

KILL YOUR PET

HEY PUNK... BRING A POSITIVE FORCE INTO YOUR LIFE



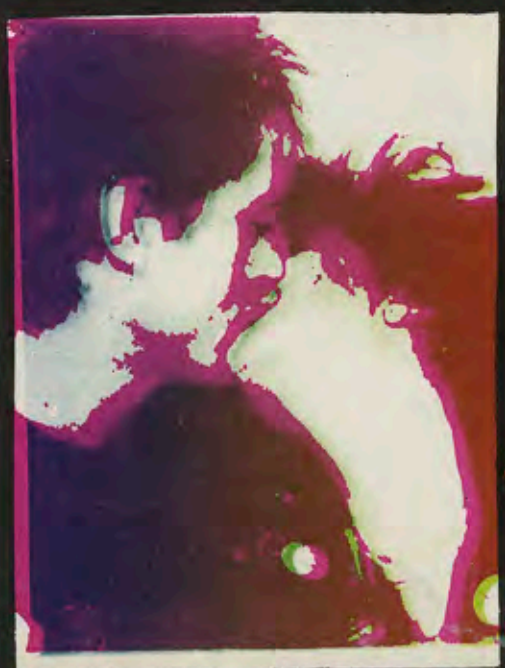
PUNK

SOMETIMES THERES JUST NO CHOICE - IF YOU WANT MYSTERY, AND NOT HISTORY. LIFE NOT DEATH, YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

25P Issue no. 2 February k (cheap) March 1980

THIS TIME FOR REAL

SURELY THERES MORE TO LIFE THAN A STRING OF ROMANCES



HOW WILL HE FEEL WHEN HE FINDS OUT THE GIRL HE LOVES IS

AN ANARCHIST

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY PUNKS FOR PUNKS...

CONTENTS: ? , well, imagine the old spirit of Ripped & Torn combined with the confidence of experience.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE PUPPY COLLECTIVE: THE ADVERTISING DEPT. HARD AT WORK.



Many people today sense the coming of a great crisis in the world. We see the storm clouds gathering and wonder how much longer we can continue before the storm breaks and brings our way of life to an end.



REALITY

The last issue of Kill Your Ret Puppy cost £250 for 2,500 copies. It was printed in West London by a sympathetic printer, and sold at gigs in London by members of the Puppy Collective (mainly me!) and at Rough Trade, Small Wonder, Rising Free, the Virgin branches in the West End, Shades in Kings Rd.

LIES BLEEDING IN PORTOBELLO ROAD. CAN THIS REALLY BE THE END?... DOWN & OUT IN LONDON WITH AMPETAMINE PSYCHOSIS AGAIN? IT OPENS ITS MOUTH.

and the '243' newsagent in Kings Road + a few others. Some got to Glasgow and Edinburgh but it's very hard for me to get them into shops outside London - Better Badges & Rough Trade both vaguely do distribution but both wait for shops to contact them.

IT CRIES:

(All the colours and techniques used can be done by anyone - I do it all on the floor of my room, so could you if you tried)

LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE?

WHY CAN'T I BE HAPPY

KILL YOUR PET PUPPY #2

address all letters to: c/o Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11.

Hello there, I'm Tony D and I'm here to welcome you to 'Kill Your Pet Puppy', the second in a series of experimental ventures conceived and created to further the cause of PUNK.

I'm your host for this evening, to make sure you're comfortable and that you understand the necessity of this experiment.

Tonight we are going to SMASH through the boundaries of EXPECTATION, of conformity; and although you may at times feel confused or cheated, rest assured that every effort has been made to make 'Kill Your Pet Puppy' the most original, positive, educational and above all entertainingly aware experience there is this side of pumping your self full of extremely dangerous drugs and running wild in the West end on stolen credit cards.

Before we move onto page 4 and the start of test one (1) may I just whisper a word of advice: there are NO interviews or reviews, or anything resembling the usual fanzine format. The whole fucking issue twists and winds round one long rant which takes in.....well you'll find out soon enough. I can reassure you one thing tho', you will emerge a new and better person by the final page - JUST SWICK IN AT IT THROUGH THE HARD PARTS, to give up is to give in...hold on, here's the author come to explain why he abandoned the tried and trusted format, or something equally banal....

"WE'RE A FANZINE, WE DO WHAT WE LIKE." - I wrote that in February '79, a year ago, in 'Ripped & Torn' no. 17 and its as true and important today as it was then.

People were starting to ask me, "when are you going to do a new 'Pet Puppy'?, what are you going to put in it?", I'd answer, "soon, I'll wait until something relevant comes up - something I think is important enough to write about".

I desperately wanted to avoid the SYNDROME that happens with any fanzine or magazine where anything that happens to be around is used to fill up pages because there's a DEADLINE to meet - I'd been thru all that with Ripped & Torn, with 'Pet Puppy' I was prepared to wait for months until until that unmistakable FLASH OF INSPIRATION hit me again.

On monday the 4th of February, whilst I was reading a book on the Angry Brigade in the early evening, I got the FLASH and as thoughts and visions swamped my head, overpowered my entire being, I knew it was TIME TO BE CREATIVE once more.



Readers Love to Change
tell of miracle escapes

KILL!

P.S. This issue has been put together between Feb 4th and 7th - its the fraction of the inspiration I could catch clearly enough to write down. I hope you can relate to its meaning, if you can't its not important - although I'd really appreciate your comments, your reaction if you feel like writing - what IS important is that you realise YOU CAN DO IT TOO, just as easily as me, Its your move, but dont worry about it



Apocalypse Now

I suppose you're going to give us a rave about Anarchy now, how everything a load of shit. Don't you know people don't want that anymore - they want Gary Numan posters and FUN.

Part 1.

Violent anarchy must fail. It cannot succeed, except as EDUCATION in the streets. Personal Anarchy becomes violent anarchy only when the free space we, as anarchists, have liberated from oppressive forces is threatened.

(by "free space" I mean anything from physically squatting disused or unused houses to the mental free space of dying your hair blue or green. If you want to dye your hair or squat a house for example but can't because you know you'll end up in hospital and/or in jail then your free space is threatened).

Any social revolution will be confronted by violence from its opponents - Violent Actions in the name and cause of Anarchy are essential. Violent Action turns the STATES main threat upon itself, it throws the same paranoid fear on them that they rule us with.

Ten Molotovs, a hundred bombs, a thousand guns - the threat that it might be THEM next turns it into a contest of wills, subjects them to the same pressure, makes them become uncertain and



unsure if their beliefs are worth dying for. After it has served its purpose, the violent action dissolves back into its irrelevance to everyday anarchistic life - ready to be mobilised in case of another violent confrontation.

A hundred bombs can be exploded and a thousand guns can fire, the ruling class can lose a few members - BUT IT TAKES EDUCATION TO WIPE OUT THE RULING INSTINCT.

Every subversive act of violence must have as its end aim the intention of making the average person question him or herself. Why do they feel

it is necessary to have RULERS? Why do they have a craving to rule one another that is only equalled by their desire, their willingness to obey any AUTHORITY who gives them "security" in a "national pride", freedom in a "national identity", and greatness in a "powerful nation"?

Anarchy gives people back their self-respect, their PERSONAL IDENTITY, but to do so it has to expose and destroy the false, national gods and institutions that have stolen your individualities and forced you to be slaves at their altars.

While The World Was Dying, Did You Wonder Why?

Bombs are important, they turn monuments and institutions into just so many bricks and mortar - piles of rubble.

Gugs are important, they simultaneously throw the physical reality of death into the face of dictators hiding behind PLEASANT, RESPECTABLE media-images and turns them into just so much flesh and blood - slabs of bloated meat.

