

This is from "Anarchy 29", and is partly put as a stimulus to action and as a general description (of someone's idea) of Anarchy

"Authoritarian institutions are organised as pyramids, libertarian associations as networks. The state, the capitalist firm, the public corporation, the army, the police, the church—they are all pyramidal hierarchies with the boss-men at the top. Power, authority, the making of decisions, the status, and the high living, the people who make things happen, are at the top. The people that things happen to are at the bottom.

The anarchist conception is entirely different. It doesn't demand the changing of the labels on the layers of the cake, it doesn't want different people on top, it doesn't want to overturn the pyramid, it wants us to clamber out from underneath. It advocates a spread out network of individuals and groups taking their own decisions, controlling their own destiny. The anarchist theorists envisaged the whole social organisation built upon such local groups: the commune, or council, as the territorial nucleus, the syndicate, or workers' council, as the industrial one, federated together not like the stones of a pyramid, where the biggest burden is borne by the lowest layer, but like the links of a network, the network of autonomous groups.

Anarchism as an individual attitude is a philosophy of personal autonomy. As a social philosophy it is a theory of social autonomy. In either aspect it is, as the word implies, a refutation of the principle of authority. "No masters, high or low". And the network of autonomous groups is not just a blueprint for a free society, it is something people need today if they are ever to seize control over their own lives, it is something the anarchist movement needs today if it is ever to become socially effective. What is the best method of making anarchist propaganda? Locally, on the ground, on the spot. How exactly do people become infected with new ideas? By contact, by word of mouth, by example, by action. These are things which happen locally or not at all."

Slightly edited, but by John Schubert. Ta, wherever you are!

NO SHELTER, SURVIVAL
RATIONS, DESOLATE LOCATION.
A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF
GOVERNMENT SERVICE.



With the Compliments of
the
Department of Health and Social Security

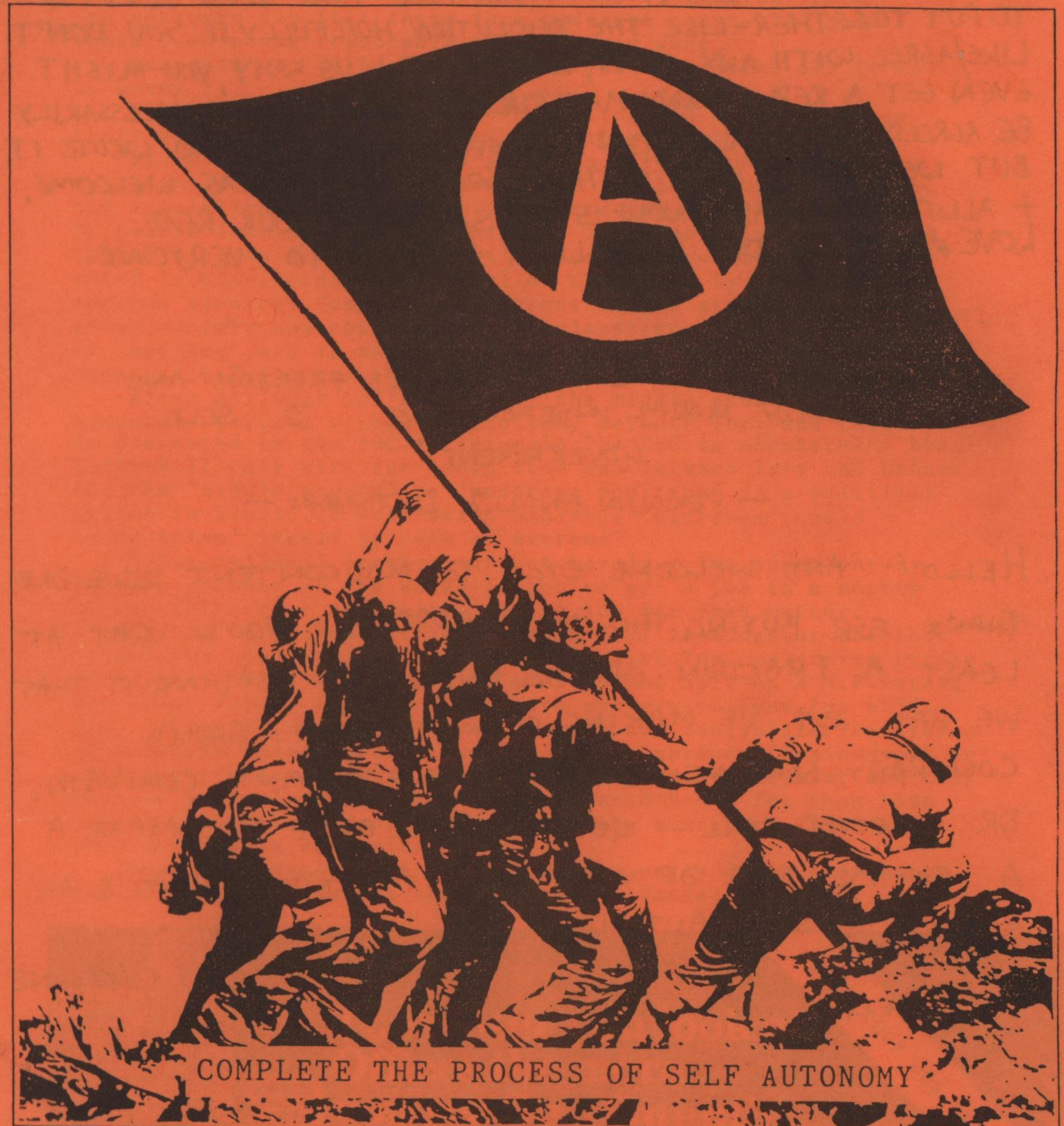
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ISSUE ONE



OCT '88

MALCONTENT



"You'll like it"

INTRO

"MALCONTENT-a+n. DISCONTENTED (PERSON), (ONE) INCLINED TO REBELLION" 7th EDITION-THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY

"MALCONTENT, MALCONTENTED adj DISSATISFIED WITH THE EXISTING STATE OF AFFAIRS" LONGMAN FAMILY DICTIONARY

WELCOME TO MALCONTENT. THIS MAG HAS BEEN A LOT OF FUN TO PUT TOGETHER-LIKE THE 'REVOLUTION' HOPEFULLY. IF YOU DON'T LIKE/AGREE WITH ANY OF IT, WRITE + TELL US WHY YOU MIGHT EVEN GET A REPLY! ANY MATERIAL IN HERE NEEDN'T NECESSARILY BE AGREED ON BY MALCONTENT OR EVEN THE PERSON WHO WROTE IT, BUT WE'RE QUITE HAPPY WITH IT-SO FAR. ANY IDEAS WELCOME, + ALL THAT REMAINS NOW IS TO SAY ENJOY YOUR READ. LOVE ♡ LOVE ♡ LOVE. P.S. HELLO'S + THANK TO EVERYONE.

