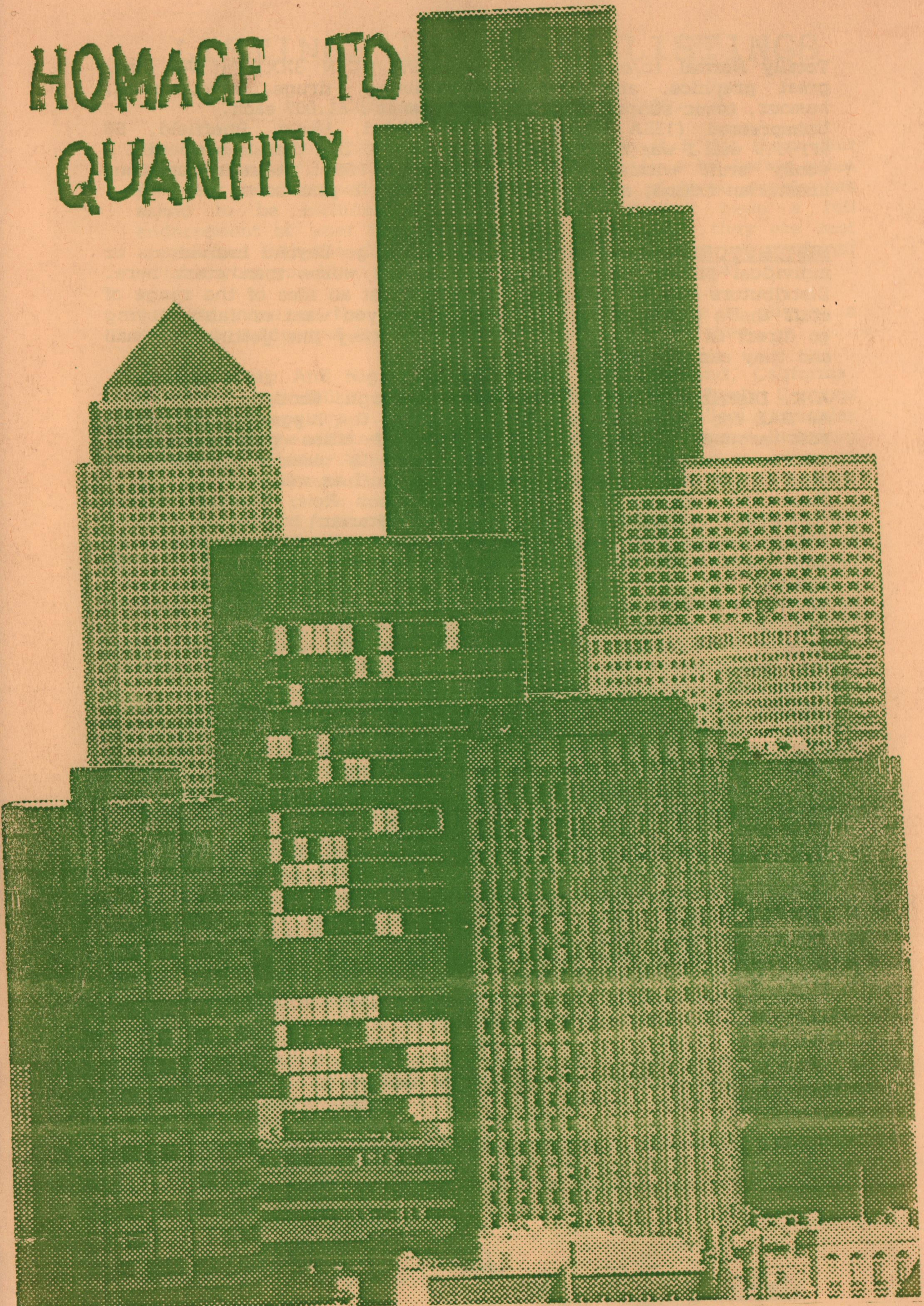


HOMAGE TO
QUANTITY



HOMAGE TO QUANTITY HOMAGE TO QUANTITY HOMAGE TO QUANTITY HOMAGE TO QUANTITY

TELLING IT LIKE IT IS

SIC

K EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 R ARE YOU TV
 O BORED ? T TV
 O T TV

RK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
 K EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 K EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 RK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 ORK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 RK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 K EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 K EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 RK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 ORK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 RK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 K EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S

with the

EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
 EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S

...THE PARANOIDS GUIDE TO VOTING
 FOUGHT FOR FOOD - FREE STICKERS
 FREE FLYPOSTER - GREEN BLUES
 AVOIDING DEBATES - GREED IS GOOD...

ISSUE ONE NINETY PENCE

(thanks to 'the Spirit' magazine)

TELLING IT LIKE IT IS

SIC: adverb [usually in brackets], thus or so; used, spelt etc., as written (confirming or calling attention to the form of quoted words; to guard against the supposition of misquotation).

Putting your media where your mouth is.

Welcome to SIC, a zine that intends to look at the everyday with a mind to change it. If you (don't) like what you read, drop us a line, c/o Folder 19, 30 Silver Street, Reading, RG1. All criticism, views, news, soup recipes, etc., will be much appreciated, and replied to. Hopefully we've mentioned all the sources that we've ripped off, consciously or otherwise - apologies to any we missed.

- For better days than these -

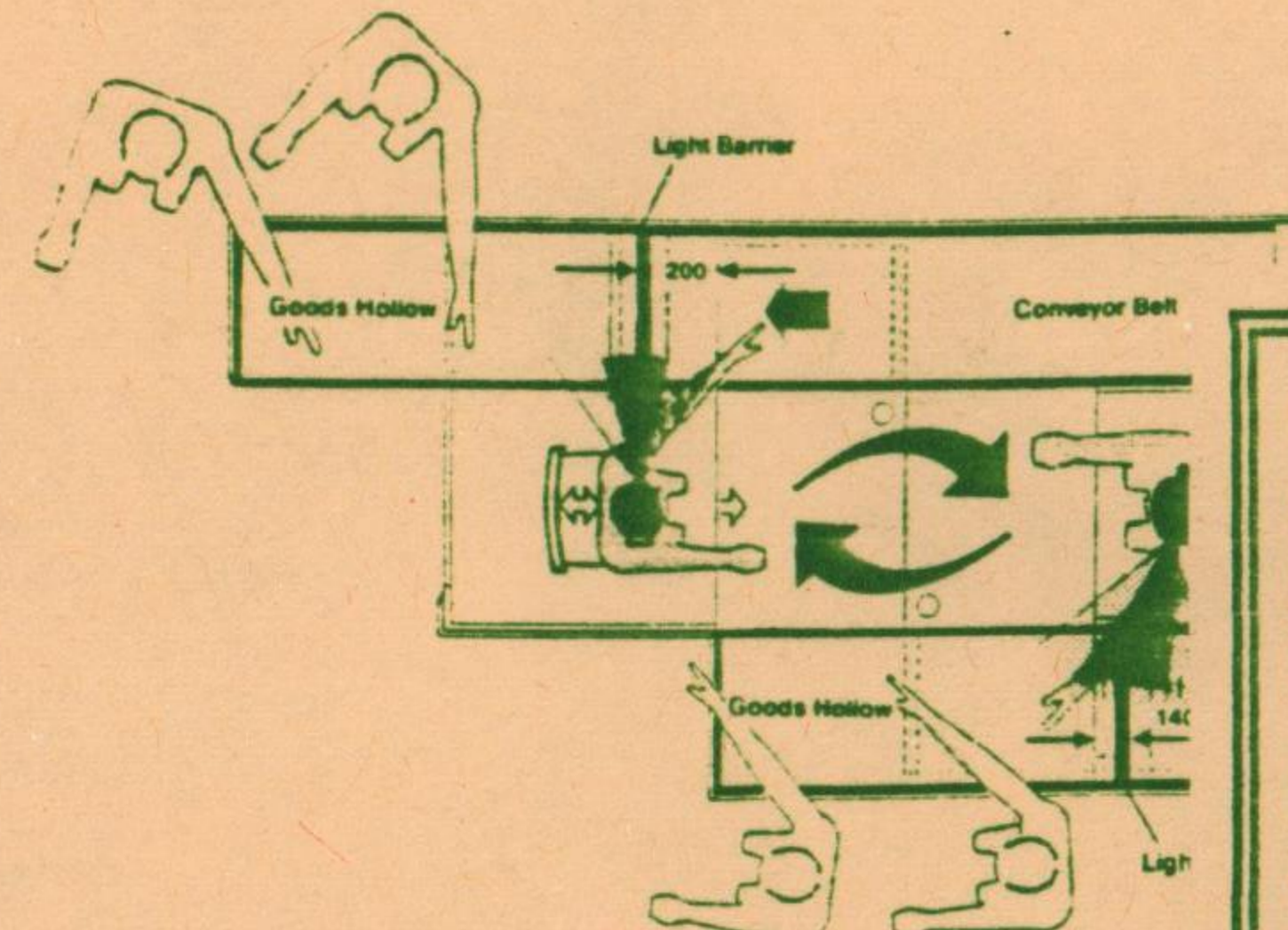
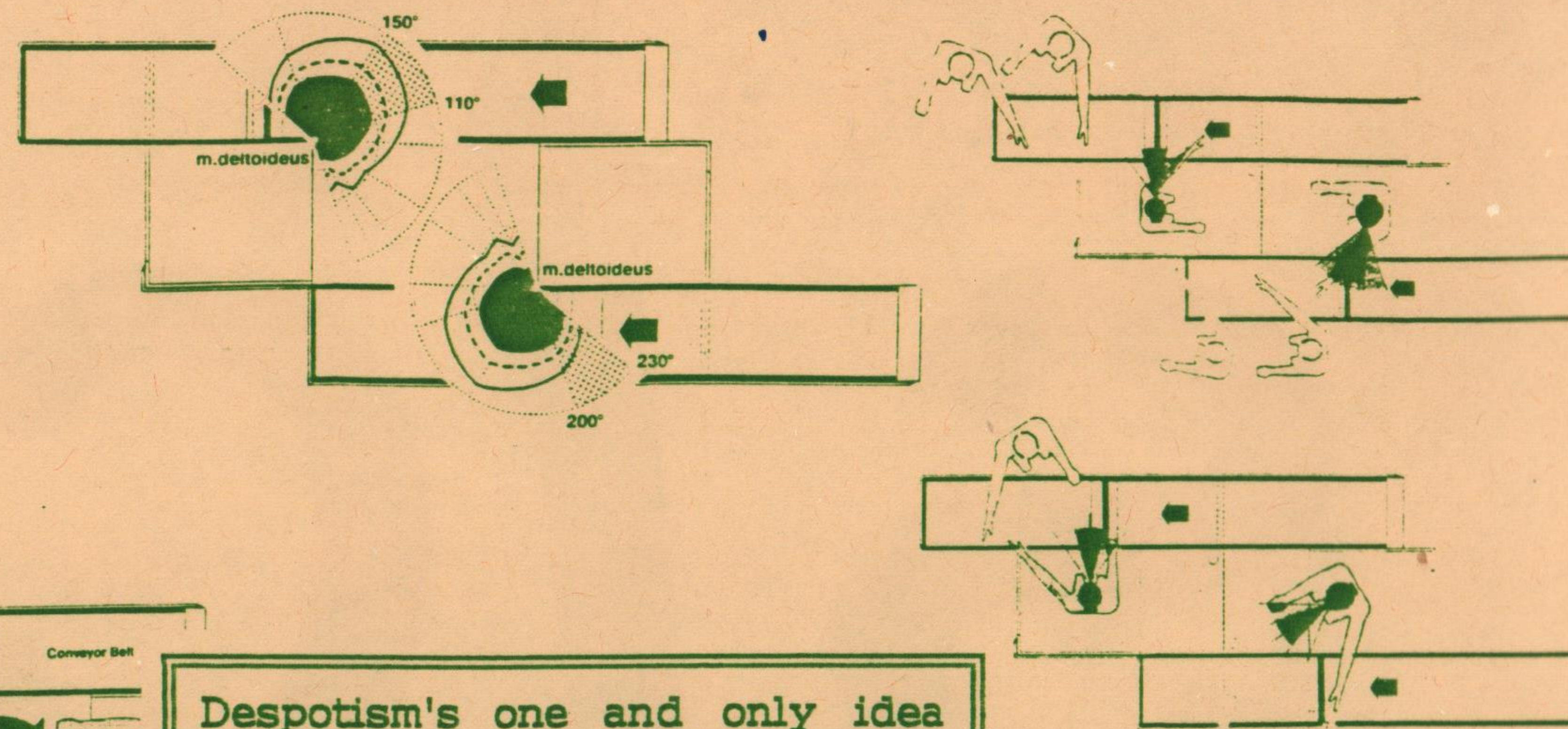
ANTI-COPYRIGHT: any part of this zine may be freely reproduced, translated or adapted, even without mentioning the source...

