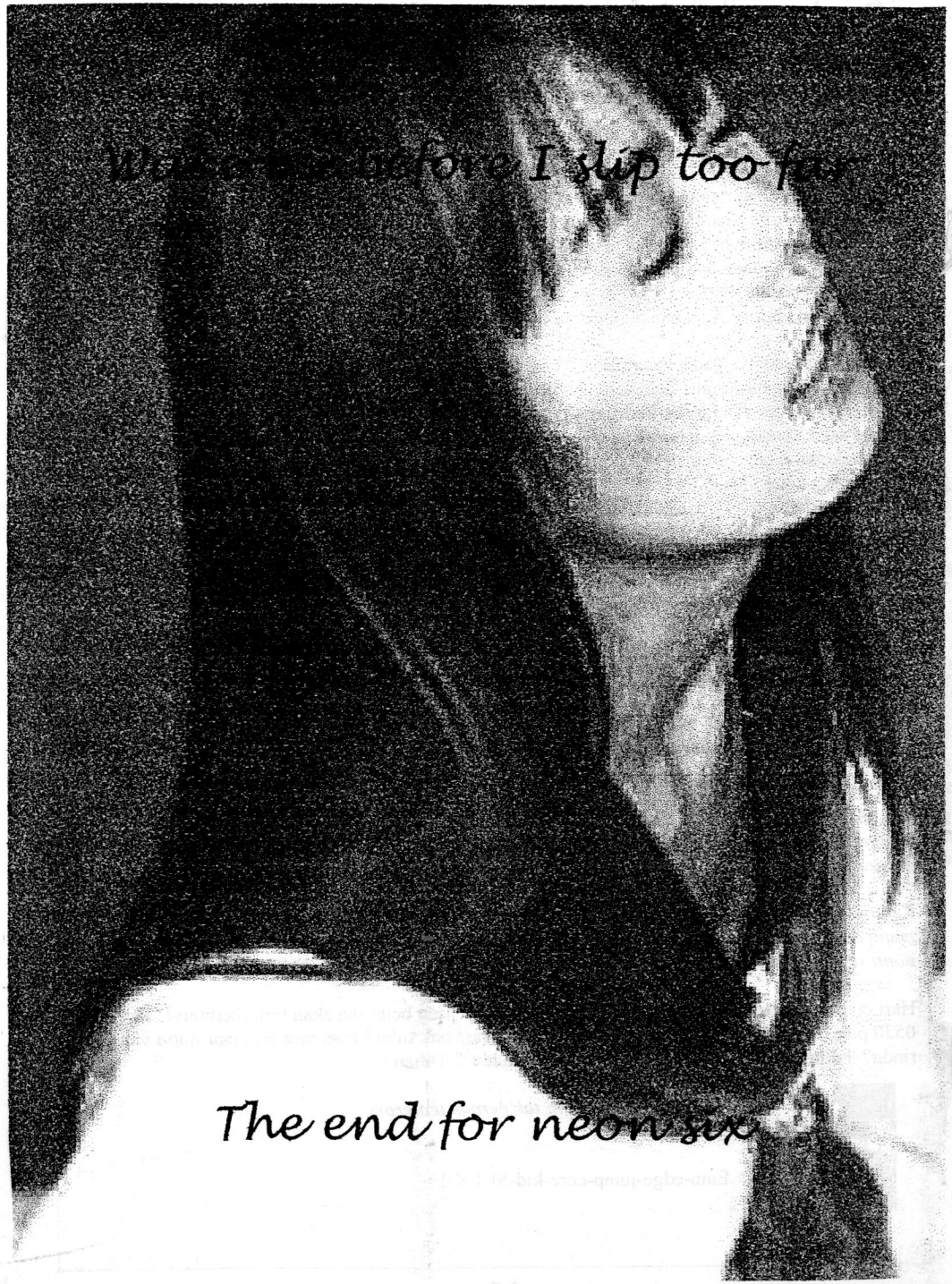


Neon #6



and **LOOK WHO'S TALKING** now

My Life Is A Bus Ride (The Editorial)



Hoorays to another hard work come true for Neon zine and all cheers to another victorious in Rostam imperialism hehe☺ Apex had entrusted and 'hired' me to be the second editor and all due respect I've much right and share on the making of this zine hehe☺ (rileks la Apex.). Huh, if there a such thing as the 'most diligent and never got things done' award in this so-called HC/punk scene, I would probably be the most eligible nominee. I'm still doing my Grounders zine and my project zine, Dogged plus my paper distro Cantankerous and my doG-knows-when-will-be-out project comic, Subsist. And now I got my hand completely full by being the co-editor of this fanzine. But I don't mind because I love doing it. It was an honour to help. Nothing ever pleased me more than to work all my butt off and drain all my juices on HC/punk. Ever since I'm out of school I had lotsa lotsa free times beside I refused myself to work. I was promptly told by the chief editor on what kind of 'concept' or priority undertaken by this zine. Even thought I have no clue on what Apex is saying but I can understand that this zine wants people to be happy or 'riang' when reading it. Meaning we given priority to 'light reading' material and try our best not to put so much of those 'controversial' and sensitive topics that may surely piss somebody off but still serve you with some information and lessons thus keeping your brain working and absolutely no racist, sexist, homophobic or religious elements. I respect Apex's idea of this zine so I'll try my best to change my writing characteristic as not to be too 'radical' and sarcastic. So don't worry, I'll be 'cute'☺.

You won't find that cheeky rude kid behind Grounders zine in this zine, you won't encounter that 'slap-in-the-jaws' editor like in Dogged zine within this zine. I think I can promise you that. Now, although the 'concept' of this zine is based on 'light reading' and 'not-so-tough-provoking' kind of writings but this zine wasn't like those typical personal writings type of zine (although in some point, it was). We still touch about the scene and the ethics plus we add some wacky fun stories that we sure will not make you sleepy. Like in some way, most 'tough provoking' and radical political zine will hurt somebody and tend to push someone over the edge but we're too chicken to do that (okay Apex, maybe just me..). We more of a 'taking a more friendly approach' in dealing with bringing someone consciousness, like we said earlier, we wants everyone to be 'happy'. If anyone who want to label this fanzine as 'emo', I can understand but honestly I hate the idea of emo zine is easily 'loved' rather than any political/provoking zine. If you like our zine because it's 'emo', I might just well seriously say fuck you (!). As far as I'm concern, this 'scene' has already had too much 'emo act' zine. I frankly think 'over-exaggerating-expressionism-emo-ness' in HC/punk simply brings the movement nowhere. Nevertheless, I admit there's some 'emo' writing in this zine. But most 'emo' writings in some zine usually makes you feel frustrated, hopeless, lonesome while the frustrated, hopeless, lonesome writers tries to 'let it all out' but what we're trying to do is to make you feel good about something, having nice thought, happy ending, happy tears, put a smile on your face (er..ye ke Apex?). Oh well, sort of…kind of…maybe...☹ But we do try, honest sir.. So, till then, have a good time reading. Wait, let me rephrase that, have a HAPPY reading, and ENJOY yourself. ⇨ Second in-command: Rostam The Behaved.

in this **SPEAK FOR YOURSELF** world

Don't walk into danger

Cintaku-hanyut-di-Sungai-Lepih
(Satu kronologi dari episod kenangan lalu Bahagian 1)

Mak dah tidur, abah dah tidur, adik-adik semua dah tidur, jiran kat belakang rumah pun dah tidur. Ayam katek *betina* jiran belakang rumah dah mula mengongkok. Kokokan ayam tue maknanya hari dah nak pagi. Ahhhhh…aku rasa aku jee yang tak tidur lagi kat area kampung aku ni. Aku harap muzik yang aku mainkan pagi ini tak ganggu mimpi mereka. Bukan apa aku manusia baik dan aku akan rasa bersalah jika aku buat silap. Tapi tidak kah mereka sedar akan suara-suara sumbang mereka di pagi hari yang menganggu akan tidurku ini? Mereka tidak pernah rasa bersalahkah?

Siapa? Siapa agaknya gadis yang bakal muncul dalam mimpiku nanti? Gadis-berlesung-pipit kah? Atau gadis-bermata-jernih? Semalam dan hari-hari selepas semalam, hadir seorang gadis-berlesung-pipit dalam realiti hidup ini tapi sejak semalam dan hari-hari selepas semalam kerisauan dan ketakutan menjadi teman hidup ini. Palat sangatkah kehidupan ini sehingga ketakutan dan kerisauan menjadi teman hidup? Entah, aku pun tak tahu.



Sudahlah, buat benda nak di fikirkan lagi tentang kisah semalam. Semalam, semalam lah. Hari ini, hari nie, esok esoklah. Kenapa harus takut untuk hari ini dan esok sedangkan benda itu berlaku semalam? Kerana semalam kita takut pada hari ini dan esok?? Lupakan lah, kalau orang dah tak nak apa kita boleh buat ye tak? Hadapi lah kehidupan ini dengan profesional…kononnya…

Nak dicampak kemana akan kisah semalam, yee? Kenangan lalu bukan sampah untuk di buang. Kenangan lalu ada nilai. Dalam kenangan tue ada cerita, ada watak, ada episod dan ia sudah tentu seronok untuk di fikirkan dan sekurang-kurangnya time bosan-bosan kita boleh dok teringat dan ketawa sorang-sorang, betul tak?? Emm…*ye kot.*

Hari semalam dan hari-hari sebelum semalam, sungai Lepih tetap macam dulu Cuma rumah rakit dah tak banyak kat sini. Tak ada apa yang menarik. Dengan berat hatinya aku melemparkan kenangan cintaku ke dalam sungai lepih ini. Biarkan, biarkan ia hanyut berlayar melalui sungai pahang dan seterusnya ke laut cina selatan. Gembiranya rasa hati….

Kenapa kamu campakkan IA ke dalam sungai? Bagaimana kalau-kalau IA terdampar di mana-mana dan satu hari nanti kamu menemuinya kembali? Tidak kah kamu takut? Tidak kah kamu takut nanti segala kepalatan yang pernah kamu alami itu menimpa kamu kembali?

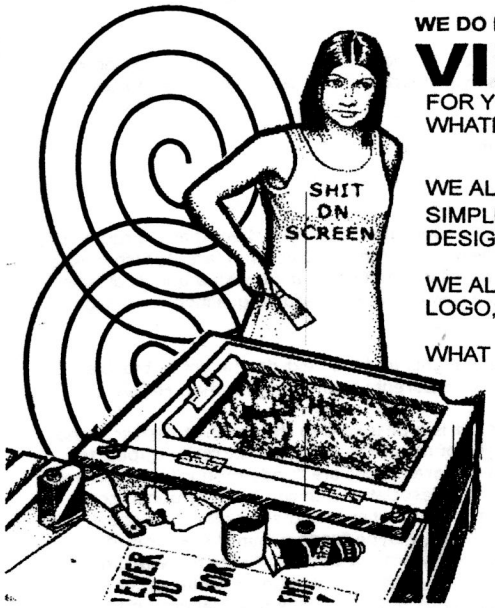
Hari ini dan selepas hari-hari ini, kokokan ayam katek jiran belakang akan terus berbunyi. Jam dah 0530 pagi. Mata dah gantuk tapi kenapa masih tak rasa nak tidur? Jiwa rasa sepi tapi siapa yangku rindu? Fikiran ini keliru tapi kat siapa aku nak gadu?? Tuhan?



Oh Tuhan…. jiwa ini tak pernah tenteram…

Emo-edge-jump-core-kid-SUCK!!

Shit On Screen



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"Ada mata pandang, ada telinga dengar, ada mulut DIAM!!"

WE'RE GOT TO MOVE AND SPEAK

Hello, ini apex. Menulis kembali untuk zine ini sekembalinya dari kehidupan zaman akhir remaja yang begitu mencabar dan menyedihkan. Kita terpaksa berdepan dengan situasi hidup yang begitu atau sangat menekan sehinggakan kita seperti kehilangan arah tujuan. kita ditekan dan di ganyang sehinggakan kita terpaksa tunduk kepada keadaan dan kemahuan dunia ini. Reality hidup memang palat, tak gitu? Bagaimana pun kita masih bertuah kerana kita telah dilatih untuk berdiri dengan betul sebelum kita cuba berlari dengan pantas. Kita memang tak dapat lari dari system dunia yang sungguh kejam ini namun bak kata abang iac mackeye, sekurang-kurangnya kita telah memikirkan tentang hal itu.

Sebenarnya kesedihan itu tiada gunanya kerana ia tidak memberi sebarang keuntungan malah ia tidak dapat mengubah apa-apa. Kesedihan hanya menjemput sifat belas kasihan dari orang lain. namun apa lah gunanya belas kasihan itu sekiranya ia tidak disusuli dengan keberanian untuk menolong individu yang mengalaminya. dalam dunia yang terdiri dari umat yang beragama ataupun yang tak mempunyai apa-apa pegangan ini, mereka malu bila orang lain mengata mereka. Meraka mahu melakukan kebajikan namun mereka tidak mempuyai kekuatan. Mereka akan bergerak apabila orang lain mula bergerak. Kalau kita ada pegangan kenapa kita harus malu bila ada orang mengata?

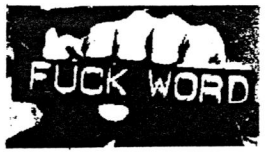
Sebenarnya kawan-kawanku, hidup kat sini(kuala lipis) memang best tapi keindahan dan keseronokan tak dapat aku dikongsi bersama dengan rakan-rakan yang lain. Ramai dari mereka telah berhijrah ke bandar-bandar besar/kecik sekitar negara Malaysia untuk belajar dan bekerja. So, aku kat sini boring gila rasa macam nak mati jee namun bila memikirkan bahawa banyak lagi tempat-tempat menarik dalam dunia nie yang belum pernah aku lawati seperti negara India,tembok besar china, gurun sahara, kepulauan Solomon, gunung tahan, taman rimba/negara, pulau kapas dan lain-lain lagi tempat yang menarik dan cantik, aku ambik keputusan untuk tidak mengharapkan kematian. Hidup ini best sebenarnya dan ia satu yang cukup indah apatah lagi bila anda hidup keseorangan. Loneliness is beautiful, ye dok? ☺
So, bila nak berjalan kena pakai duit dan satu jalan yang terbaik untuk dapat duit ialah kerja. Lain lee kalau aku menang peraduan teka silang kata atau kuiz sensasi roda impian. Tak payah lee nak di fikirkan tentang soal kerjaYA aku.

Untuk isu kali ini aku di bantu oleh saudara rostam. Dia merupakan seorang editor kepada zine yang namanya grounders. Terima kasih aku ucapkan kepada rostam kerana banyak menolong dalam proses pembikinan zine ini. Kita harus tahu bahawa sebagai seorang editor zine kita tidak akan sempurna dalam segala hal tetapi kita sebenarnya cuba berusaha berubah kearah ini. Apa yang kami fikirkan, itu yang telah kami hasilkan. Semoga anda gembira setelah membaca zine ini. Sekian, terima kasih.



NGAKBISA!!