"AUTONOMY - 1. SELF DETERMINED FREEDOM AND ESPECIALLY MORAL INDEPENDANCE. 2. SELF GOVERNMENT"

- PENGUIN ENGLISH DICTIONARY -

HELLO! AND WELCOME ETC. TO MALCONTENT ISSUE ONE. THANK FOR BUYING THIS MAG; HOPEFULLY YOU'LL GET AT LEAST A FRACTION OF THE ENJOYMENT READING IT THAT WE HAD OUT OF MAKING IT. HOWEVER, SHOULD CONTRARY SENTIMENTS ARISE, WRITE AND COMPLAIN, OR - BETTER STILL - GET OFF YOUR ARSE AND MAKE A BETTER MAG OF YOUR OWN. AFTERALL; THAT'S AN ASPECT OF SELF AUTONOMY.

FINALLY, THANK TO EVERYONE WHO HELPS, PUTS UP WITH US AND LOVES US!

CHEERS! GENE.

ITS ALL A CON

The lie machine comprised of media, politicians, government, companies and others put forth an ideology which says you need money and profit. After all, what would you do without money or work? Well I think they are all a gigantic heap of cat poo! If you've cleared a few up you'll know what I mean. They are not telling you every side of the story. Here's a different point of view.

Its all a con-
to persuade you to do a 'days work'
to persuade you not to cause 'trouble'
to persuade you to be a cog in their machine
to persuade you to accept the monotony of everyday life
to persuade you that there is a moderate reasonable point that all moderate reasonable wo/men would want.
to persuade you to be 'happy' with your lot-after all it could be worse....

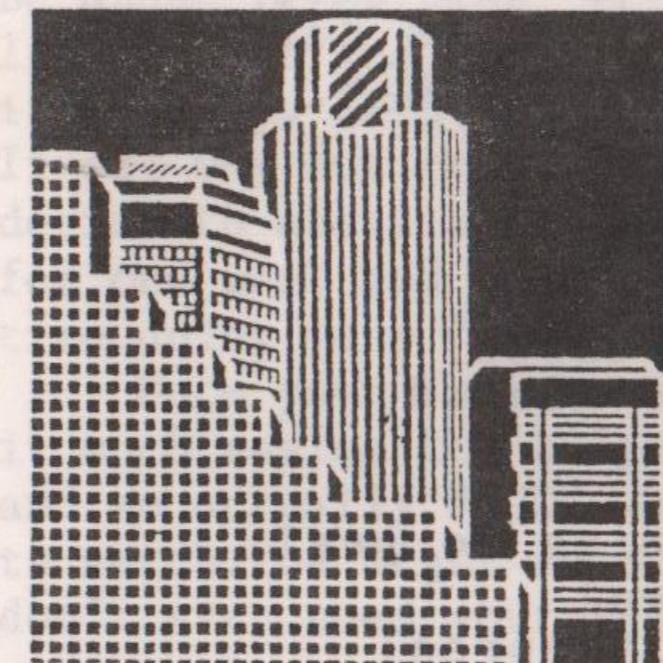
They con you (and me) into accepting and carrying on in their society, why? To make their privilege last.

If we 'dare' to demand a place to live in peace and enjoyment, a life without coercion or people sticking to rules and regulations, or people telling (ordering) you to work harder or people looking down on others, it is immediately seen to be impossible. You are not 'normal' if you say something unusual which is considered impractical or dangerous by the current regime's ideology. Something different to the present authoritarian society, anarchistic even is slandered 'utopian', 'violent' or 'extreme', and is marginalised. Something not worth 'following' because it "will never happen"?

After all, what is 'moderate', 'the middle ground'? A point somewhere (always within capitalism) between Tory and Labour; as presented by the BBC for example. The BBC is moderate? No bias? Rubbish. It only airs the views from and between Tory and Labour. But the 'middle ground' or 'moderate position' is a political stance in itself. If moderation banishes 'extremes', could 'moderation' itself be seen as extreme?

Solution!? Well perhaps not, but here's a few ideas anyway. Throw a spanner in the works! If you've got a job in a shitty boring factory or any shitty boring job for that matter, organise a 15 minute strike in support of lemmings or the poor truncheons that the police hit people with. You could even strike in support of strikes! Organise a sponsored spit on a M.P.-spend any money raised on organising more subversion! Good fun eh? It goes on? everytime you walk past a policewoman, soldier, air force wo/man, navy wo/man, traffic warden etc in uniform (businessmen as well-after all a suit is a uniform) laugh at them, point and talk amongst yourselves. Let them feel paranoid! Don't let them hide behind the authority or power of wearing a uniform. After all, they are people, communicate!

Generally don't take their lies, and enjoy doing something unexpected. Just imagine the joe publics faces!!!! SUBVERT.



The closer you look at
Offices the more
you see S an Quentin

CITY OFFICE

KNOW YOUR OWN PRISONS

THE
MEDIA
PAGES

oh *
no..

it's the
obligatory
Music
page

*****STOP PRESS*****
We wrote to Billy Bragg in
May and he has not written
back. Probably afraid to!!

GUANA BATZ FIGHT BACK!

Rockabilly ensemble, The Guana Batz
earlier this year released a fourth
album to follow the recent live
effort, "LIVE OVER LONDON", it's
called "ROUGH EDGES".(ID NOSE 20)

As well as best ever production,
ROUGH EDGES includes what Stuart
Osborne (Lead guitar & writing) calls
their "Only politically toned song in
five years"; "FIGHT BACK". Stuart
explains how the song reflects his
feeling of "claustrophobia", "Being
crushed under all Thatcher's millions
of new laws, cuts and taxes" and how
"We're not gonna live under her thumb".

The new album, incidentally, has
turned up on Compact Disc (!?), so
hopefully their fight-back message
will in future reach a wider and
more unsuspecting audience.

"LIVE OVER LONDON", by the way,
turns up on the 'B' sides so to
speak, of both the cassette and CD of
"ROUGH EDGES"

NOT HERO WORSHIP, BUT A DAMN FINE SONG!

This is a song i really like and it gets better every time
i listen to it. The lyrics of this song deserve a wider audience
as they have lots of good implications and meanings.

So here we have CULTURE SHOCK'S "Ten Percent Off".

Ten percent discount in the store
Persuades you to buy what you can't afford
What you'd never have thought of buying before
You call it a treat but the man next door
Is one point ahead in the status war
And it's ten percent off so you buy one more

CHORUS: Ten percent off! Freedom of choice!
Ten percent off! Ends in three days!
Ten percent off! So buy while you can!
Ten percent off! Variety pays!

