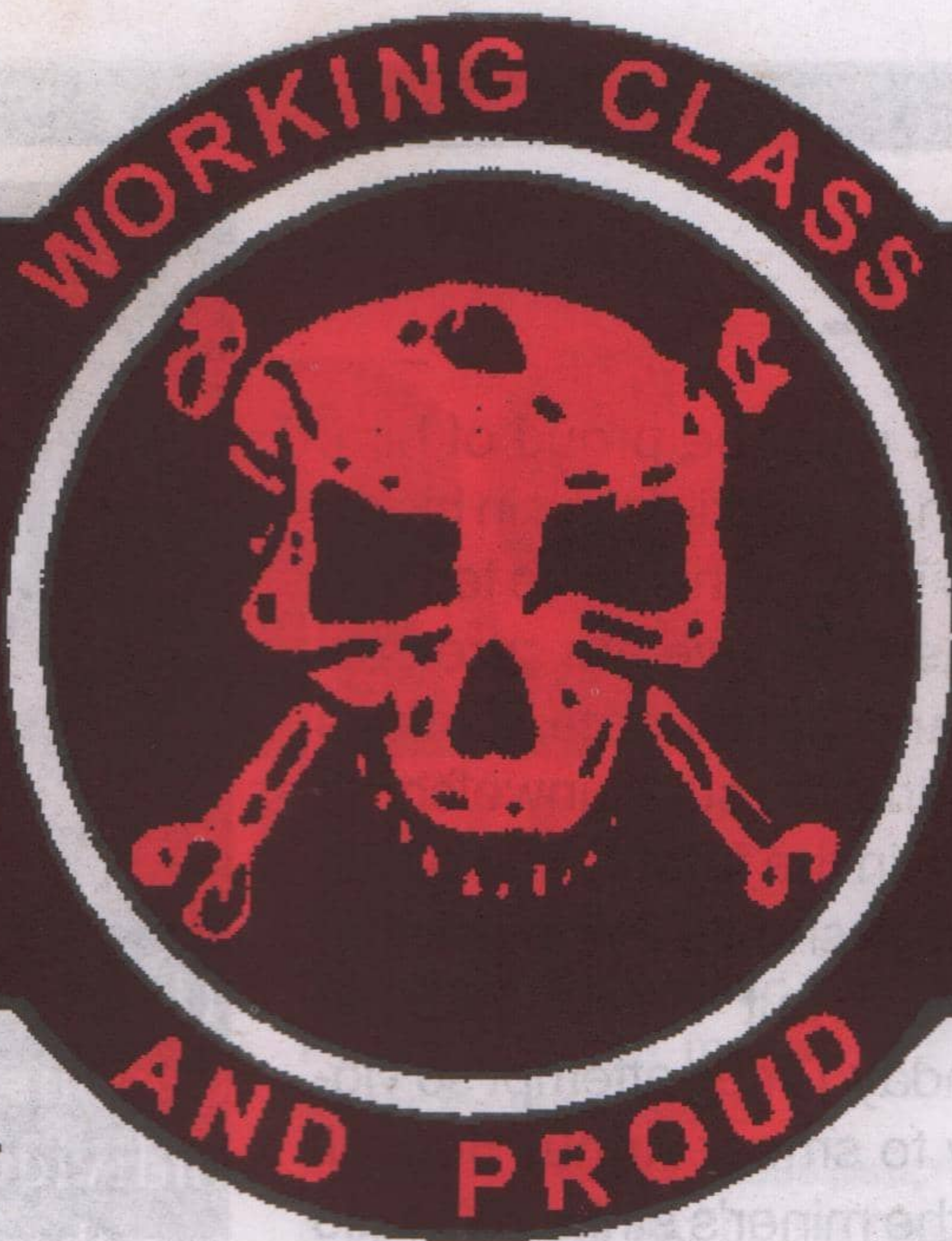


20283

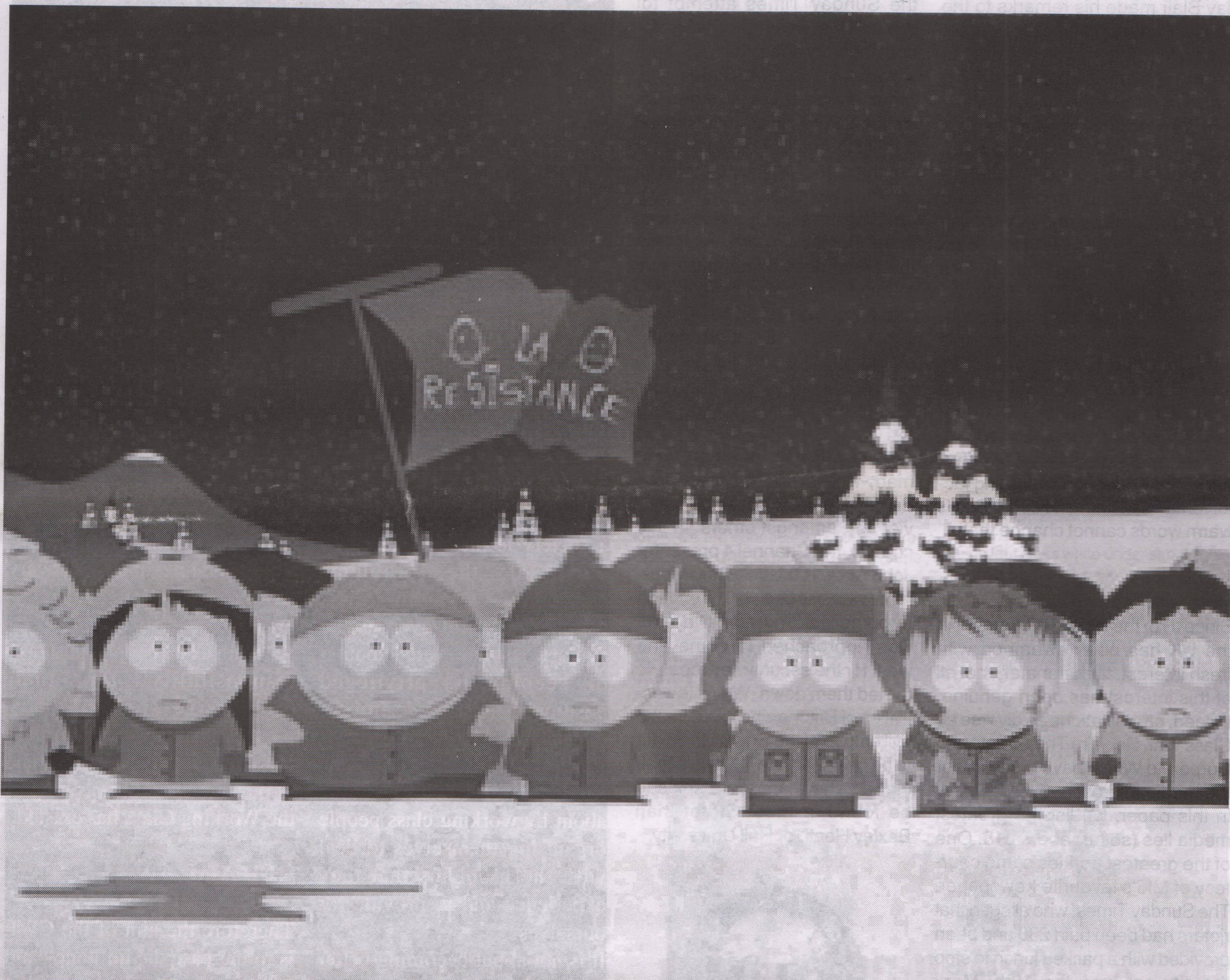
CLASS



WAR

The paper with a chip on each shoulder

Issue 78 **£1**



VIVE LA

RESISTANCE!

NEWS, VIEWS, SEX, DRUGS AND JUNE THE 18TH
 CLASS WAR BM BOX 357 LONDON WC1N 3XX

EDITORIAL

According to Tony Blair, the Class War is dead (where have we heard that before?). Mr Blair is a public school educated barrister, married to one of the country's top QCs and is leader of Britain's largest political party. As discussed in the previous editorial, it is one of the first tasks of every British Prime Minister to declare the Class War as over. Clearly, rumours of it's demise have been greatly exaggerated! On the day Blair made his remarks to the Labour Party conference in Bournemouth, the Countryside Alliance, an organisation bankrolled by, amongst others, the Duke of Westminster and Prince Charles, marched through Bournemouth. Such disputes between different sections of the ruling class present new opportunities and new possibilities for class struggle in this country. Whilst researching working class history for the Class War 2000 calendar, we were struck that throughout this century, and indeed this millenium, the working class has fought, fought and fought again against it's oppressors. As we enter the new millenium, we'll be fighting our oppressors in many different spheres, but one overriding factor remains - Them and us. Mr Blair's warm words cannot change that.

* * * * *

Since J18, the radical movement in the UK has been swamped with fresh interest. Unfortunately, not all of this interest has been genuine. Indeed, organisations as diverse as Class War, Reclaim The Streets and Corporate Watch have come under the media microscope. Elsewhere in this paper, we list the greatest media lies (so far) about J18. One of the greatest porkies came courtesy of MI5's favourite newspaper, The Sunday Times, who alleged that rioters had been paid £30 and been provided with a packed lunch to stop the city on June the 18th. Mark Macaskill has been particularly eager to do the State's bidding and denigrate those who took part in the Carnival Against Capitalism. Rupert

Murdoch must be proud of him. Although Macaskill failed in his attempt to infiltrate his office tea boy into Class War, we are sure ourselves and similar organisations will experience such unwelcome attention in the future. The question people should ask is not simply, "Who?", but "Why?". Why did the Sunday Times attempt so vigorously to smear Arthur Scargill during the miner's strike. Why did the Sunday Times attempt to smear ITV's "Death On The Rock" documentary about the SAS, and why are the Sunday Times and other newspapers so keen to smear today's radical movement? 99% of journalists would believe anything the police told them. 99.9% of journalists would believe anything the security services told them. Our task is not to work with the 1% of decent journalists out there, our task is to build the literature of the radical movement and replace the Establishment's media. We like a challenge.

Recently, Britain has gone spy mad, with a silly old bag from Bexley Heath exposed as a Soviet spy, amongst others. In this country, the Channel 4 presenter John Snow is the only British journalist who has been brave enough to come out and admit that he was approached to come and work for the security services. He turned them down. Whilst the activities of Britons who spied for the evil empire of the Soviet Union are to be despised, we can't help feeling that there are more spies to be found in Fleet Street than Bexley Heath or Hull University.



QUOTES

"Detector vans my arse!"

Jim Royle, in BBC1's The Royle Family, offering sound revolutionary advice from the comfort of his armchair.

"Then Dave produced this awful magazine called Class War. On the front page was a picture of a policeman in flames. It was just too dreadful for words...I'm now going to raise this in the House of Lords to see if the magazine should be allowed"

Lord Rowallan, talking about the previous issue of your favourite newspaper!



THIS IS CLASS WAR!

The Class War Federation is an organisation of groups and individuals who have come together to change the Society we live in, to improve the lot of working class people.

This Society is divided into classes based on control of its institutions and wealth. The Ruling Class - those who "own" the factories or natural resources - whether it's through shares or being chairman of the board etc., who are under normal circumstances supported by the Middle Class - those who gain their position in society by patronage of the Ruling Class - who carry out their dirty work of controlling and (dis)organising the working class who do all the necessary work. Such a society is the root cause of most of the problems experienced by Working Class people the World over. as the Ruling Class has every intention of keeping its privileged position it must be destroyed - this is Class War.

Real change can only come about by working class people organising themselves to deal with the problems that they experience and to provide for ourselves.

It is not about becoming better treated slaves but masters of our destiny. Direct action is necessary against the individuals and institutions who stand in the way of this. There is no alternative. Violence is a necessary part of the Class War

- not as elitist terrorists but as an integrated part of the Class - they started it, we'll have to finish it!

Class society creates other abuses based upon the prejudices of Ruling or Middle Class such as gender, ethnic origin, sexuality, disability. The Ruling Class often use these to divide our class. We must unite on the basis of we have in common our Working Class backgrounds and needs.

The Class must fight these divisions, on all fronts. Above all the CWF believes that politics cannot be separated from life - and life from politics. We reject the missionary/ righteous so called "revolutionary" Left. Our politics must be fulfilling and relevant to our every day lives.

Working Class people must take responsibility for their progressive revolutionary politics - fly by night middle class radicals have been the bane of our movement for as long as the Working Class has existed.

OUR AIM

Therefore the aim of the CWF is to increase the militancy and self awareness of the Working Class in defending their interests and solving their problems. We do this through propaganda, active participation and debate as equals.

Class Compensation

Nice to see the women cop in South Yorkshire getting compensation because of offensive remarks from male colleagues (she'd joined the police force - what the fuck did she expect?) She has been awarded £119,000. Meanwhile the awards for miners who have had their physical well being scarred by vibration white finger and/or chronic

bronchitis from coal dust, are starting to see their compensation come through - an average of £5000.

A cops feelings = £119,000
A miners lungs = £5,000.

New Labour, Old Britain.

If They Had Brains They Would Be Dangerous!

Welcome to Class War's regular round up of bungling bobbies and calamitous constables. Whilst we are sure most Class War readers had a good laugh at the Channel 4 series "Coppers" and particularly enjoyed the riot episode, we hope you still have room on your plate for the following;

Lancashire - One area of society where it seems safe sex is not being practised is Lancashire Constabulary. After the well publicised deaths of Tory MP Stephen Milligan and rock star Michael Hutchence in "auto erotic sex accidents" the message should have got out that hanging yourself by the neck whilst playing pocket billiards is a somewhat dangerous practice.

To the list of Milligan and Hutchence must be added PC Andrew Gibbs of Rufford, Lancs who's missus got a bit of a shock when she returned from Sainsbury's and found her husband hanging about in the bedroom.

Not only was he very dead but he was not exactly dressed in the uniform expected of Lancashire's finest. Readers wishing to compensate Mrs Gibbs for her sad loss should of course send a new pair of stockings and suspenders c/o Lancashire Police HQ as soon as possible.

Bedfordshire - Pardon! Health and Safety officers have pounced on Bedfordshire cops after tests revealed that 12 of the county's 14 dog handlers are partially deaf in one ear. It seems that the constant yapping of their German Shepherds, unhappy at being shut up in the back of vans, has damaged the poor dear's eardrums. I wonder how the Health and Safety Commission would explain the large number of Bedfordshire cops who appear to wear glasses?

Staffordshire - Staying with matters canine, Staffordshire Police have had to retire 4 year old Barney after he refused to chase an intruder into a darkened golf clubhouse. Whilst we would put Barney's behaviour down to a fine display of class consciousness, he has sadly been labelled a scaredy cat and given the bullet - hopefully not literally.

City of London - Those rotters at the Evening Standard have been launching a determined campaign to abolish the City of London police force following its inspired handling of June 18th's Carnival Against Capitalism. It was somewhat cruel therefore for virtually every newspaper in the country to feature the anonymous City of London motorcycle officer who came unstuck whilst riding past the Royal Courts of Justice.

To most of us a series of traffic cones in front of freshly laid cement over a large hole, would signal danger. Then again most of us do not work for City of London police. When the inevitable happened PC Thick had to scream for passers by to help, as his bike begin to sink. As Dionne Warwick would say "Walk on By"



South Yorkshire - We are all familiar with the saying "as happy as a pig in shit" but Sheffield resident Jim Fulton has actually seen it in action! Using the latest heat seeking technology attached to the force's helicopter, South Yorkshire police decided they had found a missing boy - inside Mr Fulton's steaming compost heap!

However despite a full and thorough search of the steaming pile, the police found nothing (except for a crowd of giggling onlookers) whilst the missing boy turned up safely several miles away.

Perhaps predictably our champion chumps award this issue goes to the City of London Police. Never one's to spoil a party they set back and let people get on with it on J18, for which we are all eternally grateful. Cheers!

Until next time keep 'em peeled.

It's Your Page 3

Hospitalised Copper

...Bollocks to Racism!

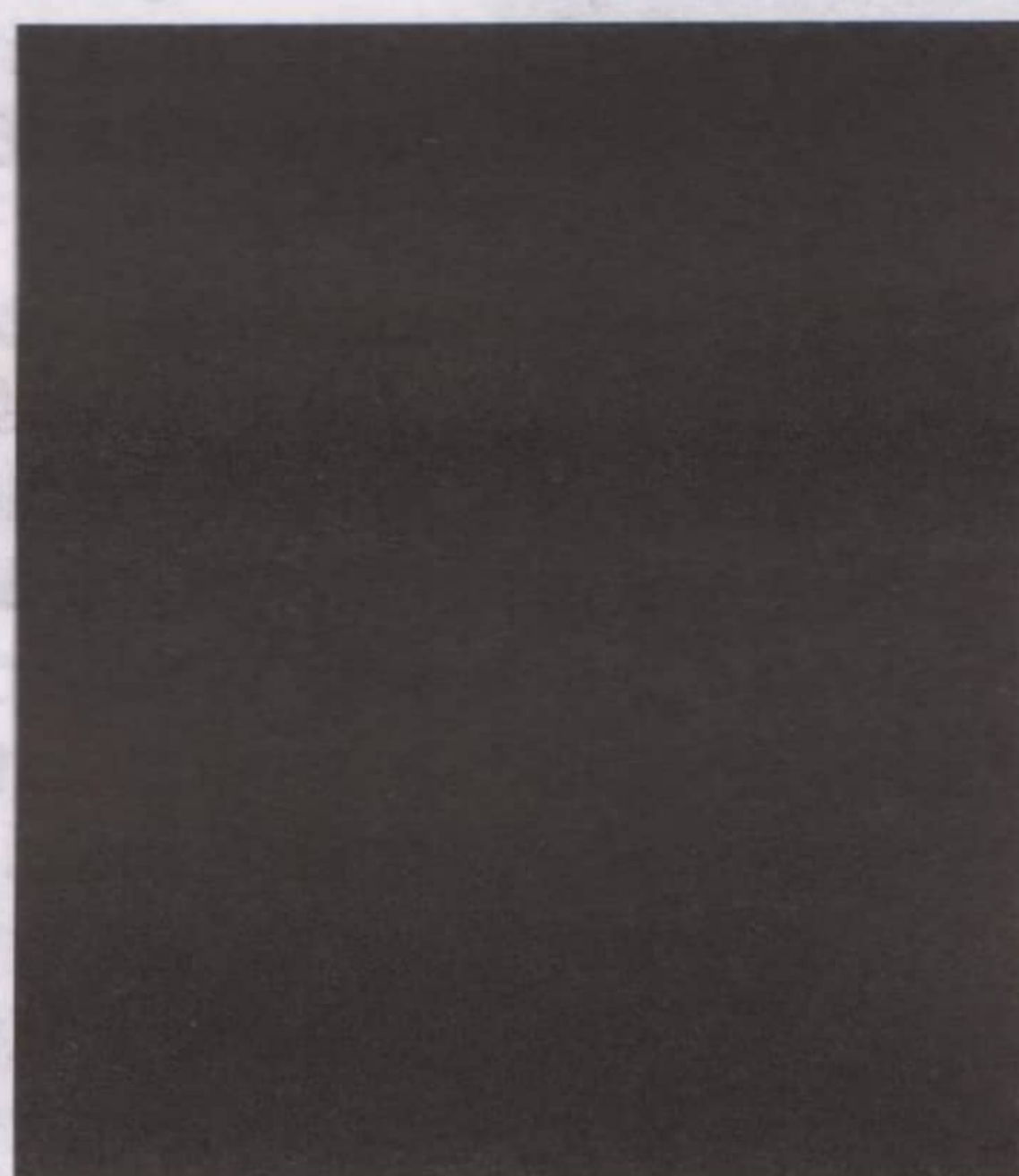
As Class War is a family publication we are unable to reproduce the photographic evidence in this case "swollen and grazed testicles".

