



woozy nineteen

woozy presents...

art!

June 13th- 17th- **exhibition** of works by u.s. experimentalist **jad fair.**

sunday June 15th- **jad fair exhibition launch**

with mr fair and friends plus crowded foxhole (early start).

June 18th- July 18th- **stuff on show** by **woozy family** and friends.

thursday June 26th- **woozy #16/19 launch**

with new waver, deb dragster, free woozys and more.

and it is all happening at the **empress of india**

corner scotchmer and nicholson st. north lizroy.



woozy nineteen

welcome to woozy number nineteen, the final issue of our "terrible teens". **this issue** was put together by **harry and iain** whilst travelling across **europa** and upon return to **oz**. it was made possible with the **help and support** of **sven, 121, frieda, marita, mark parsnips, scam press, antje, pete, erica, will, choozy, vur en vlemme, sandro, household dramas, san jose cow muzak, silvya, laura, jad, nick** and many, many more. thanks to the bands that played the launch and to the artists who took part in the exhibition. **woozy** is **anticopyright**, but **acknowledge** us or the artist as the **source**. it is also produced on **recycled paper** and **printed by scam**. we try to get the magazine out on a **roughly quarterly** basis and **contributions** are **welcome** as are adverts- **write** for details. **back issues** are **available from choozy** in australia or from **slab 'o concrete** in europa (p.o. box 148, hove, bn3 3dq, uk). distributors please get in touch- we like to trade. **future woozy activity** should see some of the following emerge- a **d.i.y. health guide** for travellers, a **cd compilation** comprising seven or eight e.ps from international and melbourne based bands, a **tattoo tales** edition, the **slack babbath tribute cd** and much much more. if anything here annoyed you (or pleased you) don't just slag us off, write us a letter. as always we are contactable at **p.o. box 4434, melbourne uni, parkville, 3052, australia.**



"the march of technology"

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l'attentat were a punk band that existed in the gdr (former east germany) in the latter part of the 1980s. coming in contact with punk music and ideas via radio from the west they found that this medium was what best suited their disgust with the stagnation, boredom and militarisation of communist society. along with one or two other bands they created a tiny punk scene which was forced to mainly play in churches as these were the only places where even a whisper of dissent could be tolerated.

given the conditions of the east german state- a place where all had work and housing, but where free expression was banned and social needs relegated to those of the state it was not surprising that l'attentat soon came into conflict with the state. the first singer was put in prison for writing a book about punk and anarchism and then exiled in west germany. other members experienced varying degrees of harrassment and imprisonment. however the band with their second singer managed to travel to east berlin and record an album which was then smuggled into the west where it was released as "made in the gdr."

the history of the album after this point is itself a difficult one. the original release sold quite quickly and was reissued after reunification by the dodgy west german label lost and found who had not sort permission and whom sold it at an exorbitant price on cd only. since the band had played a few reunion shows and were unhappy about the rerelease a bunch of d.i.y. oriented folks got together and put it out on vinyl at no profit with extensive liner notes and the lyrics in several languages

whilst obviously the lyrics are some what dated dealing as they do with life in communist times many of the concepts such as the boredom of everyday workaday life still ring true. certainly the music is a fairly original mix of raw punk and just the knowledge that it was produced under such difficult conditions is an inspiration today.

for info on the l'attentat album write to bornaische str. 54 (hh), 04277 leipzig/connowitz, germany.

TODAY IS THE DAY OF KILLING

THE DAY OF KILLING WILL BE PROCLAIMED ONCE A YEAR. IT'LL BE ANNOUNCED 30 days prior to its date through public notices, paper & television

THE DAY OF KILLING WILL BE PROCLAIMED ONCE A YEAR, OR WHENEVER THE LEVEL OF POPULATION BECOMES DANGEROUSLY HIGH.



HAGGERSTON JUNE 99

ANYONE ABLE TO HOLD A GUN MAY PARTICIPATE

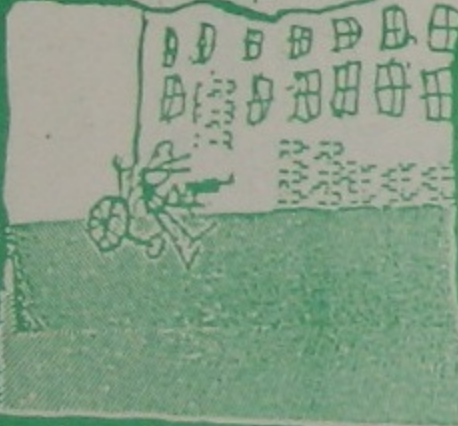
For the... duration of the day of Killing, it shall be recommended to kill anyone.

PEOPLE WITH PHYSICAL DISABILITIES MAY KILL BY PROXY... IF THEY HAVE COMPLETED A PROXY FORM WHICH MAY BE OBTAINED FROM LOCAL TOWN HALLS, ONE WEEK BEFORE THE EVENT



ANYWHERE

THE GOVERNMENT GUARANTEES IMMUNITY FROM PROSECUTION TO ALL PARTICIPANTS



Only the use of firearms is permitted. Alternative methods of extermination are prohibited;



A strict time limit, From 12 midnight to 12 midnight, will be observed.



Participants are to be held responsible for completing the death of their targets



Wounding is NOT acceptable

Bodies will be removed at the expense of local authorities.



Participants shall be responsible for payment of damage they inflict on property during the DAY OF KILLING



DREADSTAR

539 E. 5th Street

Sunday February 9th started like any other day. Patrick and I work nights so we woke up late, around 2pm. He had to be at work again at 4 so he got ready to go and left while I was still lounging in bed thinking about getting up.

Our apartment was on the third floor at 539 E. 5th street. The building was 6 stories high with 4 large apartments on each floor. Most of the apartments were shared by 2 or 3 people. The building had been lived in by one of the residents, an older man, since 1982. The new generation of approximately 25 younger squatters started moving in in the Spring of 1994. When they moved in the building had no electricity or plumbing, no staircases, barely any interior structure and was full of rubble and trash. In that short amount of time the squatters had turned the building into a comfortable place to live and a community center. In the common-space on the ground floor the squatters held a cafe once a week and put on concerts and parties. They cleaned out and maintained a community garden in the empty lot next to the building. They had good contact with the neighbours on the block and were a source of inspiration and new energy to the older squatting community on the Lower East Side.

When Patrick got down to the second floor of the building on this fateful Sunday, he smelled smoke. He went into the apartment in the South West corner of the building and saw that there was a small fire growing on the stairs to the loft bed in the room. He ran upstairs to get the fire extinguisher out of our room, confident he could put the fire out. I got up and got dressed hurriedly. I was sure I was overreacting when I pulled my saved money out of it's hiding place and put it in my pocket, but I thought better safe than sorry. Downstairs another squatter had also gotten a fire extinguisher, and she and Patrick attacked the flames. The extinguishers had almost no effect. Looking behind him, Patrick saw that the fire was rapidly climbing the walls and threatening to close them in. They ran out of the room. Patrick came back upstairs and told me to grab my stuff and get out of the house. He went through the building warning everyone else. I put on my coat, shoved a few things into my back pack, and tried to leave the apartment. When I opened the door to the hallway, I was confronted with a wall of smoke. I couldn't see the staircase, and I couldn't breathe. I panicked and ran back into the bedroom thinking I could leave by the fire escape out the back windows. Patrick came back in and led me back out through the staircase. Halfway down the first flight of stairs the smoke cleared and we could leave the building safely.

Outside I saw most of the people from the house. Flames were pouring out of the second floor front window where the fire had started and the fire department had already arrived. Firemen soon began rushing in and out of the building and up the fire escapes and asking us if everyone in the building was accounted for. Although they looked busy, it was 20 minutes before they turned on the water hoses. By that time the fire had grown to the front, west side apartment on the 3rd floor and the second floor apartment looked gutted. As far as we could tell everyone from the house was either outside or had been elsewhere when the fire started. We knew that 3 dogs and 2 cats were still inside.

By the time the fire was completely put out over an hour had passed. The owner of two of the missing dogs, Roger, had been at work and had arrived too late to save his dogs. A fireman came to tell us that the two dogs from his apartment, the 4th floor SW apartment, hadn't made it. However, he said there was a pit bull on the 5th floor who was fine but he wouldn't let any of the firemen get near him. At that time Roger went into the building escorted by firemen to get this dog out. He climbed with them to the 5th floor and saw that the staircases and building structure were intact and not affected by the fire. The fire and water damage were limited to the 3 apartments in the SW corner of the building.

Despite this, we were told by the fire department that we would not be allowed back into the building that night. They said that in the morning H.P.D. would inspect and make sure it was safe for us to go in.

The squatters from the building had nowhere to go. We had nothing but the clothes on our backs. The squatting community of the neighbourhood came to our aid. The Red Cross gave us



537-539 E 5th Street Sunday Feb. 9th 1994 3pm

wool blankets and cots ad we went to spend the night at other squats and friends' houses. The next morning the squatters congregated on 5th street as early as 7am. The building had been guarded by an army of police all night. By the time I arrived at 9am, the former residents of the building had been corralled into a small area, surrounded by police barricades, across the street from the building. The entire street was blocked off and occupied by police. The other squatters, family, and friends who came to support us were kept at the end of the block where they couldn't clearly see the building. A wrecking crane was already stationed on the street and parked strategically between the building and the squatters on the other side of the street. HPD representatives repeatedly told us that either we would be allowed into the building to get our possessions, or that they would bring everything out for us. We knew that the latter plan was unrealistic; we knew that they couldn't bring every single item out of the huge building. We were homeless and had no need for all our furniture and building supplies. We begged to be allowed to go inside, just for a few minutes and one at a time if need be, so we could get the things we really needed. The police and HPD ignored us. Around 11am they started bringing things out from the ground floor. They brought our bicycles but also brought piles of useless junk, like the box of free clothes, and old mannequins that were decoration. They brought down a few things from upstairs. We tried to give them lists of what we needed so they would know what to grab. The few lists that they did accept from us were ignored. Despite the proof we had that the staircases were intact, they told us it was impossible for them to go above the 3rd floor. Dozens of police officers were roaming in and out of the building, none of them were wearing hard hats and it was obvious the building was in sound condition. Many people saw officers coming out of the building counting wads of cash and going through bags, putting things in their own pockets. We were powerless to stop them.

