



morgenmuffel

february 2003 - 50p

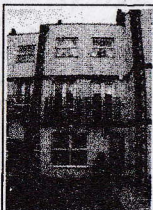
cartoons
& rants

#11



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"

FROM A BRIGHTON PROPERTY PAPER ↓



SAFE AND SECURE
£299,950 LEAVES MEWS,
KEMP TOWN, BRIGHTON
Kemp Town is justly
renowned for its wealth
of historic buildings, but
here's a great choice for
home hunters who
prefer a more
contemporary property.
This recently built
four bedroom town

house comes with two bathrooms (one
en-suite), off-road parking, 14' lounge and 75'
landscaped rear garden with water feature.
There are also security gates to keep out plebs.
Contact: 4 SALE 48 George Street, Kemp Town,
Brighton, 01273 692424

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 lun-
ching 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 spilt out
and turned into four!

I'm also still working with Brighton
Anarchist Black Cross prisoner sup-
port (www.brightonabc.org.uk) —

big news: framed anarchist Mark Barnsley 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 MORGENMUFFEL 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, wot remains to be said except It's a Madhouse, a Madhouse
love andrage



ISY

WRITE TO:

PO BOX 74
BRIGHTON BN1 4ZQ
UK

Katchoob3@yahoo.co.uk

PLAYLIST

DISCOUNT
AGAINST ME!

20 YEARS OF DIS-
CHORD 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

LI FETME/KID DYNAMITE

DS 13

NEWTOWN
GRUNTS

THE PIXIES

NORTHERN SOUL

FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSW

MAURATS SOUNDTRACK

PAVEMENT

THE FILAMENTS

ANTI-PRODUCT

READING LIST

GEORGE ORWELL: HOM-
MAGE TO CATALONIA

ROBNOKIOUS: THE FALL OF
AMERICA

DERRICK JANSEN: A LAN-
GUAGE OLDER THAN WORDS

FRANK MILLER: BATMAN: THE
DARK KNIGHT RETURNS

FREDDY PERLMAN: ANYTHING
CAN HAPPEN

ZINES: MONKEYS IN THE SUN,
DORIS, YARD WIDE YARNS,
DECK THE REDNECK, I'M
JOHNNY + DON'T GIVE A FUCK,
REMAINS OF A CAVE MAN,
TEN FOOT RULE, HEADWOUND,
SOFAKARTOFEEL, REASON
TO BELIEVE, CUTLASS

ONE NIGHT AT THE EF! GATHERING:



A FEW HOURS LATER:



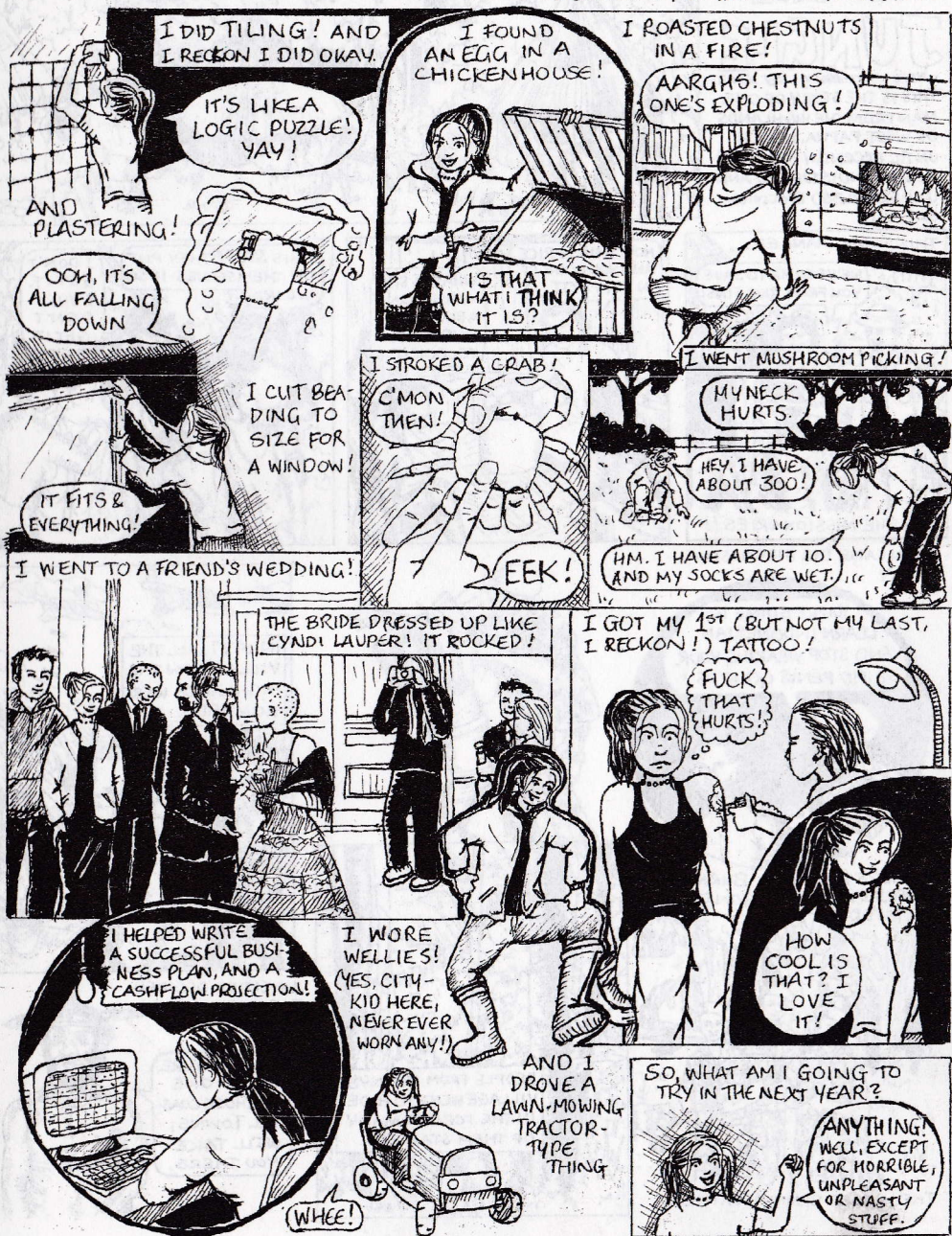
ARSE!