Nathaniel Abbey is a 22 year old Londoner who went up to Fort William to take a driving course. Whilst relaxing in the evening Nathaniel was unlucky enough to encounter Northumbria PC Gary Burt, who with his friends, launched into a tirade of racist abuse towards Nathaniel.

When he left the area he was followed by Burt and his mates to a second bar, and then finally to a taxi rank where eventually Mr. Abbey's considerable patience snapped - leaving PC Burt with more than his pride hurt.

Tellingly Mr. Burt did not want to give a statement to Scottish police.....who promptly prosecuted Nathaniel Abbey anyway. We are pleased to report that this working class hero was found not guilty. Following the MacPherson Report into the Stephen Lawrence case, Chief Constables across Britain jostled each other to be the first to admit to the new buzz word of institutionalised racism. It sounded like flannel and any working

class person with experience of the police know it was flannel. At the time of writing Gary Burt is still serving with Northumbria Police, who have said no investigation would be launched until a formal complaint was received. How can you get more formal than the findings of a court case?



PC Burt's testicles.....not for family viewing!

Nothing Ever Burns Down By Itself

Thanks go to our European Class War comrades for this one. Details are unfortunately sketchy, but we just couldn't turn down a picture like this. The unfortunate copper below is obviously lacking in the common sense department - After being doused in petrol during "an incident", the brainless bobby decided to calm down in the time honoured fashion - By having a fag. Unfortunately for him, naked flames and petrol fumes don't mix too well, and the poor mite managed to singe a lot more than his eyebrows.



Always Carry a Donor Card

Readers of Class War may recall the dispute earlier in the year when some old bigot in Yorkshire stipulated that on their impending death they would give their organs to medical science. There was one proviso - They could only be given to a white patient.

The story served as a happy distraction for the then Health Secretary, Frank Dobson, who at the time of the story breaking was under considerable fire from the British Medical Association. The BMA were making the rather obvious point, at their conference in Belfast, that the National Health Service appears to be no better under Labour than it was under the Conservatives.

Dobson knocked them off the front pages so quickly with his vehement condemnations of racism in the health service that suspicious minds (and some not so suspicious) began wondering if the tale of the terminally ill racist was new at all, or whether it had been "kept back" by Labour's spindoctors for just such an emergency. After all, anyone with a basic understanding of Britain today knows that to Tony Blair the only doctors that matter are the spindoctors.

Whatever the background to this shabby affair, activists in Yorkshire quickly notched up this rather nifty donor card, which we are happy to endorse. Simply photocopy the article, fill the box in and keep it in your wallet at all times.

On a more serious note, why not "double up" and carry a genuine card whilst you are at it? Get the form from your local doctor's surgery.

Cut out the Donor Card around the dotted line, fold it, and keep it with you at all times.

FOLD HERE

Let your friends and relatives know your wishes. Don't let the enemy get your corpse!

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

Anti-BNP Donor Card

I would like to help someone to live after my death, but not someone who should be dead anyway.

I request that after my death any part of my body be used for the treatment of others. However, no part of my body may be used for the treatment of members of the British National Party, serving or retired police officers, members of the British Royal Family, or anyone entitled to sit in the House of Lords.

Signature _____ Date _____

Full name _____

You Sexy Thing!

The fortnightly jaunt to the job (joke) centre to sign on was somewhat livened up recently for claimants of Preston Employment Service. Obviously fucked off at the state of things a claimant stormed in, yelling for a decent job and the reinstatement of his dole. Nothing unusual in that, however we all know how difficult it is to get attention in these places - so our one man protest made his point in a different way - stark bollock naked! During fits of laughter and total respect for the hero, he was bundled to the ground by rattled security staff and ejected by the filth.

Our intrepid reporter (who considered it his duty as a journalist to get as close up as possible) noted the merriment - and support - expressed by fellow claimants. Later in the day our reporter was to be found "enjoying" an interview with a Client Advisor, and who should be sitting

at a nearby desk but the Preston Streaker himself! It turned out that he had had his dole money stopped for going incorrectly dressed to an interview and not conducting himself properly - hence the naked protest. Although this livened up the day and provided a laugh as well as scaring the ES staff, there are a few issues that come to light here. Firstly, any demo in whatever form against the Employment Service and their slave labour schemes should be applauded. Secondly we must resist any cuts in benefits to claimants we can hardly manage on £40 a week as it is!

Finally the state has no fucking right to determine how we should act or dress - since when have dole staff been an authority on dress sense! As for the hero of the day - are the Chippendales using New Deal?

Signing On Tips

* Don't panic if forced to apply for a job you do not want. Its hard enough to get a job as it is. If you put your 'worst' side forward, ie a criminal record, previous sackings, illness etc and ask questions about trade union representation, sick pay, holidays - you are certain not to get the job.

* Signing clerks do not have all day to deal with you. If you are friendly and polite they are not on the defensive and think you are easy. Ask stupid questions to waste their time (working and signing abroad or starting your own business are two good examples) This will deflect attention from your job search and make them feel useful.

* Get clued up on Employment Service regulations. You will be surprised how little signing on clerks know. They are poorly paid and undertrained. If you know your rights and discuss their rules with them they can end up giving up on you for fear they know less about their job than you!

* If your giro is cut always appeal and always seek advice from solicitors, claimants groups, advice centres and friends - you learn nothing in isolation! Often the job centre make mistakes and loopholes can be exploited - did you know that ANY photocopied forms are inadmissible in evidence in court? Adjudication officers can and do side with a strong appeal - if you do not appeal however, nobody will side with you!

* On your job seekers agreement you will probably have to agree to visit the job centre a couple of times a week. This does not mean you will have to apply for jobs. A good tip, if pressed, is to apply for a couple of jobs you are clearly not qualified for.

Finally network with active claimants groups such as Brighton Against Benefit Cuts, Brighton & Hove Unemployed Workers Centre, 4 Crestway Parade, Hollingdean, BN1 7BL. Or Haringey Solidarity Group PO Box 2474, London N8. Tel 0181 374 5027. Only by sharing information can we go on to share knowledge.

QUOTES

From Posh Spice to Dead Spice

"All I said was that John is working class - he is the grandson of a miner and the son of a railwayman. But he thinks he is middle class and took exception. He has snubbed me and other relatives since"

Bert Prescott - Father of deputy Prime Minister John Prescott. Sadly Bert, that's what being in the Labour party does to people.

"Situation in Yugoslavia is getting worse from day to day. State terrorists executed Albanians. Milosevic is trying to get rid of Albanian problem by blitzkrieg tactic, but I think Americans and Europeans won't tolerate that. It seems that Serbian nationalists will again face the fact that what they gain on the battlefield, they will lose on the green table"

P, a Yugoslavian anarchist, in a prophetic letter to Class War in autumn 1998.

"In America the primary signifier is race - in Britain its class"

American historian and Into Africa presenter Henry Louis Gates. True enough on one level, but is he really implying America has no working class? Who does all the work then?

Who said nothing good ever came out of hunting! Class War Hunt Sabs would like to join the chorus of laughter in Suffolk about the case of Sarah Spicer of Pakenham.

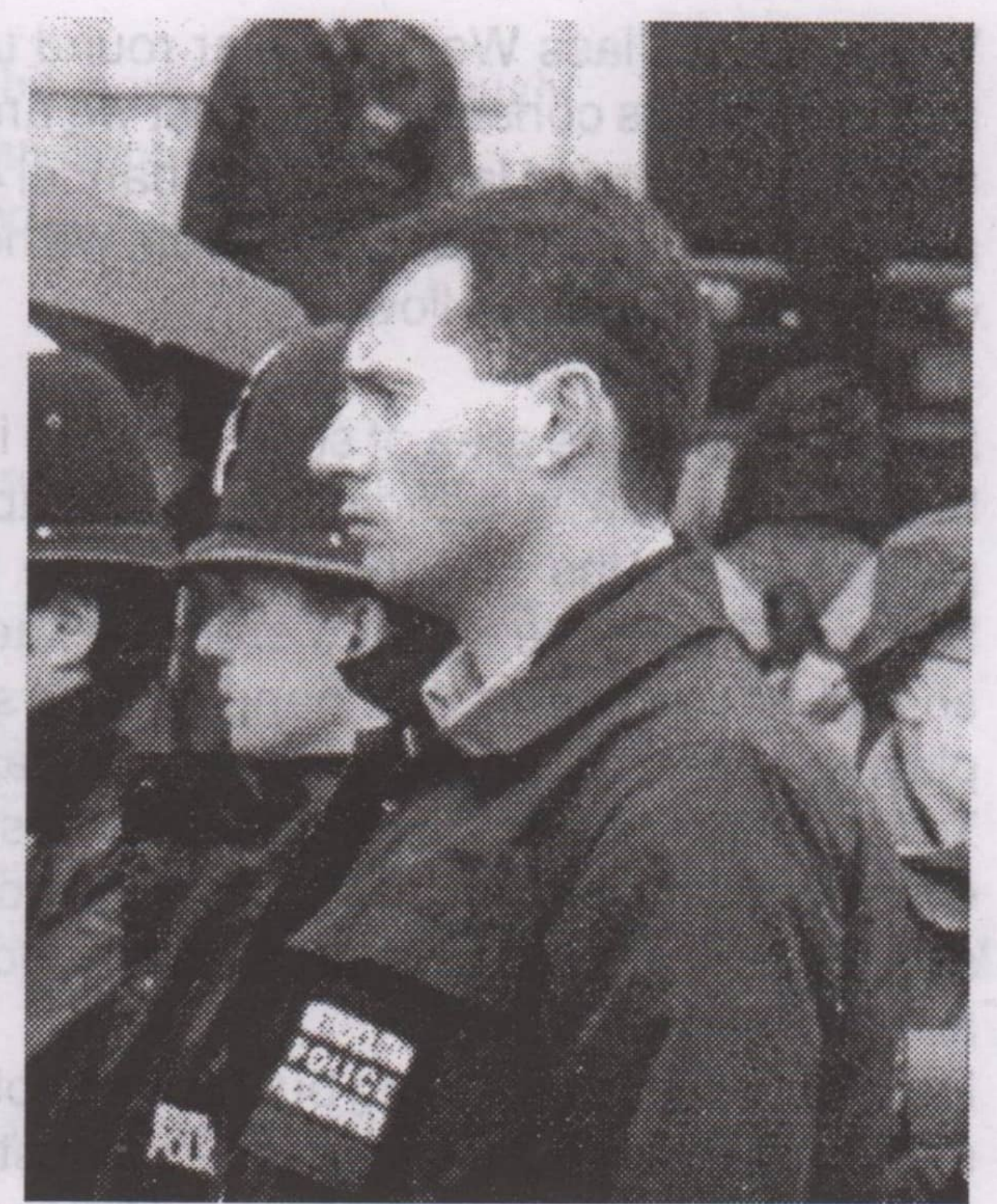
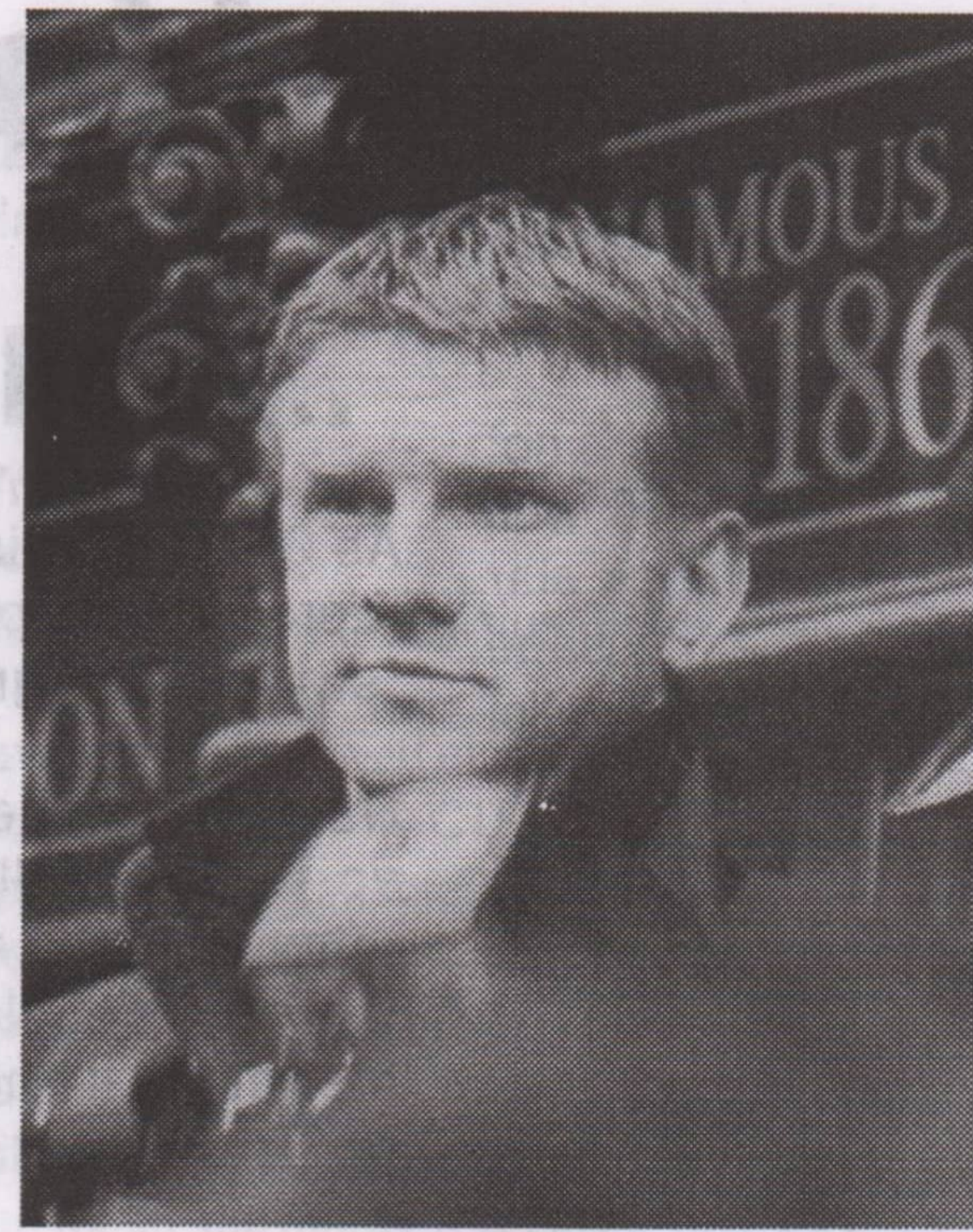
Not content with rampaging around East Anglia killing wildlife for fun, posh Spice Sarah travelled up to Leicestershire to join the particularly exclusive Belvoir Hunt. Unfortunately her horse on the day had other ideas and threw her head first on to an asphalt road! Whilst a more fitting death would have been for Spicer to be chased for several miles by a pack of dogs, bitten and then savaged to death and eaten, who are we to look a gift horse in the mouth!

To top off a great result all round her son Charles told the inquest "She knew it was a dangerous sport but it was what she loved best"

Class War Hunt Sabs can be contacted at BM Box 357, London, WC1N 3XX.

Big Brother Update

Pictures are still coming in of cops watching us, watching them. Here's two more ugly mugs to keep a watch out for, snapping away at a MA'M demo and remember if you know em - shop em!



Doing Good Down Under!

The story of Ned Kelly, although pathetically told by Mick Jagger in that pisspoo film, still lives on 120 years after his death. Ned Kelly and his gang became famous for doing what millions of working class people the world over dream about - robbing banks. Sadly all good things come to an end and despite inventing the protected suit, Kelly was convicted of murdering a policeman and hanged in 1880.

Like other working class heroes - Robin Hood comes to mind - Kelly entered folklore because he was willing to fight back - if you don't fightback you can never win. We are pleased to report that nearly a century later, Ned Kelly is inspiring people again.

After his death, the filth put his skull on display in the old Melbourne jail's museum. This sick charade was ended by Tom Baxter, who stole the skull as he

did not think it should be displayed in such a manner - it has remained, hidden from view ever since.

Next came the intervention of Jesuit priest Father Peter Norden who has demanded the return of the skull to give it a Christian burial along with the rest of the body at Pentridge Prison.

Baxter however will not play ball. He is demanding that the house where Kelly's family lived be turned into a museum, and that the body should be buried close to the Kellys family home, not on the property of the state that killed him. "It is an awesome and sacred responsibility but it's not my intention it (the skull) should be returned to the crown".

Somehow we think Ned Kelly's in better hands with Tom Baxter than he would be with the Australian state.

Direct Action

quarterly magazine of the
Solidarity Federation-
International Workers Association

workplace news

community views

international comment

practical solidarity

free sample copy:

Po Box 29, SWPDO,

Manchester, M15 5HW.

0161 232 7889

www.directa.force9.co.uk

Defeat Your Enemy, Defeat Your Manager!

As previously shown in issue 77 of Class War, it was determined that the manager was the enemy of the working class. Managers, who are the agents of the ruling class, are essentially the unofficial police force of any Capitalist society. They are an unwelcome intrusion into our personal lives and are solely there to manipulate us for their own personal gain. Be it in the private or public sector, the manager is a degenerate capitalist who employs 'business ethics' (pardon the contradiction!) to control us.

The concept of management is inherently vile, something that must be eradicated in order to establish a society based on reason and true justice. There will never be any equal opportunities within a society that employs unaccountable, unelected, socially inept eunuchs, who feel the urge to control. In a paradoxical way, the manager is a victim of their own debased personality, i.e. their perceived strength is in fact a weakness. In order to maintain their own mental equilibrium, they must satisfy the urge to control. It is they who are being controlled by their own base instincts. We are stronger for we are empowering ourselves with our own free will and not responding to some sort of perverted sexual urge. The manager is a rapist of working class will and solidarity. We all know how to deal with rapists, don't we?! Herein

lies their weakness and our opportunity to win the class struggle!

Now for some food for thought.

For those who are psychologically inclined...
Definition of a manager: A person who is not in control of their own life, unless they believe they are in control of other peoples' lives.

And for those who are philosophically inclined...

The manager: The disorder of man's natural order.

Our philosophy is simple, we use man-anger (and women anger) to remove the manager!

After disrupting and undermining their authority in the workplace, we take the battle to a place which will provide us with more opportunities to crush these cockroaches. The place - Their homes!

Through our superior will and vision, we will remove the obscenity of management, so we can manage ourselves for the ultimate goal: Social justice for all. Manage yourselves and not other people!

Broadly speaking, there are three aspects of the manager which we can exploit, to further

our cause of liberation from the evil of authority, culminating in natural order.

1. Reputation

The manager relies on his/her reputation in order to mesmerise the weaker members of our class; quite similar to the way in which a snake sets up it's prey for the kill. If we destroy their reputation, we destroy their credibility and they are seen for what they are - Disease ridden parasites. They become vulnerable and will no longer have their influence. Destroy the manager's reputation, destroy the manager! They will be flushed away into the toilet of history, drowning in their own faeces of failure.

Why not consider the following suggestions to help you in your pursuit of freedom?

A) Wouldn't your manager be shocked to use a public telephone, only to find postcards displaying details of their name, address, telephone number etc., offering sexual services involving multiple partners, animals, handbags, corpses, etc?

B) "Wanted for conning old people out of their life savings" posters displaying their faces and personal details, in public houses and bus stations, would do little to enhance their reputation would it?

2. Social and Family Life

No man is an island, and certainly not the manager! By destroying the manager's social life, we destroy their pride and mental health, leaving them as gibbering, slobbering wrecks - useless and incapacitated.

a) Leaving romantic messages on their answering machines, or sending letters to their partners from their 'lovers', would certainly keep their marriages in order?

b) Informing their close friends that their friend, 'the manager', is screwing their partner, would certainly help spice up an already damaged relationship.

c) Phone the police and report a flasher on the local common. Give your manager's description.

