

# ANATHEMA

PRESS: CHRISTINA STAMBOLIAN FOR OP DESIGNS



N°2-30p

The face of fashion

"People in Britain don't write like this"

OP DESIGNS



# REMINISCE

As the mist rises from the water, lakeland, holiday time, pleasure cruise down Windermere time. Forget the blues and forget where you came from, to where you must return. So enjoy yourself while you can because soon the reality will creep in ... slowly ... as the smog rises from the City, any City ... Wigan or Perth, Birmingham or Middlesbrough, I know all of them well the smog exposes a dull, almost lifeless area of buildings, billboard posters to catch the eye of the passers by. Bingo halls and their flashing lights. Cinemas showing soft porn adventures of Pinocchio. Nightclubs catering for the young. Almost like a Cattlemarket. Housing estates, all the same. As I once travelled from Manchester to Wigan, I remember thinking how all the houses looked like cereal boxes. I suppose that in a manner of speaking they are. Back to boredom with that familiar sense of dread in your gut. The routine begins and never ends, the pipe dream. A tower of thoughts. And a face like a mile of bad road. The British so called sense of humour. We laugh at ourselves when in a mess. Chemical pipes circulate the factory. Engines pump poisons through the massive network of steel pipes like blood through our veins. On the Leeds skyline I see almost a dozen tower blocks. Flats. Little rooms where people live. A few jump out of the windows but I've never seen anyone do it. And as I pass through Edinburgh, heading out onto the A1 I write a poem about leaves and ice and throw it away. The sea goes on for ever. Faceless people peep from behind doors and a little girl waves from a window high up in the sky. A crumpled glue-bag lies on the lift floor. Surrounded by graffiti, the boy of fourteen collapses going up to floor seven, lungs gasping for air, almost collapsing, saliva running down his chin in a constant flow, thinks his teeth have fallen out. What's happening. And the legs dance and kick in final life and then go limp, the rope is secure around the wooden beam, the body dangles in space. And when I was at school a screaming boy jumped off Yarm Viaduct crashing into the river below. It only takes one mouthful of that polluted water. There are no fish near the pipe sticking out of the river bank, it spews out a yellow burning liquid that mixes and mingles with the water. Chokes it and kills it. Some friends go drinking with a friend of a friend. Slowly getting pissed, one of them is a soldier on leave, just got back from Belfast. Tells them how his friend was blown into pieces by a booby trapped record player. Someone later makes a comparison between the soldier on the streets of Belfast and famous actor Richard Widmark, at this point the realities are confused. Is this how they see war ... An image on a screen. Celluloid image on a screen..... I suppose its easier to turn the horror of it into a fantasy like something safe you saw acted on TV but the dead people don't get up and walk away once the filming stops. This has been your first lesson on how to write. There are two types of writers, Parasitic writers and spastic writers, the parasitic writers use imagination and anything else possible. The spastic writer is used by people for an end. Spastic writers support the chains that restrict us.

THE END.







## The Killing of The Crow.

All things bright and beautiful/All creatures great and small/  
All things wise and wonderful/The lord god made them all.....  
In the village of Longnewton/Sunday gospel, sunday sermon/  
The call the culprit Neville Jones/Vicar prepared the killing  
of the crows/Tree's growing high into the sky/Crows with young  
that cant yet fly/They were messing up his wall/So he decided  
to kill them all/Christian neighbours complained of the noise/  
Farmers with guns like kids with toys/Shotgun shots into the  
nests/Tarmac littered with the bloody flesh/And i saw the  
killing of the crow/Yeah i almost cried at the killing of the  
crow/The vicar he didnt want to know/I felt sick inside at the  
killing of the crows/Young injured birds crawl the road/Vicar  
smiles with a holy gloat/The man of god arranged the kill/A  
society man with a mind of evil/All i called him was a murdering  
hypocrite/I should of posted a body to him/Mothers screaming for  
their dead young/He didnt mention that in his sermon!

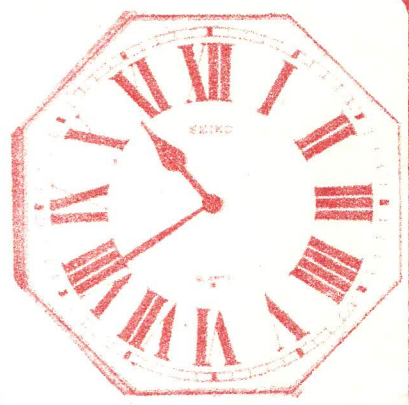
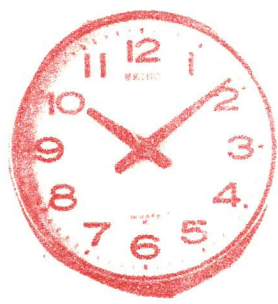
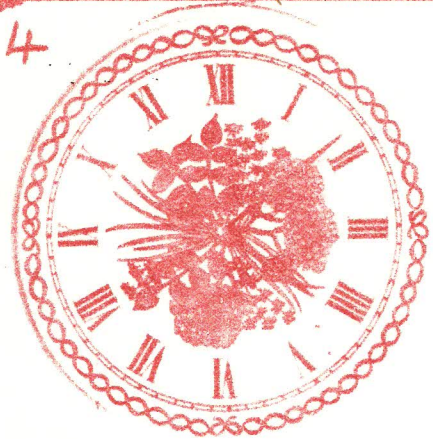
MANDI FLEE -82-



DRAWING BY  
MANDI



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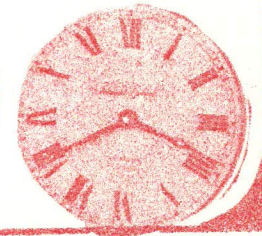
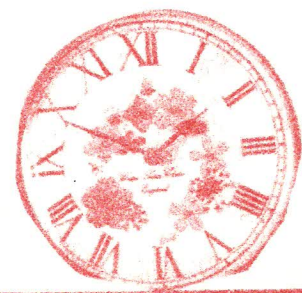
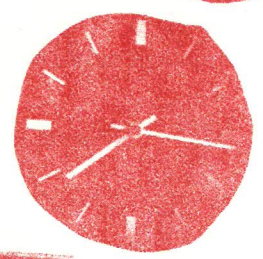
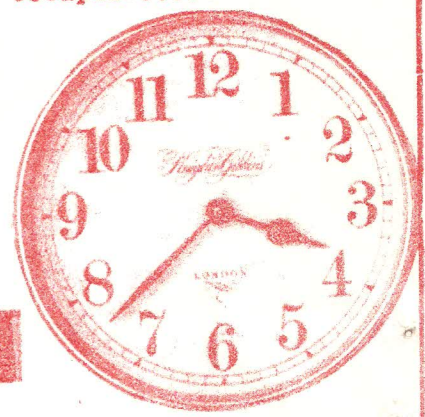
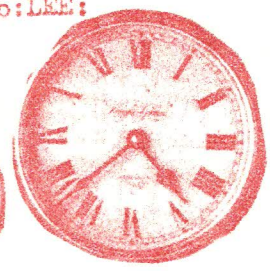
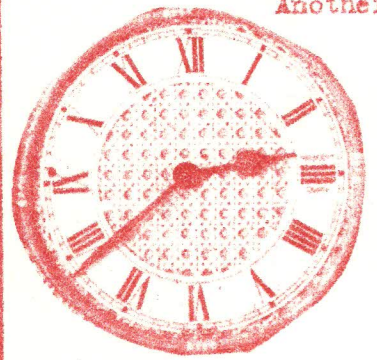


VIDEO CREATED THE SUPERSTAR.

Today is the age of the video, slowly creeping into peoples homes. On display in electrical shops, this is the latest wave, this is a commercial tidal wave. They stand between the hi-fi units and colour T.V.'s, the very latest in technology, entertainment for the home. Another instrument of pornography, porn for the modern home. In a few years we'll all have video's, so we are told. When they create a demand, there's something to be sold, and money to be made.

T.V. is a video ad. Remove the video from top of the pops and the whole charade would be a ruin. 99% of the visual garbage machine contains video entertainers. The other 1% is safe and typical pre-recorded sound safe artists, such as shakin stevens, dollar or fucks bizz. The so called live performers, mime, fake, and lie. Siouxi is a laughing stock as she dances on my 14" black and white portable t.v. This is the new era, the new age. It's killing music, tho it's barely alive at the best of times. Screw the lyrics, pose for the camera, hide behind make up and expensive exclusive clothes, promote the image, turn music into sex, sweet sex, tit'n'arse, upon the screen, camera tricks and special effects, arty poses and synthesised drivle, monotonous two line songs transformed into masturbatory sexist trash. Who needs to be honest anymore. Reincarnate the burnt out ashes of the pathetic superstars, bowie, glitter, cooper and all the rest, dancing like bloody robots, arnt things and people mechanical enough?

Who needs to play live, and if anyone does it's back to the £2.50 tickets, and thats pretty cheap. Remember the days of garageband outrage, face to face with the people you were sanging to or against, no hiding in a 14" skreen, no superstars transformed from vinyl and covered in black plastic, kodak film and celluloid creation. Remember when we had the face to face honest lyrics, not a £1,000 a day bbc company technician. The garagebands are all playing in disneyland now... Video creates the superstar, it's killing music and it destroys meaningful lyrics. Watch the total escapism.....  
Another step towards Year Zero: LEE:





## Wallowing in self pity (A TRUE STORY)

They told me i was the boy with everything, but how i soon became tired of hearing them say "After all we've done for you". This parental blackmail made me feel as tho i was accepting love as a form of charity. I still remember my days at infant schools. Imbeded in my mind like scars on my flesh. I stole a pound from my mothers purse. This is my cross to bear. All day long i was questioned by teachers, finally my parents were informed, and i was taken home. I dont remember the love, but i do remember pissing myself with fear as my father came upstairs, and i remember pissing myself with pain as he hit me across face and body.

Screaming, i tried to run away from him, his hands were so big, gripping my wrist, the other hand hitting me, i was running in circles. He never used his fists, always his open hand, leaving marks, red, and sometimes bruises. Later that day some more money went missing. I was dragged out of bed, and taken once more to be beaten. Mother stood in the doorway yelling him to stop, she was crying, almost hysterical. She knew this was wrong, but she accepted it. She was as guilty as my father. Finally it ended, it maybe only lasted seconds, it seemed like forever. Feeling every blow against my body as tho it were the first, smashing my young almost fragile body.

Crying myself to sleep, resting my sore, swollen face on a tear soaked pillow.

My mother is neurotic and suffered/still suffers from bad nerves, i got the blame for that, i think my father was to blame for his violence each time i did something 'wrong'. Instead of helping her he passed the blame and guilt onto me, another burden. In the morning i looked at my arse in the dressing table mirror, counted the bruises, then off to school as tho nothing had happened.

That night, he came to my room. He said they had found the missing money, he realised that i hadnt stolen it. But i already knew that, i know it as i heard the echo of my own pleading voice as he hit me again and again. He told me he was sorry... and he cried. So did i, i still love him, still needed him, he held me tight and i forgave him. He kissed me goodnight, our own little ritual. He closed the bedroom door behind him, and left alone, i felt the final throes of my pain.

This violence happened whenever i stepped out of line, tho the line was always drawn by him. Their love often turned mercenary and was used against me to crush me and shape me. I always remember my mothers pathetic tears as she cried, stood by and watched. My younger sisters tears were real tears, she cared.

Now i'm nineteen, i've left home, still have quarrels when i visit. I know now that their training did not work, children do not respond with obedience to violence, they fear it, and in the end they rebel and react to it. When i am at home he often tells lorry driver macho tales glorifying violence, he hates blacks but isnt racial prejudice, if you know what i mean.

Only now am i beginning to find the words to explain the void of my youth. Even now, when i go back home, his 'lines' exist, his violence still exists and often rears its ugly head when i threaten his dominance, his empire, his castle and his male security with my attitude. Most parents think more of society and its rules and its keepers than they do of their own children.

One day i will confront them with this and blow the stupid lid off their plastic, pathetic, sterile ankti-septic lifestyle, their stupid typical bloody dreams and stupid views. But at the moment i just havnt got the guts.....:LEE:19@2:Peace.



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# STOP LD50 ANIMAL POISONING TESTS

## LD50 test

The standard test for this is the LD50 test in which the experimenter forces groups of animals to eat the cosmetic in quantities large enough to kill them. Any substance taken in large enough quantities is poisonous, of course, and the aim of the LD50 test is to discover by hit and miss methods, the dosage level which kills off 50% of the group of test animals. Usually, several different species are used—beagles, rats, monkeys, for example. Sometimes the animals, when hungry, can be tricked into eating poisons; more often stomach tubes must be forced down their throats and they are fed the way the suffragettes were fed but not, of course, with food, but with poisons. Sometimes the test substance kills quickly but rarely without suffering. On other occasions it kills slowly and cruelly over the course of days. One standard version of the LD50 test allows the animals 14 days to die.

# YOU CAN HELP LABORATORY ANIMALS

SCIENTIFIC CRUELTY

FOR

COMMERCIAL PROFIT



Cat with electrode implanted in its brain.

## Do You Know the Facts on Animal Experimentation?

SCIENTIFIC CRUELTY FOR  
COMMERCIAL PROFIT

Over 700 MILLION animals are mutilated and die, or are killed each year for the fur trade. Many species are nearing extinction from trapping and hunting. Just so that so called 'civilised' people can wear a luxury and completely unnecessary piece of clothing.

The fur trade is guilty of inflicting unnecessary cruelty and suffering which is intense and prolonged, firstly by using the steel leghold trap and secondly by exceedingly cruel killing methods on fur farms.

Join our campaign to prevent the suffering and death of 4½ million animals every year in British laboratories. Work to stop the blinding, poisoning, burning, mutilating, and irradiating of these defenceless creatures.

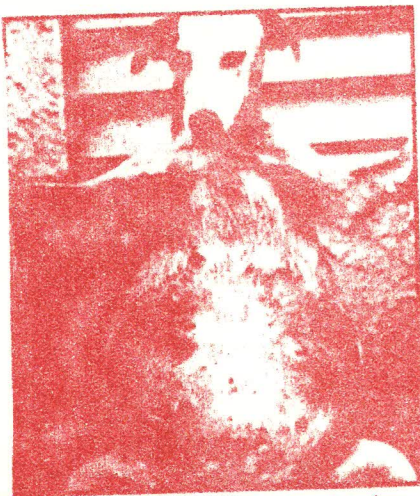
90,000 experiments are performed every week on living animals in British laboratories. Animals are poisoned to death with lipsticks, weedkillers, paints, oven-cleaners, shampoos, fly-sprays etc. 83% are conducted without any anaesthetic at any stage.

Do you know that:

1. Over five million experiments are performed each year on living animals in Great Britain including experiments on cats, dogs, horses, monkeys, apes, rats, mice, and rabbits?
2. Of the total number of experiments, only fifteen in every hundred are performed whilst the animal is under an anaesthetic and can feel no pain?
3. It is probable that less than half of the total can be shown to be genuine medical experiments (i.e. research into human and animal disease)?

ONLY ONE-THIRD of all British experiments on living animals which are licensed under the Cruelty to Animals Act, 1876, can clearly be seen to be for medical research; of the remaining two-thirds, many are done for commercial reasons and have absolutely no direct relationship with medicine.

Novartis Institute for Biomedical Research



This dog will be killed to prove by autopsy that the alcohol she is force-fed has damaged her liver.

Baby seals are clubbed and skinned, frequently alive, and in sight of their Mother's who have been seen to attempt to nurse the bloody remains back to life.