HAHAHA!



ALL NEW! ALL EXCITING! 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...



RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

-story-Mike-drawing-15y 2002-

THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE MAN FROM THE HIGHLANDS OF WEST PAPUA, WHICH UNTIL RECENTLY HAD BEEN MOSTLY UNDISTURBED AND UNPERTURBED BY CIVILISATION.

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



THIS SOON CHANGED...

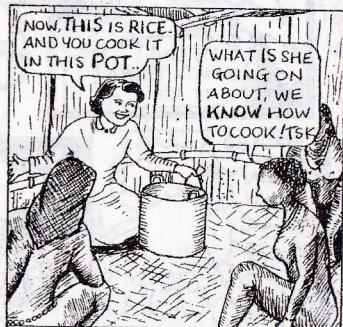


HI!

WE'VE COME TO SAVE YOU FROM YOUR SINS!

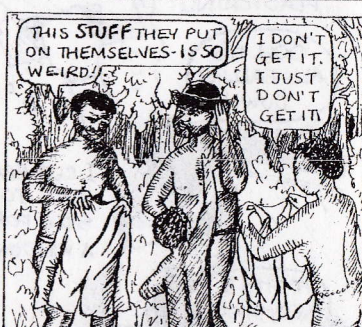
EH?

IT'S THE MISSIONARIES!!



NOW, THIS IS RICE AND YOU COOK IT IN THIS POT..

WHAT IS SHE GOING ON ABOUT, WE KNOW HOW TO COOK! TSK



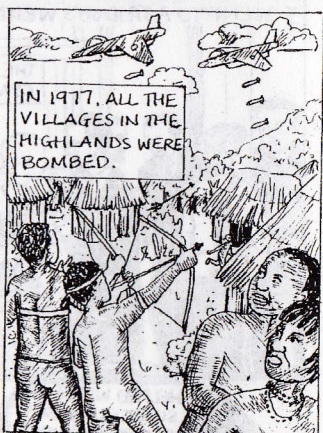
THIS STUFF THEY PUT ON THEMSELVES- IS SO WEIRD!

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!



IN 1977, ALL THE VILLAGES IN THE HIGHLANDS WERE BOMBED.

SOLDIERS FOLLOWED, BURNING HOUSES & KILLING ANYONE WHO RESISTED.



THEY KILLED BENNY'S FATHER



PEOPLE FROM BENNY'S VILLAGE WENT TO HIDE IN THE FOREST. MANY OF THEM STARVED.

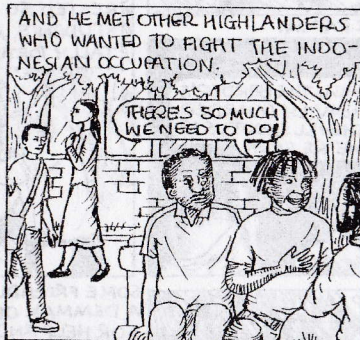
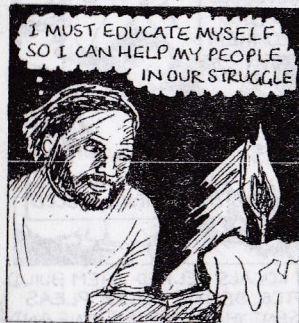
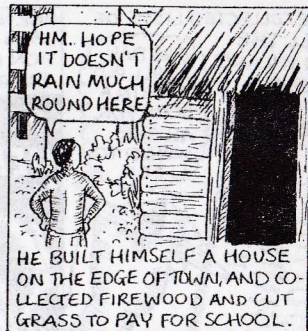
AN ELDER DECIDED FOR 9 YEAR OLD BENNY

YOUR FUTURE LIES IN ONE OF THOSE COASTAL TOWNS; WE'LL TAKE YOU THERE.





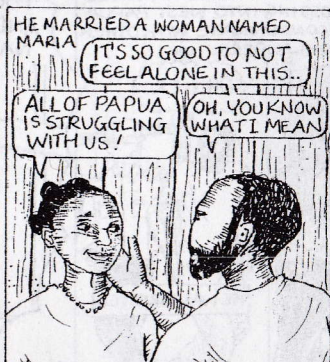
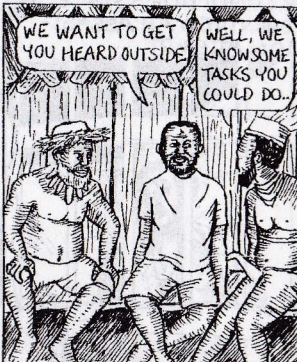
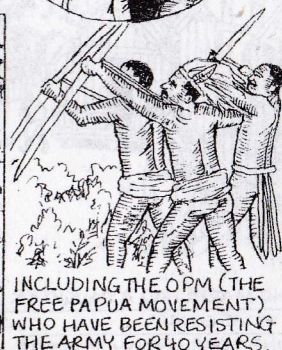
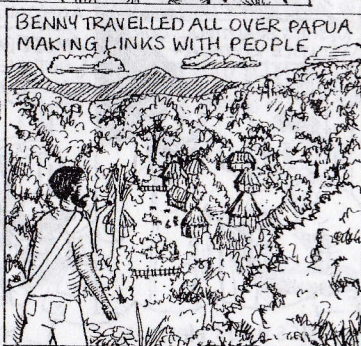
SO HE ENDED UP ABANDONED AND CONFUSED IN JAYAPURA



