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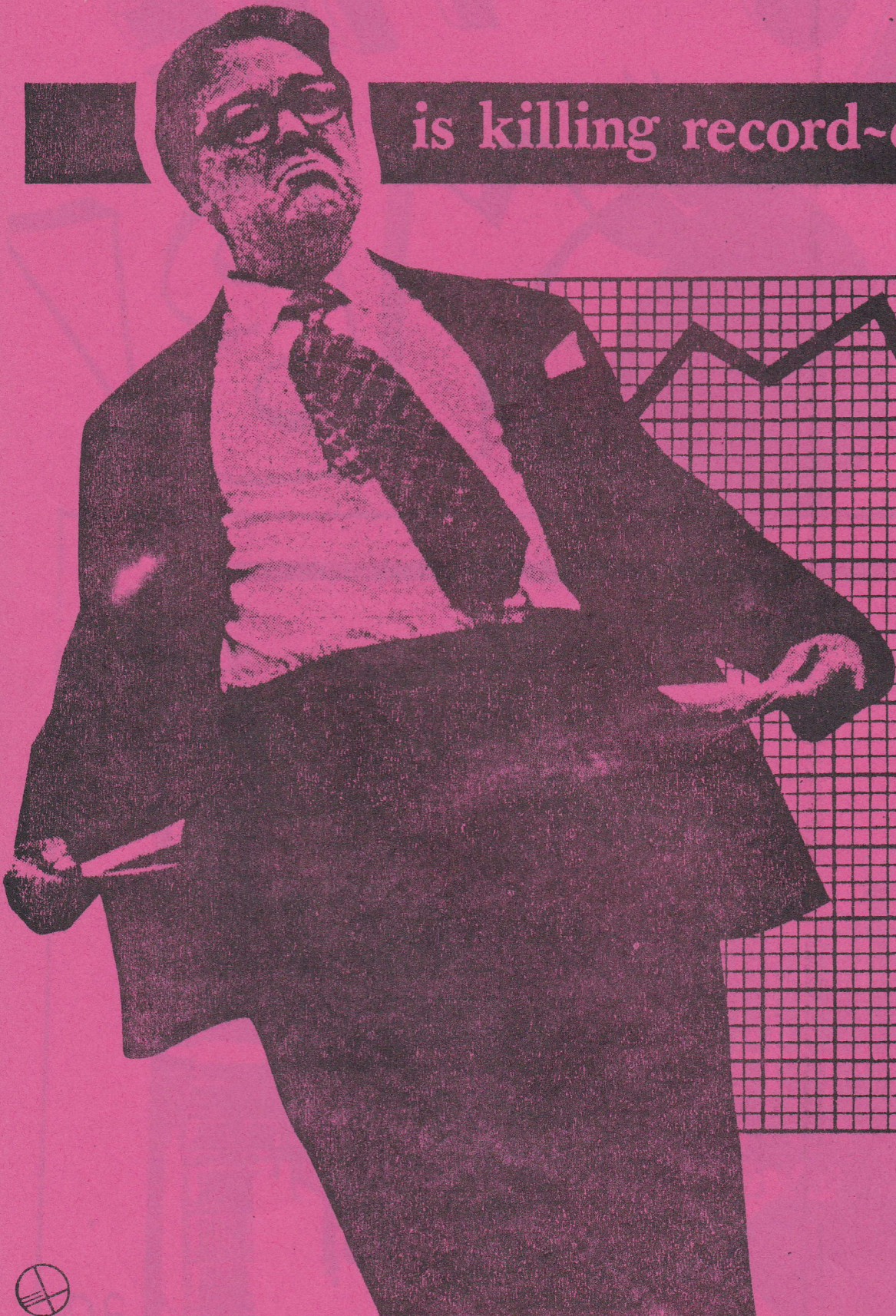
SPOT THE BOMB!



20p

Home-taping

is killing record-companies,



... and it's about time.



sit in the road and smash the state

1983 was not only a year during which the threat and danger of nuclear war loomed terrifyingly close, it was also a year during which many people turned their silent fear into vocal protest and active opposition. I was one of those people.

There are many ways to participate in the peace movement, and it's important that everyone should feel comfortable with what they're doing. Here I would like to write a personal account of my involvement with direct action (which, of course, is valuable in many other campaigns apart from disarmament) and my resulting imprisonment.

To me, direct action means doing what we find necessary ourselves, with our own power, rather than handing over that power to self-styled governments and spending the rest of our lives floundering in legal channels. It doesn't necessarily involve breaking the law, though it often does because the state, wanting our power for itself, has little room for those who act outside it. This isn't to deny the importance of other kinds of action, such as those which are aimed at communicating with the general population and which can range from leafletting and flyposting to festivals and celebrations, but I think we are kidding ourselves if we think we can achieve anything more than a change of faces on the television through the ballot box.

One of the first actions I took part in was the non-violent blockade at USAF Upper Heyford last summer. I don't want the base (home of the F111 bombers) to be operational, and I felt that the clearest way I could make that point was by obstructing the way in with my body. Direct action is obviously still mainly symbolic at the moment because there are not enough of us to actually stop the war machine, but I feel that it serves a number of useful purposes. It keeps the issue of disarmament alive - publicity can highlight both our determination to oppose war and focus on particular points which we want to bring to public notice. When it goes well it helps us to feel our collective and individual strength because we're doing something directly rather than humbly asking someone else to do it for us. And although we haven't yet closed down a base or stopped a cruise, there is no doubt that we are a thorn-in-the-flesh of the warmongers - they have to take us into account when they make their plans (and sometimes their plans go the tiniest bit astray . . .). Nonviolent direct action now helps us to gain practical experience for the day when there are more of us, and shows the way to the many possibilities that will be open to us on that day.

I was arrested at Upper Heyford, along with over thirty people from Nottingham. (There were more than seven hundred arrests there altogether.) Although I had previously decided to avoid arrest, I changed my mind (along with the rest of my affinity group) when the police told us that anyone who sat down again before five o'clock would be arrested; I had travelled down to blockade and intended to do so or I'd have felt that I'd wasted my time. This experience helped me to overcome my fear of arrest because there were so many of us together, and we actually had a good time in custody. I had to go to court two weeks later - pleading guilty, (I did indeed "obstruct the highway") I was given a year's conditional discharge and charged £25 court costs with 28 days to pay.

