



KISS THE EARTH

Over the top and beyond

LEE

A JEERING crowd kicked and spat at a police car taking the teenager accused of killing school-boy Richard Dew from a court yesterday.

Nearly 200 people, including some from 12-year-old Richard's home village of Sutton Courtney, had gathered outside the court at Abingdon, Oxfordshire.

When the accused youth, Wayne Page, 17, emerged from the side door of the court after his four-minute appearance, the crowd surged forward, shouting and hissing.

There were cries of 'hang him' and 'kill the bastard'.

Handcuffed to one police officer, and flanked by another, Page was hustled into the back seat of the unmarked red police Cortina.

Page arrived at the court at 9.10 a.m. and at 9.34 a.m. he

was led into the wood-paneled courtroom.

Page, a farmworker, of Binmings Close, Drayton, Oxfordshire, listened as court clerk Stephen Day read the charge that on December 15, 1982, at Sutton Courtney, in the county of Oxfordshire, you murdered Richard Gordon Dew.

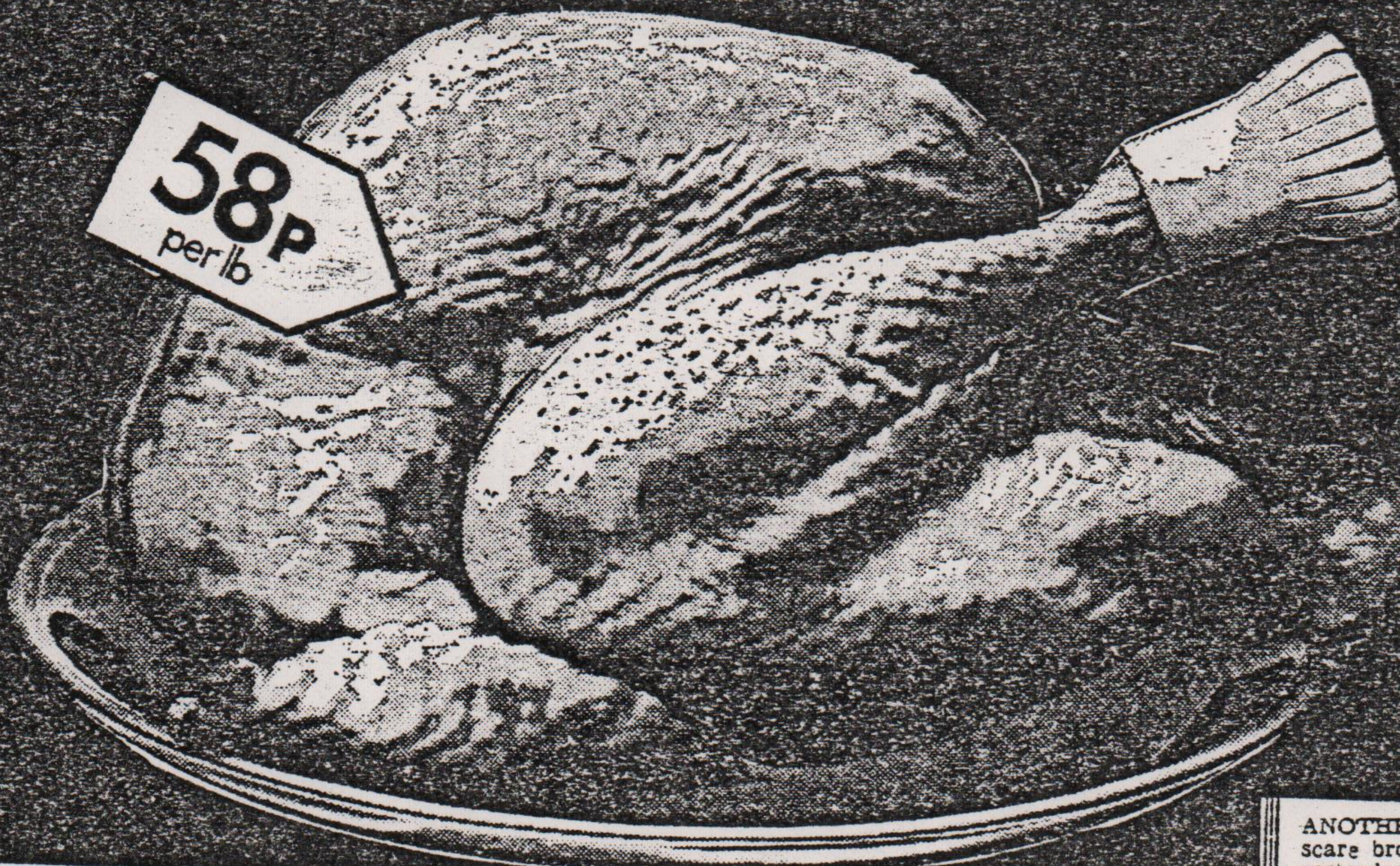
Asked if he understood the charge, Page, bearded and wearing blue jeans over a pair of boots, an orange jumper and check shirt, bowed his head and replied: 'Yes.'

