

ЩО ОЗУ. 8



LIFE DRILL - JOHNNY CASH - SEA SCOUTS
SQUATTING - DR. SEUSS - CODICIS - АМО ДОРЕ!

AIN'T LIFE GRAND?

Woozy comes out roughly quarterly and is edited by Iain and Laura, (either separately or together) depending on who is in the country and has enough energy. All monies raised by launches and sales go back into the zine. Generally each new issue exhausts the funds of the last one. The opinions expressed herein are predictably enough those of the particular creator and not necessarily those of the magazine. We do however welcome comment and criticism. **Woozy** is now taking paid advertising- write for rates. **Please** send us contributions, stuff to review, letters, etc. If printed or reviewed you get a free zine in return. **We** gave away the first 100 copies of this zine at our launch and plan to continue doing so. **Woozy** is looking for more overseas distributors, particularly in Asia, Europe, NZ and South America. We prefer to trade for other publications (send a sample), but otherwise write for a price list. **Apparently** we have gotten a reputation for being a P.C. zine- may we state that the purpose of **Woozy** is to get people to look at and consider alternative ideas, not unthinkingly take on a set of rigid, leftist rules. The idea is to encourage people to look at things differently not just conform to our ideas. **Woozy** is anticopyright for other non profit groups unless otherwise stated by the artist. Please acknowledge us as the source. For profit and corporate groups normal copyright applies. **This** has been another **Woozy** production. When in Melbourne we are printed exclusively on 100% recycled paper by Pulp and Pigment, Australia's premier DIY printers. If you like what they've done call them on (03) 9417 7100.

Thankyou- All contributors past and present. All bands that have played our shows or advertised. Our families. Russell, Kika, Richard, Guy, Matt, Kate, Alison, Jad, Ben, Neil, Andrew, Tonya, Edgar, Silvy, Stacy, Frieda, Spill, Toytown, Wood n Wires, Salty and Delicious, Dylan, Grande Wizard, Sea Scouts, Life Drill, Richard, Annette, Carrie, Corin, Keith, Megan, Nick, Peter Pavement, Erica, Kim, Donna, Sebastian and the Coop kidz, 121 books, Mutiny, Tanya, Chad, Dirk, Steffi, Coshag, Christine, Kim, Sue, The Cannanes and anyone else who was of invaluable assistance.

Coming up for Woozy-

Woozy #9- A mini issue with a diary of the Anarchy in the UK conference and Croatian Anarchist contacts. Due out September.

Woozy #10- Floozy. the all girl issue. Possibly accompanied by an all girl 7" compilation, but we'll see.

Woozy #11- Phound photos edition. Due out October?

Woozy #12- Wheelie- The non motorised edition. bikes, skating, etc. For 1996.

Contributions to all now wanted.

Woozy address= P.O. Box 4434, Melbourne University, Parkville, 3052, Victoria, Australia.



Boring Contents Page (yawn)

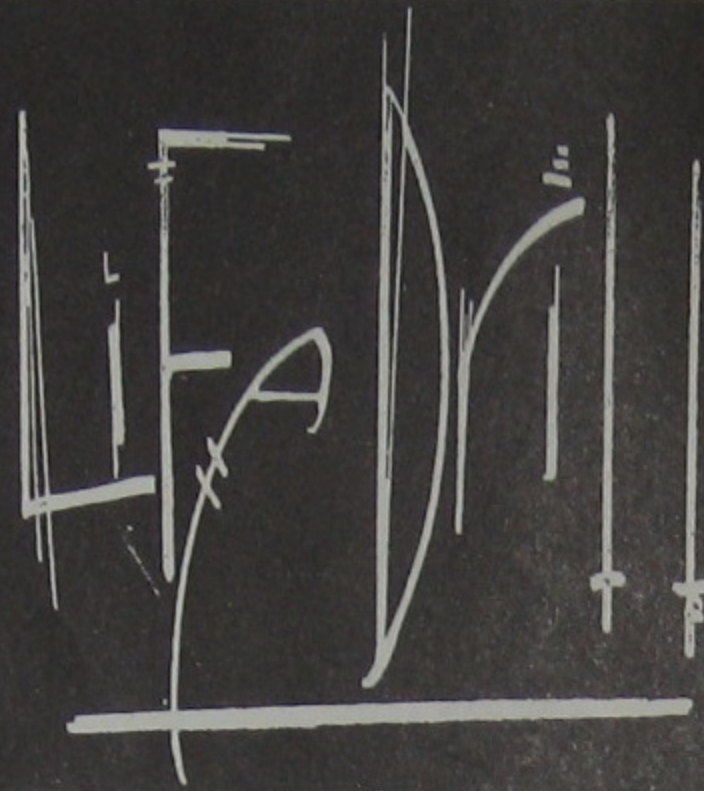
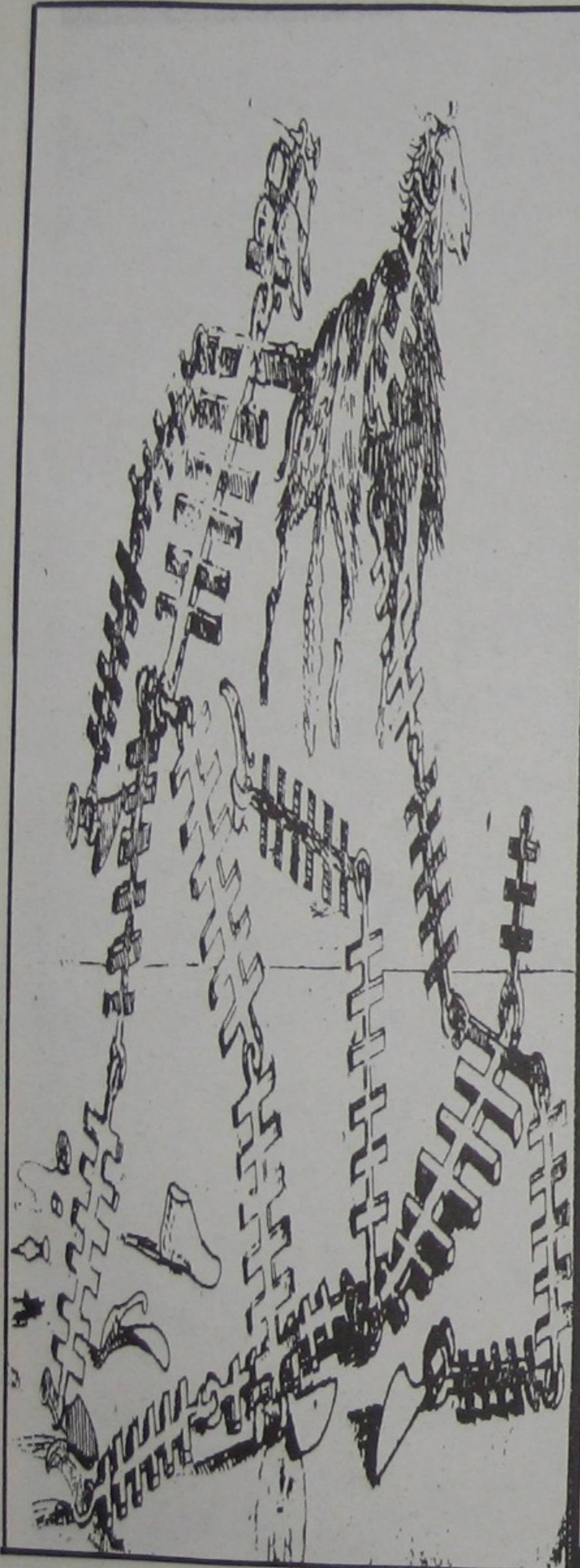
Cover	Phound Photo Phuturist - Iain (Russell/Iain)
1.	What's the Wooze? - Iain (Iain)
2.	Contents (ie, this page) - Iain (Kate)
3.	Lifedrill - Iain (Mute Freak)
6.	Winky - David Nichols
7.	Bedtime stories for Squatters - Sylvia (Tanya)
9.	Headbirth (Dirk)
11.	Fitzroy Free Store - Damian Sharp (Iain)
13.	Phound Photo (Jenna & Liisa)
14.	Twenty Reasons (David Gerard)
15.	Dr Seuss and me (Iain)
16.	Unfinished Collage (Kate)
18.	Battle for Claremont Rd (Iain/Russell/Dirk)
23.	Punx for Christ (Dirk)
24.	C.A.F.E. - Lester (Allison)
25.	Bob, Dave + Crint (Jad)
26.	Birds of Prey (Iain)
27.	Sea Scouts Speak Out - Iain (Richard/Dirk)
29.	Shoplifters get court - Harry (Renae)
30.	Route 66 (Jam)
31.	Stinky Fire Engine (SFE)
33.	Woozy User's Guide (Iain)
34.	Record Reveiws - Iain/Julian/Neil (Iain)
35.	Johnny Cash (Poppytoss)
37.	Migraine Boy (Greg Fiering)
39.	Ideology (Anon)
40.	Can it be punk and acoustic? (Kill Rock Stars)
41.	Pretty Pictures (Lusmore)
43.	Grande Wizarde (Jad)
45.	We all live in Chiapas (Anon)
46.	Hare's Suck (Anon)
47.	Vinyl saved my life (Julian)
48.	Veeno (Chris Kraz)
49.	Zine Reviews (Iain/Kate)
51	Lester Bangs (Iain) → sorry Dylan!
52	FANG FUN
53	Anarchist Brownie Patches (Iain/Kate) Kate
55.	10 ways to get closer to the Truth (Iain)
57.	The Oath of Destitution (Fly)
59.	Glorious Worker's Republic of North Korea (Iain)
61.	Queen of the Scene (John Crawford)
62.	Free Hitler Stamps (1952 Comic)
63.	Phound Photo (Iain)

also known as Back Cover.

Writer appears next to page listing (Layout person in brackets) 2

EVENTS HAVE SO COME TO PASS THAT
WE FIND NO USE FOR THIS SPACE -
HOWEVER AS WE BE OF A THRIFTY NATURE WE WILL NOT
LET IT LIE IDLE, NOR EMPTY -
SO, IN OUR OWN SAD AND DOLEFUL WAY
WE PRESENT OUR IDEA OF A 'BELLE'





harmonic frequency
manipulated. destroyed

slow / non / ultra noise

low end rumble

attack is often
the best form
of defence

liberation comes at the
expense of comfort

murder your
oppressor

3

WOOZY COMMUNICATED WITH LIFE DRILL'S RECENTLY ACQUIRED
bass player 'Mute Freak' about the new C.D., playing
live + herbal remedies:

W: some people find the lyrics to your song 'Unnatural'
ambiguous. Do you think this is a problem for groups using
vocal effects?

L/D: the notion of misinterpretation doesn't phase us past
the point where people form untrue ideas of our personal
or unified philosophies. 'Unnatural' is a song written by
a mate about a gay person's perspective of a straight
and close minded society. I feel also that ambiguity is
one of the strengths of vocal effects, ambiguity +
imagination.

W: Are social commentary lyrics in punk/metal bands simply
as generic as love songs for pop bands?

L/D: firstly Life Drill is neither punk nor metal and Stereolab
are perhaps the purest pop band + they don't sing love song
- in respect to your question things are made generic when
they become classified into a larger group. Life Drill's
lyrics take this form due largely to our vocalist Paul Solon
being a media junky of sorts who is very aware of
sly political scenarios + who seems to me to describe
such scenes effectively. If something pisses you off
what better tonic than to scream about it?

W: why do you think you guys don't get such large crowds
are you slack, is the sound too left of centre or isn't
it a priority?

L/D: again the context is important, i don't think this
music is highly accessible, not like for e.g. the
'cosmic psychos'. i personally find playing live an
interactive experience - i feel i don't exist physically and very
rarely remember a gig. that is the beauty of noise music.
It's nice to play your music to people who appreciate it, yes;
but we won't lose sleep if we don't pack the joint.

4

W: tell us about your C.D. "MONAD".

L/D: well it was recorded before my time with 'Life Drill' although we'd been stoner mates for awhile. It was recorded over 1994 (1993??) at sublime studios which is operated by Paul Morris who has done metal percussion live with us. A big effort was made with the production - lots of sound manipulation (backwards gates, sequencing, effects mayhem) generally fucked with in Paul's studio for weirdness - you can tell by listening to it. Black Hole put it out which was nice of them and shock are doing fuck all with it!!

W: you also played with there?



- Lung is in recess them are off in the cultural peak. play in pubs in full effect catalog (we recorded we will transform in public again probably mid 96 - constant mutation is vital + you will be taken by surprise.

Lung up, what's happening

at this point two of Nepal and Europe seeking I really don't feel we'll again. our tape label is releasing our back nearly every live show we did

W: you had a bike accident recently. why did you choose to use natural remedies + not see a doctor?

L/D: it makes more sense to take care of your own body using your intuition and inner knowledge together with a holistic/herbal approach. For centuries we have healed ourselves without a degree; doctors (G.P.s) seem to be little more than puppets for pharmaceutical companies who test their products on animals - so fuck that! spiderweb will heal a wound better than anything else + tea tree extract is such an excellent antiseptic, how could you not use it? Pot is an excellent relaxant and recommended for migraines and many other ailments, being a non meat eater pot seeds provide me with necessary amino acids + proteins. people are not born stupid + they can look after themselves, they are just hoodwinked into believing in chemicals as beneficial + ridiculously cruel, animal experiments.

contact Life Drill via FETTER INDUSTRIES P.O. BOX 343 CLIFTON HILL VIC 3068 AUSTRALIA

FREE WINKY COMICS: PO BOX 219 NEWTOWN NSW 2042

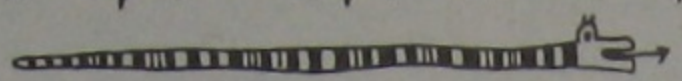


©D. NICHOLS 1995

Bedtime Stories for Squatters!

This story was written for an

"open stage" night in the Ytonia Squat in Amsterdam, Holland. Hope you all enjoy our squatter humour!



Once upon a time in a big ugly town, not so far from here, walked a girl called Goldie Dreadlocks and she was completely lost: "I'm so tired & hungry & don't know where to go!"

She came to a big house, it looked more friendly than all the others, it was painted in red and green and yellow and covered in flags "Look," thought Goldie "the door is open- I'm gonna take a look inside!" And so she just walked in and the barricades of bedspirals couldn't keep her out. She came to a cozy livingroom (others would have called it a mess!) and saw

a blackboard that said: "Big Alarm - now - squat X is gonna be evicted" She didn't know what that meant so she walked to the dining table - where stood 3 jars. She picked them up one-by-one, so she could read what was written on it:

"Foodpot - oh-only 5 guilders! this one says: Building pot - not much either. But this one is heavy: Telephone pot. I'll take

and looked around some more: "Ahaa a fridge - always good - lets see whats in it: BEER!!!! Tree bottles!" She opened the first one: "BAH! HEINEKEN!" And the second: "Guinness - this tastes really bad!" And the third and biggest bottle: "My favourite ALDI BEER!" (= cheapest beer in town) "I've got to look for more of that - WOW aha oh yes - a whole crate full is standing here - this must be my lucky day!"

