Morgenmuffel: a German expression meaning “someone who’s crap at getting out of bed in the morning,” which is me, but my friend says actually that’s a lie and I’m not all that bad. I think I’ve gotten better at it over the years, so maybe I should rename the zine “a bit of a morgenmuffel.”

Welcome to number 11, hope you enjoy it! I’ve had a well busy year, working and partying hard, but once in a while I managed to sneak in some drawing (while lunching out other things…)

My main projects been opening the Cowley Club, a collectively owned and run social centre with café and bar; I’ve written about it here, it was originally intended to be one page but it all just split out and turned into four!

I’m also still working with Brighton Anarchist Black Cross prisoner support (www.brightonabc.org.uk – big news: famed anarchist Mark Barmsley was released after 8 years in June 2002! I’m still intending to do a strip about that day. And I’m also teaching more women’s self defence, which is ace!

The MORGEMUFFEL MAILORDER zine distro is up and running, the zines are also all available in the Cowley Club Bookshop. You might find a list included here, otherwise send a stamped addressed envelope to get one. If you can take a few to pass on, that’d be great. Everyone should be reading zines!

The book collection of my comics I mentioned in #10 doesn’t really seem to be happening now, which is a shame, but there you go.

Well, not remains to be said except It’s a Madhouse, a Madhouse love and rage.

Isy

WRITE TO:
PO BOX 74
BRIGHTON BN1 4ZQ
UK
Katchoo3@yahoo.co.uk

PLAYLIST
DISCOUNT AGAINST ME!
20 YEARS OF DISCHORD BOXSET
HOT WATER MUSIC
BLACK SABBATH
JOHNNY CASH ‘LIVE AT ST. QUENTINS’
MATES OF STATE
PROPAGANDHI
IRON MAIDEN ‘THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST’ (WHEN HUNG OVER)
GORILLA BISCUITS
ELVIS
LIFETIME/KID DYNAMITE
DS-13 NEWTON GRUNTS
THE PIXIES
NORTHERN SOUL
FORMER MEMBERS OF ALCANWEG
MAILRATS: SOUNDTRACK PAVEMENT
THE FILAMENTS
ANTI-PRODUCT

READING LIST
GEORGE ORWELL: HOMAGE TO CATALONIA
ROBNOUSO: THE FALL OF AMERICA
DERICK JANSEN: A LANGUAGE OLDER THAN WORDS
FRANK MILLER: BATMAN – THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS
FREDY PERLMAN: ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

ZINES: MONKEYS IN THE SUN
PORIS, YARD WIDE YARNS
DECK THE REDNECK, I’M JOHNNY AND DON’T GIVE A F**K, REMAINS OF A CAVEMAN,
TEN FOOT RULE, HEADWOUND
SOFAKARTOFFEL, REASON TO BELIEVE, CUTLASS

ONE NIGHT AT THE EP! GATHERING
CHECK OUT THIS DEATHTRAP CORRIDOR! I BET LOTS OF PEOPLE WILL TRIP OVER HERE

A FEW HOURS LATER:
WHOA!

ARSE!

OH FOR F**K’S SAKE

HAHAHA!
I recently realised that this past year's been a pretty cool one. Despite being stuck in time-consuming projects and being down sometimes, I've also done lots of new things I've never tried before. I'm 28 years old - almost dead, and there's still so much to experience and try out. It gets me excited! So these are some of the things I've now done for the 1st time ever...

I did tiling! And I reckon I did okay.

It's like a log puzzle! Yay!

AND plastering!

Ooh, it's all falling down.

I cut bedding to size for a window!

It fits & everything!

I went to a friend's wedding!

The bride dressed up like Cyndi Lauper! It rocked!

I got my 1st (but not my last, I reckon!) tattoo!

I helped write a successful business plan, and a cashflow projection!

I wore wellies! (Yes, City-kid here, never ever worn any!)

And I drove a lawn-mowing tractor-type thing.

So, what am I going to try in the next year?

Anything! Well, except for horrible, unpleasant or nasty stuff.
RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

BENNY WENDA WAS BORN IN A VILLAGE UNKNOWN TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD

This is the story of one man from the Highlands of West Papua, which until recently had been mostly undisturbed and unperturbed by civilisation.

This soon changed...

We've come to save you from your sins.

Now this is rice and you cook it in this pot.

What is she going on about? We know how to cook it.

This stuff they put on themselves - is so weird.

I don't get it. I just don't get it.

Then came the Indonesian Army

You're going to learn Indonesian and stop wearing your stupid penis gourds!

Soldiers followed, burning houses & killing anyone who resisted.

In 1977, all the villages in the Highlands were bombed.

An elder decided for 9 year old Benny

Your future lies in one of those coastal towns; we'll take you there.

They killed Benny's father.

People from Benny's village went to hide in the forest. Many of them starved.
SO HE ENDED UP ABANDONED AND CONFUSED IN JAYAPURA

OUTTA MY WAY KID!

WHOA! HELP! WHAT DO I DO? I DON'T LIKE IT.

HE STUDIED HARD

I MUST EDUCATE MYSELF SO I CAN HELP MY PEOPLE IN OUR STRUGGLE.

AND HE MET OTHER HIGHLANDERS WHO WANTED TO FIGHT THE INDO-NESSIAN OCCUPATION.

HERE'S SO MUCH WE NEED TO DO!

HE BUILT HIMSELF A HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN, AND COLLECTED FIREWOOD AND CUT GRASS TO PAY FOR SCHOOL.

THEM SET UP THE 'PENIS GOURD PEOPLE'S ASSEMBLY COUNCIL' ('DEM-MAK')

WE WANT YOU TO BE THE CHAIR?

YEAH OKAY WHAT'S A CHAIR?

I ONLY WANT TO HELP MY PEOPLE. I AM READY TO DIE FOR OUR FREEDOM.

BENNY TRAVELLED ALL OVER PAPUA MAKING LINKS WITH PEOPLE.

WE WANT TO GET YOU HEARD OUTSIDE.

Well, we know some tasks you could do.

HE MARRIED A WOMAN NAMED MARIA.

IT'S SO GOOD TO NOT FEEL ALONE IN THIS.

ALL OF PAPUA IS STRUGGLING WITH US!

OH, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
HE COLLECTED LISTS OF ALL THE HIGHLAND PEOPLE WHO HAD BEEN KILLED.