I had feared that our belongings from the 3rd floor NW corner apartment, even if not damaged by the fire, would be soaked from the hoses. However, I was brought a few things that I had stored right by the front door to the apartment. These things were intact, not damp or smoke damaged at all. This proves that our apartment was not in any way effected by the fire. All of our belongings were exactly as we had left them. There was no reason to deny us the right to recover them, but for some reason we were only brought a few random things. From a shelf in our bedroom where I also kept tools, jewelry, my sketchbook and other important things, I was only brought 2 boxes of herbal tea. It was obvious from this kind of insult that police were deliberately trying to humiliate us and deny us our human rights.

After an hour or so of half heartedly bringing garbage bags of stuff out of the building, the riot police moved us further down the block and the crane went to work. As the first step in the demolition, the crane ripped the fire escapes of the front of the building. We realised that they were serious about demolishing the building immediately and we got scared. The police didn't know that one of the squatters, Brad, had snuck into the building early in the morning. We hadn't seen him come out yet, and he had called Blackout Books (the Anarchist bookstore around the corner) from inside the house, so we knew he was still in there. We screamed to the police to stop, that there was someone inside. People were crying hysterically, afraid for his life. The police refused to listen to us.

After the fire escapes were down, which only took about 10 minutes, the crane attacked the roof of the building. A huge hole had been made in the top floor when, miraculously, Brad climbed out of it! He danced around a bit and waved to us. We cheered, thrilled to see him alive and revelling in the deviance of his action. After a few minutes he climbed back into the building. Police armed with stun guns were sent in to find him. He hid well, and after searching and not finding him for 2 hours, they gave up and started demolition again, at this point in complete awareness that he was alive inside the building. He resurfaced on the roof and was finally arrested.

By this point in the afternoon our lawyer had secured a court order to stay demolition of the building. The judge ruled that the city must allow us to recover all of our belongings before they could demolish the building. Our lawyer arrived on the scene with the court order but it was ignored.

CONT 31

JOIN KAO

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Manufacturing Consent?

Looking back I can remember the feelings that were surging through my body. Noam. Noam. Noam was coming. Noam was coming to my university. Noam Chomsky was going to speak at my university and I was going to (I just had to) get a chance to speak with him. I was a junior majoring in poli-sci at a Southwestern college and co-editor of the semi-respected student progressive monthly, The Monthly Progressive Student, so it was really just a matter of being insistent and acting quickly to arrange an exclusive interview.

I didn't sleep the night I found out, and spent the next two days on the phone with his publishing company, with the student activities office, with pretty much anyone who would listen to why I had to be the one who should arrange an interview with such an important figure. My persistence paid off -- I was granted a 30-minute interview with Noam Chomsky following his public speech in the University Hall and preceding his special private lunch meeting with the privileged progressives of the campus community. I was ecstatic, the only problem I saw was how to pass the next month and a half before he came to our school.

The next 46 days passed surprisingly quickly as I pored over Chomsky's key works and prepared for the interview that was sure to be the high point of my journalistic career. I didn't sleep or eat for three days prior to his presentation, but that was alright because I had Noam's works of wisdom to sustain me. When the morning arrived I felt ready. I showered, shaved, and put on the new clothes I had bought with my parent's credit card especially for this event -- brand new 501's, a big brass belt buckle, a flannel shirt, nice boots, and to top it off, a beautiful white cowboy hat. I looked good. I felt good. I was ready for Noam.

His presentation was as stunning as expected as he lucidly dismantled the facade of American democracy. He was witty, he was incisive, he was brilliant. I was a little let down at the low turnout of students, particularly since I had so prominently featured the event in that month's Monthly Progressive Student, but many of the older activist community was there (perhaps it was a state worker holiday) and

My night with Noam...

many of the older activist men made very elaborate points about their beliefs during the question and answer session.

And then it was over, as he walked off stage to a standing ovation from the quarter-capacity crowd I found myself walking somewhat dazed to the front of the hall to get to his backstage dressing room. I found his room by the large gold star pasted on the door and knocked, at first hesitantly and then taking a deep breath, I gave that door a hearty rap. He answered, "Come on in." And I did.

There he was, kicked back in a director's chair, drinking gin, and chomping down on a dripping roast beef sandwich. He put down his sandwich, stood up, and reached out his right hand, saying "You must be here for the interview, glad you could make it." I was instantly entranced by his calm demeanor and his all-around down-home niceness. Plus, he looked even more thoughtful up close and in person than any of those pictures on the back of his hardcover books.

We began the interview and as I asked questions about his educational background he poured us both a paper cup of gin, which I quickly downed and he quickly replaced. With the gin flowing I found myself opening up and asking the questions I really wanted to ask. I wanted to know what made this brilliant hunk of a man tick, what were his desires, his fears, and his deepest secrets. Surprisingly, he seemed eager to uncover his inner psyche for me.

And what a psyche it was, as tormented and bruised as mine. What he really wanted even more than all the intellectual acclaim was someone to be close to -- someone to touch his skin, not pick his brain. Someone to hold his aging body and cherish it, not to ignore his physical needs while coveting his written words. He was so vulnerable, sitting there, paper cup in hand, that I just had to reach over and put my arm around him. He looked up out of his wretched misery and I saw desire in his eyes, desire flowing from him that matched my own and soon we were enraptured in passionate kisses and I found that he was as creative in matters of lust as those of international relations. He licked and nipped and chewed his way from the top of the back of my neck to the front of my crotch. I could feel his searing breath burning through my 501's enflaming my engorged genitalia. Then he looked up at me



and commanded, "I want to ride you, give me your hat."

I did as I was told and my new clothes soon lay next to me in a pile on the floor, except for my hat which sat proudly on top of his head. I was on all fours and when he told me to bray like a horse I saw no reason not to, and so next thing I knew I was braying louder than I ever brayed before and Noam was riding me, weeping with joy and I realized I knew exactly how I could fill his total stimulation this man had given to me it was my chance to repay him, physically. I brayed one final time and bucked wildly knocking my linguistic rider to the floor.

I wheeled around and dove head first for his penis grabbing him with both hands and sucking feverishly. I had never sucked cock with such intensity before, but then again, I had never sucked Noam Chomsky's cock before. I kept pushing the tip deeper and deeper into my throat until I felt that he was fucking my brain. I glanced up to see a look of pure pleasure on his face, a look that had never even come near his face while he was at the podium speaking, a look that made me want to swallow him whole and consume all the passion this man kept bottled up inside. As his body began to spasm, and he began to scream, and his sticky globular come shot into the back of my gasping throat, a quick knock on the door was followed by an urgent voice, "Mr. Chomsky is everything alright?"

And as the last drops of come were still dripping from the tip of his penis, he confidently answered, "Oh yes, I'm just undergoing Reichian bodywork therapy under the direction of my personal therapist, C.C."

JOHN CAGE

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MESSAGE REPLY

TO C. Caspari
D 2 Hamburg 19
Weidenstieg 6

DATE Feb. 29, 1968

absence of constraints
a) from without, as, for instance, in the use of utilities: telephone, water, etc. Present constraints are political and economic. The absence of constraints
b) from within is an individual matter. Present such constraints are habits, etc. (value fragments)

Revolution: I think the old structure (political-economic) is dying. I think the new global way of living is beginning. I call this change revolution.

I do not, as the Chinese do, wish to constrain people to give up their interest in the past.

I think my activity in the arts is analagous to political activity. It gives an instance of how to change

DATE into a "collage."
things radically. The past constraint

There are more and more people in the street. My activity is not necessary to the change of society. Though I think it is helpful. There are, I mean many avenues. They are proliferating. Society will change due to countless events: technology, recovery from crises, education followed by unemployment, etc. I discuss these matters in my recent book A YEAR FROM MONDAY.

Utopia is what we want. I think it will have its horrors as does the present situation. But they will be the result of individual acts rather than organized group actions. We will have that is not war, as now, but murder, pure and simple.

