

The Last Ever

INTRO/INTRO/INTRO/INTRO/INTRO/INTRODUCTION/INTRO/INTRO/INTRO/INTRO/INTRO

HELLO, HELLO, HELLO; WHAT'S ALL THIS THEN? -
"THIS IS THE END, BEAUTIFUL FRIEND(S)..." WE THINK THE
REASONS BEHIND THE DEMISE OF EVERYONES FAVOURITE
"FREELANCE PERIODICAL" ARE EXPLAINED SATISFACTORILY INSIDE.

FOR NOW THOUGH, WE HOPE YOU ENJOY ISSUE 4, AND
WILL WELCOME THE RETURN OF THE STORY AND THAT OLD
REGULAR; RUGBY CLUB MAN. THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED
TO OUR LOVED ONES AND THE NUMEROUS NAMELESS WHO
CARED ENOUGH TO FOLLOW MALCONTENT OVER THE MONTHS,
THANKS.

'BYE ; GENE.

Maybe I'm some kind of jinx but I only started
being Malcontent in issue 3 and we're already
closing shop. Not to worry as I can
always spend my newly-found spare time
writing to the millions of people who've sent
us letters. Thank you all for putting up
with my obsessions and mental disorders.
Goodbye cruel world, we'll always have
Paris. P.S. XXX
XXX

Well, well, Malcontent 4 already. Guess who's
unemployed?! It's a bit of a drag sometimes but it's
conducive to mag production. I only hope you realize
how much effort it takes?! Anyway, hello + love to
everyone I know + write to, tons of thanks to the
distributers - you know who you are if nobody else
does. I wish there was more people like you.....?!
I hope you like what follows + tell us what
you think if you want. Ta Ta for now,
freedom + Anarchy. The Swamp
Thing XXX
XXX

LAST EVER

ANARCHY AS REBELLION

The individual, me in this case, in 1989. I look
around me & I see so much cr*p, lies & falsehood.

Don't tell me I'm wrong - It'll be a waste of
breath cos I know I'M right.

I DeMoLiSh not merely ALL religious beliefs, but
also every political, social & philisophical
doctrines as they act against the true ownership of
the self by the individual.

I cut through all structures of myth, all
artificial constructions of human thought. And most
specifically the state & capitalist society which
surrounds us all.

"We two, the state & I, are enemies... I
must annihilate it & form in its place
the union of egoists"

The state (government) is the negation of
individual will, you abdicate your right to yourself
by voting; &/or participating in a system geared to
the destruction of yourself & others surrounding
you. Any system of legislation & law enforcement
results in a stabilization, a freezing of action &
opinion. No government is tolerable, I do not & have
no wish to rule over anybody else as it would
destroy my OWN independence.

"The own will in me is the state's destroyer"

DISOBEY - their power comes from your
obedience. For when submissiveness ceases, NO
government is possible.

"As unique you have nothing in common with the other any longer, & therefore
nothing divisive or hostile either; you are not seeking to be right against him
before a third party"

This means that I know I don't have to be right before somebody else & they know
the same, so a conflict would be totally pointless. I know what is harmful to ME.

This does not exclude co-operation by any means, many are the things that can be
acheived & learned through it; that would otherwise not be possible. It would be
genuine co-operation as well as the individual

" unites freely & separates again"

"a union you utilize, & give it up undutifully & unfaithfully when you
see no way to use it further... a union is... the sword with which you
sharpen & increase your natural Force; the union exists for you & through you"

This pictured society cannot be won without a struggle as the state & capitalism
throws up many obstacles to individuals fulfilling their own potential. I must fight
against it with all the means in my power (& enhanced by co-operation to extend the
power of individuals). This led Stirner to a glorification of crime (I know crime
is just an artificial construction - see a forthcoming MALCONTENT production)
because it alienates so-called respectable people.

In crime I have asserted myself & "mocked at the sacred; the break with the
sacred, or rather of the sacred, may become general.... a mighty, reckless,
shameless, conscienceless, proud crime."

Thus such actions as the burning down of Dingles store in Plymouth could be seen
to be rebellion - indeed it is, & its kicked up a big stink (what do you expect when
you upset the shit) with a £20,000 reward being offered by the ruling class. Good
on yer, whoever you are, you obviously planned it well, knowing the dangers.

"The poor become free... only when they rise"



*****COMPETITION*****
Which one of these 3 do
you think is the unique
individual of which this
article's about? Number &
reasons to contact address
at the back. Send SAE &
get the 'revolutionary
gift pack' reward. (Sorry
it's a very macho picture)

"rebellion leads us no longer to let ourselves be arranged, but to arrange ourselves, & set no glittering hopes on institutions"

It is the realisation of yourself I am after, to provoke you to cut through indoctrinational things, & hopefully to provoke you to rebellion (in whatever way you see fit)

And finally, good luck, I wish you well....

All the quotes are from Stirner (if you haven't already guessed). If you think I've used some of Stirner out of context, tough, as it's got the message I wanted to express over.

— A GIBBERISH CASE FOR VEGANISM —

"In short, it (eating animal flesh) reinforces dependence upon & support for authoritarian control structures, creating a predisposition toward stupefaction... Ecologically, socially, & characterologically, the infestation of the flesh virus ultimately remains the catastrophic source of contemporary biocidal totalitarianism." (John Moore)

I couldn't put it better myself could you? All I know is that we need to untangle a few knots, reject numerous lies, clear our way through thick & dense mystifying fog & awaken from a trance centuries old before really uncovering the meaning of the A.L.F. phrase "Animal liberation is our liberation". However, this journey through the mind & soul is something like 5 times eternity & back again.

"Its natural to eat meat. I mean, we're born to it aren't we?"

"What?"

"Oh come on you wierdo, it's the law of the jungle isn't it?"

"Is it indeed? So when was the last time you went out to hunt down the vicious sabre-toothed pig, eh?"

I kid you not dear readers - this was a real conversation. Don't let any non-thinking, one dimensional reactionary moron tell you what is & what isn't natural. If we're going to talk about what it means to be natural then we need to remember that we as human beings have a natural conscience that enables us to rationalize, make choices, & "THINK" about how we arrive at what we are in social terms. Unfortunately, we also have this amazing capacity to FORGET &, even more importantly, forget that we ever forgot. We live in a complex mesh of rules, laws & regulations. Some we tend to know & recognise but we know much less about the extant rules against there being any rules at all. These are the hidden explosives in the journey through the minefield towards total liberation.

Here's a little model unashamedly cribbed off a well known radical psychiatrist.

Rule A: Don't do/say/think that.

Rule B: Rule A doesn't exist.

Rule C: Rule B doesn't exist.

Surely nobody is totally & irrecoverably brain dead not to understand what is happening. There's no hope otherwise. Incest must be natural or else why have a law against it? What's the point in having a law to stop us from doing something we wouldn't dream of doing anyway? Please, lets stop shuffling around in our socially constructed, security-tight defence systems which prevent us from really living. Look towards ourselves for the real us & begin the long but illuminating road towards liberation from all the crap that's been pumped into our being from birth, through school (real villian this one) & the slippery road down from there on.

What does this twaddle have to do with our treatment of animals? Well you see, instead of BEING NATURAL we learn what's natural. Killing & exploiting animals is all part of the same complexing mess of war, bullying, concentration camps & gas chambers. Mars used to be a vegetation god, not a God of war. We're brought up to accept a soul-destroying hetrosexual patriarchal norm by a human-potential-restricting family unit. We learn that it's natural to buckle under authority, follow leaders, to do one thing if you're a boy, another if you're a girl, &, of course, eat once living flesh. But I ask you, is it really natural to live in a constant state of unfreedom, to follow orders blindly without questioning where such orders will take us, narrow our sexuality down to definitions of masculinity & femininity, exploit, torture, butcher & consume each other & the animals we share the earth with.

