

KILL YOUR PET



PUPPY



ANTS / TUINAL / CRASS

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE LITTLE MEN: Hottest news from the fanzine battlelines is the re-emergence of veteran Xeroxed Tony D. founder of Ripped And Torn who's currently emerging from retirement with a new mag tastelessly called Kill Your Pet Puppy which threatens to break new wind in radical reportage.

Welcome to this first issue, pop fans.



The Further Adventures of Tony D. (or Whats it like being a has been? Better than being a never-was.)

Some of you may be wondering why Ripped & Torn suddenly stopped, and what happened to me (Why did I desert you?). This is an explanation of sorts...

"The show is over and the audiences go to collect their coats and go home. They stop, there are no coats, there are no homes."

Just after R&T 17 came out, I realised the full meaning of that, I was bored with everything, stuck in a rut, etc etc... For once I didn't go home and pretend things were alright and okay, instead I moved into a new squat, in Covent Garden, got evicted, got arrested trying to open another squat (£70 fines in total between the three of us caught).

The reason I put this fanzine out was because I was so disgusted at the quality of the fanzines that came out this year (and to attempt to wipeout the reactionary crap-filled 'In the City' and 'Jamming', both of them taking over from R&T as top selling fanzine.)

It may be a bit skinny (18 pages) but at least its not padded out with anything I didn't think was important. Anyway I couldn't afford to do anymore without making it such an expensive price no-one would be able to afford it.

Finally, theres no technique that I used in printing this that you couldn't do - its been put together on the floor with felt pens, glue & scissors.

KILL YOUR PET PUPPY

no. 1
DECEMBER 1979
c/o Rough Trade,
202 Kensington Park Road,
London W11, ENGLAND

I'm so cute and loveable, little do you suspect I'm the first in a line of instruments designed to teach you to be dependent on worthless objects. Enslaving you for a lifetime of obedience to an outside agent that demands you sacrifice your independence to serve - in return I give you

dubious security and peace of mind. By my apparent helplessness I force an emotional responsibility on you towards my well being. My dependence on you for my survival brings out your motherly tendencies, teaching you to accept THE FAMILY as the norm, the only way thats right.

I thought "independence" meant record companies till I killed my pet puppy



continued ad nauseum

"... Pet Puppies are often a child's first responsibility..."

You use me as an illusion of real life as you're never taught how to handle life at first hand. By me being dependent on you it creates a situation where you become dependent on me as it makes you feel "fulfilled" by taking care of my demands. You sucker, that was the reason you were given me at an impressionable age - to prepare you for a



Whilst all that was going on I attempted to do a final edition of Ripped & Torn, but the files which contained all the material I'd collected got stolen. BASTARDS!!!

Gone was all the research material for the major article on Magick, plus an incredible four page article/rant in 'International Anthem' style sent in by a reader, plus the chart votes.

And I had 80% of my albums stolen. Even worse, I turned 21 in April. DONT LET 'EM GRIND YA DOWN... I sold everything I had that was sellable, and fucked off to Paris (something I'd wanted to do since 1979).

It may be just a magazine to you but it's life and death

I could write a book about my European Vagabond Gallivanting around Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam and points in between. Very briefly, I lived in Paris for 2 months (in a squat found for me by a French Rocker) before I got tired and hitched to Amsterdam with a french girlfriend in tow (stopping off in Brussels for 3 days) We stayed in Amsterdam for 3 weeks before we went back to London and lived with her mother for a week before I left to come back to London.

There can't be a better cure for apathy than to fling yourself into a strange land where you can't speak the lingo and have next to no money. (I begged on the streets, even sang a couple of times, to get money).

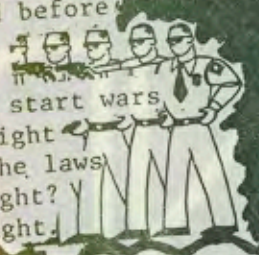
I survived, not only survived but came out on top, by putting my theories into practise and they held true.



NO MORE SAFETY NETS.

Before going, I'd given the RKT rights to Vermilion, and decided to let her keep

i'm a delinquent
i am a problem
in this god-fearing arse-licking two-faced fucked-up life,
you always say your gonna change the system
it's a load of shit i've heard before
and i'm just not gonna listen
i don't wanna hear it anymore
see i don't care if you wanna start wars
but don't tell me to go and fight
don't you start laying down the laws
don't tell me about morals, right?
it's them..... i'll fight!



By the time I'd got back on my feet I'd changed my mind and wanted the glory of sole-editorship and the self-satisfaction of getting a new venture off the ground. Gay est

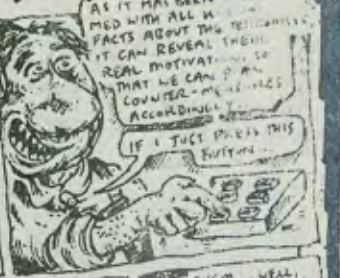


these two cartoons are from 'PERSONS UNKNOWN' pamphlet Compendium.



it after I came back (her first issue should be out by now).

I was going to write for 'Toxic Graffiti', but before I could even get started the squat I was then living in got evicted and once more my immediate future was plunged into CHAOS.



PERSONS UNKNOWN IS a pamphlet about the current Anarchist conspiracy trial.

THE PUPPY COLLECTIVE



Val Puppy



Phillippe Puppy



Brett Puppy



Tony Puppy



Jeremy Puppy

OF FANDOM AND MEDIA

ADAM AND

THE ANTS



THIS MAY NOT BE VERY WELL WRITTEN,
BUT IT WAS HARD TO SEE THRU MY TEARS.

"Bands like the Angelic Upstarts, UK Subs, Ruts, they're not punk bands, it was very sad when they started getting big record companies giving them lots of money and getting on TOTP, it was really depressing. That was an important factor of my getting out of the Ants. I reckon the Ants were the best punk band, The Best Band, and I got very disillusioned when we didn't make it when we should've. I think the Ants were at their best in early '78, that Marquee residency, after that it was just...y'know...I think a lot of people were getting tired of the Ants". Andy Ant talking about why he left the band.

Andy Warren/Ant was the last founding member of the Ants, apart from Adam, so when rumours came thru in early November about first the Ants splitting up, and then Adam sacking Matthew and Andy it seemed a trifle strange, if not entirely unexpected.

It was well known amongst Ants followers that Adam and Matthew had never got on ("I first seriously felt like leaving the Ants a week after I joined", Matthew) and had constant arguments, but Andy?

Tres Strange non?
At this point that I thought of doing an article on the split - but then Matthew went back and also the album came out...
WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED

Two days after the Electric Ballroom gigs in late October, Adam told Matthew and Andy (who'd been planning to leave anyway) he'd had enough and it was time for a change, and sacked them (or they left depending on who's telling the story).

They both agreed anyway that it was time to do something new, and immediately started to form a band with the intention of recording a single and playing gigs (with a french girl singer called Dominique).

"The Ants had been playing and recording hard for nine months, it was just time for a rest, a week after we split I was regretting it" said Adam.

A month or so afterwards Andy and Matthew went to see Jubilee...

