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R

riff

deaf aid ?

anarchist punk

rainbow village

football poems

raff

poets.3

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

jeff cloves

dennis gould

pat van twest

1986.



40

GREENHAM BLOCKADE



"As much as the books i've read the jobs i've had have been significant in shaping me. My sense of body & language and the knowledge that intelligence and insight, sensitivity, awareness and brilliance are not limited to educated people, or anything like that. That's why i dedicated RipRap to that list of fellow-workers. Those were all men i'd known as seamen on the Sappa Creek, that tanker, or men i worked with in the forests. I felt i owed them as individuals, as persons, as much as I owed any books." - Gary Snyder

(SixSanFranciscoPoets. 1969)

No . . to nuclear war, to Cruise Missiles & nuclear power.
No . . to harrassment of gypsies and travellers.
No . . to pollution and waste.

Riff Raff Poets

Charlotte Wilson and Peter Kropotkin founded *Freedom* in 1886. He was a Russian Prince become soldier become geographer become social revolutionary become philosopher become anarchist and prophet. His autobiography *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* is a book that should be on every reader's list. To celebrate his life and work, and this centenary of *Freedom*, RiffRaffPoets will be on tour (as they have been these past fifteen years) carrying literature — books and pamphlets — and performing, giving readings of poems and songs to inspire and entertain. We intend to carry Freedom Press titles, to have a range of Housmans pacifist and peace literature, to encourage others to publish postcardpoems, posterpoems and magazines as we do. Coincidentally with *Freedom's* 100th birthday is *Peace News's* 50th birthday. We shall endeavour to promote both, not forgetting the other magazines like *Green Anarchist*. We also publish our own magazine, *RiffRaffPoets*, number 3 of which may be of interest, get in touch if you can organise a meeting-/performance in your home town. **RiffRaffPoets, c/o Freedom Bookshop, Angel Alley, 84b Whitechapel High Street, London E1.**

Dennis Gould,
Pat Van Twest,
Jeff Cloves

civil disobedience....

nonviolent resistance

Deaf Aid & Blind Charity ?
Rainbow Village History.
Anarchist Punk Music.
Greenham Songs.
Molesworth Landscape.

George Orwell Poem:1935.
Bob Dylan : Pt..1
Letter From Karelia.
Phil Ochs Tribute.
Huggon's Hot Lists'!
Kate Gould: Why ?

Mary Woodward Poems.
Eviction Blues: Feb.6th.1985.
Recommended Records.
Populist Manifesto - 3
Peace News 50th Birthday !
Newbury Court Statement:Anne Waterhouse.
Freedom 100th Birthday !

£1.

Editor's Blast-Off.

"Where words end Music begins."

This issue is a celebration of music. Also a dedication to peace and freedom. At this moment women at Greenham Common USAF Base, and men & women at Molesworth; Faslane; Menwith Hill; Upper Heyford; and many other military bases; are in the frontline. The greatest threat to our peace and freedom comes internally from our military. Throughout history armies have been used as much to control their own peoples as to fight an outside 'enemy'. At this moment we live in a military & police state, with the most draconian emergency powers just waiting a nod through parliament. At this moment we live in an anarchist society, a pacifist community.

SUBVERSIVES & PACIFISTS.

The peace camps may be few and insecurely situated on grass verges and bridle paths, but they are the roots from which will grow a movement that takes back the land like squatters take back empty houses. For much of the land is empty. No vegetables are grown and no families share the living space.

The Peace Movement Must Reclaim the Land! For land use is directly linked to military use ... since the M.O.D. (Ministry of Defence) is the biggest landowner in Britain along with C.ofE. (Church of England) and Monarchy. (not to mention the National Trust).

Meanwhile whilst I write Rainbow Village is parked up at Greenlands Farm, Glastonbury after a year of evictions and harassment. These travellers were evicted from Molesworth * on February 6th, 1985. They were ambushed at Stonehenge; like the miners had been ambushed at Orgreave a year earlier in June 1984. At Stonehenge on June 1st, 1985 Rainbow Village ** were surrounded in a beanfield and their homes - trucks; buses; vans; and their bodies beaten up.

*1. Last Night of Rainbow Fields Village at Molesworth — Bruce Garrard (£1.00)

**2. Stonehenge: Its Druids, Custodians, Festival & Future — John Michel (£1.50)

***Peace News celebrates 50 years in 1986. (Founded by Quaker in 1936). Freedom is 100 years old in 1986. (Founded by Charlotte Wilson & Peter Kropotkin in 1886!). Both magazines are devoted to peace & freedom. You need to read Peace News every issue to find out news from Peace Camps. Also Green CND Bulletin has round-up of information. Green Anarchist & Greenline; Sanity & Molesworth Bulletin need to be on your bookstalls; in your cafes and bookshops. Contact/visit Housmans Bookshop at Kings Cross 5, Caledonian Road, London. N1. for all above magazines also for pacifist/anarchist literature generally. Freedom Press Bookshop is hidden away in Angel Alley very close to Whitechapel Art Gallery. (Aldgate East). Bookshop upstairs above Aldgate Press Printshop. Despite need for map references/London A/Z and good eyesight Freedom Bookshop is where you can pick-up Freedom Press titles-books & pamphlets-plus magazine - Freedom Bookshop is at 84, b, Whitechapel High St, E.1.

MOLESWORTH

Earthgate Peace Camp is in Peace Lane 100yds. from Quaker Caravan-Halcyon Spirit-home of Jenny & Ian. Jan & Jim invite visitors to come (also to visit Fay Lane Peace Camp-not so far from Tim & Bridie's Old School House at Clopton:) and stay for as long as you can? Take sleeping bag/tent/wood/tarps./music/candles/pushbikes/books & pamphlets/wellyboots/trees to plant/herbs & flowers to restock Peace Corner Garden

Molesworth has a beautiful garden with giant sunflowers and trees/shrubs. Take a few days off and enjoy the comradeship and vigil at the wire?

Molesworth Bulletin is the work of people living in Peace Corner Garden; in Quaker Caravan; at Peace Camp; and all those supporters & builders of Eirene Chapel. It needs you to help by selling it in your hometown; college; peace group; anarchist group; football team; wherever you gather, whatever your wider interests? Molesworth Bulletin, Old School, Clopton, Northants.

riff raff alltime hot fifty

1. *Blind Lemon Jefferson Plays the Blues* (10" LP. Origins of Jazz)
2. *Ida Cox Sings the Blues* (10" LP. Origins of Jazz)
3. *Live at the Albert Hall.* Bob Dylan
4. *Blue.* Joni Mitchell
5. *Highway 61 Revisited.* Bob Dylan
6. *Any Day Now.* Joan Baez
7. *Freewheelin'.* Bob Dylan
8. *Bach Cello Suites.* Pablo Casals
9. *Volunteered Slavery.* Roland Kirk
10. *Songs for Distinguee Covers.* Billie Holliday
11. *Chickenskin Music.* Ry Cooder
12. *Running On Empty.* Jackson Browne
13. *The Story of the Blues.* 2 Double Albums. Various Artists
14. *Charlie Mingus* (and book by Paul Oliver)
15. *The Beatles Complete Works*
16. *Concert for Bangladesh.* 3 Albums
17. *Woody Guthrie Memorial Concert*
18. *Woodstock I and II* (Woodstock 1969 Festival)
19. *Beggars Banquet.* Rolling Stones
20. *Led Zeppelin II*
21. *Nebraska.* Bruce Springsteen
22. *Born In the USA ... + 'E' Streetband*
23. *Monterey Festival 1967*
24. *Honkers, Screamers, Shouters and Wailers* (Savoy)
25. *Rhythm and Blues: Compilation* (Cascade)
26. *Rock and Roll: Compilation* (Cascade)
27. *In my Life.* Judy Collins
28. *Blood on the Tracks.* Bob Dylan
29. *Live at Budokan.* Bob Dylan
30. *Before the Flood.* Bob Dylan
31. *Blonde on Blonde.* Bob Dylan
32. *Bringing it all Back Home.* Bob Dylan
33. *John Wesley Hardin.* Bob Dylan
34. *Gil Turner Tapes.* Bob Dylan (Bootleg) 1962
35. *Basement Tapes* (Bootleg). Bob Dylan
36. *Hard Rain.* Bob Dylan
37. *Brothers in Arms.* Dire Straits
38. *Dire Straits* (1st album)
39. *Hard Nose the Highway.* Van Morrison
40. *Bob Marley Live*

jeff cloves :

deaf aid

?

NO



DEAF AID AND BLIND CHARITY

I've been trying to think through to why Live Aid and the book of the film of the album of the concert of the famine should have failed to prise one halfpenny out of my pocket and here are a few thoughts.

Firstly I should say, that not having TV I listened from around 8 til midnight on radio one, and all my comments are provoked by what I heard that night and what I read before and after the event.

As a starting point let me state that I believe showbiz to be inherently sentimental, reactionary, patriotic and stupefyingly self-congratulatory and that rockbiz, no matter it's intentions, is simply part of showbiz. Live Aid was the biggest ever public demonstration by show biz, that beyond the tinsel, paint, laddered tights, heartbreak, guts and rags to riches success, stands an army of wonderful warm human beings who are as moved by the sight of a starving picaninny as any ordinary person - and by god we're going to let you know just how big our hearts are by exposing them to the glare of television throughout the world.

I see Live Aid as simply the latest expression of the rich trying to buy their way into heaven. After all what is rockbiz but the perfect expression of capitalism - an endlessly disposable product with, apparently, a limitlessly expanding market. So what if record sales are falling in the West when there is the rest of the world to conquer. So what if all those rock millionaires, record company execs, studio kings, graphic designers, photographers, writers, PR's, agents, hustlers and chancers gave a day or a week of their time - who actually fished into their pockets? The rockfans of course - the mugs who buy the records and keep their idols in Rolls Royces, cocaine and wives. Remember Mick Jagger saying the Stones couldn't afford to live in England because of taxes - remember David Bowie and Eric Clapton flirting with facism - remember all those rockers who've somehow found it acceptable to perform in South Africa?

The hypocrisy of the rock-rich knows no bounds - the spectacularly vulgar consumption of cars, yachts, houses, hotels, swimming pools and people is legendary and flaunted. Do these high priests of capitalism ever make any connection between their wealth and the poverty of the third world - or never mind that - between their wealth and 4m unemployed here? I could have bourn the whole event better if smug star after smug star after smug star hadn't paraded their concern as a carrot to the rest of us. I used to feel the same about Saint John Lennon.

Once you get as rich as him you're disqualified from any comment on the workers of the worls. Swanning around in private jets and black-windowed limos and holding forth about working class heroes does not wash - wealth corrupts but the wealthy should at least have the decency to stop wingeing about their concern for the poor.

Years ago I played in a support band at a big rock gig. The top band got £850 or £1000 I forget which - and we got FIVE POUNDS between us. The promoter accurately pointed out that if we didn't like it we could do the other as he had a queue of bands who'd play for nothing. The point about this story is that we were necessary - the crowd needed to be entertained while they waited for the headliners and we entertained. So how come we only got a fiver? Answer - no clout. And the reason no clout - because the capitalist ethic of rugged individualism bringing it's own reward is accepted in Rockbiz without question. There's enough money and work for all the rock musicians in this country to get a bit of it, the fact is a tiny minority of musicians effectively get the lot. Isn't there some parallel here between the West and the Third World? Isn't Live Aid an act of cultural imperialism directly comparable to the colonial imperialism of the British Raj? When the wives of the colonial officers passed their childrens discarded clothing to the ayah who'd nursed them, so she could clothe her own children they were making the same tiny sacrifice that the stars of Live Aid made, and with the same political (un)awareness.

It is very interesting how many giants of rock publicly supported Reagan and Mrs. Thatcher in their election campaigns. Interesting - but not suprising. The rich have something to lose and they know who is best suited to help them hang on to it. But the rich can always afford to throw away a little bit of their wealth at the poor - be it second-hand clothes to a nanny or aid to Ethiopia. In the case of Live Aid, they could not only do this and increase their record sales and audience but also, since what they were doing was so obviously a Good Thing, they didn't have to think about the implications of it. Why aren't these famines in America and Britain? Is the weather different in Ethiopia now from what it was in the last century? Have their always been famines in Ethiopia and the Sudan?

The stupidity of Mike Smith, the BBC radio presenter who continually voiced the opinion that what was marvellous about Live Aid was

see ...18

holy henry cow... michael gerzon.

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Today, most record companies produce music that is offensively inoffensive or that fits some narrow stereotype of social labelling. Even so-called 'integrity' has been turned into a marketing ploy and gimmick, and as a result most commercially recorded music has been pre-processed and homogenised to a point where its character and feeling has almost disappeared. This applies not only to 'pop' music and middle-of-the-road ('Radio 2') music, but also to the slick products of most classical and jazz labels and to small independents such as Crass (in punk music), Factory and Rough Trade.

It isn't always that the musicians involved lack ability or talent; rather that the process of making records encourages something that is easily labelled and marketed to an appropriate 'target group'. This usually means a process of recording and production aimed at producing a 'product' rather than a genuine musical experience. The recordings aim at an 'ideal', 'perfect' representation of the music, often losing the subtleties and creative imperfections that lie behind the greatest art.

Thankfully, there have always been exceptions. In the past, even major record labels have sometimes managed to put genuine music on their records (HMV in the '30s, Columbia in the '50s, Hungaroton in the '60s), but small musician-run labels have had the best track record, from the pioneering Gate 5 label of the American composer **Harry Poutch** and the El Saturn label (still going) of the remarkable free-jazz big band leader **Sun Ra** in the 1950s. Today in Britain, three companies are particularly notable for simply releasing the music they believe in, irrespective of 'commercial potential', all having retained real integrity combined with the financial realism necessary to survive. They are Nimbus records in classical music, Incus records in freely-improvised music, and Recommended Records.

Recommended Records is basically a musician-run co-operative, formed around ex-members of the avant-garde rock group **Henry Cow** around 1978. Their aim was both to act as a distributor of records of music that would otherwise not get heard, and to release or re-issue on their own label music that they considered to be important. Their own issues are partly funded by advance subscriptions, ie people paying for records they haven't yet heard, and it is a measure of their own artistic integrity that people are prepared to do this. Their decision to distribute or release music is based on their own taste, not on any commercial considerations, and there is no simple stylistic label on their records — they can be jazz, rock, contemporary classical, avant-garde or just unclassifiable. As far as I am aware, only one record they first promoted in Britain actually achieved commercial success — **Laurie Anderson's** 'O Superman', which was taken up by Warner Brothers — they of course gained nothing from this success.

Recommended specialises in discovering adventurous music from other countries such as Japan, Mexico, Yugoslavia, France, Russia, Germany, USA, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Canada, Germany, etc, and importing or re-issuing the records here. There is no way I can survey the large number of records in their catalogue, so I'll confine myself to selecting a few of my favourites and telling you how to contact them.

ZNR, 'Baricade 3' was a French record issued in 1976 and soon deleted, but it has been reissued (in a technically superior pressing) by Recommended. This record is quirky, utterly charming, delicate, spiritual, and grotesque all at once. Influenced by the music of **Satie**, it is the only record I know of on which the synthesiser is made to sound like a newly-discovered bumptious folk-instrument. The melodies are beautiful, the vocals often distorted and absurd, and the music is full of surprising abrupt noises which charm rather than batter you. I haven't yet met anyone who doesn't like the record.

