

# Police news

FOR  
NONVIOLENT AUTHORTARIANISM

No. 121984

PRICE 20p.

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THE CITY! P.3.
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"NUCLEAR BOMBS  
KILL POLICEMEN TOO!"!  
P.8.
- MAGGIE T. SUPERWOMAN  
CENTERFOLD IN  
FULL COLOUR!

+ FREE BARLEY SUGER  
POLICE WHISTLE!



YOUR CORRESPONDENTS ON HOLIDAY AT UPPER HEYFORD IN JUNE THIS YEAR.





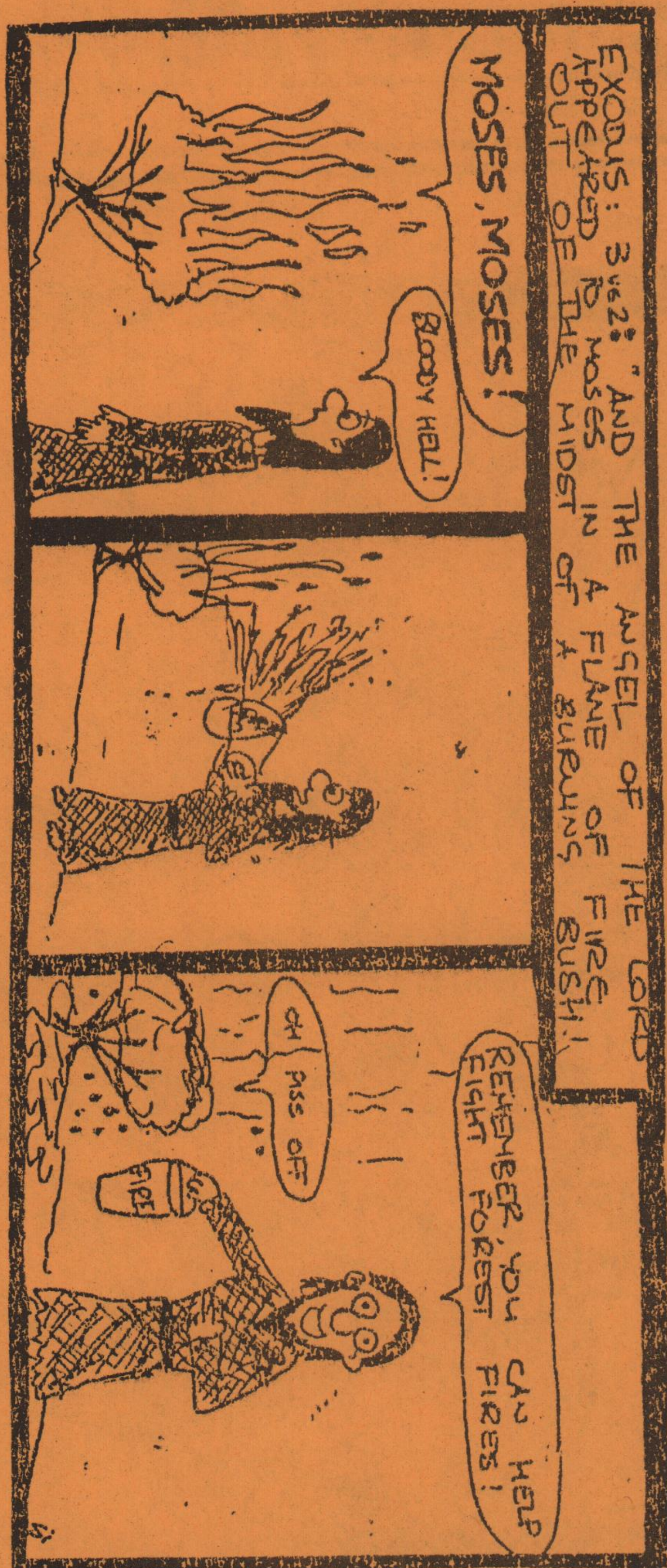
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I am increasingly aware of the misuse of the word anarchy and of the misinterpretation of anarchists. Not only in papers, tv, etc but in conversation with people of various political views I see and hear the corruption of the true sense of the words. Anarchy is still equated with chaos; the image of the bomb carrying shadowy figure is still prevalent, the idea of anarchists organising anything is still considered contradictory and ridiculous; Anarchy seems to be regarded as the very pinnacle of negativity.

How to change this?

First I think it is not very constructive to spout off slogans like 'don't vote', 'smash the state' etc without indicating the alternatives to the present status quo. These alternatives must be articulated as best we can, knowing as we do that any anarchist 'blueprint' of a future society is contradictory.

Second I think that the way we lead our personal lives we must attempt to show the love of life and respect for the planet and its inhabitants which are essential elements of anarchism. I do not suggest an anarchist 'code of conduct' (a preposterous notion!) but simply say that we should try to live by our principles.

I go back to the origin of the word anarchy. It simply(?) means absence of rule. By extension this entails the absence of any coercive force, physical or psychic. To realise that this absence is necessary is to embrace life. To attempt to arrive at this absence is to court freedom. I see no negativity - I see the epitome of saying 'yes' to the only things it is worth affirming.

HEAT IT UP,  
GRILL IT BROWN,  
LET'S MAKE  
LOTS OF  
CAKES.

THE  
HUNGRY  
BRIGADE



PROPOSED NATO  
MISSILE DEPLOYMENT

W. Germany: 100 Pershing-2 Missiles  
and 90 Cruise Missiles  
Britain: 160 Cruise Missiles  
N. Italy: 112 Cruise Missiles in Sicily

Quick procedure DRIVER SHOT

POLITICIANS MUST  
BE KEPT OUT OF  
POLICE OPERATIONS

WIDOW  
UNCONSCIOUS  
WITH PISTOL

VIOLENCE

MISSILE  
CLAIM DENIED  
5 RARE

SPG

\$5,000 NEEDED  
FOR POLISH  
CHILDREN

17,500 M

ARMED



# NEWS ITEMS

It appears likely as we go to press that the next leader of the Labour Party will be Neil Kinnock, M.P. for Any Questions and Bedwelty. We thought it would be useful to give a little example of what kind of dynamic new socialism would then be on offer. (All quotes come from the Sunday Times colour supplement of April 10th).

Neil Kinnock on... sexual politics and housework...

'I engage in a bout of tea-making, read the Gaurdian and smoke my pipe while Glenys (who he's married to) cooks the breakfast. I'd love a great cooked breakfast - bacon, eggs and black sausage... Glenys would do it but there isn't time.'

Neil Kinnock on... culture/the arts...

'... I listen with delight to Terry Wogan.'

'My idea of a magnificent Saturday night is a meal at home with the family a good film on the video, followed by soccer.'

Neil Kinnock on... his retiring nature.

'I don't particularly like speaking.'

I'd be happy never to make another speech....'


and finally another word on the politics of housework - and remember that Glenys is also in paid employment...

'Glenys is a good cook.'

Members of Animal Aid, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, Friends of the Earth and many of the public are furious at the city council's planning approval for Boots to expand its works in Nottingham.

Boots have won approval to build a chimney which will emit low-level radiation into the city's air (and incidentally into the sewage system). The planning approval will thus enable Boots to incinerate the bodies of animals it has irradiated. Boots - despite its glossy exterior - public face in the main street, has an appalling safety record and has drawn particular attention from animal rights campaigners for its torture and vivisection of animals, notably beagle dogs. Consumer action in response has cost the Boots chain of shops millions of pounds. In retaliation the company has tried to use the courts to stop groups like the British Union for the Abolition of Vivesection from protesting against them. At least one animal rights worker has been threatened by Boots heavies while petitioning against the Boots plans.