I wasn't sure whether or not to pay these costs, so I delayed and gradually decided that I probably wouldn't. Then I discovered that seven other Nottingham people who had been arrested at the same event were not going to pay, which made me feel a lot more positive about my decision. I had several reasons for not paying; I felt that, although technically "guilty", I had done the right thing by trying to obstruct war preparations and my refusal to pay was partly a matter of principle. Also, I thought that a group of peace activists being jailed (the almost inevitable consequence of not paying) could gain valuable publicity for the disarmament movement and be a convenient peg for people to hang discussions on. This did indeed happen as we put a lot of effort into publicizing what was going on, including organizing a demonstration outside the Guildhall on the day of the first jailing. Because we were prepared to face jail, we hoped that it might persuade other people who were already committed to peace but hadn't yet taken part in direct action to consider the possibilities of doing so, and some of our handouts publicized other actions that people could join. Then I felt personally that if I was going to become more effective politically I would have to face up to my fear of prison.

Those of us who were refusing to pay formed a group and worked together to support each other and organise around our trials and prison sentences. I found myself doing quite a lot of things I had either little or no experience in, such as giving radio interviews, and I learned a lot from all this.

Three people were imprisoned before me, my summons being for December 9th. In court I was given a final chance to pay, and when I refused I was sentenced to five days. I was sent to Risley to serve my time, and after a while in the cells under the Guildhall I was driven up there by panda car.

I have produced a cassette about my experiences at Risley (which anyone interested can buy or borrow from me) and I hope to write a pamphlet too. Here I'll just write briefly about some of what I found most horrible about a terrible place. I had prepared myself by thinking that it would be worse than I could imagine - and it was worse than I could imagine.

All control of my body was taken from me - I was told what to do

and when to do it. This included how to wear my earstuds, how to wash myself and when to clean my contact lenses. Being admitted equalled being sexually assaulted. I was made to strip completely, and was given a detailed and humiliating search. All this, combined with trying to find my way through a maze of unexplained rules and a total lack of privacy made me feel degraded and powerless. I was shocked by the hatred of the screws towards the world - they did more than just their jobs, they were powered by the energy of their violent hatred. I was upset by the fates of the other prisoners; I could cope by thinking that I'd be out soon, but some women had been sentenced to several months or more, whilst others were on remand and didn't know whether they'd be found guilty or not, and if so, how long their sentences would be. I couldn't imagine how they could survive without suppressing and then losing the parts of themselves which have to do with self-respect, caring and feeling.

At this point I'd like to mention letters. When you're imprisoned, receiving a letter makes an unimaginable difference to how you feel. Apart from visits so brief and occasional as to be almost non-existent, letters are about the only point of contact with the outside world. So if anyone reading this knows anyone in prison, please write to them, preferably only on one side of the paper so that they can use the other side - in Risley, women could receive letters without their numbers on them.

When I had completed my five month-long days, I underwent another horrific search and was eventually escorted to, and dumped outside, the main gates. My feelings changed rapidly from bewilderment to euphoria when I met friends waiting for me. But, despite warnings, I wasn't really prepared for the depression, confusion and inability to handle pressure which soon followed. However, after an easier outcome to my Stop the City trial three days later, a restful weekend and a lot of caring from my friends I felt all right again. Now my confusion and fear have turned to anger; and I am angry angry angry for all those women still trapped inside a system which labels them criminal and then, on increasingly trivial charges, imprisons them in hell holes which care so little about them that they take half an hour to answer an alarm bell; and I am angry angry angry against a system which sees fit to build weapons of mass destruction and then imprisons those who dare challenge it.

If my five days inside were to intimidate me from taking further actions, they will have been pointless. So I am and shall be continuing to protest in whatever way seems appropriate against the state which steals parts of peoples lives and rots them in prisons, which is the same state which is planning the nuclear destruction of all our lives.

A slightly shorter version of this article first appeared in GEM.

My love and thanks to all those friends who gave their support during my imprisonment, especially those who looked after my daughter. And thanks to everyone who sponsored our jailstays - the money raised will be used to meet indirect expenses incurred by people who get arrested in antinuclear activity in the future.

Contact: Chris, Box C, Mushroom, 10 Heathcote St, Nottingham.
All Power To The Central Heatingsystem!

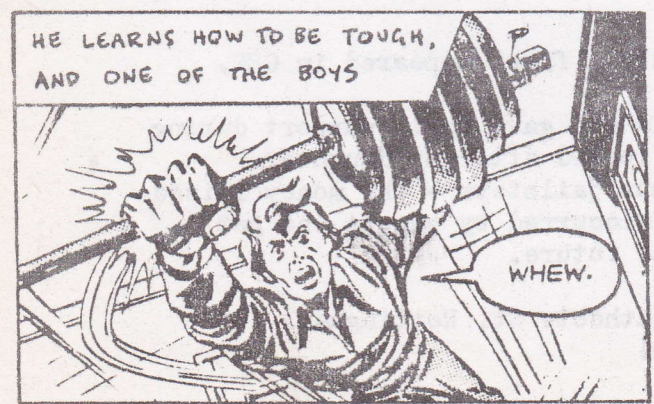
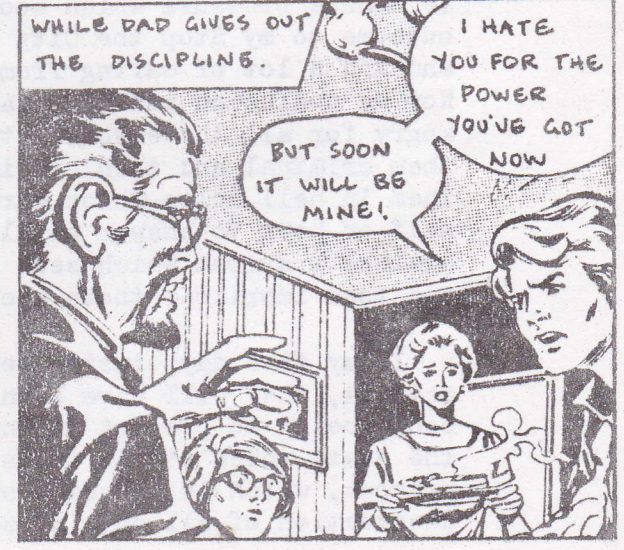
The GLORY BOYS

