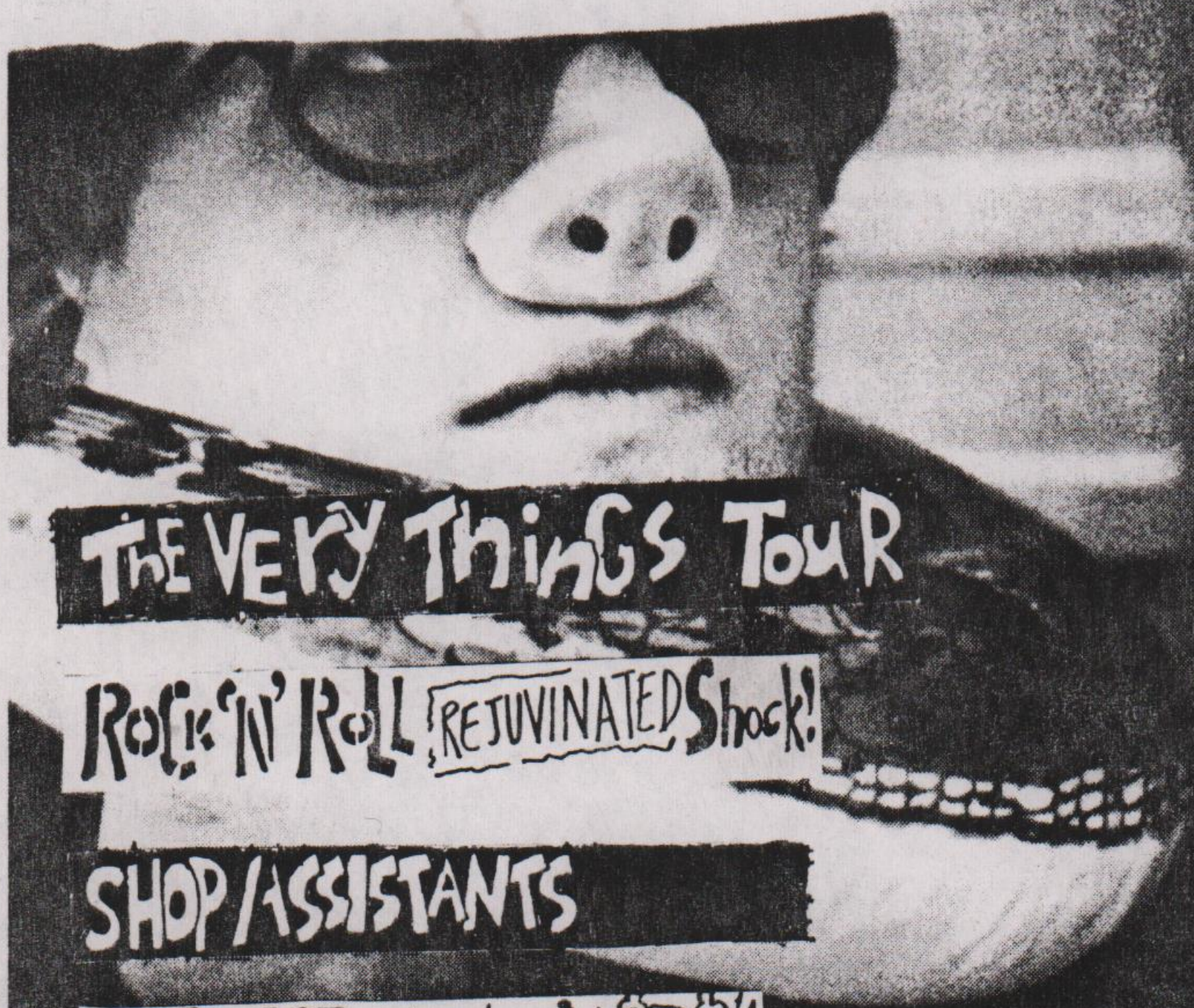


RIH

RADICAL HEDGEHOG # 8 ◀

INFLATED Fun issue.


25
PENCE



THE VERY THINGS TOUR

Rock 'N' Roll *REJUVINATED Shock!*

SHOP/ASSISTANTS

POLITICS et al... 



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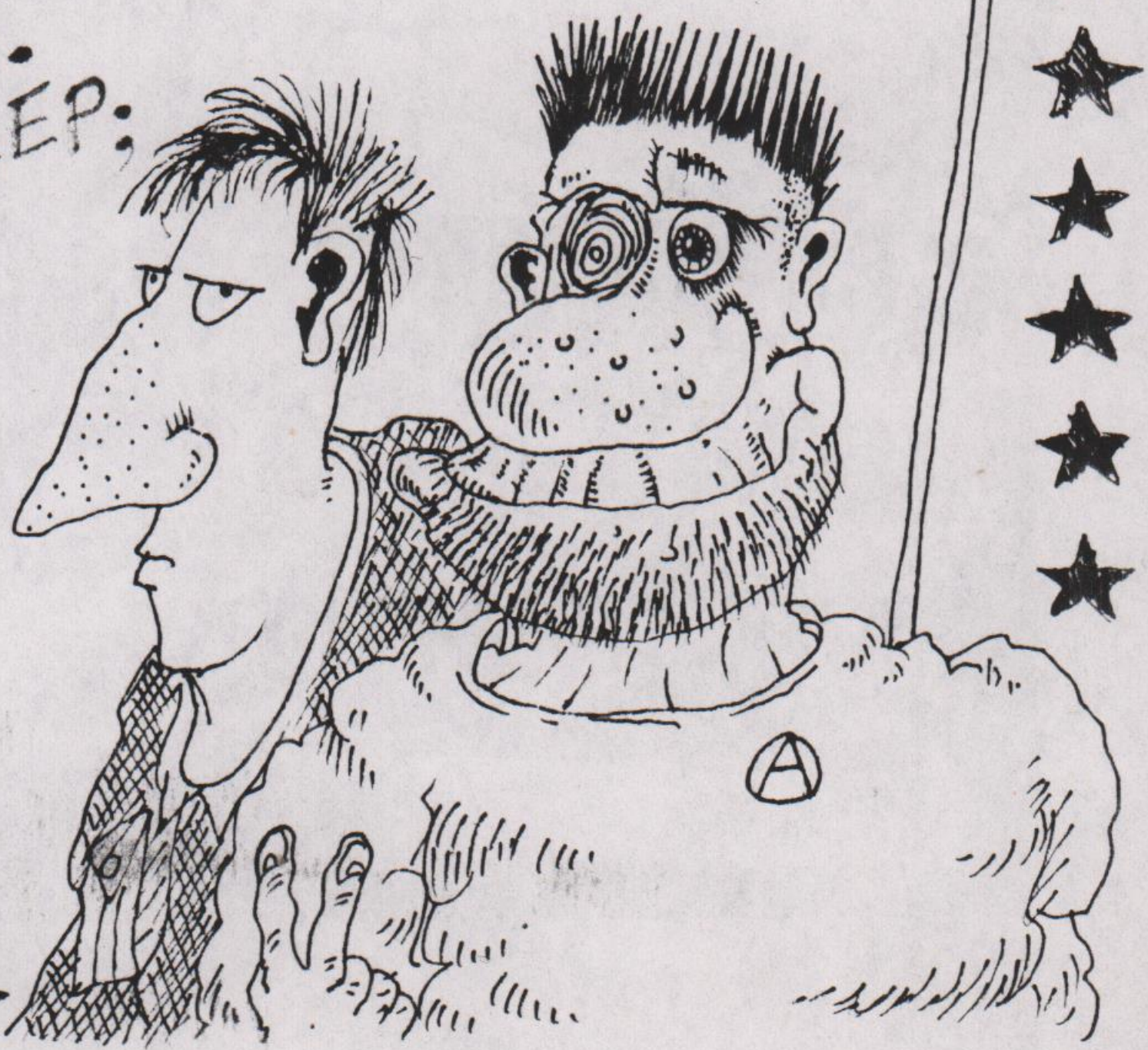
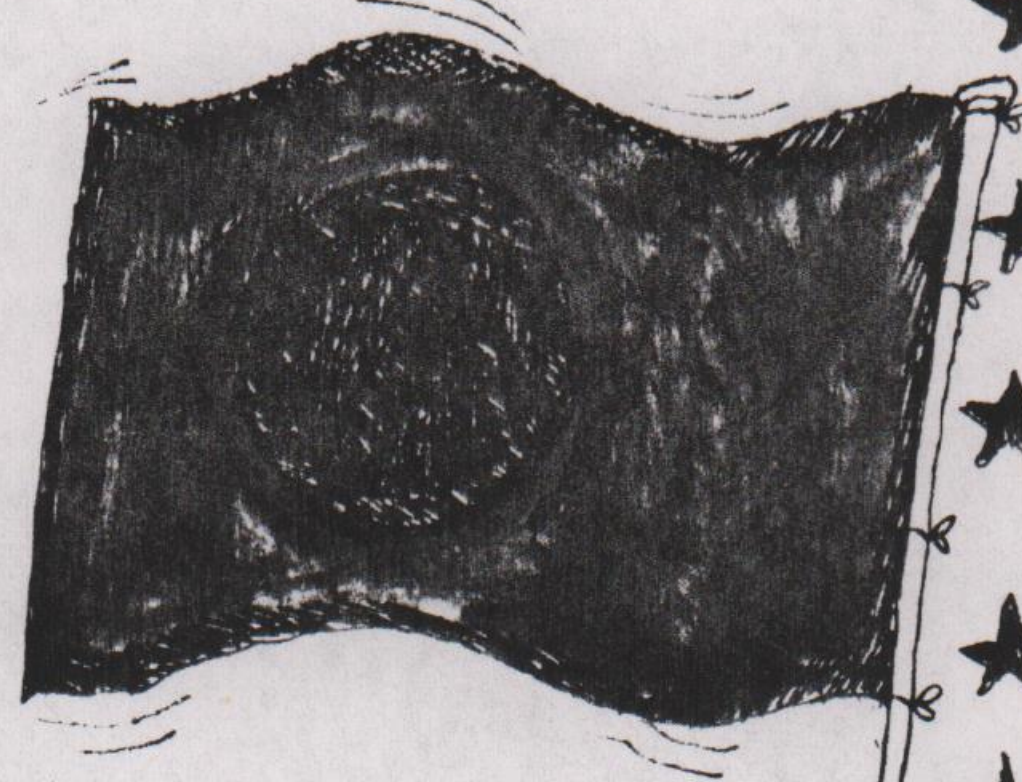
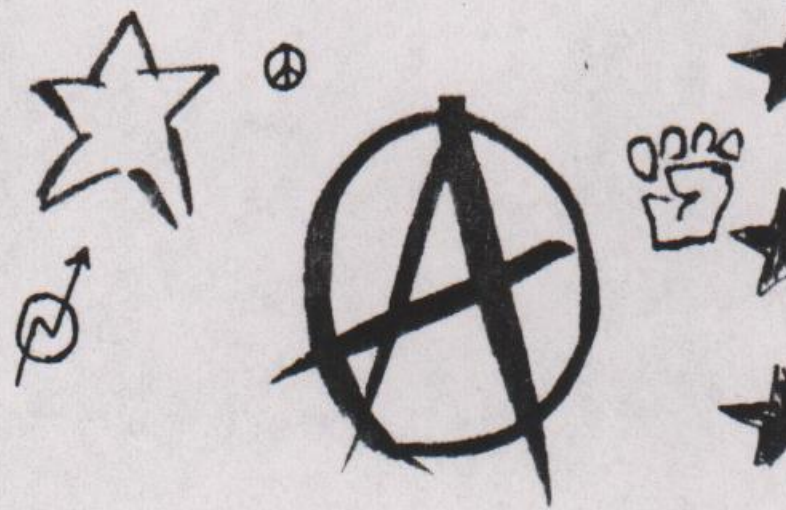
★ Radical Hedgehog is the paper ★ of the Anarcho-Hedgehogist ★ Movement.....★

- ★ 1. RADICAL HEDGEHOG EXISTS TO PROMOTE THE IDEAS
★ OF ANARCHISM, DAMNED FINE MUSIC AND THE
★ PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.
- ★ 2. WE BELIEVE CHANGE MUST BE REVOLUTIONARY
★ AND COME ABOUT THROUGH THE ACTIONS OF
★ ORDINARY PEOPLE (THE WORKING CLASS) WITHOUT THE
★ BURDEN OF "LEADERS" or "PARTIES".
- ★ 3. WE OPPOSE ALL OPPRESSION ON WHATEVER GROUNDS
★ RACE, SEX, SPECIES ETC....
- ★ 4. ANARCHO-^(CENSORED DUE TO INCOMPETENCE) HEDGEHOGISM IS AN IDEA
★ BASED ON FORMING CONTACTS WITH ALL THOSE
★ ISOLATED ANARCHISTS OUT THERE.
- ★ 5. WHY AM I WRITING THIS ???

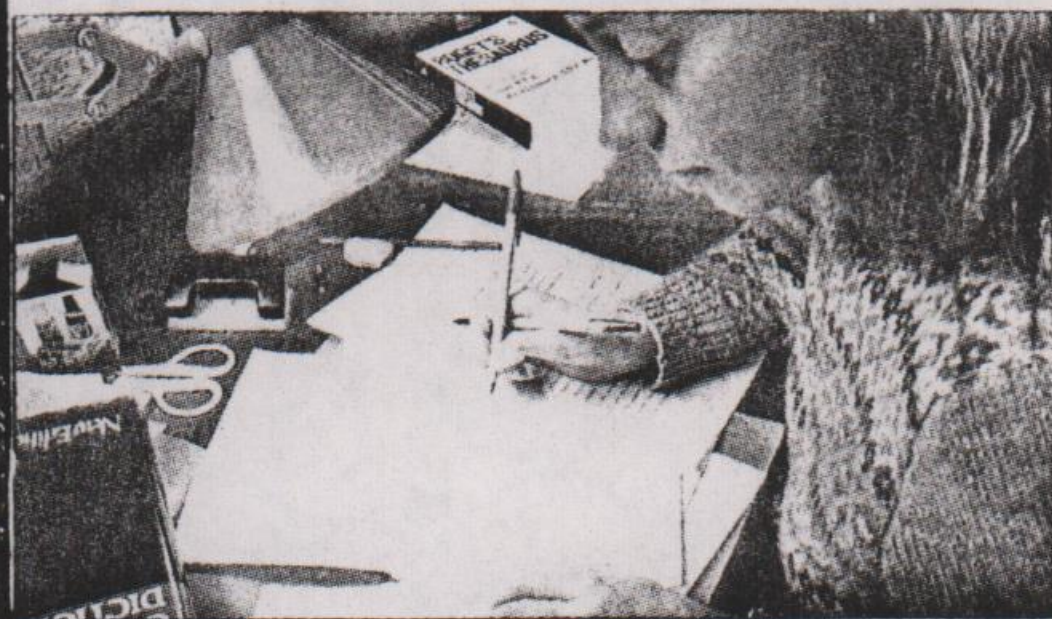
★ * * * * *

★ WE KNOW WHAT A BOOT LOOKS LIKE
★ WHEN SEEN FROM UNDERNEATH,
★ WE KNOW THE PHILOSOPHY OF BOOTS
★ SOON WE WILL INVADE LIKE WEEDS,
★ EVERYWHERE BUT SLOWLY;
★ THE CAPTIVE PLANTS WILL REBEL WITH US,
★ FENCES will topple,
★ BRICK WALLS ripple and fall,
★ THERE WILL BE NO MORE BOOTS.
★ MEANWHILE WE EAT DIRT AND SLEEP;
★ WE ARE WAITING UNDER YOUR FEET
★ WHEN WE SAY **ATTACK**
★ YOU WILL HEAR NOTHING
★ AT FIRST.