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

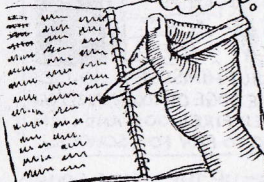


I ONLY WANT TO HELP MY PEOPLE. I AM READY TO DIE FOR OUR FREEDOM



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 A BEPURA, PAPUANS ATTACKED A POLICE STATION NOTORIOUS FOR THEIR TREATMENT OF PAPUANS.



* "FREE PAPUA!"

THEY WERE AFTER BENNY, TOO (AS A DEMMAK LEADER), SO HE FLED WITH MARIA AND OTHER HIGHLANDERS INTO THE JUNGLE AND CROSSED THE BORDER INTO PAPUA NEW GUINEA.



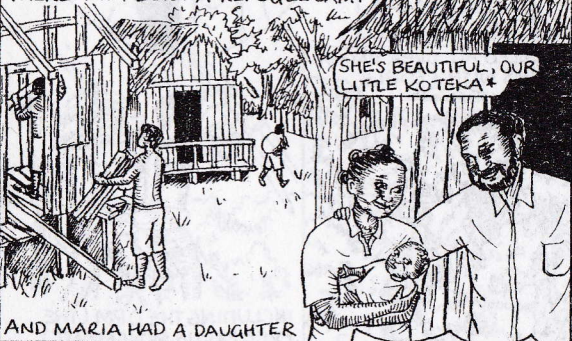
SH..THE BORDER'S HEAVILY GUARDED.. THEY'LL SHOOT US IF WE'RE SEEN



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

THREE WERE KILLED

THERE THEY BUILT A REFUGEE CAMP

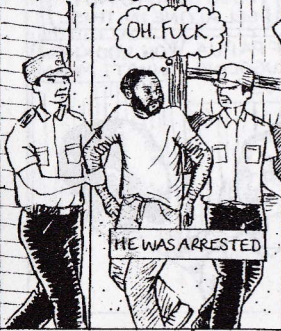


SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, OUR LITTLE KOTEKA

AND MARIA HAD A DAUGHTER

* "PENIS GOURD"

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



OH, FUCK

HE WAS ARRESTED

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



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!

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

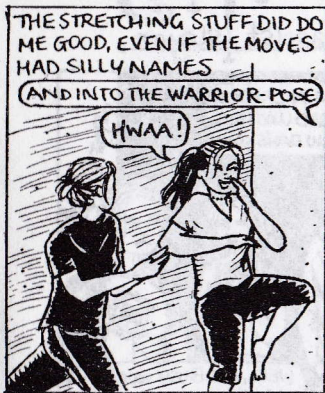
www.westpapua.net OR www.fpcn-global.org

PAPUA MERDEKA

-15/4 2002-

WHAT THE FUCK 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.



"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... okay, open up now - reach out, join with someone... reach out, join with the whole world..."



MUST TURN OFF SARCY COMMENTARY IN MY HEAD

I CAN DO THAT



OOPS GOTTA KEEP QUIET

"now move the energy from over your head to the centre..."



THEN, HE STARTED READING US HIS POETRY!

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



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

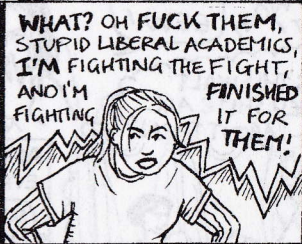
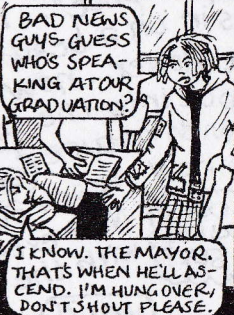
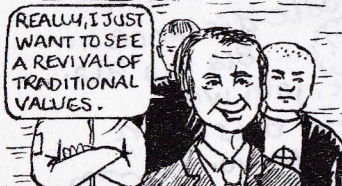
Tuffy

the fascist slayer

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



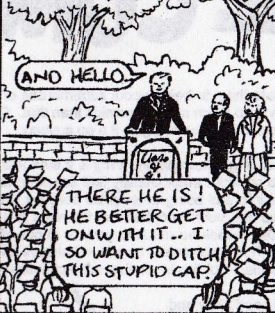
THE TOWN'S CONSERVATIVE MAYOR
HAD BECOME TUFFY'S MOST DAN-
GEROUS ENEMY, RECRUITING NEW
FASCISTS AND UNDERGOING RIT-
UALS TO ASECND AND BECOME
A FASCIST UBERMENSCH!



EVERYONE HAD THEIR JOBS...



AND THE GRADUATION CEREMONY BEGAN...



AND THE ASCENSION BEGAN!



AND ALL THE STUDENTS WERE UNITED IN AN ANTIFASCIST FRONT



WHY I LIKE COMIC BOOKS

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 it's 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 'collector 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 ways 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 some patience buddy - 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 comics (or zines)? There's so much stuff out there.

