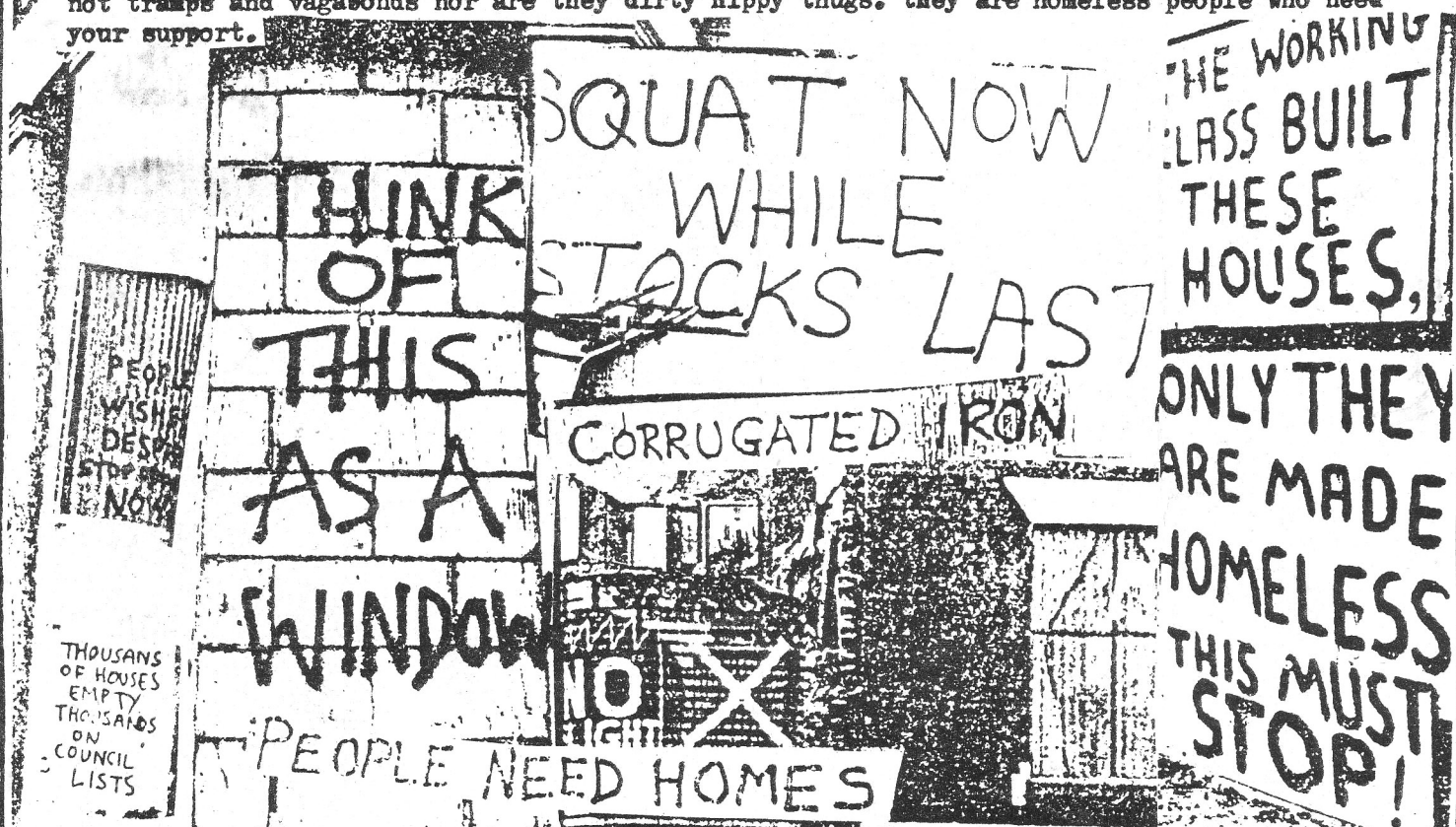




when people talk about squatters they usually think about the dirty hippy who never washes works or pays bills. (this is the medias favorite picture of a squatter.) someone who will enter a decent persons home when they are on holiday and probably reduce it to a pigsty. every time the newspapers get hold of a squatting story. they use it for thier own ends. they turn it into a sensation to attract and disgust the average reader. they never print a single thing about homeless mothers with very young children. old soldiers turned away by great christian bodies such as the salvation army. people who are single and homeless cannot get help from the social security because they havent got a permanent address. the same goes for the housing they will not put anyone on thier precious lists unless they have a permanent address. you cant get a home cos you dont live anywhere?

so picture a young mother of 19 with a fatherless child to look after with no fixed abode and no money. sleeping under railway bridges and stealing for food. this is more accurate as a picture of a squatters predicament. there are thousands of homeless people and thousands of empty homes put the two together and you will get only one solution to squat is thier only hope. thier only means of survival. squatting isnt easy but there are certain people who are there to help you if you need them.

many people cant afford to wait 2 or 3 years on council waiting lists. they need somewhere to live right away. the only alternative open to them is squatting. they are not tramps and vagabonds nor are they dirty hippy thugs. they are homeless people who need your support.



dont let anyone tell you squatting is illegal. it is perfectly legal if it is done properly and carefully. squatters do not break in because that is illegal. they have to look for an opening where they can get in. if you must break in do it very carefully and dont get caught because you will (the squatting movement) get a bad name. squatters do not occupy other peoples homes. that is not the policy of the squatting movement. they only occupy empty houses. if they can get in and put there own locks on the doors and secure all openings a ballif will have to break in to get you out. if they do this you have certain rights you can enforce. if you make sure there is always at least one person in the house at all times. the council will not be able to force an entry and smash the place up. council houses are easiest to squat because it can be quite a while before the authoritys even find out that your there. after that it can take a couple of months for them to get an eviction order. private property can be a bit harder because landlords usually make checks on thier dwellings. but if you are treating the property well they would rather have you looking after it than let it go to ruin. and you might be able to come to some arrangement over the gas and electric.

if you are tired of living in a normal family enviroment. squatting could open up new alternatives for you. get together with others and try your hand at communal living even if it doesnt last longer than about 6 months. you will have had the valuable experience of sharing responsibility.

squatting can be an alternative.....use it.

ANDY J.

"Don't look, don't look," we said desperately to the children as a body flew out of the car in a wide arc to land on the road. Another car ran over the outstretched arm of the spreadeagled figure and as we opened the car door we heard shrill screams above the roar of the traffic. Nothing I had ever seen, read or heard had prepared me for the obscene horror of it all.

It's July and i'm walking thru war torn london, streets full of old tramps and concrete buildings invaded by anarcho squatters, somewhere amid the chaos i hope to find hope. The doors open and i witness a gig, i didnt belong, i didnt fit, i felt repulsed at the unity of the punks, it made me vomit, the sight of conformity thru uniform. I tried to sell anathema and was greeted with negativity and apathy. These punks run in never ending circles wallowing in a self styled war of drugs, sex, alcohol and violence and a pounding music echoing off



the walls of the void they have created. Rebel youths que to buy t-shirts and better badges, yet spit upon me for attempting to add vitality to this degenerates circus, have fanzines nothing to offer? At first it felt this way, but i also felt that maybe we were getting thru, people are refusing to eat corpses, some have stopped wearing Dr martens and have rejected the macho image of punk, now i dont know, maybe it aint working, all this talk of anarchy and peace. These people at gigs have no cares or worries, ridicule blacks and kick tramps and dance and sing, theyre so wrapped up in warped images of blood and gore, hate and war, as tho they really care! 200 hundred spikey haired teenagers paid £2.50 for a one way ticket into nostalgia, taking photographs of each other, so safe and complementary. Me? Huh, i sold eight fanatical magazines, tho maybe it's those people who still have a flicker of life left within them, maybe they aint given up, maybe im just fooling myself? (I havnt given up, and in a perverse sort of way it was nice to be in the thick of it, trying to create breathing space in a situation in which i am opposed, that of ignorance. It's not all

about police, wars and governments. Its about the individual, isnt it? Its about being free and caring and compassionate, isnt it? Its about being brave and naive enough to believe we can actually change this sick and crazy world, isnt it? Well i want those things, i want to struggle and strive, and search and climb, i wanna feel real energy, not some disgusting form of regurgitated, reincarnated drivle. For these reasons i throw away all the old cliches which we so desperately cling to into the river, punk, pacifist, anarchist, its all crap, we dont need labels, or so we like to believe? And now i walk thru empty streets of my solitary imagination, loving the tramps, accepting vivid visions as real. Tho i can no longer tell the difference between a flock of sheep and a flock of people. I walk above city traffic jams, i live outside the law, cos im capable of living without it. You live within the law cos you cant see beyond it. Freedom could be yours but you have never missed it. For once in my life i walk alone and free, tree's my air, grass my hope, plants my life, i stand alone, if you stand with me, then welcome to hell !!

By LEE // Welcome to hell



Two women who turned up separately at Balmoral Castle demanding to see the Queen have been taken to a mental hospital for observation.

