

Wheezy!

NO 1

FREE

I DO BELIEVE IN FAERIES

Oh - I do believe in faeries I do I do

TINKERBELL TINKERBELL PLEASE DON'T DIE

WELCOME TO WHEEZY!

Wheezy is a side project of Woozy that gives us the chance to show off our mediocre MacIntosh skills and sling out a variety of posters and reviews that have been piling up over the last year. If you grabbed this at our benefit or from a shop it's free, but you can get additional copies through the mail at a dollar a piece. If you've been creating any graphix like these yrself feel free to send them our way, we might do another issue at some stage. Otherwise if you'd like to contribute stories, rants, raves, comix, etc for Woozy please do so, but remember if you want to lay them out yourself they must be handwritten only in black felt tip with a centimetre margin. The theme for our upcoming issue is "Old Masters, New Visions" with a focus on a variety of folks who have had a major impact on alternative culture and politics, both recognised or otherwise. Anyone making music or zines is more than welcome to send in their creations and are guaranteed a review. Wheezy is printed on recycled paper to minimise damage to our environment. Our address as always is-

**P.O. BOX 4434, MELBOURNE
UNIVERSITY, PARKVILLE, 3052,
VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.**

Hope to hear from y'all soon.

CONTENTS

(Who did what)

- 1- Cover (Fluffy/Iain)
- 2- Contents/Reviews (Iain)
- 4- 25 Years On (Iain)
- 5- I'm Too Sexy For A Job (Fatuus Times- UK).
- 6- I Can't Find It (Iain)
- 8- Kick Arse (Lennet).
- 9- Back in Business (Peter)
- 10- i know there is love (Crass/Iain)
- 11- The three R's (Iain/Fluffy)
- 12- Incest (The Ministry of Plenty).
- 13- Know Your Enemy (Iain/Karma Sutra)
- 14- Cars vs Penguins (Fatuus Times)
- 15- Woozy Summer Action Guide (Iain)
- 16- ASIO- We're Listening (Gazza)
- 17- When You're At Work.... (Iain)
- 18- Life Teaches (Iain)
- 19- Hope (Ministry of Plenty).
- 20- D.I.Y. Not Buy, Buy, Buy! (Iain)

Editors- Lora and Iain.

Thanks to- All contributors, all those who played benefits or have supported Woozy somewhere along the line. Special thanks to Margaret and Peter and to COSHG.

Christbait Live Review Great Britain Hotel- 20/12/93.

Christbait MkII sho'nuff got their mojo working as myself and a few 100 lucky others sweatily discovered. the all new "clearer diction" ex-Scourge vocalist certainly adds more variation vocals wise moving in and out of grind mode whilst the rest of the band come off as even tighter and more focussed than they already were, speeding up and slowing down the standards where required and generally pushing them beyond their obvious Godflesh/Fudge Tunnel origins. The new songs were no slouch either. At the heart of all this essential noise lies two crucial Christbait ingredients (1) An incredible use and control of dynamics (all too rare a quality in metal/hardcore bands) and (2) An understanding of the One, that is, a funkiness rarely surpassed in this field even by the Cranksters. At times I'd swear Christbait were going for the title of World's Heaviest Groove band just minus all the Superfly baggage. More than ever the Baits are required live listening, I just wish they'd drop the interminably long, slow boring number and crack out their take on "Supernaut" again instead.

Zine Scene

(In brackets- price listed, then place of origin and number of pages)

From The Same Mother #4 (Free, Australian, 12 A5pp).

As usual full of laffs and exciting trivia about todays most exciting bands. This issue you'll split your sides with the Dennis Lillees, be moved to violence by New Waver, shit yr pants as you discover the Weight Loss Centre conspiracy and rush out to order the latest FTSM cassette releases.

Address- 10 Allowah Tce, Richmond, Vic, 3121, Australia.

Love and Rage- Nov. 1993 (US\$1, U.S., 24 A3pp)

The very Right On newspaper of the Love and Rage Revolutionary Anarchist Federation. Though a bit dogmatic at times Love and Rage always carries plenty of good news and background info on worldwide struggles against the capitalist and communist pig dogs with a focus on fighting back and not shrinking from the complexity of the megamachine. This issue covers the arrests of US Food Not Bombs activists who've been prevented from feeding the homeless and trying to deal with the roots of the problem, exposes the many manipulations behind Yeltsins recent counter-coup and repression of progressive activists and details the militarization of US jails, the manipulation of hunger in Somalia and much, much more.

Address- P.O. Box 853, Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009, USA.

Profane Existence #19/20 (A\$5, US, 48A3pp).

