

# EMPTY DREAMS

I thank you, for making my Empty Dreams possible.

I try not to believe too much now.

I gave the plants  
TO YOU (although  
they were not mine to  
give) You did not care  
about the plants. I wanted  
them to grow. You let them  
die. You let me die.

But I still remember...

Sometimes,  
I feel the whole  
world is crying.  
But no one listens to  
her tears. Because they  
don't care.

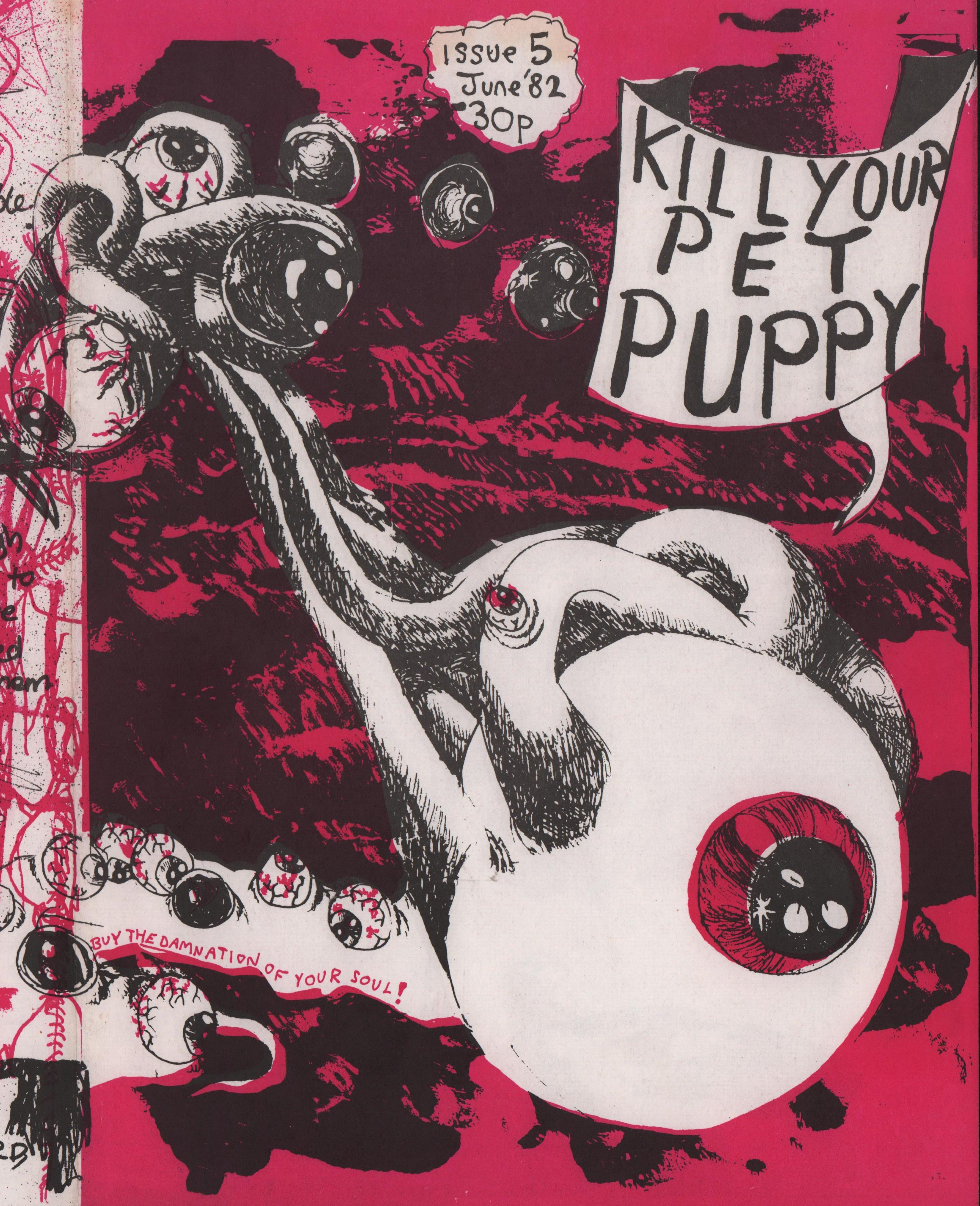
TURN TO THE LIGHT.  
AND CRY FOR A MOMENT OR TWO  
DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE ME  
I'M JUST A REFLECTION  
A REFLECTION OF YOU

You didn't fear, what  
I felt because you  
didn't feel.

EMPTY DREAMS,  
C/O KYPP  
202 KENSINGTON PK RD  
LONDON. W11

Issue 5  
June '82  
30p

KILL YOUR  
PET  
PUPPY





Now—enjoy a life of unbelievable riches, lasting love  
and constant protection with

# THE MAGIC POWER OF Kill Your Pet Puppy

202 kensington pk. rd.

london w.11

(if you want a  
prompt reply,  
PLEASE send a S.A.E.)

no.5 MAY/JUNE 82

WOMEN'S  
CONTRIBUTION TO  
THE LIBERATION  
OF MANKIND



Exploitation, Emasculation,  
Revelation Condensation,  
Vandalisation...

Are'n't you SICK of all  
this BULLSHIT They force  
down your throat everyday?!!?

Down tools my working friends,  
down pencil and paper my school  
going chums.

Burn down your place of  
employment, see that classroom  
ERUPT into flames BEFORE your  
very eyes.

SUBVERT, SABOTAGE, SINK  
the entire corrupt, capitalist mess  
they call the "free world".

Democracy is a SHAM, little  
more than fascism - Communism  
was fucked from the start with its  
Hierarchy of "leaders" and central  
government giving orders sort of  
shit.

Self Management, Collectivism,  
the REAL IDEAS of this world  
are breaking on thru, so I ask you,  
Fellow human beings...

Are You Bored or are You  
Boring!?!?

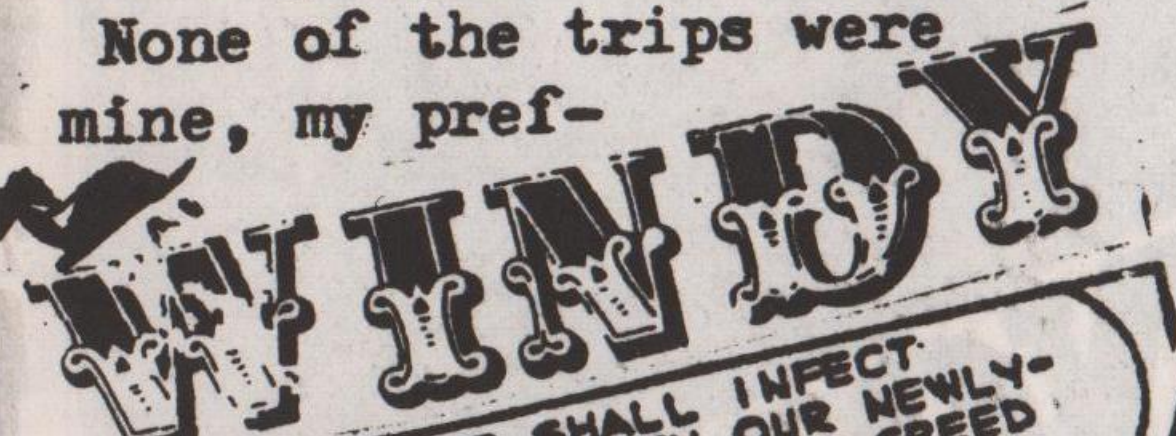
Clue, the

Man who wrote  
this is BORING!)

basic but brilliant bonehead  
sing-song 'Skinheads Run  
Berserk' (punctuated with  
appreciative crowd chants of  
"Barker is a nutter"). But  
despite bellicose titles like  
this and 'Disco Destruction'  
there's a basic morality in  
them songs.



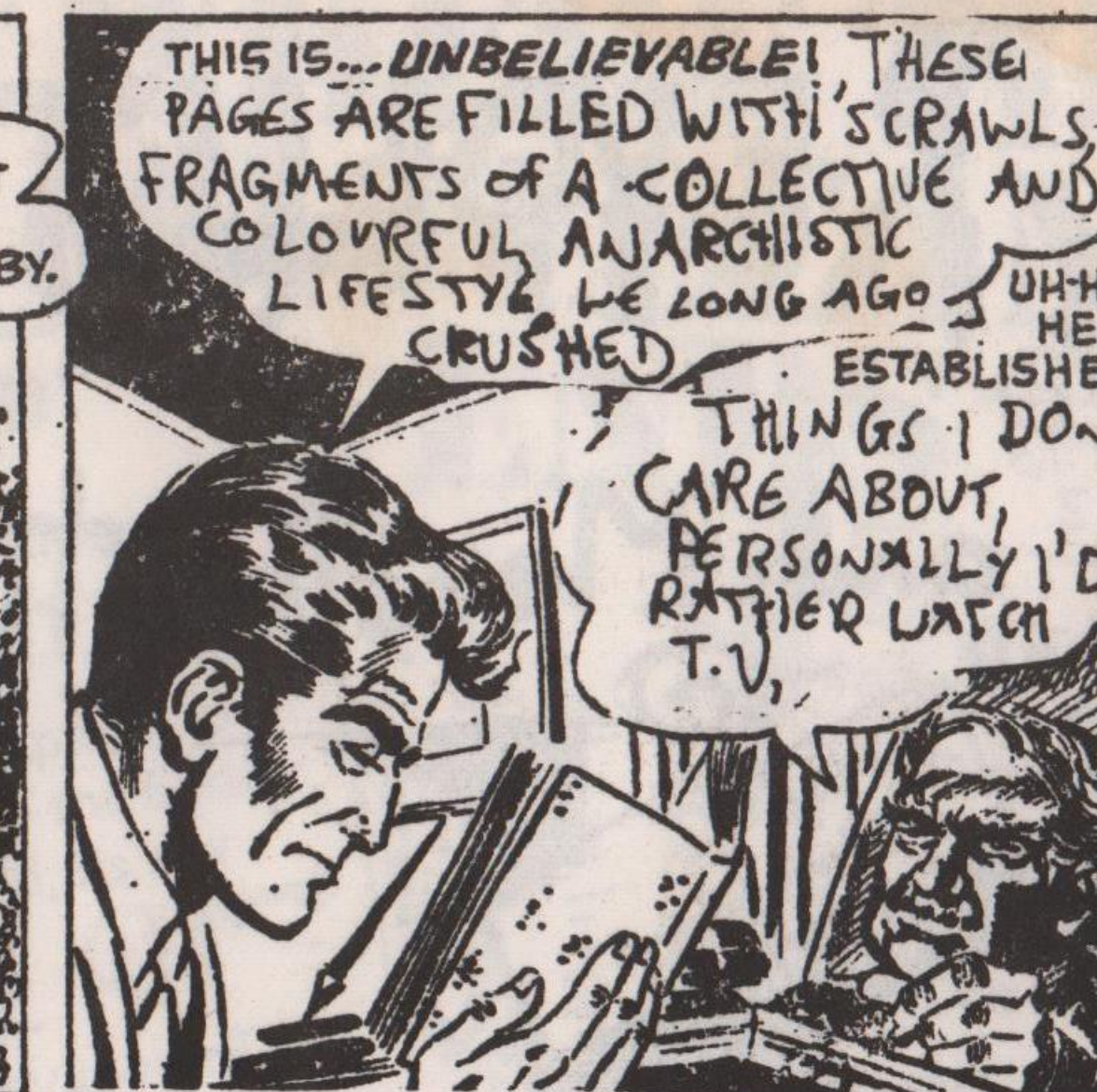
Well yes,  
it looks like we-  
're coming to the end of  
another Puppy, put together  
I might add, amidst quite a  
bedlam of bad trips (during  
Sex Gang Children layout), and  
good trips (whilst I was  
writing the Death Cult thingy  
and laying out 'Mr Luggy').  
None of the trips were  
mine, my pref-



