

STABILITY #6 INK

FEATURES:

**THEATRE
of HATE**

**DEXYS
MIDNIGHT
RUNNERS**

MENTAL HOMES

**SOUTHERN
DEATH
CULT**

LIVE REVIEWS: BAUHAUS
SOUTHERN DEATH CULT
SEX GANG CHILDREN
POISON GIRLS
RUBELLA BALLET

+ A GUIDE TO THE TRIBES
...+ THE USUAL ARTICLES.



**WE WANT
THE**



**WORLD, &
WE WANT**



IT NOW!

a generation of
freaks speak!!

yeah yeah yeah yeah
yeah yeah yeah



FORGET
THEIR PLANS



AND THEIR
DEMANDS.

NO ELVIS, PISTOLS OR THE
ROLLING... CLASH ?!

Rivalry runs high in the recore world. Is it the Beatles tentieth anniversary?

- why then, it's Abba's tenth. What are Epic Records doing to celebrate the other famous four? - releasing a double album on November 12, of all their hit singles so far.

Since the distinction of being the only tall benefit the Eurovision Song Contest ever gave to anyone has worn off, hou might wonder how much there really is to celebrate about such an ultra-commercial band as Abba. Well, a hell of a lot of people are still wedded to them, of course - the big slick sound of Abba swings through discos from Cardiff to Calcutta. The shock statistic - i they ever came out of the closet to be ointed - would be sum off the facess wgowhok jnmyu

redo record

twentieth record real you well swings if

twentieth records really you well swings if

te twentieth

the

Now it

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party

Now is the time

Now

Now

Now is

Now is

Now is the

Now is the

Now is the time

Now is the time

Now is the time for

Now is the time for

Now is the time for all

Now is the time for all

Now is the time for all good

Now is the time for all good

Now id the time for all good men

Now id the time for all good men

Now id the time for all good men to

Now id the time for all good men to

Now id the time for all good men to come

Now id the time for all good men to come to

STABILITY INK #7

Will be totally different to this one, no music at all, just lives being fucked by the inhuman world, in particular psychiatric hospitals

IT'S 100 TIMES BETTER THAN THIS



(1) Managing administrative bodies and offices of the region.
(11) Administrative districts
(111) 7777895847549

1 In quali campi puo legistare la regione?

I REGIONI



BACGROUND TO BUSINESS

The first deliberate spelling mistake heralds the return of wonderful me with a new title & quite a few changes. Only time will tell whether it's for the better or worse.

The re-appearance of the mag they love to ignore can be credited to several things: Southern Death Cult, Theatre Of Hate and Sex Gang Children, all of whom convinced me that there is some hope left for music; a music critic (who's name I forget) who said that brilliant people never give up, which I kinda liked the ring of; and most of all "Vague", who let me believe again that not all of the zines left are insincere, rubbishy, half-baked and full of cliches. If more zines were like Vague, the music papers would collapse.

You'll have to forgive the lack of colour and content in issue 6. This is due to a lack of funds (same old excuse!), & not having a typewriter, which means that I've got to do all my typing on a borrowed machine in three days, and at short notice. That's just to put you in the picture. It's not an excuse for anything you might not like about the zine, so criticise all you like (preferably in an angry letter to me).

Needless to say, the music scene is even more full of shit than it was when I last wrote. Since the Pistols stopped hitting the charts, nothing has really managed to disturb the

muzak that comfortably nestles into the mass-popularity belt. The only music 'making it' is escapist rubbish that's only purpose is to help people to pretend. I think music should reflect life, and at the moment, life's about as wonderful as a record-mart. It looks like Bauhaus could be the next big thing....the pop revival really is here. And once, you thought it would never happen again, huh?

I'd watch Dexy's Midnight Runners though, they could be nothing, but Kevin Rowland has the potential to cause a bigger stink than most, and he knows it.

There is, in my opinion, absolutely no hope left for that old carthorse 'punk'. It serves as nothing more than an extra category for the unimaginative nowadays. File alongside heavy metal, jazz funk etc etc. Enough said, don't disturb it, and you can be sure it won't disturb you (or anyone else).

This zine used to be called "Ability Stinks". That sounds a pretty idealistic (or stupid!) title. What I meant (and still mean) is that so-called ability is not a barrier to doing what you enjoy, or to other people enjoying it. Starting like that is great, but now I've done it, the time is right (for me) to move to to different things. Tune in for further details.....

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of hum.

Gerard

PLEASE write with your criticisms, views, articles, opinions or anything else to:
GERARD, STABILITY INK, 13 ORCHARD GROVE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
I welcome all letters so much.

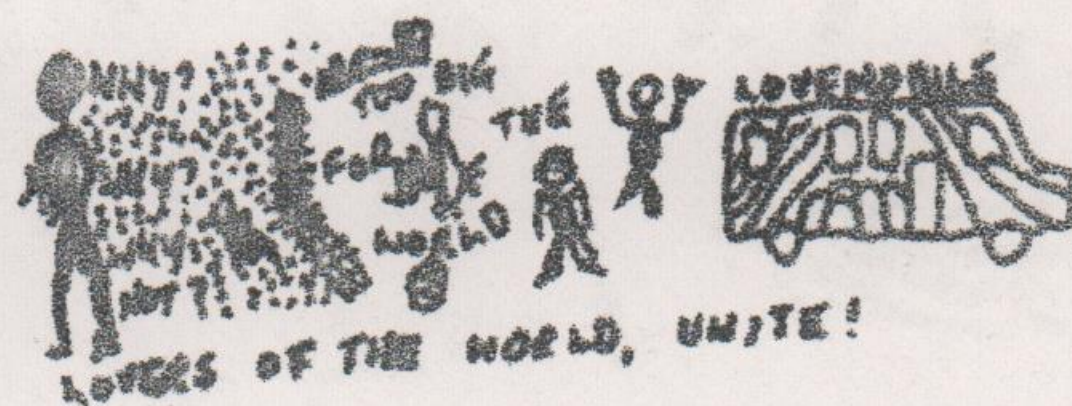
Lighting the loneliness:-

THANK YOU FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO: ETTIGALS & CHARIZAR. THANKS TO BOTH FOR EVERYTHING ELSE TOO

WE WANT THE



WORLD



It used to depress me the way the way I wasn't accepted by people just because I was a 'punk'. I tried so hard to convince Mr. & Mrs. Normal that the way you dressed didn't necessarily dictate the way you behave. I cared about their (ignorant, ill-informed, surprisingly inexperienced and downright stupid) opinions of me. Not any more....

