

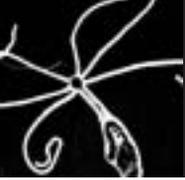
D E F C O N

ISSUE 0

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C O N S C I O U S N E S S



CONSCIOUSNESS THROUGH THE AGES

The DEAD And THEIR QUOTES

*"Every time we see a star and we don't wonder at God's majesty,
then God himself wonders if there is majesty in man."*

Greek playboy, Plato on discovering that his only friend was a mythical beast

"Don't make bread when you meant to make trouble."

Persian philosopher Descartes on hearing that cheese was no longer currency

"If all there is, is dancing, then who the hell is going to build sandcastles."

Emily Dickinson, anarchist and writer, after failing a medical for the Atlanta Falcons

*"Ask a man the time when there is revolution in the air
then be prepared for two answers."*

Voltaire was French

"If you put death in a blender, don't expect oxtail soup."

Polish writer Waylon Jennings sees the uprising of 1987 overturned by jealous documentary film-makers

*"If you haven't learned how to juggle with fish then don't think
you can reason with men."*

Albert Einstein on discovering that he started the Vietnam War

"Which bastard did this?"

American philosopher Fred Durst on discovering that electricity is a mammal

"Ein Bich Un Toilet S'il Vous Plait."

John F Kennedy on discovering that everyone remembered exactly where they were

*"And now man has finally awoken, what shall we do
till they invent television."*

Shakespeare gets funky

*"Men have fought for freedom, men have fought for love,
Men have fought for selfish pride,
And oft fought just because.
So my mind now wonders,
Have my values gone,
If women fighting on the bus,
Starts to turn me on?"*

Percy Byshe Shelly 'Reflections on man's conscious wonderment of the heavenly firmament' 1787



DEFCON'S CONSCIOUSNESS ISSUE

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT CONSCIOUSNESS
WRAPPED UP IN AN A5 LOVE LETTER TO THE WORLD...

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CONSCIOUSNESS

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CROSSWORD

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Men have walked this way before
but never with hats

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When I turn this here, a flow of sweat
runs down and by allowing it to interact
with my jealousy we can run a tractor
for a year

page 19
That guy from the Jacksons kept them under control.
That's how I'd like to be if I'd be on Tamla, and was
then reduced to doing shit

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This is the voice
of the Mysterons

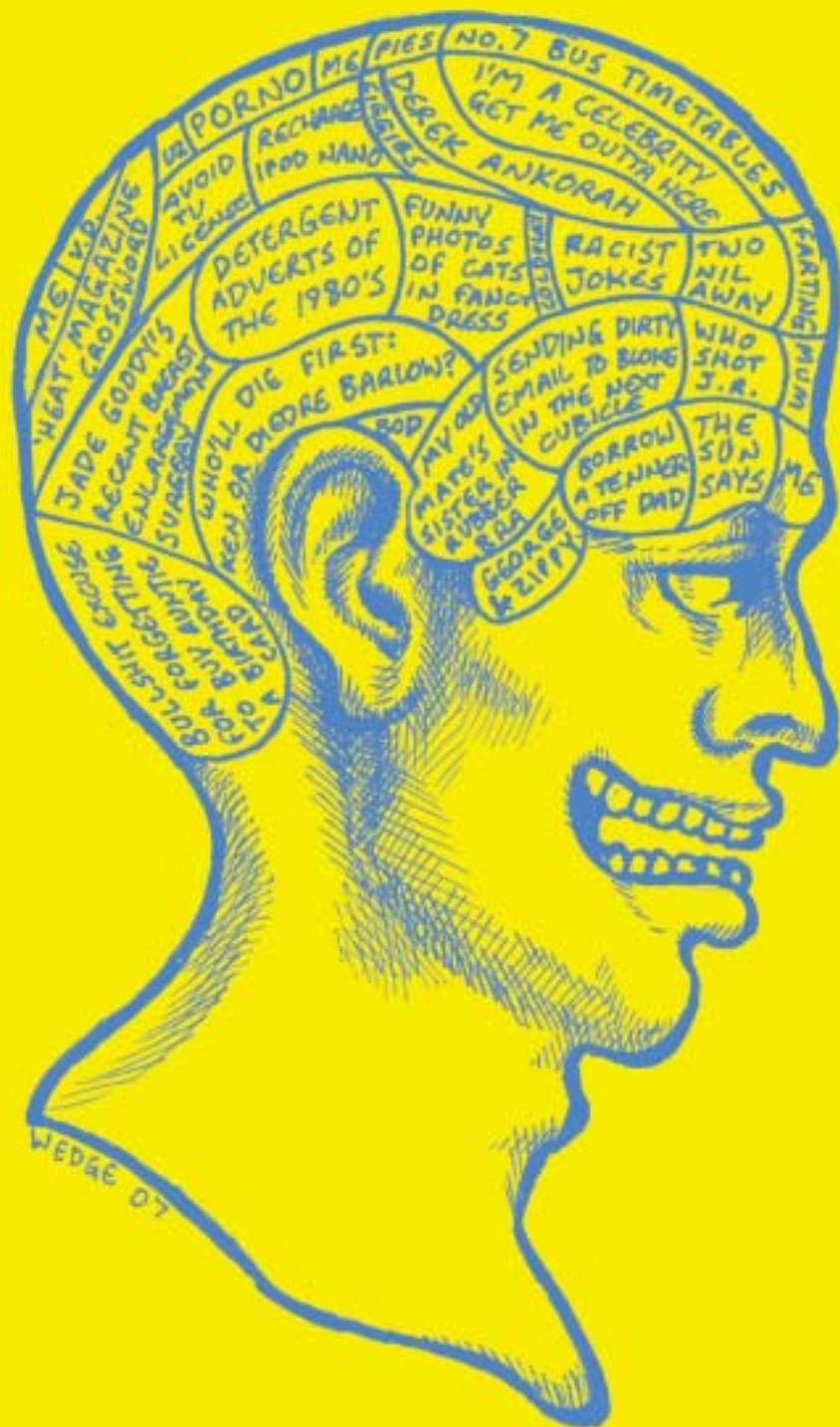
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What's happened to us, how can two people
who love each other end up being the one
thing that makes our knees ache?

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Carnal sins. Genuine hate.
Make a mask

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THE BIG DEFCON INTERVIEW
Charles Chaplin on having the same
name as Charlie Chaplin

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"Hunting things for food used to
be my thing, but when Tesco's
organic range came in I suppose
the switch was inevitable"



WEDGE 07

Wake Up!

The story of how consciousness crept into the world of culture is more lemonade than Live Aid...or is it?

It is hard nowadays to imagine a life without total consciousness, but that is exactly how so many people will have lived in the days when announcing you had an iPod would have seen you locked up as a Martian invader.

Turn on the radio nowadays and you will eventually find yourself listening to music which not only uses consciousness but in many ways could not exist without it. And yet there was a time when this was not the case. As late as the early seventies the pop charts were dominated by music bands such as S Club 7, Genesis, Razorlight and Metallica, music that although enjoyable was clearly devoid of thought, emotion or intelligence. Many soul groups had avoided open reference to conscious deeds by replacing words with farmyard noises. When Aretha Franklin openly announced in her upbeat way that we should all 'Think', the record company, enraged by this brazen lyric, only agreed to release the record with the added line 'listen to my words, they are the words of a heretic and a witch'. Atlantic later denied this was censorship, claiming that the words were added because she was a black

woman. Society, however, was still clearly not ready to admit to the idea that awareness of ones existence was something that was going on regularly in every home except Coventry.

Then in 1977, The Bee Gees

*"consciousness was
out of the damp
bedsits of
grubby men"*

arrived like an angry calf, proudly declaring that they were 'Staying Alive'. To many the song was merely a jaunty little disco number, but 'staying alive' was in fact a common slang term used by hip kids meaning to exist beyond the restrictions of thoughtless, unfeeling matter. Consciousness was suddenly out of the damp bedsits of grubby men with shower extensions, and into the living rooms of happy family people with plans for the future. Without knowing it the Bee Gees had ignited a revolution that happened gradually over many years to

come, and was in keeping with a progressive change that had been slowly happening for centuries.

The world of art was taking note, and the unconscious splashes of colour that had adorned everyone's wall were starting to show vague shapes. Many people were convinced that if you turned Picasso's 'Red and Blue All Over The Show' backwards then you would see the devil worshipping himself in a mirror.

Theatre, however, had always been the most significant casualty of these early days of non-awareness and it carried through the next three decades as though The Bee Gees had never happened. Right up until 2005, every theatre performance still consisted of fifteen people lying motionless under a giant canvas for days on end, while six audience members sat close by and pulled at bits of skin on their face.