And so she became very very drunk, and took some bottles with her when she went on exploring around the house. On the first floor she saw 3 doors. Behind the first door she found: "Great, a high bed made of scaffolding pipes! A pity that I'm too drunk to climb it now!" She staggered to the second and fell in: "Yech - this smells disgusting, I feel sick..... BLEHCHRHH" (=throwing-up sound) She got up and tried the third door: "At last a nice WATERBED with fluffy pillows and a duffet!"

So she fell asleep, the best she'd had in a long time.

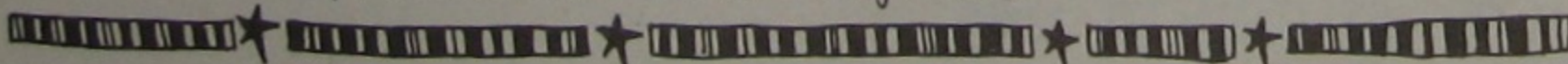
goldie dreadlocks



AND

3 anarchists

this one then". With all the money in her pockets, she came to the kitchen, where on the cooker stood 3 boiling pans. She looked in the biggest one: "Yech, it's Veal-err" And the smaller one: "Cheese, disgusting!" And in the smallest: "This smells delicious - tempeh & tofu - I'll eat it all! Its yummie!!" Now she felt lots better



White Goldie Dreadlocks was dreaming about swimming in beer, the anarchist squatters came home from their alarm, all screaming stuff like: "shit that was a boring eviction!" and "I only killed 10 cops!" until they noticed that their house door was open.

They went inside and looked around and saw that all the money was spread all over the floor and one jar was missing. When they came to the kitchen, the first one discovered: "Someone has been eating my grown-up-in-a-box-baby-cow!" And the second anarchist: "Someone has been eating my cheese soufflé", the third anarchist: "Someone has been eating ALL my vegan stuff - Antisocial!" They were shocked and became that even more when they saw all the empty beer bottles.

As they followed the trail of empty bottles upstairs they came to the first room: "Someone tried to climb my high bed!" said the first squatter. The second one soon found out: "Someone has thrown up in my pit!" But then the third squatter screamed "Look here, there is a TOURIST in my bed!" They all stood there speechless..... staring at Goldie, and thinking what to do next.

The first anarchist squatter thought: "Let's beat her up!" but couldn't say that because he was an anti-sexist macho.

The second anarchist squatter thought: "Let's call the cops!" but couldn't 'cause the police is their enemy.

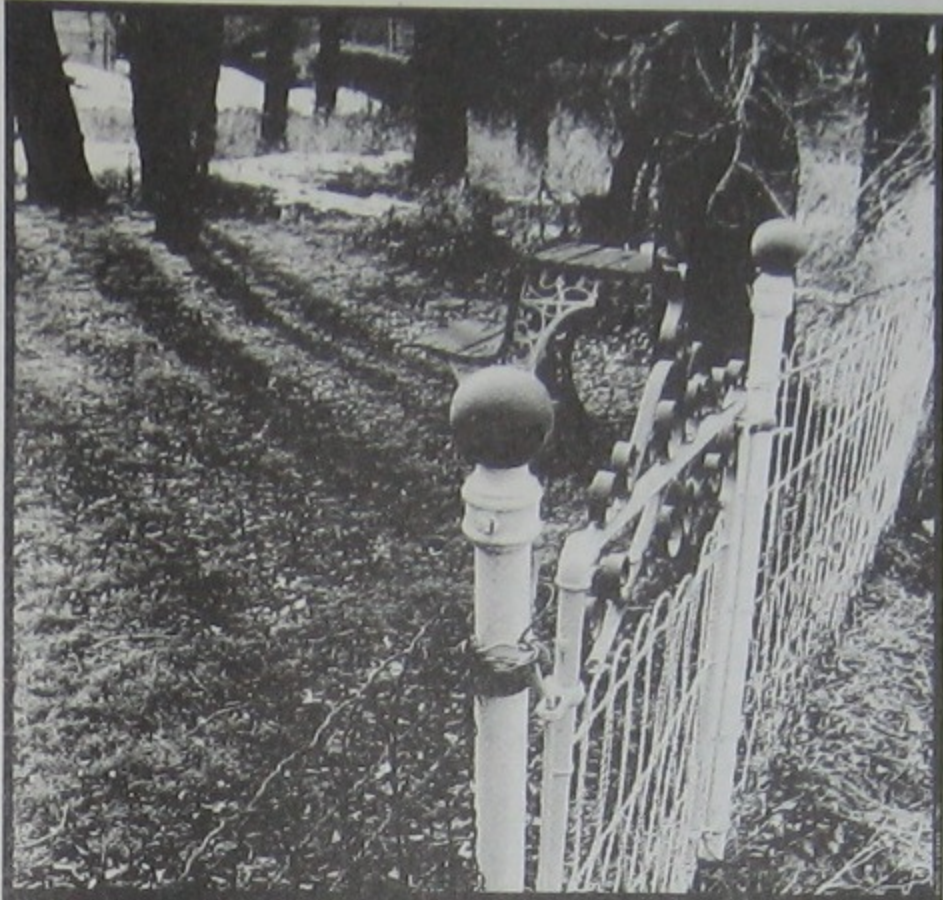
The third anarchist squatter thought: "I wonder if she wants to buy some drugs!" but couldn't say that 'cause then his friends would know he was a dealer.

So they all shouted: "Let's have a house meeting!"

After 3 hours they decided to wake her up and ask if she wanted to come on with them on their weekly window-smashing night. But when they came upstairs to ask, she was gone and the window was open!

That boys and girlz is the end of this story and always remember: Keep the door closed when you leave the squat!





FUGAZI

Records & Stuff We Sell:

- 94. **SLANT 6** Inzombia™ (C)
- 93. **TRUSTY** Good-Bye Dr. Fate™ (C)
- 92. **LUNGFISH** Pass and Stow™ (C)
- 91. **SLANT 6** Soda Pop-Ripoff! (CD includes #85)™ (C)
- 90. **FUGAZI** Red Medicine™ (C)
- 89. **HOOVER** Lurid Traversal of Rt. 7™ (C)
- 88. **IGNITION** Complete Services CD (Contains everything) (E)
- 87. **FAITH/VOID** CD has Faith/Void Split LP and Faith/Subject to Change! EP (E)
- 86. **HOLY ROLLERS** 10-Song LP™ (C)
- 85. **SLANT 6** 3-Song 7" (A)
- 84. **HOLY ROLLERS** 2-Song 7" (A)
- 70. **FUGAZI** In On the Kill Taker™ (C)
- 32. **STATE OF THE UNION** CD Only (C)
- 14. **DISCHORD 1981** The Year in Seven Inches (D)
- 7. **FLEX YOUR HEAD** DC Sampler™ (C)

Price Guide, including postage, in U.S. \$:

	U.S.A.	SURFACE & CANADA	Airmail
(A) 7"	3.00	4.00	6.00
(B) 12" EP	6.00	8.00	11.00
(C) LP	7.00	9.00	12.00
(D) CD	8.00	9.00	11.00
(E) MaxiCD	10.00	11.00	13.00

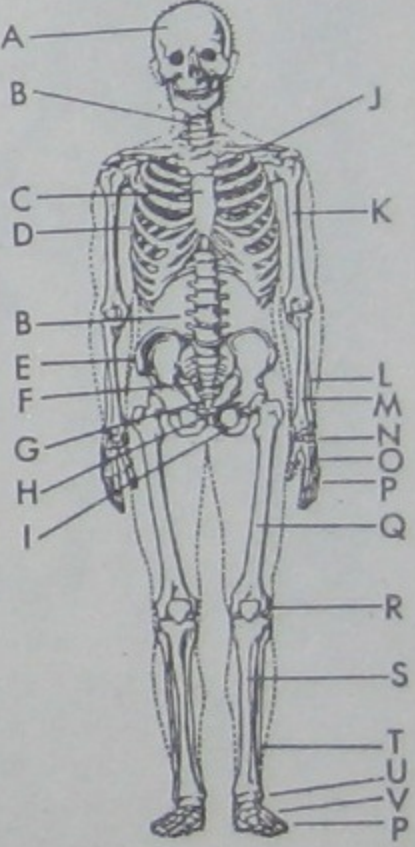
New #11 CATALOG! (price limit over US \$100) 4 US stamps or 4 IRC. **DISCHORD** LIST of new releases in a US stamp or 4 IRC. 3819 BEECHER ST. NW, WASH. D.C. 20007

ricaine

intoré: the cold grey rain

six trk c.d. out now.

write to them: p.o. box 7, Fitzroy 3065.



- Skeleton (Human)
- A, Cranium; B, Vertebrae;
 - C, Sternum; D, Ribs;
 - E, Ilium; F, Sacrum;
 - G, Coccyx; H, Pubis;
 - I, Ischium; J, Clavicle;
 - K, Humerus; L, Ulna;
 - M, Radius; N, Carpus;
 - O, Metacarpus; P, Phalanx;
 - Q, Femur; R, Patella;
 - S, Tibia; T, Fibula;
 - U, Tarsus; V, Metatarsus

fitzroy free store. nineteen seventy four.

d s

The free store is almost empty now. The only things left are a few pieces of ragged clothing and a pile of old shoes. Out in the street the old man in a grey overcoat stands rocking back on his heels laughing. He laughs and laughs, whilst inside a woman sorts her way through the shoes in the store.

FFFFuck dat, says another old man, his laughter chronic.

Out back of the store is a kitchen full of cans and boxes of leftovers and the smell of old vegetables. There's a face somewhere in the middle of it dry ice blue eyes popping out of his head, listening to the radio on the table, the eyes doing an orbit of their own. A flush of paranoia running through his veins.

He pulls his feet up on his chair and watches like a frightened cat.

Upstairs there's a guy sitting by himself on the floor cutting things out of newspapers and magazines. His name is Kevin. The one downstairs was Bob and now he's sitting on top of a chest of drawers and staring at the wall.

Kevin says he's leaving soon, that the anarchist scene here has fallen apart. He mentions the personalities, dope, the lack of contact.

"I want to set up an antidope movement. It pacifies people. Get stoned and a bomb could drop on the room and it wouldn't worry you. Some get into this mystical bullshit. They can sleep."

He turns to Bob.

"You know I was reading some Buddhist texts the other day, and it tells you you're to lead a good honest life, not to go against your superiors, etc. A factory worker reads that and he ends up supporting his boss and what's worse, believing he's doing the right thing by being completely subservient to him."



Bob smiles. Kevin continues.

"There was always too much ego hassling and a failure to recognise a lot of the time where people are at. For instance, when we first opened the Free store we had to convince people that things were really free. I don't know how many times I came down the stairs and saw people who believed they'd been caught stealing. It's impossible to steal from here."

He no longer believes in street theatre.

"All it does is entertain, it doesn't really put anything across. It's simply an opium. In fact it seems he no longer believes in the Counter Culture, he'd like to be a working class boy or a misfit, but he's obviously neither. He's a University drop out and now he's going back to the structures, to the 'reasonable and communicative forms that are productive for the revolution.'"

Kevin says the "heads and trendies" should move out to the suburbs and leave Fitzroy to the people.

Even he feels like an outsider here. The locals regard him as a freak because the culture he is countering is not theirs.

And what about the ego hassling, the pecking order, the factories that brought about the breakup of

the Free Store group...

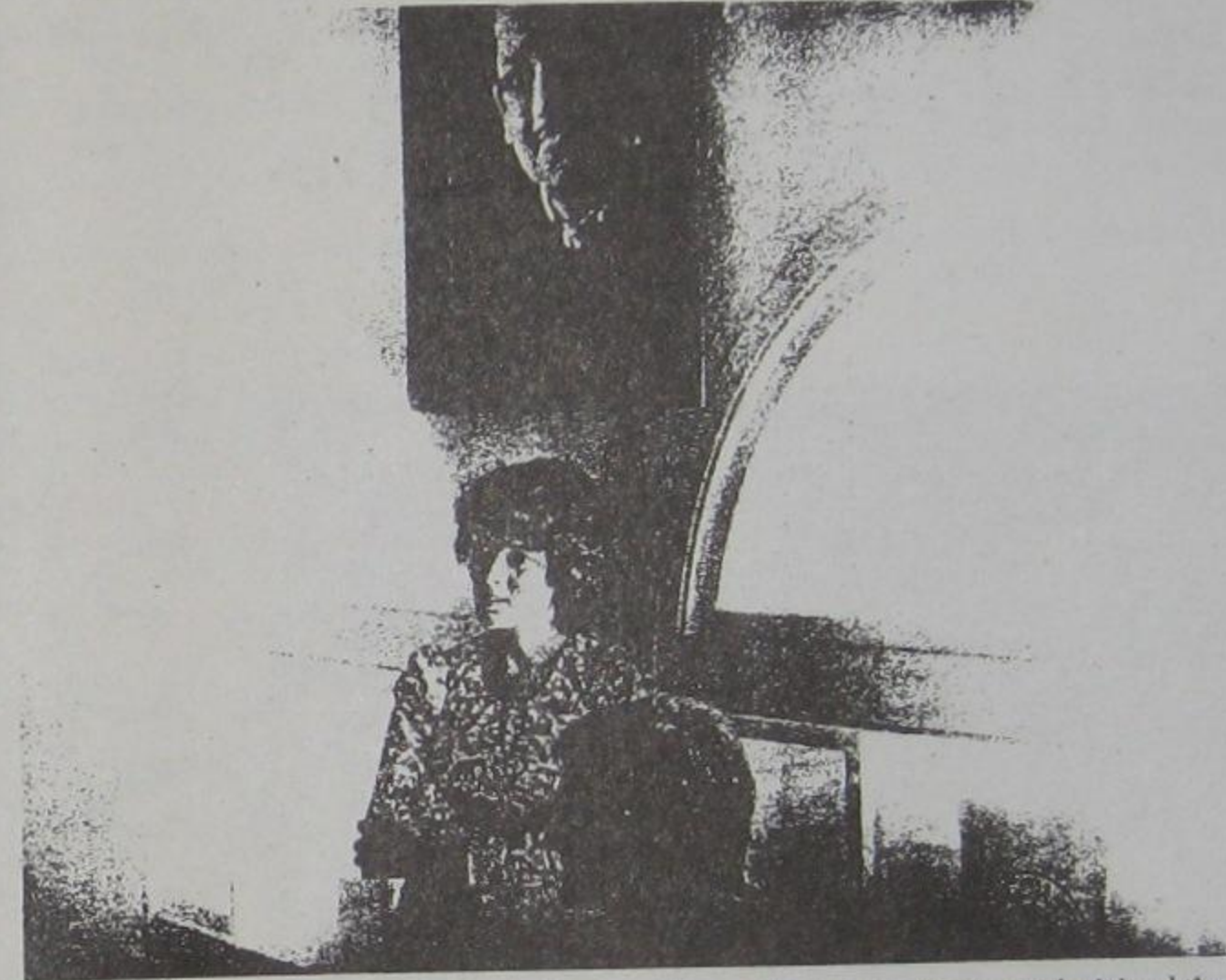
"I'd rather not go into individual personalities, even though that was the main factor. The store was started to help the poor and to show people that it is possible to have things for free. All you need is organisation on the social level. Things started to fall apart when it got violent. The free store harboured a few criminals time to time. All sorts of people were moving continually through and we got heaved by the police a few times. Because of it and because of what we printed in 'Dingo'."

