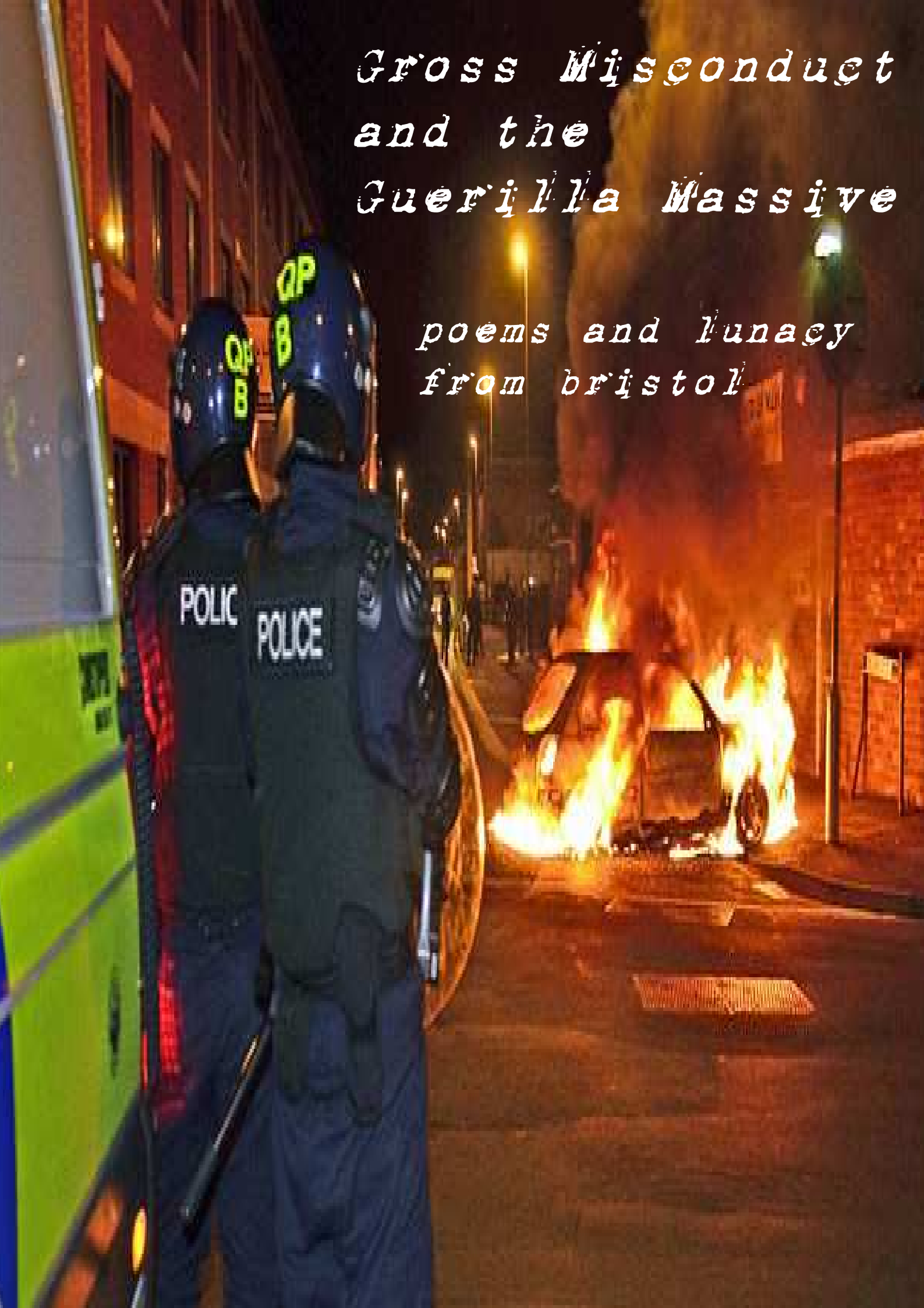


*Gross Misconduct
and the
Guerrilla Massive*

*poems and lunacy
from bristol*



Gross Misconduct and the Guerilla Massive

This title refers to a guy who was sacked at Bristol flying school who smashed his ex-workplace up, smashing all the windows, computers and ripping all the phones out, causing £200,000 of damage, and writing in his own blood, "Gross Misconduct" on the wall. He escaped the scene but was arrested at a later date. It took the company a week to be back to normal. These types of events in UK are of a regular occurrence and show that many people just don't give a fucking shit. They will fightback when they meltdown.

These are some of the observations I've put on paper that warm the spirit in my blood, not patiently waiting on bus stops or dole queues, or smiling at people I don't give a shit about, but I do it all the same, because it helps the day run along that much smoother. I kick myself for the social compromises I make, politeness for an easy ride.





*

*I've got night owls laughing at me because I can't sleep,
but you see the Govt's a bitch
She's chewing at my ear, telling me to be tame, but I ain't buying it.*



Dark Matter Publications Feb 2014. Nothing is over...



The Start

The project that some of us choose to engage ourselves in has the objective of throwing some ideas out there, trying to reach people who feel crushed and unhappy by the Civil-Society that they find themselves wrapped up in.

Obviously the project has its abrasive moments and sure, some eggs do get broken, it's all part of death and re-birth, crash, burn and growth. We hear cops talking, apologetically, saying that they are not all bad, "*Please like us*".

They're obviously aware that they are over-stretched and out on a limb, but don't forget when they bunch together in cities, rural or urban, they will smash heads regardless. The bigger problem, far larger than the cops, is the self-policing, self-regulating activist-anarchist badge-wearers. They're two-a-penny in the pound-shop,

jumped-up, in your face, waving the finger at anything slightly violent.