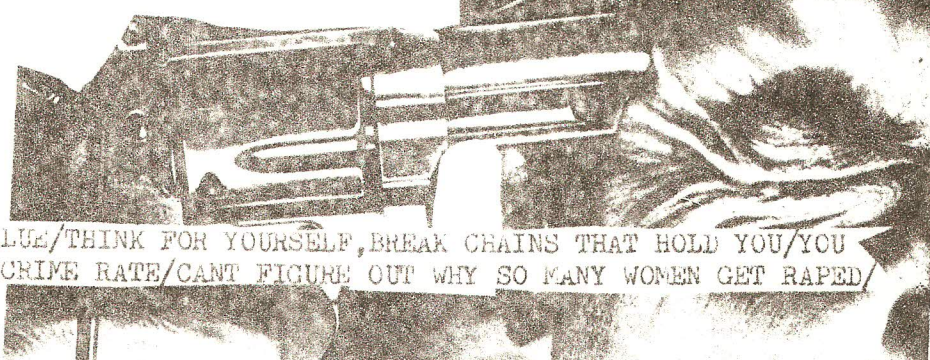
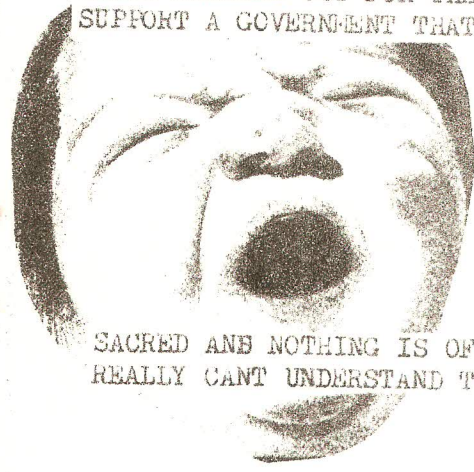
ACT NOW FOR THE  
ANIMALS

# ANIMAL - BASED CANCER RESEARCH IS A FRAUD



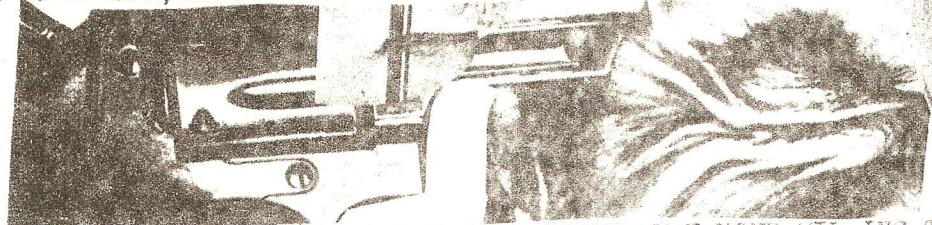
/ Illusion of Peace /

CONCERN GROWS FOR THE MISSING GIRL/ARE YOU REALLY UPSET ARE THOSE TEARS REAL?/YOUR HEART REACHES OUT FOR THE GIRL NEXT DOOR/CLOSE YOUR MIND TO THE FOREIGN WAR/YOU SUPPORT A GOVERNMENT THAT DEALS IN DEATH/SO WHATS ONE LIFE, MORE OR LESS?/NOTHING IS



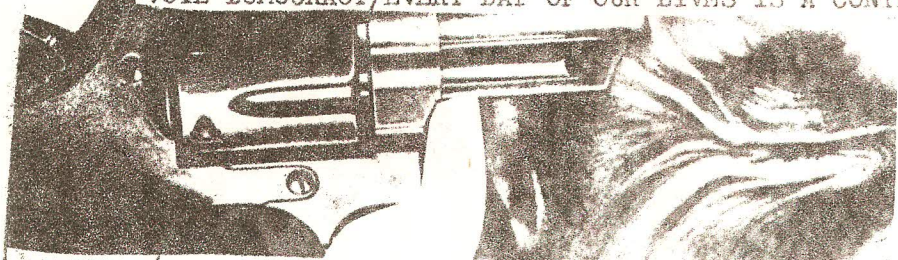
SACRED AND NOTHING IS OF VALUE/THINK FOR YOURSELF, BREAK CHAINS THAT HOLD YOU/YOU REALLY CANT UNDERSTAND THE CRIME RATE/CANT FIGURE OUT WHY SO MANY WOMEN GET RAPED/

YOU CANT UNDERSTAND ALL THE BLOODY FIGHTING/YOU NEVER QUESTION THE WAY YOURE LIVING/ AND SURE, I'VE GOT A CYNICAL EYE/COS I FEEL FOR ALL THAT CRY/I DONT BELIEVE IN PAIN, I WALK AWAY FROM VIOLENCE/I DONT WANT TO SPEAK, IF IT MEANS YOU STAND IN SILENCE/I DONT BELIEVE IN POWER AND DONT COMPREHEND WAR/BUT I'M ONLY REPEATING WHATS BEEN SAID BEFORE/I SOMETIMES WONDER IF MERE WORDS HAVE AN EFFECT/I SOMETIMES WONDER IF I'M WASTING MY BREATH/YOU SAY YOU'RE LIVING, I SAY YOURE DEAD/THE FILTH IN THE STREET



IS THE FILTH IN YOUR HEAD/THE PRESS ONLY PRINT WHAT YOUR WILLING TO READ/YOURS IS THE APETITE THEY SERVE AND FEED/THE GLORIFIED VIOLENCE AND GLORIFIED RAPE/THE ILLUSION OF PEACE IS YOUR STUPID MISTAKE/YOU GOT WAR IN THE STREET/WAR IN THE HOME/WAR IN THE MIND/TOGETHER WE ARE ALONE/WE WATCH OUR VIOLENT FANTASIES ON TV/SEE ALL

THE PEOPLE WE WANNA BE/WE ALL HATE RAPISTS BUT ORGLE PAGE THREE/PICK ON 'WOGS' YET VOTE DEMOCRACY/EVERY DAY OF OUR LIVES IS A CONTRADICTION/NOW YOU WANT AN INSTANT



SOLUTION/WELL--THE VIOLENCE AND HATE AND NUCLEAR BOMB/ARE THE PRODUCTS OF A SYSTEM BUILT UPON WAR/FROM THE TOYS IN THE SHOPS TO THE CELLULOID SCREEN/HOW WE LOVE TO SEE OTHERS BLEED/THIS ILLUSION OF PEACE HAS GOT TO CRACK/TIME TO TAKE OUR FREEDOM BACK/ BUILD A HOUSE OF PEACE FROM THE GROUND/NOT PIE IN THE SKY, LETS MAKE IT SAFE AND SOUND/

BUILD UPON INDIVIDUAL STRENGTH AND TRUST/COS WHAT WE HAVE NOW AINT WORTH A F\*\*\*\*/IT'S TIME FOR YOU AND I TO CHANGE/HAVE YOU GOT THE GUTS TO USE YOUR OWN BRAINS????????????





GOD loads the rifle but the people fire it, GOD loads the rifle but the people fire it. The royal family spit on the peasants so they grovel. Smiling and waving as they drive past the burning ovens of Auschwitz in a gold carriage. Saint Paul's looms overhead like a umbroom cloud. Bravo, bravo. The public gaze with awe and the press gibber about the love and the charm. The deer struggles for life desperately as the arrow sticks out of its stomach. Flood seeks into the moist English soil. Royal fun, with a gun. - I hope they enjoy their comfort and extreme wealth. And I hope their massive estates crumble down into that English soil. And I hope somebody steals the crown jewels and melts them down. And I almost wish those blanks were real but I guess that wouldn't help. Who gives a damn, who gives a shit about the poor people. Who gives a damn, who gives a shit about the third world. Or even the mother with these kids writing on the council housing list. And her husband has ran away to join the army. I hope she chokes on her lavish five course meal. While outside in the royal garbage containers a six year old biofren crawls among the rubbish. Eating scraps. Meanwhile inside the palace the queen belches and recieves a royal pardon. And you can stuff your O.P.S. She arranges another hunting trip with Lady Di. How they both love to see animals scream and squirm in agony. Boeistic pleasure, boeistic fun with a gun. Charles goes fox hunting and Di will be by his side in at the kill. Smiling and loving all the children. The press swoon like vultures over a corpse. The people say leave Di alone but I say leave the children alone. Don't touch them with your blood stained fingers. The TV flickers to life. The people buy their morning papers and support the press they say they hate. And there it is I see her death-like smile, I saw the smile of Dr. Goshble's lips. She tries to wipe the gore from her hands as she talks to us for ten minutes a year. Just hang in there, just grin and bear it. Who the hell does she think she is reading a speech written by the government. Our right wing neo fascist acceptable government. She is an idiot and I dont hate her. Instead I pity her, pity the pupet. A rich greedy extreme variant decadent symbol for the whole world to admire. And Charles and Andrew sparkle in the publics eye as they learn to fire nuclear bombs in their military publicity courses. They too are pupans of the state, parasites and pupets. This is the garden of eden but there's always someone willing to fire a gun.



The happiest news of this year..



# A BABY FOR CHARLES AND

# Diana

IT WAS the happiest announcement of the year as Lady Di is expecting a



HAPPY .. The Queen

**3.0 The Queen**  
The Queen's Christmas message to the Commonwealth.  
See pages 4/5

4-to-be Charles  
cutting around  
iced bro  
deer. But they admitted she  
had skinned a deer and a girl  
was available.

# shot deer



For typical plastic couple  
Explored ambitions, typical ideas  
Given destinations, well traveled  
Love has no definition, well traveled  
No rings love is blind  
It's a show of ceremony  
But a horrible beginning

Our personalities, plastic rings  
In a sterile womb in a plastic world  
Born into a filthy dream  
A nurse to keep you warm  
Filled by all who on the floor  
Blindly conform. L.A.



*A beautiful beginning*



10  
Who Are The Real Terrorists ?

I heard the screams of the victims of idi amin/I heard the yells of appraisal for the queen  
I saw the assassin gun down the pope/I saw the catholics kneal and pray in hope  
I saw the armed troops in the streets of poland/I saw riot torn burning cities of england  
I couldnt tell the difference between the actions/With bullets flying in both directions  
Left wing terrorists, left wing dictators/In all corners of the world i see demonstrators  
Right wing terrorists, right wing dictators/On both sides of the fight i see agitators  
The time has come when i cant tell the difference/Between, state murder, political murder,  
Legalised murder, justified murder, domestic murder, terrorist murder, defensive murder.....  
MURDER IS MURDER AND WHO ARE THE REAL TERRORISTS/TERROR IS/TERROR WHIST/?????????  
Where are the capitalist terrorists?/Are they in hiding, do they even exist?  
Theyve got legal power, legal murder/And legal E.C.T. and legal factories  
The people are suppressed/and the people are oppressed  
But it's done in such a clever way/That the people support so the people obey  
They got empires of truncheons and guns/Of riot police and approved homes  
They got asylums and the royal air force/But when did they last get caught?  
Stealing and owning all the people make/Having all we dare not take  
When were they last tried for murder?/I'm starting to question, will you ever?  
Do we ever see those in control?/Am i just an object that they own?  
They exist in the form of bank, christ, school, queen/Faceless organisations never seen  
With figure heads to which we bow/They own the estates but never pull the plough  
So now they've got all the money/And as they deprive they cling to their luxury  
They look upon people like pieces of dirt/But they've never done any work  
They've had evrything on a silver plate/Dropping rebels into overcrowded graves  
But before you die you pay to be buried/The idle rich they have no worries  
Too busy investing in nuclear bombs/Too busy making a profit out of war  
Too busy counting their blood stained money/Too busy smiling to keep their public happy  
They turn people into factory workers/Turn people into mindless soldiers  
Turn people into stupid puppets/Turn people into bloody hollow robots  
We all vote for the same democracy/And the police are always protecting you and me  
Their dreams are a plastic bullet ridden corpse/That sucked dry body is mine and yours  
Fill our heads with all their crap/We the passive slaves that never talk back  
Turned us on each other taught us to fight/But at the same time we never bite  
Divide and rule is the political knife/They control all forms of human life  
But i'm starting to see them thru the cracks in the wall/See their smiles over visions of war  
See sickly grins behind group 4 locks/See violent hands drive armoured tanks  
See their plastic buttons releasing new wars/Give us different reasons for the same old use  
In the garden of Eden people are dying/I see mushroom clouds on candy mountain  
The peoples eyes have long been blinded/Lifestyles have already been decided  
I wont condemn one murder to justify another/To use an old cliché "We are all brothers"  
This battlescarred earth it is my mother/The freedom i will find will be my lover  
Tired of the tricks and the same old lies/Tired of the trash polluting our skies  
Tired of the violence spoiling our world/Tired of the smiling glossy magazine girls  
Tired of the products tired of the waste/Tired of eating the same piece of cake  
Tired of all human exploitation/Society is our body riddled with corruption  
Spreading like a man made cancer/Like company men with company ulcers  
Murder is the product of total power/Brings us closer to the final hour  
But out of all the struggle and strife/I hope the mannaquins come to life  
Cos for far too long we have been bound/Kept in the cupboard safe and sound

I DONT WANT TO SMASH THE OLD; ONLY TO REPLACE//NOR USE THEIR WEAPONS OF GREED AND HATE  
I DONT WANT TO SEE MORE PEOPLE BLEED//I ONLY WANT THE TIME TO BREATHE.....

:LEE:@2:Peace & practical living:



WHAT INSPIRES YOU TO WRITE POETRY AND WHY DO YOU WRITE IT?

Life itself inspires me. I write poems to get it out of my system, also to communicate with others of similar feelings. As long as there are bad things in this world I will oppose them. If one person on this planet, or one animal is denied basic freedom, then everyone has no freedom.

WHY ARE YOU RELEASING "WEARY OF THE FLESH" ON 'CRASS' RECORDS?

Because crass are the only people I really trust to make a record with at the moment. They really believe in what I'm doing, they've been asking me to do a single for years and it was only last year I felt my material was worthy of a single.

ARE YOU RECORDING IT IN A STUDIO?

I recorded it on a portable cassette player like I always do, but Penny said the sound quality was a bit poor on some tracks, so he persuaded me to go into Southern studio's. We will be doing everything in the control room, so I don't feel totally isolated. I don't think studios are really necessary but it all depends on the sound quality you want on the finished product.

YOU OBVIOUSLY BELIEVE IN PEACE, BUT DO YOU SUPPORT C.N.D.?

I totally believe in peace but I don't support C.N.D. They do a couple of rallies or marches a year, print a few shitty leaflets that say nowt, crawl up labours arse all the time and generally do nowt constructive. The only good thing is that they are against the bomb. It costs a few quid to join, they have benefit gigs all the time, where does

all that money go eh? Micheal foots bloody fallout shelter. In the 60's on one of the famous marches an anarchist group started walking down a country lane, the C.N.D. leaders went mad, what were they afraid for? The anarchists had discovered fallout shelters belonging to C.N.D. leaders and they had documented proof.

SINCE YOUR APPEARANCE ON "BULLSHIT DETECTOR" YOU'VE APPARANTLY INFLUENCED QUITE A LOT OF PEOPLE WITH YOUR APPROACH TO MUSIC, IS THAT WHAT YOU WANTED?

I just wanted to show people that you don't have to be in a band to get a point across, if people are learning from me then that's good, but my approach to music is only one of the many alternatives to a band. I wouldn't like people to say that those using my ideas are copying me, if that is true then anyone who picks up a guitar is copying Chuck Berry. Another good thing is to form a theatre group, there are lots of things like that springing up all over the place doing really anti-system material.

WHY DON'T YOU EAT MEAT?

Visit a slaughter house and see for yourselves the cruel blood bath people call humane. They make their profits out of death, you keep yourselves alive by eating corpses you don't need to survive, I don't eat meat cos I don't need it, and neither do you!

"WEARY OF THE FLESH"--You disguise the truth with pretty names/a living thing is now a joint of beef/You shift the blame but you can't hide/The sickly smile on your blood stained teeth/You are the butcher not the man in the shop/But you haven't got the guts to kill your own meal/If you saw the pain it would make you sick/JUST THINK HOW THE ANIMALS FEEL....



# FULL RANGE Bullworker X5

YOU ARE UNEMPLOYED, HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THESE PEOPLE WHO HANG THEMSELVES IN DESPAIR COS THEY HAVNT GOT A JOB, AND DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE WORK ETHIC THAT SO MANY PARENTS SUPPORT? **IS YOU 111% MORE POWER RANGE** for 14 days

People who believe work is the be all and end all are stupid, there is more to life than being exploited by an employer. I feel pity for those who see no alternative for work but suicide is no answer. I dont support the right to work because it means the right to be exploited. FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE FOR YOURSELF.



POWER-PACK muscles with new strength F-A-S-T! Build a deeper he-man chest.



Start to carve out that handsome athletic 'V' shape girls admire, other men envy.



SEE your POWER and STRENGTH growing each day on Bullworker's unique built-in POWERMETER.



Trim your waist. Mould stomach muscle. SUPERCHARGE shoulders & back with new muscle power.



Bullworker's PROVEN 7-second Power-releases and a few more workout a day is all you need.