The objections from animal rights and CND groups (which complained that the low-level emmissions broke the council nuclear free policy) and of the 1,700 members of the public who'd signed petitions were completely discounted by the planning committee. Not surprising really as the planning committee is stacked with the old dominant right wing Labour gang who'd earlier been given and fallen for the usual big business whitewash job.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN  
YOU DONT WANT A  
POLICE FEDERATION  
RAFFLE TICKET?

## Sheriff guilty

THE FORMER sheriff of a Texas county and two of his deputies were found guilty yesterday of using torture to obtain confessions. James Parker, aged 47, former sheriff of San Jacinto county, resigned earlier this year after an investigation found that he stopped cars carrying blacks or long-haired men, and cars showing bumper stickers from a Houston radio station, and forced the occupants to strip by the roadside. Sentence is still to be passed by the Houston court. — Reuter.



The Walk for Life arrived in Nottingham at about 5pm on Monday July 4th. They were met on the forest by a small group of CNDers who walked with them down to a civic reception at County Hall. The Nottingham Police were rather bossy telling everyone where to stand and when to have breaks and when to start off again but people mostly ignored them. A small but brightly coloured procession arrived at County Hall complete with music and jugglers and rainbow banners. Civic photographers lined everyone up and took photos on the council steps and then we proceeded by invite only into County Hall. It was my first visit and it seemed rather incongruous to be walking for life past huge portraits of generals bedecked with military medals for killing people. We were told to shake hands with Councillor Chambers whose name was on the invite, and for the first few minutes it seemed quite an overwhelming experience no one quite knew how to behave. However before long we discovered the free bar - yes a free bar - wild rumours about how much the reception cost were floating around everything from 'It cost nothing because everyone is a council employee' to £2000 - and couldn't that money have been better spent? Most people would have appreciated a shower rather than a free bar but there was a free bar there so everyone got as legless as they could within the hour. It seemed like the councillors had had a head start on us 'how far have you walked' they kept on asking - 'from the busstop' was the reply of many. Then we were taken down to see the bunker !!!!! Well at least what we were told was the bunker and the councillors joked with us about the silly attempts to survive a nuclear war - someone found a memo about square leg - which the council wasn't supposed to have taken part in. I pulled out a plug which said do not pull out this plug on it. None of us believed that this was really the bunker - for a start it was right next to a window, no steel doors - it was clearly signposted and seemed to consist of nothing but desks and labels showing that local government would still continue in its most democratic form during a nuclear war. I wondered what the official sitting at the desk marked architect would be doing. The place was on the same air supply as the rest of the building and there were no beds there was one huge steel door which we were told was a safe hmmm. The reception finished and some of us walked down to the campsite at Colwick and showed each other the glasses potted plants and WW3 ephemera we had liberated from County Hall. All in all it was a good day but who do our Labour Councillors think they are trying to fool?



Meanwhile over in Nottingham city council - fresh from their May election triumph where Labour almost lost control - the socialists strive to put into action their programme for Nottingham. Feminists in the party must have been proud to see the local manifesto give special support to women. In keeping with their election commitment Labour has set up an equal opportunities committee. Good news so far for women. The bad news is that it might as well not exist with its chairman the notorious right winger Peter Burgess. Burgess has already given a fellow councillor his views on street hassles which went something like... 'you should be pleased to be whistled at in the street, at my age I'd be grateful for compliments like that'. As they said - women are better off under Labour.



## Who is this God anyway?

The joker laughs,  
Full of scorn,  
For the fools who imagine they understand,  
Just as the chaos seems to settle,  
The joker takes a hand,  
Now you're the clown,  
And the crushing weight of emotion,  
Makes it seem as though you'll drown.  
Then out steps the judge,  
"Be reasonable,"  
"Order and stability is what we need,"  
And on this cold sterility you must feed.  
The gentle touch of security reassures,  
Your vision becomes blurred,  
Emotions and thought come under control,  
Only in your dreams do you break free.  
The nightmare is past,  
Until the iron-fist of fate,  
Smashes back into your head,  
Your world trembles and fear offers an icy hand,  
Maybe you'd be better off dead.  
Now is a chance to scream and shout,  
To see what this world is "really" about,  
But your rage turns in, instead of out.  
Search, search to find the warmth,  
Of that grey life again,  
It looks as though you'll never know,  
You were tricked by honest men!

T. Shaw



## Atheism and Anarchism.

An anarchist can not believe in 'God' if both terms are to hold any meaning. Furthermore anyone considering her/himself an atheist ought logically to be either an anarchist, or a conscious oppressor. These are my contentions.

As anarchists seek freedom for themselves and others from the domination of the State and all its manifestations, how can they at the same time submit to religion, one of the most far reaching and pernicious of those manifestations?

If 'God' exists then by definition 'He' is all powerful, creator and determinator of us all - we have no freedom. Recent attempts to tone down 'God's' image - one theologian even said that 'His' literal existence is of far less importance than the message of the gospels - these we can surely dismiss as liberal bullshit designed to make religion seem in accord with our rational-scientific age. 'God' is omnipotent or 'He' exists not. I love life for, among other things, its unpredictability, the accidental beauties of nature, the spontaneous love of my fellow creatures. If this life is predetermined then it is stagnant and we are mere puppets of 'God'.

As for the horrors of war, famine etc I struggle against them and believe that they can be overcome if and when people change their attitudes to each other and to life. If 'God' is responsible for these terrors then I hate that creature, but I agree with Stendhal's words - 'God's only excuse is that He doesn't exist.'