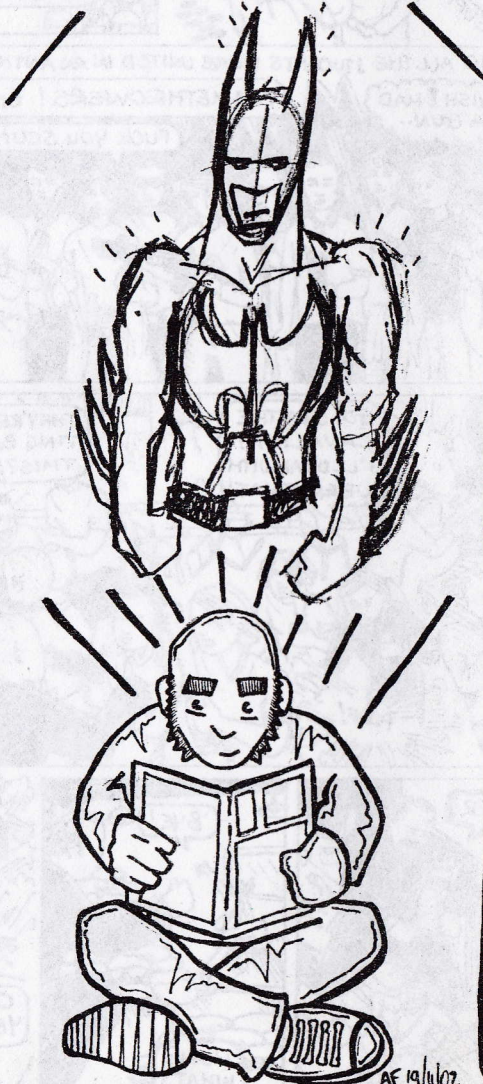
I'm gonna list some random books that I really, really like. Some are serious, some are political, some are funny, some are just damn good stories. There are probably loads more that I can't even think of right now, but if you're looking at reading something outside of the comic stereotype then I would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

Stupid Comics, Grrl Scouts, The League Of Extraordinary Gentlemen, Lone Wolf & Cub, Optic Nerve, Pedro And Me, The Adventures Of Barry Ween Boy Genius, Blue Monday, Stray Bullets, Strangers In Paradise, Walkie Talkie, The Atomics, Black Hole, Ghost World, Kill Your Boyfriend, The Days Go By Like Broken Records, Artbabe, White Out, Madman, I Feel Sick.../ Squeeze, Sam & Twitch, Crimson, the Amazing Screw Top Head, Clerks, Kabuki, Too Much Coffee Man, The Waiting Place, Vertigo Pop Tokyo,

Isy's Recommendation's:

Anything written by Neil Gaiman (e.g. Sandman), or Alan Moore (e.g. V for Vendetta), Megan Kelo's Girlhero, Lucy Sweet's Unskinner, Frank Miller's Batmans 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.

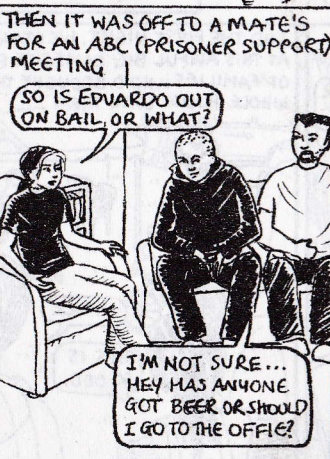
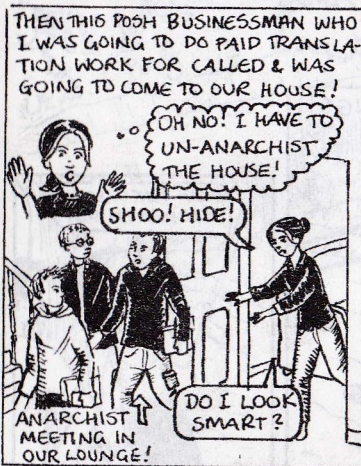
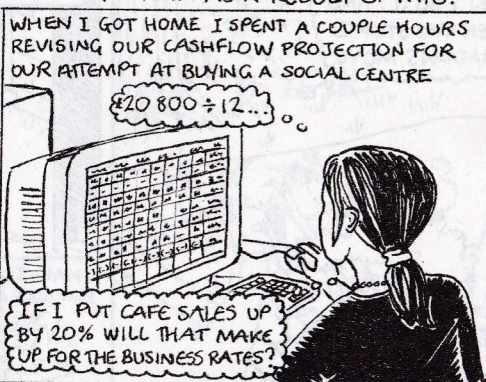
Note: yes I recognise the irony in writing about why superhero comics are dull, only to accompany it with a picture of an aforementioned spandex wearer - but give me a break, it's fun to draw batman!



AF 19/11/02

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.



THIS IS ME TRYING TO DRAW A TREE

FOLIAGE, BLOODY
FOLIAGE, GRR, I
CAN'T DO IT! AND
THEN THE STUPID
SHADOWS MOVE



I LEARNT NEW STUFF

THIS IS
HOLLY

THIS IS
BRACKEN

THIS IS
RAGWORT
(AND IT'S BAD
FOR ANIMALS,
OR SOMETHING)

"NATURE - GIRL"

BUILDINGS, PEOPLE, NOW
THAT'S SO MUCH EASIER...



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



HELP!
OHMIGOD
AARGHS!

WOW THAT WAS FUN.
I'M GONNA DO THAT
AGAIN!



