

Buffy

THE ANARCHO SYNDICALIST



CAPITALISM
BITES!



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

Its Saturday night at Sunnydale Country Club...



Here, the rich and powerful gather.

In safe distance from the poor and uneducated masses, they feel safe to talk freely.

Little do they know that they have a spy in their midst...

Giles, hiding behind dark sunglasses, listen intently as he overhears a hushed conversation at the neighbouring table.

What shall we do about this troublemaker Orwell?

Don't worry about him. He will be taken care of tonight.

It's all Giles needs to hear. He rises and briskly makes his way out the door...

...conveniently forgetting to pay for his drinks...



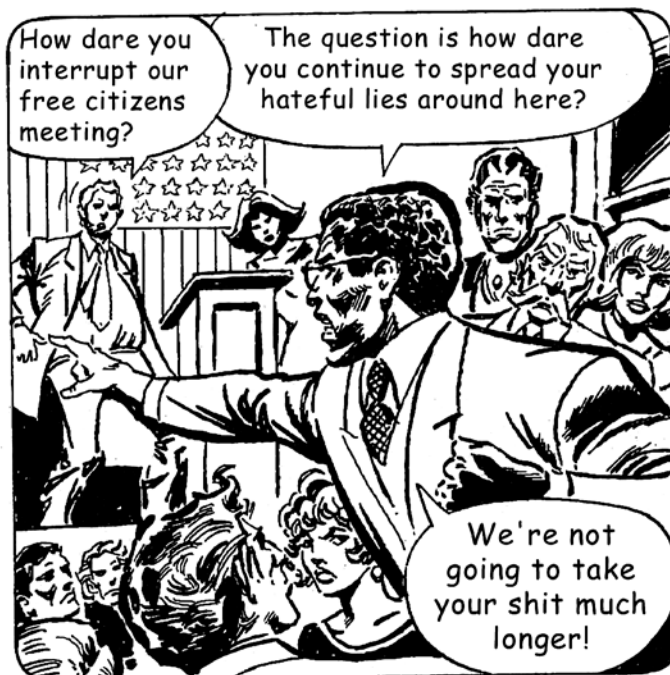
Outside, his comrades await him...

Over here, Giles!





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



Buffy's chain of thought is broken by the sound of marching boots.



Our friends jump out of their car, and start chasing the hooded figures.



Buffy and Carlos run as fast as they can, but they arrive too late to prevent the klansmen from torching the Orwell house...



...trapping Mrs Orwell and her two kids inside.



Despite being far outnumbered, our proletarian heroes don't hesitate...



...but charge the racist mob in front of them.

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.

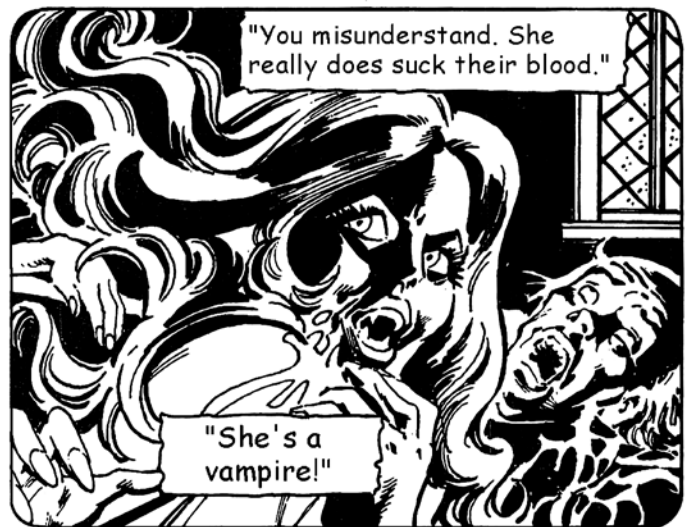


Suddenly an agitated Orwell comes running. He had been to a late night meeting when he heard about the attack.



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!



She founded her company more than a 100 years ago by marrying a rich Transylvanian count, and using her evil powers to turn the local peasants into wage-laborers.





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.

Buffy's 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...