...though, of course, the producer's reserve the right of appropriate response to profit-mongers, and other friends of the current system.

WHERE WE STAND



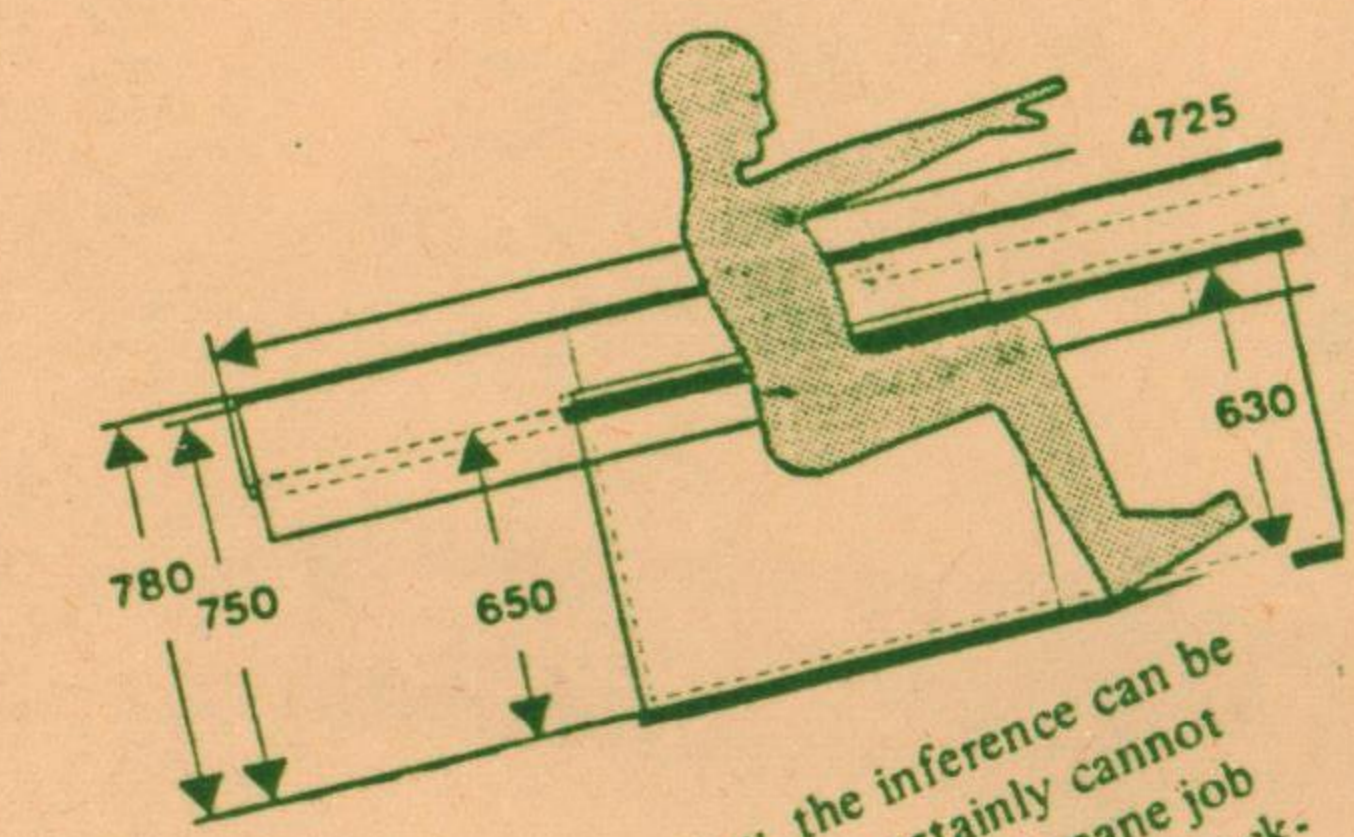
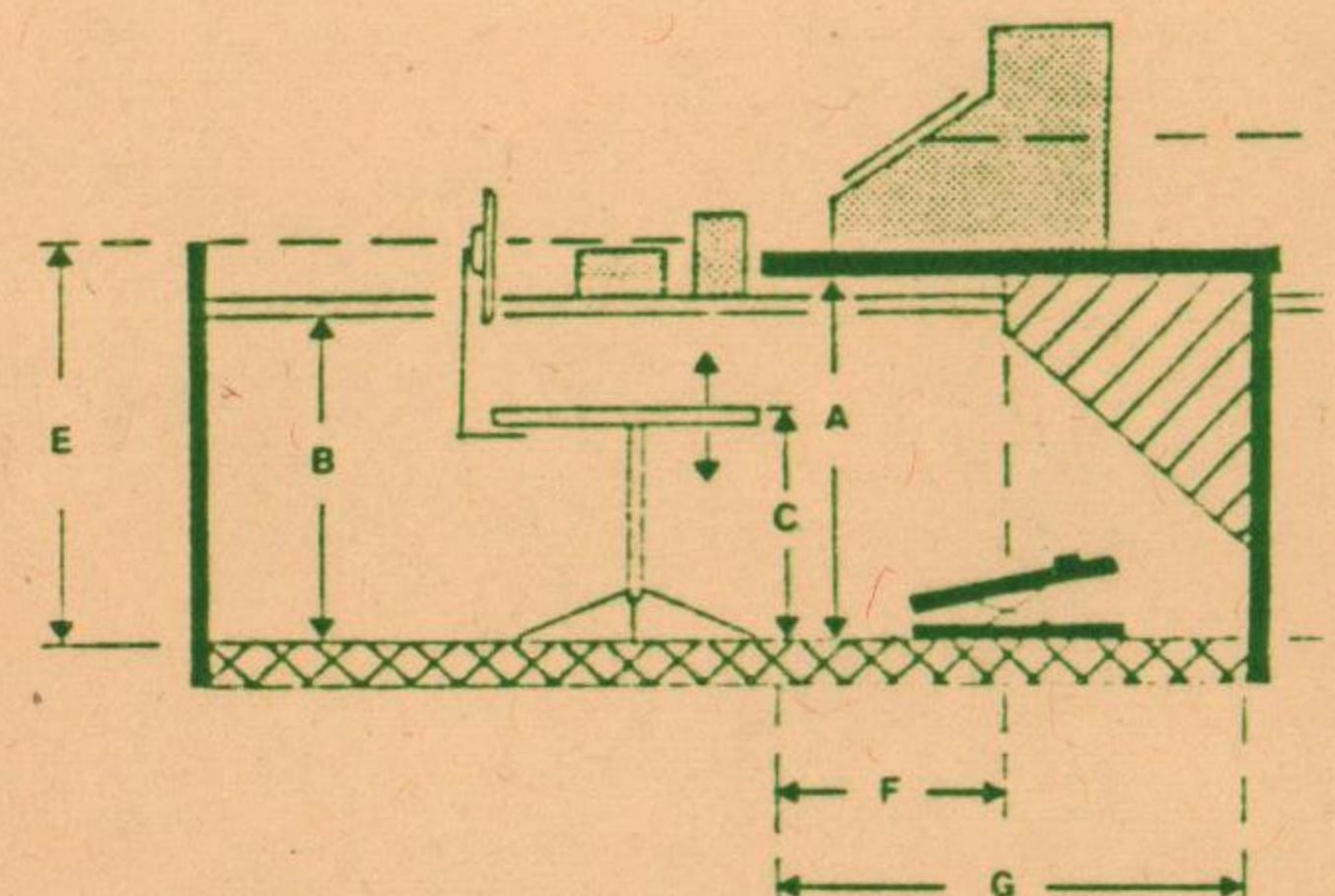
Fig. 8 Muscular load of the upper arm varying distinctly with different movement directions during handling of goods at the two parts of the twin-checkout workstation. Static and dynamic components of the electromyographic activity EA (compare Fig. 7) (means from five subjects)



