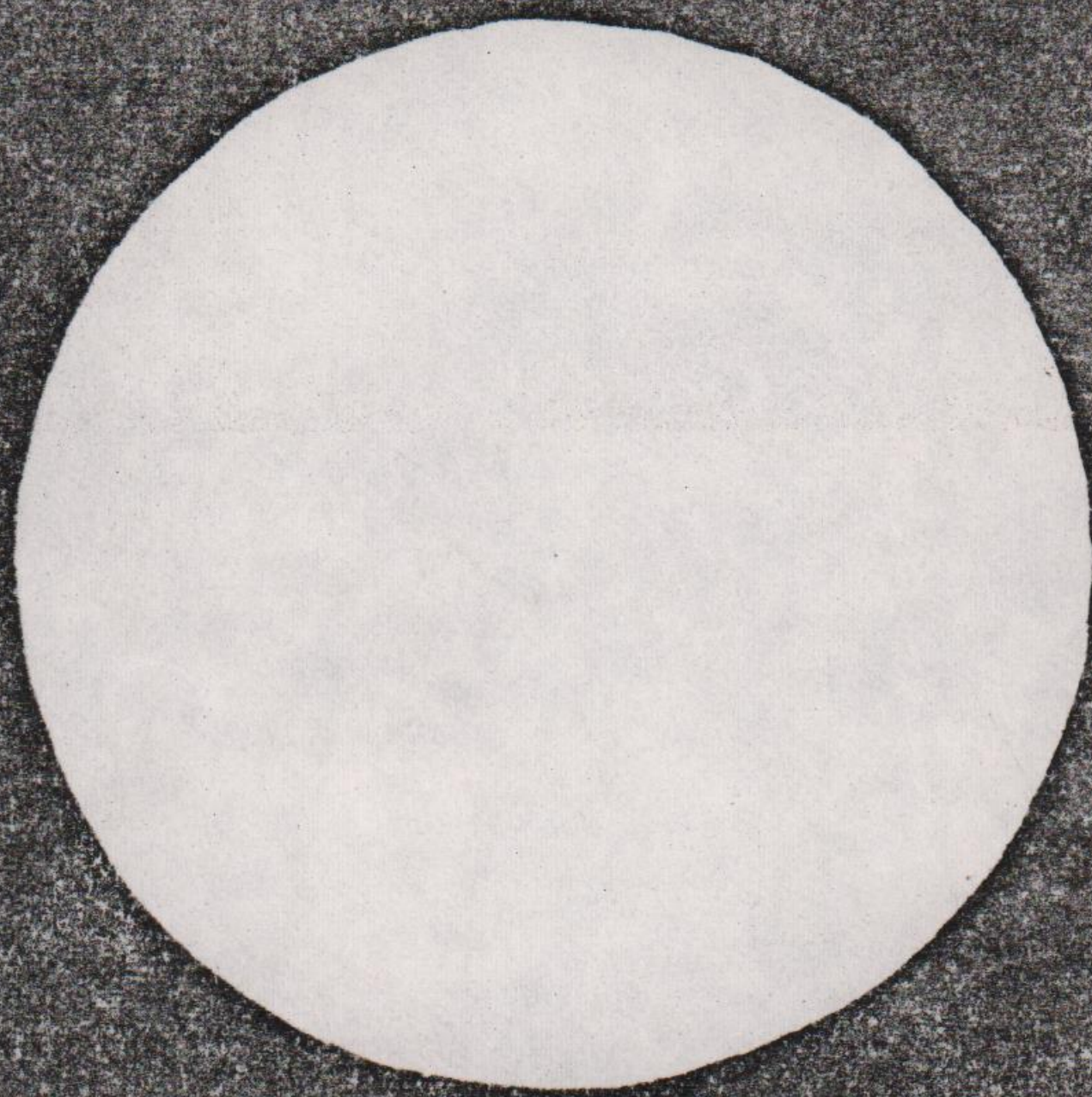


MASS



OF COURSE EVERY BRITON SUPPORTS ME IN FIGHTING
FOR THE FALKLANDS.
CAN YOU HEAR ANYTHING DIFFERENT ?



ADVERTISEMENT

**PUTTING A CROSS
IN THE BOX IS THE
SAME AS SIGNING
THIS PIECE
OF PAPER.**

I hereby give up the right to choose and agree to
abide by any decision made by the State on my
behalf. I agree to let my children pay the price
for a nuclear deterrent. I understand that
if I sign this now I may not be able to change
my mind.

SIGNED.

government is not working

WAR is PEACE: FREEDOM is SLAVERY: IGNORANCE is STRENGTH
STEVE

COMPLETE

VIRGINITY ?
I NEVER KNEW IT.
NO SINGLE MAN
WON MY MAIDENHEAD
'COS THE SYSTEM
FUCKED ME LONG BEFORE:
THEY DIDNT HAVE TO
BREAK THE SEAL
TO MAKE THE CONTENTS
ROTTEN.
I TORE THE VEIL MYSELF
TO LET OUT THE POISON.
I NEVER WANTED TO BE
COMPLETE,
JUST COMPLETELY FREE.

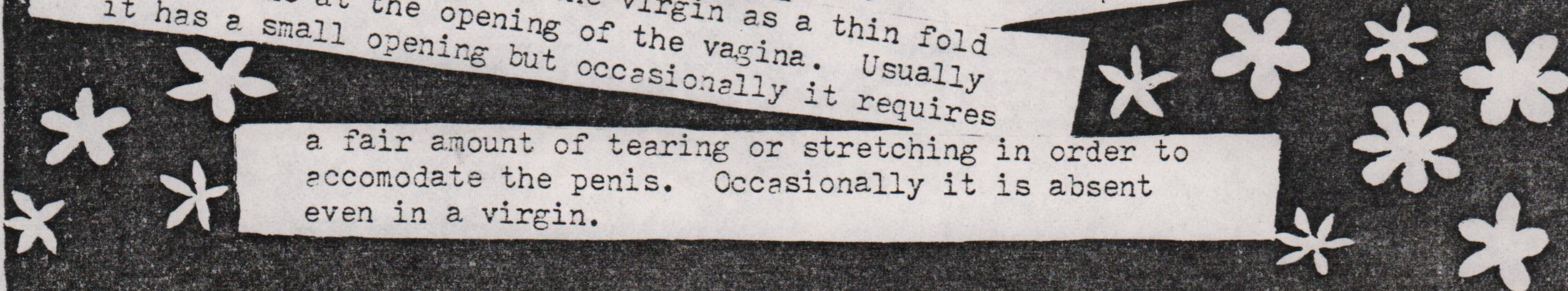
KIM.



