

THE SHEFFIELD

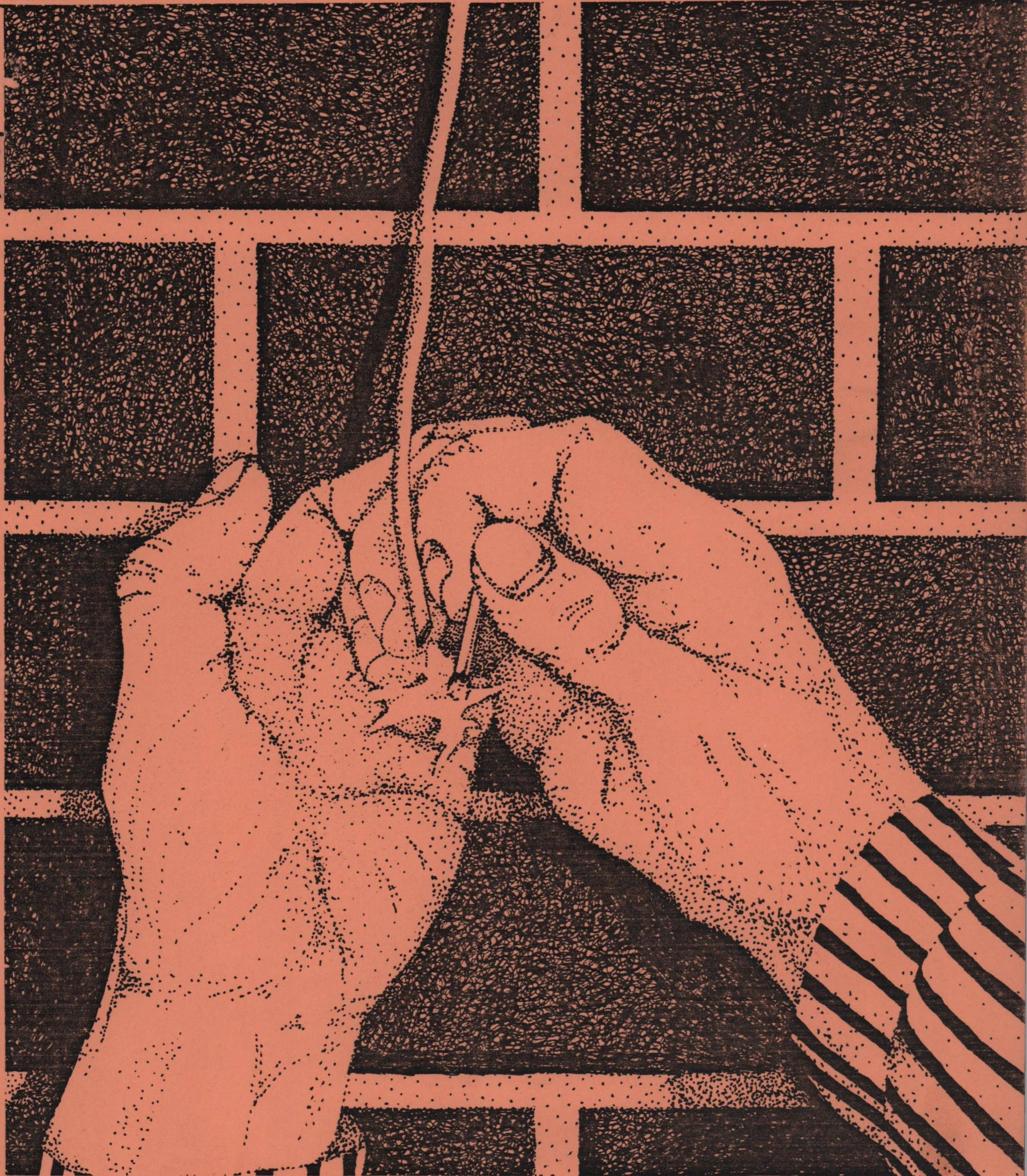
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ANARCHIST

VOL. 3 NO.1

MARCH 1983

PAY WHAT YOU LIKE



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This publication is produced by the Sheffield Anarchists as an aid to the wider dissemination of the libertarian viewpoint in the Sheffield Area and elsewhere.

Vol 1. No. 1 was originally published in 1891, and was intended to be published at fortnightly intervals. However, pressure from the law, christians, police and authority in general (anti-terrorist activity was used as a pretext) ensured its closure after only ten issues. It has been produced intermittently ever since, issues being numbered consecutively.

The paper has no arbitrarily fixed price, a continuation of previous policy that ensures that want of a few pence shall not prevent the sharing of ideas. However, if you do give generously, it will mean that we shall be able to produce more copies for free distribution. Monies received are used in this way, we pay ourselves no wages, under any guise, have no expense accounts and support no other enterprise.

All contributions of a libertarian, anarchist, humanist nature etc, (articles, letters, cartoons, jokes, poetry...) will be thankfully received. They will be reproduced exactly as written/drawn etc. (although text may be typed to facilitate reading) we do not exercise any editorial control over articles etc. inclusion is subject only to the amount of space available in each issue, but since there is usually a shortage of material this is unlikely to happen.

We are a disparate conglomeration of groupings and individuals of various 'classes', 'sexes', and 'occupations' believing in common that a more free and just society is both desirable and attainable. Our very diversity acts as a guarantee that in our quest for Utopia the individual, with all their opinions, needs and desires, plays a vital role. Unlike Marxists we believe that the means used to attain our new society (our acceptance or rejection of authoritarian methods of organisation, for instance) will necessarily influence the eventual form of that society.

The 'Social Revolution' that much abused term, has not yet occurred. We have in our ignorance, installed persons from the working classes in positions of authority above us, and, in our wisdom, proven that economic systems can be altered radically within a relatively brief period of time, but this is not the Social Revolution that our forebears toiled and died for. We have at this point in time a Czar in Russia, an emperor in China and a dictator in Cuba. The effective power structures have remained unaltered, and if anything more stable than before.

In western 'developed' society the vast majority of humans lead a life of deprivation and frustration, reacting, dog like to the whims and commands of their masters. We are well fed simply because two-thirds of our brothers and sisters are underfed in the world today. The masters take all, and give nothing in return, whether they rule by divine right, electoral process, or pure ruthlessness. What we must do is to undermine that blind faith in an outdated system of domination of human by human, and replace by a social order relying instead upon free co-operation between individuals and communities, NO MAN IS GOOD ENOUGH TO BE ANOTHERS MASTER

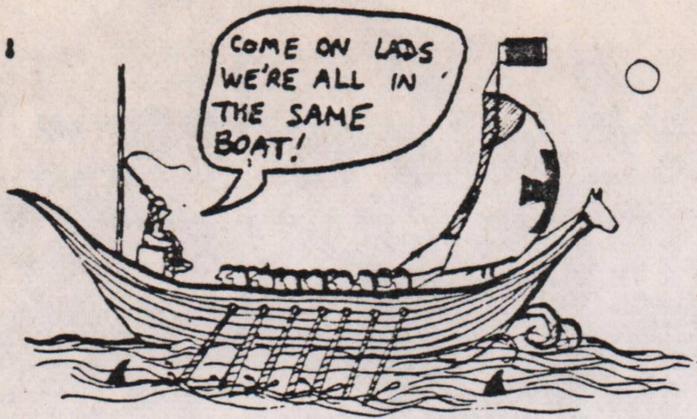
We reject the concept of a 'workers dictatorship', which is a dictatorship nonetheless. Similarly, we reject the concept of 'democracy', wherein theoretically the majority rules the minority (though often the reverse is true). Similarly, we reject the concept of 'free enterprise', which merely confers upon the minority the freedom to exploit the minority.

As anarchists we believe that it is necessary to move as directly as possible towards our goals. Any deviation from this principle is at best diversionary, and probably doomed to failure. Nonetheless, the variations in method of approach are endless, from pacifism to violence, and from collectivism to individualism.

Our anarchism is still in the process of formation, still malleable, still tolerant and understanding. We cannot offer to the 'interested reader' a brief formalised account of anarchism, nor would we wish to do so. Half the fun is finding out, and in Sheffield especially, personal commitment is usually reached through conversation, conviviality and much thought. It has been said that anarchists are not made, but born. Look inside yourself - you might well be surprised at what you find there.

VEGANOK — SPIKE GETS CONFUSED





The past 5 years

This is my personal account of the anarchists in Sheffield since the late 1970's, I tell you this not as an apology but to explain any inaccuracies anyone else who has been involved feels there are.

In 1978 when I first found out that there were anarchists in Sheffield (*I had lived here for 18 years and not heard of them - communications were failing somewhere*) they were split into two groups - The Sheffield Anarchists based around the Commune, and the Sheffield Autonomous Anarchists which seemed to be everyone else. I still don't understand what the split was about, but they seemed to be split along pacifist /non-pacifist lines, suffice to say it wasn't permanent and because of the loose nature of both groups not too clearly defined.

At this time two issues of the Sheffield Anarchist were produced, and printed by Leeds Free Press. It was the era of Persons Unknown, the Anti-Nazi League and the rise of the NF, the Labour governments 'magnanimous' 5%, the ABC Official Secrets Trial etc. There was a small university group in existence which together with some of the town anarchists regularly had a bookstall in the Union. DAM was formed in Leeds and non of the anarchists I knew then were very keen on the idea of such an 'organised' syndicalist body. We were reported by the Star newspaper as the 'Anarchist Party' after a demo in Barnsley!! The North East Anarchist Federation was fairly well organised and managed to keep groups in touch with each other across the region, it provide a usefull means of passing information between groups about both anarchist and state activities that we could be involved in/against.

