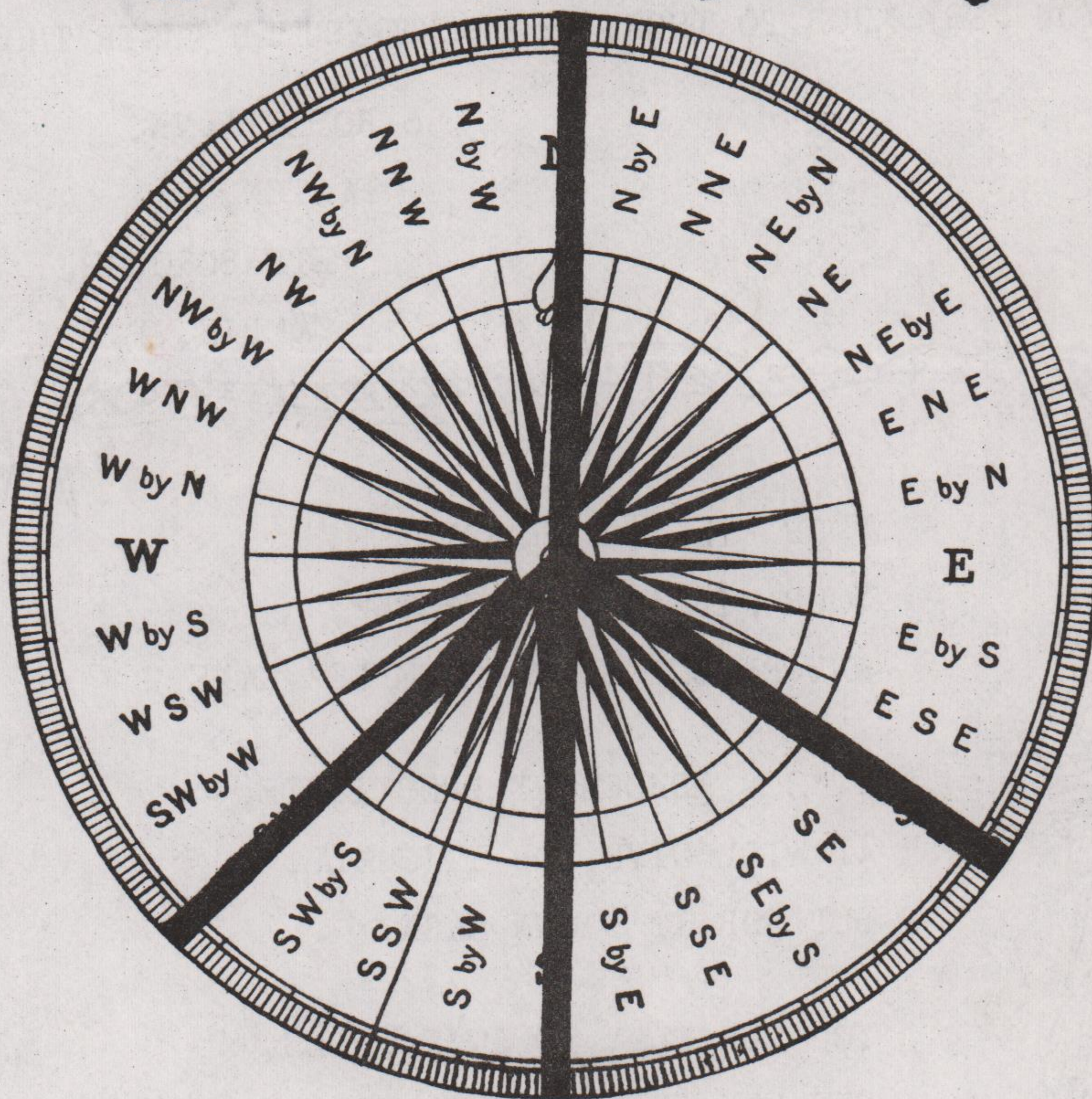


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WORDS WORTH^{NO}1 SAYING.



A COLLECTION OF POEMS FROM UP DOWN AND ACROSS THIS SORRY ISLE.

A NEW BODY SPIN OFF.

FREE
VERSE

INTRODUCTION.

HELLO THERE AND WELCOME TO ISSUE I OF WORDSWORTH SAYING,
IT'S A COLLECTION OF POETRY, SONGS, OR VERSES WRITTEN BY
PEOPLE FROM NOT SO GREAT BRITAIN, MOSTLY FROM PEOPLE NOT
DIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH ZINES OR BANDS .

THESE ARE POEMS FROM THE STREET FROM REBELLIOUS YOUTH
IN THE TRUE SPIRIT OF PAUL VERLAINE OR ARTHUR RIMBAUD,
POEMS THAT CHALLENGE AND QUESTION THE CONFORMIST ATTITUDE.
THERE ARE ENOUGH PICTURES OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN OUR MINDS
ALREADY AND NOT ENOUGH OF PEACE LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

IN OUR OPINION THESE POEMS CREATE A CLEAR ENOUGH PICTURE
OF THE HORROR MONOTONY AND HATRED THAT SURROUNDS US,
SO IF YOU JUST LIKE TO LOOK AT THE GORY PICTURES TOUGH SHIT,
THERE'S NONE HERE, READ INTO THE TRUTH FOR A CHANGE.

A.P.F. BRIGADE.