Holidays cancelled to go to the sale
Its the last three days and the old one might fail
It didn't look too good when it came in the mail
So like a dog in a frenzy you chase your own tail
You're on the right track but your brain gets derailed
And the taste of success can quickly turn stale

(CHORUS)

Ten percent off! Thats what it says
If you can't afford it ask for a raise
Its all an investment of course not a waste
Make your mouth water your eyes double glazed

Freedom becomes an asset to steal
With the 'ten per cent off' tag beginning to peel
Changing its owners with each shady deal
Cos the price of real freedom is really unreal
The real stuff is guaranteed comes with a seal
Yeah mate I got some! - But it's not for sale.



NETWORK SEVEN
TV TRASH!

I have suspected for sometime
that Ch4's Network Seven is
drivel. August 6th's episode
confirmed this. That Sunday
saw an intentional piss-take
of the "CLASS WAR" movement,
it's aims and beliefs and
involvement in sundry social
and political events of recent
years.

They're attempted portrayal of
the anti-yuppie campaign as
jealousy amongst the less-well
off was painfully obvious, but
worst of all was the childish
way film of the movement's
co-founder Ian Bone was used
to portray him as an absolute
wanker-because he was arguing
of all things! Come on; who
has not had an argument in
their lives?

When one considers that 99%
of the programme's output
centres around an unhealthy
obsession with money, it's
not suprising that into the
bargain a few dim-witted
yuppies who "can't see the
point" etc. were interviewed
as 'balance'.

Ironically; Network Seven's
one potentially redeeming
feature; "True or False",
seemingly intended to show
how effectively the Media
Machine can tell lies; becomes
a farcical device through
which one can ENJOY being lied
to! Bloody drivel.

GENE

IDEAS*IDEAS*IDEAS*IDEAS*IDEAS*IDEAS*IDEAS

Is your TV entertaining YOU, or are you
entertaining IT? However cynical you may
be about Television, it's still more than
likely that you spend more time watching
it than you need to.

If so, why not try a TV fast? Simply
decide to abstain from the television
for one week and instead, spend your
time doing more 'useful' things.

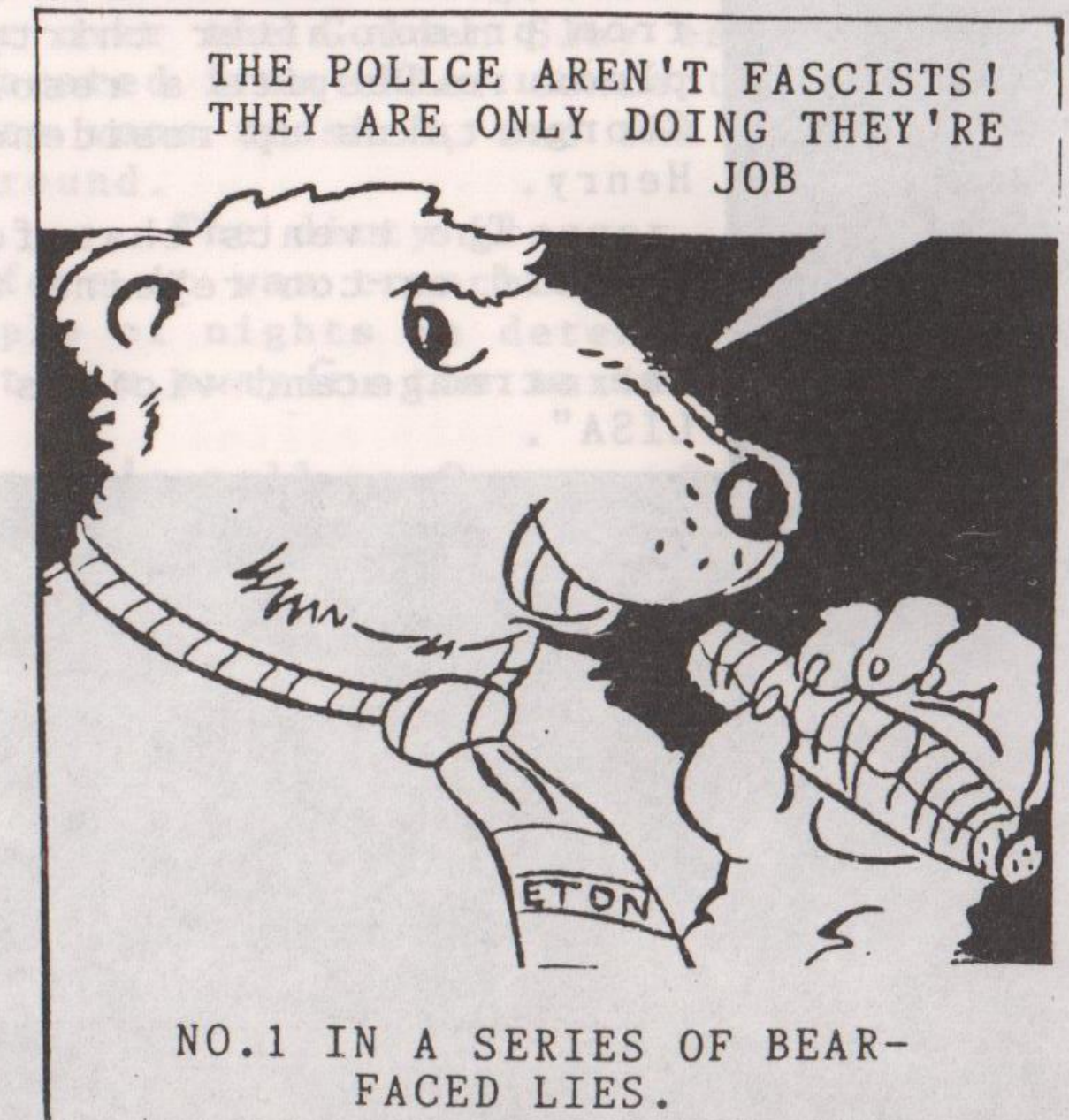
Once your fast is over you'll find
it much easier to 'budget' your viewing,
and so actually ENJOY what you DO choose
to watch. You might even find that you
don't even need your Television at all!

SPECIAL OFFER



What's this? only Issue One and already
MULTI MEDIA? Yes, those intrepid people
at MALCONTENT have come up with a tape
full of interesting and witty things at
the Rock-bottom price of One Pound.

Complete the process of self autonomy
by sending either a blank P.O or cash
to: TAPE OFFER, BOX 'M', 19 BRYNYMOR RD,
SWANSEA, WEST GLAMORGAN. Dispatch hopef-
ully in around a fortnight.





Sometime in the not too distant future, George Bailey, a noted former ALF activist is released from prison after thirty years at Her Majesty's pleasure. Despite a resolution to go straight; George takes up residence with an old cohort, Henry.

The events that follow determine how the old ex-con rejoins the fight back. So begins the strange and vicious saga known as "MOGGY LISA".

