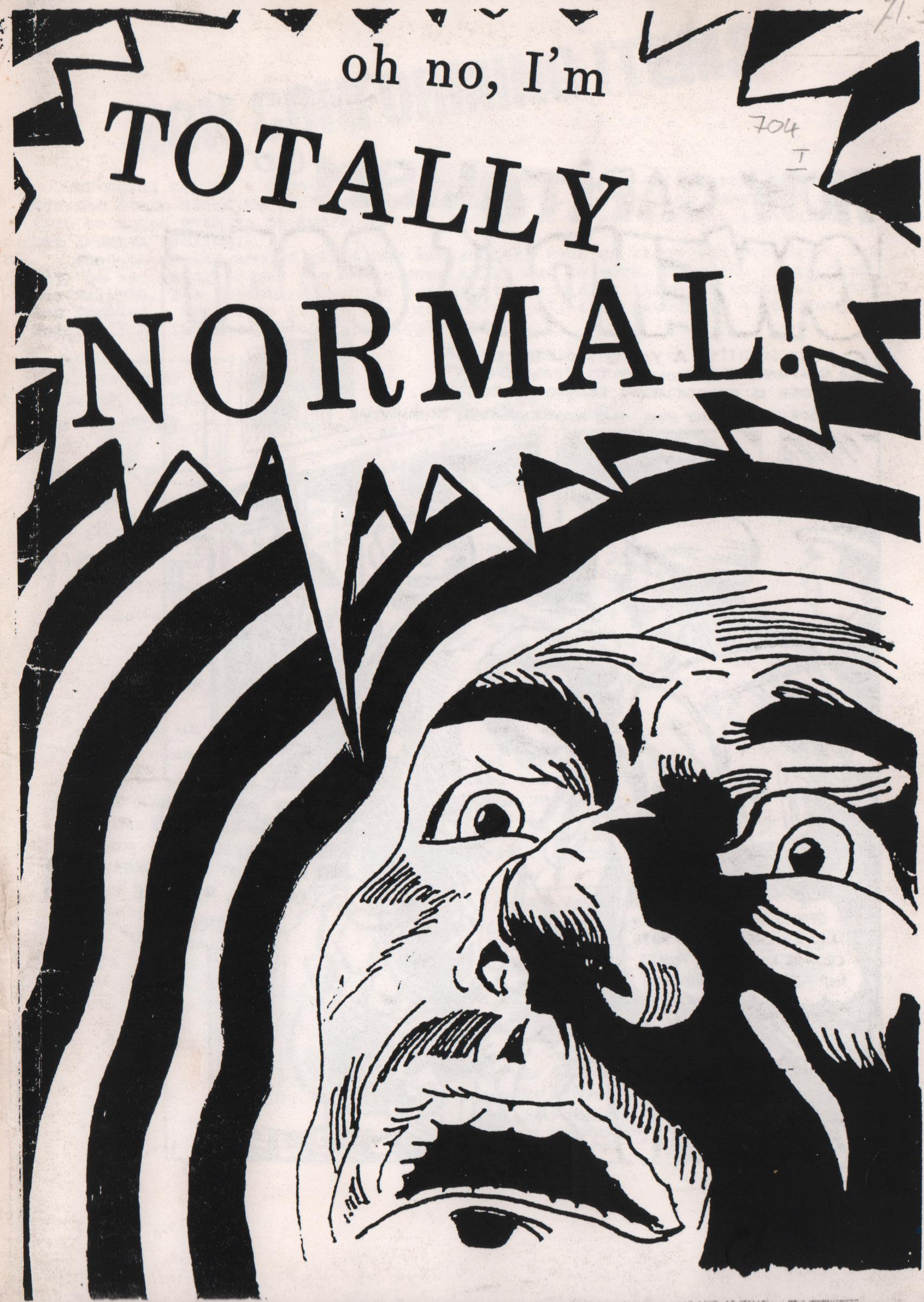




Totally Normal
c/o BM CRL
LONDON WC1N 3XX



HOW CAPITALISM GOT GWENDA'S GOAT

GWENDA GARRITY, A YOUNG PROLETARIAN, HAD OVERCOME CONDITIONING TO REALISE THAT ALL WORK IS PROSTITUTION, SELLING OURSELVES INTO BOREDOM ONLY FOR THE MONEY NEEDED TO SURVIVE.



OFFICE WORK IS SO DULL, AND I'M CHEESED OFF WITH CROWDS AND DIESEL FUMES AND PUSHING AND SHOVING.

ANY SYSTEM WHICH TREATS HUMAN BEINGS AS MERE RESOURCES, TO BE MOVED ABOUT AT THE WHIM OF CAPITAL, MUST BE TOTALLY FUCKED!!

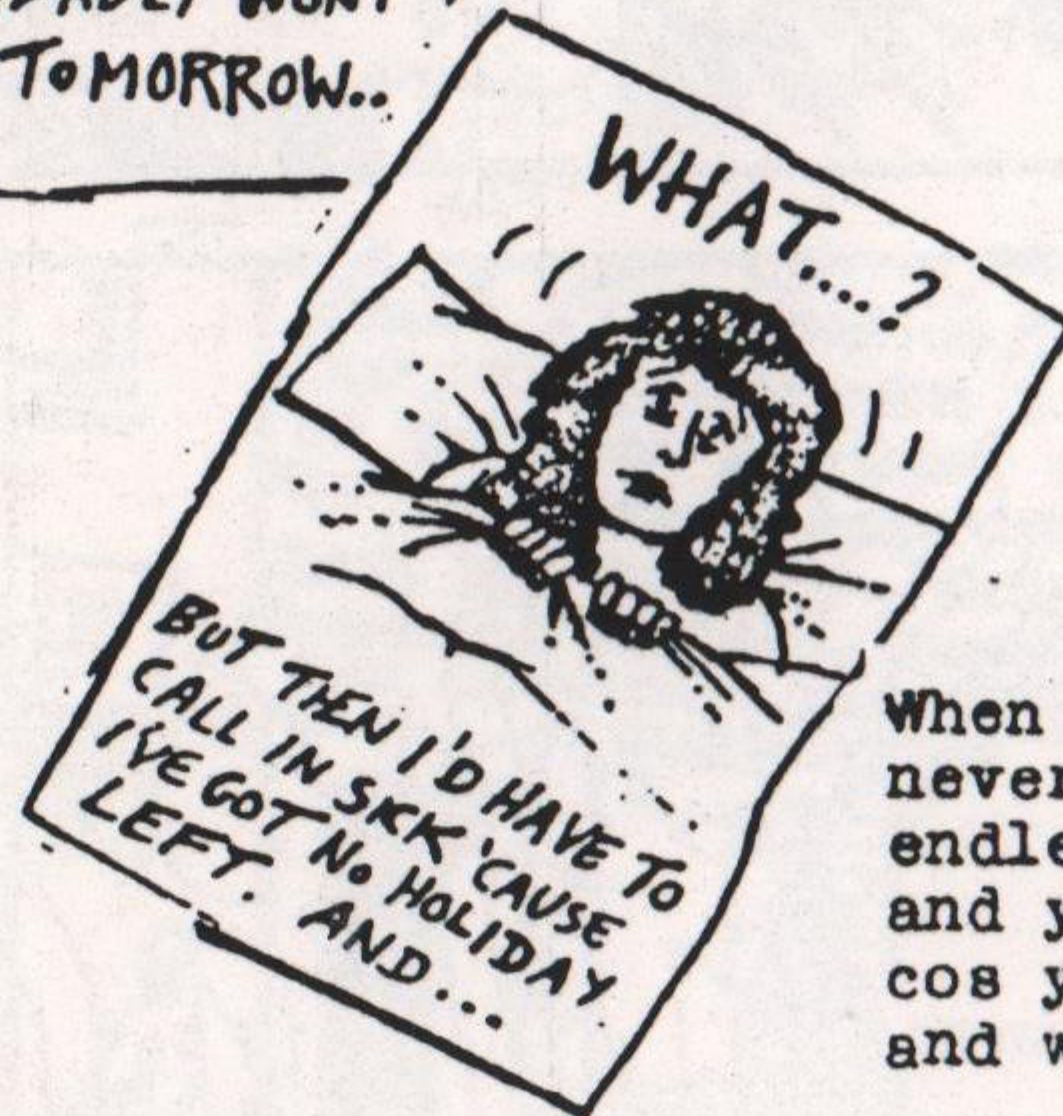
NON CONFORMING ITEMS

Grunging out of a sweaty slumber Jim suddenly sat up with a shock. Grabbing for the alarm clock he confirmed the worst - late. The fucking wank of a clock (but he noted even as he swore that he had failed to set it right last night in his drunken reeling).

What he really needed right now was another week of sleep and recovery. But what he was going to get was a nauseous swift run to work. Dressed, he grabbed his walkman, his essential barrier against the world at times of vulnerability, and fumbled a tape into it. It was his current all-time favourite - "Oh Fuck, Reality!" by the Dirty Rotter Pineapple Chunks.



When its early in the morning and you've got to go to work but the energetic drumming kept you waking with a jerk from exhaustions dreamless slumber another manic number workless friends who live at night



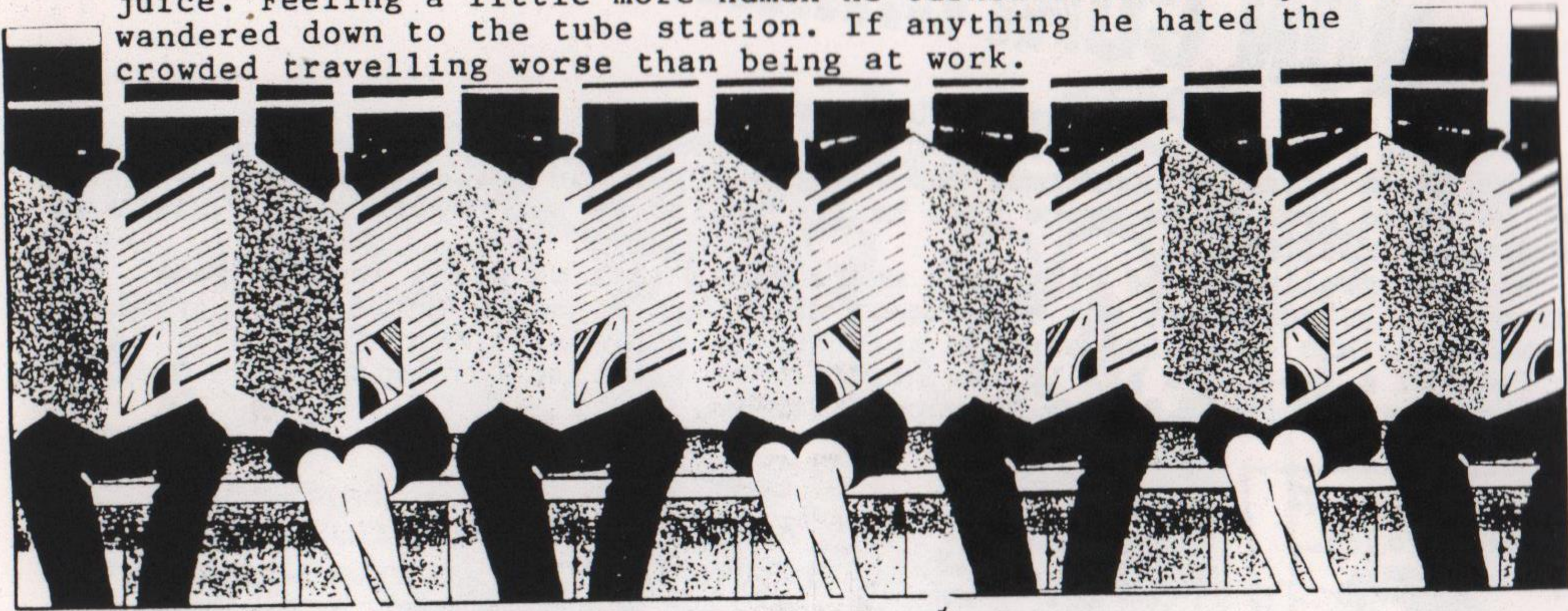
When you've got to be a straight never go to bed too late endless drudgery your fate and you never feel too great cos you're boozing by the crate and waking up still drunk



When you're rising from a grave and its your tongue that needs a shave chained by wages you're a slave no rent but still can't save and its really fun you crave aint it hard to be a punk.



The driving rhythms kept him going as far as the corner shop where he tried to revive himself with a litre of grapefruit juice. Feeling a little more human he turned down the tape and wandered down to the tube station. If anything he hated the crowded travelling worse than being at work.



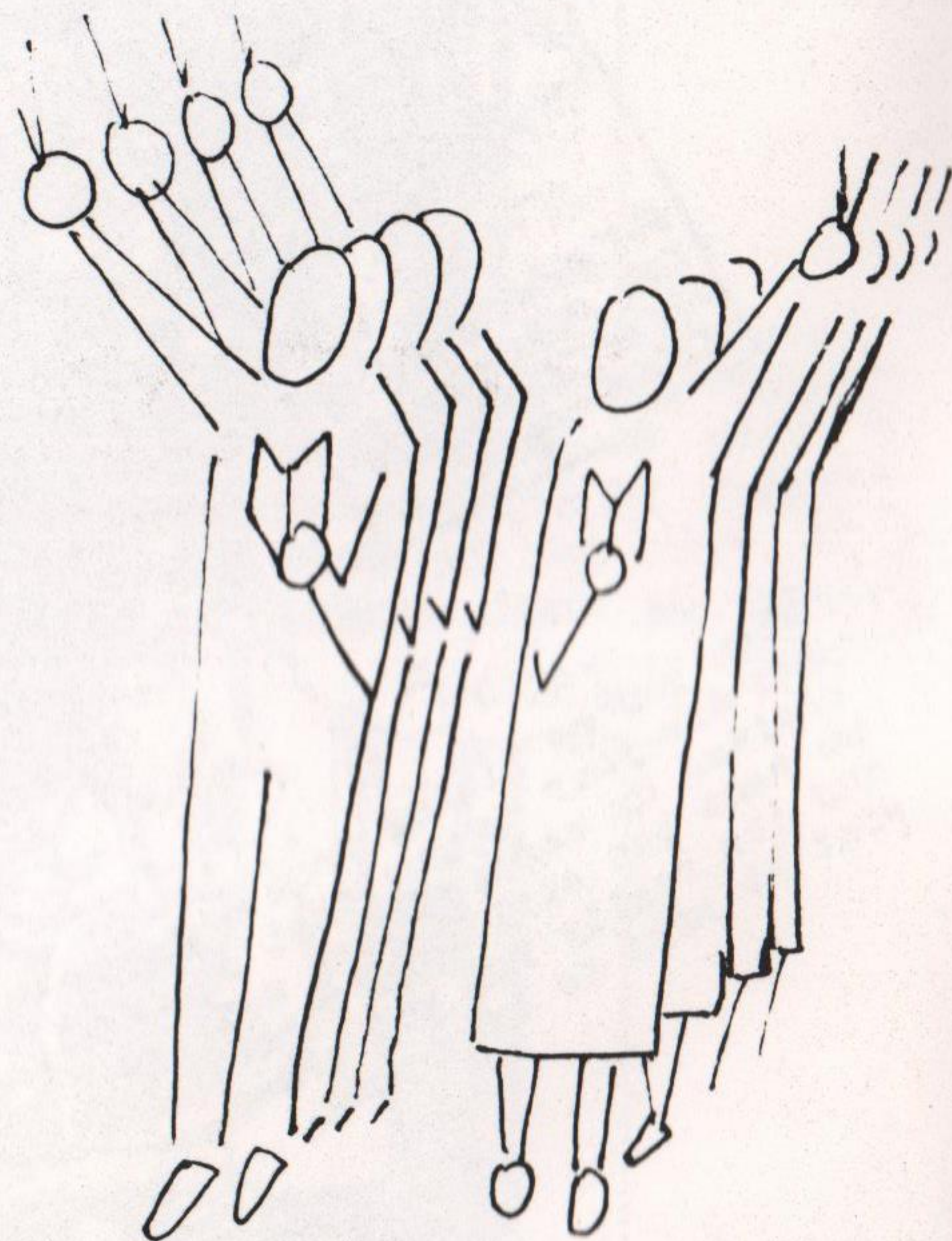
I wonder how it feels
to be tottering on heels
not designed for human feet
to be pushy to be rude
to be ruthless on the tube
never giving up your seat

**HOW TO OBTAIN
A Better Looking Nose!**
Improve your personal appearance

My new Model 25 Nosepaper is designed to improve the shape of the nose by moulding the cartilage and reshaping the cartilage and pinning the nose. Results are lasting. Can be worn as often as desired. Money refunded if not satisfied after thirty day trial. Write for free booklet to

M. TRILETTI
Plastic Nose Shaping Specialist
Washington, D. C.
Sept. 1971

to have business as profession
with an arrogant expression
cos you wear the right school tie
to believe that you are better
because your wallets fatter
to live the suburban lie



to be too damn cool, to move
cos you've got something to prove
and you'll do it with a sneer
to be quick to grab a chance
never let a person past
just like you do in your career

from the ranks of blank-eyed stares
you can tell we've paid our fares
public transport production line
of human beings there's no sign

X-RAY KATHOSCOPE
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Everybody wants it.

See your best girl and all she's doing. No one knows; but you see everything. Periscope operates in all climates; lasts lifetime, ready for use. \$1.00 cash with order for this wonderful instrument and 8 astonishing French pictures. KATHOS CO., P. O. Box 830
City Hall Post Office, Dept. W3, New York City

"The introduction of mass transportation to workplaces gave unprecedented chances for communication....."





PERSONAL HYGIENE MELTDOWN

in the tube on monday morning
and the smell's so strong
just splash it all over and you can't go wrong
going out at the weekend? it'll last that long
its that all over chemical disaster pong

wrapped in a perfume cloud
makes you stand out in a crowd
cos all the rest are choking
first the nostrils are assailed
seconds later one lung fails
its a shame they just banned smoking

your body odour is erased
cos you smell like toxic waste
post-industrial emissions
your after shave is dashing
but your deodorant is clashing
danger - aromatic fission!!

designed to be a great attraction
noxious chemical reaction
enough to make a phero moan
mass media induced
now you're smelling mass produced
aint it great to be a clone

to cover up your sweat
is the closest you can get
not to being clean and fresh
but to having android flesh



SPLASH,
IT'S ALL OVER!!

'KEMIKAL DISASTER' from
Union Carbide Inc.
Poor Hommes et Femmes.

"You arent real untl you smell fake!"

AIN'T IT A GAS?

DID YOU EVER WANT TO KILL YOUR BOSS?

WELL YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE

WORK STINKS!

FOR A WORLD WITHOUT MONEY OR BOSSES OF ANY KIND...
SCREW YOUR BOSS, HE'S SCREWING YOU!

BANKER

Of course all work is prostitution. What else would you call it when you have to sell your mind and body, your creativity, your labour, your power, your life....because you need money to survive. We have no control over what is produced, how it is produced, or how it is distributed. Our own labour results in products and situations that are alien to us and used against us. We are paid to build our own hell and are supposed to be grateful for the privilege.