Page, looking pale and drawn, was remanded in custody until December 30 and led from the courtroom. Ten minutes later, he emerged to face the abuse of the crowd.

Richard Dew went missing last Wednesday night, as he cycled home after having been turkey-plucking.

His body was found in a disused gravel pit on Sunday.

I am confused, why do you have several different kinds of murder, why do some disturb more than others? The boy, Richard Dew had just finished plucking a murdered animal, and later this living animal, Richard, was murdered and the plucker was plucked. Then the police found a possible suspect, the public (whoever they are?) were ready to kill him. Maybe they forgot about 'Innocent until proven guilty' and 'Courts' and 'trials' and all the other things you good citizens call justice, well I don't know if justice means revenge or reform. A TURKEY IS A LIVING ANIMAL ENTITLED TO LIFE. RICHARD DEW WAS A LIVING ANIMAL ENTITLED TO LIFE. WAYNE PAGE IS A LIVING ANIMAL ENTITLED TO LIFE. You all get so upset about one child being stabbed several times, yet you don't even care when two million turkeys had their throats cut at Xmas for you. Your present state of morality is selfishness at its worst possible level. How many more assorted murders? How much more bloodshed before you begin to realise the biggest error of your civilised ways??!



P.S.—Justice shall be measured by its compassion, by its ability to forgive, to help and care. Not by its barbarity, harshness and cruelty. The peasants shall steal while the peasants are hungry. The rapists shall continue to rape the passive females you promote. The killers shall kill until they have a space for their tension and an ear for their oppression, or the removal of said tension/oppression. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED, THE MASSACRE IS IN YOUR HANDS, AS IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN, AS IT ALWAYS WILL BE!

ANOTHER poisoned turkey scare brought alarm to shops yesterday.

A young woman who said that she was a member of the Animal Liberation Group, who were responsible for a similar scare in London and Liverpool, claimed that turkeys at four Bristol supermarkets and 10 butchers' shops had been injected with the weed-killer paraquat.

SOLDIER John Jones took the arm of his new wife Teresa yesterday and led her in a dance for the first time since he lost both legs in the Falklands.

The dance at a Christmas party at the Queen Elizabeth Military Hospital, Woolwich, London S.E., where many of the Falklands victims were treated, came just six weeks after he began to walk on artificial legs.

Teresa, 19, who married lance sergeant John, three weeks ago, said: 'He doesn't jump about all over the place yet, but he dances to fast records as well as slow ones. There is not a lot he doesn't do now that he did before.'

