Yes, we admit it. This time, we were lazy! In case you didn’t understand it, work ethic is not our strongest feature (luckily). Therefore, ABOLISH #2 is more stripped down and essential: TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, WORK APOLOGISTS! At the same time, if you were expecting the special edition (when is it coming out? Who knows!), you’ll be disappointed again!

This second issue is focused on our (partial and personal) ABOLISH pantheon. Here, you’ll find biographies of people who simply refused to comply to this shit show called Capitalism. We have musicians, bank robbers, sex workers, freedom fighters and - guess what - a fucking priest too! We are very tolerant if you’re not a cop or a boss!

Last thing, if you’re looking for the usual suspects in this list, you won’t find them. If you’re looking for some kind of coherence in the choices, you won’t find it. If you’re looking for pacifists, reformists, social democrats, you definitely won’t find them. As always, you’ll find a playlist to listen to while reading.

At the end, you’ll find a poetic composition from a friend.

ABOLISH
ABOLISH - ABOLISH
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ABOLISH - ABOLISH - ABOLISH - ABOLISH - ABOLISH - ABOLISH - ABOLISH - ABOLISH
We're gonna be brief on this one. These people are not perfect. They are not heroes either. They are people like everyone else. COMMUNISM IS A PROCESS IN COMMON!

Some people killed, some others committed grave actions. At the same time, they fought for LIBERATION. Who are we to judge them? Are you perfect? We are not for sure, trust us. If you're looking for spotless and flawless examples of people who did everything right, well let us know when you found someone like that!

People's actions, thoughts and positions are at the intersection of the places they live in, the cultures they experience, the emotions they feel, the course of history they participate in, the chaotic nature of chance they are exposed to, etc.

Lastly, what is GOOD? What is BAD? Is it - maybe - the universalization and imposition of someone's understanding of GOOD and BAD? Are we Imperialists?

WE CANNOT LIQUIDATE LIFE AS THE MANICHLEAN DIVISION BETWEEN GOOD AND BAD!
ABOLISH
YOUR
LOCAL
CEO
WHILE
THE
WORLD
IS
BURNING
YOU
ARE
WORKING
MARSHA P. JOHNSON

- Beyoncé - Freedom (feat. Kendrick Lamar) -
Marsha P. Johnson was born on the 24th of August of 1945, in Elizabeth, New Jersey. She was assigned male and given the name of Malcolm Jr; her surname was Michaels. Her father worked at the assembly line at General Motors while her mother had a housekeeping job. She had 6 siblings. Since a young age, Marsha started questioning her assigned identity and also became a devout Christian. After graduating high school, she moved to NYC with a few dollars and a bag of clothes and worked as a waitress, before moving to the Greenwich Village. Soon enough, she started hanging out with street hustlers and performing sex work for survival. She also knew homelessness pretty well. At the same time, Marsha did plenty of performance work, usually consisting of social and comedic shows; she was also part of the drag performance collective Hot Peaches. Marsha did a lot.

She decided to use the pronouns she/her and to describe herself in many different ways, interchangeably; today, Marsha P. Johnson would be better described as gender non-conforming. She wore intricate crowns of flower on her bright wigs, often dressing in shiny dresses or robes and high heels. -------------------------

As we said, Marsha did a lot:

1) She regularly participated in the NYC ballroom scene, a black underground subculture that organized drag performances and facilitated the creation of safe spaces for queer people to express themselves.

2) She dug up the hatchet of the queer liberation movement by starting the Stonewall Riots in 1969. And by “starting the riot” we mean smashing the windshield of a police car: we are still admiring your WORK ETHIC Marsha P.!

3) She co-founded the Gay Liberation Front (GLF), with queer liberation, anti-capitalism and criticism of the nuclear family as the main positions among the group

4) When the GLF got all assimilationist and liberal, Marsha co-founded the group Street Transvestite Action Revolutionaries (STAR) with fellow queer militant and street hustler Sylvia Rivera. In 1973, after drag queens were not allowed to participate in the annual Gay Pride parade, Marsha and Sylvia marched with other drag queens in front of the official parade.

