

САПЬЯДЭ ЗРІЯЩА
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ЙЭШС

BOLSHEVIK RHYTHM!



alive & kickin'

CAMBRIDGE ALTERNATIVES

Intermediate Treatment working for young people in Cambridge

Charity number: 287388

County Hall,
Hobson Street,
Cambridge
CB1 1NL
Telephone 311211

**More join
late queue**

Mr. [redacted]
Cambridge

Your ref:
Our ref:

5th August 1985

Dear Mr. [redacted]

Sorry for the delay in contacting you but we have not had any success in our applications to get the Council interested in providing accommodation for adolescents. Therefore, for the time being, I am afraid we will have to let the idea drop. Should the situation change I will be in contact.

Yours sincerely,

Viv Blickem

Viv Blickem
Project Manager

FIRST WE MUST MAKE IT CLEAR THAT THE ABOVE DECISION IS NOT THAT OF CAMBRIDGE ALTERNATIVES. WHO HAVE BEEN VERY HELP-FULL

Britain's young homeless

HAVE HAD ENOUGH

CASE HISTORY

I received a letter at my lodgings saying I had two weeks to move on. But to where? Well, maybe to a friend's but mostly in the rough somewhere. Last night I slept in the woods. Tonight... I don't know. I'm very worried all the time. I'm only young.

MICHAEL ANDERSON, 17.
THE MIRROR, Thursday, August 1, 1985

CASE HISTORY

I've got a tent up in the woods. I get £17.30 a week. That's all the money I have. The most difficult thing is finding enough food to eat. I eat out of tins. I stole some ice creams I was so hungry. I told the police why, but they said n'ovt. I can't go home. There's trouble at home.

MICHAEL OWEN, 17.

AFTER 6 MONTHS OF PLANNING AN' GOING THROUGH "THE PROPER CHANNELS" WE HAVE DECIDED TO DO IT OURSELVES. WE ARE OPENING A REFUGE FOR VICTIMS OF "MAGGIES MADDNES" WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT. WATCH FOR OPENING DATE IN NEAR FUTURE... WE NEED JUMBLES, PAINT, TIME, MONEY, USE OF A VAN ETC. AND YOUR LOVE.

CATCH ALL THE ACTION! ON THE DOLE?

FUCK NUKES. A LIVING WAGE FOR ALL

Hello,

Welcome to another 'alive and kicking', the magazine put together by Cambridge Anarchists. It's been going quite a while now under various names and hopefully we're reaching more people with every issue. You may find this copy less 'intellectual' and more factual than in the past. This reflects the change that has taken place in Cambridge Anarchists recently. We are now meeting on a regular basis but haven't a regular meeting place as yet. If you are interested in coming along or contributing to the magazine please write to us at,

BOX A, c/o Cambridge Free Press,
25 Gwydir Street, Cambridge.

Looking forward to meeting you,
lots of love,
Cambridge Anarchists.

If you're unemployed and single in Cambridge, you can just about forget about finding somewhere to live. Half the cheap housing is being pulled down to make more office space that won't be used while the other half is in the clutches of the University. The Council shits spend our money on shopping centres for the rich to get richer, then expect us to swallow "rate-capping" and "land shortage" crap.

Inspired by a copy of The Squatters' Handbook, we took the anarchistic approach to housing. Thake's cycle shop (22 rooms) in the centre of town was bought by the Council to widen the road! The bumbling bureaucracy has now changed its mind (after the Tories lost control) and doesn't know what to do with the building. We did. We moved in in the early hours of Saturday 7th September. As well as somewhere for us to live we plan to start a vegetarian cafe, a wimmin's space, a creche and a few other things

....
Before we can do that we need help and money for repairs and clearing up. From this base we hope to open up squats for others in our situation. If you want to help or you need help to house yourself, come and see us at Thake's in East Road. Why let your rent support the rich - SQUAT THE LOT!



SQUAT THE

SQUAT

LOT!

