

STOP !

HOW DID YOU
GET UP ON TOP ?



WE WILL NOT STOP

WE LIKE TO BOP



HIP HOP
ON A COP !

"Totally Normal"
c/o BM CRL
LONDON WC1N 3XX

SEAMIERTEXT(?) UK

am I
**TOTALLY
NORMAL**

too

?



here on this estate of grace
quiet existence with absentee lives
we mistook serene for what's semi-detached
suburban subhuman subdued and sublime
we know our avenue you know your place
what's used is yours and what's mine is mine

ever higher the garden fence
normality fosters a sense of belonging
we try to be state's men poor relations are tense
try to achieve a mistake in the nation

as if by turning our faces
we have no connection
with what is done
by our dogs
and our governments
on a daily basis

the average avarice of moderation
gin slipping civilised self-regulation
private is secret demonic possession
you have to be processed to join the procession
exorcise and exile excessive expression
by exercise of more aggressive professions

where do the snipers come from
where do the quiet ones grow
what have you done to the boy next door
a shard in the place where his heart ought to go

we worked so hard...
don't forget to polish the lawn

i think i have a headache

What's causing those terrible headaches?

It's one of the most frequent complaints we have. Headache. In fact, about half the patients of a doctor in general practice suffer from headaches.

Sure, you've had them too; and if they become chronic, you wonder what's behind them. It could be your eyes, ears, sinuses, nose, or teeth. Or is it constipation, vitamin deficiency, or an allergy?

Actually, the most frequent cause of headache is *tension*. The kind of tension produced by a society that places the value of commodities above the fulfillment of natural desires and insists on rampant authority to keep us in line. What to do about it? For years, people depended mostly on promises from outside sources: religions, leaders, new ideologies, and reform of institutions. But today it's evident that these attempts have gotten us nowhere, and indeed, have set us back!

So there isn't any more time to lose. Instead of putting our faith elsewhere, in vague statements from authority, in the promise of a paradise tomorrow, let's work with what we know best—ourselves, here and now.

If you've been bothered by chronic headaches, don't hesitate to take immediate steps to remedy it. Plenty of people share the same problem. It's time we take it upon ourselves to stop being bricks in their pyramid scam. Inverting the pyramid brings headache relief quicker than any pill or leader ever could. Realize your potential...and find out just how refreshing a clear mind can be!



"How much longer to this party then?"
"Yeah, we're miles from anywhere now."
"Suburbia, Straightsville UK, it sucks."
"This is dreamland for the normal."
"Who wants to be normal?"

Jim listened to the conversation, supping on his can of Cheeps Lager and looking about. Since they'd left the tube station it had got more and more like the Twilight Zone. One old bloke walking his dog, he'd stopped and stared at the noisy group of scraggy punks as they bumbled by, drinking and laughing. The odd car, the odd twitched curtain, the odd bloody atmosphere.

"Christ, man, look at them nosy bastards."
"Probably calling the police, freak alert."
"Meanwhile they're all beating the wife, shagging the kids or spending a lifetime hooked on valium."
"Civil servants, middle managers, normal bastards."

They revelled in the attention, hadn't had an effect like this for years in the inner city homelands. Secure in their difference, wrapped around the warm knowledge of experience. Not just outsiders, not excluded, but willingly outside the straight and narrow. Outlaws.

But we're not. Not really. In many ways we are all of us "normal" - work to live, worry about things, search for a little security. Finally got ourselves our own social group and we think we're it.

Our difference from the "normal", the despised "straights" is often not as much as we like to think - for some it seems to be only a matter of clothing. But whether we have, through conditioning or desperation, decided to buy the official dream of suburban heaven - vast graveyards of institutionalised isolation - or simply stumble on with other desires in our hearts but settling for the possible, the realistic.....in the end the result is the same. Are we any better than the norm?

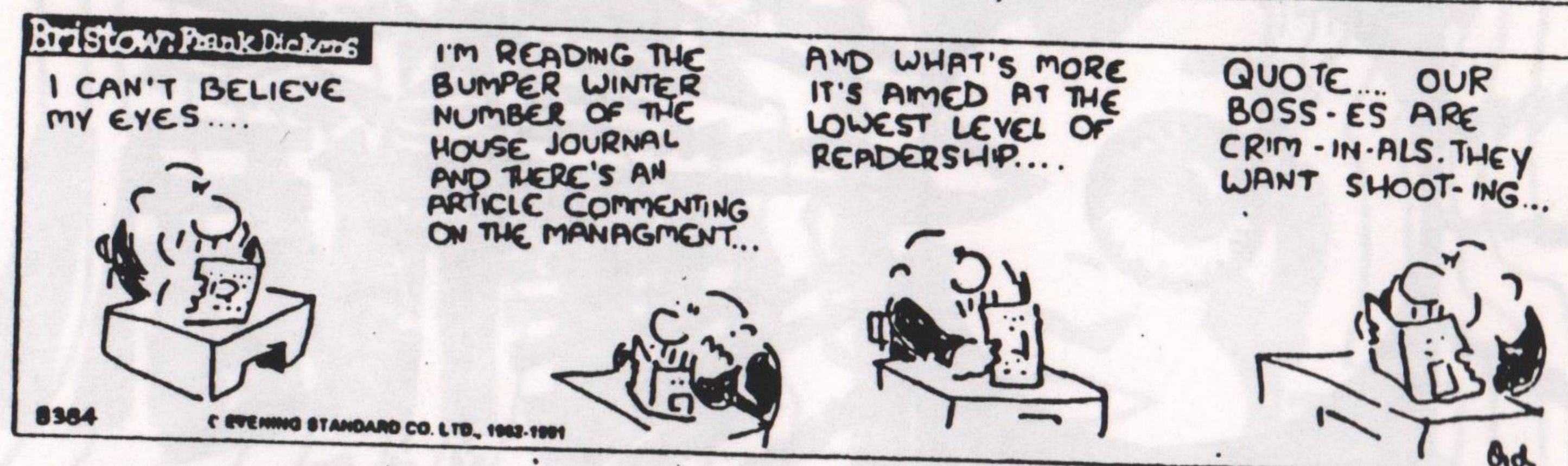
But, just as we are all normal, so we are all freaks, all individuals with world busting desires within us. The really twisted ones, who have sold out so completely to the myth of normality, the grey shock troops of conformity, they are truly a minority.

trust your desires.



"They have to be constantly watched," said the employers' newspaper, *Textile World*, "or they will go from bad to worse in order to make more time for play."

game wild pub 2962 bellingham, wa 98227



The vast legion who believe that they are not the common herd polishing their specs and trundle once again to work whose pocketfuls of battered sci-fi glitter through their eyes promises where space and time bend to life of another size the acned veterans of space submitting once again to the disgrace of earthbound pace in the rat race to the train the massed heroic ranks of the lower civil servants long to save the world from hostile alien disturbance battling unnoticed through the shackles of red tape in drawers the garish doors behind which lies escape another person whose desire for life remains frustrated all too human in the bleak and alien world we have created





As they finally reached the party house Jim got that familiar thrill of adrenalin he'd been waiting for all night. The atmosphere in the pub they'd met at had been really bad and he'd begun to think about giving the party a miss and going home. But another evening watching tv, getting stoned, listening to records, was too depressing. Now, going up the path, pounding system oozing out of the open door, he got that little rush. Time for excess, for that bit more drink to jump over the edge into drunk. Stand around chatting and tapping his foot. He'd always been too embarrassed to boogie unless he was pissed out of his head or there was live music. He knew it was ridiculous but he was shy and didn't like to imagine people watching his attempts at dancing. Like most (but not all) people he knew, he hated to look a fool.



AS A BOY I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE THE TOUGH NEED-NO-ONE MEAN MOTHERFUCKER OF THE WAR FILMS.

THE "SLUSHY" BITS WERE FOR ME THE LOVE NO-INTEREST

IT WAS THE GRITTY COURAGE OF KILLING THE BAD GUYS, THAT AND THE ELEMENT OF MARTYRDOM.

IN GAMES WITH MY BROTHER I WAS ALWAYS SHOT, IN THE LEG OR SHOULDER

BUT MANAGED TO CARRY ON KILLING DESPITE THE PAIN.

ACTION MAN (G.I. JOE) WAS FAR AND AWAY MY FAVOURITE TOY, ESPECIALLY AS I HAD ALREADY REALISED THAT I WAS NOT QUITE THE PHYSICAL POWERHOUSE I HAD SOMEHOW EXPECTED MYSELF TO BE.

OTHER BOYS COULD ALMOST ALWAYS BEAT ME TO FUCK, IN FIGHTS, FOOTBALL, ANYTHING.

MY HEROISM BECAME EVEN MORE OF A FANTASY,

FOR GAMES WITH TOOLS (ACTION MAN, TOY SOLDIERS) OTHER THAN MY UNRELIABLE BODY.



THE STORY SO FAR...

our hero was patiently explaining that although a worse looker, dresser, dancer and conversationalist than the School Hunk, he was nevertheless her ideal hero. (Our heroine had given up explaining that she was uninterested in either asshole, didn't need a hero and could they please leave her alone).



As a pubescent boy the individualist or leader of (only) men suddenly gained a new purpose. Heroism was to attract and protect girls, women. My daydreams were of proving my worth no longer to myself or admiring authority figures but to girls. In daydreams all my inadequacies were insignificant as I single handedly rescued the astonished objects of my desire from dangerous situations, preferably involving more socially successful boys revealed in their true evil.

But still, physically, I was definitely a loser. Never made any sports teams, last to be picked even by my friends. I knew I was crap. I still enjoyed football but I was forced to apologise for mistakes, make a joke of my inept attempts. And I hated it if girls were watching.



It began earlier than adolescence but really bloomed with that classic time of social and emotional insecurity. Realising the impossibility of being a physical hero - sports star, hard man, super hunk - I went instead for a sort of mental heroism. Not by getting good grades - definitely un-cred - but by taking the piss out of everyone who let me (by not beating the shit out of me). Sarcasm, cynicism and a mockery that got nastier as it got sharper.

I think it actually worked in a way. I got some respect for being funny, at least from people who didn't get the treatment, even if I was despised for being a smartass. It can't have been much fun to have your weaknesses and mistakes exposed. But as long as I could direct the attention to other peoples supposed shortcomings maybe people would think I was talking from a position of strength.

There were others who adopted the same strategy, competition existed here as everywhere else in the male world. But generally sarky bastards picked on others rather than on each other.

It got pretty nasty.

Not much of a hero.

YOU'VE GOT ACNE!
YOU'VE GOT NO
GIRLFRIEND! YOU'RE
A SOCIAL LEPER!
YOU'RE A LOSER!

I'M SO FUNNY
AND ORIGINAL AND
YOU'RE NOT!
HA! HA! HA!
HAAAAAA!

AT LAST! MY
GOAL, THE BRIGHT
LIGHTS OF SOCIAL
SUCCESS! FAREWELL
MY VICTIMS -
OOPS I MEAN
FORMER
FRIENDS.



DRONGOS
(TRADITIONALISTS)



SKATE PUNK



HARDCORES



GOTHS
(A DYING BREED)

I moved into the wonderful world of Punk. As well as an instinctive love of the passion and energy of the music I think I also recognised myself in the misfits who made up the punk social scene. And it offered simultaneously an opting out from the mainstream competition - fashion, the disco, the pub hard man - where I knew I could only lose, and an opportunity to stand out from the crowd by being different.

Being different, standing out, one of the key ingredients in being a hero. Punk was the perfect opportunity.

I think from the beginning, even as I felt the sanctuary from competition that punk definitely was, I could feel the undercurrents of new competition, new credibility to fight for. To look as outrageous as possible, to take the risks that went with steps into non-conformity.

I dyed my hair, I pierced my ears, I moved into my first squat. I took these steps to symbolise my heartfelt rejection of normal society, and for fun. But I also did it to gain punk points on the cred register.

My sporadic contacts with women all through these years were by now beginning to affect my hero complex. Women seemed to be much more realistic, down to earth about what I was supposed to be, what I could be. They didn't seem too disappointed as I failed to live up to heroic standards (I'm not talking about sex here, the male idea of sexual prowess I always found a terrifying and off-putting idea). They seemed to expect me to be the normal fallible human being that inevitably I've always been.



HARDCORES
(NEW GENERATION)



AUTONOMISTS



DRONGOS
(GRUNGIES)



GODDAM
HIPPIES
(fucking
patchouli!)

Extreme. Hero.

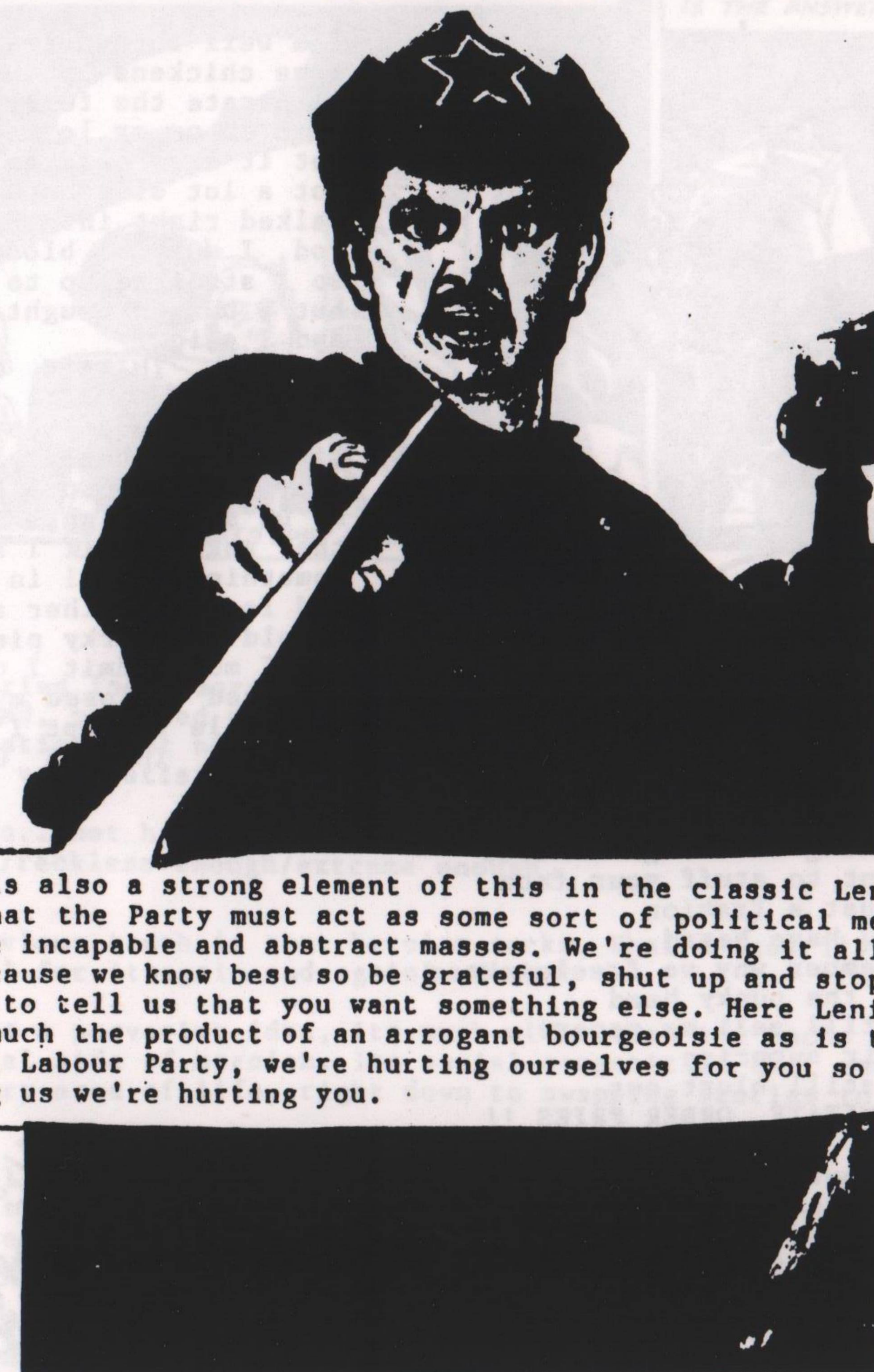
I couldn't be "as punk" as some people. I just couldn't do it. Was I scared? Partly. I didn't burn my bridges for return to the mainstream. It hadn't rejected me quite as much as it should have for credibility reasons, and I wasn't sure I didn't want to remain a marginal rather than a total outsider. I longed to be a hero outlaw but somehow the way it looked in reality wasn't completely convincing, and no one was pushing me out...