Love and hate



Fuck racism, fuck sexism, fuck nationalism, fuck patriotism, fuck homophobic, fuck capitalism, fuck major label, fuck scr, fuck victory, fuck Microsoft, fuck shell, fuck globalizes, fuck McDonald, fuck Nike, fuck the rock (the people champ), fuck earth mankind, fuck WWF, fuck RTM, fuck TV3, fuck UMNO, fuck KEADILAN, fuck stepping stone, fuck Clinton, fuck Saddam, fuck America, fuck Balakong, fuck Kuala Lipis hardcore, fuck ikan patin, fuck championship manager 2000, fuck FIFA 2000, fuck Sony play station, fuck computer, fuck mangga, fuck URTV, fuck utusan Malaysia, fuck neon, fuck maximum think, fuck grounders, fuck the factory effex, fuck minor threat, fuck rage against the machine, fuck earth crisis, fuck school, fuck work, fuck love, fuck you loser, fuck romantic dreamer, fuck the Cure, fuck the Smiths, fuck UPM, fuck UPSR, fuck PMR, fuck SPM, fuck kamus dwibahasa Oxford fajar, fuck hotmail, fuck yahoo, fuck Futurama, fuck john woo, fuck apai2, fuck permai FC, fuck soccer, fuck sexmelayu.com, fuck pondokputridotcom, fuck vaskular@hotmail.com, fuck WCL 964, fuck awek-bertudung-berlesung-pipit-bermata-jernih-pilihan-hati, fuck you yan, fuck telekom, fuck tmnet, fuck #malscene, fuck #youthkrew, fuck nubita, fuck me and fuck you too!! Fuck, fuck, and fuck!!! The end

Thank you to Stam Grounders, Alang Arghh, Izzy Revolted, Kecik Krasty and Volition,, Nikmatku sayang from Temerluh, Zeba Maxthink, Kid & Fast Game, Edi Telo, Edi Kelang, Rashidin, Weng , Bill Gates and Microsoft word, , Atuk & Silent Majority, Abira& Standstill, 2ND Combat and all of you. Thank you very much!! Any questions, comments, and fuck-you's go to: -

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27100 Padang Tengku,
Kuala Lipis, Pahang,
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Print run of this issue:100 copy only and more depend on readers demand.
Price: RM2 or trade.
All artwork taken from Hardcore Is A Feeling #1

WHEN THEY SAY EVERYBODY IS A CREDIT, THEY MEANT EVERYBODY SUCKS!!!

and corporations and businessmen trying to manipulate these kids into buying their "underground" products such as a concert at a certain national-pride stadium). I had told everybody earlier that I didn't want any "free advertising" on the stall (this dog-eat-dog world is marvelous, ain't it? Everybody's doing something for money), so I had peeled off everything from the dilapidating stall, a Nike ad, a Mild Seven ad, and even the Burger Ramly sticker that I got for free after dealing with their stuffs.

And one morning there it was, on my burger stall. It ended up in the black plastic, along with carcasses of onions, cucumber and serviettes with splattered chili sauce and mayonnaise. Home sweet home. Case closed.

But the week that followed some kids asked me-

"You didn't go to see your friends play at Bukit Jalil?"

This was probably his chat up line to make friends with me, and I told them that I'd rather sit at home watching the fireflies circling my potbelly, or watch XPDC at a fun fare. Which makes no fucking difference at all. It was like being asked if I'm going to a gig with a bunch of Hitler-sympathizers lined up to play. I don't have to answer. You ask a stupid question, you might end up getting a stupid answer.

My long-haired cousin drove to the stadium that night, and the next day he got in trouble with his parents. And the beauty of all that was his parents blamed me for that. Haha.

Everybody's using the word "underground" as if it is a password to the youths to enter. Bands claim to be "underground" just because the type of music they play do not really appeal to the masses, in that case you might say that dikir barat bands are "underground". Who knows, they might be. Some bands don't even want to be associated with the "underground" scene and claim that they're "not underground" anymore, but whenever they're playing a show, it is billed as an "underground" show. I don't really get it. Maybe "underground" is a type of music. That hard noisy stuffs with musicians in beat worn out clothes. To me the word now doesn't mean anything except a word that everybody uses as a symbol of coolness, or something. "Underground" is so cool that these bands appear in daily newspapers and entertainment magazines talking about their next albums; and appearing on TV's coolest entertainment programs. Maybe that's underground. I don't really know anymore, and I think I don't have time to care.

Ah, fuck all that, I'm gonna stick to my DIY punk. That's the real grassroot underground and it is utopia. I don't want to be popular. I don't want my photo on some kampung burger stall. Character suicide isn't exactly my idea of fun. Take care. Cheers and have fun while smashing the system.

*Notes From The Underground is the title of a book written by Russia's greatest writer Fyodor Dostoevsky in 1864. In the self-lacerating monologue of the nameless narrator of "Notes..", a rebel against the materialism and conformity of society, Dostoevsky presented, for the first time in the history of modern literature, the alienated antihero.

Correspondence: Mike, 182A Jalan Dato' Panglima Perang, 71150 Linggi, Negeri Sembilan.

smikex@hotmail.com

(send me everything you have, especially free newsletter or flyers)

How Can I Thank You?

Supporting and voting the opposition is regarded as "heresy" by them. Sad, but it is true. What a wonderful thing this thing called "democracy". The ancient Greeks came up with it, and we, altered and created our own version of it.

Strangely, I met a lot of "heretics". They were either mad at everything, or just frustrated over something the Menteri Besar had promised them but were never fulfilled. That's actually a good reason to vote for the opposition, isn't it?

Like this old Chinese man I had a talk with at the Alternative Front's HQ.

"Who do you vote for?" he asked me, as I sipped my coffee in the restaurant next to the HQ.
"I'm not a voter" I told him, "I didn't register".

"I'm voting for PAS" he said, proudly.

"Why?" I asked, curious.

"Because this dacing is corrupted" he said. Lancau yamahai cibai and everything. He babbled on and on about corruption, sex scandals, bribery, dictatorship, empty promises, etc. I listened to his every words with full attention and amusement. And PAS, on the other hand, was a "religious" political party and that they were sincere and honest and their leaders don't have sex scandals in their folds. So he said. The candidates were the Negeri Sembilan MB on one side, and a religious rich businessman with a PhD on the other. Both ride around in cars that were manufactured by Nazis.

It looked like there was going to be a bumpy ride for the incumbent. I was awestricken by the sight of Chinese teenage boys and girls waving the PAS/KeADILan/DAP flag all over the kampung, and a huge number of young professionals, rich middle-class businessmen, Batik-clad proletariats and goateed college-type youths (and of course lovely girls in pink sweaters) lingering around in the opposition's side. All my childhood friends put up posters for the Barisan Nasional, and when I asked them about it they said "we're doing this for money, the opposition's poor". And yes, the BN has a lot of money. I got really drunk from their money.

I had never seen all this happening before all my life. Maybe it's time for a serious social upheaval. Revolution. But, heck, I was only there to hit on those college girls. And that was a failure.

And the opposition lost anyway. So what else is new?

Later I found out about that Chinese old man. He used to own and run a shop and after the whole town was burnt to ashes in the great fire of 1986, he was not granted a new shop lot. Figures.

Maybe I should start up my own political party after all. "The Idiots Front", and adhere to the hearts of the frustrated legions of aging ex-punk rockers, or these cornucopias of confused "underground" kampung kids.

PART TWO: UNDERGROUND OR UNDERWEAR?

Some kids had mistakenly put up a big concert poster on my burger stall. When I got there one morning I was shunned. A HUGE CONCERT at the Bukit Jalil Stadium (which I had sworn that I would never step into again, after a serious tripping accident I had there watching the Malaysia Cup Final of 1998 or 99, I couldn't remember!), there were like heaps of this "underground" bands playing. I looked at it and I instantly took it down. I didn't want to be misquoted as saying that "THIS CONCERT ROCKS!", and just because I have that "typical" underground look (i.e. ugly, messy and smelly) I am not sure if I want to be a part of something that big, and so "popular". I have no problem with bands wanting to be rock stars or to be famous and huge, but I don't want their photos on my burger stall. I mean, this is the place for me to get extra bucks to get drunk on the weekends in order for me to fight the flailing (solar) SYSTEM (in which there is an orbit called "Mainstream major label rock bands



A right to love by Stam

Between Man and Women

Any man has the right to choose and love any woman he like and so does the woman. If one of them does not accept each other, the partnership should not go further as it inviolate the right of one of them. But it won't change the right to love anyone. It just the matter of question weather if the one loved will love back as it is they right too, to love anyone they want.

Between Gays/Man

A gay has the right to love any gay or man he want but he never has the right forcing the one loved to love him back as it's they right too to love anyone they want. Sexual harassment is very injustice.

Between Lesbians/Women

A lesbian has the right to love any other lesbian or women she want but she also has no right to force the loved one to love her back as they also have the right to love anyone they want. It is also very wrong to force someone to change they sexuality preference to love.

Between Man and Girl

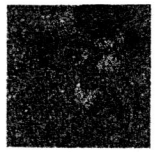
A man has the right to love anyone they want including a young girl so does the girl has the right to love any man older than her. But love cannot be forced upon and any major decision which involve future settlement of both side in couple should be obtain with moral, situation, condition, impact, effect judgment and agreement first. Any form of unsatisfaction without one's will is in fact a violation and ignorance of right.

Between Woman and Boy

A woman has the right to love any boy she wants and the boy also has the right to love any woman older that him and also to refuse. It is believe that the refusing to love a younger couple based on the reason of age is ageism and a form of discrimination and kids right ignorance. But as usual if any major decision both must agree which involve future settlement between both woman and boy. Common sense must be applied as the impact from society may occur and unnecessary sacrifice without willingness is injustice.

Between Boy and Girl

A boy and girl have the right to love each other. Age is not the question. The question is if both side like and willing to take care of each other. Future settlement is possible in time to come. Any other reason to refuse the right of boy and girl to love any boy and girl they want is ageism and stupid in idea.



Adaptation and compiled by: Stam himself (I know, I even impressed myself ☺!!) **this article taken from Grounders zine. Thank you Stam-ed*

Don't tell me about the answer

Don't tell me about the answer



Kupu-kupu ini beracun? Roberto merasa sungguh hairan dan ini meyebabkan fikirannya dan emosinya cukup terganggu. Lalu dia pergi mendapatkan jawapan dari rakan serumahnya yang berkerja sebagai seorang doktor. " Ya Roberto, kupu2 ini memang beracun. Ia ada dalam jurnal perubatan di rak buku saya itu. Kalau kamu nak tahu lebih lanjut kamu pergi lah mencarinya." Jawap Axazli. "Terima kasih axazli" lantas dia pergi ke rak buku dan terus mencari jurnal perubatan yang di maksudkan. "Axazli, mana jurnal perubatan itu?"

"Roberto, Axazli baru sahaja keluar"jerit Harison dari luar. Roberto merasa sangat kecewa lalu mendapatkan Harison. "Harison, benarkah kupu2 yang aku pegang ini beracun?" "Emmm...kalau ia beracun sudah tentu kamu akan mati bila memegangnya" jawap Harison. " Ye tak ye jugak, benar juga cakap kamu tue. Kamu sungguh bijak Harison." "Terima kasih, Roberto, aku hendak keluar kau ingin memesan apa²?" "Terima kasih sahaja Harison. Kamu sudah banyak membantu aku. Nah, ambik 100 dolar ini sebagai ganjaran pertolongan kamu ini." lalu harison mengambil duit itu.

Roberto mengambil balang lalu meletakkan kupu-kupu itu didalam balang tersebut. Sambil merenung kupu-kupu itu roberto berfikir betapa bagusnya sekiranya dia membuat perniagaan besar-besaran dan membuka Taman kupu-kupu. Sedang Roberto merangka rancangannya, seorang rakannya lagi yang bernama Carrie menegurnya. "Roberto, mengapa kamu simpan kupu-kupu beracun didalam balang biskut itu? Tidakkah kamu takut akan kesan racunnya?" " Carrie, mana kamu tahu kupu-kupu ini beracun?" "Oh sayangku Roberto, semua orang tahu bahawa kupu-kupu jenis ini meracun." Jawap Carrie dan lantas masuk kebiliknya.

Sekali lagi dalam hidupnya, Roberto merasa cukup kecewa, sayang sekali kupu-kupu yang cantik ini beracun. Hatinya benar-benar terluka apabila mendapat tahu bahawa kupu-kupu ini beracun. Tiba² terdengar satu suara dari langit, " Roberto, kupu-kupu ini memang beracun." Roberto sangat terkejut lalu dia ke kebiliknya dan terus tidur. ***The end***

Jika anda berada di dalam situasi yang megelirukan, pejamkan mata dan anda akan mendapat jawapannya esok. ☺

"27" I told him, and then he made nasty remarks about me. He thought that I was a loser. "My sons are about your age, and they work at some offices in the capitol town and they have two children each" he proudly said. "You should get a job and get married and have kids, you'll be safe in this world and the next" he added. Blah blah blah.

I didn't want to be rude, so I just nodded to every single remarks he was spitting at me. I regretted offering him my cigarettes. I should've just shut the hell up and wait for the rain to stop.

And when the rain stopped I just left him there. I was a fucked up useless loser basketcase fucking screwed up asshole because I didn't have a job in some office and that I was not married and I didn't have a Proton Saga and I went around riding my old kapchai bike in my beat thrift-store clothes and that I flip burgers for a few bucks a day.

A few nights later I hung out with his sons, drinking Stouts and RM5.50 liquor which I forgot its name, at the very same bus stop. After two bottles we were so drunk and began to talk serious lame bullshit. And then these two little kids came up to us.

"ABAH, MAK SURUH BALIK!"

I just couldn't help laughing out loud. I'm not a loser after all.

"CAKAP DENGAN ATUK KAMU, PAKCIK KIRIM SALAM " I said to the kids, laughing away in the darkness of the night. I maybe a loser, but at least I don't have to be in that situation. Godwilling, I won't.

Kampung politics and semantics and other antics. I live in a kampung where the Ketua Kampung is one of the core committee of the Cawangan's UMNO. As the saying goes, he lives his life for UMNO, and will die for UMNO too. Partisan loyalty. So loyal that he made a remark at one meeting –

"IF SOMEBODY'S HOUSE IS FALLING DOWN, AND I KNOW THAT THE OWNER IS FROM THE OPPOSITION PARTY, I WOULD NOT DO ANYTHING TO HELP". I just hope that my house won't fall down as long as he's in charge. Thank God we don't have tsunamis over these shores.

During the last general elections, I hung out at the Alternative Front's HQ because there were lots of lovely college chicks there. I guess that really tarnished my resume, because a few weeks ago I was sitting at this stall having my roti canai and teh tarik when this Dato' came up to me and asked me "I heard you've been gathering the youngsters around, and I sense something fishy going on".

"What?" I said.

"Are you trying to pull them into your party?"

"What party?". The only definition of "party" to me was getting drunk and screwing a pretty girl named Lee-Ann. Just because a few of my old childhood buddies hang out at my house playing computer games or watch pornography or drink beer now and then, he thought that I was trying to convert them into my school of thoughts. Whatever it was.

"Dato', I am NOT in any political parties whatsoever, and the reason these youngsters are with me is because they're my friends and we're in the same soccer team!", I said. "I don't really believe in politics" I added.

"You have to be careful" he said, "Leave the Pemuda UMNO alone".

I did leave them alone. I'm way above all that anyway.

Despite all that, he had been offering me to join UMNO ever since. "You are a Malay, dear Boy, and you should join. It would change your life". I know it will. That's why I don't want to join. What an enormous comedy my life would be. I dread the day when my name is in the UMNO Pemuda list and singing that party song.

Let alone having naive innocent faces and black asses in their case. Teenage fashion victims are everywhere, you can't avoid them, they're like mosquitos at night, coming in to suck your blood out no matter how much mosquito coils you burn. You get to kill and squash some of them, but the next night they'd come back with a whole new crew. I don't feel like they're an insult or threat to my intelligence anymore. They're just bugs.

The real threats for me are the bunch of self-appointed "Lesser Gods" and mentally corrupt righteous assholes to be found lingering everywhere. Like this one -

I was minding my own business in a bus one day, reading my book and putting on the Discman, and I was seated behind this couple of teenage kids. They were probably heading back home after tuition or computer classes from the capitol town. Halfway through our ride they began to make out on their seats. I peeped through that little gap between the seats and I could clearly see their heads uniting in one lovely posture. These kids were passionately kissing and hugging each other, and there I was, peeping at them and thinking what a beautiful world it was for them. LOVE is too sweet a word. Sometimes the boy would turn around and check if the coast was clear, and every time he did that I would pretend that I was sleeping. And then suddenly -

"HOI! NAK BEROMEN PERGI TEMPAT LAIN!", it was loud and in capitol letters. Some guy at the back started yelling at them and it was intended to wake everybody up in the bus. The kids blushed. I was like, oh shit, so I just kept pretending that it wasn't really my business, although it was really not my business anyway. And then this guy kept on babbling and nagging at these kids. He kept saying stuffs about Melayu-ism and religion and adat timur and all that thing about the death of morality among these BUDAK BUDAK SEKOLAH NOWADAYS. It was like a preaching session, on the road, with Mr. Raihan. Only he didn't sing, he was yelling. I leaned back on that hard seat thinking about something else. I didn't want to bother, these kind of people are everywhere, and they're really not my enemies. They're just trying to keep their nice little perfect world off from sin. Most people are like that, especially in a kampung. Until he said -

"KALAU NAK RASA LAGI BEST, MEH SINI KAT ABANG DIK, ABANG PUNYA LAGI BESAR!".