WELCOME to hell

PHOTOFEATURES

ANDY.T.

A COMPLETE HORROR STORY

I'M THE PIECE OF CRAP
DESIGNED TO FILL THE GAP
IN MY PARENTS' EMPTY LIVES
TO COMPLETE THE FAMILY LIE
TO CHAIN THEM BOTH TOGETHER
TO ENHANCE THEIR LOVE FOREVER
TO HELP OVERCOME THEIR INSECURITY
TO REASSURE THEM OF THEIR NORMALITY
THEY MODEL ME WITH VISIONS OF PERFECTION
THEY BLAME EACH OTHER FOR MY REJECTION



We are not spectators.....WE ARE !!

I was going to write to you saying that.....Oh fuck it. Words dont matter, nothing can ever begin to express peace. We struggle from within our painful, isolated, agonised selves. We search and strive for something, something we know and feel as a natural part of us. I say 'WE' and 'US' because there is no 'I'.....

Trumpets blow the mind while leaping over fences in the dark of your light.

We fight within our smashed car bodies and scream out at everyone screaming in. Kicking down the smiling walls of bigotry, ignorance and decay. Shattering the comfortable fucking silence of life. We know this life is not real. We know something has been denied, we are all afraid to define it, scared to confront it. We see it. We feel it. We dread it. We dream it. And in Hyde Park one night it all becomes clear. It all fits. As one. Me, the trees, the music, the madness. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, IT'S OK, WE'RE ALL HERE !!

WITHIN MY LAI:4 THE KILLINGS HAD BECOME MORE SADISTIC. SEVERAL OLD MEN WERE STABBED WITH BAYONETS AND ONE WAS THROWN DOWN A WELL TO BE FOLLOWED BY A HAND GRENADE. SOME WOMEN AND CHILDREN PRAYING OUTSIDE OF A LOCAL TEMPLE WERE KILLED BY SHOOTING THEM IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH RIFLES. OCCASIONALLY A SOLDIER WOULD DRAG A GIRL OFTEN A MERE CHILD TO A DITCH WHERE HE WOULD RAPE HER. ONE GI IS SAID TO HAVE THROWN A GRENADE INTO A HOOTCH WHERE A GIRL OF FIVE OR SIX LAY THAT HE HAD JUST RAPED. THE YOUNG WERE SLAUGHTERED WITH THE SAME IMPARTIALITY AS THE OLD. CHILDREN BARELY ABLE TO WALK WERE PICKED OFF AT POINT BLANK RANGE.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FACT + FICTION

every time i see an army recruitment advert in the street or in a magazine. i see exciting pictures of foreign countries. young men running around in the mud in thier smart khaki uniforms. tank drivers chrushing grass and daises under the massive tracks. sargent majors screaming orders in the parade ground. young men learning to fly nice shiny aircraft in thier grey, blue uniforms. standing straight in front of the officers mess saluting my superiours. eating the delicious food cooked by excelent army chefs. jumping over the ten foot wall just to prove to myself that i can do it.....oh..its a mans life....

....but then i wake up from my daydream..i am back in reality..ican see the half burned body of a four year old girl crushed under the mighty tank tracks..the driver laughs.. he is only nineteen..he thinks of the power he has in hands..no one can stop him..his pants move..his manhood shows through his khaki uniform..the bloodied screaming face of the young soldier cringes as the bullet enters his skull..he falls awkwardly into the foul stinking mud..five more soldiers run past trampelling his still warm body further into the ground..the sargent screams his orders from his trench..he is very nervous.. he has already lost his left arm..soldiers lie rotting in a clumsy pile behind him.. they have been slowly decomposing for at least a week now..bullets are flying from all sides..the sargents vision is blurred..it becomes very haxy..he slips slowly into dark unconsciousness...the woman screams as the soldier rips off her new red dress..no one hears her crys..the noise of the aircraft above is far too loud..he grins as he enters the writhing woman..he holds her neck tightly to stop her screams..as he ejaculates he slaps her round the face..he shoves the gun barrel up her..he is just about to pull the trigger when he hears his officer shout him..he hesitates..then wipes the wet sticky gun on a piece of the red dress..the woman only caught a slight glimpse of the father of her next child..the gas seaps in through the tank turret..the three young bodies are already dead..the grenade through them against the hard cold steel..skull smashed at the back with the white brain glistening in the murkyness..the trench is now full up with mutilated stinking bodies..the brave soldiers can run right across the top only to be gunned down by the sniper in the trees..the small village fourteen miles away is thrown into chaos..women and children running around blindly.. no one seems to know where they are going.. the bomb the army dropped contained a chemical substance.. it blinded all the humans on impact..all the men in the little village had been murdered the day before..by a different task force..the women were raped..a few of the children were sliced in half by rifle baynets..the remaining ones clung to the mud huts.. they could not see that the huts were on fire..they screamed aloud as the flames seduced there frail bodiws..the older ones inside the huts had choked to death on the fumes.. after the chemical had dispersed the army started to move in..women were scattered within a one mile radius..stumblingthrough the forest..the soldier grinned as he saw the young woman falling toward him..he raised the rifle level with the womans head..squeezed the trigger..the bullet stopped the girl in her tracks..he laughed raised the gun to his lips and kissed the smoking end..he didnt turn round in time to see the knife slice through the air..it caught him a glancing blow on the head..he stumbled and fell..he saw the silver blade flash as it plunged into his eyeball..his attacker smiled for a moment then fell to his knees and wept..he had gone insane when he witnessed the slaughter of his family the day before..the young squaddy lies face down in the stagnant pool weeping..he only joined up two weeks ago..he was hoping to write home the day the bomb dropped..he thinks of his local war memorial.. his name would now be engraved next to his fathers..a real hero at last.....so this is real war i think to myself...i dont think ill visit the army recruitment office today..or tommorrow..if there is a tommorrow.....

ANDY.T.

THE ABC OF LIFE

A... IS FOR AIR - THE ONLY GAS WE CAN BREATHE SAFELY.

B... IS FOR BODY - YOURS IS YOUR OWN.

C... IS FOR CARBON MONOXIDE - WHICH ALL CARS PUMP OUT, IT POISONS THE AIR AND IN TURN KILLS, LEAVING A DEAD BODY AND NO AIR...

...THE END.

by Sioux.



the boys from oxford are laughing and giggling. they mess up their neatly cut hair, rip their old clothes and put dirt on their faces. they go out onto the streets playing at tramps. they wander around the cold dark streets begging for money, laughing as they go. they get bored after a while, so one of them fetches a fiddle and a guitar and they stand in the dimly lit subway with a hat on the floor. its all a joke. it gets late and colder, so they decide to go home and have a brandy and clean up. they laugh about the nights events and imitate the expressions of those who took pity on them. what fun it is to fool people. while the little rich boys play their games, some people have to face the grim reality of a permanent existence out on the streets. the old man who dies of pneumonia and malnutrition in the back streets. his clothes all worn and tatty. his face scarred by the winds of time. its not an act to him, and it certainly isn't a joke. he didn't have the chance to go home for food and warmth. when the cold winter set in, the lonely streets were his only home... ...pam demonium...

BARBED . WIRE . LOVE

I want to climb right inside your head and kick your brains and kick some sense, and stick a nail thru your eye's, from the inside to the outside, maybe then some light will shine into your cold darkened mind. I want to be the hand that bursts from within that nubile stomach, ripping flesh, the bloody hand, erect, pointing rigid toward the guilty party. I want to pour sulphuric acid in your decorated face, i want to turn you upside down, raging havoc in your mind. Learn to control your own reality, step one toward

personal anarchy. It brings joy or pain, the choice is ever yours. I want to twist that nail sticking thru your eye's, i want to pull on your stretched nerves. I want to love your slaughtered body tangled in barbed wire, i want to touch you, deeper than you've ever been touched before, to hang your entrails upon the christmas tree, then the

nuclear family will be complete. Listen to your internal confusion, if you suppress it one more time i'm gonna rip the nails from your fingertips. I shall absorb your screams of agony as you absorb and enjoy others pain, because i know we shall all meet as equals in the barbed wire brothel of spastic lovers and pathetic fat bellied biaofran children. We shall have no glittering gold or sparkling T.V. sets with dazzling cathode rays, no advertisements to illuminate our expensive garments. We will laugh into each others eye's and cry out loud at the pain within our minds, for we are untouched. We shall embrace the final holocaust as our greatest conquest of love. Our betrayal to each other will never show thru wrecked dreams of carnage and gre intestines, for we have become the barbed wire we so hated. So let's ridicule none, cos life is too short!