"I'd just said to Andy, 'I bet Adam turns up any minute' and in he came. He came over and said how he thought it was a bad idea we'd split and how he wanted us to go back. Andy decided he'd rather stay in the Monochrome Set, but I had a long talk with Adam about everything and decided it could work out better a second time and went back." Matthew.

Which left Andy where? "Just say Andy is now temporarily in the Monochrome Set until he gets his own band together, he's recording a single with Matthew, his reasons for

leaving the Ants were 'I wanted to do something on my own', said a rather dejected Andy, adding, "I don't think most people will even realise I've gone, there'll just be someone else standing onstage playing bass. Most people just go to see Adam, don't they?"

NO. I, for one, go to see The Ants, who I first saw in June '77 and followed them ever since. They were probably the best live band I've ever seen, or will be lucky enough to see, in my life.

If ever I worshipped a punk band it was then, but I have to agree with Matthew when he says, "the Ants seem to have a knack of releasing the wrong records at the wrong times".

Which brings us to the album.

DIRK WEARS WHITE S/OX.

The Ants had an all-powerful 'force', groups like the Banshees and Gary Numans Tubeway Army made half-hearted, diluted, mass-market versions of that 'force' and had major chart hits with it. This album is Adams attempt to get in on the act,

it sounds like The Ants parodying the Banshees parodying The Ants.

When I said that to Adam he got very annoyed, but he can tell me till he's blue in the face that this album is how he feels personally at this time and it won't change the fact that, compared with what the Ants could've come up with, its little more than disgraceful.

I reckon this album is an insult to those who followed the Ants for their originality and power, but then Adam (who I could only speak to on the phone as he was in Newcastle on a promotional tour round record shops in the UK) says he's getting everyone saying how great it is, and how its sold 10,000 in eight days.

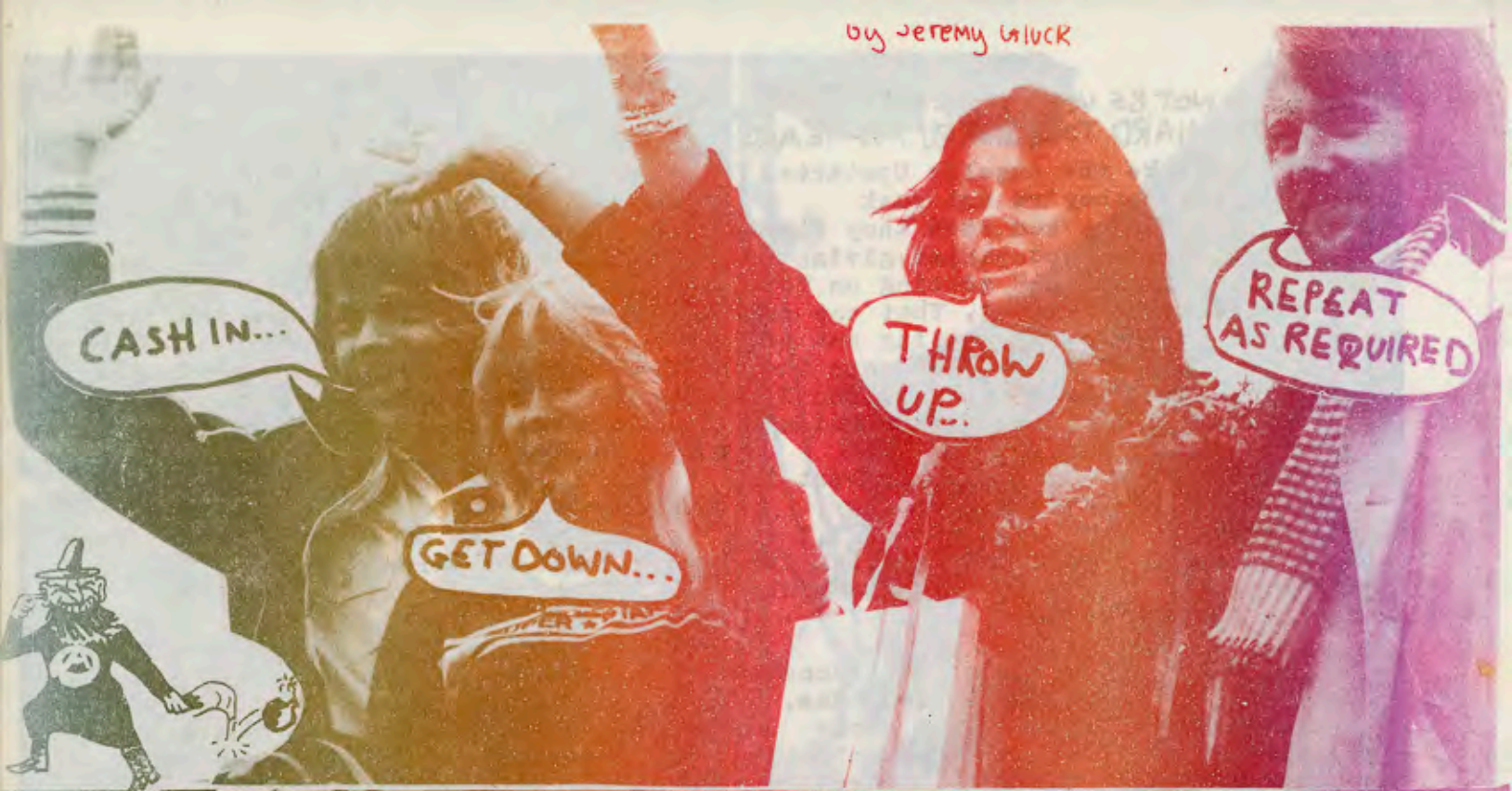
Neither Andy or Matthew were over enthusiastic about it (to say the least!

) and I'm pretty sure Andys comment "I'd rather there'd been some older stuff on it" will meet with roars of approval. As far as I'm concerned, the entire first side should have been given over to the demos they made of their old material, making a sort of 'Story so Far'. As it is, NONE of the old songs (with the S/M lyrics) are

on it, but Adam says they will come out in the next twelve months in some form or other, "properly produced".

Theres more that needs to be said about all this, but with no space left I'll just say I totally, 100% agree with Adam that you shouldn't just give your audience what they want but

ONLY IF WHAT YOU GIVE INSTEAD IS OF EQUAL QUALITY, OR BETTER, THAN THAT YOU'RE REPLACING.
TONY D.



Stupid songs have a special appeal to me that is only rarely overshadowed by abject quality. Not content to excavate the faeces of the past, I have endeavoured to glorify music which is often passed over due to its mega-popularity. Utterly tasteless and criminally derivative pop/disco slime it may be (you can see the accolade coming a mile away) it is also the inheritor of all that is trodden to clichedon in modern music; to this reporter, a sublime aural test pattern.

Where to begin? Beckoning from a vast wasteland of contrivance and twisted ingenuity come:

ABBA: An Abba experience reaches its zenith affront with visual blow-for-blow vacuousness. Yes, these pseudo-dentists leer at you with a wallet-eyed cynical insincerity that melts my heart. The music is essentially a K-T(h)elish catalogue of obscenely uprooted Blatant steals from everybody. Their filler is ultimate filler, and yes their hits are **ULTIMATE** hits.

