

# flea bite



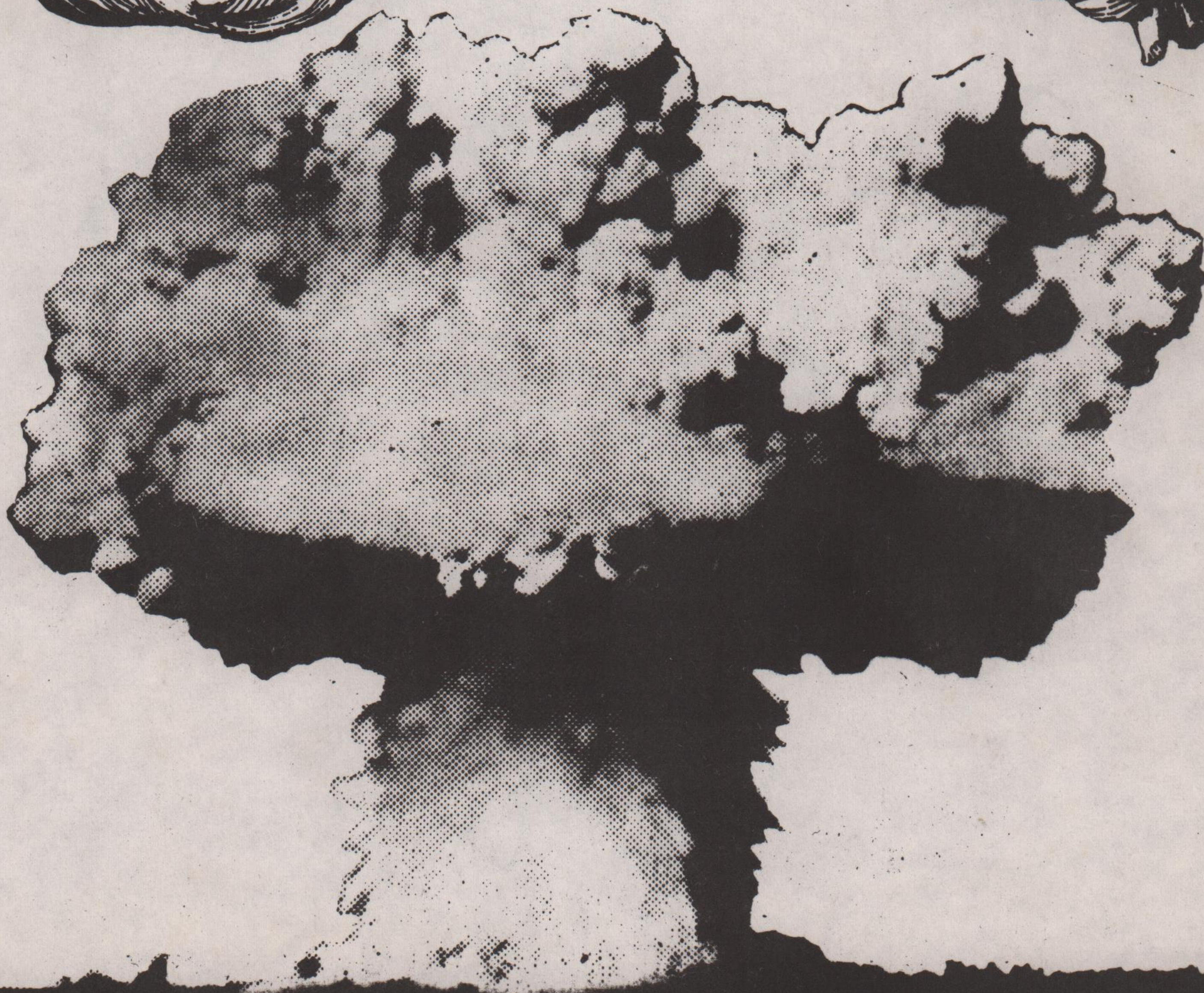
an occasional broadsheet of the federation of sussex anarchists (saf)

NUMBER THREE

AT LEAST SIXPENCE



tell me, daddy,  
what did you do in  
the third world  
war?



# The Pigs' Will

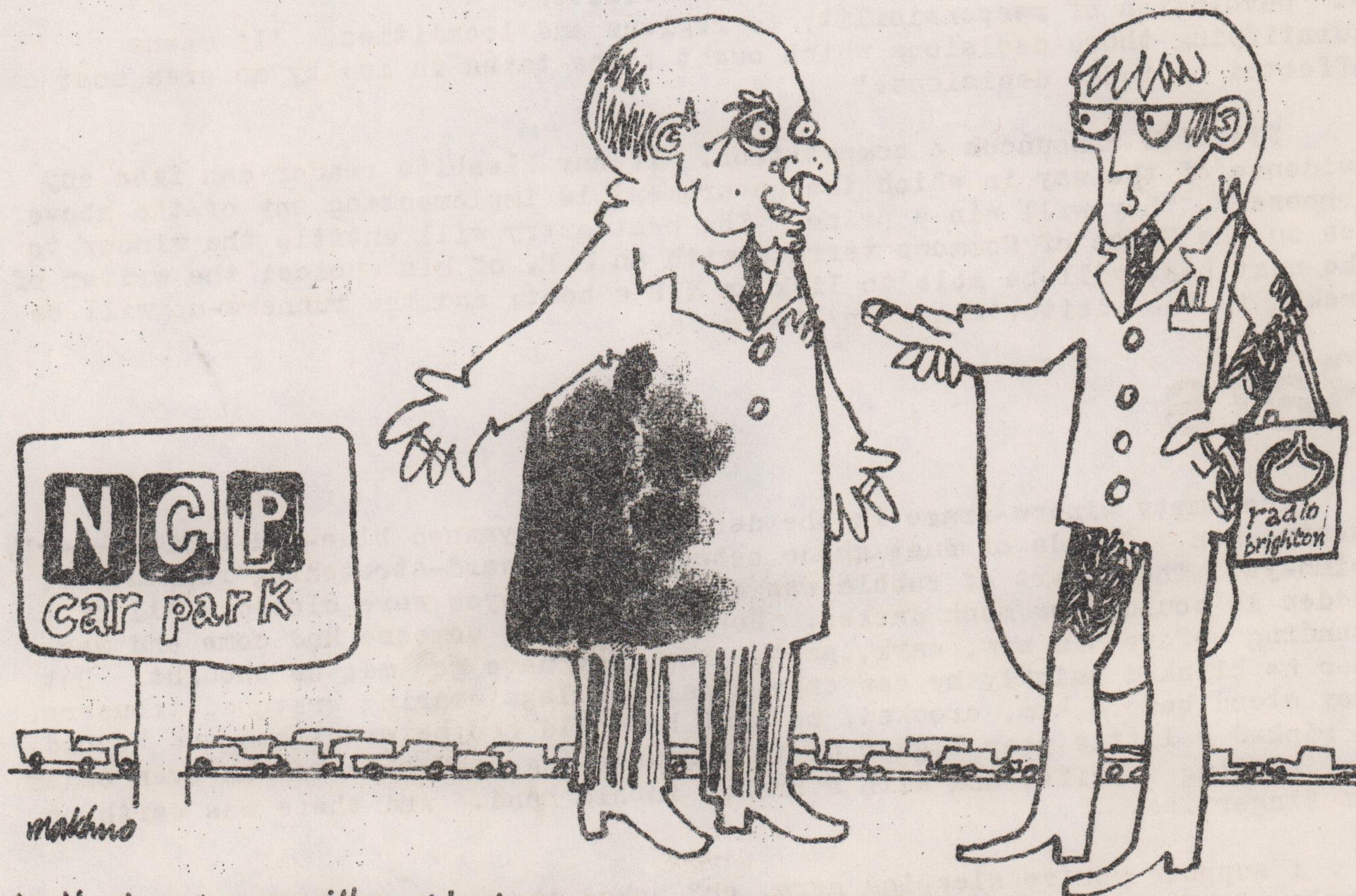
The current cries by politicians for more 'Law and Order' will, of course, be supported by all those who are above the law. Or rather, outside justice. These are the people who are protected by the laws to enable them to carry on legalized murder, assault, conspiracy, and fraud.

If a child dies in a cold damp rat-infested room, that is not murder. That is 'death from natural causes'. It is natural that people should have to live and die in such conditions; that's the way it is, that's the way it always has been. A landlord's pockets must be kept full. A local authority mustn't do too much. A local paper mustn't anger its advertisers. An M.P. mustn't anger the party boss, mustn't rock the boat.

But should that family decide that they want to live somewhere better, and occupy an empty house, then all hell breaks loose. The infernal cheek of the lower order, upsetting normal people. The owners of the property have to go to the expence of hiring baillifs. The local authorities produce plans for re-housing, slum dwellers, but finds that there are things which eventually make it impossible to carry the plans out. The local press gives massive publicity to the property-owner's case. The local M.P. comes up with the worst name he can think of - 'Anarchists!'

In the past week in Brighton a man was sentenced to three months imprisonment for saying to a policeman 'you're thick'. This is the Law and Order we are supposed to respect. Only an Anarchist could question the appropriatness of such a penalty.

How many Anarchists will it take to stop justice being a mockery?



"is it true, councillor, that you are urging brighton's homeless to invest in motor caravans?"

"certainly — they may have nowhere to live, but we're making damn sure that they've somewhere to park!"

# Anarchy's got life and soul

'Labour's let you down,' say the Tory adverts. 'They've broken their promises', they say - as if Conservatives never broke a promise. But we're sure that there is one set of promises that Labour made that the Tories won't want to hold them to. For in this government's shifting policies - now left, now right - there was once something approximating to the beginnings of Anarchy.

In May, 1968, the then Minister of Technology Anthony Wedgewood Benn was concerned at the distance between Parliament and the people. Perhaps influenced by the events occurring in France he said 'We are moving rapidly towards a situation where the pressure for the redistribution of political power will have to be faced as a major political issue.'

He went on to advance six points.

1. Public information about government activities. 'The searchlight of publicity shone on the decision-making processes of government would be the best thing that could possibly happen.'
2. Government information about the community, exploiting computers. 'This information could and should compel governments to take account of every single individual in the development of its policy.'
3. Participation by the electorate in the decision-making process. 'Electronic referenda will be feasible within a generation.' It would appear that a generation is a somewhat incorrect estimate - it is possible to set up such a system using present-day technology.
4. An outlet for minority opinions in mass communications. 'What broadcasting now lacks is any equivalent to the publishing function.'
5. Cultivation of representative organizations of all kinds. 'The more representative and professional pressure groups could be, the more government could work with them and power be redistributed.'
6. Devolution of responsibility to regions and localities. 'It means identifying those decisions which ought to be taken in and by an area most affected by those decisions.'

Fleabite announces a competition. If any Fleabite reader can find any evidence of the way in which the government is implementing any of the above proposals, they will win a prize. The best entry will entitle the winner to tea on the House of Commons terrace with an M.P. of his choice; the writer of the next best will be able to lick an M.P.'s boot; and the runners-up will be locked in the visitor's gallery for a day.