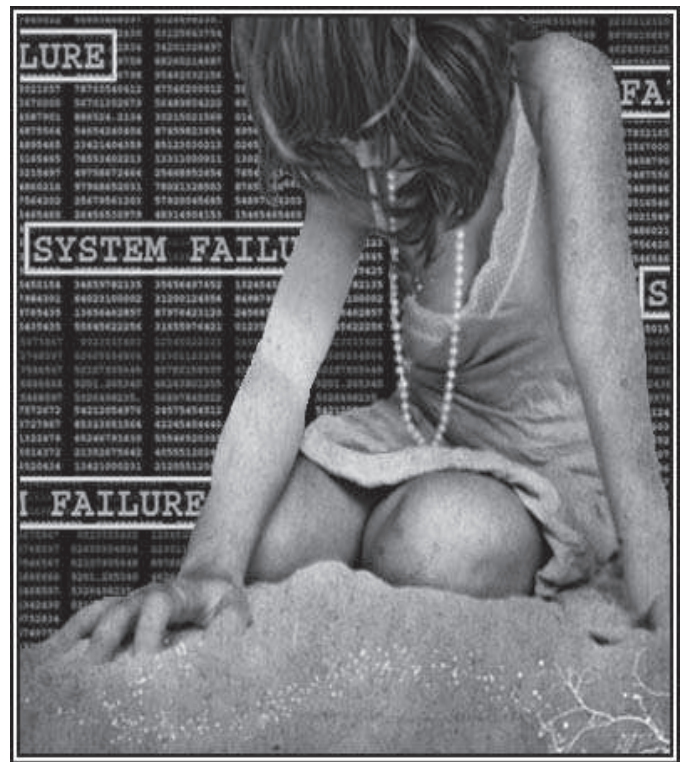
Beware you are being monitored.

Yeah, the cops might see us as lawless, reckless bastards, prepared to give them the runaround at any given moment, but they sure can't write us off as bleating hot-air blowing wankers content with shuffling paper and networking for more numbers.

As a comparison of our lives, it's like being wolves; we travel large distances together sometimes over rough ground to hunt a selected target. Then after a short feast, we disperse. We never do the hang-out thing in public arenas together, open space where we could be shot down or captured. The time of celebration is short-lived. Maybe this is the nature, the price, of this beautiful struggle, not a back-slapping orgy of self-congratulation for taking the path most trodden.

Cops: you bully us as always but we've started to see where you've left your guard down and where attacks can be replicated, have a fun time mopping up!

I don't buy into victim subculture, so of course, I'll kick you (verbally) when you're down. When you're high and up there with the clouds, you don't give me the time of day, you don't listen to a word that I say. You believe it when the people at the top say that you are shit, instead of telling them to *fuck off*. You drop a pill for a thrill because you bought their lies, you feel shit, so you wanna hit - join the crowd up there in the cloud, but when you come down, I'll be there to make you frown. Like I said, I don't beat myself up - So start to create a base, so you can stand your ground.



When in a communal set-up, it's not beneath me to help out with mundane tasks, to get my hands dirty is not a problem. Some people may look at me as though I'm a house-bitch or a she-bitch, but you get these high stressed business-men who like to chill-out with no responsibility being adult babies with a nanny changing their nappy, while I chill out washing up or chopping wood. Doesn't make me feel subservient. It's a practical humble thing to do.

The earthly grounding of a flux of marriage, a relationship between the body and mind, the connection between what the brain thinks and what the potential of the will is, when the hands are applied, and engaged in deeds derived from the ego.



Yeah, my inspiration has come from people from the past, but they were not gods. They made mistakes in the laboratory of change, useful so we don't have to reinvent the wheel, we can be critical and like a rap-artist, take samples (ideas), we've stolen from the Angry Brigade, IRA, PLO, Red Army Faction and the Unabomber. We are modern and yet primitive, low tech, practical and spiritual.



People grasp at what they feel is available to them. If your nerves are shot, then the window of opportunity is only half open, there will be a limitation on the tools you will be able to pick up and use, so you're more likely to agree with what you can grasp mentally and physically. Try and ride the storm. When the law can't help you, what choice is left? Give up on the law.

In a climate where people are reluctant to fight, to stand up and defend themselves in a practical way, it's important to keep yourself moving. Some people who choose a more sedentary lifestyle can have a tendency to seek out their own self-medication. It's hard with a dark cloud hanging over you, but you have to try and grasp at the rays of hope and sunshine, take a look at what has gone down in the past as a guide to what is possible either alone or with others. Get out there and try and make a space for a world you would like to live in. I'm not saying you'll find it or make it, but attempting to try can be fun, and feel less futile than sitting on your arse.

If I'm labelled crazy or insane, from the top down, then I'm celebrating it. Anger doesn't flow full-speed 24/7 through my veins, my inspiration to write doesn't come alone. From bangs in the night and the lighting of matches, but also from walking in nature, sunshine through the trees, the sound of rivers passing over rocks wearing them so they become pebbles.

Wild kids in their 20s who have yet to succumb to domestication, feral in their lives. Urban and rural decay. Project housing.

Young kids with an aggressive vision and little level of respect or religion, the supermarket being the only church they knew.

“Those scrappy guerilla conflicts in which underequipped ragtag rebel forces manage to inflict surprisingly serious losses on powerful armies of state. Lacking the vast, if unwieldy, arsenal of the establishment the rebels fall back on cunning. Their attacks while often slight are frequent and sustained aggravation can be more demoralising over time than a few high-casualty spectaculars. At such an ordnance disadvantage guerillas use whatever lies at hand, sometimes finding in the material of the everyday a devastating dual purpose.

I wreck, therefore I am.

