

ANTI CLOCK — WISE.

**Nihilists, one more effort if
we are to be revolutionaries!**



Ø Fight the war machine, not war!

STUFF THEIR FILTHY, CAPITALIST, OIL GRABBING, POLLUTANT WAR

Why I Hate Cars

Owning a car is a natural occurrence in the development of many, if not most, people's lives. The family car is as important as the family pet. Those who do not have cars want them. Cars are a deeply ingrained part of 1990s society, perhaps even so more than any other era in the lifetime of the motor industry - so much so that their role is barely questioned, let alone challenged.



Cars are a commodity, cars are a status symbol ... cars are symptomatic of a greedy, selfish, destructive, materialist, isolationist, covetous, unthinking society. They are used to reinforce the worst stereotypes of roles played out by citizens. From the father going to work and mother going shopping in the nuclear family to the penis extension qualities of macho males with their 'motor'. People with a car are somehow better than those who do not own one, "Oh, s/he must be doing O.K., have you seen the car they drive?". The more cars you

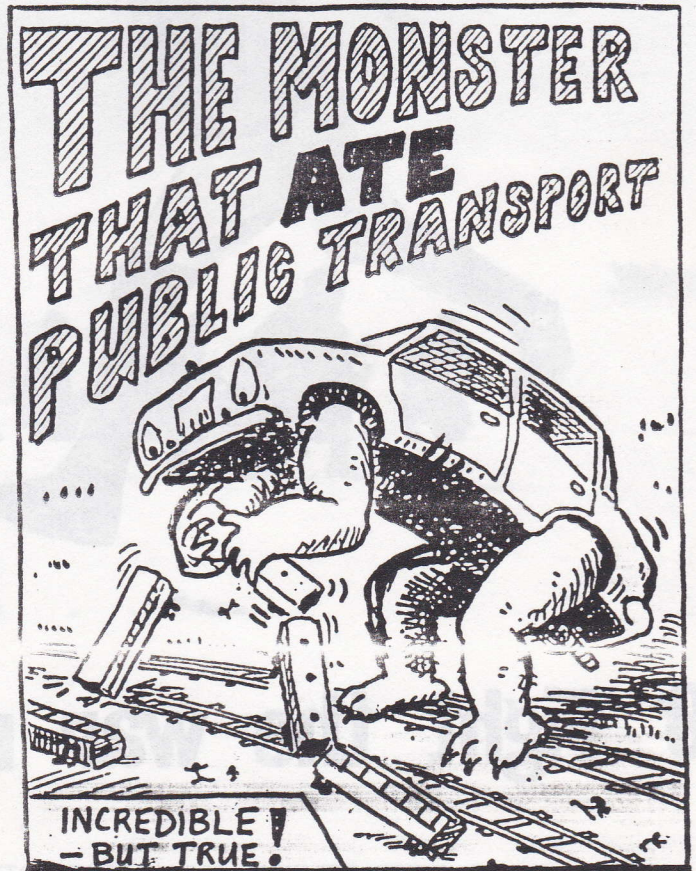
have, the better your social standing.

Unlike the greens, I do not advocate abandoning the cities for communes in the countryside to escape the metal monstrosities or rejecting technical advances and new technology. I live in a city, always have done and always will I guess. The real struggle against spectacular society is at its heartbeat - the built up urban environment. Escapist garbage like Green Anarchist deserves every bit of the ridicule and contempt heaped upon it. Criticising a society from outside it is counter revolutionary and lacking credibility and understanding. Only through class struggle and a thoroughly bad attitude in the cities (and elsewhere) will society be challenged.

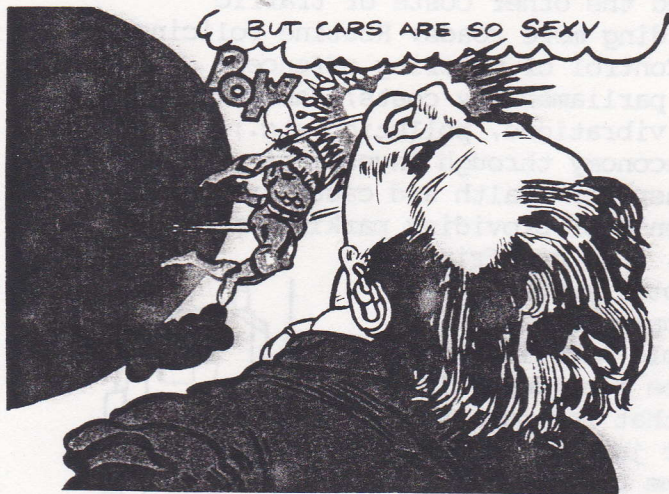
However, this class struggle is seriously hampered if you cannot get across the road because of car after car driving past! The roads of cities are mesmerising - car after car after car. Many of these have just one person in them, cut off from the world by a force field of aluminium and Dire Straits on the radio. This is alienation at its most blatant, the interaction of human beings is severely curtailed, which is just what governments want - if we are all together, having a laugh, chatting and discussing, my god, things like Trafalgar Square on the 31st March 1990 happen! The competitiveness and materialism of 1990 are compounded by the 'look after number 1 mentality'.