Do you know what upsets me most of all, what really tears my guts apart & makes my head goddamn explode? Its that most people deny the existence of this shit & they deny that this denial even takes place. "What are you talking about?" And f*ck me backwards in a baked bean can its getting worse. How will we ever find the truth with a million more T.V. channels telling us what to think, how to behave & how to relate to each other. We're killing each other & the earth & we don't know it. CHRIST, when will we ever end this trance we've put ourselves under.

"We like the food served up elegantly before us: we do not want to know about the animal factories, the slaughterhouses, & what goes on in the kitchen. Our own cities are our own animal factories; families, schools, churches are the slaughterhouses of our children; colleges & other places are the kitchens. As adults in marriages & business, we eat the product."

(R.D.Laing)

P.S.

ANARCHY - WHAT IT IS BY WHAT IT ISN'T

"Anarchism seeks to preserve liberal values such as individuality, personal freedom, autonomy, individual responsibility, & pluralism. But it also attempts to realize such socialist values, as equality, community, co-operation, social responsibility, & solidarity."

(John P. Clark)

Nicely put don't you think? Stating clearly what Anarchism is all about by using the current political framework (liberal values, socialist values, etc) is a good way of putting across the message. But, I'm going to be a little nihilistic & empty my tiny cluttered mind of all the things Anarchy isn't & hopefully the message will come over just as effectively. I'm sorry, but in a crazy world where I can't distinguish between authority, parental power, macho values, state education, centralised government, police, military, company bosses, & mass media manipulation I need to unburden my weighty soul a little.

The state needn't exist as it has no human worth whatsoever. How do I know I'm right? - all I can say is that it boils down to gut feelings & nothing more. I feel that I can control my life - I know it & also I know everyone else can as well. Anarchy is the only political theory/spiritual need that doesn't originate in any kind of ideological interest. When freedom arrives 'Anarchy' as an ideological concept will become obsolete. Admist the madness of the world today something that is only natural (a will to be free, a need to run one's own life, a desire to get oppressive forces off our backs) can only find a voice as an ideology or political movement otherwise it would cause more fear & loathing in people than the word 'Anarchy' already does. It's attacked by all the other power mad political standpoints as being unworkable, inpractical & chaotic. So, superficially, the cause of 'anarchy' manifests itself as just another dogmatic ideal because in a world of labelling processes people can't understand it as anything else.

Anarchy, a swirling oceanic whirlpool of endless human possibilities, comes from deep within & it's something politicians, bosses & the military can't comprehend because they're caught in a self-made trap which we can all do without. Its not an ideology; its not an object to be bought & sold; its not a desire to be awkward for the sake of being awkward; its not a fear of being pushed out a hip right-on peer group; its not a trendy studenty thing to do (Militant & Socialist Worker can handle that one); it doesn't come from following a pseudo-spiritual/ political pop group with more money than a sense of reality; it doesn't need a party that squabbles for power in 4 yearly bursts of campaign madness; it doesn't throw up heroes; it doesn't need the dogma of an omnipotent macho being in the sky to guide & enforce it; it doesn't need a lying media machine to sweeten the stench; & finally, it doesn't need ponderous long lists of what it isn't. Bye.

P.S.

Rugby Club Man is one smooth talker, and like all the hippest hep cats he has a banter all his own which can be almost impenetrable to the uninitiated. Want to listen in on that Chit-chat? well now you can with MALCONTENT's exclusive guide to "RUGBY SPEAK".

THE NIGHT

"FUCKIN' SMART" - Levi Chinoes, waistcoat, shirt and tie.

"IT'S YOUR ROUND" - If I'm going to have Stella, somebody else is paying.

"WHALE" - Female, a little on the large side.

"WANKER" - A male who is not big, tough and macho.

"COON" - A coloured person

"GOTTA BE A PUFF" - An unmarried middle aged man.

"FUCKIN' CRIPPLE" - An ungainly person of some kind.

"IDIOT" - Anyone who would lend him a tenner..



THE RESTAURANT

"HEY BUANA" - Literally "Waiter" in "Indians".

"RABBIT FOOD" - Vegetarian and Vegan food. Literally: "without meat".

THE MORNING AFTER

"WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?" - I was embarrassing..... again.



Fuckin' smart, eh? Just the gear for loafing around the pub pool table, but can he play?

Rugby Club man was an original "Malcontent" conception by Paraword Syd, Gene + B.D.

REVOLUTION (NOW!)

This is about Anarchist revolution. Many people have violent images of revolution. Perhaps, but the more people that are 'persuaded' the better. The more desertions from the army, police, airforce, navy, the more organised the food/water supply, the more organised & powerful generally speaking the revolution is, the less chance the ruling class will have to hold onto their power. The Black flags have to fly on every street, any ⚡ design/colours though, I'm not fussy!

Organise, agitate, liberate!

The more disrupted the ruling class & their agents are, the more people will see through them & will not allow themselves to be ordered around. The more chance the revolution will have.

Revolution means more than picking up guns though. It means a change in outlooks & actions as well. It is a social revolution, a turning around of social & human values. Institutions, eg: government, police, capitalism, patriarchy etc, & conditions rest upon deep-seated ideas. Just to change labels & at the same time leave the underlying ideas & values intact means only a superficial change. Marxists want to conquer political power, but they cannot deliver the 'promised land' if they do. They speak of practicality, realism, & efficiency, not realising that these are the words of the capitalist as well. Just as destructive of real human life; no matter who uses them.

Emma Goldman, speaking of the failure of the Russian revolution said "The inherent tendency of the state is to concentrate, to narrow, & monopolize all social activities; the nature of revolution is, on the contrary, to grow, to broaden, & disseminate itself in ever wider circles. In other words, the state (government in general - ed.) is institutional & static; revolution is fluent, dynamic."

Hence REVOLUTIONARY activity could be "whatever increases the confidence, the autonomy, the initiative, the participation, the solidarity, the equalitarian tendencies & the self-activity of the masses & whatever assists in their demystification" (Solidarity, London.) You can't impose freedom, it has to be learnt. B.D.

The Labour party is an alternative.



No.4 in a series of bear-faced lies.

LAST EVER USEFUL ADDRESSES

Why not send SAE for info ?

A.C.F., P.O.BOX 125, COVENTRY, CV35QT. Anarchist federation for a more organised approach to a new revolutionary society.

D.A.M., Second Floor, 27 Priory Rd, SHEFFIELD, S7 1LW. Anarcho-syndicalists; for the creation of revolutionary @ unions.

Vegan Action Group, Room 16, 136 Ingram St, Glasgow, G1 1EJ. Educational group, active with stalls/displays. Good leaflets available.

Sunshine, c/o Raven Press, 75 Piccadilly, Manchester, M1 2BU. Distributors of lots of good mags, books, newsheets & zines.

AGIT-PRESS, BOX 4, 52 Call Lane, Leeds, LSI 6DT. Printers & distributors of pamphlets, T-shirts, records....

Playitbyear, c/o John, Cortina, Kilver St, Shepton Mallet, Somerset, BA4 5NA. Loads records, tapes, mags.*.*.*

Firebrand, BOX F, 19 Brynymor Rd, Swansea, West Glam. To distribute books, mags & anything else we can lay our hands on.

FIREBRAND is a portable stall, amongst many other things; mags, papers, news-sheets etc. Any event in the Swansea region & we'll do some distribution! We'll probably do further afield as well as long as there's somewhere to put our heads at night.

GET IN TOUCH!

LAST EVER REVIEW OF JOHN MOORE'S COLLECTION OF
ESSAYS - 'ANARCHY & ECSTASY' PUBLISHED BY APORIA PRESS, 1988.