Glitter over your best feature

NORTHERN IRELAND/EL SALVADOR/TOXTETH/MOSS SIDE/ALL AT WAR/REAGAN/THATCHER/PAISLEY/POPE/
SIGNS OF OPPRESSION/SMOTHERING HOPE/POLAND/IRAN/CONTROLLED BY RUSSIA/NAZI DEATH CAMPS/IN
SILENCE WE SUFFER/EAST/WEST/BLACK/WHITE/RED/POLITICS/COLOUR/ALL IN THE HEAD/DIVISIONS/
BARRIERS/WHICH SIDE/WHICH VIEW/RELIGION/SEX/WHOSE COLOUR SUITS YOU/FASHION/CULTURE/ART/
POP/DANCING/DISCO/TILL YOU DROP/E.M.I./C.B.S./C.I.A./NATIONAL PRESS/ROYAL FAMILY/FAMILY
LIFE/FATHER/SON/DAUGHTER/WIFE/T.V./STEREO/SWIMMING POOL/GREED IS TAUGHT AT NURSERY SCHOOL/

IDOL/HERO/FIGUREHEAD/QUEEN/LEADER/MASTER/MR.CLEAN/WIFE BEATER/BEEF EATER/DOG OF WAR/HATE/
VIOLENCE/DEATH/KEEP THE SCORE/ONE HOSTAGE/TWO TERRORISTS DEAD/POISON/FILLS AN EMPTY HEAD/
ENTERTAINMENT/BLOOD/GUTS/RAPE/S.A.S./KEEP BRITAIN GREAT/BOMB/GUN/TANK/KNIFE/FUTURE/HOPE/
PEACE/LIFE/SOLDIER/SAILOR/COFFIN MAKER/SERF/SERVANT/WORKER/TRAITOR/TESCO/ASDA/SUPERSTORE/
PRODUCT/POSSESSION/FACTORY FLOOR/BEEF/LAMB/TURKEY/STEAK/SLAUGHTERED/BUTCHERED/FOR YOUR
PLATE/PROGRESS/TECHNOLOGY/SILICON CHIP/BOMBS BEFORE HOSPITALS/SILLY CON TRICK/SEXUAL ROLE/
TROUBLE AT HOME/HOUSEHOLD/HOUSEWIFE/COLD/ALONE/BOSS/SLAVE/UNION/STRIKE/PAY RISE/LEFT/RIGHT/

LIB/LAB/CON/S.D.P./NO CHOICE/DEMOCRACY/LEYLAND/COLA/LAKER/FORDS/INDUSTRIAL BRAINWASH/NO
REWARDS/MOTORWAY/CAR PARK/CITY STREET/DESTROYED COUNTRYSIDE/GREY CONCRETE/HIGH RISE FLATS/
LEGOLAND/PEOPLE/VICTIMS/OF COUNCIL PLANS/PROFIT/MONEY/MAKE NO LOSS/FIRST CONCERN/BIG CITY/
BOSS/FASCIST/RACIST/HATRED/SPREADS/WHOSE NEXT?/SIX BILLION DEAD?/FLEET STREET/DAILY LIES/
EVERY MORNING/BLINDED EYES/PAGE ONE/CHARLES/DI/WED/PAGE TWO/FIVE POLISH/DEAD/PAGE THREE/
PICTORIAL RAPE/PAGE FOUR/SUBTLE TWIST OF FATE/TREES CHOPPED DOWN/FORRESTS CLEARED/FOR WHAT?/
THE PRINTED WORD/WASTEFUL/TASTELESS/CRAP/GREENERY/VANISHES/POCKETS GET FAT

Andy T.
Premier tights 99p.

NO SHAME IN MASTURBATION

"All my next door neighbours have had their knees blown off, now i almost loved the I.R.A. My breath just fades and wastes away. To gain a response from the audience you must pull and pluck at their emotions, mutter something radical and scream so sweet and controversial." The poor mans james bond is my bible. The masked terrorists of the S.A.S. are my priests. The nail bombs are my altar. The victims are the foundation of all religion. I want to come within a fraction of screwing you with your own ethics, to almost strangle you with your pathetic morality. I sometimes thrive on the tension between dancing and violence.

The fat media fingers toy with the plastic buttons of my plastic awareness. Plugging me into their daily cathode war news reports of their latest latex crisis. This is my reality. As the record companies spin the discs, sign the bands, build the bombs, spew the corpse and screw the cause, i dance in blood. "MAN OR BEAST I CANNOT ABIDE WHOLESALE MASS MURDER". I almost fell for Baader Meinhof, almost fell for music too. On both sides of all wars real people bleed, aint that the way it's always been?

Yeah, and now i work for some faceless bastard, some nameless capitalist, i love the sex pistols again. Under the thumb of a multi national corporation i spike my hair again. Token gestures of apolitical rebellion-normality. "IN A DISTANT WINDOW/IN A DISTANT TOWER/SITS A DISTANT FIGURE/PLAYING WITH HIS POWER/HANDS BETWEEN HIS LEGS/THE BIAFRAN CHILD SCREAMS, SUCKS AND BEGS". Who else d'you think runs this circus? I relate to your anger and frustration more than ever before, for we are the millions suffering full time employment. Confined to factory or office block, or stranded in domestic isolation, corn flake boxes, or is it home? Bodies stuffed with grey food, yes we all suffer the same problems. BOREDOM.

With your moist red lips painted two inches thick in lipstick, and your nubile body reeking of cheap perfume, you say with a dazzling smile "THE ONLY TRUTH IS THAT VOICE IN YOUR HEAD, DARLING". Two homosexuals walk past my bedroom window, lovers arm in arm, much to the crowds hostile ridicule and amusement. They were doing no harm. So called sins of the flesh, ha ha ha. Your smart sniggers and pointing fingers tore them apart limb by limb. Love is acceptable yet love is now questionable, it all depends on which side of the fence you want to FUCK. It could have been me, or it could have been you, with no balls, no knee's, no freinds and quite alone.

And let's spare a thought for the four million unemployed, who have allowed themselves to sink into misery and apathy, actually believing and living up to the false media expectations. The suckers seem to have forgotten about the greatest gifts of life, like sex, tree's, nature, life and masturbation. Now you shall see me for what i am, and accept me as i have accepted you. In my ugliness called truth you insult me with petty words, cos i choose not to beat the well beaten bush of evasion. In the horrific comfort of your luxurious stagnation you'd watch them hang my butchered body in the hall of shame, at the very end of existence. SAY SOMETHING AWKWARD IN A CROWDED PLACE, where people stand laughing/talking/smiling/drinking/disco punk dancing, when all they really want to do is FUCK. These empty spikey haired bodies promote empty ideas, a bit like most UK fanzines, know what i mean baby?

No such thing as psyche or vibes now we live in the twentieth century witch hunts. "I KNOW BUT JUST DIG THOSE NEON LIGHTS-COCA COLA-IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS".

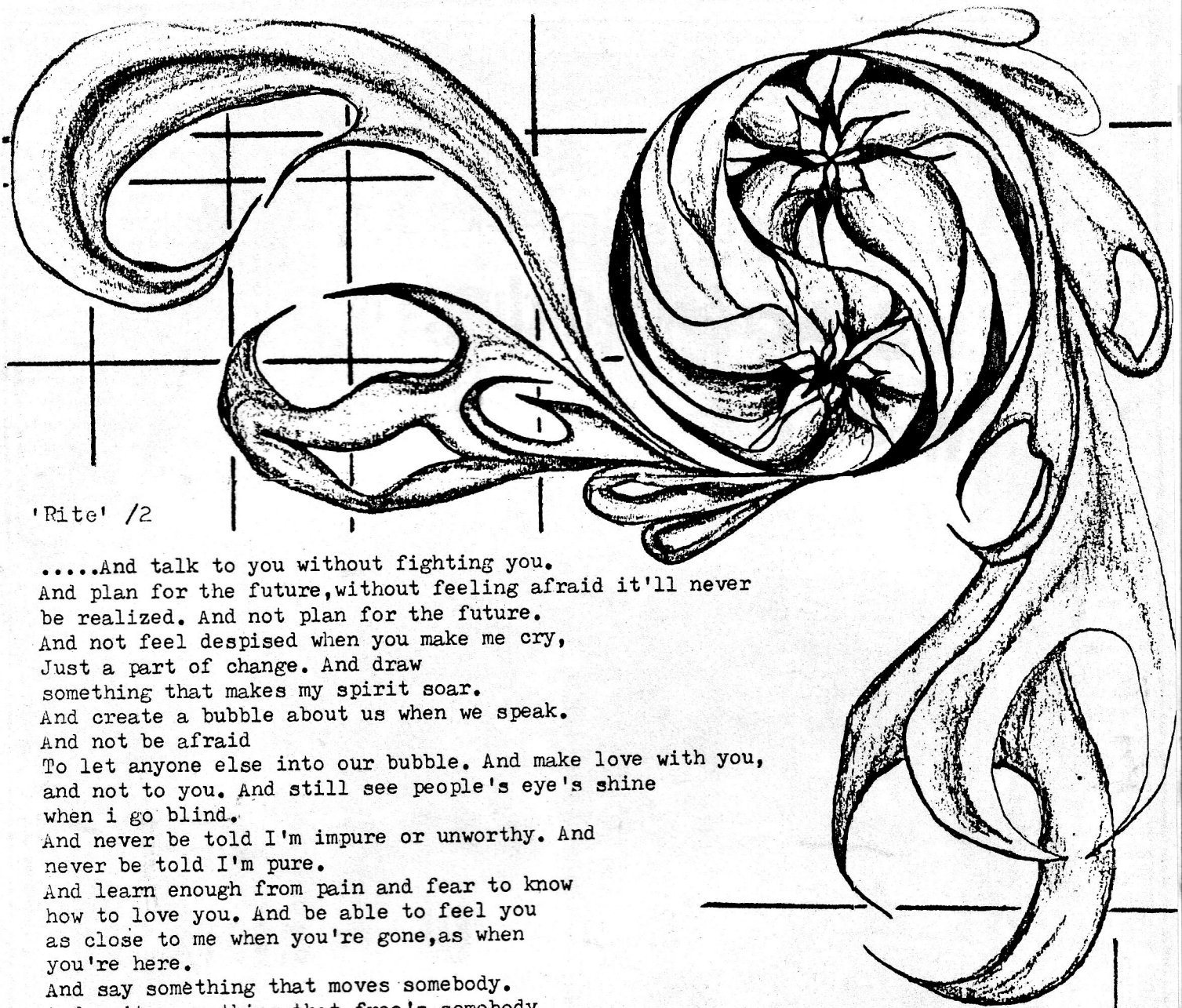
Two young british police constables harrass me in Trafalgar square one night because of my appearance. They call me a YOB and a scruffy bastard and then choke me with a chain i choose to wear around my waist. Then they apply mental pressure upon me hoping in my fear i will crack and confess to a crime i know nothing of. The scales of justice were balanced against me long ago. They play authoritarian mind games with me. Then two middle aged american tourists photograph me being searched, like it was a film. Still it's something to show the folks! Romance hurts. It makes me cry. It makes some of us bleed as the hymen of virginity is broken. And you, you fucker.....

