's a conditioned
attraction. But have I finally escaped? Will my eyes no longer rape the innocent
woman, children: humyn beings ?? Seeing the pain that it brings. Shallow,
superficial decision(s). Real beauty obscured by my tunnel/tele-vision.
But this just in! Bikini film at 10:00pm !! the female anchor just smiles
and shrugs it off, "Boys will be boys!" But do really want to be our
fucking toys?? And in again, just condone it with a grin. Sit back,
idly chat, smile, prove you're just a fuck machine. Conditioned reaction.
Conditioned attraction. Conditioned suggestion. Conditioned rejection.
And yet again, subjecting Women. The female anchor's fist finally
clenched. "I'm not your fucking toy!!" And though I long
to embrace, I will not misplace my priorities: humour, opinion, a sense
of compassion, Creativity and a distaste for fashion.

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N.M.E. 13.3.93

Not just: Daughter Lover Sister Punk-Rocker Not
just: Tofu Writer Waitress or Honey Not just your
labelled thing Not only a safe place to be Never could
be designated Will not be a destination (not only)
Not just: Pretty Young Ugly Or Old Not just:
Emotional Cerebral To buy or sell Not just your
labelled thing Not only a safe place to be Never
could be too straight forward I always will be
complicated Pretty boys know they are pretty- Do they
know what else they are? I won't feel sick because
I'm complex The question is: can others grasp this?
I cannot be what you require Necessarily I not what
you assume Anything I do not get or know Is not
unreasonable or unknown Myself in action equals The
right to choose stated clearly The right to choose
and the power to use it Stated clearly and with no
shame (exercise my heart exercise my mind puts me
to the test puts life to the test)

19 Nineteen nineties and the Nazis are back
family burnt out in an arson attack
Children lying in hospital dying of their burns
It's about time that everyone learns (to)

Bash - Bash the fash!

Germany in the thirties was the same
a life or death struggle - not some kind of game
Learn at least the basics of some martial art
then you'll be ready when the aggro starts

B.N.P scum marching on your street
they even get elected when they should get beat
Beat off the streets that belong to us
you won't stop them with chants and placards so just

Bash - Bash the Fash!

Nazi falls amidst a hail of fists and feet
stomping out the rhythm of the Cable Street beat
With our boots on the scumbag's head
The only good Nazi is one that's dead

A.F.A girls and boys block the fash escape route
now we've got them cornered and they're gonna eat boot
Trying to escape but they just can't manage
our boots rain in wreaking terrible damage

Bash - Bash the fash!

Some people argue that
use of anti-fascist violence makes you 'just as
bad as they are'. A position that would be laugh-
able if it were not so insulting to the memories of
all those volunteers who died in the Spanish Civil
War fighting Franco's fascism, or those who were
killed fighting the SS in the Warsaw Ghetto Up-
rising. To say those people are on the same level
as the nazis who butchered them betrays a su-
preme lack of understanding and grasp on real-
ity.

Some examples - some of us from
Edinburgh AFA were some months ago
stewarding an AFA benefit gig in Newcastle when
it was attacked by a dozen or so nazis, some of
whom were armed with coshes and sprays of
ammonia. Had they not been met by the stew-
ards with physical force and chased off they would
have got into the gig and I hate to think what would
have happened - probably several innocent peo-
ple hospitalised or even blinded. How would the
pacifists have dealt with that one? Second ex-
ample - a couple of years ago playing in Estonia
we were attacked by a load of nazi boneheads.
We had to fight our way out of the venue and had
we not responded with violence both we and the
Finnish people we were touring with would cer-
tainly have ended up seriously hurt. As it was, it
was only some of the nazis who ended up hospi-
talised. Third example - on our second US tour
we were attacked by nazi boneheads in South
Carolina during a gig in Greensboro. We threw
shit back at them from the stage to protect our-
selves and at one point had to jump off the stage
to sort out folk in the crowd. While touring in the
US this summer we heard that another bunch of
nazis had been coming to smash up one of our
gigs until they saw the video of their morals and uphold the
law. Now I think ANYONE who's in the Police Force
today...you gotta be a bastard to still be in it. I know
enough folk, like a few years ago there was quite a lot of
people leaving the Force because they didn't like the way
it was going. Now people in the Police Force now, they
deserve everything they get...

Fracture - You're very much into the Gaelic lan-
guage. What prompted your interest in it?
Ruairidh - Gaelic is the indigenous Celtic lan-
guage of Scotland. It's spoken by about 60,000
people here but it was at one time spoken almost
all over Scotland, even down into parts of what is
Northumberland today. As such I wanted for ages
to be able to speak what should be my native lan-
guage. You can imagine how frustrating it was to
find out that you just had no opportunity to learn
your own language at school, it just wasn't of-
fered. Indeed for years the educational system was
used as a tool of imperialist London govern-
ments in attempting to wipe out Gaelic. Even up
until 1970 children caught speaking Gaelic at
school or in the playground would be beaten and
ridiculed. As a result, many of us here feel that
our birthright and heritage has been robbed from
us.

In Gaelic there is no word for 'to possess'
(which I find quite cool!) and every one of the 18
letters is represented by a tree so that when you
recite the alphabet you go through tree names
rather than simple letters. It's stuff like this that
enriches us all.

Sadly though the imperialist response is
to try to just force other people to speak your lan-
guage instead and wipe theirs out. We are against
such linguistic policies and believe in fighting for
people's linguistic human rights. As a result,
based in Scotland, it makes sense for us to work
with the indigenous language here. Several OI
POLLOI members have learnt a bit of Gaelic over
the years and now I'm lucky enough to be up here
on Skye with an opportunity to reach fluency this
year, so lookout for loads of Gaelic punk rock

Fracture - You've still stayed grass roots/ DIY
all these years - why?
Ruairidh - Yeah, the DIY thing is integral to what
we're all about. In almost 19 years we've never
had a manager, we book our own gigs and tours
(sometimes with help from friends in other coun-
tries for parts of big foreign tours). We answer all
our mail ourselves, we design our own artwork
and layout of releases, produce our own record-
ings and generally make all the important deci-
sions about the band ourselves. No record label
tells us what to do either as we have a policy of
working with loads of different small labels simu-
ltaneously instead of 'signing' to one individually.
Okay, sometimes this means extra work folding
record and cassette covers, organising stuff on
the phone etc. but we like to keep control of things
ourselves instead of working for someone else.
The fact that we can sell thousands of records
and CDs and tour all over the world shows that
you just don't need big labels and managers and
all the shit that comes with them - so why bother?

A good example of why I mean would
be two gigs we did a few years ago in Eastern
Europe. The first one was in Poland supporting
CHUMBAWAMBA to an audience of 1,500 people
in some big art centre and the one the next
night was in the basement of a squatted Slovenian
motorway service station to just 15 people. Guess
which one was more fun? Yup, the one to 15 peo-
ple. Although the bigger one had a certain novel-
ty value it was just too big. You couldn't see the
people at the back of the hall and it was so packed
we got stuck in these 'backstage' rooms all the
time. We preferred the next night. Okay, it was
freezing cold and the sound was shit but we could
see everyone there, talk to them individually to
ask them which songs they wanted, and it was
fucking good fun in a cool squat with no bounc-
ers, over priced beer and shitty rules. Yeah!

'UK RESIST'
↓ (SUMMER '90)

When it's an anonymous bloke in a uniform
it's quite easy to have a go isn't it. When
you said that on stage I thought how can you
say that and then feel SORRY for people who
get beaten the other way round?...

DEEK: Well I don't see anything hypocritical there, I
mean these people are on OUR SIDE... Police are the
enemy basically. I mean, I think some people don't seem
to realize that the situation is like a war really because
all the time...OK we may not be actually getting a
kicking, but all the things we have to put up with like,
you know, shitty housing conditions, and general shit
like the Poll Tax, the way we haven't got any fresh air
to breathe, shitty water to drink...

UK R: That's not the Police's fault!
DEEK: No, but every single shitty thing that there is,
be it Poll Tax, vivisection, nuclear weapons,
laboratories, Tory bastards...every time there's some
shitty thing people are protesting against, who is
ALWAYS there to protect them? It's always the Police.
Now their job is to protect the people in power, to
uphold the law, whatever it is. NOT to think for
themselves, not to make any moral judgements. And
they surrender this moral judgement for cash. They get
paid to sort of forget about their morals and uphold the
law. Now I think ANYONE who's in the Police Force
today...you gotta be a bastard to still be in it. I know
enough folk, like a few years ago there was quite a lot of
people leaving the Force because they didn't like the way
it was going. Now people in the Police Force now, they
deserve everything they get...

Are any of you anarchists? If so why?

That really depends on how you define "Anarchy"
meaning of anarchy to be a society without government where every person is a law unto
themselves then yes, we are anarchists. Some may say that if the government & police
"disappeared" tomorrow then there would be "anarchy" and that it would be violent
chaos hence "Anarchy" is not the solution. That argument is useless since it hinges on
the fact of a sudden removal of the organisations of control. Since this isn't likely
to happen its pointless to hypothesise. Anarchy could only be achieved gradually through
people changing themselves - and then others by persuasion. You cannot force "Anarchy"
on people. Our idea of anarchy is complete individual freedom but coupled with responsa-
bility. Anarchy could only be reality if people controlled themselves - its about
responsibility, being a law unto yourself. There's still an element of control except
that its internal rather than external. Anarchy can only exist when people begin to act
responsibly. You ask why we're "Anarchists". Well the answer is quite simply that
Anarchy would be the perfect way to live hence we believe in it. Anarchy isn't just no
laws - its no NEED for laws because, as we've said before, people use their freedom
responsibly. We know that anarchy can never happen in our lifetime but that won't stop
us working towards the goal as every step in the right direction makes life better and
a state of near-anarchy as existed in the 1930's in the Basque region of Spain is not
beyond us. It is interesting to note that in that example of the Basque Region there
was no "chaos" with lots of murders and looting etc. - but rather the opposite -
mutual respect and co-operation. The tradition still continues today in the Mondragon
area where highly organised but non-authoritarian Workers Co-operatives exist. They
have their own factories (jointly owned), their own banks, schools, training colleges etc
and most significantly these Workers Co-operatives have fared vastly better than
Capitalist organisations roughly comparable to them which have been forced out of busi-
ness by the recession. Well I could go on forever but basically the present "system"
doesn't work and the only solution is anarchy - that's not in doubt. The only question
is can we achieve anarchy before we pollute/exploit/nuke ourselves out of existence?

'MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL' (MAY/JUNE '85)

GUILTY

Cops kill youth at the station
riot breaks out at the demonstration
You get nicked for doing a pig
senile rich scumbag in a judges wig
says

Guilty - of fighting back
Guilty - of a vicious attack
Guilty - of standing your ground
Guilty - you're going down

Guilty - of taking no more
Guilty - of defying their law
Guilty - see the judges frown
Guilty - you're going down

Cancer research - lies and fraud
vivisection lab - booted down the door
Trashed the place till there's nothing left
victory to the A.L.F.I

Guilty - of daring to care
Guilty - so you better beware
Guilty - free animals from hell
Guilty - your reward is a cell

Coming out the wine bar - rich scumbag in a bowler
you take his money and trash his roller
Stinking rich parasite flaunts his wealth

'ile you're living on the pavement in hunger and ill health
'et ife you who gets locked up - your crime is being poor
another prisoner of the class war
Rotting in a prison - social control
for those of us in poverty and on the dole
I said, I said who's next? It could be you or me
support the prisoners - support the A.B.C
Don't forget those on the inside
we must give them all the support that we can provide

Motorway planned through ancient wood
S.S.S.I.s could be lost for good
In defence of our earth you strike one night
blazing vehicles burning bright

Guilty - of defending the earth
Guilty - yours by right of birth
Guilty - now you're doing time
Guilty - who commits the real crime?

Yes we're guilty - guilty and proud
guilty of standing out from the crowd
Guilty of caring - or just being poor
to resist our duty when injustice is law

Guilty - hate your laws and your system
Guilty - we're gonna resist them
Guilty - and if some get caught
Guilty - we're gonna give them support

'FRACTURE' #11 (MAR 2000)
Goz is studying law. She's gonna be

one of those cool lawyers who take on the cops
and make fools of them in court when they're try-
ing to get sound people put away. It might sound
strange someone in an anarchist punk band
studying law but radical lawyers do a tremendous
amount of good work - and many of us owe them
our liberty - more power to them!

Fracture - I actually think what Goz is doing is
part of the reality of using your punk ideals in life.
Like we can't all be in punk bands or doing zines
for the rest of our lives. I believe us punks should
become teachers, doctors, electricians, carpen-
ters, etc. so we can have sustainable communi-
ties and put into practice the reality of our ideals.
Practice what we preach, if you know what I
mean.

Ruairidh - Aye, I totally agree with you. Like, say,
some punk who's studied architecture, design-
ing energy-efficient houses or some punk engi-
neer designing windmills or something - that's a
damn sight more "punk" to me than sitting around
drinking too much white cider and spiking up your
hair

Willie was a fighter, Willie was no fool
Willie fought to end Westminster rule
Rule by scum who thought it would be best
To use the Highlands for atomic bomb tests

Willie McRae
Willie McRae
Willie McRae

Plans to use Scotland as a nuclear dump site
Willie said "Resist! Stand up and fight!"
He tried to save our children from a toxic fate
So Willie was murdered by the nuclear state
Secret police shot Willie in the head
Another Hilda Murrell, another activist dead
For anti-nuclear protest in this "land of the free"
For saying "Alba out of G.B.!"
No right to free speech, no right to protest
Remember Karen Silkwood and Chico Mendes
And countless others killed for what they had to say
We owe it to them to keep on fighting today

What has motivated you to keep Oi Polloi going all these years
while other punk bands have been and gone?
Well getting feedback in the form of letters from people who
say they've been inspired by our stuff has had a big effect.
Also meeting many excellent people around the world and
checking out their countries is pretty amazing. Personally
seeing so many bands who once professed to have decent
political ideas sell out also just motivates me to keep on
doing Oi Polloi in a down to earth D.I.Y. way, to show there
is an alternative and they can't buy us off.

We love the music of plenty of non-
political bands but singing obscure stuff or songs
about your ex-girlfriend ain't gonna get any ani-
mals rescued from labs, nazis kicked to fuck or
prisoners released from jail. These are precisely
the kind of positive things that political punk as
inspired before to do though and that's why for
us personally, punk is more than just music.

TAKE YOUR ELBOWS OFF THE TABLE

Take your elbows off the table, listen to me
I'm going to tell you about a fable called history.
It's a cold hard fact, to be exact.
It's a one sided story - but it's action packed.
The best thing to happen was civilization -
now we got a war in every nation.
The savages were heathens and had to be taught
God is on our side when the battle is fought.
So we gave them the book, showed them how to read,
pointed our guns, showed them how to bleed.
Took what we wanted, left nothing but shame,
pointed our fingers then we shifted the blame.
Take your elbows off the table.

One - you're ruled by money,
the power that it brings and if you think that's funny.
Two - when it changes hands
it can rub out a nation, tear up a land
you got highways, skyways, railways, motorways,
this way, that way, don't try to get away
you're trained, camed, numbered and named,
got a lock on your heart, the same on your brain.
Regulation, education, don't get ideas above your station
stay where you are, stay where you're placed
stay satisfied with a smile on your face
take your elbows off the table.

Gold was found in the savage land
So we set out to get it with a gun in our hand
nothing stood in the way of the great white flood
where rivers once sang was a fountain of blood
for money God and God decreed
millions should die, let the parasites feed
so we slaughtered our way to paradise.

A shadow moved to tame the land
Profits soared as all went as planned.
Millions died as wallets fattened
history books pretend it never happened.
A history of pain, profit from pain
and still it happens, again and again.
See what civilization means
sitting in front of computer screens.
Civilization means imprison a race
for the color of a skin or the shape of a face
demon drink to numb the senses
purchase the land under false pretenses.
Promise as long as rivers run
there'll be equal rights for everyone
what happens next? The promise is broken -
civilized say the words were never spoken.
Civilization means cheat and lie
civilization means the spirit dies
terminate cultures, wipe out nations
all in the name of civilization
take your elbows off the table.

You ask me: Would I fight for my
country? - And I tell you this: I
consider myself to be already at war,
against a mass mentality and attitude
that through its greed, ignorance,
selfishness and brutality endangers my
life and the lives of my brothers and
sisters. I consider myself to be at war
with a 'society' that sees the
oppression and destruction of others as
a solution; I consider myself to be at
war with those who would prevent my
brothers and sisters from choosing
their own paths in life and living the
way they want to; who would prevent my
brothers and sisters deciding what they
want to do with their own bodies and
sexuality; and I am at war with those
who rape, plunder and sully this
beautiful world of ours. I want my life
fucker, ad I'll have it.
I consider myself at war.

STAY ALERT

I saw you at Welling - and you didn't give a fuck
you were taking on the filth - you were ready for a fuck

I saw you at Welling, you didn't give a fuck
taking on the filth, game for a fuck
bottles flying - cops crying
but you weren't masked up - and the cameras were spying

STAY ALERT - They're coming out the van
They wanna nick you and throw you in the can

I saw you out sabbing when it all kicked off
I saw your fists flying when you hit that toll
rocks flying - tolls crying
but you weren't masked up - and the cameras were spying

I saw you at Hyde Park when we done the Fash
and the Blood & Honour wankers got smashed
missiles flying - fash crying
but you weren't masked up - and the cameras were spying

STAY ALERT - They're coming out the van
STAY ALERT - They're coming out the van
STAY ALERT - They're coming out the van
They want to nick YOU and throw you in the can

'BEYOND REALITY' #2

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while other punk bands have been and gone?
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political ideas sell out also just motivates me to keep on
doing Oi Polloi in a down to earth D.I.Y. way, to show there
is an alternative and they can't buy us off.