BUT I GOT WELL PISSED OFF
BY ALL THE TOFFS ABOUT

SHEESH, IT'S ANOTHER
RANGEROVER! QUICK,
SCOWL AT THEM



I ALREADY
AM

AND THE FIRST NIGHT, WE STAYED
AT THIS AWFUL BIG CAMPSITE FULL
OF FAMILIES WHO'D BROUGHT THEIR
WHOLE HOUSE WITH THEM



OH FUCK

THIS IS
SO ODD.

C'MON, WE WANT TO
GO FOR A DRIVE.



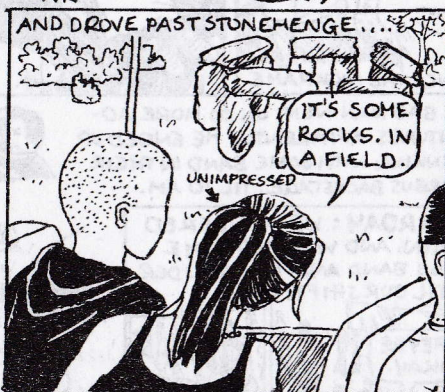
BUT
I WANT
TO FIN-
ISH THIS
GAME!

SO, I MIGHT BE ALIENATED,
BUT AT LEAST I'M NOT AS WEIRD
AS A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE!

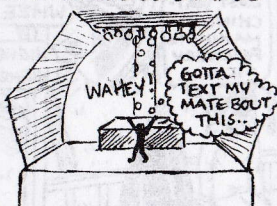
GETTING TRASHED AT BLOODY GLASTONBURY

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^{CREW UP!} SO I THOUGHT I'D GIVE IT A GO. WE GOT THE WBC COACH FROM LONDON ON THURSDAY:

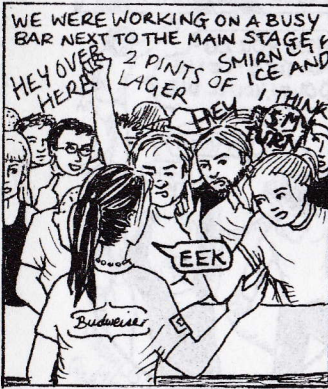
THE CAST:
(I.E. THE ABC VOLUNTEERS)



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, CEPT IT WAS LATE AND NO ONE ELSE CARED

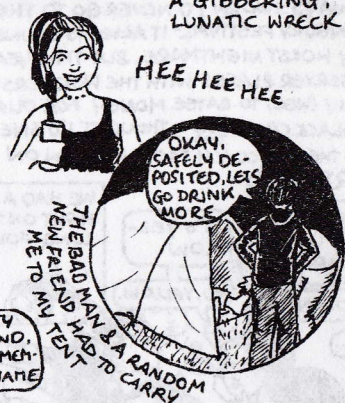


FRIDAY: WE WENT AND CHECKED OUT THE SITE...





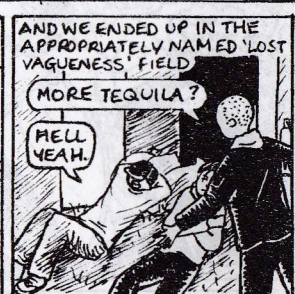
WE WENT BACK TO THE WBC VILLAGE, AND THE CHEAP BAR AND VARIOUS OTHER SUBSTANCES RENDERED ME A GIBBERING, LUNATIC WRECK



THE BAD MAN WENT ON TO MORE ADVENTURES. APPARENTLY HE ENJOED UP DRINKING WITH SOME BAND IN THEIR TOURBUS BACKSTAGE, TIL 10 AM.



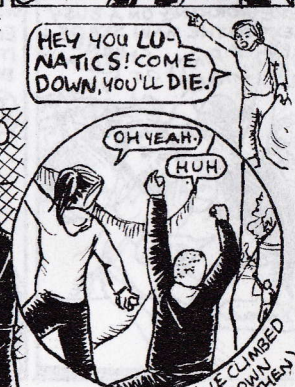
SATURDAY: WE WANDERED AGAIN, AND WATCHED SOME CAJON BAND AND DRUNK CIDER UNTIL OUR SHIFT.



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



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

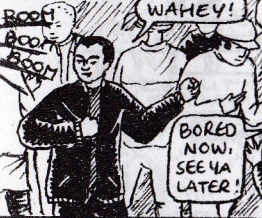


SUNDAY: I WOKE UP ABOUT 20 MINUTES BEFORE OUR SHIFT

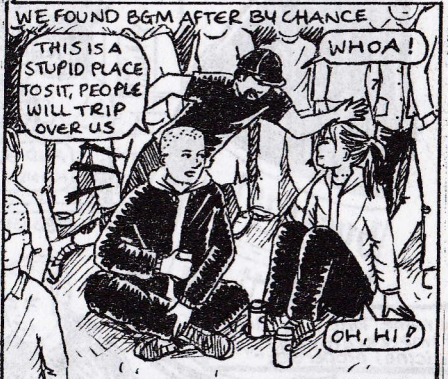
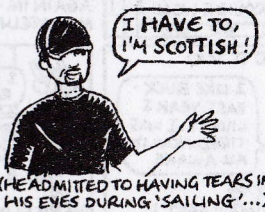


I WAS FEELING VERY ILL SO I FINISHED EARLIER, WENT BACK TO THE WBC VILLAGE, WAS SICK, HAD A NAP, AND THEN SOME BEER CURED ME. YAY!

WE LEFT THE BAD MAN IN A TECHNO FIELD



BGM WENT TO SEE FUCKEN ROD STEWART!



WE DECIDED ON A BURGLARY READY, GUYS?



MONDAY: OUR COACH WAS LEAVING AT 8.30 AM!



