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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 32850

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# No More Nukes

# Niss Puk Band

ROGER MATURA

with Peter Herrmann, "Crazy" Wolfgang Kaczmarek, Hans-Peter Schneider



ROGER MATURA, WOLFGANG KACZMAREK, PETER HERRMANN HANS-PETER SCHNEIDER

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### NISS PUK BAND

Peter Herrmann (Bab, Vocals)

Crazy Wolfgang Kaczmarek (Guitar, Vocals)

Hans-Peter Schneider (Guitar, Vocals, Percussion)

featuring

Roger Matura (Guitar, L. Vocals, Harmonicas, Tin Whistle)

All songs written and composed by Roger Matura

Arranged by NISS PUK BAND

Guest musicians:

Rudi Mika (Violin) • Uli Korsch (Alto Sax)

Special thanks to: Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, Phil Ochs & Bob Dylan for their influences  
Lothar Thomas (illustrations), our Greenwich Village friends Arnie, Bob & Willie to the rain  
and wind, to earth and sea, all kinds of people, all over this world, who're sufferin':  
someday we're gonna be free!

P.S. This record album is dedicated to all free souls who despite discouragement, rejections, indifferences and no foresight  
by so many, persevered and this new baby is born and sees the light of day. To the lost and uncertain HAVE FAITH!  
Moses Asch, Director Folkways Records

All members of the Niss Puk Band, except percussionist Hans Peter Schneider, were born in Essen and the city's surroundings.

Grown up in a world of winding towers, coal heaps and concrete, the Niss Puk members lived the typical life of coalworker's children.

Because of the deficiency of green plots and playgrounds the juveniles became more and more aggressive and built gangs to fight against everything and naturally most times against themselves.

This way of life was nearly the only possibility to reduce aggressions and showed cruelty and brutality, but it also showed the normal reaction against a misanthropic environment. Unemployment, juvenile delinquency and a boring surrounding formed the Niss Puk members, especially Roger Matura, into opponents of this sort of environment. Most of Roger's songs contain this opposition.

The Niss Puk music got a lot of influences out of the "Flower-Power" in the late 60's and the anti-authoritarian phase (every Niss Puk member refused the military service and worked in social domains instead).

Their musical training started right at this time. They played different music—Rock and Jazz-Rock like their ideals The Rolling Stones, Jimi Hendrix and Grateful Dead—in different bands until they found a perfect way to bring out their whole feelings and offer them to the audience: the Folk.

Roger Matura: "The Folk puts music and words into a special constellation and that means a solid foundation to communicate the musicians and the audience." With the help of this idea the Niss Puk Band created the "New Folk": Fold-Music mixed up with Rock and Jazz-elements. The name "Niss Puk" was found out of an old German myth. "Niss Puk" is the name of a parasite that lives under the floor of farmhouses and steals the farmer's food at night.

In summer '78 the two guitarists of the Niss Puk Band, Roger Matura and Wolfgang Kaczmarek, went to the United States to perform the "New Folk" in some New Yorker folk-clubs like Backfence, Paul Colby's Other End, Dug Out, Kenny's Castaways and Folk City.

The American audience was impressed deeply in the expression, originality and spontaneity that flowed out of the "New Folk" and they showed a really enthusiastic reaction.

The two "Freaky Germans" Roger and Wolfgang were very surprised to find such a sincerity in behalf of the New Yorker audience.

Various critics certified the Niss Puk-sound as "extraordinary creative." It was not a brilliant performing but the spontaneity and expression that made the "New Folk" so conspicuous. Some journalists of the New Yorker "Village Voice" who saw a Niss Puk concert at Paul Colby's Other End thought that it would be possible for Roger and the Niss Puk Band to

start a career in the U.S.A. But not only the positive experiences left their impressions. Roger and Wolfgang found every kind of the "American Way of Life"—dancing and singing people of Washington Square, pining beggars, tippler in the curbstone and then again lovely and eager people who were always ready to share.

All this seemed impossible to happen in the more or less conservative Germany. The Niss Puk Band found no possibilities to produce their music at home. The only chance for young German talents is to play commercial music—like Disco—or to be perfect copies of British or American rock-bands and that is why the Niss Puk-music with its sensible reference to the often cruel reality find only declination most times.

The Niss Puk members understand their music as an antipole to the predominant "Disco-Scene" in Germany. The reaction is declination and often even enmity and hatred. Many Niss Puk concerts were freezed out. Maybe that the special "Niss Puk Sound"—melodious parts mixed up with hot music—is another reason for the declination in Germany.