VILLAGE PEOPLE: "You want images, we got images", they say and go to the roof of the music industry stinking of cocksure market technique. I love it because it is crass, classless and positively anemic in its lack of substance. The Peoples front line ofactors proves that tangible musical consideration are always secondary to **THE LOOK**. The publics facile craving for intellectual stunting is heartwarming in its rabidness.

BONEY M: Formula: 1) Find a reasonably obscure song of unrealized potential. 2) Put it through a rigorous individuality-crusher that leaves a pitiful shell of skeletal base elements. 3) Pour in a punch-out of tried'n'true disco ingredients: impersonal, metronomic, saccharine etcetcetc. Result: mucho clams.

BLONDIE: Undoubtedly the worst live act of all time. Blondie and her elfin liason Mr. Stein have sussed the marketplace to the nth degree and now ply their plastisound tupperwares unafraid.

The key to chart success lies not in originality but in minutely calculated derivations from the norm. Originality is a death-wish in the music bizz because the mass public, on the whole, like reprises not supprises. This law is occassionally superficially broken by the new wave. Wherever consumers are having their brains sucked through the corporate straw you'll find these dashing entrepreneurs making triple thick shakes of their grey matter.

Meet the person behind the music.

Meet and meet the next big thing.

Over one billion sold-out!

Boney M.

JOHN SHEARLAW & DAVID BROWN

From the West Indies to behind the Iron Curtain — the true story of Boney M's worldwide success.

Meet Boney M..

ANOTHER DIRECT HIT BY GRASS



Yes, its another direct hit on the hypocrisy of societies' morals by Grass with this, their third recording, called 'Stations of the Grass' - a 36 track double album - but theres a few points I want to make, a few complaints that can't be ignored.

Firstly, and perhaps most importantly, I feel a bit dismayed that Grass have made no attempt, no mention even, to tackle the problem of having a lot of would be Grass fans put off by the fact that certain BM skins were at one time going round beating up people wearing Grass symbols.

Getting persecuted for your faith is one thing, having this persecution ignored, and even condoned by the leaders!, is quite another.

My other complaint is that although £3 may well be a bargain price for a double l.p. in relation to other record prices - in relation to the £16 a week you get on the dole its another matter. Its a fair chunk of your income to spend on one record at one time.

I'd have preferred two separate releases, one album at a time, a couple of months apart at say £1.75 a piece. Also, personally I've always felt that double albums show signs of an artist or group getting grossly inflated ideas about their own importance. Double albums should be left for "Greatest Hits" now onto the review...

after all that I must point out that I DO LIKE THE RECORD, reckon its an essential purchase and all that jazz, I'm not going to give any track by track descriptions, mainly because I've only heard it once (and without having the lyrics then either) and also 'Toxic Graffitty' has done as good a job as I could in their new ish (no. 4).

Overall there's no new 'Do They Owe Us a Living?' anthems or anything as immediatly stunning as 'Banned From the Roxy' (both songs incidentally are on the 4th, live, side - which I reckon will be the most popular and most played side).

The two closest contenders for the "fist clenching, rebel rousing anthem" title are 'Big Man M.A.N.'

and 'Chairman of the Bored', both of which they've been playing live since around June.

The biggest (most obvious) development has been in the use of the poetry running in & out of song intros and outros, and the general overlapping of songs rythms (sort of like 'Shwed Women' extended over a whole album side), most obvious on side 3 if I remember rightly.

Best lyrics are in the last song 'I Aint Thick...' and 'Gasman Cometh', but now after 40 recorded tracks (plus 15 recorded twice)

what were once revelations are rapidly becoming cliches, and if I were in Grass's shoes I'd take a long a serious look at what I'd do next - if they're not careful they could find themselves becoming known only for being a fad of '79 and that must never happen as it would make it so much harder for anyone else to attempt what Grass attempt in the future. Tony D.

CRUTCH OF SOCIETY

don't want to bury my head in the crutch of society/perverted parent that takes my energy/sucking me dry with your morals, your threats/christ, your queen, your politics/fucking hypersensitive, super-realist humanity/i'm one of your super hybrid community/commutes the arsehole of the economy/watch out, watch out/it's all about, revision's setting in, and i can see you/staring at me with your seized brain/trying to put me down the drain again/well you're too smart, right from the start/i learned it well that the truth will tell, and you're done for/it's what the son's for/that's what the gun's for/it's what i come for/you better run bore/you better run bore

TUINAL

KYPPS

by Tony D.

next issue: Glue Sniffing.

It must have been about a year or so ago, last November, I was on my way to the music machine when I met this girl I vaguely knew. Katie her name was, anyway she was going on about this new drug she'd just started taking, called Tuinal.

"Sort of like downers", she explained, "it wipes out the come down you get from blues, smooths it out really nice. Do you want some?, only four a quid?".

That was my introduction to Tuinal (no, I didn't buy any), the first indication of the Great Tuinal Epidemic that spread shortly after that, and even as I write this, still has its deadening grip on Punk London.

Although it'd groped its slimy way into the fringes of the punk "scene" by February, the Tuinal Epidemic was still a

Suddenly though, it seemed to be in the heart and bloodstream of every "hip" punk within two weeks because of one incident.

Sid Vicious & Nancy were both out on tuinal the night she died. The NME reported the fact in their famous 'exclusive in-jail interview' with Sid, and that was that. Blues were suddenly 'last years model'.

Blues replaced Sulphate because blues were cheaper and easier to take at gigs.

Tuinal replaced blues because blues were getting harder to find and twice as expensive. Tuinal also replaced blues because for the majority of young punks, blues were the first drugs they'd taken (apart from maybe glue) and

(how many "punk aint dead" discussions have you had whilst on blues?) because quite simply you didn't think.

Also, the alternatives and promises of change that had been talked about so often by people like the Clash and Lydon just weren't happening.

Instead of things getting better everything was getting worse. I don't really blame people for wanting to get out, turn off, from all the bad times thru tuinal, what disturbed me was why so many people were jumping madly into oblivion, particularly the kind of punks who wouldn't have dreamed of it a year or so ago. People who were really aware of what was happening to them and getting groups together.

