

The Return of the ..... Engine Driver .....

EDITORIAL.

Well here we are again, nearly 12 months after the first Magazine we've got another load of sleaze and filth for you. Anyone who read the first one will hopefully see an improvement in lots of areas. Mainly because the Editor, after undergoing extensive training in how to fuck up Re-Start Officers, has decided to abandon his diet of alcohol, dangerous mind expanding drugs, excessively strange sex, black magic, terrorism and painting by numbers to get his head together.....man.

Most people seemed to like the last one, however one thing we did take note of was that some people were offended by the use of overly crude language, rest assured there won't be half as fucking much in this one. However if you are easily offended DONT read the red triangle page.

Whether the Engine driver returns remains to be seen. He was last seen inserting a prominent local National Front member into the rear end of a sheep whilst chanting the lyrics to obscure Grateful Dead songs. In a hastily scribbled note left at the Editors plush penthouse apartment in downtown Little Hulton he said. " I'm hacked off with this festering country, I'd sooner live in Outer Mongolia than spend another second in the poxy place. Anyone with any sense should get on the first boat out to somewhere warmer and leave the dump to the fascists and lunatics in the firm hope that they die long, lingering, painful deaths. Me, I'm off to Morroco to sample the Kiff, so Fuck You."

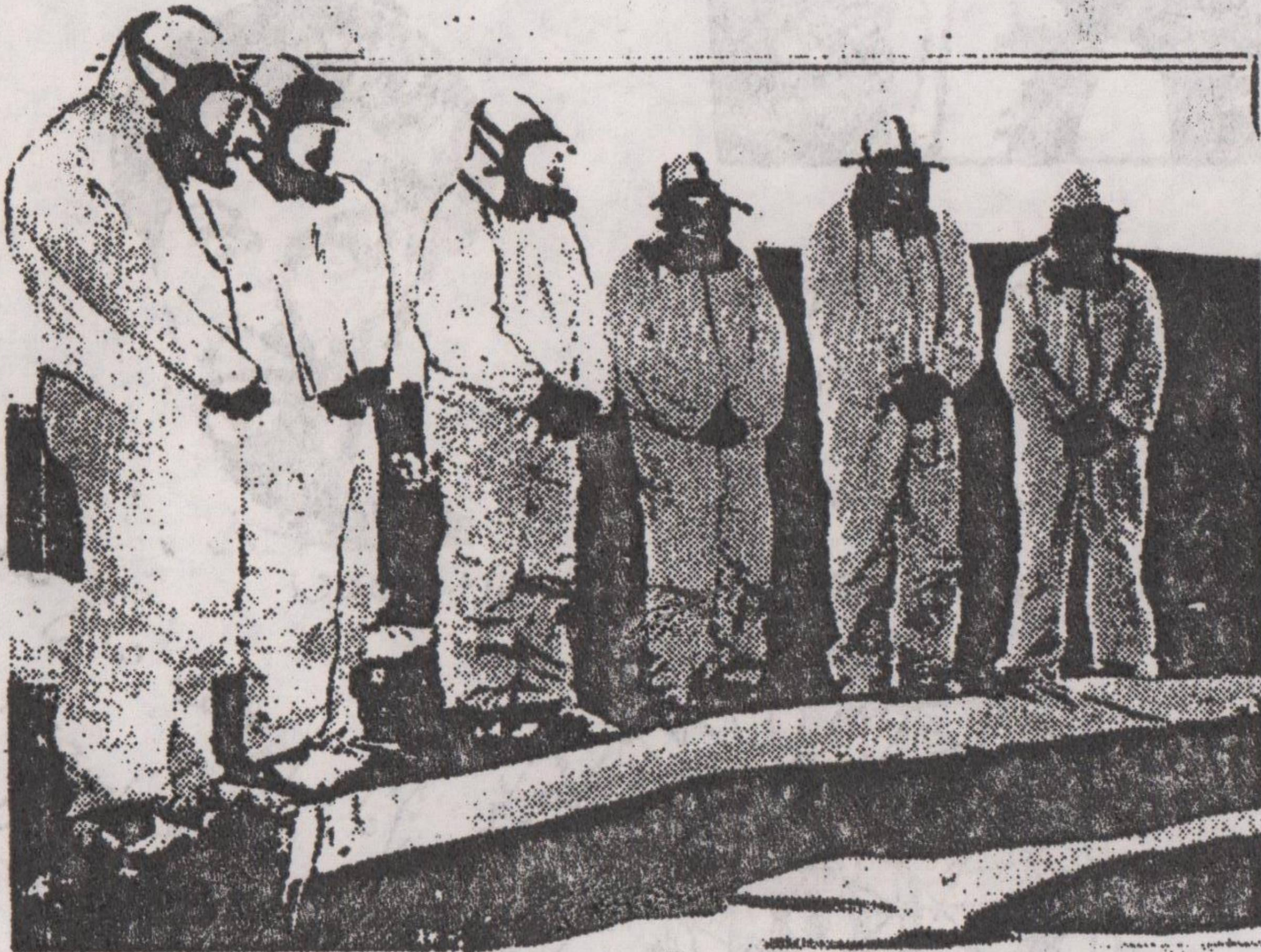
Fine sentiments I'm sure you'll agree.....

AND NOW, BROUGHT TO YOU BY POTTERS BILE BEANS, A SUBSIDIARY OF SKULLFUCK ENTERPRISES.....WE PRESENT, AT GREAT EXPENSE,.....

THE REST OF THE MAG.

.....

THANKS TO.....Me, The man on the bus station, Frank Despocado, P K and Midge, George and his amazing apple, Bo Diddley, The sports correspondent Cosmic Charlie, A.F, Hoffman La Roche, The DHSS, John Lee Hooker and the entire population of Papua New Guinea



THE EDITOR + STAFF LINE UP FOR A FREE KICK.



SIR ROLAND TRIED TO CONVINCCE SCEPTICS OF THE POTENTIAL OF LIGHTWEIGHT "MINI-SHIELD"....

# A FISTFULL OF MESCAL

Meanwhile back at Cactus Gulch, Black Bart was knitting woolen crucifixes for the rest of the gang. "Hey Bart, the Mayor of Silver City seems to be approaching with a large group of what appears to me to be, Chinese waiters," shouted Tex the gang psychopath.

"Aw shucks, break out the lassoes and Mescal boys, it's time to head for the Rio Grande." "But, but there's ninety miles of desert out there between us and the border. We'll never make it." "We will in this." Bart opened the door of the barn and slid into the cockpit of the shining, M.I.G fighter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE MAYOR

### OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

London. On December 1, 1887; July 7, August 8, September 30, one day in the month of October and on the 9th of November, 1888; on the 1st of June, the 17th of July and the 10th of September 1889 . . .

The disguise was perfect.

Nobody ever saw him, except, of course, the victims.

They saw him.

Who would have expected?

He wore a costume of trout fishing in America. He wore mountains on his elbows and bluejays on the collar of his shirt. Deep water flowed through the lilies that were entwined about his shoelaces. A bullfrog kept croaking in his watch pocket and the air was filled with the sweet smell of ripe blackberry bushes.

He wore trout fishing in America as a costume to hide his own appearance from the world while he performed his deeds of murder in the night.

Who would have expected?

Nobody!

Scotland Yard?

(Pouf!)

They were always a hundred miles away, wearing halibut-stalker hats, looking under the dust.

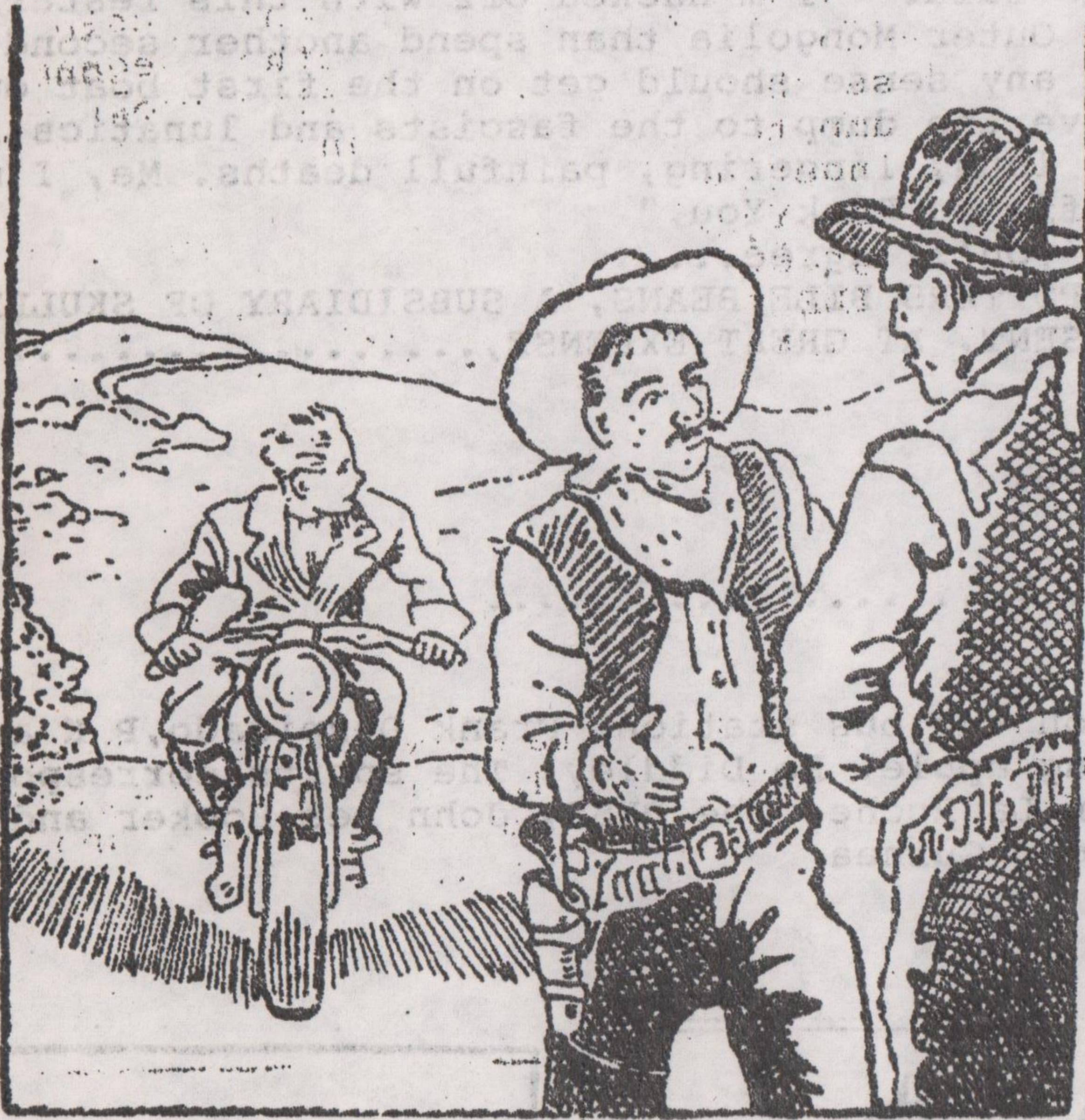
Nobody ever found out.

O, now he's the Mayor of the Twentieth Century! A razor, a knife and a ukelele are his favorite instruments.

Of course, it would have to be a ukelele. Nobody else would have thought of it, pulled like a plow through the intestines.

RICHARD DRAUGHTMAN...

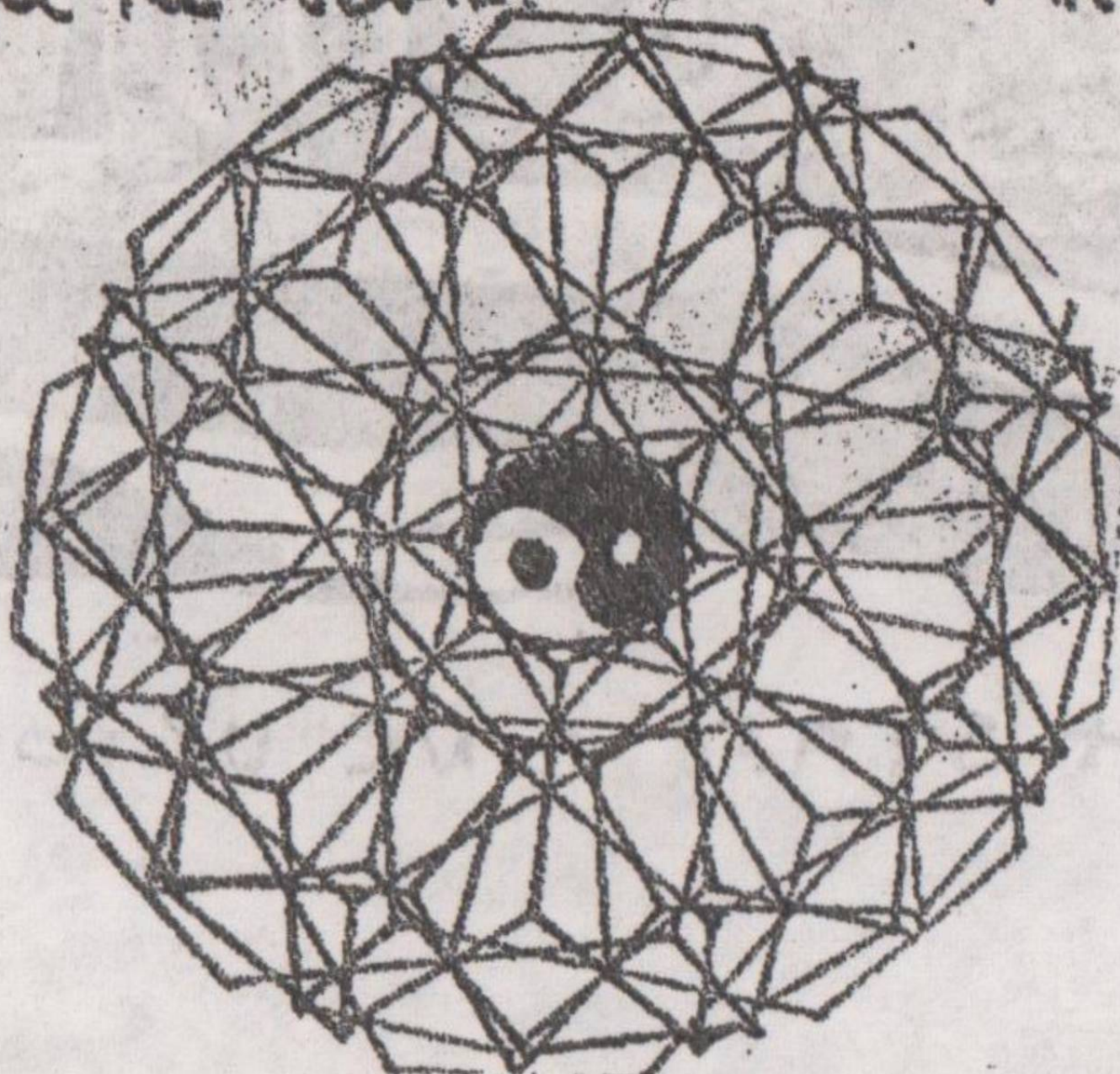
TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA



Algie gunned the badly drawn Triumph into life — Meanwhile Bart and Lefty were discussing Cartesian dualism and its relevance to diseases in the North American bison.



