

30p * no.8 * (the last)

13002

South London Truss

PAPER THAT SUPPORTS OUR BOYS, HANGING, FLOGGING AND NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION

00 at
ake p2

WIN A CAREFREE HOLIDAY IN
PICTURESQUE BELFAST STAYING
AT A FOUR-STAR DOSS HOUSE
ON THE FALLS ROAD
... see the coupon inside

p9

Tenants
evacuated p3

NEWSBRIEF

priest Father O'Reilly to-
vealed exclusively in the
the identity of the Met's
supergrass. The man variously
as God, Jesus Christ, Ras
or "That old Berk up in the
has been informing on wrong-
for thousands of years. Scot-
yard refused to comment.

USS MAN ATTACKED

Gotcha, a part-time, photo-
pher for The Truss, was
apitated while photographing the
gusting scenes. His battered head
s later found on a spike with an
ple in its mouth near the offices
our rival The South London
ross.

THE FINAL TRAGEDY

Lambeth Council recently issued
a statement claiming "substantial
action" to improve conditions in
central Brixton.

But the riot zone of Railton and
Mayall Roads does not include
Angell Town and other troubled
estates.

Mr. Armitage's own scheme for a
local arts centre next to the church
was approved for Inner City
Partnership funding five years ago.
But it has been hanging fire ever
since while arguments with the
council over its management are
sorted out.

FRAN EDEN SIGNS FILM CONTRACT

First Vanessa Redgrave now on
Channel 4 weekly. It will feature:
Terror Tots Torture Tourists;
Ayatollah Knight in Nude Scan-
dal; Benn Slams Foot in Door;
Pope To be Buried - Paisley
Says 'It's a Papist Plot'
ET to Turn Off Christmas
Lights, Knight says 'I'm alien-
ated' AND MORE!!

SUPERGRASS IDENTIFIED

Canon Mick Pinder, borough
said Mr. Armitage

VICAR: I'LL RIOT

Gangs of sexually depraved
scantly clad youths rioted throu-
gh Brixton in an orgy of pervert-
ed aggro. Big balled white anar-
chists led the proceedings. Bux-
chists led the proceedings. Bux-
om anarchist women, breasts
bouncing wildly ran naked thro-
ugh the flames hurling molotovs

BLOOD AND GUTS IM- PALED BODIES

... drug-crazed homosexual
communist duped students drop-
outs pranced provocatively down
side-streets viscerously kissing and
fondling defenceless riot police,
molesting their riot shields as
they thrust themselves deep
into the town centre shocking
frail and sick old people innoc-
ently looting Woolworths. Rude
bits and more page 92.

POLICE KEEP THEIR BUTTOCKS TIGHT AND UP AGAINST THE CORRUGATED IRON

Kenneth Newman said: "We're not
going to turn the other cheek this
time."

FLOOD OF FILTH FURY

Police arrested Mr IP Daily
after he was caught urinating
into the letter box of his local
Councillor. "The Yellow River"
campaign is the latest tactic
used by local protesters.

One Tory councillor who asked
for his name to be withheld the
rising tide of abuse told of how upon
answering his door he saw flames
upon which he stamped to extingui-
ish only to find it was a local South
London newspaper with faeces and
other excreta wrapped up and
doused in the flaming spirit. His
shoes were ruined. . . We ask what
next? Buckets of vomit or what?

IN THE DOCK

BRAILFORD BUGGERY BUM BOYS ON THE BEAT SCENES OF DEPRACITY POO POOS BEASTILITY ACCUSAT- IONS

Beyond all known comprehens-
ion the most inhuman act
that could be inflicted upon
decent society occurred during
the last few days of anarchy and
wanton destruction.

A police dog was verbally abused.
Its handler, pale and shaken was
helped away from the scene on a
stretcher after collapsing in shock.
The dog is today recovering in the
Intensive Care Unit at Battersea
Dogs Home. Get well cards can be
sent to Srgt. Sergeant or Major
Major at the Home.

FRONT LINE BLOOD CLOTS SCANDAL

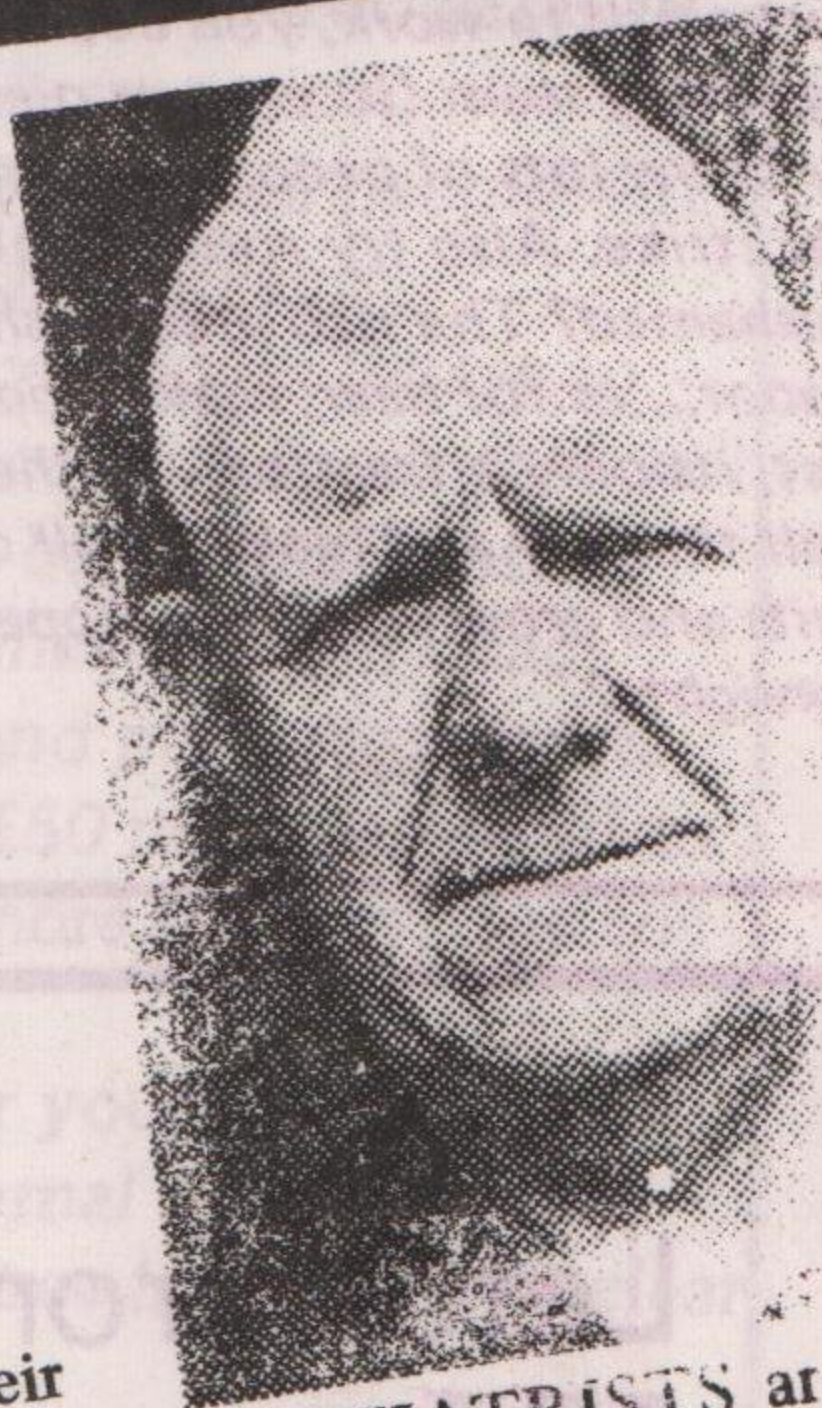
Menstruating dykes threw their
bloody tampons at Rastas on the
Front Line yesterday. Terrified
cont. p. 96

LATE FILTHY EXTRA! PISS IN PROTEST

Filthy disgusting outrage as squatt-
ers urinate on Lambeth Town Hall
- the scum of Brixton in a wet
rampage left Superintendent Mar-
nock badly shaken he told nauseous
reporters "I'm really pissed off!"

CARNAGE EXCLUSIVE
PHOTOS PAGE 17
SPG OFFICER BUM FUCK-
ED WITH BATON. Comm-
ander Marnock ejaculated:
"I'll be buggered!" AND
WAS!

Paul finds
it a real
headache



PSYCHIATRISTS ar
staying longer in Sp
of council social wor
They admit th
social services are t
hospital in Tooting.
"Patients are b
over-riding feeling
financial difficulties
on our service," s
At the momen
Springfield Hospi
need full-time nu

Psychiatrists are worri

AUNT ANNIES LAST WORD

Dear Aunty,

My problem is that I can't stand queueing. In a queue I start grinding my teeth, clenching my fists, I start to sweat, I have to piss - I almost go beserk with boredom. You may think this is a small problem, but to me it's a catastrophe....I can't do anything.

Frantic

Dear Queue Barger,

That's it, queue barge. Of course its anti-social, of course it's not fair - but just think if everyone started doing it, instead of queueing up like sheep. Usually there is no reason for it, except unnecessary bureaucracy. So lets all queue barge, at least we won't be bored.

Auntie.

Dear Aunty,

I've been living in a block of flats in Stockwell for 10 years, I have a lousy job in a hospital but can't get a better one. Me and the wife Martha have 5 kids. The thing is I'm working all the time, but with all the bills, rent food and clothes I can't even afford to get drunk at weekends. Lots of people here are in the the same position.

Desperate

Dear Desperate & Martha,

With all those children, plus rent to pay you would be nearly as well off unemployed. Plus you'd have time for jobs on the side (cash in hand so you don't have to pay tax). I suppose Martha is working full time minding the kids? That must stop - put both your minds to work, you could be a professional shoplifting team (its easy as pie) or whatever. As you know lots of people, why not try a rent & rates strike. Also try rooting through skips, why be ashamed? The rich aren't ashamed of keeping us poor....as for beer, make your own, if you must, its only a fraction of the cost - why not go all the way and make a still of beer, wine, spirits and grow your own dope indoors with neonlights?

Auntie

Dear Auntie,

I am a young woman new to an anarchist group which is mostly male, I don't fuck any of the men and they won't treat me as an equal, share skills, discuss my ideas seriously. It's depressing what can I do?

Repressed of Balham

Dear Rebel,

I used to get similar treatment from some people years ago but now if anyone tries to treat me badly I fight back. You just gotta stand up for yourself, if you need others to back you up talk to the other woman /women in the group and then take on the most sexist male...the men will then become individuals as they react differently to the situation. Put 'em on the spot and then hold them to their word if they treat you poorly again and tell the others in your group if they talk and act different.

Auntie

Dear Auntie Annie,

When I was 12 years old I became a hippie, when punk arrived I got pink hair and studs, I wanted to live out my rebellion, but punk sold out so I became a skinhead, that's a nasty scene. One day I saw this programme on nuclear bombs. I joined the CND, put on my hippy clothes again and grew my hair...but alas I couldn't stand the boring liberals and Lefty hacks. For a long time I wanted to become a Rastafarian, but I'm the wrong colour. I've been very depressed and broke living on the dole. Last week I decided to join the Animal Liberation Front, but I'm not sure now. Maybe I will join the cops or Army. A job is a job I suppose. Have you any advice for me? I want to fight but don't know where to start.

Yours, Trendy

Dear Trendy,

Don't, don't, don't join the cops or Army - they'll turn you into a killer for sure. Try not to be sucked in by fashion, you have to start from where you are. Try talking to people at the dole or on the street. Try a local Direct Action

campaign, based on what you need - money, friends, housing, music etc. Try for a start little bits of sabotage or resistance, acts you can get away with such as graffitti, or vandalism against those in power. As for nukes and vivisection, check out the facilities and collaborators in your area. If you do join big organisations look out for the activist minority, not the trendy sheep, intellectual wankers or power seekers. Keep in Touch.

With Love, Auntie Annie.

Dear Auntie Annie,

I have a problem, this man, keeps following me home from the tube at night. I live alone in a Council squat, I know it's silly But I'm terrified that he will rape me. Sometimes he follows me right up the stairs. Today I turned and yelled to him FUCK OFF! but he just stood and leered at me in the shadows, what can I do?

Desperate of Vauxhall

Dear Desperate,

You are quite right to be worried. My advice is to get a gang of women together, wait for him in a quiet spot, then beat the shit out of him.

Aunt Annie.

Dear Aunty,

I am a young go-ahead business executive in a consultancy firm. I have my own house, a sleek car and a nice little wife. All seems to be well, but still I am dissatisfied, I'd like to really make it the top, or get into some really exciting hobby. What do you advise?

Yours, Alienated.

Dear Alienated,

Yes I quite understand your terrible problem. My advice is to go to the Centre Point Building in London. Take a lift to the top, open a window break it if it won't open, consider the panoramic view, and throw yourself out....take that big jump today!

Yours, Auntie.

Private Eye

Letter from Warsaw

AUGUST and September have been months of protest against our uniformed rulers. On numerous occasions hymn-singing demonstrators were mercilessly pummelled by freely-swinging police clubs - commonly known as Jaruzelski's "methods for reaching a national understanding". The ZOMO "robots" (one of the few printable nicknames for our dutiful militia) are renowned for their unique ability to trigger off a riot within minutes of being released from the Interior Ministry's mobile cages. The campaign to intimidate the public failed prior to August 31 (as demonstrations on that day were massive and widespread), so our regime vented its frustration by fully mobilising its reliable tear-gas brigades. Furthermore, why exercise on plastic dummies in gymnasiums the country can hardly afford when you can practice your best strokes on live targets in our streets?

But protests here are not always such a serious matter. There are many ways of registering opposition to the junta which not only evade its club-swinging strong-arm but actually manage to bruise its knuckles. A recent incident in Warsaw's Szwedzka Street suggests there are still opportunities for peaceful protests which show up official incompetence even while the authorities are engaged in their favourite pastime - stamping out all signs of opposition.