3. Their Freedom

We all value freedom - so does the manager, at least to ruin our lives. We run our lives through the ruin of others. Running from ruin!

a) A bag of coke within their shed and a call to the drug squad would do their freedom a lot of good. (The only disadvantage here is a waste of good coke).

b) Flat car tyres and sand within their petrol tank, would give their freedom to drive a run for their money.

c) Stolen bicycles, found by police in their gardens would give them the ride of their lives!

Working Class Heroes!

Class War would like to praise local youths who vandalised a shrine to dead little piggy PC Lawrence Brown who was gunned down in 1990, in Hackney.

On the 9th anniversary, local youths sprayed "1 dead pig, Fuck the Police" over the memorial. Cop supporting film director Michael Winner, who helped put up the memorial, is calling for CCTV to be installed to protect it. He also claims that the memorial has been vandalised before and that people walking past spit on it just because he was a policeman.

Where will the money for this CCTV come from? Whilst Winner says he would like to make a "contribution" - being a film director we bet he could, no doubt the cops will expect it to come from the public purse. Perhaps if the filth want memorials and CCTV Stoke Newington police should donate some of their coke dealing proceeds!

At Class War we think it about time that other memorials were put up around London - to people who have been killed by the police, and next year "mask up" when desecrating piggy Brown's shrine - you never know who's looking.

Within 10 days of Winner and the Hackney Gazette bursting into tear's about some slogans sprayed on a wall, the police shot dead an unarmed man walking home from the pub, just a mile and a half up the road. Harry Stanley's only crime was to be carrying a table leg in a plastic bag and to turn around when the police challenged him. For this he was shot dead, his body left uncovered in a residential street for 3 hours whilst the police searched for clues (?) Class War will be writing to Michael Winner, inviting him to put up a memorial to Harry Stanley, in the area where he lived and was liked. Somehow, we don't think Winner will have the guts to reply.

Mission Yuppie Eradication Project

Nestor Makhno is alive and well and living in San Francisco! Rumours of his demise have been greatly exaggerated! Nestor is now the public face of the Mission Yuppie Eradication Project (MYEP), which with several other groups is resisting the gentrification of the Mission district of S.F. Nestor has been targeted by the filth for his role in struggling against the invasion of yuppie scum into the mission. He was recently nicked on trumped up charges, subsequently dropped, but he had to

pay \$1060 to get out on bail. Makhno's house was raided while he was in custody - the SFPD took the usual things. His only "crime" was putting up posters urging resistance to the influx of expensive yuppie bars and restaurants. In London, Stoke Newington has been gentrified as have Brixton and Ladbrooke Grove. This is now spreading to Hackney. If we follow the example of MYEP's struggle and target posh bars and restaurants the scum use, we could, and should,

reclaim the areas we live in. Target the property developers, landlords and boutiques - As the MYEP say, "Be creative- Take action - Don't get caught!" One such property developer in San Francisco is Robert Cort, Jr. He is a 30-something commercial real estate owner who still lives with his mom and dad at 757 3rd Ave., in the Richmond district of S.F. He evicted seven tenants to clear a property eighteen months ago - It's still empty. If you want an American penpal, drop him a line.

Anarchist Trade Union Network

As mentioned in the last Class War, the ATU is now up and running a producing a regular bulletin called - unoriginally - Fighting Talk. This is well worth a look, as are some of the ideas knocking around in the network. At the moment the ATU has interest from members of the TGWU, Unison, RMT, NUJ and CWU. Eventually they plan a regular conference of anarchists inside trades unions. They can be contacted at: Box EMAB (ATU), 88 Abbey Street, Derby. DE22 3SQ.

Wish You were Here

Welcome to what we hope will be a regular column of travel tips. A comrade in Spain recommends Andorra in the Spanish mountains. CS spray was being sold openly in all shapes and sizes at a reasonable price, pepper sprays, laser pens, all types of truncheons, top of the range surveillance equipment etc. The shops were selling these items for people to protect themselves as obviously they cannot rely on the police to do it for them. Always pay by cash as credit cards can be traced.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL ANARCHIST BOOK FAIR



SATURDAY 16 OCTOBER 1999 from 10am onwards
CONWAY HALL, RED LION SQUARE, LONDON WC1 (NEAREST TUBE HOLBORN)

Judge Dred-ful

We cannot move for people telling us that we are moving into a new Millenium. Yet a recent poll has shown that despite the governments promise to "modernise our judiciary" little has changed. A survey of 85 judges revealed that they continue to be white, male, middle class, elderly and out of touch twats.

The survey showed:

78 were white males, 7 were women
79 percent had been to public schools
73 percent had been to either Oxford or Cambridge
1 in 5 were over 60
less than 1 percent came from working class or ethnic minority communities

Its about time someone reminded the coffin dodging senile old judges that we will fight them and their system all the way, especially the injustices that their bullshit regime brings with it.

Victorian Values

We still have no less than 25 Victorian city centre jails - another example of the UK moving forward into the 21st century!

An inspection of the notorious Wormwood Scrubs, always a troubled nick, has seen it being described as "evil" and "callous" and seen 25 prison guards suspended. 12 have been charged with assaulting inmates - lets hope that in this instance the criminal gets returned to the scene of the crime!

On a lighter note, the Home Office ban on journalists visiting prisoners in order to investigate possible miscarriages of justice has been ruled unlawful.

The great almighty law lords have said that a prisoner has "a right to seek, through interviews, to persuade a journalist to investigate his/her allegations of miscarriage of justice in the hope that his/her case may be reopened"

Raising The Roof



There must have been something good in the air on June 18th as the day also saw a lively rooftop protest at HMP Highpoint in Suffolk. Police and warders armed to the teeth were deployed as 5 women took to the roof in protest at prisoners being forcibly separated from their friends in the prison.

The famous 5 had food and drink lowered down to them by other prisoners, and the usual media blackout was avoided, due to a released prisoner going straight to the media on her release. As bits of the prison roof rained down, the authorities could hardly deny anything was going on!

Class War prisoners need to know as much as possible about events like these - keep the information flowing.

Ban Lifted

The ban, which started in 1995 was challenged successfully by 2 prisoners, but that decision was then overturned by that weedy little turd Jack "man of" Straw. The 2 prisoners concerned are serving life for murders they did not commit - one of whom has just had his case referred to the court of appeal. In the past many of the convictions overturned on appeal have only been done

so after the intervention of campaigning journalists, families of prisoners and support groups. It is not hard to see what the government are up to here. So up yours Jack Straw!

For more info on Class War Prisoners and other prison support groups send an SAE to Class War Prisoners, PO Box 467, London, E8 3QX. Class War is free to prisoners.

With Success Like This, Who Needs Failure!

Having lived it up in the city on June 18th, over 3000 demonstrators went to Trafalgar Square for the Movement Against the Monarchy's anti-royal wedding rally. The next day Prince Edward and Sophie Rhys-Jones married in Windsor, amidst a media panic about possible protests against the great day. The BBCs' live coverage of the event got slightly lower viewing figures than its recent repeats of "Are You Being Served?"

However it seems we have all got it wrong about the new Earl of Wessex. According to Edward himself, our contempt for His Royal Highness is not based on the fact that he is one of the more witless members of a particularly witless family. We do not despise him because the rules were bent to get him into Cambridge (when he had grades more equivalent to a provincial polytechnic) or even because he had to leave the Royal Marines because it was too rough for this most delicate of flowers. It seems you can turn a frog into a prince, but you cannot turn a prince into a marine!

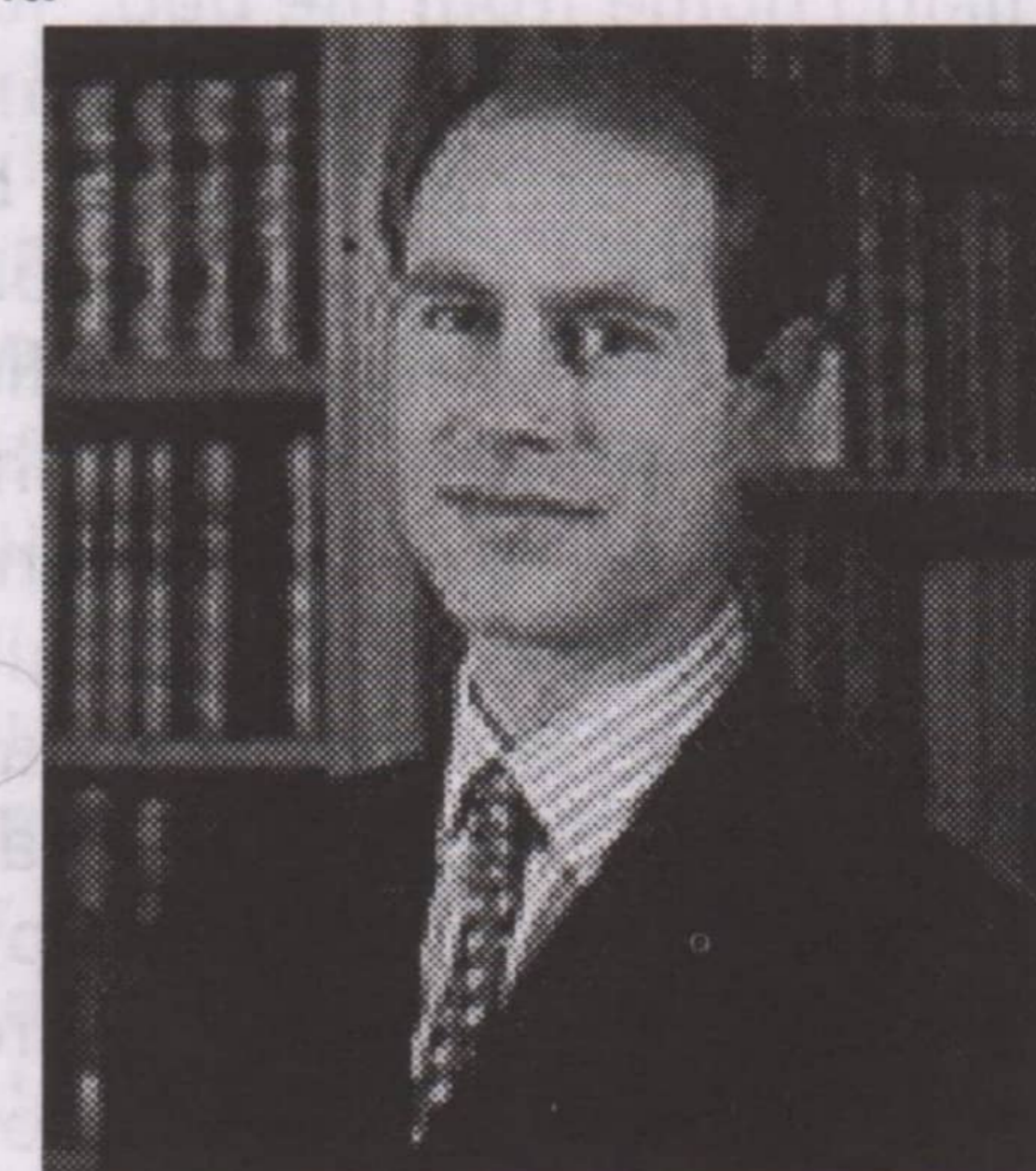
According to Edward, the British hate success. Not just any success, in particular his. Strangely, Edward is not so successful that he can afford to turn down the money he receives from the civil list (ie our taxes) a mere £155,000 per annum. As state dependency goes, that's a rather large giro.

Unusually for a member of the royal family however, Edward does actually have a job. He runs his own television production company, Ardent TV Productions, from his mansion in Bagshot Park, Surrey. Officially Edward shares his mansion with Sloaney Sophie, but oddly for newlyweds so recently entwined Sophie lives in London during the week, only joining Edward in Surrey at weekends. So, how large has the success of Ardent actually been, that we have been so transfixed with jealousy in recent years?

Financial Year Losses

1994	£450,000
1995	£440,000
1996	£214,738
1997	£339,525
1998	£142,719
1999	?

As the above table shows, Edward is to business success, what the England cricket side is to sporting greatness. It would be funny but for one over riding factor - we are the mugs that are paying for it.



Prince Edward - Not nice, but very dim

CLASS WAR CONTACTS

Telephone Hotline

01582 750601

Fax

01737 217599

E-Mail

class_war@hotmail.com

Web page

syclaswar@hotmail.com

Bristol CW

www.geocities.com/CapitolHill/9482

East Anglia CW

PO Box 772, Bristol BS99 1EG

Essex CW

PO Box 87, Ipswich IP4 4JQ

+ Class War Hunt Sabs

Kent CW

BM Box 357

+ Glasgow CW

London WC1N 3XX

+ Surrey CW

c/o London CW

+ West Yorkshire CW

+ Class War Prisoners

London CW

PO Box 467,

London E8 3QX

South Yorkshire CW

(07932) 817156

Manchester CW

Mail c/o London CW address

+ Preston CW

Box 1,

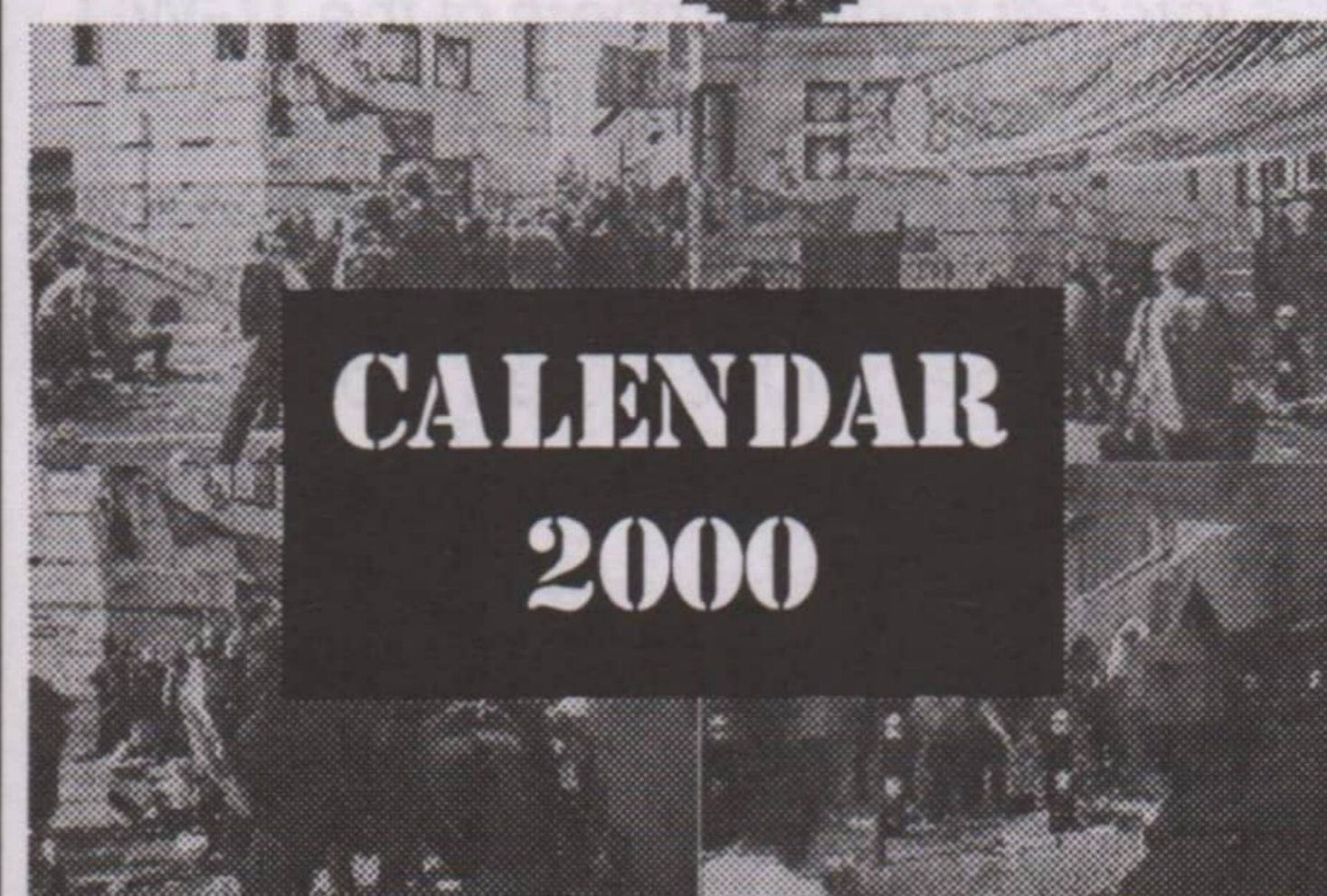
Frontline Books,

255 Wilmslow Road

Manchester M14 5LW

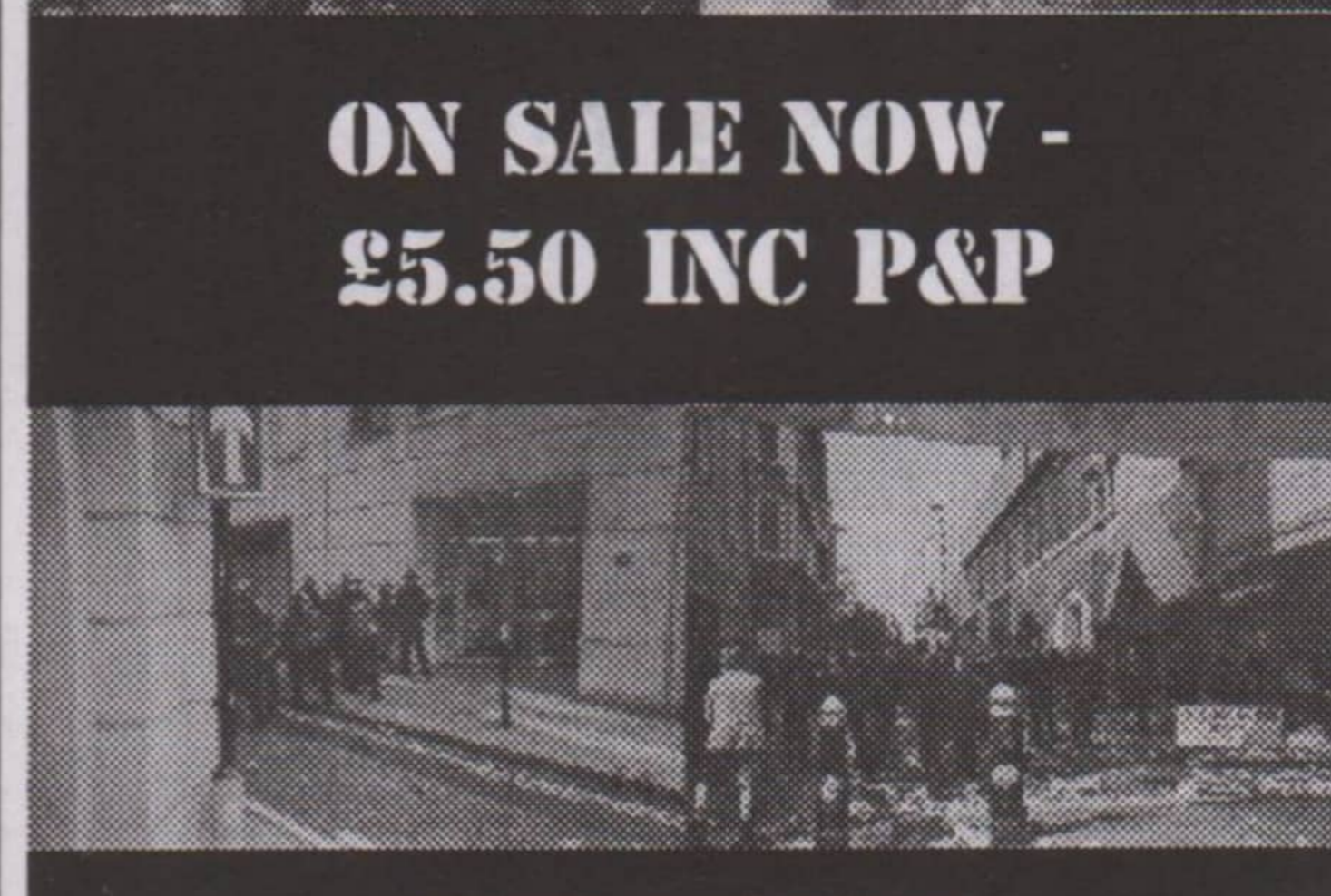
We also recommend the following groups as having something to say :

Lancaster Anarchist Group, c/o 78A Penny Street, Lancaster, Lancashire
Australia Class War, Suite 20, Princess Highway, Sydney 2224, Australia



CALENDAR
2000

ON SALE NOW -
£5.50 INC P&P



WE MUST
DEVASTATE THE
OFFICES WHERE THE
WEALTHY WORK!