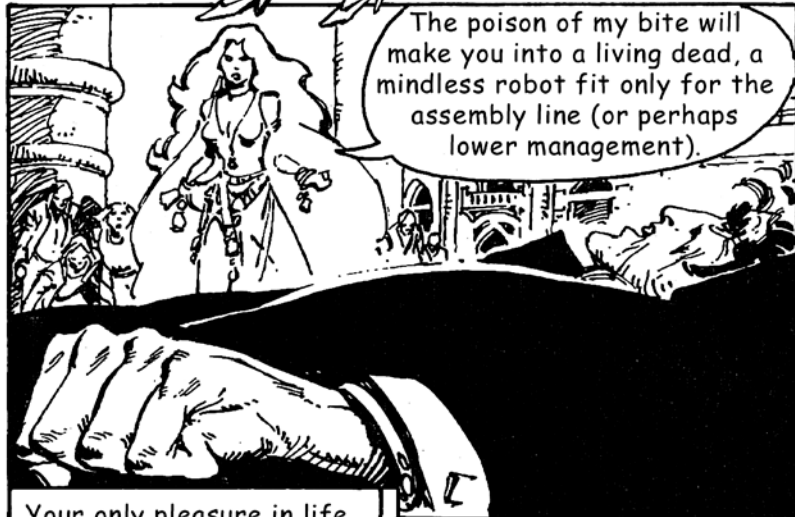
...while his wife only laughs.

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!

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...

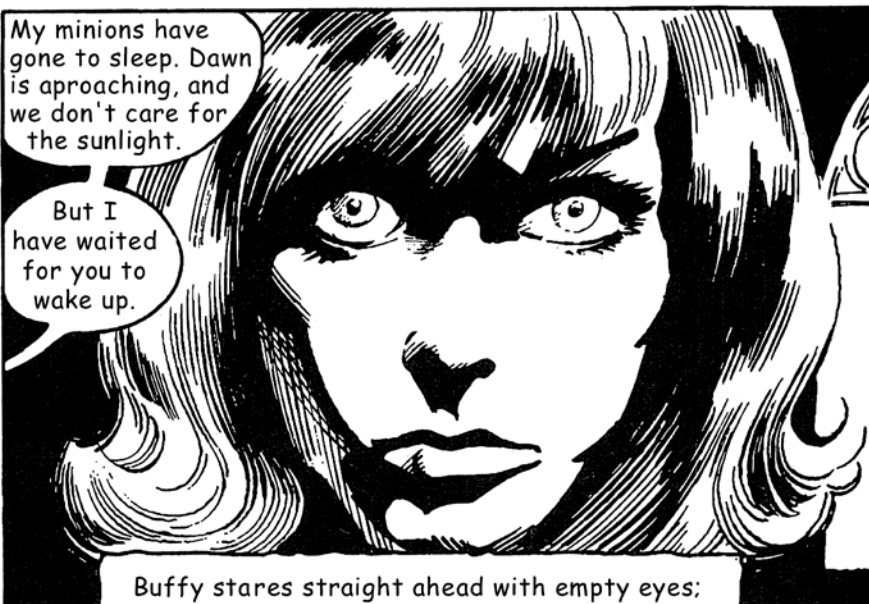


...until finally...

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.

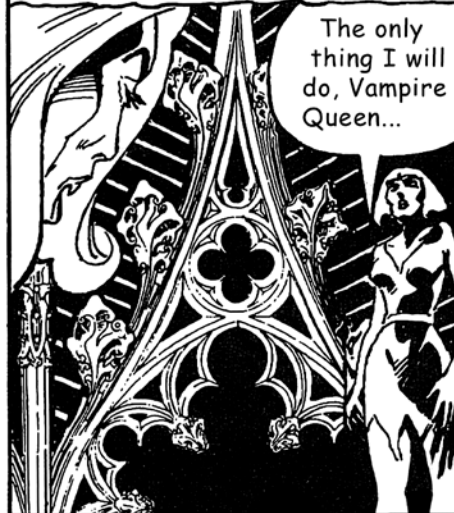
Afterwards, I will teach you your new duties as my slave.



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...



...is to destroy you!