Then for almost four years nothing..... the people that knew each other from the years before kept in touch socially. There were a few direct actions by individuals to break the monotony but on the whole most people sat around being extremely earnest but actually doing sod all.

About 18 months ago an open meeting was organised at the Friends Meeting House, suprisingly since it was hardly advertised about half a dozen new faces turned up, as well as a contingent from the Womens Peace group who proceeded to complain about how oppressed they were by 'dominating' conversation.

A few meetings were held after that and a fly posting campaign advertising the P.O. Box address undertaken using the poster on page . But since our mail was not getting through anyway we could hardly judge if it was successful - we only received two letters, but now know of at least six more that were posted. There was talk of reviving the Sheffield Anarchist paper but this never came to fuition. The meetings we had didn't produce any great literature or events (though ten of us did converged on Oxford for the national conferance that summer) they were beneficial in that they got people talking constructively again especially about new ideas for getting libertairian views across, from mass flyposting and graffitti, to pirate radio.

Then once again things quietened down, but at least this time the new faces kept in touch with the old. At the end of last year (1982) we met some anarchists who had just started at the university (*see Black Rat article*) and were meeting there regularly, it was suggested that we hold a joint meeting in the wn and publisise in the town and publisise it. (*I think a little of the Black Rat's organising abilities rubbed off on the townies!!*). That was in December and amazingly about 20 people turned up. This was at last something to build on. We met again in January at the Broomspring Centre, and about 40 people turned up! This meeting was just after the occupation of the Masonic Hall (old Registry Office) in the city centre as a peace centre - a nice bit of direct action by mainly anarchists from all over south yorkshire. We decided that it was time to produce a new issue of the Sheffield Anarchist - and this is it!

I don't feel that we are particularly interested in numbers' at meetings (*though it is great to see things expanding*), but a paper should be just another means of communicating our ideas, and we have to use every means available. (*It took me 18 years to find out - and I was looking!*)

We have met since at the peace centre, an ideal place for us, and I hope we go on meeting even if (when) the centre falls to the council. Also NEAF is back in existance, and Sheffield is the current secretariat. NEAF has been fairly dormant over the past few years, (and dominated by DAM), but now we've aquired the secretariat hopefully we can get out there and and make NEAF serve the purpose it was set up for. Throughout Sheffield (and round about) activities are comming together, there seems to be a lot more co-ordination between individuals, now its up to NEAF to get the groups working together - its time for everyone to get up off their arses, stop talking and start doing things.

It would be a shame to loose the feeling that exists within the sheffield group now through lack of effort - it's always a pain continually getting meetings together, papers, activities/actions, even just keeping in touch with each other, but the more of us there are prepared to get involved the easier these things become - and the more time we have to spend doing things that shake the foundations of this sick and corrupt state more.

I hope this issue reaches at least one new person and sets them thinking (*we have better things to spend our time on than preaching to the converted!*). The paper is important but it must not be the only reason for our metting, people getting involved in action is more important than a rag that sells.

Robin Banks

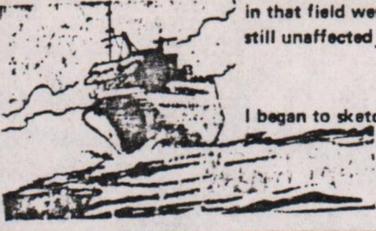


COMING TO UNDERSTAND BY N.N.

This is the story of how a person from the working class, later as a student and later still a person with artistic pretensions threw all that crap away....and became a revolutionary



It all began on a cruise. I was working on it simply to earn money and see more of the world. I was on a rest period and had sat down on one of the passenger decks to sketch. My pretensions in that field were still unaffected.



I began to sketch what I thought was a really glamorous woman. One of the jet set. My opinions about women and the rich were those handed out to me by society. Women were to be possessed and the rich were to be emulated and observed.



She looked like all those images of women which are used to seduce both men and women into buying the commodities that big business thinks we should.

She had spotted me and came over to see what I was doing. She looked at the nearly completed sketch



I was instantly entranced by her. Someone of her class was interested in what I was doing. I offered her the sketch as a gift.

She instantly offered to buy the sketch. Money was all she knew.



I didn't want to accept but she was so beautiful and evidently so rich. She wanted me to take the money. She owned a large number of companies but she was not interested in them. She loved the world of beauty, of art, of fashion. She entranced me. I accepted and followed her.



She took me through all of her glittering world of big money and high fashion.

I was hypnotised by it all, but gradually I began to feel as though I was just her property to be used whenever she wanted and in whatever way. Then I heard about what was going on, in some of her companies. She was at the head of some of the most despicable firms there was. She was responsible for countless deaths and injuries because she refused to listen to the workers' pleas about safety. She pleaded poverty when wage demands were brought to her. She made record profits that year. I was disillusioned.

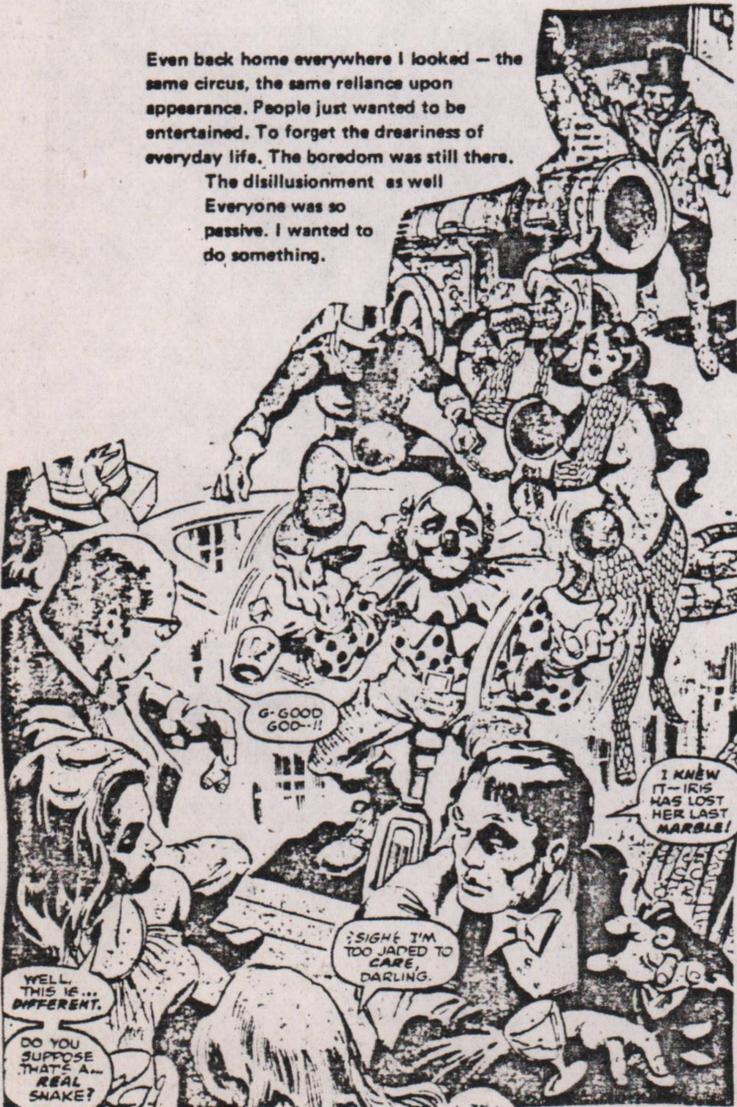


The romance was over. The glitter had died. Art, I threw that overboard and went back to my 'lowly' work onboard ship.



Where to go from there? My belief in the traditional values and traditional concepts had ended.... I went home.

Even back home everywhere I looked — the same circus, the same reliance upon appearance. People just wanted to be entertained. To forget the dreariness of everyday life. The boredom was still there. The disillusionment as well. Everyone was so passive. I wanted to do something.



Where are you going?

Then I met an old school friend. But I still had to get out. To do something..

I have to get out I hate this world

Where are we going? What can you do to help?

If you want to revenge yourself upon this world and create a new one, a better one come.

come with me then.

I went with her and met her comrades — The Anarchists.

This world is just one big oppression. It is boredom, survival, living death. We must create a new one comrade

We must destroy the chains. I see that now.

LATER... The workers rose. Anarchy was coming. I finally understood that my life before was no life at all.

It's the Anarchists.



My future belonged in Revolution....

The bourgeoisie stood, afraid, helpless.



/grey puke, fucking shit/ - CRASS

I m Looking at the tele
kept quiet and calm,
I m waiting for the penny to drop
then waiting for the bomb to drop
so I can crawl in hell
and shout
"I told you so
I told you so
they couldn't look after your lives."

The lies they write
The lies they say
pour out from the TV sets,
meaningless
nothingness
sedating the population

It keeps us off the streets
It keeps us from our talk
It keeps us from seeing us
It keeps us happy
It keeps us dead
It keeps us.