Like drug use. There is a certain glamour even in the self-destructive extreme, a courage in the gamble of living closer to the edge than the next person. But while I've always enjoyed drugs I've never buried myself in the drug culture completely. Junkies are not a glamorous advert in the flesh. And after a while drugs, continually and to the exclusion of everything else, just get boring.



I couldn't be extreme at anything. What a dabbler, what a failure.

The idea of heroism also affected my getting into politics. Firstly as the idea of doing it all for other people, selflessly, for SOMEONE ELSE. There is a strong element of the martyr in lefty activism (motivated partly by the guilt of the white middle class participants). Attend boring demos/meetings, maybe even get nicked, all for someone else (preferably someone who is made undemanding by distance, rather than the cantankerous undeserving poor of nearby). So virtuous.



There is also a strong element of this in the classic Leninist idea that the Party must act as some sort of political messiah for the incapable and abstract masses. We're doing it all for you because we know best so be grateful, shut up and stop trying to tell us that you want something else. Here Leninism is as much the product of an arrogant bourgeoisie as is the liberal Labour Party, we're hurting ourselves for you so stop telling us we're hurting you.

It took me a long time to realise that my politics, my real desire to change the world, wasn't for anyone else, or for any abstract idea but because this system fucks up MY life. It is solidarity with others in my position, and not some variation of sympathetic charity that makes me want to work with others.

I was a card carrying commie at school. Then I discovered ANARCHY !! Not only was it definitely better than the organised boredom of the Party but it also had the emotional appeal of the extreme. Animal rights, fuck this wimp veggie shite - I became a vegan.



I'm well into animals
free chickens by the packet
"liberate the furry ones"
written on my leather jacket
but it's so hard to remember
got a lot else on my mind
walked right into Macdonalds
god, I must be bloody blind
so I strolled up to the counter
but a burger caught my eye
and I said :
HESITATE IMITATE ORDER FRIES !!

went to a vegan meeting
(it's them that I was quoting)
they were all so bloody serious
my DM's had rights on voting
they asked me if I still ate meat
something animal in their eyes
and feeling rather sheepish
I told 'em porky pies
and I must admit I dozed off
so bored I closed my eyes
but while I slept I'm sure I heard
HESITATE IMITATE ORDER FRIES !!

but I ain't a veggie anymore
and neither are my mates
there's nothing like a good kebab
when you want to stuff your face
it wasn't just a fashion
whatever you have heard
I can't remember why we freely chose
to run with the punky herd
politicos still sell me papers
imagine their surprise
when I can still blurt out
HESITATE IMITATE ORDER FRIES !!

and now I'm burgered if I don't
eat all Macdonalds sells
the vegans cannot hassle me
they're all sitting in jail cells
but life can still get boring
tell you what I think
what say we all go Straight Edge ?
well, after the next drink
and sometimes in my guilty dreams
I still philosophize
about my flirt with politics
and :
HESITATE IMITATE ORDER FRIES !!



But again, I couldn't become a movement hero, a movement martyr. The really risky stuff that landed people in nick was another league. All those urban guerilla dreams...

NONE OF IT DID ANY GOOD---I WENT TO A MEETING
OF THOSE 'MILITANTS'---THEY TALK A LOT ABOUT
THE REVOLUTION BUT THEY DON'T HAVE A CLUE
---SAID THEY WERE "OPPOSED TO VIOLENCE"---



SO I WALKED AWAY FROM ALL THAT ---

I REALISED THEN---IF YOU
WANT SOMETHING DONE
THEN YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT
YOURSELF---DIRECT ACTION
IS THE ANSWER ---



HIT THE BASTARDS
WHERE IT HURTS ---
IN THE WALLET ---

So I tried for theoretical whizzkid, read all I could, analysed, prepared my theses for their world shattering publication. But not only was I not very good at it but it wasn't very satisfying. It was dry, empty of enjoyment.

No hero...not hard enough/knowledgeable enough/radical enough/reckless enough/extreme enough.

The obvious truth is that heroism sucks. What a fool I've been to fall for it again and again! Gosh!!

But its a pervasive idea, its much wider than the macho physical side of heroism. Its social competition that emerges in every area of life, right down to swapping stories in the pub.

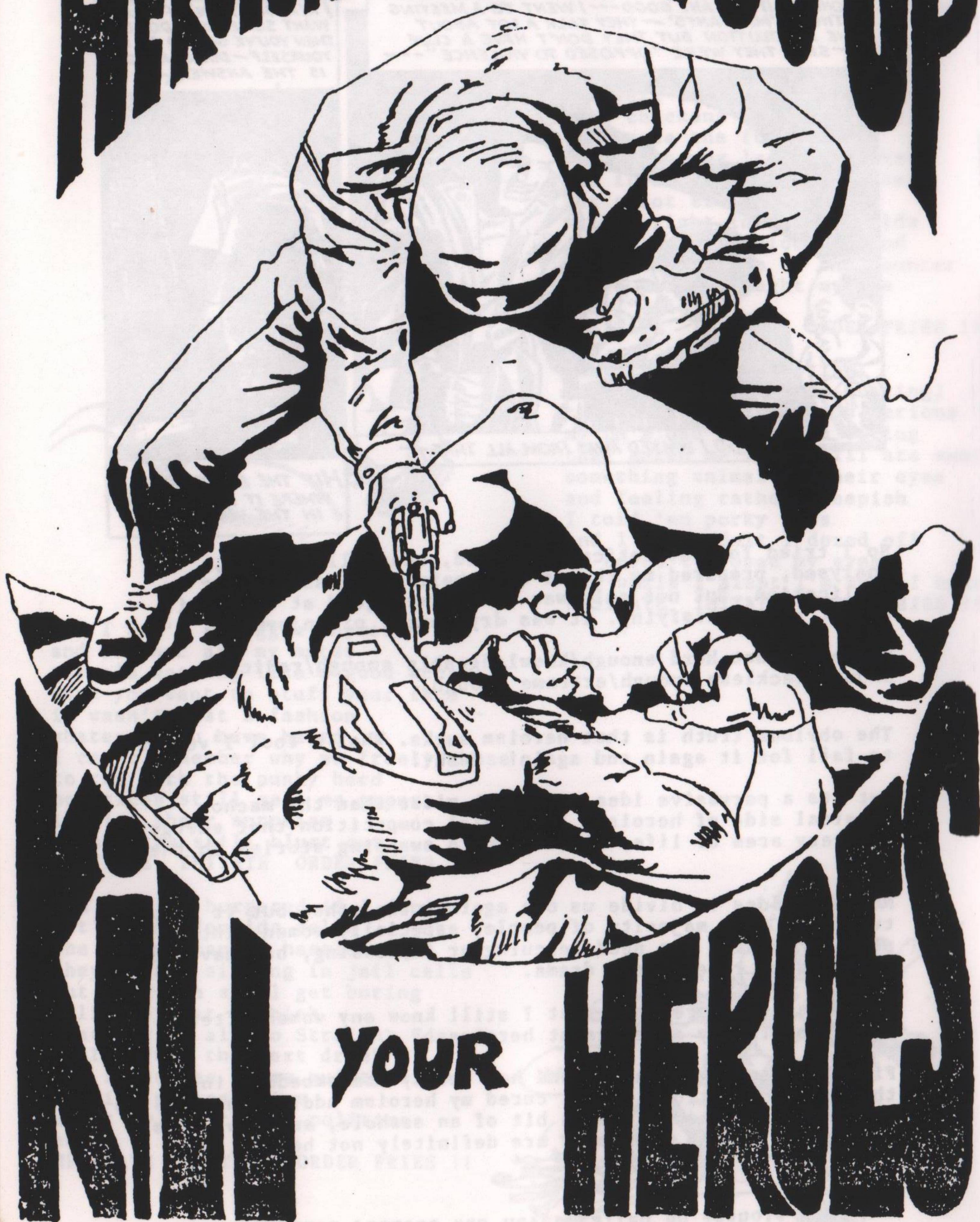
Not only does it divide us one against the other but it also turns the vast majority of people, especially women, into passive objects who need rescuing or impressing, but have no independent role in the drama.

Frankly, its incredible that I still know any women after a lifetime of poxy attempts at heroics.

Finally thinking about it and how deeply its embedded in my thoughts and actions hasn't cured my heroism addiction, but its beginning to make me feel a bit of an asshole, and that does affect me. I mean, assholes are definitely not heroic.

(Pablo Picasso was never called an asshole.)

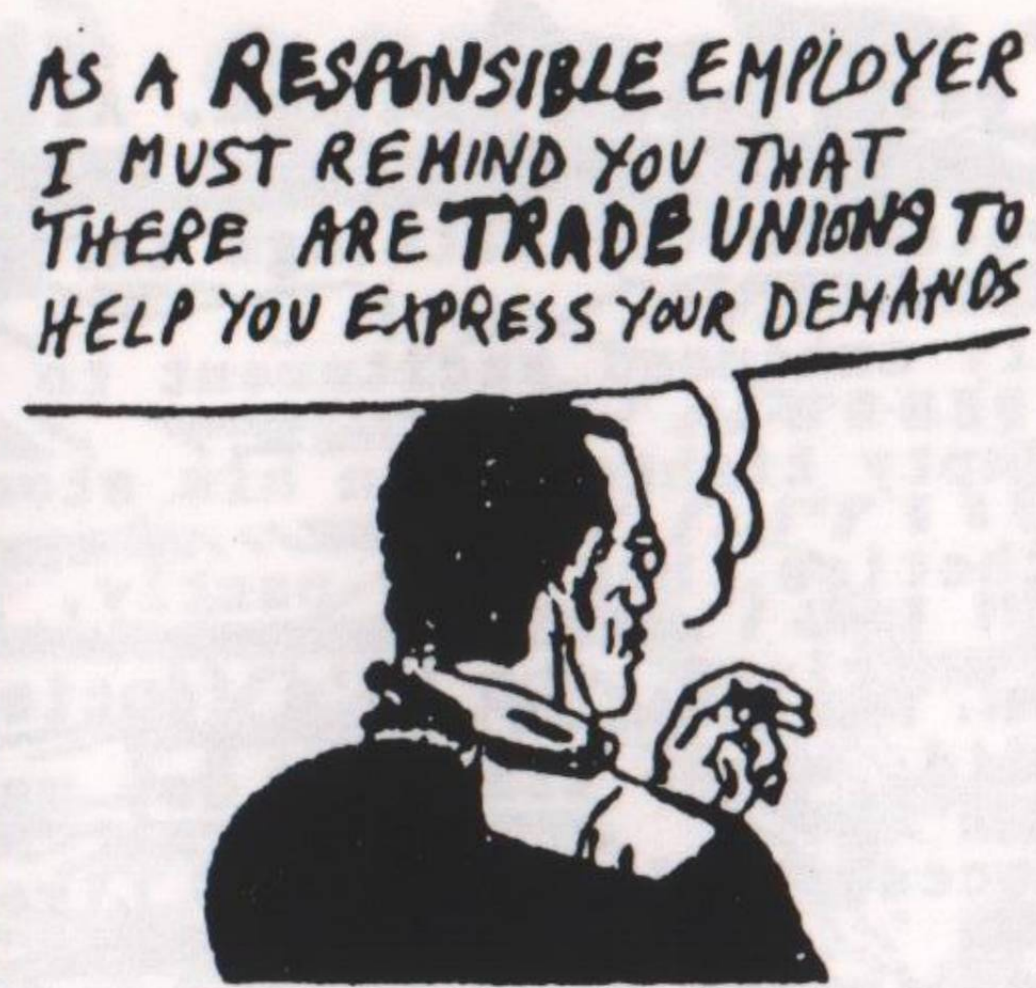
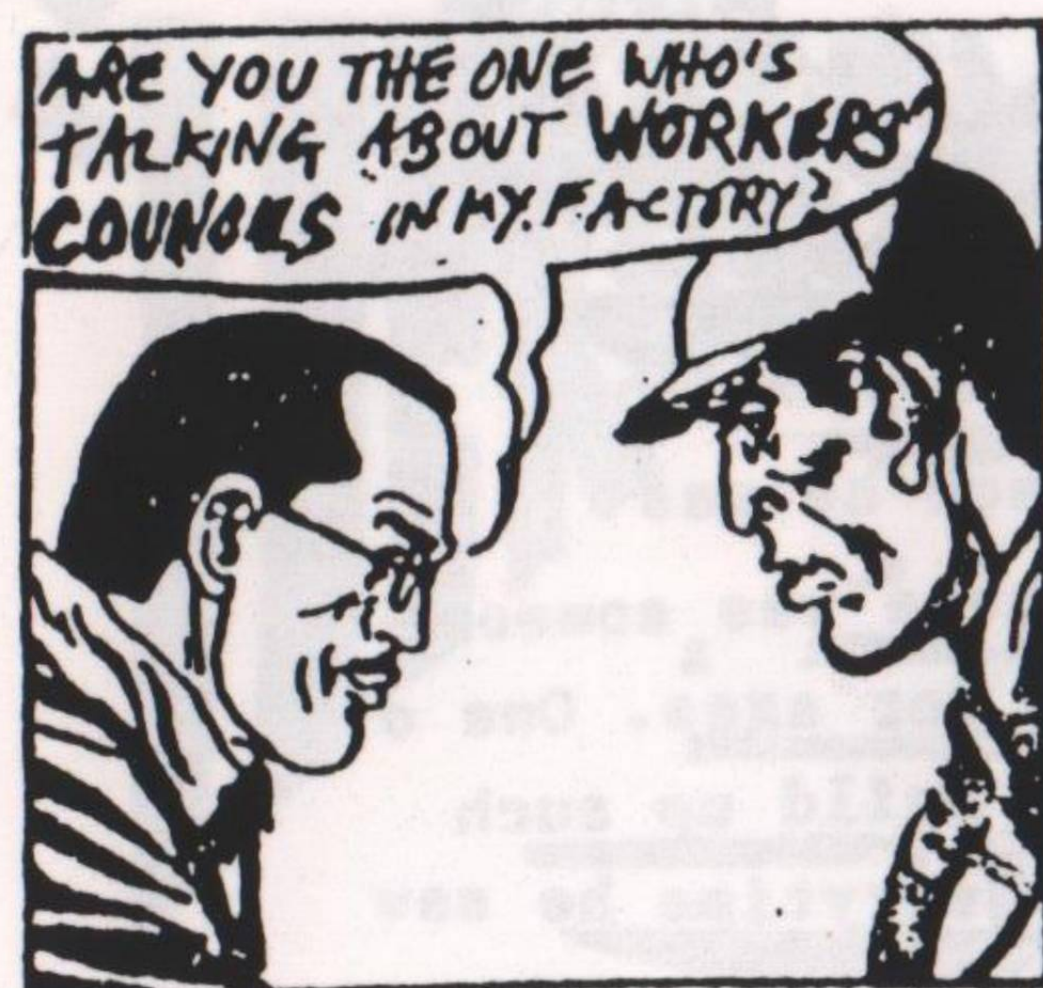
'HEROISM' SCREWS YOU UP