After Dinner is a Japanese group whose music combines a seemingly naive Japanese female vocalist with disturbing and beguiling use of studio techniques based on subtle rock instrumentation. Their Recommended LP is charming yet profound.

The Art Bears, 'The World as it is Today' is probably the most disturbing and emotionally profound LP you'll ever hear. Track titles such as 'The song of the monopolies overseas' make one suspect mere bombast, yet this record is art at its most profound. The vocals of **Dagmar Krause**, in the tradition of **Lotte Lenya** yet uniquely her own, combine with the often atonal rock-based guitar and folk-based violin of **Fred Frith** and the intricate, rhythmically subtle percussion and 'sounds' of **Chris Cutler**. A passionate, feeling and desperately anguished record, it can't be used as background music. It either has to be listened to or totally switched off. Also, it has the best pressing, at 45rpm, I've heard on an LP.

Recommended are European distributors of **Sun Ra's** El Saturn label, which have appalling pressings but include some of the most adventurous and free-ranging jazz you'll hear.

Sun Ra, now in his seventies, played with **Duke Ellington**, and in his own band was perhaps the first to explore free-jazz (in the '50s) and to pioneer the synthesiser as an instrument in its own right. Not everything issued on El Saturn is brilliant, but Recommended will advise if asked.

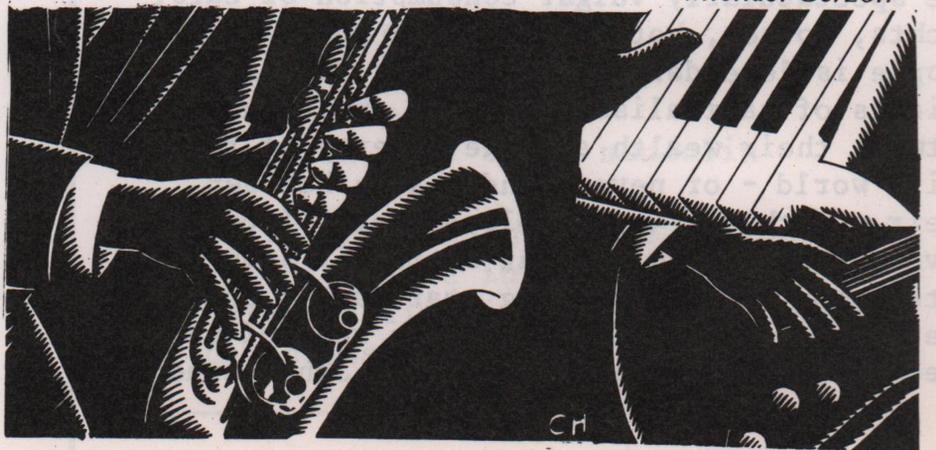
Univers Zero is a Belgian group the depth of whose music can only be explained as reaction to their philistine environment. They are a 'rock' group whose instrumentation includes oboe, strings and organ. They show influences from classical music as well as seminal (if not always well-known) groups such as **Magma** (in France) and **Third Ear Band** (in England). Their music is dark and rich, moody, ponderous and immensely powerful. Particularly recommended is their LP on the Recommended label 'Ceux du Dehors'.

Other Recommended records worth noting are the remarkable rock compositions and improvisations on **Henry Cow**, 'Concerts, the delightful humour and subtlety of **Slapp Harry/Henry Cow** 'Desperate Straights' (including a rock adaption from Handel's Messiah), the improvised/composed double LP 'Schlagens Mystik' by the Swedish rock group **Sandas Mammans Manna**, 'Symphonie pour le jour' by the French rock group **Art Zoyd**, the wonderful improvisations of **Cassiber** 'Man or monkey', and the wonderful LP 'Indianer fur morgen' by Germans **Goebells & Harth**.

The Recommended catalogue can be obtained by sending them a stamped addressed envelope (or an International Reply Coupon if outside Britain) to: Recommended Records, 387 Wandsworth Road, London SW8. Their phone number is 01-622 8834, and their warehouse (which is a disused dairy — and looks like it from the outside) also acts as a shop on weekdays, 10:00am-6:00pm, and also by advance appointment on Saturdays. Nearest tube is Stockwell. They are very helpful with advice and recommendations.

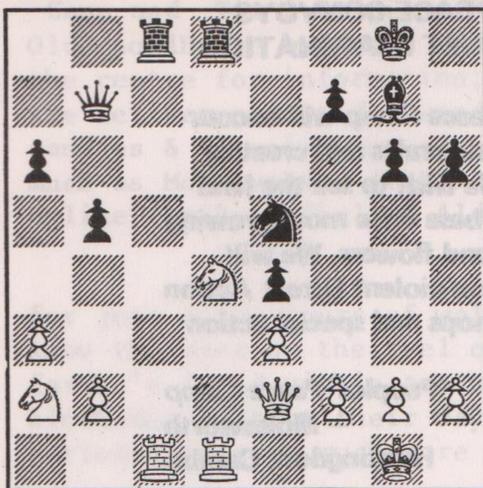
A good starting point is to buy the Recommended Records Sampler. This is a double LP with two hours of music, including 25 of the artists and groups they distribute. One warning — don't attempt to play a whole side of this at a time, or you'll get musical indigestion because it includes such varied music. Ideally, sample a track or two at a time.

Michael Gerzon



green roadshow

The Green Roadshow has been touring the country these past two years. Within its group are: Childrens' Entertainers & Creche; Sunflower Peace & Ecology bookstall/cafe; Animal Liberation Bus; RiffraffPoets; WildbatPuppets; Simons Wholefoods; ThirdWorldVideo Marquee; Tristan's Painting Workshops; plus variety of entertainers;but espeically Raku PotteryWorkshops set-up by Pete Brown. Should you want further information about Green Roadshow - want some of the above to take part in a local event:get in touch with Anne Waterhouse, 55, Stuart Close, EmmerGreen, Reading, Berks..



ALEKHINE—GRUNFELD.
CREATIVE CHESS.
28. ... Kt to Q6
29. R x R, Q x R.
30. P to B3, R x Kt.
31. P x P, Kt to B5.
32. P x Kt, Q to B5.
33. Q x Q, R x R Ch.
34. Q to B1, B to Q5 Ch., with Mate next move.
Note, if
31. P x R, B x P Ch
32. K to B1, Kt to B5.
33. Q x P, Q to B5 Ch.
34. K to K1, Kt x P Ch.
35. K to Q2, B to K6 Ch. etc.

MARY WOODWARD'S POEMS

well what do i want now that i'm nearly thirtytwo:
a white house and my plants to grow, the laurel to do well
and the lavender to flourish and the camellia to flower and
inside all to be very cool and very quiet and there must be
music and books and at night there will be locks to be locked
and darkness to be kept outside where it belongs

and i want to be myself and to stop needing to think that
i'm the Witch of Atlas and for that to include the writing

and then to become what i began to be a long time ago real
within words though being a woman has made it very difficult
and my feelings have never been the instruments of truth that
my mind has. I want all this not just for myself but for

everyone: to be what they began to be when they were young and
all houses were white and quiet, and there was enough music

and the right words and things to be said and listened to.

spring '78

Jenny's Goodbye Party

only put paper in my typewriter in these circumstances
too much to drink and saying goodbye to a friend
come home to this little security, these sweet animals
across the street the art students are playing music too loud

I am happy, warm, but sad to see Jenny go

you cheer me up, my cats, my animals
my bits of nature, tame but not really mine

like these lovely letters typed in love, for this night,
my careful life and jazz out of my window

a late night cup of tea
wish my cotton bed was with him
all my troubles, all my pain
aint in vain

dark this pretty night
friends talking we can stay in touch
Lil Green in my street red roses by my bed.



"Again your honour I ask for the forfeiture of the hacksawblades." The prosecutor in Peterborough Magistrates Court. September 30th some 23 people in court after taking part in 'snowball' campaign of wire-cutting Molesworth fence. 'Attempting to cut Wellmesh Fence at RAF Molesworth' as prosecutor puts it. "As a matter of conscience I took the action at USAF Molesworth after 20 years of letter-writing to MPs'; after protesting in all legal ways." - Patricia Williamson. Fined: £25.

PEACE CAMPS; FESTIVALS AND PEACE CONVOYS; NOT JUST IMAGINATION

'The Peace Camp will encourage basic crafts and creative arts. We wish to see the land of the base once more growing crops and flowers. We will hold non-violent Direct Action workshops and special action days.'

Peoples' Peace Camp
- Molesworth
Huntingdon, Cambs.

molesworth landscape

Sunflowers stand over eight feet high in flower during a hot October. Peace Corner Garden is home to permanent pacifist sentries sitting around their stone fireplace, heating kettles & saucepans over a woodfire. This garden built out of rubble is the meetingplace for new arrivals, mostly day visitors, from all over British Isles. Peace Corner Garden is the nearest point to Eirene Peace Chapel enclosed in barbedwire and guarded by Ministry of Defence police - most certainly a threat to their ideas of peace & freedom through military missiles ?

Eirene Chapel is unfinished like some earthquake building shattered by tremors; but different in that the chapel was unfinished only due to military action of February 6th, 1985, when the Sappers & RAF Squaddies plus a large police force evicted the 140 people of Rainbow Village. Whilst earthquakes are natural disasters, military occupations are an act of generals & politicians. Eirene Peace Chapel has blessed many people. There is still time for you to make the trip, the pilgrimage, to Peace Corner Garden and meet other visitors, exchange ideas & actions, join in the 11am & 4pm Quaker Meetings (You dont have to be Quaker or Christian but simply dedicated to changing this military base once more into an open space!) These daily meetings are a powerful vigil led by Ian & Jennifer Hartley, who live in the Quaker Peace Caravan - Halcyon Spirit - just across from the garden; or led by Tim & Bridie Wallis (who may well have a baby by the time this reaches print!) who live at the Old School House, Clopton, Northants - to the North of the base.

I like to think that early quakers from the time of John Woolman, William Penn, George Fox (who created Society of Friends with Margaret Fell & others) would have been active founding Peace Camps - truly being in the spirit of concern for planet earth! For they followed their conscience in the Seventeenth Century travelling up and down the land causing private & political mayhem through their revolutionary ideas of "that of god in every man" as Fox put it. No priests, no true dogma, no obedience to 'the church' but rather only to conscience. You could describe this belief to be the church's true pacifists & anarchists ?

Beyond the Quaker Caravan down Peace Lane is Earthgate Camp. Here Jan & Jim set up a new collective very close to where their bus had been when part of Rainbow Village. Now Jill & Friends 'guard the guards' and are yet another permanent group of rainbow warriors! Having taken over when Jan & Jim took their kids back to school. Living in tents, plus one caravan they are now threatened by the council's closure of the highway known as Peace Lane - which means the road reverts to owners on either side M.O.D. and Church Estates! Two of the biggest landowners in Britain. Even here there is a small garden with cornflowers, marigolds and tomatoes. Huge concrete blocks, dropped into position after Jim drove a caravan down the lane, have been painted bright colours which contrast with the gray bleakness of the military side of the wire.

Further round the perimeter 'Wellmesh' Fence, to the West of Peace Lane, is the original Peace Camp strung out along Fay Way. Here are seven or eight caravans, one bus, a bedford truck with lines from Tom O'Bedlam painted on one side and a quite beautiful sunflower of Richard Hunt's on other. There is one boat, a bender, some tents, Yellow Thunderer-YT- the communal kitchen, a loo made out of old doors and scraps of timber, compostheaps, old bikes, and most importantly - committed individuals. This Peace Camp was set up at the end of 1981 by Helen, Angela and Jean, whose commitment is yet one more example of the peace movement, like the military, being alert and on duty round the clock! Now John & Postman John, Michelle and many more live at the Peace Camp when not speaking at meetings or touring the country introducing nonviolent direct action to sleepy hamlets of CND Groups and Animal Liberation Groups.

Until the Green Gathering at Molesworth in August 1984, the only presence at Molesworth was the Peace

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Molesworth's Barbed Wire Blues

The Winter snow runs away
 The buds become green leaves
 The city streets stay the same
 The countryside blossoms and bleeds
 Rainbow Village lives on the road
 Where the travellers breathe
 Molesworth wheat and Molesworth Chapel
 Disturb the military machine.

dg

15.2.85

at the campfire
 outside the wire



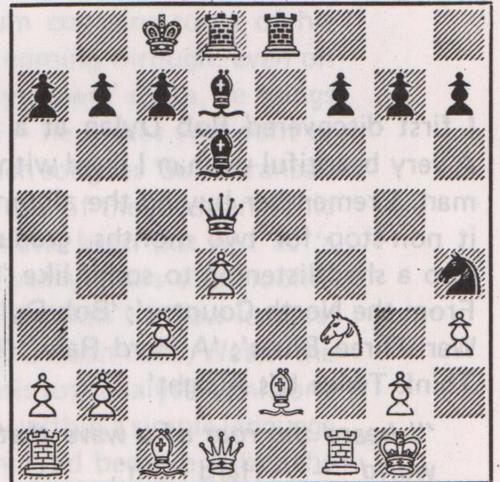
A memorable incident at Wembley in 1923. The crowd invading the pitch in the match between Bolton Wanderers and West Ham United during the first Cup Final played at Wembley, and the only Final not played according to rules because the pitch was not clear for play

In the diagram is a position, from which Emanuel Lasker rapidly demolished his opponent's defences by the sacrifice of two of his minor Pieces. This is a fine sacrificial attack because it had to be determined so accurately that the opponent had no intervening moves to upset Lasker's plan.



M. Busby, one of the Manchester City Cup-winning team in 1934

STEINITZ
 LASKER



THE FOOTBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA

DERBY COUNTY (1884)

Ground : Baseball Ground.

Colours : White jerseys, black knickers.

PROBABLY the argument will never be settled, but more than one person claims to have conceived the idea of the formation of the Derby County Football Club. Mr. William Morley, who now lives in retirement in the Isle of Wight, was the practical person who made the vital moves which brought the club into being during the spring of 1884. It was on the wave of enthusiasm created in the north by Blackburn Rovers winning the cup in succession to Blackburn Olympic that the "Rams" came to life and popularity. The town had a football tradition, and the Derbyshire Cricket Club, in whose interests Derby County was formed, agreed to the provision of an ideal playing area on the county ground.

Chocolate, amber and blue served as colours for football as well as cricket, and the first playing member of the club was Mr. Haydn Morley, and the second Mr. George Bakewell, of Derby Midland. Fixtures were opened with a match against Great Lever (regarded as a professional organisation though such clubs did not officially exist), who had Johnny Goodall making his first appearance in English football. That and the first home game were lost, but before the season ended the team was strengthened by the arrival of J. B. Chevalier, from Repton School, B. W. Spilsbury and Frank Sugg. Of thirty-four matches played fourteen were won.