Politically this covers similar ground to Love and Rage though its all projected through a punk perspective. Their first issue in a while this double sized Profane lambastes anti-abortionists Operation Rescue, outlines Profanes political strategies, discusses "Why the masses ain't asses", has lots of photos and angry bits from around the world and generally tries to bring the system to its knees. Bandwise the brilliant Dog Faced Hermans get a look in alongside the more predictable Crustcore faves. The Anarcho punk bible.

Address- C/O Southern Black Cross Distro, P.O. 154, Tweed Heads, 2485, NSW, Australia.

Year Zero #3 (A\$2, Aust, 36A4pp)

The "Fuck Grungification" issue and as usual YZ scores directly with acidic wit and harsh insights into the bullshit that largely passes for independent music these days. The whole burgeoning Grunge thing gets slammed nicely whilst the YZ crew show us another side to the coin with a massive stack of reviews and interviews with true independents the Dog Faced Hermans, Haters and more. Personally I don't begrudge anyone trying to make a living off their music, but like these guys I do oppose the increasing attempts by major corporations (with interests in arms, mono cropping and generally fucking up the planet type things as well as music) to control all aspects of our culture and the resulting blandness thats a result of this process. Go go Year Zero.

Hate #14 (\$A4, US, 24A4pp).

The last few issues of Hate have marked a real downturn in the Buddy Bradley saga. Forced Exposure warned a few years ago that when Bagge wound up Neat Stuff he should've left it at that and I'm inclined to agree. It seems Bagge is still riding on his previous credentials and the recent success of his recent and brilliant Grunge pissakes, because whilst hes never been so famous he's also never been so one dimensional, relying on one insight or another to carry a whole issue through. Hopefully its just a slow patch, but I for one think it's time to try something new.

The New Citizen (\$A1, Aust).

The Australian newspaper of the La Rouchites, a slimy bunch of neo-facists who worship Lyndon La Rouché and masquerade under a "neither left nor right" banner whilst advocating anti-Semitism, gay bashing and one world government under Lyndon. The LaRouchites work through a number of fronts including The Citizens Electoral Council spreading their fascist doctrines via respectable means which generally prove more successful than those of the skinhead thugs they choose to employ time to time. This paper borrows news from left and right sources with a few good bits of info, but the intolerance and megalomania is never more than a glance away.

Forced Exposure #18 (\$A10, US, 146 A4pp).

The first issue in three years of one of Americas oldest and best fanzine. Apart from its occasional macho posturing this zine has stood out for years both in its complete dedication to supporting and uprooting underground and cutting edge music and literature and equally for its dismissal of anything considered beneath its very high standards. When FE conducts an interview they certainly get down to it and this is more than amply displayed by this issue's 32 page Chris Knox interview replete with witty and informative footnote on everyone from the Beatles to Tony Carr. Also getting the go this time round is Prankster/right wing kook Boyd Rice, a so so Meltzer tale, some severe misanthropy from Charlie Goucher and one of the best Baboon Dooley strips in quite a while. As usual the highlight and bulk of any FE are the uncompromising and often hilarious musical and literary reviews which focus on the rare, experimental and psychedelic. Bravo to them for not reviewing a single one of their many conventional indie heavyweight advertisers.

Stumpy #4 (Free, Aust, 40 A5 pp)

Hailing from QLD, Stumpy is just one part of the Malignant family, purveyors of XPressway style Australian musical weirdness. Apart from taking on the mammoth task of reviewing Dog Meats expansive back catalogue they also pull off above standard interviews with zine favourites Bored and Venom P Stinger.

Address- 23 Broadway St, Woolangabba, QLD, 4102.

Bucketful of brains #43 (\$A8, UK, 36 A4pp).

B.O.B used to be reasonably good value considering you got a free single and stuff, but these days there's no single, it's still only a quarter of the size of say MRR or Flipside, it's full of Scams like putting roky Erickson on the cover only to interview one of his backing band's members and yet they're still asking 8 bucks or more a copy. Sure there are good articles on the Modern Lovers, South American psych, etc, but it's not like you can't get this info elsewhere without being ripped off.

Viral Press #2 (US\$3, US, 48A4pp).

An interesting and fairly varied US zine featuring stories, weird articles and pisstakes with a primary focus on music. The Cows, Beat Happening, the Wedding Present and Angry Samoans all get interviewed this issue with plenty of good photos and collage bits.

Address- 4440 Ambrose Ave.#209, Los Angeles, CA 90027, USA.

Double Bill #1 (US\$3, US, 28 A4pp)

Laugh filled, obsessive zine dedicated to championing the cause of William "Cannon" Conrad and to exposing the misogyny, talentlessness and racism of William Burroughs. Plenty of evidence is provided for both views plus cartoons, comix, rants, stories and news clippings about the two including one amazing one about Burrough's son shooting his best friend in the head as a child (evidence it does run in the family). The most original zine I've seen in a long time.