## Rats

The empty window-frame in the derelict wall yawned blue-red full of early evening sun. Clouds of dust shone between the upward-stretching remnants of chimneys. The desert of rubble was asleep. His eyes were closed. All of a sudden it would grow much darker. He noticed that someone had come and was standing before him now, dark, soft. Now they have got me! he thought. But when he blinked quickly he saw only a pair of legs wearing wretched trousers. They stood before him, crooked, so that he could see between them and beyond. He risked a little peep higher up the trouser-legs and observed an even older man, holding a knife, and with a basket in his hand. And there was earth on his fingertips.

I suppose you're sleeping here, eh? asked the man, and looked down on the tangle of hair. Jurgen blinked through the man's legs into the sun and said: No, I'm not sleeping. I have to keep watch here. The man nodded: So, that I suppose is why you have that big stick?

Yes, answered Jurgen wearily, and held on tightly to the stick.

Well then, what are you keeping watch over?

I can't tell you that. His hands tightened their grip on the stick.

I suppose it's money, then? The man put his basket down and wiped the knife backwards and forwards on his trouser bottom.

No, certainly not money, said Jurgen scornfully. Something quite different from that.

Well, what then?

I can't say that. Just something different.

Well don't then. Of course now I won't tell you what I have here in my basket. The man tapped the basket with his foot, and snapped his knife shut.

Pah, I can guess what's in the basket, declared Jurgen with disdain, rabbit food.

Good heavens, quite right! the man was astonished. You're a clever lad. How old are you?

Nine.

Well, think of that, nine. Then you must also know what three nines are, mustn't you?

Obvious, said Jurgen, and to win more time went on: That really is too easy. And he looked through the man's legs. Three nines, eh? he asked again. Twenty-seven. I knew that already.

Correct, said the man, and that is how many rabbits I have.

Jurgen gawped: Twenty-seven?

You can come and see them. Many of them are still rather young. Do you want to?

I really can't. I must keep watch, said Jurgen, uncertainly.

For ever? asked the man, at night as well?

At night as well. For ever. Always. Jurgen looked up at the bandy legs. Since last Saturday, he whispered.

But don't you go home at all, then? After all, you've got to eat.

Jurgen lifted up a piece of rubble. There was half a loaf. And a tin box. You smoke? asked the man.

Jurgen gripped tightly at his stick and answered timidly: I roll them. I don't like pipes.

Pity, the man stooped for his basket, there would have been no harm in your having a quiet look at the rabbits. Especially the little ones. Perhaps you could have picked one for yourself. But then, you really can't leave here...

No, said Jurgen sadly, no, no.

The man lifted up his basket and stood up. Well then, since you must stay here...it's a pity. And he turned to go.

If you don't tell anyone else, said Jurgen very quickly, it's because of the rats.

The bandy legs came back one step: Because of the rats?

Yes, don't they eat dead bodies? Dead people? That's what they live on.

Who says so?

Our teacher.

And you are keeping watch over the rats? asked the man.

No, not over them! And then he said very softly: My brother, he's under there, you know. There. Jurgen pointed with his stick at the tumble-down wall. Our house got a bomb. All of a sudden the light in the cellar went out. And he as well. We called and called. He was much smaller than me. Only four. He must still be here. He is much smaller than me, after all.

The man looked down at the tangle of hair. Then he said suddenly: Didn't your teacher ever tell you that the rats sleep at night?

No, whispered Jurgen, all at once looking very tired, he never said that.

Well, said the man, he isn't much of a teacher if he doesn't even know that. At night the rats go to sleep. You can go home without fear. They always sleep at night. As soon as it's dark.

With his stick Jurgen made tiny hollows in the rubble. Proper little beds they are, he thought, all little beds.

Then the man said (and his bandy legs were quite agitated at it): Do you know what? I'll quickly feed my rabbits now, and when it's dark I'll come and fetch you. Perhaps I can bring one with me. A small one, maybe, what do you think?

Jurgen made little hollows in the rubble. Real little rabbits. White ones, grey ones, white-and-grey ones. I don't know, he said softly, and looked up at the bandy legs, if they really sleep at night.

The man climbed over the remains of the wall onto the street. Of course, he said from there, your teacher ought to give up if he doesn't even know that.

Then Jurgen stood up and asked: Can I really have one? A white one, perhaps?

I'll do my best, called the man, already on his way, but in the meantime you must stay here. Then I'll go home with you. After all, I must tell your father how a rabbit-hutch should be built. You've certainly got to know that.

Yes, cried Jurgen, I'll wait. I must keep watch now, until it grows dark. I'll definitely wait. And he shouted: We've got some boards at home. From a packing-case.

But already the man couldn't hear him. He ran with his bandy legs into the sun. It was already evening-red and Jurgen could see how it shone through between the legs, they were so crooked. And the basket swung excitedly backwards and forwards. There was rabbit food inside it. Green food for rabbits, just a little grey with the dust.

(A translation of Wolfgang Borchert's short story NACHTS SCHLAFEN DIE RATTEN DOCH)

## 'Arry's no anarchist

I've sometimes heard it said in Anarchist circles that apathy is a good thing, and that the greatest number of non-voters in an election the better. Yes, I agree, it's great that fewer people are taking part in the democratic con, but these people aren't trying to produce any alternative.

Goebbels' admitted that his propaganda would get Hitler to power 'only if the vast majority of Germans remained apathetic'. Apathy kept Hitler in power while the death-camps were built. The same goes for Stalin, and for the maintenance of all the 'democratic' socialist republics.

The greatest piece of apathy is the voting process itself where a person signs his freedom away with the mark of an illiterate. These people seem to think that by making a choice between two or three people they are discharging their political responsibilities for the next half-decade.

A social revolution is not a vast display of apathy, but a time when people realize that they don't need M.P.s and bosses anymore, and actively assert their freedom, and actively attempt to take control of their surroundings; their street, and their place of work.



# Farewell welfare state

Remember the nineteenth century laissez faire and 'harmony of interest' (to the bosses' advantage) - Hegel's doctrine of conflict - Marx applying this to class analysis - We are still there now.

The ruled classes in this country fought their way into 'the electorate', once in, they have fought for a welfare, social service state. This pressure, politically, has been directly or indirectly applied, explicitly stated or implicitly understood, to those in power, by those in power. This pressure was most strong and most useful at the end of the last war. The political mandarins used it to stay in power during a potentially violent period of social change and economic hardship. Dazzled by Mr. (Bevenden) Attlee's promises, the British 'electorate' allowed itself to undergo severe restriction of freedoms from the Chancellory of Stafford Cripps, not even to redress class grievances, but to redress the shaking foundations of British capitalism. So successful was this 'Socialist' double-think that Macmillan used it for his policy. Mulberry bush and hey-diddle-o! The same guilt-like socio-economic policies are being carried on today, with only minimal concessions to the social needs of the population as a whole: by the alteration of a few degrees to the scale of social payments: an ADJUSTMENT to a way of life.

What has been fought for and wished for is now conceded as a political gesture to maintain power, gain power, or win back power, by using it as an electoral power resource. The control of power has not been altered since the nineteenth century nor has its rationale: the ruled are made to believe they possess some form of power, an 'electoral' potency; some, an indeterminate number, see this 'potency' as the sump of another form of political-psychological-social coercion. Their political power is bought off them by the concessions of the 'welfare state', concessions which vary considerably, not just to the ideal, but in efficiency and efficacy.

Typically, the social service system also helps to keep the ruled 'healthy', 'sane', and productive, so that they are that much more able to withstand the pressures put upon them while remaining profitable economic units in 'Society'. Those that own or rule endeavour to avoid this system: private education, private health, private lives; typically, they are aware of the socio-political role of the welfare system, and they don't need to be bought off!

There is disenchantment, put about, with the idea of a social service state. 'Conservatives', pragmatically, of course, 'view it as inefficient', and despite certain 'liberals', who talk in terms of 'streamlining' and 'brining it up to date' - (de-Utopianise welfare medicine! Biafran relief? A much 'clearer' need/problem) - most want to see it abolished. The Labour party trapped in its evangelical garb, defends the life of its fragile offspring, as 'something to be believed in' - as about the only thing 'left' to believe in.

To seek to abolish the welfare system is reactionary; it's seeking to reverse an historical evolution, just as seeking to 'abolish' the results of the second world war - the existence of two German states - is idiotic, idealistic, and reactionary. The construction of the welfare system was not abstract philanthropy, it was part of British political life, and as such it will be the most prominent, whether it is made so by politicians is irrelevant, issue in British politics. (Issues such as 'racialism' are abstractions, aberrations used as distractions by political opportunists).

The 'welfare question' is given emphasis by an Anarchist, because, at a time when the ruled had just undergone a struggle for survival with the most vicious ally of capitalism the world, our century, or the last, had ever seen: Hitler's Third Reich of Nazi fascism; against a century's background of class struggle; when many of the ruled perceived how much capitol and state relied on them; as they had seen in the flash of gunfire how they had been used; they

returned to their homes convinced that mutual aid and benefit was the only value to be believed. Tired and dislocated from everyday life, organisation amongst themselves for mutual aid was a titanic task. They chose to allow their political 'leaders' to carry out their wishes for them - and were sold out.

Visionary men in politics were working towards this state of welfare before and during the war, but more important, the majority of the people desired it. Whether or not cynics will agree that politicians used, maybe even conjured up, these dreams, does not matter to this writer - what matters is that the people at that moment wanted beyond all else a state based on mutual aid.

The conservatives in our society want to abolish the shattered relics of these peoples' desires. To bring back instead that 'harmony or interest', that state of barbarity, beyond such desires. A state of competition, where only 'the fit' survive, where 'the fit' are nicely defined and usually by force. The Labour party, despite its own political paradoxes, interpreted the peoples' wishes, perhaps in terms of power, perhaps not, but inevitably with the malaise of government. The result is an abstracted construct, shaking now, because it was not built on the peoples' desire for mutual aid, with their co-operation nor their own labour - it was presented to them. Even if the Labour party had been truly socialist and struck at least, at the heart of the capitalist body, then at its most weak, instead of being panicked by fears of a 'market crash' in the British economy, put about by those most anxious to avoid one, it would not now be in the position of once more, shepherding in the forces of reaction, into an arena which contains its and the peoples' most valued hopes.

#### Postscript.

'Pragmatists' beware. Anarchist values are not Utopian - the people of your own land have shown you that they possess them. We have ideals certainly - do you deny a man to reach out and have purpose? - but don't deceive yourself that we have our heads in the clouds: we watch you very closely - as close as we can get.

Organise: Tenants associations, builders associations, welfare associations, and combat the apathy of a government handout. The handout buys you off.

## The Geometry of Anarchism

A layered pyramid represents present society, including the Iron Curtain countries. The largest section of the pyramid is the lowest part, and that's us. As you go up, the pyramid also represents the business firm, the army, the police and the church. The tip of the pyramid represents the decision makers, and their decisions are passed down through each layer to the base of the pyramid, the broad mass of the people on whom these decisions are inflicted.

On the other hand, Anarchist society. This is represented by a chain of interconnecting links. The local groups - the neighbourhood council, the workers' council for each factory, all are federated together with no central authority, no tip of a pyramid to rule them. Q.E.D.