"For instance we did a story on the Green vans and they tried to heavy us for that. The Green Vans is a parks and gardens wagon the pigs use to round up street deros. We followed it one day and took a few photographs. They didn't like it. They thought they had a perfect disguise..."

"Anyway there were a few knife fights between the people here, escaped cons and the like, one or two people hurt its a violent society anyway. I think physical violence is the least of it. Anyway people started to move away because it got too heavy for them to handle. There were personal reasons, ego clashes, differing ideas on what we should be doing, all that."

Bob came down from the chest of drawers. He has moved around by the window where the white light comes through the frosted glass and is plucking at the guitar in front of him on the floor.

So a few things are panning out here as well as they should be. Namely, that Kevin has said enough maybe too much, and Bob hasn't opened his mouth. He believes in certain anarchist ideals. He doesn't say what they are. Yes, Communes are his scene. No, he hasn't been on any structured communes. Sure, he knows what they're all about, it's all one big commune isn't it... The main thing is that



he's here, right... He's been here about two months and he's a gardener, yeah did a bit of gardening time to time. Pluck, pluck, pluckpluckpluckpluck, twang.

A small blond haired girl in blue jeans has just come into the room with a boy dressed in a leather jacket and wearing spectacles. The girl sits down on the floor and smiles and her companion takes his spectacles off and wipes them and walks around a bit singing and whistling and looking up at the ceiling and reading the slogans and poems and cartoon captions on the walls. He puts a record on and takes the girl's hand to dance. The girl dances, for a time, then breaks the dance off and smiles a cute, innocent, tired smile and delicately brushes her hair out of her face with two fingers. Kevin smiles briefly. He talks a bit more about police persecution of the Free store, minor incidents, but wearing nonetheless. He is trying to talk above the record when he suddenly stops and sits back. He doesn't attempt to say any more.

Outside it is raining. The drops hit the pavement as big as twenty cent pieces. The old man hasn't moved and he's still laughing and clapping his hands with the thunder.

Belting down now, and the sky is black as black and now and then everything freezes in the sheet lightning. Further down Smith street, a man is just able to get to his feet to ask for some money. He is shaking and says he is frightened by thunderstorms.

Fitzroy, nineteen seventy four. From "into the hollow mountains". Outback Press.



this is our guru. His name is Hienz. Talk about coincidence, he just so happens to be the father of Lisa's boyfriend (^{chuckie in photo} ~~trucker~~ refer to of course he is the father of us all. It is quite clear that the number of people who have fallen ill at San Pedro are suffering spiritually as a result of a lack of daily offerings to Heinz's altar. But alas, as Lisa once said "All gurus are disposable & by the next time I see you I will probably have a new one."

Twenty Reasons To Stay In Bed Forever

1. Life is pointless and progress is an illusion — stay in bed and achieve Transcendence.
2. Spending your time plotting precisely how to destroy humanity most effectively and aesthetically.
3. The freedom and opportunity to masturbate six times a day.
4. Listening to the Golden Oldies station all day and night. Learning all the words to all the songs.
5. Sleeping with your dog or cat.
6. Staying in bed until you have conceived the framework (and much of the detail) for an entire new art form in your head. (Keep in mind that *realising* the art form would, apart from being activity, only corrupt the purity of the art in question.)
7. There is nothing outside your house worth the effort. (Except one A.M. walks to the post box. You can buy stamps mail-order and pay by cheque, y'know)
8. Listening to your inner voice.
9. Improving your mind by reading two books a day for a month.
10. The act of getting out of bed and leading an active rôle in the working world is *active complicity* in the capitalist conspiracy to destroy the planet. Staying in bed all day is thus a commendable and overtly political act.
"I didn't go to work today ... I don't think I'll go to work tomorrow."
11. Time to catch up on your telly watching. You must be at least a year behind by now.
12. Seeing how long you can lie in one position for without moving.
13. Becoming an athlete in the field of bladder expansion.
14. You have a lot of life to get over.
15. A good reason to get yourself a really nice dressing-gown.
16. The opportunity to save a small fortune on clothes and personal grooming.
17. Getting your doctor to put you on sickness benefits, then the pension, as agoraphobic. This will also save you having to get up each fortnight to put your dole form in.
18. You won't meet anyone you'll be tempted to kill. (Apart from your housemates, but that's taken as given.)
19. So as to truly, deeply, appreciate the sublime beauty of clean sheets. (When you have clean sheets.)
20. Because I FUCKING WANT TO. Now FUCK OFF.

Dr Seuss and Me!

One of the joys of travelling is that you see and experience many of the things that influenced you as a kid or teenager and also get to see them in a different context. In this case whilst in San Francisco I had the fortune to come across a series of Dr Seuss shorts. Like many kids of my generation I was taught to read using amongst other things large doses of Dr Seuss and his creations have been popping up in my life ever since. Books like Mr Brown - Says "Moo" Can You? and Horton Hatches The Egg were great to learn by, not only did they have you making silly noises and getting off on the Seuss man's funny rhymes, but the topics and worlds they described occupied that bizarre edge of your imagination that kids are permitted to explore, but not adults, no sirree! Not only that, but the pictures were always really cool with surreal landscapes inhabited by colorful, mischievous



and idiotic characters that got yr mind spinning round and yr head chuckling. Going to primary school in a strapped for cash area meant seeing the same films every year from Grade 1 to 7. This was in an era just prior to the mass introduction of video so we got to see all those dumb educational flicks in the medium they were intended for- film. We'd see the same stuff over and over again films about woodwork, anthropology, outer space, etc., etc. They'd be okay the first few times, but twice a year for seven years in a row and the plots wore a little thin. The sex education ones were often the duller precisely because of their having everything to do with biology and next to nothing to do with sex. Anyway one thing other than the projector occasionally mangling one of the films into obscurity made it all worthwhile- the appearance of the Dr Seuss trilogy of Green Eggs and Ham, The Zax and The Star Bellied Sneetches. These adaptations thankfully largely stuck to the original stories enhancing them with the addition of an over the top

hair style 70's soundtrack and super funky bright, psychedelic animation. With their anti racist and anti pigheaded messages I'm sure the good Doctor had cottoned onto a most subversive way of infiltrating the group mind. As I got older my fascination with kid's kulture hasn't faltered though I began to realise just how much of it is vacuous, moralistic crap compared to the greats (Scarry, Seuss, Dahl, etc). As I got involved with political activities and music I came to notice that some of the more intelligent and witty groups too had an eye for Seuss and found that wily chaote the Cat

In The Hat popping up all over the place in anarchist stuff. In my own activities The Lorax played a major role as a symbol of the lone figure standing against the madness of total ecological destruction. In the book the Lorax had railed against the Oncler for destroying his bioregion to create "Thneeds, which eve-

ryone, everyone needs" and in our own lives our little group was trying to stop Mitsubishi and Bunnings from destroying the forests to make a whole range similarly useless crap. One group I was in even ended up performing a piece of theatre around the story in which a mother read the book to the crowd whilst the double headed Hydra of business and politics denied it's allegations in Oncler like fashion. All the while denizens of the wild entangled the Bus-Pol man into a web of life (wool actually) binding him up before finally dragging him into the night and to his doom. Seuss's works continue to pop up in my life regularly either as reading material, as graphics in my work or as symbols for the groups I'm in. Luckily the man wrote a shitload of books before he died ensuring he'll be a figure in my life for some time to come. I even have one of his fish tattooed on my ankle. So any time you need some inspiration or know of minds that need subverting then reach for the Seuss.



Profet proposes that menstruation is not meaningless bleeding, an inconvenient and unpleasant curse, but a healthy defence

PAIN STRIPPER

OUT NOW ON



"RUBBISH TRUCK"



SIX GRIMEY TRACKS



woozy stuff

Woozy #6-36 App on Urban Survival, LETS Schemes, The Cannanes, Clag, 3ds, Homebrew, Veno, Solids and more. \$3 postpaid.

Woozy #7-Small and skinny. The travels issue - Beat Happening, K, New York Squats, Elvis vs Christ and more. \$2 postpaid.

The Jelly CD-The first Woozy musik release, 26 tracks, 5 EPs, Sea Hags, Keckle, Laura MacFarlane, Felafel and Popmobik. Something for everyone. \$15 post paid.

Masonite Cassette-Members of Clag, Sea Hags, Stoned Posers and Dennis Lillees play hardcore. Out September \$5 postpaid

Felafel Telethon T-Shirt-A T-shirt of the wonderful Julian Williams cover. Silly kids playing in a pool to the Telethon soundtrack. Only \$12pp
All available from -p.o. box 4434, Melbourne university, Parkville, 3052, Victoria, Australia, overseas pay in US dollars, please make cheques out to i. mcintyre.



THE FINAL EVICTION OF CLAREMONT ROAD

The No M11 Link Campaign has lasted for over 12 months now and undertaken numerous actions and occupations, costing road builders millions of £ and slowing down construction of the road for months. Primarily, activities have been directed at the road itself - a freeway link that will result in the destruction of over 250 homes and bring further pollution into London's East End - but the protest has also tied into national anti road efforts and the fight against the Criminal Justice Bill. The most recent stage in the battle has taken place around Claremont Road, a squatted street in Leyton that has both provided a base for actions and a view of alternatives to Motorway Madness.

Up until late November, tensions on the street had been high. For months, people had been awaiting an eviction attempt by the Department of Transport following an attempt in August, which had seen the establishment of a small worksite on the street. Barricaders had had a free hand to create and experiment and had come up with a series of towers, lock ons, bunkers, and colourful sculptures that lent the street a surreal feel. People were growing impatient, however, as the knowledge of impending eviction prevented residents from continuing their normal lives and kept them in a constant sense of siege. After a number of false alarms this feeling was intensified, but by Sunday November 25 it seemed certain the police and bailiffs would be arriving the following day. That night saw a huge street meeting with around 200 people present; many of whom lived on the street but had not been seen in months. Spirits were high and few of us got any sleep.

On Monday morning people started to get into position - many of us had hardly slept the night before. The majority of people chose to sit on roofs, barricade themselves inside houses or wait in the street, but others had more elaborate plans. Some were locked into "bunkers", buried deep under rubble, whilst others were hidden in "vat runs" - tunnels connecting several houses. A number of tree house squats had been built (and technically could not be evicted as no-one knew who owned the land they were on) and connecting these trees to houses were a series of cargo nets and bridges that would make it impossible for police in cherry pickers to grab people. On the ground and in roofs there were also a series of concreted lock on points in which people could lock their arms, making it difficult to remove them. The most impressive of the defences, however, were the towers at each end of the street. The highest was constructed from scaffolding and towered over 100 feet, incorporating numerous platforms. For additional security it was also greased along most of its length.

With everyone in place, the police chose to wait until 2pm to make their grand arrival. They had hoped people would get bored and leave, but they were to have no such luck. When the police finally did make an appearance, everyone was cheering - not only was the eviction battle finally going to get underway, but they had waited until we were in our strongest position to resist...

This first day was perhaps the heaviest. The police were confused and unprepared for the scale of defences and so reacted in a heavy handed, illogical manner, making a series of tactical errors. The first of these was to push all of those still on the street out of it and indeed out of the entire sealed-off area in a brutal and rough operation. This not only alienated all the local residents present (who also had difficulty entering their homes in neighbouring streets), but also the media, whose reports that night went out showing them being roughed up during the imposition of a virtual press blackout. The police also messed up in not securing back gardens, as all night, people sneaked in and out bringing in much needed extra numbers, not to mention food and beer! Most importantly, though, they had little experience in dealing with such evictions and so chose to act recklessly in their attempt to remove protestors. One woman was nearly killed after falling from a net and another person was beaten by police who, frustrated at their inability to get him out of a lock on, decided to do so via force. On both of these occasions the situation could have led to a riot (indeed buckets of urine and a few bottles were thrown), but given the police presence (7 to every 1 protestor), people kept their cool.

By the second day, the police had taken very little of the street and only really cleared

the road area. During the night they had cut the power, killing the main tower's sound system, which had thus far provided a techno soundtrack for our efforts. By morning, however, a secret power source had been secured and once again the sleepy and tired roof dwellers were dancing to the beats. In the face of anti-rave and protest laws, techno continues to provide the rebel soundtrack for the British 90s. On this day the police proved to be a lot calmer and smarter and using cable detectors they soon uncovered the mysterious power source - a secret tunnel (code-named "Vicki" that ran between Claremont and a squat in the neighbouring street. Food and films had been smuggled along this route, but by mid-morning it was gone. Its existence was to provide another delaying action however as the contractors were forced to dig up the backyards of 30 houses searching for others.

As the day wore on, the bailiffs began the long task of breaking into each of the houses, securing them and removing remaining protestors. By nightfall they had largely achieved this, ensuring a chilly winter's night for those remaining. Whilst they were able to get most of the people out of the houses and a number out of the trees, they were unable to make much progress on the roofs due to the nets. Time after time they would attempt to get under them with the cherry picker and cut people out, but virtually every time the spiders would avoid capture and deny them access to the roof. Since they insisted on wearing their bulky and unnecessary riot gear they were also unable to climb after us and would have to just keep trying the hard way.

That night also saw little sleep for those on the roofs, but at least some food was sneaked through police lines and thrown up to us. Most of those who had already been removed had chosen to stay and provide support in one way or another. Early morning Wednesday saw the police finally take the nets and remaining tree houses whilst some people chose to finally give up and get some sleep. A number remained, though, and were gradually pushed into a narrow space beneath the 100-foot tower by the afternoon.

The tower was to prove the final sticking point for police. Due to its size, it required a massive cherry picker to get at it and much care to ensure the entire structure was not toppled. Once the police seemed ready to try and take it, the tower denizens added extra problems by welding a cage over themselves. It was to take the cops another 2 days and 3 nights, and in the end, there was only a lone protestor left for hours running laps and laughing in defiance at all below.

In the end, it took police and bailiffs 4 days and 5 nights to finally evict Claremont Road and begin the work of demolishing people's homes. There were few arrests, and none under the Criminal Justice Act, as the police had not wanted to draw attention to the issue. The cost of the eviction was somewhere between 1 to 2 million pounds, further escalating government and road company losses, and surprisingly, the head of the police operation (codenamed "Garden Party") expressed his admiration for protestor efforts. Up on the roof, it had been grim at times, but people's determination and humour had maintained their spirits. Indeed the level of humour was one of the defining features of this action - rather than facing the police with dour and serious faces, we had instead chosen to get as many laughs out of them as possible. One particularly funny moment saw people break into singing the Star Wars theme as the police (who in their riot gear were the spitting image of Imperial stormtroopers) entered the street only to switch to the 3 Stooges theme when their lowly security guard compatriots entered the scene. Humour & innovation were to be the guiding forces of the protest, and at times, were the only tools we possessed.

