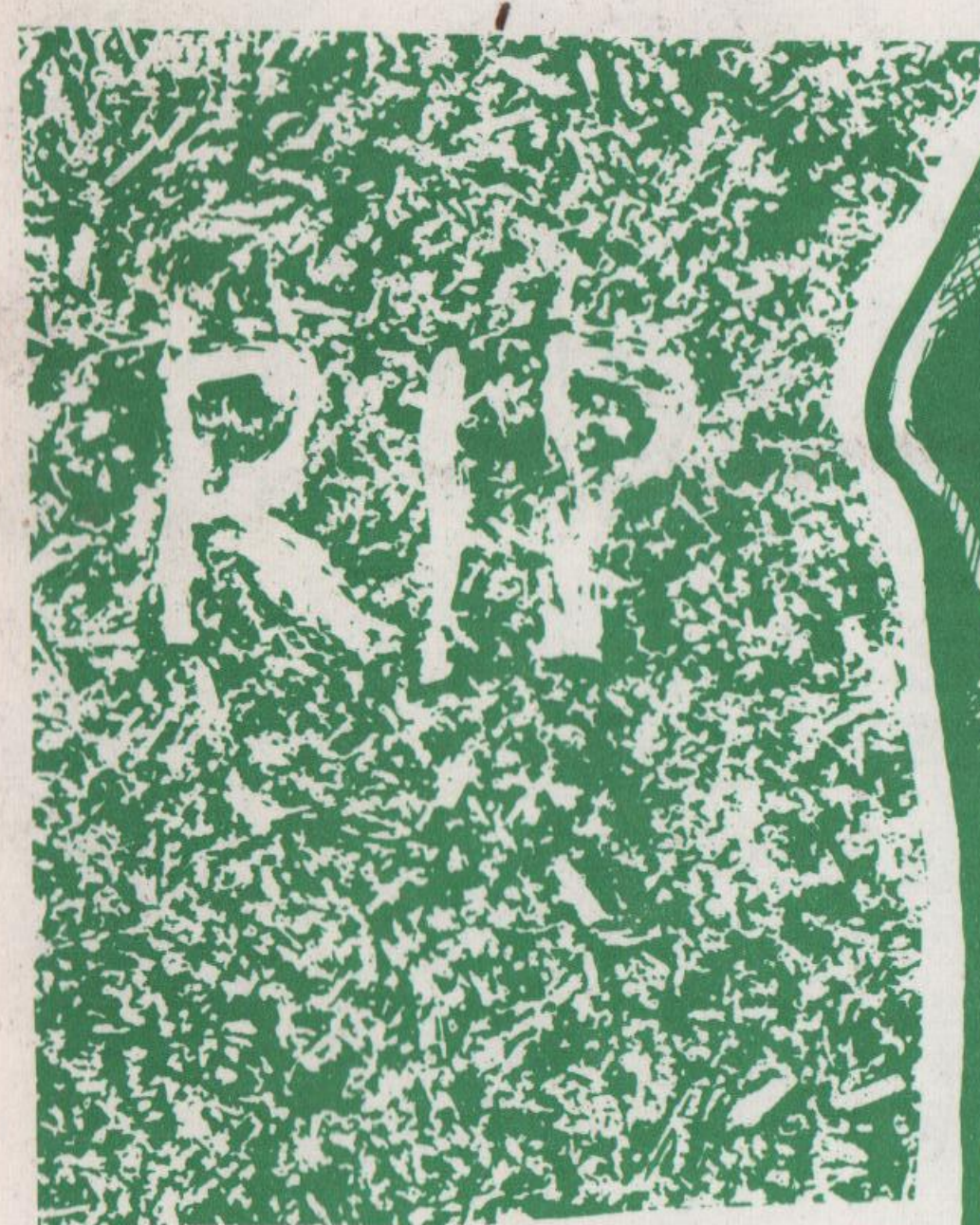


THIS GREEN
AND PLEASANT
LAND

NO JOBS
NO JOBS
NO JOBS
NO JOBS



MOLOTOV



POETRY - DEAD?

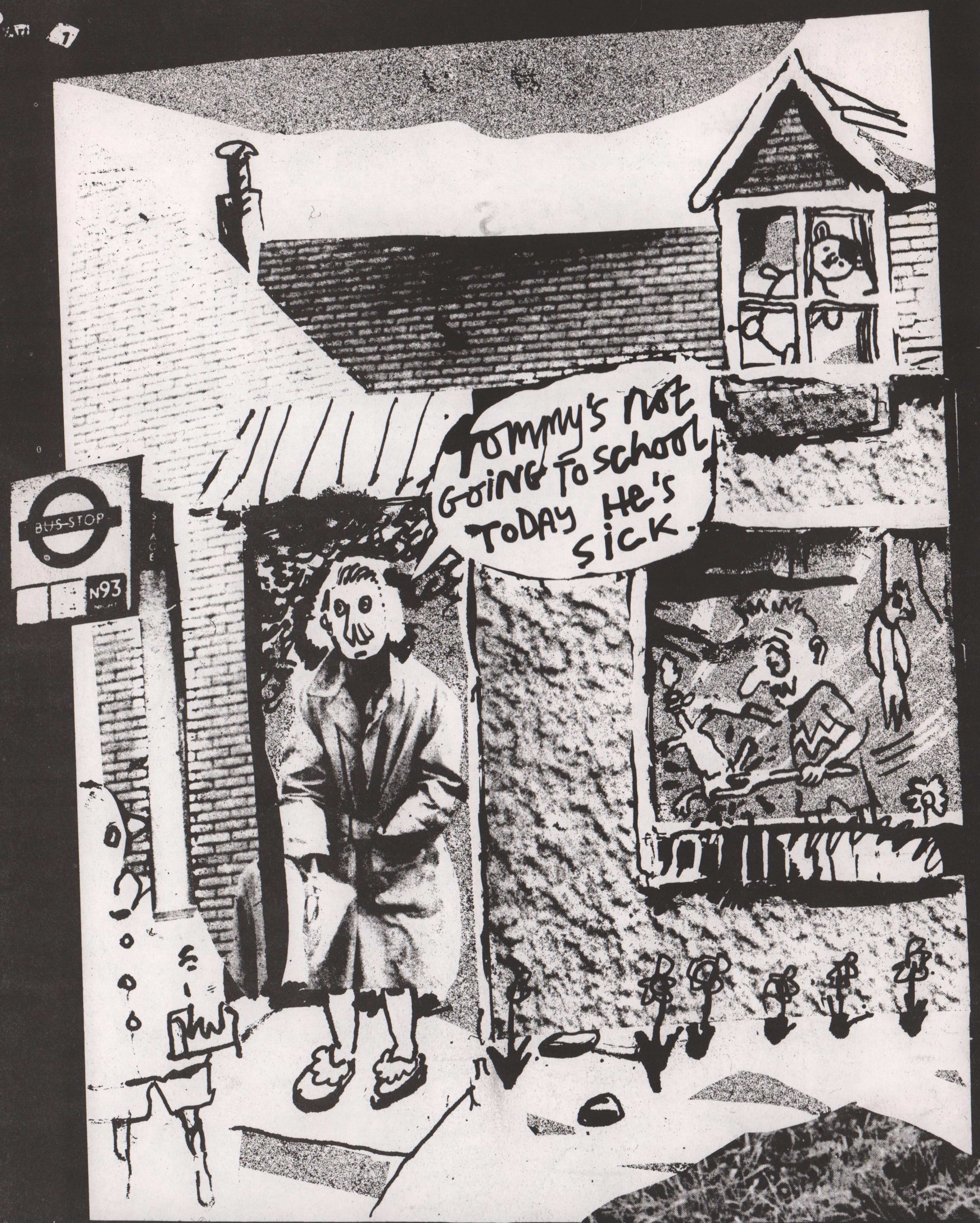


Molotov Comics
No Spin of 67

30 P

POETRY - The Wake?

YES!



Mysteries OF TOMMY Trip

MOLTOY COMICS!

ALL OUT ATTACK

on a bourgeois cul-de-sac



niet belangrijk wie we zijn en hoe we er uit zien. We willen geen persoonsverheerlijking bevorderen.

Aan de hand van de live-optredens wordt deze stelling gestaaft. De band verwisselt de rolpatronen onderling nogal eens; nu eens zingt *Amey*, dan weer stapt *Hugo* naar voren. Een mobiel gebeuren.

'Het is een democratische poging om tot één komen. Er zijn geen Wél is er een bijeenkomst nieuw (swingend) ontwikkeld, waarop Ja hoor, zanger draagt een Slits-broek zo'n verdacht dan de anarchistiese op hij de melodie muzikaal geweld sterkt de bewijszaak ook King moet ben, al gaan zij dacht schuil achter re glazen van een Jon: 'De ideeën die ge van onze songs slinks, zonder meer. betekent niet dat dat Er zijn veel mensen die zeggen dat ze het heel goed vonden hoewel ze het verder niet begrepen hebben. Er zijn verschillende niveaus waarop je van de dingen die wij doen kunt genieten, met name een puur fysiek niveau, dansen, etcetera. Er zijn andere niveaus, vanuit een persoonlijke

Geboren in Leed jaar geleden. Jon schrijven dan al en in de geestdrift vinden ze *Hugo* wordt gestart met maar door de achteren eigen te

moet een kans het en zijn ogen ver achter de donke zonnebril. mijn

ik een regel waarin ik een bepaald element beschrijf over wat er gebeurt met politieke gevangenen in Noord-Ierland; die tegenstelling, snap je? Of *Damage Goods*, waarin Jon over het falen van een persoonlijke relatie en ik in

daar dan over zoals Zuid-Afrika bijvoorbeeld. Dat is onzin. Er zijn veel songs die wél over politiek gaan maar geografies niet gelokaliseerd zijn. Er is bijvoorbeeld een song *Ether* waarin Jon een regel zingt over de aspiraties die mensen hebben met betrekking tot een bepaalde levensstijl. Dan zing ik een regel waarin ik een bepaald element beschrijf over wat er gebeurt met politieke gevangenen in Noord-Ierland; die tegenstelling, snap je? Of *Damage Goods*, waarin Jon over het falen van een persoonlijke relatie en ik in

don verklaart, dat ze de mensen aanmoedigen om na te denken.

'En alleen dat al', zegt hij 'is meer dan alleen maar naar een concert gaan en op een neer springen.'

'Maar de enige song die echt over een geografies bepaalde politieke situatie gaat, is *Ar-Rifle*', springt *Amey* bij. 'Dat is één van de eerste songs en het gaat over een verschrikkelijk moordenaar die de Engelsen in Noord-Ierland gebruikten. Als je van van

ANALYTIES

'Rock muziek zou alleen maar amusant zijn, met andere woorden, politiek neutraal. Dat is niet waar! Rockmuziek blaast veel repressiviteit nieuw leven in, bijvoorbeeld hoe vrouwen...'

neemt over: 'In de klassieke rocktraditie zingt de man over de vrouw die hij geneukt heeft of gaat neuken.'

opnieuw *Amey*: 'Die vorm onderdrukking gaan wij we proberen de mensen moedigen iets analytisch te zijn over de manier over andere mensen

vergelijking

parson

es

nk

Er

r&b;

zikale

er een

esje uit

rk, r&b;

er een

te voorschijn

soel, funk, terw

men het

experiment niet schuwt. Grillige structuren en een afwijkende instrumentatie vormen de latere pijlers, maar elitaire isolatie wordt handig ontweken middels een erg open en herkenbaar geluid.

'We wilden dansbare muziek maken en een synthese zijn van alle verschillende ideeën en invloeden. Rock, gemixt met zwarte funk en allerlei

