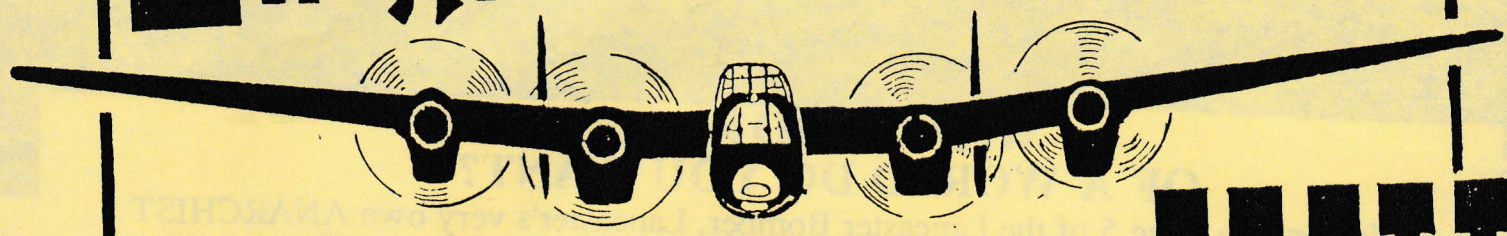


DEC 93

# **AnARCHist Lancaster Bomber** (50p)



**SOC  
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TRACT  
TH**



**EXPLODES**





SO YOU THINK THIS CAN GO ON  
INDEFINITELY DO YOU?

## WHAT SORT OF A WORLD DO YOU WANT?

Welcome to issue 5 of the Lancaster Bomber, Lancaster's very own ANARCHIST magazine produced by extremists who reject government. This issue we're asking what sort of a world do you want?

### What sort of world do you want?

What sort of society do you want? What do you want from your personal relationships? What do you want for yourself, how do you see your own life developing? How you behave, the choices YOU make, the things you do for yourself and the things you do to others/the things you allow others to do to you will determine the answer. THE WORLD YOU GET IS THE ONE YOU HAVE CREATED FOR YOURSELF. Even if you are a passive couch potato and allow DisneyWorld to shape your whole environment you still answer the question - though we say such a world is not tenable...

### GOVERNMENT IS THE PROBLEM

What sort of world do you want? We say a world without government.. We completely reject the idea that one fuhrer, one small group of people, or a party have any sort of right to dictate to others, or exercise dominion over us. *Government itself is the problem.* It doesn't matter whether John Major, John Smith or anybody else wins the next election, because *Government itself is the problem.* Elect another government, and your problems remain the same. That is why anarchists reject the whole electoral, 'democratic' ha ha fraud..

People left to themselves could hardly make a worse balls up of things than the politicians. This is obvious, why won't other people see it? Power corrupts, even people with the best of intentions end up ruining the lives of millions. The answer is not another party, another prime minister, another policy but the **elimination** of government itself. We refuse all government, whether Brussels, Washington, Westminster or Lancaster City Council. Only ourselves, each individual, left to themselves and free from indoctrination or coercion, is fit to decide.

### What sort of a world do you want?

People often ask, what do you replace government with?

What do you replace cancer with?

Anarchism is not about dictating a programme to people. It is **not** about trying to impose a vision of how society ought to be. It is asking people to think for themselves. It is about pointing towards ways which people can take responsibility for their own lives...



#### (4) World War 2

Having learned nothing the workers are drawn into yet more slaughter while leaders and industrialists grow yet more powerful and rich on the profits. WW2 ends when allied mass murderers put axis mass murderers on trial.

#### (5) The Cold War

Communism and Capitalism face each other in a conflict more the product of weapon system profit seeking and paranoia manipulation than any real difference between the two totalitarian systems...

Cold War ended when communist sheep pushed down the walls of their enclosure and became part of the capitalist fold. Welcome to DisneyWorld, Suckers!



THATCHER'S HEAD ON A PLATE

Gulf War, as sponsored by-



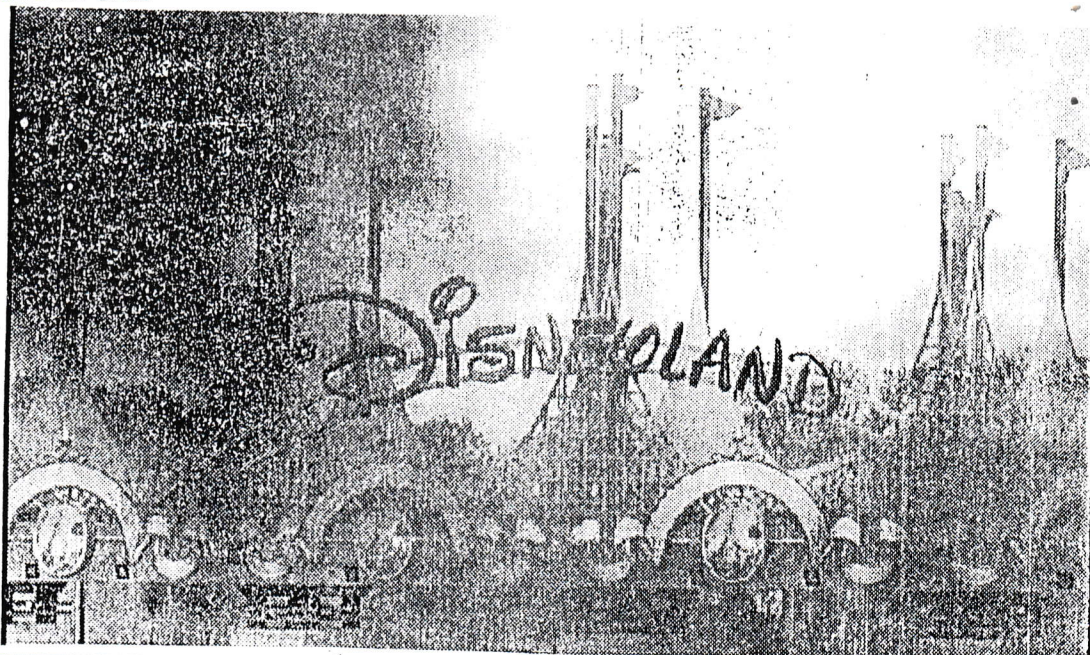
#### (7) New World Ordure

Consolidation of DisneyWorld into virtual reality techno-nightmare finally drives home point that you don't count. Everything disposable, nothing has value. Instantaneous Obsolescence! Buy now discard yesterday. Spectacle of opinion polls, game shows mass murder on prime time TV. Consume, Obey, Reproduce! YES YOU ARE A CARBON UNIT

#### (6) Thatcher

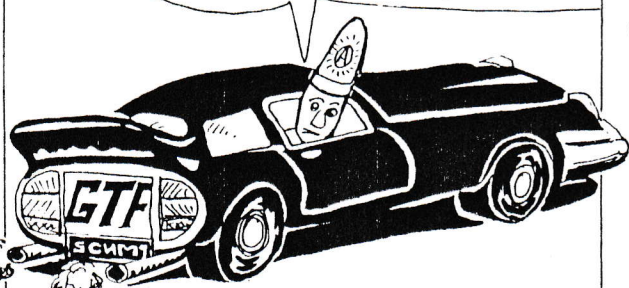
Mass unemployment, dismantling of Welfare State and destruction of Unions especially the miners heralded other things - roll on roll over ferries, Channel Tunnel bringing closer ties with the Eurodisney Fourth Reich and Poll Tax registration bar codes on your forehead. People fought back with wonderful rioting and destruction, but still their hospitals close, benefits get less and their TV sets remain switched on.

BUT THERE IS AN ALTERNATIVE!!!!



**Sun Ray**

YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT THE  
MODERN WORLD IS LIKE ?  
- THE MODERN WORLD IS LIKE  
AN ARSE GTF COSMORTH  
SPEEDING DOWN THE MOTORWAY  
AT 150 mph ....



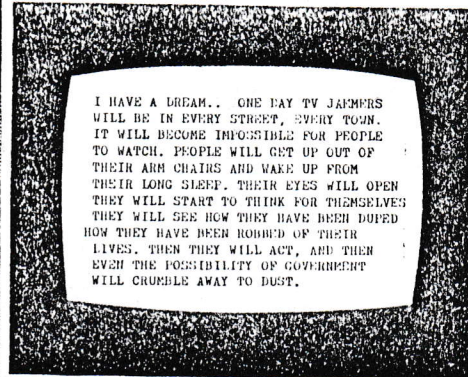
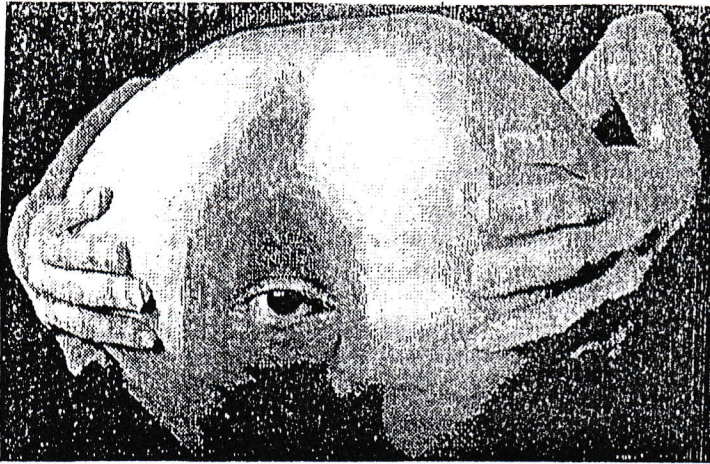
stone



BUT SUN RAY...  
THE MOTORWAY DOESN'T  
GO  
ANYWHERE...







## Pit police accused of brutal conduct

AN MP in the Commons last night accused Merseyside Police of launching a "terrifying and somewhat brutal" action against women campaigning against the closure of Parkside Colliery.

In a debate on the coal industry, Labour MP John Evans paid tribute to the women who campaigned outside the colliery, in his St Helens North constituency, since British Coal ended production there last year.