What an asshole. Preaching about religion and morality values is one thing. But adding rude sexist remarks with it is another. Now he's my enemy.

This guy reminded me of this kid my friends met in IRC. One of my friends, As, who wrote that nice punk rock newsletter, chatted with this kid and he was cursing at her because of her opinions on the homosexuality issue. "You and your friends will be burnt in hell for supporting gays and lesbians!" he was saying, or something like that, and your friends that he was referring to were actually me and my colleagues. And then he said, and I quote, "YOU DESERVED TO BE RAPED!". Another lame asshole. I don't recall any religion or tradition or moral values that legitimize raping those who think that gays should be left alone.

Sometimes we forget that we're nothing but "humans".

Lighten up, kids. You'll grow up someday.

Lemme tell you one story.

One evening it rained so hard and me and my weatherbeaten C70 Honda bike had to seek refuge under this dilapidating bus stop. I smoked my cigarettes and offered this old man a smoke. I knew his sons, they used to beat me up when I was little. He took my cigarettes and asked me who I was. I told him and he said "I haven't seen you in ages, where had you been?". I told him that I'd just got back to look after my grandpa.

"Where do you work? How many children do you have?"

"I am not working" I told him, and I told him that I was not married and I don't have kids. He then asked me about my age.

REVOLTED

Tell me about yourself, your zine, and Kota Tinggi underground scene
Hi everyone. My name is Izzy from Kota Tinggi and I'm working over here. I also doing a fanzine with my friends called Revolted. Three-issue already out and our 4th issue will be out soon. Watch out for it! Kota Tinggi scene not so big but it's still in progresses. The bands that really active right now are INFLICT (hc), DEPRESS (punk/hc), PROGRESS (hc) other than that we also have IFP, NEKAD, ARTS. For the zines we have revolted, critical X situation, lemonade amaze, FOF, laungan. Of cause one DIY label HFN/IMA Asia which its first released will be a split between depress and Indonesia crusty antiphaty which will be out soon. That's all!!

How far is your understanding on hardcore/punk ethics? DIY or die?
It's more about doing the right things for yourself/scene and also about respect, helps one another. DIY is about doing something by yourself and you the one who responsible for its. Using your own ideas on how you want it to be

Punk! Subculture? Counter-culture? A way of life? Are you sxe? Why?
Punk for me is about being yourself, be true to yourself not just follow the others. You are what your are, that's important. Punk doesn't mean you have to drink bear, get a Mohawk, studs, leather jackets etc. anyway If you want to have all of these well its ok for me, but I guess what inside of you is important. Knowledge is more important than fashion. You can called me sxe maybe since I don't smoke, drink etc.

What are your views on political situation in Malaysia? Are you into any political party Izzy? What do you think about globalisme and imperialism?
Everyone knows political everywhere in this planet earth are sucks, full of lies, injustice system, corruption, oppression and that also happen over here in Malaysia. Anyway I guess living here in Malaysia still ok since we have enough necessity in our daily life but this doesn't mean I agree/support the government ok! No I don't participate in any political party.

Are you believed in religion? What do you think about some punks who mixed religion and punk/hardcore? Do you think this is stupid? Honestly, what is your opinion about homosexual and abortion?
Of couse, why? I guess if you want to talk about religion it's sensitive. Actually it depends on individual itself because some people believe in religion and some are freethinker. For me the better way is not mixed religion in hc/punk scene because it will only make the issue are becoming more complicated. Talking about homosexual, well these issues are getting hotter right now in our local scene isn't? For me I don't care if these are a group of people into homosexual since they are not giving other peoples problems that are ok. If they not giving us problems then why we give them problems?
About abortion if the mother aborts the child because of she been a rape victim or maybe she will face a high risk if the a baby born9 I mean if the mother will die when he baby born) then its ok for me but if woman aborts the child because her boyfriend leaves her or maybe she are not ready yet to have a baby even tough she pregnant after having a free sex without think about what will happen after that, I don't agree, since the baby not wrong why you want to kill it, its you to blame, think about it!!

Tell me about a band that impresses your life? Your favorite zines? What you think about my zine (neon)?
There's too much to mention actually but all o this bands inspiring my life because they have a good message, I like their lyrics its about what's happening around us and its really change my life. There's too many zine that I like such as embrace, chronically donut, positive think, lemon amaze which have its own originality, the editors own idea different from others, your zine are good too, lots stuff to read, think, the most important think is originality, your own idea not just follow others!!!

Do you think it is Ok to masturbate ☺? What's your opinion on free sex? What are free sex and casual sex means? Are you believed in love? How far?
I guess it depends for individual whether they want to do it or not, if you think its Ok then do it, if not just leave it. Actually it's your own choice-to do a free sex or not but think it first, will you/ about love I guess everyone will fall in love sooner or later, maybe. But for me I never fall in love yet but I guess some day maybe my time will come.

"You give some money to your friend and she/he promise to pay back but on the time she/he don't give the money. What's your action? How do you feel?
For this kind of situation, I guess the most important thing is you must remember that if you can't pay back the money don't promise, but when you're really confirm/think you can pay the debt back ten you can make the promise. In this case your friends will not disappointed. We must also think about others feeling.

What's your special message to own readers?
Fr all the readers remember the most important think is always respect each other, help one another and don't be selfish. Help people who need help, who knows when you're in trouble they will help you back.

Last words? Thanks Izzy
Thanks for the interview, sorry for the delay, take care, stay active, learn teach respect peace!!



VOLITION

1st words
Hi everyone out there, thanks for buying Neon fanzine, I hope U guys out there doesn't bored to read our interview, sorry coz our English are poor.

Tell me about your band Volition.
Actually before Volition exist my band was called Abhorrent, due to some problems, Abhorrent are R.I.P. Then come Kelvin and Haliff decided to form a band and it was called Volition. It means freedom of choice. Our influences are Insurrection, Existench, Demisor, etc... and the new line-up is Haliff on throat, Kelvin with his strings and Keeik with his drums. For us there's nothing new, we are just a DIY peace punk.



How is your life? Tell me about your country Singapore.
Life here are normal about critics, backstab, and all other bullshits. There is a political party called Democrats party (we are not so sure about the name). They are selling their newspaper at one dollar-which consist of the unfair treatment from the government. Singapore supposed to be a democratic country but as far as we know national service is compulsory for every men. Don't tell anyone I have to serve this N.S sooner or later.... HA.HA...

Sxe and vegan? Any opinion? Do you support ALF (animal liberation front)??
For me SxE and vegetarian meal is good for their healthy lifestyle. No! We don't support the ALF coz in here we don't have such organization, so we can't say anything but their ideas are not bad.

What do you think about pornographic?

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND*

*No, I'm not Russian and my name is not Dostoevski.

PART ONE.

This is Mike writing (sigh!) while breathing the morning fresh air of my real hometown, or kampung, which is more or less about twenty to thirty minutes car ride (depending on the car and driver of course) from the sandy and windy and dirty beaches of Port Dickson on the South, and an hour bus ride from the capitol town of Seremban, on the North. The early birds are chirping in harmony, the early worms, on the other hand, have been eaten as breakfast. I'm actually supposed to write something here, although after 102 words, I am still in the dark about what I am supposed to write about. Maybe I should write something about this place, and call it "My Hometown Sucks But I'm Still Stuck In It". Maybe it doesn't really suck, right now I feel like my times here are just like in the chapter of Jack Kerouac's On The Road where Sal Paradise was hanging out and staying with Remi Boncoeur and his girl Lee-Ann in Frisco, working shitty jobs that they hated but still have to work anyway for groceries and beers in the weekends while the girl hated their guts, but they got laid anyway. Yeah, I feel like that, although I haven't got laid, yet. (Where the hell is my Lee-Ann?)

I was born here, exactly twenty seven years ago. This place, as some people say, is peaceful, and the folks are friendly, regardless of race, culture, religion or taste in music. And to my surprise, almost everybody still knows who I was, although I left this place twelve years ago and hardly ever came back. The majorities are Malays, but the Chinese are dominant in the business circle. The Indians, on the other hand, mind their own businesses and keep quiet. Most of the people are working class folks- schoolteachers, rubber tappers, small entrepreneurs, handymen, gardeners, fishermen, etc. Conformity and acceptance are their main menus. The youngsters ride kapchai bikes, work in factories all over the state and play soccer in the evening. And in the weekends they race. There are no discos, no pubs (safe for that old-fashion Chinese restaurants with cheap beers and nice plate of mee goreng), no cyber cafes (although there was one, but "they" shut it down because the kampung kids kept surfing pornographic sites) and absolutely no Starbucks or Coffee Beans for the kids to waste their parents' hard-earned cash for a cup of coffee. And the parents spend their times at homes, watching TV, or sit on wooden chairs playing mahjongs while waiting for lunch or dinner or supper or all three altogether to be served. I guess it's really not much different from other small towns or kampungs in this country.

Escaping from the big city rat race and small boring town nowhereness, I've been stuck here since August of last year, and during the loud and intoxicating millenium parties in the cities all over the world, I was probably drunk and alone at home reading old books laying around the house and watching pornography. It goes to show how lonely I am here, as I took refuge to babysit my 98 year old grandfather, who I would keep company and he'd tell me stories of his glory youthful days when chicks were all around and you could get laid for one ringgit (yeah, I didn't make this up). My grandpa is probably the coolest. He is also the oldest man in the kampung, and had survived everything, the industrial revolution, two world wars, colonialism, the great depression, "independence", the cold war, the Velvet Underground, UMNO lama and UMNO baru, the Y2K bug and Microsoft 2000. And he still smokes his B & H. I think he's immortal.

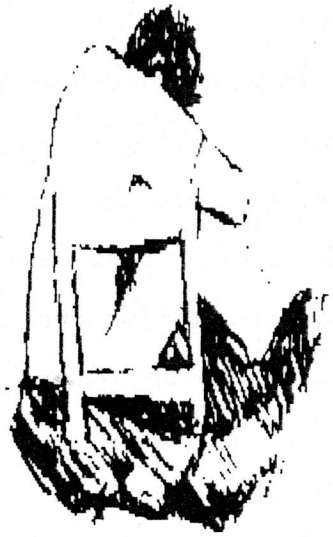
"I've been smoking these stuffs since 1920" he told me. I guess all the doctors lied to us about nicotine. He and my grandma have sixteen children, sixty-eight grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.

Of the sixty eight grandchildren, I am the only punk rocker.

Which brings me to punk rock altogether.

Scene-wise, there are no real punks here. The sight of your typical spiky-haired baggy pants backward caps scenery is really rare. This guy I know plays in Seremban's grindcore band Psychotic Sufferance, and that's it. Of course, there are a few kids with swastikas and the circled As patched on their schoolbags but I don't think they should be taken seriously. I mean, I get to listen to them talk and they can't even pronounce the word "chaos" properly.

The story is old- I KNOW



I can't sleep this night. Just thinking about the girl I meet before going to *the fuck the capitalist gig part2*. I know this girl 8 year ago when we in the same school. When we in form1, we start to change each other 'biodata'. I'm struggling to 'mengorat' her but it's just like 'mencurahkan air di daun keladi'. She never takes my words seriously and I don't know why. Although she don't accept me, our relationship is fine. I always call her and she gives attention to me (maybe just a friend) until we meet on 5 may 2000. We never see each other about 4 year and I'm so happy about this 'reunion'. She looked very calm and I can't forget her beautiful face. I can still see in my mind's eye her face and her smile until now. Shit man, I'm going to hell but I'm falling in love with the angel from heaven. I'm so tired to imagine about love until we see each other face in KL. Should I tell her how many times I dream to meet her? Should I tell her I can't sleep after I meet her? Does she know that I always thinking about her every day and night? Must I tell her that's my feeling is true and I wish her to be a part of my days? Is this love that's I'm feeling *? And now, it's 3:52 in the morning and I'm waiting for her answer....*

...But it goes on



Yang seronok hidup sebagai budak HC/punk Malaysia ialah kita semua dapat bercerita dan mendengar dengan penuh minat tentang cerita mistik, hantu setan dan puaka☺. Setiap dari kita mempunyai pengalaman-pengalaman yang tersendiri tentang unsur-unsur mistik dalam kehidupan mereka. Ada yang kena tindih, kena tegur, namopak cahaya terbang (mungkin UFO?), nmapak benda berjalan, dengar orang mengilai, rasa semacam bila balik sorang-sorang (itu aku) dan macam0macam lagi laa..

Disini dinamakan nama-nama hantu yang cukup sinonim dalam masyarakat orang melayu. Pontianak, polong, hantu bungkus, langsuir, penanggal, hantu jepun (kalau nazi pernah jajah negara kita, nma dia hantu nazi), hantu raya, toyol, hantu susu, hantu lilin dan banyak lagi sampai aku pun tak ingat. Sedar tak sedar kita telah ditanam dengan mentaliti "takut hantu" sejak kita kecik lagi. Dalam masyarakat tradisional melayu, 'menakutkutkan orang' merupakan satu cara yang betul mengawal dan memerintah. Contohnya aku terdengar seorang makcik memarahi anaknya dengan berkata "woi budok, main laa gelap-gelap nie, kena sorok dengan hantu kopek kang baru tau!" Jadi tak heran laa walaupun aku dah besar panjang, buah punai pun dah berbulu, aku masih takut dengan hantu. Cerita hantu sama sahaja dengan cerita cinta. Ramai bercerita tentangnya tapi tak ramai yang menjumpainya. Mungkin suatu hari nanti..oh, tidak...

For us pornographic is promoting sexism, it depends on each individual's decision.

Anarchism?
We support ideas of Anarchism but it seem to be a dream, like what insurrection says Anarchy will not be achieved if human greed still exist. For Kelvin he doesn't really believed in religion coz this god says good but others say bad, which god is the true one. But for me I believed. Haliff also believed in religion. I thought religion is to be peaceful but we don't know why this happen.

Love?
They are fine like men and women, boys and girls.

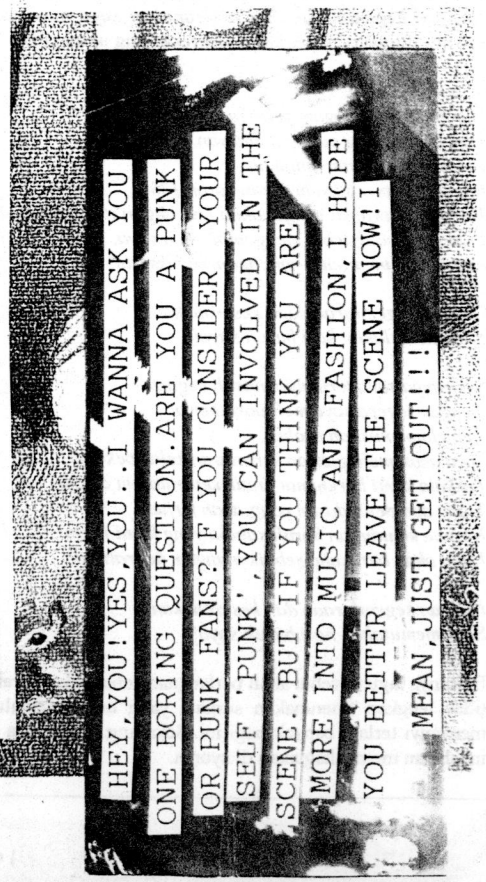
Capitalism and globalization?
Capitalism can never be destroying as the rich scum will never except live in our situations. Globalization means a lot. I can't explain it.