SCHWART-
ZENEGGAR
(LONDON)
1993-4

S: I wanted to do a song about some-
thing I'm interested in - what am I inter-
ested in? Jack The Ripper? Nah, thats
too Spinal Tap. OK, I'll do Punch &
Judy, wrote out the script, researched
it, carved out a wooden Mr. Punch for
inspiration, then I thought "well, fuck
it I'll carve the whole lot", then I thought
it would be good to do a show. I learnt
a performance and it's brilliant. It's on
a level with CRASS, I tell you!
The anarchist puppet show!
S: Oh, absolutely, it's the traditional
Victorian Punch & Judy show and you
don't need to change anything at all.
It's saying exactly the same things as
CRASS were.

THE ROAD TO HELL

Feeling confused and a little bit used? everybody's had a dose of being abused; We
all make scapegoats, we've all laid blame, we've all had a kicking from the sexual
game. We talk about love and how we never get enough, yet we're distanced from
each other, we never seem to touch. So politically correct when we talk to one
another, till we're up our own arse and the message gets smothered.
What kind of world are we building here? Losing sight of each other through sexual
fear. Don't trust anybody; in this world of apprehension - the road to hell is paved with
good intentions.....

We say we want to change the way things stand freedom from oppression for woman
and man. Lay the blame on the member of a gender, till we're not brother/sister but
attacker/defender. It's hard for us all trying to break the traditions when our backs
against the wall in a missionary position. Maybe we could do it if we trusted one
another without looking for revenge and trying to screw each other...
What kind of world are we building here? Losing sight of each other through sexual
fear. Don't trust anybody; in this world of apprehension - the road to hell is paved
with good intentions.....
This Side - That Side - Your Side - Anyside Whose Side? - Their Side - Backside -
Don't fuck me.

Fracture - You've covered a lot of topics in your
lyrics, where do you get the inspiration to write
about the things you do?
Ruairidh - Inspiration comes from a lot of differ-
ent places. Sometimes it's something you see or
hear about that affects you really strongly, like I
wrote "When Two Men Kiss" after hearing about
this horrific murder of this gay man in Edinburgh
not far from where I lived. These homophobic
pricks had seen him kissing his boyfriend and
took this a reason enough to totally kick his head
in and then impale him on these spiked fence
railings where he bled to death. Fucking sick.
When stuff like that is happening you've got to
try to challenge the mentality that leads up to it. I
still think this is one of our most important songs
'cos sadly, judging by some of the moronic reac-
tions to it we've had when playing it live, we cer-
tainly aren't preaching to the converted on this
issue. 'FRACTURE' #11

MORE



How to prepare your ANARCHOSALAD
Ingredients:
One lettuce (nice and crisp)
6 tomatoes (full of Mother Nature's
goodness)
1 cucumber
1 courgette (zucchini)
4 oranges (but not from fascist South
Africa) some brown wholemeal rolls to eat
with it (none of this white bread-plastic
crud)
4 apples (ripened under the life-giving
sun)
4 raw carrots
lots of various types of nuts
a handful of raisins

Right then! Get the lettuce and
spread the leaves all over a large tray
which we're going to put the
ANARCHOSALAD on. Then take the
cucumber, courgette and carrots and slice
them up (these represent Cruise missiles
and the slicing represents their
destruction). Now, just bung 'em any old
way all over the tray to symbolise the
chaos that is modern society. Oh yeah,
sprinkle the black raisins and yellow and
white nuts (unsalted peanuts and cashew
nuts are good for this), around together,
intermingling them to show that racial
harmony can become reality as well. Next,
cut up the tomatoes into segments and
place these in a border around the edge of
the tray to represent the limitations and
petty restrictions which, by subscribing to
their system, we impose on ourselves.
Then cut up the apples and oranges into
segments too, and, using the pieces of
apple as the "A" and the bits of orange as
the circle, place the segments on top of
what we already have of the salad in the
shape of an anarchy sign. This shows how
anarchy will transcend everything and
makes your ANARCHOSALAD almost ready
for eating. All you need now is some good
anarchopunk music blaring away in the
background (may we recommend "Pigs for
Slaughter" by OI POLLOI?) and you can
get scrunching into a nice wholesome meal
unsullied by the stench of death and the
carcasses of once-living creatures.
Serves several mentally hardcore
anarcho-people.

SCATHA
(GLASGOW) 1997-99

MAIL FREEDOM!

for the sins of their government
the english people pay
branded by the hatred
of a by-gone day
when our heritage was raped,
pillaged and burned
in a cultural genocide in which
our world was upturned
their laws and creeds
were slapped in our face
forced to adopt customs
of an alien race

overthrown by
foreign indoctrination
battered by the onslaught
of Anglicization
a continuing barrage
of empty promises and lies
enslaved by a government
the people despise

trapped by progress
and straight-line thinking
always move forward
'cos the past is sinking

forget about roots,
we're just woman and man
ignore cultural ties,
break free from your clan
no longer seek security
from ancestral relations
true security can only be found
in a united nation

shortbread tin traditions
for the shallow few
and a malt whisky culture
to keep them stupid

How when and where

guy, singer of Los Crudos, that has nothing to do with him singing for Los Crudos... Education, speaking Spanish, being a queer teacher and opening his dream school.

I think the punk scene is in a really stagnant stage where people aren't really knowing where to go to create some type of change. There's this revolution they talk about all the time and I don't think a lot of people know where to start. And education is a good way, but I think they have to think and rethink where exactly they're going to take their education. And I think taking it to an already established institution is not going to work. They'll kill you within it and they'll just dispose of you. I think we have to start thinking outside of that and saying "we need to create something new." I'm always one for the "something new."

one of the ideas I've had is that it would be incredible... There's so many punk rock or whatever, radical thinking young people. I think teachers are people who have degrees in education. Why hasn't there been some type of union set up? Not a union, but a communication, or a group of teachers in all different cities who are like this to open up their own school? It's not impossible. And I thought about that and go "why hasn't that happened yet?" ... And I think it would really scare the crap out of the board of education because what a group of people like that, free thinking people would do in a school setting and having their own school set up could prove the entire board of education wrong. Or show them "you've been fucking up for many fucking years." The education system in Chicago is horrifying. It's so bad.

MRR: Yet at the same time with those types of programs, you look at the info shops that we've managed to open up and the Free School programs that we've managed to do out of those and, while in theory they're exciting and it's nice to see them happening at the same time the reality of it is that it generally doesn't go that far out of our activist community. It doesn't really reach the real community.

MARTIN: But that's not what I would open a school for. It wouldn't be to open up so a bunch of other anarchists can come to our Free School. That's not what it's about. What I would do it for is two things. The school that I have in mind is to get a space in a neighborhood like mine and open it up to, one, children of illegal immigrant parents and, number two, to people who make under like the twelve thousand dollar range of money... I would not allow any immigration, no official to come into our school to do any type of anything... Now, people would say that's unrealistic because you don't have funding. You don't need that much funding to do something like that. And you know what? There's so many private, independent people out there who are wealthy enough that love stuff like that and that would fund it. So realistically it's not that far of a reach. And it wouldn't be opened up for other punks to come in and have these fucking boring-ass two hour long discussions. That's not what I want to do. I want to do a real, starting with the young kids, school... We've been exposed to lots of this. Let's share a little bit. Let's give it to people who have not or don't have access to that. And you know, it's not about bringing the kids in and teaching them how to start a revolution. No, it's all about building real relationships' real bonds with children, communicating, expressing themselves. Learning also how to write, the mathematics... but not in the super dry way, but in a way that they can understand it. And letting them open up. Teaching them how to speak, how to talk, how to ask questions, dialog. That's what we need people to do around here. We need kids to open up their mouths around here. For so long these kids around here are usually told to shut up and just sit there, and that's what they want [from kids]. What I want is something where there's dialog, where people are talking. That's the kind of school that I want to give them. It seems like a far fetched dream of mine, but it's not that far fetched. It's just going to take time to do it. It's to open up a little school.

For instance I think a lot of young kids, especially these days, they have a major problem with just being able to communicate with their teacher. And they clearly see the separation between "you are teacher, I am student," and a lot of kids just don't respond. They just sit there and they don't respond. And I think that if you can break that border between you and the student, I think that's a very powerful thing, that's a powerful tool. Because if you can come down and stop being "teacher" for a minute and be a human being to them and treat them in that way...

MAXIMUM ROCK N' ROLL NOV '97

I SEE IT IN YOUR FACE
Fear, insecurity, mistrust, you don't have to say anything.

I never thought I could see the results of a dictatorship in the people's faces. The fear in looking, the fear in speaking, the fear in thinking. The dictatorship left them like an abused child, always looking at the floor. In the air I sense the feeling of discomfort, and I see an eye peeking, trying to hide behind the drapes, with fear that they might be seen.

To the insecure

hey what is up with you? You feeling a little insecure of who you are?
Of your sexuality?
If I love a man, what is it to you?
If "my people" "my friends" have turned their backs on me.
I know why but understand one thing.
I want to be free instead of living some lie.
For a long time I have denied my feelings I feared my world would change.
Those who I felt were "my people" act as if they have never known me.
Those of you out there who feel isolated and feel the same way. You are not alone.
I got your back, you're not alone.
This life is hard but together we'll live it and through it.

When you put more effort into it, rather than just saying stuff, that just shows that you're committed to what you're talking about, that it actually means something to you.
M: It's not just about it being easy. You have bands that talk about the whole DIY ethic but again, a lot of those bands are the same people who sit around waiting for some other kid doing a label to come along and say, "Hey, I'll put out your record," or "Your demo's good enough." I think bands should just say, "I'm not going to wait around for some other kid or for some other person to tell us that our band is OK or good enough." Set your own fucking standards. That's what we did from the beginning. We weren't a band trying to have this certain sound to be on this label or that label. We were just doing what Los Crudos wanted to do. I think people in the long run can really respect that if you can really pull it off and do it. It feels a lot more real.

'PUNK PLANET' NOV/DEC '97
You can take the music away from our politics or our lives but whether the band exists or not, we're going to go on being immigrants or immigrants' children and we're going to go on being in this same neighborhood, in the same community, dealing with the same problems whether it's on immigration or racism or the violence—it's all going to be around. Everything Los Crudos writes about is happening now—here—and it's going to continue to happen and we're not going to be able to ever tear ourselves away from that. So people can talk their shit, people can always walk away from hardcore and say, "OK, that was a part of my youth," but what Los Crudos is doing is basically something that's going to go on from now until forever. Until we no longer exist.

NOTHING CHANGES
On our knees, being humble, waiting for an invitation for the promised gift. And for this have we suffered? And how have we tolerated? Pride in being categorized. And for this children are born? And for this children die?

Nothing changes... until we make it change!
The threats of riots will be watched carefully by the police and sellouts; and to secure peace and tranquility, the exploited will be compromised into sellouts.
Nothing changes... until we make it change!
Violence is a reaction which demonstrates the horrors of a society. We're not the cause of misery, but just the products - so to fight and win we must be effective.
Nothing changes... until we make it change!

There's a lot of other things you can do with the music to help a lot of people, outside this movement of ours. There are tons of things. The simplest thing you can do is a benefit show, or benefit records. Individuals within a band getting involved with other types of movements, or types of groups to help things out. It could be a community organization, or whatever. They're all different ways on an individual basis of relating to the world and the community, and just getting involved, and just as a band, as far as the music, you can use that for things too. Instead of just playing shows. We could just go up on stage and play, which a lot of bands do, but we decided... I feel that this punk movement is a movement, it's exactly that. It's a movement about sharing ideas and ideals and getting your ideas across to people and communicating with people, it's not just let's go up there and whip out our set and leave. I'm not into that. A lot of bands do it, but that's fine, that's their approach, not everybody can go up and talk between songs. It's not easy for people to do. I have a really tough time doing it, but I feel since what we're singing about is in a different language, and we're going so fast, that most people aren't going to understand it unless we talk about it. It also brings an attempt to converse with an audience. If somebody wants to talk to me afterwards about a certain thing that I said, that's a good form of communicating. If somebody doesn't like something that I said, they can come and talk to me and we can talk about it.

Whether it was Youth of Today, or all those bands. They all played in big clubs, and when we go on tour, we're playing in a basement shows which I love more than anything. Because there's no better way of being intimate with the crowd than in a basement show. It's just... you're there, you're engulfed in each other. You're up in each other's faces and you're sharing yourself with people and it's the best thing that can be happening. That never existed before, at least not around here.

It's like, through the contacts we've made we can almost go anywhere in the world and probably have a place to stay, and that's just amazing. No other type of fuckin' music scene or whatever has that. We have this movement based so much on trust, and it works, and what's a good about it is if somebody rapes that, it gets known, and you've totally blacklisted yourself. That's good because it's a community and it's totally, solely based on trust, and it's worked and it's working. If we can keep that going...

'HEART ATTACK' #2 (94)

'Se Ve En Tu Cara' which means "I see it in your face," is basically about the fear that people walk around having, even though there might not be a military dictatorship presently in that country. An example is Uruguay, since that's where I'm from, and I'm familiar with it a little more. There's not a military dictatorship present right now, but they just got over one in '85. You can still sense the fear people have, they have a fear in communicating with other people, and it shows. That's why we came up with this song. I see it in your face, it's about the fear, lack of confidence, people not wanting to talk, being hit, being nervous, being really on edge about things. Especially when it comes to conflicts, you just don't talk to anybody about it. That's really general, it happens in all those countries.

Who is the biggest dumb ass?

Who is the biggest dumb ass?
You say it is your boss.
Or is it really you who keeps working for them?

Who? While you accuse the world.
Who? While you deny your own power.
Who? While you neglect your rights.
Who is the biggest dumb ass?

Who is the biggest dumb ass?
Is it the priest that leaves you looking up at the sky?
Or is it you that does not ask him to teach you to fight.

Who? While you accuse the world.
Who? While you deny your own power.
Who? While you neglect your rights.
Who is the biggest dumb ass?

LOS CRUDOS
(CHICAGO)
1991-96

There will be no Revolution!

If we do not see the day that women do not have bruised bodies, eyes blackened, bloodied lips.
Do not come talking this Revolution shit to me because it will not ever come.
This world still does not know what respect is, they still do not know what freedom really means.
Until Homosexuals can love freely without being ostracized, abandoned by families.
With fear they walk carefully through this world which denies them a life with love.
There will be no Revolution!
There will be no Revolution!
There will be no Revolution!
Those words that create borders closing hearts leave the rest of the world discriminated.

like they might think we're a joke band, singing about things that aren't valid or something but it's valid to us because we're here. I was born in Uruguay, so we have a Latin American perspective, but we're here and growing up here, so we have all these other problems. And we have to deal with the problems that were brought upon us. I don't know, it's hard to explain. But a lot of the bands are extremely political, and they have problems within their own countries, whether it be dictatorships or whatever. But we have other forms of problems, and that's what we're singing about... But I still want to become and still try to keep up with what's going on in Latin America and certain countries because it's important, it's still a part of us. It's still a part of me. And I'm just as concerned with what's happening in Peru, or what's happening in Uruguay, or in Mexico or in Chile... I'm concerned because that's as far as I'm concerned, fuck their little borders, we're all people and we should be concerned with that.

MS: And there's punks out in other parts of the world that read this, we're fucking here and we're trying to keep our heads above water going on there and we're fighting here for you and for our cause and everything. And we didn't forget anybody. People think we come here and our families came here to forget. That's bullshit. We didn't forget anybody. It's like, we're still in here and we're still here and we're still fighting for that. It's not that we left to forget. We didn't leave to forget because you can never forget. It's a part of us.

MAXIMUM ROCK N' ROLL FEB '93
There's a lot of other things you can do with the music to help a lot of people, outside this movement of ours. There are tons of things. The simplest thing you can do is a benefit show, or benefit records. Individuals within a band getting involved with other types of movements, or types of groups to help things out. It could be a community organization, or whatever. They're all different ways on an individual basis of relating to the world and the community, and just getting involved, and just as a band, as far as the music, you can use that for things too. Instead of just playing shows. We could just go up on stage and play, which a lot of bands do, but we decided... I feel that this punk movement is a movement, it's exactly that. It's a movement about sharing ideas and ideals and getting your ideas across to people and communicating with people, it's not just let's go up there and whip out our set and leave. I'm not into that. A lot of bands do it, but that's fine, that's their approach, not everybody can go up and talk between songs. It's not easy for people to do. I have a really tough time doing it, but I feel since what we're singing about is in a different language, and we're going so fast, that most people aren't going to understand it unless we talk about it. It also brings an attempt to converse with an audience. If somebody wants to talk to me afterwards about a certain thing that I said, that's a good form of communicating. If somebody doesn't like something that I said, they can come and talk to me and we can talk about it.

Whether it was Youth of Today, or all those bands. They all played in big clubs, and when we go on tour, we're playing in a basement shows which I love more than anything. Because there's no better way of being intimate with the crowd than in a basement show. It's just... you're there, you're engulfed in each other. You're up in each other's faces and you're sharing yourself with people and it's the best thing that can be happening. That never existed before, at least not around here.

