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30p.

AN ANARCHO-FEMINIST MAGAZINE

ISSUE No. 2.



NOW'S THE TIME FOR ACTION

Inside Information

Pause For Laughter
This And That

Exciting Ideas

Eye-Catching "His And Hers" Sweaters

Stranger Than Fiction

Gilly And The Good Witch

END APRIL/MAY 1984

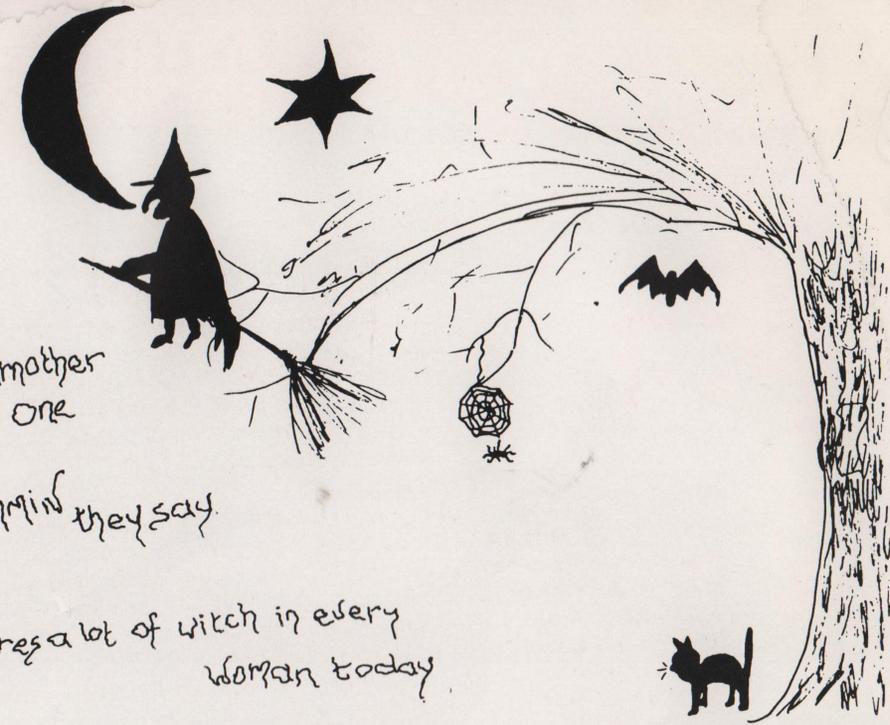
Who are the Witches?

Where do they come from?

Maybe your great, great grandmother was one

Witches are wild, wise wimmin they say

Theres a lot of witch in every woman today



This ♀ magazine will be produced every 2 months (hopefully!) by ♀ from Bristol. Who are..... Cal. Amiky. Brickette De Ville Annabella Ryan. Helga Heckel Sue. Dee PAR. Petra Pan. Not necessarily in that order.



The WORLD is yours 'sonny boy' To stride & swagger around in At pleasure It's all in your language On your terms. Such a privilege to have a reality of your own When so many bruised women are forced into small spaces & put down, held down, shouted down, Stifled Fighting for air. Keeping in line, KILLS women & is no kind death. WOMEN BURST OUT OF HE WE ARE BIGGER THAN THIS.



We want to encourage ♀ to write, produce, draw n'print their own material Please send us any contributions, pics, photos, letters, articles etc. Better still produce your own magazine! Theres not enough Anarcho-Feminist stuff around. Contact us soon! Hysteria 90 Womens Centre 44 The Grove Bristol BS1

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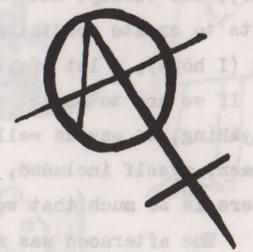
AN ANARCHO-FEMINIST MANIFESTO

We consider Anarcho-Feminism to be the ultimate and necessary radical stance at this time in world history, far more radical than any form of Marxism.



We believe that a Woman's Revolutionary Movement must not mimic, but destroy, all vestiges of the male-dominated power structure, the State itself — with its whole ancient and dismal apparatus of jails, armies, and armed robbery (taxation) (taxation); with all its murder; with all of its grotesque and repressive legislation and military attempts, internal and external, to interfere with people's private lives and freely-chosen cooperative ventures.

The world obviously cannot survive many more decades of rule by gangs of armed males calling themselves governments. The situation is insane, ridiculous and even suicidal. Whatever its varying forms of justifications, the armed State is what is threatening all of our lives at present. The State, by its inherent nature, is really incapable of reform. True socialism, peace and plenty for all, can be achieved only by people themselves, not by representatives ready and able to turn guns on all who do not comply, with State directives. As to how we proceed against the pathological State structure, perhaps the best word is to outgrow rather than overthrow. This process entails, among other things, a tremendous thrust of education and communication among all peoples. The intelligence of womankind has at last been brought to bear on such oppressive male inventions as the church and the legal family; it must now be brought to reevaluate the ultimate stronghold of male domination, the State.



While we recognise important differences in the rival systems, our analysis of the evils of the State must extend to both its communist and capitalist versions.

We intend to put to the test the concept of freedom of expression, which we trust will be incorporated in the ideology of the coming Socialist Sisterhood which is destined to play a determining role in the future of the race, if there really is to be a future.

We are all socialists. We refuse to give up this pre-Marxist term which has been used as a synonym by many anarchist thinkers. Another synonym for anarchism is libertarian socialism, as opposed to Statist and authoritarian varieties. Anarchism (from the Greek *anarchos* — without ruler) is the affirmation of human freedom and dignity expressed in a negative, cautionary term signifying that no person should rule or dominate another person by force or threat of force. Anarchism indicates what people should not do to one another. Socialism, on the other hand, means all the groovy things people can do and build together, once they are able to combine efforts and resources on the basis of common interest, rationality and creativity.

We love our Marxist sisters and all our sisters everywhere, and have no interest in disassociating ourselves from their constructive struggles. However, we reserve the right to criticise their politics when we feel that they are obsolete or irrelevant or inimical to the welfare of womankind.

As Anarcho-Feminists, we aspire to have the courage to question and challenge absolutely everything — including, when it proves necessary, our own assumptions.



The morning was a mixed discussion - 'Anarchism and Feminism - why are they inseparable?' Predictably a lot of women missed this, or arrived later. I was only there for the last hour or so- which was enough for me! Much of it was confrontation between individual men and women, the antithesis of collective thinking. In fact the quality of discussion was poor, and disjointed. The attempts made to draw things together failed. Men ranged from the supportive but questioning, to aggressive or fatherly types who took feminist reaction personally demanding, on the one hand that he/they were non-sexist (or could be if they wanted to be), and on the other hand that we should provide him/them with a definition of anarcho/feminism to help him/them with his/their analysis. Shame that these men would probably claim to be able to understand the intricacies of state capitalist political systems but can't seem to work out anarcho/feminism without nurture and teaching!