This deluge of cars leads to traffic snarl-ups, anger and selfishness - "I've GOT to get to work" or "I've GOT to get to the shops". Our cities are choked by the spectre of metallic queues. All this makes me sound a bit hippyish, but I'm not. Sure, I'm an idealist, I want to see people stop hating each other and the pace of life gets me down as everyone is too busy to stop and look around them. It makes me sad, but I go to work, I believe in technology as a liberating force if it is hijacked by free thinking proles, I dress 'straight', have a normal haircut and like living in cities - but all these cars do my head in!

The society we have created in the city revolves around the requirements of the car. Architecture and planning revolve around these requirements, not the people who happen to live in this environment. Our movement and lives are dictated by the layout of roads.



The pollution side of cars has been well documented and discussed over the last few years. I worry about the environment, like I worry about more mundane aspects of everyday life, such as whether my wage will last until the end of the month. The choking smog of car pollution is a pain in the arse. The trouble is that we have been hypnotised into believing that we could not possibly live without cars.



Most people that I have spoken to about this just cannot see a world without cars.

The most radical act carried out by rioters is the burning of cars - it is an act of heresy. Arsonists of the World, Ignite, You have nothing to burn But your fingers!. The sheer pleasure of watching a car burn is staggering. A few friends were sat on a wall in Toxteth watching a stolen van burning, only later did we find out that it was another acquaintance's vehicle!

I would argue that consumerism is a major factor in the sustenance of the present regime. Our anger and questioning are bought off with cheap, shoddy goods, the medium for which is advertising.

Christ, can you imagine having no adverts to tell us which brand to buy? Car advertising is the worst of the lot - a con that spending every penny you own on a particular heap of future rust will somehow improve your way of life. Car producers include the largest multinational corporations on earth. To rub salt in this, the car advertisers use words like 'freedom', 'liberation' and 'revolution' to describe a product that will alienate, bankrupt, isolate and maybe even kill you.

The amount of people killed or injured by cars every year should make you think twice. Governments make a big fuss about some food scare which has left a couple of pensioners dead, some bloke goes loopy and shoots half a dozen people, a plane crash kills 50 people - all of this is big news. Just have a look at these statistics and ask yourself where did you see this massacre in the news. Nowhere.

246,994 road accidents in 1988
5,052 people killed in road accidents
Of this: 2,142 people were in the car
1,753 victims were pedestrians
227 were cyclists
670 were motorcyclists
260 were 'others' (whatever that means!)
There is no record of the animals splattered.

322,305 people were injured in road accidents
58,843 of these were pedestrians.

(1990 Abstract of Statistics)

Of course, there are lies, damn lies and statistics, but the scale is accurate if taking no account of unreported smashes. This reduces everything to numbers, but most people know someone who was killed or injured in a car accident. The interesting thing is that road accidents, even fatal ones, barely merit a mention in the papers or on T.V. - the way you die certainly influences the reportage of your death.

Sat on a bus in London a few months ago, 2 people in front of me were discussing the banning of cars from city centres and saying what a huge improvement in the standard of living it would be. I agree - less noise, less pollution, safer streets, people interacting more etc. The point is that it is not so much the car which is so particularly bad, but its impact on our surroundings.

CLASS WITHOUT THE STRUGGLE.

..... I SOLD MY BODY
FOR A BAR OF SOAP !



The amount of roads is increasing annually churning up more countryside and cities alike to accomodate even more traffic.

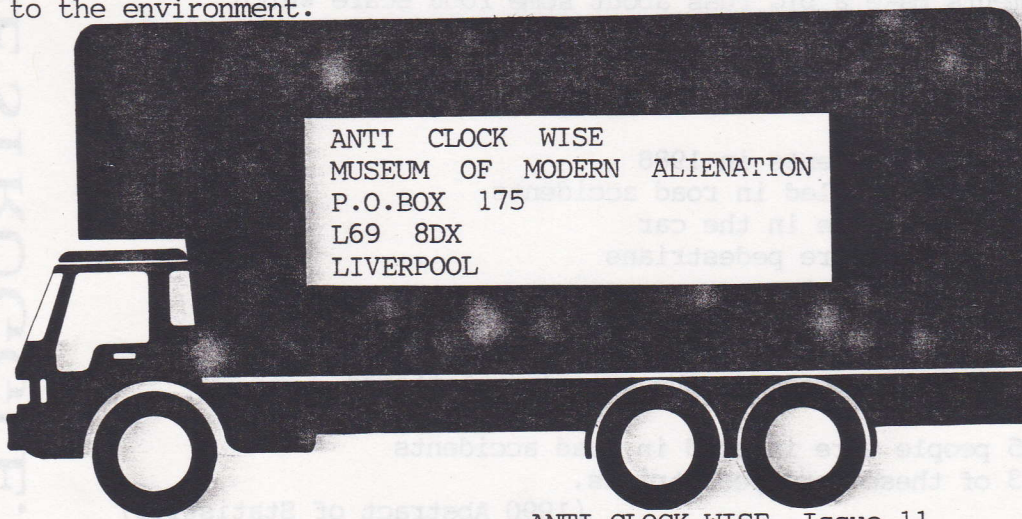
The car dictates the way our environment is planned, and hence our whole lives. 'The Guardian' (... is Big Brother) on October 13th 1989 listed the other costs of traffic apart from building more roads: Routine policing of the roads; Control of motoring offences; Government and parliamentary costs; damage to property by vibrations, pollution etc.; losses to the economy through investment in private transport; health and casualty costs; the expense of providing parking space.