Twin-checkout workstation with packing the goods by the customer (upper situation) and return of money, with visual contact, to the customer (lower part)

Despotism's one and only idea is contempt for mankind, the idea of mankind dehumanised. This idea is superior to many another inasmuch as it at least corresponds to a real fact. In the language of the technonuclear variety of despotism, it has the following form: "Standard man: a theoretical representation of the average adult human body (chemical make-up, weight and size of organs) established by the ICRP as a yardstick in the assessment of maximum acceptable concentrations of substances in the body" (Dictionnaire des sciences et techniques nucleaires, [French government] Commissariat a la l'energie atomique, 1975). For the nuclear-bunker experts, then, a human being is merely a degree of tolerance to a "concentration" of a substance. And, although the ICRP is referring here to a concentration of radioactivity, it is worth pointing out that this approach applies equally well to the concentration of power - a tendency which has been proceeding apace throughout the history of this century, with the "maximum admissible level" subject to continual adjustment (upwards, needless to say).

Fig. 3 Some legal requirements with respect to ergonomic demands of interior and exterior workplace lay in Germany. (A > 62 cm; B ~ A; A-C > 17 cm D-E < 10 cm; F ~ 35 cm; G ~ 60 cm; 26 cm < 30 cm) (Source: Strasser and Müller-Limmroth, 1982)



When considering all points of view, the inference can be drawn about backward systems that they certainly cannot be considered a step backwards with regard to humane job design. Instead, the conclusion can be supported that backward systems for seated work even allow a better agreement with physiological laws and a rather good fit of the work to the person. Of course there are also disadvantages: for instance, the fact that the cashier has no visual contact with the customers during the time when they are putting goods on the conveyor belt. It is improbable, though, that the customers will bear a long-term risk potential for health hazards are separated from work by physical defects. Provided that intra-personal based issues. Job rotation between the two parts of a twin-checkout has to be regarded as not unimportant to reduce physical load, by means of changing the kind of work and related stress. There is also a better possibility of visual and acoustic communication between the two cashiers sitting face-to-face in the twin-checkouts. Such innovations should be regarded as an enrichment in work variety of cash work-stations. Social and psychological factors, which are of station involving

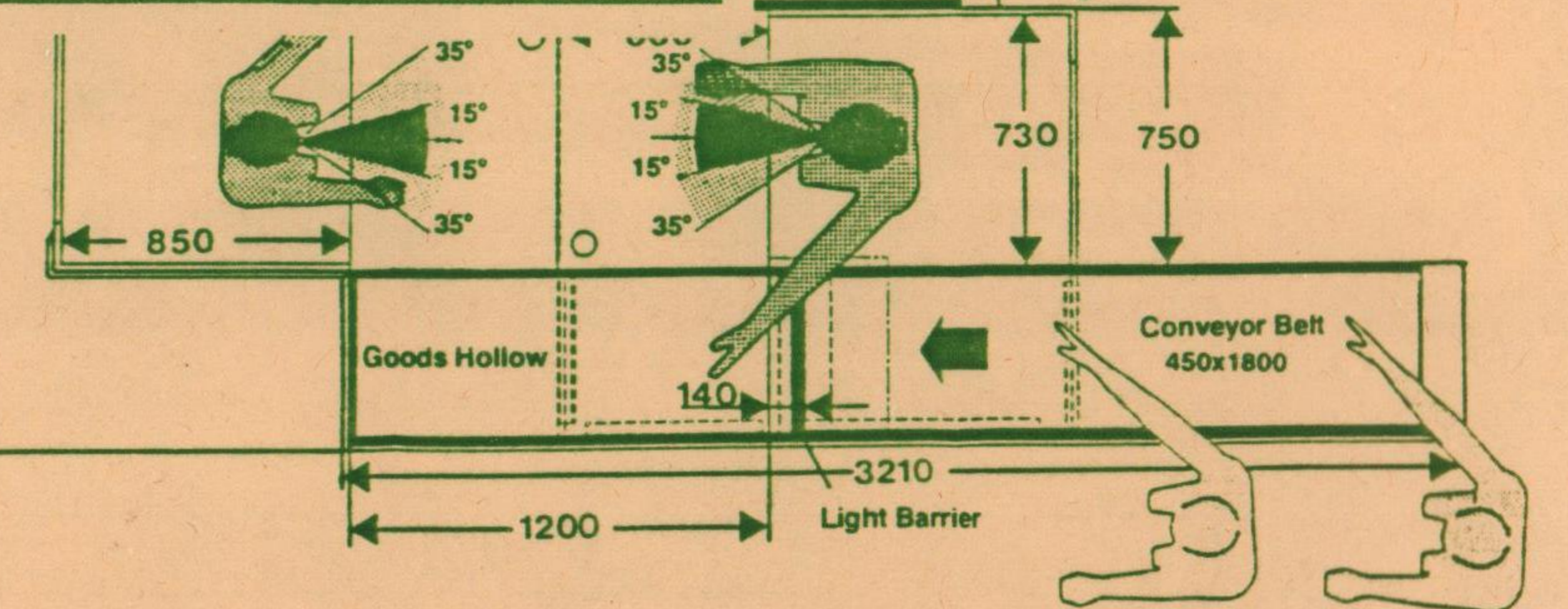
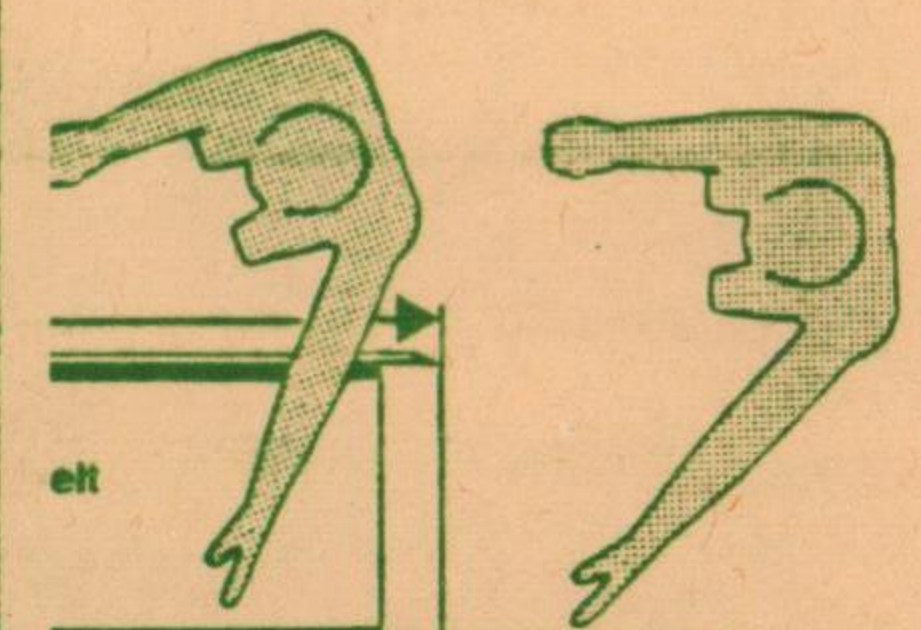
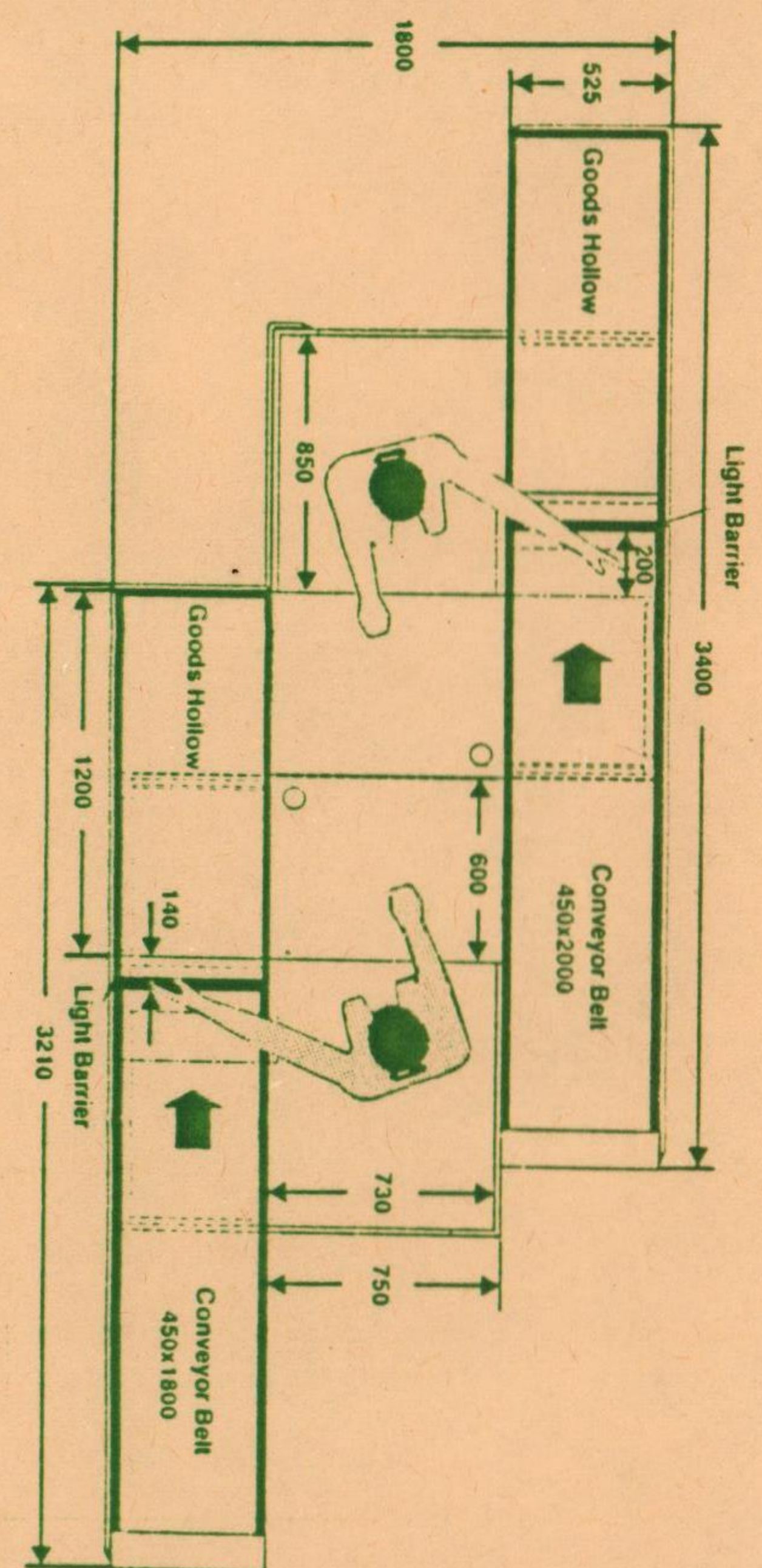


