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CAPITALISM BITES!

The Characters:



Buffy: Our young anarcho-syndicalist hero



Giles: A hardened revolutionary who is one of Buffy's closest comrades



Carlos: An old wobbly who hasn't forgotten his passion for social justice



Jim Orwell: A black activist who has been stirring up trouble amongst Sunnydale's minority workforce



Maria: The evil CEO of Blood Red Enterprises





The Anarchist Yellow Pages

Your guide to anarchists and troublemakers around the globe.

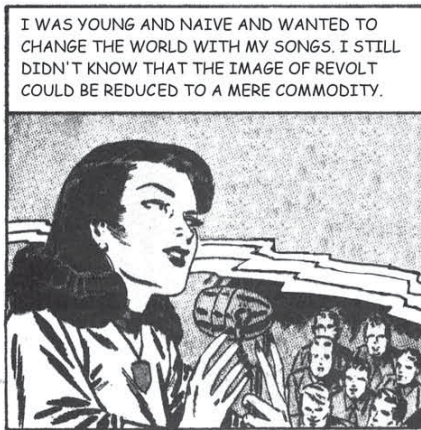
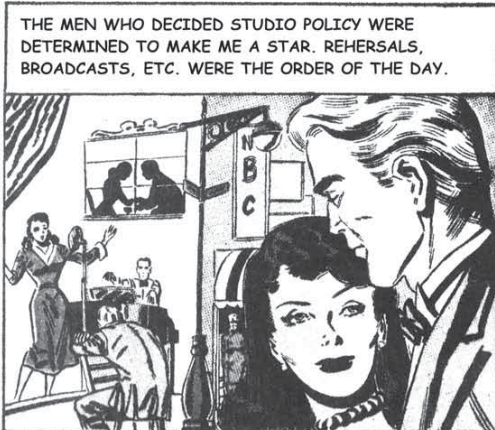
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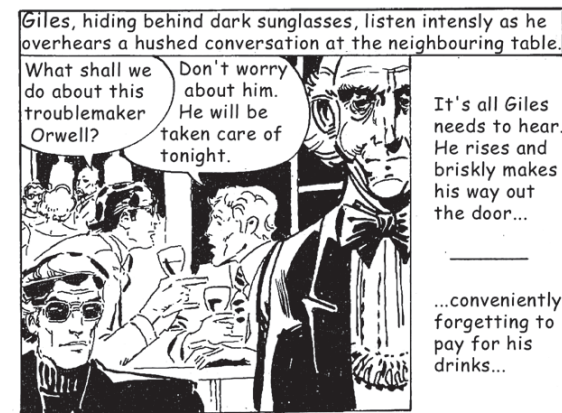
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I Was A Teenage Popstar!



Its Saturday night at Sunnydale Country Club...





Giles tells his friends what he has heard, then he leaves again.

Did you find out anything?

Yes, somebody is planning to attack our friend Jim Orwell tonight.

We'll go there at once!



What's Orwell's address, Buffy?

Fuck! I don't remember!

Buffy and Carlos drives around for the better part of an hour.

I think Orwell lives around here somewhere, but all the houses look alike here...

Damn you disorganized anarchists! When are you going to start writing things down?



Finally, they park their car on what they hope is Orwell's block...



Buffy thinks back on the first time they met Jim Orwell...

It was at a meeting of the American Freedom Party, one of the local fascist outfits that they were keeping an eye on.

Get out of our town, you racist scum!



How dare you interrupt our free citizens meeting?

The question is how dare you continue to spread your hateful lies around here?

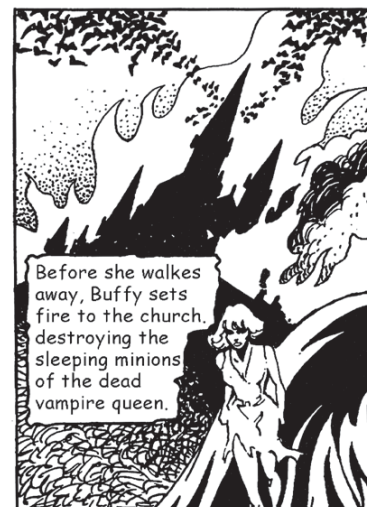


We're not going to take your shit much longer!



Well, that's that.

There's just one more thing left to do.



