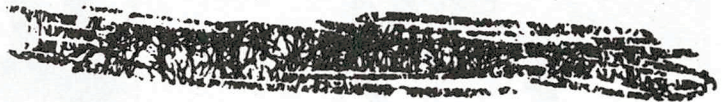


PERFECT
TOILET-SEAT
READING!

STOP PRESS...
At a recent meeting with the V.C., to which I was not invited least of all informed, Kevin and various other members of exec were told, "I want this publication stopped!", and replied, "Not to worry we're already working on it" Being on exec screws you up...



NOT TO BE MISSED
UNLESS YOU ARE
ABSOLUTELY SURE
ABOUT EVERYTHING

Word has it that the authorities have it in mind to put a stop to Agitator...word also has it that exec have hardly sprung to its defence...perhaps they all think that if it doesn't appear, there won't be any dissatisfaction with the status quo; little do they know that Agitator is held together by powerful elastic bands, and will always bounce back...



AGITATOR



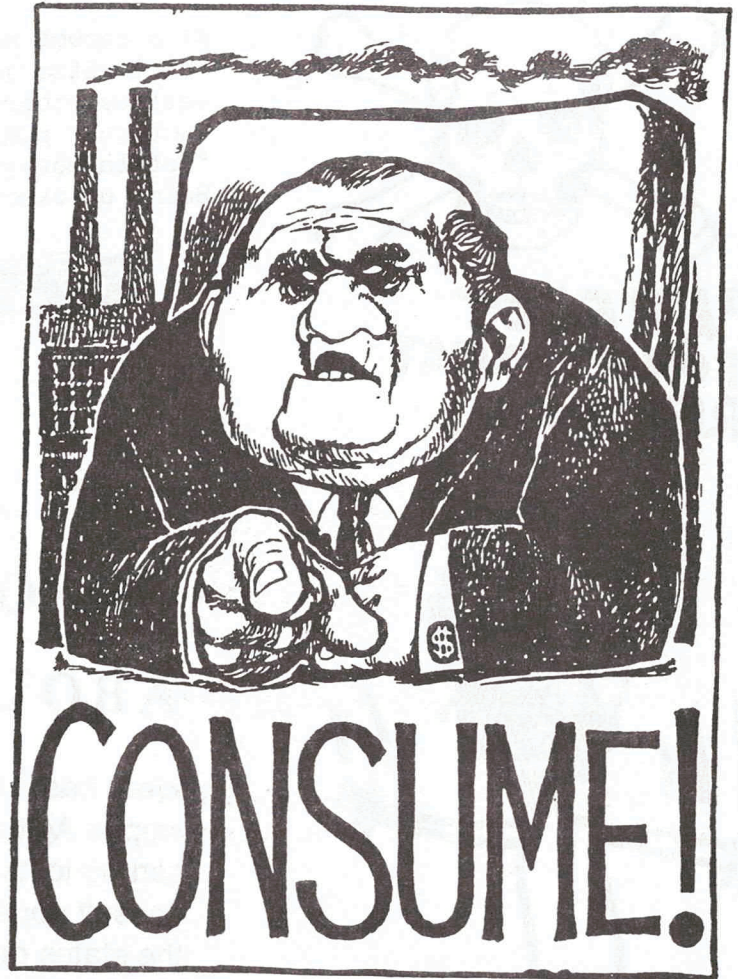
EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

Firstly to those many many people who have voiced complaints about exec-which includes exec-quite a few of them in fact- I couldn't be bothered to print it all. There's a great tendency for people to spend all their time plotting and never doing anything. If you all want to no-confidence certain sabbaticals, I suggest you go ahead. The huge amount of energy given over to back-biting is a tremendous waste; there's massive bad feeling, especially towards Kevin, but it doesn't help to just let it fester. This Union is putting up a poor show all round, and everyone's complaining, and never doing anything. That's it.

CREDITS

- 1) Pyramid press.
- 2) Steve Brown, Susan Palmer-Jones, Tonbridge Anarchist group, The Anonymous editor, Ben Ford,, R. Kliban.
- 3) Bhee, ~~Andy~~, ~~David~~, Matt David. *Ann*



RIGHT OF REPLY.

No-one has immediate right of reply, as it would spoil the fun. Anyone offended is invited to tear their hair out and submit a reply with guaranteed publication for the next issue, to the Enquiries Office, or recourse to Spark letters page, which I never read. No problem.

Money II

The Pleasure Tendency, P.O. Box 109, Leeds LS5 3AA



Today, there is something that binds us all, young or old, male or female, East or West.



A notion so powerful that it has its own logic, rules and common-sense — even overriding our own...



...to the extent that it becomes harder and harder to see any other way of doing things.



But the absurd and cruel consequences of this idea continue, and are all



Resistance, however, has long been around.



It is within all of us, everyday, and the age of the gift draws nigh!

Welcome back to the typing error gremlins...



Women's
Information
Centre

6 Silver Street

Reading
0734 311939

Lots of useful stuff...



"You're sick, Jessy! ... Sick, sick, sick!"

INVASION OF THE CULTURE SNATCHERS

SHOCK!

You will be appalled!

-They came from the dark hell-holes of London Road! Set free by an evil maniac, they now seek out a new home!

CHILL!

-They know no bounds.

-In their quest for blood gore and post-modern ways of expressing the tension between embodiment and suffering, they will stop at nothing.

SCREAM!

-As your eyes are burnt away by lurid dungarees and haircuts which literally steal the air from your lungs.

MOVE TO DORSET!

-In an attempt to dodge the sudden invasion of bohemian horrors from the fine art dimension.

