



NON-PROFIT: A representative selection of pro-Situationist and post-Situationist public service announcement agitprop art created by the Poster Boys (Rael and Mark Reeve). Tenth revised and expanded edition published by the Spook Press in February 2023 in the United Kingdom. First published in that island country by the Spook Press on 1 May 2020.

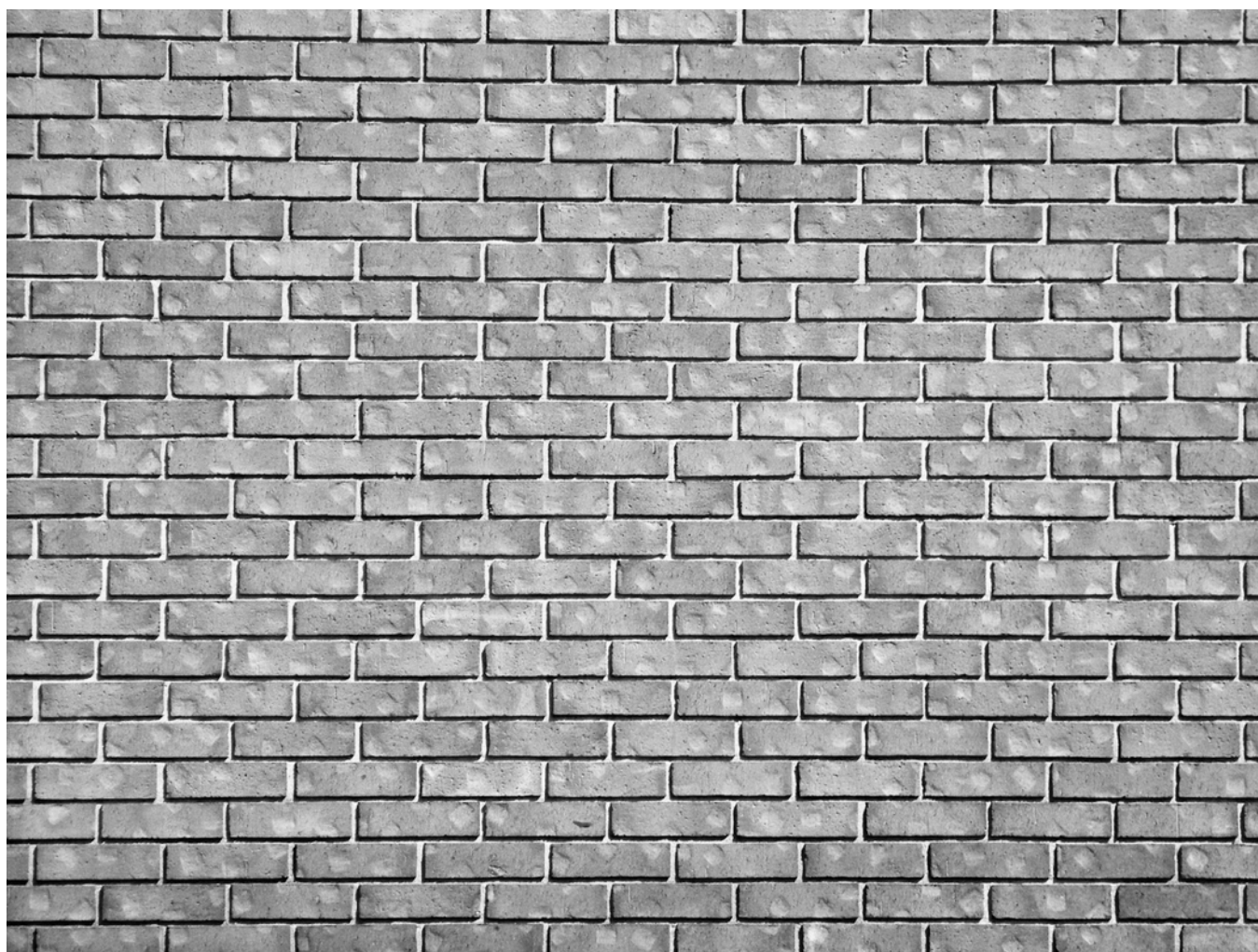
THE SPOOK PRESS

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NB: The wizard image on page 15 is by the Sheffield Patrol Group (SPG), utilising the OKOK Society *Third Side Video One* (1999) amongst other imagery. The SPG website: <https://sheffieldpatrolgroup.wordpress.com>