A few weeks ago a "Solidarnosc" flag was surreptitiously raised during the night on the chimney of the Pollena factory. The steps of the wooden ladder leading to the summit were carefully sawn away by persons unknown. The following morning the flag was clearly visible to thousands of workers and passers-by, whose hearts must have fluttered at the sight. At break of dawn the security forces arrived swiftly at the factory gates in full battle dress, and thus the farce commenced. The armed militia detachments refused to remove the banner themselves, explaining that they were not trained to perform such unfamiliar work. The army proved unable to dismantle the symbol of resistance either, because the area around the factory was too heavily built-up for the intervention of a helicopter. The fire-brigade was alerted, but

their ladders proved too short. to challenge the 200 foot chimney. Next, a mountaineering club recruited for the task declined to take down the flag on the grounds that this would constitute a political act, and they were only allowed to function as a non-political organisation.

Later that day the local chimney sweeps, who undoubtedly sympathised with the message blowing freely in the Warsaw breeze, demanded bullet-proof vests before undertaking such a dangerous mission. They explained to the vigilant Commissar on duty that after all there was a war on and anti-socialist snipers might be on the lookout for easy targets. The Commissar managed to obtain some vests after more precious hours had elapsed. Unfortunately, each vest weighed 30 kilograms, and it would be a serious breach of safety regulations to climb a vertical structure with such a heavy load. Eventually, the problem was solved by a local Party Secretary who eagerly volunteered to remove the offending advertisement. He resolutely climbed the chimney on his own after dusk, to avoid being spotted by snipers, and ripped down the large white banner with his by now sweaty and soiled hands. Nevertheless, the message which fluttered for a whole day on the capital's skyline will not be so easily forgotten by the residents.

South London Stress: the last

DEATH

The magazine that evolved into the *South London Stress* began as the work of three anarchists involved on the fringes of the Lambeth Branch of the NALGO Action Group. This small team presented NAG with the first issue and of course the SWP dominated NAG had a fit. Consequently the magazine was printed by this small group in the face of NAG opposition. This first magazine became notorious, media publicity and union horror. Encouraged by the positive reactions and furore another issue was released onto an innocent Lambeth NALGO public. Copies were sold fast, the vast majority locally.

By the third issue the Name South London Stress appeared. The always ranting funny anarchist magazine soon began to outgrow its purely NALGO beginnings.

Today this magazine has practically nothing to do with NALGO. By now it is just a South London kick in the teeth of everyone who dares to pretend to lead us. Some of us no longer want to work on this magazine, other projects command most of our time. But we do not wish to hand over the present format to any other group. This magazine began as our response to our personal circumstances. The title has come to represent our collective response to our surroundings, it cannot be handed over. What we did was not unique, any group of people can do the same. This represents the last publication of the *South London Stress*. This is the funeral issue. We will be back, kicking and screaming but not in this format. Goodbye and see you soon.

P.O. (Stressed individual)
P.S. Read the *Crowbar* for news of South London.



MODESTY BLAISE Z
by PETER O'DONNELL

IT... IT IS **THERE!**
CAN ALL THE THINGS
I PRETENDED BE
TRUE?

VARNA FLOATS UP THE "ANTI-GRAVITY" BEAM



Michael Frotter

BREAK IN AT THE PALACE. @ CONNEXION

Police today revealed the existence of an Anarchist plot which resulted in the break-in at Buckingham Palace early this July. Chief Inspector Syphillis of New Scotland Yard released a press statement which alleged the security personnel at the Palace had been infiltrated by anarchists. In answer to a question from Tim Miles of the Daily Mail C.I. Syphillis replied: "We have irrefutable evidence that anarchists have, over a course of years, replaced key security personnel. On the night in question all security staff were engaged in a sex and drugs orgy. The intruder was merely a gatecrasher looking for a room to puke in. Unfortunately he puked all over her majesty who then raised the alarm."

Mr Michael Boot of the Laborious Party demanded that the people ask the government to resign (and elect him as Prime Monster), over this shameful episode. Mr Boot stated in the Commons (Clapham Common), that the first duty of the State was to protect privelege. He ended, "We can't have people puking over our queen, its just not on. I appreciate that its the right to puke, a human puke er right but not on our queen."

On the extreme left Mr Tony Bent MP demanded that Crown Jewels be handed over to the Leader of the Labour Movement, namely himself. Mr Bent explained that he had been personally chosen to lead Britain into full blooded socialism ie. renaming the streets after Colonel Gadaffi, compulsory classes in Marxism etc.

At this very moment people all over the world are wondering why the intruder didn't off the old bag. Rumours that the intruder was really an assassin paid by a certain Prince Charles are hotly denied by the palace.

And WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MARCUS SARGEANT? Don't forget.



HE GODS AND
SOME MORTALS.

THE PILLAR SHAKES

OUT OF CONTROL

"....All appeared normal, Great Britain was more secure than ever before, with more police, more control, more media pumping the message. All appeared normal, the class system, the institutions, family, school, work, bosses, unions, all that functioning intact. Every possible passion was stifled, co-opted or destroyed. All appeared normal, but in that dark winter suddenly everything was different and before long four million began to realise - that they were redundant, rubbish powerless, unuseable products, unsaleable commodities.

All appeared normal, but after 500 years something stirred, like mutterings they couldn't catch, like rats beneath the streets like glances sudden but meaningful. From then on the Empire was doomed.

For to them the rituals of work, success & property had no more meaning. They were the cannon fodder waiting to be consumed. They were the revolutionary tomorrow. Suddenly a new class exists - the enemies of the State..."

from The Black Prophecies

1983

BRIXTON SQUATTER'S AID HAS BEEN PREPARING A SHORT-LIST OF HOUSES WHICH ARE 'READY TO SQUAT' IN THE BRIXTON AREA' UNFORTUNATELY EVERY TIME WE GET NEAR TO PRINTING IT, WE FIND THAT MANY OF THE SQUATS HAVE BEEN TAKEN DUE TO THE CURRENT RESURGENCE OF SQUATTING IN THE AREA.

If you would like a house your best bet is to come down at 3.00pm any Sunday to 121 Railton Road in Brixton.

There is a meeting of experienced and would-be squatters then.

See ya later.
R. Skwotta

PS Don't forget to get yourself a copy of the useful Squatter's Handbook (40p from better bookshops) or from the Advisory Service for Squatters. 2 St. Paul's Road, N1 Open 3.00 to 6.00 weekdays tel 3598814

P.P.S. And of course the wonderful CROWBAR squatter's newspaper 10p has all the latest news views, letters and rumours from around the world and Brixton.



M.I.5 personal file : *Political Suspect.*
As an exercise in raising the level of conditioning and terror, file entries on members of the general public will now be completed initially by the subject itself. Please co-operate and show that you are a decent, pliable Eurocitizen. When completed in block capitals and black ink, send to M.I.5, 4 CURZON ST, LONDON.

Tick as appropriate.

YES NO

1. Have any members of your family ever shown any sympathy with groups who wish to destroy civilisation as we know it (e.g. terrorists, Friends of the Earth), or alter it even slightly? (If 'yes', please give names on reverse).
2. Have you ever belonged to a Trade Union, or committed treason in any other form?
3. Have you ever become frustrated with any sacred institution, e.g. superiors, work, money, TV, laws, rulers, sacrifice, democracy?
4. Did you ever wear flared trousers previous to 1972/straight trousers previous to 1980?
5. Are you sentimentally attached to trees, flowers etc.
6. Do you ever feel a sense of hopeless boredom or does the utter predictability and monotony of life ever get you down?
7. Have you ever been tempted to join the Labour Party to relieve this?

(This question is to satisfy only the most stupid blimps of the Establishment.)

8. Have you ever considered living in sin and not getting married?
9. Do you think permed footballers kissing each other, and unnatural friendships between members of the same sex are a good idea?
10. Does the sight of pinko social worker types walking the streets unmolested irritate you? (This question is also to satisfy the most stupid blimps).
11. A woman's place is in the home, right?
12. Have the words 'collective', 'communal', 'individual' or 'social' ever entered your head?
13. Are you not in favour of the restoration of the summary death penalty for these long haired/short haired elements nibbling away at the very foundations of our happy, harmonious society?

14. It makes my blood boil to see healthy, intelligent young people whose pure minds have been depraved into thinking that a hard day's work in the society we have built with the sweat of our brows is about as attractive as being a huskie on a Polar expedition for a month.



MATHEW, MARK, LUKE and IAN

-- Collected Sermons of Ian Paisley.

This volume includes:

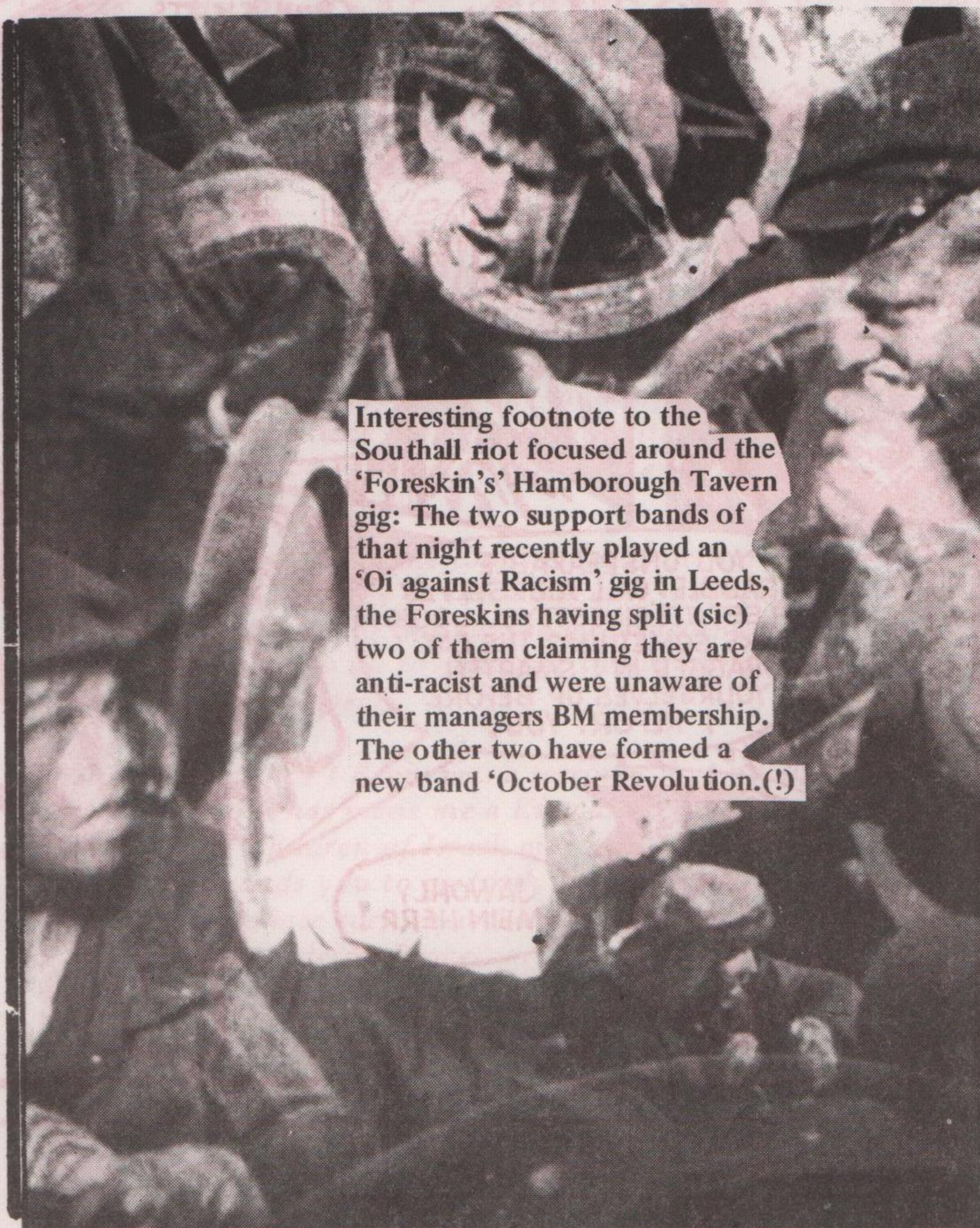
- Love thy Neighbour --- why Christ was wrong.*
- The necessity of Holy War.*
- Why the Catholics should renounce worldly goods.*
- Killing Ireland's firstborn*
- Gnashing of teeth.*
- Jesus wants me for a Sunbeam*
- : and a whole lot less*



£10.95 from Batty Books or your local Orange Lodge

APOLOGIES

WE APOLOGISE FOR THE LACK OF A PAGE FIVE IN THIS ISSUE. DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, WELL.. IT RAN AWAY ACTUALLY..LEFT HOME WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A FAREWELL NOTE.... AFTER ALL WE DID FOR IT...OF COURSE, WE DID THINK IT WAS GETTING A BIT OUT OF ORDER..... SNIFFING SNO-PAKE...MAINLINING INK..STAYING OUT ALL HOURS...WE BLAME THOSE YOUNG THUGS FROM DOWN THE ROAD...LEADING OUR LOVELY.. SOB...SOB...PAGE FIVE ASTRAY..SOB...IF..... SOB..YOU SEE IT..SOB..TELL IT TO COME..SOB ..HOME..ALL IS FORGIVEN...SOB...OR WE'LL BREAK ITS BLEEDING NECK!!!!



Interesting footnote to the Southall riot focused around the 'Foreskin's' Hamborough Tavern gig: The two support bands of that night recently played an 'Oi against Racism' gig in Leeds, the Foreskins having split (sic) two of them claiming they are anti-racist and were unaware of their managers BM membership. The other two have formed a new band 'October Revolution.(!)

POLITICIANS
 RUBBISH
 RUBBISH
 LUMBER
 TRASH
 WASTE
 JUMBLES
 RUBBLE
 SCRAP
 JUNK
 GARBAGE
 REFUSE
 LANDLORDS

JUDGES
 WRECKS
 GENERALS
 BOSSES

Whatever you call it

SPECIAL • FREE •
 121 A
 REFUSE SERVICES

will help you get rid of it.

REWARD ! REWARD ! REWARD ! REWARD ! REWARD !

LOST, LAST TUESDAY, NEAR THE FINEST-KIND FISH MARKET AND HEEL-SHINING EMPORIUM.....

ONE PAGE FIVE...IN MINT CONDITION WITH HEADLINES, CENTRAL HEATING, TWIN HEADLAMPS AND FURRY DICE IN THE MARGINS.....