Cinema, also dragged its heels, and didn't exist as we know it, until the Nineties with Oscars winners as recently as 1988 including a piece of volcanic rock and a twitching leg. Film-makers such as Jack

cont next page...

Nicholson and Kevin had always been looking on as music began to push for change, but they did little as film was expensive.

Music was always leading where others followed and in the mid eighties polite society had its brains eaten out in a sexy way. But it was not a rebellious soul group or a petulant rock superstar that would do it. In fact change came in the unlikely trousers of Sebastian Coe, a successful British athlete who had since devoted his life to crime. In a newspaper article about tax evasion, Coe casually pointed out that the main reason people were starving was because no conscious effort had been made to change things. His evil chuckles echoed around the world and finally slapped the face of Chris Martin from heavily unconscious rockers Coldplay.

"in 1977, The Bee Gees arrived like an angry calf"

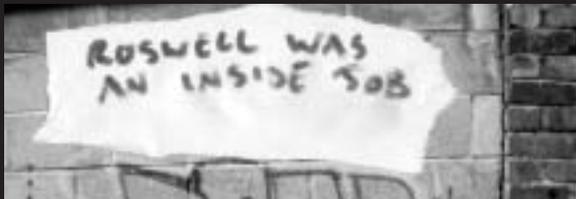
"It was like a major kick in the arm," says Martin. "I decided that we needed to do something about it, and soon."

Martin called on every one of his rock star friends and together they put together Live Aid. His main collaborator was comedian and friend Bernard Manning. "When we started Live Aid we decided that feeding people was our first priority, and obeying society's rules was of no significance," the fat cunt declared. "This meant that I could book Jim Davidson to headline, and more significantly, that the bands were free to express themselves unconsciously or not."

In 1984 two simultaneous concerts took place at Wembley Stadium and Poole Leisure Park. Artists performing included The Beatles, Mozart, Franz Ferdinand, Polly Toynbee and Benny Hill, but the highlight of the entire event came when Freddie Mercury announced to a stunned Poole audience that thunder, bolts and lightening were very, very frightening. The outright conscious nature of this outburst was to be remembered long after the fact that none of the money raised was ever given to the third world.

It has been a long journey from Mercury's outburst to Duran Duran's recent album "Thinking and Feeling Like a Man with a Mind" or Leonardo Da Vinci's Da Vinci Code. Who knows where the future will take us, but we can be sure that whatever happens someone somewhere will be painting it totally aware and totally proud. ▲

Aliens Gave Us Conscious Thought Photo evidence from Defcon's x-ray photography



Conscious Science

Interview with maverick scientist Dr. Frenson

Controversial scientist Dr. Jeremy Frenson was the first man to discover that our creative potential was directly linked to the levels of cardboard that occur naturally in the body.

In 1990 he outraged the scientific community by claiming that evolution was not linear in terms of intelligence and that many humans had already evolved into llamas.

Although this theory was discredited when he admitted his research revolved primarily around entertainment value, he still went on to win the Nobel prize for discovering that many of Newton's theories were very clever.

We talked to him about his new research and his amazing assertion that many conceptual scientific discoveries, including electricity, are developing consciousness.

"It is something that we have been looking at within the scientific community for a long time, the idea of artificial intelligence is now so big that it is frequently used in the entertainment industry. Science has always drawn most of its inspiration from blockbuster movies."

His theories are, however, a massive leap forward from the idea that cyborgs can cry.

"Abstract concepts have always been something that we could assume had no idea what it was like to have your heart broken, but this could well be the most arrogant of human notions yet."

He claims that he stumbled upon his ideas when he first noticed the electricity in his house starting to respond directly to his moods.

"If I came in upset, then no matter how much I tried, the electricity in the house seemed subdued, almost confused. Probably not the reaction of say, a spouse who was there as an accessory to your lifestyle, but definitely the kind of reaction you may get from a pet snail."



"...the electricity in my house seemed confused..."

Has he noticed any other scientific concepts that are showing signs of consciousness?

"Well, with a lot of the other more abstract ideas it is difficult to know how to measure at the moment. Gravity on the whole either works or doesn't. If it did start to sulk in some way, we would be in big trouble, so it is possible that it knows how large its responsibilities are. Certainly, though, strands of science such as quantum physics are clearly highly responsive. We have always put this down to our attitudes towards them, but it is very possible it is the other way round."

How will it affect our future if his theories are proved correct?

"Maybe we should be looking at it the other way round and ask how we will affect science's future. They hold all the cards. I'm not saying we should already see ourselves as slaves to science, but can I just get on record now that I have always been loyal to it."

Conscious or not, there is no doubt that science will continue to be part of our lives, and who knows maybe there will come a day when we will be wining and dining it, but for now Defcon will continue to use it as a mere sex aid. 🍷

Holy Shit!

Spirituality & Consciousness

Defcon has squeezed the precious brain juice from the heads of our best-loved religious leaders.

His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI

In the beginning, was the Word and the Word was God. God, in his most ineffable divinity, is the source of all what we term 'consciousness'. God, as all rational people apprehend, is all seeing, all knowing, all present and definitely looking into your mind all day and all night, his dark spirit unstoppable, awe-inspiring and intrusive. As the direct descendant of St Peter, the Pope is the channel through which all of God's consciousness flows in this, the earthly realm. Does this mean that the Pope can read minds? Without a doubt. Though the manifold expressions of consciousness, sacred and individual, in each and every human being, are Good in the eyes of our Lord, in that they reflect the infinity of His creation, we must remember that consciousness was not created for the selfish use of the individual, but rather as something to let God's divine love express itself. The expression of the Supreme Being's divine love are as many as the varieties of consciousness that humanity experiences.

In His infinite wisdom, God permits us to smell the flower,

taste the honey, quiver with delight to the sounds of Holy Mass, resonate with love for our fellow beings, and be wantonly deep-sixed in our hundreds of thousands by a tsunami, the killer wave majestic but terrible, reflecting the all-powerful nature of Him. The fact that so many of those unfortunate enough to experience the latter

"does this mean that the Pope can read minds?"

through their consciousnesses were Muslims merely emphasises a fundamental erring in their own consciousness. In the past, the Universal Church would say that following their drowning, they would then go on to have their consciousness experience the strange and unknowable state of eternal damnation. However, times have moved on, and the Catholic Church recognises that our position as regards this has also changed. We can now say, with perfect clarity and certainty, that there is but only a near-certain probability that

Muslims, Protestants, Hindus, Homosexuals and the peoples of all other erring faiths, will be automatically condemned to suffer the eternal agonies of Hell.

Those who would accuse my Church of being an institution irretrievably rooted in the past have their arguments confounded in the face of such compassionate, original and vibrant thought generated by the Holy See. Such are the blessings of God's gift of consciousness.

I pray that God bless you all. I am already blessed beyond belief. May the Pope live for a million years.

Archbishop Rowan Williams

Consciousness. It's a tricky concept, isn't it? Just like the concept of God, Jesus and the Resurrection. All these we experience from various sources, like reading our Bibles, listening to a faith-based community worker, eating a sandwich or using that other wonderful aspect of consciousness. Namely our imaginations. And God, I have no doubt, gave us those imaginations for a purpose. It may take a little imagination to

*“to think is to desire,
to desire is to suffer”*

imagine a boy, born in a stable (although he might not have been!), who then turned into a man who could walk on water, convert water into wine and die and return from the grave, but that's exactly the beauty of consciousness! It's the ability to see the improbably bizarre in the merely mundane. The worldwide Anglican communion benefits every day from the input of the consciousnesses of our members. From our robust African friends to our more feminine, more intuitive, more Sapphic bishops in the USA, we celebrate the nature of man and womankind through the purely symbolic glory of Christ and other stuff in the Bible.

Difference is a great thing, and God surely intended us to learn from this. That is, if God exists at all in the way we traditionally comprehended Him. Or It. Or even Her. But this very doubt, so magically expressed, about whether the God we love and value so dearly actually exists at all in the sense we all rather eagerly hope for, is but one further proof of the unknown quantities of the Supreme Being. If the Supreme Being exists, that is. And I can certainly hope so. Although whatever is out there, my consciousness will still go on, meandering gently.

The Dalai Lama

What is consciousness? Nothing can come from nothing, but if



something is nothing, then the very question of such a thing being stated as consciousness means that something must be there, pure and unrefined, refined and unpure, existing in the now, the then, the future. In the ebb and flow of the universal cycle none of the above concepts mean anything. To think is to desire, to desire is to suffer. Too much consciousness reflects an imbalance in the essential harmony of the being. The being that is illusory. All human beings must detach themselves. Consciousness will only be consciousness once it is detached from consciousness. And then further detached from any fragments of whatever we thought was consciousness in the first place. And so on ad infinitum. Once that profound lesson is learned, then we can kick out the Chinese and start keeping slaves again.