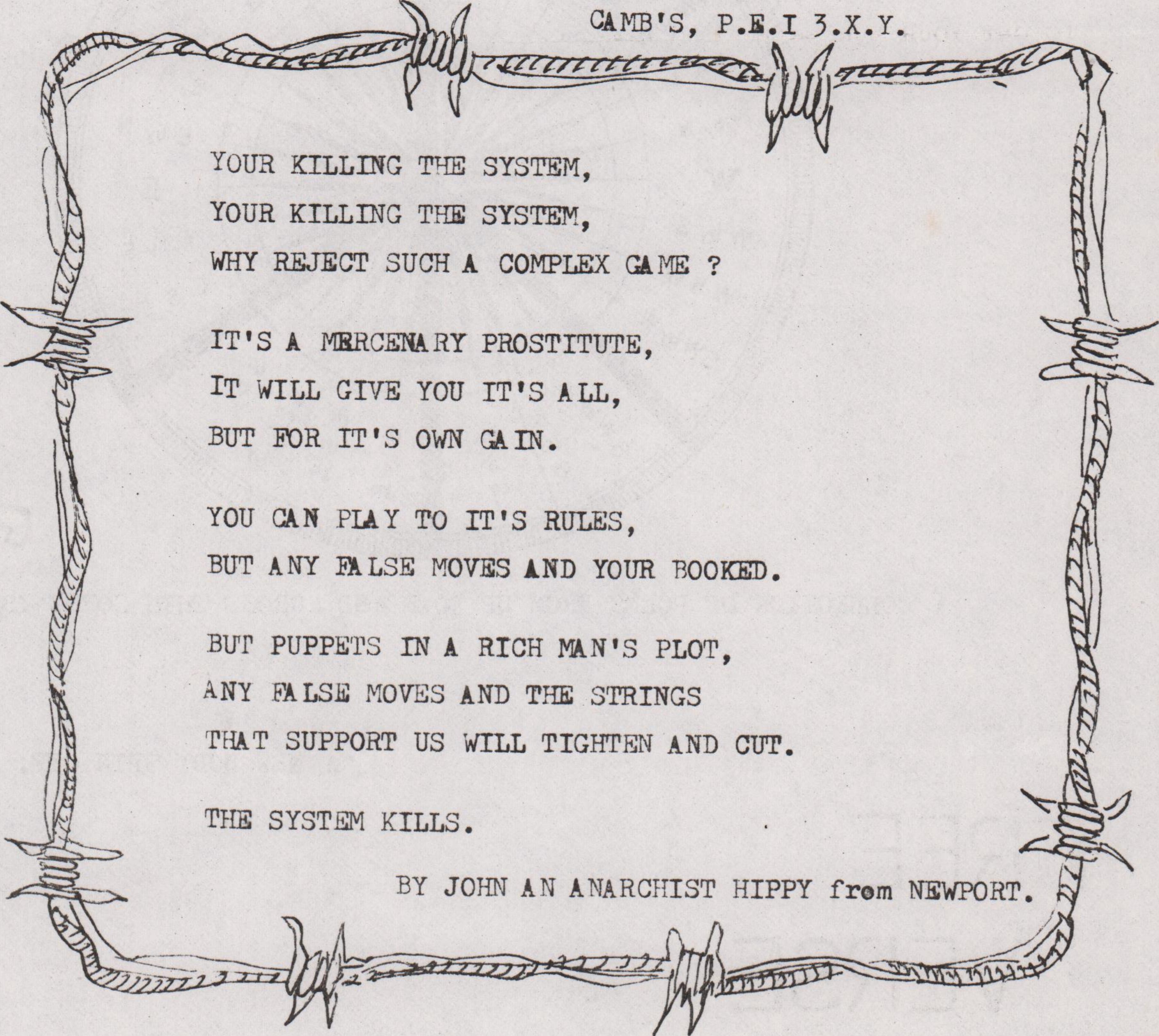
THANKYOU VERY MUCH TO THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTED THEIR THOUGHTS.

56, ROBERT AVE,

PASTON,

PETERBOROUGH,

CAMB'S, P.E.I 3.X.Y.



YOUR KILLING THE SYSTEM,
YOUR KILLING THE SYSTEM,
WHY REJECT SUCH A COMPLEX GAME ?

IT'S A MERCENARY PROSTITUTE,
IT WILL GIVE YOU IT'S ALL,
BUT FOR IT'S OWN GAIN.

YOU CAN PLAY TO IT'S RULES,
BUT ANY FALSE MOVES AND YOUR BOOKED.

BUT PUPPETS IN A RICH MAN'S PLOT,
ANY FALSE MOVES AND THE STRINGS
THAT SUPPORT US WILL TIGHTEN AND CUT.

THE SYSTEM KILLS.

BY JOHN AN ANARCHIST HIPPIE from NEWPORT.

