



CHRONICLE



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ANTAGONISTIC FRONT

UNDER THE HEELS OF JACK BOOTED THUGS

Writer: Jim Martin - New York, July 2003

I was going down to NYC to see **Cold War** at **ABC-No-RIO**. Brayo told me they were playing there. I rode my motorcycle down to NYC. I got stuck in really bad traffic in the **Bronx**. I had to go a different route than I usually take because of the traffic. I get off the highway on the **Upper West Side of Manhattan**. I'm heading south for about a mile and NYC police car is pulling me over.

As I'm pulling over I was looking at the police car in my mirror thinking "**What the fuck did I do now?**" I turned my head forward as I was coming to complete stop all I saw was a virtual wall of hands!! Then about ten cops jacked me up right off my bike and threw me down to the ground! Two cops had pistols up to my head and were screaming "**WHERE'S THE BOMB!? WHERE'S THE BOMB!?**"

Hands were all over me. Mind you I was wearing a black full face helmet and a camouflage jacket with a tactical vest over it... The cops made me unzip my jacket slowly only to reveal a **SCREAMER** t-shirt! They stood me up and I took off my helmet. As they were running my I.D. I looked up the side streets near me, there were more cops who had **shut off a two block perimeter around me**. Helicopters were buzzing everywhere. They thought I was a suicide bomber of an

Islamic origin. Apparently the bad traffic I was in was caused by an explosion at a Con Ed powerplant (which turned out to be an accident) on the Lower East Side an hour earlier which caused a blackout in southern Manhattan.

Somebody in the traffic jam I was in **thought I looked suspicious** and had called the terrorist hotline on their cell phone. The cops sort of apologized to me after they realized I was just a punk and asked if I would go to a nearby precinct for a statement for their report. I went in a squad car. They didn't cuff me.

At the interview I first spoke to a Lieutenant because we had to wait for some Captain. When the Captain showed up he was from **the N.Y.P.D. Anti-Terrorist unit**. He was dressed in full combat gear. Frankly he was a pretty intense man. He told me after they got the tip about me they dispatched a helicopter to spot me, the helicopter zoomed in on me with their camera and that he and his staff watched me on a screen at their Command Post. He also explained to me that with the powerplant explosion and the World Trade Center attacks that they were on heightened sense of alert. I begrudgingly understood.

He then asked me why I wore all this combat gear, I explained I was a punk rocker and I had been wearing clothes like this for years. This other cop in the room says, "**Punk rock, like Agnostic Front?**" That was a laugh!

They asked if I would sign a paper saying that I wouldn't file a lawsuit against the N.Y.P.D. I told them I wanted to see if there was any damage to my motorcycle first. The cops agreed and took me back to my bike. Everything worked out. My nerves were a bit raw after that. It was pretty good scare!

So I headed for ABC-No-RIO. When I got to the ABC Cold War weren't even scheduled to play!!! So I went and had a couple pints and got the fuck out of NYC! In the last few weeks **the Secret Service have been hanging around** in the back parking lot of my work (I'm not kidding!!). One of President Bush's daughters goes to Yale University which is right next to where I work. Behind where I work is a Male Fraternity House. I think **Bush's daughter is fucking some kid in there**. The Secret Service are only in our lot early in the morning and late at night (my office is 24 hours). The Secret Service take our chef's parking spot frequently. Our chef Tom is a **tough guy, an ex-Army Ranger from South Boston**. Last Friday Tom went out and yelled at The Secret Service, "**I hardly think the President's daughter getting laid is a matter of national security!!!**" What a fucking good laugh that was! Well anyway Broken is in writing mode. We want to have an album of all new material done by early next spring. The tough part is finding someone to release it. We are playing Canada soon. That's about it. I'm also playing bass in a street punk band now called **DIRTY BOMB**. *Hello to all... Jim Martin.*