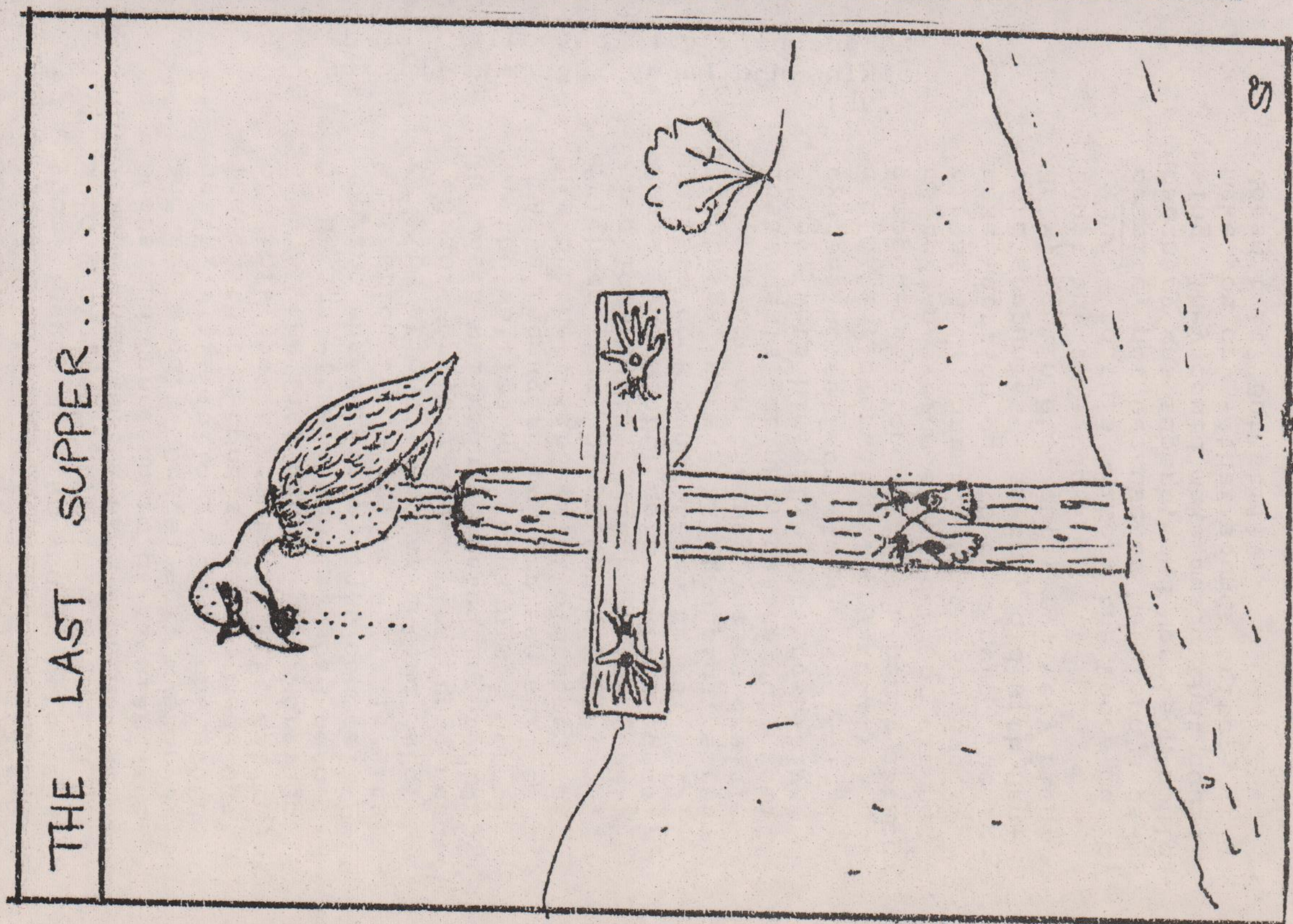
How can I say that an atheist ought logically also be an anarchist? If one denies the existence of an absolute ruling force then what rightfulness can any ruling force have save that with which we endow it? It seems to me quite simple - if God does not exist then everything and everyone simply are. Existence is the only reality. There is no Good or Evil, no Right or Wrong: people decide what is good or evil, or realise the absurdity of these concepts and transcend them.

Here is the crux of the matter - traditional concepts of goodness etc have been imposed by those holding most power, which power has been legitimised into 'authority' by the holding out of the spectre of divinity. Banish that spectre and all 'authority' can be seen for what it is - the domination by the powerful of the rest of humanity.

If this is realised then the atheist has three choices - commit an act of self deception by creating a false God out of Marx, Lenin, Hitler or suchlike;

pragmatically go along with a system of values which s/he knows to be based on a gigantic deception, or else oppose all power systems, knowing them to be devices by which the mass of humankind is manipulated and devoured.

Only in the consciousness of the non-existence of 'God' can we free ourselves from fear and authority and learn how to live in peace and love.





# CONCERT

## CURTIS MAYFIELD

In short, the council took CND for a ride. The local members all thought that the 'concert for peace' was a CND benefit - one or two neighbourhood groups even came along collectively. CND did some free publicity and the council can now say that it has done something 'for Peace.'

As to the concert itself - at £3, £4 and £5 - it was beyond the reach of many CND'ers (this reviewer had a free entry). The hall was, at a generous estimate, half-full. But Curtis Mayfield was good. He knew his job - slick, professional, laid-back blues and old song songs from his 60's Impression days. It was easy, it was cool - the 'you might remember this song' stuff tripped off the tongue. And the 'wrong side of town' 'hand-me-down-clothes' lyrics from someone getting £3,000 a time went down pretty well among the black and white SDP folks in the audience. Nobody there was wearing hand-me-downs.

It was all too slick, easy and - gooey. As sincere as David Owen, he'd have enjoyed it. After a few songs I just had to leave. Meanwhile the less smooth CND types will be contemplating a lesser sum - £1,000 or 1/3 of Curtis Mayfield's nightly paycheck to pay the court and travel costs of those arrested at Upper Heyford....

Complete with a couple of doves of peace and the ☺ symbol it looked like a CND event. CND had - free of charge - put out Mayfield's publicity his 'last gig before headlining at the (CND) Glastonbury festival.' And yae, tucked in at the side of the foyer of the Royal Concert Hall was a CND stall doing very slow business. But... But...

Q. How did CND organise it?

A. The council rang them up and told them it was on.

Q. What did Mayfield get paid?

A. £3,000 said the rumour.

Q. What did CND get out of it?

A. Bugger all.



'No one here gets out alive' by Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugerman (Plexus - £4.95)

The Doors were a rock band - you might have heard of them - who made a few records in the late 60's/early 70's. An American band, they were and are considered to be about the best of the 'acid-rock' era. Jim Morrison sang for them. Though he died young, here is a long biography of him.

More than just a band though, the Doors and Morrison in particular were and are a cult. Drugs, sex, mystery, death... all followed them, the stuff indeed that record sales are made out of. This book attempts to lift aside some of the fiction and tell Morrison as he was - the essential acid hero. Hopkins and Sugerman don't conceal their admiration for Morrison - 'it is a tale of liberation,' 'he was a lord' etc.

Crap. Morrison was a first rate nurd. He was a wally only beaten in stupidity by the wallies who think him a hero.

As a teenager Jim Morrison bullies his brother, screams at old women to frighten them, plays unpleasant practical jokes - you know the type. Poses, shows off, goes to film school, joins a rock band, takes drugs. Well, 250 trips, screws all groupies, screws up everyone on the way, makes deals, loses deals, drinks, passes out, vomits a lot, wets himself a bit, possibly exposes himself on stage. He dies, a bloated, overweight, physically clapped-out alcoholic - a heart attack maybe? an overdose? murder? or did he die at all? Christ, and these guys make Morrison out to be a hero. The record companies - as they did with Hendrix, Joplin etc. get very, very rich. Don't buy this book.

But - to this writer, the Doors music, despite, not because of Morrison's debauchery was superb, and Morrison could sing. They could make music that could make you cry - that sounds trite, doesn't it? But still...





# EduKASHUN.

I must not  
I must not  
I must not  
I must not  
I must

Many people see education as a liberating force, often seeing it as a cure-all for society's ills. Third world countries are wasting millions of pounds in producing small educated elites in the belief that this will offer a means to escape their poverty. This essay aims therefore to point out the illusory nature of western education.

There were a number of reasons for the advent of compulsory education. Firstly Britain was trailing behind France and the U.S.A in economic terms. Both these countries already had forms of compulsory education, and it was felt that a more skilled workforce was needed to cope with the increasing complexities of industrialisation.

This is the usual historical version we are given. However the changing nature of work usually required less skill rather than more. The real value of education was in expanding the size of the lower middle-classes, who were needed to fill the increasing number of administrative posts and handle the increasing amounts of paper work necessary to control the lives of the lower classes. Teaching people to read simply meant teaching them enough to read the increasing number of regulations controlling their lives. In the face of a recession it was also a means to reduce unemployment (sounds familiar eh!). By reducing child labour it extended the length of childhood and thus furthered the process that was already taking place of keeping women at home (they were seen as a threat to male employment, and their low pay undermined the men's struggle for higher wages - women were excluded from the trade unions!). This helped increase their economic dependency on men and under capitalism's guidance establish the family as the most important unit of consumption (isolating families so they require all the goods their neighbours possess, rather than sharing, culminating in the 'keep up with the Joneses philosophy').