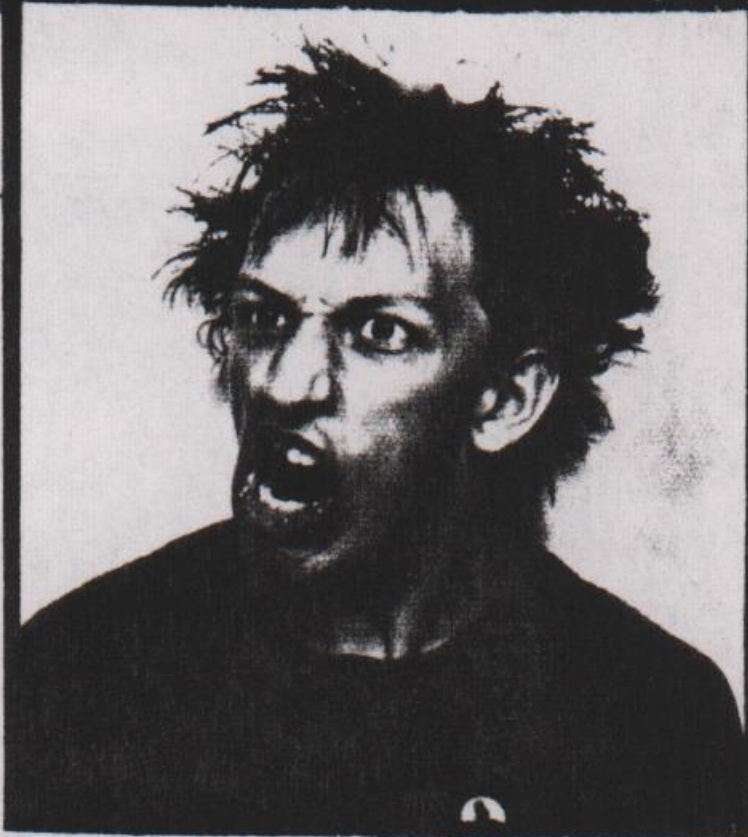
★ 'SONG OF THE WORMS'
★ MARGARET ATWOOD



EDITORIAL



ESPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR RADICAL HEDGEHOG BY COMRADE **RON HATE** (Pictured near right). RON IS A MEMBER OF THE ANARCHO-SYNDICALIST CLASS STRUGGLE ORGANISATION, **F.O.A.D. (FUCK OFF AND DIE)**. HE WAS ALSO LEAD GUITARIST (FOR FIVE YEARS) FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY PUNK-ROCK GROUP **'LEN LOBOTOMY AND THE DEAD-DOG DISEMBOWELLERS'** WHO SHOT TO FAME (IN THE MATLOCK UNDERGROUND SCENE) WITH THEIR SINGLE ENTITLED **'DON'T WANNA CAPITAL-INTENSIVE ECONOMY BABY'**. THE BAND SPLIT WHEN BASS-PLAYER **DAVE SPLEEN** WAS KNOCKED DOWN AND KILLED BY A MILK FLOAT. RON NOW LISTS HIS HOBBIES AS ITALIAN COOKERY, WALKING AND 'KILLING CLASS ENEMIES'.



NOTTINGHAM OFFICE:
c/o PEACE NEWS,
8, ELM AVENUE,
NOTTINGHAM,
NG3
FOREST OF DEAN OFFICE:
CANBERRA,
NEW ROAD,
COALWAY,
COLEFORD,
GLOS,
GL16 7JA

Hello,

COMRADE HEDGEHOG AND COMRADE NORMAN ASKED BE TO WRITE THE EDITORIAL BIT IN THISS ISSUE OF R.H. - SO, IN RETURN FOR A CRATE OF MERRYDOWN CIDER AND A BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS I SAID "YEAH, WHY NOT?". SO, THIS IS IT, A BUGGERINGLY HUGE MEGA-COPY OF RADICAL HEDGEHOG - AND WHAT DO YOU GET FOR YER MONEY? QUITE A BIT. HAVE A LOOK AT THE ARTICLE ON THE VERY THINGS-ACE BAND, EVEN IF THEY LOOK LIKE ACCOUNTANTS, OR PERHAPS IF YOU WANT SOMETHING WITH A BIT OF WEIGHT, YOU COULD DELVE INTO THE WORLD OF ANARCHISM, ONLY TO SURFACE MUTTERING "FREEDOM, FREEDOM, KILL, BITE, HARM" - WELL HARD. MOVING ON, IF YOU DEVOUR THAT YOU COULD TRY 'OLD BASTARD'S things to make and Do' - bit of a wind up you might think - but not as BAD as THE SHOP ASSITANTS Harr Harr Harr!! IF YOU WANT ARSE-BITING ACID WIT AND INTRIGUE look at Page Five for the indepth dirt on Forest of Dean bastards George "Piggy" Read and Paul "Invisible" Marland, both in need of a seeing to-fair comment - ay? too right, leave it out John, give him a chinning harr har harr!! There's lots more of course, 20 sides of mirth, merriment and political extremeism, but reading all this about bands leaves me thinking of the good old days in "Len Lobotomy and the Dead Dog Disembowllers". Yeah, twanging the old gee-tar was fun, shame about Dave getting squashed. I heard about the rest of the band recently, **KEN SHABBY** and **PHIL TOTAL BASTARD** (our vocalist and our Drummer) who co-wrote "SEXISM IS A BLOODY AWFUL THING" and "PORNOGRAPHERS SHOULD BE DIPPED ARSE-FIRST IN A TANK FULL OF LOBSTERS" are now playing in a Heavy Metal band called "THRUST" and sing songs like "BABY MY WILLY IS HUGE" and "Women are totally stupid". Hopefully Ken and PHIL should be recieving a visit from **JENNY CASTRATOR** our old Rythmn Guitarist, who's pretty handy with a knife - I mean she ~~can~~ could chop up 5lb of Potatoes in under a minute - and no eyes left!! **LEN LOBOTOMY** was the founder of the band, he played mouth-Organ - which gave us our rather unique sound on record and on live events. He also wrote our crowd-pleasing anthem "I'M UNDERGOING TREATMENT FOR AN EMBARRASSING DISEASE" WITH which we started every gig. The last time I saw LEN was on March 23rd ~~where~~ at his Dental Surgery where he's chief Dentist. That's Show Business!

Enjoy reading this copy of Radical Hedgehog - it's probably the best yet - tho' I'm not putting money on that,

Here's Mud IN YER EYE,

RON HATE

(Ron Hate is currently appearing in "No SEXISM PLEASE we're British" at the Redditch Palace)

XXX

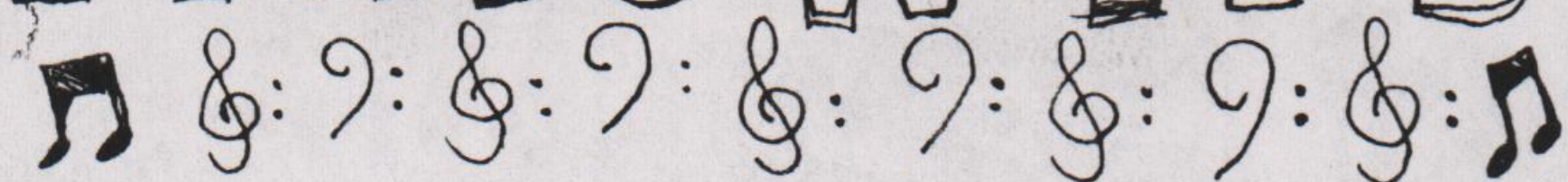
RADICAL HEDGEHOG IS A PRODUCT OF THE RIPPOFF PRESS (UK) WHICH WAS SET UP IN 1983 AND HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE NIPPOFF PRESS OF THE U.S.A. WHICH WAS SET UP IN THE 1960'S - AND I DIDN'T FIND OUT UNTIL 1984 THAT IT EXISTED - HONEST, I DONT READ HIPPY STUFF SO ITS NOT MY FAULT. THIS ISSUE PUT OUT BY **PHIL HEDGEHOG**, **SPINY NORMAN**. WITH HELP FROM **RICH** WHO KINDLY TYPESET IT AND **FRANKIE** FOR PRINTING IT.

RADICAL HEDGEHOG ©1986 THE RIPPOFF PRESS (UK) SO, NICK ANYTHING AND YOU'RE DEAD!!



I KNOW IT'S

ONLY rock'n'roll...



FAR FROM BEING A SPENT FORCE,
POPULAR MUSIC HAS PLAYED ITS
LAST CARD OF ORIGINALITY....
PHIL HEDGEHOG PUTS HIS CASE.

BACK IN JUNE 1984 in issue 4 of this very magazine I had said "No more cheap and time wasting crap. Look, the current magazine situation is contributing to it, bands, bands and more bands.....
...Wanking". Stern stuff indeed. It was true. Around that time I was only listening to 'anarcho-punk' stuff, which at that time had stagnated into a cesspool of clichés. From the stimulating material that gripped me in 1981 by Crass and Poison Girls to the force of 1984. Horrible Gigs where a horrible 'Scene' surfaced. It had two camps - the leather clad gumbie-Hardcores and Cotton clad Vegan dope-head Hippy types. Both dancing to opportunists who mouthed the same meaningless words, in - and on the whole were complete Hypocrites. Anarchy, Peace and Freedom covered the reality of Sexism, Drugs and Complacency - Totally out of touch. For those who really meant it it was Hell. For those who meant it in the audience it was DEPRESSING.

I found the basic truth of Rock'n'Roll - it's only an entertaining form of Self Expression. And if you follow the rules - big business.

I decided Music was a bad thing.

The punk file was closed, I stopped buying records.

Except for stuff by The Cravats, The Very Things and The (mighty) FALL.

Occasionally a fanzine would flop out of a greasy envelope with soap all over the stamps. The greasy side of 'anarcho punk' had at last come to the surface. Filthy punks swigged cider, ate the occasional meal of Chips and took large amounts of drugs. Their music became God-AWFUL 'Thrash Metal' or 'Speedcore' (one zine called it 'Death Metal Thrash'). I

call it complete BOLLOCKS - and you can Quote me on that. Music for Dung-brains.

The Music press contained nothing except for awful 'Goth' bands - Punk offshoots created by an article in the NME a year earlier when they invented the short-lived 'Positive Punk' movement. (Richard North's child). More Decadance for London Cocktail swiggers.

I grunted my cynical grunt. My love affair with music was over.... or so I thought.

Occasionally I picked up a music paper to see what was going on... eventually I started to notice a Scottish band called The Jesus and Mary Chain - Making a nuisance of themselves. I ignored them as 'another punch of posers'. I was wrong.

'The new sexpistols' said certain people....
'15 minute sets, leather trousers and

Acres of feedback'

"No," I screamed "How can I like a band who wear something as ridiculous as Leather trousers?" I witnessed the whistle Test performance - A slight Twinge.... eventually I cracked and bought the L.P. Sheer Heaven.

I read a gig review mentioning a band called The Shop Assistants. I was quicker off the mark and bought both their E.P.'s. I played their SAFETY NET 12" over and over again - I had to admit - The Independent charts were full of good Bands - Peel had suddenly become 'ace' again - Music was back in vogue.

I began seeing all these bands, The Shoppies, Age of Chance, AC Temple, Bogshed, Big Flame, The Janitors, Stump, etc. and listening to many more - The Soup Dragons, BMX BANDITS, The Pastels et al. All an absolute Pleasure (except for Fuzzbox - urrrgh) Even Melody Maker is worth reading again. Well, almost.

I REALISE now that I can only enjoy these bands while they last - they'll all sell out, split or lose that certain groovy something. I don't expect anything from them. Before I made the mistake that Punk was going to save me - It didn't and I felt very bitter about it. I was wrong. So, I'm imploring you to enjoy these bands while they last and while you can! Don't expect them to cause a revolution or spark off a movement - they can't. It's only entertainment. In the words of that song - "I know it's only Rock and Roll, but I LIKE IT!"



Forest Of ★ Dean Page

Fun AND Anarchy in
Rural Gloucestershire.

COMPILED BY LOCAL KNOWLEDGE AND SOME HANDY TIPS FROM
OTHER PEOPLE.

INTRODUCTION

HELLO AGAIN - BACK WITH MORE DIRT AND COMMENT ON THINGS LOCAL. SEEMS THAT REACTION TO RH#7 WAS ON THE WHOLE POSITIVE BUT A LITTLE ON THE SMALL SIDE. THINGS THAT SPRING TO MIND INCLUDE THE FACT THAT YOU CAN NOW GET A RED HEDGEHOG IN TWO GLOUCESTER PUBS (THE MALT+HOPS AND THE NEW INN) AND THAT A NEW LOCAL FANZINE IS IN PRODUCTION. STILL NO POLITICAL ACTIVITY AS SUCH BUT THAT ONLY GOES TO SHOW....ER, SOMETHING.

P.H.

GET KNIGHTED GEORGE!!

IN THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS LIST, IN AMONGST THE CLAPPED OUT CELEBRITIES AND BUMSUCKERS, WAS A NAME THAT STICKS OUT IN SOME OF OUR MEMORIES.

YES, LOVABLE (sic) LONGHOPE SCUMBAG GEORGE READ GOT A KNIGHTHOOD.

CAST YOUR MINDS BACK TO THE MINERS' STRIKE, REMEMBER ALL THE TRANSPORT FIRMS ITCHING TO PROVIDE LORRIES TO TAKE COAL TO THE POWER STATIONS, THE COKE WORKS, THE STEELWORKS etc. (cos THE NUR were blacking all the Coal trains)? WELL, LOYAL FIRM GEORGE AND (—) RICHARD READ JUMPED AT THE CHANCE. THE READS HAVE A LONG HISTORY OF PROVIDING BLACKLEG LORRIES SO THEY HAD A REPUTATION TO FALL BACK ON.

THE NCB WERE PAYING WAY OVER THE GOING RATE - AND IF THERE'S ONE THING THE READS LOVE - IT'S INSTANT PROFIT.

THE READS GOT THE JOB OF TAKING COAL TO Llanwavern Steel plant - HOWEVER, WAITING FOR THEM THERE WERE LARGE NUMBERS OF PICKETS.

TO MAKE LIFE EASY FOR THEMSELVES THE READS TOOK OUT A HIGH COURT INJUNCTION TO STOP THE SOUTH WALES MINERS FROM PICKETING. THEY DIDN'T STOP - SO THE HIGH COURT SEQUESTERED THE SOUTH WALES N.U.M. FUNDS AND AWARDED DAMAGES TO THE READS.