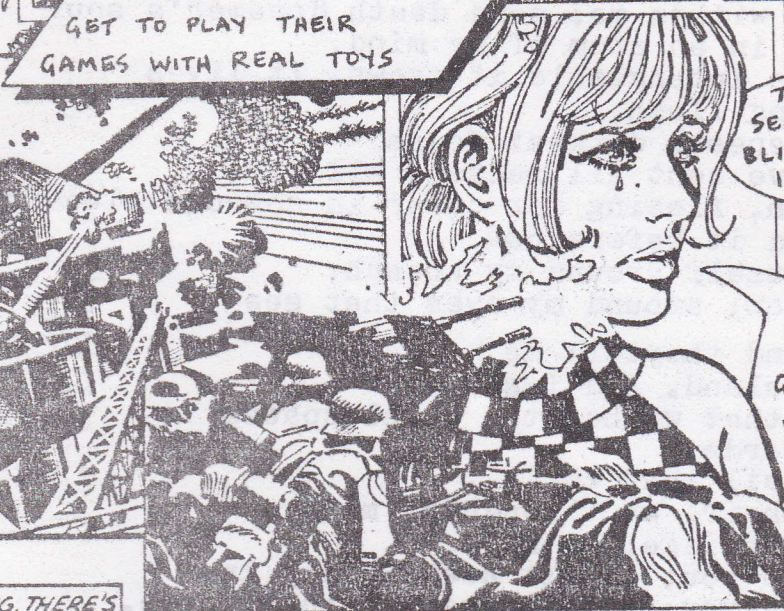
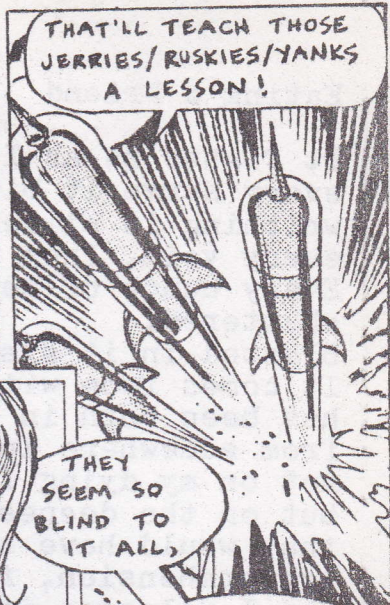
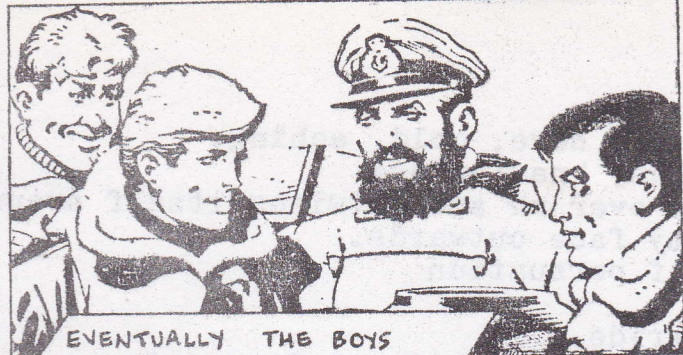


FOR WOMEN, VIOLENCE IS A DAILY REALITY

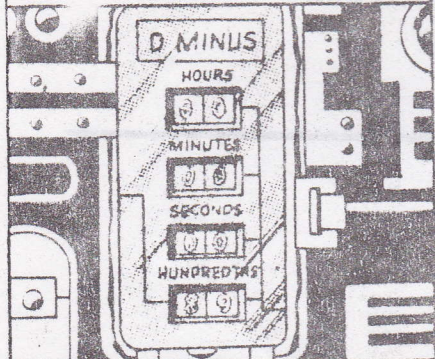


EVERYDAY, IN EVERY TOWN...

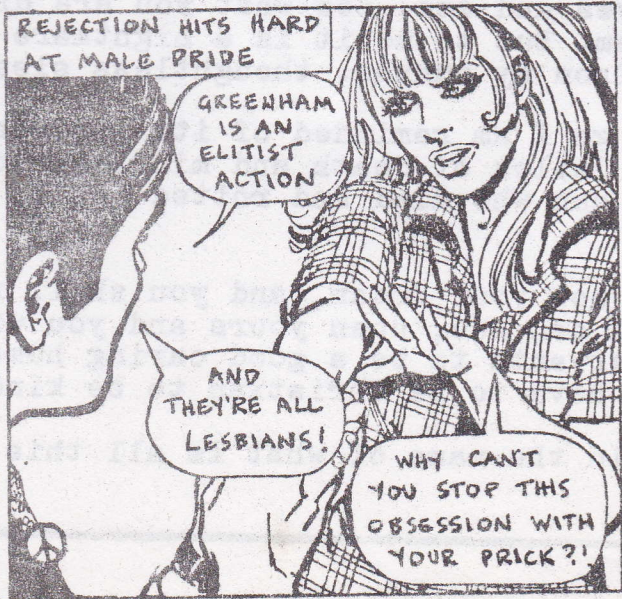
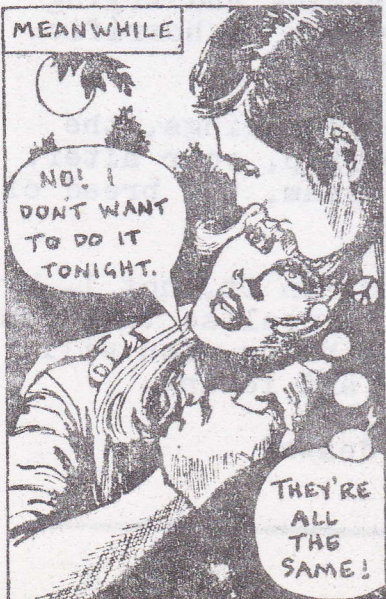
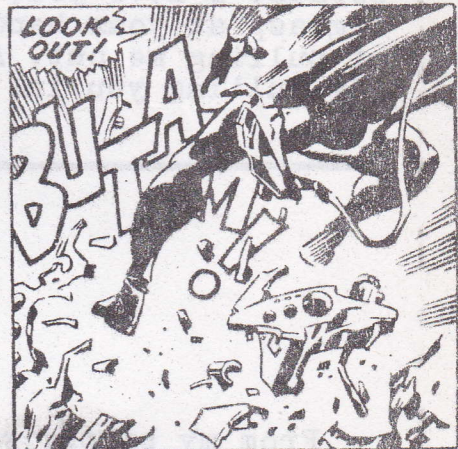




WELL, FOR ONE THING, THERE'S THE OMEGATRON--



--WHICH IS VERY CLOSE TO AN EXPLOSION THAT WILL RIP THE WORLD ASUNDER!



Eating a Friend

It fights me as I lie here, cold, aching;
every nerve it bites; gnawing and
writhing it slides over me and entwines itself around every limb,
every vein, from my face outwards.
Every ounce of self persuasion
shattered;
blasted in it's stride.
It comes from within me, some death dreamer's soul
has been born in an atom of my mind,
from somewhere intangible it grows. It lives
not on my dying flesh,
but on the deepest, darkest fears
that would have sent all reason, all
comprehension, fleeing for cover in someone else's heart,
had I released it before now.
So it coils itself around my speech;
black corrosion; around my eyes that see
and despise. And they tell me
I am not an island. And I see
in the water that washes the awful spaces
between our words,
sickly black oil that coils
through your hair; as through my mind
via my hating bridge; by me
because I love you; and it seeks a way in;
because I love you; you're rushing to help me.
I grasp at your hand and you cry out with the strain
of pulling me out. And I'm crying too because
I'm pulling you in.