Utopia = general use and availability of utilities. (or daily) John Cage



make it fluffy





SQUATTING IN AMSTERDAM

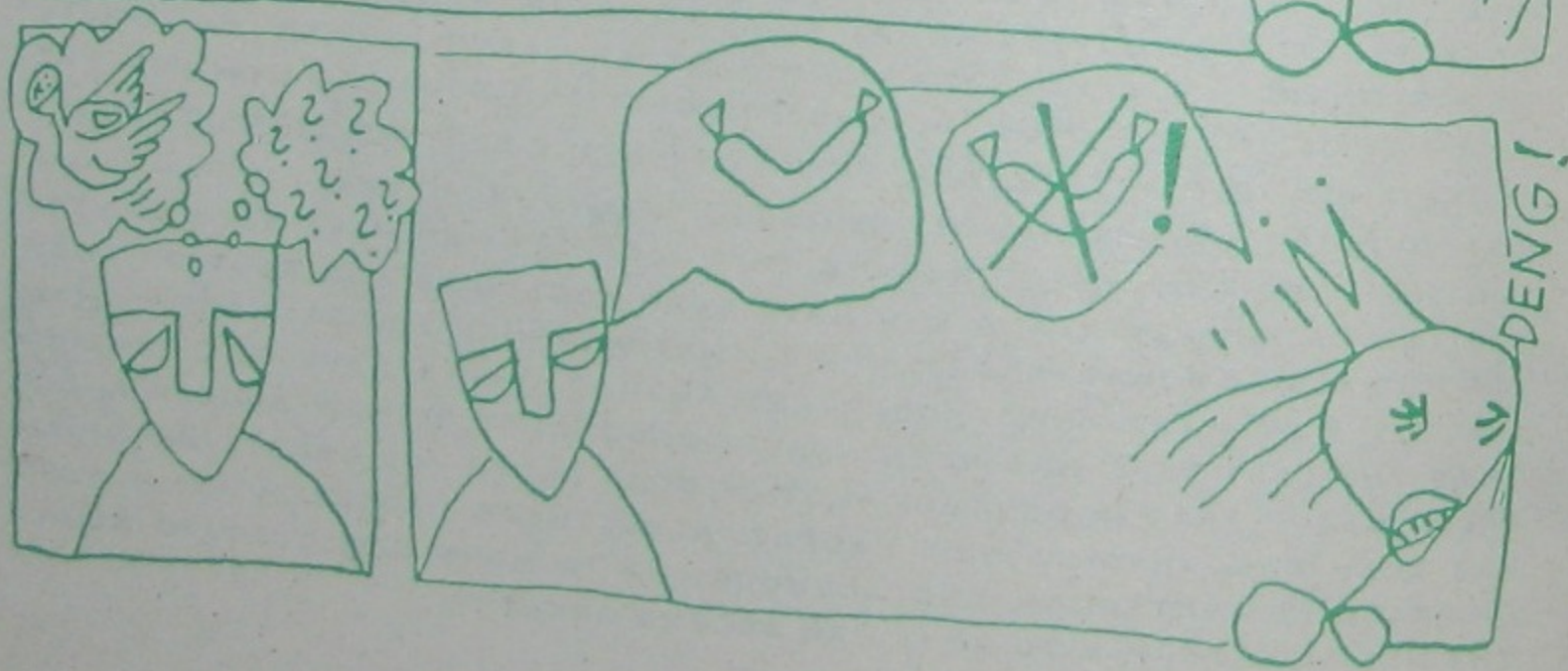
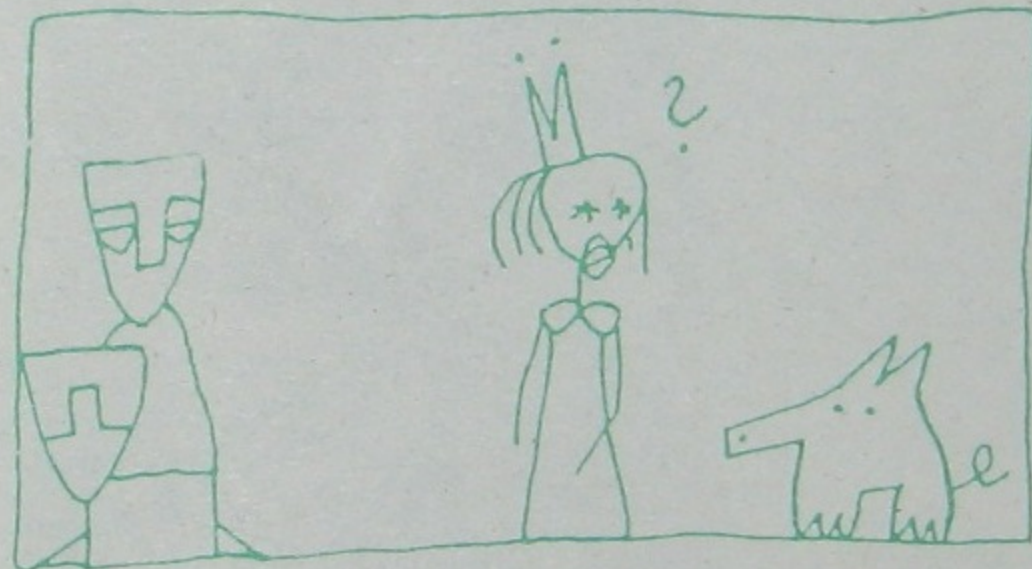
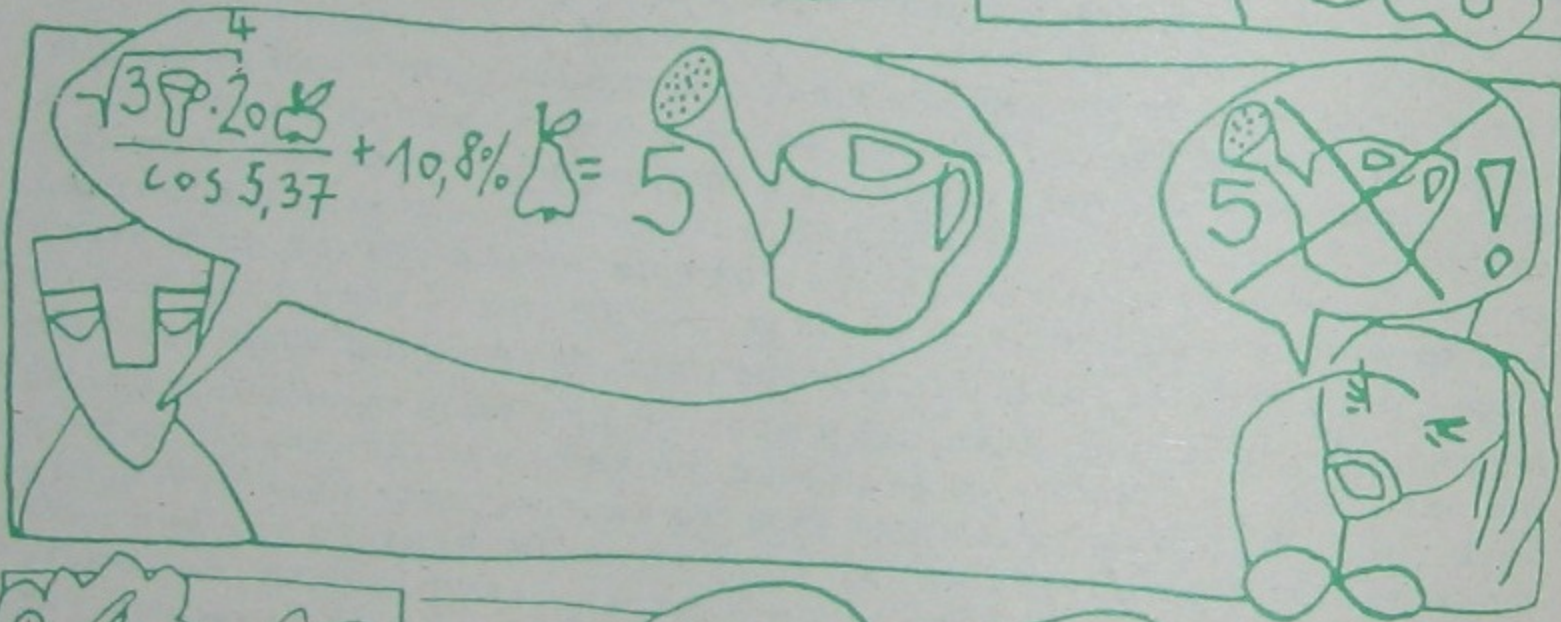
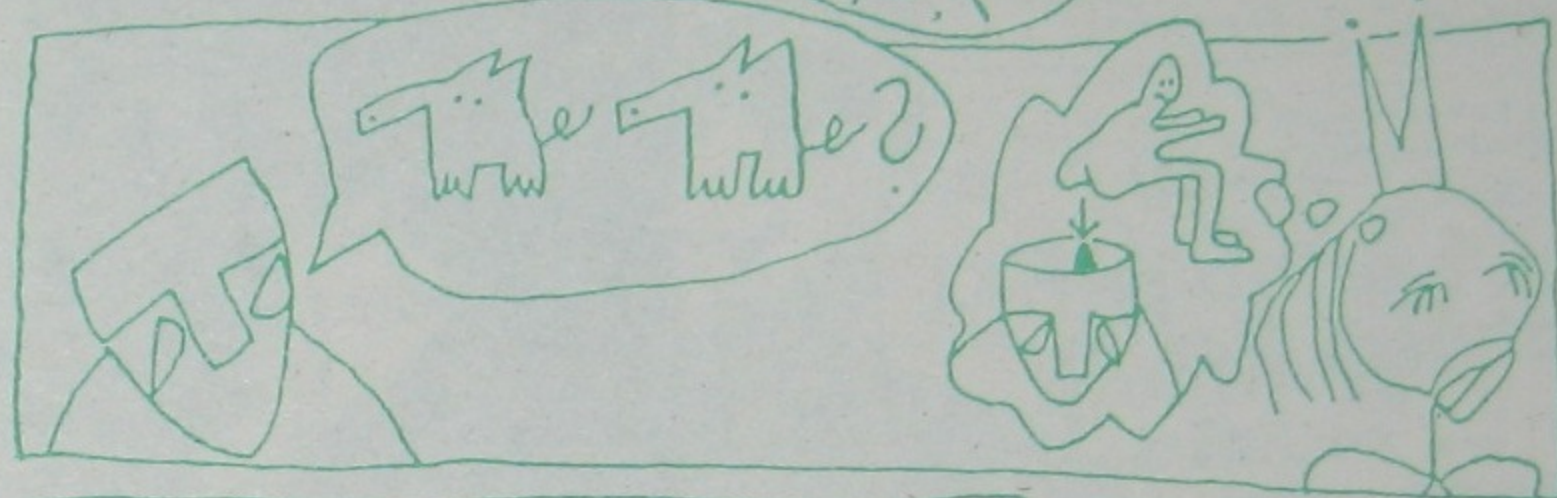
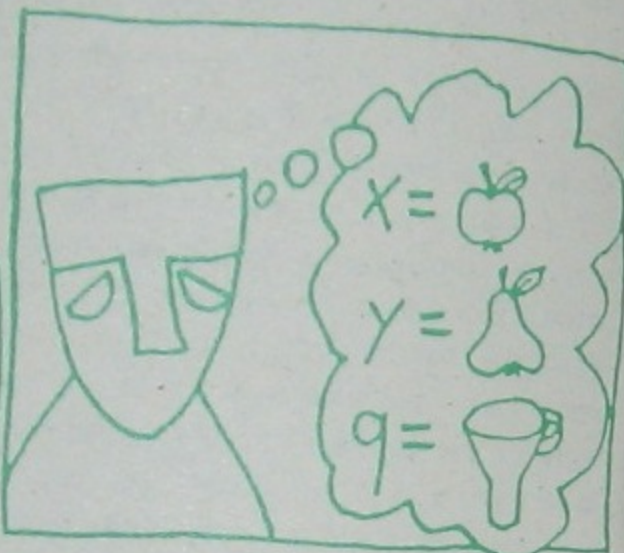
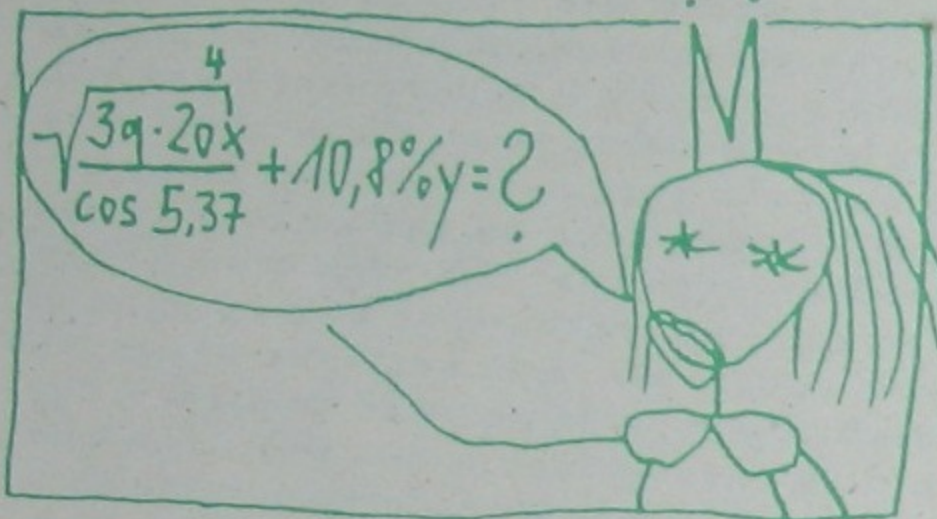
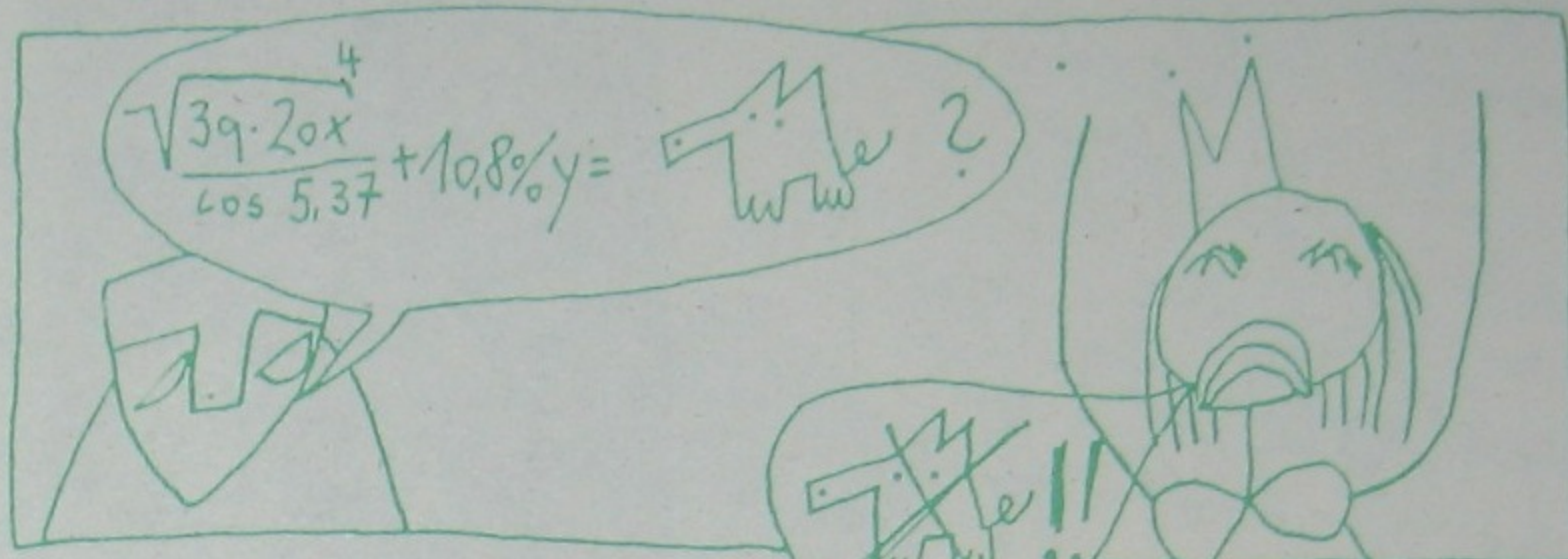
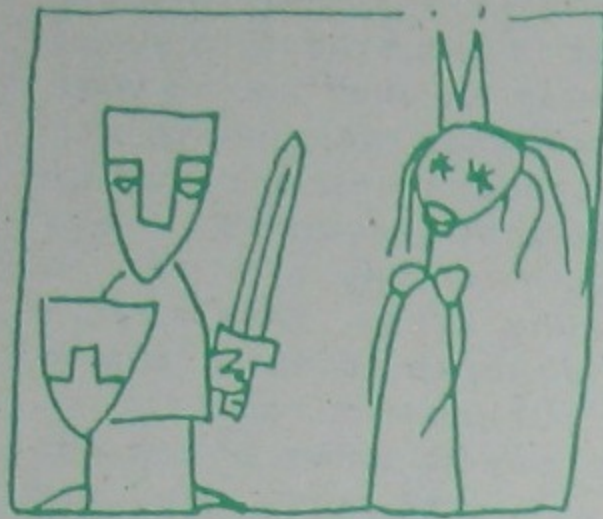
WOOZY TALKS WITH MYSTERY SQUATTER XXX