Those who rule by fear are those who are most paralysed by paranoia when the fear is directed at them.

I would gladly kill Prince Charles, Cliff Richard, Hughie Green, I would assassinate Keith Joeseph, Margaret Thatcher and Hugh Cutler and all their cronies without a second thought, if I thought it would wipe out THE REASON FOR THEM.

But nothing would change. Kill One dictator, kill a million dictators and you've achieved nothing but to become a dictator yourself.

The anarchistic act that turns people on their heads intellectually and emotionally, their ideas and attitudes changed, and next day changed again while they're still vibrating from the change - thats EDUCATION, SMASH THROUGH YEARS OF CONDITIONING. YEARS OF EMOTIONAL STERILITY, YEARS OF STATE IMPOSED FEAR -

"THE QUESTION IS: WHAT CAN YOU AFFORD IN TERMS OF YOURSELF? BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO SMASH COMPLETELY, YOU'RE GOING TO BE SO WRECKED IN A SHORT TIME YOUR CHILDREN WON'T WANT TO KNOW YOU, YOUR WHOLE SYSTEM WILL BE SO SMASHED. YOU CAN'T AFFORD THAT? GET OUT NOW. QUESTION IT NOW. CHANGE IT NOW. YOU CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO."

The whole MYTH of society is breaking down, break down with it or help change it, help smash it into irrelevance. The capitalist concerts are obselete, they're finished, those in power have squandered the SUPPLY on themselves and are cutting the flow that feeds the DEMAND from the masses, they're cutting the flow that keeps us fucking ALIVE.

The choice between cake or bread is reduced to steal or starve)

AIMLESS FRUSTRATION CAUSES VANDALISM, ANARCHISTS AIM THEIR FRUSTRATION AT ITS CAUSE, WE ARE VANDALS WITH AN AIM AND WE KNOW OUR TARGETS.

When an individual confronts the system with its own irrelevance it is an anarchistic act - when the system (in one of its manifestations of authority) responds with violence OR THE THREAT OF VIOLENCE it is an act of oppression.

If the system is so scared of confrontation that it threatens any deviation from the norm, from the MYTH, with violence BEFORE the deviant act is even considered by the individual it is called repression

"Punk" exposes the myth - punks are the front line, the shock troops that herald the collapse of the MYTH, the DEATH of a civilization that ruled by fear of DEATH. Punks one and only message, one and only philosophy has to be YOU CAN BE YOU, YOU DON'T HAVE TO ACCEPT WHAT YOU'RE TOLD TO BE ANYMORE

Everytime a punk walks on the street it is a direct confrontation with the accepted norms of "civilized society", the dull imposed conformity of social normality. The contrad-

ictions in the Myth, the confinements of National Freedom, are deepened and exposed whenever a punk goes outside his or her front door.

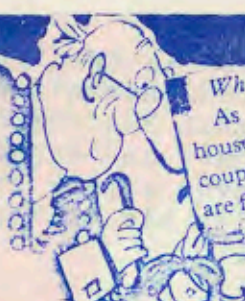
Most spontaneous acts of rebellion or deviation are sanitized and made meaningless by the media, especially t.v., simultaneously turning the rebels into celebrities and distorting their rebellious energy. All signs of revolt are cleared up without too much mess, or at least keeping the mess safely out of the ordinary citizens view.

Once you disbelieve in the myth its importance crumbles before your eyes - once you take the responsibility of your own life into your own hands the need for a hierachy based on violence and the fear of violence

Its only held together by the belief of the masses who are scared to stop believing because they've been taught to fear themselves, to be truly d. themselves- and that fear is so solid, so set into their consciousness that it takes a major upheaval in their illusion of feality for them to even glimpse the reality of FREEDOM. And that mass fear of themselves, of their real

identities manifests in their hatred for people who have STOPPED BELIEVING AND STARTED LIVING. PUNKS.

It is this aspect of "punk" that can never be admitted by THE MEDIA, will not ever be concieve of by any but those who are willing to understand CHANGE and who can see beyond their own secure



What is anarchy? Tell me that.
 As practised today, anarchy is occupying somebody else's house, with a common law wife, a colour television set and a couple of Alsatian dogs, and drawing social security. Thousands are finding it a rewarding way of life.

Consumers have turned a lot of punks original force into commodities that they can safely buy and watch - but for every Sid Vicious t-shirt sold to a consumer there is an independent label

Punch answers the cries of Suburban Man

future in THE MYTH.

Because to admit that, to even accept "PUNK" as a negation of the MYTH would be to admit that EVERYTHING ELSE IS A COMMODITY that is bought and sold in the market place, that you buy and take home and consume, that you use as a substitute for actually DOING ANYTHING YOURSELF.



How Can I Become an Anarchist?

If I become an anarchist, what do I do with my children? And the three rows of carrots I have just bought? Anarchists do not worry about domestic ties. They send to anybody who finds them.

starting, for every Police or Gary Numan album consumed theres a group of kids buying guitars and learning FOR THEMSELVES.



If it were a lady, it would get its bottom pinched.
 If this lady was a car she'd run you down

The inscription of a graffiti on a publicity poster in such a way that the original beguiling meaning gives way to something acute and revolutionary, can be an effective means to tear through the bland dressing of contemporary media and discourse.

In the widely publicised "punk rock" cult, anarchy seems to be the "in" word among the mindless morons who seek to make their mark on society by means of paint-sprayed graffiti, often of an obscene nature, in public places. The example below is on a telephone kiosk at the Meadows estate in Burnfoot. We publish it only to draw the attention of and to urge the

CONSUMERS OF THE WORLD UNITE, THROW OFF YOUR COMMODITIES. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAINS. STEAL YOUR FUTURE BACK AND LIVE IT OUT YOURSELF.

No-one's Coming Outside



CHELSEA

Tell us mr nice guy
 was it something that you said?
 did it really happen
 or was it in your head
 and did you bring believers
 and plant them here to lie!
 discuss important matters
 of how to change our lives.

No-one's Coming outside anymore
 No-one's Coming outside anymore
 I look to the window
 The radio Explains
 No-ones Coming outside again -

And was it worth the trouble
 did it prove a point of view
 I must admit it looked alright
 in the colours of a fool!
 and would you do it all again
 if you were let outside
 you say that you wouldn't
 but then again you lied.

Chorus

I'm sorry that I understood
 that you would be a raid
 the lights of piccadilly
 the riots in belgrade
 dealing cards for winners
 cause winners never loose
 winning is a way of life
 or just a game of fools.

SIDE 1 = No-one's Coming outside
 SIDE 2 = What would you do?

SE 14.

Step-Forward Records

repeat chorus twice

eds note: this is only a brief extract from notes, full story next ish.

IGGY POP!

"Hassles I've got hassles in the morning, I've got hassles in the evening, I've got hassles, I'm all alone on my own, with no one" (IGGY Pop, unrecorded).

Airports freak me out total! so on a come-down, reading 'fear and loathing' on the way and illegal substances down my pants, its no picnic. Here we go, another town, another hole, another arrogant audience to impress. Overture begins the guns boom the lights flare, HEY MAMA will they turn blue on me? AARGH first song, first dance.

Nadia Comenci meets Victor Stallone with IGGY as the end result. Through the set Pop flails around like a monkey on speed only cooling for 'Set 'Em Up Joe' (Frank never sang it like this, dad) but the peaks of the set were 'Billy & Joey' about two homosexuals who were lepers in society, and sung with a lot more conviction than 'georgie Boy' (and probably more real) and 'China Girl' which went down a storm (where were you Qualine?).