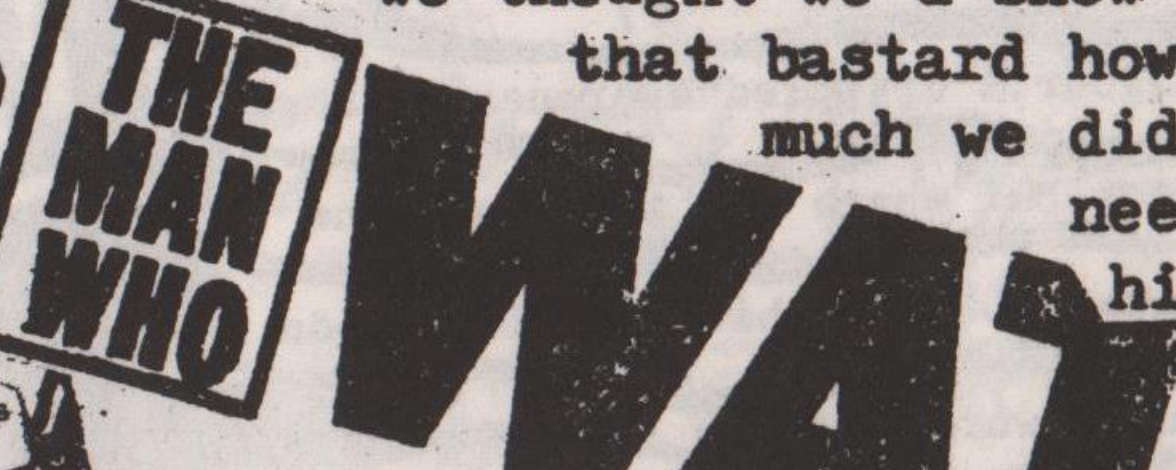
erence  
leaning more toward  
endless cider or pineapple  
juice refreshments.  
It was practically a party,  
the amount of coming and  
going, chaos causing and  
reecovering from, all this  
seems to have lasted from  
Saturday May 22 to Thursday  
27 (today).

Sitting amongst all this  
confusion was a Kilted fig-  
ure hunched over a borrowed  
(from AL) typewriter,  
slogging away obliviously -  
I'm Kilty McGuire, left in  
charge by the Great Windy  
Miller who is happily  
obsessed with his group, the  
Windmills at the moment.

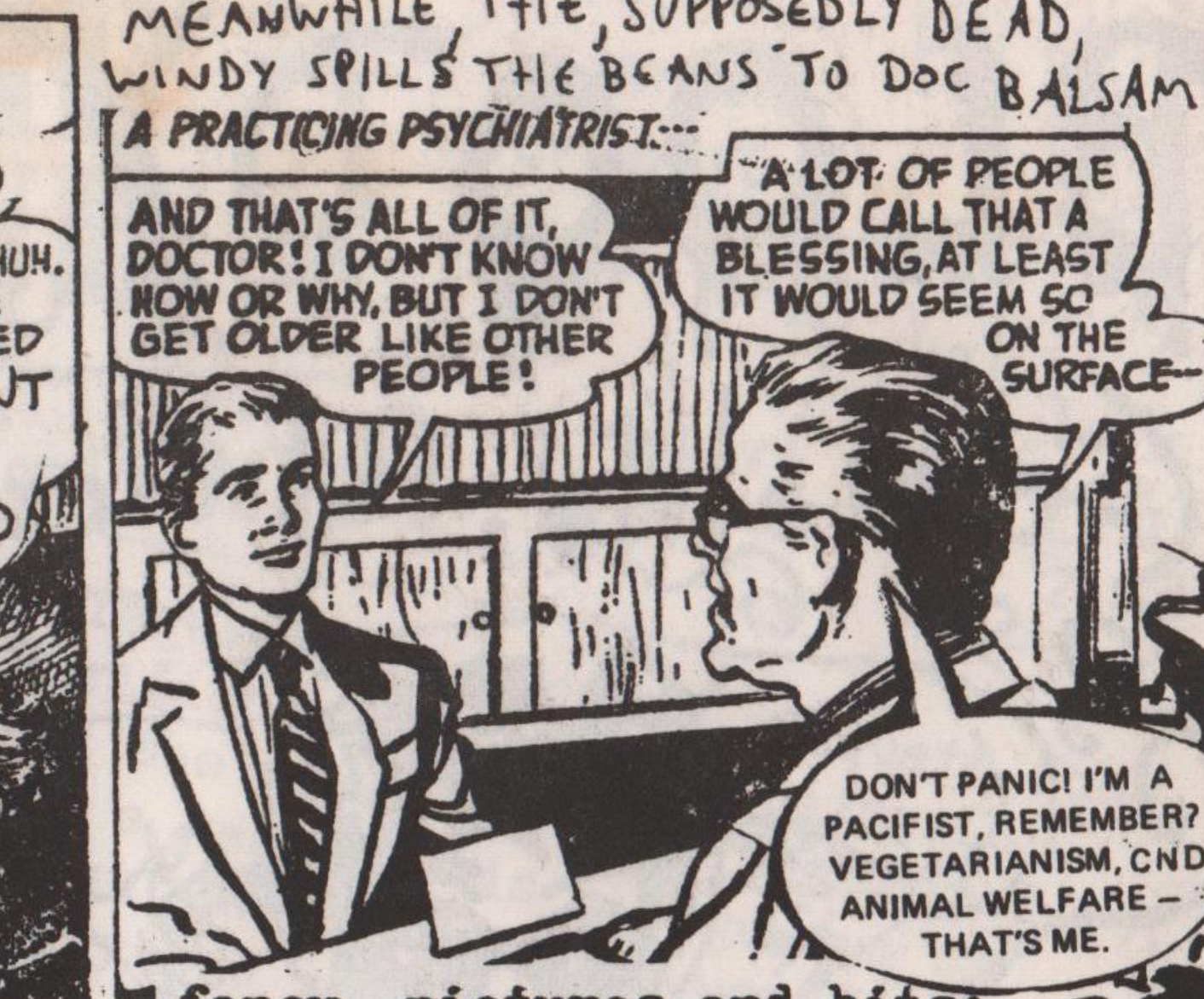
You may have seen me  
down



at the Autonomy/Alternative  
Centre in Harrow Road (or  
formerly in Wapping, or in  
St James Church before that)  
- that centre is the reason  
for Pet Puppy not appearing  
for so long - too much was  
happening to capture the mood.  
The mood was "Do It", not  
"Write About People Doing It",  
so we were doing it. But with  
that sell-out poser Tony D  
throwing his lot in with Zig Zag  
we thought we'd show  
that bastard how  
much we didn't  
need  
him.



'We' this  
time around are:  
Ghengis Khan, Kilty,  
A.L., Lou McGrew, Iguana,  
Scarecrow, Mr Luggy, Cory  
Spence, Lez Lawson, Fod  
and the welcome return of  
Val (I'm not a) Puppy with  
a piece on Grills. Quite  
a crew, in fact its hard to find  
any elbow space in which to do  
this, in this cramped little box.  
And we've long since run out  
of food - but you don't want to  
know these things.  
'Ability Stinks' fanzine  
have abandoned.



fancy pictures and bits;  
"The reason there's no artwork  
in my bits in this zine is that  
I am experimenting with the  
theory that artwork is just  
escapism & only serves to water  
down and distract attention  
from the message."

They say. Read it (if you can)  
read this and see which is  
more inspiring. Personally I  
think that words distract from  
'the message' (whatever that  
means).

Inspiration for all the cartoony  
things this issue comes from  
Biff Comix (issue two of which  
we have plastered on our toilet  
walls for visitors to read  
while they're piss-  
ing).

Hlood & Roses are the only band  
around who can frighten the  
Turd Burglars, Hagar the Womb  
come close - and with that I  
shall depart.

Hoist Anchors m'hearties and  
lets sail in search of that  
eternal sun  
set!



THE LCCOMET...



# BLOODY REVOLUTIONS

(Sexuality, Politics and Menstruation)

(According to some sources, one origin of the horned devil mythology is as a symbol of the womb and fallopian tubes, representing women's connection with the unconscious or something.)

**SEXUAL POLITICS**

We live in a wasteland, in a crippled and sterile society which can find release only in extinction. a ravaged junkie with veins full of real poison and death in our eyes.

Why?