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'HEART ATTACK' #2 (94)

I'm hungover on this system full of the same old shit. Society wants to keep me quiet. Society wants to control me. I'm hungover on people treating others like shit. I'm hungover on all the lies, and on all the people that won't think for themselves. I feel sad because of all the people who are embarrassed of being Latino. I'm angry with the youth that murder our own people. I'm frustrated with the parents that don't teach our native language and raise their children with shame of being Latino, thinking they're so American. I'm a hungover (45)

I can kind of sense how somebody might feel outcasted. You don't sit there and talk about speaking your own language and about your culture and stuff like that when people feel that a majority of the people won't give a fuck. So it's just like "shut up and blend in" or "drop out." So it's a tough thing but I think it's time where we say "hey, fuck that." This world is the way it is, and it's changed a lot from maybe the fifties or whatever, and we gotta get with it. And that goes in many cases, whether it's skin color, or sex, or sexual preference, whatever. You have to get on it. This is our movement. We have to make up our own ways of doing things. We can't depend upon the past to dictate what we should do now. If it has to change, we will make it change. It's up to us, and we can't have anyone else do it for us. So, whether it's the type of crowd or the ideas we come across, that's all up to us.

MS: They can't fit in, that's the thing, the whole point is that you can't fit in. It's very difficult because you can try to act as gringo as you want, but you know whether it be in the workplace, in the political field of whatever, you still look different so you'll never get to that level that they're at... let's be for real, why don't you just be proud of who you are, you know there's nothing wrong with supporting and helping your community, don't leave it behind and try to ignore it. And that's what a lot of politicians or whatever do. OC: I was really surprised to find out, I was doing shows and going along and meeting people, I was surprised to find out that a lot of people who I saw as Hispanic or Mexican, not know a word of Spanish. We did some shows for a friend of his, and I was totally shocked when I found out that he didn't know a word of Spanish.

There are no White Doves in my Neighborhood

Another youth has fallen with a bullet in his back.
Another mother has fallen to her knees and you can hear her screams and cries.

We see another line of corpses against the wall
With the arms of the youth in the air.
And the police with hands so cold.
Looking for any excuse to take the youths to jail.

And the other youths remember these things and cannot erase them from their minds.

The kids of my neighborhood already know that white doves do not exist
They know that it is something only seen in pictures

MRR: Do you feel that you being in a band and talking about all this, and doing all this, is going to make any difference to anybody?
MS: In a sense.
JC: Well, it might make someone stop and think, "Hey, maybe the system is fucked up." And if that person thinks that, well then we've accomplished something, at least thinking, which is more than he or she would have been doing, had they never crossed our path...
MS: Playing, in a way... you do a show, it's set up like an entertainment thing. OK... but it's what you do with it. You can just be a band, stand up on stage and fucking shout, but it's what you do with it. We pass out lyric sheets, we pass out these little leaflets, we just started, the last lyric sheet we had these little articles. So yeah, we are passing out lyric sheets... it's free shit in people's eyes. "Free shit, great, let me grab this free shit" but what is that free shit. Is it a piece of gum? No, it's a piece of literature. Some kids might read it, some kids might throw it away. It is working in a sense because we are having people who keep on coming to see us, talk to us at the shows, talk to us about what we're doing. So in a sense it's making some type of a difference. The last show we played in the APO building, every song I explained every song in between every song.

MS: You know what I think, that it cuts people, like some of the kids will be reading some of the lyrics and see how it applies to them and I think they might get scared, because it's like real shit, a slap in the face.
MRR: So you're talking about accessibility. You want to be accessible to...
MS: Not that I want to be accessible. But when you have something to say, as an individual, Esneider, you can either sit in your room, listen to music, and not go out and say anything about how you feel or what you want to say. Now if you wanted to, how would you go about it? You decided to do a band, or whatever. I don't know how you think about it. But I think if I have something to say, what would be a good way to be, would it be flying, would it be putting graffiti up on a wall, would it be, you know, vandalizing, what would it be, what's your outlet? And not that I want to make our band accessible—but messages accessible.
MRR: Because as far as I hear, you don't need to be accessible as a band because you have people who think your message is accessible and they come down and see you.
JM: We try and give them a little bit of what we think, trying to say this is what we play, this is our idea, here, take this lyric sheet, read it, and if you don't like it, throw it away.

FROM THE OUTSIDE
Everyday I'm fighting against a war I'm not winning. A war against ideas that mislead me, and the lies that they give me. My skin isn't the same color, that is why I suffer much pain. I'm a victim of injustices, and the suffering of my people isn't new. We will enter from the outside! We will fight from the outside! We will create change from the outside! We will win from the outside!
They tell us this land is not our land, and everything we work for belongs to them. Those with wealth remain the owners of all the promises and of our dreams. The time has come to create change, we have no patience for tolerance. The ultimate solution is a social war, so we can come in from the outside.

MORE
LOS CRUDOS

We said, "Fuck you, we don't need anybody to tell us we're OK," and we did what we wanted to do. I think a lot of people saw that, a lot of young people see us as an example and there have been other bands that have formed—no not necessarily hardcore punk bands—but Spanish rock bands that have formed that are playing shows in houses and spaces and doing things too.

That's one thing that's definitely undeniable about you guys as a band: Your DIY ethics, attitude, and approach to everything. You put together your own records on your own label [Lengua Armada] so obviously it's something that's very important to you. But it's also something that's so obviously time consuming. To hand screen all your record covers; the fact that you're willing to put in all these extra hours; how did that come about when it would be so easy for you to just sign to a pretty big label? How large a part is this DIY ethic to the band?

M: It's everything. I think everything we do evolves around a hands-on, totally involved DIY thing. The element is always there whether it's just doing the label or the records or the way we do our shows. Everything about what we do has evolved around that. We are basically saying that we want to have total control over what we do, over what we put out.
J: Practicing what we preach.

M: Yeah, that's basically it. You're not only just talking about being DIY or independent, your life is like that as much as it could possibly be. Again, it just follows up on not waiting for somebody else to do it for you—even when it comes to the labor and the time. I have a job. I go to school. I do things. We don't just fucking sit around and have no work and live off the band and sit around and paint covers all day. We don't do that. It is time consuming but I like the feeling of creating from nothing to something. It's easy to go to Kinko's and just xerox the covers or send them off to some printer. I like getting involved in the whole process and completing it and going to some kid's house on another street or another country and going, "Wow, we put that record together." The feeling is really good. Something was totally in your hands and you were all dirty with it and involved with it—it's a cool feeling. I like that.

'PUNK PLANET' NOV/DEC '97

'M.R.R.' FEB '93
MS: Depends. Every song of ours has something to say. We don't sing a song just to sing a song, we don't sing stupid stuff (no cantinas bullshit). We sing songs that affect us in our life in one way or another, but it depends on the song, there are different songs that say different things. "Crudo Soy" was the first song we wrote. It talks about all the problems that our Latino community has, the problems of gangs, racism, inner-racism... OC: ...who they say, that they are Latinos, and they try to hide... MS: Yes, it has a lot to do with shame about who you are, a lack of sense of identity or pride, and it has to do with racism, inner racism in our own community, the murders from gang violence, it talks about a lot of stuff in one, and it's basically saying *Crudo soy*... crudo means raw but we also use it for hangover and we're hung over on the bullshit, basically is what we're saying. JM: It's like when you're hung over, you're not in your right state of mind, you can't think, you can't really react the way you would normally react, your state of mind isn't there to say, "Well this isn't right, this is wrong," and this is a hangover... MS: It's hungover... we're stuffed (rellenos). JM: The government has intoxicated us. JC: And I also like crudos because it's like they want to eat us and they can't because we're raw, and it's going to fuck them up. MRR: So as far as I know, Martin you are Uruguayan, and the three of you are Mexican and Mexican-American... OC: We're Mexican-Americans, we're all born here but our parents are from Mexico.

I'M A HANGOVER

USE OF DEATH (L.BUZZY, M.BAZ/STEVE)
GET HOME TO YOUR WIFE AND YOUR DINNER'S READY,
ANOTHER NICE JUICY PIECE OF PORK,
WELL I DIDN'T KILL IT SO I MIGHT AS WELL EAT IT,
WHY SHOULD I GIVE A FUCK?

WELL I'LL TELL YOU WHY!

MILLIONS STARVE IN THE THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES,
THE REASON THEY GOTTA GRISLY FATE,
IS COS' THE GRAIN THAT SHOULD BE GIVEN TO THEM,
WUZ' ATE BY THE CORPSE SITTING ON YOUR PLATE.

GOOD ENOUGH REASON?

GIVE YOUR WIFE THE KISS OF THANKS,
FOR THE MEAT THAT'S COOKED NICE AND FRESH,
BUT WHILE YOU GIVE YOUR MISSES THE KISS OF THANKS,
TO STARVING YOU GIVE THE KISS OF DEATH.

AND IF YOU DON'T CARE NOW,
YOU CAN KISS MY ASS.
IGNORANT (Buzzy)

Rows of innocent carcasses,
hung on hooks, slung on rails,
Unthinking - Unconscious - Ignorants
Unaware of what prevails.

As you enter the murder house,
How can you not think of the pain;
That the innocents have gone through,
to satisfy Ignorants again.

Look across the counter,
at what is there to eat;
You don't think of it as animal,
you just think of it as meat.

You call it Beef or Pork,
a name to disguise your guilt;
But then pretence is something ignorant,
On which your whole life is built.

SHOW US YOU CARE

YOU SAY WE WON'T CHANGE NOTHING BUT AT LEAST WE'RE FUCKING TRYING
YOU SAY WE'RE ALWAYS MORNING BUT AT LEAST WE'RE FUCKING CARE
YOU SAY WE SHOULD BE HAPPY, WE'VE TRIED TO AND WE ARE
YOU SAY WE SHOULD SEE A NURSE BUT WE ALREADY FUCKING HAVE.

USE YOUR SHIT FILLED MINDS....
AND SHOW YOU FUCKING CARE.

YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THE RICH AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT POOR
YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT VIOLENCE COS YOU CAN'T CHANGE THE LAW
YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THE POLICE FORCE BECAUSE THEY HAVEN'T BEATEN UP YOU
YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THE STARVING BECAUSE IT'S NOTHING NEW.

COMFORTABLY PLACED WITHIN YOUR FOUR WALLS OF TRANQUILITY
BRAINDEAD AND OBLIVIOUS TO THE CARNAGE OF LIFE
YOU ARE THE CARCASS OF SOCIETY
VOID OF THOUGHT INTELLIGENT REASONING AND CARE
YOU ARE THE REASON MILLIONS OF ANIMALS ARE SLAUGHTERED
PEOPLE STARVE
WOMEN ARE RAPE
CHILDREN ARE SEXUALLY ABUSED
PEOPLE ARE BEATEN IN SOUTH AFRICA

THIS IS NO NEWSPAPER HEADLINE THIS IS REALITY
ALL BECAUSE YOU ARE TOO SCARED TO SHOW EMOTION
YOU SELF RIGHTEOUS SHIT... SHOW YOU FUCKING CARE
STAND UP, THEY ARE YOUR PROBLEMS TOO
TOGETHER WE CAN BRING ABOUT A CHANGE.

CIRCLES

YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED, YOUR LIFE IS SHORT,
A CLOCKWORK EXISTENCE IS WHAT YOU WERE TAUGHT.
WHY BE A ROBOT, A COG IN THEIR MACHINE? WHY BE A
ROBOT FROM BIRTH UNTIL DEATH?

ESCAPE THE CIRCLE-
GETTING UP EARLY TO DO IT AGAIN, YESTERDAY WAS
SHIT & THIS IS THE SAME, EMPTY FACES IN EMPTY
ROOMS, CLOCKWATCHING SERVANTS TO FAT LAUGHING
MASTERS.

BLACK MONDAY

I DON'T BELIEVE IN YOUR WEAK FUCKING SYSTEM!
DEATH TO THIS SYSTEM WHICH OPPRESSES US
YOUR CAPITALIST IDEALS ARE DECREPID AND WORN
I WISH FOR WHEN YOUR ECONOMY COLLAPSES
YOUR FUCKING DOWNFALL. A NEW BEGINNING

(3) CHARITY CASE

Rolling in her Benzo, another one dies, again there's no tears in my eyes, a nation mourns but I'm elated,
another one gone of those I hated. Fuck you English rose. "She really cared", "She did so much". Well
I don't care & I don't give a fuck! Now we're obliged to contribute, the poor pay & the rich keep their loot.
A token gesture in the public eye, land mines banned but millions still die, from starvation & war & we
pay our fee, while the guilty rich, get off scott free.

JOKE'S ON YOU

Multinational disinformation A corporate celebration Watch the X-Files on TV A conspiracy of conspiracies
Claimed distrust of big business couch potatoes thoughts suppressed Sat in comfort on Murdoch's knee The state of conformity
Conspiracy buffs aren't assertive If they think the X-Files is subversive Conglomerate support for the right wing
Viewers don't suspect a thing.

THE MISSING LINK (LYRICS: DORRIAN/MUSIC: STEER)

An integral sense
Comes with belonging to a scene
Supposedly absent of barriers
(When sexism is only one of many).

Earnest words
Calling for unity of the sexes
When she's still the chick, or stupid bitch
(ridiculed for showing an interest).

Hidden indifference
Strikes an emotion reaction
When you see an animal being abused.

Yet un-noticed when a woman
Is abused in the same way.

The links in oppression
Stem from the same degradation
But to one our eyes remain closed.

Actively abusing the rights of one
Whilst fighting for those of another.

The 'scene' may hold a different name,
But the roleplays just the same.
Equal rights are fine,
As long as she's in her place.

Outrightly denouncing fascism
Whilst oblivious to it taking place,
Is condemnation of standards,
All an act to save face.

Unity a stark ambition
When our abuse surpasses recognition.

UNCHALLENGED HATE

A chronic complaint of dimness
Prevails your profound ideology
- A romantic vision of a 'Master Race'
Attained through coercive forms of authority

Your observance is negligence
If you see the threat from different cultures,
We're all in this sinking ship
Each of us together

Where does the white man stand?
Where does the black man stand?
Knee deep in the shit!!!

Look into yourself
And you'll find within the real oppressor
To a life of unchallenged hate
It's yourself who's the nigger

EXTREME NOISE TERROR (IPSWICH) 1986

MURDER

450 MILLION ANIMALS ARE MURDERED EVERY YEAR
TO BE SHOWN DOWN YOUR THROAT AND SHAT OUT OF YOUR ARSE
ANIMALS KILLED FOR TREASURE
SLAUGHTERED AT THE CONSUMERS LEISURE
MURDERED IN YOUR FUCKING ABBATOIRS.

PNEUMATIC BOLT SHOT DEEP IN THE HEAD
(SPINTERING BONES AND GUSHING BLOOD)
YET STILL YOU SUPPORT THIS INSANE
BRAINWASHING ADVERTS ON TV COVER UP THE REALITY
AND NEVER SHOW THE PAIN AND TORTURE

NO LONGER CAN THE SENSELESS SLAUGHTER
OF MILLIONS OF INNOCENT ANIMALS BE JUSTIFIED
IN A CRUEL AND UNCARING NATION OF ANIMAL LOVERS
THIS BARBARIC TRADE OF THOUGHTLESS CONSUMERISM
MUST STOP NOW - IT IS SENSELESS FUCKING MURDER.

SURVEILLANCE

PROMOTE NON COMPLIANCE
AND DISPLACE ALL THE LIES
PLUG SUBVERSION
REMOVE THE BLINKERS FROM YOUR EYES

TIME TO CHANGE
TIME TO REARRANGE

DESTROY PUERILE SLOGANS
ORGANISE & TAKE UP ARMS
THE PRODUCT IS FAULTY
TIME TO DESTABILISE THE CALM

ADVERTISE YOUR ANGER
SABOTAGE THE POWER TO SELL
ANTAGONISE, OVERTHROW
BUY FREEDOM FROM CONSUMER BELL.

IS THERE LIFE AFTER WORK?

How Many Times Have You Heard Him Say
I'm Saving Up For A Rainy Day
Then When It Rains He Sits At Home Bored
How Many Times Have You Head Him Tell
How He Got Pissed Last Night And Fell
Asleep In A Chair 'cos He Couldn't Get To Bed
How Many Times Have You Heard Him Joke
About The Bird Hes Going To Poke
When He Gets His Way On Friday Or Saturday Night

The Average Life Of The Average Man
Is Very Average What Else Can It Be
When Hes So Bloody Average

And The Normal Life Of The Normal Man
Is Very Normal What Else Can It Be
When Hes Too Bloody Dumb To See:

Work Is Death It Takes Your Breath
It Makes You Think Like All The Rest
It Makes You Think That Work Is All You Need

It Makes You Think You Have To Work To Live
And You Have To Take All The Shit They Give
Not Knowing Its Work That Creates That Need

How Many Times Have You Heard Him Say
I Didn't Feel Like Going To Work Today
But I Had To Go Because I Need My Wage

The Tax On The Car Is Due Next Week
If I Don't Pay That The Wife Won't Speak
It Looks Like Im Gonna Have To Do Some
Overtime.

PANSIES

With The State Of The Nation
And With Their Policy Of Degradation
Shows The More Passive Of Us All
We've Got Our Backs Against A Wall
And The Level Of Ignorance And Hate
Generated By This Welfare State
Can Only Force Us Into Action
To Reclaim Our True Position... Now!