Before you ask, no, I do not own a car and, yes, I do use friend's cars occasionally because I am faced with the hypnotic sway of "Oh, just hop in". There are countless examples that people come up with of cars being vital, such as allowing disabled people mobility -and in the present situation they would very probably be right. However, there are even more examples reinforcing the fact that the number of cars is absurd and unnecessary - such as traffic jams of commuters with one person in each car all heading for the same place, taking the kids to the school round the corner in the car, nipping to the shops in the motor for a loaf of bread.

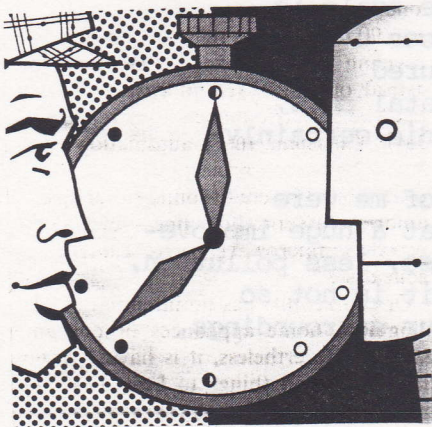
While public transport is such a farce and expensive, the arguments for cars will still be louder than its critics. A social revolution in our attitudes to transport is vital, with an expansion of cheap train and bus services, with facilities for cyclists in the cities, to gradually replace the choking oppression of cars.

-Rick

The above were just a few thoughts on the subject, I would appreciate contributions, thoughts etc. on the question of traffic and its relationship to the environment.



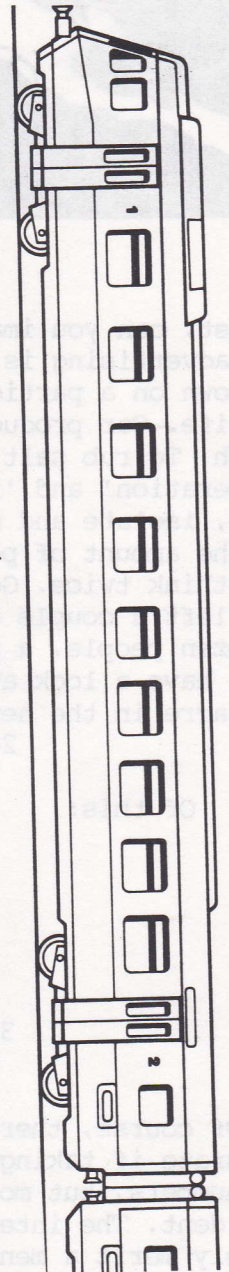
ANTI CLOCK WISE Issue 11



Welcome to ACW, amazingly in to double figures. Next year, the zine will change from the xeroxed gem before you to a more plush, glossy thing - the specifics have yet to be decided, but watch this space. As ever, thanks for all the letters and stuff - keep it coming, I really appreciate it. Articles on anything are very welcome, particularly stuff discussed in this issue and previous ones to get a discussion going. If your letter is meant for printing, please say so as I will not print anything unless it says so.

Issues 6,7,8,9 and 10 are 40p from the above.

Take care. Love, Rick.



FIST

REVIEW: "FIST" # 3 (Megazine) A3, £2.

Gobsmacked. That is the only way to describe my reaction to seeing FIST # 2. I expected a crappy A5 xeroxed fanzine, full of interviews with complete nonentities with egos as big as the vastness between their ears - but ended up with an A3 well wicked screenprinted covered magazine printed on glossy paper and packed with oddities, superb graphics and hours of reading.

The kind of thing you leave lying around your flat for other people to pick up and have a read - and they do.

FIST # 3 is even better. An absolutely charming screenprinted cover depicts a melted plastic doll wielding, what looks like, a switchblade (yep, seeing is believing!). The contents are a chaotic mixture of interviews, sado-masochistic and cut-up graphics, reviews, stories etc.

Can't say I've ever been overimpressed by interviews with musicians/pop stars, but the FIST spotlight on David Thomas of Pere Ubu, Annie Anxiety, Diamanda Galas, Steve Albini & Dave Simms and The Young Gods are interesting and is what the kids want, I guess. If you're into this sort of stuff, you'll love FIST for this alone.

Apart from the pop stars (or not), Art Strike Mega Star Stewart Home is interviewed in 'Where have all the boot boys gone?' (the interview took place before the Art Strike, I am angrily informed!). It ends up as more a biography of Home, but is full of the usual gems, anecdotes and self promotion. FIST also has a revealing interview with people from the Archaos Circus, their performances are not to be missed.