ONE DAY, I WILL PUT THEM IN A BOOK FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE.

ONE NIGHT IN ABEPURA, PAPUANS ATTACKED A POLICE STATION NOTORIOUS FOR THEIR TREATMENT OF PAPUANS.

PAPUA MERDEKA

SEEKING BLOOD, THE POLICE RANDOMLY ARRESTED 50 HIGHLAND STUDENTS, AND BRUTALLY TORTURED THEM.

SOME FRIENDLY LOCALS HELPED THEM BUILD A DEMMAK OFFICE. BENNY WROTE PLEAS FOR HELP AND SENT THEM TO EVERYONE AND ANYONE.

MUST BE SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO GIVES A SHIT!

THERE THEY BUILT A REFUGEE CAMP

AND MARIA HAD A DAUGHTER

*PSYCHIC GOURD*

JUNE 2002 - BENNY RISKED CROSSING INTO WEST PAPUA TO COMMUNICATE WITH OTHER HIGHLANDERS.

HE'S BEEN HELD IN POOR CONDITIONS SINCE, AND SURVIVED AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT.

HE WAS ARRESTED

FOR WAYS TO HELP BENNY WENDA & THE WESTPAPUAN STRUGGLE, PLEASE CHECK OUT:

WWW.WESTPAPUA.NET
OR
WWW.FPCN-GLOBAL.ORG

PAPUA MERDEKA
WHAT THE F*CK GOES ON IN MY HEAD?!?

Some friends took me along to a yoga class the other day. I thought I'd put my sceptical 'Hippie bollox!' doubts aside and just check it out.

The stretching stuff did do me good, even if the moves had silly names and into the warrior-pose: HAA!

But at the end...

Okay, now for some relaxation.

Make sure you're in a good 'a' position.

Oh! Wot's he doing? He better not touch me!

"Now imagine you're sinking into the ground... imagine an open space... now focus in on a beautiful flower... now zoom out into the middle distance... feel at one with nature... eh? Bla Bla Bla... okay, open up now - reach out, join with someone... ooh, like, sex? Now extend this, join with the whole world..."

I started visualising all this random bullshit!

Wot?! Eew!

Wots this Walt Disney shite all about then?!

Then, he started reading us his poetry!

...karmic breaths... love...bla... mother earth...bla... the skies...

Afterwards, I wasn't even slightly relaxed! So, I'm thinking, eh? And then that crap Bla... She's even more hyper than usual!
IN EVERY GENERATION, THERE IS A CHOSEN ONE. ONE BORN WITH THE STRENGTH AND THE SKILL TO HUNT THE FASCISTS, TO STOP THE SPREAD OF EVIL... SHE IS THE SLAYER...

Graduation day

NOW, YOU'LL HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED TO TUFFY IF YOU READ MORGENDUFF #8, SHE LIVES ON THE FASCIST HELLMOUTH, A SMALL EAST GERMAN TOWN, WITH HELP FROM HER 'WATCHER', THE SCHOOL JANITOR BILES, AND HER A.F.A. MATES WALES AND ZANDER, SHE FIGHTS FASCISM!

POOMPH! NO!

WHEN STAKED IN THE HEART, FASH TURN TO DUST!

THE TOWN'S CONSERVATIVE MAYOR HAD BECOME TUFFY'S MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY, RECRUITING NEW FASCISTS AND UNDERGOING RITUALS TO ASCEND AND BECOME A FASCIST UBERMENSCH!

REALITY, I JUST WANT TO SEE A REVIVAL OF TRADITIONAL VALUES.

WELL, THE WATCHERS COUNCIL ARE JUST SUGGESTING THAT WE SEND A CANDIDATE IN THE LOCAL ELECTIONS TO OUST THE MAYOR.

WHAT? OH FUCK THEM, STUPID LIBERAL ACADEMICS, I'M FIGHTING THE FIGHT, AND I'M FIGHTING IT FOR THEM!

...and a top tip Tuffy - the Mayor too has human weaknesses...

WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT? I SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD ALL THOSE MUST RUM'S LAST NIGHT...

WE KNOW HE'S IMPERVIOUS TO HARASSMENT, SO WHEN HE ASCENDS!...THERE'S VULCANO ERUPTION TO STOP THE LAST UBERMENSCH...

WELL, I THINK I HAVE A PLAN. IT'S KINDA AMBITIOUS THOUGH.
EVERYONE HAD THEIR JOBS...  
HEY, CAN WE HAVE A QUICK CHAT?  
SOME SUPPLIES  
WOT? I DON'T WANT TO GET HEADLICE...  
AND THE GRADUATION CEREMONY BEGAN...  
AND HELLO  
THERE HE IS! HE BETTER GET ON WITH IT... I SO WANT TO DITCH THIS STUPID CAF...  
AND THE ASCENSION BEGAN!  
OH... I FEEL THE CHANGES STARTING...  
HA! WHITE POWER!  
GASP!  
NOW!  
AARGH!  
WAHEY! THIS IS FUN!  
AND ALL THE STUDENTS WERE UNITED IN AN ANTIFACIST FRONT  
WISH I HAD A GUN...  
FLAMETHROWERS! GO!  
FUCK YOU SCUM!  
AARGH!  
WAHEY! THIS IS FUN!  
GO! GET THE CAVALRY! I'LL DEAL WITH UBER-TWAT!  
THEY'RE ALL FIGHTING BACK! WOT'S THIS?  
GREAT!  
HEART INFERIOR PEOPLE...  
HAFTA GET HIM INTO THE SCHOOL... USE HIS HUMAN WEAKNESSES!  
HEY! FUHRER WANNABE! YOU FANCY GOING TO CHECK OUT STALINGRAD?  
WHOO! ROCK! WE BLEW UP A FASCIST AND THE SCHOOL!  
OH. YES!  
HUH? WHAT'S THIS?  
HEAH! C'MON...  
GRR!  
BYE!
By Adam

The thing about comics is that I think most people simply equate them to being about superheroes or being juvenile and for kids - and dismiss them for that reason. Yes it's true these type of book exist, but there is so much more to comics than that. Comic books are as diverse as any other media. Asking me why I like comics is like asking why I like films, or music. But hey let's give it a go anyway.

