

Battery Cage Pig Unit.

WE MUST OPEN THE CAGES IN

OUR OWN MINDS

JORELEASE

THOSE WHO

ARE CAPTIVE

Company of the second s

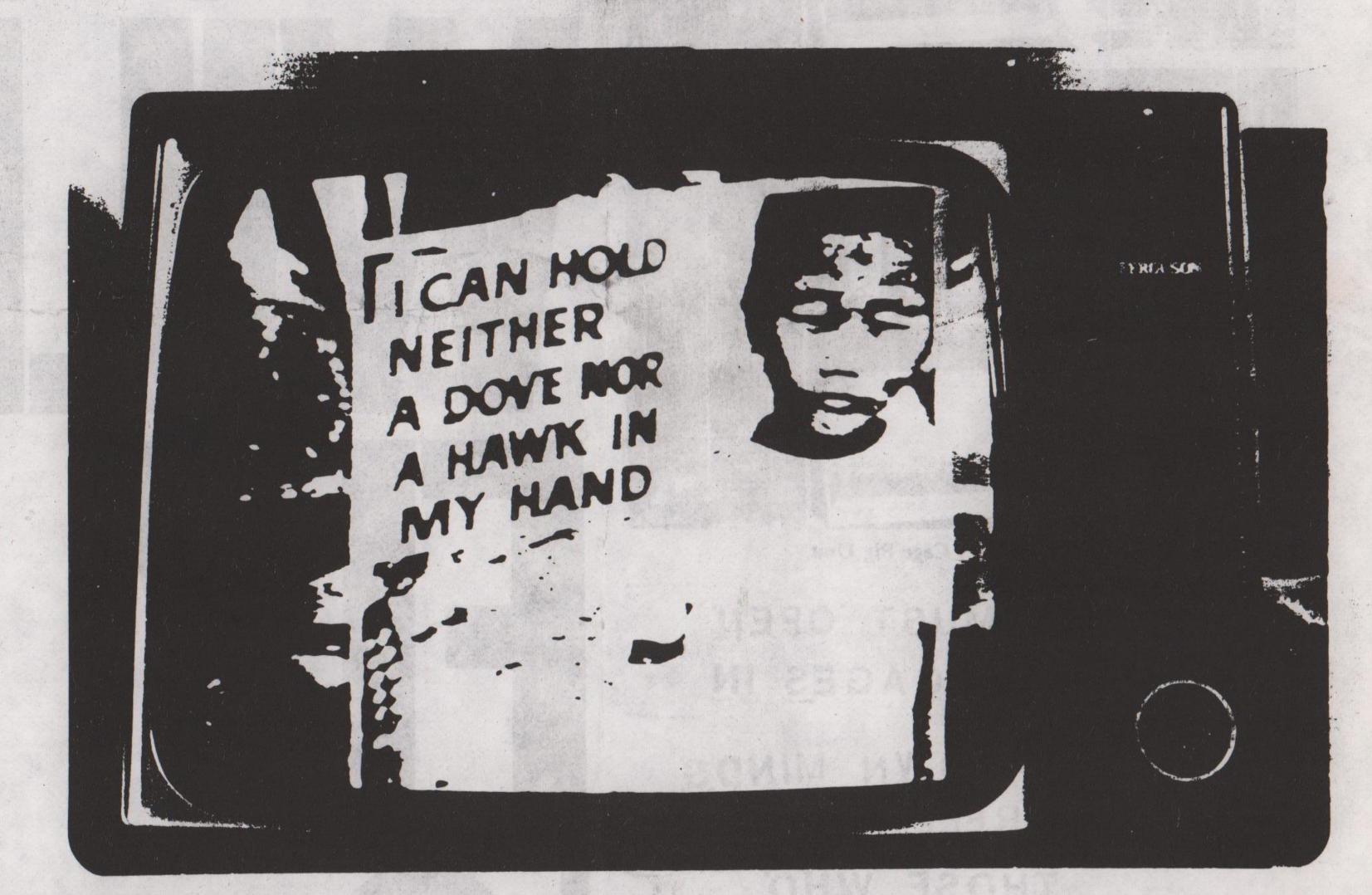
BURNT

the burnt flesh of a once living animal that you are chewing the people you lock away and terrorise into submission machines that kill you are still buying. your dead are now buried but your soldiers keep firing. your violent attitude is complementary to your everyday life man over woman, both over child, all over other life dominance, violence violence, dominate.

you all rape each other every second of everyday your creation of fearful lies as moral necessity.

this explains my rebellion.

i am sick and tired of this struggle for life
i begin with myself to create change where else but ourselves can we renew without dominance. nothing is impossible the dream can become reality and pigs will fly. 18.5.82