"Total revolution must go beyond ideology
to recover its roots through ecstatic visions"
(Moore)

Moore's wonderfully mind-blowing publication is one of the most exciting compendiums of works on visionary anarchy & revolutionary self-theory you're ever likely to stumble across. Just the sheer act of reading it set off tiny explosions of liberty in my head. What follows is, I hope, not just any old book review but a summary of Moore's basic themes & ideas followed by my own thoughts & beliefs as this work has greatly influenced my own anarchy.

In the first essay, 'Towards a cultural ecology of anarchy', Moore tries to seek out a new form of 'politics' - the antipolitics. His main theme here is a tearing apart & exposure of "One of the central ordering myths in Western civilisation" - the creation scenario as depicted in the bible. In Genesis we're dished a load of bull about the fall of humanity & how we've all had to suffer since for our sins. For Moore we are trapped in an eternal control triangle. As the 'controlled' (the shat-upon, the enslaved, the exploited) we are knocked about between the posts of good & evil. This fight ties religion & religious beliefs in with all forms of politics under the control of capitalistic "needs"- eg: law V's lawlessness for the community; Western capitalism V's Eastern communism for the world, etc.... So basically what's been happening throughout history is a knotted situation whereby the controlled (the proletariat, slaves & all powerless groups) are constantly under the thumb of both the CONTROL FORCES (the hierarchical power structure) & the COUNTER CONTROL FORCES (those who break away from the ruling elite to take over that power structure). Us, the controlled, have continuously been fobbed off with lies about what is wrong & what is right. This is how a coup d'etat (a fake revolution) occurs - the controlled are promised 'liberation' by the counter control scumbags from the control scumbags. Moore's anarchy, his antipolitics, calls for "the dissolution, not the seizure, of power". I disagree slightly here for I believe that we, the controlled, by becoming the UNCONTROLLABLES, will be seeking a new form of power- the power of sight to see through the mystifying lies constantly put up by rulers, counter rulers & the media machine & education system they control.

The fairy-tale creation set-up & acted out in the bible tell us how god puts himself up as "the ultimate totalitarian control force" & punishes poor Adam & Eve for listening to satan, the counter control force. What Moore mainly concentrates on for most of this essay is the problem of how does Anarchist theory confront existentialist problems once the ideas of God, satan, good, evil, are rejected. If people have, for countless centuries looked towards an authoritarian being for hope that life & death have some meaning begin to see through the joke & realise they've been conned, then how do we fill the vacuum left by anarchist liberation? If we are going to call ourselves anarchists then, for Moore, we have to be part of a creative chaos & we need to consider the problem of SPIRITUALITY. This reminds me of the words of Michael Bakunin:

"Let us put our trust in the eternal spirit which
destroys & annihilates only because it is the
unsearchable & eternally creative source of all life.
The urge to destroy is also a creative urge."

You see, as this whole anarchy lark stems from the will of individuals then to destroy the social authority by which we all live we likewise need to put pay to the internalized authority we each of us carry around in our heads. In the essay Moore calls for an adaption of zen to break through ideology & all doctrinal teaching & salvage the genuine libertarian ideals that lie at the heart of all religions & which have since been perverted by hierarchical religious structures. However, although meditation can aid self-revolution (I've done it a little myself) I think mere questioning of everything we've been told that's right, natural & normal is a great help towards realising your own anarchy. Why should we live our lives according to stupid myths, artificial gender barriers & a patriarchal norm?

In the Second essay, "On Ecdysis", Moore goes into more detail regarding the

ANARCHY & ECSTASY
visions of halcyon days



politics & cultural significance of the temptation myth (I think lie is a better word myself). Again, he prefers to approach the scenario & its hidden meanings from his 'antipolitical' perspective - Satan as the deviating revolutionary force attempts a coup d'etat over God's authority by conning the people (the 'controlled').

The symbolic meanings of Adam & Eve's covering of their nakedness once they've eaten from the tree of knowledge are mindbogglingly wild. Once they realise that they have been investing their sexuality for the pleasure of the great peeping Tom in the sky, they cover "themselves" (no one forces them) with vegetational aprons for protective purposes & which have no permanency. Then along comes bleeding god-almighty who, as means of punishment, forces animal skins upon the confused couple as "an instrument for indefinite encasement". God (not Cain) commits the first primal murder by making an ecological & ethical infringement on nature - an act not committed by Adam & Eve when they covered themselves with a renewable resource. For a laugh have a little peek at Genesis I: 29-30 for a description of a vegan paradise before the fall & throw it in the face of any self-righteous bible-thumper who tells you eating meat is a natural state of human existence.

"What does all this have to do with Ecdysis (skin shedding)?" I hear you cry. Moore draws an interesting comparison between the fall scenario & "the global megamachine of Western civilisation". Satan came to Adam & Eve in the form of a skin shedding serpent & their punishment for listening to it was their encasement in a kind of 'armour' what was on the outside became internalised as the "character armour" (see the work of Wilhelm Reich). Though satan sought power he only managed to reienforce the triangular control structure - the threat he posed to Gods authority becomes safely contained & 'usefully' defused.

Today, youthful rebellion in the form of fashion changes doesn't alter the fact that we become trapped in a consumer maze. Wearing a black leather jacket as a form of revolt doesn't destroy the mind-police we all carry within us. To be tempted by what capitalism has to offer our genuine need to resist authority does not bring about revolution. The streaker/stripper reclothes him/herself after the token act of defiance, so the boundaries of the fall scenario remain. It's our internalised character armour which needs to be shed if we are to seek total Anarchy. We need to rid ourselves of the authority sunk deep within our being.

I'll leave it there for now & I'll cover the other 3 essays in issue 5 of that great mag called MALCONTENT.

P.S.

How to smash the poll tax

THE KEY TO SMASHING the poll tax lies in a collective campaign of non-payment. The slogan "Can't pay, Won't pay" must become a reality in working class areas all over Britain. Work to prepare the ground for such a campaign is already underway, Anti Poll tax groups are being formed all over the country. Many are linked through city wide federations drawing neighbourhood groups together. We should make one thing abundantly clear - Non - payment of the poll tax maybe an illegal act, but we make no apologies for breaking the law. Law is not impartial; anything that might challenge the ability of the ruling class to ride over people is (by definition) going to be illegal. If it's effective, it will be against their law. And in the case of the poll tax, non-payment is also going to be the only practical way by which the legislation can be defeated. Non-payment will become the 3rd phase in the fight against the poll tax. The first 2 important elements are non-registration and non-implementation.

OPPOSING REGISTRATION

Before the government can levy the poll tax, it must first compile lists of who is liable to pay. This offers us the first opportunity to delay and obstruct the workings of the tax. Every household will receive a poll tax questionnaire, which will be used to calculate the bills for all adults living at that address. The questionnaire will either arrive in the post, or will be brought round by a poll tax registration officer. In Scotland, poll tax registration officers have already started work - yet the level of opposition they are meeting in inner city areas has already forced many of them to resign. Local councils are finding it hard to refill the vacancies. You can hardly blame them for packing it in. They've had doors slammed in their faces, dogs set on them and forms thrown back at them. Some have been chased off the streets by angry residents. In Pollokshields, Glasgow, poll tax officials needed police protection to carry out their work. Harrassing officials maybe a very effective short-term tactic. Eventually though, every household will receive a questionnaire. There are still numerous things that can be done to delay things - perhaps even string it out for months. First, you can send the forms back unopened, marked not known at this address. Or, wait a fortnight, then write back and ask for a new form to replace the one that's mysteriously 'gone missing'. You can then send it back only half completed. When they return it to you, to fill the rest of it in, answer another couple of questions, then send it back again. If only a few isolated individuals take this sort of action, it will have little effect. But if hundreds and thousands of people, coordinated through anti-polltax groups keep on sending forms back and forth, the bureaucratic chaos it would cause a local council could slow their poll tax machinery to a crawl. Like all action taken against the poll tax, this kind of action is most effective if taken collectively. Important though this part of the struggle is, it can only delay the completion of registration. As the big brother apparatus of the government means they have access to dozens of private files, and so will eventually have a full list of 'responsible persons' liable to pay. Non-registration is only round one.