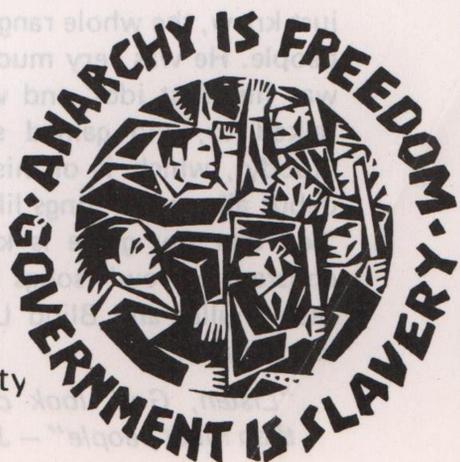
The most sensational event of the second season was the defeat of Aston Villa by 2-0 in the Football Association Cup. Arthur Latham, later to become trainer, joined the club; and 1887 was memorable for the arrival of W. Roulstone, one of the best half-backs the game has known, and Archie Goodall came in later. After being in existence four years the "Rams" accepted an invitation to become one of the twelve clubs forming the Football League; and the first match resulted in a 6-3 success against Bolton Wanderers at Pike's Lane on September 8, 1888. "Sandy" Higgins joined from Kilmarnock, Johnny Goodall and Johnny McMillan put in an appearance, and in the following season no less than fifty-five League, Football Association Cup and local cup matches were played. The absorption of Derby Midland in 1891 brought in Jack Robinson, the goalkeeper, and Jimmy Methven, the full back; but 1892 saw a recruit who earned more fame for the club than all the others—Steve Bloomer, winner of twenty-three international caps, and scorer of twenty-eight goals for England and 352 in League football. A move to the Baseball Ground was made in 1895.

Matt Busby's Babes Play On In Heaven
 Or How The 1956/57/58 Side Until Feb.
 6th 1958 Outshone Even The United Sides
 Of 1948 & 1968!

Roger Byrne the captain speaks
 Geoff Bent dodges tackles
 Eddie Colman lightly dances on
 Mark Jones controls the middle
 Billy Whelan feigns and feints
 Dave Pegg unleashes the ball
 Tommy Taylor's head outreaches most
 Duncan Edwards outplays all
 Yes: Duncan Edwards outplays all.

dennis gould

You wake me up in the morning
 Go off to school
 The teachers give you orders
 You obey the rules
 You leave school for the factory
 Or off to sign on
 The Dole Queue and Social Insecurity
 This war is never won.



bob dylan - 1

"Money doesn't talk, it swears. Obscenity, who really cares? Propaganda aid is phony."

BOB DYLAN: Part 1

"Bob Dylan is a poet who, like those of old, sings. And like important poets always, he stirs our imaginations. He is a storyteller and soothsayer who quickly spellbinds us by wrapping his words in fetching melodies and driving rhythms and by singing them in fantastically weird style — crude rather than cultivated. He's also a rollicking harmonica howler, an adequate guitar picker and an individual enough folk singer to break with tradition by adapting the big beat of rock & roll. This makes him a very unusual living poet; one with an audience of millions. We listen, perhaps we sing along, certainly we tap our feet, occasionally we even dance to one of his songs, and if we are of a mind to, we begin to understand that a man possessed by dreams is telling us how things seem to him . . ."

Donald Myrus

(introduction to *Ballads, Blues and the Big Beat*)

I first discovered Bob Dylan at a time of personal upheaval. A very beautiful woman I lived with had gone off with another man. I remember buying the album 'Freewheelin' and playing it non-stop for two months, gradually going more and more into a shell listening to songs like 'Blowing in the Wind'; 'Girl From the North Country'; 'Bob Dylan's Dream'; 'Talkin' World War Three Blues'; 'A Hard Rain'; 'Bob Dylan's Blues'; 'Don't Think Twice It's Alright'.

"I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world" — 'A Hard Rain'.

Just nobody could have been a better songwriter and singer to go mad with and I just about knew how he came to write the songs he did. If a singer on record can help anyone it must be said that the songs of this poet helped me survive. Of course it could have been Bessie Smith or Blind Lemon Jefferson; it could have been the blue, blue, blues of numerous singers and musicmakers, but it happened to be Bob Dylan (Zimmerman).

He has a sad, haunting-gravelly voice; his words accurately describe events in a manner wise beyond his (then) incredible youth; more than this, they capture the comedy and tragedy of time passing. He sings of racial and military problems; he sings of personal love tangles; he sings of comic and tragic situations like 'World War Three Blues' about the bomb, and 'A Hard Rain' about the Cuban crisis cum world radiation annihilation! He sings love songs like 'Corrina' and 'Honey just allow me one more chance'; he sings comic songs like 'I shall be free'.

He began with a love of Rock & Roll which grew out of a liking for people such as Hank Williams; Muddy Waters; Little Richard; Big Jow Williams; Leadbelly; and of course, Woody Guthrie. He soaked up music and songs so much that he knew, just knew, the whole range of songs and styles of many different people. He was very much influenced by Woody Guthrie, who was his 'first idol' and who he visited in hospital, sung and talked to, and gained strength from, and wrote 'Song to Woody', which is on his first LP 'Bob Dylan'. Also on this debut album are songs like 'Talkin' New York'; 'Highway 51'; 'See that my grave is kept clean'; 'Fixin' to die'; 'Man of constant sorrow' (songs by Ric Von Schmidt; Bukka White; Jesse Fuller and Blind Lemon Jefferson appear on this first longplayer).

"Listen, God, look closely at him. He's more fragile than most people" — Joan Baez, 'Daybreak'.

An important meeting place in which Bob Dylan heard all his heroes and gorged on their experiences and songs was the home of the Gleasons. Here in East Orange, New Jersey, Woody Guthrie was taken every weekend for a period of two years, enabling him to get out of hospital and to be with fellow singers and musicians. In that time Woody missed only twice and through his presence drew people like Pete Seeger, Cisco Houston and Jack Elliot, all close friends of Woody (and singers who had worked with him). At around this time people like Tom Paxton, Judy Collins, Dave Van Ronk and Len Chandler were just getting going professionally in the new folksong scene at Gerde's Folk City. There's no doubt from what many, many people say who have known, loved and lived with Dylan that he had charisma and charm, especially where ladies were concerned (and where are they not?). You can see him laughing at everyone, at himself, at the absurdity of life. Dave Van Ronk introduced him to books; poets like Rimbaud, Nerval and Apollinaire, and the period called *The Banquet Years* by Roger Shattuck. Listen to David Van Ronk: "The man wanted to be a primitive, a natural kind of genius. He never talked about somebody like Rimbaud, but he knew Rimbaud all right. You see that in his later songs".

Dylan 'stole' Dave Van Ronk's version of 'House of the Rising Sun' without ever apologising; but then he also stole numerous traditional tunes and wrote his own songs to them; which is a traditional thing to do. Dylan, however, created new 'masters' with words powerful enough to shake and shimmy.

"My basic feeling about Bob, as a revolutionary, is that in the beginning he was writing understated topical songs. Somewhere along the line he moved from the anthems to the more personal, introspective, yet truly more radical." — Tony Seaduto to Joan Baez.

After doing his first ever concert put on by Israel Young (on the staff of *Sing Out*; organiser of the Folklore Center) he became tied to Mt Albert Grossman — hereafter manager to Mr Bob Dylan. Mr Grossman can be best seen at work in a film, you must see 'Don't Look Back', a film of Bob Dylan's 1965 tour of Britain in which Mr Grossman is seen fixing prices for his star's appearances. There are many such revealing scenes; another being Dylan's demolition of a *Times* reporter's interview; Allen Ginsberg flashes by . . . Joan Baez kisses Dylan and walks out . . . 'Don't look back'.

„„see 21

MOLESWORTH RAINBOW VILLAGE

EVICTION BLUES, Wednesday 6th February between 1:00am and 6:00am

For Caroline Taylor, (who lived there with Brig) 1956-84: and for all those who lost their homes in the military and police overnight operation.

A small unrepresentative minority
the MOD man said,
Answerable to no master: ecologists; pacifists;
anarchists; and new age gypsies know otherwise:
We planted acorns from Aigburth
Oaks carried from Liverpool Peace Festival
we planted wheat on barren ground
we planted beech and cherry and apple
we planted willow and pine and walnut
we planted seeds of green gatherings.
They were frightened by these levellers and squatters
living in benders; teepees; trucks;
buses and vans; sharing fires and food.
They were aware that our deployment
meant their eventual redundancy
Military uniforms and military hygiene
unable to combat earth's children
unable to triumph over ideas and songs.
Quaker Spirits lighting up this non-violent revolution
land temporarily another prison space
For soldiers and policemen — upholders of death and rigor mortis of the dance
Largest of land 'owners' their government
department grows into a separate country
with its own mighty police force
with its own barbed wire camps
with its own mighty wasteful transport
I am ashamed to be a past member: 23236874
of that Royal Corps of Engineers
Now used to bulldoze unarmed Rainbow Villagers
I am proud to have been a sometime member
of Rainbow Village
A community of songwriters, poets, jugglers, clowns
and dancers
A community of gardeners, breadmakers, singers,
mechanics, potters and sculptors.
I salute those who travelled to the new military
barbed wire and attempted to cut their
way in — especially I salute Peter Brown
Potter, Quaker and Author*
I still use his teapot with barley, oats and wheat
decorations: I still see him
walking to Holy Loch with canoes to launch
at Polaris depot ship 'Proteus'
I still see him firing pots the Raku method.
Molesworth will be encircled
like Greenham Commonland: free individuals
menacing military madness.
I still see Caroline Taylor smiling in the trees . . .
"This land is not yours to put boundaries around".
This land belongs to no peoples: no institution's hand.
This land is ours only to hand down . . .

dennis gould

Monmouth Street Coffeehouse
13th February 1985

* Small creep's Day (Picador)

“rainbow village”



RAINBOW VILLAGE: A POTTED HISTORY. - by SHEILA.

Who, where and what are we? "ANGER Over Hippies at TOR" is the drift of local headlines. No surprise now when for some aeons we've attracted the invective of newspapers. Anger/Disgrace/Alarm being words used to incite such feelings and "hippy" like "peace c onvoy" being used to strike dread into peoples hearts? More about that later.

I must say, though, I am disappointed - because if you can't have hippies at Glastonbury where on Earth can you have them? For me, arriving at Greenlands Farm was like a homecoming, the healing vibe, the cosmic vibes, the kindness of Alison (who one day will be acclaimed a peoples' saint.) and last but not least a relatively safe place after all the months of travelling - and running, running.

I was new to the travelling life a year ago when Chris and I, plus Ali our four year old son moved from a home in Somerset! (So in another way a homecoming.) Moved to Rainbow Fields Village at Molesworth. We started off in a caravan, but finding it too small bought a bus to live in. The bus, with its rayburn, was warm and cosy and we felt very settled, very much at home. For all of us living there, in assorted abodes of buses, benders, tipis, trucks, Rainbow Fields became a very special place. The autumn and winter months were spent in creating a whole new village, a colourful and peacable community set against the grim backdrop of a nuclear base. IT was also a preparation a time of sowing the seeds of love that were to sustain us in the gruelling months to come. Looking back, our time at Molesworth was like a teaparty compared to what has happened since.

On February 6th (was it only this year?) Michael Heseltine and 3,000 other uniformed beings came to evict us, and put up the fence. Our motley band of 150 souls, including children, cats and dogs and goats, were ejected out of the base and onto the road in the cold and ice and wintersnow. Chris and I had never driven our bus before, and had little idea about what to do or where to go, but thanks to some members of "the convoy" who had joined us at Molesworth, the wisdom and experience of these well-sussed travellers helped to pull us through.

Since then we've had eviction after eviction after eviction, constant arrests, daily surveillance by police in cars and helicopters; at some sites been systematically buzzed by fighterjets, and at others been in a state of siege. Even now with a 24-Hour police-watch I ask myself - is this Greenlands or is it Greenham? But, You can't kill the Spirit, there has never been any question of disbanding, and the Spirit of Rainbow Fields lives on and on and on...!

At first after eviction from Molesworth we called ourselves RainbowFields On The Road, but soon became part of a greater convoy, joining and being joined by other groups of travellers we met along the way. This culminated in our exuberant but peaceful excursion to Stonehenge. To many, the police attack on us seemed to be over the top - it certainly was over the top and very painful, seeing my brothers and sisters being beaten up, and having my own bus, our home, vandalised inside as well as out - but to a lot of us it seemed just a logical sequel to the months of harrassment and warmongering against us. Since Stonehenge we've had many more evictions, harder to cope with when people are sick, injured, homeless, or with damaged vehicles. The pressure of life on the road in 1985 has taken its toll, but nonetheless the travelling movement is ever growing. It is all too easy for the "establishment" (Does this include you?) to slap a dirty hippy label on a movement that is socially and politically threatening. Not that "the convoy" (like "hippy" another dated term) is political, but in a sense just by choosing to live outside the system and squat the land, these groups of people represent the frontline of the new age versus old age confrontation. There is a bubbling meltingpot of anarchists, freaks, activists, healers, spiritual seekers, travelling up and down the land. And probably when "Convoy At Glastonbury" appeared, there were headlines simultaneously appearing saying "Convoy At Cheltenham"/"Convoy In Devon"/"Horror Over Convoy in Wales".

●●●● continued p.17

punk ANARCHIST

music - graham burnett -

"MUSIC IS NOT A THREAT - ACTIONS THAT THE MUSIC CAN INSPIRE CAN BE A THREAT"

I was asked to write a piece for 'Riff-Raff Poets' on the bands currently active on what might broadly be termed the 'Anarchist Punk Scene'. At first this seemed fairly simple, to do a short piece on a few of the bands, but then of course the bands are not really that important in themselves - it is the message that matters. Of course there are differences, not always subtle. Chumbawamba from Leeds play folk-influenced, intricate melodic songs, whose broad Yorkshire harmonies strongly, yet in almost gentle terms, urge personal responsibility; "You can change your world by changing yourself - People can say NO! "The boycotting of Multi-Death Corporations Nestles, EMI, McDonalds, RTZ etc, and the adoption of a vegan, non-exploitative life-style are two of their themes. On the other hand South London's Conflict present a more aggressive front - "This is nit enough"! They bellow over raw, red hot fire-storms of punk noise, whilst back-drops at their gigs depict scenes of riot.