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# Say Yup to Yip

It now seems clear that the U.S. have got it in for Abbie Hoffman. One way or another, they are going to make sure that he's out of circulation for a few years. Tied to outdated concepts, they cannot see that he is only a tiny part of the every-man-his-own-revolutionary movement. They still think in terms of leaders; Abbie leads no-one, shows everyone. Shows everyone by many means, one of which is his book 'Revolution for the Hell of it' (Dial Press in the U.S.A., 22/6 from the Unicorn).

In the book he documents the royal and ancient Yippie sport of pig-baiting as practised in Lincoln Park, Chicago, 1968. When the pigs, under chief pig Dalby (the man who doesn't have to cross state lines in order to incite riot), managed to smash a few pressmen along with the long-hair commie faggot creeps, I thought that the cover had finally been blown on our magnificent policemen. But no, a few months later the same reporters were turning out the same biased reports of demonstrators kicking the hard-pressed police. A week is a short time in reporting, particularly when there's an editor to please.

So you have to read the book to find out what goes on. The saddest thing is to contrast this book with a typical outpouring of the New Left, from the U.S. or the U.K. Abbie explains, in words of one syllable, what makes the Yippie philosophy. He talks of his experiences as a professional unpredictable unrepentent underminer of the get born, get warned, short pants, romance, twenty-years-of-schoolin-an-they-put-you-on-the-day-shift system. (Letter to a U.S. teen magazine problem page: 'Every time my boyfriend kisses me goodnight I feel something hard pressing up against me. Do you think he carries a cosh?') As the U.S. marches onward to fascism the Emperor's New Clothes become more and more invisible; it becomes easier to ridicule a system that only survives because people believe in it. They have to believe in it, because without it they are nothing.

Of course, one has to acknowledge the contributions made by Marx to this kind of thinking. It is obvious that the Capitalist system has not changed since the middle of the last century; the successful marxist societies of Russia, China, and Cuba have proved that communism can be fun. It is obvious that marxism has been and will be perverted; luckily we have just the men in today's New Left to set up a marxist state that will be true to the great man's words, and as the leader himself said, 'The state will wither away.'

Quote: 'MAINTAIN A SENSE OF HUMOUR. People who take themselves too seriously are power-crazy. If they win it will be haircuts for all. BEWARE of POWER FREAKS'. Quote: 'ALWAYS USE THE SYMBOLS, PROPS, DRESS, AND LANGUAGE OF THE PEOPLE YOU ARE WORKING WITH. Never impose your language on people you wish to reach.....save that for college seminars'.

And other similar guidelines. The wouldbe revolutionary can do himself much good reading by using the methods shown here to bring about a revolution. Left literature is notoriously poor for giving practical directions - 'arouse the working class' is very out-of-date. I've just heard that they're making a film of this book. Christ!

# A Peace of Cake

It is unfortunate that the biggest injustice of our time - the settling of international disputes by force - should have become so much a part of our society that it is now impossible to end it. Surely not impossible, you say? Try reading 'Report from Iron Mountain' (Ed. Lewin, Penguin 4/-), and have a good long think.

The book claims to be a report of a group set up by the U.S. Government to discuss the effects of permanent peace on society. Its authenticity has not been proved; but the analysis, whoever arrived at it, is very true. Pacifists, who normally disapprove of demonstrators that seek to overthrow the capitalists, will no doubt be shocked to find that if peace were permanent there would be more problems raised than settled.

The flaw in the 'swords into ploughshares' idea is that the obvious function of war is by no means the only one. The causes of wars are usually only the reasons which leaders use to make the people keen to fight. As our modern states have grown up in an atmosphere of constant disputes, they have incorporated the means to wage war into their structure. With the rapid growth of the capitalist societies these means have been made so much a part of capitalism that to abolish them would mean a collapse into anarchy - anarchy here defined in Powellite terms, as a breakdown of order with nothing to take its place.

The immediate change the pacifist sees is the end of weapon production. But to what use are the armament factories to be put? 'Swords into ploughshares', yes - but isn't the market for ploughshares already saturated? 6% of Britain's taxes support the Armed Forces, and a large amount of our production goes towards weapons. There is no way in which arms factories can be used in the present economy.

The need to keep production high to ensure affluence is recognised by economists as being of prime importance - the closure of arms factories would certainly precipitate a massive slump. Similarly, the existence of a source of 'waste' production gives politicians a means of control over the economy. The funds needed for the forces can be adjusted to make up for variations in other parts of the economy. The advent of war in 1941 rescued the U.S. from a decade of depression - is it any wonder that they insisted that the Russians had lowered the 'Iron Curtain' across Europe and thus brought the Cold War into being? A cold war or a limited 'hot' war is beneficial to a depressed economy. It is noticeable how the U.S., with the first signs of the end of the 50's prosperity, decided to involve itself more deeply in Vietnam. The issue at stake was not the possibility of South Vietnam going Communist, but the survival of the U.S. internal economy. Nixon will only pull out troops as the dollar strengthens - the panic selling on Wall Street whenever peace is mooted is proof of the strong military-economic link.

The first sign of depression is mounting unemployment - what better than to have possible ghetto rioters employed in the army, and sending money home? It was unfortunate for Johnson that ghetto rioting coincided with anti-Vietnam war demonstrations. Whatever situation he chose to alleviate, he would only run into more trouble.

Turning to the political reasons for maintaining war, the most useful of war is the outside threat. The extent of the threat need never be properly proved - through misrepresentation and pure lies, any nation can be represented as about to attack. Thus differences inside a country vanish in the face of outside aggression. The nation will follow the people who can rid them of this threat - not surprisingly, the people who are equal to the challenge are the ones who invented it in the first place. The cult of patriotism springs up, and any attempt to expose the myth of the threat makes its proponents liable to charges of treason. Patriotism effectively reduces the chances of discussing things rationally. (A similar process can be seen in the current 'law and order' campaign - crime figures, taken as a whole, do not support any new moves. But certain crimes can be more easily used in publicity and it is these which are either on the increase (demos.) or are brought to greater prominence (crimes of violence) - or both).

**TRP-STRP IS COMING!**

The over-riding nature of outside aggression means that there must be a strong leadership and an obedient following. The chain of command, essential to efficient resistance to the threat, is merely another way of making sure that there are clear-cut divisions in society - i.e. the class structure.

The services play a major sociological role which is generally not recognised. Their essentially fascist make-up provides a suitable environment for people with these views, who find society too free-and-easy, too tolerant. Those people who shout 'Bring back National Service' are hoping that prolonged exposure to a fascist system will 'knock the revolution out of people' and eventually make them obedient servants of any authoritarian structure. Also it is clear that a number of violent people who are now in the services could have been a major problem had they remained civilians. The services allow them to expend their violent nature on approved targets, while at the same time making unauthorised violence unattractive by the threat of heavy punishment.

The services also make a useful contribution to employment. In the event of conscription, the 'no-goods' of society are drafted first, providing some of them with an opportunity to find a niche in life, either by staying in, or by learning a trade which raises their status in civilian life. Because of its national structure the military can concentrate recruiting in areas where unemployment is high, and as the adverts say, 'offer a secure job'.

Although the 'spin-off' of war technology has been most apparent in recent years, the application of military techniques to civilian products is as old as stone-age man's use of his axe for both hunting and fighting. If all 'pure research' is combined with military research - after all, neither have any immediate use to society as a whole - then it is obvious that very little is added to society's knowledge by applied research. It is difficult to find where the impetus for a particular discovery came from. For instance, a discovery which may have had only limited use in military technology could have been adapted for the civilian products of the time. Similarly, a purely civilian product or service partly used by the services could be improved to meet more stringent military demands, with resulting benefits to all.

In the same way as science is closely linked with war, the arts are clearly influenced. The amount of art which dwells on conflict - either as subject or as part of the struggle of the artist - forms the greatest part of culture. The current fetish of violence, either imitated or watched, has a long and honourable pedigree. It would be interesting to know how much the cowboy and detective films of our youth shape our attitudes to society and authority.

The more minor functions of war include the function of population control - minor now, in the sense that atomic warfare will not leave a population to enjoy a less crowded world. But in the Middle Ages, the threat of mass starvation was ever-present. Similarly, the strongest of those who actually fought battles would be the ones who would be in the thick of fighting and possibly least likely to return. This could be seen as a way of ensuring that the peasants had few strong men to lead them into revolt. Other functions of war include that of a mass social release, enabling standards of behaviour to be relaxed. The chain of command in war gives the old a chance to re-affirm their dominance over the young.

Thus war can be seen as essential to the following fields: Economics, Politics, Sociology and Science. In the event of the abolition of war, the substitute or substitutes must replace its influence in all these areas. We shall now consider some of the alternatives.

The idea that money for weapons could go toward 'Social Welfare' schemes seems attractive until one realizes that all these schemes rely on capital expenditure - there are few running expenses. Thus within a decade the

productive forces would be looking for new projects. A replacement for war must have a constant yet variable task which would extend far into the future. Luckily a new source of waste production has grown up since the war - the exploration of space. As it is possible, both now and in the foreseeable future, to attempt to reach targets that will require large-scale continuous production, the space race will take over from the arms race, economically at least.

Politically it would be exceedingly difficult to find anything with the unifying function of war. There are only two possible outside threats - from hostile spacemen, or on this planet from environment pollution. The poor credibility of both of these makes it difficult to represent them as a threat. Clearly some new way of maintaining political authority will have to be found. A possible way of combining both the political and sociological functions of war could be the establishment of a 'Peace Corps', who would be conscripted to serve in under-developed countries (though no doubt they would be deliberately mismanaged in order to maintain the backward condition of these areas). There could be established a mythical number of anarchic 'draft-dodgers' who would be held responsible for most of the crimes committed. Thus public opinion and support would be mobilized behind a strong government determined to stamp out acts of sabotage etc. (a similar situation existed in 1939 when Nazi Germany claimed Poland had blown up a radio station - the action was carried out by the S.S.). There could well be an upsurge in boxing and wrestling, or possibly blood sports could gain in popularity.

Though it seems that science will benefit from the space programme, the specialist techniques of interplanetary exploration are not easily adapted to earth technology. The non-stick frying pan is little reward for the millions spent so far. Perhaps the public could be educated to appreciate the value of pure research; a new breed of organizer could spend his time determining in which areas this research would be made. The continuous changes in art make it possible to phase out conflict-angled cultures with little trouble - perhaps a return to 'Art for Art's Sake'?

To end war in present conditions without providing proper substitutes - and it seems that in many cases, no effective substitute could be found - is to usher in a new era of depression and social problems. Yet the transfer from a war-based society to a peace-based society would be the beginning of the maturity of mankind. The alternative, as we have been reminded many times, is no society at all.

We are therefore in an impasse - but only if we fall into the trap of thinking that we must always live in a society similar to this. A Communist society, with its state capitalist economy, its central government, and above all its pseudo-western society, is subject to the same pressures. Peace can only flourish in a providing economy, rather than a producing economy, with flexibility built-in; where there is no central government, used to maintain class differences rather than abolish them; in short, peace can only flourish in the kind of system that Anarchist philosophers have been propounding for the last hundred years. Perhaps it is time to take some notice of what they say; it could well be our last chance.

