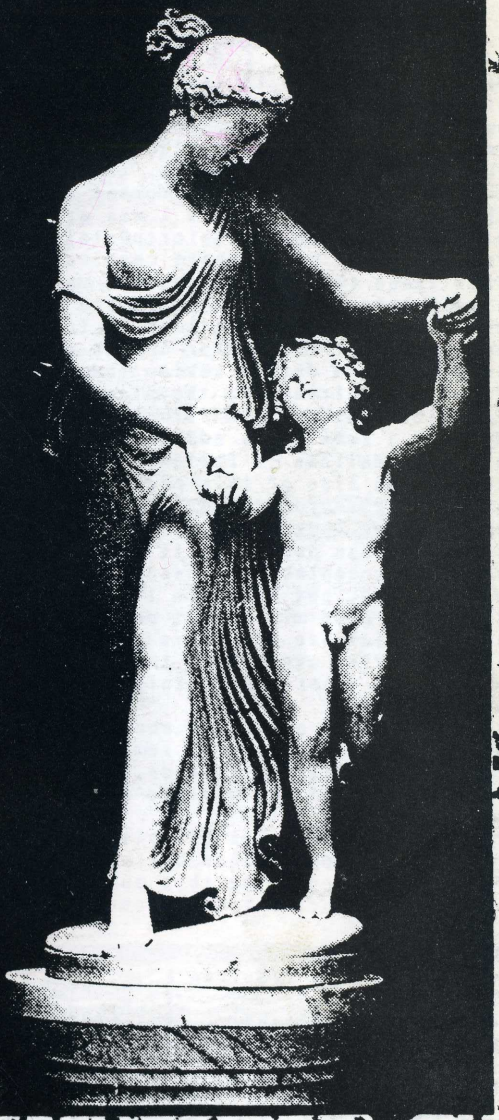
DARK DIAMONDS

PRESENTS

A RIOT OF EMOTIONS Nº2

Vagabonds on the Road of Life



ART POETRY PROSE
REVIEWS & MORE

A Celebration of Creativity

From Your Editor

ANDREW COCKER
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Hello and welcome to issue 2 of A RIOT OF EMOTIONS, first of all I'd like to apologise to everyone for the delay in bringing out this second issue, especially to the contributors who have been extremely patient. The reason for the delay is as usual purely due to a lack money, this remains a labour of love rather than money at the moment and zines sell slowly even though response to issue 1 was great. I received a large number of contributions and unfortunately I have not been able to include everything I have received due to space being limited. This issue there are also some music reviews, this is the first time I have included them in any of my publications. This is not just a ploy to get lots of free records, they were either sent to me or traded for copies of Dark Diamonds and I felt the least I could do was review them.

Issue 3 is already in the planning stages, so I need contributions, in the form of poetry, prose, art or graphics. Nothing I receive is edited, cut or censored however there are a few guidelines to follow, all art/graphics must be camera ready, the size of this page and in black and white(no greys as it doesn't reproduce very well), good quality photocopies are acceptable. Poetry/prose can be hand written if its neat or typed, please punctuate it, completed pages of prose this size are also acceptable. I cannot guarantee everything I receive wil be used, but the main limitations are lack of space and getting a good mix of art and written stuff. Send all contributions to the above editorial address.

I will review everything that anyone sends in zines, books, or music, I'm interested mainly in independently produced material.

I've had a few enquiries about advertising, this is still very much a grey area for me, sometimes I run ads for free for fund raising benefits or friends, I will also trade ads with other publications.If you want to place an ad write to me and we can sort something out.

There are 1000 copies of this publication so if anyone can help to sell any copies then obviously get in touch.

Okay I hope you enjoy this publication any feedback, constructive criticism or contributions are more than welcome.

Andy C

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S1 4HD
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APRIL 1992

DISCLAIMER! The graphic on page 3 was not inspired or influenced by the Benetton ad campaign in anyway

Thanks to Rich & Pig from A Secret Devil for help and use of the technology. Special thanks to Ann for support and inspiration.

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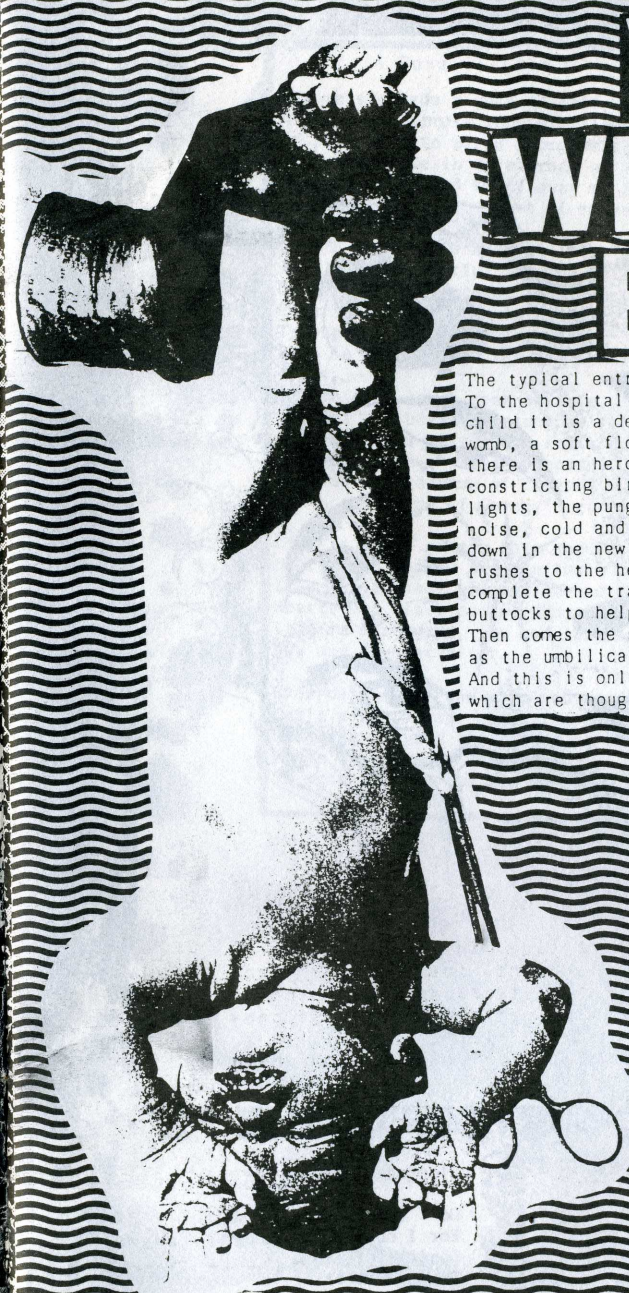
WHY WERE YOU BORN?

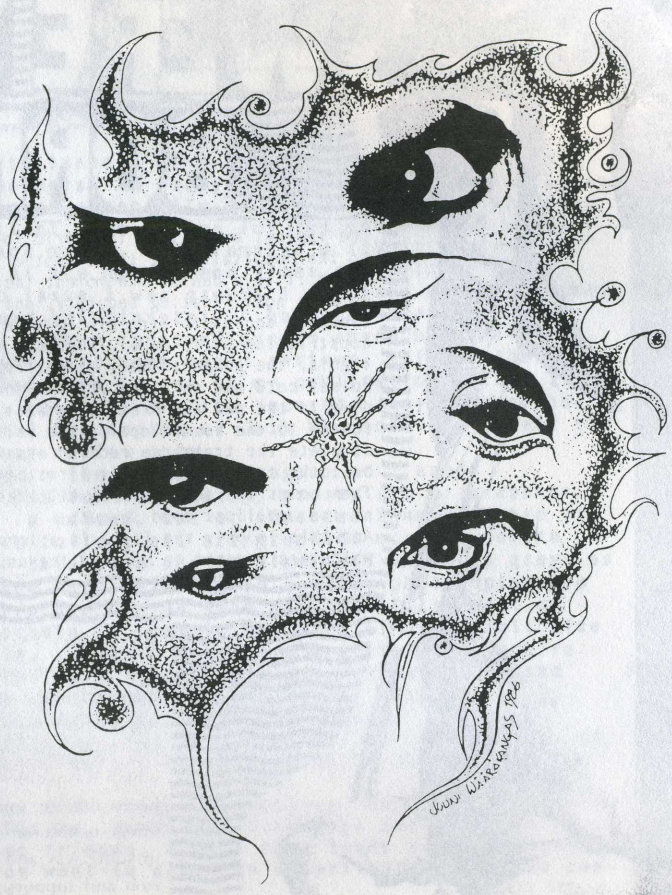


The typical entry into the world for many of us. To the hospital staff it is another birth. To the child it is a death. One moment there is the paradise womb, a soft floating security, and the next moment there is an heroic struggle to move through a tiny constricting birth canal. Suddenly there are blinding lights, the pungent smell of antiseptic, a frightful noise, cold and an alien rubber hand holding us upside down in the new and dreadful gravity so that the blood rushes to the head flooding the delicate brain. To complete the trauma we receive a painful smack on the buttocks to help take that first panic gulp of oxygen. Then comes the severance of all ties with the old life as the umbilical cord is cut.
And this is only the first in a long line of programs which are thought to be good for us.

We hardly know of any children of *Homo sapiens* who have managed to escape some distorting mirror on their way through life. Few have ever had a birth which was painless, few have ever been able to pursue their own interests without being restrained in some way and few have had a rich and supportive environment in which to grow without some worm in the woodwork, like crippling religious or social beliefs, moral codes of behavior or absurd or violent political pressures.

