

Issue Number 7 30p

Council House Sales? WHY NOT SQUAT

If your chips have been wrapped in Socialist Worker, Tribune, Labour Weekly, or even the Guardian just lately, you may have read people whining about council house sales and public spending cuts.

Well, a fat lot of good all that's done. The Tories march on with their plans. And Labourites sort out the bloke with the biggest smile to say how bad it all is. Meanwhile, less than two miles from the security cordon around the Houses of Parliament, people are actually doing something.

At the beginning of October, a large block of council flats, called Kilner House, was occupied for the dual purposes of providing homes for 150 people, and for poking two fingers in the eyes of the Greater London Council.

The GLC had intended to sell off the block in its 'homes for everyone at £20,000 a shot' plan. They own the block, although it is actually sited in Labour-controlled Lambeth.

Ex-inhabitants had been moved out of the block with the promise of being allowed to return when restoration work was finished. But, even though ground floor flats had been specially converted to house the old and handicapped, they eventually put it up for sale. All was going to plan. That is, until the intervention of the new residents.

The squatters have met the usual shows of support and animosity. Ted Knight, Lambeth Council's controller (although Lambeth isn't big enough for him — he'd like to take over the rest of the world as well), and local MP Stuart Holland, have been quick to offer 'support'.

Typically, they see it as part of their own campaign. They're quick to take the power and glory — but take none of the risks. And they're the same people who do fuck all about the problems of the many homeless and badly housed in Lambeth.

The GLC, and, in particular housing leader George Tremlett, takes the opposite line. Tremlett was quoted as saying: 'Smack the squatters hard'.

As a result the residents have been obliged to attend court on several occasions. But Tremlett found his office besieged by residents for an entire day and, unable to leave, was

sub-poenaed to attend the High Court as a witness.

Meanwhile the SPG has made Kilner House one of its regular piss stops. One night/early morning it visited the place four times. If Ted Knight and his pals are really keen on doing something useful, they might just do something about that!

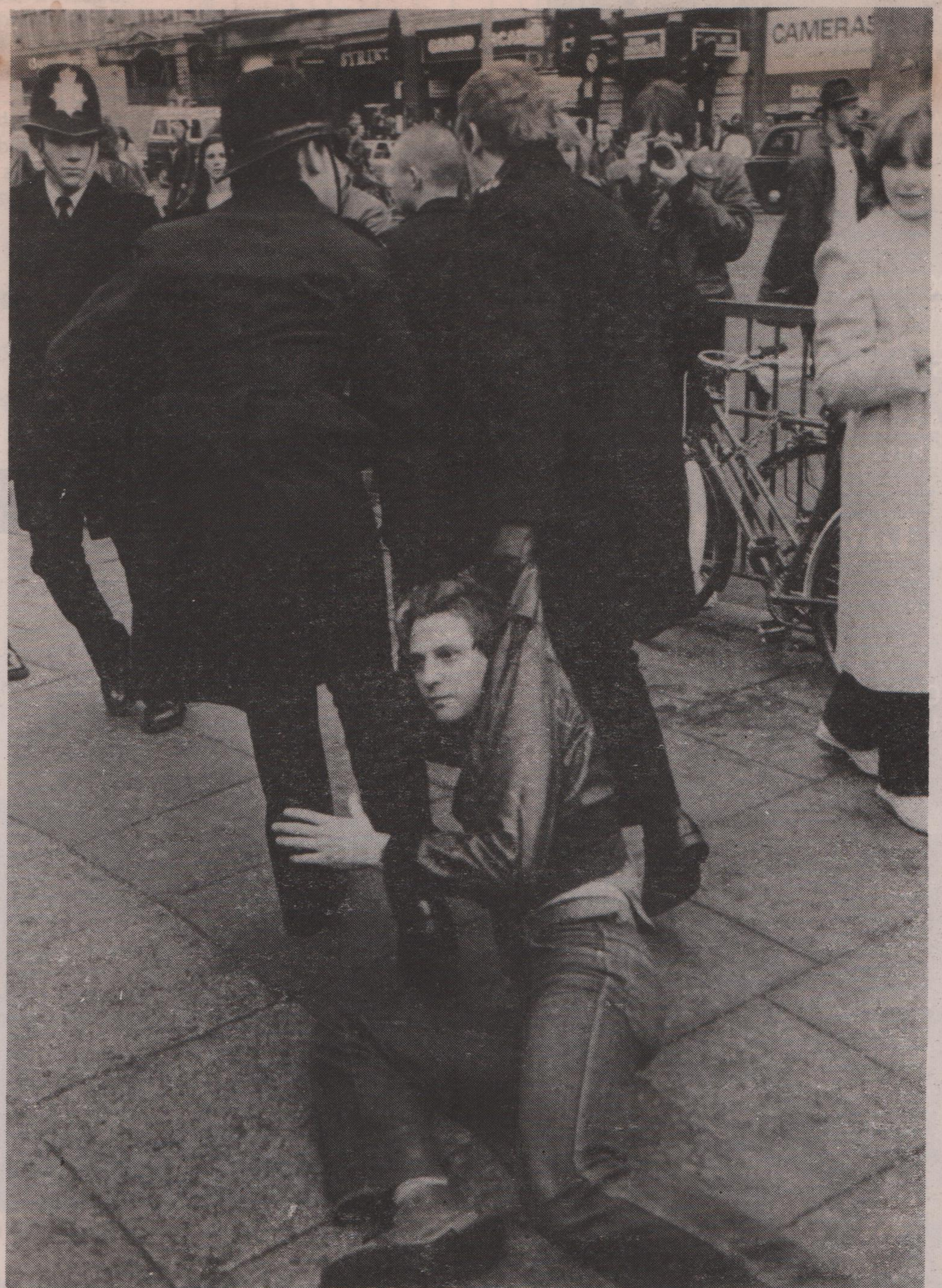
Support for the residents locally is pretty strong. Inhabitants of the surrounding blocks realise if it's happened once, it'd happen again — probably to them and possibly to you.

Support for the squatters is vital, especially if things hot up when the GLC tries to evict. Write or call in to Flat 1, Clayton St, SE11. Go to the next High Court appearance at 11am on the 12th November. And if you're badly-housed or homeless — find out where your local council celebrity/ landlord lives and when he or she is out....MOVE IN!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
INSIDE

PAGES 6 & 7

**The thinking
person's guide to
do-it-yourself
housing**
★ ★ ★ ★ ★



'It's like this, see — I went on that Ban-the-Bomb March with seventy thousand others. Some Nazis started Sieg Heiling and I got arrested in the scuffles. Everybody else stood and clapped Tony Benn.'



Famous last words wasn't it?

Inevitable that if we hinted we'd be out more frequently, we'd actually do the opposite.

One reason for this is that our old printers have refused to print us anymore. They've finally decided they don't approve our copy.

But in case you haven't guessed the main reason is lack of money. Almost no alternative papers break even, and Xtra! is no exception.

Our circulation is rising, but money always comes in slowly. And the summer months — with few demos — mean that we collect almost no money in direct sales.

Apologies for sounding like every other paper (and for printing our first deadly serious editorial), but we do desperately need money to come from outside the collective.

We welcome donations, however small. We need you to subscribe. If you're broke and would like to help, why not organise a benefit? If you're a student, with access to society funds, could you divert some of them in our direction? (See page eight for suggestions!)

And finally, if you owe us money — PLEASE COUGH UP SOON!

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Other contributions we'd like to receive are:

- * articles
- * news snippets
- * photos
- * cartoons

And keep those letters coming in — they give us a laugh, even if we can't print all of them.



aunty's fan mail

Dear Aunty Autonomy,

I really do hate my fucking job, every time I think about it I want to puke my guts out. I'm a clerk in a shitty office, not even a clerk, lower than that even. Tell people you work in an office and they get an image of quiet people in nice suits with middle-class accents, who read the Guardian/Telegraph. No one ever thinks of people in my position, low down, badly paid and exploited. Any stuck up bastard with a mortgage and a good position thinks he/she can treat us like shit.

The amount of times I've been walked on, patronised and treated with contempt ain't worth thinking about. You see I'm from a working class family, went to comprehensive school and talk

with a cockney accent, which in their shit-filled eyes makes me thick.

My union's pretty good too: NALGO. 'Our' union boss is a fucking fascist and it gets worse as you run down the list of bureaucrats. All my bosses, all the bastards onto me, are members too. NALGO is a bureaucratic wank. I'd quit work, but the dole is shit. How can anyone survive on £16 a week? The shit in control probably spend that much in their lunch hours.

I've got one fantasy, it keeps coming back to me again and again. I want to burn the office down, watch the place fucking burn! Or walk into work with a machine gun and shoot the bastards in control. I can imagine the bullets ripping into their bloated bodies.

I haven't sent anything new or furthered anarchist theory or turned anyone on. But writing this letter makes me feel a bit better, but the violence inside is waiting to explode. I just want you to know how some of us 'privileged' white-collar workers feels.

**Yours in hope,
Terry Rist.**

Aunty replies:
Point taken! But here are two things to bear in mind:

a) There are always police photographers at the scene of an arson. Most arsonists are captured this way.

b) If you forge a rent book you can get more than £16 on the dole.

Dear Aunty,

I sometimes think that FREEPOST is a perfect gift, a chance to get back at everyone you hate, all for the price of an envelope. Councillors, MP's, politicians, bosses, the list is endless. All you need is their address.

Looking through today's daily rag I can send my local politishit a 700 page Littlewoods catalogue, or a free

model hearing aid, an application for a job as a prison officer, or a record club. Just fill in the form and stick it in an envelope, no stamp necessary. The politishit on the receiving end will love it, having to fork out return postage for catalogues on ten days approval, or a dozen punk cassettes. A packet of 30 envelopes gives you the chance to get up the nose of any stinking

politishit, left or right, high or low.

If you're feeling rich, buy a dozen stamps and send off a dozen applications for book clubs. Having to return 36 books costs a bomb and takes time as well. Have fun choosing the books most likely to get up the nose of the enemy.

**Anarchy!
Ramm Page.**

Dear Aunty Autonomy,

You say in your last issue that in Henry VIII's time



women were classed along with children or mental

incompetents. Here's a section from a London book of evening classes in football, 1980:

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION
B For the blind
For the deaf
For girls
For the mentally handicapped

So what's changed?

**Yours angrily,
Liz.**

Dear Aunty Autonomy,

I hate the police. I hate the left. I hate the Labour Party. The working class are thick. Feminism is irrelevant. I hate the middle classes. People who join trade unions are wrong and stupid. I hate teachers, social workers etc. I'll hit anyone who disagrees with me. I hate the people who used to bring out Zero. I criticise anarchists. I hate the IRA. I break up meetings. I threw a brick through a window. I am a revolutionary. I am right and everybody else is wrong. Can I have three pages in the next issue of Xtra! to tell everybody how I hate them?

Yours for autonomy (except I think that word is suspiciously long and could be of middle class origin).

**Long live hate and violence,
Ross.**

Dear Aunty,

I am middle-class, I haven't had a bath for six months, I am covered in badges proclaiming how 'anti-sexist, racist, nuke etc' I am. Sporting a beard, crawling with wildlife, I have never done a day's work in my life, I eat only brown rice, I toss endlessly in my bed thinking about the 'Third World'. I wear sandals, my hair comes down to my arse. I am celibate. I speak in soft tones. I have spent 25% of my life in university, my glasses have lenses two inches thick, my clothes are rags, I am five-foot tall and can live on £5 a week. I write sarcastic letters to Xtra!, I would like to join your group up there in Nottingham.

**Yours,
Sore Throat, Hackney.**

Dear Aunty Autonomy,

Guy Fawkes 'moderate'? Hardly. His aim, along with his fellow conspirators and the expected aid of the Catholic powers of Europe, was a society in which the Pope and the inquisition were triumphant and protestant heretics burnt at the stake.

He was also a racist. He wanted (not long after the Scottish and English Parliaments) to 'blow the rascally Scots back to their native heath'. Certainly they would have been no loss, but the point is he hated everybody from north of the border.



GUY FAWKES
**The only person
to enter Parliament
with honest intentions**

He was not against parliament as such — in his ideal society there would have been a parliament of Catholic nobles to assist the Catholic king, and maybe even some Catholic 'Commons'.

He was a soul brother to the Nazis who planted the bomb at Bologna railway station. A victorious working class would probably have to shoot people like Fawkes, though we wouldn't go so far as to hang, draw and quarter them like the British state did.

It's high time anarchists stopped glorifying this particularly nasty piece of vermin.

**Dave Coull,
Western European Anarchists.**

Aunty,

I sold a copy of Xtra! to an SWP seller. Since then he keeps telling me to piss off and threatens to do all sorts of unpleasant things to me. Shall I blow him up?

Peturbed.

Aunty replies: Yes.

SERIOUS STATEMENT

We'd just like to let you lot out there know that Xtra! is not a group or tendency in the anarchist movement.

Those of you looking for consistency, or a 'line', are gonna be disappointed — cos there isn't one.

The collective is a group of people aiming to produce the best, most readable anarchist paper.

We're all involved in different things unconnected with the paper and everything printed has its critics inside as well as outside the producing group.

End of serious bit.

SUBSCRIBE AND SURVIVE!



You can also subscribe for as many issues as you want. But please remember to include for postage.

Send your money to XTRA!, Rising Free, 182 Upper Street, Islington London N1.

Your name.....