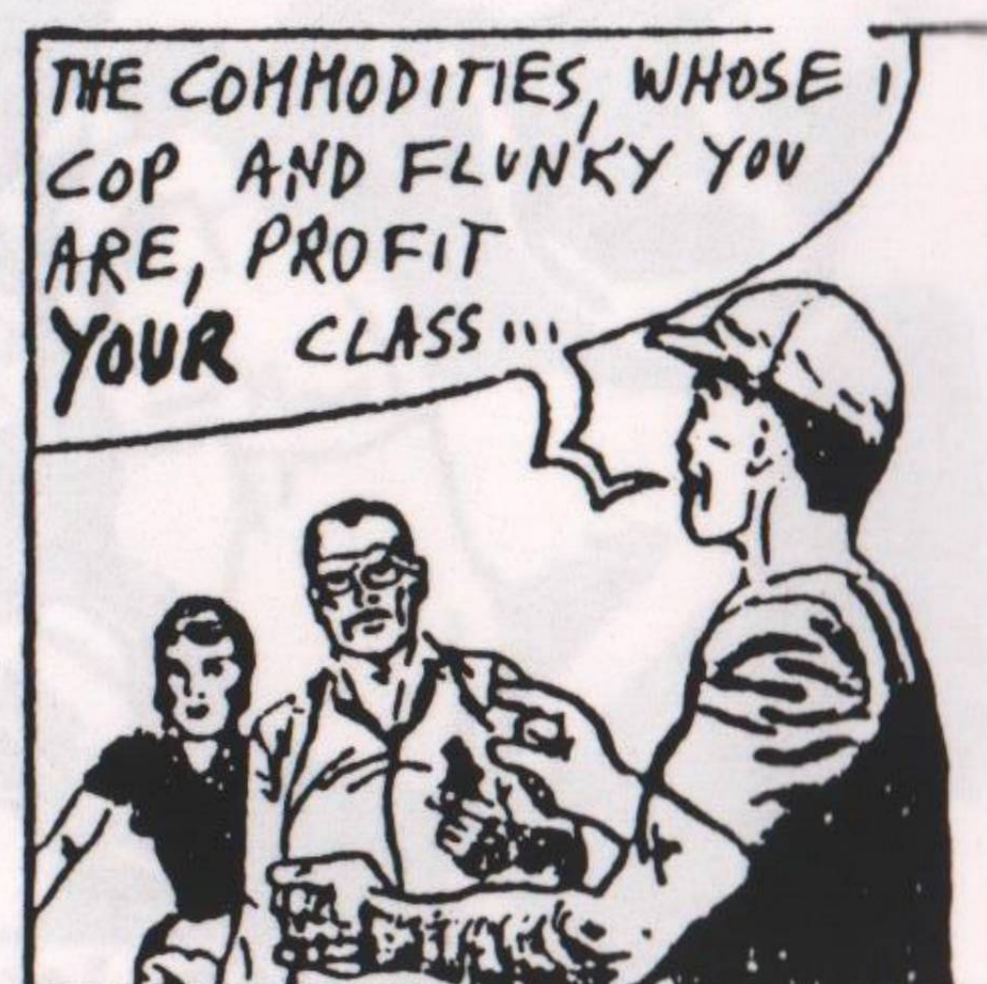
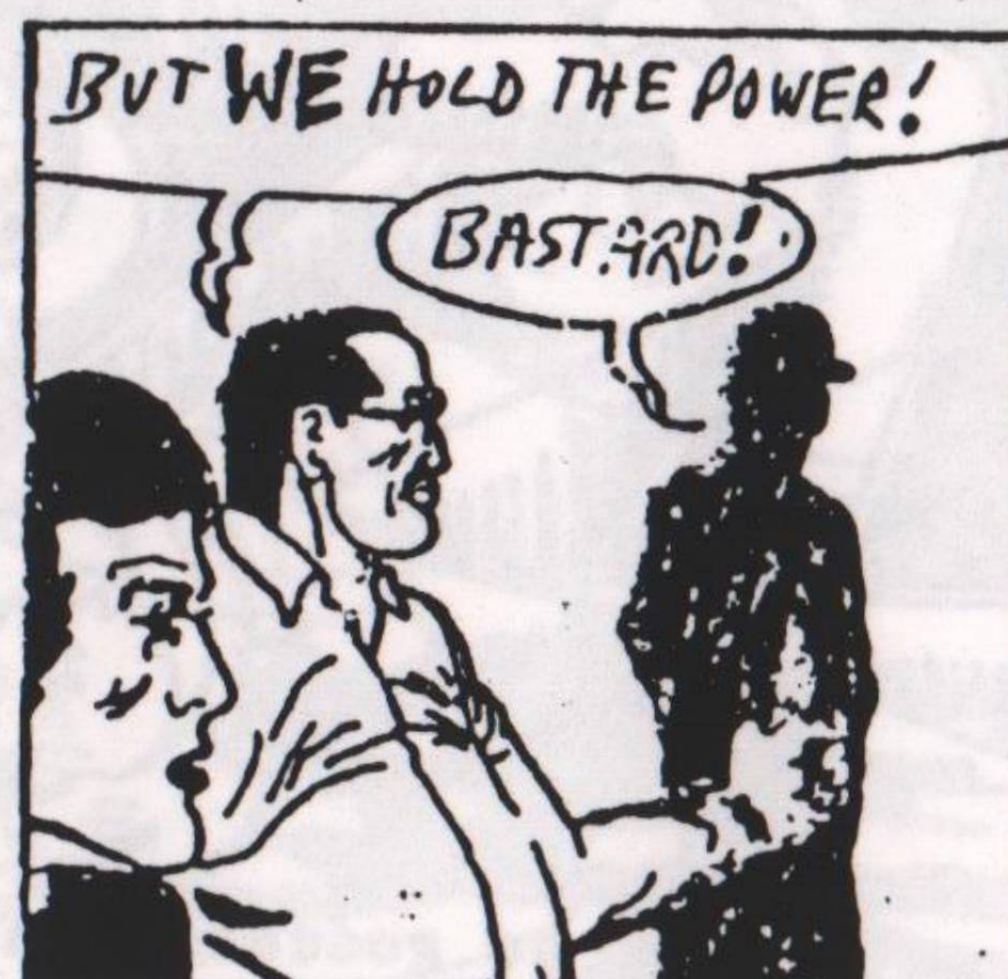
Jim wasn't far off being totally pissed. All around him friends and strangers shouted chatty nothings through the bass lines, leaped in chemically enhanced excitement to the pounding system. There was an empty tightness in his stomach he was trying to anaesthetise, but only partly. There was someone here, a friend of a friend, who he'd fancied for ages. One of the things Jim always did, maybe liked to do, was build up such attraction into an occasional obsession. Like everytime he saw them he'd be freaking inside with spasms of happiness/tension. It was a way of jazzing up life, getting a drug-like hit from their mere presence. He was never sure how voluntary it was, didn't care, it was such beautiful "suffering". Unfortunately it completely immobilised him as a social being, he could hardly talk, let alone say something interesting.

This one he really wanted to get together with. It wasn't just physical attraction, although he was a sucker for a beautiful smile, he'd met them enough times to know intelligence and charm.

Sometimes, often lately, he felt so goddamn lonely. Most of his close friends seemed to be couples, and however much he liked both people there was something excluding about their intimacy. Fuck it, couples or not he wasn't very good at relating to people on that intimate level of sharing. You just weren't supposed to be like that, people got embarrassed. But with a lover it was different, that was part of the fun, the depth of the feeling, the freedom from codes of behaviour and social images.



Isolation, the separation of people and groups from one another, is one of the first things you think about when considering the problems of modern urban life. Everywhere you can see the erosion of the remaining forms of community, and at the same time the desperate search for new forms. Some cling to any remaining neighbourhoods and churches, others head for the new religious cults and music/fashion groupings. The streets of the inner cities have become free fire zones in the war of all against all, while the suburbs and "New Towns" stretch away on all sides like jerry-built graveyards. There is no obvious relationship between where people live, where they work, and where they go to get the things they need to survive.

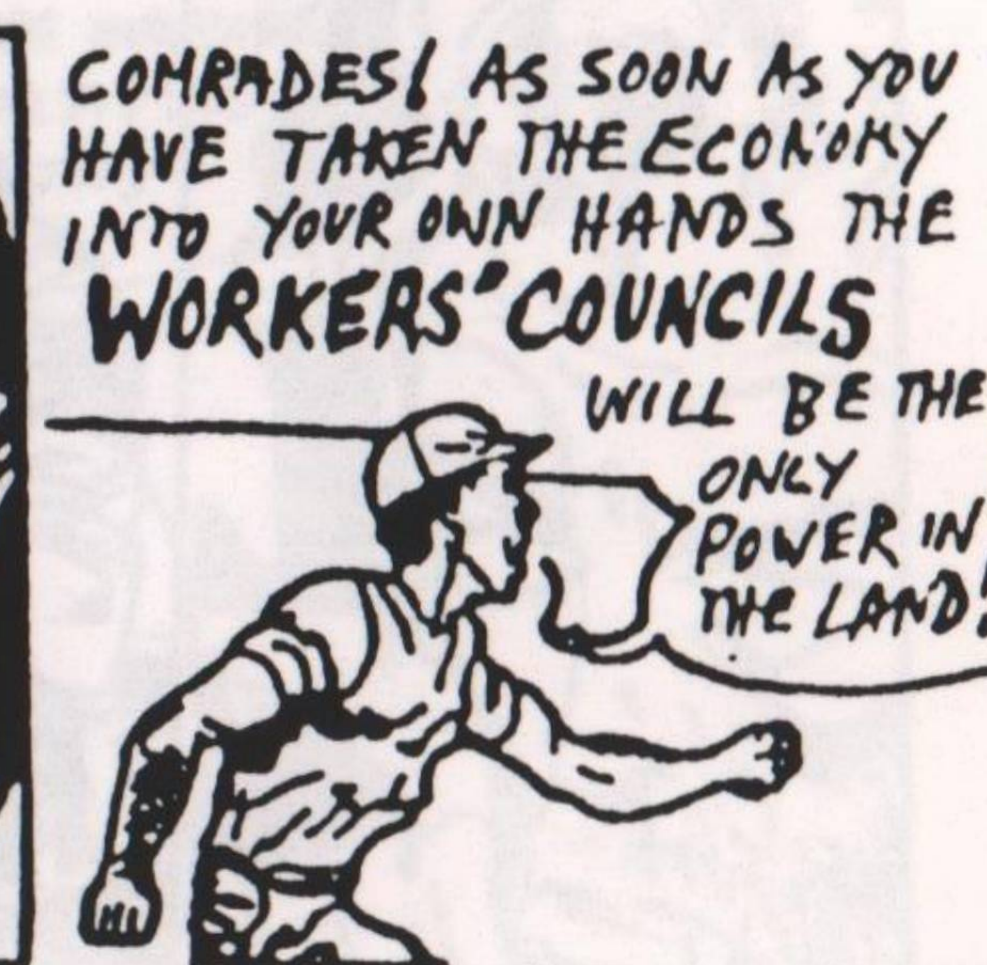
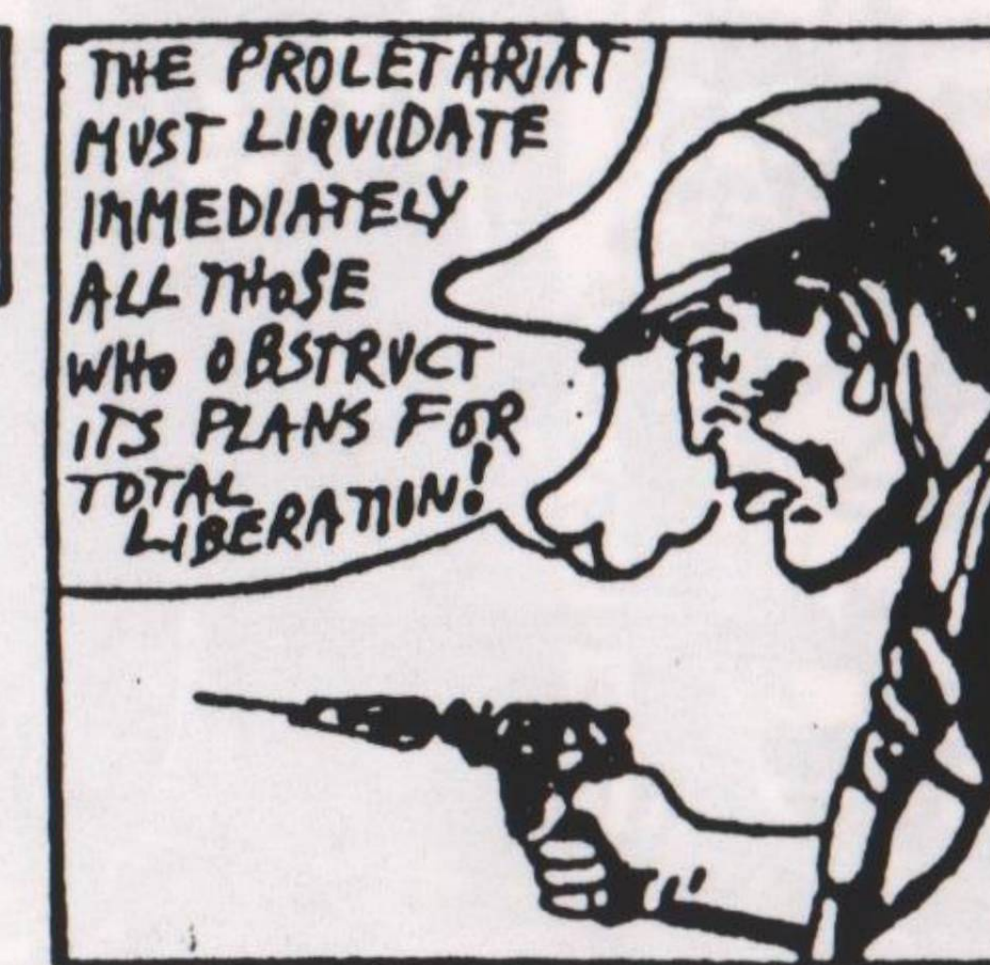


This isolation is not some psychological problem, a reaction to the complexity of our society, or the decay of religious and family values. It is the behaviour resulting from a specific organisation of the world. To understand the problem we have to look at capitalism in its essence - the exchange economy.

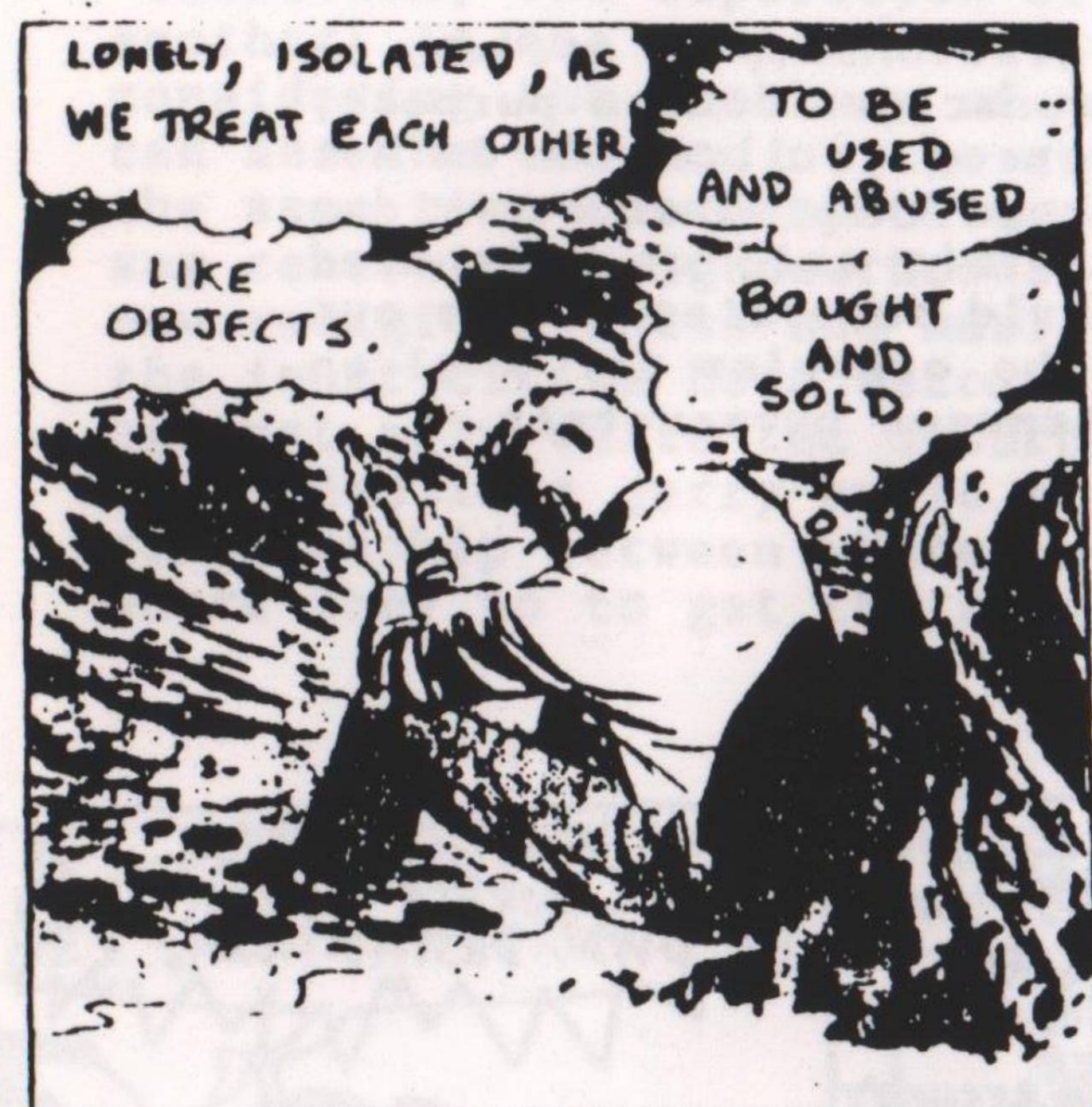
At the heart of the problem is the idea of alienation. This is when things become separated and alien, even hostile to each other, the splitting of what should be a unified whole into warring pieces. I repeat, this is NOT a matter of psychology or attitudes - things "appearing" to be separate from and hostile to you - and it isn't just an idea. This describes the real, concrete way in which the world way is organised. If you like alienation is not just an attitude, its the only way of life.

