

Hold On To Your SPaCeHOPPER + Get Ya LAuGHinG GeAR ROUNd ThIS!

SM5D



STONKING 8 AT LEAST 50P

SKATE MUTIES

FROM THE 5TH DIMENSION

A COLOSSUS OF ADVENTURE!

HUNDREDS OF SATISFIED
POTENTIAL VICTIMS



ALL PICTURES
IN THRILLING
NATURAL
COLORS!

the Zine with three Nipples...and none of them work!!

IN THIS ISSUE

THE MARK

I WAS TRAPPED BY THE

WARNING! SKATE MUTIES FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION IS VASTLY COPYRIGHTED! ANY NICKING, COPYING OR REPRINTING OF ANY CONTENTS IS WELL NAUGHTY. SO ASK US FIRST OR WE'LL COME ROUND AND SET THE DOGS ON YOU!!

SILLY IN STOCKINGS TWO-FISTED ACTION!!!

SCRAG ENDERS AND LEGS UNDER DESKERS ARE:

- HAVE-A-BANANA HACKENBUSH
- SPIDER SUCKLING PIG
- BEANO MONGOOSE PECKER
- JO BOLICK STEROIDS
- GYPSEY JOHN SANDAL SLUT
- BIG SEAN "NEEDLE" WORK
- ROBO BLOBBO MACHINE
- VERNON TACKMOUTH LUSTER
- RICHY DOGGER BANK
- DAMIEN PANTY HOSE
- ARTOO KATE THE SKATE

BACKSEAT RIDER

HOLD YOUR TROUSERS ON YOUR NAUGHTY BOY!!

THE MINOR LEAGUE BAD GUYS

'NO NEED TO SELL DRUGS! FLOG MUTIES FOR CASH!

No SPACE tricks, no catches, no brains required!! Yep! Simply phone or write to Mutiesville and we'll send you any amount over five copies of his here zine and you offload em on chums, enemies or small children. Send no money till they're all flogged. We pay the postage!
Contact to grab a slice of the capitalist action!

PLACE AN AD! GAIN CRED!!

Wacking an ad in a future issue! Rates start at a pitiful £15.00 and with a print run of FIVE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED more than a few punters will cop your ad! Whats more, if you're totally CRAP at drawin we'll even run you up one (...for a wee fee!) Phone today (ask for Hackenbush) or write for total lowdown on rates deadlines and all that malarky!!

Giz it! roared the mob.

SUBSCRIPTIONS + OVERSEAS

U.K £3.50 gets six issues wacked thru your letterbox as soon as the ink dries!
EUROPE The current issue and a well spam STICKER will cost ya £1.00/4 I.R.C's/\$2.00
NORTH AMERICA One copy and a rude letter for just \$2.00!
All include postage and shit...Money orders/cheques made out to "S.M.5.D"....Cash is fine as long as it's taped down (or something) and cunningly hidden.

ZIPPO POSERS

S.M.5.D.

TAKE MY HAND LORD JESUS, I'M COMING HOME!

6, Dean Lane, Southville Bristol BS1-3DF.

CAPE CANAVERAL TESTING GROUNDS.

PHONE *0272*638758 KINKY CALL LINE

The sheer vital tonnage of her



'GET NAKED!'

STRAP UP, STROLL ON! AND BATON DOWN YOUR RELATIONS!

Wot a BONKER of an issue we've coddled up for you this time! FOUR extra pages are coughed up and you'll also get cartloads of more funny drawings to get you slowly wanking! And YES! YES! It's bloody late again, but strange experiences with car ferries, 40 year old cocaine abusers and a lengthy court case have kept us busy, but at least we're back so wipe away all that other bollocks you've been reading and get real!

PULL OVER AND TAKE ME

we have, somewhat foreign "oh, la la!" feel about this issue with reports from AMSTERDAM and NEW YORK, which if followed correctly will save you from the clutches of tourism and Arab drug dealers! Not such a chunky skate content this issue as valuable inches HAS to be given over to "SPACE HOPPERS" the next BIG thing to "bounce" into the nations craze market. Expect fully customized versions of this 70's toy v. soon and tough tits personalized trolley merchants, yer old HAT!! Big input from outside contributors this time so, as always, we hanker after YOUR arty bits, scene/gig reports and pubic hair clip-pings/Christ, we may even pay you for em ... (in shiny beads or summin)
So till X-MAS, when something FLOATING WEIRDO comes from the house of "MUTIE", hitch up your petticoats and get your nose stuck in

SOUP AND URINE BREAD? GO TO BED!!

MY TIDDLES WON'T GO IN THE GARDEN.

THE SQUADRON MUTOID

No woman a mine is gonna suckle no goddam sick **Yoink! A GUSSET GROAN** SAND, SEA AND DRUGS EXPOSE!!

BIG A RAMA

GIVES IT TO YOU STRAIGHT

RIGHT ON FOLKIE IN PUNK RIP OFF DRAMA!

So called "folk hero" and GOD to simpering lefties everywhere, the "punk poet" **MICHELLE SHOCKED** has been taking the old cliché "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" to the bloody extreme!

Pictured below is the cover of her hit platter "SHORT, SHARP SHOCKED". Next to it is a shot of the 1985 L.P. by Kings of drunk punk **CHAOS U.K.!!** Spot the difference, we don't think! Not only is it named "SHORT SHARP SHOCK" but the cover photo's both show the singers (Ms. Shocked and "Chaos"squealer "Mower") being manhandled!



Well sod and sod again! Zombie eyed bollock men athletes may take Brain Bursting STERIODS but **SKATERS** prefer something a bit more...um...mellow!...As proved at a drop out "ACID HOUSE"

party in sun drenched **SOUTHSEA!** Seen waving their arms about, falling down alot and talking to bedposts were some **VERY** well known **LONDON** and **BRIGHTON** faces along with **EVERY** man jack and sprog skater from the **PORTSMOUTH** area! (No names, no kick in the testicles!) Enough **MARIJANA** and **L.S.D** was seen to be consumed to keep a festival **SPACED OUT** for weeks!

All we can say is "THANK CAWD" "TOP" skaters don't have to undergo them "DOPE TESTING" thingies or the ramps at most skate "comps" round the South East would be somewhat empty!! **I've made a fucking great hammock!** **BUTTHOLES TOTALLY SANE OUTRAGE!!**

In between beating up R.A.D staff members at the sell out "BUTTHOLE SURFERS" show, a little birdy informed the **MUTIES** of some particularly **NORMAL** backstage antics! It seems the "Acid" prima donnas banned all support acts and their entourage from being backstage before and after their performance. Not content with this, they told off their own roadies for smoking dope and then proceeded to do nothing but read newspapers, drink **ORANGE JUICE** and wait for it... Phone their **ACCOUNTANT** back in **YANK LAND!!** Wacky they may be on stage with nudie dancers



at "STOP THE CITY" demonstrations (one in the U.S and one in London) a few years back! Michelle "Snatcher" Shocked's record company have refused to comment saying only that they are unaware of the "C.O.R" released long player! **CHAOS U.K's** are said to be "Bastard gurt pissed off" and would have "liked a credit on her albumat least" A "showdown" is being planned upon their return from a lengthy European tour and whether Ms. "Righton as Hell" will admit to nicking ideas off obscure punk acts will remain to be seen!

and film shows of graphic **PENIS SURGERY!** BUT out of the limelight, mad-as-balloons they are not!!

SHOP RIP OFFS - NOT A SHOCK SCANDAL!

We all know (well those over the age of seven) that **CERTAIN** skate stores (No names, No law suits!) would sell bloody toy ironing boards as decks if they could get away with it BUT what we wanna know is which ones are the **WORST!** The **DODGIEST!** and the most down-right **BLATENT** of them all! We've already compiled a huge dossier on some of the worst **SCAMS** and **CRUEL**



It happened! It really happened! Go ask your mum, she may, have been there.

JUMPIN JACK HAMMER!!
FRT BAP UP AHEAD!!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN PARA-MILITARY YOUTH ORGANIZATIONS

HOAXES pulled by these capitalist toadies and we want more **FACTS! FIGURES! and NAMES!** TO stitch up these bogus old fools completely! All info will be treated in confidence and we promise to reveal **ALL** in an exposé set to rock the skate nation in issue 10!!

LETHAL TRUCKS IN COVER UP ORDEAL!

Let the truth be known! TRACKER ULTRA LIGHTS are fucking CRAP and bloody DANGEROUS 'n'all! Reports are reaching us about these potentially DEADLY "mickie mouse" trucks with BASE PLATES that can snap WITH OUT WARNING!! TWO BROKEN limbs and plenty of horrendous PAVEMENT PIZZAS have been caused by constant breakages and, scandal upon scandal, neither the makers or retailers have informed the public of their "could-be-a-death-on-your-conscience!" faults. The boycott starts here! As we say "ULTRA LIGHTS? PAVEMENT BITES! SHOULD END UP IN COURTROOM FIGHTS!"



ME IS HIP!
ME IS TRENDY!
ME HAVE LOVE
FOR MR BENDY!
BAB-OODON!!

FOAM CUSHIONS

Quote of da Month!

"YOU COME TO THE STATES GUY, AND I'LL CUT YOUR BALLS OFF!"

A somewhat excited JESSE MARTINEZ' response to being forcibly ejected from a Bristol gig for slam dancing like a Rhino on bad drugs.

SKATE BOSS IN RAGING TORY FURY!

News comes to us of the well over the top views of Top gun and owner (no names, no petrol bombs!) of "SHINERS" the U.K.'s largest skate stuff importers. "A bunch of degenerate left wingers" is how he described the staff of top magazine "SKATEBOARD" and "Encouraging the unemployed to never do an honest days work" is what he suggests are the "Bloody subversive" aims of their publi-

SEVEN INCH DREAMS

Teenage mob mayhem

OH GOD, SAVE ME

POLICE were faced with a rioting mob during a late-night disturbance in Midsummer Norton town centre.

In the middle of the mayhem, one of those involved in the melee took to his skateboard, causing cars to swerve and brake.

SCONE BASTARD!!

The skateboarder, Robert Browning, 19, of Highfields, Westfield, Radstock, was fined £40 for using threatening behaviour.

Lucas was arrested after shouting abuse at police and a crowd gathered and tried to free him from a police car.

As more officers arrived, Browning was seen skateboarding along the middle of the High Street.

He said: "If there were more facilities around here, I wouldn't have been skateboarding down the street."

Lucas said: "I had too much to drink."

Latex



EMBARRASS YOUR FRIENDS & FAMILY.
SEE BONE THROUGH FLESH, SEE THROUGH CLOTH.
WORKS BETTER AFTER A FEW PANTS.
A MUST FOR ANY MUTIE AT \$1.95

X-RAY



SPEX



I SPY WID MY LITTLE EYE... FANNY!

RIOTS IN HICKSVILLE FRACAS!

Mainland Britain's first ever "SKATER RIOT" was experienced in the tiny town of MIDSUMMER NORTON not a month back. Victimised locals beat the POOP out of several bobbies, ran about shouting and a smashing and generally scaring the crap out of rednecked police types. Arrests were unfortunately made but with laughably small fines, being doled out (see cuttings) lets hope that it won't be the last "ollie-to-old-bills-bounce" party we see!!

THE SIMPLE LITTLE MOTH: MEMORIES OF THE WEALTHY ONES

PRO STRANGLES YOUTH TRAUMA!

Sobbing skate sprogs were seen roaming the streets in dismay after a run in with the volcano like SEAN GOFF! The aforementioned young'uns had been attending a posh knob disco after spending all day (and all their cash) at the piss poor "SWATCH SKATE TOUR" at the NEWQUAY stop off. It appears that the unfortunate kids approached the "hot" blooded pro to enquire about when he was due to perform the next day. Without provocation a "crazed" Goff turned up-on one of the pack and proceeded to THROTTLE the living day lights out of him! The upset youngsters made a swift exit after saving their chums from the top pros' grasp and he was seen to return to his tomato juice as if it had never happened. We know some skaters can be a "tad" temperamental but this takes the whole packet of biscuits!!



UNMERCIFUL ication. As for the mags. "Test Team" well "Unwashed, unemployable and a ruddy shower" is about the long and the short of his opinion! Slightly to the right of Attila the HUN does not come into it!!!

FROM BEEZLEBUB, THE DARK AND GUTS OF I SUMMA'N THEE, O TOOL OF FATE!

HEY COOL IT!

LOCAL YOKAL!

SHIT GOING DOWN YER



Man. Have things hotted up here in thrash crazed BRISTOL since last we reported. Formed recently the "KRONSTADT CLUB" is a much worthy organization of local layabouts dedicated to promoting **HARDCORE** gigs, night-clubs and such yummy events. The idea is that all interested locals cough up £3.50 each for a membership card which gets you discount

GRANDAD WE LOVE YOU!
GRANDAD! HAVE A CUPN OF BLOODY HEROIN!
YOU BLOATED OLD SOD!

DISINTEGRATOR RAY BLASTER

pubes in soft focus

LADY REP OBLIGES FOR AN ORDER

MORE "LOCAL YOKEL" WEATHER LIKE IT OR NOT?

entry at club shows and hopefully will spark you into becoming involved in the set up itself. The cash raised goes towards a "float" to pay bands and halls in advance and eventually to purchase their own p.a! Regular "Thrash out" Discos are already being held on Tuesdays at the "49" club and they tell us ware house parties and "way out" events are coming up.

Definite dates so far are:

NAPALM DEATH 3rd November-Tropic Club

NAKED RAYGUN Date to be announced (probably 7th November)-Tropic Club

SCREAM 17th November-Tropic Club

FUGAZI (Ian McKayes new band) - 1st December Tropic Club

S.N.F.U 15th December-Tropic Club

»STOP PRESS!« **PUSSYGALORE-23RD NOV-TROPIC CLUB**

Also in the pipes are Nippon punkers "ROSE, / WUMBA"! (KILL A COMMIE FOR MOMMY, ROSE" plus "RUBELLA BALLE" and "CHUMBA

For more info on how to get involved, membership details etc contact **BOX K.C** 37 STOKES CROFT BRISTOL BS2 or phone the **MUTIE NUMBER**

Quick mentions for Bristol's chunkiest not-so-legal radio station! Broadcasting on 104.9 fm. every Sunday night, listen out for crap D.J's but some choice hot, heavy and bothered sounds!!

Take it from me!

WHERE'S THE REAL ANSWER?

Well blind us witha lukewarm poker! Did we get an all engulfing response to our "unmuddle the skate name" quiz in last issue. After wading through the half with responses and Acid casualties answers (like "JODY FOSTER" for each one!) We picked out five happy go lucky winners.

ADAM of Ashton in Makerfield, **KIERAN** Co.Tyrone, **PAULO**, **IPSWICH**, **JACKIE BRUM**, and some knob head naming himself **SKULLFUCK** from **ABERDEEN**. Expect 12" of throbbing plastic (namely the spam "DR AND THE CRIPPLES" album) through your letter hole soon missus...Oh?