STOPPING IMPLEMENTATION

Council workers are in a unique position to help the fight against the poll tax; they are going to be the ones faced with putting it into practice. And, because the poll tax will mean massive cutbacks in local council services, they'll also be the ones faced with wage cuts, redundancies, and threats of privatisation of services. In addition, many council workers are also very low paid, and will be as badly hit by the poll tax as the rest of the poor. Its not surprising that many council employees are angry and committed to taking action against the poll tax. Any Anti-Poll Tax action inside local councils is up to rank and file council workers. They must come together and build their own struggle, and not be put off by union bureaucracy or officials - in solidarity with the resistance growing in communities outside. Council workers anger could be focused in many ways: refusing to compile registers; refusing to issue poll tax demands; refusing to put services out to tender; spreading information about poll tax snoopers; offering advice to anti-poll tax groups in

in the area about ways to frustrate the councils machinery; sabotage eg: run magnet over computer disk (improvise!); And, of course, all out strike action. Such action could have a major impact on the introduction of the poll tax.

REFUSING TO PAY

In some areas of Edinburgh up to 75% of homes are displaying 'We won't pay the poll tax' posters in their windows. That level of anger puts paid to the myth that that there's no mood for a fight or that people won't be prepared to break the law. That kind of community solidarity has been built through the work of local anti-poll tax groups who've been able to bring people in a locality together. Such groups have often started from small beginnings. A few individuals have come together to leaflet their area, or canvass door-to-door, to gauge the level of support for anti-poll tax action. They've then held public meetings in local halls, pubs or community centres to discuss the implications of the tax locally and ways to beat it. They've then launched 'non-payment pledges' and encouraged whole streets to sign, distributed posters, information sheets and newsletters. Anti-poll tax groups in nearby areas have sought each other out and built federations and networks that have spread throughout cities. The most encouraging thing about this action is that it is being built outside of the control of political parties or self-appointed community leaders. It is the collective unity of our communities that is our strength. Anti-poll tax groups in Scotland are now preparing to make the non-payment campaign bite. They're pledged to stand together and protect each other. That means being prepared to repel registration officers and resist the bailiffs. It means ensuring that the non-payment campaign stays solid. It means stopping officials pressurizing isolated individuals into paying. And it means making the authorities realise that any attempt to pick on one family or one street to 'make an example of' will be treated as an attack on everyone. Those of us in England and Wales must do all we can to support and learn from the struggle being waged in Scotland as we prepare to build the struggle in our own areas. THE POLL TAX CAN BE BEATEN. But it can only be defeated by autonomous action by working class people outside the control of all leaders and parties. The fight against the poll tax gives us an opportunity to build towards a real and lasting sense of community in the streets, flats and estates where we live. Our collective struggle can help make us less isolated and detached from one another in our separate homes. It could help forge a sense of togetherness, mutual aid and solidarity, and see the emergence of real community organisations. The emergence of that sense of real community would strengthen our ability to take on the whole stinking system that spawned the poll tax in the first place. The fight against the poll tax is one part of the struggle we must wage against the whole system of exploitation that exists to oppress us. Our eventual goal must be to do away with that system and create a society in which we are able to exercise real control over our lives. A society without factory bosses or political parasites, where we will be able to organise our lives for the mutual benefit of all, not a small class of employers and rich. THE POLL TAX? CAN'T PAY, WON'T PAY!



Based on "The poll tax, and how to fight it" by the A.C.F. (published Nov' 88).

I was going to send the whole thing back - but its not worth the effort..... people are paying 30p for your 2 pages of unimaginative crap and you are so self-deluded that I think you're contributing something has to buy it bunch

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I was going to send the whole thing back-but its not worth the effort... people are paying 30p for your 2 pages of unimaginative crap & you are so self-deluded that you think you're contributing something??? Of course nobody has to buy it, but when you're flogged a whole bunch of paper at a dimly lit gig its natural to expect you're getting something in return.. Have you honestly considered how likely it is that MI5 would put any effort into interfering with your insignificant efforts?? Not very likely at all really & even if they did does that excuse your fucking efforts?? Not extent? Of course it fucking doesn't. I hope you've sent a copy to M.R.R. to be reviewed as people should be warned against prats like you - the money could be spent on something worthwhile... No names or addresses here - this is the opinion of too many people to mention - we just hope you might let go of your massive egos long enough to contemplate some vaguely valid use of your enegies, like donating your profit to a worthy cause instead of wasting more paper on a further 'issue' - its hardly gonna be a best seller after all. Remember kiddies Anarchy demands some responsibility toward fellow humans... So wise-up you shitheads. Goodbye.

This letter was received at Box M in April. Will the writers please send us 19p? For as well as having no return address, it was minus a stamp.

you to contemplate some vaguely valid use of your massive egos to waste your time & money on - we
next 'issue' -
either after
demands some
concern human
So wise-up you shit-heads. Goodbye.

MALCONTENT SAYS:

When I first read this letter I was hurt (I can take things much too hard sometimes). I had a feeling of helplessness, & simply could not comprehend the reasons behind such destructive criticism. No, it doesn't deserve the word criticism, its just straightforward abuse. Mags making profit??? We haven't yet - not that we're aiming to. Mags get sold for anything really, & some get given away; though we do try to get the 30 initially as we do 'need' some money.

Everybody has an ego, & if you deny its existence you are only fooling yourself. Perhaps the mag is a little self-indulgent, but one of the joys of anarchy is its respect for individual freedom. SO, here's an open invitation for a couple of you (letter writer?) to come & stay in our house for a couple of days & maybe get to know us better. Write to contact address & we'll arrange something? Its up to you....

I still think you could have written a non-abusive letter--Black Dog.

I'm so saddened & sickened by this scribe I really don't know where to begin. All I can do is console myself with the writers naivety regarding such matters as state oppression & intervention, egotism, & the personal effort & financial strain involved in putting together a zine. Whoever you are I really would like you to get to know us a bit better but I'm afraid of meeting you. You've hurt me (yes, that includes hurting my ego too) much too much for me to promise to be nice to you & welcome you warmly into my life. So, if you do take up the invitation to come & stay a spell don't expect any big hugs or an offer to sleep on my floor.

"Remember kiddies" Anarchy is largely based on trust & I just can't begin to comprehend why you think we've deliberately set out to rip you off. I'd like to know just wh0' it is who has got the massive ego round here. How much do you think it costs to photocopy some 500 'Stop press' explanations? Its not peanuts that's for sure

Please, read over this issue & numbers 1 & 2 if you have access to them & think about your petty contempt at being 30p worse off. A little love (but not too much), Sydney.

I guess, to you, whoever you are, it would have been too much effort to send back your copy of Malcontent. I'm very sorry you think it is unimaginative crap, but then; using your imagination really is a lot of bother & effort isn't it? So, lets all go to gigs & sit around & buy things without looking at them instead. I mean; it is a little too much effort looking at things isn't it? Better still, lets not make any efforts at all, eh? and just sit around watching telly. Why on earth did I do hours of hard graft on this issue when I could have done nothing? I don't know; it's a game, isn't it?

Maybe you should go to the trouble & effort to think up, write, illustrate, print & then (taxing!) sell them & send them away (with stamps) & you might then appreciate the effort we go to to bring things to poxy people like you.