Last words?
OK, thanks Neon fanzine for doing this interview and our friends, family. We will do an EP sooner or later so for more info contact: Kecik Krasty. OK that's all, bye. OK, Kecik here going to tell you about Singapore scene report. What I see is nothing, only trendy-trendy with their shits, critics, hypocrite.... etc. If If I'm not wrong there are 3 bands are still active like Nizam from Insurrection which is playing crustgrind, Endless Struggle which playing HC/crust and Dissident which play HC/grind style and I heard that there are going to be a new band but I just heard like that. So I think enough of my bullshits, so for more info 'contact me OK bye. Thanks again Neon fanzine. Keep up the DIY spirit.
Hello and hi to all readers, from what I see and I know that in Singapore there are no scene at all, but there is a biggest scene that I called it "Buat Bodoh Saja" (just ignore it). Well, the scene is very good where people say "good" thing behind the others and where the others go and fuck the others until they tired. So that's what I called Singapore Biggest scene. For your info and if I'm not wrong there are bands which is still active like Minus, Insurrection, Endless Struggle and maybe others that I don't know, so if you want to know more you can contact me or even them. So I think that's enough of my bullshits. Friends out there remember when you want to contact someone using letters remember to write this: Friendship will not end if you send back my stamps. OK guys' g.t.g. Thank you Hisham and Neon Readers.

P/s: Thank you to Kecik Krastry and volition for replying my interview. Well, I wish for the next time your band answering the interview please doesn't forget to send back the question's list. I suppose it is inflexible to the editor to memorize the question back. ☹

Their new EP is out now. Contact Kecik Krasty APT BLK 511 Woodland DR 14 #09-59(S'pore 730511), Singapore.

The picture on the interview is not Volition; it's a Sonic Youth. Sorry!! -Ed



Hari Yang Gemilang Di Syorga By: Dirty Andy

Jam loceng berbunyi. Maxim terjaga, dalam adab yang rutin dia terus menyarungkan seluar kerjanya dan menuju ke dapur untuk melihat sama ada isterinya sudah memasak bubur bijiran sedia untuknya. Ketika sedang makan dia meneliti ***Harian Kebenaran*** untuk berita utama pagi selasa. "***Makanan dan produksibekalankemewahan mencapai peringkat tertinggi. Golongan kelas pekerja sangat gembira,*** " "***sebuah konspirasi membabitkan 3 ribu orang musuh kerajaan terbongkar para pemimpin parti yang telah memutuskan bahawa pengikut-pengikut jalan yang salah tersebut tidak akan di bunuh, separuh dari mereka akan dibentuk dengan tindakan yang baru untuk manusia berkhimat bagi kepentingan awam".***

Maxim berpendapat ianya sesuatu yang sangat mulia bahawa kerajaan sekali lagi melangkah kehadapan dalam matlamatproduksi mereka dan bilangan pengikut-pengikut jalan yang salah telah berkurangan. Maxim kemudiannya memandang ke dinding dan melihat sebuah gambar yang tertulis ` ***demokrasi bermakna kita adalah dalam bilangan yang lebih banyak dari musuh kita,*** ` dia mengangguk dengan perasaan yang tenang dan meninggalkan meja makan. " lanya merupakan sesuatu yang amat membanggakan sekali dapat hidup di dalam sebuah negara, dimana semua orang berkhimat untuk kepentingan awam dan di mana kita dipimpin oleh pemimpin yang amat hebat dan agung seperti Iljits!" dia bergegas dan berjalan keluar kearah syorga.

Ketika dia berjalan melepasi gerbang syorga-sebaik sahaja waktu yang ditetapnya untuknya-dan berdiri bersama barisan, Maxim merasakan ketenangan yang dirasainya setiap pagi pada waktu ini. Tiada apa-apa, fikir Maxim, tiada apapun lebih membahagiakan dari berdiri dalaam barisan bersama rakan sekerjanya dan menyanyikan lagu "***dengan kegembiraan dan keseronokan saya memulakan hari buruh saya"***, sebuah lagu yang digubah dan liriknya ditulis oleh pemimpin mereka yang agung Iljits

"Cangkul, baldi,
Dan pakaian seragam pekerja,
Tiga benda yang paling menawan,
Bersama kita akan tunaikan,
Rancanganproduksi besar-besaran 1266,
Tanggungjawapku menjayakan rancangan itu, sungguh bagus hakikat itu,
Tiada apa yang lebih mengembirakan saya,
Kami akan mematuhi rancaganproduksi itu!

Dengan kegembiraan dan keseronokan,
Saya memulakan hari buruh saya!

Sekiranya saya terjumpa musuh negara,
Dengan segera saya melaporkannya,
Kepada pemusnah evolusi,
Saya akan menegakkan kebenaran kelas pekerja,
Takkala kami berkhimat untuk kepentingan awam,
Tiada apa penindasan yang akan terjadi,
Kerana kehidupan buruh sahaja yang kami ingini,
Kami akan berusaha sebaik mungkin kearah itu!

Dengan kegembiraan dan keseronokan,
Saya memulakan hari buruh saya!

Biasanya lagu tersebut akan berlanjutan sebanyak dua rangkap lagi, tetapi matlamatproduksi untuk hari semalam tidak lengkap (merupakan sesuatu yang amat memalukan) dan oleh itu tiada masa yang mecukupi untuk menyanyi terlalu banyak pagi ini. Sekarang ialah masa untuk memulakan perkara harian iaitu saat 12jam yang indah dan membahagiakan di syorga.

Kat Semenanjung Malaysia hari tue ada seorang ustat menceritakan kisah peliknya sewaktu mengebumikan seorang wanita muda yang meninggal dunia akibat eksiden. Entah macam mana, wanita muda nie susah sangat nak dikebumikan so ustat tue ada tanya kat mak dia, ada tak dia mintak apa2 kat mereka sebelum budak nie meninggal. Mak dia kata ada, jadi nak dipendekkan cerita lagi budak tue dikebumikan dengan benda yang arwah nak sangat tue. Tengah² ustat tue dok baca taklin tiba-tiba ada bunyi "TIT, TIT, TIT" dalam kubur tue. Semua yang ada kat situ dah cuak termasuk lee ustat tue sekali. Jadi bertanya lee ustat tue kepada mak si mati nie, " Emm, kat dalam kubur pun ada signal ke?" " celkom..." jawap mak si mati dan ini benar ² menimbulkan kekaguman kepada semua yang hadir di kubur hari tue tentang kecanggihan teknologi masa kini. Tamat-

Reunite Zine#2

Pagi yang sumbang

Gua terjaga dari tidur gua yang lena bila gua terdengar suara-suara makcik-makcik dan mak gua selaku tuan rumah berborak cun-cun kat belakang bilik gua. Tak payah tengok jam gua dah tahu sekarang pukul 11.00 pagi. Time-time 'anak mak' balik dari tadika kat area taman gua time macam ni lah 'mak budak' berborak kat rumah gua. Gua sebenarnya tak risau sangat mereka nak berborak tapi tidakkah mereka sedar tuan rumah mempunyai anak-teruna-lulusan-universiti yang sedang tidur dan melayani puteri-puteri dari kayangan. Mereka tidak pernah menjadi anak-dara-remaja ke? Gua sebagai anak remaja yang bertoleransi, baik hati dan kadang-kala martubasi diwaktu pagi mengambil langkah bijak dengan mendiamkan diri sahaja. Kadang-kadang tue gua rasa bagus jugak diorang ada disini kerana gua dapat mengetahui tentang berita terkini hiburan sensasi yang berlaku kat area taman gua. Suasana nyaman pagi tue bertukar taik apabila ada seorang makcik yang pantat mulutnya bertanya beberapa soalan kepada mak gua. "Anak kau buat apa sekarang? Kerja ke? Tak sambung belajar..." Belum habis lagi soalan dari makcik yang bermulut pantat itu gua lekas-lekas memasang radio sekuat-kuatnya dan pagi tue mereka pun blah slow-slow....

Aku baru menonton cerita the Brylcream Boys dalam plot 2 by 2 di tv2 malam ini. minggu lepas dalam rancangan yang sama aku mengeluarkan air mata bila menonton cerita Immortal Love dan the Shawshank Redemption 2 minggu sebelumnya. Kemeriahan malam begitu terasa sekali di malam isnin bila aku dapat menonton futurama, kartun ajaib tahun 3000 yang begitu berhiburkan sekali. The Unabomber, cerita tentang seorang pegebom misteri juga pernah disiarkan melalui tv3 Begitu juga dengan filem tentang Chico Mendes, aktivis alam sekitar yang terkenal di Brazil satu ketika dahulu. Aku juga sedang menanti filem yang bertajuk Sid & Nancy. Kisah cinta punk rockers terkenal sid vicious dengan nancy spungen. Syukur lah kerana dapat hidup dalam sebuah negara yang serba 'indah' ini Malaysia. Meskipun kita semua tahu bahawa setiap media cetak dan elektronik di kawal dengan 'baik' oleh kerajaan Malaysia namun kita dapat lagi menonton filem-filem sebegini yang berkaitan dengan kebebasan.

Tapi yang peliknya, walaupun negara kita terkenal dengan badan penapisan filem yang yang terlalu ketat bersyukurlah kita kepada tuhan kerana kita masih mampu menonton cerita-cerita dimana ada adegan-adegan yang memaparkan wanita berpakaian 'ketat'. Kita juga berpeluang meyaksikan aski ganas seperti wwf smackdown. Maka terfikirkan lah aku bahawa kerajaan kita sebanrnya masih lagi mempunyai sikap keterbukaan dalam hal ini. ☺apa masalah sebenarnya? Apa masalah kita sehinggakan kita kekurangan filem-filem yang bertaraf dunia? macam mana cerita macam sembilu2, pasrah boleh kutip 5-6 juta senangkan cerita macam jogho boleh kutip tak sampai juta-juta?(berapa banyak juta nak?)

Mungkin kita berhadapan dengan masyarakat Malaysia yang masih lagi berpandangan konsevatif? Ye ke? Adakah masyarakat Malaysia lebih meminati filem berunsur aksi, seram, futuristik, fiksyen, lawak bodoh atau terlalu disogokkan dengan kisah cintan meleleh? Adakah masyarakat Malaysia kurang berminat dengan kisah yang memaparkan realiti sebenar kehidupan dan nilai-nilai kemanusiaan? Adakah masyarakat Malaysia kurang emo (tapi jiwang?)

Walaupun kebanyakan filem-filem yang di tayangkan di anggap cerita lama namun ia masih lagi mampu memberi kesan yang mendalam pada sesetengah individu2 lebih-lebih lagi apabila cerita2 ini merupakan kisah benar tentang perang, kebebasan dan kasih sayang. Sebelum ini tv2 mahupun tv3, telah banyak menayangkan cerita2 tentang erti kebebasan, pemberontakan dan kisah cinta yang begitu mengembirakan atau menyedihkan(termasuklah sekali dengan drama-drama melayu)

Filem atau drama merupakan refleksi kehidupan. Menyampaikan mesej melalui filem atau drama lebih berkesan dari medium lain. Manusia mudah terpengaruh dengan sesuatu filem atau drama. Gambaran visual dalam minda lebih sukar untuk dilupakan dan mudah diserap. Menonton sesuatu kisah dalam filem atau drama merupakan sebuah pengalaman dan tidak semua manusia berpeluang melaului semua pengalaman, pahit, manis, sukar etc dalam hidupnya. Dan pengalaman menjadikan seseorang itu lebih matang.

"Return Of The Giant" (U)

A lesson in growing up 34

Seperti pagi hari-hari lain, Maxim berdiri dalam barisan menunggu paket bekalanburuh hariannya, yang mengandungi sebuah baldi, cangkul dan sebuah jarum suntikan dengan kokain cair. Selepas menerima paketnya dia menuju ketempat tugasnya yang di daftarkan dengan nombor mass 1266/#38-untuk menyuntik kokain tersebut pada lengannya, kemudian mengambil cangkulnya dan mula melombong arang batu. Maxim merasakan kokain tadi telah merebak ke seluruh badannya, menikmati masa-masa kelegaan dan kepuasan yang ditawarkan oleh kokain itu setiap hari, dan kemudian meneruskan pengalian arang batu. Sewaktu dia mengutip batu-batu , Dia berfikir mengenai pemimpinya lljits dan kebijaksanaanya yang luar biasa-" dengan kokain kita boleh bekerja lebih kuat, dan sebagai tambahan, ia memberikan kepuasan yang tidak terhingga kepada saya. Oh sungguh bijak dan genius sekali lljits itu kerana dia telah menemui cara yang amat bagus untuk meningkatkan matlamatproduksi!"



Selepas beberapa jam menghentak batu batan maxim melihat kearah tempat tugas seorang rakan sekerjanya yang bernombor masss 1266/#37, dan mendapati Pjotr yang telah bekerja di situ telah digantikan dengan orang baru. Adakah Pjotr berkemungkinan telah mengalami kemaluan dan penghinaan setiap pekerja akan alami satu hari nanti iaitu jatuh sakit dengan teruk dan tidak mampu bekerja lagi? Semasa tanganya masih berkerja, maxim menyiasat orang yang berkerja di tempat pjotr berkeaan mengapa pjotr tidak datang berkerja." Dia telah dibawa sama ada untuk dibentuk untuk dimuatkan disektor lain atau dibunuh. Pjotr telah ditangkap kerana cuba memiliki harta peribadi-dia cuba mencuri beberapa ketul arang batu untuk anaknya bermain!" kata orang baru itu, "Huh, pengkhianat yang sungguh jahat!" fikir maxim dan mula menghentak batu batan itu dengan kemarahan.' Tidakkah Pjotr faham bahawa buku nyayian yang dibekalkan oleh kerajaan adalah permainan yang paling optimal untuk kanak-kanak?" fikirnya tetapi dengan tiba-tiba dia teringat yang Pjotr telah memberitahu ideanya iaitu sekiranya kanak-kanak di biasakan dengan arang batu dalam umur yang lebih muda, mereka akan biasa dengan kehidupan sebagai buruh dengan lebih mudah. Maxim berasa simpati terhadap cadangan itu, tetapi dia juga faham bahawa pandangan atau idea tidak mungkin dan tidak layak difikirkan oleh orang kebanyakan. Ianya mesti datang dari golongan atasan dalam hiararki. Lagipun pekerja biasa seperti kami adalah terlalu berfikiran sempit untuk memahami setiap sudut dalam perkara tersebut," fikir maxim didalam lubuk mindanya. Maxim mula melombong batu batan itu semula dan berasa amat tidak berpuas hati dengan hakikat bahawa bukan dia yang melaporkan sendiri tindakan salah Pjotr kepada pemimpin.



Masa selebihnya pada hari buruh itu dia menumpukan sepenuh perhatiannya pada kerja. Di telah mengorbankan terlalu banyak masa dengan memikirkan perkara yang sia-sia. Semasa dia menghentak batu-batan itu-satu, dua,tiga-dan mengutip arang batu dan di masukan ke dalam baldi-dan empat,lima,enam-maxim mencapai tarap keriangan yang sungguh sangat amat seperti yang selalu dihormati oleh suratkhabar *Harian Kebenaran*. Ayat yang berbunyi "*Bekerja di dalam bidang produksi atau apa jenis pekerjaan yang berterusan dan rutin/seragam bukan sahaja sungguh berkesan dan cekap, ia juga perkara yang amat lumrah bagi manusia-ia menjadikan manusia bersatu dengan nadi seluruh alam semestar.*" Ia merupakan bukan sekadar ayat biasa untuk di ingat oleh Maxim tetapi memberi erti yang amat mendalam padanya. Satu, dua, tiga - mengangkat baldi-empat, Lima, enam.... ring!!! Loceng berbunyi. Ni bermakna jam sudah menunjukkan pukul 8.00 malam dan sudah sampai masa berhenti bekerja untuk hari ini. "Sungguh merugikan, saya masih boleh bekerja untuk beberapa jam lagi", fikir Maxim dan dengan perasaan kecewa dan sedih memasuki barisan mnerima paket bekalanmalam.

Sebelum diberi paket bekalan dan makan malam mereka semua selalunya berkumpul untuk mendengar mengenai pencapaian pekerja buruh dan hasil kerja keras dan besar-besaran mereka untuk memenuhi rancanganproduksi. Hari ini merupakan hari yang amat baik; pegeluaran besar-besaran bukan sahaja telah mengembalikan kekurangan untuk hari semalam malah meningkat melebihi matlamatproduksi yang kebiasaan pada hari-hari lain. Maxim sungguh berpuas hati yang teramat gembira dengan berita itu.