A PERSONAL TOP 10

1. CRASS - Yes Sir, I will (LP)
2. CONFLICT - To a Nation of Animal Lovers (EP)
3. PENNY RIMBAUD - Acts of Love (LP and Book)
4. CHUMBAWAMBA - Another Year of the Same Old Shit (cassette)
5. DANBERT NOBACON - The Unfair Tale (LP)
6. HIT PARADE - Plastic Culture (12" single)
7. FLUX OF PINK INDIANS - The Fucking Cunts Treat us Like Pricks (double LP)
8. POISON GIRLS - 7 Year Scratch (double LP)
9. MILLIONS OF DEAD COPS - Millions of Dead Cops (LP)
10. VARIOUS - The Animals Packet (cassette & book)

Books for Punks, Pacifists, Poets, Rock 'n' Rollers

1. The story of the Blues - Paul Oliver (Penguin Books)
2. Baby Let Me Follow You Down - Eric Van Schmidt (Anchor USA)
3. Mister Jelly Roll - Alan Lomax
4. The Sound of the City - Charlie Gillett (Souvenir)
5. Born to Win and Bound for Glory - Woody Guthrie
6. Hear me Talking to Yah - Nat Hentoff
7. Hard Hitting Songs for Hard Hit People - Alan Lomax (Oak)
8. The Bells of Rhymny - Pete Seeger (Oak)
9. The Blues Line - Poetry of Blues - Eric Sackheim
10. Beneath The Underdog - Charlie Mingus (Penguin)
11. Bird Lives! - Ross Russell (Quartet)
12. Bob Dylan - Scaduto, and Childrens Crusade - Ralph Gleason (Ramparts March 1966)
13. Songs & Writings - Bob Dylan
14. Rolling Stone History of Rock'n'Roll - (Rolling Stone)
15. Bessie - Empress of the Blues - Albertson (Abacus)
16. Owing Up - George Melly (Penguin)
17. Blues People - Leroi Jones
18. Mingus - A Biography - Priestly (Paladin)
19. How Can I Keep from Singing: Pete Seeger - R. Dunaway (Harrap)
20. John Hammond on Record - Hammond (Penguin) ~ dg

punk

anarchist

The early punk bands either broke their promises or didn't really make any. Punk in '77 was more about dressing up than anything to do with change. The Sex Pistols sang of 'Anarchy in the UK', but they meant 'Get pissed, destroy'. The 'A' in a circle emblem of the Anarchist movement was adopted, but then again, so were the Hammer and Sickle, the Red Star, the Swastika and the Union Jack. In those days symbols were chosen for their potent imagery and power to shock rather than as any indication of an individuals political allegiance. The Clash sang of urban alienation, boredom and police repression, yet seemed to ask us to wallow in our plight rather than change it. Their first LP was described by Sniffin' Glue fanzine as a "mirror of our times" (and remarkably liberal times they seem now) yet they advocated no direct action more challenging than the wearing of Brigade Rosse 'T' shirts and the shooting of pigeons from roof tops. It was inevitable that the glue-sniffing punks, "Bored With The USA" would end up snorting coke there, as boring and irrelevant as the 'Dinosaur' bands of 'The Establishment' that they claimed to aim to topple. And were any of the others any different? The Damned, The Stranglers, Sham 69, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Generation X.

The release of an 18 track 12 inch single called 'Feeding of the 5000' by a band called Crass was when 'Punk' began to mean something to me. That was in 1979. Here at last was a record which stank of an honesty, integrity and spirit that all the others had lacked. It not only said to me "We will NOT sell out", it also said "Go out and change things". And I was not the only one. All over the place a new kind of Anarchist band was appearing, The Sinyx, The Erratics, Rubella Ballet, The Epileptics and so on. Soon bands were arranging their own gigs, putting out their own records or tapes and generally putting their beliefs into actions rather than just songs.

Venues were soon being opened up, Squats or Anarchist Centres like St. James' Church in Pentonville Road, The Autonomy Club in Wapping, The Centro Iberico in West London, and later The Bingo Hall in Islington, The Ambulance Station in Old Kent Road, The Bunker in Sunderland and the 1 in 12 Club in Bradford. Here bands like Crass, Anthrax, Dirt, The Mob, X-Cretas, Assassins of Hope, Zounds, The Apostles and others could be seen for a quid or less (often free). But these were more than just gigs. Often there was libertarian and Anarchist literature for sale, films were shown, vegan food was available, the whole atmosphere would be more like a social

PHIL OCHS ~ but for fortune ?

PHIL OCHS. 1940 - 1976

Some people might remember 'There but for fortune', others might have heard how Phil was expelled from Dylan's cab for telling him he was not impressed by Bob's new song. One song and an anecdote seems a poor legacy for one of the most committed, perceptive and prolific writers of the topical song of the sixties and seventies. Anybody who chooses to take the time and trouble to check out Phil's LP's will be rewarded by discovering a fine collection of songs charting the tumultuous sixties, eloquent songs chronicling the civil rights, anti war movements. Songs poured out, hopefully the titles will give some idea of the issues covered, 'Talkin Cuban Crisis', 'One More Parade', 'I Ain't Marching Anymore' N, Draft Dodger Rag', 'Cops of the World', and many, many more. When Watergate broke Phil responded by rewriting Here's to the State of Mississippi.

'And here's to the Government of Richard Nixon
In the swamp of their bureaucracy they're
always bogging down
And criminals are posing as advisors to the crown
And they hope that no one sees the sights
And no one hears the sounds
And the speeches of a Spiro
are the ravings of a clown
Here's to the land you've torn out the heart of
Richard Nixon find yourself another country to
be part of'.

With every song he wrote, as his involvement grew (benefit concerts for Kentucky striking miners, Black Panthers, John Sinclair, Vietnam Veterans against the war, Chile benefit concert) so did his FBI file. There was more truth in the lines "But my passport is disappearing/As I sing these words to you". (Ballad of William Worthy) than Phil probably realised when he wrote them in 1963. Why was Phil expelled from London and Dublin in the Seventies?. I am working on the assumption that anyone with an FBI file of about 400 pages and who was considered "subversive and communist" by the John Birch Society must have something going for them. Like many of the folk singers of the sixties Phil did not have a consistent 'correct political line' which he articulated in his songs. If his Marxist friends could not understand why he wrote 'That was the President', his liberal friends did not appreciate the satiric barbs of:

"I cried when they shot Medgar Evers
Tears ran down my spine
And I cried when they shot Mr. Kennedy
As though I'd lost a friend of mine
But Malcolm X got what was coming
He got what he asked for this time
So love me, love me, love me
I'm a liberal.....

Controversy followed Phil when he appeared at Carnegie Hall in a gold lame suit in 1970, trying to explain to the audience that what was needed was a combination of Che Guevara and Elvis Presley. With the decline of the

Movement of the Sixties Phil, who had always sung about real issues, found himself in a more and more isolated position. His last years were a sad decline. In April 1976, he hanged himself, and his ashes were scattered from Edinburgh Castle. In an early song about Woody Guthrie, Phil wrote:

"Now they sing out his praises on every distant shore
But so few remember what he was fighting for
Oh why sing the songs and forget about the aim
He wrote them for a reason, why not sing them for the same"

Phil never forgot Guthrie's integrity, his commitment to radical social change, his defence of Dust bowl refugees against Vigilantes and cops, he never forgot the person whose guitar proclaimed 'THIS MACHINE KILLS FACISTS'. And it is probably for this reason that while lesser talents could have their songs promoted, songs that asked no questions, songs laden with soporific lyrics, that Phil was effectively silenced. By a twist of fate when Phil was called as a witness in the Chicago Conspiracy Trial, he was not allowed to sing "I ain't Marching Anymore". He was only allowed to recite the words. His songs are still there waiting to be reclaimed.

"Call it peace or call it treason/Call it love
or call it reason But I ain't marching anymore
No I ain't marching anymore".

DISCOGRAPHY: ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SING
I AIN'T MARCHING ANYMORE
PHIL OCHS IN CONCERT

PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR
TAPE FROM CALIFORNIA
REHEARSALS FOR RETIREMENT
PHIL OCHS' GREATEST HITS
GUNFIGHT AT CARNEGIE HALL
CHORDS OF FAME.

malcolm.



S A S H A

WHEN I LEAVE SCHOOL I WANT TO BE ...

A a jazz musician like Stephan Grapelli
when I leave school I want to be
an anarchist poet like Lawrence Ferlin-
ghetti
B when I leave school I want to be
an anonymous pianist on colour TV
when I leave school I want to be
a pacifist warrior like Mahatma Gandhi.
C when I leave school I want to be
an author like Silone or Carlo Levi
when I leave school I want to be
a Blues Singer like Queen 'Ma' Rainey
when I leave school I want to be
a champion-winning horse-rider like there
has never been!

X

Y

Z

WHEN I LEAVE SCHOOL.

dennis gould

P S A L M

I believe in individual moral responsibility and as I understand it, so does the law. My earliest childhood memories are of the Second World War and the first newsreels I remember showed Belsen and the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and I used to wonder why nobody had said NO.

Since the Nuremberg Trials, I believe that it has been a legal precedent that "it is no defence to plead that a crime was committed on the orders of a superior". And in this country, THE GENOCIDE ACT of 1969, condemns acts which are committed with intent to destroy, in whole, or in part, a national, ethnic, racial or religious group, and I believe that use of nuclear weapons – like Cruise missiles – would be an act of Genocide. What I am trying to say is that, as I understand it, the law does recognise individual moral responsibility, and that is why I have pleaded NOT GUILTY to the charge of obstruction, without lawful authority, or excuse, because I feel that I did have a valid and lawful reason to protest in the way that I did at Greenham Common. I feel that the only power I have is to act non-violently and say NO to what is being planned at Greenham Common Air Base and to hope that more and more people will question the moral and legal possession of nuclear weapons.

Anne Waterhouse

GEORGE ORWELL

St. Andrew's Day, 1935

SHARPLY the menacing wind sweeps over
The bending poplars, newly bare,
And the dark ribbons of the chimneys
Veer downward; flicked by whips of air,

Torn posters flutter; coldly sound
The boom of trams and the rattle of hooves,
And the clerks who hurry to the station
Look, shuddering, over the Eastern rooves,

Thinking, each one, "Here comes the winter!
"Please God I keep my job this year!"
And bleakly, as the cold strikes through
Their entrails like an icy spear,

They think of rent, rates, season tickets,
Insurance, coal, the skivvy's wages,
Boots, schoolbills, and the next instalment
Upon the two twin beds from Drage's.

For if in careless summer days
In groves of Ashtaroath we whored,
Repentant now, when winds blow cold,
We kneel before our rightful lord;

The lord of all, the money-god,
Who owns us, blood and hand and brain,
Who gives the roof that stops the wind,
And, giving, takes away again;

Who marks with jealous, watchful care
Our thoughts, our dreams, our secret ways,
Who picks our words and cuts our clothes
And maps the pattern of our days;

Who chills our anger, curbs our hope,
And buys our lives and pays with toys,
Who claims as tribute broken faith,
Accepted insults, muted joys;

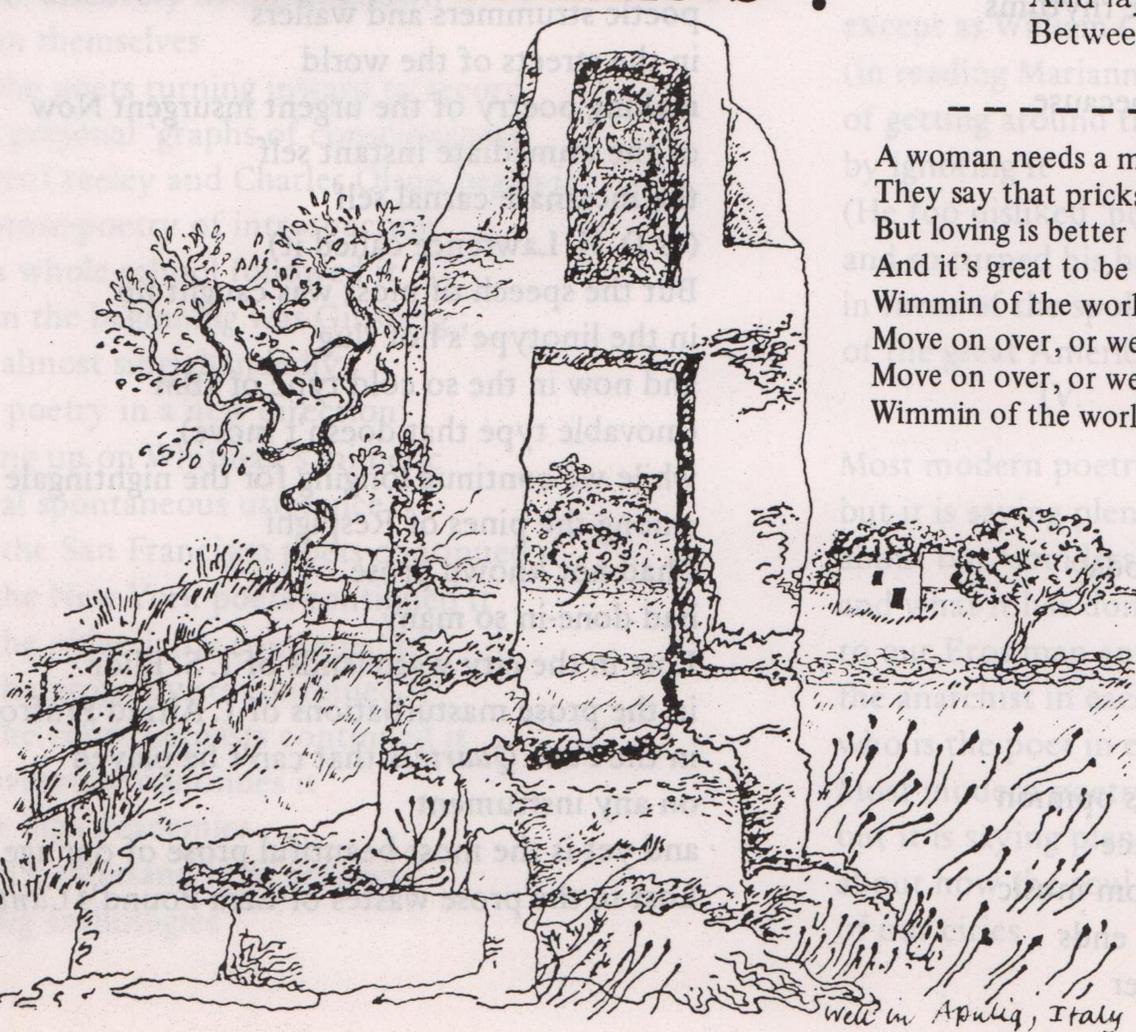
Who binds with chains the poet's wit,
The navy's strength, the soldier's pride,
And lays the sleek, estranging shield
Between the lover and his bride.

GEORGE ORWELL.

- Thelonius Monk – Its Monk's Time (CBS)
- Narcisco Yepes (Joaquin Rodrigo) Concerto de Aranguez Deutsch
- Fats Waller – African Ripples (RCA)
- Miles Davis – Kinda Blue, Sketches of Spain, Birth of Cool and Bitches Brew
- Carl Orff – Carmina Burana
- John Coltrane – Dial Africa
- Monk and Rollins
- Beethoven's 7th Symphony
- Nat Adderley Sextet – Much Brass
- Gil Evans – Out of the Cool
- Dizzy Gillespie – The Dizzy Gillespie Story
- Sex Pistols – Never Mind the Bollocks
- Jimi Hendrix – Electric Ladyland
- Flaming Groovies – Take Some Action
- Rolling Stones – Exile on Main Street
- Bob Dylan – Blood on the Tracks

Steve Sorba

steve sorba stunners !



A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bike
They say that pricks and rugby clubs are things we ought to like
But loving is better than fucking
And it's great to be a dyke,
Wimmin of the world unite – and fight,
Move on over, or we'll move on over you
Move on over, or we'll move on over you
Wimmin of the world unite and fight.

