

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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DIE KREUZEN

CHILD ABUSE

REVIEWS

AND

Brazil PUNKS O COMEÇO DO FIM DO MUNDO?



HOLLANDS HARDCORE



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by Dave MDC

M.D.C. got the opportunity to play Europe with the DEAD KENNEDYS this November-December. The Tour started in England where we played 10 gigs and moved on to Belgium, Holland, and West Germany. We were gone 40 days, squatted with punx everywhere from Bristol to Berlin, and lived in hotels 6 nights the whole trip. We wanted to meet some real people, not the snotty money-grabbing types that try to shake you down at the restaurants and in the lobbies of fancy hotels. This way of seeing Europe was more tiring and taxing but we feel much more was gained in our experiences. We also set up a table to sell T-shirts and meet folks, which they appreciated, avoided backstage as much as possible, making ourselves available to represent American hardcore as down to earth and anti-rockstar.

Many of the punx hitch-hiked from gig to gig, rain or shine (and it mostly rained) very inspired by the DK's message. There were 1000 to 1500 people at every gig, often many more outside too late or too broke. People wanted to talk and hear what was going on in America. There seems to be a great information gap and we tried to be informative, telling people about the zines, hip radio, straight edge, independent labels, and let them know there was dust flying in the States (and we're not all like the Waltons or Three's Company). I was soon to learn that though they had trade papers like Sounds and N.M.E., had very few organized zines on the level of Maximum RNR, Flipside, or Forced Exposure. I also learned that their BBC radio was almost completely without punk or hardcore and BBC television, which is limited to 3 channels, is dull and uninformative. The state controls it, and if they decide that no one needs to hear about the rioting in Leeds, no one hears.

Where recession in America is turning into depression, in England it seems steady depression has been the lifestyle since WWII. Many I met were on the dole

and many more were waiting to get on the roles. It comes out to about \$40 a week.

Concerning politics, everyone distrusts the American and Russian cold war. They have seen their country bombed and don't want to see it happen again. Their Margaret Thatcher sits up there like Reagan, hated by the poor, labor, and punx. Just when it seemed she would get the boot, the Argentine crisis came along and national pride rallied to the war cries, ("Mother of 1000 Dead" CRASS), a trick that our own Prez. might decide worthwhile if his popularity should fall as low.

Where London's got "flash", the rest of the country is very laid back. Pubs close at 11:30 pm and shows of all types are expensive. Many people told me it was too boring and they want to come to America. The food seemed not to be so good (a lot of french fries). Glue sniffing is popular and I saw it often at the gigs. Many get along by squatting: craftily breaking into an abandoned building and hooking on the lights and water and staying as long as possible, in some cases years. There were

three types of skinheads: 1. some fascist National Front-British Movement types, very stupid, very violent 2. some Oi skinheads getting down with the music sometimes with the #1 types and 3. just people like the RED SKINS not prone to aggression at all, just skinheads.

In England, the police do not carry guns and likewise their homicide rate is 1000 times less. Yet everyone knows the guns are not far away. CRASS live on a farm outside London and we visited with them, talked about our sense of purpose. They are probably the most popular of all the bands in England but they are more than a band. They are a political organization, dedicated to informing people. While we were there, they took over an abandoned club, opened it up and had a gig with 20 groups (check Bullshit Detector). They are good people and live their message. I very much like and respect CRASS.

Our gigs were mostly tense situations. Fights in the crowd occurred often and could easily turn into fights on stage. Though we played mostly college halls, it was largely a young non-college oriented crowd (punx).

ENGLAND CITY BY CITY

Liverpool - on the northwest coast, the Mersey-side, BEATLE accents and the home town of MAYHEM. A lot of spitting to go with heavy rains. Many people knew of American bands and followed our scenes as much as possible. Sheffield - old steel town, MAU MAU turf, in politically aware South Yorkshire county. People were enthusiastic and good tempered. Skins were on hand having a good time. No fights but a wild time. Big Nuclear Disarmament Movement here. Sheffield is working class cool.

Leeds - The Far North. Big show with packed house. National Front (N.F.) there but not on the warpath. People stage diving, chanting our name and in hysteria. Someone told me things are real slow in Leeds, so when it's happening everyone goes for it. Everybody went and it was great! My favorite show!

Leicester - the gig I got my head split open at. Many skins, and supposedly EXPLOITED's Wattie, causing trouble. "American bastards" was the battle cry of about 20 violent ones, but it only takes a few to ruin a night. A few skins started fighting with random people, and I called them "chicken shits" and "bullies" that should split. One jumped on stage, acted like we were pals, then grabbed me into the crowd which was mostly N.F., who proceeded to kick me on the ground and split my head open. I got back on stage and finished the set bleeding. I was a bit dizzy, yet it was more blood than pain, and the people respected us for standing up to the brutes. We got very strong applause and encores. The bullies won the battle but lost the war.