The capitalist, herself a product of reified commodity society...

NO! How can you defy my power?

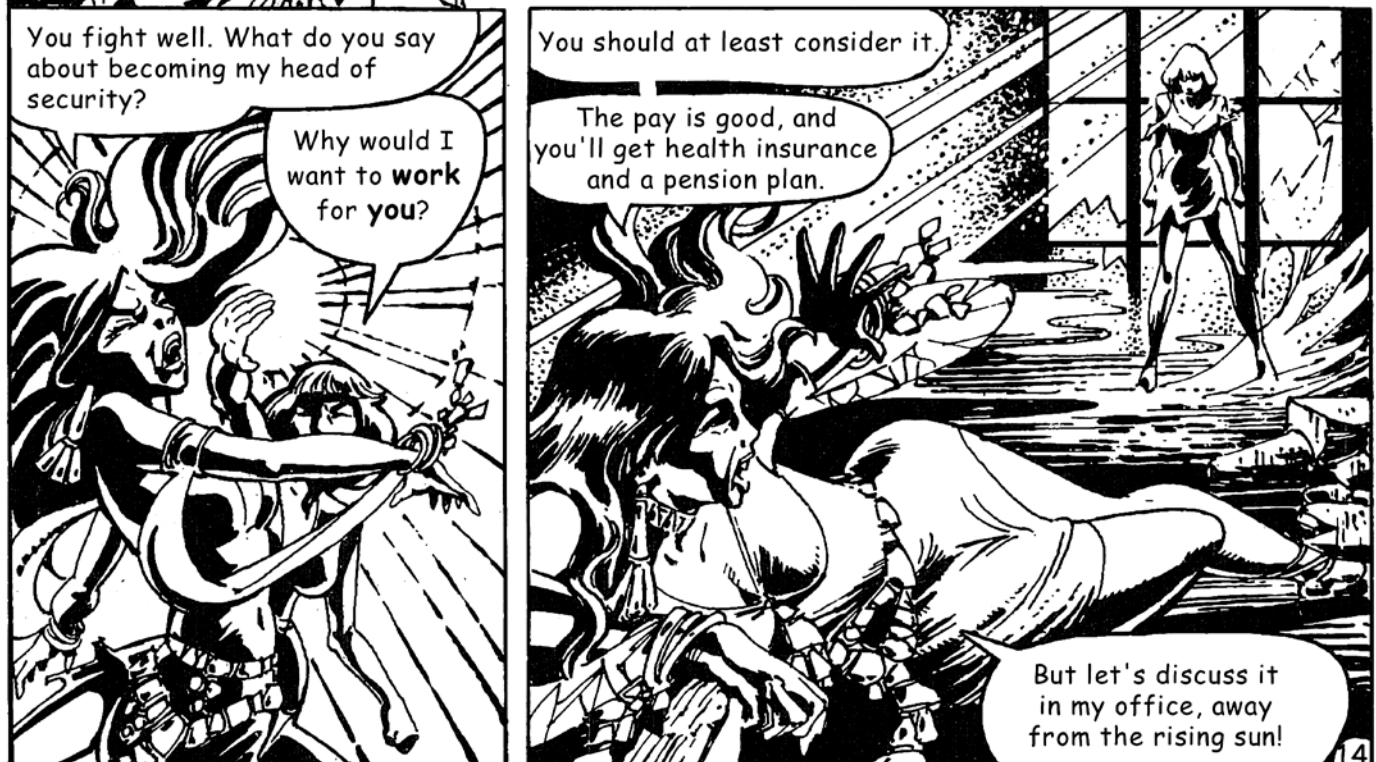
...cannot fathom how her spell of alienation can be broken.



She doesn't realize that reification can be overcome...

...by the practical class consciousness of a proletariat who has become aware of...

...its nature and its historic vocation.



You fight well. What do you say about becoming my head of security?

Why would I want to **work** for you?

You should at least consider it.

The pay is good, and you'll get health insurance and a pension plan.

But let's discuss it in my office, away from the rising sun!

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!



One day the workers of the world
will organize as a class...

...rise up to take possession
of the earth and its wealth...