MOUNTAIN SONG

I have dreamed on this mountain
since first I was my mother's daughter
and you just can't take my dreams away
not with me watching.
You may drive a big machine,
but I was born a strong woman
and you can't just take my dreams away
without me fighting.
This old mountain, built by many daughters,
some died young and some still living,
Well if you've come here to take my mountain,
well I ain't come here to give it.

Most modern poetry is prose
 as is this poem
 and I am thumbing through a great anthology
 of contemporary poetry
 and 'The Voice That Is Great Within Us'
 sounds within us mostly
 in a prose voice
 in the typography of poetry
 which is not to say it is prosaic
 which is not to say it has no depths
 which is not to say it is dead or dying
 or not lovely or not beautiful
 or not well written or not witty
 It is very much alive
 very well written beautifully written
 lovely lively prose
 prose that stands without crutches
 of punctuation
 prose whose syntax is so clear
 it can be written all over the page
 in open forms and open fields
 and still be very clear
 very dear prose
 in the typography of poetry
 (the poetic and the prosaic intellect
 masquerading in each other's clothes)
 Most modern poetry is prose because
 it walks across the page
 like an old man in a city park
 And walking through our prose buildings
 in the year three thousand and one
 one may look back and wonder
 at this strange age
 that made poetry walk in prose rhythms
 and called it poetry
 Most modern poetry is prose because
 it has no *duende*
 no soul of dark song
 no passion musick
 Like modern sculpture
 it loves the concrete
 Like minimal art
 it minimizes emotion
 in favor of understated irony
 and implied intensity—
 And how often does poetry today
 rise above the mean sea level
 of the darkling plain
 where educated armies
 march by day?
 Ezra Pound once decanted his opinion
 that only in times of decadence
 does poetry separate itself from music
 and this is the way the world ends
 not with a song but a whimper

II.

Eighty or ninety years ago
 when all the machines began to hum
 almost (as it seemed) in unison
 Whitman was still singing
 the song of himself
 the song of our self
 even as the speech of man
 began to approach
 the absolute staccato of machines
 and the hard rock and punk rock
 of electronic existence
 Whitman was a holdover
 (though even Emerson said the *Leaves of Grass*
 was a mix of the *Bhagavad Gita*
 and the *New York Herald*)
 And Sandburg was a holdover
 singing his poems
 And Vachel Lindsay was a holdover
 drumming his chants
 And Wallace Stevens was a holdover
 with his harmonious 'fictive music'
 And Langston Hughes was a holdover
 And Allen Ginsberg a holdover
 chanting his mantras
 singing Blake
 And Kerouac a holdover
 with his *Mexico City Blues*
 which could indeed be sung
 as a drunk sings
 And there are others everywhere
 jazz poets and jism poets
 poetic strummers and wailers
 in the streets of the world
 making poetry of the urgent insurgent Now
 of the immediate instant self
 the incarnate carnal self
 (as D. H. Lawrence called it)
 But the speech of most was caught up
 in the linotype's hot slug
 and now in the so cold type of IBM
 (movable type that doesn't move)
 while we continue longing for the nightingale
 among the pines of Respighi
 I had not known prose
 had done-in so many
 Lost in the city wastelands of T. S. Eliot
 in the prose masturbations of J. Alfred Prufrock
 in the *Four Quartets* that can't be played
 on any instrument
 and yet is the most beautiful prose of our age
 Lost in the prose wastes of Ezra Pound's *Cantos*

MANIFESTO-3

where aren't *canti*
because they can't be sung by anyone
Lost in the pangolin prose of Marianne Moore
(who called her writing poetry
for lack of anything better to call it)
Lost in the great prose blank verse
of Karl Shapiro's *Essay on Rime*
and in the inner city speech
of William Carlos Williams
in the flat-out speech of his *Paterson*
and in the Ivy League elitisms of Robert Lowell
with his weary Lord Weary
and in all the poetry critics and crickets
of *The New York Review of Books*
and of *Poetry* (Chicago)
and every other poetry review
none of whom will commit the original sin
of saying some poet's poetry is prose
in the typography of poetry
just as the poet's friends will never say it
just as the poet's editors will never say it
the dumbest conspiracy of silence
in the history of letters

III.

And in that 'turning inward'
away from the discredited clichés
of 1930s politics
Freud and Jung replaced Marx
as intellectual deities
among poets and painters
their radical aspiration turned inward
to the 'discovery of the unknown'
within themselves
and the poets turning inward to record
their personal 'graphs of consciousness'
Robert Creeley and Charles Olson began it
the prose-poetry of introspection
and a whole school followed it
and in the beginning was Ginsberg
who almost singlehandedly
took poetry in a new direction
picking up on Whitman's mimetic
'casual spontaneous utterance'
And the San Francisco poets continued it
and the New York poets continued it
and the objectivists continued it
and the projectivists continued it
and the constructivists continued it
and everyone continues it
in the high academies
and in a thousand little reviews
and big anthologies

spoon-fed by the National Endowment of the Arts—
And that poetry which recorded
the movement of the mind
became the norm of American poetry
(the mind somehow assumed to be basically poetic)
and it was a wonder in the mouths
of rich as Allen Ginsberg
in whose packrat omniverous mind
was the seismograph of genius
and if the mind be comely
all that it utters is comely
and divinely sings
in moments of ekstasis
But the graph of more pedestrian poets
could only be walking prose
and the boat of love breaks up
on the shores of everyday life
And the Collective Unconscious
remains uncollected
though poetry has many great voices
many modes and many voices
the best of whom cite music
as their ideal

but few do sound the deep refrains
and leitmotifs
of our still mysterious existence—
too many of our best brains
simply not equal to
the mass confusion of our colliding cultures
nor to the confusion
in how to tell poetry from prose
(that most persistent question running through
the literary meditations of this century)
except as William Carlos Williams saw a way
(in reading Marianne Moore)
of getting around this question
by ignoring it
(He too disliked 'poetry')
and so turned his back on it
in favor of the spoken verse
of the great American idiom

IV.

Most modern poetry is prose
but it is saying plenty
about our 'soul-less civilization'
and what it has done to our free men
to our Eros man and Eros woman
the anarchist in each of us
who is the poet in each of us—
Most modern poetry is prose
but it is saying plenty
about how the soul has gone out
of our cities



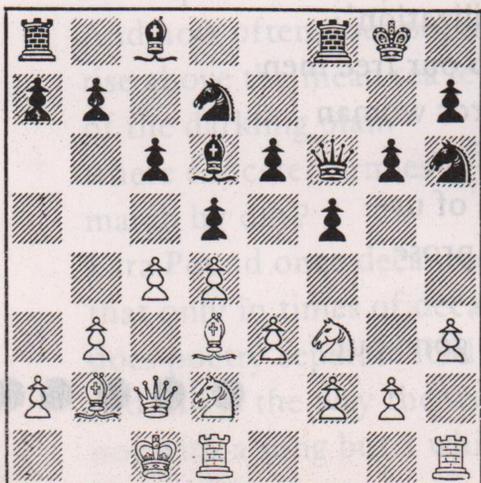
out of our buildings
 out of our streets
 no song among the typists
 no song in our concrete architecture
 our concrete music
 (And Mumford was right of course—
 architecture reflects the soul
 of civilizations—
 But man reflects it
 more than buildings
 as women reflect it—
 the true temples of flesh)
 Modern poetry is prose
 but it is saying plenty
 by its very form and tone
 about the death the self dies every day
 the poet in each of us
 that's killed a little every day
 'You killed him you sonofabitch
 in your Brooks Brothers suit!'
 So wailed Kenneth Rexroth long ago
 with poetry and jazz in San Francisco
 And so wailed the young Allen Ginsberg
 in his *Howl*:

'What sphinx of cement and aluminum bashed open
 their skulls and ate up their brains and imagination?
 Moloch! Solitude! Filth! Ugliness! Ashcans and
 unobtainable dollars! Children screaming under
 the stairways! Boys sobbing in the armies! Old men
 weeping in the parks!'

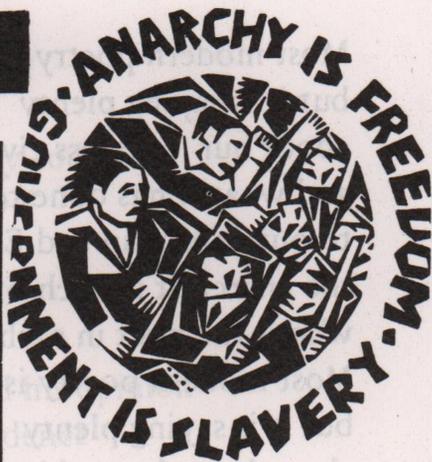
And so wails today a still wild voice
 inside of us
 a still insurgent voice
 lost among machines and insane nationalisms
 still longing to break out
 still longing for the distant nightingale
 that stops and begins again
 stops
 and begins again
 stops
 and resumes again

It is the bird singing that makes us happy

Lawrence Ferlinghetti



Capablanca v. N.N.



In England, Chess was well known in Shakespeare's day. It may be inferred (from *The Tempest*) that the game was popular in Court circles. But before that time, Chaucer knew Chess well—and there is a Ballad of some Chess interest. Caxton, one of the first English printers, has provided us with an excellent book descriptive of Chess in its modern form.

mary's favourites

Mary Woodward's ten favourite singles:

- 1 HUNGRY HEART Bruce Springsteen
- 2 RORSCHACHS THEME Rickie Lee Jones
- 3 THIN LINE VENEER The Pretenders
- 4 PERFECT SKIN Lloyd Cole and The Commotions
- 5 CORTEZ THE KILLER Neil Young
- 6 A LOVE SO FINE The Chiffons
- 7 GIRL ON MY MIND Buddy Holly
- 8 I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU Billie Holliday
- 9 ROMANCE IN THE PARK Liz Green
- 10 A WOMAN IN LOVE Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers

jeff's bump & grind !

Jeff Cloves favourite pop singles '75 to '85, in no particular order:

- AMERICAN GIRL Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers
 BORN TO RUN Bruce Springsteen
 TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART Bonnie Tyler
 KARMA CHAMELEON Culture Club
 HEARTBREAKER Dionne Warwick
 SHE'S GONE Hall and Oates
 REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL . Ian Dury and the Blockheads
 IS VIC THERE? Department S
 WUTHERING HEIGHTS Kate Bush
 SAY GOODBYE TO HOLLYWOOD Ronnie Spector

and his favourite pop LP's '75 to '85 in no particular order:

- GIRL AT HER VOLCANO Rickie Lee Jones
 THE RIVER Bruce Springsteen
 GREATEST HITS Hot Chocolate
 GREATEST HITS The Supremes
 RATTLESNAKES Lloyd Cole and The Commotions
 H₂O Hall and Oates
 REAL GONE Nellie Lutcher
 MY AIM IS TRUE Elvis Costello
 WAVELENGTH Van Morrison
 TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS

Looking at these lists Lloyd Cole's debut seems as stunning as Elvis Costello's — the Costello single 'Red Shoes' made me rush out and buy his first album, 'My Aim is True'. The Cole single 'Perfect Skin' must have made many people rush out and buy the 'Rattlesnakes' album. Despite the wimpy voice — Smiths et al — Cole also reminds me of Petty and Springsteen and the acoustic led band is amazingly powerful — touches of Lou Reed, too, who along with Bowie remains the most powerful influence on the pop music scene. 'Wuthering Heights' and 'She's Gone' seem as powerful as ever, and Moyet and Paul Young (who narrowly missed the singles list) are powerful and beautiful singers. Springsteen is the performer of the decade though — his concert in Birmingham on the last tour is unparalleled in my experience and his epic and tender songs are perfect examples of the beauty and passion of popular music. Bonnie Tyler's career, as ever, remains a mystery — years between 'Lost in France' and 'Total Eclipse of the Heart' — but she can't half sing. So can Cindy Lauper, who didn't quite squeeze in, and I love The Smiths anti-mach stance and meandering songs, The Au Pairs, Clive Pig, The Alarm, The Fall and New Order. And good old John Peel is *still* the best listen on the wireless. Rock on.

Jeff Cloves

.....RAINBOW VILLAGE.....continued.....

A Potted History by Sheila.

SO, Glastonians, if you choose to call this great amorphous mass "the convoy" please remember that any group, espeically the convoy, is a group of individuals. I confess I too have suffered convoy paranoia syndrome in my time....when a group of 20 trucks and buses pulled into Molesworth at 4am one morning in January even then my instant response was shock, panic, the convoy have arrived! But thank god these particular people arrived when they did, thank god for their warm smiles that cold and frosty morning. And thank god my own resistance started melting. For it is our own prejudices, our own fears that stop us seeing people as individuals; if the idea of groups seems threatening, it is not until we stop seeing people only as this or that group, or this or that nation, that there will be peace in the world.

We kept saying, all the time we were at Molesworth, that cruise missiles are not the issue but merely a symptom of world oppression. And world oppression, I'm afraid, begins at home. We can't separate what happened to us at Stonehenge from what happened to the miners or from what is happening to the people of South Africa. It has all been a powerful education for me. But above all, living in an open community I have learned more in my personal life about peace and acceptance during my time on the road, than in all my years of going to peace groups and so-called consciousness-raising meetings.(I'm still learning. Ouch!) And 1985 - Hopi Indian Prophecies - is the year of human to human communication, remember ?

For me the travelling life is like a kaleidoscope of everchanging patterns. Different places, different challenges, clinging on to old beliefs and having them shaken again and again. Different people come and go, but in spite of all the trashings/bashings, and painful separations, an old familiar group of us - the original core, well, most of it, - of Rainbow Fields at Molesworth has re-emerged intact at Greenlands. Haphazardly thrown together but, as always, it feels no accident. And although we now know we're merely a fraction of a far, far greater convoy, that convoy is merely part of a greater, global chain of change.

- Sheila. September.1985.

*** Readers should get out on the road and visit; or failing that buy GreenLine and Green Anarchist to find out what happens in future. Better still get yourself mobile...dare we say it...become a traveller.

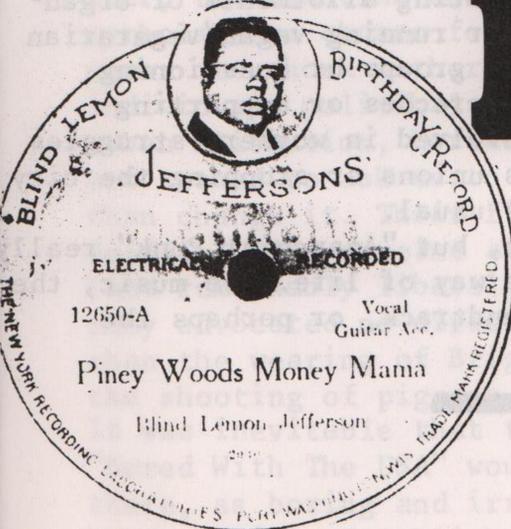


no

"My frustration with the mindless assurance which automatically follows every nuclear accident or radiation spill, namely, that there is No Immediate Danger can be quickly grasped. A greater effort is required, however, to unlearn the familiar jargon, to grasp in detail the human health implications of radiation exposure and to understand nuclear technology." - Rosalie Bertell.

NO IMMEDIATE DANGER.
(The Womens Press)

immediate danger.



deaf aid ?