THE COURTS SHOWED THAT THEY WOULD RATHER SEE STRIKING MINERS AND THEIR FAMILIES GO PENNILESS AND GIVE THEIR STRIKE FUNDS TO TWO LOADED MILLIONAIRES THAN CARRY OUT JUSTICE. WHAT A SURPRISE.

SO THE READS STILL LIVE IN COMFORT (AS WELL AS MANY OTHERS LIKE THEM) WHILE

MOST OF US STRUGGLE TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET. IS THAT FAIR? IS IT FUCK! TO TOP IT ALL, THATCHER GIVES GANGRENOUS GEORGE A GONG.

I SUPPOSE PEOPLE AS DECENT AND LAW-ABIDING AS THE READS WOULD BE UPSET IF SOMEONE WICKED TORCHED THEIR LORRIES OR BRICKED THE OFFICES OF READ TRANSPORT LTD. (LONGHOPE, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL) AND I SUPPOSE THESE TWO RICH SCABS WOULD STOP SLEEPING EASILY AT NIGHT. WOULDN'T THEY?

LOCAL LEGEND

THERE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HUNDREDS OF POST-WAR AMERICAN TANKS IN THE IRON MINES UNDER WIGPOOL COMMON.

explosive car →

REMEMBER!

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO BUY A SHOVEL!



THE INVISIBLE MAN

SEEING AS WE'RE HIGHLIGHTING LOCAL CELEBRITIES, LET'S GO FOR 'Mr Big' IN THE AREA. NONE OTHER THAN MR. PAUL MARLAND. M.P. FOR WEST GLOUCESTERSHIRE SINCE 1979 AND AS THE TITLE OF THIS PIECE IMPLIES, MR LOW PROFILE. THE LAST TIME MARLAND WAS SEEN IN PUBLIC WAS SEPTEMBER '86 WHEN HE OPENED CINDERFORDS BRAND NEW DOLE OFFICE. ALSO PRESENT WAS FOREST OF DEAN DISTRICT COUNCIL'S 'STAR' NON-ENTITY ARTHUR COOPER WHO HELPED SLUG-MAN MARLAND CUT A CAKE TO "CELEBRATE" ANOTHER MONUMENT TO UNEMPLOYMENT. THE ONLY TIME MR MARLAND WAS SEEN BEFORE THAT WAS IN 1983, ALSO IN CINDERFORD.

THAT WAS FOR THE GENERAL ELECTION, "VOTE MARLAND VOTE CONSERVATIVE BLAH BLAH EAT LESS, BREED LESS ETC." HE WAS VOTED IN BY A ~~small~~ sizeable MAJORITY, HARDLY SURPRISING AS THE OPPOSITION WERE EQUALLY GROSS. HODKINSON (LABORE) THE SHABBY PARTY HACK LOST ~~by a small margin~~ DUE TO A GOD AWFUL PHOTO OF HIM ON THE ELECTION POSTER. TERRIBLE IT WAS, LIKE A SWEATY CHILD-MOLESTER ON HIS DEATH BED. GROTESQUE. JOHN WATKINSON (EX-LABOUR MP) FOR THE SDP WAS, AND STILL IS A PRAT AND SO DIDN'T REALLY COUNT.

ANYWAY MR MARLAND BREEZED IN, GAVE HIS ACCEPTANCE SPEECH AND FUCKED OFF BACK TO THE COTSWOLDS WHERE HIS FARM IS. VERY LITTLE HAS BEEN SEEN OF 'PAULY-POOS' SINCE THEN, BI-MONTHLY SURGERIES AND HIS COLUMN IN THE DEAN FOREST GUARDIAN WHERE HE JUSTIFIES THE LATEST TORY POLICY IN TIME-HONOURED BOOT LICKING STYLE. NOT MUCH ELSE I MIGHT ADD. NOTHING OF REAL LOCAL RELEVANCE. IN SHORT MARLAND IS A TYPICAL ~~back~~ BACKBENCH M.P.

SHALLOW, LAZY, CAREERIST AND TOTALLY USELESS. MIND YOU, HE DOES COME OUT WITH SOME GOOD QUOTES - "AS I SAID, JUST WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?"

GOOD QUESTION PAUL, I'LL SEND YOU A DICTIONARY.

IF YOU HAVE ANY INTERESTING DIRT OR INTENTIONALLY CALLOUS COMMENT ON ANY LOCAL HAPPENINGS - DON'T BE SHY! SEND IT ALONG!!



T.V.T. AT Large

INTRODUCTIONS:
SPINY NORMAN
ON THE SPOT:
PHIL HEDGEHOG

-shaped yellow flowers.
da'ffy a. sl. daft, silly.
daft a. foolish, wild, crazy.
da'geer n. short two-ed



THE STORY OF HOW THE WORLD'S BEST
ROCK AND ROLL BAND TOOK THE WORLD BY
SCHTORM'

The Very Things are the spearhead of the comical yet political, suave but serious Dada Cravats Laboratories (DCL). An organisation that covers the individual efforts of five combos who work at something liberating within the confines of Pope-ular musi: c.

THE VERY THINGS are the armoured division of the Dcl, rampaging and making a scene in supermarkets and venues alike. THE CRAVATS are the lovable Grandads, the ancient overseers who think nothing of donning balaclavas and going over the fence. DCL LOCOMOTIVE are the mass spectrometers of the laboratories, fiddling about with apparatus the cynics derided. They proved them to be fools. THE BABYMEN are mere ghosts of times past, Robin Hoods of thrash. PISTON SMASH AND THE MOURNING DOBERMAN are invisible. It's the thought that counts.

-legged long-bodied dog.
dad n. colloq. father.
Dada (da'da) n. 20th-c. artistic movement repudiating aesthetic conventions etc. Dadaism (da'da-izm) n.; Dadaist (da'da-ist) n.
da'dy n. colloq. & childish father. ~
-long-legs, crane-fly.
(d' - (pl)

But it was T.V.T. who were on the roads of the Motherland and they were in tip-top condition. Armed with the crusty crew of Luggers and Mixers they confidently hired the Shiny Blue van.

The T.V.T. line up consist of THE SHEND, following along, a man who looks like a thinner and fitter Orson Welles. He admits to hating Wendy Craig. Doctor RUBBING RAYMOND, king of West Midlands Twang and little picky bits. Bobbies include looking for work at the CIA's Redditch Division.

> KNACKERED SYMBOLS..... <

BOB-A-JOB DISNEYTIME, beater of drums. This wild eyed loner from the gates of Hades is just Eating his 'A' levels when the call comes. His cymbals are knackered.

Especially for this venture the Bass player is VINCE SHOELACES the man with a piece of dowelling in his strings. He knows his bottle openers. Phil Hedgehog is a long time admirer of the Dcl. He admires its aims and he loves the music they produce. It seemed

only fitting to send him on the cover-ing mission.

The first alignment is planned with care, not unlike Voyager II getting from Saturn to Uranus. The date is May 18 and the venue is the Croydon Underground.

After consuming a few cooling ciders at a local tavern and admiring the neo-brutalism of Croydon Town Centre Hedgehog entered the cavern of Doom...

"WELL, AFTER PAYING MY £2.50 AND AFTER BEING GIVEN THE STATUTORY HARD STARE OF THE LARGE MAN ON THE DOOR I DESCENDED TO THE DARK CELLAR. A GOTH BOUTIQUE IS ALL I CAN SAY. STRANGE YOUNG TEENAGE STUDENTS IN THEIR AUNTIES MOURNING FROCKS SIPPED VODKA WHILE STARING COLDLY AT EACH OTHERS HARMONY HAIRSPRAY HIGH-RISE HAIRDOS. ROUGHISH LOOKING BOYS CLUNG ONTO THE WALLS FOR DEAR LIFE IN SHINY TROUSERS AND WOOLIES SHADES. DEPRESSED BY THESE FASHION DRESS I DECIDED TO HAVE A DRINK. BAR PRICES WERE HIGH, IN FACT A BLOODY RIP-OFF, WHISKEY WAS CHEAPER THAN A PINT OF BITTER.... SO I HAD A FEW OF THOSE. THE UNDERGROUND'S FLOOR was pretty remarkable too, they obviously didn't use 'Flash' to clean the floor... No, something more sticky I'd imagine.... Something approaching Ribena.

MAY
'86
Tour



24 - THE BUSSES SCREAM WHILE MY DADDY PRUNES Very Things, Re:Gem
25 24 BIG BLUE WORLD, Paul Haug, Crepuscule
26 46 SONG TO THE MIREN, The Moral Coll. MAD

schlep across the Dance floor to find the toilet. Takes me ten minutes. During this a band called Dirtbox are playing a polite applause. In a second forage to the toilet I bump into a Thing, none other than Disney Features. Bogs are not usually used as places to meet socially-but they're adequate. Greetings are exchanged, I even win the de-luxe model TVT postcard. A choice item.

I leave the toilet, follow the warren of corridors and end up behind the bar. The things leap on stage and launch into a foot-stomping version of 'The Conquerer' maybe a little hampered by the fact that Shend forgets the words in the middle. Two T.V. sets blaze away behind the band - displaying (at different times) the T.V.T. moniker, D.C.L. Home Movies and stolen clips from that film where Richard Burton gives everybody Hard Stares. A Damned Fine Gig.

Afterwards I clamber past Flux of Pink Indians to have a chat with assorted Personnel - I even manage to blag a drink. T.V.T. ask me what The Garage is like in Nottingham.

"Tiny", I reply in my best Russian.

I check over T.V.T.'s equipment - I cannot see the Magic Table - but I see the Lead Weight and the Home-made Guitar Amp. Case (Robin's Pride and Joy). Packed safely they Jet off into the night.

There then followed 2 more gigs in God-Foresaken London, One in Camden Dingwalls

and Nottingham Speakeasys. Later reports that Gigs went down very well - plea to Band and Audiences. Also invited along were major Record Company Reps. EMI (weaponry a speciality) complained TVT were too loud, While Polydor only lasted four songs before running away. Which means the imminent all singing all dancing new single "MOTORTOWN" (A MAJOR POP CLASSIC S.N.) WILL BE Put out on some Matchbox label instead and the SHEND will have to forget about the Yacht.

Your correspondent was not at these outings"

BUT HE WAS AT NOTTINGHAM'S GARAGE AT MAY 29TH - AS HE LIVES IN THAT FAIR CITY.

A bright Spring day. Mr Hedgehog puts on his dancing trousers and heads to the venue. On the way he sees Cricket Gear newly placed in John Menzies window - A sign from God? (Probably John Arlott - Ed).

Our reporter discovers TVT busily setting up shop - he wishes not to watch Disney Soundchecking so he rushes off to the Pub.

Coming back he notices - Old Mother Peel in the audience (the famous Music Hall act and DJ) - obviously divine intervention.

The evening of top entertainment rattled on with the excellent A.C. TEMPLE and BOGSLED. Then its TVT TIME...

Shend's paisley housecoat crinkled in the oven heat, the beads of sweat stood out on Robin's forehead, even Disney couldn't keep up his theatrics as the heat dried him out. The Crowd went wild and Skipped merrily in front of the five inch high stage - Brilliant.

The things loaded up and vanished.

The Hack was happy.....

FIN ★

THINGS AT PRAYER





Poverty, Violence, inequality and decadence exist and flourish in Britain, yet Parliament isn't able nor willing to improve the situation. We therefore seek the abolition of government and the demolition of its wretched, dogmatic institutions. **LAW DOESN'T MEAN ORDER. ANARCHY ISN'T CHAOS.**



GANG UP AND
**FIGHT
BACK!**

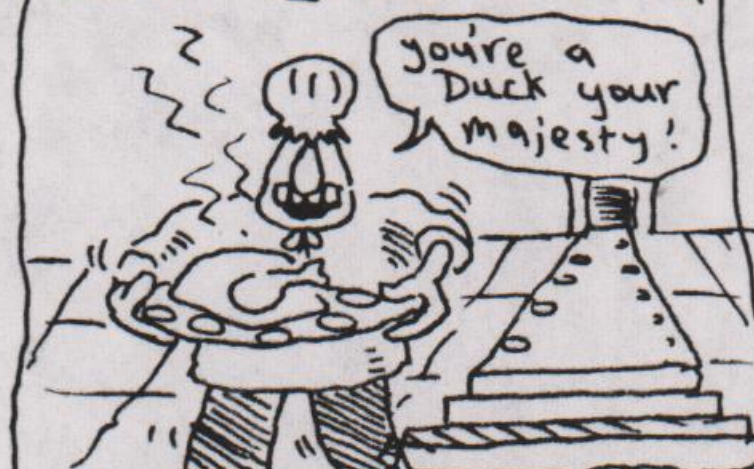
I fancy a really good...



EEK!!



Stranger still, the Ducks
Great-Great-Great-great-
great-great-great-great-
great-great-great-great-
great-great-great-great-
great grandmother was
eaten by Queen Victoria



It's always seen as ironic that a direct descendent of the skivvy who turned the spit stood next to the man who shot Arch Duke Ferdinand in 1914...



'Strange man' seems terribly prophetic now for it was 1964 when a direct descendant of the man who was 2 streets away from the man who stood next to the Arch-Dukes assassin stood next to a close friend of Richard Nixon's Dentist.....



THAT same close friend of Richard Nixon's Dentist actually lent \$5 to a man who brushed against the cousin of the Pen Pal of the son ~~of~~ the man who actually made the torpedo that sank the Belarano =



Tragically the Mother of a sailor who knew the cook on the Belgrano heatbuted A policeman during an anti-government Riot in 1982....



It turned out that the Policeman was actually related to a cleaner in the White House USA



Strange thing is "Gnuff!" is the last thing John Hurt says in "Alien" just after "AARR GGHBLEUUGHSPLGGBURRGH" "AARR



At the exact moment John Hurt said "Gnuff!" a man driving near Pinewood Studios actually had a cigarette... which made him pile into the back of a milk float....



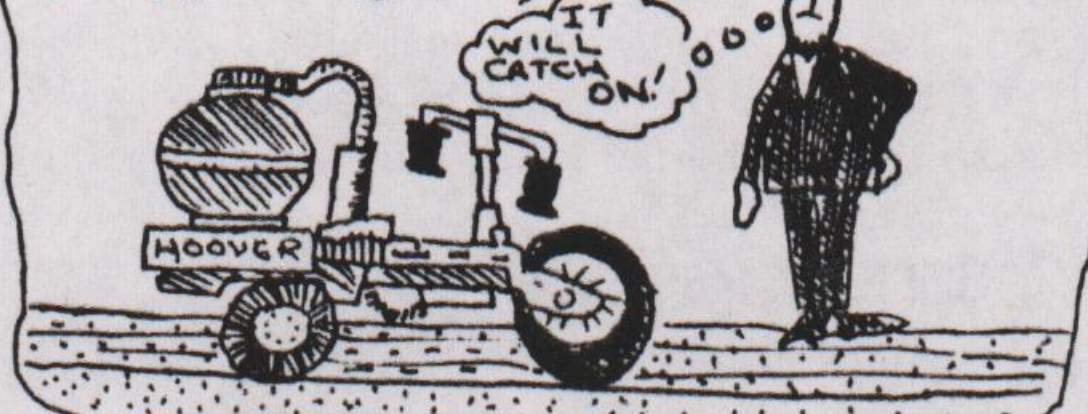
which is exactly what happened to an Albanian diplomat in China once - which was 10 years to the day before Prince Philip said the "Slitty Eyes" bit....