In Japan for example, reading Manga is as commonplace as reading a newspaper. Why is it then that 'we' consider an illustrated medium something for kids or geeks? Because of this, when I tell people I'm into comics I automatically feel the need to explain a little something about them - and in doing so you have to walk that fine line between giving a little info and being a complete bore (at which I'm still not always successful!). Much like when someone politely asks you what music you're into and you say 'punk' and then feel the need to explain that is a little more than the Sex Pistols, or Blink 182 - without going off on detailed rants about why DIY means so much to you, or about why Minor Threat were such an important band, when the person was only making small talk and wasn't really THAT interested! (my friend always says 'punk rock' as opposed to 'punk' in order to avoid association with the 'kids' and their young persons vernacular - but this is another subject entirely and a tangent I really should get off of).

What makes a good comic for me is the combination of both a good story and good art. Most times it is the art in a book that will attract me to it in the first place, but if the writing isn't there to back it up then the art on it's own is never going to be enough.

Much like the music industry (ugh) there are big companies that churn out their product™ - with variant covers and so forth, trying to make their books 'collectible'. And don't get me wrong, not to say they all put out crap - there is some good stuff that filters through, and some of it is pretty fun. If this is your kind of thing then there's plenty to choose from. But on the other hand there are loads of great independent companies (and individuals for that matter) putting out great books that couldn't be further from the muscle bound superhero stereotype or 'collectors culture' if they tried. And these types of comic are in my opinion far more interesting.

One book I think I really should mention is 'Pedro & Me' by Judd Winick which is one of my favourites. If you want to ask why comics are important, this is a book to read. It is a true story sparked by the time the author spent on an MTV programme called the Real World. It is about a friend he made there, and his eventual death from AIDS related complications. As well as being easy to read, funny and making some important points, this is an awesome, touching story about friendship. I love this book.

I love comics for lots of reasons. The superhero stuff reminds me of when I was a kid and my Dad would buy me Spiderman and Captain America and the Hulk and the Fantastic Four. I love recommending comics to people and then have friends tell me what's good in return. Reading something so good that you want to share it with people. And knowing people who are going to appreciate it as you do. Going into town on a Saturday in the Summer, buying some new books and then sitting reading them in the park with a drink. Or reading them with coffee, hungover on a Sunday afternoon. The best way to appreciate them if you ask me. And when they're good enough, like the best records and the best books - they inspire me to be creative myself.

Think about this zine you're reading right now. Like it? Of course you do. Can't wait for the next one? Well you're gonna have to learn a bit of patience - but the fact remains you've just read yourself a comic - you've already been sucked in! So in the mean time why not check out some other books (or zines)? There's so much stuff out there.

I'm gonna list some random books that I really, really like. Some are serious, some are political, some are funny, some are just damn good stories. There are probably loads more that I can't even think of right now, but if you're looking at reading something outside of the comic stereotype then I would heartily recommend any of the following. But really, just go and see what appeals to you.


Ivy's Recommendation's: Anything written by Neil Gaiman (e.g. Sandman), or Alan Moore (e.g. V for Vendetta), Megan Kelso's Girlhero, Lucy Sweet's Unskinny, Frank Miller's Batman's and Give Me Liberty, Carrie McNinch's The Assassin and the Whiner zines, Garth Ennis' Preacher, Julie Doucet's Dirty Plotte, Evan Dorkin's Dork and Milk and Cheese, anything drawn by Philip Bond, & most of what Adam said esp. Strangers in Paradise and Artbabe.

Note: yes I recognise the irony in writing about why superhero comics are dull, only to accompany it with a picture of an aforementioned spandex wearer - but give me a break, it's fun to draw batman!
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF...

MY LIFE CAN BE CHAOS SOMETIMES-JUGGLING JOBS, AND VOLUNTARY COMMITMENTS. THIS IS AN ACCOUNT OF A STRANGE WEDNESDAY I HAD AS A RESULT OF THIS.

I WENT TO WORK AT A CRECHE IN THE MORNING WHERE I DO A FEW SHIFTS A WEEK.

THAT'S VERY NICE THERE, JORDAN! DON'T CLIMB UP THERE! OH-THE BABY'S WEE D. UGH MESSY!

WHEN I GOT HOME I SPENT A COUPLE HOURS REVISING OUR CASHFLOW PROJECTION FOR OUR ATTEMPT AT BUYING A SOCIAL CENTRE

IF I PUT CAFE SALES UP BY 20% WILL THAT MAKE UP FOR THE BUSINESS RATES?

THEN THIS POSH BUSINESSMAN WHO I WAS GOING TO DO PAID TRANSLATION WORK FOR CALLED & WAS GOING TO COME TO OUR HOUSE!

OH NO! I HAVE TO UN-ANARCHIST THE HOUSE! SHOO! HIDE!

ANARCHIST MEETING IN OUR LOUNGE!

DO I LOOK SMART?

SO THIS GUY CAME & GAVE ME A BOX FULL OF ASTROLOGY BOOKS IN GERMAN TO GO THROUGH

SO YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE SUBJECT MATTER?

OH YES, OF COURSE.

WELL, THEN I HAD TO RUSH OFF TO GIVE A SELF DEFENCE SESSION

REMEMBER, KEEP THE PUNCH NICE & STRAIGHT!

I CYCLED HOME AND HAD DINNER MY HOUSEMATE HAD MADE.

MUM, PHONE FOR YOU!

ARE THESE REALLY CUCUMBERS?

KACK-I'M NOT IN!

THEN IT WAS OFF TO A MATE'S FOR AN ABC (PRISONER SUPPORT) MEETING

SO IS EDUARDO OUT ON BAIL, OR WHAT?

WE ALSO WATCHED THE FOOTIE AFTERWARDS THAT WAS A FOUL!

WHAT A STRANGE DAY, HUH? I FEEL AN IDENTITY CRISIS COMING ON... OH WELL, AT LEAST I GET SOME VARIETY!
This is me trying to draw a tree. Foliage, bloody foliage. Grr. I can't do it! And then the stupid shadows move.

I'm so fucken alienated from nature.

Okay—I went camping in woods for a couple days. We saw deer & ponies & it was lovely.

I tried new things.

Wow that was fun. I'm gonna do that again!

Help! Ohmigod aargh!

But I got well pissed off by all the toffs about me. Sheesh, it's another Range Rover! Quick, scowl at them.

This is so odd.

C'mon, we want to go for a drive.

But I want to finish this game!

I already am.