"that it went beyond - and had nothing to do with politics" nearly drove me up the wall.

I'd love to know how much he 'earns' for the exercise of his minimal talent - unlike the farmers of Ethiopia he produces nothing and I doubt he's been hungry in his life. What was blindingly lacking in all the public utterances of the Live Aid frontmen was an attempt at political analysis. And the reason is that they daren't because it might bring their own rotten house tumbling down.

Actually Live Aid was the Thatcherite/Reaganite dream come true - private charity in abundance, and no alteration to the political status quo - Victorian Values - rock imperialism and the expansion of the market. No wonder they were so pleased and no wonder that their rock acolytes were able to give, and urge us to give, with such dedication. Of course, while the mass of people gave anonymously the rockrich gave in the full light of publicity. I doubt that there is anyone who was involved in the whole live Aid circus - no matter how much time, energy and enterprise they gave - who hasn't come out of the experience with their own professional reputations enhanced and their CV's newly glowing with righteousness.

I could go on, but such self-righteousness on my part will bore you as well as me and be unbecoming into the bargain - but here are a few observations just to wind up. The last time I saw Ray Charles on TV, before he was so heavily featured on the American Band Aid record, was singing at President Reagan's election victory celebration. In the four hours of Live Aid I heard on the radio as far as I can recall only three women appeared in their own right - Tina Turner, Madonna and Chrissie Hynde - Kiki Dee and Alison Moyet were adjuncts to more famous men. The only black male artists I heard were those who are perfectly acceptable to the white MOR audience, Stevie Wonder, Lionel Ritchie and Heir ilk. I didn't hear a single African or West Indian act. If Duran Duran are so concerned to save the world (and Paul McCartney) why do they lend their music to the infantile anti-communist posturings of James Bond films?

On the day of the Live Aid concert, or perhaps the day before, an Asian woman and her four children were murdered in Newham when their house was set on fire. So far as I know, none of the stars and organisers of British Live Aid mentioned this - there was no rush to organise a concert in solidarity with people terrified here - in fact - apart from UB 40, Elvis Costello and maybe one or two others, none played gigs for Rock against the Nazis.

I read in the media page of the Grauniad that since the Live Aid concert Queen's record sales have gone up 300%. I'm not inclined to believe this knowing how that paper misprints the simple simplest things. It's probably 3000%. Famine in Africa is clearly good for business in the West.

Oh yes - I did enjoy a lot of the music.

jeff cloves.

.....

punk ANARCHIST MUSIC continued

People would meet, friends would be made and discussions would take place - about violence versus non-violence, animal rights, 'Green' Anarchism, Direct Action, Feminism, Stopping the City and so on. People were beginning to look to themselves, take stock of their lives and starting to really try and change things.

Anarchist Punk is a label, and as such. stinks.

Probably I've made a lot of people angry by using it but I am applying it to describe a movement of people mainly young, though age doesn't matter (neither does race or sex or style of dress) who are trying to live out the ideal of Anarchism as far as possible in their own lives. Anarchism as in respecting other persons and oneself, animals with which this world is shared, and this earth itself.

Anarchism as in opposing the wealthy and corrupt elite who exploit and kill us in their factories and wars, who despoil our rich fields and seas with their pollution and radio-active filth, who murder millions of animals and starve the 'Third World' in the name of profit. Anarchism which does not advocate alternative power-structures, but works towards creating systems based on mutual aid, mutual respect and trust. Anarchism as in responsibility. Anarchism as in hope. Anarchism as in Love.

Of course, we're all human. At it's worst, the 'Anarchist Punk Scene' can become cliquey and introspective. Participants can get wrapped up in their own life-styles and ideological purity, viewing 'outsiders' with derision and contempt as 'straights'. Or petty internal squabbles and personality clashes can be magnified out of all proportion. Or drugs can become as destructive as they are amongst many 'mainstream' punks. But on the whole, this is a movement of positivism and optimism.

Some 'Anarchist Punks' are in bands. Some do fanzines. Some are too busy opening up squats or liberating animals or cutting fences at USAF bases or setting up Peace Camps or cultivating allotments or organising wholefood co-ops or running vegan/vegetarian cafes or starting womens groups or questioning sexual roles or running creches or supporting prisoners or getting involved in workers struggles or organising claimants unions or stopping the city or stopping business as usual.

It sounds like a cliché, but "Anarchist Punk" really could be described as a way of life. The music, the bands, are just the soundtrack, or perhaps the inspiration.

Graham Burnett.

DICE GEORGE somewhere on the road...



Somewhere On The Road - Letter From Karelia. - Dice George.The Mutants.

"Once I got lost in a wood" begins the book. I've called it 1983.

It's lies, all lies. Every phoneme is a fib except the bit on page two about the space monsters. Suss that in the Third Worldwar kids die. So I'll be the last straw on the camel's back and I'll turn four cheeks but Brandt is old and still they starve. Millions of dead kids if that aint war then whatinjudasnameis ?

I'm in love with a policeman but I don't know what his number is: the man who pulled down my trousers because I "smelt of cannabis".

It happened in nineteeneightythree eight or nine miles from Glastonbury the annual gathering of the greens, kids, dogs and any old beans.

We were going to the shops when we were stopped by lots of cops, then my policeman said to me "open up your trousers George". When I said no he threatened me so I pulled down my trousers and then I fell in love.

The Finnish language is nonsexist; its word han means he/she like the

German sie; also nouns have no gender.

A two year old rascal: "what's your name?" - "Shut up"- What's your name Dice George ? Shut up" he beams.

By the entrance to the illegal 1984 Stonehenge Free Festival was an overturned burnt-out wreckofacar and painted on it "ex-smackdealers car". Inside c onvoy hippies liberals punks angels and mutants were selling drugs. Heroin was banned, experience shows that junkies have no honour.

I'm learning to play the flute. I have a tune called "Belgrano".

Our convoy of 55lish individuals and 15lish buses and trucks and vanses and bikes and kids and dogs on a sunny stony summer saturday afternoon in high spirits left the forest. I was sitting in my bus when riot police smashed six windows I said surrender I surrender I came out of my bus with my hands on my head they hit me I rolled into a ball they hit me some more others tried to run away they interned me for two nights its even worse in Belfast. They should be ashamed.

Drongos don't understand that it's all about controlling shit - drongos kill trees for no reason - drongos believe what they read - drongos wind up clockwork people - drongos bogart that joint - remember everybody is a drongo some of the time.

At a radical liberal conference a concerned asian gentleman asked how to combat the alienation of the young blacks in innercity areas ?

Legalise the cannabis trade. Arguements against stink of stagnant conservatism or classic doublethink. Glastafari!

There is no god but if there was she'd make us eat our unburied shit - Stonehenge TimeFestival is farout next year.

Your cousin - Dice George.
9.9.85.

*** 1983 only needs a publisher - the book is fascinating as you can tell.



MY RECORDS FOR A DESERT ISLAND
by WILLIAM aged 9.

I'LL BE SATISFIED SHAKIN' STEVENS
He's my favourite. I've been to 3 of his concerts.

MAYBELLINE

CHUCK BERRY

I like the song, I like the way he sings & the track is very old.

ALLERGIES (HEARTS & BONES)

PAUL SIMON

My mum got it for Christmas. She played it so many times I got attached to it.

PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON

PETER PAUL & MARY

I played it every time I went to sleep when I was very young.

THRILLER

MICHEAL JACKSON

I'd play this in the day!

CRY JUST A LITTLE BIT

SHAKIN' STEVENS

Remind me of my best friend. It's his favourite.

DR. SUESS'S SLEEP BOOK

I don't know how the commentaror manages to say it so quickly. It's funny.

GHOSTBUSTERS

RAY PARKER JNR.

william

FAREWELL ROY PLOMLEY, LONG LIVE DESERT ISLAND DISCS.

Not one track on my list was recorded in the 80's and some almost 5 decades ago. Am I out of touch, very Radio 4, hmm.. And opera? (not THAT opera!). No Rock'n Roll? No punk or Indian ragas? No reggae or dub - and not even Lay la? No, all that had to be left out for this humble handful. What an eye-opener! Simple though it was, Roy Plomleys interminable brain-child was obviously sustained by the fascinating truth it formulated: BY THEIR TUNES SHALL YE KNOW THEM. Try this taxing task yourself in a dull moment. Limit yourself to 8 and imagine they will be the ONLY 8 tracks/singles you will hear for a long time. You will be suprised at the ones you pass over and your final list will tell all (perhaps!).

HARD TIMES. THE CRUSADERS

From Live LP "Scratch" Can be found on 'Best of' Album. Wilton Felder, legs up to his armpits, plays elixir.

YESTERDAYS. BILLY HOLIDAY

Kern, Harbach & Hatns song recorded 1939. Can be found on 'Strange Fruit' 1972. Nostalgia for Paradise one never found.

TWISTED. ANNIE ROSS.

LP: Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. 1959.

Miraculous piece of witty wordy madness.

ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER (Dylan) HENDRIX.

WILLOW. JOAN ARMATRADING.

LP: Show Some Emotion 1977.

Surely her most beautiful song.

CHE GELIDA MANINA, MI CHIAMANO MIMI & O SOAVE FANCIULLA. ACT 1. LA BOHEME. PUCCINI.

Victoria de Los Angeles, Jussi Bjorling, conducted Sir Thomas Beecham. 1965 (I think) Weepy & wonderful.

DO WHAT YOU DO, DO. LAURINDO ALMEIDA, STAN GETZ.

1966. Glorious track on glorious LP.

MAZURKA in F MINOR. CHOPIN. FOU TS'ON 1959

Chopin's final haunting piece before death in 1849.

pat van twest.

His third album, 'The times they are a-changing', was an enormous success, so much so that he became an idol at his first Carnegie Hall concert. Here, 2,000 fans roared their applause for all of his twenty songs. He conquered popular feeling with songs of current topics and personal thoughts and relationships. On politics he said what, to many active political people, would be heresy:

"Politics is bullshit. It's all unreal. The only thing that's real is inside you. Your feelings. Just look at the world you're writing about and you'll see you're wasting your time. The world is, well . . . it's just absurd."

Then, on kids his own age: "The kids today, by the time they're all twenty-one they realise it's all bullshit. I know it's all bullshit. Kids realise it's really a drag to plan for tomorrow their whole life, realising in really hard terms that tomorrow never comes. You always wake up and it's today. There is no yesterday, tomorrow never seems to come, so what's left is today, or nothing."

"I didn't really like 'Highway 61' until three years after it was written. I was mad at it, I was furious. I thought it was a bunch of crap. I didn't really listen to the words."
— Joan Baez.

'The times they are a changin' included the following songs of some real permanence: 'With God on our side'; 'Ballad of Hollis Brown'; 'Only a pawn in their game'; 'Lonesome death of Hattie Carroll'; and the haunting lovesong — 'One too many mornings'. Later that same year, 1964, his fourth album, 'Another side of Bob Dylan' appeared. The first of what his biographer calls albums about "love and personal freedom". Perhaps it is of importance to listen to more of Tony Seadutch on Bob Dylan, since he did see and interview Dylan and his past and present friends and colleagues in the music business, folk song scene, radical politics set and personal, just personal friends. Commenting on 'Another side of Bob Dylan' he has written (p 182):

"The poems that takes the place of album notes are part of the collage that Dylan was building, part of the experiences of Bob Dylan. Go fight your own battles, he says to Joshua, for Dylan has to go to the woods for a while to live and to dream, because he has learned that nothing makes sense, anywhere. That he has no answers, no truth. Except, maybe, don't play their game; discover in your own head what it's all about."

The songs on this LP include 'My back pages'; 'It ain't me babe'; 'All I really want to do' and the anthem 'Chimes of freedom'. He was accused of selling out to the movement — that mixture of civil rights, anti-racism, anti-war, pacifist and libertarian amalgam of groups, individuals and magazines fighting non-violently against apathy and wealth and selfish comfort. Let's look at his biographer's ideas again:

"There is also another factor in what many have called Dylan's loss of commitment. He had become more certain of himself as an artist, as a poet; not simply a folk poet, in the Guthrie tradition, but an artist from whose grave-dark mind began to spring epic images. Bombarded by visionaries such as Rimbaud, Brecht, Byron, Ginsberg and the anonymous authors of the bible".

This may seem far-fetched to readers not having listened at all closely to his work, especially his later LP's containing songs whose images and nightmares reveal him to be 'Poet' — proudly stated for one who is indeed more important than a host of poets writing just the written word on paper. This will be totally unacceptable to the literary and academic worlds where civic standards are set and poetry fits neatly into bags, of course!

*"Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind
Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind
For the poets and the painters
Far behind their rightful time
As we gazed upon the Chimes of Freedom flashin'."*
— 'Chimes of Freedom'

This poetry is to be seen at its most beautiful and compassionate in a song like 'Chimes of Freedom'. It is a powerful tribute to the down-trodden, the homeless, imprisoned, hungry, insane and wandering men and women, lonely for love and friendship. It may be that Bob Dylan was no longer to be seen on movement platforms, but he was more than ever on the poet's side of love, tolerance, gentleness and passion. He was an acute observer on the side of the poor and oppressed. (Well, he said so in his writings and songs . . .) But that old, old money-vice gripped his throat and visions of being another Elvis hit him eventually. Yet, still in 'Chimes of Freedom' he could write lines like the following:

*"Flashing for the warriors whose strength is not to fight,
Flashing for the refugees on their unarmed road to flight."*

So who's being petty to criticise a supporter of conscientious objectors, draft-resisters, deserters, pacifists and pamphleteers? 'Bringing it all back home', his fifth album, contains some of his best songs! That is his true greatness coming through; even on the very first LP when he sings mostly others' songs, he brings a personal and original interpretation — he makes you want to listen. 'Bringing it all back home' has such songs as 'Subterranean Homesick Blues', which must rank as one of the most anarchic and intensely intellectual songs to have been put out as 'a single'. Like: it has such lines as "Twenty years of schoolin' and they put you on the day shift", or "Don't follow leaders; Watch the parkin' meters" and "Keep a clean nose; Watch the plain-clothes". You could write a thesis just analysing this one song. But the point is their complexity within a simple language of the street! It can be and was/is enjoyed because it has the feeling of being on the side of kids everywhere bombarded by teachers and preachers and parents and judges and policemen in uniforms and various shades of plainclothes . . .