11

Selepas maklumat tadi dibacakan mereka semua berkumpul disekeliling mesin pengisar daging untuk melihat beberapa kumpulan golongan kelas pertengahan dan para pengikut jalan yang salah berjalan kedalam pengisar itu dan bertukar menjadi sosej yang lazat untuk santapan kelas pekerja." Bilangan golongan kelas pertengahan dan musuh kerajaan agak kecil hari ini," kata ketua pentadbir. " Orang-orang ini tidak dapat membekalkan sosej yang mencukupi untuk kita semua. Dan ini semua adalah kerana kamu tidak melaporkan dengan secukupnya tentang orang-orang jahat seperti mereka ini atau mungkin juga masyarakat sekarang sudah menyedari dan insaf oleh sebab itu golongan yang mengikut jalan yang salah telah berkurangan agaknya. Walau apapun sebabnya, kita masih perlukan sukarelawan untuk membekalkan makanan yang cukup pada kita semua. Semua sukarelawan ini akan menerima pingat penghormatan Kelas pekerja."
" Oohh, pingat penghormatan kelas pekerja!!" jerit mereka dan seterusnya menawarkan diri kepada ketua pentadbir. " Kami tidak dapat menerima kesemua dari kamu. Bagaimana jika Anatoli dan Georgiev menawarkan diri untuk kelas perkeja? Mereka sudah terlalu tua dan tidak dapat mencapai kesempurnaan matlamatproduksi.kata ketua pentadbir. Anotoli dan Georgiev berjerit dengan gembira sekali dan berpelukan antara satu sama lain. Lalu mereka memberikan alamat tempat dimana pingat mereka dapat di hantar kepada setiausaha pentadbir dan seterusnya melangkah dengan bangganya kedalam mesin mengisar daging yang berkelajuan tinggi itu. Yang lain merasa sangat cemburu kepada mereka berdua namun disebaliknya masih dapat bergembira kerana dapat merasai kelazatan sosej nanti.

Golongan seperti musuh kerajaan, golongan pertengahan dan sukalewan yang masuk kedalam mesin pengisar ini akan bertukar menjadi sosej yang lazat. Setiap kelas pekerja akan menerima 6 keping sosej yang amat lazat dan paket bekalan sebagai ganjaran keatas kerja yang dilakukan. Maxim duduk di meja dan merasa bahawa dia sudah mempunyai apa yang diperlukan pada petang ini dan mula merasai kelazatan sosej tadi. Sambil menjamah sosej itu, Maxim dia berfikir tentang hari yang memgembirakan seperti hari jadi pemimpinnya Iljits dan hari revolusi dan hari di dapat merasai kelazatan sosejnya. Maxim tidak tahu apa yang lebih bagus selain dari sosej. Ini kerana dia tidak pernah merasai makanan lain selain dari bubur bijiran, sosej dan pil vitamin dan 2 dari ini boleh di klasifikasikan sebagai makanan. Walau baimanapun sosej adalah lebih baik dari pil, bubur bijiran dan sosej adalah makanan yang terbaik yang pernah Maxim rasa dan dia tidak memerlukan apa-apa lagi selain dari sosejnya..

Selepas menghabiskan sosej nya tadi dia mengambil pakej bekalan petangnya dan terus pulang ke rumah. Isterinya sudah menunggunya pulang. Maxim melangkah
masuk kerumahnya dan menanggalkan seluar kerjanya dan terus mengangkat isterinya ke kamar tidur dan melakukan hubungan kelamin dengan isterinya dan bersedia untuk menikam kedalam lubang dubur isterinya. Maxim juga sangat seronok dengan hubungan seks melalui fajah tetapi *Harian Kebenaran* ada mengatakan bahawa industri getah telah mencapai tahap produksi yang membanggakan, oleh yang demikian, kondom sangat sukar untuk di dapati maka Maxim tidak dapat merasai keseronokan itu.

Selepas melakukan hubungan seks, Maxim mandi dan selepas itu menelan beberapa pil tidur dari paket bekalan petangnya dan terus ke kamar tidurnya agar dia dapat berkerja dengan lebih kuat pada keesokan harinya. Dan sebelum dia memejamkan matanya apa yang dia fikirkan adalah pemimpinya iaitu Iljits dan keseronokan menghabiskan kegemilangan harinya di *syorga.*

Tamat

(Kami merasa sungguh seronok apabila membaca cerita ini dari sebuah zine Finland yang bernama *Downsided.* Maka oleh itu kami telah me`melayu`kan cerita ini agak kita dapat bersama-sama merasai `keseronokannya`.- editor)

kehebatan, kesucian dan erti sebenar that crazy feeling called love....cinta yang baik bila ianya berdiri dari dua individu yang berkongsi satu perasaan iaitu cinta seperti yang berlaku diantara Adam dan Hawa atau Nabi Sulaiman dan Zulaika...fuh....

Normal bagi orang yang bercinta dengan lagu cinta; aku tak suka sangat dengar lagu yang meleleh, lembik dan mengarut (sampai macam orang putus asa dan hilang semangat untuk hidup!!) seperti yang dinyanyikan oleh kumpulan rock melayu...geli! Aku lebih senang the Cure; sound gothic yang ummph... lirik pun ok seperti "Trust", "Apart", "To Wish Impossible Thing" dan "Letter To Elise", takpun aku layan Simply Red-"Star", kalau dulu aku suka "How Am I supposed To Live Without You" (Michael Bolton) dan 'Against All Odds" (Phil Collins)... Tapi sekarang ni aku lebih senang dengar lagu yang fast bila aku feeling! Aku dengar The Smith, takpun aku dengar Napalm Death...heh...he...he...

Boleh tak kau beritahu aku beberapa zines dan bands yang menambat hati kau pada masa kini dan yang sampai sekarang. Kenapa?

Zines:	Bands:
-Profane Existance	-The Cure
-Slug & Lettuce	-Dead Kennedy
-Flammable Sheet	-Agathocles
-Aedes (R.I.P)	-Conflict
-Parasit (R.I.P)	-Crude Society System
-Pang Zine (Pangcore)	-Napalm Death
-Out Of Step	-Shocked
-Throttle	-Ravage

Entahlah kenapa... yang aku tau aku suka betul (tarak tipu) kat zines dan bands ini.

Ethics or friendship. Bagaimana kau definasikan erti persahabatan? Kau rasa macam mana kita nak buat, kalau ada kawan kita buat taik kat kita?

Both! Kedua-duanya penting. Persahabatan yang baik bila ada keikhlasan, tegur menegur, sanggup berkorban material; ethics pun penting! Takde ethics maka takde scene u/g!! Kadang-kadang Susah untuk kita pilih antara ethics & friendship... aku ada cara tersendiri untuk ini, ethics tak boleh dibuang; kawan tak boleh dibuang begitu saja-tak adil rasanya! Sekira aku dapati kawan aku sudah melanggar ethics, aku tak terus fuck dia; sebaliknya aku tegur dan beri peluang kedua, mungkin dia akan sedar semula dan kembali pada ethics. Tapi kalau peluang kedua pun dia buat tak tau je, so; aku ucapkan "selamat malam! Sorry wrong number-good bye!"

Buat taik macam mana tu? Kalau setakat gagau C.D/tape boleh dimaafkan lagi tapi lepas tu kita kena berhati-hatilah.... kalau sampai kita rasa palat sesangat, nama tercemar, dimalukan atau perkara-perkara yang sewaktu dengannya eloklah kau cakap "selamat malam, sory! Wrong number-goodbye," nak best lagi buat balik apa yang dibuat kat kita-fight back!!

Sekarang nie kau buat apa? Apa projek terbaru? Harapan kau pada scene HC/Punk? Bagaimana kau melihat punk pada masa akan datang. Komen sikit dengan scene sekarang ini?

Aku sekarang lepak habis! Tak buat APA!! Takde projek terbaru selain dari "Malaria zine" yang aku tak tahu bila boleh release. Opps...terlupa aku share dengan 2 orang kawan tengah kumpul duit untuk projek kedua Toxic Records selepas release demo Ravage-No More Wars. Sorry...label miskin!!

Apa yang aku nampak punk dimasa hadapan boleh pergi lebih jauh, itupun kalau takde campur tangan busunessman, mainstream atau kartun-kartun kat paeliment! Ramai yang dahs apply ethics dan mula faham true u/g. Poser, trendy, macho moron dah takleh dibuat apa-apa.... Kalau diorang nak dig; kira o.k le...kita pun eloklah beri bantuan. Kalau tak nak kaji, setakat nak jadi lalang; elok diorang dig lubang kubur sendiri!

Last words?? Sorry tulisan buruk!! Thanxx Along!! E-mail kalau dapat surat nie!!

Ho...ho...ho...masa untuk Horlicks- majulah setan untuk neraka! Ini bukan words aku, ini words As-Sahar. O.K...class war not race war, mince core not war gore! Terima Kasih...fee...weet!

Apa pandangan kau tentang system pemerintahan kerajaan Malaysia pada hari ini? Bagaimana dengan projek-projek mewah seperti KLCC, Bakun, KLIA, Litar Sepang etc? Adakah ini satu pembaziran?

Secara kasar kita nampak sistem pemerintahan disini dijalankan secara demokrasi tapi bila kita amati betul-betul, ada satu orang je yang paling berkuasa yang mencekam hidup kita. Senang kata demokrasi berdiktator! Kuku besi yang memelihara hantu raya yang menyedut darah rakyat-nepotism dan kronism! Tapi yang paling palatnya orang kita masih tak sedar diri, seronok diri diperalatkan orang, ini desebabkan mindset belaku!

Buat apa projek mewah kalau masih ada rakyat yang melarat? Nama? Kemegahan? Setahu aku, rakyat cuma dapat 0.5% dari hasil projek mewah. Selebihnya disapukan oleh individu tertentu. Mana dia pembahagian sama rata kekayaan negara? Projek mewah cuma satu pembaziran yang ditutup dengan kemodenan yang dikatakan satu kemajuan!!

Kau agak bagaimana kita nak mengatasi sistem kapitalis daripada mengawal kehidupan kita?

Kapitalism tidak dapat dihentikan selagi ada urusan jual beli! Kita kena terima sebagai satu fakta. Tetapi ini bukan bermakna kita tidak boleh lakukan apa-apa; Kita masih boleh reduce kapitalism sekecil yang mungkin. Kita boleh kurangkan kuasa duit selagi duit tidak menguasai kita! DIY contoh yang baik untuk reduce kapitalism, kita beli apa yang perlu tetapi baik dan berkualiti, tak semestinya barang yang murah tidak berkualiti langsung. Fuck capitalist signiture! Atau kita boleh mengurangkan profit setimpal dengan modal... tapi boleh ke kita buat semua ni? Tak ada yang mustahil selagi otak kita berfungsi dengan baik... kita sepatutnya kontrol nafsu bukannya nafsu kontrol kita... zine engkau ni profit tak? Arrgh! zine profit gila babi, lepas experiment issue hari tu aku beli kereta Porche dan bangalow atas bukit sebelah mahligai P.M secara cash.... Aku sesaja cari flat buruk dan menyewa pasal aku dah terlampau kaya!

Kau rasa bila agaknya anarchism dapat dipraktikkan? Adakah kau seorang anarchist? Kau rasa adakah ideologi ini dapat diterima oleh orang ramai?

Anarchy sudah pun dipraktikkan oleh segelintir golongan yang percaya pada anarchism, itupun dalam bilangan yang sangat kecil! Walaupun anarchism sudah ujud lebih dari 200 tahun, belum ada satu negara pun yang apply: susah nak achieve anarchism selagi ada perasaan tamak, dengki, power greedy etc!!

Payah aku nak cakap yang aku ni seorang anarchist! Aku tak nak pro-claim takut nanti kena label hipokrit. Cuma aku berani cakap aku percaya pada anarchy! Orang lain aku tak tahu, mungkin anarchism boleh diterima masyarakat sekiranya kita boleh buktikan ianya lebih baik dari demokrasi, monarki etc.... Tapi bukan senang nak ubah pendirian orang lain kalau kita sendiri pun macam lalang, ye tak?

DIY dan Punk/HC saling berkait rapat. Bagaimana pandangan kau dengan band-band yang join major label. SCR, Victory records?? Pada pandangan kau, Adakah Chumbawamba yang sain dengan EMI pada tahun 1997 sell-out? Kau rasa siapa yang guna siapa?

Underground vs mainstream! Full stop!! Band yang sign dengan major label totally bukan undergrounder tapi rockstar! Takleh dinafikan lagi. Only stupid bastards support mainstream. Sell-out tetap sell-out tak kira apa alasan pun... Bagi aku stuff yang boleh dapat kat kedai dengan mudahnya, consider sell-out! Siapa guna siapa, eh? Yang pandai makan si bodoh, yang jaga makan yang tidur! Jangan jadikan scene u/g sebagai tempat buat duit-support D.I.Y without discrimination... our rules!

Along, satu soalan bonus untuk kau, boleh tak beri definasi 'cinta'? Dalam banyak-banyak lagu cinta, lagu 'cinta' yang mana buat jiwa kau kacau?

First time aku ditanya soalan ini! Tapi cukup menarik bagi aku. So aku akan jawab sebaik mungkin. Perasaan menyintai dan dicintai adalah sesuatu yang lumrah dan semulajadi, ertinya lahir secara sendiri tanpa paksaan! Cinta bukan sesuatu yang hina, ianya suci dan sepatutnya tulen jika tidak dicampur dengan nafsu.

Cinta boleh buat engkau bahagia, kecewa, sedih, marah, semangat, kacau bilau mengikut jalan mana yang engkau bawa... sebenarnya cinta perlukan 100% komitmen. Tak boleh beli dengan duit... pernah tengok cerita 'antara dua darjat'? Cinta tiada sempadan antara Beverly Hill dan Notting Hill. Begitu hebatnya rasa cinta... aku pun tak terlepas dari pada perasaan menyintai dan ingin dicintai! Cerita-cerita lama seperti Romeo & Juliet, Laila Majnum atau Samson & Delila sudah membukti

BELGRADE HARDCORE SCENE REPORT I am writing only about the scene in capitol because in whole Yugoslavia there are too many bands...OK, so Belgrade has a lot of HC/punk bands, but the scene is not that good organized. There are just few clubs for HC shows – S t. James, KST, and some other small places. Bands also have problems with publishing their music 'cause there is just one label interested in underground music - F.U.R. collective. Ok, so let's get to the point...HITMAN - probably most well known. They play NY-style HC and they have one album out called 'Stories we tell'. Good stuff. Singer of the band, Aca Choice (he was in band Definite choice) is one of the founders of the Friendship Unity Respect Collective. They are pretty active in playing' shows and I think they'll tour Hungary. UNISON - once they were old school sXe band, and now they are pretty different. They still play oldschool hardcore, but it sounds pretty innovative, and I think they're really original, both musically and lyrically. They have released:' Sxe from the heart'- tape for Energy records, 7" for Singidunum recs.(Holland-singer of Vitamin X does it), tape 'Death in the cradle' for F.U.R. collective and their most recent demo 'But why wouldn't the state die for me!' is fantastic, but they still haven't released it officially. TO LIVE FOR - old school band. The prettiest band on the scene:) cause singer's girlfriend plays guitar. They have one demo out called 'Backstab'. They'll be on upcoming compilation with ALLAGES, DOGHOUSE, and GYMNASTICS.ALL AGES - they have two demos and sound really cool. Their second demo is a bit different, but it's still that oldschool style with by the grace of god influences. DOGHOUSE - play CA-style punk rock and that's all I know. They sound pretty cool. They'll be on some comp in USA.ALL OF US - new school (emo-metal actually). Something between Strife and Shield. They did a total DIY CD called' Wishing for the end' and it's great stuff. Great lyrics too. POINT TAKEN - new sXe band. It's just pure oldschool - short simple songsand simple positive message. SKYMASTER 4 - cool emo band. More poppy. I think they didn't release anything. HER HEAD'S ON FIRE - new emo band, and that's all I know. I watched them just once. ANOTHER ONE - the band I'm in. We play typical oldschool hc/punk. We have 8songs by now and we'll do a demo as soon as we get some money. FALLDOWN - plays something like AF and Warzone. They have tape out on Energy recs. Called 'Raise your voice'. BLINDSIDE - hardcore band with brutal voice. I don't know anything more about them. PRIME STEP - metal core. They have two demos out. First demo is more HC, and second is totally metal-core. Well, i think that's it. I probably forgot some bands but these are the core of BG Hardcore. Their are also a lot of punk bands, and in Yugoslavia there are of course many more great bands. Talking of zines, Belgrade has just few right now. I think people are not that interested. My zine is called 'Atom ant' and it has 11 interviews including Vitamin X, All of us, All ages, Bomb threat and more great stuff. My friend Ognjen also does a zine called 'Zlikovac'. I think that just him and me are doing zines in Belgrade right now. We will put our heads together and do my fanzine #2that should be great .Ok, so that's it. It's not that good written, but I'm pretty tired and sleepy now. If you guys want to know some more about the bands, contact me on lopusina@eunet.yu <bin/compose?disk=216.33.236.67_d1450&login=vaskular&f=52224&curmbox=ACTIVE&_lang=&mailto=1&to=lopusina@eunet.yu&msg=MSG947057074.13&start=383507&len=4849&src=&type=x> . You should definitely check out some Belgrade hardcore! ! LOVE Dooshan

By: Abira



Recently I had seen thinking about a lot of my action for the scene. Surely I was thinking much about my self-lack ness, stupidity and of couse I`m really shame with my actions. One thing that crossed in my frame of thinking is my bad attitude of making compassion. I`m always seeing negativity about my scene and nowadays, I felt really stupid of making comparison between our scene abroad scene especially from European and American countries.

