



STUFF IT

the theoretical journal of a
Bristol Anarchist group

issue three

30p



INSIDE THE PaPER THEY tried to steal! Police, Miners, and the pigeon! **FOOD!**
ANTI-MILITARIST HOLIDAY!



CONTENTS

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| 3. Street Selling. | 11. Anti-Militarist march. |
| 4. Thought for today. | 15. E-Numbers. |
| 5. A.C.A.B. | 16. Prison "A Frightful death". |
| 8. Stop the Pigeon. | 19. Civil War. |
| 9. Students write. | 21. Looney Letters. |
| 10. Tofu. | 22. Reviews. |



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STREET selling

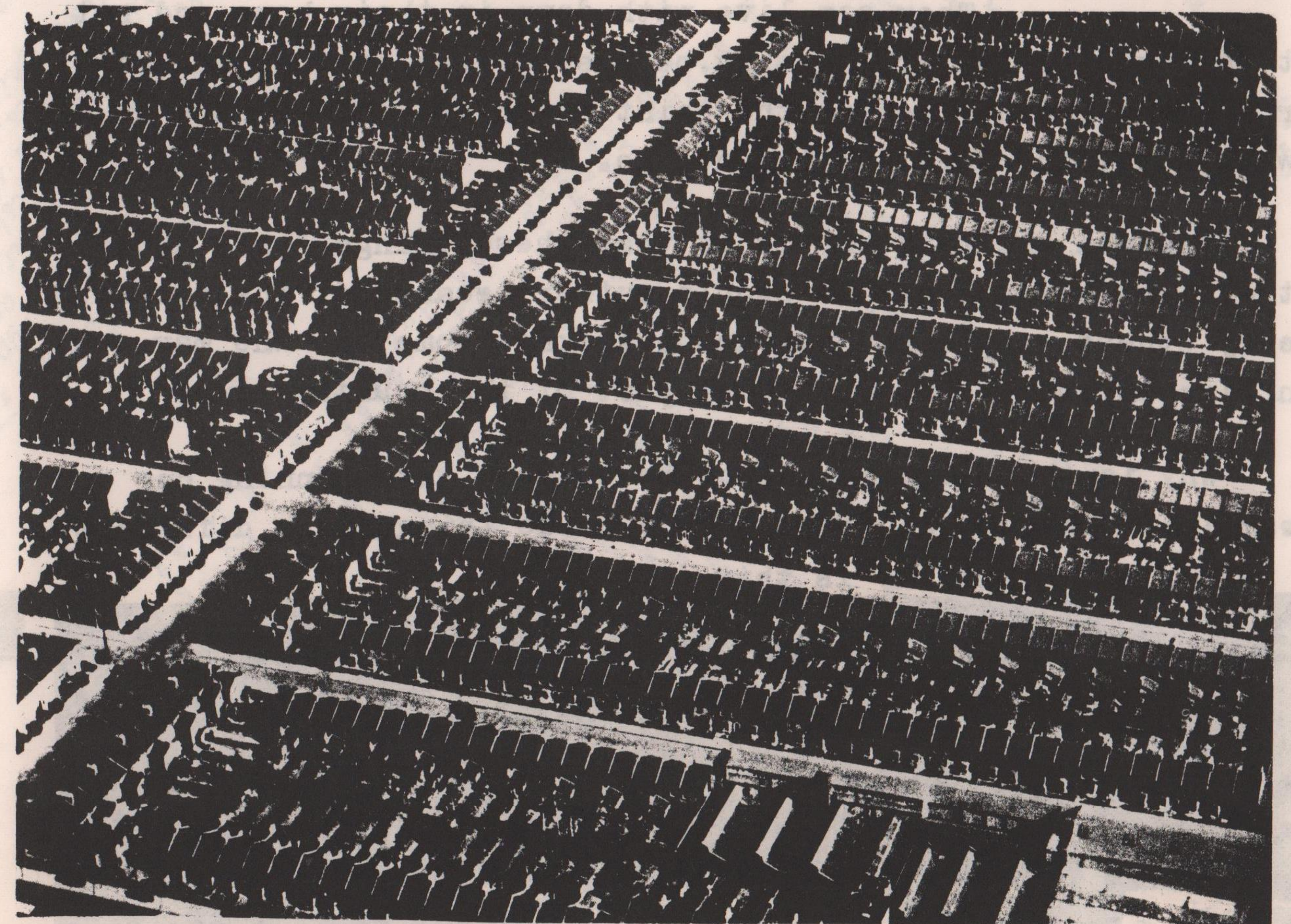
It is good to receive answers, remarks and thoughts about the magazine, whether for or against the publication. Sometimes I think it can be boring to write a reply to some of the reactions to specific points. I'm thinking this at the moment because since street selling 'Stuff It' 2, it has become apparent that nearly all the articles have no meaning to people who know very little about Anarchism, squatting, liberation etc.. It was disheartening and perhaps looked on as a waste of energy when realising that 'Stuff It' was communicating to the anarchist community and its sympathisers. It was written from that angle, intention or not because there hadn't really been any conscious decision to really 'get out on the streets' and present and explain thoughts and ideas. Apart from short blasts like the broadsheets which receive outraged replies and leaflets for relevant events/happenings in the city, no other literature goes out.

With the magazine hopefully more discussion and action will be encouraged. I still feel now, trying to write this that I'm alienating myself from what happens 'out there'.

I can hear some people groan when they hear the word ANARCHY or, feel trapped into having to explain it. Explaining Anarchy to people can be difficult & tiring to do if you haven't done it very often or never before. But then it is necessary if you want to converse with those outside your 'safe' anarchist/social grouping.

Obviously, more thought is needed when putting together articles. If it's for everyone then we shouldn't make too many assumptions and expect everyone to understand the jargon.

That said, we did manage to street sell over 50% of 'Stuff It' no. 2, so that gives us hope for future publications with perhaps an increase in the print run, and more free leaflets. (Yes, we do have to pay for materials because we're still unfortunately living in a cash economy -YUK YUK!!)



THOUGHT for TODAY

What if in the decisions concerning your life, the following happened:-

- A. The right decision was made.
- B. The decision was less random than one made by a single person.
- C. No one will have to suffer as the result of the decision.

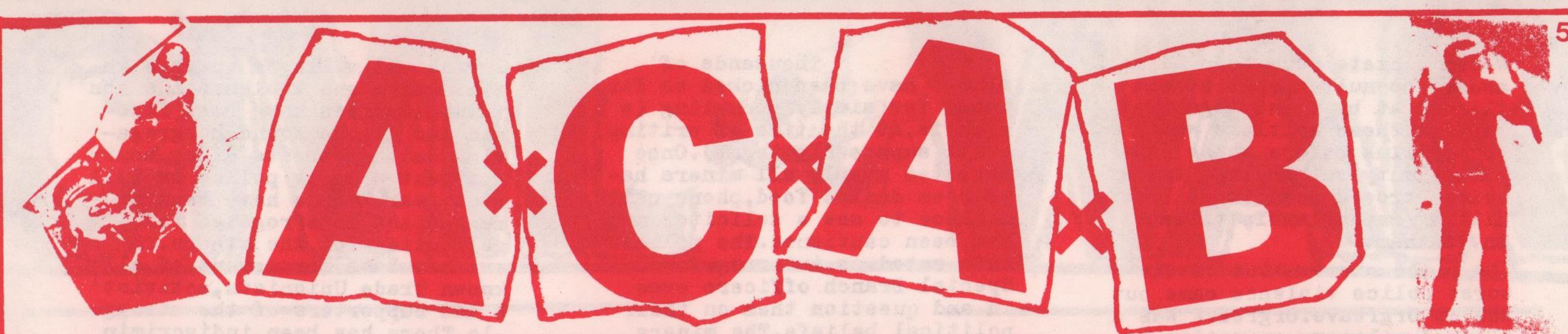
It would be hard not to agree with these three points, as they are all perfectly reasonable. It is vital that the right thing is done, and no one can disagree with that. The second point makes just as much sense, one person should not decide how other people are to live. I should not have more say in deciding where you live than the people concerned. It is up to the people who have to live with the decision to make the decision and not for one person to decide for all.

The last point is again very obvious, if the decision is the right one, then no one should have to suffer because of it. If people do suffer then the wrong decision was made. Of course some people may choose to "suffer". a bad case of rising damp in their home, and not want to move to "better" housing, because they are near friends, or like the view or what have you

They can live with damp in their home, and not want to move to "better" housing, because of the view or friends near by or any other reason, the point is no one should have to put up with something they don't want to.

So given all this why is it that these things don't happen? Is the right thing done? Do people suffer because of the decision made by others, people you may not even know, some one who may not even live in your town, or city or part of the country even?

Why is this? are we not to be trusted with running our own lives? Is it because we might decide to do things in a different, and fairer way? Just why is this....



ALL COPPERS ARE BASTARDS!

Right from the start of this strike the Police's role has been portrayed as an "incidental spin off" from the real issues at stake. Or even worse that they are the 'poor pig-gies in the middle' sandwiched between the NUM and the coal board. Both views are blatant lies. Policing is at the very heart of the government's strategy to crush the miners. THE POLICE ARE AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE ENEMY OF THE WORKING CLASS.

A history of Police action against organised labour clearly contradicts the assertion that Britain has always had a moderate, benign Police tradition. From the 1840's onwards, if not before, police worker confrontations were bloody and brutal affairs. Where Labour disputes were concerned the police everywhere protected the interest of the industrialist against the workers. In Scotland in 1880 and 1881 in the Lanark and Ayrshire coalfields the police acted on behalf of the owners and were responsible to the law of the owners. In Wales in 1910, the police also acted brutally to crush the strike then affecting several collieries. Following the disturbances in Wales, literally thousands of police were used to break strikes in 1911 in Hull and Salford. In Liverpool in the same year, pitched battles occurred between police and workers.