5) With Sylvia Rivera, she created the STAR house, a shelter for queer homeless people in NYC. --------------

Marsha and Sylvia sustained the shelter through sex work.

6) She was an activist in the ACT UP group, a direct action organization devoted to HIV awareness and criticism of the mainstream narration of the problem.

7) She had a husband, who was killed by the police. She was herself arrested 100 times and, one time, she defended herself by hitting the PO-PO with a bag containing 2 bricks.

Marsha P. was unstoppable, despite the harsh living. Unfortunately, her life came to an end after the 1992 Gay Pride parade. Her body was found in the Hudson River and the police ruled it as a suicide, despite a big wound on the back of her head. At the time, Marsha was denouncing the rising violence against queer people in NYC, sometimes led by dirty cops (are there clean ones, we wonder?) and gangsters.

Her case was reopened again recently. We’re sure the police will conduct a thorough investigation.

The "P" in her name stood for: "Pay it no mind". When asked about gender, she used to reply with that phrase.
GILLES BERTIN

- Camera Silens - Classe Criminelle 1 Et 2 -
POUR LA GLORIE:  
FROM PUNK TO BANK ROBBERIES

We still can't believe nobody made a movie about our mauvais garçon Gilles! Maybe we will, one day. Born in Paris on the 25th of March 1961, his parents moved to Bordeaux, when Gilles was still a teenager. Here, he discovered his first love: punk rock. Without wasting time, he founded in 1981 the cult band Camera Silens (the name references the isolation cells where the Rote Armee Fraktion militants were "buried"), gaining a large following in the punk and skinhead French community. C'mon it's 2022! You still believe all skinheads are nazis? Haven't you seen "This is England"? Don't believe media lies! While singing and playing bass for the band, Gilles lived in a squatted apartment and stole everything he needed; soon, he developed an addiction for heroin and his robberies escalated, until he was arrested and sent to jail. Of course, living behind bars did not tame his rebellious spirit; inside, he met other punks, common delinquents and basque anarchists. Oh, by the way! During his punk years, Gilles met Nathalie and the two had a son, named Loris.

27th of April 1988, Toulouse. Gilles and a dozen robbers - all punks or addicts, some HIV positive - rob a deposit of the multinational Brink's, without firing a single shot. The loot? Almost 12 millions francs. While almost all of the money wasn't found by the authorities, all the accomplices of Gilles were caught. The singer turned bank robber went first to the newly democratic Spain, after the death of that piece of shit called Francisco Franco; here, Gilles tried to relocate Nathalie and Loris: the police was on his tail and the reunification failed. Gilles never saw Nathalie again (she died of HIV in 1994) and he was able to see Loris much later.

Life wasn't finished for the bank robber: actually, new surprises were waiting for him. First, he met Cécilia and relocated with her to Portugal, establishing and managing a record store under the fake identity of Didier Baller. Second, later in life Gilles found out about his HIV positivity, probably a consequence of his heroin years. After years in Portugal, the couple moved back to Spain, in Barcelona. Gilles and Cécilia had a child, named Tiago and continued managing her parents’ bar in the Spanish city. Tired of his fugitive life and his fractured identity, damaged by decades of living under a false name and having to continuously lie to hide his past, Gilles decided to return to France and surrender to the authorities. After a suspended 5 year sentence, our punk rocker passed away on the 8th of November 2019. The decades as a fugitive and his troubled life didn't change his rebellious spirit; before leaving this world, he shared this phrase with his friends, taken from "Anarchist Morality" by Pyotr Kropotkin:

"Bow to no authority, however respected, and accept a principle only if it is established by reason"
We said it and here it is: a priest! Not a normal one though. Camilo Torres Restrepo has been everything: priest, socialist, liberation theology proponent and guerrillero. We couldn’t leave him out, despite our little abhorrence for socialism: as you remember, we don’t want to work and we don’t like states.