Some times ago I might said Malaysia hc/punk community is very fragile and of couse no room for our community threatening the authority and given such as an alternative to the main society. Today everything had changes. Everyone`s have his or her own definition about hc/punk and I believe hc/punk is about individuality. It`s kinda useless for me to made a comparison between abroad scene and us. The reason is easy because we`re all in the different situation. How can we make a comparison between the things that`s running in the different situation? We`re different in the kind of culture, language, social problems, weather, and etc. we`re only an eastern peoples who`re 20 years abandoned from the western peoples. Our mentality is still abandoned 20 years backward than western peoples and some thing goes to our community.

The thing that I really respect about my abroad friends is they`re open-minded and
Never judge me due to their condition. They`re never ever given a middle finger (fuck) to me due to our distinction of thoughts. They`re trying to understand every differential about myself accuse they know that I`m came from 3rd world country, which is having different lifestyle than them. It`s not my fault to be born and live in this so-called conservative and passive community, which is the government, seems successful to make all the citizens swallow a poison for being stagment always.

Hc/punk is a new thing here so that I can call it as a counterculture here. Teenagers seems getting shocked with this so-called hc/punk, which is, totally came from western side. The words western and eastern it selves was given such as a destination so that western hc/punk rebellion is not total can`t be adapt here. That`s why it`s kinda stupid for me to make a comparison with western scene. I have to accept that we can`t to be like them because we`re so different. When we talk about new thing that we want to practice. Nowadays we`re really busy to boycotting (which is I think unnecessary) to the kids who`re homophobic, religious (religion vs. hc/punk) and sexist. The fact is a lot of kid still not understand and blur about definition of hc/punk, so that education is only the solution.

Life is a learning process and hc/punk is not accepted. The fact is our kids need education and chance to correct the mistakes. Making mistakes especially in the new thing is nature. Lets remind to the past where`s our scene had been pollute by racism nazi-sympathy agenda if you want to deny the fact.
Making comparison with our abroad friends is not wrong if you make it in the right way. Comparisons will bring a development, even destruction and it`s totally up to you. Why not we hand in hand to would our own hc/punk tradition with own-ways, own-vision, and own-rebellion! Only us merely know the situation here. Injustice is everywhere and no matter what`s the step, as long as we can make justice and peace prevail. Lets think about positivity and light although you`re in the dark room, if we think too much about negativity, surely it`ll being a depression. I truly believe our scene still has a light.

To Show I Care

ARRGH! ZINE

Alang, boleh tak kau cerita sikit tentang latar belakang Arggh zine. Bagaimana kau boleh berminat dengan scene u/g nie? Boleh tak cerita sikit pasal scene kat Peneng?

Arrgh! Zine lahir dari hasil kerjasama Jebat, Mr. Todd P.G dan Aku. Bila Jebat ke luar negara, Mr Todd P.G dan aku menjadi tulang belakang kepada fanzine ni. Kat sini aku nak ucapkan terima kasih pada Georgetown Positive Crew yang turut memberi bantuan dan sokongan pada Mr. Todd dan aku.

Aku tak nak label Arrgh! Zine. Terpulang pada orang yang menilainya. Aku cuma boleh kata, Arrgh! Zine adalah fanzine `punk in general`, maksudnya selagi ianya berkaitan dgn root dan ethics, aku sedia muatkan dalam zine ni, kecuali stuff mainstream, racist, fascist, homophobic, sexist etc etc...

Arrgh! Experiment issue (Disember 97-Julai 98) release dengan interview The Blades (Bentong skinhead), The Dirty Dogs (Kuala Lipis/Shah Alam Punk Rawk) dan Karatz (Taiping punk/oi!), ada artikel, review, poster, silangkata, cerpen and others shit!

Arrgh! No. 1 (Julai 98-January 99). Interview dengan Aggressive Dog Attack (Philippines punk/HC), No Security (Kluang Punk Rock), Perpetual (Sabah Grind) dan Saturday`s Heroes (Sarawak Oi! SCR suck their stupid brain!). Macam biasa ada artkel tapi lebih pada kapitalism/ sosio dan politikal, poem, review dan segala benda bodoh!

Arrgh no. 2 (sepatutnya release Julai 99) dah siap sepenuhnya, tapi aku terpaksa tangguh! Ini disebabkan masalah yang tak dapat dielakkan. For your information, Arrgh! Ditukarkan kepada Malaria zine. Buat masa ni cuma ada interview dengan Agathocles (Belgian mince godz!), Reclamation Code (KL HC/crust), Tengkorak (Indon-grind) dan Subversive (Segamat superpunk friend)....

Sebelum aku belajar pasal ethics, aku cuma into fast muzik. Masa aku sekolah lagi, aku selalu curi curi pergi Metallica Lounge kat Pertama Compleks, enjoy tengok Punisher, Nemesis etc, tak silap aku tahun 88!! Time tu, siapa layan speed metal 7-trash kira dasat gila babilah. Elok pulak Box-Office buat konsert U/G (?) kat stadium.... fuh!! Tapi kira minat muzik je... tak lebih dari tu...

Scene Peneng antara scene yg terpalat dalam Malaysia! More into music & fashion, victim of trend, lalang!! I don`t want to talk` bout Northern Riot Crew.... If you think Nazi is cool, you`re just another bloodyfoo

Punk, Hardcore. Apa yg kau faham dengan 2 perkataan ni. Apa erti Punk/HARDCORE pada diri kau. Bagaimana kau nak kaitkan antara Punk/HC dgn life kau?

Punk dan hardcore tak ada bezanya! Rebel dan Radikal. Kedua-duannya dari root yang sama, cara hidup, pemikiran, etika & perjuangan. Punk & H/C bukan setakat muzik/fesyen!! Punk & HC banyak mengajar aku erti hidup yang lebih baik, guide aku cara berfikir & berinteraksi... aku dapat rasakan dan nikmati kebebasn hidup dan merdeka dalam ertikata sebenar... walaupun aku tak dapat praktikkan 100% tapi aku dah cukup bahagia.

Punk adalah kebebasan. Apa pandangan kau dgn mat/minah punk/HC yg menafikan hak org lain seperti anti kepada homoseksual dan abortion? Adakah kau rasa mereka nie hipokrit? Secara jujurnya apa pandangan kau ttg homoseksual/gay/lesbian and perbuatan abortion ini?

Kenapa mesti menganggu hak orang lain? Apa perasaan kita bila hak kita diganggu, lagipun siapa engkau yang nak mengajar? Aku lebih senang kalau ditegur bukan diajar sebab aku yang tentukan hidup aku-sama juga dengan orang lain.... gay & lesbian juga manusia yang ada keinginan, naluri dan perasaan.... diorang boleh buat apa saja kat tubuh diorang selagi rela dan bukan paksaan!

Homoseksual? (Aku tak sokong tapi bukan bermakna aku melarang, apa hak aku nak tentukan hidup orang lain. Kalau diorang dah suka, lantaklah!

Abortion. Tengok pulak pada keadaan; senang aku kata ikut pendapat individulah! Aku ada pro dan kontra.... Aku malas nak bincang kat sini sebab kat U/G scene kita ramai sangat yg nak jadi hero, tunggu masa je; Bila kau silap cakap sikit-mampus kau kena cantas dari A sampai Z!!

Politics, craps. It could be synonym if you put it that way. Stam

Hello again Apexxx
Jaja ni.. aku dah baca ko punya penzin... walaupun aku tak pernah baca issue sebelum ni tapi aku rasa cara penyampaian ko amat matang.. hehehe..syok gak duk cerita pasal life ni..
Aku dah lama pikir pasal bende-bende ni...
Dan jugak pasal education ni...aku rasa macam sekolah-sekolah sekarang ni sebagai tempat untuk melahirkan tenaga buruh murah... ye la, lepas sekolah kerja sambil tunggu spm pas tu keluar result lak agak tak boleh nak pegi, nak belaja kat college lak mahal.. ye tak ye.. duk aje la kat kampung kerja kilang papan ke, sawmill ke atau apa-apa je la...
Apa pendapat ko???

Pas tu lak yang belajar baguih-baguih lak... sampai gi obesi tu, bila balik, keje mesti kena baguih... kalau tak keje tu orang kampung dah pandang serong... nanti aku kata orang kampung ni kolot lak, sensitif...
Pasal love..entah lah?????
Aku tak jumpa lagi true love tu... ko lak???
Well panjang gak aku tulih kali ni.... So bila nak datang temerloh???
Tak nak gi tengok abang long ke???
Kalau nak ke temerloh tu, habaq la awai awai no.

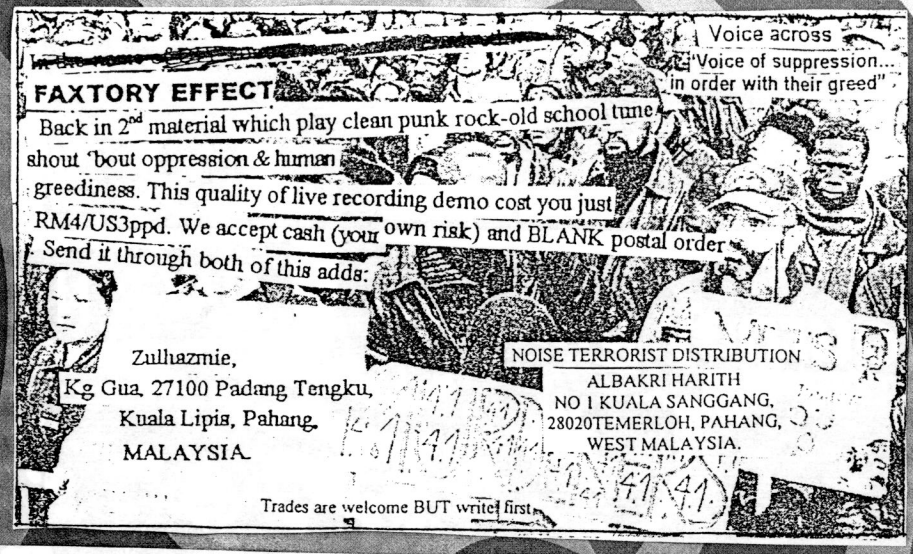
yours
bittersweet symphony
Jaja

.... Neon #5? Aku dah beli/baca... best gak! Fun... anyway menyentuh nurani... bile #6 nak release nih...nanti kasi tau aku...

farid, Temerluh.

That's right, love get along well with materialistic, no doubt but I just hope that one day I will meet somebody who's gonna take me for what I am. I've been rejected by a girl once because simply I am poor broke so I'm sure can understand your complaint and feelings. Ah Apex, don't worry-la, satu hari kau mesti jumpa dengan apa yang kau nak punya, love, awek macam Winona Ryder, happiness etc etc... don't give up your dream and hope. Mungkin sekarang kau takde awek pasal ada benda lain yang kau harus buat dulu sebelum separate your time for true love, life, hobbies and so on. Cuba bayangkan kalau kau ada awek sekarang, dah tentu kau sibuk dan mungkin juga habiskan banyak duit dan masa untuk itu semua dan buatkan kau lupa tentang benda lain yang mungkin perlukan kau. Selalunya kalau manusia bercinta, pasti ingat nak kumpul duit untuk kahwin dan masa depan yang belum ketentuan therefore lupa untuk mengejar our own dream we had before we have ever know about girl and "love".

Saha, Kluang



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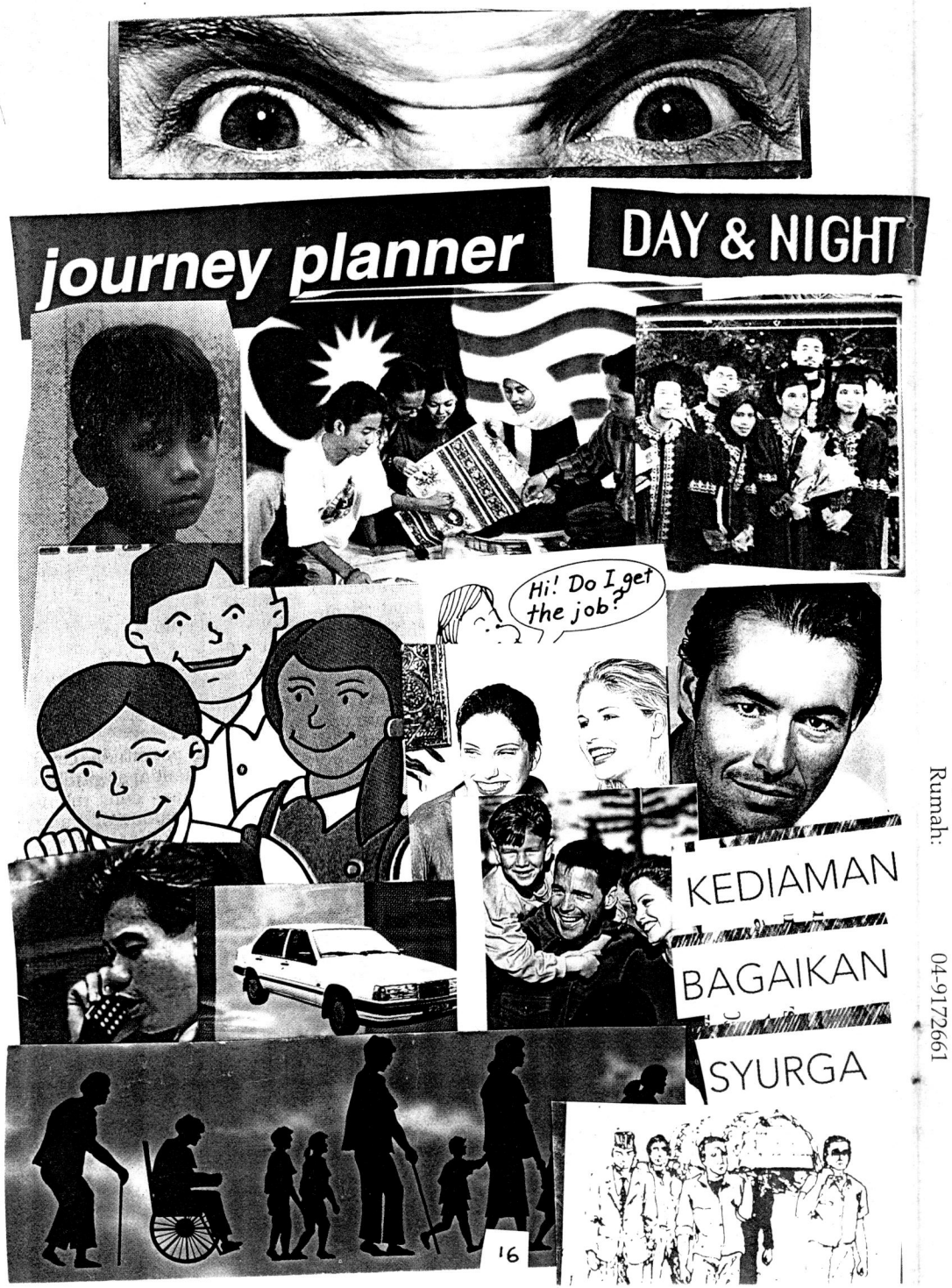


Ruangan Surat Peminat

Nota tepi: Stam memohon maaf kepada peminat-peminatnya kerana surat-surat yang terlalu peribadi tidak akan disiarkan bagi menghormati si penulis. Namun polisi ini tidak tertakluk kepada surat Apex. Dia mana ada peminat pon...