So, I might be alienated, but at least I'm not as weird as a lot of other people.
GETTING TRASHED AT BLOODY GLASTONBURY

I'd always sworn I'd never go to the Glastonbury Festival: it always sounded like my worst nightmare. But this year, we got 4 server places with the Workers Beer Company (WBC) to raise money for our anarchist Black Cross, so I thought I'd give it a go. We got the WBC coach from London on Thursday:

Orange or red funny alcopop?
It's yellow.
No orange.
No...

We had a water fight on the long, long journey and drove past Stonehenge...

It's some rocks in a field.

We arrived at the WBC village, where we got to camp away from the mosh pits with decent loos & our own subsidised bar. We're the fucking docos?

HMM

I had a quiet first night. But the others went off on the piss. BGM ended up on the main stage & was very pleased with himself, except it was late and no one else cared.

We were working on a busy bar next to the main stage & smithed 2 pints of ice & lager.

Hey over here, EEB.

We got (lots of) drinks at the end of our shift & wandered. It was cold so we'd bought blankets for later.

I am not walking round with you in a f*cking blanket!

I like it! Leave it.

This ended up in an ongoing scrap.

Friday: we went and checked out the site...

It's too much. There's just too much stuff to buy.

Have we been past here before? It all looks the same.

The Cast:
(i.e. The ABC volunteers)

Blanket - Gutter Man
Who?

WOT?

Mr. Pink

(2GM)

(bg).

I want

(I.e. Me)
THE BAD MAN WENT ON TO MORE ADVENTURES. APPARENTLY HE ENDED UP DRINKING WITH SOME BAND IN THEIR TOUR BUS BACKSTAGE, TIL 10 AM.

SATURDAY: WE WANDERED AGAIN, AND WATCHED SOME CAJUN BAND AND DRUNK CIDER UNTIL OUR SHIFT.

THEY'RE OKAY.

I WANT MY MUM

I WAS A MESS (HENCE THE NICKNAME)

8GM AND ME WENT ON THESE COOL BOAT SWINGS

JUST WATCHING IS MAKING ME FEEL VERY SICK

WHEE!

AND WE ENDED UP IN THE APPROPRIATELY NAMED 'LOST VAGUENESS' FIELD

MORE TEQUILA?

MELL YEAH.

ON OUR WAY BACK AT 7AM, WE CAME PAST THE GREEN PEACE CLIMBING WALL

OHHH, LOOK, WE'RE IN. LET'S GO.

COOL!

HEY YOU LUNATICS! COME DOWN, YOU'LL DIE.

WE WENT BACK TO THE WBC VILLAGE, AND THE CHEAP BAR AND VARIOUS OTHER SUBSTANCES RENDERED ME A GIBBERING, LUNATIC WRECK.

THE BAD MAN'S A RANDOM PERSON I MET TO CARRY

OKAY, SAFELY DEPOSITED, LET'S GO DRINK MORE.

HEE HEE HEE

THE BAD MAN AND ME HAD TO CARRY

(OUR CONVERSATION WAS LIMITED)

I AVERAGE REMEMBER GOING SOMEWHERE WITH SOME MATES OF MR. PINK'S WHO I HAD MINIMAL EXCHANGE WITH.

HE'S TALKING SHIT! TESS, HIT HIM!

OHHH, LOOK, WE'RE IN. LET'S GO.

COOL!

OH YEAH!

Huh

(WE CLIMBED DOWN THEY)
Sunday: I woke up about 20 minutes before our shift. ‘C'mon! Get up!’ Uh... Buh... Gah.

We left the bad man in a techno field. WAHEY! Bored now, see ya later!

BGM went to see F**ken Rod Stewart! I have to, I'm Scottish!

We decided on a burglary. Ready, guys? Arse, I can't mask up...

We heard from Mr. Pink who was at a services trying to hitch. Okay, so where are you?

Monday: Our coach was leaving at 9.30 am. C'mon then!

Okay, got him out of his tent. Start packing it up.

Well, 3 of us got on the coach. Then realised we'd lost Mr. Pink. When it was too late. The bad man projectile vomited a lot.

He got back in the end. Anyway, we all had a great time despite my misgivings, and we raised money for018...
THE JOYS OF BUCKFAST!

This years' Earth First! gathering, which we cooked for again, was on a site right near Buckfast Abbey! So of course, we checked out the monastery produce shop...

"Oh, nice chocolate..."

AND BUCKY! THESE MONKS PROVIDE WELL...

MY MATES LIKED IT TOO...

The name 'Tonic Wine' does not imply health giving or medicinal properties.

"I like Buckfast...""Yeah I like it! I was tired now I'm all awake."

(Talking very fast.)

I DON'T LIKE BUCKFAST.

(Very slow. The next morning.)

WE HAD A BUCKFAST DEALER ON SITE!

It does make you lairy...

AARGHS!

AND LIVELY!

C'MON THEN!

WE HAD A BIG 'PLAY'-FIGHT IN THE KITCHEN WITH MARQUEE POLES!

(EP. 'Disco' Night-SlamDancing to ABBA seemed to make sense)

AND YOU GET WEIRD IMPULSES WALKING BACK TO OUR TENT:

LOST IN A WORLD OF HER OWN...

DON'T YOU WANT THE BABY?

LOOK AT ISY, SHE THINKS SHE'S AT A PUNK GIG I RECKON...

AND YOU think OF IT ...

NEW NO HOUOWUM'

WE KNOCKED HIM OVER, AND HIS GLASSES OFF, AND THEN HAD TO LOOK FOR THEM FOR AGES! I JUST PASSED OUT AND THEN THEY ENDED UP BEING UNDERNEATH ME! DOH!

VIVE LA BUCKFAST! (But don't let me have it that often...)
I nearly cried when my friend Mark passed me my first pint (Dark star's Red Ale it was) over the bar Bra had built, stood there amongst all these wonderful people who'd all put in endless hours and so much commitment, so we could have our own, permanent space. A year ago, this space was a dump, a former random tat shop with throws and hangings on the walls to cover peeling paint and damp problems. More than two years ago, this space was just an idea we occasionally thought about. A bunch of us had previously been squatting empty shops in Brighton, opening them as 'Anarchist Teapot' cafes, seeing them flourish then getting evicted, having to move on constantly and getting very tired of this. After we'd bought ourselves a house to live in as a housing co-operative, with a mortgage and loans none of us would ever have been able to secure individually, and we'd been there for a few years and we were still there, it was still lovely and going well, we started thinking seriously about buying a building as a social centre.