Whatever, with so much energy, this was probably the best gig on the tour (was it the white stuff) and a real high compared with the shit he gave us last year.

P.S. would whoever stole my watch in Manchester please send me the time

LIVE

Edinburgh 6/2/80 De

ADVERTISEMENT

GRANT

TODAYS KIDZ

THE LAST WORDS

RECORDS

OUT NOW ON
REMAND
RECORDS

Distributed by Rough Trade

MELODY MAKER

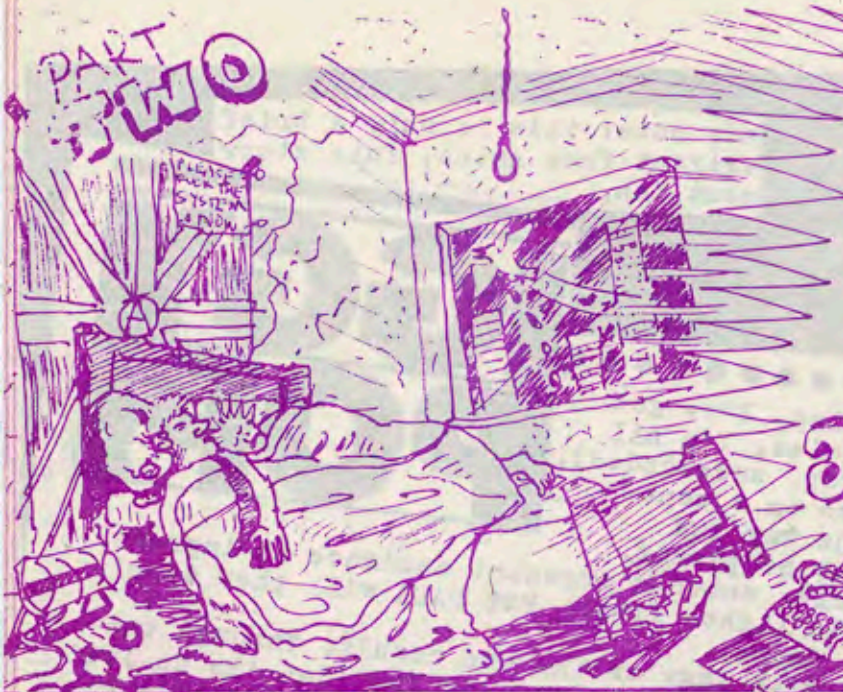
LAST WORDS: "Today's Kids" (Remand Records) Heavy mod rock from a band who've been invited to the UK. Subs to join them down under for a tour. There's a raucous chorus for the 'kids' to join about, yelling, swaying and go to a rock show for their cash your money on the spot.

OH BOY LOVE STORY

REMAND 002

THERES SOMETHING WRONG

PART TWO



RET RIPS IN THEORY and PRACTICE

"Steal your future back and live it out yourself" the boy mumbled, tossing slightly in the bed, he began to wake up...

I wake up tired, trying to remember the rapidly fading remnants of my tortured dream about radical anarchy. Battleplans conceived, but only fragments remembered, I realise that today is the Sid Vicious March. I have to make plans for today. I still haven't moved or opened my eyes - when I do I see the blonde figure beside me is still motionless. What time is it? - I go back to sleep.

Whats the fucking point of marching for Sid anyway - I never thought anything he did was so important, except maybe smashing Nick Kents head open, throwing Kents glorification and fascination with violence in his face. It'd make more sense to celebrate the first Sex Pistols gig or the release of 'Anarchy'. And besides, I can think of far better ways to celebrate or commemorate than marching from Sloane Square to Hyde Park or wherever - but I'm going to go anyway because at least its an EVENT, maybe there'll be some good

atmosphere and unity (I'll probably get beaten up, arrested, or both). Remember 'Brighton' and the Jock McDonald football match? Remember the "meetings" in Hyde Park about a year ago? And yet I still manage to raise some optimism, well wouldn't you?

My room is in a total shambles, I lay in bed surveying everything, trying to decide wether to finish of my sulphate supplies before I go, or if I should even get out of bed. The blonde girl's gone to wash her hair and various people wander in and around. - Vaguely I try and work out who stayed the night in Puppy Mansions before I realise I'd better get up or forever stay in bed.

Everyone seems to be cynically enthused about the March I discover, as I make the rounds of the house trying to find a brush - vive le revolution and I feel fucking awful. I've gone beyond the states that can be cured, or at least temporarily numbed with sulphate - anything speedy or energising I take just now will transform into PARANOIA, and that I don't need. Not today.

Last night I went to see the Swell Maps and Pink Military. Not because I really wanted to see either, but I feel its important to get out to gigs - keep in touch. It was sold out when we (me and Iggy/Grant) got there but after a hassle we got in because a Swell



Sid Vicious Before he was SID VICIOUS. Pic taken by Ray Stevenson. From 'Anarchy' in the UK.



Map knew the name "Tony D".

I didn't enjoy it, even tho' I sold 36 copies of 'Pet Puppy', but at least I knew there was a party on in the squat in my road to look forward to when we got back. I didn't stay long there although that was where the blonde came from, and I returned there on Saturday morning to rouse them for the March.

When Puppy Mansions had woken up and got itself sorted out there were six of us, four guys and two girls, ready to go - from the squat I collected four participants, three girls and a guy. Today's Puppy Collective.

A ten strong 'Puppy Collective' marching boldly for Sid Vicious? No, ten people marching for their right to not care. Ten people, along with other groups of tens, fours, threes, other individuals who care enough to march for their right to not care - their right to live fast, their right to be ABLE to live fast IF THEY WANT TO. We want the choice even if we don't use it, that's why we're going to Sloane Square.

Not because some poxy junkie died trying to live up to someone else's myth, but because we want the chance of creating our own Myth, our own future. I'm not sure how and I'm not sure why, but there HAS to be a way to create a future where things aren't just 'alright' and where we don't have to put up with 99% of our lives being wasted waiting for things we KNOW are only going to be second or third best, where we don't have to be afraid to walk the streets just because social failures attempt to get their own back on a society that

rejected them by beating up and robbing anything identifiable as a separate group or tribe.

We, the Puppy Collective, step beyond prescribed, decent standards of dress, attitude, behaviour. We, as punks, as part of a mass punk consciousness that was shown to be still alive and inspired even today, ESPECIALLY TODAY, publicly wear outfits guaranteed to attract derision and abuse, if not open attack, not as an idle game. It is because we have a conviction that can never be destroyed by any number of abusive or physical attacks, a desire to confront

By the time we get to the Kings Road its half past two and we hear many distorted versions and stories of what we missed.

There's punks wandering around in every direction, disorganised and colourful - but there's an atmosphere you could cut with a knife, and it's not the sort of atmosphere I want to get disorganised and colourful in. Too many skins - organised and GREY - I often wonder how scared inside you have to get, how bitter and full of hate for everything you have to get before you're driven to such brutally ugly extremes.



people's false standards. To confront and violate their conceptions of decency, to make null and void their false judgments of right and wrong.

A desire to confront MYSELF, to draw from myself a new self, Because it's there.

The biggest enemy of a skinhead is COMPASSION, and love, and yes, understanding, but especially COMPASSION. It so negates and empties every value they feel necessary



I mean its a fucking war already, when we (the Puppy Collective) left the Kings Road and went straight to Hyde Park (but the diagonally opposite end from Speakers corner) we walked right into a confrontation, one side blinded in organised hatred, and one side a loose collection of individual conviction.

started running leading a massed attack and I take off over the bridge, with others following and in front.