The hymen may be seen in the virgin as a thin fold of membrane at the opening of the vagina. Usually it has a small opening but occasionally it requires

a fair amount of tearing or stretching in order to accomodate the penis. Occasionally it is absent even in a virgin.

" DOES SHE WALK? DOES SHE TALK?
DOES SHE COME COMPLETE? "
'Centrefold' J. GEILS BAND.



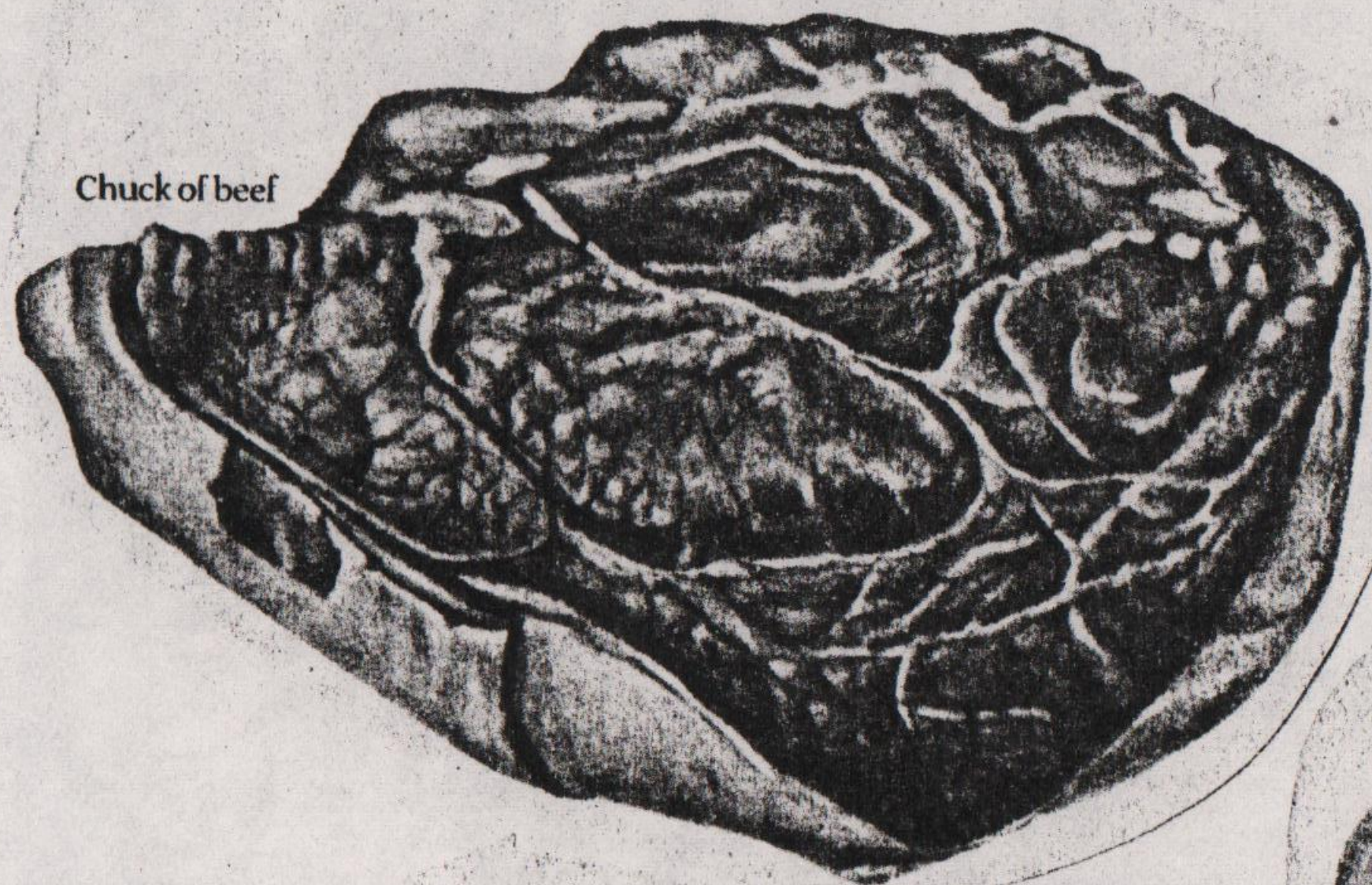
Unafraid, i sail life's boat, travelling the distances of rebellion, each huge blue wave is a challenge, a swirling powerful awesome struggle, a balance between beauty and pain. Ultimately the boat's destination is mine, tho the mighty sea would have me think otherwise. It splashes and crashes and boasts its strength, and evil fish leap upon me from its deepest depths, but nothing shall stop me, for i too have a gun up my sleeve. I draw courage from the trees and light from the moon, i absorb life in the ghost face of this darkness. I use my knowledge to steer the ship, choosing between the death calm of monotony and the rocks of excitement.