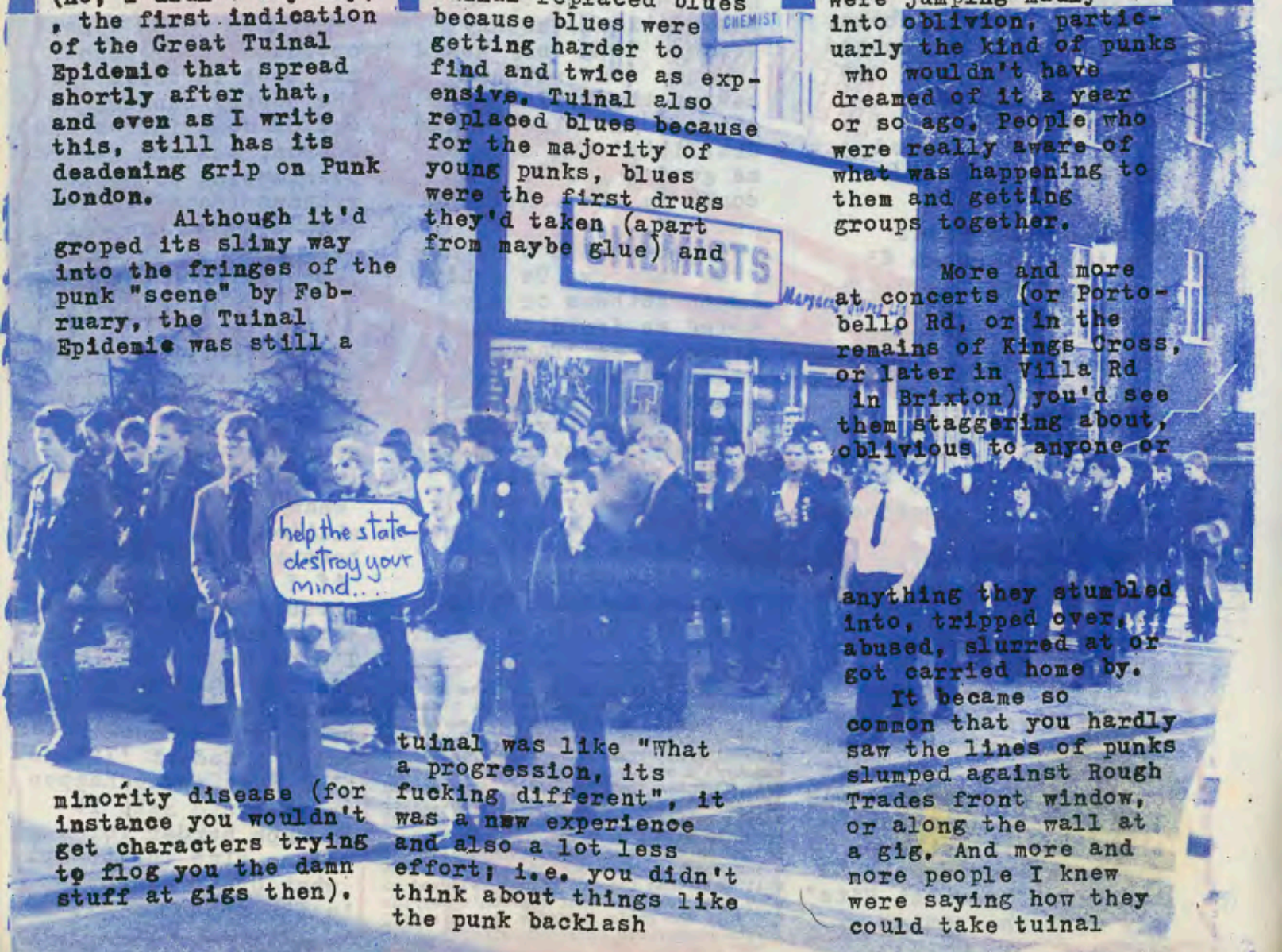
More and more at concerts (or Portobello Rd, or in the remains of Kings Cross, or later in Villa Rd in Brixton) you'd see them staggering about, oblivious to anyone or

anything they stumbled into, tripped over, abused, slurred at or got carried home by.

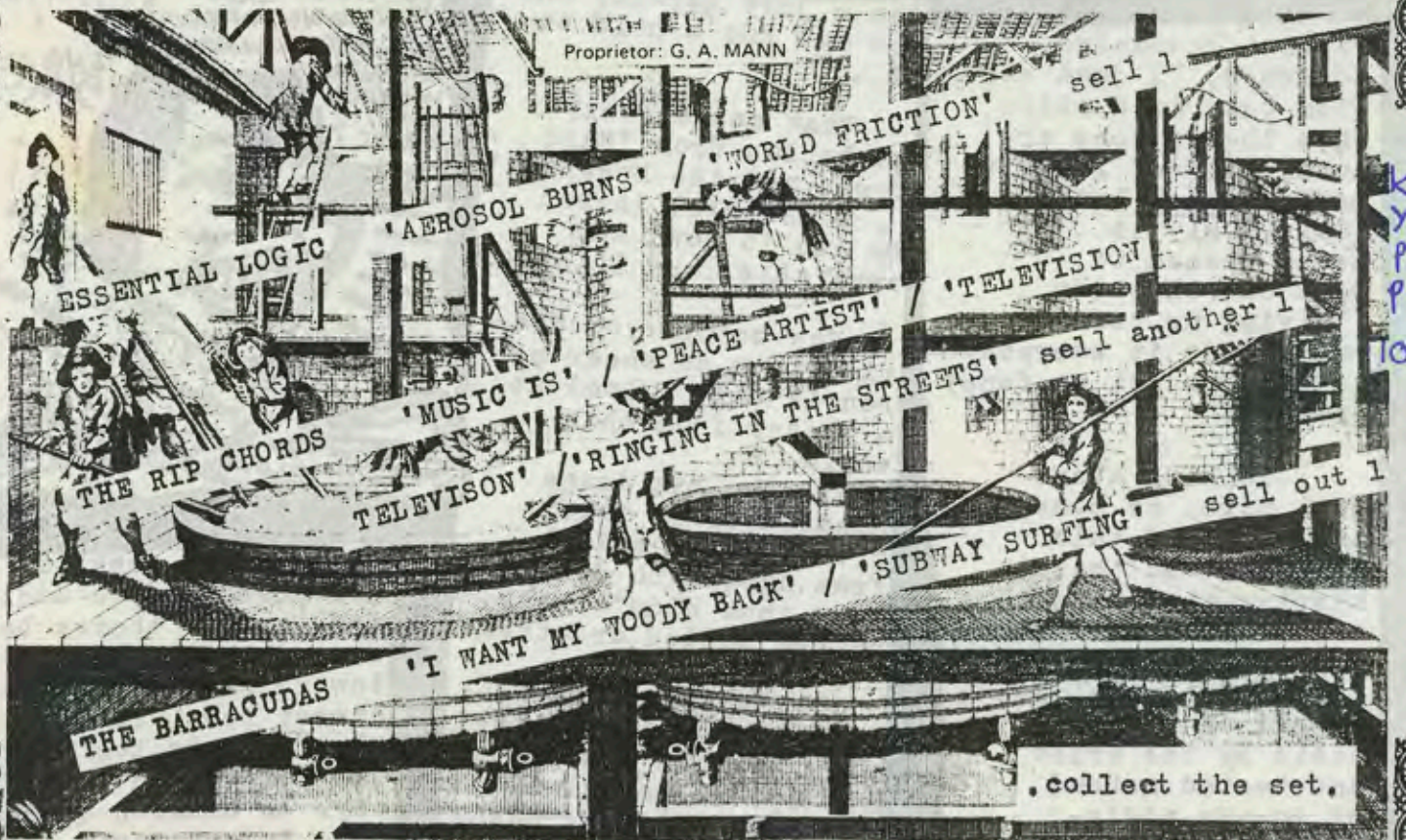
It became so common that you hardly saw the lines of punks slumped against Rough Trades front window, or along the wall at a gig. And more and more people I knew were saying how they could take tuinal

minority disease (for instance you wouldn't get characters trying to flog you the damn stuff at gigs then).

tuinal was like "What a progression, its fucking different", it was a new experience and also a lot less effort; i.e. you didn't think about things like the punk backlash



Proprietor: G. A. MANN



K
Y
P
T
O

,collect the set.