From my birth, you have given me your dream.

Through my life it has been forced upon me with a pressure that
makes me open my eyes and see. See what you are dreaming and trying
to force me to dream. But to me it is a nightmare which is horrific
enough to wake me from my sunken, thoughtless sleep.

Everywhere I go I am reminded of it. Sinister buildings, the
house of your God. Tables of death and mindless worship, your altar.
The body of a dead man who died and rotted in his dream, the bread of
your Christ.

His dream is now your dream, and you shall rot in it, not I. My
eyes are open and I can see, open yours and you will realise that you
don't have to be servants to be a good caring human being. You will
see that you don't have to be Christian to be kind and loving.

Finally....In the name of what is all this death?

WOMEN'S OCCUPATION OF CHILWELL BASE

C.O.D. CHILWELL IS A QUIET LITTLE ARMY DEPOT LEFT OVER FROM THE LAST WAR, NESTLING AMONGST THE HOUSING ESTATES JUST OUTSIDE NOTTINGHAM. NOTHING MUCH SEEMS TO HAPPEN THERE ... OR DOES IT?

THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE HAS BEEN NEGOTIATING WITH THE U.S. AIRFORCE... SECURITY AT THE DEPOT HAS BEEN TIGHTENED... RESIDENTIAL QUARTERS ARE BEING PREPARED FOR USE... PLACES HAVE BEEN BOOKED IN A CHILWELL INFANTRY SCHOOL ...

THERE ARE ALREADY 102 U.S. BASES IN BRITAIN. IT SEEMS INCREASINGLY LIKELY THAT CHILWELL IS DESTINED TO BE THE 103rd. CONFLICTING RUMOURS ARE FLYING AS THE M.O.D. REFUSES TO TELL US WHAT THEY ARE PLANNING FOR OUR FUTURE, SUPPOSEDLY ON OUR BEHALF. IT MAY BE THAT A MILITARY HOSPITAL WILL BE BUILT TO TAKE AMERICAN CASUALTIES OF A EUROPEAN WAR, BUT A LOCAL TORY M.P.* SPEAKING TO CONSERVATIVE STUDENTS LET SLIP PLANS FOR STORING PARTS FROM CRUISE MISSILES, AND WE'VE EVEN HEARD TELL OF PLANS TO MOVE CRUISE ITSELF TO "SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDLANDS" BECAUSE OF THE CONTINUING PRESSURE OF THE PEACE CAMP AT GREENHAM COMMON. EITHER WAY CHILWELL IS DESTINED TO BECOME ANOTHER IMPORTANT LINK IN THE NUCLEAR CHAIN :- MAKING NOTTINGHAM ANOTHER IMPORTANT TARGET

And Nottingham has declared itself a NUCLEAR-free ZONE

OVER THE PAST COUPLE OF MONTHS, PEOPLE HAVE STARTED PROTESTING AT CHILWELL :- LOCAL ANTI-NUCLEAR GROUPS HAVE STAGED DEMONSTRATIONS, THERE WAS A PEACE CAMP SET UP FOR THE PERIOD JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND AN ANARCHIST GROUP DECIDED TO CELEBRATE THE WINTER SOLSTICE BY HAVING A BONFIRE PARTY INSIDE THE BASE....

AGAINST THIS BACKGROUND OF PROTEST, WOMEN FROM BIRMINGHAM W.O.N.T (WOMEN OPPOSE THE NUCLEAR THREAT) AND NOTTINGHAM WOMEN FOR PEACE DECIDED TO TAKE SOME NON-VIOLENT DIRECT ACTION.

PEACE

WOMEN FOR PEACE

*correction:
It was
Lord
Tregarron
(spelling?!!)
a minister
(no less!)

read on

Chilwell!

ON SUNDAY JANUARY 1st, the first day of 1984, we went into the base and occupied one of the houses being made ready for new occupants. About 25 of us were involved in the action and we arrived at the base at about nine in the morning, when most people were still sleeping of their new year's eve celebrations.

We climbed through a hole in the fence complete with two saxophones, a guitar, an accordion, and a huge cylinder of helium, and made for the nearest house. A couple of us climbed in through a downstairs window and then opened the front door to let the others in. We nailed up the window and bolted the doors.

Very quickly the Ministry of Defence Police arrived (the modpods, as they are known at Greenham), and sat in their car and stared at us for a while, whilst radioing for orders. Meanwhile, we busied ourselves making breakfast and making banners which we hung from the windows.

102³ AMERICAN BASES = 102³ TARGETS
HOUSE THE HOMELESS - NOT TROOPS

Also we put up notices saying we had squatters rights.

After a while a senior modpod arrived and asked us to leave. We said we were squatting, and it was a civil matter between us and the owners of the house. He tried to frighten us by mentioning the "military lands act" but none of us had ever heard of that being used, even at Greenham. He asked us how long we were going to stay, so we said we didn't know and he went away. But we got the impression that if we told them we were only staying for the day, as was our plan, they would leave us pretty much alone.

We had a quick meeting to decide what to tell them, and we decided that there was no point being arrested for the sake of it with no publicity, and it would be better to be able to stage the day-long protest and make sure we got press coverage. So when the modpods came back, we told them our intentions and our suspicions were confirmed as they retreated to their cars and just watched us.

Chilwell Womens Peace Squat - JAN 1st

We spent the rest of the morning blowing up balloons with the helium for a balloon release later in the day, to coincide with a similar release at Greenham on the same day. We sang and played songs. We drew and cut out peace women from coloured paper to tie onto the balloons, writing messages of peace and freedom on each one, whilst our support group on the other side of the fence contacted the press.

About one o'clock, Radio Nottingham turned up. The reporter wanted a couple of us to come out, but we wouldn't. So he came up to the house, but only managed to snatch a bit of an interview before the modpods came and asked him to leave. They then surrounded the house so that no-one could get in or out, including our support people who were trying to bring us water (so that we could flush the loo!) so we shouted an interview from the windows of the house, and then the support women had to finish it off.

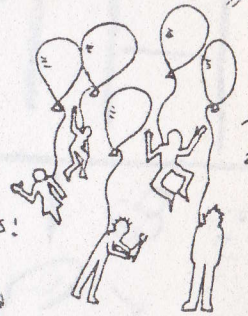
A little later, four more women from Birmingham arrived, and had great fun trying to throw us food through the windows... but their aim wasn't too accurate. They tried passing stuff on a long pole... until the modpods took the pole. We all cheered when they managed to get a box of chocolates to us!