Address- P.O. Box 55, Station E, Toronto, M6H-4E1, Canada.

Slug and Lettuce #30 (SASE, US, 8 A3pp).

Famous for its multitudes of photos of spiky haired New York crusty punks and for its teeny sized print S&L comes out fairly regularly chronicling the NY scene and reviewing enmasse books, zines and music from around the world.

Address- C/O Southern Black Cross Distro.

Myopic Dwarf #4 (\$a3, UK, 40 A4pp).

Punk zine from the UK with a fair mix of music (No Means No, Herb Garden, Cowboy Killers, etc) and pessimistic pisstakes. Nice DIY cut and paste layout and if you ever wondered what happened to Captain Sensible then write to....

Address- C/O Darren Watkins, 93 Hawkfield Road, Whitchurch park, Bristol, BS13 OBH, UK.

Ground Level #1 (\$A3, UK, 20 split A3pp).

My favourite zine of 1993. Peter Pavement runs Slab 'O Concrete ditro in the UK (sort of the Spiral Objective of the small press) and as part of that service he's thrown together this collection of rants and raves as a sampler. The comix are graphically way above par and generally very funny and insightful whilst the articles on this issue's theme "Work" are similarly brilliant (check out the Fatuous Times reprint herein). An excellent effort with a fantastic format (A3 divided in half longways). Write for a catalogue.

Address- P.O. Box 298, Sheffield, S10 1YU, U.K.

Musical Reviews.

(In brackets- Place of origin, then record label).

Blindside- Teenage Goth Suicide Cult E.P. (Aust, Summershine)

Although a tad predictable and weak vocalled at times, this still one of 1993's finest slabs of Australian indie rock. It's got all the right guitar and epic bits and "Anvil" is probably the best take I've heard yet on MC5 era Primal Scream and that's a big compliment around these parts. One of the funniest CD titles I've heard in a while too. Keep those big Dino/Grand Funk lead break and crunchy bits coming boys.

Little Victims- So UnYou E.P. (Aust, MDS)

If fairly laid back harmonious Aussie pop is yr thing give this a try, but for my money I've heard it all a few too many times before and it's a little lightweight for my liking. Might make nice background music on a drunken sunny arfternoon though.

Heavenly- P.U.N.K. Girl E.P. (U.K., K Records).

Praying indies Heavenly deliver early 80's/Sarah records style girly pop with the verve and energy missing from the overwhelming majority of that insipid labels bands. "Atta Girl" comes about as close as you could get to early Human League without quite winding up New Romantic whilst "Hearts and Crosses" delivers a heavy rape message in the deceptively sweetest of ways. A fine, fine release doing Orange Juices memory proud.

Copernicus- No Borderline LP (US Nevermore)

Joe Copernicus has been in the poetry business for some time and this is one hell of a weird release featuring his rantings and an array of new age and thunderous keyboard heavy music. At times reminiscent of Black Beard the Pirate and at others India Bharti, Copernicus rages against the night, money moguls, falsely imposed limits and a range of other joys and evils. In turns unintentionally hilarious, torturous and manic Copernicus is certainly one to put the Art House crowd to shame.

Address- P.O. Box 170150, Brooklyn, NY 11217, USA.

Sunset Strip- Nothing Lost, Nothing, Gained EP (Aust, Dogmeat).

Freeloaders-Something for Nothing E.P. (Aust, Dogmeat).

The Sunset Strip keep movin' on in...they're still coming from the same place they started years ago and those influences continue to shine through (60's acid rock, Neil Young, 70's Chilton, Stooges, etc), but now more than ever they've moved beyond their roots capturing the feel of their mentors rather than the riffs. This new E.P. sees the band in a beautifully fed back place with the sound and mood set for fracture. The title track somehow combines all the best bits of their last release into one song whilst "While My Light Still Burns" approaches the greatness of Can in its understated spaciness. The final bonus track "Here She Comes" only serves to mark the bands's progression from boppy 60's genericism to their more contemporary fucked up heaviness. Their best release yet. The Freeloaders on the other hand have their influences too (Detroit R-O-C-K) and alot of energy, but in the main go no place special. "Something for Nothing" isn't bad in it's Hoss-like way, but if I have to hear that diddly-widdly solo all these bands seem to play one more time I'll...

Clowns of Decadence- Kamikaze Karnival E.P. (Aust, E.P.)

Like the Fat Thing I've heard this band are a real joy to behold live, but like them they also fail to cut it all on a more mediated level (ie- recorded). I expected some sort of lurching Carnivalish thrash, but what I found was glossy, gutless production, glam ridden metal leadbreaks and solos and a U2 style opener. The carnival music interludes between tracks got to be real annoying after a short while too. Crack out the 4 track and start again folks.