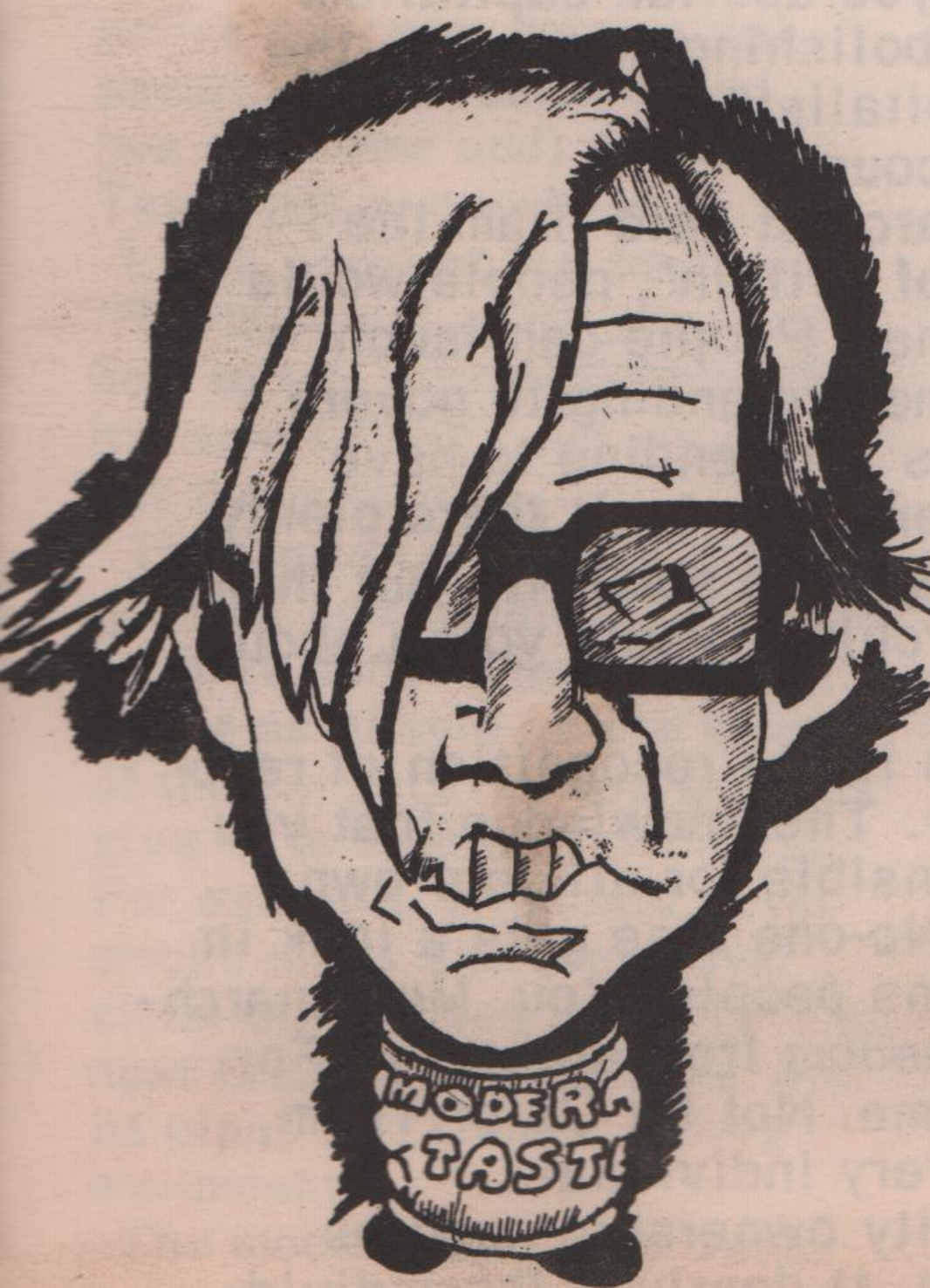
Address.....

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to 'A Little Bit'.

WHITE HEAT ON POLITICS

Here's what you've all been waiting for: Xtra!'s exclusive guide to the eyeball-to-eyeball, beergut-to-haemorrhoid contest that's gripping the whole nation's mind. Yes, it's the Labour Party leadership rites! You've been bored to death by it on TV; in the 'quality' newspapers; at Sham 69 'Stop Healey' benefit gigs; after cocktails and during dinner-parties. Now it's our turn.

Originally it was going to be a 'multi-choice' on 'Why — is going to win' — take your pick and scrub the rest. But, on reflection, would Xtra! stoop to such depths, to cop out in such a fashion? Yes, but unfortunately our delayed publication has made this impossible owing to the fact that the result will be known by the time Xtra! hits the streets. So it's now a multi-choice on 'Why — won'. (fill in appropriate person).



The runners

1 Why Peter Shore won

Aged 61, educated at Eton and Oxford. What was his main platform? Total opposition to the Common Market — something which strikes a



2 Why John Silkin won

Aged 51, educated at Eton and Oxford. What was his main platform? Total opposition to the Tory Party.

He demonstrated this viewpoint in his recent, lengthy, eloquent speech, crammed with a mass of facts and statistics, on 'Why I hate the Tories'. The speech, which we reproduce in full, was as follows:

'I don't like the bloody Tories. Why not? They're a bit naff, that's why. And they're a major obstacle to socialism, which is why the Tories love them. To get the sort of society we in the Labour Party want, we must get rid of the Tories. Thank you and goodnight'.

A typically Proustian farewell, that last phrase.



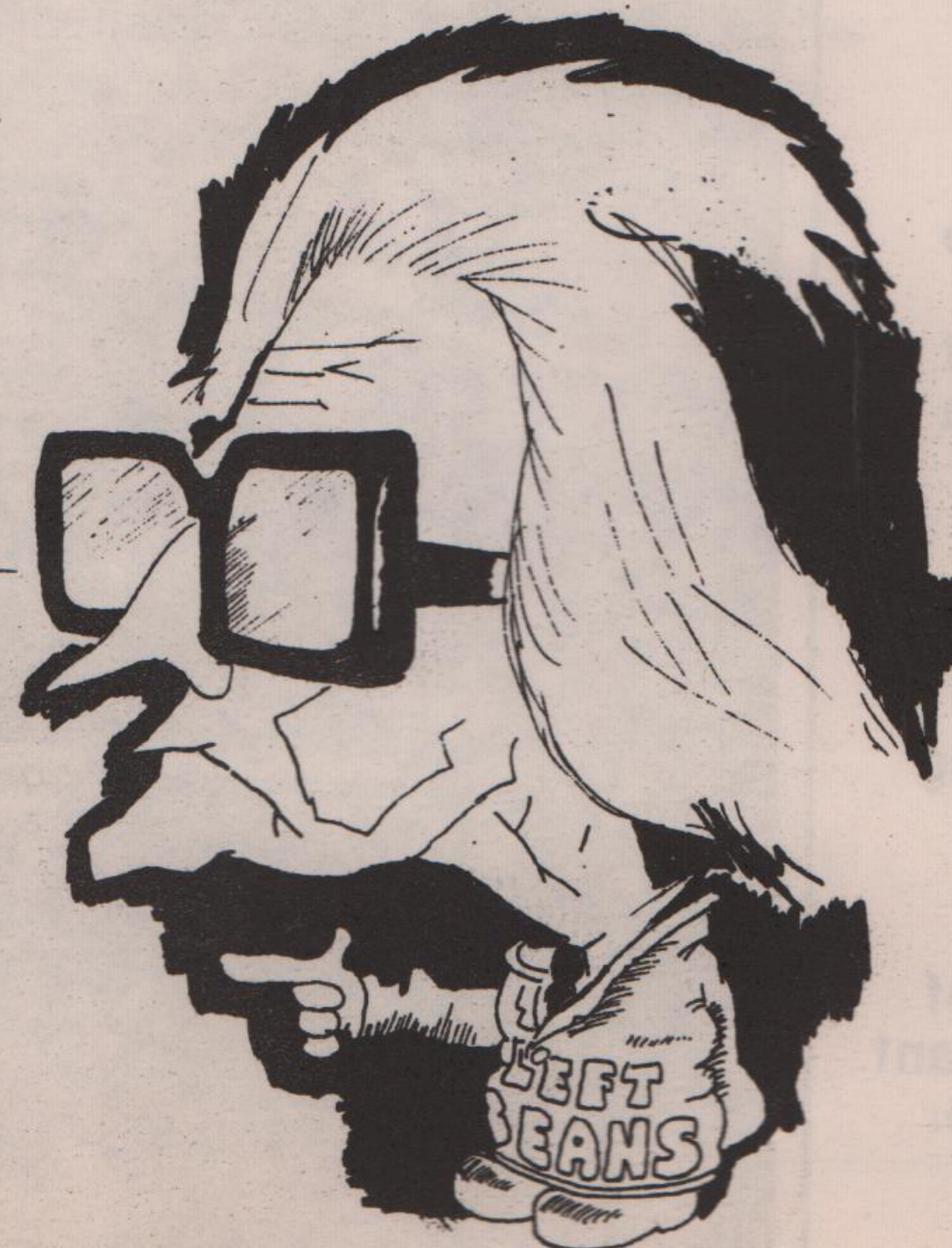
3 Why Denis Healey won

Aged 71, educated at Eton and Oxford. What was his main platform? Total opposition to socialists — something which strikes a chord in a large section of the Labour Party. He demonstrated this viewpoint in his recent, lengthy, eloquent speech, crammed with a mass of facts and statistics, on 'Why I hate socialists'. The speech, which we reproduce

in full, was as follows:

'I don't like the bloody socialists. Why not? They're a bit naff, that's why. And they're a major obstacle to my type of socialism, which is why the Tories hate them, too. To get the sort of society we in the Labour Party want, we must put down these socialists. Thank you and goodnight'.

A characteristically tough and blunt Yorkshire parting shot, that last phrase!



4 Why Michael Foot won

Aged 81, educated at Eton and Oxford. What was his main platform? Total opposition to all the other candidates for the Labour leadership — something which strikes a chord in a large section of the Labour Party. He demonstrated this in his recent, lengthy, eloquent speech, crammed with a mass of facts and statistics, on 'Why I hate the Other Candidates'. The speech, which

we reproduce in full, was as follows:

'I don't like the other bloody candidates. Why not? They're a bit naff, that's why, as Hazlitt used to say. And they're a major obstacle to my getting elected, which is why the Tories love them. To get the sort of society we in the Labour Party want, we must vipe out zese uzzer candidatezz. Thank you and goodnight.'

Typical of Footy to quote Swift in that witty little closing line!

★★★★★★★★★★★★

And that, dear reader, is why Peter Shore/John Silkin/Denis Healey/Michael Foot (delete as applicable) won. After all, Peter Shore/John Silkin/Denis Healey/Michael Foot is, above all, a man of great principle/essentially pragmatic and flexible/an opinionated little arsehole/an unprincipled sail-trimmer; a man, moreover, who in the past has made clear his commitment to Full-Blooded Socialism/ The Mixed Economy/ Fully-fledged Capitalism, which, at the end of the day, is what most Labour MPs want/ think electorally popular. Besides, what a wealth of talent resides in this man! A good education, a shrewd/bluff temperament, a mind as sharp as a Duvet/a cushion. And of course, his age (—1) is a great advantage. In short, just the man to unite the Labour Party/get rid of those bloody intolerant Left/Right-wing trouble-makers. It's people like this who have made Labour the sort of Party it is today.

WHERE WE STAND ON RECENT ISSUES

Prison officers' dispute

Yes, we like the idea of putting the British Army in prison, and hope that White-law acts in the spirit of the new Imprisonment (temporary provisions) Act by freeing all prisoners.

The Labour Party

We think that the party should follow the lead given by Jim Callaghan...

Poland

'Free' Trade Unions? What a fucking joke!

Housing Bill

That's funny, I thought Bill was already housed.

'The Romans in Britain'

We say: Troops Out Now! Autonomy to the Celtic people! Death to Imperialism!

American Presidential Elections

We stand firmly and squarely behind the 'Nobody for President' campaign.

Xmas

We support 'Turkeys against Fascism' in their call for a day of mourning on Boxing Day.

WRONG TO WORK RIGHT TO RIOT

Friday 10th October was to be no ordinary day in the lives of the proletarian masses.

Cold, wet and windy, 3,000 police, about 2,000 assorted Trotskyists and a Tory Party Conference.

Could you imagine any fate

BRISTOL... BRIXTON?

A series of 'shock-horror' exposes about Railton Rd, Brixton, — called the Front Line (the local community versus the police?) — appeared in the evening and daily papers and the Sunday colour supplements during August.

Inevitably pro-Special Patrol Group, racist and anti-youth in general, these pieces were garnished with drug, gambling and crime tales.

These Fleet Street hacks even attack those who as 'ambitious girls, get pregnant early because it's the only way to get a flat and move out of sub-standard housing'.

Linton Kwesi Johnson 'poet-in-residence to the streets of

more hideous than being found in the middle of that lot?

Oh well, we made the mistake of going and paid the price (£4.12 return).

Having shouted a few slogans and distributed an excellent leaflet titled 'work makes free' (arbeit macht frei), we

tried to make the point that the right to work is the right to be exploited as all workers are and then we



waited for the riot to start (as advertised in Time Out)

It didn't happen. I suppose everybody was waiting for everybody else to start it.

A bit of trouble here and there; a brick thrown through the window of a posh antique shop.

The police cleared the front. A shop steward pleaded with us 'we can't let them do this to us'. But there was nothing we could do; only a few of us were left, facing dozens of police protected by steel crash barriers. The organisers led everybody off to their wonderful 'rally' in the 'Dome'.