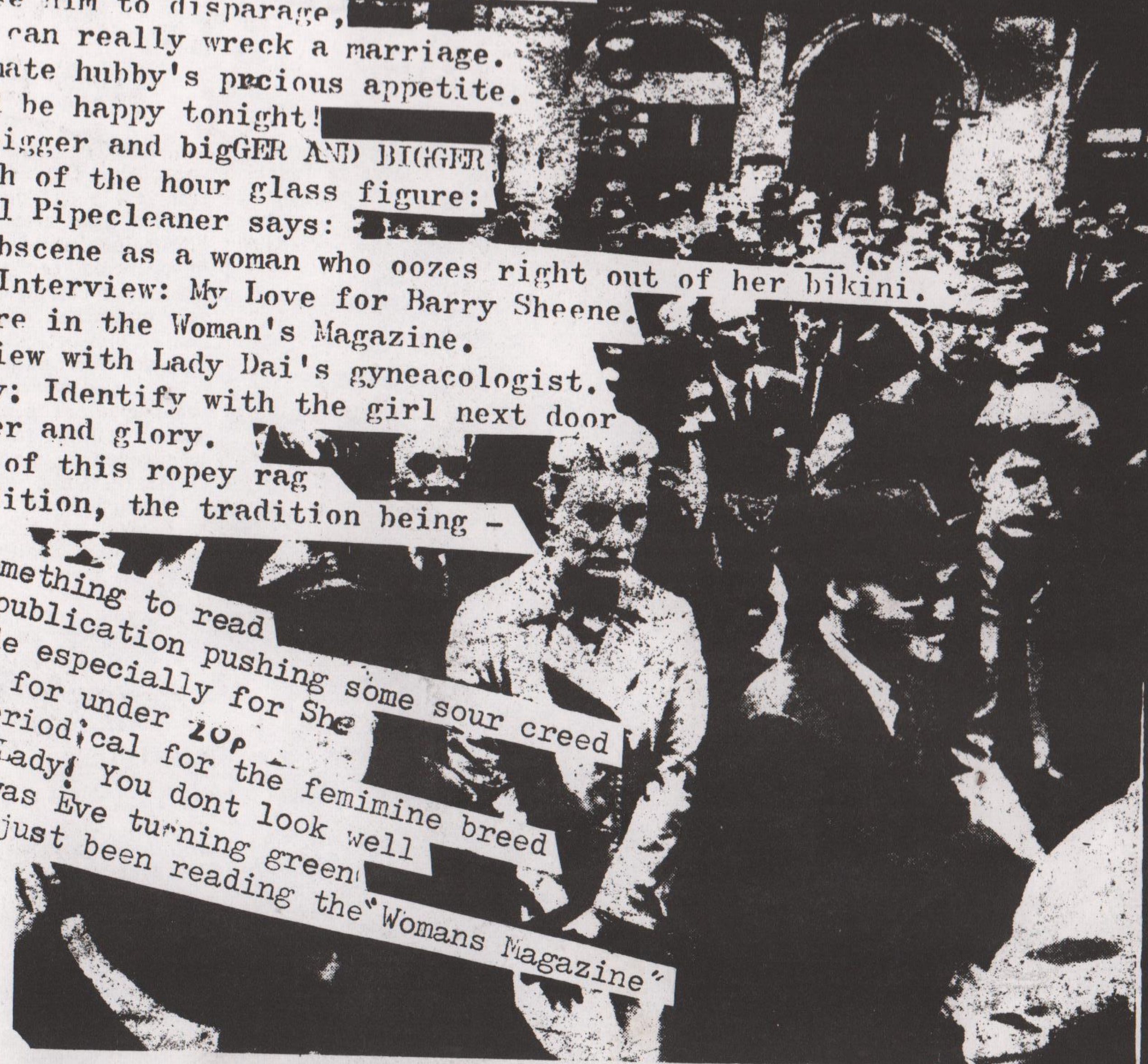


OWN WEEKLY WOMEN'S REALM

There's a gorgeous lips competition
 Compete for the winner's purse.
 A four page pull-out on skin care:
 Drive out unsightly hair and hidden dirt.
 There's a perfume survey - Don't you want to smell nice
 For the big, fat, stinking baboon in your life?
 Learn the art of speed crochet,
 See all the latest fashions.
 Plus! A speight of highly complicated winter knitting patterns.
 There's a short soppy story by 'Davinia Schmalz'
 A Hospital romance - 'The Angina Waltz'.
 So whils' the kids are in the creche
 You can stimulate your brain.
 Read how Wendy Craig copes with kids, career and migraine.
 When the housework's done, flick through the pages
 Read how Barbara Cartland dies her wig and lies about her age.
 There's a quiz to find out if you're 'The ideal Mother'.
 Advice on how to stop your man falling for another -
 Bad pastry will cause him to disparage,
 And tasteless gravy can really wreck a marriage.
 So! Never underestimate hubby's precious appetite.
 Use our recipees and be happy tonight!
 And whilst he gets bigger and bigger AND BIGGER
 You must go in search of the hour glass figure:
 Sliming expert Ethel Pipecleaner says:
 There's nothing so obscene as a woman who oozes right out of her bikini.
 Special feature- An Interview: My Love for Barry Sheene.
 All this crap and more in the Woman's Magazine.
 Next Week! An interview with Lady Dai's gyneacologist.
 It's the Inside Story: Identify with the girl next door
 Who married into power and glory.
 Get the next edition of this ropey rag
 That hangs on to tradition, the tradition being -
 Keep HER gagged.

Something to read
 A publication pushing some sour creed
 Made especially for She
 All for under 20p
 A periodical for the feminine breed
 Hey lady! You dont look well
 It was Eve turning green
 Shed just been reading the "Womans Magazine"

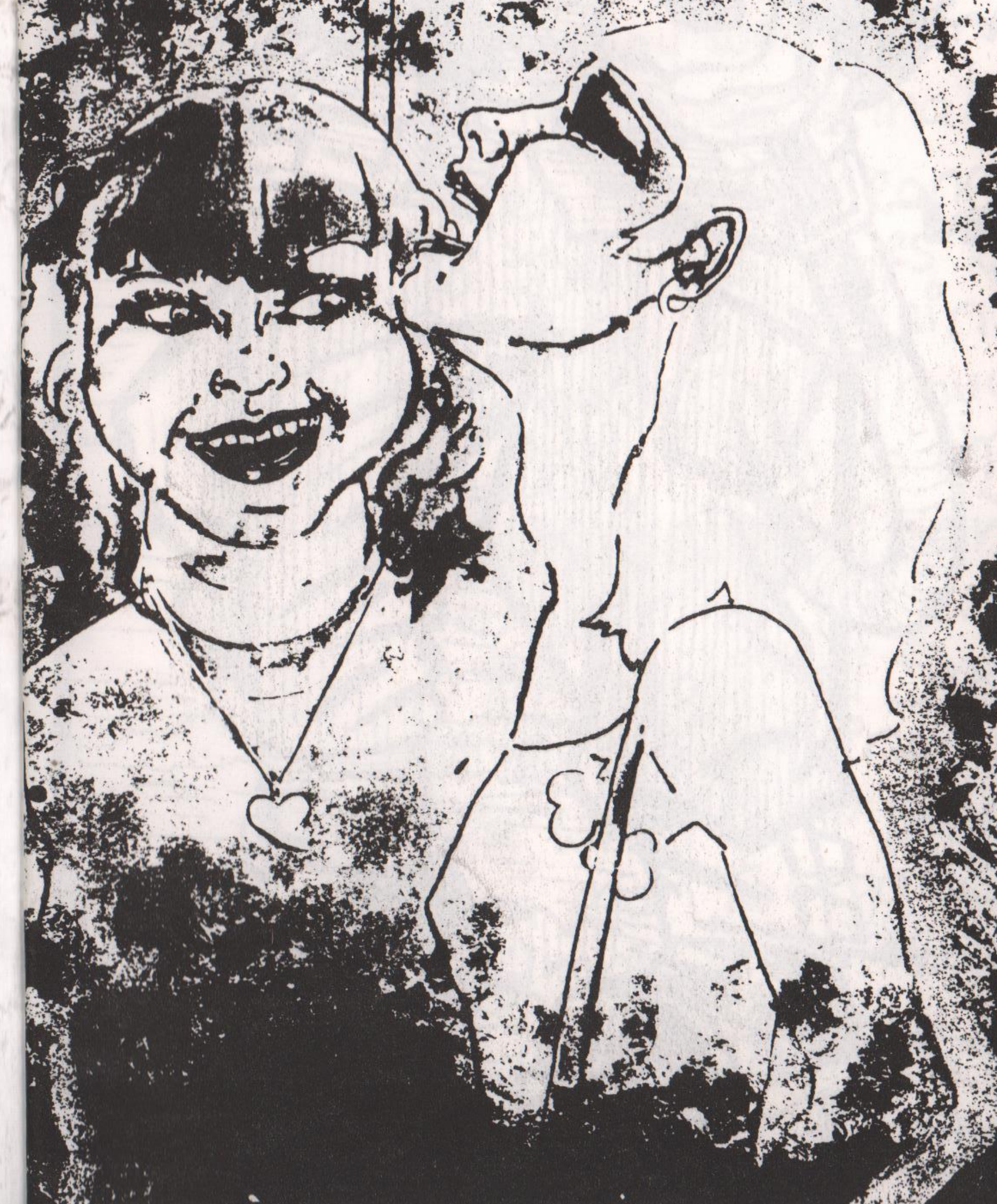
A SHEFFIELD
 RANT
 by
 mark
 mi
 woodz



Mucky Lassies

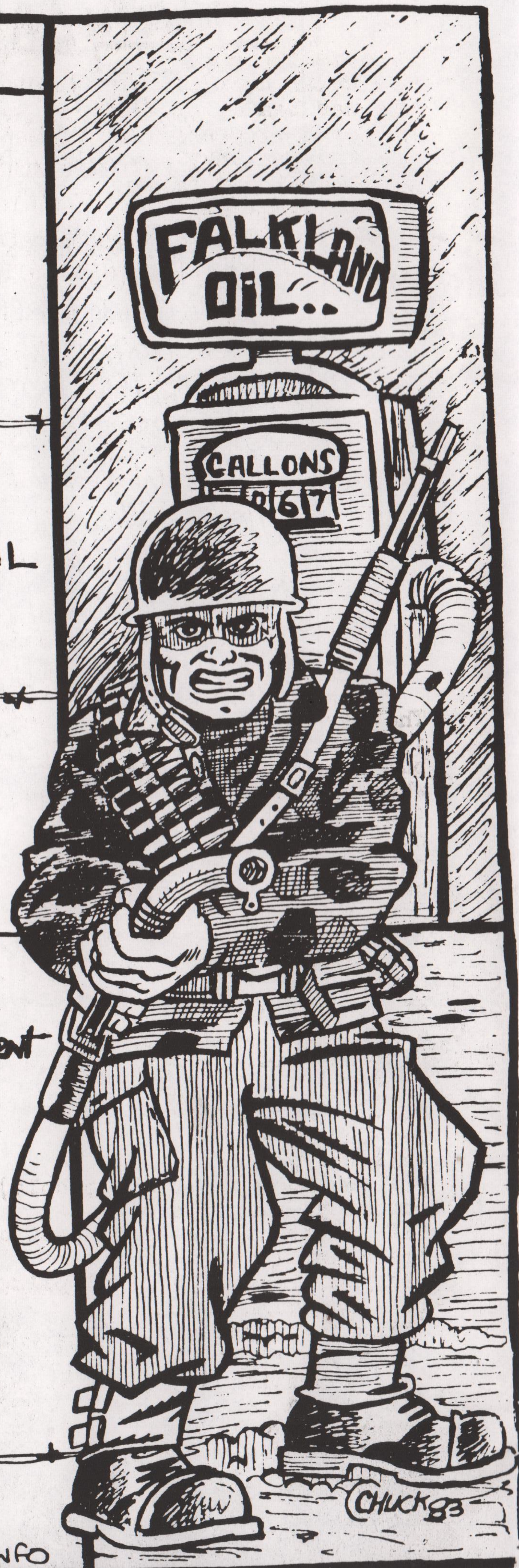
A scurrying covey
 A coven of women
 A trio made vulgar
 By make-up and drink
 One is a bleach blonde
 With lifeless hair lint white
 Throws back her head
 And laughs at the sky
 Prostitutes harlots
 Whores slags or scrubbers
 These are the names that you give
 When you've bought what they sell
 What drives you to buy
 What you can't bribe your wife for
 What makes you despise what you
 Lay out hard cash for
 Immoral disgusting illegal obscene
 You get what you pay for
 Just hope its not POX

Jooz ©



BLOOD FOR OIL

UP TO their NECKS
 IN MUCK AN Bulliet's
 Fighting FOR A ROCK
 WITH OIL UNDER IT
 IT'S FOR THE PEOPLE
 WHO LIVE UPON IT
 DONT TALK SHIT it's OIL THAT'S
 WANTED
 COS PEOPLE DONT COUNT
 IT'S MONEY THAT'S TALKING
 FOR THE CAPATILIST WORLD
 WHERE THE ONE'S WITH THE OIL
 CONTROL THE WORK'S
 THE ESENTIAL HEART
 OF THE CAPATILIST WORLD
 SO DONT GIVE ME SHIT
 ABOUT THE COUNTRY
 PEOPLE'S RIGHTS
 AN FUCKING SOVRENTY
 IT'S OIL THATS WANTED
 NOT PEOPLE'S CHOICES
 Digging FOR Victory
 WHILE LIVING THERE FOCKET'S
 COS THE WAR MONGERS IN PARLIMENT
 OWN ALL OF THE ARMIMENT'S
 FACTORY'S AND SHIP YARD'S
 MISILES AN Bulliet's
 COS THEY PAY FOR THE OIL
 IN THE BLOOD OF YOUR SON'S
 HOW MANY DEAD BODY'S
 TO RUN A CAR??

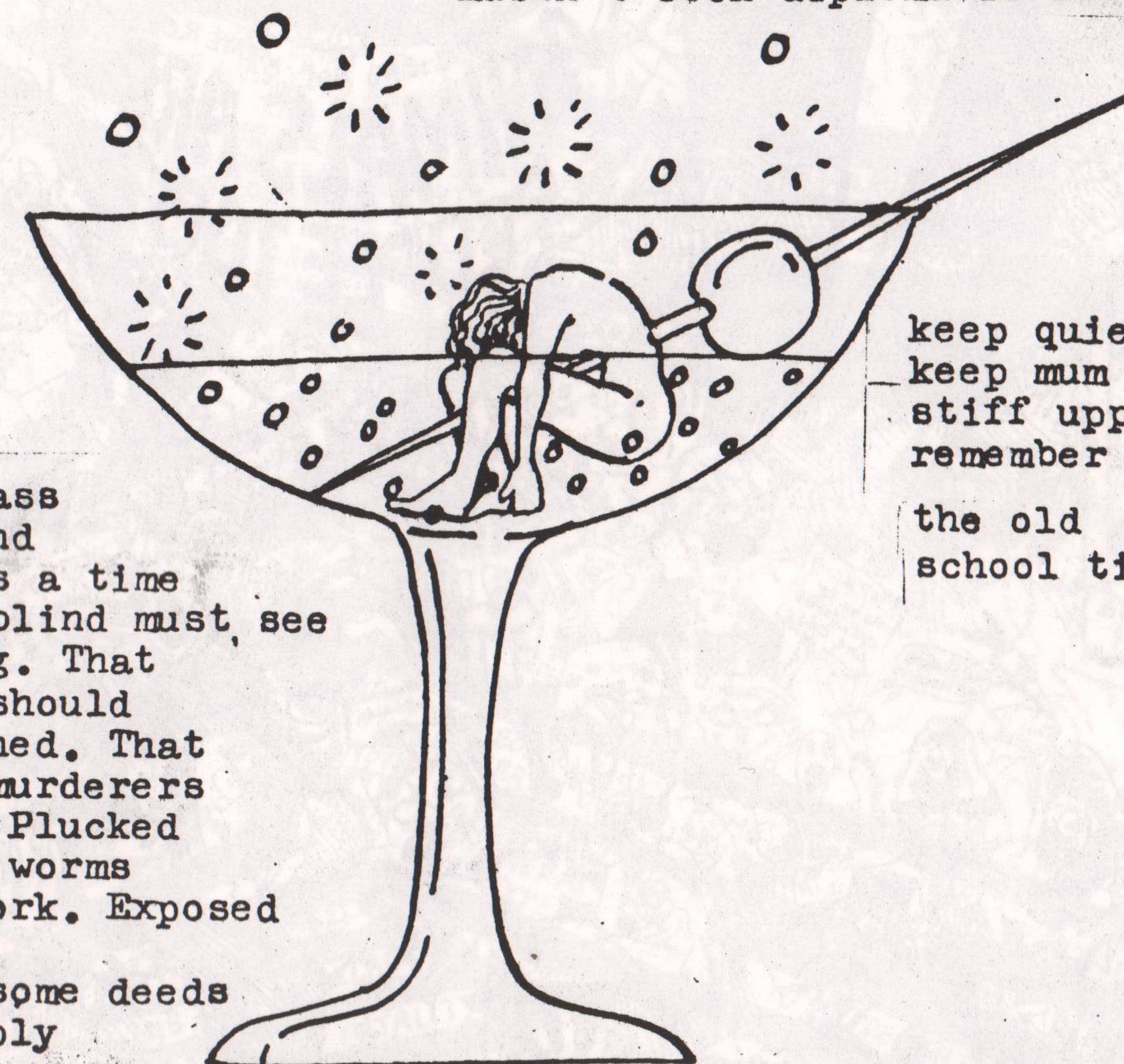


GOFORIT MEGA 1....
 GINGER JOHN 1983 ©
 IPSWICH 221126 ← PHONE FOR GIGS/INFO

Privelige

This is the one
 for Helen Smith
 who was beaten to death in Saudi Arabia
 murdered by pissed-up jet set thugs
 who thought they could get away scot-free
 by tossing her battered body aside
 like a used rag
 into the night