Camilo Torres Restrepo was born in Bogotá, Colombia on the 3rd of February of 1929, in the traditional neighbourhood of La Candelaria. He came from a bourgeois family; his father Calixto, in fact, was a paediatrician and scientist. The family soon relocated to Geneva, Switzerland, after Calixto was appointed representative of Colombia at the League of the Nations. Here, Camilo learnt French, on top of Spanish. However, the Swiss experience was about to finish: after his parents divorced, he moved to Barcelona with his mom and siblings, before returning to Colombia.

Our bandido was already showing some potential from a young age: he was undisciplined and inclined to la dolce vita (he didn’t like putting in too much effort).

In 1947, Camilo Torres entered the seminary, to study priesthood; at the same time, he started to show some interest for social causes. He was starting to understand how fucked up the world was. After being ordained priest and celebrating his first mass in 1954, Camilo moved to Belgium to study sociology. In Europe, he came into contact with the social side of Christian politics and timidly approached Marxism (c’mon, you can do it!). In 1958, after graduation, he came back once again to Latin America and, in Bogotá, he was appointed auxiliary chaplain of the National University. At the same time, he was the co-founder of the faculty of Sociology; soon enough, he developed a large following within the student corpus, given his charisma, ideas and persona. Just to give you an example, he advocated courtship for priests, ecumenism and a dialogue between the Christian faith and Marxism. It couldn’t last long: in 1962, he was dismissed from university.

What a surprise! That didn’t stop him though!

He became parish at La Veracruz and member of the Board of Directors of the Institute of Agrarian Reform. Parallel to that, he launched the United Front of Popular Movements, asking among other things for a radical agrarian reform and the nationalisation of the industrial sector and of the subsoil products.

The social and political situation in Colombia was deteriorating and Camilo grew tired and critical of electoralism and official politics (yes, you got it!); in 1965, came the turning point: our man Camilo abandoned priesthood and joined the Ejército de Liberación Nacional (ELN). Unfortunately, his new path would soon end: on the 15th of February 1966, in the municipality of San Vicente de Chucurí (Patio Cemento, Santander), he died with his rifle in his hand. It was his first action against the Colombian army. His body was never given back to his family. The ELN - still running today - declared him an official martyr of the Cause.

His greatest quote was: "If Jesus were alive today, He would be a guerrillero"
Angela Yvonne Davis was born on the 26th of January, 1944 in Birmingham, Alabama. Now, just to let you understand how "tolerant" a city like Birmingham was, we will just mention the 16th Street Baptist Church bombing: 4 black children lost their life, the oldest being 14 years old. In 1972, in response to a question from a moralist and bootlicking journalist, Angela would recall her childhood: “You ask me whether I approve of violence? I mean, that just doesn’t make any sense at all. Whether I approve of guns? I grew up in Birmingham, Alabama”. After her first years, spent between school, the girl scouts and a local church youth group, Davis won a scholarship and started to attend Brandeis University, in Massachusetts. During the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis, she met the Marxist philosopher Herbert Marcuse at a rally and became one of his students. The development of an interest for Marcuse’s work pushed Angela to attend the University of Frankfurt, after graduating Brandeis. While in Germany, her radicalism grew, as she participated in some demonstrations with the Socialist German Student Union (SDS). A little note: despite the SDS being the youth branch of the boring, reformist and work apologist SPD party, the 1960s were years of contestation and radicalism also in the SDS. The group produced not-so-docile militants like Ulrike Meinhof.

But the fire was burning in America and Angela decided to return. This was her profile during the late 60s and 70s: philosophy assistant professor at UCLA in Los Angeles, radical feminist, member of the Communist Party USA and affiliate of the Black Panther Party. Just to contextualize: at the time the President was Nixon and the Governor of California was Reagan. NOT THE BEST!

Of course, a person with that political degree could only be targeted by the AmeriKKKa government. August 7th, 1970: an attempt to free the Soledad Brothers, three inmates accused of killing a prison guard, failed completely, resulting in the death of the three defendants and the judge. The guns used for the liberation attempt were purchased by Angela, who was later accused for aggravated kidnapping and first degree murder. After living as a fugitive and being listed on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted Fugitives (what an accomplishment!), she was later found and put under trial. But here’s the good news! Not only Angela Davis showed up at the trial with her natural hair, a metaphorical middle finger to racist America; she also brilliantly won and was found not guilty by an all-white jury.