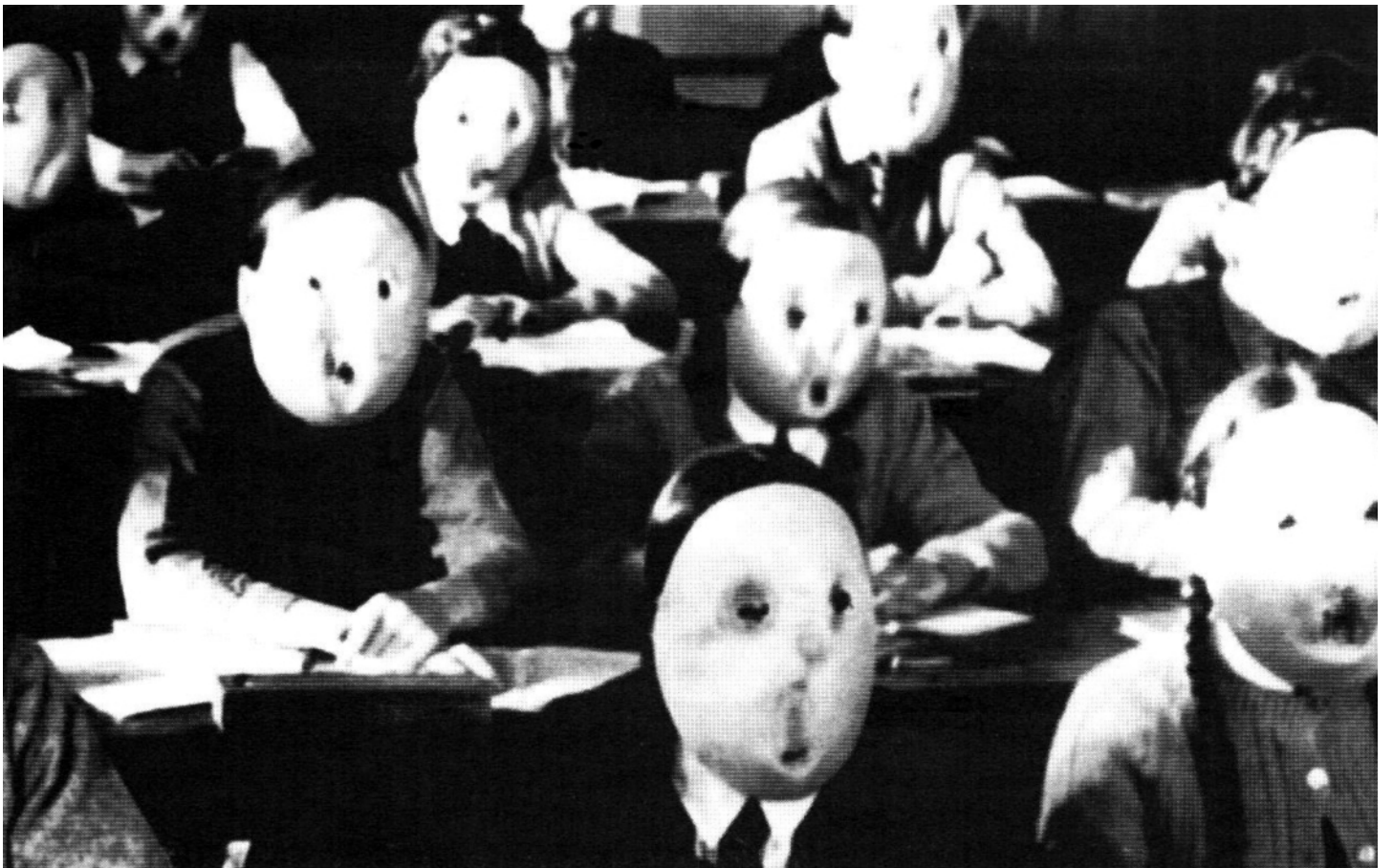




NATIONAL TRASH



THE SAVIOUR MACHINE

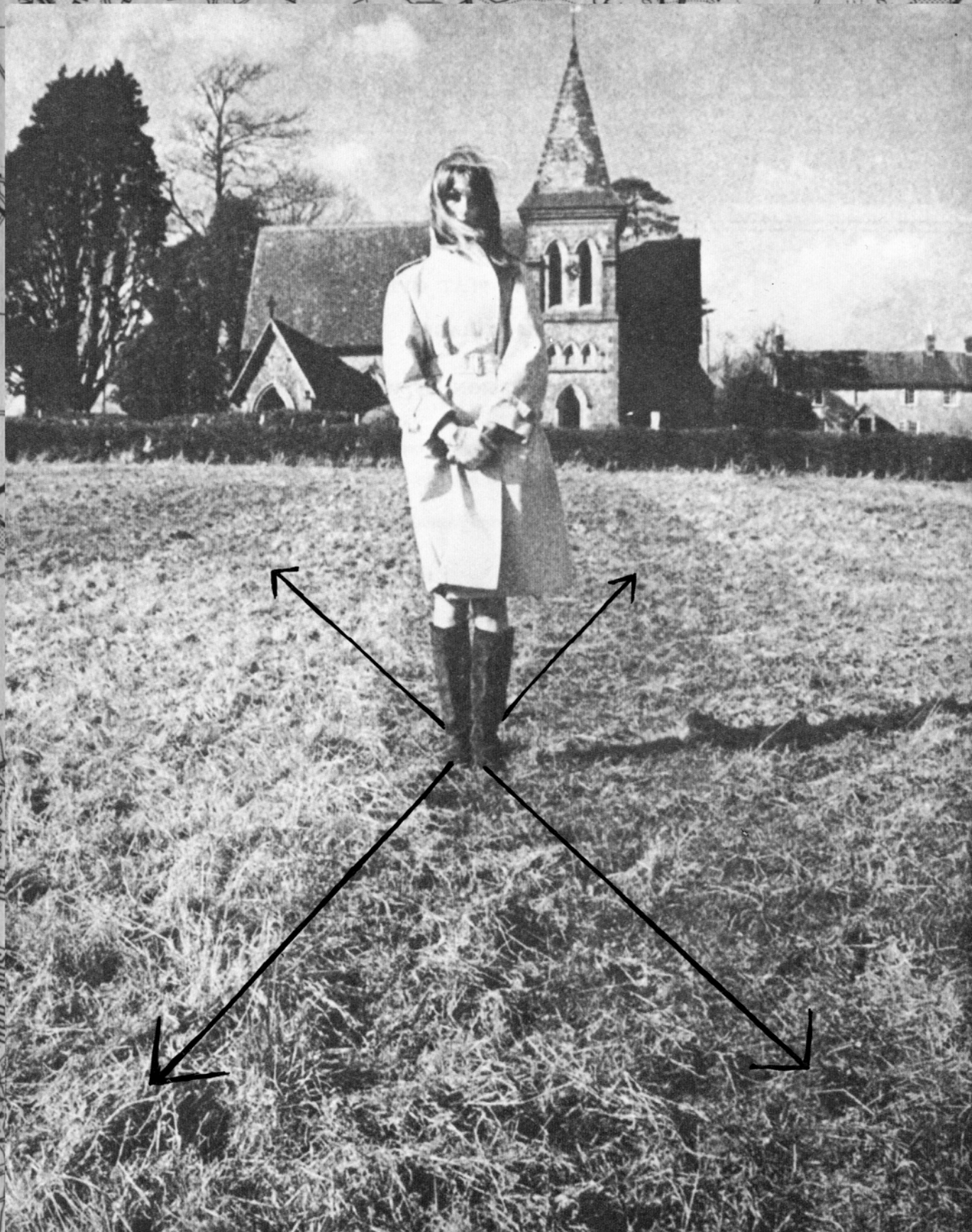




**START WITH
THE END**



END THE NIHILIST HEDONIST
WORKER-CONSUMER PARADIGM
BEFORE THE SUN DIES



**THE SPECTRALIST
VECTORISTS ARE COMING...**



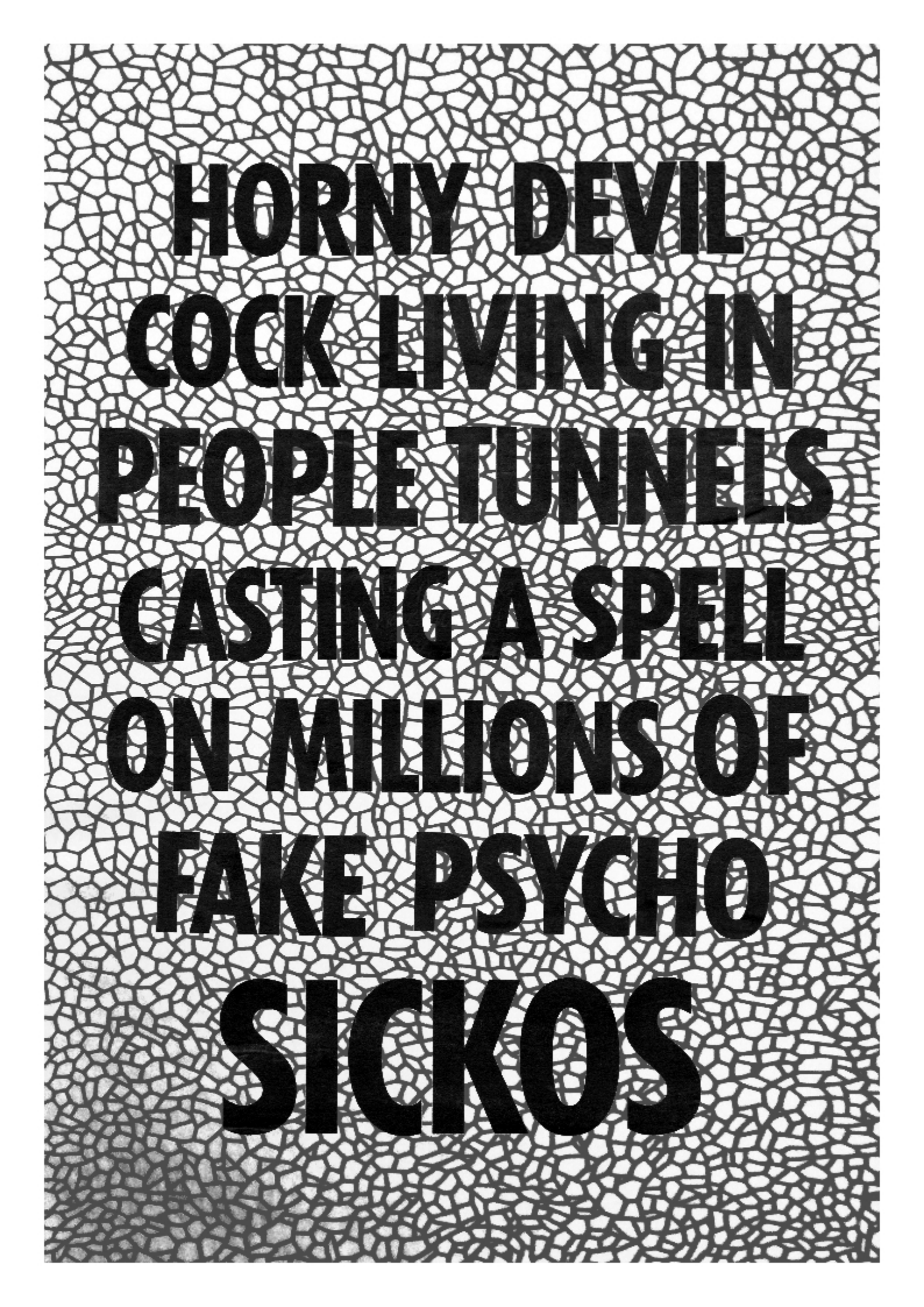
WHAT IS BEHIND THE MASK?

FEAR

GROWING

TERROR

SATANISTS



**HORNY DEVIL
COCK LIVING IN
