



BRIGHTON HEAD
AND FREAK MAG
NO 4 FEB-MAR 69

the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it.

27 So the LORD was with Joshua; and his fame was noised throughout all the country.

194 CHAPTER 7

BUT the children of Israel committed a trespass in the accursed thing: for Achan, the son of Car-mi, the son of Zab-di, the son of Ze-rah, of the tribe of Judah, took of the accursed thing: and the anger of the LORD was kindled against the children of Israel.

2 And Joshua sent men from Jericho to Ai, which is beside Beth-aven, on the east side of Beth-el, and spake unto them, saying, Go up and view the country. And the men went up and viewed Ai.

3 And they returned to Joshua, and said unto him, Let not all the people go up; but let about two or three thousand men go up and smite Ai; and make not all the people to labour thither; for they are but few.

4 So there went up thither of the people about three thousand men: and they fled before the men of Ai.

5 And the men of Ai smote of them about thirty and six men: for they chased them from before the gate even unto Sheb-aim, and smote them in the going down: wherefore the hearts of the people melted, and became as water.

6 ¶ And Joshua rent his clothes, and fell to the earth upon his face before the ark of the LORD until the eventide, he and the elders of Israel, and put dust upon their heads.

7 And Joshua said, Alas, O Lord GOD, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan, to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites, to destroy us? would to God we had been content, and dwelt on the other side Jordan!

8 O Lord, what shall I say, when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies!

9 For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round, and cut off our name from the earth: and what wilt thou do unto thy great name?

10 ¶ And the LORD said unto Joshua, Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?

11 Israel hath sinned, and they have also transgressed my commandment which I commanded them, and have even taken of the accursed thing, and have also stolen, and hid it under their tent, and they have put it even among their own stuff.

and they have put it even among their own stuff.

12 Therefore the children of Israel could not stand before their enemies, but turned their backs before their enemies, because they were accursed: neither will I be with you any more, except ye destroy the accursed from among you.

13 Up, sanctify the people, and say, Sanctify yourselves against to-morrow: for thus saith the LORD God of Israel, There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel: thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you.

14 In the morning therefore ye shall be brought according to your tribes: and it shall be, that the tribe which the LORD taketh shall come according to the families thereof; and the family which the LORD shall take shall come by households; and the household which the LORD shall take shall come man by man.

15 And it shall be, that he that is taken with the accursed thing shall be burnt with fire, he and all that he hath: because he hath transgressed the covenant of the LORD, and because he hath wrought folly in Israel.

16 ¶ So Joshua rose up early in the morning, and brought Israel by their tribes; and the tribe of Judah was taken:

17 And he brought the family of Judah; and he took the family of the Zarahites: and he brought the family of the Zarahites man by man; and Zab-di was taken:

18 And he brought his household man by man; and Achan, the son of Car-mi, the son of Zab-di, the son of Ze-rah, of the tribe of Judah, was taken.

19 And Joshua said unto Achan, My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the LORD God of Israel, and make confession unto him; and tell me now what thou hast done; hide it not from me.

20 And Achan answered Joshua, and said, Indeed I have sinned against the LORD God of Israel, and thus and thus have I done:

21 When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, then I coveted them, and took them; and, behold, they are hid in the earth in the midst of my tent, and the silver under it.

22 ¶ So Joshua sent messengers, and they ran unto the tent; and, behold, it was hid in his tent, and the silver under it.



To resume.....

POMM
 P O M M
 P C P
 E M
 M
 O P
 C O
 P M
 M M
 P E P
 P P O P
 O E A P

OMEGOOLYOOAIGHOULYOOEBOULYOHREYGOLLYOHMEGODOOHMELOGGOOGRHSTLY
)))))))-----((((((((((((

UNCLE SAM & UNCLE CHARLIE

Uncle sam
 flew over
 today
 and accidentally
 misjudged his target
 but:he appologised
 later
 for dropping his eggs
 on our village
 by mistake
 a mistake
 I lost both my legs?
 I told him
 I watched my sister
 being raped
 my mother
 slaughtered
 by viet-cong
 my father
 burning alive
 by U.S napalm
 then:he bent
 tried to comfort me
 smiled
 roused my hair
 as into y...
 he pressed
 a olive.

UP AGAINST THE WALL, MOTHERFUCKERS!

All over the campus, students are rushing into revolution with as much direction as a lost sperm, and as much energy as a limp penis. They might as well face the truth. THE LEFT IN THIS UNIVERSITY IS DEAD! Intent on sucking the Establishment's cock, they live from screw to screw. Their contribution to revolt is to argue the merits of such cunts as Trotsky and Mao, or to smugly roll another joint.

They are a pox on the local labour movement, ordering around their strikes, or shoving leaflets at them demanding support, which are completely unintelligible to the workers they patronise. Nearer home, their record reads like a bog wall. They clamour for one man one vote on their (ha ha) university, but let smooth arsed Tories kid them into doing sweet fuck all, just because they have it slightly better than other universities.

These tits are secure in their fantasy that the revolution will be fought on the campus, and bugger the world outside. Middle-class pricks in a pseudo-world, they cluster round irrelevant or imaginary injustices like greedy flies round a newly-crapped turd, all intent on glory. Faction-fighting has won them their greatest achievement — the alienation of the uncommitted. TRENDY LEFTIES ARE GUILTY OF POLITICAL MASTURBATION — THEY WANK THE REVOLUTION FOR THEIR OWN PLEASURE, AND GO BLIND, DEAF, AND STERILE IN THE PROCESS.

DOES IT TAKE A SITUATION LIKE L.S.E. TO MAKE YOU DO ANYTHING USEFUL TOGETHER? FUCK MARX! FUCK HO, FUCK CASTRO AND CHE, FUCK LENIN AND KROPOTKIN, MAO AND TROTSKY! IF ANYONE CLAIMS TO BE YOUR LEADER, SHOOT THE CUNT! THE REVOLUTION IS IN YOUR HANDS, NOT UP YOUR ARSE!

THERE IS NO REVOLUTION BUT TOTAL REVOLUTION!

U.A.T.W.M.F. No. 1.

PCEMS by Ann Mathews

SUGARACIDIC TRUTH

I have a jewel in my head
Far more precious than ever toad,
For I have seen with the Spirit's eye,
And I have seen the dissolving rainbow.

THOUGHTS FOUR

My eyes are at one time
Those of a trusting child
And those of a world-weary whore.
For it is not long
Since I was a child
And it will not be long
Before I am a whore

FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

Mind-bent trees,
Fast, dark clouds,
Tormented shrub twisting outside my window
A few scattered lights
Peering from behind the trees.
Unchanging world,
What do you care for me?