I think that had single sex groups met before hand a lot of this confusion could have been avoided. Perhaps men needed the chance to battle their arguments out between them, such as 'is it possible for men to be feminist in sympathy?'. Women would also have been more prepared to present strong, assertive and articulate opposition to a small group (Class War), who easily, and embarrassingly, divided us and demolished the chance for 100odd anarchists to create something real and revolutionary. Although most people got something out of it (I hope), a lot of it was pretty meaningless. A good reflection of the status quo.

If we are to accept that women and men cannot communicate their ideas, feminism, anarchism, anything, we may as well give up now. I think it's a great pity that a large majority of the women, myself included, ended up feeling disappointed, frustrated, and resentful of the men. There is so much that women and men could do if they overcame this analysis paralysis.

The afternoon was much more positive. Women split into smaller groups. There was obviously not enough time for women to cover all they wanted to but we all enjoyed ourselves. Interested men attempted a group discussion. The group I was in drew up a long list of topics we wanted to talk about, and worked our way through some of them. We ended up exchanging ideas and experience with relation to health, sex, and relationships, as well as talking about being women, and anarchists; and working in anarchist groups, racism, women learning practical skills, particularly with regard to squatting. After an hour or two all women met together again. It seems that groups had used this time in all sorts of ways. Every group had discussed the morning, in fact one group spent the entire time recovering from it! Contact lists were made, self defence groups were formed. There was a social and dance in the evening ♀♀♀ only.

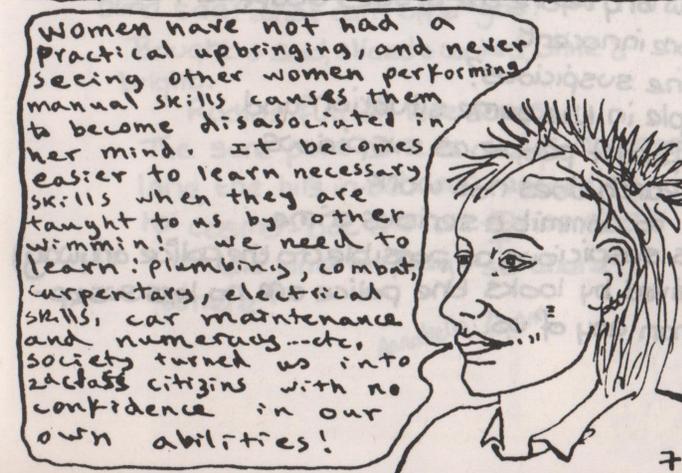
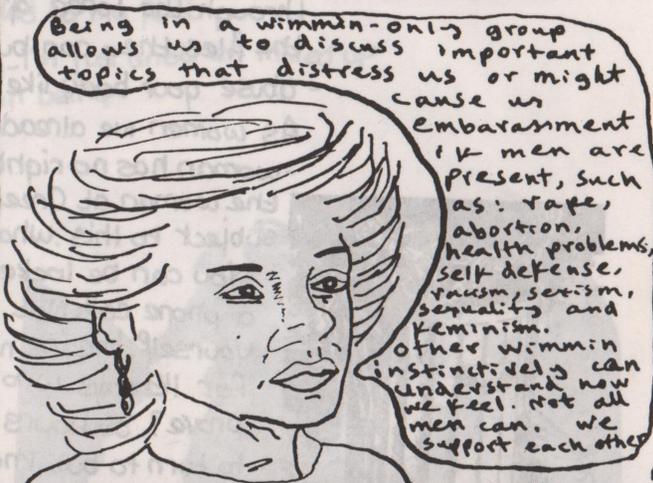
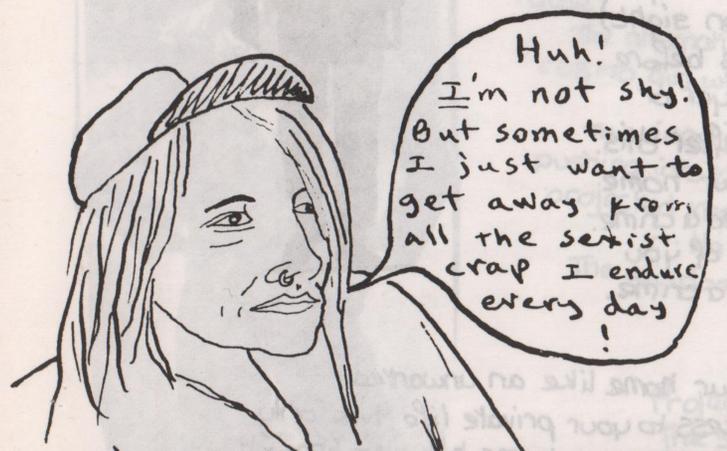
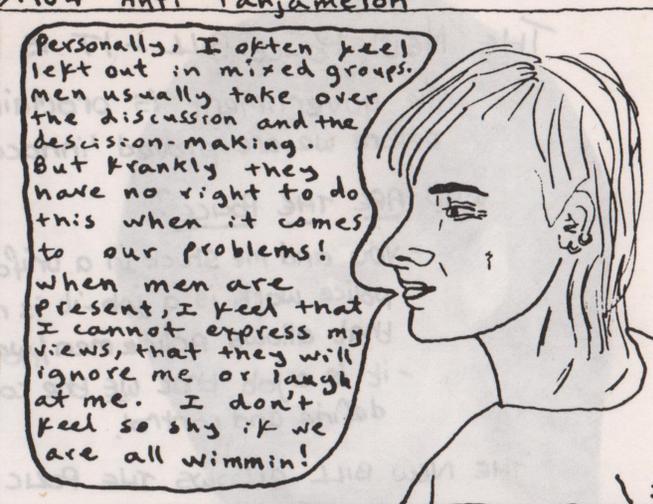
ROLL ON THE NEXT ONE.



* TOXIC SHOCK - pic by Tracy.



©1984 Anti Tanjamelon



THE NEW POLICE BILL - IT IS NOT HUMANE

The government is proclaiming all of us guilty before we are proved 'innocent'.

WHO ARE THE POLICE?

- you and me stuck in a uniform. Human beings
- police work is a job - it is not a divine right that allows police men/women to be infallible
- it is a job that we the community should define and control.

THE NEW BILL ALLOWS THE POLICE:

- to stop and search and arrest anyone who looks suspicious (arrest on sight)
- to detain suspects for 1 1/2 days before outside consultations with a lawyer or friends/family and a further 4 after this.
- they can enter and search your home even if you have not committed a crime.
- take fingerprints + photographs of you even if you have not committed a crime.

In war, in peace you need his help



THIS POLICE BILL MEANS:

- the police can enter your home like an unwanted burglar, an unlimited access to your private life. Not only through the force of entering your home but also through the files they can build up through fingerprinting etc.
- abuse your body like a rapist. Our bodies are our own. As women we already suffer enough abuse. Even a police woman has no right to inspect our bodies. Remember; the women at Greenham or visiting Greenham are already subject to this. What laws are they breaking?

You can be locked away for 1 1/2 days without even a phone call. Not guilty and in a cell, no way to defend yourself. Imagine not hearing from some one close to you for 1 1/2 days. Who does that protect? What does that prove? 36 hours in police custody with no one to turn to but the police. This can be extended for another 4 days. How long before the bruises disappear?

Guilty before innocent.