...BUT The Student
who ratted on
Phil the Greek...



is actually the man who told the
man (who married the sister of
the bloke who got drunk in 1955
with the friend of the man
who's son worked on the prototype
Sinclair C5...)




... the time...



which happened to be
the same time that
Ron Squid failed to
discover the Beatles in
1961... (fresh: live just gone)



Strange to think that 5 years later while England were winning the world cup, Ron's Grandmother headbutted a copper in Glasgow... 



Strange to think (again) that the brother of that very copper told that tale to the cousin of a Nurse who told it to her friends in a Liverpool Pub which was overheard by Alan Bleasdale who used it as the trade mark of Yasser Hughes...



GISSA
JOB!

who bore an uncanny resemblance to Stalin, which explains the deep love Albanians have for Bernard Hill.

CRUSH THE
FASCIST TITOIST
REFORMISTS WITH
THE ANTI-IMP
ERIALIST FOREHEAD
OF OUR BERNARD!



Entertainingly Albanians
don't ~~have~~ a low long
hair... which means
they hate hippies -

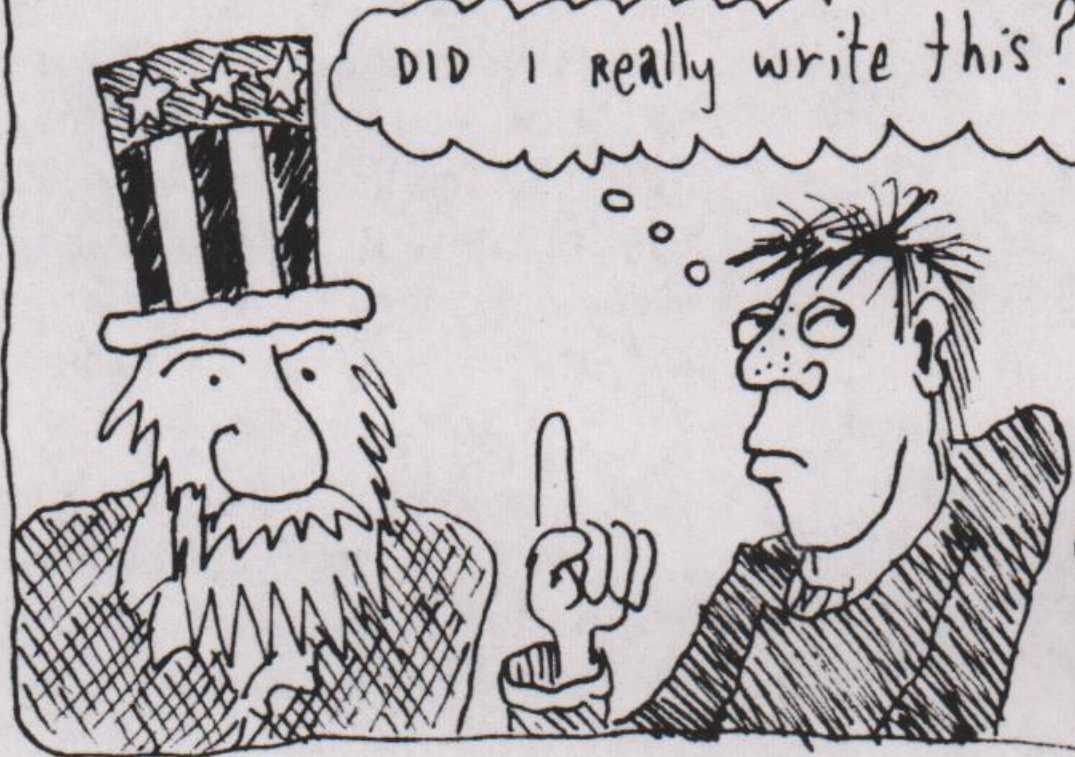


- and they probably hate Ian Botham - with whom we started this page...



..Which just goes to show how everything is really connected....

DID I really write this?



**THE
END**

INTRODUCTION TO ANARCHISM

**"LIBERTY WITHOUT EQUALITY IS EXPLOITATION,
SOCIALISM WITHOUT LIBERTY IS TYRANNY"**

Anarchism is a touchy subject. To openly state that you are an anarchist will probably result in one of three reactions: laughter, horror and/or puzzlement.

To be fair, this is hardly surprising considering the massive amount of mis-information about Anarchism, and, for that matter, the lack of anarchist propaganda readily available.

Anarchism—to put it in simple terms—is a method of social organisation that does away with all forms of centralised authority. In a word: *Anarchy*.

Most people dislike being told what to do, but we still all seem to just obey and mumble under our breath.

Logically, how can anyone decide what you, or I, want or need? Only we ourselves can decide that.

THE ROLE OF THE STATE

Anarchism is about the removal of the State: for the State exists only to perpetuate *itself*. It doesn't matter whether its a Fascist Dictatorship, a Liberal Democracy or a Marxist Republic—the relationship between the people and the State remains the same.

People are seen as secondary to the state, we are nothing more than fodder for Factory and Battlefield.

Liberals (with a small "l") might turn around and say that the anarchist view of the State is an out-dated one. "It isn't a huge monolithic, uncaring structure"—they whine—"a huge giant that sends out its hired thugs to beat the crap out of anyone who steps out of line. Dearie me, no!", squeals the liberal, "the modern Welfare State of Britain shows that the State is really benign (if imperfect), and I'm sure it'll be even better with a Labour government, blah, blah, whinge, whine..."

Sure the NHS and the Dole exist. The hospitals were brought into existence to keep the workers fit enough for the factory and the army—and the Dole exists to keep us quiet and on the breadline.

The State knows that if the money runs out, people couldn't buy

food, their fags and booze. If that happens, all hell will break loose.

But behind those reforms, behind all the lies of the 1950s of the Brave New World, classless and happy, the structure of the "Haves" and "Have Nots" remains the same.

THE RULING CLASS

The Rich still live in obscene luxury, quaffing champagne in their palaces. The Bosses still control the factories—turning out rubbish that we are expected to buy to boost their profits, and no prizes for guessing what the police are there for.

But you probably know that.

Yeah, the police are bastards, the Rich and the Bosses are in control, while the poor get poorer. So what are you going to do about it? Vote Labour?

Labour are the sad scabby relic of the socialists mainstream: hypocritical, opportunist and reformist.

For verily, it was Atlee's "brave new Labour government" who called in troops to break the 1945, 1946 and 1948 dock strikes. Which party in 1961 went back against its election promise and bought in Polaris? Which party allowed the continued existence of the SPG? Which government let the police kill off Blair Peach? or Liddle Towers? Who ordered cruise missiles in the first place? Who supported the Falklands War? Who sold out the miners?

That's right: The Labour Party!

LENIN'S 57 VARIETIES

So you could be pointing towards the Revolutionary Left for your salvation—such as the stagnant SWP (Socialist Workers Party), the terminally opportunist RCP (Revolutionary Communist Party), or the helplessly middle class WRP (Vanessa Redgrave Party).

Any objective study of these groups reveal cynical attempts to build membership. They lie in wait for some issue to spring up and then they pounce—with a thousand papers under one arm and a

thousand recruitment forms under the other.

Some are openly "vanguardist"—which is a polite way of saying: "We'll lead the revolution, you can fight it for us, and we'll take command afterwards to give you our expert leadership". All power to the Central Committee...

All these groups have a "line", which is what the party rigidly believes in, and if you don't agree... out you go. Which probably accounts for the hundreds of little Trotskyist parties who spend all their time in-fighting.

Also they nearly all state that anyone organising themselves along Anarchist or Anarcho-Syndicalist lines after the revolution "will not be tolerated".

In short, power politics is a dead-end.

"Democracy and Communism as they are practised are massively reactionary and cumbersome mechanisms for compromising vision and radical change and restricting the freedom of people to decide how they will organise themselves.

FILTER SYSTEMS

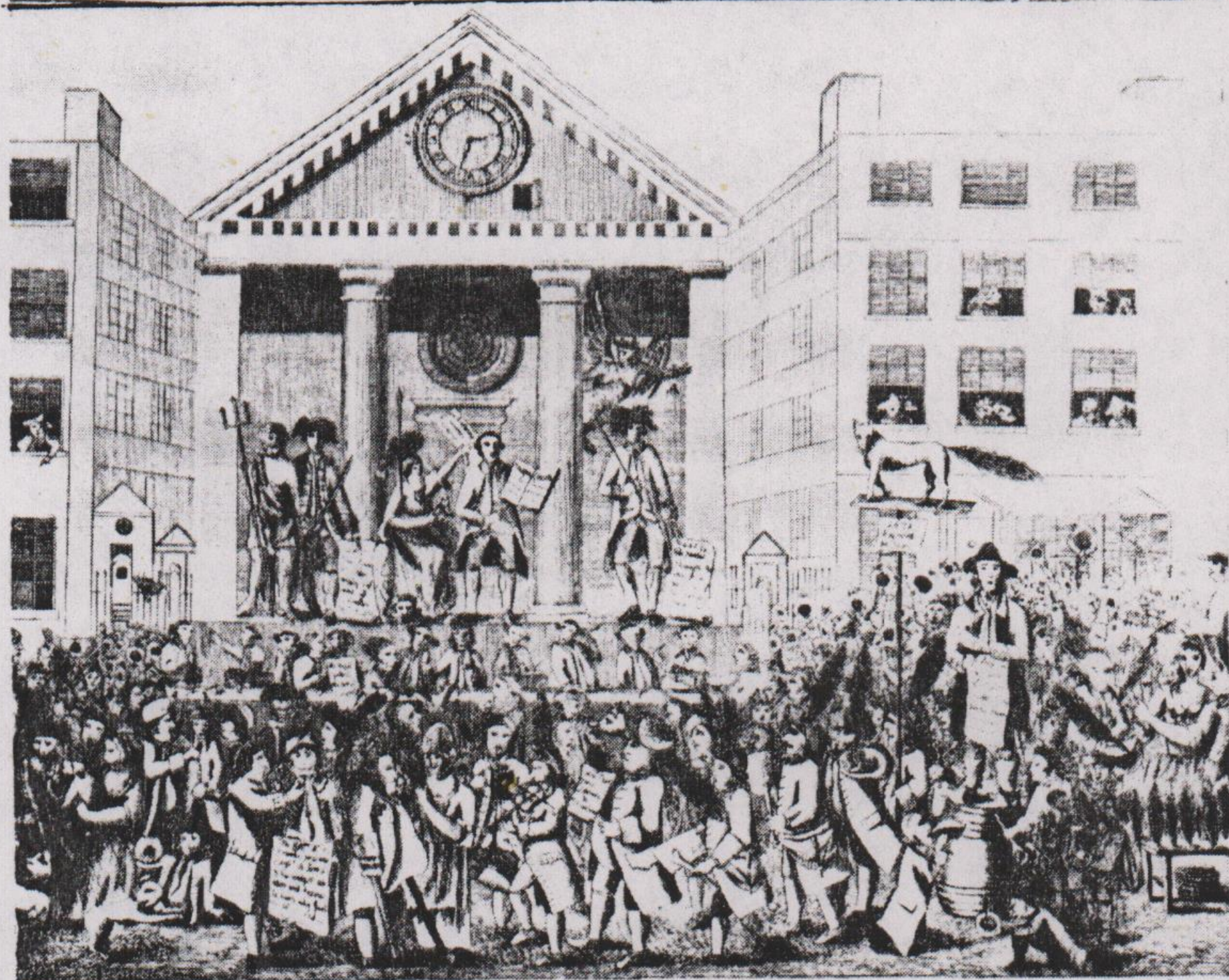
They are filter systems for giving power to those who seek power, and who confirm to the requirements of economic, military and establishment interests. They are

a theatre to delude people into thinking that they have some control over the context in which they live.

Control of people and resources was a privilege that used to be exercised by those who had appointed themselves and then enforced their control. The tragedy and irony of the situation now is that a large number of people who are controlled, actively participate in electing some of their masters, thinking that this is some kind of real involvement in running their own lives. Of course, the enormous power of economic interests, the military, the police and multinational companies is not elected, but this is ignored in the ritual "magic" (or knowledge) of being able to place an "X" on a piece of paper and vote. The questions are drowned out in the chorus of "I'm only doing my job, obeying an order, not responsible".

It is unnecessary to go into a detailed analysis of Democracy or Communism to know for certain that they deny freedom and qualitative improvement for the population under their domination and for the two-thirds of the world who are starving, or who live close to starving.

Such systems are the manifestation of limited and dangerous



1780 by WESTMINSTER ELECTION. 1780. J. Mitchell. North. South. West. East. A. D. 1780. A. D. 1780. A. D. 1780. A. D. 1780.

SINCE ITS INVENTION, DEMOCRACY HAS BEEN A CON.

ideas. The exploitation and callous indifference to many in the world is evidence enough.

But those who are at the forefront of Democracy and Communism confirm the evidence entirely. They are pompous, rigid and complacent. They give empty, wooden speeches on the morality of straight-jacketed normality...

Democracy is a farce, a mechanism of numbers in which the majority are fed propaganda, limited misinformation on which they are supposed to make decisions and judgements, with no time to do so; where large minorities may be

govern themselves and be truly free.

Anarchy (the word) comes from Ancient Greek and means (more or less) "without leaders". The Ancient Greeks also coined the word "democracy" but dismissed it as being "mob rule". How times change. Anarchism as a political theory, is much more recent. The first person to write about the theory of anarchism was the writer William Godwin—just after the French Revolution.

Most credit for "inventing" (!) anarchism goes to a Frenchman: Pierre Joseph Proudhon, who saw

"THE ANARCHIST REVOLUTION THAT WE WANT TRANSCENDS THE INTERESTS OF A SINGLE CLASS; IT ENVISAGES THE LIBERATION OF ALL HUMANITY WHICH IS AT PRESENT ENSLAVED, EITHER ECONOMICALLY, POLITICALLY OR MORALLY."

ERRICO MALATESTA

tyrannised (as in Northern Ireland); where major issues are decided with no reference to most people, or even their so-called representatives (as with military decisions: Chevaline, Cruise Missiles, Falklands War, etc); where manifestos are presented for election on strictly limited issues which may be or often are ignored when in power; where significant numbers of people are aware of this farce and do not vote because they know there is only cosmetic or no difference at all between political parties who are bound by the vested interests of non-elected power—the requirements of which are served regardless of government. There is little or no change in what is made, who makes it, the profits that are made, that privilege and excessive wealth exist, etc.

CONTROL

Democracy and Communism claim to ORGANISE people and resources though their real intention is to CONTROL.

This is made obvious by the self-awarded high status and wealth attached to the top positions in the hierarchies, which is not consistent with being simply administrators for organisation. There is no genuine interest in people's welfare. They really believe they should be in power and control. This is made very apparent by listening to the clever-clever, competitive and pompous talk in the House of Commons in the UK which demonstrates a lack of interest in much besides their own games."

MICK DUFFIELD¹

And while you're mulling over that, here's some history:

A BRIEF ANARCHIST HISTORY

I don't have much space, so if you want detail, research it yourself...