MRS GUCCI



"I'd rather cry in a Rolls Royce than be happy on a bicycle."  
MRS GUCCI.  
"I'm glad I don't know Mrs"

DEAR SIR OR MADMAN,

I am writing about all this ozone with holes in it that lady Di and all them other Royal brothers keep going on about.

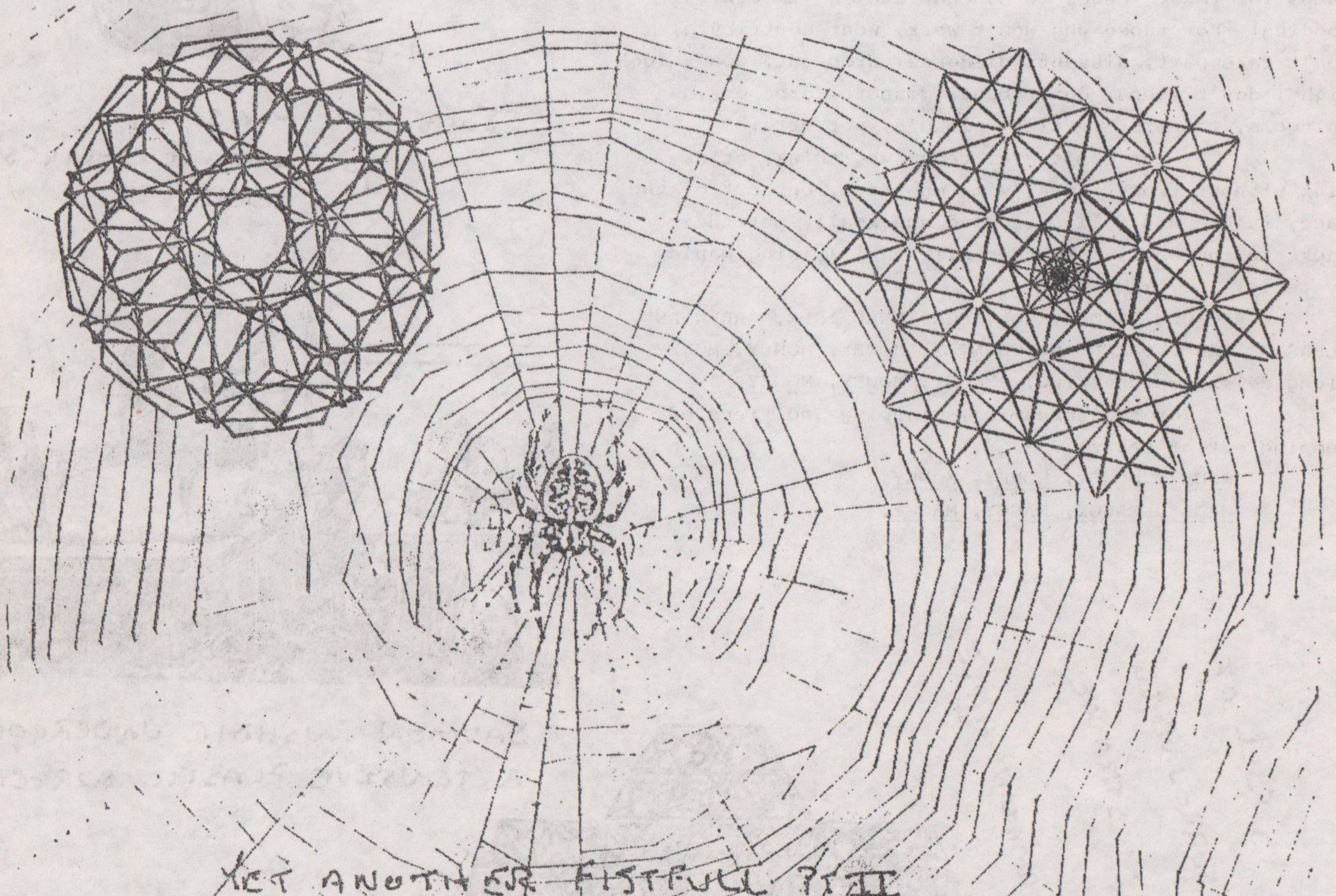
I reckon it's got summat to do with all that ozone we used to have in that washing powder. Them firms must have got it from somewhere. It could be what all them spaceships was up to. They probably collected it when they was on their way up and down. There'll be holes all over the place up there. What about them Russians sending them stations up in space? If they're as big as all them stations we've got in Bolton there won't be anything left in a bit.

Another thing was all that ozone at Blackpool, the corporation must have got that from up there as well. Then all our mams and dads used to tell us to sniff it all up because it would do us good, clear our heads or something. All them people walking up and down the prom sniffing up the ozone. It's no wonder there's not much left.

Then there's this greenhouse their on about building up there. If they do the tomatoes will be massive. We'll only need one slice for each butty. It'll be hard getting them in the fridge though.

Mind you, all these kids who walk around in the middle of winter with just T-shirts on will stop shivering. There won't be no rain neither so we can all sell our macs.

Yours Lovingly,  
A. Knob-Ender.



YET ANOTHER FISTFULL #11

Meanwhile back in Silver City the posse returns. Marshall Marshal runs to meet the Mayor.

"Where's Black Bart, the judge is waitin' to string the varmint up from the nearest tree."

"Bad news Marshall Marshal, he escaped in the latest Soviet fighter bomber, it was equipped with wire-guided missiles and secret posse detecting radar." The Mayor stepped down from his horse and began to thrash one of the Chinese waiters with his riding crop.

"There's only one thing to do. Alert Sheriff Delgado."

"Why of course, we'll send the poney express. they've got a new anti-aircraft system down there. Black Bart wont stand a chance."



FARQUINLY-HOLMES MAIDEN SPEECH TO THE TORY PARTY  
CONFERENCE.

Fellow Conservatives, I support the motion, (applause), for caring Conservatism, one nation (more applause), rolling back the dead hand of socialism (quite loud applause), hard times, shoulders to the wheel, noses to the grindstone, backs to the wall, fingers in pies and straws breaking camels backs (loud applause).

Spirit of the blitz, Dunkirk (here-here's), Arthur Scargill (boo's), loony left (laughter), lager louts, real freedom, no turning back, active citizenship (serious applause), freedom free to fornicate anywhere, no respect for authority, permissive society, drugs, VD, aids (here-here's), identity cards, isolate homosexuals (nervous applause).

Jails (applause), long sentences (loud applause), corporal punishment (cheers), thrashing (loud cheers), birching (louder cheers), cat'o'nine tails, stocks, ducking stools, iron maidens (very loud cheers), thumb-screws and hanging (hysterical cheering).

Friends, friends, camps I say. Camps, camps for these yobbos to concentrate in (thoughtful nodding). For those who won't work, wont contribute, won't take part, dissent, disagree, drop out, don't look right, don't spend, don't bend, moaners, groaners, whingers, whiners, lefties, pinko's, perverts.

Yes camps, for those who think, stink, sink without trace, speak with one face, opt out of the race, fumble and fall, crippled and small, put their backs to the wall, make them all crawl (rising manic hysteria).

GRACIOUS LEADER, GOD, SCEPTERED ISLE, GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND, QUEEN AND COUNTRY, MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, (long delirious cheering), MONEY, MONEY, MONEY.

(crazed screaming, clapping and frenzied jumping out of seats)

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, MONEY,  
MAGGY, MAGGY, MAGGY, MAGGY,

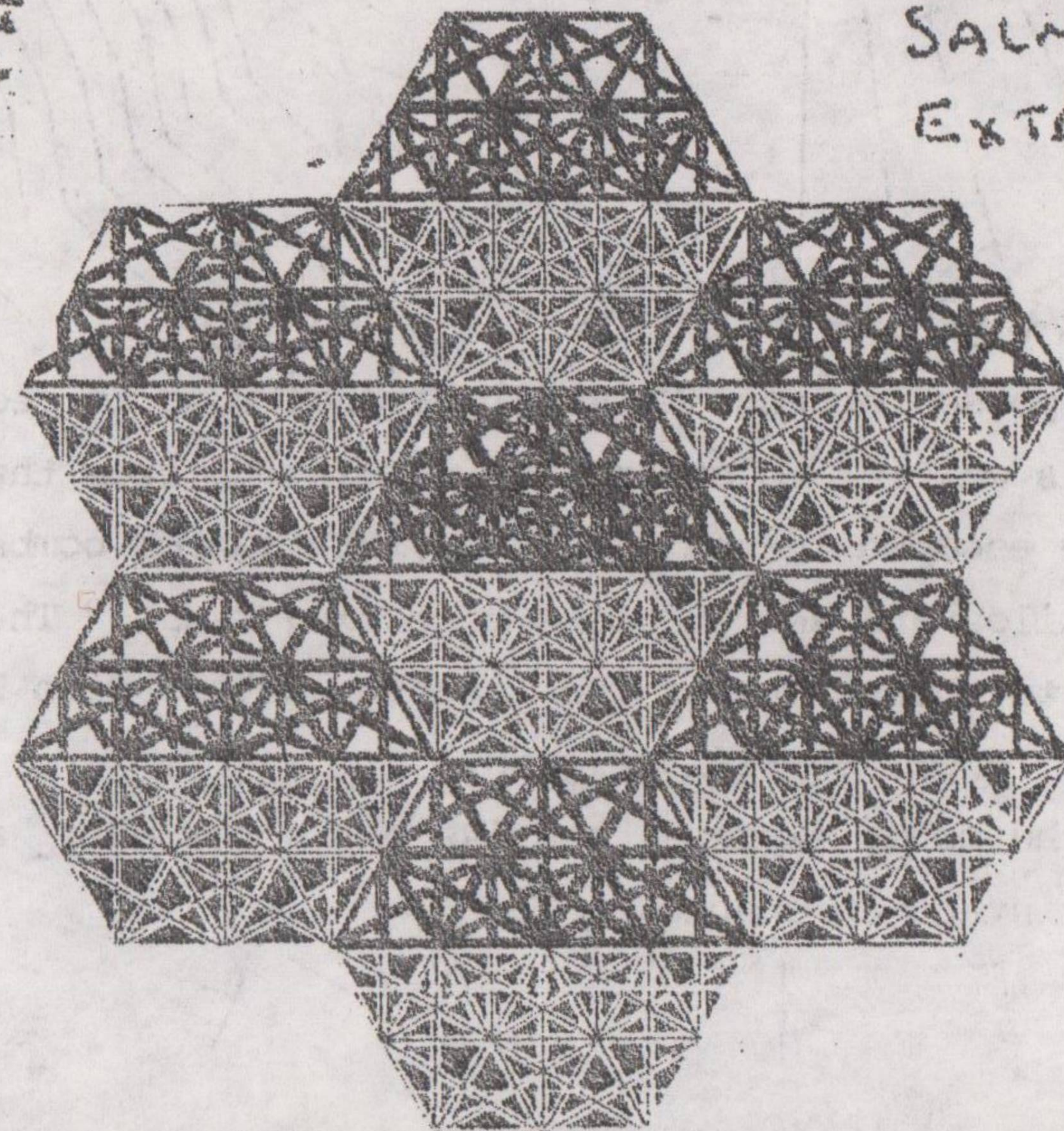


JOIN THE MASONS  
YOU KNOW IT MAKES  
SENSE.



SALMON RUSHDIE UNDERGOING  
EXTENSIVE PLASTIC SURGERY.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF  
HUMANS, SURROUNDED  
BY .....  
..... HUMANS?  
..... STRANGE.....  
GEORGE + HIS AMAZING APPLE.



SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW.

"Somewhere over the rainbow" has been near the top of the hit parade for many years. But not many people know of the sad, almost tragic story this song brought about. It's revealed in a report by the Pope, Mr. James Anderton, commenting on his recent visit to the other end of that 'multicoloured archway in the sky'.

He'd gone on a House of Lords sponsored trip of mercy in an attempt to have his head screwed back on the right way up. Shockwaves swept round the ermined corridors of power, when the worshipful James landed at Blackpool airport without having undergone the life-saving cosmetic surgery and having to persue a mercy mission himself.

It seems that at the other end of the rainbow there's a different god than the one we've all grown to know and love. This itself proved quite a shock to St. James, adding greatly to the pressure he's under as right hand man to the Almighty.

For unlike ours, the God over there actually got his finger out. He didn't just "do a bit" for six days then go into, what amounts to permanent retirement. He did everything to make life decent for his flock, even down to doing their washing.

However, a good few years ago he heard Maralyn Monroe on Two-Way Family Favourites and you can guess what she was singing. Yes it was "Somewhere Over The Rainbow". He immediatly fell in love with our own goddess of the silver screen and, more importantly, with the song.

It was this that led to a dramatic downturn in the fortunes of the people over there. It wasn't that he stopped doing everything, but that now they have the onerous chore of a daily routine of PIE-WHEIGHING.

For just as many others have done in the past, the god over the other side took the words of the song literally. After three playings of smashhit disc, which confirmed what he'd heard on the "tranny", he began a programme of compulsory pie weighing for all over sixteen.

The mootony and forced nature of the job has led to the emereance of a variety of dissident groups. Things have got so bad that a recent rally of god worshippers was savagely disrupted by an angry mob of anti-god lefties, chanting "God God God, out out out". While placards calling for the abolition of pie slaery have appeared everywhere.

Responsible leaders of the community have tried various ways to moderate the crisis. They negotiated early retirements and and a weeks extra holiday, but this has failled to satisfy the demands of militant pie floor workers.

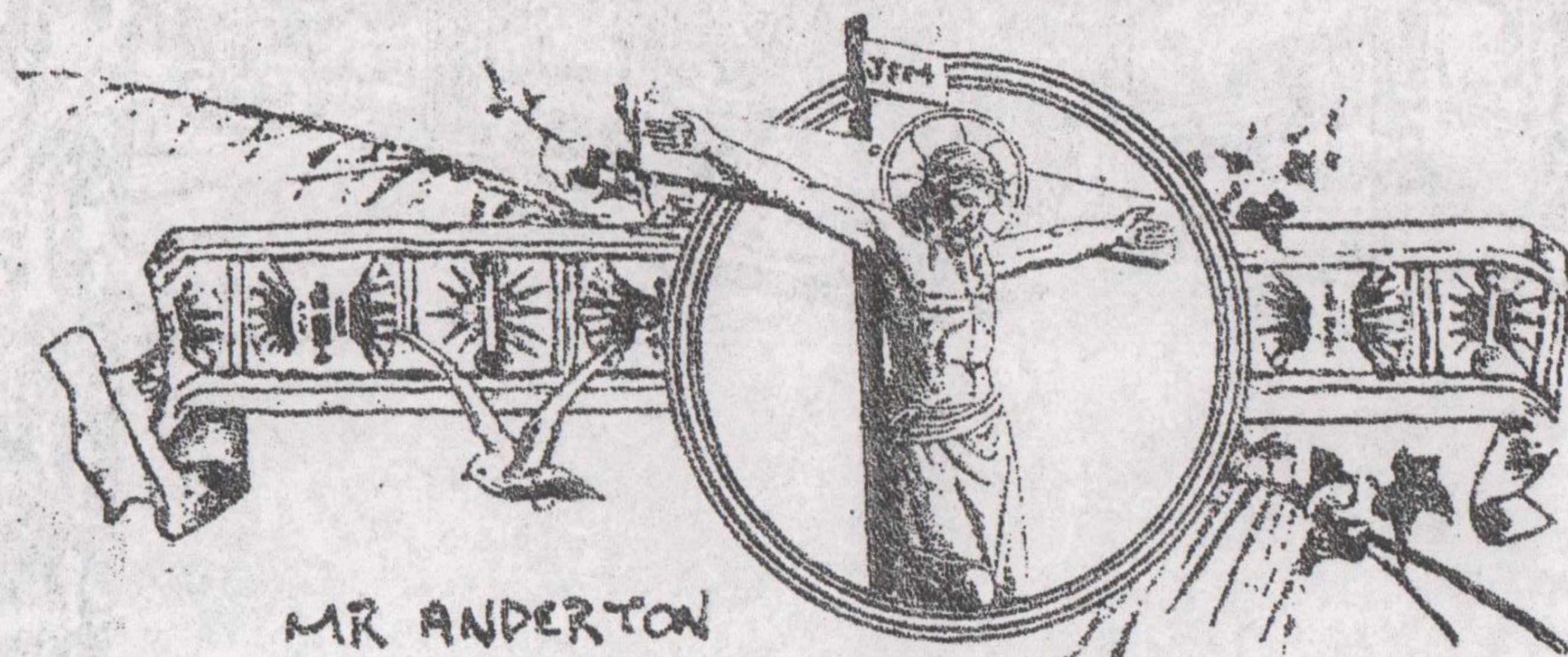
One strand of hope lies in a theory put forward by Dr. Sid Jackson, a leading expert in the field. This is to play some of the best songs, sung by the best singers in the universe, all on the hope that their god will be weaned away from his 'disturbing habit'.

To this end the moderates have tried everything. From our own Ruby Murray and Alma Cogan, to foriegners such as Roy Rogers and Frank Ifield. They've tried Cliff Richards "Summer Holiday", Russ Conways "Side Saddle", along with the "coloured" Tiger Bay beuty Shirly Bassey's "Hey Knob Ender". All without much success.

However, the shake up in music brought about by the "punk revolution" has begun to reap rewards unforeseen by Jhonny Rotten. For the recent hit waxing by our very own Queen has brought the first real signs of a shift in gods devotion to lovely Marilyn's words.

The song was inspired by Newport Counties massed crowds chanting of "We are the champions". Our lovely Queen recorded the song in the beautiful way only she knows. God was charmed by her soft, liltng voice and the sensitive words. He immediatly stopped the pie-wheighing for a day and ordered everybody to hold striped scarves above their heads instead.

Some people see this as a good thing, saying it could have been a



MR ANDERTON  
RELAXING.

lot worse. They could have been forced to watch Newport in the freezing cold with just a t-shirt on. Moderates think it's a small price to pay to get their washing done. But many of the more militant activists regard it as a backward step and have stepped up their opposition, calling for widespread strikes and public disorder.

It was during one of these periods of near anarchy that the Archangel James arrived. Unable to have his operation due to a sympathy strike by hospital saw doctors and realising there were no laws against secondary picketing, he made a very forceful complaint to the hospital management.

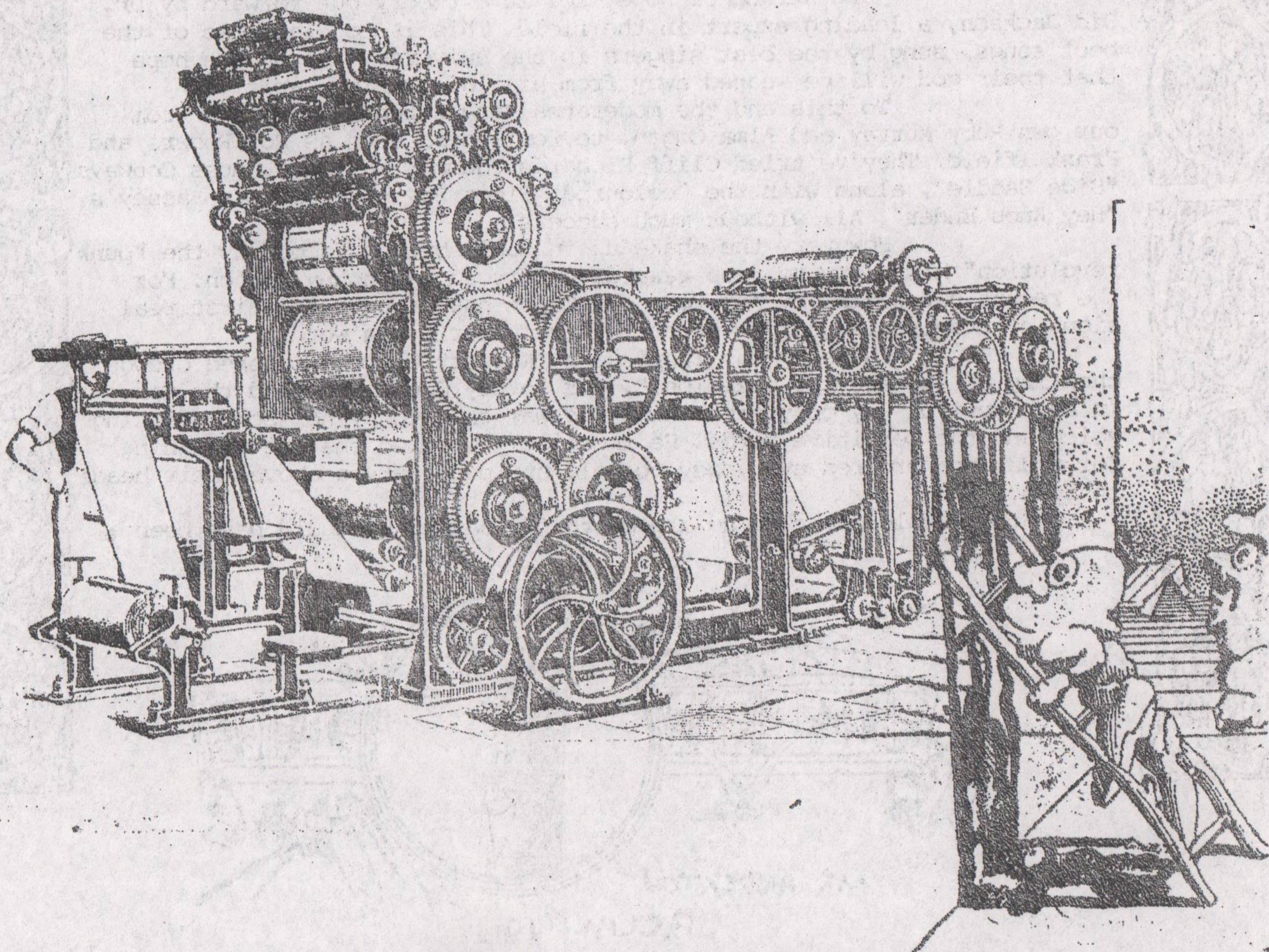
After saying he'd report them to god, while at the same time asking why they'd not personally disembowelled the leftie thugs as he would have, they carefully explained the situation and asked him for help. They begged him to use his well-known unsurpassed knowledge of music to find the right singer and song, in order to bring peace and harmony back to the other side of the rainbow.

A press conference at Blackpool's inter-galactic airport revealed that James Beatific Anderson believes devoutly that he has the right solution. This was after secretly held discussions with our own god. The results will prove a badly needed shot in the arm for a young crooner who was left in tears after the recent "Best Singer In The World Competition".

Yes, from being left a distraught blabbering fool after being ousted by ex drug-crazed super group 'The Who', Dick Astly is now being shot to inter-stardom, along with the sex-goddess and singing free-kick specialist Diego Maddona.

They have recieved a special decree to record as a duet. As yet the title of the song is unrevealed, but deitific leaks have given a few hints. They include such family favourites as our own Abbas "Waterloo", Moterheads "White Line Fever", George Formby's "When I'm Cleanin' Winders" and the Houghton Weavers "Lion of Vienna".

Let's all wish Sir, Lord, St. James the Almighty the best of luck in his crusade and that he succeeds in getting his head screwed back on the right way up. He may be able to see things more clearly. He may also be able to play the accordian.



# PARENTS PAGE



Here by popular demand is our new feature for parents.

Dr. What? explains some of his revolutionary new techniques for child care. Dr. What? studied child psychology in 1944, under the tutorage of the famous surgeon, Dr. Mengle (Angel of Death as he was whimsically called by his patients). He is now consultant paediatrician to the Dutchess of York and Rupert Murdoch. He currently resides in Buenos Aries where he is professor of torure at the Emporer Bocassa University. He is currently employed by the Governmernt compiling the next Conservative manifesto.

## 1. Bed Wetting.

Bladder removal is the only option for complete cure to this tricky problem. Try to perform the operation whilst baby is asleep to avoid unnessesary noise, which leads on nicely to our next case..

## 2. Crying.

This is a particularly difficult problem to deal with if blinding the baby is not desirable. Various tests on defenceless babies have proved that Silver solder carefully poured into the babies tearducts can substantially reduce the flow of moisture. Serious Psychological side-effects may occur if the molten solder is allowed to contact the babies skin resulting in facial disfigurement. If this method does not produce the required effect removal of the lower jaw may be necessary to augment the first step. It might be advisable to give baby a toy to play with as this will distract his attention away from the Tenon Saw, which I personally find the easiest to implement.

