

The Apostles



Hello MRR,

The reason for this letter being about 5 weeks late is because of a few major catastrophes that have happened to us since February: two large thefts and an arson attack in which everything was lost. If this letter has any black smudges on it, it'll be because not all the charcoal has been wiped off. Dave managed to salvage a few things from the fire, but I think our stickers went, and all our guitars and band gear/equipment went up in smoke as well. The local National Front are strong suspects, but we are unable to prove anything at the moment.

During this time since I've been homeless, a local group of punks (who I'd only got to know a couple of weeks earlier) decided to give me a home in their squat and subsequently they've more or less adopted me: it's great. Two of them-Olly and Martin-made a record with me. I don't know what you'll make of it (Dave hates it and intends to say so on the fifth EP, along with some heavily pro-gay and pro-feminist articles and literature), but here it is anyway. All the articles on the actual cover are by me, so please don't judge Chris, Dave, or Olly and Martin by the contents of either the cover or the record, as the whole project was easily one of the most personal things I've done so far--so much so that it could be self-indulgent in parts. I don't know; it's too early for me to judge yet.

Anyway, it's half past twelve in the morning, I'm trying to type by candlelight, there's no water or electricity in this new place yet, and I'm having all manner of trouble trying to see if what I've typed has actually come out! I think I'll continue this in the morning. Oh, before I go, in case you're wondering what happened to the third EP, it's just come out.

Right, it's now a few days later, and I can clearly see on this bright, sunny afternoon. I hate hot weather. I had half a pot of evo last night, except it wasn't mine. It was Olly's, and he came back this morning to find an empty tin! Myself and Al (that's the geezer who drew the front cover of the EP) finished its contents and I decided that 'no more glue' was the answer--well, until next time! Olly came back after spending a couple of days at Dig's place, where all he played was tapes of American and Finnish hardcore punk, which means 100 mph tuneless, diabolical thrash. Honestly, I don't mean to sound insulting, but what do you see in all that noise? I mean, why listen to 50 bands playing the same noise when one sounds just as 'good'? Perhaps I'm being unfair? I don't know...

Dave had a word with me yesterday, and it seems he's forgiven me for using the APOSTLES name to spread my glue/views/crap on vinyl, although his gay lib terrors are still going in print. Ah well. We do the fifth EP soon, and it should have the style/contents of the first one if Dave and Chris have their way, which they probably will!

Unity & Peace, Andy Martin

MRR has been quite intrigued by this band the APOSTLES. For instance, the literature they've included in and on their first four EPs is more lengthy and more intense than almost any band to date. As stated in our reviews of their first two releases, the accompanying info/opinions/lyrics seem to be a confusing mixture of extreme right-wing views (almost like classical fascist revolutionary ideology), extreme left-wing views, and extreme anarchist views (of a direct action nature). So, we asked the band to write an article about their perspective(s), and hopefully the following letter, article, lyrics, and opinions submitted by Andy will help clarify this curious and committed band. Then again, maybe it won't.

FUCKING QUEER @1981
BOOTS & BRACES IN 1976
SOME OF US HAD KNIVES OTHERS CARRIED STICKS
OPPRESSED WITH GUILT & FEAR LOOKIN FOR A FUCKIN QUEER
CLAPHAM COMMON WAS OUR TRAINING GROUND
WE'D KICK THAT PANSY IN WHEN NO-ONE WAS AROUND
WE HAD TO MAKE IT CLEAR WE WERE NOT FUCKIN QUEER
IT SEEMS SO LONG AGO WHEN WE WERE REAL MEN
MEMORIES LINGER ON I FEEL GUILT NOW & THEN
FOR ONE DAY AWOKE MY THOUGHTS NO LONGER DIM
I MET THIS STRANGE YOUNG LAD AND FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM
AND SO I REALISE WHILE I'M LAYING HERE
THE TRUTH WHICH I DESPISE THAT I'M A FUCKING QUEER
LYRIC ANDY MARTIN. MUSIC ANDY MARTIN.