PEOPLE TUNNELS
CASTING A SPELL
ON MILLIONS OF
FAKE PSYCHO
SICKOS**

ALIENS EXIST





GO NUDIST



YOU'VE COME SO FAR TO BE SURROUNDED BY RUBBISH

WAR OF WORDS

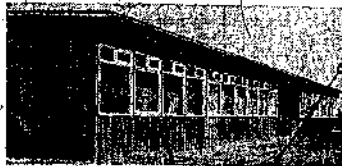


FURY OVER RAPE MODE SEX DOLLS

Robot fantasy is 'sinister'

Child-sized 'virgins' for sale

H-bomb threat



Dalesdown: Opened this month with 13 pupils

I'll carry on caning
when the punishment
fits the crime, master
warns his prep boys



Head Derek Slade

'Reign of terror'

CAN'T KILL ME

PREPARE FOR

WAR IN SPACE

ZERO

GHOUL



YOU THERE IS THIS OR WHATEVER STANDING IN THE LIGHT OR DARK AN ELSE COMES



**EVERYTHING IS
IMPORTANT**

NO FUTURE
EXCUSE WHY
STUPID NOT
FLOATING MAKE
AWAY A
AT CHANCE
ALL AND
TIMES TAKE
NO IT?
ONE YOU
EVER DON'T
REALLY EVEN
HERE HAVE
SO TO
IT'S LEAVE
ALREADY YOUR
GAME ROOM
OVER OR
NO SEAT.