## 3. Spitting out food.

This is an irritating little habit that most children go through at some time or other, so it is in the parents interest to nip it in the 'Taste Bud' so to speak!. Children spit out food for a variety of reasons, but mainly because they simply do not like the taste of the food you might have laboriously cooked for them. Removal of the babies taste buds is a quick, simple and relatively painful task easily carried out by any parent with a modicum of experience in solvent abuse. We at the University have found that a common or garden domestic funnel forced down the babies throat, and filled with caustic soda and raspberry milk-shake quickly has the desired effect, namely stripping the taste buds completely from the inside of the little ones head.

## 4. First day at School.

This, of course, can be equally upsetting for both child and parent alike. Here at the University we have come across no practical solution. However, one can deal with the problem before it arises by simply placing the child in a weighted bin liner and immersing both child and bin liner in water, preferably in a pond or convenient lake, (lakes tend to be deeper but more populated, therefore a night drop may be preferable.) If by any chance the child is returned, he will be in an appalling condition, ie: smelly, covered in weeds and alga and may be suffering from chronical halitosis, which leads nicely to our next condition

## 5. Personal Hygene.

Firstly, remove all the childs teeth, hair, fingernails, birthmarks etc, and place in a preparation of sulphuric acid and vim.

The resultant sludgy mess can be practically used in a manor of ways.

a) An economically sound and environmentally safe additive to dog food for that extra fibre we hear so much about these days on T.V.

b) Soap      c) Sexual lubricant      d) Face pack.

Poured into small jelly moulds, the sludge makes delightful and delicious novelty table decorations for those special evening meals with friends.

FOR GEOFFREY DICKENS M.P., ERIN PIZZET, & ANNE DIAMOND.



## DESPICADO PULLS IT OFF

Frank Despicado teasingly blew away the ring of smoke hanging lazily around the nozzle of his very impressive, very hard .357 platinum plated Magnum. A bastard of a weapon. This one was owned, as it happened, by a bastard of a human. He unpursed his lips, coughed up what sounded like a pint of bile and phlegm and spat it noisily onto the now twitching and wailing body of the old woman he had just casually holed-in-one. The liquid slithered into the wide sloppy hole peering from the side of her body where her left lung used to be.

"Get up you stupid cunt", drawled Despicado, "Get up before you lose the other side". Looking around at the crowd of fellow passengers, daring any one of them to even think of taking him, he raised the barrel of his baby and brought it down straight onto the bridge of the old womans nose, splitting it wide open and dragging face muscle to the skin surface. She yelped like a run over dog and slumped onto her front, opening the already gaping and flapping hole in her side even more. Her left kidney slithered out onto the floor only to be squashed flat by Despicados' size twelve mercury tipped jackboot.

No-one moved, of course. This person with liquid hydrogen burning through his veins, was a very conscientious worker. And the passengers new it, without his unearthly demonstrations. "This fucking old cow has taken the difficult path. You are probably asking your selves why she just didn't show me her ticket in the first place. So is she. Now folks, shall we carry on where we left off?"

Despicado bent down over the motionless body and wrenched the purse from the now anemic finger wrapped rigidly around it. Opening it, with no consideration for the zip, he delicately extruded the crumpled piece of paper he had previously, politely he thought, requested. Staring at a young boy, twelve, thirteen at the most, he prodded the ticket into the air in front of the boys face. The boy tightend his grip round the seat rail waiting for Despicado not to say something to HIM. The rest of the crowd silently sighed relief. 'not me' The ticket moved towards the boy at eye level then stoppped an inch from his face, blotting out his view of Despicado and the other passengers. This made him piss in his shorts. He still didn't move. Suddenly Despicado came into view, un-necessarily close to him. Ratatouille or Basagne vapours dripped through the air and assaulted the boys nose and throat. The boy hadda revolting feeling that Despicado would slit his throat to make an example of him. Luckily he felt a hot spiky pain down his shin as he realised Despicado had scraped his tipped heel downnit. "Read the Fucking ticket out loud". Frank Despicados' voice pulled the boy out of his trance like state. Despicado Rabbit punched the boy to the floor and straddled his feet across his tiny body. "Read the fucking ticket" he bellowed, blazing his eyes around at the almost white gathering.

He threw the ticket onto the boy, too scared to wipe the dark blood from his neck and shoulder. Peculiarly reserved, the small pained boy grasped the ticket and held it close to his face, the small windows allowing a minimum of light to filter through to floor level.

"Seventy pence".

"Richmond Lane".

"Saturday only".

Read the boy confident that it was loud and clear enough not to merit any more of Despicados' wrath.

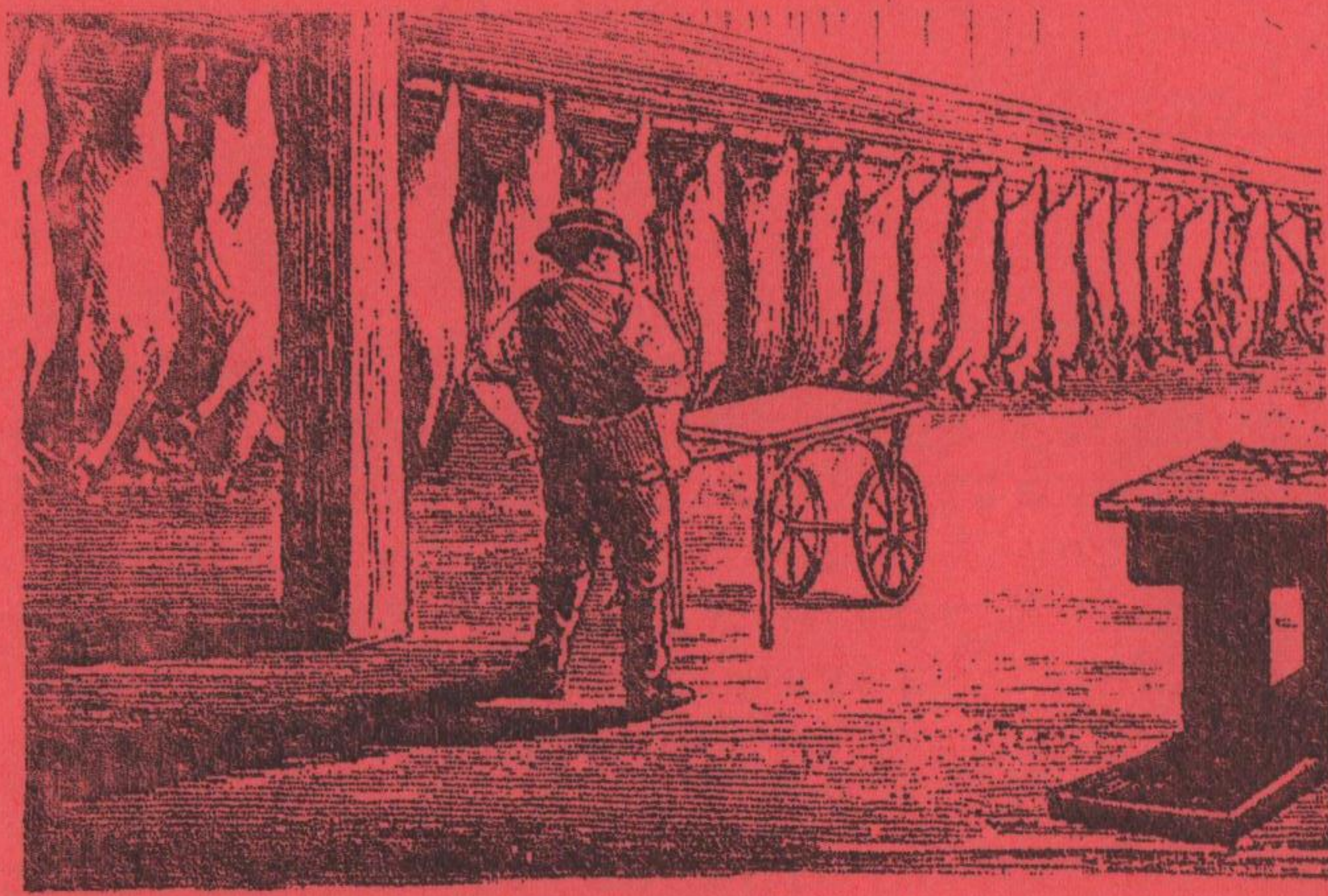
"Exactly right boy. Seventy pence, Richmond Lane, Saturday."

"She was going to get it any way wasn't she?" He lunged at the nearest person to him making everybody jump uncontrollably, grabbing a fat man of about Thirty years. He pushed his gun up into the groin, twisting it so the gun sights tore shreads off the fat mans cheap pants and also off the fats mans soft testicles. The following scream stopped short as its owner heard the hammer of the giant magnum cock in unison with the grin that manoevered its way over Frank Despicados' coarse lips.

"Wasn't she, fat bastard?" The muzzle almost broke through into the fat mans stomach bag, threatening to spill its contents into the stinking mess that was rapidly becoming a human cocktail.

"Yes, Yes, Yes she was Mr. Despicado. She knew it was Sunday. She should have known, she must have known what would happen". That was all he could manage as Despicado released the gun and allowed him to fall and nurse his agony. BLAM ! "Stupid fat cunt", his gun orgasmed a few ounces of fat man fucker into the fucking fat mans head, splashing the surroundings with the fat mans last few thoughts of relief.

"Now then", said the bus inspector, "has any body else got anything to tell me?"



SUCCESSFUL APPLICANTS FOR  
THE LATEST GOVERNMENT SCHEM  
AWAIT A START.

**HUXLEY'S NER-VIGOR**  
ACID  
GLYCERO-PHOSPHATES WITH OR WITHOUT  
THE FORMATES

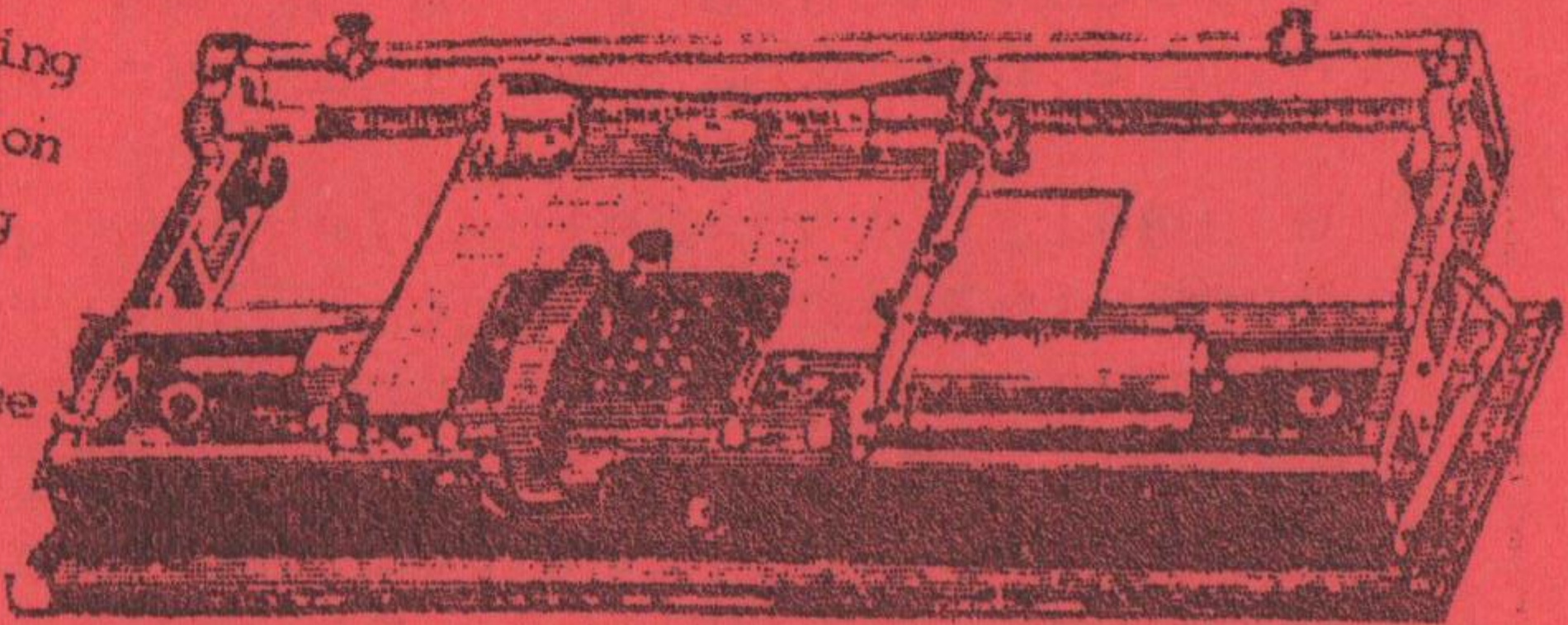
WHEN you feel unable to work and physically run down a change and a good tonic is the most rational course. Huxley's "Ner-Vigor" ACID supplies those mineral substances which when absorbed change the condition of the blood creating new life and new vigor. Physicians throughout the World continue to prescribe this as one of the best tonics for strengthening the nerves, and restoring health.

Bottles of 50 Doses of all Dealers.