The negative reaction at home and the enthusiastic audience in New York is reason enough for the Niss Puk Band to contain the U.S.A. in their plans. They see their only chance in resettling to U.S.A. and to build a complete new existence there.

Notes by Chris Lemke

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## Till the mornin' comes (Mirages of dyin' Eden)

Frozen dreams tear the veil of dawn  
disecrate philistine's arbitrary laughing  
disastrously the black crows dirge shrills

Day's breakin' mournfully through  
conformed dissemblers prostitute  
eagerly the searchers' restless commitment

Speechless wavin' seas of rye  
dumb accusation stretched out to reach the sky  
comes a time to break the paid silence

Refrain:

Dance, dance, dance, till the mornin' comes  
don't give a damn, carry on

Danglin' truth in prophet's eyes  
groanin' boozers in the doorway nearby  
rain can't blur the traces of tomorrow

Beneath the gallows of tolerance  
the harlekin's death rattle without complaints  
borin' through the wise man's delusion

Migration of refugees, see them roll  
deceivin' marble statues, I can see them fall  
It's only mirages of dyin' Eden



## Backstage of life

When you sink into despair, and your guitar is outa tune  
your weary voice is heavily croakin'  
Things around you have changed in a thousand different  
ways

too many words which are unspoken  
The bottles on the mucked up table, none of them  
which (that) ain't empty  
the smoke of a million cigarettes cools slowly down

Melancholic memories a-stormin' through dim lights of candles  
there ain't no tomorrow, time seems to  
stand still

Steerless driftin' onward, like a tear in the ocean  
stinko stumblin' blindly  
escapin' from the stage

Refrain:

This song is written on stage  
where the heat of the spotlight kills the shelter  
that you need

a scowl crowd is watchin' the visionary  
who stands naked  
while the last tune is fadin' and the show comes  
to its end!

Along the streets of nowhere you'll find no devotion  
only lost souls, longin' to be free

The clock's stroke dies gently away in dismal hallways  
the distorting mirror unmasks your labyrinth of dreams

The scribble of your madness eclipses the innocent sheet of paper  
absorb the last credit, that you've got from God!



## No more Three Mile Island

Starless sky arches over Three Mile Island nuclear power plant  
Minimizin' appeasement policy can't remove the paralyzin' suspense  
of people, pierced through by fear of radiation, fleein' from  
the unalterable events

if the unborn generation will be atom cripples, who's gonna be  
responsible for it in the end

Oh, how close we were to a nuclear disaster,  
as the impossible accident happened in the dawn  
early dawn

Apocalyptic visions of human future grew in the awareness  
of the population

See their helpless rage against the growin' cancer of radiation  
Officials had no idea what to do against the radioactive cloud  
if the Harrisburg plant would have melted down  
melted down

I was only about two hundred miles away from Harrisburg  
as the impossible accident happened in the dawn  
early dawn

Agents of death are worshippin' the contamination of air, water  
and land  
their arguments maintain, that this burden of engineering progress  
has to be standed  
denyin' the nuke catastrophe, that broke out in the Soviet Union,  
concealed from CIA  
an area of thousand square kilometers ravaged, impossible to  
live in during the next few hundred years

From Big City's Neon World to the remotest shore  
We won't let it go on once more  
one more time

Refrain:

We don't need no more Harrisburg  
We don't need it anymo.o.o.ore  
anymore!

### (Part two)

Nevertheless dozens of Nuke plants continue to operate further on 'though up to now technological problems and their effects can't be solved profit interests of the nuclear industry, without scientific or moral control

seem to be more important than a devastated environment at all  
So shut down all nuclear power plants  
for our children's sake, give 'em a healthful chance  
healthful chance

The memento of 75,000 people moved a long way to Washington  
personal sacrifices, weapons of serious apprehension, they  
put into peaceful protest songs  
avalanche of solidarity based on well-balanced scientific opinions,  
which can't be wrong  
advantages of nuclear energy as an incalculable risk,  
it was exposed

That what happened in Harrisburg  
could happen again anywhere else  
anywhere else

"Meltdown! Nuke Leak! Evacuation!" gushed forth newspapers  
and magazines

in the beginning I couldn't figure out, what it was all about  
incredulously I stared into the troubled faces of my Village  
friends

Vietnam's over! Cuba Crisis' gone! But old as hills anxieties  
are still existin' on  
existin' on

There was no way for me to get out of New York Town  
so I took my guitar and wrote that song  
wrote that song

Refrain:

We don't need no more Harrisburg  
We don't need it anymo.o.o.ore  
anymore!