Fig. 4 Twin-checkout workstation with 5th-percentile and 95th-percentile stencils of females, with customers placing goods on the conveyor belt

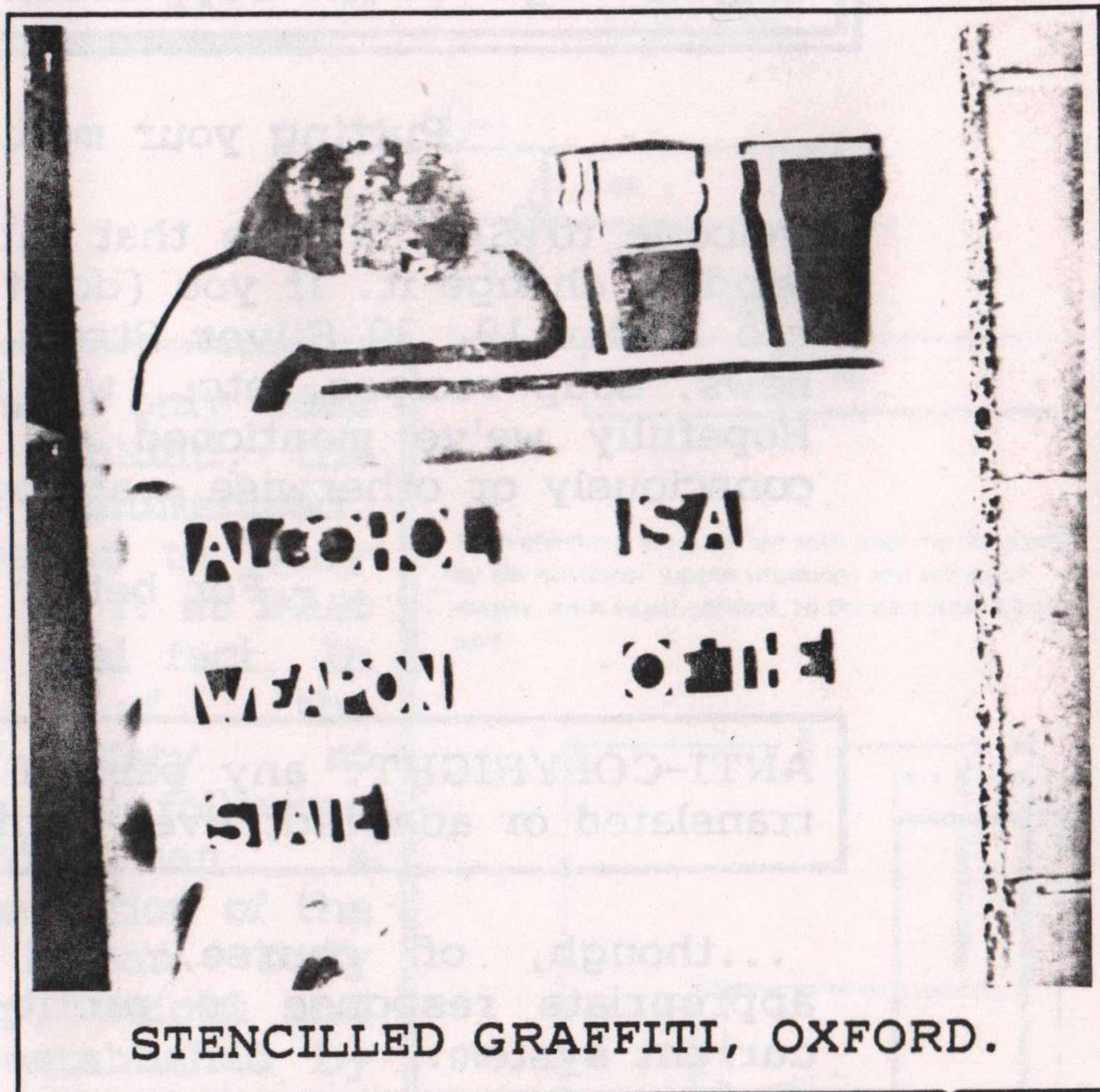
FAST FOOD

When you're hungry for fun!

"I have wandered extensively in several great European cities, and I appreciated everything that deserved it. The catalogue on this subject could be vast. There were the beers of England, where mild and bitter were mixed in pints; the big schooners of Munich; and the Irish; and the most classical, the Czech beer of Pilsen; and the admirable baroquism of the Gueuze around Brussels, when it had its distinct flavour in each artisanal brasserie and did not travel well. There were the fruit liqueurs of Alsace; the rum of Jamaica; the punches, the aquavit of Aalborg, and the grappa of Turin, cognac, cocktails; the incomparable mezcal of Mexico. There were all the wines of France, the loveliest coming from Burgundy; there were the wines of Italy, and especially the Barolos of Langhe, the Chiantis of Tuscany; there were the wines of Spain, the Riojas of Old Castille or the Jumilla of Murcia...

The majority of wines, almost all spirits, and every one of the beers whose memory I have evoked here have today completely lost their tastes - first on the world market and then locally - with the progress of industry as well as the disappearance or economic re-education of the social classes that had long remained independent of large industrial production, and so too of the various regulations that now prohibit virtually anything that is not industrially produced. The bottles, so that they can be sold, have faithfully retained their labels; this attention to detail provides the assurance that one can photograph them as they used to be, not drink them.

Neither I nor the people who drank with me have any moment felt embarrassed by our excesses. 'At the banquet of life' - good guests there, at least - we took a seat without thinking even for an instant that what we were drinking with such prodigality would not subsequently be replenished for those who would come after us. In drinking memory, no one had ever imagined that he would see drink pass away before the drinker."



STENCILLED GRAFFITI, OXFORD.

My grandmother wouldn't eat brown bread and remained immune to its upsurge in popularity in the 70's as a "healthy alternative" to white. Partly this was snobbery, for people of her generation and from her background eating white bread reflected a social aspiration. But it also reflected the memory and experience of adulteration - the addition of substances cheaper than flour to the dough - a crass and potentially dangerous economic crime which (it was supposed) was easier to detect in white than brown. She didn't believe that the 'new' brown bread wouldn't be adulterated in the same way as it had been before the Great War. This specific eating habit she had acquired resulted from a refusal to accept a particularly blatant commercial degradation of quality, but by the 1970's it was redundant and archaic, with thin-white-sliced perhaps the epitome of that same commercial degradation in another form.

The "adulteration" of bread (as of other foods) has gone on apace since 1914 in more fundamental, comprehensive and less easy to detect ways. And simple choices between white and brown, free range or battery, "traditional" or "new improved" are unlikely to protect us from its consequences. As profit goes to work there is a tendency for the use-value of food to fall. Both in a narrow sense of how much you get for your money (the shrinking size of Mars bars, for example - many young people fail to realise that the 'new bigger' Mars is hardly larger than the old bite-size Mars when I was a kid; or is that just be my hands and mouth getting bigger?), and in a wider catholic, and by far more important, sense - that is, as part of the total sensual experience of eating.

We're not saying that the past was a good place to live, but that we need to know, to remember what has been lost in order to appreciate the ways in which things are getting worse. One of the functions of a fostered nostalgia is that it discredits the veracity of any truth of the past. It promotes an uncritical cynicism about the past that endorses the present by denying any "disimprovement" in the quality of life. It is part of an ongoing process of amnesia, the creation of fictions about the past to mask what was real. It is the case that some foods, for example, used to taste better. Just one aspect of this is the way in which products are having their local diversity and identity blanded out by the requirements of a regional, national, global market. For instance, in my experience this is what is happening to an Oxfordshire beer, Morrells. I can't prove this to you, since such seemingly banal but all important things fall, of course, outside the remit of even forensic science. And you should never believe anything you read or hear in the media, least of all here. On this point you will have to trust to your own experience, however fogged the memory of it may be by over-indulgence in alcohol. But one of the few things of value that any of us possess is the time of our lives, which is why we should be having it. The quality of the time we spend should be our paramount concern, from the flavour of warm beer to a taste for revolutionary community. In its fullest and widest sense, excluding nothing, the demand for quality time is insurrectionary.

ORK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
" THE DAILY GRIND ? "

WORK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT
O just say.. EEP WORK EAT T
RK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
K EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
EA NO ORK EAT TV S
K EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
RK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
ORK E just say.. WORK EAT T
WORK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
ORK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
RK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
K EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S
K EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
ORK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
ORK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
RK EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
K EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV
EAT TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV S

This simple observation has nothing to do with nostalgia.