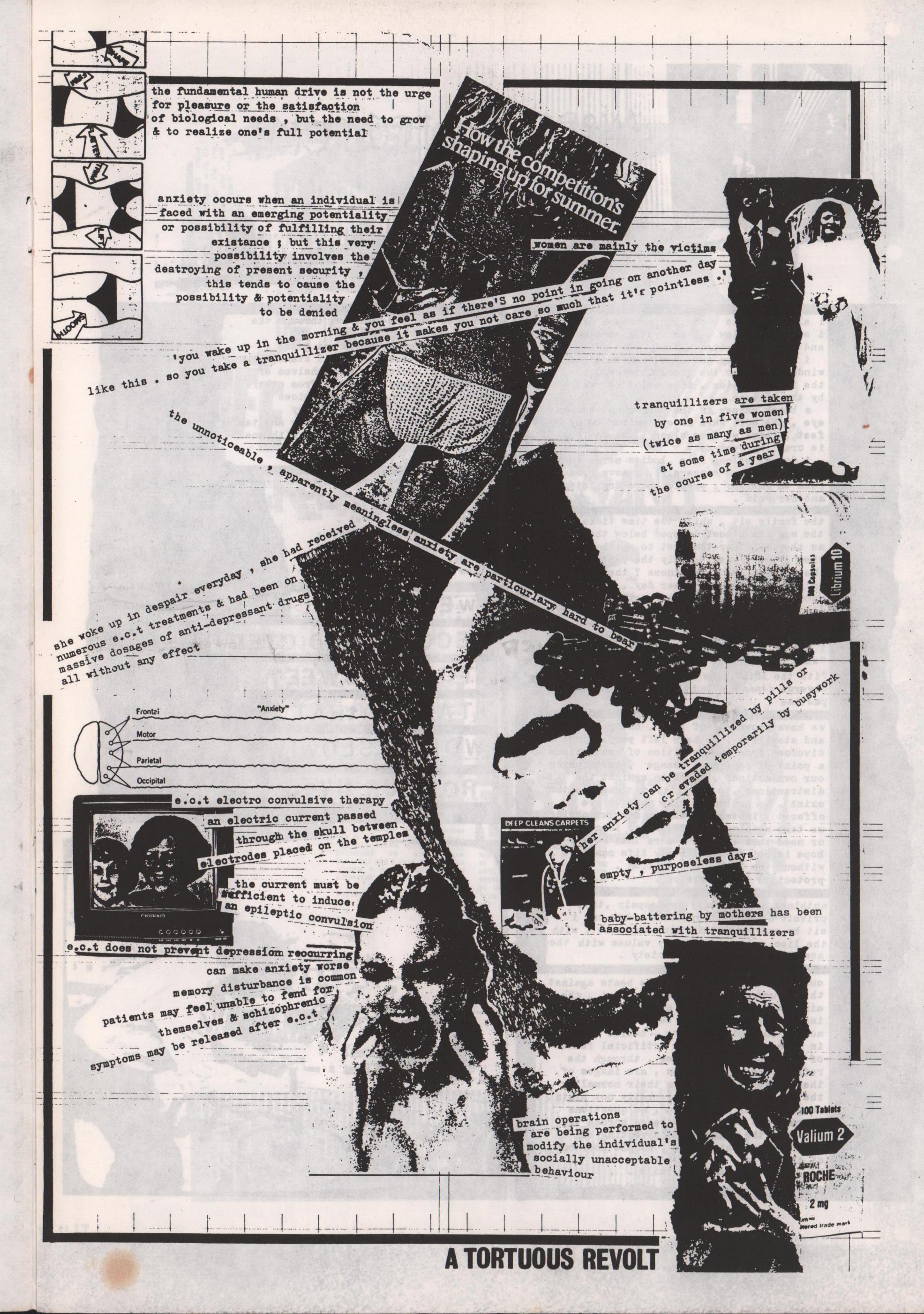


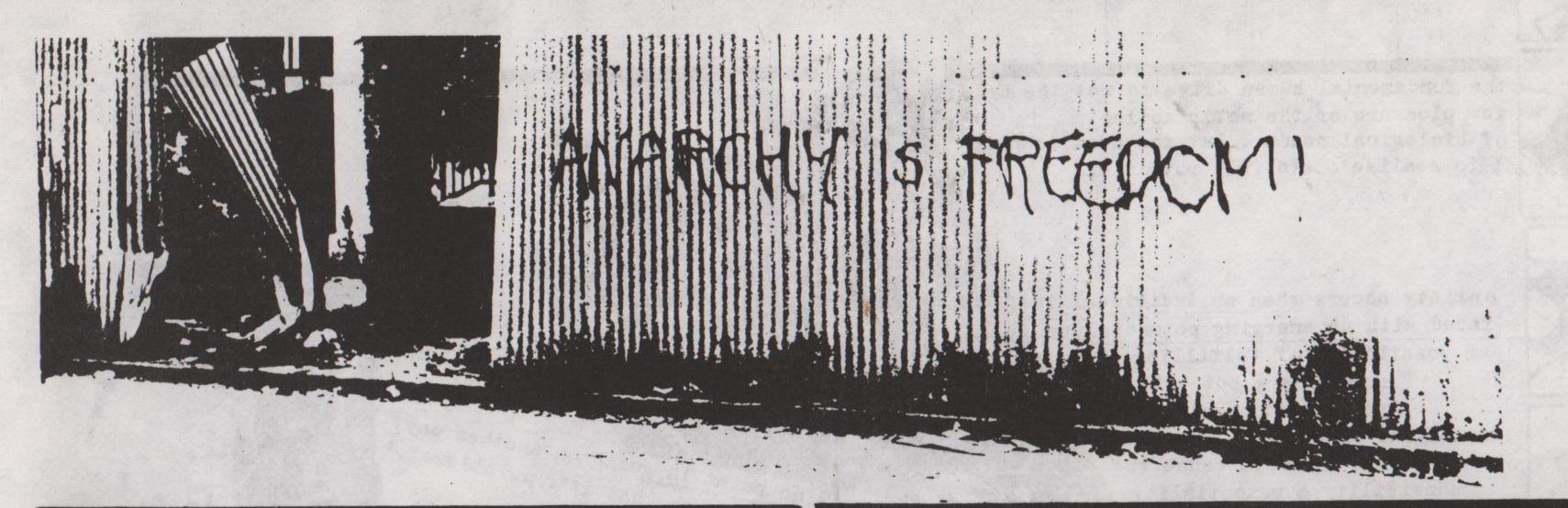


i must reject the threats of false values
that have filtered into me . i must not
let myself be conned to accept the products
that deny lives to be lived .
imagination is all that is needed .
throwaway the routines . question the
everyday things . for it is through
rejection that spaces are created for
alternatives .

11902

pigs will fly,
published by wayward works,
c/o 16 loxley gardens
southdown bath avon.





alone in this room, in a season of love am left hollow . this emptiness sickens and spreads through my body .

i am jolted by the dogs bark from the window . i hear the clock ticking over the running water, this noise is swamped by the silence .

a blank screen in the corner catches my eye . the soft warm smooth cotton on my feet, tears me from sleep, the comfort is crawling over me .

i do not belong here . bodies merge to mock then turn to me sincerely . i move from one room to another . emotions are dry into another void .

the family sit , while the time ticks on , the sun has almost dropped below the horizon as they wait for the dust to settle encasing them . no present , only the past . the yesterdays of happiness ? the cold air brings the end of another day . in the world another minute passes and another 28 people die of starvation . the dogs walk is over , the cats need feeding . the cows queue for slaughter, cheap food? cheap lives. i sit in the garden , the lawn cut . "what did you say"?"i said whats the date" "its the I8th". the television shows, diverse demands, subtle instructions, pastime .