However the most serious crop of incidents occurred in Dec. 1931 and on into the new year. Then violent police worker confrontations occurred simultaneously in Liverpool, Wallsend, London, Leeds, Glasgow, Kirkcaldy, Wigan and Stoke. The violence eventually peaked in Birkenhead in the autumn of 1932 when the police conducted what can only be termed a 'regime of terror'. NOTHING HAS CHANGED; or to be more correct things have got far worse. Under the central

command of the National Reporting Centre the National Riot Forces have descended on the pit villages. Whole communities have come under 'siege' by the police who act like a conquering army. Their aim is to control and criminalise, separate and keep separate those who own nothing from those who own capital. At all costs the state and its hired bully boys the police are trying to isolate the miners from the rest of the working class.

It's up to us to stop these scum. The crimes of the police, during this strike, must never be forgotten. The list below represents only the tip of the iceberg in the police's war against the active working class communities. It started off with the road-blocks which denied miners their legal (sic) right to picket collieries where scabs were working. Miners from Kent were stopped by police from travelling north. Anybody who tried was arrested for 'obstructing an officer in the execution of his duty' or for 'behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace'. Many miners were beaten up, many had their cars smashed up or their car keys taken by the police and unlucky ones had to walk all the way back again. Nottinghamshire was made totally impossible to get into. Police were waiting on all major and minor roads. Any groups of miners trying to sneak in through fields or small roads were in for a beating from the police.

On the picket line the violence and threats continued. Throughout the strike pickets have been unable to put across their views to the scabs, without the threat of being truncheoned. The scabs, on the other hand, have had complete 24hr protection from their buddies the police, and are able to spit, curse and beat pickets up knowing they can get away with it. Remember scabs work hand in hand

with the police and the state. The media wants us to believe that they are just 'moderate' (meaning we are extreme), or that they are just interested in 'getting back to work'. Scabs KNOW what they are doing. They know that their actions are going to sell the rest of the community down the river. Anyone who prefers t.v.s, video and plastic holidays in Spain to comradeship and solidarity deserves everything they get.

The police try and intimidate the miners on the picket line by holding up their wage packets and taunt them with "eat grass you bastards". Or they throw coins down to the pickets challenging them to pick the money up. Frequently the pickets are charged by police in full riot gear and the unarmed miners in unprotective clothing have to feel the full force of the police as truncheon after truncheon comes crashing down, splintering skulls. The most sickening thing about the violence of the police is that they charge the miners with 'a assault of a police officer' if they dare defend themselves.

I was asked to move, as the police ran past. I refused. I was punched in the face by one officer and another hit me on the back of my head with a truncheon. I was held against the wall and punched. As I was dragged back through the police lines I was punched and kicked.

I was sat on the wall, the horses charged close to me and I jumped in the field. Officers on foot ran at me. I was knocked to the floor and two or three officers punched and kicked me on the floor. I was handcuffed and dragged away.

I was sat behind a tree at the top of the field. Foot officers following the horses jumped on me; I argued with the police as they arrested me and I was hit over the ear with a truncheon.

As the foot officers following the horse charge came up the road, I ran up to a portacabin which was at the side of the road. I was hit on the back of the head with a truncheon. I fell to the floor and was kicked and punched in the face by five or six officers.

I was walking towards the bridge and about five or six officers grabbed me. I was kicked while I fell to the floor.

Pleas for medical help for the battered miners are nearly always ignored. Miners are left to bleed. Anyone caught taking photos of such acts get their cameras and heads smashed. Police have been using 'agents provocateurs' who stir up trouble then nick everyone who takes part. They plant petrol bombs and other weapons then they mysteriously find them. They then report it to their friends in the press who feed the crap to a gullible public. It's made hard for the miners to organise themselves at pickets because as soon as any body starts suggesting any tactics the police pick him/her out as a 'leader' or 'activist', and the snatch squads arrest them.



LAW &



ORDER

Women pickets have been sexually abused, assaulted, spat at and flashed at by these legalised rapists. These shitlegs watch porno films before going onto picket duty, rather like the American troops used to do before killing/raping whole villages in Vietnam.

The place where a lot of the worst police violence came out was at Orgreave. Orgreave was a planned military operation by the cabinet to test the full use of the riot police. An experimental battleground where miners bodies were to be used as pawns. Northern Ireland has been brought onto mainland Britain. Over 6,000 cops were used to destroy the miners. Whole office blocks were taken over by the police as they settled in for the big fight. At Orgreave the true political intentions of the government became clear. This had nothing to do with the coal industry, nothing to do with reconciliation or a settlement to the industrial dispute. The sole object of the cabinet was ideological, to mortally wound the NUM; to defeat it with military might and naked violence.

I was standing on my own on the pavement. One police officer ran at me, he came from the back of me and put his truncheon across my throat, holding it at both ends and pulled on it. I was pushed from behind across the road to a van. I was gasping for breath. I was thrown into a van on the floor with the truncheon still around my neck. I was face down on the floor and he had one knee in the small of my back. He said something like, "put your hands behind your back bastard". I did that and I was handcuffed. After I had been handcuffed the officer had taken the truncheon from my neck he hit me hard with it twice, once on the right hip, once on the right shoulder.

psychopathic snatch squads kicked, elbowed, truncheoned and gouged in scenes which will live in memory for the rest of my life.

One miner had blood streaming from the corner of his eye where a member of the snatch squad had deliberately inserted his finger.

The use of truncheons became commonplace. One man's head was used like a drum as two policeman took it in turns to beat down on either side of his skull in systematic and rhythmic style.

With blood pouring from a gaping wound

in his head they continued to truncheon him. Blue uniforms showed patches of dark brown as blood splattered them.

ALSATIANS

For the police with dogs the setting was all wrong. The snarling, snapping alsatians belonged to a world of barbed wire fences and watchtowers, not the blue skies of South Yorkshire. That made no difference. They were freely used to bite, rip and tear. The concern of the handlers was single-minded: The well-being of their animals. People

was immediate. He was kicked repeatedly around the shoulders, chest and the small of the back.

Finally, there were the riot squad themselves — used for the first time ever in an industrial dispute in Britain. They deserve a special mention.

The way they smashed their transparent shields into the faces of people was something unimaginable in civilised society. Their crash helmets were used equally nobly. One youngster, who could have been no more than 18, was head-butted full force by a riot policeman's helmet.

When he fell to the floor, the response

Similar sickening scenes were witnessed time and time again as the day wore on.

The day ended with a telling scene. As miners streamed away from the coking plant two police vans were spotted at the top of the road on their own. The mood was angry and the men approached the vans. They sped away immediately.

Thousands of miners have been nicked so far: most for simply picketing (which is, at the time of writing, still supposedly legal). Once arrested nearly all miners have been denied food, phone calls, a chance to see a solicitor and not been cautioned. The police have acted as interrogators. Special Branch officers come in and question them on their political beliefs. The miners are forced to have their photos and fingerprints taken. Miners who refuse are beaten viciously then have them done. The police try to start fights in the station with the pickets knowing that if a fight starts they could easily beat or even kill the picket and get away with it. Remember NO ONE HEARS YOW SCREAM IN YOUR LOCAL NICK. Handcuffs have been put on pickets deliberately tighter than need be so that the wrists often start bleeding. Once arrested police make conditions of bail whereby miners have to visit police stations up to 3 times a day, making it impossible for them to attend pickets.

the floor. I was circled by officers who began kicking me on the body and one kicked me in the face. My lip was cut on my teeth when this happened and my left eye began swelling. I was very frightened and I began shouting at them to leave me alone. I was then picked up and dropped onto a metal fence round the edge of the pavement; one officer was pushing down on my neck and forcing me to lift my feet off the ground. This meant that all my weight was on my stomach across the fence and I couldn't breathe. One P.C. then pulled a sticker from my cardigan (Support the miners NUM Stop Pit Closures) and said, "What's this fucking rubbish?"; he then folded the sticker up and pushed it up my left nostril and pushed his finger up my nose to push it further up.



The officers ran across the road, a number of them were holding truncheons. Two officers ran towards me; they held me by my arms and hair, one of them grabbed one of my legs. I struggled because I had done nothing wrong and I was being assaulted. As I was carried to one of the vans, halfway across the road, a third officer came up and hit me violently on the back of the head with a truncheon. My scalp was split by that blow and I began to bleed. I did not struggle after that.

Without huge numbers they simply dare not face miners.

And that is a thought for them to ponder. For when this dispute is won, mining villages will not be welcoming areas for them.

No amount of slick public relations exercises — baby-kissing, making donations to miners' charities — can erase or repair the damage done.

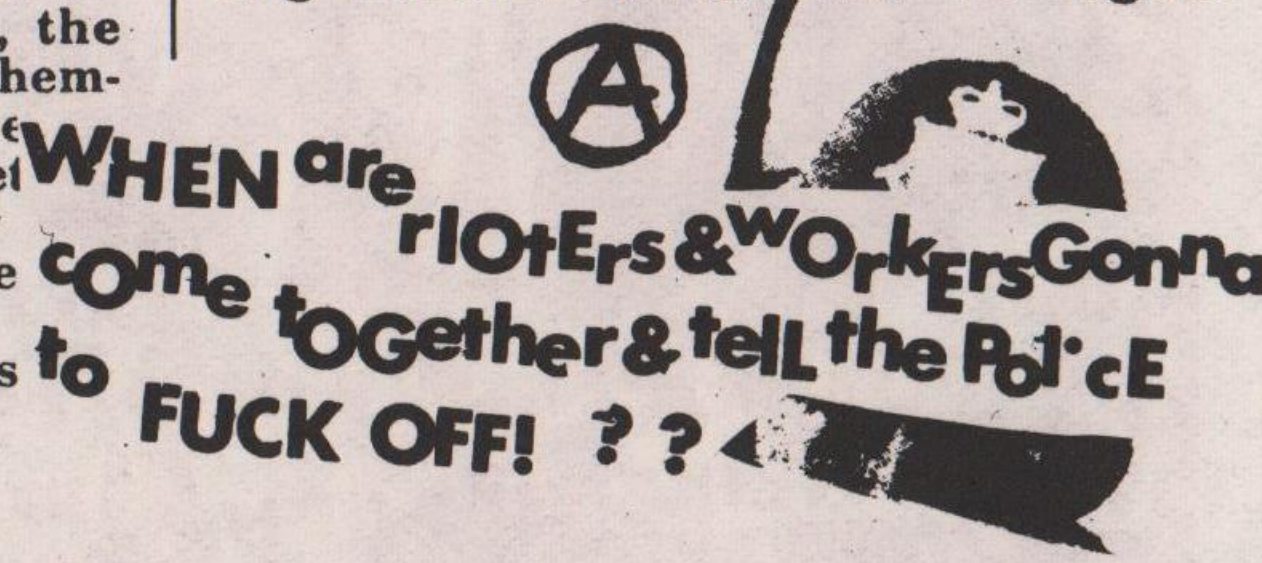
On May 29th, the police heaped themselves in extreme. There is no met by which they cleanse themselves this century.