AN APPEAL FOR MODERATION

We, the undersigned - despite our differences - wish to affirm our united stand against the REAL danger to the national interest. This danger lies in the actions of people fighting for themselves; refusing to accept the rule of law, the requirements of management and the discipline of union officials. THESE PEOPLE ARE ONLY CONCERNED WITH THEMSELVES AND EACH OTHER - NEVER WITH THE PRESENT ORDER OF THINGS. Their actions - illegal squatting, rent strikes, deliberate absenteeism, shoplifting, factory occupations, sabotage, unofficial strikes, flying pickets etc - can only set Britain on the road to anarchy.

As REPRESENTATIVES of the people our differences have always been on how to get people to accept their lives as they are. When people take their lives into their own hands, our rule ceases to exist. Freedom can only be based on the ruled choosing their rulers, and not, as some extremists would have it, a matter of people living for themselves.

Some extremists say they are fed up with being told what to do, bored with work and the consumer goods handed out to them. Indifferent to the national interest, knowing nothing of economics, they declare that the only reason for living is for pleasure, which, they say, can only come about by people controlling the world according to their desires.

The threat posed by such ideas cannot be over-estimated. It is up to each and every one of us to sacrifice our lives and pull together for the common cause against such a threat.

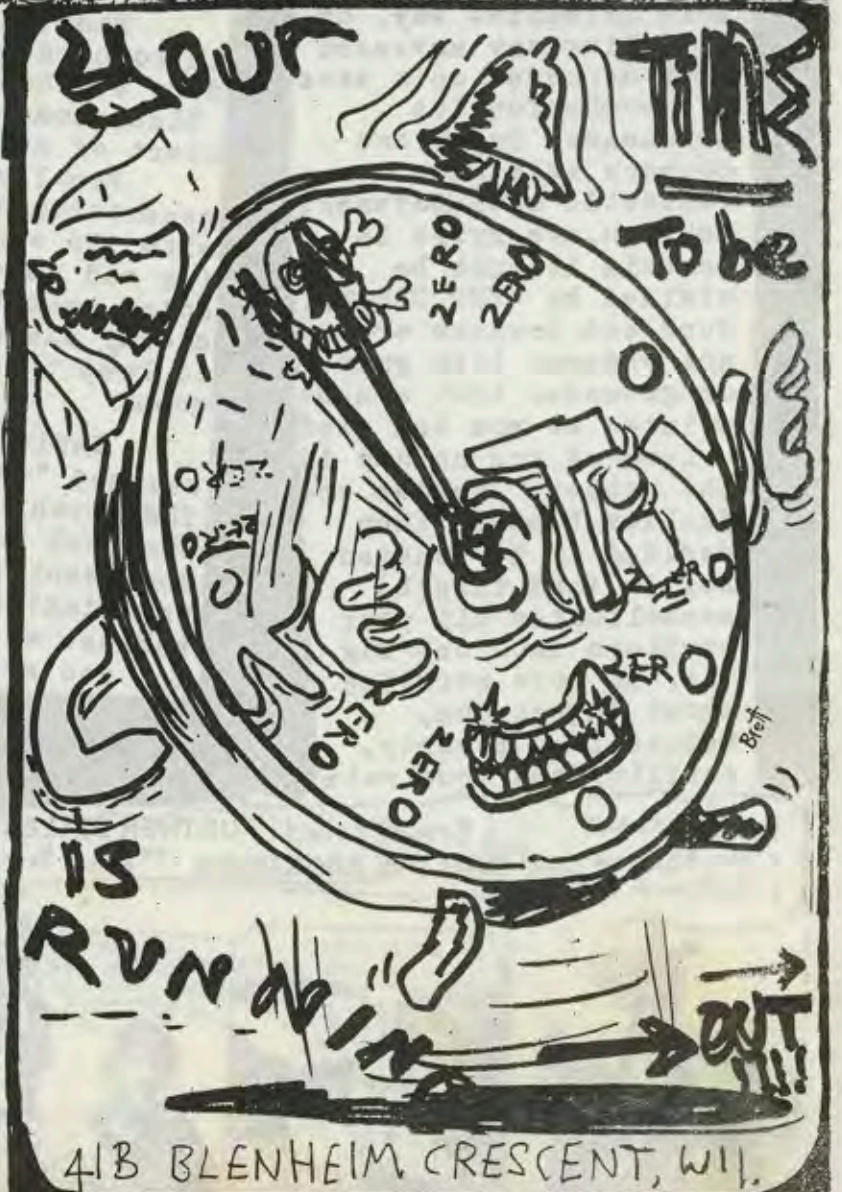
Your faith in the system of government will be best shown by a massive turn-out at the election. A refusal to vote is a vote for extremism.

PEOPLE OF BRITAIN UNITE!
-YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE
BUT YOURSELVES.



E. HEATH. M. WILSON. L. MURRAY.
J. GORMLEY. J. THORPE. G. ADAMSON.

LIFE BEFORE DEATH
BOX 180
41, KINGS CROSS RD.
LONDON



(an anarcho-situationist leaflet from 1974)

41B BLENHEIM CRESCENT, W11.

POP FANS OF THE WORLD UNITE, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR DRAINS, SAFETY PINS ETC ETC.

by Jeremy Gluck

I'm positive the 70s will be given a real shakedown in years to come, every moment dissected by people intent on rediscovering its secrets. Where will they look? No doubt "punk rock" will be celebrated and chronicled. But what of the lost years of this decade, the first five. Will schoolchildren tremble at the names of Gary Glitter or Slik

It's interesting to note here that the major accomplishment of the artists involved was their triumphant challenging of Phil Spector's classic "two hits and ten pieces of shit" i.p. theory by establishing their own "twelve pieces of shit" precedent, and the penultimate "two flops and ten pieces of shit" concept.

The Great Groups: (obvious inclusions such as Gary Glitter are found in RGT no. 15)

The Osmonds- If John Lydon possessed the great punk voice of the 70s then Donny O. is his flat-out contender in the pop stakes. Warbling with The Osmond Bros. or apart from them, his pubescent throbbings about pre-teen, and teen love still echo monumental, from straight pop like "puppy Love" to pseudo-heavy metal larks like "Crazy Horses" and "Down by the Lazy River". Every arrangement guaranteed gem-free, no zing Mormon puritanism of the first order. Simply the mush!! (See: "Our Best to You", MFF)

The Carpenters- Where The Osmonds went for the heart, The Carpenters opt for the stomach, seeing's how any of their 45s can induce puking sick nausea of a most hideous and orgasmic nature after only one playing at high volume. The stuff of which widower's and spinster's dreams are made; even the happy songs are practically funereal. Warning: Places the listener into rous of oppressive melancholy and superficial masochism; has been know to cause dizziness and convulsions. (See: "The Singles 1969-1974" A21)

David Cassidy- Ol' Dave launched more wet dreams than Deborah Harry ever will.