We couldn't get into the rally. The police decided it was full up; then they pushed us out from under the porch into the pouring rain.

We got in through a side entrance; only to be told that SWP stewards had prevented some autonomists from leaping up on stage to confront the police who were standing behind a curtain.

They didn't want the meeting to 'degenerate into a brawl', they just wanted the faithful to sit and applaud John Deason giving the same speech for the sixth time. And they talk victoriously about how the Tory Conference was conducted 'under seige'.

Couldn't they see it was us who were under seige by the police, not just in the rally but all over Brighton.

Christ! we're 'under seige' every day of our fucking lives and all the SWP hierarchs can say is 'Go home peacefully, we don't want any trouble, we don't want provoked'.

As I said at the Brighton Conference: 'Leftist shit!'

BACKLASH!

Part of the response to last month's article entitled 'Resistance'

The act of rebellion is nothing. It's easy to enjoy shoplifting, demonstrations, and hitting pigs over the head with bricks. It's fighting against something — against Them, against the State, against the Establishment. 'Comrades, let's go out and show our solidarity'. Disruption is fun, it's a criticism, it's fighting against a common enemy. Idiots.

Our aim is revolution. We aim to overthrow the absurdities of the present 'order'. To destroy the oppression and inequality which runs through the whole of society. A spontaneous revolution, which allows individuals to work together, establish a society which is not based on corruption and immorality. It will be an armed revolution, but only because it has to be. We will not enjoy the killing. For killing there has to be.

Murderers.

Anarchism. Funny word. Means 'no authority'. Has an absolute sense of morality (yes, morality. Not part of your crappy church dogma, but a real belief. You know, that killing people is wrong, and idealistic things like that).

Has to do with people taking responsibility for their own actions. Saying 'sod the authorities'. Acting for themselves. Forming their own beliefs. Things like that.

You don't want that, do you, you facile revolutionaries with a can of paint spray in your pocket? You want to destroy the existing order. Fine. What will happen then? Oh, well, the workers will form their own collectives or co-operatives. Will they? Will they?

Take a look at your worker again, 'class struggle' anarchists. Look at your nearest 'Sun' reader. But then, you don't talk to him, do you? You don't know him very well. He's not one of your friends. But he'll get together with his mates and form a collective when the Day arrives. So it goes.

There's the women's struggle as well. (Sorry, I forgot the capital letters). A good idea, but now's not the moment. It's divisive really. Oh, Jane, have you washed up the mugs already? You are wonderful.

Yes, the Women's Struggle. But they ban men from some of their meetings. I get the feeling that some of them are just men-haters really. But we'll put things right when we get in power... sorry, after the revolution. We'll give them equality. After all, they're the same as us (sorry, I didn't mean physically, I meant...ph, shit).

I met a woman the other day. She was being raped by her husband. She felt she owed him something for all the kindness he had bestowed on her. For the way in which he had provided for her. But then, she's middle-aged, so I suppose she doesn't really count.

Just blaspheming

For Christ's sake! (I don't really believe in that shit, I was just blaspheming). Where are all the anarchists? We've got enough piss-artists, druggies, rejects from the SWP and a few Tories who hate Thatcher's guts. We've got revolutionaries and subversives. Maybe Friends of the Earth ought to declare themselves an endangered species. Except maybe they'd be too late.

Where are all the people who believe in freedom of the press? Gone following the SWP's rotten carrot like knackered donkeys? Screaming for suppression of anything remotely connected with the 'Nazis' of the National Front.

What happened to freedom? Dragging behind the Tories with lame excuses like 'People should be free to do anything — except when it's something we don't like.'

And freedom of beliefs. 'I think all churches are authoritarian so I don't believe in God.' Makes a lot of sense, doesn't it? Does it?

Negative. Criticisms. The anarchist 'movement' doesn't deserve either of its names. Some of the Liberals deserve the name more. At least they're doing something locally.

Proudhon. He adopted the word 'anarchist'. But then, he just wrote books. A bit of a passive guy really. And incredibly sexist. Didn't do anything. No, just more for anarchism than almost anyone else. Ever read his theories of property and possession, or is that too 'intellectual' for you?

I may strike you as a little bitter. I am. Watching 'anarchists' going in for petty acts of vandalism or

negates more anarchist ideas than even the Tory party.

But the class struggle. What about the class struggle? Yes, what about it? The working classes are oppressed, subjugated. So it goes. So you want to oppress the bourgeoisie?

'We need a class revolution'. Maybe you do.

Following the lead

The Mass at the moment follow the lead they are given. Journalists sell their integrity to give them that lead. I despise people for falling for it. It's understandable, it just means that they're stupid. They don't think. But then, they're not expected to.....

Satisfaction at work. Freedom from capital. It means thinking about property. Abolishing it. Perhaps. How can you abolish capitalism without abolishing money? Is the USSR capitalist?

People count.

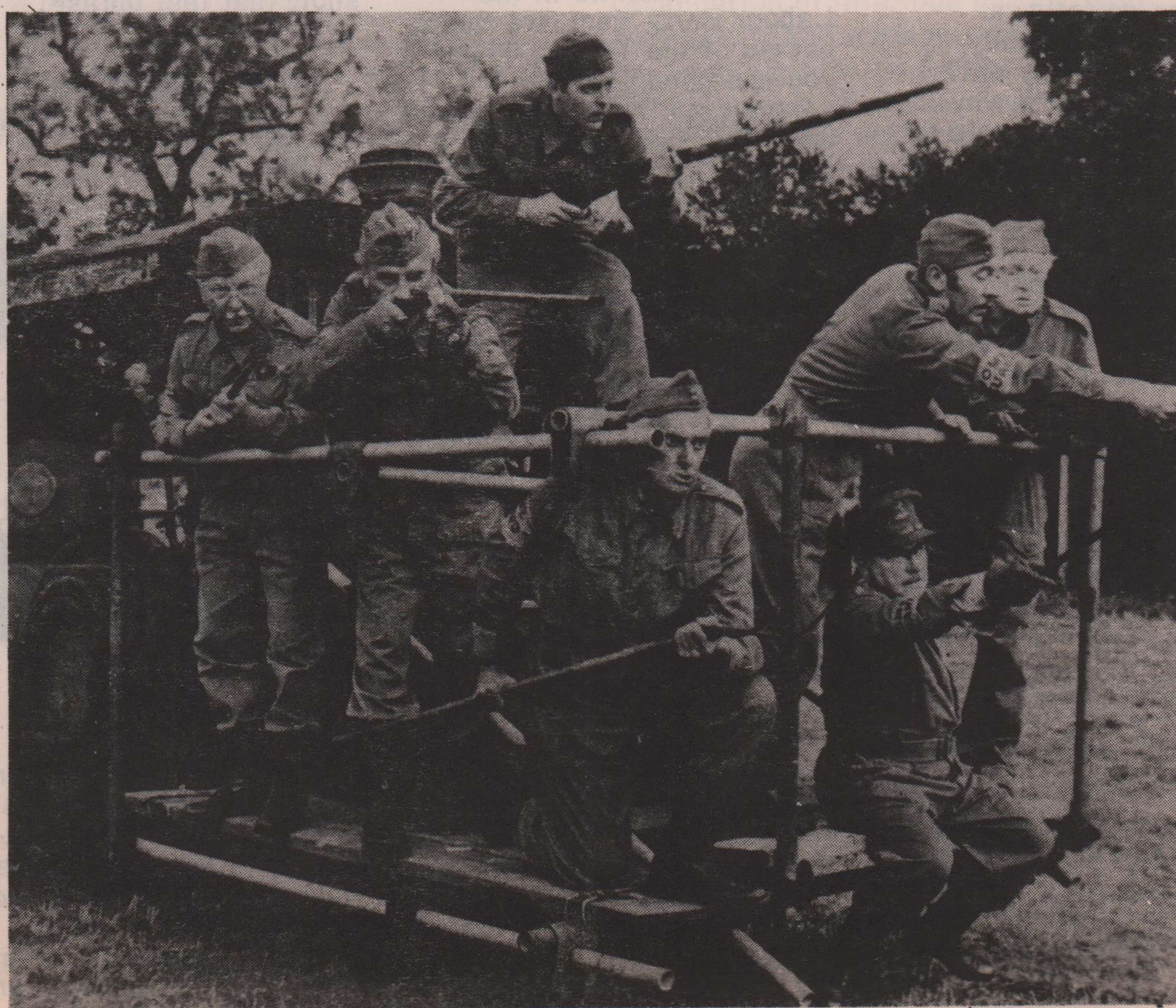
If an anarchist said 'I am the Prime Minister of Britain', people would laugh at her. People can laugh at someone pretending to govern their lives. Pretending to have rights over them. Isn't there plenty that's laughable about it? But then, most anarchists would vote Labour. Hypocrites.

Freedom is the recognition of responsibility. The knowledge that you are responsible for all your own actions. No-one else gets a look in that means people. You. Me. Anarchism is freedom from authority. For you. For me. Not for Us or Them, but for every individual.

Community ownership negates anarchism. It deprives the individual of his freedom. If you're a Marxist collectivist, call yourself one. Not an 'anarchist'. That name was never meant for you.

Governments can only be defeated by being deprived of their function; by being ignored. Revolutionists, go find out what you're about.

And Vandals, you don't deserve the name of such a great race of people. Go call yourselves the Frustrated and go back to where you belong. Nowhere.



Armed Proletarian Nuclei

They believe in Parliament, representation and other idealist creeds, but some of their practice...

An anarchist doesn't have to be a reject. He's a rebel. He challenges. He destroys, but he's careful in his destruction. He's not a nihilist, he cares about life. It's the caring which makes him angry. The caring which makes him a rebel.

He thinks. He considers. He knows. And he talks. He destroys ideas.

Marriage is one absurd idea. Binding a relationship with a scrap of paper. Does love need the formality?

She talks. He talks. I'm a man, I use 'he'. I don't have to.

She builds. Not a party. Not propaganda. If people reject the things you say about the police because you call them 'pigs', don't use the word. You've seen people getting beaten up. They haven't.

Anarchism is instinctive. Most people know about themselves. Care about themselves. The anarchist builds. She destroys. Destruction is a creative art. Not always.

Individuals. People. A person. Another person. The Angry Brigade was attempting something constructive. Do people living next door to your parents know that? Did you know that, ten years ago? What did they create? Have the bastards the right to call themselves anarchists? Of course they have.

Why?

Ravachol called himself an anarchist. Maybe the boarded barn cottage murderers will call themselves anarchists in a few years' time. Or perhaps you've already forgotten about them?

Does every rebellion involve a value?

making the trades unions out to be the heroes of the age. Aligning themselves with the SWP, which

STUFF XMAS CARDS



Hate Christmas? Hate the way all those fat capitalist pigs make money out of it? Why not make some money for Xtra! instead. We're not proud. The above is one of a set of four 'stuff Xmas' cards. They cost 15p each and can be ordered from Xtra!, 182 Upper St, Islington N1. Shown at actual size, they will be printed on varnished card in colour... We'd be grateful for donations for postage.



XTRA-JUDICIAL

-defending yourself in court

One of the advantages of defending yourself is that you can go over the top when you cross-examine, asking questions no barrister in the country would ask. If you've been fitted up you can use cross-examination to establish reasons why you've been selected.

In the case of the Angry Brigade trial it was established in questioning right up to the top cop involved, that there was great pressure on the Bomb Squad from political sources to make some arrests and that from then on they were looking for 'likely candidates'.

In the recent Persons Unknown case the pressure was even more immediate the Bomb Squad was on the verge of being disbanded for lack of business and they needed to get some.

Obviously it's in your summing up speech that you're going to draw all the strands together, showing motivation and opportunities for fit-ups. But you've got to work to establish this, forcing admissions or evasions during cross-examination to build on when summing up.

Police prejudice

In addition to such pressures there is the prejudice of the cops and you can make ground by quoting the abuse you inevitably got when arrested, back at the cop when he is in the witness box.

In the box the cop will put everything in very formal language. When you start asking questions like: 'And at this point you said, 'you long-haired cunts are all the same, where's your fucking bottle now cunt,' didn't you?' this formal language and polite restrained tone is likely to look like the lie it really is.

The element of surprise and personalising of things are very important. Thus one cross-examination of a main cop witness began: 'You've changed a lot, haven't you? At the committals you were stumbling and stuttering like an idiot, now you're really smooth'.

Conversely the danger is to go on too long. Once you've made some breakthroughs, that's the time to stop. If you go on, you're just giving the cop time to re-establish himself. There are also some routine things like the fact that

cops compare notes and their evidence comes out word for word the same, which should be quickly established, possibly only once. Don't labour such points.

Discrepancies

It is in the cross-examination itself that you can start to bring out discrepancies. For this there is no substitute for a lot of hard work. It also means you must have your own source of note-taking, using McKenzies and solicitors. Even though the status of such notes is likely to be challenged at crucial moments by the judge, use them when cross-examining one copper after another, especially those on the raid leading to your arrest.

The crucial thing in showing up divergencies and contradictions is timing and sequence of events, which will be very important in the situation of a fit-up. What you also have to look for is the way the cops conduct the raid. Do they carry on in a way they wouldn't if it was a genuine raid?

In the Angry Brigade case, for example, the cops got stuck in some terrible contradictions in their zeal to prove they'd stumbled on explosives etc., quite accidentally and never expected to find any etc. And it was left to a juror to ask why if they found the stuff didn't they clear the area, or even the flats below. The judge worked overtime to cover this.