Dear Sir,

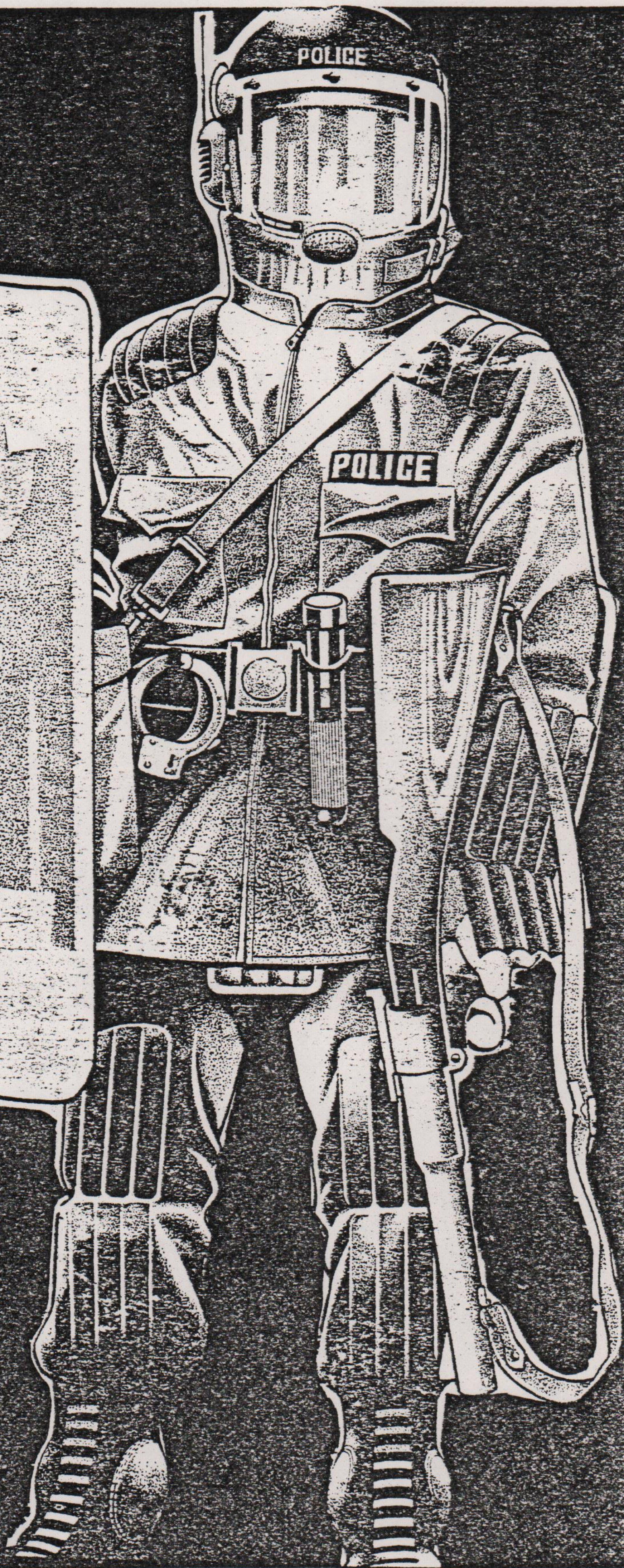
I can honestly say that i dont care about the so called fishing limits, or the fishermens conflict, i dont care about your pathetic british or french boundaries or territory. I dont care about the whole affair because i deplore fishing. The constant plunder and destruction of our sea's worries me. The tradditional murder of millions of fish disturbs me. The excuses bore me and the profit making is pure filth.

I can also honestly say that i dont care about your bloodthirsty wars because they involve a similar kind of situation of territory and property. And for these grande illusions of power you turn man against man, army against army, punk against skinhead, black against white, male against female, young against old, nation against nation, death upon death. Because of this, the only destruction i can believe in is the destruction of the structure which is wrapped in a blood stained cloak of territory and boundary, this is the death dream. The constant plunder and destruction of our world worries me. The tradditional murder of millions of ignorant people disturbs me. The political arguments disgust me. The excuses bore me and the profit making is pure filth.

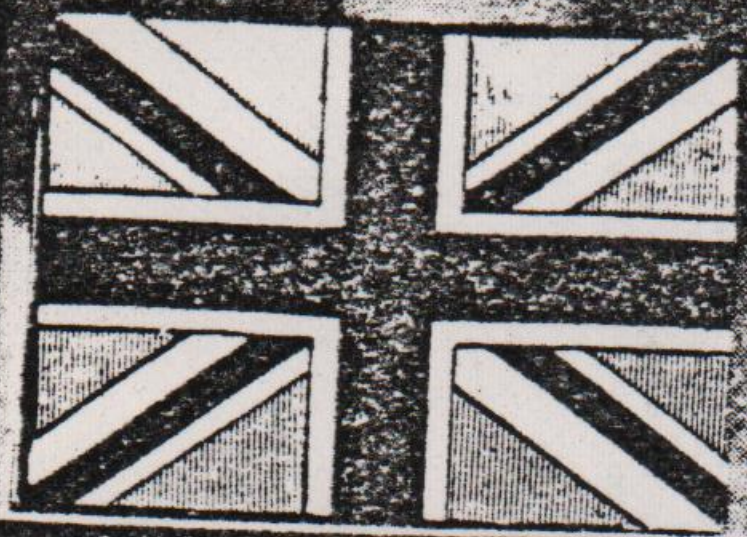
Sir, it is time now for you to open your eye's to the trash can we call earth and to the garbage we call life. I am not content to live in a dustbin. It's a case of clean it up or burn it down!

Yours Lovingly,

Lee. XXXX



DEATH dreamer



OR Life Stealer ?



LEE

STATE TERRORISM

THE PENIS::An instrument of rape, is not obscene, nor is the mind of the person who controls this instrument.

THE STRUCTURES::Conditions and ultimately the people who dictate to and control these minds of rape and destruction are obscene.

These people are the real RAPISTS.

These people are the real TERRORISTS.

These people are the real MURDERERS.

These people are the real THEIVES.

These people are respectable, but only in the eye's of the people who have become their instruments, like the penis that rapes.