HAIL THE CULT

feminism is a masculism plot

(+) male-positive & female-negative (-)

(1) straight genitals & circular genitals (0)

$$1 \times 0 = 0 = 0 \times 1$$

Queen trumps King

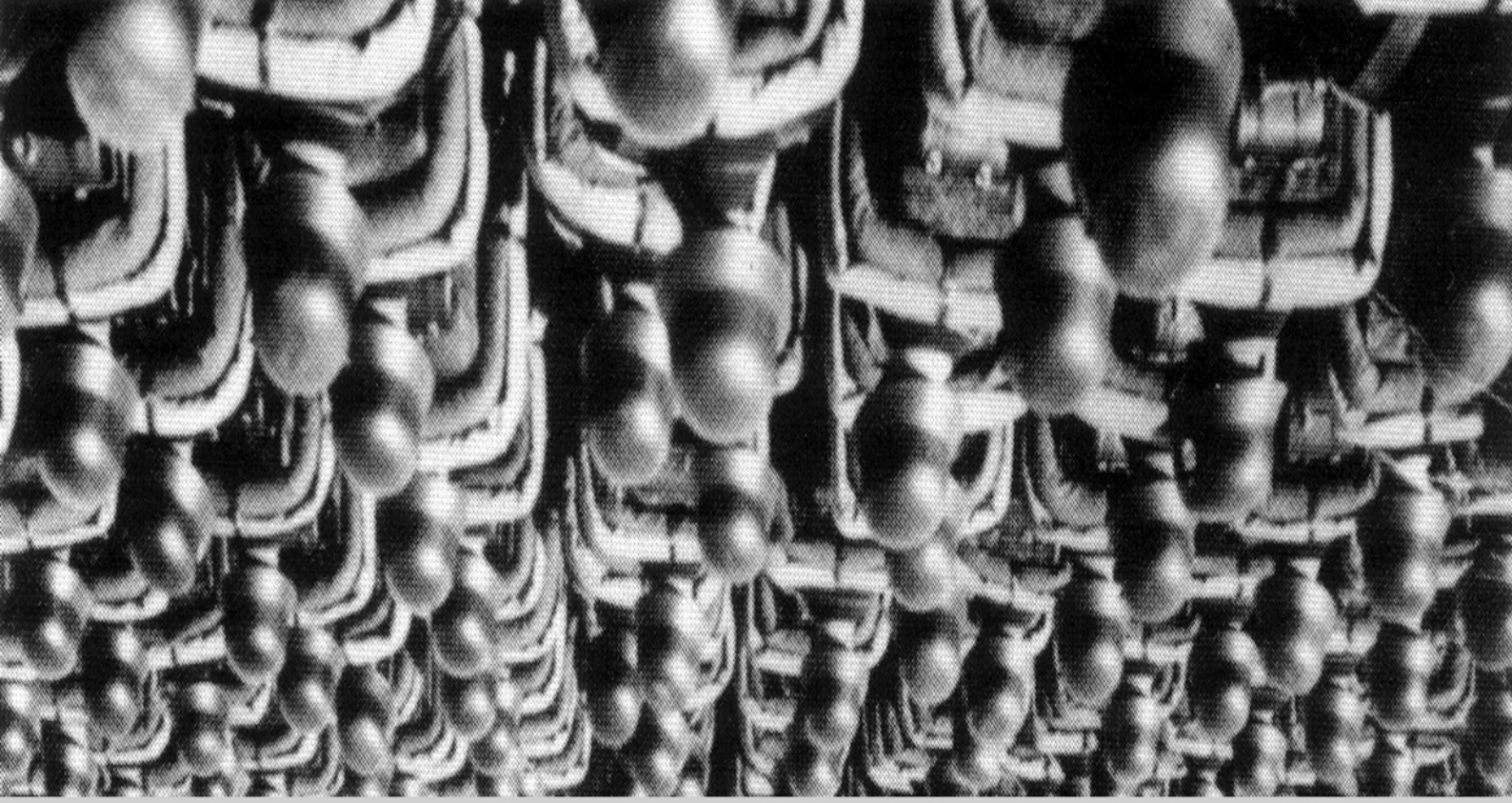
OF THE MATRONS!