You can incidentally tell how much damage you've done in questioning by the length of time the prosecutor spends on re-examining his witnesses.

Forensic experts

Apart from the cops there are the forensic experts. These people are not neutral and where appropriate should be hammered. For this you will probably need an expert defence witness who will have conferences with you in advance, showing you spurious connections and links made by them and where they make conclusions on the basis of evidence that simply won't support them.

Again, in the AB trial, one explosive expert gave some mumbo-jumbo in the first trial to show that some explosive probably originated in Scotland where there was some connection with the defendants. In the next trial the new defendants allegedly had 'French connections', and with some different mumbo jumbo the same forensic expert said the very same explosives probably came from France. The whole matter of traces is now subject to complete confusion and tests on traces are subject to all sorts of interpretation.

In fact a large amount of evidence is interpretation. This is not just true of forensic people but of cops too, especially from their class position. It is possible to show that what is suspicious to them comes from their very special and narrow view of the world.

The biggest weakness with the cops is when they're out to pin you, they really put it on with a trowel, and the more they add on, the more mistakes they're likely to make. This is especially true of verbals in which they tend to operate from a formula: 'Who grassed me then?', or 'I did it but you can't



Copies of 'Towards a Citizen's Militia: Anarchist Alternatives to NATO' are still available from Xtra! at £1.25 a copy.

prove it'. They also tend to do it in the same slang. Ever heard of a geordie whose verbals were straight cockney?

One of the advantages of doing your own cross-examination is precisely that in the process you give the lie to their stereotyping.

Police corruption

What will really needle the judge - and he is the main enemy, rather than the prosecutor - is where in questioning you bring in previous proven villainy the cops have been up to. He will say it's irrelevant and you have to judge how far and on what instances to push such a confrontation.

Always bear in mind that the people you're reaching to are the jury. Don't underestimate them. Again you have to judge how much such a confrontation will show the judge in his true colours (something that was clearly very important in the Person's Unknown case) and

how much it will piss the jury off by labouring some point.

It is also standard practice for the cops to give you a few digs at the least, and more likely a real hammering. This represents a point of weakness for them. They will obviously deny it, if you can break through on that either with photos or actual defence witnesses it will bring into question all the rest of their evidence.

Thus in cross-examining you need to get an absolute commitment from them that not a finger was laid on you etc, in preparation for the knock-down you can deliver in the defence case.

In conclusion the whole thing needs a lot of judgement about how long to go on a particular witness, or train of questions, and hard study of details. In a fit-up all the cops will agree on where and what they found. It is in the details of what else is happening, where everything was and so on that they will trip up.



Seen in a high rise estate....

SQUATTING: Solving For

In the UK there are an estimated 850,000 empty council properties, and another 80,000 or so houses left empty for most of the time, simply because they are the second and third homes of the rich; added to this there are 450,000 building workers unemployed.

In other words, there is no shortage of housing and plenty of workers ready to build houses even if there was. However, under capitalism, this constitutes a housing crisis.

But who is suffering as a result of this housing crisis? Well, essentially, working people who can't afford to buy their own homes, and, above all, young single people whom the councils have no responsibility to house.

Waiting lists

All they tell you to do is sign on the waiting list, live in the same borough for three years, get married and have two kids and then you *might* get a shitty two-bed roomed flat stuck at the top of a delapidated tower block.

Camden Council's minutes (10/4/80) state quite clearly that the 'chances of rehousing will rapidly diminish, and from 1983 onwards will be almost non-existent, unless they are homeless families within the definition of existing legislation'.

Heseltine's recent freeze on all council house building, even though thousands of new homes are required every year just to maintain the existing inadequate supply, means that the housing crisis will worsen, and coupled with Tory policy on selling council property, it suggests that in a few years the situation in the cities will become explosive.

So much for the public sector!

What are the other alternatives? Well, I suppose the private rented sector is the obvious one, although this sector has declined rapidly throughout the 70s, so that nowadays not only can it be very expensive, but it can also be difficult to find. Tenants may also have very little security of tenure. In effect, paying rent to a landlord/lady means paying off his or her mortgage — instead of doing that, you might well be buying property yourself.

Buying your own?

How do you get a mortgage though? Building society account, marriage, good job, kiddies on the way, life assurance policy, references from the boss and the bank manager....well that's out for a start!

Where does that leave us? Staying at home with our parents until we're 30, or married — not bloody likely! Or in an institution — YMCA or some sort of 'half-way' house? God, no!

Wait a minute, what about short-life housing and hard to let schemes? Yes, this is the only reasonable alternative; cheap, but only for short periods of up to two years. But at the moment all the short life community housing groups are oversubscribed and you often have to be literally on the streets to get offered a place. And they depend almost entirely on local councils for property and grants(have you spotted the catch yet? Yes, you guessed it — good old Tory policy says no more grants to commies and liberal do-gooders. The nation can't afford it. So, boys and girls, the answer lies in taking direct action to house ourselves — in other words **Squatting!**)

Viability

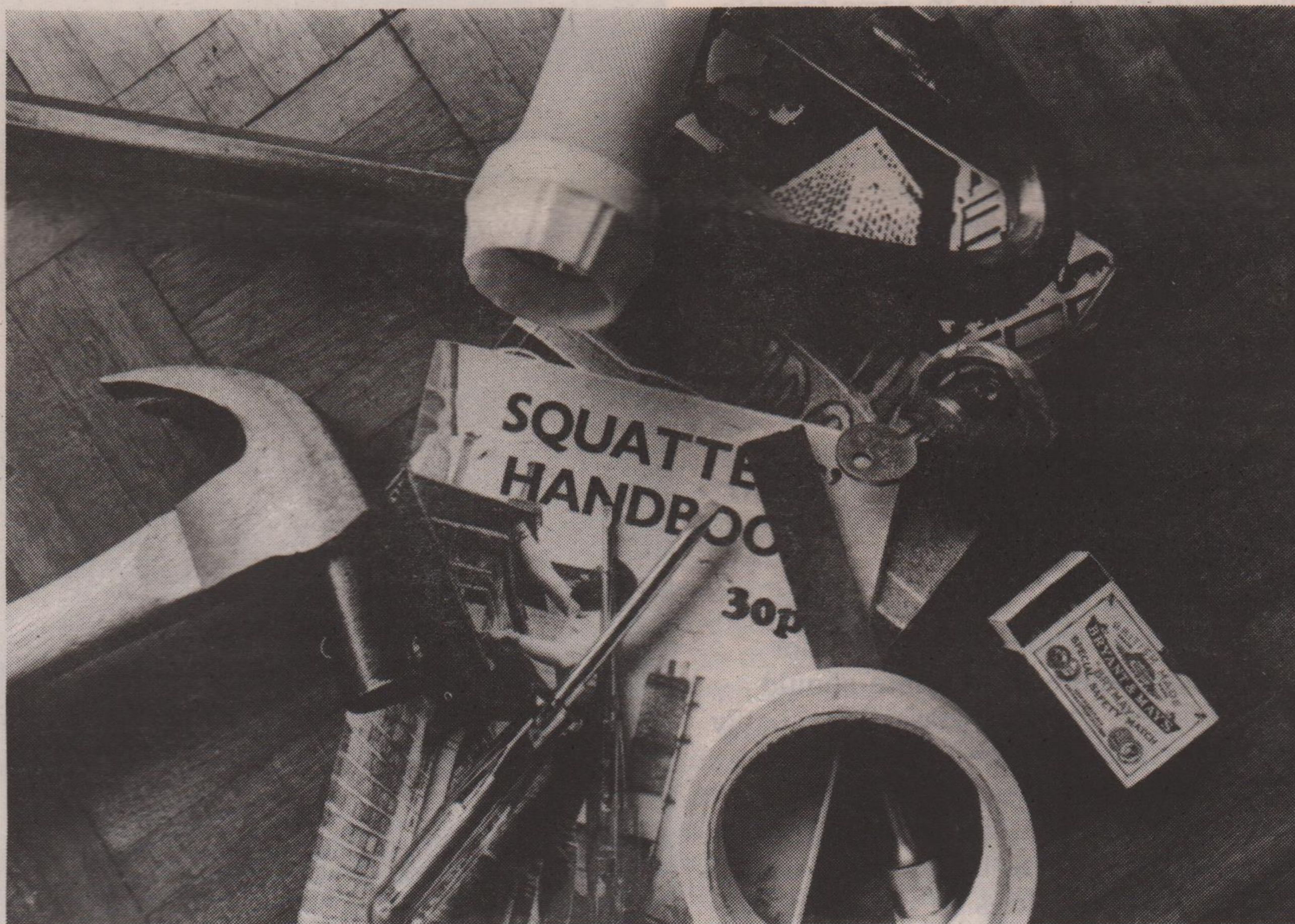
In the UK, squatting is only really viable in England and Wales, mainly in

the cities and, above all, in London. There are said to be 30,000 squatters in London, so the authorities are generally less heavy there than in other parts of the country.

Normally, Labour councils are better than Tory ones, which means inner London boroughs rather than outer. And in most parts of the country, working class rather than middle class areas.

The first thing to do is get hold of a copy of the *Squatters Handbook* (30p), so that you know what you're doing and understand the law properly. In London you can go for advice to the London Squatters Union in William IV's St, (open a few evenings a week), or to the the Advisory Service for Squatters, 2 St Paul's Rd, Islington (open weekdays from 2-6pm) Outside London try some local squats you know. Other publications are *The Alternative Housing Handbook* (40p) and in London *Alternative London*.

Anyway, if the organisations above



can't direct you anywhere, you'll have to look for the empty property yourself. Spot the 'For Sale' signs or lack of curtains, or the places which are boarded up. Remember, publicly owned property (councils, Housing Associations, British Rail) are usually best.

Private landlords are less predictable — they might bring in the heavies to beat you up, or on the other hand they might just leave you alone — it depends on the individual owner and how much he or she owns. Some property is empty for tax reasons.

Flats

If you're looking for a flat remember that although they can be quite smart and need little work done on them, you tend to be thrown out faster. This is because 'there is a particularly acute demand for one and two-bedroomed units' (Camden council minutes 10/4/80)

Houses, on the other hand are often in need of a lot of repair — the piping and bath and sink fittings are often ripped out by council workers. Drains and toilets are often filled with concrete. You should also check whether the gas and electricity have been disconnected

1. Below 'A conspiracy to...'



2. Below 'Housing aids' (easily stolen from Woolies)

(spot the fresh tarmac in the road outside). However, bear in mind that houses often have longer term prospects and you may be able to get a licence from the council.

Once you've spotted a place, check how easy it is to get in — especially the locks on the doors. Yale locks can be easily forced, mortice locks usually have to be chiselled away, and padlocks can be levered off. Small bathroom, kitchen or toilet windows can be forced with a claw hammer, or even a strong screwdriver. Make sure you don't overdo it and take along unnecessary implements: plan ahead.

You'll probably need a torch and/or candles and matches, a screwdriver, a yale barrel and key, a claw hammer, possibly a crowbar (not too conspicuous!) and perhaps a chisel; a mainstester-cum-screwdriver could be a handy, also bring your *Squatters Handbook*.

Getting in

Next comes the difficult bit — getting in. (Notice how I avoid the 'breaking') Use a couple of people as lookouts. Remember that if you break anything you can get done for causing criminal damage, but then again, vandals might just happen to have broken a window or something the night before (that's what happens when you leave a place empty)

Don't make an excessive amount of noise — neighbours are usually cops without uniforms and they have telephones which can connect them very rapidly to either the local piggery, or council security forces.

Some people think that getting in during the day is easier and less suspicious. Especially if you look like council workmen (overalls and clipboard) or you're a family. However, I prefer night-time — when everybody's either getting their daily dose of Technological V. alium, or is in bed.

The crucial phase is getting in and changing the lock as fast as possible. Once you're in control of access, you're OK. Now you can move in with the sleeping bags, food, posters and candles etc.

Now wait until the council security or police arrive (sometimes it is an idea actually to contact the police yourself — that way you keep the initiative.)