Assalamualaikum kepada saudara hisyam apex..... apa kabo? Ini Rule dari Kuantan (hitrz). Aku dah baca zine ko tuh... oleh kerana ko suruh aku bagi komen, nie la aku bagi sikit komen mengenai zine ko tu... 1. Intro - OK 2. Artikel - aku minat sungguh 3 artikel (what is.... , respect.... Dan a piece...) 3. I/w ngan Weng - bab nie la yang aku paling minat, meleleh aku baca, hihihi. 4. Mama bosan - artikel yang ntah apa-apa, pening aku! RUMUSAN zine ko nie kira best la... banyak info. Tahniah kepada ko kerana dengan jayanya buat zine Neon. Ko nie SxE ke?? Aku rasa ko ni sxe, kan..? Bagus la..hidup sihat dengan sxe!! (yeah!) walaupun aku ni bukan sxe, tapi aku join aje ngan budak sxe.. sebab aku kawan nagn semua, asal jangan ASS-hole, cukup!! Dari apa yang aku baca, aku rasa ko nak bincang sxe dalam zine. Aku rasa la sxe ni personal choice, pilihan individu! Ya! Individu... pada aku laa, sxe ni kalo diberitahu secara asas (no sex, no alcohol, no smoke, no drug) saja dalam zine, itu sudah memadai untuk memberitahu dalam scene (atau new comer). Proses seterusnya adalah pilihan yang akan dibuat oleh seseorang individu jika sudah memilih, info seterusnya (kemushkilan) boleh la 'dia' menulis kepada bebudak sxe dalam malaya/luar negri.. disini budaya berhubung (yang terlalu mengharapkan zine sebagai rujukan, tetapi mendapatkan info melalui berhubung sesama sendiri. Bukan aku cakap tak boleh langsung nak bincang, tapi seperti yang aku cakap, sxe ni personal choice... keep it personal! Kalo nak bincang benda-benda yang tak personal dan umum untuk semua dalam scene (diy, racist, facist, homophobic, etc), aku sokong! Sokong sokmo!! Ni satu lagi (atau otak aku ni kurang pikap!), artikel (bukan semua) dalam zine ko ni macam tergantung laa.. maksud aku, aku tak nampak point-point yang jelas dalam beberapa artikel. Harap ko dapat jelaskan point-point dalam artikel yang dibuat... lay-out, aiseh... ada beberapa m/s dalam zine ni blur laa... takpe lah! Mungkin zine aku aje yang ada m/s blur... disini aku juga berharap ko tidak membuat artikel/interview dengan menaipnya hingga ketepi m/s, sebab nanti takut bila potostet, tulisan kat tepi tu hilang. Ini boleh menghilangkan kesodapan membaca! Hihihihih... betul tak?? Apa-apa pun, kalo nak bagitau mengenai zine ko dalam 2 perkataan, aku akan cakap, "sedap dibaca!"... okey la hisyam, rasanya itu aje yang dapat aku tulis mengenai zine ko, neon #5. Maaf jika komen aku ni buat ko marah/tersinggung. Aku tulis apa yang ko suruh...komen! So, ini la komen aku. Maaf, harap ko tak marah. Kalo aku ada silap, tegur kesilapan aku, ok! Mmmmm... rasanya sampai sini dulu aku tulis... sorry sekali lagi sebab tulis melaui e-mail aje, tak melalui surat (tak pe, kan..). Jumpa lagi dalam mail akan datang! Wassalam luv+peace, rulehitrz.

Rule, Kuantan

Pejabat:
Rumah: 04-7005200
04-9172661

heart on someone else. Gosh, what would the girl feel if she knows about this..... and how pathetic my friend had been. Yet I know how he feels..... and I keep on hating myself because I probably couldn't help doing the same thing. Selfish? Fuck hell know...

"you only live once....."
so try make the most out of it.

This brings me to the last question of life. Life is very temporary, life is too short. They are no second chance. And what about the afterlife? The spiritual element that play a big role in certain people life including myself. I believe in the life after death. And it scares me each time I think about it. But it also teaches me not to expect too many in life on earth. Live life at it is, today is today, yesterday is yesterday, tomorrow is uncertain. By the way, it JUST LIFE. You open your eye when the warmth of the sun burn softly touches your skin, another lovely day ahead. I sometime wonder when will my time came when all of this will be over.

"life is something that happen while you busy making others plan" as my good man John Lennon once said.

People always put you down when they say you can't have everything in life. That's bullshit when they mean having 'everything' is having a big house and a beautiful wife and a charming good spoken kids and a sport car and thick cash in your pocket. I learn much meaningful things enough for me to state this, "Yes I can have everything in life because to me, having everything means, having less.... Less trouble, less responsible, less boundary, less pain, less shits equal more happiness. Either I just smile and appreciate the few good things.

My life had just beginning, I've a long way to go.....

In beds in little room in
buildings in the middle
of these lives which are
completely meaningless
Help me stay awake, I'm
falling...

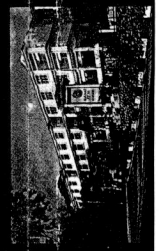
Asleep in perfect blue
buildings
Beside the green apple sea
Gonna get me a little oblivion
Try to keep myself away from
myself and me.

I got bones beneath my skin,
and mister....
There's a skeleton in every
man house

Beneath the dust and love and
sweat that hangs on everybody
There's a dead man trying to
get out
Please help me stay awake, I'm
falling...

'Perfect Blue Buildings"
Counting Crows.
(Aaarrggghh sawan sial!!)

Program Akademik

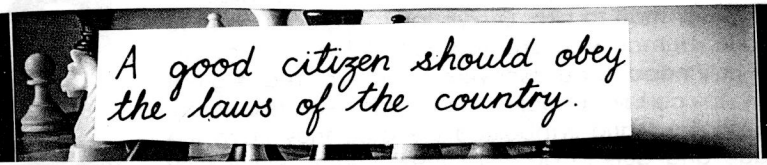


What a stupid world

Kalau ada peluang untuk untuk hidup sekali lagi dalam dunia moden ini, aku berharap pada tuhan agar aku dijadikan seekor burung.
Aku akan terbang tinggi diatas awan melihat manusia-manusia dibawahku ini sambilbersyukur pada tuhan yang aku tak perlu pergi sekolah dari umur 7-17 tahun, isi borang masuk ke industri pengajian tinggi, (opss...institut). Pergi interview kerja, kerja dari 9-5 petang. Balik rumah layan anak/ bini (itu pun kalau aku kahwin) dan fikir bab-bab syurga/neraka/dosa/pahala yang begitu membingungkan. Heh, burung sudah pasti masuk syurga.

Sambil-sambil terbang, aku akan hinggap dan meludah di kepala pemimpin-pemimpin bongkak yang berkata "Rakyat perlu berterima kasih kepada pemimpin kerana pemimpin tahu apa yang rakyat mahu". Dan rakyat yang bodo itu bertepuk tangan seraya berkata "Kami akan taat setia kepada kamu kerana kamu telah banyak memberi kemajuan kepada negara!"

Dan penuh kesedihan aku berdoa dan mengadu kepada tuhan tentang gelagat manusia-manusia di bawahku dan tuhan pun berkata, "Aku tak akan mengubah nasib mereka selagi mereka tidak mengubah nasib mereka sendiri". Aku kecewa, namun aku berharap agar suatu hari nanti mereka akan sedar tentang kebodohan mereka sendiri.



Cinta? Burung pun mengenali erti cinta. Bila musim mengawan kami akan berjumpa dengan mudah dengan pasangan kami semudah 123, alifbata dan doremi. Kami tidak seperti manusia yang mendendangkan 1.2 atau 3 lagu-lagu romantis untuk memikat hati mereka sambil kami juga tidak pula perlu menangis seperti band-band 'emo' sambil menunjukkan kesengsaraan kami untuk memujuk rayu pasangan kami. Kami tidak seperti mereka. Namun yang demikian terdapat juga burung-burung dari spesis lain yang cuba meniru manusia. Aduh, sedihnya.

Kesengsaraan hidup kami bukan berpunca dari diri kami sendiri. Ia berpunca dari sikap tamak dan memntingkan diri manusia sendiri. Mereka membakar habitat kami sehinggakan asap-asap menyebabkan perjalanan kami terganggu. Kami seperti pelarian di negara sendiri. Kadang-kadang kami merindui pokok-pokok balak yang tinggi-tinggi namun sekarang sudah tiada lagi. KLCC tidak menyediakan kemudahan untuk burung-burung seperti kami. Bagi manusia hidupan lain seperti kami sudah tidak berguna lagi. Manusia memang begitu TAMAK dan MEMENTINGKAN DIRI SENDIRI. Sampai bila mereka mahu sedar? Sampai bila mereka akan terus dungu begini? Betul kata Tuhan, "Tiada siapa yang akan mengubah nasib mereka, selain mereka sendiri".

What would you do?

Soft and sensual...

Heh I got a hard time coping up with Apex dynamic and eccentric heart pondering tears breaking soul killing emotional writings. Maybe I should ask him to write me a love letter sometime ☺. All the people who submitted to this zine have been very sweet I almost lost my heterosexuality. A great people as one may seem, or admire so much are subjected to them. Nazi punk/skinhead idolized Hitler for his racist idea and because they're a bunch of idiots ☺, pemuda UMNO, keADILan, and PAS admired their politicians for their leadership skills/qualities (and their money), scientists admired the great early inventors that most of us didn't even bother to know, most teenagers and kids today admired their television icons for no meaningful reason, a son or daughter admired their strong single mother, religious people admired and symbolized their prophet, an owl admired the moon for it's enchanting beauty, skateboarders admired their stars for their achievement, Romeo admired and loved Juliet for hell knows what, I admired Apex because he have been a cool person, understanding and a good friend even thought he made a lousy zine and I'm far more smarter than him ☺, Mike admired his grandfather because he was a great man to him. Everybody is a great person to someone. Human was created with values and quality which only need to be discovered and explored. A great person to certain peoples were admired, respected, loved, idolized and symbolized because they have the courage and guts to do what they dreamt, either they choose to do the right or the wrong, the good or the bad thing is up to they fans, admirers, followers or 'dogs' ☺. I admired and deeply respected people like Weng, Saha, Joe Kidd, Najib Anuar, Mike a.k.a Mai, Mike Maclard, Jen Angel, Ian Boisleve and Shaiful. They were a great people to me but not to some people. I was inspired by them, I was even once inspired with one of my teacher (no shit) because of his strong will and moderateness. A lot of great people (according to me) had inspired me throughout my period of life. Who I am today are mainly built by the ascendancy that come from their experiences, they determinations, they strong will, they passion, they obsession. To be a great person yourself you have to take bit of someone else you symbolized, your love one. Some nerds learn hard to excel either to prove something to themselves or the fucked up cool, macho and hip people who excluded them. Or maybe they had some ugly experience that became the driving spirit of their determination. Even if some people think they don't symbolize certain people, even when if they don't had a bad experience or a bad memory that leave a deep ugly scar in their inner soul but still there's must be



So I quote my own term "life is about sharing"
And to complete the puzzle "life is about sharing and relationship"

Having inspired so much by Jen Angel writings in Fucktooth #24. I had looked back to the effects that this relationships I had during my somewhat bizarre lifetime. I've seen and experienced all kind of relationships. Cold relationship, abusive relationship, casual relationship, verbal relationship, professional relationship, close relationship, weird relationship, dumb relationship (except for sexual relationship, fuck!). All of them are important in shaping my personality and my life in the whole. I come close to conclude what make one life so stagnant and empty depends on how less relationship they had or have. I connect with all this people, the people I hate, the people I despise, the people I cursed, the people I damned, the people I dish, the people I bitch, the people I love, the people I respect and the people I sympathized. People need to share. Either you share your story with other or other tells you their story. Have you notice that the wiser one is always a good listener and the less miserable one is always the one who poses more integrity. These relationships help you to dealing with everyday shits. It guides you when to change direction, where to change courses, make decision and either to turn back or go crushing straight to hell or happiness. Psychologically, it makes sense. It's not about getting socialized nor became a psychotic anti-social person. It's about making more friends and not being selfish. Make friend with your enemy. Be honest, tell them who you are and what you despise. Rejecting yourself from the peoples is not healthy at all.

Remember the Doom's lyrics "take back your life".

One night I was having this deep conversation with a friends about love. And he said to me "we were lucky to be a man...." Before he smiles and looks straight to the beautiful night star. I watch quietly, I never ask why because I feel that way too. Male is always luckier in dealing with relationship. Male mostly did not stigmatized by body image, male are mostly attracted by the inside rather than outside. Even a fat guy is considered cute. Even the old crippling Sean Connery is still loved by young women. An old women are mostly would not be in a man interest even if she is filthy rich. Male have this thing such as charisma, pride and high opinion or whatever you fucking called it. I cannot blame the fact of this 'sexist reality'. If I pity female for this I feel like I have degraded them. Because I know this is not the true reality. This is not the ultimate fact that cannot be change. Still, we are helpless. Me, you, them and the media make it worst. I've not much luck with girl or maybe I keep pushing my luck. When a girl would approach me I would freak out or some fucking twisted situation spoil the fun like she involve with somebody else and that somebody else is my closest mate or my heart is on someone else. Love is weird yet it's the biggest thing about life. I listened to a friend complaining how miserable he feels when he going out with this girl, but when he looks in her eyes, he saw someone else. But I felt awkward when he said, at least it's better to have somebody rather than nothing even when your

While others would take things in a more positive stance. They're tougher and stronger inside. They would just eat the shits but never have to swallow any but trying hard to add some spices and flavors in their menu. These are the people I would be happy to stay close with. I want to connect with them. They give me strength whenever I find the going tough. Moreover, they don't talk bullshit.

Once I come to think, what's putting together my partial of ongoing feelings, sensations, passions, emotions and everyday experiences that shape my life as it is as I'm living today and the years pass are these faces, these faces I know. The memories of the peoples I once knew and met. Circling around my ticking clock. Filling the dampness between each seconds and minutes and hours and days and weeks and months and years goes by, bitter and sweet, I treasured them all. I stumble upon assholes and decent companions and a wise everyday joe each passing moment. You wouldn't imaging how many times I've been gratifying this people each time they stick around to stand beside me or wishing them would just die each time they start to throw craps out of their dished brain that came out of their stinky mouth. Two different people but most of the time they just wearing masks. But I learn to admit, these are the people who make my life. Yeah, I cant live alone, no one can live alone.

Stranded in a disserted paradise island all by your self is not a 'life'. At least not for me. I cant imaging how boring my life would be. It just most of the time people fuck things up for you and you feel you would better be of without them messing up everyone life. I need to be alone sometime but I rather spend some memorable, mutual understanding, respecting and honest time with my deer friends. Even when you think you have no real friend which can be called as true companion, that you would feel comfortable sharing up with. It doesn't matter, because it's better than not having anyone else to talk with otherwise it's not impossible that you will find someone, someday which you might fit in. I've stumble upon many great person with the same conviction when I least expected. I live up, I have life because I exist among and inside these people. This people I hate, I curse, I damned, I bitched, I dish, I love, I respect, and I connect. That's what makes LIFE, your life, my life, their life. That's what makes life worth living, making living full of liveliness. This people around us that's determine weather we are just another loser, or an asshole or a loner or a bitch or an outcast or a psychotic, or a freak or a geek or an idiot or a fucking rockstar. This status, this labeling, this remark this people spit at us may seem just to show human stupefying nature (hell, we also remarked some people as asshole and loser most of the time). People don't make assumption to you unless there are bits that fit those 'justifications'. Okay, don't judge people by the outlook. Easier said than done I would say, EVEN I can't help it to accidentally assuming people at first sight. Like how 'normal' people look at us as a mess up kids judging by our dowdy clothes and we judge these people with coat and tie as bastards. People sometime just forgot they just human (that despicable word) so fuck with what people want to say about you and it's okay and quite normal to assume people but see for yourself first and make sure your are actually damn right.

something that drive them. Albert Dunant was a successful businessman but leave his career to devote himself helping out injured soldiers and war victims voluntarily and founded the red cross crescent untill he was broke and lost everything he had. The only thing that drive him to did it was because he feel sad about the innocent war victims and the young brave soldier who sacrificed in the hand of their greedy leaders. Everyone needs to hang on to something that can push them forward. You do something for LOVE and PASSION. You do something because YOU love it. It just the matter of question weather you do the right thing or you do the biggest mistake of your puny pathetic life.