My point of view has changed. Why should I conform to their sordid standards? That's what we were rejecting in the first place, isn't it? Go ahead and dress up like Mr. & Mrs. Normal if that's what you want. Meanwhile, we're still the young generation, and we've still got something to say. Fuck the old (unless they're cool) - it's our platform and it's about time we started using it. It's our world, and it's about time we stopped dilly-dallying and started reclaiming it.

Unfortunately, there still seems no better way than good old rock n roll. I suppose that's because it's the only way you can rebel and have fun at the same time. Most music is just pretending, of course, which is a crying shame

because it really dillutes any possible effect that it could have. The bands that ultimatly matter to people are the ones who ultimatly matter to themselves. That is to say, the ones who put their all into it and regard what they're doing as total (to them). "Step inside and live out your rebellion"know what I mean?

WE ARE A GENERATION OF FREAKS.
WE ARE FAR TOO YOUNG AND CLEVER.

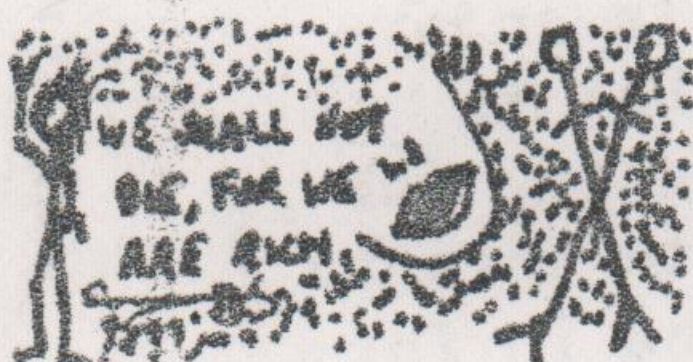
Music is sometimes counter-productive when it encourages people to be stupid and stop thinking. In, maybe, 10 years time, we will not care in sufficiently strong numbers, & our job will be taken over by the next generation (who will scorn us). That is why we must try as hard as we can now. I don't suppose there is a utopian position to be reached, but we can obtain improvements. I'm not going to suggest where, when or how, because that would only be ideal for me - everyone has their own needs and feelings.

We must give it a go. IT IS OUR WORLD AND WE WANT IT BACK.

GOSH, HOW-OUTRAGEOUS!



AND WE WANT



IT NOW!



DEX'S

KEEP IT

the world lives in your front room
you're sitting happy in gleam
fate worries you, you won't give her room
you give credit for might, inspiration
and sight, but you miss the point
you won't join in the fight
you think to use is to lose so you're
-clinging, pulling, pleading,
try and keep it safe
keep it cosy but it feels so out of place
you're feeling a loss but you're not fit
to make it
you offered so much but you're frightened
to take it
it never really was proved, never understood
but there is no virtue in the good
the shoutings so loud, they'd do better to
miss, you're deafened and you cannot
hear the rhyme
but secrets in whispers pull you, try to
tempt you, try & keep it safe
keep it cosy but it feels so out of place
you beg for help and advice, how to handle
your life, but you dare not move, you
cannot pay the price
chances slip, you just chatter, flatter,
to forget what matters
spout your lines, read all your books
you hear the sounds, miss all the hooks
your best is what you least understand
you hate the graft, won't join the race
you're scared to scar your pretty face
safe now cos your head is in the sand
keep it.....

LOVE PART ONE

they all dedicate lines to you
thin lines - easy seen through
of course they do, to be like others
who all feel something I won't
pretend just for you
I've watched them marry up
their wives & lives with ties & lies
I've seen them fuck infatuation
and call it you so they feel better
I hope you'll stay with them forever
let them sit back & never dream
thoughts like mine
scared hearts running from you
take longer to prove
they can sit back & laugh like others
but still they hold you in awe
as I the 1st to ever question you exist?
why do I throw up when she says she
gives me herself only for you
or her belief in you is only for me
sometimes I almost envy the need,
but don't see the prize

I'LL SHOW YOU

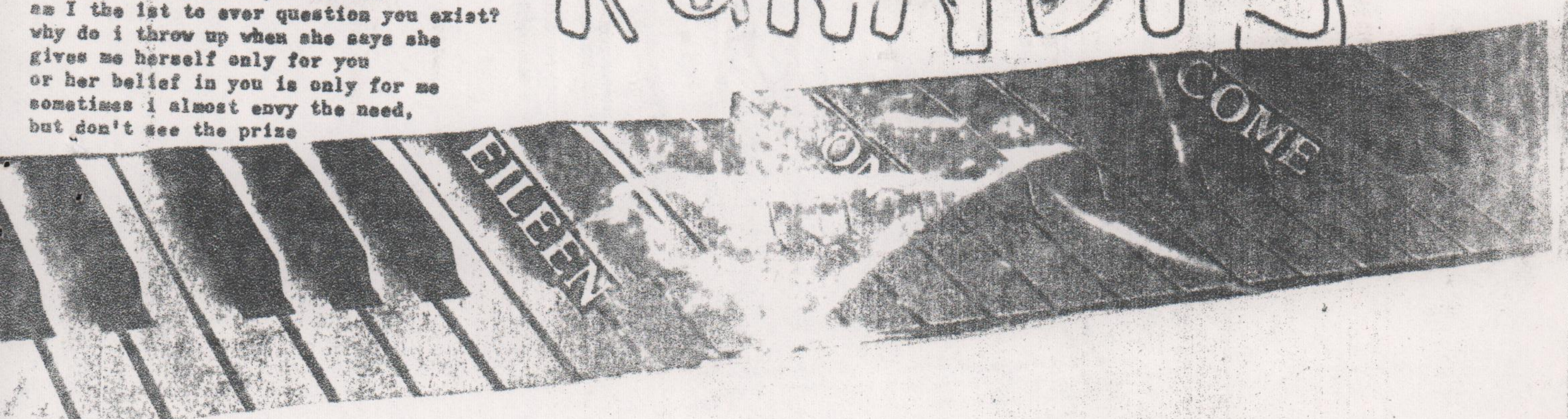
I'll show you them now
these boys without cares
who'd swapped dirty pictures
and talked during prayers
they grew up with wisdom they'd stored
from "those days"
nobody told them to fit in they must change
I'll show you them now, come with me
and I'll show you them now
the teachers laughed with them
class idiot style
after all, they weren't their kids
so why should they mind?
boyish good looks held the wrath back
a while
then they were drummed in & thumped in
and soon left behind
alcoholics
child molesters
nervous wrecks and prima donnas
jilted lovers
office clerks
petty thieves, hard drug pursuers