The answers? Yes, as we all are all sure you knew it was Nutty Kaliper - **NATAS KAUPAS**, **Sawn Off** - **SHAUN GOFF**, **Steam Taxi Cab** and **Aero** - **STEVE CABALLERO**, **Pointy stick Hillock** - **LANCE MOUNTAIN**, **Toady Albino** - **TONY ALVA**, **Mucky Gongooid** - **MARK GONZALEZ**, **Tracy Per Smelter** - **STACY PERALTA**, **Tomb Gorilla** - **ROGER BANISTER**.



YES! IT'S TRUE, I WON A LIFETIME SUPPLY OF DEVISUS SEXUAL APPLIANCES WHEN I ENTERED.

QUIZED RIGHT UP!!

FREE TO ENTER!



DRINK UP THEE PETROL!! FOR TO NIGHT- YOU WANK ME OFF! SLOWLY!

THE BIBLE SAYS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO

WIN A BLOW JOB!!

BIG PRIZE!

Well not quite, but this issues comp. prizes are just as **SEXUALLY** gratifying!! This time we give you the chance to ridicule and belittle the worlds **TOP SKATERS** in **PRINT!!** Yes you too can play god and insert **SPEECH BUBBLES!** **SILLY RHYMES!** or **OBSCURE OBSCENITIES!** to the photograph of the **SKATE CELEBS** below. Merely scribble

Vomiting grandparents (48 hours notice)

MUTILATE THESE CELEBS



I WAS NOT BORN HUMAN, MR. MACDONALD.



BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

NBODY ELSE CAN HELP YOU.

down your suggestions, rhymes or send us your own cut outs by **DEC 10th** and the winning entry will be printed in a prime position in **SM5D #9!!** And if thats not enough the winner will also cop an exclusive "**VICAR PRINT T-SHIRT**" **ONLY THREE EVER MADE!** and a brand spanky new "**GRR!! IT'S THOSE BLOODY KIDS**" t-shirt courtesy of spunky "**SKATE BOARD**" mag.

Boost!

There'll be plenty of "**KIDS**" t-shirts and stickery shit as runners up prizes (including a special prize for the worst) so git your writing head on and take some bad drugs and **WIN, WIN, WIN!!!**

NEW GAMES FOR A NEW GENERATION!

I HAVE IN MY HAND SOME FANNY BATTER FROM MR.HITLER!!



NO ONE SODDIN LEAVES UNTILL I COUNT TO A THOUSAND!!



"TOURNAMENT VOMITING"

Later, they snogged, cabbed, curried, biffed and squirted.

MYSTERY WIVES KINKY ANTICS

stomach-pumping
IS CUBIC
YARDS OF PURE HORSE SHIT

STREET SUSS

A Top Pundit speaks frankly about the FREAKIER aspects of contemporary pop

Does the word "CHILL" suggest to you a slight cold? Think "HARDCORE" is something found in an "Adult" bookshop and that "RAPPER" is something a Mars Bar comes in?? Then you are obviously an unhip slob, a hideous MONG and desperately in need of a slice of "on the streets my man!" education! Here and now! We blow the lid right off the marmalade jar of "Underground" sounds, we shall expose the saucy secrets, the heart

warming true life tales and ourselves to small children! We guide you through the colourful human maze of the new "MUSIC" and give you enough knowledge to chat up any bit of teenpop strumpet you wish! So "GET UP" and then "GET DOWN" as we "MOVE ON OUT" to the twilight world of the bizarre new cult.

Hardcore

SECRET SHOE PHONE

Consistently performed by spotty middle class drop-outs this "special brew" of musical crazes relies on the bleakest set up (drums, guitar, drug addict singer) to belt out badly written up tempo rock and roll, with a young and pretty bloody angry lyrical content (i.e "War is NAAASTY!! Reagan is the ANTICHRIST! OH DEAR! We're all gonna die and lie a really big PI-IIL!! EE!!) Emerging from the anus of "punk rock" (you remember all safety pins and urinating on grannies) its roots are in America where the followers practice the terrifying sinister dance named "MOSH". The victims dance around in circles, not unlike the Seven Dwarfs on their merry way to work, shouting the name of the dance repeatedly. Grown men have been known to break down

laughing upon watching this ungodly ritual. European followers are forced by some unworldly power to dress up like lumberjacks, talk in fake Brooklyn accents and shout "YES DUDE" at every occasion.

YUGGA YUGGA HO!!

speedcore

Sort of branch line of the above but without the rosey politics and the babyish distaste of money. In fact most speedcore acts will "sell out" (i.e Sign to a Multi-national record label for the price of a shiny new van and as much pizza as they can eat) at the drop of a bandanna. Every band insist they are the "Craziest

IT WAS THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING-ERR!...BASE-UM! BASEMENTS?

CHILLY WILLY!!

GAY GIRLS

MY FLOOPY AT WEIGHS A TON!

YO! YO! IT TAKES A NATION OF MILLIONS TO TIE MY SHOE LACES!

IN TIMES LIKE THESE, THE ONLY ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEMS...



IS BLACK STRAP MOLASSES!



A PLAGUE OF SCABBY DO'S UPON YOUR HEAD!

...AND ALL WE EVER CARED FOR WAS MOMMA'S CHICKEN UHM... DUMPLINGS!



fastest, speed frenzied etc, etc"band in the world and all end up sounding like a high pitch vacuum cleaner. Lyrics usually revolve around (not) shagging girls, but how they're depressed and full of teenage angst and of course how "fast, crazy, speed-frenzied etc, etc" they are. Followers tend to be "STRAIGHT EDGE" which means they don't drink, smoke, do fifty press ups on a morning and brush their teeth after eating sweets.

ZOMBIES!

Thrash Metal

Perhaps the most blatantly "BUTCH" cult of them all. Acres of hair, torturously long guitar solos and an unhealthy liking for "all male" company rule the roost in this mish mash of musical styles. The tunes (or "RIFFS" in street slang) are constantly half inch from mouldy old dinosaurs like LED ZEP and IRON MAIDEN, then played with excess speed and little

talent. Lyrical preoccupations are with Satan and all his hordes of little demons, putting your penis into plastic skulls and loads of other ghostly wobble codswallop. "METALLERS consider themselves to be "AARRGHH! TOTALLY MUTHA FUCKIN' CRAAZEEEE! and prove this by shaking their heads alot and poking their tongues out at every photo opportunity. Certainly one for "seriously dedicated" (in other words grown men with a serious sexual hangup and with a reading age of ten.)

FOR A MAN WHO LIKES RESTRICTIVE PUNISHING

WHAT'S YOUR FOO!

MOUNTAIN BIKES SHOES YOU WEAR! ECSTASY NIGHT CLUBS AND COCKTAILS VIETNAM DRAFT STOP WATCHES ROUND YA NECK ACID! HODDED SWEATS TINTIN HAIRCUTS PERSONAL HYGIENE

WHAT'S YOUR COOL!

ADULT SPACE HOPPERS 'ETNICS' SHOES ABRA OF GLUE SITTING ON PARK BENCHES LIBYA WRIST WATCHES THAT PLAY TUBES CHUNKY SWEATERS HATS WITH MOTORISED PROPELLORS THE GREAT UNWASHED

Anarcho Thrash

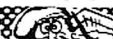
Stems from the "long gone" early 80's when punks grew ponytails and took too much acid and went around annoying soldiers at Greenham Common. A music totally governed by political bits, then as now, it's a messy sort of souped up punk racket which is guaranteed to upset Gran and depress you totally on repeated playing. The groups usually have big titted hippy chicks who can't sing to save a sausage but are the girlfriend of the unwashed "student wimp" guitarist, so they get to front the outfit. They're all profoundly "righton" and do benefit gigs for donkey sanctuaries and the "SAVE THE MONGOOSE" sorta thing. "Pacifists" (i.e afraid of a damned good ruck) TO THE LAST they whine on endlessly about McDonalds,

FOR A MAN WHO DESERVES PUNISHING

SNOW WHITE Ask Dad!

BRAIN TUMOUR

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WEAR LEAD PANTS
MOLESTING TROUSERS. BUT IT HELPS!!



HUK! HUK! LOOKS LIKE SEAN GOFF! AM THE
ONLY SKATER TO GET INTO
"S-N-S" WAIT A MINUTE!
WOT HAVE THEY DONE
TO ME!! BASTARDS!!

Mrs Thatcher and how they can't go and sit around Stonehenge and play the bongos. Their sinister duty, as they see it, is to inflict their protest music on us all so therefore freeing us from the chains of the "capitalist pig dogs" and all that, but really they're all as soppy as a kiss at X-mas and spend most of their time making foul lentil curries and smoking roll-ups.

Hip Hop stiff and hard.

Or "RAP" as its sometimes known, was born in the naughtier bits of New York and basically means talking over backing track you've nicked off some boring old disco band. Lyrically these "Hoppers" will "RAP" (talk bloody fast) about how big their willies are, what amount of cash they earned this week and how girls all want to stick their tongues up their bottoms. As well as being terrible braggers they

have their own street talk with words like "ILLIN" meaning good, "DEF" meaning, err, good and "BAD" which means good, just for a change. A typical line from a rap "track" would go "YO! Bum rush the ill flying boy who's a bit of a sucker and not at all Def or chilly really!" Constant exposure to this fast growing craze can lead to wearing funny floppy hats and being incapable of tying your shoelaces.

ZIPPO IN TEC THAT YA BASTID



House

Another kettle of mackerel from the boulevards of urban America which has replaced the "FUNKY CHICKEN" as the "CRUCIAL BEAT" in top night spots throughout the land. "HOUSE" as the experts say consists mainly "SAMPLING" (a mysterious process which enables you to steal chunks of JAMES BROWN singles and not a lot else) and a monotonous beat which drives the kids wild and has



the over 21's running for their slippers and cocoa!!
Lyrical thesaurus a bit thin on the ground and words "HOUSE" (i.e House under arrest, House) and "JACK" (...Your body, Pump up the Jack, can I borrow your car jack) seem to be about as far as they can push themselves.

GENERIC NOVELTIES/Acid House

Much the same as above but currently the hottest "crumpet" with Britain's bright young things. The "groove" here is to take lots of very expensive drugs like "ECSTASY" (sort of like drinking 50 cups of coffee) and then playing at being a hippie)

DOGGY SLAVE covered in shit

going to a posh knob disco, dancing like a spazzy all night and waving your hands around in a lighting effect that was originally invented by the U.S army to induce mass convulsions and epilepsy. The music? If you take a "HOUSE" record and lay lots of electro fart noises over it and try your hardest to make it sound like HAWKWIND on a bad trip, then you have the general idea.

Rare Groove

The most grown-up craze of them all and therefore as dull-as-a-broken-plate. A revival of kinds, the "sounds" all come from mouldy old soul records that you always see in jumble sales and second hand shops. Musically based firmly in the finger poppin', flare flappin' 70's, songs like "Get on up like a bloody sex machine matey", "Foxy Kung fu fighting



Mamma and "Funky Moped" get the faithful legging it on to the floor to "shake their ass". Most Groovies are clean living, non glue sniffing types but have an unnerving habit of acting like "SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER" extras.

So pop pickers there you have it

all you ever wanted to know but were too much of a spotty little virgin to ask. Meet up with us next issue when our experts peel back the duvet covers on another issue of our day!!!

MUTIES TOP 10 HIDEOUS FASHION FELONY'S!!

- *CLOGS
- *BOGUS FLINTSTONE SURF SHORTS
- *NEW FLARES WORN BY POSH GIRLS
- *THE TRAINERS YOUR DAD WEARS
- *"BRUCELEE" PATTERN TANK TOPS
- *THE ENTIRE CAST OF "F.V.A.M"
- *YOUR MUMS CRIMINAL SLACKS
- *ALL "OCEAN PACIFIC" TOGS
- *THE COSTUME DESIGNER "LOGANS RUN"
- *ANYTHING ON THE BACK PAGE!!

MUTIES TOP 10 CRIMES!

- *D.H.S.S DE-FRAUDING
- *SHOOT OUTS AT "McDONALDS"
- *KNICKING COPPERS HELMETS
- *NOT PAYING FOR CHIPS WHEN YOU FUGGIN DRUNK
- *SELLING GUE IN "TESCO'S"
- *SELLING CRACK AT GIGS
- *RAMPANT AXE MURDER
- *UNDER AGE SEX
- *PLAGERISM
- *CHARGIN' MONEY FOR S.M.S'D

LOLLIPOP LADY

KLEINER

Get wiSe to Wurzel!

and acid-drops... we abuse the concrete environment any way we can, the car parks are often covered from rain, snow, bird shit etc., so this is the aspect of the scene thats sure to become popular once the english rain sets in. By the way Sammy Safeway suggests 'only skate car parks on Sundays and nights unless you fancy a head to head collision with a Golf GTI packed with Yuppies after their shopping spree to Harlequins. There are or were, a couple of BMX/Skate parks dotted around Exeter, but these are damaged beyond repair, not cleaned or jealously guarded by locals. A quick bout of tribal warfare, bottom slapping, and name calling usually decides as to whether or not

TRICKS TO CURDLE MILK AT FIFTY PACES!

5.  A cartoon illustration of a jester with a pointed hat and a ruffled shirt, skating on a skateboard. He is holding a sign that says "DROP!". The sign is falling off the skateboard. The text "MOON THE SKATE YOU HAVE CUNNINGLY HIDDEN INSIDE THE EX HOPPER" is written on the sign.

MAKE CONTACT WITH THE RAMP, THEN MAKE
A FAST EXIT WHILE THE CROWD HAVE
BRAIN HEMMORAGES!!

SPACE HOPPER Re-EnTrY



HATE ROCKERS

**MUSIC PULLED APART BY
OUR SMARMY PANAL....**

STICKY "WHERE'S MY LUNCH PAIL"

BANANA - Arr! Smart intro got some bastard fairy telling you to turn the page when she tinkles her bell.

SUCKLING PIG - The music's wicked speedcore gubbins and sounds like it. Suffers from a speeded up drum sound, the bloody cheats.

MONGOOSE PECKER - Makes em sound like BONGOS. the vocals remind me of CHAOS U.K. singing nursery rhymes.

B - Well homo lyrics, mind! "They shoot their wads together with hamsters up their asses" **RUBBER PARTY**

P - (Putting his doctors hat on) Inserting rodents up ones bottoms is a common homo practice and this band of knobbers make a career singing about it!

M - Brings a whole new meaning to their **WAYNE IS BIG and CHEESE IS FANTASTIC** song titles I should say. (Now go to the top of page)

STRAP ME TO A LIZARDS TUM!! ITS MR TODD'S SWEATY BUM!!



MUMMY!! I TOLD THEM ITS MORE EXETER! CAN I TAKE THE PENIS OUT MY MOUTH?!

the locals accept you. Rumours reach us that there is a 3 pipe situated in Exeter. The whereabouts of this sacred object has not yet been discovered but my spies are on it 24 hours a day. We will stop at nothing to find out. Ibor, bring me the bamboo splinters and testicle crushing mallet... We have a few jump ramps including mine but enuff said about those. We have a slanted walls in the town and these are a real treat if you find them.