Why should we be entertained? Why should we forget our useless boring existances? Why should we escape? If more people stopped and thought and realised what was happening then may be things would start to change, insted we accept the false reality the vindictive biases that they show. It's the vertical hold of life that wants adjusting. The government at the top the legal system, the civil servants, the police, army, local council, parish council, trades union council all have a hold on us in their twisted vertical hierarchy and we are at the bottom staring at a glass screen trying not to think too much.

So you believe in their illusion? their freedom? the ITV advertisers and the BBC governors that the state appoints, not us they choose they control, we watch. And the law watches over all making sure the bosses don't make mistakes and show us the truth Their illusion is our illusion And when they do show us the horrors of war, of poverty, of pollution, of their mistakes of governments that couldn't care less if we lived or died as long as we obey their rules, we gasp for a second and wait eagerly for the next programme, some trivia of the capitalist classes or stereo types of our world. We don't care That little flickering box becomes the world but we can't get into the box to do anything to change that world then we ignore it shut it out. If we can't respond to TV than we can't respond to life All it is is a glass screen a few inches thick what we see are images dancing in coloured unreality. Real life is all around us the murdering Tories, hypocritical Labour party, killer soldiers in Ireland, warfare in the air, the rag bag filth of our daily lives, our interminable tramp from womb to grave via one farcical scene of human degradation that is our lives to the next

Keeping quiet, believing the lies about being happy, about being free The little money we earn (if they let us) through enforced hours of work, a bit in the bank which finances someones death somewhere the few days holidays they give us to go where they want us to go..... Keep quiet, obey their laws and smile. Just keep smiling all the time at that little box that flickers and dazzles Coloured box, mean little square of lies of hallucinations, like a cell a prison so secure and safe and cunning that we don t even think to escape.

TV pacifies us, numbs us, controls us in the most unmitigated and subversive fashion with constant pictures that keep their status quo to make us really believe that the system has credibility. Everything is not alright. Their rules drone out from the set, their ideas their notions of how to



live The state power and ther servile minions show what they want and you can bet your last cathode ray tube that it won't be the truth telling people that they are suppressed and exploited and looked down on and talked down at and shit on and dead.

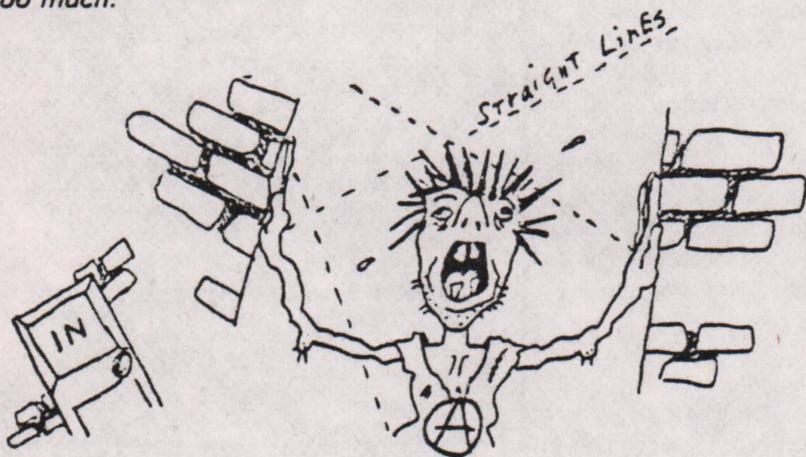
Chas Ryder

Go on pull out the plug
cut off the power,
then we can go out, on the streets
and really cut off the Power
that rules our lives.

WALLS

I am surrounded, boxed and walled in, searching desperately for a flaw in the walls, a crumbling crevice of erosion which could be worked on, prised open and looked through.

Amidst the walls all is confusion; I cannot see clearly through the mist and fog, which is all and everywhere covering my eyes, my ears. My very memory and sense of reality are blurred beyond all recognition as the walls close in all around, squeezing, squeezing. I can hardly breath, the pain, confusion, fear. I cry for help and cannot even hear my own voice as it bounces from the walls, echoes in upon itself and is swallowed by the volumunous mist. Of paramount importance is obedience to the walls and bricks as they squeeze, push, poke and jab, forcing my body this way and that. The fear is almost too much.



There must be escape; some way over, under or through. I must get beyond the walls before I am no more. I force myself to explore the walls with my hands; feeling, touching, groping for I don't know what. There must be something, somewhere, someway somehow. An overwhelming sense of panic and fear engulfs me, scnd only to a much stronger sense of need for freedom; escape into whatever is beyond the walls. I concentrate all my effort and will pushing outwards, in all directions both physically and mentally. Pushing outward, outward, further, further. One word is repeated in my mind over and over again; FREEDOM FREEDOM FREEDOM. There is a tremendous sound of destruction, the very ground shakes, there is a ringing in my ears, the walls are falling! FREEDOM! a sense of fearful anticipation enters my mind, what is beyond the walls? I open my eyes; bricks cover the ground, and as the dust begins to clear.....

The walls are bigger this time. but wider apart and now I can see clearly. Reeling in shock, time moving swiftly I search my memory, desperately trying to work out how I came to be here, I remember, only the word FREEDOM.

A survey of the books that 34 English workers read in economic, social and historical subjects in 1909:

Blatchford	Merrie England	9
George	Progress and Poverty	7
Toynbee	Industrial Revolution	6
Ruskin	Unto This Last	6
J.R Green	Short History	5
Kropotkin	Fields, Factories	5

& Workshops

Smith	Wealth of Nations (parts of)	5
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Only 1 had 'tackled' Marx!

From the cage to the safari park

2 years behind me
my cell almost empty
the possessions i have accumulated
given away
i lie here
on the prison issue bedrug
my last night awaits me
tomorrow is freedom

tomorrow
what will tomorrow bring
with baited breath i step through the gate
i step through the gate
my horizons broadening
by hundreds of per cent
the shock

i walk slowly
to the station
no guard follows me
i walk
do eyes watch me
do they

at the station
my travel warrant is exchanged
for a ticket
i wait
i think
my world has suddenly
become huge
the vastness
swallows me

i look at the vending machines
i read the notices
pasted on the walls
the adverts
its been so long
so very long

will they capture me again
are they watching me now
are they waiting
for my first slip
are they

am i being tricked
perhaps at ths very moment
a sniper-scope
is zeroing in on my head
the remoteness of a trigger finger
will blast away my existance

or maybe a car will do it
or maybe they'll give me 6 months
maybe they'll hit me in the chestnut tree
castrate me with yellow notes
and poison me with clove flavoured gin.

28-1-81 Maidstone Prison

NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT : CND OR BREAKING THE SPECTACLE

Nuclear weapons are weapons of mass destruction and in any hands (whether they be the UK, USA, USSR or any workers state) represent the greatest threat to humanity ever. At this level at least they must be eradicated from the earth.

Nuclear weapons however, are a threat to mankind on more immediate terms – that of suppression in everyday life. They are the ultimate power far beyond the control of ordinary people. They are demanded and controlled by governments and states. Nuclear weapons are not beyond the minds of ordinary people – here they represent something insurmountable. They generate a feeling which percolates through to peoples everyday lives – contrasting that power in the state with themselves – thus inferior, incapable, and towards docility and acceptance.

As Anarchists we believe in the individual, that people should control their own lives and that those objects which suppress factors of society should be destroyed.

So where does CND fit in?..... They want to 'Ban the Bomb' as we do, so what's the problem.

For a start they do not share the same view of society, and therefore the position of nuclear weapons in that society. Their approach to the removal of these weapons is very different. They seek to influence those in power by votes, demonstrations, petitions, affiliations etc. In this tactic they see the Labour Party, with its almost predictable conference decisions for unilateral disarmament, as the most likely means of achieving their aim. They do not see nuclear weapons as one of the state's tools of suppression through creating an image of the state which causes docility among it's subjects. They see no physical barrier to their own aim of disarmament. However, the same Labour Party is that same party which as part of the UK state, took us into NATO, spent £1000 million updating Polaris, and has persistently not acted upon it's conference calls for unilateral disarmament.

Demonstrations and Petitions only channel honest fears into the dishonest ends of having a government do nothing about it. Governments need such factors as nuclear weapons to maintain their dominance via the creation of the spectacle.

So how can we be rid of nuclear weapons for a start? Direct Action; in the war industries – refusing to make the damned things; at nuclear bases – occupations; mass civil disobedience. These would force the government to concede and remove it's nuclear weapons. With that step made perhaps other areas of state control would seem more revolting and in need of removal by more people. So real humanity and real freedom can be created. Nuclear disarmament is only part of our fight against our real enemy, the state, and the forces controlling us in the home at work and school.