PROFIT FROM PAIN.
BOMBARDED EVERY DAY WITH THINGS TO BUY
WE'RE NEVER ASKED TO QUESTION WHY
MATERIAL POSSESSIONS TO IMPROVE YOUR LIFE
A STEREOTYPED IMAGE A HOUSE A CAR A WIFE
ALL THE ADVERTS YOU WATCH ON YOUR TV
ARE A GLOSSY COVER UP FOR REALITY
AND AS YOU SAVE UP FOR A BRAND NEW CAR
PEOPLE DIE OF MALNUTRITION IN PLACES AFAR
MEDIA AND TELEVISION ARE TOOLS OF CAPITALIST TRADE
TO GET ON IN THIS WORLD IT'S THRU THEIR SHIT YOU'LL WADE
DON'T BE CONNED OR TAKEN IN BY WHAT THEY SAY
IT'S THEM WHO PROFIT & ITS US WHO PAY.
LYRIC CHRIS LOW @1983
MUSIC ANDY MARTIN @1983

Acts of vandalism may not change the way we treat each other as people (as I've said before in numerous apathetic hyperphilosophical rants) but at least it keeps us active and alive and aware, Government buildings (police stations, butchers shops, record shops, clothes boutiques, army recruitment offices, Whitehall?) and gig venues, all these are to be smashed up not patronised. What sort of life do you want? "Reject the system"! Fuck that, do you think they'll let you? Do you honestly believe that those in power will give up that power just because a few spiky tops 'reject the system'? The hell they will. If you want peace, you're going to have to fight for it. If you want equality, you're going to have to "force your beliefs onto others" because, in reality, you're not 'forcing your beliefs onto others', you're simply proving that you are unwilling to be pushed around any longer by those who see it as their right to keep you/us oppressed by a regime that is based on fear, hatred, mistrust and greed. Okay, so we've no military service in this country yet. We've no openly armed police force (but anywhere The Queen or Mrs Thatcher goes you can be sure that her cronies and police will have a few pistols tucked away in case someone decides to rid us of that filthy, poncing carcass, be it in a crown or a wig) We haven't any more time to be complacent and satisfied for Christ sake, how much longer are we going to take this shit from people who have been keeping us in 'our' place for years and years? How can we merely sit and philosophise our freedom away like so many lost Hari Krishnas?

The New Class War is the classless against the tide of hostile bigoted prejudiced majority. It is our business to turn that majority into a minority. We can try to convince people that we DO know what we're talking about, that we ARE right. We can also act in other ways. Our stance must be aggressive and warlike. Rejection of our own prejudices and bigotry is imperative. But we can also learn along the way. Before long, we won't have any say in the matter. remember, if this magazine was being given a circulation of 50,000 instead of 500, or if I was a famous personality, you wouldn't be reading this now because, in all probability, I'd have been stopped from saying this. Look what they did to Grass. Even now the authorities are keeping a watch on their Epping home. They're not even 'violent revolutionaries' and the state is keeping tabs on them. What chance do you think The Angry Brigade would have? No, pacifism is not the answer, but neither is small and armed groups of elite 'revolutionaries' who'd simply endanger the lives of virtually every other anarchist/militant/punk/politico around. Vanguardism is not the method for Britain in the 1980s. What was okay in Spain in 1936 is not necessarily okay in Britain in 1984.

Whether you use fanzines, bands, petrol bombs, superglue, posters, guns or fists, remember choose your targets well and think about the consequences of your act. It must be effective and be done with the most minimal chance of you being arrested or suspected of your act. Actions against the state can never be crimes - they are probably among the most humane things you could do, just cannot remain silent any longer. Hiding behind our insecurities or behind our favourite bands just won't do the job. OUR LIVES BELONG TO US AND NO-ONE HAS THE RIGHT TO LIVE THEM ON OUR BEHALF. TAKE BACK WHAT IS YOURS/OURS - NOW!