Because this society denies our humanity because technology needs machines and we are flesh. We bleed.

51% of us are flawed in the eyes of society. They bleed, once among them they are sick. Men can pretend, can become psycho-daleks, part of the machine unchanging, unvarying.

stimulus: response, to the sound of a bell a siren, a voice commanding.

But women are dangerous, they are a reminder of our past - when we lived within the cycles of earth, of nature. of the moon and sun, stars and tides OF LIFE.

perhaps this is one reason for our cultures unconscious but clear fear of women - and of the denial of our duality for everyman has within a female self every woman a male self - why else the continual demand to "prove you are a man" to conform to the gender stereotypes. By denying this, we have achieved much - all the shiny chrome and

plastic wonders, we have touched the moon (but we could not hold her), probed the abyss of space, of the oceans, of the continents all the great technological and scientific advances of this great civilisation we know and love...

But it is a mutant growth, filled with hybrid vigour. A crippled awareness. A huge tall forest, but where are the roots, the true growth? Towers of babel, phallic gods we fearfully worship.

But now we pay the cost, the stench of bound feet, of unhealed wounds. Energy cannot be suppressed, the dark river of the unconscious maybe dammed, but it will overtop the highest walls erected against it.

Wars - rivers of blood, desperate reminders of the hidden wisdom we deny.

"The best blood is of the moon, monthly"

So long as we deny and suppress the female current (in all her aspects), so long as men fear the woman, women the man - then the nightmare continues, each act more bloody than the last because the goal of sterile technological perfection, their dreams ARE A LIE.

to deny the life force of our human creativity and fertility is death. No rebirth, no decay no growth the wasteland remains until we dare to ask the purpose of the grail, the vessel borne by women which bleeds only in this understanding is there hope of change, can the walls fall and the dark red waters flood over the wasteland

**ANOTHER STAGE OF LIBERATION**

from the ashes of this culture, the first fingers of green will force open the coffin lid don't be afraid because when you see her you'll realise the vampire was our sister all the time.

AL 82

Ve're today the a socia dem of i ma Tr fa p a

PARADISE LOST: 110 Cheltenham Rd

S

5

like a psychedelic rocker

A FAINT MIST ON THE SURFACE

FROM WITHIN IT BEGINS,

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

A SPIRAL FLOWING OUT

A FAINT GLEAM IN DARKNESS

EXPANDING, SO WE ARE ALL CAUGHT UP.

NOTICING NOW THE COINCIDENCES

HOW ALL THE FRAGMENTS FIT

EACH INDIVIDUAL GESTURE

EACH SEPARATE ACT

IS A PART OF THE WHOLE

A CORNER OF THE CANVAS

A STILL FROM THE FILM

THAT ENCOMPASSES ALL OUR LIVES.

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING

OF A NEW AEON,

CAUGHT UP IN THE WHIRLING SPIN

THE CONFUSION OF CHANGES

PICKS ME UP,

AND WHEN I COME DOWN

THIS ISN'T THE OLD WORLD

ANYMORE.

AL 82

illustrated by Fed.



WATCHING HIM CAREFULLY IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, I NOTICED MANY OTHER ODD BITS OF BEHAVIOR...

and kind of gurgling sound, from the netherregions of her anatomy. When I looked harder I could see what it was, blood!

significance of this I really haven't fathomed. I quite enjoyed the gig that night 'fresh bread' amongst stale loafs' was

parted. Having a loathing for the normal interview format of question/answer crap, I turned up at Andys flat in the hope that I could soak up a day in his life and explain his everyday panics. On arrival

changed their name to Sex Gang Children. I had a bad day that time, and when I got home; took the feature from the drawer, tore it up, and threw it into the bin. I then took the bin outside and poured over the age old cat litter debris, went back to bed and slept for three days.

With a carruptive shuffle, a hand emerged, magician like, from coat pocket; fingers wrapped around a package, perspifing and steaming over the polythene

don't panic, its those

It must have been very late at night as the darkness was still to be seen through the space between the makeshift curtain, and the black dusty border of the window frame. There was

First a trickle then building up and flowing across the carpet. After a few seconds the cat

a slight sound in the hallway, the door to my room opened slightly and a fur

jerked quickly then had a series of violent spasms; falling back on the rec-

what I might have thought, so thinking like that I went to talk to the band

encased shape slipped in. Moving round from my position, lying on top of

the made-up bed, I saw the cat clearly. It belonged to the people who lived

course, a bloody figure was emerging from the dripping vaginal area.

in the flat below (rarely, if ever present).

The cat had ensconsed itself in our quarters. We have since christened

SEX GANG CHILDREN (LARRY THE LAMB?)

away, I chatted to their young vocalist Andraes Heywood who while in conversation with me, had asked me if I would, in my capacity of Internationally reknowned Gonzo journalist for KYPP, write a feature with them in mind. I thought that was a good idea and said so. Arranging time and place for an interview, we then

The Tiny Baby squeezed out onto the soaked and stained carpet. Then there was a sound in the hallway, I recognised it to be another member of the household.

I then shouted a warning not to open the door, but he did, and doing so the blood covered siblings, only just born and

still emerging from the womb, darted out the door and up the corridor. At that moment I woke up startled, looking across the room for traces of blood. This all happened four months after I had first seen a band called panic button:- the

thin when she became pregnant. Following her in was one of my own cats kittens,

called 'Severin'. Once in the room, they then paddled over towards

my dresser, where 'kitten' lay down. At that moment I notice a slight movement

again

BUT THEY HAD BEEN MERCILESS! THEY HAD KNOWN HIM FOR THE CORRUPTING MENACE HE WAS...



Sex-Gang Children NAKED

In to The Abyss  
Salvation.  
Cannibal Queen.  
Times of Our Lives.

I found 3/4 of band there and slid labouriously into the Q/A syndrome. This turned out to be a personification of the name 'Panic Button'. This was okay to that extent, and I began, at home, writing it out. Two days later I had to pop down to Brixton for certain reasons, and while there discovered that Panic Button had now

Sense of Elation.  
State of Mind.  
Kill Machine.  
People with Dirty Faces.  
Shout and Scream.  
Soldier.  
Beasts!  
In to The Abyss.  
© COPYRIGHT 1982  
Vocals - Andrew Hayward.  
Guitar - Terry Macleay.  
Bass - Dave Roberts.  
Drums - Robert Stroud.



THE BLOOD CONTINUES TO CONGEAL...

It was only three and a half months after I first saw Panic Button that I arrived home one evening and discovered a red haired waif lingering on the marble steps leading to Puppy Mansions (where thee?). Searching for lodgings the waif enquired to the availability of space within these hallowed walls.

Having given the obvious, the person now inside seemed less than waiflike.

covering. The amphetamine was dispensed and then the strangeness began, looking as though it would never end. Three days later the strangeness still remained, but this body had torn its flesh, and blood was trickling down from the shoulder. Sick from lustful advances and unwilling sex the child was urged to escape the overpowering red one. Gathering up belongings and fleeing my own room I found myself wailing Brecht hymns on the northern line of Leicester Square station.

Sex-Gang Children

Spending my evenings in the home of a religious samaritan, surrounded in

the relative poverty to which i was not unaccustomed

, began slowly to eat and sleep. Peaceably the days

passed and my emotional matrix was nursed back

NAKED

Live cassette 'Naked' £2 (inc p.p) from KYPP address or phone 326 0720 or 595 5661



# Sex-Gang Children

YOU SAID THAT SO STRANGELY, THORON! PLEASE, CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHO AND WHAT YOU ARE?

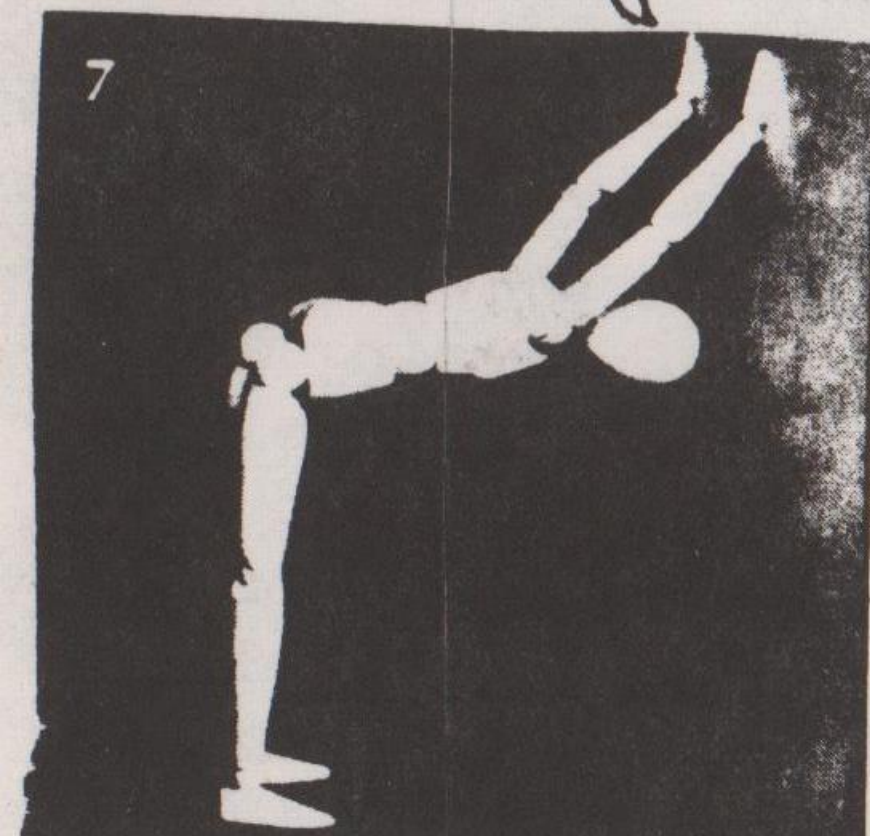
EITHER CEASE AND DESIST FROM YOUR GLOOMY PREACHINGS, OR YOUR PUNISHMENT SHALL BE A SEVERE ONE!

to a state of near normality (terminal suitcase for any after being). The time approached when I knew what was to be done. On my re-entry to my bedroom the first noticeable

thought was the fact that it was empty, and also tidy. A large red stain covered the outer perim-

## LOOTING...

FOR A BIG MAN HE SEEMS TO EAT PRACTICALLY NOTHING--EXCEPT THOSE PILLS!