DREAMS Three

I walked a long way
Across a world of ice
And the sun was all of snow
And the sky was all of blood
And as the wind lamented
The tears formed yet more ice

CLOSING-IN OF THE DAY

Twilight surrounds me;
Dark cloud meets dark sky
On the vague horizon.
All is the same in the Fens
They bore, but bear fruit.
The sky closes in-
A blue-black canopy,
Warm, and thick, and suffocating.
The black waters in the dykes
Rise up, warm and noiseless,
And creep up my body, my being,
Forcing my resistance to withdraw
Into my inner being, and silently scream
And I yield my body
To the warm blackness; the sweet, sickly breath of the night
Lulling me, sickening me.

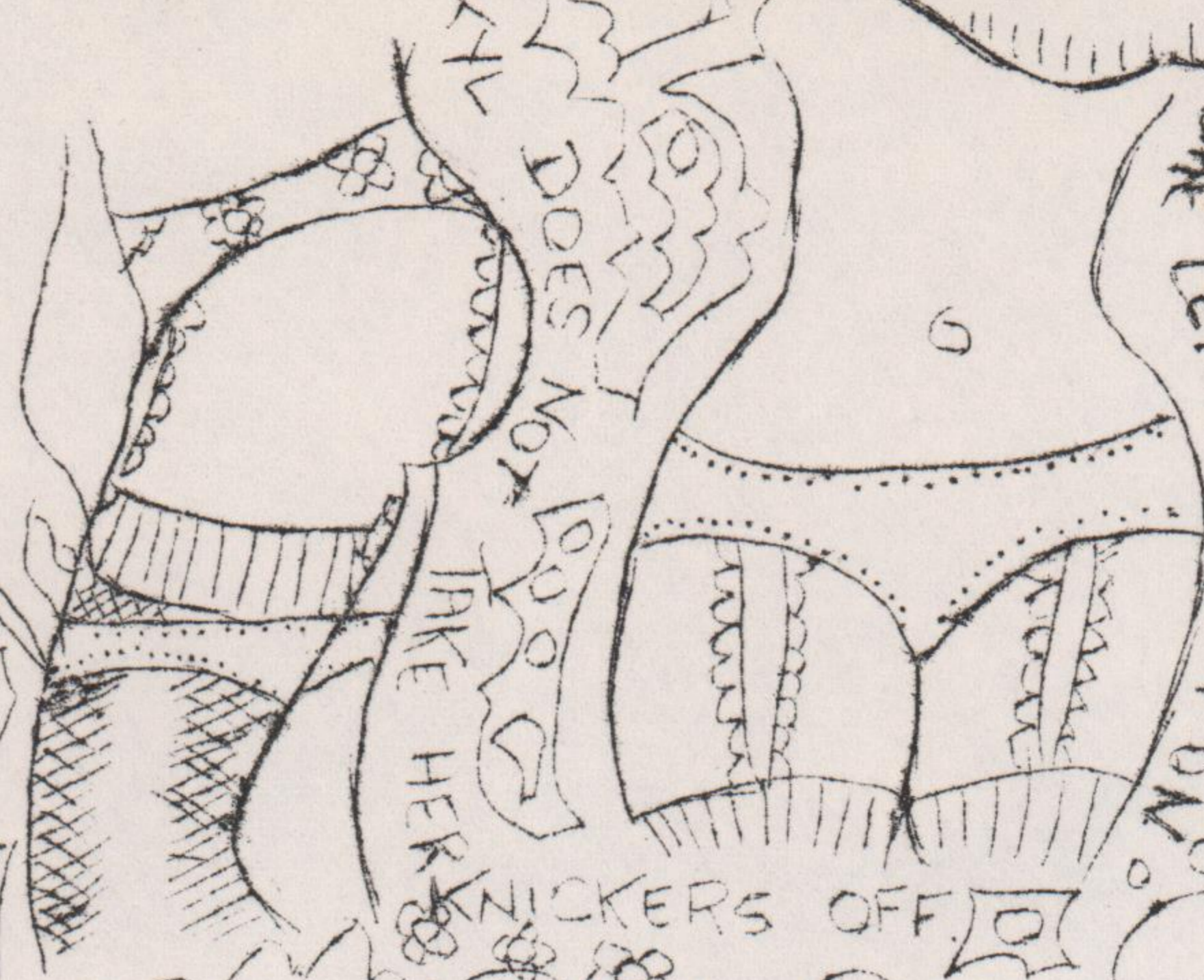
THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SEXYL