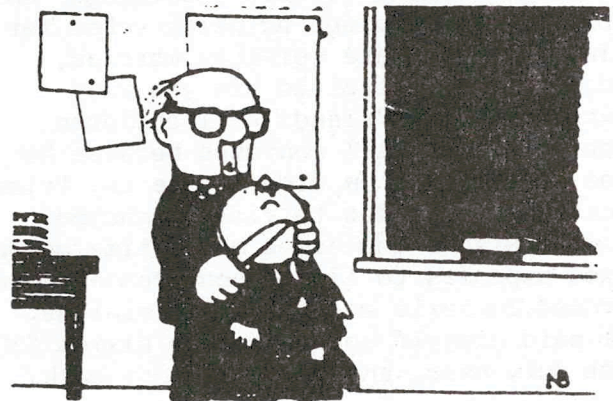
They have come for your artistic sensibilities and they won't leave until you can name the production team of Blitz.

In contemporary dialectics- no one can hear you scream.

COMING SOON TO A COFFEE LOUNGE NEAR YOU!

The history of [boredom] can be traced to the very beginning of the world. The gods were bored, so they created man. Adam was bored alone, and so Eve was created. Thus boredom entered the world, and increased in proportion to the increase in population. Adam was bored alone; then Adam and Eve were bored together; then Adam and Eve and Cain and Abel were bored *en famille*; then the population of the world increased and the people were bored *en masse*. To divert themselves they conceived the idea of

constructing a tower high enough to reach the heavens. This idea is itself as boring as the tower was high, and constitutes a terrible proof of how boredom had gained the upper hand . . .



"Line up in two's for assembly, or Perkins gets it."

POETRY CORNER

ODE TO READING STUDENTS

Perhaps-
I shall go
To the coffee lounge;

Perhaps-
well.



PERSONALISED MOTION OF NO-CONFIDENCE!

Yes, you too can no-confidence the president of your choice!
Just fill in the motion below and submit to Janet in the
Enquiries Office for the first Union General Meeting of next term.

"This Union has no-confidence in - - - - -
for the post of - - - - - which he currently holds,
for the following reasons:

and therefore moves that he be removed from office immediately.
First proposer
Second proposer

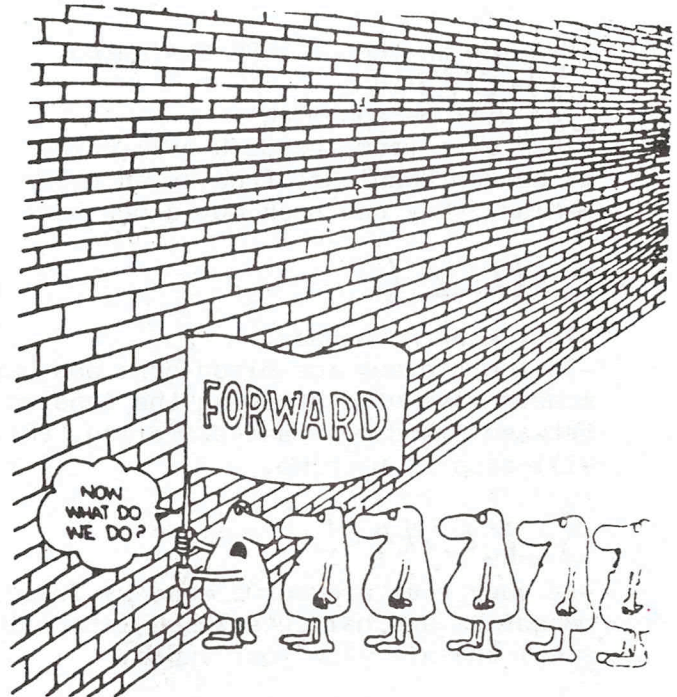
SUGGESTED REASONS: Failing to defend a student publication under threat
from the Universities authorities; Failure to properly publicise U.G.M.s
persistently, misappropriation of expense accounts (e.g. flying to a con-
ference in Strathclyde, rather than using a train- cost you £60 extra)
several incidents of harrassing women while drunk (we have witnesses), etc

BED TIME STORIES FROM THE AGITATOR TEAM

Once upon a time, a short pixie came to Reading, determind to make his fortune. He managed to become secretary of the Lemming Union but had to give it up so he could fail his degree properly. No, his moment of glory was to come when he fought the dwarf Afrikaan to become Head Pixie of Reading Nursery's Lemmings' Union. Some of the Lemmings actually voted for him, but they were terribly worried, because no-one trusted him you see. Except his girlfriend. Well children poor Kevin got all confused because he was so devious, he didn't have any friends. Instead he decided to ride roughshod over everyone and had a great time using exec expenses to fly to conferences, swan around in taxis and the Union minibus. He paid himself and the other pixies £10 for duty exec, and never did any work.

Some of the other pixies went along with him and some wanted to get rid of him- the Red Ambassador Pixie from the Bunkum site, the Old Lemmings' Pixie, the Swinging Pixie; and the Pixie of Far-off Lands gave up on the others and just got on wit her job. The Pen Pixie ran away, so did the Whitewash Ambassador (to the bar.) Even some of the Lemmings got worried. Only the Caring Pixie opposed Kevin and stood up to him. All the Lemmings cheered for her. But no-one else did anything.

And so the year wore on.....



YOUR CHANCE FOR PERSONAL DOMINATION!

Just as you thought communist autocracy was out of fashion, we bring you the guide to personal domination.

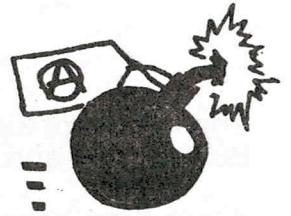
- LOSE FRIENDS!
- LOSE YOUR INTEGRITY!
- GIVE UP JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING IN ORDER TO SATISFY THAT LUST FOR POWER!