*"Old lady judges watch people in pairs,
Limited in sex they dare
to push fake morals, insult and stare,
While money doesn't talk, it swears . . .
Obscenity, who really cares?"* — 'It's alright ma'

If Bob Dylan had been a troubadour of the middle ages he might have been the author of the 'anonymous' ballad 'Tom O'Bedlam' (which influenced Kenneth Patchen when he wrote *Journal of Albion Moonlight* — and which might well have been one of the many influences on Bob Dylan's own book, *Tarantula*). 'Tom O'Bedlam' has verses like:

*From the hag and hungry goblin
That into rags would rend ye
All the spirits that stand
By the naked man
In the book of Moons, defend ye
I slept not sinc the Conquest
Till then I never waked
Till the roguish boy
Of love where I lay
Me found and stript me naked*

*The moon's my constant mistress
And the lonely owl my marrow
The flaming drake
And the night-crow make
Me music to my sorrow*



Alan Morton, Scotland's most-capped international, meets G. N. Foster, one of the famous family of sporting brothers, when Queen's Park met the Corinthians in Glasgow

song for a burnt out star

George Best sweats in Pentonville
 far from home and close to hell
 beyond the walls - could he but see
 The Gunner's ground at Highbury
 but prison now is his home gate
 three months jug his ugly fate
 banished from the game of life
 he replays all his pain and strife

so pity the Belfast Boy's decline
 remember instead his golden prime
 pity the dimming of his flame
 remember the glory of his game

recall the magic goals he scored
 how he was hacked and kicked and floored
 the lightening darts the swerves the flair
 the baggy shorts the long black hair
 of Georgy - in his flowery dell
 the shooting star who blazed and fell
 beyond the bars - could he but see
 United play at Highbury

jeff cloves

jeff cloves

thinking about Camus

Billie Holiday and Lester Young are duetting from the speakers
 the sound of vanished America with White Gardenia hair and porkpie hat
 jukeboxing the nights away as the lights went out all over Europe
 and we lay in our Cotswold baby beds crooning "you are my sunshine" just like Dinah Shore
 while the GI's strolled by below snapping sticks of gum and lighting Lucky Strikes -
 rolling shadows thrown by shrouded headlamps making maps on our ceiling
 voices far away trains pulling out of St James' for Blitzed London the music of the rails
 shadowy toys strewn across the sleeping floor dreaming without fear without knowledge
 without premonition undisturbed by jazz bombs politics race love sex
 mouths open snuffling into the feather pillows - cotton bedspreads spread like wings

thinking about Camus out in Algeria listening to jazz on AFN perhaps -

- keeping goal in the stadium

combing his hair like Humphrey Bogart smoking Lucky Strikes living 'Casablanca'
 coming to Paris getting that tuxedo trenchcoat style off to a T being that wisecracking
 journalist writing poetry and novels - already spoiled by too much education the literary life
 marked by the dark glamour of the occupation time standing still love sex success
 the field-grey soldiers below singing in triumph the city their's forever
 Paris sour and divided jazz banished jews trembling in the cellars
 cafe treachery Maurice Chevalier at the cabaret the channel between us

Billie Holiday is singing of "paradise.....back in your own backyard" - perhaps for him
 Lester Young - The President - Pres she called him he called her Lady Day
 American music sweetening the wet afternoon forty years after Hiroshima
 and "back in Nagasaki where the boys all chew tobacco and the girls all whicky whacky whoo"
 the plague was visited on them and us and our dreams were never the same again -
 waiting for the next war "growing up absurd" as Paul Goodman said to the sound of American music
 jazz bombs politics race love sex crashing and sneaking into our lives
 and films football travel going to Paris the poetry of the cafes
 reading Camus so chic so radical so existential so Left Bank - so Rive Gauche
 listening to the radio today Billie Holiday and Lester Young bringing it all back
 the smashed car his suitable death at age the same as Presley's
 all those sweet tormented American voices and the saxophone breathing gently
 to the rhythm of the falling rain in St Albans on Hiroshima Day.

jeff cloves

Camp, and Tim & Bridie of the Old School, Clopton. After the Rainbow Village eviction the Old School House became a refugee centre quite literally for a few weeks. It also became the centre for information; cups of tea; blanket & sleepingbag collection point; and one of the delivery points for wood & candles - most important when sleeping out in winter. Wood & candles & sleepingbags plus teabags & coffee are needed now as much as ever. At Greenham as much as Molesworth! At Easter 1985 CND held a national demonstration at Molesworth, but unlike the Burghfield & Aldermaston Blockades of 1983 people did not stay overnight and camp.

This meant that very expensive coachtrips were made for just a few hours of walking & wandering around the military perimeter without getting to know the area or the feel of this evil and sterile area. Whereas by finding a campsite in a farmer's field within ten mile radius many hundreds could have stayed-on to vigil; picket; blockade; boltcut their way in. In future local groups/individuals should get minibuses or carloads to come much more cheaply and effectively. (Of course some groups have been doing

this regularly since February 6th.) Tim & Bridie's initiative Wheat to Eritrea project saw several shiploads of wheat and dried foods, plus blankets, collected at Clopton before and over Easter. This in its turn probably made many people more aware of obscene spending on weapons like the torpedoes that have cost 300,000,000 and will most likely never come into service!

However we should not be diverted from setting-up more peace camps outside more military bases. There is a need for a general increase in pacifist and anarchist nonviolent actions; civil disobedience; noncooperation with policing and controlling movements of people across the country; an understanding of Rainbow Villagers situation - always being moved-on; always hassled; very frequently abandoned by other elements in the peace movement, who fail to understand that freedom is an essential part of a peace movement. We have to become a movement of peace & freedom. Our political parties rely on police & military to maintain the status quo and control populations. Northern Ireland has been a training ground for some sixteen years! Our miners and our innercity peoples' are now experiencing similar treatment - if not yet of paramilitary kind, very close to it. Our police force is alienated from such publics'. Our police community squads seem unable to counter our police riotsquads, whose efforts at community relations seem as distant as their brief glimpse of us as they hurtle around in armoured white transit vans - increasingly unlit and unmarked as they face greater hostility by no-longer cowed or fearful people, at last standing-up to racist and brutal policing.

As individuals we can talk person to person with individual officers and individual soldiers but this is marginal, even if every one we spoke to eventually left the police or military we would still be faced by a large and professional paramilitary institution! Therefore we need to carry our ideas of pacifist & anarchist philosophy to more people on the streets of our towns & villages; to point out to quakers and CND members that 'the state' may have changed since Peter Kropotkin wrote his famous essay - but it has changed largely in the area of communications and technology rather than in any fundamental way. Our civil service; armed servants; education institutions; our social security system; all are part and parcel of this State. There has to be an awareness of pacifist & anarchist ideas which will begin to trickle down to people who so far feel such ideas to be marginal. Such an ideology can only be understood if many more people get involved selling magazines like Peace News and Freedom; Greenline and Green Anarchist.

The pacifist belief in conscience and conscientious objection centres around the right to disobey when the state calls upon individuals for military service. But it is as necessary to obey the just nonviolent actions against the war machine. Nonviolent Resistance which is aggressive sometimes; which is meditative sometimes; but which is resistance at all times? It is important to join organizations like WRI and CND; FOR and C.A.A.T. (Campaign Against Arms Trade.) but it is more important to take your own initiative - form your own local nonviolent action group; your own peace pacifist or anarchist group...and create new centres of resistance and community. We are not faced by gentle soldiers or police officers and yet need to remain gentle and firm and to stand our ground. Next Easter Tim & Bridie and Friends are planning a Diggers' March from St. Georges' Hill to Molesworth carrying tools to dig up the base, inside/outside, and then for these same tools to be shipped to Eritrea. This is a positive and imaginative demonstration; get in touch with Old School House, Clopton, Northants for details.

Find out from Tim & Bridie what you can do to help Molesworth Bulletin - assuming you already subscribe? Sell this bulletin on your bookstalls; in your bookshop and cafe; wholefoodstore and bike-repairshop?

Streetsellers & Streethawkers Information:- Magazines for selling 'Sale or Return' :

- | | |
|---|---|
| Peace News. (£12.) 8, Elm Avenue, Nottingham.
and 5, Caledonian Rd. London N.1 | Molesworth Bulletin (£8. sub.) Old School, Clopton. |
| | Green CND Bulletin (£6. sub.) 53, Bartlemas Rd. Oxford. |
| | GreenLine. (£8.) 34, Cowley Road, Oxford. |
| Dennis Gould. 6.10.85 | Green Anarchist. (£5. sub.) 19, Magdalen Rd. Oxford. |

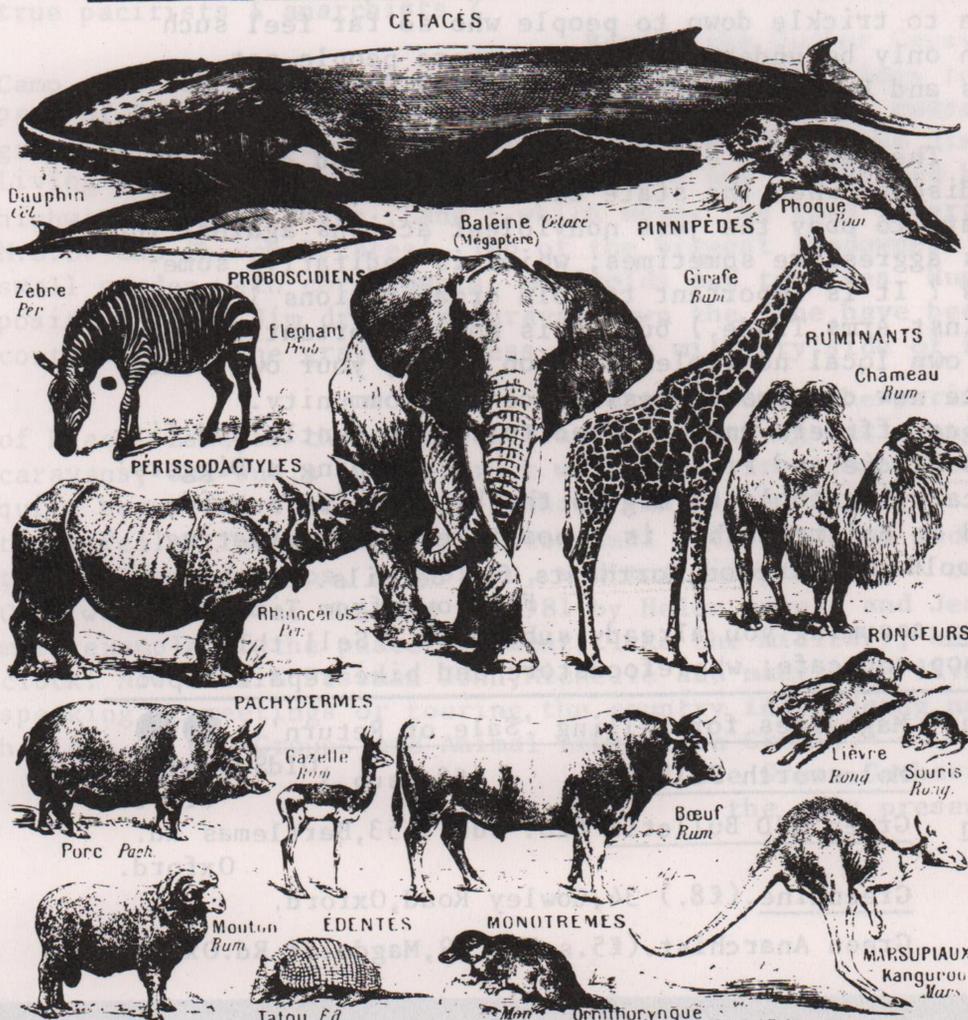
HUGGON'S HOT LIST: VIVA VIOLINISTS!

HUGGON's Hot List: a Violinist Busker's Choice: Kropotkin Lighthouse Production.

- Albums/
Cassettes.
1. The Coronation of Poppea: Claudio Monteverdi (opera)
Concentus Musicus of Vienna: conductor Nikolaus Harncourt (Das AlteWerk)
 2. String Quintet in C Major-Schubert:
Pablo Casals; Isaac Stern; Milton Katims; Paul Tortellier; Alex Schneider (CBS)
 3. Kenneth Patchen reading from his JOURNAL OF ALBION MOONLIGHT (Folkways)
 4. Sonatas & Partitas for unaccompanied Violin: J.S. Bach.
Yehudi Menuhin. (HMV)
 5. In My Life: Judy Collins (Elektra)
 6. Così van Tutte: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Conductor Karl Bohm. (Decca)
 7. The Marriage of Figaro: Mozart. Conductor Erich Kleber (Decca)
 8. Quartet in F Major: Opus 135: Beethoven. Janacek Quartet. (Supraphon)
 9. The Red Line: Aulis Sallinen: Conductor Okko Kamu. Opera. (Finlandia)
 10. Violin Concerto: Edward Elgar: Conductor Edward Elgar.
Yehudi Menuhin. 1932.

- Books.
1. Shelley: The Pursuit. by Richard Holmes.
 2. Journal Of Albion Moonlight:- Kenneth Patchen. (New Directions. USA)
 3. The Good Soldier Svejk;- Jaroslav Hasek. (Penguin Classic)
 4. The Illustrated Thoreau:- Henry David Thoreau.
Author of On The Duty of Civil Disobedience & Walden (Penguin)
 5. Collected Essays, Journalism & Letters:- George Orwell. (Penguin)
 6. The Complete Poems:- Percy Bysshe Shelley.
 7. Unfinished Journey:- Yehudi Menuhin.
 8. Shaw's Music. 3 vols. George Bernard Shaw.
 9. Mutual Aid: A Factor in Evolution:- Peter Kropotkin. (Dover. USA)
 10. Homage To Catalonia:- George Orwell. (Penguin)

- Jim Huggon. Free Association Violinist/RiffRaff Poets.



KATE GOULD ...

WHY ?

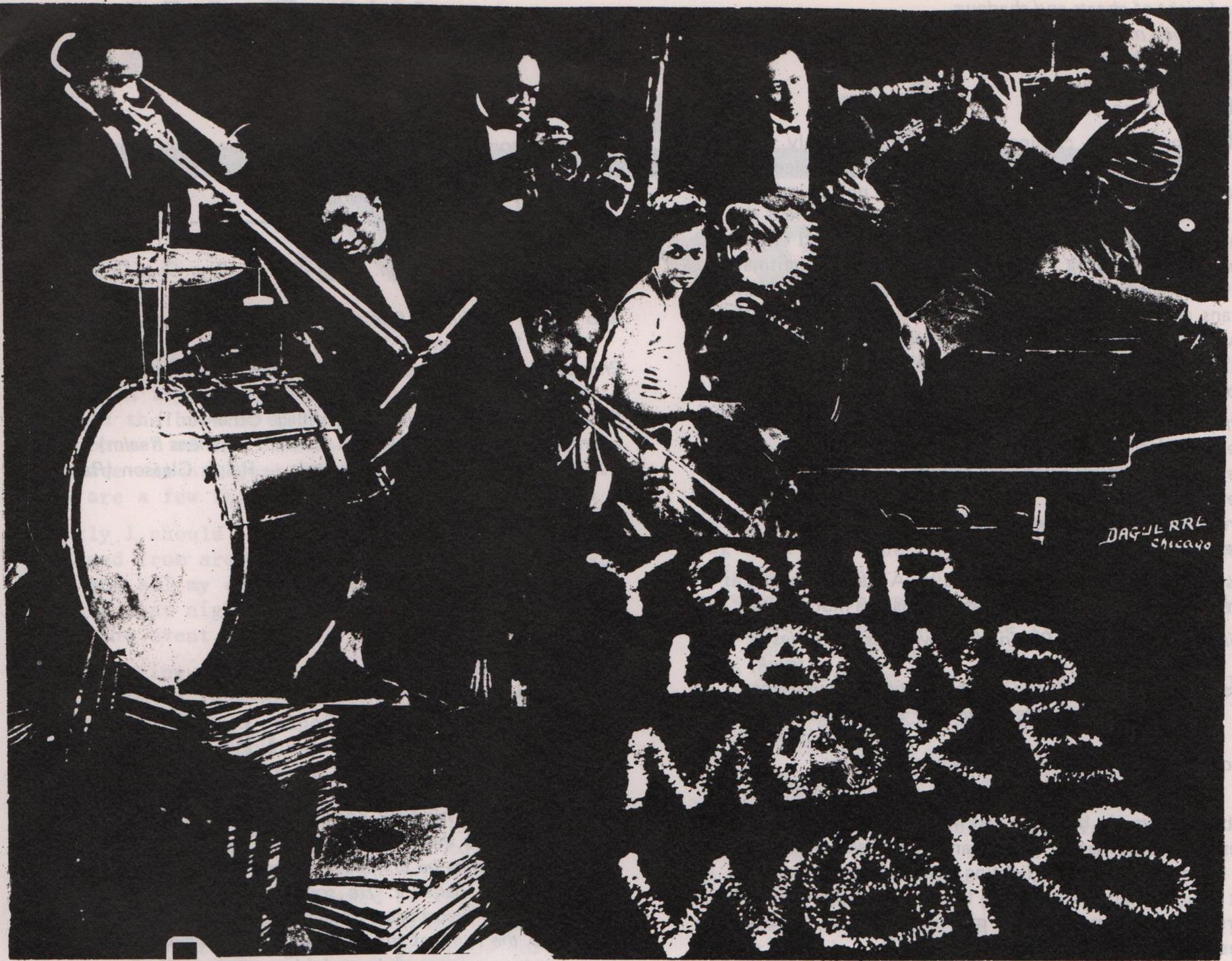
why were we compelled
to take away their liberty:
It does not seem quite fair
that we should take such precedence
we captured them and tamed them
we took away their spirits;
and yet when we control them
they seem not to mind:
I am convinced that they
are just as freedom-loving as
ourselves, but they just take it
in their stride as the life
they were born to lead.