POLICE 5

The people who rip you off, whip you off in Fraud Transits.

PR 19600

CAMBRIDGESHIRE CONSTABULARY

PROPERTY RECEIPT

RECEIVED of *Michael John WEAVER*
c/o Granite bookshop
Gwydir St. Ch.

£ *NIL*

2nd August 1985

One poster: A3 size
 "Improper conduct no 1"

Signature: *MJ Weaver* P1381

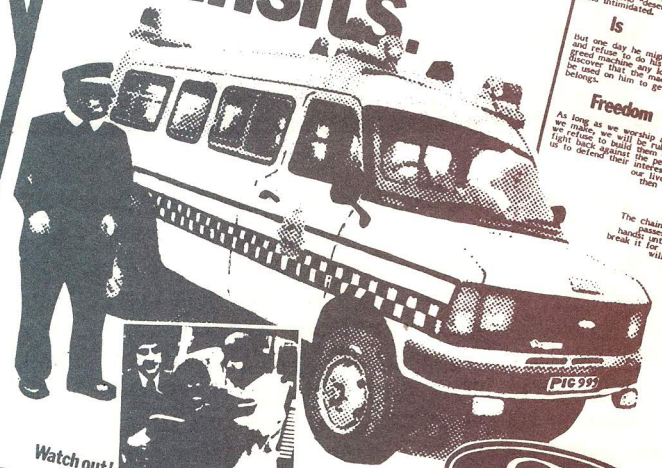
Property Register No.

FORM 299H

When the state moves in with censorship, that's when you know you're getting somewhere. Grapevine Bookshop in Gwydir Street, Cambridge is currently waiting with not-so-baited breath to see if Bash-The-Radical-Bookshop (a popular game in London and Edinburgh these days, we hear) is about to take a new turn...

The poster reproduced here was the concern of the young copper who walked into the shop on 2nd August. He'd been sent by his inspector to confiscate said poster, which was on display in the window. Apparently the word FUCK at the bottom made the poster "obscene" in the Big Pig's eyes, and he wanted a copy for himself just to make sure. No-one else had complained about it, either to the shop or to the police themselves, but if the law thinks it's "calculated to deprave and corrupt" (YES! YES!) then it doesn't matter what the citizen in the street thinks.

The poster isn't especially anti-police: it's more about how people help to build the tools of their own oppression, as a response to Ford's own "The people you rely on, rely on Ford Transit" advert, featuring beaming AA men and a suitably grateful motorist. Doing this



No
Every day, all over the world, familiar Fraud Transits can be seen going about its everyday business.

Gods
Whenever ordinary people stop like sheep and start to think for themselves, you can bet there'll be a lot of trouble for the people who can't imagine a life that isn't run by their desires and ambitions.

No
Because the smart white Transits here to make sure that things do not go wrong. One of the things that the bosses who were first to buy the Transits were the politicians who can't imagine a life that isn't run by their desires and ambitions.

Masters
But as long as we continue to go along with a system that builds the lives of these people that build the object of our desire, it is the people who are told that they should be grateful for the jobs they have and not to think of anything else.

Anarchy
Because every job or boss or police man is a job or boss or police man because it is someone else's job or boss or police man that is the reason that we are told that we should be grateful for the jobs we have and not to think of anything else.

Is
But one day he might see the connection between the two and he will be surprised to discover that the manager who he'll be used on him to get him back where he belongs.

Freedom
As long as we worship and fear the things we refuse to build them or use them. They are the things that we are told to defend them. The things that we are told to defend them. The things that we are told to defend them.

The chain of command goes through our hands until we're able to break it for ourselves. We will remain its prisoners.

sort of thing is scarcely new, or particularly underground: Cienfuegos Press' used to do a neat line in anti-Tesco adverts, while no less a temple of culture than the Tate Gallery last year held an exhibition by the German artist Hans Haacke, who does glossy photomontages that slag off BL's selling Land Rovers to the South African filth, using their own captions above suitably ironic photos of beatings and riots.