The most important reason for education though was socialisation. In the 19th century there was a

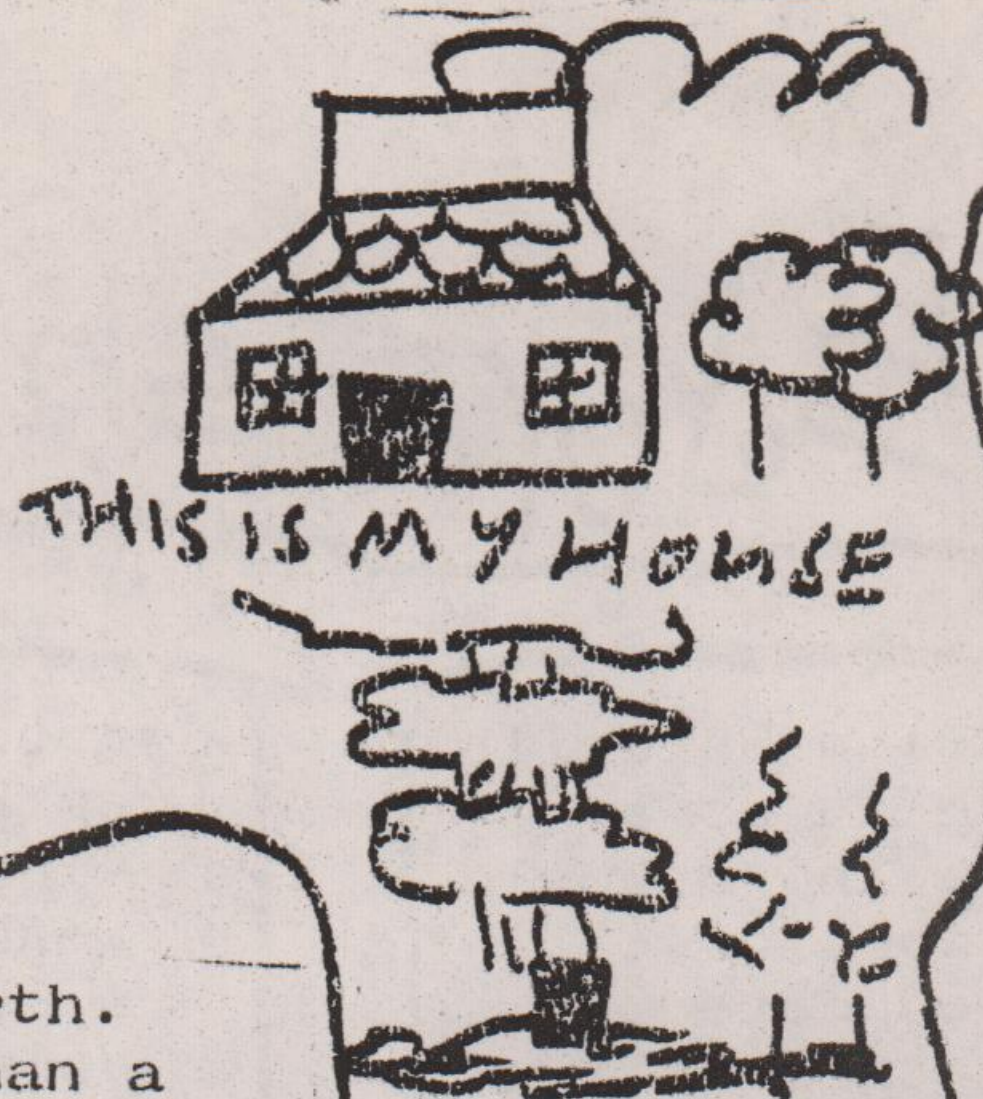
massive break-up of rural communities as people flocked to the rapidly expanding towns and cities. This effectively weakened the influence of the church as a socialising agent. Education was seen as a replacement for this role one that might prove even more effective. It was to instil a passive acceptance of the 'nature of things', the worship of science and the legitimacy of hierarchical society.

The increasingly complex language surrounding education helps to disguise the true nature of learning. We are led to believe that the process of learning is something almost exclusive to schools after the age of five. However it is becoming increasingly obvious that most 'real learning' takes place outside of the classroom. This is where people learn the skills necessary to handle the diet of words and numbers they are fed. In school there is also what has become known as the 'hidden curriculum'. This includes things like time-keeping, respect for authority and for those destined to become factory-fodder, how to have a 'good laugh' in order to cope with the grinding monotony that their work is likely to present them. We are told that the increasingly complex nature of society requires an increasingly well educated workforce. Even today there is little evidence that work for the majority of people is more complex. However in the sixties we saw a rapid expansion in 'higher education'. This was meant to be the age of equal opportunity, but did nothing more than make room for greater numbers of the middle-class to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the education system. This expansion arose out of a need to expand the technical elite to exploit the rapid growth of technical knowledge. Of course some working-class kids make it through the system, but these small numbers simply help to legitimate the basic inequalities of the education system.

The exam system is posed as being neutral. We have it drummed into us at school that we all have an equal chance to succeed through hard work and ability. Exams are presented as being







impartial evaluations of our worth. Exams though are nothing more than a mixture of an ability to write reasonable English, possibly an ability to manipulate numbers, an ability to recall large chunks of information under stress. With regards to this it has been stated by educational researchers 'Learning' in school has a large amount to do with a child's ability to suspend reality and forget their own concrete experiences. This allows the pupil to then swallow unquestioningly all that the teacher has to tell them, even though it has little to do with 'real life'. Therefore, a pupil's ability relies largely on an ability to play 'their game' (whilst possibly not accepting it) or to conform completely to their rules without ever questioning their rationale. Through the illusion of a fair and neutral exam system, hierarchy and an unfair distribution of wealth is legitimated.

I don't intend to go into detail about the massive advantages conferred on those who have a middle-class background (being white and male helps too, suffice it to say that they enter a middle-class establishment with middle-class values where they can immediately identify and where they will in turn be identified by their teachers as most completely fitting their vision of the 'ideal pupil').

For those people who still believe in a liberal view of education would recommend reading Michael

Young's book 'The Rise of the Meritocracy'. In it he imagines that it is possible to measure intellectual potential (highly unlikely) by means of testing. Children are placed in an environment where they all have equal access to materials and where factors arising from privileged backgrounds are eliminated (even more unlikely). Those people who get to the top do so completely on merit-ability + work. For this reason their arrogance is enormous and painful to others who know these people are more 'able' than they (there is no way of rationalising failure by reference to your background etc.). Also those best able to articulate grievances and organise people have been 'creamed off'. Needless to say there is eventually a revolt against this degrading and highly exploitive society.



Some people justify inequality by pointing out that some children are simply more 'able'. To back up this claim they point to the work of people like Eysenck, who claim that people with high I.Q's do much better in school. Firstly I would like to point out just how worthless I.Q test are.

Educational achievement is used to measure the reliability of these tests, so rather than being a measure of general intelligence they in fact simply measure school ability. It is also claimed that the distribution follows 'normal distribution'. This is a pattern you would expect to find if for example you recorded the height of a large number of people (you would find few over 7 foot and few under 5 foot). If this were the case then it would be justifiable

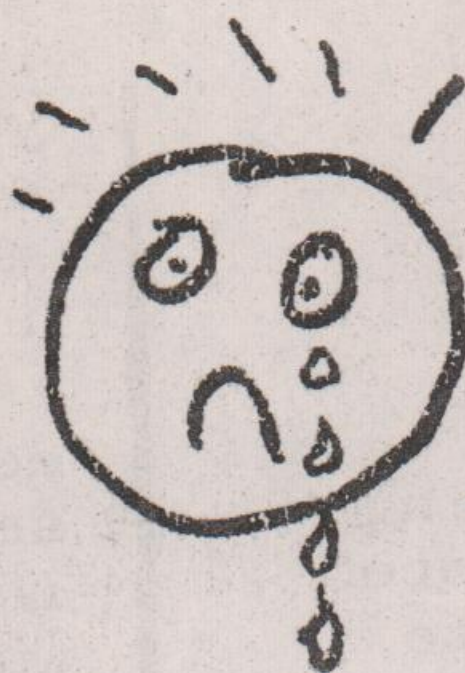
once upon a time Mary and John made a cake and fixed the car respectively and it was so god damn BORING!



to claim that I.Q were largely genetic in make-up. However they start by assuming that this is the case. They continually alter the test until they find the pattern they are looking for.