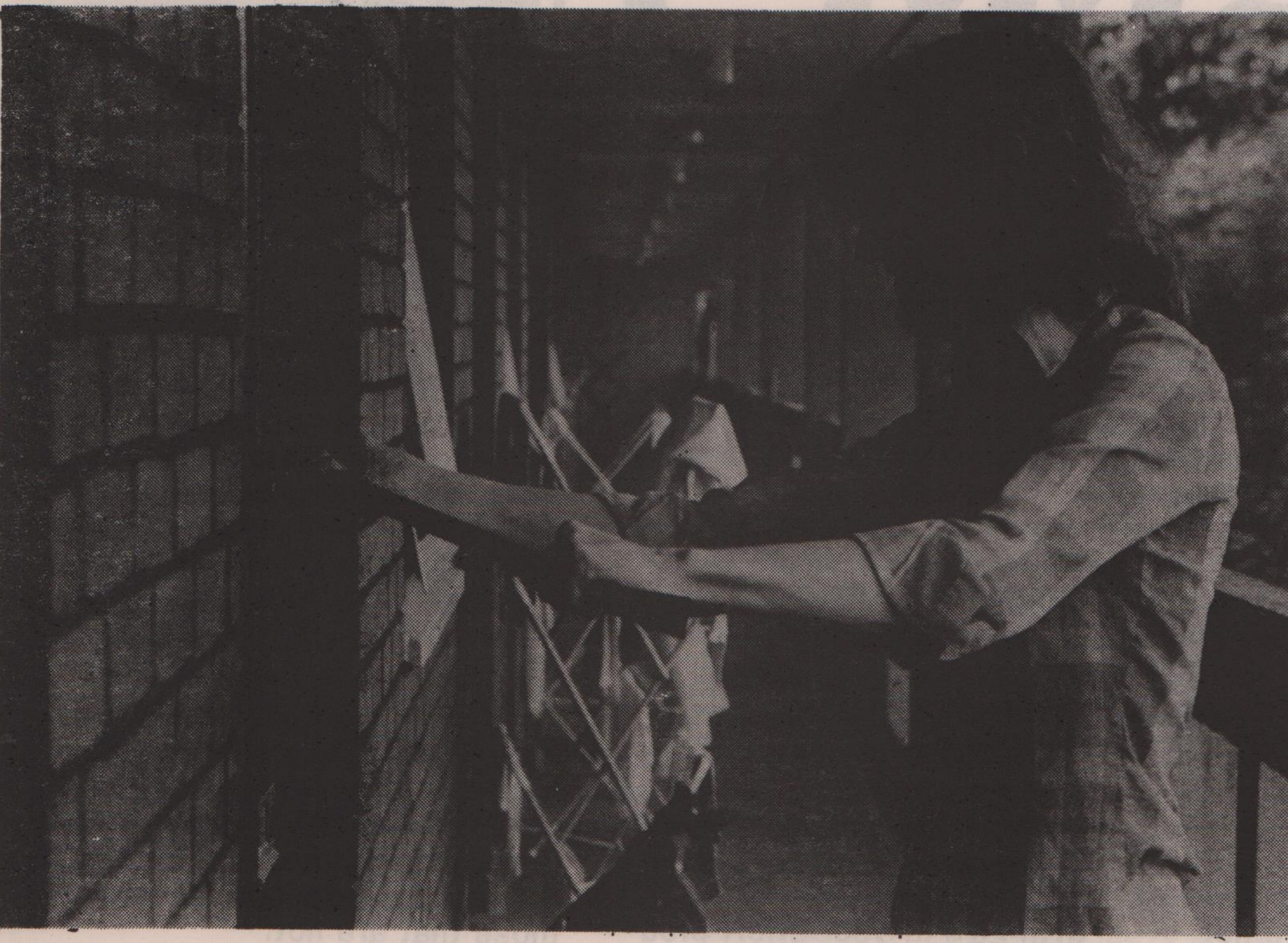
All that you have to say is that you 'gained access without doing any dam-

3. Below 'Maybe if we used the dynamite....'



The Housing Crisis

The Price Of An Old Crowbar



age and are now legally squatting the premises'.

Civil matter

This means that it's a civil matter and therefore not within the jurisdiction of the police. Usually they will accept this and go away; sometimes they may act heavy and council people often spout a load of lies to try and get you to leave. Ignore their bullshit and reply with some of your own — quote section six of the 1977 Criminal Law Act at them. Remember, the more aggressive they are the fewer brains they have. Act very knowledgeable and be firm but polite. Oh yeah, and giving false names is probably best.

Right, assuming everything's gone to plan, you can move in all your belongings, three piece suites, double-beds, grand pianos, the collected works of Marx and Lenin (unreadable version) etc — you'll probably need a van for this. Try the Yellow Pages or Gentle Ghost Removals in London, who are quite cheap.

By now of course the ubiquitous 'irate neighbour' will have turned up, demanding to know 'who finances you people' and similar ridiculous questions. It's not very politic to say 'the Warsaw Pact' or 'we've got an Arts Council grant' or 'fuck you, lady'. Instead emphasise how ordinary and decent you are, how you have regular baths and really want to pay the extortionate rent but the landlord just won't accept (because it would give you tenant's rights), and if only Mr Reagan was running the country bla bla...

If that doesn't work, just smile a lot — it's not good to have very hostile neighbours.

Gas & electricity

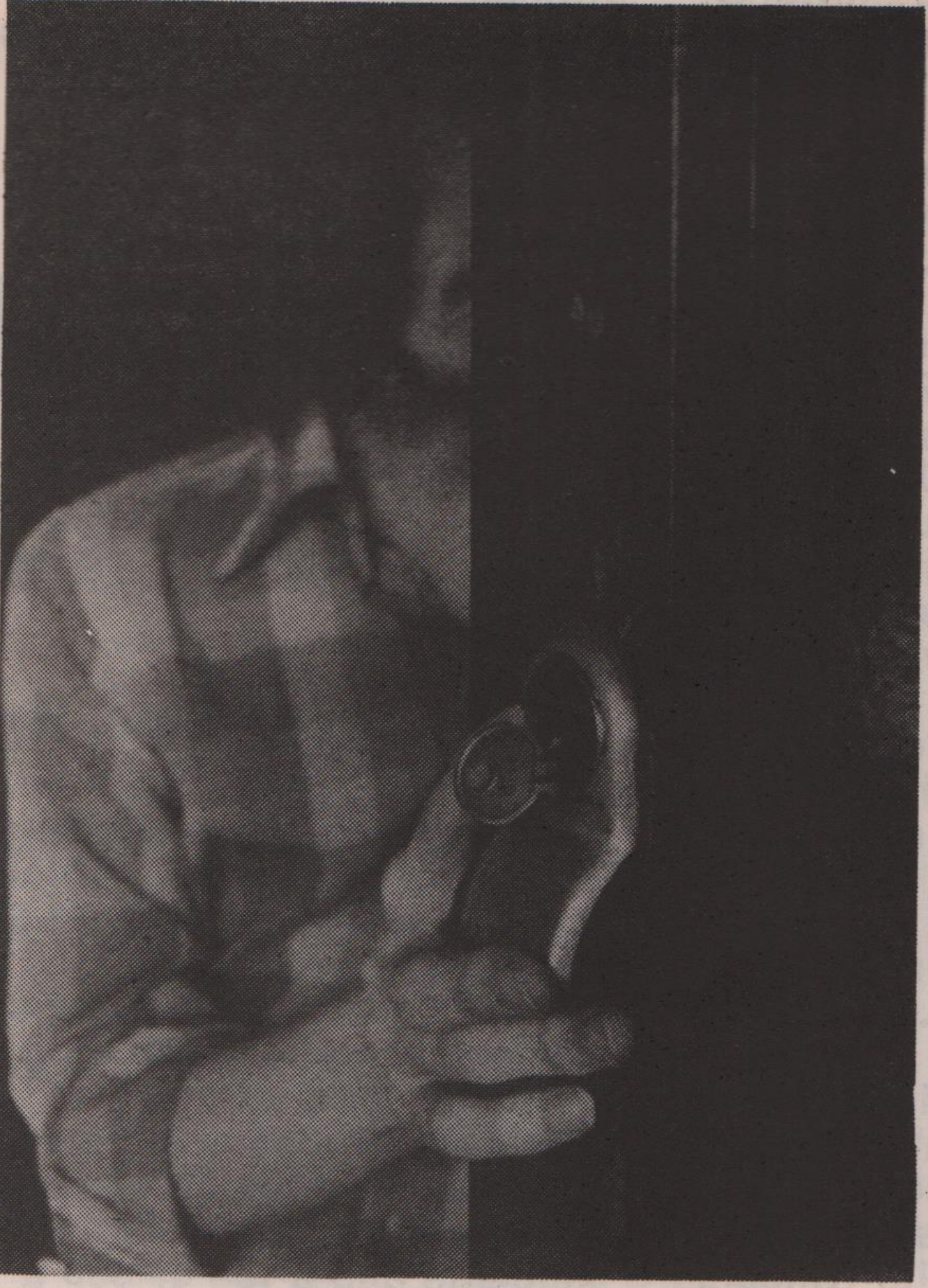
Next comes things like water, gas and electricity. I assume you chose a squat that had water, because I don't know anything about plumbing. For the other two, go along to your local gas, or electricity showroom and open an account. Don't say you're squatting.

If you've never had an account before they might ask for a £50 deposit, so pretend you've just moved and have paid your bills up to date (give a false previous address and name).

4. Above 'Sunday afternoon crowbar practice'.

5. Above 'Oh, how fortunate, a broken window'.

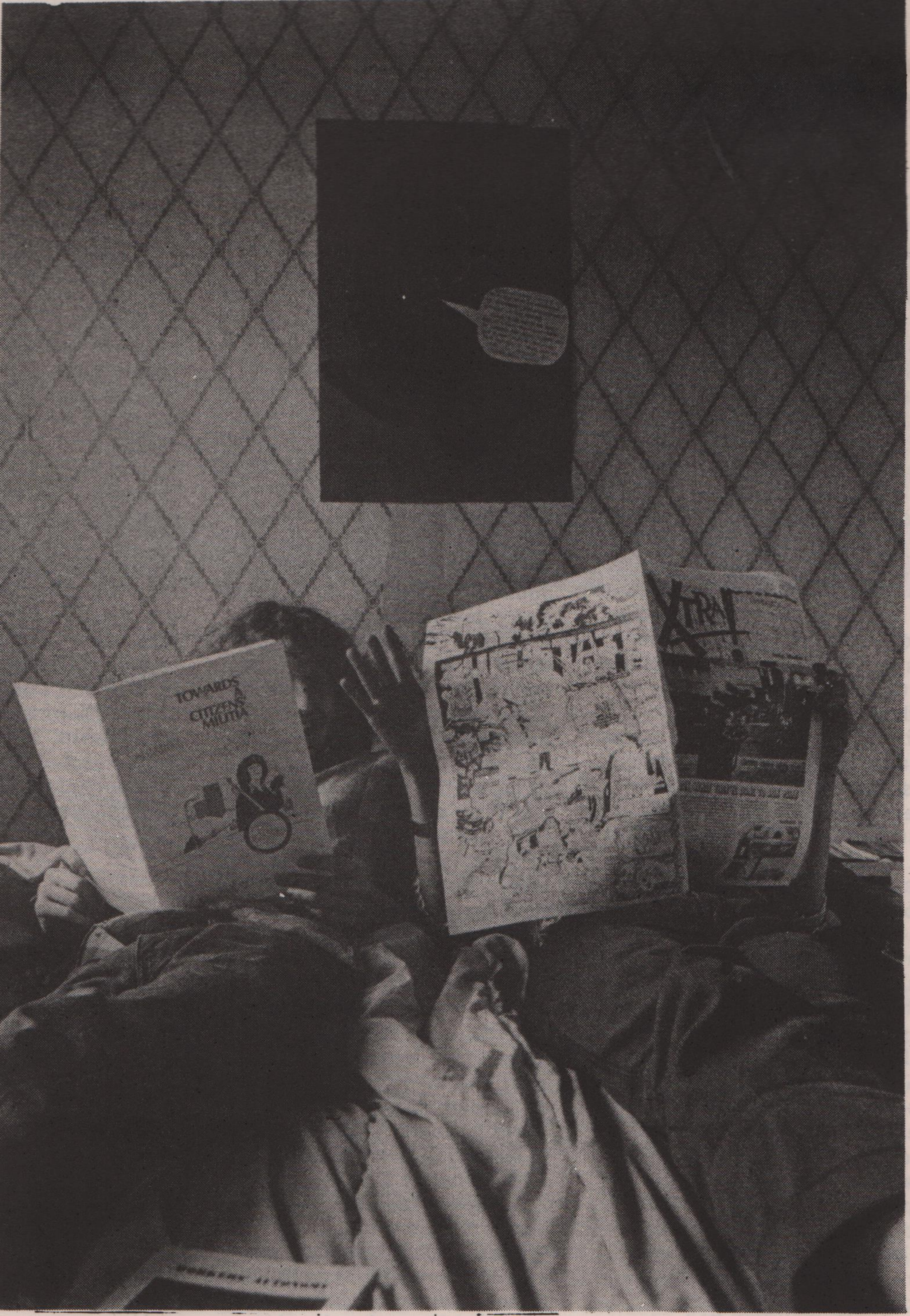
6. Below 'Yale locks really make a place secure'.



If you can't get turned on for reasons of safety, don't tamper with the gas and be careful with the electricity. You can wire the house up yourself, but it's illegal to steal electricity.

Well, that's about it, you should now have a reasonably cosy little home free of charge. During the first few days it's nice to have friends staying with you or calling round to provide moral and logistical support, at least until the initial hassles are over. But after that you'll be able to act like perfectly respectable citizens and leave the place empty without fear of finding it boarded up on your return.

This is because your case will be processed through the courts and it's usually at least another six weeks before they get the bailiffs to evict you, by which time you've found another squat. Well, that's the run-down on squatting — sensible, moderate, realistic and anarchistic.



Squat Sweet Squat

© THE MONEY PAGE

Who Guards The Guards?

Here's yet another follow-up to the article on cheap travel in London. I have the dubious distinction of being a guard on the Underground (and a humane one — just!)

The unfortunate thing about fare-dodging is that the powers that be know all the tricks, and especially at a time when our beloved transport system is being sliced to bits through lack of money, our Lords and Masters decide to clamp down on fare-dodging. In fact, as a general rule, it isn't wise to try anything on either just after a fare increase, or an accident, because at these times they are particularly hot on applying all the rules.

white, red, yellow and green. This acts as a pass. But you need a grey jacket on too. Then you show it at the barrier. It helps if you have a guards key in it and a door key (to open the driver's compartment door in the tubes). The rattle they make is a sign of authenticity. A red ASLEF union card is good too. Say you left your pass at home. It helps if you look reasonably smart.