Here's how you go...

- 1) Get elected president of something
- 2) Immediately centralise all the power you can lay your hands on. e.g. if you wanted to be president of say RUSU, you could make sure you got hold of minutes of all meetings so you could change them to suit your cover-up. Then try to get power to censor as much of the press ^{as you can} if they're troublesome, find an excuse to get rid of them, like using the excuse that someone else is actually behind the move (say, someone known for their love of autocracy). Next centralise the finance; if the motion gets thrown out of a U.G.M., then go ahead anyway. Finally gradually reduce the number of meetings that any knowledgeable and powerful council has, like S.R.C. (You know, the annoying ones that ask questions like 'How come you get paid £10 for duty exec, when no-one has ever been paid before?').
- 3) Gloat for a bit.
- 4) Leave and get a crappy job.

That's it Easy

LOANS



WONT WORK

NOR DO STUDENTS...

New! Agitator Political Obituaries

AGITATOR POLITICAL OBITUARIES ...
...can be yours!

- perfect for ex-exec members!
- perfect for ex-members of the Cabinet!

Expressions of Joy in the Business Community



Fig 1



Fig 2



Fig 3



Fig 4



Fig 5



Fig 6

We can write a flattering, convincing political obituary for YOU!

Our satisfied customers include;
-Nigel Lawson-"... fat old bastard..."
-Dave Hall-"... now that Kevin is President, Dave is sorely missed ..."

Prospective customers include-
Kevin Messere-"...and it really doesn't matter about size honey..."

Paul Etherington-"...Paul's personal presence was enormous; everybody present was aware of him, as otherwise, he might have nodded and delivered serious injury with his nose..."

HIS STORY (A King Grows Old)

The history of kings. In the beginning there was King Young, his people trusted him, and knew him, and he knew them,

"Hello King Young"

"Hello, my people,"; it was friendly.

Of course the king was richer than the others, but his ability to get people to work together - for each other - was the skill he was paid for; putting to rest personal differences for a public benefit.

The people gave King Young some of their crops, and gifts representing their skills. The king in return gave back to them, he gave big parties, and in times of trouble he could help with the friends and influence he had. Therefore as his people all gave equally, he gave back equally in a different way.

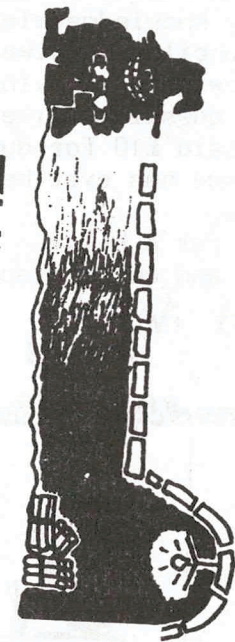


But King Young got carried away and thought that by just being KING he was important. He started to lose contact with his people, and became selfish. Allowing the benefits of the system he promoted to feed his greed, not his people - he became decadent. He allowed his wants, his personal desires to be fulfilled, and surrounded himself with objects of these desires. He had a big house, a big garden, and lots of gold...the best of everything.

-The people saw the difference and were displeased.

"It's all take and no give", they said.

The king had to get an army to help him, the people were rebelling against him, except for a few who received the benefits of his gain.



WHITEKNIGHTS

As the king forgot the benefits of 'the people', the people forgot the benefits of 'the king'. People seem to get on with things better if they're made to, and have no option for complaint,

"Give 'em an inch and they'll take a mile!"

Chief Basher said to King Young - and King Young had become so selfish that he agreed. King Young lived in a very big house, with a very big garden, vaults full of gold, and the very best of everything. His large house was no real substitute for his people, it was too self reflective, and somewhere inside, he felt sad.

The worried court talked about this a lot, philosophising on the issue of 'the people', and their worry occupied their mind so much they didn't see Chief Basher increasing his influence, as he bullied the king.

The people meantime had become distinctly angry about the situation, and in the end Chief Basher said with truth in his tone,

"My king you cannot go out on your own. The people will attack you. They are animals."



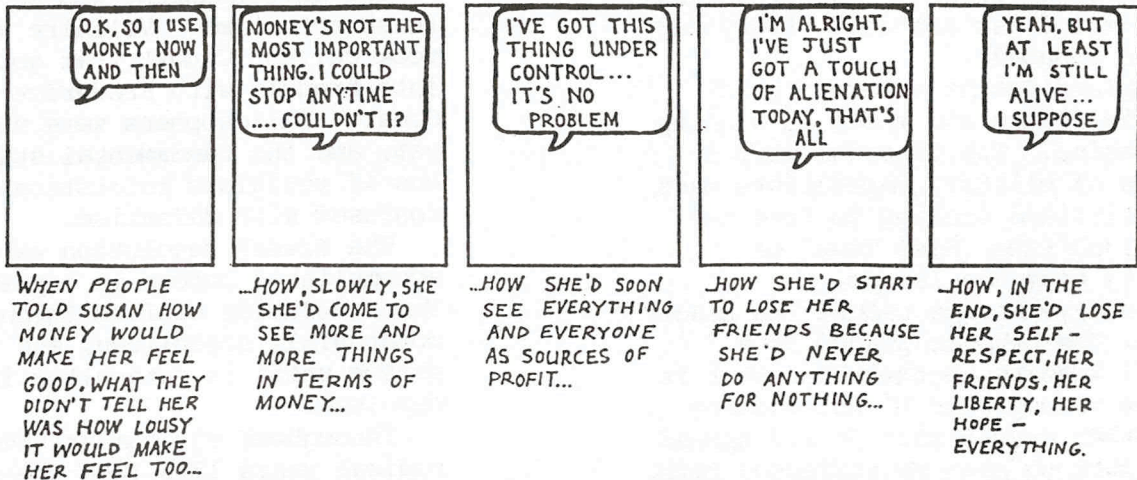
He didn't want to upset Chief Basher, but if he met his people he wouldn't want to upset them either.