Sport - Don't Bet On Bettison

The new Chief Constable of Merseyside, Norman Bettison, had a pretty lukewarm reception upon taking up the job, due to his background in the South Yorkshire Constabulary, not exactly number 1 in the popularity stakes in Liverpool following the 1989 Hillsborough disaster.

Following the events of the Liverpool v Man United game on September 11th he stands even less chance of being accepted in the area. Despite there being no trouble at the ground or in any of the pubs around the ground the Operational Support Group decided to create some. Often seen in the shopping areas of Liverpool on a Saturday afternoon, their protective body armour seems to have done them little good this time - of the 13 injuries in clashes around Slater Street, 11 were to police officers. There were 6 arrests.

More seriously one of those injured was a 15 year old boy, whose parents have no intention of letting the matter drop. Although the local radio were saying that United supporters were around at the time it is now accepted that no United fans were involved (perhaps Bettison has brought south Yorkshire tactics with him when it comes to planting stories in the media) It has even been suggested by the media that off duty cops who witnessed clashes will give evidence against the OSG - Class War's advice however is not to hold your breath for that one!

Many fans injured in the clashes are now suing the police rather than wait for the result of any investigation Bettison may produce.

Pretty Good Privacy

On the 'net? You are being watched. Governments practice mass surveillance. E-mail is less secure than a postcard. As it gets passed from place to place anyone can scan it. The security forces do.

Want to send messages to a friend in a secret code that nobody else can read, not even shadows with disgustingly big budgets and computers? You can! All you need is a PC, a Mac or just about any machine widely available and a program called PGP.

ing whatsoever! There is a tradition of mutual support and co-operation on the net and this supports a large free software movement, despite any amount of commercialisation.

How do we know some secret lab hasn't managed to break the code, which it isn't really as strong as we think it is? We can never say for sure, but the source code is freely available. You can examine it yourself and many people have, including some of the top cryptographers in the world.

PGP stands for Pretty Good Privacy. Net folk hero Phil Zimmermann, who was hauled up under investigation for arms export by the US government for it, wrote the original version in 1991. Arms export? That's right, the spooks are so worried about people having privacy that they class encryption code in the same way as bombs. John Gilmore said "The Internet interprets censorship as damage and routes around it" and PGP soon spread around the world, completely out of the grasp of the authorities.

"Cypherpunks" around the net continue to improve and spread it. Campaigners for democracy use it to network under the noses of oppressive regimes. Friends sent private messages once again, whether recipes for pizza or more illicit commodities.

How much does this wonderful program cost? For personal use, nothing whatsoever!

They say it is strong and no one has shown a way of breaking it yet.

Where do you get it? The International PGP Home Page <http://www.pgpi.org/> or many other places on the net.

Is it difficult to use? Nope. In several popular e-mail programs you

just need to click a few buttons and choose a recipient to scramble and send your message. To read your mail, you just need to remember a passphrase. You can keep your files secret too using the same program.

I'd recommend getting a clue as to how the system works. It's only as secure as the weakest point, and you don't want that to be you. It's pretty simple really. RTFM (Read The Fucking Manual) which comes free with the program, get a book, or just ask another privacy activist like me. There are many of us and we will not be silenced.

HACKING



SCAMMING MADE SIMPLE

HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU

You only need pick up a copy of the local rag any day of the week, to be conned into believing that outside's a dangerous place and you'd be better off staying indoors, eating junk food and watching Eastenders. Undoubtedly, many working class areas are dodgy and anti-social crime is a serious issue, but by and large you're pretty much safe in working class areas (unless a smackhead lives next door) and you're much safer than you would be at work.

CRAP

If you read your local rag it seems though that whole towns are little more than war zones, however most of this is bollocks. For a start the papers only report what they want so they play up every arrest to the hilt. Scan the smaller columns and you'll see list after list of people found not guilty. Needless to say, the police are crap at solving crime, particularly those where the victims are working class and it's hardly surprising lots of ordinary people thankfully get off because of the complete lack of evidence.

EVIL EYE

The papers can be good for comparing sentences, primarily public order offences as they affect both decent people and the scum in the middle class. A lad in my block of flats was arrested and sent down for 'staring aggressively' at a pig - Evil-eye or what! The week before a mate was arrested for burglary and held for eight hours without charge or questioning, despite being at work when the burglary took place. The writer recently received a caution for threatening language after complaining about repeatedly being stopped by the local porkers.

HIGH-JINKS

I digress, but you don't have to look hard to see the disparity in sentencing - How many people from posh areas get away with all sorts. A student who punched out a porker received a £50 fine. Don't get me wrong, I don't care about the filth one bit, but I hardly think I'd expect the same sentence. What's 'youthful high-jinks' or 'an error of judgement' to the middle class is a 'blatant disregard for the law' for the rest of us. No prizes for guessing what class the judges and magistrates are from!

CRAP

To be honest the local rag is only useful for checking out who's robbed what and where. It always amazes me how many middle class dimwits leave garage doors especially and other windows and doors, open. Everyday, in every town, £1000s are robbed in tolls, lawnmowers, bikes and occasionally washing machines and freezers. Because middle class people rarely meet anyone less wealthy than them (unless they're bossing them around) they feel impregnable. A lot of the scum also employ someone (usually a single mum or an elderly woman) to clean, iron and wash for them. These lazy bastards are either lording it up at work, or down the golf club whilst they pay a pittance for someone to look after them! Many middle class women end up staying at home whilst hubby 'works', bossing the cleaner about, getting wasted on Valium/Prozac, desperate for attention - or they're gossiping round the corner. In virtually all cases the kids or cleaner are left a key in a funking obvious place. Remember, never rob from working class people as there's less likely to be anything worth nicking, and they won't be insured. Rob the rich, they hardly notice it!

BOG ROLL

I'm digressing again, the local rag is basically back-up bog roll, once you've checked out the news on the shite footie

team you support and what's on tele of course. The nationals are even worse though, besides endless toadying of vacuous celebrities we don't know or for that matter care about, we have to put up with the shit going on in Parliament.

FRUIT AND NUT

Two stories recently though have caught my eye and may raise a few chuckles. We all know that chocolate is bad for you, it gives you spots, rots your teeth and is fattening. It's viciously targeted at children to get them addicted as well as single women (how a load of flavoured milk is a substitute for a loving relationship, I'll never know) who are constantly bombarded with images of thin anorexic models as the ideal whilst saying 'BUY MORE CHOCOLATE'. One chocolate who is particularly nasty, unhealthy and expensive is Sir Peter Cadbury, heir to the massive Cadbury fortune. He quit the Tory Party two years ago because they weren't doing enough to combat crime - He obviously knows lots about crime, seeing it as he does from his vast mansion and estate. Well, unfortunately for the 'flake', someone was given the 'wispa' (Beano journalism kicking in!) And £25 000 of jewellery was robbed recently from his luxurious digs. Due to all that confectionery hanging about, someone's obviously got sticky fingers. "Whilst rich twat Peter has been blaming everyone in particular the grey old fossils in the Tory Party (even though they've been out of office for two years) perhaps he should look closer to home. Despite installing state of the art closed-circuit cameras outside his mansion, the thieves got in with ease - the cameras had no film in them! So come on buy more chocolate so Sir Pete can buy some blank video tapes or else next time there'll be more choc's away!

HOCKEY STICK

It really is such a shame for the over-privileged lords and ladies. One toff who recently got into bother is 'Lady of the Manor' Yvonne Amor. Now rich bag Amor, who owns Wetherham Manor in Cornwall, has run into financial difficulties (what skint means to them and what it means to us is quite a different story). Bailiffs turned up to take £400 worth of stuff because her hubby had dodged a number of fines but Mad Amor had a different idea. Brandishing a loaded double-barrelled shotgun she aimed at the bailiffs and informed them she would 'get violent'. Needless to say, the bailiffs shit their pants and returned with the filth. When nicked, two of her daughters leapt to the rescue, Sophia going for one of them with a hockey stick and Charlotte rugby tackling one of them. In court, Yvonne broke down and when sentenced to 9 months (really 4 1/2 months) her bratty off-spring screamed and wailed. Yvonne yelled 'Remember you're an Amor' (perhaps Angry Mad Old Rich?). Her hubby, Richard, has called the sentence a disgrace. I couldn't agree more - 20 years hard labour for her and the rest of her family would be more appropriate. Her foul kids, 20 and 15, didn't get charged. Much as we would like to shoot bailiffs and seeing them terrified is always a good laugh, it's sickening to see how lightly the rich get off. Put it this way, bailiffs are a regular hazard for working class people - I hardly think many working class people would get away with nine months for threatening to shoot bailiffs whilst pointing a loaded firearm at them. And when was the last time you could assault a pork scratching and get away with it? Still, it's always a good laugh when a toff gets sent down and her hubby will park more carefully next time!

Reclaim The Streets!

Report No. 1

What a fucking day! In case you were unfortunate enough to miss out I thought I would share my thoughts with you.

1150 - We are all hanging around a lot of middle class wankers outside Liverpool Street station soaking up the sun, people talking, music, leafletting etc

12 ish - Everyone descend into the station for some seriously loud fun. The place was packed - one of the best sights any Anarchist could wish to see - banners displayed, the tube closed, lots of dancing, the police only capable of watching. We laughed our heads off at some businessman - bowler hat, umbrella the lot, he kept looking from his watch to the timetable not knowing what the fuck was going on. We then left the station in I think 4 separate groups which was a good idea, by

"We laughed our heads off at some businessman - bowler hat, umbrella the lot, he kept looking from his watch to the timetable not knowing what the fuck was going on."

now buildings had been scaled. People were on top of buses, we stopped outside several buildings to make our presence known, then headed towards a tube station, I don't know its name but the rozzers were having none of it so after about 10 minutes and a lot of pissing out of the pigs we headed out and down the road to see a young lad lobbing bricks into the road to stop the traffic. I'm not sure every brick was hitting the road as I could hear some loud smashing sounds nearby.

By now we were heading for the centre of the city stopping traffic on the way and verbally abusing city traders. When we got to where we were going someone had smashed a water main and 80 feet of water was shooting into the air. Refreshingly we were able to run through security cameras that had been covered over with binliners (smile - you're not on CCTV) Banners were erected, traffic lights put out of action, graffiti scrawled everywhere which I thought brightened up the place a treat from the usual grey walls for grey people.

By now the party was in full swing, I saw breeze blocks being passed through the crowd to smash the riot vans. The side of one building was climbed and a large metal ventilation grid was ripped off, a ladder appeared and several people disappeared into a ventilation shaft - we never saw them come out I hope they are not still in there, like Japanese soldiers refusing to surrender years after the battle has finished.

Time Unknown - I stopped looking at my watch as the excitement grew! We decided to go for a walk and stumbled upon a band playing a cover of Babylon's Burning! They then followed it up with a classic - "Do They Owe Us A Living" to which everybody replied "Of course they fucking do" Anyway you can have too much of a good thing and it was time to check out some of the rumours about what was happening around the corner - and boy were they right!

Windows were going through, there was a heavy police presence at the top of the road. By now the doors and windows of the LIFFE building were a thing of the past, several of us went in and there was one security guard running around like Frank Spencer. A group of us went into the building smashing up plants and lights but we were wary of being trapped in side by the police, so we returned outside. About 8 coppers were trying to secure the building - they stood no chance, and were seen off with railings. As they scurped up the

road our confidence told us to go back in to the LIFFE building, more in number. This time the job was done properly - EVERYTHING that could be smashed up - phones, monitors, paper work went, we then went for the escalators, well what was left of them. They had several fat security guards at the top of them so we pushed and shoved with them for what seemed like about 10 minutes. About 100 yuppie cunts could now be seen - some quite literally crying - one kept asking "Why are you doing this to us?" By now the cops had entered the building and we had to get past them to get out. I got smashed into a wall by three of them and hit by a fourth. I kept moving and although they had the front of the LIFFE closed off they had their backs to us, so I burst out taking one off his feet. By now heavy fire was hitting them and

they were giving it back.

After they got us halfway back they laid off for a while so several fires were started, windows started going through again (it would have been rude to leave the Mercedes showroom unvandalised) By now the cops were trying different tactics out such as horses. I'm sure the police do this deliberately as they know animal lovers will be reluctant to injure them, even though people get trampled by them. By now it was looking like snatch squad time, so as I'd had a good innings I decided it was time to declare.

Account No.2

At this point the crowd seemed to be split into 3, the largest group being the only one I could see. At the front of the crowd



were people chucking paint and smoke bombs which stalled the police for a little while. Then they started charging again, but instead of running 10 feet were going 20. The crowd could see it was going to be hard to hold the cops back, so it was time to diversify - buildings, windows and glass doors all went through with scaffolding poles. Metal handles from doors came in handy for smashing windows or throwing if the cops got too close.

By now some people were retreating down alleys and side roads, but my group went straight down a main road as there were no cops there. Here, under a bridge a few cars got looted and burnt. Turning off the main road towards the river there were no police but a couple of posh restaurants who soon lost their windows, any staff trying to argue it were told where to go. All in all a good day, we decided to go home and put our feet up with a nice cup of tea!

Account No.3

The advantages of J18 were twofold. Firstly its location. Rather than a residential working class area, or empty government buildings on a Saturday demonstration, we were rioting in the central business district of Europe's financial capital.

Secondly the message. Rather than delivering it indirectly via the media or to politicians it was being delivered direct to the capitalists and their institutions. You are scum. You are destroying the world and fucking up our lives.

The city is not for the likes of you and me. It never has been and it never will be. Contrary to what some green fools will try and have you believe, there is no such thing as green capitalism. Capitalism exists to make money, capitalists to make it at other people's expense. On the day a common enemy united disparate forces, as it should.

The successes - £2 million worth of dam-

It Says Here...

Always keen to cut through the dense swathe of media garbage, Class War proudly presents our favourite press porkies about J18.

1) That Anarchists used razor blades attached to their rucksacks to slash commuters on the London Underground (Daily Star, p4, June 19th 1999) - What, only razor blades? The Star clearly missed the group with Samurai swords attached to their bags.

2) That rioters were paid £30 and given a packed lunch (Sunday Times, p5, June 20th 1999). Would the organisers send our cheques to the Class War PO Box as soon as possible. As for the packed lunches, we will collect them in person next time round!

3) Rioters covered themselves in stage blood to fake police brutality (Evening Standard, p3, June 21st 1999). Presumably the two people ran over by police vehicles were making that up as well! Many injuries on the day, as in most riots, were caused by truncheon blows to the head. Or were those injured who did not come from a theatrical background all carrying bottles of tomato sauce

and rubbing it in their hair?

4) Rioters attempted to murder a police horse (Daily Mail, p23, August 12th 1999). Quite how people armed with only their bare hands and whatever poles and bricks they could liberate in the city, could possibly kill a horse is beyond us. But according to WPC Alison Goldsmith that is what they tried to do. Has it not occurred to WPC Goldsmith that if any missiles were thrown at her horse, it was only because she was sitting on top of it?

5) That four police officers were run down and injured by police vehicles - Posted on the Press Association newsfile at 9.52pm on June 18th, and repeated in the Daily Express (p2, June 19th 1999). An outrageous lie, presumably written in a vain attempt to cover up the two instances of police vehicles mowing down demonstrators. One thing the cops are never sloppy about is looking after each other. Just as journalists are never sloppy about looking after the police.

6) That a millionaire vegan from the Dewhurst the Butcher chain, organised the whole event (Evening Standard and The Independent, August 8th 1999, as well as most papers the next day). As Mark Brown has not been charged with any offence from J18 and most people on the day have never heard of him, this porkie smacks of a rather weedy attempt to portray J18 as an alliance of disaffected rich kids. Mark, if you want to send us a few grand to kill your parents...

7) That demonstrators intended to give out poisoned food to City workers (Financial Times, June 18th 1999) City firm Merrill Lynch apparently warned their staff about this, although why any wealthy city type with access to a heavily subsidised staff canteen would wish to share some demonstrator's cheese and pickle is beyond us.

A message to the people who have been raiding people's homes since J18 or who have been feeding titbits to tame journalists on individuals allegedly involved on the day.

We received the following articles, anonymously and unsolicited. Any originals have long since been destroyed. We publish these articles because we believe it is in the public interest to do so.

age. Increased insurance premiums and the damage to London's "good name" for business are harder to calculate, but cannot be less than £2 million. Both Republi-

"Rather than a residential working class area, we were rioting in the central business district of Europe's financial capital."

cans and Unionists claim that it was the IRA's attacks on city institutions and Canary Wharf that brought Britain to the negotiating table in Northern Ireland, not attacks on soldiers or property in Belfast or Derry. Anarchists should take careful note here, perhaps having been to the city on June 18th, it is time to visit Canary Wharf or the west end next time round.

Stop The City - June 18 1999

Green, Lefty Analysis of J18

As usual there are those who try to diss the fightback on J18. Ranging from the clever than thou leftists (who normally come from the University of 'Brighton') who bemoan the lack of theoretical coherence amongst activists, to the Communist Party of Great Britain who say that fighting is no substitute for political work. As usual these people are looking at events from their own prejudices. The Uni of Sussex crowd because they are too intellectual to enjoy the event, the Communist Party because they weren't there have to denigrate others efforts so they can make the communist leadership feel good. There was huge amounts of theory involved even if the 'theorists' didn't recognise it. J18 also is the perfect place to work out our movements attitudes to photographers and journalists. Our events have their own logic of existence, they can be for displays of strength, to highlight a political problem, to demonstrate the existence of 'bad people/things' or so on. The use of modern photography and video is also important. Because the left is dead they are not doing the routine important things which need to be done - so our movement must learn to do it - FOR OUR OWN GOOD.

After the death of Blair Peach at an anti-fascist event in 1979 the police were internally banned from striking people on the head as it causes to many deaths. We know they still do it, but the important thing is to get the police to obey their own rules. Our photography has a purpose, it is to produce propaganda pictures (injured cops, cop cars or smashed banks etc) and it is to construct good defences for those captured on the day or subsequently.

This could be done by specially trained teams of people in special identifiable tops, say one cameraperson and 2/3 minders whose only job is to take photos of cops unjustly hitting people and arresting them, and other propaganda shots. This film is then taken by our runner out of the action before the police can arrest our camera team - who they may target. Our film is then developed in private dark rooms (certainly not Boots) for subsequent use in our movements newspapers and in court to defend our people. It could then be used to then pressure and show up the police for the brutal thugs that they are, as we can demonstrate the illegal way they hit people at random as they try to impose capitalist 'law and order'.

This will also leave the remaining cameras in the field of battle which will usually come under the following headings.

- A. Cameras taken by individuals who want a memento of the day.
- B. Police cameras.
- C. Journalist cameras.

