No More Nukes
Niss Puk Band

ROGER MATURA
with Peter Herrmann, "Crazy" Wolfgang Kaczmarek, Hans-Peter Schneider
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 York 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 really 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 is even enmity and hatred. Many Niss Puk concerts were frozen 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
Till the mornin' comes (Mirages of dyin' Eden)
Frozen dreams tear the veil of dawn
discreet 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
goat boozers in the doorway nearby
rain can't blur the traces of tomorrow
Beneath the gallow's of tolerance
the harlekin's death rattle without complaints
born' through the wise man's delusion
Migration of refugees, see them roll
deceiver marble statues, I can see them fall
It's only mirages of dyin' Eden

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
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
I was only about two hundred miles away from Harrisburg
as the impossible accident happened in the dawn
Early dawn
Agents of death are worshipping the contamination of air, water and land
their arguments maintain, that this burden of engineering progress has to be stanced
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 anymore anymore!

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
stinkin' stumblin' blindly
escapin' from the stage
(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 healtheful chance healtheful 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 anymore anymore.

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 coil 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'" wisty 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 skintin' 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 between 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 prevailed 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 crowds' streets sprinkled with petrified dealers and junkies, dressed like birds of paradise everybody joined the big deal, with a look of hilarity bumble and fun in clouded eyes Open violence broke out on that nice family day torn placentas, moistened flayers, 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 thrown' bottles at differently minded folks Free Speech was beaten up and spat upon by a handful yuppies on that drugs, booze and blind hate trip. The cheerin', angry crowd escorted faceless New York City cops when they put the Commmies 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 transcience 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

Nicaragua

Salvo fire of machine guns were tearin' up ominous springtime's silence a row of decayed shacks were shattered, the traps of the terrorized population turned into ash thousandfold echoes of wallin' 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 money 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

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 tremblyngly into humble ground we cring to each other, revelled, for a while awedly glancin' at the flam' 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
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
booted, limpin' 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