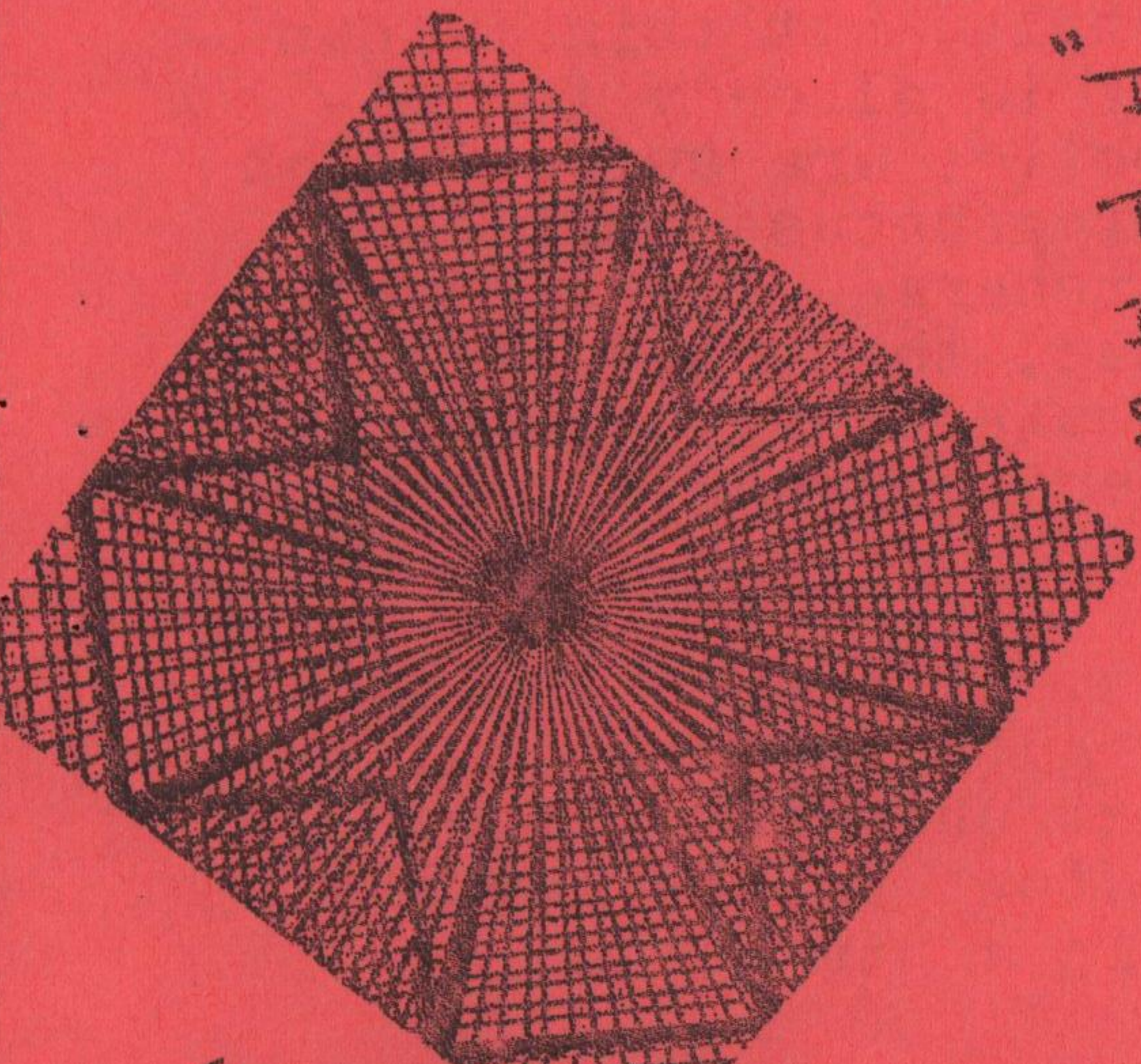
**A FISTFULL OF RUC PT III**

Meanwhile back in Juarez. Colin the poney express rider had evaded the marauding bands of Apache and the missile defence system, and was explaining the situation to Sheriff Delgado. "So there you have it sheriff. Black Bart should be landing outside of town within the next ten minutes." Delgado looked up from the huge joint he had been rolling. "Dinna worry Jimmy from whut you've told me we willnae have tae do a thing. The only landin' strup roond here's controlled by the guerillas of the Shining Path, a Maoist group from Peru. The last ideologically unsound passangers ta land there were staked out in the desert while they read extracts of Das Capital to them in Mandarin Chinese. God, it was a terrible night."

To be continued.



THING OF THE MONTH.

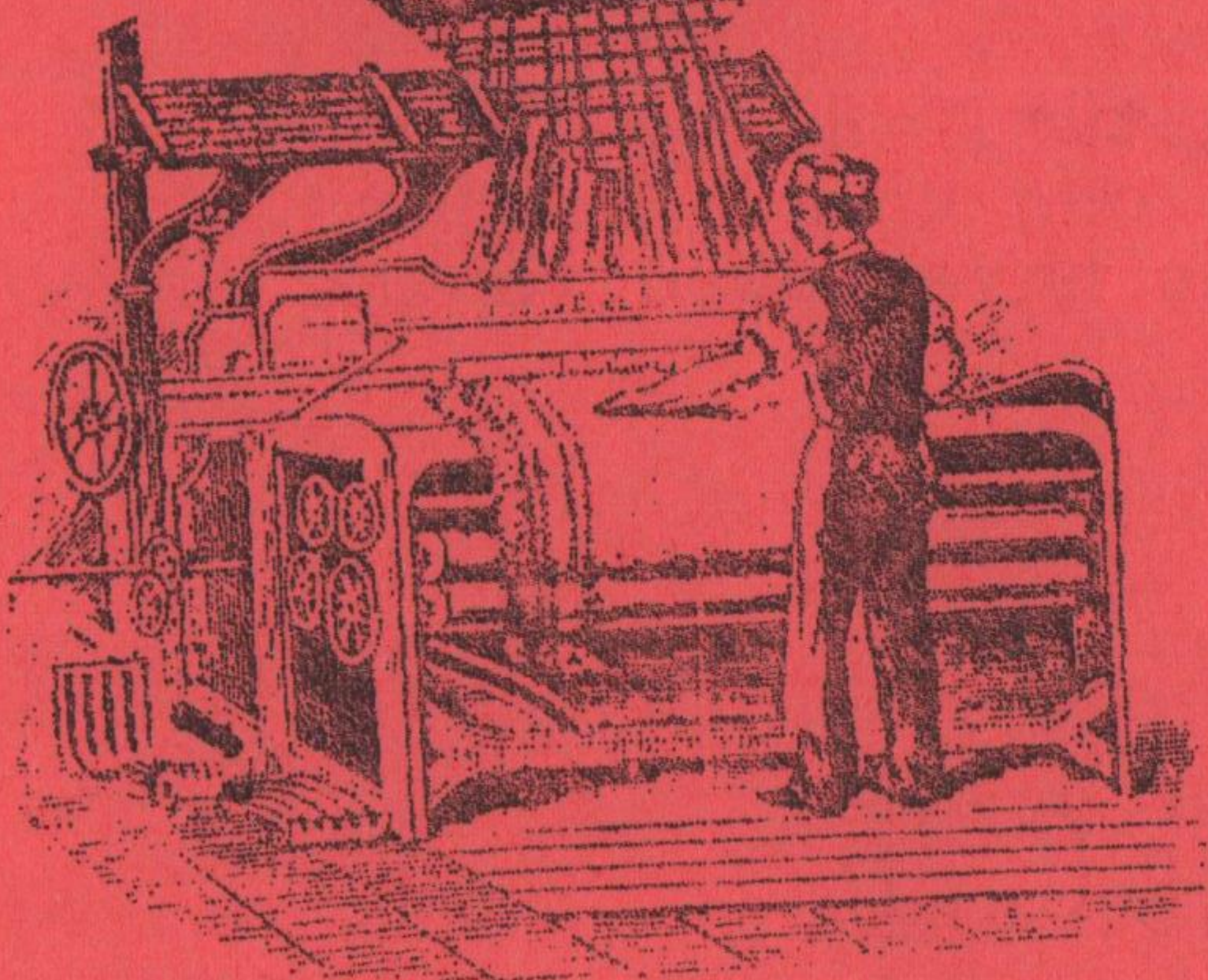
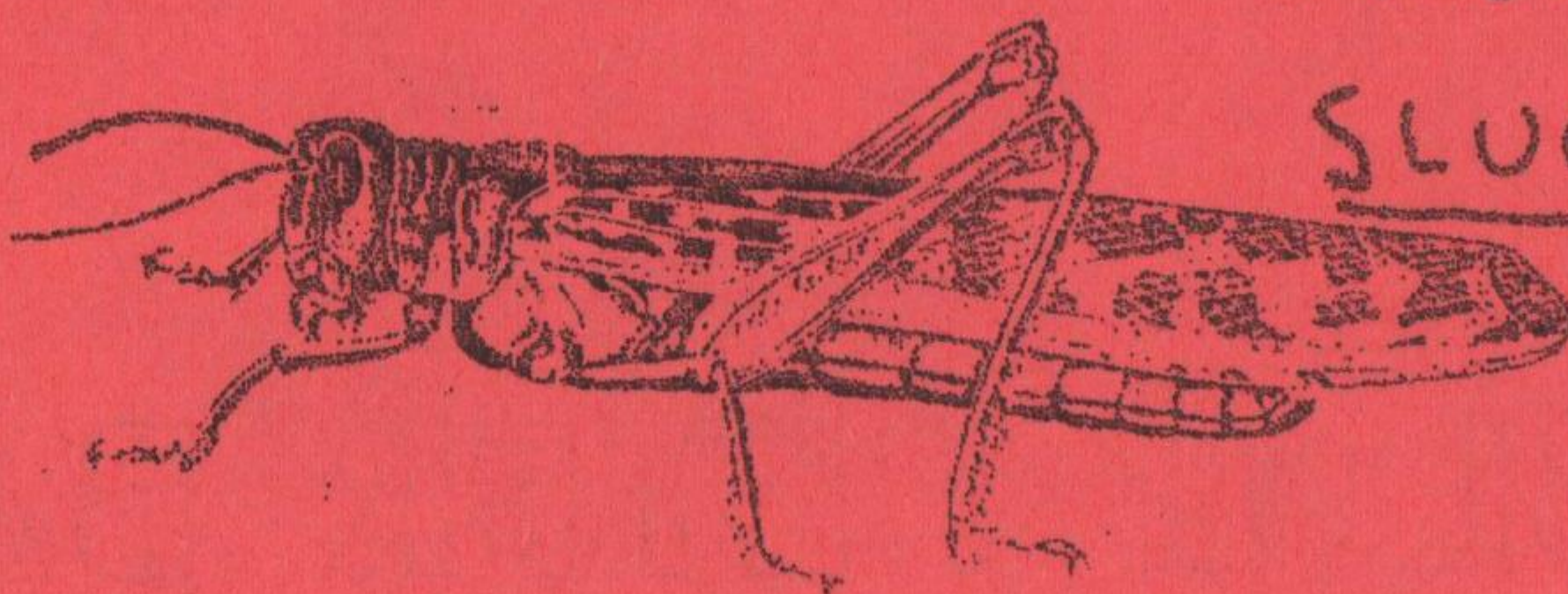


"IT'S NO ACCIDENT, THAT  
THE SIGN OF A BISHOP  
IS A CROOK AND THE  
SIGN OF AN ARCHBISHOP  
IS A DOUBLE CROSS."

James Anderson.



REMOVE SLUGS THE  
SCIENTIFIC WAY WITH  
**SLUG UP**



## Semi Serious

cute exhaustion, insipient migraine and turbulent intestinal activity are not conditions normally associated with enjoyment. But these irritations are mere trifles, forgettable, transitory setbacks when the chance to see the semi final of the African Cup is at hand. It is Sunday, 4th of November 1984, and Egypt's finest, Zamalek, face the Algerian champions, J.E.T.. Hidden reserves of adrenalin and anticipation compel me to see the match. Got to be there.

Impunctual as ever, I've left only ten minutes to travel from Kit Kat to Tahrir, to meet my Egyptian escort. But my obsession with the minute and of my watch is threatened by tumultuous distraction. The taxi is surrounded by hordes of Zamalek supporters, a motorised infantry division of rumbustious fanatics.

The ubiquitous cacophony of Cairo traffic is augmented by the car horns rums and vocal chords of a fiesta of flamboyant flagwavers, some sitting on car windowledges banging on the roof, some standing on minibus windowledges hanging on the roofrack. Tahrir rendezvous accomplished, the fanfares of a fan filled bus carry us to the ground, and a major blow to our expectations - no tickets. The ticketless swarm round the ticketless tout; posing as a football correspondent crosses my mind amidst numbing, anticlimactic apprehension.

We amble lethargically through the accumulating crowds. All around, the incessant inquisition 'Fee Taskara?' - Got any tickets?. At the North entrance a serpentine queue of the fortunate ticket holders has formed, marshalled by reams of soldiers and police, equipped with riotshields and menacing batons. On the other side of the road stands an awesome collage of the have nots - we take our place among them.

Some creative soul conceives an improbable deceptive ploy, and before you can say 'mish mumkin' (impossible) we are all ripping rectangles from newspapers, hoping they will be misinterpreted as the official entry requirement. About as plausible as a chocolate kettle, but this is cup fever. However, to our left an alternative strategy is already formulating, and our newsprint is soon discarded. The police are suffering an airborne assault of rocks and stones, and our disingenuous confidence trick is deferrred as we recoil from their countercharge. The protagonists regroup, the cascade of projectiles resumes, the crowd of zealots surges again towards the main gate. The besieged boys in blue and khaki respond with mounted incursions, scattering stone throwers and guilty bystanders.