How do you define suspicious? Put different people in the same situation and they will see different people as suspicious. Stop and search does not work.

Anyone wanting to commit a serious crime will look as less suspicious as possible (to the police anyway). We are all deceived by looks the police are no less susceptible to this than any of us.



ROT ALL RULERS



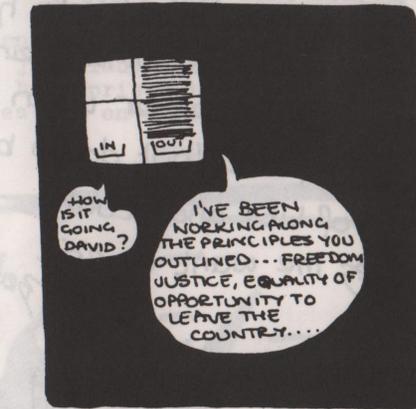
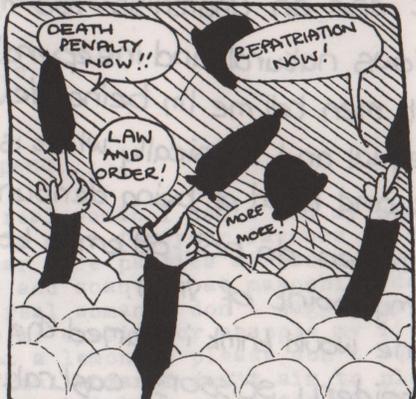
What does the police bill mean to the community?

less freedom to move around as we wish. Walk around at night or for that matter during the day. Scared in our own homes as we are in the streets.

If arrested we have no defence. If intimidated under arrest god knows what we would sign just to get out of the situation. How many of us even know the number of a lawyer or for that matter anyone on the phone?

Just make sure you have the right accent, the right colour skin, the right clothes, the right background, live in the right area, have a job. OR in this free democracy you won't stand a chance and even then you might be as lucky as Steve Warldoff. How much freedom of defence did he have before he was shot?

Why should those of us with uniforms on have more power to humiliated others? Who polices the police? Police "protection" can easily turn in to police oppression/aggression. Who judges the police's actions before you are proved innocent?



Home Office



Uniforms don't make better people. How long before a bill will be passed allowing the police to have guns? Is great Britain becoming a police state?

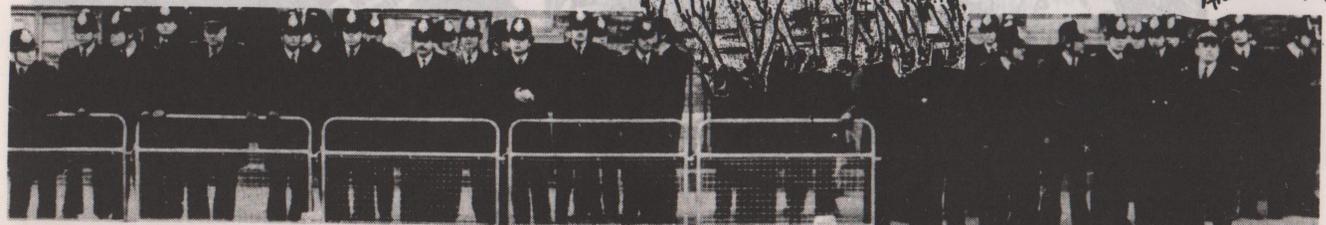
How can we trust a government which spends on arms and cuts down on the health care of its citizens? A government which has built nuclear shelters for its members, and the royal family? Knowing of the holocaust to come they put death before life.

Our rights to live as freely as possible are being taken away slowly.

They want their holocaust; those of us who don't believe in the holocaust will have to fight for our freedom. To live every inch of the way. Everything is linked the more power is given to the state - the less freedom we have.

All I know is... Flesh and blood is what we are... life before death.. Freedom before oppression

ANNABELLA RYAN



FEROCIOUS FEMINIST BITES BACK



I am a feminist and an anarchist - too me these two things seem so obvious, natural and inseparable that I'm amazed when Anarchist men tell me I'm being divisive and unanarchistic, that we're all equal and basically what is all the fuss about.

I'm sick and tired of being denounced as a rabid/ferocious feminist - when men do not attempt to, want to, listen to or even hear my point of view.

Anyone would think I roamed the streets at night, armed with my embroidery scissors castrating 'innocent' men.

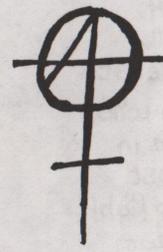
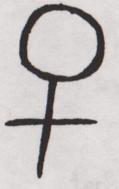
I'm always suprised and saddened when men who call themselves Anarchistic, revolutionary non-sexist beings are unthinking, uncaring and unsympathetic to wimmin's problems and issues.

Maybe you can ignore rape, sexual harrasement, contraception, childcare and all the subtle putdowns wimmin get everyday if you can skroll about in complacent male hetrosexual security but we can't.

Not being taken seriously is one thing that really infuriates me. There I am thinking I'm having a really good conversation with another human being about politics, feelings, hopes + fears, whatever when I suddenly find my point of view dismissed / ignored / put down because I'm the proud owner of a pair of tits and a cunt.

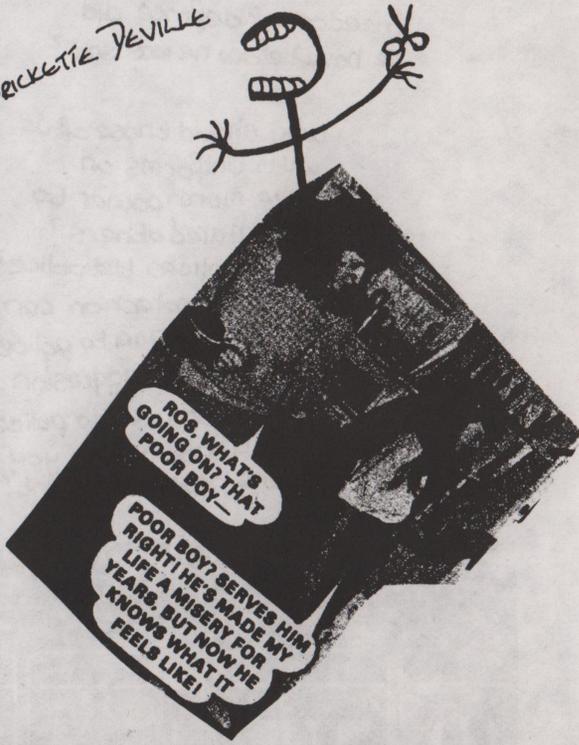
Makes me want to spit

BRICKETTIE DEVILLE



"Perhaps they've decided to go back to my place."

HONEYSETT



ROS WHAT'S GOING ON? THAT POOR BOY!

POOR BOY? SERVES HIM RIGHT! HE'S MADE MY LIFE A MISERY FOR YEARS, BUT NOW HE FEELS LIKE!



We don't need Jokes



"Ah! Miss Pemberton. I'd know that touch anywhere." by LEON



"Of course I can't sleep, not while she's undressing over the road." by ALB



"Lying unmolested on this couch for 12 minutes hasn't helped my self-confidence." by TUGG

These jokes promote the attitudes that lead to rape and assault!