CHAPTER ONE

At the stroke of mid-day, after thirty years of incarceration George Bailey stepped out of the little gate within the big gate which had sealed his imprisonment and saw the light of day on the outside again, undarkened by prison bars. "Angels are men" he thought bitterly to himself.

Taking his first liberated breathes, the world stank of so-called "freedom", but, George observed intuitively, now the air hung heavier still with the dread scent of hatred, fear, hypocrisy, and, industrial waste.

Henry, as he had promised on his last visit, was there. He had brought the wheels. George had always wanted a vintage "Sweeney" type Jaguar, but as it turned out, his old Bedford had always been just the thing for bussing between gigs, demos and actions. Oblivious to the ignition key dangling in Henry's out-stretched hand, George nostalgically eyed the kaliedescope of paint splashes bedecking the sorry vehicle. "Those were the days, the good old ALF Splash-and-grab raids".

"The move still needs you you know George" gravel led his friend in Clydeside, grabbing the opportunity. "We've waited a long time for this moment". Unsubtle perhaps but Henry had come under much pressure recently from survivors of the old movement.

"So have I" retorted George, turning sharply upon his pal. "Thirty years in fact".

Contorting his fat face into mock incomprehension, Henry continued cautiously, "Are you trying to tell me something, George?"

Passing a final reproachful glance at his most recent home, George made an ominously final statement: "I'm going straight Henry, I don't ever want to see the inside of that shit-hole again".

Henry was silent as they rode back to his tumbled ex-squat in Brixton which he had offered George to share. He knew that his friend's mind was pre-occupied by that scum laden day, thirty long years ago.

Yes indeed he'd been well and truly stitched up and fucked up by that infiltrator over the Golden Slay estate affair. A thousand plus hens liberated from thier concentration camps, cars and scores of delivery vans trashed, and the whole fucking lot burned down to the ground.

The dirty grasser. Barely time to yank open a ring pull before it was truncheons and big docs in the face and ribs. A couple of nights in detention, then the 'trial'. Fat filthy judge put him away for the maximum; "The ring leader", ha!

Prison had taken it's toll on George. Contrary to his expectations, the bitterness burned only a few years. As one grew rounder, balder and not least older, thoughts of revenge are replaced wholesale by those of freedom. The world had changed too, it had worsened unbelievably.

One thing he HAD heard about in prison was AIDS, the population leveller; who it didn't scare shitless it murdered, running wilder than even the scientists had anticipated. The old sex and porn industries were completely wiped out, leaving the way open for the Beastiality act to be passed by Prime Minister Bernard Matthews. At last there was carte blanche for commercial animal sexploitation by the likes of him, the scum.

All this time George drove the van as an automaton completely ignorant of his friend's presence. Henry read his troubled expressions and writhed within the constraints of his seat belt to reach into the rear of the van. Having successfully retrieved a battered shoe box he broke the silence of several minutes.

"Almost forgot, got you a present, a sort of coming home gift". George erratically pulled the old van up to the kerb and tentatively removed the lid of the old box so carelessly tossed onto his lap. The soulful blue-green eyes of a little black she cat came into view. George's kind eyes warmed instantly to the little creature, and turned questioningly to his friend.

"Black Market" he said anticipating his query. "Take care of her George, they don't make 'em for pets anymore you know. Besides, she didn't come cheap!". Pretending to fumble with his seat belt he then mumbled in a half interested way, "Her name's Fifi". He secretly grinned.

"Fuck off!" came the reply, "Her name's gonna be Lisa". Jeez he's so predictable! an old girlfriend, wobbled Henry to himself.

Presently George swung the steering wheel around and they headed for home.

CHAPTER TWO

Henry's place wasn't exactly "Design for Living", "surviving", would be more accurate, but it was comfortable enough. Many years hence in his Punk Activist days, his had been the best squat in Brixton by a long, long way. It was also the best protected, Henry and his then pals had resisted scores of raids by Landlords and pigs alike, and more often than not, both at once. As was the habit of the pigs, they were armed to the bloody teeth, so it was for no mean deads that Henry became a local hero amongst the Brixton anarchists.

That was back in the eighties though, and as the one time folk hero grew fat and increasingly indolent - it became obvious that he would have to bow to the pressure to rent his little place. But Henry refused still to make a living in a conventional way.

Consequently, as he opened the door, George was presented with the spectacle of a floor and all available surfaces strewn with seemingly innumerable Zines, some complete, and some, at first glance, very much incomplete. As well as printing his own, Henry assembled and printed those belonging to like minded factions. With only around a penny or so commission per mag sold, he'd never be a millionaire, but then, who the hell needed to be a bourgeois when the social was stumping up your rent?

Once inside, George managed to place himself and his new friend in a very battered armchair, held in cohesion surely, purely by dust. Henry sifted apparently aimlessly amongst some mess which obscured a kitchen surface, eventually producing, with a flourish, a tin of cat food. Returning, however, to the area of search in red-faced frustration; he searched more erratically for a tin opener. Search-search-search, bloody search, "DON'T lose your temper" he thought to himself, for he wished to question his friend further, on what was clearly unfriendly territory. Launch straight in? No. He would go in crabwise.

"Been a long time George" he began to muse affectedly, "and no mistake. Second year at Swansea was it?". Dead silence. "Hunt sabbing in those days was really something else wasn't it, eh? Talk about Capitalism bringing about the means of it's own destruction, eh? (he was conscious of saying last too much-what the hell) Remember how we took the piss out of those upper class wankers on TV! And then, the first arrest; those pigs! still can't believe we ever got off! But most of all I'll always remember that hassle from the paranoid pig, 'Have you got a problem?' he said....."

Dead bloody silence. Throughout his entire dialogue George continued solely to nurse his new pet cat. Henry continued in a poor imitation of his earlier (contrived) joviality.

"And then; a few days later you drew that silly fuckin' cartoon of it and stuck it to the Kitchen wall! Didn't give us much cred I must say, when we got raided and had the first Zine taken away from us. The same pig would you believe? Jeezus! If you'd had said F'off to him then instead of....I don't know....."

Sensing that his incessant ramblings could be irritating his new co-tenant, Henry's voice gradually decreased in pitch until it imitated that of a drunken old down-and-out (a shy one, at that) and it was after a few moments of conspicuous silence that he eventually burst out, "Do you REALLY mean to go straight after ALL THESE YEARS George?" He had abandoned all attempts at nonchalance.

"You Know I mean it," said George, turning his attention away from the animal, his eyes were aggressive in a way they had both quite forgotten. "I've given the best years of my life to the bloody movement - thirty of them in prison- and now it's about time I was liberated. No more Splash and grabs, Lab raids or even gigs. I'm done with being a bad lot".

"Arrcht, George" sighed the ruddy faced Henry, "Bad lot my arse. Everything we did was for the right reasons, the only reasons; you knew that and so did I!"