Sheffield University Anarchists

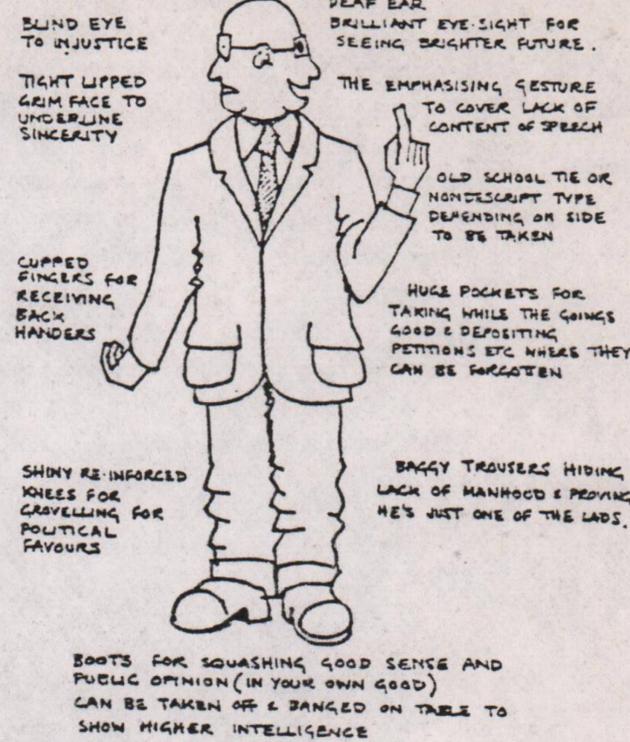


BLACK RAT

We have been going since last October, when most of us arrived in Sheffield. At the moment the group consists of mainly university students. In term time we have weekly meetings at which we get, at the moment, about fourteen people. We have a sort of "front organisation" called USUS Anarchist Society, which means we can book rooms in the students union, have a bookstall, reduced printing costs, and this year £120 from the students union. Also we should get mail through a pigeon hole, but at the moment its being stopped.

Presently our activities focus about the university, which is a bit of a waste of time since most students tend to be well indoctrinated. We have a fairly large bookstall, which is for the moment normally at the Peace Centre and is taken up to the university every week or so. We are quite willing to lend

HOW TO BE SERIES
14: THE PERFECT
POLITICIAN/BEAR
BUREAUCRAT [MALE]



(taken from the city council handbook
for probationary politicians)

TO PIE OR NOT TO PIE?

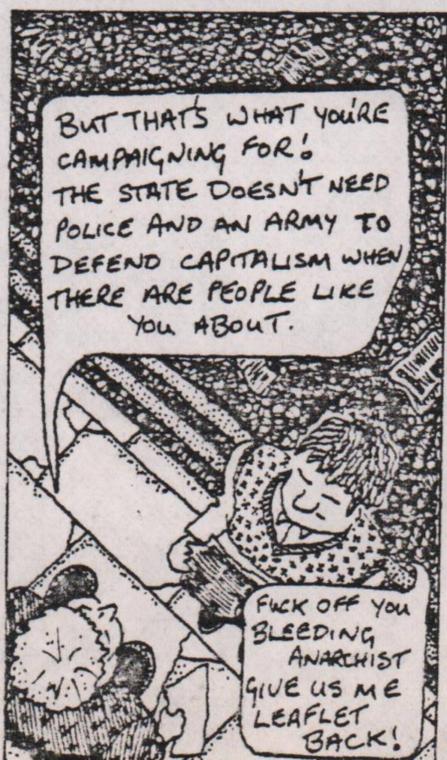
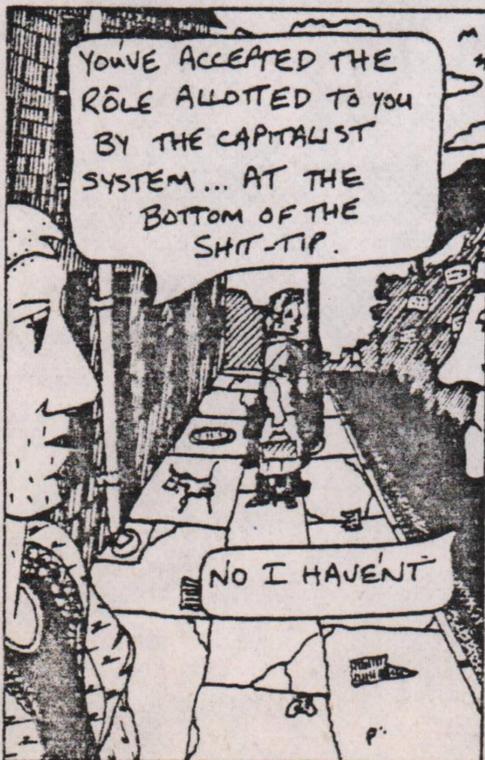
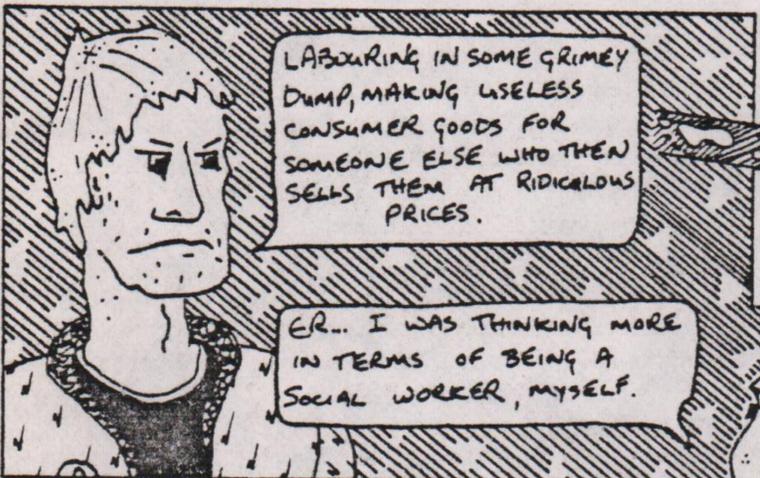
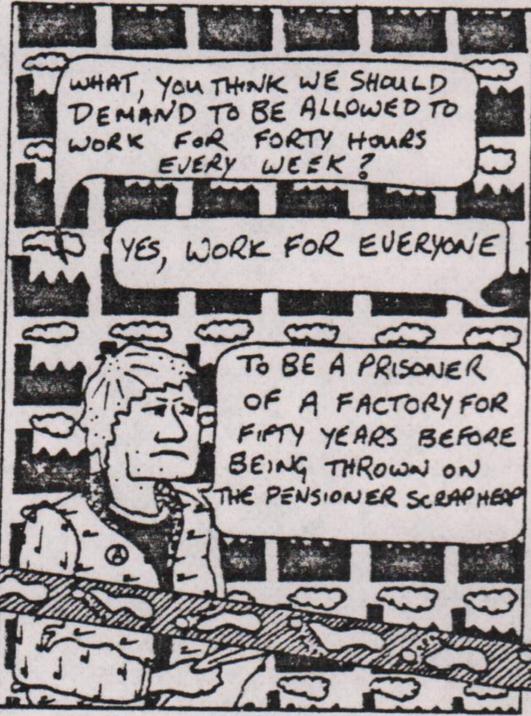
Furious debate as to the rights and wrongs of assulting one particulalry hipocritical member of the local labour council with a custard pie took place just prior to Roger Barton's talk to the university students labour club. It was decided to make a protest of some sort in recognition of his hard-line, antipathetic attitude to the Sheffield Peace Centre squat. Eventually it was decided by some comrades to publically embarass Bart the Fart with an aerosol party streamer. Needless to say he wasn't pleased but sat impotent, the thread of his talk lost probably wishing he hadn't bothered. The chairman on realising that no one was going to physically throw us out on his behalf 'allowed' us to stay. The views of the peace centre got a good airing and there was no one with a good word for Barton, the labour council, and the labour party in general. The suave Mr. Barton tried to slip in a few historical inaccuracies, but being covered in pink foam he lacked credibility.

The chairman summed up by cordially invitng us to come to further meetings and with hatred in his eyes said he wished that more labour Club members had bothered to turn up!!

Sheffield Anarchists.....1
City Council.....0

it out if you think you would like to take it somewhere. Most of our activity at the moment is centered on trying to make the "24 hour occupation" on February 23rd more of an anarchist event. Also we are hoping to have some sort of social/disco/poetry reading evening before Easter.

Everybody is welcome to come to our meetings, especially other students from the Poly etc. Up until Easter we are having meetings on THURSDAYS at 7:00 p.m. in the LINK ROOM at the university students union. If you havn't got some sort of student union card then you will have to be signed in. You can either hang about the entrance around 7:00 and grab someone with an appropriate badge, or in the day time you can get in and pin a message on the societies notice board next to the porters, under "Black Rat" or A soc. There is an agenda pinned to our notice board opposite the cash office, which you can add points too – naturally it isn't adhered to



What Relevance Ireland?

The British government, ably supported by the British media, must, for very good reasons, present 'the troubles' as a religious war, not the least of which is to justify already having sent British troops onto the streets. Living in a 'free country' a country where every adult has the vote, it seems inconceivable that there could exist such injustices that the only way to rectify the situation is to take up arms. It must be seen as a religious war being waged by irrational Irishmen. Certainly there has been much killing on purely sectarian grounds with the IRA having perpetuated its share of the murders, especially in the early seventies. Though it is impossible to condone purely sectarian murders, not all of them were as they may have seemed from contemporary media coverage. The present IRA has its roots in the largely nationalist movement of years ago but politically is far from the IRA that forced the British to concede independence to the south in 1921. As with many other 'liberation' movements throughout the world in the last thirty years, 'nationalist' impetus has waned at the same time 'internationalism' has grown. The present IRA feels an affinity with liberation movements in the third world and poorer European countries. Its links with such diverse groups as the various Palestinian factions, ETA, the Libyan and Cuban governments, amongst others, have been known for some time. 'Internationalisation' or politicisation has come about, as in the case of other groups, through a 'survival of the fittest' syndrome, those individuals within a group who can present a cohesive, political programme of rational, long term answers to problems, tend to cultivate support more easily than individuals motivated by short sighted bigotry. On a practical level, those with a more 'internationalist' approach and who have political affiliations with foreign groups are the ones who tend to be able to secure outside help in the form of training and weapons. That is not to say they are above recruiting support and aid on the purely 'nationalist' feelings of, for instance the Irish Americans. The upper echelons of the Provisional IRA and even more so the INLA, are unequivocally politically motivated. There can be no doubt about the motivation of their respective front organisations, the Provisional Sinn Fein and the Irish Republican Socialist Party.