The stench is great.

In the pit villages too, the intimidation and violence has continued. Curfews have been imposed and anyone found congregating on the streets after hours get beaten up by police in full riot gear. People have been arrested and interrogated for collecting for the miners. There has been harassment of all known Trade Unionists, activists and supporters of the struggle. There has been indiscriminate violence towards children of miners, miners wives and lone miners. Attacks on people with NUM stickers on their person or their car has become commonplace. A 71yr old man was savagely beaten by the filth because of his NUM stickers on his car. The phones of union activists and strike centres have been tapped and letters opened. Police have made it a matter of policy, not to help striking miners who have been attacked by scabs. Police have been attacking miners as they walk home from pubs/clubs. What usually happens is that 20 or so police, in full riot gear, pick out small, isolated groups of miners, charge them and then, literally, beat the shit out of them; then arrest them for 'assault of a police officer'. This isn't isolated incidents where the 'odd cop' has gone too far, this is a plan of action being carried out. TO FRIGHTEN AND HUMILIATE THE MINERS, AND BREAK THE STRIKE

The next thing I knew was that the Inspector who I had spoken to outside the club came up to me and said to his rank of uniformed thugs, "We'll have this bastard next!" and also perhaps "Give him the special treatment". I remember two or three police officers coming up to me casually, grinning. They seized me and frog marched me to the rear of the transit van. They put me on the ground in a prone position, with my arms out in front of me, my hands handcuffed tightly. From then on began the most traumatic experience of my life. A truncheon was brought horizontally from the back over my head, in front of my eyebrows and across the bridge of my nose. My head and torso were then levered up from the ground with the truncheon. Some kind of foreign body was inserted into each nostril and stuffed up my nose with what I assumed to be a ball point pen. I think that the foreign body was paper of some kind; throughout my stay in the police station I was constantly picking largish crumbs of what I thought was dried blood or matter out of my nose. The truncheon was then placed under my nose and this was used as a levering point instead of the bridge of my nose. I was lowered back to the ground and my back was jumped on several times, rhythmically so that the air in my lungs evacuated explosively every time that my back was jumped on. This created the effect that my body was being used as a bellows. I remember thinking at the time, in a detached manner, how organised it was; not a bit spontaneous and that they must do this quite often, and must be confident of getting away with it. Finally my head was turned sideways to

Intimidation has gone on to the extent where police have burst into pickets hives, in the early hours of the morning, as a show of strength. People putting up pickets have had the same treatment. It has become a crime to 'harbour pickets'. Well-armed, plain clothed cops have deliberately gone out to beat up pickets and their supporters. The police are using their informers to grass on people who are organising for the miners. Police video teams are becoming common in the pit villages.



They are being used for future use when they can pick up and identify activists. Complaints against the police have been ignored — as usual — or even worse those who make the complaints have been harassed and attacked. The police have made it known; THEY ARE ANSWERABLE TO NO ONE.

off the wall by an officer on foot who said, "Get over there bastard". I landed in the field in the path of other foot officers. I was hit with truncheons. I didn't resist; as I was held an officer came up and hit me in the head with his fist.

I ran towards the railway embankment to escape the riot police. I tried to help an older injured man but then two officers caught up with me. One struck me with his truncheon on the elbow. I was struck on the knees and ribs repeatedly. One officer hit me last on the elbow and said, "Fuck off back to where you come from".

I was in the field; I had been arrested. A senior police officer grabbed me by the hair and dragged me over a wall. He said, "You and all those other bastards are going to lose this one and so is that bald headed bastard Scargill".

The Army has been used frequently in this strike. But it is irrelevant really because their is little difference between them and the para-military riot police force now being used. Both are trained to kill, to protect the property of the rich elite and destroy the power of the working class. The police are waiting for the right opportunity to use CS gas/plastic bullets, which they take with them on the picket line.

It would be at this point that most lefties would have stopped: "Those poor little miners getting beaten up by the pigs man". The above was not written to make people think "aint some cops bastards, when labour/SWP/WRP/CP get in well have to get rid of those bad apples". ALL COPPERS ARE BASTARDS; don't forget it. There are no such things as bad apples; some coppers may be bigger bastards than others but what's important is that the whole basket is ROTTEN TO THE CORE. We want to get rid of all of them. We don't need them. They are an unnecessary nuisance. The police's only job is to protect the rich from us — and to preserve the status quo. All else is a lie, a con trick. In the strike centres and soup kitchens of the pit villages, the mining communities have found out, at first hand, that the police are disposable.

subversion and sedition. Below is the full text of the question and Anderson's answer: (HEAD COP OF MANCHESTER) Q: What in the panel's opinion is now the greatest threat to the preservation of law and order in this country?

Robin Day: Chief Constable. Anderson: This is a far-reaching and wide question and cannot be answered really in simple terms. My own personal view, quite frankly, is this, that we are fast approaching a situation in this country where people are beginning to lose confidence in the ability of those in authority those who have the job like me of preserving order, to do it effectively in the wider public interest.

There are at work in the community today — and I say this quite openly — factions, political factions, whose designed end is to overthrow democracy as we know it. They are at work in the field of public order, in the industrial relations field, in politics in the true sense. And I think from a police point of view that my task in the future, in the 10 to 15 years from now, the period during which I shall continue to serve, that basic crime as such, theft, burglary, even violent crime will not be the predominant police feature. What will be the matter of greatest concern to me will be the covert and ultimately overt attempts to overthrow democracy, to subvert the authority of the state, and in fact to involve themselves in acts of sedition designed to destroy our parliamentary system and the democratic government in this country.

Another thing to mention is that im not trying to say that the miners have just taken all this state violence without resisting. They have resisted; and a fucking good job to. There's nothing more nauseating than seeing the filth smashing peoples heads knowing they can get away with it. This time however, in the pit villages, they have landed themselves in a hornets nest and are slowly being fought back. Police stations have been attacked by well organised, autonomous

groups, who strike hard and fast and then quickly disappear; scab companies have been attacked; the property of known anti-strikers have been torched etc a inspiration to us all. Its pathetic how apologetic and guilty most of the left are when the mining communities defend themselves. If a copper gets beaten up, SO FUCKING WHAT. They deserve everything they get. These legalised murderers have had it their way too long. They know what their doing. They know what goes on in the cells. So many people have been legally killed by these filth, and we still feel uneasy and guilt-ridden when one of them gets something back. Its time to start treating them as they deserve to be treated; LIKE SHIT.

The rioters caused the Pound to fall something only powerful sectors of the working class have succeeded in doing. But there was no instance of rioters directly calling on the employed working class to join in, bringing the strike weapon into play. The bridge must somehow be made and employed and unemployed must be prepared to meet each other over a pint of home brew, maybe a box of matches and a cement mixer. Although the riots were more destructive and extensive than those in France in May '68, they lacked the clarity of the French insurgents and when the smoke cleared there were no occupied factories to be seen.



We say Yes Bring back Hanging

for murderers cos Police bastards will be 1st to GO!

This separation — amongst the 'marginalised' and the 'straight' proletariat — still tends to manifest itself in the conflicts with the State: the unemployed who see rioting as their form of attack, tend not to identify with, even less intervene in, the strikes of the traditional sectors, just as the strikers tend not to identify with riots. Amongst the more class conscious sectors, not so tainted with leftism on the one hand or anti-workerism on the other, this separation is breaking down, especially amongst the young: e.g. the youths who supported the picket at Warrington by burning barricades and attacking the cops, or the school-kids at Mexborough who smashed up their school over the banning of spikey hair and then came out in support of the miners. The conscious breakdown of this separation, with the rising tension in Liverpool offering the most likely opening on this front, is the sole possibility for any successful subversion of capital, a movement of riots, strikes, occupations and mass assemblies the example of which could fire the imagination of proletarians internationally.

LEGALISED VIOLENCE



PICKET COP SPEAKS OUT

The following letter was written by an experienced officer in the Metropolitan Police

- Dear Sir,
- I can't give you my name, but the following might be of interest to you in your work. I am a P.C. in the Metropolitan Police. Since March I've been away on PCSU (Police Support Units) to the Midlands and to Kent, staying at military bases and police HQs for a week or so at a time.
- There's been a bad breakdown of discipline by some of our sergeants. These are examples of some of the things that have happened.
1. The mining village of K-e-l-e-y, Warwickshire. M-en got caught with a truncheon.
 2. Outside Coventry, we were using Conservative Party clubs as temporary police stations. It's as if the Met. Police was just being used as part of the Tory Party.
 3. In Kent, there was the same trouble we had in Derby & Warwick. We're not welcome in Kent anymore either. Their chief constable has said he won't have us there any more. In Kent, we were using the old Ramsate hoverport for meals and a control centre. Some of our P.C.s dug up the armer's field & stole 3 rows of potatoes and some vegetables. That happened north as well, but it was blamed on striking miners.
 4. Some of our blokes have gone berserk drinking & gambling away from home. It's been quite normal to spend £80s a week on booze, so you can tell what state a lot of people have been in most of the time. In the end about 10 got arrested.
 5. There's been a lot of bent things going on at the picket lines themselves. We got told to make a lot of arrests when we first arrived at a place "to get on top of things". We arrived at one pit and nothing happened the first half hour. The superintendent got angry when he found out there'd been no arrests yet, so in the next half hour we made 15 arrests. Some miners got arrested and some sergeants & inspectors were put in the cells.
 6. There was so much trouble in Warwickshire that the barracks commander wanted to send all our sergeants home (about 120 men). In the end about 10 got sent home.
 7. I've been on a lot of strikes and marches over the last few years, but this is the most political one I've ever known. Some of our P.C.s who were in the army say it's been just like N. Ireland. This is a genuine thing. What's been going on needs to be sorted out. Things have got well out of hand lately. Sorry I can't give my name, but I've got my family to think about.