woozy- tell us about the recent wave of evictions. xxx- WELL OVER THE LAST YEAR THE TACTICS OF THE AMSTERDAM POLICE HAS BEEN TO EVICT A NUMBER OF SQUATS ON ONE DAY. USUALLY THEY WAIT TWO OR THREE MONTHS TILL THEY HAVE ENOUGH AND THEN EVICT THEM ALL. SO IT COSTS THEM LESS AND THERE ARE LESS PROBLEMS. woozy- maybe you could tell us about some of the places that were recently evicted? xxx- WELL I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THREE. SAPHARTISTRAAT WAS A LIVING SPACE FOR TEN OR ELEVEN PEOPLE WHICH IS ALOT HERE, NORMALLY ITS JUST FIVE OR SO. VILLA OMVAL WAS REALLY BIG, MAYBE TWENTY FIVE PEOPLE AND A CONCERT SPACE WHICH WAS REALLY IMPORTANT. IT WAS SQUATTED FOR REFUGEES FIVE YEARS AGO ON NEWS YEARS DAY. AT THE TIME THERE WERE ALOT OF PEOPLE FROM YUGOSLAVIA COMING TO ESCAPE THE WAR AND IT WAS SQUATTED FOR THEM. AT THAT TIME THERE WERE 30 OR 40 PEOPLE WITH A FEW DUTCH PEOPLE AS WELL FOR PRACTICAL REASONS. THEN LATER ON THOSE PEOPLE GOT LEGAL STATUS AND GOT HOUSES FROM THE CITY AND SO NEW ILLEGAL PEOPLE MOVED IN. IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PLACE FOR PEOPLE WITHOUT LEGAL STATUS. THERE WERE SOME VANS AND A CONCERT HALL AND CAFE AND SO IT WAS AN IMPORTANT BUILDING. THERE WAS FOR AT LEAST THREE YEARS THE THREAT OF EVICTION WHICH THEY KEPT PUTTING OFF. THERE WERE ALOT OF ACTIONS GOING ON DURING THIS TIME AGAINST IMPENDING EVICTIONS TOO. NOW THE THIRD WAS THE WESTERMARKT. IT WAS A PRETTY SMALL BUILDING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CITY WHERE THERE ARE ALOT OF TOURISTS, BUSES AND TRAMS SO IT WAS REALLY IN THE PICTURE. THERE WERE ONLY TWO PEOPLE LIVING THERE AND THE GROUND FLOOR USED TO BE A COFFEE SHOP WHICH WAS CLOSED DOWN BECAUSE OF HARD DRUGS DEALING. IT WAS SQUATTED MAYBE THREE, FOUR YEARS AGO. IN THE BEGINNING DIFFERENT GROUPS HAD IT ON DIFFERENT DAYS- SPANISH DRAFT RESISTERS, POLITICAL PRISONERS SUPPORT GROUP, A VOKU/ CHEAP SQUAT CAFE, THE SQUATTERS INFORMATION GROUP, GAY AND LESBIANS, ETC. IN THE LAST YEAR THERE WAS A SOUP KITCHEN. SO IT WAS A PRETTY IMPORTANT PLACE ALTHOUGH IT WAS NOT USED SO MUCH AT THE END. woozy- were all these squats evicted on the same day? xxx- NO SAPHARTISTRAAT AND OMVAL WERE AND WESTERMARKT A FEW WEEKS LATER TOGETHER WITH TWO OTHER PLACES. woozy- so in the case of omval and saphartistraat there was some pretty good resistance organised... xxx- WELL I WOULDN'T SAY IT WORKED OUT PRETTY WELL, BECAUSE IT WAS MORE SYMBOLIC AND IN THE END THEY WERE EVICTED. BEFORE THE EVICTION OMVAL GOT ALOT OF GOOD PRESS, THEY HAD A PRETTY NICE BUILDING AND GOT GOOD PUBLICITY. woozy- so what happened on the day of the eviction? xxx- WELL FIRST THEY WENT TO OMVAL TO EVICT AND PEOPLE HAD SET UP BARRICADES AND FIRE BARRICADES AND PEOPLE ALSO LIT UP SOME CARS. THERE WERE ABOUT TWENTY FIVE WHO WERE WILLING TO GO IN THE BUILDING AND INITIALLY THE COPS WITHDREW WHEN PEOPLE THREW STUFF AT THEM. THEN THE PEOPLE WENT INSIDE AND THE COPS CAME BACK AND MOVED THE BARRICADES WITH HEAVY MACHINERY. THERE WERE ABOUT 200 RIOT COPS AND THEY HAD A WATER CANNON SO THERE WASN'T MUCH PEOPLE COULD DO SO THEY WITHDREW TO THE CELLAR WHERE THERE USED TO BE GIGS. THEY HAD BARRICADED IT REALLY HEAVILY AND AFTER THROWING STUFF AT THE POLICE FOR A WHILE THEY CLOSED THEMSELVES IN THERE AND SAT WAITING. THERE WASN'T MUCH FOR THEM TO DO, BUT THEY HAD A CAMERA TEAM AND PLAYED CARDS AND HAD A FUNNY TIME. IN THE END IT TOOK THREE OR FOUR HOURS FOR THE SPECIAL EVICTION TEAM JUST TO GET INTO THE CELLAR AND ONE OF THEM WENT ON TV AND COMPLIMENTED THE SQUATTERS ON THEIR PROFESSIONAL BARRICADING (LAUGHTER). IT WAS KIND OF FUNNY, BUT BESIDES THE POINT.