MIDNIGHT



lonely tramps
awkward misfits
oh, anyone of these
mortgaged up families looked at first
too mundane
but it's funny how, with help,
all the lucky ones changed
some of them couldn't -
there had to be more
music, I dunno, films,
something special perhaps
I'll show you them now,
come with me & I'll show you them
it's so hard to picture dirty tramps
as young boys
but if you see a man crying,
held his hand, he's my friend
if those words sound corny,
switch this off, I don't care
nearby he's still crying
I won't smile while he's there

RUNNERS



ROLL OF "HONOUR"⁹⁹

tattered ribbons peel from the shroud, dirtied gold pinned to the wire, the battered silver circle could not halt the fearful fire.

Death is the price that is concealed, Death is the pain that you will feel. Numbers in the history glory books, the ones who died, just to keep the power players satisfied.

Contemptable old fools salute the monument to pain. But it's their fault, can't they see, that their comrades died in vain?

On barren marble monoliths, your friends and wives will cry. They'll know better than to listen, when told that you died
----- for valour.

I just can't believe how easily taken in everyone was.



N

BACK ISSUE DEPT.

SOMEBODY ELSE'S NIGHTMARE - one-off, personal thoughts and images.

LAST TANGO IN VIETNAM

- one-off, about various concerns in life
e.g. animal welfare, sexism, relationships

ABILITY MINGS

- mini-stinkzine, local news, mob, lurkers,
andy t lyrics, ways to sabotage your school

ABILITY STINKS 1

- practical articles, record reviews, lyrics
from ants, steroids, mike squire, native
propoganda, lots more

ABILITY STINKS 2

- flux of pink indians, subverts interviews, product feature, poison girls, steroids song lyrics, more articles

ABILITY STINKS 3

- special mystery issue, obligatory crass interview, lots of wierd characters, issue one rip-off cover

ABILITY STINKS 4

- nightmare interview, andy t lyrics, reviews of porton down & stinks evening, more articles

ABILITY STINKS 5

- bumper issue, features on this bitter lesson, apostles, screaming babies, bushell interview, the plague, lots of lyrics and articles

Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on your viewpoint!), all of these issues have sold out as far as I am concerned. There may still be copies left in shops such as Rough Trade, 5th Column may have some copies left.



#THE LAW SHOULD BE USED AS JUST ANOTHER WEAPON IN THE GOVERNMENT'S ARSENAL, AND IN THIS CASE IT BECOMES LITTLE MORE THAN A PROPAGANDA COVER FOR THE DISPOSAL OF UNWANTED MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC. *

* BRIGADIER KITSON,
(MILITARY ADVISOR TO
THE GOVT.)



Big
Brother

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UNIVERSITY

SHAW-WALKER

IBM

Another live review:

This is quite a long way from my house - hard work by

SEX GANG CHILDREN

RITUAL

Kingston

November 82

£1-80

SEX GANG CHILDREN

RITUAL

Kingston

November 82

£1-80

Kingston Polytechnic has about five different parts to it, spread all over the town. I should know - I went to all of them before finally arriving at the gig. There weren't many people there (I noted from my haze caused by excess alcohol, in turn caused by depression). RITUAL weren't as good as I was expecting them to be, having seen the about two months previously. Visually, it's simply plain. Five people (including a sax), four of whom just stand there whilst the fifth occasionally walked about. The sound is good though, maybe where UK Decay meet Aleister Crowley (tiresome hip reference, eh?). They didn't really go down that well. Crowley (tiresome hip reference, eh?). SEX GANG CHILDREN were really good tonight. From the opening track to the encore, they boozed & oozed. I enjoyed myself. For a split second, I felt a bond really coming to other. Sebastian is the one I like, though apparently the new single will be a 12-minute version of the present b-side 'Deiche' (excuse the spelling, it's that - not right). Andy looked good with white material tied round the bottom of his trousers, they all looked to be having a good time. I don't really think any of these comparisons are fair, incidentally. good time. I don't really think any of these comparisons are fair, incidentally.

IF THERE WAS A BOMB THAT KILLED THE HUMAN RACE OFF, AND LET ALL THE OTHER ANIMALS LIVE, WOULD YOU DROP IT?



DON'T USE POSTCODES - THEY'RE ONLY A STEP NEARER 1984 - NAMES NOT NUMBERS.

A TALE OF TWO TORTOISES

There was once a tortoise who lived on a hill.

The first day it decided to pop its head out of its shell, there was a terrible thunderstorm raging. The tortoise immediately sank back into the safety of its shell, convinced that the thunderstorm would never cease, and knowing that he couldn't stop it. The tortoise then stayed in the shell for the rest of its life.

There was another tortoise, living on the other side of the hill. This tortoise also realised that he couldn't stop the thunderstorm, but he decided to keep his head out for a while. Before too long, he saw a tortoise coming up the hill. The second tortoise explained that he'd come out to look for other tortoises, because he didn't like the thunderstorm.

The two tortoises then set out to look for others, and before long there were many tortoises all together. The group of tortoises eventually made themselves a shelter.

- every tear shed
- is a tear against the system -

FORGET THE FRENCH RESISTANCE, NOW WE'VE (NOT?) GOT---

Southern Death Cult

It costs £1-20 + SAE:
Southern Death Cult/Nottingham/July 82
SOUNDHECK: All Glory, Fatman
GIG: The Crow, The Girl, False Faces,
Fatman, Apache, The Crypt, Moya, All
Glory, V.I.V.I.S.E.C.T.I.O.N., Today, The Crow.