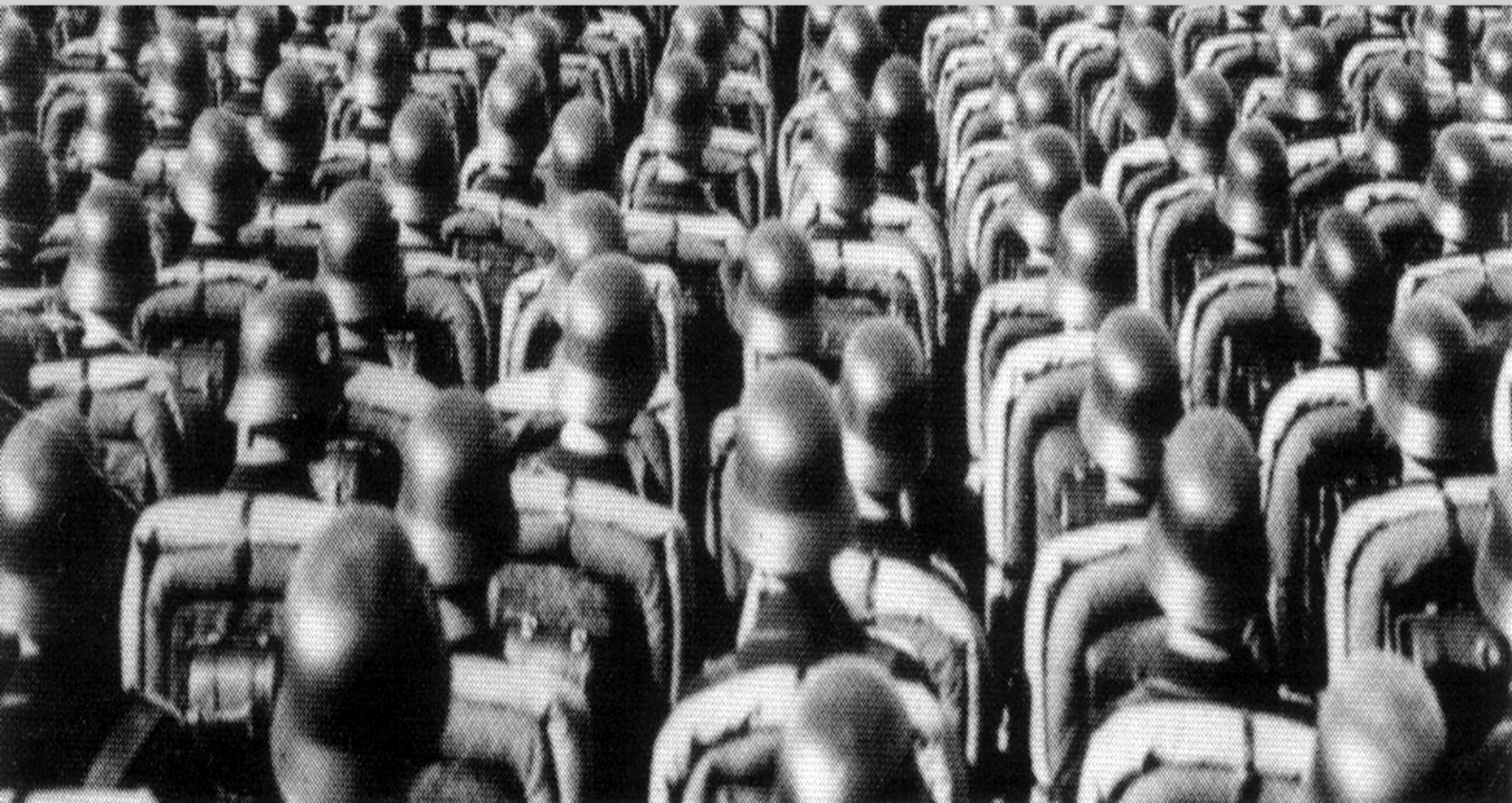
**PAEDO BUSINESS
HELL ALIEN
LIZARD WAR
HATE MONKS
ATTACK RIOT
TORTURED CRIME
SURGE FUCKING
POISONED UFOS
RAT RUN**

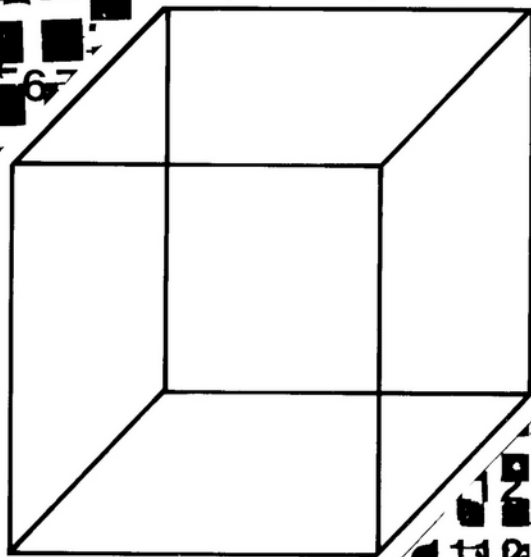


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OL'FAD





would have us convulsed with laughter. She was also as wild and mad as we were! She always came to life at night – a bit like Dracula – and would think up the maddest, zaniest, escapades for all of us – the husband and mistress, herself and her lover included.