Bath - the town of ancient Roman baths that still exist. At the top of the SW peninsula. Another big gig- people came

Richard of the AMEBIX

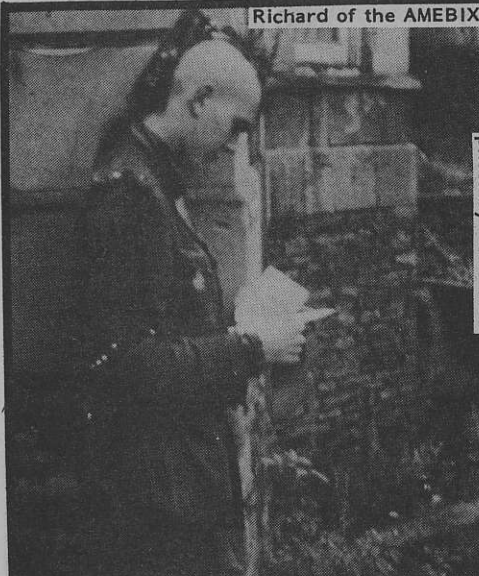


photo by Dave MDC

from Wales and Devon. Almost no N.F. A very mellow, average gig. People clap and hop, but not on the edge of hysteria. We got to see DISORDER and they are great. We squatted with them and their brother band the AMEBIX, in a tiny squat with no heat or electricity. Very spartan lifestyles for these folks. No cars, fancy stereos, or rich lifestyles here. Just on-the-edge living and dedication to their group. Real class people; real punks!

Brighton - on the southern coast facing France. A beach resort with a 17th century mosque brought by an Earl sitting just off the beach as a pavillion. Here that southern English laid-backness. I encountered in Bath was present, with a highly aggressive National Front contingent. Right from the start a few skinheads 'seig heiled' us, cursed us and threatened us. I challenged them to think about what they were doing, but they ignored us and decided to go for the big apples, the DK's. Biafra had to deal with this ugly lot. No stage diving, no fun, just a very tense stand-off, and as you'd imagine, a very pointed "Nazi Punks Fuck Off". It's sad to see a dozen or so bullies so fully take over and intimidate a gig-everyone afraid to stand up to them. Organized, political, and violent. As one punk said to me "most skins in Britain realized they were being used by the N.F., but not here. It's still peaking."

Norwich - on the NE side of England, just off the North Sea. This area reminds me of the area around Boston. The names match-Suffolk, Norfolk, Ipswich, Cambridge, Yarmouth-and the tiny stone roads are similar to Beacon St. or Marblehead. People here kind of laid-back, standing back, taking in what they were seeing. The gig started about 8 PM, which is early, so maybe that slowed everyone down. Here it seemed, no one had heard of MDC, or much about the U.S. scene period; but I'm still glad we made it. This is also the home of **SERIOUS DRINKING**, a non-political group of good outgoing people who took care of us.

London - Great Britain's most bustling city; many little communities make up this grand city. No highways shooting through itself, so you must travel neighborhood to neighborhood to cross it. London is home to the famous Tower Castle (where Henry VIII beheaded his wives), and Parliament with Big Ben on the Thames right next to Buckingham Palace and Picadilly Square and Soho (equivalent of our Times Square and Broadway). It's like London is England's one great city; all the lights and sparks and most of her national treasures sit there. But the neighborhoods around London tell another story. There are many poor and lower-class ghetto areas where

marginal living takes place. One such neighborhood, Brixton, symbolizes alot of the poor peoples struggles and problems. Vast unemployment (30 to 80%, depending on your age bracket and color), in a section split by "the front line" dividing poor white and poor black (with many white punks dotting the black side). Racial tensions have been very high in recent years, climaxing in the famous riots of the summer of '81, when whites, blacks, skins, and punks took to the streets for a free-for-all, at first against each other, and then against the police who have a long record of harassment against all the people of Brixton.

The white side of the neighborhood serves as a stronghold to the N.F., whose favorite "sport" is Paki-bashing (the violent harassment of all people they see different from themselves). They are racist, nationalistic, and heavily tied to British Nazi parties. Skinheads run the turf, and if you don't fit in, you should not be caught there.

The black side is poorer, more tattered, looking like Dresden after the war. There are blacks from the West Indies and Africa, Pakistanis, Indians, and Arabs with a sprinkling of white punks and radicals who have thrown their lot in with Brixton. With the economic hard times, it is a kettle ready to explode. Furthermore, with Thatcher at the helm ignoring the poor of any color, compounded by a sensationalistic press that would rather inflame and create bad news than lead the British people to true insights and substantial answers, it makes for a hopeless atmosphere where violence reigns (No future for you).