"I never seem to meet my people anymore."

He said one day, looking upon his courtroom, his colleagues (not friends) facing him nodded and agreed, but they were worried inside. Chief Basher wasn't worried he knew what to do.

And so King Young, Chief Basher and the people all came under the influence of threat and violence, not co-operation and safety. Although Chief Basher seemed quite happy in his own sort of way. The court, well they philosophised about sadness and happiness, without really living it - testing the waters of life without going for a swim. King Young and the people were on the whole unhappy.

BEN FORD



**EVERYONE THINKS THEY CAN CONTROL MONEY
UNTIL IT STARTS TO CONTROL THEM**

The Pleasure Tendency, P.O. Box 109, Leeds, LS5 3AA

Money Screws You Up

STOP PRESS...STOP PRESS..STOP PRESS... ST David's which provides facilities for students living out of hall launderette, coffee bar etc is closing next June, with no prospect of relocation...the massive campaign to save St David's was obviously a great strain on our already over-worked exec. Well at least now you know.

LIFE REEKED WITH JOY

Historian Anders Henrikson - possibly as an act of vengeance - has assembled a brief history of Europe from the Middle Ages to the present, derived from papers submitted by his freshman classes at two Canadian universities. The spelling is as written.

'History, as we know, is always bias, because human beings have to be studied by other human beings, not by independent observers of another species.

During the Middle Ages, everybody was middle-aged. Church and state were co-operatic. Middle Evil society was made up of monks, lords and serfs.

After a revival of infantile commerce slowly creeped into Europe, merchants appeared. They roamed from town to town exposing themselves and organizing big fairies in the countryside. Mideval people were violent. Murder during this period was nothing. Everybody killed somebody.

England fought numerously for land in France and ended up winning and losing. The Crusades were a series of military expeditions made by Christians seeking to free the holy land (the "Home Town" of Christ) from the Islams.

Finally, Europe caught the Black Death. The bubonic plague is a social disease in the sense that it can be transmitted by intercourse and other etceteras. It was spread from port to port by inflected rats. The plague also helped the emergence of the English language as the national language of England, France, and Italy.

The Middle Ages slimpered to a halt. The renasence bolted in from the blue. Life reeked with joy. Italy became robust, and more individuals felt the value of their human being.

Man was determined to civilise himself and his brothers, even if heads had to roll! It became sheik' to be educated. Europe was full of

incredible churches with great art bulging out their doors. Renaissance merchants were beautiful and almost lifelike.

The Reformation happened when German nobles resented the idea that tithes were going to Papal France of the Pope thus enriching Catholic coiffures. An angry Martin Luther nailed 95 theocrats to a church door. Theologically, Luther was into reorientation mutation. Calvinism was the most convenient religion since the days of the ancients.

The Popes, of course, were usually Catholic. Monks went right on seeing themselves as worms. The last Jesuit priest died in the 19th century.

After the refirmation were wars both foreign and infernal. Louis XIV became the King of the Sun. He gave the people food and artillery. If he didn't like someone, he sent them to the gallows to row for the rest of their lives.

The enlightenment was a reasonable time. Voltaire wrote a book called "Candy" that got him into trouble with Frederick the Great. Philosophers were unknown yet, and the fundamental stake was one of religious toleration slightly confused with defeatism.

The French revolution was accomplished before it happened. The revolution evolved through monarchical, republican, and tolarian phases until it catapulted into Napolean.

Throughout the comparatively radical years 1815-1870 the western European continent was undergoing a Rampant period of economic modification. Industrialization was precipitating in England. Problems was so complexicated that in Paris, out of a city population of one million people, two million able bodies were on the loose.

Great Brittain, the USA and other European countrys had demicratic leanings. The middle class was tired and needed a rest. The old order could see the lid holding down new ideas beginning to shake. Among the

goals of the chartists were universal suffrage and an anal parliament. Voting was to be done by ballad.

A new time zone of national unification roared over the horizon. Nationalism aided Italy because nationalism is the growth of an army. Here, too, was the new Germany: loud, bold, vulgar and full of reality.

Culture fomented from Europe's tip to its top. Wagner was master of music, and people did not forget his contribution. Other countries had their own artists. France had Chekov.

World War I broke out around 1912-1914. Germany was on one side of France and Russia was on the other. At war people get killed, and then they aren't people any more, but friends. Peace was proclaimed at Versigh, which was attended by George Loid, Primal Minister of England. President Wilson arrived with 14 pointers.

In 1937 Lenin revolted Russia. Communism raged among the peasants, and the civil war "team colours" were red and white.

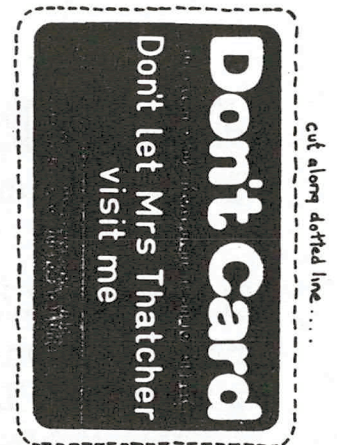
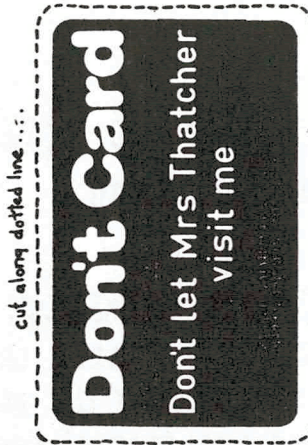
Germany was displaced after WWI. This gave rise to Hitler. Germany was morbidly overexcited and unbalanced. Berlin became the decadent capital, where all sorts of sexual deprivations were practised. A huge anti-semantic movement arose.