MOYA

Kids of the coca cola nation
Are too doped up to realise
Time is running out
Nagasaki's crying out
The doomwatch says it's time
To give back what you took away
Uncle Sam meets the reaper
Wounded Knee over again
Kasota
Kasota

aaaaaaa
eeeeeeeeee
iiiiiiiiii
oooooooooo
tttttttttt
Nottingham.
Mapperley,
120 Morley Avenue,
c/o Dave,
New Error Tapes
You can get from:

FFFFFFF
AAAAAAA
TTTTTTT
MMMMM
AAAAAAA
NNNNNNN

ALL GLORY

My country tis of thee
The blood game is here again
But will World War 3 make history
As the warmongers gather
At the foot
Of the scrap crap heap
Red lights turn to green
Got to cheat you to get
Got to cheat us to get
I look around, raise your head.....

I had terrible conscience problems
about putting Southern Death Cult on
the cover, because I was hoping to inter-
view them, but they're busy at present
(an interview should follow in a later
issue.) All I could find was lyrics to
2 of their songs.

YVYYZZZZ
ddddddee
gghhhhhh
nnnnnnnn
ssssssss
yyyyzzzz

1111112222333344445555556666777788889999000000

Fagan plea:

They keep me drugged

PALACE intruder Michael Fagan claimed last night that drugs were being used to keep him subdued 24 hours a day.

In a letter smuggled out of Park Lane top security hospital in Liverpool, Fagan appeals to the Press for help.

Fagan, 32, the man who was found in the Queen's bedroom, says: "Would you please help me. I am being held by the State. I am being dosed up 24 hours a day with Largactil which can have serious long term effects."

Fagan's sister, mother of three Mrs Margaret Tomlin, of Heston, Wick, East London, said she was "shocked" by his condition when she visited him recently. Fagan was sent for treatment by an Old Bailey judge after he admitted taking a

CASE No. 5876943889

NAME: Michael Fagan

CRIME: Effectively taking the piss out of the court system, by being found not guilty of anything after going into the queen's bedroom.

REMEDY: Take one man who needs to be seen to be punished, and try and have him put in prison. Don't cheat this time, because everyone will be watching. If this fails, then revert to the failsafe method, and have him classified insane. This is a sure way, because he can't do anything about it - there is no fair trial for insanity. When you have succeeded in putting him away, keep him under sedation with the use of harmful drugs. This is to make sure that he can never tell of the way we shut him up.

Whether Michael Fagan is actually guilty of anything is not really important to me. The way he is being treated according to his letter is inhuman, and reeks of having

Mrs Fagan: Why must Ripper join my son?

more sinister reasons behind it than so-called insanity. Largactil can have long term effects on your brain, possibly giving you brain damage. How many other people have been treated with this recently for taking a car?

This has all happened before. Where prison fails, they use the mental homes. One day, the lid will blow off all the cover-ups that go on, and people will be SHOCKED.

Michael Fagan will probably be forgotten in six months time (or dead). He won't be in the papers any more. He'll still be in the same position though. Do you care?

With Crass's latest LP, 'Christ- The Album' there is a booklet that describes how a pretty similar thing happened to one of their friends. They were too scared to blow the lid off it, thanks to various death threats. Their friend died, Michael Fagan doesn't have to.

If you think this article sounds paranoid, then you obviously don't realise the extent of the corruption.

"Look what they've done to my brain, ma
Look what they've done to my brain
They picked it like a chicken-bone
And now I'm half-insane" - Melanie

October 26 1982

THE PARENTS of Palace intruder Michael Fagan are protesting to the Home Office after learning that the Yorkshire Ripper may soon be confined in the same mental home as their son.

Fagan, 31, was sent to Park Lane Hospital, Liverpool, after Judge James Miskin said: "He will be received there as a patient and not as a criminal."

Now information has been leaked that psychiatrists want Peter Sutcliffe, the killer of 13 women, transferred from prison to Park Lane as soon as possible.

The news caused such anxiety to Fagan's parents yesterday that his mother, Mrs Ivy Fagan, immediately set out from their home in North London to speak to the hospital authorities in Liverpool.

Mr Michael Fagan, 30, said: "Michael is already rubbing shoulders with people like Graham Young, the notorious poisoner, and other killers."

"Now we hear that this terrible man is going to be in the same hospital."

"How can our son ever become normal when he is mixing with such people? After all, he was only convicted of taking a car."

"My wife is sick with worry and we shall be writing to the Home Secretary about it."

Relatives of the Ripper's victims also were shocked at the prospect of Sutcliffe escaping from the grim prison life to the comparative luxury of Park Lane.

Patients there enjoy the comfort of individual bedsits - centrally heated and equipped with radio and TV - with tennis, bowling and snooker facilities available.



Fagan: "Not a criminal"

They can browse through a huge library and choose from menus - including roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, prawn curry and chicken supreme - which are changed daily.

Before his trial Sutcliffe boasted he could escape with only 10 years in a "loony bin" if he convinced prison authorities he was mad.

Last night psychiatrist Dr Hugo Milne, who gave evidence at Sutcliffe's trial and visited him only a few weeks ago said: "Sutcliffe is not conning. He is very seriously mentally ill."

"He is still very dangerous, especially where women are concerned. But rest assured, a high security hospital is as safe as a prison."

ALIVE AT THE FRONT

A very interesting T.O.H. article was supposed to be on this page, but unfortunately it didn't arrive from the author in time to be typed out. In desperation, I've had to do something myself. Just an opinion.

A live album was released. It was cheap in price and raw in sound and (round here) badly received. A slight setback, though nowadays the album seems to get nothing but praise.

A couple of weeks after it was released, I was played 'Legion' by a group called Theatre Of Hate. I was mildly impressed, no more. At the time, I dismissed it as just another punk record. As time went on, it became apparent that was a twist in this particular tale, and maybe a sting as well? The second single was released, and it was called 'Rebel Without A Brain'. I hoped Theatre Of Hate were talking about others rather than themselves. They were.

About this time, a few of the local punks were latching onto TOH like they hadn't really latched onto anybody before (not even the Ants). They played a reportedly brilliant gig at the 100 Club - I was going to go, but in the end decided I didn't like the records that much. The TOH crowd was mainly a punk one at this time (mohicans etc).

Slowly but surely, the punks cut it all off and a lot of them became billys. A haircut called the Mac Curtis was the favourite amongst em. Theatre Of Hate were developing a real following, and the pace was getting hotter.