Now that Claremont Rd is gone, the M11 construction seems inevitable. This should not be seen as defeat - the fact that a temporary autonomous zone such as Claremont Rd lasted so long is a victory in itself. The campaign's aim of halting road building as much as possible has been realised. Spending on roads has been cut, the number of major projects abandoned, and the government now appears to be shelving most of its future construction plans.



This is not the end...

PUNKS for CHRIST

**Call out toll-free 0018.
THRASH-WITH-JESUS
Hotline now! 232200**

"GET A FUCKING JOB YA TURDS!" The Coalition Against Freeway Extensions (CAFE)

I live in West Brunswick, near the (soon to be widened) Tullamarine Freeway. For months I found the protests against the proposed widening of Alexandra Parade to be, well, futile. It was explained to me that the protests on Alexandra Parade are in opposition to the general paving-over of Melbourne.

This formally comes under the jurisdiction of the Melbourne City Link Authority.

Before the flaccid cry of "It's that mongrel Kennel's Fault" it should be remem-

bered that plans to extend the freeway in Melbourne have existed since at least the 1970s. In 1971 the Coalition Against Freeways (oddly enough, CAF) fought a brutal campaign to prevent the F19 (now the Eastern Freeway) from dividing Collingwood and Fitzroy. Eventually an uneasy compromise was reached - Alexandra Parade was limited, still threatening. The Victorian Roads Corporation (vicroads) lay in wait until the State Government was to its liking. Certain influential "think tanks" (eg - the Tasman Institute - go and shout at them when next visiting the vic. market) granted their assent for the City Link programme and, lo, Victoria was ON THE MOVE.

The first "action" that I attended was more akin to a family fun day. Next week was chillingly different. Many fewer people were present. Police powers were not threatened by the presence of children but were divided by the amount of protests (also at Albert Park and Collingwood). The 3 sites were

linked by Mobile Phones and there were a couple of arrests at each one. Someone handed me a pamphlet called "Police and Your Rights"... I read this gripped by a strange mixture of numbness and dread. I did not think that I should be



arrested, so I slipped off to shout at heckling motorists. 11 people were arrested.

There were more actions, more arrests, more asphalt; but there was also the court victory. 1 week after their trial began, the first 11 protesters arrested on Alexandra

Parade had the charges against them dropped. This was because the initial widening was technically illegal owing to the lack of an Environment Effects Statement (EES), compulsory then. There was much relief about this victory over the blind fun of Progress unbound. The mobile and regular Victorian Government passed a motion (sounds anal) removing the requirement for an EES. Therefore this defense cannot be used again.

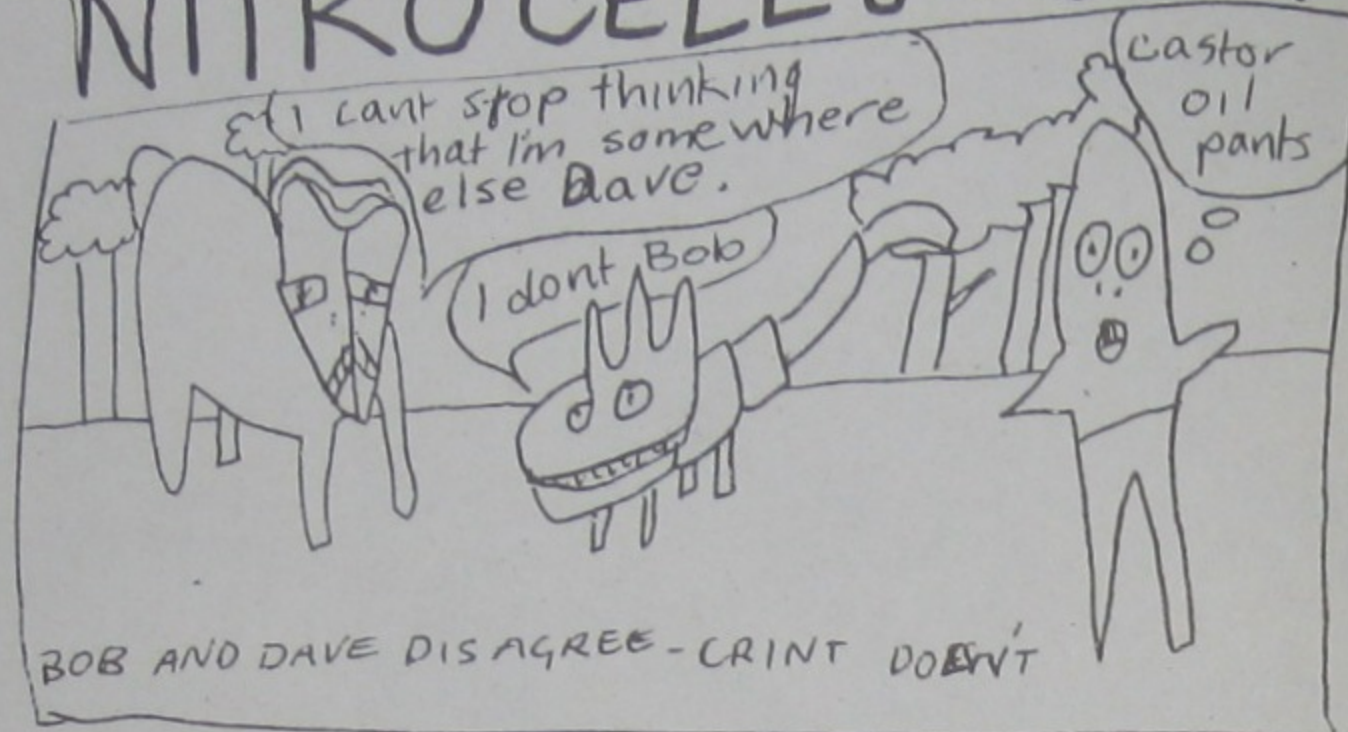
I have a 1984 Melbourne street directory. Many of the maps within feature



the ominous broken lines of PROPOSED FREEWAY. The world's most livable city, where everyone has choked to death. Even polluted and faecal Sydney has plans for a train to its airport.

CAFE can be contacted c/o Friends of the Earth, 312 Smith Street, Collingwood (03-94198700) It meets there at 7pm on Tuesdays.

BOB DAVE & CRINT "NITROCELLULOSE" No 3



BOB AND DAVE DISAGREE - CRINT DOESNT



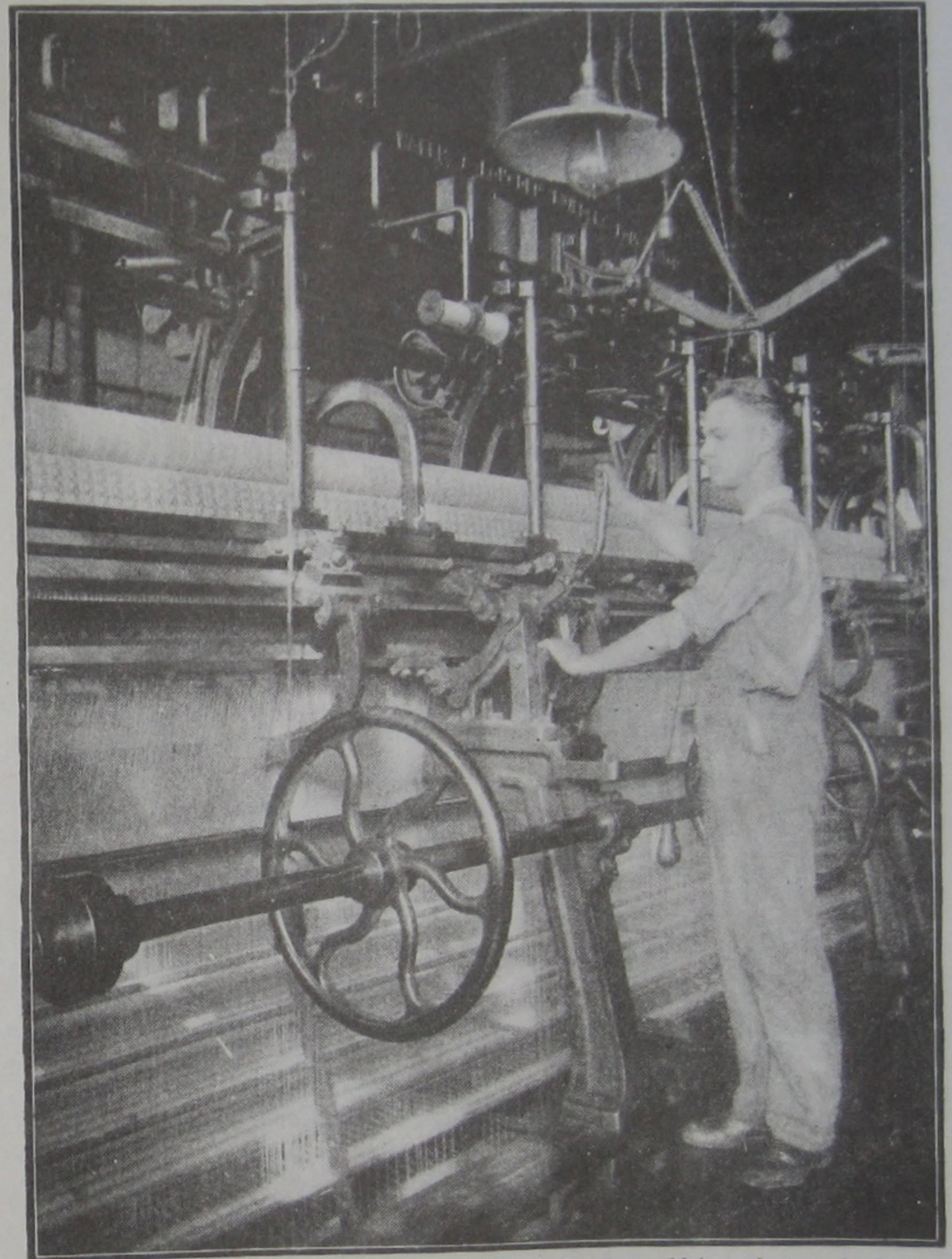
BOB DAVE & CRINT ARE OBVIOUSLY NOT WHERE THEY WERE BEFORE.



IN A MOMENT OF MINDNUMBING CLARITY DAVE DISCOVERS HIS TAIL'S POTENTIAL FOR MOVEMENT

BY JAD L.

BIRDS OF PREY THAT POUNCE FROM MID-AIR



Something to think about: When the cake was finished, Bradley couldn't see the eggs, the flour, the milk or the butter, could he? In a way a cake is like a person's life. If you want to make a good life you must put good things into it. You must read the right kind of books. You must think the right kind of thoughts. You must listen to the right kind of music. You must watch the right kind of television. Mother would never put poison in the cake would she? She wouldn't put dirt into the cake. Bad books, bad thoughts are poison.



Having oozed out of the remains of Mouth and a few other Tassie acts Sea Scouts are shaping up to be one of the most passionate and amazing guitar noise acts in this country. Iain spoke to the Scouts by phone and mail for their views on a range of important subjects on their songs...

Zach: They are about that you call either good or call bad...

Tim: Depending on the behaviour patterns being reinforced.

Zach: That is, except for the songs about generic shit on epitaphs...

Zach: Zach isn't going to die. Tim will be fed to pigs.

Tim: I want to be chopped up and fed to pigs and you'll have to figure out why.

on suits...

Tim: We collect them as a whole from various op-shops.

on favourite Tasmanian celebrities...

Tim: Mike out of 50 Million Clowns and Terry from 70's Jazz Avenger.

on EVs...

Zach: Let's talk about EVs. It's a place where we played at in Croyden and it was a bit slimey because we couldn't use our own foldback mixers (amongst other things). Tim: It was weird and our friends we met in Melbourne said we sounded like the voices in their heads.

on the wheres and whys of shopping...

Zach: Zach shops at small shops. Tim shops at whatever is closest unless violently opposed to it. We shop because it fulfills several generic and social needs.

on Zach's psychiatrist dad...

Zach: My dad is rad, but sometimes he's bad, when his old beard, feels kind of weird, cos when he gibbers and says "why are these dishes dirty and here", we reply "none of us know, we haven't been here".

on how many sea scouts it takes to change a lightbulb...

Tim: It takes either of the current sea scouts to change a lightbulb, that member being either Tim or Zach as one of us is tall and the other can jump high.

on where to skate in Hobart...

Tim: You can skate most of Hobart when it's dry. Areas close to town include Franklin Square (the smoothest). It can be good when there's not many people around or police who offer \$20 on the spot fines. There's a really cool warehouse at Salamanca but we always get kicked out. Elizabeth college is also good 'til you get kicked out.

Murray St has a couple of good launches and K+D is okay on a nice day. The fountain is good for grinds and slides and the Tech rips for skating on cold nights before 11 pm.

Zach: I'd like to take this opportunity to mention cold climate and shrubs, otters, jellyfish, seals, pademelons and moss.

SHOPLIFTERS GET COURT



(we are watching you)



(The day I got caught shoplifting)

There I was full of confidence, cruising the aisles, playing the perfect shopper, slyly slipping items into the secret pocket in my backpack. I was a lot quieter than usual but hey no one seemed to be following me around. As I went to the checkout to pay for the items I was buying I ran into a friend who jokingly told me to stop stealing which I laughed off, but as I headed for the exit... WHAMMA! Mr Jeff's got his hand on my shoulder "asking" me to accompany him + grandma back to the store + after a few bullshit attempts to talk myself out of it I resign myself to my fate + go quietly.

Back in the managers room I hand over my ID + the items I'd taken - a knife, a blank video + some bath oil (although I made a poor attempt to keep the oil). It flashed upon my mind that it might be worth claiming I was a mental case + try to get enough sympathy to get away, but I realised it'd be a waste of time. Once they'd got my details they asked me if this was the first time I'd stolen goods (yes of course)

why I'd stolen "luxury" items (why steal anything else?) + why I'd stolen at all (does not enough + the cheque was short y'see). once we'd gotten the basics out of the way grandma headed off + Jeff + I sat down for a long haul (or the wait for the cops). We started chatting + although I wasn't giving anything away they didn't already know, Jeff was happy enough to prattle on + on about himself. Seems like he was an ok guy, a law abiding type who didn't make it as a cop + so became a security guard + worked his way up to undercover. He wasn't even that bad a guy + even bullshit to the cops later on my behalf as they had a little more trouble believing this my 1st try at stealing. The cops all in all were alot more shitty, telling me that "although people call it shoplifting, it's really stealing + that's a serious crime sonny Jim" - yeah that's why they took an hour + a half to get to the supermarket, referred to me as a "shopper" and then only gave me a caution. Anyway even though it was a big waste of everyone's time + I'm now a registered petty criminal + lost one of my few cheap + profitable pasttimes I did learn something kids + that's what I'll pass onto you know....