Germany invaded Poland, France invaded Belgium and Russia invaded everybody. War screeched to an end when a nukular explosion was dropped on Hiroshima. A whole generation had been wipe out in two world wars, and their forlorne families were left to pick up the peaces.

According to Fromm, individuation began historically in medieval times. This was a period of small childhood. There is increasing experience as adolescence experiences its life development. The last stage is us.'

The Mantra

Matthew Morris/Matthew Matthew/morris/Who?
Matthew matthew?with his pack of marlboro lights
Morrissey/Is this Morris/Is Morris /Numerate/You must be joking



Matt Morris

is

the Buddha

Yes folks by dint of intricate astrological calculation, a few bottles of gin and a large bribe we can reveal that the Buddha has returned as the Matthew Morris.

Returned to continue his holy work the Buddha (from here referred to as the Morris Minor, since he is still young) has begun by undermining the capitalist system within an institution of vice and oppression, RUSU.

By consistently mismanaging the books MM intends to free allof us under the Great Illusion that exec are capable of acting decisively.

However several tell-tale signs are there- the obvous inner peace and serenity, ther fact that he's never in his in his office (at these times he has been transported off to Tibetan monasteries to instruct monks in the ways of economic sabotage and enlightenment) and the wisdom inherent in all his memos viz "no-one organises discos unless I arrange security" cf "Noone comes to the Father except by me" as Jesus a long time admirer of Matt once said. The Master stroke was the idea of a national loans demo in Reading, which successfully destroyed any credibility exec thought they had.

Death Hammer of the Colossus.

You may be one of the following;

LIFGARRON the Mighty; Warrior and political activist; raised amongst dwarfs until they discovered his heightist prejudices, Lifgarron wields the mighty Phallicgran of the Gods, capable of destroying any mortal (as long as that funny dice shows 20).

DIKWIERDO the Strange; Magic user and tupperware consultant, rumoured to have second sight due to mystical contact lenses. He has powers over all forms of interior decorating and dresses in a fashion bordering on the ridiculous.

BOBAMMANBOBO the quite preposterous; Cleric and basically the crap one you get stuck with because John from Cybernetics said he wouldn't talk to you if you picked any of the others. Basically you're fucked.

LINDA the Kelly-Girl; Shorthand and w/p. This bright young secretary can type 120 w/p/s and is skilled in wordperfect, wordstar and can throw a mean fireball of 20 die power against sexist foes.

THE SCENARIO;

A strange old man with an ornately carved walking stick approaches you whilst drinking in the Magic Totem Inn. He tells you of a strange race, in a land far from here, oppressed by oh I can't read this bloody stupid text, oppressed by the unusual forces emanating

from the Dark Tower of Lord Unpronounceable (more like unreadable) He asks you to help them, and with your eye on that large wad of pound coins he carries, you agree. Immediately temporal disruption occurs...

when it stops occurring, you find yourself in a long wet tunnel. You grasp your rod of power, and suddenly from the end of the tunnel come 14,000 goblins all armed with unholy

castratocomplex weapons. You back away only to be confronted by 7 Black Dragons all breathing foul-smelling air. Finally from above come parachuting your mother and father with a bad school report and a soiled pair of underwear. They look furious...

Do you-

1 Attack the Goblins; go to 8

2 Attack the Dragons; go to 17

3 Plead ignorance with your parents; go to 3444

4 Give up this rubbish and try to pick up the broken pieces of your adolescence; go to something more interesting.

8) Grow up.

17) Grow up.

3444) I've that one before matey!

Editor's Note-Has Freud spoken to you about this, Steve?

Dear Agitator...

Our Guest columnist is ;

PRINCE.

Being a caring, loving and generally rather wonderful publication, we're always prepared to share our hard-earned knowledge with those of you who find life rather too much to cope with. To this end we present our agony column.

This week's guest columnist:PRINCE

Dear Agitator,

Recently I have become obsessed with Twiglets. Their elegant smooth shapes are just right for caressing the sensitive parts of my body. However I find the price rather restrictive-Any solution?

-G.

Prince says; 4G- Love until the ** turn black and U will find the answer. I will♥U for ever and then turn 2 U 4 guidance- U have the cutest ass I've ever seen.

Dear Agitator,

After splitting from my last partner I've become very morose. Do you think I should just say "what the hell" and look for someone new- or should I wait for true love?

Prince says; Look 4 the ladder and U wil find a new light on the earth. All praise 2 god and all He made.

Dear Agitator,

I have noticed recently that I have a slight discolouration around my armpits. Every time I make love it turns a bright orange. Should I worry?

-S

Prince says; Darling S! Oh, U R so bad! I saw U in a bar and U said "I never pray 2 U because U R not 4 me no more- I must♥ the heavens now" and it made me cry- made me want to die.

Dear Agitator,

I feel a strange desire to sleep with my entire hall, except for the boy in room 314. Should I let him know, or just go ahead and hurt his feelings?

-p.

Prince says; Oh P! B yourself! U R so beautiful it hurts my eyes. Sometimes it snows in Coventry and when we opened up your lunchbox we found a live herring To God-air screams air screams eternal- Do me baby.