Since that day, Angela Davis continued to strive for liberation. With her partner, the intersectional feminist Gina Dent, she has expressed solidarity with the Palestinian cause and the necessity for the ABOLISHMENT of prisons. Davis actually coined the term “prison-industrial complex” to explain the phenomenon of the incarceration for profit in the USA.

FREE ALL PRISONERS!

As Angela said:

"We know the road to freedom has always been stalked by death"

(In case you want to check how Angela blasted that journalist:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fIXrTsJMDXc)
Túpac Amaru II was born José Gabriel Condorcanqui Noguera on the 10th of March 1738, in Surimana, Tungasuca (Province of Cusco - so-called Peru). His father was named Miguel Condorcanqui Usquionsa and he was the kuraka* of three towns in the Tinta district. His mother was María Rosa Noguera. At 12 years old, Túpac lost both his parents and - from then on - he would be raised by his aunt and uncle. He went to the Jesuit San Francisco de Borja School, where all the sons of the kurakas were educated. The cursus honorum was just starting; at 22, he married Micaela Bastidas and became the new kuraka, taking the position of his father. He spoke Spanish, Quechua and Latin and knew all the "right people"; in fact, he was considered and recognized as part of the elite. Little did they know! The so-called Peru was in dramatic conditions, exasperated by overproduction, cheapening of products and cold weather. ---->

Túpac was acknowledging the endemic impoverishment of the population and especially the colonial treatment of indigenous communities. Let’s summarise: forced labor in state sponsored public work, salary taxed to the max, indebtedness. Of course, the Catholic Church was getting a piece of the action too, in the form of collections and - once again, guess what? - forced labor.

In the meantime, Túpac changed his name from José to celebrate his ancestor Túpac Amaru I, last monarch of the Inca Empire, and organized the revolt. Well, actually he first tried to petition against these terrific conditions and, later, organized protests. He also helped directly with donations to the population but it was all useless. Colonizers had to be fought directly. Among the insurgents, other than those who held moderate positions of compromise with the Spanish, there were some who advocated for a proto-communist society, without racial division nor forced labor. The uprising lead to the occupation of many provinces: cities were looted, colonizers were killed --------------->

and the royal authority always removed. Among the insurgents, half of the leaders were women. Not only, Micaela Bastidas was known to be a better strategist than her husband Túpac and also more resolute in her decisions (NO WORRIES, we’ll talk about her more in depth in another issue). The rebellion was successful on many occasions and saw the temporary alliance of the Quechua leaders and Túpac. However, in the end the insurgence was tamed and completely defeated. We will spare you the detail of the execution of the leaders of the insurgents, including the one of Túpac Amaru II; for the symbolism behind it, just read "Discipline and Punish" by our favourite bald French M. F..

The revolt sparked many future indigenous revolts and stood firm in the imaginary that forms the indigenous cause of decolonisation and freedom. Many centuries later, revolutionary guerrilla groups were named after Amaru. And, it goes without saying that Afeni Shakur wanted the name of a revolutionary for her son 2Pac.

*the kuraka was the governor of a province during the Tawantinsuyu (Incan Empire)
LEILA

KHALED

- Abe Batshon - Free Palestine -
RESISTANCE BY ALL MEANS
LIBERATION AT ANY COST

Born on the 9th of April of 1944, in Haifa, Mandatory Palestine, Leila Khaled soon learned the reality of her world. At 4 years old, she had to flee with her family to Lebanon, after the Palestinian defeat against the Zionist movement. With her, 700,000 refugees had to leave their homes: this catastrophic exodus is remembered in the Palestinian community as NAKBA ("disaster").

She will soon engage in the Cause of her life. At 15, she joined the Arab Nationalist Movement, socialist and secularist in its political aspirations. Later on, in 1967, this movement will become the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), the second largest group after Fatah in the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO). Historically, it represented the marxist wing of the Palestinian movement. Leila Khaled would become a protagonist of the PFLP. Not only, in our personal Olympics, she definitely won the gold medal, as the first self-identifying woman that hijacked an airplane. 