You have NEVER NEVER lived, and NEVER NEVER learned. So upon this cross my filthy wretched body burned. You parasites flocked to my mock CRUCIFIXATION, and all i did was fall in love with MASTURBATION. 'The five fingered widow' as they say in durham prison. And i feel no shame, for shame is guilt, i refuse to die, upon a cross our parents built.

AND THEN. Late one night as the faceless nameless men in black suits and bowler hats crawl from their nameless buildings with mirror like emotionless windows, they will be sacrificed in the underground. While surrounded by posters of glossy agency lovers they shall have their knee's blown off, and the city children will confront the city fathers and out from suburbia will crawl the city mothers, and then maybe the city will be no more. Maybe life will grow, maybe i shall just fall. But just remember that you too could be dead. I guess this is a better way of saying FUCK YOUR SYSTEM-----I EXIST!!

NO SHAME IN MASTURBATION
NO SHAME IN MASTURBATION. MASTURBATION

"I EXIST"----Lee//.



'Rite' /2

.....And talk to you without fighting you.
And plan for the future, without feeling afraid it'll never
be realized. And not plan for the future.
And not feel despised when you make me cry,
Just a part of change. And draw
something that makes my spirit soar.
And create a bubble about us when we speak.
And not be afraid
To let anyone else into our bubble. And make love with you,
and not to you. And still see people's eye's shine
when i go blind.
And never be told I'm impure or unworthy. And
never be told I'm pure.
And learn enough from pain and fear to know
how to love you. And be able to feel you
as close to me when you're gone, as when
you're here.
And say something that moves somebody.
And write something that free's somebody.
And sing something that makes somebody get up,
And shout about living.
And find the bridge
between love and sex. And talk of my love for someone
without you thinking my love for you grows less.
And be able to touch your hand
without you holding me. And talk about things I love
without you wondering where I'm talking from.
And own nothing. And be a part
of everything.
And be one that my children can love
And not have to pretend. And value the rain
and the numbing wind. And give
more than birth.
And sing to the moon without you fearing
I mean to be as inaccessible as she is.
And destroy
and create what i need, without fear. And learn
what it's important to learn from you. And
teach. And when i die,
be buried in a corn field, for 'holy ground'
is a sin born of fear.
And cry when the sun dances on your hair.
And cry when it doesn't.
And still see love and beauty,
even knowing that most of us die before we begin to understand.....

Claire

Try unusual positions, play out your fantasies, bly automatically ruled out that possibility. everybody

go out to different places (steaming the windshield, of course, the traditional way), no matter how small you are, more options.

most cases, her lover means.

Or

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tween people

can breed a kind of adventuresome spirit

Jeff says: "Because the number of

partners is so limited, we small-towners

variety in the acts themselves, not in

number of mates. Whoever thinks of a

sionary-position, slam-him-thank-you

sex originated in the sticks has never been

this town. Or at least, he never been

with me. I'm a small-town girl, always

inventing new ways to keep sex alive.

the long, cold winters up here, who ne

outside if you're wrapped up in the ar

original lover?"

Keep all five senses indulg

trust your instincts, do what comes

lutely deadly," sums up one obser

can't have a childless affair in a

unless you

friend Todd (and he should know

Dr. Irene Jakab, professor of

the University of Pittsburgh,

you're into the husband-swappi

sure to be found out, and the effects can be

**TO THINK IS EASY,
TO ACT IS DIFFICULT,
TO Act ACCORDING TO
WHAT ONE THINKS,
IS MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL.**

MY BODY IS THAT OF a man

my mind IS NOT

I hate THE PENIS between my LEGS

SYMBOL of manhood i DESPISE

I take THE garden SHEARS

i REMOVE my PENIS

I AM FINALLY free OF MY

OPPRESSIVE WEAPON

I SLOWLY BLEED TO death

DEATH MY ULTIMATE PROTEST

pretty soon I had more dates than days in the of high school, it made me more of a man, so you can imagine

give a man a gun & watch him

Kill someone.

as i was walking home one night, through the dark, cobbled backstreets of rochdale. a middle aged man stopped me. i could smell whiskey on his breath. he was pretty drunk. his speech was slurred. there was no one else around on this cold, rainy night. i felt a tinge of fear. he asked me to imagine i was in northern ireland. a british soldier. he had probably been attracted by my camouflage jacket. he asked me what i would do, if i was faced with the prospect of five year old children, throwing bricks at me. i shrugged. i honestly did not know what i would do in situation like that. then he proceeded to tell me what he would do. this strange drunk on a lonely street corner. "i'd show the irish bastards, i'd get my bayonet, and stick it in the little bleeders. just imagine a five year old kid, on the end of your bayonet!" he grinned sadistically. then he shouted at the top of his voice. "britain to war!"

i walked away from him, shaking my head in his direction. he screamed at me again, "to war!" raising his arms in the air as if pointing a rifle. by the time i got across the road he had disappeared round the corner. i felt myself physically shaking.

disturbed by the sudden and totally unexpected ferocity of his words. my mind began to tick over for the rest of my journey homewards.

what if, you gave every man on the street a gun, and taught him how to use it? the average man on the average street with a rifle in his hands. the sheer power at his fingertips. ten to one he would end up killing someone. either by accident, or for personal reasons. revenge, prejudice, jealousy, or maybe even for fun. just something to do, to combat boredom. just thinking of the things the paralytic patriot would do with a gun made me cringe. probably massacre everybody who crossed his path on the way home from the pub. he might see an old lady coming toward him on her journey home from the bingo. cursing to herself because she only needed one more number to win the jackpot. the elusive number twenty three. in his drunken haze he might mis take her for an ira supporter on the streets of belfast. "britain to war?"

but of course the average man on the streets of britain won't be given a gun. no. we're far too civilised. well they do in america. it's a common occurrence for someone to be gunned down in the road, in the usa. and this country is becoming very american ised. it might not be as far away as we like to think.

but on the other hand the british army recruits the average man on the average street. that's who their publicity campaigns are directed at, the average person. they give him a gun and teach him how to kill. then they turf him out onto the streets of northern ireland. a training ground for things to come on the mainland? even a highly trained soldier can be subject to emotions. hate, fear, prejudice. prone to accidental misuse of his weapon. the drunken loony in a khaki uniform. by no means an impossible thought, it could happen very easily. how many loonies are there on the streets of britain who would dearly love to join the forces in northern ireland and impale young children on bayonets? how many of them are already there?.....

.....BRITAIN TO WAR??



ANDY.T.

you MAY
say i'm A
DREAMER

PRINCE CHARLES and the Princess of Wales received congratulations from all over the world today on the birth of their son.

But i'm NOT
THE ONLY
One

In those mystical days of May... the poets of Paris were the International Situationists, who have attained a similar state of frenzied anti-doctrinal comic anarchy to the yuppies, though sucked on Dada, not L.S.D.

The way out is beginning to become clear. It's there in the ideas in all of our heads in our maddest moments when we say to ourselves, "I can't say that, they'll think I'm nuttier than a fruit cake."