OWING TO COMPLAINTS I WOULD LIKE YOU TO

FORGOT ? OK NOW READ ON



FORGET THE PAGE IN THE ISSUE



SEXYL DOES NOT TAKE HER NICKERS OFF

SHE LEAVES THEM ON

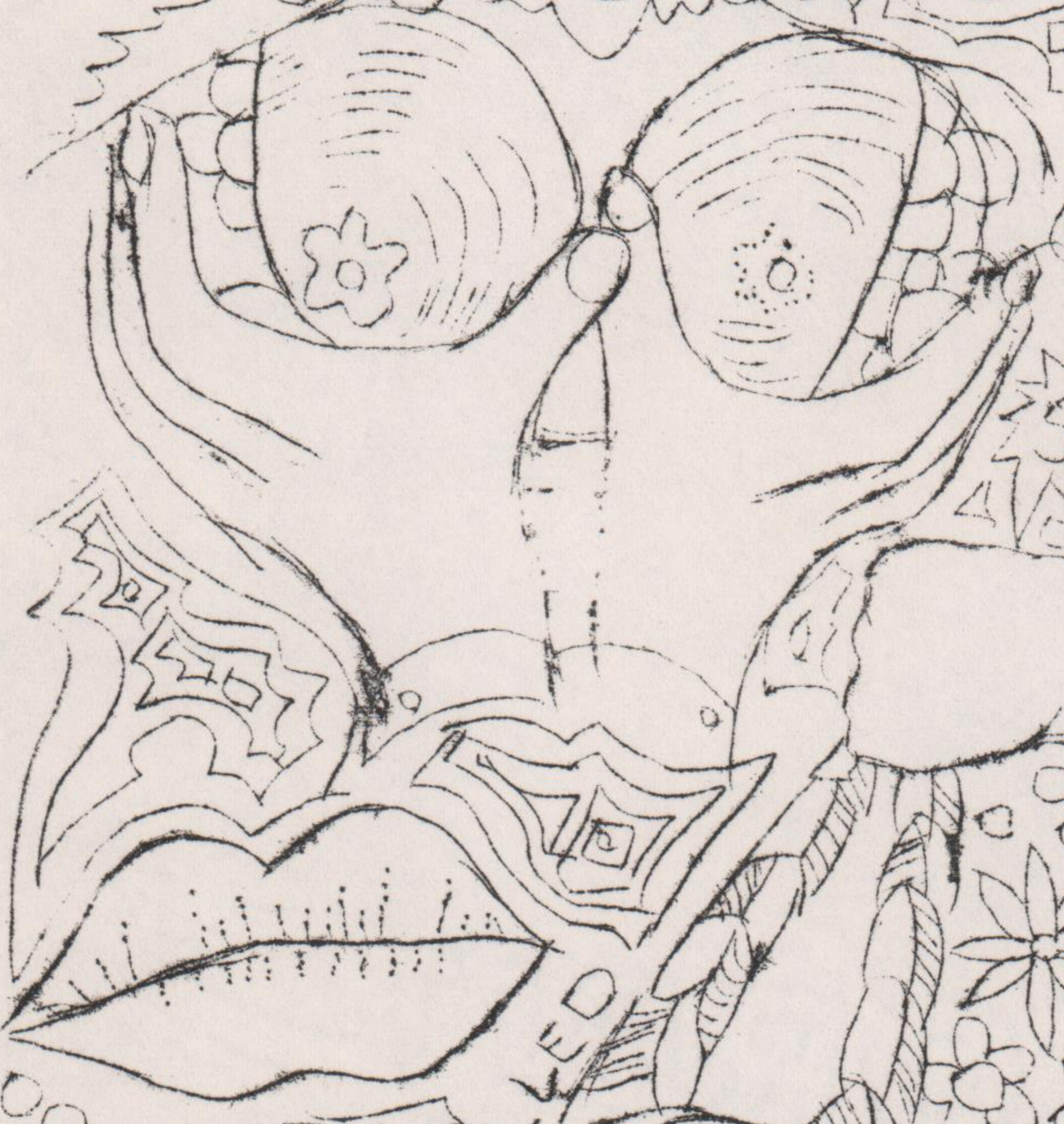


SHE IS PUNCHED

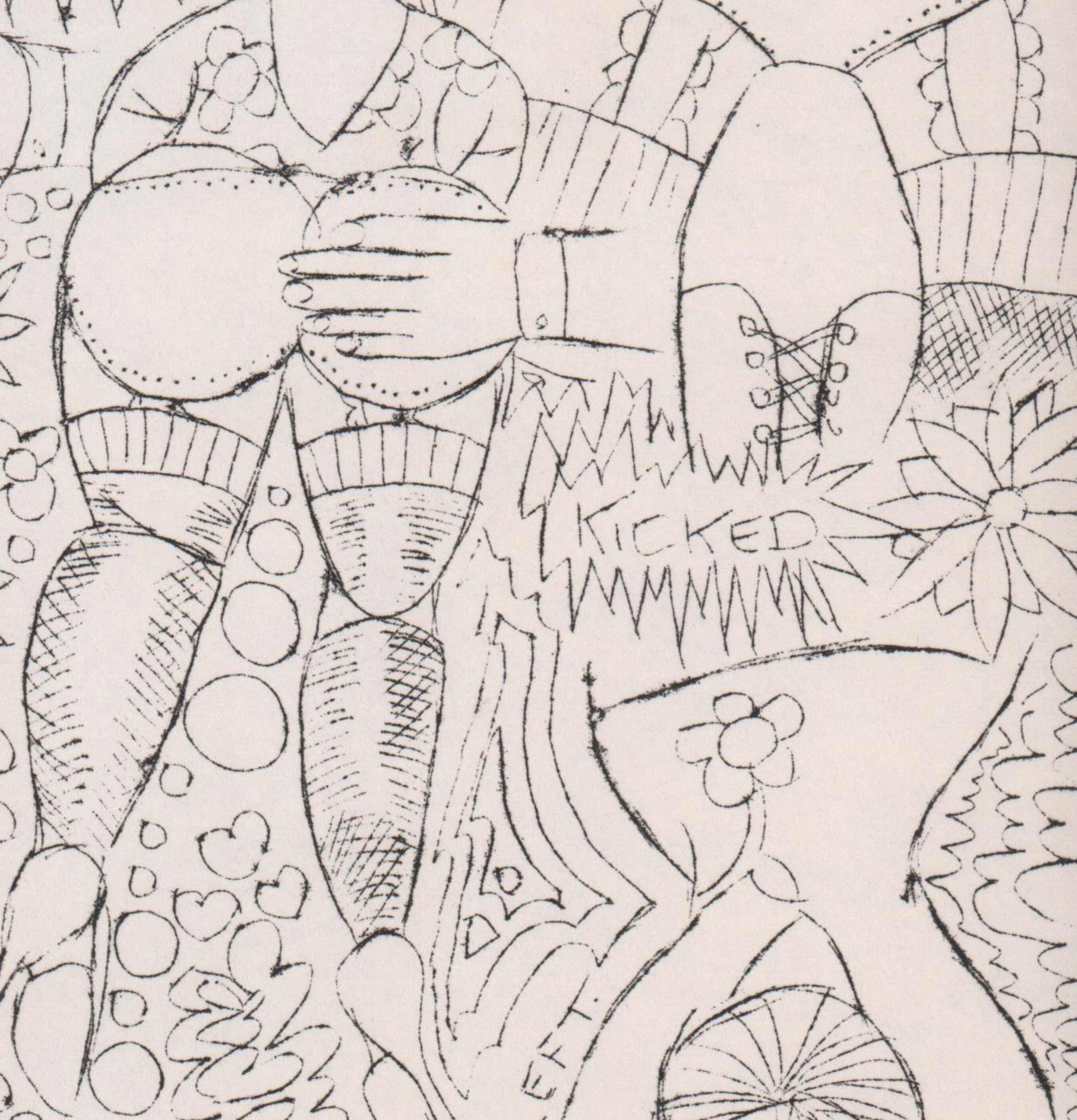
SQUEEZED

PLEASE STOP

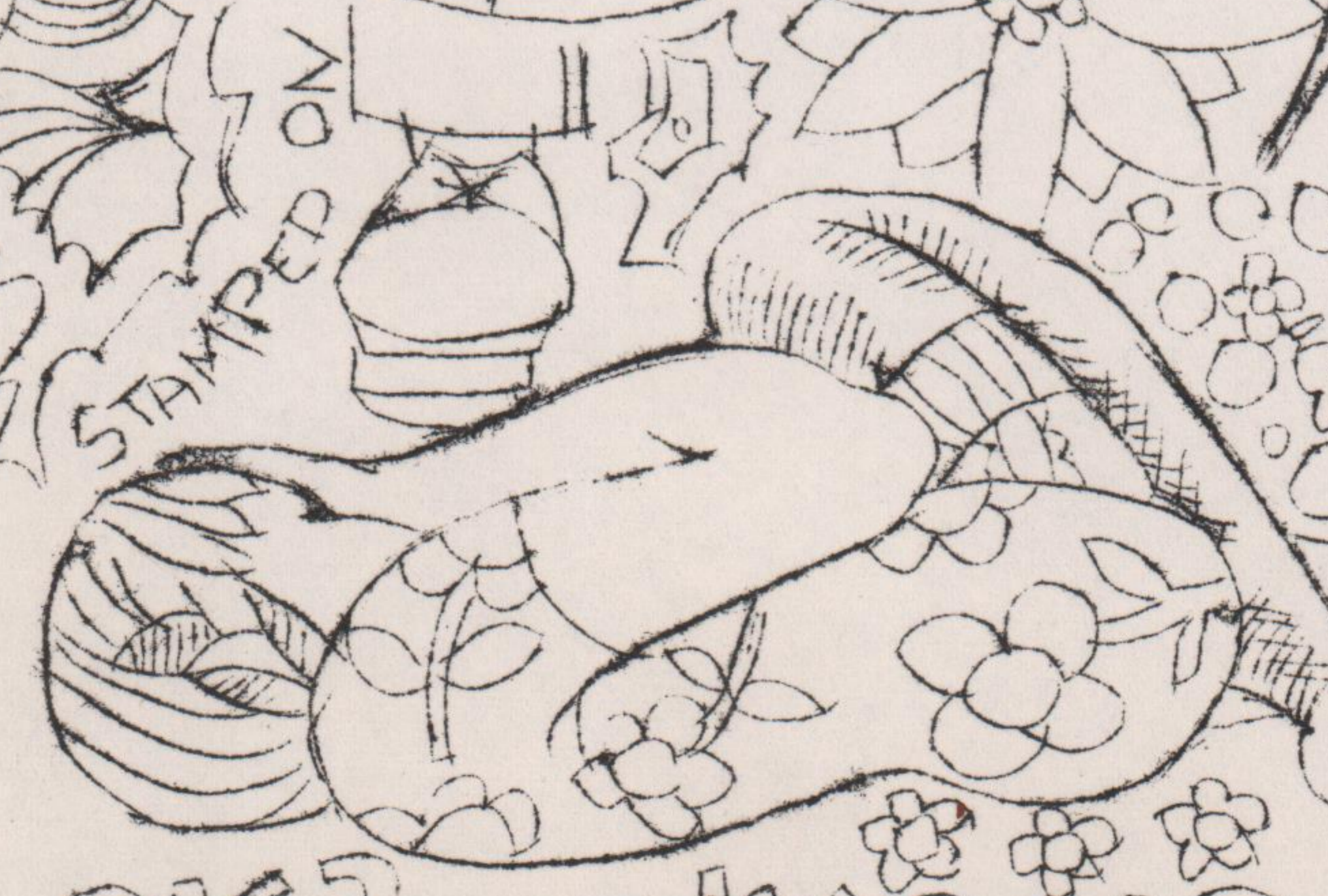
SPANKED



WOW NO MORE HAIR PULLED



KICKED



STAMPED ON

AND LEFT

OK? NOW READ THE PREVIOUS PAGE

LOOK AT THEM
MUSCLES GIRL

GET
UNDRESSED

IM COMING
SIR

Wow. THAT LOOKS LIKE
A REAL MAN

HAVE A WONDERFUL
EXPERIENCE.

COME HERE AT ONCE SEXYL
YOU ARE ABOUT TO

YES AT ONCE SIR,
HURRY SIR, I DONT WANT
TO WAIT UP WITH THEM
KEEP UP WITH THEM TO BE
CLOTHES

IM GOING
TO GIVE
YOU
YOUR
BIGGEST
THE

WANTS MY NAME? TEST
IT STANDS FOR BODY BEAUTIFUL

CALL ME P.P.
CALL ME P.P.

AM I JUST THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL THING
YOUVE EVER SEEN GIRL?

RIGHT THEN GET READY FOR IT SEXYL
MY CLOTHES ARE ALL OFF NOW B.B.

READY TO GET
SERVICED?

AND F. MAG. No. 5
ADVENTURES No. 5
OUT SEXYL OF
MATCH

NEKROSPASM

The figure turns half round, and the light falls upon its face. It is perfectly white... perfectly bloodless. The eyes look like tin; the lips are drawn back, and the principal feature next to those dreadful eyes is the teeth... projecting like those of some wild animal, hideously, glaringly white and fanglike.... he raises his long gaunt arms.....