The way capitalism works is that the vast majority of us can only survive by selling our power to work - the buying and selling of labour power in exchange for a wage. Each worker sells his or her individual power to work in exchange for a wage, or does the unwaged work of supporting and producing more workers, or else is paid by the state not to work, or, as in large parts of the world, simply starves.

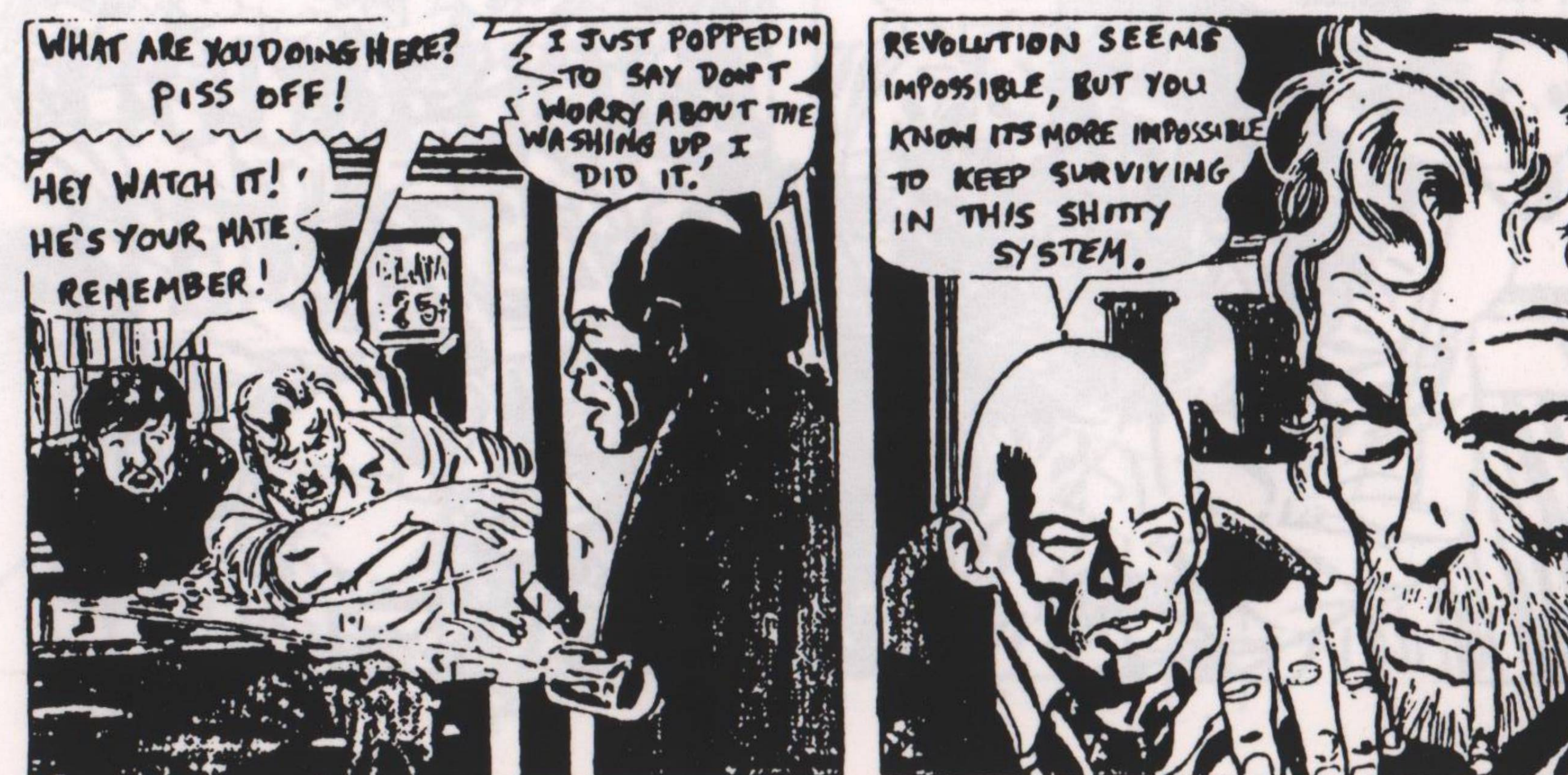
People do not have community because our relationship to society is through money exchange and not through a conscious common purpose, a free co-operation in producing what we need to live. We do not have power over our lives because we exchange this power every day for our individual means of subsistence. This sold or alienated power becomes capital, which shapes the world according to its own laws. Capitalists are simply the people who organise for a given capital, be they corporate elites or government bureaucrats.

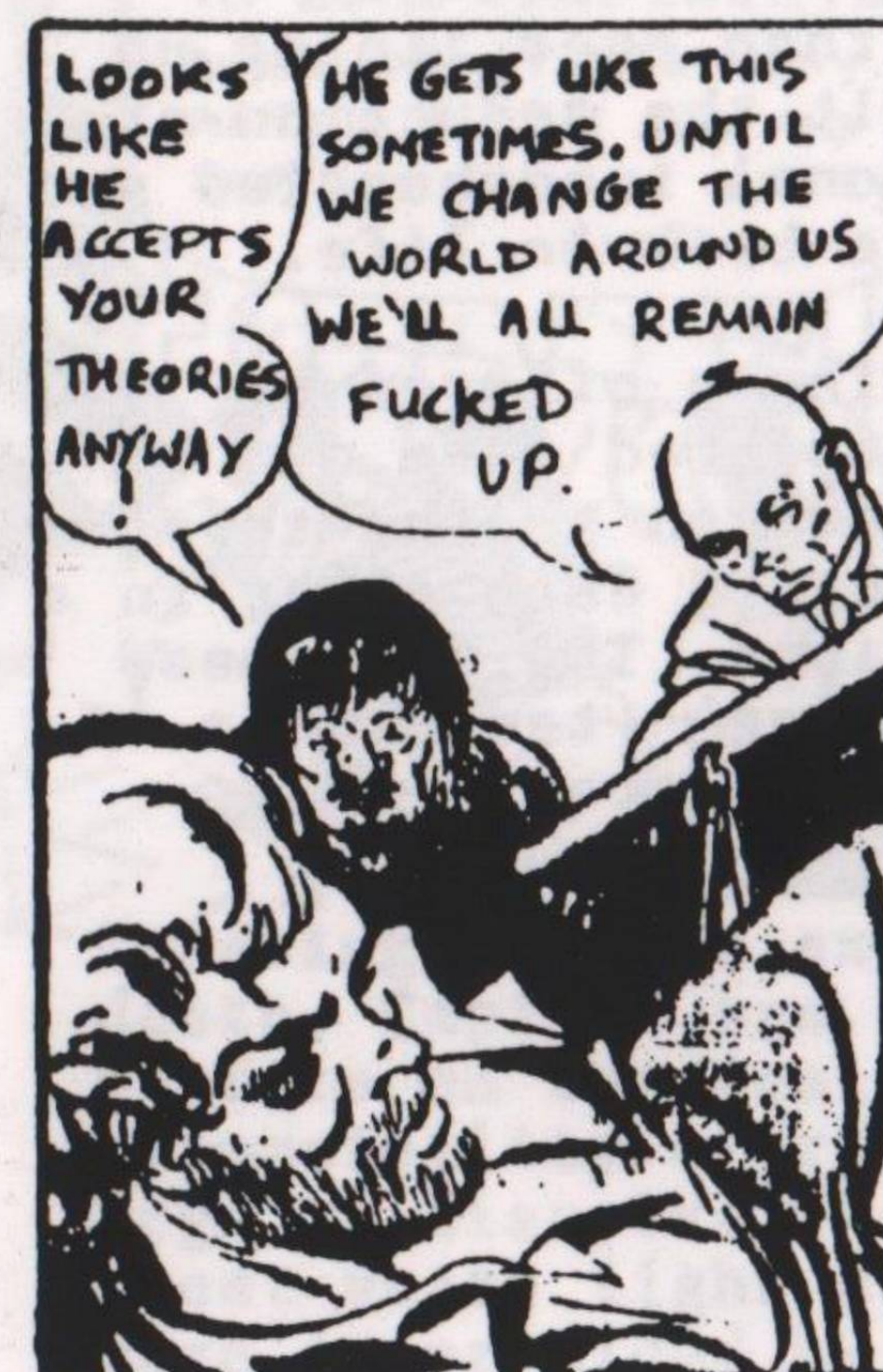
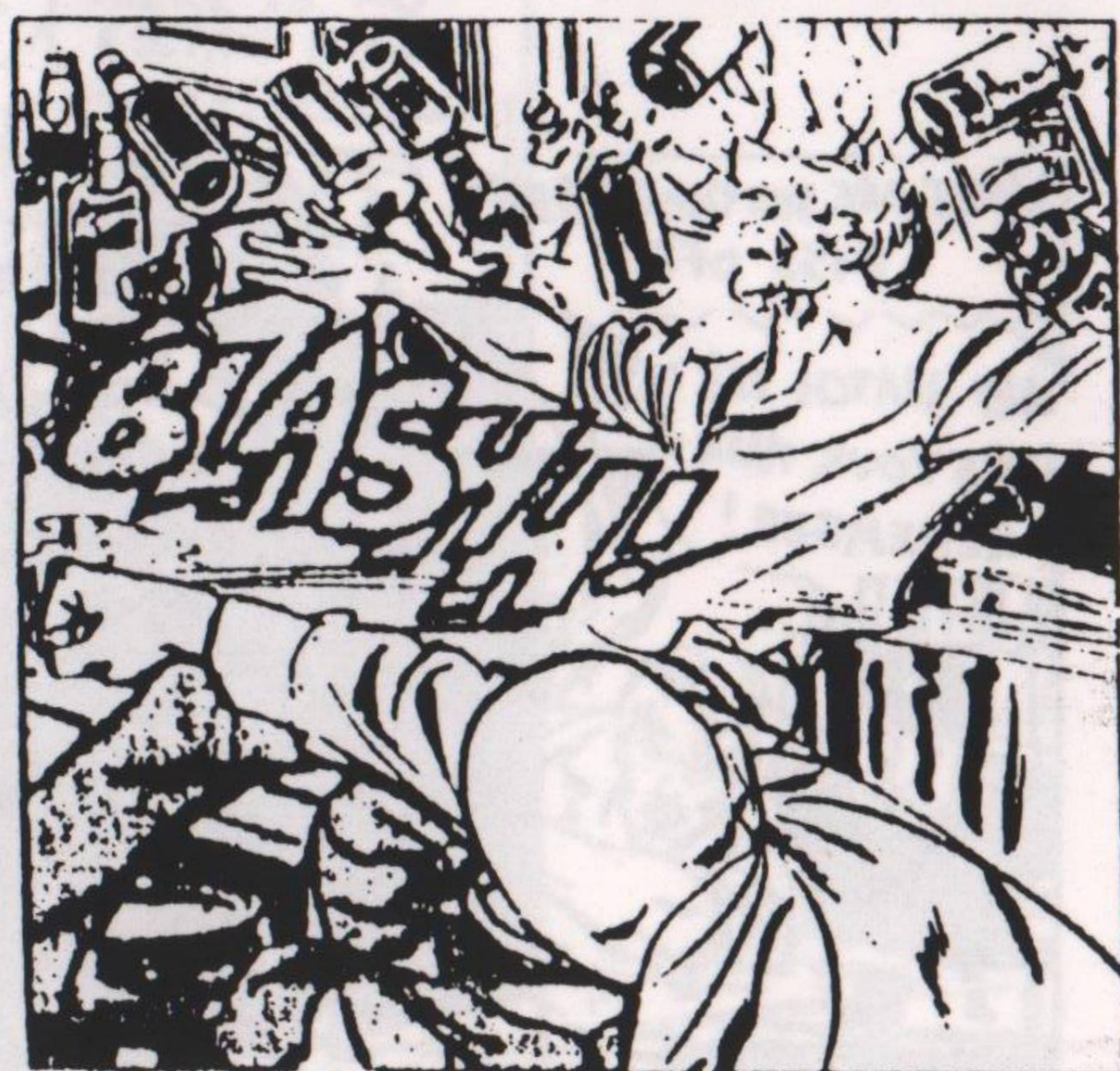
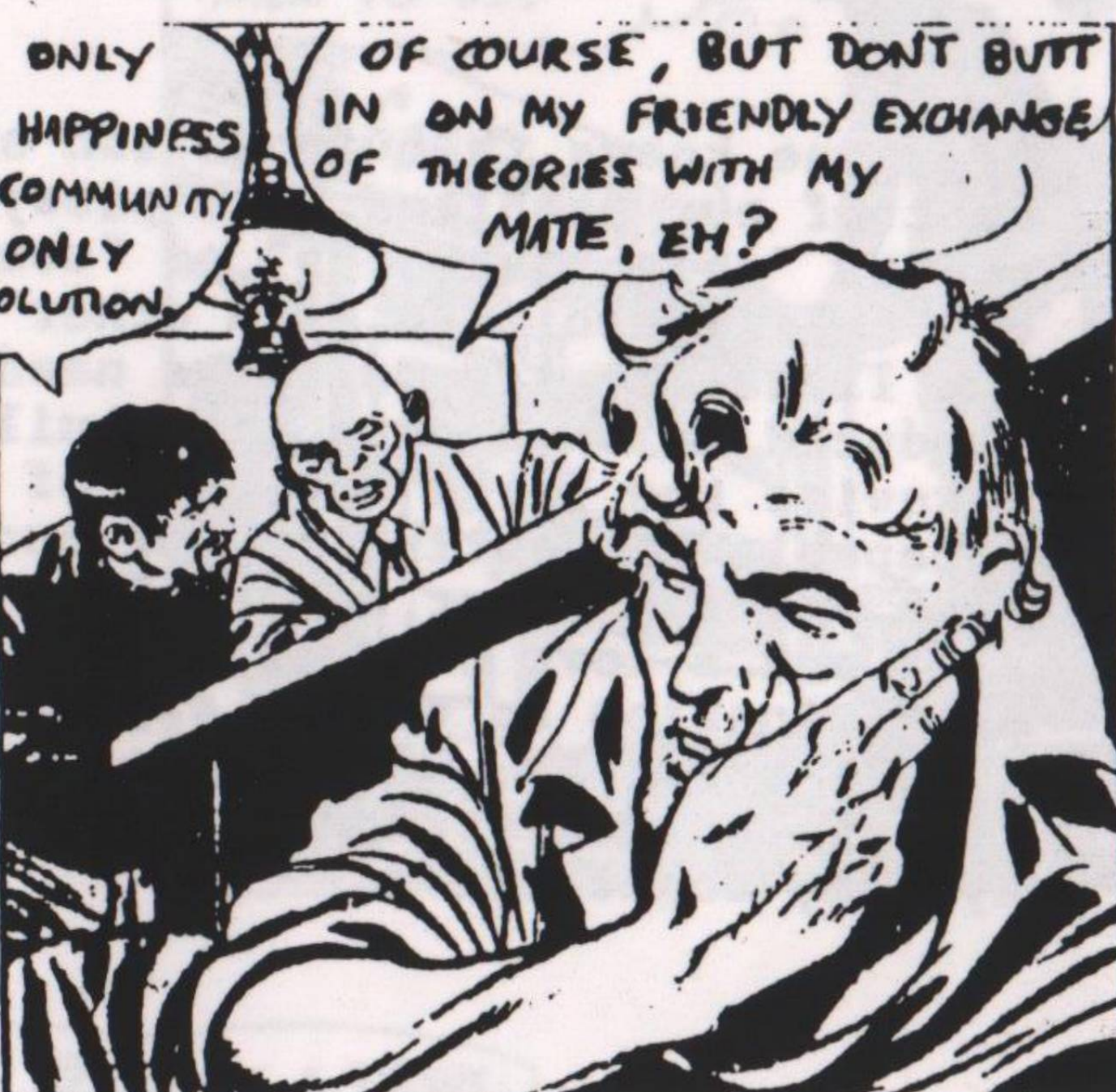


In this way we are alienated from our own creative powers, nature - merely resources to be consumed, however "sustainably" - and from other people. Since we relate to each other only through commodity-money-exchange it is no wonder that we treat each other AS commodities. We treat the world, each other and even ourselves, like shit.