THE SUN::A daily newspaper read by millions, is a worse criminal than an unfortunate man called peter sutcliffe. He believed women were easy game, for his penis and for his fists and his muscle. The sun portrays that image, as most connections with the media do. The sun is not alone. Because we are taught not to have feelings, the guy next door was afraid of the guy next door, he couldnt communicate his anger and frustration, so the guy next door murdered people savagely.

PETER SUTCLIFFE::Convicted murderer, heard voices of god, is the victim of a society that is male dominated, that is sexist and that teaches its children how to destroy all that is kind, and caring, it teaches them to be bold, and tough and to hide tears and fears, but some of us cant, do you hear, we cant. And we are forced over the edge by your brick wall normality, you cant all be the same, so why fuckin pretend??

NO RAPE IS GREATER THAN THE CONSTANT RAPE OF OUR EARTH.

NO I.R.A. BOMB IS MORE SEVERE THAN BOMBS OF WAR SUPPORTED BY YOU.

NO MURDER IS GREATER THAN THE DAILY MURDER OF OUR FREEDOM.

NO THEFT IS GREATER THAN THE CONSTANT THEFT OF OUR LIFE.

WE::Are all accessories, we are the pillars to a structure of pain. These things you now call respectable, in my eye's they are criminal.

THE VATICAN::Wealth undreamed of by the starving millions, forcing sexual dogmas onto ignorant people, catholicism is a religion built upon cruelty and male dominance, creating child bearing machines with no alternative, instead of people.

THE GOVERNMENTS::Greedy and ruthless politicians, with lusty erect MX missile systems, exploiting and collaborating, killing and raping all who stand in their way.

These are the real crimes, but how can i bring to trial the very people who make the law, uphold the law, own the law and are the law?

On this day i plant the seeds of doubt in your justification that all is ok, in your defence of everything that is respectable. These uniformed mass murderers are the basic morality of your society. The priests, the cops, the teachers, the parents, the soldiers, the bank managers, the bosses, the workers and the judges.

On this day i declare them all RAPISTS, TERRORISTS, MURDERERS and THIEVES.

They constantly abuse life and the living, and feed us on their perverted death dreams and final solutions to their problems.

BARCLAYS BANK SUPPORTS THE APARTHEID REGIME OF FASCIST TERROR IN SOUTH AFRICA, THEIR LATEST SAVINGS SCHEME IS NOTHING BUT ANOTHER YEAR ZERO CAMPAIGN.

THEY::Created this system in your name.

YOU::Support this system with your acceptance.

These people are destroying our world, my world and your world.

On this day i hope the seeds of doubt will grow and flourish and strangle them all with their hypocrisy and civilised sordid lies.

ON THIS DAY I SCREAM, ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

How can I expect political figures to treat me as a human being when you do not?

ON THIS DAY CORRUPT EMPIRES SHALL TURN TO DUST, NEVER TO RISE AGAIN!!

MINERS leader Arthur Scargill was speeding yesterday but his left union was almost legal