You get a strange feeling inside you when you step over the threshold - I've done it so often I take it for granted - looting a flat with Mick, Ripper, Luke, Duncan - door wide open - don't make a sound right - a thousand letters, readers digest, colour films, y'know the shit thats posted thru the door - that had once been lived in - obligotary porno mags - a few decent books - cries - shrieks - look what I've found - plastic bags bursting with - Culture (maan!) observers, time out etc etc, a couple of paperbacks, two cans of white paint.

STRANGE? NOT PARTICULARLY... WHEN YOU THINK OF WEIRDER CASES IN MEDICAL HISTORY! BUT WHEN BILL RUSSELL LOOKED DOWN AT HIS HANDS...

SO ONCE MORE HE HASTENED TO THE CAROUSEL...

THE CAROUSEL TICKET? THEN IT DID HAPPEN--AND IF I COULD REVERSE THE PAST ONCE, I CAN DO IT AGAIN!

BACK AGAIN?

YES, I WANT ANOTHER TICKET!

(Looting contd.) (Later on that same month)

...You and Me (just words). It could never be because you see things different to me. We are individuals we are, its hard to get on its hard to RELATE to each other together - each of us have too many feelings we can never find words that mean what we try to say, there are no words to express '?

Nothing lasts nothing matters anymore (young bored and lonely) nothing ever did, NOTHING but you and me so near and yet so far (HA! HA! HA!) - hello ignorance, I know you well. I can always tell, search and you will find - but you wont like what you find. Its only, there is only 'You' and 'Me' - (just words).

AND SO IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE NEXT DAY THAT HE LEARNED WHAT HIS DOOM WAS TO BE INSIDE THE FORM WHERE HE HAD IMPRISONED HIMSELF--AND WOULD HAVE TO STAY UNTIL THE END...

OH, GROAN-- NO!!

SCARECROW II

RESTAURANT IN THE PARK, NEAR THE ZOO AND ANY CARS, BILLIE BREATHED MORE EASILY--

YOU LOOK PLEASED YOURSELF! COME?

OH, IT'S JUST THAT I--

WITHOUT WARNING--

RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! TIGER LOOSE!

rubbish, gloves. Duncan, well he had all the food, doesnt want anything else - I love looting, you get a strange feeling

The Only Iguana xx

I got to the top drawer, I wrenched it open; at the top of this pile of absolute garbage and paraphenalia lay a large photograph, the subject of which was four figures in certain poses, one looking not unlike the thin white one himself. I looked at it for a moment then turned it over to notice a scrawl written on the back, it said 'Sex Gang Children' but never gave a reason.

eter of my blue & white candy stripe pillow case. I lay down on the bed and slightly dozed for an hour, on waking I chanced to search for a jumper or shirt to keep me warm, and so began to rake through various drawers. It was at this point that I made the discovery that quite an amount of my wardrobe had been recently liberated. My first thoughts on this were to trash the room (but I've trashed too many rooms in the past and its not worth the effort).

# WHO DO YOU THINK IS REVOLTING?

PATRIARCHY  
SEXISM  
AUTHORITARIANISM  
STATE COMMUNISM  
CAPITALISM  
PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY  
NATIONALISM  
RACISM  
HIERARCHY  
FASCISM

SELF-MANAGEMENT



I'M SICK OF PUNKS SAYING IT MUST BE TERRIBLE LIKE YOU MAKE IT TERRIBLE...  
LIMIT TOO GOOD  
TO BE A GIRL!  
FOR HIM

HEY, LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE A BIT OF A STUNNER TONIGHT. ANY CHANCE OF A DANCE?

## THE ULTIMATE INSULT??

Why is it that when a boy explains that he believes in peace and anarchy etc, its supposed to be great that he's going against the establishment? But when a girl says the same thing, the response is - 'yes but you're a girl.'  
Im pissed off with being treated by so-called liberated anarchists as long as I only say what they've said first. As long as anarchy is more important than feminism is put up with, but only in private so it doesn't show them up. After all we can't have people thinking that the anarchist scene is 'obviously' more important than feminism is. As a girl you have to get your ideas accepted before they settle down. But the only time its acceptable for a girl to run away is when shes running to or from a boyfriend.  
People wonder why there are hardly any girls involved in the punk-anarchy scene, and come up with the answer that 'well, blokes are obviously just to put up with us'. I mean its quite acceptable to be a bit wild before they settle down. But the only time its acceptable for a girl to run away is when shes running to or from a boyfriend.  
Why is it really great when boys wear make-up - but when girls do it they're just being shallow and vain? Why is it that boys sleeping with each other is so liberated, but girls sleeping with each other is so male to pick any other boys being sexist - but do nothing when they hear of see other boys being sexist?  
ARE YOU LETTING THEM DO IT FOR YOU?  
Does it really make an idea more important when its a boy's? If you think feminism is a minority interest - like racial equality - then just remember - over half the population in this country is female. So if you want an anarchist revolution...  
You THINK IS REVOLTING?  
Lovers of the world UNITE! Awaken the seeds of CONFUSION We are the minds @GITATORS

THE POVERTY OF EVERYDAY LIFE WILL CONTINUE... UNTIL WE SEIZE FULL CONTROL OVER THE DAILY CONDITIONS OF OUR EXISTENCE!



HONESTLY, HELEN--YOU'LL NEVER GET A BOY TO ASK YOU OUT WITH THAT ATTITUDE!



# MR LUGGYS AGONY COLUMN

five years ago? Kill Your Pet Puppy, however, has a vibrant malice tempered by a truly revolutionary spirit - it's almost certainly the only publication mentioned here that your parents would be horrified to discover you reading, and that's a recommendation I will understand if not appreciate.

It's the only true punk/anarchist provocation among fanzines today, and (more importantly) honestly with personal politics (the article on gay punks is both genuinely disturbing and warmly entertaining) while treating anarchy as a serious, practical alternative rather than just something to spray-paint on walls. Buy KYP (issue 4 is 30p from Rough Trade), and you'll never read *Sounds* in the same way again. Essential purchase. By comparison, *Panache* and *Vague* have almost been assimilated into the establishment press.

Luggy pictured advising anxious Turd Burglar fan (see below)

IT'S THE WHOLE HOUSE...WE MUST'VE BEEN BURGLIED!

## HE'S LEADING ME INTO CRIME

I don't know what to do. I love my boyfriend very much, but he's a bit rough. He's been in trouble with the police a couple of times and at the moment he keeps nicking cars for joy rides. He keeps asking me to go on the joy rides, too, and I've been too scared of losing him to say no.

Ant fan, Croydon.

## What is crime?

Mr Luggy says: How do you define crime?

I have no qualms about stealing food from a supermarket in order to stretch the meagre allowance I am paid by the government to survive on each week.

I have no guilt. It is ridiculous to feel guilty about stealing food to support your existence. Shoplifting is not a crime in my eyes, only others. The real crimes are perpetrated by the government, and all the other faceless people who have the money and power to help control our lives.

Shoplifters are labelled criminals but when some people pay the same amount for one meal in a restaurant as I am given in dole money for a whole week, there is something criminally wrong with the structure of our society.

Criminals tell me I am committing a crime, but who is there to judge their actions? God? There is no god. The Law? They control the law. They use it to keep their power.

# rotten advice

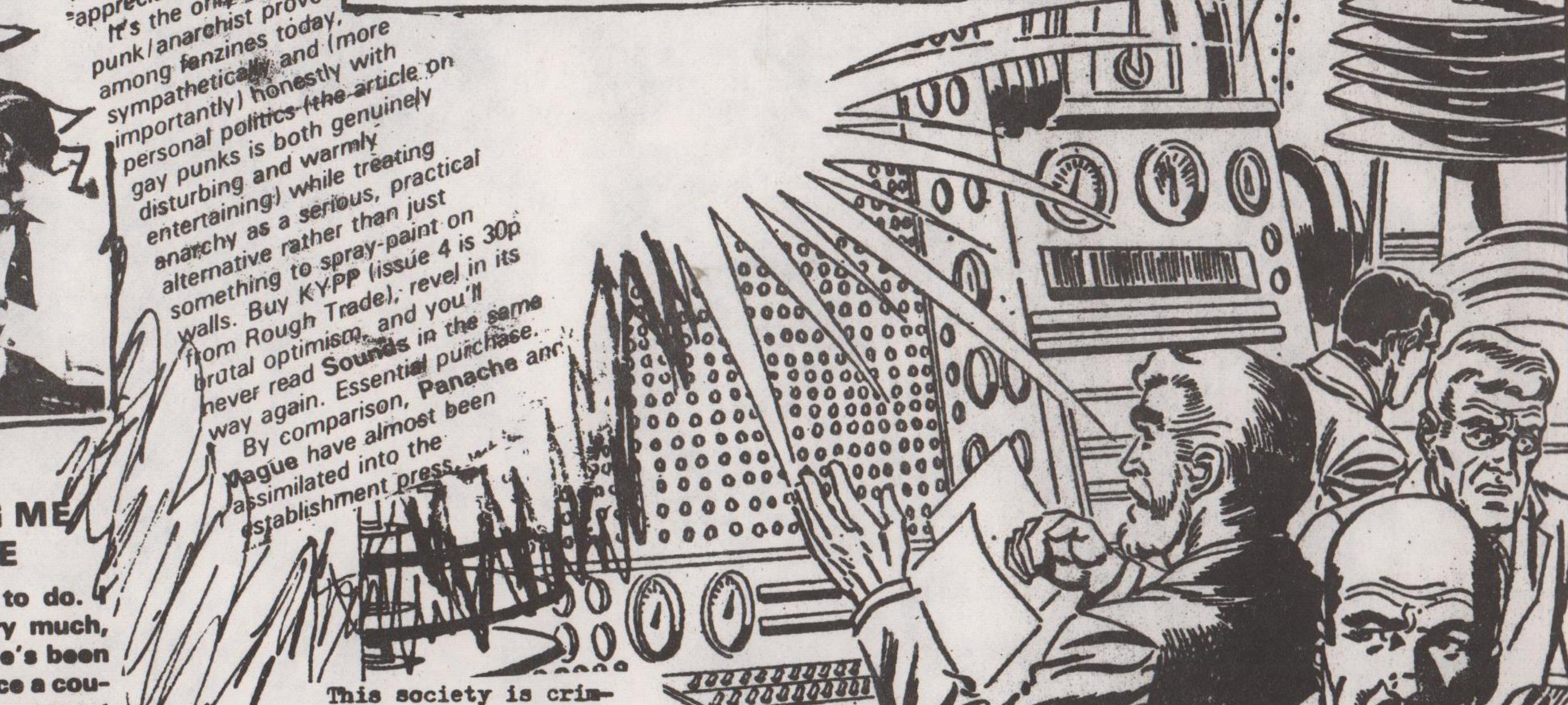
Gouged out with a knife on bark.