In Times Of Controlled Oppression
We Can Only Show Our Aggression
For How Can We Sit And Be Led
When Half The World Don't Even Get Fed
Talk And Talk And Hold Enquiries
Make Reports And Show Your Findings
All You Need To Do Is Look And See
The Poverty The Pain And The Misery

Riots Serve As Blunt Reminders
If They Want Us They Can Find Us
Structured Revolution Will Follow
The Seeds Are Sown
Stand Up And Watch The Flowers
Grow.

CIVILISED SOCIETY? (WAKEFIELD, YORKS.) 1986

ROLL UP ROLL UP COME ASEE
THE END OF MONARCHY IS AT HAND
FOR THOSE WHO VISIT THERE'LL BE A FREE
ALL THE PROFIT FOR THE POOR A NEDDY
THEIR LOYAL SERVANTS CAN CLEAN THEIR COGE
KEEP THEM OUT OF THE MEDIA'S GAZE
EVERY DAY WE HAVE TO READ ABOUT YOU
SOCIAL PARASITES, STICK 'EM IN A ZOO!

LOCK THEM UP
THROW AWAY THE KEY
PUT BEHIND BARS
FOR THE TOURIST INDUSTRY
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WON'T LAST LONG
WHEN ALL HER ROYAL POWERS HAVE GONE
THEIR HIGH WILL SAY DO NOT FEED
OR TOO LONG NOW SHE'S WALLOWED IN GREED
LOCKED IN A CELL SIX BY FOUR
ROYAL EXERCISEMENT COVERS THE FLOOR
ALLOWED OUT ONCE A WEEK
SO PEOPLE CAN TORMENT THE FREAK

CHARLES CARE ABOUT THE WAY WE LIVE
ALL HE CARES ABOUT IS THAT WE GIVE
ALL OUR MONEY TO A GOOD CAUSE
HE SITS BACK A THO MEDIA APPLAUD
PLAYING POLO WITH ALL THE SCUM
TO SEE HIM BREAK HIS NECK WOULD BE FUN
BETTER TO SEE HIM BLOWN AWAY
IN A ZOO WOULD REALLY MAKE OUR DAY
DIE DIE DIE YOU BULIMIC NERD
AND GIVE US ALL A FUCKING REST
LIFE MUST BE SO HARD FOR YOU TODAY
WAT TELL YOUR FRIENDSOME TAKEN AWAY
ALL THE ROYAL SCUM IN MONARCHY ZOO
LOCKED AWAY FROM ME A YOU
NEVER AGAIN WILL WE HAVE TO SEE
THEIR PLAUTING THEIR WEALTH ON TV.

Down with the ballot box Com'on you bastard wear a smile for the big poster, and a magic number a change for the
better you say you'll make the difference hundreds of lines of lies their naivety gives you strenght eat all the bread and
leave us its crumbs you're just a vulture we're the pawns of your adventures a forced smile on TV the team of hope
ruling the land between mafiosis or nazis where do you stand? illusions in a voting booth down with the ballot box duty
is now done and your choice is gone what the hell is that farce anyway? this ensemble of promises smells of decay the
most swindled masses of the century a game played by the chosen privileged minority one standard bearer or another
one where is the change? classes are maintained divided as arranged

As machines I wish I could make a stand bet-
ween life and death to erase my thoughts and kill my brain, all has been said billions of times and never I could see the
end of this long nightmare, this endless nightmare that eats away at me, we're all isolated while we're so closed, distrust
reigns over each of us, emptiness is where we grow up and competitiveness is the struggle, we're ruining our very own
lives as our destiny is packaged we've been taught to revere their wealth so that we want to imitate them through the
usual channels you can't buy happiness it's all based on selfishness ruining our very own lives as in this machinery we
strive over and over again we're made to scrape and save and then to buy our own graves robots produced robots that
will produce new robots to keep the cycle going make it all tumble make it all tumble or stay stuck in this dead end

Shadow of a picture
A bit too large, a bit too flat, a bit too long, a bit too fat check the model on the magazine's cover isn't it scary how you
look different from her? but don't worry just watch and learn (The girl on the glossy page is the pattern) cut along the
dotted line OK it's a little bit painful but you'll look fine a bit of silicone here and there tan your legs and bleach your hair
isn't it already much better? see you look exactly like her! and now we're proud to tell you that the next on the list is you
you've just lost your identity and this time it was only your body but your mind will be next we'll soon control all the rest
you won't have to worry about anything who you love, what you like or what to think we always gonna be there to do it
for you we're the media your best friend

IN WHAT SENSE WOULD YOU CALL THE BAND D.I.Y.? AND HOW IMPORTA-
NT DO YOU THINK THE DO-IT-YOURSELF ETHIC IS TO PUNK? We make
and play the songs ourselves, we drive our old cheap cars our-
selves, we fall over ourselves, we make spliffs ourselves, .Ser-
iously it's about saving money and avoiding been ripped off
by any form of our system of consumption. We have our own bands,
our own labels, our own literature, we set up gigs, distribute
stuff for low prices, .Soon I'm going to learn cooking coz
I'm a bad cooker and don't much often do it myself. Don't tell
it to the medias. In Italy we can even make train-tickets our-
selves which is really cool, put glue on your stamps and recy-
cle them. A real (wo)man is made to do things him/herself and
we do it as much as we can because for sure it's not a 100%
possible, not for me at least. We've always been honest with
HIATUS I think because we don't make money or profits with it
and we don't want to-gas expenses, some food and drinks, friend
ship and sleeping are the best arguments to invite us to play
a gig. 'AVERSION' #1
(SUMMER '94)

HIATUS (BELGIUM) 1996

avenging the dead

enough of this
our people can't
we demand strength
we'll fight for
we're the product
robbed of land
starved of heritage
taking up arms they
but they were left
mexican revolutionaries
outraged by this
bombed what they
places of the rebels
harrassment of locals
spirits of hope
its plain to see the
these bastards play
defenseless make
crumbs paid for in
are always spawing
those who inspire
for a way through when
from them by you just
the links between us
is an injury to all...
spirit rides again the
viva

shit we say no more
take it any more
dignity land and liberty!
our future to be free
of 500 years struggle
forced into poverty
...marginalised
took a huge risk
with no choice
starved of a unified voice
the government troops
thought were hiding
together with army
they tried to dampen
and change...
game of 'politics'
turn the screws on the
them grateful for the
fears (these fuckers)
filth and lies about
change for a way out
the future is taken back
make the connections
all... an injury to one
viva zapata they say his
struggle will continue
ezln.

CRESS (LANCASHIRE) 1997

QUARANTINE (GLASGOW) 1997

Out of condition
Out of sight. Out of mind. Out of touch with mankind. The modern primates scare me
in their world I'm just a failure because I dare to breathe, I dare to live, I dare to care.
I dare to think. So we hide in the shadows watching as they try to sweep us under the
carpet. Separate us with their definitions and labels, when we refuse to live by their
restrictions. Yet they still pretend we are free, forced consumerism and TV. Because
they won't let us breathe, they won't let us live, they won't let us care how we dare even
think.

Mel: As a band your principles are basically D.I.Y., how important do you
think it is to do things this way? Your label and distro are done this way, so
spill the beans man!

Nick: OK, let's open a veritable can of worms regarding DIY! ... My definition
of DIY will probably differ to the next persons, surprise, surprise! I believe
the 'DIY Ethic' is an all encompassing attitude/ideology which covers a
broad spectrum of radical activism from tree protesters to record distros to
vegan printing co-ops etc. (check out the book 'NOT FOR RENT') I also feel
DIY is an expression of Anarchism born out of a late 80's/90's culture of
defying the powers that be. Different times, lead to desperate measures and
people WILL always respond to social conditions, despite the view of the
end of history or that the 'masses' are somehow lethargic/apathetic to what
is going on. Sure enough 'consent' has been given on our behalf to the
powers that be (often unwittingly on our part) or in return for some
premeal offering (the carrot and stick approach ... etc). I feel that the DIY
culture is a building block for something better. (Though sometimes I'm not
sure what that is ...) Like we aren't waiting for a revolution, we're laying the
basis of it down now. These are networks, contacts, groups spread all over
the fucking place that regularly talk/meet and share
tactics/views/politics/books/texts/records etc. etc. Half the time it goes
unnoticed, but at the same time this 'Network of Friends' is something that
is based on all the 'good' things (co-operation, equality, solidarity), as
opposed to the 'bad' things (competition, capitalism, wage slavery). The
closest I ever got to living in a tree was when I fell out of one looking for
corkers, fell onto some barbed wire and got bollocked from the owner of the
tree for doing so!! (You're one of the many mate, how many times that and
similar things happened to me when I was a kid is a story itself just waiting
to be told - Well, I don't give a fuck what the 'class position' is about roads
protesters, they're fucking doing this thing. They may not halt the 'road
menace', but they're bringing the insanity of such schemes onto an agenda
and into the consciousness of the public. It's all too easy to dismiss
something when there are no 'overnight' changes. Some things take years
to change, and unfortunately, we are NOT gonna be able to overthrow the
government or this 'democratic' system we live within tomorrow. The
powers that be are entrenched wherever you look, and they have the means
to dispose of us whenever they like (I guess I've gone off on a tangent here,
but hey, that's my fault). I think the whole ethos of 'taking back your life'
starts at a really basic level. Punk Rock was my catalyst (thanks to
skateboarding and reading Pushhead's 'Puzzone' as a teenager) and I still
firmly believe it has changed so many peoples outlook on life (including
mine) even if they're no longer part of the 'scene' It's an empowering force,
a wake up call for all those who've never had the chance or confidence to
stand up and kick the sand back in the faces of the bastards who held us
in the first place.

'Cynical optimist', that is I'm a cynic who is optimist! Somehow I'm 'naive'
enough to still think that people can get shit together, that certain basic
principles of equality, solidarity and liberty can work and do work. I don't
spend much time reading sprawling Anarcho texts either, I just get on with
what I have to do and that's where my inspirations and frustrations come
from. To those that think Anarchism is a load of old cobblers and has fuck
all to offer, think again, DIY is a form of ANARCHISM IN ACTION. We don't
need to wait for a revolution, we're already fucking starting one, and we're
gonna start on you next, scuzz!

'NO BARCODES NECESSARY' #7

EBOLA (UK) 1997

SO IT'S HALLOWEEN
AND YOU FEEL LIKE DANCIN'
AND YOU FEEL LIKE SHIMIN'
AND YOU FEEL LIKE GETTIN' LOOIN'
WHATEVA GONNA BE
BABL, YOU BETTER KNOW
AND YOU BETTER PLAN
BETTER PLAN ALL DAY
BETTER PLAN ALL WHEE
BETTER PLAN ALL MONTH
BETTER PLAN ALL YEAR
YOU'RE DRESSED UP LIKE A CLOWN
PUTTIN' ON YOUR ACT
IT'S THE ONLY TIME ALL YEAR
YOU'LL EVER ADMIT THAT
I CAN SEE YOUR EYES
I CAN SEE YOUR BRAIN
BABY, NOTHING'S CHANGED
(REPEAT)
YOU'RE STILL HIDING IN A MASK
YOU TAKE YOUR FUN SERIOUSLY
NO, DON'T BLOW THIS YEAR'S CHANCE
TOMORROW YOUR MOLD GOES BACK ON
AFTER HALLOWEEN
YOU GO TO WORK TODAY
YOU'LL GO TO WORK TOMORROW
SHITFACED TONIGHT
YOU'LL BRAG ABOUT IT FOR MONTHS
REMEMBER WHAT I DID
REMEMBER WHAT I WAS
BACK ON HALLOWEEN
BUT WHAT'S IN BETWEEN?
WHERE ARE YOUR IDEAS?
YOU SIT AROUND AND DREAM
FOR NEXT HALLOWEEN
WHY NOT BE CREATIVE?
ARE YOU SO AFRAID
WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?
(REPEAT)
AFTER HALLOWEEN
BECAUSE YOUR ROLE IS PLANNED FOR YOU
THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO
BUT STOP AND THINK IT THROUGH
BUT WHAT WILL THE BOSS SAY TO YOU
AND WHAT WILL YOUR GIRLFRIEND SAY TO YOU
AND THE PEOPLE OUT ON THE STREET THEY MIGHT GLARE AT YOU
AND WHADTA KNOW? YOU'RE PRETTY SELF-CONSCIOUS TOO
SO YOU RUN BACK AND STUFF YOURSELVES IN RIGID BUSINESS
TUNES
ONLY AT NIGHT TO SCORE IN YOUR LEATHER UNIFORM EXHUMED
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR SOCIAL REGULATIONS
AND SHOVE 'EM UP YOUR ASS?

NAZI PUNKS FUCK OFF (Blafora)

Punk ain't no religious cult
Punk means thinking for yourself
You ain't hardcore cuz you spike your hair
When a jock still lives inside your head
Nazi Punks
Nazi Punks
Nazi Punks FUCK OFF
You come to fight? Get outa here
You're no better than the bouncers
We ain't trying to be police
When you ape the cops it ain't anarchy
Chorus
Ten guys jump one - What a man
You fight each other, the police state wins
You cook your goose when you trash our halls
Trash a bunk if you've got real balls
Chorus
You still think swastikas are cool
The real nazis run your schools
They're coaches, business men and cops
In a real Fourth Reich you'll be the first to go
Chorus
You'll be the first to go
You'll be the first to go
You'll be the first to go
Unless you think

I'd love to be able to do a real radio station or help
create real free-form television, or to afford to rent billboard space, to
use it as an educational tool. Imagine all those Bechtel and financial
district people involved in the arms industry stuck in their cars in rush
hour looking at photographs of Contra atrocities with "Your tax dollars
at work" written across the top. This is what I mean as a positive
prank, not a prank with a victim so much as a prank against the
stupidity that controls our daily lives. I think, overall, the Dead
Kennedys was one of the greatest pranks the art world has ever had.

'MAXIMUM ROCK 'N' ROLL' JAN '87

CALIFORNIA ÜBER ALLES

I AM GOVERNOR JERRY BROWN
MY AURA SMILES AND NEVER FROWNS
SOON I WILL BE PRESIDENT
CARTER POWER WILL SOON GO AWAY
I WILL BE FURTHER ONE DAY
I WILL COMMAND ALL OF YOU
YOUR KIDS WILL MEDITATE IN SCHOOL
chorus
CALIFORNIA ÜBER ALLES
ÜBER ALLES CALIFORNIA
ZEN FASCISTS WILL CONTROL YOU
HUNDRED PERCENT NATURAL
YOU WILL JOG FOR THE MASTER RACE
AND ALWAYS WEAR THE HAPPY FACE
CLOSE YOUR EYES, CAN'T HAPPEN HERE
BIG BRO' ON WHITE HORSE IS NEAR
THE HIPPIES WON'T COME BACK YOU SAY
MELLOW OUT OF YOU WILL PAY
chorus
NOW IT IS 1984
KNOCK KNOCK AT YOUR FRONT DOOR
IT'S THE SUED DENIM SECRET POLICE
THEY HAVE COME FOR YOUR UNCOOL NIECE
COME QUIETLY TO THE CAMP
YOU'D LOOK NICE AS A DRAWSTRING LAMP
DON'T YOU WORRY IT'S ONLY A SHOWER
FOR YOUR CLOTHES HERE'S A PRETTY FLOWER
DIE ON ORGANIC POISON GAS
SERPENTS EGGS ALREADY HATCHED
YOU WILL CROAK YOU LITTLE CLOWN
WHEN YOU MESS WITH PRESIDENT BROWN
chorus

There's always been a pattern of struggle and defeat: never
that cycle incomplete. Never enough to tip the scales-too
many people rotting in jails, or bloodied on the battlefields.
The history books from every age have the same words written
on every page; always starting with "Revolution" and ending
with "Capitulation". Always silenced by the truncheon or
bought out with concessions. Always repetition...
"I'm the Boss of the factory. I'm in charge of the United
Kingdom Company. Shop floor workers run and fetch as I
sit around and smugly watch - and the process makes
me stinking rich." We're all links in the factory chain,
and the chain grows longer day by day; And whilst
we're apart, the process won't stop... but were kept
apart by philosophies, and moral stances, and policies;
we'll be stuck in our own little ghettos forever until
we start to work TOGETHER. Together in the open
or together in our little heaven? Fighting for total
change, or working for concessions? Do we take what
is ours, or ask that it be given? Are we stealing it,
together, or asking for permission?

His platform included banning
all cars from the city centre,
legalisation of squatting in empty
offices, policemen running for
re-election by the
neighbourhoods they patrol, and
all city businessmen having to
dress as clowns between the
hours of 9 to 5. Jello received
6951 votes.

"I did it because ever since I
was about six or seven, I
discovered I had a peculiar talent
for annoying people and I got
more and more interested in
perfecting ways to do it over the
years.

"So I figured what better way
to annoy the corporate class than
instead of complaining about
their system, see if I could rip it
apart a little from the inside?"

'SMASH KITS' 1980

LET'S LYNCH THE LANDLORD
Words & music - Bialfra
The landlord's here to visit
They're bleeding disco down below
Sax, I'm doubling up the rent
Cos the building's condemned
You're gonna help me buy City Hall
But we can, you know, we can
But we can, you know we can
Let's lynch the landlord man
I tell them 'turn on the water'
I tell 'em 'turn on the heat'
Tells me 'All you ever do is complain'
Then they search the place when I'm not here
But we can, you know we can
Let's lynch the landlord
Let's lynch the landlord
There's rats chewin' up the kitchen
Reached up to my knees
Turn the oven on, it smells like Decheu, yeah
Til the rain pours thru the ceiling
But we can, you know we can
Let's lynch the landlord, man

I wanted to fuse the political anger of
a virtually unknown British band called
Third World War with the gut-rage of Iggy
Pop and, say, the fascination with horror
and gore of Alice Cooper.