The fact that the Provisional IRA has a political programme is constantly ignored by the media and state system over here. Whilst the unification of Ireland and an end to British interference is central to the present campaign, uniting Ireland under the control of the present Dublin government is not the long term objective of the paramilitary Republican groups. In the early 1970's the IRA advocated a Federal system in a united Ireland, giving a large degree of autonomy to the areas outside Dublin in an effort to satisfy the culturally and religiously different northern protestant. This programme was, understandably, suppressed by the media and failed to find widespread protestant support. The idea has now been largely shelved.

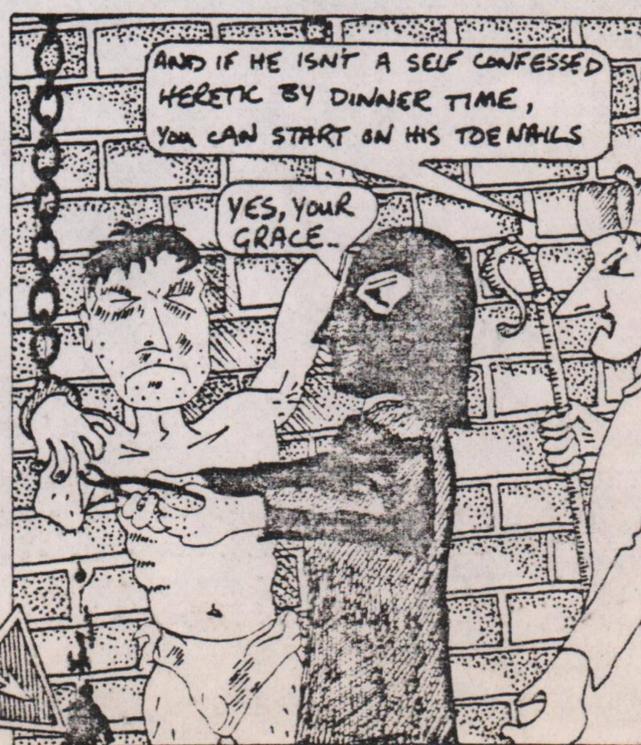
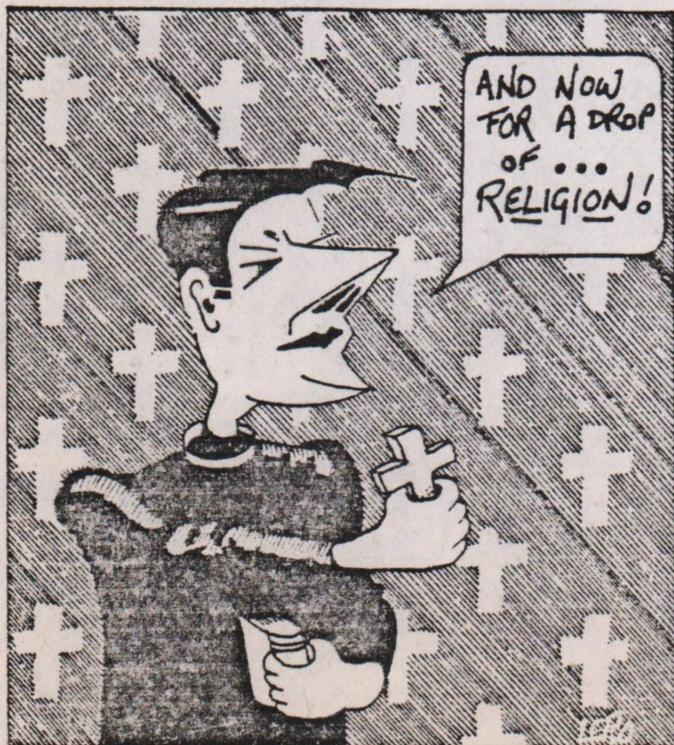
It is worth noting a few points here. Prior to late 1969, the Provisional IRA did not exist. The IRA, being an authoritarian Marxist organisation had lost any credibility amongst the people, years before. In the late 60's in an effort to relate their politics to the working class in Ireland, they had de-militarised by selling much of their explosives and weapons to the Free Welsh Army, who then proceeded to blow themselves up. When the inevitable response of the state to the trouble associated with the massive civil rights demonstrations came the IRA was found to be completely impotent, unable to protect the Catholic minority from attack.

It seems in the nature of British politicians to rely heavily on catch words and phrases, seemingly simple answers to very important and complicated questions. Unfortunately most people in this country have only a rather superficial interest in the world around them. This desire to give and receive short, simple reasons for problems accompanied by short, simple solutions is responsible for the creation of the myths that are so widely held by so many people. Since this article is concerned with the North of Ireland, I shall mention some of the myths that have grown up unchallenged either by the media or Parliamentary politicians about this conflict.

The most obvious one, though probably not firmly believed, is that the Irish are less intelligent (or more stupid) than ourselves. Every culture and country has a 'scapegoat' character, the butt of jokes and stories. Dubliners tell jokes about 'Kerry-men', simple country folk - Wellingtons and no brain, in the same way many people here speak of 'thick paddies'. There is an aspect of this myth, however, that is widely believed, that the Irish are somehow ungovernable and unable to be trusted to look after their own affairs - 'If the troops are withdrawn, they'll start killing each other!'

Another myth widely believed, especially by northern Protestants, is that if the Protestants were forced to live in a Catholic state, their religious rights and even their lives would be threatened. There are Protestants living in the Republic who do not suffer unduly as a religious minority. It is true that there is discrimination on religious grounds in some areas, notably in hospitals and other institutions, but this is not discriminatory in a sense that the minority are disadvantaged in any way. There was no Holocaust directed at the Protestants at the time of partition. Who would benefit from this in the future? There is no-one reading this who would take kindly to being absorbed into a state under the degree of influence that the Catholic Church exercises in the Irish Republic, although the degree of church interference in political and social conditions has steadily declined since the inception of the Republic. The idea of living in a society subjected to laws based on the moral code of the Vatican Church still tends to conjure up an image (to us Atheists) of the Middle Ages.

cont.....



inquisitions, superstitions, strange rituals etc., a place less inviting than the environment we presently live in, Ulster protestants fear of 'Papism', however, is not quite the same as the fear of we, hopefully tolerant, non-believers. Having lived in near isolation for several hundred years, passing on archaic attitudes and moral mores from parent to child, they have remained unaffected by the decline in power of the church in Western Europe. By virtue of their economic and military superiority to any potential opposition, the northern protestants have remained immune to the pressures that have forced the church to 'liberalise' to survive elsewhere. I would maintain that these religious fanatics have more in common with their catholic counterparts than they have with the majority of English people.

It is important to point out that the church in the Republic has lost a lot of the power that it once had. As happened many times before, an oppressed people tend to be drawn towards the church (or mosque as in Iran) when it seems to be the only effective opposition to that oppression. During the days of British colonialism, Irish language and culture was vehemently suppressed. The now so reactionary, church was once revolutionary in that effectively stopped the destruction of the Irish national consciousness. Though religious strife has been the cause of much of Ireland's trouble, the present war in the north is far from being a religious conflict.

To some of the IRA, it became clear that within a Parliamentary democracy the majority was not in any way compelled to respect the civil rights of a minority. This impotence, in the face of armed assault coupled with the realisation that the Stormont Parliamentary system could not bring freedom and equality to the catholic minority, spawned the beginnings of the Provisional IRA. The emergence of a cohesive armed resistance at a time when the catholic ghettos were invaded by a sectarian police force, sectarian fire-bombers and colonial troops, resulted in undeniable popular support for the 'Provos' amongst the catholic working class. It is their ability to remain effective despite overwhelming odds for so long and consolidated by a politicisation of the struggle that has earned the provos more support now than they've ever had.

Another popularly held belief here is that the IRA, if not actually receiving help from the state in the Republic, benefit from the state 'tuning a blind eye' to their activities in the South. This is a complete misapprehension. Despite gaining independence as a result of a war with Britain and still retaining in its constitution a pledge to re-unify Ireland, the Republic is still to a large part only nominally independent. With a few notable exceptions such as neutrality during WW2, its independence from NATO the prohibition of abortion and discouraging of contraceptive devices, the Republic remains remarkably similar to Britain. Many laws passed by Parliament are passed by the Dail a short time later, and despite the pride many Irish profess to have in their culture, the Irish language is again on the decline. The 'consumerism' and reactionary political attitudes amongst the working class associated with the 'boom years' there in the 1960's is still prevalent in Ireland, the 'boom years' having arrived there much later. Ireland, however will be much less able to stave off the effects of the economic depression presently hitting the western world. Since adopting an independent monetary unit a few years ago, the Irish 'Punt' has lost a quarter of its value and this, coupled with high import charges on many goods has made Ireland a very expensive place to live. There is growing unemployment with little benefit in the non-welfare state. It has occurred to the government that if, and when, the situation in the North is resolved, the paramilitary political organisations may be unwilling to live happily and peacefully in the decaying capitalist state that is Ireland. Whilst the IRA and others pose only a threat to Westminster's influence in Ulster, they threaten the existence of the Dail. "Join the IRA - spearhead of a Socialist Republic in Ireland" say their posters and many people believe it. Whilst giving, in effect, 'political status' to imprisoned activists, the Republic is afraid of the possibility of a political/military victory in the North and is doing its best to stamp out the IRA. An indication is the side and power of the Irish Special Branch.