• Do you have
A hangover?
Sick + Tired
of Landlords,
Police + evictions?
LET THIS GIVE
YOU THE ENERGY
TO GO ON @://



woozy- and what happened at saphartstraat? WELL I WAS THERE AND WE WERE WAITING UNTIL OMVAL GOT EVICTED. IN THE MORNING SOME RIOT COPS CAME AND WE THREW THINGS AT THEM SO THEY LEFT AGAIN. THEN WE FINISHED BARRICADING AND SET A FIRE BARRICADE IN THE STREET TO BLOCK THE TRAFFIC AND ATTRACT ATTENTION. AFTER THAT WE JUST HAD TO WAIT AND A CROWD OF SUPPORTERS AND OTHERS GATHERED WANTING TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN. WE WAITED ABOUT FIVE HOURS AND GOT HUNGRY BECAUSE WE HADN'T EXPECTED OMVAL TO TAKE SO LONG (LAUGHTER). IT WAS PRETTY BORING REALLY. THEN WE GOT A CALL THAT THE EVICTION HAD HAPPENED, BUT THE COPS WERE TAKING A LUNCH BREAK. THEN FINALLY THEY CAME AND BY THEN THERE WERE A FEW HUNDRED PEOPLE STANDING AROUND THE BUILDING, BUT THE RIOT POLICE PUSHED THE PEOPLE AWAY. THEN THE EVICTION TEAM MOVED IN AND WE THREW PAINT BOMBS AND ROTTEN FRUIT AND THINGS AT THEM, BUT OUR BARRICADES WERE NOT REALLY HEAVY, BECAUSE YOU CAN PUT WEEKS INTO HEAVY BARRICADING ONLY TO HAVE IT HOLD THEM OFF FOR AN EXTRA HOUR (LAUGHTER). WITH SOME HOUSES ITS WORTH IT, BUT WE DIDN'T FEEL IT WAS USEFUL HERE. THEN AT A CERTAIN POINT THE EVICTION TEAM WAS LIFTED IN ON A CONTAINER ONTO THE ROOF SO THEY GOT ON THE ROOF AND THEN BEGAN TO WORK THEIR WAY DOWN. SO WHAT WE DID WAS SET A SMOKE BOMB ON THE BALCONY AT THE FRONT AND A SMALLER ONE IN THE ATTIC SO THAT THE TEAM COULDN'T SEE WHERE THEY WERE GOING. THE ONE OF THE BALCONY WAS A REALLY BIG ONE AND SO NOONE IN THE STREET COULD SEE ANYTHING. THERE WAS AN ARRESTING TEAM OUTSIDE WAITING TO GET US IF WE TRIED TO ESCAPE, BUT BECAUSE OF THE SMOKE BOMB THEY THOUGHT SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING AT THE FRONT SO THEY ALL WENT THERE AND SO WE ESCAPED OUT THE BACK DOOR THROUGH THE GARDENS AND ROOFS OF THE NEIGHBOURING BUILDINGS. THERE WERE FIVE OF US AND AT FIRST WE THOUGHT THEY HAD US AS THE POLICE HELICOPTER WAS TRACKING US FROM ABOVE, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE AND AT THE END OF THE STREET WE SPLIT UP INTO THREE SMALL GROUPS AND SOME WENT TO THE LIBRARY AND WE WENT FOR A COFFEE (LAUGHTER). AFTER A FEW HOURS PEOPLE CAME TO GET US WITH A CHANGE OF CLOTHES AND SO WE ESCAPED WHICH WAS GREAT. IN THE END IT TOOK THEM TWO OR THREE HOURS TO REMOVE US. wozzy- since the evictions what has been happening? xxx- THERE HAVE BEEN ALOT OF NEW SQUATS INCLUDING SOME BIG ONES, BUT THE VOKU AND SOUP KITCHEN FROM WESTERMARKT TOGETHER WITH THE CAFE AUGUST THAT WAS EVICTED LAST OCTOBER HAVE MOVED INTO A NEW PLACE, A LEGALISED SQUAT AND ARE PAYING RENT TO TRY AND KEEP THINGS GOING FOR A FEW YEARS ON A STABLE LEVEL. SINCE THE OMVAL THERE AREN'T REALLY MANY PLACES FOR GIGS AND NOWHERE NEW FOR THE PUNK BANDS. wozzy- with these evictions and the new squats, how healthy do you think the scene here in amsterdam is right now? xxx- I THINK THERE IS STILL MORE THAN A 100 SQUATS, BUT ALOT OF THEM HAVE BEEN AROUND FOR TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS AND HAVE BEEN LEGALISED AND ALOT OF THEM ARE NOT ACTIVE SQUATTERS ANYMORE, THEY DO OTHER THINGS. I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY HOW MANY NEW PEOPLE ARE AROUND, BUT I HAVE THE FEELING THAT THE LAST YEAR HAS BEEN REALLY GOOD. ALOT OF NEW SQUATS AND A PRESS GROUP THAT IS GETTING ALOT OF GOOD PRESS FOR SQUATTING WHICH HAS BEEN ENCOURAGING NEW PEOPLE. ALSO THERE HAS BEEN A BIG RENT INCREASE IN AMSTERDAM AND ALTHOUGH IT IS MORE DIFFICULT TO SQUAT THE NEED FOR PEOPLE TO DO IT HAS BECOME GREATER.



BOB, DAVE & CRINT No 9
EATING FOR PLEASURE By Jack L.