We will then be in a position to start warning people that we will confiscate cameras that do not have our movements permission to film events we organise. We will have to have teams/ affinity groups going around and doing the enforcing for the health of the movement. Unlike "DO Or Die" No. 8 (the subsidised South Downs Earth First magazine/book) which said on page 27 "there were so many causing thousands of pounds worth of criminal damage without masks or even shirts to cover their distinctive tattoos! And there were so many fuckin cameras around! Why? Taking pictures will just end up incriminating other people. It's a lot more likely than you think, that the police get their hands on a copy of your pictures. Who needs holiday snapshots anyway when it was such a real, unforgettable experience? Leave your camera at home, and point this out

to people you see taking incriminating pictures."

While we agree with the sentiments expressed regarding covering up with masks etc. We realise that for our movement to grow it must supply it's own media to bolster our propaganda/ recruiting activities and provide the evidence to get a not guilty verdict in court. We also recognise a need for our movement to set it's own levels of justice, for example by self policing and enforcing the photographic rights to our demonstrations - this requires that our movement grows up and starts to take security VERY seriously.

In Britain the Legal Defence and Monitoring group could become the centre for controlling photographs on our events. Class War will cooperate fully with attempts to do so, and so should every political group as then this input would allow groups to select photos for political work.

"DO or Die" are very right when they say photos can end up in police hands - in raids after J18 they have made straight for photos, cameras, mobile phones, computers and address books and taken them ALL in custody for their own analysis to bolster their files in their attempts to convict more people on our side. Political activists in Britain are finally learning that you cannot engage in the absolutely necessary political and propaganda work, and do illegal things on our demonstrations. We know some will say that 'if you can't mix it then you're a wanker' but our

answer to them is that the political work goes on every day all year round rather than the showcase battles with the cops every year or so if we're lucky.

The police want to take out our influential people. So like the IRA learned in the seventies, there must be a separation between the political wing and the military wing which led to the birth of Sinn Fein. Of course we all know there is overlap but our spokes people must not jeopardise their liberty as this allows the capitalist media to criminalise our movement.

There are several lessons to be learnt from J18, the need for people to disguise their identity, the need to disable police cameras, especially the new ones to be deployed on police helmets. You can see them because they are a small black circle of plastic on the middle forehead of the helmet. We need far more paint bombs to cover these helmets. It not only makes them look ridiculous it forces them to smear it over their visors so they end up having to lift them up as well! This renders riot helmet visors and van windscreens useless as well as damaging expensive riot uniforms.

Another tip for clogging up the streets is that taxis have a fuel cut off switch on the outside, if you just flip this the taxi conks out - simplicity itself. Whilst police horse charges were largely unsuccessful on the day, horses have been known to shy away if a white polythene bag is waved right in front of the horses face. We have also heard an urban myth that lion shit will scatter police horses and dogs in seconds. If any of our readers can help us test this theory we would like to know.

We had a good day this time, there will be more of us next time, so watch out for the next events going on or talk to your local class warrior for more news.



REPEAT A LIE OFTEN ENOUGH PEOPLE WILL BEGIN TO BELIEVE IT

Amongst the mass of lies that came out of the J18 riot were some written by the Daily Telegraph in it's editorial on J19. In it they said "Bankers, Traders and stockbrokers are the real working class - the drop-outs and activists obstructing them are all too often drawn from the middle classes." This is bollocks for a few reasons. To say that bankers, traders, stockbrokers who operate the worlds financial system and a lot of whom 'earn' £150,000 a year are working class is bollocks. They are firmly in the middle class as they manage the system FOR capitalism and have a lot of bourgeois habits. These people will never take the side of the working class. As usual the mainstream newspapers has been used to try to destroy the credibility of the J18 events, by sowing all sorts of divide and rule rubbish, both before and after the event. Again they have proved themselves to be the mouthpiece of the police and the establishment - how long will we put up with it is another matter.

Account No. 4.

What a wicked day out for all of us! The group I was with went down early to have a look around and rob a copy of the Financial Times from WH Smith! Some of us had suits on, some of us were punks, some of us were builders and some of us were drunks! But who the fuck cares who we were - except the Filth!! And we all know they're all wankers. All of them - without exception.

What matters is what we stood against on the day - we were against the way money controls the planet, its workers and the environment. Money is the driving force which has ruined the world and makes its workers suffer all their lives. Is it really such a surprise that the symbolic centre of British and world capitalism - the city of London should be smashed to fuck when we had the chance? When The City has been responsible for such nasty things as the slave trade, dealing with apartheid South Africa, arms to Iraq, and so on. It is the mainly men with smooth shaven cheeks, in expensive suits with expensive jewelry, with expensive habits, and expensive holidays

who are responsible for far more financial scandals and damage than ALL the property criminals put together. Street theft amounts to peanuts when compared to the multi million pound thefts which go on every day in

the city. These are the ones are the real bastards who take the money from the taxman by syphoning money to offshore accounts and some of whom who live in tax exile in Jersey or Guernsey.

So lets get back to the day. I was wandering around talking to old and new friends, some of them I hadn't seen for ages! I got my disposable camera and a bottle of water as I knew it would be a long day. Somebody was handing out anti-Royal stickers which were very popular as they began to appear on all the cop cars later in the day! At the start we wandered through Liverpool Street soaking up the atmosphere.

Then outside again and people began to move off, I picked up my paper mask and followed the mob. Everything seemed fine until we got round the corner near to London Wall. Then it began to go a bit wild. As usual the police lost it and had run over a woman which aggravated the crowd.

They shouldn't drive vehicles through packed crowds - it does no good what so ever. The excuse they made that the officers feared for their lives is just Bullshit. No cop came even remotely within being killed all day. The cops then were shunting their vans through people and then pilling out to whack people, and our lot were fighting back as best they could with their hands and feet. Then they ran over another bloke by the Moorgate tube, then it all went a bit quiet as they realised the enormity of what they had done. They withdrew a bit here and it all calmed down, perhaps the lesson

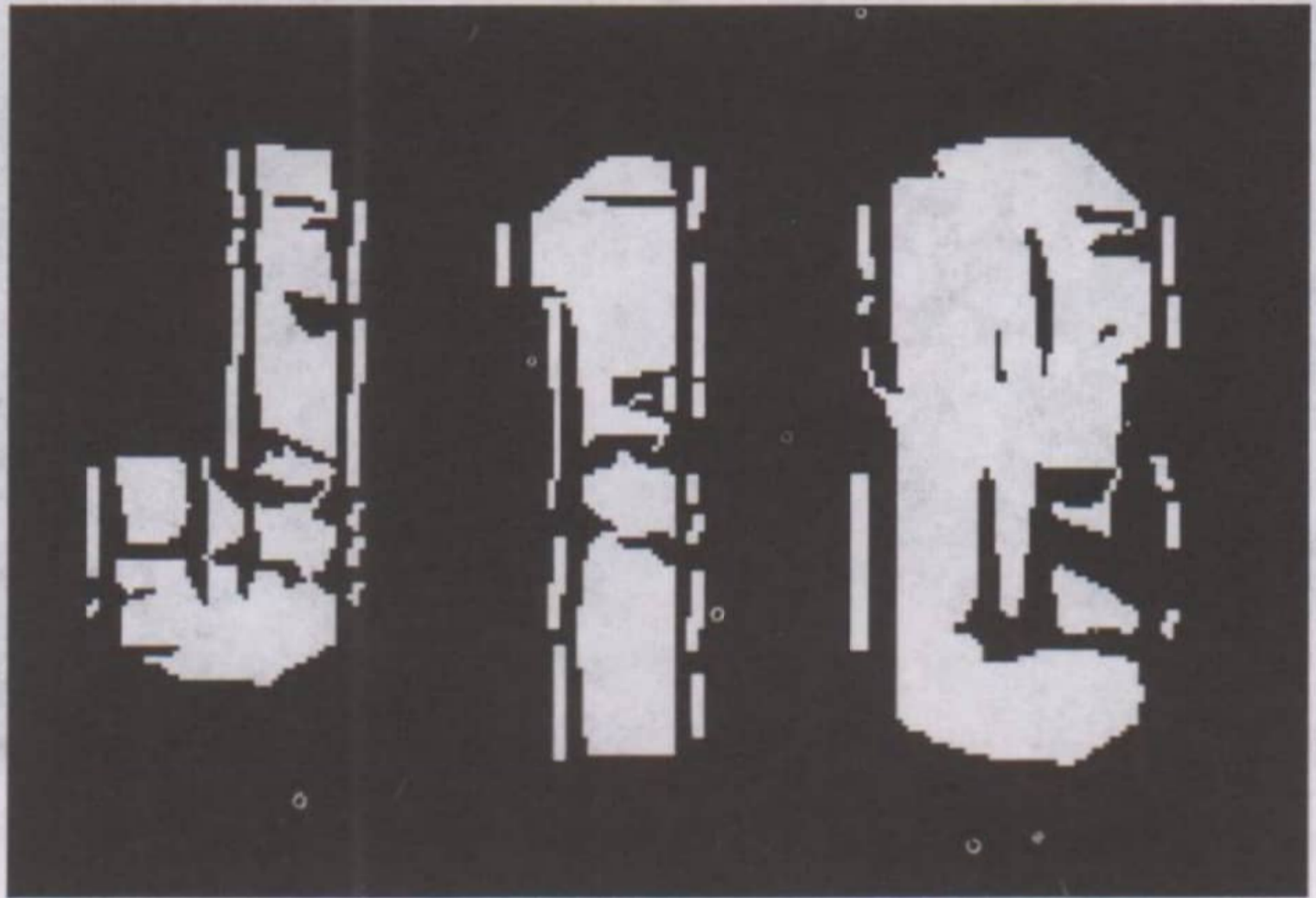
no cops = no violence
had better be learnt by the politicians but we don't expect it will be.

Then off we went walking down to Bank, hanging around, laughing, joking and enjoying our party. And then down towards Mansion House and Upper Thames Street, where lots of people were listening to music and sitting around in the summer sun. Then stupidly cops were again attacking people but this time they were in full riot gear. By this time there were a lot of empty bottles lying around and a few stones from a building site down

some really

small alleys. This is where the cops took a hell of a beating. The cop was pulled off a horse but then the police piled in and really beat a lot of people over their heads. Then after a lot of pushing and shoving people were gradually forced towards central London.

I took a look at the anti royal sticker and like a lot of other people headed towards Trafalgar Square after 6pm. The amount of police vans was unbelievable as people partied in the Royal Free Zone around Nelsons Column. They closed the massive iron gates of Admiralty Arch to stop rioting spreading up the Mall towards Buckingham Palace. We'd had enough by late evening and we made a few quick calls on our mobiles to round up the stragglers and met in the Weatherspoon pub in Islington, a safe distance from the Filth to recount tales, collect damage stories, and generally enjoy ourselves. What a fabulous day it had been.



ADVERTISE IN CLASS WAR

THE BEST-SELLING ANARCHIST NEWSPAPER

As you may have noticed, for the first time in several years, this issue and the last issue of Class War have taken paid advertisements. If you would like to advertise in Britain's best selling, hardest hitting political newspaper, the rates are as follows:

1/16th page - £15

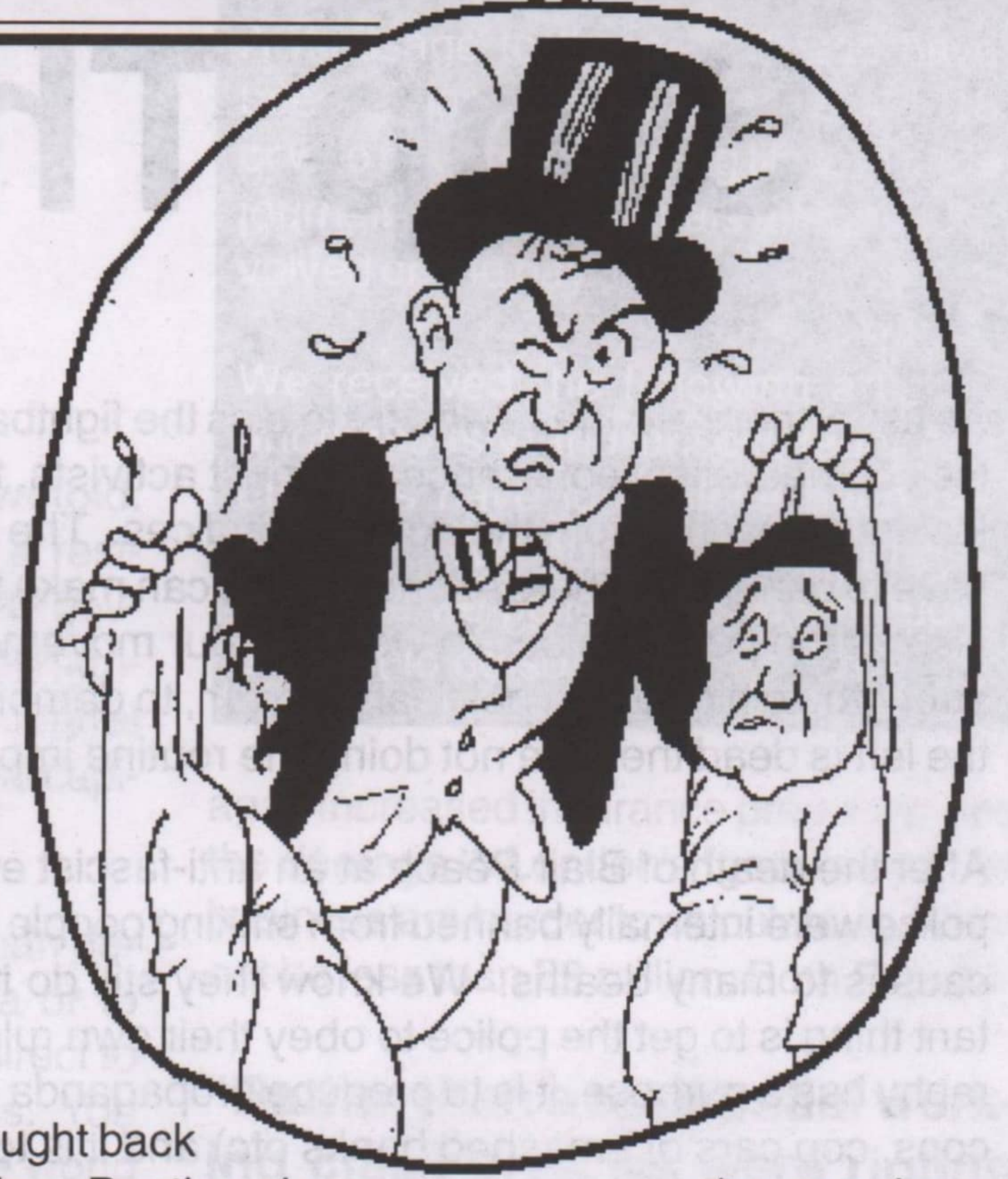
1/8th page - £20

1/4th page - £30

All artwork and cheques to "London Class War" only.

Bear in mind we reserve the right to refuse your advertisement if we don't like you or we think your eyebrows are too close together, and whilst we will refuse adverts from known rip-off merchants, we cannot guarantee our advertisers are as honest and decent as we are. The advertising rates will soon rise to all but existing advertisers so get in quick!

Lord Snooty's Column



Dear Chums,

The long summer has brought back memories of my years at Cambridge. Punting along the cam, long afternoons sipping tea in Grantchester meadows. The smell of cut grass and the sounds of willow on buttock.

I remember one summers eve' a fresh faced youth with a Johnny Foreigner name - ah yes, that was it, Portillo, was presented to me in my study. A freckly faced youth, he had apparently been caught with another youth, a Nick Griffin, indulging in "horseplay". Of course it was 6 sharp strokes of my riding crop for each of them, followed by us all dressing as SS officers and firing paper clips at a young Peter Lilley, who if I remember rightly was naked but for a strategically placed flag of Poland. Oh happy days.

Anyway back to pressing matters, those stirring chaps at the Countryside Alliance are going to be marching triumphantly through all our major cities in the months to come. Having already been mooned at by disgusting building workers in Bournemouth we are concerned that some leftie types called Urban Response are going to try and block our way. Well away with them! Your Lord and master commands you to throw them off our streets.

Toodle Pip and over to my nephew, Tarquin,



Snooty.

Gosh, hello chaps, its comrade Tarquin here at the SWP, after my uncle Snooty was such a smasher and bought me the Socialist Workers Party as a 21st birthday present. Everyone here is absolutely super, its just like being back at school. There's an old codger called Tony, who's an old school chum of my dad's and all the leaders have been to proper public schools so its all super. Then we have the cadre who frankly are a bit middle class, they act like school prefects and do what we say, but they will keep on calling the loo the toilet - I shall have to write a little memo.

We have a little fun club we start up every now and then called the Anti-Nazi League and we've even been to Dover for a picnic. We saw some nasty skinheads there who were common types so we shouted some clever slogans to make them go away.

Anyway its off to Verbier for the skiing this season, then off to my uncles for shooting
Ciao,

Comrade Tarquin.

Group Reports

Could all Class War groups please send in (brief!) Group reports for future issues. Glasgow have kicked the ball off this time!

Glasgow - At present getting a PO Box is on hold, tried to share with Counter Information but they were unwilling due to the volume of mail they receive (In the meantime contact is via London).

At present holding fortnightly meetings with other Anarchists, looks like road tolls could be a big issue up here. Getting a lot of feedback from people not remotely interested in politics on this one.

Time to get heavy with the Countryside Alliance

As Anarchists and Communists we tend to associate mass protest, mass civil disobedience; as our constituency. It is the means by which we subvert consensus establishment political views, the way we set a new political agenda; create a new political fashion or trend, which surrounds and overwhelms the accepted bourgeois political process and narrow confines of conventional party politics.

So it was that the mass anti H-bomb, anti-nuclear and anti-war movements of the 1960s came to gain hegemony over a whole generation. Not simply reflecting a dynamic international consciousness but very much as developers and shapers of that consciousness. The milieu which led on from and through the basic movement, the Sex, and Drugs and Rock n Roll, the Anarchism and revolutionism came in turn to accompany the whole anti-nuke, anti-war road show and inhabit to one degree or another for a time virtually the whole generation.

Of late we see the growing subversion of accepted values by the animal rights movement, against animal exports, experimentation and cruelty. Putting on the agenda of masses of people the politics of animal rights, anti vivisection, vegetarianism and veganism, and again inevitably when conventional barriers of perception start to be broken down. Accompanying ideas of the earth and her peoples as a commonwealth, anarchism and anti imperialism & anti Capitalism become common beliefs.



Coming soon to a street near you,,

Likewise the environmental movement itself, the anti nuclear movement, the actions of groups like Greenpeace (despite their exclusivism) Earth First and the anti-roads movement to an extent have had effects. Much of this, in the form of changing perceptions and accepted wisdom, has drifted into the common sense person in the streets political agenda. Developing their sense of what are the real issues of what's right and what is wrong whichever political party they vote for or ostensibly support.

So we find that when push comes to shove in most conversations and political discussion our ideas as Anarchists are not as unacceptable and unreasonable as people initially expect they will be. They find in the main they have much in common with us and hold many values in common with us.

So it comes as a shock to witness a converse and counter-revolutionary process taking place all over the country. Insidiously, contrary changes in perceptions are taking place, and an agenda is being set that we ignore at our peril.

The Countryside Alliance (CA), which at the beginning of 1998 mobilised an army of 200,000 of Britain's most reactionary forces, demonstrates how deeply forelock touching and toadying this sector of society is, which could always be relied upon at a chosen moment to come to the aid of the State. Perhaps like the Norfolk hunt who escorted a whole band of working men to prison after a massive skirmish around Melton Hall, run by the landowner Sir Jacob Astley in Norfolk. This was during the large Captain Swing disturbances in 1830 which took place all over rural Britain. Starvation, the Game Laws and poverty wages finally encouraged the rural labourers to fight back and they started touring the countryside asking for wage rises. Although they NEVER killed anybody as they were only asking for a living wage - the ruling class forces killed over a thousand.