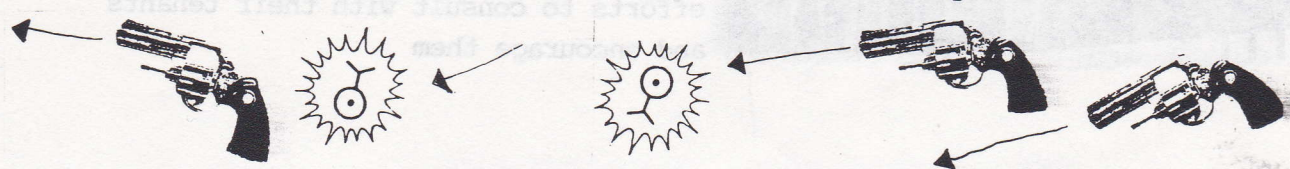
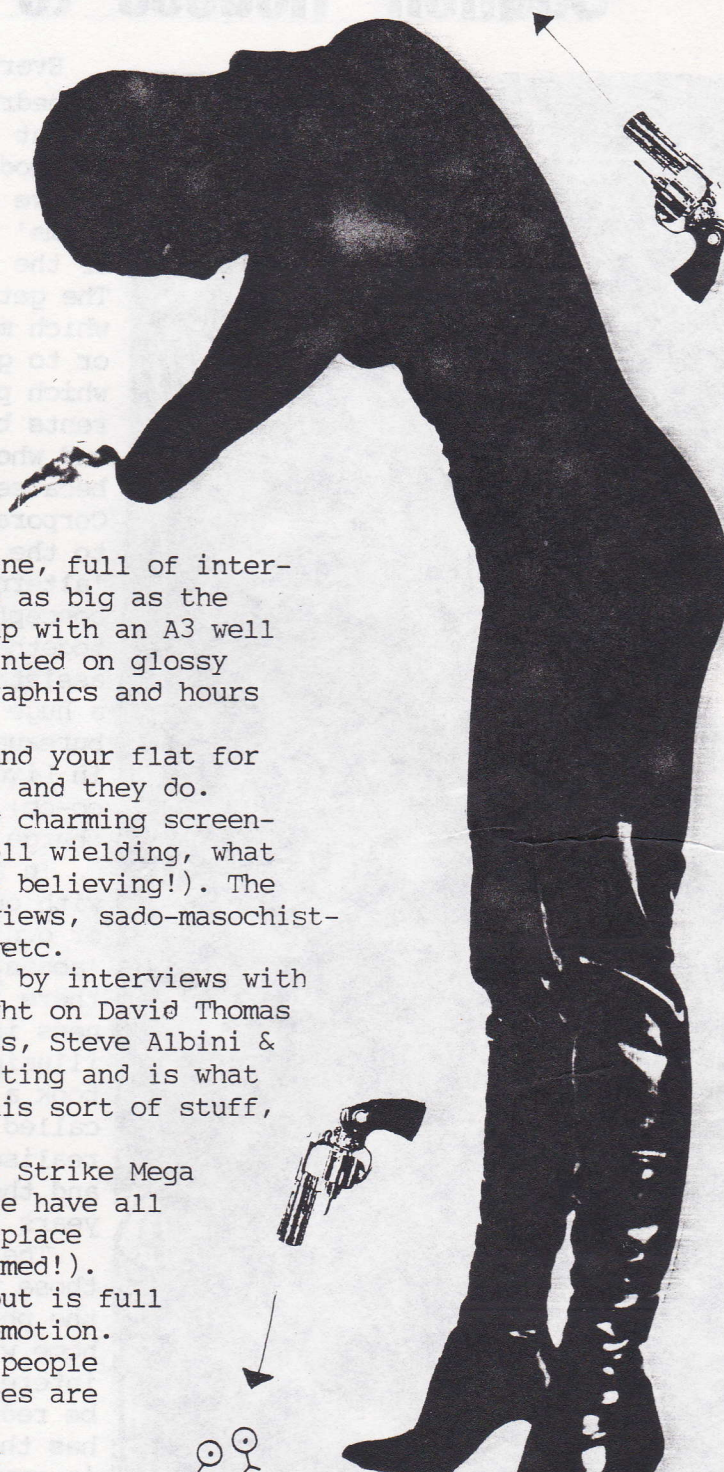
The stories in FIST are ace, the block capital typeset does your head in a bit, tho'!

"PICKING UP ONE OF GUYS FAVOURITE KLEINS SHE HURLED IT AT THE REFLECTING IMAGES THAT HAD CROWDED INTO THE ROOM. FRAGMENTS SPUN ACROSS THE STERILE SPACE, SHE SLOWED IT DOWN, PLAYED IT BACK TO TAKE IT ALL IN, THEN SHE PAUSED, GAZING AT HER CALVES, SHE HAD ALWAYS HATED POLLOCK, RANDOMNESS DISTURBED PHYSICAL PROCESSES BUT YOU CANT MAKE AN OMELETTE WITHOUT BREAKING EGGS. PICKING UP THE BUST OF LENIN IT CASCADED INTO THE 34 INCH SONY, IMMATERIAL DEFIANCE HER OWN KRISTALLNACHT, THIS WILL STOP THE TIDE OF JAPANESE CULTURAL IMPERIALISM "COPYISTS NO CULTURE" "...