Besides, for most people, construction is tight, concentrated, bunchy, whereas vandalism offers release; you have to be quite an artist to give positive expression to abandon. And there’s an ownership to destruction, an intimacy, an appropriation.”

From: **We Have to Talk About Kevin**
by **Lionel Shriver**

Secret Idols

Once, I thought I had nothing to hide, but now there’s a secret in my life. I’m not ashamed, but for security reasons, intimacy is rare. How I think and what I do are known by very few, there’s a price for wearing a mask. It feels a bit like deceiving, living a lie, but if you choose to reflect back on history, some things are best kept quiet. Things I feel comfortable with aren’t always things I can share.

Doesn’t stop envy raising its ugly head in the face of transparent luxury. On those days that are gloomy and dark, I reflect on times I stole back some moments of freedom. Burn the idols of revolution, burn out the eyes of Che on the bedroom posters; trivial questions like what tobacco does Commandant



Marxos pack in his pipe? Elevate these icons up to an unobtainable height, then no one will aspire to more, paralysed by the aura of greatness, nothing so grand will rise to such heights.

The media wants a human, personal touch. Some people maybe even you would like to see the face, know the name behind what's going on? Well, it's not gonna happen, you're not gonna get it, what would you do with it anyway? A poster hung on your wall? Print it on a T-shirt, on your screensaver, your i-pad? Are you getting caught up in personalities and not looking at the politics? Are you searching for a hero to look up to, something unobtainable? Invent an illusion on such a large scale, so only a small minority will bother to question, then you can say the illusion represents the majority, the captive audience marches to the beat of your drum! - Bingo!



*

*romantic victims love nest in a hell-hole
poison seeps in, rots from the roots,
a hollywood flick reassures the pair,
keeps their dream all but a lie, alive
hide away together,
disconnected from their surroundings,
hoping it will all go away
burying themselves in holding up the manufactured illusion
as though its the only charade in their imagination
wax the car on saturday
polish it, smile at your reflection in the shine*

***“They’re Great Teeth, I’m Going to Make a Killing
at the Office on Monday Morning.”***



Financially Viable

If I evaluate myself by the means available to me through the job-market, I would value myself as meagre, fit for the slag-heap, hardly a respectable cog in the machine, so I created my own set of values, so that on reflection I see myself in a better light and not as a waste product of a material world.

I'm priceless. I'm a living being with no price-tag round my neck. Worthless in a monetary sense and yet at the same time precious in the process of revolt, neither bought-off nor sold-out. Proud to be a negating entity in a world that taxes you for things you didn't ask for.

Did they think our hearts would melt like chocolate when we warmed to their new brand of advertising? In fact, our hearts sank back to an earthly base where we produced our own product: cynicism.

An out-stretched olive branch is offered, but the question remains, *what's the hitch?* How deep is the honey-pot? Will there be a choice to get out? Are they gonna implant a microchip in us?



We sit there and secretly smirk at the fantasy of the action-packed movies. They, the movie-makers, portray how the righteous ones fight-back with sabotage and the final unbelievable scenes where the heroes are emerging from the flames of explosions, basically unscathed, living happily ever after or something like that. They are obviously being quite a valuable chess

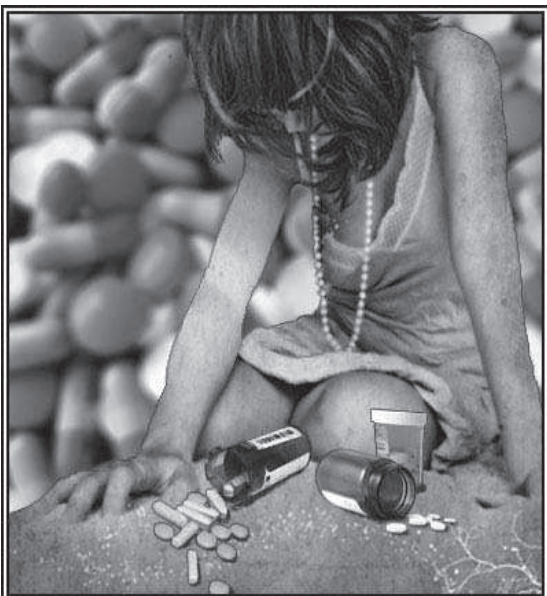


piece in social control. The movie makers cannot accurately convey in detail how anyone could go about effectively destroying a structure/symbol of dictatorship, and if they do they also have to show how unhinged the saboteurs were, how distant their values were from the righteous populace, etc.

Sitting there quite sombre, knowing in ourselves that no military training, no weight-lifting in the gym, is required and there's no rocket-science involved, nor professional acting, we wonder where the label elitist and macho came from, this is not and never will be a single gender sport.

*

*This generation seems crumbly and flaky
we got knives to cut the mustard
but people's hands are shaky!*



From an outsider's point of view, I never saw drunken sex in the dark as a constructive ice-breaker, on that same trail of thought, I never viewed anarchism as a personal tactic to get laid, make friends or influence people, it's not the lowest common denominator. It's not easy, it doesn't grab everyone's attention, basically it's not fuckin' naked Lady GaGa on MDMA. I think in the back of my mind, even though I couldn't put a word to it, I was some sort of individual, people have actually commented, "*Did you accidentally*



fall into a vat of acid (L.S.D)?” No, my humour is part of my coping mechanism. If people don’t like me, then they’re not bound to me, so they don’t have to hang out with me. At times, I feel I have to say to myself, *to hell with others with their hang-ups and limitations and get on with what I want to do.* If other anarchists’ ideas draw some kind of parallel with mine, great, not too romantic, but in a practical way, I’ll allow some slack, I’m obviously open to being convinced of a better way, nothing forced, just forged in hell! Our own truths, whatever illusions those might be, are open to discussion, but I’ll won’t bite my tongue if I have to listen to some under-exposed, sheltered, intellectual, well-read scaredy cat, who only feels safe to fuck when the lights are out.