Everyone knows that isolation and our fear of each other is the root of our problems, but pissy little reforms or attempts to create "neighbourhoods" or "communities" will always fail while our relationship to each other is still through the exchange of our lives for the money we need to survive, and while what is produced in this sold time builds a world alien to our desires. Likewise the Party approach of a "workers state" is inherently incapable of getting rid of our alienation from our own lives, each other and our world. Swapping bosses for one with a red star and a love of rhetoric, even including workers participation so we can exploit ourselves democratically. This is all bullshit. We'll never relate to each other in a new way, achieve a real community, until we destroy the wage-exchange system, together.





Faced with the difficulties of relating to each other many retreat into the couple, pathetically settling for an unhappy minimum of human contact. Some retreat into a relationship with an abstract God, a non-existent but dreamlike and pliable substitute for people. Or there are books and videos and tv to keep us geographically and socially divided. There are prostitutes and escort agencies for the desperately lonely. There are animals for those who have given up on humans, or even children to fuss over, control and abuse.

TURN YOUR CASH INTO UNWANTED HOUSEHOLD ITEMS !!



No wonder that the religious heirarchies of old and the mysticism of the moment have more suckers than ever lining up to give away their autonomy. Who hasn't felt the seduction of certainty, the willingness to end our personal inadequacies and heavy responsibilities by picking up a rule book on life.

It can even be seen that one of the ingredients offered by religious and political groupings is some twisted form of community, from a casual social grouping through to the total immersion of the religious commune. Relating to each other in a completely different way to everyday relations. The happiness of the convert is not all due to 'brainwashing' (techniques of persuasion all too easily used on willing subjects).

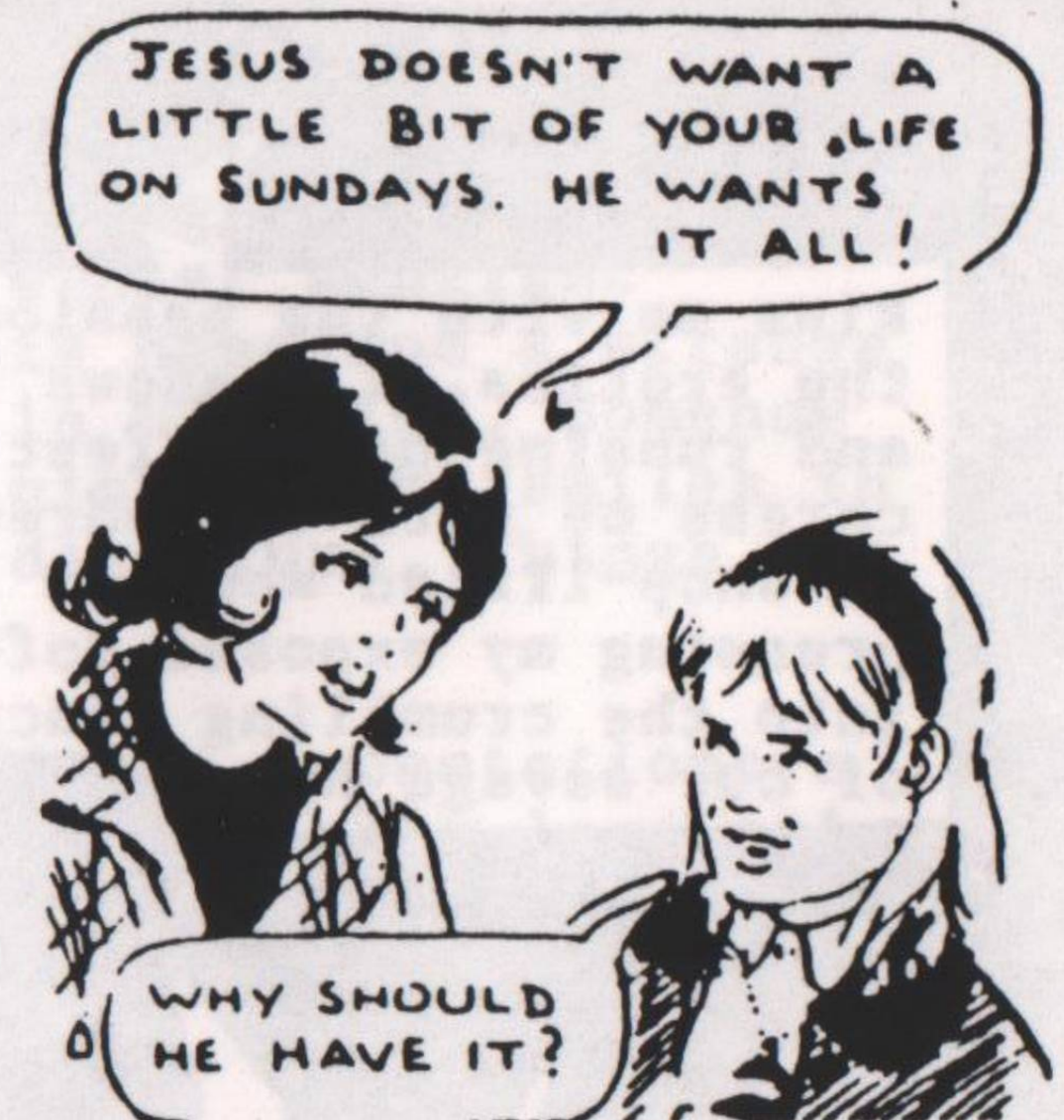


SUNDAY 8 A.M.

But the community is a community of slaves, of automatons, sharing primarily a subjection to the authority of a religious or political heirarchy and/or to an abstraction such as God or Marxist truth. As we put ourselves into willing ranks we lose precisely those qualities that make us interesting individuals, functioning humans worth interacting with.



HARRY SAYS I HAVE TO GIVE MYSELF TO JESUS TO BE A REAL CHRISTIAN BUT I DON'T SEE WHY. AFTER ALL, I GO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL EVERY SUNDAY.



JESUS DOESN'T WANT A LITTLE BIT OF YOUR LIFE ON SUNDAYS. HE WANTS IT ALL!

WHY SHOULD HE HAVE IT?

" Having reduced existence to a double time march towards death, Capital has created the possibility of turning fat profits on the desire to die which results from the impossibility of real communal life. This desire appears as the urge to dissolve the flickering candle of the self into the great white light of mystical unity. For some this obliterating haze is provided by heroin, for others by the cooing and ranting of priests, gurus and swamis. But in both cases the effect is the same - the suppression of subjectivity as the last act of the subject..... Mysticism, like fascism, finds its perfect slogan in the cry of 'Long Live Death !' "



BECAUSE HE BOUGHT YOU! IT SAYS IN THE BIBLE THAT YOU WERE RANSOMED (BOUGHT) WITH THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST

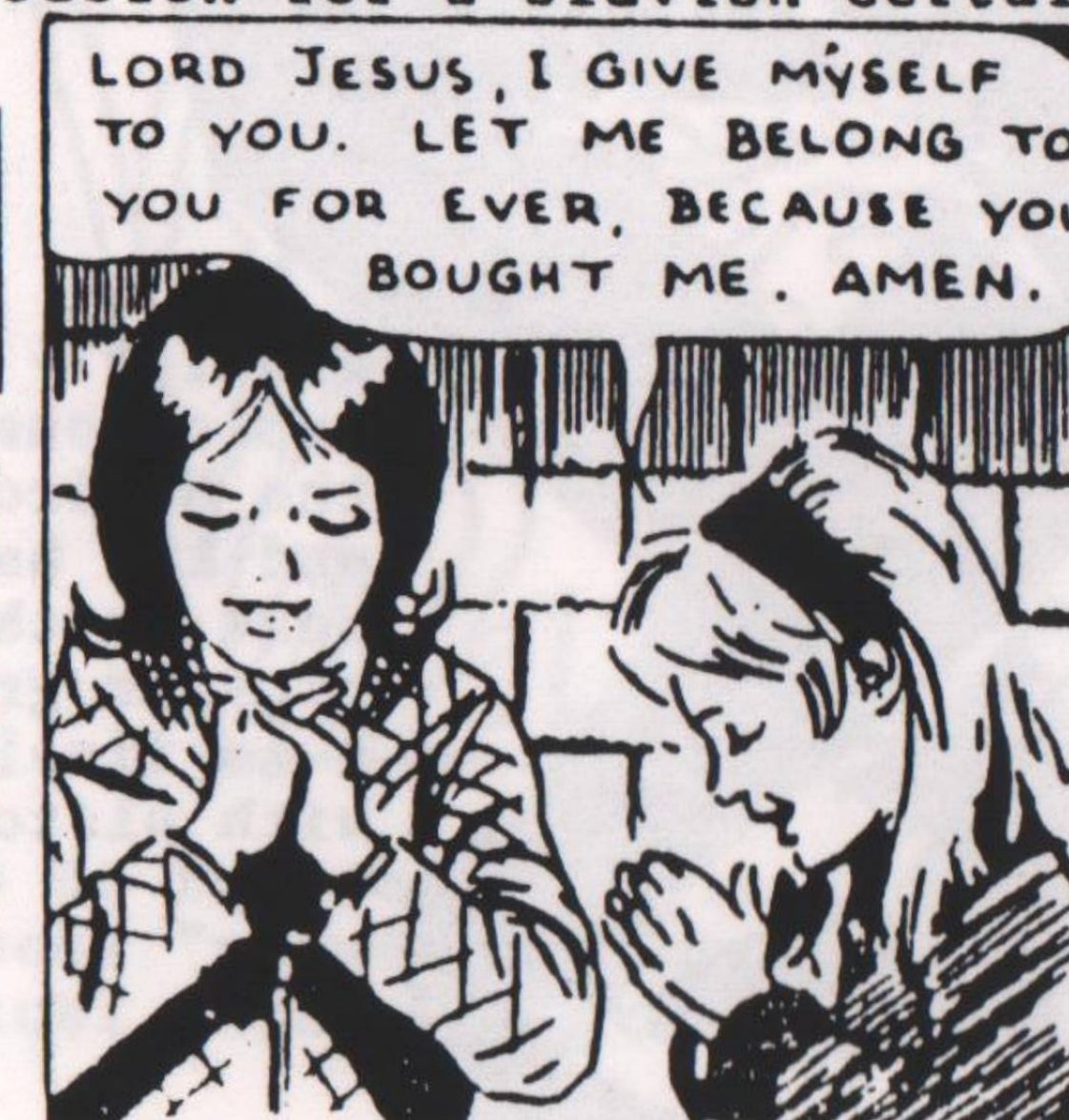


LOOK WHAT IT SAYS IN 1 COR 6:19-20, 'YOU ARE NOT YOUR OWN, YOU WERE BOUGHT WITH A PRICE'

IF HE HAS BOUGHT ME I MUST GIVE MYSELF TO HIM

Isolated from and afraid of each other, searching for something more worthy of our passion than consumer objects it is no wonder that so many millions are tempted to trade in a meaningless confusion for a slavish certainty.

The Warrior Gang WEC Youth



LORD JESUS, I GIVE MYSELF TO YOU. LET ME BELONG TO YOU FOR EVER, BECAUSE YOU BOUGHT ME. AMEN.

End of Pre-History

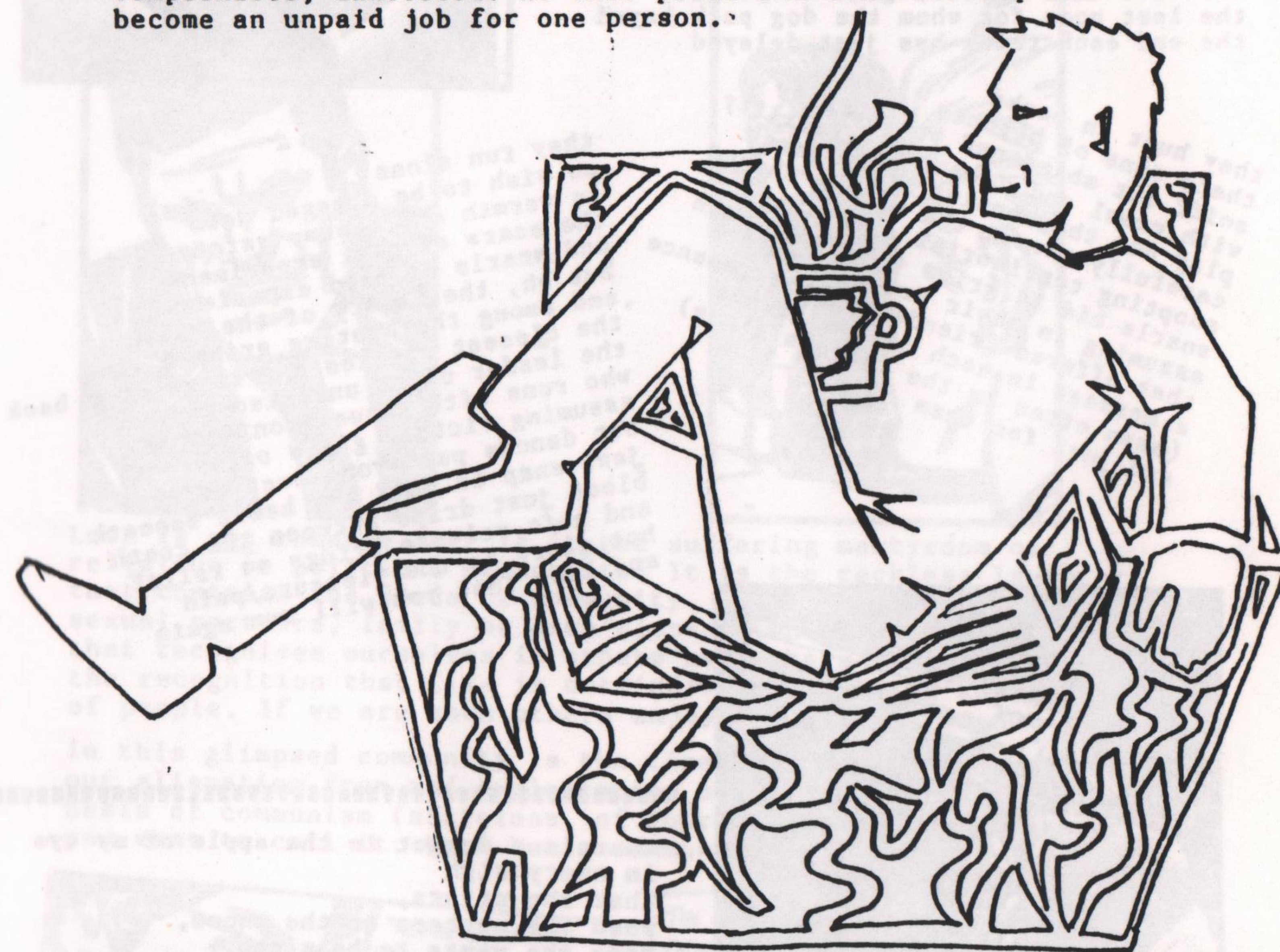
kiss me with the passion of intrigue
the erotics of shadows
and running booted feet
caress me with the adrenalin
of shop-lifted moments
pressing my exposed softness
into the crumbling concrete
of our savage home

gasping -
explosions only streets away
the helicopters bass beat shuffle
and the harsh megaphones of panic
here in the electricity
of your grasping hands
i am finally in synch
with history

Jim sat in the armchair, curled around a cup of tea. Alone but still whizzing to the excellence, giving answering grins in the morning to his housemates in their piss-taking happiness for him. Alone in the afternoon house, bleak winter sunlight through the window, steam wiring around his head and a strange new wonderful perfume on his clothes and in his mind. Somehow he knew it was going to be more than one night - the smiles in the morning, the leisurely breakfast and departure. Things are good.