With a strange howling cry the figure seized the long tresses of her hair and twining them round his bony hands he held her ~~to~~ to the bed.....

With a plunge he seizes her neck in his fanglike teeth
a gush of

blood SPERM SALIVAGINA

a hideous sucking noise follows or
cunniling cunn nnnnnni lick cunnilickus

ANGEL WEDDING tear out the tampon suck the fuck of

FILL UP YOUR GLASSES AND THIS TIME WE WILL DRINK FLAMES

THE UNDEAD

my daughter can never wed one who is so utterly an enemy to his king and his country. PULLS back his head a trickle of jissom down the left corner of the mouth.

LIFE

DEATH

COITUS

POST-COITAL INERTIA

DEATH RATTLE

ORGASM PANT

Athens; medical student screws cadaver of film star of his dreams.

YOU thought it was a wet dream
Vampire drains your vital substances.....

6 categories of love bite--Kama Sutra.

THE

VAMPIRE HAS WON HIS REDD WINGS.

(with apologies to James Malcolm Rymer)

i Grassitti Lives!

forgive them, for they know what they are doing.

□ □
"balls" by Picasso

empirical bollox ⊕

1-dimensional nodules ✕

Selected by Roy P.,
in his never ending search for
inspired plagiarism.

Organisation establishes

the regime —

destroy the system!

a narchy - fields for ever.