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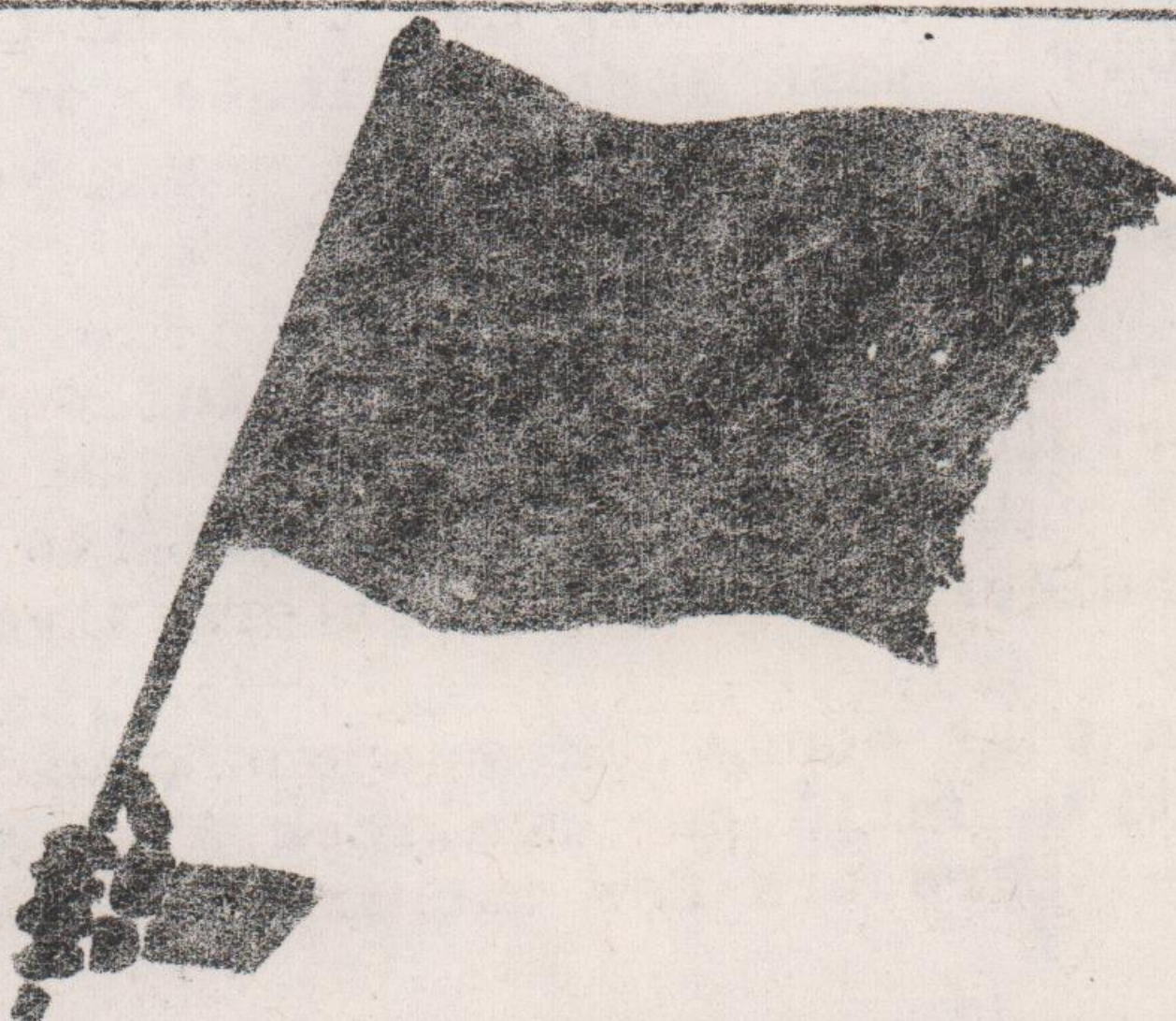
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# Combination

Noel Greig writes: The Combination building in West Street closed down in December. It is unlikely to re-open on a permanent basis. But the Combination isn't dead. Hibernating during a financial cold spell rather. We're optimistic. We will continue to get Arts Council money for plays, and expect help from various foundations (We were smart and became a charity).

We are looking for a larger building - much larger. That's what we wanted in the first place, but just missed a superb one by inches, and decided on 76 West Street as a pilot project. The idea is to run a good concert/dance hall - good groups, latenight/allnight raveups etc. etc. - plus our other activities, in the same building (plays, films, poetry, printing, kid's classes, posters).

During its lifetime, 76 was taken over by various groups from time to time - the 'dossers', the trendies, the student revolutionaries, the 'skinheads', the trendies again. Only with the disco last summer was there a genuine merging of all the types who used the place. With a larger building we can continue in  
(Continued on page 14)

## Ads & Adds.

\*\*\*LIBERTARIAN ROCKING HORSE still on offer. Modern design, plain wood. About £2 10s. 79, Coleman Street.

\*\*\*T.H.R.O.B. DISCO/LIGHTS. Hear them at the Combination, Fridays, 2/-; Hire them at 26722.

\*\*\*U.M.A. DISCO/LIGHTS. Hear them at the Imperial, Queens Rd, Sundays, with films etc. for 3/6; Hire them at 25367.

\*\*\*LOOK OUT FOR A POETRY READING AT THE B.F.T. in April sometime (I lost the bit of paper with the details!) Proceeds to Shelter.

\*\*\*COMBINATION - NOW OPEN FRI-SAT-SUN. (All day Sats.) Exquisite food like mother never made you! Personally recommended by the Fleabite gourmet. Also folk art for sale - Johnny's candles of many colours 3/6-15/=-, Leather and suede bags/belts/wriststraps by Sandy from 5/- to 30/-. Saturdays.

If you want, advertise here - free - ads to us by mid-April.

\*\*\*Anarchist free library } Nick, Flat 3, 26 Clifton Road.  
\*\*\*Fleabite address

\*\*\*Free schools. Dave, 65, Lewes Road.

\*\*\*N.C.C.L. emergency phone. Brighton 65706.

Rats was translated from the German by Robert Conrad (He is also featured in Diss 2 and Doves for the Seventies - Corgi). Typing by Olive Etty; duplicating by Jess Stetner and Ron Eyowe; Layouts by Sudely Graphic Arts; Produced by Astound+an-Argus, Amaze-a-Mole, and Sparrowhawk Inc. Cosmic Visions by Mr. Natural, Sweet Jellyroll by Angelfood McSpade, Whoops 'n' Hollers by Clifton Hill, Muesli by Oat Willie, Lemonade by the Checkered Demon, Meatball by Robert Crumb, Inspiration by Ken Abyss and Alice Dee, Oh by Jingo, Shoreham by Sea.

The next issue of Fleabite will leap somewhere toward the end of April, and will contain an amazing expose of the paper's staff, including clear proof of their links with the KKK! Also, Uncle Nestor's Problem Page, the further adventures of your pal Anarchos (with amazing discovery made in the grounds of Victory Hall - even this issue won't prepare you for such a surprise), more tales of that famous Radishal Karl Mushroom (Life is just a bowl of cherries, says Chairman Mango) and all the other things that go to make Fleabite exciting biting! In the meantime, I forgot to plug John Upton's new Head and Freak mag., Bill, who plays the Electric Viola, wants people interested in forming a freaky group to phone him weekdays at 6 at 774814, but above all, KEEP COOL, for a poke at a pig earns you two in the jug!

# THE INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES OF KARL MUSHROOM REVOLUTIONARY!



KARL  
MUSHROOM



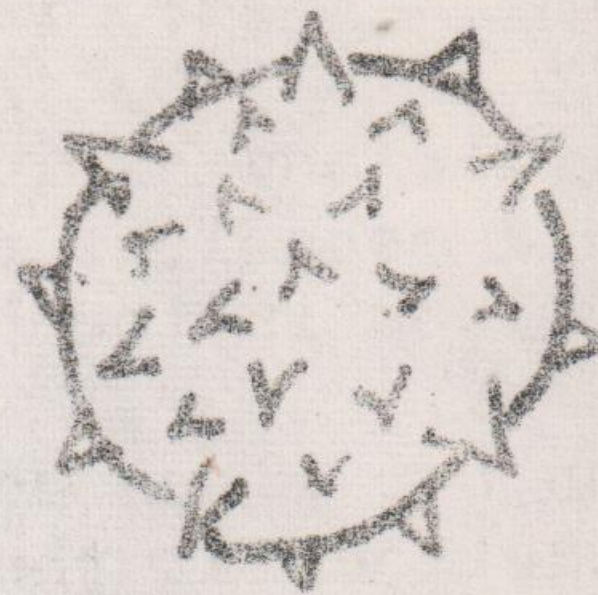
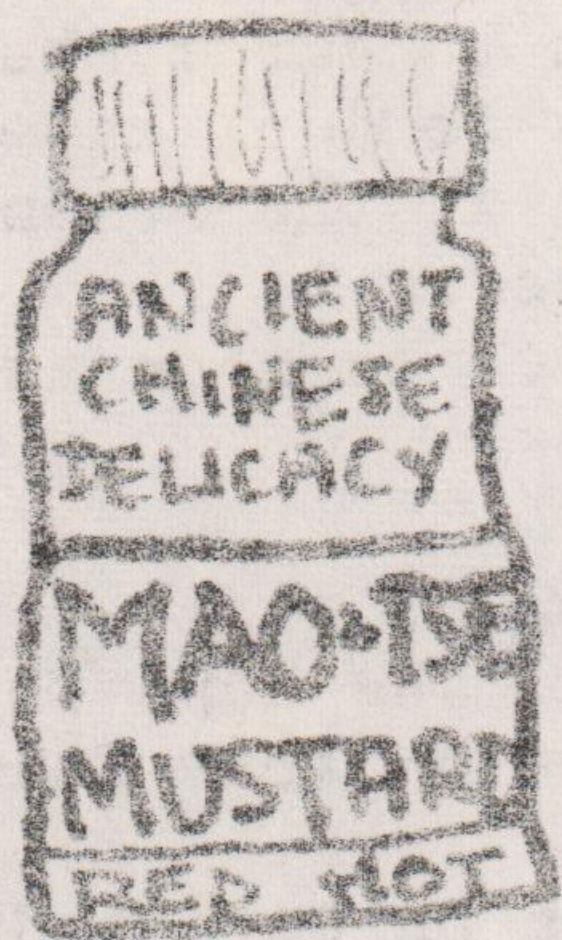
CARROTALIST

STAND BY THE WORKER CRESS!  
BEWARE THE STALIN SWEDE  
LOOK OUT FOR TROTOMATOES!!!