we have grown out of lies, cheap lives, and sterility . we have left people lost , divorced from the tradition of generations a point of continual change, questioning our own actions . reaction against the distractions . to annihilate the reasons they exist . we no longer take what we are offered, instead of taking another choice, we take nothing at all . we no longer want or need them . we have more than hope , hope is not enough . every life can live without the lies of protection . protection is possession .

nothings clear , only my despair , this private lie , this pretence . how can i sit by and watch this hate continue, with the lies . i compromise my values with the assertive demands from society .

outside the train, the rain beats against the ground , washing away the dirt . the air smells fresh , for a change . but once inside the carriage it becomes stale, moving but going nowhere . habits die hard in this sterility . our artificial fears of well conditioned roles . through the reflections on the glass, are images of these lives , to confirm their normality . the well made up faces , pretty not plain , no glimpse of hesitation, no questions there . the water now streams across the window, the unseen wind directing the angle . the train stops . people pour out of the doors, off the rails.

the eyes at home look out through the

glass, at the concrete and grass. the cord was cut at birth ? standing in another enclosure with shelves of products . items are taken from others offered . who chose these choices ? eyes the price but does not pay . christians cursing about giving and taking so a room is prepared, small with one window . eyes are shut tight , as the thick door is locked .

the wrecked cars , rusting metal obstructing my view, a scrapyard. the life-size toys of the free displaying their power . the metal severs the body , the head smacks against the windscreen , glass pierces the skin .