Woman raped in her home

By Barbara Webb

A WOMAN has been raped at her home in Frenchay, Bristol.

The victim, who is in her late 20s and married, answered the door at 3.15 pm yesterday. The attacker pushed her inside and raped her.

Police warned women today to make sure they have a chain on the door - and keep it on all the time.

During the four-day trial last week the jury heard that Mrs Southcott was attacked with a knife and a fragment of glass from a vanity mirror Jones had smashed.

Then she was raped and suffocated by her underwear being forced into her mouth.

Jones joined the lonely hearts' club that Mrs Southcott ran at the Hen and Chicken public house, Bedminster, soon after his release from prison in March, 1982.

He had been jailed for raping a 19-year-old girl after trying to strangle her.

SOLDIER Martin Cooper was today convicted of the manslaughter of Bristol girl Lucille John, aged 15. Lucille fell to her death when she jumped from a train door.

TWO ten-year-old girls were tied up and raped in Stockport, Greater Manchester, last night.

They were playing in the street near their homes in the town shortly before 8 pm when a man asked them to help him look for his lost dog.

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"BOYS ON A TRAIN"

The boys first seen were not a threat, just figures on a cold platform. They skipped from foot to foot making staid OAP's uneasy with their jokes that no-one else could hear and their closed-in energy that touched and broke the boundaries. But I liked their lithe ugliness. I liked their long skinny legs and clumpy trainers and their grins. And when the bored ticket collector vented his distrust on them and I saw the hate he clenched at the black boy, I even thought we were on the same side. A question of authority, racial prejudice and paunchy middle-aged beergut against frustrated youth. It seemed simple enough.

The train came. The OAP's sat reverently in their seats and gazed out of the window as if nothing else existed. The boys gibbered excitedly and tested each seat, always moving, all talk, open and alert. They finally settled in the furthest seats from us, buzzing like insects and as easily distracted by any new thing. It was their way of fighting Sunday boredom. Up and down the line they went with their monkey tricks and their dirty jokes; as much a part of Sunday for them as roast beef and church is for others. When the train moved at last, they heralded the leaving of the station with cheers and one old man smiled a little to himself.

Outside the little stations were all the same, grey and flat as if painted on the glass. All colour was focused in the autumn trees, drained from the passengers' faces, like the pale pretty faces of the two girls who stepped on to the train out of the greyness and sat some seats down from us.

Predictably the boys saw. They homed in, swinging up the aisle, arrow-sure, the lithe ugliness suddenly a finely tempered weapon and immediately the question of sides was blindingly clear. Threat began its distant glimmer and against my will drew me in, anger licking at the edges.

The girls slid smiles to each other, tolerant, a little flattered at first perhaps by the loud aggressive attention, but mainly because, and I seem to remember this from a long time ago, what else could they do? You're supposed to smile. The curve of lips is triggered off almost before you realise because it's in the magazines and they like it. And if no-one has told that boy can be crippled with a blow on the knee-cap, what else can you do?

The boys knew it. They perched by the girls, hitting them with questions, "where you goin' then?" The boy-man voices filled the carriage and would have swallowed soft answers had there been any, and talk about football, show-off empty men's talk, feet and arms and voices demanded and grabbed all the space the girls had. It was a tidal wave and the girls all but sank and the train seemed to go so slowly on the inner city line of dirt and decay. The girls' smiles were gone and they wore a careful distance in their too-bright and fearful eyes. The boys had them and everyone knew it as if it were the terrible and natural order of things.

Even my anger felt like a blunt and rusty knife stuck in a rotting sheath, the hilt slippery with sweat.

No-one was safe. There was another station stop and over on the other platform sat a young girl, spikey blonde, thin and pale, face fine and drawn like herself, a woman in her own mind, whole and sure, and her eyes gazed at nothing any of us could see. A privacy, a reticence everyone should respect and I saw her feeling even my glance was an intrusion. But the boys saw meat for the taking. They rushed to the window and the delicate glass of her protection fell around my ears. "Oy" they yelled, "got any fags?"

Her face drew back and the eyes drew in to focus on the stupid request. She was a platform and a track away. I couldn't understand her odd half-grin or the golden packet she started to pull from her coat. I could have cried at the loss of anger in world, the laying-down of her acceptance and the automatic triumph of the boys. No swift fire to curl their words or blister their eyes like old paint. Nothing but a thin white hand offering a golden cigarette carton and a giving smile.

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But the train moved forward again. The girl fell away and the hand waved, a neat finish to an interlude. The boys waved back. They accepted the loss. Besides they had other fish to fry, and they slung back into the carriage and over to the girls.

The girls had gone. They were sitting quiet and close across the aisle from us where they'd furtively slunk when the boys were after the fags. Their fear came with them like their perfume, subtle but there. They should have known that no-one escapes as easily as that. These boys had centuries of practice at this game. So they strode in as we all knew they would, but still our hearts sank and we all watched with sidelong eyes as they threw themselves in seats opposite the girls now even paler and studies of silence.

The black boy sat by the window, grinning. The white boy stretched his legs and rested his feet one on either side of the girl, dirty trainers only just not marking her jeans. She was surrounded. He looked directly at her, daring her to move or speak. She looked back. But across the space her silence was a useless weapon and the challenge, unspoken, was dropped. We all felt it. It dropped like a cold stone. In the moment of shock I turned and met the white boy's eyes. Pebble blue, like a slap in the face. He had attained full arrogance. A truer upstanding prick he'd never be, forcing into everyone's lives shedding fear, a past master for a million years, heir to all the maleness of time and trained for it all his life. There was suddenly no doubt who's side he was on. Paunchy ticket-collectors who finger glossy nudes in off-duty and vent spleen on kids in their jobs were his cronies. We'd never be on the same side.

I turned away. The scenery passed. Scruffy trees, tired scrub, inner city dirt, a dead dog screwed up and tossed away by the track. In the carriage fear and violence hovered, guffaws and sounds of spitting fell like blows. Everything they did or said had a violence of its own. I had a violence too. Crashing heavy suitcases on his outstretched legs, hearing them crack and seeing his agony start out in his eyes; a craven, crazy look of disbelief and pain as the sharp blade flicks out dazzling even in the greyness and slips neat as a snake's tongue into the denim jacket. It was a fantasy, blinding and red. It was despair. I wondered if the girls felt it.