The questions themselves are heavily biased against people who are black and people who are working-class. They also used to be biased against women, who before 1937 consistently scored 10 points less than men. Some enlightened soul decided the tests should be re-standardised to eliminate this, however afterwards the I.Q tests lost some of their ability in predicting educational success simply because that bias remained in society still. The largest bias is cultural. For example Yakima Indian children performed one of the tests using wooden blocks easily, but they took longer than the time allowed and therefore scored badly. In their culture little emphasis is given to speed. When a group of Aborigines were tested they found it hard to understand the request that they do their test as individuals-their culture emphasises group co-operation. There are many cultures and sub-cultures who will experience various problems trying to do a test devised by the Western white middle-class (and which is therefore very efficient at selecting white middle-class people. Assuming it was possible to produce a culture-free test (and it almost certainly is not), it would be almost meaningless because of the major inequalities which would still exist in society still.

Researchers in the U.S decided to test just how reliable I.Q tests were at predicting academic achievement, they examined groups of people with the same I.Q scores and found that the most important factors were in fact class background, race and gender. Similar findings occurred when they examined the relationship between high paid work and high I.Q's. It was also found that I.Q scores tend to get higher the longer people spend in

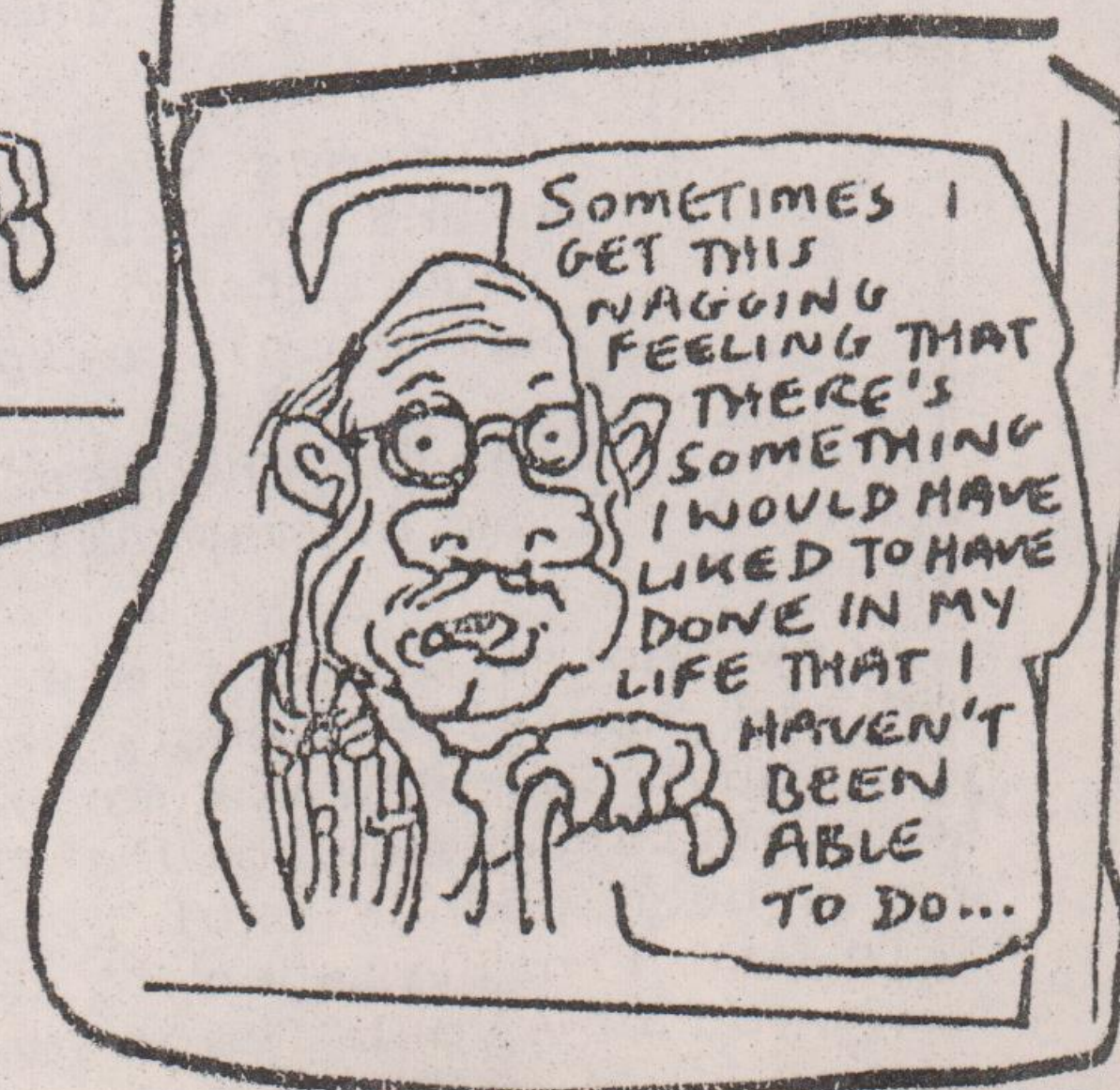


education, suggesting that it is partly a product of education (it is claimed that it remains stable throughout your life). It is also possible to improve your score simply by practicing. It is also worth mentioning that some of the questions have unintended alternative solutions, which will be marked as if they were wrong! A large part of the problem is agreeing about what intelligence is-is it maybe an ability to adapt and survive or an ability to comprehend particle physics. Also intelligence is not static (we all have our off-days) and varies depending on the situation. Therefore the most we can say is that I.Q tests measure I.Q!

I hope I have demonstrated the highly devious (and pseudo-scientific) nature of intelligence testing. This though is only a part of the systematic bias in education, which legitimates social inequality, authoritarianism, injustice and of course the state. beware of the forces of indoctrination!

I am interested to hear what people think of this rather bitty essay and all criticism (and praise?) will be gratefully received.

A. Hippocrate





But can't you see? There's no real 'state oppression'! Not whilst we're all frightened of and fighting each other! We don't need a state to imprison us whilst we make prisoners of ourselves!

Someone once said to me that if his son was having an affair with a man, he'd do his utmost to stop it - not because he thought there was 'anything wrong with being queer', indeed he said he agreed with working as hard as possible to 'get it accepted', it was just that he couldn't bare to see someone he cared about unable to hold his head up at work, or in the pub, and say with pride and expectancy, 'Respect Me'! and yet there was little I could say to him at the time, as I was so lacking in faith and direction I'd have sold out everything I believed just to avoid yet another row at home, or see yet another potential friendship slip away from me, because of fear. But it changes NOTHING! We do have to suffer That 'first step' in standing up for something is the most important.

I know what it's like, wanting to be loved yet needing to be honest. No one will listen - except for the ones who would claim to love you, with such plaintive longing, but they never understand. If you say things that make people confront themselves, they get frightened and run away, stumbling over you and breaking you in the process. So are you worse off than if you had held your peace? Accepting and and lying? Surely not! Surely it's hard, it's painful. But sometime you break through.