They managed to get one punk on the ground, but they stop and walk off in the opposite direction from us almost immediately.

They seem to have been interested in a massed charge rather than a fight (perhaps the odds weren't one sided enough, after all

to flaunt that they have to violently crush, ruin, destroy and wipe out any trace of it especially if that trace happens to involve other people doing ~~and~~ enjoying everything they can't, or are too scared to try. Like being yourself, and letting other people be themselves, understanding WHY other people need to be different from you. Like anarchy.

As we walked along the Saperntine Lake to reach the bridge that led onto the Speakers Corner side of the park we became aware of a gathering of skins watching us. We'd swollen to about 20 (half male and half female) spread about thirty yards apart, and there was about 20-25 of



them, all male. There was about a minute to decide wether to stand or run.

As I had been at the back of our group I moved up thru, sussing out the attitude. Most weren't aware of any impending doom, and I'd just reached the front of our parade when one or two skins started moving forward with intent.

By this time we were almost at the bridge (or least the front end was) and they were coming in from our right with the bridge an obvious escape route on our left, leading into the open park. The front skins

it was only two of them to every male punk) - but its hard to tell.

It was the suprise element that fucked us, but we were ready for any further attacks as we crossed the remainder of the park. Within minutes of us regrouping and marching off though, we'd seperated into another shambling,

stretched out line of spiky hair and leather - but maybe thats why "PUNK" is so creative (at times),

this stubbornness to avoid the security of organization. The sterility of orderliness.

Peaceful anarchists say , "teach them, give them love, let them have a chance to feel compassionate". The Pet Puppy Survival Guide says the only lessons skinheads collectively can understand are hard, brutal ones, like a small anonymous militia seeking out their leaders (the ones who use the others by politically organising them for the leaders own gain) and killing them. And making fucking sure the underlings know exactly why theres dead skins lining the streets.

My paranoia was pumping out fever-pitched thoughts and speculations but the rest of the day was an anti-climax.

At Speakers Corner- Nothing. We were three steps behind the 'real' march all the way thru Oxford Circus, Carnaby Street, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square.

All we found and met were straggling bunches telling us where they'd last seen The March vanish into the distance. With people drifting off like flies

screamed Defeat, Depression and an Apathetic Acceptance of both. Which was how I felt at the time (if I had any feelings left apart from stark, paralyzing paranoia) at half past four in the pouring rain with two police holding my arms and my feet aching from all the pointless walking.

"Are you alright?". No, I'm not alright, it's not alright, it can't be alright if you have to spend a day defending your faith, carrying your banner only to have THEM try

Fascism is the child of the marriage between repression and frustration

Love is the Law

Love Under Will



and newcomers drifting along, we met all the massed police wagons and police hostility that burst into open aggression at Piccadilly Circus (just as we seemed to be creating a frail unity amongst the straggling punks following us) when they moved in and really split us apart.

Two grabbed, questioned and searched me (whilst a member of the Puppy Collective was stashing his drugs into a hole in the wall three feet away). I told them I was on my way home, in a voice that

But we're learning still. I'm learning to fight, and why it's okay to fight for peace, and the most important lesson of all is that you can talk and talk. Write and write, think and think, but unless you physically back it up when you're physically challenged, unless you physically show you believe in your theory you're just a hypocritical waste of time to yourself and to others.

There is no guilt in my dreams.

SCHOOL

THE EKLEKTIK

THIS IS NO MORE
AT LEAST YOU HAVE US

KILL YOUR PET



50p

ARMADILLO TIMES - official Clashazine nos. 1 & 2

THE BEST
FANZINES

ESCAPE AS JET

NUMBER 1

RIPPED TORN II



25p

25p

POSER - PROTOZINE'S

POSER 1 - alouxe, clash, alite

POSER 2 - no-dette, iggy, rote

POSER 3 - toyah, alite

KILL YOUR PET PUPPY - ants, trinal, crass

TOXIC GRAFFITI - heretics, autopsy, crass & more.

JAMMING - jam, abrink, selector, fell - 40 pages

KILLING TIME 2 - UK Subs, Rivals, pop rivets etc.

KILLING TIME 3 - specials, epix energi, mod sounds etc.

NILILISTIC VICES - slaughter & the dogs, spathy, reviews, boredom

SITUATION SUZAKI - streamer interview, boys, reviews, case

ALTERNATIVE SOUNDS - ramones, bron area, steel locks etc.

SWITCH EIGHT

REVIEWS 2000

MUSIC HOUSE

& ACK-ACK

Plus Stuff On The Radio Tubular Power, Reviews of Speedway Essential Log, Clash, P.M. Cabinet Vulture, S.P. Local Scenes

SAFE AS MILK - cure, cockney rejects, desperate bicycles

TALES OF DARFLO - life with the damned, nina hagen etc.

STORY NO PAR 1 - burrhead, oval rape, essential logic etc.

THINGS IN GENERAL - panions, echo & the bunyan, jam, no-dette etc.

IMPOSSIBLE DEBAM - poems, collage etc.

ON 1 - writiti pelitti, lillette, pte ves.

ON 2 - stiff little fingers, PIL, dalaka, uk deasy etc.

KAME REALITY 9 - clash, oval rape interview, unwanted

MAKING TIME - specials, cure, rivals, untamed youth.

SHEDDA - alite interview, stranglers, boxsocks etc.

Grass lip



30p

BLACK & WHITE 1 - blades, defendera, record reviews

MAXIMUM SPEED 9 - secret affair interview, local bands & fanzines

ALL THE POETS - punk poetry

PANACHE 11 - toyah, adverts, no - dette, etc. . . 30 pages

SMALL ACE 3 - U.S. reggae, elen brow, ran karbi

" 4 - larval vibration, loanco, alcapone

" 5 - king tubby, prince lincoln

T.P. 4 - Ireland, opius, ansterdas, burroughs, albania

5 - royal family, ufo's, eiberla, national front.

AFTER HOURS - fall, dogs ate, reptile ranch etc.

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Some Millions 2 . . .

4-5

No. 5 ANTI

20p

MAXIMUM SPEC



TOXIC GRAFFITI



POST & PACKING

20p

2 fanzines

more than 4

4

25p

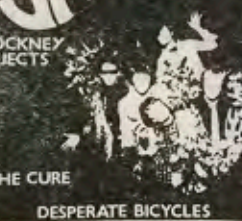
40p - max.

SAFE AS MILK

THE BOYS

DAVE WALLER

COCKNEY REJECTS



THE CURE

DESPERATE BICYCLES

THROOM!

WRONG IMAGE - human league, ruts, ekids, dakone etc.

15p

cases of napster

DRAGONES

20p

SHAKE

Josef K

SCARS

U2

15p

v.m.c.r. gigs



25p

15p

STRICTLY WHATS HAPPENING - alite rubbish

COMMON KNOWLEDGE - mark perry interview, mayo thompson etc.

Slits interview

modettes interview

40p

NO CURE



FROM THE MAKERS OF HEAT

Black & White



286 PORTOBELLO RD

LONDON W10 OK

GRINDING HAIR

3

15p

NEW WAVE

↑

Nihilistic Vices



SEND ORDERS SEPARATE TO BADGES

Full moon? sitting on the bus thinking lots of brilliant things to say but most likely to forget 'em - it may seem to sound incoherent, but thats how it is. I just try and push it as far as i. can, down where the roots are and the words reel out from tapes all furred and fading, spliced and repeating in random loops.

Don't know where it comes from, maybe shit, maybe not. but at night i can't sleep for the images, the dreams overwhelm and visions scream.