MC5- Thunder Express (US, SkyDog).

A recently unearthed 1972 live in the studio rave up recorded by the legendary exponents of hi-energy Detroit rock. Recorded close to the time of their breakup and whilst stationed in France the band tear through a bunch of songs (mainly from their seminal first album) including a Stones cover and a previously unreleased and average original "Thunder Express". As a bonus (or perhaps due to the lack of new songs) the 5's first and most garagey single gets a new airing this time with the sound quality missing from the ROIR release. Whilst on the pricey side the jammed out Hendrix version of "Rama Lama Fa Fa" and the near perfect sound quality (rare for MC5 unofficial stuff) make this essential listening for rock pigs everywhere. Available seemingly only from Greville St and House of Wax records.

Wat Tyler/Thatcher On Acid- Yurp Thing Split L.P. (UK, Allied)

Two L.P.s for the price of one from two of Britains finest anarcho bands. Thatcher on Acid leave me a little cold with this release. It's got some good guitar tunes and introspectively political lyrics, but largely fails to leave much of an impact (especially the couple of songs that have the one incessant riff trailing through them). Wat Tyler's "Margarine Walker" on the other hand shows them at their usual hilarious best jumping from girly pop to grindcore to AOR and back again gleefully taking the piss out of all and sundry. The titles to their songs alone are worth a good laugh- "Bat Out of Surbiton", "The Mindless slaughter of the Little people", "The Tools of Satan and the Glorious Army of the Supreme Soviet", etc, etc. High octane anarcho pop with a touch of Viz-iness to boot.

All reviews by Iain. Wheezy title stolen from a Lauren Z review. All items in Wheezy are anti-copyright. Reproduce at will though please acknowledge the original creator.

**i believe in the spirit of '68
the power to create a whole new world
not just another welfare state**

**i believe the spirit never died
though it's domesticated, relocated
and set behind a wall of lies**

i believe...



Play is everything work is not...

At work only the past and future exist; what may happen after work and what happened before. Play is happening in the present, allowing the past and future to take care of themselves.

Work is always to be finished. Then there is the next job, so life is measured in terms of time between work and the time taken to do a job. Time is the master of all, defining the routines of misery. Play can't remember the time because it is here and now.

Work is daily despair trying to maintain the pretence of normality. Forced to work but "that's life". The brutality of the empty choice between survival on the one hand and survival on the other is internalised and poisons every human contact. Play never forces anyone to play and can never wish death on someone else.

Adults work, and their "good sense" represents the hidden class struggle, the oppression of children. Children play but growing up is the sensible cleansing of life, for bright, white order and the purity of responsibilities. Play is reclaiming childhood for everyone so that no one has to apologise for dirty knees.

I'm
too
sexy
for
a
job



The desire to play has returned to destroy the hierarchical society which banished it

Work is identity, making people into their work. Work is the centre to which everything else must gravitate. Play creates chaos because people no longer have to be something. Everything is unfixed in the play of infinite possibilities.

Work is the division of life so that it may be controlled. Everything must have its proper place, what happens can only happen where it can happen. Work is the only connection. Play creates infinite connections, and myths, so that anything could happen anywhere.

Work is the greed of possession, the ownership over everything, the power to buy. Everything is a product, a product of the same everything that is everywhere, a planetary work machine. There is no release from the work of production to earn money to buy back the goods produced. Play is the release that produces nothing except itself.

Work is the management of time on behalf of the business of desire. This worldwide business plan wants to control and manipulate desire for its own profit. Play is desire without restraints, the fantasy world that banishes money matters.

Work is the lie that nothing else is possible. Get up go to work. Driven out of bed by the delusion of reason constructed by consensus. Work fears nothing more than the notion that there is something else and play is the irrational thought out of nowhere making the workplace jokes wear thin.

The working world is a world where everything is a commodity to buy and sell, including love. Lovers spend time together, balancing their accounts of commitment and declaring budget deficits in sacrifices. Play deserves no martyrs because no one has got a price on their head.

Play is everything work is not... Think of everything work is not and dream of what games to play. The games will have no beginning and no end, but only really start when the last spanner has been thrown into the last cog of the planetary work machine.

"He used to beat the shit out of me all the time and noone lifted a finger to help. Even when I finally left him, his friends, our friends wouldn't stand up to the bastard."

Real sick. Lying in this tent in the heat and I'm real sick, maybe hearing things, I don't know. Drank too much last night and overdid it trying to be some "revolutionary" (ha, ha) hero and spit in their eyes. I've had it, I wanna go home.