"For a minute there  
I could have stepped out in front of  
that car.  
For a minute, I just didn't give a shit.

I long for a time when I no longer have to play screaming saxaphones, and scream myself in dischord, to block out the sound of the disco/bell/command/money jangle/rifle/siren/breaking glass/sizzling sunday joint/choking black smoke stumbles/rape wails/slaughtering squealing/sex devil chant/songs of praise/songs of dismay/wakes/hate/matches striking/wrists dripping hotly/unknown ears on my telephone/feared eyes reading my love letters/scathing fathers tearing up the freedom we write/sheep being bulldozed into the earth/jewish bones crunching/saws screaming as trees bleed/jets raping the sky/and the machine gun's volley....."

it echoes  
on and on and on and  
riquoquets  
inside this dying head.

There is no peace here. Never.  
I am beyond all hope.

I know. And at other times you block it all out, heartless. When they chide you, you laugh it off, because you have grown so embittered and acidic that your tears would burn channels of pain into your skin. And finally, when it does all get to much, you cry your fears at me! Well I can

hold you. I want to. I can help you. But I can't save you. What you loose today in salt water and verbal cries of pain, guilt and terror, you must gain tomorrow in strength from the millions around you, suffering the same. Some of us have cried ourselves so weak we've not got much to offer - but here it is...take it just the same!

But if you find a strength in me, let me also find it in you. Who am I supposed to turn to when the rest are laughing, shouting, refusing me, leaving me? I want to live and work WITH you, not FOR you. Not BECAUSE of you.

I want to love you. I want to be able to believe the things I say. I don't want to be crying out in fear the whole time. I want to grow and learn - not despair! I want to grow strong enough to bare it all, to be constructive and build, to work for myself and for other people (and for it to be the same thing). But there are times when it all gets so hard, and I need to be able to be weak with you.

"For a minute there  
I could have stepped out in front of  
that car."

But a minute later I saw  
the walls built around people were  
crumbling.

Brick by brick.  
Leaving us free to reach out to each  
other.

This Revolution  
goes beyond the bomb. Beyond  
my guts slitting at the sight of the  
fool on the cross. Beyond  
the cries of my lover in the death  
camp.

It is the final and the first change  
that has to be made. Touching  
me. Touching  
you.

It is so slow, and I see the seeds of  
it even as we sit with cages all  
around us. Bend the bars. Fill totally  
the space they are allowing you. Fill  
out and

push. push.  
Gently. Now break free.  
Watch the bars as they begin to melt.  
Break Free.

Only by flinging off the chains put  
'round our spirits at birth, when our  
screams are smothered by stiffling  
blankets and labels. Touching me.  
Touching you. We need to take respon-  
sibility for every word, thought or  
action, or THEY hold the reins of  
change. And when you start to fall  
apart, I can help, but not simply  
because I know you'd do the same  
for me. What's this big hang up about  
'loving' anyway?!





## SEARCHING FOR THE YOUNG SOUL REBELS (part 3)

Well, searching for any rebels really. The Higsons at Rock City last month:

'This is for all those who voted Tory. It's called Born Blind.' Dead silence, no reaction at all. What's happened to all the politics in music these days?

There's a danger that ageing punks are going to turn out like ageing hippies, moaning about how good things were back in 1977/8... Do you remember the ANL carnival in Victoria Park, with the cla Clash? And X Ray Spex? Poly Styrene's a Hari Krishna now. (shit. 0 bondage up yours?!)

But a lot of valuable things came out of that time. In a way its weird how punk seems to fit in more with these da days than then-youth unemployment-riots on the streets- all in the 1980's. What have we got now? Kajagoogoo/Duran Duran/Spandau Ballet the glib glitter boys who are so shy shy stuffing money into their silver suits. One of the reasons why Rock against Racism was started was David Bowie saying 'what Britain needs is a Right wing dictator' Now the superstar can return and all is forgiven.....

There is something left of the punk scene. If anything its more political, more committed, with a whole load of anarchist/pacifist bands about. (and a lot more working class; lets face it a lot of the original punk bands were just art school posers.) But there are limits on that, as the Poison Girls say, the anarcho/punk scene 'has come to be seen as an end in itself. Becoming more concerned with its survival as an in group. A stagnant inward looking ghetto' (June 83)

Reasons to be cheerful? its hard to find any. One of the worst things about stuff coming out today is that it just hasn't got any passion in it, the high tech synthesisers and drum machines have taken over. Paul Weller with the Respond label('Money go round', Fickle public speaking') and Elvis Costello(reissued 'Shipbuilding'single, 'Pills and soap') are still producing music if anything more political than they did before, and never stick in one musical rut.

Weller especially has got into soul. As much as I love them, things seem bad if its going to need Curtis Mayfield and James Brown to liven the summer up. The funk world is probably the most creative these days; mostly American, a lot of it the usual sexist dross, but some with a strong radical edge. (Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message' was only one of them.)

The Glastonbury CND Festival brought out a lot of this (£15 tickets ho hum... but if you're going next year you'll find it easy enough to get through the fence for nothing. or else go to Stonehenge). I'd forgotten about all those heavy meatal pissheads, and all the money going on passive consumption: T shirts, booze, hot dogs and dope. There was a massive split in the music, on the one hand the white 'hippy' stuff (Melanie, the Enid, Marillion) and on the other hand the black reggae/funk/soul (Dennis Brown, A Certain Ratio, Mayfield the amazin King Sunny Ade; and Irish folk from the Chieftains!) Somewhere inbetween UB40 and Fun Boy Three, full of radical pose(burning the USA flag) but unable to hide the fact that they are now superstars and their all women backing band is just a backing band. Half one in the morning Attila the Stockbroker was ranting at the nation, with Seething Wells, the only people who seemed in touch with how most of us live these days.

The rock industry is trying hard to produce new trends and new fashions to keep up our fading appetities and their share of our giros. The 'tribal beat', already finished, was one attempt and yet another variation on cultural imperialism. The old independant labels are fighting to become the Virgins of the 1980's. The music press is as sterile as ever and obsessed with image and style in an effort to cover up the basic emptiness.

Ranting at the nation. Well I wont give up hope. Although the local music scene is a fairly miserable reflection of the national it's here that new stuff will come out to challenge the current bores. Still a riot city rocker? Move on up!

### NEXT ISSUE

As I can't afford to buy any records (except second hand Motown) there's nor much chance of any reviews. But I'll try to get round and see lots of local bands and tell you about them. I could be bribed with vast amounts of Guinness Also any local bands with demo tapes etc want reviewing - just send them in.

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# Notes From A Waiting Room

by Alan Reeve

(Heretic Books - £3.50.)

Two years ago I was picked up by the police from a London bus queue and given a long interrogation as to who I was, where I'd been and the meaning of life in general. As I'd just arrived back in the country and had seen no British papers for a while I was panicking about what was happening to me - and the police wouldn't tell me why I'd been lifted. Eventually, after somehow checking on my story, they showed me the daily papers. A amn - Alan Reeve - a double-killer, had escaped from Broadmoor, and his photo was the exact image of me!

This long pre-amble is to explain why I felt I had to buy 'Notes from a Waiting Room', Alan Reeve's autobiography. The bones of his story can be explained briefly. Alan, the son of a strict and violent career soldier, moves in a seemingly natural progression from a disturbed childhood to youthful escapades, petty crime, general delinquency, bad drugs. Still a teenager - already with a record and numerous incidences of brutality to him by the authorities - wildly disorientated on pills, he kills another youth. Labelled a psychopath, Reeve is detained in Broadmoor. More solitary - more violence. A second murder trial - this time another prisoner killed - as a voluntary 'assisted suicide', but not by Reeve. However, Reeve was found guilty, now being labelled a double killer, with no prospect of ever being free. In for life.