ANYONE GIVING INFORMATION AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE SAID PAGE FIVE WHICH LEADS TO A SUCCESSFUL PROSECUTION WILL BE KNEECAPPED IF THE PAGE FIVE GIVES ITSELF UP VOLUNTARILY NO ONE WILL BE HARMED...WELL..JUST A LITTLE BIT....NOT MUCH REALLY...A FEW SCARS...YEH!



BUT GRANDAD DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS FACING A MUTINY, LED BY SCHNEIDER!

NORMALLY I WOULD SUPPORT YOU, FELDWEBEL HALBRITTER, BUT THE EDITORS PROMISE TAKES PRECEDENCE!

THEY'LL KILL ME IF I DON'T GO ALONG WITH THEM! I HAVEN'T GOT ANY CHOICE!



HELVEVETTER! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT PLACE!

WHAT'S THAT OFFICER SHOUTING?

BRING OUT THE DEAD! BRING OUT THE DEAD!



PUT THEM ON THE TRUCKS! SCHNELL!

TEUFEL! THEY MUST BE THE ONES WHO DIED IN THE NIGHT!



WELL? WHAT ABOUT IT, GRANDAD? DO WE TRY AND RESCUE PAGE FIVE?

FROM THAT HELL? YES, WE CAN TRY... OR GET TO JOIN HIM INSTEAD!



SOON.

ANARCHISTS? WHAT DO THEY WANT HERE?

LEFT...LEFT... LEFT... LEFT... LEFT...HALT!



WE'VE COME TO CHECK THE PRISONERS FOR INK BLOTS!

DON'T TALK NONSENSE...THE PRISONERS HERE HAVE NO INK BLOTS!

INSOLENT SCUM!



YOU UNSPEAKABLE RABBLE! CALL YOURSELVES FLEET STS FINEST? YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN! SMARTEN YOURSELVES UP BEFORE I REPORT YOU!

JAWOHL, MEIN HERR!



BRILLIANT, LICKER! THEY REALLY BELIEVED YOU!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, SCHMIDT? I DID MEAN IT! THEY'RE A DISGRACE TO THE UNIFORM! THEY OUGHT TO BE SHOT!

THEY ARE THE LIVING DEAD! THEY HAVE GIVEN UP ALL HOPE!

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE THUG! SOME-TIMES I'M ALMOST FOND OF LICKER!

JUST KEEP LOOKING FOR PAGE FIVE SWEDE! IF THE GUARDS DECIDE TO CHECK ON US, WE MAY AS WELL GIVE UP HOPE, TOO!

SCHUTZE (SWEDE) NORLING VOICED THE THOUGHTS OF ALL HIS FRIENDS.

The family of an EST patient is often quite pleased with the treatment because it doesn't often bring the family's role in the patient's illness under close scrutiny. The patient is clearly identified as the "sick" member of the family and the family is reassured they don't need to feel guilty or in any way responsible. I actually heard a doctor tell the mother of a disturbed girl, "It's an electrical imbalance

that's causing Elly's problem. It's as if her battery has run down and she needs some charging up." The mother soon learned to tolerate her daughter more and more as the shocking every other day made Elly easier to get along with. After all, how can you get upset with a robot whose only fault is her forgetfulness?

VISCOTT, *The Making of a Psychiatrist*, p. 364.



AS THE STRESS SQUAD MADE THEMSELVES SCARCE, THE WAVE OF PRISONERS STORMED THE BARRICADES.

WILL PAGE FIVE ESCAPE? READ NEXT WEEK'S EXCITING EPISODE! DONT'S MISS IT!!

The Most Common Indication

Finding that the patient has insurance seemed like the most common indication for giving electroshock.

DAVID S. VISCOTT, M.D. *The Making of a Psychiatrist*. Greenwich, Conn.: Fawcett, 1972, p. 356.

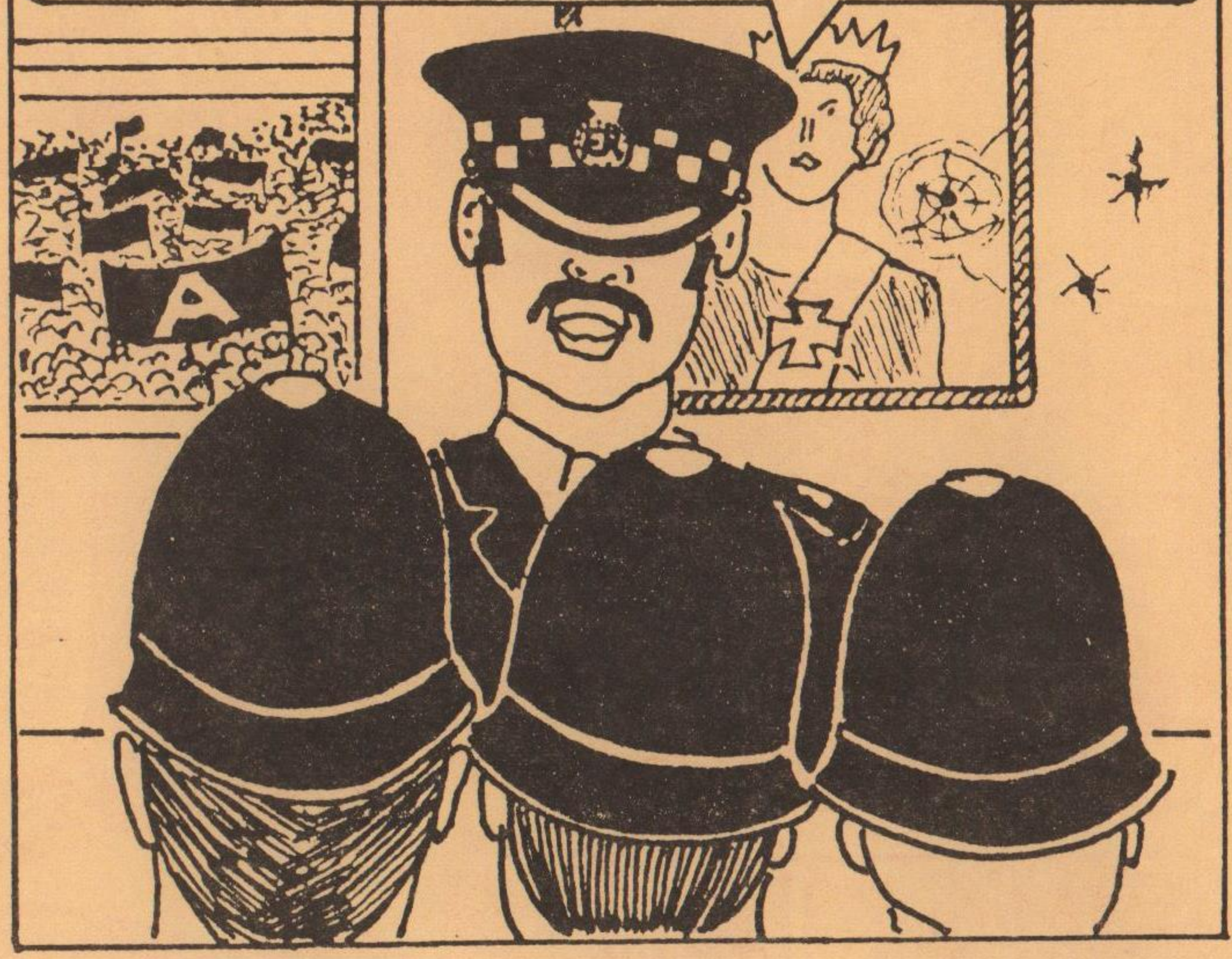
Doctors in all ages have made fortunes by killing their patients by means of their cures. The difference in psychiatry is that it is the death of the soul.

R. D. LAING. *The obvious*. In David Cooper, ed., *The Dialectics of Liberation*. Baltimore: Penguin, 1968, p. 19.

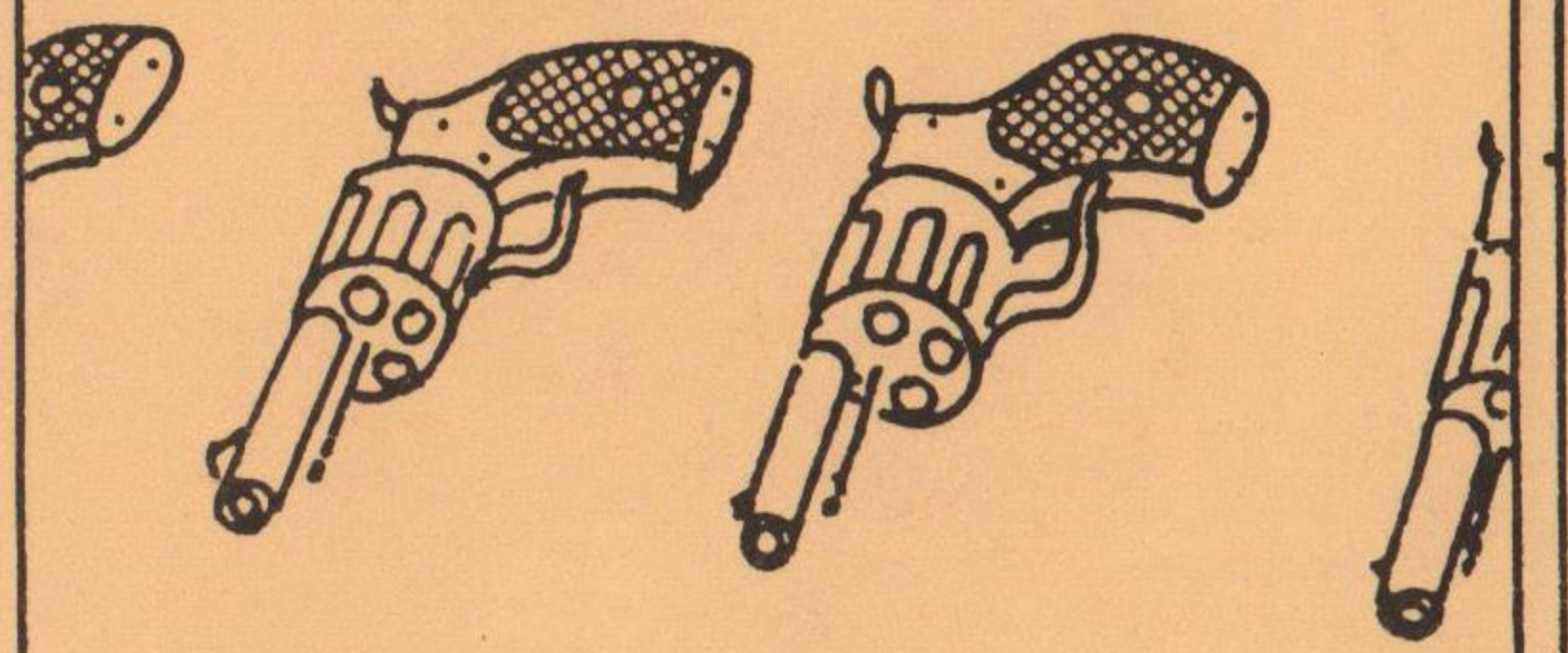
A POLICEMANS
LOT IS NOT
A HAPPY ONE
OR AN ANARCHIST
TAIL



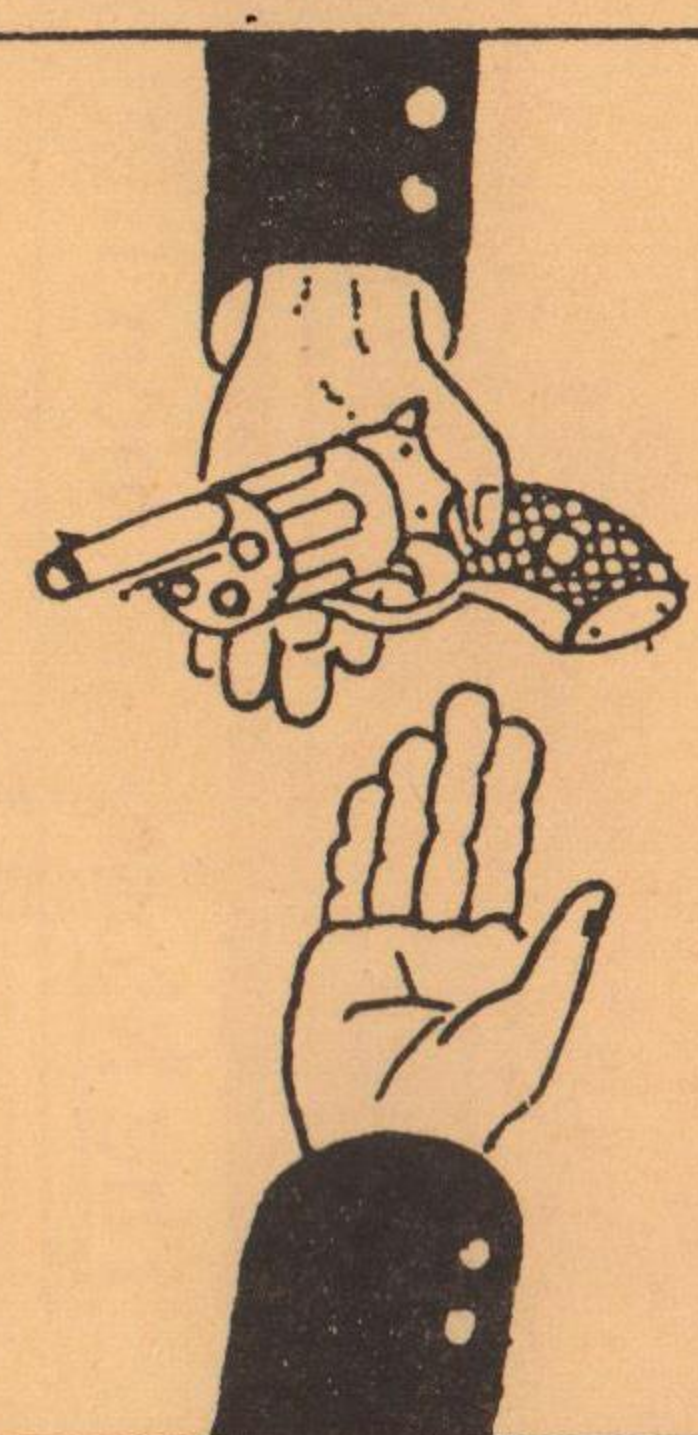
MEN THE ANARCHIST SCUM HAVE
TAKEN CONTROL OF THE STREETS
THE GOVERNMENT IS IN HIDING
ITS ALL UP TO US NOW.....