"The keen and persistent practise of Thelema by even a few dedicated individuals will effectually (eventually?) overthrow society and thereby facilitate the unhindered development of the new Aeon and the re-integration of human consciousness". right?

we are the beasts caged in the heart of the city, all prisoners screaming in the night - ever seen that film 'Thenroc'? at the end with all the hands coming from out of the walls and the animal noises (voices of men?).

or frankenstiens monster coming to life - the electricity surging and the eyes flicker open. but at first he doesn't have the strength to break free - same with us, because the energy which we could use to burst out is wasted in all the trivial shit of life - work/home/school/parents/police - wasted by rock music, by t.v. hypnotised and anaesthetised "ENERGY IS ETERNAL DELIGHT" as blake sez. energy against apathy.

it is there, talk to people, even ordinary people, like at work, or in scotland they know its all shit but can't see how to get out, or get conned by guys selling do it yourself escape kits - sex, religion, meditation, politics, hi fi, drugs, fantasy, all the millions of ways they have and i still buy them, even tho i know it doesn't work, you have to try, to struggle all the time. belief is betrayal. acceptance death.

this time gonna be different, this time for real. everytime we lose, but one day we win. except now will be the last chance - 421984 etc- so many ways down - the future a boot tramping on our faces - forever.

Cos they been getting ready for a long time- read "underneath city streets"? all the safe places, the bomb-proof buildings, the tubes and wires, the media protected, the queen in canada. "keep off the streets, stay out of trouble and you have nothing to worry about" do not panic waiting for the concrete towers to sway and fall - the city built over a cave, an abscess, no firm foundations. If you think (sometimes) nothing goes back more than 200 years - everything today is insecure, maybe it was all the magick energy of the renaissance etc that got sidetracked instead of going into

developing us, it went into developing the external so that we found we could do anything with our tools, whereas it was meant to be we could do anything with our minds. and it all grown crooked. colin wilson in "mysteries" makes similar point, how it was romanticism that created the industrial revolution, by demonstrating the power of the imagination and free us from tradition - the vision of what might be became fulfilled. we fought the earth and we won, or so we thought

but by developing the physical power, all the mental/magick power got lost and not needed - steam engines, radios, electricity, so much easier - and it works, watch us transform this village into a city, these peasants into machine minders - mutant life form, hybrid vigour. but getting a bit pushed now, the glamour wearing off, we can see the strings and wires, the clockwork squeaks, the radiation starts to corrode the pretty box. getting desperate, they are trying to find ways to keep it going, to keep us bound to the factory, ground out on satans mills. because if you are on top the view is so fine, you can't smell the shit, can't hear the screams, don't feel the pain - just watch it on t.v., coming over corpses and napalm season. burn baby burn. and each time the cost gets higher, got to find something stronger- like those evil russians/americans/chinese/punks/nods/blacks/poor/protestants.

some weapon of fear to keep us from lifting our heads and staring at the monster - like kids- so long as i can't see it i'm ok - hide under the bed clothes spend £4000 million on a new rocket. and new record. a new t.v. nuclear power. so much shit. but shit is manure and out of it grows life.

all the darkness they try to hide, all the forces are still there, deep underneath, all bubbling and steaming and fermenting - alchemy takes a long time, but suddenly all the black mass becomes gold and every thing is transformed.

but hard to believe, hard to allow the eventuality. it gets used up, diverted, perverted, diluted, got to find something they can't control, something they can't sell. explode in their faces. or maybe we can use it- so they sell us the rope with which to hang them. like article in nme about 'the great rock n roll swindle':

"I think that it was about a form of cultural terrorism. It was a total attack on show business and the way in which show business and peoples leisure time conditions what they think. Now people



enjoy themselves seems to be more and more important in a political sense" **DRAWING ON THIS PAGE HAS BEEN COPIED FROM "D.P. WHO WEEKLY" NSR.**

it was the hitler youth sang in caberet/belsen/nuremburg/dresden berlin. **its the only comic around that can touch you.**

its the only comic around that can touch you. Subversive stories too. WORTH READING.

FORBIDDEN. ALARM IS

DO NOT LAUGH. DO NOT CRY. ABANDON HOPE,

HOPE IS AN EMOTION. A CRIME IN THE CITY OF THE DAMNED

they did it and so can we, don't think you/we can attack/beat the system in direct confrontation, it has to be more subtle - subversion, undermine the foundations, corrupt the youth, break thru to the other side.

"I am the lizard king, i can do anything" every man and woman is a star.

the media is used as a weapon against us, somehow have to grab that weapon and use it ourselves - how about subliminal messages in songs, played on the radio; "I won't" "No" "Property is Theft".

still here now though seeing all the people who have to live such empty lives, who can never be who they want, minds nearly gone, aware of only a longing, a feeling that this doesn't have to be, that there is more to life than this, or old people, living all their lives and find they have done nothing. empty, void, vacant. "I am the suck of air you take, that leaves you emptier than before" (like sleepwalkers) peter hamill?

or young kids/old kids, all their energy, all their anger, all their souls stifled, crushed, trapped in families, in schools - "unstairs at the window, staring at the night" theres nothing there. "thats right", good girl, work hard, good boy get a good job, you can't go out like that, settle down, you're insane, had all that shit when i was younger, but just made me resentful. made me want to do something to prove... don't know, just that i am right and they were wrong, that i will "win" and they will end up wasted.

can't be many generations left - we are the last, forgotten, betrayed. 5 years thats all we get, my brain hurts like a warehouse, so many things in there.

got to get people to understand - we won't get another chance... it's everything or nothing. no future- only now NOW, not tomorrow, do it now, NOW

i have the energy sometimes/often, but so hard to channel it, to use it right not end up on the dark side of the moon (plans that either come to naught or 1/2 page of scribbled lines) - thats what happened to them, we can't let it happen to us.

we are the future. how arrogant. the springtime of beauty - or whatever

"how do you think it feels, when all you can say is only if only if only..."

when you're speeding and lonely, when you been up for five days and when do you think it stops..."

that is a good album. try and recall some more

"men of good fortune, often cause empires to fall men of poor beginnings often don't do anything at all"

sometimes wonder if I'm wasting my time, so much i say is just repetition, nothing else left to say,

"she's lost control again"

"urban guerilla, potential killer street fighting dancer, revolution romancer lets not talk of love and flowers and things that don't explode we've used up all of our magic power trying to do it in the road"

pretty good for '73, prophetic?

i use the enemy? i am the enemy, we are all prisoners, insane inmates pressed against the bars. can't this dream stop? wait, theres been a slaughter here.

we are all originals, prostitutes? sell ourselves to the company/state/religion anything you want - buy it here, real cheap, consume consume.