INFO NEEDED FROM: STATE OF SIEGE, MINER CON-FLICT, MASTER CON-TRADICTIONS, BLACK FLAG, NOT TO TO WORK, TOXIC GRAFF, THE MINER.

STOP THE PIGEON

And long ago in the days of the Demolition Diner, three people came together, and dared to enter the dreaded pigeon room....

What went on there, why was it known as the pigeon room? All was about to be answered as the door scraped open and the sweet sickly stench of Guano wafted out. Yes, the whole floor was thick with birdshit.... and as the hesitant beam of the bike lamp showed, the floor was not only thick with Guano, but the Guano was alive with thousands of bright orange maggots....

"PASS A BAG,"

quothe he of the cast iron stomach, and soon that unholy trio were hard at it, gagging back the bile, and filling many a plastic bag with smelly white stuff. Then with bags aplenty, it was down and out into the drizzle of yet another night.



RICH SCUM YETCH!

Soon they are upon the RICH SCUM banks, and soon they carry several less bags, whilst the letter boxes of many a bank over flows with Guano... and as for the scratch marks on all those RICH SCUM cars, where did they come from? But even with all this it is still the call of the RICH SCUM hotels that pulled them on ever onward....

WHY HOTELS?

Why hotels you may ponder, why banks? Why expensive cars? The answer is simple, anyone who spends £60, £70, £80 a night at a hotel, is most definately RICH. Why should the few have money to burn, money to waste whilst most do not have enough of the most basic essentials? But rather than accept it with an "It's our lot in life", we feel the need to not let the rich scum get away with it. We are here to take the shit to the shits, they can flaunt their money, but we can mess it up for them, scratch their cars, or as we tried to do in this case ...

"Unicorn Hotel ahoy", and with a quickening step it's up to the foyer doors and half inside/half outside, the bag of excrement in mid air, when "quick away".... Had the staff opposite seen us? Too late to find out, down a side street, as only one bag of guano finds its target in the hotel lobby.

Slowly but surely as that night wore on the bags grew lighter and at last there was only one left as they turned for home..... But, hold it.. look at that, and in front of the half empty glass office block they stopped.

"Look an exterior duct for the air conditioning system", and yes it was, and did you know that all the air in the 14 floors of offices gets sucked in through these ducts... and you can guess what else they sucked in that night as the trio returned to the DINER....

RICH SCUM DIE!

The first comment I must make about Bristol is the weather. Does it ever stop fucking raining? The day does not feel complete unless I am soaked to the skin at least once.

I had no illusions on what sort of company my fellow students would be. The engineers are the most well qualified group of students in the University, and honestly they are the biggest bunch of wankers you are ever likely to have the misfortune to chance upon. 50% of them will graduate to gainful employment in the manufacture of the machinery of death, as they say, high proportions from other disciplines as well.

Engineers, 90% of whom are male, are generally characterised by spots, and a massive wallet bulging with cash and credit cards, peeking cheekily out of their back pockets, inviting the inevitable harvest.

The longer I live in Bristol, the more things I become aware of. Westbury-upon-Trym, for instance, is not like Clifton, and Montpelier is not like Clifton at all. I live in the Stoke Bishop Halls of Residence, a little knot of 1500 students tucked discreetly on the edge of suburbia. This means when I step outside my front door, I don't meet little old ladies wheezing as they carry their shopping up the stairs, young mothers with babies in pushchairs, men walking dogs etc.

I suspect this has something to do with the fact that everyone here is single, aged between 18 and 22, and has A levels.

The flatmates are something else. I don't think I would be stretching the point to say they have a slightly different outlook on life. Indeed they are an endless topic of conversation. Everytime I step into the kitchen they are engaged in some kind of total carnivore experience. I am

that the education system fucks people up and this leaves them with difficult problems to deal with. Sod it, that's their problem....

Well that's it except to say some students are recognising

What is the result of all this? Basically a production line churning out large quantities of fact-stuffed robots who if they haven't 'dropped out' already will do so in the years ahead. Those that manage to 'succeed' (sic) to retirement hide their feelings from themselves and others by a wall of achievements (manager, doctor, professor etc.) or possessions but never come near to fulfilling themselves (or doing what they want to do).

For all you Glass Warists... this does not mean we should all start crying over them, why should we wallow in their shit? I don't believe that bosses should gain necessarily any more fulfillment in life than the workers.

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well acquainted with confronting bloodied lumps of carcass strewn about the work surfaces. I suspect they put meat in their cornflakes.

When we first moved in together one of them caught sight of an ashtray and said "You don't smoke do you? We asked for non-smokers", to which one had to resist the temptation to quip "And I didn't ask to be put in with three fucking corpse-eaters".

I have great difficulty convincing visitors to the flat that the one with the ginger moustache, who wears a polo neck sweater with a stripe down one side, grey baggy trousers, white socks and expensive Italian shoes, is in fact only 19, and not 45 at all.

Our lecturers are an amazing bunch. Prof. Bird is about six foot tall and built like a brick shit-house. We suspect that before entering the engineering world he was a successful Sumo wrestler.

Dr. Sayers' speciality: When he addresses the assembled mass he closes his eyes, presumably as the sight of us pains him so.

Dr. Jones wears tartan trousers. If you keep him talking after a lecture you can watch beads of sweat form on his brow, while his anxiety grows. When you eventually let him go he dashes upstairs to his office, seizes a packet of Silk Cut and greedily smokes half of them while sprinkling ash about the place.

Maybe this is just the tip of the iceberg. Could it be the result of being kept in a bamboo cage for 3½ years? Does he really have a massive hookah in his office, around which he sits and smokes opium with other members of the department at lunch-times?

oto

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The case of Dr. Barton is by far the most interesting. He obviously had good intentions when he arrived at the university but years of lecturing to endless hordes of morons seem to have inflicted deep psychological damage and reduced him to a nervous wreck.

He started off fairly innocuous, but he soon started throwing in little comments like "Well, we'll do this now but it's pretty boring" and "Here's an example, a rather stupid example". As the term wore on he began to cultivate a neurotic laugh in between sentences, and in time culminated with his grand finale, which consisted of breaking off in mid sentence, striding to the side of the room, resting his head on the window and saying "I bet you wonder why I do this job (nervous giggle)". Naturally all of this goes completely over the heads of the engineers who sit there vegetable-like staring blankly into the middle distance.

You would be excused from thinking that university life is a complete farce, because it is. Often I lie awake in my University of Bristol bed gazing at the University of Bristol ceiling and wonder "What the fuck am I doing here- Why aren't I at home?"

laugh you yuhaha

It's good for a laugh, this three year paid holiday courtesy of the State. I comfort myself that I'm only at the University for three years.

The lecturers are there for life...

What does the image of the student bring to mind? Or boring, pierced lefty? Cravatted upper-class bastard? Or boring bespectacled intellectual? These are the common images that are around us in the media and on the streets, but what lies behind these facades. Nothing but more of the same most of us would say, more middle class pretentiousness, guilt and blindness to the reality of the world. Are students really privileged? Is life happier for them? Let's start with the question of how do you become a student? Firstly it helps if you have parents who are ex-students, professional and middle class. This way the rut is clearly defined from an early age. The intervening problems, however, are exams at O level and A level. These are a struggle for most and are usually only passed if you build (or program) an attitude of submission, competitiveness and mindless productivity into your life. Thus most pupils find that they have to suppress creative activities (or things they just like doing) in the face of parental, peer or school pressure. "Being what you want", says the teacher, comes when you have passed your O levels/A levels/Degree etc.. Creativity is absorbed into a system of thought and thus suppressed even before the job starts.

The story unfolds, the 'successful' (sic) pupil gets to become a student, the thing she/he has been training for, the years of work are fulfilled in a few months of worrying. Then what? Three more years of adapting to life outside the school but inside the University (what's the difference). Most students as far as I can tell are not really enthused by what they are doing, rather they do it because:

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A BRUTAL STUDENT

Bristol University Student @ group-see Contacts.

You need: 2 cups of soya beans, 2 pieces of cheesecloth (about one square foot), large saucepan, wooden spoon, colander, large basin or container, blender, nigari (flaky substance, the residue from making sea salt - phone round all of your local whole/health food shops, Wild Oats in lower Redland Rd.

Method: First take the soya beans, wash thoroughly, then soak for 12 hours, covered. Blend 2 cups of soaked beans per $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of water. Meanwhile put 8 cups of water into a saucepan and heat. Empty contents of blender into hot water and bring to the boil. Remove from heat. Stand colander over the large container. Lay muslin in colander and strain the frothy mush through this - Gather the corners of the muslin together to form a bag and squeeze 'milk' out well. It could be too hot to handle so add a little cold water over the pulp if necessary. What's left in the muslin is called Okara - great used in bread, stuffings, nut roasts, granola. Keep some of the milk back if you want to use it as such it probably needs some doctoring to be palatable as a drink. Experiment with adding salt, honey, vanilla. Shop-soya milk is made from de-hulled beans and tastes less beany. If you want to use milk in sauces, puddings it tastes o.k. just as it is. To make TOFU with the milk. Put milk back in saucepan (washed) bring to boil and simmer for 7 minutes, remove from heat. Dissolve 2 teaspoons of nigari in $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of warm water. Stir top half of the milk slowly and pour in about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the nigari. Stop the milk by standing the spoon upright. Then add the rest of the nigari around the pan. The milk should now curdle. Put lid on pan and leave for 15 min to allow it to cool. You should now see a fairly solid white mass covered in a yellowish liquid. This is equivalent to the curds and whey. Carefully ladle out the curds (with draining ladle if possible) into your colander lined again with muslin. Stand the colander over something if you wish to collect the whey. This is a good natural degreaser (contains lecithin) and is used to wash the utensils or yourself. Horses like it as a drink. Fold the muslin over the curds and place a plate or lid on top to fit inside colander. Put weight (1 lb) on this and leave for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Remove plate fold back muslin and invert colander over plate, immerse in cold water to make it firm at the same time you can cut it up. If not for immediate use these pieces should be kept in water in the fridge and the water should be changed daily. It will keep for about 10 days.