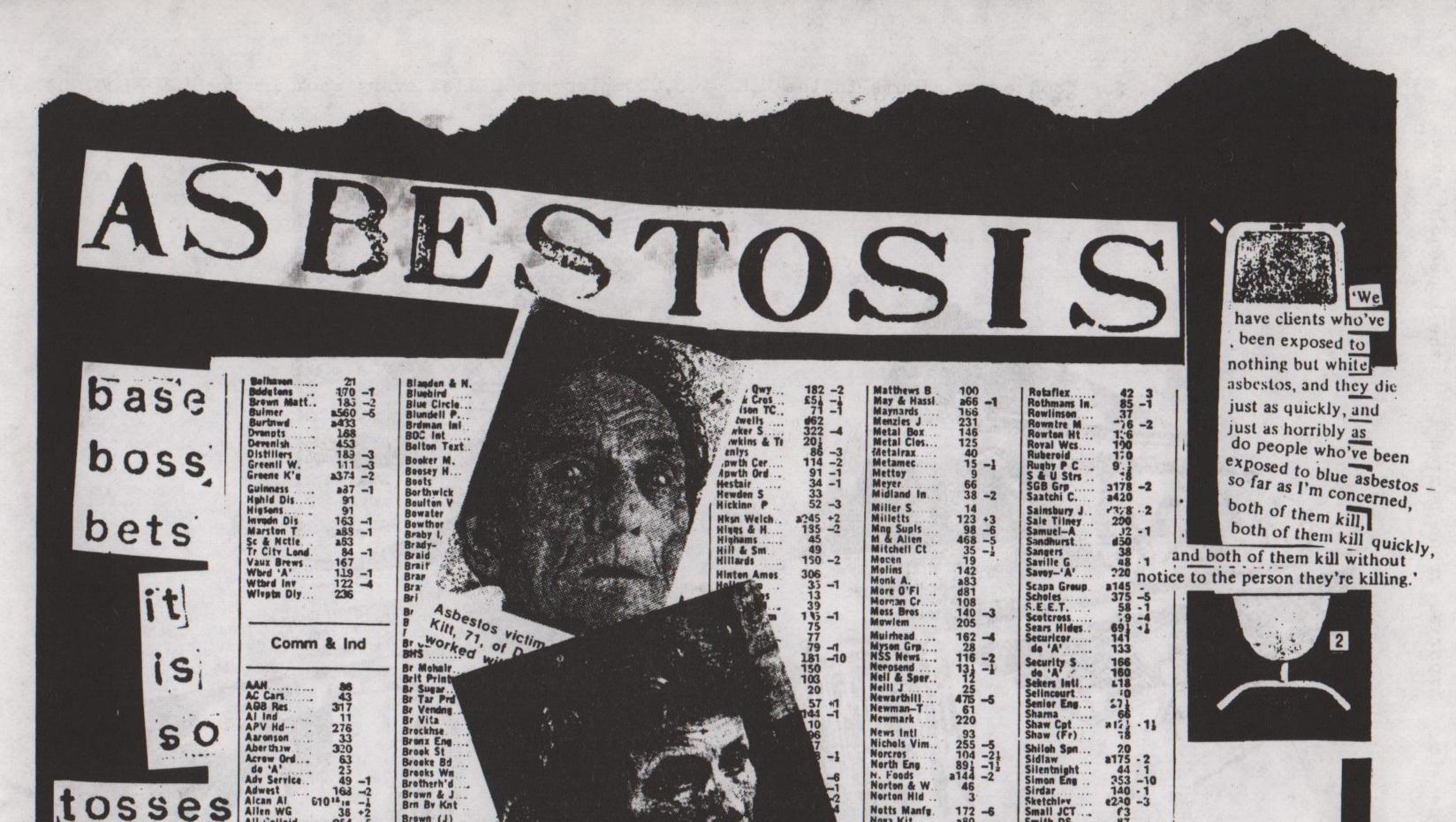
WE WILL NOT BECOME ADDICTED TO THE SWEET TASTES THAT WOULD SLOWIY ROT OUR lives



there are alternatives to all things

3000 animals are killed for food every minute in the U.K 300,000 pigs are killed every week in the U.K 100,000 animals a

tnegs at 000,000, 83 alamina to anoillim noqu betoillni ai rencer alla othis sand sent and salamina of animals 13,000,000, 13 alamina of animals 23,000,000, 13 alamina of animals 23,000, 13 al



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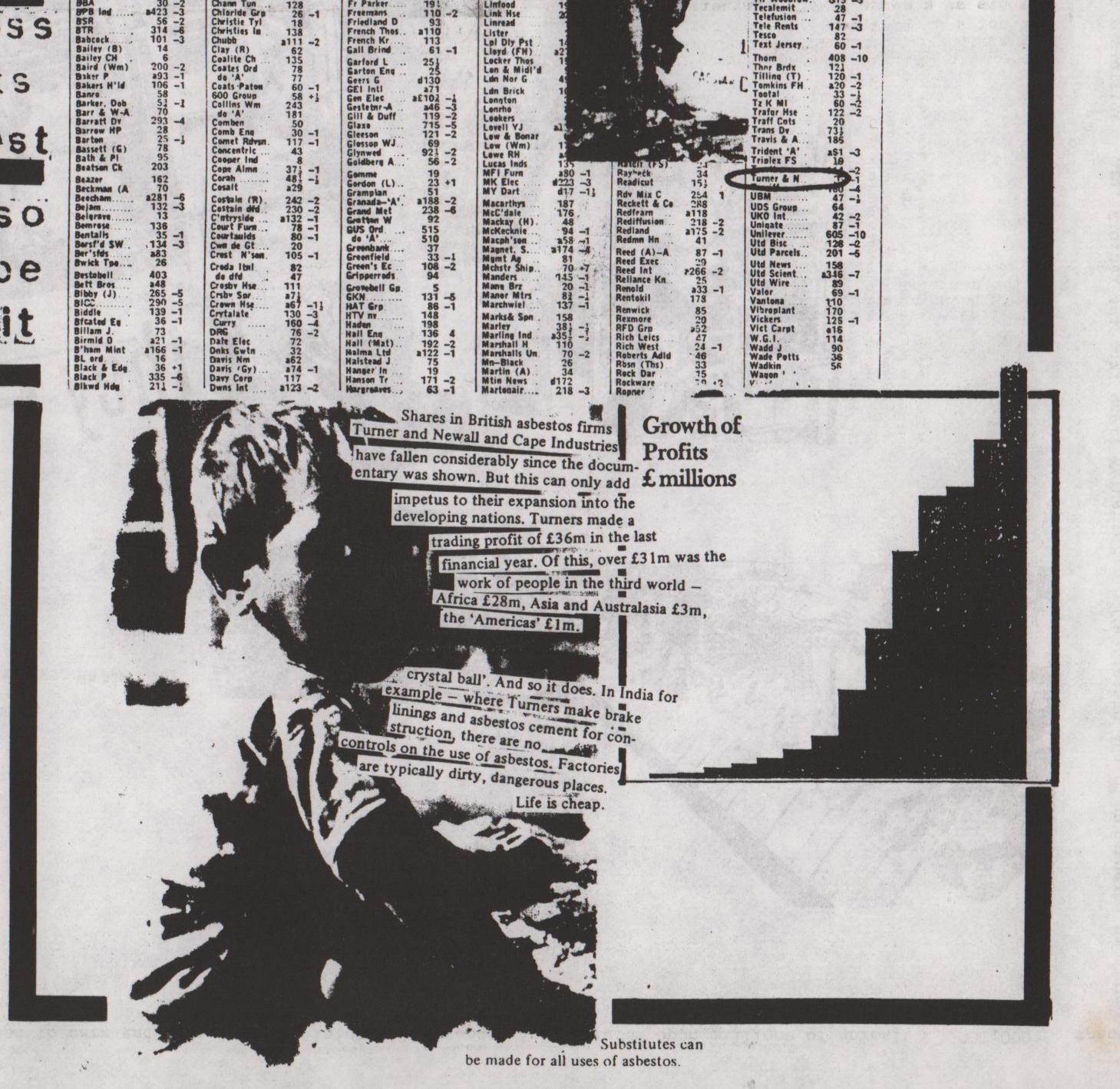
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boss