Kate Gould (12)

Green CND is opposed to the whole nuclear chain -
from uranium mining to nuclear power to nuclear bombs.
Annie Davey is editor of Green CND Bulletin, 53, Bart-
elmas Road, Oxford. (Membership: £2. Bulletin £3.)
Secretary: Fiona Meehan, 6, Medora Road, London SW.2.

Green
CND





jayne

DJ Jayne Sherman's favourite twenty records (in no particular order).

- NEPA DANCE DUB Tony Allen (Earthworks)
- BLEACH IT London Underground (On-U)
- WARM Change (WEA)
- CANONEO Canononeo (Guacamole)
- AGBOJU LOGUN Shina Williams (Earthworks)
- HOLDIN' ON Tony Rallo & the Midnite Band (Calibre)
- SHUT ME MOUTH Ranking Dread (Greensleeves)
- PEANUT BUTTER (remix) Gwen Guthrie (Garage)
- NEXT TIME IT'S FOR REAL Kleer (Atlantic)
- IN AND OUT Willie Hutch (Motown)
- IF YOU WERE HERE TONIGHT Alexander O'Neill (Tabu)
- WHEN I GIVE MY LOVE TO YOU Michael Franks (Warner)
- TAKE YOUR HEART AWAY Kleer (Atlantic)
- THE SEARCH Chico Freeman (India Navigation)
- YOUR TEETH IN MY NECK Scientist (Greensleeves)
- CLEAN UP THE GHETTO Philadelphia Int. All Stars (CBS)
- MOVE ON UP Curtis Mayfield (Buddha)
- SAVE YOUR LOVE Rene and Angela (Mercury)
- THE JUNGLE War (RCA)
- RUSSELL AND ELLIOT Yusuf Lateef (Atlantic)

bebop a loola ?

Quite a diverse selection, as those who really know their music will suspect. From the amazing electro-African style of 'NEPA Dance Dub' (NEPA stands for Never Expect Power Always and refers to the government cutting off electricity supplies) to the slightly more traditionally African but equally hypnotic Shina Williams track. 'Shut Me Mouth' was, to my mind, the best thing bad man Ranking Dread did before he was killed a while back — I've never tired of it, or of the Scientist track, for although his dubs are a little too minimal and tiresome on occasions, he hits just the right balance here. 'The Jungle' by War is the best of the survival-in-the-big-bad-ghetto type song — it hits hard and powerful, and 'Clean Up the Ghetto' is the more constructive side of the coin. For the romantic in us all, the Alexander O'Neill (ex Flyte Tyme) track and the beautiful Michael Franks track where he duets with the velvet-voiced Brenda Russell (and the only good thing he's ever done) are essential and make wonderful bedside listening. The Chico Freeman and Yusuf Lateef tracks are a must for those who love the type of anguished sax playing to make you cry. If, on the other hand, your idea of fun is dancing the night away, try the 'Peanut Butter' remix, the classics 'In and Out' and 'Holdin' on' or the current big club hits by Kleer and Rene and Angela. Canoneo's album is for those inclined to more latiny rhythms, and Charlie Palmieri's 'A Giant Step' (which just missed the list) is another essential (although both LP's are only available on import and therefore expensive, they are worth every hard-earned penny).

Jayne Sherman

d.j. ch0ice list.

By a knight of ghosts and shadows
 I summoned me to tourney
 Ten leagues beyond
 The wide world's end
 Methinks it is no journey.

Haunting, mysterious, chilling. However, he certainly wrote 'Gates of Eden' and 'It's Alright Ma, I'm Only Bleeding'. 'Mr Tambourine Man' and 'Maggie's Farm', not to mention 'Love minus zero' and 'It's all over now baby blue'. He is also responsible for 'Desolation Row' which, with 'A hard rain', is arguably his best work. 'Desolation Row' is a nightmare journey through the mind of poets and painters and magicians and wizards and slumgoddesses. It is on his sixth, and even better than the previous album, 'Highway 61 Revisited'. This poem of existence and struggle is deserving to be published in its entirety, but here is a fragment from it:

"They're selling postcards of the hanging
 They're painting passports brown
 The beauty parlour's filled with sailors
 The circus is in town
 Here comes the blind commissioner
 They've got him in a trance."

It is as concise and carefully sculpted as 'A Hard Rain' and as important. If only our literary poets had half as much to say.

"Einstein disguised as Robin Hood with his memories in
 a trunk,
 Passed this way an hour ago with his friend a jealous monk
 He looked so immaculately frightful as he bummed a
 cigarette
 And went off sniffing drainpipes and reciting the
 alphabet."

The above is exactly how one can imagine Einstein to be . . . besides being that man of science and humanism we all know. "Ezra Pound and T S Elliot fighting in the captain's tower Whilst Calypso singers laugh at them, And fishermen hold flowers", seems to sum up for me the irrelevance of 'who is the best poet' or 'what is the better poetry'!

"Now at midnight all the agents
 And the superhuman crew
 Go out and round up everyone
 Who knows more than they do
 And bring them to the factory
 Where the heart-attack machien
 Is strapped across their shoulders
 And then the kerosene
 Is brought down from the castles
 By Insurance men who go, check,
 That nobody is escaping to
 Desolation Row." — 'Desolation Row'

Of course, Bob Dylan uses common language and everyday speech. However, uncommonly, he has something to tell, some stories to pass on, some ideas to throw out, some experiences to share. Supported by music which acts as an easy accompaniment to his poems the whole weight of his work is original and thoughtful beyond the pettiness of what or who constitutes good songs or good poems. His words are simple and direct without any literary pretence or desire to be part of 'literature'. Do try to listen to his songs — if you have so far ignored his words then give another careful ear to his poems because your sons and daughters may well be listening to his 'children' singing songs matured out of Bob Dylan's vast collection of poemsongs; beautiful and powerful and important. It may be you think these words overstated, but only you can judge for yourself by listening to his output of songs and poems. This biography may help you to know the man; the following articles listed will give an idea of his importance within the music world. Pacifists and anarchists should note his importance within the *spirit* of their beliefs — he may well carry a revolution unlikely to be surpassed by any change/takeover of any government, for although his revolution is within the world of popular music and will not shake authority directly, it will shake the foundations of inner authority, rigidity of personality,

bob dylan

fear of personal change, fear of trying new paths, new jobs even, new ways of living possibly. For Mr Bob Dylan speaks of personal issues, ideas and experiences.

References:

- A New Voice: Bob Dylan* — Gil Turner (*Sing Out*, October 1962).
Bob Dylan: Genius or Commodity — David Horowitz (*Peace News*, 11th December 1964)
Chimes of Freedom Flashing — Jeremy Rundall (*The Guardian*, 6th April 1965)
Bob Dylan — Israel Young (East Village Other no 1)
Learn From This Poet — Adrian Mitchell (*Womens Realm*)
Bob Dylan: The Children's Crusade — Ralph Gleason (*Ram-parts*, March 1966)

Records (Albums):

- Bob Dylan (March 1962)
 Freewheelin' Bob Dylan
 Times They Are A Changin'
 Another Side of Bob Dylan
 Bringing It All Back Home
 Highway 61 Revisited (August 1965)

dg

"He started his New York career as a disciple of Woody Guthrie via the technique of Jack Elliot. With the help of many friends he immersed himself in the entire range of American balladry. He soon became the first singer-writer to incorporate contemporary psychological ideas into the form of the traditional ballad stanza. He made contemporary words and ideas seem as if they were always there — and that is the work of the important artist."
 — Israel Young

Some Children.....

some children live in a home of their own
 some children live in no home
 some children live in childrens' homes
 some childrens' homes are no home at all.

some children eat garlic bread
 some children eat rye
 some children eat no bread at all
 some children eat no bread at all
 some children slowly die

some children play music
 some children play pool
 some children play football
 some children play the fool

some children play piano
 some children play violin
 some children play cello
 some children play sax & mandolin

some children live in a home of their own
 some children live in no home
 some children live in childrens' homes
 some childrens' homes are no home at all.

dennis gould.

riff

raff

poets.3

Lawrence Ferlinghetti.
 William's Desert Island Discs"
 Pacifists & Subversives: Editorial.
 RiffRaffPoets'HotFiftyAlbums.
 Gary Snyder Quotes;
 Rainbow Village History.
 Anarchist Punk Music;



jeff cloves

dennis gould

pat van twest

£1.

molesworth.

Yes, they are building the gas chambers in there
 Yes, they have plans for the incinerator
 No, they will not sift the bones for gold rings
 No, the skin will not be fit for parchment.

Did they clamour to pull down the barbed wire at Belsen
 Did they sit in front of lorries entering Dachau
 Did they meekly enter Auschwitz.

The women and children listened to the tannoy music
 And calmly filed into the waiting showerbaths
 The soldiers built fences. Architects drew plans. Contractors
 provided cement.

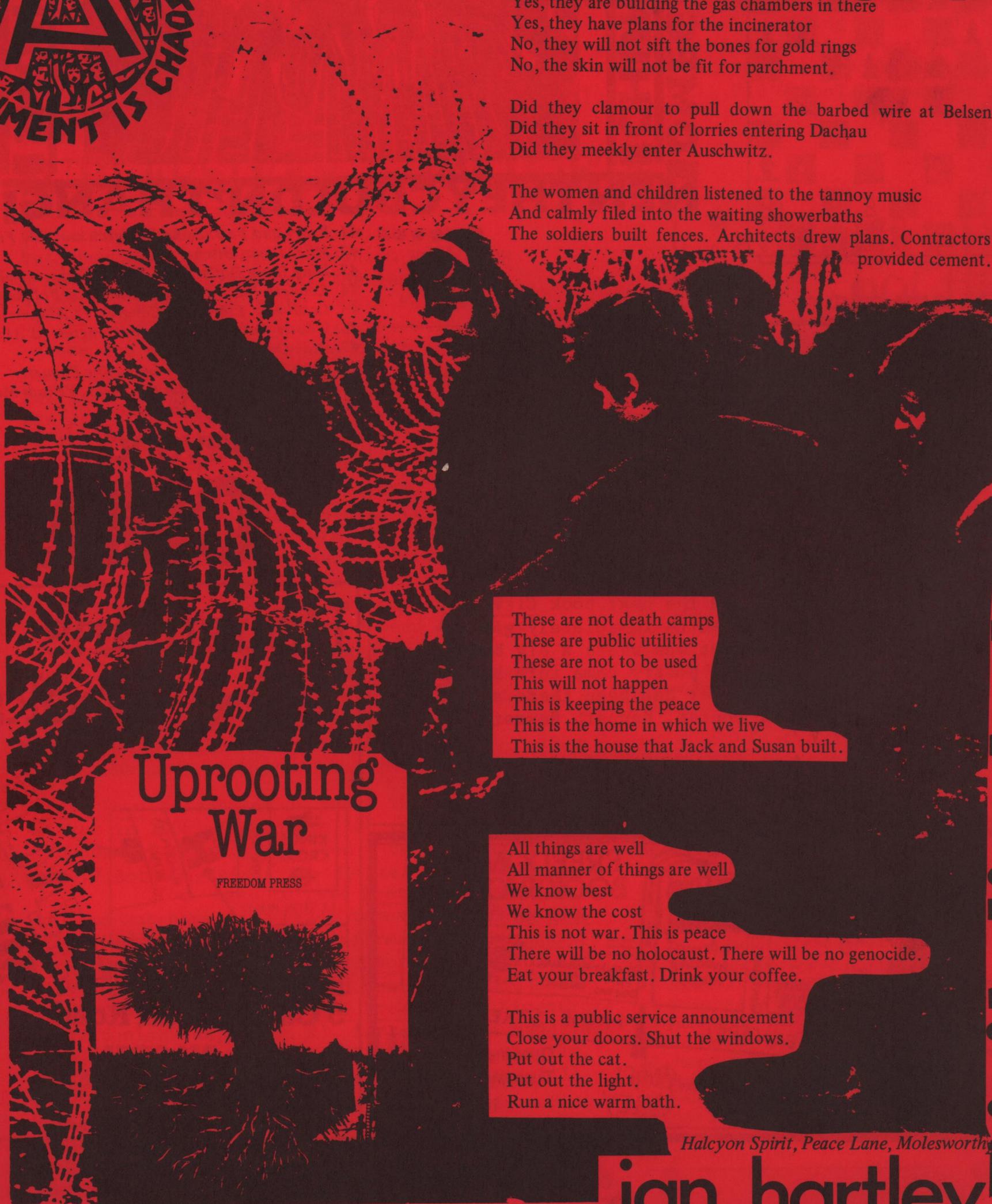
These are not death camps
 These are public utilities
 These are not to be used
 This will not happen
 This is keeping the peace
 This is the home in which we live
 This is the house that Jack and Susan built.

All things are well
 All manner of things are well
 We know best
 We know the cost
 This is not war. This is peace
 There will be no holocaust. There will be no genocide.
 Eat your breakfast. Drink your coffee.

This is a public service announcement
 Close your doors. Shut the windows.
 Put out the cat.
 Put out the light.
 Run a nice warm bath.

Halcyon Spirit, Peace Lane, Molesworth

ian hartley



Uprooting War

FREEDOM PRESS



nonviolent resistance

civil disobedience music