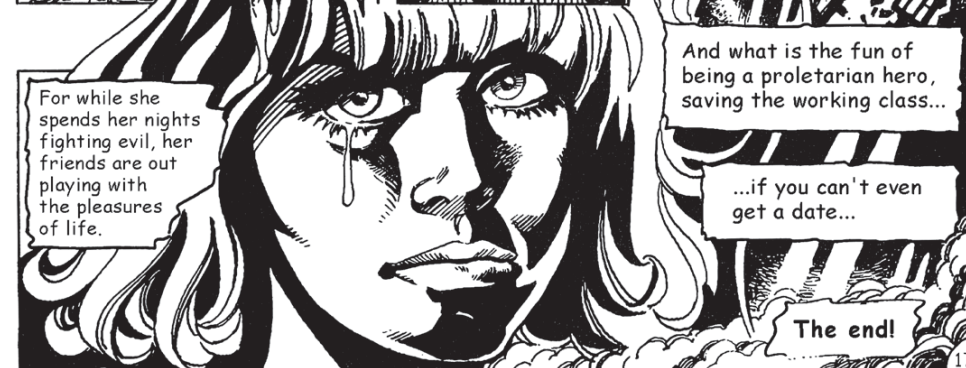
Before she walks away, Buffy sets fire to the church, destroying the sleeping minions of the dead vampire queen.



And also exorcising the foul ghosts of organized religion.



But not even the sight of a burning church can lighten her heavy mind.

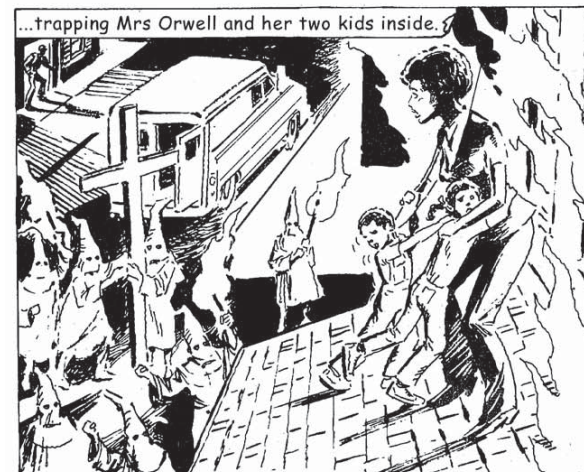
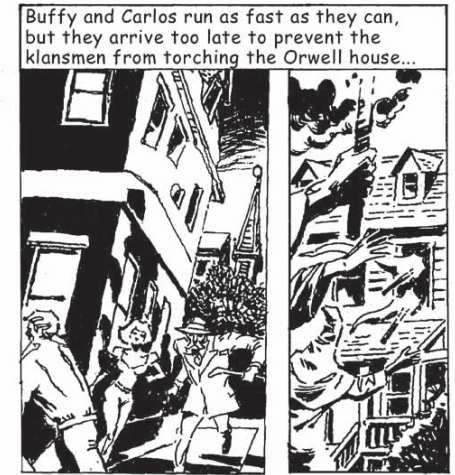


For while she spends her nights fighting evil, her friends are out playing with the pleasures of life.

And what is the fun of being a proletarian hero, saving the working class...

...if you can't even get a date...

The end!



Using hard-hitting arguments, Buffy and Carlos demonstrate the best way to discuss with fascists.



Buffy explodes in a frenzy of righteous revolutionary violence.



While she keeps the lynch-mob busy, Carlos goes to save Orwell's family.

With a strength not expected in a man his age, he climbs onto the burning roof.



He jumps down with the two kids in his arms, then he turns...



...to receive the woman who jumps into his arms.

Meanwhile, Buffy finishes off the klansmen, who seem to be better at cowardly lynchings, than in a fair fight.



Suddenly an agitated Orwell comes running. He had been to a late night meeting when he heard about the attack.



I'm not going to let them get away with this!

Don't worry Jim. We won't let the fascist pigs take over our town!



Having no desire to start a life of wage slavery, Buffy ignores the generous offer from the bloodthirsty executive...



... and proceeds to drag the kicking and screaming vampire outside.

Did you really think that I would fall for your...

...cheap mind-tricks?



No! Get me away from the sun!

The commodities which you champion enrich your class, but force us to a life of joyless labor.