Then they disappeared... and it turned out later that they'd come into the base and had been picked up.

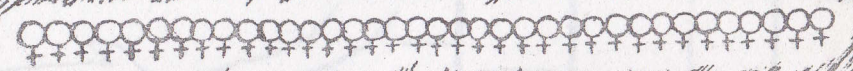
For the rest of the afternoon we sang and played games and tried to convince the chief modpod that we really weren't going to let him in, no matter how much he smiled and promised to leave after he'd had a chat.

At three o'clock we released the balloons. It was great to see them rising up into the wind all different colours, taking with them our messages of peace....

Then we saw the four Birmingham women being dumped by the modpods at the perimeter fence. They'd been released without charge. Time was moving on, and so we cleaned the house and prepared to move out.



A
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N



C.O.D. CHILWELL

We came out of the house singing :- "Stand up, women make your choice. Create a world without nuclear death. For together we are strong. Break the nuclear chain"

As we came out, a van drove up and the modpods held us and tried to persuade us to get into the van. We asked if we were being arrested, and they said no, they wanted to give us a lecture. We refused to move. We said they couldn't take us unless they were arresting us. They said we were on military land and they were detaining us, and started to bundle the first women into the van.

So we sat down, and they dragged us one by one into the van. One woman hit her head as she was thrown into the van. Then they drove us through the base. It was very quiet, but I noticed building work had been started in a couple of places. They unloaded us into a building and we covered our faces with scarves and hats to prevent being photographed.

They herded us all into a big hall, and then said "Will the first one of you go through?" Through to where? We asked. They wanted to see us one at a time. To try and get information from us. We refused to go, if they wanted to lecture us they could do it to all of us. They tried to persuade, we refused. They left us saying "Let us know when you've changed your minds."

Left in the hall on our own, we started to play games. We played a silly walk game. Screaming and laughing and shouting and singing, impersonating policemen and politicians, making a hell of a racket.

The police kept poking their heads round the door; completely baffled by the whole affair - why weren't we dejected and frightened? They'd left us there to frighten us.....

And we were having the time of our lives!!

Then we decided to sing the Houses of Parliament as an opera, an idea we got from some women at Brawdy Peace Camp who conducted their trial as an opera. One woman pretended to be Margaret Thatcher and screeched at the top of her voice, "I am your leader and you will do as I say" - followed by the rest of us in chorus, "she is our leader, and we will do as she says."



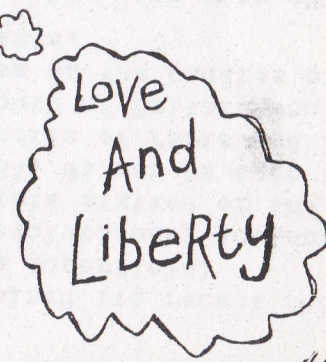
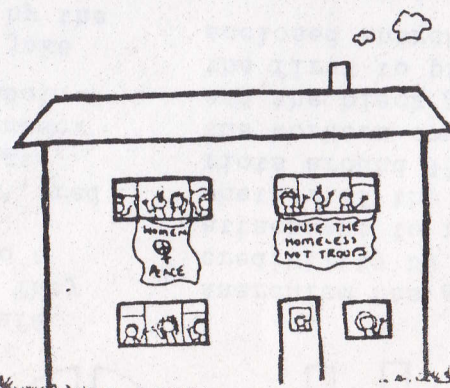
It was just as everyone started to be the Labour Party, singing "We are the Labour Party, we are the Labour Party", that the police came in and said we could go....

They put us in the van and dumped us outside the base.

All of us felt it had been a really successful action, both in terms of local press coverage, and confounding the police... but more important than that, in taking the focus away from Greenham - to local people taking action in their own areas. It's vital that this begins to happen, that the women living at Greenham (and I stay there quite a lot myself) are not seen as martyrs doing it all on our behalf.

Because the struggle does not begin or end at Greenham, or at the yearly CND demo in London, but here in Nottingham and in Birmingham and everywhere across the country.

For resistance to be effective, it must take place everywhere.... from direct action, such as ours at Chilwell, to the way we live our lives and treat the people around us...



WOMEN SQUAT FOR PEACE

BOLLOCKS TO 'A'

Radical politics (what?!) these days seem to have slumped once again into knee-jerk responses to the easiest targets. Anti nuclear, anti vivisection nice reasonable issues. We are no longer asking questions about our own lives or about where these politics are going because we're caught in the endless round of wondering about the next demo, the next direct action.

Anarchism has come up as an ideological flavour of the moment, the latest ism to act as a security blanket. It is beautifully suited to providing a role for a revolutionary elite. Persecuted by Left and Right the anarchist becomes the martyr who never has to produce a self definition but can rest smugly contented by everyone else's hatred. This hides the fact that the anarchist movement is the most narrow minded of all.

Despite protests that anarchy has had a bad press, that it isn't really about chaos and men in cloaks with bombs, anarchist groups still cling

to these symbols to provide a safe stereotype for their existence. They are ritual symbols comparable to a football supporters club or a religious sect: 'Smash the State', red and black banners, scarves, badges, 'whoever you vote for the government gets in', the A in a circle symbol.

This would all be a reasonable joke if it hadn't now been taken up by the 'new generation' of anarcho punks with their own black and tattered variety.

Clearly, the mythology isn't dead yet but its becoming increasingly obvious that the politics and theory of anarchism died in the 1930s along with Spanish republic, socialism, and the rest of the 19th century workers movement.

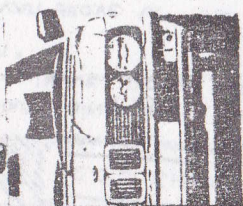
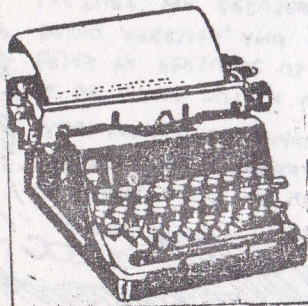
For example: Freedom Press last year published 'Why Work?' an anthology of anarchist writing which had nothing from the last twenty years. Nothing on the present technological changes, nothing on the new social class of claimants, nothing on the feminist analysis of waged work.

Anarchism has gained its recent phoney credibility by a superficial attachment to revolutionary actions - whether of the late sixties or the UK riots around 1981. We can be sure that the workers councils of Paris and Prague and the black youth of Britain would be the first to piss on the huddles of self enclosed anarchists.