"The thing was I knew that the atrocities
of real life were far more frightening than
fiction. That has always been the motivating
force in this band."

'SOUNDS' 19-7-86

I Am The Owl

I AM YOUR PLUMBER
NO I NEVER WENT AWAY
I STILL BUG YOUR BEDROOMS
AND PICK UP EVERYTHING YOU SAY
IT CAN BE A BORING JOB
TO MONITOR ALL DAY YOUR EXCESS TALK
I HEAR WHEN YOU'RE DRINKING
AND CHEATING ON YOUR LONELY WIFE
I PLAY TAPE RECORDINGS
OF YOU TO MY FRIENDS AT NIGHT
WE'VE GOT OUR GIRL IN BED WITH YOU
YOU'RE ON CAMCORDER
WE JUST UN-ELECTED YOU
CHORUS:
I AM THE OWL
I SEEK OUT THE FOUL
WIFE IN A HAVEN
KEEP AMERICA FREE
FOR CLEAN LIVIN' FOLKS LIKE ME
IF YOU DEMONSTRATE
AGAINST SOMEBODY WE LIKE
I'LL SLIP ON MY WIG
AND SEE IF I CAN START A RIOT
TRANSFORM YOU TO AN ANGRY MOB
ALL YOUR LEADERS GO TO JAIL FOR MY JOB
BUT WE AIN'T THE RUSSIANS
POLITICAL TRIALS ARE TABOO
WE'VE GOT OUR SECRET
WAYS OF GETTIN' RID OF YOU
FILL YOU FULL OF LSD
TURN YOU LOOSE ON A FREEWAY
CHORUS
SEND YOU SPINNING
SEND YOU SPINNING ALL OVER THE FREEWAY
SPINNING ON THE CROWDED FREEWAY
SPINNING ON THE FREEWAY
SPINNING ON THE FREEWAY
SPIN
SPIN - LOOKOUT
THE PRESS, THEY NEVER EVEN CARED
WHY A YOUTH LEADER WALKED INTO A SPEEDING CAR
IN TEN YEARS WE'LL LEAK THE TRUTH
BY THEN IT'S ONLY SO MUCH PAPER
WATERGATE HURT
BUT NOTHING REALLY EVER CHANGED
A TEENY BUT QUIETER
BUT WE STILL PLAY OUR LITTLE GAMES
WE STILL PLAY OUR LITTLE GAMES
WE STILL PLAY OUR LITTLE GAMES
WE STILL PLAY A LOT OF GAMES
I AM THE OWL

Trust Your Mechanic

TV INVENTS A DISEASE
YOU THINK YOU HAVE
SO YOU BUY OUR DRUGS
AND SOON YOU DEPEND ON THEM
PAIN IS IN YOUR MIND
GOTTA COME BACK FOR MORE
AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN
GONNA RIP YOU OFF
RIP YOU OFF
DOCTOR SAYS YOU NEED SURGERY NOW
FEELIN' GOOD TIL THE SIDE EFFECTS
FUCK UP SOMETHING ELSE
YOU'RE ENSLAVED BY THE MEDICINE MAN
PAYING UP THE ASS
AGAIN AND AGAIN
GONNA RIP YOU OFF
TRUST YOUR MECHANIC TO MEND YOUR CAR
BRING IT IN TO HIS GARAGE
HE TIGHTENS AND LOOSENS A FEW SPARE PARTS
ONE THING'S FIXED, ANOTHER FALLS APART
AND THE RICH EAT YOU
A MAGAZINE SAYS YOUR FACE DON'T LOOK QUITE RIGHT
UNLESS YOU WEAR OUR BRAND NEW WONDER CREME TONIGHT
NEVER LOOK RIGHT AGAIN
UNLESS YOU GREASE YOUR SKIN
AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN
GONNA RIP YOU OFF
TOLD YOU'RE DEPRESSED
SO OF COURSE YOU SEE THE PSYCHIATRIST
RIGHT WHEN YOU HIT YOUR NEUROSE'S ROOTS
HE CONFUSES YOU
HE FUCKS YOUR HEAD UP WORSE
GOTCHA FEELING HELPLESS
YOU'RE COMIN' BACK FOR MORE
AGAIN AND AGAIN
GONNA RIP YOU OFF
RIP YOU OFF
TRUST YOUR MECHANIC
TO MAKE YOU WELL
YOU'RE SEEING AN AWFUL LOT OF HIM NOW
THE QUICKER HE MAKES YOUR LIFE FALL APART
THE MORE MONEY YOU PUT IN HIS POCKETS
TRUST YOUR MECHANIC
TO PLUG YOUR HOLES
TRUST HIM TO MAKE MORE
SOMEWHERE ELSE
TRUST YOUR MECHANIC
HE'LL ALWAYS COME THROUGH
AND RIP YOU OFF

DEAD KENNEDYS (SAN FRANCISCO) 1979-86

Punk's not dead
It just deserves to die
When it becomes another stale cartoon
A closed-minded, self-centered social club
Ideas don't matter, it's who you know

If the music's gotten boring
It's because of the people
Who want everyone to sound the same

Who drive bright people out
Of our so-called scene
'Til all that's left
Is just a meaningless fad

Hardcore formulas are dogshit
Change and caring are what's real
Is this a state of mind
Or just another label

The joy and hope of an alternative
Has become its own cliché
A hairstyle's not a lifestyle
Imagine Sid Vicious at 35

Who needs a scene
Scared to love and to feel
Judging everything
By loud fast rules appeal

Who played last night?
"I don't know, I forgot.
But diving off the stage
Was a lot of fun."

So eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
So eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
So eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
Make the same old mistakes
Again and again
Chickenshit conformist
Like your parents

What's ripped us apart even more than drugs
Are the thieves and the goddamn liars
Ripping people off when they share their stuff
When someone falls are there any friends?

Harder core than thou for a year or two
Then it's time to get a real job
Others stay home, it's no fun to go out
When the gigs are wrecked by gangs and thugs

When the thugs form bands, look who gets record deals
From New York metal labels looking to scam
Who sign the most racist queerbashing bands they can find
To make a buck revving kids up for war

Walk tall, act small
Only as tough as gang approval
Unity is bullshit
When it's under someone's fat boot

Where's the common cause
Too many factions
Safely sulk in their shells
Agree with us on everything
Or we won't help with anything
That kind of attitude.
Just makes a split grow wider

Guess who's laughing while the world explodes
When we're all crybabies
Who fight best among ourselves

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That lanky old rock & roll attitude's back
It's competition, man, we wanna break big.
Who needs friends when the money's good
That's right, the 70s are back.

Cock-rock metal's like a bad laxative
It just don't move me, ya know?
The music's OK when there's more ideas than solos
Do we really need the attitude too?

Shedding thin skin too quickly
As a fan it disappoints me.
Same old stupid sexist lyrics.
Of Is Satan all you can think of?

Cross-over is just another word
For lack of ideas.
Maybe what we need
Are more trolls under the bridge
Will the metalheads finally learn something...
Or will the punks throw away their education?

No one's ever the best
Once they believe their own press
"Maturing" don't mean rehashing.
Mistakes of the past

So eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
So eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
So eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
Make the same old mistakes
Again and again
Chickenshit conformist like your parents

The more things change
The more they stay the same
We can't grow
When we won't criticize ourselves
The 60s weren't all failure
It's the 70s that stunk
As the clock ticks we dig the same hole

So why are we so
Eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
So eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
So eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
Make the same old mistakes
Again and again
Chickenshit conformist
Like your parents

CHUMBAWAMBA (LEEDS) 1985-90
I NEVER GAVE UP: RAPPOPORT'S TESTAMENT
and if you survive me, tell them this:
almost as if I were planning ahead
I drank, I ate, I made love
I learnt to snatch whatever I could
I never asked for pity and I never gave up
twenty months I kept accounts
and in the end they'll balance out
sometimes I vomit happy memories
sometimes I laugh out loud just to crack my face
and if I meet Hitler in the other place
I'll spit this precious soup in his face
and all my accounts will be settled, you see
because Hitler never ever got the better of me
I never gave up
I never gave up
I crawled in the mud
but I never gave up

Therein lies one of the most interesting and
perhaps contradictory aspects of Chumbawamba. On
the one hand they have called for unity across anti-
Establishment ranks, from working alongside the
SWP to aid the 1984/85 Miners Strike to supporting
'The Irish Struggle'. But at other times they have
been quick to lash out at what they saw as hypocrisy
from those conceivably on the same side of the
fence, from pouring paint over a busking CLASH to
tearing into the Band Aid/Live Aid project.

The latter proved a focal point of their first LP
'Pictures Of Starving Children Sell Records',
probably the most influential and dynamic thing the
band have ever put out. At a time when the nation was
wrapped up in the goodness of Sir Bob Geldof and
Feeding The World, Chumbawamba combined
humour, anger and intelligence to rip apart the
hypocrisy of rich popstars pretending to be on the
side of the world's poor, exposing the ways in which
the West actually perpetuates world hunger rather
than solves it as it would claim. The music combined
folk, thrash and vinyl cabaret without lessening the
powerful impact of the record as a whole.

FIGHT THE ALTON BILL!

In ignorance, I still assumed this body was mine; that
I could choose. I had faith and hoped for charity and
understanding sympathy - but no. We're seen as baby
machines. Face Judge, Jury, and male GP's found
guilty, careless, callous, cold; and told the things we're
always told by the gentle, prime-time moralist on
national daily news: with persuasive smile he'll take
away a woman's right to choose.
2. They say "The Lord Giveth...and the Lord taketh
away". But not beyond the eighteenth week if Alton
has his way....
3. Doctor: "Have you considered what you're going
to lose? Do you realise what you're asking me to do?
Are there medical reasons? Oh - and by the way - You
know we can't help you unless you pay."
4. Desperation and a waiting list; you don't count
blessings - just weeks missed. Problems are beginning
to show. It's so impersonal, so painfully slow.
5. Doctor: "Do you know what you'll put my
conscience through? Do you know just how few women
are as lucky as you? No, the delay's not deliberate. It
just takes time. (And maybe by then you'll have changed
your mind)."
6. A history of desperation, of old wives' tales - from
jumping down off ladders to using knitting needles.
From gin baths, to a punch in the guts: sometimes it
would work, mostly it just hurt.
7. That 'these laws are to protect us' is another moral
con. How do they protect the given rights of any
woman? They'll drive us on the back-streets; demand
won't go away. We'll bleed, and we'll die, because we
couldn't pay.
8. This Bill will make us victims. It's we who should
decide. We want control of our bodies and our lives!
9. Alton - don't feel too safe behind your man-made
laws. Laws can be broken as easily as bones. Steal from
one, and you steal from us all; and laws like yours will
make re-sisters of us all!

Music scenes ain't real life
They won't get rid of the bomb
Won't eliminate rape
Or bring down the banks
Any kind of real change
Takes more time and work
Than changing channels on a TV set
So why are we so
Eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
So eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
So eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
Make the same old mistakes
Again and again
Chickenshit conformist
Like your parents

If our music makes you happy, but
content, it has failed. If our music
entertains, but doesn't inspire, it has
failed. The music's not a threat: Action
that music inspires can be a threat.

How far do you think that your music inspires?

That doesn't make a claim for our music, it's saying that's what we
think music should be and that's what it's been to us.
We're not so egotistical to think they're going to use the information
to change their lives.

When Elvis with rock'n'roll or Johnny Rotten did their thing it's just
a threat by it's nature when in fact it's not actually a threat until
somebody takes it away and does something with it, you've got to shock
people into creating something of their own.

It's like people who get up at five o'clock in the morning to go hunt
sabbings because of what they've heard on a record.

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I'll spit this precious soup in his face
and all my accounts will be settled, you see
because Hitler never ever got the better of me
I never gave up
I never gave up
I crawled in the mud
but I never gave up
MRR: Have you ever thought of taking the
theater into the audience?
Doroot: We used to put one of our record
covers up and sell shares of the record. Really
early on we used to start the set out in the
audience. I would just start singing a song
and we would gradually make our way to the
stage. That really took people by surprise
but I got to the point where I'd project
my voice. In this set, when I do the Elvis
impersonation I always try and come from
the back of the audience.
'MAXIMUM ROCK 'N' ROLL'
SEPT '91
'UK RESIST' SPRING '91
SMASH CLAUSE 28!

7. Oscar Wilde, Oscar Wilde, can you tell me where
you've been? - I've been down to London town to pay
a visit to the Queen. Oscar Wilde, Oscar Wilde, can
you tell me what you saw? - I saw the Queen and all
her courtiers cooking up new laws; I saw the corridors
of power, with closets wall-to-wall; and I saw the truth
behind the Emperor's new Clause!
8. So you burn the books, and close your eyes to every
other possibility - you got to keep your job for
collaborating with the enemy. You keep throwing stones
though your house is made of glass; you've helped to
make McCarthyism popular, at last.
9. (From a sermon delivered by the Reverend Abraham
Meekly): "Blessed are the moralists, the Judges, the
patriarchs. Blessed are the gutter-press, the Aids-joke
comedians. Praise to the guilt-mongers, the fear-
builders, the sin-fetishists!"
10. Glory, Glory Halleluia - His Truth Is Marching On.
11. One in ten driven underground - divisions getting
wider - hide your inclination behind a straight face and
a Bible. Third Reich Morality: and if the cap doesn't
fit, there's a designer label for hypocrites.
12. Here comes the officer knocking on your door; he's
got a Care Order in the pocket of his uniform. Where's
Radcliffe Hall? Now is the time to tear Clause 29!
13. Here comes the Preacher checking on your soul....
"Too late, Sir - I'd rather fall". We'll eat your bread
and we'll drink your wine, and still tear up Clause 29!
14. Here comes the Judge, hammer in hand; but we've
all gone deaf to bigots' commands. Our justice will
cross the thin blue line and tear up Clause 29!
15. Here comes a brick, heading your way - a concrete
opinion says all I want to say. Save your own soul. Mine
will be fine, once we've shredded Clause 29!

First of all what were The Slits
doing playing Holland Park school
on a Thursday afternoon? Well, they
wanted to gig again and away from
the posy London clique and this was
Ari's school where a load of eleven
to sixteen-year-olds could make a
great audience.
In the corridor on the way to the
school hall I passes a scrawled crayon
poster which said "The Slits, 5pm,
adm 5p". Outside the hall were a gaggle
of excited kids watching The Slits set
up, faces squashed up against the glass
door. It was probably most of them's
first ever gig - what a great way to
start.
'ZIGZAG' JAN '78
'CRISIS' POINT #2

Number One Ennemy
You sit up there deciding my future
What the fuck do you think you are
Changing buses
Raising taxes
Changing things as you please.
You want me to take part in it
Like all the people did
You want to swallow me
But you might get ingested.
I'm going to be your Number One Ennemy
All for the hell of it.
If you like white, I'll be black
If you like black, I'll be yellow
If you like rational, I'll be impossible
If you like reasonable, I'll be insane
If you like peace and flowers, I'm going to carry
knives and chains.
Give me ten, I'll take one hundred
Give me one hundred, I'll need thousands
Never mind what you say
Never mind what people think
Don't try to be nice to me
'Cause I'll be your enemy
Don't be inflexible
'Cause I go to kill.
I'm going to be your Number One Ennemy
All for the hell of it.

REVOLUTION

There's always been a pattern of struggle and defeat: never
that cycle incomplete. Never enough to tip the scales-too
many people rotting in jails, or bloodied on the battlefields.
The history books from every age have the same words written
on every page; always starting with "Revolution" and ending
with "Capitulation". Always silenced by the truncheon or
bought out with concessions. Always repetition...
"I'm the Boss of the factory. I'm in charge of the United
Kingdom Company. Shop floor workers run and fetch as I
sit around and smugly watch - and the process makes
me stinking rich." We're all links in the factory chain,
and the chain grows longer day by day; And whilst
we're apart, the process won't stop... but were kept
apart by philosophies, and moral stances, and policies;
we'll be stuck in our own little ghettos forever until
we start to work TOGETHER. Together in the open
or together in our little heaven? Fighting for total
change, or working for concessions? Do we take what
is ours, or ask that it be given? Are we stealing it,
together, or asking for permission?
Even though we disagree we share a common enemy -
our methods may not be the same, but TOGETHER
we can break the chain! Different aims, different
means, with common ground inbetween - Don't sit back,
it's time to act! This life is ours! Let's snatch it back!
The time has come to make a choice:
STOP TAKING ORDERS FROM HIS MASTER'S VOICE!

What the Slits lacked in musicianship they more than
made up for in style energy, and a total 'why can't I do
this myself?' attitude. More for the way they did things
than for what they had done, the Slits deserve mention in
these pages. Four very attractive woman/girls, the Slits
entered a predominantly male world of punk on their own
terms, cutting through all prejudices and bullshit without
apology or need for justification nor offering explanation.
-the Slits had played just
three show before being invited on the tour with the Clash
The sheer arrogance that the Slits would go on tour at
this stage and the first date of the tour in Edinburgh would
be Viv Albertine's first stage appearance is pure bril-
liance! Ari Up, who was only fifteen, expected people to
find their music to be "dreadful", and the Slits couldn't
care less!