They knew they were safe
 perfect crime even
 dead girls don't talk
 when murder's the topic
 all lips are sealed
 at the Foreign Office
 don't make a scene
 can't have a scandal
 mustn't cock diplomatic relations



The law is an ass
 justice is blind
 but there comes a time
 when even the blind must see
 that it's wrong. That
 bestial crime should
 not go unpunished. That
 smug, smiling murderers
 must be found. Plucked
 like wriggling worms
 from the woodwork. Exposed
 in the light
 of their loathsome deeds
 and made to reply
 for the same

keep quiet
 keep mum
 stiff upper lip
 remember
 the old
 school tie

ILLUSTRATION: TOOLZ

Privelige means
 you can do what you like
 kill who you like
 (if you know the right people)
 murder young girls
 (if you throw the right parties)
 break any law
 (if you grease the right palms)
 (fly the right flag)
 (lick the right arseholes)
 phone the right folk
 when a problem occurs
 'Hello old bean
 we've a murder here
 could we please have
 the fix-it brigade?'

Privelige, it seems
 is a power without limits, morals
 or mercy; a pickaxe power, without
 parallel, pity or pride
 Privelige didn't kill Helen Smith
 but it built the walls
 for the guilty
 to hide behind

Willi Beckett

Call the Press!

MOLOTOV DIRECT ACTION PIN UP #1
This month "Animal Liberation"
CHOP CHOP hurry up!



FORKIN ABOUT MY GENERATION
Animal Research Centre

As a serious disturbance, more of a flesh in the pan...

Fancy meeting you here!

IS THIS A STAKE OUT?

EAT ME YOU BITCH DIVIL!

KITTY
Have a break have a KITTY-KAT



WITH THANKS TO EVERYONE AT WILDBLOODS
Performed by JON LANGFORD 15/2/83
after a large meaty vegan breakfast

'BRING ME MY INVENTIONS' CRIED THE 4TH EARL OF SANDWICH

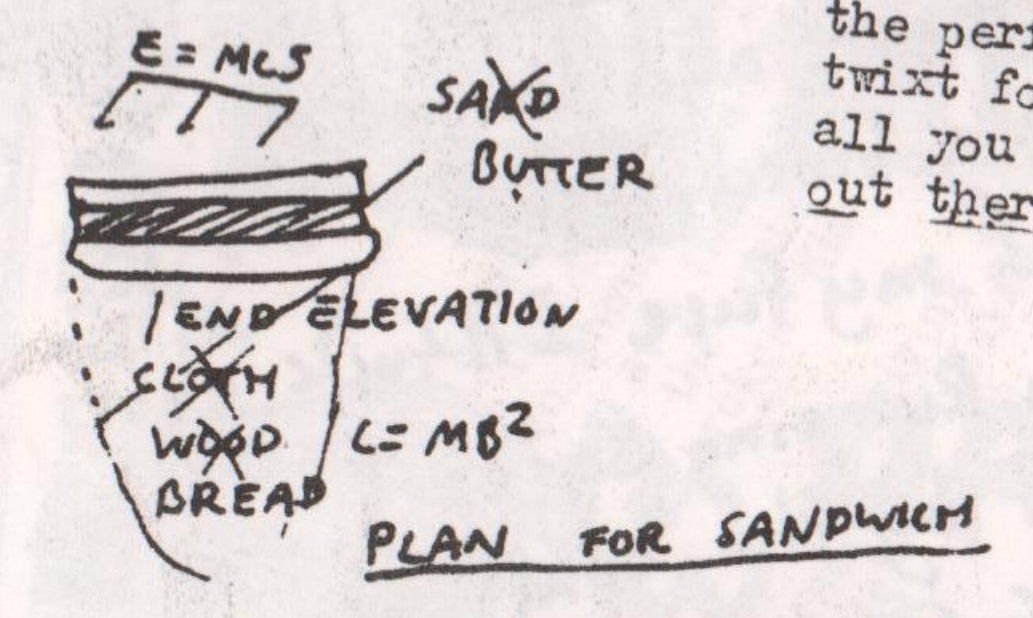
By Mr CARLTON B. MORGAN (who is Welsh)

'BRING ME MY INVENTIONS' CRIED THE 4TH EARL OF SANDWICH
SO BRING ME THOSE THINGS, THOSE THINGS THAT I MADE
'BRING ME MY INVENTIONS' CRIED THE 4TH EARL OF SANDWICH
AS HE PLAYED
NUMBERS FASCINATED THE EARL, HE EVEN HAD ONE IN HIS NAME

CIRCA THE EIGHTEENTH BIG GAMES
CHANCE, CHANGE + THE WHIMS OF FAME FORTUNE
THE EARL OILS THE WHEELS RATHER THAN EATING MEALS
HIS STOMACH PIT RUMBLES HE GRUMBLES GROWLING
IMPATIENCE A GNAWING AT HIS INSIDES A SWIFT
DASH TO KITCHEN AREA DOWNSTAIRS, BURSTS IN
SCATTERS SERVANTS, SLICING BREAD
PLACING BREAD BETWEEN...
IN THE MANNER TO WHICH
WE ARE NOW SO VERY ACUSTOMED...

Thus it is at last come to pass
the sandwich is invented
after centuries of struggle
before this occurrence
we must conclude
the serving classes and the poor
regularly busying themselves
with the feeding of the pure-bred,
landowner folks
had not the wisdom or inventiveness
to even conceive phase one of this project
despite the presence of all the basic ingredients...
bread butter cheese etcetera
failing to even conceive the notion
that the insertion
of things between other things
would result in such a result
materializing
utilising perhaps a mere number one piece of bread
or three and no filling
the latter option unappetising
the former leaving unfortunate jam
on the interior of ones briefcase
on the data therein
Monks in Tibet placing nothing between nothing, thus;
NOTHING
nothing
NOTHING

scientists placing gases between liquids
folks spreading spread over objects such as rocks &
yet all of this activity stopped & ceased
when the 4th Earl fell upon the secret
the sandwich
the perfect marriage
twixt form & content
all you arty types
out there



NEWS SOON SPREAD OF THIS WONDERFUL
INNOVATION
THE HUMAN RACE MAKING SANDWICHES
OF THINGS ALL OVER THE PLACE
BUT DON'T FORGET IT TOOK AN ARISTOCRAT
TO THINK OF THAT!

MOLOTOV COMICS NO.6
IS STILL AVAILABLE
FLAT 3b Belle Vue House, Belle Vue Rd
Leeds 3. W. Yorks

FLIPPING GOOD FANZINES.
ATTACK ON B'ZAG: LEEDS
TIGER RAG: IPSWICH
COOL NOTES: LONDON



RANT AGAINST RELICS

(Stolen from TIGER RAG)

Here's a kick up the arse,
the sixth edition of Molotov
Comics, featuring poems,
graphics and what-not from
the likes of Jools, Seething
Wells, Little Brother and
other newer names.
Swell's tells LOP that it is
"non-boring, non-poetry from
northern geniuses". 22 pages
of entralling mind bizzed
junk for the price of three
packets of crisps.
There's certainly enough in
it to make it worth reading,
and for 30p who can com-
plain. Though it has
overplayed the tough 'n'
angry image so that it whiffs
a bit of machismo. Still,
there's a lot in it to pick and
choose, showing that the
printed word is not dead as a
means of self expression
these days.

LEEDS OTHER PAPER
SOUNDS
HUNTING FOR A FUTURE?
The latest issue of the pioneer
street socialist scribble sheet
Molotov Comics hits just
popped through via the pigeon
post. Available for 30p plus
SAE from Flat 3b, Belle Vue
House, Belle Vue Road, Leeds;
MC no 6 is the best to date and
comes packed with prime
protest prose 'n' poems from
the likes of S. Wells, Atilla,
Garry Johnson, Bati
Bondage, the Newtown
Neurotics, Little Brother and
piggy kings and porcy princesses.

LEEDS STUDENT
Comics
MOLOTOV COMICS
ISSUE NO. 6
"The Leeds' student popu-
lation accounts for about 25%
of our total sales. This being
because they are several
times more stupid than the
rest of the nation's stupid
population, who'll buy any
shit they're given". So said
Seething Wells over his pint
of milk and doughman's in
the Telly Bar.
He and John Langford
started Molotov Comics in
1981 as a campaign against
"Hitler's birthday party" - for
instance, about "the creeping
growth of admiration for,
and even acceptance of Third
Reich" fashion, style and
taste"; or "Gentlemen of the
Wrist" - "a rant about pins-
tried posers". Scornful, sar-
donic, satirical. Molotov
Comics sticks up two fingers
at anything remotely
authoritarian. The diatribe
sometimes becomes tirade -
as in Hiram's Zatz's alliterated
"Piggy Kings and Porcy
Princesses", or Seething Wells's
"Tough Tonka Toys for Boys".
Angry humour and vigor-
ous cartoons save Molotov
Comics from becoming
depressing, and there is a hint
in its very extremism that it is
not to be taken too seriously.
It'd be easy to pull it apart,
but the sentiment is there...
"It tells you the TRUTH about
things. THAT MATTER. If we
say SHIRT BLOSSOM we
mean SCOTTY POLLISH not
SHRUBBERY."
LUCY O'BRIEN

CITY LIMITS
Molotov Comics no 6 (unpiced: 50 Flat 3b,
Belle Vue Rd, Belle Vue Rd, Leeds 3) Smarter
and thicker (no not) than ever, the new issue of
MC delivers the ranters' goods yet again:
furious denunciations of unemployment
statistics, sexual repression, fascism, the
Royal Family, etc. Rant Against Relics are
joined by other street poets from Bradford
and Leeds: the aggressive visuals match the
tone of most of the poems, providing a fine
Morarty.

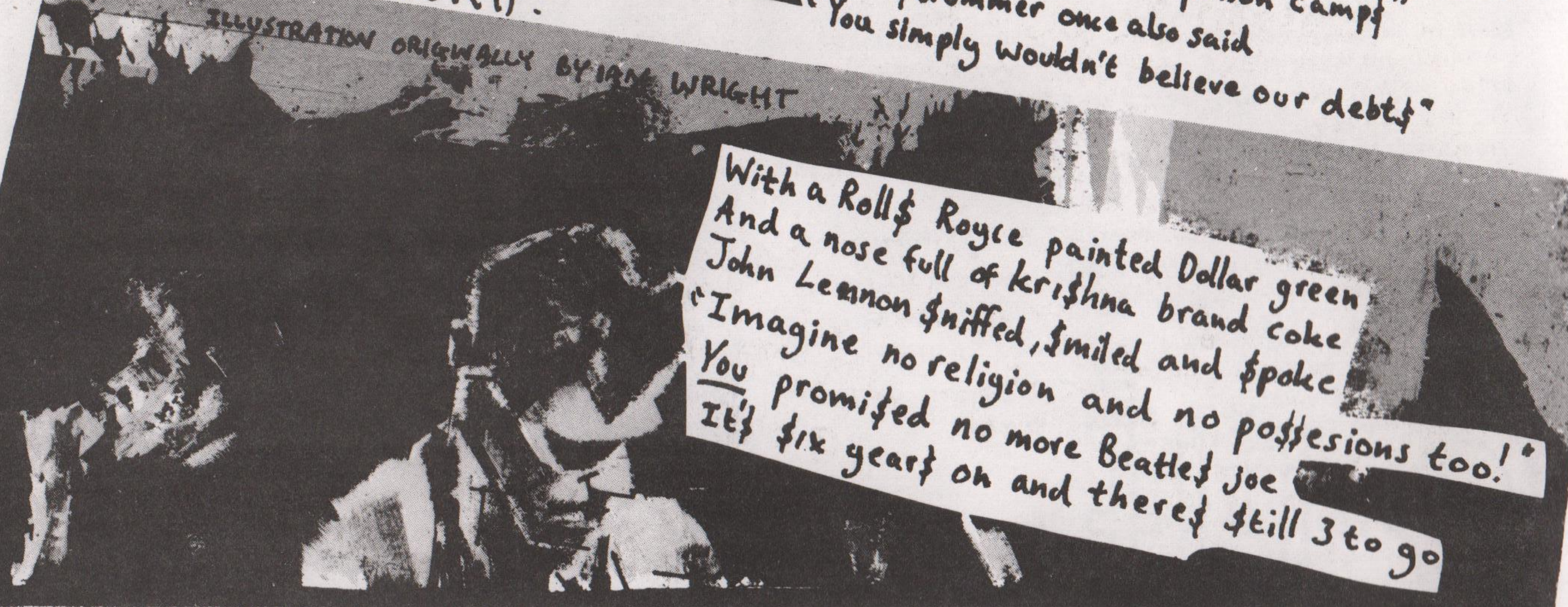
Beki Bondage (quiver) is just
one of the lusty contributors
to Molotov Comics, a collection
of radical ranting verse from
the likes of Swells, Atilla, Cal
Johnson and Steve Drewett
currently on sale at all the best
Cxbridge Poetry Readings (Shome
mistake here shurely - Ed.).
What with this and Liverpool's
Another Day Another Word prole
poetry collection it seems like
the jolly old poetry establishment
are in for a rough ride from street-
susted youth. Will ye no come back
again Cal Johnson? We don't
know but we think we should be
raia preferably over a large round
of drinks.