Our desires revolved around Books! Pamphlets! Propaganda! -like those cool anarcho infoshops in Europe, we NEEDED one of them. And Beer! -many of us were fucked off with the increasing gentrification of Brighton, the exansive takeovers of evil corporate pub chains and giving all our money to scum. And what the Teapot was like at its best, when all sorts dropped in from school-bunking kids to lil old grannies, everyone chatting away in a friendly, non-consumer oriented atmosphere. We also wanted space to meet, organise, store stuff, work on projects, and just generally a space for our community of people struggling against the capitalist world.

We'd actually already looked into renting a small lock up shop to open an infoshop in, oh, I can't remember what happened to that idea.

Plans were solidified. We didn't really know what the fuck we were doing, but we read up on private members' clubs, writing business plans, Articles of Association, and tons more Very Boring Shite. We registered as a "Co-operative Consortium Industrial & Provident Society". Jamie came up with the name 'The Cowley Club' to honour Harry Cowley, a local working class hero who died in the 1970s and spent his entire life organising, outside political parties - squating, fighting the fash, and bread and butter politics. At this point, the group mostly consisted of people in my house, 5-6 of us, but we'd also been putting the idea about and people were reaching fairly enthusiastically (so I'm sure most of them didn't really believe it'd happen like most schemes people dream up!)

We found a building we thought would do, at the bottom of Lewes Road, pretty big, fairly central, a large sum of money! We put in our offer, tailored the business plan and started talking to Triodos bank ("ethical investment" etc, bla bank) and other lenders, and even paid an architect and surveyor to do their thing, then the owners randomly got fed up with us, and sold the place to someone.
For a while we were too depressed to even bring up the subject. It just wasn't supposed to happen; in reality, no one will sell us a place, we're too idiotic and too poor, etc... Then we found another building for sale - on London Road, right opposite where we'd had two of our nicest Teapot squats, a busy, cheap high street. The place was scruffy but it had a backyard, outbuilding, two-storey flat above the large ground floor shop, a basement, kitchen, toilet area - it seemed perfect! We re-wrote the business plan and got the bank and the other lenders (ICOF - Industrial Common Ownership Federations, and Radical Routes; a co-operatives' network) to come down, desperately raised more loanstock (individuals' loans), did a survey and gasped at all the stuff we'd need to sort out. The owner was hassling us; Angie would hide when he phoned, because we were still waiting for the go-ahead from the bank.

Those were a tense few weeks - the bank kept giving us more things to do (I got very fed up with middle class professionals - making us run round like headless chickens to meet their demands, then picking off on holidays when you needed to speak to them!)

Anyway, we got a date for the PURCHASE in February 2002! We also needed a certain large amount of money from our loanstock in the solicitor's bank account on that day. Since a large cheque we'd just get wouldn't be cleared by then, we had to run around getting all the cash we could find - my entire savings went, as well as cash from our housing co-op. I walked up London Road with £600 cash in my backpack three times in two days, good thing I didn't get mugged!

The building cost £360 000 - yes, that's Normal for Brighton - plus solicitor's fees (scum), architect and Surveyor fees (scum!), bank fees (scum, scum! Yes they give you money which you then pay them 8x back and they still charge you fees!), Stamp duty and so forth. With all the renovation costs, we're over ½ million pounds in debt now! Hahaha! (hysterical laughter). None of us are individually liable though, and our cashflow projection which I helped make up told us it all should be feasible...

Well, we had our building! We told as many people as possible, had our first workday in which we cleared the backyard which was piled high with tat, and shank, and needles, and filled a huge skip in two hours. You see, both the outbuilding and the flat had been squatted by smackheads at some point, plus the flat had a broken roof, and pigeons (alive and dead) were living in the top floor! The first few weeks clearing the building was ick-factor 10. Getting fumigators in for the pigeonshit then scraping the rest off the floorboards ourselves. Scrubbing blood off walls, VERY carefully digging through tat and picking out needles, and, I kid you not: I found, in the smallest, darkest room in the flat, full of shank, a used condom! The thought of anyone having sex in that ick-room was just too much!

Anyway, we concentrated first on getting the flat done up, to
move people in and get income as soon as possible. Volunteers came in every-
day to clean, sand, lay carpet, paint, and we somehow managed to change
that disgusting hell-hole into a rather nice flat. People moved in—which
turned into a bit of a drama, but I
tried to stay out of it and won’t go into
it here. A new group of people more in-
volved with the club replaced them in
the end.

Then it was time to start on the club.
And bloody hell, the legalities around
opening a public space drove us insane!
Planning permission. Building control
mention the physical work, and figuring
out what the fuck we were doing anyway!
Confusion, lots of running around, lots
of hardwork, and frustration—also at the enthusiasm of volunteers; it seemed
to always go in waves you’d be sat there scraping flaking paint off walls
all by yourself for days on end, then there’d be more people than you
could co-ordinate jobs for in for a few weeks.
Collectives were formed to take on the various aspects of running the place.
The bar, cafe, kids’ club and bookshop collectives started meeting and
deciding what they wanted to do and how. A
maintenance collective tried to meet, but
really was just a couple of brave souls with
knowledge of building work, co-ordinating it,
me and Jushn did the accounts, VAT returns
(AARGHS) and decided we want a collective
too (which is kind of forming now—well, two
others are helping). An entertainments
Group have only formed now, after much talk,
and a cleaning collective formed shortly before we opened. Then there’s the
Management Committee—initially us 5 working on it from the start, now grown
to 10—we’ve been meeting every week to sort out the millions of problems
and jobs to tackle that constantly came up. There are also General meetings
with all the members that can be bothered coming, which the committee and
collectives are answerable to. We’re having those once a month.

There definitely have been too many meetings in my life.

We made an agreement to get our beer from the Dark Star brewery
a local award winning, independent brewery a friend of mine is
involved with, and they sorted out the beer cellar. We all stroked
the pumps for hours when they finally got fitted into the bartop.
You wouldn’t believe how much there was to look into and sort out,
and how long it all took! I got very Tired of everyone I bumped
into asking me “when’s the club opening?” My answer for ages
was “2 months”, but then it started turning into “2 weeks”.

SOON WE'LL BE IN OUR OWN PUB.