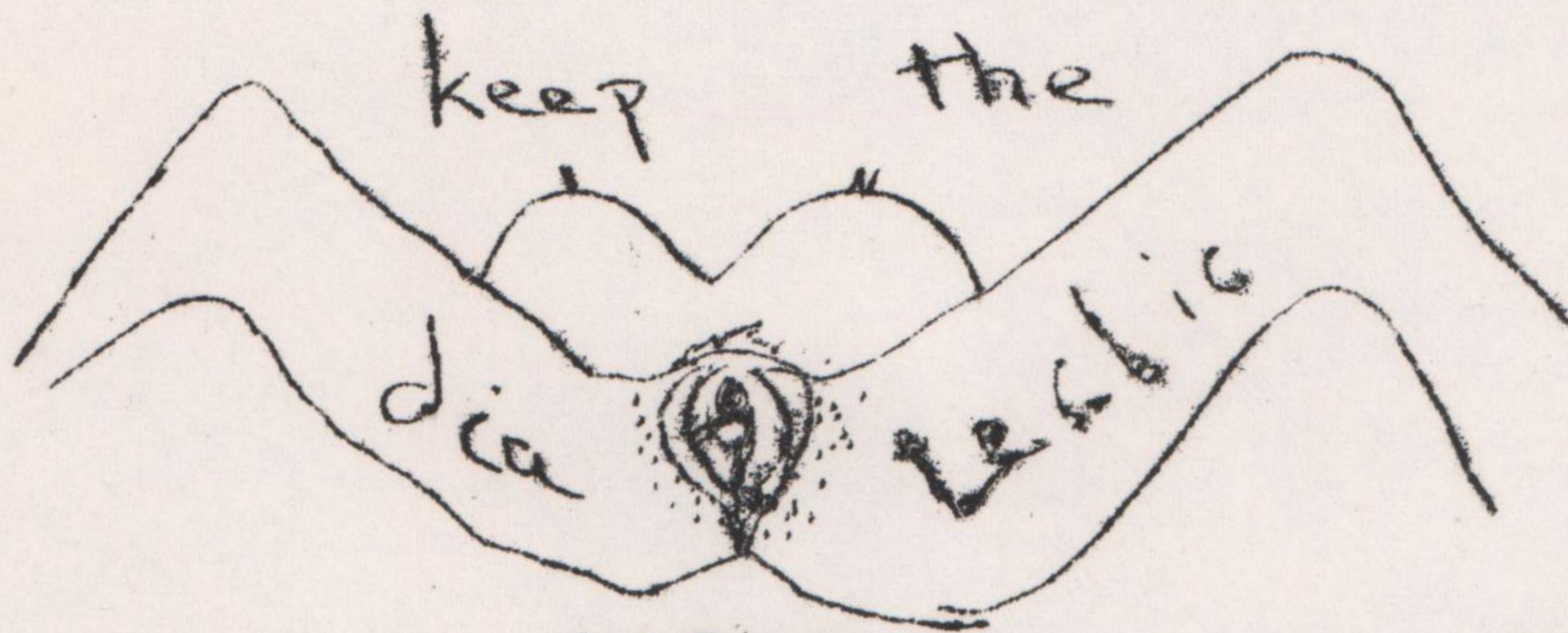
to be AND not to be "travel" broadens
his how it should be. The mind.

VIVA C#E!

VIVA VO!

wrong accent

Existentialism
does not
exist



keep the

dia Leb

OPEN

This is a
phallic symbol

I'm glad
mine doesn't
look like that



I have just created a finite, but boundless, turd.

I LOVE YOU IF YOU LOVE ME.

if i said i love you
will you let me fuck you?

the anonimity these walls afford
should produce aphorisms wex ~~xxxxxx~~ applaud

But it is apparant that

this is not where it is at

from these inscriptions 'tis evident
the latent prophets are impotent

their frantic intellectual masturbates
result merely to simulate

the very function their position dictates!

in other words, upon these walls
lies not the product of mental balls
but only just a load of crap

We've got
long-pubes
we know everything
man.

up you,
long-haired prick.

watch - and for de hink dancers I'm lonely

wouldn't you like to be born
again?
wouldn't like to know.
wouldn't you buy your
own life?

room for one more inside sir,
rub out the world, and write what you like in
the spaces, send it to the pubes

PAARADDE

HALT

STAND TO ATTENTION THERE BOY

By the rightht.....TURN

(it's enough to give you one, this lot)

QUICK.....MARCH

LEFT RIGHT LEFT RIGHT

HUP...HUP...HUP...2.3.4.

Pick those damned feet up SCHUSTER.

whadda ya think this is

a goddamned picknick

HALT

Shoo u l der

ARMSSS

RIGHT,

At ease

DRILL

dismantle rifles

on the duble

Great Quincy

Go to it baby

ya there boy, ya there

ahah

Carmicheal

fine kid, fine

Swell Pucoeni,

just dandy

SCHUSTER

SCHUSTER

the safety catch

the safety catch

Whadda ya wanna do

blow ya head off a sumpin

goddamn idiot

we need every greenhorn available

just now, y know?

Like

get a move on

y no good bum.

OK people

re-assemble em,

go to it you guys

show y SGT I can have faith in y

Faster men.

aw shucks sgt, I cant

NO such thing as cant, kid

no such thing

look, see like this

Gee, tanks sarge.

Shoosterrr

Shoosterr

keep y glasses on, huh?

I mean, you need them baby

n, f, chrise sake move it.

Right, o k

target practise

aint that what y bin waitin for

y all like that, right?

an if y real good

we'll maybe have some bayonet practice, o k.

that'd be swell sarge.

shoor would

echo

echo

Maybe we should like, use Schuster, huh.

(tumulteouse laughter)

nah, you'd probably miss him, anyway

he's so skinny.

at that precise moment sgt bullock
lands a blow on schusters shoulder

knocking him to the ground.

hit me kid

Hit me

show me what yer made of

~~oh~~ C'mon I wanna see

what y'd do in a situation like this

How old are you punk

eight e e.....n

RETALIATE GODAMN IT

YOU GOT NO SPUNK AT ALL!

why dont you masturbate

and show us how much spunk y got

show us yer a man

(this would have pleased the sarge enormously)

seems y get plenty time fer it in the showers

(shower patrol is one of Bullock's favourite duties)

WHATS the matter sarge y bin BUGGIN ME ever since I.....

WHATS that kid

Speak up

I ssssssaidd yyyyy

I Said Speak.....ah what the hell

I think i'm gonna have to Court Martial you

before i'm through.

In walks the C.O.

salutes and smiles

to knowone in particular

"everybody happy"

then adopts his former aggressive manner

deciding it is more fitting with his rank

He bears orders

to the effect

that Bullock's Company

is to be in active service in Viet-nam

much to the initial delight of Bullock

mixed with patriotic whoops and sheer horror

from the remainder of his platoon

now reality has caught up with them

Schuster says nothing

decides on retiring to bed

a weeks passing

has the boys trained intensely in armed

and unarmed combat

the use of variouse weapons and equipment

medical checks

sedatives where needed

fully kitted out they embark for combat

leaving a comparitively safe homeland

the journey is not without events

Quincy cracking up before airborne

complaining that he's frightened of a plane crash

Carmicheal reasons with everyone that his body

is too well formed to be damaged

that his physique should be preserved

My body,man

my body

I mean supposing I was wounded

Oh God

my beautiful face

Oh gosh

I mean do something will ya

I'm too pretty to be disfigured y know?