- YOUNG LOVERS OF THE WORLD +

The relationship is over, it's dead, it died in my heart and i lost that sparkle in my eye's, its over, its dead. I reflect upon how we met, scene one; Gang Of Four gig in middlesbrough. Scene two; Me, victim of an operation, the cripple in a wheelchair for two months. Things went on and love combined two angry punks, pissed off with the world and the course it was taking. We were in love, to use a cliché. Tho really love itself is beyond any mere definition. Marriage was an institution which we chose to ignore, so pathetic they look, the bride, virginal and untouched, but the dirt behind the daydreams blossoms beneath the white dress. The groom in his black suit of surrender, the rapist lurking in his own empty darkness. A ring is a bond, of trust, love and ownership. We rejected all symbolism, no flag, token or procession. To us both, the church is a house which should stand empty, instead, it bulges with christian hypocrites.

For two years we lived together, sharing with other people in large houses, slightly collective, certainly not communal. Young lovers of the world how you ridicule the normal people, you scorn their tradition, you think you are so original and revolutionary, you opt to live together, in 'sin' (ha ha), we thought the same. We were so naive. We couldn't see how easy it would be to slide into the rut of living two lives as one. The roles were formed, not all so typical, the functions created, we were no longer one and one in love, we became, and were regarded as the couple. From this point the compromises begin, as they must if living together is to be bearable. In time the voluntary roles become taken for granted, they become chains of oppression, think about it.

Thru last summer that love died within me, ripping me apart in both confusion and depression, alcoholism was nearly my permanent reality, weakness, yeah, i found more comfort in carlsberg lager than in people, especially myself. I grew frightened, unsure of myself, everything lost its meaning, i became frightened of hurting someone now so close, who had grown into me, digging subconscious personality claws deep, i became frightened of my needs and frightened of hurting all those involved, y'know, a crazy loyalty to friends and relatives, silence became my tomb, i no longer knew what it was to stand alone. I always seem to be searching for life, others always try to kill it or suppress it, i ceased to love because of this.

All those years we despised marriage, yet is living together really so far away from stupid blind, token possession trivia? Were we really so brave, are you, young lovers of the world? It was fun, it was sad, experiencing joy and pain, arguments really drag me down, but laughing compensates, tho lately i havn't laughed much. Only now, as i've climbed from the wreckage, am i starting to think about the way in which i will live, i've dried my tears and i'm shrugging off the taste of cheap wine. Young lovers, in anti marriage stances drift into a similar set up, living the same way, without a ring. The ring only symbolises what lurks within. The rebel youth stance is an object of normality, upholding ancient standards, still supporting crucified beliefs. It takes more than the rejection of church, words and ceremony to smash the attitudes of submission and stagnation.

If i meet someone again, male or female, who knows the limit, i certainly feel that there's nothing wrong with either, or both, love is love. Maybe the next time i won't just live with someone, maybe it's better to stay single, to keep my space and my screaming room, but also to have my freedom and love and be loved. The relationships between personal freedom and feelings toward another human being need to be united with equality. This ideal will only be achieved thru struggle, by taking chances and experimenting with the ways in which we live. I know that one way of life will not suit everybody, we must each find our own. I want to find this equality, i want to learn, to grow and reach my ideals, so, young lovers of the world, i say to you, think, how will you live, love and be loved??? (This ain't the usual thing to write about, i hope you consider the way you're gonna live, it is your life, nothing is natural, nothing is normal.)

Lee.

"He struck me as the jealous, suspicious type, but a pleasant sort of chap."

Funtime for TEENAGERS ☺

TEENAGE MAGAZINES ON THE BOOKSHELVES OF W.H. SMITH. SUPER PHOTO STORIES. ALL YOUR FAVORITE POP STARS IN FULL COLOUR. CENTREFOLD PIN UPS OF ALL THE HUNKIEST T.V. STARS. IS YOUR MAN GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU? TRY THE QUIZ ON PAGE FOURTEEN AND FIND OUT! SUMMER FASHIONS DIRECT FROM PARIS. MAKE UP TIPS TO MAKE YOURSELF IRRESISTIBLE. NO BLOKE WILL WALK PAST YOU WITHOUT HAVING A SECOND LOOK. IDOLISE.SEDUCE.CONFORM...

IF YOU'RE NOT CHASING OR THINKING ABOUT THE OPPOSITE SEX TWENTY FOUR HOURS A DAY SEVEN DAYS A WEEK: IF YOU DON'T WEAR ALL THE LATEST TRENDY FASHIONS: USE MAKE UP TO IMPRESS WHOEVER YOU FANCY: GO TO DISCOS EVERY WEEKEND: LISTEN TO ALL THE LATEST POP RECORDS: DREAM ABOUT SETTLING DOWN AND HAVING KIDS WITH MR. RIGHT...THEN SORRY SUNBEAM BUT YOU'RE NOT A REAL PERSON...



Fashion has never looked so exciting.

FUN. FUN. FUN. RAMMED DOWN OUR THROATS ALL THE TIME. THE IN CROWD. LOVE AND MARRIAGE GO TOGETHER LIKE A HORSE AND CARRIAGE. TOTAL CRAP. WORSHIP.OBEY.FEAR. ROYAL ROMANCE IN YOUR OWN HOME. IN THE PAPERS. ON THE T.V. SCREEN. THE PERFECT COUPLE...PLASTIC.FALSE. VIRGINAL.PURITY.SIMPLICITY..STARE AT THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. WOULD'NT YOU LOVE TO BE JUST LIKE THEM. ROYAL DOCTOR CHECKS AND DOUBLE CHECKS..SHE MUST BE A VIRGIN. SHE MUST BE ABLE TO PRODUCE AN HEIR TO THE THRONE. SHE MUST BE SUITABLE. JUST RIGHT FOR THE COUNTRY. THE ALMIGHTY QUEEN AND COUNTRY..THINK OF ALL THE MONEY SPENT ON THAT ONE WEDDING! ROYALISTS ARGUE THAT IT MADE A LOT OF MONEY FROM TOURISTS. IT ALSO CONNED A LOT OF MONEY FROM THE BRITISH PUBLIC. ALL THE LITTLE TRINKETS WITH THOSE TWO SICKLY ROYAL SMILES ON THEM. USELESS CRAP. DID IT HELP THE COUNTRY? DID IT PROMOTE THE REAL BRITAIN? UNEMPLOYMENT.LOW WAGES.WAR IN IRELAND...NO! ALL IT PROMOTED WAS THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE. THEY ARE ENCOURAGING PEOPLE TO GET WED IN A CHURCH. TO MARRY AND PRODUCE ANOTHER COUPLE OF WORKERS OR CHILDBEARERS. THE STEADY LIFE..WIFE.2.4 KIDS. GOOD SENSIBLE JOB.NICE COMPANY CAR.£40000 HOUSE WITH ALL THE MOD CONS..T.V. WASHING MACHINE.COOKER.STEREO...OH WHAT FUN IT IS TO BE MR & MRS JOE NORMAL..



THE ONLY TROUBLE IS THERE ARE TOO MANY MR & MRS NORMALS IN THIS WORLD. NEVER QUESTIONING THEIR EXISTANCE. ALWAYS HAPPY TO KEEP ON THE DAY TO DAY LIFE. HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF OVER AND OVER AGAIN. CHRISTENED IN CHURCH. MARRIED IN CHURCH. BURIED IN CHURCH GROUNDS..NOT A BELIEF BUT A FEAR OF GOD. FEAR OF RELIGION. FEAR OF TRADITION. GENERATION AFTER GENERATION EXISTS IN THE SHADOW OF THE CHURCH AND ITS MEANING. WHY DO SO MANY MILLIONS GET MARRIED IN CHURCH WHEN THEY NEVER GO TO CHURCH ON A SUNDAY? THE HIPOCRASY OF A WEDDING IN CHURCH IS CLEAR. IT IS ONLY TRADITION AND HISTORY THAT MAKES PEOPLE THINK THEY HAVE TO GET WED IN A CHURCH. WITH A GREAT DEAL OF HELP FROM THE MEDIA PROPAGANDA MACHINE. PEOPLE CAN BE TRANSFORMED INTO GOD FEARING MORONS. PUBLIC FIGURES LIKE CHARLES AND DIANA GIVE ORDINARY PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY NEED SOMEONE TO LOOK UP TO A NICE PERFECT PICTURE FANTASY. JUST LIKE THE PHOTO STORIES IN MAGAZINES. A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE TO EVERYBODY. THIS IS WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF. AN ESCAPE FROM THE BORING DAY TO DAY REALITY. THEY SELL YOU THIS CLEAN STERILE SEX IN LITTLE PRETTY PICTURES. THIS CRAP THEY FORCE DOWN OUR THROATS IS SOLD TO US WITHOUT A CARE. BRAINWASH PROCESS. A MASK OF MAKE UP AND WHITELASH TO BLIND THE PUBLIC. AND CONTROL THEIR LIVES.....

ANDY T.