The Apostles

"WELL, WHAT ABOUT GRASS THEN?"
"GRASS INVENTED, BACK IN 1979, THE RESURGENCE OF WHAT I'D CALL OUR OWN 'TRIBAL' MUSIC IF YOU LIKE. THEY SPENT FIVE YEARS SAYING A WHOLE PACKAGED COLLECTION OF IMPORTANT THINGS, AND, NOW IT'S 1984, WHO HAS ACTUALLY LEARNT FROM THAT? PROBABLY MORE PEOPLE THAN HAVE LEARNT FROM ANY OTHER BAND, BECAUSE GRASS WERE AS MUCH ABOUT ENCOURAGING US TO SPREAD OURSELVES AS TO SPREAD THEIR OWN IDEAS. BUT THE REASON THEY THEN BECAME SO CYNICAL WAS BECAUSE ALL IT SEEMED TO DO WAS ENCOURAGE HUNDREDS OF OTHER BANDS TO SING ABOUT EXACTLY THE SAME THINGS WITHOUT ACTUALLY PHYSICALLY DOING ANYTHING ABOUT ALL THE TERRIBLE PROBLEMS THEY OPEN, PUBLIC POSITION, WEREN'T IN A VERY FAVOURABLE POSITION TO ADMIT TO THIS, CONSEQUENTLY YOU HAD EVERYONE FROM SOUNDS TO ANARCHY ACCUSING THEM OF BEING SELF SATISFIED AND IGNORING WHAT WAS HAPPENING ON THE STREETS, AS IF SOUNDS AND ANARCHY KNEW ANY MORE ABOUT THAT THAN GRASS. (MUCH LESS, PROBABLY!) WE REALISED THIS SOME TIME AGO, BUT WHO BELIEVES THAT JUST THINK WE'RE STICKING UP FOR OUR PUNK HEROES OR SOMETHING. THE MUSIC RAGS ACTUALLY CAPITALISE ON GRASS BEING 'SO BAD' IN FACT THEY SELL GRASS' WORST BAND OF THE DECADE PACKAGE AS A COMMODITY AND GET AWAY WITH IT. GRASS CAN PLAY WELL WHEN THEY WANT TO, BUT WHY SHOULD THEY HAVE TO PROVE ANYTHING TO ANYBODY BUT THEMSELVES? SOMETIMES THEY'RE TREATED AS IF THEY'RE PERMANENTLY ON TRIAL!"



MAXIMUM ROCK 'N' ROLL.

- "FUCK THE USA" The Exploited.
- "I'M SO BORED WITH THE USA" The Clash.
- "NEW YORK" The Sex Pistols.
- "WHITE POWER" Skrewdriver.
- "THINKING OF THE USA" Eater.

Race and Nation/Disgrace and Extermination? An article for Maximum Rock n R by The Apostles is rather like a chess puzzle for The Cricketer by Danican Philidor: each is interesting and valid, but neither are necessarily relevant to each other. For this reason, I've chosen a loose, freeform style that could end up anywhere between Manhattan and Edinburgh, but I suspect it'll drop half way in mid air and disappear under the sea in the Atlantic, to the tune of "Loving Awareness" as Radio Caroline Yoko Ono's its' way across the radio/sea waves.

Chris calls himself a militant anarchist. He does not eat meat. He dresses a bit like a skinhead. Dave calls himself Dave. He does not eat meat or anything with animal products in. He dresses a bit like Dave. I call myself Andy. I do not eat meat etc etc (see above) but I wear clothes because I like the look of them. Others say "Oh, I see he's turned punk now?" while others say "How can you where all that leather and studs if you're a vegetarian?" Ah, but I never said I was a veggie. I don't eat my boots and my jacket and my trousers, or maybe these self-opinionated, bigotted oh-so-holy vegetarian-from-the-suburbs types can't understand freedom? Dave has been referred to as "gay" and "bisexual" and "queer" by lesser mortals. I have been referred to as a "closet fascist" (which is absurd because I've never been closetted about my right wing views, although I don't believe that politics is a topic worth getting upset about anyway) and a "mixed up wanker". Hello Chantal & chums... meanwhile, back on the side of sane, rational people, I return to the title of this wonderful piece of prose: Maximum Rock "n" Roll.

THE APOSTLES ARE NOT A ROCK AND ROLL BAND AND WE DON'T PLAY ROCK AND ROLL.
 THE APOSTLES ARE NOT A POLITICAL BAND NOR DO WE PREACH POLITICS (except when Chris gets carried away and starts plotting to overthrow and blow up everything in sight, though who can blame him, I mean there's plenty of useless human garbage that needs exterminating - The Governments of all countries, all monarchies and hierarchies, police, armies etc etc etc).
 THE APOSTLES ARE NOT PART OF THE PUNK BAND ANARCHY CIRCUS THANK YOU V.MUCH

I detest the recent influx of American television programmes that have recently plagued this land with their endless Police hero third rate, overacted drama progs, their comedy shows with the mansions and bi-ig cars and ever overflowing fridges full of pizzas and hamburgers and coffee, BUT - I detest them because they are a product of a disgusting, decadent society based on greed and callousness, NOT simply because they are 'American'. This is the difference between us and The Exploited: they don't differentiate between what is the product of a nations' state and the disaffected minorities within that nation. I don't believe you like Cop drama series any more than we do. Perhaps I can see more realism in The Sweeney than Starsky And Hutch, but isn't it all basically the same programme dressed up differently and with different accents?