NUCLEAR POWER

NUCLEAR POWER WHAT THE FUCK'S IT FOR,
ALL IT'S GONNA DO IS START ANOTHER WAR,
NUCLEAR POWER TO SUIT THERE ASSORTED GREEDS,
BUT IT'S NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT THATS WHAT WE NEED.
(chorus) WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT BOMBS THEY ALWAYS LIE,
BUT THE TRUTH ABOUT BOMBS IS YOUR GONNA DIE,
NO NEED TO PRAY NO NEED TO CRY,
THE NEXT FUCKIN BOMB IS GONNA BLOW US SKY HIGH.
GOVERNMENT'S GONNA START A WAR BUT THEY DON'T CARE,
COZ THEY'VE GOT THEIR BUNKERS EVERYWHERE,
WHITEWASH OUR WINDOWS DO AS THEY SAY,
THE MONEY FOR THOSE BUNKERS IS TAXES THAT WE PAY.
(ch:)

THE DAYS GONNA COME IT WILL BE WORLD WAR III,
NUCLEAR RADIATION SHOWERING OVER ME,
THEY SAY ALL WE NEED TO DO IS HIDE BELOW THE STAIRS,
BUT THEY'VE GOT THEIR BUNKERS SO THEY DON'T FUCKIN CARE.
(ch:)

EVEN IF YOU HAD YOUR EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS,
TO GET YOUR BUNKER BUILT UNDERGROUND,
THEY SAY ITS SAFE WHAT A LOAD OF CRAP,
THE NEXT FUCKIN BOMB WILL BLOW US OFF THE MAP.
(ch:)

THEY SAY THEY WON'T DO IT BUT THEY'VE DONE IT BEFORE,
THE NEXT FUCKIN BIGGIE WILL BE 1984,
HIROSHIMA 1 NAGASAKI 2,
BOMB No 3 IS FOR ME AND YOU ?

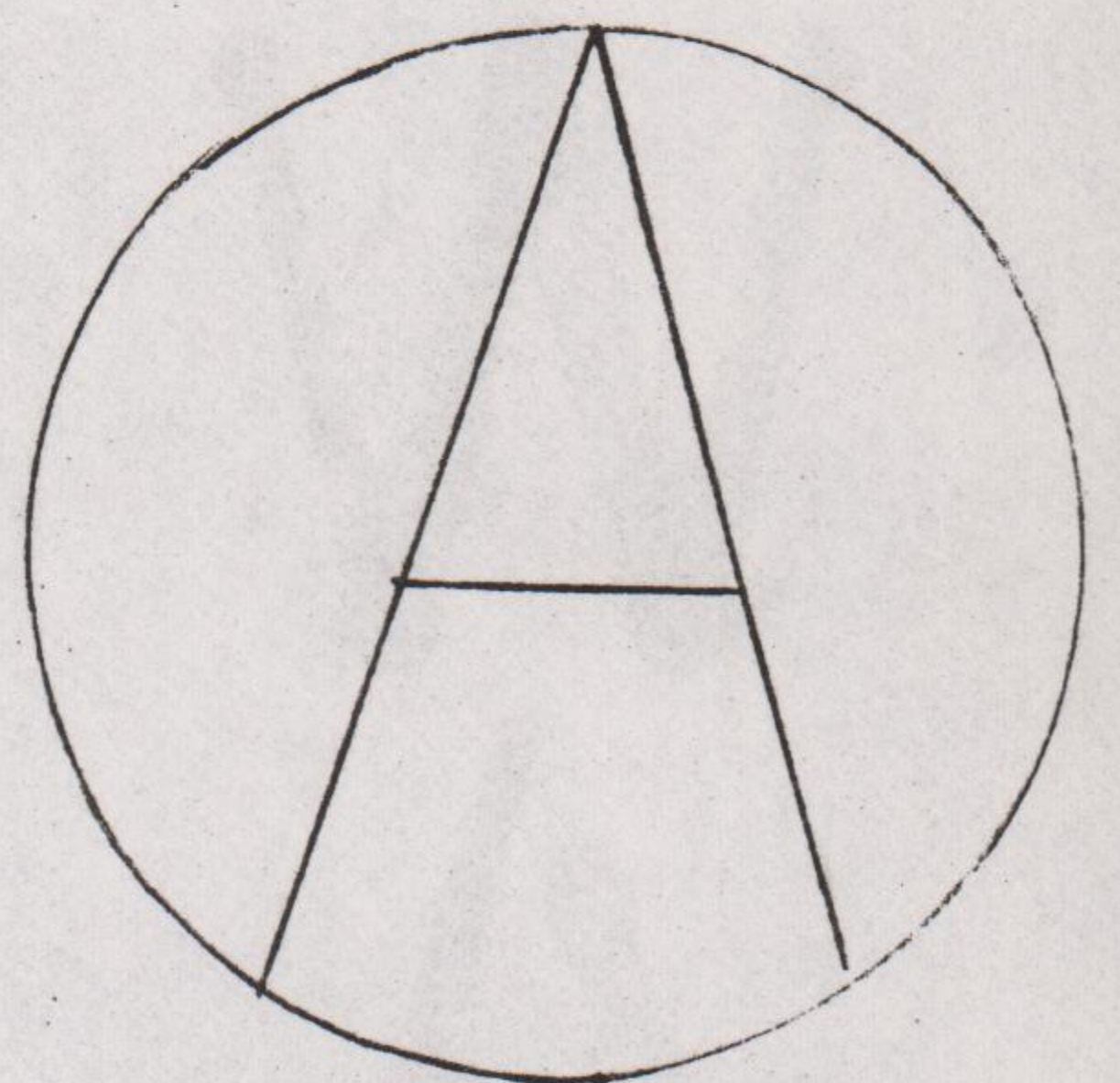
BY STEVE (KONKY) from SCOTLAND.