At the Countryside March a comprehensive poll showed 79% of the march were Tory voters, to all intents and purposes this was the Conservative Party on the march. The main mover of the Countryside Alliance, the now defunct British Field Sports Society, was well known for being the "Tory Party at Play" in ALL political circles.

The march comprised not only of the "whack em and bash em" brigade, the landed gentry and their servants, serried ranks of Colonel Blimps and retired army types. But of course the blood sport enthusiasts, the hunters, the bird killers, the chasers of little furry things and basically everyone who just likes killing things, with dogs, guns, nooses, crossbows, knives or their bare hands. These were happily joined by their militant wing, the Nazi B.N.P and other obscure fascists, and The UDM (the blackleg organisation set up by Thatcher to split the miners union) whose General Secretary spoke to the rally. (It also included bizarrely the Revolutionary Communist Party, with their slick glossy yuppy Living Marxism)

The entire life in the countryside is now heavily stamped by this group, every horsy event or farming event or flower show fun fair or barn dance will find the Countryside

Alliance tent and stalls. Everyone will have their Countryside Alliance stickers and the kids will have balloons with foxes faces on and "I support the hunt". Everywhere the huntsmen emerge like the ruling classes cavalry. It has become almost taken for granted that everyone supports the Alliance.

Every time a Labour Cabinet minister shows his face, thousands and thousands of their supporters ambush him and grab the photo opportunity, as if these are the ordinary people on the street confronting the politician with his widely unpopular policy of banning hunting with dogs. When they confronted Tony Blair in his constituency they all started chanting "Towny Tony, Towny Tony". So does this mean Blair has

sold his country mansion in Sedgefield, and has moved to inner city Newcastle? Somehow we doubt it, but then the Countryside Alliance has never been short on lies.

The Alliance is starting to give the impression that they and their 'values' are the majority. The TV and their activity is starting to create that impression, and we know that if you tell a lie often enough.....!

Of course like the Anarchists and the protest movements spoken of earlier, the Alliance isn't just the Alliance. Underneath the pro-hunting facade is the English Nationalism, BNP literature, and anti-European literature. The guy giving the

balloons out to the kids will as likely as not, hate strikers and the Unions, gay and black people and on and on.

The truly frightening thing is the they have been given a clear road, they are facing NO organised opposition, they are winning the battle to mobilise over this issue. The left in true fashion because it hasn't got "important working class issue" stamped on it can't seem to grasp what is going on. It has led itself to believe that a Fascist movement will wear jack boots, have swastikas on their arm and shout sieg heil to such an extent that it doesn't see the British form of that ideology growing all around us.

While we laugh at the Monarchy, tens of thousands, stand in the rain to see them, travel miles to be near them, dote on their every word and utterance. All the armed forces and the police swear allegiance to them. The monarchy has the power to abolish any government no matter how many voted for it, and appoint any government no matter how many don't want it.

Put these ingredients together with an unlikely though inextricably linked constituency like the pro-life groups and the born again fundamentalist Christians, add the catalyst of the 'common sense' 'nicely British' Countryside Alliance and we could be facing the biggest most reactionary backlash since the 30s and 50s. What is also of note, is this movement of reaction doesn't give a bugger about the conventional bourgeois political process or parties even. It is building as we aspire to do, outside that process. It is seeking to subvert, and overwhelm the process with its own agenda with the blessing of several of the newspapers (Telegraph, Mail, Express, Times, London Evening Standard etc.)

Perhaps I am reading too much into what we see happening all around us, perhaps these are just nice country folk, the Archers on a demo and nothing more. One thing is certain we must take this movement seriously, we must turn out en-mass and actually confront them. With arguments and propaganda and facts and reason if possible, by other means if necessary. We in S.Yorks Class War, and London Class War, have held meetings on the subject of this growing menace and are resolved to wise up on Alliance intelligence so we can get the drop on them. We seriously urge the rest of the class warriors out there to join us.

Stop Press: The Countryside Alliance are holding a series of regional marches leading up to a big one next year. The fascists of the B.N.P. have promised to join in so get out there and oppose them. Lets kill two birds with one stone! In Bournemouth on September 28th they got a good booping from 300 or so counter-demonstrators, as well as local people (and builders!) going about their business.

Sadly the scale of the policing prevented a more detailed discussion with these bumpkins later in the day, although we understand that it was not for the want of trying. Taxi!

Contact Class War for more info on opposing the bumpkins, and their bosses.

Police Play Up In Pompey

On Sunday, 15 August the Portsmouth Smokey Bears Picnic reached its sixth year, but only just. Previous picnics have seen the police move from a position of 'Ignore them and they'll go away' (years 1&2) to 'arrest a few of 'em to piss them off' (years 3,4&5). Over the years the crowd numbers seemed to hover around the 1,000 mark, and they were vocal and active in resisting the police (with occasional attempts at de-arresting some of those seized by the filth). Anarchists and other activists used the picnic as an opportunity to disseminate libertarian anti-prohibitionist propaganda as well as more general information. Thus, in previous years, regardless of what the pigs did the picnics still went ahead.

This year the filth were briefed to take a zero-tolerance 'Stamp out this picnic once and for all' approach - the task made easier for them with a lower than usual turnout of protestors. We're not sure why there were fewer protestors than usual, though it is rumoured that some of the organisers of previous years were out of town and others were preoccupied with other things. In any event, whilst there was some publicity in the 'alternative' press, there was not enough locally.

When members of the Portsmouth Anarchist Network (PAN) arrived, only a few people were dotted around the common. The most visible evidence of something going on were the fluorescent yellow bibs of the 50 or so filth. From the start they hassled anyone arriving who looked like they might be attending the picnic, searching and questioning at every opportunity. Although in previous years the scum had kept a fairly low profile, this year their tactics were far more overt. They stood over people sat in groups and watched their every move. (Interestingly, despite PAN members distributing anarchist propaganda throughout the day, the cops left us well alone!)

As the picnic swelled to about 300, it became clear that the filth were using any excuse to harass and intimidate those attending. One man wearing a 'Fuck War' t-shirt was told to remove it or face arrest. He took the shirt off but the po-lice still insisted on taking his details. The cops were constantly heckled by a group of onlookers who volunteered themselves as witnesses, and eventually the man was released - minus t-shirt. Another incident: lad sat on ground reaches for leaflet nearby. A constable stamps on the leaflet. Lad tries to pull leaflet from under pig's boot. Scum stamps on hand and grabs lad by the neck, pushes him face first to the ground. Again, the filth were heckled, and despite scuffles throughout the day it was difficult to resist with any serious physical force.

Whilst this was going on, it was reassuring to see people taking the piss out of the filth and having a laugh at their expense. One bloke finished rolling a grass joint under a cop's

nose, then confessed his 'crime'. The man was immediately searched, and had his details taken. The joint was examined by the cop, while more filth stood around as back-up. A crowd gathered and saw the pig unravel the joint, only to find it contained the same grass as was around his feet! A barrage of jeers and catcalls hailed down on the blushing scum as they retreated. All they had to show for their humiliation were the details of one Robert Zimmerman! An atmosphere of resistance and defiance prevailed, despite police attempts at intimidation. This was little consolation, though, since more than 30 people were nicked on the day, mostly for possession.

Even the local press were appalled at the filth's behaviour. Local paper The News ran an editorial the next day called 'Stifling Debate Kills Democracy'. It stated, 'The zero-tolerance policy adopted by Hampshire police at yesterday's pro-cannabis rally at Southsea made a mockery of last year's decision to turn a blind eye to drug offences at the same event. Such inconsistency brings the law itself into disrepute - and when that happens, it is time to re-assess it'. Hardly revolutionary stuff, of course, but it is proof that the filth are out of touch with even conservative opinion on this one; even the Towns Women's Guild favours the legalisation of cannabis for medicinal purposes!

In contrast to the police tactics in Portsmouth, it is interesting to note that at the Smokey Bears Picnics in London's Hyde Park and at Chapelfield Gardens, Norwich, there was a negligible police presence and no arrests. Portsmouth's Picnic seems singled out for special treatment!

PAN are not asking for more lenient policing. We don't request more reasonable or moderate behaviour from the filth. We merely point out that the police are scum - hardly a revelation to CW readers! Next year we hope to see enough protestors to give the filth a run for their money. If they gave us a hard time this year, we'll give them a harder time next year! To do this will require larger numbers of protestors. Luckily, we hear that the Portsmouth Smokey Bears have not been put off, and promise to be back for the Seventh Annual Smokey Bears Picnic on Sunday, 13 August, 2000, 2pm, Southsea Common, Hants. If publicised well there'll be no stopping us!

There's a PAN leaflet, 'Why Anarchists Oppose Cannabis Prohibition' available from PAN, Box A, 167 Fawcett Rd, Southsea, Hants PO4 0DH

London Calling

Subscribe to London Calling, the monthly bulletin of London Class War. With diary dates, news, and a regular feature on remembering the past it is the essential class warrior's monthly read. To receive London Calling, either visit the Class War web page, send an email to classwar@tao.ca with "subscribe classwar" in the message body or write to London Calling, London Class War, PO Box 467, London, E8 3QX. All information about news or diary dates gratefully received. Send anything you want in London Calling to Darren Stephens, care of the London address, or email it to j.most@hotmail.com.

No Asylum For Tooting Yuppies

One night not to long ago, myself and some friends were returning from a pleasant evening out when we came to what used to be the old Tooting Bec Mental Hospital. For the last 5 years (perhaps longer) the hospital has been closed, and eventually reduced to rubble for a new development. You guessed it, "luxury flats" for our ever increasing group of well off wankers.

Having not passed this way for a fair few months, imagine our delight, on a lovely moonlit spring evening, to find that work had been almost completed and quiet a few flats had already been occupied by our new neighbours.

Needless to say being community spirited, we felt it our duty to welcome these new arrivals. Alas, the hour being somewhat late, our hardworking friends (prob-

ably exhausted from doing fuck all, all day) had retired for the evening.

Not to be deterred we thought it best to leave some greetings that they would find in the morning - on their gleaming S and T regs! Clumsily, on leaving the estate a few of the empties (flats) were damaged as it was very dark. We did try to get some light by using some petrol from the developers equipment, but by now it was time to press on, exiting left into the lovely wooded part of the common. Its handy being by the common isn't it! Anyway we hope our efforts to welcome these newcomers were appreciated, and hopefully the demented ghosts of the poor souls who died in there all those years ago may decide to visit too.

The Lambeth Liaison.

Cop Helmet Cameras and Plastic Bullets

After an enjoyable day out in the City of London in June, the cops have been given new toys. So that they can nick more people, some cops in riot situations will have helmet-mounted cameras. They will be about the size of a packet of fags on the top of a riot helmet. But they'll also have some in normal helmets. That's the bad news. The good news is that they can't use much more than about two close to each other. They also transmit using microwaves, so look out for fried filth brains!

After the June scuffle the filth will also have easier access to plastic bullets. This will only inflame future rucks with the old bill. Next time you go on something that kicks off, then, remember to get a riot shield (free from any hospital ised copper!). If they lose their rag though, in Brixton or Toxteth or the West End - they might end up helping smash windows and free shopping could be easier. Here's hoping!

Living With The Enemy

By now many of you will have seen the BBC documentary Living With the Enemy, due to feature Class War member Dave Douglass in October. A weeks filming of Dave crossing swords with Tory Lord, Lord Rowallen, was cut down to 30 minutes.

Dave comments "Now I've had chance to see the preview I wonder how it will come across. Some of the best parts from our view, have been cut. The impromptu street meeting on class in Glasgow, the anti-religious bit and some of the most determined defences of revolutionary violence against the status quo hypocrisy are gone. So too is all of the heavy political theory and history which underpinned our respective positions. The programme as

it will appear ends up weak in defence of armed struggle and violent resistance, when it was not in reality. It might come over as a little too conciliatory for many comrades.

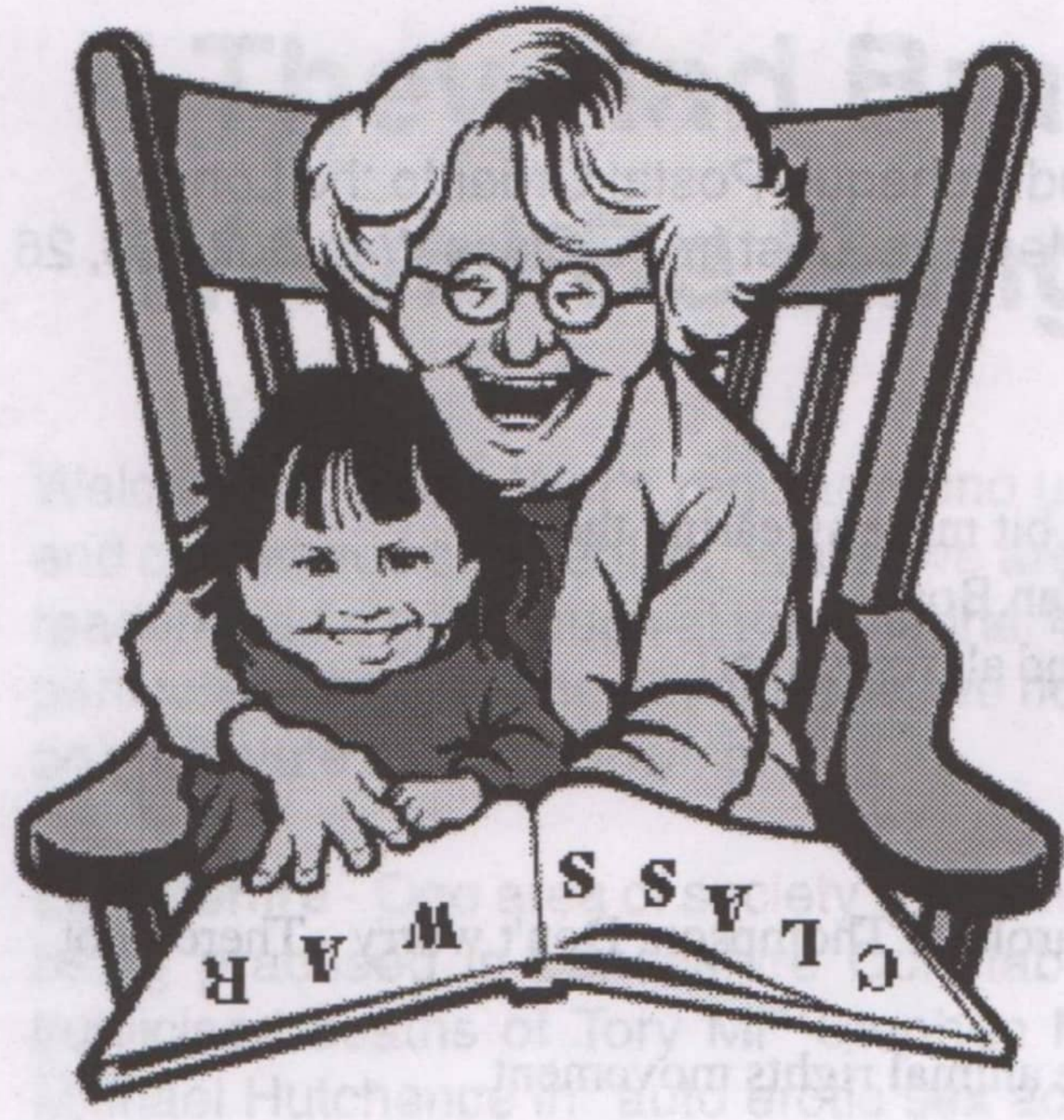


Lord Rowallen

His Lordships's final comments are that although he did not think our revolution would happen if it did "Dave could persuade the masses to go easy on him as he isn't as bad as the rest" I can assure comrades I offered no such amnesty. Even suppose I had, remember the Russian royal family's "safe passage" concession in 1917 - the masses had other ideas! Perhaps a more suitable title for the series should be working with the enemy - ie. the bloody media!



Dave



BOOK REVIEWS

"The Glory Boys" by Steve Collins

As if the recent spate of books by IRA touts and macho SAS scum weren't bad enough, Collins has decided to glorify the filthy of SO19. SO19 are the Met's equivalent of the American SWAT teams. Collins tells how great it is to run around armed to the teeth looking like a loughall butcher. It's all the boy's own stuff, but uninformative. The only two things I learnt from this book is how much cops swear and how badly they write.

"The Case of Stephen Lawrence" by Brian Cathcart

This is a large book going into great detail about the murder of Stephen Lawrence and the subsequent Fuck-up of the investigation. Everyone knows who did it, but the way the filth carried out their investigation shows just how incompetent they can be when they try. Although written from a liberal perspective, it's worth a read. The hardbacks dear (£17) so wait for the paperback.

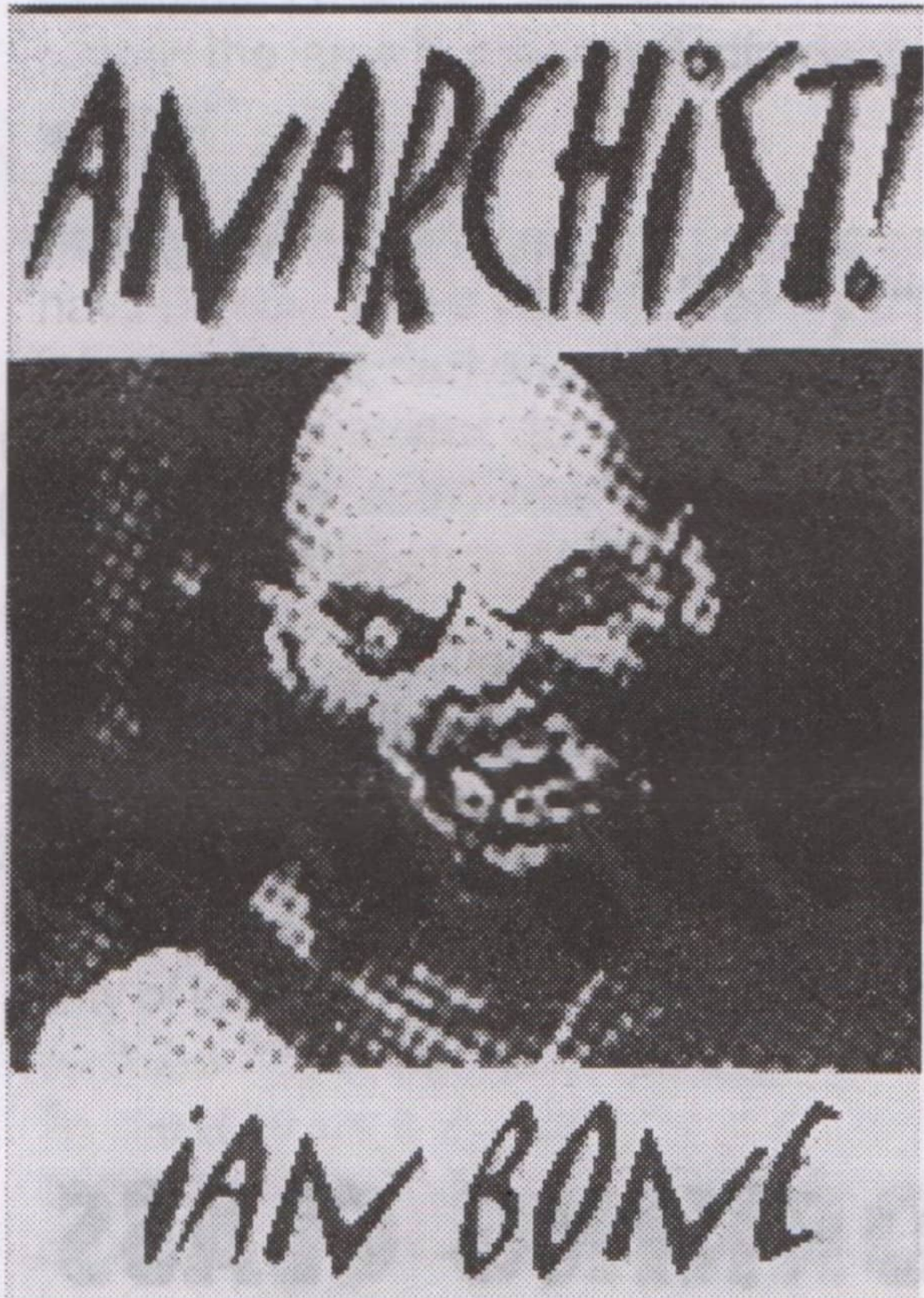
"Anarchist" by Ian Bone

(£3 from London Class War, or any bookshops brave enough to stock it)

Just what exactly does Earl Spencer get up to in his spare time? Is Frank Bruno an enemy of the working class? And who is really plotting to kill Paul Daniels?