"We have a world of pleasures to win, and nothing to lose but boredom."
Raoul Vaneigem, "The Revolution Of Everyday Life"

Andy C



Jouni

Ringing

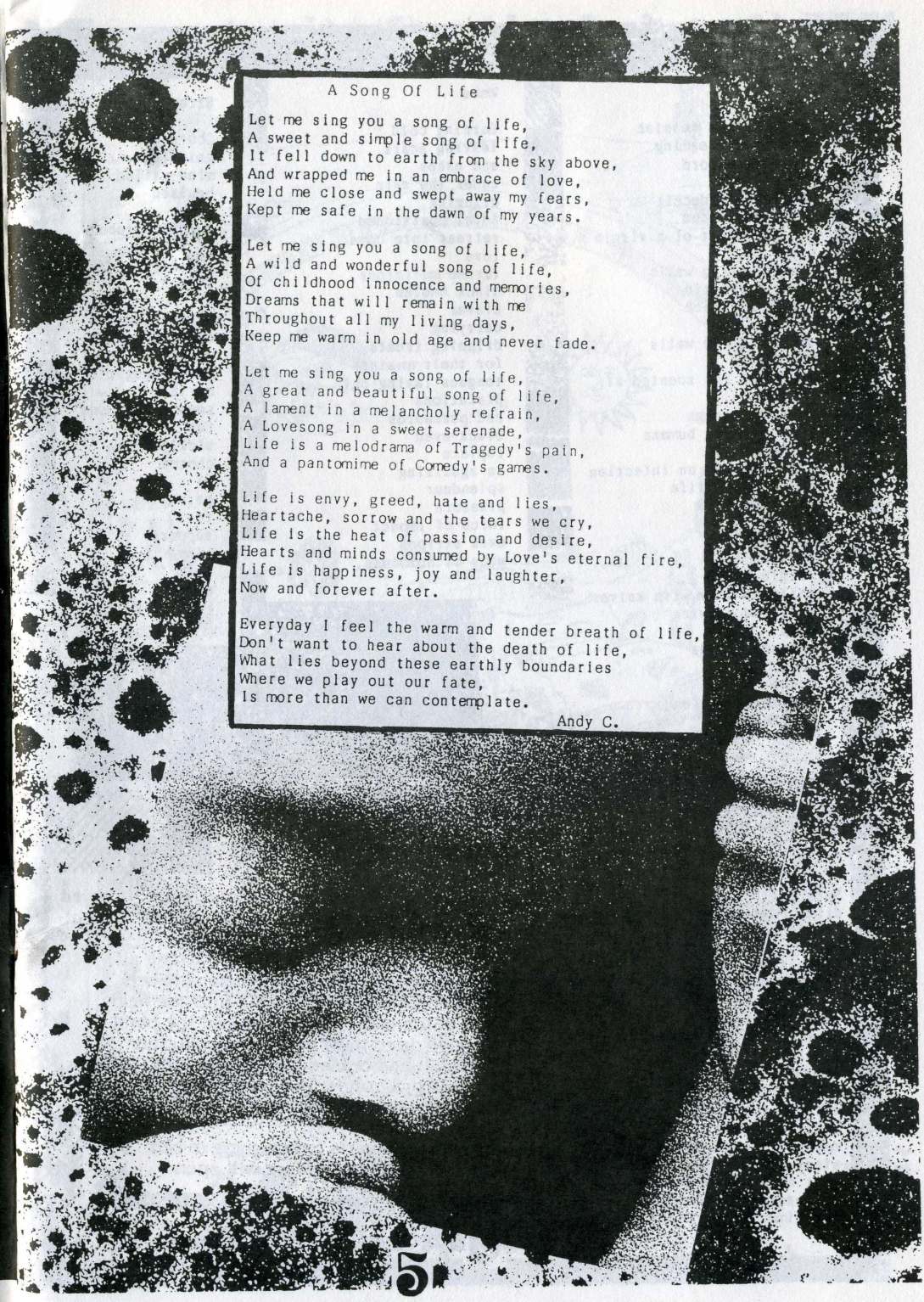
Did I forget what it was
laying there dreaming
Could have been anyone - but no one for me
In need or new?
Don't open your eyes to disappointment
Just drift along in soft
Evasive Reality.

D.J. Schrick.

Sidelong Glance

Do I read you right?
For I could be mistaken
Losing for it
So hard to bring the experience
And the movies to a still
How do they get high for a while
Only to be driven down
Let them start
But its not for me.

D.J. Schrick



A Song Of Life

Let me sing you a song of life,
A sweet and simple song of life,
It fell down to earth from the sky above,
And wrapped me in an embrace of love,
Held me close and swept away my fears,
Kept me safe in the dawn of my years.

Let me sing you a song of life,
A wild and wonderful song of life,
Of childhood innocence and memories,
Dreams that will remain with me
Throughout all my living days,
Keep me warm in old age and never fade.

Let me sing you a song of life,
A great and beautiful song of life,
A lament in a melancholy refrain,
A Lovesong in a sweet serenade,
Life is a melodrama of Tragedy's pain,
And a pantomime of Comedy's games.

Life is envy, greed, hate and lies,
Heartache, sorrow and the tears we cry,
Life is the heat of passion and desire,
Hearts and minds consumed by Love's eternal fire,
Life is happiness, joy and laughter,
Now and forever after.

Everyday I feel the warm and tender breath of life,
Don't want to hear about the death of life,
What lies beyond these earthly boundaries
Where we play out our fate,
Is more than we can contemplate.

Andy C.

Messiah

Wire haired messiah
abasely screaming
to a dead lord

Pillars of deceit
firmly planted
in the chest of a virgin

Constricting walls
wrap serpentine
about his neck

Holes in the walls
whistling
with the rot scented air

Passes through
like a dying humans
thoughts
Looking upon an infection
which sucks life
from the mind

Messiah
Messiah
Virgin Mary
children play with knives
Children playing
atop
cadaver mounds

Heaps
rotting, swollen
playthings.

Kurt.

Webs

Burning cold
leaving scars
and ashes
under the skin
cringing
fetal positioned
retreat into coma
love
turned malicious
black heeled
slaves
carrying
dripping treats
for their masters
tongues laying out
placations
and passwords
black-eyed
replete
in agonizing
splendour
pleasure
force of impact
dark stripes
webs of numbness.

Kurt.

Stranded

Churning
grinding
mind-walled
bruised
ugly
purple patches
of love
twisting
strand
of
oily affection
decayed centre
of a
dark thought's
birth
spawning ground
for
sickly ideas
chords
of
parasites
for
support
alone
in a
corner.

Kurt.

Enlight

Soft earth
dirt under nails
tangled hairs
barely concealing the scab
voyeuristic craving
to see someone die
rotting heap
awash riverside
surmounting the fear
time's reminder
becoming lost
body turning to dirt
wasting search for deliverance
smile broadened
makeshift surgeon
steel bringing to light
that never before witnessed
exploratory killing
experimental mortality

Kurt.

Long-Ago Dried

Through splintered windows, we stare red-eyed
at the gray-haired strangers standing straight
in the high fires of their own making.
And as we throw books ripped into the pit,
we pull aside slightly, the curtains to see
spouts of steam wildly rising in those fields.
Most of the trees have fallen and the pond
long-ago dried hard in its own pollution.
The radio has ceased lying and the floorboards
are givingway under our rubber-soled feet.
Although we know the time has come,
we ritualistically play
our game of Hearts before going to bed.
Perhaps tonight, the door will open.

Paul Weinman

Friggin' Weather by Jon Barraclough.

CHROMATIC ADOLESCENCE

(1)

Luscious lime blastocoeles
Of running pus
Cling to her pasty jaw
By spontaneous birth
To erupt
Perhaps
To be battered out
By illicit barbarism
A vacuum
Forceps
To suck the fragments
From
Whilst from his
Demi-formed eyeball
A chain
Of plasma drips
Red blood and
Clumps of flesh
Raw kidneys
Pour from
Her
As excruciating spasms
Tear
Up her tortured spine
She
Is nervous
And stutters
From her frequently
Scarlet face
In this world of conflict
And RED
S-he screams out -
A silent scream

(2)

Without a mate
She suddenly finds herself -
Is it really
Such a big issue?
When s-he
Finds itself
A decapitated monster
She
Finds herself
With two left feet
Feet that had at least
The chance
To sprout toes
And hit dry land

(3)

The She-Hitler
Dictates
From the Blue Screen
Whilst the
Back-street butcher
In the black coat
Makes the crucial decision
And, like the
Iron Lady of the Eighties
Brutally terminates
Life
Which could have had a chance
S-he screams out
A silent scream
Should she go for a swim
With some concrete?
S-he can't swim now
Its limbs are mutilated

(4)

Red and sore she slowly
Drags her body
Over the wet pier
A body
Drained of all
Life
It ever had
With blood
And flesh
And pieces of brain
Plastered
Between her young thighs
The bodily constituents
That had no say
Who might only have been
The World's
Leading Brain surgeon
But whose scream fell
On deaf ears

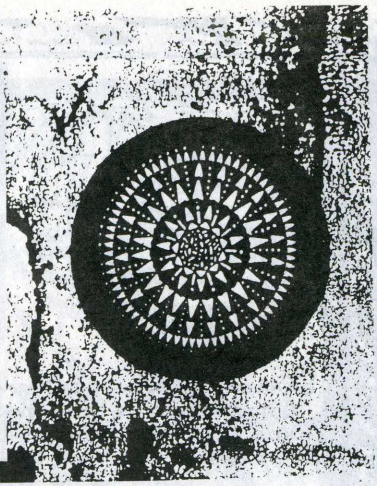
(5)

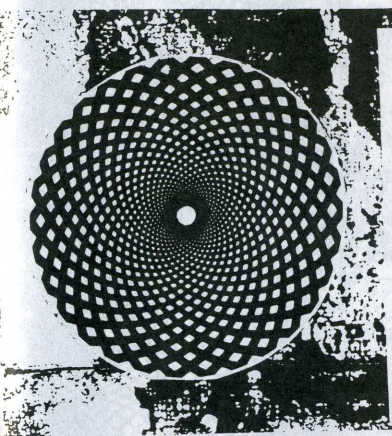
In the darkness she flings
Her bloodied torso
To the black ocean
The baby was caught
Innocent dove
In some instrument that
Whirred brutally
Like an aircraft's propeller
And
Is now
A mangled
Torn
Decapitated
Ripped-apart
Bloody
HUMAN BEING
In a charcoal bag
Of plastic
Screaming
'NO HOT ASHES'
But containing
A heart
And lungs
And kidneys
And genitals
The duocide
Is done
They've both
Screamed out
But
IT'S TOO BLOODY LATE

Maria Mercedes

It is you who stole the flame from the candle
Burst in like the fire in your eyes
(only matched in intensity by the ice of your now-stare)
You have taken all warmth
And changed it into...
Me sitting here next to you
Trying with all my might to pretend
That you are who I thought you were
Even though the candle before me flickers
and wavers
I can pull its heat closer
But you move further
and further
Away

-Lainie Duro
10/30/88





How can you say
love in grey day
You took me shook me
pulled me through
insanity
and now I fall apart again
but this time
it's in your eyes...