"I know, I know," George put the breaks on. "But all the same.." it was as though the whole damn time in the nick he had been rehearsing for this moment; but all he could say was this, before lapsing once more into silence: "Even my Mam reckoned I was a bad lot, even my Mam".

He'd had a long time to work this out, and he wasn't about to change his mind in a hurry. Silence rained down hard upon the house until George continued.

As the pages of the economist turned and blackened upon the fire before the little group in the dusty chair, the voice was dreamy. "It's time for me and little Lisa to sit and dream" he gazed at the fire, "Dream of burning Porton Down. Only dreaming".

IN PART TWO : George's dreams and sense of well being are shattered, an eventuality that means one thing; violent retribution. Read it only in the next issue of MALCONTENT.

Gene.



Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer

CRIMES BY THE RICH AND POWERFUL.

Through the media in particular we are led on a crusade against 'crime', as if we know who the real 'criminals' are. In reality they are the crimes of the powerless. Here's a few ideas to make you think.

'Law' is ideology, constructed mainly by the ruling class e.g. rich landowners/businessmen, powerful companies, etc; and their interests are represented in the law. When laws are passed (few and far between) which seemingly favour the workers, or ethnic groups, they actually don't cos they are not enforced and just serve to take the power out of popular movements. Also the system can hold its 'reasonableness' up as an e.g. of its neutrality; cos the system needs loyalty. Where the 3 main political parties agree is the respect for the law, no matter how unjust - don't break the law. BUT everybody actually does/has/is breaking the law e.g. have you kept money found in the street, have you kept money if you received too much in change, have you taken 'souvenirs' from pubs/hotels, have you taken stationary etc. from your office/work/school? Well if you have and you haven't been caught, you will be relieved to know that you got away with not going to jail for 6 months and/or paying a 1,000 pound fine - maximum penalty for the above 'offences'. I could ramble on about other laws but i hope the point is made. It just makes me laugh (and sad) when I hear someone claiming that they are a 'law-abiding citizen'.

Apart from what's legal or illegal, what might be illegal if capitalism didn't control this country's laws. E.G. We can redefine things using a different value system and consider what could be 'criminal'. Thus if a rich person bought a Rolls, Ferrari etc. whilst others were searching in dustbins for some food, s/he (the rich person) is acting 'criminally'. Also what does constitute theft? Taking something from somebody? If this is the case then PROFIT IS THEFT!

E.G. Worker makes or adds 50 pounds of value of or to an object or service, per day.
S/he gets paid 20 pounds for it.
Consequently the capitalist/business is robbing the worker of 30 pounds per working day.
5 day week = 150 pounds per week.
52 (weeks) X 150 pounds = 7,800 pounds per year

All around the world workers are being robbed and the 'criminals' are not recognised. Furthermore, ironically; after doing the work, these same workers have to pay an exaggerated amount of money for goods which they themselves have made; from wages which are unequal to the value of their labour. In effect they can't afford to buy back that which they created!

With the recent social security changes, some single people have found themselves 7 pounds a week worse off. If someone came up to me in the street and took 7 pounds from me i would not be pleased and would probably tell people i had money stolen from me. Just because it is legal - as in passed as a law by parliament/ House of lords etc. it is accepted. The 10's of thousands of people affected or who could be affected have not caused trouble and caught the criminals responsible for a theft which must run into millions. There hasn't been a cry of "theft", "thief" etc because it has not been recognised as theft.

Also in the system of capitalist legality things work out to the detriment of the powerless (surprise, surprise) and to the good of the capitalist. Here's a couple of examples of what i mean. If an employee took some money e.g. from the cash till, it is theft and if an employer pays less than the going rate for the job, it is the "labour market working rationally". If there are bad or dangerous working conditions which employers "can't afford to improve" and injury or death occurs, it is not an accident but

Every yr at work at least
600 people are killed,
12,000 injured.

T&A D.C.P.

G.B.H. or murder. Whose it gonna happen to as well? Not those sitting on their arse in a suit. Finally cars, in which it is known that there are dangerous faults; have not been recalled i.e. bringing back all cars in that range, cos it has been calculated that civil damages (resulting from prosecutions of the corporations in court by people who have been injured or relatives whose loved one had died due to the fault) are going to be less than the total recall cost of every car in the range. Thus the corporation is murdering/G.B.H.ing people, e.g.'s Skoda, Lancia, General Motors.

Well after rambling on about the definition of crime I'm now going to talk about some 'real' crimes of the powerful. In this we look away from the typical images of crime and towards those who are not normally subject to scrutiny. The crimes (of the powerful) are always the least publicised, investigated or if found out, little stigma attached to the offender or his/her type. They also tend to be the most economically significant and those that cause the most harm.

As there are few people looking into crimes of the powerful there aren't any recent figures for me to use and i didn't look to hard anyway, so the data used is old but just used to illustrate a point. The powerful groups indicated below as 'criminals' have the system on their side, not by accident, and they get away with it because it is 'acceptable' in the ¼'s they circulate in, it is normal behaviour. Somebody called Kolko showed that in 1957 at least \$27.7 BILLION was unreported on tax returns in America. Most of this was kept by the richest 10% of the population. At least \$11 billion was retained by the wealthiest 1% (who own 80%-ish of the corporate wealth). This unreported income would have been taxed at 90 cents to the \$. Therefore the above \$11 billion would mean that well above \$9 billion would be owed to the taxation dept. The richest 1% defrauded the majority of more than \$9 billion in 1 yr alone. In America in 1968 the Federal Trades Commission (!?) estimated (when 'robbery' netted \$55 million) detectable business fraud netted more than \$1 billion and large corporations were/are knowingly involved. Though i've used America as the E.G., the point applies to every country in the world. The wealthy are those who think burglars, pickpockets etc. are the real 'criminals' - but who is the biggest pickpocket?

Another aspect of crimes of the powerful, which in its consequences is enormously damaging, is the ability that the powerful have to mislead people without their knowledge (sometimes?!). This occurs daily through the T.V's, radio's, 'news' papers, schools, and workplaces of nearly the entire world. The lies that are encouraged and perpetuated are almost beyond belief - i chose the 'topic' cos i think its a good E.G. The information below (if you want more detail/s write to the contact address) comes from C. Higham and hopefully destroys a few myths about business people/politicians of World War II; i'll also add that similar lying goes on all the time and will occur whenever it is necessary for the powerful to present a good image for their organisations, ideology and continuing existence. Higham searched in vain through official histories of the companies, papers etc. to find any reference to 'questionable' activities. He wrote that "the government smothered everything, during, and even inexcusably after the war". I disagree with even inexcusably because it all is 'inexcusable'.