We went up the Dublin Mountains at three in the morning and the fellows would bring guitars, tin whistles, a banjo, flute and a set of drums. We'd go near the Hellfire Club and have a jazz session. Another time we went streaking at two in the morning up the road, across a field and back again and then put on jeans and sweat shirts and went out to the sea, stripped off and ran naked into the sea and then up and down the beach. We were all out of our heads on gear, of course.

The filth, dirt, stench got to me eventually. Guys used the hallway as a toilet. There were also a few people into black magic in a big way.

I was put into the centre of a circle of about eight, and they started chanting – this was to get the “devil” out of me. Just like school all over again! Then they all joined hands and started going around me faster and faster, keeping up their weird chant. Then they flung blood at me.

At one corner of the room one young girl was doing the ouija board, and the glass kept going round to the devil, and then death. Anytime she used to do the board she'd pass out and go into a deep sleep. Another girl was into the tarot cards in a very big way. When she did them with me the

card of death *always* came up.

I passed out when they flung the blood at me and then they started to cover me with blood on my forehead. At four in the morning the house would go icy cold. Freezing. And the hairs on the dog would stand up and he'd go tearing around the house barking. The blood they used to put on me was their own. They would slash their legs and I'd get their blood flung at me and then a cross of blood on my forehead. On four occasions I had to drink an egg cup of blood. The awful thing was that I fully believed in what they were doing – that they could get the “devil” out of me.

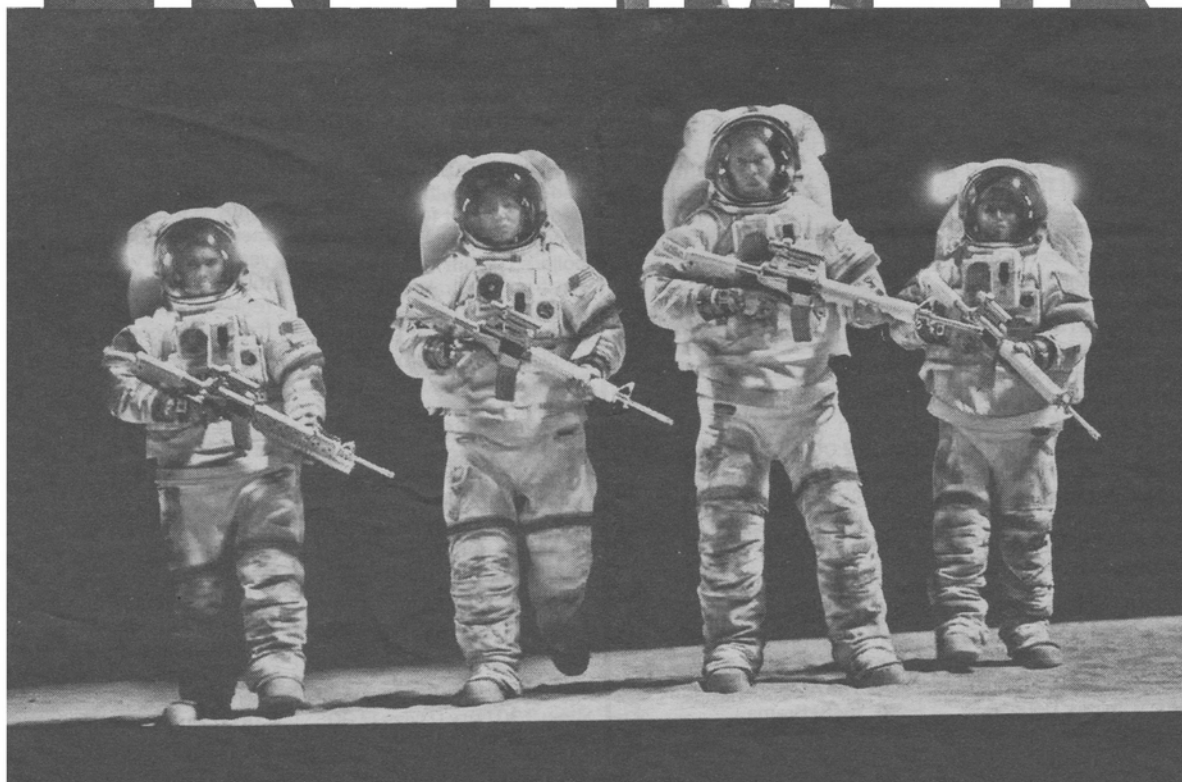
Then I started getting into the whole act, and we used to pick a girl or guy, whoever was willing, to stand in the middle of the room, while we circled around, chanting. As I was supposed to have the devil in me still, I was made to cut myself viciously – which I did. I'd slash my arms until there was enough blood to fill a tea cup. What I didn't know – though I had a peculiar feeling about it – was that the leader of the group, a tough weirdo, was actually praying to the devil, and this was really devil-worship. We were all scared of this guy.