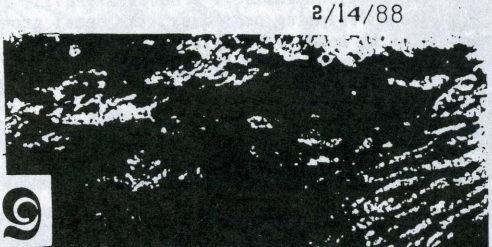
-5/23/87 7:43 PM

Take your hands away from me
Away from here I want to be they are cold and
You are squeezing too hard so that I shake
and
slurred quickspeech in unintelligable syllables
and mumbling in your direction and
hiding
Take your hands off of me your cold
hands they shake me up and lay me down
and please
take them away from me
Don't even come near to me
Go far away from me or I will have to
Go far away from you I cannot face you I cannot
Face
myself, I'm in a vacuum filled with bodies of matter
(of time & space and
Freedom
I so loved you freedom and but now you have
Caged
Your motion
Caught up in the snares of what will be what is and
What has been Your motion towards me and me
away
Take them away
Don't
Take them away...

-Lainie Duro
10/23/88

Caged between bars
if reason
and insanity
screeching maniacally
At those who
know better...

-Lainie Duro
2/14/88



HURT

1

RETRACING MEMORIES FROM THE
STEPS OF MY THOUGHTS.
UNRAVEL MY FEELINGS WHICH ARE
MERTICOUSLY BOUND.
FEELINGS HOPELESSLY IGNORED
LIKE YOUR WORDS OF REJECTION.
WRAPPED AROUND MY FORM LIKE
CUTTING BARBED WIRE.

2

SPIRILING EVERDOWNWARDS THROUGH THE DARK PASSAGE OF TIME.
BUT MOMENTS OF AFFECTION LINGER AROUND MY MIND.
HELP ME SCALE THESE SELF MADE COLD DAMP WALLS.
ESCAPE FROM THIS ETERNAL TUNNEL INTO DAYLIGHT.

3

YOU CRUSHED ME AS I HAVE CRUSHED OTHERS.
SHALLOW FACIAL FEATURES, HEAD BOWED AS IF SNAPPED.
BITTERNESS AND CONFUSION OVERLAP CONTINOUSLY.
EVER SLOWLY THE BARBED WIRE NATURALLY FADES.

4

THOUGH THE SCARS
SHALL REMAIN.
UNTIL REPLACED
BY NEW ONES.

ANTH JULY/AUG 89

Monster rising
A beast is growing,
Becoming stronger
The wise men worship it,
Feed it young men,
In Sacrifice

The populace deems it a necessary evil,
The worshipping continues, the beast grows
'Til it engulfs everything
Devours everything in its path

It rules everything
Is everything
The beast is war
Sadistic sacred war.

Paul Putrid.

I Think.....
"I think I am a poet, therefore I am a poet".

John Binns

A true democracy has no government. If everyone had the same level of power and access to resources, parliament would not exist. Because we do not live in a democracy, we elect a government—which then proclaims itself the product of democracy.

The Bug

Shax

WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

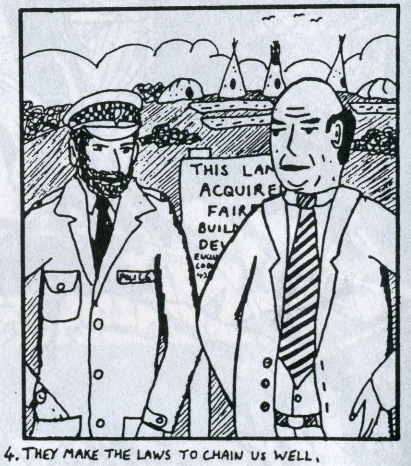
TO DIG AND LABOUR THE COMMONS AND SO LIVE AS COMFORTABLY AS THE LANDLORDS THAT LIVE IN THEIR ENCLOSURES. AND THAT NOT ONLY THIS COMMON OR HEATH SHOULD BE TAKEN IN AND MANURED BY THE PEOPLE, BUT ALL THE COMMONS AND WASTE GROUND IN ENGLAND AND IN THE WHOLE WORLD SHALL BE TAKEN IN BY THE PEOPLE IN RIGHTEOUSNESS, NOT OWNING ANY PROPERTY, BUT TAKING THE EARTH TO BE COMMON TREASURY" – GERARD WINSTANLEY, 1649 •

"TAKE NOTICE THAT ENGLAND IS NOT A FREE PEOPLE UNTIL THE POOR THAT HAVE NO LAND HAVE A FREE ALLOWANCE

1. IN 1649, TO ST. GEORGE'S HILL,
A RAGGED BAND THEY CALLED THE DIGGERS
CAME TO SHOW THE PEOPLE'S WILL,
THEY DEFIED THE LANDLORDS, THEY DEFIED THE LAW,
THEY WERE THE DISPOSSESSED RECLAIMING WHAT WAS THEIRS

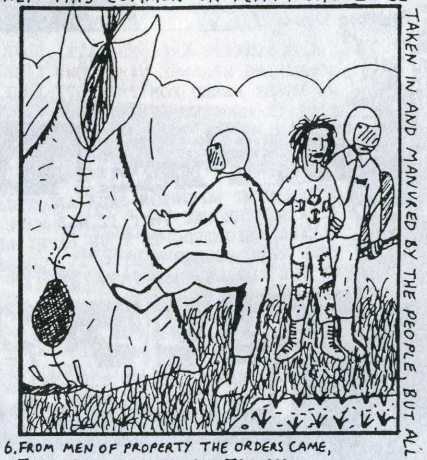
2. WE COME IN PEACE, THEY SAID, TO DIG AND SEW
WE COME TO WORK THE LANDS IN COMMON
AND TO MAKE THE WASTELANDS GROW
THIS EARTH DIVIDED. WE WILL MAKE WHOLE,
SO IT WILL BE A COMMON TREASURY FOR ALL.

3. THE SIN OF PROPERTY, WE DO DISDAIN
NO MAN HAS THE RIGHT TO BUY AND SELL
THE EARTH FOR PRIVATE GAIN
BY THEFT AND MURDER, THEY TOOK THE LAND,
NOW EVERYWHERE THE WALLS SPRING UP AT THEIR
COMMAND.

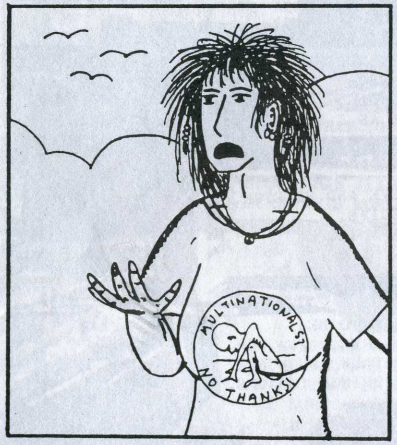


4. THEY MAKE THE LAWS TO CHAIN US WELL,
THE CLERGY DAZZLE US WITH HEAVEN,
OR DAMN US INTO HELL
WE WILL NOT WORSHIP THE GOD THEY SERVE,
THE GOD OF GREED WHO FEEDS THE RICH WHILE POOR
MEN STARVE.

5. WE WORK, WE EAT TOGETHER,
WE NEED NO SWORDS,
WE WILL NOT BOW TO THE MASTERS OR PAY RENT TO THE LORD
WE ARE FREE MEN, THOUGH WE ARE POOR.
WE DIGGERS ALL STAND UP FOR GLORY, STAND UP NOW!



6. FROM MEN OF PROPERTY THE ORDERS CAME,
THEY SENT HIRED MEN AND TROOPERS
TO WIPE OUT THE DIGGER'S CLAIM
TEAR DOWN THEIR COTTAGES, DESTROY THEIR CORN,
THEY WERE DISPERSED, BUT STILL THE VISION LINGERS ON.



7. YOU POOR TAKE COURAGE, YOU RICH TAKE CARE,
THIS EARTH WAS MADE A COMMON TREASURY
FOR EVERYONE TO SHARE,
ALL THINGS IN COMMON, ALL PEOPLE ONE,
WE CAME IN PEACE,
THE ORDERS CAME TO CUT THEM DOWN.

8. WE CAME IN PEACE,
THE ORDERS CAME TO CUT THEM DOWN.

WORDS: LEON ROSSELSON
ILLUSTRATED BY: GRAHAM BURNETT.

Graham

THE SCHEME OF THING'S

THESE STREETS ARE DESOLATE, SOME KIND OF BOMBS BEEN HERE,
SOMETHING STRANGE CAME DOWN LIKE THE END WAS NEAR,
WE NEVER ASKED FOR THIS BUT THEY GAVE IT ANYWAY,
LIFE IS HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT LIVING EVERYDAY.

THERE AINT NO UNION JACK AND THIS KINGDOM AINT UNITED,
IT AINT THE WAY THAT IT WAS WITH YOUR FUTURES
CLEARLY SIGHTED, IF YOUR HAPPY AND YOU KNOW IT,
THEN TELL ME HOW YOU DO IT, COS I AINT LIKED NO PARTY
OR THE PEOPLE THAT THREW IT.

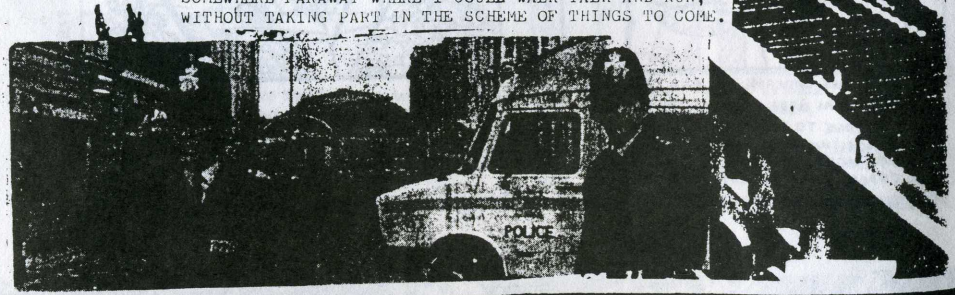
THINGS CHANGE BUT STAY THE SAME,
FOR CENTURIES WERE LAME IN THE RAIN,