Much to the surprise of all con-
cerned, the Slits cause more consternation than the Clash, Subway Sect and
the Buzzcocks combined. But not
necessarily because of what they
actually do.

It is what the Slits represent, even
at their least provocative, that gets up
people's noses. They deport them-
selves like lofty viragos storming
through life with the lusty abandon of
stage hands at the Folies Bergere. Their
earthy arrogance and striking mode of
attire - an organised mess of dressed-
up undress - causes adults to behave
with alarming intolerance.

Quite apart from being thrown out
of hotels, Ari Up is quite used to
being spat at by people who pass her
on the street. Being refused service in
coffee bars and pubs is another fact of
life.

Ari Up and the Slits are highly
defined examples of an ideal type that
is becoming more attractive to women
all the time. What they represent is a
revolutionary and basic shift of female
ego from one which is biologically
defined to one which is made strong
by an assertive, mainstream role in
society.

Thus they are far more 'threatening'
than the male musicians they are tour-
ing with. At their most outrageous,
the antics of male rock stars are
only traditional expressions of male
aggression and delinquency. An incon-
venience but hardly a fundamental
threat to the established way of life -
as over twenty five years of wrecked
hotel rooms tell testify.

The Slits however, without giving
up their capacity to be warm,
emotional people, are fighting for
power, independence and recognition
for their ideas and what they do.

THE NEW WAVE AMX ROCK EXPLOSION (600K 1977) - CAROLINE COON

THE NEW WAVE AMX ROCK EXPLOSION (600K 1977) - CAROLINE COON

Society preys on hurt and denial
But society is only a mass of people
Striving to be fed at the expense of others
Striving to be better than their next-door neighbor
People are scared underneath their silence
People are selling their souls afraid

And then the system wins again

And will carry on withing the world
Til people start to talk to each other
Everyone just like a brother
Til the morals and fear that divides us all
Is no longer the excuse for the system's rule

US FISH MUST SWIM TOGETHER

LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING
WHEN FISHES ROAMED THE SEA
THEY SWAM AROUND BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE
IN TEN MILLION YEARS B.C.

ONE
HUNDRED DAY THEY DECIDED
TO EVOLVE INTO VERTEBRATES
AND A FEW CAME OUT OF THE WATER
AND GOT DRUNK TO CELEBRATE

SOON, WELL, WHEN I SAY "SOON," I MEAN
A COUPLE MILLION YEARS
THEY EVOLVED INTO VARIOUS QUADPODS
WITH LEGS AND WINGS AND FARS

AND ABOUT A TRILLION AGONS LATER
THEY WENT ALL CIVILIZED
AND BUILT LOTS OF TOWNS AND COUNCIL PLAMS
THAT REACHED INTO THE SKIES

THE MORAL OF THIS TALE, YOU SEE,
WE ARE DISRESPECTED FROM THE FISH
AND IF WE PROGRESS MUCH FURTHER
WE'LL PUT OUR LIVES AT RISK

WE'RE STARVING, DESTROYING OURSELVES
WITH POLLUTION, AND OVERFISHING
WHEN FOOD AND SEX AND WATER

TO CHOOSE
A SUCKING VOICE

WHEN 'SINK OR SWIM' IS THE CHOICE YOU GET
YOU CANNOT SWIM FOREVER
YOU NEED SUPPORT TO KEEP YOU ALIVE

SAY
 NG PUT AWAY
 THE ONLY WAY
 SYSTEM?
 ONE?

OUT IN THE GARDEN THERE'S A LITTLE WHITE RABBIT
 LIKE REVOLVON TORTURE FOR YOUR CLEAN LITTLE HABITS
 YOU WASH YOUR HAIR TO KEEP IT CLEAN
 YOU GET TO WONDER WHY VIOLENCE'S GREEN
 AND FORGET ABOUT THE SILENT ANIMAL SCREAMS

OUT IN THE GARDEN THERE'S A LITTLE WHITE DOG
 SHAMPOO IN YOUR EYES LIKE A BURNING FOG
 BUT IT'S TRIED AND TESTED SO YOU WON'T GO BLIND
 ANIMALS KILLED FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND
 FOR YOUR SINKING HAIR SO MANY HAVE DIED

OUT IN THE GARDEN THERE'S A LITTLE WHITE CAT
 AND YOU'RE CATCHING NO CURE IT'S YOU SMOKE THAT FAG
 "WHEN WILL THEY FIND THE CURE?" YOU CHOKED
 WHEN ENOUGH CATS HAVE DIED OF SMOKE?
 AND THEY SAY THAT ANIMALS GO FOR THE THROAT

AND THE MONKEYS IN THE ZOO THEY LOOK SO TAME
 IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE THEY REMOVED THEIR BRAINS
 TO THINK THAT MAN EVOLVED FROM THIS BEAST
 CIVILISED SAVAGES DOWN FROM THE TREES
 THE ANIMALS WHO RUN THESE LABORATORIES

IT'S GONNA GET WORSE

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY I'M LIVING
 NO-ONE GIVES ME ANY CHOICE
 YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I'M SINGING
 BUT I DON'T GOT IS MY FUCKING VOICE
 I CAN'T GET A WORD IN EDGEWAYS
 SURROUNDED BY SO MANY LIES
 THEY JUST TREAT US LIKE SUBHUMANS
 WE'RE THE PEOPLE THEY DESPISE

(c) I'M TELLING YOU IT'S GONNA GET WORSE

ALWAYS RISING UNEMPLOYMENT
 ALWAYS DEBATES ON NUCLEAR WAR
 DO YOU THINK THAT ANY GOVERNMENT
 GIVES A SHIT WHAT WE STAND FOR?
 SOMETIMES YOU WONDER WHAT TO DO
 WHEN YOU HAVEN'T GOT NO CASH
 BETTER START THINKING WHAT YOU'LL DO
 WHEN YOUR COUNTRY TURNS TO ASH

YOU CAN BLAME THE FUCKING TORIES
 EVERY GOVERNMENT'S THE SAME
 THEY DON'T BELIEVE IN THE PUBLIC GOOD
 THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE THEY CAN
 THEN THE BASTARDS THROW YOU OUT
 AND TAKE YOUR FURNITURE AWAY
 COS YOU CAN'T AFFORD THE RENT
 UNEMPLOYMENT DOESN'T PAY

(No Restrictions) #1

CHARITY

AS THE CHARITY DEPARTMENT AT THE TREASURY DISPENSES LICENSES SO YOU CAN DO ONE TOO THE CHOROPANS ARE RUNNING OUT OF WEAPONRY SO THEIR LEADERS STOCK IT UP INSTEAD OF FOOD AND CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME SO GET OUT ON THE STREETS AND HELP THE REFUGEES

AND THE MANAGER OF S.M.I TECHNOLOGY SEEMS RELUCTANT TO DISCUSS HIS BUSINESS DEALS COS THE WEAPONS SALES ARE PAYING FOR HIS MEALS HE'LL GO TO WHIZZING HEIGHTS TO KEEP IT OUT OF SIGHT...

PROFIT! WEAPONRY DOESN'T FEED REFUGEES IT'S A HIT! M'CARNEY'S SAYING PLEASE ON T.V.'S ROYALTIES TO FEED THE LORD WITH GUNS

WEMBLEY STADIUM FOREVER ON THE VIDEO AND A MILLION SPENT TO RAISE THAT SIXTY MORE NOTHING EVER QUITE AS BIG AS THIS BEFORE AND IT BROKE OUR HEARTS AS IT TOPPED THE CHARTS

BUT WHEN THE OVERKILL EXPLOITED THE REALITY HE FORGOT THE FACTS AND REVULSED IN THE NOISE WE DIDN'T SEE THAT WHILE WE HAD THE VOICE COMPANIES AND LAWS WERE PULLING VOCAL CHORDS

IF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS LESS OBSESSED WITH PROPERTY AND THE NEED TO KEEP IT SAFE WITH THREATS OF WAR THEN THE THIRD WORLD WOULDN'T NEED A WAR ECONOMY THAT WE'RE SUPPLYING AT A COST THEY CAN'T AFFORD SO WE BUY UP ALL THEIR CROPS AND GRAIN AND SELL IT BACK AGAIN WHEN THERE AIN'T NO RAIN AND HAVE A BIG CAMPAIGN USING FAMOUS NAMES AND AS THE POINTE DROPS INTO THE OXFORD BOX TAKE OFF THE V.A.T. AND CALL IT CHARITY

AND THE PUBLIC THINK THE GOVERNMENT IS WONDERFUL FOR PROMOTING OUR ASSISTANCE TO THE POOR BUT THEIR PROFITS ARE A WHOLE LOT MORE THEY CREATE THE NEED TO FEED THE REFUGEES AND DELEGATE THE GUILTY FEELINGS TO THE PUBLIC EYE VIA PICTURES OF STARVATION ON T.V. AND GET THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE BACK OUT ON THE STREETS WITH THE EMPTY HINS AND LITTLE FLAGS ON PINS AND CALL IT CHARITY

SINK OR SWIM

LET'S GO DOWN TO THE BEACHES AND RUN FROM THE EDGE OF THE SEA SEE WHAT THE MOVEMENT TEACHES A WHOLE SENSE OF AUTONOMY

COLD TOES IN THE WATER TWO STEPS FROM FREEZING FEET FEEL THE STRENGTH AS YOU GO IN DEEPER AND THE COLD CONSISTENCY

AND IF THERE'S ANYONE WATCHING YOU ARE NOT TURN AROUND 'TIL YOUR ARMS ARE DOING THE CLUTCHING AS YOUR FEET LEAVE THE GROUND CONTROL OR CAPITULATION A NEW SENSE OF AFFINITY HAVING LOST ALL THE HESITATION BACK THERE IT WAS JUST THE SEA

JUST A BLUE MASS ON THE POSTCARDS JUST A PLACE TO RACE THE BOAT JUST A WAVELINE ON THE BLACKBOARD NOW SEE HOW LONG THE ILLUSIONS FLOAT WITH RISK CO-ORDINATION SWIM HALF AS FAR AS YOU CAN WE LOSE CONTROL OF A SITUATION WHEN WE THINK WE'VE GOT IT ALL PRE-PLANNED

BACK IN THE DEAD AIR BUILDING BLOCKS WE LOSE THE URGE TO TAKE A RISK AND CALMLY CHANGE OUR SANDY SOCKS WISHING THERE WAS MORE THAN HIS STUCK IN THESE CONCRETE HOUSES WE TRY OUT IN THE HEAT INVENT THE WORST EXCUSES TO STAY THERE PERMANENTLY

TOO MANY REGULATIONS TOO MANY RITUALS THE BIGGEST RISK WAS TAKEN DEEP ENDING IN THE SWIMMING POOL

THE STRUCTURED SAND AND WATER REFLECTS OUR STRUCTURED LIVES WE SWIM BUT NEVER FURTHER THAN THE CONSTRAINTS OF OUR MINDS

LET'S GET BACK TO THE BEACHES - WIDER THAN A POSTCARD - AND RUN STRAIGHT INTO THE SEA - LONGER THAN A HOLIDAY - THAT'S WHAT THE MOVEMENT TEACHES SINK OR SWIM SPONTANEITY

SEE WHAT CITIZEN CAN BE IF WE RECALL THE DEEP BLUE SEA THAT REVOLVED OUR WEARY BRAINS GETTING SHUNK FROM TOO MUCH STRESS WE EITHER GET BACK INTO SWIMMING OR WE'LL SINK INTO A MESS!

DO YOU BELIEVE IN ANARCHY?

I can only believe in basics like the sun rising. The word 'belief' implies a lack of substance and a reliance on external unknowns ('God' is a good example of this) - the theoretics of anarchy, those of co-operation and peace on a large social scale, are ultimately destined to remain theory unless and until people start to take control of their own situations and position in society (or out of society), to the point where like minded individuals join together in groups that similarly join together, etc - The notion of anarchy as chaos is infantile and dangerous -

PHONE IN SICK

QUEUING UP FOR JOBS THAT WE DON'T WANT AND DETRAIN US. WHY BE A SHOP ASSISTANT? UNWANTED CLEANER? SPENT A BOKE ON UNIFORMS TO JUSTIFY LOW WAGES. QUALITY BY TURNING UP AND HAVING SMILING FACES. AND BY THE WAY YOUR ATTENDANCE ISN'T WHAT WE CALL SUPPORTIVE. YOU PUT YOUR STAMPE UP FOR STALE THE CORPORATION BOUGHT IT. JUST DO WHAT WE TELL YOU TO AND KEEP THE JOBS FOREVER. OR AT LEAST UNTIL WE SHOCK YOU COS COMPUTERS DO IT BETTER! (GAMES) WORK UP WITH A JOB ONE DAY AND DON'T WANTA WORK NO MORE. GET A LIFE BECAUSE IT'S SO HARD TO LIVE. IN STICK OF IT ALL WHEN THE ONLY THING THAT JOBS GETHAL IS GUILTY REPRODUCTION. STAGGON UP AND RULLING DOWN AND ANYONE NO DESISTANCE. YES THERE TO RE-SUBMITTE YOUR ACTUAL POSITION. HOW FAST DOES AN OPPORTUNITY BECOMING A PROBLEM? ALL OUR CREATIVITY IS WANTING TO BE USED. IF IT'S NOT WHAT YOU'RE WORKING WITH FIND BETTER THINGS TO DO. WORK AND PLAY SHOULD BE COMBINED TOGETHER MAKE IT FUN! DON'T WASTE YOUR LIFE REGRETTING IT, COS IT'S THE ONLY ONE/JOBS

FLESH AND BLOOD

IF ANIMALS ARE ANIMALS AND ANIMALS HAVE BRAINS WE ARE NO MORE THAN CANNIBALS WHO REFUSE TO FEEL THE PAIN

MEANT YOU BAIT IS WRAPPED UP NEAT YOU DIDN'T SEE IT BLEED AND WHAT YOU KILL DOES NOT FULFILL YOUR DIETARY NEEDS

TAKE A LOOK FROM THIS DIRECTION SAVE YOURSELF THE INDIGESTION OUR SITS ARE GEARED TO VEGETATION AND ITS HEALTHIER AS WELL

OPEN YOUR EYES AND FACE THE FACTS MEAT COSTS A LOT. GIVES YOU HEART ATTACKS A LOT OF PEOPLE THINK VEGETATION LACKS VITAMIN B12...

AND IF YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S GONNA MAKE YOU ILL THEN BUY A BOTTLE OF VITAMIN PILLS!

YOU COULD BE MORE HEALTHY - MAYBE IT DOESN'T REALLY GO TOGETHER YOU BUT CAN YOUR CONSCIENCE BEAR THE STRAIN OF ALL THE PAIN THAT MAKES YOUR FOOD?

YOU COULD FEED A LOT OF FAREEDY PEOPLE WITH THE GRAIN THEY FEED TO COWS BUT CAN YOU COMPREHEND THE RESULTS AND RESULTS OR CAN YOU NOT ALLOW YOURSELF TO BREAK THE OLD TRADITION?

PALE CONCENTRATION OF NUTRITION WELL THEY ALL EAT MEAT ON TELEVISION EXCEPT THOSE LITTLE STARVING CHILDREN WOULD YOU EVER EAT THE MEAT FROM ANOTHER HUMAN BEING?

