10 am and five customers on the doorstep, some new, some to print the 500 posters they were dissuaded from finishing at 8 o'clock last night. Pick up the mail and send Andrew out for milk - he comes to print for the neighbourhood centre at least once a week, we know him best. Sue, whose leaflet pleads for volunteers, is looking lost, suggest she puts the kettle on, it might help her learn her way about.

Dave and Jim have to be taught to Letraset, yellow drawers have pencils and rubbers, "See how this has only two typefaces, don't muddle too many in together'. Chris, the frustrated night-worker, begins to print; fumes fill the air combining with the boiling kettle. Andrew returns with the milk and we just hear the bell over the sound of running machinery. Early coffee break and introductions - who has sugar, who can help who - a stool crashes in the crush and the phone rings.

"We need 5000 A4 leaflets and 100 posters by Friday."

"Sorry, we're only doing local work / you've got to come and do it yourself / the print bed is booked for 10 days."

Desperation registers ......

"OK. We'll try and fit you in for leaflets, ring earlier for posters next time. What's your name? See you 10 am tomorrow, Janet."

Sounds from door and phone bells become indistinguishable, manage to transmit the unlikelihood of the two of us coping for the next 9 hours and people begin to help us with our job.
"Hey, there's a bloke at the door with 30 reams of paper needs paying."

"Can 5 people from Brighton Youth Workshop visit next Thursday week at 1.15?"

"Where the hell's the cheque book? Are they into printshops or just voyeur's?"

Dave and Jim change from insecure 16 years old with granite chips on their shoulders to efficient managers in half an hour. Sue's still lost, needs a chat about her job, a gentle five minutes of platemaking in the darkroom explains us, the confusion, the other people.

John has a meeting at three, five stencils to lay for tomorrow's customers, and has just conceived of the only bus stop in the world that shows movies. Mickey Mouse and Housing Problems while you queue for the 31. Laughter sprouts wings and figure-eights the room. Andrew, his own work temporarily forgotten, puts some reggae on and tells Sue that his vast experience in print is entirely at the disposal of her leaflet. But John is already on the phone to friendly film freaks and Bell and Howell Buffs. At lunch the JCP team, firm in their overalls and plaster, tell him he can knock the necessary projection hole in the loo wall himself. John is philosophical, the unrecognised genius, ruminating over egg, sausage and chips.

Everyone has come to the cafe and we talk about Politics and Art, and it's not so heavy or so serious that anyone can't understand.

After lunch, Sue and the leaflets go home. The others settle in to as much of a routine as anyone can expect when the phone is constantly ringing and the ink's dried up during dinner. We talk to the Women's Centre about their poster - are pink and blue sexist colours? Can you say 'Sod your etchings' and who will it offend? What is this mystery called layout and lettering? Nothing that a ruler, some carefully photographed alphabets and a De Vere 504 enlarger won't solve. We set them to work cleaning a screen, and make them coffee because it's the worst job.

Don, 'Our Producer', (4 minutes on Grapevine and he still comes round) makes a timely arrival with doughnuts. Lovely, black Jill, night-time croupier with two posters behind her, flashes in - her arrival isn't timely, it's calculated.

"Quick John, is this camera worth £20, there's a bloke outside waiting for me."

"My God, it's worth eighty - bring him in for a doughnut."

We explain yet again what we do and how we do it and Leroy understands that the room is full of strangers, fast becoming friends.

We discuss badge making and telephone answering machines and how fast you can print with an automatic silkscreen and what it was
like when we printed our first poster on the kitchen table and repeat the anecdote about the day that 49 Belgians visited and had to queue in the street outside. And gradually new myths are created, and in-jokes become the linguistic coinage of the day.

We've got a meeting at 7.30 and phone to order two kebabs to be picked up en route. After 5 the phone calls die down, most of the visitors have already been. We are waiting for prints to dry, for clearing up to be done, for people to pay. Cans of lager from the off-licence get everybody through the last hour. Andrew will be back tomorrow, he's cleaned the litho machine, another day, another colour. Chris waves a celebratory fan-heater at his last tacky posters, a lady comes from the Family Service Unit with bags of cotton rags. And because we're too tired, Dave and Jim who would have skived out of college 2 hours previously, thank her profusely and send her gratified away.

There're letters unanswered, bills unpaid and people not phoned back, but the floor's been swept, the taps and fires double-checked, and with any luck, John's keys are on the right side of the locked darkroom door.