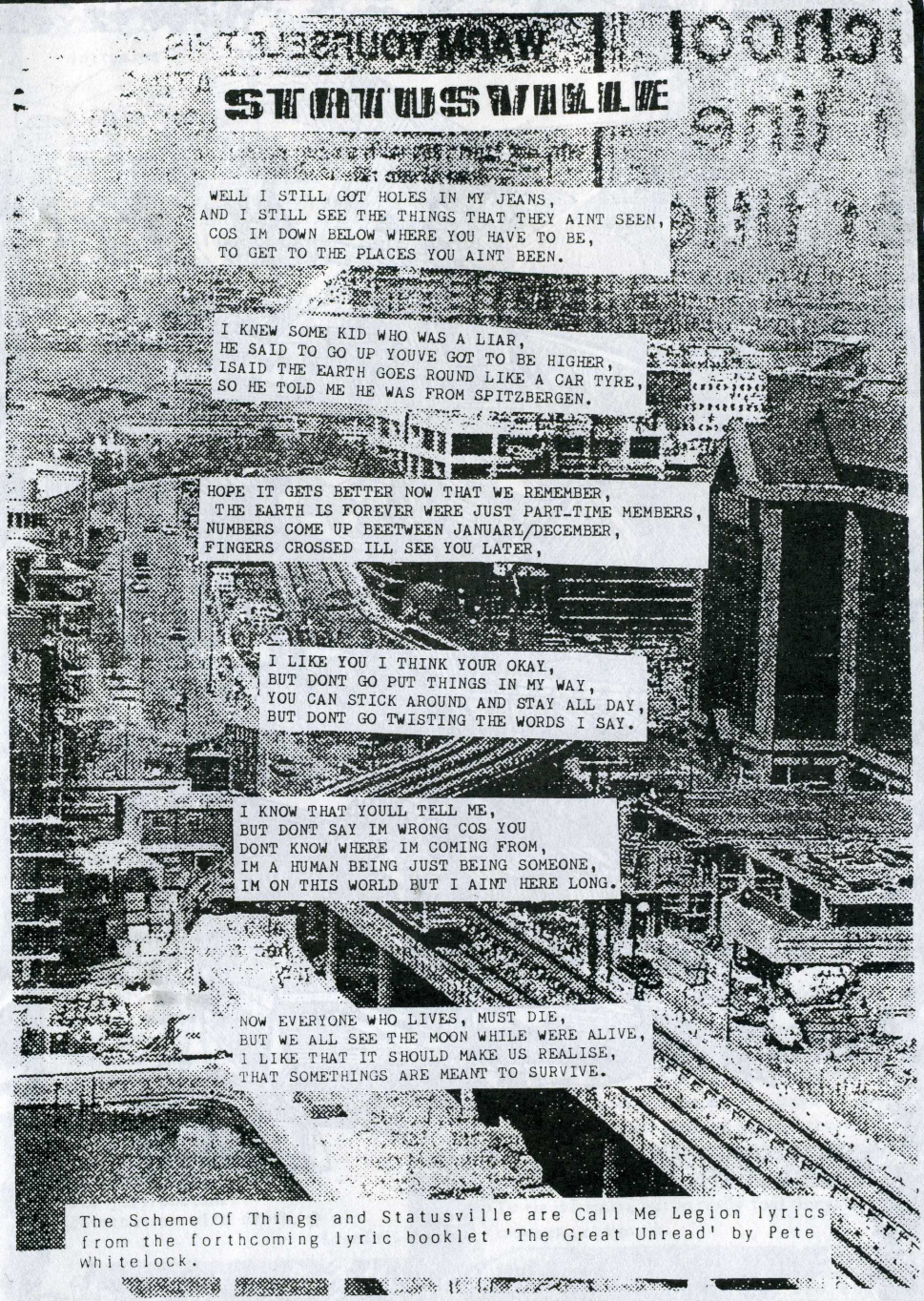
WHAT AM I DOING HERE AND WHY MUST I TRY,
TO SCHEME WITH THE SCHEME OF THINGS
BEFORE I DIE.

ON THE KNIFE EDGE THAT CUTS THE BREADLINE,
ITS AMELTED ROAD SIGHN OF THE TIMES,
SOME PLANE TAKES THE ROOF OF MY SKIES,
SOME TRAIN BATTERS DOWN THE ROUTE AS I SIGH,

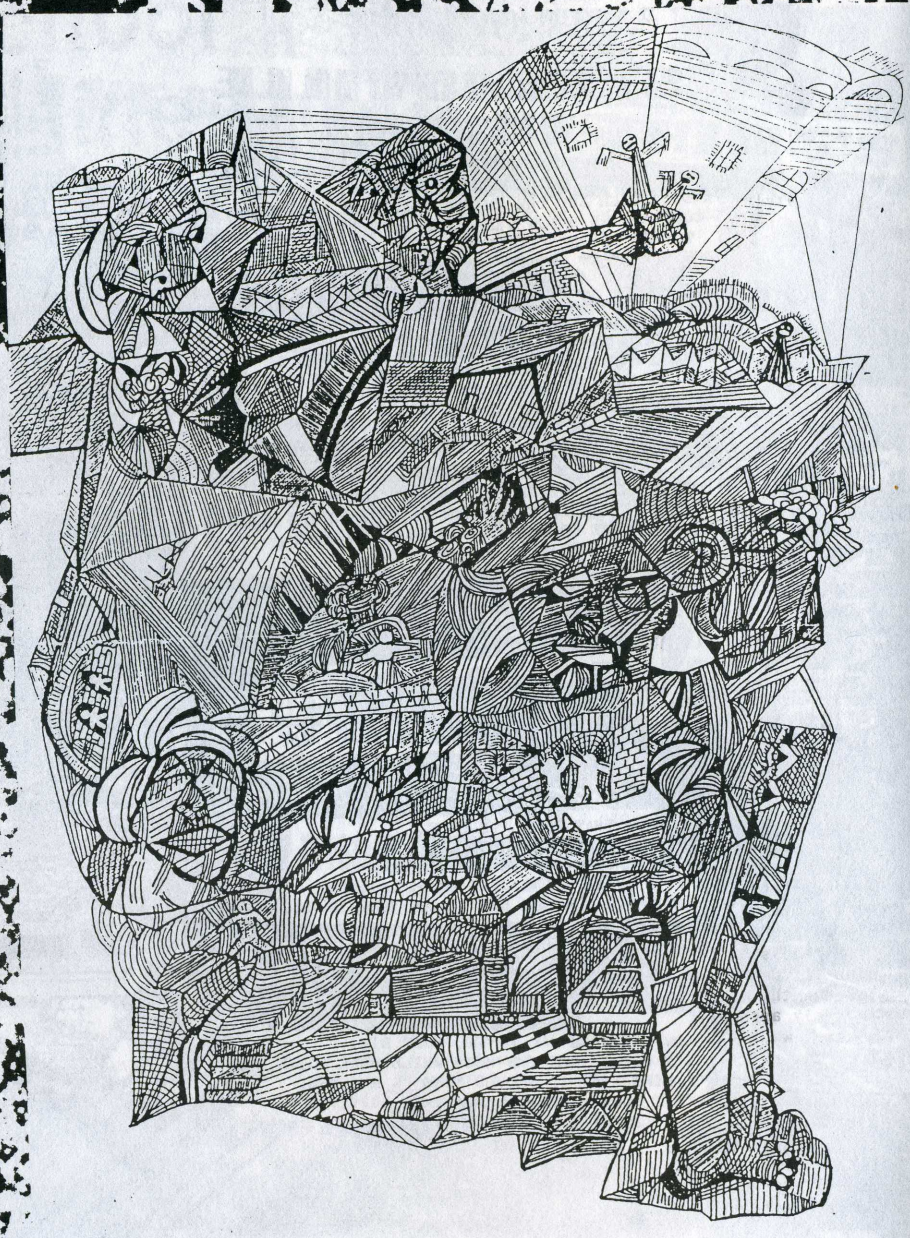
COS THERES SO MUCH TO ACHEIVE, CONCEIVE AND BELEIVE,
WHILE HAVING TO AGREE, CONCEDE AND DECIVE,
SOMETIMES THERES NOTHING LEFT TO LOVE ANYMORE,
BUT THEN THERES SO MUCH WEVE NOT SEEN BEFORE.

ITS JUST BEACAUSE IM HERE THAT ID LIKE TO BE,
SOMEWHERE ELSE WHERE I MAY HAVE BEEN FREE,
SOMEWHERE FARAWAY WHERE I COULD WALK TALK AND RUN,
WITHOUT TAKING PART IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS TO COME.



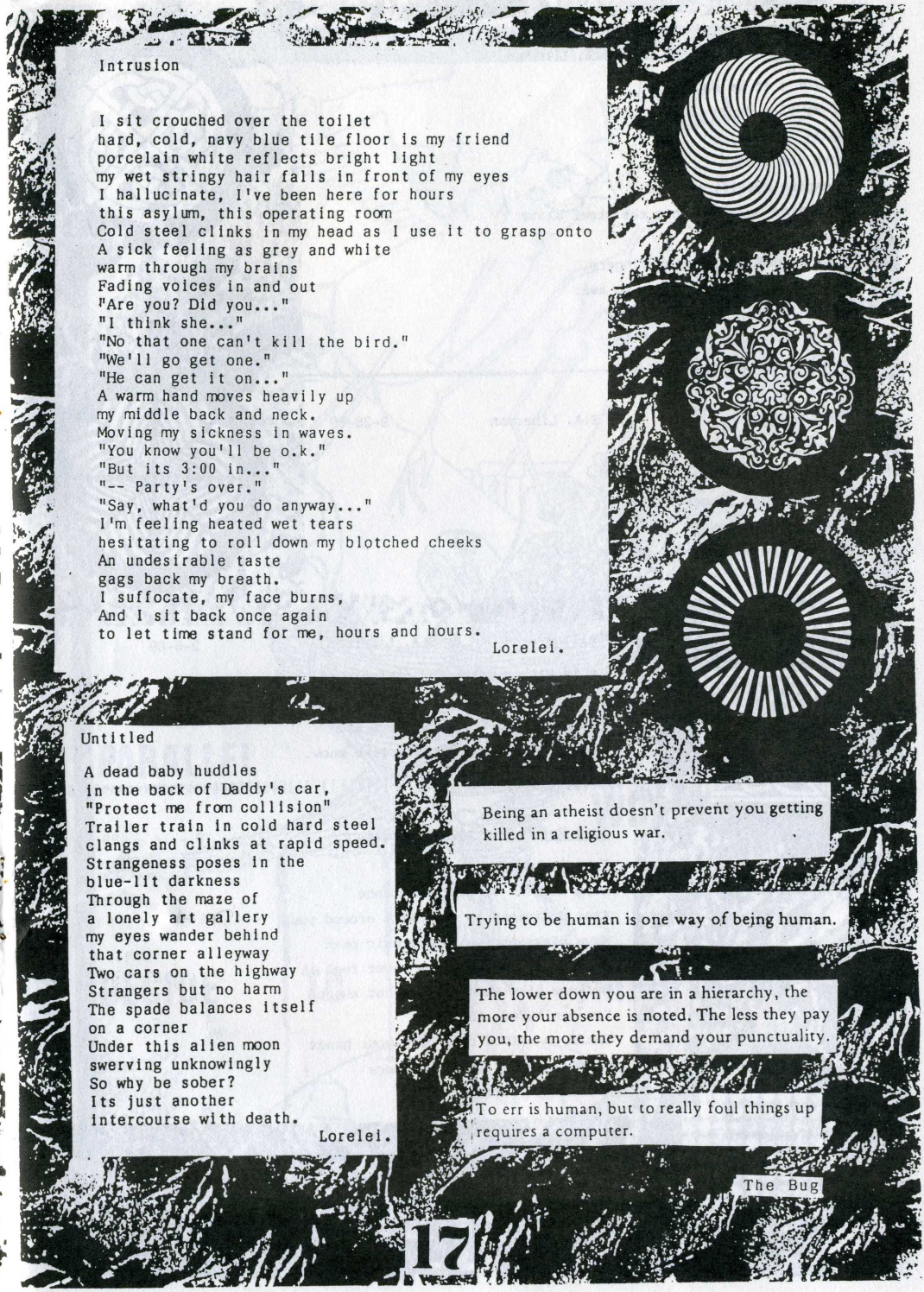


The Scheme Of Things and Statusville are Call Me Legion lyrics from the forthcoming lyric booklet 'The Great Unread' by Pete Whitelock.