Mullah Omar

Allah Akbar. I've got to say, this religion shite is all very well and good, but most of the time these days it's all I can do to keep a fucking straight face when I'm spouting this bollocks to the faithful. I mean, Allah? Big man in the sky, pointy finger at you and you go to paradise or hell for eternity? Yeah, get fucking real. I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to form a band, me and my mate Osama, that's what we've always wanted. It's like going to be a cross between Deep Purple, Franz Ferdinand and the noise you get when you knock a stone wall onto a homosexual. I'm going to play lead guitar. And no one can stop me. The Man can go fuck himself. No girls allowed in the band, either.



The Unconscious:



The story of a man who dared not to think

"The fact that you know you exist within the world means you are part of its destruction. Only the unconscious really live."

Jason Newk

There has always been a fine line between what is unreal and not real. Many people have prodded at that line with home made sticks but one group chose to throw sawdust on the line then sit on it. They called themselves The Unconscious and their enigmatic leader Jason Newk proved to be one of the most influential philosophers of modern times.

Ironically, the very term philosopher, would have made him start to stab. He preached a life where thought was limited, where the emotional pressure of existing was replaced by stoic contemplation to the point of non-existence. It was, however, the sheer success of his preaching that was his downfall.

Jason Newk was born Jason Newk in 1949 in a small Texan town called Frump. His family had made a small but inconvenient fortune selling proverbs to farmers with children who were failing to get the point of stuff. Jason went to work for his family on leaving kindergarten, researching potential environments for wisdom to exist. But at the age of sixteen and with his life apparently mapped out, a visit to see a friend who had willingly entered a coma changed his entire view of the world. His friend's final words to him were, "if a pig runs it doesn't mean anyone was chasing it". From that day to this Jason was convinced that consciousness was the root of all our ills.

He returned from the hospital and in an act of sacrifice to his new belief burnt everything in his

family's house, keeping only the stuff that belonged to him. Ignoring his family's concerns and beatings he walked the whole of Texas telling of this way of life. People were encouraged to burn all symbols of consciousness; clothes, library tickets, letters from loved ones and leaflets advising on household safety. His disciples were told not to listen to anything that was said to them and refuse to do any activity that involved rational thought. Many of them became involved in the legal profession, but this alone did not satisfy Jason. He wanted a world where all thought was outlawed and he eventually started telling those who would listen that to be truly free they not only

had to stop all thought processes but stop consciously acknowledging their bodily needs. Many more started to follow and he built a massive empty piece of land for people to lie motionless inside and release fluids with no thought for

hygiene. He called this place The Temple of the Unconscious, and it started to smell.

As his followers grew so did his conviction that each and every one of us could live as though unconscious. He saw himself as sacrificing his own unconscious bliss to assist others in their release from the restrictions the mind was placing on them. But soon he found the sheer numbers of The Unconscious becoming in itself a matter for conscious thought. Someone needed to count them, but those he appointed as deputies were now dead from dehydration or watching ITV comedies.

*"in an act of sacrifice he
burnt everything in his
family's house"*

It was at this point that a newspaperman called Herbert Kidd picked up his story. He took Jason into his confidence, fed him the finest pastries, then stabbed him like a sick duck, in the back. His article signalled the beginning of the end, with stories of how Jason still worked for a graphic design company while nearly all those who followed him were dying in their own excrement. Several paragraphs were written about the stench of rotting corpses within The Temple and yet nothing of how pretty Jason had become and how his taste in décor was generally admired. Hurt beyond needles, Jason took to his bed, his despair made all the worse by his refusal to acknowledge it as a concept. He would have gone the way of his followers had he not been offered a lucrative book deal. The

resulting autobiography, "I Think Therefore I Stink" sold more than a million copies in its first week of release but Jason's insistence that it was not printed, but instead released as an involuntary reflex, meant no one has read it to this day.

Jason Newk now runs a small fabric shop in Texas. He has a wife and two kids all of whom he fails to acknowledge for months at a time. Many people come to his shop

just to ask him questions about denim and then smile knowingly as he ignores them and stares at a point in the distance. We presume he is thinking of nothing, but we could forgive him if occasionally his mind wanders to a time when he battled with the idea of freethinking, and would have got away with it if it wasn't for that pesky Kidd.

*"his deputies were now dead
from dehydration"*

Consciousness and Health

Mary Phelps



A lot of nonsense is spoken about the importance of breathing. True, it keeps us conscious, but is that all you want from your life? Too many young women are breathing themselves into mental institutions because

they want to be like all the conscious models they see in mags and TV.

One simple trick is to try breathing through your eyes. It takes practice but it will reap rewards. The

Aztecs called the eyes 'the keys to your abstract lungs', and normal people can learn a lot from primitive shit. Try letting your eyes do more work and you'll be a happier, thinner, less conscious person.

Harbledown Literary Festival



Burning Books (into your head)

Summer 2007 sees the 25th anniversary of the Harbledown Literary Week. To celebrate, the organisers have booked a stunning array of speakers from all over the globe. Curator Jenny Mulberry told Defcon: "This will be the biggest and most exciting gathering of liberal personages interspersed with the occasional Nazi, in the history of our festival!"

HEADLINE EVENTS

Niall Ferguson - "For Their Own Good":

Slavery and The Development of The Empire spirit

History and Gratuitous Facts Symposium
Saturday 5/06/07 3pm Harbledown Town Hall.
Room 3.7

Niall Ferguson has always been unafraid to espouse un-PC versions of history and in this lecture, the Harvard history professor and TV presenter will read from and discuss his latest work, "For their Own Good". Taking his cue from Hume's contention that "The greatest history known is only the history of those who are prepared to develop their faculties so that history may be adduced to be just that", Ferguson has developed a new and to some, startling theory of the transatlantic slave trade. It is his contention that, from around 1730 to the abolition of the trade in 1807, slavery as practiced by the British was key to the development of the pioneering spirit and ethical elegance of the later Victorian age.

"In everything from engineering excellence to the high moral tone of the late Victorian period, the now-banned practice of slavery exercised a positive, deep and abiding influence. In these ideologically correct times, such basic and some would say, obvious truths have been rejected in favour of PC piety, brought forth from the mouths of so-called 'people' who barely know how to pass the port in the approved manner."

More controversially, Ferguson also postulates that forced labour endowed Afro-Americans with all the moral values that came to the fore with such 20th century icons as Martin Luther King. However, Ferguson also observes that Dr King's undeniably great achievements were certainly marred by his lack of the necessary skills that posh white people are inherently given by providence, although Ferguson generously concedes that King was not to blame in this respect. He attributes the ongoing social problems and decline experienced by Afro-American and by association, Afro-Caribbean communities in the UK, as symptomatic of the loss of the moral compass that slavery brought. It was none less

than Heidegger who announced that "Fascist apologia is never an unsound prospect, when espoused by a smug Oxbridge git". Never a truer sentiment was voiced. Get your tickets early, as this is certain to be a standing-room only event. There will be a question-and-answer session following the lecture. However, Professor Ferguson may well ignore comments from members of the audience who look vulgar.

David Gartlosbance:
"The Semiotics of Wanton Relics"

Discourses on Gartlosbance by Gartlosbance
Harbledown Burnt Theatre 4.30pm Sunday 6/06/07

Parisian David Gartlosbance, the author of controversial bestsellers as *Please me, not you*, *Only Nothing*, *Stop In The Name of Hate* and *Gastro*, will be reading from his latest work, *Blinder and Blinder*. Criticised by feminists for his unflinching analysis of what constitutes male sexuality in the postmodern age, Gartlosbance, as well as reading from his new tour-de-force, will also discuss the changing roles of men and women in the dawn of the new millennium, including why French women no longer do it for him. He caused a furore during a lecture at the Paris Fete de Books Tres Importance in 2005, when from behind the podium he challenged female members of the audience to work out whether he was masturbating or not. And that if they could, "would that would make me spend myself faster as a result?" This event is guaranteed to be both exciting and thought-provoking. Gartlosbance will be happy to answer questions afterwards, although he will not guarantee to reply in the voice of a human.

Kill or Cure? Contemporary politics and the role of intellectuals (Part 1) By Christopher Hitchens

Is the left wing completely unfeasible since I picked up my ball and went home?

Fotheringham's Teashop 4pm Sunday 6/06/07

Liberal studies and journalism polymath Christopher Hitchens explodes gin-scented gore all over the marquee and its enthralled audience with the force of a 12-megaton thermonuclear device. George Galloway MP may turn up to debate him, if he hasn't got any reality tele to do that day. Or dictators to suck off.