### Bleecker Street Blues

Well, I returned to West 4th Street in March '79  
as the Harrisburg-THING invaded the village  
met an Italian guy, down at heels, who got fired  
swearin' to God that he seriously tried to make a bourgeois  
living

Joe was his name and he worked hard at an East Side garage  
washin' cars, changin' oil ten hours a day  
"This city drives me mad, but what else can I do?"  
he pensively explained  
Joe was from the South Bronx by the way

Yeah, I nodded apathetically  
and together we strolled along  
the deserted Ave of Americas in the persistent rain  
suddenly Joe started tellin' me the story of his abysmal life  
as a prowl car passed sedately by  
somebody stuck his curled head out of the side window  
suspiciously inspectin' us  
for a while

### Bleecker Street Blues (II)

A bunch of straight people with noble peace price mugs  
penetratively perfumed, bubblin' out the subway hole  
on the daily way back from their idolized banks and offices  
to their modern-styled, well-preserved "glass house"-homes

Tall colob of steel and stone breathed heavily  
glittery electric sig-facade threatened to collapse  
someday charity's terminal sewer probably get blasted  
and constant smell of dog shit choked you to death

Two lovers under a twisted lantern  
a muffled up jogger rhythmically movin' in trance  
a fat man recited solemnly the Sermon on Mount  
a boozed bum slept beneath the cathedral's portal  
his crumpled, overgrown face on an ornamental marble pillow

"Pigs! Only good for motherfuckin'!" "widly gesticulating Joe  
yelled after the prowl car  
that turned 'round  
the next nameless corner

### Bleecker Street Blues

Smashed out windows, crumblin' ghetto-walls of isolation  
scrawled with loathsome pictures of a brutalized struggle for  
existence

beer cans, burnt out tellies, scraps of fascist-pornographic  
comics  
skirtin' the unshaded Slum alley of deprivation

Children of trash, who can't conform to phony middle-class  
expectation

ain't permitted to participate the American Dream  
social controllers maintain their lack of education  
Marxless rebels deaden their boring lives at Fun Machines

Raised among rottenin' rats and a boozy bruiser  
probably my father, kickin' up a row every day  
and an unrigged mother, who walked the streets  
they drilled what it meant to be poor into my head  
where I came from and how to survive  
and the punches of humiliation hit me hard  
betwixt bloodshot eyes

### Bleecker Street Blues

"Crime is the only way to get ahead, man," Joe argued with me  
"the only chance for a man like me to satisfy his very own needs  
with an embarrassed grin on bloated lips, apparently to prove himself  
"That's why I ended up a few times in a New Jersey clink

Stealin' cars, rapes, muggin' an' things like that, you know!  
You're forced to do it, 'cause there ain't no jobs for you at all!  
Previously convicted. . . vicious circle. . . you know what I mean?  
The gutter creates no poets!" he jokingly added

Meanwhile we made it to a Waverly Place liquor store  
where Joe scraped together some change in order to get a few bottles of beer  
"You'd better leave this city, otherwise you're gonna  
go bust at it!"

last words of a marked metropolis outcast

before we split  
hurriedly I headed for an audition  
looked like I'd never meet Joe again

### Bleecker Street Blues

A rain-soaked American flag dangled from a time-honoured  
university entrance lounge  
while I crossed the Washington Square Park frozen to death  
a whistlin' guy picked up jerkily the last weekend garbage  
secreted from hordes of average Americans, who sensationalistically  
prevaded the Park only yesterday

By now the veil of triviality descended over fire works  
of whitewashed shabbiness  
local losers, poets, painters, swarms of musicians fused in  
groanin' streets  
sprinkled with petrified dealers and junkies, dressed like  
birds of paradise  
everybody joined the big deal, with a look of hilarity  
bustle and fun in clouded eyes

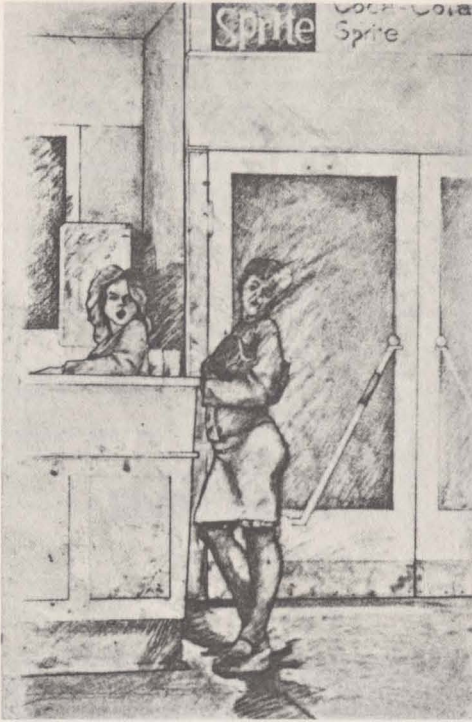
Open violence broke out on that nice family day  
torn placards, moistened flyers, trampled down information stands  
were still evidence of a political riot  
as five peacable, communist demonstrators  
denounced psychical distress and advancement's madness  
of a soulless, sophisticated society