WHAT I LEARNT -

- ⊕ crime doesn't pay (ha, ha)
- ⊕ plain clothes security guards work all hours (I heard them discussing a midnight bust the night they don't necessarily follow you around either, the crafty ones stand at the front wotote) of the shop watching what you put in your bag, + then check if it tallies up later.
- ⊕ In Victoria if you're busted + it's your first offence + the goods are valued at UNDER \$75 you won't be charged - you'll be given a caution which means the police only take your name + birthdate (no photos or prints) + if you are caught again in the next 5 years you will be charged with both offences - usual fine for this is \$150 which means you should go the hack stealing b/c you've got fuck all to lose.
- ⊕ Jeff didn't have much of a sense of humour so when I said 'Gee I guess this means I won't be getting into your line of business then,' he took me seriously + informed me that everything was or b/c you can still be a security guard if you've just had a caution (not that any of you would, but I thought it was interesting trivia)
- ⊕ Each time the cops bust you up for an ID check in Victoria, it stays in their computers + on your permanent record. They had details in 5 separate occasions when they'd pulled me up in the last 4 years when they'd stopped me for no reason + a no. of personal details (birthdate, current address etc)
- ⊕ It would be relatively easy to use false ID or give a false address - I didn't have any photo ID just a bunch of cards + they accepted it (having someone at home or another number whose willing to verify your ID would help)
- ⊕ The cops still really hate out of work people, but if you make out its due to disability or sickness they lay off.
- ⊕ They know about the pram + hidden pocket scams.



AFTER YOUNGS QUIT THE FLORESTS SAVAGES OF THE 'NAM, DECIDE APPLY INDEMNITY IN DREAM WILL CROSS FOR "WORLD" (ROTATING ACROSS ROUTE 66



BEER & WHISKY



WALKING EASTLY ON THE WAY TO WORK DESPARATE LEGIONS WALKING TO NOTHING

NOBODY BUYS MY SWEAT

WANT TO TRANSFORMAT IN MACHINES TO SUBJECT THEM TO CADENCE OF WORK

ST 30 BRAZEL (MAU)

Name: Dianne
 Fave crooner: David Hasselhoff
 Motto: What's that on your head?
 Fave colour: Mauve
 Underwear colour: As above
 Fave SFE song: Stingray
 Epitaph: Forever fluffy
 Best drug experience: A bex and a lie down
 Star sign: Virgo
 Lust object: Pre-toupee, girdle and elevator heels Burt Reynolds
 What breaks your heart: Sick puppies and crying kittens
 Fave Kylie song: Confide In Me
 Fave actor: Liz Taylor
 Fave actress: Liz Taylor
 Fave Bond film: Goldfinger
 Fave TV Show: Eastenders/The Love Boat/Dolly Parton's Variety Show
 Fave Cannanes song: Galveston

STINKY FIRE ENGINE
 IF IT'S TUESDAY
 THIS MUST BE
 MELBOURNE

LUV
 Dianne
 XX



Name: Robina
 Fave crooner: Kamahl
 Motto: Ease on down the road
 Fave colour: Sea-green
 Underwear colour: Newd
 Fave SFE song: Coral
 Epitaph: Ciao baby
 Star sign: Taurus
 Lust object: Jesus on a bicycle
 What breaks your heart: High heels and socks
 Fave Kylie song: Je Ne Sais Pas Pourquoi?
 Fave actor: Timothy Bottoms
 Fave actress: Yootha Joyce
 Fave Bond film: Dr No
 Fave TV Show: That Girl
 Fave Cannanes song: I Love To Love

Robina x

STINKY FIRE
 ENGINE

FIRE

STAR PROFILE

Name: Wayne
 Fave crooner: Timi Yuro/Billy MacKenzie
 Motto: What's the point of a revolution if you can't dance to it?
 Fave colour: Tingle Red
 Underwear colour: Whiteys
 Fave SFE song: Giant
 Epitaph: It was fun
 Best drug experience: You should see me after a few red cordials
 Star sign: Taurus with a Leo moon and a Pisces ascendant
 Lust object: Any villian on The X-Files
 What breaks your heart: Melanie Griffith getting movie parts
 Fave Kylie song: What Do I Have To Do?
 Fave actor: Vincent Price
 Fave actress: Karen Black
 Fave Bond film: Live And Let Die/Diamonds Are Forever
 Fave TV Show: The Twilight Zone/any Sid and Marty Krofft extravaganza
 Fave Cannanes song: Let's Get Physical

Wayne



Kate

Name: Kate
 Fave crooner: Derrick J
 Motto: Beggars can't be choosers
 Fave colour: Black
 Underwear colour: Black
 Fave SFE song: Ice Cream City
 Epitaph: She gave good kazoo
 Best drug experience: In my lounge, every saturday
 Star sign: Capricorn dancer
 Lust object: Larry (call me Lawrence, Kate) Fishburne
 What breaks your heart: Fashion violators
 Fave Kylie song: Better The Devil You Know
 Fave actor: Antonio Fargas
 Fave actress: Liz Taylor
 Fave Bond film: View To A Kill (even with Roger Moore; it featured a Duran Duran song, Tanya Roberts and Christopher Walker)
 Fave TV Show: Good Times
 Fave Cannanes song: Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep

ENGINE

33 WOZZY USERS GUIDE

Our regular guide to DIY labels and distributors around Australia. Write to them to support a grassroots alternative and save money while you're at it.

Reading Matter.

Black Rose Books- Anarchist, feminist and other freethinking materials. Books, punk records, badges, zines, etc. Now also have a media room with computers, videos, etc available for community and other groups. Address- 583 A, King St, Newtown, 2042, NSW. ph- (02) 519 9194. Also have email at cat@lyst.apana.org.au.

Jura Books- Similar range of books to Black Rose with more of a theoretical bent. Also have a media room. Address- 110 Crystal Street, Petersham, NSW 2049. (02) 550 9931. Also have email at medi@sysx.apana.org.au.

Barricade Books- Melbin's newest infoshop has been experiencing a little trouble lately (see article). Anarchist and community based books, zines, T-Shirts, records, etc. 115 Sydney Rd, Brunswick, 3056, Vic. email- barricade@exchange.apana.au

Wood and Wires- A new independent music bulletin board and directory for Australia. Weekly updates and previews from zines and Australian bands. email- ether@ether.com.au

Muzak

Chapter music- The home of Salty and Delicious zine and the purveyors of fine Oz pop tape compilations and the recent O CD. Address- P.O. Box 150, Northbridge, WA, 6003.

From The Same Mother- Head honcho Julian Williams has been putting out weird and wonderful tapes through FTSM for years with recent additions being the Molopo tape and new Solids recordings. Address- C/O Woozy.

Crapzine- Brings to you a new edition of crapzine plus tapes from Grande Wizard, LES 20 and more. Address- C/O Woozy.

Toytown- Are shrinking their range of pure pop items, but still have a huge range of stuff from the like of the Cannanes, Stinky Fire Engine, the Ampersands and more plus zines and T-Shirts. Address- P.O. Box 295, St Kilda, 3182, VIC.

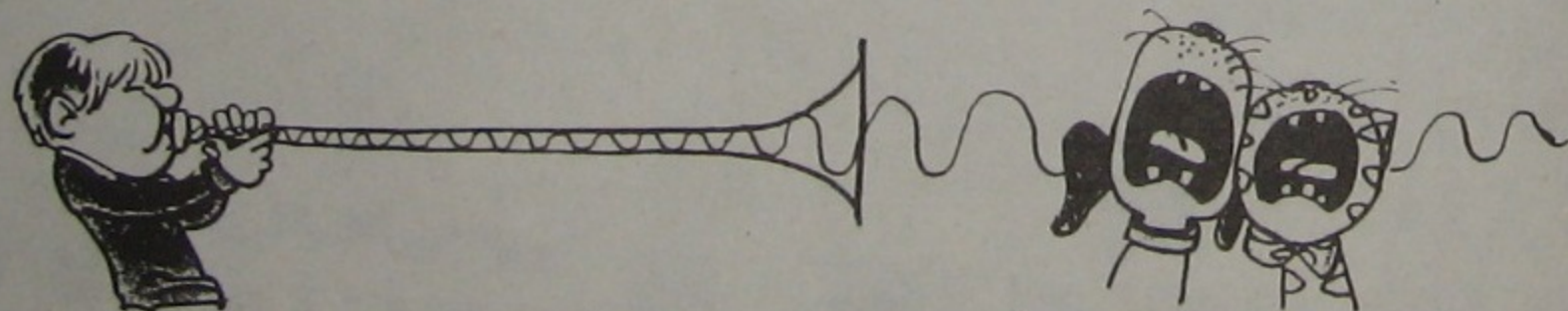
Spiral Objective- Still Australia's biggest distributor of punk and garage materials with a huge range and much cheaper import prices than any shop. Add- P.O. Box 126, Oaklands Park, SA 5046.

Spill- The Melbin/Qld crossover continues with Spill still distributing for a wide number of primarily experimental bands and releasing cheap CD compilations of the Australian underground. CD compilation #3 out now and only \$10 (plus postage). Address- GPO Box 2637, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001 or P.O. Box 5656, West End, QLD, 4101.

Blind Conformity- Perth homemade industrial weirdness- tapes, zines and other goodies. Add- 16 Heatherlea Way, Leeming, WA, 6149.

Southern Black Cross Distro- Oz distributor for Profane Existence. Lots of angry, anarcho crusty punk tapes and zines. Add- P.O. Box 154, Tweed Heads, NSW, 2485.

If you're distributing and producing independent music, zines, etc write to us and get added to the Woozy Users Guide.



And now... the record reviews page.

Men's Recovery Project- Double 7" (Vinyl Solutions, US).

This one has the Born Against (read raging hardcore) fans pissed off, but I for one love it. Sam McPheeters and friend doodle with mid 80s casio and keyboard sounds coming up with the kind of tacky, but true inventiveness you used to get on early SST compilations. An interesting change of direction.

Paintstripper- Rubbish Truck CD (Rapido, Aust).

Paintstripper are one of the few bands in this city that hold the distinction of sounding like themselves. When you walk into a gig and hear Tonya's distinctive vocals and silly lyrics and Andrews jumble of kooky-sized rock cliches you know it can't be anyone else (not that they're a pisstake, they love the ROCK too much for that). This CD catches the band just after Neil (now of Ricaine) left and for my money they're just peaking right about now. The geeks of grunge.

Spiral Objective Sampler #7 tape (Spiral Objective).

Since S.O. distribute literally hundreds of punk, hardcore and garage releases it's lucky they also provide us with a regular sampler of all the new ones so as to enable us to wade through all the crap. A bargain at \$5 (plus postage) a pop.

Ricaine- Intore: the cold, grey rain CD (Rubber, Aust).

The best thing to ever come out on Rubber by far. The first that strikes you with this 'un is the fantastic artwork- a great combination of painted images and wry text. Musically the influences are right out front (Albini, Jesus Lizard, Rodan, et al), HOWEVER Ricaine take 'em and produce something powerful enough not to just be another collection of sampled riffs. Live the band power? but with the full benefit of modern studio technology it all really comes together.

Various- A land of sweeping sounds (Shame File/ Spock productions).

A great tape compilation put out by the (former) makers of M2 zine. The tape mainly explores two sounds prevalent in the Aussie tape scene- punk/hardcore and ambient and captures some of the best local bands in this genre- namely Wank Engine, New Waver, Clowns Smiling Backwards, etc. Stand out tracks that make this tape definitely worth getting are The Scrounger's "Yellow Union" (their finest track yet) and New Waver's ultimately depressing "Leaves". Address- P.O. Box 263, Melton, 3337, VIC, Australia.

Clowns Smiling Backwards- Maze CD (Giggle, Aust).

Its been a long time coming and is actually alot better than what I expected. After all this time I thought the CD would be overblown/ over produced, but other than on a few tracks the band has kept things well in line. The Clowns represented here is their more ambient and pure pop side though the gothic edge is also there. Being Clowns its certainly a sample fest and thats best put to work on the ambient tracks "Bats in the Belfry" and "Puzzle" and on the pure pop "Sad".

The Lucksmiths- Green Bicycle CD (Aust).

Whilst this isn't really my kind of thing this three piece's brand of happy chappy acoustic pop is huge with the Fitzroy pop contingent. The influences are there- primarily Billy Bragg and I guess the first Violent Femmes LP, but to their credit they have a definable sound all of their own. Well recorded, bright, happy music.

MilkCult- Burn and Bury CD (Basura, US).

A fucked up superfly soundtrack for a mid 90's bad hair day. MilkCult whip up a fried storm of samples and guitars not unlike former Boner label pals Steel Pole Bathtub or Ed hall. Makes for a very warped soundtrack to your next game of Sonic (tm).

Bakamono- Cry of the Turkish Fig Peddler CD (Basura, US).

A four piece from San Francisco who play long, wired, but good guitar songs. 10 tracks on this, I'd say 7 push my button with 3 filler tunes. Think of a really bent Rodan with a fret-less bass and experimental "Japanese-ish" vocal yelpings (le-often distorted and unintelligible). Jazzy in parts, jammy in others plus a few good rockin' bits to boot. Is good. Oh, and Bakamono is Japanese for "foolish people".

Table- Compilation CD (Humble, US).

I thought this was okay, but suffers from too much homage paying- Slint, Polvo, Bitch Magnet- these bands have clearly graced the turntable of Table (sorry). Apparently this is a collection of various singles, etc, some of which may have been recorded by Bob Weston (the NEW hardest working man in showbiz!). My details are sketchy on Table because Iain lost the press release plus we only got sent a dubbed blank cassette with no details on it. Also the band have split up now. Address- P.O. Box 25656, Los Angeles, CA 90025. -Neil.

Thinking Fellers Union Local 282- Strangers from the Universe LP (Matador, US).

They've been at it long enough- through three albums, many EPs and singles. The "Fellers" have come up with their most consistent, mind blowing, bowel cleaning LP yet. It has the TPUL trademark guitar squelch, but also theres a beauty in their soundscapes that reaches for the horseshoe nebula. My brain squeaks, my kidney's waltz, my pancrea doodles imaginary drawings...as Gary Milroy once said, "this distance is my loserdom and this ocean is my condom."

Red Krayola- Coconut Hotel LP (Drag City, US).

Flashing his little pink bottom in public and if that "we wanna be in 1974" label Drag City has anything going for it, re-releasing the Red Krayola/Mayo Thomson back catalogue is it. It's 1967, the Red Krayola have already released "parable for the arable land"- a record thats strange in comparison to anything else of its time. Then they come up with Coconut Hotel which is broken up into songs called piano, guitar, organ, voice, etc. Its not hard to see why this was declined release all those years ago. Even today this is WEIRDO-EL-WEIRDO. A soundtrack from the kitchen utensils after they've chopped up a thousand dead christians. Maybe a little over the top in my description, but go buy it. I could look at the album cover for days. In fact I did last week... -Julian.



The Man In Black

Our Friend Johnny Cash



I used to be an uninlightened soul. Staring at Aprille's tape collection, I chuckled out loud when I came across Johnny Cash (hereafter noted as JC). "Oh yeah,I love JC",she said."He's coming to town and I want to go see him." "JC is great",Dylan piped in.I was skeptical.All I knew about JC was that bands like Crime and Social Distortion liked him, and that he played at prisons and stuff."I was given his comic book at church when I was a kid",Anna later told me."I loved them. wish I still had them."