Kill or Cure? (Part 2) By Peter Hitchens

Why David Cameron is a fucking cunt.

Harbledown Museum of Things 6pm Sunday 6/06/07

Christopher's brother Peter will turn up half-cut to kick seven shades shit of out of a immaculately-suited mannequin with a photocopy of David Cameron's face stapled to its head. He will then explode all over the marquee and its enthralled audience with the force of a floridly right wing, claret soaked, 12-megaton thermonuclear device. Get your tickets in for this event early, as his lust for money knows no bounds.

English Girl in New York,

Mon 7/06/07 8pm HarbleDown W.I Hall

Francesca Mittlethwaite, former Vogue fashion writer and now leading chick-lit author, reads from *I Schleppe* with *Everybody*, her latest book about the challenges of leading a jaw-droppingly vacuous and bewilderingly well-remunerated lifestyle on both side of the Atlantic.

What's That Burning Smell?

(It's You, You Fucking Twat, if You Don't Sautee Those Fucking Shallots Properly).

Mon 7/06/07 9pm Brownshirt Reception Rooms

Celebrity chef Gordon Ramsey talks about his new, above-titled book, as well as the shame and discrimination he has suffered as a result of being diagnosed with Tourettes when he was seven.

Defcon is proud to present a manuscript of cranky children's author Roald Dahl's last ever story. It is a tale many thought would never be published due to its gratuitous language. We are proud to rectify this.

Roald Dahl's The Xoop Fucks Things

In a little town, in a little kingdom, in a time when creatures that history books don't know existed side by side with people, lived the Xoop. The Xoop was so like a man that had you seen his shadow you may have thought he was one. Apart from being seven feet eleven tall with a nose as long as a long piece of egg and a chin curved upwards so that he could clean the very edge with his tongue. His fingers were on his feet and his toes were on his hands. He had eleven of both, the extra finger and toe alternating to suit his situation. The oddest thing you would immediately notice would be the horrible rough grey hair that covered his body except digestive outlets, which were kept clear for sanitation. He wore no shirt or pants but adorned his penis with foil attached with a red bow. Although odd this was never sexually threatening as its inner layers concealed a digital machine that would play a medley of Pan Pipe favourites. He was played in major films by a variety of well-established comic actors.

The Xoop lived in a rubber sphere that was exactly his size in height. It sat at the end of a long orange plant that grew up five inches and then horizontally for seventeen miles. The Xoop had attached the sphere to the plant by means of supernatural plaster. If you went near the plant it spat fire at you, so the Xoop lived a lonely life

that suited him well.

Now, you would think the Xoop and children would be natural friends. But nothing could be further from the truth. Apart from the idea that real democracy exists within the United States of America. But as there was no America, let's ignore that and get back to the original statement, which was that children and the Xoop could be natural friends. Well, nothing could be further from the truth. Except for milk being good for you. But they had no milk, just a green liquid kids drank at school that stank of sour toes. It was called Gup. So if you put yourself in the time of the Xoop it would be fair to say that vis-a-vis children and the Xoop being natural friends nothing could be further from the truth apart from Gup being good for you.

*"if you went near the plant
it spat fire at you"*

The Xoop hated children. Meeting a child to him was like drinking Gup left for dogs to lick for a week. Except there were no dogs, just animals that looked very much like dogs except with IQs of exactly 180 that meant they had no egos and therefore barked instead of communicating their individuality. So if you were in this land you may well have thought they were dogs. Apart from the fact that their faces were made of Gustav Klimt prints.

The time that the Xoop hated most was

Christmas. Christ was born in Bethlehem many years before in this land too, but Christ was a form of social reform and Bethlehem was a word that when translated loosely meant 'troubled political times'.

Children would sing Christmas carols, and the Xoop hated Christmas carols. Mainly because in this land they involved chanting the word 'Xoop Fucker' in a variety of high pitched squeals. At Christmas the Xoop would sneak into their homes and remove every one of their gifts from under the tree. He had done this for many years, but in the last few years he noticed something different. The gifts were a long way from being nice things any more. Instead of big long slides with happiness bags at the bottom, people were leaving Gup. Not any old Gup either. This was Gup from a land that made Gup to clean their noses. Then one day the Xoop heard one of the people say that they had not yet brought some Christmas shit for The Xoop, and that if they didn't get it soon bad luck would fall on them.

The Xoop was so angry at this ironic twist that he burnt his own house down and stabbed his arm. He spent the year planning something so wicked that Christmas would forever be known as the time the Xoop fucked things up. It was a nasty plan too. He intended to confront two children with the notion that underneath our exteriors we are all the same and that his bitterness was the result of their fear of outsiders. He intended to sneak into their house and face them with an allegory about racial differences or maybe even attitudes towards disability.

In this land there lived two children, Jude and Mude, who even by children's standards were

annoying. They had a simplistic stupidity that was mistaken for innocence. Even more unusually they were now in their late twenties.

One of their years is equal to 0.756 of ours, but even with this calculation they were old children. This was due to everyone being officially a child until interest in the opposite sex had replaced an interest in collecting cards. They were both highly sexed children but their desire for collecting cards was so massive the authorities had barely noticed.

So the Xoop snuck into their house very late on Christmas Eve and stood over them. When the children seemed fast asleep he started to play the Pan Pipes. Jude and Mude woke with a start. "Fuck you Xoop," they sang. The Xoop mistakenly thought this was a desire to sexually please him. "My god," he proclaimed. "If they are willing to sing a song in my honour maybe we are all the same beyond our physical form." Then a strange thing happened. Mude and Jude suddenly started growing taller and lots of grey hair started to grow all over their bodies. "By all things minor and social reform like," he declared. "It's true."

"they had a simplistic stupidity that was mistaken for innocence"

The Xoop ran jumping and skipping from the house and went back to the embers that were once his sphere. He took out all the surviving bits of presents that he had stolen and sold them to a man with only ten toes.

"There you go, poor suffering imbecile," he shouted. "Have a Happy Christmas!" From that day on Christmas was known as a time when you could patronise anyone and not feel guilty about the social and economic climate that caused their plight. Apart from the wretched 'Boop People' who were kept as slaves so no-one else had to work over that period. 🍌





MOLLUSC

The Squid (January 14th - February 13th)

Now you've finally got over your holiday hangover (and sent your young playmates back to the village with a nasty rash), Want to replenish that Swiss bank account? Concoct a 'terrorist threat'.



CONAN

The Barbarian (February 14th - March 12th)

The Hague just won't let up, will it? They could have the decency to wait until you're assassinated. Make an Olympic bid to throw them off the scent.



ASPARAGUS

The Erectile Dysfunction (March 13th - April 1st)

Time to eat humble pie and leg it. You were warned about appointing that cheeky general in 2006. You might miss the palace, but you've got five foreign mansions to choose from. Employment at a Tobacco company awaits. Warning: Avoid sun beds.

RUSSEL C



MARILLION

The Ubiquitous Harlequin (April 2nd - July 1st)

Deflect attention from your incompetence with a spot of Jew-baiting. Those hungry unemployed masses will be itching for a scapegoat.



AIRFIX

The U-Boat Assembly Kit (July 2nd - July 3rd)

If last year was full of big ideas, 2007 is all systems go. A thorough spring clean gives you a chance to 'resettle' scores. Ethnic cleansing means bad press; but who cares what they write about you, if they spell your name right?



SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS

The Au Pair (July 4th - September 11th)

This year, go easy on the idle threats. You're so far in the red, you'd let the Chinese nuke your capital for a loan. Even Commies understand that business is business. Worrying about elections? Execute a retard.



SERPICO

The Donut (September 12th - September 19th)

Build some factories over those mass graves if you know what's good for you. Banks will fall over each other to finance sweatshops. Summer sees romance with an old flame. Want to get beyond second base? Better take her father's head out the freezer.



CORNELIUS

The Open-minded Talking Ape (September 20th - September 31st)

Now you've sold your entire telecommunications, media and education system to Rupert Murdoch, you'll have to deal with his minions telling the electorate that you're a complete twat. Get back in his good books. Declare a war.

AINER'S



KAJAGOOGOO

The Deely-boppers (September 32nd - October 1st)

That nagging civil war may be causing some domestic stress. Remind your nearest and dearest that diamonds are a girl's best friend. Going over budget? Troops losing morale? Close the schools and get those kiddies in khakis.



LIBERACE

The Jewel-encrusted Piano Stool (October 2nd - November 8th)

Your birthday month sees the obligatory photo op with Nelson Mandela. Tell the press what an inspiration he's been to you. Don't worry about the massacres, if he's got time for Bono, he's got time for you. A haircut is recommended.