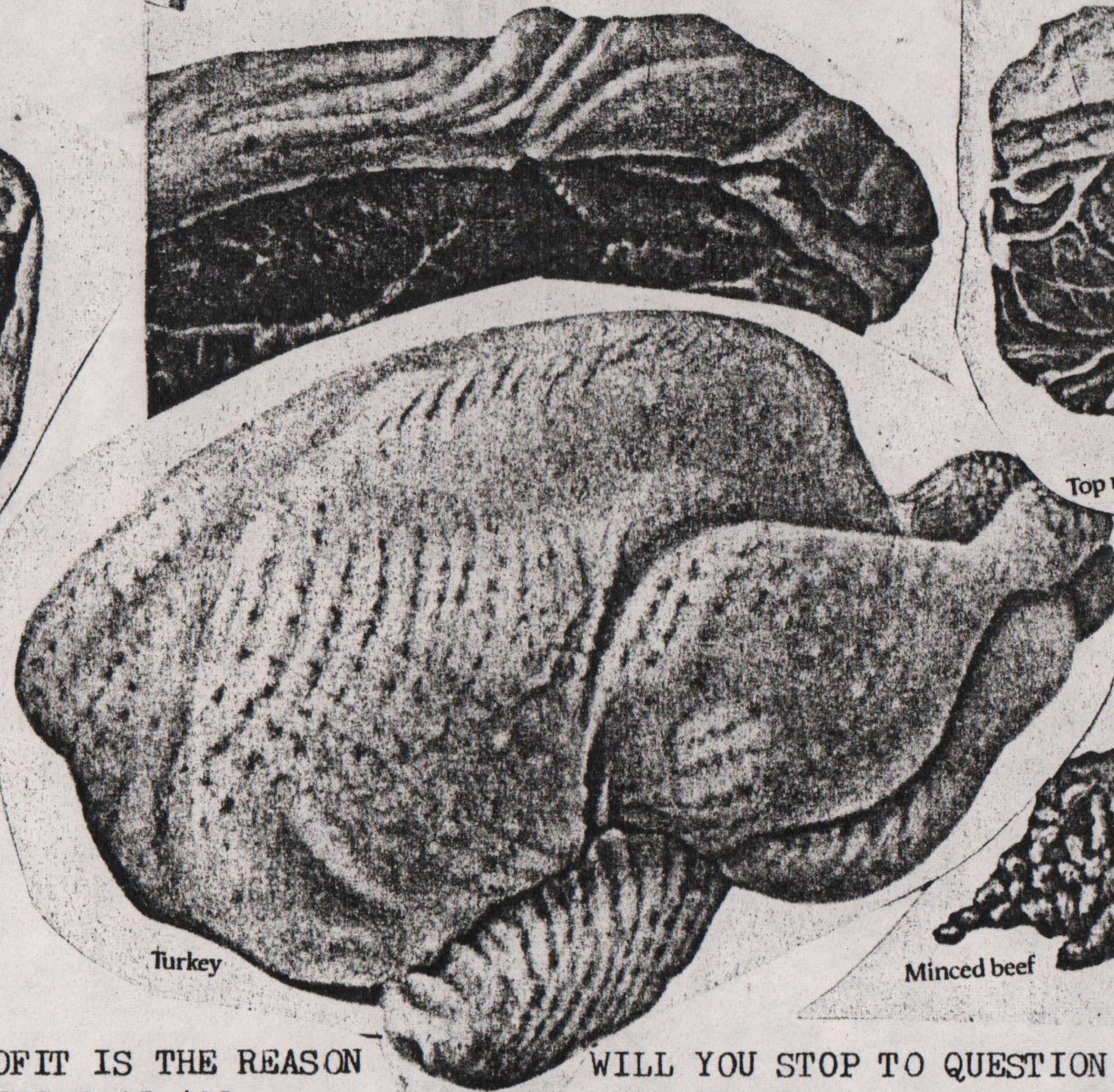
Always these Sacred waves shall rage and thunder. Always a few of us will choose to swim against the tide, and the more who choose to swim their own course, the weaker this sea will be. After all, a wall is made from bricks, a machine from cogs, a system from people, a sea from drops of rain. Nothing stands now which cannot be pulled to the ground, all that remains unmoved is you!!!

lee. MAY. 83.