Jim reflected on all the people he'd met who claimed to like their work. There was the bloke who really did like coming to work because it was the only relief he had from isolation. The only social interaction he ever had was that strange 'social' life of the office. Then there was the woman who needed to do something useful, something productive with and for people. But that desire couldn't be fulfilled except in the debased and distorted way of doing a shit job. She tried to convince herself that this - her only 'realistic' option - was worthwhile, worth putting so much energy and commitment into. She had to love her job or she'd despair, had to laugh to keep from crying. But she knew there was something wrong. Then there was his mate who was a nurse. Some people did do useful jobs, but so much of it was just patching up the casualties of a shit system and not being allowed to confront the cause of such victims, the system itself.

So many people who have to convince themselves that what they're doing is worthwhile, to justify all that life that they sold every day to make a world that isn't theirs.

Work can satisfy our desires for a useful, challenging activity with and for a community of human beings only like a kick in the balls can satisfy our desire for mutually pleasurable sex.

Then there's all the rest of us who can see that work is prostitution, nothing to do with anything that we want. All the millions around the world who scam and sabotage every day to make work a little easier, the millions who steal time and goods from the bosses who have stolen our lives. Just trying to survive, to even up the score.

But no wage increase won by our struggles, no ripped-off perks are ever going to be enough to satisfy us. Only when we control the whole shebang can we change the world to something we want.

SALES

men in suits from companies
walk ogling past the secretaries
for meetings with "our" suited men
talk for an hour and leave again

in the pub for liquid lunches
drinking real male pin striped sponges
joking smug fat faces red
shouting loud but nothing said

and shall I scratch the paintwork of your car
follow to suburban homes
poke violent fingers in soft white existence
and subvert your garden gnomes

when the time comes for promotion
suit yourself and don't suit me
locked in pin stripe mental prison
the bars of dull conformity

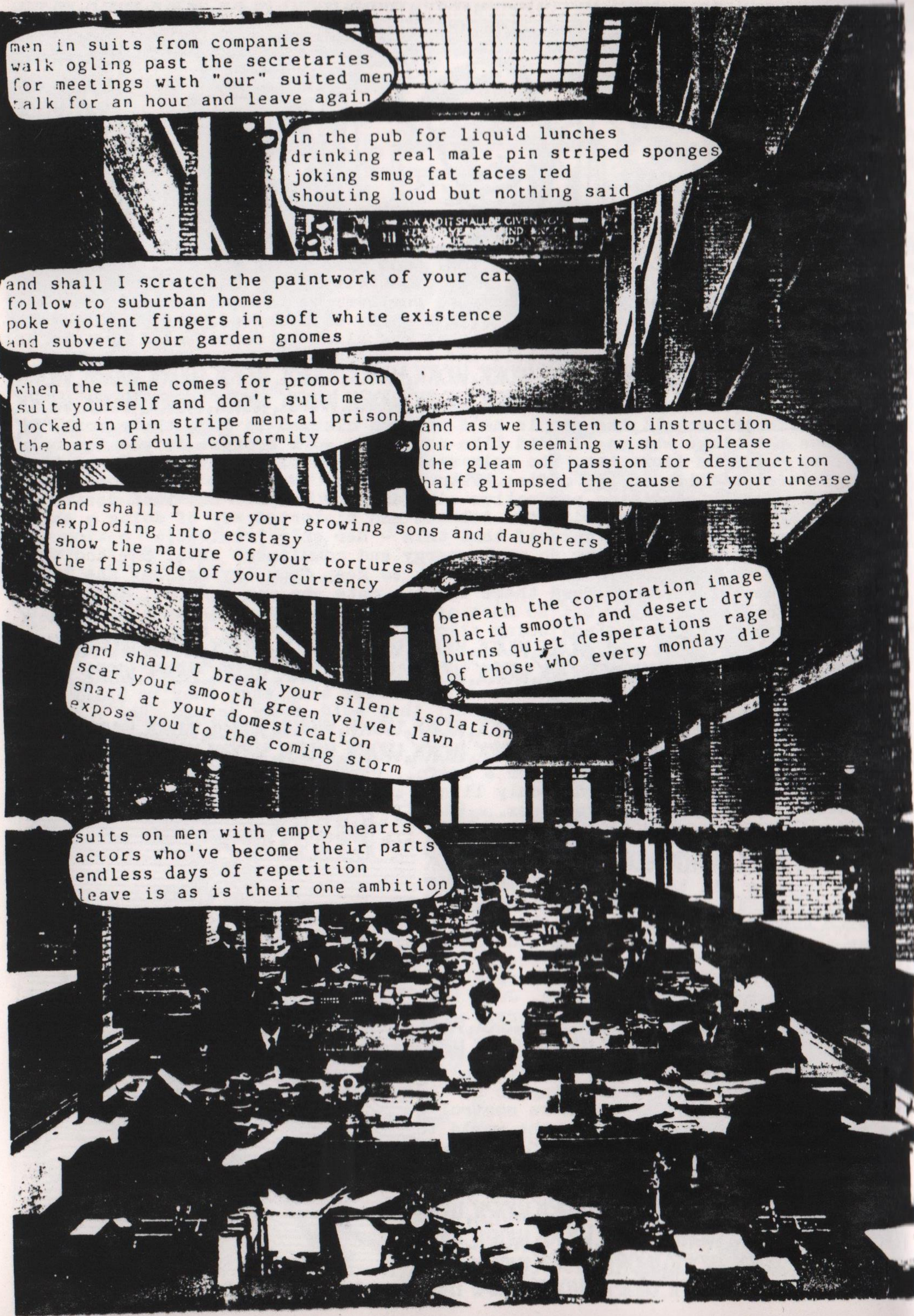
and as we listen to instruction
our only seeming wish to please
the gleam of passion for destruction
half glimpsed the cause of your unease

and shall I lure your growing sons and daughters
exploding into ecstasy
show the nature of your tortures
the flipside of your currency

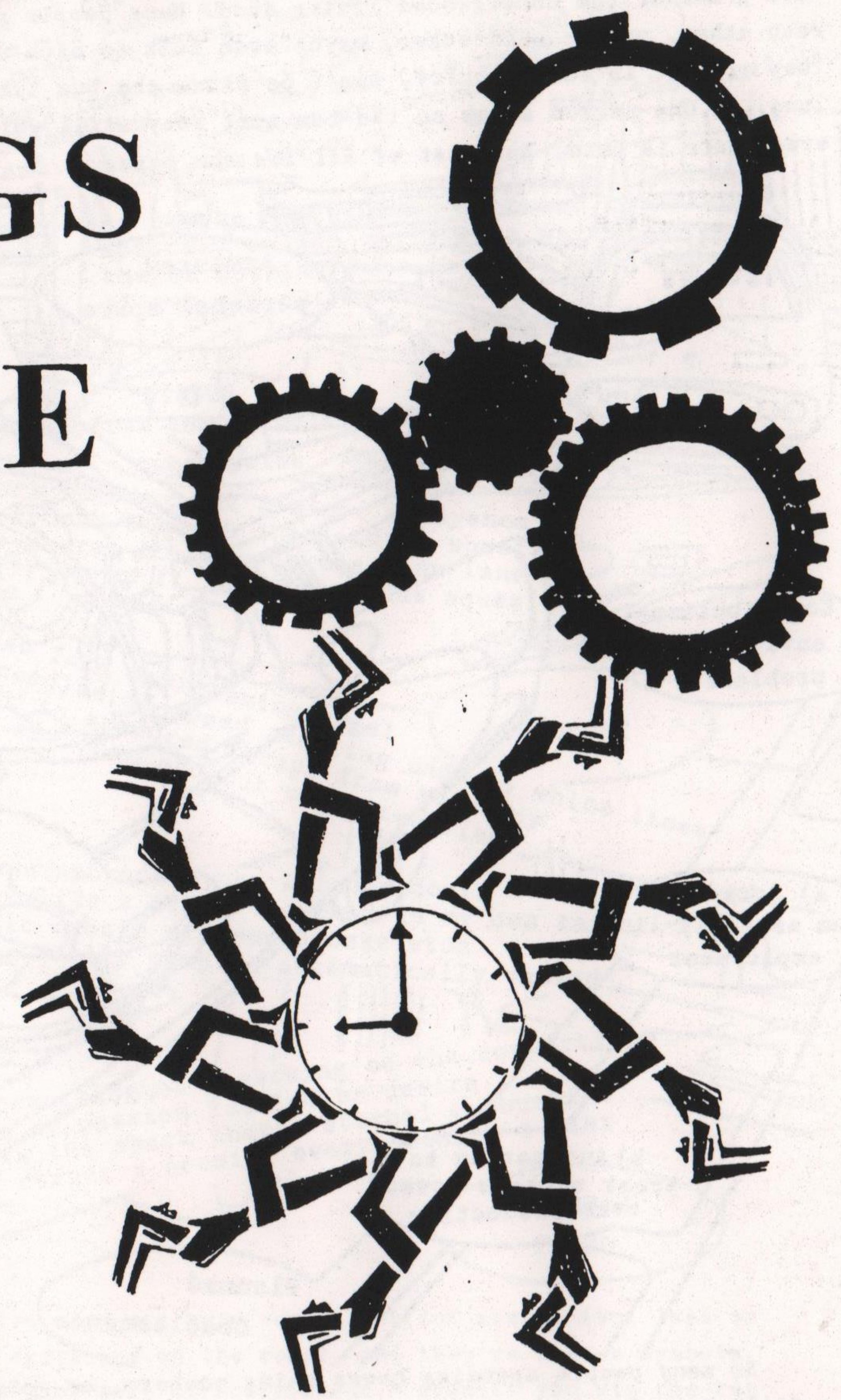
beneath the corporation image
placid smooth and desert dry
burns quiet desperations rage
of those who every monday die

and shall I break your silent isolation
scar your smooth green velvet lawn
snarl at your domestication
expose you to the coming storm

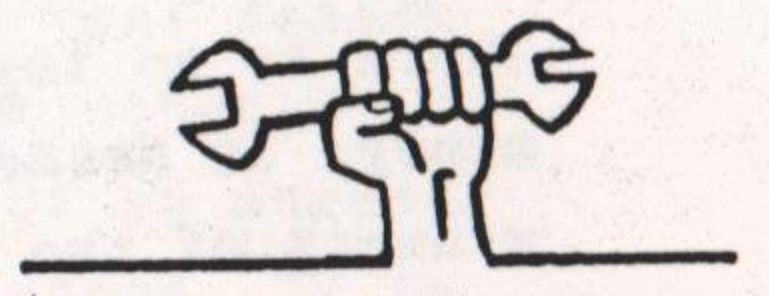
suits on men with empty hearts
actors who've become their parts
endless days of repetition
leave is as is their one ambition



IT'S A COGS LIFE

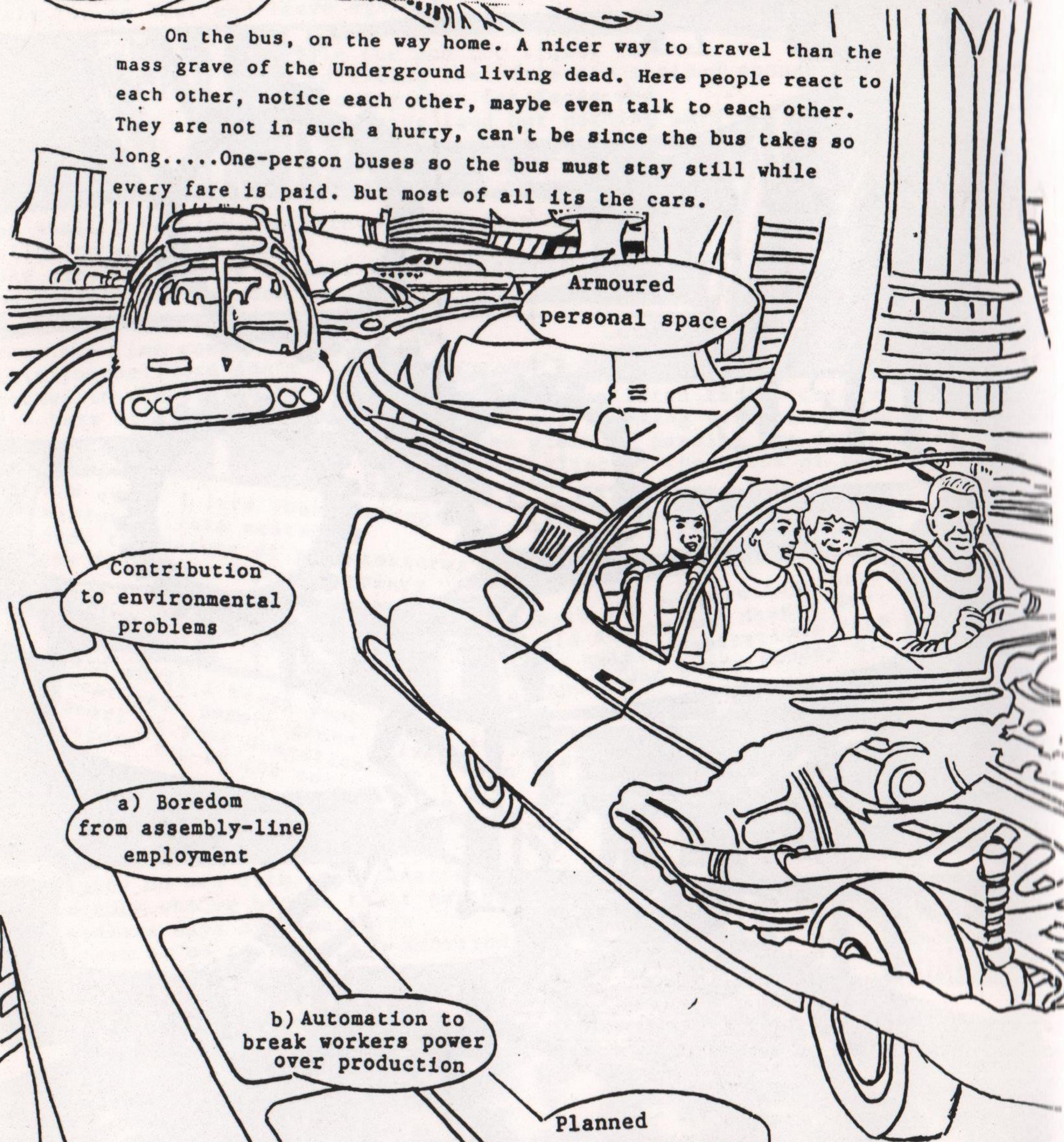


(TIME FOR A SPANNER IN THE WORKS)



A motor car of the future shown in cut-away section,
thanks to 'scientific streamlining'

On the bus, on the way home. A nicer way to travel than the mass grave of the Underground living dead. Here people react to each other, notice each other, maybe even talk to each other. They are not in such a hurry, can't be since the bus takes so long.....One-person buses so the bus must stay still while every fare is paid. But most of all its the cars.



Armoured personal space

Contribution to environmental problems

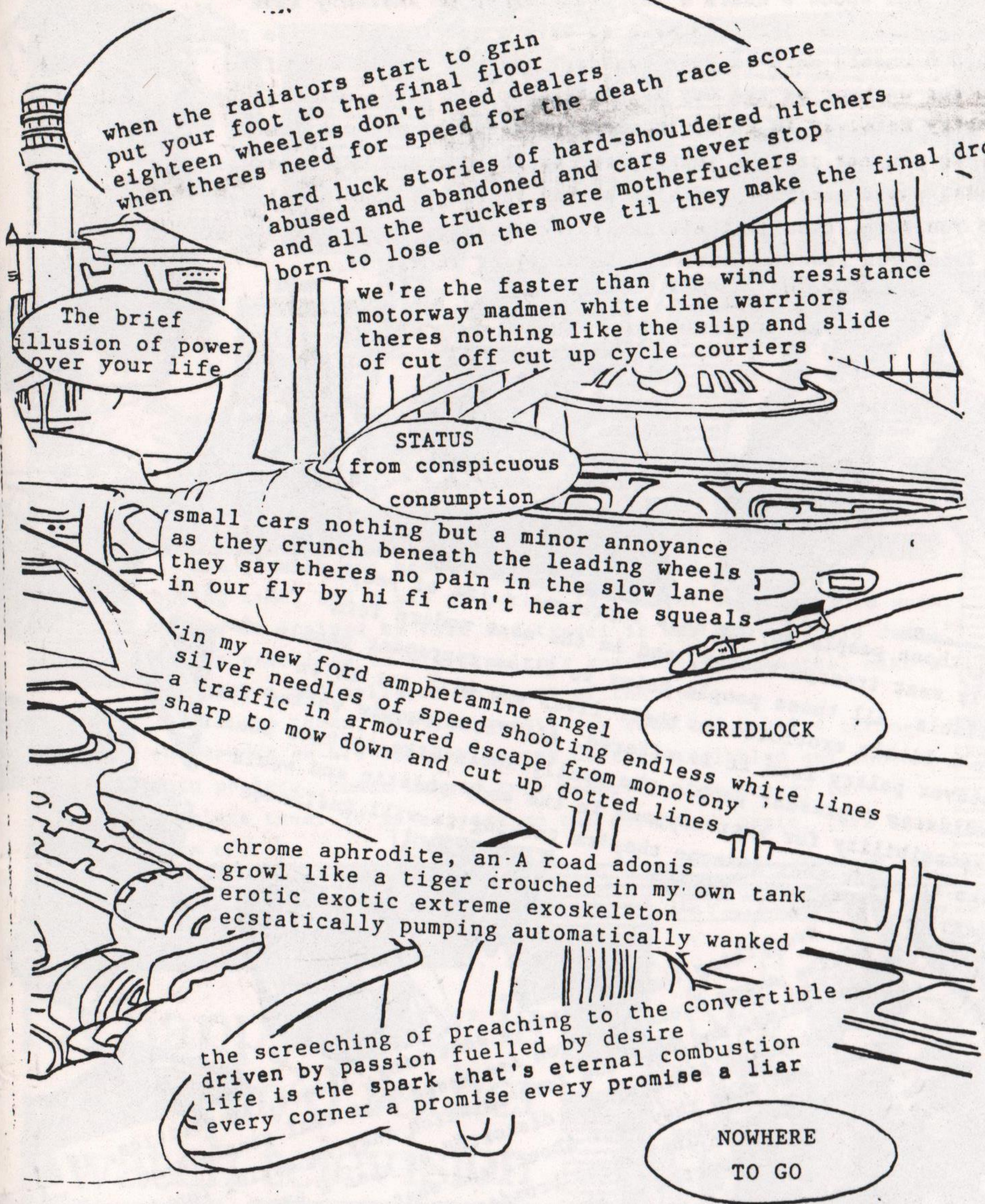
a) Boredom from assembly-line employment

b) Automation to break workers power over production

Planned Obsolescence

So many people spending hours going nowhere, or making the daily trip from home to work to shop or leisure spot to home. There is no logic in the daily patterns - no logic but serving money. It seems to have escaped anyone's control. Even the winners of the rat race, the ones at the top, seem to be agents acting for the logic of money-must-make-money. Doesn't mean the bastards are on our side though. Jailers are imprisoned in a shit job, shit life, but it doesn't mean that they're not fucking over the prisoners.