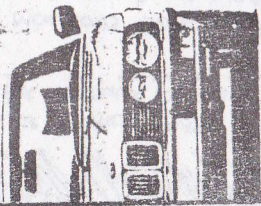
The biggest irony has come with the present womens peace movement. Only by latching on to their tail can the anarchist movement hide the fact that the women have put into practice decentralised, autonomous, daily, non hierarchical politics which the anarchist movement wanted to monopolise (without ever creating it).

Stung with jealousy, the security begins to crumble. Perhaps now we will be able to put the lid back onto the trashcan of history and leave the anarchist movement rotting there.

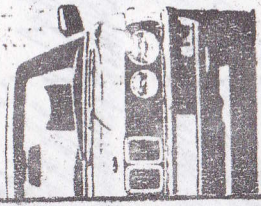
Smash the central heating system!



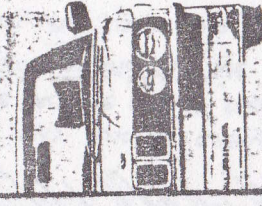
BMW 520i £10,195



BMW 525i £12,135



BMW 528i £13,575
BMW 528i SE £16,475



BMW Alpina B2.8
£16,595

SYN

SPECIALISTS UNIT



STOP THE CITY 2

ECONOMIC SYSTEMS EAST AND WEST CREATE DEATH AND POVERTY. THEIR TOOLS ARE ARTIFICIAL SCARCITY, SICKNESS, DESTRUCTION OF ANIMALS AND THE ENVIRONMENT, REPRESSION AND WAR. THEY EXIST FOR THE PROFIT AND POWER OF A FEW RICH MEN.

THESE SYSTEMS CREATE DIVISIONS BETWEEN US TO INCREASE THEIR OWN POWER, THEY ARE BASED ON USELESS OR HARMFUL AND UNHEALTHY JOBS WHOSE ONLY PURPOSE IS TO MAKE A PROFIT FOR THE ALREADY RICH ; AND ON UNPAID, USEFUL WORK WHICH IS UNEVENLY SHARED OUT. WOMEN DO MOST OF THE CHILDCARE, CLEANING AND COOKING AND ARE EXPECTED TO SERVICE 'THEIR MENFOLK' SO THAT THEY CAN MAKE BIGGER PROFITS FOR THEIR BOSSES.

THE WELL-FED GENTS SITTING COMFORTABLY IN THEIR CARPETED CITY OFFICES ARE MAKING THEIR MONEY, POWER AND CHAMPAGNE OUT OF PEOPLE THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY. THESE PEOPLE HAVE TO WORK ENDLESS HAZARDOUS HOURS FOR STARVATION WAGES.

THE CAREFULLY CONTROLLED MEDIA MANIPULATE PEOPLE IN THE WEST INTO BELIEVING THAT

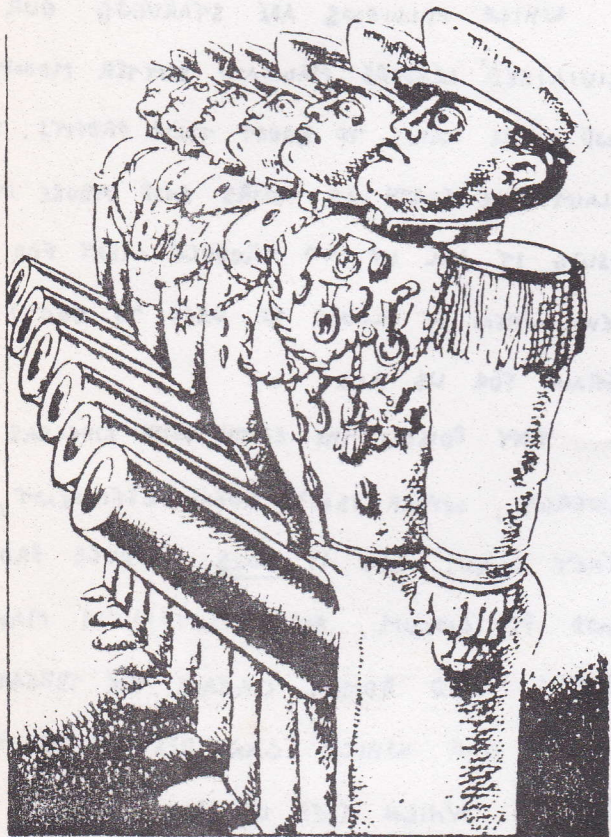
THEY ARE 'SUPERIOR' TO THEIR SISTERS AND BROTHERS IN THE THIRD WORLD. USING THESE^{DIVISION} PROFIT IS GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER. AND IN YOUR BACKYARD TOO!

WHILE MILLIONS ARE STARVING OUR 'CIVILISED' LEADERS MAINTAIN BUTTER MOUNTAINS AND WINE LAKES TO BOOST THEIR PROFITS. THEY CLAIM THE EARTH AS THEIRS AND ABUSE IT ; USING IT ALL UP TO PRODUCE MEAT FOR A FEW WHEN IT COULD BE USED TO GROW GRAIN FOR US ALL.

THEY POISON THE EARTH WITH NUCLEAR ENERGY, WHICH ISN'T EVEN EFFICIENT, AS THEY CLAIM. BUT IT DOES PRODUCE PROFITS AND PLUTONIUM. AND PLUTONIUM MAKES BOMBS. AND BOMBS CREATE THE THREAT OF WAR : WAR WHICH CAN DESTROY US ALL, THREATS WHICH KEEP US ALL IN OUR PLACES, REINFORCING THEIR DIVISIONS. ARE RUSSIAN PEOPLE REALLY ANY DIFFERENT FROM



US? ISN'T WHAT WE ALL WANT NOTHING MORE THAN THE OPPORTUNITY TO LEAD OUR OWN LIVES WITHOUT BEING DICTATED TO BY THE NEED OF PROFIT?



LAST SEPTEMBER MANY DIFFERENT PEOPLE FROM MANY DIFFERENT BACKGROUNDS AND GROUPS CAME TOGETHER TO PROTEST AGAINST THE PROFITS MADE OUT OF WAR. THIS PROTEST TOOK PLACE IN THE CENTRE OF THE FINANCIAL WAR MACHINE, THE CITY OF LONDON.

ON MARCH 29TH THIS YEAR, THE DAY WHEN THE CITY RECKONS UP ITS WINTER PROFITS, THERE WILL BE A PROTEST AGAINST THE MONEY MADE OUT OF MISERY AND DEATH IN ALL THEIR FORMS. WE WILL STOP THE CITY, THE CITY WHICH THRIVES ON EX-

PLORATION AND OPPRESSION. WE WILL TAKE TO THE STREETS OF THE CITY OF LONDON AND RECLAIM THEM FOR OURSELVES AND FOR LIFE OVER DEATH, JOY OVER FEAR, HUMANITY OVER GREED.