The **TRADITIONAL** family **Butcher**



The American dream - by lee-

ONE SUPER UNIFIED SYSTEM OF AMERICA ONE

British subject loyal to a flag. American subject loyal to a flag. A prime minister. A President. Ten pence or ten cents. Death is death. The American dream is like a creeping orgasm wracking the British body of loyal subjects. Choking them with consumerism. The American dreamers. British dreamers. They have so much, but have so very little. They own so much and have thus built a prison. They think the only way out is to buy, obtain and gain, but the prison gets bigger and the walls get thicker. The American dream is a wet dream. It's all in the mind. And after the ejaculation of idealism, we are left exhausted and alone. And as a single tear bursts past your flickering eye lashes, and trickles down your cheek, you realize that the dream is obscene. No love shows from your T.V. set. Only actors acting, selling, fakers faking, and you.....the viewer, always dreaming, buying, dreaming, buying. All vision love is plastic and the death is instant and painless without involvement and emotion. The people are glass models of waxen beauty, like your insured precious little life. You live in a constant state of fear and dread. Fear of theft. Now you have selfishly and ruthlessly acquired all you need, and more, you are afraid that someone with equal selfishness and ruthlessness will steal your possessions. Your deluxe fridge freezer, 24" colour portable T.V., the hi-fi, the video, and lets not forget the bland 'HABITAT' wallpaper which is the absolute reflection of your own sweet self, the real you? Buy an American hamburger, chew on the vietnam corpse, dripping El Salvadorian tomato ketchup, cooked in napalm, 100% real beef. Red, white and blue. Union Jack. Stars And Stripes. What's the difference, and do you really care? Buying spastics from an overseas's mail order catalogue, returning the damaged goods, postage paid. Smacking your child when it begs for attention "SHUT UP WITH YOU, THE NEWS IS ON". Distorted images, Dallas, Coronation street. The infiltration of a nation.

Warmongers unite in corrupted bliss as the President fucks the Prime Minister in a sinister orgy of decadent power. She rubs his tender erect missile systems, and he flatters her femininity with militaristic bribes of bondage. And somewhere in a nearby ghetto this masochistic collaboration is the cause of the murder of the unborn babe in the womb of it's mangled mother. Jackboots stamping on bodies on cold marble white house floors. Echoes of Jackboots cheering in the house of frauds. These leaders have their power stimulation, electric sex, arranged an eroticism, holocaust lust and Hiroshima felatio. The sellers are selling at their very best. See how their nuclear bases flourish on British soil. The consumer grabs what he can, sooner than think. The American war dream a race of TV addicts and coca cola crazies. The English dream. Isn't it the same? Both blood stained flags maintain their ignorant loyal subjects. The swarming populace would rather buy, buy, buy, than face the actual horror of the six year olds napalm scorched body or the fallout saturated city strangled on martial law. They choose to live in a morbid world of mass hysterical consumerism suckling on capitalism, draining our bodies of life, mind and soul. Others turned it into Rock'n'Roll.

The child was a girl of about nine, she had a gash on her arm which neither I nor she could bear to look at and her head was bleeding. Her face was white and

44—KUNG FU: Wandering Caine shows why meeting violence with violence isn't the way to justice. What about the Falklands, then? (R).

Western Europe. At the final session of the summit he stunned the other NATO leaders by saying: "The Soviets may not be fighting us, but they are certainly at war with us."

I live near Portobello Road and there's a marvellous fish stall there. I can get turned on just walking past and watching the fish being skinned and filleted. About once a month I'll treat myself to a whole fish. After I have cleaned it out, I slide the whole thing over my penis—

THE QUEEN, her family, her Ministers and the chiefs of her Armed Forces, together with a cross-section of her people, came to St Paul's today to give thanks for the end of the Falklands fighting, to mourn the dead and to pray for peace.

It looks as if there's going to be a war, dear

**DO YOU EAT THE CORPSE AND LICK
YOUR LIPS, DO YOU CLOSE YOUR
EYE'S AND PRETEND IT DONT EXIST ?**

**DO YOU PERFUME YOUR BODY ON A
SUBSTANCE BUILT ON PAIN,**



**WHICH
SIDE
OF
BELSEN,
I
ASK
YOU
AGAIN ?**

**BECAUSE OF THE WAY YOU CHOOSE
TO LIVE, THE ANIMALS SUFFER
AND FRESH BLOOD DRIPS !!**

Let.

● MONKEYS are fed soap until half of them die.

● DOGS are given toothpaste until they have fits.

● RABBITS are blinded by shampoos dripped into their eyes.

WHAT PRICE DO YOU PUT ON YOUR MATERIAL POSSESSIONS?

YOUR BRAND NEW TV, VIDEO, STEREO, CAR, FRIDGE, WASHING MACHINE, MICRO WAVE OVEN, TUMBLE DRYER.

HOW MUCH DO YOU VALUE THESE THINGS?

DO YOU BELIEVE THEM MORE IMPORTANT THAN LIFE ITSELF??

WHAT PRICE DO YOU PUT ON YOUR SUNDAY JOINT?

DO YOU SEE IT AS AN ANIMALS LIFE, ENDED, BECAUSE YOURS IS MORE IMPORTANT?

DO YOU JUDGE YOUR FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS BY THEIR POSSESSIONS?

DO YOU ENVY THEM BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT MORE THAN YOU?

OR DO YOU PITY THEM BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT LESS THAN YOU?

DOES YOUR GREED BRING YOU HAPPINESS?

ALWAYS WANTING MORE... ALWAYS WANTING WHAT YOU HAVEN'T GOT.

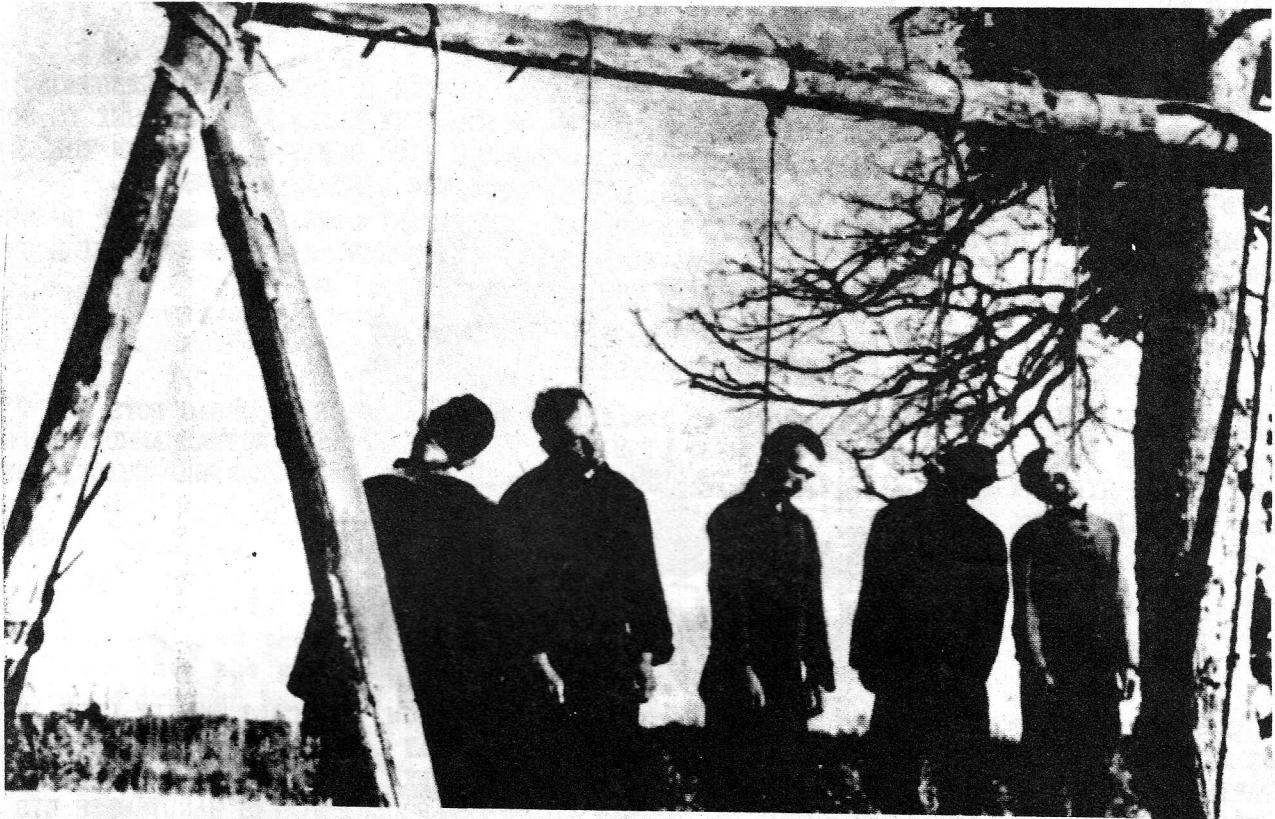
OF GREAT RICHES... OF GREAT POWER...

POWER OVER LIFE??

YOU TREAT EACH OTHER LIKE SHIT.. ASK YOURSELF... WHY?

ANDY T.