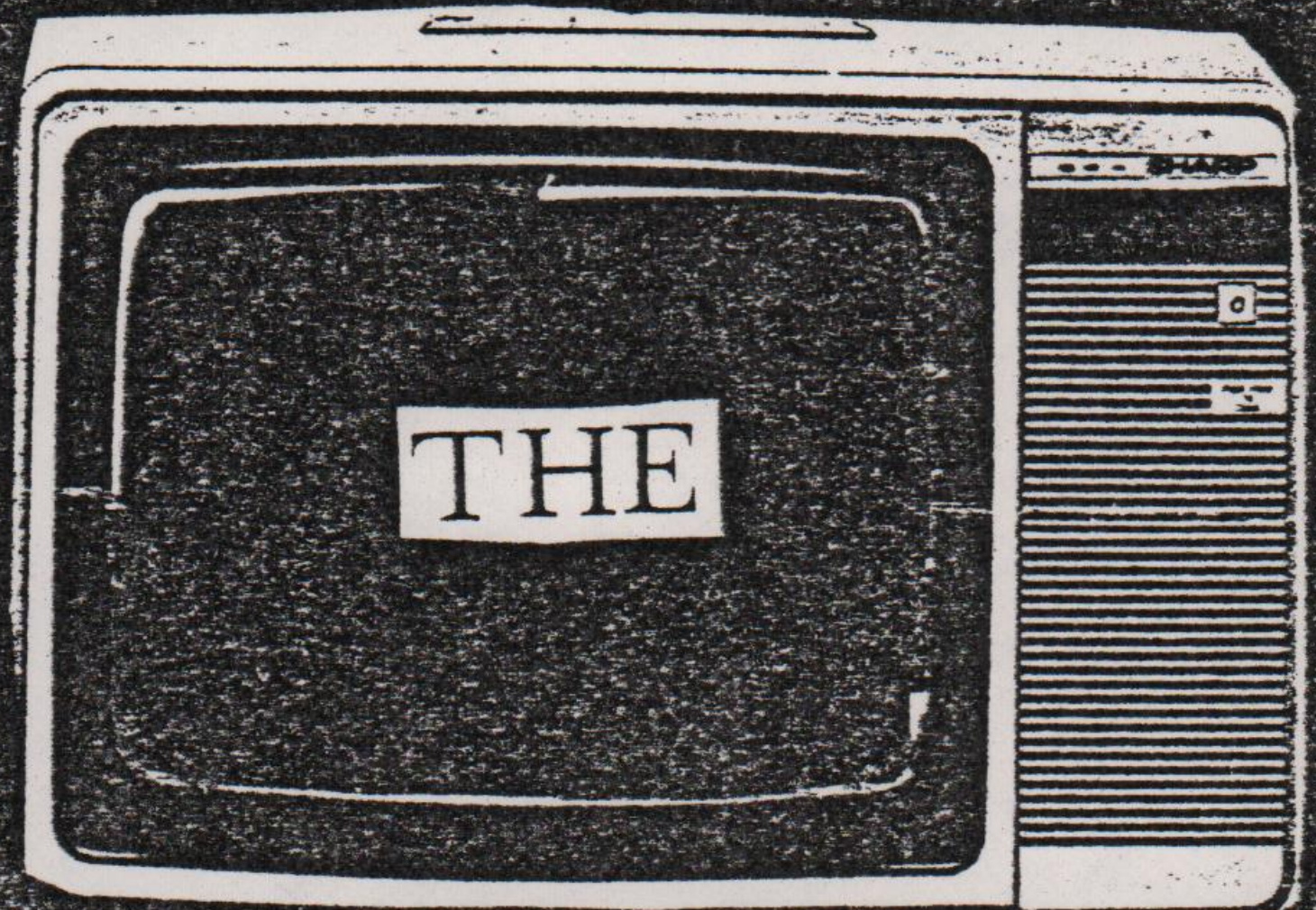
Work is a Sick joke

greed is the sickness of that joke

boredom is the joke of sickness

freedom from work

turns sickness into a joke

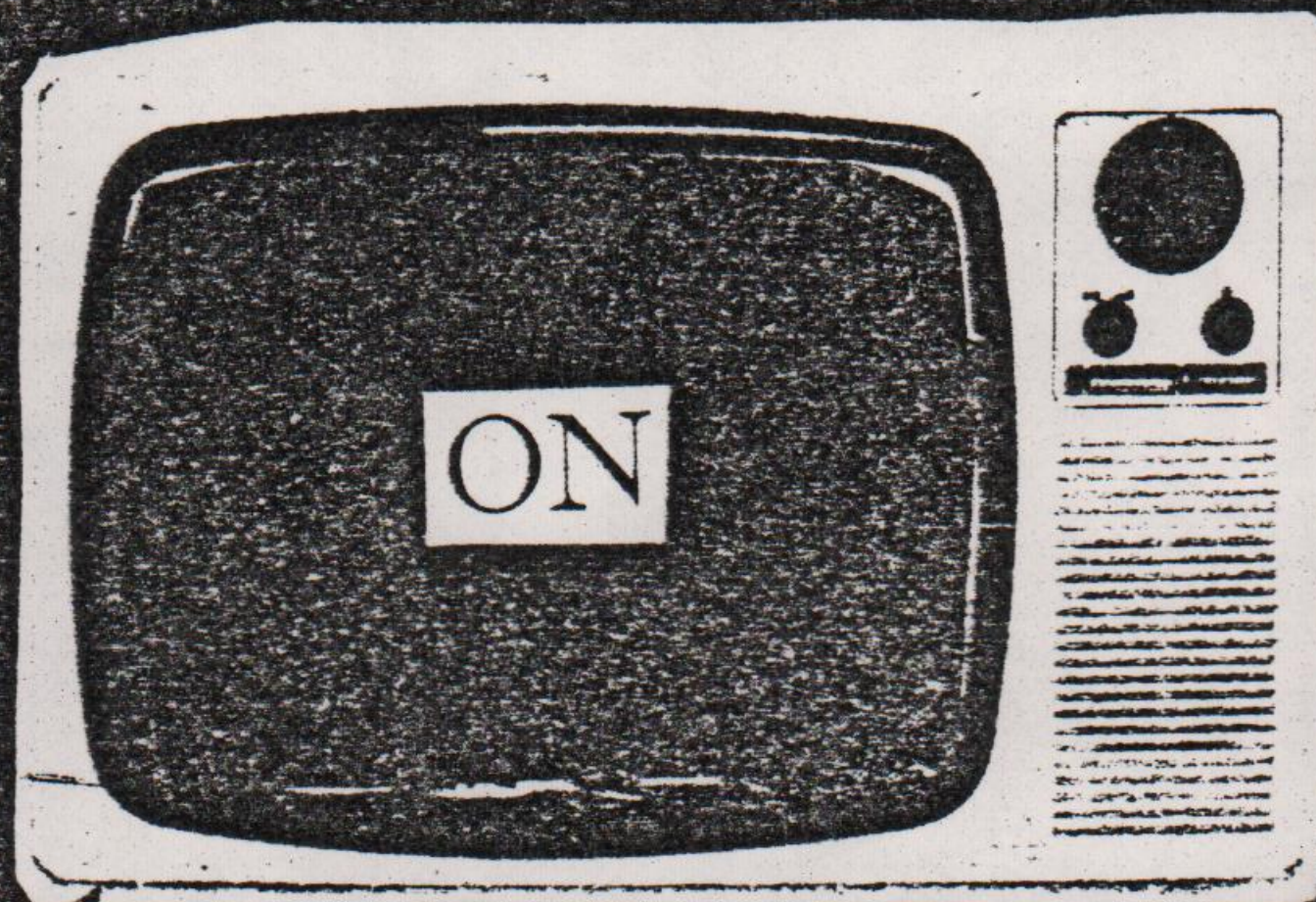


If you fail to keep this appointment without good reason