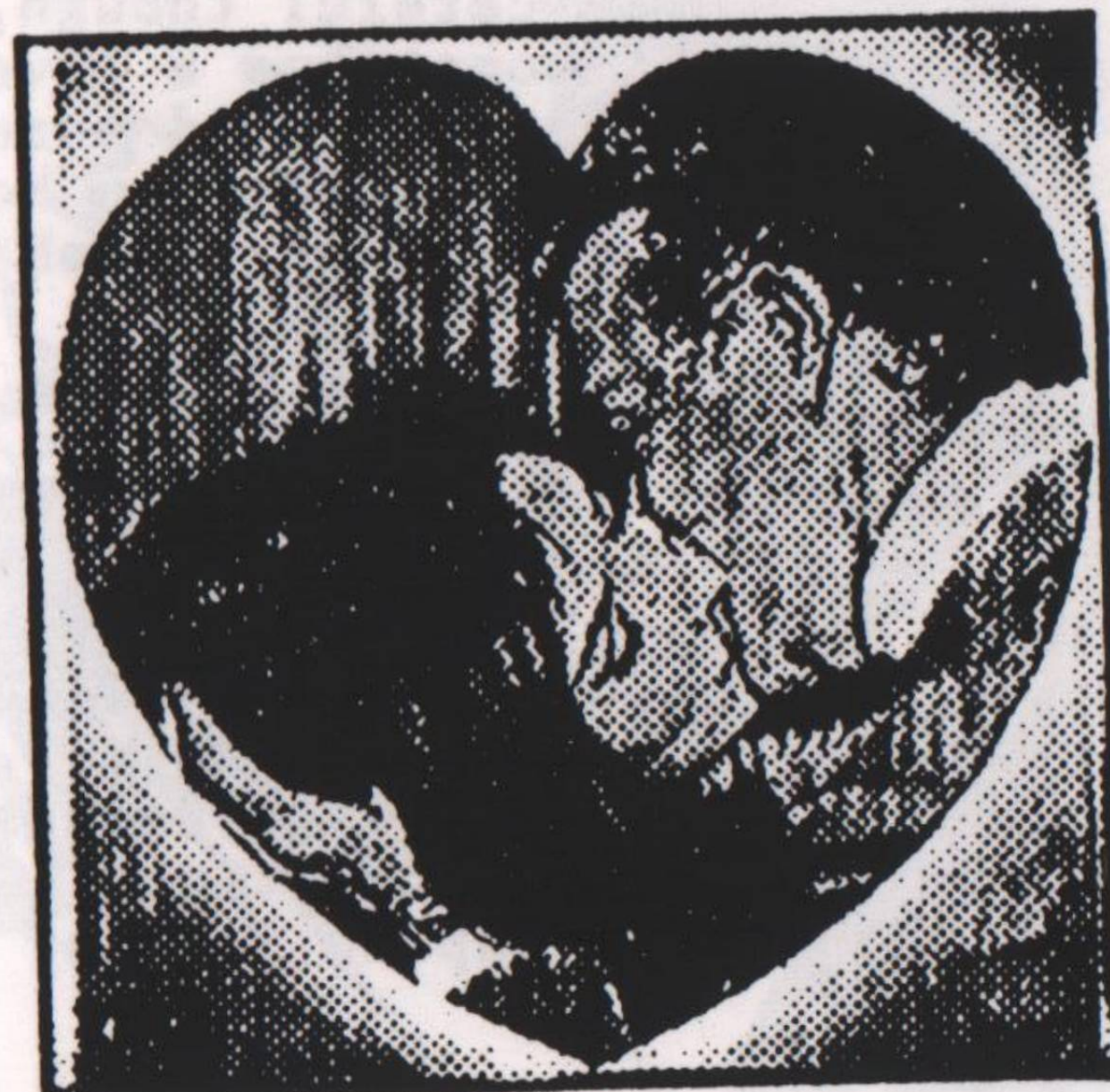
Got to be careful though, take it easy, dampen expectations a bit. But sometimes a lover can open you up to really love all of your friends, and more, to really share life. At best its because it reminds you how to love, how to be open, and that life is good when its shared.

At its worst its because its a one-sided emotional and sexual support service. Jim had seen it a few times, "really nice blokes" who treated their partners like total shit. Almost all men seemed to lean heavily on their female partners, even the "right on" ones, mostly not even realising how they did it. He knew he did it himself. Gotta keep an eye on yourself. "Love don't come easy" and all that. Even when it all feels so natural, maybe its because the other partner is making all the compromises, unnoticed. At that point the relationship has become an unpaid job for one person.



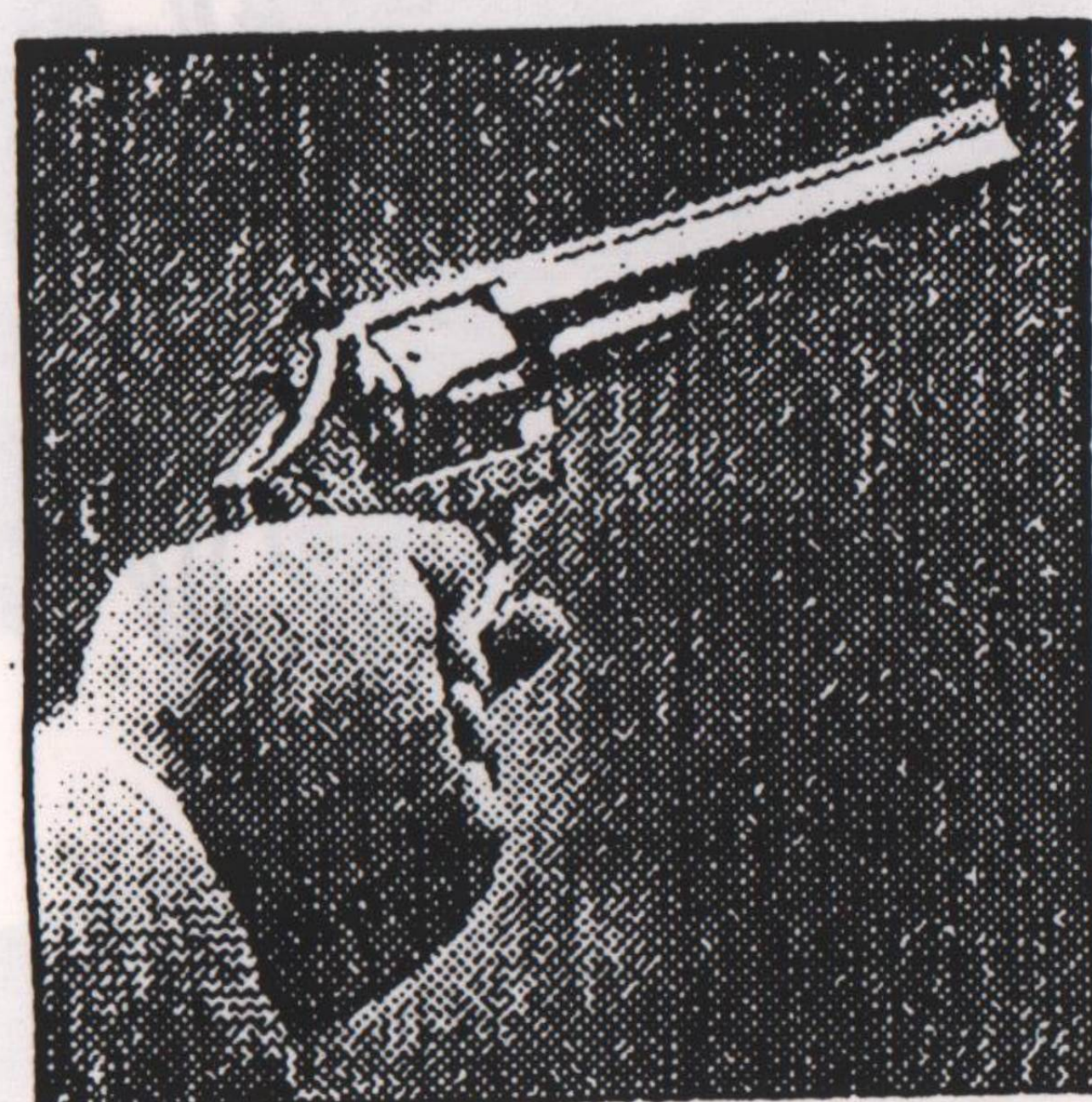
This has got to be two real people, not some bullshit "romance" but love, not some "normal" unnoticed exploitation of emotional support but mutual enjoyment as a base to bigger and better things.

Romance is offered to us as the only possible community, a possession of each other and an emotional support to each other for survival in the harsh modern world. The only successful relationship between people that is not considered in terms of a deal is that between two people, maximum. Such a relationship is exclusive, dividing the two involved from everyone else, and must be jealously guarded from involving any others.



they live in pairs
one free the other not so easy
one as tight, sharp eyed
as the other's unconcerned
talk of space is space to chase
the city is a deadly place
danger in every pretty face
watch carefully each move thats made
with hard and polished eyes of jade
know too well how the game is played
the last moon for whom the dog pack bayed
the end each trick has just delayed

they hunt in packs
these sons of bitches
sniff out abandoned possibility
with cruel and calm predictability
play out the complex doggy dance
carefully thwart the others chance
adopting territorial stance
snarls hid in grins of nonchalance
assuming in their arrogance
that offered friendship begs romance
a message in each casual glance
(seen often in the mirrors glass)
and just for them



there's a maggot in the apple of my eye
in every sigh
that she utters,
when she mutters on the phone,
says she wants to be alone,
when with a sudden turn of head
my tender kiss
is made to miss,
when she turns away in bed.

Romance is the "privatisation", the limiting and distorting of our desire to relate to each other in a meaningful way, of our desire to find adventures in each other. Romance, a sop of excitement to limit our desires. Romance, channels the desires which could snap Capitals chains, the desires for a real community of people freely interacting, playfully, adventurously. excitingly.

THE CRUNCH!

ONCE PEOPLE
START THINKING
ABOUT LOVE THEN
THEY STOP THINKING
IN TERMS OF
PROFITS, GOOD DEALS,
COMPETING! THEY
STOP TREATING
EACH OTHER AS
OBJECTS TO BE
USED.



ONCE WE BREAK
OUT FROM IMPOSED
IDEAS OF WHAT IS
POSSIBLE OUR
DESIRES BECOME
REVOLUTIONARY.
ONLY TOTALLY NEW
SOCIAL RELATIONS
WILL SATISFY,
THIS WORLD
MUST END!

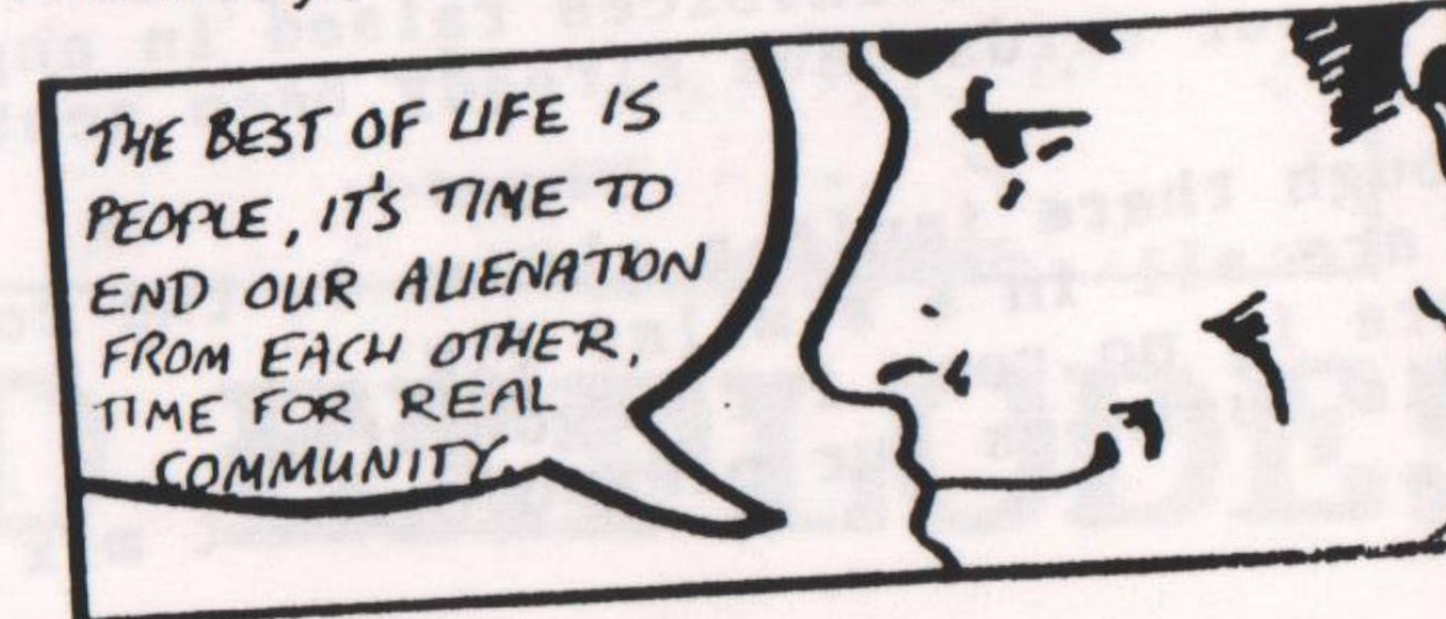


Love is not romance. Nor is it the suffering martyrdom of religious or political masochists. It is the reckless laughter that contains the seeds of community. It is not limited to sexual partners, family or even close friends. It is the joy that recognises ourselves in others and others in ourselves, the recognition that life is not individual but the interaction of people. If we are each others enjoyment how can we not love?

In this glimpsed community is the timebomb that will destroy our alienation from and exploitation of each other. This is the basis of communism (stateless, of course), anarchism, whatever you want to call it. Real human community.