In years to come, motoring will be an effortless pleasure and 'space age' engineering.



The brief illusion of power over your life

STATUS from conspicuous consumption

GRIDLOCK

NOWHERE TO GO

when the radiators start to grin
put your foot to the final floor
eighteen wheelers don't need dealers
when theres need for speed for the death race score
hard luck stories of hard-shouldered hitchers
'abused and abandoned and cars never stop
and all the truckers are motherfuckers
born to lose on the move til they make the final drop

we're the faster than the wind resistance
motorway madmen white line warriors
theres nothing like the slip and slide
of cut off cut up cycle couriers

small cars nothing but a minor annoyance
as they crunch beneath the leading wheels
they say theres no pain in the slow lane
in our fly by hi fi can't hear the squeals

in my new ford amphetamine angel
silver needles of speed shooting endless white lines
a traffic in armoured escape from monotony
sharp to mow down and cut up dotted lines

chrome aphrodite, an A road adonis
growl like a tiger crouched in my own tank
erotic exotic extreme exoskeleton
ecstatically pumping automatically wanked

the screeching of preaching to the convertible
driven by passion fuelled by desire
life is the spark that's eternal combustion
every corner a promise every promise a liar

Of course cars are more convenient for travel (but less so with each extra one on the road), and they're status symbols, symbols of some sort of achievement - even if you win the rat race you're still a rat. But Jim reckoned that the real reason for their popularity is that they insulate you from other people, give you some armoured personal space. We're so screwed up that we want to be isolated - cars, personal stereos, TV in our own homes every evening. Shut out the world, shut out each other. Scared.

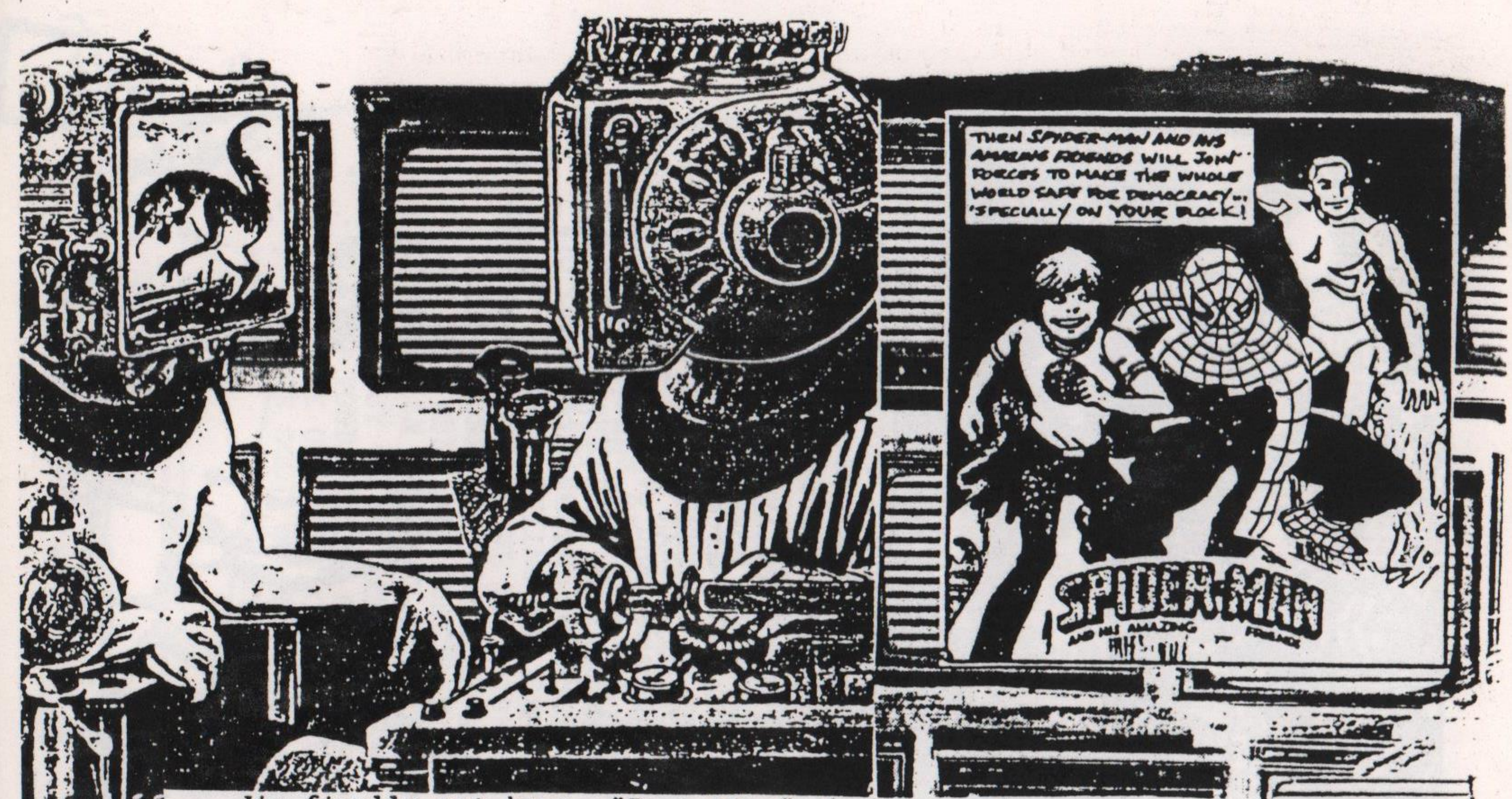
"When you spend 8 hours a day standing by an assembly line making cars, and then you have to walk a quarter of a mile past 200,000 unsold cars to your own car, and you sit in a traffic jam for an hour on the way home to where you live, which is by a noisy motorway in an environment poisoned by exhaust fumes, all so you can pay the instalments on the car and buy consumer goods, which make it possible for you to forget what a hellish job you have, then it isn't really so strange, is it, if sooner or later you react against the insanity of it all?"

Trade Unionist, Chrysler(UK) in the 1970's

"All those people buying cars represent a lot of people who really want transportation, and in the most modern form available. All those people going to films represent people who want a little exoticism in their lives and will get it in whatever paltry form it is offered. All those people voting for candidates represent people who really would like to take some responsibility for what happens in the body politic and would like to think that someone they're talking to will influence that."

Everything that represents something, in art, in politics, in life, every trend that you see means that real people want something, and that the form in which they're asking for it is mediated and filtered and distorted by what's available to them, and what they know about, and what the feedback mechanisms are. They might broadcast their message in one way and it gets reported on the News in a very different way."

Tired bored sad people
tired bored sad lives
endless cars endless roadways
endless shopfronts endless lies...



Jim finally got home. "Free time" eh? Consuming time, buying time, and a bit of parole to recover for tomorrow's work. He was so drained by work and travel it was all he could do to murmur greetings to his similarly knackered housemates, make a cup of tea and collapse in front of the TV.

All the ideas, all the creativity that had bubbled through the cracks in his workday, notes hastily scribbled and shoved into pockets, tunes hummed into memory....no energy to complete them. TV is so easy on the work-numb brain, turn on to turn off.

A happy voter is one who'd rather watch television



It's not as crude as "telling you what to think". You always have a choice. Presented with an endless series of choices and encouraged to argue fiercely about the options. But the range of choices is always carefully defined, what is reasonable and possible and what is extreme and ridiculous. All the options are shit. What's the point in choosing?



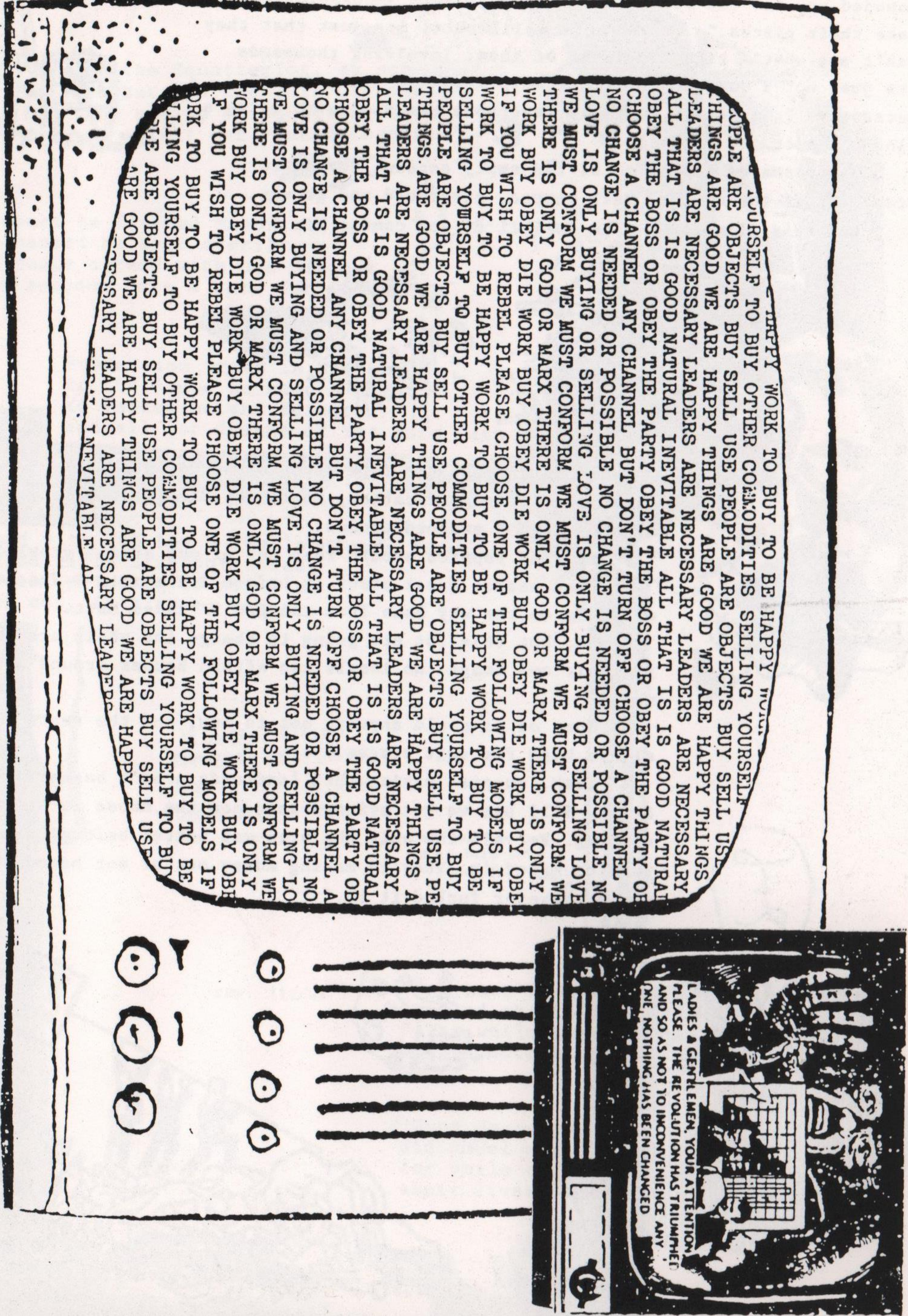
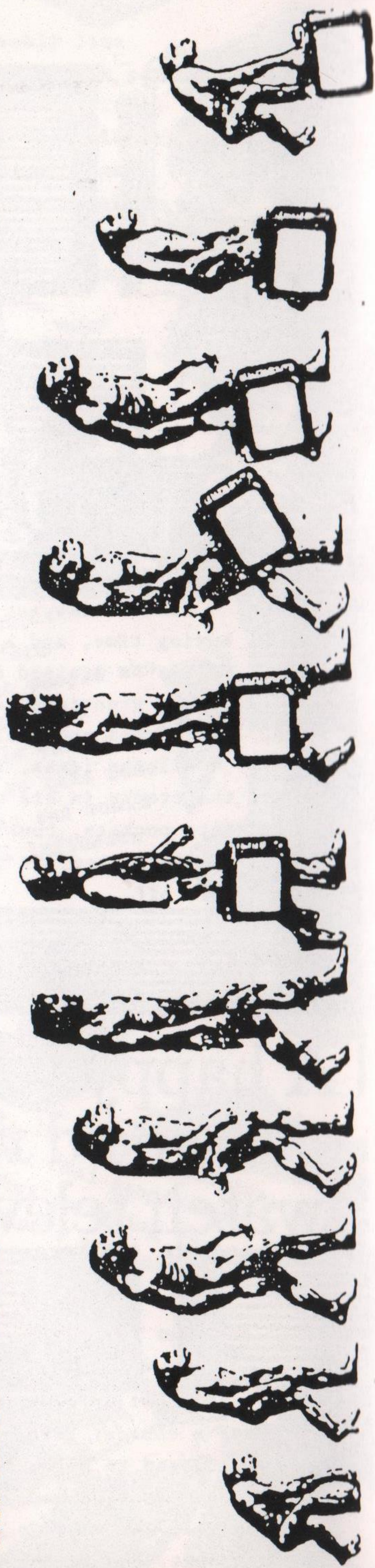
'choices' can be presented. As long as the choices are regulated - that is the subject or subject population perceives that it has only the set of choices presented - the outcome is also regulated.

.....it is important that you - the victim - feel that there is no cause and effect in this world, simply information. From here on in there will be no release from the tension, only an ever escalating series of crises.....

Lonnie Wolfe

A subject is presented with a set of choices. They are all bad. Under these circumstances the subject consciously chooses what he or she feels is the lesser evil. The aim of the controller is to keep the tension surrounding the choice at a high level, so that no alternative choices outside those proposed are offered or perceived. It is the equivalent of locking someone in a mental box, the perfect controlled environment.

Once one such choice is made, the next set of



HAPPY WORK TO BUY TO BE HAPPY
 YOURSELF TO BUY OTHER COMMODITIES SELLING YOURSELF
 PEOPLE ARE OBJECTS BUY SELL USE PEOPLE ARE OBJECTS BUY SELL USE
 THINGS ARE GOOD WE ARE HAPPY THINGS ARE GOOD WE ARE HAPPY THINGS
 LEADERS ARE NECESSARY LEADERS ARE NECESSARY LEADERS ARE NECESSARY
 ALL THAT IS IS GOOD NATURAL INEVITABLE ALL THAT IS IS GOOD NATURAL
 OBEY THE BOSS OR OBEY THE PARTY OBEY THE BOSS OR OBEY THE PARTY OBEY THE PARTY OBEY THE PARTY
 NO CHANGE IS NEEDED OR POSSIBLE NO CHANGE IS NEEDED OR POSSIBLE NO
 LOVE IS ONLY BUYING OR SELLING LOVE IS ONLY BUYING OR SELLING LOVE
 WE MUST CONFORM WE MUST CONFORM WE MUST CONFORM WE MUST CONFORM WE
 THERE IS ONLY GOD OR MARX THERE IS ONLY GOD OR MARX THERE IS ONLY
 WORK BUY OBEY DIE WORK BUY OBEY DIE WORK BUY OBEY DIE WORK BUY OBEY
 IF YOU WISH TO REBEL PLEASE CHOOSE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING MODELS IF
 WORK TO BUY TO BE HAPPY WORK TO BUY TO BE HAPPY WORK TO BUY TO BE
 SELLING YOURSELF TO BUY OTHER COMMODITIES SELLING YOURSELF TO BUY
 USE ARE OBJECTS BUY SELL USE PEOPLE ARE OBJECTS BUY SELL USE
 ARE GOOD WE ARE HAPPY THINGS ARE GOOD WE ARE HAPPY
 NECESSARY LEADERS ARE NECESSARY LEADERS
 INEVITABLE ALL THAT IS IS GOOD NATURAL
 OBEY THE BOSS OR OBEY THE PARTY OBEY THE BOSS OR OBEY THE PARTY OBEY THE PARTY OBEY THE PARTY
 NO CHANGE IS NEEDED OR POSSIBLE NO CHANGE IS NEEDED OR POSSIBLE NO
 LOVE IS ONLY BUYING AND SELLING LOVE IS ONLY BUYING AND SELLING LOVE
 WE MUST CONFORM WE MUST CONFORM WE MUST CONFORM WE MUST CONFORM WE
 THERE IS ONLY GOD OR MARX THERE IS ONLY GOD OR MARX THERE IS ONLY
 WORK BUY OBEY DIE WORK BUY OBEY DIE WORK BUY OBEY DIE WORK BUY OBEY
 IF YOU WISH TO REBEL PLEASE CHOOSE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING MODELS IF

LADIES & GENTLEMEN, YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE: THE REVOLUTION HAS TRIUMPHED AND SO AS NOT TO INCONVENIENCE ANY ONE NOTHING HAS BEEN CHANGED

Suddenly Jim recovered some of his energy, spurred into activity by a particularly stupid piece of reporting:
 "Thousands of the young leaders of the Intifada have been rounded up, but the rebellion goes on as more leaders appear to take their places." It can't be deliberate, its just that they can't see what's right in front of them. Involving thousands its just not a question of leadership, leaders are just not necessary. From Hitler to Lenin, everyone obsessed with being a bloody leader.



His housemates stared on at the empty screen, trying to break out of the apathy. Matt yawned, stretched and got up.
 "Sod this, I'm going over to Phil's, you coming Jim?"