hA

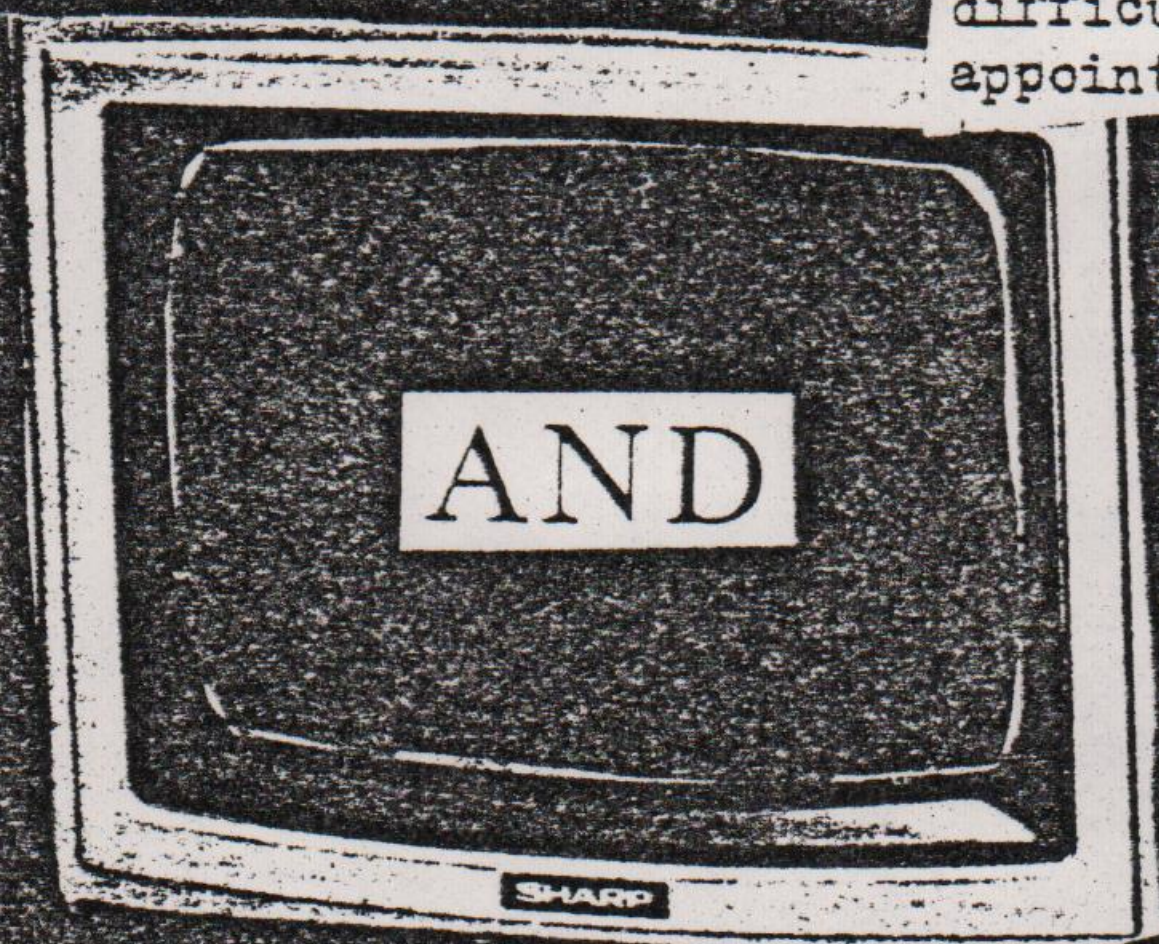
Ha

hA



The Solution to
employment is
unemployment

appointment for you to come to see me to discuss your difficulties in getting work, but you did not keep the appointment. I am, therefore, making another