BOB, DAVE & CRINT CONSIDER THEIR FINANCIAL POSITION SITUATION



DAVE, BOB & CRINT THINK ABOUT THEIR STOMACHS



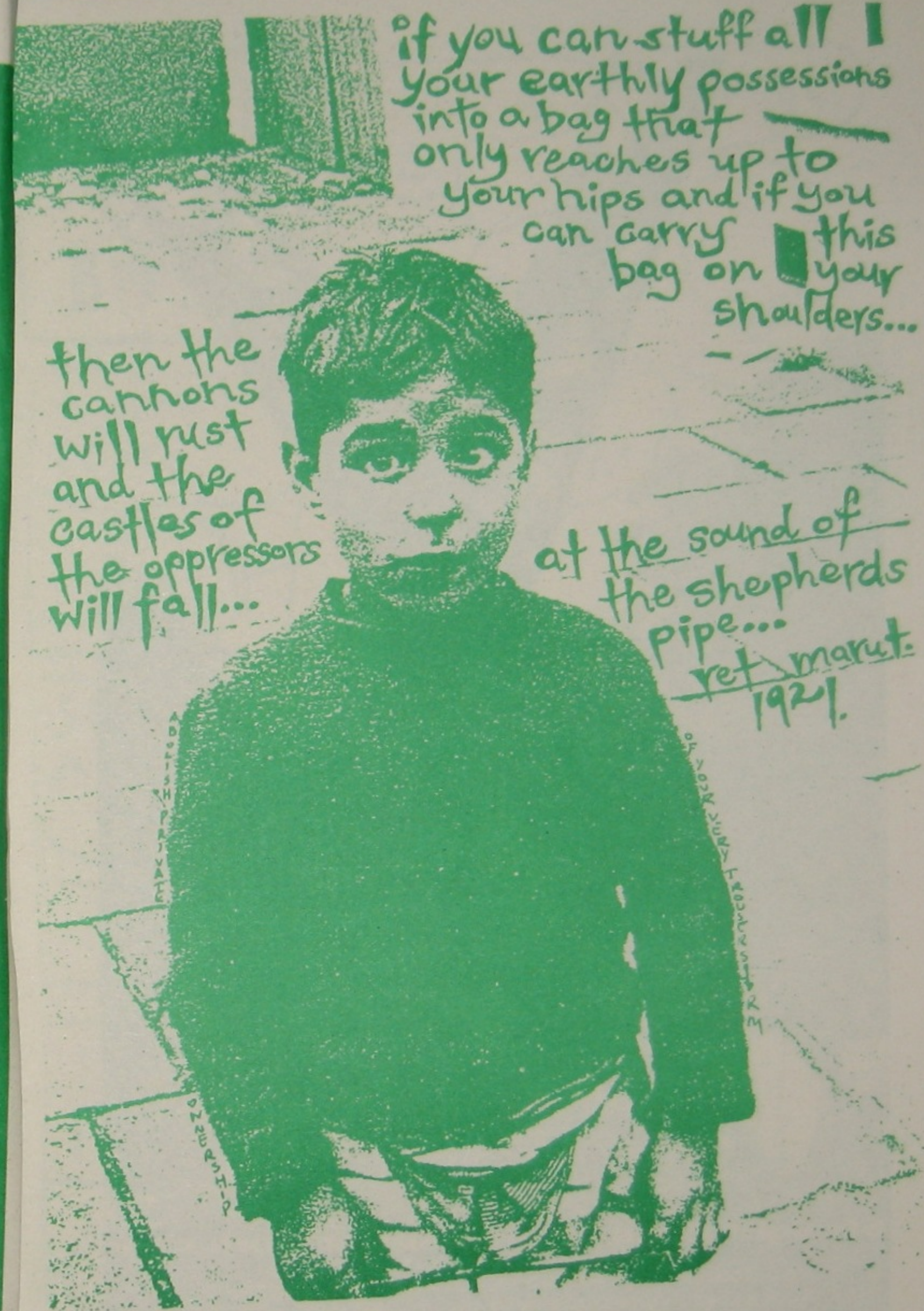
CRINT, DAVE & BOB ORDER THE MOST EXPENSIVE FOOD (MIND YOU THE MORE THE FOOD COSTS THE LESS YOU GET, SO THEY JUST ORDERED NICKS)



DAVE, BOB & CRINT LEAVE WITHOUT PAYING.



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if you can stuff all your earthly possessions into a bag that only reaches up to your hips and if you can carry this bag on your shoulders...

then the cannons will rust and the castles of the oppressors will fall...

at the sound of the shepherds pipe...
 ret. mar. 1921.

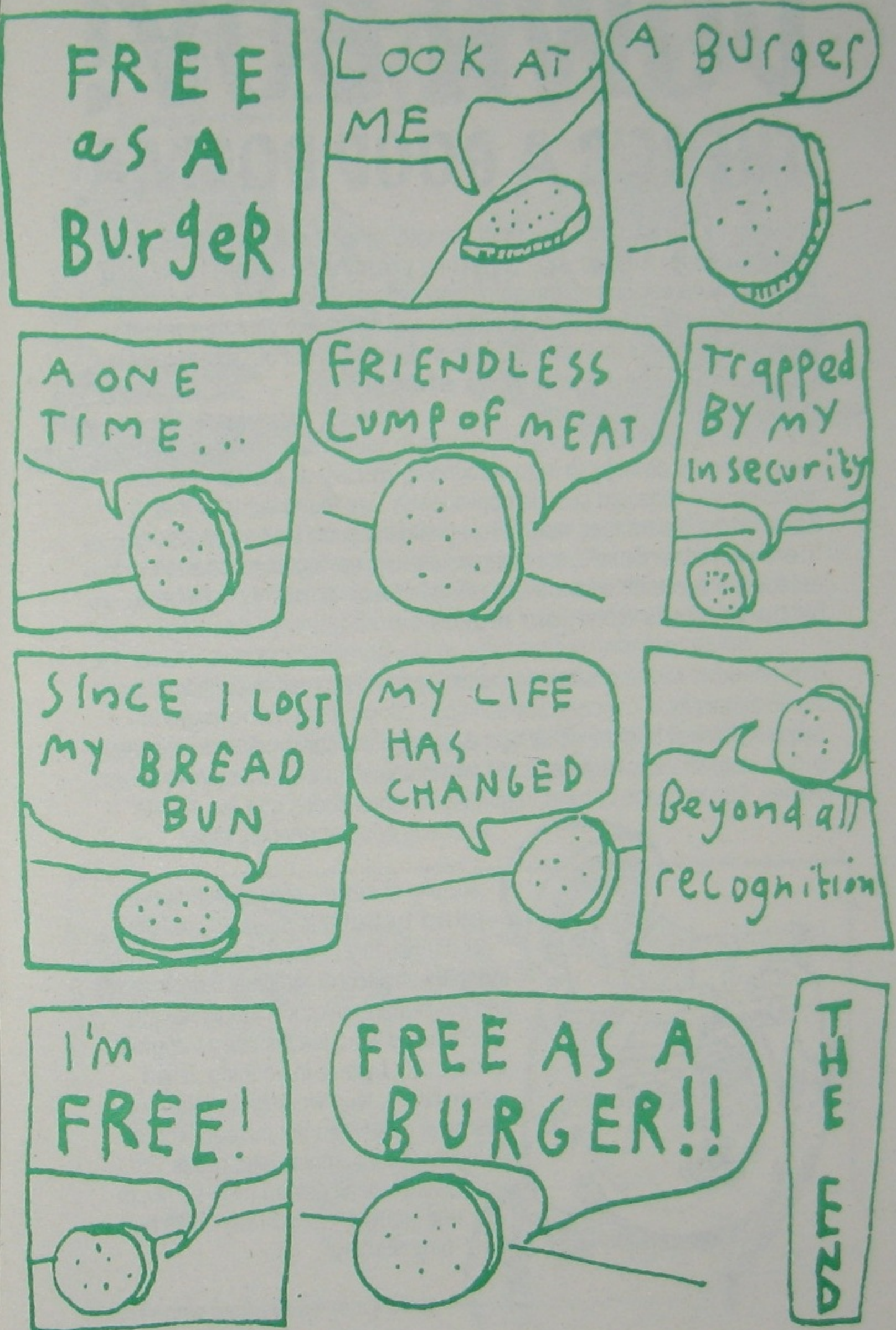
A D O L I S H P R I V A T E

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Straight Edge Monument at Gorleben.
 NORTHERN GERMANY MARCH '97.
 30,000 COPS VS 10,000 ANTI NUCLEAR PROTESTORS.
 BLOCKADES, TUNNELS, SABOTAGE, BARRICADES, RIOTING.
 A 30 MILLION MARK LOSS TO THE STATE.
 A DEATH BLOW FOR THE GERMAN NUCLEAR INDUSTRY?



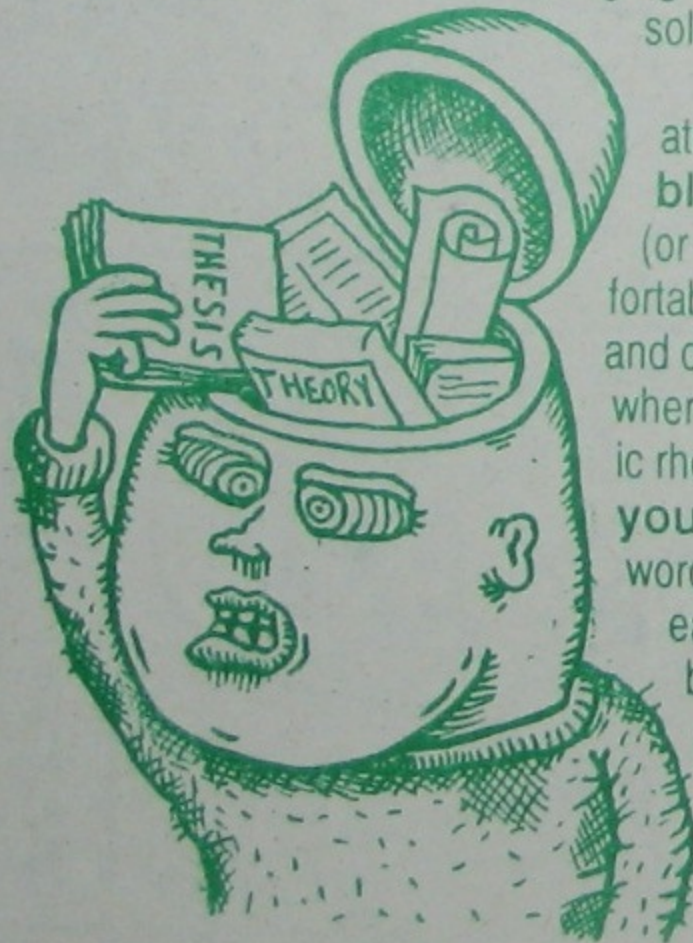
DOWN BOY!