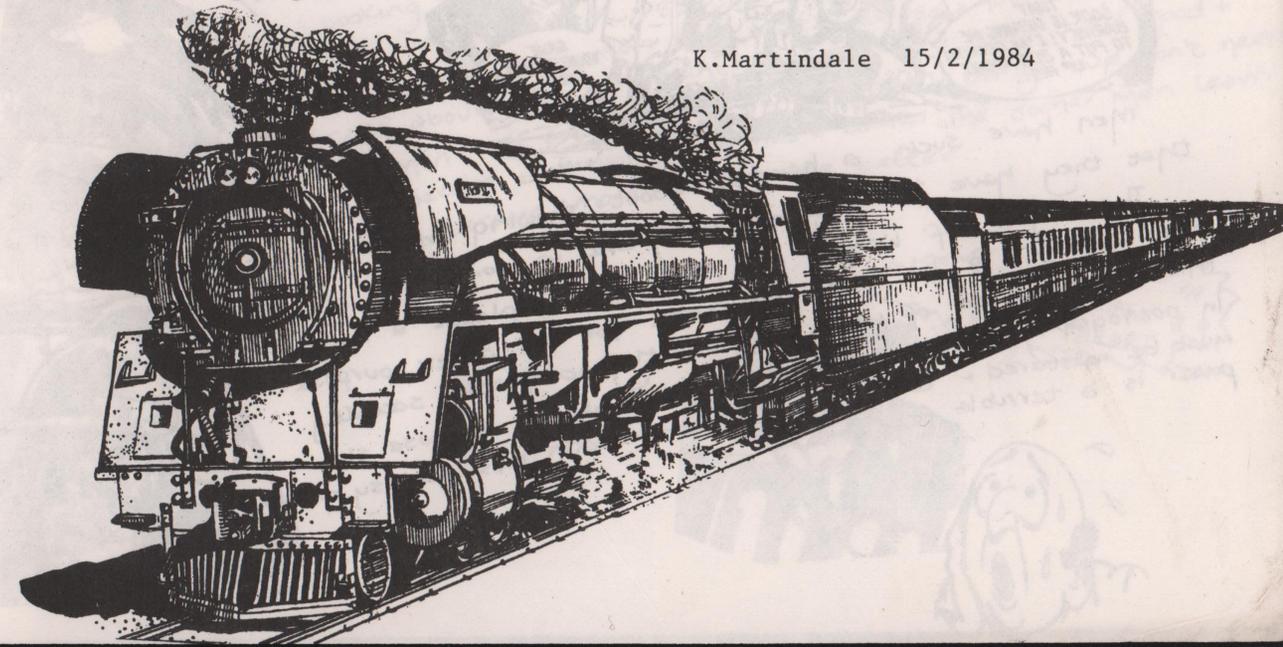
At the next station, the boys got off. They skipped along the platform shouting and punching in the still grey air, and leaves fell from the trees behind them.

It was more than relief. It was blood flowing back into cramped limbs in the dead of night and flowers opening in the sun. Without even a glance we shared it.

Our stop was next. The girls got off and disappeared. We stumbled with our bags on to the platform. "Even if you got the guard," said my friend, "they could follow you off the train and get you."

But I'm not going to let them win again.

K.Martindale 15/2/1984



Wicked Witches

were invented by frightened men.



Strong women have always been persecuted by society, in one way or another. In older days, wise women who had knowledge of healing were branded as witches, + burnt at the stake because they frightened + threatened the power of the (male) church. (now wouldn't that be a convenient way of getting rid of us today!). This was a way in which men could keep women away from each other. In the same way, men today label women as 'bitches', 'dykes', etc.

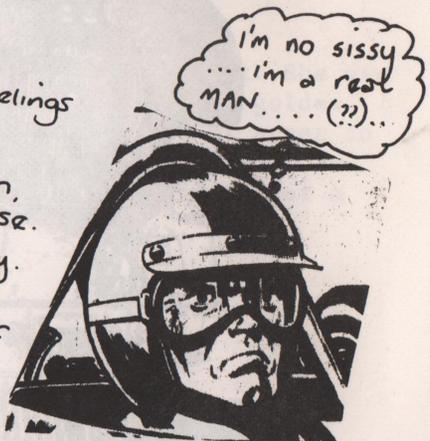
It's interesting to draw the similarities between the persecution of witches + the persecution of women in the form of pornography. The body of a woman is cultured + time-honoured + conventional victim. The 'dark side of woman' has always been feared + men have always tried to control it in some way. Woman's body is feared + hated + therefore must be humiliated.



Over + over again, the pornographer must reverse his own humiliation, his own enslavement, his own nightmare. He takes possession of woman's body - he destroys her soul + makes her an object - an object to be humiliated + bound. In fact it's a part of himself that he's trying to destroy. Men project all they fear in themselves (i.e. vulnerability) into women. His dread of women is in fact a dread of himself. So he pretends to himself that SHE is evil.



Men have such a hang-up about showing their feelings that they have to imagine they are in control. The object of woman in porn is to please a man. She's the one to be used. She exists for no other purpose. This is an echo of what is perfectly acceptable socially. In pornography, woman is burnt into an object because she must be mastered + controlled. But underneath his fantasy of power is a terrible fear.



The coldness of a sadist gives him power - he can't be humiliated by rejection because he doesn't love. He never woos - he takes. His passion isn't for closeness but for dominance. He seeks to dominate, punish + perhaps destroy a part of himself - his vulnerability.



In the shared fantasy of what woman is, an age old brotherhood has been formed. Porn is an illusion given to men - a world of male gestures + language. And it's no surprise that violence towards women is accepted in society. A world that's run by men (in other words + patriarchy) and that's built up a need to control women is bound to tolerate such violence. The ideas that exist in pornography exist in subtler ways all around us - newspapers, advertisements, T.V, etc



We mustn't be afraid of the labels that men try + frighten us with - WITCH, BITCH, TART, SLAG, DYKE - they're trying to divide us into good + bad women - it's the old double-standard - a symptom of the patriarchy. 'Good' women are for marrying (the virgins) + having kids + cooking tea + forever being told to 'keep in line or else!'. 'Bad' women are to be used for pleasure - the mistresses, the whores that men can use + abuse + not really have to CARE about. How convenient! How come we don't have good + bad men? We are all of us whole human beings - we don't need to separate + control our minds + bodies. The sooner men learn this + become more human - the better.



BLEEDING

Wimmin



It's 5am i wake up, roll over clutching my stomach. i feel sick, bloated and i've got cramps. Half asleep, half relieved and annoyed i head for the loo clutching a tampon. i fumble around, take some paracetamol, fill a hot water bottle and stagger back to my bed.

i've just spent 4 days with pre-menstrual blues, snapping at people bursting with anger and depression, being accident prone and filled with tiredness and exasperation.

i've gone through this every month for 14 years now and i've got at least another 14 years worth to get through. Every woman goes through it. For some its not as bad, for others far worse and we all muddle through the inconvenience in our own way.

it's a major part of our lives but its not talked about. not nice is it. Socially unacceptable - all that blood n' stuff, doctors dismiss it, be discreet hide it away.

Wimmin are given painkillers and sanitary (!?!?) wear - but what effect have these things on our bodies, aspirin, paracetamol etc. may work but damage your kidneys, stomach, liver..... There were 79 cases of toxic shock in Britian last year. Wimmin die from toxic shock. It's caused by tampons esp. those with a high synthetic fibre content.

What alternatives?

Regular exercise gradually lessens cramps and makes periods lighter, some wimmin athletes have no periods at all. Relaxation and yoga exercises esp cobra and bow are good for releasing muscle tension esp in the back. Direct pressure applied to the achillies tendon (heel) often lessens tension and discomfort in the pelvic area. With thumb & forefinger about 3" above the heel press firmly for ten-15 seconds. Release and press again on the other ankle.