### Bleecker Street Blues (VI)

America's golden Statue of Liberty tottered gravely  
for his favourites, perfidiously throwin' bottles at  
differently minded folks  
Free Speech was beaten up and spat upon by a handful yippies  
on that drugs, booze and blind hate trip

The cheerin', angry crowd escorted faceless New York City cops  
when they put the Commies with brute force under arrest  
carried them off like infected cattle  
someone kicked the spokesman right into his stomach,  
even though folks 'round were watchin'

As though understanding my thoughts  
an old Jewish clergyman gave me a smile  
totally mixed-up I asked him what the time really was  
wordlessly he pointed to the illuminating sunshine  
that fell through the clouded sky  
I was expected to perform in some place  
it stopped raining  
I was kinda gettin' late



### One of Those Nights in a Raunchy Hotel Room

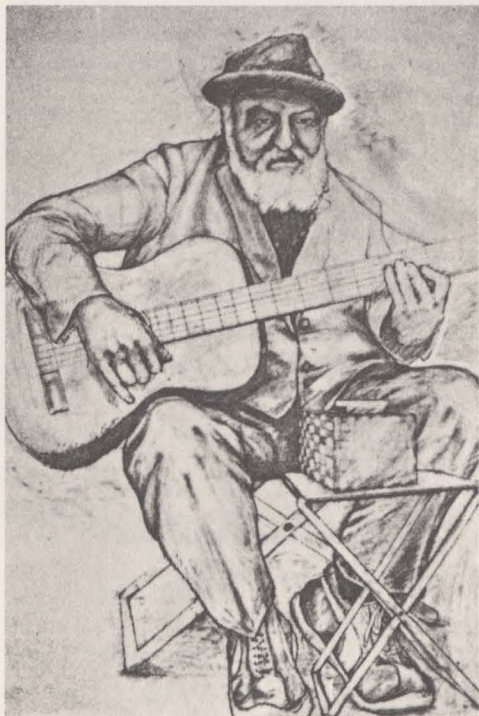
Sadly I stare upon the empty street  
shadows of doubt fall on me  
don't you worry about tomorrow  
your encouragin' voice can't chase away my dejection

From outside dog's barking wafts  
through the exhaustion of my mind  
restless world keeps spinnin' round  
illusions, reachin' up the troubled sky

Scary eyes of darkness  
make me think of times when I was young  
it's that bittersweet feeling of transcendence  
hurts so bad, when you suppose to be all alone

Through the cobweb of my window  
the sparklin' heaven glooms  
plunges into my senses  
condemn me to reflect upon my roots

Long before human blood flowed  
in the current of changing times  
the universe was called into being  
to give me this enchanted night.



### Wind of Change

Sunglow paints the sky  
ever since I was a child  
the country breathes quiet  
and the mild wind carries words of love  
that were planted in our hearts  
to where the grass forever grows  
as long as crystal rivers flow

Main refrain:  
It's gonna be an endless journey  
a long, long way to go  
let's follow the cycle of the wandrin' stars  
we may never have another chance  
to be swept away from the ragin' wind of change

Soon the world will fade  
behold: the shimmerin' stars awake  
last daylight, splintered, breaks  
through softly cradlin' shapes of trees  
bewitched by dancin' elves  
an enticing fragrance comes from the open sea  
takes away the doubting part of me

Refrain:  
Shed your tender love upon my yearning  
for I've too often been alone  
I feel, I won't find any sleep this night  
the night before, we have to go  
leavin' everything behind us on our road

### Wind of Change (II)

Weary day gets old  
lays its countenance in folds  
tattered clouds approach  
as a sharp summer lightning flashes through the stillness  
takin' us by surprise  
strikes tremblingly into humble ground  
we cringe to each other, revelled, for a while  
awedly glancin' at the flamin' sky

Refrain:  
Torn loose from things we used to love  
so far away from home  
where walls of confusion are surrounding us  
yet we're gonna set sail to other distant shores  
Come on, my friend, what are you waitin' for?