UNKN

IN LOVE WITH THE ROCK 'N' ROLL WOODS

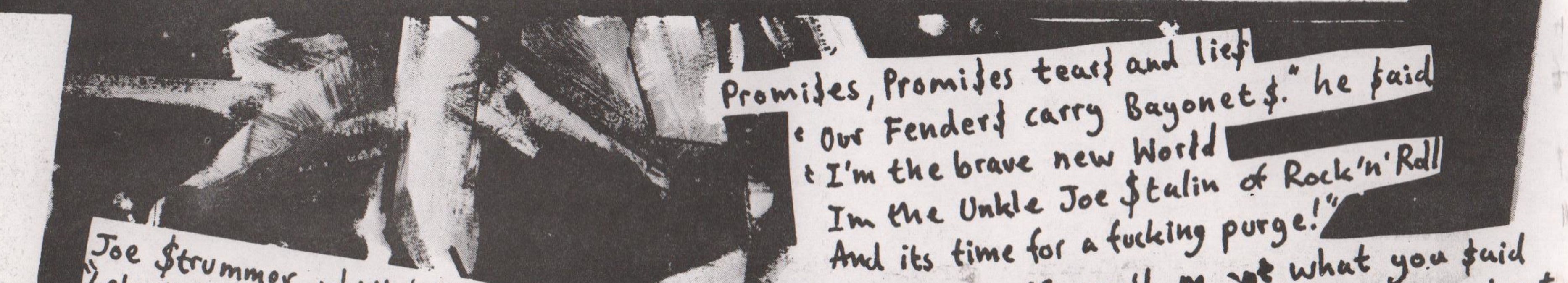
JOE

Joe Strummer mouthed to a music hack "Let's put the rich in prison camp" Joe Strummer once also said "You simply wouldn't believe our debts"



With a Roll\$ Royce painted Dollar green And a nose full of Krishna brand coke John Lennon sniffed, smiled and spoke "Imagine no religion and no possessions too!" You promised no more Beatles Joe It's six years on and there's still 3 to go

"It's just ass-kicking rock 'n' roll"



Promises, Promises tears and lies Our Fenders carry Bayonet\$ he said I'm the brave new World Im the Uncle Joe Stalin of Rock'n'Roll And its time for a fucking purge!

Joe Strummer whistled thru the gaps in his fangs Lets put the rich in prison camp Well here's a quote from Seething Wells In the room for hypocrites as well In the Gulag a go-go The all night and every night Prison camp for parasites Siberia plays host to the Where the bouncers are commissars And you cant sniff the show

Too right Joe if you'd met what you said If it wa\$nt just your teeth that were bent

Promises Promises tears and lies Youve been knob gobbled By the you scratch my face I'll fuck yours Running dogs with Running sores You've been bought off by the cough and drop providers of smack You drop the ideals And we'll cough the Adcers up

LOST REVOLUTION

It's the '77 Soixante Neuf You can still lick arseholes in complete control Joe But you cant bring a coup off When they're cut your balls off So why dont you fuck off And join the Rolling \$tones. SEETHING WELLS WHO HASNT SOLD OUT YET. BASICALLY BECAUSE NO-ONES MADE HUD AN OFFER.

Sir, I wish to reply to last week's front page article on the "Rant Against Relics" event in the Fringe Festival. 1. The mature performance was unimpressive (there was no "sex act") and the accompanying two photographs of persons not present on the occasion were irrelevant. The evidence presented for the angle of the story was insubstantial and when we examine it closely we find it ridiculous. With regard to thest controversial controversy over the poet Seething Wells' "sex act," I attended the event and along with everyone I know of who was there I found all of the poems this evening enjoyable and thought-provoking. Sadly it seems that the response of one "21-year-old secretary" constitutes a front page lead and an editorial comment. The incident cited was no more than 30 seconds in an event lasting two-and-a-half hours, and was so insignificant that I had completely forgotten it until the arrival of the "Advertiser" on Friday. Since then I have hunted in vain for the storm of protest I found assured "Seething Wells neither "revolting" or "disgusting" - to me it was obviously intended to be humorous, and not to cause offence - the publicity for the event made it quite clear that this event was not for "arty" protesting" acts performed of "Anti" poetry at H

4. The Fringe gave warning of the content of the event in the following words: "The show which turns the arty-farty world of poetry on its head" (clearly written in each of the 10,000 Fringe Programmes in circulation). We cannot, of course, give small venues for Fringe live rock music may have been made unavailable to the Fringe and other Fringe venues may reconsider their attitude to the Fringe. My concern is that other people may be reluctant to accept venues for Fringe

3. I enjoyed the show and was not disgusted or offended by any part of the performance. I have received no complaint about the "Rant Against Relics" performance either before or after the event. I myself named a woman. I have received no complaint about the "Rant Against Relics" performance either before or after the event. I myself named a woman.

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER CONFESSES - IN- THE NIGHT I SLEPT WITH SEETHING WELLS!

A far of town AND a late NIGHT Bash AND a double BED was our PLACE to CRASH So LISTEN HERE cos this story tells OF the NIGHT I SLEPT WITH Seething Wells I didnt MIND -OR so I said BUT I WISH I'D HAD THE FLOOR INSTEAD 'Cos YOU'D NEVER GUESS THE THOUSAND HELLS OF a NIGHT IN BED WITH Seething Wells WHEN HE GOT UNDRESSED I had to RETREAT FROM HIS SHAVEN HEAD AND MOULDY FEET THE FEET THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SMELLS IN THAT FRAGRANT NIGHT WITH Seething Wells SO I KEPT RIGHT CLOSE TO THE EDGE OF THE BED AND PULLED THE BLANKET OVER ME HEAD BUT HERE HIS SNORES AND STIFLED YELLS SOON WOKE ME - THANKS TO SEETHING WELLS AND turning I came face to face WITH A MASSIVE BOIL in a PRIVATE place AND a COUPLE OF HAIRY BAGGATELLES MADE ME RUN LIKE HELL FROM SEETHING WELLS AND I SWORE RIGHT THEN THAT IF NEED BE I'D SPEND THE NIGHT in a CEMETRY OR sleep WITH DOGS - or dead gazelles BUT NEVER AGAIN WITH SEETHING WELLS

Protestors claimed the show should have been some of the content. And they fear the performance by radical poet

THE NIGHT OF THE KILLER

THE NIGHT OF THE KILLER

THE NIGHT OF THE KILLER

THE NIGHT OF THE KILLER



only venue in Harrogate for live rock music may have been made unavailable to the Fringe and other Fringe venues may reconsider their attitude to the Fringe. My concern is that other people may be reluctant to accept venues for Fringe

What is really sad about this is that it was almost inevitably used as evidence against the staging of any similar events and there is already a shortage of venues for the youth of the most destined to be the slayers of the development, surely ending an era of experimentation and subversion.

approach. A 1000 people walked out. One person died. A sample of the best nights of live entertainment Harrogate has ever seen. The Festival evening at the Yorkshire Club. The poems are brilliant and it has been in contact with it. It has built-up a great deal of support among the

Revolutionary and disgusting says girl

Revolutionary and disgusting says girl

Revolutionary and disgusting says girl

Revolutionary and disgusting says girl

Revolutionary and disgusting says girl

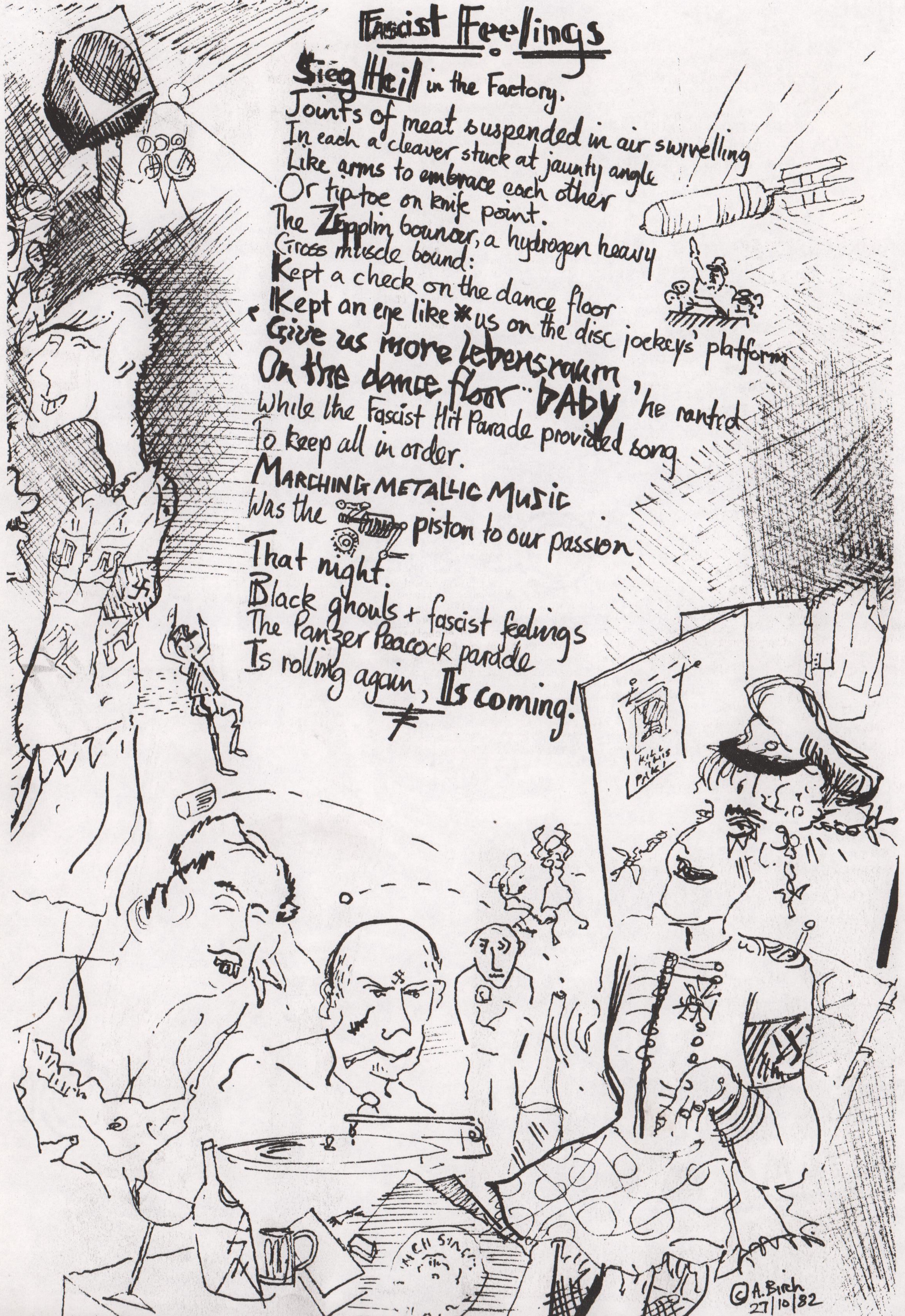
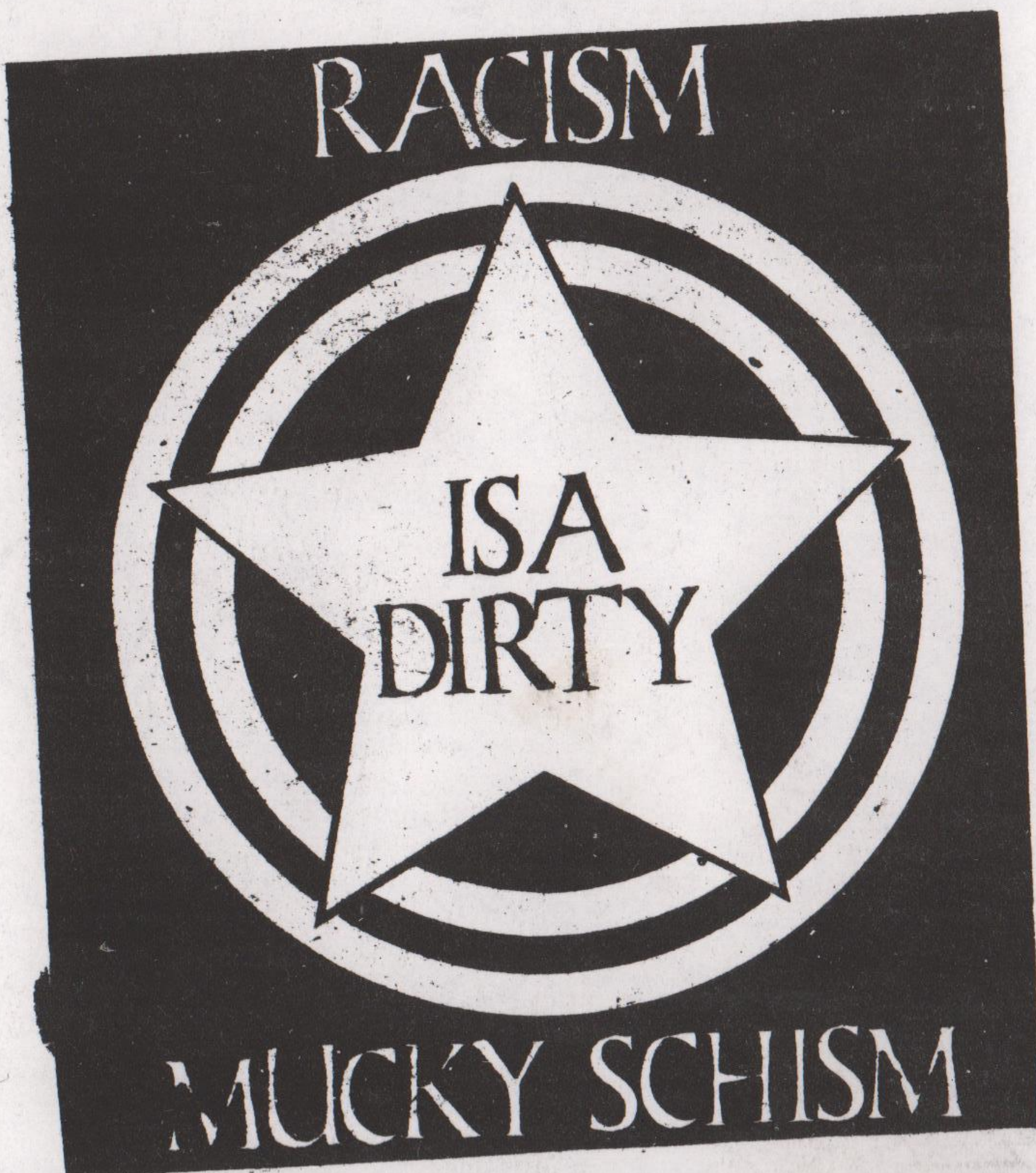
THERE CAN BE NO SPECTATORS.