...and abolish the system
of wage slavery.

But you will not be there
to experience that day.

There could be
no torture that would
make up for the pain and
suffering you have
caused the working
people of
this world.

But this
will have
to do.

...Thereby ending the
pre-history of mankind, and
entering the realm of freedom.



Do you understand now,
demon, how illusory
your power was...

I just wish all oppressors
of the people could be
vanquished as easy as you.
But unfortunately...

...most
capitalists
don't
melt in
the sun.

It evaporates like dew
in the morning sun.



Well,
that's
that.

There's just
one more thing
left to do.

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



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.



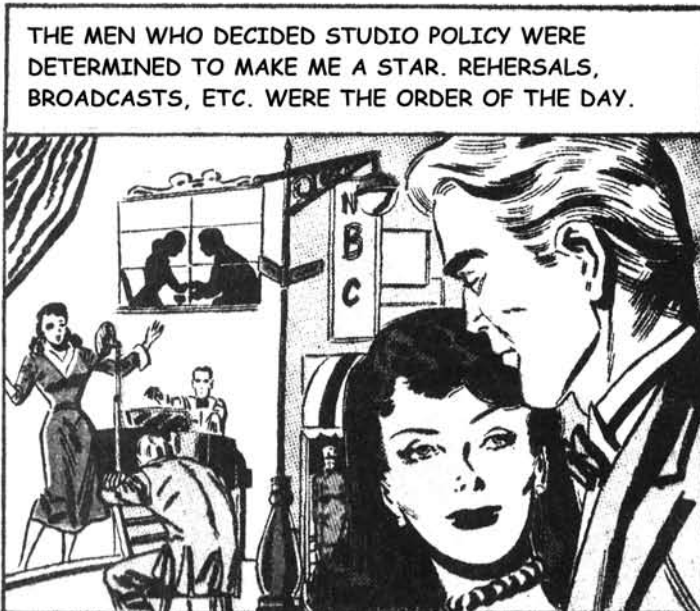
And what is the fun of
being a proletarian hero,
saving the working class...

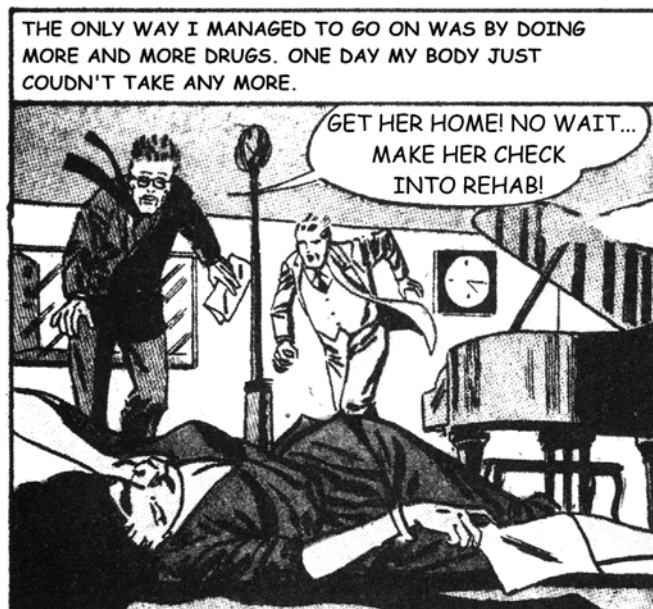
For while she
spends her nights
fighting evil, her
friends are out
playing with
the pleasures
of life.


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

The end!

I Was A Teenage Popstar!








The Anarchist Yellow Pages

Your guide to anarchists and troublemakers around the globe.

updated and revised 2004 edition
ayp.subvert.info



Acknowledgements: Buffy the Anarcho-Syndicalist: artwork by Tom Sutton. I Was a Teenage Popstar: artwork from *Realistic Romances* 1952. Back cover: artwork by Trina Robbins; text based on a situationist comics from Paris, 1968. Published by Nihil Press - nihil.subvert.info - nihil@subvert.info

Nihil Press 2004 - © Copyright Infringement Is Your Best Entertainment Value



Nihil Press
nihil.subvert.info