Yugoslavia [sic](15), Hong Kong(12), Hungary(14), USA(2), Japan(1), Germany(3), UK(7), Netherlands(5), Spain(11), France(6), Belgium(8), Italy(9), Portugal(13), Denmark(4), Norway(11), Russia [998 minutes](wouldn't fit on chart). {Source: McDonald's}.

FAST FOOD

When you're hungry for fun!

Association for Ontological Anarchy Communiqué No. 11: Turn off the Lite!

The Association for Ontological Anarchy calls for a boycott of all products marketed under the shibboleth of LITE — beer, meat, lo-cal candy, cosmetics, music, pre-packaged "life-styles," whatever.

The concept of LITE (in Situ-jargon) unfolds a complex of symbolism by which the Spectacle hopes to recuperate all revulsion against its commodification of desire. "Natural," "organic," "healthy" produce is designed for a market-sector of mildly dissatisfied consumers with mild cases of future shock and mild yearnings for a tepid authenticity. A niche has been prepared for you, softly illumined with the illusions of simplicity, cleanliness, thinness, a dash of asceticism and self-denial. Of course, it costs a little more...; after all LITENESS was not designed for poor hungry primitives who still think of food as nourishment rather than décor. It has to cost more—otherwise you wouldn't buy it.

The American middle class (don't quibble; you know what I mean) falls naturally into opposite but complementary factions: The Armies of Anorexia and Bulimia. Clinical cases of these diseases represent only the psychosomatic froth on a wave of cultural pathology, deep diffused and largely unconscious. The Bulimics are those yupped-out gentry who gorge on margaritas and VCRs, then purge on LITE food, jogging or (an)ærobic jiggling. The Anorexics are the "life-style" rebels, ultra-food-faddists, eaters of algæ, joyless, dispirited and wan — but smug in the puritanical zeal and their designer hair-shirts. Grotesque junkfood simply represents the flip-side of ghoulish "healthfood" — nothing tastes like anything but woodchips or additives — it's all either boring or carcinogenic — or both — and it's all incredibly stupid.

Food, cooked or raw, cannot escape from symbolism. It is, and also simultaneously represents that which it is. All food is soul-food; to treat it otherwise is to court indigestion, both chronic and metaphysical.

But in the airless vault of our civilization, where nearly every experience is mediated, where reality is strained through the deadening mesh of consensus-perception, we lose touch with food as *nourishment*; we begin to construct for ourselves personæ based on what we consume, treating products as projections of our yearning for the authentic....

LITE parodies spiritual emptiness and illumination, just as McDonald's travesties the imagery of fullness and celebration. The human spirit (not to mention *hunger*) can overcome and transcend all this fetishism—joy can erupt even at Burger King, and even LITE beer may hide a dose of Dionysus. Buy why would we have to struggle against this garbagy tide of cheap rip-off tickytack, when we could be drinking the wine of paradise even now under our own vine and fig tree?

Food belongs to realm of everyday life, the primary arena for all insurrectionary self-empowerment, all spiritual self-enhancement, all seizing-back pleasure, all revolt against the Planetary Work Machine and its imitation desires. Far be it from us to dogmatize; the Native American hunter might fuel his happiness with fried squirrel, the anarcho- taoist with a handful of dried apricots. Milarepa the Tibetan, after ten years of nettle soup, ate a butter-cake and achieved enlightenment. The dullard sees no *eros* in fine champagne; the sorcerer can fall intoxicated on a glass of water.

The A.O.A. sometimes envisions CHAOS as a cornucopia of continual creation; as a sort of geyser of cosmic generosity; therefore we refrain from advocating any specific diet, lest we offend against the Sacred Multiplicity and the Divine Subjectivity. We're not about to hawk you yet another New Age prescription for perfect health...

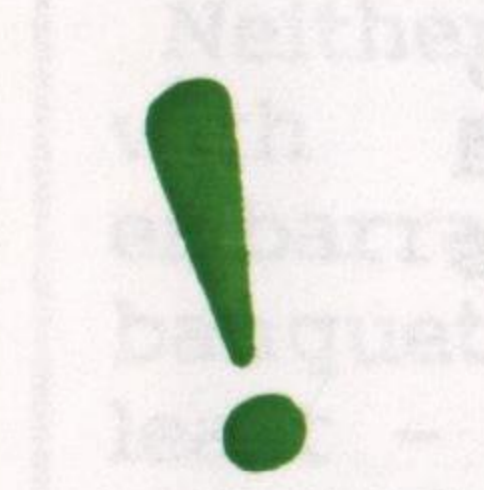
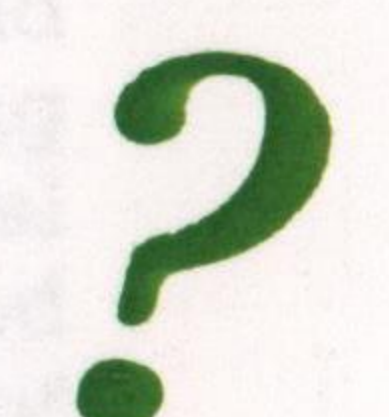
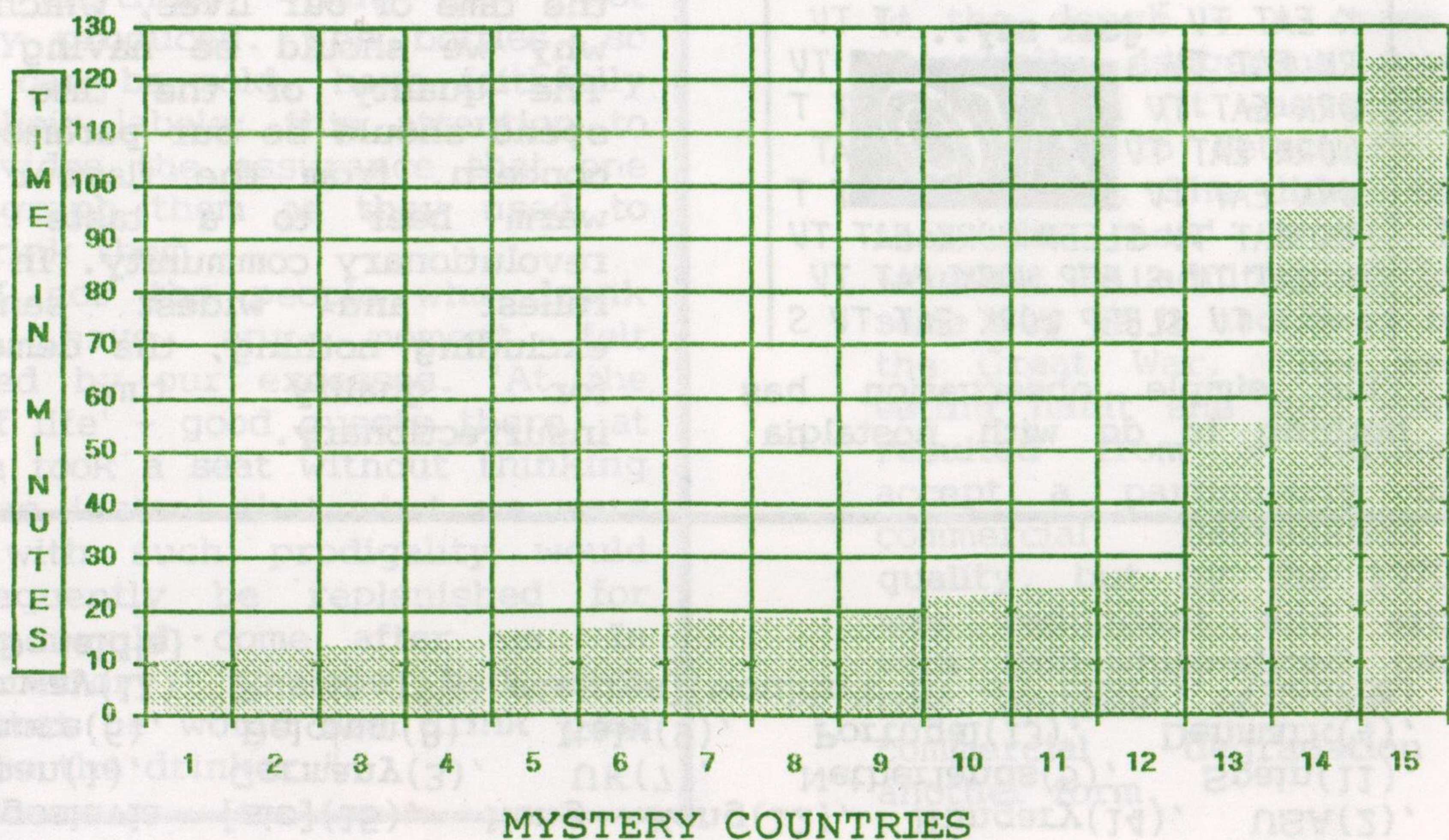
Our culture, choking on its own pollutants, cries out (like the dying Goethe) for "More LITE!" — as if their bland weightless tasteless characterlessness could protect us from the gathering dark.

No! This last illusion finally strikes us as too cruel. We are forced against our own slothful inclinations to take a stand and protest. Boycott! Boycott! TURN OFF THE LITE!

[Hakim Bey]

FOOD FUN CORNER

The chart below shows the number of minutes a person on an average wage must work to earn the price of a Big Mac. Can you spot your current country of residence? Answers at the bottom of the previous page.



Thoughts on Television?

It doesn't matter what's on the screen. A lot of time is spent analysing the content of television — the programmes, the broadcast propaganda. Extensive dissection of media 'coverage' (some would say creation) of the 'Gulf War' is only a recent notable example of an ongoing process of criticism. The problem with this criticism, for all its truths about the omissions, distortions and falsifications that constitute our viewing diet, is that it tends to reinforce the obsession with viewing itself. And it legitimises the false distinction between 'good' and 'bad' television, and sustains the idea that television is reformable. The informed and critical viewer is necessary to television, s/he makes the intolerable boring falsehoods more tolerable, more watchable by deconstructing them as s/he watches. The aggravated viewer is also the happiest — you are supposed to get angry with your television. It is safe.