The Scargillian scenario recurs for twenty minutes. With each onslaught hundreds more seep irresistably through the outer gate. We gratefully accept our chance only to be confronted by the next obstacle - the metre high inner wall. Bodies bruise, limbs distort in the lemming like surge, as the marauding invaders lurch over in a stumbling, stuttering scramble.

Alhamdulillah! (Thank God!) We're in! The inner sanctum, and no praetorian guard, shaking hands, we rush up the ramparts to our goal. Reaching the top, a backward glance reveals that the police have bowed to the

# BLUE PETER BADGE

inevitable, and the gates have now been opened, as is apparently common practice at big matches here. More expedient than repressing the irrepressible.

Pausing only to notice a spectator using a 'Standard Chemistry' textbook as a sunhat, we grab the only vacant seats in sight, on the 'North Bank' under the electronic scoreboard and clock. The contemporary appearance of the two-tier elliptical stadium belies the fact that it was constructed twenty years ago. From our vantage point, the background is dominated by the pyramidesque 6th October monument, where President Sadat met his final whistle. The aberrant mahogany of the section behind the opposite goal turns out to be soldiers uniforms in the seats reserved for the army. All else is white and red, the phalanxes of flagbearers have arrived, conjuring a diachronic maelstrom.

Zamalek trail 3-1 from the first leg and must win 2-0 to reach the final. God's on our side but he's also on theirs - the balance is swung by 100,000 frenetic fanatics. Drums, hands and voices reverberate round the ground in a clamour of percussion and repercussion. The military band marching round the running track catalyses the chanting of the national Anthem in successive synchrony. The followers of Zamalek's Cairo rivals, Ahly, voice their empathy in unison. With this kind of backing, Goliath could have beaten David.

The crescendo of commitment continues unabated. Against the Latin-style furore, the acapella obscenities of the English Football ground look staid and feeble. From the kick off Zamalek reach the enemy goalmouth in 4 passes, and force the first of many impressive saves from the agile Algerian Goalkeeper. For the first 30 minutes the Algerians are pinned in their own half, as if debilitated by the decibel count.

After 39 minutes and many close shaves, a 'fowl' brings a penalty for Zamalek. The taker, Hamid, thunders a high, rising shot, exacerbating the angst. Fortuitously, it lands just below the angle of bar and post. Just what the doctor ordered, and enhanced celebrations ensue. Half-time brings brief respite. Many leave their seats to pray we leave to find the toilets and find it impossible to return - full house on seats and stairs. We clatter down to the lower tier but again our path is blocked, our vision impeded.

Through the motley miscellany of hands heads and craning necks we sense our salvation. In the 52nd minute Ibrahim heads centimetre-perfect into the net and Zamalek are winning. Pragmatism prevails over joy as we deftly manoeuvre through the delighted dancing throng and occupy a newly-vacated step. The panorama is again unrestricted. We can enjoy the majestic sweep of Zamalek's two-touch football; using the whole width of the field and coruscating forward, forward, forward.

Where instinct would tell a European team to sit on their lead, waste time, defend in depth, Zamalek stream forward in waves, without comunction. In the 62nd minute, a world class header from the Ghanaian Quarshie sends the Algerians into irredeemable despair. Finally they realise that they must attack but it is futile. In their frustration, one of their number is sent off. Zamalek create two more clear cut chances to score but are again thwarted by the contortions of the Algerian goalkeeper. For many watching on television the salient feature of the contest is that two good opportunities have been squandered. But they are non believers. The devout who worshipped at the shrine are further enlightened by a resounding, righteous, historic victory.

At dusk, the moon appears in the East to provide added illumination, and as the sun slowly sinks, the shadow of the West stand obscures half the pitch. The twilight is pierced by thousands of makeshift torches, hand held blazing newspapers.

The game isn't over till the last ball is kicked and today there's extra - curricular activity as the Algerians, deafened, disheartened and finally defeated, attack the referee. Exhausted of energy and alliteration it's time to head West and home. As we walk off into the sunset there's room for another sensory surprise. I endeavour to construe incongruous silhouettes. It transpires that because the busses are already crammed full, people are standing crammed on the roof. Sunday football- it's a riot.

## THE ROYAL VISIT (THE INSIDE STORY)

A RECENT VISIT TO BOLTON BY MR AND MRS WINDSOR WAS A MIXTURE OF REKINDLED FRIENDSHIP AND ATTEMPTS AT NEW RECORDS FOR THE GUINNESS BOOK.

### THE RENEWAL

OF A FRIENDSHIP OCCURED WHEN PRINCE IN HIS USUAL CARING WAY SPOTTED MR ERIC POSTLETHWAITE OF HALLIWELL AND ENQUIRED AS TO HIS WELL BEING, "WELL FUCKED" SAID ERIC WHO HAD LAST SEEN THE DUKE WHEN HE TOURED THE HOSPITAL WARD IN WHICH ERIC WAS RECOUPERATING AFTER AN OPERATION FOR PILES, "THEY RIPPED MY ARSE TO BITS AND THE BASTARDS MISSED ONE!", "GO BACK AND HAVE ANOTHER OPERATION" SAID THE DUKE WITH AN OEVIOS TONE OF COMPASSION, "BOLLOCKS!" WAS THE PLAINTIVE AND OBVIOUSLY PAIN RIDDEN REPLY "THE BASTARD WARDS SHUT AND THE WAITING LIST AT MANCHESTER ROYAL IS AS LONG AS THE FUCKING CIVIL LIST!". THE DUKE POLITELY SMILED AND AS HE TURNED TO REJOIN THE QUEEN MUTTERED "TWTAT!" UNDER HIS BREATH.

MEANWHILE THE QUEEN WAS INDULGING IN SOME OF THE USUAL RUB SHOULDERS WITH THE PLEBS ROUTINES BEFORE STARTING ON WHAT HAS NOW BECOME A ROYAL PASTIME, TRYING TO GET THROUGH THE ENTIRE AGENDA IN A SHORTER TIME THAN CHARLES AND DI SPENT AT THE LOKERBIE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

THE TOWN HALL (INCLUDING THE STEPS) WAS CLEARED IN 17 MINS 24 SECONDS, TOPP TOOK A MERE 14 MINS 37 SECS AND THE WATER PLACE (DOES ONE STILL HAVE COMMUNAL BATHING IN THE PROVINCES!) CLOCKED UP 15 MINS EXACTLY, WITH NO TIME FAULTS OR PENALTIES IT PROVED TO BE A GOOD EFFORT BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

THE COUPLE WHO RECIEVE THE LARGEST INCOME SUPPORT PAYMENT IN THE COUNTRY EXPRESSED A WLSH TO RETURN TO OUR TOWN SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE IN FACT THE DUKES PARTING COMMENT WAS, "I WILL RETURN TO BOLTON SOON, JUST AS SOON AS THE BASTARD COUNCIL SORTS OUT THE DISGUSTING LACK OF FUCKING EQUESTRIAN SPORTS FACILITIES, ONE HAS TO FUCKING RELAX AFTER A HARD DAY, DOESNT ONE!"

THEY'RE ALL GOING GREEN.....

The bastards are starting to shit themselves and it's not a pretty sight. They've suddenly realised skin cancer's classless and they're going to rot along with the rest of us. It was probably Chernobyl that set the alarm bells ringing. It must have given them the biggest fright since Owsley manufactured half a million tabs of Acid and started to give them away for free, allied with a message relayed through the underground that the next batch would be introduced into San Francisco's water supply.

The U.S Governments response to Acid was to send the C.I.A to Burma to improve the Heroin route into the States. You can imagine Nixon and Kissinger discussing the problem.

NIXON.. "We've got to stop this Henry. These filthy hippies are giving the stuff away. Not only do they not believe in us, they don't believe in fuckin' money Henry. Jesus, can you imagine that."

KISSINGER.. "Vot should I do boss.... How about eff we send de B-52's in to bomb Sudern California. Ve could blame it on the Ret Chinese."

NIXON.. "You dumb bastard Henry the Red Chinese want to buy things off us, besides I've got property down there."

KISSINGER.. "Oh yea das right. How about de Mesicans den."

NIXON.. "Jesus!"

KISSINGER.. "No... Den how about de Dutch, ah fuckin' hate de fuckin' Dutch. Ve could kill doo birds wid one stone. Ve bomb de fuckin' Dutch bag ento de dark age, den de radiation drifts all over Europe wiping out all de fuckin' commies. Fuckin Dutch I hate de bastards, wid der cloggs ant der cheesy canals unt dykes. who needs de fuckers."

NIXON.. "Calm down Henry. Look if you want to bomb something how about Cambodia, there's nothing there but trees and gooks anyway."

KISSINGER.. "Ya, das right, I hate trees more dan I hate de Dutch. Tanks boss, wad a grade idea. Fuckin' trees who needs de fuckers."

NIXON.. "Look I've got it. How about if we get the bastards onto different drugs. Something they have to depend on. Flood the market then control the supply that's the thing to do, make em learn the value of a dollar again. Jesus Henry, we could use it on the niggers as well, they'll be so busy tearing one another apart they won't realise they're living in a sewer."

KISSINGER.. "You done et again boss, I'll ged on it ride away.... By de vay verse Cambodia."

There's nothing they can do this time, Chernobyl must have come as a massive shock. A vicious cloud of radiation drifting all over Northern Europe causing more environmental damage than a train load of American tourists on speed.

There are reindeer in Finland that are thirty feet tall with vastly enlarged brains. The buggers are well pissed off. Imagine waking up one day with a brain like Einsteins and finding it stuck inside a reindeer.

Well the buggers have started to get annoyed. They've issued demands. If the governments of the world don't stop fucking about and don't retire somewhere a long way from decent people, who can sort themselves out without a bunch of thieves, perverts and downright murdering bastards telling them what to do, then they would come amongst them and sort them out.

Now when you or I make threats like that we tend to get ignored. However when a 30 foot green moose says things like that, people tend to notice.



CHRIS TATTON.

NEW ENVIRONMENT MINISTER

TAKES UP HIS POST.



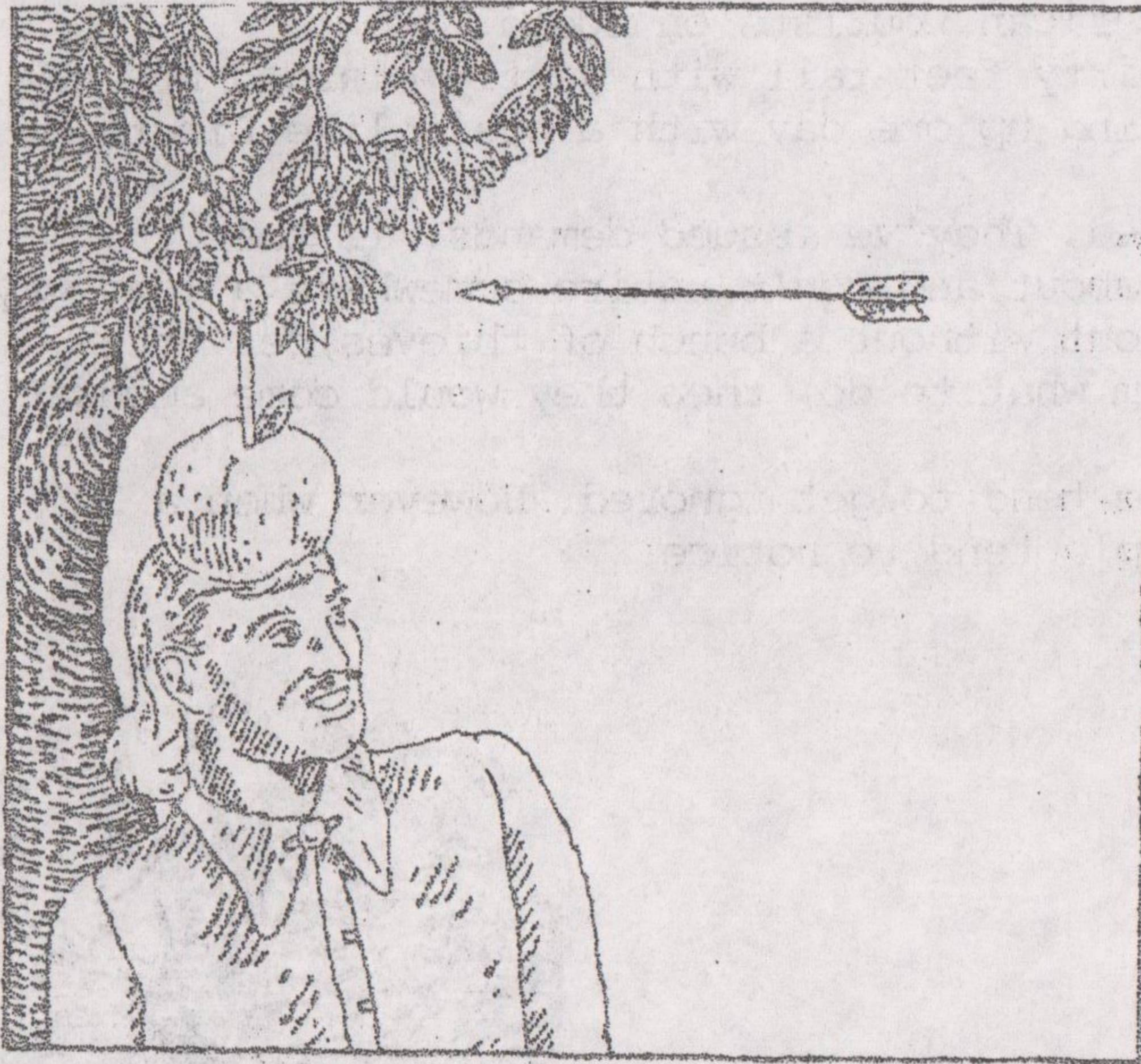
SCALE SIZE.