The gigs in London went well. We had done a 'no nukes' benefit the day after we had arrived so the London folks had a feel for us already. London seemed a mixture of all the other gigs; many enthusiastic people, yet many voyeurs. A few fights but nothing too ugly. People here had the best knowledge of what was happening in the states. I saw a few BLACK FLAG symbols on peoples jackets and people asked me when MINOR THREAT and SSDECONTROL were gonna come. I even saw a Thrasher skate board contingent hanging out with JFA homemade t-shirts. **Southampton** - on the southern coast just west of Brighton. Our last gig on British soil. Approaching the venue it seemed to be more of a middle class community. There were probably the most college-types I had seen all tour in one crowd. People were having a good time, yet not a great amount of hysteria was going down. The South, I must say, was alot slower than in the North. My favorite gigs were Leeds, Sheffield, and Liverpool, in that order. It seemed to matter least to these people who you were or what you were doing there, and most that you were hot and it's here and now, so let's go for it.

I would recommend to any group or individual to travel to England and meet the people. They are okay, a bit ethno-centric, but they get past it as soon as they get to know you a bit (which can be just a matter of hours). Just watch that you don't fall into the "ugly American" role.



ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER-



By the way, one facet of the English scene I totally enjoyed was, during a few of the shows, poetry in the form of 'oracles' would be performed from the stage between bands. The thick accents can throw you off, and the speed of what's being said can lose you, but when you can put it all together it's great. I listened to, and got to meet one such performer, Attila The Stockbroker, who has 2 cuts on the Oi Oi compilation, as well as his own Ep. He pulls off a sort of folk punk, containing very up-to-date political radicalism. Some is satire, like "The Russians Are Running The D.H.S.S." (Dept. of Health and Social Services), which is something an upper crust politician would say about the dole or public health care, similar to a millionaire Senator so smartly saying "when is a free lunch ever free", in regard to feeding lower income children at schools. This poem appears on A History Of Burning Ambitions LP. A dryer piece is "Cocktails", which is comparable to the FREEZE's "Idiots At Happy Hour". I highly recommend checking him out.

On To Europe

Belgium and Holland. Three great gigs in the Lowland countries. The crowds were large, and particularly enthusiastic and friendly. People would come up to me and ask if I was "Yellow Biafra". Usually I shook my head no and sent them in the right direction, but a few times I lied and said yes. They all remembered me from the TV or picture in magazines. At one point, Alshvitz signed autographs "A close friend of Jello Biafra".

It was a good feeling for us, in our own right, bumping into people who had travelled from Paris and Amsterdam with our name stenciled on the backs of their jackets. One such person was Hank of No Future record store in Amsterdam. It's the coolest shop we found in Europe, and run very much on the level of say Government Records in S.F., or Dave's Rat Cage in N.Y. Very personable folks, very in touch. Another cool thing was meeting young people who stuck with us, acted as our guides and interpreters. They were like instant best friends. We would have felt alot less comfortable if it hadn't been for these folks.

Amsterdam was similar to Brussels, but even more active. At the **Paradiso**, a famous old club, people seemed real in-tune with the show, chanting song titles of both groups.. There was this one guy swinging a chain around his head, looking to hurt people in the name of being gnarly. It was during our set that I told him to put it away. He cursed me, but complied. A lot of action on the floor, intensified pogoing, but no injuries. Right on, Amsterdam!!

We played Arnam (A Bridge Too Far). It's 60 miles from A'dam, and Hank had set up the show with **JESUS AND THE GOSPELFUCKERS** (A'dam) and **OHL** (Germany). It was a "Rock Against

The "System" gig, with movies and information by local Disarmament groups. Seventeen of us piled into a mini-van for the 90 minute drive. After stopping for beer, our loud raucous crowd headed off, "Six Pack" blaring out of the blaster. Bottles were being chucked out the windows, and sure enough, the police pulled us off the road and down to headquarters. The GOSPELFUCKERS, in true punk spirit, had to show MILLIONS OF DEAD COPS they were not afraid of a dozen live Dutch ones. They jeered and laughed at the police, till they ordered us out of the vehicle. They searched the van, and found weapons and drugs. I thought we had had it for sure, but after holding



RRR.4

us for a long while, they let us all go with a ticket! We got to the gig just in time, which went well. Not as large as the others, but just as spirited. JESUS AND CO. were excellent, a combination of DISCHARGE sound and BAD POSTURE disposition. Really worth getting their cassette. Try NO Future records, Huidenstr 13 b, a'dam.