Chuck of beef



Turkey



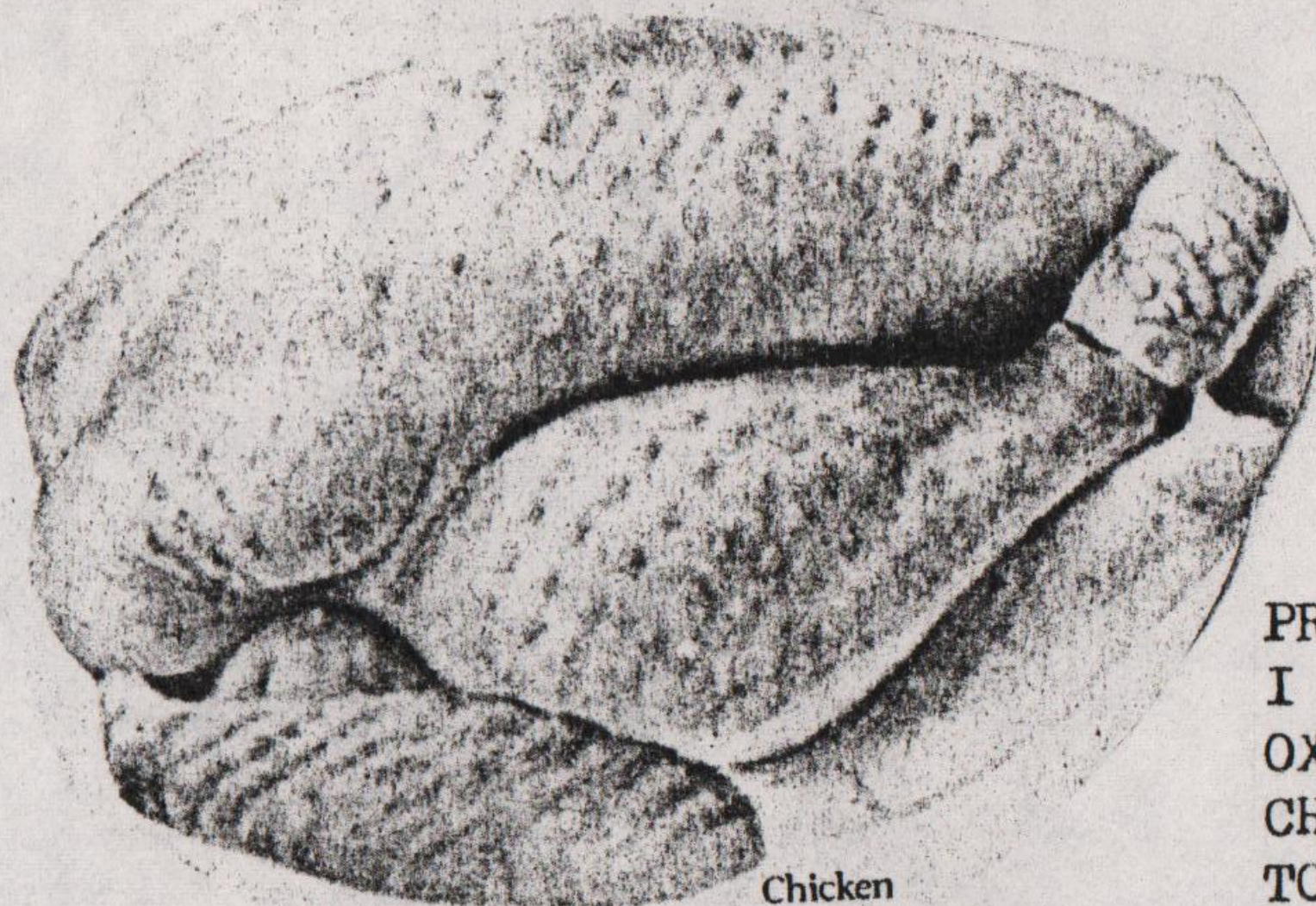
Top rib of beef



Minced beef



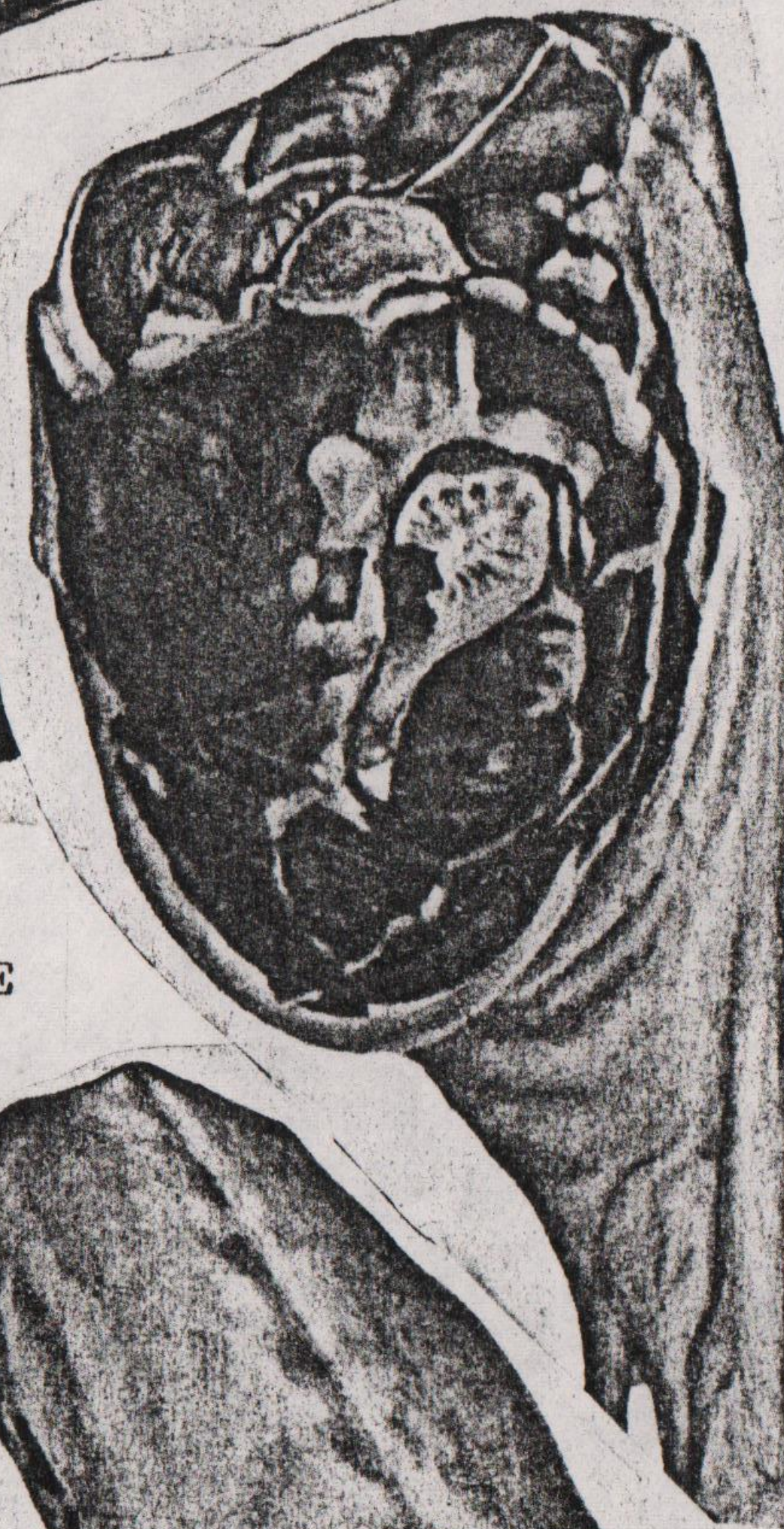
Chicken



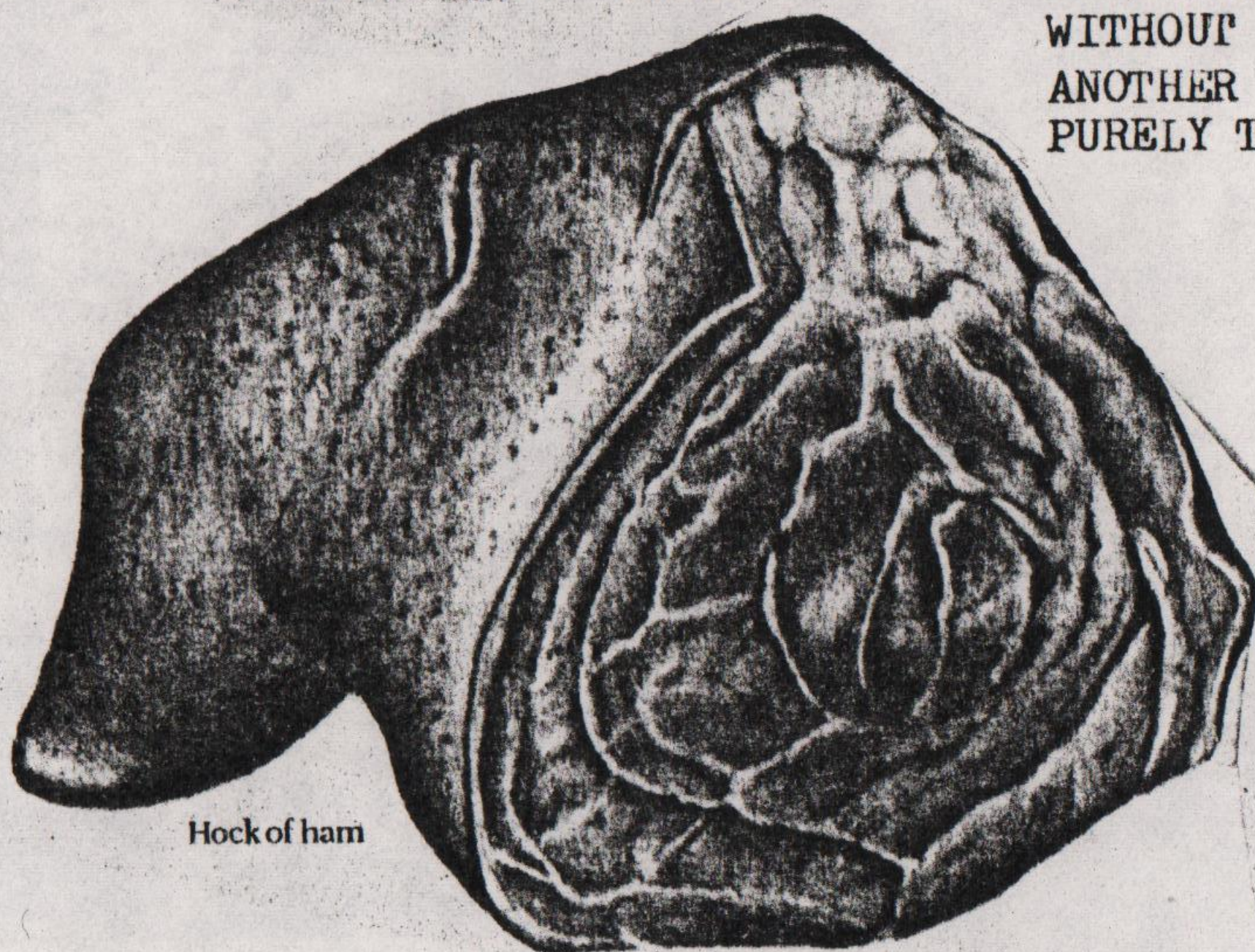
PROFIT IS THE REASON
I EXIST AT ALL
OXO, HERBS TO SEASON
CHAINED UP IN A STALL
TORTURED, SLAUGHTERED
WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT
ANOTHER PRODUCT PRODUCED