See Ya kiddies. Gene

Have Malcontent been fair or foul? Readers Poll, answers on a postcard to Box M, 19 Brynymor Rd, Swansea, SAI 4JH.

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AT LAST....

"MOGGY LISA"

PART TWO

Sometime in the not too distant future, George Bailey, a former ALF activist is released from prison after serving 30 years. The world was quite a different place, AIDS had run wild leaving a civilization which relies upon bestiality for it's sexual thrills.

Shocked, but still determined to go straight, George takes up residence with his old cohort and only real friend Henry in his old Brixton squat. In this atmosphere, George goes about the business of rebuilding his life in the company of his pet cat Lisa, purchased at great expense from the black market as a home coming present from Henry.

Though determined to stay on the straight and narrow, George soon discovers that life just isn't that simple.

CHAPTER THREE

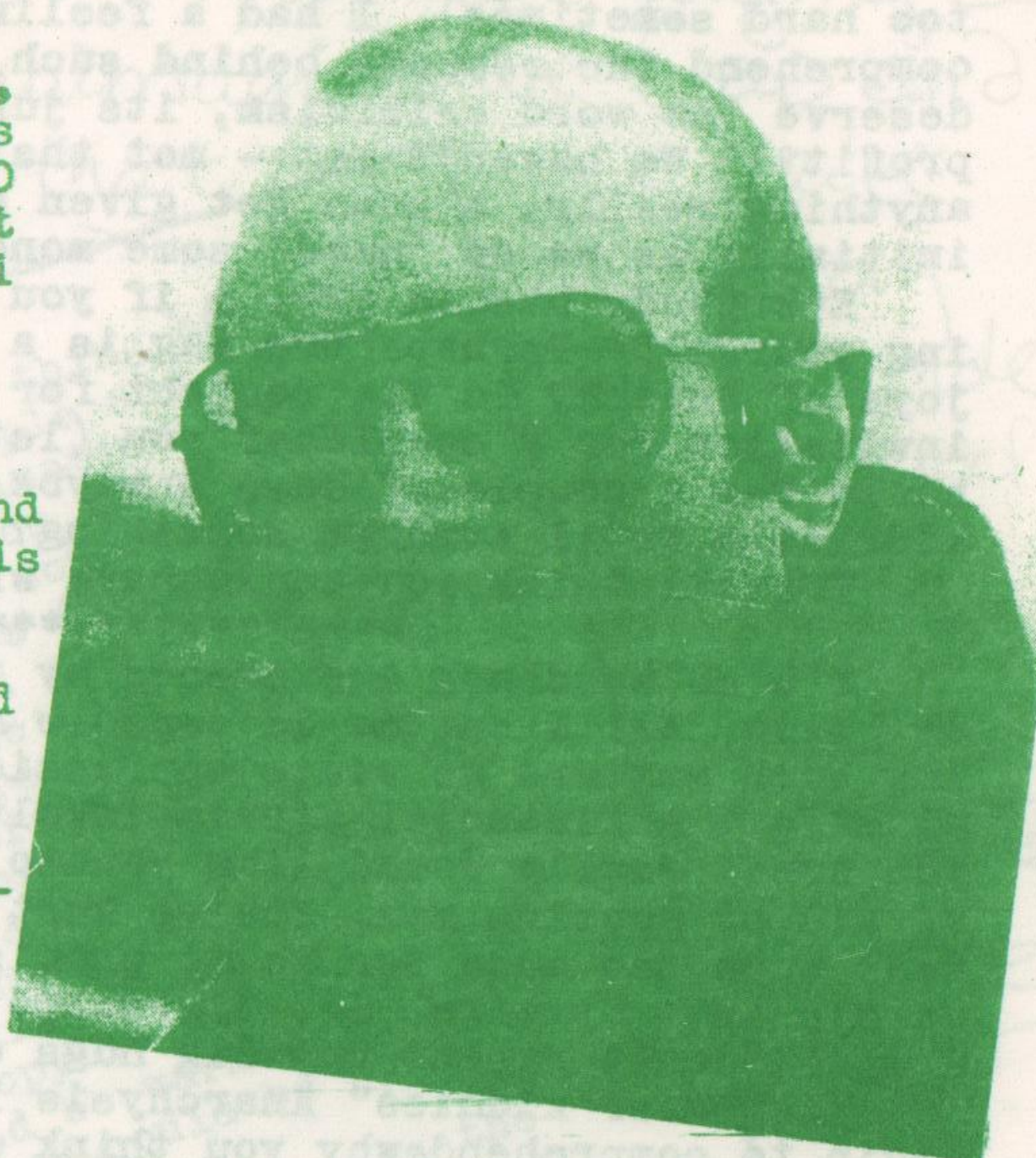
It was now some months since George's home coming, and despite an utter determination to remain out of trouble, his failure to find some paying work made the opportunity to work for some of the Soho crooks with whom he used to associate with very attractive. As a driver, he thought, he could do errands and deliveries and never have to know what he was involved in, well not really, but this time he was determined to keep his nose out. Henry's poor income from compiling, writing and selling underground publications was barely sufficient to support George even as a short term guest, so now the situation was growing pretty desperate.

"This cat's a wonderful thing, George, but she eats like a fuckin elephant" intoned Henry eloquently in Clydeside one morning. "Do you think she's pregnant, George?"

"Naa, is she fuck" purred the owner as he affectionately pawed the little creature that picked it's way among the rubble on the eternally untidy and unhealthy kitchen surface. "You don't have a fuckin' clue do you?". He was humourous, but he had none the less registered the remark about the cat food. However petty it might appear, it signified the increasingly niggling fact that George was constantly in a state of cashless ness, and this not being a perfect world, this meant one thing, he was fucked.

It was probably this little incident that one afternoon decided George to pay a little "social" call on an old business associate. Well, that's how he justified it, anyway.

George parked his old Bedford van in Soho Square, and looked around properly for the first time. Beside the old Chinese lanterns and trappings a new prospect assaulted his eyes, the old sexploitation industry in which he had been involved in in his weaker moments of past life was now wildly satarized by new slogans intended to appeal to the punter's hard-on. In place of "Girls Girls Girls" stood the almost farcical legend, "Goats Goats Goats" in daygle splendour, "live Animal sex shows" shouted their presence into the dank afternoon atmosphere. Startled



social - up you shit-heads. Goodbye

WHERE ARE THEY NOW ? (& WHO CARES ?)

beyond comprehension, George literally knew not whether to laugh or puke. So the world had come to this, and at this moment his old determination to remain aloof from the libertarian hopes that had enlivened him and then eventually ruined his previous existance almost deserted him. but swallowing his bile, he left the van and headed, not without reservations, toward that which he discerned to be the "Orgasmo Club Oriental" of old. If such an absurd thing be possible, the club had become seedier, the paint upon the outside peeling, and a queerly animal smell pervaded from the open door.

George stood outside the filthy club for many minutes, just how long, it was hard to determine, to an observer it would have seemed an age, but to George it seemed only as seconds; as he fast forwarded the past through his mind. In reality it was enough time for the Autumn sky's aspect to darken considerably, making the strings of fairy lights overhead more picturesque and cheerful. The darkening atmosphere too, brought the Club's interior into a clearer focus and without his knowledge George was sucked in and fascinated. Entering, he became as a wide eyed child, a new stranger, to whom all sights and sounds seemed to blur as though he were about to fall into a faint. That was until he met McClaren.

They practically fell over one another in actual fact. McClaren carried a bail of straw so large that it practically obscured his view forwards, and in the narrow corridor, it was no suprise that he bumped bodily into the absent figure of George.