IT'S ALL FUCKED!
And one day, suddenly, it all looked like we could set a date to open! The bar-by-now a separate organisation - The 12 London Road Social Club, with its own, larger membership and own accounts (argh, more accounts!), but obviously intrinsic to the club - got its licence, a Registration Certificate. It took lots of hassle with fire regs and dealing with the police, but then about 5 minutes in court, and John and me walked out hardly believing it was real - then phoning everyone we knew!

The beer got delivered, chairs and tables appeared, all the random tat we'd accumulated during building work, including many useful donations and found items got sorted out (mostly - we still don't know whether any of the 5 or 6 deep fat-fryers we found work!), everything got cleaned, and people were rushing about in all directions.

We then had our first bar evening as an 'unofficial' opening for volunteers. There were about 40 of us and it was just wonderful.

Then the official opening followed, one of the most manic ones ever - we were also hosting a Radical Routes gathering and I was helping feed all 100 of them. Friday and Saturday night were so busy at the club, we had to turn people away at the door cos we were over capacity! And we were running round thinking 'Oh f**k! What happens when you're over capacity? Lightning bolts from the sky?'

The bar's been open for 3 weeks now, has 400 members and is kind of running itself already, and the cafe/bookshop since one week, and it's been amazing. Harry Cowley's son and granddaughter have both visited.

I made cake. I discovered I love pouring beer. And we had a cocktail night with silly-named cocktails! There's been meetings in the club, the first kids' club sessions with children crawling about everywhere, and so many more ideas of things we can do in our space have occurred to me.

Of course, I'm worried that volunteering will slack, renovating the outbuilding (still to be done, and to become a library, meeting + kids space, office) will be a nightmare, money will go pear-shaped, we'll have to close, people will fuck stuff up, no one'll use it... But really, I'm more excited than anything else.

So there we have it. A self-organised space run entirely by volunteers, in the spirit of co-operation and mutual aid. Our own social space with the loudest beer, a friendly caff to welcome the general public, and hopefully soon many more resources and activities to improve life with.
TRAINSPOTTING

AT FIRST, I THOUGHT THE WORD 'TRAINSPOFTER' WAS JUST A DEROGATORY TERM FOR A GEEK, BASED ON A BRITISH URBAN MYTH. AS IF PEOPLE ACTUALLY EXISTED WHO'D HANG AROUND SPOTTING TRAINS! YEAH, RIGHT. WELL, THEN I DISCOVERED A REAL-LIFE FORMER TRAINSPOFTER WAS LIVING IN MY HOUSE (OR 'GRICER' OR 'RAIL ENTHUSIAST' AS THEY CALL THEMSELVES) SO I HAD A CHAT WITH HIM ABOUT IT.

"YOU TRAVEL ROUND THE COUNTRY TO STAND ON STATION PLATFORMS & COLLECT THE TRAIN NUMBERS IN A LITTLE NOTEBOOK. THERE'S SPECIAL BOOKS LISTING EVERY TRAIN NUMBER IN THE UK, AND YOU TICK THEM OFF."

"I ONCE READ ABOUT SOMEONE IN THE PAPER WHO HAD GOT THEM ALL & WAS INTENSELY JEALOUS!"

"IT'S A SAD, OBSESSED ENGLISH DISEASE THAT AS FAR AS I KNOW, DOESN'T EXIST ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD."

"IT'S USUALLY PASSED ON FROM FATHER TO SON. I STARTED IT IN SUMMER '79, AND STOPPED WHEN I WAS 15, IN 1985."

REMEMBER: REAL WORLD = SCARY, TRAINS = GOOD

"I FOUND IT REALLY THERAPEUTIC AS A KID. THE PROBLEMS ONLY STARTED WHEN YOU TRANSFERRED YOUR ATTENTION FROM LUMPS OF METAL TO THE OPPOSITE SEX!"

"OH, TRAINSPOUTERS ONCE EVEN MADE HEADLINE NEWS, BACK IN '81, WHEN THIS TYPE OF TRAIN, DELTIC, WAS TO BE TAKEN OUT OF SERVICE."

"WHEN THE LAST ONE GOT INTO LONDON, HORDES OF TRAINSPOUTERS TRIED TO STOP IT LEAVING, CRYING & CLINGING ON!"

"UH... DO YOU MAYBE WANT TO SEE MY TRAINS LOG?"

EW! DON'T TOUCH ME, GEEK!!
"IT'S A STATE OF MIND MORE THAN ANYTHING, LIKE THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN A STRONG LINK BETWEEN TRAINSPOTTING AND PUNK ROCK."

"HEY, I SAW A CLASS 40 YESTERDAY!! CHECK OUT THIS 2. IT WAS STILL MISSING FROM MY COLLECTION!"

"TRAINSPOTTERS ARE COMPLETE OUTSIDERS, SO PEOPLE GRANITATE TO PUNK, COS IT'S ALL ABOUT ALIENATION FROM SOCIETY AND CONSCIOUSLY BEING ON THE OUTSIDE."

"THERE'S EVEN PUNKBANDS NAMED AFTER TRAINS!"

"THE PUNK SCENE'S PRETTY OPEN - YOU CAN ADMIT TO BEING A NERD!"

A TRAIN STORY: "I WAS IN SOUTH WALES IN 1984, LOOKING OUT FOR CLASS 37'S (A VERY FINE BREED). THIS WAS AFTER THE MINERS' STRIKE, AND THE AREA WAS DESTITUTE. THERE WERE COAL TRAINS COMING PAST. SUDDENLY, MINERS LEFT OUT OF BUSHES & AMBUSHED A TRAIN."

"THIS HAPPENED QUITE OFften, APPARENTLY. THEY'D NICK LOTS OF COAL, AND REDISTRIBUTE IT LOCALLY SO PEOPLE WOULDN'T FREEZE TO DEATH."

"THERE'S A BIT OF A GREENER HIERARCHY. THOSE STANDING AT THE END OF PLATFORMS ARE ON THE LOWEST RUNG."

"HIGHER UP ARE "BASHERS" WHO ONLY TICK OFF A TRAIN NUMBER IF THEY'VE RIDDEN ON THE TRAIN - A MORE EXCLUSIVE, EXPENSIVE HOBBY, Y'SEE. SOME OLDER BASHERS ARE REGARDED ALMOST AS GODS."