PURELY TO BE BOUGHT.

WILL YOU STOP TO QUESTION YOUR
YOUR HUNGER AND YOUR NEED
FOR ITS NOT THE KNIFE THAT KILLS ME
ONLY HUMAN GREED
MY LIFE IS MY OWN
ITS NOT YOURS TO TAKE
TIME TO END THE SUFFERING ??
THE CHOICE IS YOURS TO MAKE

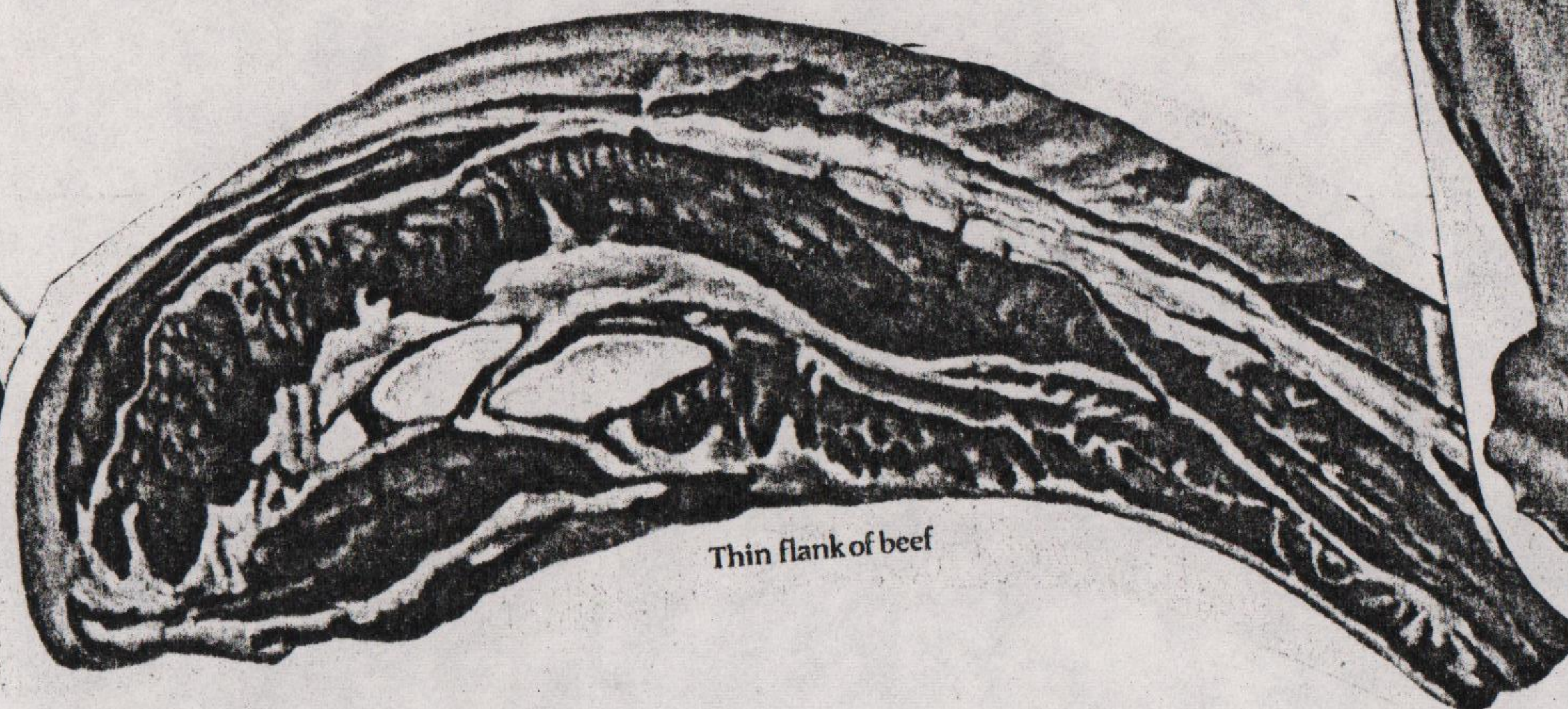
Leg of lamb



Hock of ham



Thin flank of beef



Saddle of hare



STEVE

Happy Families ?