THERE'S A GOOD DOGMA

times up for the **stupor heroes**...idolatry doesn't suit you any more than the phoney rhetoric you hang round **your neck**...i don't really care if you carry on hacking up the same dogmatic **phlegm** just dont spit it at me, jaded idealism taught me to spit fire and it look like your movement's restricted by a strait jacket even houdini couldnt get out of...where to now, **youre all trussed up with no where to go**

a bad smell seeped out of obvious cracks in squat walls...its familiarity made it hard to distinguish from surrounding **decay** as it crept in to conversation and collected dust on bookshelves...we found out later that dilapidated brain passages were blocked and the smell was some kind of **'new world ordure'**...the plunger was lost leaving us no choice but to escape the scene of the crime...the cliché proudly proclaims 'fight back' but **paralysis is de rigour mortis**

dark shadows rekindle lost imagination long since turned to dust by the sterile anonimity of concrete surroundings...down at the **ideological supermarket** bright electric light dazzles every consumer in to critical submission, shadows are banished and imagination lost to instant dried clichés, frozen peace of mind, regurgitated moral codes and out of date solutions of other peoples ideas



atrophy of desire, alienation through **blind belief** that rivals any religion (or drug culture)...escape in to the comfortable echelons of ideology... dreams and desires are unknown in this world where every word leaves lips as dogmatic rhetoric... believe in no thing, **lose your faith**, stop worshipping the words of dead men but instead lend an ear to the insomniac who reads bakunin to fall asleep (anti-semitism and womyn hating always was bed time reading)

nothing comes to those who wait

anarchism



except death, so what are you waiting for? shatter your own illusions because the working class won't be able to get time off work and the punks will be doing their hair...devoid of real dreams **the faithful grasp** to their religion in a meaningless attempt to fill time...well we've got news, the revolution was cancelled and you'll be filling time forever **because theres no success when youve cessed**

and so the **un-faithful** gathered at the gates of civilisation and climbed in to the unknown world...**anarchism was just too boring**





THERE HAVE BEEN STRANGE...

URGH!



ALIEN SHITTINGS...

WHATS THAT IN MI FUCKIN EYE!



IN BARNSLEY.

Somet fell art a sky, rate in mi fuckin eye!!



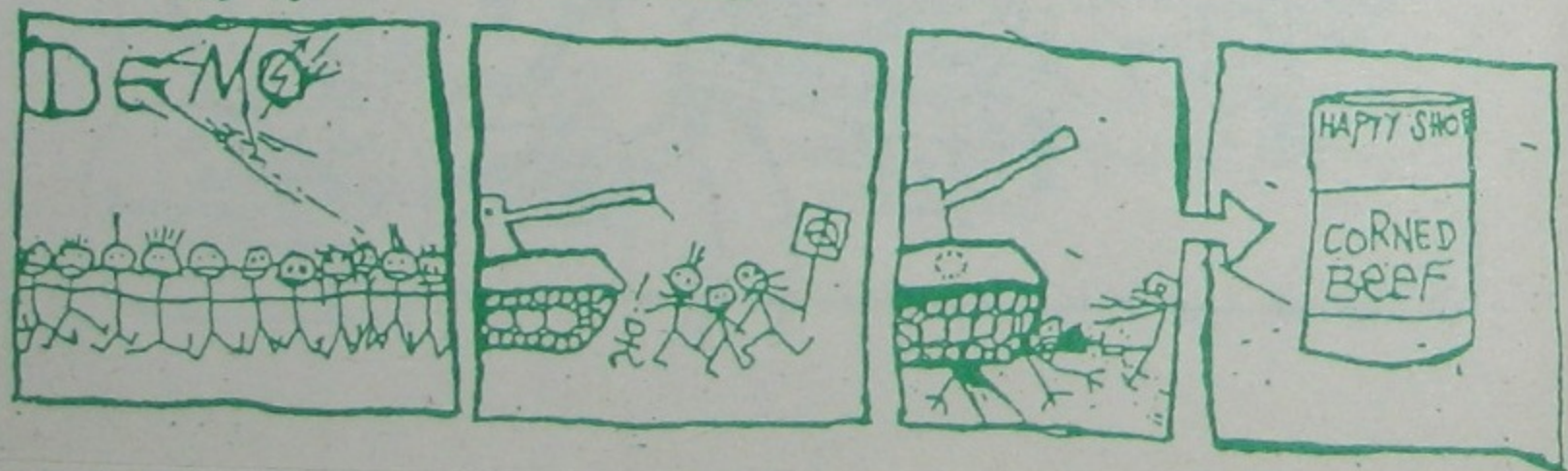
Smells like shit just like hit

end

BY adrian r shaw



BY ARS 45



The demolition was not carried out safely. The building had been full of unsafe material- the walls were covered in lead paint and there was asbestos present. The squatters had covered the walls in new sheetrock and isolated the asbestos to make their living spaces safe. With the hasty demolition proper precautions were not taken and clouds of these toxins hovered over the block for days while the demolition progressed. Later in the week one of the squatters who spent a lot of time on the block protesting the demolition and two residents of neighbouring buildings went to the hospital and were treated for asbestos poisoning. In the coming weeks many more people in the neighbourhood may have similar or worse problems.

Tuesday afternoon, February 11, another court hearing was held. Most of the building had already been destroyed and removed as rubble from the site. The judge heard testimony and agreed that the city had acted in blatant disregard of our human rights and the safety of the neighbourhood. She held the city in contempt of court for continuing demolition after the stay had been issued 24 hours earlier. She ordered that the demolition stop immediately and that the remaining rubble stay on the site where we could go through it and attempt to recover some belongings. Again this court order was ignored and demolition continued. A few days later the former site of our home was nothing but a hole in the ground.

People all over the city have rallied to our support. Even the news stations, usually quick to judge squatters harshly, portrayed the events sympathetically. One reporter announced on television that the city would have to answer in court for it's mistreatment of us. We are now beginning the process of suing the City of New York for damages. It was extremely painful for us to write affidavits detailing the events and everything that we lost: the years of hard work that had turned the abandoned building into our home, our irreplaceable belongings like photo albums and letters, our savings, identification, important papers, collections, appliances, everything. Many people lost their means of survival; tools, art supplies, a DJ's turntables and record collection, instruments. The house was also destroyed before an investigation into the possibility of arson as cause of the fire could take place.

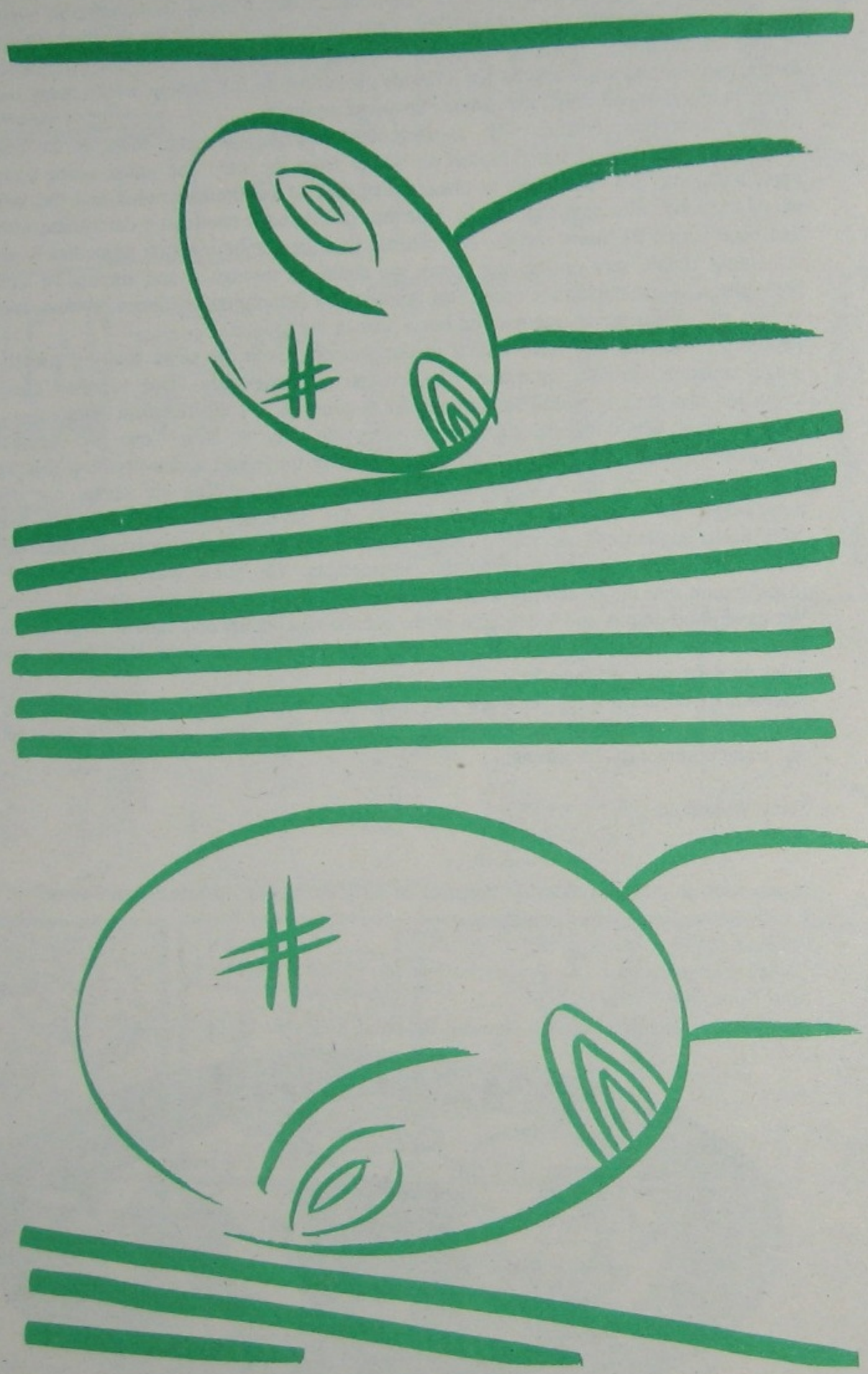
We have photographs and video tape of the events, neighbours and experts have agreed to testify on our behalf. Hopefully some of our losses will be recovered in the suit, though money could never replace what we have lost.

Meanwhile, the former residents are still sleeping on friends' floors and couches while we try to build new lives for ourselves. Our house is gone and our lives are radically disrupted, but our spirit and community are strong.