After all "What would have happened if millions of American and British people, struggling with coupons and lines at gas stations, had learned that in 1942 Standard Oil of New Jersey managers shipped the enemys fuel through neutral Switzerland and that the enemy was shipping Allied fuel? Suppose the public had discovered that the Chase bank in Nazi occupied Paris after Pearl Harbour was doing millions of \$'s worth of business with the enemy with the full knowledge of the head office in Manhattan? Or that Ford trucks were being built for the German occupation troops in France with authorization from Dearborn, Michigan? Or that Colonel Sosthenes Behn, the head of the international American

telephone conglomerate ITT, flew from New York to Madrid to Berne during the war to help improve Hitler's communications systems and improve the robot bombs that devastated London? Or that ITT built the Focke-Wulfs that dropped bombs on British and American troops? Or that crucial ball bearings were shipped to Nazi-associated customers in Latin America with the collusion of the vice chairman of the U.S. War Production Board in partnership with Göring's cousin in Philadelphia when American forces were desperately short of them? Or that such arrangements were known about in Washington and either sanctioned or deliberately ignored?"

"After Pearl Harbour the German army, navy, and air force contracted with ITT for the manufacture of switchboards, telephone alarm gongs, buoys, air raid warning devices, radar equipment, and 30,000 fuses per month for artillery shells used to kill British and American troops. This was to increase to 50,000 per month by 1944. In addition, ITT supplied ingredients for the rocket bombs that fell on London, selenium cells for dry rectifiers, high-frequency radio equipment, and fortification and field communication sets. Without this supply of crucial materials it would have been impossible for the German air force to kill American and British troops, for the German army to fight the Allies in Africa, Italy, France, and Germany, for England to have been bombed, or for Allied ships to have been attacked at sea."

I'm not supporting war or either 'side', it's just one example of what the powerful do and 'get away with'.

Finally, don't forget, more harm is "conceived and ordered (moved, seconded, carried and minuted) in clean, carpeted, warm and well lighted offices, by quiet men with white collars and cut fingernails, and smooth shaven cheeks!" (C.S. Lewis) *Who? - Ed.*

We are getting closer.

We are slowly destroying the long tentacles of the oppressive State machine....

secret files in the universities, work studies in the factories, the census at home, social security files, computers, T.V., Giro, passports, work permits, insurance cards.

Bureaucracy and technology used against the people...

to speed up our work

to slow down our minds and actions

to obliterate the truth

Police computers cannot tell the truth. They just record our 'crimes'. The pig murders go unrecorded. Stephen McCarthy, Peter Savva, David Owale - The murder of these brothers is not written on any secret card.

We will avenge our brothers.

If they murder another brother or sister, pig blood will flow in the streets.

168 explosions last year. Hundreds of threatening telephone calls to govt., bosses, leaders.

The Angry Brigade is the man or woman sitting next to you. They have guns in their pockets and anger in their minds.

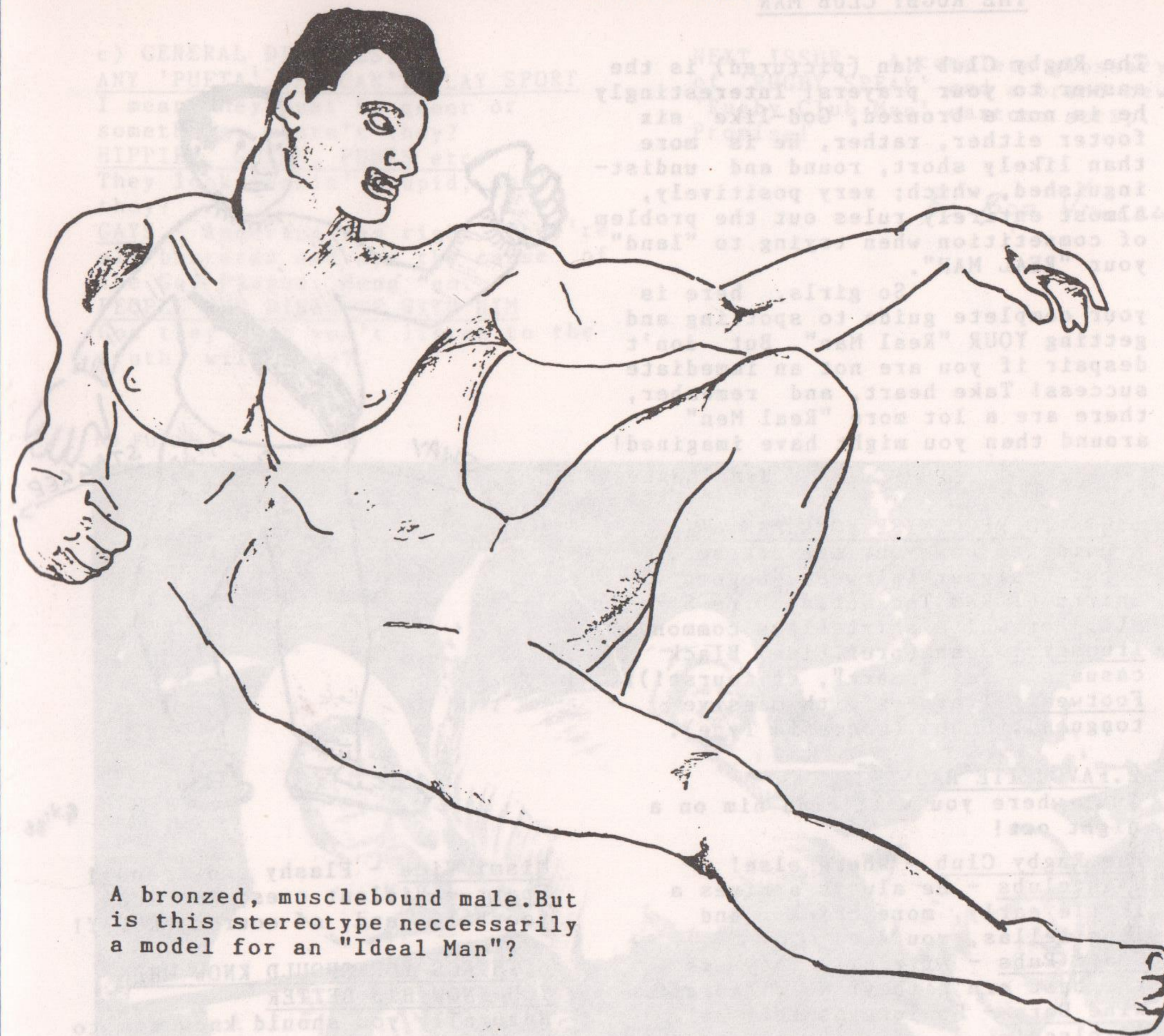
We are getting closer.

Off the system and its property.

Power to the people.

Communique 9, The Angry Brigade, sent on May 22nd, 1971, following an explosion at the police computer, Tintagel House, London, and simultaneous explosions at 3 British offices in Paris.