If a family could look at itself as a group of human beings who share a house they might well be a lot happier. Instead, they trap themselves in the rules of an oppressive institution; play it safe and play roles.

You don't have to look very far to find the family code of conduct : Home And Family magazine; the TV Times; Womans Realm- 'where the quality of family life matters most'. The state media secures its future in making categories, and the family is a group you never chose to join. It's fully supported by the state because of its efficiency in training the young to fit nicely into society. You won't feel completely controlled by any one family member, as they are of course just as oppressed as you: it's the whole unit in action that destroys individuality and freedom.

It isn't just the ridiculous constriction of pictures of Dad under the car bonnet and Mum in the kitchen; it goes a lot deeper. Even in a family where daily roles are re-arranged, children and parents relate to each other in totally misguided ways.

Firstly, Parents are constantly trying to take responsibility for things which children are far better off being responsible for on their own. They deny the children the experience that they need in order to develop in their own way. Their interference is disguised as concern ; 'I'm trying to stop you making the mistakes I made'. Of course, someone with the experience should feel free to advise, but ultimately a child as an individual should do exactly what he or she feels to be right at the time. If that decision turns out to be a mistake, then parents, as friends, should give support without resentment; they would expect the same from those who love them. If the child finds its own path, no matter how much disappointment comes out of it, he or she will have a rich supply of experience that will be invaluable as life continues. Every life is a cycle of experience, a mixture of good things and bad things which the child must live through in order to liberate his or her character. He must look at the conditions around him, make his own choices and evaluations and find his own feet. Dependency on parents is the crucial step towards dependency on the state, which is of course what the state wants; that's why it upholds the family.

Parents are yesterday's youth who grew up giving in to the system, but each new life represents a new idea and a challenge to the state, which must be fought through its parents. Therefore, today's parents who reject the system are even more of a threat to society because they're positively encouraging their offspring to find their individuality.

The trouble with the typical family in a day-to-day sense is that it doesn't have room to enjoy itself; everyone is frightened of their own freedom. Parents refuse to draw energy from their children: children refuse to let their energy reach them.

From an early age, children are brainwashed into thinking that if they say and do exactly what their parents want to hear and see they will be loved. So they echo the words of mum and dad without thinking. Not only are children not encouraged to ask questions, they are constantly kept away from finding answers. They're brought up to go to their parents for answers, which are, of course, state-taught excuses.

There is a great fear between parents and children of throwing yourself open and showing pure emotion. What both sides need to see is that they are basically the same, but parents won't allow their children to feel equal because it might challenge the authority they've built up. It's easier to say 'if you do that you'll be in serious trouble' than 'if you do that I'll be sick with worry'. We can see all around us how the raw honesty of childhood is suppressed because it represents the truth that most people feel uncomfortable with ; 'you mustn't say things like that, dear' is what we hear right through life.

If you can communicate at all with your parents, don't deny them the chance of liberation; they're human too. It's the lucky few who can say whatever they feel to mum or dad and feel true friendship. Most of us don't have that and the sad thing is we really aren't even trying to get it.

KIM

NO FEELINGS FOR ANYBODY ELSE

(living is driving me to my death!)

The sign said free gifts with every purchase, but it was Sunday! It seemed to sum up his life... No! No! It must be a lie,

"You are a lie cos it's too true to be honest".....the rotten bastards always promise the earth and just give you churches...

Everyone around him just seemed too shallow to even notice the obscure notice that whizzed past like a thousand and one goodbyes...

Most people(?) with him were too insane with normality to walk on the wild side-they all take drugs and escape(fucking hippies)-T.V./J.Christ/Asprin and the odd fuck!

"But we live in the real world or are you calling me a liar?"

He could hardly answer...

....."Stop mind fucking me when you dont realise what your doing!"

Come in boys and enjoy the carnival of emotions-you can play higher emotional stakes than anyone else but anyone else are totally bewildered. He was sitting with lots of people who just didnt see the things he saw and god was he fucked by it.....the world would be a lot more appealing if everyone could tune into the pissed off human beings...if everyone could save people from fatalism,if everyone could just talk to the glorious high bridge diver...

All he could do was go home and play angry vinyl and be reactionary-one big vicious circle...and the circle is made up by a dog eating it's own tail(Stupid twat!)

"I'm Dill the dog...huh huh,
i'm a dog called Dill...huh huh..."

Thanx to
Kim for de
snake.!

RObV
April 83



...How would you describe the most beautiful furs in the world?

THE UGLIEST FURS
ARE HUNG IN ENDLESS ROWS
IN HIGH STREET DEATH SHOPS,
THE DEAD SKIN
HIDDEN UNDER SILKY LININGS,
THE SMELL OF MURDER
OVERCOME BY A SYNTHETIC SCENT
OF PERFUMED LUXURY.

EVERY CRISP CHEQUE IN THE TILL
IS A DEATH WARRANT
FOR A BLAMELESS LIFE.
WHY IS IT RIGHT
THAT BECAUSE AN ANIMAL IS BEAUTIFUL
IT MUST SERVE THE UGLINESS OF MAN
AND DIE?