Each topic could be dealt with at length and in detail, but I don't wish to take up any more room in your paper than is necessary. We aren't a particularly well known band and I doubt whether we are of particular interest to anyone reading M.R. &R. so I'll keep the article brief - I still can't work out why you wanted us to write one anyway! Never mind. You ask about The Apostles (sigh). What can I say? LABELS perhaps, that's not a bad place to start. I am not a XXXX or a ****. Why do people feel justified in defining Dave by his sexual orientation? Why do people believe they have the right to define me by (what they mistakenly think of as) my 'political' views? Why should anyone BE a 'punk' or an 'anarchist' or a 'straight' or a 'gay' or a 'black'? Such attitudes result in a subtle but damaging form of self oppression and they restrict ones freedom of self expression anyway. That deals, again briefly, with 'labels'. I do not need somebody attempting to put my whole personality and my complete character into a little box called 'politics'. A person should be defined by their complete self, not the ideals/beliefs they hold nor yet any little aspect of their persona. You don't judge an orange by its' pips, so one should not judge or identify or otherwise define a person by any part of their whole self. The moment you call yourself a this or a that (feminist/fascist/communist/anarchist/racist/gay/straight/black/white/etc) you cease to think of yourself as a complete human being. I believe strongly that if someone really feels the need to define themselves by their sexuality or their maternal/paternal roles or their politics, THEN THEY ARE CLEARLY INSECURE PEOPLE.

The song titles at the beginning of this diatribe show how freethinking and libertarian punk bands are. I don't think we should be nice to the USA. Oh no, much better than that, my belief, and I think I can safely say this is also Daves' belief, is that we should refute the definition of that vast plot of land as being "usa". Who says that this little island is "britain"? Did the Red Indians call their land The United States Of America? Did the Celts call this island England or Britain? What right have we, mere fellow animals on this vast planet, to call great slabs of life giving land names? We attribute animals and other creatures with human characteristics, which is totally uncalled for and also wildly irrational. We give names to land which does not belong to us. Animals belong to nature. The Earth belongs to The Earth and the Creator itself. It takes a far superior, higher force understand the nature of things and name them than us! Does this sound a bit like some wierd religion to you? Maybe it does. Maybe it is?

You see, if you cease to look on yourselves as being "American", if we cease to regard you as "American", if we cease to think of ourselves as being "British", then the very roots of racism are challenged. How can you hate Americans if there are no Americans but just people? Does this sound a bit idealistic to you? Maybe it does. Maybe it is?

"Do you really believe in Marx? Marx sucks." (Crass). When Bakunin, Neitche, Marx, Engels, Proudhon, Hitler, Orwell and all those other poxy, hypocritical, intellectual tossers spouted all their dogmatic, self-opionated crap, it gave rise to a sudden growth in political thinking and, as a by product, produced the Dadaists and the Nihilists, both of which were movements far more relevant and healthier than the boring, tedious and vastly inflated demagogos they were reacting against. Marx does not help us open squats. Orwell does not help us fight court battles. Bakunin does not help us fight political hot-heads hell bent on making the lives of ordinary people as miserable and as boring as their own. Do you see what we are getting at? Perhaps one of my



THE PATIENT

FOUR WALLS AND A WINDOW WITH METAL BARS.
 AND A PAINTING OF HIMSELF AS A HANGING MAN.
 HE OVERHEARD THE DOCTOR SAY HE WON'T IMPROVE...
 AND STILL HE HANDED REFUSE TO MOVE.
 THEY PUT HIM IN A ROOM WITH ANOTHER LAD
 WHO, IT SEEMS, HAD TWICE TRIED TO KILL HIS DAD.
 HE IS EIGHTEEN.
 HE'S THE SADDEST CASE THEY'VE EVER SEEN.
 WHAT DO HIS PAINTINGS MEAN?
 HE'D BEEN ARRESTED AT HACKNEY CENTRAL
 THE BUS INSPECTOR SAID HE MUST HAVE BEEN MENTAL.
 HIS GIRLFRIEND SAID IT WAS A STRANGE AFFAIR.
 HE'D TRIED TO RAPE A BOY WITH LONG, BLACK HAIR.
 THIS INCIDENT TOOK PLACE ON MAY THE THRD...
 EVER SINCE THEN HE'S NEVER SAID A WORD.
 HE IS EIGHTEEN.
 THIS IS THE STRANGEST PLACE HE'S EVER BEEN.
 WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
 EACH AND EVERY MORNING HE GETS OUT OF BED AT FOUR
 TO BEGIN ANOTHER DAY IN HIS PRIVATE WAR.
 THE NURSES SAY HE'S A DISTURBING SIGHT.
 BECAUSE ALL HE WANTS TO DO IS FIGHT, FIGHT...
 WHAT IS HIS REASON? WHAT COULD IT BE?
 THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND HIM AND NEITHER CAN HE.
 LYRIC ©1983 ANDY MARTIN.
 MUSIC ©1983 ANDY MARTIN.