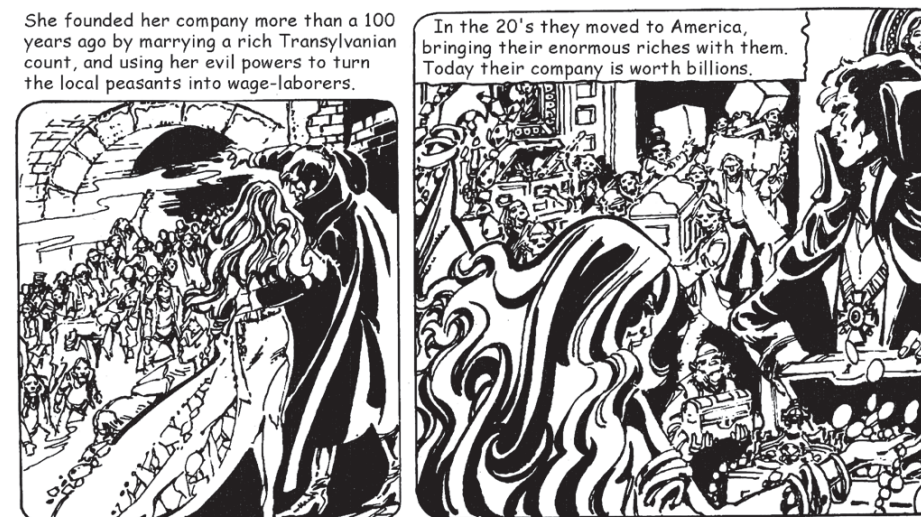
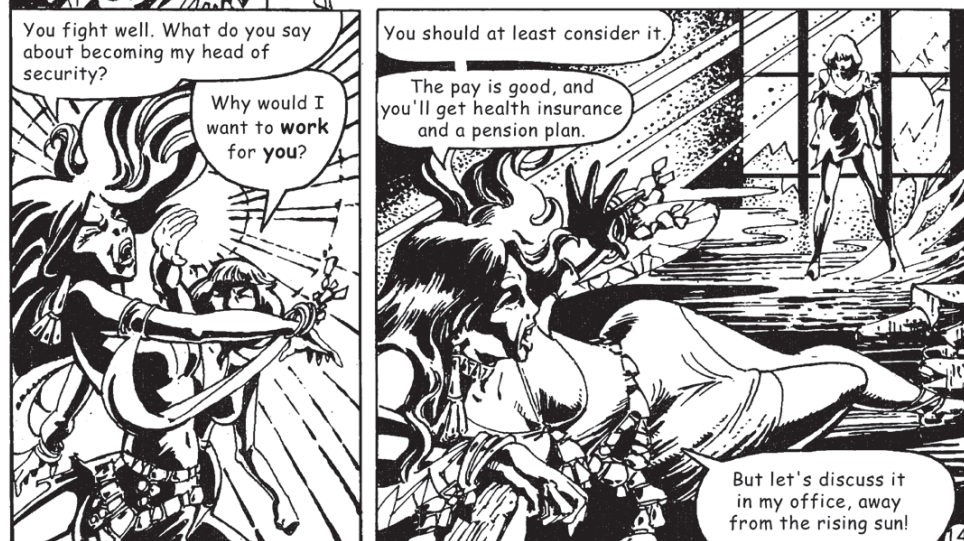
Not only are we exploited during our working hours, but our free time is...

...reduced to the consumption of a never ending series of monotonous and disappointing products, designed to secure our passivity.

How could you think that your lifeless commodities and your petty bourgeois comforts...

...could compare with the pure joy of being free and being a rebel!







Hiring a flock of vampires and ghouls to run their company for them...

...they were free to live a life of leisure and luxury.

But for the Count, who was a mere mortal, there was a price to be paid...



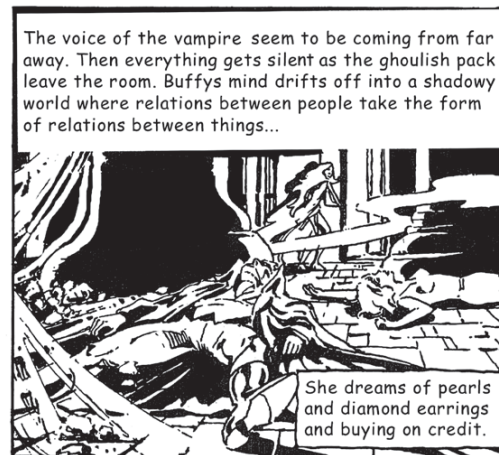
My poor husband! You thought that by letting me bite you, you would turn into a vampire, didn't you?

Instead you have become a zombie, like the wretched souls who toil in our factories

You didn't know that the property-owning class...

...and the class of the proletariat represents the same self-alienation.

Do you still love me?



The voice of the vampire seem to be coming from far away. Then everything gets silent as the ghoulish pack leave the room. Buffys mind drifts off into a shadowy world where relations between people take the form of relations between things...