FLESH AND BLOOD IS ANIMAL IS YOU AND ME ANIMAL IS SUFFERING

How to Write ULTIMATE Protest Songs

YOU HAVE TO USE YOUR IMAGINATION TO GET ACROSS THE SITUATION YOU CAN SIMPLIFY OR OVERSTATE TO MAKE IT EASER TO RELATE YOURING'S RIGHT OVER THE TOP WITH A LOT OF THINGS YOU WANT TO STOP OR YOU CAN CONCEAL THEM ON JUST ONE WRONG TO MAKE IT EASER TO SING ALONG

BUT IF YOU SAY 'I DON'T LIKE THIS' (WHAT OR THE OTHER IN A BIG LONG LIST) THEN PEOPLE WRITE YOU OFF AS A REPEATER PROVIDING NO ACTION/VALUES

OR IF YOU DECIDE TO SIMPLIFY AND USE FOUR LETTER WORDS AND SPIT IN THE OXY WHEN THEY'LL CHAMP THE ROYALTY AND WON'T EVEN TRY TO UNDERSTAND THE REASONS WHY

SO PERHAPS THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE CLEAR HIS VIEWS YOU'D LIKE EVERYONE TO HEAR IS BY TAKING A PIECE OF EVERYDAY LIFE AND LOOKING AT IT CLOSER IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT

LET'S TAKE AN EXAMPLE - THE WAY WE EAT SAT AT THE TABLE AND IT'S ALL SO NEAT AND YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT COS THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE! AND IT'S PROBABLY HATED TO EVERYONE

HAVING CAUGHT THE ATTENTION YOU NOW DECIDE HOW FAR TO PUSH YOUR THOUGHTS OUTSIDE HERE'S LOADS OF ANGLERS, LIKE DINING OUT OR THE HUNGER OF THE OLD MAN WHOSE CASH RAN OUT OR THE MONKY MADE BY CARPENTERS

SOULING COMES NOT FOOD TO STARVING NATIONS YOU SEE HERE'S A WORLD-WIDE SCENE OF AFFLICTIONS DEPENDING HOW FAR YOU WANTA STRETCH IMAGINATIONS

JUST A LITTLE OPTIMISM NOW AND THEN BEFORE COMPLAINTING TO THE HEAVS REPEITION DEFEATS THE POINT IN THE END IT NUMBS IMAGINATION 'TIL IT CAN'T COMPREHEND

SO LINK THE LINE BETWEEN HUMOUR AND GLOOM AMONGST THE DEBRIS THERE'S JUST ENOUGH ROOM TO KEEP YOUR MENTALITY GOING STRONG AND CREATE SOME ULTIMATE PROTEST SONGS

CITY ON A RIVER

I SEE THE RUBBLE ALONGSIDE THE RIVER AND SHOUT "IT'S TIME WE STARTED LOOKING AGAIN!" WE SEEN IT BEFORE EXCEPT THEN IT WAS STANDING. SEEN THE DEMOLITION. HAND IN HAND WE WATCH THE CARS ZOOM PAST. SEEMS LIKE NOTHING'S EVER GONNA LAST. IS THIS CHANGE? OR MERELY DESTRUCTION? WAIT A FEW MONTHS AND HERE'S THE CONSTRUCTION OF ANOTHER SUPERMARKET AS SHOPS CLOSE DOWN. REDUNDANCY MONEY LIKE A DRESSING GOWN. BARELY HIDING THE NAKED FEAR OF BEING RECOGNISED. "I USED TO WORK HERE". STARING AT THE RUBBLE WAS BAD ENOUGH SO WE LOOK TO THE RIVER INSTEAD. COMPARISON NO! IT COULDN'T BE SO! HIS ONE FLOWS AND THE OTHER IS DEAD. BUT THE SWANS HAVE GONE WITH THE CURRENT MOVED ON. AND THE TREES HAVE ROTTED AWAY. THE BRIDGE THAT JOINED WORKERS AND NATURE NOW A VIEWPOINT TO VIEW THE DECAY. WE WALK RIVER THAT KEEPS THE SCORE OF REPLACABLE SCENERY. WHAT WAS WON IS LOST. AND THE COST IS RISING. PRIDE IN THE CITY AND ITS HORIZONS KILLED BY THE SLOW DESTRUCTION OF PLACES TO LIVE. NOW THE ONLY FUNCTION THAT REAPS REWARDS IS PROFIT AND THE MAKING OF IT. CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK AFTER THE POOR. (IF THEY REALLY WANT MORE. WE GOT IT. THE PRICE IS LIFE LONG DEDICATION TO THE STATUS QUO OF HIS CONSUMER NATION. OFFER NO ALTERNATIVE DON'T TALK BACK. WORK FOR TWENTY YEARS THEN GET THE SACK. OR NOT! HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT? WHAT KIND OF STRENGTH CAN TAKE YOU THE LENGTH OF THE LADDER? CAN YOU REACH THE TOP? IS IT Madder OR SANEER TO STAY OFF THE RUNGS AND START COMPLAINING ABOUT THE ENDLESS WASTE. THE DRAINING OFF OF HUMAN INSPIRATION. WHERE PEOPLE AND LABOUR AND BUILDINGS AND NATURE ARE WASTED. GOT A TASTE OF IT STOOD BY THE RUBBLE BY THE RIVER ON A BRIDGE

POPSONGS

YOU'LL NEVER MAKE THE CHARTS IF YOU SING ABOUT REPRESSION. COS PRETENDING TO BE IN CONTROL IS A NATIONAL OBSESSION. EVEN WHEN THE SELF-CONTROL IS LET LOOSE AS AGGRESSION. "OH YOU KNOW HE DOESN'T MEAN IT MAAN" IT'S HIS NATURAL EXPRESSION". SOME SAY THE CONSTANT HAMMERING IS FOLLOWING A BEAT. AND POPSONGS HEARD TO PASS THE TIME WILL BREAK UP THE ROUTINE. IN SOME HAZY DAY PRE-RADIO YOU'D HEAR THE HAMMERS SING. NOW THEY SHOUT ABOVE THE POPSONGS GO UN-NOTICED AND GIVE IN. IT CLAIMS TO BREAK UP THE ROUTINE BECOMES A PART OF IT. BUT NO SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT IN THE WAY THE HAMMERS HIT. YOU SEE THE WAY THE WORKERS ACT WHEN THE CHAINS RELAX A BIT. DOES IT INDICATE THEIR MENTAL STATE AS HAPPY CLEAN AND FIT? AFTER DAY LONG HAPPY TUNES IT'S PRIME REACTION TIME. BLOB OUT HORIZONTAL TO THE SPECTACLE. SUBLIME. REPLACING CONVERSATION SPACE WITH PLEASANTRIES THAT RHYME. HAVE A GOOD WEEKEND FOLKS JUST MAKE SURE YOU'RE BACK BY NINE. SO WHEN THE BATTERIES WENT FLAT AND THE DJ WENT OFF AIR. THE ATMOSPHERE IN THE FACTORY MADE EVERYONE AWARE THEY'D BEEN REPLACING INTERACTION WITH DEFENSENCE ON SOUND. SO WHEN THE POPSONGS CAME BACK ON THEY TURNED THE WHOLE THING TRAIL

SCENE 496: CAFE IN MELKSHAM ENTER STIKE MFOFFEE

SCREAMING BABY IN A CAFE. A MEWLING CHILD THAT WILL BE WILD IN ITS PERSISTENCE TO INFLECT ITS MISERY UPON THE EAR. ITS TIMES LIKE THIS I GET TOO NEAR TO KIDS TO EVER WANT TO BE PARENTAL. ON THE VERGE OF GOING MENTAL. SHREKING SPIKES AND LACERATIONS RUINING MY CONCENTRATION. OVER THERE ANOTHER ANGLED CHILD WAS DANGLED FROM A CHAIR AWARE OF CRYING IN THE AIR. AND WALKED AWAY FROM MOTHER'S SMILE TO PASS ON TO THE STREAMING CHILD WHO SEEING SOME CONSIDERATION STOPPED ITS WAITING EMULATION OF TANKS ON SOPS WITH PAULING BRAVES. THAT OTHER KID HAD WHAT IT TAKES. AS WE ALL LIKE TO THINK WE DO BUT WE JUST SIT AND LET IT PASS. WHILE THIS BRIGHT KID GOT OFF ITS ASS AND MADE THE DIFFERENCE FOR US ALL JUST BY BEING NATURAL. I DOUBT THAT KID'S NAME WAS ROSE. IT WAS PROBABLY SOMETHING LIKE BRIAN. BUT IT KNEW WHAT TO DO. THE INSTINCTIVE APPROACH. AND SOMEBOW IT STOPPED THE KID CRYING

CATHOLIC SEX Confession

THE VOICE AT THE BOX HAD FINALLY LOST YEARS OF FRUSTRATION IN A DRUNK NIGHT OF PASSION. AND DECLARED IN CONFESSON TO THE NEAREST PROFESSIONAL GUILT CONTROL KNOW-IT-ALL: "FOR ONCE ALL MY PRIDE WAS ILLUSION. A FALSE SELF-EXCUSION FROM PLEASURES SO VAST THEY COULD HARDLY BE NAMED". AND WAS TOLD IN A COO VOICE "YOU SHOULD FEEL ASHAMED - THE CHURCH KNOWS YOUR BUSINESS AND NEEDS THE CONTROL OF THE BODY IN ORDER TO MANAGE THE SOUL. SEXUAL FREEDOM DESTROYS ANY FAITH IN A CHURCH THAT SAYS FREEDOM BEGINS AT THE GRAVE SO WE FROWN ON THE PHYSICAL AND BAN CONTRACEPTION ABORTION AND WOMEN FROM BEING THE POPE. IT'S DOWN IN HIS BIBLE THAT GOD IS A MAN. AND ABSTENTION AND CAUTION ARE HOW WE ALL COPE. DID YOU USE CONTRACEPTION? YOU DIDN'T? THAT'S GOOD. THE POPE DOESN'T USE IT AND REASON YOU SHOULD. UNLESS SHE GETS AIDS OR A PREGNANCY. MIND. I SUGGEST YOU GET TESTED AND SEE WHAT THEY FIND. NO DOUBT SHE'LL KEEP ANY OFFSPRING CONCEALED FROM THE PRESS AND THE LIKE, GET SOME FUNDS FROM THE PLATE. NOW TIME MARCHES ON AND I'M LATE FOR A MEAL. HAIL MARY TIMES TEN. DON'T DO IT AGAIN." THEY MET FACE TO FACE IN THE CHURCH ONE "AND I'M LEAVING THERE'S NOTHING LEFT HERE I CAN TRULY BELIEVE IN". "BUT WHY?" ASKED THE MAN AND SHE SAID "BECAUSE I'M A Nun AND I'M PREGNANT AND I DON'T WANT THE BABY. BUT YOU WILL SAY NO TO WHATEVER I CHOOSE. YOU NEVER SAY YES AND YOU ONLY SAY MAYBE WHEN SOMEONE YOU PERSONALLY KNOW GETS ABUSED. THIS BODY IS MINE NOT A BABY MACHINING. BUT IN THE EYES OF THE CHURCH I AM TRASH. SO I GIVE YOUR HIERARCHICAL SEXIST REGIME TO BE ME! IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?"

'HAPPY HOUSE' #4 (SPRING '96)

ME: DO YOU SEE PUNK AS A VIABLE PROPAGANDA TOOL OR IS IT JUST PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED? **RUIN.**

DICK: THIS PHRASE 'PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED' IS USUALLY USED BY PEOPLE WHO'VE JUST GOT BORED WITH HANGING AROUND THE SAME SCENE AND THEY WANT TO GO SOMEWHERE ELSE. ITS A BIT OF A BITTER AND TWISTED PHRASE BECAUSE IF IT IS PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED THEN THE CONVERTED STILL NEED THEIR BELIEF SYSTEM SUPPORTED. THEY NEED TO KNOW THAT IT ISN'T A DUNDLING THING, IT IS STILL A THING THEY WANT TO BE INVOLVED IN. YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ON YOUR OWN SO YOU NEED TO KNOW THERE'S A SCENE GOING ON WITH PEOPLE WHO ARE INVOLVED IN THE SAME LIKE-MINDEDNESS. SO IF YOU ARE PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED THEN ITS NOT PREACHING, ITS JUST A SUPPORT THING. ITS A "YEAH WE'RE STILL HERE TOGETHER". EMPATHY IS PROBABLY THE WORD. [PAUSE AS DICK GOES ON THE FLOOR] JESUS. SINGING DOES THAT, CLEARS IT ALL OUT I. TELL YOU. WHERE AM I? PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED. THE MORE YOU GO ON, THE MORE PEOPLE TELL OTHER PEOPLE WHAT IT WAS LIKE AFTERWARDS. IF ITS GOOD, THEY'LL LIKE, SPREAD THE MESSAGE SO TO SPEAK. ANOTHER CLICHE, BUT THE MESSAGE DOES SPREAD. IF NO-ONE HAD GONE ON ABOUT VEGETARIANISM IN THE FIRST WHICH WAS WAY BEFORE PUNK STARTED BUT ONLY JUST, THEN VEGETARIANISM WOULD STILL BE A SORT OF WIERD HIPPIE CRANK THING LIKE IT WAS AT THE END OF THE '70s THAT'S NOT TO SAY MUSIC AND MUSIC ALONE HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT BUT ITS ALL BEEN PART AND PARCEL OF THE CONSCIOUSNESS EXPANDING IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION BECAUSE PEOPLE REALLY NEED TO ADDRESS ISSUES VOCIFEROUSLY IN ANY WAY THEY CAN. IF YOU THINK ITS PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED THEN NO-ONE EVER DOES ANYTHING AND WE'D JUST GET PREACHED AT BY POLITICIANS AND TEACHERS AND PRIESTS AND STUFF LIKE THAT. 'CARGO CULT' #1

When Romania ousted its leader Chowcheskoo - phonetic stuff, this! - the western world saw his street cameras as an ultimate sign of Orwellian dictatorship, and now 8 years later, we're all potential Crimewatch stars! Stella Rimington is the friendly face of the CIA or is it MI5 and what's the difference? The police can computer file your DNA and arrest anyone on suspicion of anything. the atmosphere is heavy with mutual suspicion, and these cameras are extremely damaging psychologically. The feeling of being watched in public places leads everyone to a constant state of paranoia and we will all end up behaving as if a war was on; staying in and keeping quiet. This further divides us and alienates people from each other and the State, which is how a State functions when its media are no longer toeing the party line. Its a sign of the State's loss of credibility that it has to retain control through blatantly oppressive means, as opposed to subtler "Democratic" forms of Government.

HERESY (NOTTINGHAM) 1987-88

THE WAY FORWARD

Should we count our losses and pick up the pieces? As the chance of holding this growth together decreases The understanding has gone so our position gets weak As people are too prepared to stay within a clique

Co - operation - the way forward Polarization - only makes it awkward (With) competition - no problems get solved Participation - an equal chance to be involved

Forward

These factions are aided by no communication End the mistrust and reverse the situation Go out on a limb and prove you can care Hold out the hand of friendship - is nobody there? It could be possible that we expected too much As this tree branches out the branches just lose touch Mutual recognition, an acceptance of our roots A common purpose for the tree and it's offshoots

Co - operation not competition

SMELLS LIKE HOME

YOU CAN'T SEE THE MOON ABOVE THE CITY THE SKY IS ALWAYS FULL OF CLOUDS EVEN WHEN THE SUN'S GONE DOWN IT'S LIKE LIVING ON THE UNDERGROUND BLACK AND WHITE IN SHADES OF BROWN

AND YOU CAN'T BREATHE THE AIR IN THE CITY WITH ALL THE FUMES OF CARS AND FACTORIES YOUR LUNGS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE BREATHE IN THE NEW COMPLACENCY AT LEAST IT'S GOOD FOR INDUSTRY AT LEAST IT SMELLS LIKE HOME

AND YOU CAN'T GET A JOB IN THE CITY WITH ALL THE NEW TECHNOLOGY ROBOTS RUN THE FACTORIES ITS SANITISED ECONOMY ROBOTS DON'T GET LUNG DISEASE

AND YOU CAN'T GET HEALTHY IN THE CITY THE SKY IS SO GREY ITS LIKE FORTY FAGS A DAY AND THE WATER IS HARD BENEATH THE FOAM THE DESPONDENCY INSIDE MERELY REFLECTS THE CONCRETE SKY

SO LET'S GO OUT - LET'S STAY IN LET'S GO OUT - AT LEAST IT SMELLS LIKE HOME

MORE CITIZEN FISH

CORNERED RAT

Like the cornered rat That has no choice When the time has come That your voice Can't solve your problems Has no effect Must act in a way That is more direct

Just like the cornered rat You must strike back!

There's a breaking point Of no return Where a valuable lesson Should be learned If you stand for something A time will come When you can no longer hide No longer run

Just like the cornered rat The only choice is to bite back!

THE STREET ENTERS THE HOUSE

Inside at home What happens next? Outside is the noise Of the streets unrest With poverty and ignorance The greatest weapon It seems only too obvious Just why it should happen The street enters the house

Armed with a real cause And no real direction Just to smash the symbols of repression A rhythm of anger directing it's hate Testing the water in the ocean of the state

The house seems so isolated When the street stands all around But in the ocean of the state The street is always drowned

Concessions made to silence the street To make it content to admit defeat The structure is shaken But the foundations still stay The street must bury them But the house stands in it's way

FLOWERS IN CONCRETE

Like flowers growing in concrete There's only so far we can reach (let me tell ya now!)

Over the years we've pulled together Looked at our options and stayed clever And watched many directions taken And a mountain of integrity forsaken

Constant changes all around us Do we just mirror the society that surrounds us? As we draw strength from each other With this spirit that we've discovered

We had to change the game - change the game It's not just more of the same - more of the same

Some laugh and leave their sinking ship Part of an iceberg of ignorance - the visible tip That hits us hard and we escape at best But when that ice has melted it drifts out with the rest

[repeat 1st verse]

But like flowers in concrete There's only so far we can reach Do the best with what we've got Because a foothold is never a lot (that's right - it's not)

We have to realise who we are We can only grow and go so far And don't fool yourself otherwise 'cos in time you'll realise (the reason why)

We've reached the stage Where just a small percentage Can see how things really stand But it's hard to turn concrete into sand (no room to expand)

So we stay on underground With this spirit we've found And our goals are in sight But change won't happen overnight (unless we make it right)

DEDICATION FROM INSPIRATION

The challenge ahead is to stay interesting That's what a friend of mine once said The advantage is also to stay interested On inspiration I am fed Make our goals materialise Through education and dedication Everyone can share in this In each and every situation

Dedication from inspiration Inspiration is my motivation

The challenge is also to be organized Make your thoughts known and not disguised Our input makes the world seem smaller With strength gained from experience I walk a little taller

Fight for the energy - the will to continue To try to create - to see it all through Helped in these times by my travels I watch as the world becomes unravelled

Struggling through hard times and frequent setbacks Breaking away to believe And worked towards building a better future With every changing of the leaves When people are down try to help them out When hurt or upset or full of regret Strive towards sharing it with others In togetherness it's easier to forget

Dedication from inspiration Dedication from inspiration Dedication from inspiration Dedication from inspiration

Dick Lucas remains one of the premier lyricists of our time! I put him on the same par as Bob Dylan in that he explains the thoughts and feelings of our generation better than anyone.