The pernicious functions of television begin long before the debates about the nature of programming start, they operate on a deeper, more general level than what is specifically being imbibed from the screen (however useful that may be to the managers of the status quo). Television works to postpone thought (reflection on your circumstances) indefinitely. Like work, it occupies and so distracts. By absorbing attention and time it allows us to refrain from considering the state of our lives. Sit, effectively alone, in a room night after night after week after month and you might well start considering the narrow confines that surround you. Likely enough you'll get restless and want to do something. Sit, effectively alone, in a room watching television and you may never. (Television isn't that perfect an anaesthetic of course. However, since it is engaging, it undermines the need to act on whatever doubts may still well up.) Watching television is an "activity" in so far as it excludes the need to act.

Television's role in absorbing the time when we're not engaged in other, compulsory activities — school, work, shopping, — is important because the amount of this time has grown. Forced activity (like work) is likely to be boring, but is, after all, forced. But leisure time is your own free time. Time you have

earned. It is dangerous for this time to be too boring. Television makes boredom (that is, the fact that daily living is boring) tolerable. It puts on hold the constraining walls of the 'living' room, the home, the family, work, the impoverished limits of the permissible. Or at least it makes the burden of excess leisure time, in which these things are highlighted, speed away in the least painful manner.

Television doesn't do this via some magic power of its own. Rather, both in an immediate and in a general sense, it complements and reinforces a wider state of affairs. Specifically, for those enervated and fatigued by work and the stresses of day to day survival it is a "natural" medium. It requires no effort, no input, it makes no demands. It is entertainment for those too drained to entertain themselves. Television assumes this role with ease, because the identification of leisure with indolence, with the absence of work or of any activity at all is strong for people who have to submit to the demands of forced work (wage-labour). More generally, television also reflects

SLEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP WO
" THE DAILY GRIND ? "

TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP
V SLEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP W
SLEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP WO
SLE WORK EAT TV SLEEP WO
LEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP WO
SLEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP WO
SLE EAT TV SLEEP WO
V SLEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP W
TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP
V SLEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP W
SLE EAT TV SLEEP WO
SLEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP WO
LEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP WO
SLEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP WO
SLE EAT TV SLEEP WO
V SLE EAT TV SLEEP WO
TV SLEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP
V SLEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP W
S
LEEP WORK EAT TV SLEEP WORK

THURSDAY

MONDAY

SUNDAY

SATURDAY

WEDNESDAY

TUESDAY

FRIDAY

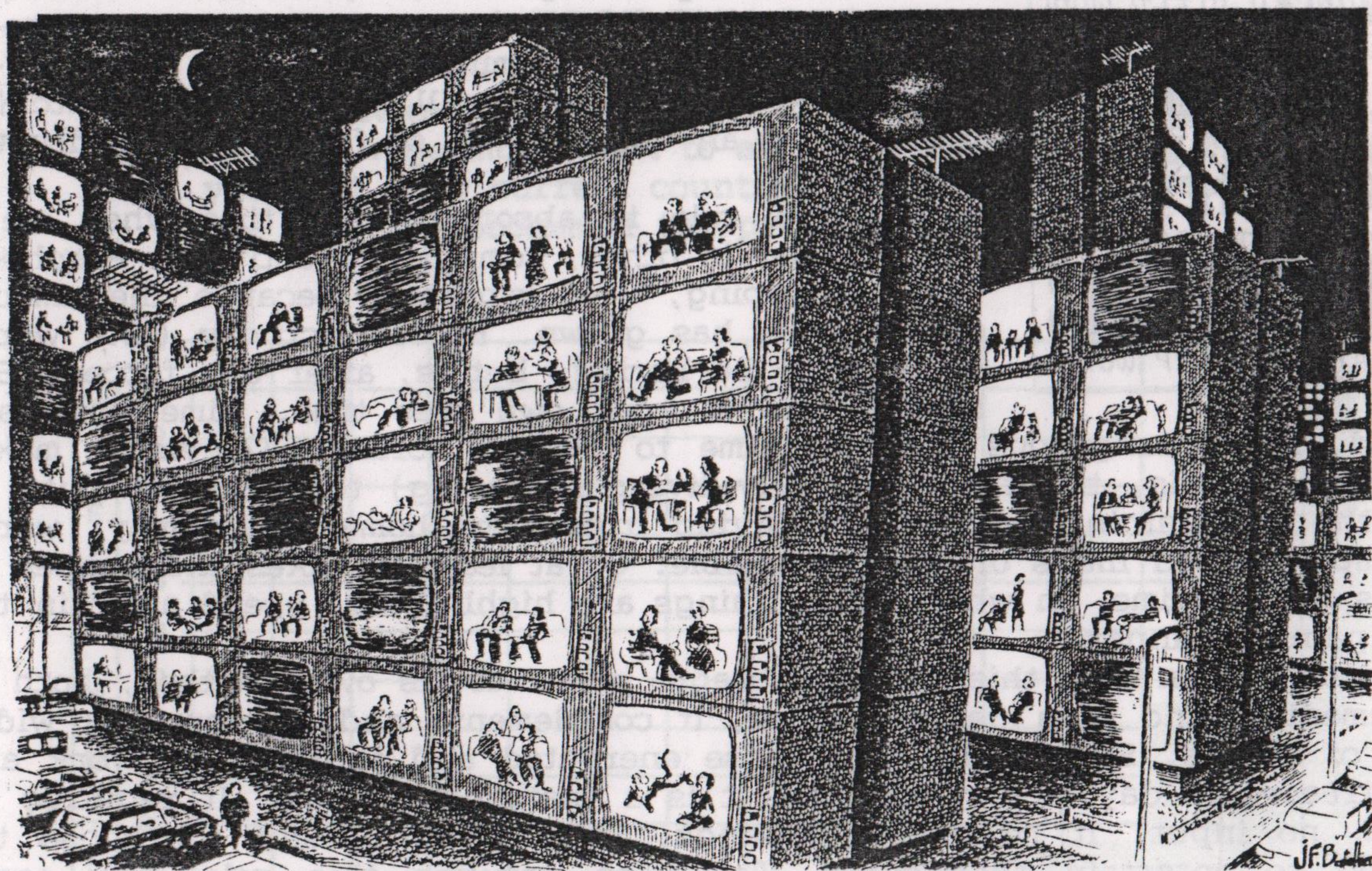
DONT DO IT

and underlines our 'normal' day to day experiences of powerlessness, enforced passivity, lack of voice. We spend all day following orders, putting up with things, making non-choices. Little wonder that in the evening we tune in to whatever is on offer, submit to ideas, opinions, images to which we have no means of answering back, and choose between the non-choices of different programmes or channels.

To challenge the parasitically adapted suitability of television to our lives will require more than just individual efforts, and once again we find television already before us undermining our attempts to go beyond it. For television reinforces our social separation from each other. It is privately consumed, concentrating the bulk of 'leisure activity' within the household and/or family unit. A pub, even with all its drawbacks - it does merely vend an older social anaesthetic, alcohol - does remain public. It contains at least the potential for social interaction and so is infinitely preferable to the four-pack, takeaway, and video at home. Television isolates people in their houses, and in doing so is only part of a wider trend, but it also works to mask that domestic isolation and to make it bearable. More than this, even within the home it enforces silence between people.

Television as a medium may not in itself be a problem. An empowering, participatory television may be possible (maybe). But anyone who tells you that technology is 'neutral' is a fool (at best). It is not by accident that television has developed and proliferated to become the dominant media in our lives. It is because it is the media most closely suited to serve and promote the requirements of a social order that functions against us. Even if all you want is television that is not malign - and I want much more than that - the first unavoidable step is clear: TURN THE DAMN THING OFF.

"Television, by its presence alone, is social control in the home. It is not necessary to imagine this control as the regime's periscope spying on the private life of everyone, because television is already better than that: it assures that people no longer talk to each other..." (Jean Baudrillard).



{for more than you ever wanted to know about television check out TV Times - A Seven Day Guide To Killing Your TV, £1 +SAE from OXFIN 21 Cave St., Oxford, OX4}.

giving the status quo



The graphic overleaf was put together originally as a flyposter. It is not intended to decorate bedroom walls or even the centre pages of a grotty zine. If you like it, run off 10 or 100 copies and get out and decorate the walls of your town. If you don't, why not design your own? I must admit that since I currently have to pay for photocopying, I've not been out pasting as often as I might - but that's my problem. A hundred or so A3 posters (that's between about £6 to £15 worth I reckon) can make a real splash on an estate or in a town centre. And flyposting has got a lot going for it. It's one of the few forms of public expression available to most of us (which is why it isn't strictly legal), and it's a way of taking back a little of the streets for ourselves, of countering all the dominant lies that we normally support through our silence. Its (nearly) free speech, - about whatever you want, from a specific local issue to a general notion.

If you've not posted before, here are a few ideas - veteran posters can stop reading at this point. You can do it by yourself, but two is better & I reckon three is ideal - one can paste, one can post, one can look out, & you can all swap round. More than three is probably counterproductive. I use an ordinary wallpaperpaste brush (though some people swear by rollers), and carry the paste poured into a carrier bag inside several others - its less conspicuous than a bucket and easier to dump when you're through. Slap the paste onto the wall, put the poster up and slap another coat of paste on the top. A few refinements: - some warm water in the paste mix on cold evenings; clear disposable plastic gloves and a cloth to mop up with (I may just be a messy paster); roll your posters up in batches of 20 or so (i.e., roll the first poster up tightly, then roll the next around it and so on and hold the whole lot together with an elastic band. You can then unroll posters straight onto your pasted wall - does this make sense?). There's no reason why you shouldn't paste in broad daylight - very few people are likely to bother you. But you don't really want folk to see the posters when they're still wet since they'll peel straight back off again and one disgruntled passerby can undo all your effort in a tenth of the time that it took you to do. Conversely, wandering about at three o'clock in the morning is likely to draw the unwelcome attention of the authorities. They CAN bust you, if they feel like it. Obviously they're much more likely to if they find you pasting the outside of the copshop with "Protest Police Murder" than if you're just advertising a local gig on a boarded up building. The best defence is don't get caught - take reasonable precautions and stay alert. This is not meant to put people off, or make them paranoid. Over the last few years, with friends, I've posted literally thousands of posters; I've had a couple of close shaves, but never been caught at it. I have known people who were stopped by the police but none got more than a verbal warning. Flyposting is a way of acting for ourselves, by ourselves. This is what makes its presence alone an affront to the powers that be. I know that seeing a bit of independent postering (that is, something that isn't advertising something) makes my day whether I agree with what it says or not.