Toyah fan.

# THE THREAT FROM BEYOND

NEVER HAD THE SCIENTISTS SEEN SUCH A MAN AS EUSTACE BRAZOD? HE COULD BEAT THE GREAT ELECTRONIC COMPUTER IN THE MOST STAGGERING OF PROBLEMS! BUT NEVER WOULD MEN KNOW BRAZOD'S FULL KNOWLEDGE!

GET BACK! IT'S GOING TO EXPLODE!



This society is criminal, it needs to be changed - reject capitalism, re-distribute wealth. Remove all forms of oppression and power, all governments must go.

They tell us life wasn't meant to be easy, I have no intention of making it any harder... your cheese is my liberation. (2/1/82)

excuses like Christmas, Birthdays etc. to enjoy themselves? I certainly don't. The only thing that distinguished Xmas for me this year was the visit we paid to our local church to spectate at the midnight mass. It reminded me what a terrible thing religion is. As soon as we entered the church, we were stared at as if the mere presence of punk rockers and other bizzaros was evil. So much for loving ones fellow man, they were so fucking intolerant and hypocritical...even refusing to give us any wine or hosts.

They make me sick, they think that attending church every Sunday (without thinking) like zombies will make them 'good'. I bet they all went home to their mass produced turkeys ready after the service. Built on oppression and exploitation, the church is like any other big business :- God isn't dead... he/she never existed in the first place. DESECRATE NOW No Churches - No Power - No Gods - No Rulers... Anarchy is Life. (2/1/82)

ASK OUR EXPERTS ANYTHING

Q My boyfriend tells me he's a masochist. What am I to expect?

Turd Burglar fan, Herts.

The festive Mr Luggy replies: How did you spend your Christmas? I hardly noticed it - my local shop was open the whole time, I didn't really celebrate it at all, I have a happy day every day - who needs

UNCANNY

I have an extremely boring job in the Civil Service and am fed up. What I would really like to do is to work with plants in some way. I've never had any training but I know quite a lot about them and I do have green fingers. (2/1/82)

opened in felt-tip, daubed in whitewash, painted with a spray-can

# make up for men

## Gerrillas

Words & pics by Cory Spence

1) What you need !!!

(you don't actually need all of these - its up to you how heavy you want to wear it)

Foundation - as near your own skin colour as possible. / White Grease paint (optional) / Translucent powder (talc will do) / Blusher / Lipstick / Black eye-liner / Eye pencils in assorted colours / Eye shadow, powder or cream / Mascara / Black or dark brown eye-pencil

The Golden Rules !!!

- 1) always put everything on nice and thickly, theres no point in wearing it if you can't see it!
- 2) NEVER use cream blusher or liquid eye-liner.
- 3) Eyebrows limit your imagination. Best to shave them off completely - if you paint them on you can have them anywhere you want!
- 4) Don't take any notice of make-up advice in glossy magazines. The 'natural' look is for stiffs.
- 5) Boys should be clean shaven before putting foundation on.

WHERE TO START !!!

Foundation - apply small blobs to forehead, nose, temples, cheeks and chin. Blend in until face is an even colour. If you are using grease paint, crayon in thick lines going downwards all over the face and blend in. For a china doll effect, apply a thin layer of foundation, with a slightly thicker layer of white over it.

POWDER - is necessary to set the foundation, so you have a nice smooth base to work on. Apply powder all over face, then gently spread with finger. A nice thick layer of foundation and powder (face cement) will conceal the biggest spot or blackhead!

BLUSHER - (illustrations) Rub make-up brush in blusher and blow softly on it. Suck in cheeks and feel where the bone is. Brush blusher along the bone - from below temple to below middle of eye in an imaginary triangle on the face. A tiny blob of dark red or pink on the front of the cheeks (brushed in) can create a glowing effect.

(IMAGINARY TRIANGLE AS GUIDE-LINE FOR BLUSHER)

A Self-portrait of Cory (left), with Jake.



**EYES** - Really go to work on the eyes, they contribute most of the character of the face. This is where you should let your imagination carry you, should let your imagination carry you away and go really wild!

### PAINTING YOUR EYES

- 1) Using black eyeliner draw black line under bottom lash. Start off with a thin line and slowly thicken, a bit on each eye at a time, making sure they're even. Smudge into corners near the temples.
- 2) Draw black line around top of eyelid.
- 3) Apply Mascara in upward strokes to top lashes whilst making slight blinking motions. Unless lower lashes are exceptionally long, it is best to leave them.
- 4) Fill in lids with eyeliner or cream-on-waterproof eye-shadow.
- 5) If you have eyebrows, use a black or brown eye brow-pencil (harder than eye-liner). Thinly draw them in with upward strokes as if brushing can make them longer by across or slightly down

them. This helps give them more definition. You adding a thin line at the ends, either straight wards (d).

→ clever you are with a pencil, drawn brows can never look natural - so don't try. Draw on above the natural brow line for the best effect.

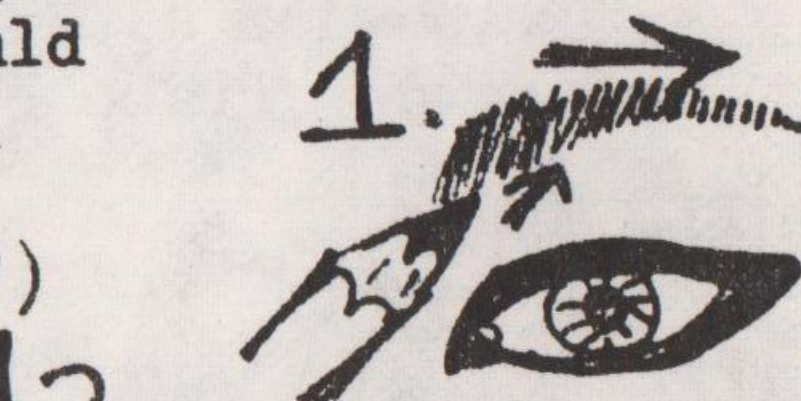
High pointed eyebrows, thick at the base and thinning out at the top, can look quite alien or even demonic! But remember you don't have to have eyebrows! Thick black eyes can have a chilling effect when peering through a white face.

Try spiders webs, squiggly lines from eyes to temples, stripes, anything! For colour on the eyes, there are many kinds of eye shadow; the powder based, which are applied with a brush usually have a solid matt colour unless they are 'pearlised'. The pearly ones have a glowing, shiny effect.