Throughout history there have been people who struggled to

an anarchist society as being made up of small units that federated together but without Centralist Authority. He coined "Property is Theft" and generally romped around mid-nineteenth century France. However, he was an unbelievably sexist prat and so I'll skip over him.

Not so long after Proudhon, pops up Michael Bakunin, (not a bad old duffer as people go), a Russian revolutionary who hung around with Marx and helped in the set up of the First International (International Working Men's Association).

Marx and Bakunin came to represent the two camps within Socialism at that time. Marx with his State Socialism—"take over the state and turn it socialist", and Bakunin with his Anarchism—"destroy the State altogether.

Eventually the split became so big that the anarchists quit/were thrown out of the First International.

A HISTORY OF AGGRO

So started the history of animosity between "the left" and Anarchism. Peter Kropotkin (yet another Russian) "sought to give scientific foundation to anarchist ideas by demonstrating that mutual aid—voluntary co-operation—is just as strong a tendency in human life as aggression and the urge to dominate".²

All these people are known as the "classic" anarchist theorists, but there were thousands of others at the time all propagandising, agitating and struggling to get their ideas put into action.

At this period of anarchist history, all the anarchists were Collectivists (collective ownership of lands, means of production, etc).

However there is another anarchist tradition that is separate to the Collectivist Anarchists, and that is the Individualist Anar-

chists. The best known Individualist was Max Stirner, who instead of concentrating on the idea of society, went instead for the individual.

Stirner has since been called "the father of Existentialism", and Individualism led to the Laissez Faire Capitalism idea. In all seriousness, we can forget about Stirner, because he too is a bit wiffy.

THE RUSSIAN TRAGEDY

Back to history and we find various anarchist taking part in the Russian Revolution of 1917 (Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman among others). However the anarchists were dismayed to see the revolution that they had help achieve be hijacked off to authoritarian lines by Uncle Lenin and the Bolsheviks. Anarchists began to be persecuted in Russia and some of them took part in the Kronstadt Uprising of 1921.

The sailors of the Kronstadt Soviet demanded the end to what they saw as the perversion of the

CNT-FAI, followed some way behind by the UGT (socialist-communists).

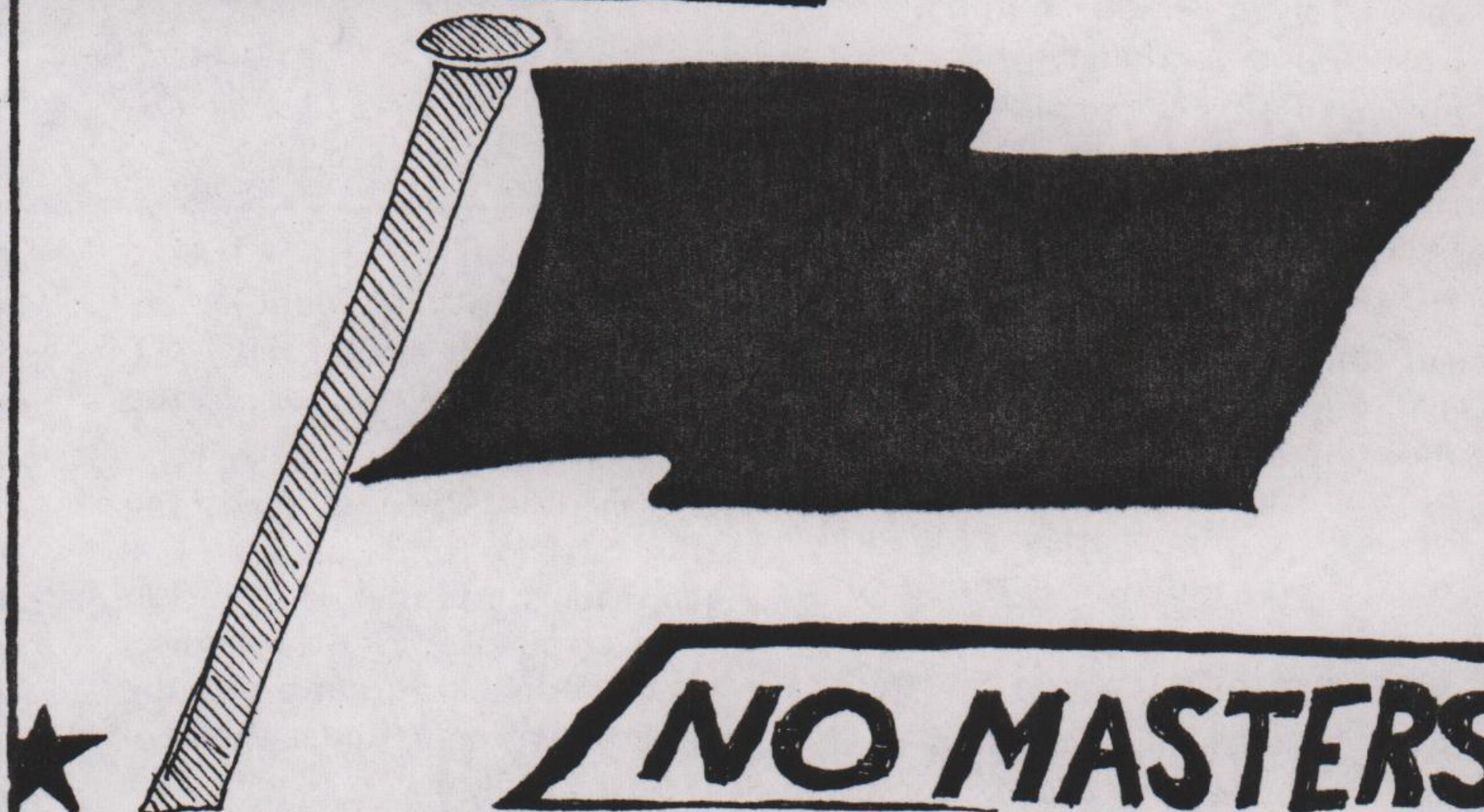
The CNT and all the other workers organisations UGT, PSUC (Moscow-line socialists), and POUM (Marxists allied to the CNT-FAI) formed militias to fight the fascists. Meanwhile behind the lines, workers and peasants, gripped with a revolutionary urge, collectivized villages, farms and factories.

Working class women organised themselves in the *Mujeres Libres* (Free Women) group, fought alongside the union militias and ensured that women were at the forefront of the revolution.

Bosses were either shot or told to "fuck off or else". Churches were demolished or used for new purposes, prisons were closed and prisoners freed. It was a case of near enough anarchism in action... Here's George Orwell's view of it all (Mr Orwell fought with the POUM). Revolutionary Barcelona... December 1936:

"The Anarchists were still in virtual control of Catalonia and

NO GODS



revolution by Bolshies, as well as the authoritarianism, the corruption and the supreme Soviet nicking all the harvest to feed itself while the workers starved.

The rebels were eventually slaughtered by a Red Army force led by none other than Leon Trotsky (who trained guns on the backs of his own troops in case the refused to attack Kronstadt). So much for the Russian Revolution... and, incidentally, so much for Mr Trotsky.

KICKING SHIT IN SPAIN

Next in the scheme of things came June 1936 and the Spanish Revolution, which sprang up after the military revolt by arch-fascist Franco (which goes to show you can't have a popular revolt to order, revolutions are pretty much spontaneous affairs).

The liberal government refused to arm the workers to fight the fascists, so the workers simply brushed the government aside. It must be said that prior to the revolution the biggest union in Spain was the Anarcho-Syndicalist

the Revolution was still in full swing. To anyone who had been there since the beginning it probably seemed even in December or January the revolutionary period was ending; but when one came straight from England, the aspect of Barcelona was something startling and overwhelming. It was the first time I had ever been in a town where the working class were in the saddle. Practically every building of any size had been seized by the workers and was draped with red flags or the red and black flag of the Anarchists; every wall was scrawled with the "hammer and sickle" and with the initials of the revolutionary parties; almost every church had been gutted and its images burnt.

BYE BYE BOSSES

Churches here and there were being systematically destroyed by gangs of workmen. Every shop and cafe had an inscription saying that it had been collectivized; even the bootblacks had been collectivized and their boxes

painted red and black. Waiters and shop-walkers looked at you in the face and treated you as an equal. Servile and even ceremonial forms of speech had temporarily disappeared. Nobody said "senor" or "Don" or even "Usted"; everyone called everyone else "Comrade" and "Thou" and said "Salud!" instead of "Buenos dias". Tipping was forbidden; almost my first experience was receiving a lecture from a hotel manager from trying to tip a lift boy.

RED AND BLACK BUS

There were no private motor cars, they had all been commandeered, and all the trams and taxis and much of the other transport were painted red and black. The revolutionary posters were everywhere, flaming from the walls in clean reds and blues that made the few remaining advertisements look like daubs of mud.

Down the Ramblas, the wide central artery of the town where crowds of people streamed to and fro, the loud speakers were bellowing revolutionary songs all day and far into the night. And it was the aspect of the crowd that was the queerest thing of all. In outward appearance it was a town in which the wealthy classes had simply ceased to exist. Except for a small number of women and foreigners, there were no "well dressed" people at all. Practically everyone wore rough working class clothes, or blue overalls, or some variant of the militia uniform.

All this was queer and moving. There was much in it that I did not understand, in some ways I did not even like it, but I recognised it immediately as a state of affairs worth fighting for.

BELIEF IN REVOLUTION

Also I believed that things were as they appeared, that this really was a workers' state and that the entire bourgeoisie had either fled, been killed, or voluntarily come over to the workers' side; I did not realise that great numbers of the well to do bourgeois were simply lying low and disguising themselves as proletarians for the time being... There was no unemployment and the price of living was still extremely low; you saw very few conspicuously destitute people, and no beggars except for the gypsies.

Above all there was a belief in the revolution and the future, a feeling of having suddenly emerged into an era of equality and freedom. Human beings were trying to behave as human beings and not as cogs in the capitalist machine. In the barbers' shops were Anarchist notices (the barbers were mostly Anarchists) solemnly explaining that the barbers were no longer slaves."³

It didn't last. The only country giving aid to the Republican government was Stalinist Russia, and they would only supply arms to Spain if their conditions were

ANARCHIST WOMAN OF THE CNT-FAI PICTURED ON THE BARRICADES OF MADRID. SPAIN, 1936. PHOTO TAKEN FROM 1936, THE SPANISH REVOLUTION BY THE EX ON RON JOHNSON RECORDS. BUY IT NOW!



met. The main condition being the crushing of the popular revolution and the pro-Soviet UGT and PSUC being given more of the limelight.

The tragedy of Spain is something really bitter to swallow. The Anarchists and the Revolution were destroyed not by the fascists but by the deliberate actions of the liberal government under the control of the Stalinists.

The Republican Government began giving the collectivized land back to the same old bosses, and eventually (after Stalin began to stop aid to Spain in 1938) the fascists romped home to victory in 1939.

Incidentally, the Russian arms never got through to the CNT or

"ANARCHISM IS SOCIALISM WITH ITS SLEEVES ROLLED UP"

POUM militias at the front, they had to fight with pre-World War One rifles. Orwell notes that a trip back behind the lines to Barcelona would reveal government "Assault Guards" equipped with shiny new pistols and sub-machine guns.

BAD TIMES

It's said that the Spanish Civil War marked the death of Anarchism, and that's certainly true to some extent. Fascism and Nazism had wiped out all the opposition in Germany and Italy, while the large Syndicalist movement in

France was hi-jacked by communists.

All in all, the pre-war and Second World War years knocked the wind out of most radical movements of the Left.

THE STUDENTS ARE REVOLTING

We have to jump forward to May 1968, to the Student revolts in Paris before Anarchists emerge again as a mass movement in their own right. Although in Paris they were working alongside Maoists and Trotskyists. 1968 also saw the emergence of another form of Anarchist analysis called Situationism.

Situationism dealt with the growth of consumerism and television as

important new factors of social control. Basically, the idea states that society is geared to be nothing more than a "spectacle". The spectacle engineers every situation so that people are reduced to being Spectators. Spectators to their own lives, spectators to the society of the spectacle. They lose control over their everyday lives and nothing really counts except for what's on TV. Nothing matters except, say, "should we chose green or blue wallpaper?"

In Britain, Anarchists were active in the birth of CND in the 50s and

60s, and the development of the anti-Vietnam War movement, and all the other groovy things they talk about in Channel 4 documentaries.

The hippy culture marked a split in Anarchism, between the old school of class based, industrial worker-y Anarchism, on the one hand, and Lifestyle-ism, on the other. Lifestyle-ism being the theory that if you change your personal habits (eg go and live on a commune, etc) you have a revolution. Very naive. Very hippy.

NEVER TRUST A HIPPY

Although the cultural Anarchists of the sixties had their good points, (the setting up of collectives, community resources, advice centres, etc, etc) they fell foul of the general narcotic fuck-up that was the late sixties/early seventies.

Democracy became the thing. Revolution wasn't really worth it (maaan) because we all lived in a new classless wonderful society. This was of course total bullshit. The class system remained, so did the bosses... trade union leaders sold out to the state, etc, etc.

1976—and we see the rise of the National Front (NF) and the movements to stop it: namely the Anti-Nazi League (which was in the pocket of the Socialist Workers Party or SWP). We also see the birth of the Punk movement which became synonymous with the gritty slide into Thatcherism in the late seventies. Strangely, it

turns into British Anarchism's saving grace.

1979—the NF has been crushed as a political force (for the time being), the SWP decides to wind-up the ANL. Meanwhile in the British courts, five anarchists are being tried on trumped up charges of "conspiracy to cause explosions with persons unknown". They are all acquitted. One of the bands that plays benefits for "Persons

Anarchist show of strength on British streets for years; but the older Anarchists didn't mention that.

TO THE CENTRE OF THE CITY

Stop the City actions were instigated by the Anarchist/anti-militarist group London Greenpeace, as one day disruptions of the financial centre of Britain:



Unknown" are the Anarchist punk band Crass.

PUNK ROCK!

Crass became the single most important factor in the "re-birth" of the British Anarchist movement. Propagandising by putting out cheap records on their own labels, by printing handouts and by playing numerous gigs in the backwaters of the land—Crass worked hard to put over their brand of Anarchism and Pacifism.

Anarchism was being relayed to a section of people (mainly young, working class, punks) who had never seen anything political before that didn't need a degree in Political Science to understand. The rest is history. Of course, there were drawbacks; most punks just saw it as a blind religion to follow, as though it was part of the "thing" of being a Crass fan.

THE TATTY BRIGADE

However, on the whole it was a positive movement. In the years 1980 to 1983, this new army of shabby Anarchists tagged along with the second wave of CND (which generated most of the early eighties' political activity).

There was still the gap (usually a generation gap between the old-style Anarchists and the Anarcho-punks—who, although mainly working-class, had no links with any industrial struggles (mainly 'cos we were all unemployed!). Their main areas of activeness were in squatting, anti-militarist/anti-war movements and the animal liberation movement. ("The Anarchists are the foot-soldiers of the Animal Liberation Front"⁴).

September 29th 1983—marked the first Stop the City—and the first time the new Anarcho-Punks had taken to the streets en masse. It was also the first major

the City of London.