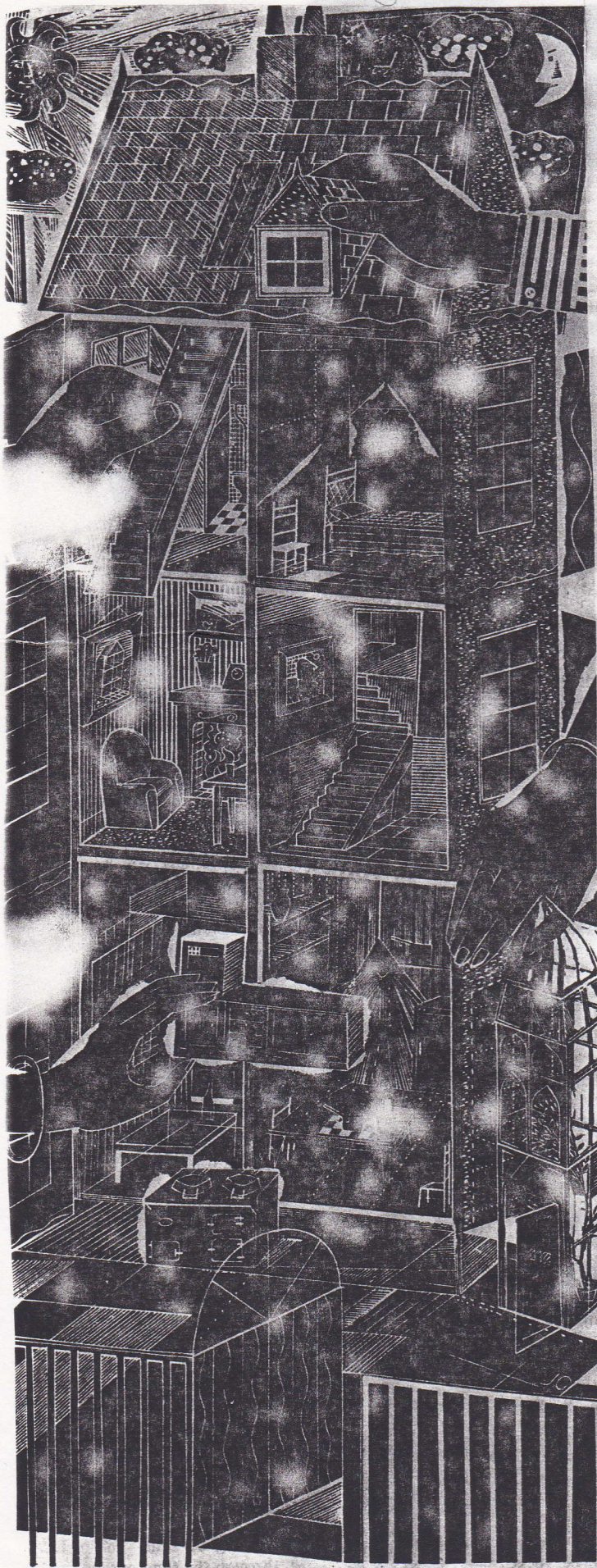
Lots of lovely pictures bind it all together. If you like your wacky and bizarre reading just that bit more impressive, FIST is where its at.

FIST # 3 is available for £2 (inc. P+P) from Anti Clock Wise, P.O.Box 175, L69 8DX, Liverpool.

FIST # 1,2 and 3 are available direct from FIST, 2 Abernathy Rd, London, SE13 5QJ.



Council Houses to Cathedrals



Everyone shall live in their own cathedral ... or at least somewhere decent where they choose to live. Accomodation is a basic necessity, yet we are presented with 2 'acceptable norms' in the shackle of mortgages or the drain of rents to leach landlords. The get-outs of this are squatting, which may well become illegal soon, or to get a home with a housing association, which provide accomodation at fairer rents but now have huge waiting lists and whose government money is cut because of a huge cock-up by the Housing Corporation, who distribute the money to the associations. A more appealing 'alternative' is the housing co-operative concept, where a group of people come together with the help of technical assistance and grants - this takes a huge amount of commitment and faces bureaucratic red tape such as Militant in Liverpool withdrawing help to a co-op, because they wanted to be in charge.

In a so-called civilised society, with one person living in a huge house or owning several properties as an 'absentee landlord', the fact that there is genuine and increasing homelessness is an outrage that shatters the illusion 1990 well-off Britain. It took a T.V. drama-documentary in 1966 called 'Cathy Come Home' to make anyone realise that there were homeless people and the creation of SHELTER - but 25 years later it is still a massive problem.

The contraption of capitalism rewards those who toe the line and embrace the philosophy in buying their own home with massive increases in mortgage interest rates so that inflation can be reduced in order to buy votes. Rarely has the fact that we are hapless pawns in some depraved game been more blatantly exposed. Millions of conned working class people in dear old blighty are now struggling to keep up with their repayments on their homes and repossessions are at an all time high.

I work for a charitable housing association and realise that there is a genuine commitment to help those in housing need, but they are faced with overwhelming problems, both locally and through their reliance on government money distributed by the Housing Corporation. At least housing associations make efforts to consult with their tenants and encourage them



and encourage them to participate in local decisions, they are not motivated by profit (if they are charitable) and give help to community projects. With the cash crisis, they are reduced to providing new accommodation to those with special needs. Hence, they are really no cure to the housing crisis. The answer lies in realising that ordinary people can create their own homes with technical help from voluntary bodies.