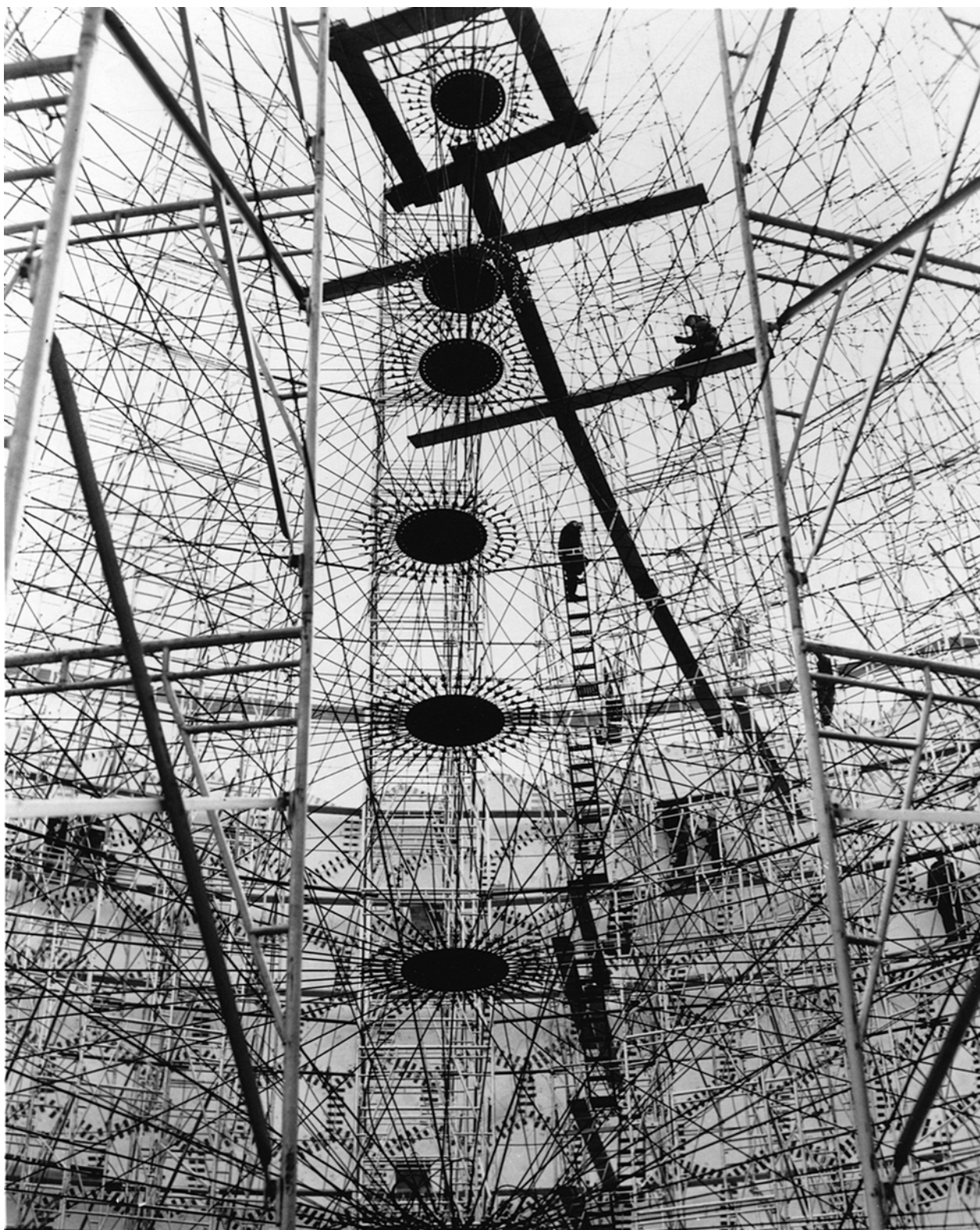
Even now, sometimes when I have a flashback I think everybody is the devil and I must have sex with the devil and give birth to devils so that they can take over the world and (it's a *horrible* feeling) I have to be the mother of all the devils and people must pray to me.

What brought me to my senses in my blown-out



FREEMEN





PSIONIC MENACE



METAPHOR