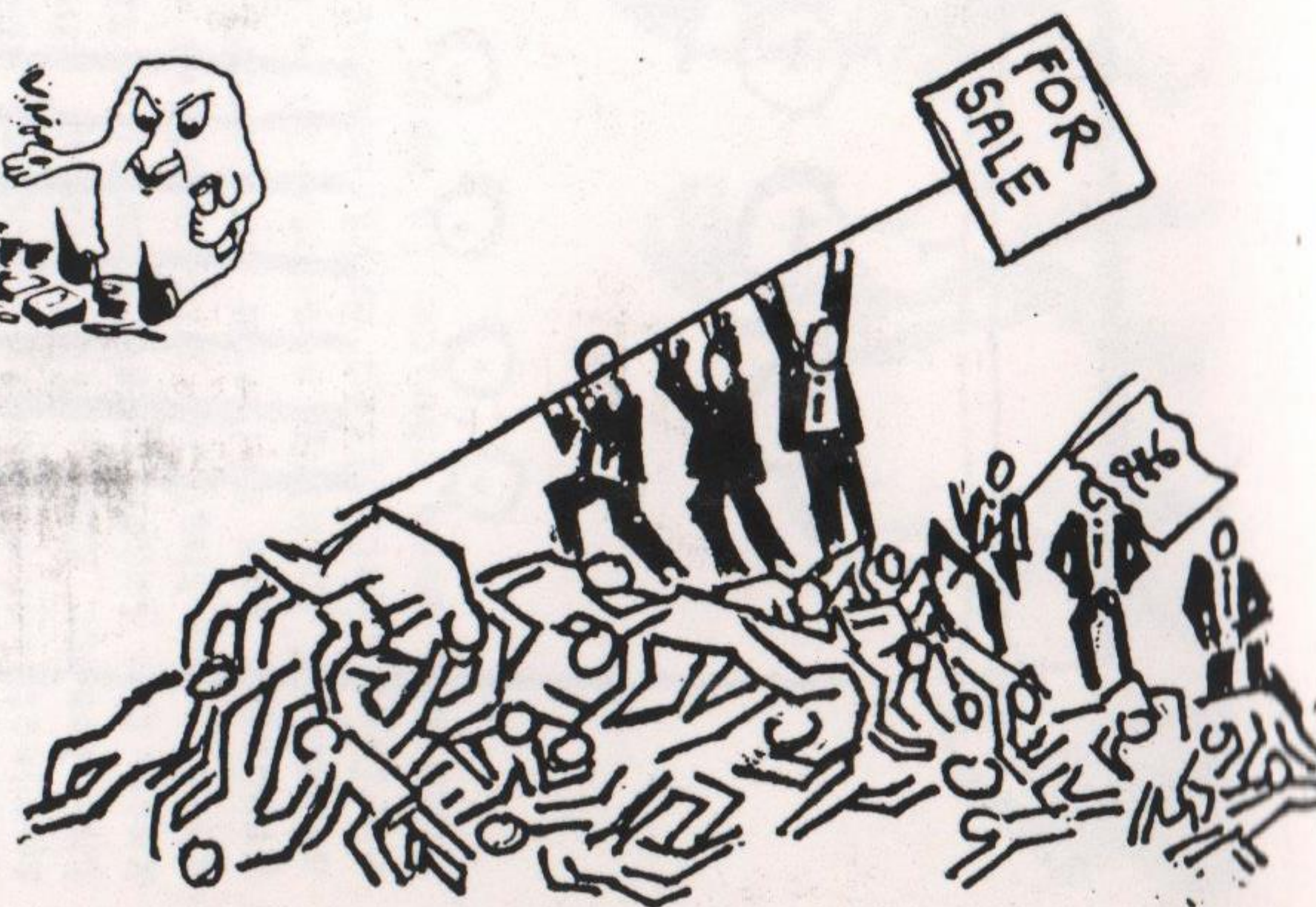
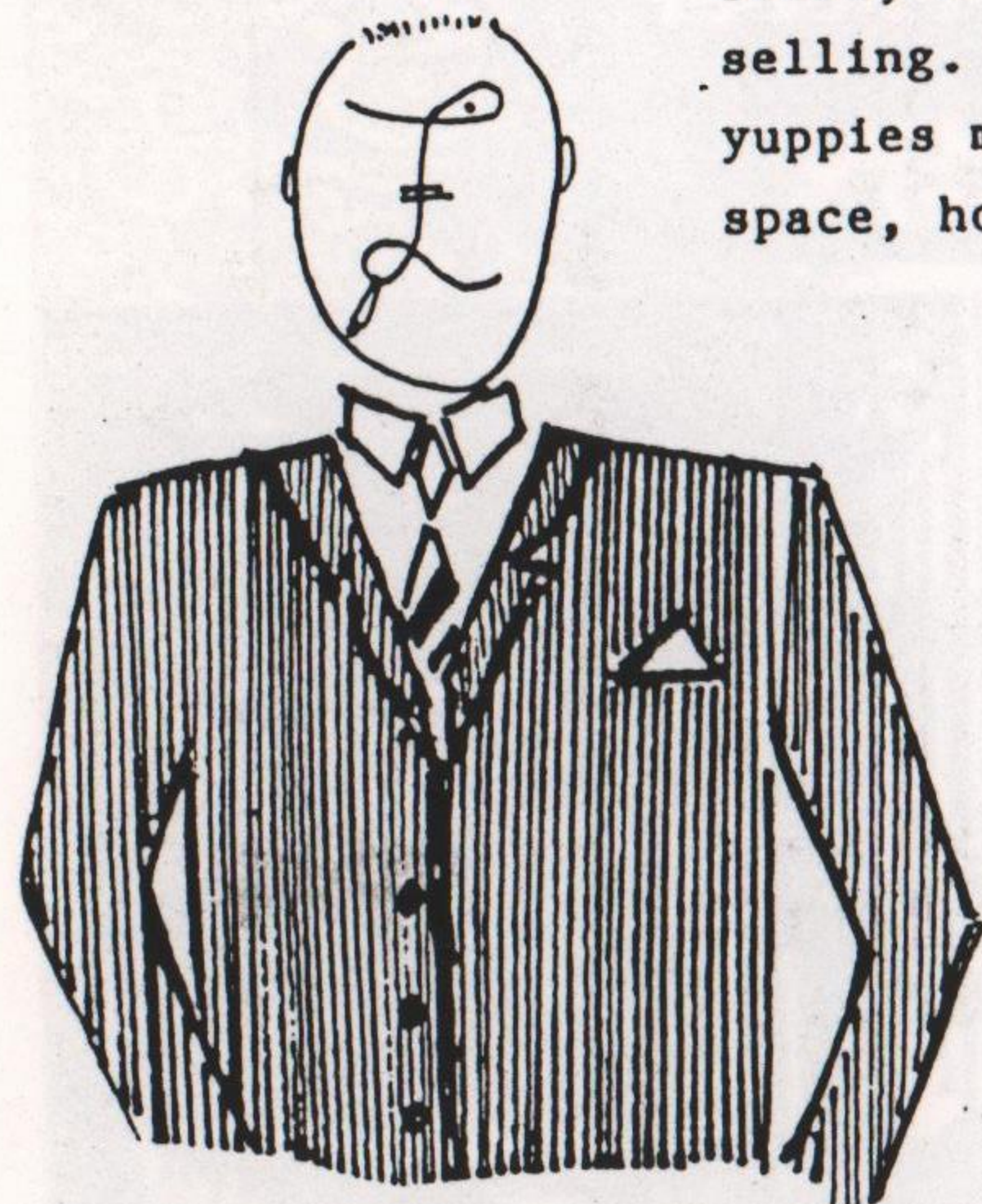
Walking through the dark streets you could see the beginnings of yuppification, including the first wine bar, already with a smashed window.



"Fucking yuppies should keep out of our area," growled Jim.
 "What was so great about it before? The rats? The odd bit of aggro on the way home from the pub?" asked Matt.
 "No, but this lot are going to change the whole area to be in their own image. No locals can afford houses around here now."

"None of us could anyway, not to buy, and the rents were always high for shit places."

"Yeah, no-ones saying that landlords aren't bastards too. Still, I'll bet we get evicted soon now the house is worth selling. For all the shit the area was better before the yuppies moved in. They're making money out of our homes, our space, however fucked it is."



'Twas Hornsey and the slimey toads did wheel and deal in Property commuting from Suburban Groves where dwelt they in false security

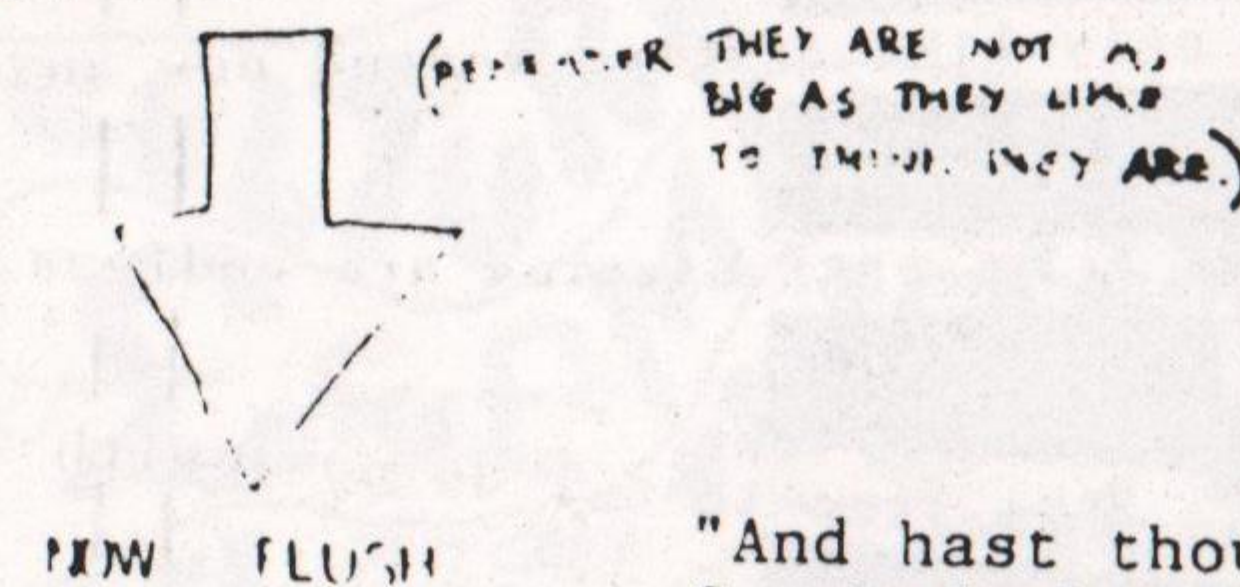
"Beware the Squatterlot, my son! the Crowbar and the Bolt Croppers, for they are up on squatting Law and can outwit our Finest Coppers."

In court he flashed Masonic Signs and ranted he most angrily, the Judge agreed with his disgust that someone have a home for free!

Possession Order in his hand to the house he made a dash, to Vandalise and Ruinate and all for dreams of Yet More Cash

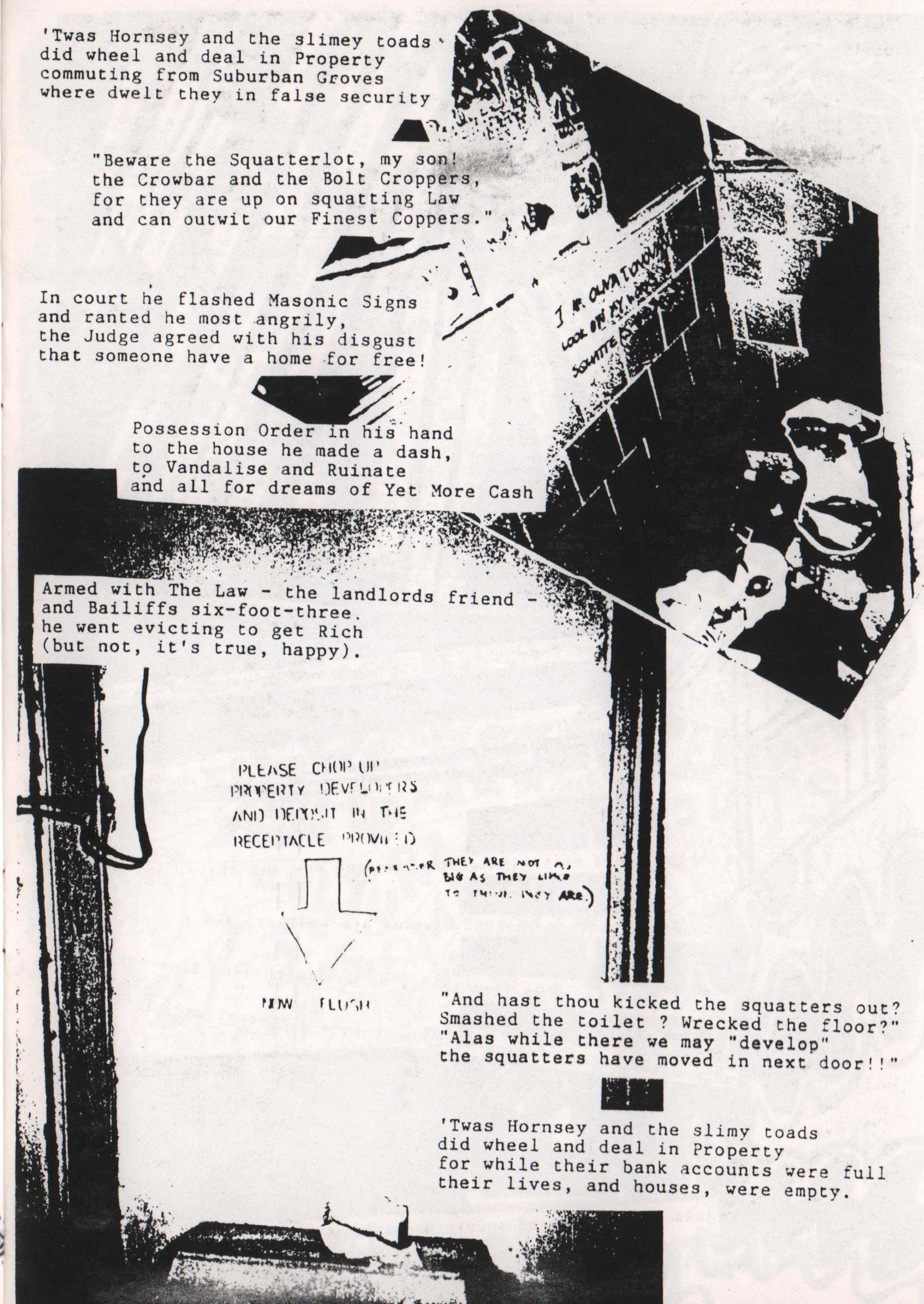
Armed with The Law - the landlords friend - and Bailiffs six-foot-three, he went evicting to get Rich (but not, it's true, happy).

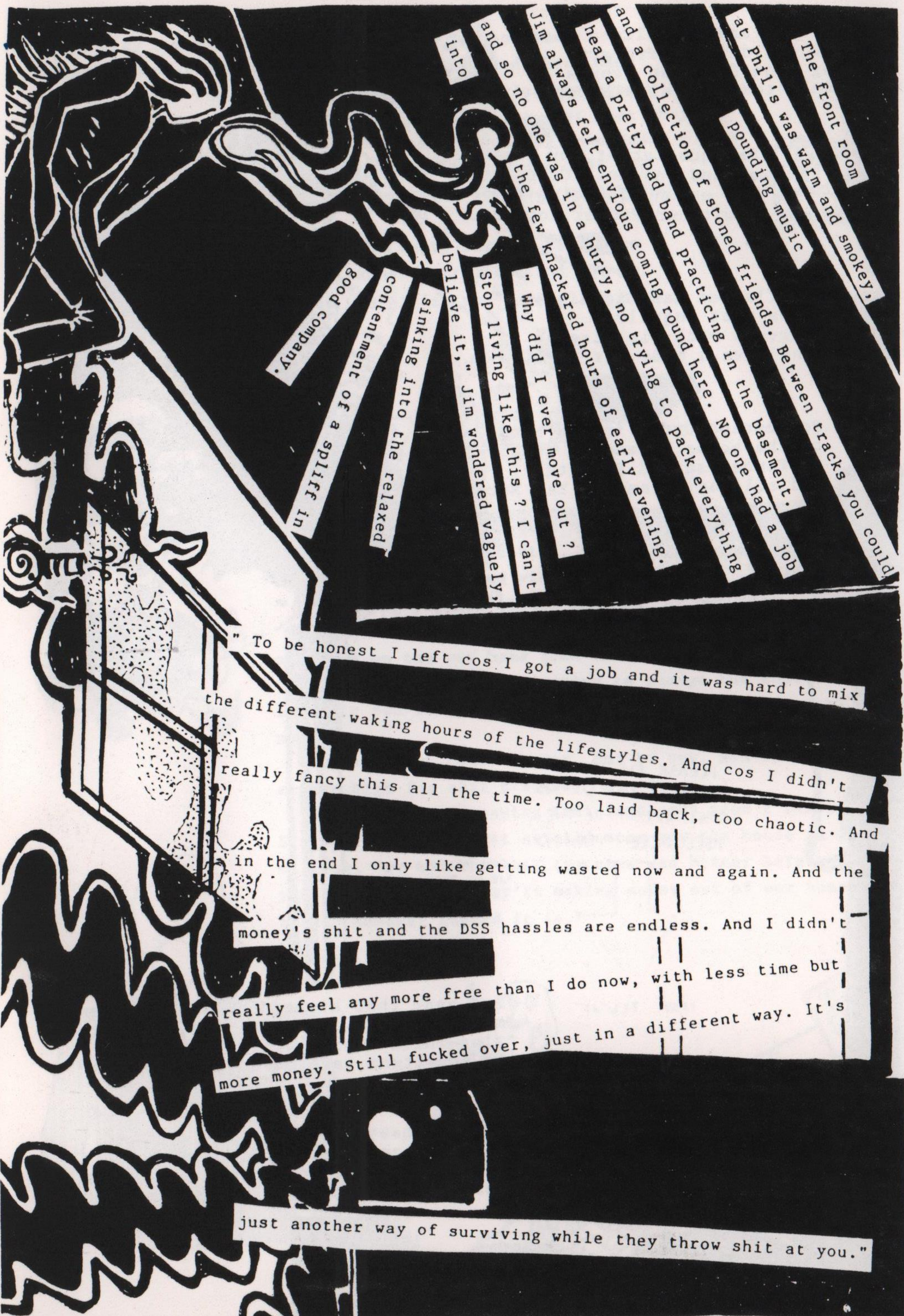
PLEASE CHOP UP
 PROPERTY DEVELOPERS
 AND DEPOSIT IN THE
 RECEPTACLE PROVIDED



"And hast thou kicked the squatters out? Smashed the toilet? Wrecked the floor?"
 "Alas while there we may "develop" the squatters have moved in next door!!"

'Twas Hornsey and the slimy toads did wheel and deal in Property for while their bank accounts were full their lives, and houses, were empty.