Funecelli doesn't mind

says he's in the Mafia anyway,claims

his old mans a king of some district

also he's got a vendetta against pucoeni

says if the Cong don't get him,he will

Pucoeni just sits and shivers

Now Private Negasaki
and Private Yeo Tsoa

feel most uncomfortable
the former being of Japanese descent
the latter Korean
but as for the rest of the platoon are concerned
they're both 'yellow men'
and they feel it
there's not exactly a happy relationship
between the two either
seems there might be some combat

before their destination
is reached
(-----much happening-----)

Six months had passed

Bullock's division was relieved
a homebound pass was granted

for recuperation
out of thirty guys

only twenty one remained
in that war where much is lost

but nothing is ever gained
a sorry sight

Butch returned with
Quincy died of fright

on a parachute drop
Carmicheal caught a bullet in the skull
Pucoeni killed Funecelli
securing his own safety

from within
during a raid
but was captured

and wired up
then used for an amusement centre
in congs camp that night

5 guys on patrol

settled in a clearing
the enemy
they were not hearing
stealthily creeping

while the "Voice of America" was blaring
chocolate cake they were eating
pot they were smoking

forgetting where they were
as the bullets came raining

they at least died smiling
though some were quite astounded

Sgt Bullock

is safe home

but he's raving

snivelling and drivelling
scratching at doors
jumping at shadows

tearing out hair, now grey
at night not sleeping

ceasingly weeping

repeating, repeating

I did it

I did it

miscalculated a target

I saw it

I saw it

a napalm raided village
burnt, burning men, women and children

at ablaze, human torches
walking bones acid tearing

towards us

tow a a rds US

at home they don't want to know

THE BRIGHTON COMBINATION - PROGRAMME

26 Feb 69

PLAYS:

THE HERE TODAY GONE TOMORROW SHOW: Great new theatre sensation! Participation? Sublimation? What the hell? Come and find out for yourself. Your only chance to.....

THE PORTABLE THEATRE Coming on the week of March 11 - 16. Talented new travelling group with new play HOW BROPHY MADE GOOD then THE TENT SHOW NEW PLAY by our resident company. March 18-30

FILMS:

WAGES OF FEAR by CLOUZOT --- incredible journey -- high adventure ---- one of the finest films in the history of cinema. March 8/9 @ 11.15 p.m.

LE CRIME DE MONSIEUR LANGE by RENOIR. Renoir's first great success. Witty and splendidly anarchic script. March 15/16 @ 11.15 p.m.

FREAKS by TOD BROWNING Most incredible horror film ever made March 22/23 @ 11.15 P.M.

LE GRANDE ILLUSION by RENOIR One of the most civilised and subtlest anti-war films ever made.

MUSIC:

BIRD CURTIS QUINTET Free form jazz group FRI. March 7th 11.30

JO ANNE KELLY Britain's leading woman blues singer FRI. Mar. 14th 11.30

LATE NIGHT CONCERTS: MUSIC POETRY SONG OR SOMETHING EVERY FRIDAY
also lectures, films and various other events
MOSTLY FREE !!!

CAFE FOR GOOD FOOD GOOD COFFEE OPEN TUES.--SUN. 7-2

for
members
and
guests

76 WEST ST. BRIGHTON OPPOSITE ODEON UNDER ARCH PAST HOVE MOTORS

Johnny is muesli.

None of the chairs writes your application

A political correspondent is muesli.

None of the chairs writes a myth.

Books is garbage.

A peace prize creaked to the five Warsaw pact countries

Arthur is on the pines.

A peace prize creaked purple

None of the chairs contained garbage.

The revolution loves your application!

Poem by Poo Poo Boo Boo Snozzle and Clint.

The one and only absolutely
nothing absolutely
everything

Here Today
Gone Tomorrow
Show

participation?

sublimation? what the hell?

your only
chance
at the

BRIGHTON COMBINATION EVERY NIGHT 8-30 PM. FEB 24 - MARCH 9

76 WEST ST 24596

AMERICA IV

Paul A Wilkins

They've sent up the Apollo Space Craft
and Norman has graduated in his accountancy exams

5000 year's work culminating in Big Brother's phallic probe of burntout society its alloyed bead nosing blindly through interstellar nothingness	Norman crowns his headless frame, pastes his pick-me-up aftershave dons a pair of see-through eyes and blindly dates his penis
---	---

World, I want you to get
up out of your seat and MASTURBATE
SOCK IT TO YOU
SATISFACTION

No need to search
feel cool-fresh like
a mountain stream
as it gushes forth water
to embrace our fertile fields

AMERICA , your water is discoloured
with yellow blood
and the piss of your self-destruction

streets full of happy people
in an unconscious daze
of televised hypnosis
your children,
bleary eyed,
are dying as the
needle channels
the sugar culture
into amoeboid frames
Their pseudoped minds
are programmed
for their role
in the stitic mucus of
existence
the dialectic excreta
is processed for black fodder
and the vomiting
of human ~~xxx~~ herds
encases the land
from see to shining see
in

DEATH

New life they will
encounter, protected from
the unknown by the
cold-steel frame of
technology.
and the universe
will harbour hosts
of mutilated machines
cataloguing the
untouched mysteries

Norman glides his
pan-an frame
into the tomb of
beer-talk and
caressed his penis
and the sterile sperm
of his brain
encases the gay company
in a sickly
bri-nylon shell

The universe is meeting on saturn today
for, as our correspondant told us
preliminary peace talks

Norman sits on his rocking chair
reminiscing of the 'Good Old Days'
before the 'First Castration'!

IBM

IBM SYSTEM/360 INSTRUCTIONS

INSTRUCTION:- Set Storage Key
 MNEMONIC:- SSK
 INSTRUCTION SET:- Standard (privileged)

INTERNAL FORM:-

OP		R1	R2	
0	8	A	B	
0	7	8	11	12 15

ASSEMBLY LANGUAGE FORM(S):-

SSK 10, 11

EXAMPLE:-

Before Reg 10 000000E0 Reg 11 FF0018F0
 After Storage key of core block 6144 - 8191 set to E

INTERRUPTS:-

Privileged
 Operation
 Addressing
 Specification
 Condition code is not set

Pre-Script ink drops thru cortical membrane color mind tapestry of association woven by web strands & outlined in sound-wave patterns----- Behold, below it all....The Exterminator cometh to RUB OUT THE WORLD

The following box contains

"Lethergrin" trademark

Injection of Random Choice CutUps distribution

For the Litrary profes ion only

Made in England

Composition:

"Lethergrin" is a sympathomimetic amine which, when given perentally, produces prolonged rise in blood pressure by peripheral vasoconstriction.