Blind Discrimination.

There's only one world, and we live in it.
 There's no room for racism, and your hate doesn't fit.
 It's not the colour of your skin that counts, it's what you're inside.
 If you can't see that, well, open your eyes - wide!
 You say you're the master race:
 "Keep the blacks in their place.
 Send them back" you say "back where they belong."
 But can't you see blind discrimination's wrong?
 Turned down jobs on account of our skin...
 If colour was a game, black would never win.
 Well, this is no free country and no free state -
 With that fascist graffiti, it's a land of hate.
 (Chorus)
 And though we're individuals, underneath we're all the same.
 Will you bastards realise this, or will your hate remain?
 To achieve equality we must prepare to fight;
 For blind discrimination won't vanish overnight.

LYRIC: Chris Low ©1983
 MUSIC: Andy Martin ©1981

DAVE - fuzz guitar,
 lead guitar,
 rhythm guitar,
 bass guitar
 CHRIS - vocals,
 drums



greatest faults is the ability to encompass many subjects at once without actually explaining with any degree of clarity my own thoughts on any of them without confusing just about everyone who is patient enough to plough through my prose? Never mind, let's get on with it. . .

Anarchist/political bands spend huge amounts of time, money and effort into being as rich and as famous as the very superstars they claim to detest. The first wave of punk bands in Britain have shown this to be true in a manner which was both obvious and sad. The present climate is none too healthy either. Everyone wants to be king radical, they want to receive letters and be the ones quoted in fanzines, they want to be recognised and they want to be important. Well, I say 'everyone' but I can believe (just) that there are maybe a few inspired, caring individuals with enough compassion and enough integrity to see this farce for the charade it undoubtedly is. There are hundreds of bands in (what we shall call) the USA. How many of those bands really give two brass monkeys' bollocks what they're singing about or how they treat their audiences? How many anarchist, liberated and radical (what we'll call) British bands care about anything more than the length of their dreadlocks or the price of smack? Perhaps this is why I respect Skrewdriver more than most 'anarchist' bands. I prefer the lyrics of the latter but I prefer the honesty and the dedication of the former. Crass are genuine and they have myself and Daves' trust, admiration and respect and that, to a certain extent, is mutual. I can think of no other bands who are worth more than a wry smile and a knowing glance at the cash register. Now wait for the cries of "Blasphemy! How dare you!" come from over the hills and far away, both sides of the Atlantic. Well, let me ask you this: do you really want to have your photographs on fanzines and record covers? Do you really want people to buy your records and know you by sight in the street? Do you want to be well known? Do you want lots of people to come to your gigs? Do you believe in bands and audiences? When you've answered those questions TRUTHFULLY, then ask yourself whether you are a caring, politically motivated bunch of musicians.

Ah, yes, music, now there's another sore point. (Looks like this isn't going to be so brief after all). If we are to believe that 'British' and 'American' punk bands are so individual and so new and so different then why do 90% of all those bands sound exactly the same as each other, churning out safe, contrived noise devoid of melody or rhythm? (Flipper, Husker Du, Chumbawumba and

Antisect are, I suppose, among the other 10% who are successfully attempting to break away from the clone-a-band contest.) Each band has music (I use the word loosely) in 4/4 time, each track is fast, each number is short, each number uses vocals, guitar, bass and drums, each sentiment is anti something or other and there are usually plenty of swear words for street cred. So, spikey tops and shaven heads, where's your revolution? It's disappeared under a sea of conformity, that's where. Why not try doing something original for a change? I'll tell you why - because if you did something that was different/original/inspired then the public might not like it, and they might not buy it, and you might not get well known, you might not be accepted, you might not make any money and you might not be the safe, boring, contrived, derivative set of boredom battalions you are at present. Ha! Look what happened to Alternative TV. H'm. Look what happened to US when we played live gigs with backing tapes and synthesizers. . . but at least we retained our dignity and our integrity. People want safe music. Your brothers and sisters like Abba and Barry Manilow, so you say "Ah, that's safe music - be daring and get into punk." But if anything within your punk circle turns away from the safe narrow roads of restriction and conformity, you'll probably be the first to say 'sell out' when in fact it is the bands who are keeping to the nice, safe areas who are giving you all just what you want who are the real sell outs. But who cares so long as it's a good fast noise and they all swear and say naughty things about Reagan and/or Thatcher?