*

*The UK’s got one,
the US has their’s: a foreign policy.
We’ve got our own “Support our Friends”
The corporate nose-dive is not our destiny.*

Life is a conflict

Life is a conflict, you try and do physical and mental things to keep in shape and balance, all tributaries flow back to the rivers and then to the sea.

All places are inter-linked, the hurry to keep afloat resulting in self-medication as a means, a DIY buoyancy aid for city life, the alienation in my bubble of observation. I can only take so much, then I need the beauty of open space, but that comes with a price too that eats away at you. I suppose Isolation is a cost you learn to live with. At times you can't help feeling torn between the two: company and peace.

The margins, the in-between lands are kind of useful, adjustment into some sort of transition, an adapting of the mind.

At times, to get the inspiration to put pen to paper, I have to earth myself with movement to do some real grounding work (sabotage). Like an artist paints, sprays or sculpts, or like a bricklayer who contributes towards building a house, it helps me focus, rather than being 'away with the fairies' for too long. It keeps me alert enough for snatching back some things I lost when leaving childhood.

*

Are you being domesticated? Do you have to take a shower regularly? Do you have to come home every night? Does your sex-life depend on the above? Do you clock in after you've left work? How many meetings do you attend that are about talking shop? How answerable are you to people? Can you go a day, a week, on your own, not answering the phone, sending a text, an e-mail, or dropping in on someone? Is civilisation choking your freedom? Are your movements concentrically constructed by your friends and lovers, on a daily basis if you decided to change your plans, are you obliged to notify anyone?



Two points

1. Resistance is possible, but narrowed by choosing to hold onto the 'cool way to be'. The social expectations are limited if you stick to the mass black-clad mode for war or even love. The geek, the loner, the outsider- they have a contribution to make, remember Ted Kaczynski (Freedom Club-Unabomber), with all his faults, he had individual thought. One of the experiments we chose to undertake was to show what resistance was possible under the shadow of CCTV Britain.

"the theory that the mountain doesn't come to you, you go to it."



Look at your value system, is it handed down to you by parents and grand-parents concerning respect for property, not trashing things, robbing churches or rich people's houses. There appears to be a social order within most of the diluted and shallow anarchist community in UK. It's a value system with traits that stretch back to people's inherited social bondage. It is sometimes overwhelming, when in yourself, you have seen some possibilities and also seen the hurdles built possibly through guilt that others choose to put in their own way, as an obstacle. This is so they do not have to fight an individual struggle, and so they're always waiting for the masses or when their friendship circles aren't too busy, when their meetings



schedules are not full, and when they themselves do not feel too stressed. *There is a time and a place for being rowdy, and it is not now.*

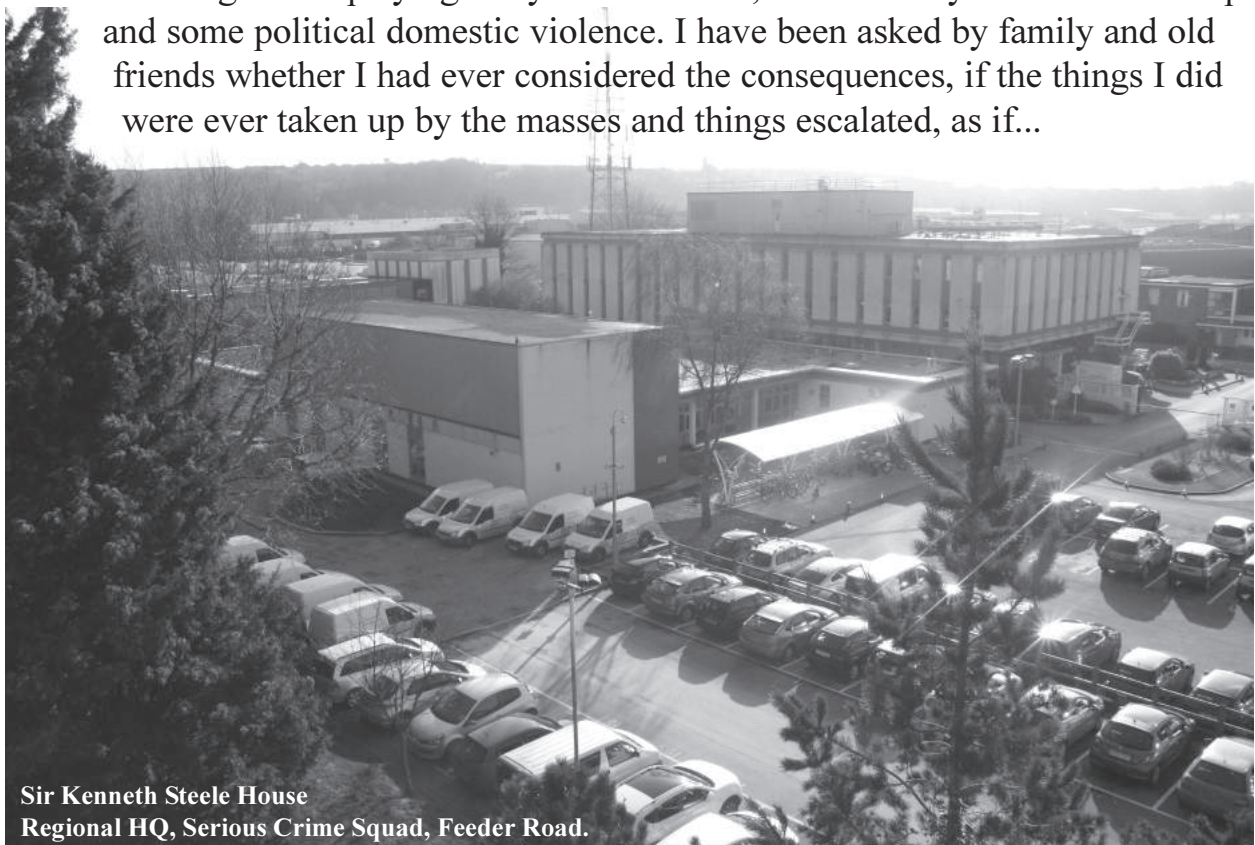
2. When I have the time to think/relax, the perfect time is not marked on a calendar – christmas, new year, solstice, easter or mayday – the perfect time is probably Now, everyday, the future is a minute away. I feel we have to let go, not make any hard fast plans, stop caring, caring about the future.