MUSHROOM ADDRESSES THE WORKER CRESS  
CARROTALISTS WATCH ANXIOUSLY

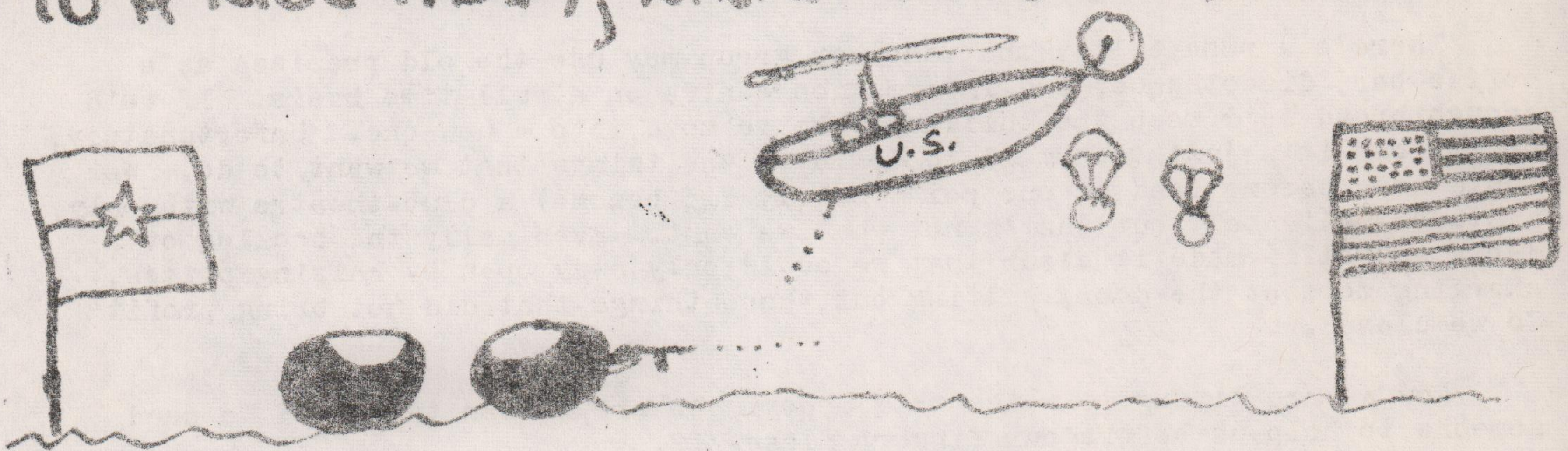
IN OTHER PARTS OF THE GARDEN, NEW  
ENEMIES TO THE CARROTALISTS ARISE....



PRICKLY  
HORSE CHE  
NUTS (WILD  
CUBAN VARIETY)

GROWS BEST IN SHADED AREAS.

PART OF THE GARDEN HAS BEEN CONVERTED  
TO A RICE PADDY, WHERE WORKERS FIGHT WORKERS



THIS IS THE INFAMOUS BEET NAM,  
WHERE UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF  
HO CHI MINT THE VIET CONKERS ARE  
COURAGEOUSLY RESISTING THE U.S.  
IMPEALIERISTS IN THEIR POD-BORNE ATTACKS!

WILL THE REVOLUTION SUCCEED? WHO IS THE  
MYSTERIOUS BAKUNINBANANA? IS MUSHROOM  
JUST AN OVERNIGHT SENSATION? SEE NEXT  
EXCITING ISH., WHEN ALL WILL BE REVEALED!

this way. That's the longterm bit. Not so long if we're lucky - by the autumn perhaps, with a bit of help from some influential allies.

Right now: we are conscience-stricken at not having written to our members apologising/explaining. Fact: we cannot afford the £30 it costs to duplicate and mail something to all 1500. Any cash we can lay our hands on at the moment is used to pay off bills and avoid the court case that might force us to liquidate (which would mean loss of charity status, and Ltd. Co.). As soon as it's possible we shall be in touch.

Until the autumn our plans consist of:

1. A couple of productions at the combination around March/April. We hope to use these to raise money - keep in touch with our members - ensure an Arts Council grant next year.
2. Some Agitprop street theatre: a pollution play, and an attack on Covent Garden.
3. Some touring productions (Liverpool, the sussex region).
4. A children's troupe for the summer (plays on the beaches, workshops).
5. A summer programme of plays - We hope to obtain space on one of the piers - plus a disco and latenight films. This is our main objective just now.
6. The weekend food trip.

There's a possibility that another group may use the old premises as a coffee-bar, discotheque, and information centre on a full-time basis. If we'd enough bread we'd keep the building when we move into a new one. Unfortunately, on its own it's just too small to do in it the things that we want to do. We would have become (and at one point nearly did become) a club-theatre with only a student clientel, but that's not what we want. Eventually the backlog of debts and bills made it clear that we could only stay open by raising prices, charging more at the door, cutting out those things that did not bring profit. So we closed.

Now we are trying to raise that money. We are rotten typists, We need someone to help us before our fingers flake off.

We believe that, during the time that it was at number 76, the Combination was a valuable experience, a genuine alternative to the Top Rank, Theatre Royal, Wimpy Bars etc. It has not ended.

Noel and Jenny.

Contact us via 76 or ring 29561.

# JOHN HEARTFIELD

Considering the amount of 'revolutionary' literature going the rounds these days it is surprising to see the lack of use of photomontage for satirical and political purposes. However, there is now an opportunity to see some of the work of one of its originators, and certainly its greatest exponent - John Heartfield. He was born Helmut Herzfelde in Germany in 1891, anglicising his name during the 1914-1918 war as a protest against anti-British propaganda. He became one of the first to experiment with anti-art (which he and George Grosz christened Dada) - in order to expose the absurd values of the bourgeoisie, but in 1918 he joined the Communist Party and from then on his images reflect the attitude of the Party line. Nevertheless his anti-Fascist montages (for which he was most famous) are masterpieces of ridicule - resulting in his flight from Germany in 1933 until 1950, when like Brecht he returned to East Berlin. He died in 1968.

at the Gardner Centre for the Arts, University of  
Sussex till April 5  
FREE

THE STORY SO FAR:  
ANARCHOS HAS  
DARED TO ENTER  
VICTORY HALL,  
THE DEADLY  
LAIR OF  
CAPTAIN  
ENGLAND +  
WORMOE!  
HE HAS  
JUST  
ENTERED  
THE  
FRONT  
DOOR..

HE PACES FORWARD.  
HE FALLS!

HOLY  
BAKUN!

I GOT HIM,  
I GOT HIM!!  
WELL DONE,  
WORMOE!

ANARCHOS FALLS  
INTO CAPTAIN ENGLANDS  
SPECIAL TREAT FOR  
GUESTS - HIS PET  
SHARK TANK!

CREAK!

HOW CAN  
I SAVE  
MYSELF?

SAFE!

AH! A THOUGHT  
BOBBLE - IF I  
CAN REACH IT,  
I'LL HAVE  
FRESH AIR!

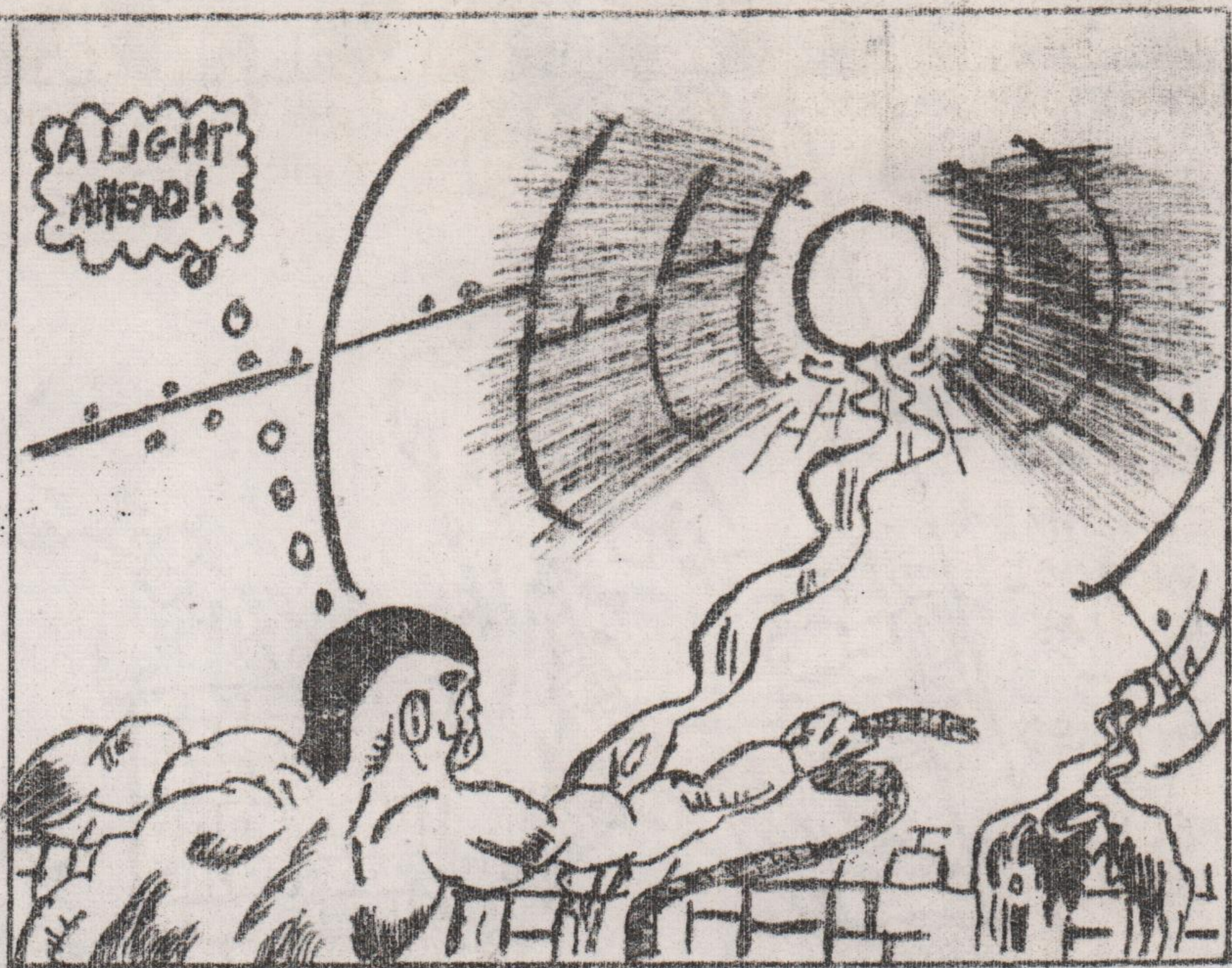
HOW CAN  
I  
SAVE  
MYSELF?