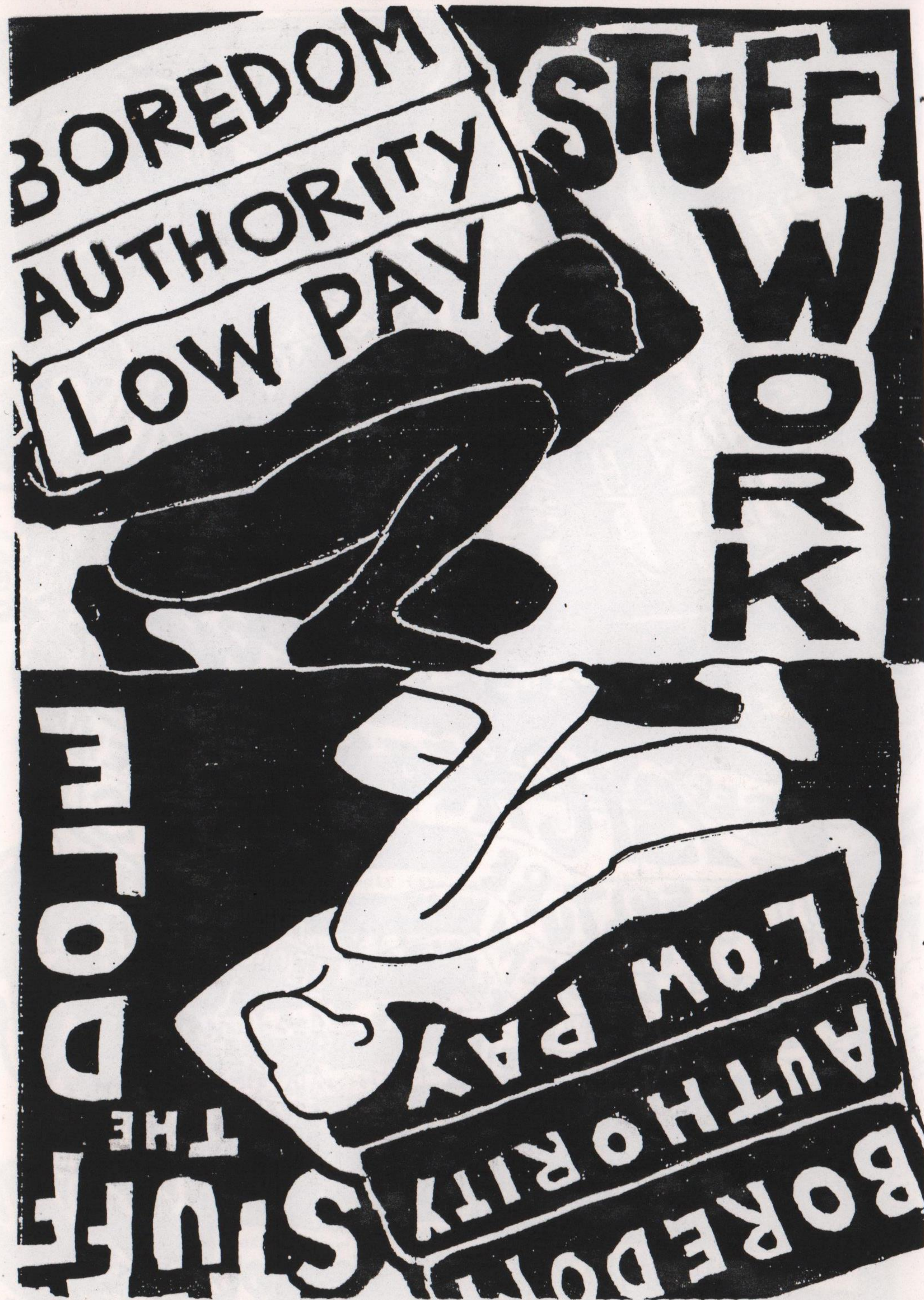




The front room
 at Phil's was warm and smokey,
 pounding music
 and a collection of stoned friends. Between tracks you could
 hear a pretty bad band practicing in the basement.
 Jim always felt envious coming round here. No one had a job
 and so no one was in a hurry, no trying to pack everything
 into the few knackered hours of early evening.
 "Why did I ever move out?
 Stop living like this? I can't
 believe it," Jim wondered vaguely,
 sinking into the relaxed
 contentment of a spliff in
 good company.

"To be honest I left cos I got a job and it was hard to mix
 the different waking hours of the lifestyles. And cos I didn't
 really fancy this all the time. Too laid back, too chaotic. And
 in the end I only like getting wasted now and again. And the
 money's shit and the DSS hassles are endless. And I didn't
 really feel any more free than I do now, with less time but
 more money. Still fucked over, just in a different way. It's
 just another way of surviving while they throw shit at you."

ESCAPISM IS NOT FREEDOM
 DRUGS ARE A CONTINUING REASON FOR
 MAKING JOBS
 USELESS & PAINFUL
 THE SAME AS THE MEANS FOR
 PHYSICALLY
 TOLERABLE
 IN SELF-EXPLORATION AND
 PSYCHIC EXPERIMENTATION
 INTO
 THESE PURSUITS
 THE DRUG CULTURE
 MAKING ACTIVITIES
 PEOPLE WITH THE
 "even when
 ILLLEGAL DRUG USE ALSO PROVIDES PEOPLE WITH THE
 ILLUSION OF BEING "OUTSIDE THE SYSTEM"
 through self-induced proximity,
 they ARE re-enforcing OF through self-induced proximity,
 ESCAPISM, and CONSUMERISM. ULTIMATELY THE LAW-BREAKING
 through DRUG USE REDUCES REBELLION TO
 CONSUMPTION OF COMMODITIES.

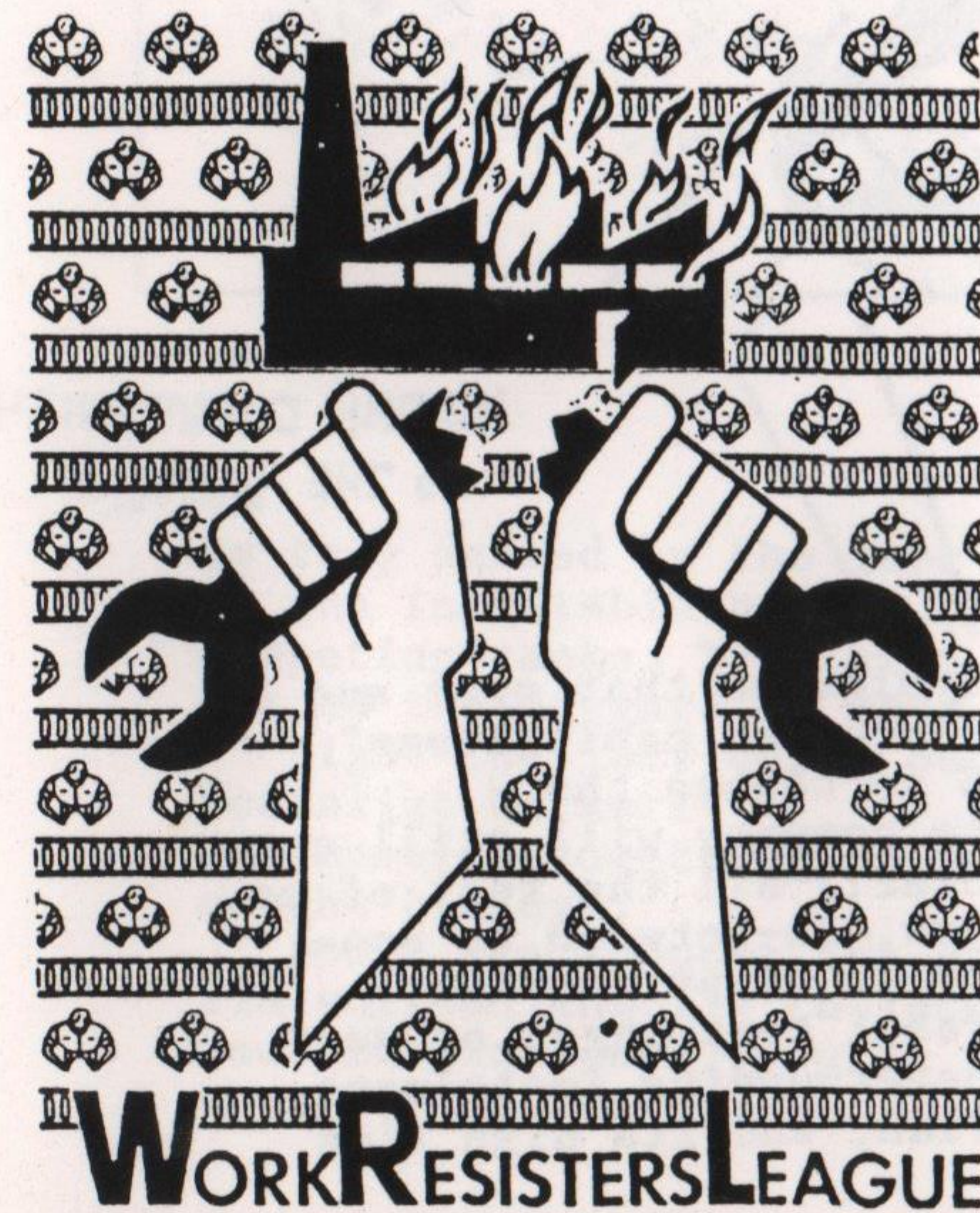


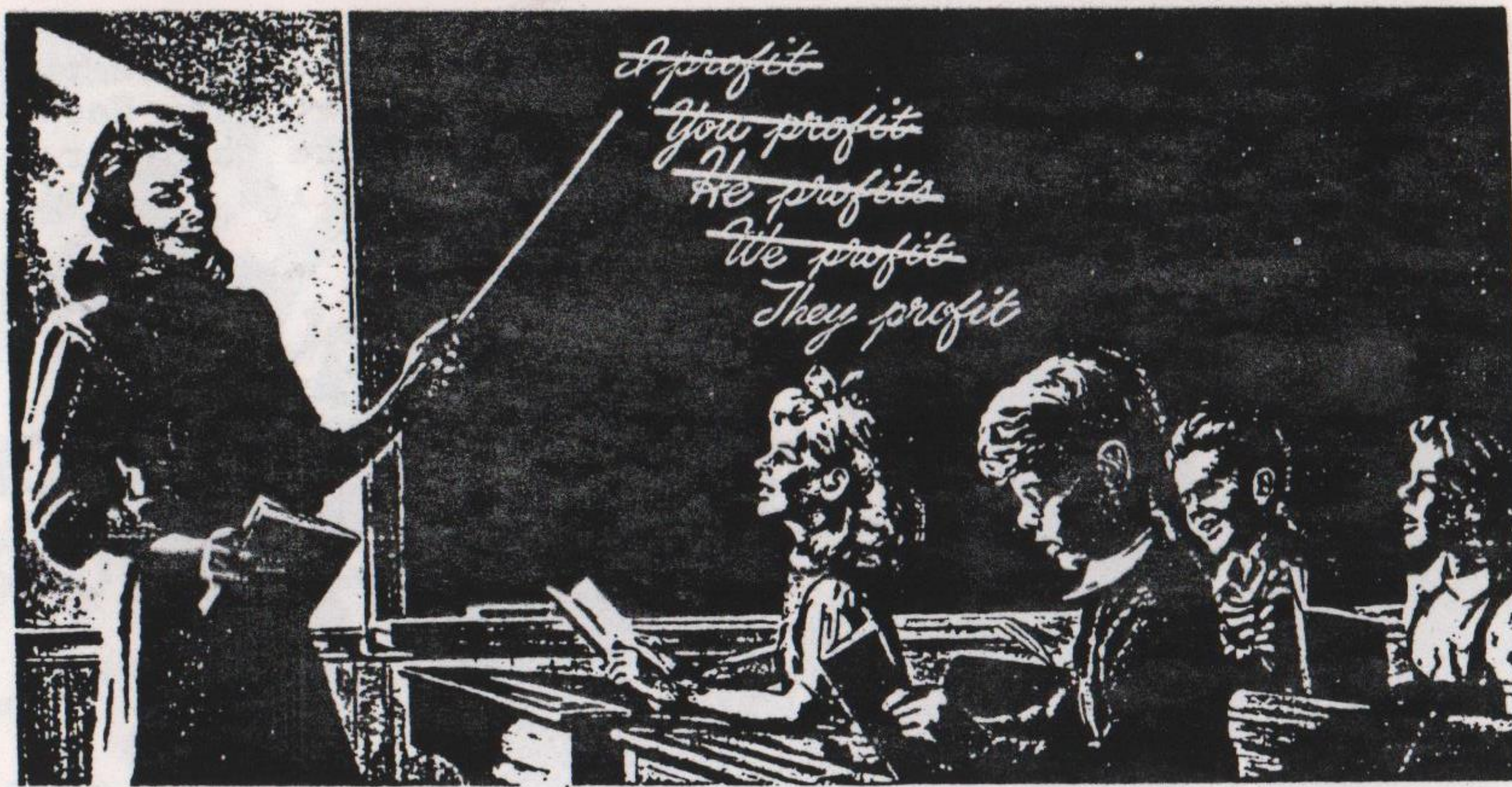
Later he and Matt wandered home - earlier than they wanted to but late enough to feel even worse at work the next day. Work doesn't just control your life for the hours you're there or travelling to and from the workplace. Your whole life is built around the fixed routine, time becomes a prison.



WORKERS OF THE WORLD: QUIT!

Next day work was the same. The supervisor seemed to take it as a personal insult that Jim "lacked motivation". He seemed to think that just because he had been promoted to supervisor (after eight years at the lowest grade), been given a bit more dosh and holiday, that his interest was the same as the Company's - getting the most productivity out of the employees. Jim therefore had good reason to hate the petty-minded git. Sometimes when people forget that they're in the same shit situation as you its easy for you to forget too.



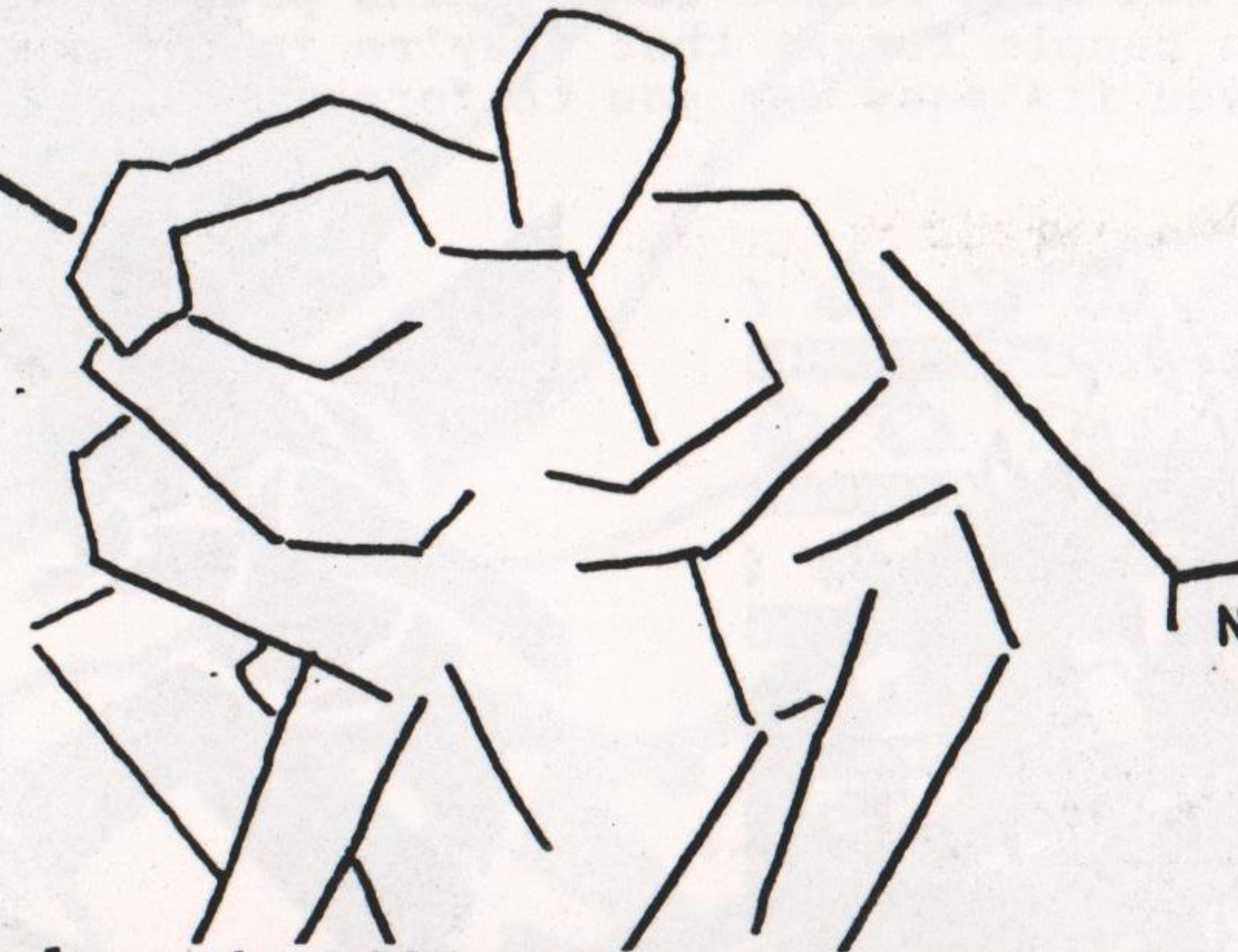


Millions of workers have been initiated into an affluence based on credit. This move killed several birds with one stone. It created in the minds of millions of wage-earners the illusion of being property owners, and it locked them ever more securely into the treadmill, with the paycheck dangled in front as the carrot and the instalment and mortgage payments brandished behind as the stick. The real truth of Western affluence, even at its height, was not that the majority were middle class but that they had been conned into believing that they were middle class.

Marx based his definition of the proletariat not on the relationship to consumption, how much you have to spend, but on the relationship to production. So long as all I have to sell is my power to work, any other property I own is conditional, a mere spectacle of property. The moment I can't find a buyer for my labour all the rest can and will be taken away from me. The repo men will be at the door to carry away the furniture, the building society to claim the house itself.

THE MIDDLE CLASS IS A MYTH

YOU WON'T GET
ANYWHERE ON
YOUR OWN



NOT IF REAL
HUMAN COMMUNITY
IS THE GOAL!

Except for the less than 10% of the population that owns and controls the means of production (and "popular capitalism" wider share ownership has done NOTHING to change the distribution of power in this area, the company will still cut you off if you can't pay the bill, sucker!) all the rest of us are proletarians, be our wages high, low, in-between or non-existent. And whether you're a self-styled hippy/punk who dresses up your plain old poverty in rebel trappings, or just someone skidding on the rungs of the never-ending instalment payments treadmill, you ARE a proletarian, and its high time you realised it.

Jim woke to a sunny Saturday morning. Great, sun always makes the day good even before anything has happened. He stretched and sighed, simply enjoying the fact that he didn't have to do anything today.

A nice fry-up and then a wander down to the market to get the weeks supplies. Maybe a call in to the second-hand record shop for a treat. Yeah, spend a bit of that hard earned cash, but save enough for the gig tonight.

He called for Alice on the way, knowing she'd be into coming along, if only to do a bit of shoplifting, something that Jim was usually too nervous to risk. Alice did it for necessity but also for fun, for the risk, and she was brilliant at it.



As they passed by the Tube station they were verbally assaulted by the inevitable hordes of paper sellers, lined up in competing ranks. They were in numbers great enough to have forced the beggars to move on.

"Fight the Tory cuts! Support the strikers! Get this weeks Socialist Worker!"

Jim mumbled something as he passed, glaring at the woman who caught his eye.

"Don't you support the strikers then?" she jeered.

Jim whirled angrily to face her, "Yeah, but I don't support you, icpick-head, you're part of the problem you brain-dead sheep!"



"But its this way for the Party's Road To Socialism you stupid bloody prole !"



A large, ugly head pokes around the corner and a Trot emerges from its chamber.

Alice laughed as they walked on, pursued by socialist catcalls.

" They really piss me off, you know. The idea that a revolution has anything to do with that lot of boring heirarchical assholes is what puts a lot of people off ," Jim moaned.

" Oh most of them are alright. Its only the ones who've really got into that Lenin "leadership of the class" bollocks who are really a dead loss. A lot of them just want to do something."

" Yeah, but what do they do ? Bore themselves and the rest of us stupid in the name of revolution, martyr themselves and try to manipulate everyone else until everyone gets pissed off, goes home and gives up." Jim flailed his arms in desperation.

" Ha! Remeber what you were like when I met you, with your self-righteous animal rights and your " I'm so holy" politics. Yuk!" Alice grimaced.

" Yeah, yeah, I was a pain....Still, I was better than all those trendy backlash assholes in Class War who decided to eat meat "on principle" because being veggie was middle class!" Jim laughed.

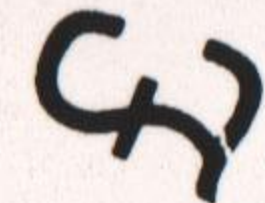
" You're all as bad as each other. Silly kids games. You all try to do it with your theories and intellectual bullshit when all you need is your own experience and feelings. Get stuck in bloody word games. Half the time you're only trying to wind each other up or shock your mums or be more right-on than the last trendy idea."