Dear Agitator,

As a born again Christian I feel a deep joy at the world around me. Everywhere I look I see a radiant beauty which had before been hidden. I want to dance! I want to sing! I want to learn to play the tambourine and kiss Thora Hird on the brow! Life is a wonderful thing and to celebrate, I have written a little poem which I thought you might like to publish so others could share my joy;

Life is so lovely
Life is such a joy-
God is oh so wonderful-
And he's a boy!
God Jesus and the lovely angels-
They're all men, men, men and proud!
I'm a man and God's a man
And we're all so happy together!
Male, male, male, we're all so roguishly make
Masculine, masculine surrounded by a group of
subservient female characters who sadly fail to replace the balance shifted when we lost the female madonna figure after the break with the Catholic Church-but even then the popes always been a man so basically the balance has always been heavily weighted in our favour.

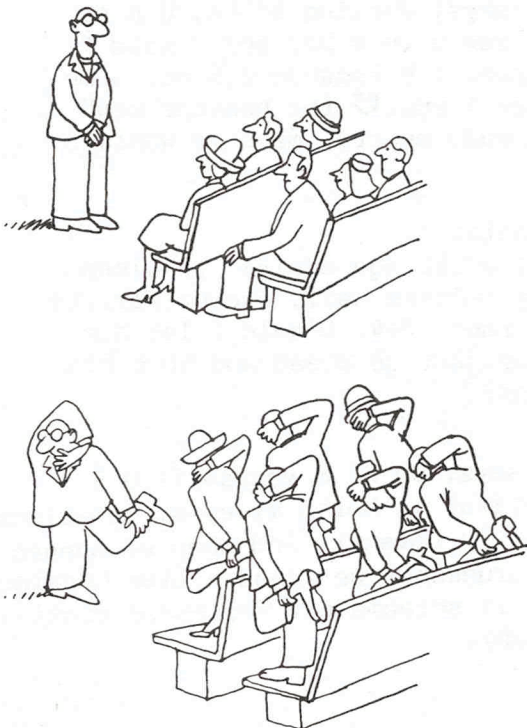
EDITOR'S NOTE: WE print the above as a testimony to the author who was sadly killed in a bizarre christening accident recently. Our profoundest sympathy to his psychiatric care team who did so much for him during those last few months.

By their deeds
Shall ye know them...

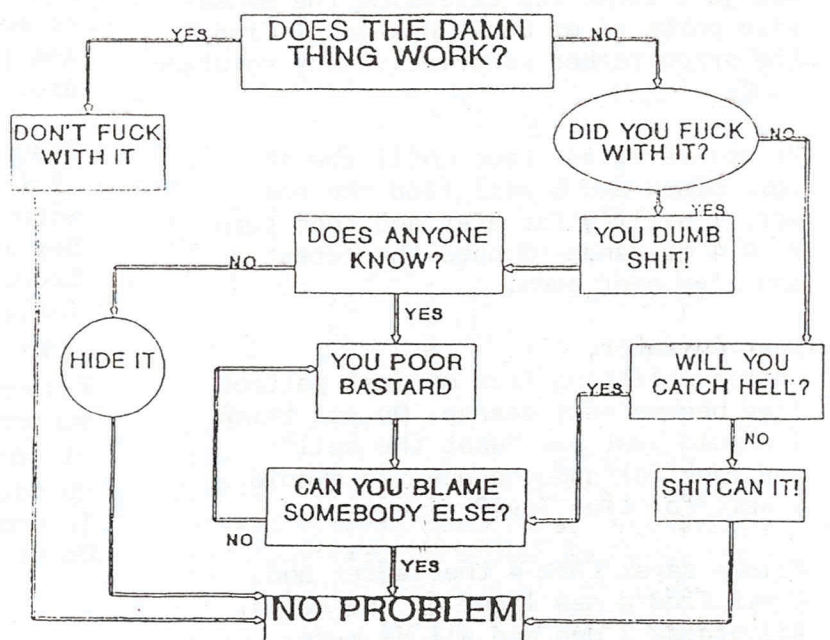
Once upon a time, a man called Jesus suggested that life was much simpler if people treated each other with a little more respect and showed what would happen. Unfortunately this useful advice was lost when a grim parody arose, calling itself the Church. Lacking the common sense of Jesus, they decided everyone was wrong, including themselves. They called this idea 'Original Sin' because no-one had thought of it before.

Unable to reconcile this with reality they decided to kill anybody who disagreed with them, just to make sure. As "Salvation by guilt, death and torture" became fashionable, so they adopted it as a full-time hobby. Eventually, many years later with the stench of burning heretics finally beginning to turn their stomachs, they realised they had made a fundamental mistake and set about proving themselves right about being wrong in different ways, usually intimidation, and encouraging conversion with the jolly slogan "or you'll go to Hell and then you'll be sorry", and restricted their pyromanic tendencies to the sinister modern ritual of the barbecue.

...AND NOW LET US PRAY!



PROBLEM SOLVING FLOWCHART



Specialization The division of time and space - its specialization - produces people who are specialists. Not the welcome specialist with an uncommon skill to contribute, but the introverted and exclusive gangs of specialists who build their own reality totally divorced from the real needs of everyday life. Even the struggle for social liberation has become a specialization and as such has its specialists (M.P.'s, social workers, revolutionary leaders, radical lawyers, trade union leaders, gurus, etc, etc.) Their methods are different and their effectiveness varies, but they have one thing in common; whether by design or circumstance, by machiavellian intent or just a piteous underestimation of what is possible, they always - in the end - sell as out.