Dylan bought a JC tape for us to listen to on the long drive back from Vancouver. After the first listen I thought it was pretty good.By the second listen I was a fan.Fairly recently someone suggested that I read "Man In Black". I finally hunted down the book,and believe me,is it worth the 50 cents I paid for it!

MIB was written in 1975 by a clean and sober Christian JC who spends much of the book discussing his spirituality.You can skip through all that.The real fun is in JC's recounting of his drug and alcohol addiction.

Johnny was raised in Dyess,Arkansas,to laborer / farmer parents of seven children. JC grew up, joined the army, had a few kids and became a door-to-door salesmen.Eventually he got a contract with Sun Records,and went out on the road JC claims that it was on a 1957 tour that he was first introduced to cross-tops:

With all the traveling I had to do, and upon reaching a city tired and weary, those pills could pep me up and make me really feel like doing a show. I got a handful of the little white ones from Gordon.

Those white pills were just one of a variety of a dozen or more shapes and sizes. Truck drivers used them as did people with the problem of being overweight. They called them amphetamines, Dexedrine, Benzedrine, and Dexamy. They had a whole bunch of nice little names for them to dress them up, and they came in all colors. If you didn't like green, you could get orange. If you didn't like orange, you could get red. And if you really wanted to act like you were going to get weird, you could get black. Those black ones would take you all the way to California and back in a '53 Cadillac with no sleep.

Soon JC was addicted,and it was a simple matter to get more:



Inside that bottle of white pills, which only cost eight or ten dollars for a hundred, came a no extra cost demon called Deception.

The Man IN Black

I asked for diet pills from a doctor face to face, I knew he'd refuse.

So I'd use my name and say, "Doctor, this is Johnny Cash. I'm in town for a concert tonight. We've been doing a lot of traveling, a lot of night driving. I need something to keep me awake on some of these long trips. If you could give me a prescription for something that would be safe, like five-milligram Dexamy tablets—"

"Certainly, Mr. Cash. How long a tour are you on?"

"Well, I guess it will run for about another six weeks." (I never had a tour over three weeks long in my life.)

And he'd say, "Well, let me see, how many do you think you'll need?"

I'd say, "Better give me fifty, maybe a hundred. I don't know. Do you think it would be all right if I got a hundred, doctor?"

"Certainly, I'll send them right over."

By the next day, I would have taken fifteen to twenty of those pills. So I'd have the same conversation with another doctor. If it didn't work with him, I'd call another one.

Before long,laryngitis constantly plagued him,and his behavior became very irrational.One night he was kicked off the Grand Ole Opry for busting sixty foot-lights in a fit of rage.He then jumped into his car and crashed into a tree,breaking his jaw.At one time JC shared a Nashville apartment with Waylon Jennings,and he describes an evening there when he was hard up for the stuff:

"Smart aleck," I thought. "I bet he's got pills himself."

Waylon went to bed and went to sleep. I hadn't found any of my pills, and I had to have some. So I went out to Waylon's car, and sure enough—the glove compartment was locked. "That's where he keeps them," I thought. I got a screwdriver and started prying the door off the compartment. I rammed the screwdriver in the crack and pulled hard. The tough, brittle plastic door shattered into a million pieces, and I looked inside, pulling papers, letters, tapes, everything but pills, out onto the floor.

By 1967 JC had been arrested seven times,mostly for public drunkenness.In 1965 he was arrested for sneaking amphetamines and barbiturates across the border,and finally,in Georgia in 1967 for amphetamine possession.It was after this last arrest that Johnny went more or less "sober".(His thrilling but brief relapse is documented in a chapter titled "The Hounds of Hell")

As everybody knows,JC liked to play prisons,his first being at Huntsville,Texas in 1957.He eventually played 40 or so prison concerts,even playing for Merle Haggard who was a San Quentin inmate at the time.In 1968 at his second concert at Folsom Prison he recorded his infamous "Live from Folsom Prison" album.

The rest of the book is not very interesting,as JC would go on to do a musical on the life of Christ and stuff like that.It's kind of a dissapointment to find that such a hero,a man's man, would turn into such a creampuff.

John:If I were a carpenter, and you were a lady,

would you marry me, anyway,would you have my baby?



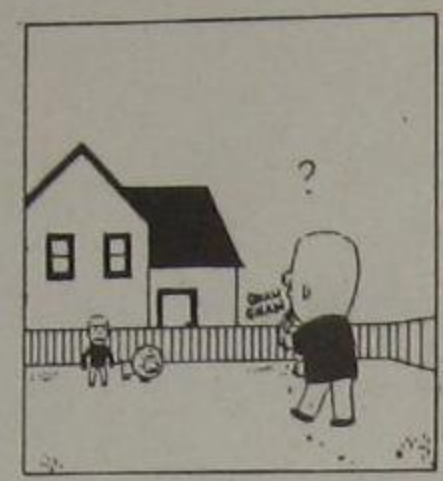
Johnny, 1974



MIGRAINE BOY



©1994 GREG FIERING



Not included due to copyright restrictions.

MIGRAINE BOY



©1993 GREG FIERING



[Redacted]

MIGRAINE BOY



©1993 GREG FIERING



[Redacted]

MIGRAINE BOY



©1994 MR. GREG FIERING



[Redacted]

When the Left told Jane how Ideology would sort her head out, make things appear clearer and make her feel good about herself, what they didn't tell her was how lousy it would make her feel too . . .

Okay, so I believe in an ideology



It's not the most important thing in my life



How, slowly she'd come to see things more and more through a narrow, single minded perspective, how gradually all her thinking would be done for her, how the Ideology would become the most dominating aspect of her life . . .

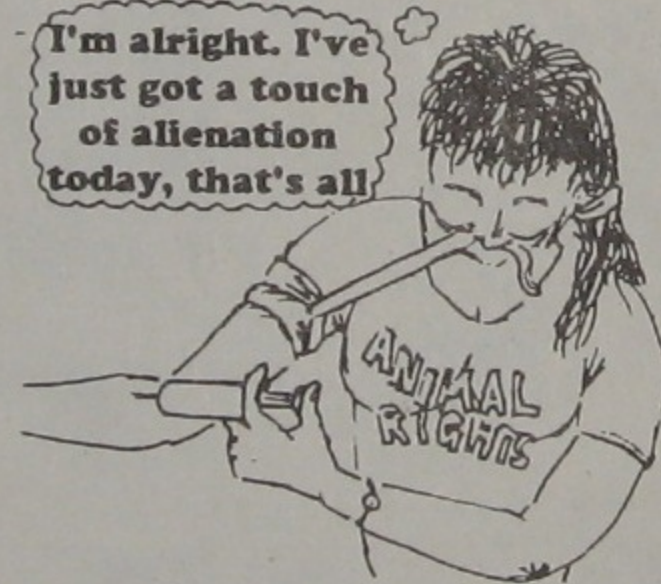
EVERYONE THINKS THEY CAN CONTROL IDEOLOGY UNTIL IT STARTS TO CONTROL THEM

How she'd start to be identified not as an individual but by her Ideological beliefs, how she'd lose her sense of humour and her non-Ideologue friends . . .

Hey Speciesist! Fuck off! Stop eating and wearing dead animals!



I'm alright. I've just got a touch of alienation today, that's all



How in the end she'd lose herself, dragged down into the abstract cocoon of Ideology, into a mere shadow of her potential, having merely swapped one brand of alienation for another.

THINKING FOR YOURSELF - WHEN YOU HAVE IDEAS IDEOLOGY - WHEN IDEAS HAVE YOU

Reprinted from the excellent pamphlet "Animal Liberation- devastate to liberate or devastatingly liberal?". Available from- Pealagian Press, BCM Signpost, London, WC1N 3XX.

can it be punk & acoustic at the same time?

...umh, there seems to be a question of when you can call something punk, ..but ~~ixdantixmrdrtxtan~~ hey, wasn't it declared dead in 1980 anyways? Wasnt that when New Wave came into full force as the funeral music to punk's demise? What does punk rock ~~reaxxaxxwaxx~~ really meanx? It started off as destroy and now it's DIY-Make. Make it New & make it now. It's the American Way.

But you can't make something from nothing. You need pieces of rubble from the destruction & all the stuff you pick outta the trash fer free. Yup. American punk rock has become the art of scavenger mentality-- just like our natönl emblám.

I remember one time when I was in Alaska. I was sitting in a field on the bluffs of the Kenai Estuary and I saw these 2 birds fighting. They came to right above where I was sitting, maybe 20 feet (or less) up from me. frighteningly close. It turned out it was a bald eagle and a sea gull fighting over a Dairy Queen wrapper. It wasn't a fair fight. The eagle's about 200 times bigger than the seagull, the bird is HUGE! It blew my mind when I figured out what they were fighting over. a piece of trash (and of course my mind went wandering into the millions of sick analogies... big bully carrion foul fighting for shit...what an appropriate national emblám...). so this is translating to punk rock being american by some twisted logic & fate.

It's 1994 and we're here in America fightin over the debris left over from 1978 when punk rock was in it's last seizures before it self destructed. what was really left...memories(words are useless full of excuses you used me well...) and so maybe it took a couple of years & alot of mis-interpretation (media) of what really happened in the punk rock english pubs. What's so scary about some skinny sickly unbathed kids jumping up & down & spilling beer on each other, spitting cuz they ain't got nothing and know there's no future & feel like shit & don't give a damn but are really too pathetically weak to hurt anyone besides themselves.

So the jocks came in & beat everyone up & there was no more punk rock until someone out on the frontier West with the true american pioneer ~~xpixitxx~~ DIY spirit picked up fragments of punk rock waste. Black flag had to find places of their own to pay all over the country ~~reaxx~~ punk rock is evil punk rock is violent punk rock is banned in your town. They started their own record label & figured out how to distribute those records themselves. Bands all over the West were putting out their own records cuz noone else would. ~~Reppix~~ Ruth Swartz helped out her friends by selling records for them & making sure everyone got paid. Calvin Heather & Brett found some instruments & started to play songs for their friends...people were constantly figuring out that they could do anything they wanted to even if it was out of key. That streak of workaholic in all america ~~tebx~~ found it's way into the edges of society & the kids there took what they could outta the gutter & made something to bring home & live for.

and that's a warped version of how punk rock resurrected & reformed & mutated. Now we get all the fine tuning arguments of punk-rock-as-genre punk-rock-as-attitude punk-rock-as-indie-rock-as-alternative-as-nirvana-as-yuppie-commodity-as...well, if it down'st matter cuz there is no future and we're all scavengers & theifs, why can't it include acoustic? and doesn't somehow, that eagle fighting over the scrap of trash remind you of major labels fightin for the debris we indies resuscitated ~~fer~~ from our past as a trace of sanity & hope?

Punk rock is alive and well in the 90's. It's the ephemeral realizations that occur when you listen to some music or look at a couple of pictures & know that you can do something, too. Next thing you know, yr calling up yr friends & get a guitar or a typewriter & throw away the instructions cuz you know that the directions on the package have nothing to do with what you've got it in yr mind to do.....





WE ALL LIVE IN



WISH YOU WERE HERE
OCCOSINGO, CHIAPAS, NEW YEARS DAY, 1994

CHIAPAS

GOVERNMENT
WHERE IS YOUR HEART?
PHELPS DODGE MINING CO.
HECLA MINING
POVERTY-DRUGS
ALCOHOLISM
BROKEN TREATIES
INFANT MORTALITY
POLICE BRUTALITY
STOLEN LANDS
RACISM-DISEASE
DOMESTIC VIOLENCE
PRISONS-FOOD AS A WEAPON-LIES
SLAVE LABOR
TOXIC WASTE

INDIAN LAND
KEEP GOV

INDIGENOUS PEOPLES OF THE AMERICAS HAVE CONTINUOUSLY FOUGHT TO PROTECT THEIR LAND AND PEOPLE SINCE THE EUROPEAN INVASION OF 1492. LIKE THE UNITED STATES, MEXICO WAS BUILT ON THE BRUTAL REPRESSION OF NATIVE PEOPLES THAT STILL CONTINUES TODAY. THE SALINAS GOVERNMENT IS NO DIFFERENT FROM THE BLOODY DIAZ REGIME THAT PRECEDED THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION OF 1910. THE "EJIDO" SYSTEM WAS WON THROUGH THAT REVOLT, IT RECOGNIZED COMMUNAL INDIAN LANDS AS THEIR OWN. NOW THE SALINAS GOVERNMENT HAS DESTROYED THE EJIDO SYSTEM AND THE SAME CRIES THAT LED TO THE LAST MEXICAN REVOLUTION ARE NOW HEARD AGAIN IN CHIAPAS. DIVIDED FROM THE SUPPORT OF OTHER INDIGENOUS AND COMMON PEOPLES, THE BRAVE FREEDOM FIGHTERS OF CHIAPAS ARE FORCED TO RETREAT INTO THE MOUNTAINS. MEANWHILE THE MEXICAN MILITARY AND POLICE BEGINS ITS EXECUTION-STYLE JUSTICE AGAINST ALL "REBELS" AND THEIR SUPPORTERS.

"NAFTA IS A DEATH CERTIFICATE FOR THE INDIAN PEOPLES OF MEXICO" ZAPATISTA WARRIOR
THE NORTH AMERICAN FREE TRADE AGREEMENT (NAFTA) WITH ITS FREE MARKET REFORMS WILL ONLY BENEFIT WEALTHY CORPORATE INTERESTS WHO PRESENTLY EXPLOIT INDIAN LANDS AND PEOPLE. THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT HAS INVITED MULTI-NATIONAL CORPORATIONS TO EXPLOIT CHEAP LABOR AND THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF INDIGENOUS AND COMMON PEOPLE. NAFTA INCLUDES NO INDIGENOUS REPRESENTATION, AND DESPITE THE INCLUSION OF STATE, PROVINCIAL, AND LOCAL GOVERNMENTS, NAFTA DOES NOT RECOGNIZE THE RIGHTS OF TRIBAL GOVERNMENTS OR OTHER INDIAN NATIONS. ALL INDIAN LANDS AND PEOPLE, NOT JUST IN MEXICO ARE THREATENED BY NAFTA. U.S. AND CANADIAN CORPORATIONS HAVE ALREADY BEGUN BUYING INDIAN LANDS FROM IMPOVERISHED PEOPLE IN CHIAPAS, SONORA AND OTHER MEXICAN STATES. MASSIVE WATER DIVERSION PROJECTS WILL STEAL INDIAN WATER AND FLOOD THE LAND. OIL, GAS, AND MINERAL EXPLORATION WILL INVAD E SACRED SITES AND WILDERNESS AREAS. CASH CROPS LIKE COFFEE AND CORN WILL REPLACE COMMUNAL FARMING BY AND FOR INDIGENOUS FAMILIES. FOREIGN CATTLE RANCHING WILL CAUSE OVERGRAZING, AND POLLUTE THE RIVERS. LARGE TIMBER INDUSTRIES WILL CLEARCUT THE LANDS RESULTING IN DEFORESTATION, AND MORE TOXIC WASTE AND RADIOACTIVE WASTE DUMPS ARE PLANNED FOR OUR SACRED MOTHER EARTH. INDIAN PEOPLES HAVE BEEN FIGHTING THIS SAME TREATMENT BY THE VERY SAME ENEMIES FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. MANY OF OUR RELATIVES HAVE BEEN MURDERED. REMEMBER THE SACRIFICES THEY MADE SO YOU MAY LIVE. WHERE ARE OUR WARRIORS?