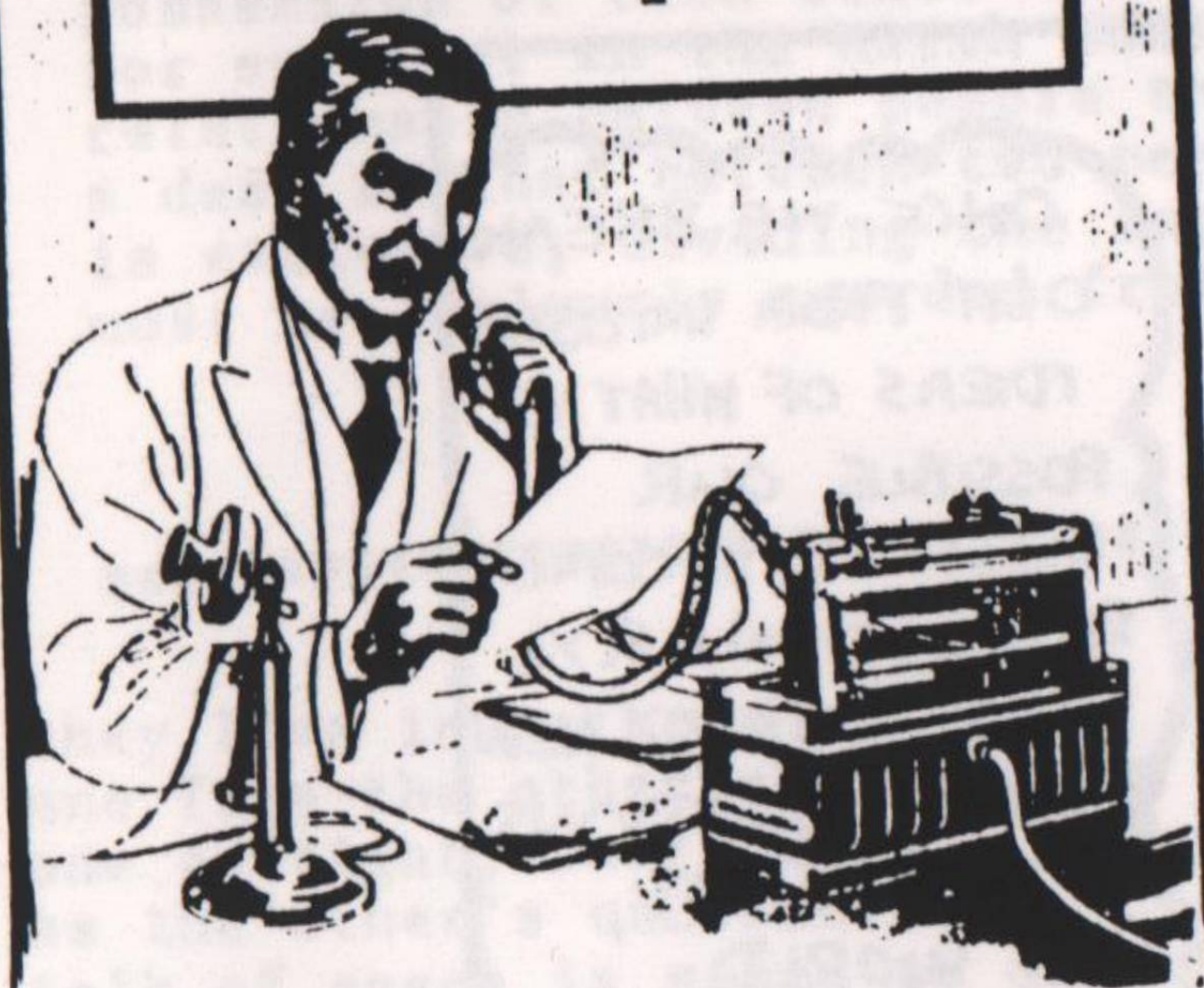


"ROMANCE" IS THE
CON THAT TRIES
TO KEEP LOVE AN
ISOLATED,
DIVIDING THING



THE BEST OF LIFE IS
PEOPLE, IT'S TIME TO
END OUR ALIENATION
FROM EACH OTHER,
TIME FOR REAL
COMMUNITY.

Your end of The Dictaphone—



A WALK ON THE FILED SIDE

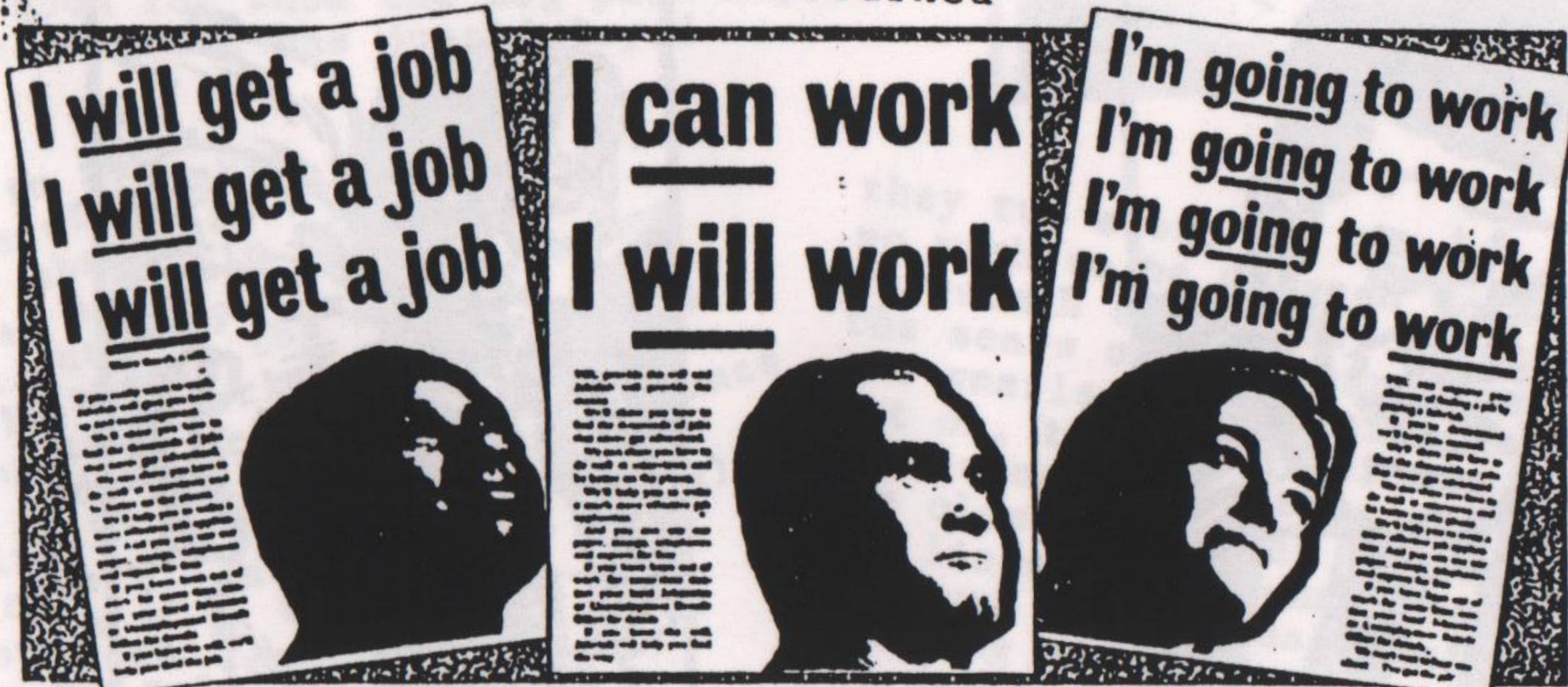
kiss me in triplicate
my filing cupboard love
you fill my desk top diary
you make my bleeper throb

I will be your coffee machine
you are my annual leave
all we can snatch are tea-break trysts
subtle post-it-note hearts on our
pin striped sleeves

I mark my forget-me-not memos
for eyes only of VDU green
receiving in glances electric replies
baby I'm your fax machine

our meetings are oh so informal
unknown to the head of the firm
we were minding no business but ours
cash too petty to be a concern

the Union frowns on our solidarity
there is nothing fraternal concerned
endorsed by congress but undemocratic
as wise resolutions are again overturned



alas for our acting was never so good
as the new acting head of the dept
caught passing files in a passionate style
and a note the old cow intercepts

cruel the commuter dating of fate
when you entered my train of thought
delayed longer at love's sweet junction
than the work ethic deemed we ought

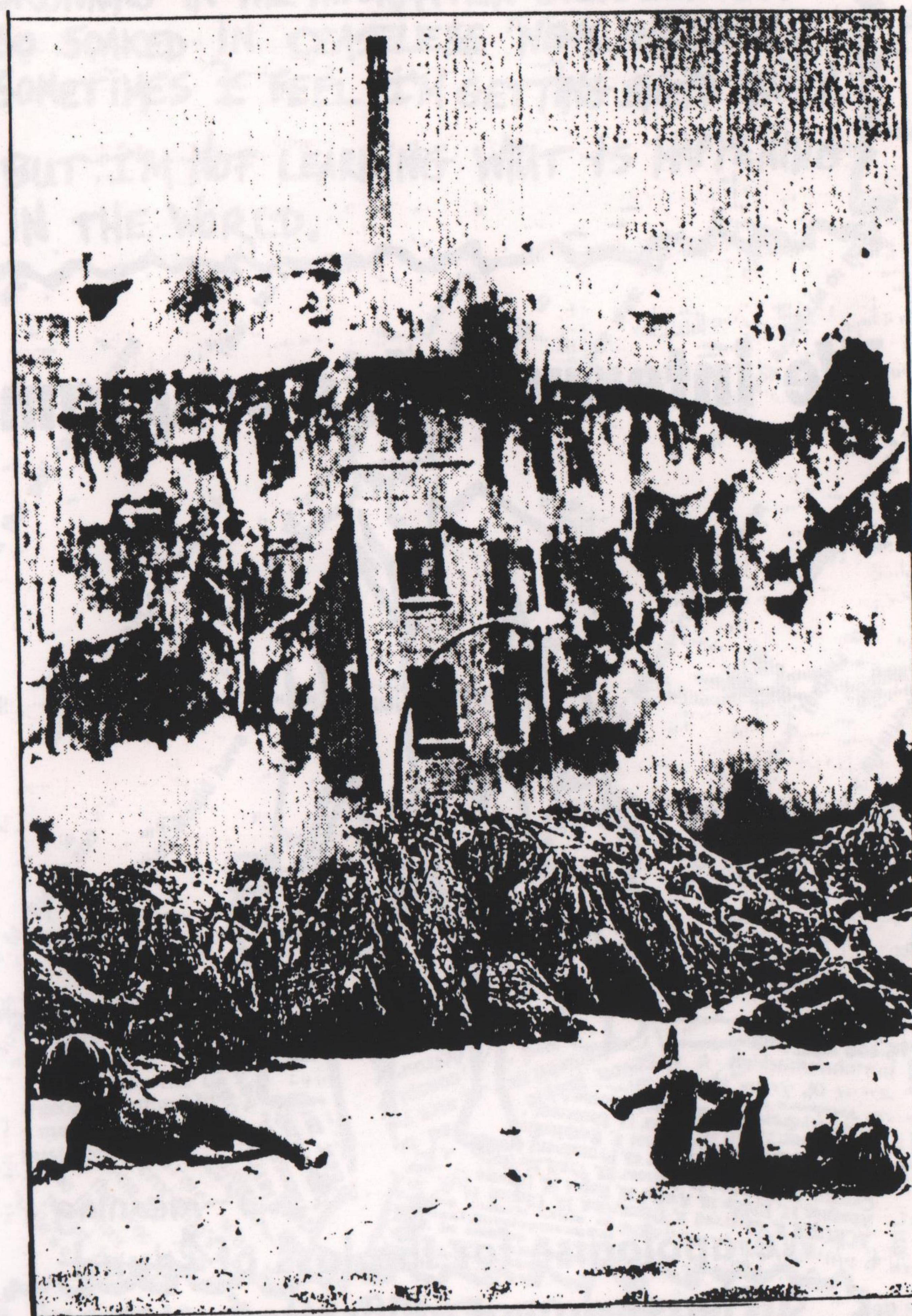
our passion accounted unmanageable
our budget is overspent
there are invoices raised in anger
our cards have already been sent

though there isn't a clause in the contract
we are all in a similar fix
there is no room for negotiation
their business our pleasure won't mix

And your end of it



PLAY SO HARD



THE WORLD EXPLODES

We interrupt this program...

We apologise for the loss of ^{meaning} sound.
Please do not adjust your ^{set} life.

DROWNING IN THE INFORMATION OVERFLOW....
SO SOAKED IN CEASELESS "NEWS AND VIEWS"
SOMETIMES I FEEL I'M GETTING SWEPT AWAY.
BUT I'M NOT LEARNING WHAT IS HAPPENING
IN THE WORLD.



INSTEAD I AM BORED TO DEATH OR
INTIMIDATED INTO POWERLESS INACTIVITY.

THE TOKEN SAD STUFF IS ABOUT THE POWERLESS,
THE LOSERS, AND THE SAD INEVITABILITY OF THEIR
TRAGIC FATE, SWEEPED AWAY BY THE BLAMELESS
TIDES OF DESTINY.



The stars are not mere flaunting of them should encourage young and impressionable teenagers to copy unpleasant examples, copying or otherwise . . .

[illegible][illegible]

Mad about girls

Forty bids to run the 15 regional franchises and commercial breakfast television licence were submitted to the Independent Television Commission yesterday before a deadline passed at noon. Sixteen of these were from also female. — Reuters.

mbent contractors bidding to maintain their regions. Three of them — Central, Scottish and Northern — have had the right to bid for a new licence. The Commission is expected to announce the results of the bids in the next few days.

Central, Scottish and Northern have had the right to bid for a new licence. The Commission is expected to announce the results of the bids in the next few days.

...the most vicious do... according to th... CA, having been bred to... dog weights an average... en stone, and its jaws ca... a pressure of 2,000 lbs pe... are inch. The first pair wer... in 1977, and there ar... d 30,000 now in the country... Rotweillers are not a high... dog, but can be bred to b... aggressive and have kille... people. They weigh an averag... stone. There are 49,783 regi... red with the Kennel Club.

...bought to be between 10,00... d 30,000 now in the country... Rotweillers are not a high... dog, but can be bred to b... aggressive and have kille... people. They weigh an averag... stone. There are 49,783 regi... red with the Kennel Club.

...the most vicious do... according to th... CA, having been bred to... dog weights an average... en stone, and its jaws ca... a pressure of 2,000 lbs pe... are inch. The first pair wer... in 1977, and there ar... d 30,000 now in the country... Rotweillers are not a high... dog, but can be bred to b... aggressive and have kille... people. They weigh an averag... stone. There are 49,783 regi... red with the Kennel Club.

A small hotel in Napier, New Zealand, is offering patrons the chance to don a Velero suit, and off a trampoline and stick themselves to a Velero. The aim of the exercise is for people to splat themselves on the wall as high as possible. — Reuters.

...the most vicious do... according to th... CA, having been bred to... dog weights an average... en stone, and its jaws ca... a pressure of 2,000 lbs pe... are inch. The first pair wer... in 1977, and there ar... d 30,000 now in the country... Rotweillers are not a high... dog, but can be bred to b... aggressive and have kille... people. They weigh an averag... stone. There are 49,783 regi... red with the Kennel Club.