The biggest outrage is that there are thousands and thousands of perfectly good EMPTY houses, most because the owner is absent for whatever reason or cannot afford to make them fit to live in (usually skint councils). The appalling cock-ups over the last 30 years in designing homes to get as many people off the waiting list as possible in as short a time as possible has added to the blight with empty tower blocks, abandoned tenement blocks and poorly constructed houses that no-one ever wanted to live in or are unfit for habitation after a few years. Beautiful and habitable buildings are abandoned to ruin - left wing councils preferring to build more crappy 5-year lifetime estates rather than renovate or 'rehabilitate' because 'new builds' look better on the figures and are cheaper in the short run, no regard being given to the design, environment, maintenance of well constructed dwellings and communities, or the desires of those they purport to help.

Bastard private landlords can exploit the shortages to reap financial windfalls from charging higher and higher rents because of the rise in house prices due to

no fault of ours. We are helpless in the face of this financial manipulation and are then meant to feel sorry for the estate agents when the rises grind to a halt. Landlords didn't reduce the rents which included rates after the Poll Tax - and they wonder why no-one isn't paying it! Many landlords have total contempt for the supposed rights of their tenants, knowing that they can just turn round and say that if we don't like it we can go elsewhere and they can always find some other desperate person. The concept of a fair landlord is a pretty rare phenomenon, power really does corrupt - this exploitation must be seen as just a part of a more general exploitation, it is just that this is more blatant. Paying rent is just pouring money down the drain or into the pockets of greedy property owners, at least with a mortgage you get something to show for all the years of hardship after the mortgage has been paid off.

The law protects property, property is more important than people, this is a repulsive and obvious fact. Empty property must be seized by people who need it, it is not as if there is not enough to go round. The squatters have the right idea, they



"No, it's not puppies - around here we drown yuppies!"

Rock 'n' Roll is Dead Long Live Football!

Written by a Stockport County fan, "In your blood" was produced out of a sense of frustration at fans having little say in the running of, what is, after all, the People's Game.

INTRODUCTION

- PART 1: Life on the terraces.
- PART 2: Chants; Football and the extreme right; Hooligans; Women and football; Hillsborough; The Taylor Report; I.D. cards; The fans answer back; Italia '90.

IN YOUR BLOOD: Football culture in the late '80s and early '90s.

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IN YOUR BLOOD

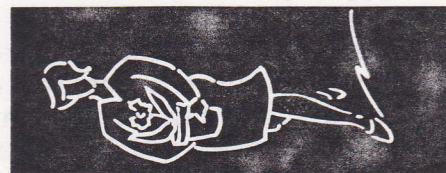
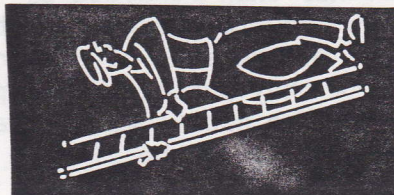


they do not steal other people's homes, but seize unused property for their own needs. The trouble is that squatting does not usually give a secure future and the law is understandably a barrier for many people in seizing property. Empties are also a blight on our communities, outlawing squatting will reinforce the slum image as it will abandon the buildings to ruin and create longer waiting lists, with more homeless-

ness.

The same government which stamps out people taking control of their own problems created by the government, has 18.1% of government owned properties standing vacant, compared with 4.2% of the property owned by housing associations and only 2.4% of local authority houses, the latter usually getting the most stick for this. Any property left empty for more than six months with no sign of any action on it is valid for seizure and renovation for those who need it.

Just take a look at those who argue against the seizure of empties, they are wealthy scumbags or politicians of whatever shade who can use the housing issue for political gain. Destroy the myth of politics and perhaps we might start to shatter the myth of capitalist spectacular exploitation of us all in such a basic area as housing.



OLD GLORY

by Silver

Old Glory burns once again
fluttering to the ground
and all you see is enemy
as we gather round

You equate the flag with this land
land that we all love

It's just that we don't follow the hawk
we follow the mourning dove

You don't understand the reasoning
why we committed to the flame

You must not see the heinous crimes
committed in its name

We don't want to destroy our country
we want to raise it high

and give the world a symbol
of justice to go by

But justice isn't what your flag
has come about to mean

Its perverse oppression is pushing down
the glory is obscene

We see what you must not
and we cry aloud in pain

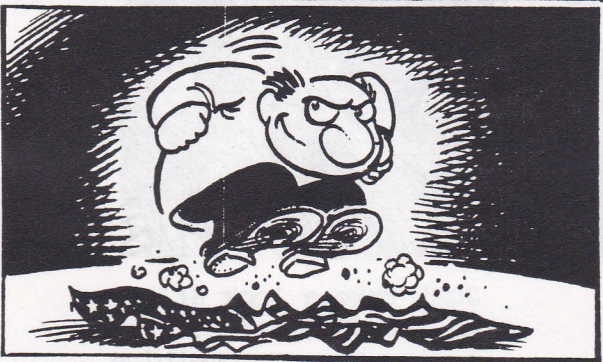
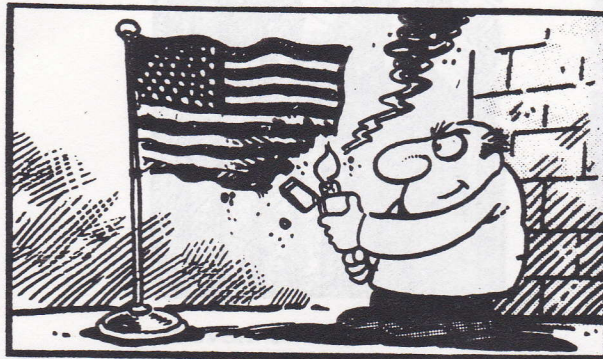
And once again we send the flag
bursting into flame