Stacy Wakefield

If you want to make any kind of donation or write in support, please contact us at:
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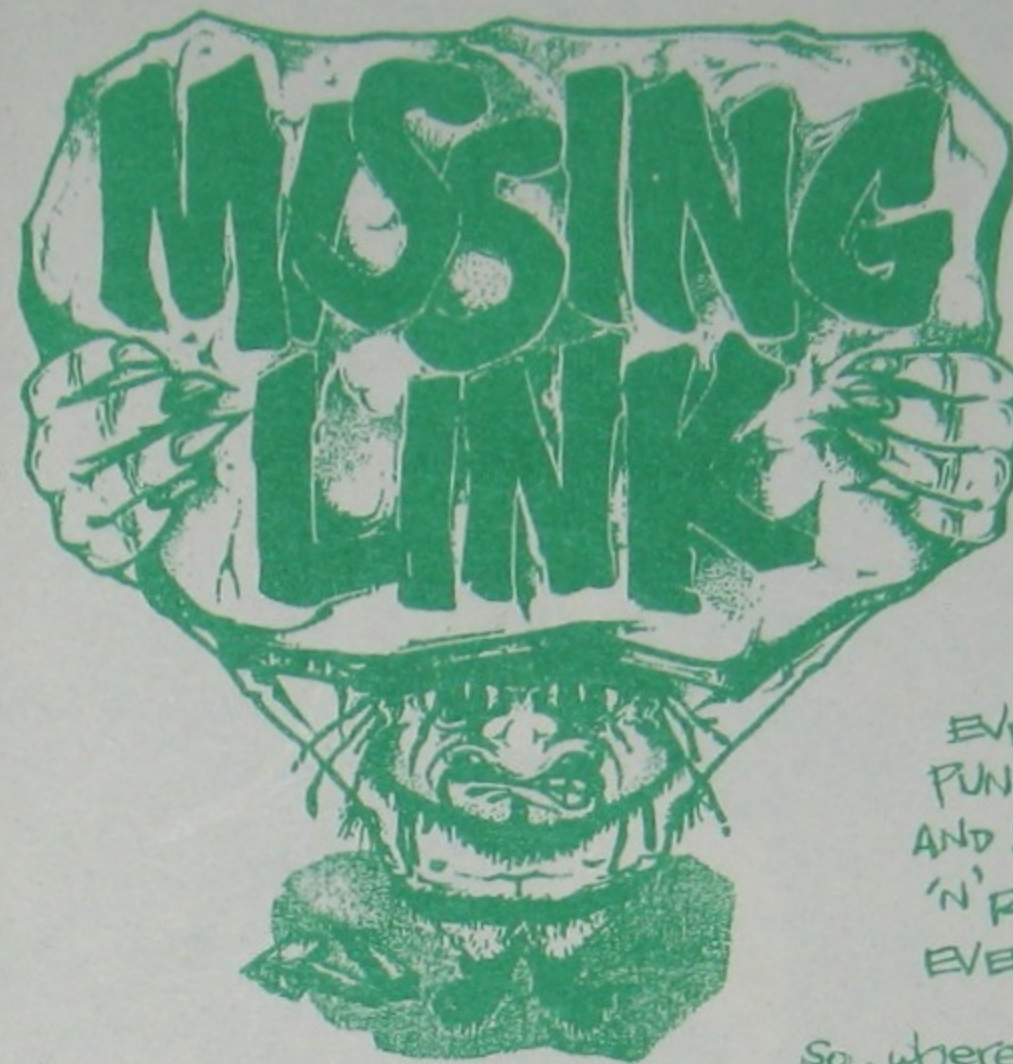
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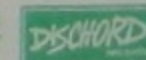
- 106. LUNGFISH 'Indivisible' (C)
- 105. MAKE-UP 'After Dark' (C)
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- 103. FIRE PARTY complete discography (D)
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FRIDAY MARCH 27TH, ACTON ARMS, LONDON

OUR THIRD SHOW AND FIRST OUTSIDE THE COMFORTING CONFINES OF IZ1. UNLIKE PREVIOUS GIGS TONITES CROWD ARE LESS CRUSTY AND MORE P.U.N.K. INCLINED. THIS IS PROBABLY DUE TO THE FACT WE ARE PLAYING A LAST MINUTE FILL IN WITH P.A.I.N. WHO SEEM TO FEATURE THE LAST MUSICAL HOLDOUTS OF THE 80'S ANARCHO SCENE - EX MEMBERS OF R.D.F., A.O.S.3 AND CONFLICT FEATURE ALTHOUGH INTERESTINGLY THE LATTER ARE LEFT OFF THE CREDITS. THE CONFLICT BLOKE IS OFF WITH THEM IN THE ANTIPODES SO WE ARE IN FOR THE OLD "WILL THE DRUM KIT ACTUALLY BE THERE/HAVE ALL ITS BITS" GAME. EVENTUALLY IT ARRIVES AT THE LAST MINUTE AND ALTHOUGH THE GIG IS A BIT OF A TIME WARP, THE PAIN CHAPS ARE MOST ENJOYABLE AND WE TRY OUR BEST...



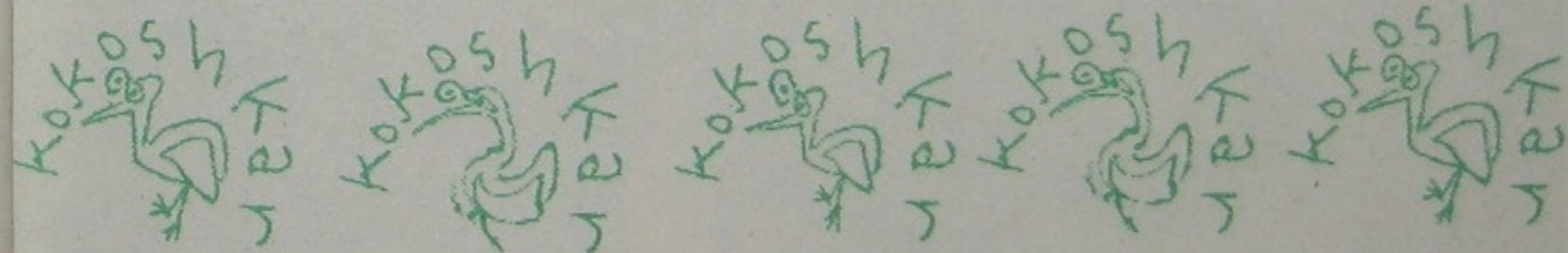


FRIDAY APRIL 4TH - SILO, AMSTERDAM.

DESPITE THE VALIANT EFFORTS OF OUR PAL GERTJAN OUR EURO TOUR IS REDUCED TO A MERE TWO GIGS. ONE SHOW IS CANCELLED DUE TO NOISE RESTRICTIONS, ANOTHER DUE TO COLLECTIVE INFIGHTING (NOT OURS, THEIRS), ANOTHER DUE TO ONGOING POOR ATTENDANCES AND A FOURTH WE BLOW OUT DUE TO COSTS AND THE FACT WE ARE NOT SURE IF WE ARE EVEN PLAYING. WELL THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL KIDZ. ANYWAY THE AMSTERDAM SCENE APPEARS TO BE BOPPING WITH NEW HOUSES AND LOTS OF ACTIONS. MARK AND ROCHELLE TAKE PART IN A CRITICAL MASS RIDE WHERE THE RIDERS PAINT ON EXTRA BIKE LANES. THE COPS ONLY MAKE A HALF HEARTED ATTEMPT TO INTERVENE CONFIRMING THEIR LIBERAL REPUTATION - THEY CAN HOWEVER BE VERY EFFICIENT WHEN THEY WISH TO BE. OUR GIG IS IN THE SWANKY SILO CAFE SITUATED BY THE HARBOUR IN A 100 YEAR OLD WHEAT SILO. SQUATTED 8 YEARS THE OCCUPIERS HAVE THEIR ACT TOGETHER. OUR FOOD IS GOOD, THE POETRY NOT SO AND OUR GIG IS MAXIMUM FUN AND THE CROWD GOES WILD.

MONDAY APRIL 7TH, ZORO, LEIPSIQ.

AFTER A BRIEF VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF KNUST IN NJIEMEGEN WE MAKE THE LONG SLOW JOURNEY TO LEIPSIQ ENCOUNTERING NASTY TICKET INSPECTORS, DRUNKEN IDIOTS AND GERMAN AND TOURISTIC FREAKS ALONG THE WAY. LIKE IN AMSTERDAM THE LEIPSIQ SCENE APPEARS TO BE HUMMING, BUT PERHAPS THIS IS ONLY IN COMPARISON TO LONDON. ALTIERHAUS ZORO WHERE WE STAY AND PLAY HOSTS A VARIETY OF ENDEAVOURS INCLUDING BARS, GIG SPACES, WOODWORKING AND PRINTING FACILITIES, A KIDS SPACE, REHEARSAL ROOMS, FOOD COOP, ETC. IT ALSO FEATURES THE WORST PUNK ROCK GRAFFITI WE HAVE EVER SEEN. UNFORTUNATELY FOR LEIPSIQ AND INDEED HUMANITY THE EAST GERMAN FACIST SCENE IS ONCE AGAIN ACTIVE AFTER A LULL WITH RACIST ACTIONS, MURDERS, ETC. LEIPSIQ HAS THUS ESCAPED RECENT TRAGEDY, BUT A MAY 1ST NAZI DEMO IS LOOMING WHICH WILL HOPEFULLY BE SMASHED! GIG WISE THE STARS DO NOT APPEAR TO BE WITH WE CHICKEN THIEVES TONITE. WHETHER OUR CRAP PUNK/ODDPOP MYSTIQUE FAILS TO IMPRESS OR THAT WITH UP TO 4 GIGS A WEEK THE ZORO CROWD ARE TIRED I DO NOT KNOW. STILL THOSE CRAZY EMO SATANIST ROMANS, CONCRETE ROCK THE HOUSE AND SOME LEAVE HAPPY.





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refusenik

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