The civilised society is at war with you everyday, so it's time to shed that bullshit, don't let it pile up so it looks daunting, so you put it off as tomorrow's work, and of course, tomorrow never comes, the burden is always an overwhelming sight. Don't hide from the conflict to be had, or reinvent everyday with a safer better thought-out plan that allows you to keep your self-constructed comfort zone. Set fire to your comfort zone and move on.

Nothin's burnin' and it's a cryin' shame, but it's the God's truth, the plot doesn't thicken, it dilutes to almost pure H2O. The anarchos have shot themselves, stored up their nuts, lentils or whatever, they might consider themselves a bit spikey, but they've hibernated just like the rest of the fuckin' hedgehogs.

Leaving Prison Island UK may involve a quizzing by the authorities, so playing the international playboy/girl maybe a little bit more difficult, but there's plenty that could be done at home looking at recent history.

Time to give the playing away a bit of a rest, there's always the sun-bed shop and some political domestic violence. I have been asked by family and old friends whether I had ever considered the consequences, if the things I did were ever taken up by the masses and things escalated, as if...



Sir Kenneth Steele House
Regional HQ, Serious Crime Squad, Feeder Road.

I hope people do have a mind of their own and don't just go into things half-heartedly, and anyway there is no fuckin' conspiracy, but that doesn't mean someone shouldn't start one!

Thatcher back in her heyday was to supposedly have said, "*There is no society, just individuals and the State*", but the State seems to have decided and built a society that complies and coexists with it, maybe somebody somewhere got scared that an individual might recognise their own potential and choose to be a loose cannon!



(We can only dream)

*

With people's lack of confidence in themselves and the unstable times we live in, we know things can be difficult and hard, but being straight-forward and truthful to yourself will eventually let the sun shine through. Try to be the ingredients written on the side of the tin, it will make things a whole lot easier. Especially through the winter months, rebels should take the responsibility to care for themselves, taking enough food, sleep, wearing warm clothes, keeping themselves and body active, testing yourself to see what can be achieved, enduring some time away from the central-heating, sleeping rough on odd occasions can be an eye-opener, a window





of opportunity, pushing yourself to find your limitations, where things can become fracturous and friendships frayed rather than always comfortable, but not so you're a liability through self-neglect and a drain on fellow rebels/warriors.

The nine-to-five workers who bury their heads in the sand are as much to blame as the politicians with their broken promises and lies. If you buy the dream and go around with glazed eyes, put no time aside to think, it will be the choices that you make that will keep you in the shit.





People make *base 1* their castle/home, then *base 2* their estate/garden/allotment, stating that this is what they require, so they can be comfortable and stable, then they can reach peace of mind. Then they grow older, won't take any risks, get the fear, and shit themselves, worrying what they could lose, heard it all before.

It depends how long do you wanna wait, a month of Sundays or until the cows come home? I suppose I imagine the most idyllic situation to die in, is with the thought that I have the least amount of regrets possible, that's why I hope to push the boat out far enough in my search for freedom, this does not necessarily mean travelling the world tasting the finest foods, accumulating vast sums of money or making love to the most beautiful people, as this is not my dream of freedom. You just have to "*go for it*" whatever that might be, and remember, what if there is no afterlife?

Maybe we stumble along in the dark with half-baked ideas, smashing away at things that insult our intelligence, maybe in our ignorance we destroyed some good things, but we choose not to stand still and let the grass grow up between our feet, we look at history, then at today.

I look at all those over-fed politicians with their tie-nooses round their stout necks, and I think about keeping on moving, not wanting to shake hands with stubby little pig fingers stained in blood from death by remote-control. I'd rather die as a nobody, than a button-man on an assembly-line manufacturing mass misery until I'm 65-70.



We try to make the distinctions where they are appropriate, if we choose to be hell-bent and are that determined, do they really have a chance of stopping us? Are we really where they want us to be, can they predict where we will turn up next? How we live? How far we will go? Is anyone feeling the squeeze, what shit are they really hitting us with, are they thinking down the line?

A-head thinkers/Anarchy badge-wearers shouldn't make folklore out of insurrection. Do not isolate us with your passiveness and apathy, we are not idols. Do not put us on a pedestal, or call us crazy for our free-thinking imagination.

Do not go willingly into the shackles of the work-machine, then wait for the grand rise of a dissatisfied mass, this romanticised illusion. If it doesn't put you into an early grave, you'll only walk like a breathing, soulless Zombie in regretful stagnation. Rise to the challenge, alone at first, discover or develop your unique fighting spirit, then make the affiliation with others.