Or if another person presses with the flat of the thumb, on the side of each vertebra from the end of the spine to the waist. Increase the pressure gradually and after about ten seconds decrease it slowly.

The level of calcium in the blood begins to drop about 10 days before your period begins & for about 3 days after it begins. Signs of calcium deficiency are: tension, nervousness, headaches, insomnia, mental depression, water retention, low resistance & muscular cramps. Increase your calcium intake about 10 days before your period. For menstrual cramps try taking a calcium pill every hour until the pain stops. Stop if diarrhoea occurs! foods rich in calcium: milk, cheddar cheese, kelp, seaweeds, macaroni, molasses sesame seeds.

Vitamin B6 is very good esp for PMT, found in: wheat germ, egg yolk, cabbage, milk, yeast, whole-grains.

For cramps & a feeling of heaviness, red raspberry leaf or ladies mantle tea are good.

For the fluid retention that produces that heavy bloated feeling (also a fairly common side effect of the pill) dandelion tea/coffee is a good safe diuretic.

Potters also produce herbal tablets for menstrual problems.

There are natural sponges which are like tampons but can be rinsed out and used again. Sometimes available at 'alternative' stores or mail order ads in spare rib.

BRICKETTE REVILLE ♀



Brazilian poster

REAL WOMAN



I know it's near the knuckle,
But I can tell when I see a real man
When it comes to reality
I've only just begun
You've got a grasp of real situation
I just blunder about
In a close approximation
And you know a lot of people
You're always drinking
With your friends
You know a lot of people
When you've got a lot to spend.....



I'm not a real woman I don't nod my head
Or patiently wait for your favours in bed
I don't wear lace panties at waste away prices
Or bondage and scanties at masochist dances
I'm not a real woman I don't waggle my hips
Or flapple my eyelids or shapple my lips
And I'm not a lemon so please don't squeeze my pips
I'm not a real woman I don't aim to please
Or twinkle my knickers or garter my knees
And just like a real man must be well hung
To be a real woman you've got to be young
I'm not a real woman I won't tilt my head
And patiently wait for your favours in bed
And I'm not a lemon so don't you squeeze my pips...

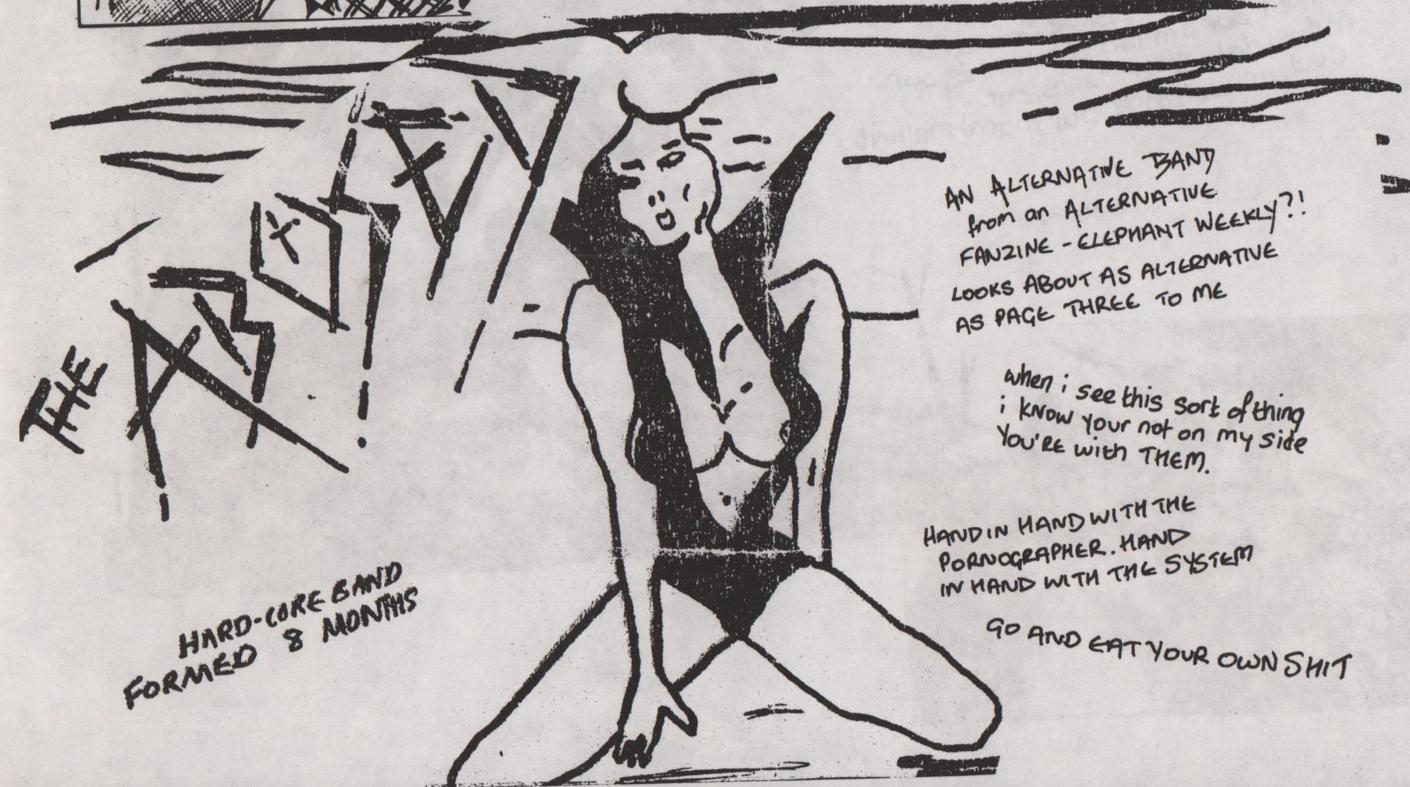
I'm generous I'm mean I'm a law unto myself
And I just laugh at everything you say
So don't be suprised if I don't look into your eyes -
My eyes are on a million miles away



I'm not a real woman I'm bored by your jokes
Why don't you save them to tell to the blokes
The nails on my fingers are tattered and torn
I've had dirty hands since the day I was born
I'm not a real woman I won't cook your food
And you've got a problem if you're feeling lewd
Cos I only want sex, boy, when I'm in the mood

I'm generous I'm Mean I'm a law unto myself
And I just laugh at everything you say
Don't be suprised if I don't look in your eyes
My eyes are on a million miles away

Poison Girls



AN ALTERNATIVE BAND
from an ALTERNATIVE
FANZINE - ELEPHANT WEEKLY?!
LOOKS ABOUT AS ALTERNATIVE
AS PAGE THREE TO ME

when i see this sort of thing
i know your not on my side
YOU'RE WITH THEM.