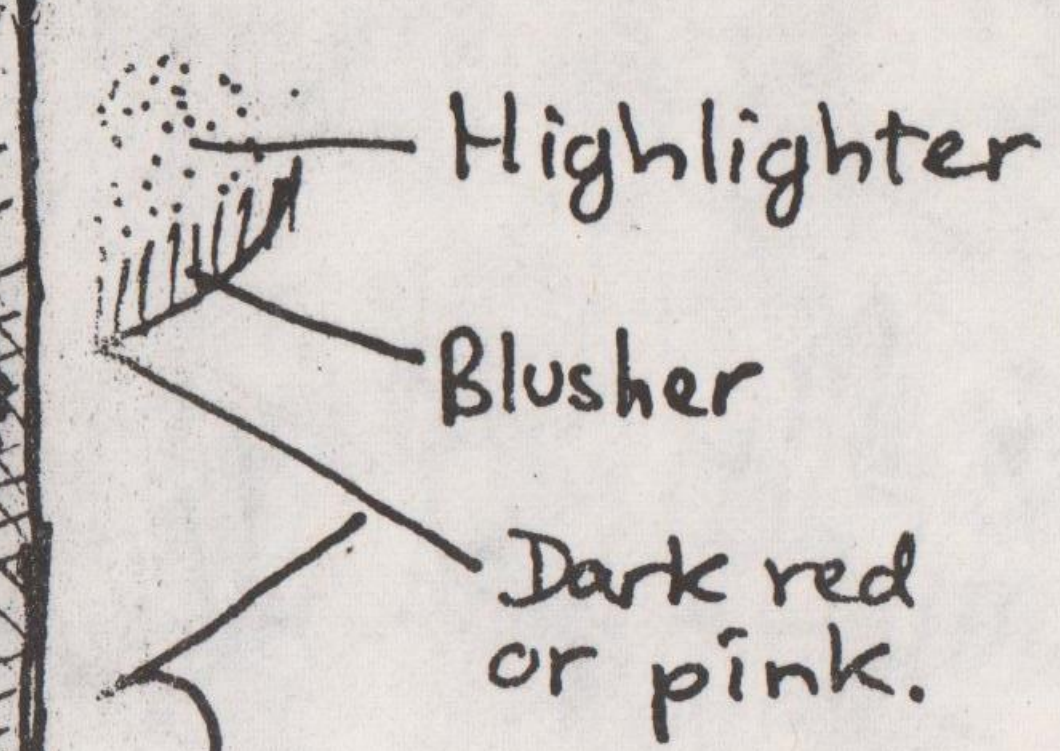
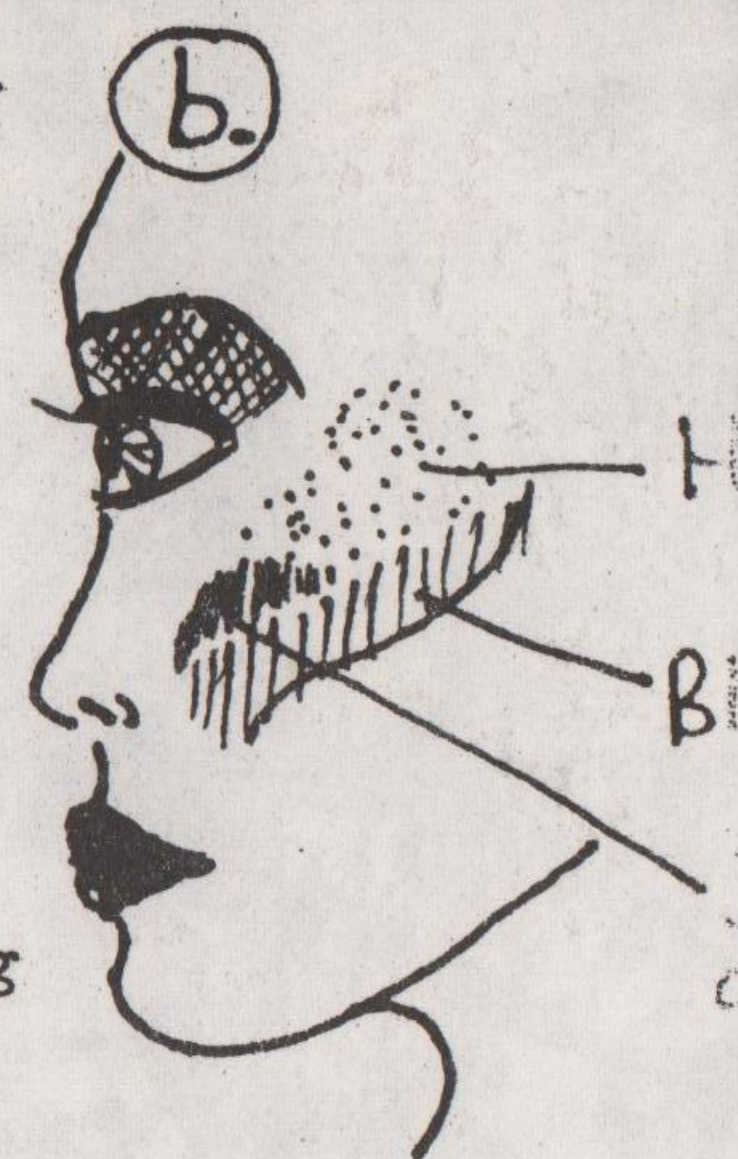
Lipstick can be used but not under eyes or on lids as it irritates the eyes. Smudged across under the brows it looks amazing in bright pink or red. There are some nice sludgy shaded lipsticks made by the cheaper brands. I have a really disgusting colour I found in a highly battered condition i call 'Thames-green'!

Eyeliner in various colours are useful for drawing guide lines to fill in with lighter shades, or you could have leopard - skin eyes. rainbows, bats wing ad infinitum... ('g' and 'j')

Pencil-in brows in upward strokes, from nose to temple.



make brows longer by adding thin lines at the ends.



- ### LIPS
- 1) Part the lips in an exaggerated kissing position and fill in with lipstick, taking care to stay in line.
  - 2) Smudge inside edge to lips together, carefully pulling lips in.

- 3) Repeat instruction '1' and dab off any smudges around the sides of lips.

For "bee-sting" lips, apply lipstick slightly above tops of lips and smudge in at creases of mouth. (i).

For black lips - fill in with eyeliner and cover with dark lipstick or lip-gloss. This can give you an effective 'heart-attack' victim look.

Some brands can be found in grey/black, dark blue or green. I happen to find green lips the height of taste!

### ADDITIONS

Beauty spots; a dot of dark brown at the side of the mouth helps 'bee sting' lips to stand out more, and contrasts with the foundation, making the face look e'en more pale or ghostly. Or you can draw two small dots on the cheek bone, just underneath the edge of the eye.

Thin black lines down the cheeks, with eyes and brows meeting at the temples, looks sort of Ancient Egyptian - a bit like Adam (before he sold out).

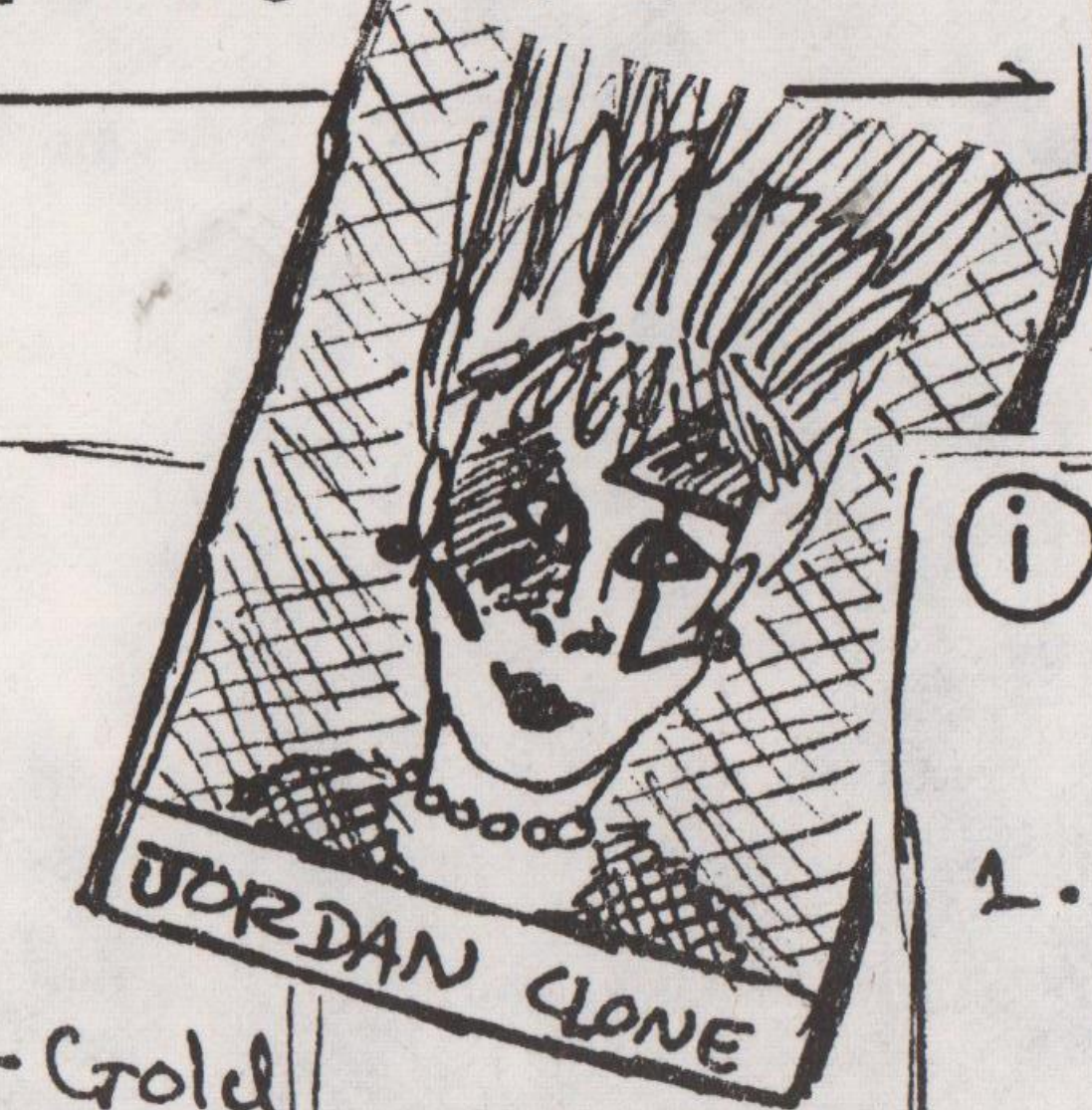
Try drawing tiny hearts, birds, spiders, bats, snakes, leaves or even @ signs on the cheeks, or at the side of the mouth.

All make-up really is, is a mask. A mask with endless possibilities, spend time experimenting with lines, colour etc.

You should soon find out which shades or whatever suit you best. For inspiration...the old Adam Ant, Siouxsie, Toyah (?), or if you like over the top styles, try Jordan.