The next bit was quite boring, because it happens to so many bands - they increasingly became more popular & hip to like. More records were released and gigs were now at places like the Lyceum, Palais etc. The intense sound they worked for had been achieved, and was coming across very well live. There was a lot of rivalry amongst fans, and quite often trouble when Theatre played outside London. For a short while, I thought they might be the next big hope...they had survived line-up changes & heavy gigging. I had never been into them that much, but at least they didn't seem as stupid as most bands. They even played TOTP without losing credibility. It didn't happen though...

Fans started to drift away a little as more normals invaded. Bands like the Meteors & S.D. Cult got the following as TOH lost it a bit.

Eventually of course they split, after releasing a brave but (in my opinion) limp last single 'East world'. I can't say I'm looking forward to 'Spear Of Destiny', but I wish Mr. Brandon luck.....



THEATER
of hate



FOR ONCE, I'VE BEEN Going to The Gigs

BAUHAUS / SOUTHERN DEATH CULT / THE ROOM. Lyceum/October 82 £3-50

Amazing!! I actually got to the door without anybody asking me for ten pence. Wow! Inside, the place was packed....overcrowded. Too many followers. The probable reason for this was that Bauhaus had made their debut on TOTP a couple of weeks earlier.

First band, THE ROOM, sounded like they'd just flown in from a John Peel session. Their sound is quite hard to describe - it's from what I consider a very grey area.....maybe where Killing Joke would have been if they were pre-punk instead of post-punk. They didn't appear to get much of a reaction from.....ah! The audience:

I must say this gig was dead posey, in a terrible way. It seemed that I was getting stared at, even ridiculed, wherever I walked. It'd seem that no way of dressing makes you immune from this. Lack of hum money added to the uncomfortable feeling.

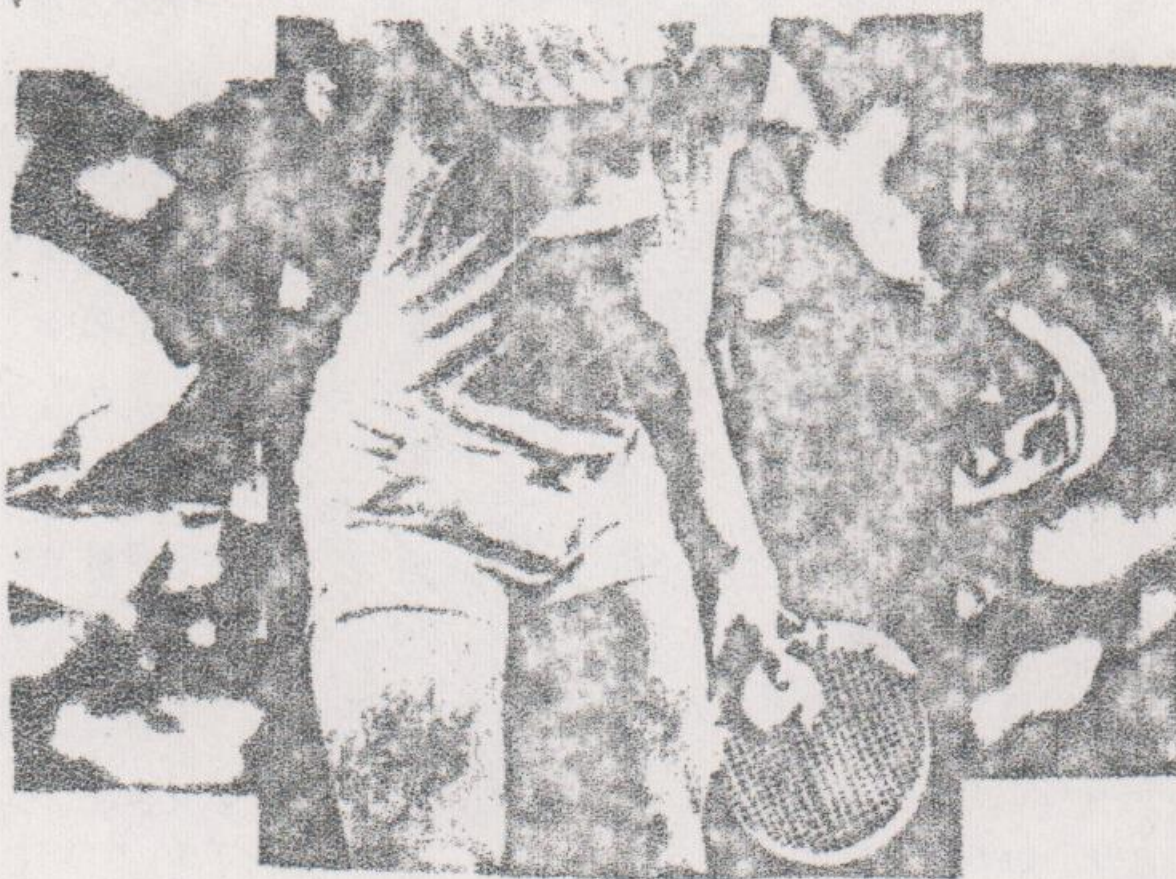
POISON GIRLS / RUBELLA BALLET / JOOLS / SANE BUT NOT HEARD Drill Hall Oct 82 £2/£1-50 w UB40.

I entered the bar as I arrived, to find a surprisingly varied audience awaiting entertainment. There were still a lot of "hard cores" there, but they certainly didn't have a monopoly tonight. This gig turned out to be very productive as far as selling zines went - a nice reflection.

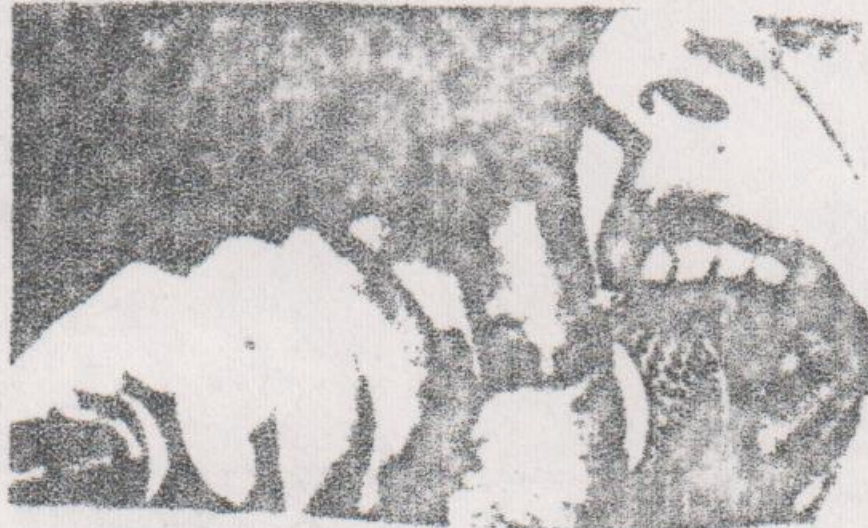
Yeah Yeah
I bet this'll be
too small to
read when I get
it reduced, on
the internet
maybe it won't
exist for a
while?