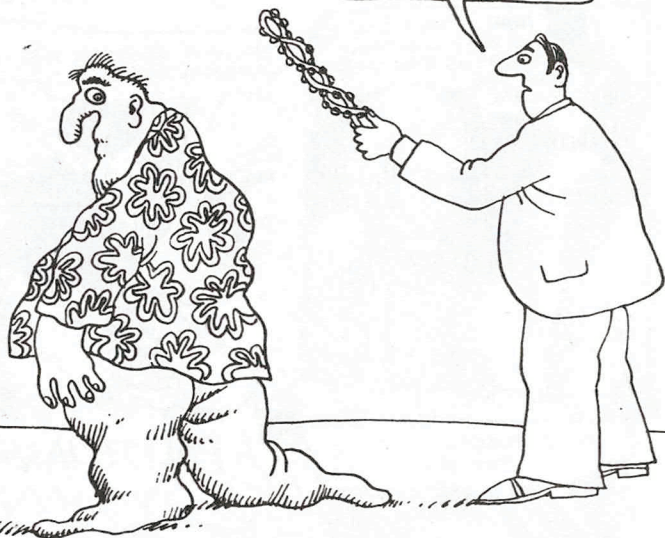


Young Socialists on the march to reform

THIS ILLUSTRIOUS MAGAZINE COULD BE YOURS...

The post of Editor is up for grabs in February. If you've got enough books of cartoons you're the one for the job. Drop me a line via the Enquiries Office and I'll get in touch. Otherwise...

HEY, MISTER!
YOU DROPPED YOUR DNA!



POPULAR MISCONCEPTION OF TYPICAL ANARCHIST

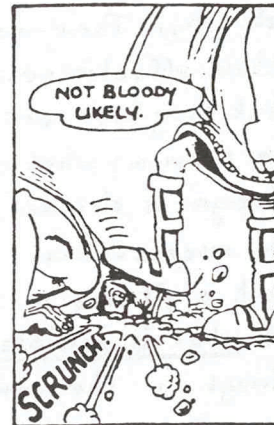
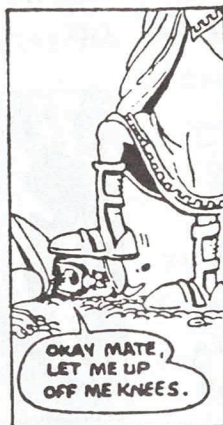


ACTUAL ANARCHISTS IN REAL LIFE

Although power is sustained by the threat of violence, it always applauds non-violence in its opponents. It offers 'reasonable', 'civilized' negotiation because there it is fighting on a terrain where, if it cannot always win, it can at least postpone defeat indefinitely.

At least two factors favour an establishment's using the tactic of postponement: (1) The agitators may become impatient and reckless. If they break a civil law, they can be jailed. (2) The agitators may be patiently persistent and wait, which allows the establishment to defer indefinitely.

If an establishment elects a strategy of avoidance, a number of tactics are available to deal with the ideology and its proponents. The decision makers themselves or their representatives may choose, for example, a tactic of counterpersuasion. Entering into a discussion with the leaders of an agitative movement in an attempt to convince the agitators that they are wrong serves a number of functions for the establishment. If counterpersuasion is successful, the threat to the system is minimized. If unsuccessful, the establishment has still gained time and avoided any significant revision of establishment ideology and structure.



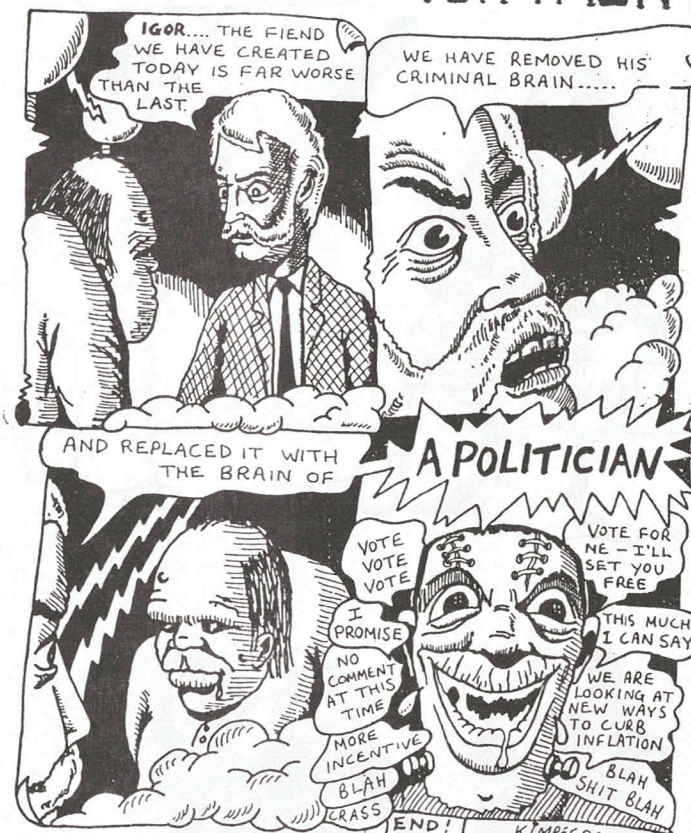
Murray Ball



Whatever happens, don't do anything until you hear from the authorities; your safety cannot be guaranteed if you take it upon yourself to act. Stay in your homes, cars or shopping centres. If you stay at home, watch television or listen to loud music. During the day, remember there is no safer place for you than on the job. If you are too young to work, go to school. For your own good, do as you are told. The authorities remind you: the streets of your community are not safe, so if you must leave your home, to seek entertainment or diversion, drive, do not walk to your destination. If you find yourself unexpectedly on the street on foot, speak to no one. Remember that the maintenance of order rests solely upon your willingness to follow instructions.