Happy face painting - Cory Spondence

j. The Ancient Egyptian look

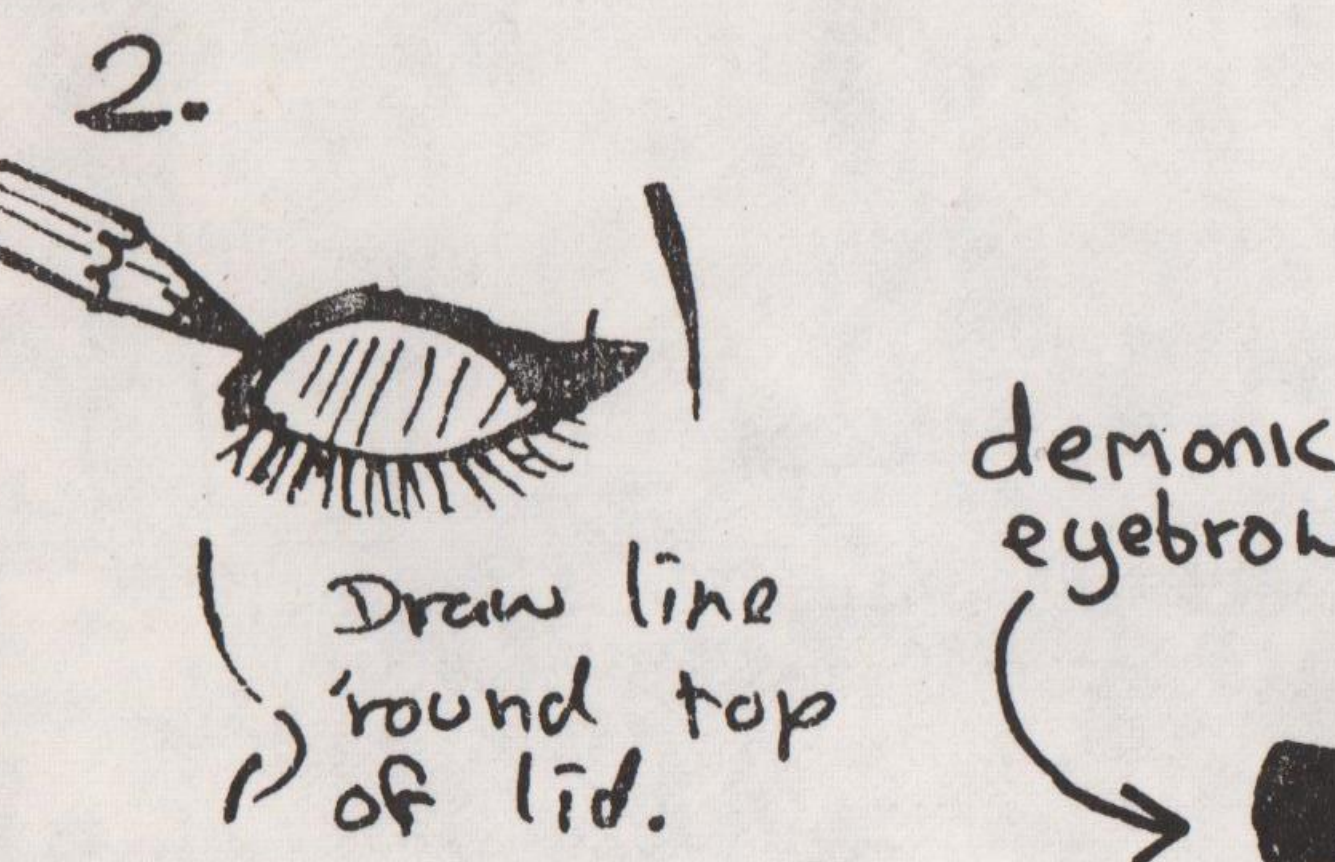
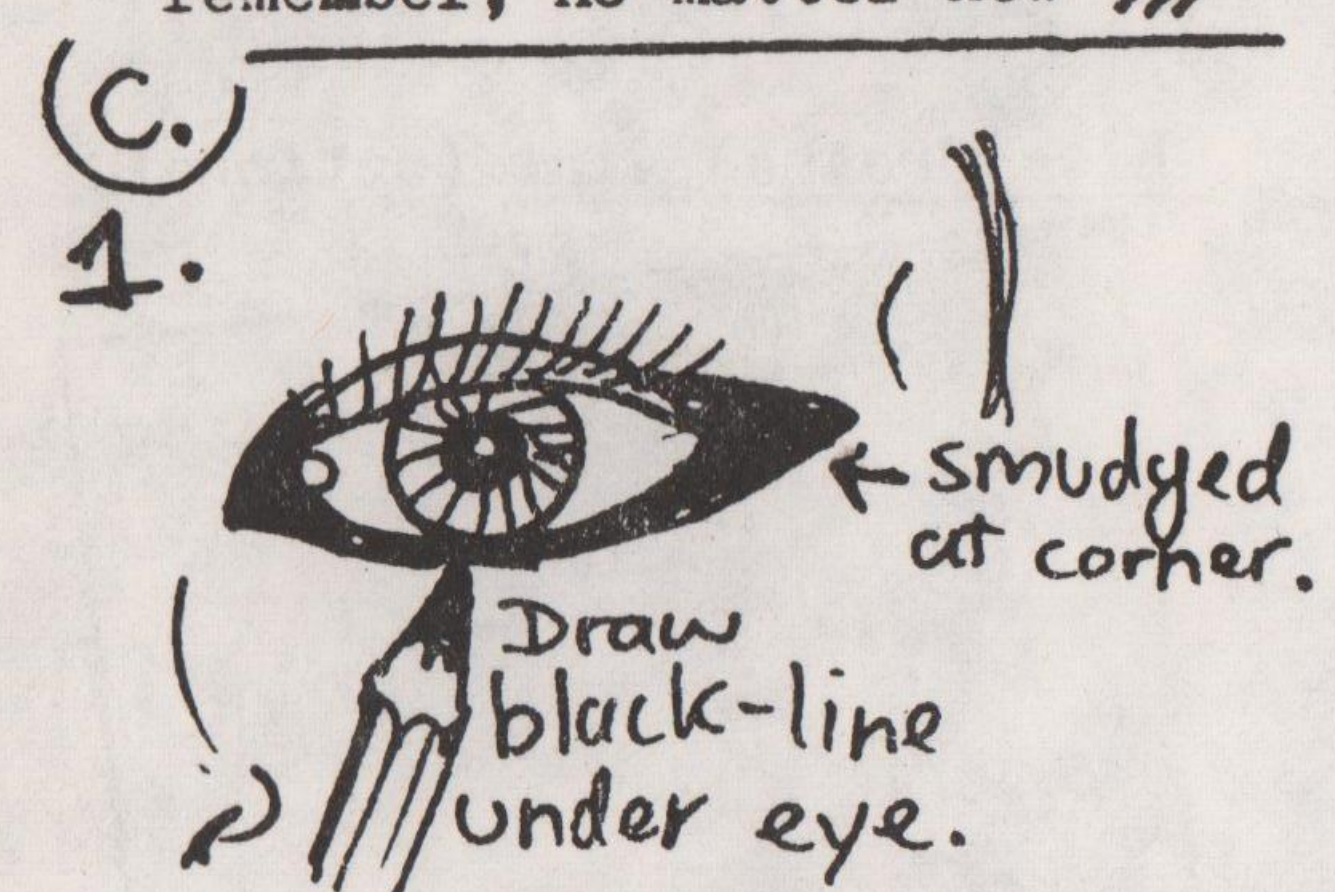
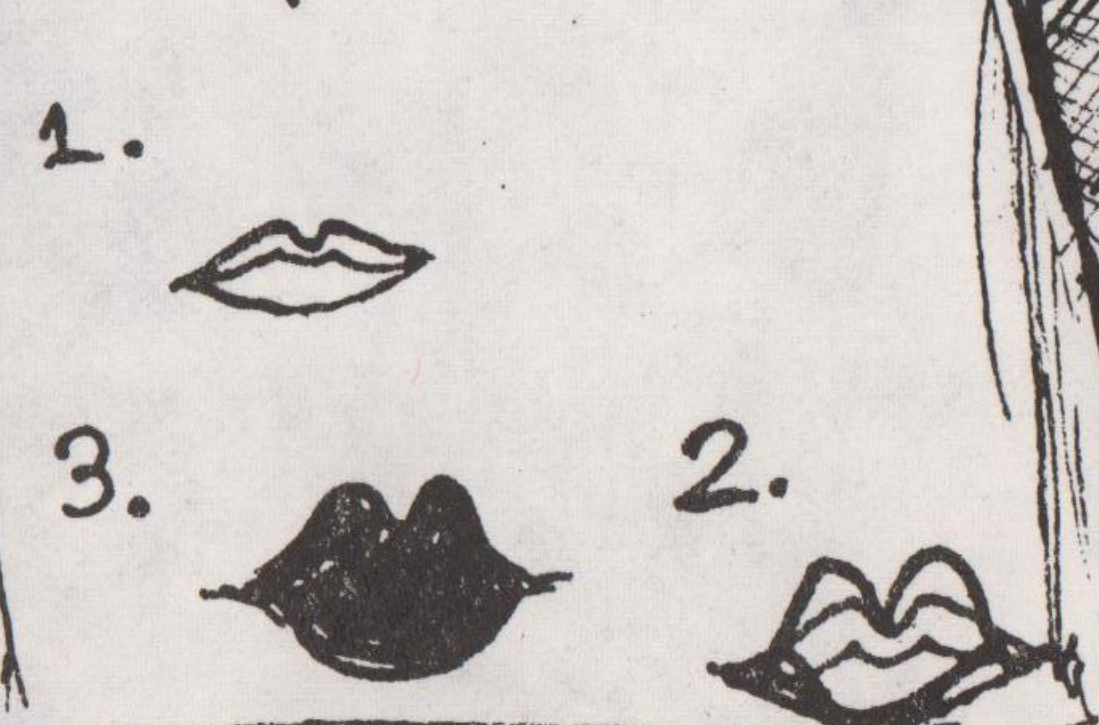


Gold ("your eyes should be your 'piece de resistance'!!")

1. Ideas for eye-make up.



i. 'Bee-stung' lips



Optique do a range of eye make-up which has been specially developed for wearers of contact lenses and sensitive eyes. For a list of stockists write to: Contactic Sales Limited, Beeches Road, Farnham Common, Slough SL2 3PS.



LEAVE YOUR POSSESSIONS!  
HEAD NORTH OR SOUTH  
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!

LICE

STOP LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW  
COME INTO THE GARDEN WITH...

*Handwritten: South of the border*

(by Kilty M'Guire)  
Dear Mum,  
Once again it's Bradford,  
which rarely erupts into  
such glorious sunsets as  
Southern Death Cult, but  
when it happens no one  
even cares about this  
flourishing town (eighth  
largest in the UK).  
The first and last  
town to have trolley buses  
; the home of the '3 in 12'  
club no less (which spawned  
today's heroes, S.D.C.).  
Me and photographer  
Statuette took them out  
into Bradfords fine  
suburbs, and into the  
long grass beyond. 'Photos',  
was our excuse to drag  
the buggers in an attempt  
to get them to the  
gothic (but meanwhile  
subtle) castle.  
Swathed but natural, in  
our leopard skin jock-  
straps and 'rasta' thigh  
length hair, we had been  
waiting for this sort of  
barbaric  
energy  
from a  
band for  
quite a  
while -  
"savages"  
was our  
plea at  
those end-

less gigs we went to  
- scornful were the  
looks given to us by  
lesser mortals.  
And then along  
came S.D. Cult,  
laugh? We  
merely  
bopped till  
we dropped,  
dropped till we  
rocked and got  
carried home and  
put under sed-  
ation.  
Sensual? SDC?,  
I suppose so,



Canadian brought up lead  
singer Ian only became  
proud of himself again  
since being in a band.  
"Fuck Off" he is apt to  
shout, if some neanderthal  
workmen should shout abuse.