A GOOD PASTING



Striking steel workers firing a home-made rocket at police in the northern Basque town of Llodio yesterday.

ARM YOUR DESIRES



WE HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE,



AND IT REFUSES TO WORK

'GREEN BLUES' or

"under civilization poverty is born of superabundance itself."
(Charles Fourier, c.1829).

Between the recessionary rationality of 'make the workers pay/cut consumption' and positive aspirations disgusted by waste and pollution, lies the grey area of green consumerism. The 'excesses' of consumer society reflect its absence of an excess of living - the generalisation of pollution and waste mirror the degree to which we waste our lives. They are symptoms.

"I'm greedy for life; ...I'm greedy for what I hope chance can give me far beyond anything that I can calculate logically. And it's partly my greed that has made me live by chance - greed for food, for drink, for being with people one likes, for the excitement of things happening." (Francis Bacon).

But pollution and waste are not really 'excesses' at all, they are a necessary part of production for profit. Recycling is a sop to the conscience of the consumer who chooses to ignore this. Where is the sense in saving paper to save trees, when paper should be made from hemp, or of buying 'Ecover' to 'help the environment' when its manufacturers also own Group 4, who policed the destruction of Twyford Down? There is no such thing as a politically correct capitalist - Burn The Bottlebanks!

"The horror of all our past hopes is contained in the fact that socialism, both as movement and ideology, has been as puritanical and life-denying as the language and structures of science itself. Socialists, so crushed in the misery of their own lives, brought their self-denial into the conceptions and methods of the liberation movement itself. The tragedy of it all, is that while the form was liberation, the content was repression." (BLACK MASK no.9, 1968).

The greening of consumption is now official government ideology. It aims to make consumerism more palatable and by doing so, to preserve production for profit, the cause of most of our ills. We should not call upon the creators of pollution to manage its transformation, any more than we should call upon gamekeepers to 'manage' foxes.

"... 'alternative life-styles' only offer less of more of the same." (Bob Black, '[Ass]Holism').

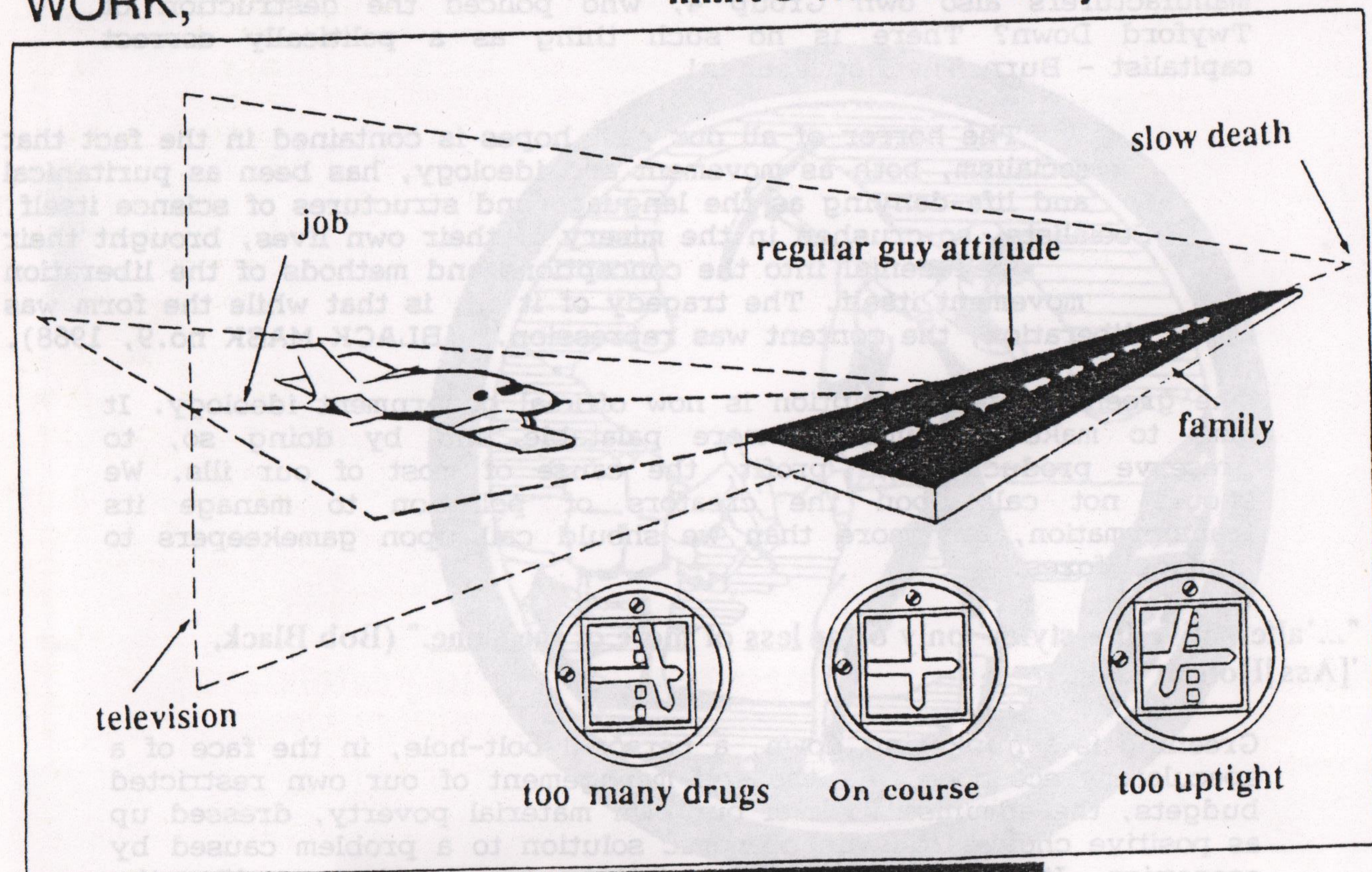
Greening is a hunkering down, a personal bolt-hole, in the face of a speculative eco-doom. As the self-management of our own restricted budgets, the administration of our own material poverty, dressed up as positive choice, it is an economic solution to a problem caused by economics. Its individualist prescriptions for survival, - like the privatisation of health-care and so many others, - are the freely chosen complements to a deliberately fostered trend of social atomisation.

"People seeking, in good conscience and without guilt, more pleasure for their own everyday lives, contain the whole of the revolution. ...In the end, egoism is our only friend; in the last analysis, greed is the only thing we can trust. Any revolutionary who is to be counted on can only be in it for himself - unselfish people can always switch loyalty from one projection to another." (For Ourselves, 'The Right To Be Greedy').

Adapting ourselves to the logic of the market, whether it is by accepting the mess that the market makes as the natural consequence of human activity, or by defining ourselves on the basis of what we do or don't consume means that we can't win. By being insatiable, by demanding everything that the system offers, or pretends to offer, we can expose the insufficiency of the compensations it touts as justification for its continuing existence and the limits it actually places on the satisfaction of our desires.

'the RiGHT to be GrEEdY'

WORK,it's more than just a living



IT'S A LIVING DEATH

VOTING * Wrongs and rights.

You're not putting a black mark against someone else's name, you're inviting someone to put a black mark against your's.

There are lots of very good reasons why voting is a bad idea, none of which we're going to go into here. Instead we're going to look at why for you specifically, as an individual 'elector', voting is not the safe and comfortable option most people still consider it to be.

There are, still, people who are serious about changing things for the better who think that voting can be a way of doing this. And there are others, more cynical and resigned, who still like to protest vote - those votes that definitely-before-you-cast-them-100%-won't

make any difference to the result; but it makes you feel better to read in the paper "Seriously Independent Left candidate: 47 votes, lost deposit" and think 'one of those votes is mine.' You can extend this approach to most third party candidates and even to second party candidates where they don't have a hope of getting in, though, curiously it's not that common to hear people announce 'of course I voted Tory in so and so, but even with a swing of 287% they wouldn't have won.'

But how much does this rather pleasant exercising of your franchise cost (leaving aside the much lamented poll tax of course)? Possibly a lot more than you might realise BECAUSE in British elections

there is no such thing as a secret ballot. Theoretically it is possible for any "interested party" to establish exactly how each and every voter voted.

AND HERE'S HOW. When you vote, the returning officer checks your name on the voter's roll and writes your roll number on the stub of the voter's slip, which is retained. After the election voting slips are kept, in bundles of 50 marked with candidate's name and sorting colour, for a year

in London. Your voting slip can then be matched with its stub, which gives your roll number, which gives your name and address.

Simple, huh? I'm not suggesting that the entire voting population's preferences are monitored (though this would not be impossible),

why should anyone bother. But it is fairly well established that 'our' secret services used to note everybody who voted for the Communist Party that was. And if they did it then for the toothless CPGB, why not for 'dissident' candidates now - independent trotskyists, left-wing labourites, Class Warriors,... Raving Loonies? Mostly this shouldn't affect you much day to day, but that job in the civil service or that work-permit for the States, oh dear. The names of everyone who voted CPGB in general elections were routinely passed

"THOSE BLACK BOXES CONTAIN THE NAMES OF PEOPLE WHO VOTED COMMUNIST. IN INTELLIGENCE TERMS THAT'S LIKE KNOWING WHERE THERE'S SEVERAL THOUSAND TONS OF GOLD WHICH CAN BE STOLEN WITHOUT ANYONE KNOWING. CAN YOU IMAGINE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE NOT SCRUTINIZING THOSE VOTING SLIPS. THEY'D BE STUPID IF THEY DIDN'T." (General H.J. van de Bergh, then head of S.African intelligence, quoted in 'Inside BOSS and After' Lobster 18, emphasis added).

continued from over

to S.Africa and other countries so that an eye could be kept on them during visits. And who knows, when the social peace get's shakier in the years ahead and the state is desperately searching around for someone to scapegoat and criminalize and they discover all those old Tankies are dead it might just be your name that comes out of the hat.