In what has been called, 'the civilised society', I as a person am subjected to it's order from birth, fed alienation in recognition that I am an Individual, this anxiety of separation felt through lack of affinity with others. This means that to share closeness for a short time is something to fear because there will be intensity, softening and then back to the state of alienation, abandonment.

The movement, what movement?

There's the movement of the mind, where the individual recognises what is physically and mentally possible by themselves and also what can be achieved with a small band of friends.

The projection of this can never really be viewed on the mainstream wide-screen.

For something to happen in the city there has to be someone on the ground with insight and time to be inquisitive, looking out in the local newspaper with an ear to the ground. Getting some background knowledge of the terrain, doing research and propaganda, publicity has to be done, but not relying on others to do it because it may not happen.

Also fund-raising (work) and equipment, places to stay overnight (no hand-outs), stay away from trouble, but being realistic, remaining frugal (holding onto cash in case of hard times), getting stuff done, not waiting, independence means you're able to do it within your own time-frame.

So how did we get where we are?

This could be one way of explaining it. It felt like from a short distance things kinda opened up in front of our eyes like a pop-up book, but maybe not everybody saw it. A few of us just followed it through. Bristol's subculture is ethnically cleansing itself.

Choice of Weapons

There's the sword and the pen, they say the latter is the mightier, but I think we shouldn't limit what we keep in our armoury and there's always the possibility of the two-edged weapon for harmony, the sword-pen blending action with the written word, double-barrelled propaganda.

My state of mind is anger which is focused towards authority. This helps stop depression seeping in too deep, people can make a thousand and one excuses to sit on their ass, but this 'free market' liberal society makes possible the opportunity to occupy property and obtain tools to help shape our own social projects independent of the mainstream.

If we choose the process of the worker-bee, this would not seem to be a very imaginative role-model, when willpower could be applied and a window of opportunity can be opened



up to grasp hold of the material required. The mainstream model is exchanging cash earned through labour, a price on our head for a days work, can feel like a kick in the guts and another thread of dignity lost. Even within some limited social scopes of our networks, we are able to organise enough to put shoes on our feet, clothes on our backs, tools on our hands, fuel in our tanks and enough vitamins and exercise for our bodies, without having to be a wage-slave or a bank-robber. Not that I have anything against robbing banks.

We can also view literature to help broaden and stimulate our minds.

*

Asking for permission is very polite. If we choose to sit and ponder the ethics of reclaiming our lives, "*but while Rome burns*" in our hearts, have we ceased to move? Don't freeze when everything around you is burning. Don't waste time searching for the purest ways to apply fractures to a machine that won't stop chewing and spitting us out.

I'd hope anarcho-syndicalists would have solidarity and not attempt to gain politically and respect fellow anarchists like they would workmates. Getting cash or credibility from a fellow-workers effort or graft, is well out of order. And you'd hope that they wouldn't stab other anarchists in the back, and in this vein we've run true for other anarchist comrades, known or unknown.

To maintain a clarity we've chosen to keep some distance so armchair-anarchists wouldn't be able to ride on the backs of individuals doing the leg-work, we've seen clearly through the electronic media that we have allies, but evidently there



are dwellers within the city who appear to hate the sabotages and arsons against corporate and state targets.

It's as though their anarchist picnic is being spoiled and of course, the Bristol anarchist bookfair seems to show a distinct trend that leans towards the style of law-abiding down-trodden civil servant brigade. It's as though radical history is selectively remembered to coincide with the apathy of present day politics. We question whether it is our imagination? Am I correct in thinking that there is a high level of ill-will within the anarcho-circles towards tactics which recognise the strengths that are outside something of an unspoken party line?

Some people have chosen to keep an advert alive for the folks incarcerated in the houses of correction, so globally, how do you think your solidarity is received when it's paper thin and unaccompanied by deeds?

Be honest. As practical and generous or as decadent and naïve, merely a drop in the ocean, an after-thought? To appease a guilty conscience, so you talk the talk, plus some spare change, great!?
Are you a spectator or a participant?

Cabot Circus (Bristol)