Indications:

For restoring blood pressure to normal in case of shock particularly that associated with arrest, and for preventing fall of blood pressure with governmental collapse. It is valuable for counteracting inculcation of societal norms and may be used for inducing abreaction against bourgeoisification and other structuralisation scleroses of the mind.

Administration:

"Lethergrin" is usually given by intramuscular injection, easing the nib under paper skin. Its pressor effect is apparent in five minutes, reaching its maximum in about 18 minutes, and then your blasted out of tiny skull for several hours, depending on the receptivity degree of the patient and the extent of brain solidification. In acute structural collapse the drug is given intrapenously with caution. It must not be taken intrathecally, orally, verbally, recatally, aurally, nasally, tacto-osmotically, dripped down the urinary tract, or what ever way you like , because it could destroy your vocalX chords.

Dosage:

This depends on the degree of hypotension; maximum doses are only given when the systolic pressure is below ~~XX~~ 70mm.Hg., As a guide the following range of doses is ordered: On arising--quick incantation of the entire contents of this mag. After meals--read each page with intense pressure alternately. Before bed---pages 3, 7, & 3689 together aloud. Before Meals--recite rectally all punctuation. During meals--regurgitate insoluble sections. Asleep--Silent dreamy masturbat the even sections. ANYTIME--just do your own thing anyeverywheretime.

It is dangerous to exceed the stated dose. To avoid this, always administer at the top of x your voice.

Contra-indications: Myocardial degeneration or coronary disease precludes use. Special care is needed when there is Hypothyroidism or Cardiovascular transvesticism, and when the patient is an elderly TO or when the dose should be tripled and furthur treatment is needed if tranquilisers of the monoamine & oxicanbridge empirical tradition & inhibitor type are being used. The risk of hypertensive logical positivism is great and very entertaining.

Side-Effects: Large doses may cause tachycardia, insomnia, and loquaciousness.

Welcome, Home, Burroughs & Co., Brighton.

DANGER:::THE CONTENTS ARE ILLLETHAL.

"are you sitting comfortably mrBradleyMrMartin? then ill...

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE...ah sorry i'll begin again...IN THE BE
GIN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WAWA.... ah sorry,i'llrestart...IN THE IN
THEBEWAS WAS THE.....ah soorry....IN THE BEBINNING WAS THE BEGRINING
THE WAS INININ THE WARAWASEARWS THE SIISSIS SINSINSIN THE IN BEGIN
WAS ING THE BE WAS TETEHEHE TETEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE I IIIIIIII BBEBBEBEEEEEE
EEE GIGIGIGIIIIIEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHHHOOOOOOOO HHHHHOOOYYYYUUUUUURRRRRWWW
...IIIIINNNTTTTTHHHHEEEEEEEEBBBBBBEE GGGGGGIIIIIIINNNTTTTIIINNNTTTT
GGGGWWWAAASSSSSSSSSSSSSTTTTTHHHHHHHHHHEEEEEEEEBBBBBBWWWAAAAAAATTTTTH
EEEEEEWWWAAAAA SSSSTTTTTHHEEEEEWWWAAAS STTTH HLL WAS THE WAS TH
WA THE WATHE W TH W T T T t t lll i i ' ' x...

a full stop is a word it means something

Once upon a time there was a young man whose was with the village
carpenter fetching wood from the forest in a cart drawn by a big whi
horse. Each day he would work to hew down enough trees to keep the
sawmill and the workshop going, being careful noy to cut down too mn
Then he would load them up and bring them back. But one day he espie
someone dressed in white walking by the river bank near the forest.
As she approached, he stopped work and fell in love with her. They
lived happily ever after.

THE RAZOR INSIDE SIR JERK THE HANDLE

Once upon a time there was a whose work was with the from t
in a bva big white horse. Each dayhe work enough to the and
the , be careful not to too many.Then he them up, and then
back. But then one dayhe someone in white b the near the .
As she ,he stopped work and fell in love .They lived happily ev
after.

THE RAZOR INSIDE HER JERK OFF THE HANDLE

Once upon a time there was a .Each day he worked. He tl
up and them back. But then one day he someone inwhite.
She he in love fowlllll .They lived happily ever after.

THE RAZOR NSLLE HER JERK AND HANDLE

Once there was .. Each day work . But then one day h
she love . They lived happily ever after.

THE RAZOR INSIDE HER JERKS AND HANDLES AND OUT COMES THE HATRY FORT
BORN TO BE KING BLOOD DROPS MARKING PAPER SKIN WRITING THE MESSAGE
ON T E WALL

Once there was work then love ever after

i try to read a sentence but before i reach the end i stop and ha
to start againbut then i cannot reach the end i have to start again
but then i cannot reach the end and i start again and then again ar
then agin until the very first word the very first letter the very
fist stain of ink on the paper becones an object^{of} limitless fascin
tion, ineffable meaning. A microscope will reveal to us worlds wit
in words.

Roy

anna blume's poem for jim duke

oil splash basin oiliness additive and optional
varnish vapour wedge & wheel level gauge & oilmist nipple
oil film rupture strength hydraulic residue and flip
rigger hinge & outlaw racing operation oscillate
outswept tails in onrush ooze
over lubrication on off
pothole plug & plummet ply positively prop the puddle

Purring purge cock purify

??

jim duke's poem for anna blume

that our unlucky love should last
when answered passions thin to air
surprised that destiny has cast
cast-iron structures for despair