So it's back to harrassing people for using "rude" words. Or is it? The duty sergeant at Parkside knew nothing about the matter when Grapevine rang up asking for a summons or their poster back. We'll know one way or the other pretty soon. Grapevine are hoping to make good publicity out of it either way. Meanwhile, they're continuing to stock the poster, and display one in the window with a discreet CENSORED sticker over the little word, hoping the while that Ford will sue. Now that would be funny. Freedom Bookshop have the few remaining copies, but if any group or bookshop want some to sell (they're A3 dark blue on white: please order at least 20 to make it worth the postage; then contact Grapevine or Box A, and we'll arrange a reprint.

DEATH & DESTRUCTION

Look into the skies of East Anglia on any day, and you are bound to notice, sooner or later, the wonders of modern "defense" technology. If you're really unlucky, you don't even have to look - the roar of jet engines deafens you with alarming regularity. What you don't hear about that often, is how many of the planes manage to drop out of the sky, or not even make it into the air before blowing up or crashing. The latest little mishap occurred on the 8th of August at USAF (whatever they'd like us to believe) Alconbury, near Huntingdon (hopefully all readers will have been there, ho ho). At 10.20am, a Canberra aircraft forgot to leave the northern runway that morning, preferring to make a bid for freedom, smashing through the boundary fence at the end of the runway, and then catching fire in a field of wheat. The two men daft enough to be in this old 1950's bathtub managed to leg it before being fried. Unfortunately, we can't find their names, so we can't embarrass them personally, however, they are normally based at RAF Wyton nearby - rural comrades please take note. Canberras are BIG, originally designated as bombers. When they crash (this isn't the first to come down around here) they could easily destroy a lot of people, and if one of these or any other aircraft were to crash actually on an air base, the effects could be disastrous. The whole military machine is designed to kill. To them, it would just be tough shit if they happen to kill a few locals, then D-notice the media to stop anyone hearing about it. We need to spread news of these events and to take action, to wake people up from their blithe belief in the "safety" of these air bases and the whole war machine - IT COULD BE YOU OR YOUR HOME UNDER THE NEXT AIRCRAFT THAT CRASHES!

calf-high mist
early still
half-light break
silent shiver
murky shape
lonely twitter
growing pale
first duet
glowing east

dawn's roar
birds rousing
ball of fire

rising smells
shifting damp
stark sky
signs of life
sighs
groans
woke too soon
shuffling pace
stumbling gait
muddy earth
gushing brook
gulping drink

dawning over
growing light
others there
new delight
gathering throng
pheasant flight
breaking fast
cockerel song
day at last

morning full
clearing air
warming soil
loping hare
rising scents
heated life

opening door
goodbye call
working folk
overallis
tractor splutter
cough
roar

harvest song
raven caw

glowing fields
wheat ears laden
midday haze
lake air shimmer
jovial shouts
wheeling swifts
overpowering
almost choking
summer fields
richness
ripeness

rolling walk
friendly call
familiar face
hello all
invitation
come along
follow me
farmyard gate
foreman's smile

D.H. ⚡

Most of us will be aware of the sort of punishment dealt out by the State to those who commit such gross acts as to "trespass" or to cut a fence, or paint a wall. Many will have experienced punishment for "crimes" never committed. When one of the officials of the State comes before a court, it's a different story. Timothy Stuart Wolstenholme, of 6, Haslingfield Road, Harston, (Tel: Cambridge 871144) is such a man. For KILLING a cyclist (he admitted that it was his fault) he has been banned from driving for six months and fined £200! But then he is a Cambridge Unemployment Benefit Office manager. Many of us will probably have a chance of meeting him in person in the course of our daily lives (remember those lovely "interviews" you get every so often?) and expressing our feelings about this killing. Some people may feel so incensed, that they may not want to wait.....

THE CLASS WAR IS HAPPENING
ALL AROUND YOU!
FIGHT BACK NOW