Answers to all these questions - and more - are to be found in this hard-hitting debut novel.

This really is a must read for all class warriors, both because it will inspire action, amuse and because it can be strangely touching without being sentimental. Buy it.

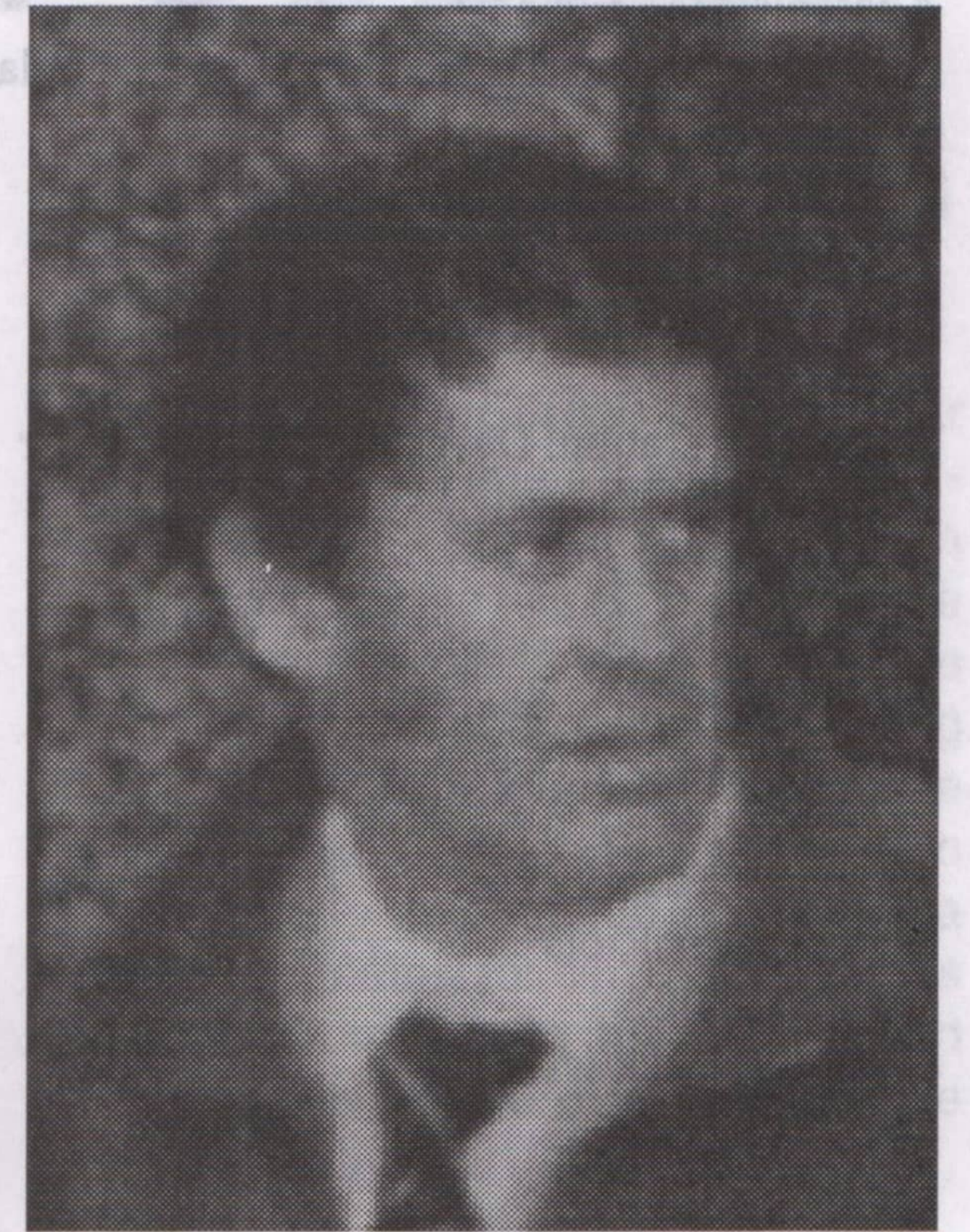


Hunt Scum In Bournemouth

Amongst the 16,000 Lords, ladies, gentlemen and their forelock-tugging terriermen were these two blokes - Do you know them? Do they come from a hunt in your area? If you recognise either of these two yokels, please drop us a line at the London CW address.

On retiring to a local hostelry in the town centre after a fun-filled day of bumpkin-baiting, members of Class War realised they had stumbled into a den of eniquity - The whole place was full of hunters. A few brief remarks were bandied about, but all seemed relatively calm. After sitting quietly and supping their pints for about half an hour, some of the inbreds decided to have a rousing chorus of "John Peel" and other hunting favourites. Not to be outdone, the CW contingent replied in kind, despite being vocally outnumbered many

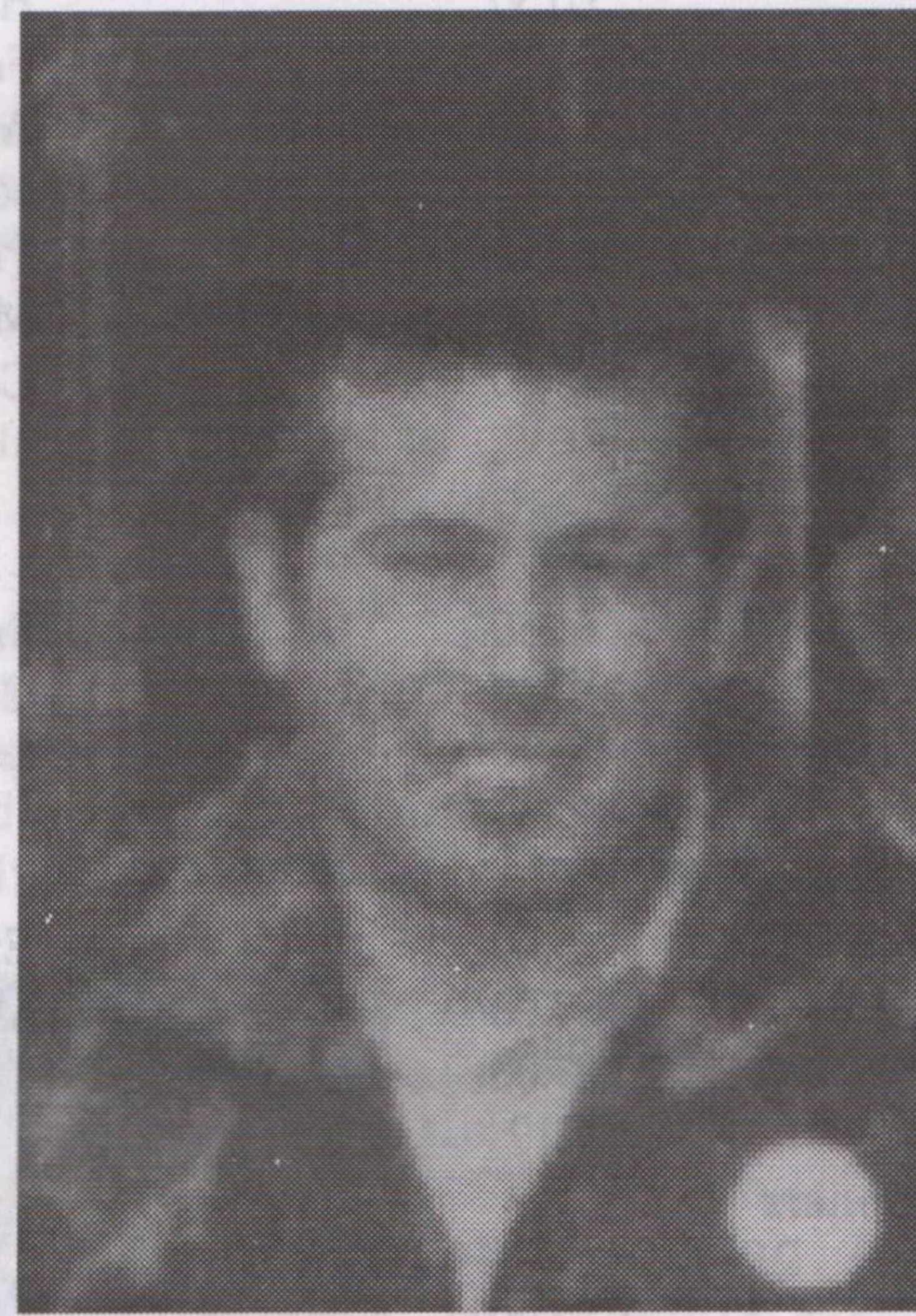
the Old Bill put in an appearance, first throwing out some of the bumpkins, but then returning for the CW contingent. As they tried to clear out the place, one of the anti-hunters made a visit to the loo



Suspect Number 2

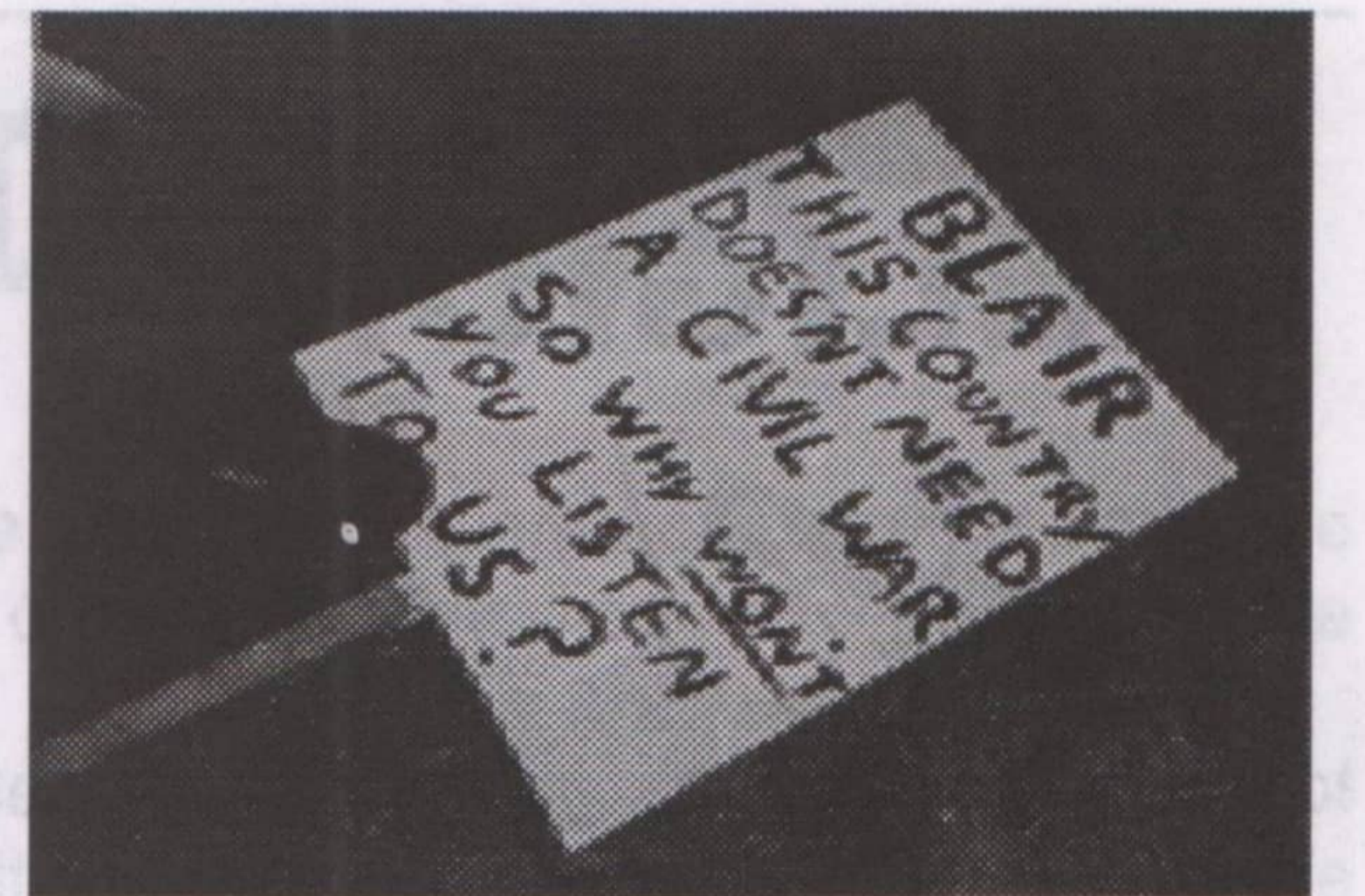
before leaving, only to find himself followed by three of the still glass-wielding lads. Fortunately, reinforcements were close at hand, but just as things started to get going, the cops raided the toilet, and refused to let anyone leave until they have established "what had happened here" - The mind boggles.

Obviously, those involved in this incident are keen as ever to conclude the business they started with the opposition that day, and to take the hunters up on their offer to come down and see them some time. In the meantime, we at Class War would like to share our appreciation of the efforts made by the rural degenerates in organising the march - Here's one of their banners that was liberated during the course of it - Readers may rest assured that the banner was not harmed in any way, and has been sent into retirement to be recycled as ANL lollipops.



Suspect Number 1

times over - "Yellow Submarine" filled the air, as did the bangs of ashtrays and fists on tables and boots on the floor. Not seeming deterred, the hunters carried on with their singalong, with the notable exception of a small group who decided to come over and have a word with the townie rabble. After coming over and trying to throw their weight around for a couple of minutes, they were most surprised when the assembled class warriors didn't back down in fear of the vast numbers of hunters assembled in the pub, but stood up to take the challenge. Being the cowards they are, most backed down, with the exception of a few. Suspect number one threatened to glass one of out unarmed heroes, while his mates stood behind him backing him up. Unfortunately, at this point



Down with the urban jackboot!

Health and Wealth

According to the Hackney Gazette, £325,000 was spent in Hackney on medical bills for calling a GP to the boroughs 3 police stations between July 98 and June 99. Although some calls were to victims of crime or injured police officers, the vast majority were for prisoners detained in police custody.

Of the 11,000 detained in that period GPs were called to treat 6000. You will be pleased to know that the Chief Superintendent says that the expense is caused because of their "responsibility to the welfare of prisoners".

QUOTES

"Hunting is not a prohibitively expensive hobby. It can cost less than £3000 to get started. Horses start at around £1000 and cost £3,500 a year to feed and stable. Annual hunt subscriptions are another £500. It costs less than £1000 to kit yourself out with the coat, hat, boots and breeches."

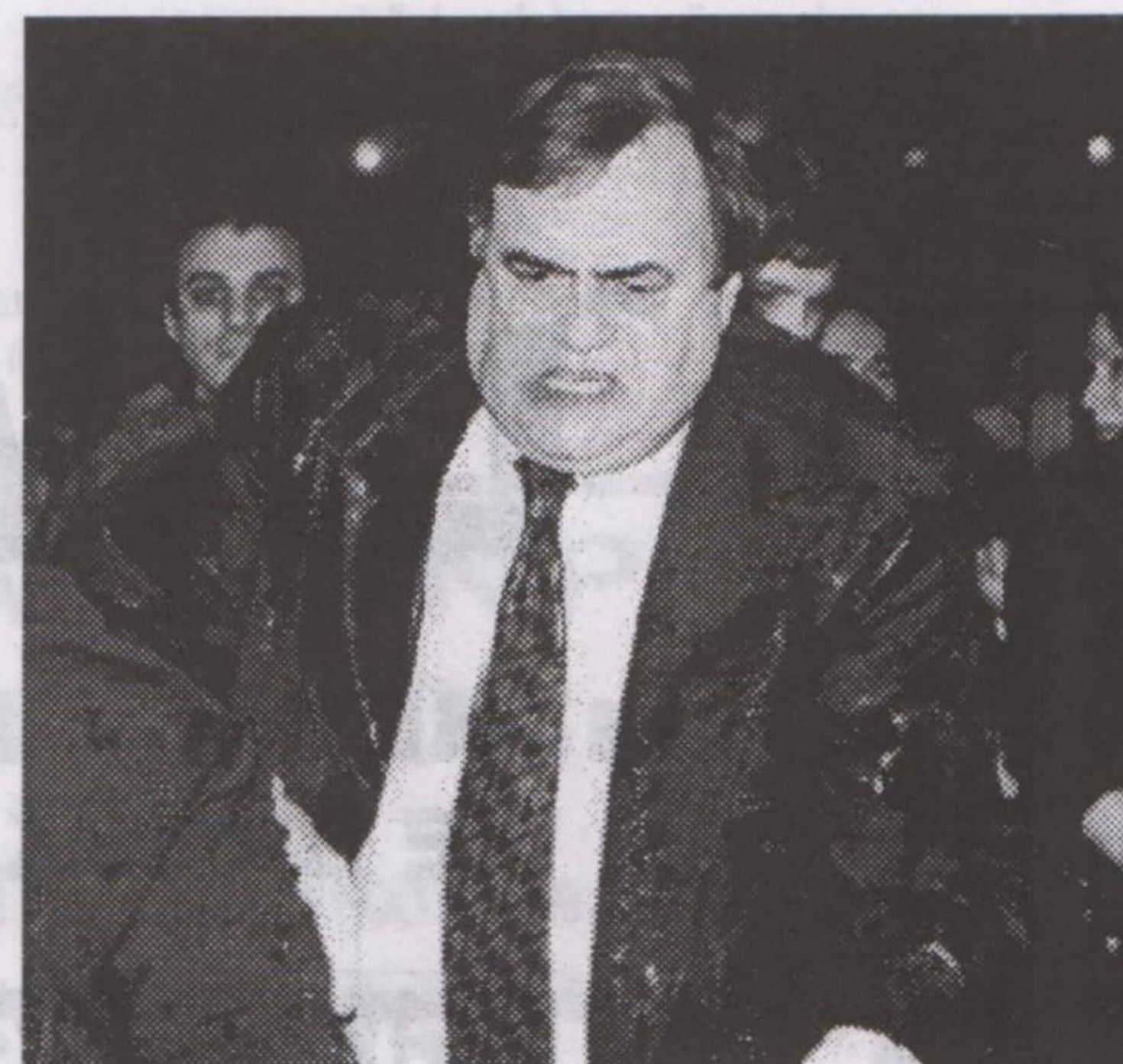
Man of the people and tabloid columnist Gary Bushell in The Sun on July 13th. Oddly Bushell's report on hunting appeared well outside the hunting season but conveniently just after Blair suggested he may ban hunting after all.

"It's appalling. They left his body uncovered for 3 hours and didn't even have the decency to clean the blood away. His children had to walk by it."

Dave Read, of the Old Kingshold Estate tenant association, after the police shooting of Harry Stanley in Hackney on September 22nd. If a police officer had been shot in Hackney, does anybody believe his body would be left in the street for people to stare at for 3 hours?



DON'T BE WET! SUBSCRIBE to CLASS WAR



Cheques to London Class War only!