All the world are brothers
and brothers should not die

and with their glazing eyes look upon
Old Glory in the sky

Your flag has caused untold millions
such sorrow and we must take blame

For we don't burn it out of hatred
we burn it out of shame



BURN THE FLAG
READ THE BOOK
DROP YOUR MASK
AND TAKE A LOOK
SEE THE LAND
FEEL THE BREEZE
TAKE A STAND
GET OFF YOUR KNEES
TURN THE CORNER
TAKE A WALK
LET'S FIND A PLACE
WHERE WE CAN TALK
SEE MY FACE
HEAR MY VOICE
AND UNDERSTAND
YOU'VE GOT A CHOICE
BURN THE BOOK
FLY THE FLAG
PRAY TO GOD
AND KILL A FAG
CLASE YOUR EYES
AND HIDE YOUR FACE
THE WORLD IS GONE
WITHOUT A TRACE

A POEM ABOUT
HOPE, CHOICE AND
FRUSTRATION.
DEDICATED TO ALL
WHO WORK FOR A
BETTER WORLD

By Lou Bellisimo

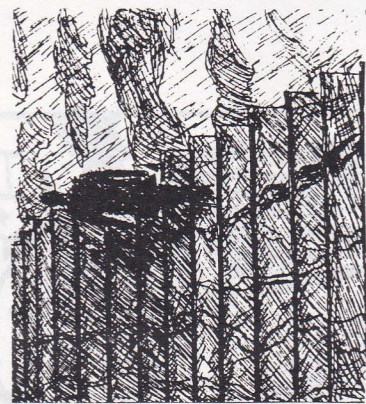
BURN THE FLAG



Alone, all alone, I sit
in this room.



I had to get out of
there, got to think
about it, give myself
some answers (my feet
are soaking as well)



Up and up the never
ending steps I climb.
Someday I would like
to reach the top, the
top of what echoes
through my mind (My
trousers are getting
incredibly wet now)



Gazing out into this bleak
bleak landscape before
me I only see dark shapes
and emptiness. Am I a
prisoner in this world
through choice? (A car
splashes me as it drives
by).



Round and round the
corners. Each one is
like the last. With
nowhere to go I know
I'm killing time, time
that does not deserve
to die. (The wet drips down
my neck and starts to
soak my tee-shirt).



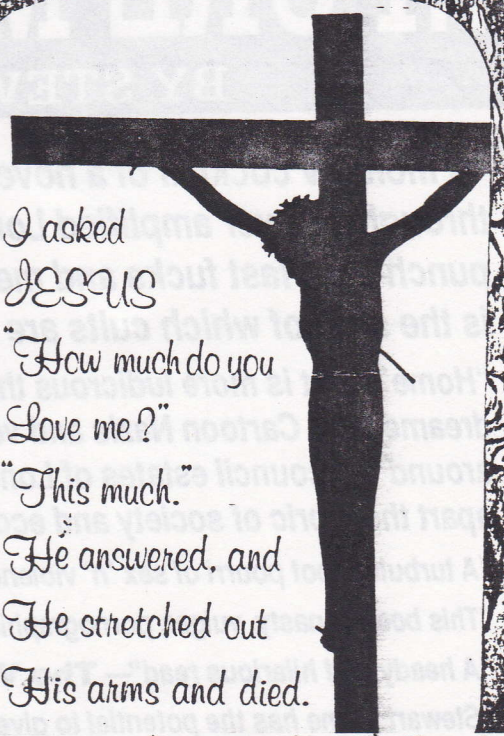
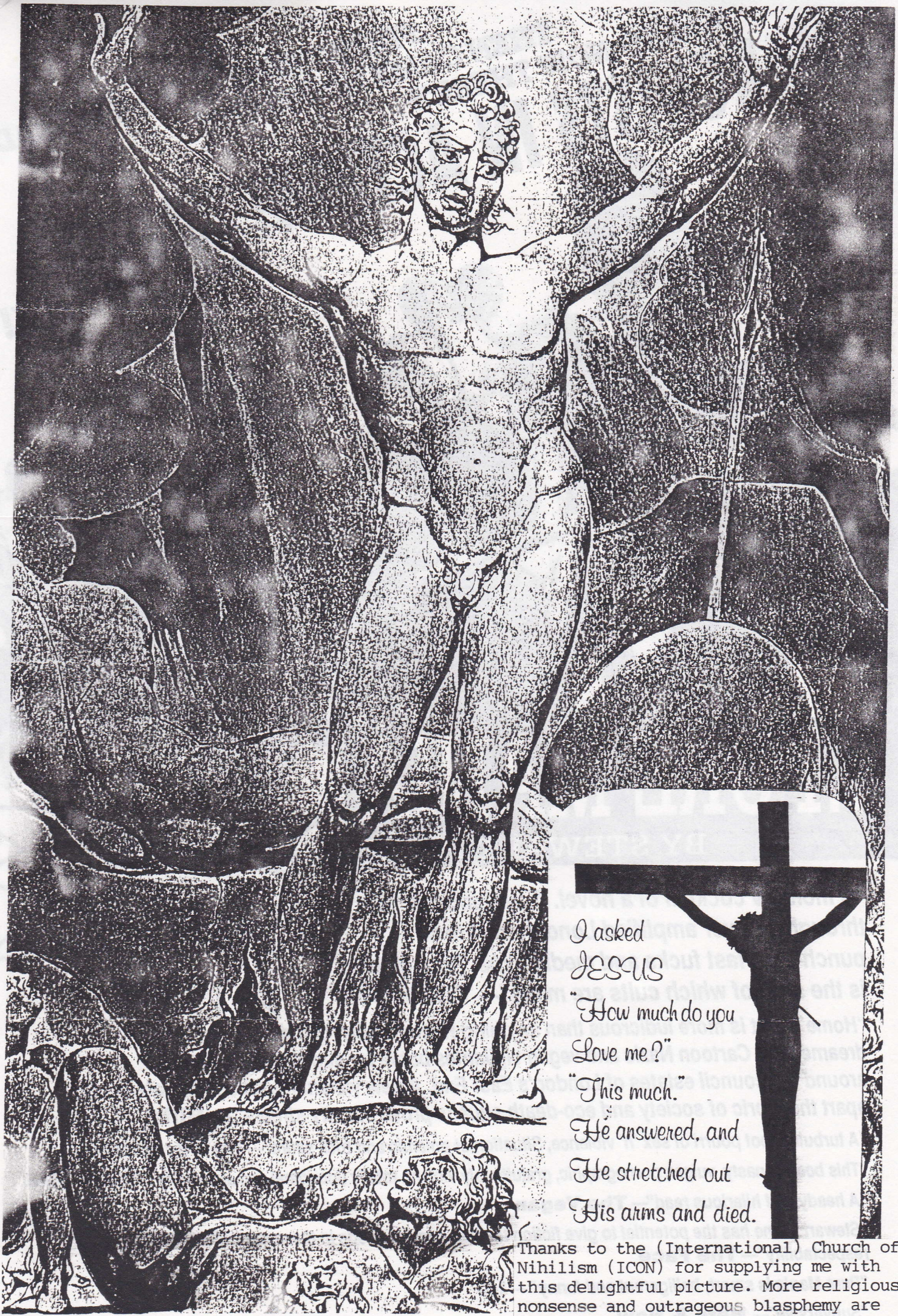
Just take a look at
me, plodding along,
trying to get something
together, repairing
the cracks. As usual
though I just end up
walking and walking
through the gloomy
streets with no purpose.
(But I do manage to
get incredibly wet, though.