WE WILL CALL ON ALL PEOPLE WORKING IN THE AREA TO CONSIDER HOW THE FINANCIAL EMPIRE WHICH EXPLOITS THEIR LABOUR ALSO HARMS THE REST OF US. WE WILL HAVE FUN AND TRY NONVIOLENTLY TO DISRUPT THE FUNCTIONING OF THE PROFIT MACHINE.

PLEASE JOIN US. PLEASE COME TO THE CITY OF LONDON AT 8 AM ONWARDS ON MARCH 29TH WITH IDEAS, IMAGINATION, MUSIC, LEAFLETS AND WHATEVER YOU THINK WILL MAKE THIS DAY OF ACTION ENJOYABLE AND EFFECTIVE.

IN NOTTINGHAM WE ARE ORGANISING FOR OUR PART IN THIS DAY OF ACTION. PART OF THAT ORGANIZING IS A DAY CONFERENCE FOR INTERESTED PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE MIDLANDS REGION. ON THE DAY ITSELF WE WILL HAVE COACHES GOING DOWN. IF YOU WANT TO TAKE PART OR WANT TO KNOW MORE, CONTACT US AT:

BOX A

MUSHROOM

HEATHCOTE STREET, NOTTINGHAM.



As she saw how simple it was, she became fluttering, green and windswept, because at the time she was sitting under an ash tree.

"I give to you, and you
give to me" (Oh! Fiddle de dee!)

"It's not give and take,
it's give and recieve."

It was. We seek all our lives to parcel, lable and post it off to each other, But it never leaves us and never stays.

Those 'in love', those 'at war', they're all looking for it.

I water my cactus. It seems to grow whether I water it or not. But I water it anyway.

I'm still alive, whether I rush from lover to lover proclaiming the fact, or whether I'm steeped, stagnating, in my bed all day, waiting for death.

"What day is it today?" he asked.

"Wednesday", replied his sister, squatting on the bed, making up car number plates.

And with that he got up and went to the bathroom, as though it were something he only ever did on a Wednesday.

"I've got something to tell you", she thought to herself, but you're so full of shit it'd all spill saturate over. You're so certain of your way that were I to prove your God didn't exist, that you could be ugly too if you wanted (There's no ultimate punishment you know!) you'd disappear in a puff of pink eu de cologne body spray!

So instead, she turned and watched the lights go out, reflected in the black water. And as the last yellow flame disappeared, the water seemed to vanish too.

There is NOTHING at the end of all this. We are going NOWHERE.

LOVE IT!

"I'm so sorry, but I have to inform you that your God is DEAD!" he writes inside the cover of the Gideon's Bible. "Your politics is ever changing, whether you seek revolution or stalemate, the tide is carrying you. Flow and

LOVE IT!"

Tomorrow's water babies might not like the plans you have sacrificed today for.

Doesn't that make you feel good?! You've gone a little pale! Here sit down, take a rest. A

good long look. It's

going on, whether you think you've stopped it or started it.

Look out of the window and it's there.

Rush ot and try to catch it and it's

gone.

LOVE IT!

COLLECTIVE CONTRADICTIONS

I want to write about what happened to a friend and I, but it's with a certain reticence that I do it, for fear that what I write will be taken wrongly ___ as an attack, which I hope it is n't.

Over the summer months I worked as a casual in a wholefood shop. The casual workers are not full-time members of the collective ___ they're more like extra hands, to ease off the load from collective members. It is also very useful for the casual workers because it means getting a bit of extra cash, but not having the worries of being a full-time worker. I quite enjoyed working in the shop because it meant meeting new people, and also working in an environment in which I didn't always have to feel on guard about my behaviour. I felt that I could say when I did n't like something, and could also joke about things and feel quite relaxed. It made me feel quite good about working collectively.

I was really surprised then, when I walked into the shop one day, and was told that there was no work that week ___ knowing full well that the shop was often desperately in need of extra help, and feeling that I should come in regularly in respect of this. I was then told that the workers did n't like my attitude, and that perhaps I ought to leave it for now. I felt quite confused, and didn't really know what to say. The only hint I got was that they didn't like having to tell me what to do, because it made them feel like managers on a shop floor.... I thought I'd leave it for a while, but could n't work out ~~what~~ where I'd gone wrong.

A couple of days later I discovered that a similar thing had happened to another casual worker ___ but to her it was made obvious that they didn't want her to work in the shop any more. ___ I forced myself to realise that this was in fact being said to me. I felt angry because nothing had been said straight out, I'd been given no concrete reasons for my dismissal. I phoned up the shop: 'No, no they did want me to work there, it was more T than me (T being the other casual). They didn't want me to take it personally.' When I spoke to T, they told her it was more that they didn't like my behaviour than hers?

We decided to go and meet the collective together ___ that way no referrals could be made to either of us, and basically we wanted straight answers as to why we'd been

dismissed. We spoke of how we felt they'd behaved worse than in straight jobs where at least you get some warning of your dismissal. We tried to find out exactly why we'd been dismissed, but the reasons were ones that all casuals encountered (as we later discovered) ; such as not always knowing what needed doing in the shop, or doing certain things wrong, because we were n't in the shop much. That they felt we were n't committed, but then the nature of our employment prevented commitment, since we had no responsibilities. We however felt we were committed in that we had both been to the shop when feeling tired or ill, because we knew how much they needed people.

Although we'd been told it was n't personal we started to think it was. Casuals called a meeting which we attended. They felt worried that this abrupt dismissal could happen to them. When we compared notes we all felt that we had the same problems when working in the shop.

After this I attended with collective members and casuals, to try and decide how things could best be handled in the future. How more briefing should be given to casuals before they started working in in the shop. How certain collective members should be responsible for dealing with the problems of casuals in the shop, and so on.

I left the meeting feeling quite sad. I would never work in the shop again, and it seemed somehow that what had happened could have happened in any hierarchical institution. I felt that I'd been reprimanded for the way I behaved, and that I had n't been the super efficient shop assistant that was required. I felt that I'd had too many hopes about collective working. That ideally it was to work together, taking into account each others capabilities and needs. That the end point was not to get as much money as possible, but to make ends meet-- to survive -- and (in this case) to provide good food for people.