The ensuing struggle woke George to reality. The first thing he saw being not McClaren or even the straw as he returned from the swoon, but some bastard behind the object who was adjusting his fly with a self satisfied yet somehow sickly look.

"Jesus Christ" cried the figure behind the burden until he recognised the partner in struggle. "George!" he exploded. Managing the burden at last and letting aside the slightly self concious fly-man, McClaren held out his hand to George; the latter grasping it firmly, much to his own suprise. Had the rest of the world been there or even George's conscience for that matter, they would have noted that in this action a strange bargain had been struck. The picture was complete, George's revulsion turned to fascination, his need into infant lust. The hand shake, the warm greeting, (however false) was an invitation, an invitation to make a living; and no questions asked.

The office of Eddie McClaren was plush in a bad taste sort of way. Even in his new hardened state, George was somehow releaved to see that the old porno trappings had not been supplanted by sicko animal propoganda, his old self that would have been revolted at pornography once now accepted it as a blissful relief to the melee of images he had witnessed downstairs. Obediantly sitting in the presence of a master, George allowed the self enthralled McClaren to hover, Cigared up, over him, the very stuff of bad taste.

"How have you been, George, all this time since you got out of the nick?" He adjusted various bad taste ornaments. "should have come to see your old mates, George, always fix you up you know". Less time wasting but still preliminaries, only preliminaries. "Things were bad here for a while, George, but we're back on the right track now."

The fiddling continued, and though avoiding his gaze still, McClaren at last addressed himself directly to the matter in hand,

interest in the welfare of the British...
PROBING - she's got the perfect right to this...
to do so, which she hasn't.
WILL - I live for the perfect right to do this (she's in the direction)

"It's a real world, George, and to be frank, some of your old friends and I, well, we can't help but think you've made a bit of a mistake in your life, haven't you?" The subject remained gobsmacked, opening the door to McClaren's final attack. "If you'd have stuck with me you'd have not seen any trouble," his enth circuit of the room was almost complete as he approached George's chair from the rear: "You got involved with the wrong crowd"... his Nottingham accent took on an unimpeachable aspect..."And now that you've seen your share of the hard times"...completing the circuit he grabbed George in a threateningly paternal way by the shoulder, and like a spider, dealt his death blow. "...And so I'm prepared to offer you a new start, it'll see you right, anyways."

"I want no trouble", said George, completely won over and Zombified, "No trouble, Eddie."

"You stick with me", his mentor affirmed, "I'll see you right".

CHAPTER FOUR

Although his friend did not know for certain, Henry long suspected that George might eventually fall into his old ways, before he had been "enlightened" as it were. So it was more by instinct than otherwise that when George came home to the old squat that evening, Henry knew that he had done more that day than just poached for a job as usual.

"Where's Lisa" George said protectively as soon as he entered the old mess of the place. It was said in an unusual tone, in a hard and peculiar way, and his friend felt it to be quite impersonal, but he replied all the same.

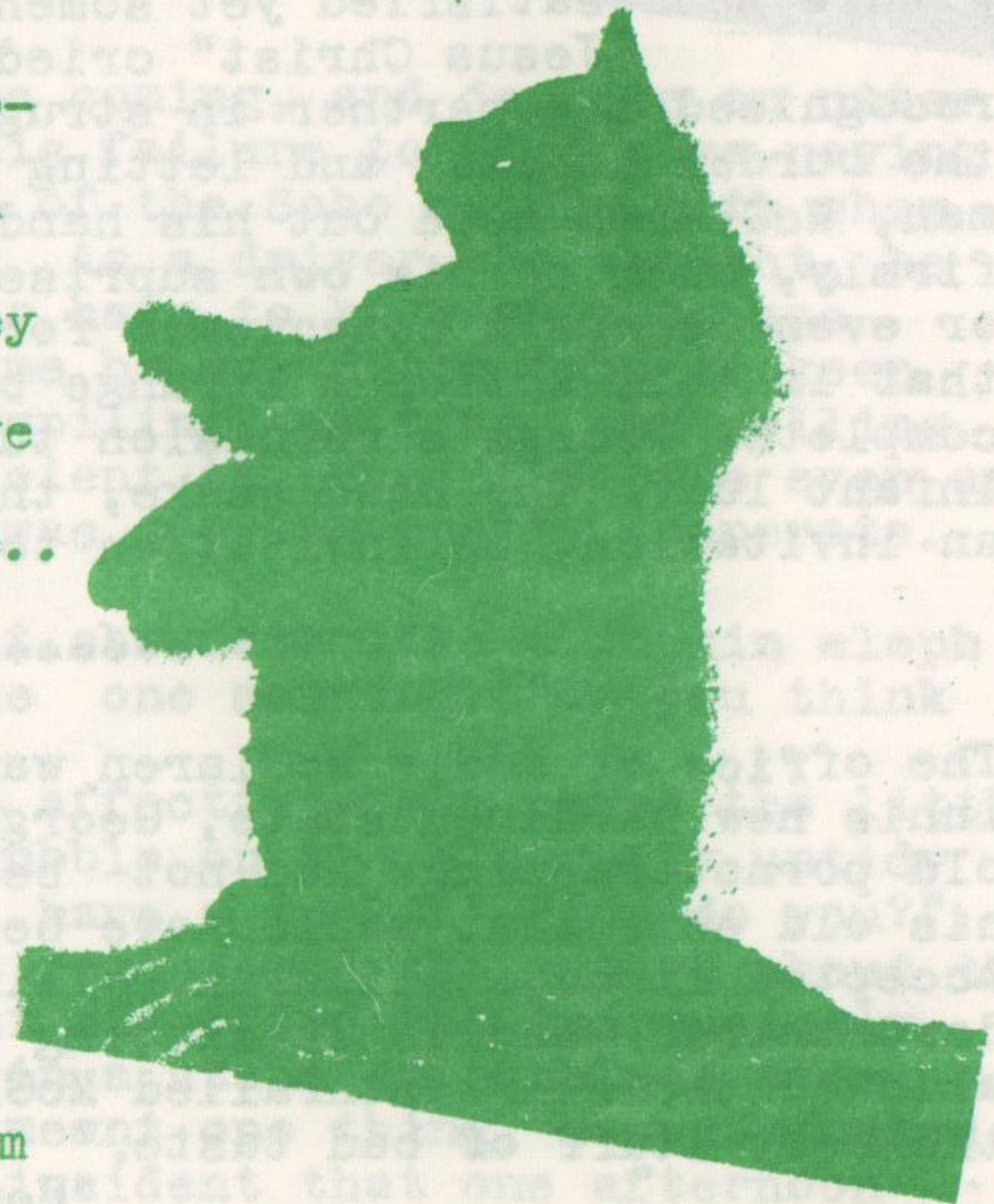
"Och, she's sneaking around somewhere, searching for meesies, I expect, Lawd knows there's enough o' them. They are about the only little creature running about nowadays which don't have some pervy a running after them. God help them when they discover Sellotape..." The sentence ended abruptly.

"Very fuckin' funny" interrupted George, "Where's my bloody cat?"

Henry was engaged in cleaning the kitchen surface that that Lisa the cat had dirtied that morning, and at this uncharacteristic assault from his old friend, he nearly dropped a soapy plate he held above the sink.

Conveniently pre-empting an awkward scene, a plaintive "Meeoww" issued from a corner of the untidy room. George pursued the sound to it's source, a pile of old clothes under which his pet lay curled. He embraced the cat violently, as if it had been lost for days. Henry clearly saw that George had now visited the new world on their door step.

As George began to sell out his principles in the new world, his manic interest in the welfare of the little creature soon became his one tenuous hold upon reality.



Read PART THREE in
"ASSASIN"

G E N E

A play of one Act (we couldn't think of any more) to be performed preferably in a state of total intoxication (or not at all).