"I've got to get out of this city, away from this scene. I don't know what I'm doing here, around these people. The temptations so strong when I'm with them- all we share anymore is death, smack and memories."

Lying in bed wondering what we're doing here. I can't sleep yet. Listening to her breathe, how did this end up happening? I wake in the morning and shes in my arms and I'm smiling and wondering if it'll be okay. Why am I doing this when I know I'll have to leave so soon?

"I couldn't trust him after that. He fucked my little sister. I love him still, he's still my Dad after all, but I can't trust him anymore. Its not so much what he did, it's the fact that he lied to me, he lied to me."

Watching him. He's so smooth. Gotta relax, he's really getting to me this time. Gotta let go of this thing.

"My old friend, his mother worked in that plantation, starved to death there. They ran him out of the country. And here I am drinking their tea, what kind of hypocritical barstard am I then..."

Ohhh, I'm wailing. I'm really losing it. The white middle class liberal guilt trip blues again- I see through it, I let go of it, but here it is again tearing into me. This is supposed to be good for us, liberate me? Why can't I just accept things the way they are?

"Look at them, they're not like us, deluded straights. They just don't have a fucking clue, running around like worker ants sucking this world dry, look at them."

Another gig, video, talk, book, record, blah, wank. More cliched shit supposed to inspire me. A community of consumption. Am I reliving something long gone or is there still a thread that connects us?

"If we settle for nothing now, we'll settle for nothing later".

I'm screaming at him. I hate you, I hate you so fucking much. Seconds before I was frozen, what would I say, how could I tear you down, make you know what you've done to our world, how many people you screw up everyday. You're so much smaller, more human in the flesh. What can I say that will make you think? It's alot harder attacking symbols when they take their human form.

"I'm worried, but I don't want to know about it. He's up in the hills, schizing out and shes with him. I just don't want to know"

Fatal flaws. How many people have I watched make the same mistake a thousand times. Some learn, some don't, some can't.

"I want to get into some military training. I reckon I could really get into that, firing guns and stuff."

You're boring me. Why do I put up with this petty bickering and posturing? Because we share a few vague idealistic thoughts and habits? As long as it happens to somebody else it's exciting, wait till it happens to you. I don't want to live this shit.

"I can't handle my parents anymore, they're in a death trap. Hopeless. Why don't they leave each other? They don't want the same things. Why do they keep fucking, she hates it, he knows that."

I'm frozen, trapped in an emotion I can't name, let alone explain. Here again. I know I can beat this, walk away. But I also know I can't.

"Don't you like ordinary Australians. Whats your problem son, get your act together."

I see a boot before me repeatedly kicking the shit out of the world. I want to be at peace with myself. But i Know the world is too fucked up- that makes it hard, makes it beautiful, makes it interesting, inspiring. but I want peace.

i can't find it

but fuck you, at least I'm still fighting

and living

and thinking

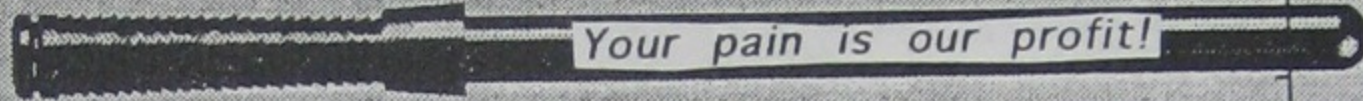
and laughing.



KICK ARSE

THE LONG BATON OF THE LAW

Length: 66 centimetres



Your pain is our profit!

Diameter: 32 millimetres
Weight: 415 grams

Manufactured by: Cadillac Plastics, Australia, of Footscray from nylon 6,
an engineering-quality nylon.

The Sunday Age, 19 December 1993

Imagine
Jeff's boot
stamping
on your face
forever.

10 Whitely Parade Footscray 3011. Tel: 314 0044.
Cadillac Plastics Australia

Victoria we're back in business

A year ago Victoria was in tatters, the butt of jokes. Today investment is flowing in, employment opportunities are opening up. Victoria today is alight with renewed hope and confidence. We're competing with the world and marketing our State around the world. No one is laughing now.

Join us in our dash towards the 21st century.