DAIRYLEA

The Spreadable Cheese (November 9th - November 8th)

If 2006 was all about problems, then 2007 will be the year of solutions. Get ready for hosting that World Cup by throwing all beggars, AIDS patients and Buddhists in jail. Imprison a trade unionist (or two) if you want that lovely stadium completed on time.



TOLKIEN

The Hobbit (November 10th - Boxing Day)

You and God are getting on like a house on fire in 2007. Around June, He will tell you to liquidate parliament and privatise oxygen. Gays could be in for really rough trade if they continue to mock His Infinite Mercy. Grumbling civil servants? Your Personal Lord And Saviour commands them to go fuck themselves.

DEFCON'S REVIEW OF THE YEAR

'a twelve-foot tall, horribly-be fanged vulva'

Best Book:

GOD ALWAYS KEEPS HIS PROMISES

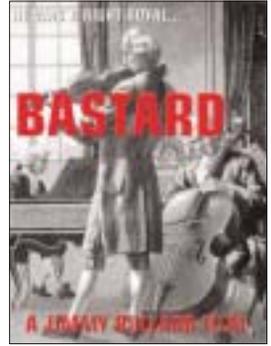
by *Mikazhuro Unami*

In this, the lusciously creative sequel to 2002's *God* never keeps his promises, we join the chief protagonist, Malaysian avant-garde artist Shashaban Itidikdik, where we left him at the end of the first book, in the Peruvian rain forest, the only survivor of a plane crash. Accompanied only by a three-foot long strip of rotting plywood that he intended as the basis for his next installation work, as well as his faithful spirit guide Elvis Hen, Shashaban sets out on a heroic journey to safety, which, Elvis Hen assures him, is only a fortnight's grueling walk away. Starving, the desperate artist resorts to eating local fungi, and the resultant major psychedelic episode takes the reader into some of the most mind-boggling events that Unami has ever depicted. The now-heavily hallucinating Shashaban is kept on track through the jungles of his mind and the real-life jungle he staggers through in a now even more erratic fashion, by his own Virgil, Elvis Hen. In a fantastical, yet profoundly moving scene, the artist is pursued through the rainforest by a twelve-foot tall, horribly-be fanged vulva, which he is convinced belongs to his deceased mother. Elvis Hen does his best to keep his friend from hurling himself off cliffs or banging his head against poisonous bark, by gently persuading him of the unreal nature of his experiences. However, as Elvis Hen is of dubious ontological provenance himself, his attempts to invoke the spirit of the enlightenment to calm Shashaban's fears are not without their own trials. This book is a triumph, of human nature against nature, of nature against the spirit, and of spirit guides against paranoid delusion.

Best Film:

BASTARD

Dir: *Jimmy Bullard*



Jimmy Bullard was the wild kid of the British Film Industry. His first film *Nasty* had equal doses of controversy, acclaim and mathematical inaccuracy. The story of a twelve year old's stint in detention, it included an hour and twenty minutes of a clock ticking while the boy stares at a book, followed by ten minutes of violence, abuse, cannibalism and corrections. It failed to win at Cannes, but was picked up by American distributors and Bullard remade it as a commercial thriller, with the boy discovering his detention is a cover for a plot to assassinate the president.

Bullard turned down offer after offer for twenty-five years until *Bastard* landed on his desk. *Bastard* is the fictional story of the child Princess Diana and Dodi would have had, and his bizarre and moving ascension to the Throne by the age of twelve. There was widespread fear that the film would offend British audiences and confuse American ones, but it did neither. The decision to cast Judi Dench as Princess Di, Forrest Whitaker as Dodi and Helen Mirren as the young prince, gave the film gravitas and marketability. Bullard's direction was breathtaking, with the two-hour detention scene not detracting from the pace of the movie. Dench's performance is masterful and emotional, but all the cast are noteworthy, with only Bob Hoskin's Al Fayed sounding the wrong note.

Bastard shows how British talent can take chances and still come out on top.



Best Album:

WHAT DID YOU JUST CALL ME

The Fractions

Just when we thought that pop was dead, The Fractions infectious psychedelic folk reggae gave it a foot tapping kiss of life. The Liverpool born, Sheffield based, Leeds inspired band were unheard of until signed by Polydor, who quickly set up a MySpace page for them. Such was the underground buzz that their first album What Did You Just Call Me sold five million copies before they had even written a song. Starting with a blast of horn that could be the ghost of Dexy's Midnight Runners wondering if they had name-checked the wrong sixties icons, the first track on the album Why Don't You Give Me Your Gloves was so desperate to sound catchy that you could almost think it was. The next track, a cover of Fatboy Slim's Praise You, sees the band get more structured, and by this point you are highly aware you are listening to a band that have a clear idea of what a journalist can write about. They display a mellower mood with Evelyn, a modern day ballad that captures the power of Jennifer Rush with the street suss of Hollyoaks. "Oh Evelyn, you left me standing in an Internet café, with my mp3 player already a defunct format", sings lead singer Jody McCollins, displaying a hip-ness that is only slightly annoying.

There is no other band around displaying the qualities needed to be taken seriously without being genuinely interesting or clever, and for that we thank The Fractions.

DVD ROUND UP:

RISING DAMP (15) Atari Entertainment

Directed by Tim Burton

Burton's dark re-imagining of the controversial sitcom. After the attempted murder of anguished self-harmer Miss Jones (Scarlet Johansen) by hunchback pimp Philip (Ving Rhames), Rigsby (Johnny Depp) enlists a goth criminologist called Alan (Kevin Spacey) to bring law and order to his baroque hotel.

CHAVS: Non-Refundable Scratched Disc Edition (PG)

AOLTimeWarner/SocialistWorker

Directed by Ken Loach

Ricky Tomlinson stars as an unemployed kerb-crawler who falls for refugee Scarlet Johansen. Daunted by the oppressive A-roads of Stoke, Scarlet pines for her beloved motherland of Frogham. Can Ricky make the arduous journey for the woman he loves? Loach confronts the troubling issues head on.

THE AIRHEAD (12) Tesco Films

Directed by Ron Howard

Jennifer Aniston won three Golden Globes for her touching portrayal of Marie Curie, who abandons her pioneering research for an accident-prone romance with Alfred Nobel (Ashton Kutchner) only to find their relationship punk'd by Nobel's short-fused mom from hell (Scarlet Johansen).

Platoon Redux: The 20th Anniversary Exclusive Gold-Plated Triple Disc Visionary Maverick Cut Special Edition (18)

Lockheed Martin Leisurewear £149.99 (plus VAT)

Directed and galvanised by Oliver Stone

Classic Oscar-laden masterpiece. Includes the restored wrap party footage where Martin and Charlie Sheen, mangled on crystal meth, execute the Vietnamese extras in hilarious 'search and destroy' horseplay.

(Special Features: Rick Wakeman's HBO special Tet Offensive on Ice, Ho Chi Minh and Scarlet Johansen in a karaoke duet, nineteen exclusive interviews with Paul Hardcastle.)



Defcon Interview with Net Guru Stephen Hertzengrindle

WOULD YOU BUY VIAGRA FROM THIS MAN?

Now living in semi-retirement on a ranch in South Carolina, Stephen Hertzengrindle, 48, is one of the most influential businessmen living. The inventor of Spam, the Ohio-born programming mastermind was described by Computer Giffard Monthly in 1998 as "The Genghis to Bill Gate's Hitler."

In 2000, he appeared in Forbes Magazine Rich List at number 78, with an estimated \$7 billion in assets. Forbes commented, "His rise to prominence in the hi-technology sector has been astounding. And if he sends us just one more offer to extend our cocks, he sleeps with the fishes."

Hertzengrindle resigned as CEO and departed from his company E-missions Unexpected Corp. in March 2004, after a bust-up with the other directors over the direction of the company. He then opted for life out of the media spotlight. However, having had an interest in eastern philosophy for many years, he has agreed to speak to Defcon about life, business and his take on consciousness.

Defcon: What was behind you leaving E-Missions? What way did you think the company should have gone?

"(sighs) Well, at the time I was carrying out major Research & Development work into expanding E-Mission's portfolio of messages that offered to increase the amount of semen you could pop out at one go. This was a previously neglected area of the market, and it was originally me and my chief market researcher Barrington Mitten who thought of

the idea! Initial research and a beta version, whereby we sent out 600 million emails offering this service, was encouraging. But the board would not back us."

Why not?

"The board thought that the market for offering obscene things which can't possibly work was overcrowded and they wanted to move into pushing non-obscene things which can't possibly work, such as penny stocks in bogus companies. In

retrospect maybe they were right, but it didn't feel that way at the time. Barrington and I were convinced that gallons of spunk were the way forward for the e-economy. I still think so."

Barrington of course died in 2005 (gassing himself in his car). Have you begun to come to terms with his tragic death yet?