THOSE WHO DECIDE WHAT EVERYONE WILL DO GROW RICH,
BECAUSE THE DESISIONS ARE MADE IN THEIR INTEREST,
THEY ARE PLEASED AT HOW WELL THEY RULE THE OTHERS,
THE OTHERS SMILE TO THINKING THAT THEIR RULERS KNOW BEST.

ANON from WRITINGS ON THE BOG WALL.

LIFE
IS
WHAT
YOU
MAKE
IT.

YOU MIGHT SAY THAT
THE ABOVE STATEMENT
IS A BIT OBVIOUS
BUT TAKE A LOOK AROUND
AND WITNESS THE PEOPLE
WHO LET OTHERS MAKE
IT FOR THEM.



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THE SOILDER TURNETH AND FACETH THE MOB,
AND NEW HE WAS ALONE,
HE HELD HIS BREATH AND SHUT HIS EYES,
AND WISHED HE WAS AT HOME,
A LONER IN A FORIGHN LAND,
A TRAITOR TO THE CAUSE,
STANDING THERE TO DO HIS JOB,
OBEYING WHITEHALL'S LAWS.

BY BOB from FOLKSTONE.

WHO WANTS A GAME OF WAR,
PLAYGROUND BATTLE LIKE WE SAW,
ON THE BOX THE OTHER NIGHT,
LOTS OF BLOOD, LOTS OF FIGHT,
FOR US THERES NOTHING TO FEAR THOUGH,
SO IT DON'T MATTER WHO'S THE HERO,
I'M NOT GONNA DIE,
CAUSE IT DONT HAPPEN IN REAL LIFE.

BY PHIL from WOLVERHAMPTON.

LIFE DRUG.

I'VE GROWN UP AND NOW REALIZE,
ALL THEY PREACH IS DEATH AND LIES,
POWER AND FEAR IS ALL THEY USE,
THEY'LL SHOW YOU IT ON THE FUCKING NEWS,
DO YOU REALIZE ITS ONE WAY SHIT?,
TO KEEP YOU IN LINE AND MAKE YOU FIT.

BY MIKE from EXMOUTH ,DEVON.

GREYSTONES.

GREYSTONES STAND IN AN ORDERLY FASHION,
BENEATH LIE SOILDERS MEN OF ACTION,
A FRESH STONE IS NOT YET STAINED WHITE,
BECAUSE THE BIRD HAS NOT YET TAKEN FLIGHT,
TO SHOW ITS RESPECT FOR THE LAD KILLED IN BELFAST,
THE FLOWERS WILL LIE FOR A WEEK OR MORE,
THEN FORGET THE LAD OF WAR,
CLOSE ONES MAY SHED AN OCCASSIONAL TEAR,
BUT IT SHOULD'NT HAVE HAPPENED.....NO.....NOT...HERE.

JON.

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WHY?

BUSY STREETS PEOPLE PASSING BY,
THEY FOLLOW LIKE SHEEP NEVER STOPING TO THINK WHY?

WHY HATE?

WHY WAR?

WHY KILL?

WHY FIGHT?

WHY DIE?

WHEN LOVED ONES DIE BEFORE THERE TIME,

THE QUESTION ASKED?

AND ONLY THEN.....

WHY?

WHY?

WHY?

BY GARRY of CRAVEN ARMS, SHROPSHIRE.

EPITAPH

IN YOUR QUEST FOR EL DORADO,
YOU ERASED US FROM YOUR MINDS,
PROUD IN YOUR ENORMITY,
BUT WE WERE NOT YOUR KIND,
ENJOIN US WILL WE GROVEL,
TO YOUR EVERY NEED,
WILL WE SHARE IN PROFIT,
HAVE WE NO WISH TO BE FREE,
WE'LL NOT MOURN YOU WHEN YOUR GONE,
OR YOUR ILK THE DECA DENT THRONG,
FOR WE HAVE ERASED YOU FROM OUR MINDS,
NOW WERE AT PEACE AND FREE NOT BLIND.

DY'AD. 82.

(BORING IS'NT IT.) WALK,
FROM PERSONAL EXPERIANCEWASH,
TWO YEARS ON THE DOLE BED - BRAIN D.K.
IS NO JOKE. SLEEP - SYSTAMATIC DEATH.

BY GARRY of CRAVAN ARMS, SHROPSHIRE.

DOLE ZOMBIE.

(A DAY IN THE LIFE)

SLEEP,

WAKE,

RISE,

WASH,

WALK,

SIT,

EAT,

WALK,

WATCH,

BUY,

SIT,

EAT,

PAY,

WALK,

WATCH,

THINK?,

HOME,

WATCH,

EAT,

i wish
i had
as
much
dole
money
as the
queen.

Milescott Slaughter Farm.

THE STENCH OF DEATH LOOMS,
AMONGST DERELICT BUILDINGS,
"THE FARM";
THE WINTER HAS BEEN SEVERE,
CRUEL,
THE "PEOPLE";
THEY NEED THE MONEY,
IT IS THEIR LIFE,
EVERYTHING,
WHAT ELSE CAN THEY INVEST IN,
BUT DEATH.



DEAD SHEEP PILED ON TOP OF ONE AND OTHER,
UNBURIED,
DECAYING,
WHY NO AUTOPSY,
THEIR EYES PLUCKED FROM THEIR SOCKETS,
BY THE CARRION CROW,
FACELESS SKELETONS,
GORY,
ALREADY DEAD,
LET US NOT DEPRIVE THE SLAUGHTERER,
FOR HE MUST KILL,
USELESS LAMBS THROWN OVER WALLS,
DOWN UNUSED MINE SHAFTS,
THE CONTINUED BUZZING OF FLIES AROUND THE CORPSE.