...two cars drive round Spitalfields market in East London. Each of them contains a middle aged man desperate to fulfill a prophesy learnt, probably, from some age old Odinist rant misquoted by the lunatic right wing group they no doubt belong to or at least sympathise with. These two men exist: they've been organising groups of youths (between 13-18 yrs old) to rampage the local council estates and attack (yes, I do mean attack, with clubs, sticks and knives) the Asian community there. Proof of this is evident from the conversations we've had with the local inhabitants: I know by sight now two families who are so terrified to leave their homes that they refuse to take their children to school in the morning for fear of being attacked again. Okay, so the Bengali and Hindu religious cults are oppressive and absurd as is the Rastafarian garbage, but that doesn't mean that vicious, brutal attacks on the people concerned are justified or understandable. These attacks must stop. It is astounding how many 'anarchists' and 'punks' and 'militants' will write for poxy fanzines and spout black ink crap about this 'N' that, go on marches and shout it all out so they can say 'we are all under heavy manners' (Alien Kulture), put up posters and scream 'revolution' and yet when we have been stupid enough to assume that encouraging a few dozen of these revolutionaries to come along to one of our patrols to stop these horrific attacks on our people, the response has been complete apathy - IT IS DISGUSTING. These people who buy their poxy little rags like Black Flag & Xtra, where are they when the people they claim to support are being battered to death in an alleyway in Bethnal Green? (Battered to death? Yes, no exaggeration. An incident occurred last year which resulted in a 14 year old Indian boy being KILLED by blows to his head from a monkey wrench.) You still say it can't happen here? If you really desire my reasons for anarchist-slugging, let's give an example: on our last three patrols (a patrol is basically the forming of about four groups of five or six people walking vigilantly round areas of the city on the lookout for trouble from fascist thugs, then putting the boot in on any bastards we find, so that the local community who are liable to attack are at least offered some form of protection) none of the people I was with were anarchists, nor were they punks, nor were they militants, they were basically people from the community who felt that flag waving rhetoric and bland, stupefying marches were not the answer to fascism on the streets. The time for action is here, and being a member of some crackpot leftwing party is not a prerequisite for solving the problem. Remember that famous Grass quote 'vicious, mindless violence, it's just the same old game; left wing, right wing, it's all the same' well left and right may be similar, yes, but left wing ideas are often not that unreasonable; in fact, most of them are very good indeed. Rather similar to your 'anarchy' at times? The difference, it seems to me, is that non-political people are somewhat better at organising themselves into working (and often autonomous) groups to achieve a particular end. I've been working with East London Workers Against Racism for 4 months. At no time have I ever joined any political party. ELWAR does contain communists, as well as people from SWP, WRP and other loonies. We're not interested in discussing why one form of political dogmatism is preferable to another. We are not interested in pushing our little doctrines and preaching to the masses. We are interested in creating a situation where people can exist and live with each other without this ever present threat of abuse, insults and attacks based on skin colour, appearance, language etc. Is that so unreasonable? Does that make me a mindless, violent leftie? It is easy to criticise (I've been doing a lot of that so far!) but it is even easier to sit back and do nothing. If you're going to preach your 'anarchy' and your 'freedom' then might I suggest you do something a little more active and constructive than merely preaching? Fascism must be smashed, and HARD. The way we treat each other must also be examined. Both are valid activities - but let's not sacrifice one for the glorification of the other. If we're going to work towards any form of libertarian society, surely we can learn to be aware of what is happening and care about it enough to DO something about it?

If you're fed up with being pushed around and abused then the answer's simple: STUFF FACISM AND EXISTENTIAL BOLLOCKS - PUT THE FUCKING BOOT IN: HARD!

Anne D. Martin.

HOW TO FIGHT MENTAL SICKNESS



Fascist Feelings

Sieg Heil in the Factory.
Joints of meat suspended in air swivelling
In each a cleaver stuck at jaunty angle
Like arms to embrace each other
Or tip-toe on knife point.
The Zeppelin bouncer, a hydrogen heavy
Gross muscle bound:
Kept a check on the dance floor
Kept an eye like us on the disc jockey's platform
Give us more Lebensraum
On the dance floor 'BABY' he ranted
While the Fascist Hit Parade provided song
To keep all in order.
MARCHING METALLIC MUSIC
Was the piston to our passion
That night.
Black ghouls + fascist feelings
The Panzer Peacock parade
Is rolling again, Is coming!

© A. Birch 27/10/82

Dem a tell you sey de reason is lack of housin
dem sey de counsel a try dem bess,
all we a see is unemployment rising
an a state of wickedness,
de yout dem a stan pon de corner all day
dem can't even fine a job,
de police dem run come tell de judge say
de yout dem atempting to rod.
Is a evil circle of pure dammation
if yu poor den yu muss stay poor,
as den tighten de laws pon immigrant
we can't tell what's in store,
tear gas chocking the young vaise speaking
democracy start sleep,
de share index dat nu hav no meaning
when yu can't get food se eat.

Riot in progress, riot in progress
because of political mess,
is like yu hav no choice
every one start fight when de system juss nar ress
riot in progress, riot in progress
now we reach de corner stone,
see de table start turn,
an de fire start burn
as we fight de peacock throne.

Babylon wages keep improving
de royalty dem get rich,
dem black children get breast feeding
in some house like ditch,
job creation schemes an such like
never did prove a ting,
de yout dem really need dem bite
so dem carn pon de rioting.
Unemployed workers, working workers
nu want slave labour,
dem would rarda come defen den de streets
wid dem brick an dem razar,
babylon get a cut in de jugular vein
and dem still hav more fe get,
how long will de system hold de strain
revolution don't come yet....

Riot in progress, riot in progress
an now yu muss start belive,
when it get too tight
everyone start fight
fe a little room fe breathe,
riot in progress, riot in progress
dem say we shall overcome,
many hav fe gu dead
as de word start spread
dem sey legalize freedom.

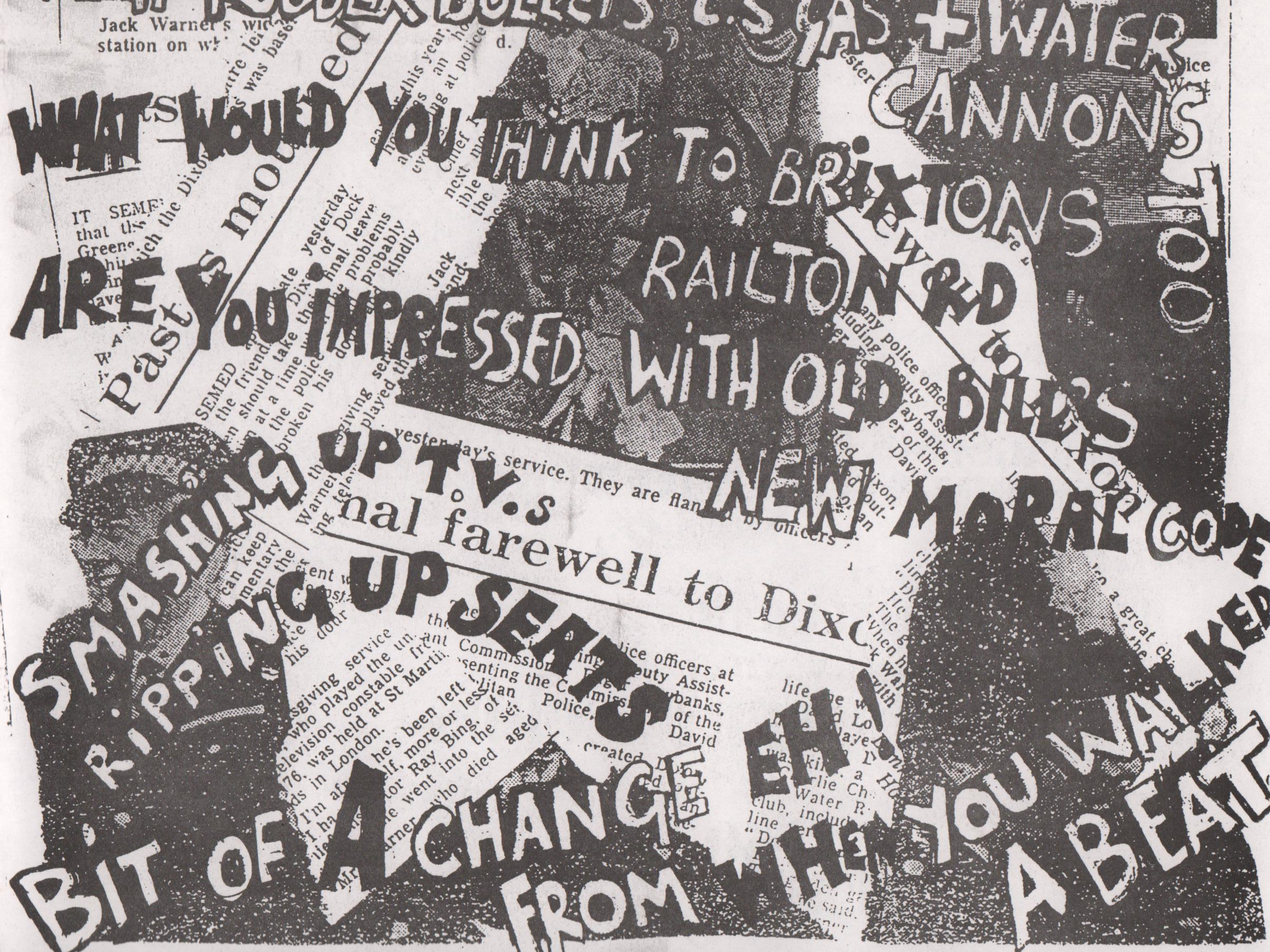
BY
BENJAMIN
ZEPHANIAH



RIOT
IN
PROGRESS

ARE YOU TURNING IN YOUR GRAVE
SGT. DIXON
DOCK GREEN AT NIGHT WAS NEVER QUITE
LIKE BRIXTON
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR BOYS IN BLUE
NOW THAT THEY ARE ARMED TO THE TEETH
WITH RUBBER BULLETS, C.S GAS + WATER
CANNONS
WHAT WOULD YOU THINK TO BRIXTON'S
RAILTON RD
ARE YOU IMPRESSED WITH OLD BILL'S
NEW MORAL CODE
SMASHING UP T.V.s
RIPPING UP SEATS
BIT OF A CHANGE FROM
FROM WHEN YOU WALKED
A BEAT

Jack Warner's wife
station on w...



LOSERS



THIS IS THE PLAGUE OF ALL MANKIND
A SORRY CURSE SINCE TIME BEGAN
TOGETHER WE CAN END THIS -
TOGETHER I KNOW WE CAN

FASCIST SCUM ARE NOTHING NEW
BEEN GOING SO MANY YEARS
WHEREVER THERES BEEN A SCAPEGOAT
WHEREVER THERES BEEN SHED TEARS....

IF YOU ARE A FASCIST PUPPET
THEN YOU ARE A LOSER STILL!
LOSERS STAY DOWNTRODDEN
AND YOU ALWAYS WILL!

YOU CANT BLAME OTHERS CULTURE
FOR THE SHIT YOU'RE LIVING IN
LOOK TO THE REAL ENEMY
NOT THE COLOUR OF SKIN

DONT BE A FASCIST LOSER
LETS GET THIS THING DE-FUSED
YOU DONT HAVE TO BE A LOSER
CANT YOU SEE YOU'RE BEING USED?

"Reflections of an J.D.P. Councillor
I've worked on the council -
I worked on the bins -
I swept the back streets
of south's sins
I've heard all these 'commie's' say,
Distribute the wealth.
I tell 'em 'pal, I'm out fer myself."

I was a Janitor
in a multi-cultural school.
I listened to Liberals -
the broad-minded fools,
"I can't make my mind up,
on this or on that."

(When the people are starving
you keep getting fat.)

I try to be courteous,
I try to be kind,
But when I hear Extremists,
I give 'em MY mind.
They say, "BE MILITANT."
I say, "GET LOST."
They devise all these schemes
I ask 'em, "The cost?"

I'm now on the Council,
I vote. (AND STAGNATE.)
I prepare amendments
to revolutionary breaks.
I sit on committees
(AND PASS ON THE BUCK.)
"Youth Unemployment?..
I don't give a Fuck."

Graham McAndrew.