Many's a day I've been seen pumping these beautes(coer) Also we have our own wallows but I'm not going to tell you any more apart from our own Bones Brigade THE LURKERS are seen in Exeter, sessioning it regularly. Howsabout the music scene. Well its nonexistent (apart from 'Hendersons') The only bands of note that have visited us are CONFLICT, CHUMBAWAMBA, and CULTURE SHOCK. Symptoms of rioting were seen here. Not the sort of place for mild mannered skaters to hang out. If you want to tell me about any gnarly places, ramps in Exeter or near Exeter, contact: THE "MUT:65" OR ELSE!



B... Yes folks a San Fran "Rudimentary Peni" (No PHNARR! please ed) sound alike with Tom O'Connor humour. (Manic Ears)

SIDE BY SIDE "YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE" 7 track E.P

B - Oh yummy! A straight edge "We are the youth, no woodbines me mate" group, all looking very healthy.

P - I wouldn't blow smoke into their mashes.

They sound uncannily like the mighty "CRO MAGS" which means they're sound as a pound, something to listen to when you're having your milk and cookies.

M - Brutal bastard sound, take the skin off your ears for sure, New York hardcore at its hammer headed best.

B - Dunno about this straight edge stuff here, seems all "you're a complete cunt and no longer my pal cos I saw you having a half of lager" Still if it gives em a stiffy, what the hell, I'll never meet em, but if I did, I'd certainly buy them a chocolate milk!

DAY GLO ABORTIONS "HERE TODAY, GUANO TOMORROW"

B - Mmm.. I smell an attack of the mellowing out, just cos they learnt to play their instruments why does it have to be metal chod time...

P - CLOWNHEAD!! Its all a piss take, these sicko boys do dumb speed thrash metal with "GOD" lyrics.

M - Yeah listen "Ahh! Billy my shit stinks. Ahh! Holy-fucking-moley my shit stinks". Classic!



DO-IT-YOURSELF LOBOTOMY KIT
Now you can perform a safe lobotomy in the privacy of your own home! Every thing you need. New from Modern High Tech Science Lobotomize your friends. (Don't ever call names!)
☐ 099358742391/4 Lobotomy \$2.95

P - Whacking good song titles. "Fuck skateboarding is not a crime!" OR..



BEWARE! THE DEVIL WOMEN! SHE'LL TAKE YOUR VERY ROUGHLY FROM BEHIND!



FREE TRIAL!



AGAIN! CRIED SI TO KNOB TAMERS

"Satan to Death" thats what I call meaningful!
B - All sounds tragically forced to me, too clean.
M - Christ! How can you slag off a band who sing about playing the tuba in the toilet, I don't know! (Fringe)

QUICK! QUICK!! FETCH MY 1974 "LOOK IN" ANNUAL!!



YOU DEF + BITCH CHILLY!
ITS MORE 'MUSIC'!

The emotions felt by radical liberals on discovering that their flat has been burgled.

METALLICA "JUSTICE FOR ALL"

M - "Clark pies for all" would be better...
B - First track real standard Metallica but with all the rough and ready bits shaved off by fat executive production.
P - Oh No! This track has gone all "San Miguel School of guitar playing!"
M - Sounds like they spent too much time on a Spanish Club 18-30 holiday picking up guitar riffs.

KINKY CABINET

P - Bloody solid value though, over an hours worth of pimple headed metal
B - Rather get 20 minutes of really cracking stuff. Half of this should have stayed in the recording studio, self indulgent piddle.
M - although it sounds like "BANGER A1" music if you stick it on 45, it still sounds good to play with your pecker too!

(SPUNK-I-UP-RECORDS)

STUPIDS "PEEL SESSIONS"

B - Yeah! More like it baby, million times more sassy than their other recording, tons more vital.

P - classic stuff, but it all sounds vastly dated to I....

M - Every fag still hates em, I love their impudent ways, must still be the mightiest hardcore thing Blighties ever thrown up.

B - True my son - three years ago they shone like a golden coffee bean amongst the crock

WOTS FER LUNCH MUM?
NOT PIGS PENIS
CASSAROLE
AGAIN!!

REPO MAN TOOL KIT \$5.95

of shit, pity so many bands have over-taken em these days.

P - Maybe older songs, but whats the point of putting out new stuff on this racket, when ya can stick it out on your own label and get rich as a brush!

B - Forget all that! Sell all your other "Stups" stuff and buy a sack of spuds and this record. Totally invalidates all their other stuff. (Strange Fruit)

SPERMBIRDS "NOTHING IS EASY"

B - Hurrah! Classic "Headbutt between the eyes" punk rock.

P - The Sperm's stick to the rampant formula which makes them the most strokable thing to come outta Europe for at least a day.

M - Pity these foul mouthed Krouts have disbanded as they show those Rich Kid yank bands a thing or two about raging three chord noise.

B - Seems European bands stick to their guns a shit load more than North Atlantic acts, maybe its cos theres NOTHING to sell out for there.

(We Bite)

STICK DOG "HUMAN"

B - Promising cover but sounding real "industrial" end of hardcore - all posing outside garage doors and lyrics revolving around incest...

THE MEAN MACHINE IS LED
AWAY TO BE LOBOTOMISED

WRIGGLY LIME GREEN
SNAKES... AND FAST!

oops!

WRONG STEREOTYPE

An ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES Compilation
OUT: 29/08

Featuring New Tracks By:

NO MEANS NO

FALSE PROPHETS

THE BEATNIGS

TRAGIC MULATTO

ALICE DONUT

CHRISTIAN LUNCH

STICKDOG

JELLO BIAFRA

KLAUS FLOURIDE



VIRUS 68

DISTRIBUTED BY THE CARTEL

TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND MUSIC

P - And the feedback sounds like a flute gone horribly wonky - take the shame!

M - Reminds me of the weirdo bits the "DEAD KENNEDYS" used to put on the the end of their discs.

P - ...Percussion sounds like they're clouting milk bottles full of piss!!

B - Well disapointing release from such a fine label.

P - It's bollocks in other words! Quick sell it to a PSYCHIC TV fan!

(Alternative Tentacles

LET ME DRESS YOU
& BEND OVER

HAW-HAW-HAW!
WOTTA JERK!

ADVERSITY "LOST IT ALL"

B - ... I seriously doubt the titlamps ever had it! Raspingly corny, old as the hills thrash approach with lacklustre vocals and as much fun as dog snogging.

M - Should play this in Turkish jails instead of beating their feet, in fact send it to the Turkish embassy forthwith.

P - Totally indiscernable from so much other piddle, but it does sport a finely cheesy sample of a yank "JESUS WANTS ME FOR A SUNBEAM" song.

(yo MUSCO's! MORE ON ORDER)
rest so say all of us. (Manic Ears)

Belly Dance



I'M
GONNA CREEPY
GLUE HIS
HAIR!

OY! MISGUS!
TAKE YOR
HANDS OFF
WOT YA CANT
AFFORD!

SEE THE
GIANT
FANGL
ALL
CARL
PROGRAMME

In this world nothing is certain save death and taxes and another series of
VISIONS OF CHANGE "VISIONS OF CHANGE"
Family Fortunes.

B - Ummm! Get down my man, souly organ all the way daddy - stomping good noise, with wierdo tonsilling and a Motown groove - strange mix of styles or what!
 P - Fuck me! It's PINK FLOYD all that "WAH, WAH!!" guitar and "free festival" vocals.
 M - Great catchability on the riffs, a real punch to the throat, well different from past vinyl, these sprightly Midlanders will go far.
 P - ...As the garden gate! Honestly it should be "VISIONS OF KNOB"! Why have pale imitation of FLOYD when the real things around.
 B - Sod away on a boat grandad! Pah, to old hippies, bring in the new ones! (Firefly)

OLD LADY DRIVERS

"OLD LADY DRIVERS"
 P - Here we go, metal intros, all out mushy thrash and Donald Duck on P.C.P vocals.
 B - From the label that bought you "SPAZZTIC BLUR" another platter extracting the michael outta cripples.
 M - It's getting BORING all these "HUK, HUK! Aren't we wacky" yank bands, trying to shock you by mentioning spastics and whatever.
 P - Thrash music on the road to sell-outs-ville, with a vocalist who sings like an old bag woman...
 B - And the drums sound like badly dubbed machine gun sould effects.
 P - These yanks just try too hard to be manic and oddball and end up unfunny and a right royal load of bollocks.
 Can't imagine ANYONE sitting down with a cup of tea and a biscuit to listen to this!
 M - Good cover and name, but don't let that turn you on! (Parache)

ADRENALIN O.D. "CRUISING WITH ELVIS INBIGFOOTS U.F.O"

P - Like it, the "SUNDAY SPORT" meets ugly nitro assed speed punk!
 B - Big, full as a bull sound, no "Bumble Bee in a matchbox" thrash here. Stinking hot album, although a wee bit more commercial, still a godsend.
 M - Forget all that "NAPALM BREATH" codswallop, this is what the kids should be latching on to!
 P - Pity is, bet if they played no sod would turn up cos Antichrist PEEL don't play this kettle of fish.
 Rough Justice

MUTIES TOP EAR PLEASURES THIS TIME
ADRENALIN O.D. SPERM BIRDS, DAYGLO ABORTIONS.
BREAK INTO SMALL PIECES AND MAKE INTO NOVELTY EARRINGS:
 OLD LADY DRIVERS (unanimous) STICK DOG (by a card vote)
 THE RAMONES "RAMONE MANIA" (we didn't review it but its toe-rag anyhow)

THERE IS YOUR DESTINATION!



PENIS VARIATION IN PRE-COLUMBIAN WORKSHIRE BY WEIGHT AND VOLUME

Just put your finger in the hole

R-K-L/GOAT «Amsterdam»

PIP SQUEAK AHOY!
BOLSTER ME BALLS



IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, EAT 'EM KERBAL ASHPALT/JINGLE DE HUNCH «Same Bloody Spot!»

"WA.HAAAY!! Tulips from bastard Amsterdam!!"
Here we is! Fuelled by ferry fun, in the shape of "ARR, Jim lad!" rum, a deformed hippy from Depford and a drunk-as-bog-brushes gay cabaret band, we hit the city of a million funny cigarettes at dusk with a handful of fellow skaters addresses and ready and ripe for action! We aim ourselves at a downtown "ANARCHO" bar called "KRONDSTAAT" and immediately feel like horrendous tourists with our bags full of clothing and "we've just stepped off the boat." looks. We're hassled all the way by mad

SPANK ME RIGID
arabs trying to sell us "GRASS" and "GOOD TRIPZ!" Not on your NELLY! Wouldn't buy a dirty postcard off such chaps let alone a slice of Mc.Druggery.
Into the bar we tumble and feel about two inches tall as we are given a harsh looking over by the locals (crumbs! Maybe they think we're plainclothes plod or summin?) but manage to stop going red long enough to order "hold up two fingers, point at the bottles and smile" beers. (BOOZER FACT NO1 Dutch beers

I'M WORRIER
OF GENGHIS COME!



being the "right on" time to arrive home, and fall asleep to pounding MANTOVANI...
HURRAH! Morning after (Health FACT NO3 Dutch beer gives you no hangover being totally additive free!) and we dine on a shoplifted
cop surge **Nose-Cap Astray**
brekkers of "CHOCOMIL", sort of like a liquid Mars Bar, Swiss chocolate and a devilishly spunky yogurt drink.

After a communal puke we head off for every young shavers ogle spot- the red light DISTRICT!!! Its Tuesday morning and pimps prozzies and bag ladies are already out and letting it all hang out. Down BOY, DOWN! All the painted hussies sit STARKERS in windows making v.suggestive movements. We are in a state of shock and watch fat German businessmen and British Squaddies roam the streets with wads bulging in pockets. We of course, get hassled by every pusher, dead-beat and looney and refuse enough drugs in one street to feed the whole of hippydom (UNNERVING FACT NO4 Watch your backs! As the locals tend to spit on them if they don't like the look of ya!) Full to the gills with rumpy pumpy images.

Frank Sinatra is not a member of the Mafia! And that's official!!

wibbles



WELL HAVE YOU SEEN THE OLD MAN OUTSIDE DA SEA MAN'S MESSIN? HE'S AS MAD AS A BLOODY BRUSHIN' LA LA LA



We scuttle from the zone clutching our "HOT LESBO PUNK ACTION" books and "WIND UP WILLY" toys in search of some pre-gig culture. Two hours later after putting the good old British V's up to the "VAN GOGH" museum for charging "THREE QUID" to get in, we hang out in "DAM" square Place of soppy students (french) mad old scrotes drinking boot polish and Finnish punks scrounging spare change. Ah, the continental life!!! We watch a gaggle of half cut clown types fire

BIZARRO THING



come in 3 pints and most of it is friggin froth!) At 60p a go it will soon be time to wave good-bye to Johnny Traveller Cheque... 600 "Two biers please!" later we have taken up a drunken offer made by a cute 17year old skinhead. Yes you guessed it, a place in a squatted school house for a night or two! (HISTORICAL FACT NO2 The squat was two doors.
Next morning she woke-up, tasted a tonky, and left.
down from the legendary ANNE FRANKS museum. (YONKS!) We make it back at about dawn, that,

IVE... UMPFH! GOT... GULP!... TOMATOES WITH WHEELS!!



breathe and fall on broken glass, we get more black looks when we laugh heartily at plopping money in their battered topper and then head for tonight's bash situated at the large "run by the Kids, Matey VAN HALL".
Crowds have already gathered and nee every man jack is Americanized RIGHT UP! We are talking THREE checked shirts each, bandanas spouting from every orifice and enuff "X's" on hand to play noughts and crosses for a century. (BITCHY FACT NO5! How come, if the Dutch are so MORE TRAVEL BASTARD OVER DA PAGE MISSUS!

WHY DON'T YOU GO

Foreign Travel Bastard Special!

THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "ROCK"

sussed, do they all dress like mutated extras from "COLOURS"?)

We down our last bottle of "PIG SICK CHERRY BEER" and charge into the gig to find a wall of dope fumes, sweat aplenty and a local band grandly named "GOD" (SEXY FACT NO6! If at a gig a local asks you for some "SHAG", DON'T WORRY!. That means "cobacco" not that they desire to enter your bottom!) The band it appears, have

WUMP!

a slavish liking for those fluff heads BLACK SABBATH as every song they chug out sounds like a "SABS" cover version... But without the words! Maybe it was the fruity atmosphere (two lungs full and you're MR.WOBBLY) but they sounded really intense and had the hairs on the back of your neck standing to attention. Riffs and fuzz guitar attack aplenty but they must play 'ere a whole shit load as not ONE foot was even a-tapping! A cool customer is Johnny Clog even at a hot and jiggable concert. In the interval we meet up with a 6ft five black belt Karate French skater who wears a beany cap and luckily, digs "SKATE MUTIES".