SANE BUT NOT HEARD, I'm afraid, turned out to be aptly named. They were heard but not seen (sane?) by me as I was too busy still selling zines. A female poet, who I assumed to be JOOLS then took the stage. A very art college look was verbally denied, but she can't deny the Bauhaus-audience-type stare she gave me earlier in the bar. Have I got 2 heads or summat? From behind/amidst her pink hair poems were spat out with a cynical venom. Maybe trying for a confrontation? No humour here, which made the taste a little bitter for me. Exit stage right.

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT were immensely enjoyable as usual. 'Fatman', 'The Crypt', 'Apache', 'Vivisection', 'Today' and all the rest are almost inspiring. Death Cult are a lot more like the Ants than Sex Gang Children in my opinion; not because of the tribal sound, just the feeling of belonging they inspire. I hope they keep working on this. Tonight the songs seemed a little slow, but quality makes up for performance.



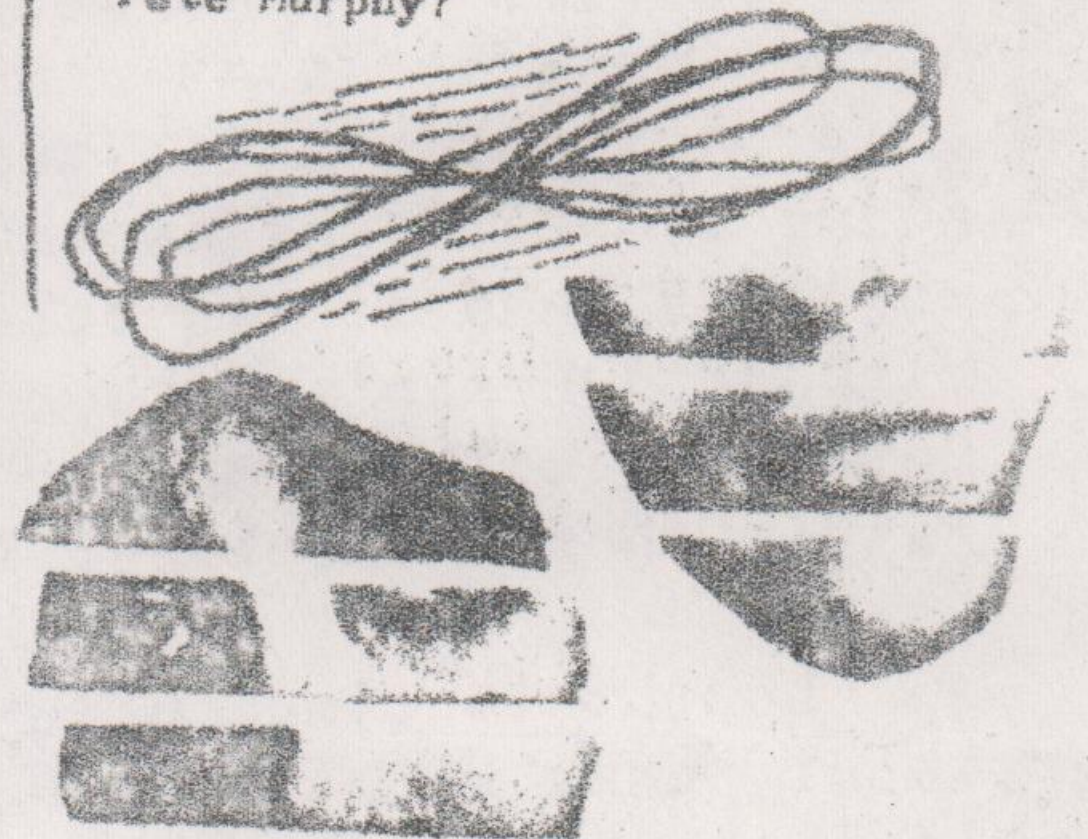
RUBELLA BALLET struck gold in this boys heart. Lots of other colours too, though the outfits looked a little superfluous. The sounds emitted were sharp, bouncy & non-plodders. I'm not familiar with the song titles, but 'Ballet Dance' was good. Female vocalist Zillah (?) has a good voice and guitarist Pete Fender made a nice change when he sang. There's some potential in this band. The audience liked them - I will too when I'm more convinced of what they are.....Dirt meet the Mexillos?



The sight of POISON GIRLS on stage is challenging. An obvious wide range of ages, and brilliant defiance of age-old myths and standards. The lyrics are beautiful, and when they get lost in the mix, it's a disgrace, not just a shame. This band should be important - I just wish they excited me a bit more. Like the Clash. 'Old Tart' and 'Tension' are still brilliant. New songs seem just as good - 'Soft Touch' is especially striking.