"SOME OF THE EXPERIENCES I'VE HAD WITH TRAINS HAVE GIVEN ME A GREATER BUZZ THAN ANY DRUGS, DRINK OR MUSIC EVER."

YOU CAN ONLY GET THAT EXCITED ABOUT A THING ONCE IN YOUR LIFE. WHAT A STRANGE WORLD THIS IS."
How I Ended Up In...  
Geek Heaven!

Well, I wanted to sign off for a bit, and venture into the world of paid work. Part time of course, I don't have time for a proper job! I got work at this place that translates computer games into other languages. So I'd be testing & proofreading German.

Except it didn't really work out that great.

Wot? No, I can't work tomorrow... Oh, so you don't know when you next need testers, you'll call...

There's no guaranteed work.

The place was so geeky!

Action figures

Buffy screen saver

Star Wars lego collection

We were testing mobile phone games for a few days. I don't even own one and didn't really take to it very well.

Bugger! My fingers are too big, I've hit the buddy red button again & my game's gone.

It could get frustrating...

Fuck! I just can't get past level 3!!!

Jeez, what do you do against those random explosives?

Whoa... oh yes I rock!

Level 6, here I come!

Arse! Stupid fucken monkey! Stay on the fucken course!

Jeez, when I was in school, they used to let us play games all day!

I provided amusement for the whole office, cos I can't keep quiet when engrossed in a game!

Nah, yer joking? Getting paid to play games?!

Jealous mates

Sounds like my dream job!

But I was called in for a few days.

Telly for console games

My mistakes ('bugs') report

Where are you?

Over past the compound.

No, they're playing Counterstrike in their lunchbreak.

Whoa... oh yes I rock!

Level 6, here I come!

Well, that was fun. But I don't have any money now.

This sucks. Guess it's off to the Jobcentre again!
FROHES NEUES!

WHICH MEANS "HAPPY NEW YEAR" IN GERMAN
... MY NEW YEARS EVE IN BERLIN!

WE HAD DINNER AT MY FRIEND'S HOUSE FIRST,
WITH ALL OF HIS HOUSEMATES.

I BET HE PUTS ON THE MAINZERSTRASSE
EVICITION VIDEO, EVERYONE HERE GETS
ALL NOSTALGIC OVER THAT!

OKAY, SO ON GERMAN DEMOS, THERE'S
USUALLY A VAN WITH A LOUDSPEAKER
SETUP, FOR SPEECHES AND
MUSIC, IT'S CALLED THE 'LAUT'!

AND PEOPLE
LINK ARMS
AND FORM
CHAINS

AND THE RIOT
POLICE ARE
THE BORDER PATROL GUYS AND PRETTY MEAN.

WE REALISED IT WAS MIDNIGHT!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

IT FELT REALLY GOOD, CELEBRATING WITH THOSE INSIDE, AND WE COULD SEE
THE SHADOWS OF QUITE A FEW PRISONERS AT THEIR WINDOWS AS WELL!

MY MATE'S GONE TO LIVE IN BERLIN
NOW, WHERE THERE'S LOTS OF BIG
SQUATS AND FUN AND OTHER MATES
OF OURS. SO I WENT WITH MY FRIEND
TO VISIT OVER NEW YEAR.

SOMEONE HAD NICKED
TWO BOTTLES OF A BITTER SCHNAPPS,
"KÜMMERLING."

LATER:

HM... PASS
THE MEDICINE
AGAIN!

EVERY NEW YEAR'S EVE, THERE'S A
DEMO TO THE PRISON TO SHOW
SOLIDARITY WITH THOSE INSIDE, SO
WE WENT TO THAT.

THE LAUT ALSO PLAYED MUSIC

CHECK OUT THE GUY UP THERE,
SWITCHING HIS LIGHT ON-OFF,
DISCO-STYLE!

AND SOME PUNKS DANCED WITH THE COPS!
AFTER THE DEMO WE WENT BACK TO MY MATE'S HOUSE WHERE WE INDULGED IN SUBSTANCES. PASS THE TEQUILA?

OKAY, THE PARTY'S THROUGH THERE. THAT'S A HOLE IN THE GROUND!

BERLIN SQUATTERS ARE FOND OF CHEESY 80s MUSIC. IT'S AS IF THE 90s AND TECHNO NEVER EXISTED! MY FRIEND CLAIMS TO HATE IT, BUT STILL GOT VERY INTO IT! RUN! IT'S THE BIG DANCING MONSTER!

I VAGUELY REMEMBER CHECKING OUT ANOTHER SQUAT BAR ROUND THE CORNER. IT'S LATE, I SUPPOSE.

WE WOKE UP IN THE AFTERNOON WITH 'THE FINAL COUNTDOWN' ON AN ENDLESS LOOP IN OUR HEADS!

AARGH!
HEY ISY, D'YOU WANNA COME TO A GIG WITH ME? THE GET UP KIDS ARE PLAYING IN LONDON—I LOVE THEM! AND I'VE GOT A SPARE TICKET... IT'S ON ME!

DON'T KNOW THEM, BUT, YEAH, COOL...

GIVE ME ALL YOUR MONEY.

2.50 FOR A SHOT?!

I DOUBT I'LL BE GETTING DRUNK TONIGHT.

THE FIRST BAND WERE DULL AS SHIT, SO WE SAT AND PLAYED 'COUNT THE STUD BELTS'. WE GOT UP TO OVER 40!

PULL YOUR SHIRT UP BOY.

PRETTY WEIRD HERE... NOT LIKE IN BRIGHTON.

THE 2ND BAND CAME ON... THEY PLAYED VERY BLAND, UNROCKING POP MUSIC. BUT...

OHMIGOD—THE GUITARIST... HE WANTS TO BE IN AN 80'S METAL BAND!

HE THINKS HE IS!

HE JUMPED!

HE FELLOVER & TWITCHED!

AND JUMPED MORE!

HE PUNCHED THE AIR.

THE GETUPKIDS CAME ON.

FAR AWAY!

BARRIER

WHOO?

I HOPE THEY PLAY SOME OLD SONGS...

AND THEY WERE ROCK STARS!

ARE YOU WITH ME LONDON?!

OH THIS IS AWFUL—THEY USED TO BE COOL... I'M SO DISAPPOINTED!

COCK ROCK POSE

THERE... THERE IT HAPPENS.