SCENE: A pub somewhere in Europe.

TIME: Irrelevant as this is an intellectual & self-indulgent load of cr*p based upon superficial & dubious research.

CHARACTERS (in order of stupidity):

MAX STIRNER - Egoist, anarcho-individualist, cadger & known corrupter of schoolgirls.

KARL MARX - Well what can we say? Although a better cadger than Stirner, he was known to be scared sh*tless of the lone wolf.

MICHAEL BAKUNIN - Wow, what a raver & no mistake. A real pisshead to say the least. A nice bloke whose only let down in his character was that he was a known Tsarist spy ??

P.J. PROUDHON - Known to his pals as Sid the sexist. His famous phrase - "My conscience is mine, my justice is mine, & my freedom is a sovereign freedom". Originally ended with "... & my wife's anybody's for a good price".

LENIN - No comment.

PETER KROPOTKIN - In the history books it is written that he & Bakunin NEVER MET? but read on for proof to the contrary.

Enter Stirner, complete with a newly styled mohican hair do.

STIRNER - (scans empty pub) Well, I'm in for a whale of a time with myself tonight.

STIRNERS EGO - Mine's a pint scumbag.

Enter Marx

STIRNER - You're an obnoxious bast*rd & no mistake (gobs on Marx).

MARX - (picks residue from beard) You scruffy sod Stirner. No wonder you're alone.

STIRNER - (flags Marx) F*ck off you stuffy bourgeois bastard.

Stirner goes to a table in a corner merrily singing "Egotist in the U.K., I'm coming some time maybe, I am an egoist".

Enter Lenin, he would have been early but his train was late.

MARX - Hello kid. Have you read "Das Kapital" yet?

LENIN - I'd nearly read it for the 17th time when Stirner nicked it for bog roll.

Stirner smiles, as he thinks how much better than newspaper it is.

MARX - Come on, I'll cheer you up with a pint, Engels giroday tomorrow!

Bakunin, Kropotkin & Proudhon arrive together. A merry band of fellows who have just been feasting on Mrs Proudhon's cooking.

KROPOTKIN - I'll get these in lads, 'The Times' coughed up my dough today.

They all join Marx & Lenin around a large table in the middle of the room. Stirner is still in the corner, happily singing "1,2,3, GO, I've got an ego, It won't let me go, what am I gonna do?" to himself.

KROPOTKIN - Come over & join us Maxi - babes.

Stirner promptly replies with a moon & a guff.

MARX - How on earth can he be an Anarchist ?

BAKUNIN - (beer can bouncing off his bonce) His sort give us a bad name.

KROPOTKIN - I can see his point though, the individual has the right of self-determination & expression.

Kropotkin dodges a flying bogey which lands in Lenin's pint.

PROUDHON - (having a dig at Marxism) Marxism is too authoritarian, people will never develop freedom of action if they are kept in bondage.

STIRNER - (shouting across the room) You dirty f*cker! What about women's rights eh ?

PROUDHON - She's got the perfect right to stay in the kitchen, if she has a mind to do so, which she hasn't.

STIRNER - & I've got the perfect right to do this (gobs in Proudhon's direction)



MARX - (authoritarianly butting in as usual) But you'll never change anything.
 LENIN - Yeahh daddyeo.
 STIRNER - Arselicker.
 MARX - Just look at that (points to Stirner who's now spray canning E's + A's on the walls), thats what Anarchy is.
 LENIN - & the trains will never run on time.
 MARX - That's my boy.

Stirner, totally pissed off with their miniscule minds by this point, runs over to Lenin & Marx.

STIRNER - Here's your favourite colour shit for brains (artistically sprays them red)
 BAKUNIN - (rises & advances his massive bulk towards Stirner) The urge to destroy is also a creative urge.
 STIRNER - (In a squeaky voice) Oh Sh*t (runs back to his corner)

Barman rings bell. End of round one.

BAKUNIN - (to Marx) Surely that was worth a gallon?
 MARX - (to Lenin) Get 'em in sonny (Lenin obsequiously complies)
 STIRNER - (to Lenin who's now at the bar) Mine's a double vodka pinko.

Proudhon & Kropotkin are discussing anarchist communism ie: free access to the means of livelihood, which begins to bore Bakunin & Stirner especially, so they have a drinking race... Bakunin downs his pint of brandy in 3 seconds, Stirner his bitter shandy in 8.

STIRNER - Where do y' put it y' fat bastard? I know I won anyway.
 BAKUNIN - (shaking his head) You live in cloud-cuckoo land you silly wanker.
 STIRNER - Well we all do it don't we? Especially Marx!
 BAKUNIN - Yeahh! Gimme 5 my man (putting out his hand for some skin).
 STIRNER - You can have 4 & thats being generous.

Marx & Lenin work out how much a pint should really cost, ie: minus tax & profit. It comes to around 5p.

STIRNER - Well that was fu*king useless wasn't it?
 BAKUNIN - (to Kropotkin) Come on, I'll show you how to play pool.
 STIRNER - (nudging Marx) How 'bout a game of doubles? (Marx pales. Evil grin cracks across Stirners mush) Darts then? (Marx faints).

Enter Emma Goldman (sorry we forgot to put her in the character list but this crock of sh*t is made up as we go.)

PROUDHON - Look at the tits on that then.
 STIRNER - Oi hardhon, thats my girlfiend your referring to.
 EMMA - (foot rapidly approaching Stirner's knackers - the part where his ego hurts most) I'm not YOUR girlfiend. (foot reaches target).

Rest of the room explodes into rapturous cheering & applause.

STIRNER - Y'bastards!
 Marx rises from his comotosed state & sees Stirner clutching his balls in agony.
 MARX - (looking up to heaven) There is a god.

FIN

Paranoid Syd & the Black Dog.

Or is it? We know nobody will want to continue this historical saga. BUT, we will if nobody else does, & I warn you, they'll be going to a football match in a bus next. Every entry gets the 'revolutionary gift pack' with an SAE.



LAST EVER COMPETITION WINNER

from issue 2 - design an anarcho pub challenge



Music loud, the 'pub' is free ('free' having various meanings - donations accepted though!), Margaret Thatchers dead body is the toilet, the pub is free from pollutional areas, & its a squat (converted from an old wooden hut into this glorious specimen by the people.) The cellar is full of fellow anarchists, producing bombs, ready for the arrival of the local tax inspector (GRRR!) The games room is full of the most sicklyest people (vivisectors, capitalists etc) in the flesh, for us to interrogate. The pub will, of course, have a creche, for any small kids. There will be live music on of course (PUNK) in the biggest part of the pub. They'll be room for everyone (within reason) to stay. If you get sick of the twangful noise, you can have a wander around the wonderful surrounding countryside, without the feeling of being attacked. I'm not writing no more, because it'll be crass.

"CIVILISED MURDER"

Entering through the door of civility I am hit by an atmosphere hanging heavy with the stench of death, like the carcasses strung in the cellar, waiters with grins as acidic lime and Chopin in the background; partners in crime.

It is a mass slaughter; a bourgeois clientele scour the menu of death for something bloody to shove in their gross jowls and through their stomachs, to taste dead dreams. "Rare or over-done?" The young engaged couple at table twelve are having fun.

They swap tastes of flesh, en croute, and dip their ringed guilty fingers into bowls which scream for justice. Seeped in luxuriant sauces which drown the death-defying shrieks, table four savour

the flavour of something which once flew, washed down with an expensive wine like blood.

With your hands which so delicately break bread and so gently stroke his loins, would you kill for your own greed? Could you stab a miracle which breathes like yourself, and listen as its life takes leave?

Those cries could easily be those of your children. Wiping your barbaric mouth with the essential serviette, placed to ease your conscience, death moves in your bowels. It shall come alive and eat your soul. You belch.