" You're just a bloody ignorant mystic, Alice," Jim grinned.
" Fuck right off!"

SALES LEADERSHIP CLUB

PRIZES for CASH

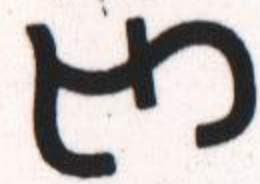
unzip the leather wallet baby
suck my plastic card
my credit limit drives you crazy
cash aint half as hard



my magnetic personality
is encoded in a strip
slot me in your change machine
luuuurrv your electronic grip



do some asset stripping baby
its your body that I bought
overcome your modesty
by counting up my noughts



go electronic shopping lover
all you needs a phone
a Visa to exotica
while staying safe at home



play on my computer
pat the video dog
if my demands don't suit ya
I'll reach for my catalogue

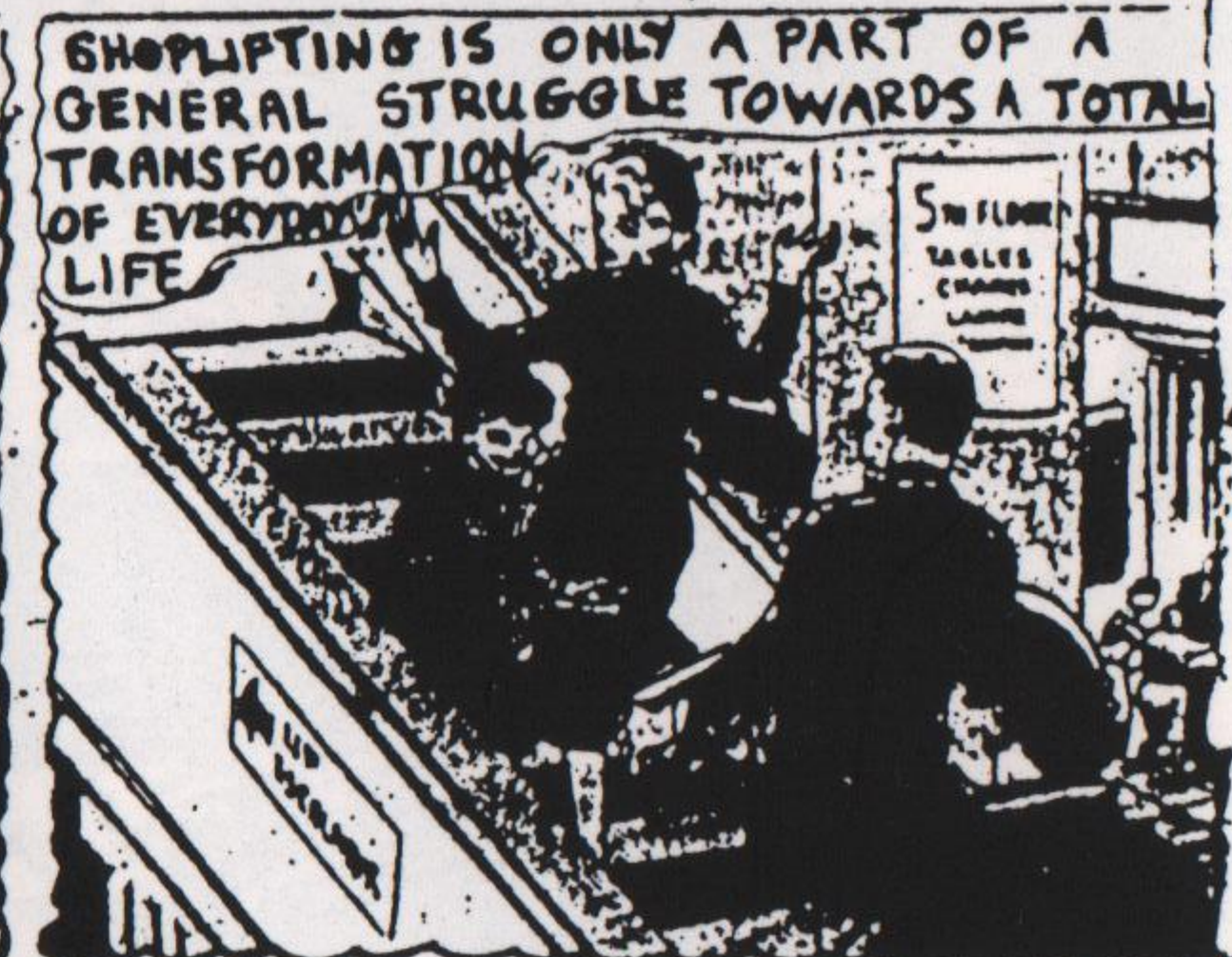


KISS
MY
ACCESS!



just accomodate my sins
be my flexible sex friend
I might give you my P-I-N
but I'll use you to the end

HOW ARE *YOUR* SHOPPING MANNERS?



PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH THE ROBIN HOOD GANG.

At a first glance, shoplifting can be seen to fulfill the basic necessity of getting enough to eat when you can't normally afford to do so, the thrill of repossessing goods that are rightfully yours and the running of the risk of being caught can also be added attractions but individual shoplifting can never really be enough because isolated actions of defiance against the state and its laws have a tendency to end up in isolation, defeat and the feeding of the tyranny of the commodity since big supermarkets etc always allow in their accounts and ordering of goods for a certain percentage to be shoplifted, therefore, anything that you do manage to nick can be put back in its place on the shelves with the greatest of speeds.

Individual re-appropriation of goods eventually puts you in a no-win situation due to the fact that on its own, shoplifting, is impotent against the capitalist-commodity system, what is needed is not only the repossession of goods that we have produced but the repossession of the time and space stolen from us in the production and consumption of goods.

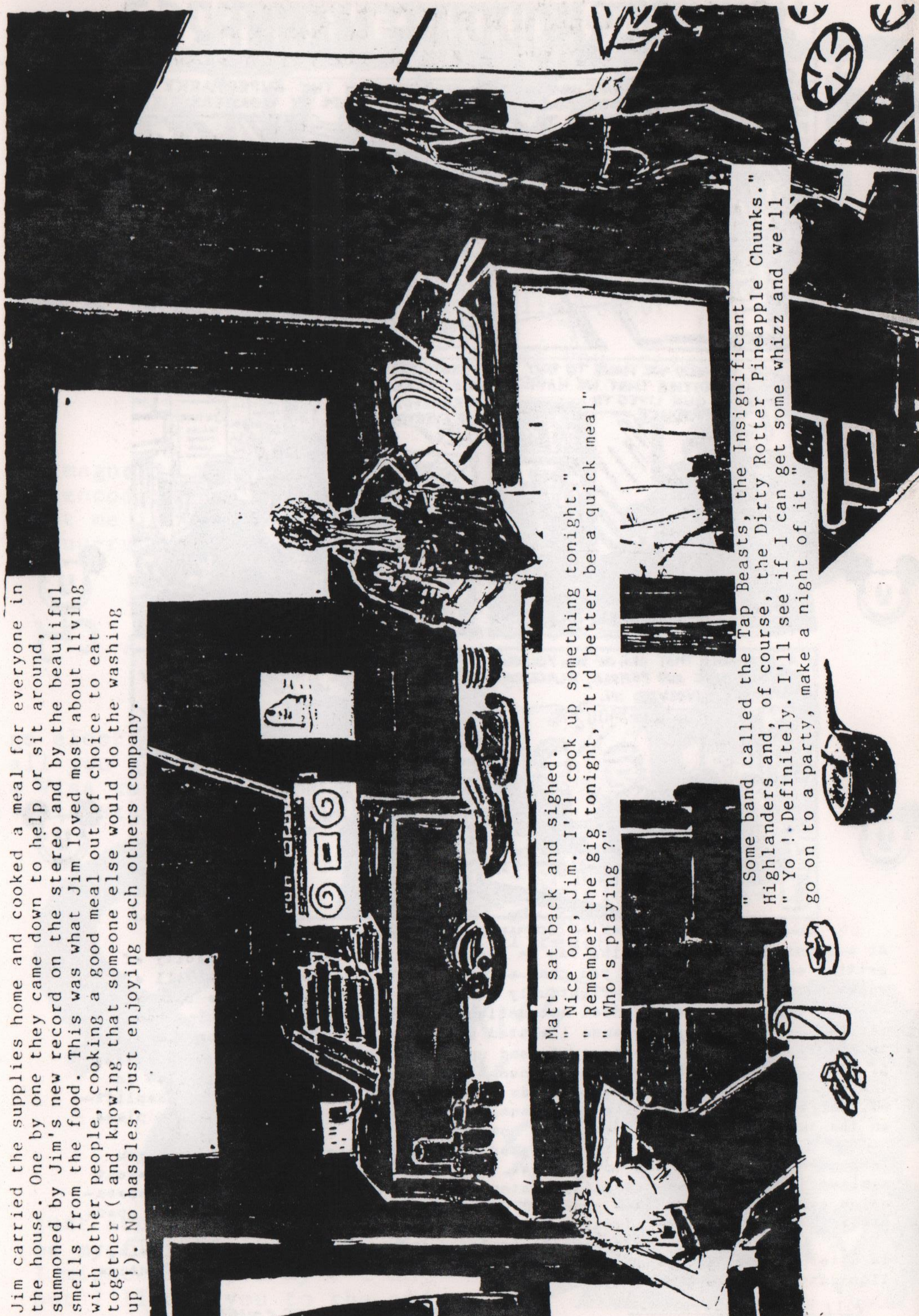
Here as elsewhere isolated individual actions are not going to alter the present conditions of society, the project must be the collective liquidation of the entire shop.

July 87

J. Mesrine.

(AND REMEMBER DON'T GET CAUGHT!)

Jim carried the supplies home and cooked a meal for everyone in the house. One by one they came down to help or sit around, summoned by Jim's new record on the stereo and by the beautiful smells from the food. This was what Jim loved most about living with other people, cooking a good meal out of choice to eat together (and knowing that someone else would do the washing up!). No hassles, just enjoying each others company.



Matt sat back and sighed.

" Nice one, Jim. I'll cook up something tonight."

" Remember the gig tonight, it'd better be a quick meal"

" Who's playing?"

" Some band called the Tap Beasts, the Insignificant Highlanders and, of course, the Dirty Rotter Pineapple Chunks."

" Yo!. Definitely. I'll see if I can get some whizz and we'll go on to a party, make a night of it."

Growing up, looking for something to do, something to believe, a meaning, a purpose. The world as it is has so obviously less than nothing to offer, nothing but shit. Look around for an alternative. A career? Religion (and what a choice of new and old, all equally decayed)? The choices are either a complete dedication of effort to yourself and the accumulation of material possessions or the complete denial of your selfhood through becoming a tool of an abstract idea and a concrete heirarchy.

Politics is much the same. A whole host of self proclaimed messiahs and leaders, would-be Lenins in students clothing. Dead end.

And then Jim discovered new miracle PUNK ROCK.



LOOK, WE DON'T WANT TO GROW UP LIKE THAT DO WE? SACRIFICE TODAY FOR FUN TOMORROW

ONLY THEY NEVER GET THE FUN, JUST TO WATCH IT ON T.V.

MUM, WE'RE OFF FOR A LIFE OF PUNK ROCK. SEX DRUGS AND LOUD MUSIC

YEAH, WE'RE TIRED OF THESE NAFF HAIRCUTS

BUT KIDS, IGNORE WHAT YOU SEE! NORMALITY'S A GREAT LIFE!



For Jim punk had been the defining feature of his life for years. You were supposed to hate labels, but deep inside Jim knew he could never be anything else but a punk. For him it always meant the same thing as "still alive, still having fun, still fighting back". Ups and downs, optimism and disgust, activity and apathy. In 1990 it seems to have become stagnant socially (but not musically). Retreating into smoke-filled squats and flats. Cynicism has brought most of the experimenting and political activity to a halt.



Not surprising, a lot of the politics was bollocks. Jim remembered all the vague liberalism he'd called "anarchy" in the days of Stop the City ("everyone does their own thing" so quickly became "everyone uses everyone else like a thing"), all the single issue politics and campaigning that got nowhere begging favours from a hostile State. The holier-than-thou moralism that Jim and others had indulged in - who could be more right-on - that really pissed people off. Direct Action brought no answering mass struggle, setting up Anarchy Centres was abused by tossers and taken for granted by everyone else.

A lot of mistakes, a lot of things to learn from. But Jim just couldn't take the turning to bullshit mysticism. Ain't nothing going to change in this world unless we get together and do it ourselves, and I don't mean chanting.

PUNK IS:

- 1) powerful music for hard entertainment; thrash out your discontent with the world so you can handle being back at work on Monday;
- 2) a way to annoy your parents;
- 3) a good excuse not to wash;
- 4) just another fashion so that Business can package your anger and sell it back to you;
- 5) how to frighten old ladies on the bus;
- 6) a "way of life", with the rules already laid out;
- 7) a shared desire to build a space out of the control of the system, with the end being the destruction of that system;
- 8) fun for hair fetishists;
- 9) something to do at the weekends;
- 10) being in with the in-crowd, how to mix with white "middle-class" people while pretending to be hard;
- 11) a night out with the boys;
- 12) please tell me:

All of these things and more. At its worst its as oppressive and conformist as the worst of the "mainstream" ("I hate all these straights coming to our parties"). A ghetto with nowhere to go but down. But at its best its a positive social movement, experimenting with new relations between people and contributing to the social war we all wage against the system.

WHAT THE FUCK IS HE TALKING ABOUT?
SHIT.
PUNK IS MUSIC, BEER, DRUGS, FUN AND MORE MUSIC.
BEER!
IS THE STRUGGLE!
AZAGRA



And of course the music. The glorious power of the music. Punk was never "just music" but it was never anything without the music. It was the force at the heart of punk. Jim had noticed that while his friends appreciated good music, they didn't seem to love it with quite the same intensity he did. Only a handful felt the same.

A good song is like a speed rush, an orgasm, falling in love. Wild energy shooting through your whole body, something to live for, to explode to. Jim could never understand the 1990 neo-hippys who went to gigs and SAT DOWN ! Drowning in patchouli, strangled by the mythical images of previous generations, too cool to enjoy music in the only way you can, by moving your bodeee !!!



AND NOT JUST THE "BIG NAME" BANDS

THE BEAUTY THEY CREATE DOESN'T MEAN WE JUST SIT BACK



IN MUSIC, AS IN ALL ELSE, PUNK SAID "YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT!"

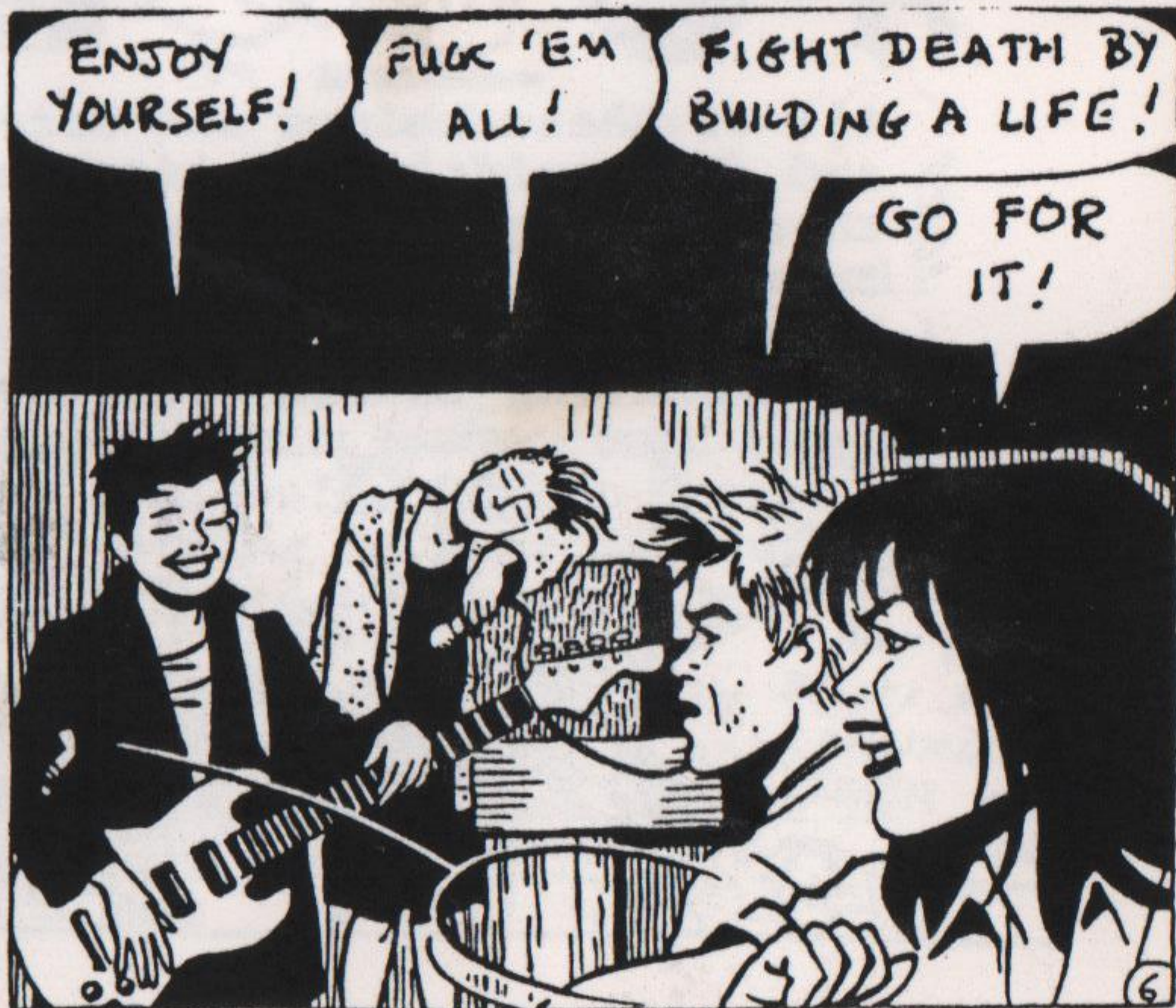
NO "ARTISTS" VS. PUNTERS

YEAH!



A MILLION BANDS IN A MILLION FRONT ROOMS, A NEVERENDING CASCADE OF FUN AND CREATION

IT DOESN'T EVEN MATTER IF NO ONE ELSE LIKES IT



ENJOY YOURSELF!

FUCK 'EM ALL!