A genuinely sensitive and talented rich kid, he wrapped his soft and larynx around a gaggle of baby food babble, all of it confirming Dave's chosen macho-ourish status. Not one hair on his chest but always a word for the sick and handicapped, David Cassidy, This is Your TIME!!! (See: "Cherish", Bell)

THEY TRIED TO TELL US WE'RE TOO YOUNG.

PISS, SHIT,
FUCK, CUNT,
BOLLOCKS,
NIPPLES,
BASTARDS,
SNOT-BALLS,
ARSE-HOLES,
CLITORIS,
COCK-SUCK,
NAUGHTY
BITS

TOO YOUNG TO REALLY UNDERSTAND, AND
YET SOMEDAY THEY MAY RECALL WE WERE NOT
TOO YOUNG AT ALL!!
David Osmond, Too Young, 1973.

BETTER BADGES

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- C396 WE ARE ALL PROSTITUTES
- C397 EVERYONE HAS THEIR PRICE
- C398 FLOWERS
- C399 ON MY RADIO
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- C403 I'M A HYBRID KID
- C404 POP AURAL
- C405 THE 80s - ALL IS LOVELY
- C406 THE 80s - ALLES IST ENZUCKEND
- C407 BRIAN SAVES
- C408 ANIMAL LIB OTTER
- C409 " " BADGER
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- C413 UK DECAY BLACK 45
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- C419 DODGEMS
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- C422 LONDON PX
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- C424 THE CURE

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- B207 BLACK SLATE
- B208 KILLING JOKE

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MARK P. PARSONS/ESCHILL,
PATRICK FITZGERALD
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TOXIC GRAFFITI 4...
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/PENETRATION
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CHIPPENHAM/RUTS
JAMMING 9...JAM INTERVIEWS
POSER 3 - Toyah, Slits, Photos
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STRICTLY WHATS HAPPENING - Slits rubbish

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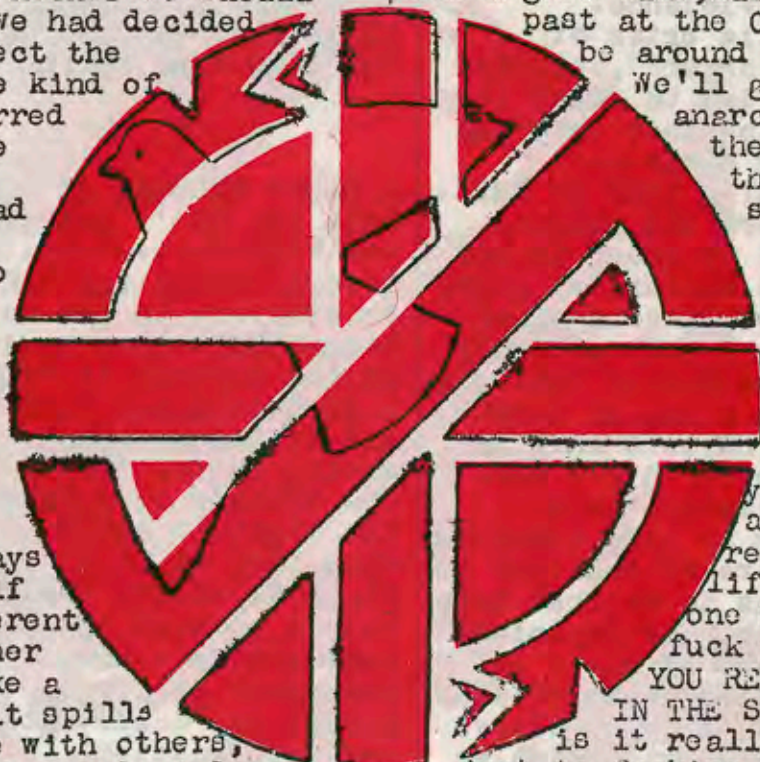
HARD

64a Notting Hill Gate
London W11 - 229 4919

LINES

RIGHT/here we are again,out on the street/the second time a Conway Hall gig has been cancelled and for us,the last time/we've played three gigs here/arranged six/one fucked up/two cancelled/count one that never even got beyond planning stage/7/
this gig was to have been our apology for last time,we'd hired three films for the breaks,got hold of a massive parachute to lower the ceiling and make the place a bit warmer,made huge posters to stick around the walls,got the Epileptics to come out of hiding again,the Poisons had new material that they hadn't used in London and we had our new set together.We had also gone through two weeks of discussion as to whether we should employ security,we had decided to do so to protect the audience from the kind of attack that occurred last time,we were happy that the people that we had got for the job were not going to start knocking anyone around and that their job was purely to protect the audience from outside attack. The question of security has always been a hard one,if people have different views to each other it would seem like a good thing,when it spills into interference with others, be it verbal or physical violence it would seem to be fucking stupid. We've all got a right to what we want to think,but NO ONE has got the right to make us think THEIR way.So,the idea of security was to see that this didn't happen,we think it would have been a good gig,(for the record it was going to be 50p entrance).THEN,two days before the gig was meant to be on and after the music press was on the bookstalls the GLC made a series of demands on the Conway Hall that made it impossible for us to play....SO,HERE WE ARE BACK ON THE STREET AGAIN WITH NOWHERE TO PLAY. A combination of the trouble we've had at gigs and our attitude to the music business on a whole has made it almost impossible for us to play in London and DON'T THEY JUST LOVE IT? It all seems so fucking stupid,we've

tried to put on cheap,good gigs;we've tried to offer something that isn't a political poison in a sugar coating; we've tried to redirect whatever cash is made at gigs towards helping the promotion of peace etc,or helping fanzines,or whatever,and here we are, BACK ON THE STREET.
Yes,of course we can play at the Music Machine and you can pay £2.50 for the pleasure of getting knocked on the head by the bouncers for daring to pogo;;;FUCKING GREAT.
Yes,you're right,we'll probably find another place to play,like we found the Conway Hall,and what will happen? Probably the first one will be OK, then the politicos will hear that we had a good time,like we've had in the past at the Conway,and they'll be around to fuck us all up. We'll get the weekend anarchists as well, they're the ones who think its fun to smash a few mirrors and throw glasses at motorists outside,the ones that don't understand that anarchy means thinking for yourself,not letting other people tell you who or what you are meant to be,but realising that your life is yours and no one has the right to fuck you about and that YOU RESPECT OTHER PEOPLE IN THE SAME MANNER.Fuck it, is it really that difficult just to fucking get one evening sorted out together.CAN'T WE FORGET THE FUCKING DIFFERENCES.FOR ONCE?what a fucking mess.Conway Hall was a good place to meet,a good place to talk about what we'd all been doing and a good place to play....it isn't any wonder that so many bands sell out.. YEA...see you folks on RSG,know what I mean?
So,what was to have been a really good night is a wash out and we're all ON THE STREET AGAIN.
If you do see us advertised to play some commercial gig it will either be untrue,or it will be because someone has allowed us to play there on OUR conditions and if we can't find anywhere.....
WE'LL BE BACK ON THE STREET AGAIN. DON'T THEY JUST LOVE IT? IT ALL SEEMS SO FUCKING STUPID.



the next three pages are taken from the RSG

was handed out after the gig at the Conway Hall

November 1977

has cancelled it

wrap), if you didn't like it you were a fascist pig.