She dreams of pearls and diamond earrings and buying on credit.



Buffy awakes with a splitting headache - and a strange urge to go shopping...



She wanders through the empty halls of the church...

...until finally...

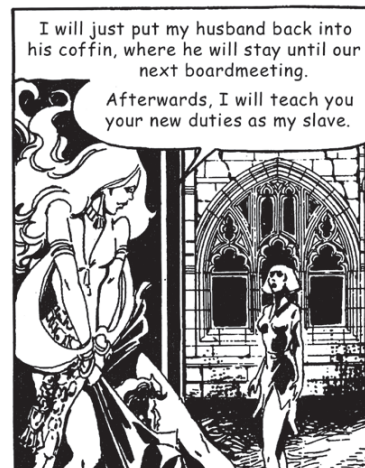
Where is everybody? And where's the nearest shopping mall?



My minions have gone to sleep. Dawn is approaching, and we don't care for the sunlight.

But I have waited for you to wake up.

Buffy stares straight ahead with empty eyes; an emptiness echoing the one in her head.

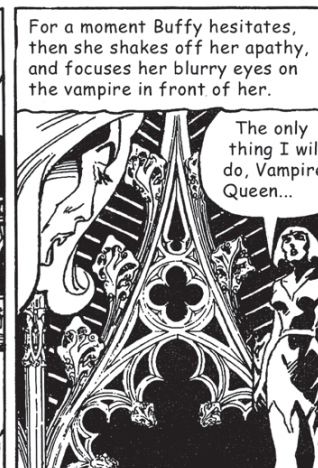


I will just put my husband back into his coffin, where he will stay until our next boardmeeting.

Afterwards, I will teach you your new duties as my slave.



But for now I want to see you growl at my feet. Kneel slave, and worship your new mistress!



For a moment Buffy hesitates, then she shakes off her apathy, and focuses her blurry eyes on the vampire in front of her.

The only thing I will do, Vampire Queen...

...while his wife only laughs.

My poor feeble husband.
You have better just
stay asleep.

Can you still hear
me, Buffy?

You will sleep now, but
before dawn you will wake
up - as my loyal slave.

The poison of my bite will
make you into a living dead, a
mindless robot fit only for the
assembly line (or perhaps
lower management).

Your own deeds will become an
alien power opposed to you.

Your only pleasure in life
will be the consumption
of lifeless commodities
- which I will sell to you
with a nice profit.

You will die
a little bit more
each day, until finally
you will become
like my husband:

A vegetable, kept half
alive in a dreamlike
stupor, kept forever
apart from the world.

Not given a chance
to live, but neither
allowed to die.

And this will be the
fate for all those of
you who resist the rule
of capital!

On Monday, after class, Buffy visits the new
headquarter of Blood Red Enterprises
- with the pretense of
applying for a job.

I have experience as a secretary,
and type an impressive 90 words
a minute.

Excellent. Our
interviewers will
see you shortly.

Please take a seat.

Buffys job interview
resembles more of an
interrogation, but she
seems to give the
right answers.

Finally, she is taken to see the "Personnel
Manager."

Yes, I think you will be perfect
for the job.

Can you
start right
away?

Afterwards, they make her
fill out a whole stack of
forms.

You are just what I have
been looking for!

Shit!

Buffy is taken by surprise by
the vampire's sudden attack.

Then...

Ronald?

Wait a minute! I know
that face! She is one...

...of the local
anarcho-
syndicalists!

I think the boss
might want to
"interview" this one
herself...

Damned! Can't you
see I'm interviewing
a new employee?

A revolutionary?
Is that so?

It seems our hero is in big
trouble this time...

In a 200 year old church, an unusual boardmeeting is taking place, chaired by Maria, Vampire Queen and CEO of Blood Red Enterprises...



I think it is time for tonight's entertainment...



"Please welcome our special guest"

Let me go, you creeps!



I'm sorry to hear that you don't appreciate our hospitality. I will let you go...

...after I have turned you into a mindless zombie...



Don't worry my dear. The biting only hurts the first few times.

You'll be surprised how quickly you'll get used to it.



As a matter of fact, most of my workers grow to like it and see it as one of the job perks. The unions agree.



And soon my dear, you will be one of my loyal subjects.

NO!



Yes, my dear, you will be my

SLAVE



NOOOOAAAARRGH!

and loyal consumer!



Buffy's loud scream wakes the Count from his zombie state...

...but his 150 year old legs are too weak to stand on...

...and he falls head first...

...onto the cold, hard floor of the church...