The women had co-operated with the police and their behaviour had been "exemplary", he told the House.

But in the early hours of October 9, five vans containing about 45 police in full riot gear, "many with dogs", arrived and "manhandled" them back onto the road outside the colliery.

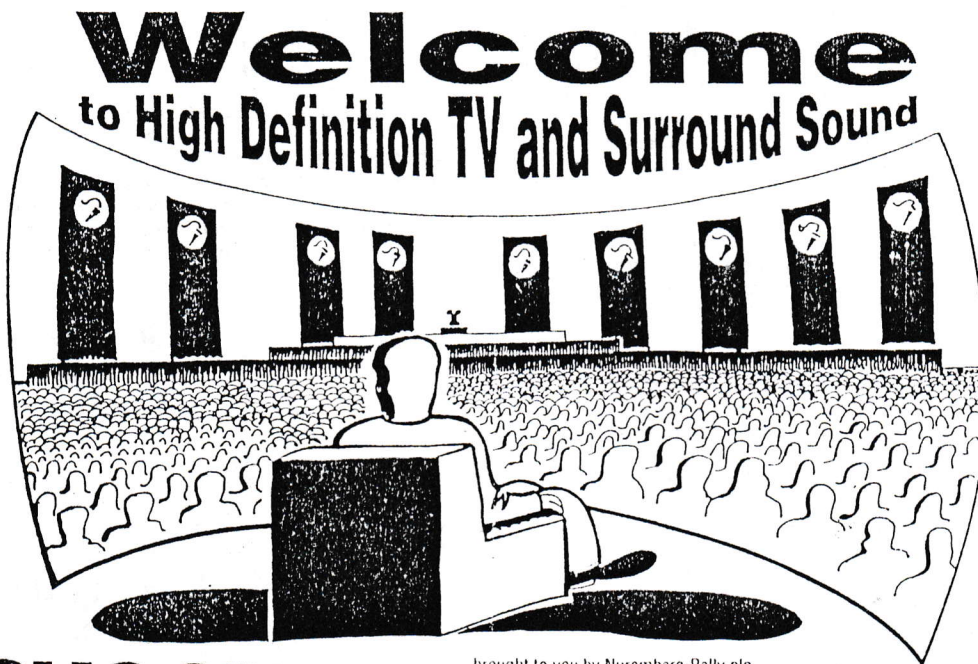
"One was bundled into the cabin that the women have there, and told she was under 'cabin-arrest'. Another was bundled into a police van, driven down the A49 and dropped on the side of the road, the debate heard. The one man present on the picket, was "whacked with riot shields".

Suddenly the police disappeared without making any arrests, "so presumably no law had been broken", said Mr Evans.

He asked why so many police officers had been used "to subdue seven women and one man".

"I also feel entitled to ask how much this operation cost, when I am reminded that the Merseyside Police Authority and the chief constable have constantly complained to all the MPs about the shortage of resources for ordinary police work."

NUREMBERG RALLY IN 50 MILLION ISOLATION BOOTHS



## SHOOTING THE MESSENGER

brought to you by Nuremberg-Rally plc

in association with **Euro NISER**



I think they've got our range!

Using savage image—text cut and paste TEST CARD F explodes all previous media theory and riots through the Global Village, looting the ideological supermarket of all its products—anti-fascism, Malcolm X, the Gulf War, Satanic Abuse, Yugoslavia and Eastern Europe.

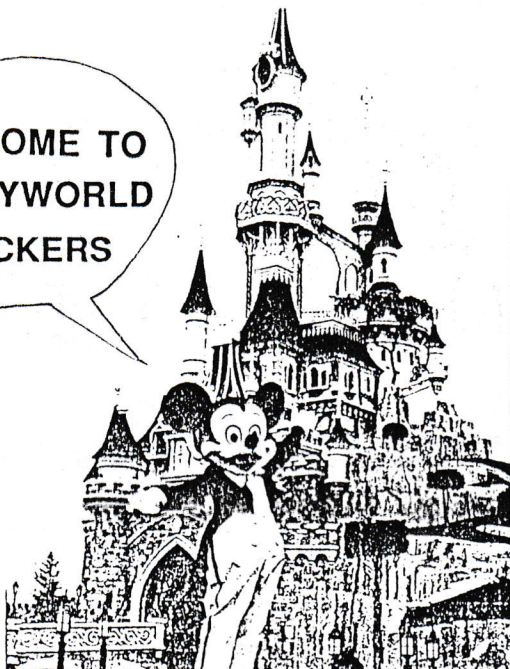
TEST CARD F joyrides in front of the surveillance cameras, amidst the rubble of a cyber-junk nation, and heaves television's burnt-out carcass through the plate-glass shop front of 'independent' video and 'community access' broadcasting.

TEST CARD F storms the studios of the image factory to lay waste the machinery that manufactures virtual media reality. Kicking, screaming, mewling and puking, its self-censoring employees—forced to become cannibals in order to survive—are dragged out to be paraded naked through the streets in a stolen wheelbarrow.

**ALL CAMERAMEN, ALL JOURNALISTS ARE LEGITIMATE TARGETS.**



WELCOME TO  
DISNEYWORLD  
SUCKERS



### IS RECUPERATION INEVITABLE?

Recuperation is the idea that all acts of revolt are eventually absorbed back into the society of the spectacle. If you succeed in overturning the dominant paradigm, you become the dominant paradigm, if you fail then you are swallowed up and reabsorbed.

#### EXAMPLES

Two examples are often quoted, the 1968 student's revolt in France, and the mid/late 1970's punk movement. In Foucault, power is a plenum, fulness, it is everywhere, and so all acts of revolt are defined with reference to it. We cannot escape power, since 'power produces all perspectives including that of its own resistance.'

#### REACTIVE

The act of revolt is criticised for being reactive in character. It defines itself in relation to the thing being revolted against. If the spectacle, the dominant power structure, society etc did not exist, we would not have to revolt against it, we would not be able to revolt against it.

(1) **Tyranny of terminology.** We have to have a word to describe our action when we assert our freedom. Here the term 'revolt' is loaded, because it presupposes *something* revolted against. Hence the importance of developing your own agenda. To clarify things, let's talk about actions and choices.

#### DEVELOP YOUR OWN AGENDA DON'T CONFORM TO SOMEBODY ELSE'S

(2) **Language legislating over facts.**

The point about the reactivity of revolution is shown in the following exchange..

HOWARD: But I was an anti-Communist...

SENATOR McCARTHY: I don't care what sort of a Communist you were get out of my goddam office..

#### CONCEPTS VERSUS CAUSATION

We have to distinguish between conceptual subordination, and causal dependence. On one level DisneyWorld exists, so my actions against it depend on it existing. (Only Don Quixote tilted against imaginary giants) On this level, my actions are *causally* dependent on DisneyWorld. This does not imply that my actions and choices are *conceptually* dependent upon it. It is clear that were I to absorb the values etc of DisneyWorld into my thoughts and then actions, my work against it would truly be self defeating. But I need not subordinate my thinking in order to fight it. My acts are governed by something completely apart from it - my own love of freedom, reverence for the earth, people and creatures in it or other values.

#### DIALECTIC

The doctrine of recuperation assumes a Hegelian dialectical process. The Spectacle is one thing, my revolt something else, but they are one in nature, part of the same flow. The two combine and resolve against each other, and my revolt is absorbed back into the mainstream. We regard the Spectacle, or society as the *thesis*, my revolt is the *antithesis*, and the *synthesis* is my recuperated revolt as Spectacle..

"In order to draw a limit to thinking, we should have to think both sides of this limit." (Wittgenstein)

Here lies the root of the Hegelian error, that there is an essential continuity, a unity to things (the dialectical flow) and that this is a fulness, a conceptual plenum.

#### YUGOSLAVIAN FALLACY

Rather than thinking both sides of the limit when we draw a boundary, we say we know what lies inside it, but this tells us *nothing whatsoever* about what lies outside and beyond it. We need to concentrate really hard on differences, discontinuities, distinctions lest we commit the Yugoslavian fallacy of ascribing unity to that which has no unity.

But if someone wished to say: "There is something common to all these constructions - namely the disjunction of all their common properties" I should reply: Now you are only playing with words. One might as well say: "Something runs through the whole thread, namely the continuous overlapping of those fibres".

The dialectician is not sufficiently rigorous. The dialectician is happy once it is shown how the act of revolt fits into the pattern she/he chooses to impose over it- the dialectical pattern. What is needed instead is a firm examination of *why* such movements fail. These failures need to be exposed, so that the same mistakes are not made again. Why did 1968 fail? Why did punk allow itself to be absorbed back into the mainstream?

#### CHAOS

Other models of thinking are possible. How about chaos, how about conflict? We could draw this from Darwin, Nietzsche, or Foucault. Instead of the synthesis of opposites we look at fragmentation, struggle, we see how this battle for existence takes place not as a flowing all consuming dialectical river but between many competing, disparate, discrete elements. There is no pattern to this, just chaos. We do not only have the giant Marxist dinosaurs fighting in the political Jurassic Park, we also have the battle of the bacteria. The scene of conflict is constantly changing, shifting.

#### FRAGMENTATION

In the fragmentation world detail has to be examined closely, the particular, the concrete. Not abstraction. I do not require, and do not seek your legitimization of my actions and choices. I do not subordinate myself to your dialectical process.

ERROR (1) Discourse is all there is.

ERROR (2) To name something is to control it.

Go ahead, subordinate your thinking to their theoretical abstractions. But you don't have to be that stupid.