I really hope that we can somehow combine the monetary system which is imposed on us ,with co-operation. Or is that money forces us to behave as profiteers, interested only in efficiency and competition? It seemed that money was the key to our dismissal; The collective was in trouble, needed money, needed good efficient work. It was no longer possible to have people working in the shop who agreed with the ideals, but were not ~~walk~~ working in the manner required. I feel certain that it is possible to organise collectives, so that the work is done properly whilst being aware of the needs and capabilities of all the workers. There is a big gap between the ideals that we hold and the practice of them. It is only by working on ourselves that we will ever manage to get rid of the attitudes that have been forced upon us by a capitalist state.

NUCLEAR POWER AND ALL
THAT STUFF!

Nuclear power is an issue that has been with us for some time now, but it has had a recent revival of interest with the first anniversary of the Sizewell enquiry. What prompted me to write was the sight of a child wearing an AEA (Atomic Energy Authority) badge reading 'Ice-Age No Thanks' and portrayed a blue shivering figure. This is part of a concerted effort to maintain public acceptance of nuclear energy.

The case for nuclear power rests on the assumption that we will have a continually expanding energy demand which will need to be met by new energy sources. They suggest that without it we will descend into the dark ages and therefore anyone who opposes such forms of energy is seen as somebody who wishes us all to go back to the land and live in some idyllic utopia. This of course is not the case, nuclear alternatives are being pushed at the expense of all other possible sources of energy. The relevance of ever increasing economic growth is itself open to question, since even with renewable energy sources the planet cannot sustain the continued plunder of its limited resources. Also while we appear to become wealthier at these times the gap between rich and poor never closes and Third World nations have to be massively exploited and repressed in order to maintain a cheap supply of raw materials (which is why the U.S. is not interested in trying to support any so called democracies). A whole new way of thinking is necessary for us to survive and this must come from a fusion of anarchism, feminism and the Green movement.



Back to arguments in their own terms. The urgent need for increased energy supplies is not so urgent as expected. Energy consumption has declined in the last 8 years due to the world recession. This means estimates for demand have continually had to be revised downwards so that some estimates suggest that by the year 2000 we will be consuming no more energy than we are now. This will be due to limited economic growth increasing conservation of energy and increasing costs. The view that more energy means more growth and hence more jobs is not very sound since increased energy consumption is more a sign of the increasing use of high tech machinery and inevitably a decline in the number of jobs.

Thus we have seen programs for nuclear expansion diminish in size. However there is still a strong desire to build an FBR (Fast Breeder Reactor) which when in operation turns otherwise useless Uranium 238 (the major part of the world's Uranium) into valuable Plutonium, this is important because of the rapidly declining amounts of Uranium 235. This is the area receiving most investment and research facilities. It is still however fraught with problems, and in operation would be highly dangerous due to the explosive type of reactions taking place. It would also mean transporting large amounts of weapons grade material around the country, making it vulnerable to terrorist attack (what bigger terrorists are there than the government!?).

With all these problems why do governments continue to expand their program??



The first nuclear power stations were built almost entirely for military purposes, since Britain wanted to develop its own independent nuclear weapons. The nuclear industry is still entwined with the military and an FBR would simply increase the availability of high quality weapons grade material. The link is far stronger in the U.S.A where the military has a dominant position in the economy. More direct benefits are available, in terms of government. Increasing use of nuclear power reduces dependency on coal and hence on the ^mminers (something that all governments would like to do whatever their shade). It also leads to increasing centralisation of power. This is because power stations of this type have to be very large in capacity in order to have a chance of making any money, it also helps place control in an ever decreasing number of technocrats hands. Increasing control will be necessary to prevent 'terrorists' getting their hands on it or trying to blow up one of the installations. Increased powers of surveillance and arrest (as well as para-military police on site) will help strengthen the ability of government to remove what liberties we have and allow greater interference and political repression in our lives.

There are alternatives wind, tidal, thermal, solar, bio-mass (methane provided by fast growing river plants) and hydrogen (as a replacement for petrol etc.) are some of the alternatives being worked on at the moment. Only a tenth of the amount spent on nuclear research is spent looking into alternatives, which in conjunction increased efficiency in coal and oil burning power stations (where potential savings are enormous) could carry us into a sustainable (and renewable) energy future! It is also worth noting that double-glazing installed in every building in the country could save more energy than is currently PRODUCED BY NUCLEAR ENERGY at present, it would be comparatively cheap and provide far more work than the nuclear industry (and this is without taking into account other forms of insulation).

A lot has been said about the possibility of power provided by fusion (as opposed to fission). This is the reaction that is taking place in the sun and pouring out its huge quantities of energy. Its only 'application' so far is in hydrogen bombs! It releases massive amounts of energy and runs on hydrogen (which is easily obtained from water. Sounds great but the technical problems involved in trying to control the release of energy and turn it into a form that is useable are enormous. With these problems it is unlikely to be around in time to fill

the so-called energy gap when it occurs. Also it DOES produce a highly radioactive by-product called tritium. The plants themselves would be highly dangerous (it is like detonating a series of hydrogen bombs). It does not offer any radical solutions to the problems of an authoritarian and centralised society.

Pollution is one of THE MAJOR problems with nuclear power. It is a problem that worries the government since with increasing publicity people are increasingly reluctant to have waste disposed near them. We saw the recent case of BNF (British Nuclear Fuels) emptying toxic waste into the Irish Sea. Greenpeace were slammed for trying to stop this although they discovered that nearby beaches were highly radioactive (and it is worth remembering that in reality there is no safe limit since the affects are cumulative). There is no safe way to dispose of it and the waste remains a threat for thousands of years. It's worth noting government attempts to limit information since reports from Russia suggest there was a melt down in one of their plants killing hundreds of people, immediately, with thousands more dying through radiation related diseases and leaving the ground for hundreds of miles around barren. These claims have been dismissed by senior members of the AEA as impossible thus backing up the Soviet government. However it would not be impossible for a state with so much control over communication (a warning!).

To sum up the problems of nuclear energy:-

1. Radioactive waste is lethal for thousands of years and is NOT safely disposable.
2. Increased state control and interference.
3. Increasing centralisation into the hands of a small technocratic minority.
4. More expensive energy costs.
5. Danger of melt down (as almost happened at 7 mile island).
6. Increased risk of accident involving transport of nuclear waste.
7. Danger of 'terrorists'.

do not be fooled though, it is possible to have huge areas of land covered with windmills etc. thus maintaining centralisation and control. Diversity and dispersal of energy sources is important in order for us to ensure community control and increasing removal of the state functions!

Produced mainly by Nottingham Anarchists c/o Box 4, Mushroom Books

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IT'S NOT A GIFT
IT'S OUR RIGHT

DON'T FORGET MARCH 29TH IS "STOP THE CITY" II IN LONDON

Struggle

STRATEGIC THINKING

WAR IS NO GAME



WHY BUY
WAR TOYS?



For children