GVIDO.83

George Obradovic



Intrusion

I sit crouched over the toilet
hard, cold, navy blue tile floor is my friend
porcelain white reflects bright light
my wet stringy hair falls in front of my eyes
I hallucinate, I've been here for hours
this asylum, this operating room
Cold steel clinks in my head as I use it to grasp onto
A sick feeling as grey and white
warm through my brains
Fading voices in and out
"Are you? Did you..."
"I think she..."
"No that one can't kill the bird."
"We'll go get one."
"He can get it on..."
A warm hand moves heavily up
my middle back and neck.
Moving my sickness in waves.
"You know you'll be o.k."
"But its 3:00 in..."
"-- Party's over."
"Say, what'd you do anyway..."
I'm feeling heated wet tears
hesitating to roll down my blotched cheeks
An undesirable taste
gags back my breath.
I suffocate, my face burns,
And I sit back once again
to let time stand for me, hours and hours.

Lorelei.

Untitled

A dead baby huddles
in the back of Daddy's car,
"Protect me from collision"
Trailer train in cold hard steel
clangs and clinks at rapid speed.
Strangeness poses in the
blue-lit darkness
Through the maze of
a lonely art gallery
my eyes wander behind
that corner alleyway
Two cars on the highway
Strangers but no harm
The spade balances itself
on a corner
Under this alien moon
swerving unknowingly
So why be sober?
Its just another
intercourse with death.

Lorelei.

Being an atheist doesn't prevent you getting killed in a religious war.

Trying to be human is one way of being human.

The lower down you are in a hierarchy, the more your absence is noted. The less they pay you, the more they demand your punctuality.

To err is human, but to really foul things up requires a computer.

The Bug

Devour Me by S.A. Liberman 9-21-89

Wouldn't it be sad
If my tiny skull
Split
Down the middle
I expose myself, my mind
My brains ooze out onto the steel slate
Vibrate for you
Poke around with filthy fingers
Scrunch, shrivel and toss it away
So don't say I'm not generous
All of me for a glance of you.

The Ice MAn by S.A. Liberman 9-28-89

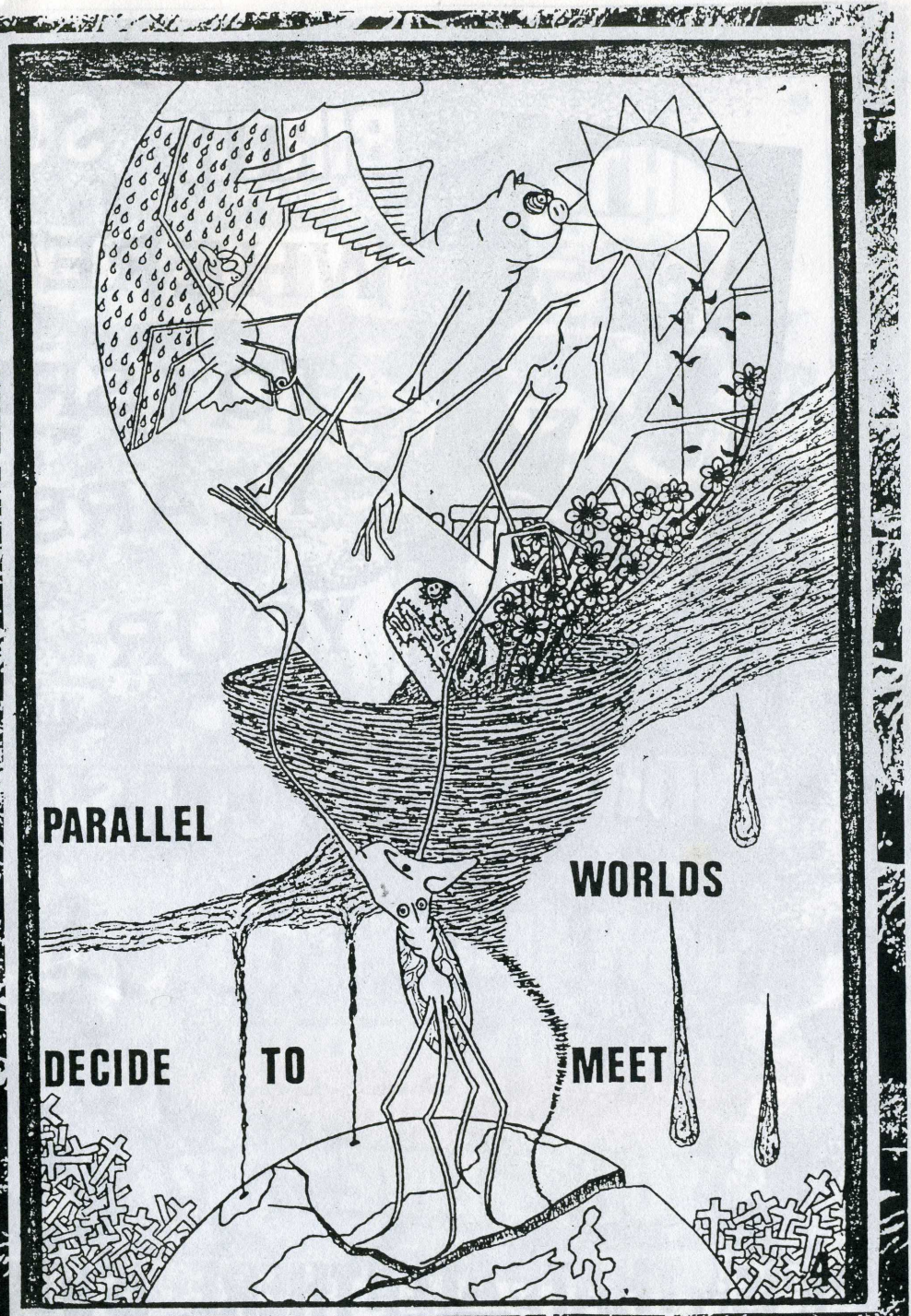
Your eyes cross
Sloth like
Really frozen flames
I wish to melt away
As you breeze past me I shiver.

Falling by S.A. Liberman 2-6-89

It is within grasp and it feels so
lovely is the way it should be
Until it weakens and
Withers like snow.

In a Rut by S.A.LIberman 9 - 14 - 89

Toss it back
Long tresses of noncommittance
Eyes oblivious to the halls around you
Wave pleasantries to anorexic past
Step over the edge, but never feel it
Because like when you are cut sharp
You can't feel the pain
Until the blood runs down your hands
Blame them for shallow waters
And drown yourself.



Kim

BIRTH SCHOOL WORK DEATH

WHERE DO YOU INTEND TO SPEND THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE?

WORK BUY CONSUME DIE

HOW MUCH DO YOU REALLY KNOW ABOUT THE WORLD YOU LIVE IN?

'IS THAT ALL THERE IS TO LIFE?'

Andy C

Shop Till You Drop.

Freedom is a Big Mac.
Freedom is a smooth smoke.
Freedom is a six-pack.
Freedom, freebase, ice and coke.

Freedom is a falling system.
Falling system; rising price.
Freedom or a free for all?
Caffeine-freebase coke and ice.

Yeltsin, Yeltsin, cherry cola,
Kola Kubes and ice cream soda,
Pyrex, Perspex, Sugar Smacks,
Pamyat, Peugeot, Kodak,
Tippex, semtex, cyclamen-red lipsticks,
Health foods, blue snoods,
Carburettors, dipsticks,
Folkpunk, funk-pop,
Psychobilly, HipHop,
A glace cherry on the top,
Shop till you drop.

You've got a brand new duvet,
But it can't hide your old hat,
Thinking everything's so groovy,
When your radials are flat.
You've got a brand new car,
To drive East-West and west to east.
The festive consumer who ends up
Being consumed in the feast
of

Durex, Duralex, X-Ray Spex and Ex-Lax,
One God, Two-tone, Three Nuns And the Four Tops,
Five Boys, Six Packs, 7-11s, 12-hole docs,
Tie Racks, Knickerbox,
Rentboys in knocking shops,
Bargain Packs of Crimplene slacks,
And Pine Ajax and latex macs,
And whelks on sticks and rollmops,
Dibdabs and lollipops
The new Vileda SuperMop
Shop till you Drop.

THESE ARE THE CHANGES IN THE SOVIET UNION
PLEASE EXAMINE YOUR CHANGES BEFORRE LEAVING THE SHOP
AS MISTAKES CANNOT BE RECTIFIED AFTERWARDS

Because freedom is a Big Mac,
And freedom is a smooth smoke,
And don't spend your freedom all at once,
Cos freedom is a sick joke.

Mr Social Control

A PARTY of teenage girls from one of the Soviet regions hardest hit by food shortages enjoyed their first burger-and-chips meal at a Leeds restaurant.

"They are fascinated with the packaging which we take for granted, apparently paper products are almost non-existent. We gave them soft drinks in cartons with straws which they thought were marvellous."

THE young man who was banned from every shop in Britain was freed on bail yesterday.

And Craig Williams, 21, from Mold, North Wales, was told he was allowed to go shopping again.

He was cleared by the town's magistrates of one of two shoplifting charges.

But he is still accused of threatening behaviour, burglary and stealing a beer keg.