STARVING ANIMALS,
POT BELLIED,
ALL DEAD,
SHEEP THOUGHTLESSLY TIED UP BY THEIR HORNS,
HANG THEMSELVES,
WHO CARES,
NOT THE FARMER,
ALL THAT WILL BE AMISS IS THE MONEY,
LET'S INVEST IN A NEW SCHEME,
WE'LL OPEN OUR OWN ABATOIR,
SO WE CAN KILL.

BY JENNY DOVER from NORTHUMBERLAND.

(WHO INCIDENTALLY LIVES NEAR MILESCOTT.)

FOR A TABLE WITHOUT BLOOD.

DY AD 82.

IT'S A STEAL.

FAME ACHIEVED THRO' OTHERS PAIN & GLORY, THRO' OTHERS DEATH,
HERES A TRIBUTE TO ME OLD MATE JOHN, COMES IN THE SHAPE OF A BIG BIT SONG,
STOLEN IMAGES, STOLEN MINDS/CRY RAPE, SHOUT IT OUT,
REVEAL THE THIVES AS THE CRIMINALS THEY ARE.
NAMES USED TO PROMOTE NEW CAREER ARTISTS,
THIS MAN ONCE SPAT ON MY SHOES, NOW BY MY PRODUCT SUCKERS.
GLORY THRO' ASSOCIATION.
TAKE R.A.R. FOR PRIME CANDIDATES FOR EXPLOITERS OF THE YEAR.
PRODUCERS ALLOWED TO STAMP THEIR NAMES ALL OVER THEIR SONGS,
SO THEIR NAMES CAN BE STAMPED ALL OVER THE ADDS.
SUCK TAKE USE/GREED GERMINATED BY SOCIETY,
SELFISH CHILD / ARROGANT ROCK STAR.
STARS LIVING IN THE MANNER THEY'VE BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO,
REMINDING THE PUBLIC OF PAST EXPLOITS THRO' TACKY COMPILATIONS,
LIKE GRANDAD BORING YOU WITH HIS DESERT RAT EXPLOITS DURING THE WAR.
RETREAD, RETREAD/NEW LIFE TO THE OLD/WORN TYRES/PAID.
LYING ON THEIR INFLATEABLE LAURELS IN THE BAHAMAS,
ROYALTIES PAID LIKE ALIMONY TO DIVORCEES OF STAR GROUPS,
POT/HEAD BIOGRAPHIES IN THE SUNDAYS.
EMULATE HIP PERSONS, CAPTURING THEIR FEATURES CAPTURES THEIR ADULATORS,
TOO MANY CHIPS OFF TO SMALL A BLOCK/SO LITTLE USED TO SELL SO MUCH.
SHOWBIZ SHOWS WHERE THE GUESTS ARE BIGGER THAN THE HOST,
SEE THE EXPLOITED PARADED ON T.O.T.P. FOR THE JOB OF RECOGNISED ENTERTAINERS,
MAGAZINES FULL OF ADAMANT PICTURES.
EVERYTHING'S STRETCHED SO THIN IT'S GOING TO SNAP ONE OF THESE DAYS,
THEN WATCH THE BACKLASH ADAM.
LIKE BIRDS FEEDING ON CORN JUMPING FROM ONE TO ANOTHER TO GET THE BEST,
WATCH THEM FALL BETWEEN THE TWO STOOLS/PIDGEON.
WATCH HE DOES'NT SHIT ON YOU WHEN YOU PLACE HIM HIGH ABOVE YOU.

BY CLIVE from WESTBURY WILT'S.

WHY LEAVE YOUR FUCKIN CITY STANDING,
WHEN THERES NO ONE LEFT TO LIVE IN IT,
PEOPLE I KNOW NO FUCK ALL ABOUT THE NEW ONE,
INVENTING NEW BOMBS IS SUCH A LOT OF FUN,
IT'S ENOUGH THAT YOU DONT TELL US WHATS GOING ON,
BUT THE STENCH IN THE AIR MEANS SOMETHING'S GOING WRONG..

I FOUND THIS ON THE BACK OF AN ENVELOPE
POSTMARK WAS STOKE ON TRENT.

MY WORLD IS AN ABATTOIR BECAUSE POWER
OWN'S MY WORLD.

A EWE

STANDING ON A HILLSIDE

IN THE MOUNTAIN FOG,

ROUNDING UP MY MUM AND OTHERS,

I SAW THE FARMERS DOG.

THE FARMER HERDED THEM IN THROUGH THE GATE,

I WONDERED WHAT MIGHT BE THERE FATE,

AND AS THE TRUCK ROLLED DOWN THE LANE,

I WONDERED WOULD I SEE MY MOTHER AGAIN.

IT'S BEEN A WEEK NOW,

SHE IS'NT HERE,

I'M FEELING LOST AND LONLEY,

I'VE SHED A TEAR.

I HAD SOME HOPE T'OTHER DAY,

I WAS DOWN BY THE FARMERS COTTAGE GRAZING,

I WENT UP TO THE WINDOW,

BECAUSE I THOUGHT I SMELT MOTHER,

IN THE KITCHEN.....COOKING ?