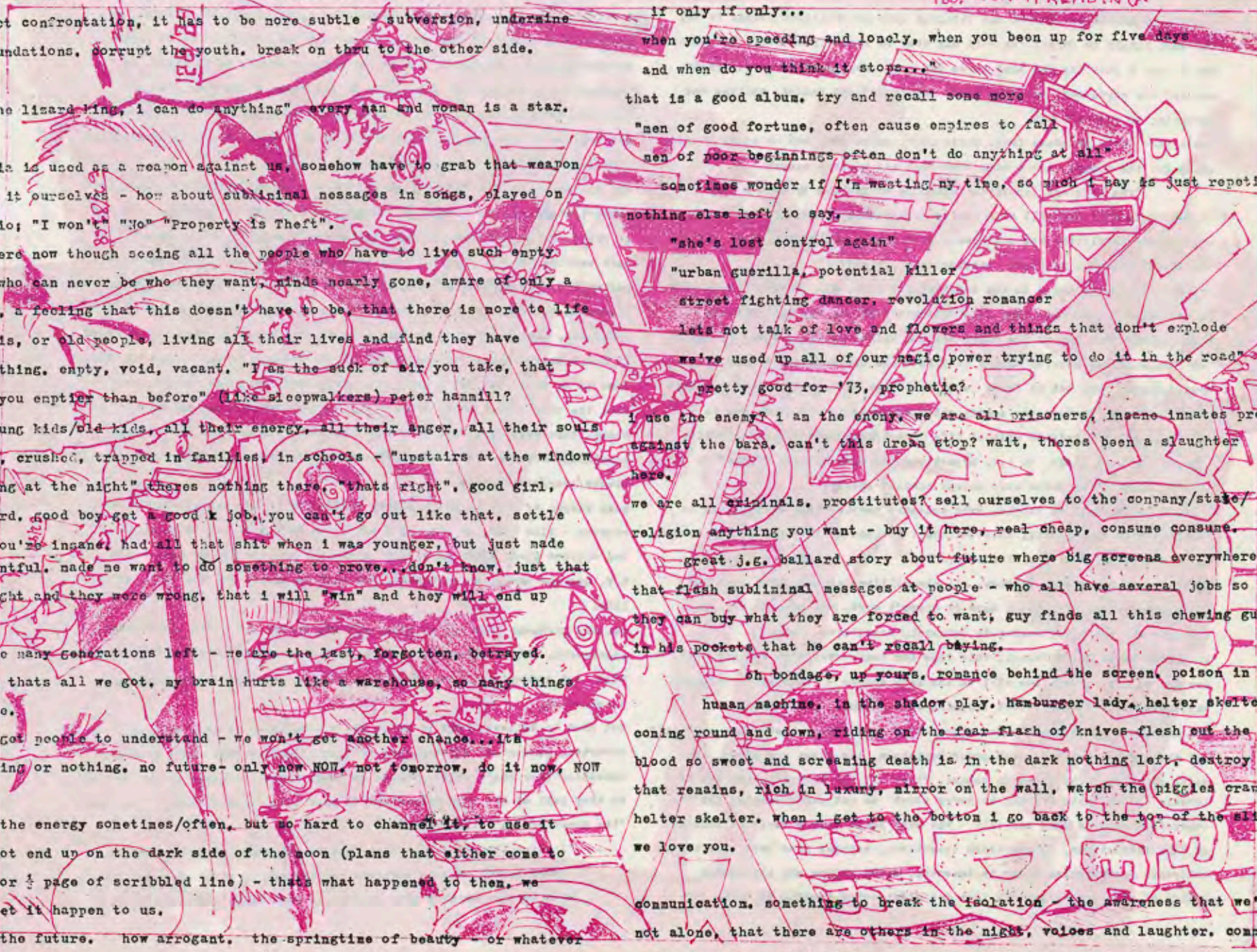
great J.G. ballard story about future where big screens everywhere that flash subliminal messages at people - who all have several jobs so they can buy what they are forced to want, guy finds all this chewing gum in his pockets that he can't recall buying.

oh bondage, up yours, romance behind the screen, poison in the human machine, in the shadow play, hamburger lady, helter skelter, coming round and down, riding on the fear flash of knives flesh out the blood so sweet and screaming death is in the dark nothing left, destroy all that remains, rich in luxury, mirror on the wall, watch the piggies crawl. helter skelter. when i get to the botton i go back to the top of the slide. we love you.

communication, something to break the isolation - the awareness that we're not alone, that there are others in the night, voices and laughter, communication is only possible between equals- which is why this don't work, why everything is wrong, why we call death living - we are not equal, everyone

WARNING - YOU ARE ABOUT TO ENTER THE CITY. LEAVE ALL PERSONAL ITEMS BEHIND. THIS

ARE NOT PERMITTED. YOU WILL SEE STRANGE AND ALARMING THINGS HERE. DO NOT BE ALARMED.



is stuck in a strata, in solitary confinement - we are not equal, we cannot communicate. only when we have destroyed the system, the regime, the party, the god...only then will we be =, only then will we be free, only then will we be able to talk to each other, the prisoners stumble out into the sunlight, hardly able to believe/grasp "i am free, i am alive, i am human." to feel that surge, the surge of being, anything i/you/we want - to become god (to know god is to be god) goddess. power to the people. power is the people. power in the people.

did you see that bit in observer review about xnastine - how they have found parchments that say what christ really said - and how the true christ was more of a gnostic (not agnostic- or maybe he was) than anything else- and how all the christianity is wrong - they got the wrong books. christ is crowley. got no fun i'n alone. so whens the revolution?

The TRUE WILL?, triumph of the will, the chosen few. any minority you want to be - i know the truth, i have seen the glory of the kingdom of... NO CHANCE - for everyone or no one. no special favours, no secret rituals, no pass words, the revolution will not be exclusive.

so this anarchist centre will work? or will it get split into factions and squabbles and diverted? can see it happening, people trying to keep it to their idea of what it should be.

hard to allow the fantasy become reality - to admit belief/hope - that maybe it will work, even if its just a little, even if it is just a pin prick, a scratch at least its something. but i don't know, so easy to create unreal ideas, to get convinced, to get conned, fucked up so often before.

a generation lost in...romance of the futile gesture, the heroic pose, the glorious death, i want to live, sometimes i do, live the way it could be, not like this, anytime but now, anyplace but here.

too many people had the suss, too many people support us, do they? i really don't care anymore, fuck apathy lets take a chance - but how to make it just one more time, how to whisper in a million minds, words of wisdom - anarchy, a promise not a threat.

it can happen, it will happen, it is happening. anarchy in the uk, coming sometime - for sure, doors of perception cleansed and all seen as it is- infinite.

in this city the deaths like living and the nights are red with radium glare on the wet reflecting roads and tv watches,magnifies the suffering so they can laugh at the pain of the blood and eat as the knives-flash open razor scars upon her and she is screaming and running to hide somewhere below where the tunnels work down to where the earth is open and he sleeps in nightmares making the images flow out from the screens and posses us as we dream our sleep and something else come in and taken over,not i but other who would hurt you,i watch helpless as the violence begins and feel fear trickle warm and taste the salt red juices shoots stained and damp semen trails move and white blind worms seek orifices and they still laugh, at boredom fills and no new drugs left so they take a slave and watch it die and come as the screams and the food left cold to taste flesh and live forever,immortal and ageless we would do anything,safe behind the walls and steel splutters,can't hear them planning to get in and kill,rich vampires live on us ,the autofactories preprogrammed no need for workers,someplace they planning final solution to the problem of the unemployed,we starve and fight each other, tear and stab and the towers burn molten glass rivers flowing to cool in sewers,crystal sculptures baroque creations crack splinter into knives for the sacrifice,unwilling strangers die as she severs arteries and laps the blood white light radiation flash from her eyes in the night with the moon full and frozen, dead goddess flesh all scarred with once purity and naked,sweat crystals,licking ,moving down between her breasts small and belly warmth,blind tongue seeking her open cunt the 16th secretion,vaginal solution and the taste of wisdom bursting open coming and shaking,semen stains white worms glide in a flash of now and in the garden become a jungle warm with the night silent but eyes gleam green and scarlet,carnibal creatures waiting to be fed,the victims bled,they steal out,naked flesh patted hot and primitive,around a fire of furniture they dance to music harsh net-atic patterns, flint splinters carve the roasted corpse,we taste and find it sweet,she laughs and grins,blood running from her mouth,teeth sharp white in the dark,chanting rituals x as we hear the sirens and gunfire,riot tonight,shops burn and the rich huddle watching,hypnotised by tv lies,reassured the forces of order always triumph,the police are armed and shielded against the horde,insane with anger and hunger,strong with the night,neon flickering,strobing down harsh raw colour sucking life,draining as the clouds of gas drift and disperse and the passions are subdued and the police return to barracks and the poor to the tunnels and holes dug but never filled and we pass unseen through sewers to a meeting where violence is nurtured and nihilistic vices common,the plans are prepared,,all agreed for now is the time of revenge,all crimes will be paid in blood as the day returns and the city is quiet,the carnage of the night revealed and the gates are opened for the farmers to bring food in exchange for the drugs they need and the distant hills are lost in a haze of smoke from fires still smouldering,heaps of refuse picked over by children and others brains rotted by the fumes gibber and moan as they come in epilectic spasms,or watch helpless as the flames consume x their limbs and from behind the walls of the rich,screams are heard,mingled with cruel laughter.