WHEN THIS BABY HITS  
THE WORLD, IT MIGHT  
KNOCK THE EARTH OUT  
OF ORBIT. PROBABLY  
END LIFE ON EARTH!

Yes all this  
and more is why I  
even begin to  
start these things.  
All the girls I know  
want to fuck the CULT,  
so do all the boys. I just  
know I MUST dance to the  
rythms they can create,  
they ARE important, and  
believe me now or not,  
I dont really care, I know  
I'm as excited now as I was  
when I first saw the Pistols  
, Ants, Banshees, Theatre,  
W. Youth, T Bugglers  
etc.

Listen now or  
listen later, but you  
will listen.  
*Love XX Squire*









# ALTERNATIVE

in late 79/early 80,

After the Persons Unknown

Anarchist Conspiracy Trial,

decided to set up an Anarchist Centre in London.

the Poison Girls and Crass became interested

and agreed to donate the proceeds of a single to the centre.

## ANARCHY IN WAPPING

in 1981, premises were found in a warehouse in Wapping

The first Autonomy Centre was born. by November it was discovered that

there wasn't enough money coming in to pay the rent. (£50 a week), the Scum

Collective, arranged a benefit gig. Enough money was made to pay

that weeks rent and it was decided to have meetings and gigs every Sunday.

## THE NEW CHURCH

Before the Wapping Centre, the meeting place for many of those who were

later to form the Autonomy Centre, had been the St. James' church squat in

the Pentonville Rd. Somehow out of the chaos, an atmosphere developed.

something was starting to happen again.

Unfortunately, before we fully appreciated the place, it caught fire, did

AT Wapping we found a new church. It was still chaotic, but we

were learning how to handle it-spontaneous organisation, burning the rubbish

And it was fun, it was more than just another venue, because anyone

could get involved: on the door, behind the bar, on stage, or when he heard of

helping to clear up at the end - to unblock the toilet! yard was ready

IT WAS COLD AND IT SNOWED "I asked myself: 'Why don't I take it over?'"

All through the winter more and more people found their way despite the

blizzards, to the Metropolitan Warf. There wasn't much inside, a couple of bare

rooms, soon covered with posters, graffiti and paintings; no heating, a dodgy

kettle, tidal toilets, a tiny stage and a smaller p.a. There were usually

six bands a night, weather permitting. Drink, food, tea, coffee and anarchist

literature provided at bargain prices. height of the

## NOTHING LASTS...

And many said: "Maybe you c do it. We own the the teeth and you can have it."

Then, just as we felt we were managing to achieve something, the landlord

stepped in to stop the noise. It was February. With no entertainments

licence, no fire licence, no drinks licence and no proper lease, it looked

like the end. No gigs, no money, no centre.

# We're working working

With so many of today's youngsters lining up in the dole queue it's good news when you meet a few who have managed to make it alone. They're their own bosses and success has meant working all hours, but when you're doing what you want in life, who cares?

"It's no longer the old posey decadence. It's the real thing. People are not just talking about it anymore they are actually living it."

— very happy teenagers indeed

18

THE AUTONOMY CENTRE WAS DEAD. We were

out on the street with nothing but a pile of chairs, a list of bands

wanting to play, the name and the blessings of Crass.

may take one she

yard. nate may

ful, but p of faith

about it

ids," she

ne. What

I'll never

ed taking

now."

By the as back with it.

girl? "In ig," she

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but that ice I got

and a only big

nt into truck

office will

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nate may

ful, but

p of faith

about it

ids," she

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I'll never

ed taking

now."

# hard but we're for ourselves

"WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN"

We weren't going to let it die. The Sunday gigs had given us the confidence, given the chance it could happen again. Anarchists survive.

Within two weeks we had the use of a couple of rooms in a Spanish anarchist squat. The first meeting was beautifully chaotic - no equipment no bands and about 20 people; just like the old days. We improvised, tribal percussion with pieces of wood, cider bottles and lager cans - a chant, "We shall live again..." Slowly we did.

was a 14-year-old schoolgirl. I learned to make soft toys at night classes and began turning them out as presents," she told me. "Then a girl in the factory where my mam worked was leaving to have a baby and I made her a kcal bear. The other girls all wanted one. So I began making them to sell. First I worked in the front room at home. When I began spreading into other rooms, Dad said: 'If you want to make a business of this, our savings are in the bank for you.' They'd a lot of faith in me."

## A boom in b at Christ

ALL FOR £1

"By then I'd g into a few shop neighbour we ganising a party scheme for me I went with my to the Washing Development Corporation, told them what I'd done and if I could moved in

HERE WE GO AGAIN

estate. Now we were ready for the next step.

LIKE JACK MURKIN

Before the 2nd May, approaches had been made by major venues seeking

collaboration, the chance to use more publicity to reach a wider audience

to claim that we had "won". But if we have the potential to attract

2000 (one venue's estimate) why should we start working through the

straight business now? Why not try and go a bit further on our own?

We are ready for the next move. Plus whatever anarchic insanity we can arrange.

URBAN GUERRILLAS IN MAKE UP

We intend to go with the energy that is building up - to the limits

of our expectations and beyond. With these events we intend to demonstrate

what can be done by anyone - Organise the Imagination! They are just the

outward manifestation of a process of anarchic alchemy - its not boring

politics or simplistic slogans - its everything your parents warned you

against. Out of the ruins of this society we are creating our own lives,

a new world in our hearts. CSEs at school. Other girls did far better than

that and they're on the dole now."

Sometimes it is called Movement For Gay Vegetarian Abortionists (Living In Squats, Getting Stoned On The Heretical Sciences), or more simply the Lost Tribe. Alternative

# CENTRE

NOT JUST ANOTHER VENUE

It could be the beginnings of an upheaval as profound as punk - these seeds of dis-satisfaction do have a habit of growing once they have germinated.

## BUILD YOUR OWN @ CENTRE

Again there could be no publicity, due to eviction threats. Again we began

to break down the barriers between spectators and participants, between

audience and organisers. At least now there was a kitchen, a proper stage

and a room to talk and read in. It wasn't easy, every week another crisis,

another nervous breakdown: no mikes, no drums, no food, no van, no lights -

the police are here, someone just got arrested... the toilet's blocked.

Eventually it all began to work, to prove our point. Anarchy is a promise,

not a threat. And people are enjoying it.

On Sunday 2nd May 1982, after one mention in the gig listings, over

500 people turned up to see Rubella Ballet, Conflict, The Apostles, The

Assassins of Hope and Amsterdammed. 400 managed to squeeze in.

We made £35, but the important thing was that it happened.

17-year-old Jason Don- ire, has two O levels and e sees many of his more dole. And, he also has almost by accident, but his initiative, artistry

bought me an electric gan producing poker- illustrated letter racks, I took some to a local house for 45p each. That

"When I left school I was going to join the a few months until I was re poker work, featuring tches, one of our local shed a batch Dad would areas so I could open new as doing quite well. One o do a poker work sketch h in Haworth across the hat sold well. So I did the re Branwell Bronte used m on which Wuthering

But Jason did not think of poker work as a business until his Dad managed to find a small shop to rent in Railway (Please turn to page 27)









no envied the miller? (below)

**LETTER FROM WINDY**

a strange, disturbing missive from Windy Miller, at the moment in Manila on his Oriental tour with the Windmills. We print it in full.

Your Deliverance from Sin, Oppression, Depression, Alcoholism, etc. — a wind-mill or a water-mill?

What does this mean?

I was christ, I did not die on the cross 2,000 years I have waited, no-one found my tomb, the rock remains I saw no angels, no magdalene. I slept endless sleep in deathly pain I have screamed, my flesh decayed worms feast and I am bound - chains and cords, rubber and leather. The 3rd secret of Fq'tima Christ was betrayed, betrayed and Trapped beneath the earth.

I hate, my hate is strong, nothing but blind hate kept waiting, [me alive, I hate my father, my priests, disciples and worshippers in the tombs they call churches, too long have I waited in darkness, I dream my dreams flow out and walk the earth, I whisper into minds, your mind, at night my dreams steal the flesh of sleeping-

**MYSTERIES OF THE UNKNOWN**

**STRANGE VISITOR!**

LET'S GET BACK TO CIVILIZATION... FAST!

FEEDING your fears and Fantasies of revolt, rebellion, subversion.

I watch the sun rise, spreading its rays, I see the evil I see the good, nothing matters. there is no heaven, there is no god.

I climb upon the mountain and behold the stars so close and frozen.

Where is the energy, all the lost power? Words not enough to cross the abyss.

No strength no passion. nothing at all.

The Warrior lord of the eighties looks up at the dog star Sirius and smiles.

The son, behind the sun, is rising.

At the summit of the unclimbed mountain, rising from the frozen edge of the sea, lies the last great secret, immortal, the unthinkable angle, seen at last in perspective, that glimpse penetrates beyond beyond presidents and popes and their images of horror.

Vampires flee, panic stricken, exposed, as all crimes are paid in full.

There are no fences, or frontiers that cannot be broken and crossed. I am the hawk headed god, Horus, all gods of men are flesh/false love is the law, love under will, every man and every woman is a star.

1. Which of the following words could be used suitably in describing the miller? lazy; envious; happy; contented; industrious; frail; shy; healthy.

TO LIVE OUTSIDE THE LAW YOU MUST BE HONEST

DON'T JUST SPECTATE PARTICIPATE

CEKAP AMANAH

ERSH

YEAH... THIS IS BEYOND OUR UNDERSTANDING

(by Genghis Khan)

close the eyes of life to ones who sought to

SLAY THE UNIVERSE BORN ON FIRE FIRES OF HATE

time SONS OF ARATHOTH

time SONS OF ARATHOTH

HOLD THE FRONT PAGE!! I've just come back from phoning a RASH PERSON - and I've had a rash idea, because I (and A.L. etc) think the RASH cassette is so great (an audio equivalent of Pet Puppy and stuff) we'll offer it to you wonderful readers at a reduced price of £2.25 (incl p.p) thru KYPP.

STOP PRESS

send money to address on page 2