WHAT THINGS DO YOU ENJOY IN LIFE? Good food, good company, sitting at home with pam and ziggi (a bird), going for walks on t'lay moors, music, books, writing poems and things, nature and animals in their natural all we cla

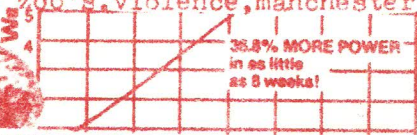
Many week Release environment. The things i hate are zoo's, violence, manchester city centre, london, sexism, capitalism and you... must be able to do it in your 14 DAY FREE TRIAL - or you pay nothing.

**Choose your own Fitness Programme**

Get fit DO YOU FEEL ANYTHING IN COMMON WITH OTHER PORTS ANNIE ANXIETY AND SEETHING WELLS AND DO YOU LIKE WHAT THEY ARE DOING? 5% 10% 15% 20% 25% 30% 35% 40% Power Increase

I love annie, havnt heard much by S. Wells, would like to very much, but i dont really feel anything in common with them cos we have different ideas about poetry. your success in the mirror... MEAS

HOW DO YOUR PARENTS FEEL ABOUT WHAT YOU DO AND YOUR OPINIONS? My parents believe in what i am trying to do and help me anyway they can, they respect me and i respect them.



Now - one simple, easy, pleasant programme give achieve new fitness and MAXIMUM strength gain and appetite for life you never thought possible.

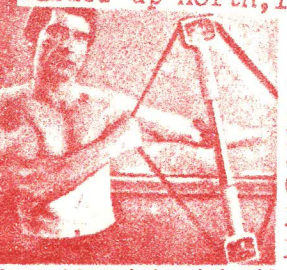
**7 SECONDS IS PERFECT.** No boring lengthy exercises. Now you can achieve real performance - even though you 'hold' each POWER-RELEASE for only 7 seconds.

DO YOU LIKE PEOPLE? Now hows this for a fucking stupid question, i take people as i find them, i dont listen to gossip, i treat everyone equal, or at least i like t think i do anyroad, i believe inside everyone is there is a loving person.

DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A PASCIFIST, COS MOST PASCIFISTS ARE JUST PASSIVE AND THEY GET WALKED ALL OVER? I dont believe pascifists should be passive, i only use violence when any other method dont work, stand up and defend your rights, but dont be on the attacking, pksically violent side.

DO YOU SUPPORT DIRECT ACTION, I.E. GLUEING UP LOCKS, GRAFFITTI, RAIDS ON LABORATORIES WHERE ANIMALS ARE EXPERIMENTED UPON? I support direct action to a point, i would love to trash a lab, but not the people who perform the experiments cos its just a job to them, i dont believe in that kind of physical violence. Glueing up locks is great, but only on big chainstores or banks, NOT small businessess.

YOU LIVE IN ROCHDALE, ARE YOU HAPPY WITH THAT OR WOULD YOU SOONER LIVE IN LONDON? I am happy with rochdale for now, there's nowt going on but its a very freindly place and i've lived here all my life. I would love to live in a country side with like minded people and be self sufficient, live off the land etc. I dont like london at all, there is lots going on so people get complacent, its safe to be based in london but its a lot harder up north, its a struggle to get anywhere, i would never base myself in london.



How good do you look on the beach?



Start young, grab success early!

the remarkable Full Range Bullworker X5 - the complete

"TOMMORROW"--I had a dream of tommorrow/I dreamed their would be peace  
 People living together as one/I dreamed that wars would ceace  
 I had a dream of tommorrow/Of flowers birds and tree's  
 Of life as nature intended/With everything set free  
 I had a dream of tommorrow/I wish the world could see  
 I wish it could be tommorrow/For today their is no peace



YOU'VE WRITTEN STUFF ON MACHO MEN, DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A FEMINIST AND DO YOU THINK MEN HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH FEMALE LIBERATION?  
I think i am a feminist in that i oppose all the levels of sexism and believe in total equality. Until men become feminists the women will be divided, educate evryone including men and work together, dont isolate the sexes.  
IS IT EASIER WORKING ON YOUR OWN COMPARED TO WORKING IN A BAND?  
I have been in many bands in the past but i still worked on my own. Now i have concluded that i can only have total control on my own. I have no wish to form another band, i just work with other individuals on things.

WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING AFTER THE SINGLE?  
After the single is right now, i try to be active all time, at the moment im getting a replicator so i can start an anarchist free press (if anyone wants owt printed let us know) im sick of printing pressess that censor peoples work, imposing their views on others, what happened to free spe-ech? Also i have got a four track tape machine (pink floyd-ed) so i can do demo's for people. I should be gigging soon. I am doing a magazine at this moment in time, that should be out in three or four months, cos i like to spread my writing out so it doesnt get stale, i dont know what it will be called, if owt, it will be mostly personal views with few, if any bands.

SUMMER WILL BE HERE SOON, DID YOU SUPPORT LAST SUMMERS RIOTS AND HAVE YOU ANY PARTICULAR MESSAGES TO THE PEOPLE WHO INTEND TO REPEAT THEM THIS YEAR?  
I oppose all acts of physical violence, but i do identify with the rioters reasons, people have been shit on far too long and last summer made a lot of people stand up and take notice the rioters made a mistake tho, smashing up the wrong things, like small shops, theyre on your side, smash tesco's or asda, the big chainstores who dont care avout owt but profits, but dont fuck up your own kind. Another bad thing was it gave the police a space to re-think and get more equipment and to get tougher. Think about the copper who saw his mate get bottled by a black youth, is he going to support racial harmony? Before you repeat the rioter, stop, and re-think, dont repeat the same mistakes.

WOULD YOU GO ON TOUR WITH CRASS AND ARE THE PEOPLE WHO GO TO CRASS CDGS YOUR IDEAL AUDIENCE?  
I wouldnt go on tour with crass cos their audience are only interested in see-ing crass as a punk band, annie anxiety gets a lot of stick and so would i, crass are just preeching to the converted most of the time anyroad. If the audience are faced with owt different they dont want to know, it would be safe to gig with them cos you've got a ready made audience. It would be better to find my own, no disrespect to crass of course.

MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE WHAT WOULD YOU PERSONALLY LIKE TO ACHIEVE?  
I dont really know... world peace? But is that just a dream? Personally i would just like to be nappy and would like everyone to be happy, take care of yourself's people, keep active and keep thinking.

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK ANDY. T. FOR DOING THE INTERVIEW, AND TO THANK HIM, PAM AND ZIGGY FOR PUTTING ME UP FOR TWO DAYS AND FEEDING ME WELL. KEEP AN EYE ON FOR HIS MAG, AND LISTEN TO WEARY OF THE FLESH, OUT ON CRASS, VERY SOON. LEE.

PERHAPS no amount of money can compensate a woman for the horror and degradation of being raped.  
But if it can, the amount is not £250. That is the sum the Criminal Injuries Board has just recommended should be awarded as compensation for the suffering caused by rape.  
All payments for criminal attacks are being revised. A woman left with a scar on her face will now get £6,500. The difference between that and rape seems to reflect a man's sexist view of the world. No doubt a woman scarred is thought to be three times as unattractive as a woman raped.  
The woman might feel differently.

Other payments for assault recommended by the board set the rape compensation in context. A facial scar for a man, for example, is worth £4,000.

The loss of two upper front teeth is valued at £1,000 and a broken nose at £625. A broken jaw that needs wiring is worth £1,200.

Broken teeth can be replaced. A broken nose can be reset. A broken jaw can be healed. But a broken mind, which could follow rape? A broken life? A broken marriage? A broken future? Are they to be regarded as lesser injuries than broken bones?

Could £2,250 possibly compensate for them?

andrag stealing in a rockpool nightclub. Yesterday Maureen, now a fireman's wife, of Penwortham, ear Preston, was inded a silver cup for e Lancashire forces's avest action of the ar. Said Chief Constable lbert Laugharne: he's only a slip of a l—but she's tough!"

fast horror



ONE SONG: SONG ONE: NUMBER ONE..!

Spend christmas with strangers, or a black and white portable t.v., miss out on the spirit, outside the whole world is happy/But dont let that haunt you, as you shiver in the cold, cant afford central heating, nor keep up with the price of coal/The world outside is sealed and stamped, hiding inside your home, fear rapes you every dark night, thats the truth of being old/SADISTS/RAPISTS/IDIOTS/DEALING IN FEAR AND TERROR.....

Maniacs stalk the streets at night, dread of rape at the age of sixty five, you read it in the press, it's a sign of the times/You hear about it every day, but are we all like that, holes in your slippers curl up and pray, have we all gone mad/.....SICK OF SUFFERING/SICK OF SCREAMING/XMAS HAUNTING/TOP OF THE STAIRS AND FALLING/FALLING DOWN/TUMBLING DOWN/STUMBLING DOWN/TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS/.....

Old age eats at your pretty face, we live in a world beyond care, skin wrinkled awful to touch, being hung up on it wont get me anywhere/.....ONE SONG SONG 1 No more smiling in front of the mirror, as you face another year alone, surrounded by sickness and stinking death, as they shut you up in an old peop-les home/.....MANKIND?/NO!/HE IS NOT.....

Staring out of your icy window, carol singers ask for your money, they dont offer any compassion, remember how you bought that poppy/Postman brings no cards no greetings, no letters of love to warm your gentle heart, no one to hold and no one to cherish, nothing to finish and nothing to start/You got a gas bill this morning, at least someone knows youre alive, red warning: another pay up or else threat, suffocated by your nerves contemplating suicide/Out into the fresh air, slip on the icy road and fall, cash recieved in the form of a pension, back..to the silence of nothing at all/Live in fear of rape at the age of sixty five, the horror of what someone may do, rape and violence theft and violence, i could cry if i could see you/As you fall victim to a bloody sadist, the press display you on the front page, in a week forgotten by all, but today..the british public rage/Lost your nerves in a void called life, i guess you could talk to the t.v., oh i know it dont talk back, tipped upon the garbage dump by society/Rejected by the people, and victimised by youths, hide in your hollow old house, if only we could see that truth/.....

SPEND ANOTHER CHRISTMAS DAY ALONE/ON CHRIST MASS DAY I WILL THINK... OF YOU.....A L O N E !!

~~.....~~  
~~.....~~

**Mugged...at 100**  
A 100-YEAR-OLD woman, Mrs. Phyllis Brown, who is deaf and partially blind, was mugged and robbed of £10 in the Australian Capital Territory.

THE VICTIM . . . Christine in hospital last night  
Picture



RE  
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At the table sits the fat belching man  
Surrounded by ten generals snorting greed  
The base of corruption is built upon blood  
Who believes in any common good?  
In the kitchen is the dictator's wife.

The bullet is fitted so you cant see in  
Prevents you from seeing the lies within  
The doors have locks and the windows have  
Bullet proof glass on presidential cars  
In the Dolm bedroom wait the angel whores  
Out in the rain stand the screaming hoovers

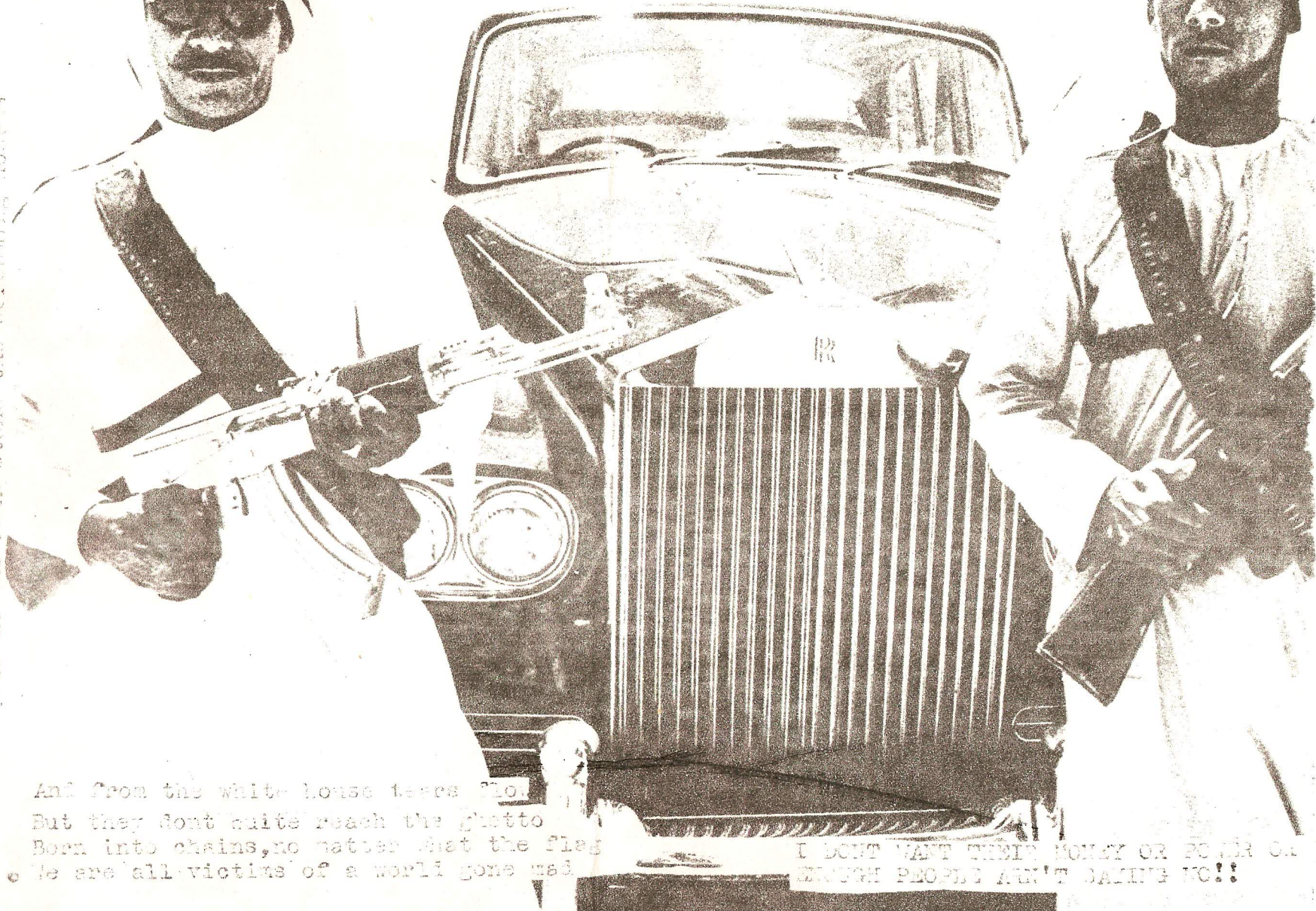
Supporting power comes from the day before  
The world is their chess board  
Supporting power comes from the day before

15 START HERE

And from the white house tears flow  
But they dont quite reach the ghetto  
Born into chains, no matter what the flag  
We are all victims of a world gone mad

I DONT WANT THEIR MONEY OR POWER OR BRAND  
SINCE PEOPLE ARENT MAKING NO!!

Even the gun is chrome-plated as the bodyguard protects a Rolls belonging to H.H. Sheikh Zaid bin Sultan al Nahayyan of Abu Dhabi, President.