Unemployed people: Refuse the media
depression. Use your time and
your life wisely.

I am afraid that it will be necessary to stop payment of your supplementary allowance until we can discuss the

There are many paths to the forest... i hope you find yours!

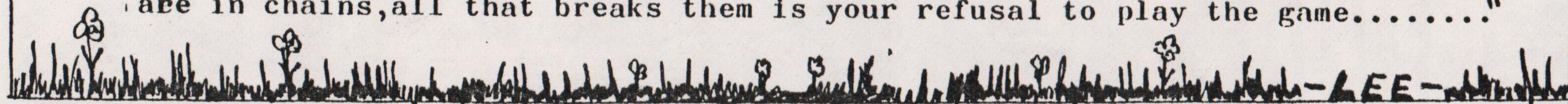
An army of children

LEE

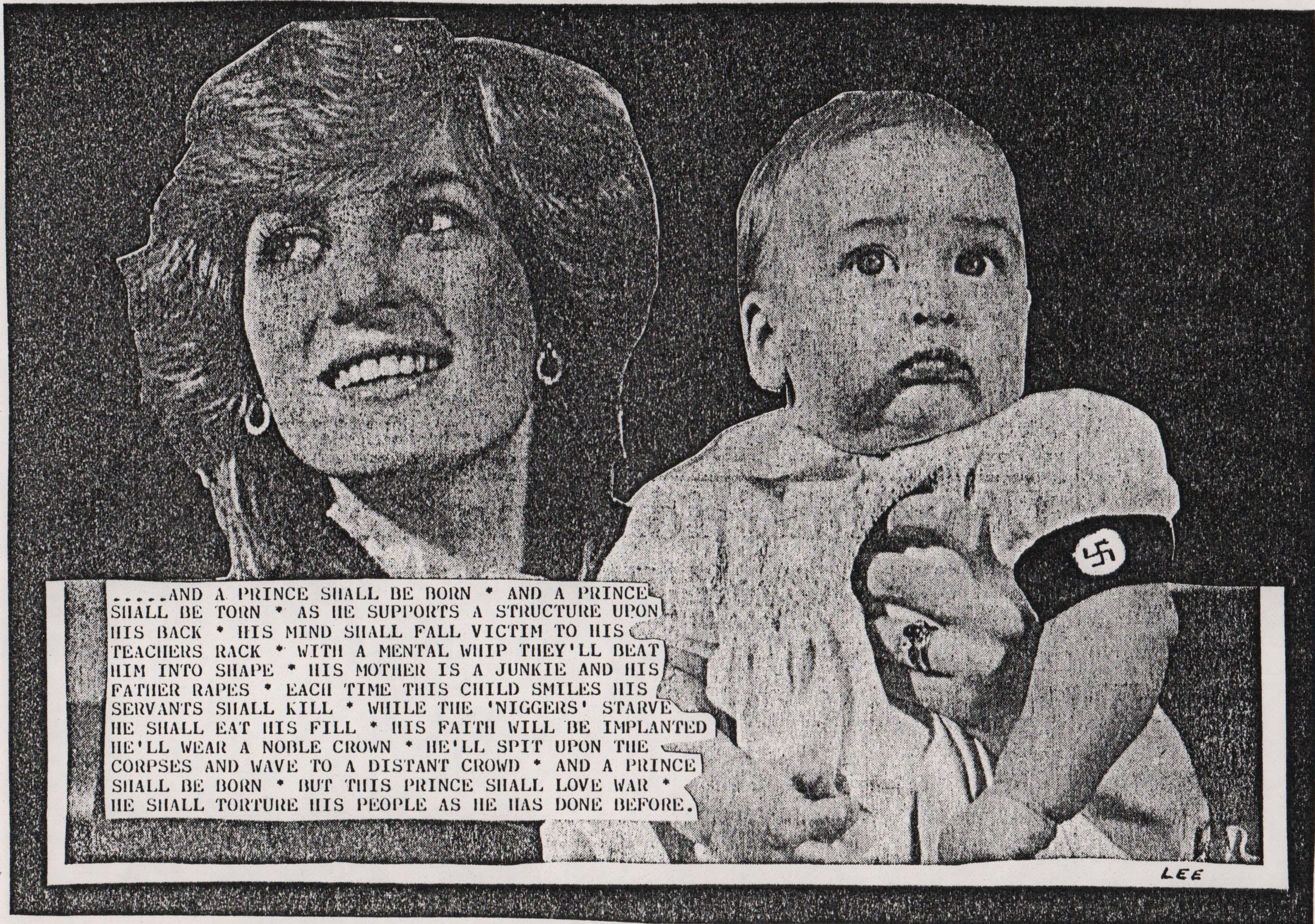


The sunny side of the forest

"We achieve more in our struggle for humanity, anarchy and equality by our silence. We confront the old corrupted ways with our isolation from them. We reject their murderous education by giving our children love and hope, with our example, our living proof. We shall always use the pen instead of the rifle, for our attacks are revolutionary, we subvert the mind, the target of our scrawled attacks, for no other war is real. Our silence says more than any heated argument. . We change nothing with fists of steel and muscles of iron. We change nothing with speeches and empty filthy promises. We are one and move in the circles of nature. Our ideas hang upon society like a body on a cross, like my breath hangs upon the cold frosty morning air. We shift like the sands beneath the sea, we circle above your morality, swirling like doves in confusion and we feast like dogs on a carcass, we feast upon chaos. We embrace life with a love of nature, our minds twist and flow like tree's upon a wild mountain. Anarchy is with us, and war is over each time we claim back a space where we can be ourselves. Our ideas glow like a shining, shining star, and our compassion sparkles like the moon in a dark cold winter sky. We are at war, a constant war against ignorance and contentment, we condemn apathy and murder blind acceptance, we smash all crutches and burn down cathedrals of a puritan faith. There is no sin. There is no law. The great war of the mind exists for those with the courage to abolish tradition and any other solid belief that thinks itself above question and reason. sins, traditions and faiths were built to be rocked, to be shaken and if need be, to be crushed into the