Alan Reeve goes down in suicidal despair, his life wasted. Eventually he comes to terms with his past violence, his admitted murder and in turn the violence done daily to him and other prisoners. He is able to work out why it happened, seek and find, at last, reciprocal love with his parents, themselves effectively prisoners of army life. Reeve reads and studies, he is ready to begin his life now. Like some prisoners of violence (see Jimmy Boyle's 'Sense of freedom') he becomes at last able to react as a loving and caring human being and buck the prison system, seeking rehabilitation instead of punishment.

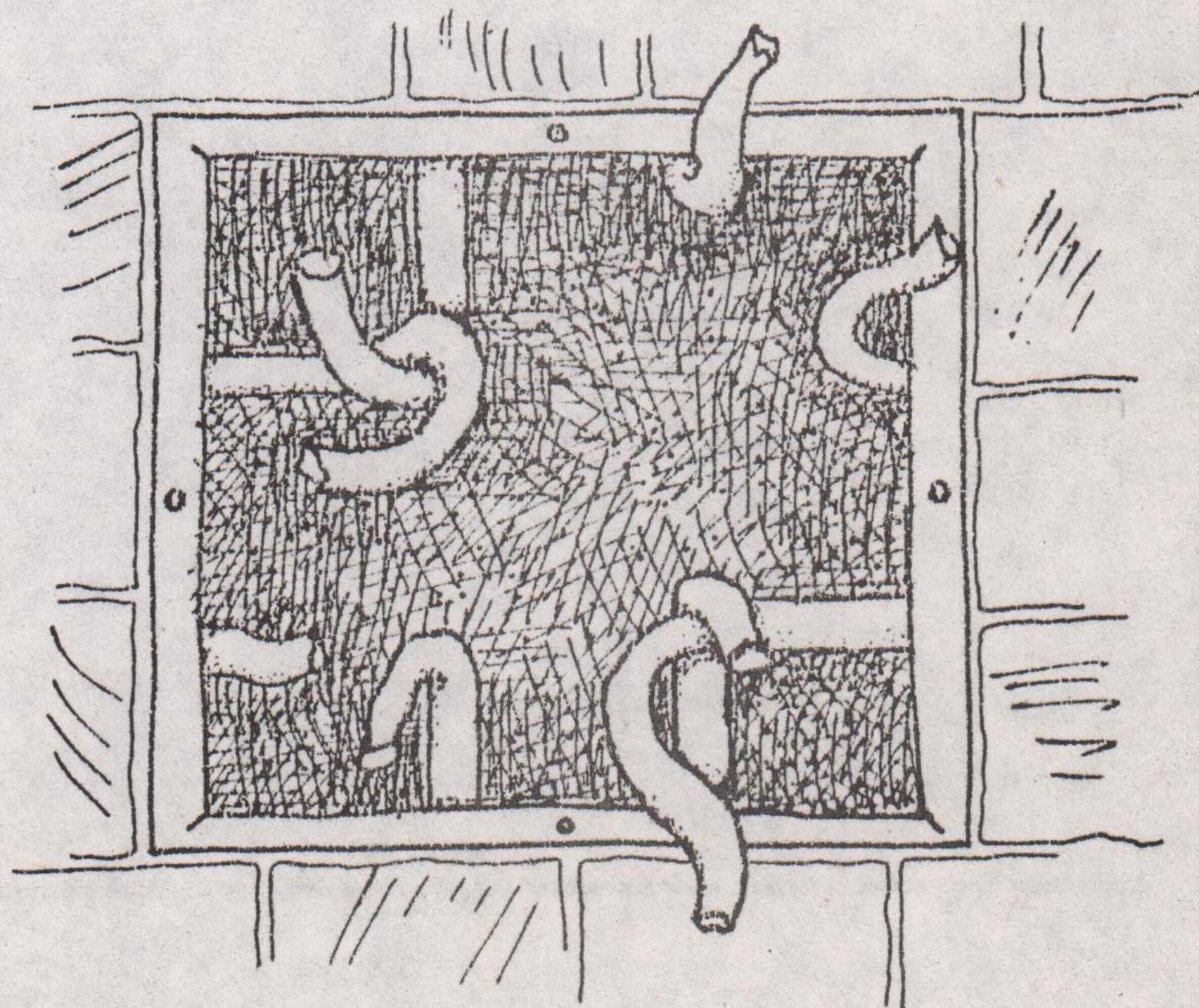
However, detached in so many ways from the outside world, Reeve becomes a Marxist-Leninist and a follower of the teachings of Mao-Zedong. Although able to build a network of activists in the prison and to genuinely improve conditions Reeve looks at the world through Maoist eyes, thousands of miles from

the country where the ideology may have been for the good (though the thousands of anarchists that Mao gaoled and killed would think otherwise.) Reeve parrots back phrases and slogans in a language that is stilted and absurd.

The book reaches it's conclusion, Reeve escapes by chance causing the minor incident I opened with. He flees to Holland for a year of freedom in the Dutch squatting community, in ill-health from the beatings, the injuries incurred during previous escape attempts and from the general rigour of prison life. Tragically, on the anniversary of his escape, he shop-lifts a bottle of wine, is seen and in the following chase is almost killed, himself killing a policeman. Reeve once again sits in gaol, another death behind him.