Show me the way

Mendengar lagu-lagu dari band DEP, The Question dan The Jokes Isn't Funny Anymore dan The Smiths betoi-betoi buat koi jadi sawan sekejap malam ni. Tak tau lee kenapa weh... Kadang-kadang tue koi rasa hidup koi nie bangsat sangat lebih-lebih lagi bila koi mengenangkan masa depan koi yang tak ketentuan nie. Jiwa rasa sedih sangat bila koi teringatkan mak dengan abah koi yang menyara koi sampai sekarang. Sampai bila diorang nak menyara koi? Bueknya diorang mati esok-lusa sape nak beri koi makan, koi bukannya ada kerja, ada duit. Beli kaset DEP pun pakai duit diorang. Agaknya macam mana lee keadaan koi kalo benda-benda cam nie jadi sungguh. Dah lee koi anak sulung. Anok harapan keluarga. Oh Tuhan, ampunilah dosa koi...

Koi bukan bodo, kalo koi bodo koi tak masuk sekolah asrama penuh. Result SPM koi teruk pun bukan salah koi. Semua salah sekolah dan salah keadaan. Koi bukan tak boleh nak dapat A1 dalam matematik Tambahan cuma koi bosan dengan cikgu yang mengajo dari dulu.

Satu sebab lagi mungkin pasal cikgu yang ngajo kimia koi tak cun langsung. Gitu juga dengan cikgu BM, BI, Math, Sejarah, Fizik, Agama dan PA. Dema semua tak faham perasaan koi. Ynag mereka tahu , "Belajar rajin-rajin supaya dapat menjaga nama baik sekolah dan murid-murid cikgu semua excellent!" Boleh pegi mati lee dengan cikgu-cikgu yang ngajo koi dulu. Gitu juga dengan kawan-kawan koi masa sekolah dulu, tak hingin koi jumpa diorang. Apa, diorang ingat dengan kereta Waja, isteri yang comel dan rumoh dema yang besar boleh buat koi kagum. Balik laa...koi tak kagum lee...

Ahh... kadang-kadang tue rase bodo jee pikir bab-bab cam nie. Mungkin koi bukan sebahagian daripada mereka. Mungkin satu hari nanti koi jumpa perempuan kaya dan nasib koi berubah dengan serta-merta...

hidup ini penuh dengan keajaiban dan koi menantikan keajaiban dalam hidup koi...



I love my country

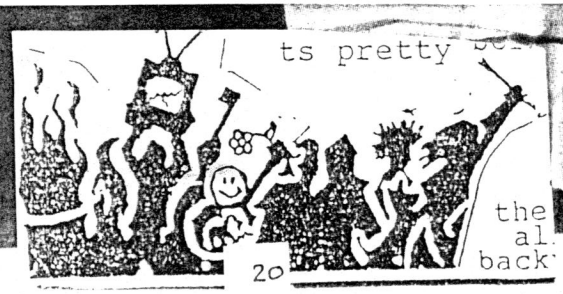
Nak tahu kenapa Malaysia negara yang bertuah? Negaranya aman, rakyatnya peramah, tiada kawasan gunung berapi, tiada gempar bumi, tiada rusuhan kaum, banyak tempat-tempat menarik disini dan lebih-lebih lagi kami mempunyai pemimpin yang berkarisma tinggi, bijak dan berfikiran jauh dalam mentadbir hal-ehwal negara.

Pasukan polis kami sangat cekap! Lihatlah semula demonstrasi reformasi dulu. Dengan cogan kata mereka yang baru "Mesra, Cepat dan Betul" mereka dapat menjalankan tugas dengan baik. Mereka tidak akan memukul penunjuk perasaan itu malah penunjuk perasaan dulu yang mula bertindak ganas. Polis hanya bertindak untuk mempertahankan diri. Tidak mungkin orang-orang yang menjunjung "Kedaulatan Undang0undang dan Kesopanan dan Kesusilaan" di dalam Rukun Negara akan bertindak ganas seperti itu. Pihak polis sepatutnya dihargai!!

Keranamu Malaysia aku akan pertahankan tumpah darahku ini. Aku akan berdiri teguh disebalik pemimpin bijak kami. Aku akan mengikuti setiap kata yang diucapkan oleh pemimpin aku. Mereka bijak dalam mengatur hal-ehwal ekonomi. Kami dan mereka memang cekap. Ada orang kata ISA perlu dihapuskan tapi bagi aku kalau pemimpin kata ISA tidak boleh dihapuskan kita ikut sahaja laa cakap mereka. Pemimpin yang bijak perlu dihormati dan hanya mereka sahaja yang tahu apa yang lebih baik dan bagus untuk rakyat seperti kita. Bravo!!

2 choices: oppose them or let them destroy us

Hang Tuah is the god father of blind royalty therefore he is still an asshole wakakakaka...☺



"Either I just smile, and appreciate the few good things"

By the kegilaan remja no more (I've stopped being 'cute'), Rostam.

(this is not a definition but merely a lose attempt of making an insight)

I don't know how to play with words, fancy wordings. So I'll just go straight with whatever comes flow out of my skull regardless of any very beautifully constructed phrases. Whatever that fucking mean..... Since we're focusing so much on life, I would like to write something about life in general and I'm gonna touch a little bit about my life itself and the great people I know along the way.

Although I've only been living in this cursed world for 18 years but I guess I've already see things and experiences a lot during my short term of breathing. Mostly I pick up pieces of others life experience who (still) willing to share. I learn from their story and each story has a lesson, you only need to figure out the whole picture of it. How many times have you heard or read different depiction of life?

I could make a few lists:

The most common such as "life is funny/suck/great/cool/boring hell"
The boring one like "life is a learning process bla bla blah" or "life is like a wheel, sometimes you on the top sometimes you will fall down vice versa babbling cungga cungga lalalalala.."
The Forest Gump's mother version "life is like a box of chocolates, you never know what u gonna get"
The one I came up with "if life isn't suck, that isn't life"

Yeah, whatever your 'description' on the whole picture of life, it's up to your own experiences, you are defining your own expectation of life. It's not much of a any meaningful rousing and stimulating remarks but merely words of comfort, a need to reassuring, the need to of an answer for a reason, a reason to live. Not many people are lucky enough to be able to choose the life they would want/hope/dream for. Others just would accept things for what they are, not knowing how to change what have been so stagnant and numb dull, filling up the emptiness for the better. They are not happy. Helpless, hopeless even lifeless and life goes on until it end up in a corner of a street or an edge of a cliff or in the deep blue under the bridge or with one stroke of a trigger or at least living free of responsibility in the asylum.

This reminds me of another phrases about life:

"Live fast, die young" like Sid Vicious used to said and probably adopted by Kurt Cobain.
Like a loser always loves to slap another loser "get a life pal!"

merupakan satu objek yang amat simbolik kalau anda bijak berfikir. So kami nak mintak tolong la ni, kepada seiapa yang berminat terlibat sama dalam komplot ni boleh la hantarkan artikel, diari perjalanan dengan bus kalau ade pengalaman yang menarik ke yang nak dikongsi, kalau boleh dan kalau nak best yang boleh dikaitkan dengan life sebagai seorang hc/punk. Boleh antar poetry. Boleh kutuk pasal kebangsatan perkhidmatan bas kat tempat korang ke. Kitorang tak kisah, just be creative ok people. Those who submit will be given a free copy.

Saha ade jugak mengedar cd Alcatraz-ni dieu ni maitre, a bas la calotte et vive la sociale! Sebuah band crust/punk/hc yang melodic gile tapi dengan vokal crust yang pantas dari perancis. Hah, ape jenis muzik tu tak reti koi nak label korang try la beli serta dengar sendiri. Best jugak. This is a rare shit you know!! Complete with a thick booklet yang colorful. Kontek saha (alamat dah kasi tadi, cari la sendiri).

Grounders #4 dah out dah. Ade interbiu ngan DramaQueen, Common People zine, Najib Anuar, Solidaritas dan Toni Eiskonen, Downsided zine. RM2.00 tambah setem barang sekeping dua untuk menghantaran. Kontek rostam atau zeba (AMAN distro).

You are what you say (I pick this from Ms Magazine, a writing by Robin Lakoff, a professor of linguistics at the University of California, Bekeley- I found it very amusing at first but quite interesting when you get to the end haha☺ -Rostam)

"Women's language" is that pleasant (dainty?), euphemistic, never-aggressive way of talking we learned as little girls. Cultural bias was built into the language we were allowed to speak, the subjects we were allowed to speak about, and the ways we were spoken of. Having learned our linguistic lesson well, we go out in the world, only to discover that we are communicative cripples-damned if we do, and damned if we don't.

If we refuse to talk "like a lady," we are ridiculed and criticized for being unfeminine. (" She thinks like a man" is, at best, a left-handed compliment.) If we do learn all the fuzzy-headed, unassertive language of our sex, we are ridiculed for being unable to think clearly, unable to take part in serious discussion, and therefore unfit to hold a position of power.

It doesn't take much of this for a woman to begin feeling she deserves such treatment because of inadequacies in her own intelligence and education.

"Women's language" shows up in all levels of English. For example, women are encouraged and allowed to make far more precise discriminations in naming colors than men do. Words like 'mauve', 'beige', 'ecru', 'aquamarine', 'lavender', and so on, are unremarkable in a woman's active vocabulary, but largely absent from that of most men. I know of no evidence suggesting that women actually see a wider range of colors than men do. It is simply that fine discriminations of this sort are relevant to women's vocabularies, but not to men's: to men, who controls most of the interesting affairs of the world, such distinctions are trivial-irrelevant.....

BERITA/INFO/PEMBERITAHUAN/MAKLUMAT/ ULASAN/GOSSIP/TAWARAN

Dimulakan dengan Kuala Lipis, daerah yang kononnya berpotensi besar dalam industri buah salak. The Faxtory Effex telah mereleasekan satu demo yang dinamakan "Voice Across". Lebih baik dari yang dulu. Faxtory Effex adalah band punk rock macam the Bollock. Tapi bila dengar muziknya ada unsur-unsur dari muzik FSF pulak (yeah, god bless americanisme!). Terdapat 8 lagu yang bertenaga dalam demo ini. Lagu tentang ketidakpuas hatian mereka terhadap system dunia yang serba palat ini. RM4 atau trade dengan menggunakan alamat ini. Mohd Zulhaime, Kg Gua, 27100 Padang Tengku, Kula Lipis, Pahang atau alamat Noise Terrorist distribution.

Maximum Think #3 dah siap. Interview dengan Fina dan Uda dan Standstill. Artikel yang emo disamping lay out yang kemas. Ada jugak komik yang bagus untuk dibaca. Pemberitahuan, Zaiba juga mendistrokan banyak stuff under A.M.A.N distro (yang dulunya dikenali sebagai Neon distro). Jadi untuk mendapatkan list terbaru kontek, Huzaiba, 1-056, Pusat Latihan Pertanian Pintu Padang, 27600 Raub, Pahang atau Maxthink@hotmail.com

Editor "Betis nampak urat" Rostam, telah mereleasekan satu zine projek yang namanya Dogged. Amat menarik kerana didalamnya terdapat interview dengan seorang editor kegilaan remaja-remaja perempuan daerah Lipis. Siapa? Semua teka teki ini akan terjawab apabila anda mendapatkan zine ini dari rostam. Rm2.00 ppd or singgit by hand. Gunakan alamat kat depan kat mukasurat editorial tadi ataupun alamat Huzaiba.

Out of Loud zine #1. Interview with Farid Scum, Fida dan Rebel zine. Good Layout, great poem dan great artikel too. RM2.00, Kimie, Lot 1494, Kg Kelisang, Kerdan, Temerluh, Pahang.

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Don't Consume diy/punk record/label. Write for list to Shammir, 533-p, Block 2, Sri Pahang Flats, Bukit Bangsar, 59000, Kula Lumpur.

Saha Embrace zine mempressing Seein Red Boigrafi wehh!! RM5 to Saha, 4A Lorong 6, Kg Baru, 86000 Kluang, Johor or sahaembrace@hotmail.com

Funny how faith playing trick on you.....

I thought I would fall for a girl who love Morriesay but instead I had a heavy serious huge bummer crush on this girl who admired N'sync.

The girl dumped me and treats me like shit but I still love her.

I got a degree, I got a job but I don't feel secure.

I got friends but I feel alone.

I thought I was punk but I cant helped craving for that expensive snickers.

Why I wasn't born as Bill Gates's son/daughter ☺?

Neon stink but why so many people love it so much.

I thought I could fill this page but I'm blank!!!



Biasa: RM19.90

How Do You Fare?

MISTERI SI PENDEK

Siapakah sebenarnya 'si pendek' dalam kebudayaan masyarakat melayu Malaysia? Nampaknya semua orang melayu kenal siapa si pendek. Dimana-mana sahaja kita pergi dan mendengar perbualan orang-orang melayu, pasti terdengar ungkapan yang diucapkan oleh mereka, "pendek kata, alang-alang menyeluk perkasam, biar sampai ke pangkal lengan...etc", "pendek kata, kalau nak seribu daya, taknak seribu dalih....etc", pendek kata ini, itu. Hebat betul si pendek ni. Sungguh bijak sekali orangnya kerana mampu memberi pandangan yang ringkas tapi amat bermakna dan tidak bersifat optimistik lagi radikal kekadang. Siapakah sebenarnya si pendek ini? Jikalau hamba memintanya menulis lirik pasti ianya setanding Morissey. Adakah pendek seorang ahli falsafah? Barangkali dia ialah seorang punk generasi pertama melayu yang mendengar the Clash dan Bad Religion memandangkan setiap ungkapan dan 'nasihatnya' kekadang amat sinikal. Wah, jika benar ingin sekali hamba berjumpa dengan si pendek yang amat hebat serta bijaksana ini. Pendek kata, tak kenal maka tak cinta. Tengok, pendek lagi! Hebat betul pendek ni. Jika semua orang melayu berpandangan seperti si pendek barangkali bangsa melayu sudah maju agaknya. Tapi tu kekadang pendek ni seorang yang kolot dan konservatif jugak sebab hamba ada dengar orang kata "pendek kata, biar mati anak, jangan mati adat....etc" dan "pendek kata mana tak tumpah kuah kalau ke nasi...etc". Hmm...tak best la pendek kalau cam ni, kejap punk pendek ni, kejap nazi pulak. Misteri betul la si pendek ni.....

Sedikit pemberitahuan/ berita/ info /maklumat yang tercicir

Neon #7 mungkin akan buat split dengan Grounders zine #5. Kami berdua telah bersepakat untuk□mengahwinkan Siti Nurahaliza..ehh, bersepakat memilih satu topik khusus atau 'tema' khas untuk split zine ini iaitu BUS, Ya, saya tak silap eja, memang tema split zine kami akan datang ialah bus,atau dalam bahasa melayunya bas, kenderaan yang ade banyak tempat duduk tu, yang panjang-panjang tu, yang bentuk empat segi tepat atau kuboid tu, yang orang selau naik pegi uptown tu dan kekdang orang sewa pegi rombongan pegi Cyberjaya tu. Takkan tak tau. Jangan pelik pulak. Kami tak memain, kami benar-benar serius ni. Bagi kami memang banyak yang menarik tentang bus ni, Hidup kita banyak sinonim dengan perjalanan menaiki sebuah bas. Banyak sentimen dan nilai kehidupan yang boleh dikupas berkaitan dengan bus, Bus itu