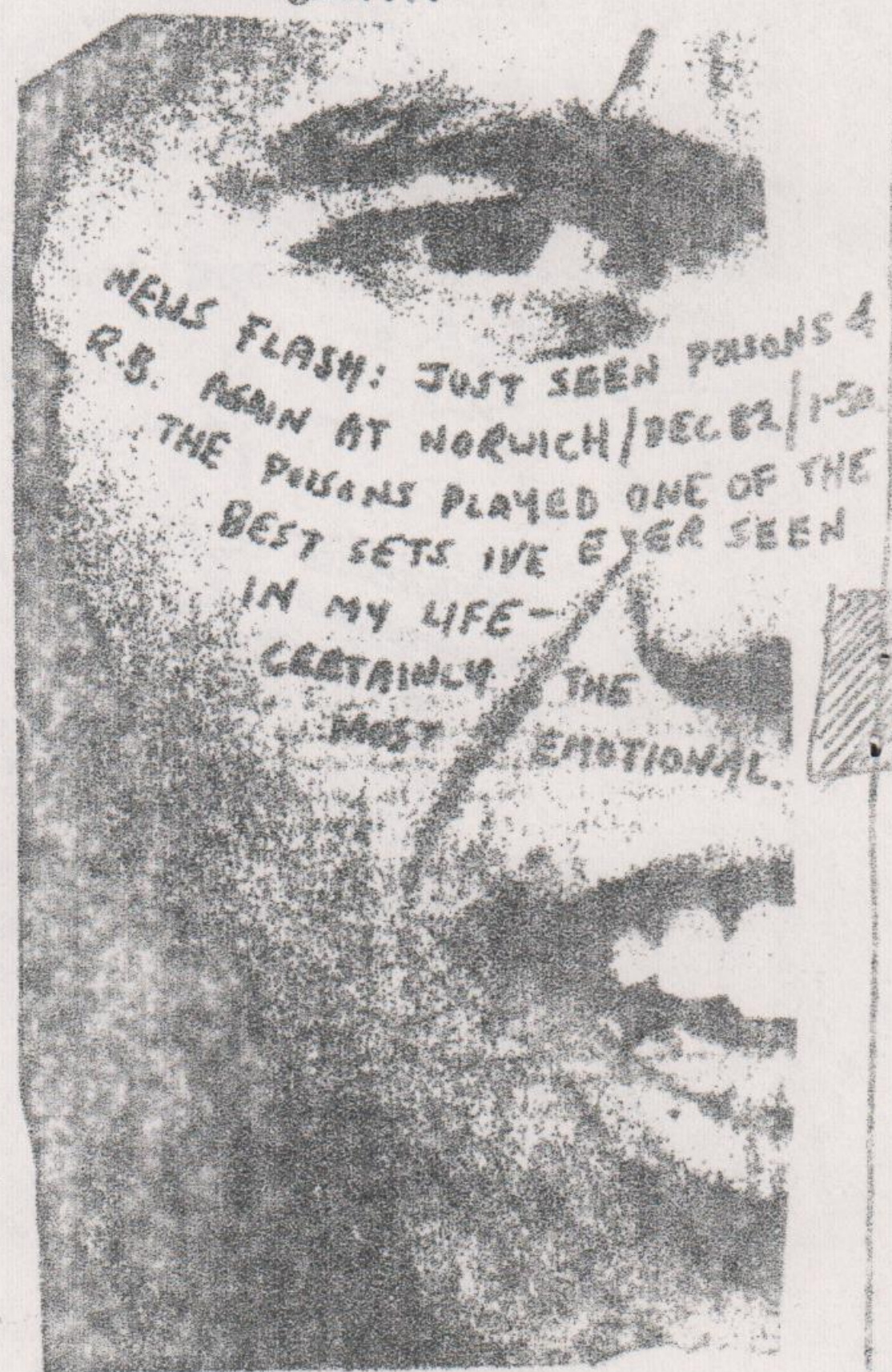
By the time BAUHAUS hit the stage, the place was ridiculously packed. I took refuge on the stairs leading up to the balcony, but even here people were shoulder to shoulder. Sardine music for sardine people? The band were occasionally very good musically, but do they really need dry ice, luminous star vava tubes & ELO-typelight shows???

The audience was like a bloody rock audience, clapping along over their heads and generally worshipping. I left after Ziggy made his musical appearance. As I walked, I wished I could have seen David Bowie do it. Or do I mean Pete Murphy?



The crowd reaction only seemed so-so, which I didn't expect. Last song and 'Persons Unknown' is superb. A good set from a good band. I think they should play to schoolchildren, middle-aged housewives, macho-men etc etc.

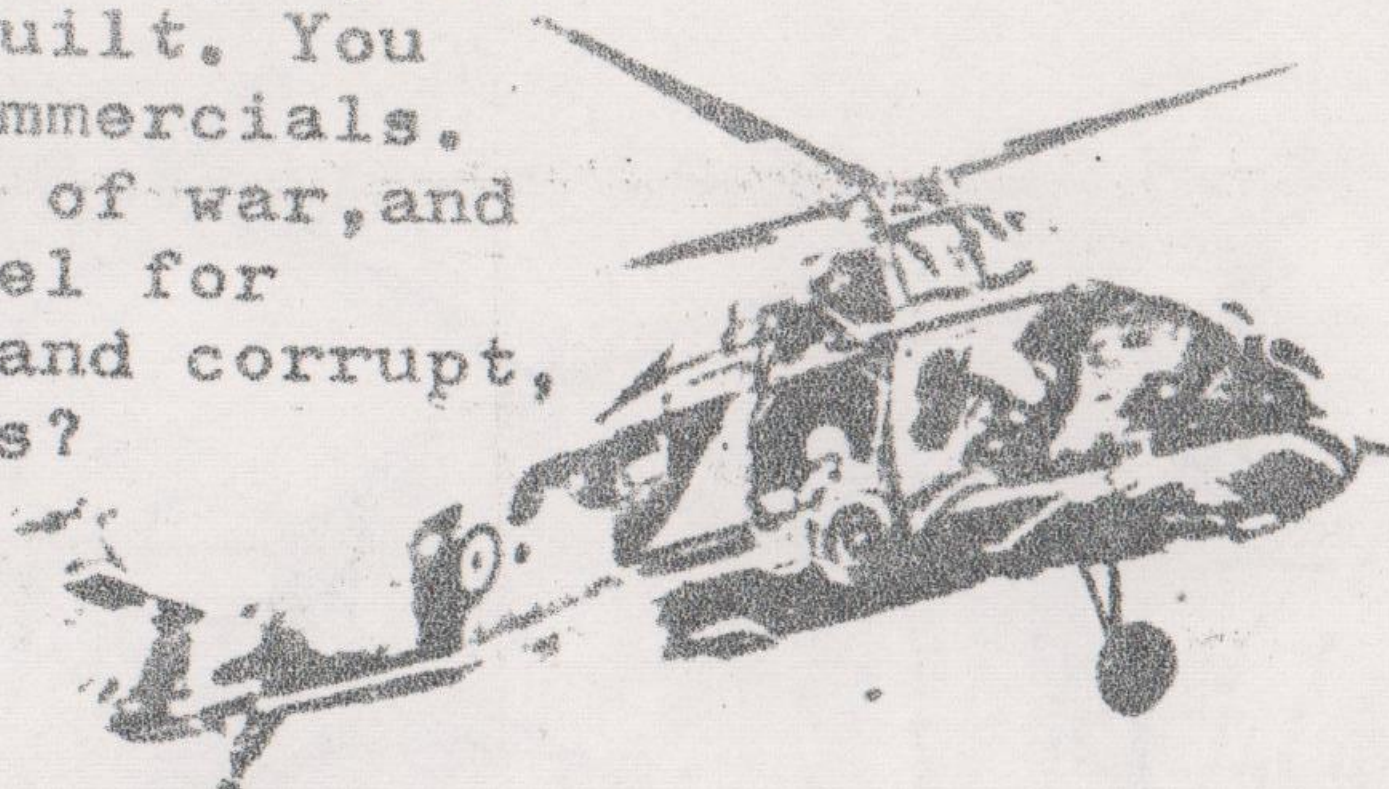
As I go back home, I look at people in the street and think if only they'd been there, they might have thought....