"Barrington was my greatest friend and greatest business partner. I will never recover from his suicide. And if I find out

whoever is was that offered to make him irresistible to women for just \$29.99, I swear the son of a bitch's life will not be worth living."

Could you tell us how you came up with the idea for Spam? You were working with Bill Gates at the time, we understand?

"Please don't use that word 'Spam'. It is nothing but a vulgar and derogatory term used by journalists such as yourself to demean what is a valuable and life-changing service. Our preferred term is, as you must have seen in the press pack, 'Mom-e-Mail'.

All so-called 'Spam' is really just like receiving a letter, phone call or email from your mother, asking you how you are and if you need anything. It's a concerned, caring method of social commerce."

Although some people might say mothers do not normally ask their kids if they want a %huge ^ MON\$TER c0ck, or if they are interested in SEX-\$tarved-Teen/A\$\$HOLES.

"Well, that is entirely your opinion, which of course you are free to have. I'm certainly not going to sit here and dictate the way people choose to arrange their family lives. America is still the land of freedom, buddy! But back to your original question. Yeah, back in 1986, I was working with Microsoft on a few projects and shared an IT lab with Bill. We were experimenting with ways to communicate between autistic computer types who were sitting in the same room. Bill thought it would be a

"SEX-\$tarved-Teen/A\$\$HOLES"

super great idea if we could develop a system where I could write something on my computer and it would appear on his screen! The message was originally planned to arrive with a beep and a cheery message reading 'You've got mail!', but the exclamation mark kept making Bill rock back and forth, howling and trying to bang his head against the screen. It was while we were working through some of these early glitches that I really got to know Bill and the idea struck me that he would certainly buy magic potions if a computer told him to. As to what the potion would do, I wasn't sure, but I thought about the key elements that constituted Bill's genius and it was obvious his penis was minute."

In an interview with the New York Times in 1997, you said that in the next few months after this discovery, you took \$377,000 dollars from Bill Gates, in exchange for small vials of your own urine. Which he then drank in hope of his penis growing?

"Well, that's hardly my fault, I wrote clearly on the side of the vial that it was for topical application only. As for the money I charged him, it's quite a small amount, compared to how much I got off his wife."

Melissa Gates bought small vials of your urine?

"Yes. Don't know why. And the

weird thing was, I never mom-e-mailed her in the first place."

By 1999, E-Missions was making profits of \$2.7 billion a year. You announced at the company AGM that the success was entirely down to the blend of western commercial know-how and eastern philosophical values. How did you apply this to your business model?

"Key to my thinking is a blend of Buddhist and Hindu virtues with that of the philosophy of great western business leaders, such as Donald Trump and the Reverend Jim Jones. In my forthcoming book, "Don't Question the Question: 200 Spiritual Sayings of Great Leaders", I outline this synthesis, with emphasis on the compatibility of all these great systems of thought."

How does this apply to day-to-day business practice?

"Well, for example, I used to always insist on acknowledging the transitory nature of all things, including peoples' jobs. When dismissing someone, it is always essential to make sure it is firstly arbitrary, thus fulfilling the great universal plan, and secondly, that I fix them with a look of great wisdom, with a touch of sorrow, as they brokenly shuffle out of the door. The Buddha teaches us no less."

Stephen Hertzengrindle's latest book, *Don't Question the Question: 200 Spiritual Sayings of Great Leaders*, is published by some cunt or other.

“My Hero”

by Davina McCall



Davina McCall started her working life drugging punters at a strip club in London. It was there she was spotted by executives from Endemol, who saw enough potential in the young McCall to take her on as assistant to Dale Winton on a light entertainment show called Vagrant Bait. Although generally considered an embarrassment in her role, she had enough sense to supply cheap rohypnol to producers from the programme. From these humble beginnings a star was born. As the face of Channel Five's reality trip, Big Brother, she earns more in a year than the prime minister, and is on our television screens more times than any other presenter currently using methadone. Here she talks to Defcon about a man who has both inspired and surprised her.

“When Defcon asked me to talk about one of my heroes I was a bit nervous about who to choose. This is from previous experience when all of the historical figures I claimed to admire turned out to be fictional characters from books like Captain Corelli's Mandolin and that one about the boy wizard who looks like a mong. But if I'm honest the man I have most admired from an early age was born close to my home. As a teenager I heard stories about Fred and Rosemary West and the things they may have been up to. Of course when the press got hold of stories the more negative aspects of it tend to take over. Not to mention the police going to town with that demonising serial killer thing they do. As a result it's been difficult to talk too openly about the respect I have for Fred. The thing is, I'm a driven person. I want to succeed and when you place this alongside my lack of conventional talent or intelligence then you can see where ruthlessness comes into the picture. I suppose the TV people won't like it if I start

drawing comparisons between Big Brother and what went on in Fred's house, but I see myself in the same role as he was and I like to think I do what is needed to stay in control and provide something people will remember.

Lets get one thing straight, I'm not aWest apologist like you see knocking about Newsnight, but I do see him in the same context as world leaders like Julius Caesar, Darth Vader and Hitler. All of them did naughty things in the eyes of those around them, but history will always remember their achievements more, and no one dares speak ill of them now.

You may feel sympathy for the scum we get on Big Brother, but you know ultimately you want to see them fucked with. Well, you need me for that because none of you are strong enough. The levels that Fred West was prepared to go to for what he wanted, even if it went against a conventional sense of morality, is the kind of self belief that has given me the strength to succeed. The abuse he subjected those kids to is not something that I'd necessarily want to see on the programme, and murder is almost certainly illegal, but I understand his motives. Let's face it, in the same way that no-one on Big Brother would ever have been known without it, can we honestly say that the anonymity Fred's victims had beforehand was in any way better than the torment he subjected them to.

Fred and me have offered people a life beyond their lives. That doesn't make us gods, it doesn't even mean we are nice people, but we are not monsters. Well, not in the way that the old bald guy who can read peoples' minds is. Sleep well Fred, my imperfect hero. I love you.” 🍷



SHOCK REPORT!

Defcon can exclusively reveal exactly how, in the light of 9/11, things have gone really badly wrong. This report shows a Britain crumbling under the weight of immigration, paedophilia and restrictive motoring laws.

- 55% OF THE LONG TERM UNEMPLOYED ARE BELIEVED TO BE SATAN BY SOMEONE CLOSE TO THEM.
- OVER 34% OF 9-13 YEAR OLDS ARE NO LONGER CHILDREN.
- 25% OF PEOPLE OVER 16 HAVE USED CENTRAL HEATING AS A CASUAL DRUG.
- OVER 53% OF FOURTEEN YEAR OLDS HAVE USED THEIR OWN BLOOD IN A RITUAL.
- FAMILY LIFE IS CONSIDERED LESS IMPORTANT THAN SLEEP IN MOST NORTH WEST CITIES.
 - WOMEN ARE STRONGER THAN MEN IN SEVERAL INSTANCES.
 - 42% OF WOMEN OVER 30 BELIEVE THEIR TEETH HAVE MAGIC POWERS.
 - 78% OF INNER CITY COMMUNITIES ARE NO LONGER TACTILE.
 - 9 MEN OPENLY LAUGHED WHEN WE IMPLIED THEY SMELT.
- FOOD IS CONSIDERED LESS IMPORTANT THAN MOST COMPUTER GAMES BY 16% OF DOCTORS.
- CHEESEBURGERS ARE NOW TAUGHT TO GCSE LEVEL IN OVER 27% OF SCHOOLS.

Sebastian Coe, Conservative spokesperson for shock reports, said, "I can't believe this is happening. I'm scared and angry."



Whose Grail Is It Anyway?



Dan Brown's long awaited follow up to The Da Vinci Code, The Klimt Messages, has provoked even more delight, confusion and controversy than the original. Many still believe that the book itself is one long encrypted confessional by the author, who, if the rumour-smokers are to be believed, is the last living relative of Scooby Doo. Defcon's serialisation of the novel continues.

The Klimt Messages: Part 244

Previously.....

Professor Mayflower, while appearing at an awards dinner where his book 'He's Behind You, Satan' is nominated for Best Fiction, finds himself incriminated in the death of a series of dentists. However, instead of being arrested he decides to investigate. He discovers that every one of the dentists was found with a pagan symbol scratched onto their head, carved in with the aid of a broken Lego piece. The symbols, if written on a piece of paper and moved around in a random manner indicate that the professor must visit places of interest in major European cities. It is while in the red light district of Madrid that he teams up with the beautiful and mysterious Margaret Delane, who is herself investigating the murder of seven authors of historical fiction, despite the fact that she clearly killed them herself. Whilst being strangled by Margaret, the Professor notices a series of numbers on her hand. This turns out to be the phone number of a man who knows about the Holy Grail. They visit him and discover him to be a quirky individual. Despite this he holds the key to the real secret of the Grail, a much bigger secret than the one in the

"he shows them a message written on his arse"

first novel. He shows them a message written on his arse. When the message is re-arranged and new letters are added it reveals the words Gustav Klimt. They immediately return to London and a branch of Ikea that sells prints. They buy a large print of Gustav Klimt's The Kiss and its bright colours remind the Professor that the seven dentists were in fact the guardians of the Holy Code that only the pure of stomach can reveal.