So what relevance has all this to us here in Sheffield? The most obvious effect of the troubles is that we may be subjected to the use of the 'Prevention of Terrorism' act. A very drastic measure, sometimes used with very little discrimination coupled with a paranoia generated by the media against bombings, killings and 'anarchy' in general.

The real relevance, however, is the possibility of a military defeat, or at least change brought about by violent action, right on Britain's doorstep. Once, Britain was the largest colonial power, feared throughout the world. This is now changed. Because of the change in the nature of modern warfare and in keeping with Britain's reduced sphere of influence, the British army has become much smaller but prides itself with being a totally 'professional' army. It is much



better equipped and trained than ever before and is arguably the best army for its size in the world. But what if this army, armed to the teeth with the most sophisticated killing and surveillance equipment, were to be successfully challenged by a force of poorly trained civilians? The British state cannot allow itself to be forced out of Ireland as a result of armed resistance, not because of any loyalty to the sycophantic 'Loyalists', but because it would show the idea of an invincible, "professional" army to be a fallacy. This is relevant to us in Britain. The events in Bristol, Lewisham and Brixton shocked people of a myriad of differing attitudes and resulted in feelings ranging from panic and despair to jubilation. They showed, however that the state was unable to resist concerted attacks by the people. Surely when the existence of the present capitalist system is faced with extinction, we, or our children, will face the British army in a 'to the death' struggle. There is no precedent for a capitalist state giving up its power without a fight. We must have the confidence that comes from the knowledge that our enemy can be beaten because, without that confidence, the war will drag on and on and ultimately lead to the deaths of so many more people.

There is not one of us who, having been brought up in a catholic ghetto in Belfast in the 1960's, could say that they would not have supported the armed Republicans to some degree. There is at least one Anarchist comrade in the prison camps at Long Kesh who feels that there can be no possibility of creating an Anarchist environment in Ireland, until at least there is an end to the interference of the British government. It was not the IRA but Stormont, and now Westminster, that determined that this must come about through the use of violence.



MY FIELD

I know my field, it supports my life and protects it. I warm my body by a small fire and my soul by the parallels of our existence. I live in that field that I know, my field of existence. But what of beyond the fences? What of the outside world? What of the pain, the horror, the oppression, the power, the violence,? - so I stay in my field.

But how can I when other people suffer and I live under a constant threat? So I abandon my selfish hermitage in my field. My soul grows cold at our parting. But a new warmth enters, the warmth of compassion, of a new hope for a future for all.

If only we could leave our secure fields then our unity could go so far and change so much

SEAN RIDGEWELL 83
 @11@11@11@11@

Too late

When you awake one morning
 To a rifle at your head
 And there's tanks outside your window
 And armed troops surround your bed,
 When Auschwitz is in Shepherd's Bush,
 And razor wire adorns the gate,
 When the election game is played no more,
 And there's a curfew after eight
 Don't worry about the gays and jews
 Or the coloured people's fate,
 Don't bother making petrol bombs,
 For then it will be too late

2-6-80 Canterbury Prison



PATRIOTISM? I DON'T THINK SO

Am I patriotic?
 It is hard to say,
 For each of those who die tomorrow
 Have died yesterday

A duty to your country,
 We'll meet again sunny day
 And do you still love your country
 When you are far away?

I wonder how many believed....
 The soldiers who died.
 I can understand.....
 The people who cried.

Is it really your land?
 You remember what you were told.
 One thought still lingers....
 Britain is only Britain in the eyes of the old.

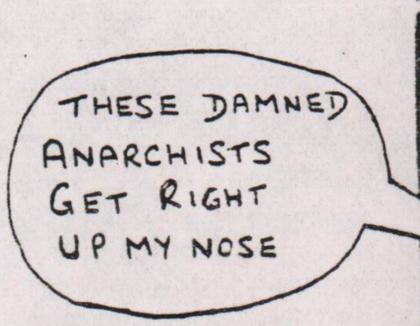
DIFFERENCE

Patrolling, waiting, observation.
 Quietly hoping, praying.
 Smiles to see a shattered window.
 Nerves on edge and crying
 Looking quietly on her own.
 She's thin and tired, unfed.
 Bakery window got put through.
 All for a loaf of bread.

ANARCHY

Ever reviled, accursed, ne'er understood,
 Thou art the grisly terror of our age.
 "Wreck of all order", cry the multitude,
 "Art thou, and war and murder's endless
 rage."
 O, let them cry. To them that ne'er have
 striven
 The truth that lies behind a word to find,
 To them the word's right meaning was not
 given.
 They shall continue blind among the blind.
 But thou, O word, so clear, so strong, so
 pure,
 Thou sayest all which I for goal have taken.
 I give thee to the future! Thine secure
 When each at last unto himself shall waken
 Comes it in sunshine? In the tempest's fhrill?
 I cannot tell - but it the earth shall see!
 I am an Anarchist! Wherefore I will
 Not rule, and also ruled I will not be!

JOHN HENRY MACKAY



BLOODY VANDALS!

Mindless destruction. daubers on the wall, this is how we are presented with the situation by the vacuous newspapers, this is how it reflects our own perception of the world around us; the broken trees and smashed windows, GAZ RULES OK, kill MUFC sprayed on the walls. Why? Is it a mark of ignorance perpetrated by yobbos is it a mark of ignorance wreaked willfully, is it. or is it something more important?

All around us in our grandly organised towns we see the glories of civilisation the glories of authoritarian society that marshals us around like so many chess pieces. Cars are shunted one way then another, pedestrians stop and start at the sign of red and green men Railings keep us out of the parks, fences keep us off the grass, dual carriageways divide towns into easily manageable areas bland concrete walls of offices and multi storey car parks abound. The state has got us surrounded by its planned environments and so where are we in all this? Somewhere in this restricted landscape there are voices shouting loudly. We live in a passive society that watches life like it watches the T.V., we cannot respond to what we see. Or for the main we don't respond those who do are called vandals, at least they attempt to express themselves in our repressive streets.

Call a few broken windows or smashed walls vandalism? When you walk down the street and see it covered in the garish adverts pushing consumer goods for you to buy and for others to line thier pockets The roads that restrict by laws, falling apart because of some government cuts in spending, what respect for the environment can we have? Where do we stand in this conglomeration of mindless standardisation and official chaos Where is my name? Up on the wall taking a place instead of being trodden down Those slogans may appear meaningless to some in society but to others they are the very cores, the football, the groups they are the very thing that give their lives any sense and to display their central feelings in places of prominence is more than natural it is a necessity.

As for the destruction, we may see little of it on privately owned areas but more often than not it is on the so called communely owned area which in fact mean state owned, or owned by large institutions and firms. Where better to show your disgust at their authority and their attempts to control our lives kick it down! break it up! Vandalism is creative. "At home, in the office factory field or shops, it is always someone's authority which keeps you obedient and compels you to do their will"¹ Now do your will for once, show them you exist in their clockwork patterning perhaps a glimmer will get through to them that a free human spirit still lives out here, even if you have to chip it in stone in the walls of our streets.

It's fine when the state cuts swathes through our lives, blowing our houses up in war-time, knocking them down during peace time for some none existant by-pass. When their mindless works create more destruction than a million individuals ever could we passively accept it, let one person break up a tree planted by some mayoress and the press screams itself blue. If local authorities rip out the insides of a block of flats to prevent the homeless squatting then why shouldn't we all follow suit, have we not the right? who is to deny us this? If children have broken up a playground may be that was play in itself and any way who said the children wanted swings, who asked them? It was just the oppressive forces that we accept so willingly, tear them down, their wilderness is not mine

Apparently, we are informed by our 'reliable' papers, that a growing area of vandalism is in the schools. What a greater area of enforced conformity and state vandalism could be imagined than a school. It slowly grinds our any independence in children and moulds them into automotons, the mental and physical repression is on an almost unbelievable level; no-one has any say in how these monstrous educational institutions work. We are tied to a system that seems inevitable unchanging and callous. Free will is frowned upon and then crushed so how can anyone

be suprised if someone burns that school down it seems a natural response to authoritarianism. If the schools weren't there we could start again perhaps make a better job of it this time treat children as human and teachers as guides and helpers not barking monsters.