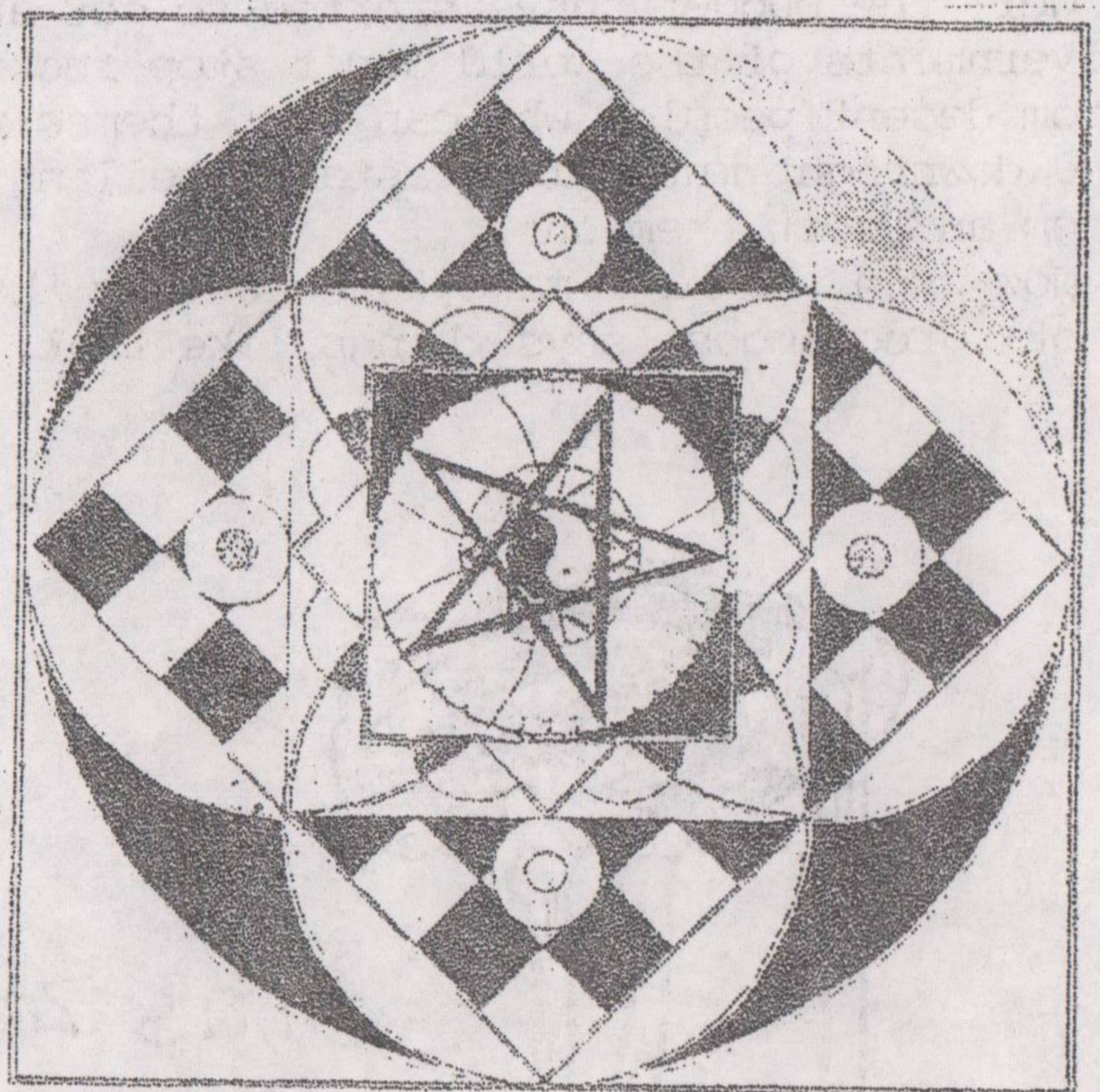
### BESTSELLERS.

1. Jesus was a long haired scruffy bastard....Salmon Rushdie.
2. The Bobby Sands cookbook.
3. A pile of festering shite.... Jeffrey Archer.
4. Mother Theresa the "Acid years".... Anne Diamond.
5. A smile a wave and a knee in the groin.... A history of the police force.
6. 1838-1988, 150 Years of fucking people about.. Bolton council handbook.
7. Shit buildings.... The Prince on architecture.
8. How to make lots and lots and lots of money by getting shagged by lots and lots and lots of semi-famous old men.... Pamela Bordes.
9. Miracles made easy.... Jesus.
10. Swish, a history of caning.... The Rev. James Anderton.

## FRUITS OF THE WORLD IN DANGER



*Number 12 The Kumquat*



SHITE CLUB GUIDE TO BOLTON AND FARNWORTH.....

CHUFFERS...Smaller than the Black Hole of Calcuta but not as pleasant.

SCARLETS...Gloryfied brothel.Nearly as much fun as a visit to the D.H.S.S.

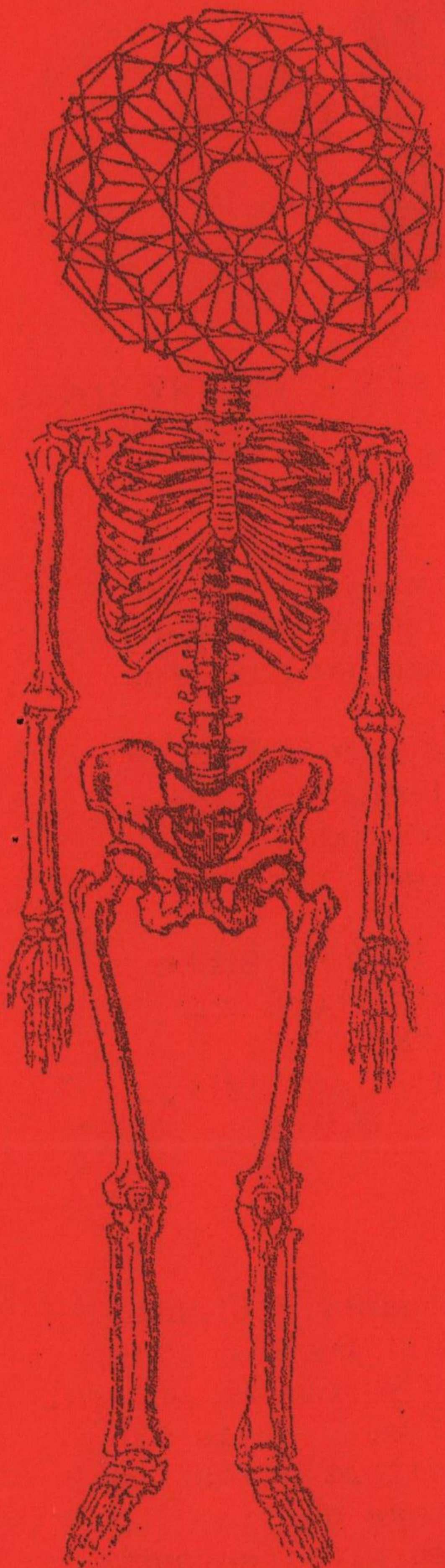
RITZY... Foul beer, crap music and full of laads with their dicks on their heads and their brains in their bollocks. worth going to look at the lights if you've taken LSD.

BERGERACS... Plastic shit hole frequented by semi yuppies and brain dead women ninety per cent of whome are called Debbie and work in the same travel agents.

CENTRAL PARK... Admitance only on production of a death certificate.

CLEUSAUS... Very sensible place, with lots of sensible people, a night out here is very similar to painting your toilet door beige.

MAXIMS... So bad they keep changing the name. About to undergo vet another name change to Hitlers this should attract the scumbags who go in the Railway.



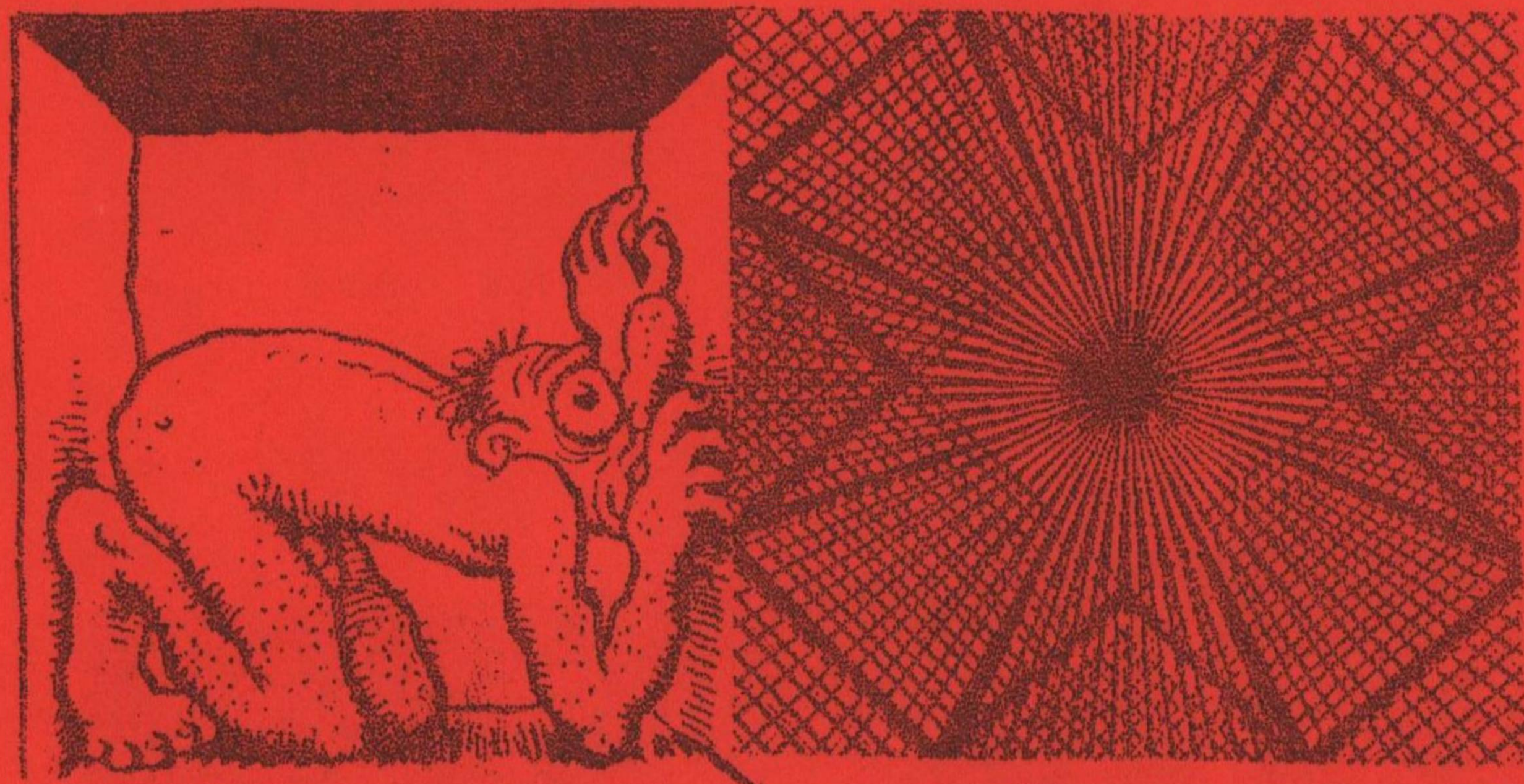
Customers in Ritzy show their appreciation as a member of the bar staff is ritually slaughtered.

THE EDITOR AFTER A NIGHT IN THE MALT + HOPS



## The Weather

The weather is something that effects us all, weather to send that anonymous death threat to Mother Terresa or weather or not James Anderton is merely insane or a dangerous psychotic with delusions of being human. Then there are weathermen, these are idiots who spend all their lives studying the weather, getting paid thousands of pounds telling us something we all know anyway, that the weather in this country is either terrible, awful, rotten, depresing or fucking abysmal.