HONOR YOUR PAST RELATIONS AND FIGHT LIKE HELL FOR THE LIVING!

SOLIDARIDAD = FUERZA

NAFTA = MUERTE



Zine Reviews

By Iain and Kate.

If you're putting out a zine or are interested in finding out about other ones you can also try writing to these folks- Slab-o-Concrete at P.O. Box 148, Hove, BN3 3DQ, UK (distributors and ByPass review zine) and Global Mail- P.O. Box 597996, Chicago, IL 60659, USA.

Rank and File News #20 (32 A4pp, Aust. \$2/\$1 conc.)

Well the title says it all really. This issue of RFN primarily covers a discussion of whats happening in Australia's forests fielding comments from members of Unions, radical environmental groups and loggers themselves. It also covers recent Rank and File struggles, issues of sex work and much more. Well written and intelligent coverage of grassroots activism. Add- P.O. Box 103, West Brunswick, Victoria, 3055, Australia.

EZLN: We know we're going and it's worth it (24 A5pp, Aust. \$1)

A reprint of a letter pulled off the email from Zapatista Subcommandte Marcos to the world. Marcos has proven to be one of the few witty and intelligent writers representing a rebellion anywhere in the world. Similarly the Zapatistas have proven themselves to be a most adaptable, democratic and interesting rebel force working effectively to create an autonomous zone whilst continuing their demands of the present Mexican government. This pamphlet and letter mainly takes the form of describing a "day at the office" for Zapatistas (ie- playing with the kids, preparing to fight, etc) and is a must for anyone who wants to find out more about them. Add- P.O. Box 1052, Preston, Vic. 3072, Australia.

From the Same Mother #8 (16 A5pp, Aust. Free with IRC)

Julian Williams has been pumping out weird and wonderful stories, zines and tapes via the vehicle of FTSM for years now. Having just returned from New Zealand Julian gives us a run down on whats happening over there and reviews the various cities as well as interviewing Perth wonder's Molasses and bunging a few reviews, stories and silly art for good measure. If your writing to Julian throw in a few extra pounds and grab Molopo his most recent tape compilation of whats happening in the Oz pop underground. Address- C/O Woozy, P.O. Box 4434, Melbourne Uni, Parkville, 3052.

MS.45 #5 (8 A4pp, Aust. Free with IRC)

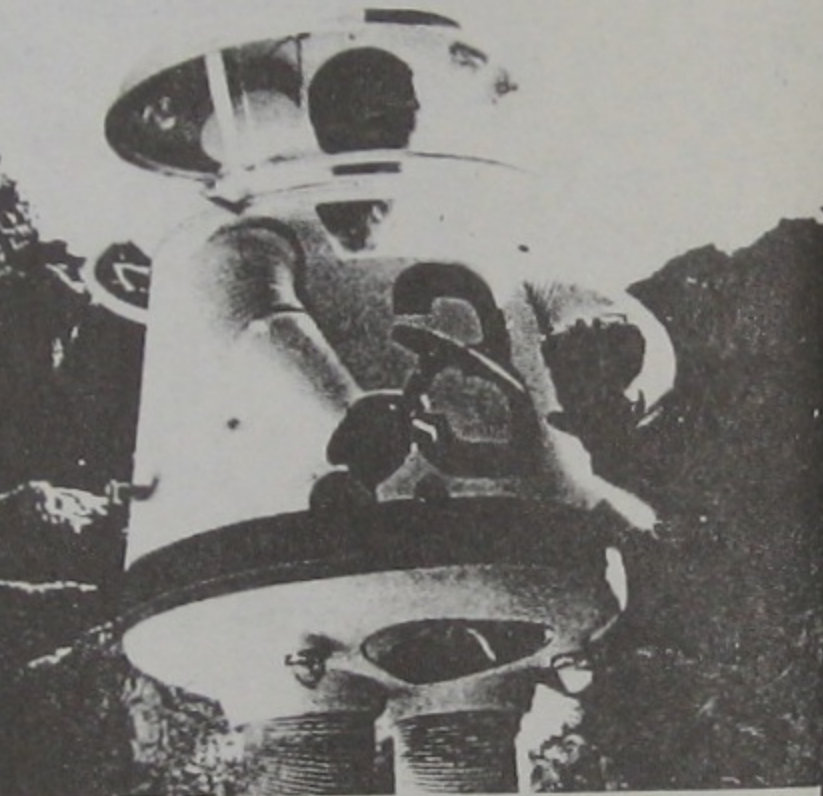
Basically this newsletter is made up of whatever's on the editors mind at the time and generally she's got something fairly interesting to say. This time round Ms .45s rant is about her views on where her feminism is standing nowadays and she also takes time out to give us more peoples personal "great moments in rock" and list a bunch of stuff worth checking out in the Melbin area. Address- P.O. Box 2063, Fitzroy Mail Delivery Centre, Victoria, 3065, Australia.

Salty and Delicious #4 (52 A4pp, Aust. \$A2.50 + 2 IRCs)

A joint effort spread over two states (Western Australia and Queensland) Salty and Delicious is an excellent introduction and guide to both lo-fi pop music in general and to whats happening in Australia. Primarily laid out by hand S&D brings the punk DIY ethic to Oz pop and interviews Ashtray Boy, Minimum Chips, Steve, Doublechin and the Stoned Posers whilst running O/S faves the Mad Scene, Guided By Voices, the Shaggs Chickfactor and and Nick Drake through their paces. The Salty kids don't stop at just music either as also offer up ideas on free posting, travel and WWOOFING to the indie multitudes. Definitely worth a read. Address-P.O. Box 808 Spring Hill, 4004, Qld, Australia. Email- richard@4ZZZfm.brisnet.org.au

Crapzine#2 (48A5pp, Aust. \$A2)

Bits of junk, found mind food and alot of references to meat thrown together and transformed into this celebration of all that is beautifully shitty. Printed in poo brown for the conessior of crap. Address- c/o Woozy.



Radiation in Space #1 (56 A4pp, Aust. \$A4.50 + 2IRCs)

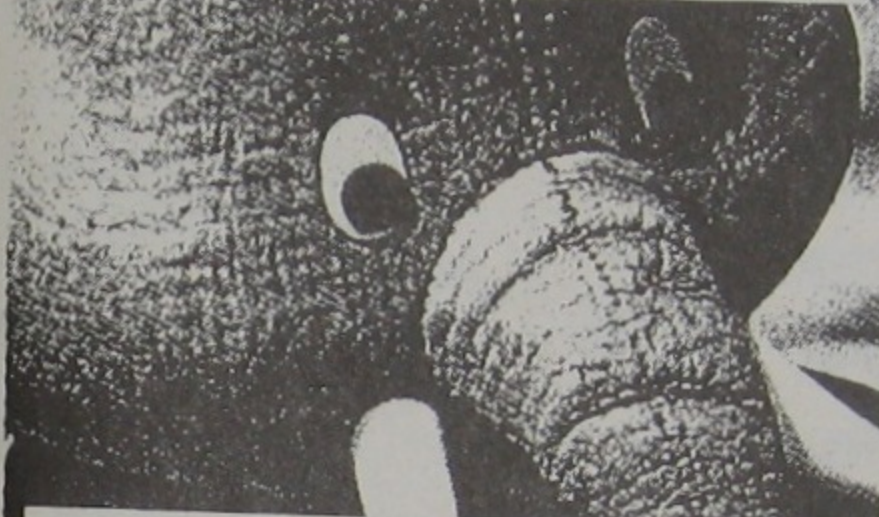
A very flash new effort with a beautiful full colour glossy cover, R.I.S. tackles the issue and idea of insanity with a reasonable amount of wit and intelligence. The editors pretty much try to cover a wide variety of opinions on the subject of madness interviewing a psychiatrist, psyh nurse and apsyhologist (both with refreshingly open views on the subject, a charecteristic their trade is not noted for) and including raves from a personal, spiritual and practical viewpoint. My only criticism here would be that there's not enuff anti-psychiatric viewpoints or critical appraisals of the whole idea of madness and current issues thereof (prozac, etc), but thats a personal thing. The R.I.S. crew also find space to interview God, a couple of local bands and include some interesting photography. Their next issue is on UFO's and alternate realities thereof and their looking for contributions so get cracking kidz. address- P.O. Box 2051, Fitzroy MDC, 3065, Victoria, Australia.

Tatmag #4 (44 A4pp, US. \$2 plus postage)

This is the first example of a self published tattoo magazine that I've come across and Tatmag does a pretty good job of giving the grassroots some coverage rather than sticking to the usual glossy, biker rubbish. Apart from reprinting tattoo cards, articles, etc this issue has stuff on NZ Maori tattoo mythology, recent tattoo meets and of course styling photos. Address- P.O. Box 24058, Postal Outlet, 900 Dufferin St, Toronto, Ont., M6H 4H6, Canada.

Duhhhh#5/ Shag Stamp#4 (48A5pp, UK. \$2)

A split zine, this one teams the ascerbic, ageing punk witticisms of Duh with the personal zine approach of Shagstamp. For me Duhhh wins out in the zine stakes due to its excellent "ripped/punk" layout style and its excellent interviews and general cynical British humour and sarcasm. The Negative kidz go to Punkland-was particularly funny. Has some great columns on the topic of "stress and rebellion too". Address- P.O. Box HP72, Leeds, LS6 1XT, UK.



Fast Connection #1 (48 A4pp, UK. \$2 plus 2 IRCs)

An excellent new D.I.Y. music zine from the UK based Slampt label. Fast Connection basically covers the same sort of ground and plays the same role as Salty and Delicious and to an extent Woozy do here- that is promoting DIY bands of a diverse musical nature whilst encouraging and try to facilitate people networking together to save money and generally help one another out. This is the first issue and includes some excellent raves in the form of MRR like columns as well as above ordinary interviews with Fabric, Amelia Fletcher (Heavenly), Slim from Kill Rock Stars, the Yummy Fur (UK) and more. Address- C/O Slampt, P.O. Box 54, Heaton, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE65YW, UK.

Leaked Documents from The Bureau of the Banal #1 (32 A4pp, UK. \$27 plus postage)

A zine devoted to "Uncovering the workings of the MACHINE", a job it does fairly well. A lot of this sort of stuff seems to be coming from the UK and I for one can't complain- detailed analysis and peerings into the realities behind information control, banks, shopping, AIDS, democracy, the KGB, TV and lots more.

Angry People #10 (18 A4pp, Aust. \$1)

Still angry and getting better all the time. Australia's answer to Class War continues and the writing and layout has only gotten better. This issue sees raves about voting, forest fracas, fighting fascism, Noam Chomsky, homocult, crime, fruit picking and more plus reports on working class fightback across Australia. Address- P.O. Box 1, 583A King St, Newtown, NSW 2042.

Global Mail #11 (24 A4pp, 2 IRCs, US)

For anyone who is writing, creating, art, etc and who wants to get away from the usual avenues and enter the heady world of mail art this zine is the shit. With over 750 entries in each issue from people wanting to send or recieve art, zines, tapes, rubber stamps, erotica and loads more Global mail is your portal to free presents in the mail and someone to share your cherished work with. An indispensable tool (I should know, my phound photo listing has seen 5 entries in the mail a week since this issue came out). Address- P.O. Box 597996, Chicago, IL 60659, USA.

Error #102 (12 A2pp, \$2, US)

Sam McPheters of Verniform records and Born Against's new zine maintains the high standards he'd shown in his previous efforts. Giant sized at double A3 newsprint Error fails to get straight answers out of Larry Livermore of Lookout records about the commercialisation of the punk scene and has similar results with the Goats as well. Apart from some sharp comments on the state of Virginia and a Los Crudos Mexican tour diary Sam also finds space for columns from Aaron Cometbus, Iggy Scam and a guide to building bits of amps by Amps for Christ. Varied and informative.

Prehistoric Sounds #2 (60 A4pp, \$6, Aust)

Prehistoric Sounds is the kind of zine completists and rock nerds like me dream of. Detailed histories of classic indie/punk/alternative bands with full discographies and recent interviews with the people involved. This issue sees the oft repeated story of the Birthday Party retold as well as indepth treatments of the Scientists, Laughing Clowns and Citadel records. Well written and an excellent guide to some excellent bands. Address- C/O Pristine Productions, P.O. Box 391, Box Hill, 3128, Australia.

Homemade#2 (16 A5pp, Free, Aust.)

Yet another neat little indie zine from Perth. Beautiful cover, good interviews with Guy Blackman (Sulk, Salty and Delicious), Molasses and Thermos cardy all wrapped up with a David Nichols comic and fine layout. Address- 12/445 Stirling Highway, Cottlesloe, WA, 6011.

Misuse #3 (16 A5pp, Aust. Free)

This little zine continues to be a constant source of information and amusement. This issue Chris gets down with Scientologists, chats with Julian Williams (FTSM, Solids), reprints a funny letter from one of his brother's mates and generally turns the kids onto some groovy sounds and sights. Worth tracking down. Address- P.O. Box 372, Carlton South, 3053, Australia.

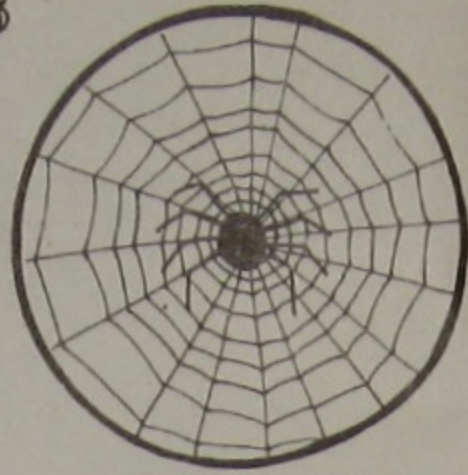
Mole #7 (56 A4pp, US\$3, US)

The latest issue of Mole sees the happy Mole crew interviewing Jeffrey Peierce (Gun Club), Scrawl, Cop Shoot Cop and the Cake Kitchen as well as interviewing a film grip and printing some great comics. The reviews section as usual is as extensive as can be. Address- P.O. Box 2482, Merrifield, VA 22116.

Anarchist Brownie Patches

collect them all.....

Dusty Old Bookshop- Bravery in the face of public disinterest and major debt.



The Iain Formal- Awarded after not voting in 6 consecutive elections (those not politically motivated and simply lazy need not apply.)

The Proletarian Shopper- Awarded on stealing \$3,000 worth of chocolate, records, clothes and other useless consumer shit in the name of "robbing from the robbers."



Bike Demon- Requires smashing up five smog machines with your U lock and only getting beaten up for it twice.

The Vegan Policeman- Awarded on the twentieth occasion of busting a fellow comrade for violations of the Anarchist diet, language and thought code.



Field Gatherer- awarded for continued use of field gathered psychotropic fungus, even after hospitalization.