State Government
of Victoria

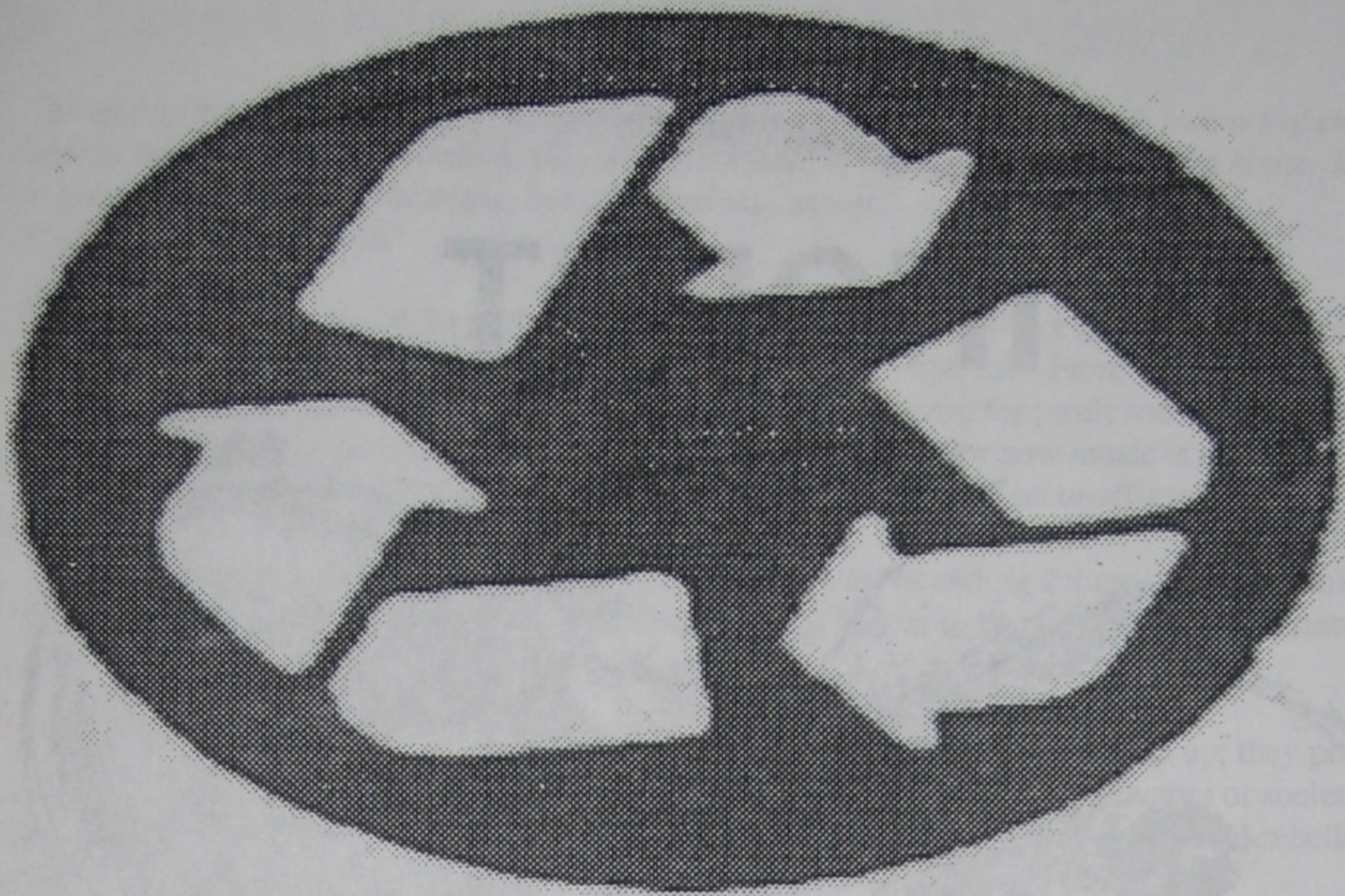
KNF 104 C Warrigal Rd. Burwood 3125. Tel: 836 1977

Do you think i was born on this wretched earth for you to govern and kill?
In your stinking offices and factories with your stupid systems and skills.
Do you think i've got nothing better to do than grovel in the shit and the crap.
Asking for the bread and home thats mine and waiting for a pat on the back.
You think i've got nothing better to do than to live in the lie that you give.
Learn the sweet morals, the games and praise god for the fact that i live.
You took me and made me a MAN by making me strong, the power of this land.

You took a woman and taught that she's less.
A slave to the strong no more than a guest.
You taught me to love, find a mate and to take.
A woman to serve, but your love is just rape.
You leave me my children to hold and distort.
To bind with your rules of normality till caught.
I give them the food you sell in your shops.
I'm told it has goodness when its only the slops.
You've taken my health with your shitty benevolence.
You've taken my dignity with your dole queue dependence.
You've taught me to steal when i wanted to share.
To take for myself and not even care.
You've shifted my vision with oppressive authority.
The dreams and the hopes nearly fade to strangle me.
You gave me confusion until i had learnt.
To obey all the orders and never get burnt.
I shout in the streets and you take my voice.
This sham of democracy leaves no choice.
You've taken my eyes till theres nothing to see.
Except abuse and destruction, no chance to be free.
You've taken my thinking, my means of survival.
Thrust in my hand your gun and your bible.
You told me to kill for the Lord up above.
You've given me hate when...

i know there is love.