The first two of these actions (the second one being in March 1984) were highly successful. A further STC occurred in 1984 and the final one was in September 84—when the police had finally wised up to them. Considering the morale shattering Falklands War of 1982, the STC actions were remarkable morale boosters.

1984 AND ALL THAT

1984—brought the miners' strike, which saw the new wave Anarchists offering support to the miners, and it marked the start of the old school Anarchists to recognise the punks as part of its movement, and for youths to realise the tradition of Anar-

chism and acknowledge its history.

Industrial struggles and issues of class, racism and sexism are at long last being confronted openly by the Anarchist movement.

In particular, the Women's Movement, and (yes), Greenham protesting have opened up new avenues of autonomous organisation. In the field of radical politics, Anarchists are on the increase. An Anarchist paper like *Class War* can now sell up to 15,000 copies per issue, where before 2,000 would have been seen as huge.

BRING ME THE HEAD OF ENOCH POWELL

British Anarchists are becoming ever more open in their activities, be it selling papers in the street, showing solidarity with strikers on picket lines, carrying out direct action, to hounding Enoch Powell out of Cardiff and Bristol.

Anarchists are organising into regional "federations"—such as the Midlands Anarchist Federation (MAF), Class War Federation (CWF), Anarchist Students Federation (ASF), Anarchist Communist Federation (ACF), and many others.

ON THE ADVANCE

Whether it's squatting, or strikes, you'll find Anarchists. Where the Left move in and give orders, Anarchists move in and give support. In the words of Peter Shipley, "They (the Anarchists) have advanced where the Marxist Left have withdrawn".⁵

Anarchism succeeds in growing because it contains the basic grains of an idea that sees people as equally important, equally decent and able to exist without the

stifling, cynical manipulation of the authoritarians.

People, no matter who, will eventually refuse to be pushed around. The floodgates of Anarchy can be opened at any time. Remember, freedom is a basic urge.

Don't forget it.

PHIL HEDGEHOG
Winter 1986

FOOTNOTES:

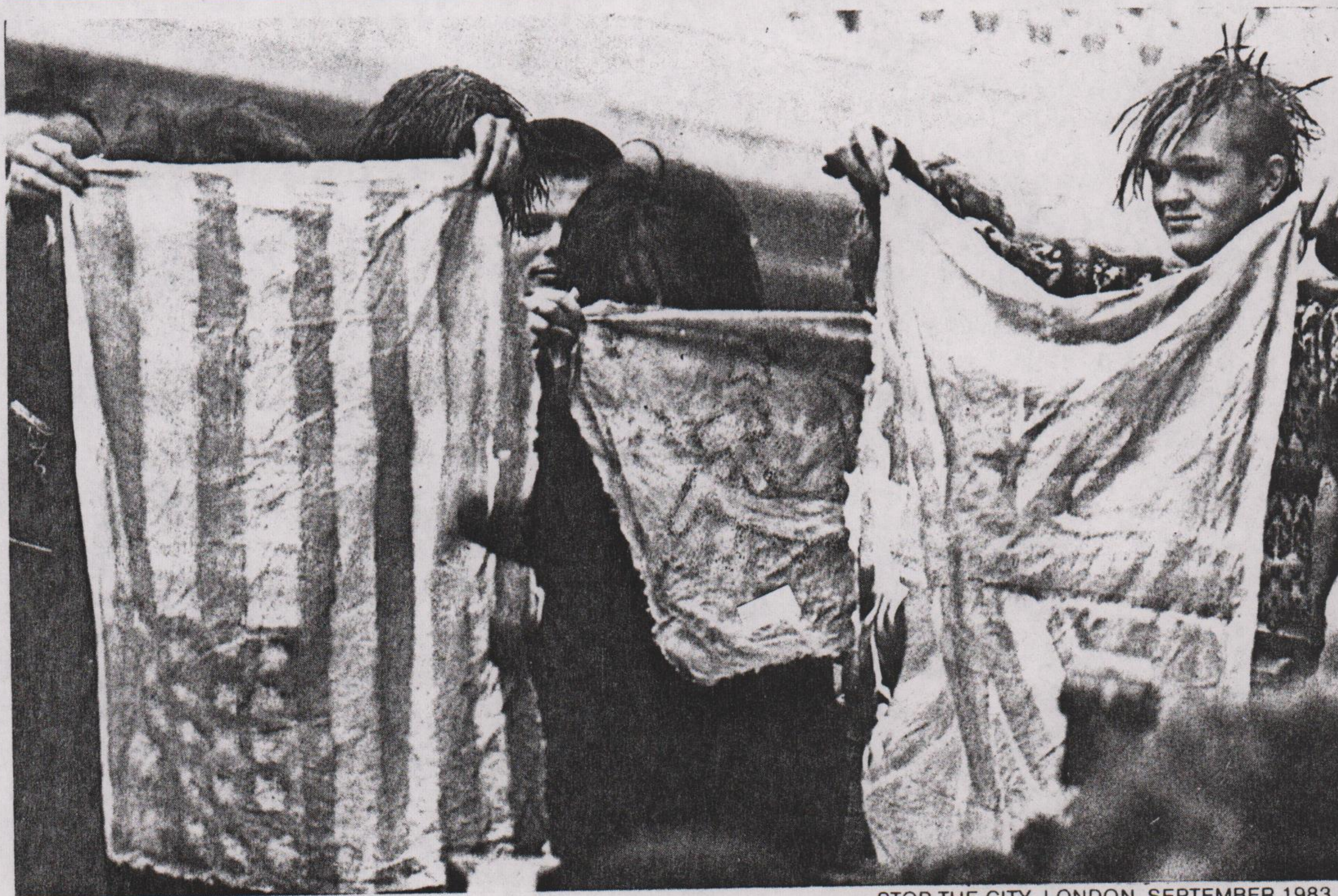
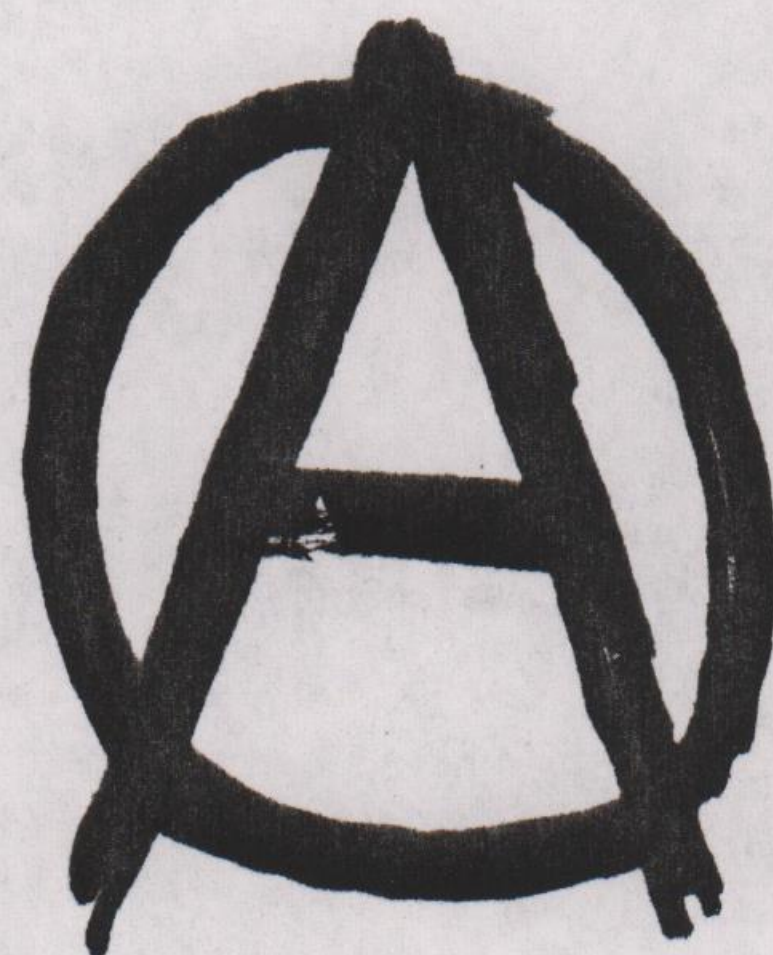
1—From *A Series of Shock Slogans and Mindless Token Tantrums*, by Crass. Published by Exitstencil Press. Try the local radical bookshop...

2—Kropotkin explanation, lifted from *Anarchy in Action* by Colin Ward: an excellent book to get hold of. Published by Freedom Press at £2.50 (By post for £2.75 from: FP Books, 84B Whitechapel High Street, London E1). Or, if in Nottingham, from Black Raven Books...

3—From *Homage to Catalonia*, George Orwell, published by Penguin at £1.95. This is the best book to read for an introduction to the Spanish Revolution, as objective as it can be.

4—From BBC2's Brass Tacks report on the ALF.

5—Peter Shipley was once a member of Thatcher's "Policy Decisions Unit". Hardly friendly to Anarchists at all...



STOP THE CITY, LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1983



THE BRITISH

ANARCHIST PRESS

REVIEWED BY TARQUIN LIME (AS SEEN ON PLAY SCHOOL) ▼

FREEDOM

'ANARCHIST MONTHLY'. 75p FROM (in Angel Alley)
84b, WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET, LONDON E1 7QX

The oldest (400 years old to be exact) Anarchist Paper in Britain with Contents to match. Currently in the clutches of a Donald Rorum and Nicholas Walter coup and has the "wrong" line on pornography (i.e. pro-) Full of dry theorem and debate which some may find boring - but I still enjoy mulling over bits of it. Excellent cartoons but alas, no bow ties.

BLACK FLAG

'THE ANARCHIST FORTNIGHTLY' 30p FROM BM
HURRICANE, LONDON, WC1 3XX. (ALSO HOME TO The Anarchist Black Cross - relief

agency for Anarchist Prisoners). Black Flag, as opposed to Freedom, is much, much more 'Newsy'. Lots of News, good coverage of International and Industrial goings-on. A few niggles of course, like its support of small group Terrorism or "Bombism" (including the Red Army Faction) and its cartoons are rather dull... now that "Mad" Pete Mastin is in the clink. But he's strange. BF and Freedom are always squabbling in a very nasty manner but don't let that put you off.

CLASS WAR

25p various addresses but "write to the one nearest you". Newest of the national Papers and the biggest selling. Dropped quite a few clangers in its early years and still finding its feet in its war against "Rich Scumbags". The Paper that revolutionised swearing. Love it, Hate it, don't ignore it. Politics have just settled down with the formation of the Class War Federation. Not enough mentions of Anarchy and still glorification of Violence but learning fast. Give it Time. Nice Tweed Suits not required.

GREEN ANARCHIST

40p (BI-MONTHLY) 19, MAGDALEN RD, OXFORD, OX4 1RP
By far the worst anarchist paper in most people's opinion* - currently munching the museli by the help of a Purge by Richard Hunt. Awful Hippy stuff, cringe over the layout, the snobbery directed to non-greens and the naive Revolutionary Theory. Makes Class War look sensible and moderate. Made my bow tie droop.

STUFF IT

'THE THEORETICAL JOURNAL OF A BRISTOL ANARCHIST GROUP' 30p from Box 010,
FULL MARKS BOOKSHOP, 110, CHELTENHAM ROAD, BRISTOL, 6.
STUFF IT is a bit of a fanzine - most people like it for its strange pictures, colourful inking and "SARCASTIC BASTARD" comment. Hasn't been a new one out for a while now - they're probably making up more jokes. Not my cup of tea but it could be for you if a Drunk, Sarcastic, Sectarian Punk Rocker. 5/20. "BRING ME THE HEAD OF ENOCH POWELL!"

NOTTINGHAM ANARCHIST NEWS

AT LEAST 10p from
BOX A, RAINBOW CENTRE, 180 MANSFIELD ROAD, NOTTINGHAM.
MY PERSONAL Fave-Rave of the Smaller regional Papers. Crammed full of local gossip News, Direct Action, Comment and Rant this bi-monthly Paper is absolute whoopee. Better Jokes than Stuff it - Although I do wish they would have something about Anarchism in it from time to time. Serious stuff mainly and usually safe for your Gran to read (If that is your Gran is a Glaswegian Anarcho-Syndicalist who works in a Docksides pub). A HIT. Right, that's that lot finished, I think I'll go and watch My Music. Pip Pip!



▲ ABOVE: MEMBERS OF NOTTINGHAM ANARCHIST NEWS PRODUCTION COLLECTIVE ON HEARING OF THEIR GLOWING REVIEW.

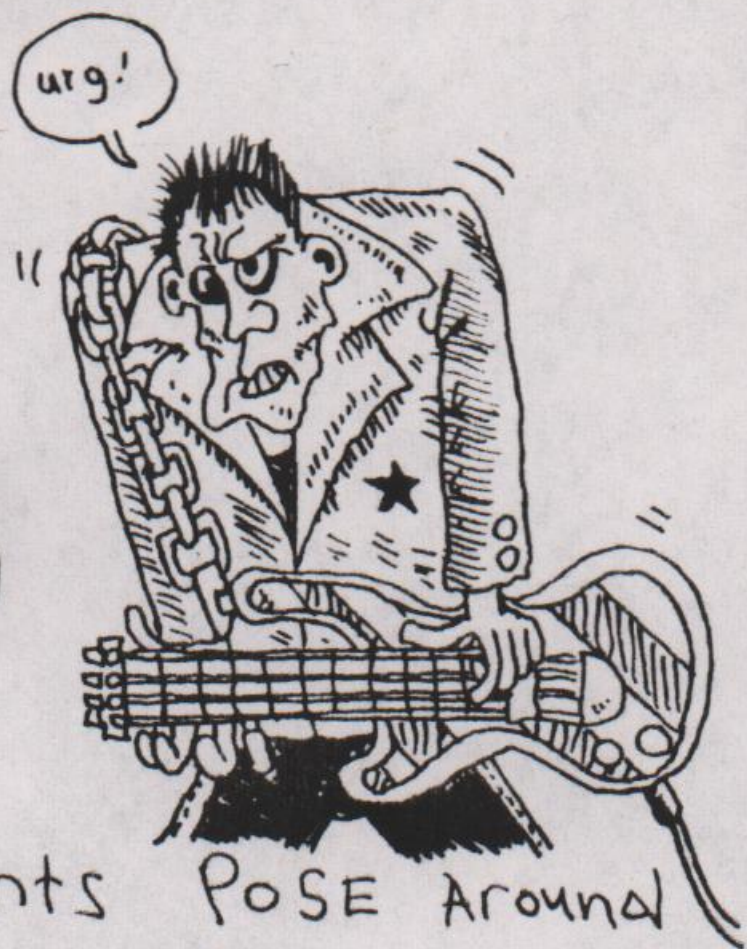
ALL
IS
FOR
ALL



* I reckon 'Pinch of Salt' is the worst - SN

REVIEWS

the soup dragons



LIVE AT "THE Garage", 16th October 1986 = £2.50

THE GARAGE IS ONE OF THOSE PLACES WHERE MORONIC STUDENTS POSE AROUND and where the drinks are so expensive you think its a conspiracy against Liver Damage. But I'm NOT going to try and feign superiority over a bunch of Trendy Wendys and other Students Dregs in their neat outfits, correct haircuts and middle class lager top. What do I care if they are stupid enough to buy copies of RH#7? More money than sense!! PAH!