However, my favourite to beat all concerns the LT/BR privil-



There is a department of LT which operates from 55 Broadway, concerned specifically with fraud (their words). This department has a team of special investigators who operate as follows:

Over-zealous ticket collector at station A informs LT that a passenger regularly travels through the station paying 15 or 20p (cash, anyway), or has a ticket from one station up the line. LT fraud squad starts to check on suspect. Finds out where s/he lives, travels from etc. After enough evidence is collected, sometimes investigations take up to a year, the suspect is followed on a journey by two investigators and is nicked at the exit.

These investigators can occasionally be seen at ticket barriers looking inconspicuous in tweed jackets, open necked shirts. Their chief man is about 50, 5ft 5ish, grey-haired and has a habit of talking to guards about his job!

In other words, it's important that you don't use the same place too-often.

There are better ways of getting free transport. They are as follows:

1 Get a mate on LT to lend you his/her pass and ID card. They are in a little plastic wallet. Though printed on plastic and sealed they could be easily copied on cardboard colours and all put in a plastic wallet. You only flash them very quickly at the barriers and you can get up to three people through like that.
2 Get hold of an LT issue guard's lamp. This is a square yellow lamp with four colours:

age pass. This is a piece of blue cardboard with a few bits of scrawl on it. This gives LT employees 75% reductions on all BR travel, including Sealink. This should be used in conjunction with an LT pass or ID card. But whatever you do, remember 75% of the success lies in you being able to bull-shit. It's important, for example to know the name of your 'depot' — there's one at the end of every tube line.

With this pass you can only buy one ticket, but there's nothing to stop you buying one every two hours for your friends. Tickets are then presented as ordinary ones at the barrier. This card can also be used on local journeys where there aren't ticket inspectors on trains, as a pass. You just cover up the LT scrawl and use it as a BR free pass (it's one and the same).

PS LT is an easy way to earn bread. But at the interview you must have references (mine were fakes) and not have been on the dole for more than three months (they check). Look smart — you're saving to get married, etc. There is then a three week delay before you start and then three-five weeks at training school — then the world is yours. I was involved in financing a non-profit making food co-op for a while, care of LT wages. Apply for the job of direct recruit guard.

Finally remember that transport is the means of communication between autonomous groups. It's good to be able to go and see people than just reading things in papers all the time.

THE PARETO CURVE

Easychair Economics For Egalitarians

Cutting costs, that age-old allergy to reality, so long endemic in world economics, is once more on the rampage. The rule is: cut off the pennies and the pounds will fall off in sympathy. Profitability is just round the next U-bend as long as the axe keeps falling. Or is it?

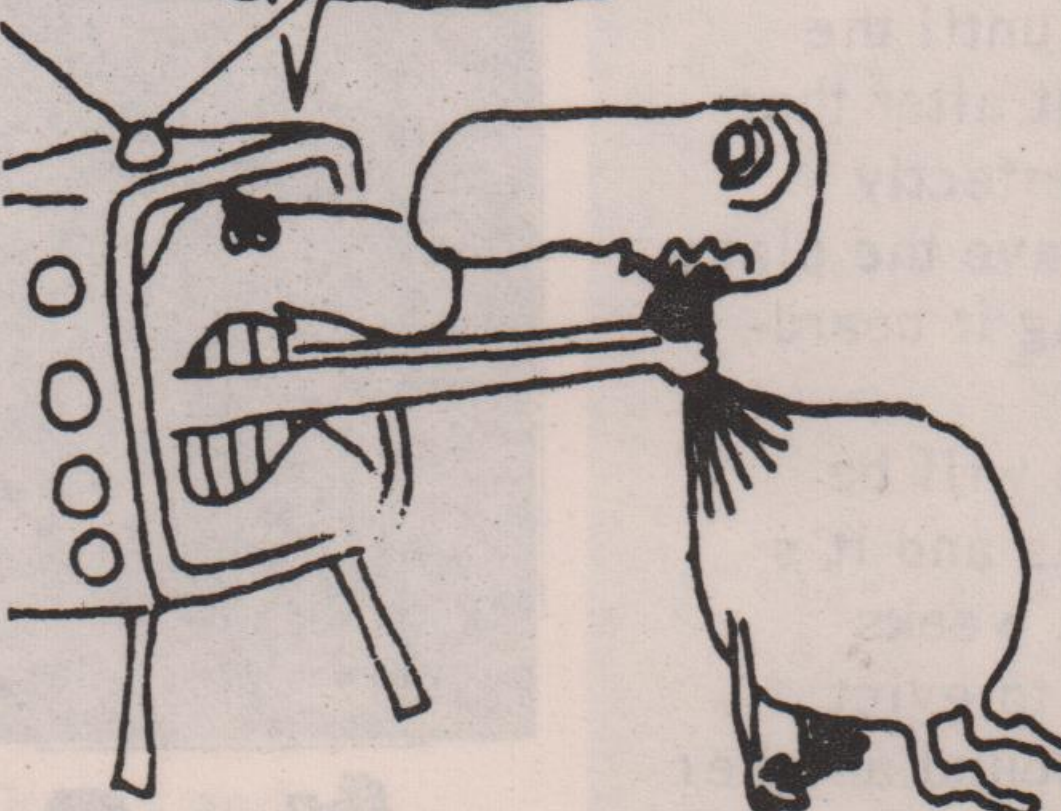
Those of us who pay to use British Rail and London Transport know how they cut costs. They simply put up prices charged and decrease the service. It couldn't be simpler. But where do they decide which services they should give up and how do they know that this will really save money?

It is undoubtedly a fact that most train routes are not very profitable. In fact, 30% of all passengers use only 20% of all the services on the timetable. Twenty per cent of the track carries 80% of the rail traffic. Eighty per cent of the journeys are made during 20% of the day. And so on.

How do I know this? It is a simple application of the so-called 80/20 rule. Statistically it can be shown that for any large scale system 20% of the effort produces 80% of the results and, of course, the other 80% produces only 20% more results. You can tell by drawing a graph of effort against results to get what is called a Pareto curve, which always passes through or close to the 80/20 point. So it has almost universal application. For instance, 20% of anarchists do 80% of the work in the anarchist movement.

This rule is, of course, God's gift to Sir Keith Joseph and more particularly, a certain Dr Beeching. He found that 80% of the earnings were made on 20% of the railway lines. So his idea was to chop off the least profitable lines to save 80% of the cost at a loss of only 20% of earnings. And hey presto, British Rail becomes profitable. (Cheers in the House, a snow storm of peerages)

BUY



However, spot the deliberate mistake. It doesn't work in practice. There are two effects which politicians and their lackeys haven't, it seems, heard about. Firstly, any system tends to stabilise itself and gives a Pareto curve of effort versus results. Hence, once you have chopped off your redundant 80%, you still have a Pareto curve with 20% of your effort producing 80% of your earnings. Now, after two such cuts, we have only 4% of the system left and any more such 'economies' and we have nothing left at all. Bye bye British Rail.

Secondly, this system involves people, not just statistics. If your local train no longer runs you have to find alternative transport. And it is not surprising if you choose to use this transport for all

your future journeys, not using British Rail at all.

One further point. Several of these 'least profitable' lines given the axe by Dr Beeching have been successfully reopened by independent groups (boos in the House a snow storm of ostrich feathers).

Now, if you can't chop off the nasty bits, what can you do? Well, in simple terms, you must redistribute your effort. Expand the services that are profitable and find cheaper ways of maintaining those that are not.

Taking another nationalised industry, say, British Steel, you can see that any 'expert' has two possible choices. One is to modernise products and production techniques in inefficient plants, while looking to expand profitable plants.

The other road I'll leave to your imagination.

Sarah Smith

Financing Anarchy The Easy Way

A Moral Tale For Student Anarchists

Last year our group succeeded in getting £400 out of our local students union (which, as we want to repeat the event, we will not name). Not all SU's are as generous as ours, but here's how we did it.

Our SU undertakes to finance student societies including political ones, so our first step was to form a society. This required ten membership cards with names of real students and a fee of 30p a member. Having done this we submitted a budget to the SU finance committee. We claimed for everything we could get, ie money for films, banners, badges, papers, conferences, speakers fees etc. We asked them for £800 and got £400.

Once you've got the budget past this committee it is a relatively simple matter to hive off various parts of the budget to people or groups outside the college. Thus such things as speakers fees money for banners and conference fees is passed to worthy causes. This is made possible by the fact that although the Union will not give us cash, they will send money to people and addresses which the society secretary names, ie Xtra! (yes please! — typist) for example is

named as having been a speaker and so ends up being sent £30 whether a meeting and speech have been held or not. The SU system is so fucked up it can't cope even with this simple fraud.

An alternative to fraud is to use the system of SU meetings to obtain an 'ex-gratia' payment for this you have to submit and have passed, a motion authorising such a payment. It's bureaucratic, but it can work. If the likes of SWP and IMG can get money this way, why shouldn't we? So if you have students in your local group, get them to start ripping their students union off for they can get.

A final word, SU offices are goldmines for such things as Letraset, duplicating paper and stencils, free printing etc. Walk into one, claim to be a student and ask for something, anything you stand a chance of being given it, if only to be rid of you.

ANON A students.

SCIENTIFIC POLICKOLOGY

On the mentality of policemen and their favourite plays

THE SIGNS

Xtra! is concerned about the balance between the 'policeman' and the 'criminal'. Like the Daily Telegraph it has seen the balance slip in favour of the 'baddies' and like the Telegraph it is endeavouring to do something about.

To this end we are launching the new science of Polickology. In a series of articles, I want to draw out the way ordinary policemen think, how they approach certain problems, and what is regarded as 'suspicious'.

The articles are based on a book called 'The signs of Crime: A field manual for Police', by David Powis (published by McGraw-Hill). It says it is a useful aid to ambitious police officers, commercial security organisations and (we must now add) Armchair Terrorists everywhere.

Let's begin at the beginning: 'Fundamental principles', or how to tell a criminal just by his smell (that's not my sexism but the author's).

The world is divided into goodies and baddies. And although he doesn't make classifying as simple as the colour of the suspect (quite), he does give us a couple of pointers. For example, criminals never smoke pipes and they never clean their shoes properly — so next issue's special offer will be pipes and shoe-cleaning equipment.

The modern baddie is transported by car, so what does the modern policeman look for on those routine stops? Well, firstly he's checking things like the tax and licence, because it's been statistically proved (touching, this faith) that 'people of bad character do not tax their cars and are likely to commit traffic offences'. (I was going to illustrate this with reference to the Rising Free Collective — but I won't).

Cars and criminals; what are the guilty signs? Well there's unnecessary use of windscreen wipers (which indicates the ignition shorting, as it tends to do when the car has been stolen and started by means other than using the key). If it happens to you, run!

Then there's young people in expensive vehicles (perhaps I should put him on to our local Tory youth) and the unnecessary use of gloves.

But there is yet more. A car, that looks 'lived in', equals 'No Fixed Abode', equals baddie. While a car that smells of 'semen' (I had to look that up) is indicative of a depraved style of living.

Never carry boot polish, ether or sandalwood soap in your car, as to the guardians of law and order they smell of explosives LSD and cannabis respectively.

The wearing of sunglasses to our current senior Deputy Assistant Commissioner in the CID of the Metropolitan Police, is akin to confession. Firstly it's a sign of an 'ineffective' disguise and secondly it can be indicative of 'criminals and addicts, who rationalise and excuse vile and greedy behaviour by pretending to be part of a 'new movement' to 'liberate' humanity', so there.

While we're on the subject of political extremists (that's me and — hopefully you) he gives a useful lecture on how to spot them in their cars (Xtra! could

use some of these for transporting copies...).

Extremists, he says, are 'usually scruffy' and 'personally dirty', they have a 'don't care' attitude to dress as opposed to the flashiness of the ordinary criminal. 'Political immoderates consider themselves soldiers rather than smart operators.' The jargon of these 'immoderates' (I like that word — all hail the immoderator) will show in their conversation. If this jargon is spoken with a cultured voice, it's very suspicious; if it's spoken by a woman it's a signed statement of guilt.

So our guardians are trolling along when suddenly they see a car whose driver is wearing sunglasses, using his/her wind screen wipers and not smoking a pipe. What do they do? To stop the car they site their own parallel to it, but just behind and signal it to stop. When it is safe, they pull up behind the other car.

Our author discusses the serious problems of stops by plain clothed policemen, where the (innocent) suspect pretends to be unaware it's the police and speeds off. The police car has to chase the other car, and, consequently ends up looking quite silly. In the words of Private Eye this is an immature and dangerous activity which we would like to discourage.

So the policeman has sauntered over. Now what has the modern immoderate to look for? At night, under sodium lights, it's difficult to know the colour of a car, so the policeman may check that. Secondly if he suspects the car has been stolen he may well ask you what you are doing in Dr Philip's car

(or some other made-up name). If you say you've just borrowed it, you've confessed. Remember a policeman will always use the royal we when alone.

The policeman is always wary of violence (did you know that hallucinatory drugs make people violent?) He will stand just behind the door, so that it can't be swung at him and he can look down your jacket pocket — so don't keep your second driving licence there. If you go quietly after loudly arguing, the policeman is expecting you to strike him. You know those clipboards the police sometimes carry? Well, they have a multitude of purposes. They make the carrier look official, they can act as a shield, as a weapon, or you can even write on them.

Finally, a word on personal reactions. To the police, not only is fear suspicious, but so is a lack of it. Have you ever wondered why the police are so open-minded? Well, this book is one of the reasons.

The author also talks of the 'institutionalised' look of ex-

prisoners, when the 'suspect will look through you' when not being spoken to. The first-time criminal and political activists will have a 'frozen expression', which he ascribes to fear, but which I think is probably a product of that 'depraved standard of living'.