For more information read "The Book of Tofu" by William Shurtleff and Akiko Aoyagi (Ballantine). Has lots of facts and figures about soya beans and recipes using milk, okara, tofu.

RESISTING



THE THIRD WORLD WAR



NINTH INTERNATIONAL NONVIOLENT MARCH FOR DEMILITARIZATION

The International March, which has been happening yearly since 1976 is a major vehicle for European pacifist, antimilitarist protest. It is closely linked to the War resisters International and other national and international pacifist organisations. The march has a tradition of creative nonviolent direct actions against military events and places, and of crossing (and thereby ignoring) national boundaries, from Gibraltar to Spain. In 1984 the 6th March was based round a campsite in the Netherlands from which large groups of cyclists went forth each day to harass military bases and arms industry factories. Two years ago the 7th March was in Andalusia in Spain, reclaiming military land and swimming to Gibraltar without so much as a passport. Last year, the arms fair "Electronics For National Security" in Brussels was picketed, blockaded, entertained with street theatre and songs, shocked by a blood spattered naked die-in and naked "arms traders" in its fountain, infiltrated and disrupted to great effect.



The Marches have evolved a style of working which is openly nonhierarchical and collective. It is put together by an open international coordinating group, formed at the previous years March and working closely with local activists. Participants organise themselves into action/affinity groups which are either formed before people come or built up in the first days. Decision making and planning on the March itself is by consensus (which has special difficulties when it involves a thousand people, and six languages too!) The March has no major outside funding and participants are asked to contribute about £3 per day for campsite, food, etcetera.

Two of us from Bristol took part in the 1984 March in West Germany during the last fortnight of September. The International camp was one of several organised to coincide with NATO's autumn manoeuvres in the heavily militarised Hessen area, in what's known as the "Fulda Gap" near the border with East Germany.

There were about 250-300 of us, from Holland, Belgium, Germany, Sweden, Italy, Spain, France, Switzerland, USA and from Japan. On the practical side things were well organised with people dividing themselves into Task groups eg. information, manoeuvre observation, with various rotas etc. and affinity groups. Cooking was all done by a Dutch group called Rampenplan who go round Holland and elsewhere cooking for similar events. They did a great job, though there were some rather undignified scrambles for coffee as the numbers at camp increased.



In spite of the setback that the military manoeuvres took place in the first week of the camp, not the second as we'd expected, leaving us no time to prepare a strategy - and in spite of rain nearly everyday which meant squelching round the camp in 6 inches of mud and being unable to dry out properly, we didn't do too badly.

The fun began on an "Alternative Coach Tour" round the local military hot spots, chemical weapons depot, helicopter base, radar station, barracks etc. Sailing along a country road we spotted two tanks "hidden" in the hedge at the side of the road - The two coaches screeched to a halt and 60 people bundled out and surrounded the unsuspecting, very tired and bored looking soldiers. We proceeded to clamber over the tanks, knock away camouflage, give them a new coat of paint and remove any loose bits such as lights, bolt croppers, etc.

You could say we had no coherent strategy! Most days people set off in small groups on manoeuvre hunts doing their best to disrupt them wherever they found them. One day we arrived at a village

to find the military were using the local fire station as a base and that the firemen were openly assisting the military to disperse one of our groups with their fire hoses! The same afternoon we spent 30 minutes painting and decorating some 15 tanks without much opposition.

We'd been expecting the tanks to come through our village but when at 10pm the familiar roar was heard in the distance some felt we shouldn't go out because we were too vulnerable at night and also because we hadn't planned anything. However about 100 of us did go to "look see" and we eventually found them - 30 of the monsters. They appeared to have lost their way. We took advantage of the situation and sat down in front of them. This was pretty frightening - The road was unlit, the tracks of the tanks looked very large sat beneath them. We were thrown roughly to the side of the road by the military (there were no police around) who appeared unfamiliar with such procedures. How can people lie in their beds and let the tanks thunder past, taking up $\frac{3}{4}$ of the road width and making buildings shudder - without at least showing what they think of them?

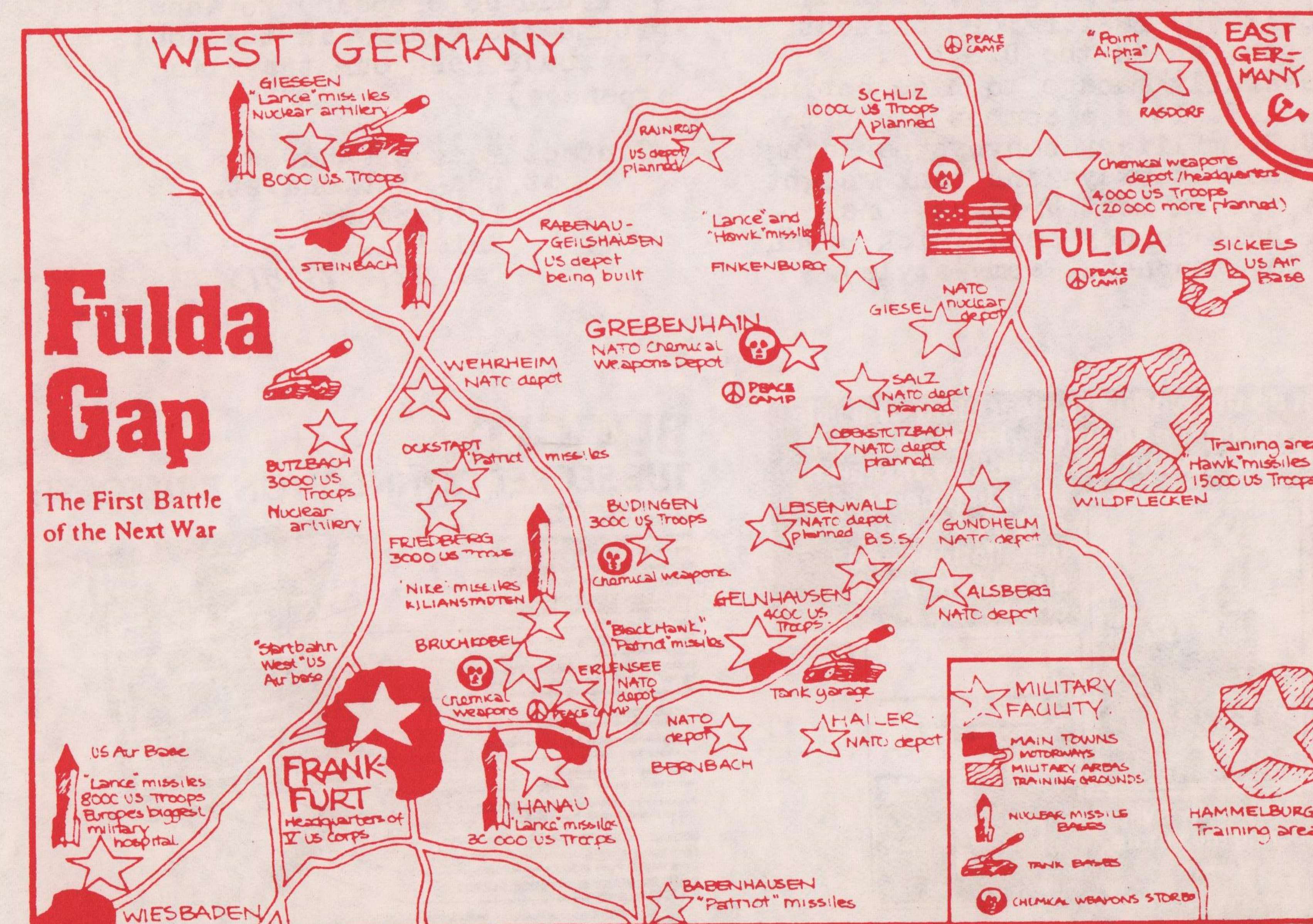
A more "organised" action was the occupation of the U.S. poison gas depot, secluded in woods near the camp. It was publicly announced that we would enter the depot if a group was refused permission to verify the authorities claim that there were no chemical or gas weapons there. 39 people jumped over the fence and were promptly arrested, though on block inside we just walked in the direction of the bunkers much to the annoyance of the police. 15 of us then had to wait 3 hours in the cold and wet before being transported to Fulda police station. This action involved a fair number of very angry local people.

Other actions involved entering a U.S. base, redecorating their walls and signs and a women's action picketed a Bishops conference in Fulda and broke into part of it. They have not actually spoken out about disarmament though they're clear about abortion!!

Germany, especially Hessen is bristling with military (mainly U.S.) bases and installations. At Wildflecken, in one of the most beautiful parts of Germany is the biggest U.S. army training artillery range in Europe - Locals are subjected to non-stop noise and vibration of bombing, blasting and stuttering 7 days a week.

At the end of the fortnight a mass-trespass was organised on the range, to force the authorities to stop firing for the day. Police, dogs and horses escorted people out but some managed to get right in side with a TV crew! We knocked over a lot of the U.S. army "keep out" signs.

On the whole we got our message across to many people and certainly helped to disrupt the manoeuvres, but we could have done much better if we'd paid more attention to strategy, without getting drawn into their game



Togetherness, army-style

ONE OF the thousands of local men caught up in Exercise Lionheart is Lance Corporal Nick Bryan, from Ridgehill, Winford, near Bristol. He's typical of many in the modern British Army, bright, fit, ambitious — and married.

That means married life in Germany for his wife Alison (whose father Michael Ford is the Pensford policeman). For many young wives, away from the familiar shops and sights of home perhaps for the first time in their lives, and with no mother to pop round to for a sympathetic chat, life in BAOR is a challenge not all meet successfully.

Not so Alison Bryan. She's also luckier in several respects than many other army wives. She lives with Nick in an excellent, sunny army house in a village outside Munster where Nick is stationed with the 1st Battalion The Light Infantry; has made good friends with her German neighbours; has a part-time job in the British Medical Hospital as a secretary; and can drive.

She's a resourceful woman. But she admits that at first she greatly underestimated the time the army would claim from her husband. "I used to fret when he wasn't home at around 5 o'clock," she said. "Once I realised he was hardly ever going to be home at that sort of time I was able to adjust. But it took some getting used to."