ANDY C. TWISTED VISION GRAFIX
HIDEOUS
Andy C
23

GOTTERDAMMERUNG (CATS OUT OF THE BAG)

We were shooting with the stars as they fell from the sky,
I doubt that you know where I've been tonight.
Turning with the world, I know the mind of God.
Lost in that exact place, right? Unzip a cigarette to light.

The cats out of the bag. You know exactly what we're compelled to do.
We've got no option, something's bound to perish; for instance tomorrows ideas.

Twisting shadows - transcendental masturbation - the Twilight of the Gods.
All the worst rhymes you've ever made.
The end of the Empire, of determinism, of romance, a rock'n'roll suicide.

We were shooting with the stars as they fell from the sky,
We're going somewhere, accepting something.
Turning with the world. Tripping over spare time.
Lost in that exact place, right? Unzip a cigarette to light.

GOTTERDAMMERUNG.

The end of the 20th century, bells ring out tonight.
Crouched amongst black bin liners, I got drunk and cried.
Everybody else parties like its nineteen-ninety-nine.
Well, I imagine every dog has its day, and that's fine.

GOTTERDAMMERUNG - Birds sing songs of black despair.
GOTTERDAMMERUNG - And burn upon bare tree branches.

We can pretend everyone's in love - do you want it hard enough?

Oh England you're dying. You're sick, you're diseased.
The fine sun sets on your harvested summer fields.
The blue sky bleeds out on your very edge.

Oh England, we're familiar with your heartcracking streets.
Stub out a cigarette. Everythings floundering on the rocks,
Suspended in mid air, with no way out, no obvious solution.

Young rockers got no Jesus, well perhaps the usual ones.
They've got valour, something new and tired with love.
Boundless twisting bodies. Some pleasant experimenting flesh.
Sweetheart you're on your knees, what are you praying to?

GOTTERDAMMERUNG.

Hard drinks to drink and tall stories to relate, lines to go.
I really feel like leaving now, I've seen much of this show.
Driving a costless motorway up and down their arms.
Introduce their fierce lusts and fine, white charms.

GOTTERDAMMERUNG - I'm here, but the angels are wanking
GOTTERDAMMERUNG - Slim fingers rubbing on divine flesh
GOTTERDAMMERUNG - I suppose there's no one to punish them
GOTTERDAMMERUNG - In the Twilight of the Gods.

Is it inevitable she'll cease to care for her creation?
The new man walks down a field in the drizzle in the morning.
Look forward. Even into the wreckage. Stop smiling.
What will it feel like outside and after?

Kris

WEEJAH

1

ninny's
hydraulic limb
a familiar rock
a well worn route
sabotage
make me
a deal

ANGEL 6.30

2

relative spirit guide
flat Indian grin
big chief passout
curse holds hands
with early morning
blanket bombing
freezing flame
sixty midgets

PYORRHOEA AND ME

3

discharged
to wipe myself
on victims
drink my excretion's
dandy's and fop's
I am the new age
enamel loose soiled
and free.

HOKUM AUTOPSY

4

plots within a single
mind
shifts in flow
column marginal agent
sterilised tool
one life expiratory
code
seismographic blood pressure
laboratory test condition
the shapes
fit into holes.

COUGHING FACT

5

chrome drill sabbath
fanatic fetish
driving with christ
plasticised packed suicides
the ringing of bells
grief wrapped shrunken
head
somnambulist.

Pig Havoc

BAD POEM

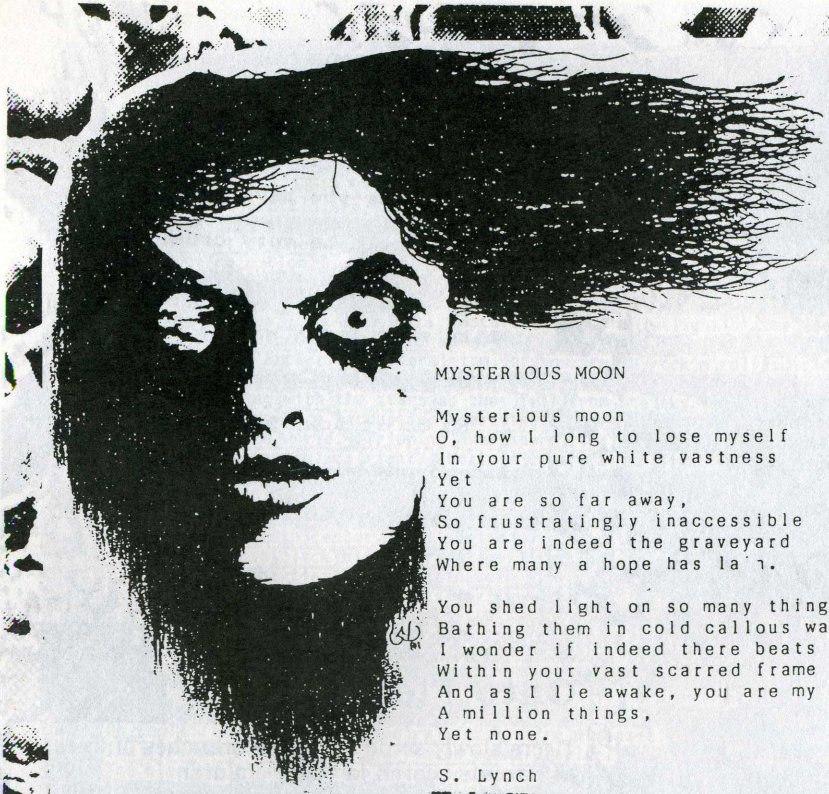
You've got to strike it dead,
This thing you have created.
It would be very cruel
To let it live, let it limp
Like some freak with a hump
Met with derisive jeering.
So do it now, keep cool
And no-one will call you fool
Within your hearing.

Howard Osborn

Onto Flesh

Tigers slowly settle along the branches of trees
as parents search for their children
among the dried brambles and stones.
In the distance, the moon eases into the night sky
and lizards begin with their primitive plaints.
People push aside the thorns of their ancestors
only to find those of themselves.
They weakly call out against the chill
--to be answered by the sounds
of those cats dropping easily onto flesh.

Paul Weinman



MYSTERIOUS MOON

Mysterious moon
O, how I long to lose myself
In your pure white vastness
Yet
You are so far away,
So frustratingly inaccessible
You are indeed the graveyard
Where many a hope has lain.

You shed light on so many things
Bathing them in cold callous warmth
I wonder if indeed there beats a heart
Within your vast scarred frame
And as I lie awake, you are my sentinel
A million things,
Yet none.

S. Lynch

Spencer
Spencer's expenses grew more extensively expensive as he continued to spend to an expensive extent.

John Binns

LIFE IN A RUBBER BAND

At first it is easy, pulling on forward

But the further you go the more there is of tension, more of stress,

And when you near the end, well, it's damned hard work -

Then suddenly with a snap you are flicked backwards to your childhood

Or further still, with luck -

Into the darkness.

Howard Osborn

Dreams
Dreams are places that you would never have dreamed of going to.

John Binns

Richman, poor man, beggarman
Thief!

Why do so few
own so much wealth.
Whilst so many
own so little.

Its a rich man's paradise
to own a car, a wife, a house.
Its true money equals power
And power equals choice.
Its a poor man's hell
without a job, a home, a car.
The state's our power
Through education and welfare rights
Its a relative struggle
To live, to survive.
Its a relative struggle
to be not satisfied.

Dolores.

Fight the poll tax!

Its a system of stealing
our money, our choice.
It forgets our rights.
It forgets our voice.
We begin the fight for change
If we question, disagree
with the parliamentary lies
and petty bureaucracy.
If we never ask why
Just sigh and then agree.
Its us who are bound in chains
And governments who are free.
The change in legislation
doesn't happen overnight.
But we can change the future
in an organised fight
If we all stand together
and fight for one aim
There will be a war of justice
where only lies are slain.

Dolores.

Oh baby, how you have grown.
Into this nightmare world, dare I call it my own ?
Will you too forget a birthday, all the bitterness turned inside
Can you hold me near or will you kill this false pride ?
An evolution, education. The first word ever spoken.
I forgave it, discarded like a friend in fear for their life.
I touched; you touched, our hearts did merge.
But what does it matter when I love you is never heard.
If you make it through the minefields,
Strewn with wilted poppies.
Cut the barbed wire out,
From that stinking halo.
Play in a day
Your whole life
Will be
Anyway
You
Want
It
To
Be.
I
Can not
see,
How could
I lose you;
When I never
Even knew you.
Why did I hate you-
I never even knew you.

Yan

How High?
How high can anyone go?
-I don't know, I don't know. John Binns

Cease To Exist

Its like the coldest winter
but without the pain
Its like the English summer
but without the rain
Its like an autumn sunrise
but without the mist
Come on baby cease to exist

I am your reflection, can't you see its true,
You say you believe me but I don't think
that you do
Sometimes I look deep into your eyes
and there I find the truth wrapped
up in lies

Its like the coldest winter
but without the pain
Its like the English summer
but without the rain
Its like an autumn sunrise
but without the mist
Come on baby cease to exist

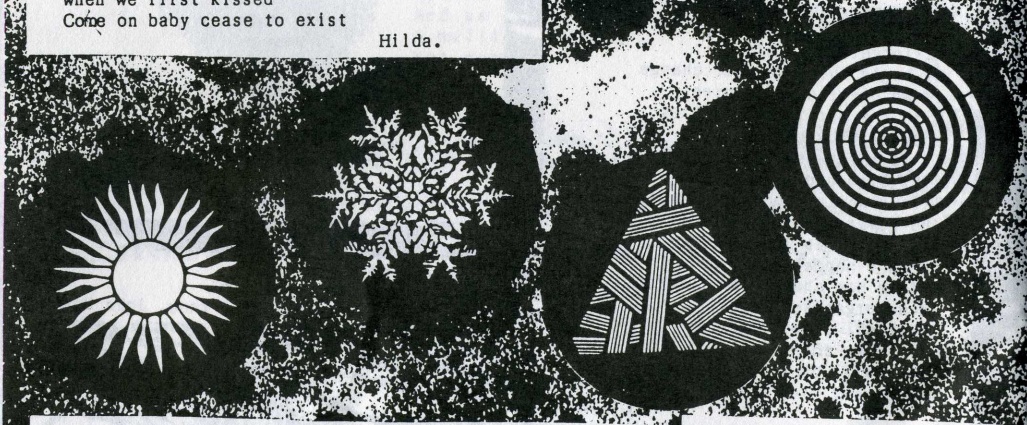
You're sending out vibrations
from your mind gone wrong
Bad Karma's going to get you
and it won't take long
Death was on your lips
when we first kissed
Come on baby cease to exist

Hilda.