I've never felt so alone. Beneath my make up my feelings break up. Beneath my hair cut my insides are cut up. I'm walking barefoot on a razor blade. Trying to make sense, trying to sit on the fence of indecision, to maintain a balance, to cling to some order. But in my drunken, drug induced despair, i dont really care which way i fall. Have you ever put a hand of self into the very depths of your soul to search for things, to find what your body and mind will, or will not, let go ? You wont know of such things. 'Pain' to you is just another word. To me it means so much more. You came to me with your suicides, but what about me, who can i turn to ?



Depression is a natural part of life, but how many can cope, how many face it, how many confront it, how many avoid it and how many deaths because of it ? When i break down and cry will you be there to hold me ? When i crack up and scream will you console me ? When i stagger awkwardly down Oxford Street do you quickly look away ? When i'm dying in the gutter will you step over me ? Will you care, will you really fuckin' care ? If i set myself on fire with paraffin, or throw myself under a train, will you laugh ? And as i blow out my brains or dangle from the wooden beam will you read about it and tremble ? If i jack myself up with state provided heroin, or dive from the grey high rise, or when i slash my wrists with a rusty jagged blade, will you imagine how i felt inside ? Could you ? If i cut off my legs will you sell them to strangers, and if i crucify myself will you claim to see angels ? When i die in my tears and choke on my fears will you really care, will you really fuckin care ? (LEE).

WHEN WE ARE BORN WE ARE ALL THE SAME COLOUR, A SORT OF BLUE/GREY TRANSLUCENCE. THEN THE DOCTOR INFLECTS HIS POWER ON THE NEWLY BORN. FROM THE FIRST BREATH, WE ARE CHECKED FOR, SEX, RACE AND COLOUR. FROM THAT MOMENT THE WORLD BEGINS THE PROCESS OF IMPRINTING, ON THE CHILD, WHAT IS EXPECTED FROM IT. SOCIETYS EXPECTATIONS VARY DEPENDING ON SEX, RACE, AND SOCIAL CLASS.

FROM VERY EARLY ON THE CHILD STARTS TO LEARN WHAT IS APPROVED AND WHAT ISN'T. A GIRL IS VERY CAREFULLY WRAPPED IN A PINK BLANKET. ITS DETAILS ARE RECORDED ON A PINK CARD WHICH IS PLACED AT THE END OF THE HOSPITAL CRADLE. THE SAME HAPPENS FOR A BOY. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THE COLOUR USED IS BLUE. UNLESS SOMEONE AT THE HOSPITAL MISTAKES IT FOR A HUMAN BEING.

FATHER COMES TO VISIT MOTHER AND BABY. HE'S HAPPY ITS A BOY. SOMEONE TO PLAY FOOTBALL WITH. HE TAKES THE LITTLE BOY IN HIS ARMS. "MY HE LOOKS LIKE HE'LL BE A BIG STRONG LAD, JUST LIKE HIS DAD," REMARKS A PASSER BY. FATHER FEELS VERY PROUD, HE GIVES THE BABY A SHAKE, A BIG GRIN AND A GIGGLE GREETES HIS ACTION. WHILE THE MOTHER IS HOLDING THE SAME BABY, A PASSER BY MISTAKES THE CHILD FOR A GIRL AND REMARKS HOW PRETTY SHE IS. SHE GENTLY STROKES THE BABYS TUFT OF HAIR. GIRLS ARE SUPPOSEDLY TOO FRAGILE TO THROW UP IN THE AIR OR SHAKE...STRENGTH AND SEX ROLE BEHAVIOR ARE ONLY IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER...

THE CHILD UNDERSTANDS NON VERBAL COMMUNICATION LONG BEFORE IT UNDERSTANDS LANGUAGE. CHILDREN BEGIN TO LEARN THEIR NON PHYSICAL SEX DIFFERENCES. THEY LEARN THAT ONE SEX IS MORE HIGHLY VALUED THAN THE OTHER...BLUE IS BETTER THAN PINK/THE KING COMES HIGHER THAN THE QUEEN IN A PACK OF CARDS/'HE' COMES BEFORE 'SHE' IN A SENTENCE...THE LIST IS ENDLESS.

CHILDREN BEGIN TO ASSOCIATE DIFFERENT 'POSITIONS' IN FAMILY LIFE. THEY GROW UP TO SEE MOTHER WITH NO POWER, MONEY, OR RESPECT. AND FATHER WITH ALL THREE. A BOY OR GIRL WILL GROW TO ACCEPT THESE POSITIONS, AND TO ASSUME THEM IN THEIR OWN LIVES.

BABY BOY, SO BIG AND STRONG, BABY GIRL, SO MEEK AND MILD,
FORCED TO ACCEPT THEIR ROLES IN LIFE, THE STEREOTYPED CHILD.

IT BREAKS MY HEART WHEN I HEAR OLDER PEOPLE TELLING AN UPSET MALE CHILD, "BIG BOYS DON'T CRY" GIVING THE KID A GUILT COMPLEX FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE. I CRY AND I'M NOT ASHAMED TO ADMIT IT. NO ONE SHOULD HIDE THEIR TRUE EMOTIONS. IT CREATES INWARD FEELINGS OF FEAR AND GUILT, WHERE THEY SHOULD NOT EXIST.

AT SCHOOL THE BOOKS CHILDREN ARE GIVEN TO READ ALWAYS SHOW 'TYPICAL' FAMILY LIFE. MUMMY DOING ALL THE COOKING AND CLEANING, STUCK IN THE HOUSE ALL DAY LOOKING AFTER THE KIDS. ALWAYS PREPARING SOME NICE MEAL FOR DADDY WHEN HE GETS HOME FROM WORK. DADDY ALL POWERFUL, PROVIDING THE MONEY AND THINGS LIKE THE CAR AND TV. THE MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE. ALWAYS HANDY WITH HIS BIG STRONG HANDS. THE POOR BRAINWASHED KIDS KNOW NO DIFFERENT. THATS THE WAY LIFE IS IN BOOKS AND AT HOME, SO IT IS IMPLANTED INTO THEIR EVERLEARNING BRAINS THAT THAT IS THE ONLY WAY.

MANS WORTH IS MEASURED BY THE SIZE OF HIS PRICK,
HIS MANLINESS AND HIS WAGE PACKET,
WOMANS WORTH IS MEASURED BY HER FAITHFULNESS,
HER BODY AND HER OBEDIENCE.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO REJECT THE MIND NUMBING PATRIARCHIAL CHILD REARING PROCESS? THEY ARE SCORNE FOR DARING TO ATTEMPT TO CHANGE 'TRADITIONAL' FAMILY WAYS. FOR TRYING TO BRING UP HEALTHY CHILDREN FREE FROM RACE OR SEX PREJUDICE. THINGS ARE FINE UNTIL THE AGE OF FIVE. THIS IS THE AGE WHEN THE MALE DOMINATED SOCIETY DECIDES TO 'EDUCATE' CHILDREN. TO IMPOSE CERTAIN MORALS ON THE CHILD WHICH ARE TOTALLY DIFFERENT FROM THOSE IT GREW UP WITH IN ITS FIRST FIVE YEARS. FROM HERE IT IS AN UPHILL STRUGGLE. THE CHILD IS TORN BETWEEN ITS PARENTS WHO IT HAS

GROWN TO LOVE AND RESPECT FOR THE SHARING, NON SEXIST PEOPLE THEY ARE. AND THE BLATANTLY PREJUDICED EDUCATION SYSTEM. THE CHILD IS FRUSTRATED AND CONFUSED. AT HOME BOTH MUM AND DAD TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN AND THE HOME. BOTH PARENTS EARN MONEY. THERE IS NO MASTER AND NO SLAVE. AT SCHOOL IT LEARNS THAT THINGS ARE DIFFERENT. THE ONLY ANSWER IS TO TAKE THE CHILD OUT OF SCHOOL. BUT THIS CAUSES MANY PROBLEMS. MOSTLY WITH THE LAW OF THE LAND. A LAW THAT SEEKS TO DENY PARENTS THE RIGHT TO BRING THEIR OWN CHILDREN UP IN THEIR OWN WAY. EDUCATION IS A VERY POWERFUL THING. SOCIETYS LEADERS DON'T WANT THE NEXT GENERATION TO GROW UP WITH FREE MINDS. THEY WANT ANOTHER GENERATION OF NARROW MINDED HOUSEWIVES AND WORKING HUSBANDS...BREAK DOWN THE BOUNDARIES OF SEXUALITY...IT'S UP TO YOU.

• JUNKIE •

It's almost nineteen eighty four and there i was, standing patiently at Paddington station, leaning casually against the wall. He offered me a fiver if i would be his lover on this cold and rainy night. I had the flu and my body ached, but i had no morals and toyed with the idea in my helter skelter mind. "NO, SORRY." I said, because my head was throbbing and the film was effecting me badly. I felt different. Then he pushed the cold steel tip of his black umbrella to my throat. he smiled into my eye's and nervously muttered "I WAS ONLY JOKING ANYWAY". He started to apply pressure on the umbrella, and i swiftly grabbed him by the testicles, my left hand made a clumsy grab for the object breaking skin tissue on my neck. He whimpered not screamed as i felt blood seep thru his blue denim jeans, and then my chest felt warm and sticky, the steel tip had pierced my throat, but i felt no pain, just a creeping sickness. I looked down and gasped as i saw life flowing out of me, i coughed, red and thick and stumbled to my knee's jarring them on the concrete platform. The tube arrived, i wanted to go home, the people stepped hurriedly over me and kicked me as i grabbed their running legs and begged for help. The doors closed and the train vanished into the dark tunnel, followed by sharp flickers of blue electricity. On that rainy day, i died.