*Not in the flight of ideas, but only in action is freedom.*

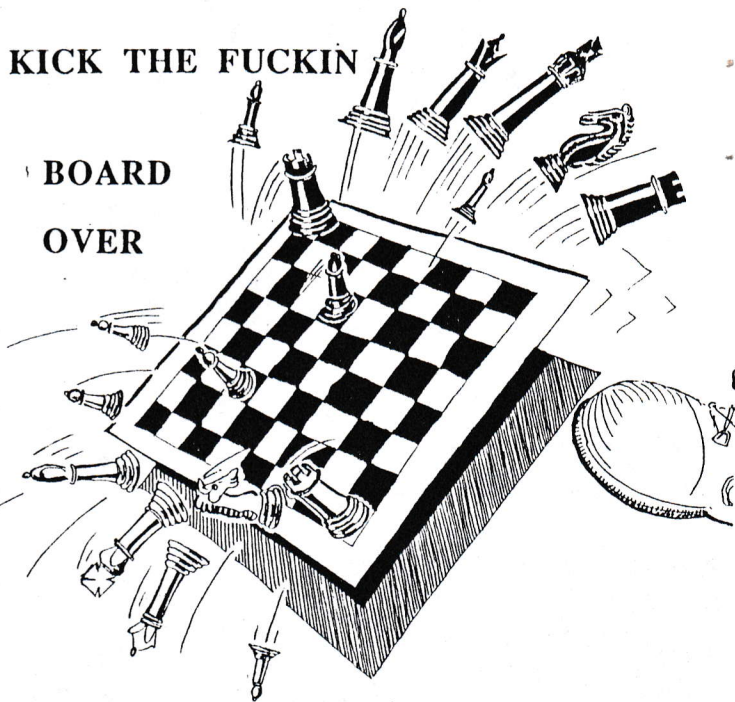
Dietrich Bonhoeffer

When we break free of the tyranny of theory. Words words words words words.. we constantly escape the limits theorists try to impose on us. Rather than go along with their divorced from life games of theoretical chess, accepting their labels and classifications, begging for their permission to revolt, bowing down to their definitions (limitations) we kick their fuckin' chess board over.

#### KICK THE FUCKIN'

BOARD

OVER



#### KICK THE FUCKIN' BOARD OVER..

When we *act* we disprove (1) Discourse is all there is. Refuse to conform to their linguistic, conceptual dictatorship. Show by what we do that to name something is to lose control of it. Now you name it, now it is shooting at you.

#### RATIONALIZATION OF FAILURE

Let's have this straight, Recuperation is the rationalization of failure. It is a cop-out. The theorists couldn't make it back in 68, they blew it, so rather than come clean they have to tell everybody that revolt is impossible, that recuperation is inevitable. They allowed themselves to be reabsorbed, so must all the other revolutionaries. They want to keep their salaries, the villa on the riviera, their BMW's.

Aware that punk would in any case be recuperated (begs the question) .. [Malcolm McLaren's] own anticipation of its commodification did at least ensure that punk had some control over its own recuperation..

'Revolutionary' attempts fail for specific reasons. The students went home. De Gaulle offered the CGT a poxy 7% pay increase. Half a loaf when they could have had the whole fuckin' bakery. The Pistols signed a contract with EMI. etc etc etc. Some people sold out. Others are still moving, still on the road. Recuperation is nothing more than the rationalization of failure..

LET'S CONSTANTLY ENLARGE THE SCOPE OF OUR ACTIONS AND CHOICES UNTIL WE KICK THE FUCKER OVER...







# Sarajevo notebook

In an illustrated guide to Sarajevo published only seven years ago, one can read this description: "The city lights, like fireflies, puncture the darkness more brilliantly than the stars of the Bosnian night: this is the impression gained by the tourist who reaches the outskirts of Sarajevo by night. If he journeys by day, he will discover an oriental city of the type that only exists in fairy tales and will be amazed to see broad avenues and brand new or nineteenth-century Austrian style buildings." The city I now observe is an area of devastation: wounded, mutilated, its guts hang out, its sores suppurate, its scars are horrific. Entire streets and buildings have disappeared, no trams or buses circulate, the Voivode Putnika, or "Sniper Alley", that runs across the modern part of Sarajevo is desperately empty, the trees have been felled, people crouch down in their hide-outs. The façades of ten or twelve-storey houses are either charred or pitted with yawning holes or disturbing eyelets. Skyscrapers of reverberating glass rise up like hives of black honeycombs: mirrors where the sun reflects and flashes alternate with hollow cavities and cunning one-eyed looks. Red and white trams, becalmed and bullet-ridden, gather rust by pavements invaded by weeds and wild shrubs. Trolley bus cables hang down dangerously between posts, curling around each other on the ground like snakes. There are buildings reduced to their metal frames, crushed and half-molten telephone-boxes and kiosks, useless, contorted wire fences, heap upon heap of scrap, vehicles disembowelled and black as coal. Hardly any buildings have their windows intact: those that, despite the snipers, are still inhabited have their windows modestly covered with plastic patches supplied by UN Security. In the midst of this geography of desolation a clock has immobilized its hands at exactly eight o'clock (which day?, which month?, which year?). Without water, gas, electricity, public transport or telephone, Sarajevo looks at first sight like a phantom city, a dislocated skeleton or lifeless corpse. But the intermittent crackle of machine-gun fire, the occasional blast of mortars, the whistle of the sniper's bullet remind the visitor that its torture continues. And in spite of all, the Bosnian capital resists and miraculously remains on its feet.

As soon as a foreigner arrives in Sarajevo, he must initiate himself in the laws and rules of an elementary code of survival. Accustomed to a free, untrammelled existence, his new space, a



mouse-trap shared with 380,000 other human beings, forces a rapid apprenticeship upon him: awareness of high-risk areas and areas where one can move without excessive risk, of the districts where the mortar bombs usually fall, of the snipers' favourite corners and paths, of places where it is better to walk with a stoop or which you must abandon at a moment's notice. Any miscalculation in the choice of route may prove fatal: as the people of Sarajevo tell you, anyone who goes outside – and everybody has to go out in search of water, wood or food – engages in Russian roulette.

On the "safe streets", the people of Sarajevo stop to buy what they can or queue up at the fountains laden with water-containers. But the safety is an illusion, and the *chetniks* are quick to dispel it the moment the population begins to drop its guard: the carnage opposite the bakery in Vase Meskina, or on a sports ground, or the massacre of civilians at a standpipe or in funeral cortèges at cemeteries, demonstrate that no one, absolutely no one can feel secure anywhere in the city. Everyone runs the risk of bad luck or, if a believer, of the delicate touch of the wings of Azrael, the angel of death in Islamic religious tradition. In this city where there is no wood to make coffins, you must get used to sleeping, moving, walking about fully aware of your defencelessness and the precariousness of your existence. No one can guarantee that a crack marksman hasn't chanced to get your insignificant being in his sights or that a grenade or shell won't explode inside your room.



**T**he monthly news bulletin from the Health Ministry of the Bosnian Presidency, published just before my arrival, starkly reveals the magnitude of the genocide perpetrated against the Bosnian people since April 1992: 140,000 killed (9,040 in Sarajevo), 151,000 wounded (53,095 in Sarajevo), 1,835,000 "displaced" people, 156,000 detainees in Serbian-Montenegrin concentration camps, 12,100 paralysed and handicapped (1,280 children), and approximately 38,000 women raped.

I've hardly settled in my hotel when I decide to visit the Kosevo hospital, the largest and most modern in the city. The journey via Kranjcevic and Dure Dakovica is a first indication as to the deprivations and shortages of the besieged: the majority of pedestrians are searching for water; they carry bundles of plastic containers or transport them in wheelbarrows, in trolleys of the kind you find in stations, airports and department stores, in prams, on bicycles, truckle beds, skateboards, some carry jugs on their heads. Some of the men and women who are climbing the hill



A Bosnian teenager in a Sarajevo hospital last June who was hit by shrapnel at a football match; eleven people were killed and 100 injured during the shelling

beneath the hospital are also transporting wood.

The director of the orthopaedic clinic, Dr Faulk Kulenovic, tells me that they have been nine days without water, without electricity, and that there are only ten litres of fuel left in the tank that feeds the surgery generator; they are forced to operate in the daytime in the corridors most exposed to enemy fire, to take advantage of the light from the windows. They keep the generator for the injured who arrive at night.

"What would happen if today they threw thousands of grenades?"

"We would be forced to operate or amputate by candle light or by oil lamp."

We visit the wards. On the stairs we pass mutilated patients receiving therapy: the one-armed, the lame with or without crutches, a man without arms. In a ward with three seriously wounded men, Dr Kulenovic points at a hole opened up by a shell that passed between two beds and fortunately did not explode. Unbearable images of three women who have just come in: two wounded by mortar bombs, the third hit in the neck by a sniper's bullet when she was walking along laden down with containers on a search for water. Each case is a story, each story a horror story. Miroslav Bajic, forty-six years of age, a Croatian, walks on crutches and sits on the edge of his bed to talk. A grenade exploded right by him as he was walking down the street, and he bled for a long time; because of the bombing, nobody could help him. "The *chetniks*", he says, "want to sow hatred in our hearts to prevent us from being together. But look at this ward: the beds are occupied by me, a Serbian and a Muslim. The three of us live here like brothers."

The ward for children who have just been operated on is a compendium of the suffering imposed on the city. A little girl with the stump of her leg in a bucket of water looks at me distantly. The procession of wounded is a litany of pain: Azra, hit in the neck by a sniper two days before; Nazira, victim on July 7 of an incendiary grenade; Adis, hit two weeks ago while cherry-picking with a friend; Almir, unable to keep up a smile, riddled by machine-gun fire nine days before near the airport and incommunicado with her family ever since; Elvedin, emaciated, skeletal, with the small eyes of a frightened animal. How can one explain such a high number of victims among the child population? Is it possible that what the wounded Croat has told me is true; that mercenaries and *chetniks* receive a double bonus for each woman and quintuple each time they score a hit on the diminutive target of a child?



Perhaps the best example of the hatred of the pan-Serbian fundamentalists and the courage of those who resist them is the daily paper, *Oslobodenje*, now famous throughout the world. The oval tower that once lodged the editorial offices is now disfigured by shell-fire: a tortured, Gaudian stalagmite structure or a begging, perhaps vengeful stump. The insistent pounding of mortars reveals the besiegers' obsession with silencing the voice of the victims. The day we visit, after swiftly driving along "Sniper Alley", in the garden next to the front of the building, protected against rifle-fire, several journalists and print-workers wash and hang out their clothes in the sun or rest from their nocturnal labours in the shade of small fir-trees.