THUS  
ANARCHOS  
REACHES  
THE  
SURFACE

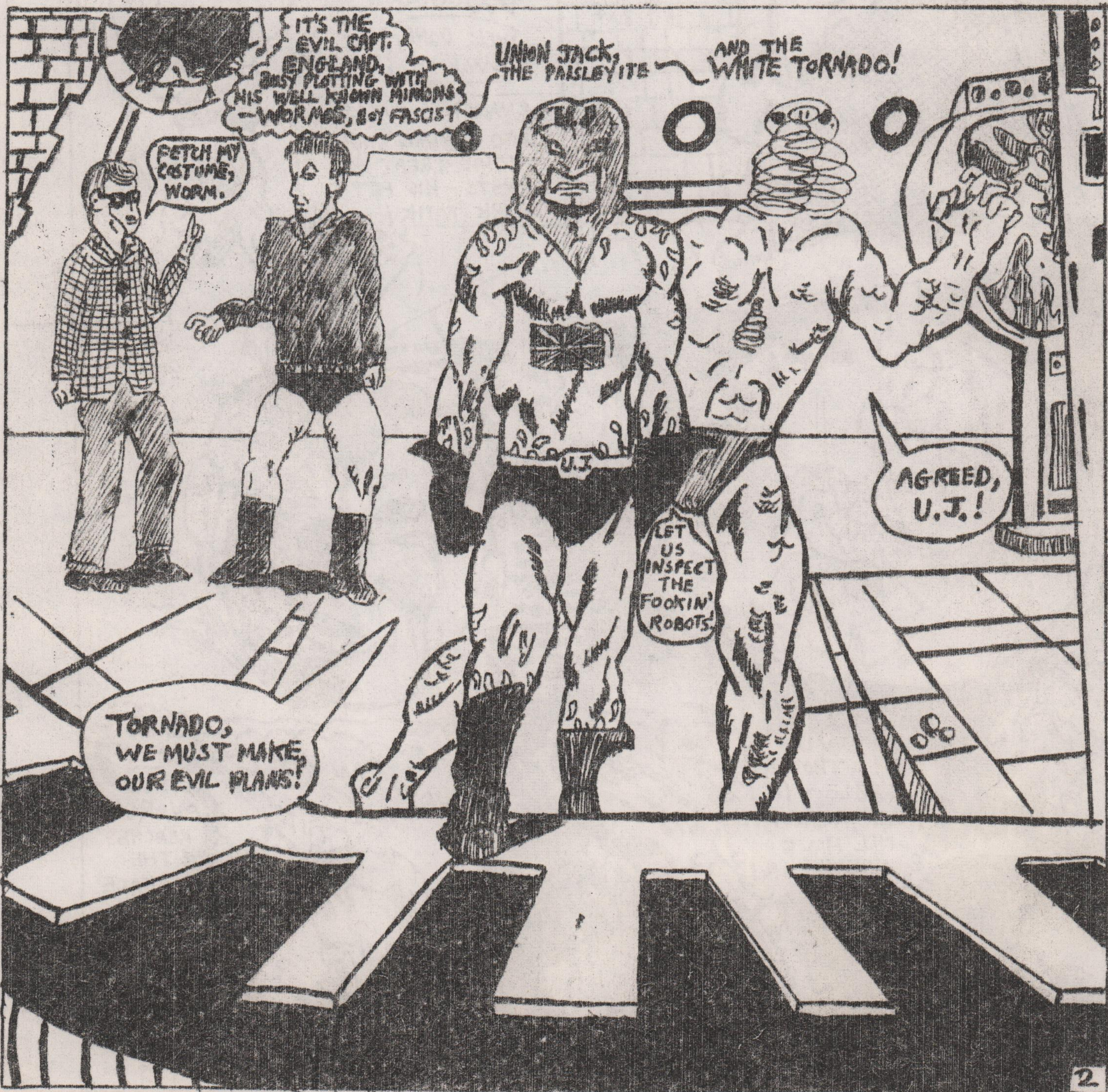




YOU NEVER KNOW  
WHEN A ROPE'LL  
COME IN HANDY.



ALIGHT  
AHEAD!



IT'S THE  
EVIL CAPT.  
ENGLAND,  
BUSY PLOTTING WITH  
HIS WELL KNOWN MINIONS  
-WORMS, BOY FASCIST

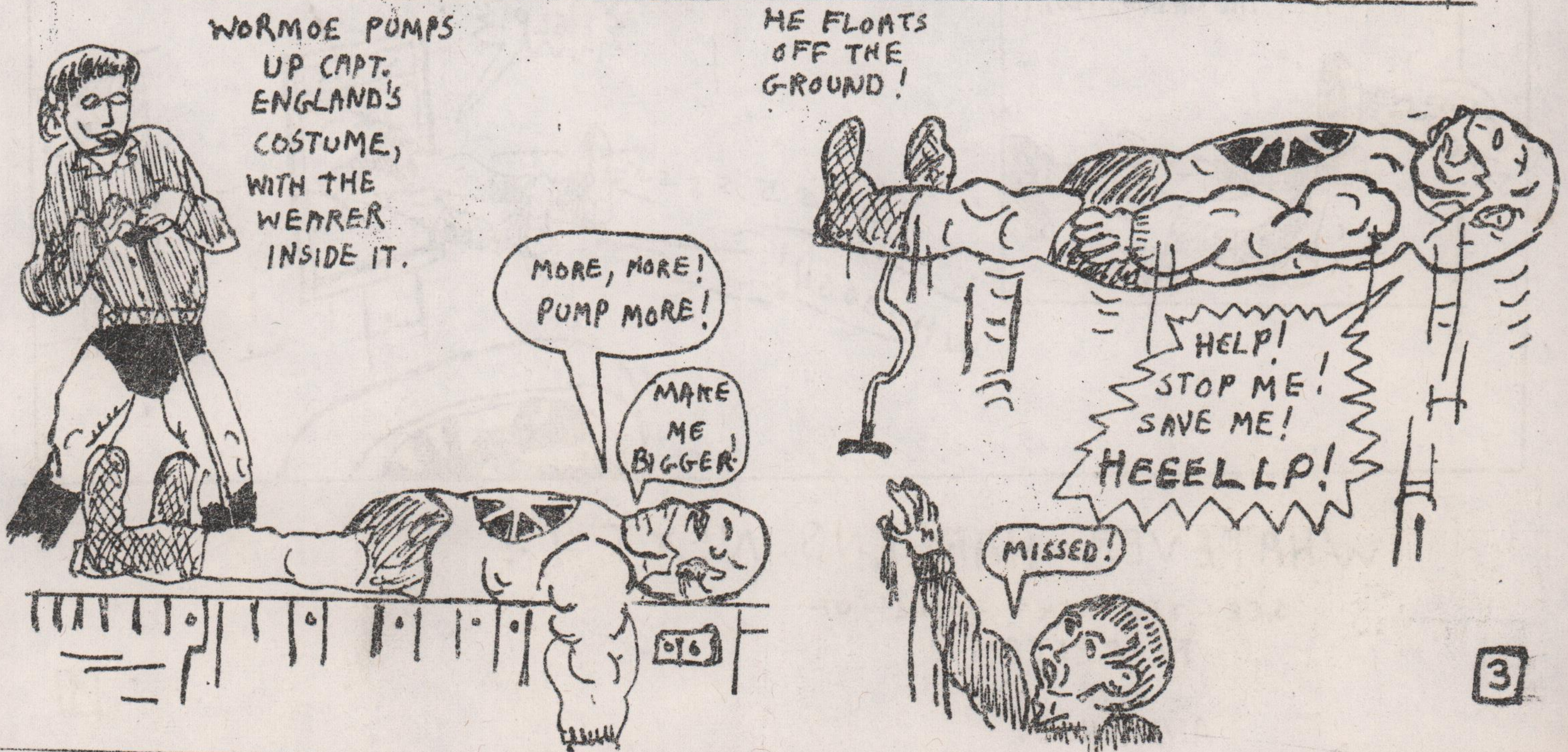
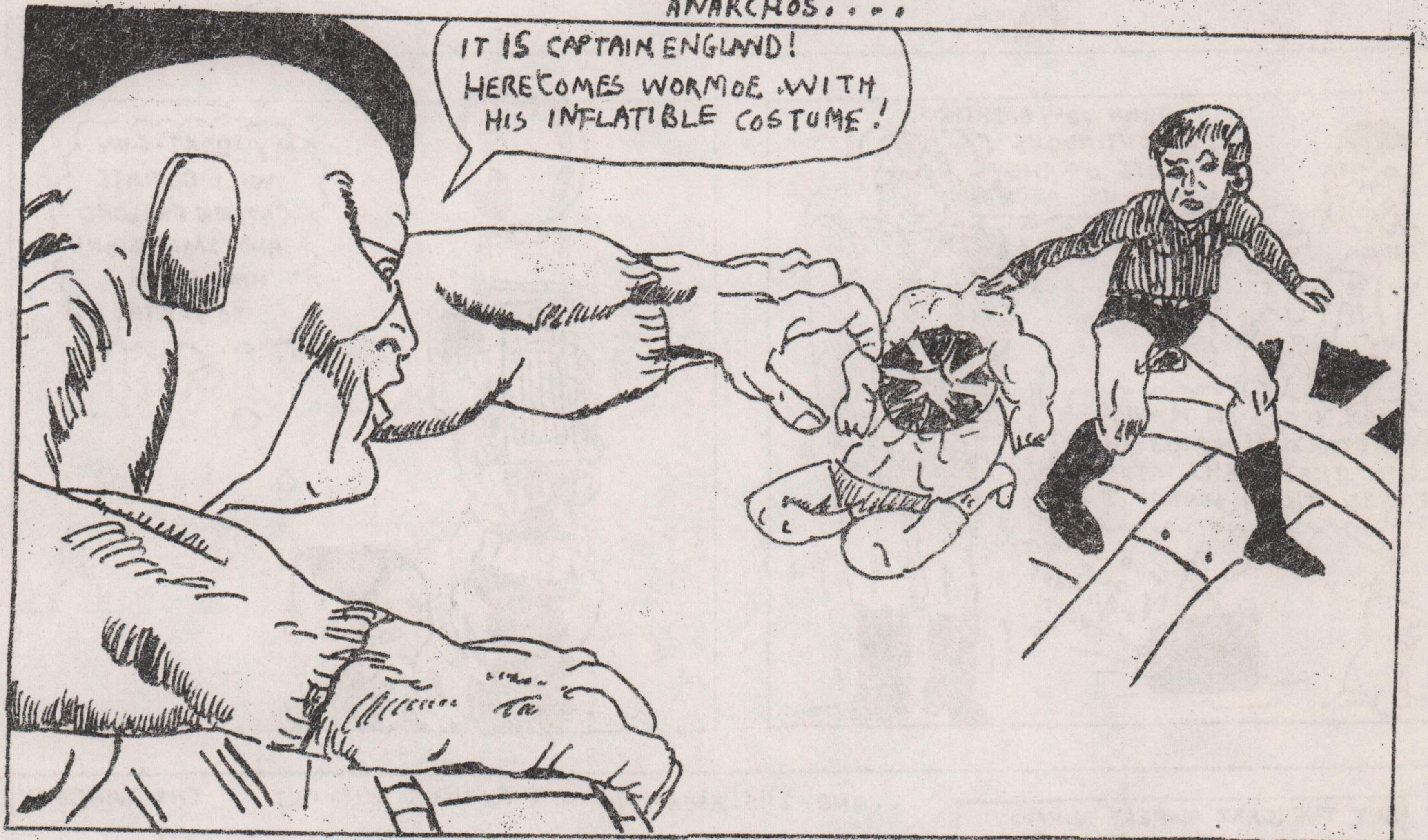
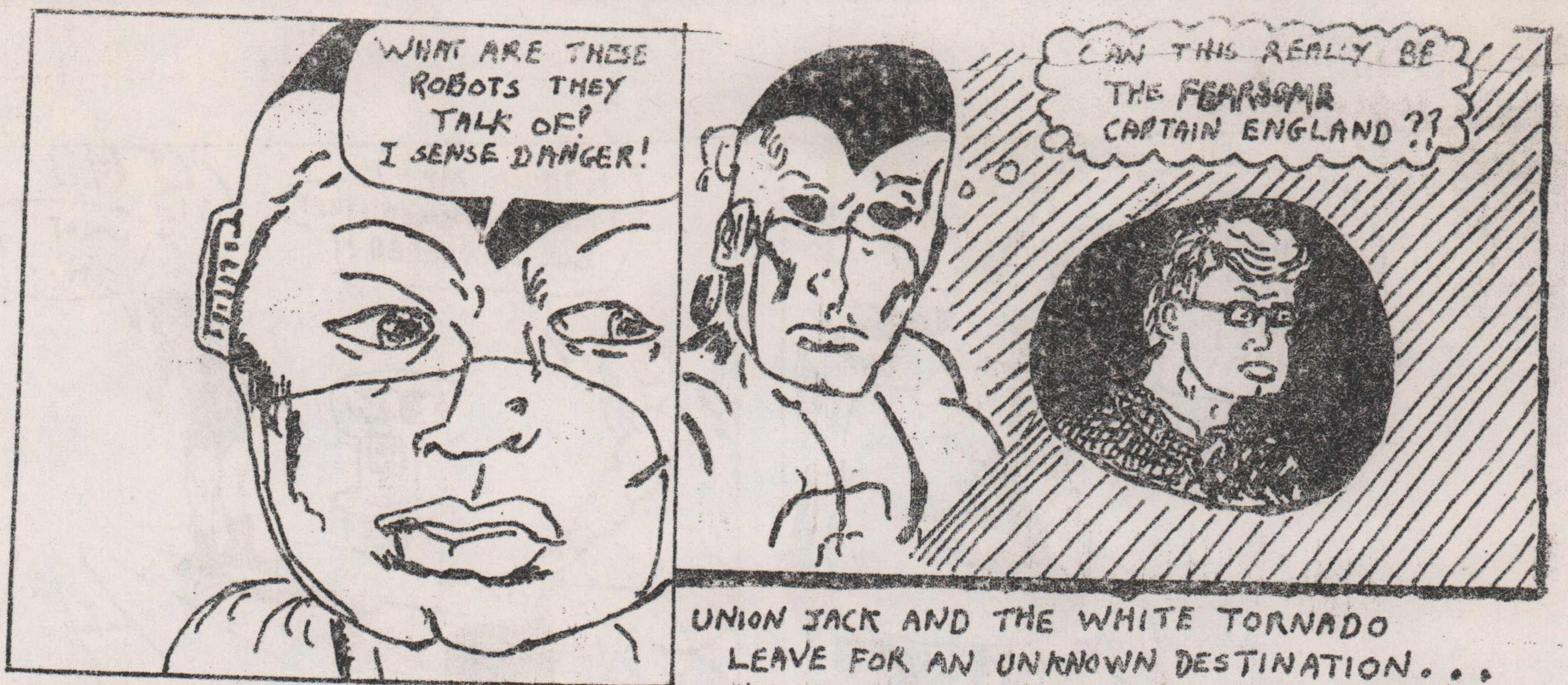
FETCH MY  
COSTUME,  
WORM.