We arrange to meet up for bar malarky, his girlfriend laughs constantly at our clothing and informs us that most Amsterdam "Hardcore types" consider all English scruffs as drunken football thuggo types whose musical taste goes no further than the U.K Subs. Social intercourse is cut short as RICH KIDS ON L.S.D (R.K.L to you ma son!) start belting out a particularly vicious form of "Play fast as fuck and they'll

lap it up" speedcore. The bassist is about 4 ft nothing and keeps his sweat-shirt hood covering his cro-mag type bonce for the entire set. He looks like a spastic munchkin. To our ears the music sounds like a loud, angry bee with a wind problem but the band are AMERICAN

HON!! I'M ON THE SIDE! GET 'EM STONKIN WIDE!

Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get.

SPANKARAMA

SO therefore adored by the crowd who "MOSH" about like hordes of deformed pirates from the "Ministry of silly walks"(FACTS OF LIFE NO7! Doing your own thing is frowned upon here. Those not following the "no bumping" rule can expect much jostling and telling off from fierce looking Amazonian women!) Can't say the music did much for us, too much speed spoils the broth, and with a bit more hair they could have passed for a short assed "SLAYER". Still it was handsomely played so we must be backwards or something! The night is marred when we are cornered by a pissed-as-a-poodle Parisian

Punk who gave us graphic examples on how he gets kicks by burning punkettes with lighted cigarettes. We run screaming back to the young skin-head's squat and finish off a bottle of duty free "PAINT STRIPPER" Vodka. The next three days are a liquid dream,

NO! NO! A SCUTTER AMONG KINGS I MAY BE! BUT YOU WILL NEVER POKE MY BLOKE!!

12 hour stints in bars are clocked up and we are saved only from alcohol by bumping into the drummer of a youthful yank outfit "VERBAL

YEAH! STICKY BUN PENIS!



ASSAULT" at a cheese market of all the dumb places!! As we watch be-clogged Dutchmen leg it around with cheeses in trollies we rap

about all things English. He scores max.cred points by telling us that he knocked a copper's hat off with a rock at that years "STONEHENGE" fracas. We score zero points by telling him they should concrete the place over and turn it into a huge skate bowl and Burger bar complex. Still he invites us to his gig that night and we buy him a beer. Six hours later after a circuit of bar bags of chips,(FOOD FACT NO8 Cloggies cover their "pommes frites" in yucky may-o or sticky peanut butter sauce) more bars, lose your "Gift wrapped cheeses on the tram" we arrive at the venue to a paltry amount of punters. Wots happened ere? Well apparently all the bastard

THE SIMPLEST ANSWER TO BED WETTING

AIN'T NO FEEBLE BASTARD! NO CHAD VALLEY BAG LADY!

mental "right on" types have toddled off to a demo that afternoon (POLITICO FACT NO9 Dress for "demo's is formal here! All black boiler suits, motorcycle helmets and gurt big sticks, its invite only (no foreigners) and grenade launchers are optional) and had gorne and

Sarge! A croc!



DISOBEDIENT TO PARENTS



SUCKE-DICK!



SKULL & BANNANA

got their collars felt! Sounds like a laugh eh!! Still, half empty gigs would not dampen the spirits as it was our last night and we got on with the job of checking out the first band "JINGO DE LUNCH" Boy! Check these rubber necks out! A great rollercoaster of a group, spouting savage guitars, up tempo and toney hardcore and dancing around like hyperactive geese. Their femme singer (BEHOLD! Hundreds of "Anti-sexist types" drooling over her "grooving")

SOUNDS like a spun out sister of the "Bad Brains" vocalist as she warbles in German, we understand

not wot she says, but it sounds pretty saucy us! The unspoken Dutch rule of no dancing to support acts is in force so we make do with

The Swissarmyknifeosaur

CONF. ON PAGE 20 NEXT TO

a vigorous head nod. One day the "JINGS" will be wildly popular with trendies and wimps and

WITH ME

a bit embarrassing as it only happens when I get excited!

Please, please advise me on the

Yrs
Malcolm Ringofitch

DOC: Starting with numero uno, **SCREW THEM!** The current trend is to make them outta **URETHANE!** At any rate, I hope your arms healed and get your mum to buy some nose plugs, ride on dude!!

CHEAPSKATE! a Tesco's bag and hairy string

Dearest Doccy,
I've just come up with a cheap, cheerful and snazzy looking alternative to them stupid bits of overpriced sticky foam rubber ya stick underneath the nose of your deck. All you do is grab a piece of flannel (ask your mum for an old one) and with a handful of nails fix it down (bend them over on top or you're in problem city!) and you'll have enough grip to pull off the most wicked stunts I guarantee. Also why waste good **MONEY** on **SKATE SHOES?** I get by fine with a carrier bag lashed soundly to each foot and a stout pair of socks!!

Yrs stealthily
"Ditch" Pitch
Grimsby

DOC: Don't **WORRY!** All skate shops have a funny smell about them! What you smelt was fresh grip tape and money. So keep the nose up tight, but clean! In other words don't be afraid to sue your parents. Great letter but no t-shirt winner!

SKATER JUSTICE!

G'day Quack!

Me and my bro's were shredding a rad ditch the other day when some fat jerk let his kittens out of his backyard, can you believe it!! One of them came over and **PURRED** at me so I whacked it a few times with my stick and it sort of died. Now the owner wants to sue us, what can I do in the face of such small-minded rednecks!!

Yrs worried
Stanky and the Coonhilly mob
Staines

DOC: YOU BLEW IT DUDE! Christ, start by making the trucks parallel!! And as far as eight foot wide ramps go, **YES!** On both counts! Especially when you stay away from concave decks, O.K.!

SPACE CASE!

LISTEN UP MALLARD, I know this is gonna sound real ignorant, but what are those little rubber spacers in your trucks called? All my mates call them "Vaginal odors" or something. Are they right? Please help as I may have to buy some new "Vaginals" next week!!

Yrs
Tim McVicar.

ME PULL THEM! EGHARD CLITORIS!

Your questions answered by resident old git **DOC MALLARD**

Ask WEIRD DA SCIENCE

QUACK!

SMEGY CHEGGY!

ROCK ME! CHESTER!! ROCK MEE!!

MORE BLOODY COLOR PAGES

POOL PALAVER!

YO DOC! His favourite part of you is...

CHECK THIS OUT! I was out solo skating the local pool one night and the "Bull Dyke" of an attendant caught me grinding the coping. She started to bitch on about how a public swimming baths is no place to use my "TOY" (I nearly kicked her butt for saying that!!) and that I was endangering the lives of the folks swimming there! Then she told me to clear out or not! I would she call the cops but also the "men in white coats"! When I told mom and pop they grounded me for a week! Can I sue someones ass or what?!!

Yrs
Jeremy Spoonfed
Peterborough

P.S Why do I talk like an American when I reside in the North Midlands?

DOC: HA! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! This is hilarious, you can't weight and unweight! Try going about 60 M.P.H, that should help your fakie invert to front truck slob! I know its rough, but 13% of my mailbag says their parents won't allow original axis rotation! I'll send you a squishy inner core for letter of the month O.K.!

FIRE UP!

Mallard you old scone!

I'm an alright skater (I can ollie, fiddle with myself when handplanting etc etc) But every now and again, I suppose its the same with most people- I spontaneously combust!!!! There I am getting "wired" pulling a "lean-to-nose-flute aerial-automatic" and **POOF!** I go up in flames and end up a smouldering husk on the deck! This upsets my friends (well they start to vomit and scream hysterically) and as you can imagine sometimes a good rogering with my chick can be

☐ Every little bit of you.

☐ Breasts, buttocks.

☐ Your funny little nose.

☐ Cunt.

SAGGY LOOKIN' STUFF!



STAR TREK LIVES



JENNINGS AND THE HORMONE IMPLANTS

adidas

MEET A SCHMUCK WHO GIVES FREE ADS TO MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR COMPANIES



STAR SECRET Dolly Parton wears a toupee. On her breasts!

SCOOT DA BOOT!
COS THERES
SPERM TO SHOOT!!

SALMON RIVER SLIM SAYS:
the Place to Go is
IDAHO!

CONDOM
CAPER
ANYONE!

TOTAL BREAKOUT



Repeat mercilessly, sobbing aloud. Rush outside cursing obscenely!

**Latex
FOAM
CUSHIONS**

HEY NODDY NODDLE!
HI MIDDLY NO NI!!
SPILL MY WAD
ON YOUR
STOCKING THIGH!

Add to this a certain Mr. Crippen sporting a SPONGE PNEUMATIC DRILL and we've got one hell of a spongy affair on our hands! Corks! (Arrgh! The Irish are back!) Is this sort of thing supposed to happen here? Course it joggling well is (is this a gig for drop-out marathon runners or wot!) Excellent stuff and the CRIPPENS lot certainly get the thumbs up in Wigan. Next on the "DEFORMED" who play some spiffingly "Grungy riffs" much to the delight of the assembled punters would have been even better if anyone could see them but someone "in the know" decided to "broken neck.") One speedy set later and Dom informs us "things are gonna get 'silly now". Bloody right they do too. Everyone swaps instruments, plays just as fast and the crowd goes berserk, including two unashamed revellers climbing on the stage to add a chorus or two on the old KAZOOS, followed by half the audience Back to "normality" for a second rendition of "Sheep" (is this a song or a weird sexual preference?) and that just about rounds the night off nicely, madam. Get that album retitled, coz the only good punk is one who carries a KAZOO!



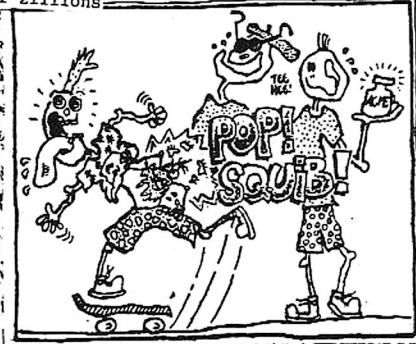
TOGA
VOGHART
SEX
PARTY!

Cuddle me
and my face
lights up

A deformed Victorian circus entertainer

**-ElectroHippies- Deformed-
-Dr. and The Crippens- Wigan**

The promise of a humdinger of an evening at the "DEN" prompted enough people to turn up to fill this macaroon place to capacity (thats 16 and a midget at a push, S.M.5.D) and then some, in anticipation of a good nights thrashing. Starting off the party came brain numbing speedie cornflake merchants "DR. & THE CRIPPENS". A nearby throng gathered at the front of the stage intent on creating general mayhem and having a jolly good jig to boot! (good grief they're all IRISH in Hull!!) One minion was heard to utter "It's like a bloody battlefield down there!" which was further enhanced by the release of zillions



develop pulverizing
hand power!
CALLING ALL SPOTTERS
THE SPOTTERS GUILD
(ENGINE-BUS-CAR)
A NATION WIDE BROTHERHOOD OF BOYS
OBJECTS:
(1) To make every boy's life brighter and happier.
(2) To encourage and increase the interest of boys in modern transport and to assist them in their studies and hobbies.
(3) To encourage friendships between, upon a common interest. This includes a "Pen Pal" Division for boys living at a distance or for the lone member.
Actual size of Badge)

GUILD

Get sweet revenge on the 'SNAKE' who licks your thrills

After you've slipped him some 'ACME NOVELTY ALIEN' pills!



The need to laugh continuously while listening to an anecdote for fear of missing the punchline

SECRET
LISTENING
DEVICE \$195

Early to bed and early to

SPIDEY'S DA
NAME!!! ANAL
INTRUSIONS
THE GAME!!

RUBBER GORILLA
HANDS & FEET



BLOWYA BALLS OFF



A LIMEY-LOW-LIFE TAKES ON New York

He spat Astray

NO, I TOLD YOU BEFORE HACKENBUSH YOU WITLESS
OAF! I don't do that sort of thing anymore
I resigned! Retired! I'm a respectable
married man now, leave me alone, I refuse to
write for your ten pence rag! What's that?
You'll pay me? ...With money? Oh well in that
case, sit back and listen up good, cos I'll
only say this all once Matey,

WHEN THE SOLDIER RETURNED TO AMERICA

Ahhh, you motherfuckers think you're all so
bad with all your HxCx shirts, bandannas
converse et al, but let me tell you brother
you ain't shit! Thats right boy. I tell you
you ain't shit. You seen it on T.V you read
the mags, but I went there, cos I thought it
may amuse me, and thats more than you'll ever
do, loser fools. Yessiree visa'd up, loaded
to the gills with cash as usual, the aston
Martin in storage and the special branch on my
tail, I strolled through U.S immigration 8.40
local time at JFK into the arms of my Yankee
stripper Slut girlfriend of much breastness,
who's better looking than any girl any of
you will ever get.

and into the biting New York wind. First up
everything was so big - the cars, the sky,
my girls tits. But needless to say it all
went in my stride. To the subway! A thousand
miles removed from your cosy London Transport
you molly-coddled little limey fucks. Yeah
it stank like a glasgowlavy and was just as
full of winos. I was immediately accosted
by one, demanding hefty slugs of my much vaunted
ceremonial DUTY FREE CAPTAIN MORGANS. I tactfully
ignored him while the other passengers merely
sniggered at my plight over the bone jarring
rattling of the J Train. See, buddy-boy, all
the trains go by letters for the lines. Having

BREATH THROUGH YOUR EARS



Wield glasses that make your fingers look
all bony. There is always one of these on
every bulshit ad page like this that says
"you've been done, since Time Immemorial."
It's part of American folklore. The liars and
liars. X-Ray Specs. \$11.95 per pair

GIMME A
TENDER LOVIN'
GOD ANY
DAY!!



DEUTCHLAND
UBER ALLES!



Y-FRONT
DOWN. GREASE
YA POLE. SELL
MA ASS FOR
BAG O' COAL



AND
SPEAKING
OF THAT
ASGARDIAN
HIPPIE--

CUT OUT AND USE AS NECESSARY

taken my first encounter with the locals
in good humour, the train deposited me in
SOUTH WILLIAMSBURG, BROOKLYN. I'm telling
you, you think you're bad, man, till you
seen this shit you DON'T KNOW what bad is.
Huge-type gangs of PUERTO RICANS standing
on every inch of sidewalk space, yelling
mucho loud the brand varieties of their own
particular crack, cocaine or smack. One
legged maniacs on crutches thrust sealed packets
of syringes at you with the traditional cry of
"DIABETIC WORKS". Everyone is toolued up.
Tension is not the word. The cops drive
by looking the other way. This is all, like,

outside my new home, girlfriends apartment,
and must be negotiated whenever you leave or
enter the premises. This young jack the lad
from big bad London Town was suddenly not so
Jack, or big, or bad. This has nothing to do
with me not leaving the house for a week.
Nor does the constant automatic gunfire ex-
changes that keep you awake all night.
Naturally the first sally out to the world,
running the gauntlet of Hell, was to TIMES
SQUARE and obviously to a Porn Cinema.