Rock against fascism/gays against nazis/woman against fascism/skateboards against....midwives against... against...against etc.etc.etc.WHAT ELSE?

WHITES AGAINST RACISM?

The RAR star became the platform ticket to instant approval, no matter if the train was a cattle-truck, who cared if you beat the wife, banked with Barclays, took weekly confession, if you wore the star you were AOK... know what I mean?

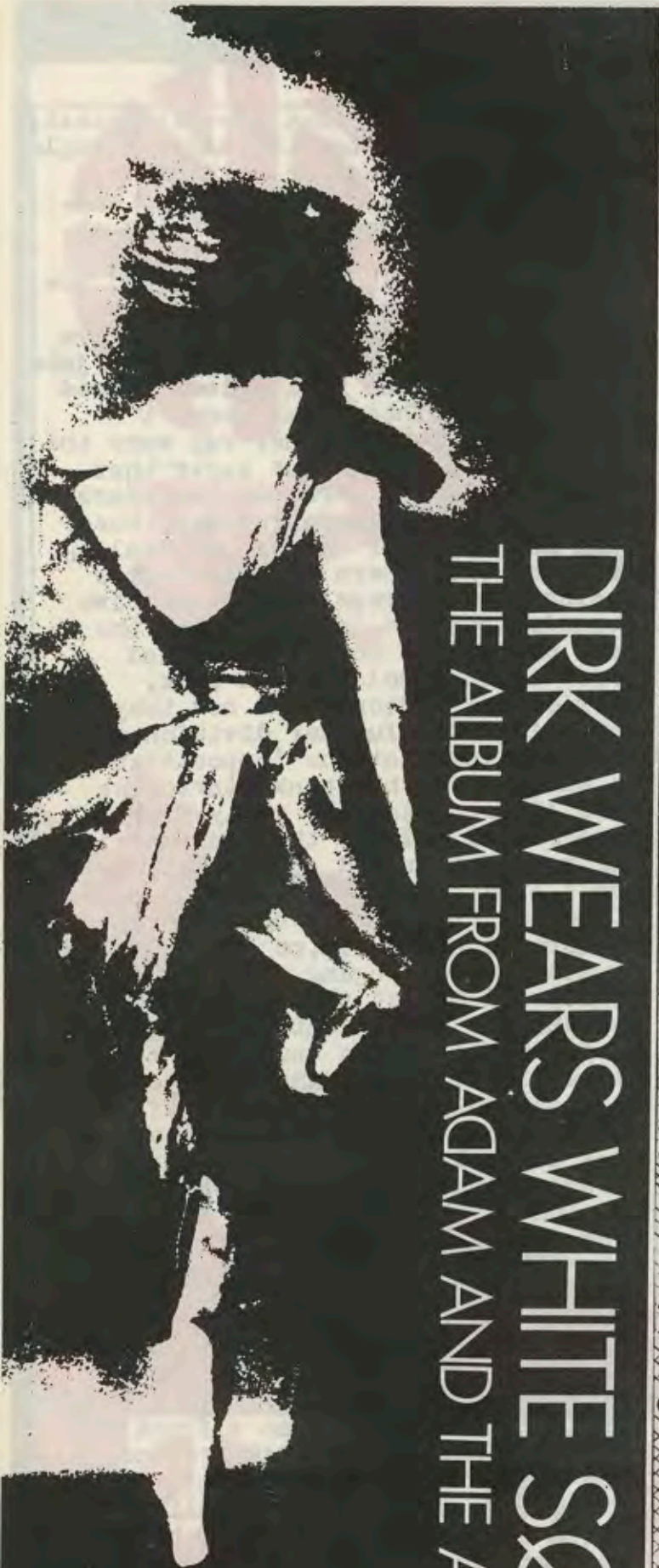
Leftist whites got together with liberal blacks to confront racism, they achieved nothing; the blacks dropped away and the whites were left with guilt, paranoia and conspiracy theories. Almost single handed RAR has given an otherwise laughable British fascist movement a legitimacy, the nation showed what it thought of the NF in the last elections, but, undaunted RAR persist, along with back up from ANL and SWP in promoting the ridiculous 'fascist takeover theory', more, one suspects, out of its recruitment potential than a genuine belief that it might happen. It will take more than the NF or the SWP to break through the tradition of British liberalism.

BOTHER BIG BROTHER.....

At its start punk was a cry for anarchy and freedom, it was individuals doing their own thing, then the organised left moved in with RAR and what had once been OUR playground became THEIR battlefield, the troops were gaily coloured stars and anyone else retreated into confusion and sometimes anger. Why had THEY chosen to make punk POLITICAL, yes, the Pistols had spoken about anarchy but that was not POLITICS, it was PEOPLE; who cares a fuck about Marx, Hitler, Stalin, the whole fucking lot of them? What did any of them ever do for us? All at once everything became left or right, you had to be one side or the other..

....WELL THEY CAN FUCK OFF because we and a lot of other people besides AREN'T EITHER and DON'T INTEND TO BE. Wasn't it supposed to be OUR music? The music of the people? Suddenly it was THEIRS again, not the big business boys this time, but the POLITICOS, not the capitalist overlord but the socialist one; BIG BROTHER RAR is here to sell OUR music with THEIR message. Yet for all the propaganda and badges nothing has been achieved but a terrible division of youth and the

mindless violence that goes with that, you either supported the RAR/S&P angle or you were a 'fucking nazi'; no wonder there's violence at gigs now. If people had fascist tendencies at the start of the RAR offensive they at last had an enemy to fight, and now we're all taking the punches. Meanwhile the black community still have to deal with lousy housing, shitty jobs etc.etc. plus the revitalised hatred of the right. Those that weren't really interested either way wore the RAR star because it was safer that way, it isn't any more and the stars have all but disappeared. For those that sought their own way of dealing with the shit there was the battle against the increasingly aggressive demands from the left to 'play the game or pay the cost'. So RAR had moved in, they politicised punk, divided the audience and now they're demanding even further division, they're demanding that the 'opposition' be eliminated. When punk started we were ALL enjoying the party, then RAR gatecrashed and now they're throwing their weight around at people they don't like the look of....the sound of socialist free speech....GREAT! So, here we are again, no gigs, fucking stupid battles raging between left and right, well OK, let them get on with it, but WHY are those that want NOTHING to do with it being caught in the cross fire? We are ANARCHISTS because we think politics are a load of SHIT, we're sick to death of being told what to do by police/teachers/army/preachers/politicians/THE WHOLE FUCKING LOT OF THEM. They don't care one fuck about US....RAR is an organisation that PRETENDS to CARE about racism; WHAT DOES IT DO TO HELP? It is nothing more than a front for political power games. BM is an organisation that PRETENDS to care about the BRITISH people; what does it do to help? It is nothing more than a front for political power games. RAR pretends to care and we ALL get the bottle for it; BM pretends to care and we ALL get the bottle for it. We're tired of boring old farts sending us out to do the dirty work, it doesn't matter if it is a fascist takeover or a communist one IT WILL BE THE SAME YOUNG MEN THAT DIE IN EVERY WAR THAT WILL HAVE TO FIGHT THE BATTLES....WHY DON'T WE JUST TELL THEM TO FUCK OFF AND FIGHT THEIR OWN BATTLES....WHY SHOULD YOUNG PEOPLE DIE FOR THE WHIM OF FUCKING GOVERNMENTS? IF MRS. THATCHER WANTS WAR IN IRELAND WHY DOESN'T SHE GO AND FIGHT THERE HERSELF..and that goes for the rest.



