BUFFY
THE ANARCO SYNDICALIST

CAPITALISM BITES!

[Image: An illustration of a woman fighting with a microphone and a man in the background]
CAPITALISM BITES!

The Characters:

**Buffy:** Our young anarchosyndicalist 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
It's 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, listens intensely 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!
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!
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.

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

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

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

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

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

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!
The next day...

Greetings comrades, You did some good work with the Klan yesterday.

Don't mention it. It's always a pleasure to rough up some fascists!

Any news?

I'm afraid we have a new problem. There is a new capitalist in town.

Sucking the blood of her workers.

You misunderstand. She really does suck their blood.

What's new about that?

"She's a vampire!"

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

In the 20's they moved to America, bringing their enormous riches with them. Today their company is worth billions.
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?
On Monday, after class, Buffy visits the new headquarters of Blood Red Enterprises—under the pretense of applying for a job.

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

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

Finally, she is taken to see the “Personnel Manager.”

Can you start right away?

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

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!

A revolutionary? Is that so?

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

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

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

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...
...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 seems to be coming from far away. Then everything gets silent as the ghoulish pack leave the room. Buffy's 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...

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.

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

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...

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

The end!
I Was A Teenage Popstar!

I was eighteen - this was my great moment. My agent, Mr. Simmons, had gotten me signed up to a major record label.

Miss May, we feel certain that your alternative style will suit today's marked.

You won't be disappointed, Mr. Rich.

Mr. Simmons... it's like a dream come true!

Your dreams are going to come true from now on!

The men who decided studio policy were determined to make me a star. Rehearsals, broadcasts, etc. were the order of the day.

I was young and naive and wanted to change the world with my songs. I still didn't know that the image of revolt could be reduced to a mere commodity.

My life seemed perfect. Then one day, Mr. Simmons visited me at home...

The whole protest song pad is out. Your next album needs more catchy pop tunes.

But Bob! You know that I won't compromise with my art!

You silly little goose! Don't you know that your art is now owned by Recuperate Records!
I FINALLY REALISED THAT FOR THE RECORD COMPANY, I WAS JUST ANOTHER MEANS OF PRODUCTION. AND I WHO THOUGHT YOU REALLY CARED ABOUT MY SONGS. IT'S TIME YOU WAKE UP TO REALITY, BABY. IN THIS INDUSTRY, ONLY PROFIT COUNTS!

I TRIED TO CONTINUE AS NORMAL, BUT MY HEART WAS BROKEN. MY WHOLE LIFE SEEMED FALSE. WHAT A GREAT PARTY!

THE ONLY WAY I MANAGED TO GO ON WAS BY DOING MORE AND MORE DRUGS. ONE DAY MY BODY JUST COULDN'T TAKE ANY MORE.

GET HER HOME! NO WAIT... MAKE HER CHECK INTO REHAB!

I RECOVERED SLOWLY... MY CAREER WAS IN RUINS, BUT I HAD NOT LOST MY IDEALS. FROM NOW ON I WOULD MAKE NO COMPROMISES!

THERE IS A REPORTER FROM VANITY FAIR ASKING FOR YOU, DEAR. TELL HER TO FUCK OFF!

FUCKING BOURGEOIS PIGS!

The Anarchist

Yellow Pages

Your guide to anarchists and troublemakers around the globe.

updated and revised 2004 edition

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These anarchists sure make some funny comics!

Curiously, they just change the text in the balloons.

The maid enters to serve the tea...

Isn't this a new revolutionary tactic introduced by the situationists in the 60's?

Why, yes, that's right.

The detournment of comics, which is a proletarian form of graphic expression, realizes the supercession of bourgeois art!

Idiots! We're just too lazy to draw the pictures!

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