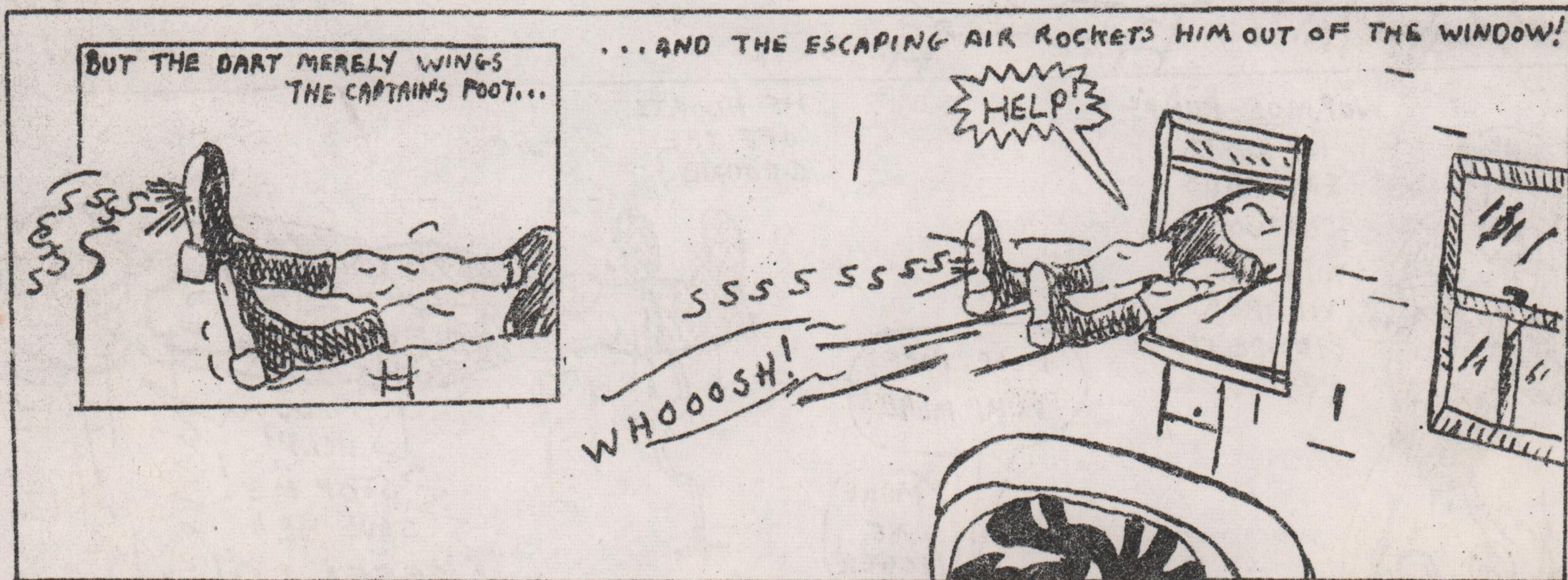
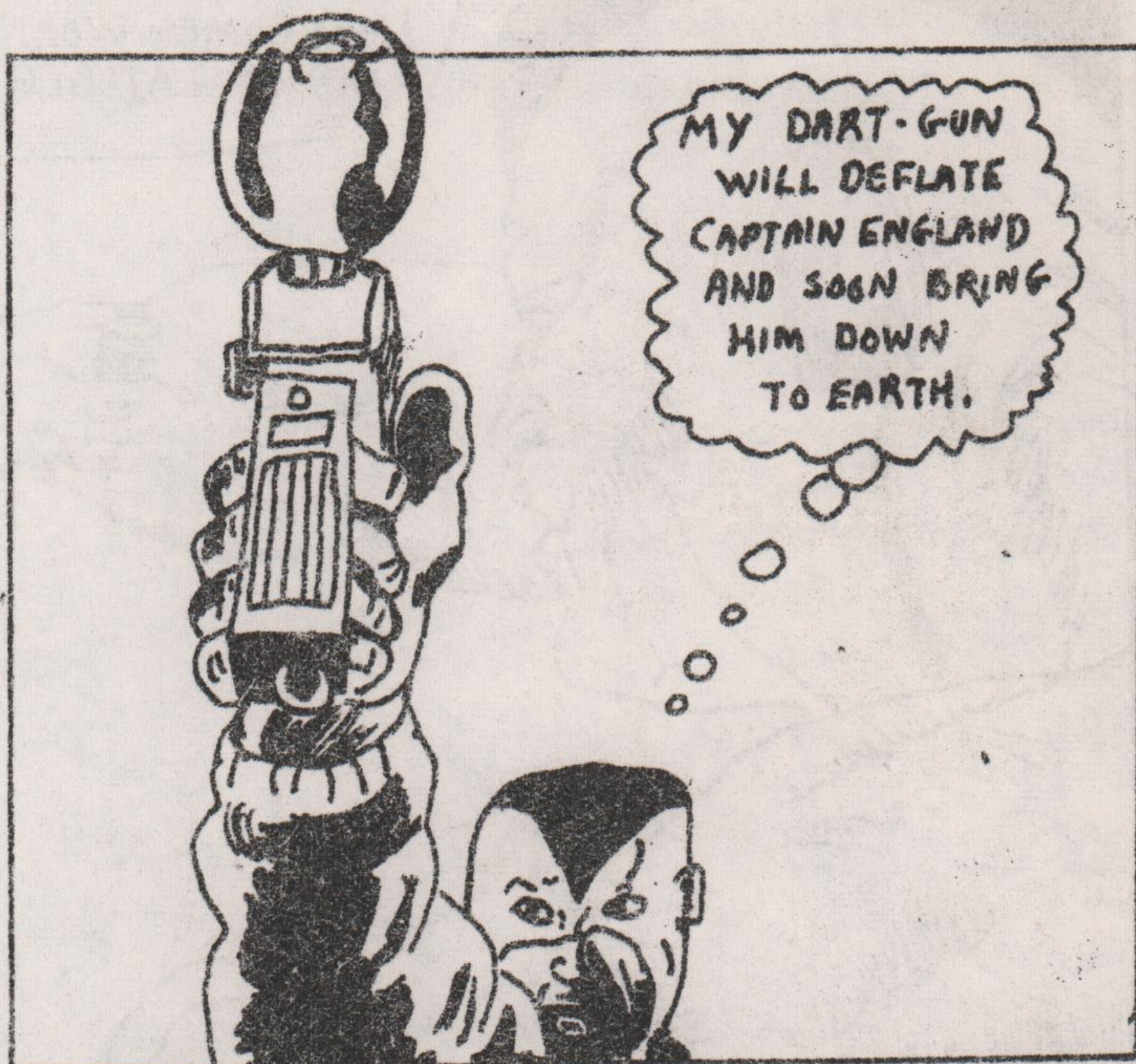
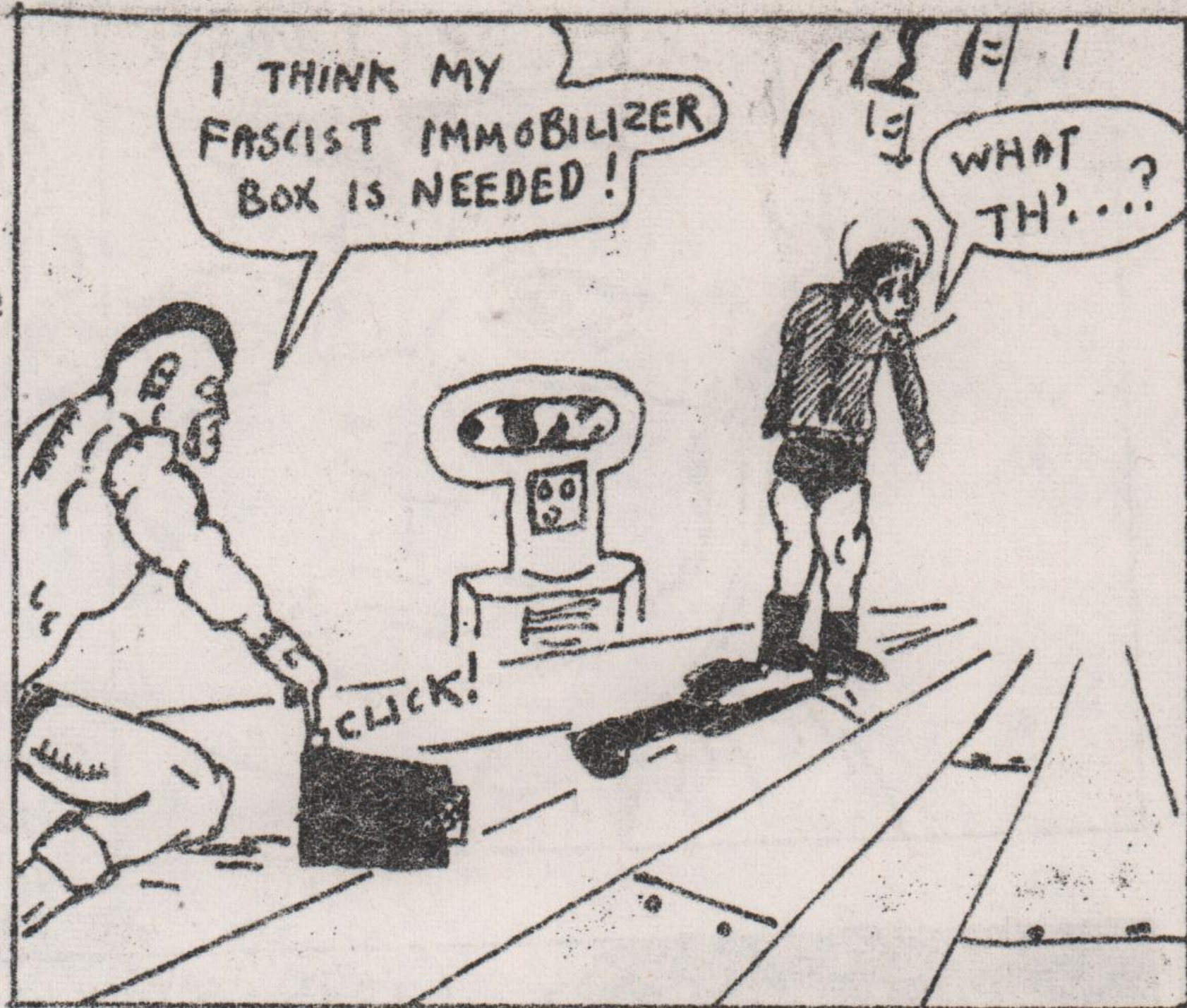
UNION JACK,  
THE PAISLEYITE AND THE  
WHITE TORNADO!