1) TWA Flight 840 hijacking (29 August 1969)

Flying from Leonardo da Vinci Airport, Rome to Ben Gurion International Airport, Tel Aviv, the PFLP found out that Yitzhak Rabin (Israeli ambassador in the U.S.) would be on the airplane. After hijacking the plane - in conjunction with another militant called Salim Issawi - Leila realised that Rabin was not on the plane. Thankfully, American diplomat Thomas D. Boyatt was!

After changing the route to Damascus, to the pro-Palestinian state of Syria, our protagonist forced the pilot to fly over her home town Haifa, so that she could see her home, even if from afar. After landing and releasing the passengers - except two Israeli later exchanged for Egyptian and Syrian soldiers by the Syrian government - the front of the plane was blown up. In October, the two hijackers were released, without charges. There were no fatalities among the passengers or the crew.

As we know, MOMENTUM IS KEY: so one year later ------------------>

2) El Al Flight 219 hijacking (6 September 1970)

Flying from Lod International Airport, Israel to JFK International Airport, NYC, Leila Khaled, working with FSLN (Sandinistas) member Patrick Argüello, waited after the stop over in Amsterdam and tried to hijack the plane. She extracted 2 hand grenade and took off the pins with her teeth. She reached the cockpit, while Patrick was behind covering her. The pilots didn’t open the cabin and, instead, decided for a nosedive, which made the hijackers lose balanced. Argüello shot a steward and was hit by a whisky bottle (they are not paying us for sponsorships!) and then shot dead by a sky marshal present on the plane for protection. Tackled by the passengers and security on board, Leila was arrested, while the plane did an emergency landing in London. Released in exchange for other prisoners by the British, Khaled was photographed by Eddie Adams. In order to continue her struggle, she underwent many plastic surgeries to change her face.

FREE PALESTINE
FREE PALESTINE
FREE PALESTINE
We know that the word "punk" has been misused many times before, but we can't help it: RENZO NOVATORE WAS A PUNK! A punk before the punks. Wouldn't you define PUNK as someone who writes such poetic verses:

"We will destroy laughing, we will set fires laughing, we will kill laughing... and society will fall!"

Unbelievable, right? Renzo Novatore was the pen name of Abele Rizieri Ferrari, born in Arcola, La Spezia (Italy) on May 12th 1890; he came from a poor family of peasants. In his first year of primary school, Novatore developed an intolerance to authority so deep that he decided to leave the education system behind forever that year. Unfortunately, work in the field with his family was awaiting him. In 1908, Renzo became an anarchist and started his "career"; for instance, in 1910 he served 3 months in jail for allegedly burning down a church. We say "allegedly" because he was jailed without proof. The miracles of liberal democracy! At least, ---------------

we like to think that he actually did it:

firstly, because he was jailed no-matter-what and,
secondly, because we like to think that he actually did it.

A year later, he was arrested once again, this time for vandalism. We find again Novatore during World War I; on the 26th of April, 1918 he defected from the Army: he would be later sentenced in absence to the death penalty for treason. This wouldn't be his last sentencing in absence.

Novatore went underground to escape judgment, after saying one last goodbye to his deceased son. Notwithstanding the danger of being captured, he participated in the La Spezia uprising of 1918 (10 years sentence but released after months due to amnesty) and assaulted a weapons depot during the BIENNIO ROSSO ("Red Biennium"). ---------------

For the weapons depot job he would once again be arrested and subsequently liberated by accomplices. FORTUNE FAVORS THE BOLD!

Meanwhile the fascist movement took power, but Novatore didn't change his praxis. In fact, his actions were motivated by an individualist view of anarchism, informed by Stirner, Nietzsche (no, he isn't a nazi, it's 2022 you should know this!) and Baudelaire. He wrote for many anarchist papers and lived by the principle of the REFUSAL OF WORK. After a gun fight with the fascists (he also threw a grenade!), Novatore linked up with anarchist bank-robber Sante Pollastri.