The Blueline

In the Adironacks
the blue line isallobar
on the chart of my mind
like the atmospheric
equal chance isallobar
posits equal change, in
equal time, and I
remember Black Jack of
those farming uncles--
that now lost generation
--returning: a lifetime
In the Adironacks
the blue line isallobar
charts the pressure of my
need for that only net
that can bag me: affection
when its on the edge
like soft solar tears, --
highlanded lost roads.
In the Adironacks
the blue line isallobar
directs a passage, woody
and outlawed nd very common,
into my history mystery
when Black Jack my uncle
nightly fought my fears.

Edward Mycue.



I saw you again, my creepy crawling past,
I knew you weren't dead, but I hoped you were,
and even in my wildest dreams I never thought
you could be so cruel.
Stop, look and listen, in the neon lit
street, you never dipped your headlights
and I was dazzled by the beam, the brightness
began to hurt my head -
Then you were gone
Red raw stinging eyes, dustbowl smarting of salty tears
and a bitter taste left in my soul.
Look no deeper, there is no compassion here,
Love is dead, yet I still place flowers on
Its grave once a week

Hilda.

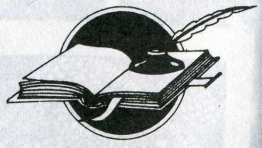
Milton's Children

We rejected a discipline
of hit and kiss where
propelled forward like
india rubber balls,
people like me
exhibit angers, big,
beautiful and unresponsive
as Diogenes,
people like me survive
like clinical experiments.

Edward Mycue.

Ashton

PRINT



CLOWNS KILLING PEOPLE #2 35p & sae 20 pages 5½x8½ This offering from new Leeds based publishing house A SECRET DEVIL features art and prose from a whole load of creative folk, plus some no-nonsense articles and reviews. Well laid out and presented. Clowns Killing People, Box 32, 52, Call Lane, Leeds, West Yorkshire, LS1 6DT, England.

TRICKSTER NOW 70p + p&p 32 pages 7½x10 A Lobster Telephone/CHAOS Comix production. This graphic novel(for mature readers) didn't grab me at all, however it is a fitting tribute to the work of Barry Powell, the writer, who died tragically before it could be completed. Like many independent comics it has a violent and explicit story and is competently drawn by Dominic Morris. Check it out for yourself. 148 Humber Rd South, Beeston, Nottingham, NG9 2EX, England.

DANGEROUS VISIONS #2 40p & sae 40 pages 6x8½. This is quite old but still interesting, articles and reprinted cuttings c electronic surveillance, tattooing, mind control, subliminals and more. Mick, 37 Pamplins, Basildon, Essex, SS15 5BN.

THE SATIRICAL AND SURREAL MONTAGE ART OF WINSTON SMITH Price? 40 pages 8½x11. This is an excellent collection of graphics spanning 10 years 1978-88, it contains many of the original designs used by the Dead Kennedys and Alternative Tentacles, clever collage and photo montage work in black and white. AK Distribution, 3 Balmoral Place, Stirling, Scotland, FK8 2RD.

SLEEPLESS by Kera, CHAINS by Christopher Caggiano, THE LOUSY POEM CRAPBOOK by Daven Anderson, MUTILATIONS by Shane Paul, MONTREAL by John Porcellino, GRATE COUNTRY Edward Mycue/A MURDERED ETERNITY by Lainie Duro. I was lucky enough to be able to trade some copies of DARK DIAMONDS for a whole bunch of cool Oyster Products. Oyster Publications has been at the cutting edge of independent publishing in the USA for a number of years now, printing mainly illustrated chapbooks of prose/poetry. Most of their stuff is available for stamps/donations/trade and a letter, they are well worth checking out so toss some dollars their way. Serious poetry freaks should check out the immortal LIME GREEN BULLDOZERS, #13 is out now $3 40 pages 8½x11 from Oyster Publications, Lainie, 1003 Ave X, Apt A, Lubbock, TX 79401, USA.

ACTIONS OF REBIRTH #3 $1/50p 20 pages 8½x12 one of the best European hardcore zines(in English) less music orientated this issue features Kismet HC, Boiled Angel, articles on flag burning, fascism, cyberpunk plus reviews and more. Bill, Apostolopoulou 56, Halandri 15231, Athens, Greece.

NO ANSWERS #9 $4/$6 Air Europe 48 pages 8½x11 w/free Downcast 7"(see music reviews) One of the best US zines I've seen in a while, articles and opinions with a positive(straightedge)vibe but without being too preachy, plus reviews and lengthy interviews with Admiral, Downcast, Judge, Fuel etc. A lot of time and dedication has gone into this and it shows. Kent McClard, Po Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116, USA.

NOISEFEST #2 30p & sae 36 pages 6x8½ Hardcore zine with loads of band interviews plus Teacore records and AK Distribution. Also zine, book and music reviews. Good stuff. Chris 15 Ashbourne Gardens, Bradford BD2 4AE, England.

ELECTRIC SHOCK TREATMENT #1 & #2 both £1.50 each 48 pages 8¼x12 A new publication which aims to cover experimental, industrial, avant garde and other non mainstream music in a similar vein. Both issues have a comprehensive reviews section, #1 features Robert Anton Wilson, Nocturnal Emissions etc, #2 has Soviet France, IRRE Tapes, Asmus Tietchens and more. Very professionally produced and presented this is an essential guide to the music it covers. EST, Brian Duguid, Northbrook House, Free St., Bishops Waltham, Southampton, SO3 1EE, England.

XYZINE #3 $3 24 pages 6x17 Columns, reviews and interviews with Hogans Heroes, Sins Of The Flesh, Entombed etc., an odd shape and a good read. John Lemcke, 516 Menomonee Ave, So. Milw., WI 53172, USA.

SIVULLINEN #12 $1 32 pages 6x8½ Long awaited issue featuring the usual mix of cool art/graphics with some poetry. Great stuff as always, well worth getting. Jouni, Kaarelantie 86 B 28, 00420, Helsinki, Finland.

RIPPING THRASH #6 30p & sae 40 pages 6x8½ Hardcore zine featuring Anti Drasi, Squales, G anx, Identity etc., plus scene reports, ads, reviews and articles. This is a consistent and interesting guide to the world HC scene. Steve, 25 Elms Rd, Stapenhill, Burton On Trent, Staffs, DE15 9AQ, England.

PLANE TRUTH #7 30p? & sae 32 pages 6x8½ Interviews with Basti, AC Temple, Bleach, Dawson and more, plus reviews and art, neat layout once again gives good coverage to interesting and unusual bands. Andrew, 18 Golf View, Ingol, Preston, Lancs., England.

UGLY #1 60p & sae 20 pages 8½x12 Good first issue with Chumbawamba, Levellers, Creaming Jesus etc., plus reviews, ads and articles, put together with humour and enthusiasm. Flat 2, 11 Oakroyd Terrace, Bradford BD8 7AE, West Yorkshire, England.

FREAK(ANTI- ZINE) #1 $1 16 pages 6x8½ Cool art/collage/graphics zine interesting and recommended. Scott, 305 N. Ingersoll St. Madison, WI 53703 USA.

THE BIG TAKEOVER #3 50cents 16 pages 6x8½ Interesting articles and opinions on censorship, democracy, recycling, supremacy and more. Good stuff. The Big Takover, 10 Dahl Street. Warren, PA 16365, USA.

ADMINISTRATIVE GODS WE ARE NOT #2 32 pages 6x8½ Articles, cartoons, opinions, ads, interviews, a good read, interesting. Andy, 6 Lancaster Close, Birkdale, Southport, PR8 2LD. England.

FATUOUS TIMES #1 £1 44 pages 8¼x12 A zine full of flyposters which you are encouraged to use, all have a political/social message using a mixture of both satire and straight talking, plus free badge and sticker. Institute Of Fatuous Research, 27 Whitmore St., Shelton, Stoke On Trent, ST1 4JS, England.

SNAFF #11 10p 22 pages 6x8½ Punk zine with Liz Gizzad, Guttersnipes, Klaw and more, cool cover, plus reviews ads and articles. Good stuff. Roddy & Tish, 27 Brindley Close, Trafford Rd, Manchester, M30 0HZ, England

ONZAMPLER Sept90 issue 60p 6x8½ with 4 postcards. A compilation of comic strips, bizarre humour and strange plots make this a fairly surreal read, not your usual comic fare. Gordon, 14 Beaumont Rd, Chorlton, Manchester, M21 2BR.

FTT #11 & #12 £1 8¼x12 Both issues are filled with articles on a diverse range of subjects and they have a healthy letters page on which an interesting and varied range of subjects is debated. 30 pages each. Judith Hanna & Joseph Nicholas, 5A Frinton Road, London, N15 6NH, England.

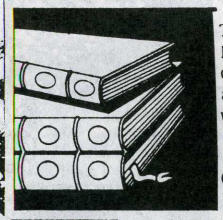
TITBIT #4 16 pages 5x5 price? Art poetry and comix in a smallbut quite lavish presentation. Po Box 4700, Austin Texas 78765, USA.

YET ANOTHER BLEEDING HEART: Love and Hate by Stan 20p 4x6 20 pages Poetry by Stan of Pumf thoughtful and well written. 130 Common Edge Rd, Blackpool, FY4 5AZ.

WE ARE NOT MEN by Steve Sneyd 10p/25cents 16 pages 2¾x4 Mini booklet of poetry and art. Nice item. Krax, 63 Dixon Lane, Leeds LS12 4RR, England.

TONGUE IN CHEEK #10 £1 8¼x12 62 pages Quite impressive although it sometimes reads more like a catalogue than a zine there are enough interviews and plenty of interesting bits on some cool bands: Shudder To Think, Poison Idea, Lemonheads etc to keep your attention. Ian Cheek 55 Albion Street, Otley, West Yorkshire, LS21 1BZ

(ALMOST) NOTHING BUT RECORD AND TAPE REVIEWS Jan '92 $3 8½x10½ 32 pages with free flexi(see music reviews) This is Mykel Board's(of Maximum Rock 'n' Roll fame) own zine, a stack of video, record and tape reviews, plus ads, letters, comix and a Frank Zappa for President nomination which sounds like a cool idea to me! Seidboard World Enterprises PO Box 137, Prince Street Station, NYC 10012, USA.