A LAMB.

CHEMICAL WARFARE.

THE EYES WITH DREAD CAN SEE THE GAS,

BROWN ACROSS THE LAND AND BRUSH,

YOU SEE IT COMING IN DESPERATE HANDS YOU RUN,

IT'S QUICK YOU RUN IT GETS THICKER,

THE GREEN GAS HAS YOU IN HER TRAP,

YOU BREATHE DEEP AND SLOWLY COLLAPSE,

GREEN GAS EATS YOUR LUNGS,

LIKE A JELLY FISH YOU BECOME ALL YOUR LIFE SUCKED DRY,

YOU WISH YOU WOULD SOON DIE YOU SCREAM CRY AND SQUIRM,

AS YOU FEEL THE DEADLY GAS BURN YOUR EYES POP,

YOUR LUNGS BURST WITHIN MINUTES YOU CAN FEEL NO WORSE,

YOU LIE DEAD LIKE A BAG OF MEAT ANOTHER VICTIM OF.....

A GREAT CHEMIST'S ACHIEVEMENT.

SLAUGHTER

PIG'S FOR SLAUGHTER/

LAMB'S SENT TO DIE/

MOTHERS STOPPED BLEETING/

HER BLOOD DRIPS THICK/ AS HER CARCASS

HANGS HIGH/AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF MEAT

FOR THE HUMAN RACE/FATTEN US UP SO

YOU CAN FEED YOUR FACE/

PIG & PORK/COW & BEEF/ SHEEP & MUTTON

LEATHER & FLEECE/DRIPPED BLOOD/

ENDLESS PAIN/SOCIETY/SYSTEM/IS IT

HUMANE ?

DEAD LAMBS BORN TO DIE/TURKEYS

HANG HIGH/CHRISTMAS PRIZE FOR YOUR

LUNCH/MY NAKED FLESH ON YOUR PLATE/

IT'S MY BODY BUT YOU CALL IT STEAK.

BY JAK from NEWPORT.



BY JAK from NEWPORT (SALOP).

DEATH FOR YOU.?.

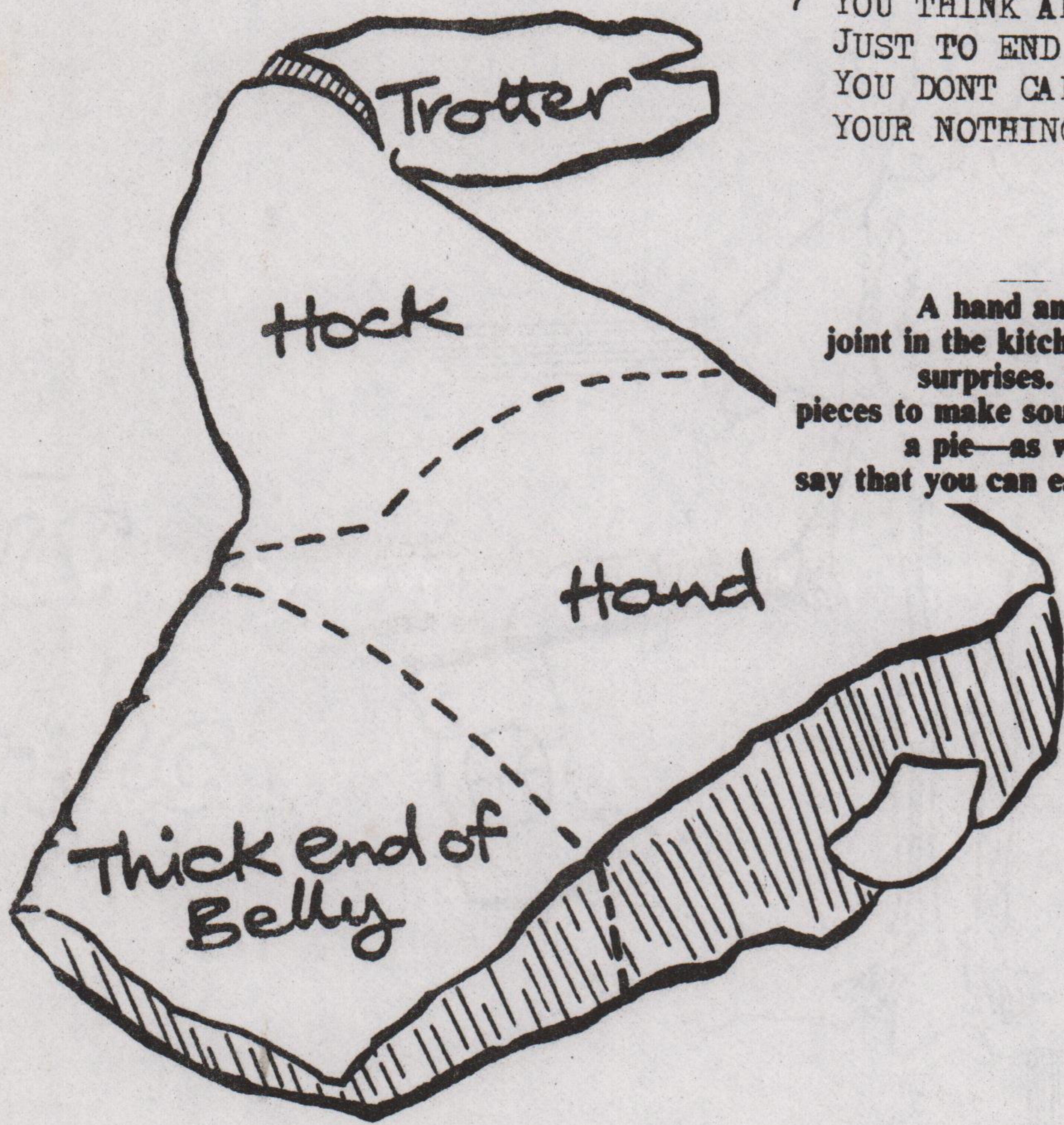
1/ HOW MANY CORPSES DID YOU EAT LAST YEAR,
HOW MANY FILLED YOUR PLATE AFTER DYING IN FEAR,
TO STOP THE KILLING STOP EATING MEAT,
DONT JUST EAT WHAT OTHERS EAT.