earth from which they arose. Cant you see, that all this is ours, its just that you havnt yet realised it, you havnt sensed your own strength, all this is mine, all this is yours, do what you want, salvage what you need, cos i know that beneath the masks of normality lies a madness of freedom, and i know that beneath the illusions of joy lies the agony of bondage. We are slaves until we become our own masters, all rulers are in chains, all slaves are in chains, all that breaks them is your refusal to play the game....."



-LEE-



.....AND A PRINCE SHALL BE BORN * AND A PRINCE
SHALL BE TORN * AS HE SUPPORTS A STRUCTURE UPON
HIS BACK * HIS MIND SHALL FALL VICTIM TO HIS
TEACHERS RACK * WITH A MENTAL WHIP THEY'LL BEAT
HIM INTO SHAPE * HIS MOTHER IS A JUNKIE AND HIS
FATHER RAPES * EACH TIME THIS CHILD SMILES HIS
SERVANTS SHALL KILL * WHILE THE 'NIGGERS' STARVE
HE SHALL EAT HIS FILL * HIS FAITH WILL BE IMPLANTED
HE'LL WEAR A NOBLE CROWN * HE'LL SPIT UPON THE
CORPSES AND WAVE TO A DISTANT CROWD * AND A PRINCE
SHALL BE BORN * BUT THIS PRINCE SHALL LOVE WAR *
HE SHALL TORTURE HIS PEOPLE AS HE HAS DONE BEFORE.

LEE

In the forest God met the Stag-beetle.

"Hold! Worship me!"

quoth God.

"For i am All Great, All Good, All Wise.....
The stars are but sparks from the forges of
My smiths....."

"Yea, verily and Amen"
said the stag-beetle.

"All this do i believe,
and that devoutly"

"Then why do you not worship me?"

"Because i am real and you
are only imaginary"

But the leaves of the forest
rustled with the laughter
of the wind.

Said Wind and Wood;

"They neither of them know anything!!"

The Vigil Of St. Hubert
by FRATER PERDURABO
(1913)

TOKEN
6 MYSTICISM !!
PAINTING
BY 122

**ARE
YOU
AWAKE?**

"KISS THE EARTH....AND FUCK THE CORPSE"—(1,000 Copies.) WRITE % LEE —
Hyde Park Towers Hotel, Inverness Terrace, London, W.2.

1983 is the year when we can write it but not speak it, the year where we
can print it but not do it! But one is impotent without the other, take note,
learn, be wise and together we shall do great things!! bye bye....



AND FUCK THE CORPSE