On guard . . . a soldier looks on as children play on a wrecked car close to a French UN base in Sarajevo during the weekend ceasefire

As we enter, the building is almost in darkness. The print-room is in the basement and has not suffered from the shelling like the rest of the building: beneath the two or three holes in the ceiling, barrels with a botched-up funnel catch the rain water and stop it flooding the floor. The newspaper distribution room is on the ground floor, in the area of the building less exposed to *chetnik* bombs. As we go up to the first floor, the spectacle is alarming: rubbish-filled corridors, devastated offices, ceilings that have caved in,

filing cabinets torn apart, revolving chairs with their stuffing hanging out, heaps and heaps of broken panes of glass. We catch a glimpse of the front, 200 metres away, through cracks in the wooden protection shutters. The flag of the self-proclaimed Serbian Republic of Bosnia flutters on a nearby building. The zone between here and the skeleton of *Oslobodenje* is strewn with mines. From May 1992, Karadzic's snipers have been shooting away but have not attempted to cross it.

In the cafeteria, I talk to two of the journalists who, on seven-day shifts, ensure with forty-odd colleagues and print-workers that the paper is printed and reaches the street. They tell me how *Oslobodenje* in 1990 had 2,800 workers and published, apart from the daily paper, eighteen magazines, covering among other subjects cinema, sports, fashion, and politics; these periodicals were distributed throughout Yugoslavia. The circulation of the daily paper was 70,000, and the total output reached a million copies. Now, because of lack of paper, only three thousand copies are printed. The newspaper sells out as soon as it goes on sale.

"You must walk this city patiently" – I read in a guide to Sarajevo published a few years ago – "if you want to discover it, to find out the main districts and understand how its heart always beats in old Carsija, the popular area of bazaars, traders, bystanders and tourists. You must visit Bascarsija, the present name for this part of town, on foot. The few car parks on its periphery are difficult to locate."

From the second day of my stay I have followed this advice and taken advantage of the gaps in my daily schedule, preferably at the time of day when the guns go quiet and a deceptive feeling of peace reigns over the besieged capital.

In photos, the main triangular-shaped square descending the slope from the start of Marshal Tito Avenue to the small mosque in Bascarsija seems brimming over with life and energy. Today it is a deserted space exposed to the mortar blasts and shells from the pan-Serbian extremists stationed on the hills on the other side of the river. Various rusty street stalls stand battered and empty, a miserable advertising column displays tattered posters for defunct cultural activities, a yellow lorry has stalled for ever next to a beautiful Ottoman wooden kiosk with a striated dome that is topped by two balls and a tiny crescent. The bazaars are shuttered or have been gutted by shell-fire, their reddish roofs holed or scarred by



direct hits, the useless traffic lights and markers of a Tourist Route are a derisory reminder of happier times.

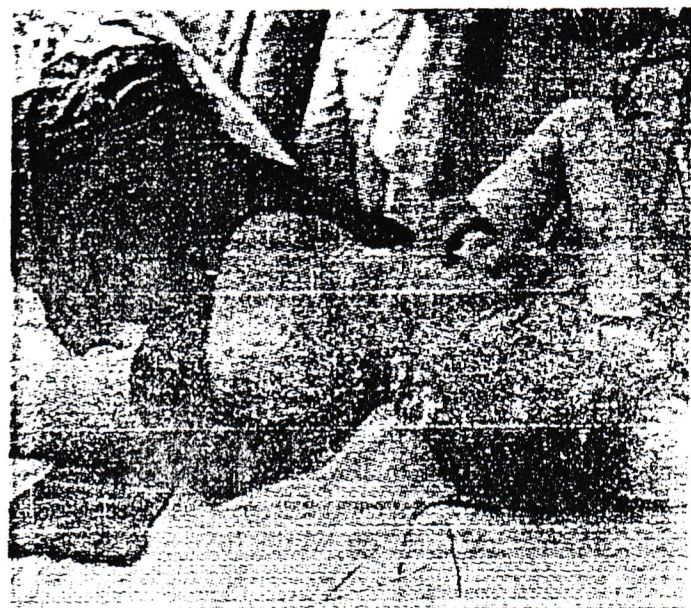
All the streets that lead to Vase Miskina contain similar empty bazaars, pavements with deserted awnings, Spanish-style tiles advertising barber shops or an eye-catching Grill Dome. The Brusa covered market has been closed, but around the equally closed main city mosque I spot faint signs of life: a few goldsmiths; a hairdresser's; two bookshops selling Muslim religious works, one with a translation of *Europe and Islam* by the excellent Tunisian historian, Hichen Djait, in its window.

The beautiful mosque of Gazi Husnev Bey, built in 1531 – one of the masterpieces of Ottoman-Balkan architecture – has received a total of eighty-six mortar blasts, but both the body of the building and its delicate minaret still survive. The interior has been badly damaged and is being restored. The marble stairs to the pulpit stand out miraculously unscathed between the scaffolding and plastic sheeting over the mihrab and the maqura.

The most desolate spectacle is the famous library of Sarajevo. On August 26, 1992, Serbian ultra-nationalists attacked it with incendiary rockets and reduced an entire cultural patrimony to ashes in a few hours. As the Press Office of the Government of Bosnia-Herzegovina points out, this act "constitutes the most barbarous attack on European culture since the Second World War". The fact is that the band of mediocre novelists, poets and historians with a vocation as arsonists, whose Report to the Belgrade Academy was the seed of Milosevic's rise to power and the subsequent dismemberment of Yugoslavia intended this; their crime can only be accurately described as a memocide. Since every trace of Islam must be removed from the territory of Greater Serbia, the Library, the collective memory of the Bosnian Muslim people, was condemned *a priori* to disappear in the avenging, purifying flames.

Almost five centuries after the burning of the Arab manuscripts by the Bibarrambla Gate to Granada, decreed by Cardinal Cisneros, that episode has been recreated on a larger scale during the Fifth Centenary Commemorations. Determined to right the wrongs in the history of their country, the forgers of Serbian national mythology – so eloquently denounced by compatriots of the standing of Djuric and Bogdanovic – fulfilled their ancestral dreams of annihilation: thousands

of Arab, Turkish and Persian manuscripts have disappeared forever. The treasure thus destroyed comprised works of history, geography and travel; theology, philosophy and Sufism; natural sciences, astrology and mathematics; dictionaries, grammars and anthologies of poetry, treatises on music and façades adorned by columns, horse-shoe arches, rose-windows and turrets. The metal structure of the roof through which the rockets fell looks like an enormous spider's web, the pillars of the inner courtyard preserve little of the delicate stucco work, the central area is a huge pile of rubbish, debris, beams and charred paper. I pick up a piece of paper, realize it is a catalogue card from the Archive and take it with me as a souvenir of this programmed barbarism, the purpose of which was to sweep away the historic



substance of a land and mount in its place an edifice made of lies, legend and wilful amnesia.

If the Komites, Hayduks and *chetniks* were able to go unpunished for their assaults on Muslims in the last two centuries, why should they be punished now by a European Community that is falling apart, victim of the contradictions and small-minded egoism of its own architects? On the new map of the Balkans, drawn in blood and fire by the defenders of the primacy of national, religious values, the mere name of Sarajevo symbolizes the existence of a cosmopolitanism that is hated and seen as an affront: a space for encounters and convergence, a point where differences, rather than being a reason for exclusion, mingle and cross-fertilize. The Bosnian capital embodies – I find it difficult to write embodied – a distinct, stimulating, open concept of a European city. Blind, deaf and dumb, we are allowing it to be destroyed.



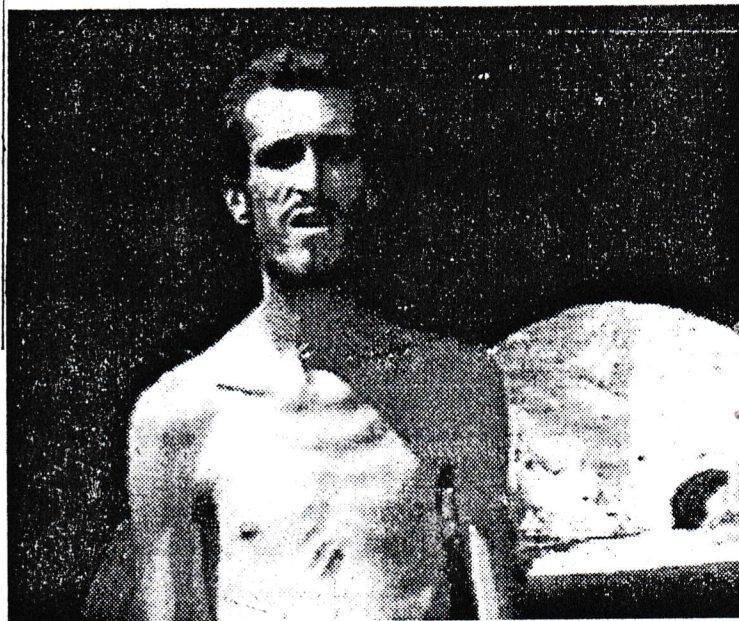
Television propaganda from Belgrade and Pale, intercepted by satellite dish on the Dalmatian coast, carries images of an unforgettable lyric frankness: a blonde, healthy girl, decked out in traditional Serbian costume, surprisingly similar to the young Valkyries on Hitler's massive processions, bows graciously to kiss the mortar that disgorges its grenades on the "Turks" of Sarajevo. In a triptych of warning to our European "friends", the first figure shows the fluttering Community flag; the second, the flag splashed with runny green lines; the third a totally green flag and a caption bleating: "This is the future". Green represents Islam and the message from Milosevic and Karadzic – reiterated by Franjo Tudjman, as clumsy and underhand as ever – is more than transparent: that Serb soldiers are fighting to defend Europeans against the tide of infidel invasion. Serbian mythology has resurrected the glorious epoch of the Crusades: the day of my departure, General Radko Mladic, leader of Karadzic's *chetniks*, had this comment to make as he launched the offensive against the last defences of the Bosnian loyalists on Mounts Bielasnika and Igman: "From now on my army controls the way of Allah."