2/ ANIMALS LINING UP KNOW THERE FATE,
FROM THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE TO YOUR PLATE
YOU MAKE EXCUSES BLOCK OUT THE KILLING
CLOSE YOUR EYES TO THE BLOOD THERE
SPILLING.



3/ YOUR RESPONSIBLE FOR ENDING LIES,
YOU TEAR AT THERE BODIES WITH METAL KNIVES,
CHEW THERE FLESH AND SWALLOW IT QUICK,
I HOPE IT MAKES YOU FEEL FUCKING SICK.



4/ YOU THINK ANIMALS SHOULD HAVE TO DIE,
JUST TO END UP IN YOUR NEXT MEAT PIE,
YOU DONT CARE LONG AS YOUR STOMACHS FULL,
YOUR NOTHING MORE THAN A CANNIBAL.

A hand and spring of pork is the most underrated joint in the kitchen—yet this cheapest of all the cuts is full of surprises. See how it divides into four easy-to-use pieces to make soup, a pâté-like preserve that'll keep for a month, a pie—as well as a weekend roast. No wonder they say that you can eat all of the pig but the squeak! By Gilly Cubitt



5/ OH YOU THINK YOUR CLEVER YOU STOP AND GLOAT,
AS YOU STUFF ANOTHER ANIMAL DOWN YOU THROAT,
YOU SAY ITS NATURAL WHAT A LOAD OF CRAP,
FOUR BILLION LIVES A YEAR GET LOST IN YOUR TRAP.