AGREED,  
U.J.!

LET  
US  
INSPECT  
THE  
FOOKIN'  
ROBOTS!

TORNADO,  
WE MUST MAKE  
OUR EVIL PLANS!





WHATEVER HAPPENS NEXT??

SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
FLEABITE,  
WITH  
ANARCHOS!

# VOLUNTEERS

## JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

### WE CAN BE TOGETHER

Words and Music by PAUL KANTNER piano Nicky Hopkins

We can be together  
Ah you and me  
We should be together

We are all outlaws in the eyes of America  
In order to survive we steal cheat lie forge fred hide and deal  
We are obscene lawless hideous dangerous dirty violent and young

But we should be together  
Come on all you people standing around  
Our life's too fine to let it die and  
We can be together

All your private property is  
Target for your enemy  
And your enemy is  
We

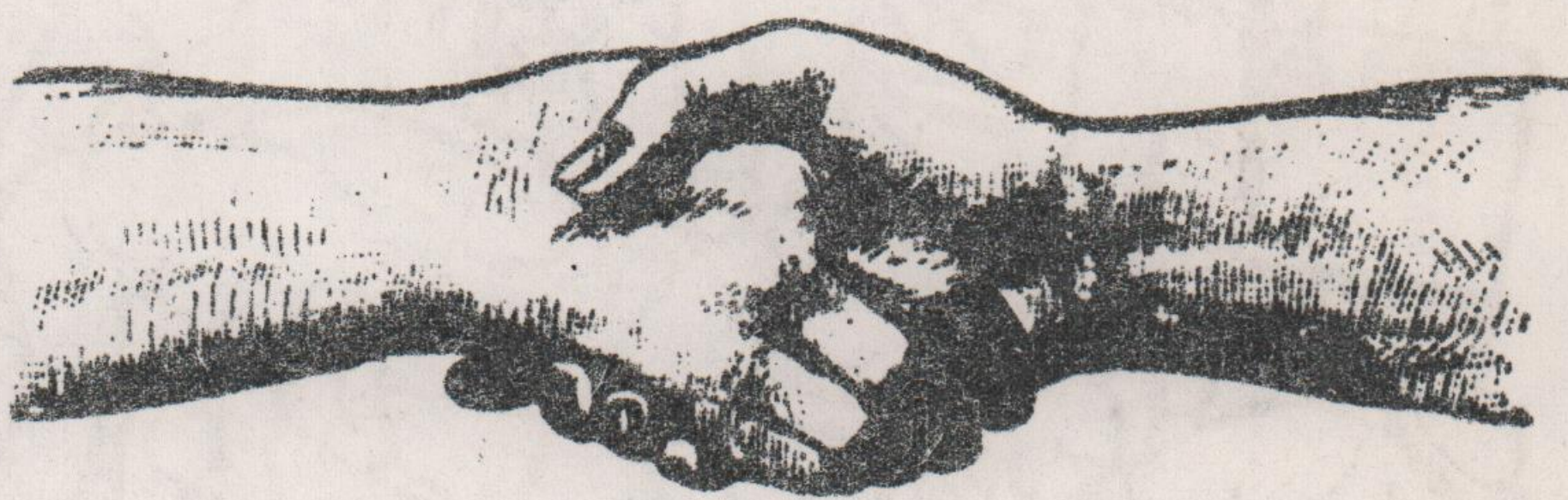
We are forces of chaos and anarchy  
Everything they say we are we are  
And we are very  
Proud of ourselves

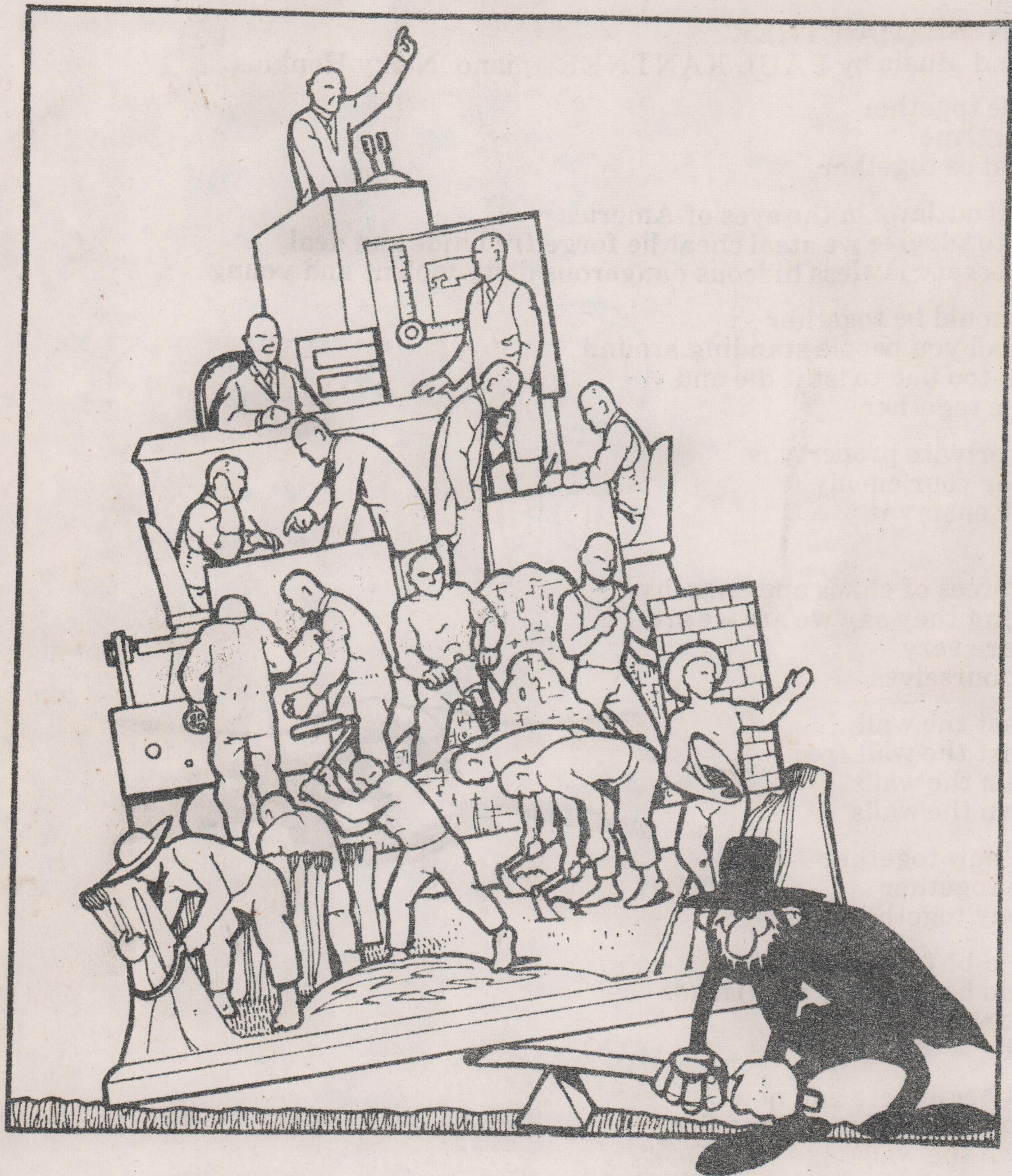
Up against the wall  
Up against the wall fred  
Tear down the walls  
Tear down the walls

Come on now together  
Get it on together  
Everybody together

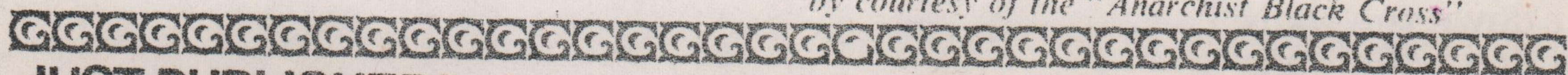
We should be together  
We should be together my friends  
We can be together  
We will be

We must begin here and now  
A new continent of earth and fire  
Tear down the walls  
Come on now gettin higher and higher  
Tear down the walls  
Tear down the walls  
Tear down the walls  
Won't you try





by courtesy of the "Anarchist Black Cross"



JUST PUBLISHED!

# THE FLOODGATES OF ANARCHY

Stuart Christie/Albert Meltzer

Kahn & Averill 21s