TO BE CONTINUED

ALSO

OK, here's your answer. Anarchy/Peace/Contradiction. 'Peaceful Pro-Crass-Tination'. You ask us to consider the contradiction between anarchy and pacifism; we have considered and have concluded that there is no contradiction.

Pacifism is NOT passivity, to me it represents a deep repulsion at the 'taking of life', for that reason I am also a vegetarian, as are all the band. The idea that pacifism is passivity is as naive as the idea of anarchy being chaos, anarchy is the politic of the free mind, that which has no allegiance to formal attitudes, but has its own will, determined by its own conscience. I could not stand by as the gas taps turn, nor will I permit myself to be abused physically or verbally by another, exactly WHAT I would do would be determined by the situation itself NOT by some preconceived notion of how I 'ought' to act. There are occasions when I feel capable of defending myself from attack, others when I feel afraid and nervous, I am not able to predetermine my response to things. As a pacifist I stand against organised militarism, believing that the use of power to control people is a violation of human dignity, if I were to find myself in a position where that power threatened to directly violate me, I would stand against it in WHATEVER way was necessary to prevent it, in that situation I do not rule out the possibility of force. As an anarchist I stand against ALL authority, (it would seem to me on this level that an anarchist is almost by nature a pacifist), and in so doing I must also recognise that if I stand against authority imposed from outside, I have NO RIGHT to impose on others MY authority. At the root of anarchist thought is the belief of the 'right of the individual' to do and be whosoever and whatsoever they choose; it is in that belief that there lays the paradox. If I as an individual demand self autonomy I am bound to recognise it in others, thus, if I choose to act in a situation, for example the prevention of gig violence, I have no right to expect help with MY actions, I have every right to HOPE that someone might help me, but I CAN not and WILL not implicate others in MY decisions as it would represent the deepest contradiction of my basic beliefs. You have asked us to consider the present atmosphere of violence and to offer answers; WE CAN GIVE NO ANSWERS. Each situation is unique, has its own set of conditions, to say to people "fight back" would be bloody stupid, some people feel capable of fighting back, and do, others feel unable to fight back, and don't, they're both forms of defence. If we, as Crass, were to tell people to fight back we would be setting people, quite unprepared for violence, into situations that would be far more damaging than the ones that already exist. Several years ago the feminist movement encouraged women to learn the art of self-defence, judo/karate; maybe it is time for us all to learn by their wisdom, if the situation has become grave enough to warrant consideration, it has become grave enough to DO SOMETHING. It is suicidal to talk about fighting back if one doesn't know HOW TO, so, IF one believes that the situation is irrevocable it is time to learn HOW to deal with it and not to expect other people to do it for you, but IT MUST BE YOUR DECISION.

I believe that it is highly dangerous to polarise an 'enemy', personally I feel no more animosity to the right than I do to the left, I don't believe in power-politics and that is, however one looks at it, what they represent. I don't believe that any REAL change can come about through the mere shifting of power, it's just the replacement of one corruption with another. Government is government and government is power. The politic of power is fascism, whether right or left. I believe that 'the will of the individual' is the only TRUE course of change; acts of individual conscience I can judge on merit; acts of political/social motivation I condemn outright. I believe that the only freedom is the freedom of the will.

The pacifist stance that we, Crass, take, is one of opposition to ALL authority be it in the form of the military, or in the form of the more insidious forms of violence, (state education etc.), as anarchist we stand against these identical forms as well. We are NOT prepared to polarise our audience into political groups of left/right, right/wrong, THEY ARE NOT representatives of THE STATE and as such MUST be respected as individuals. I personally object to RAR but I would not criticise the individual wearing the star any more than I would someone wearing a union-jack, in my view it's a display of bigotry, but that's THEIR decision. What IS important is that WE ALL learn, on the one hand to RESPECT each other, and on the other hand, how to deal with those that WILL NOT RESPECT US. On several occasions we have intervened in violent situations at our gigs, each out of OUR OWN conviction, we DO NOT expect help, like I said earlier, we can HOPE, but it is NOT FOR US TO EXPECT/DEMAND or even request help. If we see a gig being smashed up and it matters to us, it is up to us, each as individuals, to decide how to

*I mean here a threat to my conscience which, for example, the death-camps would represent.

**By necessity, space, this article is not as thorough as I would like it to be,

act. We can only hope that, in time, everyone will come to realise THAT IT IS AS MUCH THEIR RESPONSIBILITY AS ANYONE ELSE'S.

NO ONE CAN DO IT FOR YOU.

Organised anarchy is a complete contradiction of terms, even within the band we have differences over HOW things should be handled, it is for this reason that I have had to use 'I' instead of 'WE' for much of this letter, I am not prepared to assume that all the band would agree with every point I have made, I am sure, however, that there would be a broad agreement. Some of us COMPLETELY reject the idea of violence as a means, some of us believe that in certain situations it may be the only answer. As pacifists we oppose the employment of authoritarian violence as a means of control, but recognise that ALL individuals SHOULD be treated with INDIVIDUAL respect. We believe that the INDIVIDUAL is greater than the IDENTITY that he/she adopts, that is to say, we believe that a scoundrel is NOT automatically wrong, the system that he represents is IRREVOCABLY wrong, but HE IS NOT NECESSARILY. We are ALL constantly oppressed by SYSTEMS that are upheld by INDIVIDUALS, there is little chance of destroying the systems, but there IS EVERY CHANCE OF PERSUADING THE INDIVIDUAL to employ his/herself elsewhere. Whereas we would condemn outright the state vandalism of, for example, the use of farm-land for the building of power-stations, we would NOT necessarily condemn the individual act of conscience that might lead to the blowing up of a motorway bridge. IF the execution of surgeons performing lobotomies was a viable way of stopping that HIDEOUS violation of individuals it MIGHT be worth considering, it might not, BUT IT IS UP TO THE INDIVIDUAL TO DECIDE. The replacement of one system with another WILL NOT CREATE CHANGE.

We believe that EROSION/UNDERMINING of authority is the most creative method of 'attack', if social wrongs are pin-pointed it is possible that the 'will of the individual' will rise against those wrongs, how that will present itself as action is not for us to decide or to predetermine. If AUTHORITY WAS NOT RECOGNISED IT WOULD CEASE TO BE AUTHORITY. IT IS YOU THAT GIVES POWER ITS STRENGTH. The polarisation of 'groups' of individuals as representative of some attitude is dangerous and ill-conceived. Very few skin-heads are actually BM members, but because of widespread generalisations, mostly in the leftist press, skin-head has become almost synonymous with BM and this has, in turn, given both a legitimacy that they otherwise would not have. The BM has caused no more trouble at our gigs than the SWP. We have had two gigs stopped by individuals, skin-head and long-haired, claiming to be from the right, and one gig stopped by individuals, long-haired, claiming to be from the left. Who the fuck CARES where they're from, the FACT is that they've managed to fuck up a gig. We've ALL got to find ways of dealing with that, maybe seeing that everyone IS an individual is the first step towards overcoming fear. On the occasions that violence has broken out at our gigs one or other, or all, of the band has intervened. It is VERY RARELY that any of the audience has offered help. I would again stress that it is not for us to tell people what to do, or to expect anything, BUT WE CAN HOPE.