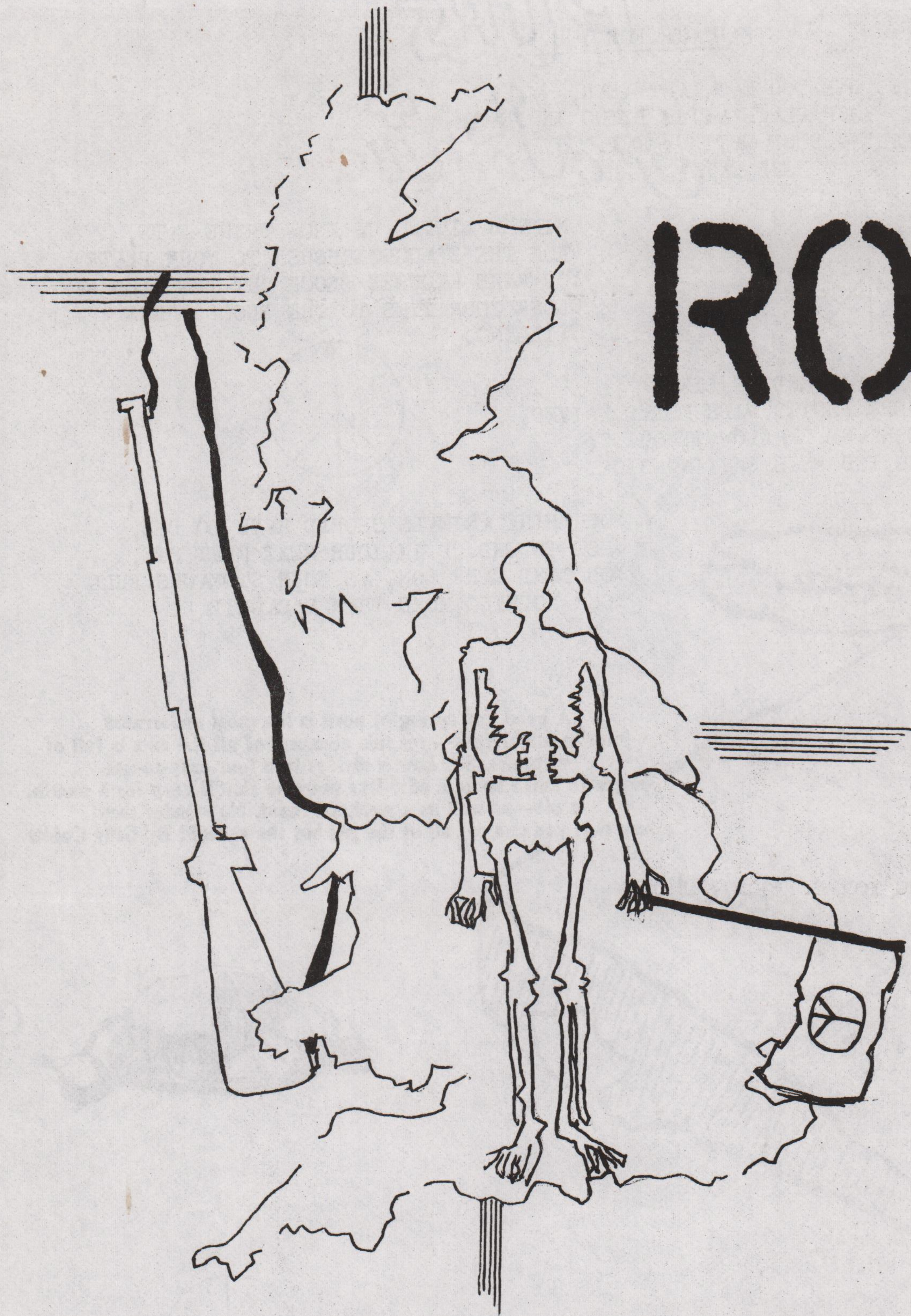


6/ PLASTIC WRAPPING IN YOUR LOCAL STORE
WHILE PIGS LIE SCREAMING ON THE FLOOR
BACK IN TESCOS YOU CHOOSE PORK CHOPS
SEND IN ANOTHER IT'LL NEVER STOP.

UNLESS YOU DO.

FROM VEG.E.TARIAN.of KENT.

ROT



WE THRUST FORTH OUR FLAG OF PEACE,
YET NO ONE TAKES HEED,
ARE WE TO BECOME THE HARDCORE OF THIS GREAT FANTASTIC BRITAIN,
ISLE OF HATRED AGGRESSION AND ROT,
A DEFEATED MINORITY,
BONE OF CONTENTION,
UNHEARD YET NOT UNSCATHED WE BATTLE ON,
IN VAIN WE SCREAM AT YOU TO RECOVER WHAT SENSE YOU EVER HAD,
BEFORE THE ROT,
ALREADY SET IN,
TAKES ITS TOLL AND WINS.
1984 AND LIFE DEFEATS US ONCE MORE.

THOUGHTS ON THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE 1982.

I THINK MY CANCER HAS FLED MY BODY, A FEW MORE TESTS, IVE SAID THIS BEFORE BUT THE MEDICS SEEM HOPEFULL, A YEAR FIGHTING THE DISEASE WHICH THE SYSTEM INFLICTED UPON ME, WITHIN ME I FEEL A STRENGTH, IVE BEATEN THE DISEASE, I'M BACK TO FIGHT THE SYSTEM BOTH CHEMICAL, HUMAN, AND WHAT EVER OTHER ELEMENT. YOUR NOTES, LETTERS, CARDS, TOUCHED ME DEEPLY, THANKYOU FOR CARING, I'M NOT A SENTIMENTAL SOD, I JUST THINK IT'S BLOODY GREAT OF YOU ALL.

I WISH THEY WOULD ALL FUCK OFF AND LEAVE US ALONE TO LIVE OUR OWN PEACEABLE LIVES, BECAUSE WE ARE RIGHT. TO ANDI WHO HAS STUCK BY ME GIVEN ME REASONS, AND GENERALLY BEEN THE FREIND ITS GOOD TO HAVE THANKS MATE.

WHAT NOW ?

REJECT , FASHION, VIOLENCE, PEOPLE WHO SEEK POWER, CAPITALISM. etc etc etc.

RESPECT, YOU, AND WHERE POSSIBLE.

WORK, WORK, WORK, WORK, I DO, I DO, SUBVERT, I DO, DISTRIBUTE WORDS WORTH SAYING

A RARE EXAMPLE OF PAPER NOT WASTED, I WILL, RECORD, RECORD STATEMENTS, WE DO,

WE WILL, GIG, GIG, GIG, GIG, YES I KNOW WE SHOULD, PRINT I DO.

DONT PRESSURE ME, DONT PRESSURE ME.

PERHAPS THIS WRITING IS SOUNDING CONFUSED, SORRY, THE BRAIN CELLS HAVE TAKEN A BATTERING FROM THE CHEMO THERAPY TREATMENT, CURRENTLY THE BODY IS WEAK, AND EXHAUSTED, NO FOOD FOR SEVEN WEEKS, WEIGHT 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ STONE, HEIGHT 5'10, NORMAL WEIGHT 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ STONE, THE SKIN IS SCARED AND BURNT, THE VAINS ARE NOT VISIBLE, NO HAIR, LUNGS DO NOT FUNCTION AS PER, HANDS BROWN FADING TO YELLOW, NO EYEBROWS, EYELASHES.

ONCE AGAIN THE TEARS RETURN.

ONCE AGAIN THE HATRED RETURNS BUT I SHOULD NOT HOLD A GRUDGE.

I WILL FIGHT NO MORE FOREVER INSPIRES ANOTHER A.P.F. BRIGADE SONG.

ONE DAY ME AND YOU WILL HAVE OUR OWN LIFE,

ONE DAY YOU AND ME US WILL HAVE A LIFE WE NO THERE IS,

ONE DAY SOON, YES, ONE DAY SOON MY FREIND,

KEEP FIGHTING FOR IT TOGETHER, US.

L.O.V.E. from J.O.N.A.T.H.A.N.

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID FOR THE ANIMALS IN THIS ISSUE, AND MUCH MORE WILL BE SAID IN FUTURE ISSUES, SOMETIMES I'D RATHER BE WITH THEM THAN ANYWHERE ELSE ANYWAY.

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