... YES GENTLEMEN
WE HAVE HELD BACK
FROM THIS MOMENT
LONG ENOUGH
BEFORE YOU IS THE
ONLY ANSWER.



EVERY MAN SHALL
BE ISSUED WITH A
REVOLVER AND
SIX ROUNDS OF AMMO

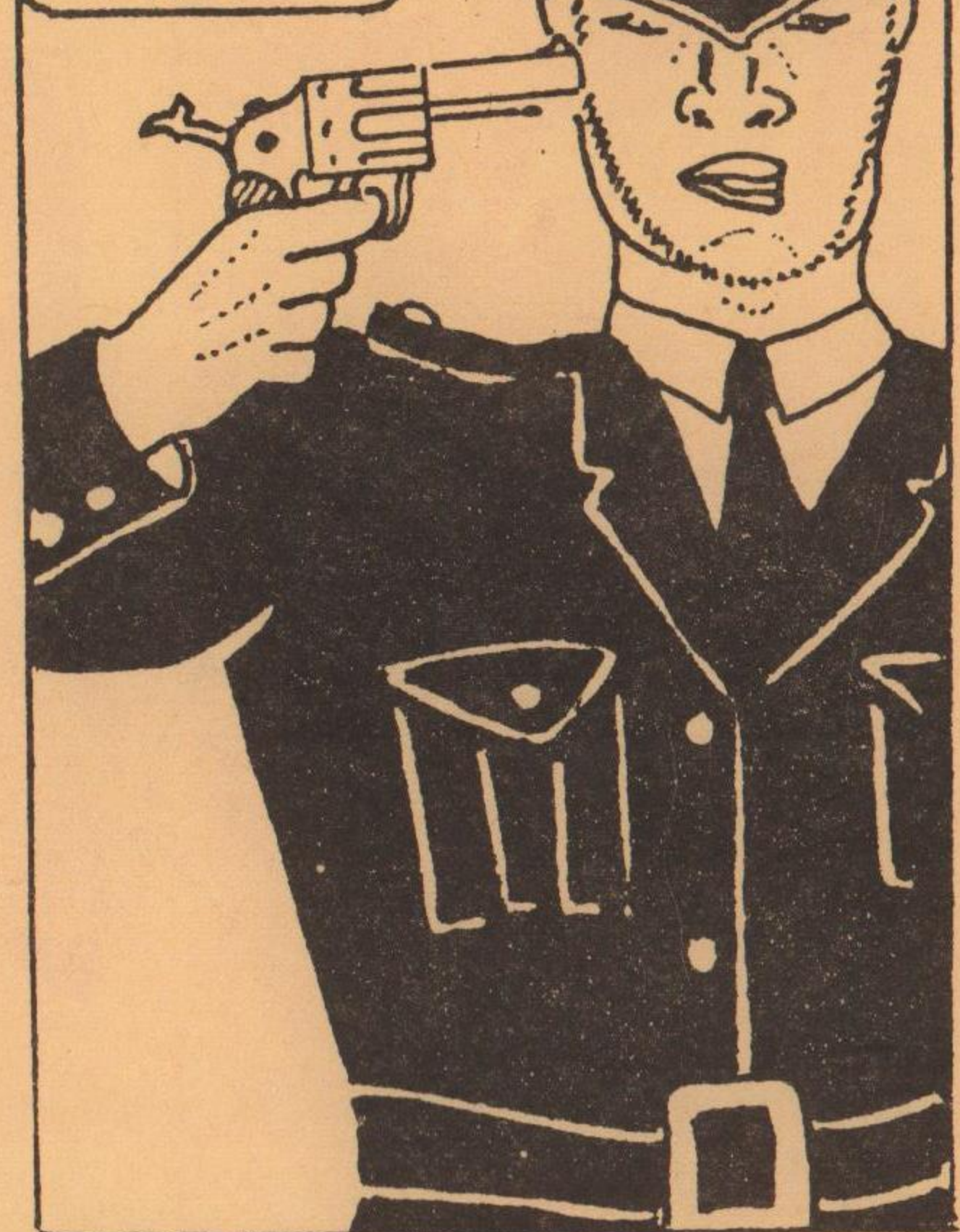


BUT WHY SIX ROUNDS? SIR
WE ONLY NEED ONE



BECAUSE WE DONT WANT
YOU TO FAIL

YES SIR
I WONT
FAIL



.... AND SO EVERY
POLICEMAN DID
HIS DUTY

G1'82

THE END

THE FINAL DAYS IN THE BUNKER



★ THE TRUTH REVEALED! ★

Now that winter draws in, one sits beside the roaring coal fire toasting marshmallows and reminiscing. One's tired old mind wanders back to those long gonedays toiling in the decadence of the Lambeth Council.

In those days I was stationed far-away at Courtenay House, the last outpost of the Borough Development Department. A perpetual civil war was afloat, architects against quality surveyors, shop-steward against shop-steward. My own favourite little battle was against the Freemason elite.

Even now the aptly named Building Economics Dept. is still the power base of Freemasonry. From the chief down to the Assistant chiefs the secret handshakes and golfing stories were the only currency. Constant power struggles took place, who would control QG1, who would step into the Chief's shoes when chronic alcoholism took its toll.

The most obnoxious little creep was a certain Brian 'cuddly' Cullum, Freemason, golfer and turd. This was the ultimate enemy, (the chief was out of it, permanently pissed out of his tiny little mind). Turdo had complete control of QG3 and now his lust for power knew no bounds, he cast his beady little eye

at QG1 (leaderless and happy), but the QG1'ers fought back in horror (see the Stress No.3). Cullum used threats of disciplinary measures, ingratiating, nothing was too low or underhand.

The union was just another faction fight, a constant war for the coveted title of Convenor. David 'slime' Fryer (now a Southwark Councillor) fought tooth and claw for the post. But this shop-stewards committee boasted a cast of freaks unrivalled in the history of Europe. 'Guts' Gemmel, 'Slime' Fryer, 'Turdo' Avey, 'the Gnome'.....

They were good days, constant struggle in this toy town little world peopled by toy town people...Percy, Charlie Chaplin, Beaker, Lionel, Doris, names to conjure with. Now only memories.

But whilst the glazed eyes at Courtenay House finally succumbed to booze induced slumber, the last days in the bunker at the Town Hall were no better.

Ted Knight faced electoral defeat at the hands of the SDP Tories. Hitler's last days were happier. And what was noble Mr Knight doing? Aside from promising the populace a 'real socialist alternative' he was threatening Lambeth

NALGO with Court action over an article in the Branch magazine.

The details are crystal clear despite the ravages of time. NALGO was in the throes of discussion about political affiliation to that cancerous body the Labour Party. A Branch meeting was called which drew a desultory audience. Nevertheless this minority awarded themselves the treat of a sarcastic and vicious leaflet from the hands of NALGO members in the South London Branch of the Direct Action Movement. The leaflet went on to be slightly edited and appeared in the NALGO branch magazine as it went down well at the meeting.

Mr Knight was mentioned in the article and truthfully labelled a liar, slime opportunist, two faced etc. Mr Knight took offence and threatened Court action, several NALGO shop-stewards also took offence and ranted and raved as is their style. All this sent NALGO minions scurrying in panic, biting their finger-nails and saying prayers. Finally a compromise was hatched, Mr Knight wanted an almost self-penned apology and the exposure of the individual(s) involved.

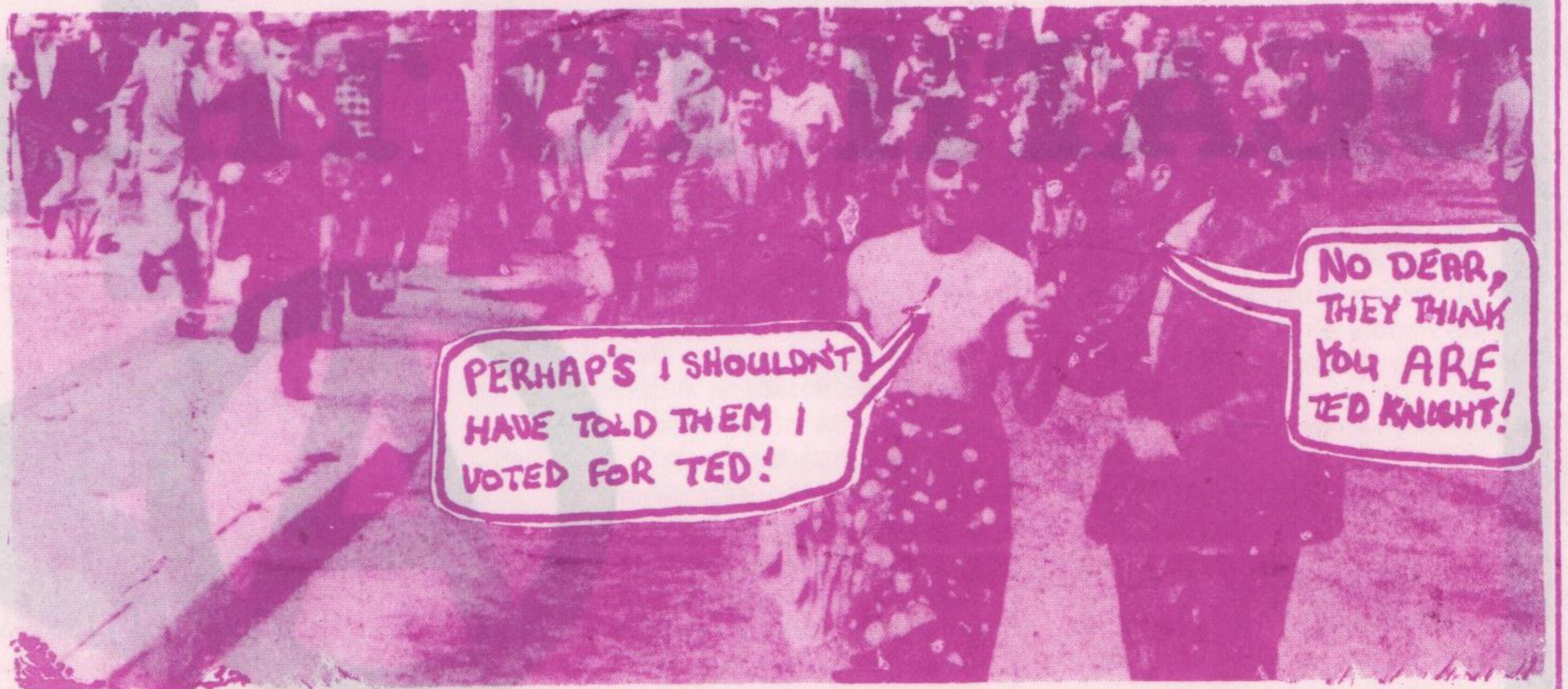
I accepted reluctantly and presently a grovelling apology appeared in the branch mag. along with my name for all to see. The nasty threats were buried and Mr Knight appeared saint-like, as a pure citizen unfairly attacked by evil anarchists.

I make no claim for myself, but let it be noted that not only did Mr Knight fail to be re-elected Council Leader, affiliation to the Labour party was thrown out by an embarrassingly massive majority. Such is our power.

Now time for my after-noon nap before continuing the next chapter of my autobiography: How I Killed Brezhnev.

W. Churchill (Deceased)

One of Red Knight's libel actions against Public Schoolboys 'Private Eye' was thrown out of court last week. It concerned a case that happened a few years ago. The 'Eye' revealed that Knight persuaded his local party to sublet part of their offices to a firm of builders at a very modest rent. The local branch of the party needed funds and trusted Tedward. He duly found tenants but omitted to tell his own party in North London that he was commercially with the firm. Mr Knight will now be called upon to pay the Eye's costs, estimated at £1,000.



MONDAY

7.00 PUNCH AND JUDY

Punch and Judy are joined by Arthur Scargill of the National Union of Mineworkers for kiddies games and a masquerade.

7.30 PLAYSCHOOL

Toyah drops into Playschool today and teaches the children how to smoke cigarettes, sniff glue and some exciting knife-fighting tactics.

8.00 G'DAY LONDON

Mrs Mary Whitehouse discusses the 'Myth of the Clitoral Orgasm' with an audience of Londoners.



9.00 PEOPLES COURT

Moved to its new time-slot the voyeuristic hit show where real-life cases are tried before the zany retired Judge Lord Denning. Today it's Lord Lucan up front.

movies

9.30 I WAS A TEENAGE COMMIE WEREWOLF

Boris Karloff plays Lenin's corpse which is smuggled into Britain and revived by crazed teenagers (played by Tariq Ali & Fran Eden) who utilize necrophiliac rituals and electro-shock to create a monster. Disaster strikes, the kids are destroyed when the monster shows ambitions beyond the "utopian" teens wildest dreams.

11.00 PUNK PANTHER

The cool cat is confronted by wild-eyed Emperor Haillie Sellassie (Lenny Henry does the voice over) they join up to perfect milk-altering drugs.

11.30 BRIBE!!

New Lambeth programme starring our own Red Ted Knight as compere and Gondon Leyabout cuddling the prizes. Guests competing today include NALGO's Mike Wally, Peckham MP Harriet Harmony and Vauxhall's Stuart Holland.

12.00 THE BIG SPITT SHOW

That cheeky pair Robin & Bill Pitt MP (for Croydon) introduce their own hour long show live from the Streatham Bus Depot. Special guests are the local Ratepayers Association military band and Police cadet baton twirls.

12.20 WHAT'S MY LINE?

Game show where panellists try to confuse the TV audience. This week the Social Democratic Party present their line.

1.00 SONGS OF PREYS

This week's hymns to the Lord Almighty are interrupted by the Canadian Dukhabor religious sect who run naked in the aisles as the worshippers in St Paul's Cathedral try to follow the Krishna mantras of SCHOOL FAMILY CHURCH ARMY WORK. ... Dubbing by His Holiness Jim Jones of Guyana.



1.30 BONZAI MEETS GOD-ZILLA

Bonzai Kemosave (1975) Rev. Sum Myung Moon plays a kamikaze pilot who deserts the Japanese Airforce and crashes on the side of a volcano, discovers a hidden society peopled by religios fanatics who sacrifice children to a giant Panda. Working his way to the top of the priesthood he embarks upon an ambitious plan to monopolise the Ginseng tea market and small arms manufacturing.