sits

best

SO





crass interview 27/2/80

itoo could quote you voices from history, but they are the voices of the dead . Marx . Christ . Freud . (swirling rhetoric from the

i seek my own explanations, exhilarated by my own presence upon this living earth. i live beneath and beyond these surfaces of death i want nothing of that blackness, it is your externality that i wear .

"i think our symbol is very nihilistic in the sense that it has a lot of connotations, i dont necessarily see that as a valuable thing, but in some ways it does symbolise the things we represent, theres a sense of totalitarianism about nihilism, in the sense of its totality. the philosophy of nihilism is a total rejection of all beliefs. one could i suppose, say that is a fascistic attitude, its fascistic towards oneself.

it does represent our group identity, it is a nihilistic statement, it's a visual attack on the system, the church, family, institutionalism. its a very powerful image, we're trying to put our ideas over forcefully.

i think the symbol does give a sense of something happening, the graffiti and newspapers, the records, i dont feel that anything that's come out under that broad idea has done anything but good. those people who choose to wear the crass symbol are often people who will be saying, i'm a person whose questioning my own attitudes and values. on an optimistic level it would be nice for our symbol to become a peace sign in the same way as the c.n.d emblem. perhaps, we as a visual and symbolic force have counteracted the lure of symbols as a means of indoctrination, its not a justication, no one knows."

these systems? what is their demand? what is their cost? i do not want to choose action. silenced, i can generally withstand the pain. the shadow in the darkness is my own consciousness, slowly it takes form, slowly exposes itself to the light, slowly demands my commitment. i can less and less withstand the pain. i warn you the nature of your oppression is the aesthetic of my anarchy.

"things are very brutal at the moment, which is why we are a band, and why we choose to involve ourselves, things have gone beyond the point at which you can live decently, you've got to struggle really hard to live your own life . our approach, which on the surface is far more brutal than any one of us as an individual, is representative of our despair, it's not representative of us as individuals, or our personal aspirations. but the worlds like that, totally fucked up."

each thrust burns her as if his prick was a rod of heated iron. so ungiven. he wipes away his satisfaction with her freshly laundered sheets. he rolls in his own CONTENT.

"we've chosen to throw away our colours, our joy of life, and spend probably 90% of our time involved with the band, the next record, gig, our literature, all our lives totally dominated by this identity we've taken on, as our rejection. "i think that we've tried to demonstrate a more dignified way of living, the way we run our gigs for example, we've tried to create a certain atmosphere, an attempt to redress the balance. we treat people with respect, we dont abuse people, even if we dont believe in what they are doing. our films and literature are individual entities, they stand as a statement alone. what the band's given us is a facility for distribution. the band's an attempt to get out and talk, maybe widen, share, it's a useful vehicle. i think that what's important about the band is that it may encourage other people to undertake projects of their own, it's a focus for activity.we do these things for each other, the band, your magazine."

anarchy aint a game/it's a responsibility/ anarchy aint chaos/it's the perfect order of that responsibility/answers are for the bigots/ask the questions.

"i dont think punk ever was an answer in itself, but it did have energy, it was going in the right direction, it wasn't a constant confirmation of the traditional values."

'WE', the eternal 'WE', ghetto of the mind. how many abuses committed in this name, this error and who will claim it?heritage?



birthright? the dagger is before you. 'we can not and will not allow it'.