As i left my bleeding body behind, sprawled on the floor, i entered the train just missing the closing doors. I stared thru the glass window which was warped and blurred, like a drunken haze, and there i was, in final moments, last breath seeping from my lips. The umbrella man was limping away, and i twitched and died. Then all went black as we entered the tunnel, i looked awkwardly around me. It's a crazy feeling, i don't want to sleep, ever. The steady rocking motion of the train relaxed me and soothed me and beckoned me to close my eye's. My trembling hands felt the rough details of my hollow cheeks and the stubble on my chin. I was seduced by the trains constant motion, a funny mist entered my head as tho all this were not real. By looking at a wall i can make it move, rhythmic, flowing smoothly like waves, and sometimes i cant stop it. There's a gentle humming, as tho someone here might be happy. At that instant, in London, i died.

"WE ALL NEED STANDARDS" proclaimed the newspaper board, so i bought one and saw a face on the front cover in vague black and white. "HE DIED ON THE PLATFORM, HIS THROAT PUNCTURED BY AN UNKNOWN SHARP OBJECT, THE POLICE ARE APPEALING FOR WITNESSES". my face seemed somewhat familiar, i recognised it from somewhere. "NO" i whispered to myself, "HE'S THE ONE WHO DIED ON THE TRAIN".

Lee/Winter/@2/.

the boys in blue are out again
getting paid for inflicting pain
panda car creeps slowly round
four men inside make no sound
another raid is on the cards
routine work for scotland yard
squatters are the target tonight
they're always good for a fight
no trouble to bash a few heads
chief inspector hates the reds
prejudice down at the station
knows nothing of race relations
black, yellow, red, all the same
another criminal with a foreign name

parties are good to raid
people are always afraid
drugs are the best excuse
for the police to blow a fuse
too spaced out to try and fight back
easy pickings for a surprise attack
mark them with a size ten boot
teach them what lifes about

if they step outside the law
they'll wish they'd never been born
radio message livens up the night
a group of blacks have started a fight
panda car roars into action
the time is nigh for satisfaction

helmets on to protect the face
the black van is on its way
six are arrested thrown in the back
kicked and punched for being black
the cells will be full of meat tonight
lets hope no one knows their rights
empty all your pockets lets see what you got
you look the type that likes smoking pot

its been a good night for p.c. plod
he will smash a few heads before knocking off
careful not to bruise their poor little flesh
if the judges found out it could cause a mess
they know it happens but theres no proof
if you fight the police your bound to lose

they get away with cold bloodied murder
in the name of law and order
a uniform protects the killer inside
gives the sadist a place to hide
raid the gay clubs where perversion breeds
but never interfere with middle class needs
football heolgians need to be stopped
but we'll have to use every sadist we've got
the riot squads ready for the minorities
their job is to clean up society
any blemish needs to be wiped out
can't have subversives walking around
the boys in blue certainly know their job
lets have three cheers for p.c. plod.

possession oppression.possession obsession.possessive oppressive. possessive obsessive.depression.dep
tv tube.attention machine.programme programs.two way screen.hidden messages.subtle.brainwash.point
watch tv.tv watches you.way of seeing.life.yourself.others.imformation.fed thru entertainment.ente
crossroads.real life.not mine.identify with.david hunter.benny.clean life.reality eludes.sterile.ho
mind.tv lobotomy.useless.mind.replace.choice.whose.mine.yours.fuck no.not.not.me.i.you.fuck no.uncl
infract informatio
no body owns nowt
no body owns nowt
person.mail.same.c
interfer.fear.lin
technopeople.techno world.techno
sacred church.holy.ground.rich soil
pennies.too much to ever
us.eat jesus.shit jesus.
ed.fire.theft.flood.holoo
t on life.earned it.no r
churchyard.grave.holy.sac
re.blind architect.designed by those who never.live in the finished product.slums
tick.people in.dant let them leave.profitable building.for who.bombs.space rockets
s.progress.fuck progress.possession.oppression.i posses.you possess.they possess.c
come.but why.war.whr war.poverr.when
third world ex
traversal.no.no.no.never.i own this.you own that.i
ship.me above i..i below who.house.home.dwelling.bo
ivacy.invas
allowed.c
pt.correspondence
is being protect
protection.of sta
checked you are.your world.raped.desi
al costs.plot of ground.in a fucki
pointless starvation.holy man wher
..sheep.opression.money.makes.povt.
body.scatter my ashes.across the
lead.cant you.understand.finished.i
re.blind architect.designed by those who never.live in the finished product.slums
tick.people in.dant let them leave.profitable building.for who.bombs.space rockets
s.progress.fuck progress.possession.oppression.i posses.you possess.they possess.c
come.but why.war.whr war.poverr.when
third world ex



ANDY.T.

On the morning after the bombing of Nagasaki, a young victim has her first drink of water while awaiting medical treatment. She died before it arrived, as did the others in this picture.

AS THE CLOCKWORK ORANGE TICKS IN OUR HEADS
OUR DECADANT LIVES ARE FILLED WITH FEAR AND DREAD

AS A THOUSAND DIE THAT COULD HAVE BEEN FED
OUR EARTH BLEEDS LIKE NO BODY EVER BLED



**Will
Mankind
Survive**
...THE NEXT DECADE?

AS TEARS BY THE GRAVES ARE ONCE MORE SHED
WE CONTINUE THE LIE, AND DESERVE TO BE DEAD



LEE...

IN his Hands, He Holds his POWER,
His Prick, His doom's Day Machine,
To RAve The flesh of womanKind,
To burn the flesh of ManKind,
The tool of man's SEXUAL Violence,
the weapon of man's ultimate violence,
domestic War, OR A V.P.
Domestic destruction, TO A destruction.
How go The BIGGEST Bombs?
Whos got The BIGGEST prick?
Who will read the BIGGEST holes?
Who will inflict the GREATEST pain?
One LIFE, TO live, OR TO DESTROY,
ONE Earth, ONE space, ONE CHOICE.
A PLACE TO CHEISH, OR A Eternal Ave,
its ABOUT Time WE made The CHOICE

andy 1

P.P.

P.P.

LIKE JEWS.... ^{Lee/}



I want to show some emotion, but i must remember that boys dont cry. You've tried to kill all emotion, but if that is true, then you've killed me. I've seen the abbatoir, the Auschwitz down the road, the Belsen at the end of the street, i saw the things i never thought i'd see, i saw the slaughter of a million beasts.

Like jews, thrown into cattle trucks. Like jews, sniffing cyclon B, Like jews, just waiting to die, waiting for the bullet in the back of the neck. Barbed wire fences circulate the area. In go the living animals, victims of war criminals, victims of the butchers knife, doing your dirty work he revels in the blood, and the money is good. The family roast keeps the family happy, buying food with blood money, oozing from the gaping wound, you lick the still warm blood, smacking your lips with a zieg heil salute, sucking at the entrails, waist deep in death, fucking the entrails, chewing the flesh. This is your sunday dinner, you puritans.

The smell of fear and death lingers in the air, screams drown the buzz of the electric saw. Ripping the silence like a needle thru an ear lobe, the tradditional slaughter, treblinka, the british beef, blood is spilt in the slaughterhouse, and soon the glossy package will fill your belly, and even now the animals stand, like jews, pissing themselves with fear, like jews with tears in their eye's, like jews, waiting for the bullet in the back of the neck, like jews, no one gives a shit!

Blood on your chin

Blood on the floor

THE Princess of Wales is to face the wrath of the anti-fur protesters who disrupted last week's Miss United Kingdom contest in London.

"AND NOTHING WILL BE RESTRAINED
FROM THEM WHICH THEY HAVE
IMAGINED TO DO"



LEE c/o
HYDE PARK TOWERS
HOTEL-
INVERNESS TERRACE
-LONDON-W.2, 3.J.N.

ANDY T. c/o
845 WENTWORTH-
ASHFIELD VALLEY
ROCHDALE-
LANCASHIRE.

PAM DEMONIUM c/o
845 WENTWORTH-
ASHFIELD VALLEY
ROCHDALE-
LANCASHIRE.

SIOUX c/o
ROOM 1-
357 cowley road
COWLEY-
OXFORD-
OXON.

CLAIRE c/o
51 MOUNT PLEASANT
-KEYWORTH
-NOTTS-
N.G. 12 5.E.P.

THE END.

"IF YOU FOLLOW THE SHEEP
YOU'LL ONLY GET SLAUGHTERED"