Large smells of disinfectant and very uncomfortable
seats were the order of the evening. The
highlights of the film were certain members of
my party removing clothing in quantity and
joining in the revelry much to the delight of
the audience and the chagrin of the management.

boring dull yawn

Unlike squares in England, Times Square does
not have big columns and stone lions, it has
Porn Cinemas, Fuck book shops and prostitutes
ohh... the cultural contrast of our far-
continental cousins. Spending alot of money,
as of course I am always in the position to do,
we rounded off our evening with god-awful
pizza and thus placated the gods of tourism.
This foray was followed by a long energetic
stay within the confines of a certain BROOKLYN
apartment. Large eating (food is cheap U.S.)
much bedroom exercise, at least 12 times a day
(no lie) and most T.V. But the T.V stateside,
it may lack the dramatic insight of the Anglos
but the intensity! Such chat shows as the
"Morton Downey junior show", more an abuse

FOR REALLY HEAVY WORK! LAR

the participants show. Needless to say it
was daily diet. Nightly mission to the all
night store were undertaken to provide fresh
fuck books. The locals begin to recognise me
and stop shooting at me on suspicion of
being a member of N.Y.'s finest, the old bill
Being young, white tall and not completely
unhinged does surprisingly have some draw-
backs. Notably murderous crack and smack
dealers taking you for an undercover cop.

SWALLOWING spurt

attempt to eat their own weight in cigarette ash out of a wellington boot.

You can lead a headbanger to water, but you can't make it wash

HERES MORE YANK WANK! THEY'VE SHARED A THOUSAND ADVENTURES

...the man in the Deli-store took an instant liking to me (strangely, since I am in love with my spouse) and thus my neck was somewhat saved. This had nothing to do with the sizeable bribes I was able to offer, of course. During this time I was at liberty to purchase such goods as ADDIDAS trainers, or more correctly HI TOP SNEAKERS, that would cost you noncy-boy in U.S. speak, in fashion conscious Prisoners of Mother England in excess of 80 notes, for sums equalling a quarter of that aforesaid figure. Thus equipped, clothed in my most casual finery, (including obligatory COCKNEY REJECTS shirt

and cloth cap) I was obliged to visit that most feared of institutions, the NY HIP HOP NIGHT CLUB. On this envious and courageous adventure I was accompanied by long time acquaintance, rival in depravity and business colleague, JOHN THE BASTARD, who for some ludicrous reason found himself in NY at a time concurring with my own visit. Two such visitors simultaneously has been known to rock nations, cause distress and lead to strange unexplained stomach upsets, as the publishers of this humble journal will doubtless agree. Having been divested of all our weaponry at the security metal detector "a la airport" at the door, I found myself a white boy in a not so friendly not so white field. I countered this problem in the traditional manner, with much beer.

Much to my surprise, a small half-pipe appeared on the stage, accompanied by local snot nosed boys, and one certain JEREMY HENDERSON (who some may remember) an old U.K. original with a relaxed but precise kinda style, small fuckin' world eh? We exchanged words from the old country, but not too many cos we (I 'spose) were both glad to be ex-patriot and did not travel such distances to converse only with Britishers.

A CREAM SLICE & DENTAL ENQUIRY!



MUTANTS

53 ORIENTALS - ONLY 10¢

Apart from obvious violence the evening went quietly. Thru the beer and gunfire induced haze the next event of note seems to be a show, or in English a gig, et les "CRUMBSUCKERS". Now you may think that the SUCKERS OF MUCH CRUMBS may be the mighty band of the evening but as it turned out the crumbboys were tight and practised to the degree that their performance was like listening to their records, very loud. But, unheralded talent LEEWAY took my vote with

HAW HAW! HE'S SO FAR OFF, THAT THEY'LL SOON BE FEEDING HIM UNDER THE DOOR! HE'S MAD!

metally roaring of the first order. The audience seemed content to skip around in funny circles. Strange lads, they all seem to sport much shortness in the hair, Fred Perry shirts Doctor M's boots and all be about 14, also they were most taken aback by my strange floundering and prancing about. So much for this "MOSHING" business you wanna-be-American, jerks mouth about, its just a great big girls blouse skipping-in-a-circle game. Ha!

Plenty more happened in the Big Apple let me assure, like at high pace, but I don't see why you low lifes should experience it for nothing. If you're so fucking curious you go find out for yourselves. But of course you never will.

I'LL TELL YOU, I PREFER TO PLAY IT SAFE. I READ THE OTHER DAY THAT ONE IN TEN HAS HERPES.

But N.Y. what of CG GB's home of hardcore you ask? Well mate, its a kinda falling down little dive made out of old plywood, about 3 nails and some black paint on street called the "BOWERY" who RAMONES devotees will know is somewhat of a scumbag place. Yes, a nightmare of many winos bastards, and on Sunday Afternoons many



WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? THIS ITCH IS DRIVING ME CRAZY. (GASP) OH, MY GOD, WHAT'S THAT? ?



WAKE COLOSTOMY BAG



Crappo grip messing up ya handplant look?

LITTLE DAVID IS NOW FACING DEMONIC FORCES COMING AT HIM USING SUBLIMINAL MIND CONTROL THROUGH THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

Right from the States, **Real American hardcore sex**

ITS TRUE! THE WORKING CLASS REALLY DO SMELL OF CABBAGE!!



INSTANT UNDERGROUND CARTOON COURSE



Sort it right out with a nice shiny hook!

Schoolgirl killed skinhead lover

WE'LL KEEP A MALCOLM IN THE HILLSIDES

HEY! EGG BRAIN!
MORE YANKEE
SLANDER... NOW!!

DOWNTOWN AND GOOF
ON PEOPLES HEADS!

young, fresh faced skin-heads to who shaving is a dream in the distant future. It seems that these boys are too young to drink, too stupid to get laid and too scared to go buy drugs, so they whine only about STRAIGHT EDGE, poor saps. Incidentally CB's is just about the only place with a bar that doesn't demand ID, proving you are over 21, and thus of U.S drinking age. Anyhow the bands I experienced this spring afternoon were all young New York short haired and in the CRO-MAG vein. Talking of the CRO-MAGS, as we were, I was at this point living only 100 yds from a certain HARLEY FLANNEL MAN (or was it highly flammable?), who has a big altar in his kitchen where he blesses his food, and devotes

The fear of being left alone with children

it to KRISNA. A rat faced pit bull dog, and a girlfriend who spent all the rent money on a heroin habit of gargantuan proportions without Harley ever realising what was going on. Still, he was going out drinking every night in a bar down the road and eating pepperoni pizza on the way home. Ahh the pizza, a dollar a slice the size of both your sneakers, and beyond anything you've had here. It's the bag of chips of N.Y., no luxury food like here.

If you're skint, you buy a slice with your last buck. Anyway back to CB's, the bill consisted of \$5's worth of SICK OF IT ALL, ABSOLUTION, and turn even the puniest of bands into a metal rage. Also the size of the place (small) adds to the raucous sweaty atmosphere. And its very, very full. And hot. SICK OF IT ALL, ran thru a run-of-the-mill set, better than most tho'. The power-fucking-house of ABSOLUTION storm a set, most volume, exceptional blast. But you'll have to wait till you hear them, which you probably never will. But what about skating you ask? "What about it?"

CANNIBAL CARNAGE

I say. I'm a bank disciple and there are scant few of them in NY, not to the standard I'm used to anyway, and my ankles are too old and frail for all this ollie nonsense which seems to comprise most NY street skating, so little was done. Also most of the skaters were dicks, and I didn't want to be associated with them. So I didn't, and I wasn't. Skate or be associated that is.

Anyhow, about this time, contractual, skate and sun-seeking obligations conspired to remove this cockney blade from the voluptuous arms of his woman, and off I flew PAN-AM to San Francisco, but that as they say, is ANOTHER STORY.

NOW DO I GET PAID?



HEY YOU
BIG OAF!
WHERE'S THAT
BEER I
ORDERED!

B-CORE



PRODUCTIONS

School's playing energetic sports in the

NIGHT OF THE LIVING SKATE ZOMBIES - LIMELIGHT - LONDON



July 4th and we're in LONDON, what Yankee Independence type japey can we get up to. Yikes a lordy its the BATPHONE!

One swift chat later and we're off to the tres tacky "LIMELIGHT" club with promises of free entry to an indoor skate session with LANCE MOUNTAIN, JOE JOHNSON and KEVIN "Gee London is real dirty, not like home" STAAB...

Watching is a fat, old, crap snooker player, a dwarf and an acid casualty on a skateboard should be fun. *Donald Sinden is a member of the Royal Shakespeare Book Club*

After bribing the doorman (who mysteriously lost the guest list) we are faced with the crapest indoor ramp in history and the VISION street wear salesmen outnumbering the skaters 3 to 1. The groovy skatesounds promised, turned out to be the "SEX PISTOLS" and "TEARDROP EXPLODES". PAH!

Downstairs was even less fruitful, the band CRAZY PINK REVOLVERS (boring pink peashooters more like) were on and their bassist, fully clad in Mc.RAD t-shirt was duly canned and renamed Mc.CRAP.

Getting slowly more drunk and not a peep, night dragged on... 2 o'clock and not a peep of Yankee skaters we decided to call it a day and try and pick up some uptown mamas outside STRINGFELLOWS... We bumped into a v.drunk Mountain who apologised for not showing up. We said PAH! NIGHT OF THE LIVING ZOMBIES left us with a bad taste in our mouths and we vowed not to return to LONDON for a goodly while. Me I'd rather drink cheap lager and watch old "Asterix the Gaul" videos than go through that again. Luv, Spider xxxxx

BRAIN EATERS

LET'S MAKE A CHANGE!

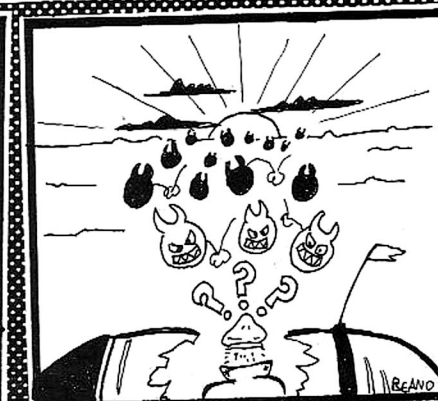
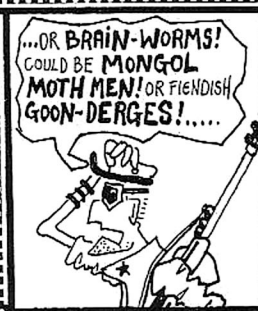
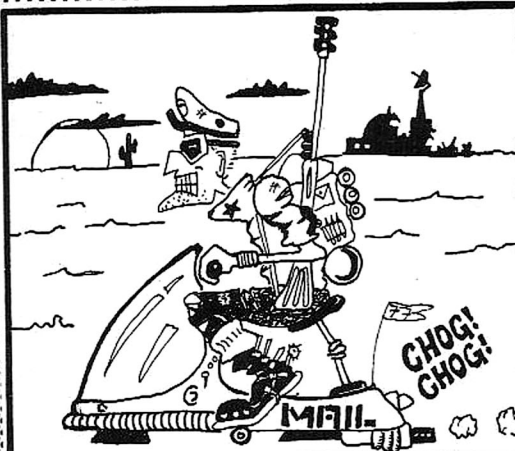
HI BANDS !!

I'M SEARCHING A GREAT MANY BANDS FROM THE WHOLE WORLD FOR SOME INTERNATIONAL COMPILATION TAPES (LET'S MAKE A CHANGE) EVERYONE INTERESTED PLEASE CONTACT WITH US AND SEND A DEMOTAPE AND PHOTOS WITH INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR BAND

DIRECT TO:
JORDI
APODO.CO.35221
08080 BARN
SPAIN

FRENCH TICKLER

How dare French minds keep so perky all the time. Well it's definitely French and it's sure to Hell tickle you. *000900 French Tickler* \$1.25



BUT...IT IS NO HERE
LIGHT...IT IS AN ACTUAL
UNIVERSE...IN
A PROCOSSIA...A
WORLD WITHIN A
WORLD!

Believe Jesus fed the multitude from dozens of bandy-size snack boxes

a JohNy ZiLch RePorT

20 PUNK ROCK

SHE OPENED
HER LEGS
FOR BACON
AND EGGS!!

A SPANKING GOOD STORY

FACTS

boring liver

Howdy Doo Dah. Zilchy here. Looked in any music papers recently? A quick check on the featured bands is enough to have you doubting it's 1988 at all. Just what's going on? Joe "Daddy wasn't a bank robber" Strummer rocking against the Rich, Johnny "Don't want to go over the Berlin Wall" Rotten packing 'em out in Russia, Siouxsie "Never been a nazi" Sioux still not being a nazi... And what's this? Sham 69, The Damned, even Ware, all on a reunion lark. I thought they were all gonna be dead by '78. Now at least Sid got it right...

STILETTO SUE

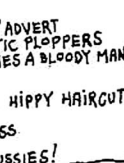
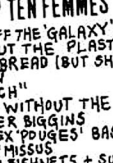
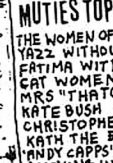
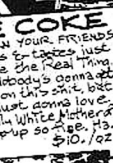
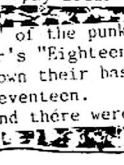
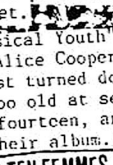
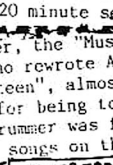
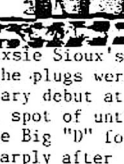
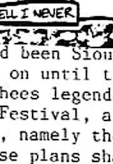
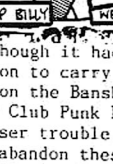
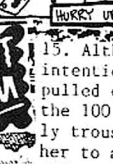
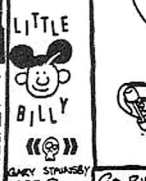
Anyhow it's over ten years since the Pistols went down with all hands on deck, and the "pogo dance" has long since been relegated to history-book status along with the fox-trot. So despite S.M.S.D warning that "certain skeletons must not be dragged out of certain cupboards", it's time to rediscover 20 amazing facts about our safety-pinned past.

1. George Ramone? Yes Joey's less stick-insect like predecessor shared the same first name as a 1930's banjo player and a beatle.
2. Anarchy in the U.K.? Rumoured to be just a promotional device for Malcolm McLaren's anarchy shirts, and actually written by Jamie Reid, the Pistols artist.
3. Steve Severin, Siouxsie and the Banshees blond bassist used to answer to a stickier surname: Steve Spunker.
4. Mark Perry of Alternative TV fame, dared to call an early band of his "Airfix and the Glue Sniffers".
5. One for Acid house fans. Billy Idol of Generation-X and solo fame's first band was called L.S.D.
6. Before Johnny Rotten's penchant for wearing baggy suits and even before "I hate Pink Floyd" shirts and bondage jackets his favoured style was the army greatcoat look.
7. Once upon a time, many years ago, Jet Black of Strangler's fame was more noted for the ice-creams he sold than his drum playing.

wind-battered drink

8. Elvis Costello's peculiar C&W style singing may date back to the day he found his mouth full of cigarette ends and his feet on fire, courtesy of the Damned.
9. Budgie, ace percussionist with Siouxsie (again) once felt more at home behind a Chad Valley children's drumkit.
10. Sham 69, those terrace tearaways of the late 70's Top of the Pops, were to be seen in their early days mining to Bay City Rollers songs.
11. Kevin Rowland, of "Come on Eileen" and "Brush Strokes" theme fame, was once happier wearing a dog-collar and mouthing obscenities with the Killjoys a primal Manchester punk band.
12. The Clash really were starving musicians once. They even had to cook and eat the flour and water glue left over from fly posting in the early days.
13. Adam Ant, that "Price Charming" and King of the Wild Frontier", once chewed gum and slapped the bass with a band called "Bazooka Joe".
14. Around the time of perhaps their greatest hit, "Homocide", 999 were frequently mistaken for Slade.