Name _____
Address _____

Start my subscription from issue _____
 £5.00 for the next 5 issues
 £5 for 10 copies of the next issue
European orders - Cost is double.
Everywhere else - Cost is quadruple
Send to London CW, PO box 467, London E8 3QX

Class War Merchandise

To order Class War merchandise, please tot up the total cost of the items you want, add 10% to cover postage and then send a cheque/Postal Order to the London address made out to London Class War **only!** Australian Class War also have an excellent new merchandise catalogue available on request from: Class War, Suite 20, 26 Princes Highway, Sydney 2224, Australia.

Books

- Unfinished Business - Class War Federation £4.50 or 3 for £10 The thought behind the anger - It could have done with a bit more swearing though.
- Anarchist - Ian Bone £3.00 Hard hitting debut novel by Class War founder Ian Bone
- All Power To The Imagination - Dave Douglass £5.00 Class struggle, trade unions, the miner's strike, and all for a fiver!

Pamphlets and Magazines

- They Will Never Get Us All £1.50 Writings and poetry by US anarchist prisoner Harold H Thompson. Don't worry - There's not too much poetry
- Animal Liberation: Devastate To Liberate, or Devastatingly Liberal? £1.50 The latter is this conclusion of this veteran of the animal rights movement.
- Animal - Issue 1 £1.00 Favourably reviewed class struggle magazine. Ian Bone's analysis of Class War.
- Animal - Issue 2 £0.80 Larry O'Hara on why C18 were not responsible for the 1995 Dublin riot.
- Animal - Issue 3 £1.20 Contains the most detailed analysis yet of the Countryside Alliance from a working class perspective, and news about the Hillgrove Farm campaign. If they had a decent computer they would be dangerous! Offers please!!!!
- Animal - Issue 4 £0.95 Latest issue out now!
- Between The Riots £0.50 Hilarious magazine compiled from when Ipswich CW edited the Class War Supporters bulletin. Fun for all the family for 50p
- Class War back issues £0.20, 3 for £0.50 Are you missing copies of your favourite newspaper? For details of available back-issues contact London Class War.
- London Calling SAE Please send an SAE to get the free monthly bulletin of London Class War
- 21st Century Class War - Introduction to the Fed £1.00 Manifesto into the new millennium
- Class War Year 2000 Calendar £5.00 Commemorative calendar of working class resistance, taking no heroes, only inspiration.

Badges, patches, videos

- Small metal badge £1.50 Smart skull and crossbones
- Sew on patch £0.50 Class War against the rich logo

Videos

- And I Know Why I stand Here £5.00 Excellent video about the fans of the staunchly anti-fascist club St. Pauli
- Get Rid of the Royals £7.00 M'AM's hard-hitting royal expose
- Counterblast - Death to the Monarchy £7.00 M'AM again

Tapes - All tapes are a benefit for Class War prisoners

- MPATA2 £2.00 Inside for us - Outside for them.... 31 bands, international DIY punk compilation
- MPATA7 £2.00 Automatics for the people.... Indie/punk compilation. 11 bands including Shelly's children, Blaggers ITA
- MPATA8 £2.00 Poll-tax celebration... Folk-influenced compilation celebrating the Poll Tax riot. 40 great songs including Wat Tyler, The Ex and Danbert Nobacon, etc.
- Scurvy - Nothing Personal 7" £2.00 Debut single from oi! band with Harry Roberts on the cover!

T-Shirts

- Justice for Mark Barnsley £5.00

Stickers - 40 for £1

ABORT RELIGION

2000 YEARS OF OPPRESSION

LONDON CLASS WAR
BM BOX 357 LONDON WC1N 3XX

THE GREAT ROYAL DEBATE

do we hang them?

or do we shoot them?

LONDON CLASS WAR
BM BOX 357 LONDON WC1N 3XX

SOLD OUT

STOP THE RICH FOXHUNTING

CLASS WAR HUNT SABS
BM BOX 357 LONDON WC1N 3XX

WORKING CLASS AND PROUD!

CLASS UNITY CLASS PRIDE CLASS WAR

CLASS WAR BM BOX 347 LONDON WC1N 3XX

"CONGRATULATIONS" RICH SCUM, YOU AND YOUR HIRED THUGS HAVE JUST BEEN SABBED BY CLASS WAR HUNT SABS

STOP THE RICH FOXHUNTING
CLASS WAR BM BOX 357 LONDON WC1N 3XX

FUCK THE POLICE

CLASS WAR
BM BOX 357 LONDON WC1N 3XX

LAWS

THEY MAKE 'EM WE BREAK 'EM

CLASS WAR PRISONERS
BM BOX 357 LONDON WC1N 3XX

NO MUGGERS! NO BURGLARS!

THIS IS A WORKING CLASS AREA. DON'T RIP OFF YOUR OWN.

CLASS WAR

BM BOX 357 LONDON WC1N 3XX



LETTERS

WE PRINT 'EM COS YOU WRITE 'EM

You'll Never Walk Alone

I've been thinking about the subject of Professional Scousers, you know the brand of personality who is only too happy to talk on telly in an exaggerated Scouse accent whilst making doubly sure they live in a huge mansion in Buckinghamshire.

Anyway I made a list of arseholes from my old town and its environs and they fall into two categories. One is the Tarbuck type who liked people to know where they came from when it suited their careers. The other is the exact opposite - the Glenda Jackson type who shut up about coming from Merseyside in case it damages their careers. In some ways the first lot are probably worse - nothing to say about the dockers but couldn't get their arses here quick enough after Hillsborough. And, by the way, Cilla Black's dad was a docker.

There are probably more but the first lot are

(1) Cilla and Tarby of course, Les Dennis, Tom O'Connor, Ron Atkinson, Keith Chegwin, Stan Boardman, Carla Lane, Freddie Starr, Tommy Smith (ex Liverpool player who along with Emyln Hughes was famed for his hostility towards our first black player, Howard Gayle) and lastly the taxman's favourite, Ken Dodd.

(2) Edwina Currie sometime MP and crap novelist, Cherie Blair, wife of some prick and QC who prosecutes council tax non-payers, Glenda Jackson one time till operator at Boots in Birkenhead, alleged actress and Blair Babe, Stephen Norris who had 5 affairs and still managed to shag the transport system, Bill Rogers, founder of the SDP who rogered the Labour left, Lewis Collins shit actor who played government agents in crap TV shows, Lord Vestey - strangely quiet about his Argentinean connections in 1982, he was cheered in the Commons by Tory MPs when details of his family's tax avoidance came out, Lady Topham, owner of Aintree racecourse and responsible for lots of dead horses and wealthy bookies, Peter Sissons TV presenter and establishment apologist, Dora Bryan, who should have been shot for her portrayal of working class women in films. Beryl Bainbridge, crap playwright who thinks schools should eliminate regional accents so that children grow up sounding like 1950s BBC presenters, Anne Robinson, Daily Mirror columnist and Points of View presenter who slagged off the people of Kirby when Jamie Bulger was murdered. Lastly, my favourite, David Patrick Maxwell Fyfe, who became Lord Kilmuir. This bastard refused to commute Derek Bentley's death sentence when he was Home Secretary in 1952/53. He's one person we really should "let him have it". I'm not ashamed of coming from Liverpool but these people make me sick. I also refuse to enter into the slanging match between Liverpool and Manchester which the media stirs up. We've got the same enemy after all.

Ronnie, Runcorn, Cheshire.

CW reply: Ronnie's set off at a cracking

pace with his list of local scum. Can anyone better it? Obviously Mancunians would have to start with Bernard Manning, Cockneys with Jim Davidson and Scots with the SNP member for Benidorm, Sean Connery. Send in your lists and we will print them in the next issue.

Dear Comrades,

I enjoyed reading your list of upper class twits with silly names (Class War issue 77) But I would argue that you have failed to mention the worst - and incidentally the idiot with the longest surname - of the lot. It belongs to none other than Admiral Sir Reginald Aylmer Ranferry Plunket-Earle-Drax-Drax.

In the highly charged atmosphere of world politics immediately before the outbreak of the Second World War, the British sent Sir Reginald and another eminent lunatic to negotiate on its behalf with the Soviet Union. Though time was of the utmost importance, they dawdled away on a slow boat, arriving at Leningrad just before the Kremlin tyrants signed the non-aggression pact with Germany.

Diplomatic protocol dictated that they had to give their hosts their names in full, plus any honours they possessed. Admiral Sir Reginald Aylmer Ranferry Plunket-Earle-Drax-Drax had just got as far as to say that, among many other honours, he had the Order of the Bath, when a Kremlin ruler politely enquired what the title stood for. Alas, Sir Reginald did not know! On the spur of the moment he devised his answer - that the award dated back to the Middle Ages, when the nobility did a lot of hunting. They returned hot, tired and dirty. Consequently they needed to clean up. On hearing this Stalin and his fellow bureaucrats burst out laughing, presumably saying to each other in Russian "we've got a right one here comrades"

Raymond Challinor, Whitley Bay, Tyne and Wear.

CW reply: Apparently Raymond is an author on the Second World War, and his book on this affair "The Struggle for Hearts and Minds" is published by Berwick Press. Some people will go to any lengths to plug their books!

Motorcycle Madness

Having just started back to work as a courier after a break, I was chatting to some of the lads when one of them brought up the Reclaim the Streets demo in London on June 18th. Having not attended the great day myself due to a profound lack of interest based on previous experiences (ie a few hundred spikey's protecting a few thousand E'ed up tree dwelling ravers, more interested in dancing than standing up to the filth and then giving us grief into the bargain) I was amazed, nay stunned, to hear stories about couriers being attacked by sections of the crowd. Why? Do these idiots really believe that couriers are valid targets? Most of us are working class lads and lasses that despise the suits in the city and the multi-nationals they work for, but like most ordinary work-

ing class people need to earn a living. Regrettably that means running messengers for these slags.

Fact: most working class people work for a boss who is top of the tree while us minions make do with the crumbs from their table. Unless you are self-employed you do not have much of an option. The alternative is not to work, which unless you are getting handouts from mater and pater, while deciding what to do with you're life, is not really an option.

One thing that gets me about some of these "kill the car" types is their hypocrisy. These fuckers are the same clean green types that you see by every motorway junction trying to hitch rides to the latest Rainbow Gathering in Scunthorpe. Roads seem to be quite conveniently down the protesting agenda then - maybe they would prefer to walk.

Bikers demonstrated against the Criminal Justice Bill bringing 10,000 to Trafalgar Square (Ed: surely you mean the Poll Tax?) And there are an estimated 12,000 couriers in London alone. People would do well to remember that bikers have had plenty to deal with in the past and have been plentiful supporters of various anti-government/anti-capitalist demos. Any pissed up crustie who is thinking of attacking any couriers in the future should know we are connected to 1000s of radios. Indeed as some found out on June 18th as they became more acquainted with the tarmac than they wanted to be, we are no bunch of pansies.

No name received, just signed Class War Couriers.

Postmark South London.

CW Letters Page
PO Box 467
London E8 3QX



CW reply: In riots it is perhaps too easy to cheer and trumpet the good things and sweep under the carpet the bad, for example the rapes that occurred during the Brixton riot in 1981, or the case outlined above. Did nobody attempt to jump in and stop the attack on the courier, did nobody try and argue with the crustie involved? We will move forward by confronting these issues, challenging shit behaviour from our own side and where necessary naming and shaming in instances like the above. We welcome debate on this, and any other issue, at the usual address.

Dear Class War,

Given the numbers of toffs who injure themselves fox-hunting by falling off and lapsing into comas, shouldn't the effort be focused on protecting and increasing the height of hedgerows, not pruning low branches etc, then making fox-hunting compulsory for all aspirational aristos inc Garry [onetime Skrewdriver supporter] Bushell. Remember a horse nearly got Diana before the Paris underpass did.

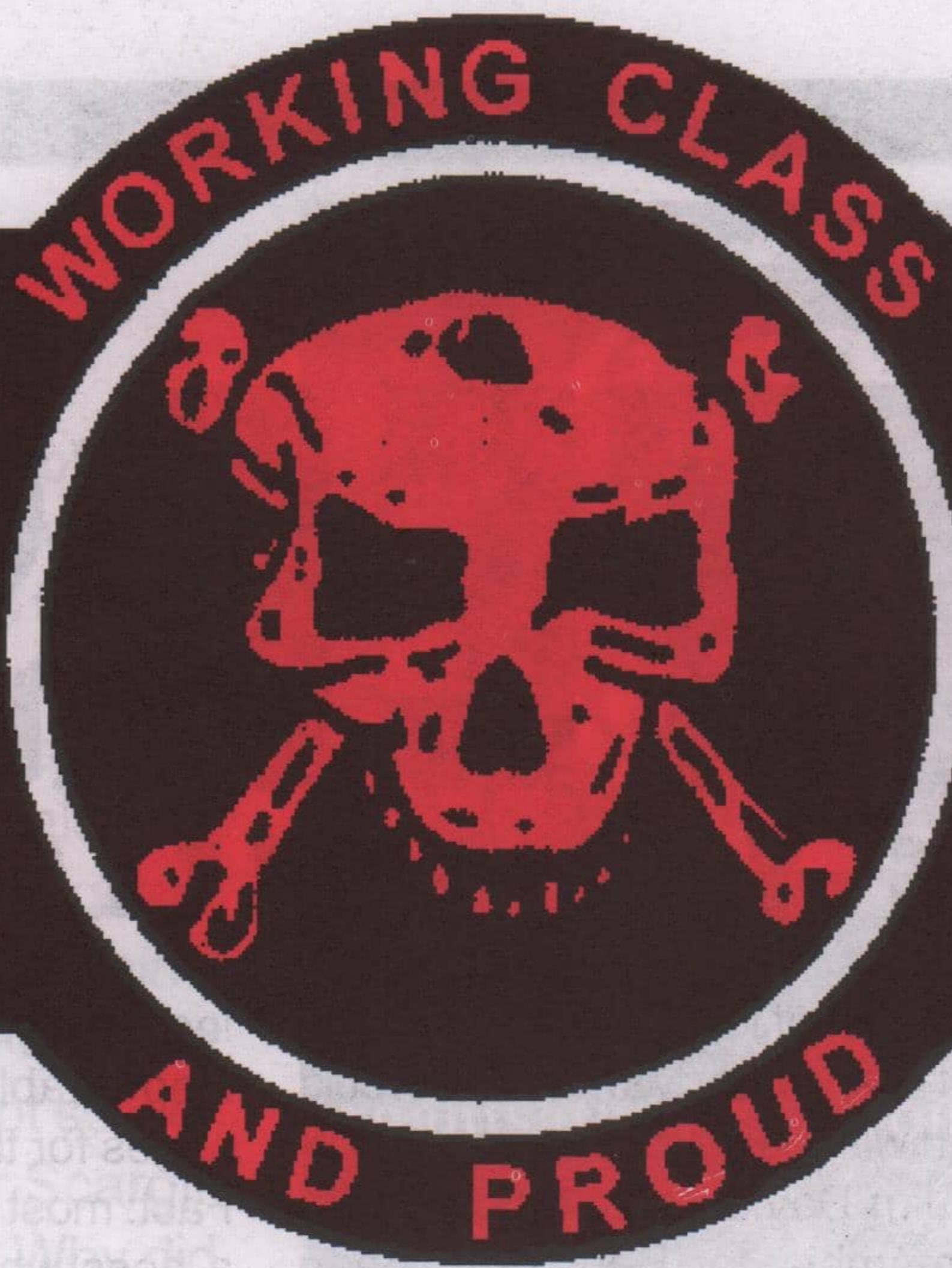
Best Wishes,

Beige [but looks white under street lights]
Fiat Uno Owner.



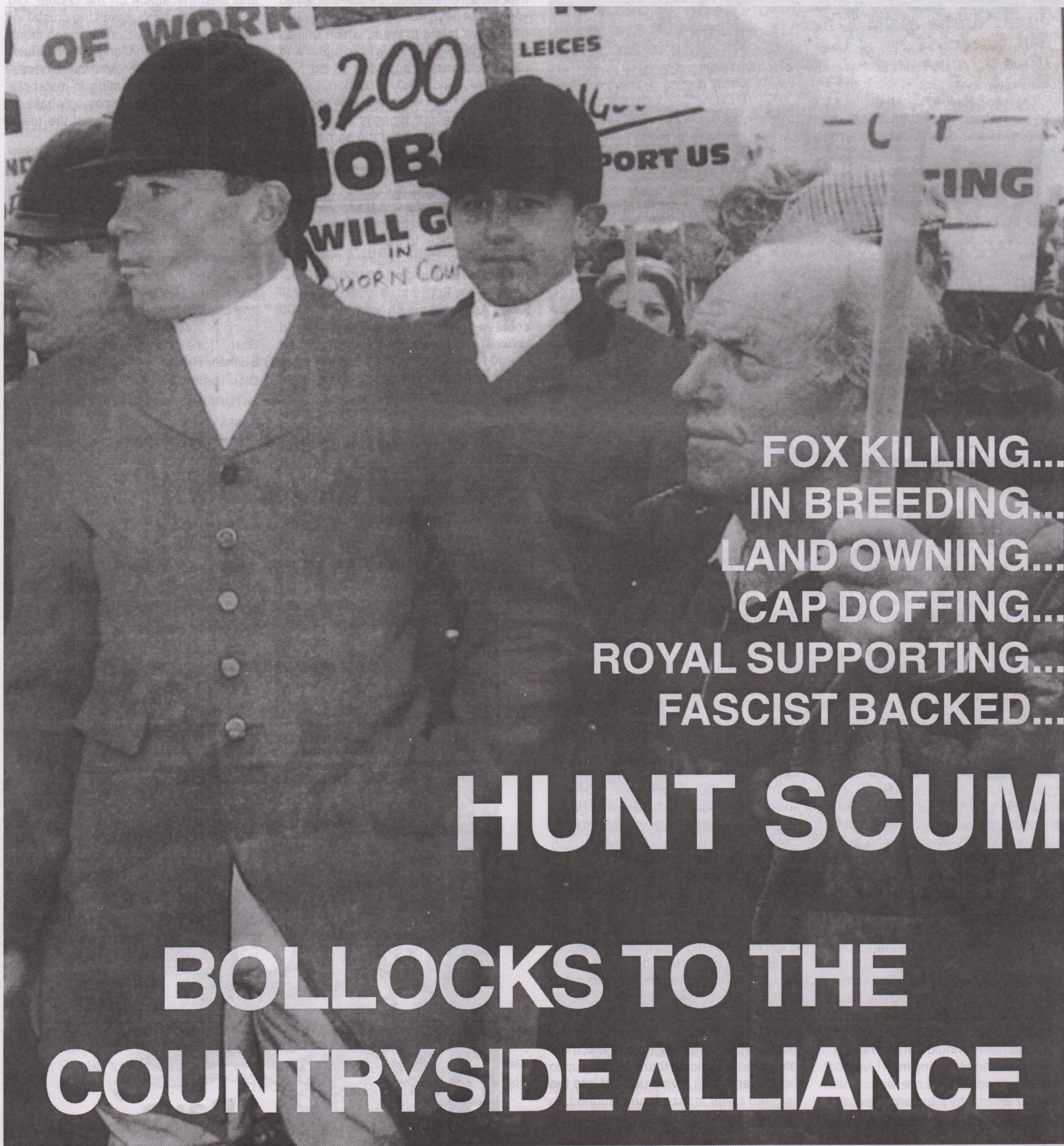
AVAILABLE NOW FROM CLASS WAR - £5.50 inc P&P

CLASS



WAR

Thought: Their family trees don't have branches...



FOX KILLING...
IN BREEDING...
LAND OWNING...
CAP DOFFING...
ROYAL SUPPORTING...
FASCIST BACKED...

HUNT SCUM

BOLLOCKS TO THE COUNTRYSIDE ALLIANCE

CLASS WAR BM BOX 357 LONDON WC1N 3XX