Pale glimmer of moon  
dips my mind in solitude  
schemes of freedom loom  
between ocean's depths and mountain heights  
that none of us will reach  
between spheres and tides of universe  
yet we're only a candle in the wind  
nothin' but fools in a dozin' land

Main refrain:  
It's gonna be an endless journey  
a long, long way to go  
let's follow the cycle of the wandrin' stars  
we may never have another chance  
to be swept away by the ragin' wind of change

### Nicaragua

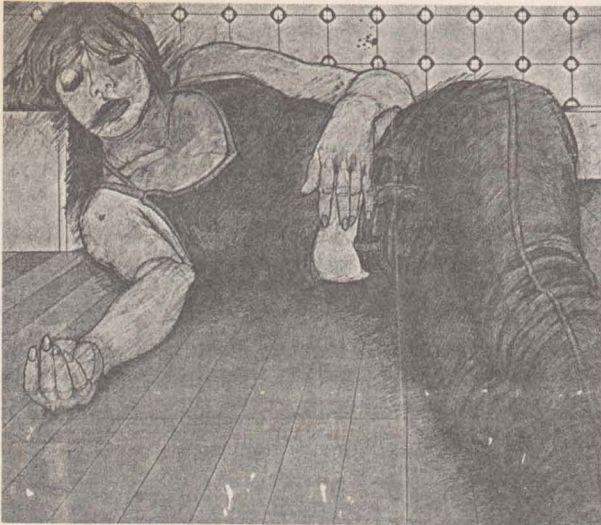
Salvo fire of machine guns were tearin' up omnious springtime's silence  
a row of decayed shacks were shattered,  
the traps of the terrorized population turned into ash  
thousandfold echoes of wailin' mothers must have reached  
the golden thrones of those ones,  
who were hidin' behind the heinous deeds

Somoza's goons tortured a scruffy kid  
whom they imputed to assist the Sandinistas  
with a malicious howl they hung the halfdead body  
on a wooden paling upside down  
the whining of the perishing kid, covered blood,  
could be perceived far into the night

Refrain:  
Somoza's corrupt family dynasty is well connected,  
economically with USA business world  
100 million dollars blood moeny on American bank accounts  
wrenched out from Nicaragua earth  
while enslaved people, unemployed and underfed,  
die of shortcoming and illness

While Somoza's soldiers were butcherin' civilians,  
he, ministers and landlords sipped delightfully at champagne  
his mechanism of oppression still works perfectly  
but one day the rebels are gonna crush the fat maggots  
with guns of justice and freedom in their hands

Guerillas are in impenetrable jungles, in streets  
of the working-class districts, they ain't afraid to die  
with strong love for their country, the tyrannized  
population on their side  
the spirit of Che Guevara will lead them to a better world



### Another rainy day in New York

Just another rainy day in New York  
 thoughtful walkin' about empty Central Park  
 through city's meltin' lights of tangle  
 the eve closes gently into dismal dark

Neon rainbows are spittin' sparks of paranoia  
 upon the hazy, steamin' concrete scene  
 street noise swells to a roaring hurricane  
 civilisation's orgie erupts in suffocating ecstasy

Shelter from the clattering rain  
 we rushed to a shabby local bar  
 where reggae music brooms out the juke box  
 primin' the sad glint of the desolated atmosphere

#### Refrain:

Passage from senseless life into relieving death  
 don't leave me sad tonight  
 countless souls enlarge on this place of rest  
 before crossing the last borderline

For moments I could see the listless faces  
 boozed, limp in shadows, their fingers clutched at filthy tables  
 cryin' out cuss words of forlornness  
 another one whistles contemptuously the hymn of the United States

Final station of a wrecked life  
 guiltless stranded in hopelessness  
 smashed at unhuman social compulsions  
 under a predatory system, they're cracked



### GOTTA TRAVEL ON

In the late summer sun, I caught a truck, speedin' along  
 Kansas wheat plains, swayed by Midwest winds  
 Haystacks woven in golden tint, farmers workin' in the fields  
 harvest time—but I gotta travel on

Dust of a thousand miles, stuck to my clothes,  
 blinded my eyes  
 fumbled 'round my pockets, I was broke  
 bummed a cigarette, drank some wine  
 black man trucker gave me a crazy ride  
 This fuckin' world could trouble me no more

#### Refrain:

Sooted freight train whistle blows  
 rattlin' wheels are rollin' on  
 towards the early mornin' sun  
 to carry me, to carry me back home

Many times I rambled around, crashed under bridges on the ground  
 sometimes right in the midst of a road ditch  
 the guitar, slung around my shoulder  
 thought, I'd never get much older  
 Back then I wasn't into that straight life shit

Well, I tried to catch the sun,  
 knew, where the waters cease to run  
 I could read, whatever was written in the stars  
 Forgot the evil all around  
 closed my eyes, let things drift along  
 Being uprooted, still lives in me