3.00 WORLDWIDE

Esther Rancid in a boxing match with Janet Street-Porter for dentition industry investigative reporter of the year. Tory's George Tremlett, Mary Leigh versus a dynamic young Labour Housing Committee duo for the Strongbridge Cup.

5.00 SAVILLE'S TRAVELS

Shows exclusive film clips of the day Jimmy was thrown onto the London to Leeds railway line by anonymous Britrail workers. Part 2 traces the history of Police transport vehicles and features live action SPG raids (using the new vertical take-off equipment) on a subversive schoolkids gang.

6.00 CORONATION ST

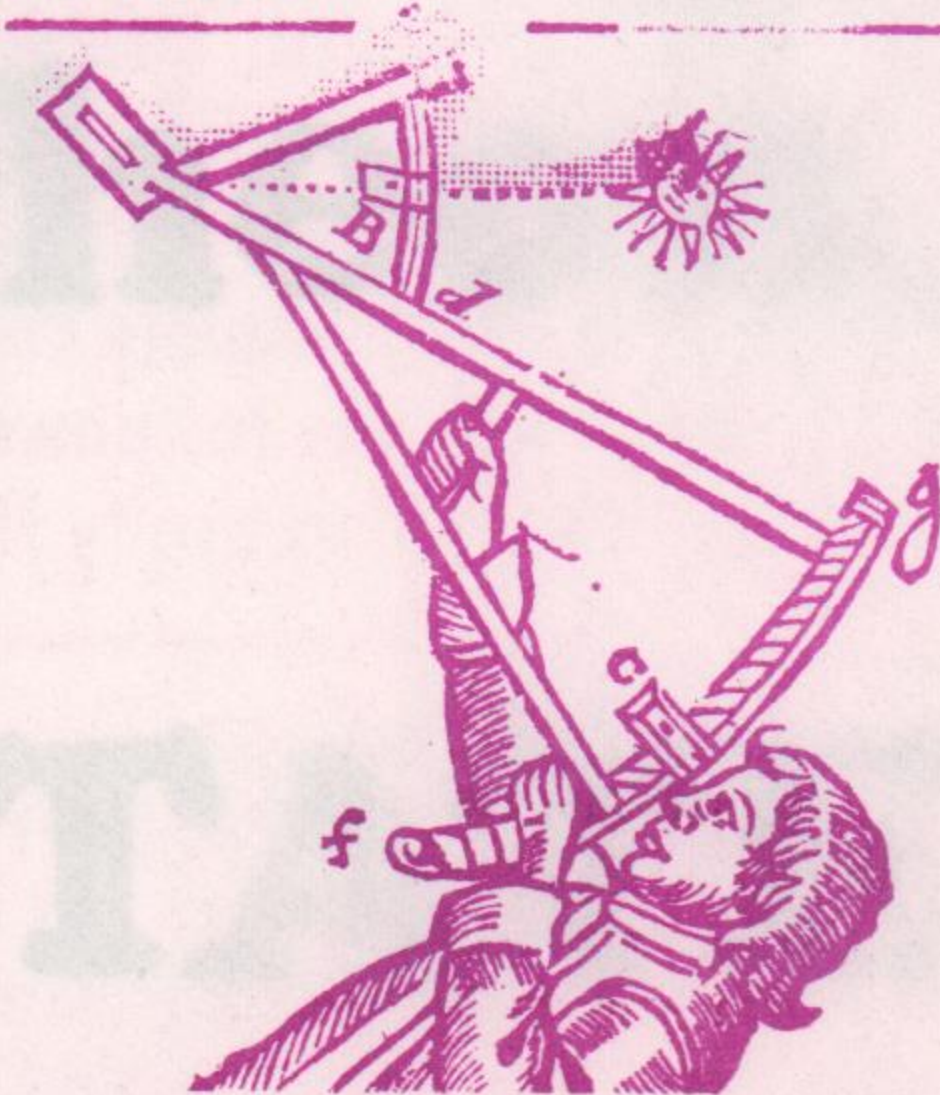
The squatters street-party has attracted the rent-strikers and all together enjoy a good piss-up.

7.00 New Series TO THE MANOR BORN

Tony Bent and Dame Judith Harty invite the local Health Strike pickets in... and notice the silver is missing! Ideological dilemma - do they call the Police?

8.30 ANGELS

While the Union General Secretary's job (£31,000 a year) becomes vacant the scrambling amongst the Officials begins. ... A no-go area exists around the occupied hospital with barricades guarded by the porters, domestics and their unemployed friends. Volunteer 'scabs' led by Mother Teresa, Salvation Army prayer-book wielding zealots meet with the SAS to plan the eviction.



10.00 COSMOS

Carlos 'the jacket' Sagan examines mating customs in a suburb of Lambeth. Then the curious case of Gordon Ley who was kicked by a horse, scratched by a cat, chewed by a mouse, vomited on by a rat, stung by a bee, buzzed by a wasp, bitten by a spider, pissed on by a dog, slimed upon by a slug, pecked at by a pigeon, wooed by the SDP and honoured by the Labour Council.

FUCK

AUTHORITY

4
CHANNEL
WATCHER!!
NOBODY
THAT
STATION
TIME



men, which it always does, she has a stock answer. 'No interviews, but when she goes and the subject turns in the horse-riding arena, she really gives you...

...a sense of a real, living, breathing person...

...and that's what we want to show...

...the whole idea of a woman's story...

...is to show the world...

...that we're not just a man's world...

...we're a world of our own...

*** The Pawnbroker's Ball**
...entertainment for all the family...
...of the film is a...
...the film is a...
...the film is a...

*** Was a Teenage Communist**
...the film is a...
...the film is a...
...the film is a...

All Authority?



Yep, all authority.



BRITISH INJUSTICE

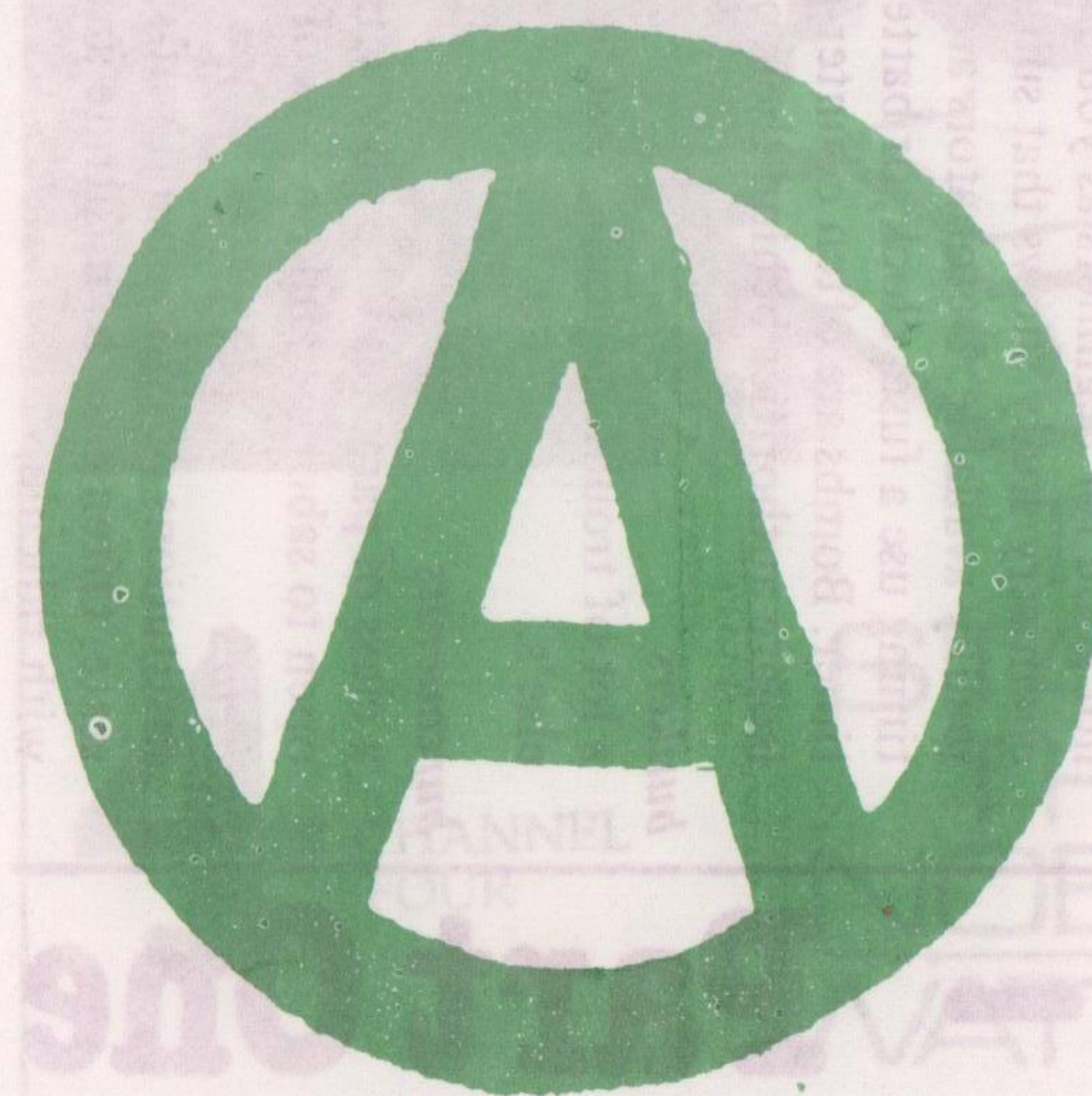
British law, which has been created by incompetent politicians, is being enforced by vicious corrupt pigs and senile Judges who, in the name of Justice, force millions of people into decrepit overcrowded prisons where you can be rehabilitated with the help of a screw's truncheon.

DEATH TO THE STATE



ANARCHISM

Poverty, violence, inequity and decadence exist and flourish in Britain yet parliament isn't able or willing to improve the situation. We therefore seek the abolition of government and the demolition of its wretched, dogmatic institutions. Law doesn't mean order. Anarchy isn't chaos.



FIGHT
BACK

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

She was once one of world's most beaut women. Two

FILTHY PETTY BOOJWAH INDIVIDUALISTS

We, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Tootin Bec (South Side)(M-L) (Revisionist Tendency), have your Page Five. To prove it we are sending you all the Q's;

☛ QQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQ ☛
 If you do not stop spreading all these lies about the working class needing no leaders and that utter claptrap about parties being full of power hungry shits we will send you back Page Five a letter at a time, however, to show we mean business we will ceremonial-ly burn the Headline on Clapham Common this Tuesday!!!!

All power to the Party,
 Signed on behalf of the Central Revolution-ary Action Planning Committee, (CRAPCOM),

Chairperson; Leon Bronstien
 Secretary ; I Spickinhd
 ... from three of the
 ... Western worlds.
 ... rights temptress, slave
 ... rents a rustic red and white bunga-
 low that overlooks her landlord's grazing stallions in
 the horse-rearing area of California. She rarely gives any
 interviews, but when she does and the subject turns to
 men, which it always does, she has a stock answer: 'No!'



**THE
 STATION
 THAT
 NOBODY
 WATCHS!!**



*** Angst Ridden Boredom Part III**

Bergmans masterpiece, at last to be shown in its full uncut 10½ hours! Consisting solely of a continous close up of Boris Kinskis left eyebrow as he experiences deep meaningful angst. Brilliant camera-work and direction won this movie over 515 Academy Awards. Dont miss it!!!!!!

*** Chariots of Hire**

The movie that put the Brit back into British movies! Thrill as our two heroes, one a Jew, the other an ordinary Dago, but they have both got British Passports, compete for the ultimate accolade of Cabbie of the Year. No quarter is given as they hunt the back streets of Clapham for the winning fare. With the stirring sounds of Bert Van Halenballs music backing this epic struggle no wonder it recieved third prize at the Bangkok Film Festival (1934).

*** Kill! Blood! Guts! Maim!**

A sensitive tale of male-bonding and buddy buddyness between two GI's in Vietnam. Note how their relationship grows and deepens as they wade arm in arm through ever-growing piles of mutilated limbs and the seas of Vietnamese peasants blood. Super entertainment for all the family!

*** The Pawnbroker's Ball**

Deeply moving account of an Austro-Croatian minig community and their confrontation with calamity in the shape of a collapsing pawnbrokers sign. Cleverly using the symbolic collapse as signifying the imminent collapse of decadent boojwah Western filthy Capitalism the director clearly shows the futility of marginalised protest and false exitstential dependancy on meaningless pauses in the action amongst the intellectual strata of the town with a feeling and mastery not shown since Pasolinininis '2½'.

*** I Was a Teenage Commie**

Typical 1950's American Schlock horror fascist propaganda. This film should be burnt at the stake, its entrails displayed to the jeering populace, fascist, fascist...