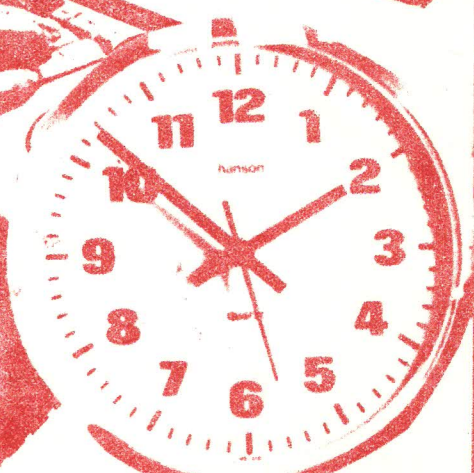


...METALIC BABY BORN INTO AN INDUSTRIAL WORLD. LOVING MOTHER CRY'S TEARS OF JOY. STILL SO IGNORANT. BABY BORN FOR THE FACTORIES OF THE STATE. FOR THE COMPANY MEN. BORN INTO A ROLE. GIVEN A LABEL, A SEX AND A RELIGION. WILLIE TURNED IN TO A MACHINE OF WAR AND RAPE. LOVE TURNS INTO OPPRESSION, PARENT BLIND TO THE STATE CONDITIONS. SEND BABY BLUE EYES TO SKOOL. LEARNS ITS LESSONS WELL. LEARNS OF A GLORIFIED VIOLENT PAST, LAWS OF OBEDIENCE, RULES OF AMBITION, THE URGE FOR COMPETITION, ACCEPTS THE VIOLENT TASTE OF HEAVY DISCIPLINE, LEARNS HOW TO WALK OVER PEOPLE, HOW TO MANIPULATE FOR OWN ADVANTAGE. LEARNS THE EVIL OF MONEY AND CORRUPTION. BODY SCREAMS. THE COMPUTOR OPERATES THE HUMAN BEING. FINGERS PRESS THE BUTTONS FOR AUTOMATIC RESPONSE. REFLEX IS NOT HUMAN. DIGITAL DATA APPEARS ON SCREEN. TO BE ABSORBED, LIKE TISSUE PAPER ABSORBS LIQUID. WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO US? WHAT ARE THEY TURNING US INTO? WE ALL HAVE NAMES, WE ALL HAVE NUMBERS, WE ALL HAVE FILES ON STATE COMPUTORS. CHILDREN LEARN HOW TO LIVE A COMPROMISED LIFE. LEARN THE LAWS AND RULES AND ROLES. PEOPLE SHUN THE RADICALS AND RIDICULE THE INTELLECTUALS. IS IT BETTER TO BE THICK AND APATHETIC, I SOMETIMES WONDER? AS SURE AS THE CLOCK CHIMES TWELVE AT TWELVE O'CLOCK. YOUR LIFE WILL COMPLETE ITS CIRCLE. TYPICAL. OF. BIRTH, SCHOOL, WORK, LOVE, MARRIAGE, CHILDREN, RETIREMENT, DEATH, LIBERTY. CHILDREN ALSO START THE CIRCLE. ETC ETC ETC. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE CONSTANT FLOW OF BUSINESS MEN OOOZING FROM THE GREY CONCRETE BUILDINGS AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN LONDON, DER KAPITAL. LINES OF COMMUTORS WAITING DEATHLY SICKLY PATIENT FOR TUBE. STEEL TRAIN RUNNING UNDERGROUND. USED IN TIME OF WAR TO HIDE PEOPLE IN. THE PUBLICS FALLOUT SHELTER. KIND OF. RUSHING HOME, GULPING TEA, AVOIDING SEX, WATCHING T.V. GRABBING SLEEP, DEVOURING BREAKFAST, RUNNING FOR TRAIN, ON TIME AGAIN. THEY ALL DRESS THE SAME, THEY ALL ACT THE SAME, TALK THE SAME, THINK THE SAME REACT THE SAME, LIVE THE SAME. WHERE ARE THE REBELS, THE RADICALS AND THE IDEALISTS?? WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US?????????????

MY CLOCK STRIKES THIRTEEN. MY MIND TRIES TO BE UNTAMEABLE. MY BODY REACTS TO THE LIES AND TO THE WASTE. MY EYES SEE. MY VOICE REFLECTS. I SEE THE DEATH BEHIND CORPORATION SMILES. I SEE THE PAIN BEHIND BUSINESS MENS ADVERTISEMENTS. I SEE THE AGONY BEHIND THE PEOPLES HOUSES. I SENSE THE FILTH BEHIND THE WALL. I SEE THE CRAP THAT FILLS OUR HEADS. I SEE THE CRAP THAT FILLS OUR BODIES, DISGUISED AS FOOD. I SEE THE FOOLS THAT WE'VE BEEN TAKEN FOR. I SEE MANKIND TAKEN FOR A WALK. I SPIT UPON THE COMPANY MEN, AND THE COMPANY WOMEN WITH THEIR COMPANY KIDS. ITS A COMPANY FIRM, HOLDBING THE COMPANY DINNER, WHILE TWO THIRDS OF THE WORLDS POULATION STARVE TO DEATH. THESE ARE THE LIES I SEE BEING DISGUISED. PEOPLES RELIEANCE ON ABOUT IS BASED UPON THE AGONY OR OPPRESSION OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING. COMPANY DEATH. STATE DEATH. THE FAMILY FEAST ON PAIN; LEE:



"Company Dreams"  
- LEE - Feb - 82 -





Walking thru the streets of faded peroxide punk, this is the life...of liberty. going to see a twenty four hour sex show, a plasticine horror show, a drunken old man collapses and t.v. spreads like v.d. "Mr and Mrs be nice to each other, Mr and Mrs gotta love one another think of the future". Family fortunes stinks of bob monkhouse. Culture crawls, total farce. An unemployed sob in pathetic self oppressive tears of self pity. People lack imagination. They dont know what living is, they just wait to die. I'm out of work and these are the best years of my life. MY LIFE. And dont forget it. Work is a chain, it kills life, the way things are today.

# THE RAPIST

Civilisation is a disgrace, towns and cities are like cancer, growing and spreading grey concrete death, ugly blotches scar this earth, they destroy the beauty of england. HA, i almost sound patriotic, let me re-assure you. Houses look like rabbit hutches, british housing states like cereal boxes. People with sterile opinions and pathetic verse. We see the rise of the john cooper clark brigade, verbal terrorism. Kids addicted to coca-cola, i travel from town to town, where grass is nailed to the ground. Degenerates wrapped up in a bag of glue, stirring plastic tea with plastic spoons, where plastic people chew plastic food, swopping plastic points of view.



Adopted attitudes, anti-septic/sematic words, so clean, so pure, its pathetic so just forget it, people on kentishtowns windy escillator, scared to chatter. And hiding in high rise concrete buildings, computers breathe an electric clatter. Entertain, eclectic manner. This is not now i want my world. "This is your world. Not mine" I said.

This is the machine you all screamed for, this is the mess we never dreamed of these are your cities, these are your towns, this is your world, this is your wreckage. This is the hunger we never experienced, this is the murder we never witnessed, this is the education we were never taught, this is the war machine we all support. This is the jesus anacred lord, this is the poverty we cant afford. This is the illusion, the master race, this is shovel, this is your spade, this is your factory, of sweat and of grime, this is the machine you all screamed for.

This is your world, this is man made cancer, these are your children born with an ulcer, so lets change this void, this sixty storey slumb, a change will come. These are your children born in three piece suits, these are your children in the shape of commuters, these are the robots who run our world, hiding behind human masks. This is your house, this is your violence, this is your aerosol, your pollution. The worlds hunger is my hunger, the worlds wars are my wars, the worlds fear is my fear, the worlds hate is...Do you really care, The worlds hunger is my hunger for life, this is our world, your world, this is your life, this is your 'FORD' factory churning out crap, this is your life, and thats that! :LEE:1902:via-anathema:



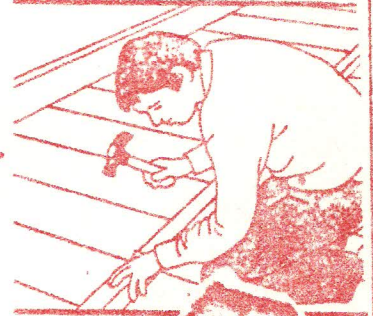
THE SUN, Monday, November 2.

THE packaging of some of Britain's most popular products could be in for a major shake-up.

Packs of everything from cosmetics to cornflakes may have to be redesigned after a sensational court case last week.

In the first case...

"They look men and pregnant women. The women with children were being beaten with rifle butts."



"If we are in a war, and the time should come that I have to request the use of theatre nuclear weapons, I'll have to be prepared to justify that," he said.



STANDING IN A SMASHED DREAM.

As the smoke rises from the chimney top,  
Flood flows from the fresh bullet wound.  
As water drips from the chrome tap,  
Power surges through the electric chair.  
I look at your face as it slowly melts,  
I look around and all I see is living death.

IT COULD BE LONDON, OR MAYBE MIDDLEBROUGH,  
PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS AS LIFE GETS DARKER.  
HAS IT ALWAYS BEEN LIKE THIS?  
I ASK MYSELF.....

As the cold wind blows leaves down the road,  
Pigs hang upside down in the butchers shop.  
As a mother gives birth to a screaming child,  
A boy cowers in a corner crying through black eyes.  
I look at the people filling the shopping arcade,  
Frightened and scared they all look away.

IT COULD BE BELFAST OR MAYBE STOCKTON,  
PUTTY PEOPLE BEGIN TO FEEL THE TENSION.  
HAS IT ALWAYS BEEN LIKE THIS?  
I ASK MYSELF.....

As the champagne pours into a crystal glass,  
The body floats head down in the Thames.  
As the children play games in the field,  
Baby seal yelps as club smashes its skull.  
I look into the eyes of passing strangers,  
Dead and cold they don't see anything at all.

IT COULD BE RUSSIA OR MAYBE AMERICA,  
POINTLESS POWER, BREEDS POINTLESS DANGER.  
WILL IT ALWAYS BE LIKE THIS?  
LIVING IN A SMASHED DREAM....

THE FIRST year of Ronald Reagan in the White House has just ended. He has changed from being a B-movie actor to being a B-movie President.

He makes mistakes and passes them off with a trained laugh. He may go down in history as one of the few American presidents who didn't go down in history.

At home, he has followed Mrs. Thatcher's policy of first cutting

taxes and then threatening to raise them again.

He cut 20 billion dollars off welfare to the poor and spent a million dollars redecorating the White House.

He defended the right of Americans to carry guns and one of them shot him. He bore his wound bravely because it wasn't acting. It was real.

He boasted he had led an actors' strike and sacked his air traffic controllers for striking.

Abroad, he opposed the brutal

repression of freedom in Poland but supported it with men and money in El Salvador.

He appointed in his Foreign Office a crony who didn't even know the name of South Africa's Prime Minister and has since promoted him to be National Security Adviser.

He followed an old China policy by helping Nationalists on Taiwan while his wife, Nancy, adopted a new China policy and replaced every plate, cup and saucer in the White House.

He promised to lead America in a new direction and he is doing so. It is a new direction almost every day.

Valuable gifts for precious possessions

See



# -The-Living-Dead-

This child  
In the walls of flesh within the womb  
Safe  
Feeding on its mothers blood  
This child  
Smacked and a gasp it breathes anti septic air  
Held tight  
Sucking milk from its mothers breast  
This infant  
Reading books read so many times before  
Educated, but it doesnt know what for

This youth  
bullied ridiculed and compromised  
Beaten  
Into submission, and acceptance of the lie  
Tricked  
With ethics and morals and standards  
Following  
The tired worn footsteps of their fathers  
FROM THE WOMB TO THE GRAVE  
WITH NO LAUGHTER IN BETWEEN

This adult  
Working in the bosses factory  
Frightened  
of people and all of society  
Confused  
By what they do not know  
Moulded  
Only one way to grow

These people bruised from birth  
Battered and shattered  
Born like pieces of glass  
Pushed and shoved  
Loved until cracked  
Crumpled and torn  
Lost from being born  
Life isnt life not anymore  
It's something we will never know  
BUT TO KILL ONE'S MOTHER IS SUICIDE?

Our illusions are implanted  
Our thoughts are restricted  
Our rebels are arrested  
Our bodies manipulated  
Our parents are evicted  
Our minds are inflicted  
With the fear of death..



In our bigotry we oppress. In our blindness we oppress. Each time we generalise, each time we label, each time we categorise, each time we put people into slots we divide them, and we oppress them. We are our own worst enemies!

Quite simply, I believe in the individual rebellion. Thru this, in time, will come the long term revolt. I believe in no government, no keepers, no cruelty, no bigotry, no blindness, no violence, no greed and no war. No domination of man over man. Anarchy is a word I choose to use. Distorted by some, misunderstood by many. I believe each individual is capable of being responsible for themselves and for others too, without the help of leaders and keepers. It means co-operations, not domination, not exploitation, it means peace not war. Love not hate. Constructive construction not destructive destruction. Care not violence. Intelligence not ignorance. Co-operation

not class. Of course work will be necessary, but the choice will be yours. No forty hour week. No corruption, no waste, no poor working conditions. We will work for real needs. For each other, not some smarmy boss with five rolls royces. Not for commercial profit. Money need not exist. I don't see the point in building space crafts when two thirds of the worlds population is starving to death.

If we change the way that we regard each other, the way we talk and the way we think, we will ultimately change our lives. We must learn to grow away from our restrictive attitudes. We must individually break down the personal barriers. You are the future, you are the alternative, you are the living example to others. In your solitary action or attitude today, you take a step towards a better tomorrow. The world will not change instantly, as any drastic or immediate change is usually a failure, it turns against us. An anarchist society must evolve from slow, positive change. If it is to last it must be desired by all, otherwise it is imposed on all of us by a few. If this does happen, the revolution will turn into oppression.

I feel I ought to try and take a positive step in the right direction, from poetry, and anti-establishment scrawlings. Maybe someone can take the next step. It's hard finding words to express something so complex, yet something so basic and natural as life itself. LIFE. LOVE. LIBERTY. LIFE. COMPASSION. FREEDOM. DREAMS. LIFE.

This earth is in a mess, its run by generals, half wit politicians and business men, who only live for themselves, whose only interest in life is the destruction of life, the compromising of life. They only aim to keep their power and authority and control. They have built an empire upon slavery, trickery, war and oppression. We have learnt their laws well, we know the

rules now. We have become our own keepers, our own guards. We restrict each other with our morals, barriers, values, beliefs and attitudes. This is why, YOU must change YOU. I must change I. In time we will find ourselves, we will find life, underneath the plastic, grey, sterile, anti-septic layers of protective coating.

I believe anarchy is a possibility. Whether you recognise that name or not matters little. I do hope you can still recognise, within yourself the love of life, free life for all. Change our words. Your words. Change our attitudes, Your attitudes. Learn to respect each other for what we are. Learn to accept each other as individuals, not as the 'MASS' they want us to be, who ever 'THEY' are. FOR THE LOVE OF LIFE...LIVE!!

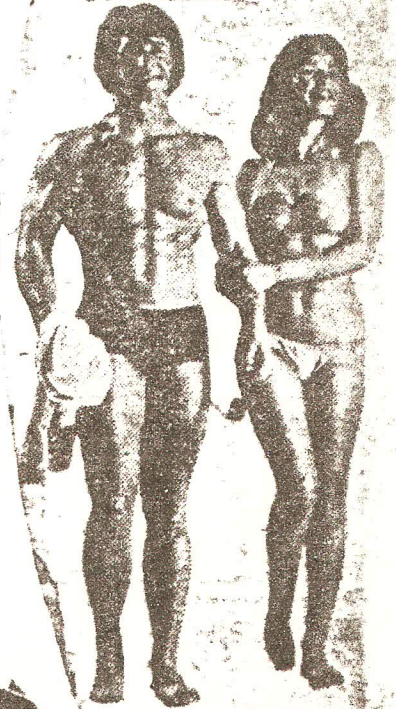


**ARE YOU ASHAMED OF THE WAY YOU LOOK?**



WELL IF YOU ARE THEN THE ADVERT HAS WARRID, THEY WILL GET YOUR MONEY. PEOPLE WHO CREATE THESE MACHO IMAGES FOR MEN TO LIVE UP TO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR PEOPLES FRUSTRATION. THEY ARE THE CREATORS OF MACHO BIG COCK BIG MEN. FIGHT TRY FIGHTS. FIGHT A WAR. ITS A STUPID GAME AND PEOPLE GET HURT, BE A BENT COIN AND DONT FIT SO EASILY INTO THE SLOT THAT THEY TRY TO PUSH YOU IN. BE PROUD OF HOW YOU NATURALLY ARE !!

**Now! THE LATEST MODEL OF WORLD'S TOP FITNESS TRAINER**



Now 21 - 28 days for delivery



**14 Days to Fitness!**



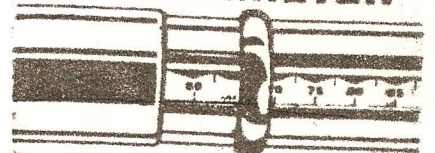
**ARE YOU ASHAMED OF THE WAY YOU LOOK?**

**NO !!**

SEVEN British paratroopers were being held by French police yesterday following the murder of an Algerian.

The Red Beres were detained on Wednesday, two days after the Algerian was found beaten to death.

**Built-in POWERMETER**



Shows your amazing day-by-day increase in strength

**FREE!** YOU can be the fit man, the one that stands out in a crowd. YOU can be the man who wears his clothes well, radiates energy and a zest for living!