"In the eyes of many Europeans, even the most open, liberal, lay Muslims are fundamentalists". The man uttering these words in his office on the first floor of the Gazi Husrev Islamic School is Mustafa Cerić, the President of the imams of Bosnia. His black tunic, slightly greying beard, immaculate white cap with its thin red border around his forehead, confer on him an air of great nobility and dignity, like a figure in an Ottoman painting who has stepped out of the canvas and suddenly come to life. He's been talking to me for more than half an hour in excellent English with a scattering of Arabic. He spontaneously sketches the broad lines of his life: he studied theology and religious sciences in the Al Azhar University in Cairo, and was imam for the last decade in the main mosque in Chicago.

"I am the only member of the Muslim religious community in Bosnia educated both in the Near East and the West. Until last year I firmly believed in the humanist values of Europe: its democratic ideals, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the freedom of belief at the heart of its lay States, that is, in the noble precepts inscribed in their constitutions. The Bosnian people – Muslims and also many Croats and Serbs – believed in them as well: they wanted to live within the framework of a multi-ethnic, multi-cultural state.

Since May 1992, we have been sacrificing our lives for the principles of the United Nations Charter. And what has happened? Instead of helping us, the European governments, led by Britain and France, have folded their arms: they are allowing us to be exterminated and deny us the right to defend ourselves, by imposing an arms embargo that leaves us defenceless at the mercy of the enormous arsenal of the Yugoslavian army that Milosevic confiscated for his own personal use.

"After this bitter cup, I can no longer believe in European Humanism. The ideas worthy of respect in the Universal Declaration on Human Rights have died in Bosnia. Tens of thousands of men and women who also supported them are now stacked up on top of each other in the



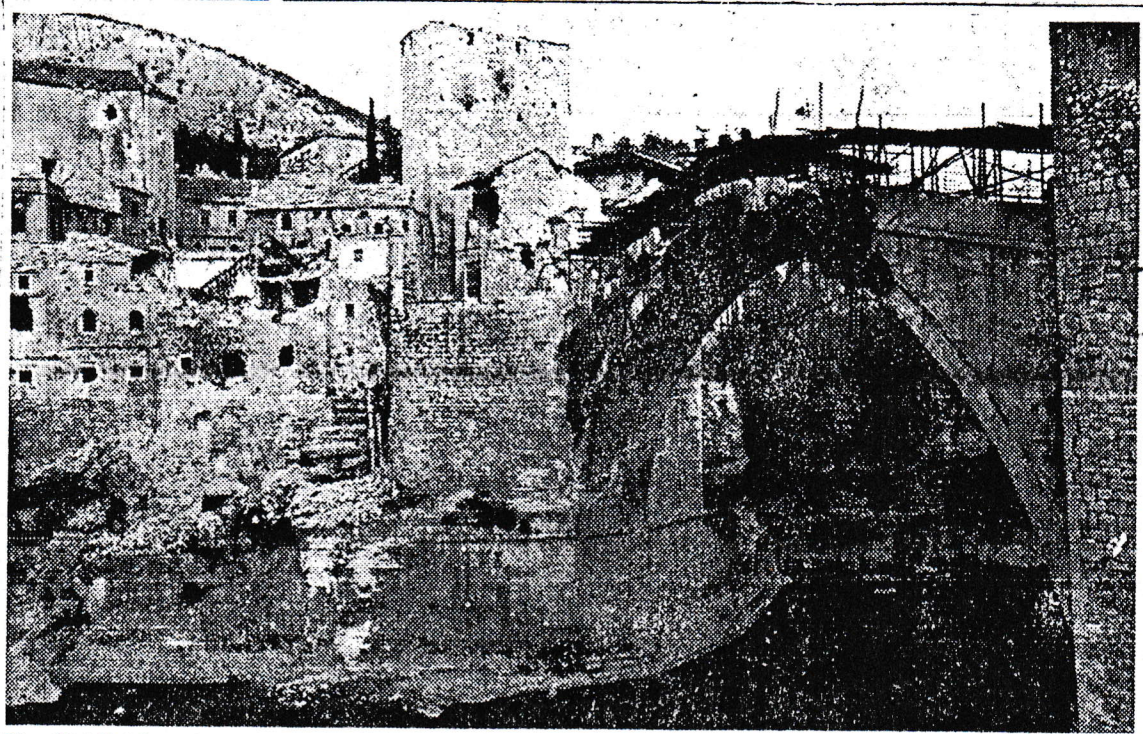
A prisoner showing signs of malnutrition on his release from a Croatian-run detention camp in Bosnia last week PHOTOGRAPH: ITN

cemeteries of Sarajevo or lie in common graves throughout the territory of Bosnia. Say it loud and clear: they died defending these ideas in the midst of the indifference or hypocritical compassion of European statesmen and diplomats.

"The West will no longer be able to give us moral lectures: it has allowed the architects of ethnic cleansing, imitators of the Nazi model, to rape and systematically murder women and children, to create concentration camps and reduce our past to ashes with absolute impunity. You are very proud that you defeated Fascism. Don't you realize that it has risen again and is burning down the inside of your own house? Have you become blind and deaf to the barbarism destroying Sarajevo?"

"On the one hand, you talk of punishing the guilty of crimes against humanity, and on the other you conduct friendly dialogues with them





The Old Bridge of Mostar, now crumbling into the waters of the Neretva river below

and endorse their conquests. We the victims are the ones who have been punished: left defenceless, bombed, starving, our medical aid blockaded. The initial responsibility for this tragedy falls on Milosevic, Karadzic and the fanatical supporters of Greater Serbia, but that of the European Community is no less great. Its governments have refused to put their principles into practice, they have behaved cynically and scornfully towards the weak."

"What about the humanitarian aid?"

"What use is drip-feeding if they're cutting our heads off?"

"Invoking the fundamentalist threat is not an exclusively Serbian practice. More than one Western politician has developed a strategy around these lines."

"That's the heart of the problem. Many Europeans are locked in the formula of the historic confrontation of Christianity with Islam. The spectres from the past weigh like a nightmare on their subconscious. The *chetniks* use that, whip up atavistic frenzies, perpetuate the crusading spirit and proclaim themselves as championing Europe against the Turks. This would be laughable if it weren't a question of life and death for us."

"The West thinks it possesses the monopoly of truth, morality and right behaviour. In reality it wants to maintain its political and economic domination over Muslim peoples and, generally, those it calls 'Third World'; it uses every means to stop us uniting; it tries to make us believe we are incapable of resolving our problems without its advice or help. It is perfectly aware of its technological, economic and military superiority, but fears our spiritual strength because it knows that it has none."

Just after my arrival in Sarajevo, a besieged Sarajevo transformed into a concentration camp surrounded by invisible barbed wire, comparison with the Spanish Civil War and the siege and bombing of Madrid struck me as unavoidable. There in the cover of the undergrowth, the buildings and nearby hills are "the cowards, the murderers, the fanatical adepts, the blind instruments of the darkest phantoms of history, the technicians of war, the skilled executioners of the human race" described by Antonio Machado. But how can one explain the abyss that lies between the leap in world consciousness in 1936 to defend a just cause, despite its excesses and errors, and the present apathy of intellectuals and artists, with the exception of a lucid minority, before the aggression, terror and killing of the brilliant disciples of Goebbels and Millan Astray? Where are the Hemingways, Dos Passos, Koestlers, Simone Weils, Audens, Spenders, Pazs, who didn't hesitate to take a stand, or the Malraux and Orwells who fought by the side of a defenceless people under attack?

There are very few old-fashioned leftists and impenitent cosmopolitans able to understand, in the words of Michel Fagher, editor of the New York magazine *Zone*, that "the defence of Sarajevo and the multiconfessional state springs not only from an elemental moral obligation and political reflex action", but also from a selfish need to "survive intellectually".

As in the Spanish Civil War, the victorious camp has equally found its spokesmen: the picturesque British Hispanists, who confused Franco's



victory dispatches with the deeds of the Cid Campeador, have aroused a much more sinister progeny. The former Russian dissident Edward Limonov, supporter of national Communism and close to the ideas of Le Pen, waxes ecstatically over "the extraordinary sense of power that the feel of a sub-machine-gun inspires", and takes up the words of the besiegers of Sarajevo in a foul-smelling report published in France: "This is the Third World War, the struggle between Christianity and Islam."

The Bosnian intellectuals who stay in Sarajevo against all the odds obsessively ask their companions: why so much cowardice and silence? Gathered around Senada Kreso, the Bosnian Deputy Minister for Information, they evoke the happy, confident city of the films of Kosturica, the avant-garde theatre, music and cinema, art and literature that were the beacon of Yugoslav intellectual life. Their universe suddenly collapsed in April 1992, two months after the "Yes" victory in the referendum on Bosnian independence boycotted by the Serbian ultra-nationalists.

"Who ever heard the first shells fired over Madrid by the rebel batteries, set up in the Casa de Campo, will always remember one of the most distasteful, distressing emotions that can ever be experienced in life. That was the war, an obstinate, bestial onslaught, a war without the shadow of spirituality, its blind machines of destruction vomiting death coldly and systematically over an almost unarmed city, vilely stripped of all its fighting equipment." I had read these words days before in the volume of Machado that accompanied me on my journey, profoundly reliving the

## JUAN GOYTISOLO

feelings of the poet canonized by our socialist politicians. As often happens, they quote him but don't hear him.

I'm leaving the mouse-trap: the plane takes off for Split.

How can I sum up the feelings and emotion released by the city of Sarajevo?