(crass-1981).



Refuse

Resist

Revolt

INCEST

Brought to you by the ministry of plenty @

stealing children's laughter



"Keep pop music kicking as a pacification agent of the young proletariat both in terms of channelling energy into hierarchal aspiration, fake liberation from drudgery, and the goal of a higher level of wage slavery with all its alluring, but alienated sex appeal."

From "The End of Music"

Within recuperative capitalist society, music, like all forms of creativity and self-expression, has been captured and reduced to bland, standardised, myth-infested fartspeak. From the beginning and manufacture of records, music for pleasure has been replaced by music for profit and now it is the tune of the cash register that always rings loudest in the record shops. For now music is an industry just like any other, bands/fashions come and go, but the music industry rolls on unaffected.

The industry has the inexhaustible ability to churn out a never ending deluge of mind-numbing, pocket robbing vinyls yet does, however, promote records that appear to be challenging to the status quo or conventional morality.

They market the bands, stars, images and postures for disaffected youth to take up; they promote lifestyles, haircuts and sub-cultural rebellion against other subcultures and sectors of society, but never attacks that which exploits not only youth, but all society- **Capitalism**. Sub-cultural rebellion replaces revolutionary activity.

There are "political" bands/individuals who sing out against the wrongs of society, but offer only a false sense of freedom and political direction because they uphold capitalism rather than seek its destruction. They fail to attack their role within a capitalist industry, and the role of their record companies in the production and consumption of records.

If all of us, whatever our industry, challenged our own roles, and claimed control over what we produce, how it is produced and also how the product will be of use to other people, we would threaten the very existence of capital, wage-slavery and the commodity.

What is needed is the elimination of the record companies and their mass p[roduced/mass consumed music. Music that is of use to people, that communicates real feelings and ideas will end the artist/spectator mentality and the negative male/female stereotypes and relations that modern music perpetuates, thus putting an end to the industry, its stars, trends, images, etc and will release music, giving back its true meaning and value.

- Karma Sutra sleeve notes from "The Daydreams Of..." L.P.

In the early 1990's we are experiencing a time of confusion, dissatisfaction and upheaval and sure enough before it has even begun to crystallise into organised action we are already being sold back our anger in the form of "revolutionary" rock bands and advertising slogans. This of course has happened many times before, but what is different to the late 1960's and mid 1970's is that this time the advertising and music industries have learnt their lesson and taken the lead, rather than waiting for the formation of a pattern of revolt that they can coopt and water down. Whilst some bands have attacked and buckled against their masters confines (Blaggers ITA, Rage Against The Machine, etc) advocating organisation rather than just consumption and in the process inspiring many into action, the overwhelming message is not **Do It Yourself, but Buy, Buy, Buy**. As you watch images of revolt (Tinnamen Square, Eastern Europe, etc) marketing the very shoe and record companies that daily exploit millions in Asian slave factories and rip the guts out the planet itself, you have to marvel at the complexity and scope of the mechanisms of control...

"Know your Enemy."

🚗 The car is the single biggest source of atmospheric pollution. Its emissions contribute greatly to global warming, acid rain, ozone depletion and human ill-health.

🚗 Cars create untold waste. Car and road construction requires the extraction, processing and transport of huge amounts of metals, plastics, acids, glass and rubber. Each process creates its own environmental hazards and wastes vast amounts of land, energy and labour.

🚗 The car uses more than a third of the world's oil and plastics. Oil extraction and transportation is responsible for devastating pollution, the destruction of unique ecosystems and has major cause of several wars.

🚗 Road accidents killed more than 5000 people in Britain last year, while there were a quarter of a million reported injuries. Non-human casualties have never been counted.

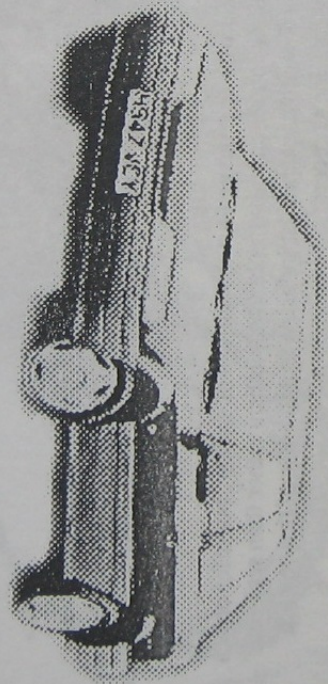
🚗 **CARS ARE CRAP.**

Cars

V

Penguins

Institute of Fatuous Research



🐧 Penguins waddle when they walk on land and are a great source of amusement for humans.