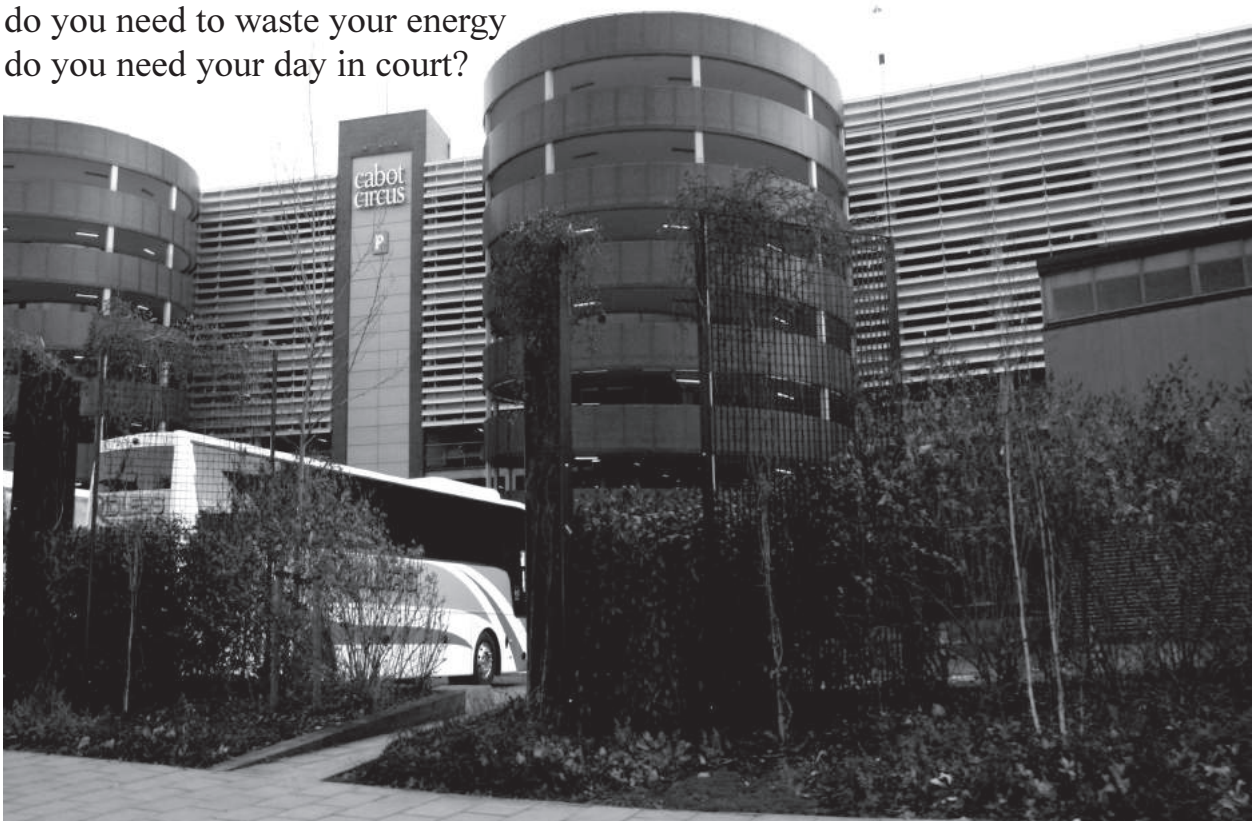
A pedestrian, seduced, mesmerised by the eye-candy, the unattainable wealth, swallowed up by the aura of the magnitude of the Colosseum, great wonder of the world brought to our city, because we are nothing without large structures of glass, metal and masonry, whipped into shape by the dictating infrastructure. This church of the consumer in all it's splendour is only there for one purpose, to simply make you part with your cash, so you will seek work, so you are able to pay homage (and feel better) to the white temple.



You will not uprise because there is not enough affordable housing, you will smile because your place of worship shines, on fallen knee you willingly accept the conditions and rates of exchange, hard-earned cash in minimal wage jobs for shoddy, plastic inferior quality goods flown or shipped here from somewhere millions of miles away, a product almost carrying the forensics of fascist regimes injustices, the kind of places Britain looks up to as an economic role-model, just so

those in power can say we are as good as America. The audacity that decides that we need more shops to buy shoes over priorities like health, food, shelter and communities that are safe is way past most people's comprehension.

We are talking inclusive not exclusive
It's in your mind not what you wear
The battle takes place where you are
Don't let the State dictate -
Their terms and conditions don't apply
They rely on you to conform
so that things stay in their place
Smile and let them
believe what they like,
You can have your own
dreams hidden inside
There is no recipe for victory
We have to make mistakes to
work out what is right
Whatever your next move is, it's up to you how you fight
Executing the element of surprise can be a lonely task
Don't wait for a pat on the back
because hopefully your friends won't even recognise you
because you'll be wearing a mask
like anything else, celebrity CCTV anarchists
will be built-up, torn apart and hit down
do you need to waste your energy
do you need your day in court?





Your job is your god for without your job, what would you be?
It's your identity, it puts the food on your plate but the security is paper-thin
because when your boss is your lord
how can you ever win?
You're walking on ice
in clothes that make you feel nice
the waterfront glass
makes you feel you have class
but on monday morning...
you're back at work and
down on your ass
the illusion that you can buy your
way out of this shit, catching the
stress as you move
hammering yourself weekly to cope
with the pressures of work

well, you're not on your own
take a good look around
maybe the bums in the gutter
who live with less clutter,
do they have an answer?
If you work a five day week
when do you have time to



think on your feet?
You see that all the angles
have been sown
So you feel stitched
now if you made time to contemplate
well, maybe that's a thought outside the box
you could change the exchange of five days work for a car and a house
maybe the people at the top ain't got your best interests at heart?

The full-on face to face
missionary position
confrontation, hand to hand fighting has been too sexed-up and
over-rated

a guerilla approach leaves many
less casualties
but you just have to accept that the money-shots will be a little blurred
due to camera-shake

away from the set-piece of exchanging missiles
is a peep-show introduction to a softer-core of everyday street-porn
without the media luxury option of the slow motion action replay button

yes, sorry folks if you weren't there
there is no juicy material to jack-off to in the privacy of your own home
but don't worry all is not lost
you can create your own fantasy
you can expand your own erogenous zone
but be prepared to wank for freedom to get it.

Remember to always practice safe sex
wear a mask/balaclava according to the manufacturers specifications and
guidelines
or scarf-up over face and wear gloves for an unforgettable penetration

*Oh and good luck when you're out
there fucking with the fat cats*

*best wishes and good luck
for those in the night and day.*

Boah, sind die geil!

Die elegante Dagmar (31)
& ihr Sex-Punker Udo (27) stehen
auf totale Gegensätze:

Ungewöhnliche Sex-Paare!

„Bei uns ist Sex mal schmutzig & mal co

Der neue
**BLITZ-ILLU-
Knüller!**

Jetzt jede Woche!

In your face band names:

*An Angry Mask, A Paper Tiger,
A Rowdy Image,
Millions Dead Cops, Police Bastard,
Cop on Fire and Officer Down*

but for all their hard looks
what now is coming
out of the punk movement
besides hot air?

Another studded jacket,
another skateboard trick,
a passage of youth relevant
only for a short time,
just distraction fashion
not to base a whole life on.