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PEACEFUL ^{KYPP 16}
PRO-"CRASS"-TINATION

a critical look at Crass's peaceful anarchy
stance in relation to the violence at their gigs

Any social revolution will be confronted with violence from its opponents. When this happens, anarchists, as social revolutionaries, will have to fight or perish. Recently there has been much discussion about violence at Crass gigs and how to deal with it.

The people who go to Crass gigs (regardless of being a skinhead or not) with the sole intention of trashing it, are imposing upon the people who go to see Crass. These gig trashing dickheads are consciously or unconsciously cops without uniforms.

By taking a pacifist stance, Crass are encouraging people to passively accept violence meted out to them by the dickheads.

To be an anarchist means, in part, to confront the state in all its manifestations (e.g. cops, preachers, dole officers, dickheads). The state, when confronted or attacked will react violently - so how can you be a pacifist and an anarchist?

On the subject of violence at gigs, I think Crass should encourage people to at least try and defend themselves en masse.

If Crass are so opposed to "the system" they must agree to class war - yet they cry "fight war not wars"!



As the jew said to the SS officer, "I don't blame you, you're just a product of the system", we can say the same to dickheads who bottle our faces to shit at gigs.

I ask Crass to consider the contradiction between Anarchism and Pacifism ("peace") and invite them to reply.

by Buenaventura Makhno.



Romanic
EYE-MATIC
SPROCKET
CLOCK

REBEL

999

DESTROY

W

♀

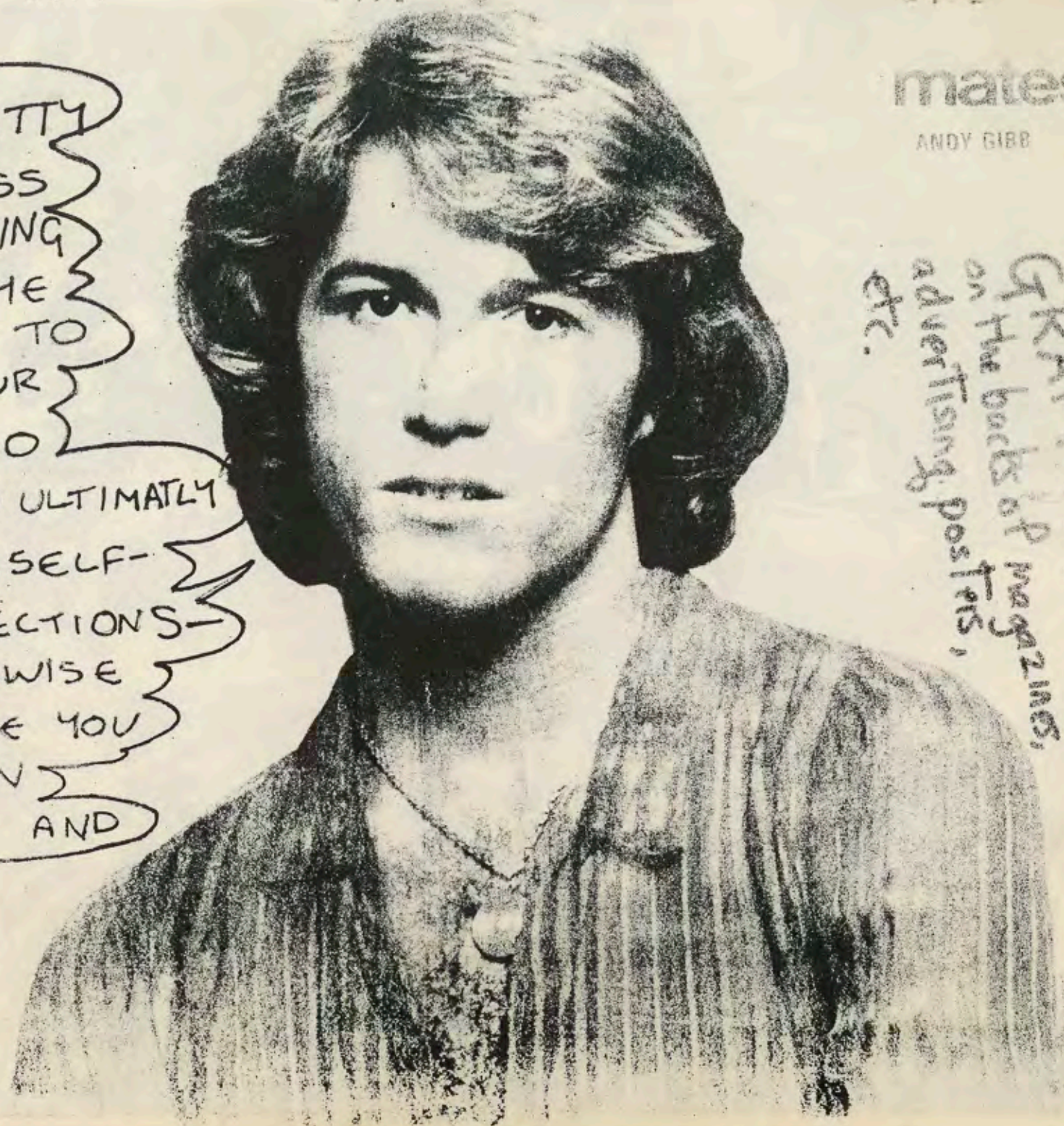
do you think

you are ?

PI

mates

ANDY GIBB



I AM A PRETTY
BUT USELESS
COMODITY, BEING
USED BY THE
AUTHORITIES TO
CHANNEL YOUR
DESIRES INTO
USELESS AND ULTIMATLY
FRUSTRATING, SELF-
ABUSING DIRECTIONS -
WHICH OTHERWISE
WOULD ENABUE YOU
TO LEAD AN
INDEPENDENT AND
FULFILLING
EXISTENCE -

BUT THEN
NOBODY'S
PERFECT

CREATIVE
GRAFFITI - dot in the stations,
on the backs of magazines,
advertising posters,
etc.