HAND IN HAND WITH THE
PORNOGRAPHER. HAND
IN HAND WITH THE SYSTEM

GO AND EAT YOUR OWN SHIT

HARD-CORE BAND
FORMED 8 MONTHS

WAR, (Repulsion of)

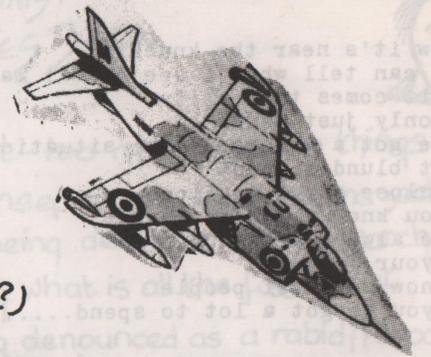
C.N.D. Demo, Keeping it all clean, smoke a cigarette (how much of that tax on a gun?)
 Greenham-life outside the fence,
 its so cold, my bed so warm. Here life
 in side & outside of the fence.
 Obsession, obsession with death,
 The holocaust & 1984
 A time limit to keep/your life on the line
 You've slept the whole day away
 You really wish you could really live that
 way in the Hyber/Nation.

The world- so many mouths to feed, so
 many hands keep you warm, holding you
 feeding you, feeding off you
 If all those hands could fill this
 room & touch you, they would strangle
 you, torture you, hold you. MADE IN
 TAIWAN, MADE IN KOREA, MADE IN JAPAN
 Made in the peoples republic of China
 made in the U.S.S.R. made in South Africa
 Israel, Cambodia, Hong Kong, Spain, Italy
 blah blah blah

Should I care?
 Should I care?
 Should I care?

We will hold you down with our
 transistor radios, our TVs, our
 computers, our police forces, our
 armies, our limited companies, our
 industrial experiments, our
 nuclear weapons, our moral majority

cont...→



ARMS SALES



POINT OF DELIVERY



NEVER MADE IT TO THE COSMO GIRL
 IMAGE - or never made
 it anyway

Sorry - the diet didn't take shape
 the tampon overflowed
 the deodorant didn't work
 the make-up smudged
 The toothpaste failed. the tobacco stains won



Pause:
 The alternative to the vision of the
 cosmo girl which never took shape:
 The inactive active mould
 pushing into the fuller "alternative" life
 projected the full life
 ... Ha Ha...
 The wisdom of life

Projection, description, absorption
 The serious passion climbed high, then
 crumbled to my feet
 Sorry - I'm just another mixed up
 human being

Love & Sex
 Never knew how much I had - The
 faces are memorable, obscure,
 insecure
 Did I smile or did I laugh or did I
 cry?
 Alienation fat & fed.
 Sure heat, sure pure sugar love
 Comfort softer in my eyes
 what do you look for? what do the
 blind see? what can I offer you?
 Bought & sold, sliced & cooked, white &
 bright.
 Radios full of love songs
 The sure pure cure is always nowhere
 land, the bits in between - according
 to cosmo - but then as ~~φ~~ we exist
 all the time anyway - so there!
 Where?

Annabella LYAN.



So whats all this about wimmin only space then?
Is it important or is it sexist?

Its not sexist cos 'tho men are'nt allowed in, its not quite as simple as -its only because they've got a penis.

Everywhere on this planet (& i expect it will be the same in space- i mean astronauts n' things not martians) MEN have the power, men have easy access to a million & one things wimmin have had to battle for. Society regards men as the most important beings and treats them as such. They are given control of wimmin/wimmings bodies/wimmings lives/woman as sex object. Everything in the system is on mens side.

True not all men have access to all things; yes they too are the victims of the system. BUT!! they have life in general a fucking sight easier than wimmin do and they're the victims on top.

So if we corner off one bit of our lives as wimmin and reclaim that space for us & us alone so we can hang on together and fight whats wrong with that?

Men have so much space & much isn't open to wimmin. They don't even have to say men only, there are more subtle ways from it isn't suitable for wimmin/you're not strong enough/old enough/what does a pretty young thing like you want too do a job like this for/you'll only get married/pregnant... & less subtle use harrasement and violence.

When i went to my first wimmings disco i was sceptical, a little nervous & curious. i had a brilliant time, no pressure, no worries about my stuff being nicked. Just to be able to go out with my friends and have a hassle free dance was a new experience for me. i'm hooked! In London there are quite a lot of wimmin only pubs, bars & discos and on the continent its much more accepted with wimmin only cafes, restaurants etc.

Why is it important?

Because wimmin need to get together, talk, enjoy themselves and get to feel strong. You often hear men boasting of drunken escapades-but how many wimmin do you hear? There is an attitude that a drunken woman is not nice, slut, easy, gets what she deserves.

Where are the rowdy wimmin?

It's important socially for lesbian wimmin to be able to relax and enjoy themselves. Cos if its one thing that threatens the average man (who ever they all are) its a lesbian. She doesn't need him on any level; emotionally, practically & most important sexually and that really threatens men.

They react violently, verbally or physically-which is fucking annoying when all you want to do is go out with your girlfriend for a pint or two.

Wimmin only space is important in meetings too 'cos wimmin can get together and find it easier to talk, be listened to and have their point of view taken seriously. The same is true of many things that traditionally wimmin have been excluded from: car maintenance, building skills, photography etc. they are in fact piss easy but many wimmin lack the confidence to tackle them.

A woman i know is doing a TOPs course in electrics. She is the only woman trainee in the whole skill centre if that isn't isolating and threatening enough her male instructor pulls her out to the front of the class, criticizes her in front of all the blokes not only her work but her clothes and says she's too fat.

What fucking buisness is it of his? None but he thinks hes got the right cos hes male and shes female.

YES, THAT'S MUCH BETTER.



Let's have a meeting sisters!

NO LOVE TO.

GOOD IDEA!



GET RID OF UNFEMININE MEN

NEW AND PAINLESS METHOD
NO NEEDLE • NO SCARRING • NO WAXING
A sophisticated electronic medical unit that does not touch the skin, but allows the men to be removed painlessly without scarring. FACE • BODY • LEGS
Day and evening appointments plus Free Consultation

HOURS: Mon-Fri 11am-7.30pm/Sat Morn. only.
Special note: Additional services available for removal of tattoos, warts and broken veins. All work carried out by qualified medical personnel



Don't tell me its all OK now we've got equal oppertunities and equal pay. Huh big joke. But then it all is a big joke isn't eh? That's whats wrong with these feminists, they can't take a joke, can't see the funny side. OK lads here are some sexist jokes just for you.

Rowdy Wimmin

Q- whats the difference between a man and a bucket of shit?

A- The bucket.

i must say Beryl these earth jokes are the best i've heard in a long time

MIA HA HA

Q- Two men are standing on a cliff edge who jumps first?

A- who cares

A womans right to choose free castration on demand (get your scissors sharpened here girls)

oh no its me...

Q- How many men does it take to wall paper a bathroom?

A- Two if you slice them thinly.

Whats the matter can't you take a joke?

FRICKETEE DEWICK ♀

TAKE COVER! MAN DEFENCE POSTS!

oh no. The angry wimmin have discovered our camp. We should not have angered them so.

These ♀ are taking the piss out of us

KNOCK THEIR KNAVISH NOGGINS!

MA, DO YOU THINK I CAN BE A FEMINIST AND STILL LIKE LIKE MEN?

SURE. JUST LIKE YOU CAN BE A VEGETARIAN AND LIKE FRIED CHICKEN.

WE'LL HIDE IN THAT OLD FARMHOUSE UNTIL WE GET A CHANCE TO REJOIN OUR SQUADRON. THE HORSE MAY HAVE COME FROM THERE.