Time : oh eight hundred hours  
 Momentary pause from leaving my warm and secure cocoon  
 Cause of delay : sharp reduction in temperature  
 Garments of oppression affixed to your person  
 all initial functions performed at half awareness  
 Next function descend from upper half of building  
 Ceremoniously place yourself aside the recovery table  
 Where the fasting ritual is broken  
 Before us is placed nourishment which you are too weary to taste  
 This is further masked by the accompanying fluid  
 The days events are registered  
 Via the document administered through the orifice in the doorway  
 Ascension to the upper half of the building is the next function  
 Foul breath is removed by an opaque white substance applied to mouth  
 Transportation by locomotive follows  
 Where others of the same species congregate in silence  
 Thinking from behind their shields of newsprint

LIFE

Thinking about the impending eight hours  
 arrival at the office oh nine hundred hours - obligatory greetings  
 Endurance tests commence.....Mind deactivated.....  
 Twelve hundred hours mind briefly reactivated...relaxation  
 Communicate with others in similar predicament on previous evenings  
 Television broadcasts  
 Mind deactivated at thirteen hundred hours  
 Mind reactivated at seventeen hundred hours - return journey commences  
 Arrival at home...Door opened by partner  
 Ritual reply to ritual question..'have a nice day at the office dear?'  
 Oppressive garments removed and replaced by those of a less formal nature  
 The table is revisited for the second time  
 The food contains a little more taste this time  
 To enhance enjoyment alcohol from the refrigeration unit is partaken  
 On completion of consumption...family group traditionally gather  
 Gathering is situated in front of the visual broadcasting entertainment centre  
 This is their source of entertainment for the remainder of their daily  
 consciousness

Consalationary sexual relations occasionally..... as is customary..

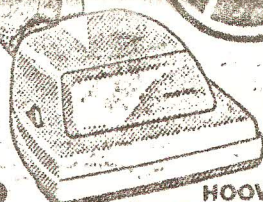
Total body and mind shutdown follows.....  
 IS THIS LIVING OR DIEING..???

PAUL AT. WOI



HOVER  
as-it-c  
POWER  
CO-OP  
PRICE  
ONLY

# 35 You can get home care - with extras at no extra cost.



**HOOVER  
HIGH POWER JUNIOR  
1104**

more suction  
lighter - and  
the edge.

**3.95**

**SONTRONIC  
28**

variable  
so you can  
control the suction precisely.  
From an unbeatable maxi-  
mum to a whisper-quiet  
low. And to save electricity -  
there's an automatic  
economy setting.

CO-OP PRICE ONLY

**£84.95**

With a wave of thought like a washing machine  
Like a blindness acknowledged but never seen  
And behind it breathes a business mans scheme  
Play out your part in the social scene  
And they use pressure, better than gas or steam  
You gladly live in someone elses dream

You have a character like childrens putty  
You lose dignity to an evil called money  
You gladly fight for an unknown glory  
Your life goes round like a multi storey  
I bet you wish you had another body  
Now turn, face the rain with a paper brolley

VER ELEC  
DELUXE A3190  
fast 1100/800/500 spin for  
dryer wash. Load button  
nomise on smaller loads.

**£279.95**

drying. Sp  
heavily soiled whites.

CO-OP  
PRICE  
ONLY **£199.95**

## and home entertainm costs a lot less than yo

**OME  
AKER  
RICE  
BREAKER**

**ANYO**

Plasticine people in a coach near Leeming Bar  
Living like lemmings, life so near, yet so far  
If it was custom you'd all follow like sheep  
If it was the fashion you'd take the final leap  
We'll do it now...



**FIDELITY TOWER UNIT IS60**  
Superb, space-saving Hi-Fi presented in  
style. Semi-automatic 2-speed turntable  
complete with cueing device. Cabinet  
comes with full-length  
glass and castors.

CO-OP PRICE ONLY **£159.95**



**HITACHI MUSIC CENTRE**  
Low-line styling with a  
deck is 4 track  
section

The cassette  
radio.  
LW

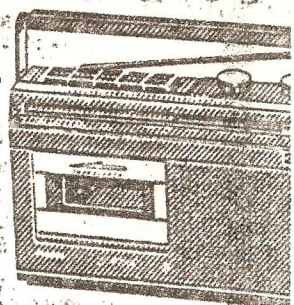
**95**

**HITACH**  
A new di-  
spectrum.  
A sound t  
picture. A  
cons

Your face contorts with racial hate  
Parents are working in industrial estates  
And like in the past dig your own graves  
But they have better uses, here's the spade  
Your life is like a bed freshly made  
You jump in blindly and its full of razor blades

True stereo sound with  
perfect separation from  
comfortable, lightweight  
headphones. No need  
to disturb anyone else  
while you listen.

CO-OP  
PRICE  
ONLY **£26.95**



**NTR E G1004**  
ereo tuner with stereo indicator  
d auto return turntable with  
nearm. Stereo cassette  
n auto stop.  
PRICE ONLY **£99.95**

**EO RAD**  
rs with the  
vebands. Yo  
ne radio, and  
cassettes.

PRICE ONLY  
nd promotional p

# Your caring sharing Co-op



Thank you for enquiring about our Cosmetic Surgery services.

**cosmetic surgery**

**cosmetic surgery**

**cosmetic surgery**

For those who seek further fulfillment in their lives, cosmetic surgery can open up new doors and find a hidden confidence and zest for living you never thought you had.

Like it or not, how we look plays an important part in our lives. Romance, job prospects, social life, can all be enhanced when you know you are looking as well as feeling your best.



Before and after nose reduction and chin extension



**FULL FACE LIFT**

Mammoplasty



Skin stretched



'I saw it in the Yellow Pages . . . an advertisement for enlarging and contouring the breasts. This woman had to have her implants removed since both wounds were draining fluid that contained curdled milk

**WOMEN**

- FOREHEAD LIFT
- UPPER & LOWER EYE
- POUCHES REMOVED
- NOSE RESHAPING
- ELIMINATE PROTRUDING EARS
- IMPROVE CHIN SHAPE
- GENERAL FACE LIFT
- REJUVINATION
- NECK & JAWLINE LIFT
- INCREASE OR REDUCE BREAST SIZE
- STOMACH REDUCTION
- REMOVE STRETCH MARKS
- BUTTOCK REDUCTION
- THIGH REDUCTION

**MEN**

- HAIR TRANSPLANTATION
- FOREHEAD LIFT
- UPPER & LOWER EYE
- POUCHES REMOVED
- NOSE RESHAPING
- ELIMINATE PROTRUDING EARS
- IMPROVED CHIN SHAPE
- GENERAL FACE LIFT
- REJUVINATION
- NECK & JAWLINE LIFT
- TATTOO REMOVAL
- RESHAPING STOMACH
- RESHAPING BUTTOCKS
- RESHAPING THIGHS

**THE BREASTS**

Mammoplasty

The three main forms of treatment to the breasts are:

**i Breast Enlargement** Augmentation

The simplest of the three forms of treatment involves the insertion of what is called a mammary prosthesis through a 2" to 3" incision underneath the breast.

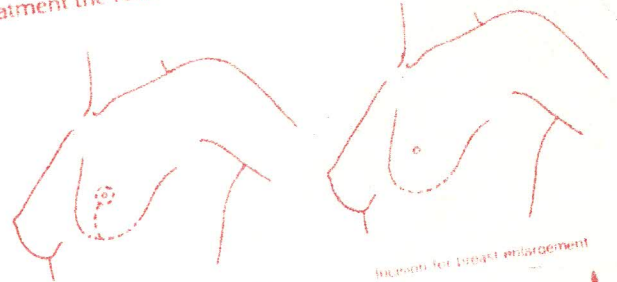
The prosthesis is an absolutely safe silicone construction, closely resembling breast tissue in feel and as it is inserted between the underneath of breast gland and the chest wall, the breast functions and responds exactly as it did before.

The prosthesis has the effect of pushing up and out the natural breast above it, giving an excellent shape which can be varied in size to meet the patients requirements.

**ii Breast Reduction**

At certain times in a woman's life cycle the breasts can become overlarge and sagging. This is very common following pregnancy or after menopause.

An extensive evaluation by your consultant surgeon is essential in such cases but for those accepted for treatment the results are most gratifying.



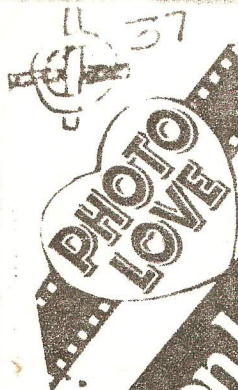
Formation of sutures for breast reduction

Incision for breast enlargement



An unfortunate implant of luvon sponge instead of silicone gel. The right breast got bigger and bigger over the years. This patient then had to pay another surgeon hundreds of pounds to remove the implant.





Gold on her finger  
will touch her heart.

LOVE

LOVE

LOVE



They'll soon be selling bodies along with baked beans, in the supermarket, sex supermarket, selling people for love... Send me your love a valentine, promise that you'll be mine, an object of possession, the ring will be a simple token... of love. Standing in the church, a shower of confetti, car at the gates is ready, you've promised to honour and obey, take you home to get you trained... for love. SAINT VALENTINES DAY MASSACRE.

Love

LOVE

Love

MUST GET MYSELF NICE FOR TERRY...

A marriage born thru lack of trust, blessed and sanctioned from above, cos of the church a bastard was born, just sign here eternal love is sworn. You got a gold ring, pledge of love, now get together make little ones, but i'm not impressed so what, produce mechanical state robots... from love. Shape the child to suit your needs, mould it's mind to fit your dreams, now you got a car a house and wife, now you've given up on life... In love. Marriage is a holy chain, if you're thinking of it, think again, do you trust each other enough, to live and love in a mutual trust... In love. LOVE CAN BE BOUGHT, LOVE CAN BE SOLD. LOVE'S BEEN EXPLOITED WITH A RING OF GOLD. The saint valentines day massacre.....

LOVE

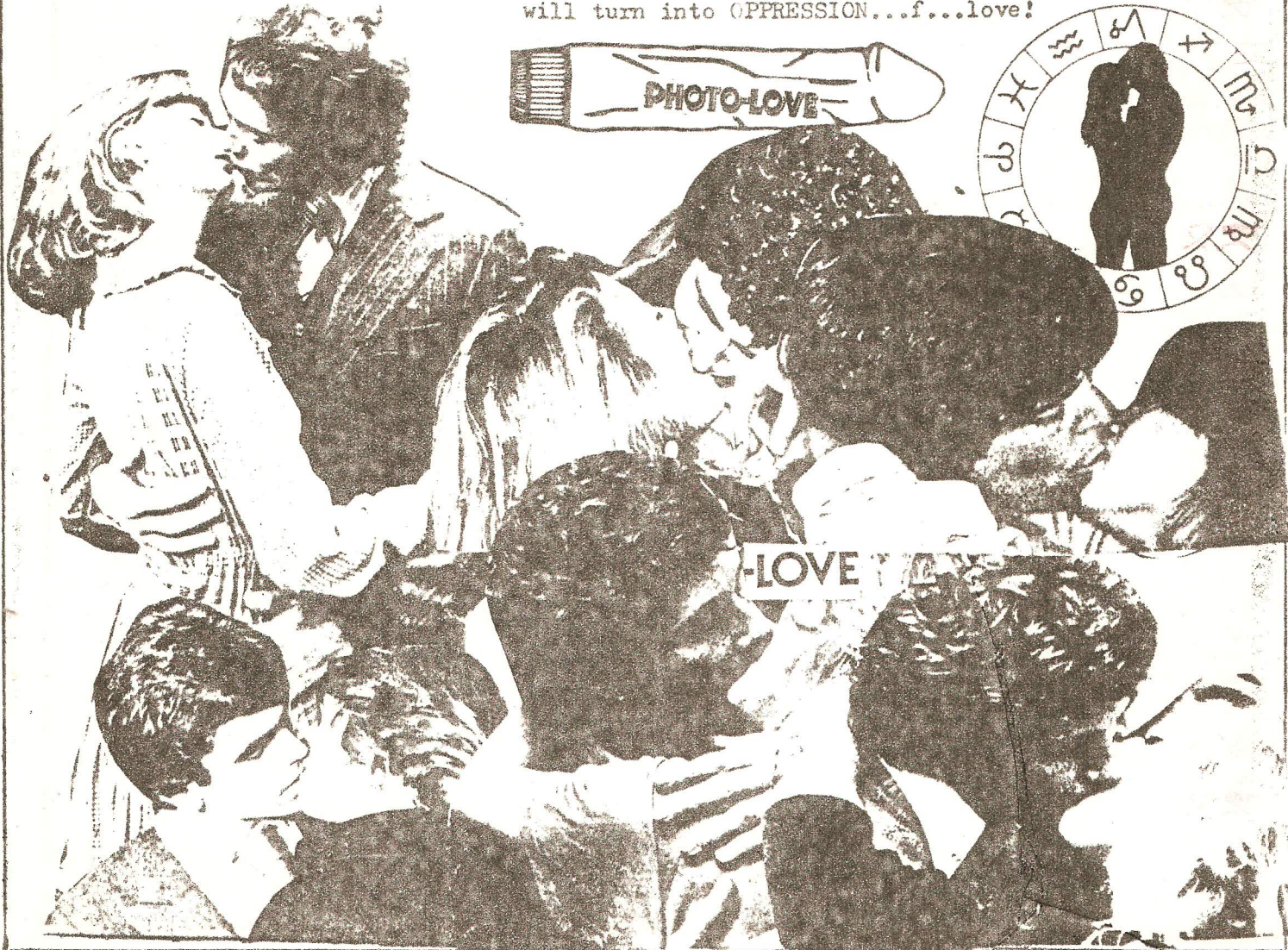
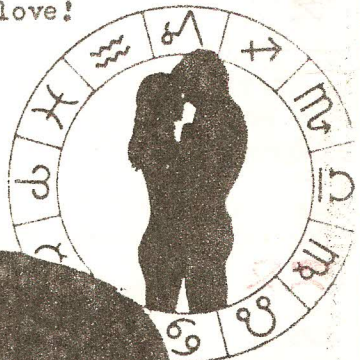
Love

Love

Love

LOVE!

Because of the church a bastard was born, children face ridicule for ever more, the only way things will ever change, is if you reject the marriage and all it's chains. Who are you to inflict life on a child, When you'll deny it the right to make up it's own mind, you'll push and shove in one direction, and LOVE will turn into OPPRESSION... f... love!





Amnesty International (British Section)  
Tower House, 3 Southampton Street,  
LONDON WC2E 7HF.  
Tel: 01-836 5621



● **THIS PICTURE** was sent on AI by an Uruguayan army officer, revolted by the way he had seen prisoners treated. It shows a prisoner suspended by his wrists for three hours in the hot sun. The officer wrote: "Such a level of sadism has been reached that military doctors supervise the torture".

## 1980 Claire Wilson (Anglo-Chilean student arrested and tortured by the secret police in July 1980.)

"In spite of the fact that I was pregnant, I was stripped and subjected to a simulated shooting. They put iron rods under my nails and gave me electric shocks, in addition to submitting me to interrogation at hourly intervals." During this time Miss Wilson was interrogated about her political activities, while in the next room Senor Benado, the father of the child she was expecting, was being beaten. She was made to listen to his cries. "Later they removed my blindfold and brought me to the room where he was being tortured," Miss Wilson said. "He was tied to a cot while six men were applying electricity. He had burns over most of his body and fractures in his ribs." That night Miss Wilson said she heard the men say that they had to take care because he seemed to be dying.

"Everyone was stripped and placed under the jet of sea water. There was a marine we called the "Bird of Torture", who would constantly bang on the metal doors to prevent us from sleeping. It was impossible to do so anyway because we constantly heard the yelling that came from the torture chambers where electric shocks were applied... and other savage tortures took place. I remember a young man whose last name was... They would take him out three or four times a night and bring him back half unconscious, and his blood would drip over my back and face."

(Senor Contreras own testimony)

"... They inserted an electrode in my vagina. Whether because of the siting of the electrodes or because of the increase of current, this pain was greatly more severe, and I was very distressed."

(Dr Cassidy's own testimony)

"... (He) was arrested in Ezeisa airport at Buenos Aires. . . He was taken prisoner by men who hit him savagely. He was put into a small lavatory and kept there for four days. During this period he was interrogated several times. These interrogations were conducted brutally. . .