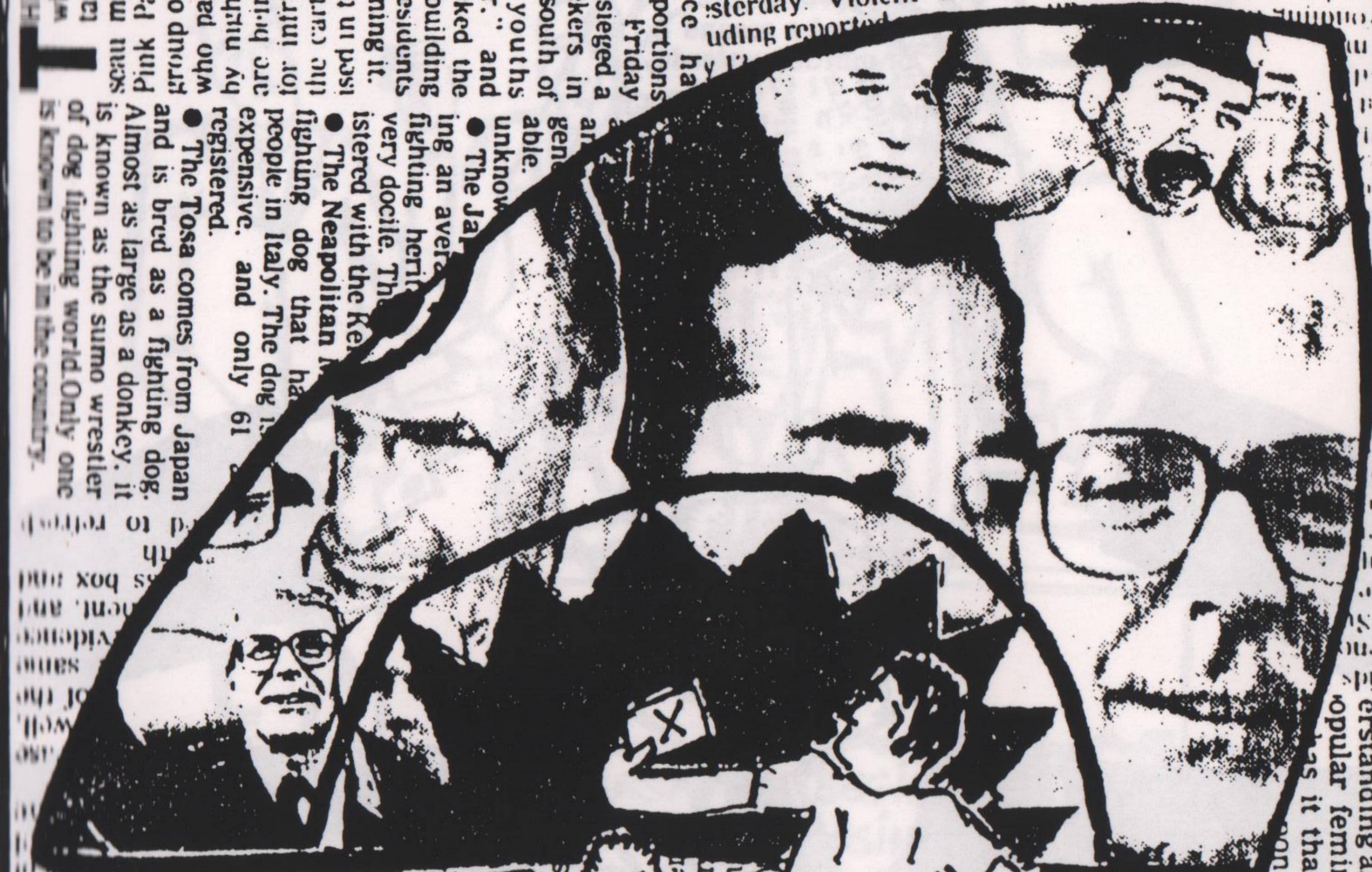
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The Commission for Equality is to investigate the treatment of black people in the police. Crime in London rose by 11 per cent over the last year bringing the recorded offences total to 38,000. The police are accused of being too slow to react to the situation. The police are accused of being too slow to react to the situation.

OR, WANTING TO INFLUENCE EVENTS, THEY WILLINGLY FEED THEMSELVES TO THE SHARKS.

...the most vicious do... according to th... CA, having been bred to... dog weights an average... en stone, and its jaws ca... a pressure of 2,000 lbs pe... are inch. The first pair wer... in 1977, and there ar... d 30,000 now in the country... Rotweillers are not a high... dog, but can be bred to b... aggressive and have kille... people. They weigh an averag... stone. There are 49,783 regi... red with the Kennel Club.

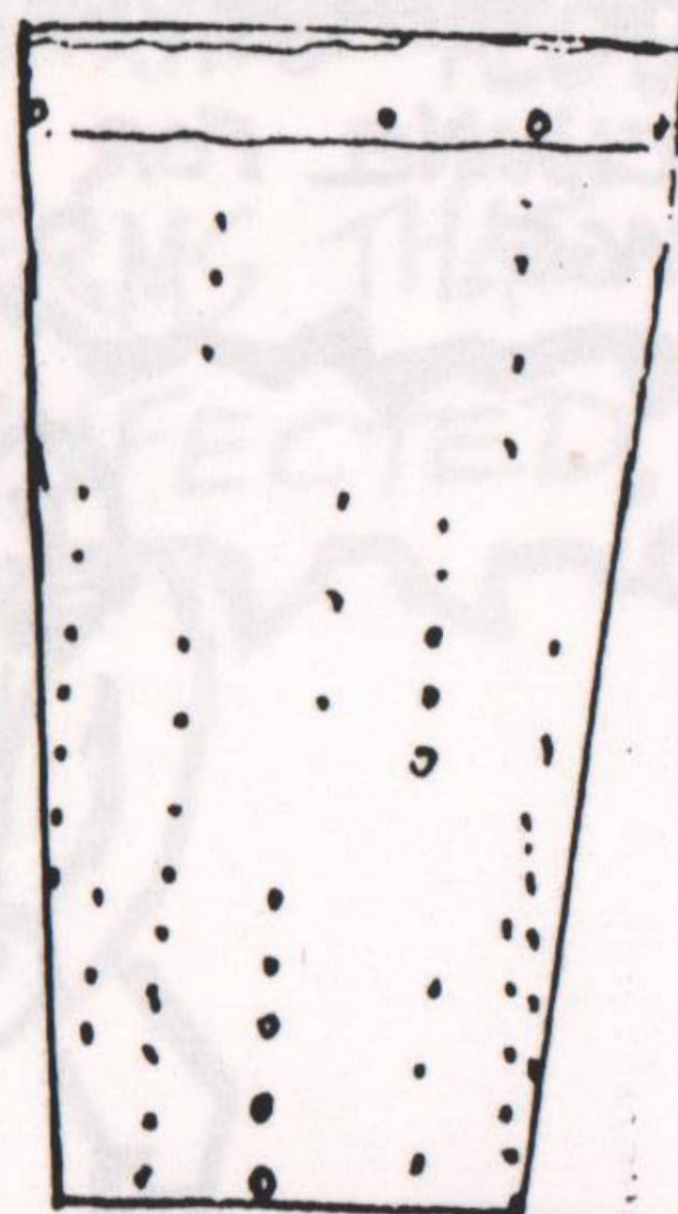


...the most vicious do... according to th... CA, having been bred to... dog weights an average... en stone, and its jaws ca... a pressure of 2,000 lbs pe... are inch. The first pair wer... in 1977, and there ar... d 30,000 now in the country... Rotweillers are not a high... dog, but can be bred to b... aggressive and have kille... people. They weigh an averag... stone. There are 49,783 regi... red with the Kennel Club.

A black and white caricature of a man in a suit and tie, holding his head with both hands. The top of his head is open, revealing a newspaper clipping with the headline "Cell death" and subtext "...received a second life for murder yesterday...". The man's mouth is open, showing a newspaper clipping with the headline "Mark" and subtext "...east...". The background is dark and textured.

It is unlikely
the level of
are already o
end and the C
be hoping
her starts to
order to en
covery in th

Up to 150 passen-
ing when a tea
Norman river
An oil barrel
is a growin
officials credit
the minister and some
in the appeal com
and an aware
policy has
Washington and
\$50 million in
against Korean
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to the
mitted suicide in a
year brother, I
fashion two year
and town
Three hundred
and revenue
the United States
and over half of
proposed that Iran
Mexico has reject
rise in the tax-lake
Cont.

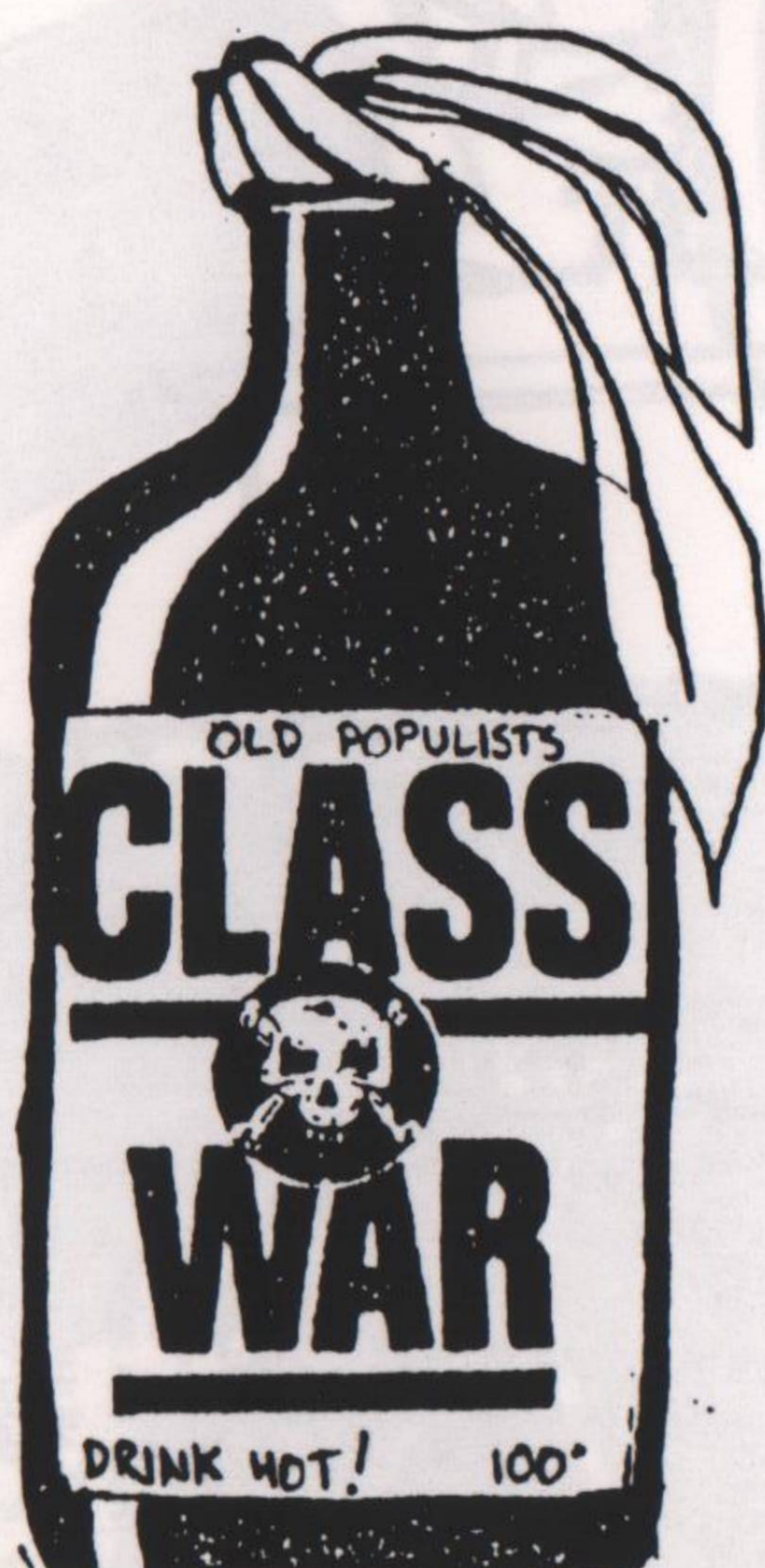


SOMETIMES THERE IS
SOMETHING MORE
PALATABLE ON OFFER.

BUT OFTEN THEY CAN
BE EXCITING, FIZZY
BUT WITH LITTLE
SUBSTANCE



OR
PERHAPS
"GOOD FOR YOU"
BUT BITTER,
OR DRY AS DUST

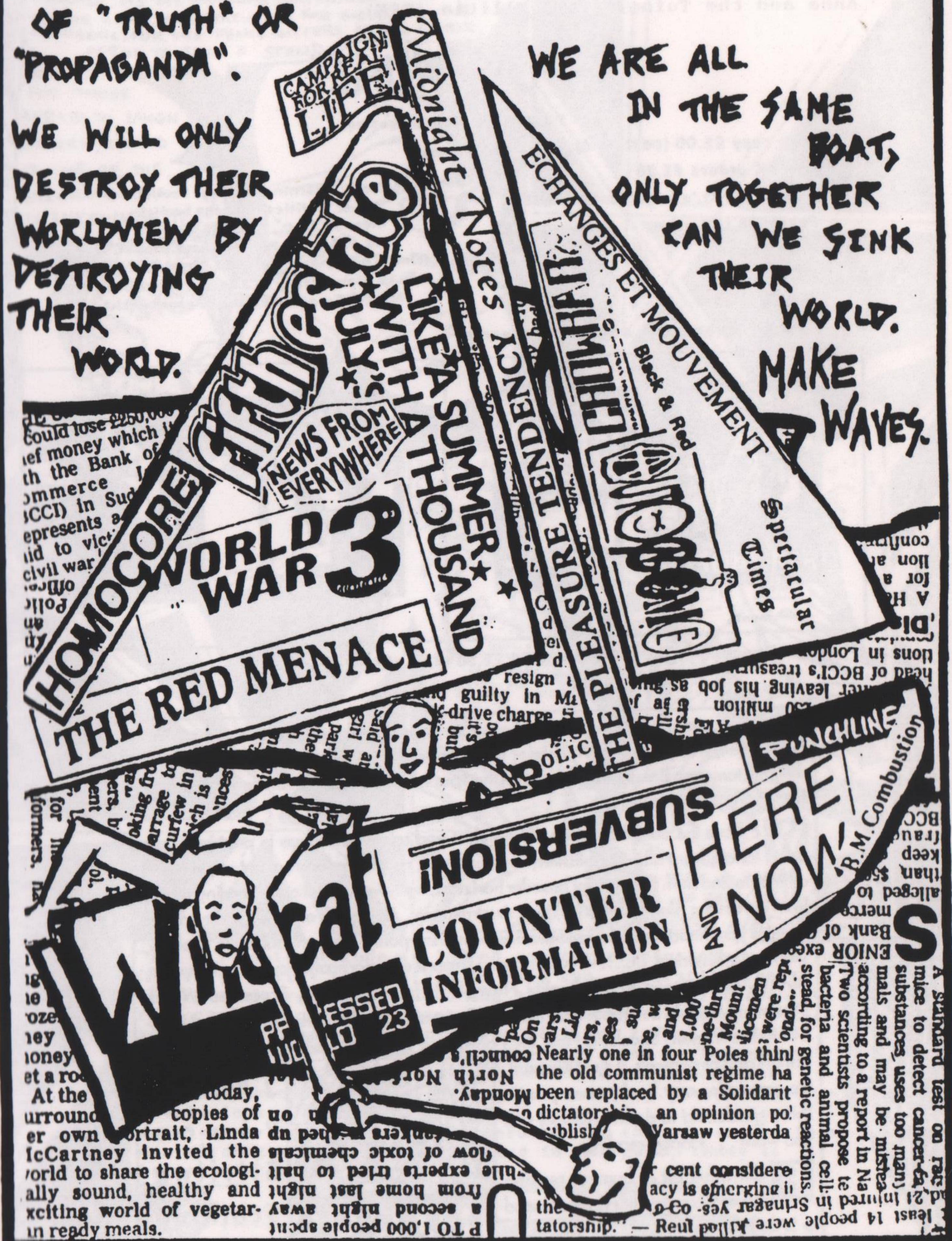


OR ALCOHOLIC BUT
NOT FIT FOR
CONTINUOUS
CONSUMPTION.

IT'S NOT A QUESTION
OF "TRUTH" OR
"PROPAGANDA".

WE WILL ONLY
DESTROY THEIR
WORLDVIEW BY
DESTROYING
THEIR
WORLD.

WE ARE ALL
IN THE SAME
BOAT,
ONLY TOGETHER
CAN WE SINK
THEIR
WORLD.
MAKE
WAVES.



Thanks to :- AZAGRA (Pedro Pico & Pico Vena), gone wild, punchline, leisure, end of pre-history, dr seuss (RIP), AK distribution, Active distribution, Lance Hahn for the brilliant review of Totally Normal #1 in Max R'n'R, loads of anonymous people whose creations and insights inspired me, in particular Anna and the Tufnell Park Militia (TPM)

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