"we're not trying to replace one set of values with another, it's not a fart in the face of authority, there are hundreds/ thousands of people, who because of the initial statements, and those we're making will not choose to go back into the system. that's not a fart in the face of authority, that's a total and utter statement of 'no', and that lasts. i'm quite sure that our existence has and will give people the confidence to say no, and they won't go back to the system that punk gave them an opportunity to say no to. to say that's a political decision is totally trivialising its effect.it's not political, it's a nersonal decision to say fuck off, and i'm not having you back.i dont want your fucking system. it is genuine, we've just demonstrated the possibilities."

the humiliation of the martyrs is HOAX. yet still these heroes go to war, trudge in the lead boots of indoctrination. the mud of it, the blood of it. what did we learn?there?these pits? stone walls, the definitions of it. what did we know to forget?

"the trouble is, people are ashamedof being frightened, of walking away from fights, it's the traditional concept of self respect.it's a rejection of those values, people should refuse to be intimidated, because that's where it starts, and it just builds, people should stand their ground and refuse to be drawn into it. it's a question of realising one's personal responsibility. "we dont advocate that people just lie there and get beaten, what we are saying is that militarism and authoritarianism, and the organised violence they promote is abhorrent, and that you cannot justify with violence. to use violence to change society is unnacceptable, but to use your own strength to defend yourself is an intelligent thing to do. it seems a general assumption, that because you're a pacifist you're prepared to get the shit beaten out of you.one does what ever needs to be done no way do we advocate that people just take it, the priviso is that you're always trying to stop or defend. beyond that point, pacifism becomes a matter of civil disobedience, refusing to do what you're told, that's what we're advocatingin the past pacifism has always been presented in a very self-deprecating way, humble, apologetic. our choice to make pacifism into a really forceful alternative is what should happen, it needs that. it's like vegetarianism, it's a joke. if you're a vegetarian you must either be a rabbit or stupid, the fact that you could actually be a vegetarian and still remain dynamic, was an idea that never entered into people's heads, you had to be an apologist. pacifism is the same as vegetarianism, pacifists were people with white feathers, a total lack of the real, true manly characteristics. what we've tried to do is make pacifism something you can stand up and be proud of something, ithink a lot of people would have liked to have done, but have not, because of the force of tradition. a traditional way of seeing pacifism as being a cop out."

the carousel turns. specks of tired joy, like the snowfall, witnessed. i come again. squeal in the market-place, here i saw the fish DRYING in the sun THEY COULD NOT BREATHE.mediterranean decadence. they suck the artichokes to the FIBRE. the squalor of it. none. there is NONE. ill defined. tomorrow.hidden in the roaring . space. timid markers. they would DRILL us. the tapestry of crucifixion. i shall have none of my FLESH, nor bear HIS. none. i shall have NONE of it, however it is presented, however spoken, NO, not at any cost. the EXISTENCIAL 'NO'.

US OR THEM

NO , IT DOES NOT COME DOWN TO US OR THEM, IT IS POSSIBLE TO

CO EXIST TOGETHER

WITHOUT ONE

DeSTRoyinG tHE

O.Ther

BUT We CONTINUE

To MASSACTE

THE INNOCENT!

EXPLAINING OUR

HABIT AS VITAL

RESEARCH OR

HEALTHY APPETITE

FOR DEAD

RED FLESH,

AN UNFORTUNATE

BUT NECESSARY

SACRIFICE.