Finally (again) a footnote on violence. When Starsky and Hutch kick those doors down, I've always thought it would be bad manners to say 'it's a fair cop, guv' and go quietly. The British police recognise this. They will use women officers to diffuse violent confrontations and use class, by dressing 'respectably' to calm people down.

Immoderates should recognise this ('violence, last resort of the incompetent' etc) and follow Mesrines example. He, when his house was surrounded by armed police, rushed out of the front door shouting 'he's still up there — he's got a gun' — and escaped.

The Immoderator.

CROSSED LINES

Sir, Madam, I'll be pleased to report to the proper authorities that you're having good sex.

The boy friend of the girl friend of a friend of mine is a telephone engineer in Scotland. The first time we met at dinner he told me about his work, differences in pay between Scotland and London and about 'phone tapping. A story he told was about an elderly lady who was getting obscene calls. She complained to the police who hooked into her phone and soon learned the calls were coming from a certain phone box. The police then staked out the box and caught a 12 year old boy. My acquaintance said such tapping is done informally on the spot, regularly and no writ or warrant is ever applied for. There are, however, local police records of such tapping.

Recently I tried for an hour to get through to a friend and kept getting an engaged signal. It seemed odd that her phone should be tied up so long so I dialled 100 to try to get through that way. But the operator also got an engaged signal. She then called through to the local operator who checked and reported that the telephone I was trying to reach was out of order. The following exchange then took place:

Me: Can you tell me how the local operator learns that a phone is faulty.

Op: I'm not allowed to say, Sir.

Me: But there must be some way, do you know it?

Op: I'm not allowed...

Me: Why not, is it secret?

Op: I'm just an operator, Sir, you'll have to take it up with the manager.

Me: But how does one tell a phone is out of order? Is it by listening in on the line informally, that is, without getting an order to?

Op: I really can't divulge that.

Me: But it sounds as though you know the answer.

Op: (small chuckle) Well, I can't really say.

Me: To get a job as an operator

do you have to sign the Official Secrets Act?

Op: I really can't answer your question.

Me: Thanks anyway, bye, bye.

When I told these stories to another friend, she said that couples making love often take the phone off the hook so as not to be disturbed. This could be a grave mistake if someone is trying to reach them and asks for a check to be made of a line long-engaged. That is because the local operator will then listen in and can hear all the grunts, moans and sweet or rude mutterings. My friend just had this experience of the hooter sounding crassly just after her climax and it quite put her and her partner off from a further go, even though they then replaced the phone on the hook.

In early 1964 I got some information that made me think my phone was being tapped. I had got a refusal of further residence in Britain in February and the matter was, in a few months to attract considerable press notice and comment. Before

that I was taking steps both to alter the Home Office decision and to arrange for publicity. Much of my effort was conducted over the phone. One day in April or May I had some trouble with my phone. I managed to get through to the local Primrose operator and described the difficulty. He said to wait a minute and went off. When he came back on he said, 'Your phone is on a by-pass. I can't hear you and you can't hear me on the regular circuit; the plug must have been pulled.'

The next day two engineers came. When one was talking on the phone he said '66' several times. I wondered what that was a code for. When they were about to leave, I asked them what it meant to have one's phone on a by-pass. One of them then asked me if I was using an answering service, I certainly wasn't, but someone was most likely using a listening service which would also involve making a recording of the traffic on my phone.

The point of these anecdotes is to call attention to something not usually recognised either by

the public or the established and alternative presses who concern themselves with tapping and the thought control police in Britain. Lately a lot of attention has been given to a building where, through high technology, thousands upon thousands of telephones can have intercepting devices fixed onto them. But actually, older methods are used when the political police have a line on a particular person or group. By informal arrangements on a personal basis with the Post Office, these police can listen in without a warrant of any sort. It is only after they come onto something not 'in the public interest' that they may then pro forma get a warrant for further telephonic — and postal — surveillance using the new sophisticated resources of the centre.

The moral of this is that there is not much use in calling for a parliamentary enquiry; it won't help. Big Brother has been around for a long time and, if you are up to something, best use call-box to call-box telephoning by prearrangement and vary your call boxes. Also, if you don't want it on record, or just don't want an auditory audience when you're making love, leave the phone on the hook with the bell-screw turned way down.

Bert Benson



It takes a special kind of man to make a police officer....

RESISTANCE LAUGHTER

'and there's this new disease going around at the moment, it's very similar to cardiac arrest, it's called resisting arrest, it's reaching the proportions of an epidemic in some places. This guy in Liverpool, Jimmy Kelly, he comes out of a pub...one minute he's dead drunk, the next minute he's just dead. And no-one knows how he caught it and died. It's an obscure branch of medical science, see, all they're capable of doing, at the moment, is applying a large quantity of whitewash. They've set up a special branch of the police force to deal with it, it's called the Special Patrol Group, yeah, apparently they're all trained doctors, and their job is to go round isolating known carriers of the disease and putting them in immediate quarantine, you see you can carry it without knowing it.....'

Comedian Andy de la Tour, of *Alternative Cabaret*, commenting on the report that there were 254 deaths, while in police custody in the last ten years.

With the start of the eighties, in an England of worsening economic crisis, high unemployment, increasing police powers and an entrenched Conservative administration; there has been a consolidation of a trend towards 'new cabaret' on the London fringe theatre scene.

Although there is a broad spectrum of performers and musicians involved, at the centre of this movement, at its core, is a large nucleus of radical stand-up comedians, who, with very few exceptions have come from a political theatre background.

Some of these new comics, Jim Barclay, Andy de la Tour and Maggie Steed, are established names with many years service with such prestigious groups as 7/84, Belt and Braces and The Half Moon Company. Others, such as Keith Allen, Tony Allen and Alexei Sayle, worked with lesser known, more experimental community or street theatre groups.

The traditions

Stand-up comedy in Britain conjures up an image of boozy, smokey, working mens clubs, microphone in hand and verbally taking on all-comers: outwitting (if 'wit' is the word) vociferous audiences with a mixture of insult and filth, when the comic has earned their 'respect', he launches into a series of jokes and stories which are usually heavily loaded against women, homosexuals, trade unionists and racial minority groups.

Sometimes the material is extended to include television, sport (invariably football) and politicians rather than politics — when more often than not the aim is to question the target's heterosexuality, or point to some physical 'defect'.

Folk clubs

During the seventies an interesting development occurred in the folk clubs. Some singers began to respond to the fact that they were receiving more attention with their witty introductions to songs, than to the songs themselves.

Three of these performers; Jaspar Carrot from Birmingham, Mike Harding from Manchester and Glasgow's Billy Connolly, although very average folk performers, had started to build considerable local reputations as comedians. By the late seventies all were nationally known.

Their comedy was different to that of the club comedians; often more subtle, less reactionary and angled at a younger audience, without losing a working class base. Their careers however, followed the traditional 'pop star' pattern. They were readily taken up by television and fitted in comfortably as mass media entertainers. But it is difficult to conceive of the current wave of comedians having such an easy platform.

Keith Allen

Allen wanders on stage as if one of the audience, often still wearing his raincoat, although he quickly discards it and makes himself at home. He adjusts his mike stand to his small stature, looks around, casting an impish grin to the ringsiders and begins politely....

'I'd like to, if I may, do one or two quick impressions for you'.

There follows some energetic, sometimes surreal quips, jokes and impressions. He is clearly talented, there's something unique about him and he's very funny.

After two or three minutes the audience is laughing and trusting. Then things start to move in a different spectrum entirely. He mispronounces a word, instantly turns on himself

correcting the fault with excessive aggression, and then with equal speed snaps out of it and grins at the audience in reassurance. But now there is a tension building and it carries on building: a happy little anecdote about his childhood turns into a tale of domestic horror with violence and revelations of bizarre sexual traumas.

At the end of the twenty-five minute set he's managed, with a combination of hilarious antics, wild searing wit and a display of emotions ranging from tenderness to savage hatred to condemn viciously just about every authority figure in the book: his father, paternalistic schmaltz entertainer Max Bygraves, Lew Grade, the SAS, the SPG, plus sundry governments and politicians.

His special venom is usually saved for media personalities and persistent hecklers. When he leaves the stage the audience is generally still laughing, screaming for more. All, that is, except those who are petrified by what they have just seen.

Alexei Sayle

Previously with Thrupenny Theatre, Alexei Sayle has a broad, working class Liverpool accent and the physique of a dance-hall bouncer. The content of his patter, however, is an unlikely mixture of the common place and the highly intellectual and cultural, producing an hysterical surrealism.

In Sayle's world, barmen in pubs discuss obscure art movements while brawling with drunks, old ladies in cake shops attack customers with iron bars while quoting Proust and Kierkegaard and Liverpool dockers can analyse performance art with a marxist perspective. Sayle commenting on drugs:

'I can't go along with all this drug taking. I mean if you want to get out of your head, what's wrong with downing ninety-three pints of Strutticks Old Dirrigable and rounding it off with a tortoise vinaloo? -

'Good evening sir, and what would you like to throw up this evening?

'Oh, I think the chicken biryani and the pilao fried rice would make a nice Poiatilistic pattern on the carpet'.

Sayle is a regular compere at the Comedy Store in Soho, which opened in May 1979 and despite its dubious setting in the premises of an up-market striptease club, soon became dominated by the 'new comedians'.

The Comedy Store's format is simple: anyone can get up on stage and perform a comedy spot for as long as the audience allows them. As soon as they can no longer cope with the heckling, Sayle appears and strikes a gong at the side of the stage to introduce the next act. Brutal, but effective. Sometimes as many as twenty comics appear.

And others

'It's a great training ground', says Andy de la Tour about the Comedy Store. 'With our sort of material, we can be sure a good percentage of the audience hate what we are saying. But if you can make them laugh while saying it...' De la Tour's material is particularly strong and political, but he manages to delight these awkward audiences with his urbanity and intelligence.

'The Comedy Store' says Tony Allen, 'has obviously helped us, although we, of course have helped

the Comedy Store, providing it with its most consistent performers'.

Tony Allen, no relation to Keith, was one of the first to make the move from theatre. 'I wrote a pub show for Mayday Theatre late in 78. It had a stand-up comic as the central character, Jim (Barclay) played the part. The play was no big success, but we both became obsessed with the form. I'd always wanted to be Lenny Bruce, my main concern now is being Tony Allen'. Allen's style is very much that — personal anecdotes, sometimes very personal, with subject matter ranging through sex, love, drugs and an anarchist lifestyle.

Jim Barclay's acting background is clearly evident in his comedy act, which consists of various nicely-observed, ironic, cameo monologues: A community liaison police officer with a thin liberal veneer; a pragmatic comprehensive schoolmaster; a spokesman for a gang of international soccer hooligans and a confused schoolkid, who joins the NF for the free Viking costume.

Roland Muldoon of CAST - Cartoon Archetypal Slogan Theatre, one of the original 'agitprop' groups of the late sixties, has been gradually evolving a solo style with the stage persona of 'Harold Muggins' with other group members acting as mere ancillaries. After returning from a successful season in New York's Greenwich Village, the supporting roles and 'Muggins' mask were dropped for some productions leaving stand-up comedian Muldoon with his individual ranting style...

'I went to see me Auntie in hospital, the day after they'd implemented the 'Health Service' cuts. They'd been along one side of the ward, pulling the plugs on the kidney machines. Me Auntie leans over to me and whispers her dying words in me ears...KILL ME A TORY ROLAND! KILL ME A TORY!'

The only woman to achieve any degree of success is actress Maggie Stead. She's very aware of this and despite her political commitment says she wants to avoid becoming the 'Women's movement comedienne'. Inevitably though, her material has a strong feminist bias.

Often during her act, male audience members are noticeably subdued or even embarrassed, while women laugh uproariously at subject matter clearly their own.

There's a wealth of material for her to unearth in women's experiences, Stead is not sure whether she wants to take it on. She has a good career as an actress. 'Stand-up comedy has is a very male form' she says. 'Pushy up front and penetrating', to quote Tony Allen.

Tony Allen

And it is to Tony Allen that the last words go...

'.....and I work this horrific club in Soho....SOHO! I mean Soho's done for love-making, what Russia's done for socialism. Why do I do it?Oh yeah, money. Sometimes the audience hates me, and I try to be positive. I think to myself: Lenny Bruce, finished his career, out of his head on drugs, hassled by the police and dying in a toilet...and that's how I'm starting off.'

Francis Lawrence Sept 80.*

*Unfortunately this article had to be substantially cut, through shortage of space.

LOOK! MAY BE JUST AROUND THE CORNER... BUT DON'T PANIC! Just keep taking the pills, watching TV, going to work, doing as your boss tells you. Obey your parents/ husband/ teacher/priest... THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO, BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT - YOUR LEADERS WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

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D.I.Y. POLITICS The Art of Self-government WICK SOAKED IN PETROL BOTTLE FILLED WITH PETROL A LITTLE SOAP POWDER EARTH ON BOTTOM SHUT PERFECT MIRRORS! Thatcher... Rhineland... the BBC... begin... Hitler... the Shah... Fidel Castro... power... money... Nixon... SWP... Callaghan... Carter

SHIT ON THE STATE ANARCHY NOW!!!!

And the Lord spoke unto mankind saying... 'YE SHALL OBEY ME, THE LORD GOD, AND DENY YOURSELF, AND THUS SHALL YE FIND IT EASY TO OBEY YOUR MASTERS, NO MATTER HOW CRUEL AND OPPRESSIVE. AND SO SHALL ALL RULES PROFIT FROM THE LIES OF RELIGION.'