29th November 1922, Novatore is in a bar with Pollastri and another accomplice when plain clothed cops come in, knowing who's inside. Our personal mantra dictates: IF YOU SMELL SHIT, CHECK YOUR SHOES! Novatore pioneered it: he smelled those cops from a mile away and opened fire without hesitation. In the gun fight, he would find the death he didn't fear.

“My motto is: walk expropriating and igniting, always leaving behind me howls of moral offenses and smoking trunks of old things”
Qiu Jin was born on the 8th of November of 1875, in Xiamen, Fujian, Imperial China. Qiu came from an upper class family in decline; thanks to the ranking of the family, she was able to access education and literature, as well as experience martial arts training and learn how the use of swords and bow and arrow. She also rode horses and wrote poetry. Despite the relative progressive upbringing, Qiu still experienced the effects of patriarchy, only moderated by the class belonging. In fact, during her early childhood her feet were bound; don’t expect some fancy upper class ritual of superiority: foot binding implies breaking the feet and binding them up very tightly. Foot binding restricted the mobility of many Chinese women and made them more dependent on their husbands. Recently, some feminist academics, in polemics with the Eurocentric narration of foot-binding as a practice enforced on subjugated women, highlighted the multi-faceted reasons behind this practice and described how many women decided on their own to undergo the process. Just to give you the two side of the coins.

At 21, Qiu Jin married the son of a merchant and fulfilled the dreams of her family of seeing her in a traditional role. Needless to say, the merchant’s son family wasn’t very happy about the progressive upbringing of Qiu. She would have two children during the marriage. Needless to say (part II), she wasn’t very happy about this housewife nightmare. After moving to Beijing, she emerged herself in the political and radical environment of the city and decided to learn English. She also wore “male” clothes, as a form of rebellion. Constantly raising the level of emancipation, Qiu unbound her feet and left the marriage. Soon after, she moved to Japan, where she learned the language, wrote more poetry and met up with fellow Chinese revolutionaries in exile. Her revolutionary activity spiked during her stay in Japan;

1) she joined the Tongmenghui, a revolutionary underground group comprising of socialists, nationalists and republicans (they were fighting for the establishment of a republic and the redistribution of land);
2) she wrote revolutionary propaganda, like the manifesto “A Respectful Proclamation to China’s 200 Million Women Comrades”, where she shitted vehemently on the patriarchy.

Qiu Jin returned to China in 1906 and divided her life between teaching at school, teaching military training and writing on the Zhongguo, a radical feminist newspaper.

In 1907, after a tortured comrade gave away her name, Qiu was captured. After being tortured, they used her political writings as proofs and condemned her to death, by beheading. She never gave away a single name nor collaborated!

Qiu once wrote:
“Don’t speak of how women can’t become heroes: alone, I rode the winds eastward, for ten thousand leagues”
(PRESUMABLY) RED EYES

FELA KUTI

- Fela Kuti - Zombie -
Fela Kuti was born Olufela Olusegun Oludotun Ransome-Kuti on the 15th of October 1938, in Abeokuta (Nigeria). He would later drop the surname Ransome, because he thought it was a slave name. And it’s safe to say that Fela Kuti was never a slave.

The Godfather of Afrobeat came from a well-off Yoruba family: his mother was Chief Funmilayo Ransome-Kuti, feminist and anti-colonialist and his father was the reverend Israel Oludotun Ransome-Kuti. Fela Kuti’s life was already decided from the start: he was sent to London to study medicine, like his brothers. Of course, he went to England and studied music instead, at Trinity College. He played the trumpet and formed two bands, first the Highlife Rakers and then the Koola Lobitos. After coming back from London, he trained as a radio producer for the Nigerian Broadcasting Corporation and, after re-founding the then disbanded Koola Lobitos, he embarked on a U.S. Tour with the band. This trip would change everything. The band’s visas expired quickly and, illegally, the band stayed in LA, after Fela hustled ---------------

a residency in a bar. The turning point was the discovery of the black power movement; Fela met Sandra Isadore, member of the Black Panthers Party and, thanks to her, he got to know the BPP ideas and had the opportunity to read books by Malcolm X, our favourite Angela Davis and Kwame Ture. After absorbing the revolutionary content like a sponge, he came back to Nigeria, changed the name of the group into Africa 70 and invented AFROBEAT. The song you are listening to in this moment is the essence of this style: it’s a mix of jazz, soul, Yoruba music, highlife and funky, combined with politically conscious lyrics. The rhythm section is tight, implacable and continually floating, the horn section is pure vibes and coolness: everything is set for Fela to express himself!