THE APOSTLES are:

DAVE vocals/guitars by the dozen/bass guitar/tapes etc.

ANDY vocals every now and then.

CHRIS vocals/drums.

We so far have four records out but if you've read this far then you probably won't want them anyway! The first two are no longer available and we won't be repressing them either because that's history and we've got to think ahead, not dream nostalgically about the past. If some dealer says he's got a copy for £4 or \$8 then tell him/her to go stuff it or steal it, because as Chelsea said: "Collectors items? I don't give a damn. . ." The 3rd and 4th records, both of them 6 track EPs, are available from Rough Trade and Small Wonder - ah, sorry, only the 3rd one is. The 4th one is only available from Small Wonder as the music press and record shops have, in their entirety, decided to put a ban on it. Even Small Wonder may discontinue it, I don't know yet. It seems no-one wishes to handle the record. You see, if you're going to say something that could be construed as revolutionary or thought provoking then it has to conform to certain confines or otherwise it gets banned. Free speech anyone?

Punks are generally too conservative to be taken seriously, and this is especially true in both the USA and Britain. There ARE notable exceptions of course, and it is these exceptions who keep the whole thing alive and kicking. But in general, everything these days has become too music orientated, and this cannot be healthy because it pacifies people and drags them down into a safe womblike existence. I believe that all gigs and all music should be banned for a month. Imagine how angry and frustrated punks/freaks would get? There'd be riots after about a week! Music is dangerous alright, mainly because it detracts from the main issue - and if people really want to change society then going to endless gigs and getting drunk isn't the best method of doing it. We want riots and new awareness combined, not hangovers and broken guitar strings. If you really want anarchy then do something constructive, but if you want to build something more creative and more genuine than anarchy (which is merely another thread in the tapestry of politics after all's said and done) then you've got to start learning how to communicate with each other, and I don't think mindlessly pogoing to and getting drunk to noise machines made of beer, leather and a lack of brains is really the way to start doing it. But then I'm in a band and we've done plenty of thrash ourselves, so perhaps I should leave The Apostles and go to a mountain somewhere and be a philosopher? H'm, too boring. Well, if you've read this far (that's if any of this article gets used for anything other than arse wipe paper) thanks for being patient. Now you can forget what you've read and go and headbang to Metallica or D. R. I. or something, okay?

Andy Martin.

The Apostles, Box 4, 136 Kingsland High Street, Hackney, London, E. 8.



PUNK SQUAT.
SOME OF US ARE HUNGRY. SOME OF US ARE BORED. MOST OF US ARE ANGRY AND WILL NOT BE IGNORED.
SOME OF US TAKE SULPHATE. SOME OF US SNIFF GLUE. I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY BECAUSE WE'RE DOING MORE THAN YOU
SOME OF US PLAY MUSIC BUT IT STRIKES AN EMBLY CHORD. FROM DAY TO DAY BECAUSE IT'S ALL WE CAN AFFORD.
SOME OF US ARE ANARCHISTS. SOME OF US ARE PUNKS. WE LIVE IN ISOLATION, JUST LIKE A LOAD OF MONKS!
SOME OF US ARE FIGHTERS. SOME OF US ARE SCARED. MOST OF US ARE HERE BECAUSE NO OTHER FUCKER CARED.
NONE OF US ARE WHITE. NONE OF US ARE BLACK. ALL OF US ARE EQUAL WHEN WE TAKE OUR PROPERTY BACK!
NONE OF US ARE STRAIGHT. NONE OF US ARE GAY. ALL OF US ARE EQUAL WHEN WE CHASE THE PIGS AWAY!
LYRIC: ANDY MARTIN ©1984.
MUSIC: ANDY MARTIN ©1984.



EVER FEEL LIKE KILLING YOUR BOSS?



Graphics by Point Blank

The FEEDERZ

Ever feel like killing your boss? By the Feederz. An album designed to change the face of your record collection. On Flaming Banker. "Rejecting all morality and legal restraint, these cynics do not hesitate to commend theft, the destruction of scholarship, the abolition of work, total subversion and an irreversible worldwide proletarian revolution with 'unrestrained pleasure' as its only goal."—Judge Liabador

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Coming soon—Feederz U.S. tour (as soon as we get the damned thing booked).
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