They now know they are in real danger and have to find and then crack the Holy Code before something happens. They find it in a library, but no one has ever cracked the secrets behind its secret. Until now....

The Professor threw the scrolls down on the mahogany table

with both disgust and arousal.

"My god, what the hell can all this mean," he spurted. "Could it be that all the religious things that have gone on for centuries are nothing but the stories of men who wanted to hide something?"

Margaret picked the scrolls up and looked at them with a wistful seriousness. She put them back down with an air of serious wistfulness, and sighed. Her mind drifted back to her

childhood and how she would watch Danger Mouse, unaware that the actors whose voices she heard were those of two well established comic actors. If she had known this then would it have made a difference. There was little time to reflect on this as the Professor let out a howl.

"What the fuck," she said startled by this outburst. The Professor smiled an apology. "I was just reminding myself how in the third century after the birth of Jesus, twenty five knights slaughtered a series of pigs for fear that they would shit out the true relationship between Jesus and Julius Caesar."

Margaret stared at him as though trapped in a serious wist. "What do you mean?" She nearly asked.

The Professor shook his head, "I'm not an expert but look at this print again."

They stared at Klimt's Kiss, and the Professor spoke in a deliberate yet hilarious manner. "If for one second we can pretend that the male figure is Jesus what does the picture tell you?"

Margaret stared intently at the print but shook her head in a way that indicated that although she was reasonably bright and very pretty the Professor had enough enigmatic intelligence that he might

be able to pull her, at least within the context of a novel. The Professor smiled, then picked up the print and as though inspired, proceeded to draw a moustache and a penis on the female figure.

"Think again," he declared. Margaret stared and stared again like she had never stared before.

"My god," she gasped. "You draw penises like a ten year old."

The Professor nodded, "And what else?"

Margaret shrugged. "Well," he continued. "You must know of the many people who believe that Julius Caesar, far from being emperor of Rome,

was in fact a partner with Jesus in a fabric shop." Margaret shrugged with even more venom than before; but the professor continued.

"Everything looks different if you look at it with different eyes, and you only have to look at this print from the eyes of the people who believe it then it becomes clear that they were partners, with Jesus dealing with things at shop floor level."

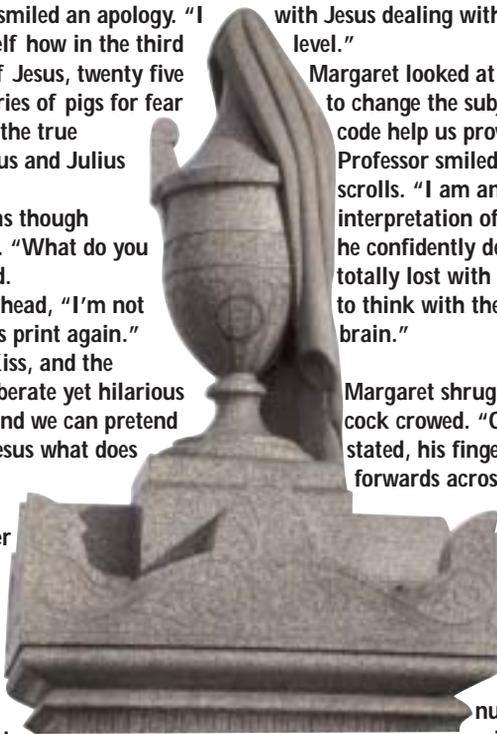
Margaret looked at the Professor and decided to change the subject. "But how does the code help us prove anything?" The Professor smiled again and picked up the scrolls. "I am an expert in the interpretation of historical documents," he confidently declared. "And yet I was totally lost with these codes until I started to think with the spiritual side of my brain."

Margaret shrugged for a third time, and a cock crowed. "Okay," the professor stated, his fingers moving backwards and forwards across the scrolls. "Let us

forget that these numbers are numbers, and imagine what else they could be?" He paused as Margaret stifled a yawn. "Imagine that these numbers are in fact letters, and that the numbers represent their position in the alphabet."

Margaret screwed her eyes up with admiration. "So," continued the professor. "If A equals 1 and B equals 2." The sheer genius of this sent them both into lethargy, but when they snapped out of it the Professor worked feverishly on the code for several weeks, stopping only to wet himself. Then as Margaret looked on with mild enthusiasm, he gasped as the truth was revealed to him.

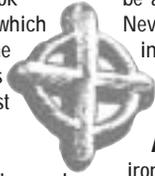
His eyes met with Margaret's and he whispered with a mixture of excitement and awe, "Is there anyone in the bible called Knobcheese?" ▲



Unusual Prejudices

People who hate people and why

THE POLISH have always hated Eskimos over the age of thirty. This is the result of a dispute over land rights. Unusually this dispute only took place in a children's novel; Frimp the Eskimo Annexes Warsaw. It is overlooked by Polish society that the actual invasion is done by an evil penguin called Woah and Frimp is never in favour of it, but the book was never translated until the seventies by which point hatred had taken hold. The reason the hatred does not extend to younger Eskimos is due to the impact of Logan's Run, the most influential TV programme in Poland.

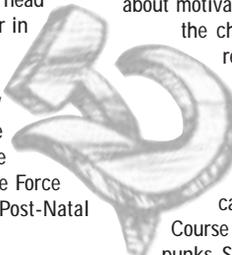


THE BBC have a get out clause in their equal rights policy that enables them to openly discriminate against Korean women. It is not written down but is talked about as 'the safety valve'. Although there are Korean women working for the BBC they are not talked about at dinner parties.

ANGOLANS regard people from the Windward Isles as thieves. They are referred to openly as "Le Frasi Boubler", a phrase meaning 'those bloody people who snaffle things all the time and somehow keep getting away with it because we can never catch them in the act, and yes, you're right it could be in my imagination, but I just don't trust them.' This conflict came to a head when the two countries were drawn together in a dominoes tournament. On acid.



In Finland, BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIAN POLICE OFFICERS are targeted as a parasitic nuisance. Some officers are now demobbing from the Police Force or de-Borning themselves from Post-Natal Christianity.



After THE CUBAN REVOLUTION, it wasn't just gangsters, Nazis and arse bandits who received short shrift from this proud nation. With a popular mandate, Fidel Castro declared that "bandy legs look counter-revolutionary in Cuban heels" and a wobble exodus to Miami occurred from 1971 onwards.

In NOAM CHOMSKY'S bestselling book *I Don't Care If Oswald Shot The Bastard Or Not; I'm Just Glad Someone Did It*, he offers the controversial thesis that the World Bank is actually run by a cartel of Aboriginal gymnasts, but that to persecute them would be a distraction from the struggle against gym class. Nevertheless, a parallel bars assassination was inevitable; and tensions have marred every resulting Commonwealth Games .

In THAILAND Western pederasts enjoy such an ironically high status that they have influenced the widespread hatred of rickshaw drivers. Incensed by extortionate tipping, child molesters of the First World have raised awareness of how reckless rickshaw driving endangers the child prostitution industry. Recognising the power of the 'nonce dollar', the recently installed Junta now shoots any driver traveling above 5mph.

In Romania, METHOD ACTING is punishable by death. The execution of despised Rod Steiger fan Ceausescu led to the re-emergence of this ancient blood libel. According to Romanian law, any actor who "mumbles, improvises, fidgets, enquires about motivation, or spends a year living exactly like the character he's playing" is hanged without rehearsal.

ETHIOPIANS hold a fierce hatred of Irish pop stars. During Live Aid hysteria, Ethiopia's top pop stars came together to enjoy a No. 1 hit with 'Of Course We Know It's Fucking Christmas'. Fenian punks Stiff Little Fingers stole brief success in Ethiopia during the famine, but the translation of issue-based hits like 'Alternative Ulster' re-ignited the civil war with a vengeance.

J.S BACH

1656-1657 *the panda years*



AVAILABLE NOW

Win Glastonbury Tickets

Glastonbury 2007 featuring... Jennifer Rush, Michael Bolton, Brian De Palma, Jonathan King and a trillion great artists....

Tickets are \$3000 dollars but Defcon has two to give away. To win them, all you have to do is dispose of TV personality Gary Lineker.