🐧 Penguins chase fish and eat them.

🐧 After a swim, penguins lift themselves onto a bit of iceberg and clean their feathers.

🐧 Like an avalanche of waiters, whole crowds of penguins will launch themselves into the sea one after another.

🐧 Penguins have streamlined bodies so they can move through the water with ease and style.

🐧 **PENGUINS ARE AMAZING.**

We're all going on a summer holiday with the...

Woozy Summer Action Guide!

Sick and tired of the inner city blues? Want to hit the road in search of clear skies and adventure? Well forget about that boring Club Med holiday in Jamaica and check out the fun and sun at the following wonderful, action packed Summer destinations!

GORGEOUS GIPPSLAND!

Up near the border of NSW in East Gippsland lie vast tracts of beautiful old growth forest which whilst only covering 4% of Victoria's area contain over 50% of it's animal species including Lyre Birds, Wombats, Potoroo's and other assorted cute fluffy things. The majority of the forests outside of National Parks are at threat of being destroyed in the next three years due to unsustainable logging, multinational contracts for woodchipping, breakages of Environmental safeguards and various other stupidities. Up to 80% of the bits they've tried to regenerate (how can you grow back something millions of years in the making anyhow?) have by the Department of Conservation and Resources own admission failed. Throw into this already terrible state of affairs the fact that the government is annually losing millions of dollars subsidising the inept timber operations (while they close our schools and hospitals) which are cutting jobs whilst increasing logging and what you have is not a happy situation. Even the Federal Government's Resource Assessment Commission has recommended the cessation of all old growth logging Australia wide.

But don't despair...join the happy campers at the Potoroo Forest Action Base Camp in Goongerah (otherwise known as Camp Quality) for a summer of thrills and spills in the forest. Come see the vast expanses of forest and smashed up logging coupes from the sea to the plateau lands, join in blockades to halt the destruction, swim in a forest stream, go scouting in search of loggers, hang out around the camp fire, lock onto a bulldozer, cook and pig out in the kitchen, climb a tripod- there's something for everyone at this summer camp. For more details or to get a lift down ring Friends of The Earth Forest Network on (03) 419 8700 or the base camp on (051) 540 156.

Meanwhile they're still going wild in...

THE BULGA FORESTS!

If you're thinking of heading further North toward the tropics then check out the protests and blockades in the Bulga State forests along the mid-north coast of NSW. The NEFA (North East Forest Alliance) crew and Elands locals are at it again battling it out against the same sort of forces of corporate greed and bureaucratic blundering that are at work in the Gippsland. Here you'll find accomodation at the Bulga Ritz and not in the forests as the forces of law and order are conspiring to keep all except the loggers and friendly police from reaching their holiday destinations. Meanwhile following the Greenie Keep Fit Plan, protesters continue to enter the forest in the hope of putting an end to the desecration. You and your pals can join these exciting treks into the forbidden zone in search of earth saving action by contacting NEFA in Lismore on (066) 213 278 or in Sydney on (02) 2992541.

So have a babb this summer fuckings up the forces of corporate greed and stayed tuned for future editions of the Woozy travel guide!

At ASIO we are tapped into what you are saying. We believe that everything you say is important for the security of this Nation.



ASIO Communications.
we listen to what you have to say.

When you're at work you'll feel the pain.



The pain and shock of being in the workforce is bad enough, without the other problems it can cause.

Like the difficulties your family will face not having you around, the fact you'll be working long hours for little pay, the loss of your time and of course the injuries you'll sustain on the job.

Your employers won't feel any pain though, they profit from yours- all they're worried about is making money and avoiding compo claims.

When all is said and done, you are the injured party.

And you don't want to waste weeks, months and years rotting behind a desk or a machine doing some boring repetitive task again and again and again. Who wants to be a cog in someone else's machine?

That's why it's a good idea to think about an early retirement or in fact about getting rid of work altogether. Research shows that quitting as soon as possible contributes to a much faster recovery.

So talk with your friends, workmates and anyone else whose interested about how you can avoid work or better still how we can replace it. And don't forget to tell your bosses what they can do with their "Jobs".

If you don't decide to leave, a little lateral thinking about working hours, tasks and free goods could find you taking it alot easier and save everyone alot of pain - especially you.

**SHIRKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!
DON'T GET WORKED OVER.**



**WORK RESISTERS
FOR A WORKFREE WORLD.**



"Life teaches people more than all the theories, more than all the books. Those who want to practice what they were spoon-fed from books fool themselves; those who enrich books with the knowledge they acquired on the meandering paths of life might create a masterpiece"- Quote from Revolutionary Spain, 1937.

'HOPE'

Uri Kochba 1940



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