DO YOU THINK THE DO-IT-YOURSELF ETHIC IS TO THE SCENE? Everything from writing the music, to creating the artwork and lay outs for each record, to the actual record label Crust is all of us in DROPDEAD, if that's not Do-It-Yourself, I don't know what is. We don't believe you have to sign yourself away to a record label to get your stuff out. We have complete control over whatever we do, and I think the tons of punk releases done in basements and garages all over the world is a tribute to the ethic of DIY. Punk doesn't need bullshit major label money making machines to continue to grow and evolve.

I write about things that outrage me, basically things I see as a threat to our planet or to my personal freedom. My hope is that when someone reads our lyrics it'll make them stop and think. I want to provoke the same feelings of anger that I feel when writing them. If a person can walk away feeling truly disturbed and pissed about something we write about, then I'm happy.

'NOISEFEST' #4

ENTER THE MACHINE. RUN THROUGH THE PROGRAM. DO YOU REALLY MATTER? A MEMBER OF A CLASS IGNORED LIKE ALL THE REST. SCHOOLBOOK PROPAGANDA JAMMED INSIDE YOUR HEAD. APATHETIC SYSTEM. WHO CARES IF YOU CAN'T READ? YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER NUMBER PUSHED THROUGH THE MACHINE. OPEN A BOOK BECOME A STATISTIC. GRADUATE AN UNKNOWNING ILLITERATE.

CITIZEN'S ARREST (NEW YORK) 1991

TALON OF DOMINION

Let this stand as a monument to my abandonment and submission to the clutches of consumption. A penance of control for the iniquity of breath. It is irrefutable that we become apostle to mechanism. It is design that orchestrates the perpetuity of tyranny and doctrine of drudgery and toil. Talon of dominion, skewer of empire, as certain as the blackening of another tomorrow.

UNREQUITED BLOOD

When will we concede that there is an absolute significance deficit in the concept of the human being. That rape is indigenous to our existence and that already we can never and will never be able to pay the debt of blood upon this land. Burn alive all humankind. Burn it at the stake. Burn it as retribution for its blatant defilement of itself. Burn it for its never ending void of purpose. Burn it on principle alone.

ASSOCK (FLORIDA) 1997

Do you believe in these visionary dreams of an anarchistic society based on friendship and non-profit etc. Or do you believe us punks are deluding ourselves and that we should do more about the here and now such as anti-road campaigns etc.

Willem: The here and now is important-present issues are affecting our everyday existence and shaping it for future generations, so people should be aware of active campaigns, support them where they see necessary. In the long term I see an anarchistic society to be the most ideal, but I can't see the revolution happening tomorrow.

Jez: The anti-roads campaigns are a brilliant example of how near utopian societies can be formed through the act of protest. Just visit an anti-road settlement to see that. The present system stops people controlling their own desires and restricts our personal power. That won't change by waiting for something to happen it will change, either in a big or a small way by people acting - lying in front of a bulldozer, sabotaging your boss, confronting some-ones fucked up ideas, smiling at a stranger, faking orgasm when signing on, rioting, writing steamy letters to right wing christian anti-choicers, pretending there's an earthquake next time you're at the super market, breaking a butchers window, laughing, crying, living.

Jihad America 1945. A priest blesses a plane and its cargo of 50,000 unnecessary murders. Chile 1973. A priest forgives those in charge of torture and murder. Religion is the drug that helps too many people sleep at night.

The Road To Freedom... Not guilty shows what we've always known - that the fucking pigs will protect their own over the fucking time to protect ourselves is way past due. The verdict was a direct threat to the poor of this country. Legal means have accomplished shit. Retribution is the only way to make them see the system where they feel safe should be burned down with the fuckers inside. The road to freedom is paved with dead cops and I'll drink to every one!

UNDERCLASS (LIVERPOOL) 1996

the nuclear family is perverse

drive in the nails tighten the chain two point four fetish self infliction of pain the bondage that fails us

economics at work in central america

follow any trail of burnt homes and crops livelihoods lost amongst foreign interests find the families eating empty tortillas waiting for the trickle down

RESIST (PORTLAND, OREGON, USA) 1994

YOU HAVE A VOICE... UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR WORDS ARE JUST EMPTY THREATS AND FOR CHANGE TO BEGIN IT'S UP TO US TO FIGHT INSURGENCE IS WITHIN OUR RIGHT BUT OUR FORCES ARE SURE TO BE MET ORGANIZATION'S THE KEY. UNDERSTAND? IT TAKES MORE THAN TO BE IN A BAND WE MUST HAVE THE COURAGE TO ACT AND TAKE THE FIGHT TO THE STREET

DROP DEAD (RHODE ISLAND, USA) 1992

NO HOPE

I fear to lose all sympathy for this human race. So sick of making excuses for an obvious disgrace, this is a race that murders beauty to build faith atop it's grave, and though I was born the same I sit ultimately ashamed. And I would so gladly love to shed this cursed skin, give all this up for the chance to start again as anything but human, so deep lies my disgust, so strong is my venom. Yes, there was a time when I fought with hope only to find that mere hope was like a rope, a noose around my neck, a quick painless death, their care for my hate leaving me safe and sad. But soon enough you realize that it just don't work that way, you can hope all you like but harmless you shall stay. Mere hope is harmless, turn it to rage! And with just this change of tactics, from harmless hope to lethal action, you set the wheels to motion and begin to feel a sense of satisfaction, watching the buildings burn, and when you can see fear in their eyes. And though the stooges of the state will call you "terrorist!", you know what you've done is just and right. Then they will say you must hate people. "Look at all the damage done", label you a freak or fanatic, and they won't be entirely wrong. But no, we don't hate people, just hate what they have become - mindless, greedy motherfuckers. I can't bring myself to sympathy for such scum so no more of your lip service. There is no more room left on the fence. You can't straddle it forever, are you with us or are you with them? And in the end this is the choice that we are all left with, and I for one will go along with those who fight the institutions of destruction for our ultimate liberation, because I know it's right. Join us! Join us! With strength who then could stop us? With strength who then could stop us now?

TAKE YOUR CITY BACK

Rope off another section of the city for the upper class then make another slum - a place to throw your human trash. Separate the blacks and whites, the rich from the poor. Create the crime epidemic then sell the people locks for their doors. So no more stabbing each other in the back, stand together and take your city back, take to the streets. We have the numbers, unity is all we lack, work together and take the city back that they infiltrated, segregated and took all that we had! Turn communities into battle zones and then built skyscrapers like giant tombstones. Well, I think we've had enough of that, so stand together and take it all back. Take to the streets and take your city back! We have got to learn to recognize the real enemy because when the poor fight one another over color what is achieved? When we divide they conquer and up goes another condo-plex, and unless we stop them now there won't be nothing left (but poverty and homelessness). So no more stabbing each other in the back stand, together and take your city back, take to the streets. We've got the numbers, unity is what we lack, work together and take the city back that they infiltrated, gentrified. But this time we fight back!

FAILSAFE

At the root of revolution there must exist a love of life in its purest form, life with total freedom. For how long can we stifle our yearning for release? How long until our kind realizes that there is nothing beyond our reach? Learn. Learn. Teach. Anarchy and peace. These chains that we all wear are they for our protection? Or do they serve only to keep up bound to this system we've created? To save us from ourselves? What are we really scared of? Cast off these chains and take what gifts true freedom has to offer! Humanity in a child-like fear of life and the unknown. In our nervous anxiety towards random chance, uncontrollable change and all that is unpredictable, we have set a huge trap for ourselves and created a race within a vicious circle ever turning back to its mournful legacy of self destruction. I now call out from one to another, its time that tradition be denied so that a primal wave of passion and true desire can be unleashed upon this vicious human cycle, turning it outward and giving us the power to manipulate what is to be the destiny of us all. So with this love of life arm your desire. The tribe is growing larger so watch this spark become the fire that lays this false called government to it's final ruin, and the past shall fade away as the flames consume them!

ANTI-SCHISM (USA) 1991

CAPITALISM IN ACTION

Disaster at the factory - safety record in tatters. Being sued for loads of money - that's what really matters. "Should we investigate, and find out what's to blame?" "No, I've a better idea - let's just change our name."

TREECONOMICS

I think that if a beautiful tree turned into the logo of a large company right in front of my very eyes then I wouldn't be in the least surprised. Destroying nature for more money. Marketing men always seem to devise new ways to trap you with corporate lies. Pretty soon, I'm sure they'll be using genetics to make plants grow into the logo of General Electric.

RAMRAIDING REVOLUTIONARIES

Some claim that there's a revolution taking place on the streets, and that there's an uprising on run-down housing estates, because bored young kids are nicking turbo-charged cars and joy-riding around to show off to their mates. Some claim that there's a revolution taking place on the streets, and that the proletarian masses are demanding a say by driving cars through shop windows to nick hi-fi's and videos. Well, I'm sorry, but I just don't see that way. You think you can justify it, but no matter how hard you try - consumerism's the same, whether you steal or you buy. If you've been fooled by the advertising gloss then your rants against capitalism are not worth a toss. The seeds of international corporate greed come from ordinary people who want far more than they need. "Every man for himself" is the corporations' rallying call - if we reject that idea then their empires will fall.

A STEP FURTHER.

"Actions speak louder than words" is something that I've often heard. But, without our words, the actions have no meaning - just an expression of a blind angry feeling. A butchers shop window is disgusting and sick, but you'll never change the situation just by throwing a brick. Explanation of ideas is essential if they're to achieve their full potential.

ONE STEP FORWARD

It seems that everyone wants to use violence to achieve their final aim, but, whatever our differences of opinions are, all violence looks the same. It's like a foreign language that I can hardly speak. Why should I want to use it unless my argument is weak? Never forget that we have longers aims which should not be sacrificed for short-term rage. The desire for vengeance is a plague on mankind - an eye for an eye just leaves everybody blind. In order for our dreams to be accepted and believed we must show, by example, what can be achieved. Of course, there are times when you're backed into a corner and fighting your way out may seem the only way forward. We're not trying to give a blanket condemnation of people who defend themselves against such intimidation. But, real progress can never be made by trying to use force to achieve your aims - and the real worry, if you use violence as an attack, is that you'll take one step forward and two steps back.

TAKE A STRAIGHT LOOK AT A CROOKED WORLD

Look around the world - you'll see it's a mess - people struggling in the gutter whilst others climb to success. All people should be equal - does that sound a bit dated? Everyone tells you how life is so complicated, but the things we are striving for are very simple indeed - a world with no suffering, no hatred, no greed. If everyone realised that it could be more than just dreams, then this whole sick society would fall apart at the seams. I shouldn't need to explain - it seems so obvious to me. It can be summed up in one word - equality. You may think I have a child's innocence when I believe in ideas of common sense. I'm trying my best to live up to what I believe - you just turn away and say I'm naive. Don't try to tell me about "the ways of the world", 'cos it's proof that you've swallowed every lie you've been told. "The ways of the world" are just what we're conditioned to do, and so they can be altered through changes made by me and you. Imagine looking at the world through an innocent child's eyes - before you've been confused by society's lies - before you've been programmed to accept the worst, and to expect that everyone always puts themselves first, 'cos I don't accept that selfishness is an irreversible instinct. Throw away what you reckon you've learnt, and think! Don't try to tell me to think "realistically", 'cos a world full of dreamers can change our "reality".

NATIONAL LOTTA "E"

Indignation in the tabloid press: "The youth of today are such a mess." Drug scandal stories fill the pages. You haven't sold so many papers in ages. You claim, "A whole generation living in fantasy - out of their heads on ecstasy." Their drab existences - they cannot cope, so they try to escape in a haze of dope. Turn the page and it's a different tale - another sort of dream existence for sale. Page after page of worthless tripe fuelled by lots of media hype. You try to make people think how their lives could be if they only won the National Lottery. Tough existences - stretching out meagre means, so they try to escape in a life of dreams. A lot of "E" or a lottery - you pay your money, so you take your pick. Both offer an escape route for hopeless dreamers, but the media double standards make me sick.

STREAM

The trickling waters of a humble stream - like the first conception of a distant dream - gently flowing down a mountain, slowly, but surely, it gathers momentum. Our ideas are like trickles of water.... Streams become rivers, and rivers grow wider - our ideas grow stronger in much the same way. Provided we communicate with more and more people our numbers will swell with every new day. And one day, we will become a flood....

MAKE IT WORK

I have a dream of the way the world should be - a world that shares, a world that cares, a world that's one, a world that's free, a world without misery. We can make it work - I know we could, if we work together for a common good. Co-operation is what we need - an end to bigotry, an end to greed. No more leaders - everyone has a say. I wish the world would be this way. People don't need to starve. Can't you see we're doing it all wrong? Brought up to think that this is natural - it's the only thing we've ever known. But barbed wire fences don't grow by themselves - another man-made barrier to keep us in place. We see the world as divided up, but we should be as one - a united human race.

ROUND IN CIRCLES.

People say they want a revolution, and they say they want it fast, but we need the evolution of the human mind if that change is to last. A 360 degree revolution would just bring us back to the same place - smack bang in the middle of an ignorant human race. Oppressive institutions aren't just the buildings where they're based. If you blow up the Stock Exchange then it will simply be replaced. Lasting change will only occur when the public at large has the maturity and confidence to put itself in charge.

SMILE... YOU'RE ON CANDID CAMERA.

We're told on the news about an epidemic of crime, so the public at large think they should tow the Police line. Questions of civil liberties are brushed swiftly aside. "You'll have nothing to fear if you're nothing to hide - they're for keeping you safe," is what we're told, but they can also be used for keeping us controlled. I never asked to be a T.V. star - being watched by cameras from afar. Police surveillance on urban streets is watching what you do and who you meet. We have a government and judiciary who feel the Police can do no wrong, and a brainwashed ignorant public who are happy to tag along. The list of Police brutality cases is as long as your arm, yet still it's felt this surveillance can do no harm. With a lynch-mob press who bay for blood, it should come as no surprise that we're all now under suspicion of guilt unless proved otherwise.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TILL.

Society has lost the concept of the "quality of life" and replaced it with a new goal - the quantity you can devour. Democracy has no future in such a consumerist society when it's the corporate marketing men who really hold the power. "I shop, therefore I am" is the philosophy of the day. If you want a life then you're going to have to pay. "To consume is to succeed" - that's the bullshit that we're fed. Will you eat it 'til it chokes you, or will you not be led? They're marketing the shopping malls as if they're amusement parks - "A fun day out for all the family" - see just how much you can spend. "Everything you'll ever need under one convenient roof." Who cares about the real world, when you can play pretend? Advertising plays on people's insecurities and fears so that they gladly buy what they're told, and believe they have free will. 57 varieties of the same old corporate message - we all the victims of the triumph of the till.

YOUNG, FIT MALES.

The kids need a venue so they find a squat, but do they get their act together? Often not. Get their priorities completely twisted - painting punk rock murals is the first thing listed. The yard outside is a total mess scrap metal, rubble and broken glass. How safe is it to get around if you're 6 years old, or wheelchair bound? Inside the venue the toilet's bust, but the young, fit males are not too fussed. They can just go outside and piss up a wall - no thought for others at all. On the dancefloor it's much the same - young, fit males play macho games. No place for vulnerability in such an atmosphere of hostility. Gigs carry on until the early hours so that young, fit males can show off juvenile powers as if it's a test of their endurance, or they're still rebelling against their parents. But how suited is this for people who need to get back for work, or have kids to feed? And how safe do you feel walking home when it's 4 in the morning and you're all alone? Young, fit males. For all our ideology of compassion and equality, there is nothing quite so alienating as the subculture that we're creating. It should be welcoming and accessible to others, not a close-knit clique which restricts and smothers. And our dreams will all be bound to fail if we allow them to be trashed by the young, fit males.

I'M NOT A TOURIST - I LIVE HERE.

"Think globally, act locally" - do you understand what that means? It means you should look for practical ways to try to live out some of your dreams. The "big picture" is sometimes just too big. It makes it easy to avoid the smaller things around us which cause our planet to be destroyed. If we assume there is no hope, then we guarantee it. You're a citizen of the Earth, so you should claim your right to stay. Don't act like a tourist who's just visiting for the day. Make a stand. Do something, no matter how insignificant it appears. Help to reverse the cycle which has been going on for years.

ALIBI.

Do you now need an excuse to do those things you once loved as a child? Do you need some sort of stimulant before you can let yourself go wild? You do the things you want to do, and say what you want to say - do all those things you're ashamed to do, and then deny them all next day. Getting totally pissed allows you to have that excuse - you need a drink before you think you can really cut loose. You use alcohol as a prop to hide your own insecurity. That's something I just don't need, so don't try to make me feel guilty.

THE TRUE THEORY OF RELATIVITY

Inside a padded cell is a man who doesn't fit. He tries to understand it. He struck out at authority because he couldn't take anymore. Meanwhile people are starving, and food is rotting behind locked doors. "Usanity" is relative to what's perceived as the norm. If our "leaders" are the lunatics, how do we convince them they're wrong? Power lies in the hands of industrialists and politicians. The system's run on the basis of theft and corruption. Yet the prisons are full of people doing time for protesting against injustice or for non-payment of fines. "Crime" is relative to what's perceived as the norm. If our "leaders" are the criminals, how do we convince them they're wrong? If you hear "fuck" on the T.V., or see nudity on the screen, then the conservative establishment will complain that it's obscene. Meanwhile, the T.V. news sanitizes the horrors of war. They award knighthoods for the butcher, and the public sit eager for more. "Obscenity" is relative to what's perceived as the norm. If our "leaders" are obscene, how do we convince them they're wrong? They've got away with murder right from the start, so how it's time to confront them and tear their society apart.

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