The No God, No Master- For continuing atheism in the face of renewed mainstream spirituality (and the ghost in your attic.)



The Squatter- On the occasion of your 30th eviction and continuing homelessness.

The Punk as Fuck- Awarded after 10 years of alcoholism, listening to the same tired riffs, watching bad T.V. and not changing your jeans.



Cut and Paste- Unreadable, unoriginal, poorly photocopied and boring fanzine award (note- must produce only one issue.)

Smash the State- On receipt of 10 years dole payments



The Anti-Facist- For those with a better knowledge of fascist ideology and tactics than your average bonehead, and a bigger collection of screwdriver records

The Windowbreaker / Slingshot- Requires 3,000 points as follows, Butcher, = 10 points, McDonalds, = 20 points, Bank, = 30 points, Your Squat = minus 50 points



Ecodefence- moved a survey spike once and never stopped talking about it.

10 WAYS TO GET SLIGHTLY CLOSER TO THE TRUTH

Most of us doubt we're getting the full story from the mainstream media, but are either forced to accept their version of events due to a lack of alternatives or choose to switch from current events altogether. I personally think it's important to keep abreast of what's happening in the larger world and checking out the mainstream media can be important if only to find what they want us to be thinking. It's also possible to get a little closer to the "truth" and what follows are some ways I've discovered of doing so.

1. If you read the daily paper always read the whole of the article you're interested in- often the opening grab won't summarise the full story (only the sensational elements) or will be contradicted by statements further on in the article. be careful of words like "allegedly", "so and so claims" as these could mean the writer either doesn't have the full facts * or can't come and state the full truth* due to this country's libel laws.

2. Read through the paper thoroughly, the good stories are often hidden further back in the paper. Unlike a lot of folks I think the truth does sometimes get slipped through in the mainstream/capitalist/official media due to factions in the ruling class/them and because some journo's are interested in real reporting.

eg- In the Melbourne Age a number of pieces appeared after the Gulf War about the US army's use of nuclear waste filled shells and the radiation sicknesses that appeared in Iraq and in US troops as a result. Whilst this nuclear warfare should have been a front page scandal the paper chose to slip it in as a byline in the environmental column.

3. Shop around TV stations and papers as although they primarily say the same thing and have the same sources they do vary at times due to their perceived audience and their employees and owners. Read the letters pages.

eg- A story appeared on SBS about ethnic and other groups complaints about the current immigration system in this country and their appeals to an immigration peak body, but the other TV stations only chose to air the grievances of the more sensationally suited Hells Angels.

4. Be aware as much as possible as to who owns and edits the media outlet and to who the writer is (this applies to the small press as well). The news is never objective and the particular point of view will be determined by factors as broad as the county's religious/political orientation down to the particular journalists' biases. Knowing this information will help you get an idea of what's being left out. Similarly check the sources of where the information is coming from.

eg- A recent Herald Sun article said that in the wake of the Okalahoma bombing, right wing Militia groups had experienced great growth. Whilst this at first seems alarming and may well be true the source for the article is the Zionist group the Anti-Defamation League an organisation known for its smear tactics against left and right wingers and who want the Militia's strength hyped up in order to lobby for their banning.

5. Read the left wing and alternative press, books, etc- even student papers can contain stuff you won't find elsewhere. these publications not only have a different view to the mainstream, but also different sources. As with the official media you need to know who owns them and where their coming from in order to disregard the obvious bullshit and get down to the interesting stuff.

eg- Green left Weekly is primarily the mouth piece for the Democratic Socialist Party and reflects their Trotskyist agenda, but they draw their sources from a different network and publish different stuff from other leftie groups for credibility.

6. Read critiques and analysis of media operations from the obvious bigwigs like anarchist superstar Chomsky down to little articles like this. be aware of how we are manipulated by all kinds of media from films to papers to billboards.

7. Read Overseas and Australian ethnic media. Stories vary widely across the world and ethnic and religious groups. During the Gulf War the east Asian media ran very different versions of what was happening to their western counterparts. Local ethnic papers and radio will report on issues the mainstream media considers irrelevant. Also sometimes journalists will break stories in other countries media as their own countries outlets won't touch them in the initial breaking stages.

eg- The Chase Manhattan bank suggested to the Mexican Government that a condition of future loans would be the liquidation of the Zapatista rebels. When the info was leaked the US media wouldn't touch it for fear of revealing who was really controlling Mexico's internal affairs, but after a number of major European papers turned it into a world scandal they were forced to pick up on it.

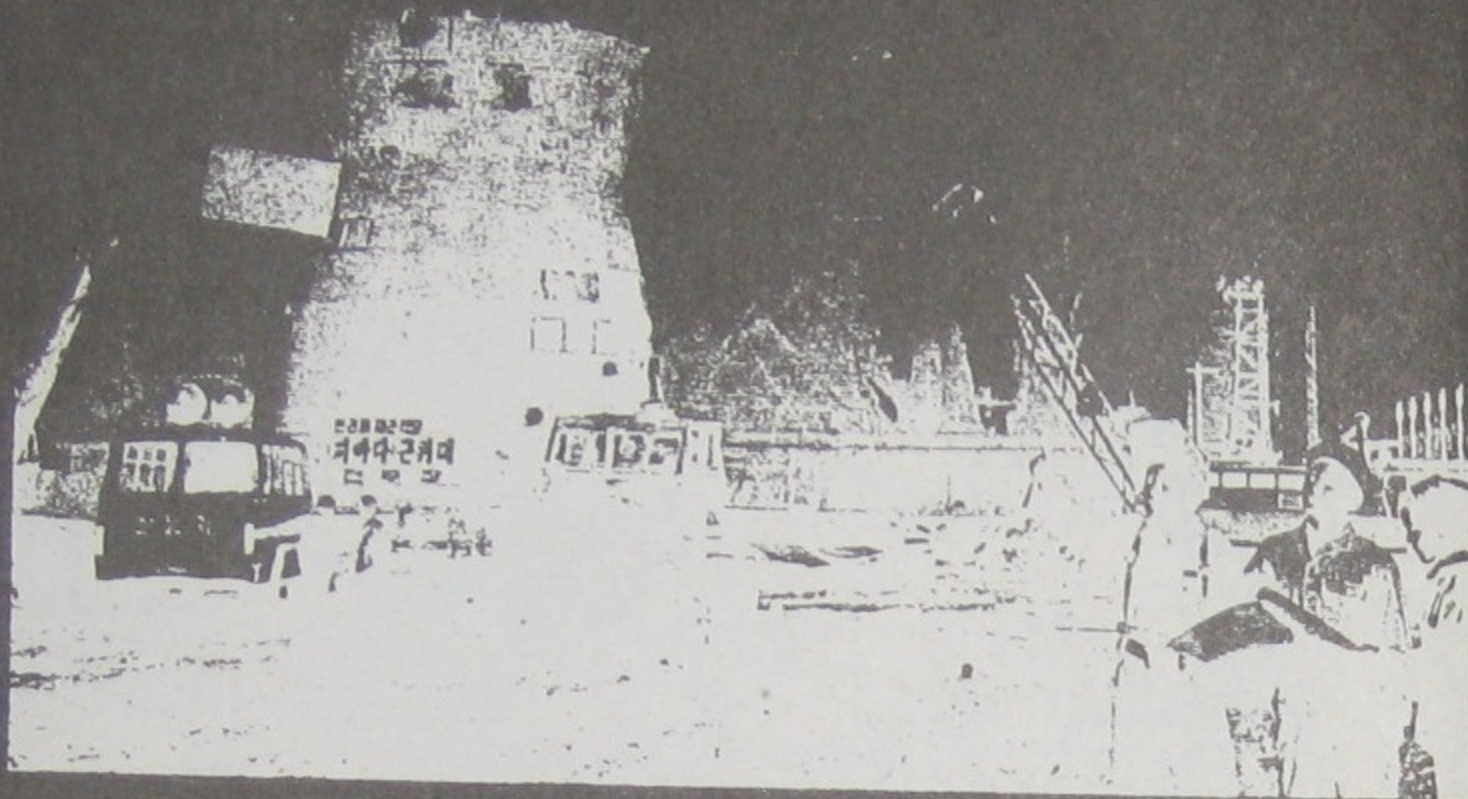
8. Check out the internet. Whilst a great deal of what's on there is boring rubbish and it can be harder to work out the writers' background; the internet can be an invaluable source of alternative information and viewpoints. The relatively easy access and set up costs also mean that groups that are normally suppressed by the mainstream media can have their say. Much of the info on the Zapatistas has been distributed via the internet allowing people to access their views directly not via some right wing journalist. Watch carefully however as the mainstream media in the next few months continues to bombard us with stories about kiddie porn and Nazi's on the net in preparation of a push towards censoring the net. A classic example of the media creating an inaccurate furor of an issue and then presenting people with a limited number of solutions (eg- increased censorship and regulation). It's already begun and hopefully the net can survive it.

9. Be aware that bad news sells and that a major role of reporting it is to overwhelm us and make us feel threatened and powerless in the hope we'll switch off and hang on tighter to what little we already have. Check stories for information on resistance and scour the alternative press for proposed solutions, actions, etc. Everytime something terrible happens there are people responding to it in positive ways and there are a far wider set of responses than the official media would have you believe.

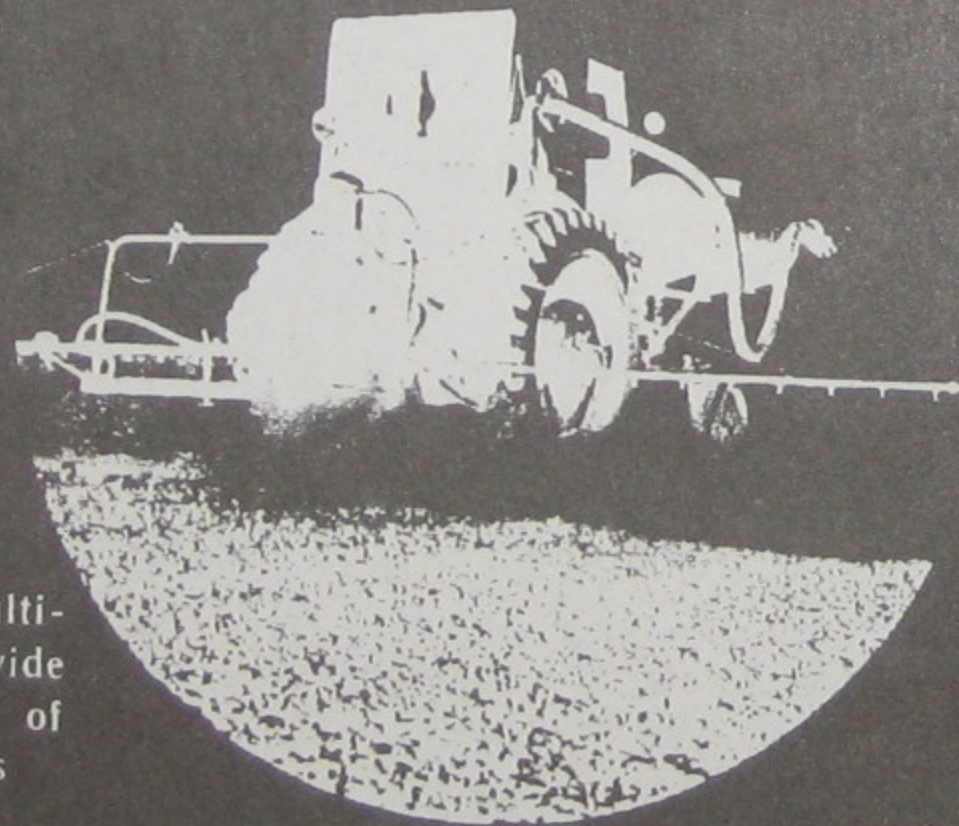
eg- It was only when I read Counter Information (an excellent Scottish broadsheet only reporting on worldwide grassroots resistance) that I realised there had been huge antiwar demos, strikes, draft resistance, etc in Serbia in response to the war in Bosnia and that the Western media preferred us to believe that bombing the Serbs not aiding internal revolt was the only solution.

10. Create your own media- do research, write about your views, say something worth saying about your world. And most of all think for yourself (but you didn't need me to tell you that did you?).

*-note these can be hazy concepts.



A large-size blast furnace under construction in the heat of "speed campaign"



A field cultivated with wide application of chemicals

MISSING LINK

OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK



WE STOCK THE LATEST LOCAL AND IMPORTED CDS, RECORDS, VIDEOS, TAPES, FANZINES, MAGAZINES, TEE-SHIRTS, BOOKS and POSTERS...

SPECIALIZING IN PUNK, HARD CORE, METAL, NOISE AND ALL THINGS INDEPENDENT!

COME TO US FOR EXCELLENT PRICES ON SECOND HAND DISCS...

262 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, 3000 - PH/FAX: (03) 96545507

WOOD DUSTER



DEEST



DR JIM'S RECORDS
P.O. BOX 45,
CLIFTON HILL VIC 3088
AUSTRALIA

A Soap Opera so compelling, so fraught with the Great Issues of our times, so full of, well, shit, that it has captured the imaginations of dozens! Yes, it's time to once again examine that truly epic struggle to see who will be

Queen of the Scene!

Starring: Also Starring:



FREE...10 HITLER STAMPS



10 Scarce Stamps - All Different - Sent Free

TO SECURE NAMES FOR OUR MAILING LIST

Also Free



MAIL coupon at once. We'll send you this fascinating set of 10 Hitler stamps. Different sizes, colors, values. NO COST TO YOU.

These valuable stamps were issued by the short-lived nation of Bohemia-Moravia. They are much sought after. Now they are becoming SCARCE. And since the nation is no longer in existence—no new issues can be minted. Our supply is limited. So, don't ask for more than one set.

FREE 32-Page Book

In addition to the FREE Hitler Stamps, we'll also include other interesting offers for your inspection—PLUS a FREE copy of our helpful, informative book, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." It contains fascinating and true stories such as the one about the 1¢ stamp (which a schoolboy gladly sold for \$1.50) and which was later bought for FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

This Free Book also contains expert advice on collecting; shows how to get started; where and how to find rare stamps; how to tell their real value; how to mount them, trade them; how to start a stamp club; exciting stamp games, etc. It has pictures galore! Full pages of pictures showing odd stamps depicting native men and women from faraway lands; ferocious beasts, etc.

MAIL COUPON NOW

Be the first in your neighborhood to have this valuable set of Hitler Stamps. Your friends will envy you for it and want to buy the set from you. It will become one of the most prized sets of any stamp collection. But you must hurry if you want to get the 10 Hitler Stamps FREE. This special offer may have to be withdrawn soon. Rush coupon NOW to: Littleton Stamp Co., Dept. MCG-5-6, Littleton, New Hampshire.

Supply Limited
Mail Coupon At Once!

LITTLETON STAMP CO.,
DEPT. MCG-5-6, LITTLETON, N. H.

Send—AT NO COST TO ME—the valuable set of 10 Hitler stamps and the informative booklet, "How To Collect Postage Stamps."

Name

Address

City State