Well, what really puts me off are all those lesbians.
 I mean, don't get me wrong
 But don't they put you off?
 Don't you find them all
 rather
 off
 putting?



Shall we go on the march?



Oh yes I quite agree they really have a right.
 That march - the what? Reclaim the night?
 Yes of course to put their views,
 but don't you find it all
 a bit
 off
 putting?

ummmm... speaking as a man I realise I can't judge
 and I sympathise, oh yes, I mean
 I wouldn't budge an inch if I were you
 And there's so much that I'd like to do to help.
 But you get so put off -
 I mean don't you find it all
 rather
 off
 putting?



I mean, how do you feel, being hetero, you know
 All sisters? Same fight?
 Oh right. right on.....
 Please. Don't get me wrong
 I'm not here to moan
 It's great of you to all unite
 For this issue, you know, this fight.
 But if I could just say one thing -



About organisation
 that's the thing.
 As far as I can see
 There doesn't appear to
 Be any organisation from
 the top.
 To the outsider that can be
 rather
 off
 putting
 Now what you need is.....

come on girls lets go to Greenham



Theresa.

Greenham

WOMEN Storming of Greenham AT WAY at the fence

57 HELD IN GREENHAM ASHES
 POLICE HURT IN 'PEACE' WOMEN'S SIEGE FURY

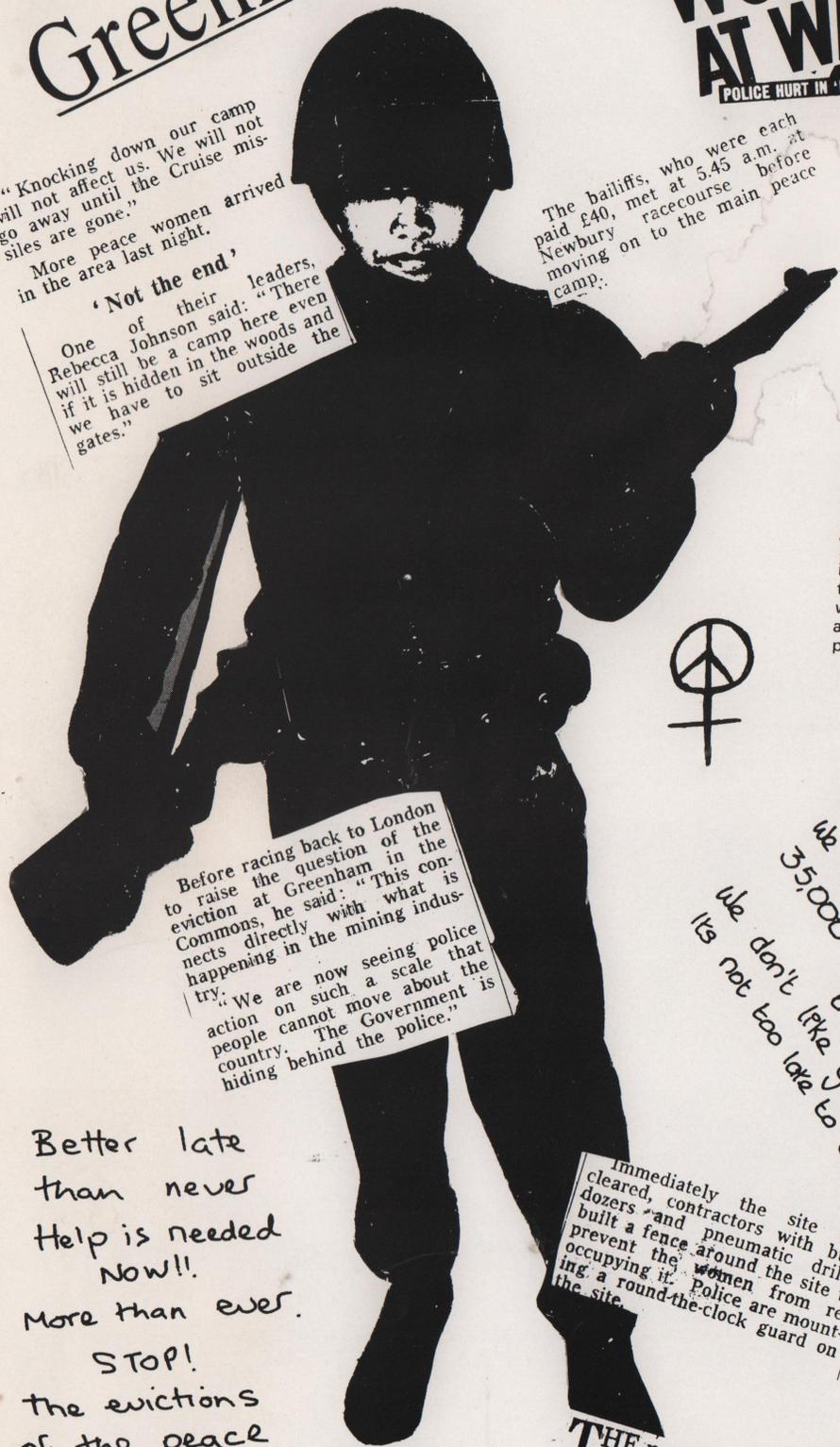
"Knocking down our camp will not affect us. We will not go away until the Cruise missiles are gone."
 More peace women arrived in the area last night.

'Not the end'

One of their leaders, Rebecca Johnson said: "There will still be a camp here even if it is hidden in the woods and we have to sit outside the gates."

The bailiffs, who were each paid £40, met at 5.45 a.m. at Newbury racecourse before moving on to the main peace camp.

It was reported that later at night, two women got into the base and were caught by several soldiers. Instead of being arrested and processed, the women were wrapped in barbed wire and beaten up. The soldiers then tied the women to concrete fence posts and masturbated in front of them, before letting them go. This incident marred what had proved to be a productive day in terms of women's co-operation, resilience and renewed strength within the peace movement.



Before racing back to London to raise the question of the eviction at Greenham in the Commons, he said: "This connects directly with what is happening in the mining industry."
 "We are now seeing police action on such a scale that people cannot move about the country. The Government is hiding behind the police."



Better late than never
 Help is needed
 Now!!

More than ever.
 STOP!
 The evictions of the peace camps
 STOP!

The MAN Handling of the women.

GO!! To GREENHAM.

Immediately the site was cleared, contractors with bulldozers and pneumatic drills, built a fence around the site to prevent the women from re-occupying it. Police are mounting a round-the-clock guard on the site.

THE main women's peace camp at Greenham Common was cleared yesterday by bailiffs backed by more than 300 police, finally ending its 2 1/2 years as the focal point of protest action against the siting of cruise missiles in Britain.

Wimmin CUT DOWN THE FENCES NOW!

35 Wimmin camping for peace so there'll be no more wars
 We don't like your laws, we don't want your cause.
 We don't fight your wars - chant down Greenham
 We want to fight for peace, encircling the base so
 35,000 Wimmin there'll be no more war
 We don't like your cruise - we have life to lose
 It's not too late to choose. Pull down Greenham.