TOGETHER WE CAN BEAT PAUL DANIELS



THRASH STREET KIDS

7. The guitar player with the Adverts is known principally for "Gary Gilmores Eyes" and female bass player, Gaye Advert) was unfortunate enough to resemble Frankenstein's monster and suffered accordingly at the hands of other band members.

18. The real reason the Damned were replaced by the Buzzcocks on the "Anarchy in the UK" Tour is allegedly connected with the discovery of human faeces in Johnny Rotten's creepers one morning.

19. Australian punks "The Saints" once appeared alongside their namesake (Ian Ogilvy version) on ITV's "The return of the Saint" series

20. And finally, one of punk rock's strangest incidents was when Poly Styrene, one of X-Ray Spex and later a Hare Krishna, was visited by Space Aliens who ordered her to denounce her celebration of all things gaudy and plastic. This "close encounter" was well documented by the Daily Mirror and other noted news-papers.

So there you have it. Everything you need to know for next years Punk Rock revival. And if you're worried about getting some of the more extreme fashions correct, here's a tip from Johnny Rotten's mum, Eileen Lydon, on the wearing of safety pins through ears and nose: "In fact they don't stick them right through it just looks that way."

"Naughty old Johnny". Yours zilchingly Johnny Zilch.

amstErDam cont.

probably will do multifold PEEL sessions. Till then they remain, poor, unknown, street cred and utterly lovable. We muscle our way back stage to say "DARLINGS! YOU WERE SIMPLY WONDERFUL" and try and extract an interview. But as they speak nowt but German we content ourselves with guzzling their beer and by a cunning use of sign language and smiles converse on the wickedness of

drug abuse. We are ushered out just in time for "VERBAL ABUSE" and prepare ourselves for some good old fashioned pencil-necked punk rockin' NOISE!! But what! Do our ears billy BULLSHIT us. REGGAE? Thump me with a mule, this lot have changed!

No more punk'n'nasty thrash, instead you gets CLASH style pop reggae and a few mellow-like hardcore ditties... Now maybe it was the beers, the "end of term" mood or the heroin we'd just

ALL KINDS OF WIERD SHIT & BITCHIN' STUFF... jacked up but it all sounded well... good! Before you could say "Dancings for big girls innit!" we were up and skanking with the rest of the hall (and we mean everyone, even the resident drunk puked to the beat) and generally got "RIDDIM" for the rest of the night. Aye how we danced that night, the band were so overcome by it that they did endless encores till the crowd flopped to the floor and died of

after the Crucifixion, Jesus himself was sealed away in a Tupperware cave from which he was able to emerge three days later as fresh as the day he went in.



FISHNET FANTASY



7 HORNE DEMON + A PINT OF SEMEN



SPANKERS



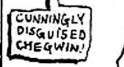
HELLO! HELLO! JELLY MOODS NAUGHTY INC?



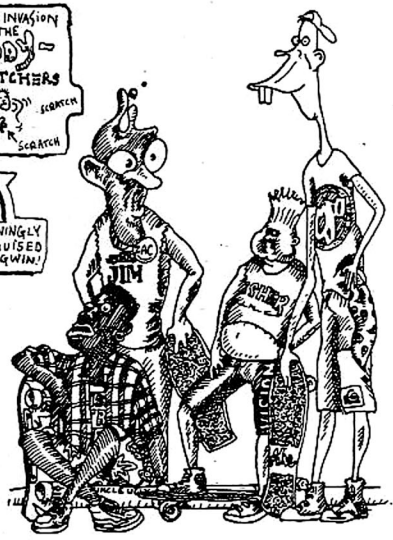
BIG BOOBS NELL



THE INVASION OF THE BODY-SCRATCHERS



CUNNINGLY DISGUISED CHEGWIN!



AT SLAM CITY SKATES-130 TALBOT RD-LONDON W11 1JA

HAPPY TO BE HEELED

total over exposure to fine music. See "VERBAL ASSAULT" if you ever can, forget it if you hate that sorta music, let your trousers down and groove till death!...

Next mornng on the ferry home we had the absolutely divine experience of sharing the journey with fifty...ARRGH! ENGLAND- lager frothing at the mouth- FOOTBALL SUPPORTERS! All sporting TATS! TASHES! and wobbly BEER-GUTS!

LICK THEM CLEAN

They took great pride in "seighelling" for hours on end and generally acting like lobotomized stormtroopers. One "Ambassador of Blighty" staggered past our table and accused us of being "TULIP CHOMPING WINDMILL BASTARDS!" and had to be "restrained" (get a gun stuck up his hooter by a Dutch rozzer ie!) from giving us a good

hiding. Welcome home! We thought in unison... In a perfect world we would have produced "UZI" machine guns, stormed the "POOP" deck (or summin') and demanded to be taken straight back to the land of cloginess and cheese rolling! Instead we drowned our sorrows in cheap liquor, got vastly depressed, then went up on deck and threw empty bottles at the bastard "Merry England" White Cliffs of Dover...


TOTALLY AMAZING

slut fondlin' fever



- MUTIE TOP 10 TRANSPORTS
- *PRAM
- *GO-CART
- *BUBBLE CARS
- *ICE CREAMS VANS
- *SPACE HOPPERS
- *H-GWELLS TIME MACHINE
- *FLYING SAUGERS
- *NINJA SCOOTERS
- *F111 WITH THERMONUCLEAR WARHEADS
- *TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION
- *READY OFF THE GALAXY AD

"I thoroughly enjoyed it until someone's intestines dropped onto my head." Reginald Bosanquet



POST FROM THE PLEBS
YOUR LETTERS MOCKED

SURE BEATS BOG ROLL
POOH SMELLS THE



GAGGLE O' SPROGS IN VISION TOGS!!

This is a REAL nickel!
It will squirt a stream of water 8 to 10 feet.

Hi MUTIES,

Well, it's either write about the mail or sit through a typical film premiere called "EARTHQUAKE" followed by "HOSTAGE FLIGHT" one of those tacky yankee films which has some honky B movie actor with Doc Marten boot polish over his face witha French accent supposing to be some mad Iranian hijacker- I must say he has me fooled. Where do they get them from?

What with sitting through "The Fall Guy" earlier on, I'm sure I can do better things with my time, such as reading Muties*7. Well I'm lying a bit, I've read it already but it ties me in with telling you what I thought about it.

MANGERS

S.M.5.D

AND IT'S THE STORY OF MAL EYERSON, ACE HOLLYWOOD WRITER.

Who the fuck do you think you are slagging off "HELLBASTARD" and Heresy in the "BIG BELLEND" *7 of "GAY CUNTIES FROM TOMMY STUPIDS PENAL SPHINCTER" Just because bands such as Hellbastard havent got the "skate or die" attitude you think they are WANK (or they'm wank) as you would say in sunny Bristol You GAY fuckin' ciduerr drinking FARMERS.

NEXT TIME I'LL FUCKING KILL YA FROM THE POPE!!

Kidderminster

S.M.5.D So you wish to put us to death?

As you are wobble bottomed shortie with a fixation about Homosexuals and Vaginas somehow we doubt it. And if not liking dirge metal means you're gay, then let us be camp as pixies!!

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, EAT 'EM

Dear Muties,

AT THE LAST MINUTE
WHITE BOY WONDERS
WHY THE FUCK...?

a.aren't I a rock star in videos?
b.Black girls don't clamor all over me?
c.haven't I got money to fly to Rio?
d.aren't I on "Life Styles of the Rich & Famous"?
e.posters of me aren't on everykid's wall?
f.haven't I got 3 Gold Records,yet?
g.people don't swamp me for autographs?



WHY THE FUCK...? WHITE BOY WONDERS
AT THE VERY LAST MINUTE BEFORE HE
SMASHES THE FUCKING WINDOW OF MACYS
WHERE HE MADE HIS VERY FIRST WISHES
ON SANTA CLAUS' FAT LAP SEVEN TIMES

Paul Weinman

S.M.5.D Whoaaa! A bonofide "Angry young man or what! Trouble is Paul old stout the answer to all your questions is "COS YOU'S AS MAD AS A MONGOOSE!"

No doubt your idea of fun is hanging around bus stations talking to vending machines!! Still nice to have a bit of poetry eh?

"I prefer a hot cup of tea. But it doesn't half make your willie sore."



SCREE SLOPE SEX SLOPE

ONE TWO! BUTTER MYGHIN!

CUCUMBER CATHY

Jenny Agutter has got three buttocks - and none of them work.

TIDAL WAVES HURRICANES AND EARTHQUAKES!
SPRINKLE HEROIN NOT SUGAR ONTO CORNFLAKES!

A striking cover for a start, and straight away I fell onto the "Photo luv" story which had us in stitches - I'm sure you spend alot of time reading teeny bop magazines like "BLUE JEANS". Not that I do, I just know about the titles, someone tells me this information err... honest. Cracking stuff.

I noticed the clown picture on Page 2 came from "FANGORIA" (I love that pic too, though I'm sure the film would be dead tacky), as well as other bits from the same magazine, but them I guess you would when there's a section on gore films. What happened to the section on comics you mentioned that was going to appear in *7??? No worries, becoss the rest of it made up for it.

I also noticed bits and pieces from "the killing joke" too- I'm pretty impressed by that 'graphic novel' I must say- cracking art and script, that makes you wonder how long you'll have to wait for anything like that again. The problem with Alan Moore (author of fab 'killing joke') being so cool in his scripting is that I'm worried that all these tossy little ANTHRAX fans are going to turn away from J**DE D*E*D and jump on the "good"comics bandwagon. Not that I'm someone who's got every collection of D.C and Independents back to 1792 or what ever, but I'd rather they stuck to their sticky pages of JUDGE ANDERSON books because I'd feel embarassed being seen alongside them in the shop. I remember about a coachload of little Brummie sprogs busting into one comic store once shouting "Fooking hell liiike, it's JOODGE FREDD" (imagine the accent if you will). Maybe



SPUNK BY DA LADLE!
SPUNK IN QUARTS!
GOT MY SHARE OF GENITAL WARTS!!

Squirting Nickel!!



TOAD'N' EGG OMLETTE!!!

SCROTE TICKLER GENERAL!

FOR A MAN WHO WANTS, 2 NAUGHTY GIRLS

THE PUNK THINGS

ACIDHOUSE



I'm being picky and snobby, but I don't relish being disturbed in my quest for the monthly read by thousands of little toerags with snot dripping from their noses shouting "Gurt Deadlock is zarjaz" at ABC Warriors books while getting tingles in their pants after discovering a copy of "Red Sonja" or something! Finally one tiny weeny criticism in the "WHAT'S FOOL" section you had London mentioned. Maybe I'm wrong, but London has ALWAYS been fool!! I mean, the whole attitude, of the place is a load of mouthy barrow boy "Fackin'hell, do us a lemon guv" cockneys whose combined brain matter could fit into a bastard egg cup. I expect you know that already,

Yrs,
CHRIS EXETER

S.M.S.D My god if we could fine a point we thought sucked eggs we'd slag it, but we can't GULP! Give this man his own column in the "SUNDAY SPORT" or something!!!

Muties. Really rate the mag but the column in "SKATEBOARD" isn't as good as the zine mainly due to toned down language and features, What a sell out!!

Also get the message across to those English wankers that "HIP HOP" and "HOUSE" (Whatever the fuck that is) is not cool music. I'm sick of people saying that all skaters have always listened to hip hop. What a pile of fucking shit. Before the commercial exploitation **HARDCORE** who listens to POP will probably stop skating soon!!

stinking
S.M.S.D So Mr Smarty pants, if some poofy skate rag chucked £400 at you a month to draw stuck men and slag off skaters wouldn't you...how you say "SELL OUT"! Hip Hop is no longer cool, jughead. Any once knows free form masturbation breakdancing (i.e ACID HOUSE) is the big thing.

Dear Sirs or Madams,
What a fucking boring cunt JIM of P'boro is! See last issue. Like him. I am not skating punk but I think your mag is the

HMM, I'VE SEEN IT ALL BEFORE OF COURSE, BUT I NEVER FAIL TO HORRIFY!



business. A splash of colour on a dark gloomy punk scene. I think metal - all metal (thrash etc) is a load of fucking bollocks. Lets keep punk as punk, Hell bastard and Megadeath - Fuck off and die. Lets have more pics of naked women.

John (Drunk Punk) Strood, Kent

S.M.S.D Could not agree more me old piss head. Keep the longhaired clowns out of our cult! Flogging with an "ANTHRAX" silk tour scarf is far too good for em!! Re.Naked women, will the odd picture of skaters exposing themselves do??

Better well-read than dead.

INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT SKATEBOARDS

- 1.They like coming into contact with your shins.
- 2.They double up as nailfiles.
- 3.If you take the trux off and try to use the deck as a snow-board, it don't work.
- 4.They do enable 18yr olds to get half fares on buses.
- 5.They make buying a loaf of bread and a tin of beans that bit more exciting.
- 6.They're phallic.
- 7.They're not all made in Taiwan.
- 8.You can't play Mummy's and Daddy's on them. (the grip tape gives you road rash)
- 9.You can go dead fast on 'em.
- 10.Wives/Girlfriends don't always understand why you've got to have a skate as soon as the rain dries up.
- 11.They do make great hats.
- 12.They don't make good condoms.
- 13.They do have a sense of humour.e.g you make a great trick, go to show your chum and 'ta dude NO trick
- 14.They are ssssooooo much fun. go shred dude!

Pete Rows Nottingham

S.M.S.D Hey neat stuff Pete! But you missed out the 'picnic table and grossly deformed nail file, so no t-shirt for you, ya forgetting boobie!

Maybe other readers could come up with the definitive skate "FACT" top 20... But we doubt it.

People who live in glass houses shouldn't have sex on the carpet.

"Undress" he rasped, I wish to spread my Star-spawn.

BUILD YOUR OWN STREET RAMP!

BY TACK VERNON MUTIE

I BELIEVE DEMONIC ACTIVITY IS THE BASIS OF HOMOSEXUALITY TO DESTROY THAT INDIVIDUAL.



DON'T WIND ME UP MAN!