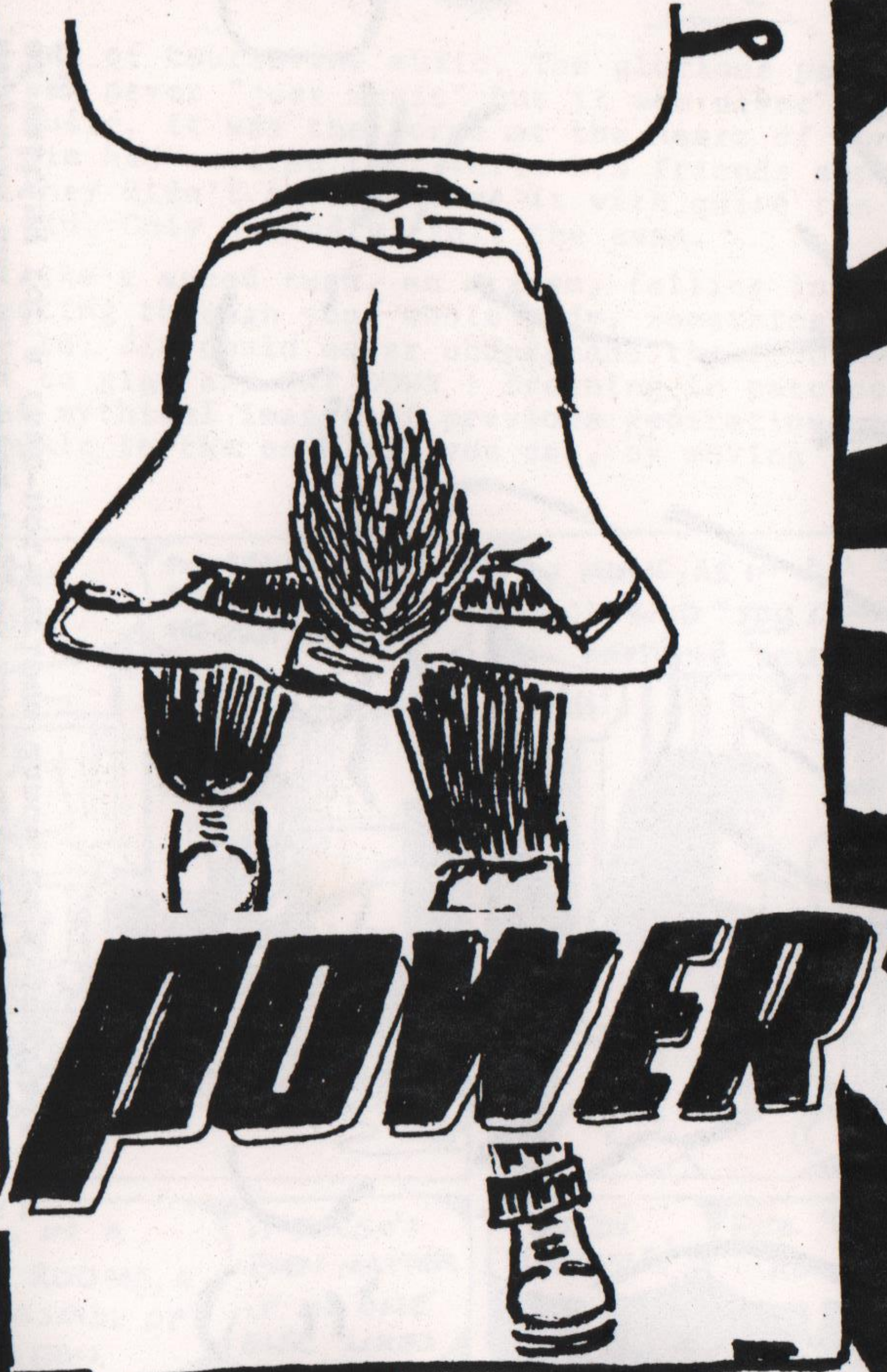
FIGHT DEATH BY BUILDING A LIFE!

GO FOR IT!



Matt was late so they went without him, feeling a bit let down with no meal and no whizz. Unreliable git. But wiping chip grease off fingers and pulling out ragged UB40's for concessions, getting the first round in and greeting grinning friends while a band sound-check on the tiny stage and it's enough. It's a meaning to the week, a fire to warm the other days, to build around. Half-shouted conversations huddled in a corner, what's happened and what will happen later tonight. The pleasure of waiting for a fast-not-furious dance to a good band or two.

" Yo, Jim, get us a pint."
 " Piss off, Matt. Where's my bloody dinner ?"
 " Aah, sorry about that. Still, have some of this."
 Passing a paper package, Matt grinned.
 " You got a mirror and a blade ?" Jim grinned back,
 already tightening with anticipation.
 " Just bung it in your pint."
 But Jim felt like being difficult, wanted the
 preparation, the feel as it burned his nose and fell,
 bitter, down the back of his throat.
 So off to search, then sitting in a cubicle, boot against
 the lockless door. And then the eager wait. The tight
 ball in the stomach, the heart beginning to pound before
 any chemical but his desire could possibly have taken
 effect.



The edge, the extra enthusiasm, the voluntary psychosis
 of excess energy. Jabber and twitch, talk talk and boogie
 your ass off cos tomorrow you die. There's a party after
 and tonight can't stop



WE ARE NEW, YOUNG
 AND.....
 REBELLIOUS !!

WE ARE A
 PROTEST BAND,
 WE WANT REFORM,

WE WANT SELL
 OUT, LIKE THE
 OTHERS!

YOU COULD CALL IT
 THE RE-ENGAGEMENT
 BUT IT'S ALL ROCKIN'
 HOLY TOUS!

EAT UP
 THE SHIT
 KIDS.

"Be a Rebel"

QUICK Recap.

Cars hamburgers sex baseball boots & total oblivious ignorance of people that can't afford cars, hamburgers etc.

Rock 'n' Roll. Long live Mick Berry may well have me but it is unlikely that he or aponents of rock and roll, or were rocking out from

Fed on stuff that kept it safe, R'n'R turned paid the compliment to it's audience.



EMI Recording artiste and star of several finger-poppin' films & thick as two short planks. Note: his appearance coincides with the spread of CHRISTIANITY.

Drink and drugs ...

AND LOTS OF OTHER THINGS BESIDES. ROCK N ROLL GRASPS EACH EMERGING MUSICAL CULT BY THE NECK & WRINGS FROM IT EVERY LAST DROP OF AWARENESS.

everyone stays in the dark.

Suddenly it's 1976 and...

Never Mind The Bollocks Here's The Sex Pistols. In basic terms of design, colour and typography, this briefly banned sleeve vividly reflects the inspired amateur, New Wave do-it-yourself fanzine concept of newspaper cut-out/paste-up creativity. This was implemented at roots level to flaunt the more conventional album sleeve and magazine procedures. Strangely, issues of this album

Virgin records are pressed by, Who?



John Lennon

"The Beatles are bigger than Jesus Christ."

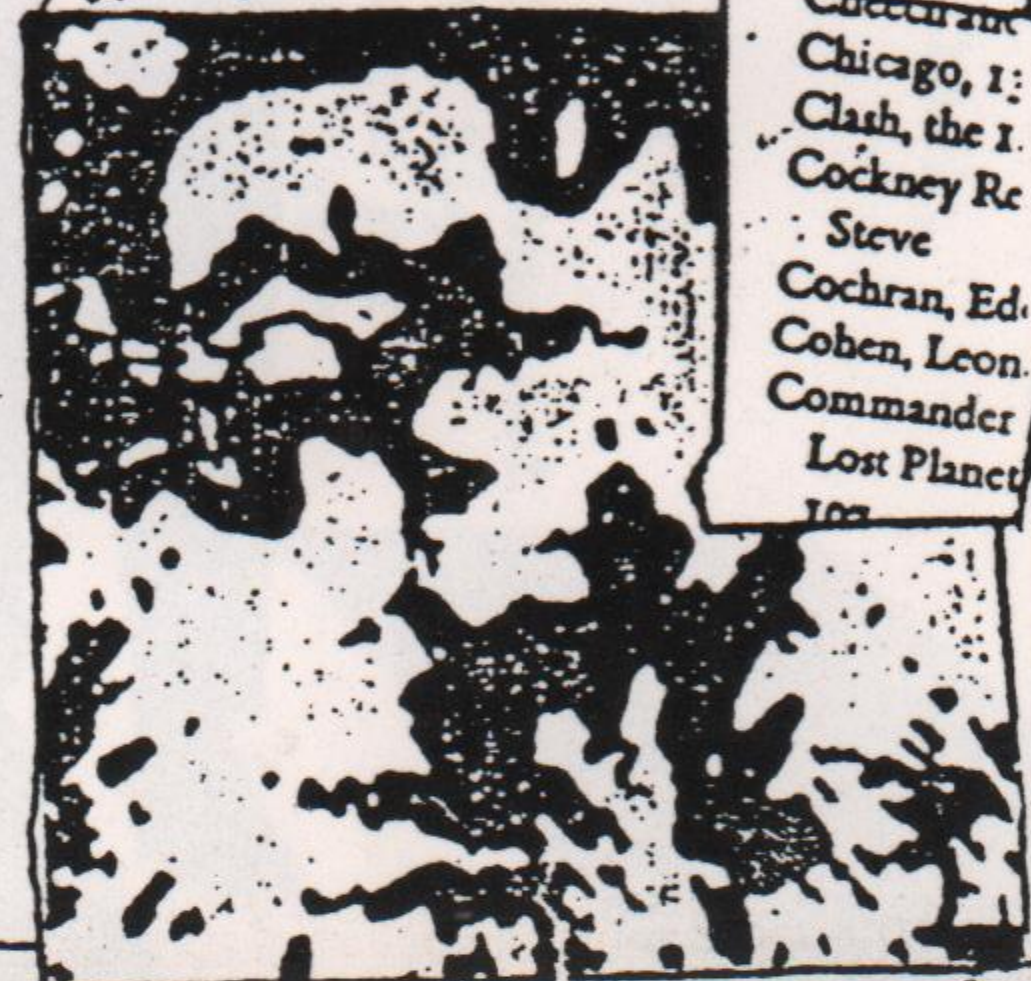
The Lord giveth

MAIN FEATURES

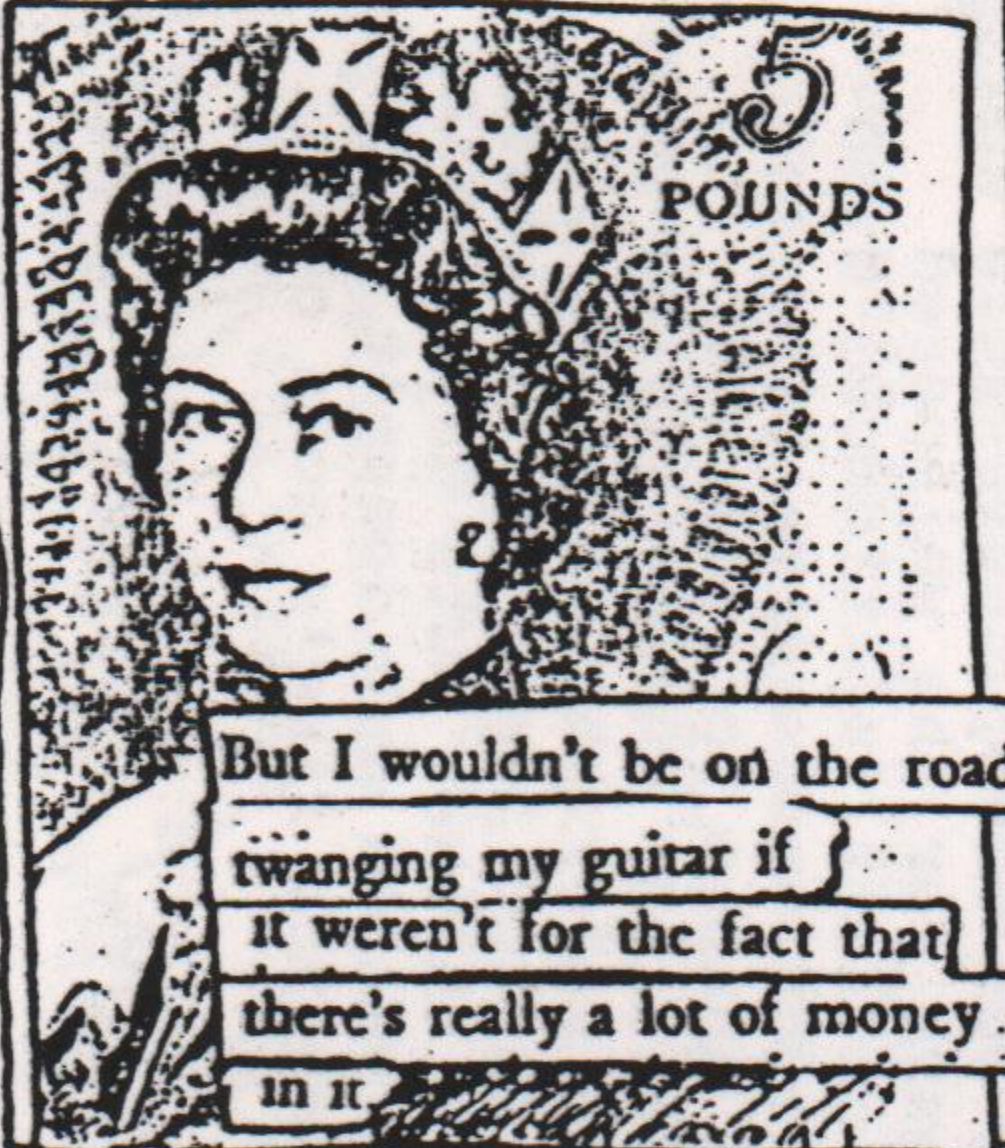
- Punk Rock.....28
- Basement Art.....34
- Great Cars.....42
- Bridge/Chess.....54

& the Lord taketh away

More cars hamburgers sex baseball boots, plus token knowledge of the real world. Which sells records to make money for CBS to make parts for CRUISE MISSILES.



and why not? They paid for it.



But I wouldn't be on the road twanging my guitar if it weren't for the fact that there's really a lot of money in it.

Consider the hypocrisy: HMV Shops in their moral righteousness ban Crass' 'How Does It Feel?' (because it's obscene, defamatory etc)

It happens a lot with P**K and New Wave, because every week there's so much good stuff developing and being thrown out that it takes a lot of keeping up with. HMV can help. They really know their stuff.

HMV Know more than they let on. Morality Music Inc.



THORN EMI Electronics
T Mayer Chief Executive
J Brace Radar
J A S Bright Defence Systems
D J George Marketing
D S Jackson Financial

From the shop to the battlefield and back again.

The Searchwater Radar was an outst from the Falklands campaign. In the Searchwater for an airborne pathwa

as always made use of life people can understand universally. Sex always has been and always will be an inherent part of rock and roll (w why grown-ups squawk about it? Pretty girls have been subjects from the begin such as the

Another Rock 'n' Roll trap, guitars & guns, mindless sexist posing that punk didn't change. Rock 'n' Roles all over again.

The state of the world is STATIC, because we're listening to War & Money & sexist fake rebellion, because we're dancing to The Damned or A bba. What's the difference?



Is there a difference?



This planet is dying & Rock n Roll is helping to kill it. Either we BOOGIE ON DOWN TO OUR DEATHS or we kick it for good, & create something DIFFERENT.



it and I gotta move. It's hard to explain rock 'n' roll. It's folk music. It's a beat that gets you. I wasn't sincere, I'd just leaf th say "Gimme my money and I'll ge en I don't do a good job, I know l. You'll pardon my language, but ly really feel at home in Mempl "land" mansion. It isn't that I

Rock 'n' Roll breeds ignorance, & ignorance kills. The drug with which we dope ourselves into insensibility, the tool with which we dig our graves.

you dig?*

* old Jim Morrison joke

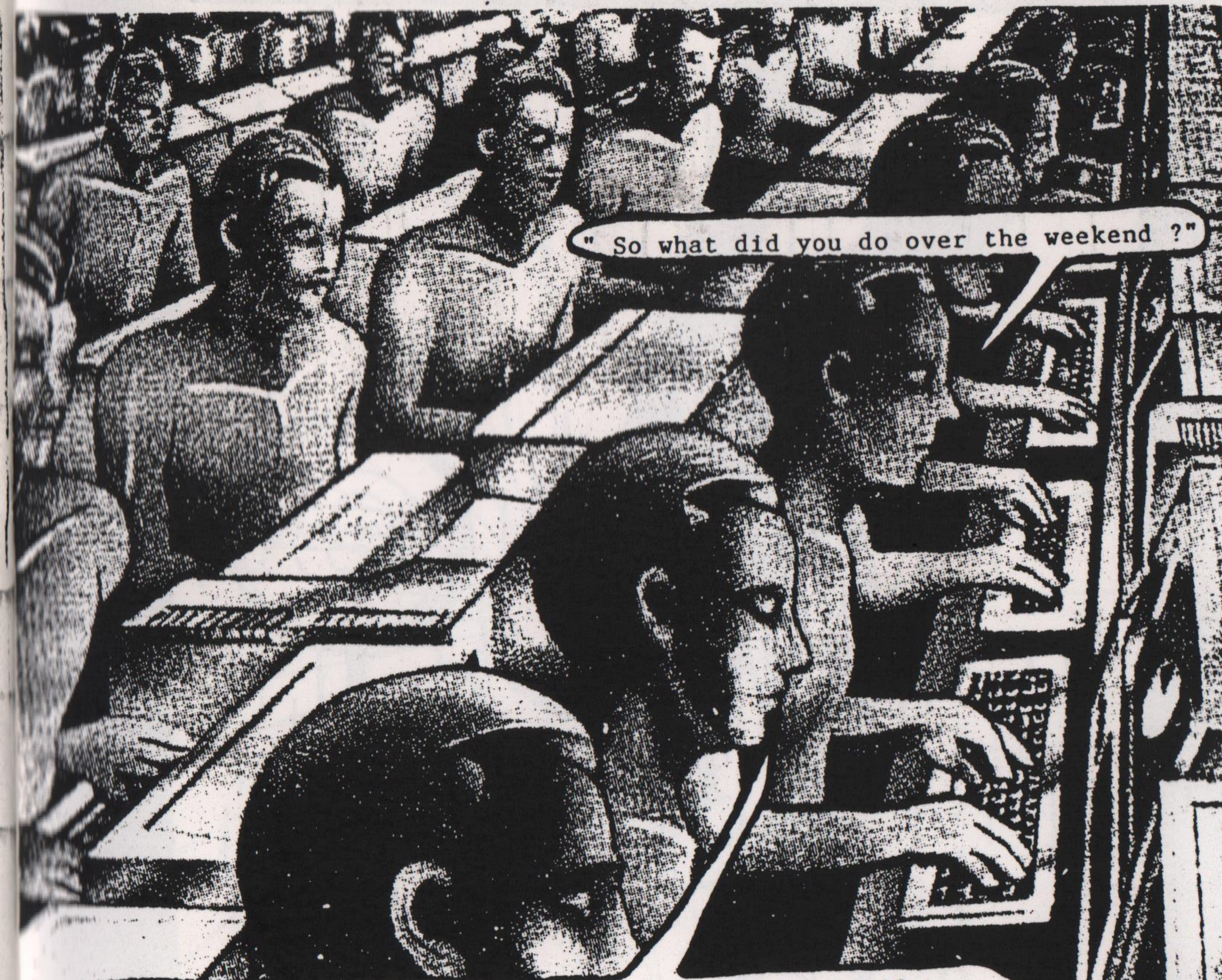
Complete Control 'n' Rock 'n' Roll-

Chumbawamba 1984



and it gets to be about five, where the grey leaches out of the sky into the clean colours of a summer dawn, but it stays in your veins and your face and your eyes, and its that time when you want to shoot all the little tweety-birds but you haven't got an airgun, and you can't use earplugs cos your pulse is going like a motherfucker, like a punk drummer, so you put on the cleanest music you can find, like Suzanne Vega or something, clean lines, no blurring like your body's blurred from the night, and you lie down and close your eyes to watch the blood movie on your eyelids, brain feels like a drive-in after a busy night, beer cans and condoms scattered around like bad ideas