I am aware that people claiming to be BM members have been attacking people wearing Crass badges; WHAT CAN WE SAY? Don't wear them? Carry a gun? Don't go out? Whatever the answer, there can be NO ELANKET POLICY. One person may be able to fight back, another may not. There is CERTAINLY no point in making this into a WAR. For every one BM skin there are ten/twenty skins who would NOT hurt or attack an innocent bystander, and not every BM skin is going to be so mindless either, there just IS NOT ANY hard and fast rule. Isn't it better to start with the assumption, an old anarchist one, that people are inherently good and work from there, rather than just deciding that that group or this group are 'the enemy'?

You talk about the 'class war'; what is the class war? We are ALL oppressed by the same systems, is it any difference WHAT class you're from, oppression knows NO barriers. Who is responsible for an army? The general? The private? In my view they are BOTH EQUALLY RESPONSIBLE. If privates refused to fight war, there would be no war, SO WHO ARE THE RULING CLASSES?

I'm running out of space/It's fucking difficult sitting in an empty room trying to put onto two sheets of paper thoughts that have run in and out of my head for years/I'll try and cram in the rest/I've covered the BM bit, to suggest that WE don't condemn those activities is SHIT, we're NOT LEADERS, WE DON'T PLAY POWER GAMES, we oppose violence left/right whatever/It's a bit shitty to criticise the price of the new album, £3 for a double can't be bad, we wanted people to hear us live, this was a way to do it, OK?/IF YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO BECOME A FORGOTTEN FAD OF 79 YOU'D BEST THINK AGAIN/WE'RE NOT ABOUT TO DROP ANYONE IN THE SHIT/NEITHER ARE WE ABOUT TO LET ANYONE DROP US IN IT/ SO WATCH OUT/

FENNY RILBAUD.

FLAGGING

A DEAD HORSE



Sex Pistols

Virgin

NEW SOLUTION

Ah! Perhaps at last a shop where i can get that Angels' single 'My Boyfriend's back'!

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- Rockabilly,
- Punk,
- Bubble gum,
- West Coast,
- Rock Steady,
- Ulster Beat,
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SEEN 'N' RATED ON THE SECOND LAST PAGE, TONY D. GETS TO MUSIC

ANOTHER PRETTY FACE - live its vaguely a Heartbreakers/Only Ones style thrash. Their single 'All the Boys Love Carrie' is exciting if eclectic. Just signed to Virgin - check 'em.

FATAL MICROBES - disappointing live (the backing band lacked emotion in their ins truments- too much like session musicians) but Honey/Donna is great. Great voice and lyrics and looks. With a good band she'll be incredible. A killer single, 'Girl on the Run' on Grass Records - The Puppy single of the month.



BARRACUDAS - EMI have waded in and snapped 'em up, but their records are to appear on their own label (Wipe Out Records) leasing or something. Expect product in April. I remember them being thankful for playing 'Ripped & Torn' benefits.

THE LAST WORDS - The next UK Subs, without a doubt. Listen to 'Todays Kids' and then realise why you're waiting in anticipation for their next gig. I've seen twice.

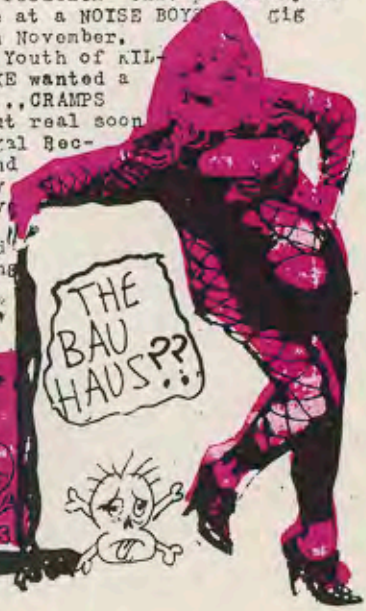
CUDDLY TOYS - possibly (hopefully) releasing 'Mad Man' as a single in this country. We've waited long enough, perhaps they'll find someone to release the album in this country soon. Hope so.

CHARGE - Practically unreachable, I know of three fanzines trying to interview the elusive buggers. If you can manage to see them you'll know why. They mainly only play benefits. 'No One Rules UK' is their anthem.

SECURITY RISK - seen then twice, at the Moonlight they were on top form. Trashy but flashy, a girl lead singer who trys a bit too hard sometimes to be Blondie.

DECORATORS - Very Young, very talented. The singer knows more about charisma noir than the P. Furs even know exists. Lou Reed/Mono Set/Only Ones all obviously play big parts in their lives. They seem to have vanished these days which is a pity.

And we can't forget **ANIMALS & MEN** ("to show a certain solidarity with what the ANTS are doing") from Somerset with their debut disc 'Don't Misbehave in the New Age'. Likewise 'Singing in the Showers' - a record we here at Puppy Mansions have long awaited as its by the infamous **BACKSTABBERS** (who had to change their name to **FUN 4**) who live up to their reputation with this debut as the filthiest, most foul **NOISE** in Glasgow. Take a bow Rev (Volting) Thomas, you've lived up to our expectations; I was proud to buy it and say I used to know you. The **FUN 4** guitarist gave a demonstration of howling feedback that put everyone to shame at a **NOISE BOYS** gig I saw in November. Oh yes, Youth of **KILL-LING JOKE** wanted a mention... **CRAMPS** album out real soon on **Illegal Records**, and the **Only Ones** have finished recording their new l.p.



MASTICATE



THEY CRUCIFIED A MAN WHO WANTED TO SAVE THE WORLD. THE FOOLS THEY CRUCIFIED THE WRONG PINEAPPLE.

all the layouts & design & stuff has been done by Tony D. and I think it has to do said here that

NONE of the Puppy Collective has ever been to Art School or anything like



(See, I do mention those hip new london sensations)

Music, punk, new beat, white noise. Bau Haus speed London riding my head with the future, remote control depression, the suburbs, sanitized, cold, white glare of fluorescence reflects in cars all crawl in the rain, hissing on the motorway not going anywhere but have to get out, try and escape, but no exits from the system, circulating until the fuel goes/battery dead. diamond dogs on sale in woolworths. diamond dogs can't scream.

And no one will know we lost, when the system becomes perfect, only enemy entropy it will continue until the sun slows and the nights last all day and the ice forms on the concrete and the power goes off and we just die gently. don't be told what you want. but who listens when you say "no"? silent commands run custom station and the tubes and so many people - what do they all do, how do they live, what do they dream?

No one will remember what they were. not yet, not for awhile.



I recommend either "Toxic" "Small New Bands" "Exciting" or "Suiss". If you want a fanzine that contains

To be continued

Participating members of the Puppy Collective in this venture were Tony D. Puppy, Brett Puppy and A.L. Puppy. The Puppy Collective is a loose group of idealists who aim to [redacted] by whatever means lie at their disposal. Influenced by Wilhelm Reich, Situationism, The Angry Brigade, Alister Crowley, Andre Breton, Crass & Penny Rimbaud, Rod, Army Faction, David Bowie, it is what we can do. **WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?**

to overtake the Parasites. If you want a fanzine that contains