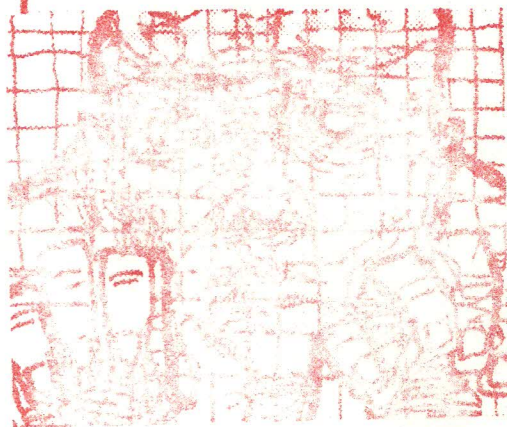
He was then put in a Chilean military aeroplane and taken to Chile. He was taken from one torture centre to another. . . During all this time, about 60 days, he was subjected to every variety of torture. The results of these tortures were acute and constant pain in his kidneys, head and testicles, and festering and pains in his ears."

## 1980 Ines Tapia (Student at the Technical University, Santiago; arrested and tortured by the secret police in May 1980.)

"... they took me to what seemed to be the room where I had been tortured previously, stripped me and tied me up again on the *parrilla*. Then they applied current to my arms, knees, neck and breasts. They started asking questions again and insulting me. The tortures made me lose consciousness and I woke up naked on the quilt again. They again tied me to the *parrilla*, with my legs and arms stretched out and apart. . .

This time, they applied electricity to both my breasts. . . They went on applying the current to my abdomen and navel, then on the external part of my genitals, while burning me with cigarettes... the pain was so intense that I lost consciousness. On coming to, I realized that I was being given mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and that my stomach was being pressed. I heard someone say, 'Stop, or she's going to go.'"

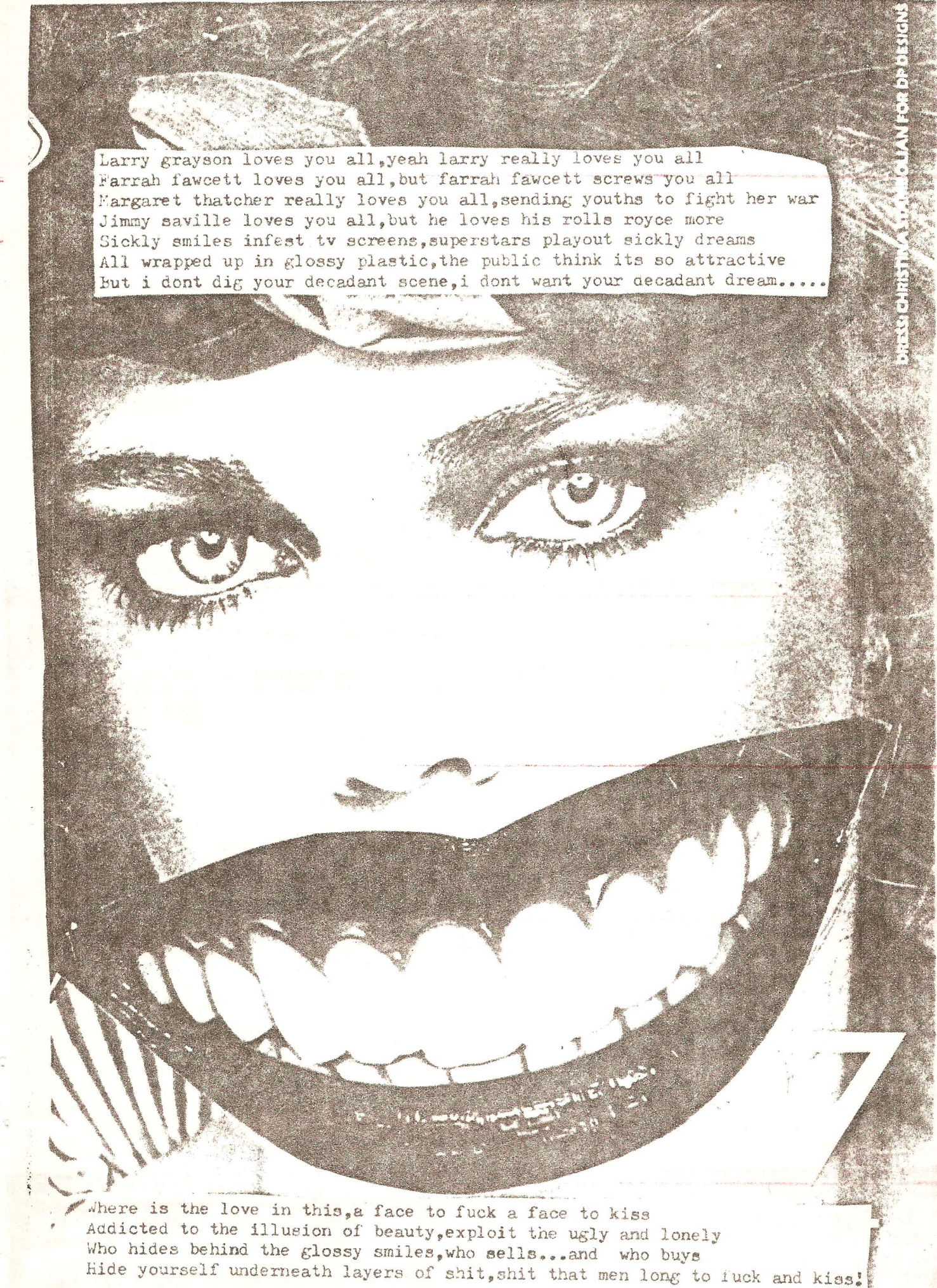
(Ines Tapia's own testimony)



# The Forgotten Prisoners



19



Larry grayson loves you all,yeah larry really loves you all  
Farrah fawcett loves you all,but farrah fawcett screws you all  
Margaret thatcher really loves you all,sending youths to fight her war  
Jimmy saville loves you all,but he loves his rolls royce more  
Sickly smiles infest tv screens,superstars playout sickly dreams  
All wrapped up in glossy plastic,the public think its so attractive  
But i dont dig your decadant scene,i dont want your decadant dream.....

DESIGN: CHRISTOPHER W. COLMAN FOR DP DESIGNS

Where is the love in this,a face to fuck a face to kiss  
Addicted to the illusion of beauty,exploit the ugly and lonely  
Who hides behind the glossy smiles,who sells...and who buys  
Hide yourself underneath layers of shit,shit that men long to fuck and kiss!



# Vietnam

## ARE YOU CAPABLE OF THINKING ABOUT THE WAY THAT YOU LIVE?

"No, i fuckin wont, i'm sick of watching sexist shit, i'm sick of watching "over the top" and their custard pie fights, i'm sick of living, but i wont give up, i'm sick of escapism, and i'm sick of you. No i dont want to buy some speed, no i'm not going out to get pissed, no i dont want to sniff glue, no i dont want a 'bit' on the side, no i havnt heard number one this week, to tell you the truth, it's boring me stupid.

No, i dont want to buy the substance that "digests dirt and stains that ordinary powders leave behind", no, i dont want to go to another fuckin night club, i dont want to snort any cocaine, no i havnt seen this weeks sounds, (if you're arty-hee hee-try the nme) no, i havnt read any funny fanzines, and i dont want to go to the cinema.

No i fuckin wont, cos i'm sick of escapism and to tell you the truth i'm sick of you, i'm sick of buying the daily mirror, and i'm sick of reading the gaurdian, i'm tired of watching half hearted documentaries, i'm sick of eating out at wimpy's, i'm tired of vomiting after too much cheap wine, i'm sick of being concerned with the way i dress, i'm sick of the hassles of day to day life, and i'm sick of meeting old school freinds who have ended up as husband or wife.

No i wont tell you a joke, and i wont cheer you up, i wont make you laugh, but i will talk of pain...

I'm sick of the way you all groan at the mere mention of politics, we all know all politico parties are full of shit, but what about personal politics-?

I'm sick of hearing about women being raped in our streets, sick of them being molested in our tubes, i'm sick of fools smashing up gigs, i'm sick of films that glorify violence, sick of the media glorifying rape, sick of schoolboys playing at war, turning violence into games, sick of war toys on sale in town, sick of fur coats and sick of swastika badges being sold in Leslie Browns, sick of football matches, and broken bottles in the face, i'm sick of males giving me the evil eye, sick of the police and their uniformed violence, sick of parents and their domestic violence sick of see-ing life being wasted, sick of watching it get abused.

I'm sick of the way sex is cheap thrills, sick of the way it's turned into entertainment, i'm sick of the constant attack from T.V. commercials and sick of the way our government supports murder, sick of the way they finance laboratories that torture animals, i'm sick of the way that no-one gives a fuck. I'm sick of being stranded on the A.I, sick of watching michael parkinson, sick of watching the bloody news, sick of people and i'm sick of you.

I'm sick of the way you try to slag me down, sick of my parents who take no interest in what i do, i'm sick of the way you live in a dream, you're in the shit and you shut out the reality, sick and tired of the evasion of real responsibility, i'm sick of the way you've all given up, with nothing on your mind but jacking up, i'm tired of the crap and all the lies, tired of the mask, tired of the t.v. And there you are living in bedsit land, working forty hours a bloody week, sick of rushing for the wrong bus, dont you ever wonder of things could be better, dont you wonder what lies behind the generals smiles, the political schemes, and I.C.I.'s business dreams, dont you wonder where they all get the millions of pound for financing bombs, what the fuck are we being told, dont you wonder what the bomb is doing in our world, what the fuck are we being sold, what the hell are we doing to each other, whats happening to our world...?

You say you're sick of politics, but one way or another thats whats put you where you are today...

I'm sick of futurists dancing like robots, sick of punks and their degenerate scene, sick of skinheads and all the tribal crap, sick of the modern poets and clever words, sick of Mr Weller hailed as the new wave poet, sick of cr@ss duplicates and i'm sick of music, sick of hearing about bombs in belfast, sick of listening to ian bloody paisley, but thats the kind of thing you cant ignore. Dont let the state succeed in killing our compassion, dont let them dry our tears of pity, dont let them remove any desires for change, dont let them manipulate your points of view, dont let the state overpower you, dont live a life of total escapism, lets take back responsibility, the future is up to you and me...

Cant you see that the real pleasures lie in the life we have been denied, not in some plastic celluloid state creation to keep you amused, and more important, to keep YOU in your place! Think about the way you live.....their is a solution..LEE.

# NUCLEAR WAR

AN army of police launched a massive search of lock-up garages yesterday in a desperate bid to find 500lb of gelnite ready to be used by an IRA killer squad.

A WELSH QUARRY owner wants to blow up what could be the Royal bunker. nuclear war

# power corrupts.



"-All that glitters--Turns to rust--"

# holidays in The Sun



BUT NOW I GOT  
A REASON NO  
REAL REASON  
TO BE AT THE  
BERLIN WALL

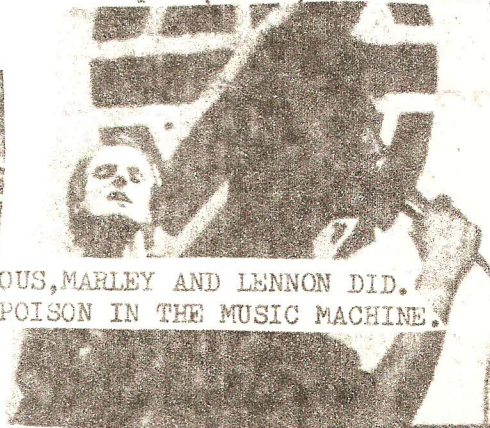
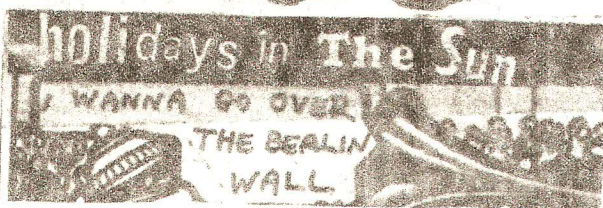
PARANOIA - WHEN  
WILL WE FALL  
CLAUSTROPHOBIA  
TOO MANY  
CLOSETS

British punk, british pop, british rock, it's all crap. I want the music and not a face  
Flock to see John Lennans grave. Siouxie crawls to radio one. Go to amerika to see  
J.Rotten. Snake charmer Alice cooper, revived from the ashes like Gary Glitter.

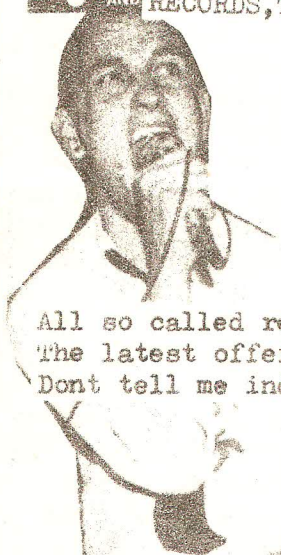
## SEX PISTOLS

There's no business without showbusiness. Apply the make up play the phallic  
guitar, fasten your zips, flash your tits, youre a superstar. Just like Bowie, just  
like Blondie, just like siouxie, just like strummer, just like poet(ha ha) Paul weller,  
I dont wanna see another pop(ular)band.

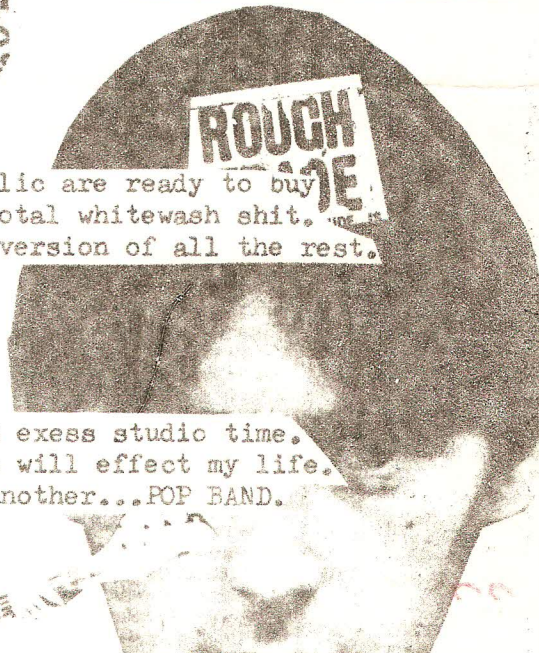
HOME TAPING  
IS KILLING MUSIC



YOU SELL MORE RECORDS WHEN YOU'RE DEAD, ELVIS, VICIOUS, MARLEY AND LENNON DID.  
AND RECORDS, T-SHIRTS, POSTERS, MAGAZINES, THESE ARE THE POISON IN THE MUSIC MACHINE.



All so called rebels sign to E.M.I. And the british public are ready to buy  
The latest offerings, latest hits, musical rebellion is total whitewash shit.  
Dont tell me independant is the best, it's just a small version of all the rest.



I want the music without the mime. I want records without exess studio time.  
I want to see em at a reasonable price. I want words that will effect my life.  
All the rebels would be gary glitter...I dont wanna see another...POP BAND.

All that glitters is not gold, dont wanna see another rolling stone. Where are all  
the garagebands, theyre all playing disneyland. Stupid musicians always exploited,  
Sex and image always promote it. Hype the charts with record bribes, Adverts tell  
people what to buy...

Bands crumble and rise with the music press, sell your ideals for success, video  
is killing music, image is the latest entertainment, tit'n'arse bands with cock  
rock crap, punk degenerates who mean it maaan. All turned into a someting plastic  
and grey that so called music is today. All that glitters turns to rust.



WHO WERE THE SEX PISTOLS?



# CONFLICT IN THE FALKLANDS



THE wife of Harrier pilot Bertie Penfold, who shot down the first Argentine plane, said yesterday: "I'm very proud of him."

They believed that between 500 and 600 sailors died

The departure of the Gurkhas continues the tradition of their being part of the British war machine since Waterloo. The famed fighters have already earned twelve VCs in two world wars and

OFF TO WAR

But Premier Margaret Thatcher's War Cabinet meets today to tighten the stranglehold on the Falklands.

Ministers claim the only way to peace is through force.

Another two to three hundred sailors were believed to be at sea on lifeboats and liferafts last night, battling for survival in the freezing storm-tossed South Atlantic.

SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS/RE-ARMING IN THE FUCKLANDS/FUCKING SHEEP IN THE HOMELANDS/  
THE ROYAL MARINES ARE COMING.....It doesnt matter if we win or lose in the Falklands because we shouldnt be involved on that level anyway,Mrs Thatcher has demonstrated her own short sighted naivety in being prepared to risk world war over a situation that could of been handled without the pompous absurdity that we have seen. To send an armada half way accross the world might have been the only answer to problems in the medieval days,is it really unreasonable to hope that nowadays things might be dealt with in a slightly more civilised manner?Thatcher is clearly overjoyed to be able to play with the safety and well being of an entire planet;who the fuck does she think she is?The argentine possibly had no right to 'invade' the falklands,but does that give the government of westminister the right to reply with equal stupidity and arrogance? There could have been peaceful ways in which a settlement might have been reached,but it is obvious that thatcher wanted to prove something beyond the actual situation.Her government has shown itself incapable of running the country,and the falklands presented themselves as a situation where she could regain some dignity for her sinking party-she is doomed to failure.Agression never solved anything.The argentine invaded the falklands and were generally criticised for doing so almost internationally.By the aggressive response that britian staged a lot of international support will be withdrawn. There is a great danger that britian may find itself isolated with little or no support for it's actions.Of course there has to be a solution and it has to be found,but not at the cost of,or danger of loss of life.Thatcher talks about 'our boys',what about'their boys' Dont they matter?Perhaps she doesnt see argentines as human as well.Her blind nationalist pride has over ridden any common sense that she might once have had,she has put the lives of thousands of young people(the armies of britian and argentina)at direct risk and worse,has pushed the world into another tense situation,anyone of which might one lead to the nuclear holocaust that we all live in fear of.Another thing that should be clear from this situation is the two-faced attitude of america.Thatcher has been telling us that america is a freind and that because of that we should allow them to install their cruise missiles in this country.America is a freind of whoever offers them the best returns. Reagan doesn't care about us any more than he does the peasants of El Salvador,or the thousands dead and crippled by america in vietnam-To the people in power,we are just pawns in an ugly and sinister game.Maybe Thatcher isnt afraid of nuclear war,maybe she thinks she will survive in her stinking bunker along with all the other shits who'll be hiding down there,while we fry up here waiting for them to return to rule us all again!Maybe she is capable of survival;what is certain is that we run the risk of gross death and mutation because of the behaviour of lunatics like thatcher.The falklands crisis has shown just how vulnerable we are to mad whims of politicians.Dont fool yourself that michael foot would have done much better?He is a dodering hypocrite who plays around with ideas of peace but has no conviction at all when put tothe test.Thatcher has shown how one person,like hitler before her,can put the safety of the world at risk without any form of consultation with the people who she claims democratically put her where she is.We are max so often told that it is a mans answer to use violence as a solution to problems,thatcher has shown that it is a shared problem,that it is both men and women who create the problem of war,men and women who put power before humanity,force before evry reason. It is up to us to change things,up to us to see that,in rejecting the power of others we do not simply create power for ourselves.It is up to us to re-define and recreate the world around us.For far too long small minded bigots like thatcher have felt it in their power to play with the lives of millions of people.As she sits in her downing street fortress with her finger on the button,dreaming of total ~~xxxx~~ control,lost in fantasies of her own powers,do you really think she cares about the people outside in the street? If we want a world without war,we must disarm the leaders,reject their control and undermine their power.FUCKING SHEEP IN THE HOMELANDS/THE ROYAL MARINES ARE COMING/

Mr Nott said: "Our first duty is to protect our own men. The General Belgrano was a threat to our men and therefore it was quite correct that it was attacked by our submarine."

The Cabinet will consider how to step up that force which so far has resulted in no loss of British life.

Conqueror.

## Battle hero



The QE2, flagship of the Cunard line, will carry 3,000 infantrymen to the Falklands.



"PAROXYSM FEAR"---Very angry, by MOG (14) 25p from 74.G. St Albans Rd, London, N.W.5. Features MØR, NULL & VOID, CRUX, SINYX, and plenty more, a raw zine, packed with newspaper cutting, anti social stuff, watch out for his new fanzine---VRNOM.

"NERVOUS BREAKDOWN"---By Jane (15), 15p from 1 Rectory gardens, Rectory Rd, Beckenham. Some good artwork, tho not enough in my opinion. Articles on Anabolic steroids, sub-humans, aborted, and a few articles (one by me) Also a stove ignorant cut out mask.

"TERMINAL ILLITERACY"---By Steve & Greg. I really like this, cheaply printed, not much artwork, but lots of dedication and belief in what theyre doing, packed with info on bands, well over 100 in the last issue, theyve also got a tape label started, something for everyone, try it. 10p. 15 Lady Lea Rd, Horsley, Derby, D.E.2, 5 P.M.

"NEW CRIMES"---by JGH---Very informative fanzine, up to Mob now, got a tape label going, has a very big list of up and coming fanzines. Features COMPLICI, SNIPERS, TERMINAL DISASTER and loads of interesting, well thought out articles, it has a strong anti-war feel, but its done in various different ways, ie, women oppose the nuclear threat, not yer usual boring stuff. 25p from, Jah, 360 Victoria avenue, southern on sea, Essex.

"IMPOSSIBLE DREAM"---Poison girls, 30p via rough trade, very arty, very glossy, unreleased poems, poetry, i prefer their hand outs, nice souvineers. Theyve also released "TROPICAL DEPRESSION" Annie anxiety, featuring her unusual poetry, deep, confusing and vague stuff, no artwork, which is a shame, try it, ask ruff trade.

"SUBVERT"---By richard, 30p from 7 Laurel crescent, Keighley, West Yorkshire. Quite expensive, but very good quality, issue three features, CPASS, POISONS, HERE UBU, SPIZZLES, THROUGH THE CRISTLE, more like a magazine, makes a change.

"A-Z"---By paul & Claire, 20p from The white house, Uffington, Exon, features some pretty good artwork, DICKT, good poetry from paul and claire (Whose stuff i prefer), S-HATERS, SOFT DRINKS, INTERCINES, HOMEN, ANNIE ANXIETY, THE SWAILS and FLUX, its well worth getting, and so is their other zine---"TOTAL LYRIC"---which speaks for itself really, featurew loads of thought provoking lyrics, and really excellent artwork, cost the same, available from the white house, buy them both. If you can only afford one, i recommend total lyric.

"SCOT"---Lots of reasonable anarchist stuff, havnt read it all, you'll know by now if its what you want to read or not, 10p from 24 Shirlock road, Hampstead, London.

"ABILITY STINKS"---By Gerard, features flux interview, stuff on ANABOLIC STEROIDS, it makes interesting reading, gerard can produce better, he knows it, so di i, look forward to his next fanzine "LAST TANGO IN VIETNAM" write to him, 30 frankes, sod avenue, petts wood, orpington, Kent.

"SUNDAY THE 7th"---By martin, another sensible fanzine, very anti-organised religion, quite humorous, bits on/by FLACK, PAINT ONE, and COUNTER ATTACK. It's quite a well established zine everyone reviews it, buy it ok. Write to him at 44 baynton road, stoke newington, london, N.W.5.

"GOLEMS ATTACK"---by Dave, room 9, homeligh guest house, 10 beaufort, leyton buzzard, i'm behind on this fanzine im only up to No2, so i'll comment on this, then you can buy No3. It features, FLUX, SNIPERS, CRAMPS, DEAD MANS SHADOW, and articles on tv, police, power, arms etc. Good quality print, try it, in fact try them all and support the various alternatives to the music press. Hard work goes into each zine, wether i like em or not, the least you can do is give them a chance!

"PRO-"---by graham---12p. available from 63 oxbridge lane, stockton, cleveland, send s.a.e. The size is half this page, a comedy type fanzine including a fake interview with the charming Dame Edna, a tourists guide to soho and witty, sarcastic views on the police, tv, music and fashion, also a zippy crossword with a prize! A real must for hardcore crass fans!

"PIGS FOR SLAUGHTER"---10p, reasonable anarcho scrawlings in tiny print, aposties etc. a very 'famous' zine, i'll leave it at that.

WATCH OUT FOR ANDY.T.'s NEW FANZINE. M ALSO AMANDA MALONES ZINE-PARIAH, BOTH LOOK PROMISING.

"GAINING GROUND"---Interesting anarchist/feminist stuff from belfast, up to about Noll, 10p from winstavern street, belfast, northern ireland. Also write for lists of anarcho/feminist literature available.

"PROTECT AND SURVIVE"---25p, a real must for all the family, protect them against the horrors of nuclear war, hide in a fuckin hole and live like cockroaches. A bloody joke, burn it not buy it!

Oh yeah i might as well plug my next mag. "DICHOTUNG UND WARHEIT-POETRY AND TRUTH"



# ENGLAND

had a quantity of arms including two machine guns, a rifle and two pistols. He pleaded guilty to charges under sections 4 and 19A of the Firearms Act.

PROTESTANTS

Tears

had ammunition in his house. He pleaded guilty to charges under sections 1 and 19A of the Firearms Act.

money

children

WAR

GOSPEL OF HATE

GOD?

fury



POLICE

IRA

GUNS

FOR HIRE

fight

Grief

Tragic death

Ulster

was apprehended in a Belfast street with two other persons each of whom had a loaded revolver. Nothing was found on the accused. He was charged

LAUGHTER

Paisley - IRA - Army - God - you ? dont let anyone divide you, not your religious beliefs, your class, your leaders or your Gods, you are all people who oppress each other, there will be peace in ireland when you want it so

Blame

funeral

Christmas turkey and Sunday roas

FIREBRAND leader Ian Paisley held a council of war with Protestant terror groups yesterday as 600 crack paratroops flew in to help calm rising fears of chaos in Ulster.

FIRE

BOMB

DEATH SQUAD

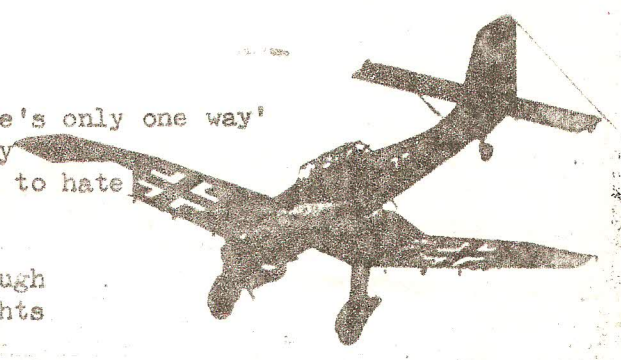
The militant MP shocked the province by revealing he had secretly met guerilla groups responsible for slaughtering Catholics. These groups include the dreaded Red-Hand Commandos, the Ulster Volunteer Force and the Ulster Freedom fighters.

"A person shall be guilty of an offence if he has in his possession any firearm or ammunition with intent by means thereof to endanger life or cause serious injury to property or to enable any other person by means thereof to endanger life or cause serious injury to property, whether any injury to person or property has been caused or not."

England



True courage is the courage to say no  
 To say no to the orders that tell you to kill  
 No to the orders that go against your will  
 True courage is the courage that when they say 'there's only one way'  
 If that way is wrong, to look for alternatives anyway  
 True courage is the courage to love when youre told to hate  
 To run your own life independant of the state  
 Courage is when the orders come from above  
 To put them down below when you know you've had enough  
 True courage is the courage to think your own thoughts



True courage is the courage to tell people how you feel  
 Even if youre told your unnatural, unhip, to know you are real  
 Courage it takes to decondition yourself  
 From societries barriers and restrictions, to regain true health  
 True courage is the courage to consider being yourself

Oh yes it takes true courage and it takes real guts  
 Cos theyre gonna try and scare you into violence and mistrust  
 If you wanna find real heroe's, people who are brave  
 You'll find thann in peaceful atmospheres, not in the war graves!  
 (Gerard/Anabolic steroids).

NO DOVES FLY HERE

I HEAR YOU LAUGHING

The sky is empty and it's turning different shades of colour,  
 It never did before and we never asked for war.  
 My mind is empty and my body different shades of torture,  
 It never was before and we never asked for war.  
 No-one is moving and no doves fly here,  
 No-one is thinking and no doves fly here,  
 No-one remembers beyond all this fear,  
 No doves fly here.

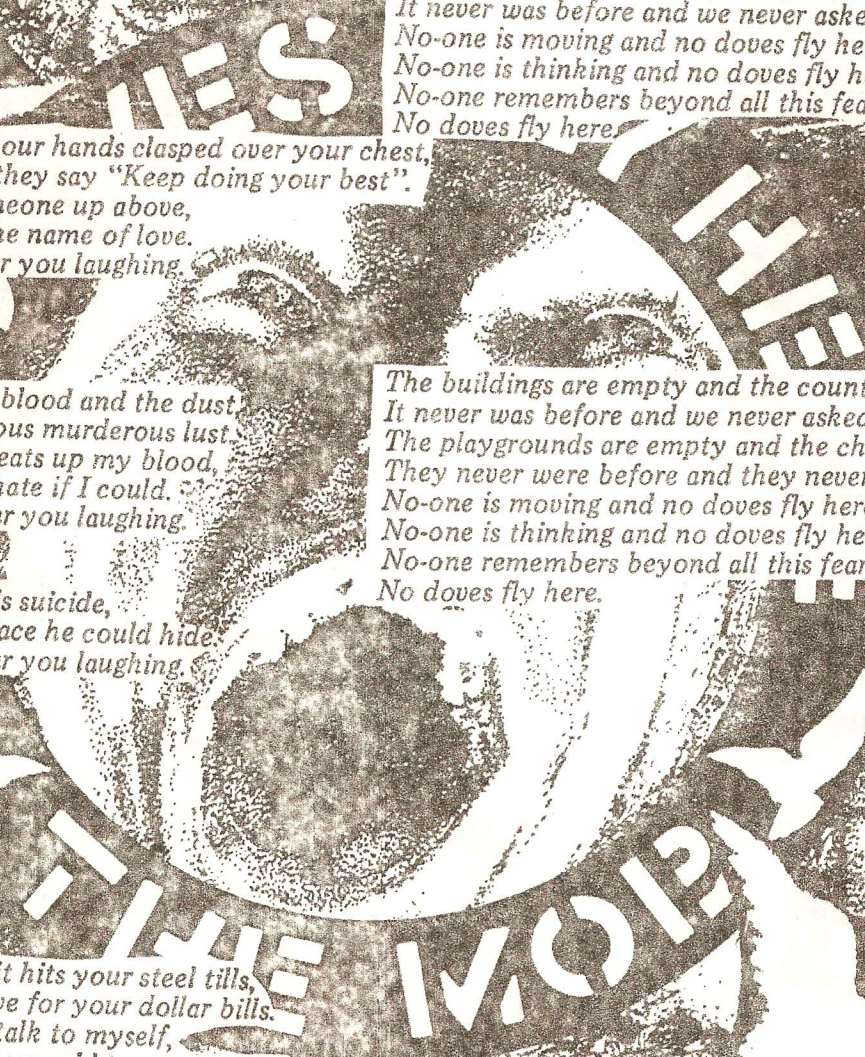
I hear you praying with your hands clasped over your chest,  
 I hear men slaying while they say "Keep doing your best".  
 I hear the laughter of someone up above,  
 Who's playing games in the name of love.  
 I hear you laughing, I hear you laughing.

I see people dying in the blood and the dust,  
 And the gunshots of vicious murderous lust.  
 I feel the sunshine as it heats up my blood,  
 I feel it burning like my hate if I could.  
 I hear you laughing, I hear you laughing.

The buildings are empty and the countryside is wasteland.  
 It never was before and we never asked for war.  
 The playgrounds are empty and the children limbless corpses,  
 They never were before and they never asked for war.  
 No-one is moving and no doves fly here,  
 No-one is thinking and no doves fly here,  
 No-one remembers beyond all this fear,  
 No doves fly here.

I hear the silence of a kids suicide,  
 Who couldn't find any place he could hide.  
 I hear you laughing, I hear you laughing.

I hear the change ring as it hits your steel tills,  
 And all the loving you save for your dollar bills.  
 I hear my heart beat as I talk to myself,  
 I'm just statistics to help you add to your wealth.  
 I hear you laughing, I hear you laughing.





The vision thru the hollow eye. Ears respond to tv orders. Brain functions in safe and tidy operations. Sometimes bordering on malfunction, camera whirs. As red light flashes. Security lens viewing the unsuspecting consumer. Slight problem with the vertical hold. HOLD Blue and grey image emitted from the tube, thru glass, one inch thick. T.V. network on your local store. Image thru the hollow eye...but outside it rains...and meanwhile. The figure walks down the colourful corridors. The supermarket breathes almost alive, with its electric circuits and multi plugs. Steel fingers grip the wire basket. The trolley was rejected cos nowadays the wheels are always buckled. The basket gets heavier as the humble faceless nameless customer passes walls of tinned food. Finding it hard to ignore the apparent bargain.