THE POVERTY OF EVERYDAY LIFE WILL CONTINUE... UNTIL WE SEIZE FULL CONTROL OVER THE DAILY CONDITIONS OF OUR EXISTENCE!

SEXUALITY FOR SALE! IMPRISON YOUR DREAMS AND ACTIONS IN STEREOTYPICAL MALE-FEMALE ROLES! COMPENSATE YOURSELF FOR YOUR OWN UNLOVING AND TENDERLESS FOCKS! CHANNEL YOUR EROTIC DESIRES INTO THE CONSUMPTION OF SEXUALITY! KEEP UP THE REPRESSIVE WORK BEGUN BY YOUR FAMILY AND CONTINUED TODAY BY WAGE LABOUR! HELP US MAKE MONEY OUT OF YOUR REPRESSED SEXUALITY! REMEMBER:- AN IMPOTENT FANTASY A DAY KEEPS THOSE EXPLOSIVE FRUSTRATIONS AWAY!

As a special offer to our loyal readers, Xtra! is offering these stickers at the price of 1p each (8 stickers a sheet), including postage. *NB half actual size

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

If you want some information included on this page, then just drop a line to Xtra!, 182 Upper St, Islington, London N1. If any of these groups is defunct or has changed its address we need to know. It is important that this service is as reliable and up-to-date as possible.

GROUPS - PEOPLE

ABERDEEN Libertarian Group.
Contact c/o 163 King St.
ABERYSTWYTH David Fletcher
59, Cambrian St.

BARRY Terry Phillips, 16 Robert
Street, Barry, S. Glam. Wales.

BELFAST anarchist collective
c/o Just Books, 7, Winetavern Street
Belfast 1

BIRMINGHAM anarchists/anarcha
feminists meet Sundays. Contact
Alison at Peace Centre, 18 Moore St.

BRIGHTON Libertarian Socialist
Group, c/o Falmer House, Univ of
Sussex, Falmer, Brighton.

BRISTOL CITY 4 British Rd. BS3 3BW

BRISTOL Students: Libertarian Soc.
Students Union, Queens Road, BS8

CAMBRIDGE anarchists, Box A, 41
Fitzroy St., Cambridge.

CANTERBURY Alternative research
group, contact Wally Barnes, Eliot
Collage, University of Kent.

CARDIFF write c/o One-O-Eight
Bookshop, 108 Salisbury Rd.

COVENTRY John England, Students
Union, University of Warwick.

DIRECT ACTION MOVEMENT
National grouping of class struggle
anarchists, contact: DAM

Box 20, 164/166 Corn Exchange Bldgs.
Hanging Ditch Manchester M4 3BN

DUBLIN ABC collective, 7 Marlbo-
rough St, Dublin 1.

EAST ANGLIAN Libertarians.
Martyn Everett, 11 Gibson Gardens,
Saffron Walden, Essex.

EDINBURGH anarchists meet 8pm on
Monday at First of May Bookshop,
45 Niddrie St., Edinburgh.

EXETER anarchists Soc. University
of Exeter, Devonshire House
Stocker Road, Exeter.

GLASGOW anarchist group. contact
John Cooper, 34 Raithburn Avenue,
Castlemilk, G45

HASTINGS Anarchists, 18A Markwick
Terrace, St-Leonard's-on-Sea, East
Sussex (0424) 420620

HUDDERSFIELD anarchists may like
to join Holme Valley Anti-Nukes
group c/o 8 Larch Avenues, Thongs-
bridge, Nr Huddersfield.

HULL Libertarian Collective, 16 Park
Grove, Hull, N Humberside.

KEELE anarchists c/o Students'
Union, University of Keele, Staf-
fordshire. Non-students welcomed.

KEIGHLEY Anarchists, 37 Parkwood St
Keighley, BD21 4QH

LAMPETER anarchist group, c/o
A James, SDUC, Lampeter, Dyfed,
SA48 7ED, WALES.

LEAMINGTON & WARWICK c/o
12 Bath Street, Leamington Spa.

LEEDS D.A.M. c/o Dave Brown,
30, Park Row, Knaresborough (near
Harrogate), Yorks.

LEICESTER anarchist group
Lyn Hurst 41 Briarfield Drive tel.
0533 21250 (days) 0533 414060(night)

Blackthorn bookshop, 76 Highcross St
0533 21896

LONDON anarchist feminists, Box 33
182, Upper St., London N1

LONDON Workers group Box W c/o
Rising Free (as above)

WEST LONDON D.A.M. c/o Centro
Iberico, 421a, Harrow Rd, London W9

MANCHESTER D.A.M. Box 20
164/166 Corn Exchange Bldgs. Hang-
ing Ditch, Man. M4 3BN

MID SUSSEX & SOUTH COAST
anarchists c/o Resources Centre,
North Road, Brighton, E. Sussex.

NORWICH libertarian socialist group
56 St Benedict's Street Norwich.

NOTTINGHAM c/o Mushroom,
10 Heathcote St. tel 582506 or 15
Scottholme Ave. Hyson Green.

OLDHAM Nigel Broadbent, 31 Cooke
Street, Failsworth, Manchester.

OXFORD ANARCHIST GROUP,
c/o 34 Cowley Rd, Oxford.

PAISLEY (College) Anarchist Group
Students Union, Hunter St. Paisley,
Renfrews.

PLYMOUTH Anarchists, 115 St Pan-
cr Ave. Penryn, Plymouth.



PORTSMOUTH Caroline Cahm,
25, Albany Rd, Southsea, Hants.
READING anarchists c/o Shevek,
Clubs Office, Student Union,
Whiteknights, Reading Berks.
RHONDA & MIDGLAMORGAN.
Henning Anderson, 'Smiths Arms',
Treherbert, Midglamorgan, Wales.
SHEFFIELD anarchists 4 Havelock
Square, Sheffield S10 2FQ
SOLIDARITY a libertarian communist
group. Contact 123 Lathom Rd. E6
SUTTON-in-ASHFIELD D.A.M.
28, Lucknow Drive, Sutton-in-Ash-
field, Nottinghamshire.
SWANSEA Don Williams, 24 Derlwyn,
Dunvant, Swansea.
SWINDON contact Mike, Groundswell
Farm, Upper Stratton, Swindon Wilts
TAYSIDE Anarchist Group 3L 118
Strathmartine Rd. Dundee.
TORBAY Anarchist Federation, 24
Beverley Rise, Brixham, Devon.

EVENTS

A winter of apathy.....

Overheard On The Tube.

1st woman: Since they got
married she's refused to
sleep in the same room as
him - because he snores..

2nd woman: (smiles) yes..
yes..

1st woman: And she refuses
to iron his shirts.

2nd woman: GOOD GRIEF!
what did he marry her for??!

NEWSPAPERS

ANARCHISM LANCASTRUM Variable
price, variable format, variable
content, 24 Conway Avenue, Clitheroe
Lancs. Their little black flags should
be available on the NHS.

ANARCHIST WORKER Alan MacSimon
49A Leister Road. Dublin 6. irregular
15p Paper of the Irish 'Anarchist
Workers Alliance'.

BLACK FLAG A3 size and Phil
Ruff cartoons (25p), published by
Black Flag, Over the Water, Sand-
ay, Orkney KW7 2BL.

BREAKOUT 'The Paper for Insid-
ers' 25p A4 size. Produced by
cons and ex-cons for people on the
wrong side of the law (ie all of us)
56 Dames Rd, Forest Gate, London E7.

FREEDOM Anarchist Fortnightly
84b Whitechapel High Street. 25p
The anarchist elderstatesperson.
Internal debate and information.
A4

INSIDE VIEW local anarchist mag-
azine. 11 Lincett Drive, West
Worthing, West Sussex.

LIB ED. A well produced and inter-
esting magazine on libertarian edu-
cation. It is available (30p) from
Blackthorn Books, 74 High Cross
Street, Leicester

OPEN ROAD International anarchist/
anarcha-feminist news journal.
Three monthly. Box 135, Station G,
Vancouver, BC Canada.

OUTTA CONTROL Belfast Anarchist
paper (5p) c/o Winetavern St, Belfast
BT1 1TQ

POISON PEN Just a small duplicated
local magazine, produced by the
Hastings Anarchist Group - Solstice
addresse. Printing up to 500 and
distributed free.

PEACE NEWS Anarcho-Pacifist, 25p
Fortnightly from 8 Elm Avenue Notting-
ham. 0602 53587

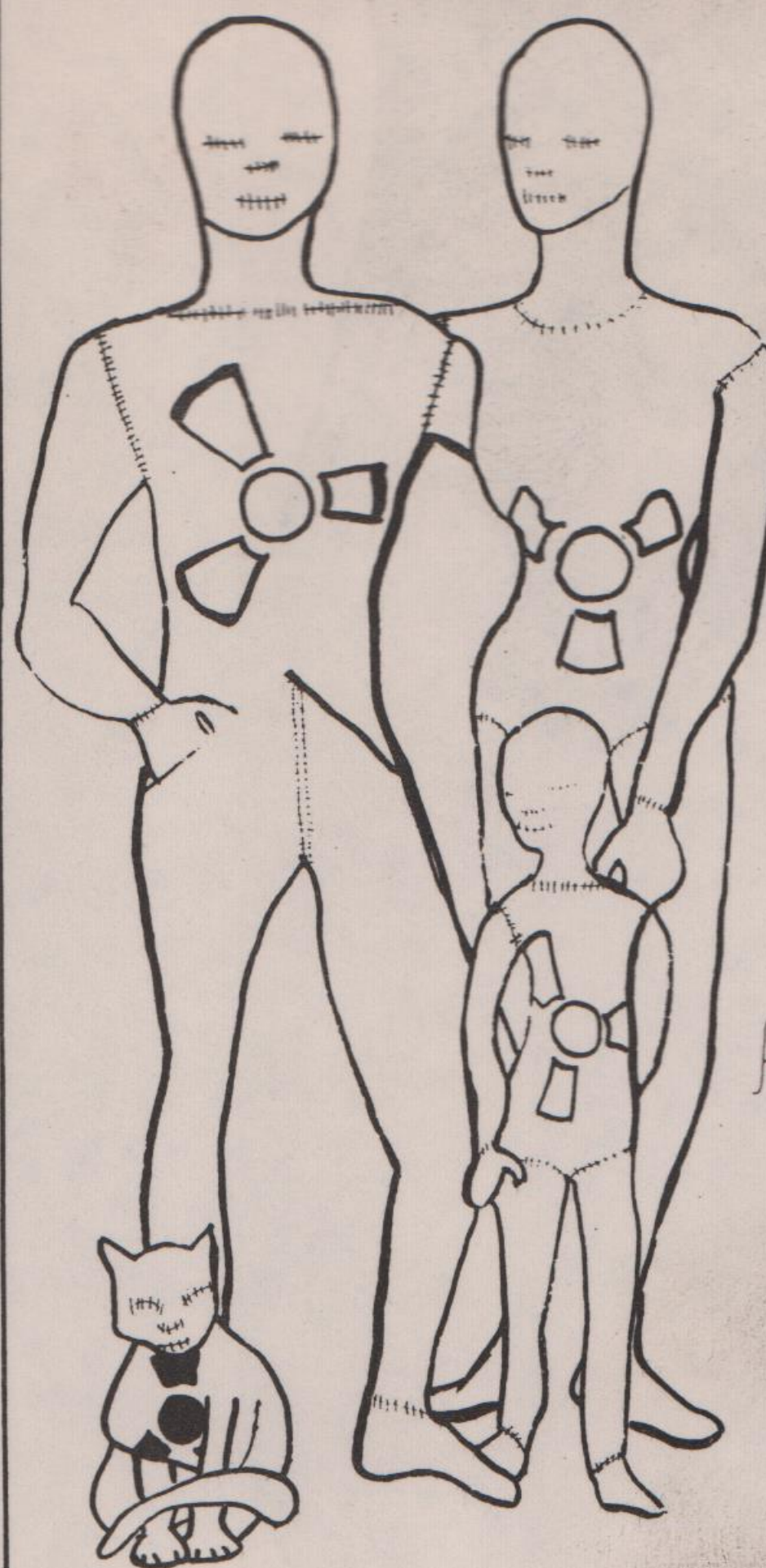
SEARCHLIGHT hardly anarchist, but
the best analysis of Fascism. Monthly
magazine. AF & R Publications, 21
Great Western Buildings, 6 Livery
Street, Birmingham 3 - 40p

SOLIDARITY FOR SOCIAL REVOLU-
TION. Libertarian socialist journal
30p Publications Secretary 123, Lath-
on Rd. London E6

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ism. Available (for 45p) from Box A, c/o 14 Southgate,
Bradford, W Yorks. BD1 2DF. A pictorial magazine (that's
posh for comic) it's compulsory viewing for armchair revol-
utionaries everywhere.



AN APPEAL FOR ASSISTANCE

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DESCRIPTION

Caucasian, 5'8", medium build, blue-rinsed hair (may be a wig), watery blue eyes that plead for 'restraint', stiff upper lip

Invariably dresses in blue with matching handbag, twinset and pearls

Leader of a criminal gang known as the Tories, responsible for numerous atrocities

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS WOMAN

Terrorizing people by her appearances on TV and in heavily protected 'walkabouts'? She has conned millions into 'buying protection' from her gang ('voting Tory') even though it means living in constant fear. She recently addressed a national gathering of terrorists in Brighton, protected by 3,000 hired thugs.

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