They married in September, 1981, and were together in Germany from June two years ago. But in the army "together" is a concept that needs some

qualification. Last year they were parted by army exercises, postings and the like for eight months. But there are compensations. They enjoy a better standard of living than they may find in England. They make use of weekends and leave to explore Europe while they've a chance. They've been to France, Switzerland, Holland and Austria, and hope soon to visit Italy.

Other families aren't so imaginative, or so fortunate. For many younger wives there's depression and loneliness far greater than anything they were prepared for. Older families too may have their problems.

Those with teenagers are finding unemployment an even greater headache than for families in the UK. Trying to find a job in a foreign land is harder. And there's no entitlement to the state benefits claimed by the unemployed at home.

That's a grievance felt strongly by the families affected and one that doesn't greatly interest many MPs: there are no constituencies to be wooed on such an issue.

But for the Bryans, for the moment, the army is their life. By Christmas they will be home, stationed near Blackpool. A year later, Nick Bryan will be off to the Falklands, and then perhaps back to Northern Ireland.

Nick enjoys it, is ambitious for the promotion he'll deserve, and Alison is happy that he does. Life for them must sometimes seem almost an extension of the Venture scouting they knew as teenagers.

Ideas are being collected from all countries for a suitable place for the next March. Ideally it should be in July-August and have some International Significance. Suggestions.....

We have a good set of slides which we would be prepared to show to groups preferably in the south west (we would need our traveling expences)

Contact Patz or Andrew
at 68a Richmond st.
Totterdown,
Bristol.
Tel 0272 771573

There's a much greater anti-militarist movement in Germany than in Britain. The U.S. occupation (not to mention Belgian, French, and British) is far more blatant than here where the U.S.A.F. successfully manage to hide behind the R.A.F. It's a common sight to see U.S. military convoys parading down the motorways and tank weight signs are on most bridges. One local Brit is boy-scout Nick Bryan (see Togetherness, army-style).

BUGGED? THE SECRET CONNECTION BRIEFCASE

Used with bullet proof fabric that shields you against .357 Magnum.

Miniature voice stress analyzer lets you know when someone is lying.

Incredible voice activated gunshot recorder picks up conversation up to 50 feet and more.

Secret compartment for carrying documents, valuables, etc. Safe and undetectable.

Built-in telephone analyzer for private phone conversations.

Pocket sized wire recorder/detector/detector lets you know if someone is secretly recording or transmitting your conversation.

Portable defense system gives you non-harmful protection against attackers.

High powered VLF radio with built in scrambler for privacy.

Super sensitive bomb sniffer warns you of hidden explosives.

Micro-miniature hidden bug detection system lets you know if you're being bugged.

Shen alarm system alerts you if briefcase is stolen.

Emergency Muller destroys tape recordings being secretly made of your conversations.

World's first wireless telephone with an instant 5000 km range.

PRISON "a frightful death"

16

Have you ever asked WHY IS THERE CRIME ? WHY DOES IT CONTINUE ?
WHERE ARE THE CAUSES AND RESPONSIBILITIES ?

We, the Anarchist Black Cross, do not believe that imprisonment is a rational, humane, or effective way of dealing with harmful behaviour or human conflict. We believe that it works to REPRESS and DISCRIMINATE in a way which serves only the interests of the RICH and PRIVILEGED whether capitalist or 'socialist'.



COMPOSITES

Most people in prison are there for crimes which are a response to the FRUSTRATION of their social and economic position, and no amount of tinkering with the penal system will solve the problems of CAPITALISM or bring about a better social order.



LOOPS

We are aware that while working TOWARDS the abolition of imprisonment, that it may never be fully attained. There may always be some people whose behaviour poses such a threat to others that their confinement is justified: we cannot tell. There are some such people in prison now but they are, without doubt a very small minority of the PRISON population. A population which is rising.

The introduction of 'alternatives' like community orders etc. hasn't reduced these numbers but has helped THE STATE to interfere with peoples lives (OUR LIVES!!) even more. That doesn't mean that some good hasn't come from 'alternatives' but it would be better if they were independent of the State.

While prisons remain, some features of the present system should be done away with..



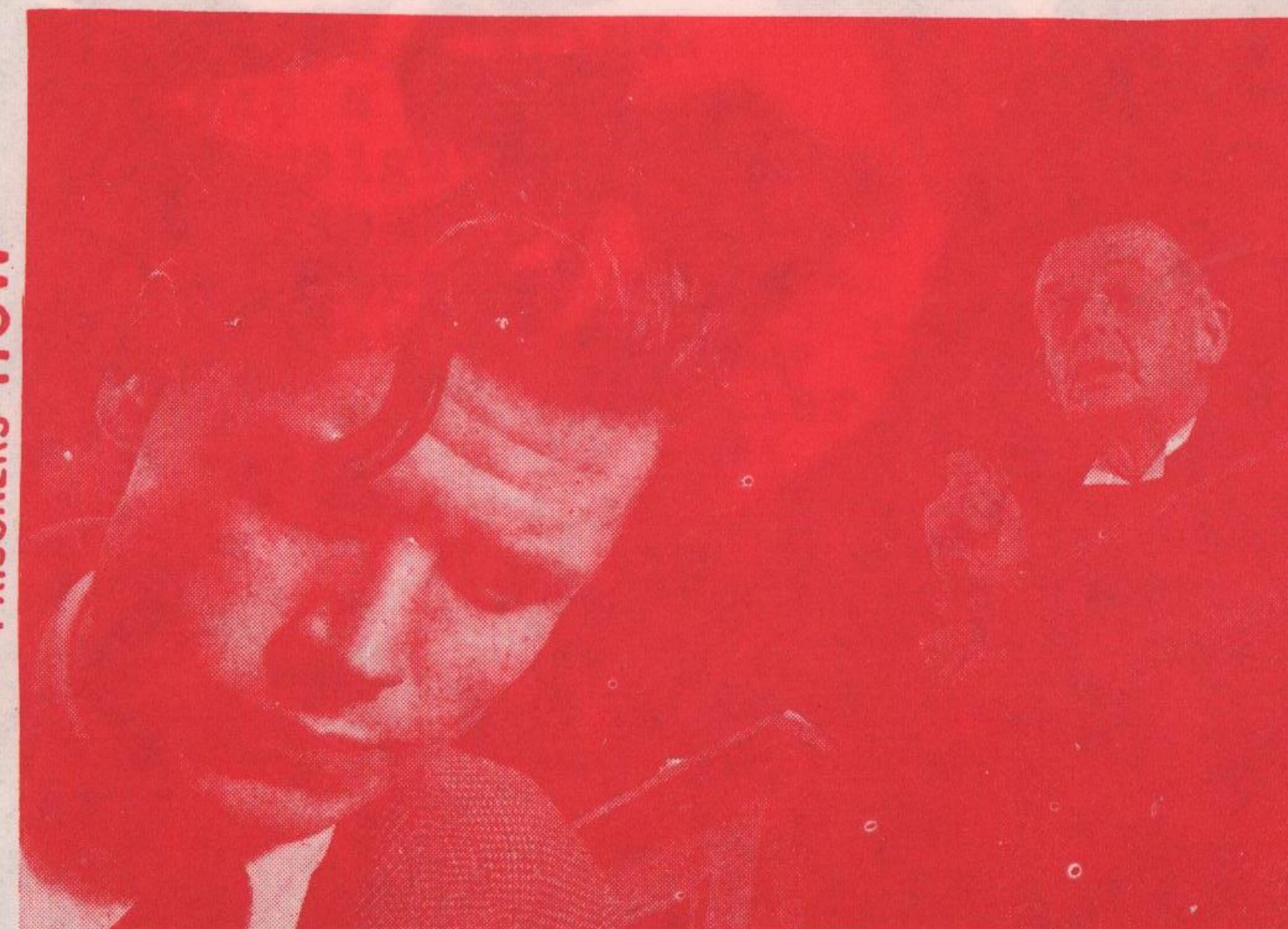
WHORLS

1. Secrecy and censorship.
2. Compulsory work.
3. The use of DRUGS to CONTROL prisoners.
4. Solitary confinement (by whatever name)
5. The system of security classification.



ARCHES

There is an ANARCHIST BLACK CROSS group which is active and meets regularly, in Bristol. For information about A.B.C. contact the London address.



Protest

17

All over the world people are protesting against:-

INJUSTICE and EXPLOITATION

against DICTATORSHIPS and MASS SLAUGHTER
Against MULTI-NATIONALS and THEIR ASSAULT on the
NATIVE PEOPLES and their HOMELANDS
AGAINST WAR, ARMIES and the ARMS RACE
Against the ideology of LAW and ORDER which helps to
legitimate an increasingly powerful STATE MACHINE.



Many are imprisoned just for trying to defend their rights, HUMAN RIGHTS. Listed below are addresses of a number of groups and organisations that you could contact, to give support to people who have been imprisoned for their political beliefs, or 'prisoners of conscience', or for being victims of circumstance.

The El Salvador and
Guatemala committees for
Human Rights.

Non-political, non denominational organisations
working in Britain in defence
of Human Rights in El Salvador
& Guatemala and to provide
assistance to the victims of
violence.

Contact:- ESCHR/GCHR,
20, Compton Terrace,
LONDON NI 2UN.

Solidarity with Latin America.

The Bristol contact for this
group is :- Nick Lee, Secretary,
11, Queens Parade,
Bristol BS1 5RJ.

Irish Republican Prisoners.

Information from:- BOX BM 6191
LONDON
WC IN 3XX.

"PRISONERS of the STATE"

Contact:- R. YVES BRETON,
C P 95
STN. PLACE D'ARMES
MONTREAL, P.Q.
H2y3E9.

ANARCHIST BLACK CROSS.

Assists Libertarian prisoners & helps support/defence groups
and resistance movements.

Contact:- A.B.C.
BOX BM Hurricane,
London WC1 3XX.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

A world-wide human rights
movement. Independent of
any government, political
opinion or religious creed
and is voluntarily financed.
It works for release of all
prisoners who have never used
or advocated violence.
Contact:- British Section,
5, Roberts Place,
(off Bowling Green Lane)
LONDON EC1 OJE .