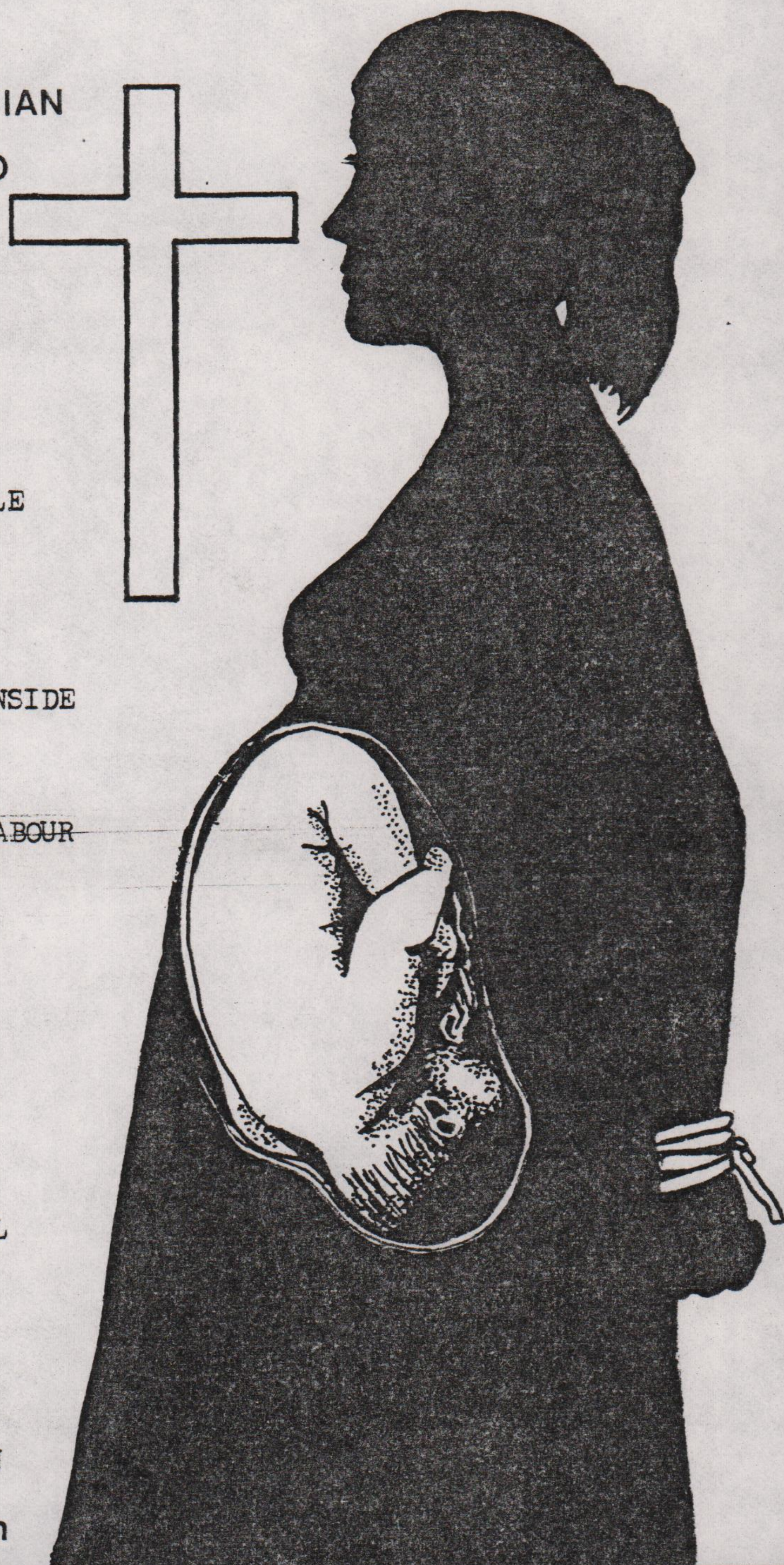
Kim.

NURSERY RHYME OF CHRISTIAN MOTHERHOOD

DOCTOR DOCTOR HELP ME QUICK,
MY FREEDOM'S DISAPPEARING.
MY BODY'S SPEEDING TO THE CLIFF EDGE
AND THE SYSTEM'S GOT THE STEERING.
BUT THE SURGERY'S A CHAPEL
WITH THE FEELING OF A TOMB
AND THE LION AND THE UNICORN
ARE FIGHTING FOR MY WOMB.
AND WHILE THEY SQUABBLE I'M IN TROUBLE
I WANT TO SAY A PRAYER,
BUT MY PRIEST TOLD ME ABORTION
DON'T GO DOWN TOO WELL UP THERE.
IN THE TRUE ROMANTIC COURTSHIP WAY
I LET IN A LOVING PRICK
NOW THERE'S SOMETHING GROWING DEEP INSIDE
AND IT'S WORRYING ME SICK.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB
SHE NAMED IT JESUS CHRIST.
BUT THEY MURDERED IT AFTER ALL HER LABOUR
SO IT WAS MARY PAID THE PRICE.
MARY, MARY, FUCKED BY A FAIRY,
HOW DOES YOUR FOETUS GROW ?
IN THE CHURCH OF THE MATERNITY WARD
WITH PRETTY MAIDS ALL IN A ROW.
OH, MARY MARY, BE THOU WARY
OF HE WHO COMES THROUGH THE PRICK
OF THE LORD
'COS THEY BUTCHERED YOUR SON
AND SAW YOU HUNG
FROM AN UMBILICAL CORD.
SO JILL, DON'T LET JACK HAVE HIS FILL
TRY TO USE YOUR HEAD,
'COS THE DOCTOR'S GOT A CRUCIFIX
HUNG ABOVE HIS BED .
THEY'LL FORCE YOU THROUGH THE PAIN
OF CHILDBIRTH
BY TELLING YOU GOD'S BOSS
'COS THEY WANT TO HUNT YOUR BABY DOWN
AND NAIL IT TO A CROSS.

Kim



stuff your face with crap trash food / lick your
lips on childrens blood / dance for joy on broken
bones / consume the greif of the world / live
a selfish lie / while people scream And millions
die / fuck a Can of Coca-Cola / ignore pain as you



get older / punch the face of a fragile child / never
look him in the eye / Snapping bodies small and
thin / As they clutch a tobacco tin / they can't
walk, never mind run / this pretty picture cost a
loaded gun / all they need is water and grain / but
we store our surplus to throw away !! .lee.

Silly Love Songs

(AND SENSIBLE ONES)

" The heart is a muscle which expands and contracts with the flow of blood - so how can it break ? " (Jean-Jacques Burnel)

I wonder how many 'Broken heart' survivors would still be breathing today had they dwelt in the influence of lyrics like

" I can't live if living is without you; I can't live, I can't give any more." It's important to note, however, that Harry Nilsson, the deliverer of the sentiment, managed to survive his lost love to see the profits from 'Without You'.

I wonder who amongst the broken-hearted could woefully wail along to the strains of

" Every day that I'm without you hurts just a little bit more " and keep the razor blade off of the wrists. The Sad Cafe must be pretty sad if it gets more miserable the further it gets away from the problem. Morris Albert's 'Feelings' seem to me much closer to 'memories' - scenes from days gone by. His feelings actually sink low enough to declare

" I wish I'd never met you, girl."