JAYNE

@@@ S L A V E R Y @@@

The capitalist bosses & owners are losing their identity as responsible agents; they are assuming the function of bureaucrats in a corporate machine. Within the vast hierarchy of executive & managerial boards extending far beyond the individual establishment into the scientific laboratory & research institute, the national government & national purpose, the tangible source of exploitation disappears behind the facade of objective rationality. Hatred & frustration are deprived of their specific target, & the technological veil conceals the reproduction of inequality & enslavement. With technical progress as its instrument, unfreedom - in the sense of mans subjugation to his productive apparatus - is perpetuated & intensified in the form of many liberties & comforts. The novel feature is the overwhelming rationality in this irrational enterprise, & the depth of the preconditioning which shapes the instinctual drives & aspirations of the individuals & obscures the difference between true & false consciousness.

For in reality, neither the utilization of administrative rather than physical controls (hunger, personal dependence, force), nor the change in character of heavy work, nor the assimilation of occupational classes, nor the equalization in the sphere of consumption compensate for the fact that the decisions over life & death, over personal & national security are made at places over which individuals have no control. The slaves of developed industrial civilization are sublimated slaves, but they are slaves, for slavery is determined; "neither by obedience nor by hardness of labour but by the status of being a mere instrument, & the reduction of man to the state of a thing" (Francois Perroux). This is the pure form of servitude: to exist as an instrument, as a thing. And this mode of existence is not abrogated if the thing is animated & chooses its material & intellectual food, if it does not feel its being a thing.

Wow. That was a brainstormer & no mistake. But; who wrote it? Entries to the Malcontent address, & whoever gets it right (apart from those whose initials are D.C.P.) gets the 'Revolutionary gift pack', & 'losers' might as well if their letters nice. SAE all important....

A FAIR TRIAL - FOR A CHANGE

DEFENDANT: MARGARET THATCHER

PLAINTIFF: ANY MALCONTENT

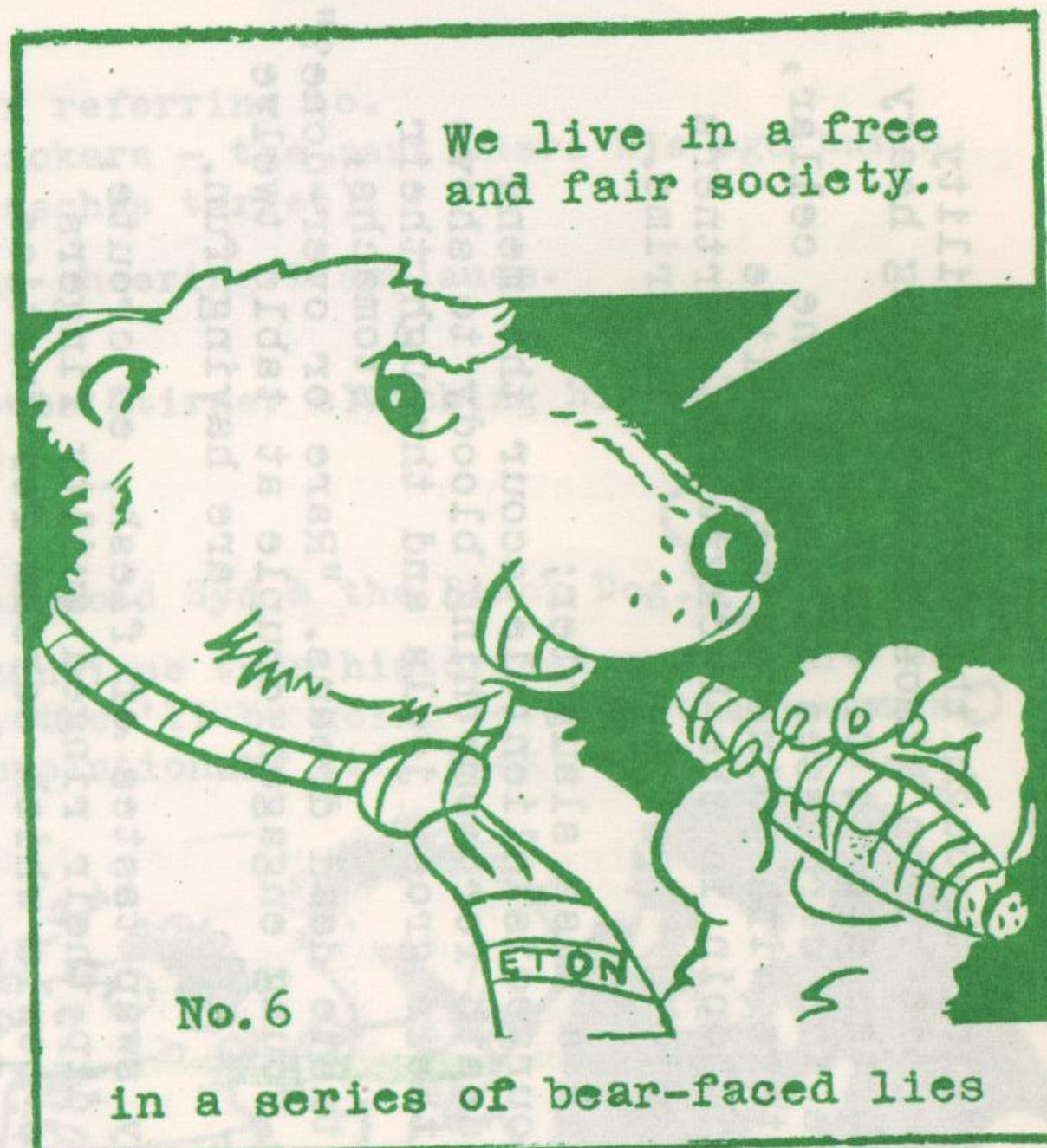
CHARGE: That you personally are responsible for the preparation of ending civilisation, either via nuclear war or ecological holocaust. That you have contributed to the deaths of over 50,000 people - whether it be in Ethiopia, Libya, Ireland, Britain, Falklands & elsewhere, toonumerous to mention. That you knowingly participate & continue in a political system geared to the genocide of the minds of people.

Add other charges yourselves.

SENTENCE: Up to the individual Malcontent, but this Malcontent thinks that death is not the answer as others would take her place & continue the madness. My sentence is that she should be 'forced' to live on Income Support in a house full of Anarchists for at least 2 months.

Alternatively; she should be taken from No. 10 to a place of peoples execution, & be hung by the neck until dead (I don't mean it, its just that the thought makes me smile).

THE MORAL of this tale is that hopefully I have shown that this is a peoples trial, ruling class laws & courts are no different. Every trial is a political trial, every sentence a political sentence, And every prisoner a political prisoner. Just because there is a 'Law' which so many people enforce doesn't make it right.



Epitaph

Well MALCONTENT says Goodbye? And by all the streams of letters we've had we can tell we've had a massive impact. I can only hope somebody somewhere likes + has been provoked into some form of action by these pages of ANARCHIST waffling. If Anybody wants to know anything or say something write in with an SAE preferably. You will get an answer in between +/or during one of our massive drinking/writing bouts. Distributors please get in touch.

MALCONTENT issue 4 was conceived, written, illustrated + stolen by Gene Vincent, Paralytic Syd + the smelly swamp thing. Also our love + thanks go out to M&D + Jayne for contributions to this issue. Any page/design/spread is available as a poster from any issue - please send money for the photocopying, + the all important SAE.

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BOX M, 19 BRYNYMOR Rd, BRYNMILL,
SWANSÉA, WEST GLAM., SA1 4JH.

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IS THIS THE
END OF THE
BEGINNING
?