DR. PHIBES

© ACTION PACT '82

DUMB PATRIOTISM...
NOTHING KEEPS YOU MORE
SELF OPPRESSED!!

THE RISING SON OF RANTING VERSEER
SEETHING WELLS: LITTLE BROTHER

DUB RANTING EP

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH

ROOTS ROCK RANTING

RADICAL WALLPAPER RECORDS

£1.50
EACH

"Bewildered,
Befuddled,
Bemused."

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

HEY, WE ALL KNEW HE WAS SUPERHUMAN
SAW HIM TEAR WHOLE MARRIAGES APART
AND EVERYBODY'S FRIEND WAS SMILING
DOING HIS THING, YOUR THING, MY THING
AND HE WALKED THROUGH WALLS
USED TOTAL RECALL
TO THREATEN US ALL
BY NAME

IT WAS A GAME, IT WAS A GAME
HE PLAYED WHEN HE REGALED US
WITH A DELVE IN THE DARK DETAILS OF OUR SECRET SELVES
WHERE HE PLUNDERED THE SHELVES FOR FUN
CARRIED HIS GRIN LIKE A GUN
SHOT DOWN EVERYONE WITH HIS CALLOUS TONGUE

IT WAS EASY TO TELL
HE WAS COLD AS HELL
BUT HE DRANK HIS BEER LIKE WATER
AND ON TWELVE PINTS OF BITTER, AND A LOAD OF DOPE
HE ALLOWED HIS EGO TOO MUCH SCOPE
SAID HE'D STORM THE STAGE
BE THE RAGE
SPREAD HIMSELF ON THE CENTRE PAGE

SOME HOPE, SUNSHINE, SOME HOPE
HE'D ABOUT AS MUCH CHANCE AS A JEWISH POPE
WAS A HERO IN HIS OWN IMAGINATION
A VICTIM OF SELF-ADMIRATION
YOU AND ME, YOU AND ME, YOU AND ME BOTH
BUT OVER-INDULGENCE STUNTS YOUR GROWTH

WHEN SOMEONE ELSE'S HOME IS WHERE YOUR HEART IS
YOU GATECRASH OTHER PEOPLE'S PARTIES
UNINVITED
BUT IT COMES AS A SHOCK
WHEN THEY MERELY MOCK
WHERE YOU EXPECT THEM ALL TO BE DELIGHTED

HE WAS A PAIN IN THE NECK
A SOCIAL WRECK
WHOSE FAMOUS PHALLUS WAS A FALLACY
AND HE KNEW IT
COURTED PHONEY FAME THROUGH FATALITY
BUT HE BLEW IT
COS HE COULDN'T EVEN COPE
WITH A LENGTH OF ROPE
OR A RAZOR BLADE
SO THE PLANS HE'D MADE MISFIRE
AND ALL THAT HE FINALLY ACQUIRED
WAS A DUBIOUS BRAND OF IMMORTALITY
NOT THE SORT HE SOUGHT
BUT ONE THAT HE CAUGHT
THROUGH THE FLAWS IN HIS OWN PERSONALITY

THE BITTEREST TWIST IS ALWAYS AT THE END
AND EVERYBODY'S FRIEND WAS GETTING IN HIS CAR
STILL BELIEVING HE WAS GONNA GO FAR
BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT'S ROUND THE NEXT BEND

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

WRITTEN AND
LAD OUT BY
NIKKI TORZEN
24th OCTOBER 1982

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

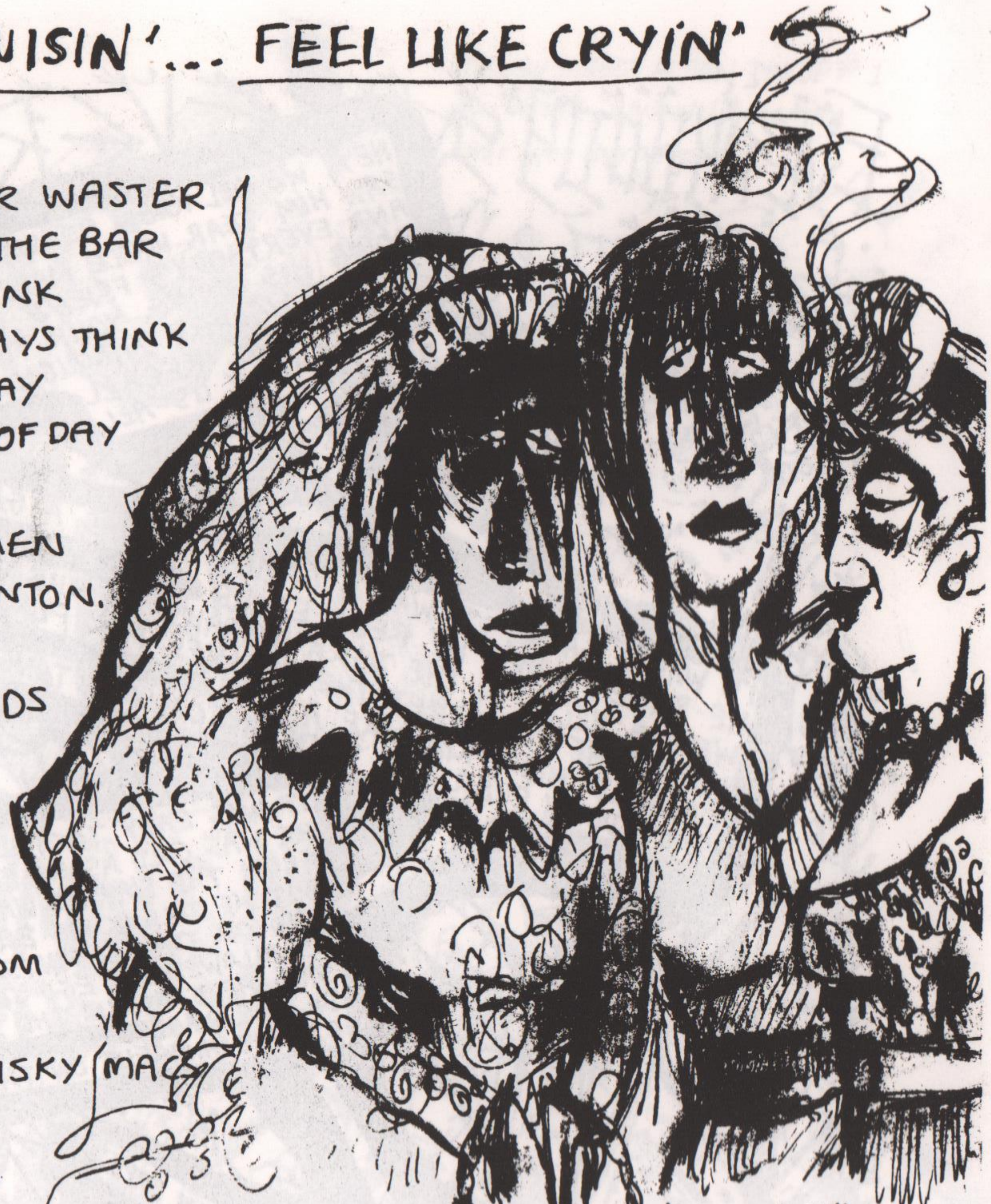
" UPTOWN CHAPELTOWN CRUISIN' ... FEEL LIKE CRYIN' "

THIRTEEN BOTTLES DOWN THE SHRIVE-LIVER WASTER
 EX-CON PETE STUMBLES IN, STUTTERS AT THE BAR
 STARES INTO ANOTHER PINT: ANOTHER DRINK
 AND PETE AND IAN THINK WHAT THEY ALWAYS THINK
 ABOUT THE QUICKEST PLACE FOR THE FASTEST LAY
 IN THE AFTERNOON SUNNY INNOCENT TIME OF DAY
 3PM HANG OUT CHAPETOWN VENDING DEN
 FLESH SOLD TO SWEATY BATHLESS BUSINESSMEN
 EVAPORATING DIOR FROM SHIRTS BY MR. FENTON.
 WATCH BY CARTIER, SHOES FROM MILAN
 WALKING PRICE TAGS; 'COS THEY'RE OUT WI' LADS
 PICKING UP THE CARRIER BUGS
 FROM OLD-STOCK, QUANT-LIPPED "HAGS"
 OR YOUNG, USED, EMPTY "SLAGS"
 FLAKING NAILS, PEEP-TOE, KHOL-SQUINT
 CHEAP IDENTITY TAGS; PLASTIC CLIP-ONS FROM
 JAMBREE BAGS,

THEY GULP STRAIGHT GINS AND DOUBLE WHISKY
 THE MINDLESS PRICE FOR A FRONT SEAT GRAB
 CRUISIN' OVER TO THEIR BACK ROOM BROTHEL.

BUT IAN STUTTERS; "I'VE HAD ENOUGH"
 SEVENTEEN AND IN A HOSTEL
 HE'S HAD HIS TIME IN CARE AND BORSTAL
 PUB COMPANY; EX-JUNKIES ON PROBATION
 DRAG HIM DOWN INTO THEIR 'FIXED' CREATION
 ELUSIVE AND LASTING AS PICTURES ON T.V.
 REAL-LIFE REPEATS OF WORN-OUT OBSCENITY:
 MAX-FACTORED, SHAVEN IMAGE PORNOGRAPHY
 FUKED-UP, PACKED UP IN WRAPPERS MARKING IT 'FRESH'
 SILENCED AND STRANGLER IN CUT-PRICE FISH NETS

"WORR" I'D LIKE TO DIVE INSIDE THAT
 SLOBBERS EX-CON PETE SWEATING WITH DRINK
 OFF TO SEE HIS SURROGATE BARDOT
 CLOSED-EYED THE'LL NEVER KNOW
 WHAT HE'S SWEATING OVER AND
 WHERE THE MONEY GOES
 COULD BE ANYONE OR THE MIDDLE-AGED "CRONES"
 LIGHTING-UP, JACKING-UP AND GETTING STONED
 TO KEEP THE COMFORTABLE SMILES
 AND A WAD OF NOTES SAFE WITH THE BLACK-BELT
 HEAVIES
 CRUISING BACKSTREETS IN SHINY SPORTS CARS
 CLANKING GOLD IDS.
 PIMPS POSE STATUS TO MATCH THEIR BLAME
 FOR ILLEGAL DRINKING AND THE BENT GAMBLING
 GAME



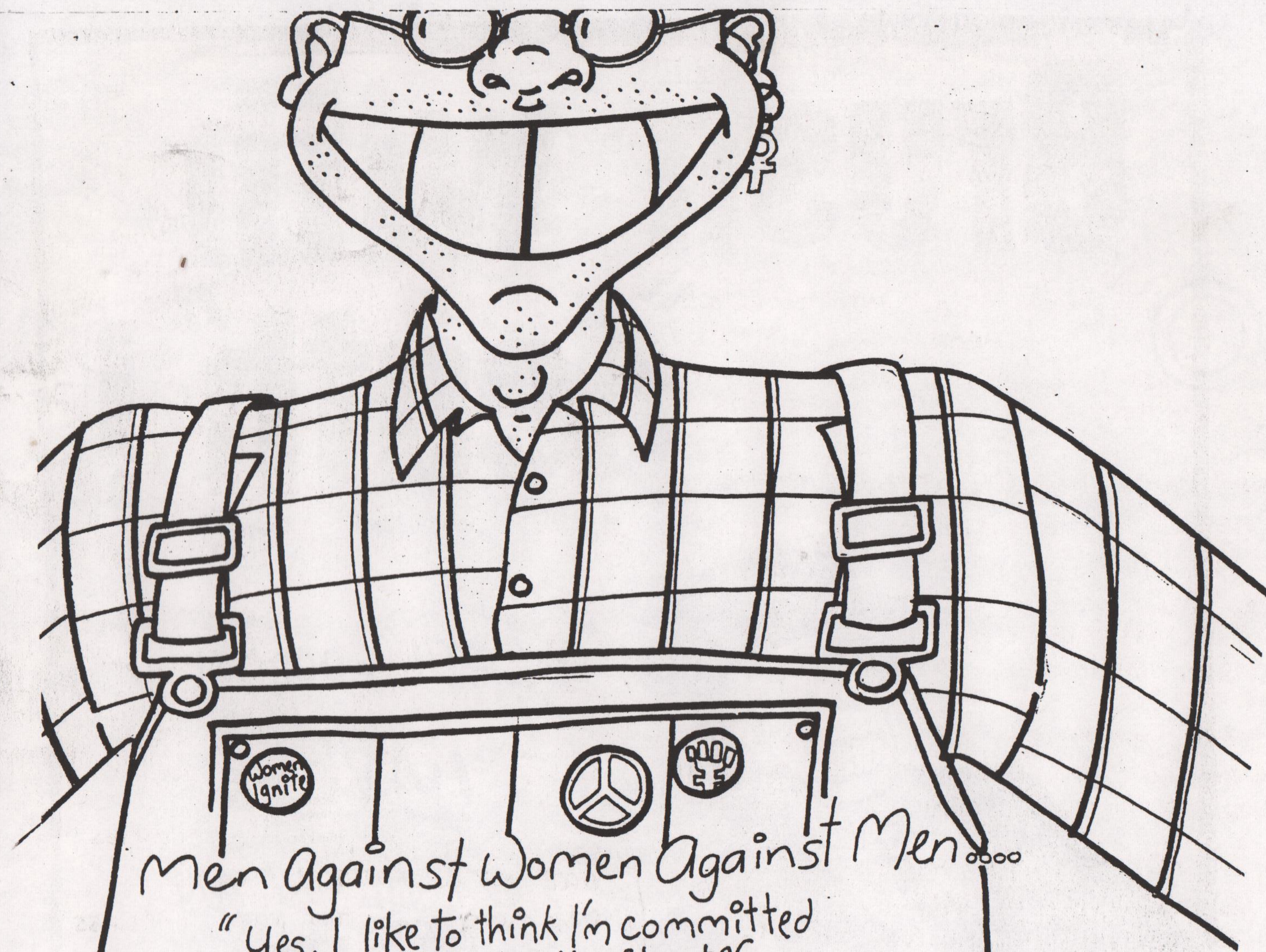
WHILST THEIR BATTERED, "LOVES"
 ARE OUT GETTING CLUBBED
 FOR EVERYTHING THE MIDDLE-CLASS
 CONVENT WIFE CAN'T SERVE UP
 IAN AND HIS MATES ARE LIVING IT UP :-
 HANGING ROUND THE BAR WHILE
 THE GIRLS PUT ON THEIR MAKEUP:
 BRUSHING COLOUR ON ANAEMIC FLESH
 THEN MAKING TEA IN A SEE THRU'
 DRESS

ANOTHER DAY IN THE 3D CHEAP SHOW
 BUDGET CABARET IN WORN-OUT
 STAGE CLOTHES
 UNDERGROUND REFUGE IN THE 'HANDY
 WHORE HOLE'
 IN LATE AFTERNOON FALLING SHADOW
 THAT COVER THE BRUISES
 (BUT SOMEONE KNOWS...)