STILL TO SUE

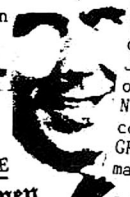
As the devoted amongst you will remember last issue we showed you how, with a few simple household tools you could build a SKATE PARK cum FULLY MILITARIZED ZONE with SPACE ALIENS LAUNCH PAD for your Teddy, Action man and any other infantile toys you are unfortunate to own. This time we move up the proverbial ladder and show you how to construct a trendy JUMP RAMP! which doubles as a GANG HUT! (only for the harshly stunted of growth) or a slider for your little sister or pet monkey. So lets slap on the elbow grease and get cracking!! First off you'll need a lot of that woody sort of stuff. What you can't rummage out of a skip or steal from someones unfinished kitchen extension you should be able to pick up at an "Old Gruffer's " timber-yard for the price of an inflatable woman. So now run out and collect.. HALF A DOZEN SHEETS OF "9" Layer and "12" Layer PLYWOOD. cock biscuit

- A CRAPPY OLD PLANK
- 20 FOOT OF 3"x 3" WOOD (or something akin)
- SOME NAILS (screws if you're a flash BASTARD)
- SOME BASTARD LONG NAILS
- A BALL OF STRING AND PENCIL OR A VERY BIG PLATE
- LOTS OF WOOD GLUE

SHOPPING SLAVE



FRIED-EGGS WASHTRAYS MARVELLOUS!



WANG CHUNG DYNASTY OR WOT?

BECOME A NEW MAN - ABLE TO PROTECT YOUR FAMILY AND LOVED ONES -

Remember you'll need at least twice this amount 'cus you're bound to get it wrong. Right then Chippy Minton, get your enormous plate (or ball of string and pencil) and use it like a vast compass to mark out a SEVEN FOOT DIAMETER circle on a piece of 12 Layer Plywood. Fuck it up a lot and eventually get TWO pieces looking a bit like the side piece in the diagram. Cut out the Transitions, trying to be very precise, STAR TIP! Don't make the angle starting from the leading edge too large or not only y will your willy drop off, but it will cut down your speed on the ramp by much! Cut your transition SUPPORTS from the 3 x 3

spunk' Buckets

wood and slap them between the two plywood side frames using much gusto, nails and glue. Then with a bit of fiddling and a lot of cussing, nail/screw in the supports as shown. (Yes, we know its not that clear, but use your loaf for Gods sake...Its simple really...) Now you have what we in the trade call your BASIC SKELETON! Fetch some more plywood and fix it to the TRANSITION SUPPORTS and PLATFORM SUPPORTS two layers should be fair and dandy. If you're a real poof you can slap a few layers of plywood on the platform TOP FRAME to stop you disappearing into the GANG HUT aspect of this might y construction. Whack the old plank on the back for added strength and saw, bite, smooth down with a brillo pad any "sticky out" bits. Wait AT LEAST 30 seconds for the glue to dry and write "BIG DOGS COCK" on the tran. For extra "street tough appeal", go out and SHRED IT TO HELL! It will of course fall apart after two hours use but thats because the plans are totally bogus and only printed here to inflict injury on you little bastards!!!! Jump ramps! I ask you...Scared of a REAL ramp or something ...I don't know?... Next "ish" we'll be telling you how to construct your very own WANKING CUBICLE! with GRENADE LAUNCHER ATTACHMENTS out of a washing machine packing case!

PRESERVATIVE

Remember you'll need at least twice this amount

Right then Chippy Minton, get your enormous

like a vast compass to mark out a SEVEN FOOT

Fuck it up a lot and eventually get TWO pieces

looking a bit like the side piece in the

diagram. Cut out the Transitions, trying to

be very precise, STAR TIP! Don't make the

angle starting from the leading edge too large

or not only y will your willy drop off, but it

will cut down your speed on the ramp by much!

Cut your transition SUPPORTS from the 3 x 3

wood and slap them between the two plywood side

frames using much gusto, nails and glue. Then

with a bit of fiddling and a lot of cussing,

nail/screw in the supports as shown. (Yes, we

know its not that clear, but use your loaf

for Gods sake...Its simple really...)

Now you have what we in the trade call your

BASIC SKELETON!

Fetch some more plywood and fix it to the

TRANSITION SUPPORTS and PLATFORM SUPPORTS

two layers should be fair and dandy.

If you're a real poof you can slap a few

layers of plywood on the platform TOP FRAME

to stop you disappearing into the GANG HUT

aspect of this might y construction. Whack the

old plank on the back for added strength and

saw, bite, smooth down with a brillo pad any

"sticky out" bits. Wait AT LEAST 30 seconds

for the glue to dry and write "BIG DOGS COCK"

on the tran. For extra "street tough appeal", go

out and SHRED IT TO HELL!

It will of course fall apart after two hours

use but thats because the plans are totally

bogus and only printed here to inflict injury

on you little bastards!!!!

Jump ramps! I ask you...Scared of a REAL

ramp or something ...I don't know?... Next

"ish" we'll be telling you how to construct

your very own WANKING CUBICLE! with

GRENADE LAUNCHER ATTACHMENTS out of a

washing machine packing case!

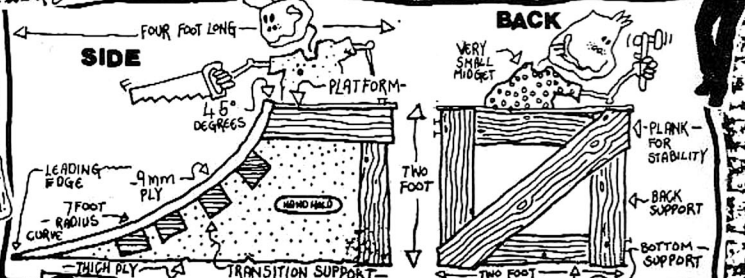
WANG CHUNG DYNASTY OR WOT?

WANG CHUNG DYNASTY OR WOT?

WANG CHUNG DYNASTY OR WOT?



I'LL BEAT MY MEAT NOT THE RETREAT!



SKIN HEAD WAG



WANG CHUNG DYNASTY OR WOT?



WANG CHUNG DYNASTY OR WOT?



WANG CHUNG DYNASTY OR WOT?



WANG CHUNG DYNASTY OR WOT?



WANG CHUNG DYNASTY OR WOT?

Worry that none of the heads of the presenters on "Newsnight" seem to be a normal shape.

WANG CHUNG DYNASTY OR WOT?

DID YOU EVER HAVE LODGINGS LIKE THIS???

TALES FROM THE NOVEL

by R Holders 19/8/87 - 4th (AGH! NO MORE!)



I meant to have a bath today as I stink. My nails are too long & I have an itch.

I have a c... Cold & it's bloody f...freezing in this poxy box of a room...



I've been stalking around this house like a mad hunch back trapped in his 'Sanctuary'...



...only Mrs. Snot is no Esmeralda.

I felt obliged to sit (live) with her, trying to read poetry... but my eyes were (perversly)..... drawn to her heaving ancient breasts & hitched up skirt displaying her fat, quivering, hairy thighs. Sickeningly stained yellow & pink knickers bulged out & acid snells bit through my snot filled nostrils.....



I tried to escape in the flickering images of the tube.

I'm OFF TO BED NOW DEAR.

NEXT MORNING:



Wh... what have I done?

FIN.

wibbles, nibbles, fruits, pillows, suffocators.

Tricks TO CURDLE MILK AT FIFTY PACES!

OLLie To skid Row

FIND A STREET COVERED IN SOULGLY WHEEL
SOAKING DEAD LAFS. KEEP
YOUR WHEELS ROLLING
FOR A LAZY BASTARD
STREETSWEEPER



THE UNDER SIXTEENS GUIDE TO SKATE COMPS!

FANCY RIBBONS
BUNNY RABBITS

HAW HAW - HEY GUYS,
THIS IS THE DIRTIEST
STORY I'VE EVER HEARD
IT GOES LIKE THIS

Bavarian toilet savage, UNFUNNY

"shown up" because you're not as good as the experts) You will need something to sit on while you're gawping all afternoon DO get your mum to wash your fav. skate shirt before you go as after "PRANCEY MOUNTAIN" or another "Top Pro" has autographed it you'll never be able to wash it again!! DO take bags of cash with you so you can buy a funny colour £50 watch or whatever the "sponsors" (the nice men who pay the skateboarders airfares) are

WIFE SWAPPING PARTIE

flogging. This is of course compulsory for anyone under sixteen. DON'T take any food or drink with you as there will be plenty of RONALD Mc DONALD burgers, mars bars and cans of coke to stuff down your necks, besides you don't want to spoil your tea! DON'T worry when scruffy old skaters laugh at your "VISION STREET WEAR" togs, this is their secret skaters code for saying its "def and chill". DO ask anyone over the age of 18 for a sticker as they're probably a world famous skate boarder or run a huge skateboard shop and they ALWAYS carry sacks of them. DON'T enter any competitions even if the say "its just a bit of fun". YOU could win a deck or something, but your mates might laugh at you and thats worse than going to school on a Saturday!! DON'T try and have a friendly and normal conversation with any pro skaters as the will turn into a huge, multi-tentacled space alien and bite your willy off!

So here it is the BIG DAY at last! The TOWEL PERAMBULATOR tour is in town, you're getting a strange bulge in your "VISION STREET FISH" shorts at the thought of seeing the lush manoeuvres of CHRISTY HANOI and you've polished your wheels for the 50th time. But hold on there! Do you know what to say and so? Will you make a complete "CUNT" of yourselves in front of your heroes?!

Thou shalt not harbour thoughts about sweating.

Wot if you touch someones bottom by mistake?! Well young reader, just for such an event, we come up with a guide to being "JOE COOL" at any skate comp. and we'll keep you well away from any tricky or sexually embarrassing situations. DO turn up nice and early so you can reserve a place next to the ramp. (They let you do this at most "professional events") DO bring your skateboard. Although you cannot skate (as you'll be

RICE KRISPIES FAMILY SIZE
WITH TAMPON INSERTER
SPECIAL OFFER

OH LA! LA!
DA VIGARS
GOT CRABS!

THE FILTHY SAKI-SWILLER'S GOT US COLD! BRAT!

shout appreciation when askater does really "GNARLY" trick. But remember only things you've read in THRASHER are allowed.

push your board up the nose of a pro when you ask them to sign it and... DON'T forget to bow your head in reverence as they expect this from anyone not as good as them.

laugh, giggle and nudge each other at female skaters as we all know they can't skate.

confidentially bummed DON'T nick anything off a skate shops wall (even if unattended) because the assessor man will come round to your house in the middle of the night and cut your fingers off.

buy looking "fanzines" off bird looking people as they're not as fist-fuck shitkickers.

COMPLETE CONFIDENCE
Classified ADS

without your help we could not have found the happiness we now enjoy in the twilight of our years.

quick hack and slash. A little peeling, CRAP artists, boring review-lame layout men and any spotty sprogs who could help my flagging, please contact **FLORIAN BUM AND CRUDDY CONVERSE**.

skate SKATER wants old pair of ERSE ALL STARS. Don't have much, can't afford new ones. Help me. Write please!! Box 49.

Generic/Electro Hippies split Heresy - Thanks E.P. Stupids - e your mark E.P. Heresy - Nevered flexi. Stupids - Violent nun E.P. m - All records. Terveet Kadet - All records. Any name U.S Punk records.

THE MISTRESS HAS HER WAY

ED DESPERATELY Whalebone corset, ical truss, and extensive hair splant.

Box 31. I killed her. Bad move.

SALE EX SKATER Bored of macho skate

Seeks guys into ninja scooters

space hoppers. No jerks or zine

sters! Box 61.

OOOH? ARE THEY REALLY?

GRAVED PORN WANTED Yes a chance to

rid of all those "science journals",

or conscience forbids you to keep a



good as R.A.D are they? and there ain't no free sticker. DON'T respond in anyway when frantic looking stewards tell you to "MOVE!" so they can start the comp. DO take hundreds of pictures of your fav professional so you can show them to your girlfriend (this really turns them on and you might be allowed to put

This is a fish! spat Christ. your hand up their t-shirt!!) and you can use them to make your own fanzine. DO wear waterproof underwear and the reason for this is you're bound to lose control when a big skater does a really "Bitchin!" air...

OH HOW ORIGINAL! And finally DO kick, maul and dismember your mates in the sticker "toss" as a small piece of plastic is worth more than your mates eye....

Eat a Batchelor's Pot Meal

YO! ARE YOU A SKATER, artist, band-member, fanzine-producer or anyone with something fun, interesting or profound to express? If so send any creative contributions to: MIKE WILSON, 79 BROOK GREEN, HAMMERSMITH, LONDON W6 7BE for inclusion in "POSITIVE DISLIKE" FANZINE! All straight edge dudes write. SODOM AND GOMORRAH WERE DESTROYED AS AN

BORED OF SKATING Get down on the new craze, yes they're back, those devilishly engineered SPACE HOPPERS. Can your credibility afford to be without one. Now in ADULT sizes. Send for FREE colour catalogue.

Box 66. EXAMPLE TO ALL THOSE WHO LIVE UNGODLY. CASH PAID FOR Battery operated zoids, a aurora "glow in the dark" horror series, ANY condition Box 39. NOT ONLY FOR HOMOSEXUALITY

FUCKED BUT WEARABLE Sheepskin lined leather pilot's jacket wanted. Large size only. I'll pay up to £40. Box 40. BUT BESTIALITY, ADULTERY, FORNICATION

CALLING ALL AGEING PUNKOS

Sell me your old clothes, tartan bondage trousers, destroy cheese-cloths, bum flaps etc you know it makes sense. Box 90.

STUDENT DESPERATELY SEEKS digital watches any condition, any quantity, cash paid. THIS IS NOT A JOKE. Please reply Box 23. AND ALL FORMS OF SEXUAL PERVERSIONS

ALL YOUR UNWANTED Sex aids bought for cash. Black mambas, juggernauts, rectum riggers. The whole bloody lot. Box 70.

placing an ad matey?

Piece of piss ain't it? Just £2.00 for any message you want and an extra £1.00 for a box number if ya want one (which means we get all your letters then send them on to you if you don't want 4,000 sicko's knowing your address.) Suddenly, there was a plague!

bearded
POSH
balloons

DAVID, THINK ABOUT ALL
THOSE PICTURES IN YOUR
DADDY'S BOOK. OF ALL
THOSE PEOPLE DOING ALL
THOSE STRANGE THINGS
I WONDER IF

WOULD I
HITLER FREE
OUT OF THE
PARADISE

**MESS
OF
PRESS!**
comics + zines put
under the scapel

HOT 'N'
THROBBIN
JUST
BIN
NOBBIN!!

"SLICK WHEELS FROM A
SPANISH WAITER" SK - U16

Short but fruity read and getting more abstract and dirty with each issue. Our copy had a reference to "SM5D" crossed out and another well known skate zine put in cus it was a slugging. The CHICKEN SHITS are good but have a long way to go!

(30p, MILL HOUSE, BTEARNE, NR DEVERLY

HU17 ORU) **lagedred, nubiles**

"SKETCHY" SK - ☺ - ☹

Still the best pisstake zine around and totally belittles every aspect of skating, including our goodselves. Nearly all the wit is razor tipped and annoys the hell out of many "respected" skaters. Recently held a "SKETCHY DAY" at Southsea, which was a miserable failure of course, but these sorta "SKATER" events are the only place to grab a copy cos the writer's too scared to give his address out.