IT TOOK OVER TWENTY MINUTES

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.



ONTO WANDSWORTH CRIMINAL PLATFORM

WE HEARD FROM MR PINK WHO WAS AT A SERVICES TRYING TO HITCH

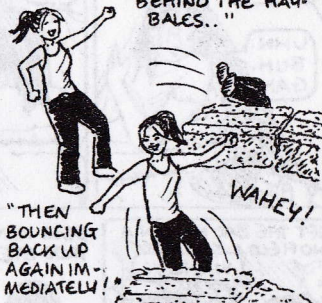


HE GOT BACK IN THE END. ANYWAY, WE ALL HAD A GREAT TIME DESPITE MY MISGIVINGS, AND WE RAISED MONEY FOR CHARITIES!

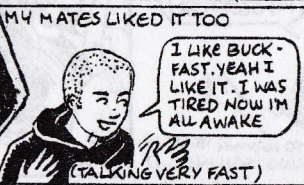
THE JOYS OF BUCKFAST!

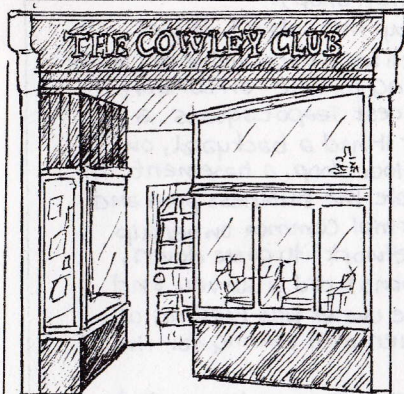
THIS YEARS EARTH FIRST! GATHERING WHICH WE COOKED FOR AGAIN, WAS ON A SITE RIGHT NEAR BUCKFAST ABBEY! SO OF COURSE, WE CHECKED OUT THE MONASTRY PRODUCE SHOP

"154, YOU TURNED INTO A BOUNCY BALL! YOU WERE DANCING, AND KEPT ON FALLING OVER, DISAPPEARING BEHIND THE HAY-BALES..."



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





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 get-

ting 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 expansive 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, hm, 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 -squatting, fighting the fasci, 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 reacting fairly enthusiastically (tho 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 thang. Then the owners randomly got fed up with us, and sold the place to someone



else (it's now some posh furniture/interior decoration shop).

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 scuzzy but it had a backyard, out-building, 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 Federation, 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 fucking 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 got wouldn't be

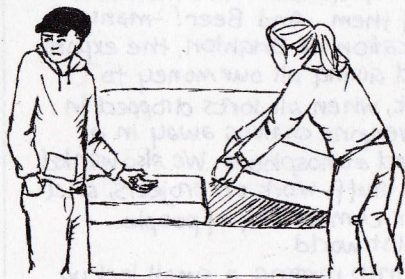
cleared by then, we had to run around getting all the cash we could find - my entire savings went, as well as cash from our housing co-op. I walked up London Road with £500 cash in my backpack three times in two days, good thing I didn't get mugged!

The building cost £360 000 - yep, 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 3x back and they still charge you fees!), Stamp

duty and so forth. With all the renovation costs, we're over 1/2 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 work-day in which we cleared the backyard which was piled high with tat, and skank, 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 1ck-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 skank, a used condom! The thought of anyone having sex in that 1ck-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 involved 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 Application. Fire Safety inspection. Business Rates Reduction Application. Not to mention the physical work, and figuring out wot the fuck we were doing anyway!

Confusion, lots of running around, lots of hard work, 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

SOON WE'LL BE IN OUR OWN PUB...

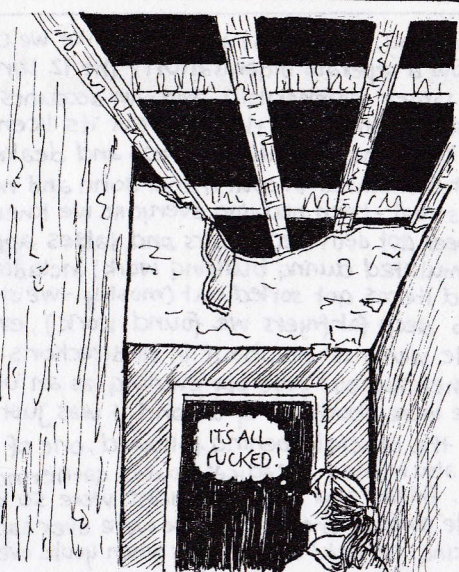


deciding what they wanted to do and how. A maintenance collective tried to meet, but really was just a couple of brave souls with knowledge of building work, co-ordinating it. Me and Justin did the accounts, VAT returns (AARGHS) and decided we want a collective too (which is kind of forming now - well, 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".



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 (aarghs, 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!