... IN THE DAYLIGHT HE FALLS
 TO THE KERB
 SNEERING "HEY LINDA, REMEMBER
 ME?"
 AND THE AUTOMATIC WINDOWS CLOSE
 AS HE LAUGHS...

... SHE FEELS LIKE CRYING.

© RANCI'D Line Inc June '82. Hema 2.



Men Against Women Against Men

"Yes, I like to think I'm committed
 I feel I can really identify
 I truly believe in our sisters' cause
 I'm sure, as a man, I can help
 So many women aren't conscious enough
 Of the damage that's being done
 They need someone with determination
 To open their eyes to the truth
 Someone to explain feminism to them
 And guide their thoughts correctly
 Though, I say so myself
 Who better than I
 Founder of the campus
 Men Against Sexism crèche
 To explain things to them, logically
 Yes, what these poor misguided women need
 Is a man, to organise and lead them -
 And anyway, it's the only way I seem
 To get laid these days"

Joolz ©

Brush with "death"!

®



"DEATH" DOESNT
HAVE
 TO MEAN AN
END
 TO DENTAL CARE!

A. DOCTOR

"I'VE BEEN DEAD 35yr.
 AND STILL GOT ALL
 ME OWN TEETH!"

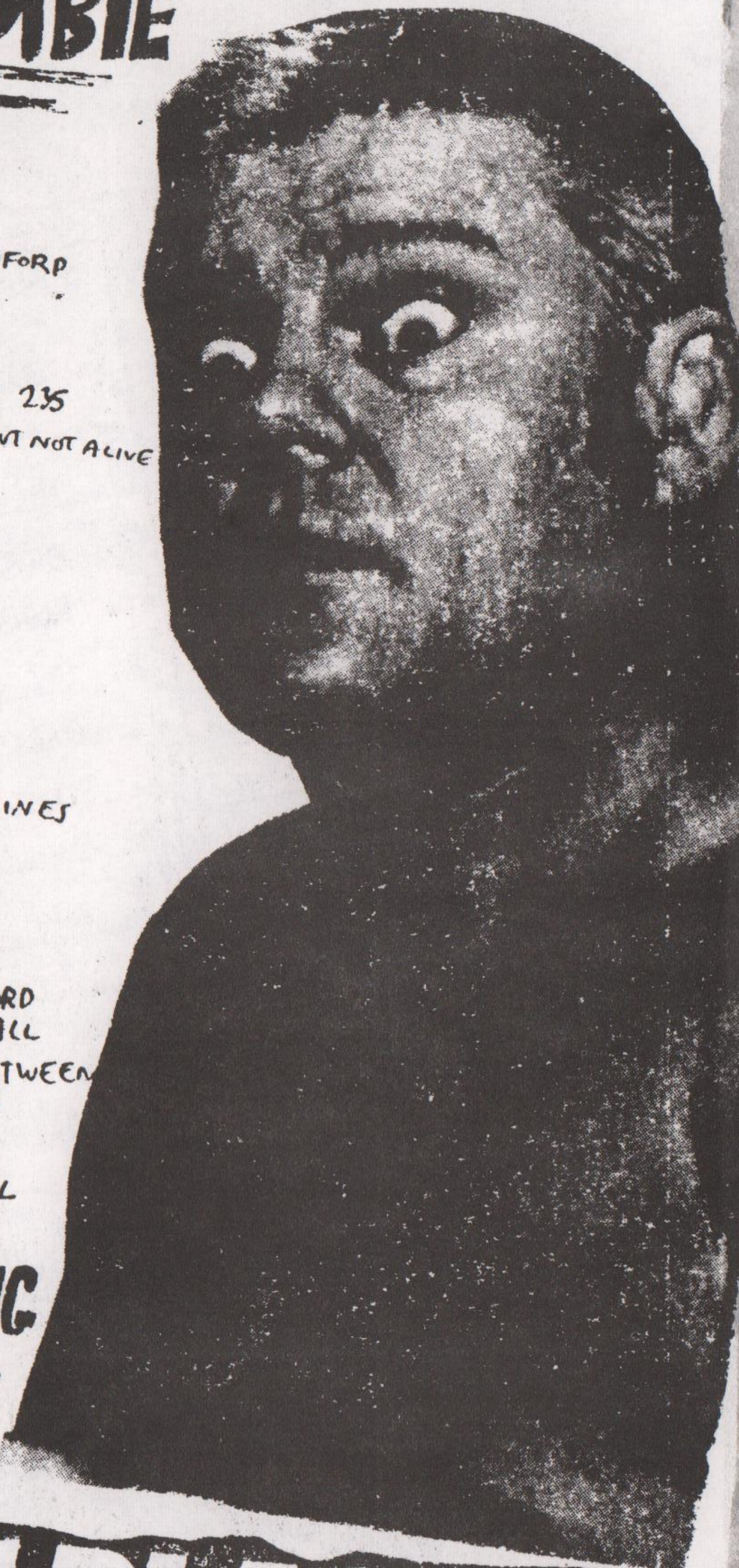
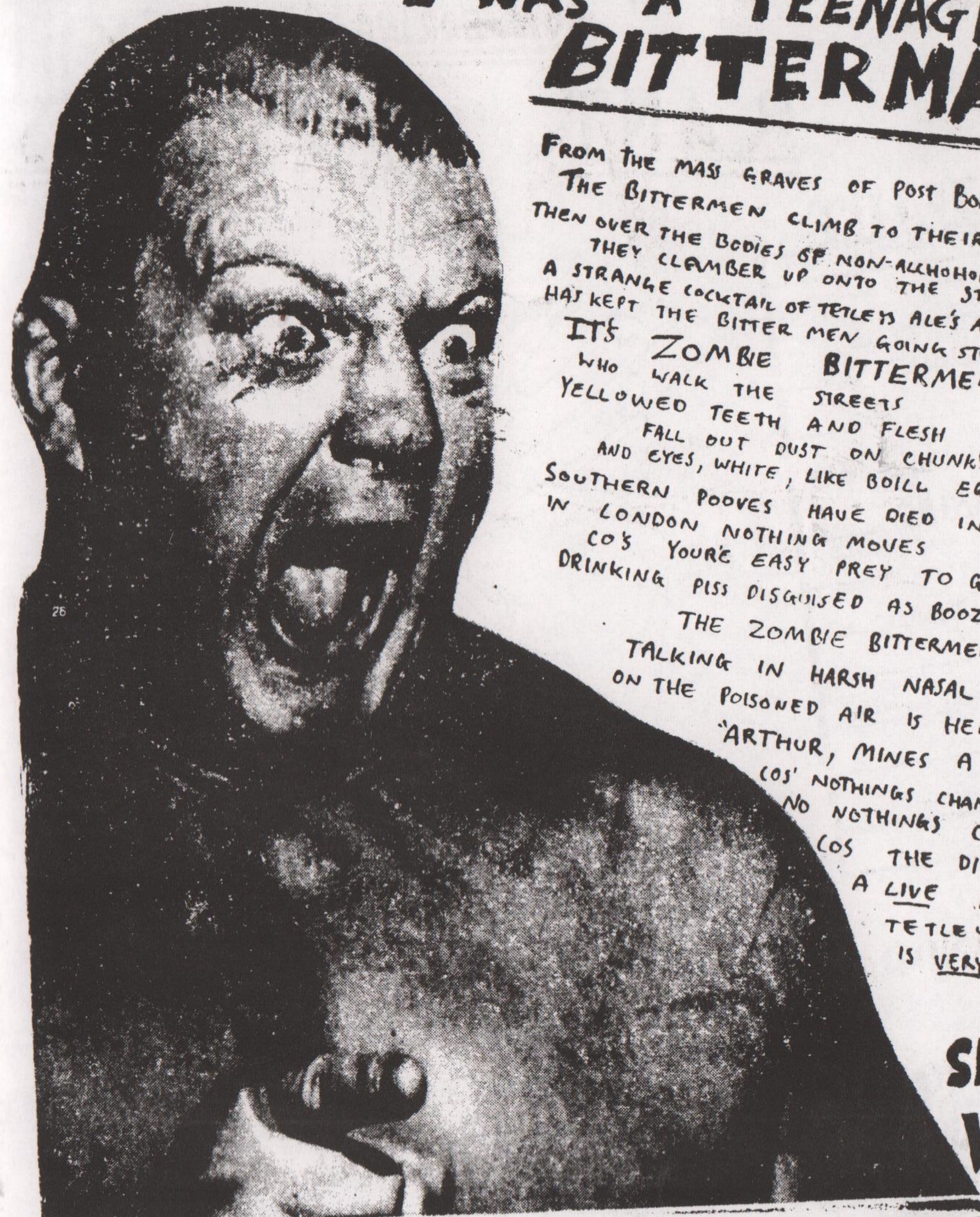
GNAWMAN TEBBIT
 SECRETARY OF STATE
 DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIAL DECAY

DONT BE
 ROTTIN'
 IN A
 COFFIN! USE
"DEATH"

FAMOUS 'STIFFS' SAY 'YESH!'
 TO POST BURIAL ORAL MAINTAINANCE!

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| JOHNNY GNASH! | DENTIST HEMLEY! |
| SIR GOBERT MARK! | ATTILA THE STOCKMOLAR! |
| PRINIE FILLING! | TEETH RICHARDS! |
| JOANNA GUMLEY! | GUM BAY DANCE BAND! |
| KENNETH PLAQUE! | CHEWDY GNARLAND! |
| PLAQUE + BITE MINSTRELS! | ROY GUMLEY! |
| FREDDIE ACHER! | MICKEY MOUTH! |
| ADOLF BITLER! | HERMAN GNAWING! |
| JAWSEPH GOBBLES! | SIR JOHN BITECHEWMAN! |
| TEETHCOATED WILLIAMS! | ROJAW MCGOUGH! |
| PAUL MAULY! | FU MAN CHEW! |
| MICHAEL HOROWITZ! | THE TETLEY BITER MEN! |
| GNASHER! | JUSTW SULLIVAN! |
| JAWN SAY'AAAH MATRADING! | GOOFY! |
| CANNING THE BARBARIAN! | DRILLY COOPER! |
| SIR ROBW DELAY! | HANK FANAFORD! |
| CHAMPION | JAWN WAYNE! |
| T'WOMERHORSE! | AND MORE! |
| GRWT EASTWOOD! | TO DEAD TO MENTION! |

I WAS A TEENAGE ZOMBIE BITTERMAN!



FROM THE MASS GRAVES OF POST BOMB NORTH BRADFORD
 THE BITTERMEN CLIMB TO THEIR FEET
 THEN OVER THE BODIES OF NON-ALCOHOLICS
 THEY CLAMBER UP ONTO THE STREET
 A STRANGE COCKTAIL OF TETLEY ALES AND STRONTIUM 235
 HAS KEPT THE BITTER MEN GOING STRONG, AWAKE BUT NOT ALIVE
IT'S ZOMBIE BITTERMEN
 WHO WALK THE STREETS
 YELLOWED TEETH AND FLESH
 FALL OUT DUST ON CHUNKY SWEATERS
 AND EYES, WHITE, LIKE BOILL EGGS
 SOUTHERN POOVES HAVE DIED IN DROVES
 IN LONDON NOTHING MOVES
 CO'S YOU'RE EASY PREY TO GAMMA RAYS
 DRINKING PISS DISGUISED AS BOOZE
 THE ZOMBIE BITTERMEN WALK IN LINES
 TALKING IN HARSH NASAL WHINES
 ON THE POISONED AIR IS HEARD THE CRY
 'ARTHUR, MINES A PINT!'
 COS' NOTHINGS CHANGED IN BRADFORD
 NO NOTHINGS CHANGED AT ALL
 COS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
 A LIVE AND A DEAD
 TETLEY BITTERMAN
 IS VERY VERY SMALL

SEETHING
 WELLS

ANTI SOCIAL WORKERS

YOU'VE GOT SHIT FOR BRAINS

You can see him sipping sherry in the pub
 He's a member of the rich bigots club
 MCC tie and public school voice
 Money is his freedom of choice

Bred at Harrow - became an action man
 Never questions orders - Magpie's number one fan
 Ordinary people make him sick
 This man rules your life but he's so thick

Chorus

spoken - he's Wodger Wankshaw
 You've got shit for brains
 you're such a bore
 shot off in the war
 Everyone with any sense
 Knows it's a battle between them and us

Mummy and daddy got a mansion in Greece
 You never get fucked up by the police
 read the Daily Mail every day
 see the chosen few get their way.

Listen Wodger we don't want a bit more cake
 We want the whole bloody bakery mate
 You may try to crush us to the floor
 we won't show the white flag anymore

Chorus re-eat
 New L.P. Record
 Out Soon From this
 FAB Rapping Band

BAN PLASTIC BULLETS!

HERE HE COMES!
 PRESERVING THE
 BRITISH WAY OF
 LIFE IN IRELAND...