NEWS FLASH: JUST SEEN POISONS & R.B. AGAIN AT NORWICH/DEC 82/1-50
THE POISONS PLAYED ONE OF THE BEST SETS IVE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE - CERTAINLY THE MOST EMOTIONAL.

/My anarchy is a thing you will never understand, because your smile is so sickly patriotic. The way you worship dead heroes, like christ hanging on his cross, the pain upon his face a reflection of your own sour guilt. You need plasticine rebels, suffering martyrs and sickly sexist tv commercials. My compassion is a thing beyond your narrowminded patriotic love of war, and your hollow love of nature. My love is a thing you will never feel for yourself. "Britian in bloom"-how pathetic, competitive, patriotic and corrupt, and oh yes, the galant few will be rewarded, but what of the others?

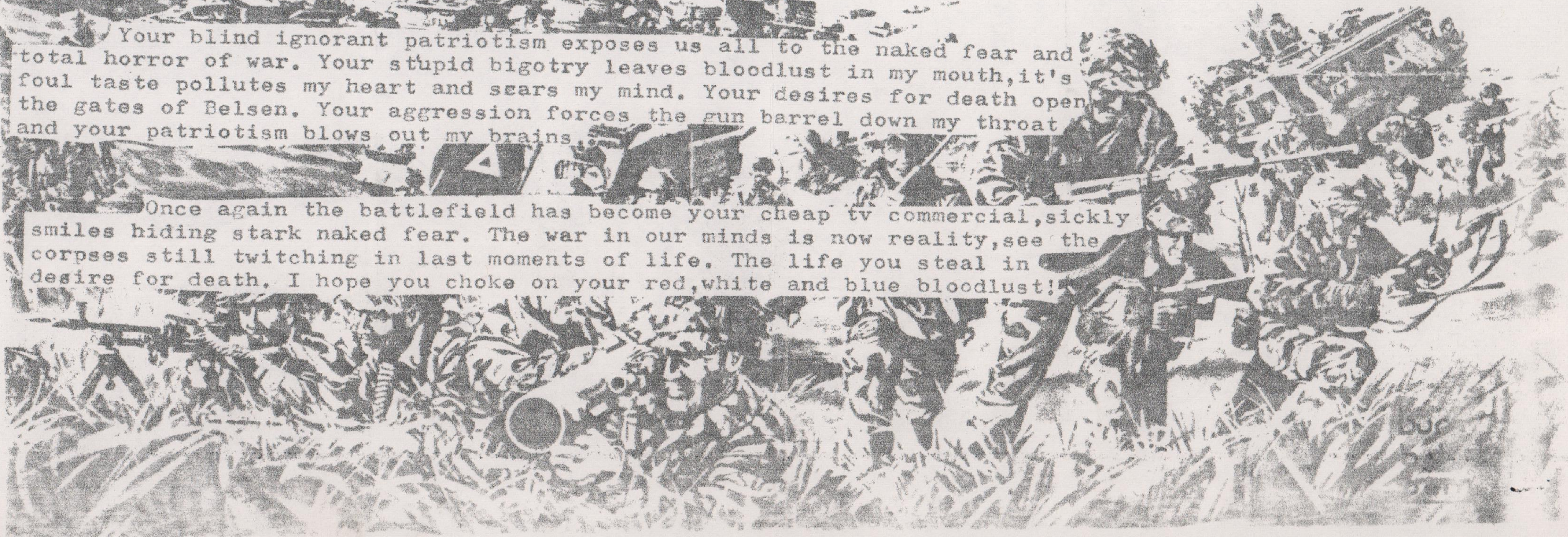
PATRIOTISM
KILLS...



Your so called love of life and nature is mercenary, your so called children are fuckers, grey reflections of yourselves, all wrapped up in cross, queen, god, tv commercial bloodbath time and bravado. Who are they that compete for nature, are they not the ones who twist it, corrupt it and make it unobtainable? Your children will die for an unknown glory, disguised with medals of honour, wrapped up in the blood stained uniform of their blood stained nation, you will hail the latest figurehead or monarchy, and cry for war with words of hate, yet later, you will mourn by cold dark graves of your lost children.

Your blind ignorant patriotism exposes us all to the naked fear and total horror of war. Your stupid bigotry leaves bloodlust in my mouth, it's foul taste pollutes my heart and sears my mind. Your desires for death open the gates of Belsen. Your aggression forces the gun barrel down my throat and your patriotism blows out my brains.

Once again the battlefield has become your cheap tv commercial, sickly smiles hiding stark naked fear. The war in our minds is now reality, see the corpses still twitching in last moments of life. The life you steal in desire for death. I hope you choke on your red, white and blue bloodlust!



WORTH, WORTHY, RIGHT.

ARE YOU AS YOU SHOULD BE?
PART OF THE RACE

OUR AESTHETIC JUDGEMENT IS THE SEAT OF GOD

✓ PERFECT

✓ COMPLETE

△ MUST ○

△ SHOULD ▸

WORTHY OF THE

RIGHT OF PROCREATION?
TO BE BEAUTIFUL IS TO BE, TO EXIST.
YOU MUST CHANGE TO BE

◀ REJECT ▶

◀ LESS THAN TOTAL ▶

FAULT = SIN