Germany- five dates in Deutschland. This was probably the wealthiest country of our visit. People live in alot of modern housing, and less people we met were on the dole. Though being more prosperous, Germany suffers the most from the Cold War. It's a country cut in half by the West and East, NATO vs the Warsaw Pact. Borders of these countries are heavily fortified, and thanks to Reagan and Andropov, nuclear weapons and fortifications dot the countryside. Uniforms of all colors and descriptions can be found, and a particular dislike for American servicemen exists in West Germany. The Red Army Faction has come in the place of Baader-Meinhof as far as revolutionary groups go. This has led the way for an aggressive secret police, that I am told contains fascist elements. In Hamburg, plain clothed police combined with fascists to attack squatters. This has led to a build-up of squatters' forces in West Berlin, the most radical of German cities.

We were very lucky to meet, play with, and travel with Louie, of the group NAPALM. He put us up and made us feel at home in a land of thick accents and chilly personalities. He took us to our gigs in Rechlinghausen, Hanover, Munich, and

NAPALM



Berlin. Without him, Germany would have been a far stranger place. Hamburg-north by the sea, home of NAPALM. We played a school auditorium. At the gig, there were 50 police out and about, prepared for a riot. The crowd was hectic, and while the DK's were on stage, some mysterious person set off tear gas, and that was the end of that. Recklinghausen-a little less rowdy, but doors and walls were kicked in, as damage ran in the thousands. Hanover-worse than the first 2 nights. Rioting outside and inside. Skinhead Germans, but British Movement(fascist) t-shirts, green army jackets, black boots with red laces and scarves, randoming clobbering people. We(MDC) couldn't even do two songs in a row because of all the bloody fighting. Skinheads were "seig Heiling" me because i had a skinhead, and I felt pretty misunderstood. Biafra told me later that it reminded him of L.A. two years ago-alot of random violence, alot of people getting hurt.

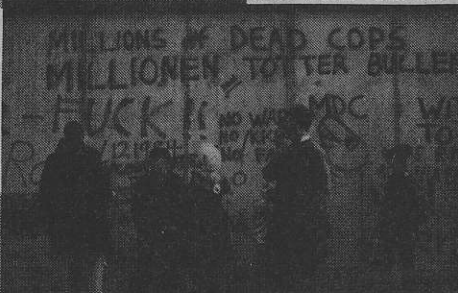
Berlin-our last gig with the DK's. It's a very weird place, surrounded by communist East Germany, and the Russian-styled border guards are very quiet and serious. The venue was the 036 Club in Krugberg, a Turkish neighborhood in the American Sector. The crowd was in a wild mood, yet not nearly as violent as other gigs. Here it appeared that everyone knew a little English, and I met quite a few Americans. The first band was SICK PLEASURE(not pre- CODE OF HONOR with Niki Siki, now of VERBAL ABUSE), who were kinda like the MISFITS in their ghoulish appearance, and sang in German, a kinda ghoulish language. They were nice people backstage, and the crowd reacted well to them. Next, we took the stage. The audience was very judgemental at first, not being sure how to react to our speed style. But by "Dead Cops", which I sang in broken German (Millionen von Toten Bullen), they loosened up. As mentioned before, Berlin is Germany's most radical city. Riots between police and thousands of people are not uncommon. The kids will fight, and often do. The cops generally play defense, unlike our cops who would relish the opportunity to be out there in full regalia if such an event took place. Anyway, alot of support for our last song, "Born To Die", and alot of chanting "No war, no KKK, no fascist USA". A rewarding time for us realizing that our message was penetrating another people and culture.

After the gig, I went outside and got caught up in a street battle between 300 youths and police. The latter slowly backed down the street, and decided to let things cool off, which they did. That night, we stayed at a squat that had been cooperatively run for 10 years. It was a former convent, and sits right on the

Berlin Wall. You can see the East German guard tower eye level from the third floor. The West's side of the Wall is covered with graffiti. "Send it to L.A. with love", obviously parodying the James Bond movie attitude, was my favorite. We added "No one rules", and the names of our favorite American bands.

Another note; Berlin's scene is not factionalized into hardcore vs. punk vs. skin vs. new wave, as it is in large American cities. Everyone understands the dire political realities. Berlin lives like a worm on the Cold War hook. Everyone lives for the moment; clubs stay open until sunrise, getting in every last ounce of pleasure. No one knows till they get out on the street if they will now be part of the Communist Bloc. Johnny Rotten's words "No future for you" take on an even more ominous meaning for the youth of Berlin.

MDC visits "the wall"



P.S. MDC wishes to thank Jello, Darren, Klaus, and East Bay Ray of the DK's and Bill Gilliam of Alternative Tentacles for all the help they offer to up-and-coming bands.

P.P.S. Thanks to Ruth and Ann at Rough Trade for their special efforts for us!!!

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