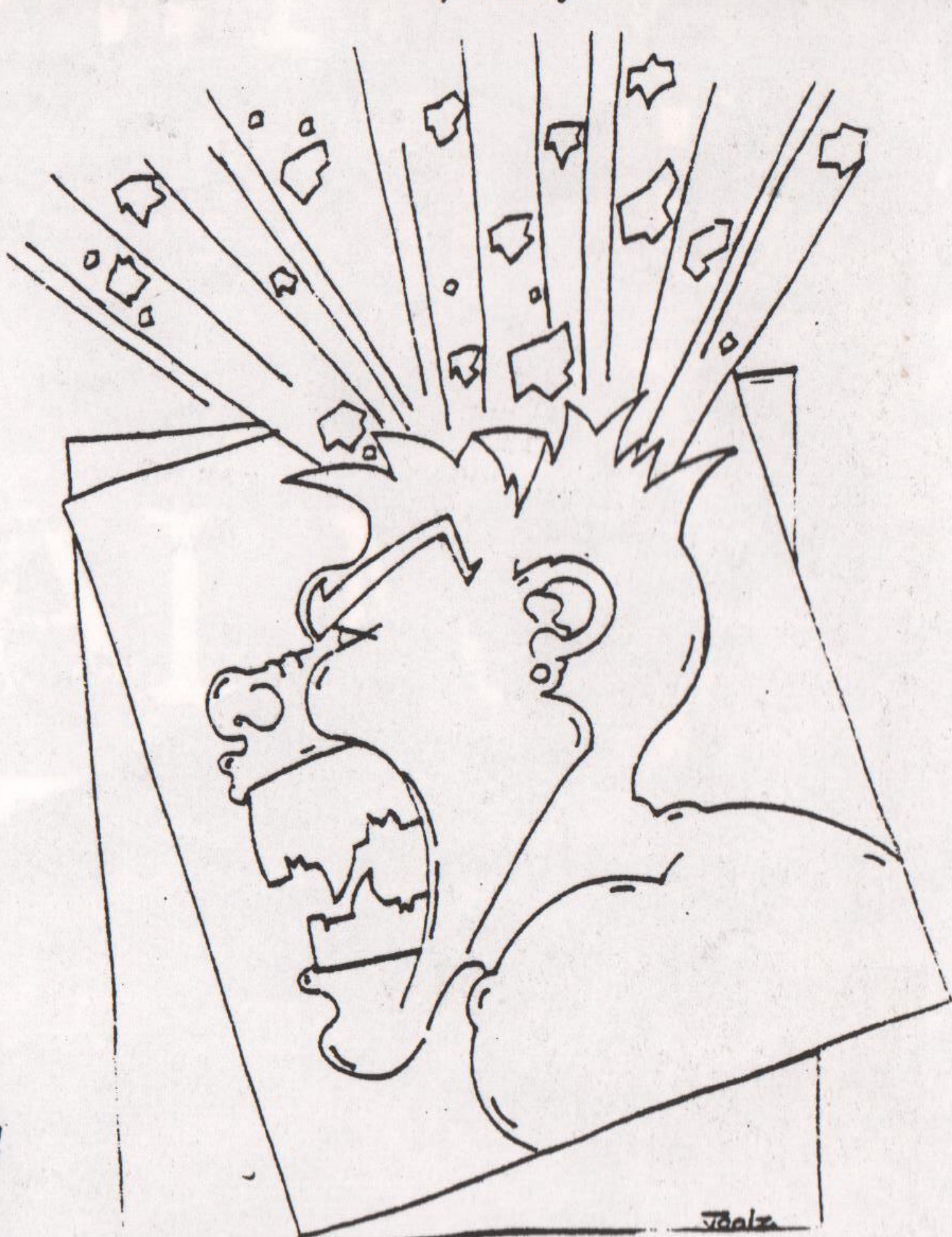
BELFAST

STOLEN FROM 'CORMAC'
 OF REPUBLICAN NEWS

TOXTETH... BRIXTON

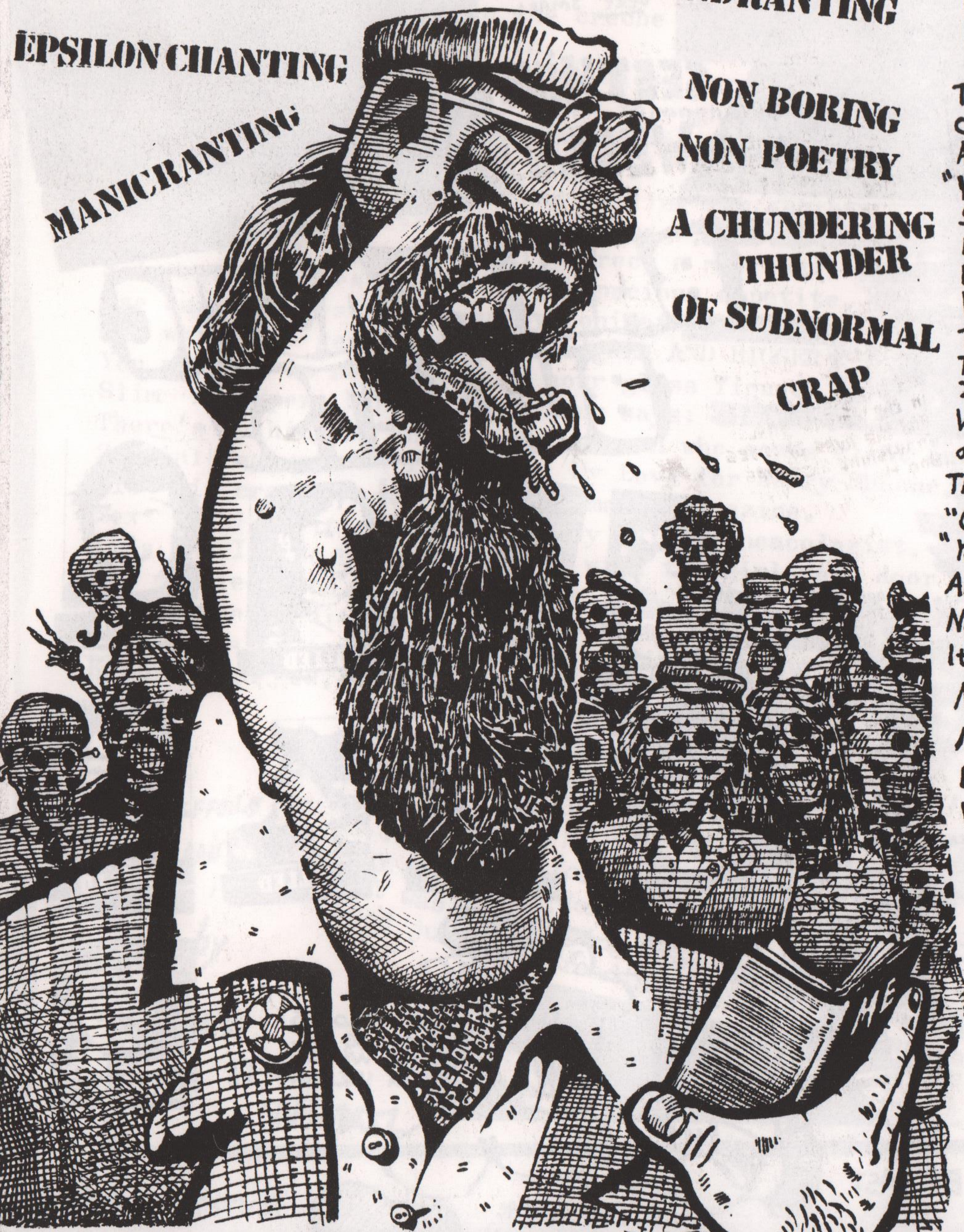
NON-BORING NON POETRY

RANT AGAINST RELICS
YAP! YAP!



HATE! HATE!		BERKCHART	
10 PEOPLE WE'D LIKE TO SEE DIE OF CONSTIPATION	1. NORMAN TERRIT - HAIRDRESSER	10 TWITS WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN THE CST	1. JONATHAN KING - I'M SO FUCKING BORED WITH THE USA
1. STEVE WRIGHT - AURAL TORTURE EXPERT	2. DAVID FROST - MILKLY PEEVED YOUNG MAN	2. CHEGGERS	2. NICK 'BAMBI' CHEGGERS HEYMAN
4. PAUL MORLEY - AKA FOTHEMATHA THOMAS	6. ASSORTED NAZI PIMPS - TRIVIAL WEBSTER ETC	4. BERNARD MANNING	4. RONALD REAGAN
6. PRINCE WILLIAM - GAWD BLESS 'IM!	8. JIM 'NICK NICK' DAVIDSON - TOUCH!	6. IAN PALSLEY - SON OF CHEGGERS	6. GARY NUMAN
8. THAT WOMAN! YES THAT WOMAN	10. NORMAN TEBBIT'S PET FERRET - AND REMEMBER! ITS YOUR VOTE THAT COUNTS!	8. STEVE STRANGE - CHEGGERS LOOKALIKE	8. JOHN LYDON
		10. YOKO ONO NEE CHEGGERS	

SPLASH IT ALL OVER ROUGH RAW AND RANTING
EPSILON CHANTING
MANIC RANTING!



NON BORING NON POETRY
A CHUNDERING THUNDER OF SUBNORMAL CRAP

The poetry limpricks limp on endlessly
Churning out poetry to be stuck up in galleries
And worshiped by the
"Yes Yes Darlings - but is it ART?"
Sad old men discuss their problems
Like the last time they maintained erections
Back in 1967
When poetry stank of peace and love
The perfumed pen in the velvet glove
The 'me' generations blubbing hit men
Zen and the art of being boring
When adulation was rows and rows
of slowly dozing folk in the know
The Guardian crippled - self appointed Art critics
"Oh god he's finished!"
"Yes that was marvelous!"
Amazing syntax - a powerful image!
Never mind its mindless garbage
Its Poetry darling - Art!
ME ME ME - I did this
ME and ROGER went and got pissed
Back in '67
When poetry meant the after effects
of too much booze down well scrubbed necks
Conversations with marijuana plants
Subsidised by Arts Council grants
Paying for the public wank
And sold to the giggling perfumed ranks
of Laura Ashley acid heads
Poetry choked on its own fool offal
Poetry is fucking awful
Poetry is dead - official
Seething Wells '67

BLOOD FOR DIRT
Hadnt realised that I wanted a war
Sees misled unity, theres blood on the handle of the door
And "Blood for Dirt" in polls beats "Game for a Laugh"
Top television whispers "Vive le psychopath"
And its chanted in bars, sipping continental lager
But belching british breath
Thatll get into your eyes, and itll change your mind
Hadnt realised.
See here, you want babies? you want beer?
Look here, why brew babies? why brew beer?
Want drugs? sex? choice
Then dont choose death, Use your loaf,
Dont vote death
Unless-yes to none of this, bet on the wrong horse
Your cash and your trust put on a false one
Dead at the starting gate, the so called sure fire
And they sure will fire and youll cheer them on.
But why then do you want babies?
Some people dont even have gardens
Some people have never seen dirt
Some lust to fondle dirt
Some people even fight for dirt
I say give everybody the right to live
Give everybody a right to live
And demand cheaper bus fares Now!

DO YOU LIKE THE NEW LETTERING?



MOLOTOV COMICS
GO FOR IT

IN THIS ISSUE YOU HAVE ENDURED:

- CARLTON B. MORGAN
 - JON LANGFORD
 - JOOZ DENBY
 - WILD WILLY BECKETT
 - ACTION FACT
 - THE NIGHTINGALES
 - THE COMRADE
 - MICK TURPIN
 - ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER
 - MARK MI-WURDZ
 - RED MO
 - HERMA ZEETA
 - VARIOUS APOSTLES
 - BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH
 - ANARCHOS
 - THE ANTI SOCIAL WORKERS
 - SEETHING WELLS
 - IAN ARMSTRONG
 - BANNO
 - GINGER JOHN THE DOOMDAY COMMANDO
 - GRAHAM Macdonald
 - Alex Birch
- With thanks to :-
LUU Printers
SMASH Agency
And everybody else who sent in stuff to be printed - Mebbea
Next time

"DARLING, LOVELY TO SEE YOU!"

Tell us, are you jealous when they're out with a mate when they're pubbing and clubbing and they come home late
When they lie and cry and offer alibis but they blow it and you know it cos you read their eyes?
And you want to shout but you just say nowt.
Then some silly bugger goes and intercedes with: "Nothing ever happens in Bradford and Leeds."
And you say: "No doubt... if you never go out.
There's a lot of bloody psychopaths about."
And streets away another headline breeds in an urban alley where a victim bleeds.
And you think about the views that you heard on the news and who from history stands accused of dreadlock deadlock streets of Soweto and the queues of Jews in the Warsaw ghetto and the lives of wives in washing machines and the gore of war with the Argentines.
But down in London it all gets undone.
Not an ounce of passion'll rock the smugly rational patronising Amnesty International as trendy comics and old pop stars mix with the rich in theatre bars.
Reasonable attitudes, liberal platitudes.
Jolly concert japes and capers leading to write-ups in the papers.
"Darling, lovely to see you! What a simply super show!"
There's absolutely everybody here that I know... and wasn't dear John Cleese divine?
Next week's jaunt is a cheese and wine that's either for Israel or Palestine.
But I really like what you've done with your hair and I really wanna hear about your latest affair and the places you've been and the things that you got and the mood that you're in and who said what.
Very little improves and most gets worse but I make no moves, I just write verse cos, between me and you, it's not what you do, it's who screws who in the human zoo.

WRITTEN by
NICK TACZEK
17th July '82

...sur m... in the... inner se... of... Sat... bod... tion... not... of... Neig... ais: t... sc... res... The... 'ors o... land... attem... berate... trem... rbaric... Jied... as for... rom t... ars... ia: b... hat o... office... in... y, we... st tw... were... the... super... srael... Phai... d Ch... out... tering... the... ment... of it... VS... th... ot... Der... lot... pose... areas... in fat... a N... ack p... VO... e... he So... n po... ix ye... 4 of... Page... ns... mag... ame... i fo... marl... 125... in... st...