**FALL FACE FIRST FOR THE TRICKS THE CONSUMER ILLUSION BUYING AND STILL...**

Behind dull grey walls lurks the hidden camera. The robot watches with ice cold eyes. Waiting patiently, finger ready at the automatic red button, to raise the ALARM. In the arena sweating with nervous fear, the fingers tremble as they feel the texture of the packet. LIFT out of freezer that fills a wall. A look of anxious concentration and fear twisted INTO the bland faceless face with expressionless gaze of the AVERAGE(AVER-ACE)shopper. SLIP colourless packet into extra deep pocket, overcoat swings with weight of stolen product. Yet who IS the real thief. WHO makes what IS being stolen? Hiding in the folds of the dark material, casually strolling around the rest of the supermarket, desperately wanting to blend in with the scenery. HUMAN REAL frightened eyes notice the bright ceiling lights, illuminating FEAR as customer files into line, the Q moves slowly forward to the till. MONEY passing from HAND to HAND, from HAND to till, the supermarket empire quickly grows. Exploiting our real needs for BASIC SURVIVAL. Notices the people in the que, wonders if they are real, or if this whole set up is a TRAP. PAYS for goods in basket and a bag of plastic to carry home his goods. DEPOSITS BASKET. carries clear plastic, COOL now, CALM now, STEADY now, heads out of shop.....

Thru the electronic doors, glass doors, remembers the girl at the till and her apparent smile. remembers her hostile eyes, hollow eyes, as tho IT WERE HIM who were being deprived, as IF it were her property, sad hostile HOLLOW EYES. The rush of fresh air greets his sweat covered face, FREE now, FREE now noticed? AND NOW the two realities collide into a hurried finish, such is the art of writ...Two FIRM hands, almost metallic hands grip victim by the shoulder. Tries to struggle free but its hopeless, fingers dig DEEP into shoulder blades bruising the skin. Dragged into an office, BOUND STRAPPED light shone in face and questioned GBSYAPQ TACTIKS lips remain closed, stubborn. Store detective picks up phone of typical office wooden desk. Minutes later two uniformed police officers enter the room. Unstrapped and quickly bundled from the office into authorities car. Removed from public sight. Thrown into cell the size of a CEREAL BOX. DARK Left alone for hours with his own confused and petrified mind to torment him. SUDDENLY. Blinding light hurts his eyes as cell door is opened, clang. Frog marched into a cold confined room with perspex windows, tough and unbreakable. NO chance of escape. INTERROGATED. Still keeps silent. Officers of the law become agitated and finally aggressive. But they are clever. No facial marks, just below the belt kicks and cracking ribs, and he fell down the steps and fell from the car and slipped in his cell and coot in the spine and stamping on toes and punch in the stomach type of legal interrogation. Thru the blurred vision thru tears sign forced confession, will crumples under threats of, and acts of VIOLENCE, physical, take note: to sign any statement while in police custody is to sign a confession of total guilt, HANG ME...Dragged back to cell, left in isolation in the dark for hours more. USES TOILET RELIEVES BLADDER STOPS THE ACHING. COUGHS BLOOD. Note: no toilet chain in case of thoughts of suicide. PRESS silver chrome button in wall, toilet eventually flushes, but you could always drown yourself, movement in the DARK to keep WARM. Vomit in the corner, internal bleeding, backside aches like rest of bruised body after sitting for two hours on wooden bed. Finally released. Collect valuables, thirty five pence. SHOES AND SOCKS. Escapes, given date for court appearances, and finally walking home in the cool rain. Does it really matter what was stolen, you workers make the food, and you steal it. Funny how ninety nine percent of the people convicted for petty theft are working class, it may all be a load of shit, but food is food. It's a hell of a way to start the year....AND MEANWHILE.....

The vision thru the hollow eyes. Ears respond to tv orders. Brain functions in safe and tidy operations. Sometimes bordering on malfunction. Slight problem with the vertical hold. The camera whirs...





ASDA CHOICE AT ASDA PRICE. ASDA CHOICE

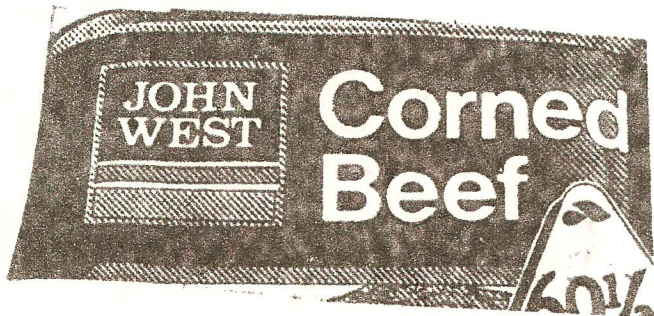
PACKAGED FLESH

ASDA FRESH AT ASDA PRICE  
ASDA DEATH AT ASDA PRICE  
REJECT IT NOW  
REJECT IT NOW  
ASDA FRESH AT ASDA PRICE  
ASDA DEATH AT ASDA PRICE  
REJECT IT NOW  
REJECT IT NOW

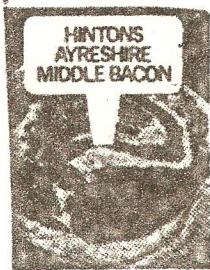


Makes you cry when you see  
dogs trussed up for slaughter.  
Hypocrits supporting  
a campaign by the Mirror.  
Seal cull clubs and gun  
just for more money.  
Close eyes won't go away  
You are all GUILTY.

Your life is built upon  
cruelty and pain.  
The meat you are eating  
Has been freshly slain.  
Shops all boast of  
traditional British beef.  
That violent death,  
That smell is so obscene.



Your freezer is full,  
of red raw meat.  
To be cooked in the oven  
for the family to eat.  
Have you seen the abattoir?  
where they do your killing  
Meat on the table.  
Still twitching, bleeding.



# A Dream Kitchen

...  
butchers.

Would you wring it's neck?  
Would you shoot it in the head?  
Would you slit it's throat?  
Just to keep you overfed.  
Does it make you cry?  
While they kill for you  
Have you seen them die?  
While they kill for you.



She's a mum in a million—just like you



## BRITISH MEAT'S GOT THE LOT.

PRICE! ASDA CHOICE AT ASDA PRICE

AT ASDA PRICE. ASDA CHOICE AT ASDA

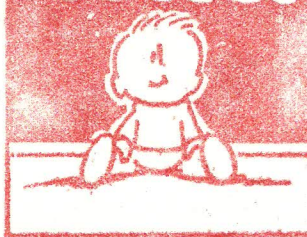
AT ASDA PRICE. ASDA CHOICE AT ASDA PRICE. ASDA CHOICE



DAD MAKES ME LAUGH SOMETIMES.



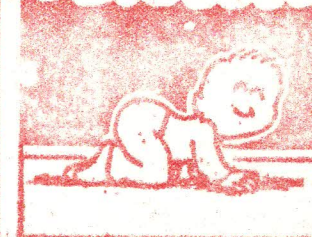
HIS ELEVENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY IS NEXT WEEK.



HEH HEH!



AND HE RECKONS YOU ONLY GET TWENTY YEARS FOR MURDER!



**LIVING AT HOME::**Living in a council house, living in a bungalow/Living in a council flat, living in a modern home/You call this a home, you call this life/2.4 kids and a well trained wife/Chained to a cooker and tied to a sink/Take a look at your life and start to think/And start to live and be alive/But you've given up, you're ready to die/The apple of life/the fruits turned rotten/Your sense of adventure is long forgotten/ In your blase conditioned ignorance/Tie them down for mass acceptance/Treat your children like private property/Nail them down with your normality/Shape the girl into the typical role/Sexual stereotyping in the home/Your rules have become so obsessive/Your stupid standards are so oppressive/ If you've got a house and ford capri/A job with I.C.I. and then you're happy/You live your life in self deception/You are manipulated by your own possessions/Tell your kids they can grow up free/But you already know their destiny/A job, a ring, a house and t.v./But that isn't living, oh can't you see?/ Live in constant hope of retirement/Work sixty years for slight enjoyment/But you won't find liberty in full employment/The british way of life is a pathetic establishment/Hiding in the comfort of your own home/The roots of apathy have started to grow

But you're not living cos you've given up/Your lifestyle isn't worth a fuck/TO ME/It's the parents who uphold the morals and laws/Parent who uses the aggressive hand of force/It's the children's spirit that gets broken down/Turns them into another face in the crowd/And all the adults petty so called problems/Result in denying their children freedom/Just cos you don't know what it is to live/You twist their arms until they submit...TO LIVE A LIFE OF APATHY: LIKE THE VAST MAJORITY EVERYONE HAS GIVEN UP: YOUR LIFESTYLE ISN'T WORTH A FUCK: TO ME...When it gets too much you just pop some valium/You might as well be taking opium/Every time i do something out of line, you shout or cry/You never encouraged me to become alive/And your domestic dreams are a shallow lie/Your stagnant -t sterile vision is killing life/Why can't you leave the children alone/Who needs a prison when living at home/ Children i call upon you/Dont let them manipulate you/REBEL.....NOW:::LAK:



# GOLD IS FOR LOVERS

...the traditional symbol of peace and happiness!

**TINY** Conon Lister had to fight for life when he was born eight weeks early. But just 51 days later the tragic tot was battered to death by his "frustrated" father. The baby had a fractured skull and 15 other injuries "from head to toe" - including bite marks, a court heard yesterday. Jobless labourer Howard Lister was anxious to look for Conon after his wife walked out on him. But the baby's crying finally "got to him" as he struggled to cope alone in a squalid base-



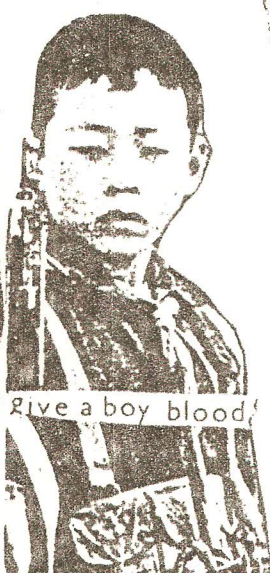
THE PLAYGROUND IS a HELLISH AGONY  
conditioning happens to you and me  
children are taught to play at war  
does a soldier know what he's fighting for?

Lord Mackie: "My Lords, can the Minister tell us whether any arrangements have been made for a bunker for the noble Lord, Lord Jenkins of Putney?"



A SOFT-SPOKEN shop salesman took part in 58 bombings, shootings and kidnappings during an IRA blitz on London.

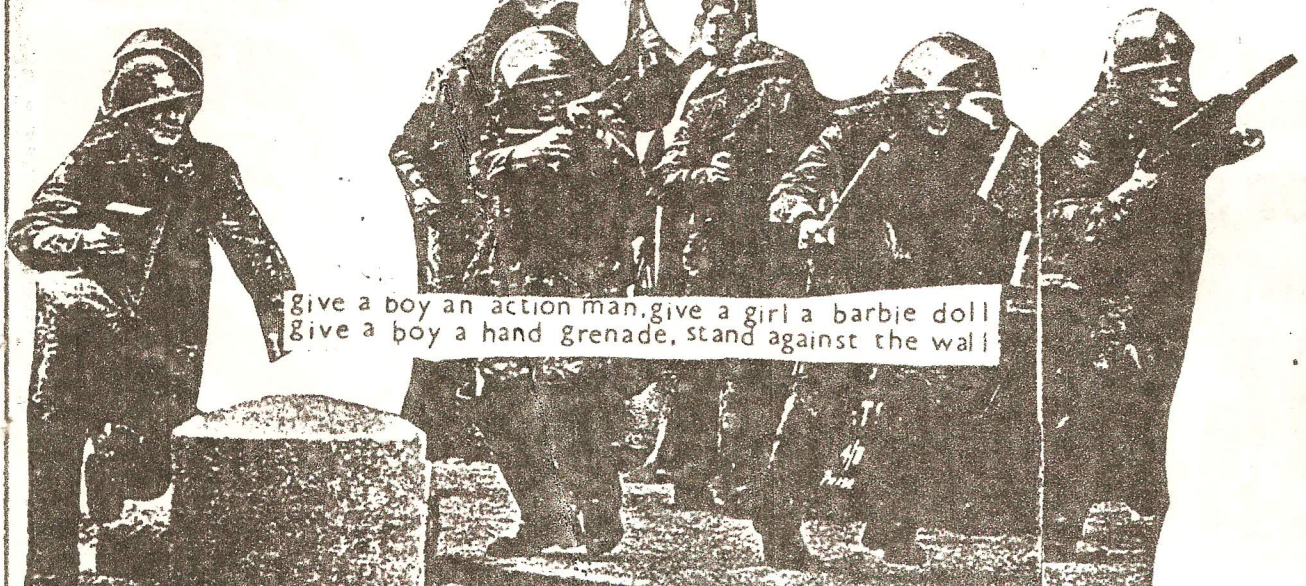
"One might well be: All right, let's just show we mean business by dropping a weapon where it's not gonna have an impact on anybody or anything." But General Rogers said he would not drop the first bomb without making sure the Russians knew why. He stressed that he was not prepared to rule out the option of being first to press the button - "whether or not it's feasible, appropriate, or makes any sense at all." In the event of an all-out attack, the plight of Europe would be so desperate that even non-military allies would appreciate the necessity for nuclear warfare.



give them both fear



give a boy a tank, give a girl a smile  
give a boy a chance and he will gladly die



give a boy an action man, give a girl a barbie doll  
Give a boy a hand Grenade, stand against the wall

GIVE A BOY AN ATOM BOMB GIVE A GIRL A KITCHEN SINK  
GIVE A BOY AN ORDER AND HE WONT EVEN THINK  
GIVE A BOY A LIFE AND HE THROWS IT AWAY  
GIVE A GIRL A PRICE COS ITS MADE THAT WAY





# WASTING DUNNY!

Situations Vacant

**COMPUTER OPERATOR/  
ADMINISTRATION  
ASSISTANT**

**THE  
PESSIMIST**

**DIESEL  
MECHANICS**

**OFFICE  
MANAGER**

**TRAINEE BUYER  
FASHION DEPARTMENT**



**PRICING  
CLERK**

**LEGAL  
ADVISOR**

**Clerk/Typist**

**TELEPHONIST/  
RECEPTIONIST**

I do want a job but I refuse to be exploited  
There's available that aint been corrupted  
Parliament, boss, master or a government  
My labour sweaty cash pours into parliament  
And they divide it up amongst themselves  
But I guess I'd work for the national health  
I want to maintain my personal dignity  
That means no-one making money out of me  
Won't work for ICIFor worthless little shares  
Cling onto pounds of profit, a firm that really cares  
Won't be a policeman to represent all I oppose  
Nor be a factory robot letting brains decompose  
Won't join an army to protect someone's property  
Fighting someones battles doesn't appeal to me

**OUR PROFITS END UP IN THE GOVERNMENTS POCKETS  
OUR PROFITS END UP IN THE GOVERNMENTS ROCKETS**

Treating the labourer like he's got no brain  
War as I can see, deep down we're all the same  
So I ask too much, just a touch of real reality  
If I refuse their crap I'm forced into poverty  
Responsibility's been exploited for far too long  
If they give the right price you'd build them bombs  
And why should knowledge mean more money  
Prepared for a non-creative life of apathy  
Well tell me Mr. what would you like to do?  
You don't care, do whatever they tell you to  
Work used to mean living now it means profit  
Under paid worker dies of boredom in his office  
Another soldier loses legs underneath a tank  
Commuters hide their cash in the vaults of Yorkshire bank  
Factories used to make things that people need  
Now they churn out rubbish to feed a bosses greed  
Say be responsible, work to make them money  
Twenty years from now and I'll still be sucking dummy  
We are the proles in the book called "1984"  
Even 'Winston Smith' held his hand out for more

**OUR PROFITS END UP IN THE GOVERNMENTS POCKETS  
OUR PROFITS END UP IN THE GOVERNMENTS ROCKETS.**

**Temporary Non Teaching Domestic  
Craft Assistant.**

**30 hours per week.**

**CO-OPERATIVE  
FUNERAL  
SERVICE**

**SHOP SUPERVISOR**

**DRAUGHTSPERSON**

**strike spreads**

**CRIME UP 44%**

Which would you prefer in your home  
A Mugger.  
A Robber.  
A Burglar Alarm.  
Systems fully fitted for £170 +VAT  
B.E.S.  
Tel: Stockton 683855



**No Experience  
Necessary!**

**Laboratory Technician**



**Believe in freedom**