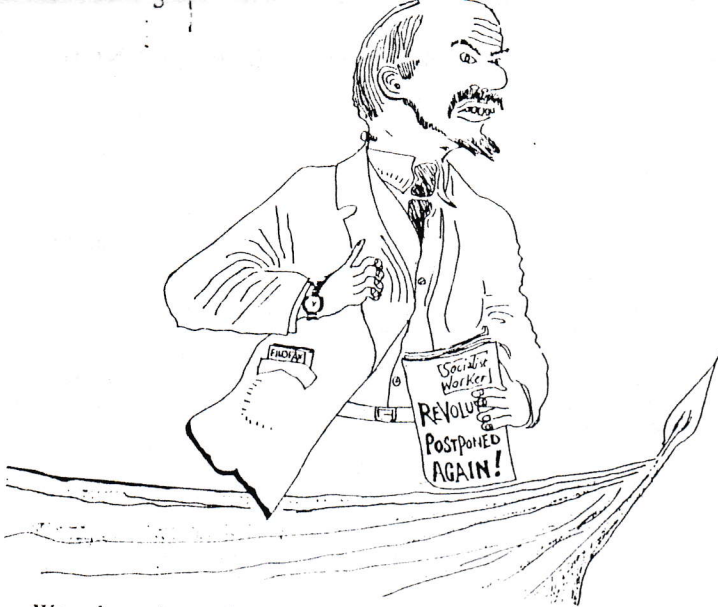
Life there acquires a vertiginous rhythm and intensity: hours are the equivalent of days, days weeks, weeks, months. New friendships become deep and long-lived. Sincerity and a longing for truth take hold. One's sense of morality is refined and improved. Discarded concepts hurriedly cast on the dungheap of History are reborn with a new richness and strength: compulsion, the need for commitment, the urgency of solidarity. Things that previously seemed important wane and lose substance, while others, in appearance slight suddenly acquire weight and stand out as self-evident truths.

To live through these crucial hours is a terrible privilege. The journalists and members of the humanitarian organizations can attest to that: the tragedy of Bosnia is a unique way of knowing the luminous and the ignominious possibilities within humanity.

Nobody can emerge unscathed from the descent into the hell of Sarajevo. The city's tragedy transforms the heart and perhaps the whole body of whoever witnesses it, into a bomb that is ready to explode in the moral security zones of the people directly or indirectly responsible wherever it can cause the maximum damage.







We welcome letters, favourable unfavourable, whatever. Send them to:  
151 London Road, Camberley, Surrey GU15 3JY

### CLASS

Hello there Bombers,

We cannot understand the Tory attacks on the Welfare State, Unions, privatizations, pit closures; they're all class attacks and can only be opposed by mass class action..

Vladimir and Estragon, 99 Sarajevo Street, Morecambe

Editorial response:

Dear Susan

Faith in 'mass class action' is ill founded. If it ever happens - Great! We know our own abilities and we are prepared to use them to defend ourselves. If we wait for the working class to defend us, we will be waiting for Godot.

### AMBIVALENT?

I hate the Tories but the mortuary-sized tories photograph was sick. Your magazine is disgusting, it plumbs new levels of depravity and sickness with each issue. Keep up the good work!

Barney, Alton, Hampshire



Not for sale . . . Theodore Major with some of the paintings he has refused to sell to meet a poll tax demand PHOTOGRAPH: DENIS THORPE

### Painter spared jailing

Tom Sharratt

**THEODORE MAJOR**, regarded as one of the finest British artists of the century, was spared a prison sentence for refusing to pay a poll tax bill of almost £1,900.

Mr Major, aged 85 and in poor health, has already paid in full for the house he owns and lives in at Appley Bridge, near Wigan.

But he was hauled before the bench at Ormskirk by West Lancashire district council in pursuit of three years' arrears for the house next door, which he bought 16 years ago to store his paintings in and show them to anyone who called. It holds almost 3,000 paintings, and he refuses to sell any.

John Berger, the art critic, has described Mr Major's work as "among the best English paintings of our time" and said: "There isn't an artist in Britain who paints like he did, or does."

Having failed to seize goods in

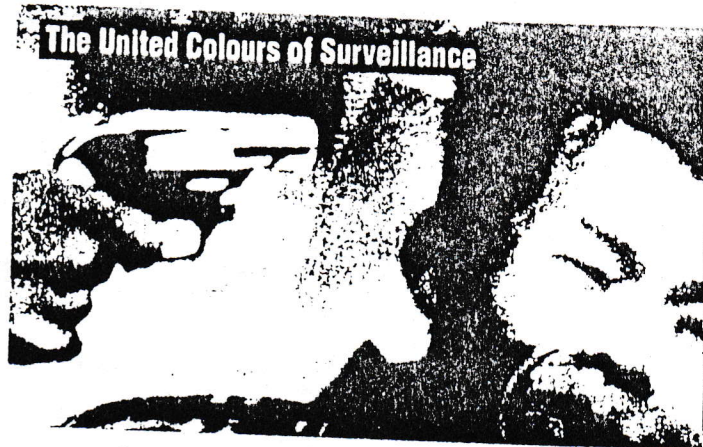
lieu of payment — Mr Major told the bailiff to go and jump in the canal — the council applied to have him committed to prison.

But having heard that he had no savings and lived on a state pension of £56 a week, the magistrates said that in view of his age, health, and income it would be unjust to send him to prison and the arrears would be remitted so he would have nothing to pay.

Asked if it was possible to sell some of his paintings, Mr Major replied: "Not to the people who want them, the rich people. I painted these pictures for ordinary people to see, and they do come."

"I never paint for money — I never have. I am an artist and I paint for people, especially children."

After their decision, the magistrates, Harold Stephenson and Marcus Rylance, shook Mr Major's hand and wished him good health.

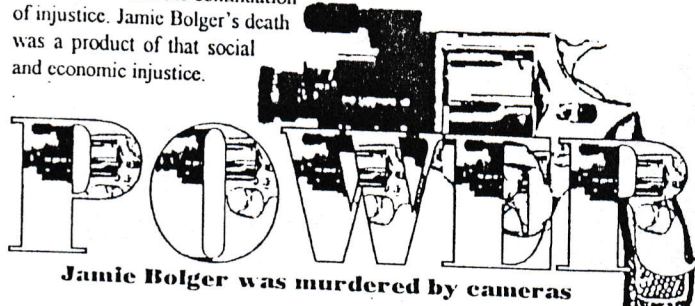


### Jamie Bolger Was Murdered By Cameras

The choice lies before us. To pursue social and economic justice, or to install yet more cameras and alarms. Make even more laws. The choice is to give each other human value, or to continue to exploit. The choice is to assert human value, or to assert property values.

Cameras can be no substitute for justice. They merely reinforce the continuation of injustice. To pretend that cameras and alarms are a substitute for justice is to become one with the injustice. For nothing but the appropriate action will address the problem.

To install cameras is to act, but not to act well. It gives the appearance of addressing the 'problem of crime' (the breaking down of property relations) but not the causes of crime (a breakdown of human relationships). Installing cameras is to do nothing more than to command the continuation of injustice. Jamie Bolger's death was a product of that social and economic injustice.

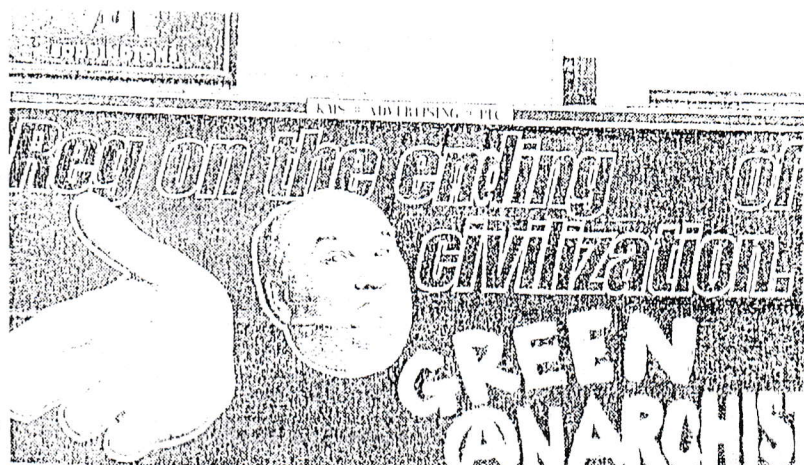


### MUSICIANS NETWORK

Letter of solidarity received

Keep sticking the needles into the lifestylists' inflated egos.. "My lifestyle, right or wrong"..

Maybe the MN should join the SWP - they need a good trumpet section behind their 'What do we want' loud-hailer techniques..