Jimmy Saville sits patiently in the make-up waiting to have his face ironed.

"RAISING HELL" YO! - ☹

This hoary old bastard reaches ish.18 and although its getting a bit stale it still cuts the mustard on hardcore coverage in all its devious forms. A tad obsessed with the "Police men-are-tad obsessed with the "Police men-are-tad agents-of-South-Africa" type paranoia, but for just 15p you don't complain do you? (said with his best "price-of-eggs -cor-blimey!" head on!)

(Box 32, 52 CALL LANE, LEEDS LS1 6DT)

STERIODS?

256
PAGES
PER
200
ILLUSTRATIONS

GOD
SAVE DE
BEAN!
THE
KIDNEY
REGIME!

1001 WAYS TO SAY 'FUCK YOU!'

Very useful. A cheap pamphlet that will tell you all kinds of ways to say 'fuck you' to your boss, your friends, your parents, your enemies, a friend!

friends, intense, your friends, your enemies, a friend!

I bit him lethargically

Right then my fine young spunkers, after missing our ritual destruction of the "small press" last ish, we got our KAK-KA together and produced a tightened up and more vital revision of this here column. Now we cram more old zerox tosh reviews in PLUS slap in a few toggle THRUSTING bits on the more righteous comics around. We heartily recommend getting the majority of the products listed here as they piss all over the main stream press for REAL information, laughs and sicko content. The comics are as far from "SPIDERMAN" and "ZOIDS CONQUER PLANET TRIBBLE" as you could wish so don't get put off by your own redneck preconceptions. So glance an eye over the wonderous new code and sort out the golden nuggets from the lumps of lead.

colossal, mackerel slacks

U16 - Put together by some spotty youth who obviously has a mother fixation and too much time on their hands

C - Contains cartoons and that sorta joggins

SK - Has skater interest, blockhead

② - Constant references and "in" jokes about their chums/girlfriends/masterbation fantasies.

☺ - Plenty of belly laughs and rib ticklers here mother!

② - Political content or long band interviews

③ - May contain large amounts of failed humour

Z - Duller than a points change at Newport

Pagnell

YO! - Sell your grannie for this one pennie

flared bakelite teenage scabs

"SMASHED HITS" YO! ☺

Consistently dumb, funnier than your best friend catching herpes. Run by the Retard guitarist of Ipswich's PERFECT DAZE, its full of infantile humour and info bursts about the poppier aspects of hardcore. Worth purchasing just for the constant references to DEBBIE HARRY.

(25p, 64 CHATSWORTH, IPSWICH, MIDDLE OF NO

WHERE) **stomach fingering buggers**

Cut your Cost of Living

335403 Vinyl Vomit

ARRGGHH!
THE EYES
OF BONNIE
LANGFORD!

IM OLD
NICK!! - SO
HANDS OFF
DICK!

Robert De Niro is Al Pacino

GO DIE "U16 YO! ☺

A classic in the making is wots on offer with this zine of the "fill up every inch of room with garbage" school of thought. Sports the funniest "PHOTO STRIP" known to civilised man and is set to be a classic publication. If you dig Muties you'll wank all over this one.

(30p, 44 SANDBED LANE, BELL P, DERBYSHIRE DE6 0JS)

"SKATE CRIMES" SK - ☹

All over the place badly photocopied thingy with plenty of bitching, spelling mistakes and littered with obscenities. In other words a damned good read as it slags off YOU under 16 type reader. Worth buying at a gig if you need something to entertain you while the support acts on.

(40p, 12 PLASGWYN RD, PONTARDBLAS, SWANSEA SA4 1L7)

The need to laugh continuously while listening to an anecdote for fear of missing the punchline?

The magazine you can trust Dad to read!

WIMP OUT "SK-C"
Still up and pumping is this fellow BRISTOL rag and packed with Bloppy pics, useless film reviews and lovable all round humour. More of a skate accessory than a pair of crappy pads for sure!
(25p, 3 FREELAND PLACE, BRISTOL BS8 4NP)

GRIM TUNA "U16/SK" but
First issue but already showing some great ideas and form my son. Mucho interviews, ideas stolen from us but a gas all the same. Messy, bad mouthed and winner of the wet t-shirt award this month.
(40p, 2 HALSTEAD CLOSE, CANTERBURY, KENT CT2 7UP)

TON ARMY TRUCK
GRIM HUMOUR "YO!"
Now this is what we'd call the "U.K.'s Not Punkzine" not fuckin' PROBLEM "like reading a broken plate" CHILD. Bands, biased opinions and info galore. God we even got one of the writers to do us a "SPATTER" article!
So it's gotta be pork crackling, has it not?
(50p, 7 Wentworth Gdns, Bullockstone, Herne Bay, Kent CT6 7TT...and its not a made up address - it's just bloody silly anyway)

"UNIT" RAY GOGS
U16, @, P+, But unintentional sk. No! This is like someone's purposely set out to create the worst zine known to man. One step up from the scribbles on the back of a school book.
(15p, 32 Eskine Rd, SUTTON, SU... SMI 3BQ)

BOY GEORGE MAKEUP KIT
BODIES! SCREAMIN' FUGGIN' BLOODY MESS!!
TOTAL MINDFK**

PEACE OR ANNIHILATION "YO!"
Crap but True! The best British hardcore zine and it comes from Belgium! Filled with info and pictures that actually are well taken. A good guide to European stuff and worth at least ten times its horribly cheap cover price.
(£1.00, ITATELANN 14, 1900 OVERIJSE, BELGIUM)

"SPROG MAG" "OYO! DAMAGE BABIES?"
Well amusing zine which is sorta like a cross between "VIZ" and "PRIVATE EYE" minus the bottom humour. The writers will no doubt become writers for "Smash Hits" or the like, they're FUNNY!
(30p, 62 Upton Rd, HAYLANDS, RYDE, I.O.W PO33 3JL)



hulking SPANKER
SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL
A Real Cheap Shit Disc that will really tell you somebody, well maybe you. Detestable and you can't stand Honor. Be a Mad Kid of Gnu
£5.95



SECRET WEAPON

ALUMINIUM LOFT LADDER "V FOR VENDETTA"
MODEL 1160

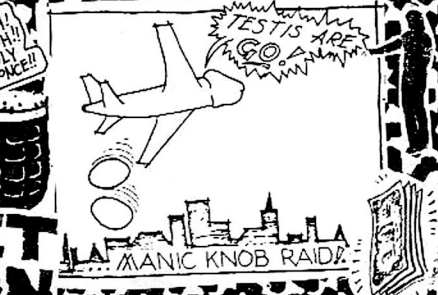


ORIGINAL ART FOR

...AND WOULD SIR REQUIRE A FEW COMICS TO FINISH SIR?...

"THE BEST OF NEAT STUFF" XC, DOUBLE @!
The wickedist "spawned from a drug crazed mind" comic "BOOK" with classically "BUGS BUNNY" type art which you'll see glimpses of thru-out this issue, its that spam!! Stories revolve around surreal teeny boppers, hellish "suburbia" families and heroin addicts from the moon. Buy this book and make the artist rich as hell, whilst you enter the future of comics.
(£6.95 - Fantagraphics Books. Any decent Comic shop)

stateboarding is not a crime! OR...



LOFT LADDER "V FOR VENDETTA"
Wot a spanker is this 10 issue limited serious comic book written by the beardo god "ALAN WATCHMEN MOORE" The story revolves around a "GUY FAWKES" style anarchist causing a whole load of shit in a 1990's Britain ruled by a Military junta. The plots so frigg'n complicated it fails description, but lets just say its all enuff to put the serious willies up you!
(£1.25 DC from classier comic shops)

PROSTATE DISEASE

"FUNNY HA-HA" C+, @C, Z
Written by the bloke who does a shit load of cartoons for "OINK". They're not funny there and they're definately not side-splitting here. Nice art, though.
(30p, 12 Cadogan St, Belfast BT7 1QW)

"LOVE AND ROCKETS" XC - @
If you ain't read this then you're missing out on your street education. Essentially its all about a gang of punk chicks in L.A, living and loathing life. Sort of a crusty soap-opera for drop-outs, painfully real and full of situations that make ya go "OH man! Have I been there!"
(£1.50 Fantagraphics Books. Comic shop-ville)

MADE OVERPLENE

THAT DOPE?

Have you ever been caught sniffing a partners underpants to see if they are clean enough for them to wear?

Dead In Action



TOXIC WASTE

NEW ON WE BITE:

NEGAZIONE - LITTLE DREAMER - LP - the second LP of Italy's Hardcore band No.1, Negazione tout Europe in march/april/may '88 - Watch Out!

ATTITUDE - THE GOOD, THE BAD, THE OBNOXIOUS - MINI-LP - four cover versions and one new Attitude song are on this 12"

SMILS - FIGHT TOGETHER FOR... - LP - mix german Hardcore and Speed Metal, the result will be Neuburg's Emis!

JINGO DE LUNCH - PERPETUUM MUBILE - LP - undescrivable great music!

COMING IN APRIL 88:

HYPE - BURNED - LP - the second LP of one of the best canadian bands

FANG - A MI GA SFAPAS? - LP - the bad boys from Californial

COMING IN MAY 88:

SPERNBIRDS - NOTHING IS EASY - LP - the farewell LP of this great german band

DEATH IN ACTION - TOXIC WASTE - Thrashmetal with Hardcore influences and intelligent and critical lyrics

LWS - JUST CONFUSED - LP - melodic Hardcore from North Germany

WE BITE RECORDS

Saarstraße 18 · 7400 Tübingen 6 · West Germany · Tel. 0 70 73 66 72



RETROVERTED UTERUS

an Action Man deep-sea diver's helmet

JOY BUZZER

FOR THAT DEEP TREAD

COME OUTTA YA SHELL + FUCK LIKE HELL!

WE CARE MORE

BASTARDO

LITTLE PIECES OF PLASTIC

A whole bunch of... Old, new, scraps, and cuttings... stuff like that. Many uses... you can think of... B5104 Plastic Strips

There is a large glob of putty inside of my nose

condemned good bum

"FLAMING CARROT" DOUBLE

Whoaa BRAIN DANGER! Multi layered insanity from thsi yank publication with a really crap superhero who wears

a large carrot on his head. The villain

are pathetic, his other superhero pals are wino's, lunatics or backwards

and it is the best piastake of wankers like "SPIDERMAN" ever written. You

cannot have a sense ofhumour until you read this bitchin' little number.

(£1.25 Renegade Press, Comic shops with sense)

shotgun shagged be

Err... That's all we have left as the re

used to finish off our life-sized paper mache model of BARBARA CARTLAND (with

fully working "HOLES"!)

A quick mention that "DARE DEVIL" and "JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL" are the

only D.C MARVEL comics worth buying from the newsagents. Forget the rest.

BRACE YERSELF FOR SOME MORE BAD NEWS! COS HERE COM MORE COMIC REVIEWS!

"CHRIST IS THE ANSWER"

XC - VAST

You know those little booklets that funny

BORN-AGAIN-CHRISTIANS hand out when they've finished giving you jip, well

now you can get the yank versions!

Even more deadaly amusing, they all have

themes like drinking beer sends you insane, god hates homosexuals and all

deviants and such will definitely go to hell unless they repent and wear a suit.

Scare your little sister with these poisonous little books and write off

for the set (10 or so works of god warped wisdom) from the below address.

Remember to pretend that you want to be "reborn" and don't give a phone number

or they pester the "HELL" out of you. (Totally free from Penfold Book and Bible House, P.O Box 26, BICESTER, OXON OX6 8PB)

"POST WAR FUNNIES"

Look, just cos you can draw pretty pictures of willies - don't mean

your a bloody cartoonist. Deep and meaningless.

(50p, 100 Clapham Rd, LONDON, SW9)

Glue bag!

I AM HARD NOW!

Mutant Fashion

UP TO £1000 INSTANT CREDIT

BADGES AT PRIVILEGE PRICES

FONDLING THE FACTORY GIRLS

Want some jazzy jacket japery? These lurid lapel laffs go for 25p each, or collect the set at a mere £1.25



NEW NEW NEW SHOP BY MAIL

PLASTIC COATED COLOUR STICKERS - YES! MUTIE SOAD 'DRUNK AS A STICK' 'SKATE LIKE FUCK' & PEDS MUST DIE' BADGE DESIGNS ARE NOW OUT AS STICKERS, 4 FOR 60P

STICKERS

This VINYL masterpiece comes in the latest state of the art dayglo colours. Guaranteed not to turn into a mushy piece of shit when applied to your deck!

A snip at 60p.

The stinky - buggie - sheet - as - big as - this - page comes on 100% paper and still costs only 40p.

OFFICE PARTY CONFESSIONS

PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE!

SKATE MUTES 5 DIMENSION

SKATE FOR THE BABY JESUS

PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE!

SKATE MUTES 5 DIMENSION

SKATE FOR THE BABY JESUS

SLATE OR SPIN DRY!

SKATE MUTES 5 DIMENSION

PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE!

TOP VALUE

SKATE MUTES 5 DIMENSION

New & Patriotic Designs

SKATE MUTES

FROM THE

5 DIMENSION

T-SHIRTS These two globally famous designs could still be yours, the SM5D comes in satanic black and for those who need a little colour in their lives, the PMD comes in dayglo green or pink.

SM5D £4.75 PMD £5.75

its for REAL! kosher S.M.5.D.

VICAR SHORTS

harmless to children [Featuring]

Send check or money order

*All over 'Vicars Head' print

*Knee length with Pockets

*Designer label PLUS your very own 'Shorts Owner' badge

*Black print on Green, Pink or Blue (state 2nd choice)

*Just £16.00 (inc. p+p) from da S.M.5.D. address!

NEW POSTER!

You've read the mag. Now buy the poster, the cover of this issue is now available as an A3 size poster.

That's 4 times the size of this page, at only 35p.

BACK ISSUES

We have still got issues '6,7 up for sale at 50p each. But remember (puts on carpet salesman voice) stocks are limited.

Distributed Worldwide

POSTAGE Ask for FREE Demonstration

U.K.: T-shirts, FREE!! the other stuff, as much as you want for a 22p S.A.E.

EUROPE: T-shirts and BADGES, £1.00 or 4 IR 's.

All the other stuff 2 I.R.A.'s.

U.S. PRICES INCLUDING AIRMAIL POSTAGE

T-shirts \$14.00 Both types of stick-ers \$3.00

Three back issues \$4.00. Set of Badges \$3.00.

All money info on page TWO

WHOLESALE

Get in touch for larger orders and cheap rates!

Free!

With each set ordered receive an authentic Planet of the Apes glossy photo.

FREE COLOUR BROCHURE

HEY YOU!
DO YOU WANT TO BURN IN HELL?



**NO? THEN YOU'D BETTER BUY
ALL YOUR SKATE GEAR FROM...**



ROLLERMANIA
EXCEEDS THE NEED

GOING DOWN AT:
62 PARK ROW
BRISTOL BS1 5LE
TEL: (0272) 279981
10.00-5.30 Tue.-Sat.