Anarchy

a way of organising without leaders, power or authority Useful for collective action, and gives you the moral justification for taking what you need.

alienation

feeling you don't belong (which is true) to the spectacle of consumption, mass kulture etc. which hides reality.

armageddon

war to end everything. A bad thing, but means the state is afraid to indulge in all out war, the old method of curing economic decline and getting rid of excess labour (us).

army

what ultimately guarantees private property held by the rich and powerful. To be feared, and in the long run to be infiltrated, demoralised and destroyed.

awl

an essential tool. Push through side wall of enemies tyres, and walk on.

barricades

a good tactic for rioting, resisting eviction etc. Forcing the authorities to use vastly more power. It's always better to build another elsewhere, than to defend one to the end. Elaborate barricades are not needed, just throw on anything on the street.

begging

can be good, dress right, pick your area and work in pairs. Bad for morale if done too much.

bombs

not good for beginners as you can get blown up. A little chemistry study shows that suitable chemicals are readily available. Detonators are more difficult. For timing use a fuse, clock, or battery powered electric timer. Bombs are often counter-productive, but can isolate authorities behind their own elaborate security.

bunkers

a lot of trouble to build, best be ready to squat someone else's.

bureaucrats

a class of parasites who play with pieces of paper. Wide open to sabotage and rip-offs of money kinds.

churches

institutions of control and self-subjugation. Work with state. Often easy to infiltrate and rob. Best attacked with ridicule.

collectives

groups who pool resources and skills to resist authority and take what they need. Very rare at present.

co-ops

a means of control used by lefties and social workers.

dole fiddles

as necessary as skiving and nixers. Range from signing on in another area to those who jet around Europe, signing in different names as they go.

dumps

in 'occupied' areas it's good to keep all highly illegal equipment in dumps. Boxes, sealed in plastic and buried in parks or gardens are good. As one compartments build into walls or chimneys.

double ID's

get a Post Office Book (you don't need to show I.D.) in the chosen name. Shop around to get a medical card, then a bank book, a temporary passport etc. Or just get a copy of the birth certificate of someone you know is dead. Never carry 2 ID's on you, decide before going out which person you are, or have separate living space for each part of you identity. Excellent for infiltration, rip-offs (e.g. cheque cards) guerilla work etc.

drugs

a means of control, encouraged among marginals and disaffected groups. Can however sometimes be used well in medicine and for pleasure etc.

electricity

useful, but overpriced. Can be brought within our means by simple ways of stopping the metre. e.g. bore a tiny hole and slip through a needle. Always lock such meters up in case of surprise visits.

enemies

all those in authority and all authoritarian organisations. Not forgetting the policeman in your head!

factories

places for wasting your life and energy making profit for others. Great when they can be taken over and run for our own uses. Could be squatted.

fantasy

fantastic

fashion

good for solidarity, but bad when you can be labelled.

fiddles

totally necessary to live the good life without money in this money-mad city. A list here would be endless.

food

at present free food is available by scavenging after markets, as well as bulk rip-offs very easily for those organised enough to collect and distribute it. Things will tighten up so its a good idea to build contacts in the country and take land wherever possible.

gas

like water all you need is to get or copy the simple tool for turning it on at the street.

graffiti

great for messages, propaganda and marking out areas of influence.

guerilla war

only to be started when other means of resistance have failed, and only with strong community backing, as resulting repression will come down on everyone.

guns

get them if you can to store for the future. Try joining gun clubs.

health

at present you can get almost free 'health care', so its a good idea to stock up on essential medicines. The system creates sickness and the health system usually makes it worse. Do your own health education.

housing

the cities are still declining and plenty of free housing is available for the squatting. Where this is illegal you just need lots of people to get it started.

idleness

good for you sometimes, but not when its paralysis caused by the trauma of being poor and marginal to the system.

intimidation

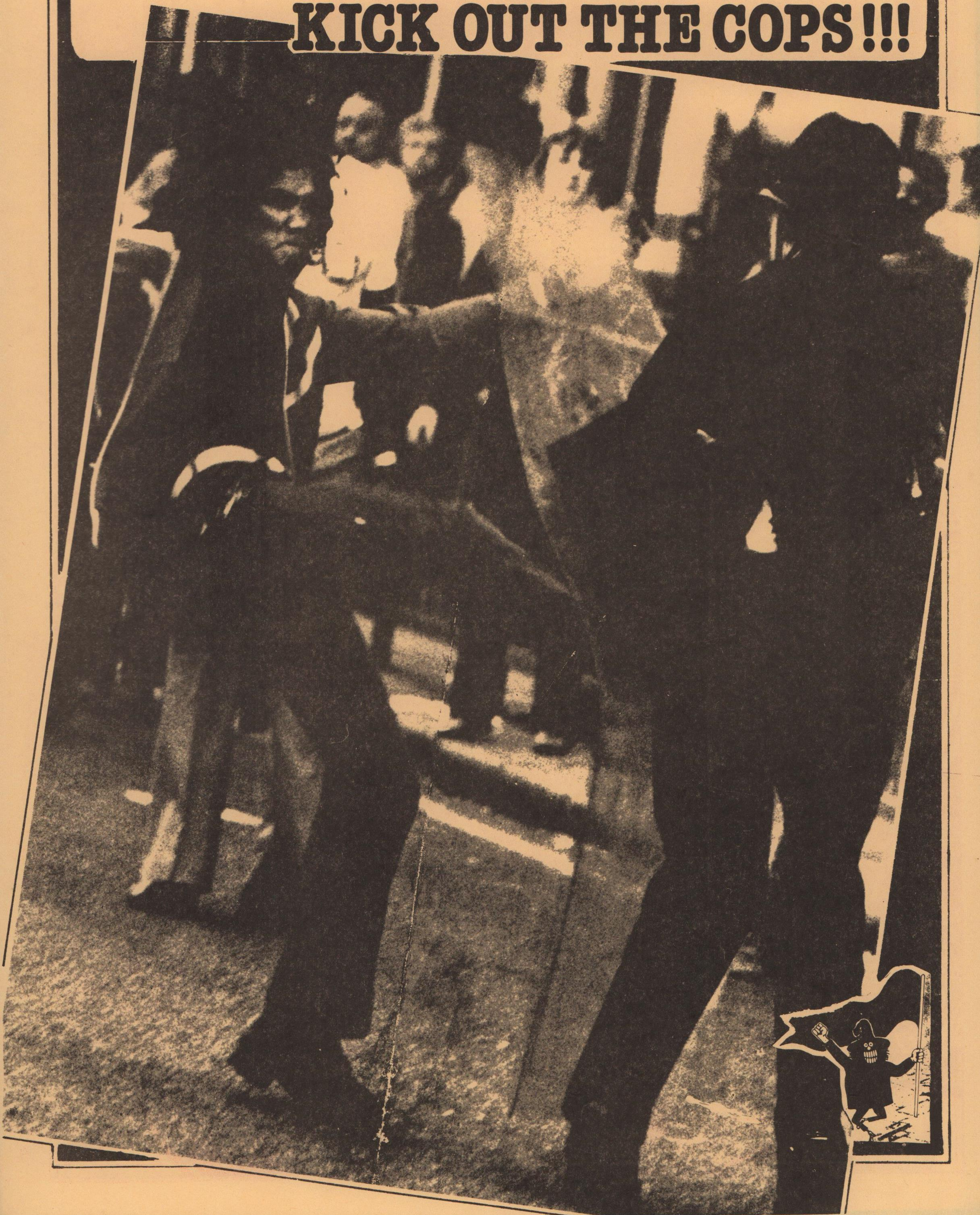
works both ways, but when people get power and glory in it openly they are easy targets.

jails

an extension of this society based on power and property. Most in jail are working class, and are in for crimes against private property.

CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE.....

**This year...vote with your feet...
KICK OUT THE COPS!!!**





Nostalgia ain't wot is used to be :
Alien on Railton Road
called Blood Clot or Batty Man (poof!)
spit at my feet
looks that could kill
But I ain't no copper
or National Fronter.

Alien on the Front-Line
I can no longer look them in the eye
my stomach tightens
and my skin sweats
Cos I ain't no boxer.

underneath tall blocks of flats
peopled full of you
deep in the guts
in swastika graffittied
semi-lit damp stinking
burnt out garages
little brothers and sisters
stand with Mothers Pride bags
full of Evostik
and pump them like iron lungs
till they do a psycho
and smash heads into walls
and when they scream
you

Alien pushed against the corrugated iron
brick hits at my head
pockets searched
Why you got no money?
Well I'm poor, obviously.

But my friend they hit him in the ribs
and now they're bruises
he's too sore to see me here
scared to run the gauntlet
His friend is in prison
No bail for
Grevious Bodily Harm
to SPG Officer
in last riots of '81
and so it goes.

put up the volume on the TV
and check the lock on the door
cos the man in the glue shop
will lower his eyes
take the money and run
he knows what its for
he's seen it on the telly
from the safety of his home

and little kids pump iron lungs
they swallow the solvent
in the pits of this earth
cos the man in the glue shop
will take the money and run
and fucked up lives
are spread like entrails
and burnt rubbish in concrete
in concrete bunkers
under blocks of flats
peopled full of you.

White cunt piss off
Serve 'em right no come round here
Go back where dey cum from
This is a dread black man's area now
Know that I come from Australia
my past relatives were convicts
sent from Britain for stealing bread
put in chains on ships
died working for their freedom
their kids were wage slaves
and so am I here or there
There is no free country to go to
The world is a ghetto
God is dead he fucked off
and left the cops to keep an eye on things.

PAN





LEBENSRAUM? ...
LEBANON?...
VOTS THE
DIFFERENCE?...
ITS ALL PART OF
THE THOUSAND
YEAR ISRAELI
REICH! SIEG HEIL!



BOOK of BEGIN

1. And the Lord spake unto Begin, telling him to speak unto the children of Israel concerning the Lebonites and Palestinians.
2. And Begin began to utter words saying go forth and lay waste the lands of the Lebonites. Vex sorely the Lebonites and Palestinians, yea, smite them all, even their children and cattle.
3. For were not the Children of Israel sorely tried in the time of the Holocaust, now shall we make use of this excuse whatsoever we shall wish to do for another twelve hundred and twelve years.
4. For once I Begin was a terrorist, but now the Lord has made me a King and Prophet of the Children of Israel, and in my mouth commands you to go forth and exterminate, exterminate even their women and children, for now I desire Peace.
5. A piece of Jordan, a piece of the land of the Syrians, a piece of Lebanon.
6. Drive out the Palestinians, even as in days gone by you drove them out of the lands of their forefathers. For they have sinned and resent the Children of Israel taking their lands.
7. And the Host of Israel went forth, and there was a noise of roaring winds and sounding trumpets.
8. And the walls of the habitations of the Lebonites and Palestinians did fall, and crushed the people therein, and they were sorely tried, so that even some from the Children of Israel did pity them, but none gave succour to the Lebonites and Palestinians for they were the Children of Begin, and promised all the Lands from the Tigris and Euphrates even unto the Nile, for that their forefathers had lived in them in olden times.
9. And Begin looked at the work of the Israelites, and saw that it was good.
10. For did not the Prophet Thatcheria say: unto them that have shall be give ever more, and from them that have not shall be taken away even that which they have.

Royal journeys of the past: a secret diary

YUGOSLAVIA THE HAPPIEST BARRACKS IN THE SOVIET CONCENTRATION CAMP.

..... Yugoslavia was truly horrible. 12 year olds working under a really hot sun on motorways, supervised by young Communist Leaguers. In restaurants big fat German capitalists (caricatures come true), get treated like royalty. Farm workers slaving away on massive farms until about 9.00 at night using sickles and scythes. We passed through a tiny village, dirt roads and mud huts like something from the last century. The only signs of dissent were 2 @ and a peace sign hastily graffitted in Ljubljana (a large town).

GREECE SOCIALIST WONDERLAND OF TAP DANCING JACK BOOTED COLONELS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

..... Greece on the other hand was full of graffitti, everywhere, in the smallest village even. It has to be seen to be believed. PASOK (the president's lot) beat the rest, with various commie factions second and @ next, they even had Nazi graffitti by the neo-Nazi ENK party. We stayed with commies that we met whilst I was still that way inclined. When I asked about @ they started off by saying @s lived in the rough areas, then @s were dismissed as hooligans and vandals, (true they use football matches as take off points for riots). When they saw that I was not impressed they tried arguing that I should see their way but they didn't impress me nor vice versa. Athens is a manic, its a fight to get on a bus or a taxi, in a shop the loudest voice gets served first, okay if you're a fit young man but but shitty if you're old or weak. I even glimpsed a Greek gay paper from a distance, pink paper and a big cover photo of two men kissing mouth to mouth, it wasn't a porno magazine but the porno newstands would only take it. The commies I stayed with were a nice nuclear family the son, 28 years of age was scared to smoke in front of his dad, and the daughter didn't smoke 'cos its not right for women. As for Greek squatters, "They had orgies and took drugs". Is it true and so fucking what? Its not right to take drugs etc etc. they said. One interesting thing I found out was that you have to vote. So anarchists, autonomists and others formed a temporary alliance as the Revolutionary Left movement and appeared on television etc. They got ½% of the total vote, about 50,000 by my figures (but maths ain't my strong point). I don't know if its true or not, but if so its pretty good for a country where @narchism is less than 20 years old?

CYPRUS ISLAND OF BEAUTIFUL U.N. British, Greek & Turkish ARMED FORCES

.....now to Cyprus a country full of horror stories and I've only been here a couple of weeks. Like, a beggar being teased like a dog in the street by a young fascist and all his family. With sexist statements like "girls who want secondary school only want fucking", and this from a supporter of the Commie party. My parents rented a flat in Limassol but were driven out by the neighbours 'cos our lot are lefties and the neighbourhood is Rightist.

The good signs are the anarchist and feminist graffitti. 'Free Sophia Kyritsis', 'Bobby Sands Will Die Again in Corinth' (the prison in Greece where @s were/are on hunger strike as they had not been released under the socialist's Amnesty), and lots of @ signs etc. Feminist and @-feminist signs and 'The Army of Women Will Defeat the Power of Men' plus other boring bits about equal pay etc.

Bourgeois (boor'zhwah) n. & a. (member) of middle-class; (person) of humdrum or conventional

middle-class ideas; selfish(/y) materialist; capitalist-
(ic) . F. see Burgess.

-from *The Inconcise Brixton Dictionary*.

TEST YOUR OWN BOOR'ZWAH QUOTIENT!

ARE YOU A BOOR'ZWAH? Does 1984 find you feathering your little nest?

How many of these **boor.zhwah illusions** do you hold? Have you 'sold out' or just been 'sold' that you're better?

- * There is a future
- * You are unique
- * We live in a democracy
- * Work before play
- * Meat, sugar, caffeine and alcohol are dietary needs.
- * Abba are cute
- * Its a dog-eat-dog world.
- * Father knows best
- * There is something better on another channel
- * It's a woman's place in the home and her work is never done.
- * Hard work never hurt anybody

EACH ILLUSION EQUALS 10 POINTS ON THE BOOR'ZWAH BAROMETER'.

Fear plays a big part in the boor'zhwah lifestyle.... how many of these boorzwhah bogies haunt you?

- * anarchist revolution
- * Rates increase
- * End of the Car Culture
- * Bad breath
- * Mismatched socks
- * Death
- * Bad TV reception
- * Punk rock
- * Lesbian Parking Attendants
- * Food stains on the table cloth
- * Pregnant daughter
- * Gay son
- * Cancer
- * Unemployment
- * Retirement
- * Herpes
- * Body Odour

EACH FEAR EQUALS 5 POINTS ON THE BOOR'ZWAH BAROMETER

How many of the following things do you own (or want) or do they own you...are you a fetishist?