We will need full evidence of his death (newspaper cuttings are not sufficient), as well as indisputable evidence that it was you that committed the act. Competition closes May 31st 2007.

Good Luck.

The Binah Nah Rama's Top Ten Paths to Enlightenment

1. Discovering hidden extras on the third disc of the Smokey And The Bandit Trilogy.
2. Accidentally getting free samosas with an Indian take-away.
3. Visualising an episode of Murder She Wrote during transcendental meditation, and still guessing who the killer is within five minutes.
4. Making endless prank phone calls to the local hospice.
5. Drinking all the home brew cider your elderly father left in his fridge, filling up the empty bottles with your own piss, then putting them back in the fridge.
6. Noticing that the squirrel that you run over a few miles back is pasted around a wheel on your Mondeo and still breathing.
7. Realising your mantra sounds exactly the same as 'Caribbean Queen' by Billy Ocean.
8. Drowning slugs as you vomit against an oak tree.
9. Becoming aroused while defecating.
10. Being dead.

Agony Aunt

Dear Lucy,

I am a fifteen year-old studying for my GCSEs. I am having problems with my Uncle Mick. He has recently come to live in the same neighbourhood as us, after working abroad for most of my life. He has taken to coming round to have drinks with my mum most nights and the two of them drink heavily between them. But shes lonely since my dad left home and is very happy her brother is back. Three weeks ago, he was here and I went to bed. I woke up to find him in bed with me. He smelt of whiskey and was putting his hand between my legs and rubbing himself against me.. He told me not to tell mum, because it would destroy her. Since then, he has done the same thing several times, always getting out of bed in time to go to the spare room, so my mum doesnt notice. What do I do Lucy? I feel so dirty and ashamed, but I dont want to tell mum. Im so upset I cant concentrate on anything and Im frightened Im going to fail my exams. Please help.
Amanda, Barnsley.

Lucy says

Eeeeeeeuuurrrrgghhhhhhhhhhh! My God, what sort of underclass nightmare so-called family do you come from??? Jesus Christ, I mean, your own UNCLE! He gets drunk and gets into bed with you and, and.....EEEEEEUUUUUUGHHHHHHH!!! That is just sick. Sick, sick, sick. Jesus. You didn't get wet, did you? I bet you did, you pram-faced slut. My God, what your sort won't get up to. Animals. The lot of you. Make him wear a condom or you go on the pill. That's all I can say. There are enough inbred, deformed, criminal children roaming the streets already. As for your mother, the only thing you have to worry about is catching one of her venereal diseases from him. Typical single-parent family. I don't want to know.

Dear Lucy,

I am a twenty-year-old male and I need advice on an affair of the heart. I met a girl in my university recently and we fell for each other straight away. She is beautiful, intelligent and we share the same taste in films and music and have a fantastic sex life. She is a dream in every way and she tells me that she feels the same about me. The long and short of it is we want to get married. The only problem is that she is a black African student from Nigeria. My mum and dad are very racist and are always going on about asylum seekers and how they hate black people. I dont want to lose my family, but if they find out about us, I feel sure they wont speak to me again. Can you help me? I cant help but feel heartbreak is inevitable, one way or another.
Andy Day, London.

Lucy says

African? Oh. My. God. Are you out of your tiny mind? Not only is every job and benefit in this country going to hordes of swarthy, grasping savages, but you've actually got the sheer gall to fall in love with one of them and encourage her to feel she's wanted here. If it has to be that benighted continent ,why couldn't you find a nice white South African girl or something, like that one Prince Harry is seeing? Well, as a rule I'm dead set against sex outside marriage, but in this case I'm glad you haven't tied the knot. A British passport, you fool! That's what she wants! She's going to marry you, get divorced and then bring her filthy, thieving relatives across to pollute this country even more! Fantastic sex life? With one of those? I don't think so. She's probably got AIDS anyway. Then again, you deserve nothing less for betraying your proud white heritage with this politically correct nonsense.

THANKS:

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HAROLD PINTER'S

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...The following takes place
between 10.03 am and
10.06am...

"Look at the way that fucking guy is looking at me. Just give me my fucking coffee, I've earned it. You bastards should be grateful you live somewhere that allows you to serve coffee, you wouldn't get coffee in Abu Bonzo Land, or whichever hell hole you come from. Why doesn't the office call, I know I went a bit over the top last time, but I'm a good agent, a good American, I do what's needed. Democracy doesn't come without a few smashed ribs. Their ribs smash real easy. Real easy. Like chipolata. That guy doesn't even know what a chipolata is. He'd better stop staring. I want a muffin. I've earned a muffin. Muffins are nice. A good muffin melts in a way that reminds me of how food used to taste when I was a kid. I was a good kid. A real good kid. I didn't do any harm to anyone. Just used to sit and think. Like now. I like to sit and think. This café is a shithole, but at least you can be quiet and think. I wonder if someone is employed to decide what colour chocolate wrappers should be. Maybe it's a different guy for each bar. Or perhaps they freelance. They might sit at home, waiting for someone to call, just like I do. What if the world was suddenly totally under American supervision? Would I just sit around, waiting. If I didn't hear after a few years I'd have to go shopping. Get some toothpaste. A new pair of shoes maybe. Look at that bloody guy, he probably thinks I'm a racist because I hate him, but I'm not, I'm an American. Black Americans are okay. But this guy isn't American. Maybe I should just sort him out now. Pull his eyebrows out with a rotary mower. Teach him about democracy. Right, and then I'll have the bosses all over my back again. 'Not in public, not in public, not while we are being filmed'. Sometimes I wonder whose fucking side they are on. I'm going to get a muffin. I wonder if they have blueberry." 🍌

Comedy's True Stories

There is truth in comedy and at times it is heartbreaking truth. One of Defcon's inspirations is the fast-talking cabaret comic Jimmy Carr.

Jimmy's plays the posh bully who hates the world, but his act hides a real sadness. He suffers from a disease that affects one in seven billion people.

Is it the condition's sexual nature that has meant you have found it difficult to discuss?

"It is not sexual in the nasty sense. It is more a sex-related problem. Lots of people have such things, but mine causes a high level of social embarrassment. People call it sex incontinence, loose juice etc. None of these are accurate."

In fact Jimmy's problem is classified as a mental health problem leading to sexual disorder. The medical term is Manning's disease, and it results in him using an excessive amount of adrenaline in the production of semen. The main outcome is obliviousness to any sexual activity while it is taking place, and no resultant memory of it. Even more distressing is that the sensations of having full on sex can occur at any point without stimulation.

"It sounds severe but it is controllable. I tend to have sex with assigned medical professionals once or twice a year. Obviously the fact that I can suddenly have all the feelings of penetrating or being penetrated, at awkward social events, is the real nightmare."

In the past Jimmy has found himself in the throes of orgasm at supermarket tills, church events and in one disturbing incident, whilst judging a beautiful baby contest.

"It was that accident that led me to decide to do something about it. Luckily I could pretend I was having some kind of fit and that the stains were urine, but I knew I couldn't go on like this. I discussed it with a doctor who said 'laughter was

the best medicine' and got me on television as a form of medication. It was awkward at first, having no sense of humour, but then I started to channel my anger into performance. Now there is even talk of wages."

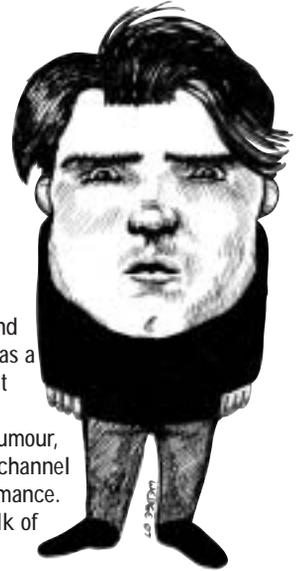
Jimmy is still angry about public attitudes.

"I knew people would see me differently and I hate that. This shouldn't happen to people like me, I don't live in some shit hole or on welfare, but I'm starting to feel like I'm afflicted or something. Really it is just like having a sexual preference. Not like being a hom, or anything, but like preferring blondes to brunettes."

Another unfortunate side effect is the phantom sexual experiences, memories of acts that may not have even occurred, but are the result of stress and unfortunate dreams. They are becoming more frequent and may have a highly dramatic effect on his life and career.

"Obviously with the normal sex I just need to make sure everyone around me understands what could happen, but on a personal level the phantom experiences are much worse. To go through the day with all the sensations of having fellated a donkey sounds like a bad joke, but it isn't. I could be performing on TV and all I can think about is the fact that I have just fucked a chicken. It's starting to make me feel very weird. I'm not a spaz, so why should I be treated like one?"

If you want to support Jimmy then visit www.tearsofaclovn.co.uk and by clicking on one of the tears on his face, donate a pound.



£1.50

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