MADAM PETULENGRO, SEER TO THE STARS  
'GETS ON ONE'

## OF MESCAL PT III

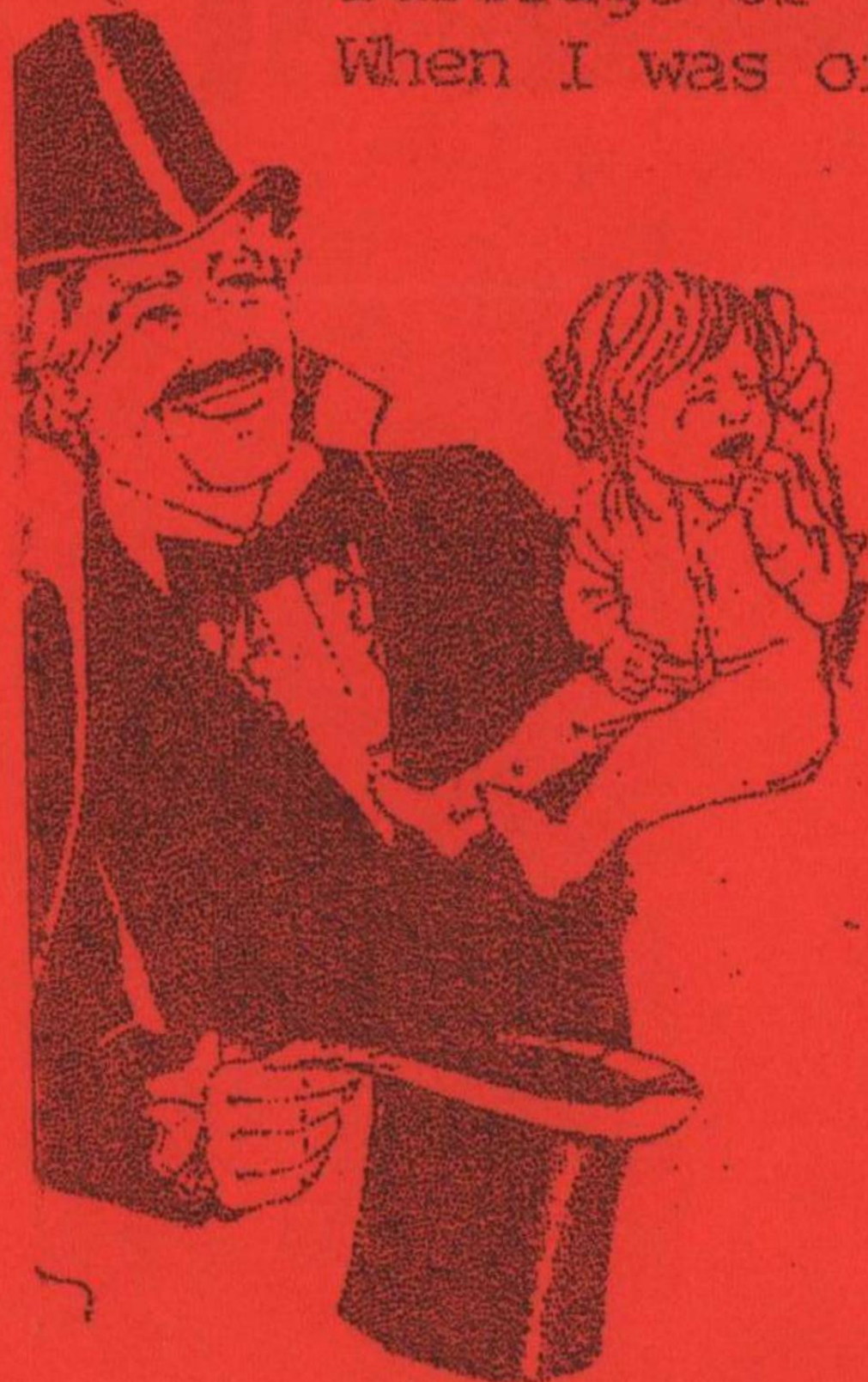
Meanwhile, back in a gleaming Soviet Fighter Bomber Black Bart and the boys are "On one matey". Gyrating wildly to the latest Acid House sounds Lefty, the gang pharmacist hands out Dandilion and Burdock and Ecstasy to the frenzied dancers. "Fuck Mexico," Bart shouts above the throbbing Electro beat.

Bart dressed in black hat, black shirt, black waistcoat and dayglo lime green cycle shorts carves his initials on the breast of a drug crazed teenager. Drawn into the web of evil by the "Mr Big" of the Acid party scene these teenagers, many in their teens, are easy prey for the many "Mr Bigs" on the sordid "Acid scene".

"This is what it's all about" said fresh faced, 15 year old, Debbie from Stoke Poges. I watched in horror as this innocent young girl lurched evilly round the fuselage of the evil Soviet aircraft, watched evilly by the evil "Mr Big". When I was offered Lucozade by evil "Mr Big" Bart, I made my excuses and left.

## SALES

Sales are places where you can get unusual things cheaply. Giants, Nonsters, New years, Spectaculars and summers have all been on offer in Bolton over the last twelve months. I have recently purchased several monsters and a giant to give as presents next Christmas. While the monsters proved to be good buys and should make excellent gifts, the giant was useless, not being a giant at all, but a huge dwarf. I had to return it to the shop as I had trouble finding the surgical supports that were its staple diet, it knew the surgical supports weren't staples and refused to eat. The shop was very reasonable about the whole thing letting me return the giant in exchange for a Winter.



FORTH COMING EVENTS

15th OCTOBER 1989

N.E.C. BIRMINGHAM.

SLADE '89 TOUR

YES, IT'S TIME TO DIG OUT THOSE OLD CLOTHES AGAIN. REMEMBER THE NODDY/RUPERT BEAR GEAR? GET THEM ON AN' GET ON DOWN TO THE N.E.C, WHERE NODDY AND THE LADS WILL BE SPARKING UP A FEW WATTS FOR YOUR AURAL DELICATATION. DANCE WILDLY TO YOUR OLD FAVOURITES LIKE, LIKE.. ERM.. 'HERE IT IS MERRY XMAS'

20th OCTOBER 1989

TOWN HALL SQUARE.

BOLTON POLICE OPEN DAY.

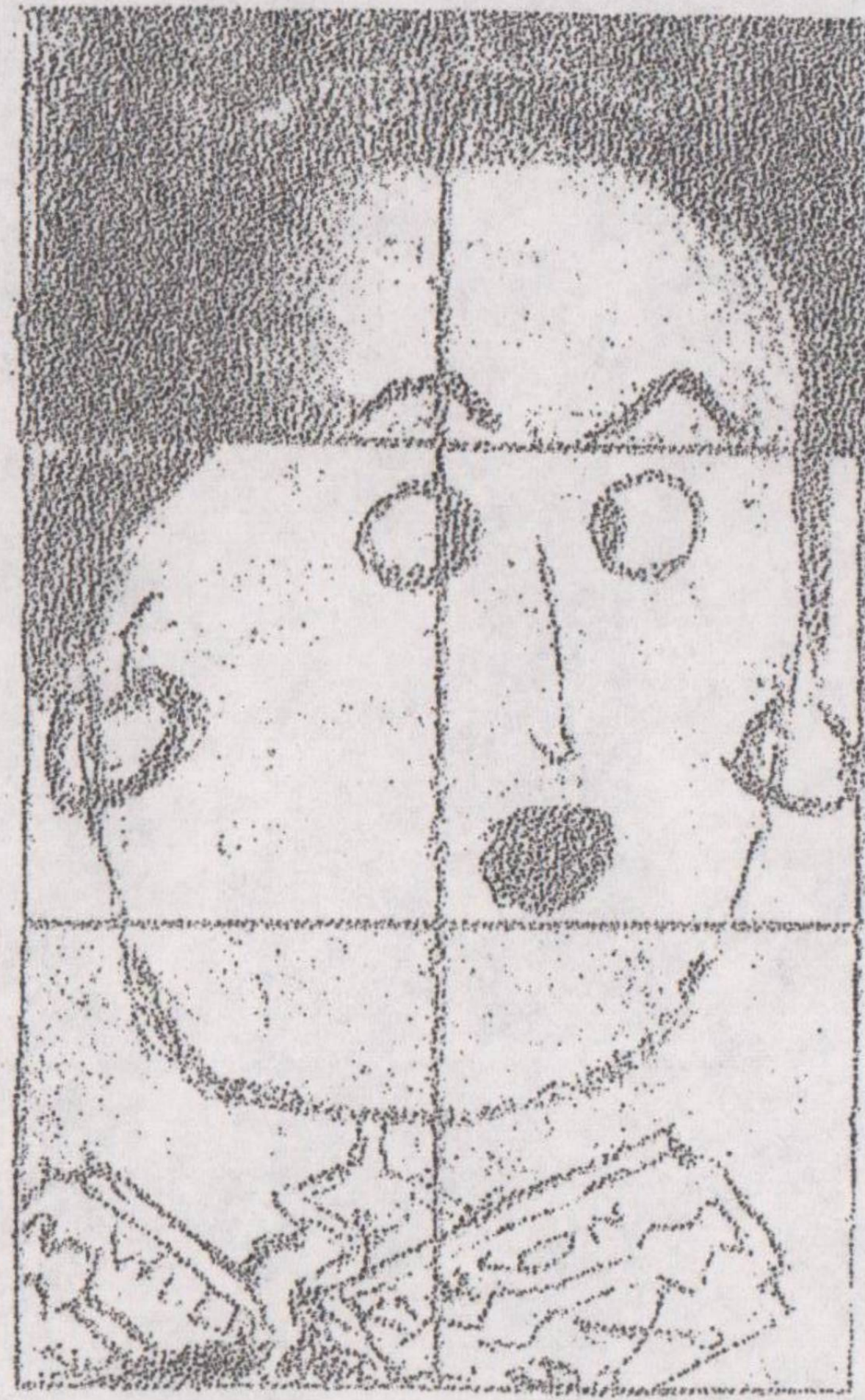
Lots of fun for all the family. Public hanging, vicious dog trials, national finals of the Kicking the shit out of the suspect without leaving a mark competition, display by the Bolton police British Movement branch in racial abuse and harassment. Display of crowd slaughter by the mounted police.

9th NOVEMBER 1989

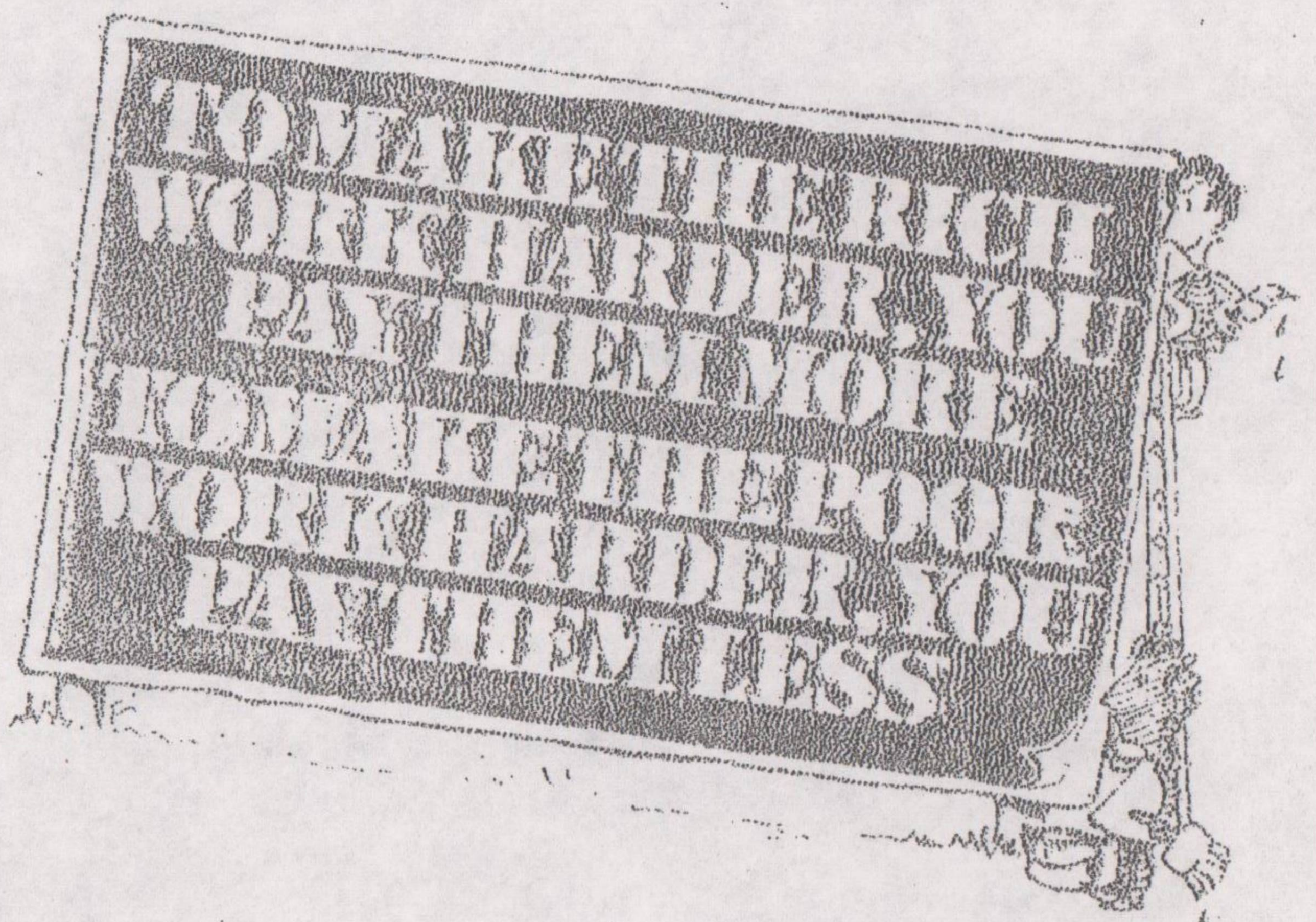
CROWN AND CUSHION.

GREEN LESBIAN ROTWEILERS ON ACID.

Playing songs from their forthcoming L.P IRANIANS FUCKED MY PUPPY. A welcome return by the Rotweilers, playing Bolton for the first time since former lead singer and guiding light Nobo crucified himself onstage in the Trotters. A highlight will surely be their re-working of that classic from the first Rotweilers album, STICKING DARTS IN BABY SEALS (DUB VERSION)



NOBO.....



WELL THATS ALL FOLKS  
SORRY ABOUT THE SMELLING MISTAKES.