STICK THESE STICKERS

These stickers are intended for public consumption. I favour points at which people are inclined or required to pause - pelican crossings, bus stops & on buses, post-boxes, pub(lic) toilets, pay phones, traindoors, etc., - on the basis that it makes them more likely to be taken in, or at least harder to ignore. You may have other ideas.

BETTER STILL, STICK YOUR OWN

Most of the smaller images in this zine began life as stickers. They're simple to make, using 'borrowed' graphics, lettraset, a typewriter, or whatever, and they're a "value for money" form of self-expression: the pre-cut photocopyable sheet of 16 used here cost £13 per box of 100 from a 'budget' stationers & I get cheap copying at 4p a sheet. That works out at just over 1p/sticker. You may be able to get one or both things for free. But even if you're paying an extortionate high-street rate of say £24 for the stickers & 10p/sheet for copying, you're still getting your own stickers at under 2p a go - less if you're using pre-cut sheets of 24 or more. Do they work? If the rate at which they get torn down or defaced is anything to go by, it seems they do. I like to change the designs and size fairly frequently in the hope that people don't get to familiar with the format.

work is the opium of the people



KICK THE HABIT

STICKY fingers

publish the method
generalise knowledge
increase self-activity

"..It should be self-evident why, from a revolutionary point of view, one hundred publications with a circulation of one thousand are one hundred times better than one publication with a circulation of one hundred thousand.."(The Call of the Wild(e); Bob Black, in 'Friendly Fire' (Autonomedia).

HOW WE DON^e IT

This zine was put together using a small personal computer & portable printer, a craft knife and some paper glue. I'm starting to wish I'd used a typewriter, it would have been much more laborious - I'm two-fingered and slow - but the print quality would probably have been better.

COSTS.

I've set aside £200 to do the zine. The copying comes to £150. Photocopier labels are another £26, which leaves £24 for everything else, mainly postage - this part of the 'budget' will almost certainly overrun. Copying costs work out at about 60p per zine. The mark-up on the cover price is just that. So you'll be rightly pissed off if you've paid 90p. Unfortunately most bookshops take 1/3rd of the cover price as their cut, and distributors take up to 50%. In addition, a lot of copies were sent out free as "samples" to bookshops etc., in an effort to get the zine stocked. There is only one way around this problem - next time you want a zine or whatever, write direct to the people who do it: in the end everyone benefits. If you did get your copy directly from us and it still cost you 90p, then you're right, you're subsidising everyone else. Here at SIC we're very cash-poor. It would be nice to recoup our production costs to go towards issue two but that isn't going to happen.

THE REST.

For all the hassles of distribution, corrupted floppy disks and the like, the main problems I had were psychological - fear of starting, fear of finishing, chronic indolence & stuff like that - "He who has begun has half done. Dare to be wise; begin." (Horace, 65BC). Worth remembering. Thanks to everyone who helped (intentionally or otherwise) with this issue; especially Anni and Bruce. And to Anticlockwise for inspiration. Issue 2 will be out in the new year. Contents to include: revolutionary allotments, the free information network, the free postal subversion scam, sick buildings, etc. Thoughts on "health", "education", "public/private space", or anything you like really, most welcome.

JAME, 25.8.93

[citations: the despotism piece is from 'Abyss', (Encyclopaedia of Nuisances, Vol.VIII.), the long quote on drink is edited from 'Panegyric' by Guy Debord, the Hakim Bey article is an edited version that appeared in 'Yawn' - the full version, along with a lot of far less good stuff (the title essay excepted) is in T.A.Z. (published by Autonomedia)].

LISTINGS LISTINGS LISTINGS

Call Me Legion For We Are Many.

This is a personal listing - things only get in if I like them. But don't be put off, most of them are a lot better (& a lot better value for your hard earned cash) than 'SIC'. None of these people has asked to be included & including them doesn't mean a full endorsement of what they have to say. Like 'SIC', they are best approached with the attitude with which (I hope) they are produced - 'take what you like, use what you can & dump the rest'.

(almost) none of the people below have any money at all, so a Stamped, Addressed Envelope is vital when writing to them.

Against Sleep And Nightmare (P.O. Box 3305, Oakland, California, U.S.A.). One dollar and a couple of International Reply Coupons should do it, or try A.K. or Compendium Books. Excellent, irregular mag. from the States. Issue 4 has 30 packed pages including reflections on the Gulf War, pacifism, L.A. riots, a great piece on the Clarence Thomas affair, eastern Europe & lots of other stuff you'll have to check out yourself.

Anticopyright (P.O. Box 368, Cardiff, Wales, CF2 1SQ). The "distribution service for agitational and generally scurrilous art/flyposters". Catalogue describing (just) over 250 posters you can choose and use. Stick & Destroy. Also, the book of the catalogue - 'Flyposter Frenzy' (Working Press, £4.95): 90 of the posters + an introduction with tips very similar to those in this zine, so they must be good.

Armchair (A5 SAE to Folder 19, 30 Silver Street, Reading, RG1). "...the personal ranting & raving of Erik the Vandal" and a personal favourite. No. 4 has workfare, elections, Mayday, Red Noses, Glam Rock, & more. Pertinent, hilarious, & it's FREE. Shirkers of the World Unite!

B.M. Combustion (London WC1N 3XX). Texts on various subjects & struggles - Yugoslavia (that was), S.Africa, the Peace Movement (remember?), "Rebel Violence vs. Hierarchical Violence", Prison Revolts in France, & others. SAE for a list.

EGO (Flat D, 11 Leigh Street, London, WC1 H 9EW). Issue 3 £1.50: shocking piece critizing some current notions about joyriding! Serious Culture? Kill Elvis. The Boy Looked at Johnny (Part 2).

Fatuous Times (B.M. JED London WC1N 3XX). Beautiful looking & the contents not half bad either. Issue 3 £1.50: Maps & Mapping Special - Seizing the Media report, the Travelling Salesman problem, I'm too sexy for a job, great graphics, and too much more to mention. Issue 1 was a flyposting special.

Leisure (c/o the anticopyright address). Issue 4 £1.00: networking, the piss manifesto, virtual reality, lovely Squatter Bart poster, ..."lies, culture, subversion."

NO (P.O. Box 175, Liverpool, L69 8DX). Successor to the (almost) legendary Anticlockwise. Unbelievably, issue 9 is out already: new age management, a NO rant, extremes of information, letters, reviews. Useful, frequent, & yours for only 50 pence. Indispensable.

Smashing The Image Factory (c/o Box A, 111 Magdalen Road, Oxford, OX4 1RQ). Pamphlet £1.00? "A complete manual of billboard subversion & destruction." What more can I say. Go to it.

Totally Normal (c/o B.M. CRL, London, WC1N 3XX). Fat A5 zine, great graphics, anti-work propagandising, drugs, love, punk, humour, comic strips... Dense. Two 'issues', £1.00? each.

Unimpressed (135A Meersbrook Park Road, Heely, Sheffield, S8 9FP)... well I was by the production values, but there's some wild & woolly stuff within. Buy it. Issue 2, 50p: Memetic Lexicon, libertarian fiction, architecture, censorship, & plus some.

DISTIBUTORS: Mail order. If you want to go beyond individuals or individual productions you could do a lot worse than start here. Distributors and bookshops are useful to get an idea of the range of stuff that's about. But if you know what you want or fancy trying go direct to the people who produce it - they like getting the mail and they can use the money.

A.K. Distribution (22 Luton Place, Edinburgh, Scotland, EH8 9PE). A4 SAE for their new catalogue, probably the biggest & maybe the best around. Hundreds (thousands?) of titles plus magazines, comics, cassettes, etc. A bit loaded down with 'classics' by numerous dead anarchists, but with reams of good stuff as well.

Blast (A5 SAE to Box 27, c/o 31 Manor Row, Bradford, West Yorkshire). Handy selection of 'anti-authoritarian' books.

A Distribution (84b Whitechapel High Street, London, E1 7QX - A4 SAE), are worth a look. They also produce the New Anarchist Review.

DS4A (A5 SAE to Box 8, 82 Colston Street, Bristol, Avon). Roughly half books & zines to half records/CDs/tapes.

Counter Productions (A5 SAE to P.O. Box 556, London, SE5 0RL). Wondrous range of small press titles from english civil war reprints to contemporary experimental fiction. Recommended.

Flatland (P.O. Box 2420, Fort Bragg, California, U.S.A., 95437-2420). Lots of photos and illustrations, a couple of interviews and everything listed is given a short review, making the catalogue a read in itself. Plus "I honestly like everything I carry. If you don't find something to your liking, you can return it, for any reason, or no reason at all, & get your money back..." phew! Two dollars & a couple of I.R.C.s, or try via Unimpressed.

Compendium Bookshop (234 Camden High Street, London, NW1 8QS. tel. 071 4858944), often carries many of the titles listed above and a lot more. They'll do you mail-order as well.

...and a special mention for Factsheet Five (8 dollars from P.O. Box 170099, San Francisco, CA 94117-0099, USA. Or some of the above should carry it for about £4). Not a distributors, but a huge review/listing of just about every zine imaginable. More than 1300 reviews in 112 pages. Don't be without it.

".. any exact knowledge of the reality to be transformed is itself predicated on practical communicational abilities totally independent of the official media. Our task, in fact, is to help to set up a network of this kind, as a way of federating all those partisans of the truth who are resolved to plan for the inevitable struggles ahead."

('Encyclopaedia of Nuisances.')