WANTED - A REAL MAN!



A bronzed, musclebound male. But is this stereotype necessarily a model for an "Ideal Man"?

Practically since the dawn of time, men and women; whether they be Philosophers, Physicians, Artistes or merely commoners; have sought that most mystical of ideals - that of the "REAL MAN".

Yes indeed, a man who would incorporate all the worthy attributes of the male character, whilst of course maintaining the patience, sympathy and understanding necessary to make him a compassionate and worthy human being, equal to any situation; whether physical, intellectual or emotional.

However seemingly impossible a task, the search continues unabated, that is, until this moment; for now, at last, MALCONTENT can exclusively reveal the identity of the "REAL MAN"!

Not only do we reveal his identity, we also provide THE complete guide to his likes and dislikes, his favourite pastimes, his habits and behaviour. All of which forms your essential guide to tracking down - and getting - your "REAL MAN"!

So ladies; turn over the page to discover the identity at last; of this man.

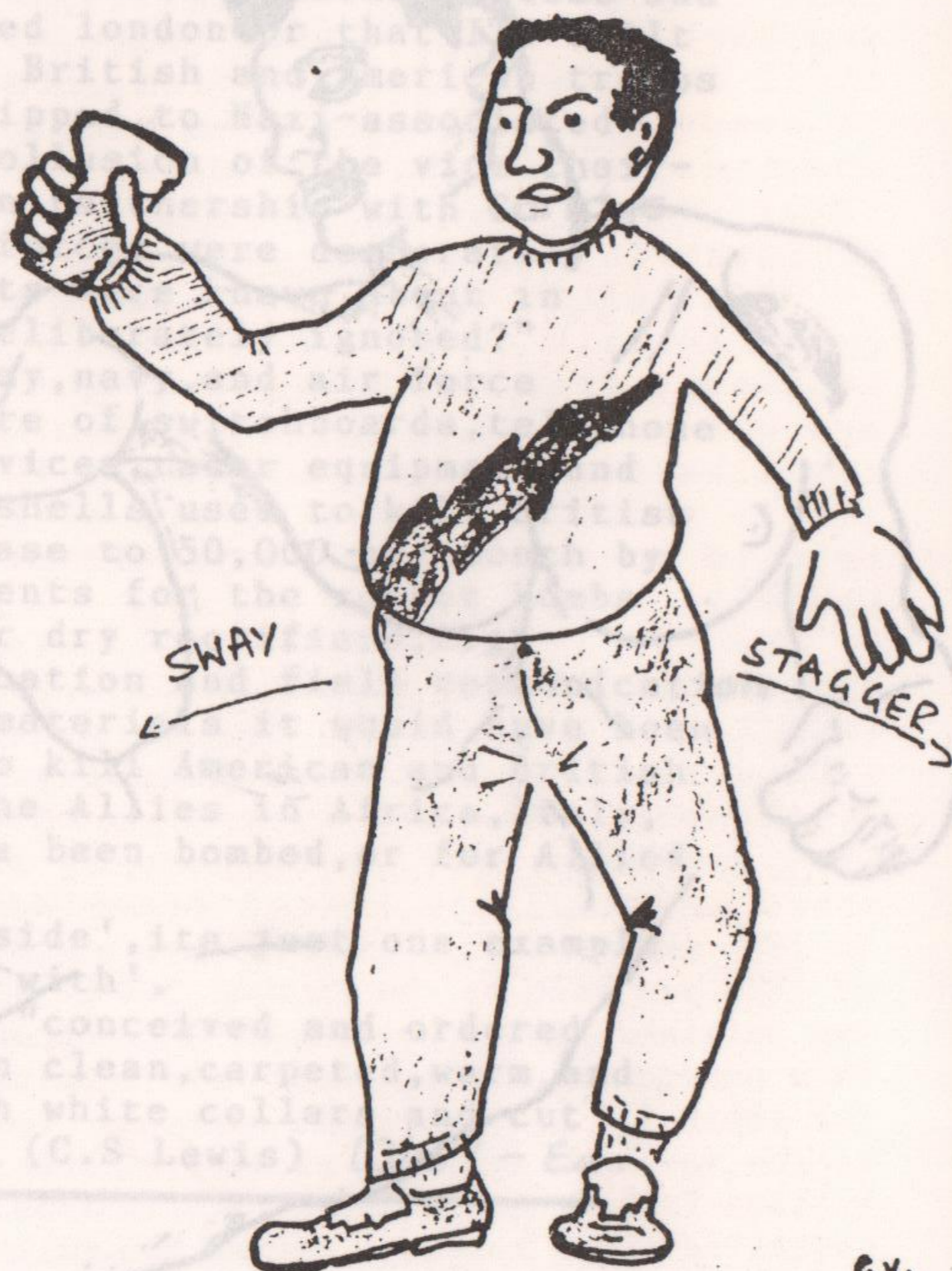
THIS MAN IS.....

THE RUGBY CLUB MAN

The Rugby Club Man (pictured) is the answer to your prayers! Interestingly he is not a bronzed, God-like six footer either, rather, he is more than likely short, round and undistinguished, which; very positively, almost entirely rules out the problem of competition when trying to "land" your "REAL MAN".

So girls, here is your complete guide to spotting and getting YOUR "Real Man". But don't despair if you are not an immediate success! Take heart, and remember, there are a lot more "Real Men" around than you might have imagined!

Bon Chance!



1. HOW TO RECOGNISE YOUR MAN

A guide to how your man dresses.
Tops: Designer Knitwear, Logoed 'T-Shirts' (I Ran The World; Dire Straits etc.) or white shirts (less common).
Trousers: Jeans (pref. Blue) Black casuals (for "smart", of course!)
Footwear: Trainers (with massive tongues), Shoes (Moccasin Type).

2. FAVOURITE HAUNTS

Just where you will find him on a night out!

The Rugby Club - Where else!

Nightclubs - He always arrives a little early, more chicks and less fellas, you see!

Smart Pubs - After all, they are the best aren't they? No riff-raff.

Wine Bars - So long as they sell 'Grolsch'.

3. FAVOURITE READING MATTER

You might just catch him with one of these under his arm!

The Sun - Good ol' page three eh? Who gives a toss about the news anyway?

The Star - More tits.

Mayfair - Well, it's almost Art isn't it? Articles are the best.

4. MUSIC

Likes and dislikes. Watch him at the Jukebox, it can be a giveaway!

LIKES: Eric Clapton, Dire Straits, Marrillion, Foreigner, Queen and the Beastie Boys.

DISLIKES: Reggae, anything sappy, old or 'weird'.

5. FAVOURITE TV PROGS.

Catch him sneaking a peek at one of these on the pub telly!

Miami Vice - Flashy and trendy!
Sport - Violent ones, American football, and, of course, RUGBY!

6. THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW WHEN YOU KNOW HIM BETTER

Naturally you should know how to keep your man once you have found him! Here's a few subjects it would be just as well to agree with him on.

a) PREVELANT ATTITUDES:

RACISM - Something of a hobby, he directs this at all non-whites.

SEXISM - A woman should know her place, shouldn't she?

CONSERVATISM - It's not as though it's Fascism, is it?

b) GENERAL LIKES:

LAGER - Strong of course!

BEEF BURGERS - Mc.Donalds naturally!

CURRIES - Chicken.

SABRINA - Very talented isn't she?

BIG TITS - Isn't Samantha Fox fuckin' gorgeous.

ELECTRIC BLUE VIDEOS - "It's for me mate".

c) GENERAL DISLIKES:

ANY 'PUFTA' WHO CAN'T PLAY SPORT

I mean they must be queer or something, mustn't they?

HIPPIES, GOTHs, PUNKS etc.

They look fuckin' stupid, don't they?

GAYS - Anderton was right. They're all bastards and are the cause of the Gay Plague. Hang 'em.

PEOPLE WHO DISAGREE WITH HIM

Cos they just won't listen to the truth, will they?

NEXT ISSUE: A complete glossary of 'RUGBY SPEAK' and a brand new 'Rugby Club Man' cartoon strip. Promise!

Be Bop Vincent

NO FUTURE?



H.M. Government

ITV

People in POWER

THE OBSERVER

BBC

THE LIE MACHINE.

BRITISH NUCLEAR FUELS PLC.

ICI

SUNDAY EXPRESS magazine

Ford

Mail

ITT

The Economist

Daily

Shell Chemicals

AMERICAN EXPRESS

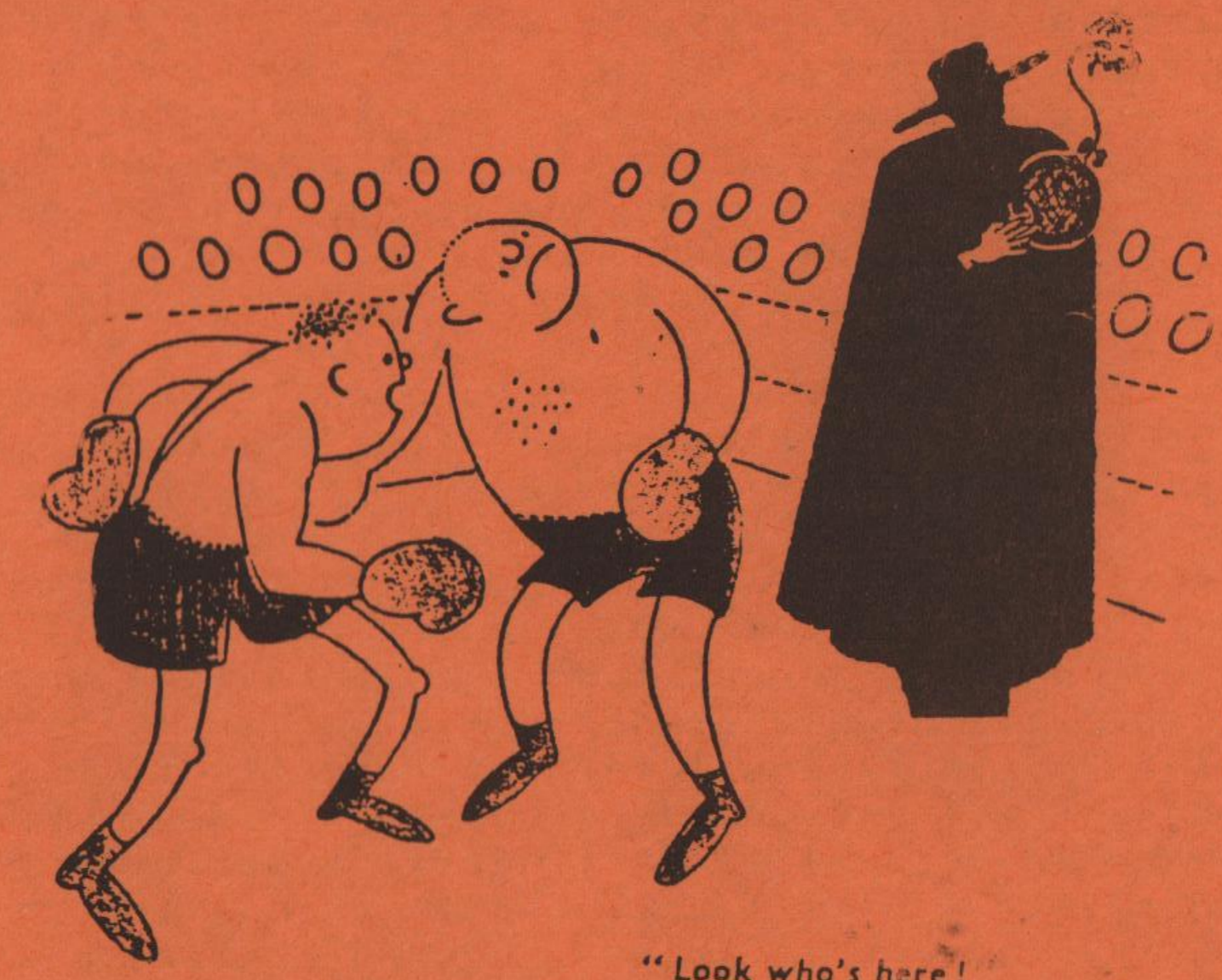


When one commands a sizeable share of the world Arms Trade it's vital to maintain a friendly image. That's why as well as direct debit via your taxes, we offer you a unique opportunity to participate in peddling misery via our many record labels and our chief retail outlet-The HMV Shops chain. Afterall, everyone has to die sometime, don't they!



SIMPLY TERRIFYING

There's something reassuring about a quality paper. It feels right. Looks the part. Speaks volumes.



"Look who's here!"

MALCONTENT

"You'll like it"

*****STOP PRESS*****
Look out for Issue Two of MALCONTENT, out on the streets before Christmas!!

"MALCONTENT" Issue One was conceived, written and illustrated from original material, July/August '88 by Gene Vincent & The Incredible Black Dog. Please address any correspondence to: BOX 'M', 19 BRYNYMOR RD. SWANSEA, WEST GLAM.
Any interesting news and views could be considered for a letters page next time, so please indicate whether or not you are prepared to have yours printed.

Next Issue will have Part Two of the story, The Rugby Club Man cartoon; as promised; An expose on Pub culture and breweries and the seriously sicko "Great Deaths This Century" column. Meanwhile, any page/design/spread from issue one is available in black & white A3 (15p + 19p (p+p)) or colour, (red, brown or blue - 20p + 19p (p+p)).
See you next time!

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