Conscientious Objectors,
West Germany.
For information about objec-
tors to the army contact;
Gerd Buntzly,
Lammerstr. 35
D-6501 Ober-Olm,
WEST GERMANY.

Radical Alternatives to PRISON.
A pressure group working towards
the abolition of imprisonment.

R.A.P.
c/o Housmans, 5 Caledonian Road,
LONDON NI.

If you get arrested
and need help:-
'RELEASE'

RING:- 01 - 289 - 1123
(24 hr. Service)



TO CURE TECHNOPHOBIA YOU NEED ILLUSIONS THAT WORK.

A lot of people aren't fooled by the new technology. They know it means new levels of tedium wherever work is required for survival.

At AT&T, we're worried by their hostility.

That's why we're watching reactions to automation so closely. To find out what people will accept. And where they draw the line.

Our calculations can help them view their domestication as inevitable, almost nice.

You see, at AT&T we know even the most advanced technology can be dismantled by people who want to live for themselves and not us.

AT&T. We help keep domination up to date.



Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous
P.O. Box 11331
Eugene, OR 97440

CIVIL WAR



Support The Miners & Free The 5 Billion

The miners strike has become more than just a struggle for jobs that is presented by the media and the Trade Unions. The struggle is about people and the control they have over their own lives.

Obviously as observers outside the communities it is hard for us to grasp the essence of the solidarity and strength that lies behind the conflict. Several points are clear, however;

1. The strike is a defence of the communities by the people themselves. This is shown by the resolve of families, miners and other workers within pit villages, their anger concerning scabs and the violence that ensues when police try to invade their homes and neighbourhoods. (41 police stations have been attacked in south Yorkshire alone)

2. Food distribution, communal eating and mutual aid are being organised by volunteers without Union interference. This also applies to schooling in areas where mining families cannot pay for their kids to go to school. It seems like the old saying

"FROM EACH ACCORDING TO THEIR ABILITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO THEIR NEEDS" is becoming prevalent.

3. Decisions between people are now being made in open discussion something which has always scared the state. (I mean, what are leaders for when people make their own decisions amongst themselves)

4. For many miners the strike is more important than their jobs. What kept miners working in such an awful occupation was the spirit of comradeship, said one Kent miner. For many this spirit is far stronger in the strike situation and thus the job seems irrelevant. In our own experience miners have said that they

wouldn't go back to work anyway, they are in it for the struggle against the state and the resulting solidarity.

5. Sabotage, occupations and guerilla activities have occurred with spectacular ease. Groups have organised autonomously with the support of the local population and undertaken operations totally confounding the cops. This form of organisation without leaders and Union control has been an essential element in the practical struggle.

As Anarchists we believe that these parts of the overall situation push it beyond the bounds of just reformism or simple cliches such as the "right to work" ("right to be exploited"). We see these elements as being vitally important if we are to take control over our own lives and participate in the liberation of the whole human race from the shackles of hierarchy and oppression.

SHIT IN FLEET STREET

The biggest bit of Anti-Strike propaganda used by the media in the dispute so far was

the death of a taxi driver carrying a scab to work in S. Wales. In the previous nine months, seven pickets and striking miners children have died either in the front line of police violence or searching for fuel in the slag heaps. Little has been said about these deaths in the media and once more the "1984"ish memory problems are evident. Before this latest incident intimidation was the "pet" subject of the agents of manipulation, though not the sinister threats of the government, police or attacks on striking miners but the anger

of pit communities faced with massive police presences and scabs waving ten pound notes at pickets whilst families go hungry.

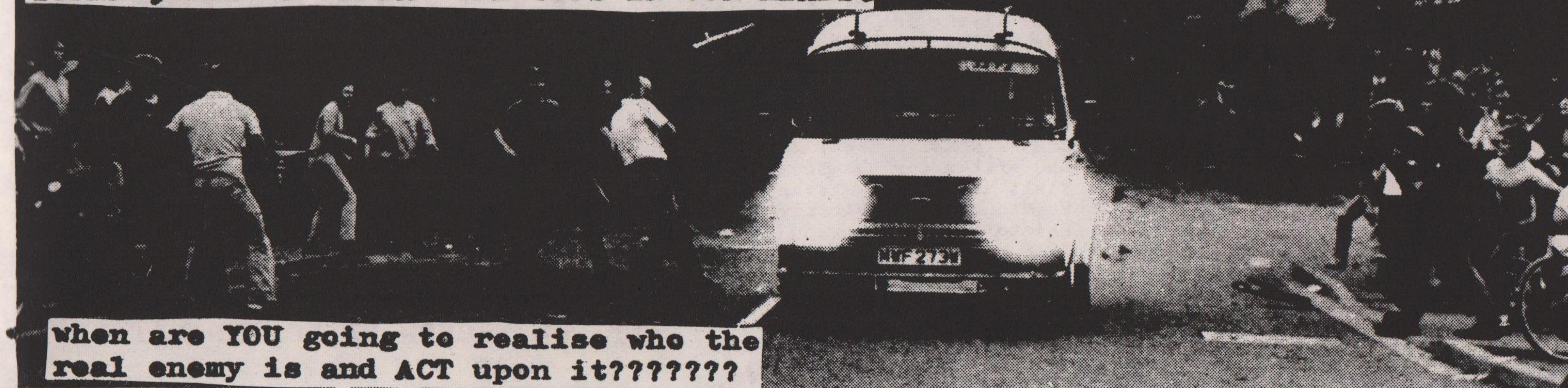
The death of the scab driver rather than being a piece of news has been manipulated politically by all of those trying to break the strike and the solidarity of the communities involved. The call for a return to work seems to be paramount in the gutter press everyday. Any incident is used so they can plaster the words.. "I'll go back to work" or "Get back to work on monday" all over the pages. In some ways this hints of desperation especially as the numbers of those returning to work have tailed off in the last few weeks (mainly because the NCB's bribes

have become void). Perhaps the state (ie. rich scum, multinationals, government etc etc) has realised that the majority

of miners will not be manipulated by the media very easily anymore. They will have to use more direct methods to influence in this case, like reducing what miniscule benefits the families get from the state already (this will soon be passed in parliament) to starve them into submission, or concentrating the police attacks on pit villages to smash the resistance.

Whatever happens the situation is the same....
WORK NOW AND YOU WORK WITH A TRUNCHEON OVER YOUR HEAD.

ONLY WHEN WE HAVE DEFEATED THE COPS ON THE STREET, WILL WE DEFEAT THE COPS IN OUR HEADS.



when are YOU going to realise who the real enemy is and ACT upon it???????

AND WHEN
YOU'VE READ
AND REREAD
STUFF
IT
THERE'S...

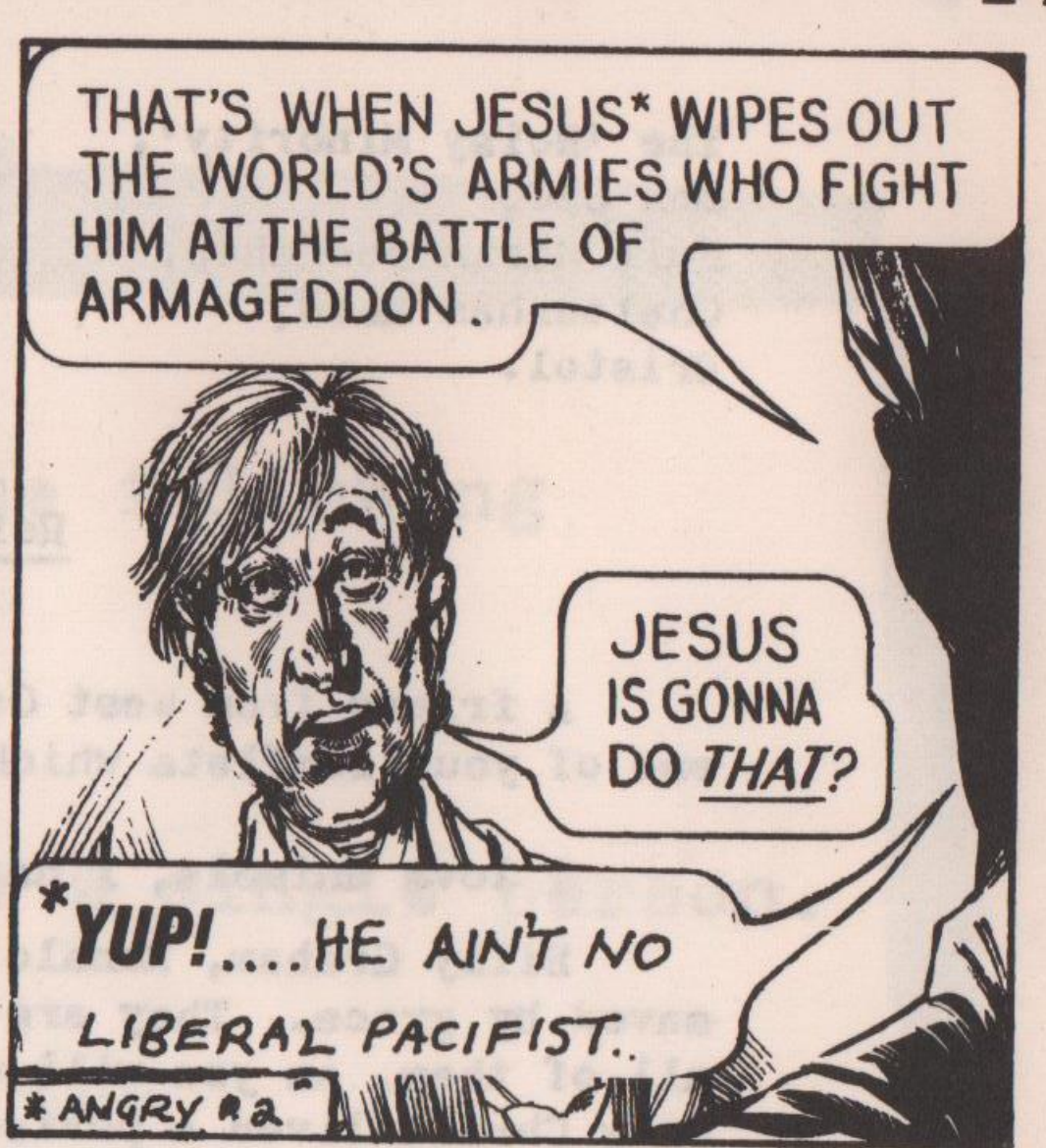
ANGRY!