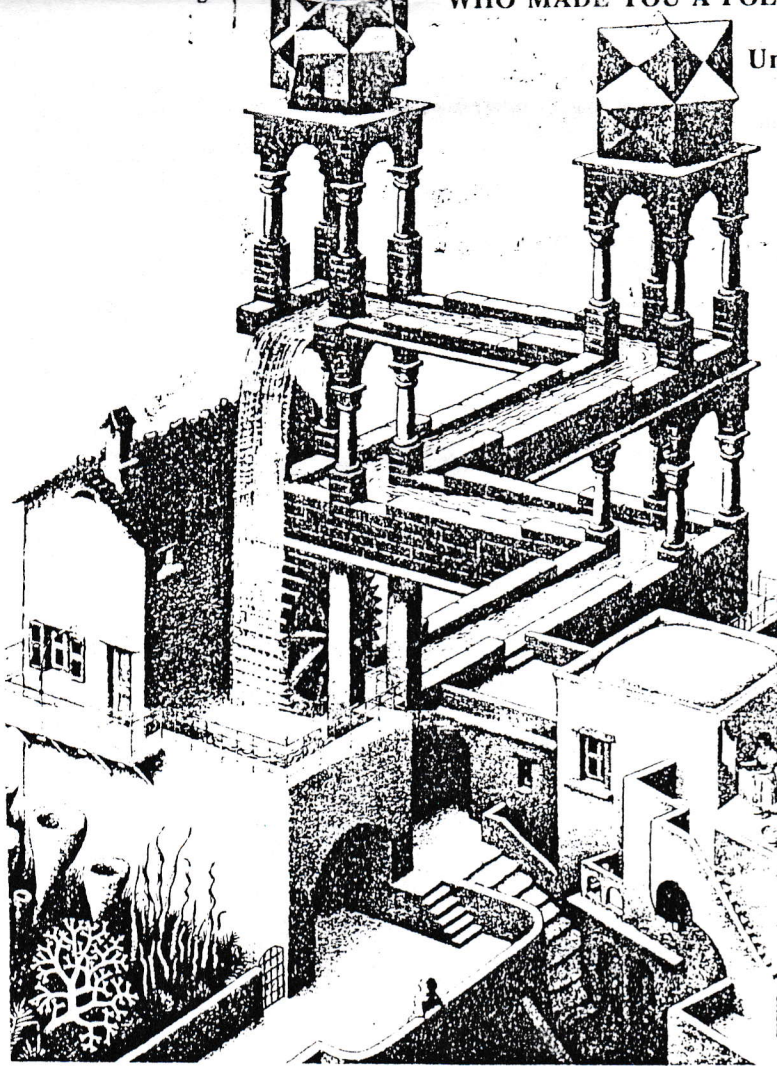
REEL KANGAROO AT THE BAR  
EMU TAE LUNG NICOTINE HONG FAR LUNG NICOTINE  
SMOKING WHEN PREGNANT HARMS YOUR BABY  
Health Departments Chief Medical Officers

**ANARCHIST  
Lancaster Bomber**





Undistorted picture of human face. MUNCH



### How is it possible to have your eyes open and NOT to curse?

You must be so impartial so apolitical, so passive that you can never condemn the terrible crime of government, as we do, and never act or speak out against them. For the Musician's Network, art must stand alone, step aside, be so abstract, so disengaged to the point where it disappears up its own arse - or straight through the gas chamber door without so much as a whimper against it.. Stuff that!

First they came for the communists, but I did not object, for I was not a communist. Then they came for the anarchists, but I did not speak out because I was not an anarchist..

...Last they came for the Musicians Network. But everyone else has been taken and now there is no one left to stand up for me..

(Martin Niemöller)

### NOT PART OF?

This aesthetic of exclusion is implicitly divisive. Perhaps the travellers who rioted and blocked the M5 near Gloucester for several hours, stoning the cops on Saturday May 29th were not 'real' travellers. But then this happened outside London, so I suppose it doesn't count anyway. What about the rioters who burned out that cop car in Stockton Street, Burngreave Estate, Sheffield on August 10th were not real people either. Always outside agitators is it? People 'not part' of the movements portrayed?

### AN-AESTHETICS of EXCLUSION

Perhaps the Musicians Network only want art as an anaesthetic, a soporific, something anodyne to smooth away the pain of reality. Do the Musicians Network exclude art which by its very existence is a one-sided act of support for the capitalist multinationals? Their condemnation of GA smacks of the double-standard..

### CONVICTION

Here we make a confession. What we make **IS** the product of conviction, but all the better for that. We believe what we say, and say what we think, without fear. Our stuff is the product of a definite world view, but we make no secret about this, we proudly display the name of it on our mastheads. **ANARCHISM**, and that means the rejection of government..

Also, we have a question. Do you think we produce it to convince you, or brainwash you into thinking as we do? Do you think we *care* about what you thought of it? You see, we are not out to *make* you believe anything, unlike the tabloid press and unlike the brainwashing mass media. We did it for ourselves, because we like it, because it is fun, it is life, unlike DisneyWorld. Can you understand that?

### LABELMANIA

We don't actually care if you call it art or propaganda, we don't really want to argue over labels. Its what it *is* that is important.. To say it is propaganda is just a rationalization of your dismissal of it. We reject your Londocentric arrogance of saying "this is not art" The fact is, we do not court your approval, we do not need your permission to say what we want to say. Who the hell are you to impose your aesthetic of exclusion?

Extracts from comments made against Green Anarchist by the Musician's Network:

*Your contributor is no artist and cannot be a part of the groups portrayed in the protagonist propaganda you have printed..*

*..We are essentially a music co-op and not a political mouthpiece for pseudo artists..*

*..Green Anarchist are a bunch of pipe-wielding, brick throwing yobs..*

*PS Please send next issue..*

The musician's network use the term 'propaganda' as a category of dismissal. Because the words, the cartoons etc etc take an emphatic, yes, even extreme position, they are illegitimate, non-art, pseudo art, etc. Behind their term 'propaganda' is the idea that undue persuasion is being applied in a systematic, calculated way. Facts are suppressed. Lies told, the whole tenor and trend of our magazine is one-sided.

### UNDISTORTED

Art, the musician's network tells us, is clean. Art is balanced. Art is not one-sided, art does not get its hands dirty. Art doesn't suppress the truth and doesn't distort the image. Like the endless staircases of Escher perhaps, or Munch's 'The Scream', the grotesques of Hieronymus Bosch. Is Brecht not art? Orwell?

### BALANCE

The Musician's Network has got it wrong, haven't they? Plenty of art is committed, plenty of art engages with the world. You can only afford the luxury of evenhandedness when the decision doesn't matter, when both sides of it are of equal value. But who can value DisneyWorld? Our magazines and books and posters and everything else that we do are not systematically excluding a particular point of view, they are not one sided. The point is that the works of Major are everywhere. Switch on the TV and DisneyWorld is there. Walk down the High Street, and see the billboards shouting their presence down at you. We have had enough of that shit.

### EXCLUSION

We don't need to present you with the gospel according to Major. You already have it. It is the **ANARCHIST** viewpoint that has been systematically excluded, the **ANARCHIST** position that has been lied about, distorted and suppressed. It looks as though the Musician's Network are also part of that suppression, part of the censorship. Rather than excluding a viewpoint, we are seeking to address this imbalance.

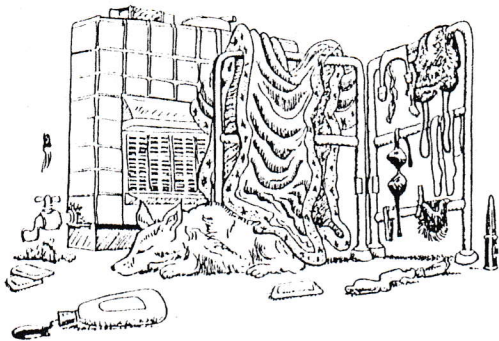
### ALOOF and DISENGAGED

From the Musician's Thought Police position, art has to be impartial. Who says? Art must be even handed, or get excluded. It will be especially hounded out if it comes from an extreme political group which they don't agree with. In this way they too are indulging in acts of propaganda, and that exclusion is a political act. Have the Cultural Commissars become so cool, so disengaged from the real world that they are totally ignorant of the atrocities going on all around them every day?



An accurate representation of the world through perspective ESCHER





## THE QUEEN AND IT

By Blue Gownshend

**STORY SO FAR:** Elizabeth Windsor, once Queen of the UK, (Disunited Queendom) has been sacked in yet another government rationalization scheme. Down at the DHS, she is in for her first RESTART interview...

"Well Mrs Windsor, it doesn't look like your trying very hard to get a new job." The restart interview woman told the ex-Queen.

"Yes, well, ex-monarchs aren't in much demand nowadays."

The ex-Queen looked down at the woman's name badge. Dorah Scarman, it said. It was a well known fact that DHS staff had badges in case they forgot their names. Every night they were plugged in at the back of the building to have their battery packs recharged, and memory tapes updated.



"I'm giving you one last chance before we call the fraud investigation branch in." Dorah Scarman told her snappishly.

"Look for yourself, you won't see any vacancies for monarchs on those notice boards out there.."

The ex-Queen had noted that the printed pieces of paper describing the jobs had got larger. Was it because people were getting short sighted? The ex-Queen suspected that it was to take up more space on the boards and so disguise the lack of jobs.

"I have one here just for you." Dorah told her. "Go round this minute. This one is right up your street.."

The ex-Queen doubted that there were any jobs to be had on The Mall, but then she remembered the dreadful council estate she had been relocated on, and felt sick for the umpteenth time that morning. She thought she could detect a malicious snigger start across Dorah's face as she spoke. The ex-Queen made a mental note to have Dorah Scarman reprimanded, the next time she paid a Royal Visit to the DHS Ministry building.

What a dreadful street, full of bags of uncollected litter, with neon signs over every doorway. Why would grubby men in brown overcoats queue to see trade demonstrations of strip lighting? Everywhere she looked she saw the neon signs. STRIP SHOWS. And what were all these massage parlours doing in a run down area like this, and High-Class Sweedish Saunas? She came to the address Dorah had written down for her, and wondered what an

'Escort Agency' was. Could it be that she was supposed to work in the car hire industry? That would square with Dorah Scarman's quip about "right up your street."

The ex-Queen rang the buzzer, and after a second a voice mumbled something through the entry phone which sounded like "Come on up, luvvie.." The door made a loud click and opened. She went inside and up the narrow staircase. At the top, behind a dirty looking door, a middle-aged woman wearing a leopard skin leotard, a woman with too much peroxide blonde hair and much too thick a plastering of make up on her face smiled at her.

"You must be Betty Windsor." The woman said. "The job centre phoned about you. I'm Cynthia, but most people just call me Madame Sin.."

The woman gave an insincere laugh, and examined the ex-Queen.

"You're much too old, I told the job centre. - and look at your clothes. You're so Marks and Spencer.. Tweed skirt, pink headscarf.." Then Madame Sin tailed off.

"Oh well, beggars can't be choosers on this game. Just sit down in the waiting room. I suppose you'll just have to do for the pensioners. There's another woman just starting today. Bit too classy, if you ask me. Single mother, husband left her, fallen on hard times.. Needs the money.. Don't we all?"