- * Food processor
- * Video-recorder & Computer games terminal
- * Wine rack
- * Cleaning Maid or Butler
- * Electric tooth-brush
- * Micro-wave oven
- * Garage door-opener
- * Caravan
- * Charles & Di & baby poster, cups, plates
- * Mail-order catalogue subscriber
- * Boat or Plane or helicopter.

EACH ITEM EQUALS 5 POINTS

SCORES:

- 5 to 20 - safe level
- 25 to 50 - watch out
- 55 to Toryland - go shopping.

@ Guiltrippers 1983.

D.H.S.S. BUTCHERY LTD.



* THERE SHOULD BE A H. HERE BUT IT WOULD HAVE MADE THE HEADLINE TOO LONG AND I BET YOU DIDN'T NOTICE ANYWAY... DID YOU? *

The disdain shown at Huta Lenina, in the Krakow suburb of Nowa Huta, is apparently typical, according to reports from across the country. Workers have reacted with apathy or outright anger. Some have dubbed the new unions "Servility" in contrast to "Solidarity"

THE head of Israel's secret service, General Yekoutiel Adam, was killed by a Palestinian patrol during the invasion of Lebanon.

The general was misinformed by his own intelligence services and thought he was in a safe area.

**Police
panto p17**

ROCK REVIEW

TONY AND THE BENNITES AT THE COMMITTEE ROOMS

So many of today's bands have as their primary interest the gathering of a large group of devoted followers. This is true of The Bennites, a band so popular amongst many 'socialists' at the moment. To discover the reasons for their popularity I went to the Committee Rooms to see them perform. I must admit I came away feeling as if I'd been forced to listen a hundred times over to a composite motion on the Nationalisation of Proletarian Subjectivity at a Labour Conference. Surely this band can only sound remotely interesting to those whose ears are suffering from over-exposure to the too-tight rhythms of Tina and The Cash Limits?

The Bennites kicked off their gig to a packed house with the raucous 'Democratic Socialism in the U.K.' Immediately Tony dropped to his knees, loosened his tie an inch or two and bellowed:

*I am a Bogeyman
I am a Democratic Socialist
I smoke a pipe and drink strong tea
I wanna destroy the SDP*

As Tony writhed and cavorted, the band backed him up with their familiar "Three-line Whip wall of sound", a real cacophony of derivative riffs and phrases. However, the band — Eric 'Heavy' Heffer (drums), Stuart 'Gandhi' Holland (sitar) and the evergreen Klaus Four (bass) — did at times remember they're supposed to play in the same key and managed to appear united. The opening number had the audience eating out of his hand so Tony launched straight into a re-hash of Gary Glitter's 'I'm the Leader of the Gang' which he re-titled 'I'm the Deputy Leader'. It consisted mainly of criticisms of Denis Healey's monetarism.

The crowd loved this and burst into cries of, "Hear, hear, Mr. Chairperson", and started gobbing strong tea at one another, an activity Tony playfully joined them in with his famous whale-like spouting of a mouthful of PG Tips. This succeeded in covering the first half-dozen rows of the audience with steaming droplets of tea and they literally lapped it up. The gig was now becoming rowdy.



*Don't care about Hobsbawm
(he screamed, leaping onto the speakers)
Don't care about Tony Cliff
Just gimme that AES
It sends shivers through my quiff.*

And the band came in right on cue with the chorus:

*Ooh, ooh, import controls
Just think of all those jobs
Ooh, ooh, import controls
An end to rioting mobs*

This was the signal for ecstasy to break out amongst the fans who started chanting the slogans by now familiar at Bennite gigs — "Nationalisation with compensation!", "Public spending now!", "One lump or two?" But before they got carried away, Tony laid on two quiet numbers to restore calm. The first was the soul-searching 'No Regrets' in which he defiantly rejected criticism for expanding the nuclear power programme when Secretary of State for Energy and also for sitting silently in Cabinet when Healey started the cuts on the orders of the IMF and Mason stepped up repression in Northern Ireland. Then came a real surprise which showed that Tony can be all things to all people, a re-working of the old hymn 'Jerusalem'.

*And did that Foot, in modern times
Get rid of Tatchell in Bermondsey*

The song ended with the audience solemnly joining in with what could be a future campaign slogan —

*To build Jerusalem
In England's marginal constituencies.*

Then the band ended with a rapid dance number which is regarded as Tony's anthem, 'Careerist Opportunities'.

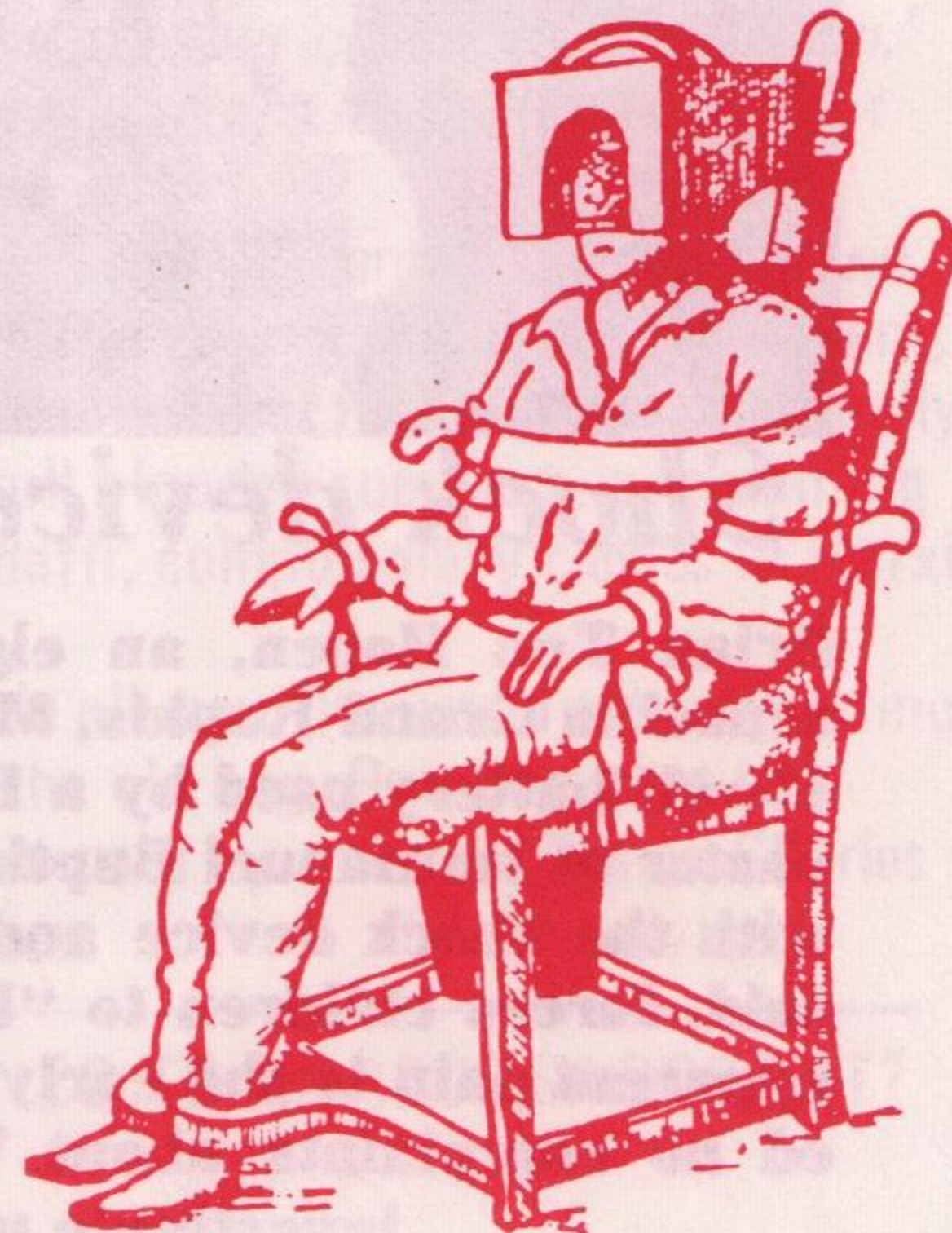
*Careerist Opportunities, the ones that always knock
Careerist Opportunities, the rank and file are my flock*
While the audience dumbly nodded ascent to this, I left in disgust, the words of the last number ringing in my ears. A more chilling warning the proletariat does not need.



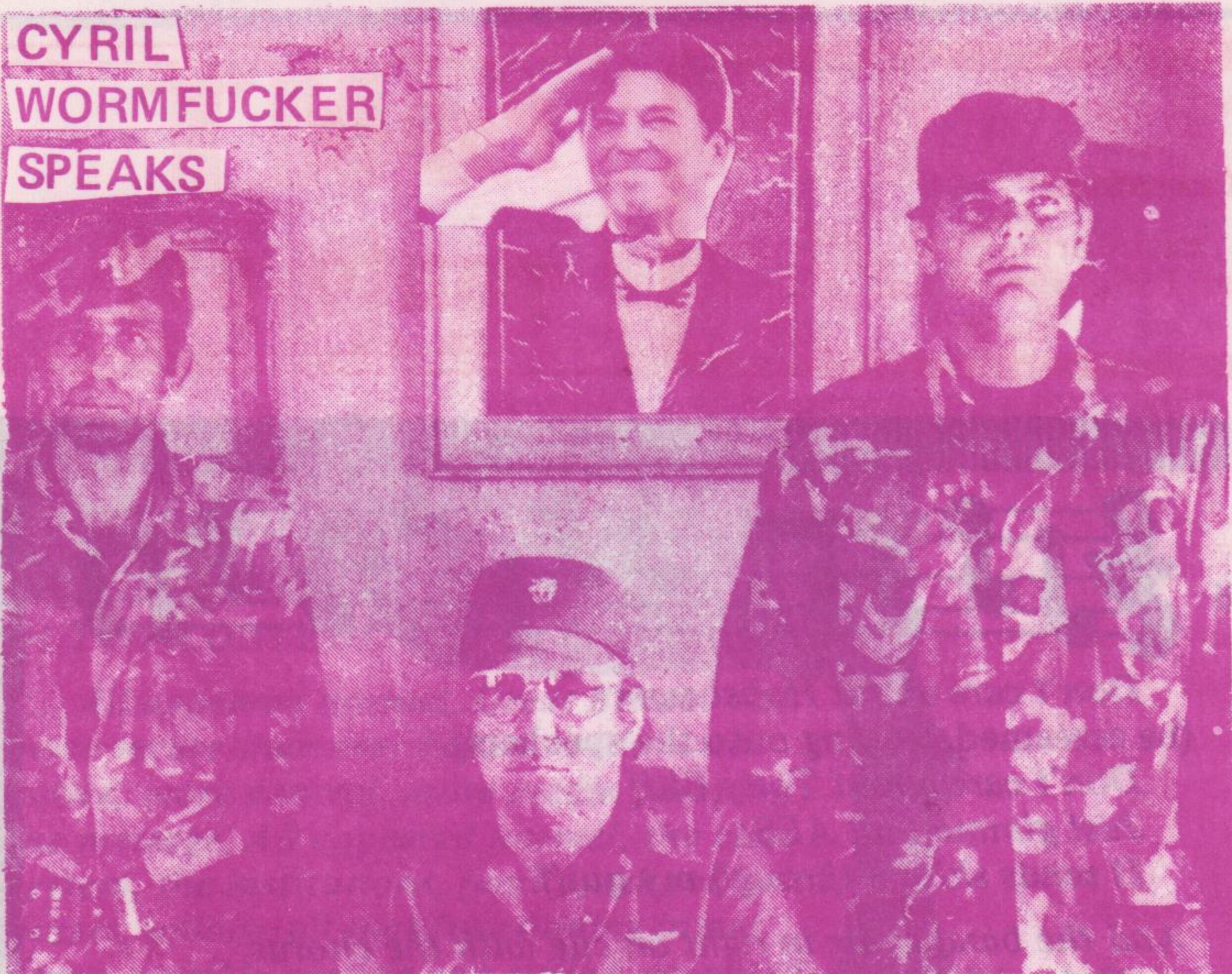
HOW TO SOLVE RUBIKS CUBE

Why compromise?

1. Pick a good time, ie. during work or school hours, at boring political meetings, when confronted by NF paper sellers or on the bog.
2. Fiddle about with it for a couple of hours then chuck it at the telly when Maggie Thatcher is on.
3. Pick it up again a week later and repeat No 2.
4. Beg, borrow, steal or buy a book on how to solve the cube by a smart alec nine year old kid. Chuck the book at any available nine year old kid 'cos you don't understand a word of the book.
5. Cheat, pull off all the little stickers and replace them in the finished colours. Your shop steward catches you and gives you a lecture on ethics. Start again.
6. Get totally pissed and smash the fucker with a sledgehammer while muttering 'boring fucking intellectual wank' etc.
7. Rip off a new one and pretend you finished it.



**CYRIL
WORMFUCKER
SPEAKS**



Not all of you will have heard of Cyril Wormfucker, but those that have will have been astounded by the wit and wisdom of this man. A member of ye olde Labour Party for more than 20 years, Cyril Wormfucker went on a voyage of discovery to the far east and returned a saint. This formerly placid OAP is now a fountain of philosophy and love. He recently formed the Temple of All Things Good, where for a small donation of several hundred pounds the novice can become versed in ancient philosophy, science, medicine, yoga and yoghurt making. We spoke to Cyril Wormfucker on a pleasant Autumn afternoon at his modest retreat in Dulwich.