Now, surely even pseudo-superstars can widen their scope sufficiently to consider the idea that in everyone you meet there is a lesson to be learned which, however painful, ultimately gives you the strength of experience. Perhaps Morris might look to the refreshing 'Memories' of Public Image Limited, and find

" This person's had enough of useless memories " more satisfying. On the same theme, Hazel O'Connor proclaims

" What's done has been done...I won't be the one To be bound by the sound of 'if only'."

She certainly knows the futility of crying over spilt milk.

The 'sting' of the antiseptic song which heals the wound so much more quickly lies in its identification with the present and the future. Obviously Gloria Gaynor's got it right in the powerful 'I Will Survive', where

" I've got all my life to live, I've got all my love to give " is the essence of her message. The Slits, too, take pride in their own future:

" I'm going to have some fun tonight, life's better without you " they reveal in 'Ping Pong Affair'.

Helen Reddy takes it further with a stirring feminist stand when she sings

" Yes, I am wise, but it's wisdom born of pain, Yes, I've paid the price, but look how much I've gained."

The Phoenix rises from the ashes with increased strength.

And the Poisin Girls actually dare to raise the question, 'Lovers-are they worth it?', where at least Vi Subversa's conclusion appears to be

" I'm not sorry, even though I'm all alone, I'm glad I'm all alone, I've got my grey days back again."

Ah, yes, people keep going back for more.

" Love is for fools, and God knows I'm still one " admits Nick Cave of The Birthday Party.

" I say fools in love are zeros; I should know because this fool's in love again " Joe Jackson tells us. Indeed, a lot of writers mould songs out of the inevitable ebb and flow of romance, a much more healthy approach than that of those who dwell in the realms of the 'romantic' ballad, which is no more than a gift-wrapped advertisement for marriage. Most of our allegedly 'talented' songwriters would have us all believe that to possess and be possessed by another human being in a state-approved imitation of marriage is the most infinitely rewarding experience that we can achieve.

But of course, we all know that the typical 'romance' is a dangerous institution created to ensure the expenditure of most of our powerful energies, which might otherwise be turned against the state; we all know that 'the true romance is the ideal repression'.

Don't we ?



It's all part of the Fucks Biz !

(Kim)

*Crass

PEACE :



YOU CAN'T GET ME
BY FIGHTING OR BY KILLING
YOU CAN'T GET ME BY STOCKING UP WITH ARMS
YOU CAN'T ME BY BULLYING AND THREATENING
YOU CAN'T GET ME BY RIGGING UP ALARMS

YOU CAN'T GET ME WITH MURDER
OR WITH TORTURE
YOU CAN'T GET ME WITH HATRED OR DECEIT
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ME UNLESS YOU COME TO
REALISE THAT ONLY I CAN
GET THE WORLD BACK ON ITS FEET

YOU ARE PART OF THE CAGE
THAT KEEPS ME OUT OF REACH
YOUR IGNORANCE KEEPS YOU BOUND AND
GAGGED AND TIED
YOU ARE PART OF THE RACE YOU THINK
NO ONE CAN TEACH
YOU KEEP ME IMPRISONED SO THAT
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR PRIDE

I AM WITHIN EVERYBODY
I AM IN YOUR HEART
I AM THE DOVE THAT YOU CAMPAIGN TO SEE
BUT IT DOESN'T TAKE THAT MUCH
TO SET ME FREE.

KIM.

? COME AGAIN?

FRIGIDITY

Failure to achieve full response by wife.

So long as intercourse is an enjoyable experience and welcomed as an essential part of marriage, life can be happy and successful for both partners, and there is no need to try and alter the situation. Psychological difficulties are commonest, and psychologically frigid women usually lack graciousness and courtesy in all their dealings with their husbands. This is in contrast to those wives described above who find pleasure in intercourse, even without the climax.

Psychological factors:

Guilty feeling resulting from forbidding attitude to sex by parents.

Open discussion may help this. Modesty is admirable; there is a time and place to lay it temporarily aside.

Immaturity: a tendency to run home to mother.

Envy of the man's place in the world: commonest in career types.

Marital disharmony; cross with husband.


Over-fastidiousness, like being too houseproud.

(From 'A Dictionary of Symptoms' by Dr. Joan Gomez - a woman!)

WHEN I READ THIS, I SHRIEKED SO LOUDLY
WITH ANGER, THEY THOUGHT I WAS
COMING; BUT I WAS JUST FAKING IT
TO GIVE HIM THE
ACHIEVEMENT OF
MY RESPONSE.

♀





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*AND LISTENING

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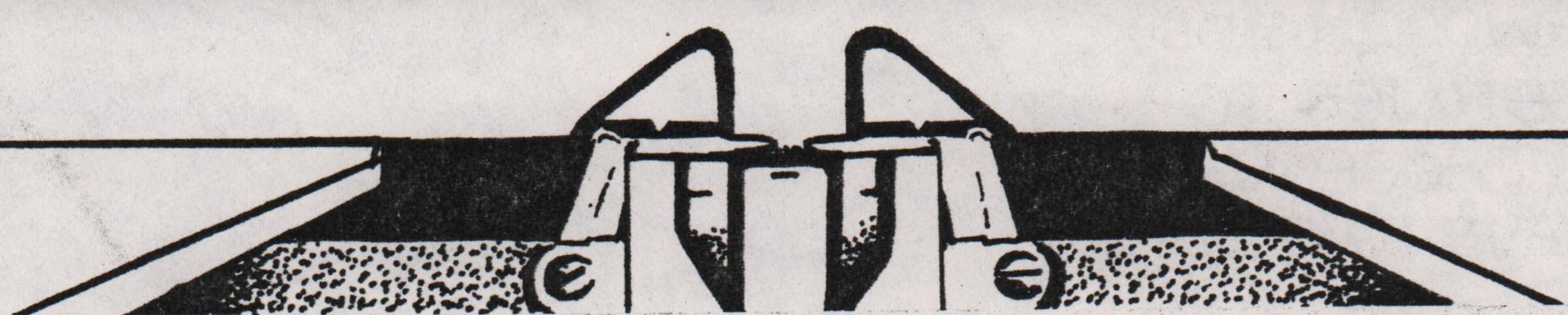
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- GREETINGS TO
ALL THOSE WHO
HAVE FAITH.

the lunatics have taken over the asylum...