The ex-Queen went through the bead curtain. The waiting room was too small, crammed with several other women, all with too much hair and make up, not enough clothing. They all held glossy fashion magazines and talked too loudly. In the middle of this group, silent, aloof and sulking, sat Diana.

"Diana, what the hell are you doing here?"

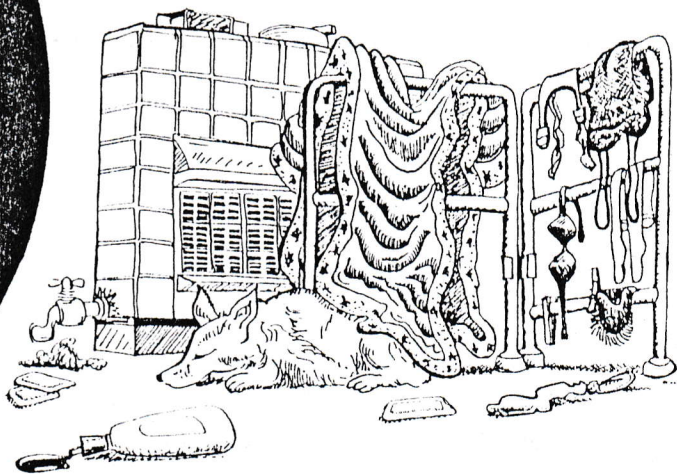
"It's that beastly job centre.." Diana answered tearfully. "Oh but it's awful here. They make you-"

Just then a buzzer sounded, and one of the other women pushed Diana crudely.

"Last in first out, it's your turn, luvvie.."

The other women ignored them, and just went on talking as Diana, not knowing any better, pushed out from among them.

"Don't ladder me tights yer slag." One woman with a cigarette in her mouth yelled at Diana abusively.



The ex-Queen sat down apart from the other women.

"Yet another moody cow." The woman with the cigarette and the tights commented.

Diana came back crying a few minutes later.

"What exactly does one do in an escort agency?" The ex-Queen asked.

"When do we get to drive the cars?"

The other women in the room burst into fits. Just then the bell went for a second time.

"It's your turn now. You'll find out quick enough.."

"Where does one go?"

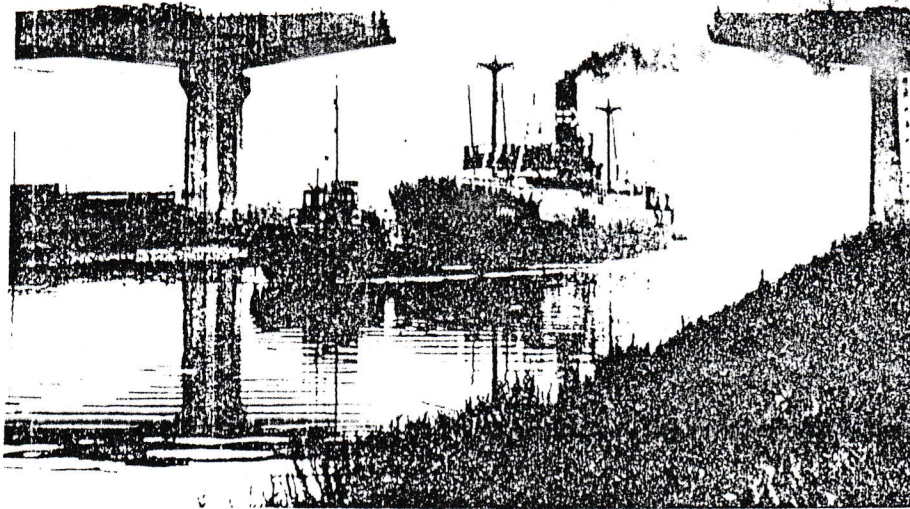
The ex-Queen found herself in a tiny room,, clutching a box of tissues and some small plastic packets. She didn't understand why that supervisor woman, Madame Sin, had given them to her as she didn't have a cold, and never ate chewing gum. Just then the most disgusting man she had ever seen, an untidy tramp who ought to have had a bath and a shave came in and pressed a twenty pound note into her hand. He started taking his shirt off, and unfastened his trouser belt. When the ex-Queen saw the disgusting greyness of his vest the penny dropped and the nature of her new found employment in John Major's classless society started to dawn on her..

**WELCOME TO DISNEYWORLD  
SUCKERS**



SO YOU THINK THIS CAN GO ON INDEFINITELY DO YOU?

TOUCHWOOD



They're at it again..

When the two lanes each way M 62 Barton viaduct was built in the dawn of the 60's the central span fell in the Manchester Shit Canal. Thirty years later, the first Thelwall Viaduct has to be supplemented by a second one. Delays compound. More motorways equals more chaos. Is this mad or is this mad?

Never saw the horizon before  
Never saw such a big nothing in my life!  
Those trees been around about a thousand years or more  
My history cut down by the timbermen's knife

We got all we ever needed from that forest, man-  
The medicine and drugs it could yield  
But some people are hooked on brown food and bucks  
So now all we've got are cows in a field...

Well the timbermen come and the timbermen go  
Their dead float down the river.  
Their taste for wood just grows  
And the land becomes like a desert.

From the east and the west they come to buy  
But only the best will do.  
The rest get left to rot in the river  
And the timbermen move on.

Oh the mighty chain-saw spits  
See how it bites into the tree  
Don't 'cha know it might as well be  
Cutting into me..

Well the sap and the life drained on out  
The proud tree falls on to his knees  
The cattle men cleaned out the forest  
For the junkies overseas  
And the land becomes a desert..

Elayne Walker-Orient  
Cactusflower

YET ANOTHER BOMBER MANIFESTO.....

LEADERSHIP IS MADNESS

OBEDIENCE IS SUICIDE

EDUCATION IS BRAINWASHING

DEMOCRACY IS DICTATORSHIP

VOTING IS DECEPTION

LAW IS INJUSTICE

CITIZENSHIP IS SLAVERY

BELIEF IN THE STATE THE FIRST REFUGE OF  
CRETINS

CAPITALISM IS MASS MURDER

THE FREEDOM OF THE MARKET

IS THE SILENCE OF THE MASS GRAVE

TO WORK IS TO BECOME ONE WITH THE MACHINE

TO CONSUME IS TO SUFFOCATE

CULTURE IS IDEOLOGY

THE SPECTACLE IS THE HYPNOTIC PATTERN

ON YOUR COFFIN LID

DISNEYWORLD IS

THE BRAND-NAME ON THE SHOWERS

THE STATE

CANNOT BE NEGOTIATED WITH

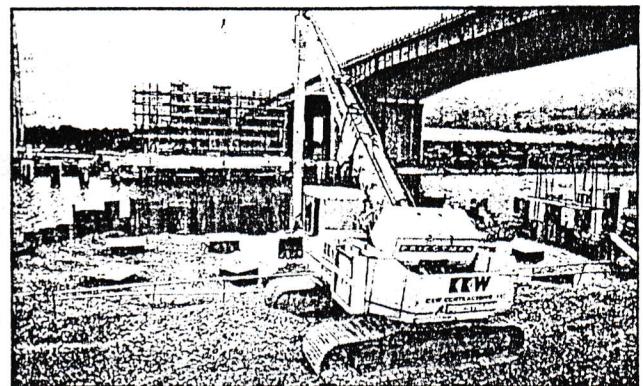
CANNOT BE REFORMED

IT MUST ONLY BE DESTROYED

BY ALL MEANS NECESSARY!

If you don't like it....

WRITE YOUR OWN SODDING MANIFESTO!



### MANGLERZINES

**Green Anarchist Box ZZ**, 111 Magdalen Road, Oxford OX4 1RQ. The anarchist movement and magazine so Drydenist that the New Statesman refused to name it in its recent coverage of Lie Too Far. GA is going from strength to strength and has recently published a novel and also publishes posters. Go without food to buy this one!

**Bolton Evening Noose Dept 36**, 1 Newton St, Manchester M1 1HW Not seen one of these lately, but still active. Quite simply the best anarchist mag in the NW.

**ARKANGEL** The highly incendiary ALF mag the cops tried to close but still running. This is the one read by the old ladies in Little Gidding who often go down the local poultry research station and trash the bastard.

**DO OR DIE!** Box 23, 5 High St, Glastonbury BA6 9DP Earth First! extremist mag on similar wavelength to GA. well wicked!

**Newcastle @** PO Box 1QF Newcastle on T, NE99 1QF Newcastle's local anarchist mag similar to BEN covering local political corruption, anti Fascism, anti-SWP (Who isn't?) and prisoner support.

**Freedom 84b Whitechapel High Street** Longest running anarcho mag currently under attack by fascists and/or the secret state, who between them have smashed it up and tried to burn it down. They survived the Blitz, the 1944 V2 rocket attack. Freedom is a voice for decency and sanity in a sick world so please support it..

**PARTIZAN** Highly recommended but unavailable in the shops ELF (Earth Liberation Front) version of ARKANGEL in acorn form listing addresses of earth rapist companies directors and other fun items. Reports of direct action. Scores 15 out of 10 for extremism.

**FIGHTING TIMES** C/O 12 Mill Road, Cambridge. Cambridge anarchist mag covering women's issues, animal rights and brill poetry section.

**SIC** Folder19, 30 Silver Street, Reading RG1 Well produced situ mag with anti TV, anti voting, fast food and 'how to' article on poster. Sharp graphics..

### PRISONER SUPPORT

They are inside for us outside so don't forget the prisoners. GA Dor or Die etc can be supplied free to prisoners on request.



PIPE WIELDING

BRICK THROWING

ANARCHIST

YO b S

All rights reversed..

The Lancaster Bomber is an anarchist magazine bunged out anonymously by autonomy and acrimoniously by anomaly the dedicated drydenist extremist anarchist pipe wielding brick throwing protagonist propagandists from Nowhere. We hope you had as much funnn wreading it as we had rite-ing it. Copies can probably be bought from GA mail order, 151 London Road, Camberley, Surrey GU15 3JY. INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE: Pull tab, count to three and throw..