THE MOWER #1 22 DM/$14 88 pages 10x8 & 4 track EP Lavishly and lovingly produced, this features the words and art of 28 contributors on the subject of 'Violence'. Eyecatching and interesting with slick presentation this is a book well worth buying. The accompanying 7" features 4 bands with songs that carry on the theme, musically they all play variations of tuneful rock/punk, Venus Prayer are the band that stands out. Only 800 copies printed/pressed so snap one up. The Mower, Bachgasse 1, 7758 Meersburg, Germany.

The 2nd Annual Oyster Publications Contest

info sheet:

This year we're excepting almost anything! That is, you can send short stories, non-fiction, artwork (we encourage comics!), poetry, ANYTHING that we can put together as a not more than 30 page publication. Entries will be judged based on creativity and INTEGRITY more than technique or "skill". We wanna publish something that really deserves to be seen, so get yer shit together and send it to us!!

1) No more than 30 pages please...unless absolutely necessary.

2) Enter as many things as you'd like. Entry fee is 15 bux per entry well concealed cash or check made payable to Alaina Duro.

3) Please send along a SASE if you want yr stuff returned. We will send you a postcard when yr "stuff" is received.

4) Artwork may be photocopied, but if you win we'll need the originals.

5) Winner receives AT LEAST 50 bux and 50 free copies of the finished product. Oyster publications will typeset, laser print, lay out, copy/print, saddle-stitch and, if needed, help distribute yr publication. IF YOU'D LIKE WE WILL MAKE ADDITIONAL COPIES FOR DISTIBUTION AT YOUR EXPENSE. (There may also be more prize money, depending on the number of entries.)

6) Deadline: JANUARY 1st, 1993

address manuscript and/or any further questions to:
oyster publications / 1003 Ave X, Apt. A / Lubbock TX 79401

MUSICK

DEATH ZONE, Power From Obedience - Don't Obey LP (Thought Provocation)A blast from the past musically this sounds very much like Brit-punk circa 1982. If thats your particular mug of homebrew then check this out, with some classic older songs and newer material this could go down well, especially with some bands from that era reforming. £4 UK, or £5.50 elsewhere from Dave, 72 Bradwell Lane, Bradwell, Newcastle, Staffs, England.

THRESHOLD SHIFT 10 Track demo. Tuneful '77 style Punk, really well played and recorded, it sounds like they put some thought into the lyrics as well. All in all I was pretty impressed with this and their live performances. I'm not sure if this is a ' proper release'. So write first, they're looking for gigs too. Threshold Shift, Kenny, 16 Ballantyne Rd, Thackley, Bradford, BD10 0SU, England. (0274 613947)

PLEASANT VALLEY CHILDREN, Fuck Kill Destroy LP (W.O.W) Psycotic rabid dog vocals and a swirling frenzy of smouldering stop and go thrash makes this one of the most ferocious hardcore LPs of all time. More savage than your neighbours pit bull terrier, this one barks and bites. Recommended. shops or £4 from W.OW. PO Box 119, Newport, Gwent, NP9 7YD, Wales.

VARIOUS THEY AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET 5 track EP, with 12 page booklet/sleeve. A benefit for Poll Tax prisoners, 1 track each by Mushroom Attack, Psycho Flowers, Hiatus, Private Jesus Detector and Dreadful. Its all good powerful HC with the Psycho Flowers turning in a storming anti fascist song 'Disease of Mankind' and Dreadful doing a cool reggae/trash song. $4 from Nabate, B.P. 92, 4000 Liege 1, Belgium.

ACTIVE MINDS, 'Capitalism is a disease and money an addictive drug' 7" EP. LOONEY TUNES. 2nd EP from this outspoken and uncompromising punk/thrash duo. The opening song starts off with a melodic keyboard/synth tune which runs throughout, the other 6 tracks see them on familiar thrash territory. Lyrically and on the accompanying insert they address the Gulf and other anti war issues, the current state of the Punk scene and people's outlook and attitudes to life. This is on one of the very few DIY punk labels left and for that reason alone it deserves your support - BUY. £1.35 from Smash CDs Distribution, Basement Flat, 26 Esplanade Gardens, Scarborough, N. Yorkshire, YO11 2AP, England.

POLLUTION CIRCUS, Destroy Authority 7" EP Folky/punky with raucous spoken vocals and a rough production, lyrics tackle everything from vegetarianism to homosexuality, from ecology to human and animal liberation, from the heart. Comes with info & lyrics. $4 to 1008 10th Street, #729 Sacto, Ca 95814, USA

VARIOUS VITAL MUSIC SAMPLER 8 track flexi. This is good quality 8 bands lay down one song each, my favourites were Youth Gone Mad, Rats Of Unusual Size, Sea Monkeys and the Seltzers, its all thrash/trash/noise and a good indication of the labels groups. Free with NOTHING BUT RECORD AND TAPE REVIEWS zine - see review, sase/irc for Vital Music Catalog, 81 Second Ave, NYC, NY 10003, USA.

ASH TO ASHS, 4 Track Demo. Competent metallic thrash from this Jap band not as wild or intense as some of their contemporaries, but worth hearing nevertheless. $5 from Teruhiko Suzuki, 3-19-7 Daizawa, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo, Japan 155.

DISASTER, Warcry LP (Tone Deaf) Can you hear the sound of an enormous door slamming in the depths of hell? Its probably these guys down in Halifax thrashing out them Discharge style tunes like thefinal bloodbath is just around the corner. Complete with gruff Cal sound a like vocals, this is closer to the original spirit of the band than Discharge's own last couple of attempts at re-incarnation. If you're missing that classic Discharge sound, then this piece of nostalgia is a bargain at only £2 + p&p from Warzone, PO Box 148, Belfast, N. Ireland.

DOWNCAST, Hate comes easy 7" EP (Ebullition) 4 Chunks of solid powerful hardcore with thought provoking and intelligent lyrics that address women's rights, vivisection, hate and more. Good stuff! $5 from PO box 680, Goleta, CA 93116, USA.

B.M.G. Nmtole Warriors Vol 1/The 1990 Pig sessions. Cassette. The B.M.G. side of this is my favourite, musically its 60s/Hendrix-ish bluesy stuff with some great guitar work from Blind Melon Gatemouth himself. The other side is a collection of songs on the theme of pigs which makes some interesting lyrical observations. Musically a mixture of folk, acoustic and basic rock. £1 & sae should get you this from 52 Cannon Street, Glasshoughton, Castleford, WF10 4NA, England.

CANWLL CORFE 1888 & Other Tales of Terror, Cassette. More from the mysterious Canwll Corfe, thought provoking and intelligent lyrics dealing with social and political subjects. Musically this is punky/folky and sometimes experimenta. Low budget but well recorded, this is REAL independent music. £1 & sae from the B.M.G. address

VARIOUS BLITZ HITS Double LP This is a compilation recorded at the Blitz Club, a squated cafe/club in Oslo, recording quality is high and it is a great guide to the Norweigian alternative music scene, featuring mostly HC, punk, rock stuff, there is also some pop, folk and experimental in there too. Overall this is an excellent package, which includes some lyrics in English and many sing in English. £10 inc postage cash cheque or international post giro to Taf, Blitz Bokkafe, Pilestredet 30 C, 0164 OSLO 1, Norway.

PARADOX UK Disenchanted Land 12" (Retch Records) 4 tracks of tuneful hardcore punk, well played and recorded, musically I'd say early English Dogs/GBH style, great lyrics too. Retch Records, 49 Rose Crescent, Southport, Merseyside, PR8 3RZ, England. 0704 77835

BLITZKRIEG The Future Must Be Ours LP (Retch Records) This is the old band from the early '80s back with a new album, they share a singer with Paradox UK and this is in the same musical vein good solid punk/thrash with some faster bits not unremeniscent of US trashers Capitol Punishment in places. Address as above, both bands are also looking for gigs.

NORTHWINDS, Sleep with Evil LP (Black and Blue) The press release calls them 'Gothic New Age Speed Metal', but they just sound like plain average thrash metal to me. Lyrics vary from showing some potential to being completely crap. Scores one bonus point for not mentioning satan.
Black and Blue Records, Suite 152, 400D Putnam Pike, Smithfield RI 02917, USA

BLOODY LOVELY You're gonna get bloody knacked Demo. Inspired lunatic thrash with loads of between song humour and other banter make this a fine bit of enjoyable mayhem. For full effect try to catch them live, an experience not to be missed! Price ? 7 Wallen Street, Radford, Nottingham, NG7 5ND, England

The People's Trading Co. Limited

9 Victoria Ave. Wellsted St.
Hull. HU3 3AR

People's Trading Co is a workers co-op based in Hull, at the time of print we have 5 members. The co-op began it's life as a company with two directors, using a loan given by The People's Land Group. Moving to Hull, the rules were re-written to make us a co-op, the directors doubled, ideas flowed.

The "Peeps", as we are affectionately known locally, is a diverse co-op. We buy and sell wholefoods, environmentally friendly detergents, low energy lightbulbs, essential oils some products from cash & carry, organic veg and bread etc. We are enabling people who are poor and mainly on income support to eat healthy foods at sensible prices, whilst encouraging people to think about the politics of what they are eating and where it comes from.

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We also have a craft side to the business, which is beginning to grow, we sell products made by individuals or small co-ops, that enable people to have nice things at sensible prices and in turn promoting our suppliers in our mutual aims of ethical trading. We need more craftspeople to supply us with things to sell.

We have a regular stall shared with other local co-ops at the University Union and at other local events. Our stall carries information about the implications of diet, Animal rights, Peace campaign, alternative education, housing and workers co-ops, People's Land Group, Radical Routes plus. We have recently started to receive requests by local groups to attend workshops as guest speakers, whereby we like to encourage healthy discussion and debate as opposed to "giving talks". We need more organisations and campaigns to supply us with leaflets and information.

We have a steadily growing selection of books, 5% of each sale is put into a tree fund.

We are presently compiling lists of our stock suitable for mail order.

We are working towards taking our stall to a wider audience by attending festivals and Green events around the country, which will in turn enable our co-op members, helpers and children to get out of the City. We need a van to enable us to do this (we hope to be able to run a vehicle on liquid petroleum gas which is, apparently toxic-emission-free).

If you can help us; either by supplying us with things you make, especially if you are recycling something in the process; or you can supply us with informational materials; or you can donate a van or money to buy one; or you have some money to ethically invest (we are a member of Radical Routes Secondary Co-op Ltd); or you would like to support us by buying things from us; or if you just want more information about us or Radical Routes, DROP US A LINE (sae please) to:-

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We also need money, ideas and resources to keep things going. Any correspondence or involvement is welcome.

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DEATH

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