On to the bands, well I'll skip over the support bands, even tho' the shells were good - So straight to "groovy jock hipsters" THE SOUP DRAGONS. Not bad, in fact, a rather good trip back to the 3-chord pop/thrash of Long Ago - (or so it seems). The only difference being that these new bands have

People who TRY SINGING instead of SHOUTING. The Crowd enjoyed it, charging forward at the beginning of "I Know Everything" bringing the right-hand P.A. stack ~~down~~ a-tumbling over. Which is the first time I've ever seen that happen at a gig.

Of course! The Pogoing!! People were actually **Pogoing!!** Mind you they were hitting the Garage's legendary low ceiling and knocking themselves unconscious but that's another story. (where were these people at Chippenham Goldiggers 1983, during the worst pogoing this country's ever seen?).

So, the Soup Dragons finished their arranged set, And scuttled off to hide up the stairs at the back of the stage.

Sadly, the audience fell for it and the Dragons came back for 3 arranged encores, one being a version of "the kids are alright". Much better than the Who's but not as good as EDDIE and The Hot Rod's.

And the Ghost of Pete Shelley got down and Boogied.



THE SOUP DRAGONS- JIM



SEAN



ROSS



Sushill

BOGSHED
OCTOBER 23rd '86
AT THE GARAGE
£2.50

BY OUR 'Special' correspondent

AAARGH!! IT WAS BIZARRE, 4 Rockabillys who were all identical, down to their shoes, to my right a 3foot high woman to my left a 7 foot high man - an unmistakable smell of Jiff Lemon in the place - AAAARGH!

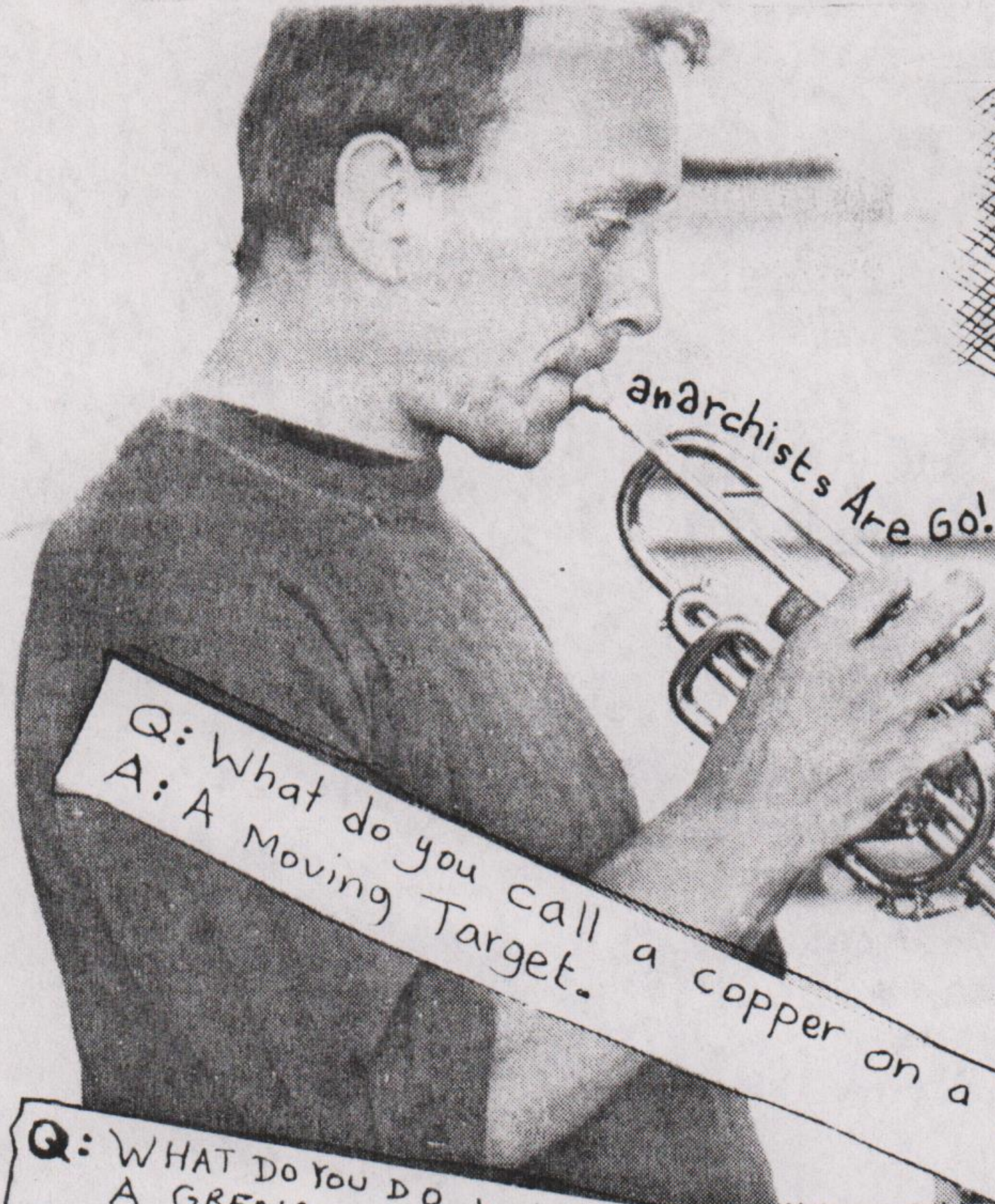
Bogshed were 'average'.

YOU HAVE BEEN ENJOYING PAGE

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Funny Jokes



Q. How DO YOU STOP A COPPER FROM DROWNING?
A. TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF HIS HEAD.

Q: What do you call a copper on a bicycle?
A: A Moving Target.

Q: WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN A FASCIST THROWS A GRENADE AT YOU?
A: PULL THE PIN OUT AND THROW IT BACK.

EXCEPTIONALLY BANAL JOKE THAT NO ONE, EXCEPT STUDENTS, WOULD EVER FIND FUNNY.
Q: Whats Yellow and tastes like Piss?
A: Piss
I dont get any of em...

I THINK THESE JOKE ARE IN BAD TASTE.....

Q: TWO COPPERS JUMP OFF A 25 STOREY BUILDING. ONE WEIGHS 13 STONE 2 POUNDS, THE OTHER WEIGHS 10 STONE 5 POUNDS. WHICH COPPER HITS THE GROUND FIRST?
A: WHO CARES?

SITUATIONIST JOKE BY RICH CROSS
Q. Why did the electoral role?
A. Because it saw the M.P.

IT'S NOT MY FAULT, I HAD ONE PAGE SPARE AND THIS IS ALL I COULD THINK OF TO PUT ON IT...

ITS CURTAINS FOR YOU, TURD-BRAIN!

HORROR SPOT • HORROR SPOT • HO

work
James

aid.

Hedgehog killing 'not a crime'

A man who beat a hedgehog with a stick, inflicting multiple injuries which resulted in a lingering death, was not guilty of a criminal offence, the High Court ruled yesterday.

Mr Ian Campbell beat the animal in a "savage, shockingly ruthless manner," said Mr Justice Otton. But the hedgehog was not covered by the 1911 Protection of Animals Act because it was not a domestic or captive animal.

Mr Justice Otton, sitting with Lord Justice Watkins, held that Canterbury magistrates were correct in dismissing a prosecution brought by the RSPCA against Mr Campbell, of High Street, Herne Bay, Kent.

Mr Campbell was charged with beating a captive animal and causing unnecessary suffering to an animal by unreasonably omitting to provide it with proper and necessary care and

attention while it was suffering by not taking it to a vet for treatment.

Mr Campbell was seen by a neighbour at about midnight in July, 1985 beating the hedgehog with a stick. The next morning the woman found the animal on its back with its legs moving. She took it to a vet who treated it but it died later that day.

Mr Christopher Critchlow, counsel for the RSPCA, contended that most animals ran away if beaten, but the hedgehog's response to danger or a beating was to roll up into a ball — making it captive in the eyes of the law.

The judges said that the animal would only have been captive if it were pinioned by a contraption in order to hinder or prevent its escape.

During the hearing Mr Justice Otton asked Mr Campbell's counsel, Mr Hugh Allardye,

whether Mr Campbell could be guilty of any other offence.

"This was quite barbaric behaviour, but he seems to have slipped through the legal net," said the judge.

Mr Allardye said that Mr Campbell admitted beating the hedgehog. But as far as he was aware he could not be guilty of any other offence under animal protection laws.

The judges decided not to order costs against the RSPCA, even though the appeal was lost.

Mr Critchlow said the RSPCA would consider appealing to the House of Lords because the case was important "not just to hedgehogs but to other animals."

An RSPCA spokesman said later: "We are obviously disappointed." He was not prepared to say how much it had cost to bring the case to court, but he added: "People are very kind and generous."

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YOU'RE A DEAD MAN
CAMPBELL!

SHOP ASSISTANTS

PAGE
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HAS
BEEN
RATED '15'

ARE A BAND FROM EDINBURGH WHO ARE "RATHER SPIFFING". THEY CONSIST OF LAURA = DRUMS ALEX = VOCALS DAVID = GUITAR AND SARAH = BASS. THEY SAID (OR AT LEAST ONE OF THEM SAID) THAT RADICAL HEDGEHOG "IS FAB, MY FAVE 'NOT JUST MUSIC' ONE SINCE THE FAMOUS "KILL YOUR PET PUPPY"'S EARLY DAYS". GOOD TASTE DAY - SO I MADE ONE UP INSTEAD.

1985

March Shop Assistants started in Edinburgh.

April first live dates (Edinburgh and Stirling), 'Shopping Parade' e.p. recorded.

June mini-tour of England with the Pastels ('Summer Means Fun' tour), people danced to us, we got our first encores, and in London the music press realised we existed.

August 'Shopping Parade' released.

September " " in the indie top five. Played in huge venues with the Jesus & Mary Chain.

October John Peel session recorded, second tour with the Pastels.

November more dates with the J+MC.

December first 'headline' mini-tour incl. the infamous mystery tour.

1986

January Ann left amicably, more dates with the Jesus & Mary Chain.

February Safety Net released, no1 in the indie charts. Janice Long session recorded.

March massive tour of the UK (11 dates), much hounding from record co.s.

April tour of Germany.

Summer recording new single and LP.

21a ALVA STREET
EDINBURGH EH2 4P

← Potted history in their own fair hand.

I SAW THEM ON THE MARCH '86 BASH IN NOTTINGHAM'S COOL TOILET "THE GARAGE". WHERE IT WAS SO PACKED ALL YOU DO WAS HAND-JIVE, ANYTHING MORE AND YOU FELL OVER. THE SHOPPIES PLAYED A 20 MINUTE SET, MUMBLED IN SCOTTISH AND RACED OUTSIDE NEARLY SQUASHING HENRIETTA OF LEICESTER WITH THEIR VAN. HURRIEDLY THEY RACED OUT INTO THE NIGHT, SIGNED TO CHRYSALLIS AND WERE NEVER THE SAME HEIGHT AGAIN.

INTERVIEW

SPINEY NORMAN:- How do you relax after a hard, tiring, 5 minute long set?

DAVID - WELL, I SIT IN THE CORNER OF THE DRESSING ROOM WITH A PAPER BAG ON MY HEAD, WHILE EVERYONE ELSE DRINKS THEIR WAY THROUGH A CRATE OF INDUSTRIAL FLOOR CLEANER.

ALEX - THATS A LIE!! A FILTHY EVIL LIE! ITS ONLY HALF A CRATE

DAVID - AS YOU CAN SEE THERE'S A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF FRIENDLY DISAGREEMENT IN THE BAND.

ALEX - NO THERE ISN'T!!

DAVID - ER, YES THERE IS....

ALEX - STICH THAT (SOUND OF HEADBUTT)

DAVID - AAAAAARRGH!

SARAH - YOU SCREAM VERY WELL DAVID.

DAVID (BEHIND A PILE OF GUITAR LEADS + PILS BOTTLES) "YES - THANKYOU...."

S. NORMAN (TO LAURA) WHAT'S IT LIKE BEING A DRUMMER?

LAURA - I DON'T DRUM ACTUALLY.

S.N. - WHAT?

LAURA - WELL, I CANT REACH THAT HIGH YOU SEE, SO WE USE A DRUM MACHINE INSTEAD - I JUST FAKE IT VERY WELL.

ALEX - NO YOU DON'T!

LAURA - AH, PISS OFF AND GIVE SOME ONE A HARD STARE!!

S. NORMAN - WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU GET SEXIST HECKLING?

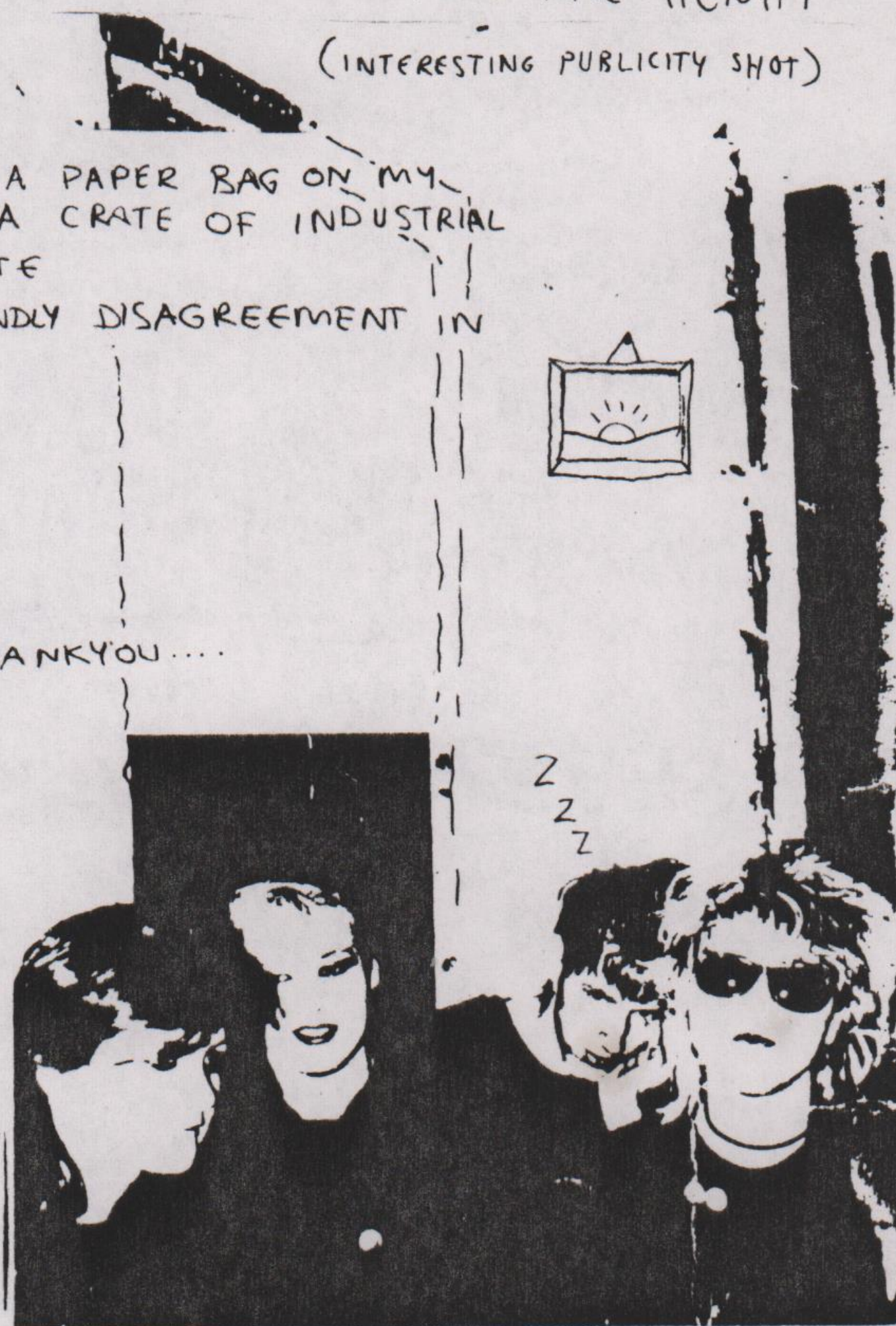
DAVID - I DON'T GET ANY.... AAAAAARRGH!!! (COLLAPSES)

ALEX - I'LL ANSWER THAT YOU LANKY GIT. WE DEAL WITH THEM IN THE BEST POSSIBLE WAY.