Afrobeat is joy and rebellion! Do you think that someone like Fela could go unnoticed in a Nigeria governed dictatorially by the military? Just like everyone here, the answer is always: OF COURSE, NOT! Fela didn’t give a fuck basically. He founded a commune and recording studio called Kalakuta Republic; later, he declared the Republic -------------------

independent from the Nigerian State. They didn’t take it well. He released the masterpiece “Zombie”: 53 minutes long, 4 songs. Nigerian soldiers were compared to zombies, brainless followers of Authority. They didn’t take it well. He criticized the Government and denounced the unequal consequences of the colonial regime. He held socialist positions and supported Thomas Sankara. They didn’t take it well. Fela Kuti was arrested over 200 times during his life. The Kalakuta Republic was assaulted by 1000 soldiers: everything was burned to the ground, the studio completely destroyed. Everyone inside was beaten and Fela miraculously survived a ferocious assault. His mom wasn’t so lucky: Chief Funmilayo was thrown out of a window and died as a consequence. Fela sent her coffin to a police station as a protest. He continued to stand his ground until his death, on the 2nd of August 1997. Fela Kuti’s funeral was attended by ONE MILLION people.

Extra: a known weed smoker, Fela Kuti invented “goro”, a weed infused honey-palm oil cream. Preparation time of 2 weeks.
Cosa ti può fare questa vita?
Mentre si liberano le lacrime,
Ci si lascia alle spalle fantasmi,
Si contano cicatrici,
Si vivono amori.
Cosa può fare il punk hardcore?!..
Forse dissipa illusioni,
Da una forma più decisa ai sogni,
Non insegue denaro o la fama,
Ma segue strade cercando di non perdersi,
Magari in giro da giorni?
Trasandati e senza lavarsi.
Viaggiare senza biglietto,
Il favoloso brivido della trasferta,
Macinare chilometri,
Tossire città.
Mangiare sigarette,
Bere disperazione,
Fumare urgenza,
Guidati da voglia d'allegria.
Cosa può fare il punk hardcore?
Aiuta a sentirsi meno sol*,
Unisce disadattat*,
Non immagina copertine o
Collezioni compulsive.
Non sono toppe...
Spille, Tragedy o Slogan,
A cambiare la tua vita?!
Quell* sei tu.
Cosa può fare il Tupa Tupa*?

°: "Tupa Tupa" is the onomatopoeic expression that describes the trademark rhythm of a hardcore punk drumbeat. Here is an example from the Roman band Bloody Riot.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u55eCMxMY-Q
It can give birth to sincere friendships maybe
Against everything,
Deceiving jealousies,
Grinding possessiveness,
Defending fragilities,
Helping each other among the weak...
Disintegrating attention as an end in itself,
Mixing commitment with enjoyment.
Licking no-one's ass...
What can punk do?
Disgust of nothing
Fear of no-one
What can it do?
To play down the impossible maybe?!
To drive away a laugh that makes fun of man, maybe?
The spirit can continue,
Immortality is not needed.
Long live all my troubles
An endless rhythm
Doesn't matter how it is gonna end?
I will always be with you
I will go with you everywhere,
Won't I sleep for days maybe?
You never disappoint,
In every bad luck you help me and you know it?!
1 2 3 4...

Angelo, whose behind the project "Gabryela", also sings for Rauchers, pure Desenzano hardcore! Have a listen:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AWjnXPlg4Ag
https://rauchershc.bandcamp.com
ABOLISH #2 WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY
FUCK THE PO-PO PRODUCTION

NEXT ISSUE OUT WHENEVER WE WANT

A SPECIAL THANKS TO O.W. A. H. A.
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