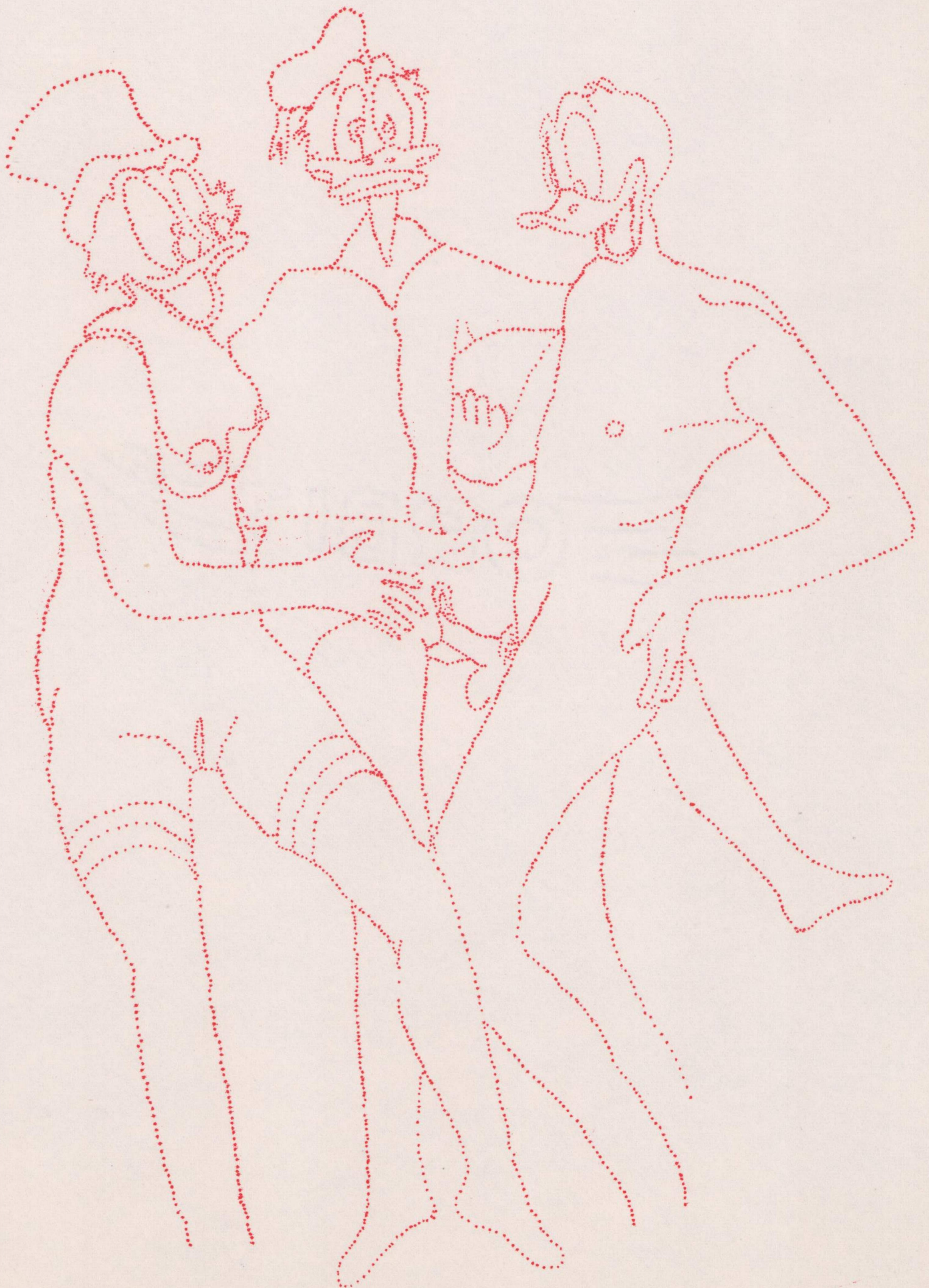
o ann i do love you

A SEXY STORY BY JIM DUKE

buffalo bill he shoots to kill
never missed and never will

??

A SEXY PICTURE BY WALT DISNEY



A SOBERING THOUGHT BY JIM DUKE

the world will be a happy place when fuck has ceased
to be a swearword

BARRIERS

the hydrogen juke-box
electrifies the cerebral
sleep, the Voice crashes
through the sound barrier
in a weightless dream
that leaves
a cafe-glass walled vertigo,
a magnetic
staring, tender longing
as a love-song sings itself.

the fence is strung
between the pithead heap
and a field of flowers
where I keep
a garden of dreams
in my loneliness
while hard faces press
in wonder at me
sneering at my laughter
for they have no flowers you see
- if I tear down the fence
they'd still stand imprisoned
but the ugliness there
will break my indifference
and hurt my mind
as a machine
crushes a flower ----
faces of my blood
whose sorrows I feel,
the fence is between us
though the kinship is real
the barrier breaks
leaves me all the more sad
though the thought that men care
for each other is glad,
obsessed by my field,
you obsessed by your pit
though by the same street-light
and universe lit
- but a man's a man
for a' that!

gentle one that I love
you break down the walls
of all my past thoughts
that I understand
I cannot but cry
in the new morning
looking out on old mills
where stone writing on the wall
means nothing more at all
but an autumn tree against the sky
still grows awaiting its springtime,
form of a delicate poem
that cannot lie, even
in its bark-hardness
its protection
from its loneliness
rooted in earth-chained fire.

David Stringer

1
tout c'est precise
L'assassin
de la rue des Tristesses
ne possede la cervelle
à mains de cauchemars
C'est le temps de la haine,
L'amour decu
S'est vendu,
prostitué de l'Art
afin de survivre, affamé ----
il faut de la revanche.

L'assassin
de la rue morgue*
est demenu
jardinier
de mes paradis perdus

Des hanches
dans la nuit -
chaleur d'amour
désirant, ou
de la colere.

tout ces amis
qui a souffert
à cause ~~XX~~ d'avoir L'hachis,
à cause d'avoir tout ce qui
est persecute
de cette societe,
je M'enivriraí jusqu'à
le temps de tuer
L'état policier ----
non plus de peur du sang
gaspillé dans L'étang
une fois, paisable d'un
reve D'un enfant,
ma volonte adurcie!

je suis le nègre
sans peau noire
dans ma pauvreté -
n'oubliez jamais ça!
M'enjouissant de
la vie, malgre tout ça,
sans fois dans cette
vie eternelle d'en delà
ou des oiseaux chante encore
mes anciennes delires!

*a play by Eugene Ionesco

poème/poem by David Stringer

all made clear

the murderer
of the road of my sadnesses
possesses my mind
in the hands of nightmares
It is the time for hate,
disappointed love
has sold itself,
the prostitute of Art
so as to survive, hungry ----
one must have revenge.

the murderer
of mortuary road
has become
the gardener
of my lost paradises

Thighs in the night -
the heat of love
desiring, or that
of anger.

all my friends
who have suffered
because of having hashish,
because of having all
that is persecuted
by this society,
I will get drunk until
the time to kill
the Police State ----
no more afraid of blood
spilled, wasted in the pond
once peaceful dream
of a child,
My will hardened.

I am the negro
without black skin
in my poverty -
never forget that!
enjoying life
inspite of all that;
without faith in that
eternal life of beyond
where birds still sing
my formwe delights!