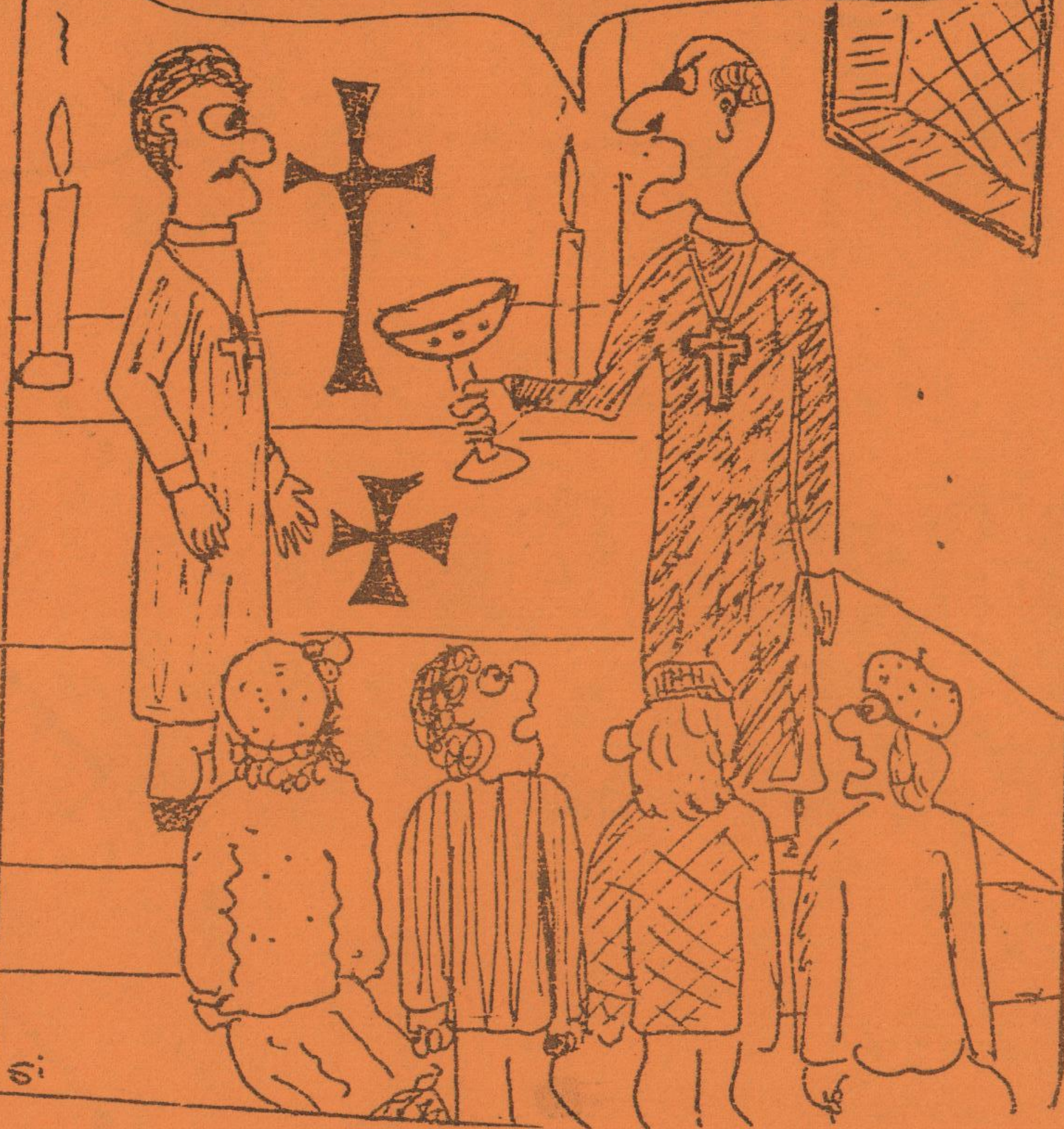
This is not a nice book to read, there's no-one really to sympathise with and there are no easy lessons. I cannot support Reeve's violence but can see how he has become locked into such a violent life. The recent calls for the return of capital punishment are irrelevant to the story, as Reeve was considered insane and would not have been hung - except that even the possibility of it happening is the final admission of failure by the state.

Unable to give us freedom, unable to allow natural self-development, the state will continue to produce children of violence like Alan Reeve. Calls for help are all met with brutality and the Reeve's end up on death row or in the living death of the psychiatric prisons, or become 'lifers'. There must be a better way than this.





WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE  
BLOODY OFF LICENCE  
WAS SHUT?!



# HEALTHY ADVICE FOR CLEAN LIVING YOUNGSTERS

A new section in "Police News". Over the weeks we will be printing various snippets of information that we feel will be useful to the young police cadets who read this magazine. This weeks piece of advice comes from "Scouting For Boys" by that great man, Robert Baden Powell. Founder of the scout movement:

Some boys, like those who start smoking, think it is a very fine and manly thing to tell or listen to dirty stories, but it only shows them to be little fools.

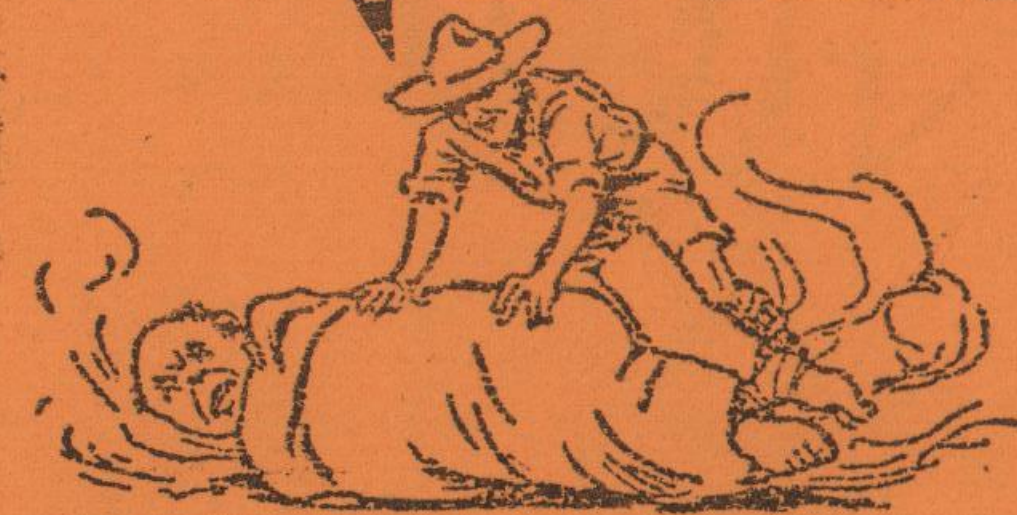
Yet such talk and the reading of trashy books or looking at lewd pictures are very apt to lead a thoughtless boy into the temptation of masturbation. This tends to lower both health and spirits.

Sometimes the desire is brought on by eating food that is too rich, or from sleeping in too warm a bed with too many blankets. It is a help at times such as these to take a cold bath or shower, or exercise the upper part of the body by arm exercises, boxing, etc.

It may seem difficult to overcome the temptation the first time, but when you have done so once it will be easier afterwards.

If you still have trouble about it, do not make a secret of it, but go to your father, or your Scoutmaster, and talk it over with him, and all will come right.

STOP IT! YOU'LL  
GO BLIND!!





EVENTS YOU MIGHT LIKE TO ATTEND.

SEPTEMBER 29th-Stop the City,you're all invited to this one even if you're not on duty. Just come down and hang around on the corners in your helmets,generally disturbing the attempts of the subversive pinkos as they try to get piles sitting on the road,spend their exorbitant dole money on badges and memorabilia.By the way,if anyone can establish WHY on earth these poor people are trying to disrupt the arms trade and thereby wreck the country's economy,please tell the police chief as he's boggled by the whole thing.Until this has been established,use your usual tact and persuasion is as enjoyable as possible for all concerned. Oh,and don't actually go talking to any of these nasty people,they're a bad influence,you know. PX

30th-At all central London Police stations,the traditional 'post demo'party games - bring along all the protesters you managed to managed to arrest yesterday for; 'Form filling can be fun' take down all those boring statistics;height,hair colour(bound to be funny in most cases),number of pimples etc. to the sound of the 'Westminster Police Band;'Fools and Phone Calls' - a prize will be given to the P.C. who can deprive his prisoner of his/her right to a phone call for the longest time;'Starve the suspect'- a non-competetive game here to keep up with current fads!ALL the prisoners are shut in a room together without food,and we watch their perverse and often obscene activities through one way mirrors.ALL welcome,even those unfortunates who didn't make any arrests.A prize will be given to the division which collectively makes the most arrests. PP

OCTOBER 4th-10 Downing Street.National Front tactics review conference.Attendance obligatory.PP

9th-Drug Squad Laboratories.The narcotics bureau invite you to their informative open day to brush up your knowledge of the latest black market products.Free samples available - find out how evil these drugs really are!Contact P.C.Toking Spliff for details.PP

22nd-Riot Shields on issue.PX

23rd-The U.S. Chief of Police invites British officers of Inspector rank and above to his 'El Salvadorian Soiree'in Miami Beach.Savour the latest cocktail - the Farabundo Martini-and the latest all American cullinary delight-San Salvador Refugee Roast-not only is this a delicious dish but a highly effective means of population control.

PP:-Parking facilities for Panda Cars and Jam Sandwiches.

PX:-No facilities for Pandas.

In future events with these abbreviations will be given preference.

Produced by some Anarchists in Notts. Contact: Mushroom Bookshop,  
Heathcoat Street,  
Nottingham.