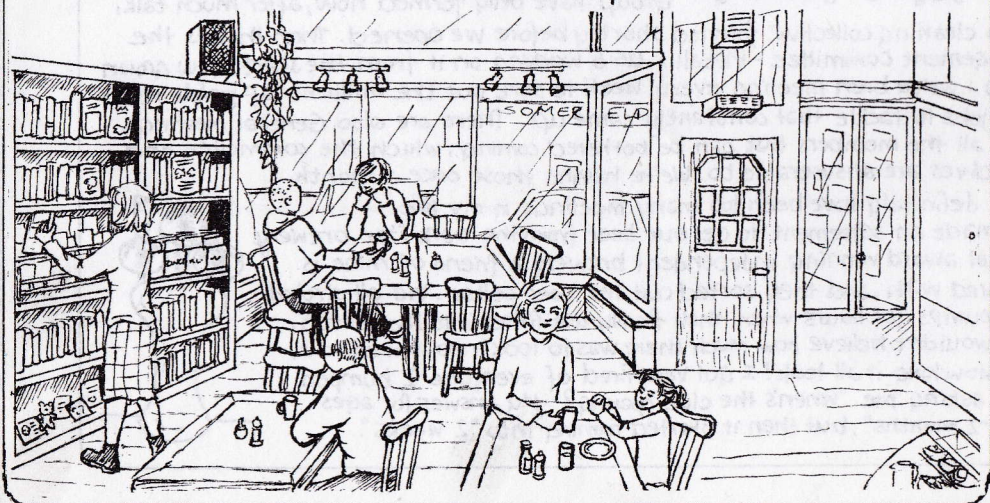
The beer got delivered, chairs and tables appeared, all the random tat we'd accumulated during building work, including many useful donations and found items got sorted out (mostly - we still don't know whether any of the 5 or 6 deep fat fryers we found work), everything got cleaned, and people were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

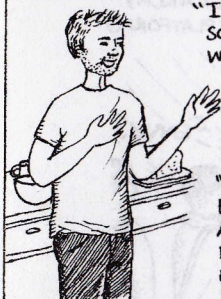
Of course, I'm worried that volunteering will slack, renovating the outbuilding (still to be done! and to become a library, meeting + kids space, office) will be a nightmare, money will go pearshaped, we'll have to close, people will fuck stuff up, no one'll use it... But really, I'm more excited than 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 'TRAINSPOTTER' 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 TRAINSPOTTER WAS LIVING IN MY HOUSE (OR 'GRICER' OR 'RAILENTHUSIAST' 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, OBSESSIVE 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!"



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

EW! DON'T TOUCH ME, GEEK !!



"OH, TRAINSPOTTERS 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 TRAINSPOTTERS TRIED TO STOP IT LEAVING, CRYING & CLINGING ON!"

"IT'S A STATE OF MIND MORE THAN ANYTHING, LIKE THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN A STRONG LINK BETWEEN TRAINSPOTTING AND PUNK ROCK."



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

"THERE'S EVEN PUNKBANDS NAMED AFTER TRAINS!"



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."



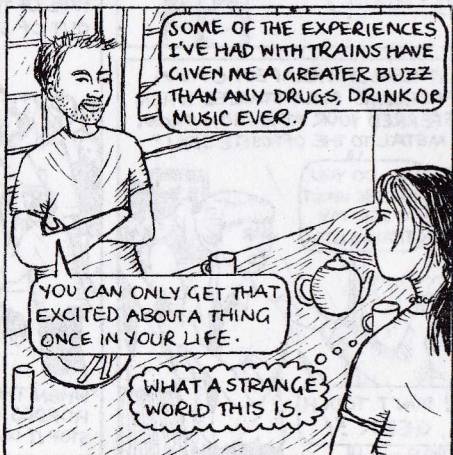
"THIS HAPPENED QUITE OFTEN, APPARENTLY. THEY'D NICK LOTS OF COAL, AND REDISTRIBUTE IT LOCALLY SO PEOPLE WOULDN'T FREEZE TO DEATH."



"THERE'S A BIT OF A GRICER 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."



NO MORE DOLE
SCROUNGING
FOR ME, I'M
GONNA GO
GET A JOB
I AM!



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.



NAH..YER
JOKING?
GETTING PAID
TO PLAY
GAMES?!

JEALOUS MATES



SOUNDS
LIKE MY
DREAM
JOB!

EXCEPT IT DIDN'T REALLY WORK
OUT THAT GREAT

6.30 PM

'WOT? NO, I CAN'T
WORK TOMORROW..
OH, SO YOU DON'T
KNOW WHEN YOU
NEXT NEED TES-
TERS..YOU'LL CALL..

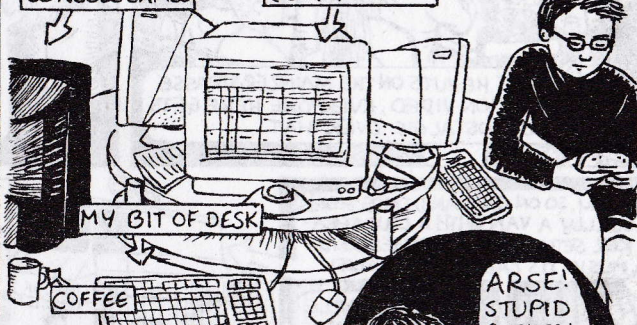


THERE'S NO GUARANTEED WORK.

BUT I WAS CALLED IN FOR A FEW DAYS

TELLY FOR
CONSOLE GAMES

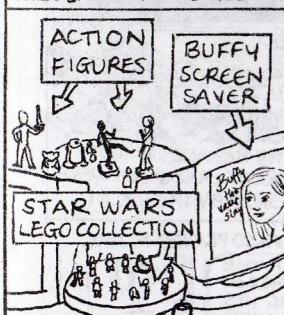
MY MISTAKES
'BUGS' REPORT



MY BIT OF DESK

COFFEE

THE PLACE WAS SO GEEKY!



WHERE
ARE
YOU?

OVER PAST THE
COMPOUND..

NO.. THEY'RE
PLAYING
COUNTERSTRIKE
IN THEIR
LUNCHBREAK



I PROVIDED
AMUSE-
MENT
FOR THE
WHOLE
OFFICE,
COS I CAN'T
KEEP QUIET
WHEN EN-
GROSSSED
IN A
GAME!