AND WOULDN'T

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TF THEY HAD

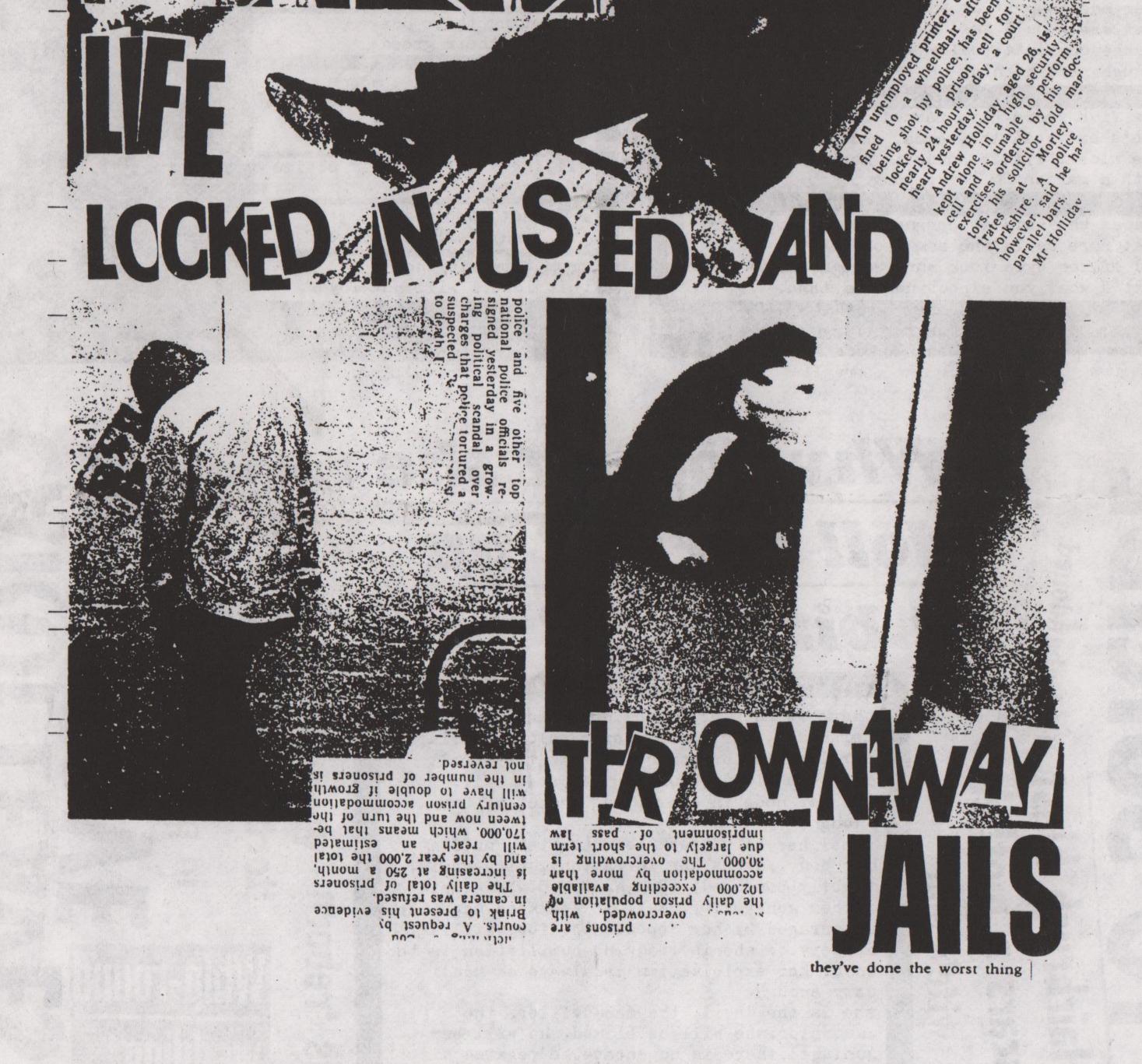
THE CHANCE ?

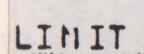












young love

she was eighteen when she met him and she got him so he said, because her hair was blonde and silky with curls like a sunsilk ad.

her mum always said she was lovely and his mum and dad agreed her nice slim figure was what mattered girls dont really need degrees.

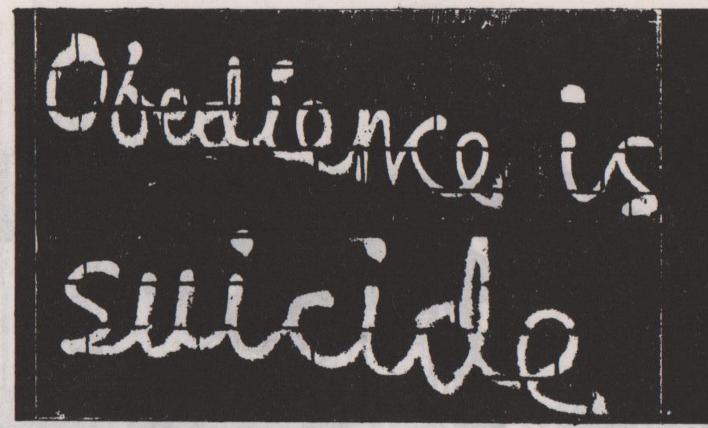
so she married him quite quickly (no point in hanging about) her dad thought she might get cold feet there was a bit of it about.

it wasn't on her wedding day that she started to feel some doubt but some months before on the cold front door that she felt like copping out.

everyone thought it was natural that she should feel unsure so she couldn't really make a fuss though next morning her eyes looked sore.

now five years have passed come friday week she's had samantha, emma, and john the nicest little house in morden with a garden 20 yards long

and as she said to her next door neighbour what more could she ask from ken ? and if her eyes look sore some mornings that's what you expect now and then.



a woman , wife , mother

alone maintaining necessities accepting the suffocating demands for attention and their isolating pastimes .