Stress: *On your voyage East where did you go?*

W'Fuckler: *I actually aimed for Tibet but I only got as far as East London. Brick Lane in fact, where I was set upon by skinheads.*

Stress: *What happened?*

W'Fuckler: *Well as I was receiving DM's to the brain I had a vision of God and in a flash I achieved sainthood.*

Stress: *How did it feel to be a saint?*

W'Fuckler: *Saintly.*

Stress: *It is said that you are now consulted by Lambeth Council and world Leaders on questions of policy. Is this true?*

W'Fuckler: *Ha, ha, ask Leonid!*

Stress: *Moving onto matters of great importance. How do you view the present struggle in the Labour Party.*

W'Fuckler: *I can't lose. Mickey Foot is the second saint in my Temple and my helper in ceremonies. Tony Benn will so disillusion people that hundreds of commies will turn to crank religion.*

Stress: *What is your philosophy of life?*

W'Fuckler: *Put simply its: love one another, make love not war and take the money and scarper.*

Stress: *Your background is working class, is this common for saints?*

W'Fuckler: *My old man worked down the mines for 50 years. He had so much coal dust in him when he died he burned so well that he kept us warm all through the winter of '63.*

Stress: *Have you anything else to say to the readers of the South London Stress?*

W'Fuckler: *Yes. Stop reading this fucking crap, are you all morons or something? Read the Bible, at least its got some laughs in it. And, vote for common sense, vote SDP for more crank religion. And Bill Pitt is God.*



Christmas Greetings

Shock device used on youngsters

Brian Ten Hopen, an eight-year-old student at a vacation Bible school in Grand Rapids, Mich., winces as he receives a shock from a 12-volt battery used by a Baptist minister. The Rev. Dwight Wymer, pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church, confirmed that he wired a stool with the shock device and has the children sit on it. The shock, he said, forces children to "listen to what God is saying." Despite the apparent pain to the early grade school children, police have received no complaints about Wymer's methods and say they will not investigate until complaints are received.

Religion destroys individual thought by setting up a fixed, inflexible set of moral values which must not be disobeyed on pain of losing life in 'heaven'. This has never been proved because it is all a matter of faith.

Religion keeps you in your place (under God's thumb) especially if you're a woman homosexual or lesbian, unmarried, black, poor, foreign, illiterate...of course if you are a white, middle-class, heterosexual, emotionally inhibited male then religion might just give you that air of self-righteous respectability you've always wanted.

Religion is just another instrument of State repression. It encourages you to leave the running of your life to others and discourages feelings of independence and individuality you have.

Religion in other words turns you into a puppet whose strings are pulled by the State and Church together.

And what about your local Minister? What gives him the right to impose his views and values on you-willing victims? What are his views on women's rights, abortion, homosexuality?

Ask him next Sunday and see what happens if you try and question his answers.

Your local Minister is nothing but a businesspreacher riding with the 'moral majority' to propagate a rigid 'moral fascism' Don't let yourself be fooled, or your insecurities exploited.

Ultimately you can't rely on a vague, misty deity, whose advocates are about as trustworthy as Politicians to solve your problems You have to rely on yourself and not be blinded by meaningless oratory.

WORLD'S SHORTEST BOOKS

Best Seller List of 1983

1. **The Electric Kool-Aid Cyanide Test**
by Rev. Jim Jones *People's Temple Pub. Guyana*
2. **The Wit and Wisdom of Norman Tebbit**
Keith Joseph and John Nott. Introduction by Michael Hesselstine *Ghost Town Pub.*
3. **Northern Ireland War Heroes Anthology**
R. Corpses Press.
4. **The Sex Life of Pope Paul Vth**
By Pope Paul Vth *Cliff Richard Pub. & Vatican City Bankers Ltd.*
5. **British Business Ethics**
Introduction by Lord Vesty *CBI Pub.*
6. **Bible & Koran Humour**
Facts not Faith Company Jerusalem.
7. **Why I won the Nobel Peace Prize**
by Menachim Begin *The End Press.*
8. **After the Nuclear War** Hints for the low income earner, unemployed and ill.
H.M. Govt Dept of Public Safety Main Bunker HQ WC1
9. **Non-sexist, Anti-racist & pacifist etiquette for Editors.** Richard Ingrams & Rupert Murdoch *Sun Newspapers Ltd.*
10. **Political Honesty & Sincerity**
By Gordon Ley. *Red Robin Spitt Press.*

LATE ENTRY: South London Stress Readers Contributions Annual of 1983
Various characters and odd types from the Seedy side of the Thames. *Brixton*



@BC OF JOURNALESE
TRANSLATED FROM THE DAILY MAIL AND THE SUN

- mugger = young black male*
- street disturbance = full scale riot*
- the troubles = war in N. Ireland*
- industrial dispute = strike*
- fascist junta = Argentina*
- anarchist = piece of shit*
- persons unknown = non-existent conspirators*
- minority group = trouble makers*
- women libber = butch lesbian troublemaker*
- economic crisis = less profit for bosses*
- 3 million dole = 4 million on the dole*
- holding the nation to ransom = strikers*
- national security = the safety of their system*
- communist = Russian*
- Brixton = worst place in England*
- Terrorist = enemy of the state*
- self confessed anarchist = guilty*
- Right Honourable = successful politician*
- impartial/apolitical = Right-wing*



GLORY GLORY HALLELUAH!!

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

*Glory, Glory Halleluah!
Teacher hit me with a ruler
Hid behind the door
with a loaded 44
And there ain't no teacher no more!*

SOME GREAT RIDDLES KIDS!!

*When is a murderer not a murderer?
When he's a soldier!*

*When is a terrorist not a terrorist?
When he's a head of State!*

*When is a rapist not a rapist?
When he's a husband and you're his wife!*

NUKILLER NEWS

Hi there kids,
My name is Dirty Dog Briggs the cartoonist and I'll be taking up your time and filling your mind with my best hints and help you survive the nuclear war. If you pay attention you might just save your arse from frying-up. If they don't work; it's cos you fucked it up stupid! You can hardly blame me for your own lack of brains. E.P. Thompson asked me to do you all a favour so give my your eyes: That's all for now readers, so all the best and may the coming apocalypse find you in good cheer and happiness.
PS Keep away from those bloody anarchists, although 'direct action' is now CND policy these rowdies just carry things too far for our movement's good name and glorious tradition.



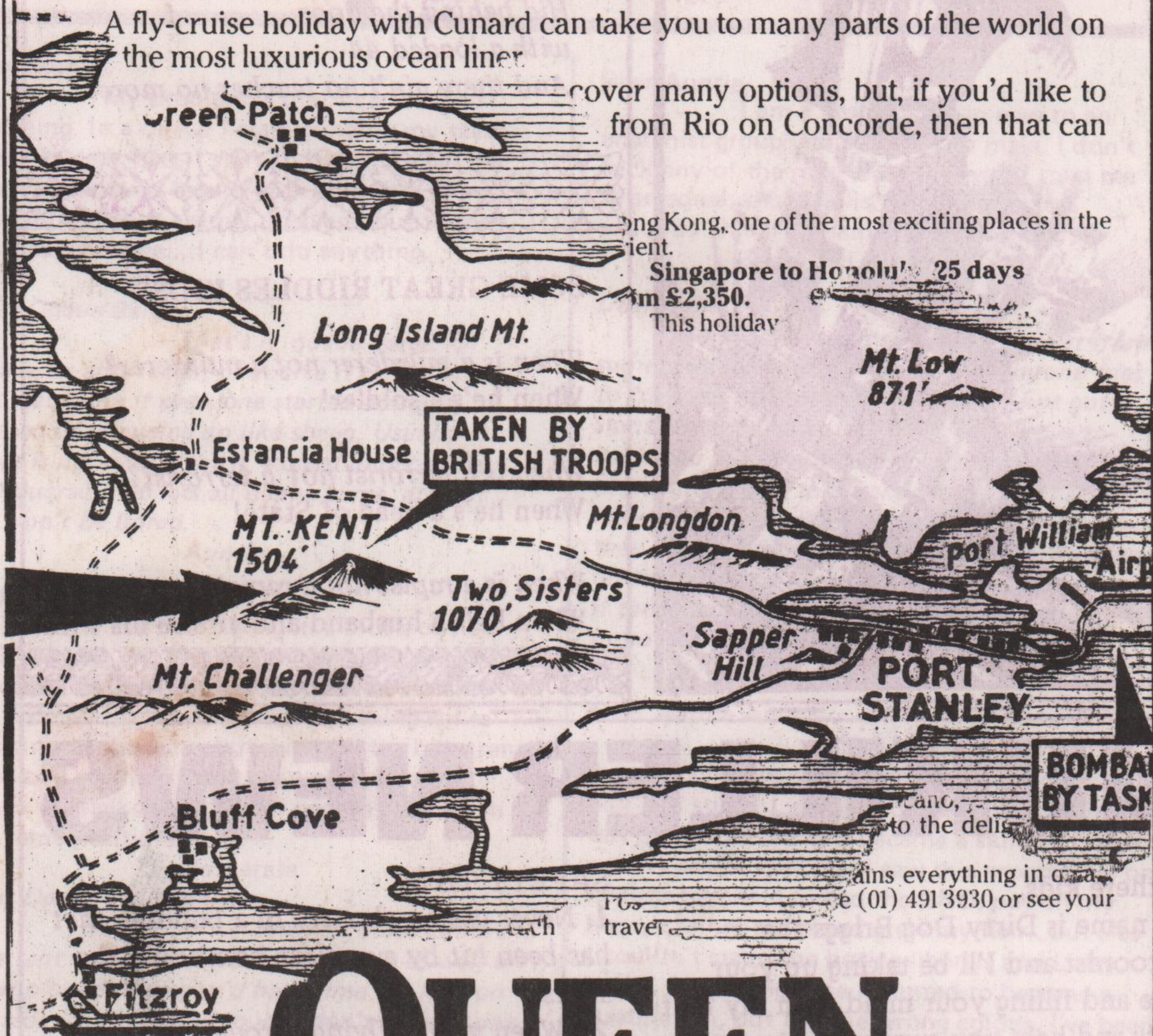
SAFETY TIPS:

1. Never use an elevator in a building that has been hit by a nuclear bomb: use the stairs.
2. When you're flying through the air, remember to roll when you hit the ground.
3. If you're on fire, avoid petrol, paraffin and other inflammable materials.
4. Don't try to talk with dead people - it will lead to mental problems.
5. Food will be scarce, so you'll have to scavenge. Learn to recognise foods that will be available after the bomb hits: mashed potatoes, shredded wheat, tossed salad, minced beef, rabbit and port, roast joints and of course toast. £50 notes are equal to £1s for calories but more sanitary, due to less handling.
6. Put you hand over your mouth when you sneeze, your internal organs are vital and others will be scarce in the post-nuclear age.
7. Try to be neat, fall only in designated piles.
8. Drive carefully in 'heavy fallout' areas, people could be staggering illegally.

HOW TO TELL WHEN YOU ARE DEAD:

1. Little things start bothering you - little things like worms, beetles, ants.
2. Something is missing in your personal relationships.
3. People ignore you at parties.
4. You have a hard time getting a waiter.
5. You have a hard time getting up in the morning.
6. Your dog becomes overly affectionate.
7. Exotic birds flock around you.
8. You no longer get off on drink or dope.
9. You finally get time off work.

Where to go when you've been everywhere.



QUEEN ELIZABETH 2

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WC/RD1

A message to all ordinary people:

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Tired? Anxious? Confused? Worried about where your life is going?!

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Let a few INTELLECTUALS into your life. Leave all the worry and decisions to us. We'll take care of your life leaving you free to watch 'Crossroads' and get stuck into that boring underpaid job. We know best. You know we know best. Leave that nasty, stress-making thinking to us. That's what we're there for. Sometimes what we do with society seems to go against all your feelings of decency and humanity and common sense, but that's only because you can't understand things like intellectuals can. Sit down. Relax. Have a drink. We'll look after thing for you.

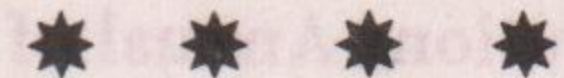
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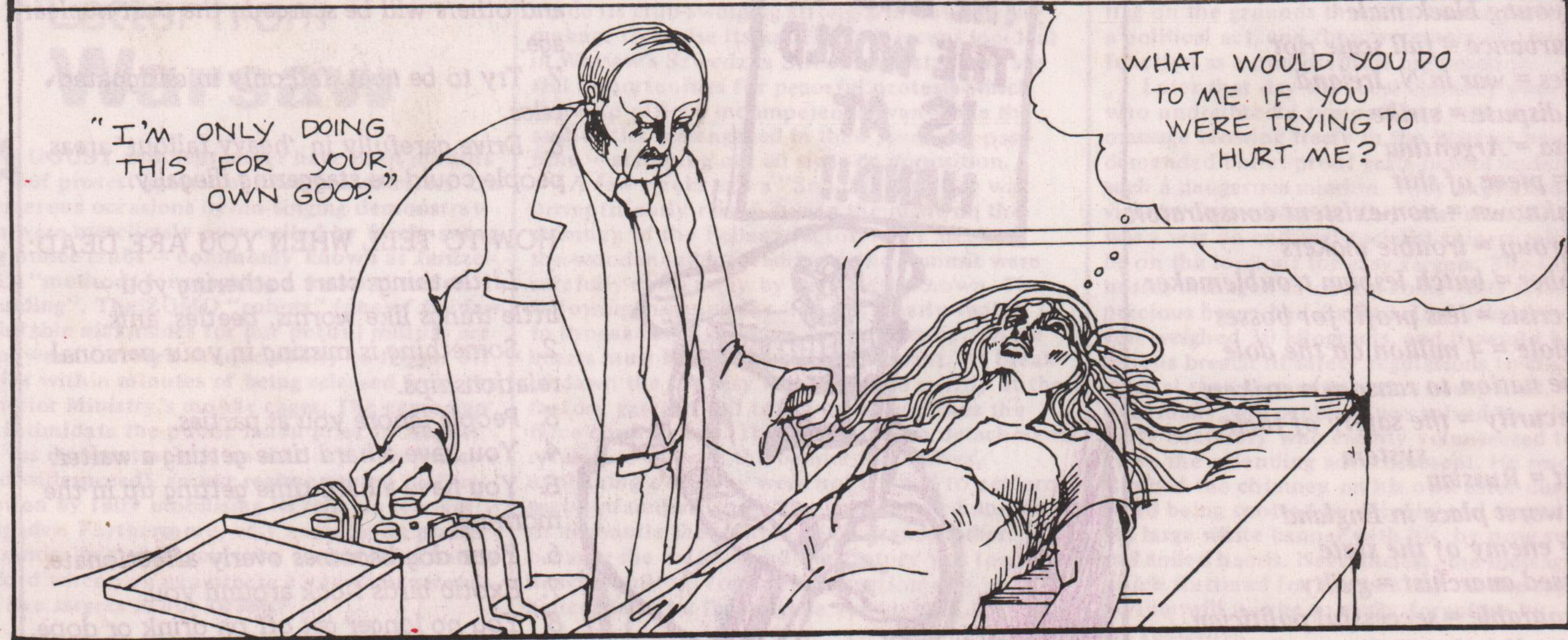
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