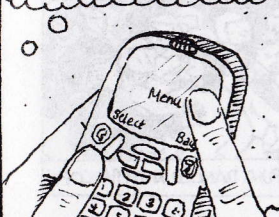
ARSE!
STUPID
FUCKEN
MONKEY!
STAY ON
THE FUCKEN
COURSE!



WHOA.. OH
YES I ROCK
LEVEL 6, HERE
I COME!

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 BLOODY RED BUTTON
AGAIN & MY GAME'S GONE



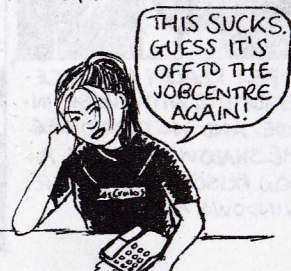
IT COULD GET FRUSTRATING...

FUCK! I JUST
CAN'T GET PAST
LEVEL 3 !!!



YEAH, WHAT DO
YOU DO AGAINST
THOSE RANDOM
EXPLOSIVES?

WELL, THAT WAS FUN.
BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY
MONEY NOW.



THIS SUCKS.
GUESS IT'S
OFF TO THE
JOB CENTRE
AGAIN!

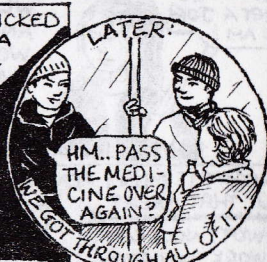
FROHES NEUES!

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

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'.



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



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



AFTER THE DEMO WE WENT BACK TO MY MATE'S HOUSE WHERE WE INDULGED IN SUBSTANCES



THEN WE WENT TO A PARTY AT A SQUAT BAR NEARBY



OKAY, WE'RE ONLY STAYING FOR ONE DRINK, I'M NOT SPENDING THE WHOLE NIGHT HERE, THIS PLACE IS TINY...



FOUR HOURS LATER; NOT HAVING LEFT!



BERLIN SQUATTERS ARE

FOND OF CHEESY 80'S MUSIC, IT'S AS IF THE 90'S AND TECHNO NEVER EXISTED! MY FRIEND CLAIMS TO HATE IT, BUT STILL GOT VERY INTO IT!

RUN! IT'S THE BIG DANCING MONSTER!

NOW THIS IS AN OLD CLASSIC ABOUT A BEAR!



WELL, IT'S 9 IN THE MORNING. MAYBE WE SHOULD GO HOME?

I'M NOT TIRED, BUT SEVEN HOURS IN A BASEMENT IS ENOUGH.



WE DIDN'T HAVE KEYS TO THE FLAT

OKAY, STAND BACK, I'LL GET THE DOOR, JUST NEED A RUN UP



I VAGUELY REMEMBER CHECKING OUT ANOTHER SQUAT BAR ROUND THE CORNER



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





ROCK ON!

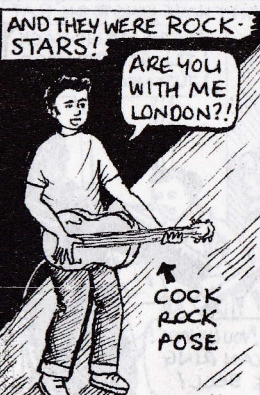
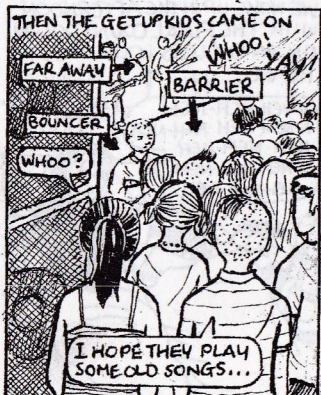
SO WE WENT, IT WAS AT SOME BIG POSH VENUE IN CENTRAL LONDON.



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



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





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 fanzine. 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 anarchy feminist. UK - Free - 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 TreatmentBound: US - 40p - A

They Will Never Get Us All: Writings by anarcho 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.

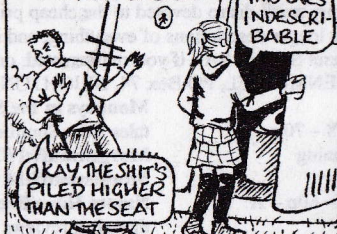
EVIL MOTHERFUCKEN IDEAS

SO WHO THE FUCK CAME UP WITH THESE, AND WHY?

"PETER PAN COLLARS"



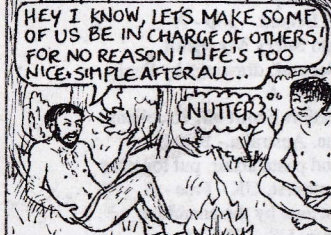
PORTALOOS



TAMPONS



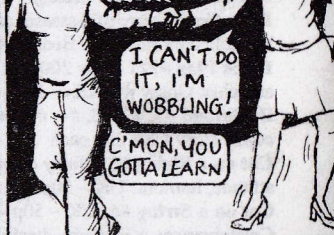
"GOVERNMENT"



LOWALCOHOL LAGER (OR, AMERICAN BEER)



HIGH HEELS



WAXING YOUR LEGS, OR WORSE, YOUR 'BIKINI LINE



ANARCHY A'S AS FASHION ACCESSORIES



DESIGNER HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS



TAKING HORSE TRANQUILIZER FOR ENJOYMENT (KETAMIN!)



PHONE QUEUEING SYSTEMS



WAGE LABOUR



FILLING OUT FORMS



"REAL-LIFE" TELEVISION



THERE'S JUST TOO MUCH THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