Definitely not for 'green anarchists'. ANGRY is supposed to be appearing "on a quarterly basis and should act as some sort of theoretical journal of the Class War movement". As for the pilot issue we recieved it contains such literary gems as "those who pose a direct threat to its ultimate quarry should simply be exterminated; the monarchy, the aristocracy...." and "stuff non-violence, put the fucking boot in, HARD." Anyway its gonna be a best seller i reckon. Definitely worth a read. Were all waiting to street sell it, if we dont get nicked.



CORRESPONDANCE
ADDRESS:
ANGRY! %
(ANGEL ALLEY)
84b WHITE-
CHAPEL HIGH
STREET,
LONDON
E1 7AX.

T.V.A.M. --- T.V.A.M. (no 1, 20p Box TV-AM c/o Autonomy Centre, 8-10 Great Ancoats Street, MANCHESTER 4.) As this is the first issue we thought we would recommend it to you all, and review it af after a few issues- it's got 12 pages & no staples.

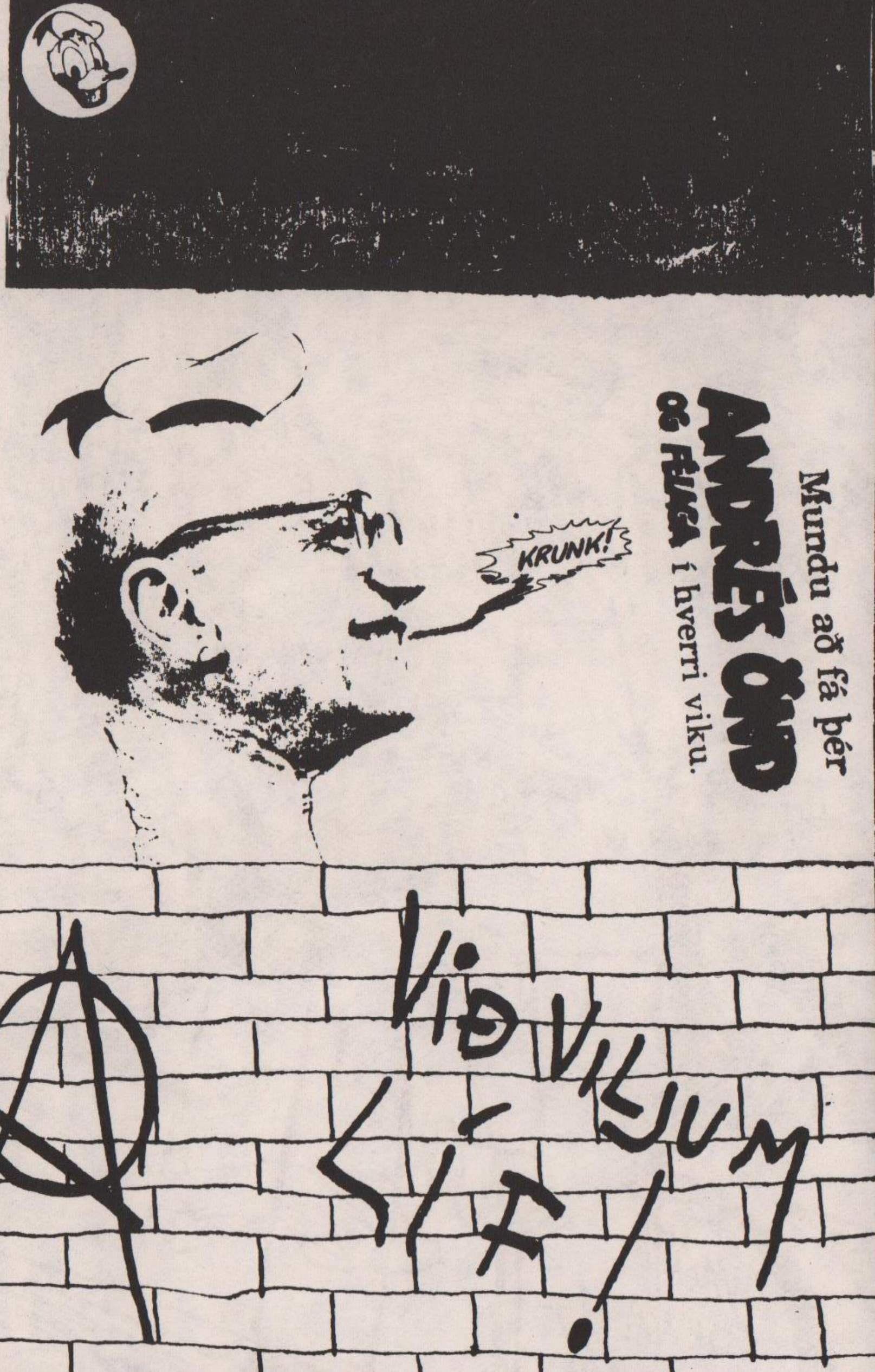


AYE AYE!

"Me Myself I" is a duplicated quarterly from Lancaster. It has little reportage, the bulk of its articles being "comment" on various topics. This in itself can be very limiting as the number of topics up for comment very soon repeat themselves. This appears to have happened with M.M.I., as issue four is more of the same, and the same in this case is "SEX". This is where we part company, as the sex dealt with is typerfied by the contributions of Plymouths very own Zeno Evil. It mostly amounts to an attack on wimin, dressed up as the "liberation for all, not just feminist" argument. In Zeno's own words "lesbians with cunts dripping" are what to be found in wimins centres, and of course all they want is to seduce any wimin that come in off the street. Sounds familiar, sounds just like the Sun, doesn't it... Comming from any chump this is pretty sick, but to find it comming from an anarchist source is even worse. M.M.I. does cover other things, but even then they MANage to get back to the M.M.I. "sex position". What is even more silly is to mix up pornography with eroticism, and advocate "anarchist porn", to be frank, if you have one you don't have the other. M.M.I costs 40p (includes P and P) from:- Box WIG, 3 Grasmere Terrace, Lancaster.

Rat ta ta tati!
BANG!
rat tati

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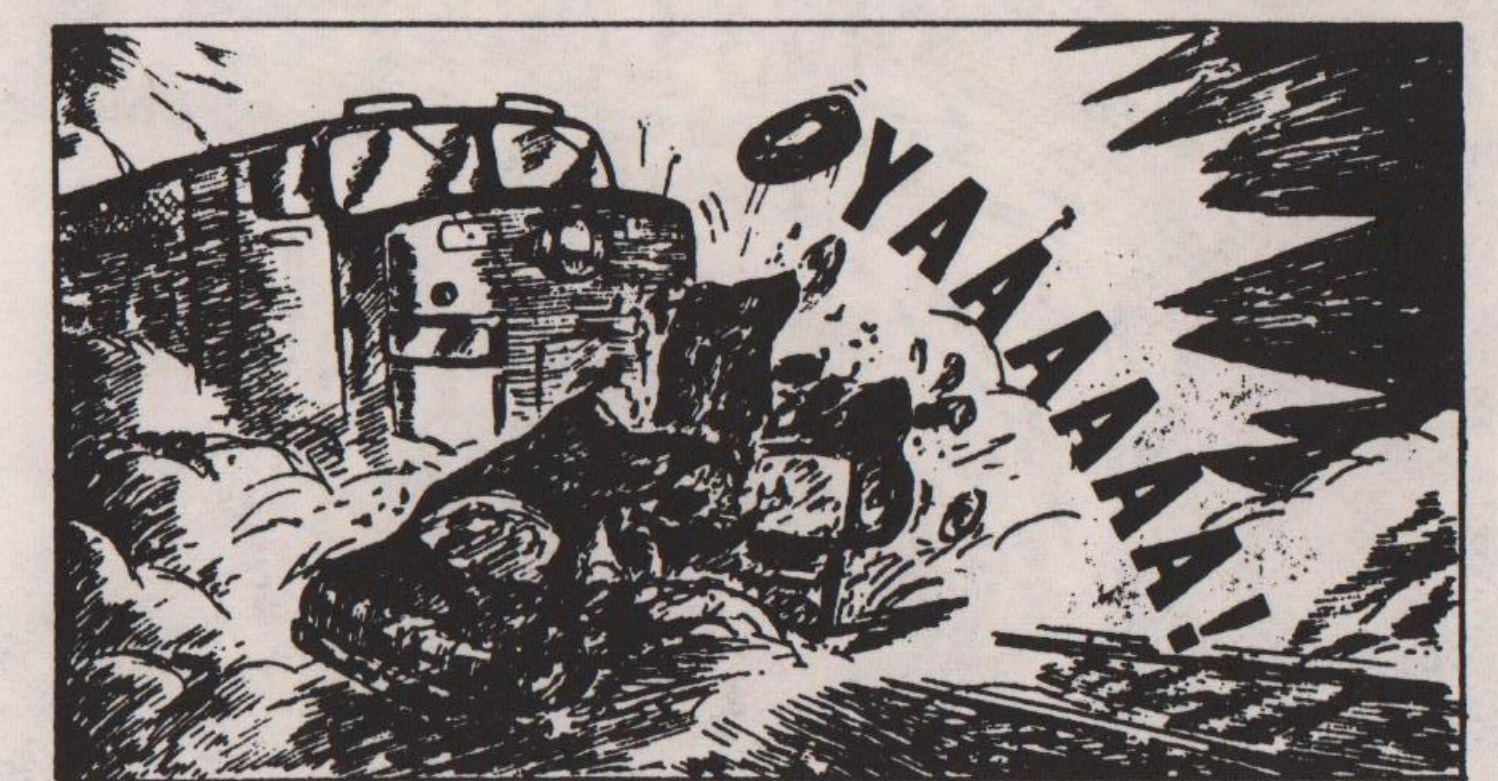
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