From "Rain" by Paul Rutherford, from AK, 3 Balmoral
Place, Stirling, FK8 2RD, Scotland.

A few apologies, first for the rather haphazard quality of the photocopying of this and a few earlier Anti Clock Wise issues - as stated, the quality of the production (if not the material!) should improve next year. If anyone knows of a printer who would be prepared to print ACW, please let me know.

Apologies also to Stefan Szczelkun, the last chapter of his article "Organic Intellectuals Emerging" in issue 10 should have read "Once we forge the necessary connections with our peers and awaken them from their cultural comas with patient words of love in their ears, and listen to their fears as they unfreeze..." and not "... forget the necessary connections..." as I put! Bloody liberals!!

If you are on the mailing list for ACW and move, it would be a really swell idea to tell me. Also, please remember to put your address on letters if you expect a reply. And a final nag, please leave any cheques blank in the payee bit as I haven't got a bank account for Anti Clock Wise. Nag, nag, nag, nag, Disaster struck with Grass Roots bookshop in Manchester closing down, but Mushroom Bookshop, 10 Heathcote St, Nottingham have seen the light and are stocking ACW now.



I asked
JESUS
"How much do you
Love me?"
"This much."
He answered, and
He stretched out
His arms and died.

Thanks to the (International) Church of Nihilism (ICON) for supplying me with this delightful picture. More religious nonsense and outrageous blasphemy are always very welcome!

FIRST THERE WAS SKINHEAD
THEN CAME BOOT BOYS
AND NOW THERE'S...
ANARCHISTS IN ACTION!

★ LOOT-INS!
★ BOMBINGS!
★ ALL-OUT SEX!



...PURE MANIA

BY STEWART HOME

"A molotov cocktail of a novel. A switchback ride through an over amplified London lowlife of punch-ups, fast fucks and media hype. Pure Mania is the stuff of which cults are made"— **Time Out**

"Home's plot is more ludicrous than anything Richard Allen could have dreamed up. Cartoon Nazis and vegan vigilantes battle for supremacy around the council estates of London's East End. A new violent music cult threatens to rip apart the fabric of society and eco-death squads prowl the city streets"— **Blitz**

"A turbulent pot pourri of sex 'n' violence, Situationist polemic and rock satire"— **Melody Maker**

"This book is nasty, vulgar, pornographic, gratuitously violent, totally unoriginal and absolutely brilliant"— **NME**

"A heady and hilarious read"— **The Vegan**

"Stewart Home has the potential to give fiction the bad name it needs in these days of Booker/Granta respectability"— **The Face**

"Pure Mania is smart, belligerent and funny"— **I-D**

"Subversive"— **Here & Now**

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