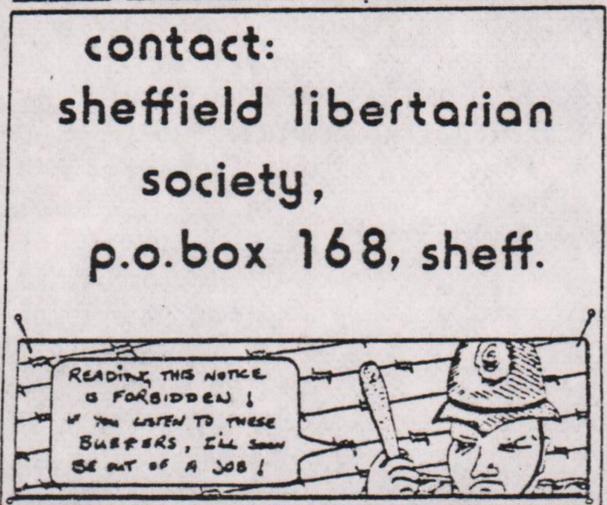
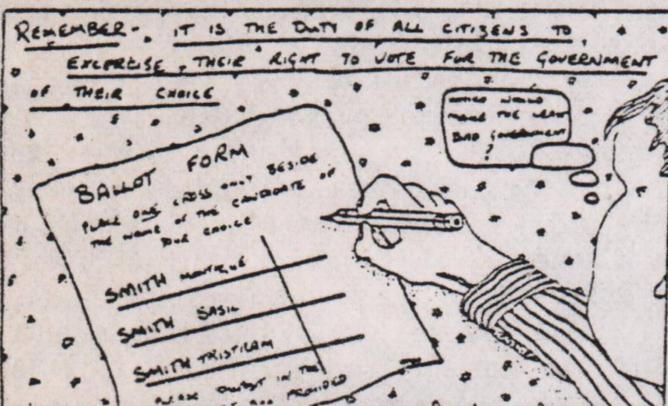
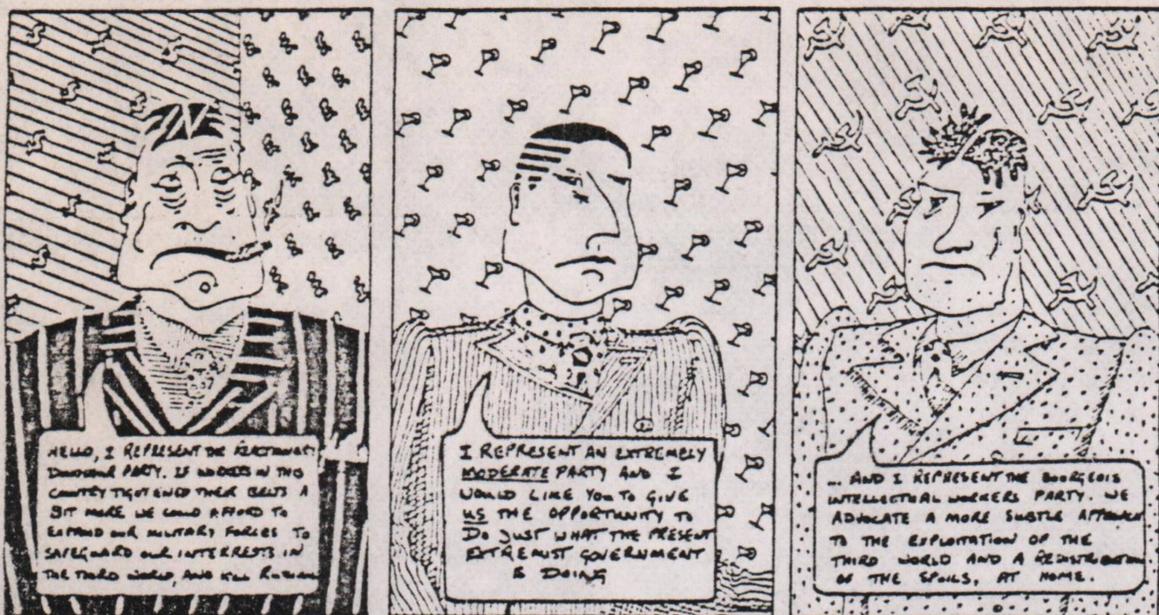
Factories, offices, all places of work are the same, teach yourselves to be free, they call it industrial sabotage, yet it is a reaction brought on by frustration, an attempt to draw attention to the individual in a machine like life and show anger at their indifference to us "Let them hate me as long as they fear me"² Now if all vandals in the streets, vandals in the schools, the factories offices fields and shops acted in concord instead of individually imagine the results. "The re-direction of aggressive impulses produced by asocial living is an eminently acceptable outlet for such impluses provided that it takes the form of rational and fully conscious disobedience by intelligent individuals towards irresponsible institutions"³ The sentiments of this lie at the heart of the problem (though one may dispute some of its limiting elitism), let every one have a say. The institutions that should be singled out are far more widespread than that writer imagines, they eat at every fibre of our existance, there is almost no place free from their influence.

Vandalism is direct action Make your mark, everyone make them take note Yet how they take note is vital. Authority, that is the state local government downwards don't look to themselves don't ask why people do what they do, don't look at the drab dreary surroundings that governments build or look at the disastrous lives that result from their rules and laws, they are blind. Vandalism is a myth of the state enacted to us through the media to cover their own ineptitude and destruction It is the moral panic that will scare the rest of society into apparently agreeing that they must clamp down, they want our affermation to do so. So the government comes down hard ".....the state has won the right, and indeed inherited the duty, to move swiftly to stamp fast and hard we are inside the law and order' state"⁴ These are the times we are in, a profound change is needed in the social structure to realise our own freedom. "Boldly ignite the flames of Anarchy"⁵ and this we can start now. If society doesn't care, make them. Create Vandalism. Create Anarchy. When the day comes when all of us get our right to say how we want to live and not to be told by any 'deomocratic dictatorship', may be then we can put away our bricks and spray cans. May be then we can come indoors but until then direct action against mindless authority will go on

Chas Ryder

1. *Anarchist Communism* (1929) A. Berkman
2. *Anarchist Action* N. Walter
3. *Authority and Delinquency in the Modern State* (1950)
4. *Policing the Crisis : Stuart Hall et al*
5. *Burevestnik* (27.1.1918)





P+P SHEFFIELD AUTONOMOUS ANARCHISTS
ON BEHALF OF THE NORTH-EAST ANARCHIST FEDERATION

PILLS

I've done my job,
I've paid my bills,
I've had enough,
I'll take my pills....

IT DID

They said it would happen
And I said it would,
And I wanted to be so good,
A metal tube encased
DO NOT TOUCH
And I wanted to do so much.
Someone pressed the red button
Gave it all they wanted to give.
And I had no time to live.

BANG!!

And now there's nothing left....
Except me...
In everlasting eternity...
And so I'm free...
But it's not what I planned it to be.

Mere Existence?

A man walked down a street one day
The treadstones routine slabs of grey
And as he trod they seemed to say
"How is Comrade Man today?"

To every man they spoke the same
For every man had lost his name
From every mouth the answer came
"Man has made all men the same."

**GOLD PLATE TOILETS & POLISHED BRASSES
COMFY CHAIRS UNDER PINSTRIPED ARSES
GOALERS OF THE WORKING CLASSES
THIS IS THE BOURGEOIS ORDER.**

**PRODUCTION TARGETS LINE THE WALL
ALL PRAISE THE GOD OF CAPITAL
THIS IS THE THING WHICH RULES US ALL
THIS IS THE BOURGEOIS ORDER**

**THIS IS WHERE OUR HOMES ARE WRECKED
OUR MINDS DISGUISED' OUR FUTURES CHECKED
THIS IS WHERE OUR SONS EJECT
THIS IS THE BOURGEOIS ORDER**

**TEN QUID A WEEK RETIREMENT PLAN
PAT ON THE BACK AND A WEEK IN HAND
GOLD PLATED WRIST-WATCH FROM THE MAN
THIS IS THE BOURGEOIS ORDER**

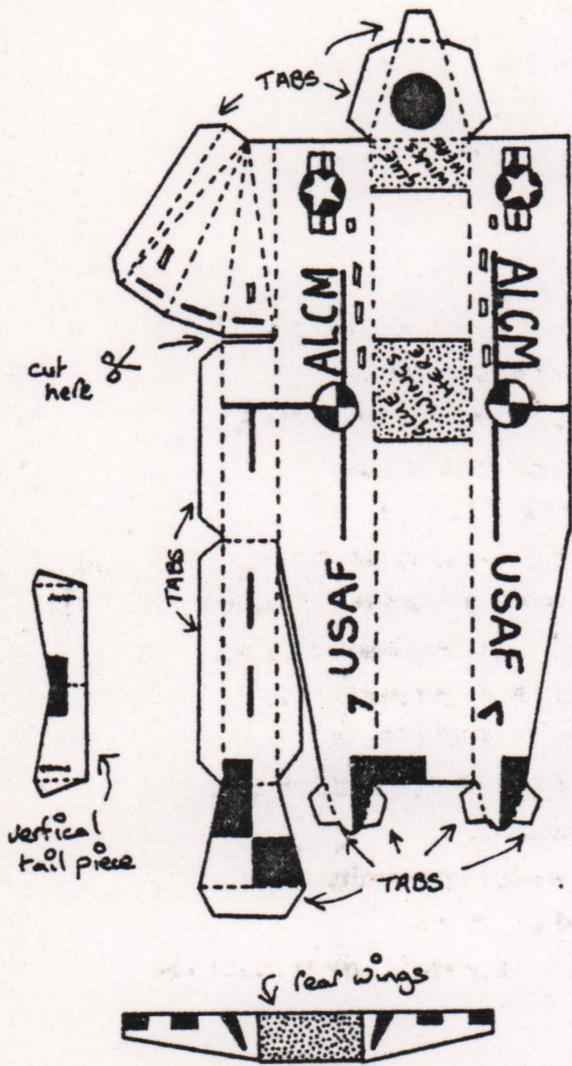
**IS THIS THE MOB WE SHOULD OBEY
WHO STARVE OUR KIDS AND STEAL OUR PAY?
THEY LL WANT OUR VOTES ON POLLING DAY
THIS IS THE BOURGEOIS ORDER.**