WELL, WE LEFT EARLY AND HAD LEARNT OUR LESSON.
Morgenmuffel Mailorder

This is my small distro devoted to the cheap printed matter. The ‘proper’ list includes longer descriptions of everything, and some pamphlets, but it didn’t all fit here! Send an SAE if you’re interested, or want a few more copies. MORGENMUFFEL, PO Box 74, BRIGHTON BN1 4ZQ, UK

Assassin and the Whiner #14:
Autobiographical comic strips. US - 70p - A

Attitude Problem #32:
Long running anarchopunk zine. UK - 50p - A

Bald Cactus #19:
Punkrock! UK - 60p - A

Bald Cactus #20:
UK - 50p - A

Bean Sidhe #2:
Rants and inspiration from an ecoanarchist woman. Ireland - 30p - A

Beer Zine:
Carrie of Assassin and the Whiner has collected stories of Beer! US - £1 - B

Black Flag #221 (May 2002):
Long running anarchist glossy magazine. UK - £2 - B

Brainfood #1, #2, #3, #4, #5, #6, #7, #8:
A comic story US - 25p each

Cat on a String #5:
Plenty of punk rock, attitude, humour. UK - 50p - A

Cat on a String #6:
UK - 50p - A

Contrivance:
A minizine detailing some imagined inventions. UK - 20p - A

Cutlass #5:
A great zine by Janice, a US anarchopunk girl. US - 80p - B

Cutlass #6:
US - 70p - B

Deck the Redneck #2:
Another excellent, funny punk zine. UK - 50p - A

Do or Die #9:
A journal of ecological anarchist resistance. UK - £3.60 - £1.14

UK/£1.90 world (surface mail)

Doris #16:
Cindy’s personal zine. US 50p - A

Food Geek #4:
Recipes, stories, reviews and more. US - 70p - A

Food Geek #5:
US - 70p - A

Gadgie #14:
Punk zine with many rants, tales and discussions of zombie films. UK - 50p - A

Gimme Danger #1:
Punk rock with interviews and tour diary. Germany - £1 - A

Headwound #13:
Informed and opinionated punk rock ranting cut and paste. UK - 50p - A

Headwound #14:
Prison theme. UK - 50p - A

Inbred Picnic #5:
Comic stories. US - 60p - A

InitOnit #14:
Punkrock! UK - 50p - A

Inner City Pagan:
Cartoons by Lee Kennedy. UK - £3.50 - 66p UK/£1.14 world

Let’s Get Free:
A zine by and about Free, US eco-anarchist serving 23 years. US - £1 - A

Monkeys in the Sun #1:
‘A punk rock girl’s tales from Summer 2001’. UK - £1 - B

Morgenmuffel #10:
UK - 50p - A

Morgenmuffel #11:
UK - 50p - A

Names Have Been Changed #1:
Eloquent thoughts, reviews and int/s. UK - 60p - A

Niacin Comics #1, My Nazi Neighbour:
Gret mini comic. Ireland - 30p - A

Niacin Comics #2:
Ireland - 50p - A

Ouch My Back, and Sorry My Mind

Wandered for a Second:
drawings by Paul Petard. UK - 10p each - A

Personality Liberation Front #3:
Excellent big hardcore zine. Australia - £1 - B

Premier #1:
Cut and paste affair, put together in a creative DIY outburst. UK - Free - A

Rob the Rich:
First zine by the anarchist prisoner Rob Thaxton. US - 50p - A

Slug and Lettuce, #71:
US - 30p - A

Small Sailor #9:
Interviews, reviews and more. A - 50p - B

Small Sailor #10/Remains of a Caveman #2:
Punkrock and well written. UK - £1 - A

Smitten #6/Duhhh #10:
‘Humiliation and embarrassment’, and more. UK - 60p - A

Songs of Praise:
Short stories by tabitha, a passionate anarchafeminist. UK - 50p - A

Stay Gold Jesse, Stay Gold #5:
Handwritten, political and personal. US - 50p - A

Stay Gold Jesse, Stay Gold #6:
US - 40p - A

Synthesis #5:
SxE punk feminist vegan perspective – good read. UK - £1 - B

Ten Foot Rule 3.05 Metres Primer:
Beautifully drawn comics. US - £1 - A

Ten Foot Rule Treatment Bound:
US - 40p - A

They Will Never Get Us All:
Writings by anarchist prisoner Harold Thompson. US - £1-A

Tsunami #3:
interviews, comics, info, and some personal reflections. Ireland - 50p - A

Walkie Talkie #3:
Part 1 of a cartoon by Nate Powell. US - £1.50 - B

Yard Wide Yarns #7:
Jessica’s personal zine. US - 70p - A

Yard Wide Yarns #8:
Collection of columns in Maximum Rock n Roll. US - 90p - A

Postage:
Zines have an A, B or a price next to them. ‘A’= 50g. ‘B’=100g. Now add all these up, and then the postage and packaging is as following for second class delivery:
20p up to 60g. 35p up to 100g. 55p up to 200g. 80p up to 300g. £1 up to 400g. £1.30 up to 500g. 600g - £1.55. 700g £1.80. Payment in UK stamps, concealed cash, or cheques to NOSOTROS.
"PETER PAN COLLARS"
Ooh, very nice. That'd go well with a puffball skirt and leggings...

PORTALOOS
Okay, the shit filed higher than the seat.

Tampons
You're uncomfortable, toxic, and I'm grumpy, so yer going in the bin!

Government
Hey I know, let's make some of us be in charge of others, for no reason! Life's too nice, simple after all...

Low alcohol lager (or, American beer)
I've had 25 cans of this and I'm not even tipsy, just pissing a lot of waste of time!

Waxing your legs, or worse, your "bikini" line
Oh! Oh! Oh! Must be beautiful Oh!

Anarchy A's as fashion accessories
Hey you, before you buy that, can you quote bank in? Huh?

Designer household utensils
It's a spoon, and it costs £17.99.

Taking horse tranquilizer for enjoyment (ketamin!)
Aw man isn't this cool. I totally can't move.

Phone queueing systems
You are 23rd in the queue. 1 left in the air.

Wage labour
No comment.

Filling out forms
These are our jobs. Those are for the benefit agency. Those are for housing benefit.

"Real-life" television
Haha! Look at the m!

There's just too much that doesn't make sense
Call centres! Pastel-coloured charges! Bank interior design! Middle managers! "Poodles"! Credit cards! "Popstars"! Paying for immigration contraception! Laws! Mobile phones!