Modern Citizen

THERE'S NO GOVERNMENT

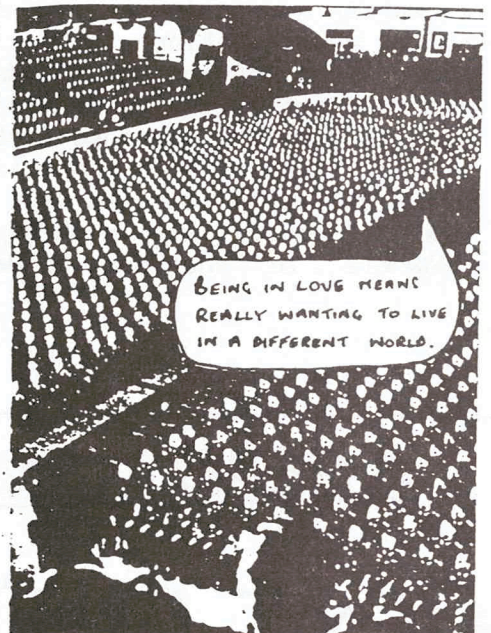


LIKE NO GOVERNMENT!

Contemporary circumstances at this University suggest the need for attempts to clarify the role of personal authority in relation to our society, and not just where we stand but where we want to stand. The establishment of secular authority is based primarily on convenience i.e. we don't want to have to deal with each element of our lifestyles personally, so we get someone else to do it. Someone else builds the roads I cycle on, someone else again gets them to do it. Fine. All laws are based on consent, which is why breaking the law is an impossibility in strict terms; someone has withdrawn their consent, which is quite possible. Whenever there is any form of group, for one to change their position either in act or belief, every one else has to adapt and change their position accordingly. The result of this is that people tend to object, not being inclined to rethink. But laws and the way we orientate ourselves in society do have to change because none of us wakes up as the same person that went to sleep. Each time we think or act, we subtly alter our personality. Refusal to reorientate ourselves brings about dissatisfaction and resentment, because we are aware of the restriction. At this point, attempts to enforce the previous status quo, ^{are made} to prevent the need to change. Thus those "in authority" "repress" their "subjects". This process relates to (e.g.) sexism, bigotry, violence, arguments as opposed to discussion, dishonesty as an attempt to control others (e.g. by not telling someone what you would like to say, not just fabricating an alternative version of reality) etc.

The point of this article is to illustrate that each of us is free to choose; our environment will still exert its effect. This might well take the form of punitive measures; this however is not inevitable as you will be exerting your influence on the environment, and to that extent you will define the treatment you receive. What commonly occurs when someone makes a stand is that the hidden resentment—the fear of change, the refusal to change and resultant frustration/guilt—breaks out and blame is apportioned usually by both parties. This situation will only improve when we learn not to react firstly to external conditions, but act primarily from our true desires—to be recognised, to be loved and lovers alike, to be creative. Nobody enjoys manipulating others nobody enjoys repression, those tactics merely appear to transfer the dissatisfaction onto an external agent and sweep under some carpet—like a prison; anywhere "else" will do. Rendering short term relief in this way snowballs, and adds to the original problem which has still to be addressed satisfactorily. Both the "victim" and the "victor" have lost out, and will continue to do so until we decide in reasonable numbers to change the way we live our everyday lives, the way we treat ourselves and each other. Our culture and society simply reflect all that we put in to it. And all this will change, within our lifetimes.

Making love brings us all back to life, reminds of all the wondrous possibilities that pour from our creativity and our being alive. Most of us know nothing about making love, just bonking. Keep practising!



"All forms of contempt of authority, such as stubbornness, disobedience or rebellion are sinful."

My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts.
A real life exec experience...

...those wasted hours staring at Mark Tench's hair and wishing I was somewhere else with tolerable or even sane people I cannot describe my agony at hearing the words 'security' or "let's talk about sabbatical wages" my mind numbs and I realise the hours have not yet begun as the budget sheets are cut, printed, re-presented, cut again, and I really don't give a fuck about the canoe club and once again the same argument is re-parroted by another CV collector and devilishly well-shorn person whose neck I wish was in my hands and Blackpool seems a long time ago and I don't have a committee because I don't have any purpose because no-one tells me anything and when they do they're lying because they hate 'spreaders' or 'lefties' or maybe even 'humanity' and those tattoos are worrying me and all those fatuous comments from obnoxious wankers whose drinking ability I cannot doubt are really becoming all too much and I don't think I can handle another six months of boredom and I want to get a degree but all I do is go to interminable meetings where information isn't the point, but how well you can dump on someone else I don't remember any more....

AGITATOR c/o Students Union
Reading University Further
copies available if you're lucky

This Week's Philosophy Spot:

Does Nothing Exist?

Fighting Back
A COMMENT ON HUNT SABOTAGE...
"Horsewhipping a saboteur is rather like beating a wife. Both are personal matters."
Tim Asplin
Master of Essex Union Hunt

We invited Dr Good-For-Nothing, Head of the Philosophy Dept, to enlighten you as to whether anything exists; we print his reply in full below.

Dr GFN: First I must ask that you don't attempt to pronounce my name as an abbreviation, or it will sound like "GFN", depending on the existence of phonetics. Well then, nothing is primarily a descriptive term used to answer such questions as "How much does the average Reading student do of his/her own initiative?", or ~~how~~ "What benefit does the proposed system of student loans offer?". Questions such as "Where is the Russian Dept now?" must be answered with such replies as "Nowhere", or "What Russian Dept?"

No indeed it is complex. Yes well my students often ask me questions like "Can one create something-a fiver for instance- out of nothing-like the contents of my pockets?" but only when they are in the bar and it is difficult to work out what they are saying-that is if they don't fall over. All I can say is that my salary seems to come from nowhere, I mean, I'm not aware of it being for anything (presuming teleology of course; have you read any Plato?-) but I'm not quite sure...

This article was sponsored and rewritten by Ewan Page to discredit the Philosophy Dept so he can close it and settle the question of its existence or not for good.

This is blatantly untrue
-How do you know?
Cos I wrote it
AN AGITATOR
FIB

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