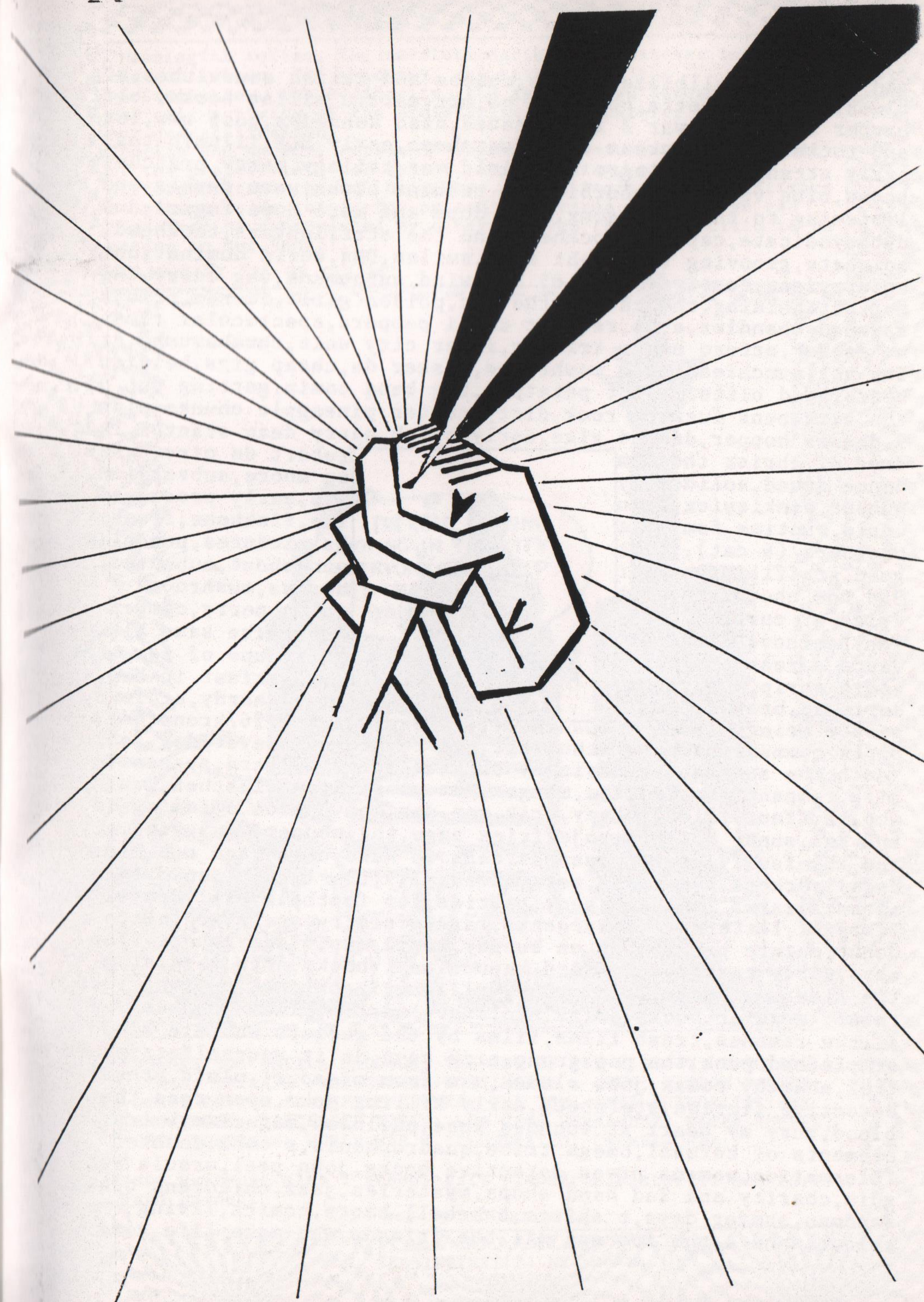
kill the little tweety-birds, gotta buy some curtains, tried to hang the blanket up but it fell off so many times you almost punched the window out, it's getting hotter so you've got to leave it open, waiting for the corner shop to open with a litre of orange juice to wash out your ashtray mouth, hoping for an old movie, maybe in black and white, and the cat to stroke, know you can't calm that pump but its not that, its the sense of nowhere grows from within, all the enthusiasm for the big and the trivial was punched out to nothing hitting the cynicism of walls with ears and leaving you not so sweet fuck all stepping over coma'd strangers, leaving unknocked doors for sleeping friends, shrugging round the bitter thoughts at your lack of courage, once again to hesitate even in the grip of the cold white chemical wind, to ask if the opportunity's imagined, curse curse of course it is so what the fuck, life's a gamble love is a dream, so the hunched walk home through desert gleaming streets with can and unlit roll-up twitching for the gutter, gulp and lick and try to spit but burn burn for the whispered hours ahead with cassettes and patient impatience, even now soaring past the confused night wanderers, mind set on faster things, unwilling and unable for the wait, to communicate the night bus necessities, change flying from twitchit digits so walk walk and enjoy the solitude of flame, leaving melted trail of wasted ideas and homeless passion....another grey dawn and another mute day of sleepless mindless recovery and washed out doesn't mean clean and burned out doesn't mean the fire's gone out....



" Not much (I followed the normal course of such 48 hour paroles from the prison of boredom we call work: some few hours for recovering mentally and physically with the aid of some low-level intoxicants. The first full day was largely taken up with buying or stealing the necessities of life and the little luxuries that are supposed to make it all worthwhile - but which fail so dismally. The quest for oblivion, or at least a blurred edge of detachment led me to a gig on Saturday Night, where the bands were pretty good and I had a good chat with a friend - real communication is difficult between men since we're not supposed to feel and if we do then not to show it. The atmosphere was not what it should be, too many negative creeps and parasites with shit attitudes. Sunday was more recovery and detachment, more oblivion, restoring me just in time to return to the boredom gulag, beneath the "Arbeit Macht Frei" sign, wearing the black armband in pretence of responsible mourning at the death of the work ethic). Could've been worse. And you ?"



the sky is as bleak as my prospects
the wind cuts as deep as your wit
the street is as grey as my outlook
and I am a miserable git



bad religion, hellblazer, crass, cheese and relish sandwiches, big black, v for vendetta, no means no, mrr, martin millar books, cliff harper art, world war 3 illustrated, dead kennedys, good ska, love and rockets, pasta, cream cakes, watchmen, early SLF, illuminatus, early stranglers, milagro beanfield war trilogy, terry pratchett books, blue velvet, suburbia, tom robbins books, warm duvets and listening to the rain, gong, dope dope and more dope, fugazi, dub, dub syndicate, captain lockheed and the starfighters, tackhead, sulphate, grooving the night away, smiles, DMS, world domination enterprises, festivals, pre 85 hawkwind, subhumans, veg curry, the mob, hitchhiking, the cat in the hat, poison girls, zoundz, primus, raymond chandler, abba, red hot chili peppers, spectacular times, mc escher, arturo barea trilogy, inner city unit, chumbawumba, stir fry veg, munchies, magic mushrooms, husker du, cheap gigs, belgian beers, good bitter, sweet potatoes, big bang comix, getting out of the city, punk fucking rock, dirty rotter pineapple chunks, plan 9, dennis hopper, damned gigs, early clash, harry dean stanton, last days of christ the vampire dance squad, solidarity humour, sinkiewicz, humor world, victims family, brothers (& cat), flirt good graffiti, open fire 999, hot chocolate, exotic fried or curried special van beethoven, late night sauce across the nation comic strip, hagar the dario fo, brecht, flux (people being heroes - spanish civil war/hungary 56/kronstadt/paris commune/makhnovichna/all the revolutions/everyday, sonic youth, the sonics, the advisory service for squatters, spacemate, risk, rampant psychedelia, mangos, ten years after, leather nun, dr who, truffaut films, subway, erik von daniken photos, swimming in the sea, sunny beaches, bojeffries saga, the muppets, snogging, sly and the family stone, massages, cash in hand, cats (and not bloody dogs), workers playtimes, sex (obviously), the first iron maiden album, lazarus lamb, antisect, parties, fun football, evil dead 1 & 2, brazil, letters of insurgents, lard, ministry, steinberg, alice donut, nature programmes on sunday, world cup, blade runner, slap bass, early cardiacs, ryszard kapuczinski books, john reed, stop the city, buzzcocks, betty blue, william gibson, institutionalised, robert cormier books, anias nin, steve martin, blues brothers, sci fi, the ramones, trash films, films by the geezers who did blood simple, bad puns, the pop group, nick cave, do it yourselfers, star trek, anarchy comix, john sladek, man from missouri, pluto press detective fiction, steinbeck, early killing joke, open road, the blood, bury my heart at wounded knee, pailhead, magazine, b traven, elements of refusal, omega tribe, quadrophenia, r cobb, counter information, womens press detective books, john peel, ursula le guin, charity and 2nd hand shops, mysteries, jazz, childrens books, sandman, summer days, t shirts, baseball boots, comics, living colour, anna & the tpm and all the friends who make life good.



robert de niro, urban an moore, subversion, ate, early processed lue, fishbone, freak hs pictures, punchline oundabout, subbuteo, ananas, mushrooms - ratch perry, camper auce (the same bloody shit, cups of tea, the r, breakfast in bed, l and hardy, ordinary

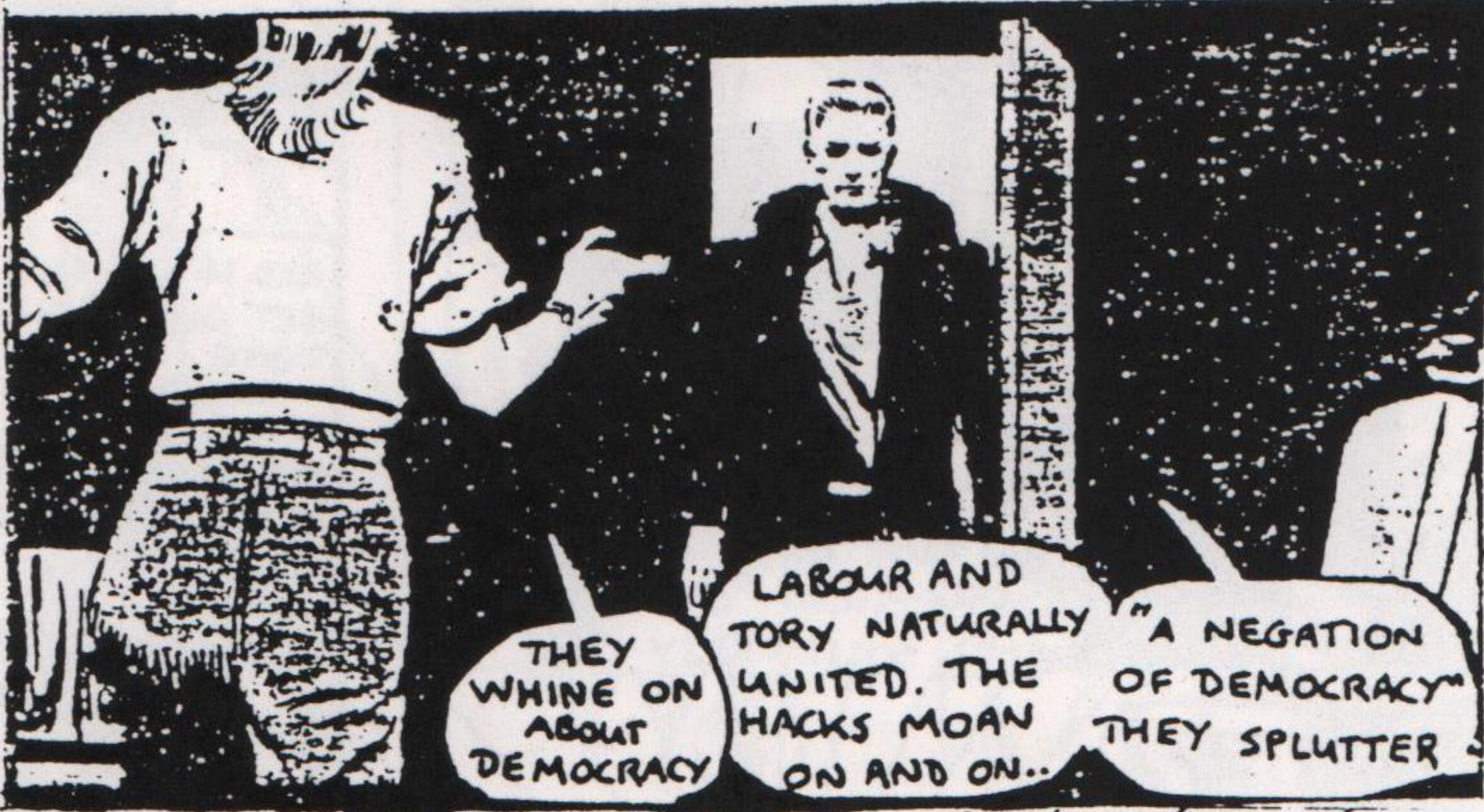
"Meaningful action, for revolutionaries, is whatever increases the confidence, the autonomy, the initiative, the participation, the solidarity, the egalitarian tendencies and the self-activity of the proletariat, and whatever assists in our demystification. Sterile and harmful action is whatever reinforces the passivity of the proletariat, our apathy, our cynicism, our differentiation through heirarchy, our alienation, our reliance on others to do things for us and the degree to which we can therefore be manipulated by others - even those who claim to be acting on our behalf."
SOLIDARITY "AS WE SEE IT"



THANKS TO: SHEILA HADDOCK; THE END OF PRE-HISTORY; SPECTACULAR TIMES; TITANIC PRODUCTIONS/NOTTINGHAM A NEWS; RANDOM FACTOR; DIRTY ROTTER PINEAPPLE CHUNKS; THE TPM; ANTI-AUTHORITARIANS ANONYMOUS; PROCESSED WORLD; LOS BROS HERNANDEZ; PETER KUYPER, SETH TOBOCMAN, WORLD WAR 3 ILLUSTRATED; CHUMBAWUMBA; and everyone else I shamelessly plundered, distorted, plagiarised and ruined.
In memory of Larry Law.

Do you remember

THE RESPONSE FROM PARLIAMENT
WAS PREDICTABLE....



the Poll tax RIOT?





THATS THE WHOLE POINT! THEY ARE BEHIND US... SO FAR BEHIND WE'RE FAST LOSING SIGHT OF THEM!

WE KNOW WHY THE RIOT ENRAGED THE THATCHER-KINNOCK GANG



ITS BECAUSE WE ARE THEIR WORST NIGHTMARE, THE PROLETARIAT THEY THOUGHT HAD BEEN BANISHED....

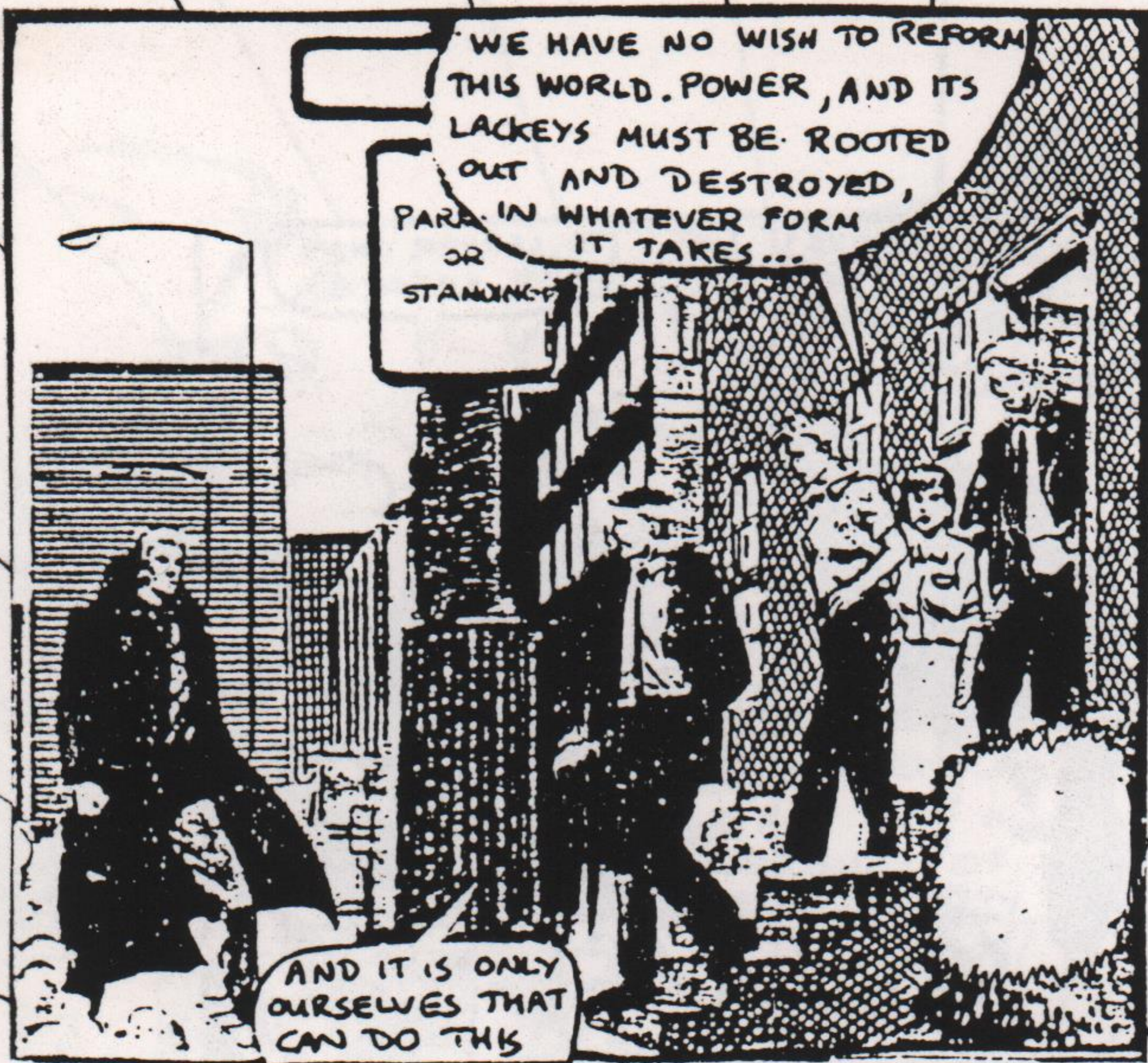
IS LARGER THAN EVER BEFORE



PAY NO



POLL TAX



CAPT. SWING - MAY 1990.

DEDICATED TO THE "ALL NIGHT PARTY" ACTIVISTS WHO TRASHED "STRINGFELLOWS".