.....one man tore from his ragged breast an Egyptian war medal he had been wearing and addressed the members of the Carlton Club who were looking at him with suprised expectancy "We were not the scum of the country when we were fighting for bond-holders in Egypt, you dogs!" He hurled his medal at the window of the club and smashed it.
(West End Riots 1886)

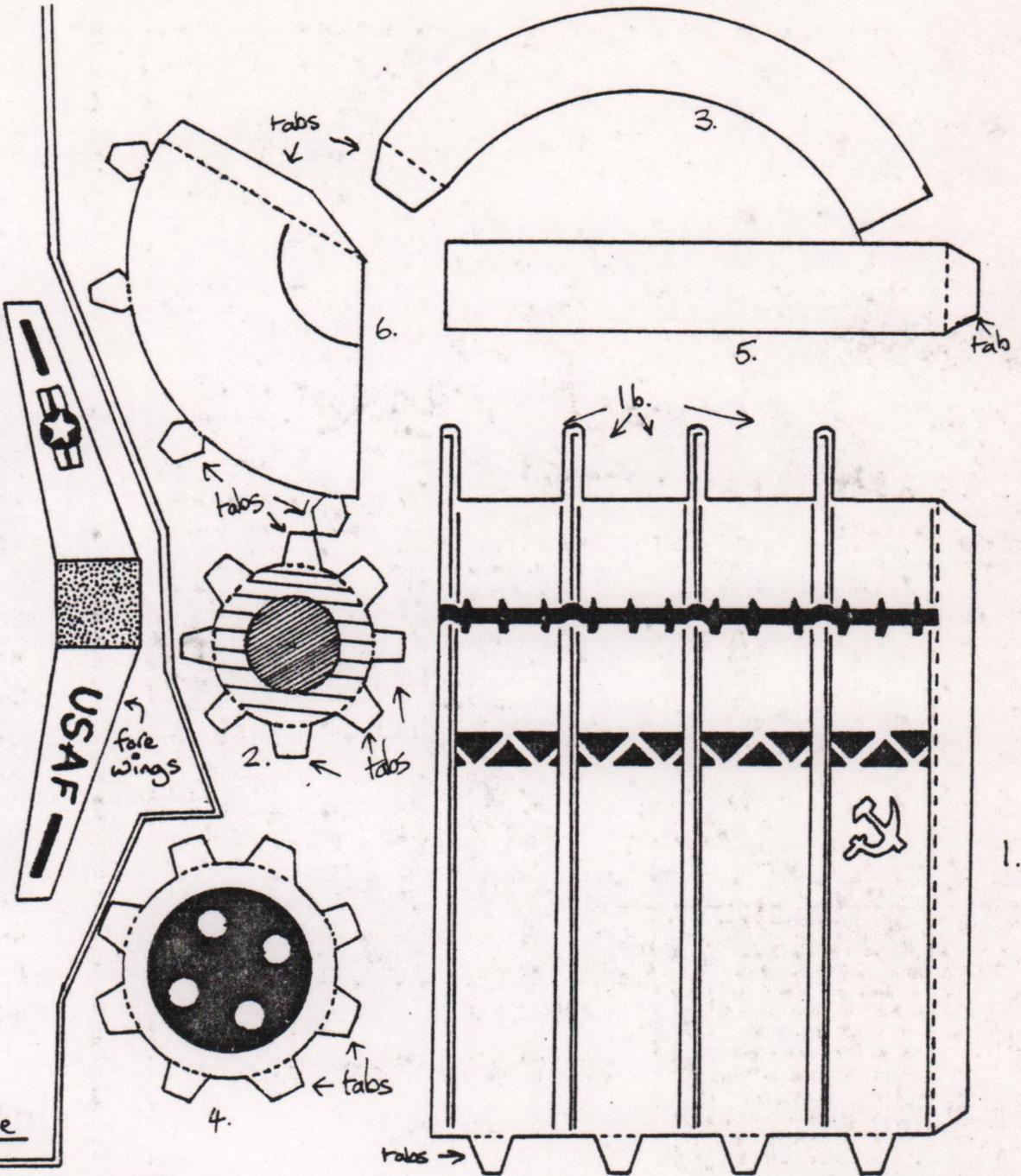
"Close fellowship with each other and steady purpose for the advancement of the cause will naturally bring about the organisation and discipline amongst ourselves absolutely necessary to success; but we shall look to it that there shall be no distinction of rank or dignity amongst us to give opportunities for the selfish ambition of leadership which has so often injured the cause of the workers. We are working for equality and brotherhood for all the world and it is only through equality and brotherhood that we can make our work effective."
(Manifesto of the Socialist League - Morris)

Cut 'n' Glue

CONSTRUCTION KIT AND GAME.



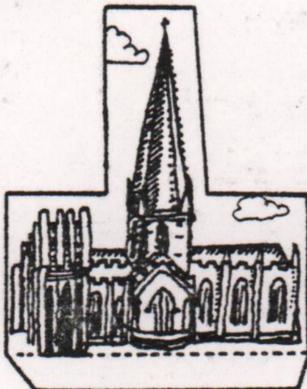
The Boeing Air Launched Cruise Missile



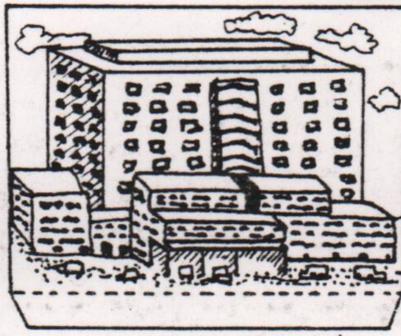
Soviet Inter-Continental Ballistic Missile



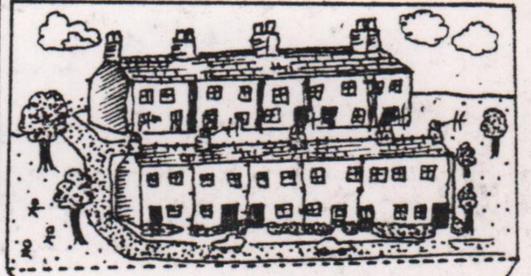
Old Town Hall



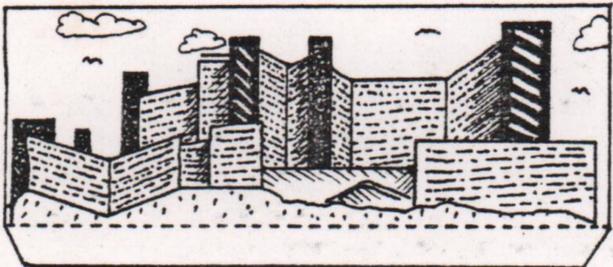
Sheffield Cathedral



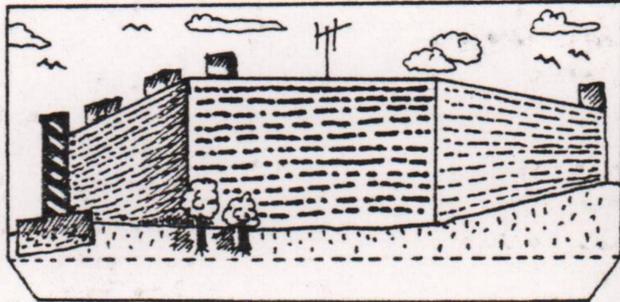
Hallamshire Hospital



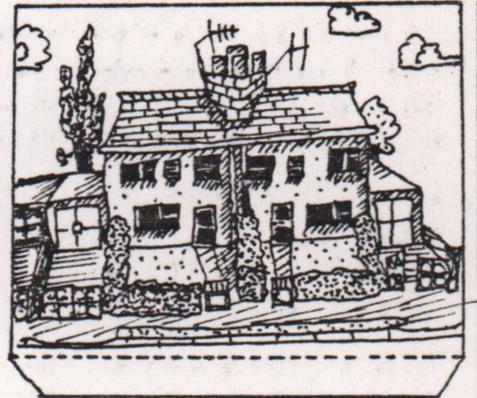
terraced houses



Hyde Park flats.



Park Hill flats.



Mad. Semi. flats.

Cut round all solid outlines. Bend dotted lines along a straight edge. Glue all tabs. Russian ICBM assembled body first. Piece no. 2. inserted in top of tube. Piece no. 4. inserted inside rocket motor 'skirt', no. 3, glued round base of rocket body. Nose cone no. 6 fits inside band no. 5 and is glued inside ends of pipes, 16, at top of body.

- A new, exciting game with two dice. A six thrown with one dice launches the nasty Russian ICBM. See if you can throw a six within ten throws of the other dice to launch the cruise missile as an act of retribution on behalf of the people of Sheffield. Cover all models in petrol and ignite for realism. (If you are under 16, ask mummy's permission first). 🎲 🎲 🎲 Ⓜ

We had hoped to carry an article about the history and aims of the Peace Centre squat but unfortunately they all seemed to be too busy to get around to it so, instead, we leave this space for you to imagine what they may have written (with the tacit approval of all concerned etc. etc.)