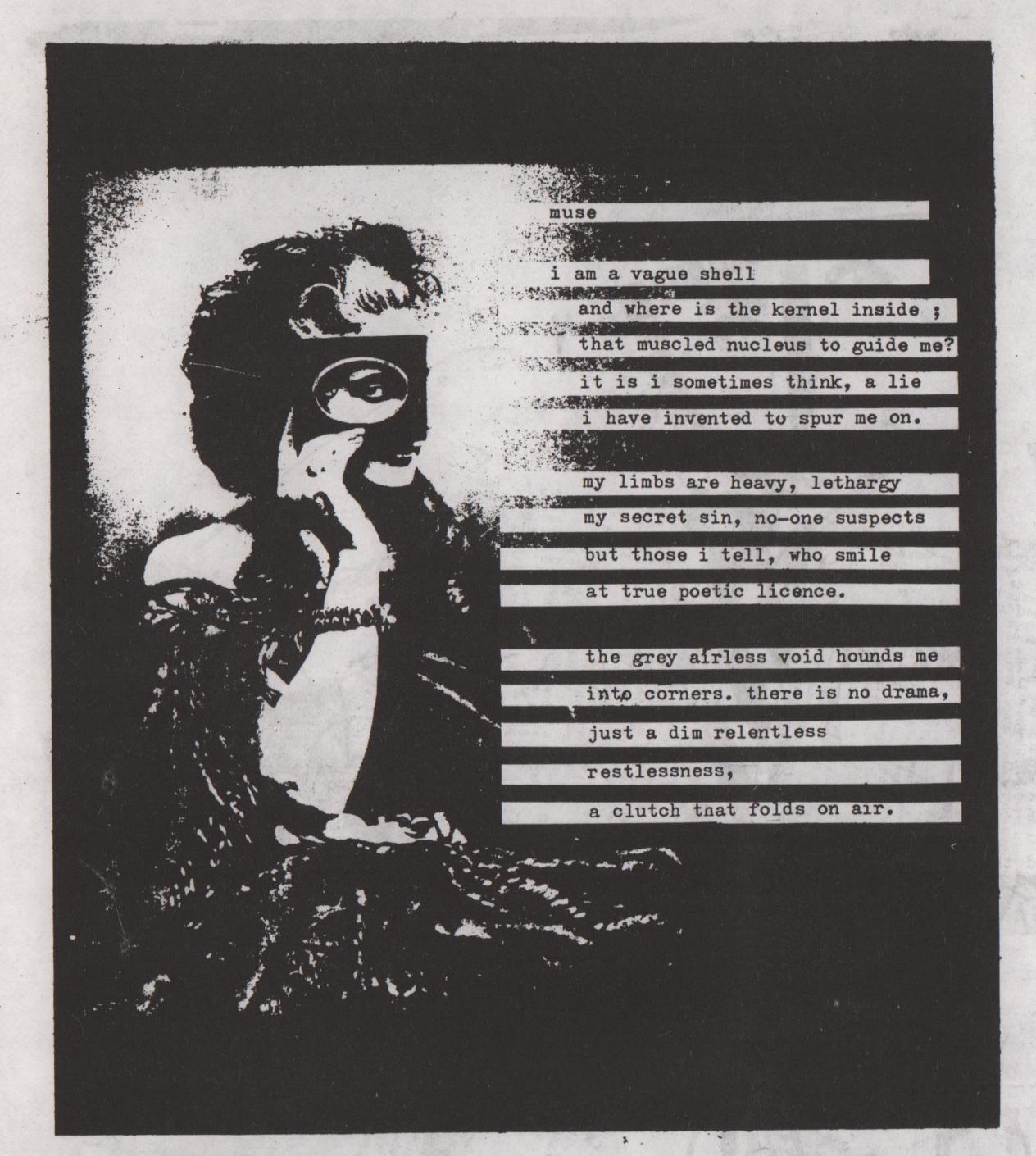
accepting their usage feeding their greed

with her .

she goes on allowing their claims , willingly . willingly allows their claims of her .

i cannot comply . i can only alienate myself

from this violence . this love i will not love .



POWER to NO ONE & to EVERYONe, to eACH the POWeR OVeR THEIR OWN LIFE .&

happy families

how is it that when we meet we talk in niceties? circling our emotions like birds we keep set faces of normality.

only occasionally does the restraint slip, a sly word escapes a tease of truth. soon rectified though, it is consumed by apologies not meant.

and then we part with smiles and kisses and dream tonight of threats.

Why doesn't she Uniformly doll herself up a bit more? there is no glory in being woman, only in

her death, her abuse, her squalor.material for thrills, orgasmic excitement.piss all over her blonde/brunette laquered hair. rub her nose in semen, she cannot be base enough.

steal her baby, fuck her daughter, mutilate her body. dress her in fantasy, high-heels, tightly bondaged, then name her whore.spit on her generosity, call it weakness.cage her, be enraged by her dependance. for titillation or service she is ready no humiliation is too much. her exploitation is always at hand. easy enough.

she is the devil, the man-defiler, the castrator.she will be blamed.she will be punished. there is no escape. he regains his self-esteem through her abuse. punish her, stamp on her, kick her down. she must not rise up to threaten his privilege, his superiority.protect her beautiful, stunted growth. wait! she is growing taller! strap her down.jump on her head. scream her futility in headlines. boast of

her negativeness.teach the next generation to guard her.his most potentially dangerous possession must not escape.communicate to her oppressor in headlines.

Nutty Norah's cash battle

It's so lonely being a female star

Female non-hero

Female non-hero

that's the look for autumn

Sex beast gave girls KO cocktails

protestant-unionist loyalist privileges and had to be halted the march was banned, and the royal ulster constabulary (which was almost exclusively protestant)

were moved im , in force .

deliberate

manipulation

of electoral

half of a

protestant vote .

used his 3 foot baton

unionist regime derry 5 october 1968 civil rights march . the peaceful

due to

discrimanation

half the

not fit for

catholics

lived in housing

marchers were attacked by the r.u.c using batons were beaton www.