Strohmatratze. Außerdem hat sie ein geiles Bad, wo man's auch scharf treiben kann!"

BLITZ-ILLU: Und wie macht ihr es am allerliebsten?

Dagmar: „Keiner hat so eine schnelle Zunge wie Udo. Wenn er mich an meiner intimsten Zone damit verwöhnt, komme ich schnell zum Orgasmus!“

Udo: „Oder ich puder sie von hinten und klatsch' ihr einen auf den Ar... das mag sie. Typisch, Elegant-Ellis sind nämlich meistens versaut – so wie Daggi auch!“

BLITZ-ILLU: Aha! Was liebt ihr vor allem aneinander?

Dagmar: „Sein Freiheits-Gefühl, seinen schönen Penis und seine Kopf-Bürste, mit der er mich so herrlich heißbrübelt beim Sex!“

Udo: „Sie macht alles mit – auch mal 'ne Runde wilden Po-Sex. Und sie duftet immer toll, das kenne ich gar nicht!“

in Daggis Nobel-Bett bumst es sich viel schöner als auf meiner alten



18 Blitz-illu

Gegensätze
ziehen sich an: Bei Daggi und
Udo trifft das voll zu



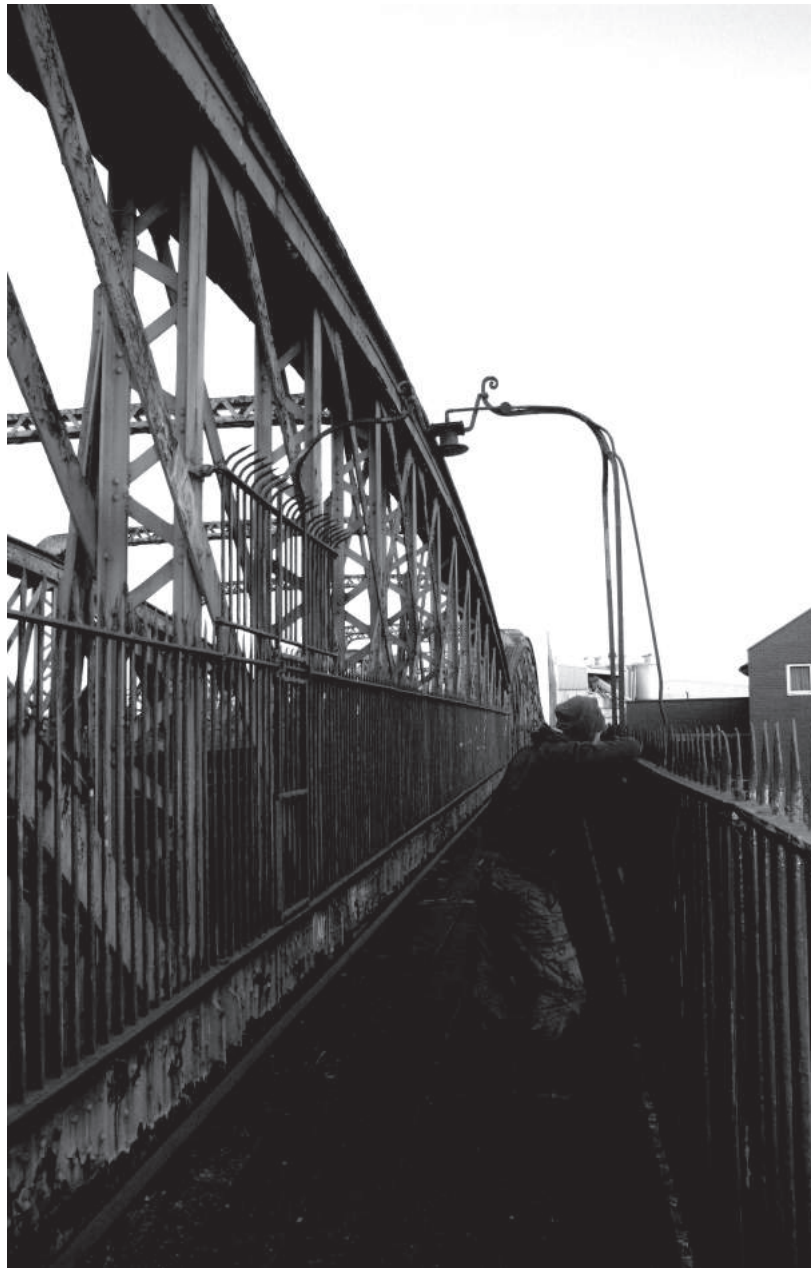
On consumption and waste

It's Art focusing on personal guilt; although I think the individual should not shy away, shun responsibility. Industry (as a whole) will always cut corners regardless of public pressure/power.

No mention of corporate responsibility for pollution disasters.
A ruined planet equals a healthy bank balance = happy shareholders.

The whole system's got to go!

(This one was inspired by an anti-plastic pollution art installation in Bristol)



War

If you feel at war inside your head, will anything feel worth doing? *Are you good at doing anything? Are you brilliant at any one thing?*


If you feel the answer is no, and you don't have so much money that you can do just what you like, then maybe, you would think down the same lines as me.

In this war, what rules do I really have to obey?

the ones I'm too frightened to break?

If I'm prepared to say *fuck you* to most things, there must be some kind of acceptance within myself that I am at war, so if I don't fight using what is accessible and available to me, I could possibly feel like a failure, so I grab this war by the horns and tackle it as best possible.

I can feel positive regardless of the noise coming from those crows just cackling perched on the fence.

A black and white photograph showing a utility tower with a bucket, viewed through a window with blinds and bare tree branches. The text is overlaid on the image.

SHRED & BURN
NOT FOR OUT-TRAY
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