S. NORMAN - AND WHAT'S THAT?

ALEX POINTS TO PILE OF SEVERED HEADS IN CORNER OF DRESSING ROOM - SHE THEN REVS UP THE CHAINSAW THAT SHES BEEN CLEVERLY CONCEALING UNDER HER HAT. SPINY NORMAN RUNS LIKE FUCK BACK TO H.Q. WHILE THE SHOPPIES DRINK SOME MORE INDUSTRIAL CARPET CLEANER, BURN DAVID'S PAPER BAG COLLECTION, AND SIGN TO EMI, WHERE THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER - UNTIL THE VERY NEXT DAY.

(INTERESTING PUBLICITY SHOT)



Laura, Alex, David and Sarah.

OLD Bastard's

things to make and do.

TIP ONE = IRRITATE POLICEMEN



THIS, SURPRISINGLY, IS VERY EASY TO DO - POLICEMEN ARE ANNOYED BY ALMOST EVERYTHING - FOR EXAMPLE, BEING BLACK, BEING OUTSIDE YOUR HOUSE, BEING POLITICALLY MOTIVATED NORTH OF WATFORD AND WEST OF READING ALL IRRITATE POLICEMEN.

WARNING: ANNOYMENT OF POLICEMEN USUALLY GOES HAND IN HAND WITH ARRESTING AND LOCKING UP WHICH IS VERY BORING INDEED.

TIP TWO = FORM A TROTSKIST PARTY.

THIS IS VERY EASY TO DO, A LOT OF PEOPLE DO IT, SO WHY NOT YOU? ALL YOU NEED IS -

• A NAME FOR YOUR PARTY =

Go for something like Socialist Internationalist Militant Party, Revolutionary Socialist Peoples Party or Socialist Revolutionary Workers Communist Peoples Party to suggest a few.

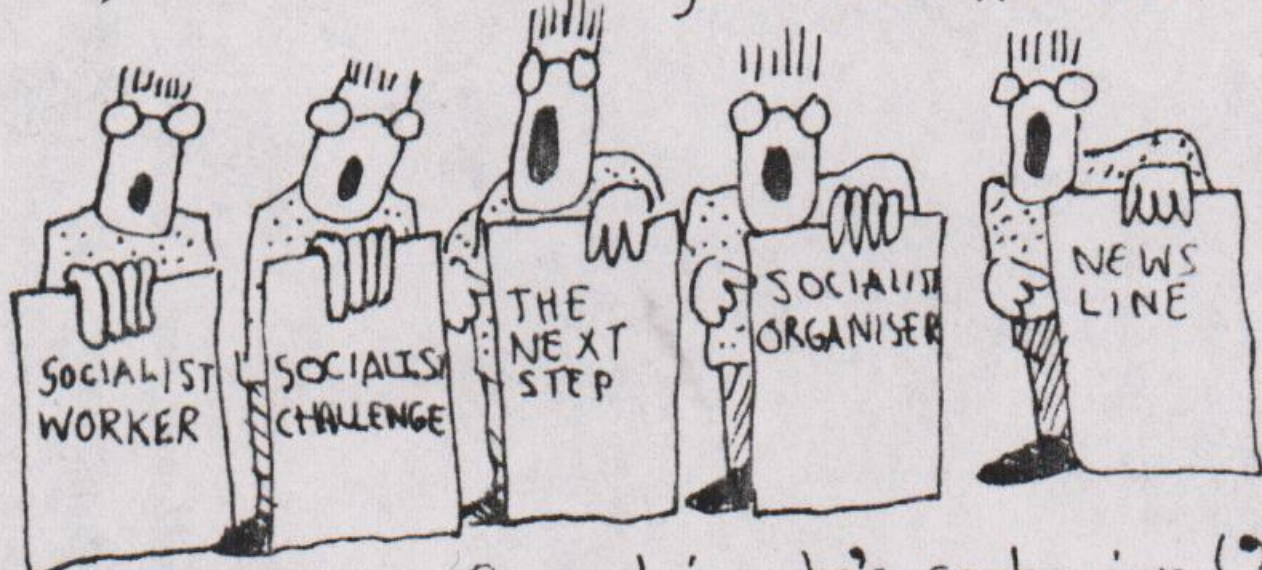
• HAVE A PARTY PAPER =

Really simple - just copy out some cheap slogans from any other Party and write some excerpts from Das Kapital and the NME and choose a name like Socialist Farmer, News Crime, Socialist Schoolboy, The Next Suit or Socialist Accountant - to name a few...

• BE IRRITATINGLY LOUD AND UNPLEASANT =

Don't worry if you're not unpleasant - Just be very, very LOUD and the rest should follow easier. Try Shouting at People in the street while selling your paper. Be frightening.

Then all you need to do is spend your time arguing with other Parties and you're away!! Your very own Party. Should take you an Afternoon.

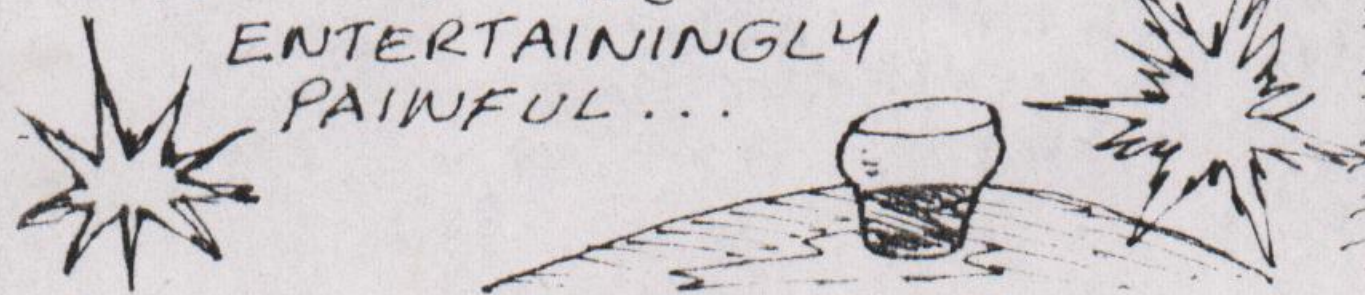


"Don't buy one from him, he's sectarian!"

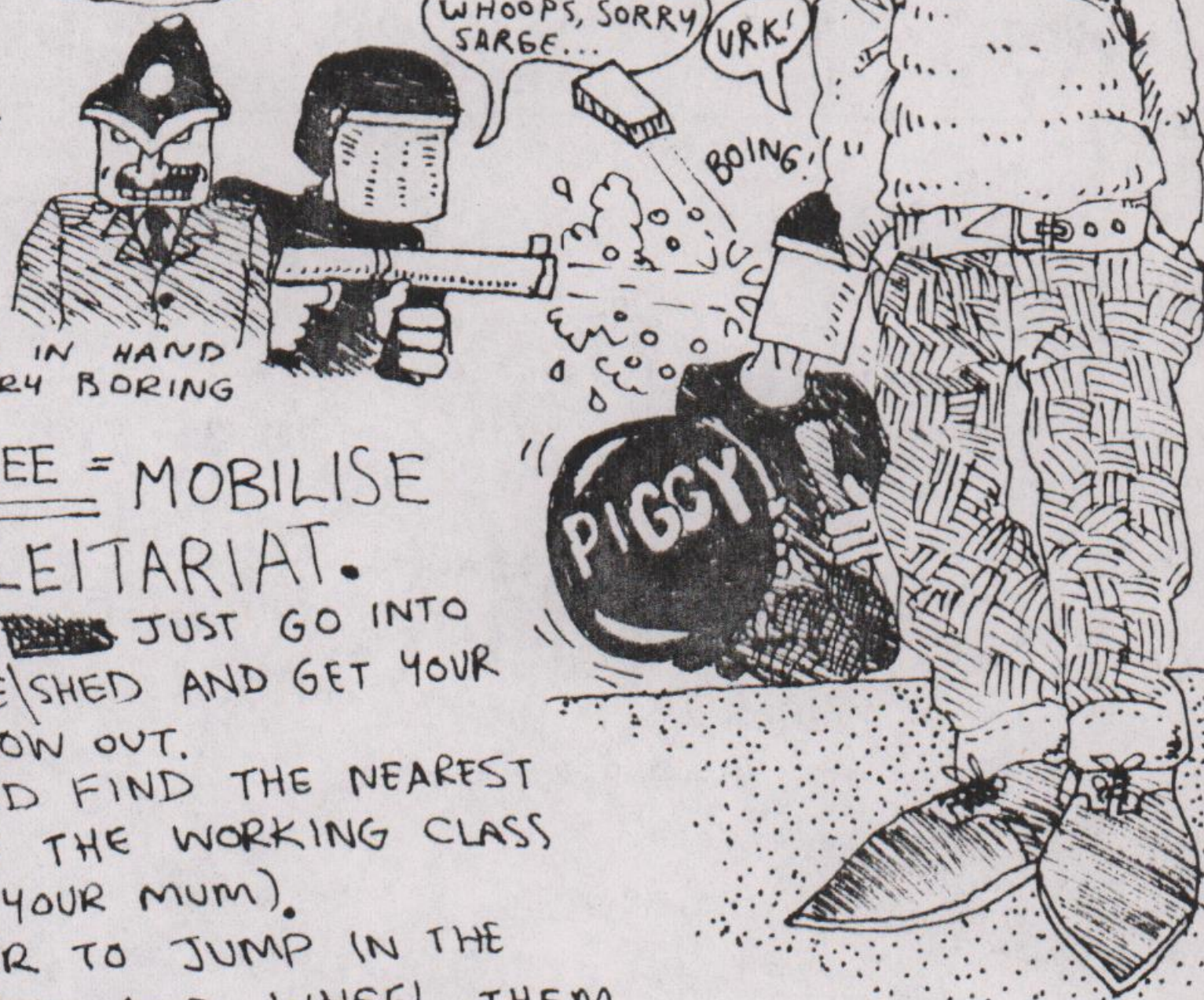
TIP SEVEN =

GO AND GET COMPLETELY SHIT-DRUNK.

MAY TAKE A LARGE PROPORTION OF YOUR MONEY - BUT IT'S WORTH IT IN THE "FUN RATING". HANGOVERS FOLLOWING DRINKING SPREES TEND TO BE ENTERTAININGLY PAINFUL...



HELLO READERS, OLD BASTARD HERE WITH A SELECTION OF SOCIALLY USEFUL THINGS TO DO AND THINGS TO MAKE. I PERSONALLY THINK THE ONLY THING WORTH MAKING IS TROUBLE, BUT ENOUGH OF THAT. IN THIS ISSUE'S PAGE OF USEFUL TIPS WE CONCENTRATE ON WHAT TO DO IF YOU'RE BORED!



★ TIP THREE = MOBILISE THE PROLETARIAT.

EASY-PEASY. JUST GO INTO YOUR GARAGE/SHED AND GET YOUR WHEELBARROW OUT. THEN GO AND FIND THE NEAREST MEMBER OF THE WORKING CLASS (PROBABLY BE YOUR MUM).

ASK HIM/HER TO JUMP IN THE WHEELBARROW AND WHEEL THEM UP AND DOWN THE STREET.

POLITICALLY SOUND AND HEALTHY TOO!

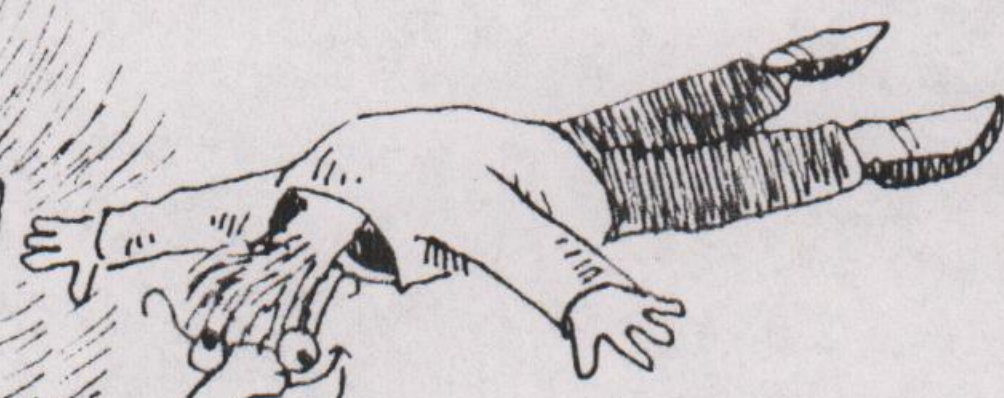


☛ TIP FOUR = (BUT ONLY IF YOU'RE REALLY BORED, OR IN PRISON)

• TRY TO GET ALL THE CRUSTY BITS OUT OF YOUR NOSE. (fun for all the family!!)

• TIP FIVE = IMPERSONATE YOUR FAVOURITE THINGS!!

THIS IS REALLY GREAT, because you can indulge yourself totally and you don't have to be very good at it. My favourite things that I impersonate every Sunday Afternoon around the hours of 4.30 and 5.45 are Flat Fish and Vegetables. This can be dangerous, however, if your family or friends catch you at it - It could mean a) Committal to a loony bin or b) a spot on "New Faces".



ME IMPERSONATING A HALIBUT.

THAT'S ALL FROM "OLD BASTARD'S THINGS TO MAKE AND DO" - NEXT TIME I'll SHOW YOU HOW TO HAVE A GOOD TIME IN WALES...

TIP SIX =

WATCH ANY NEWS ITEM THAT FEATURES A TORY M.P. - COUNT HOW MANY TIMES HE GIVES A CLICHÉ PHRASE LIKE 'CLOUD CUCKOO LAND', 'Realistic Policies', 'So-called Peace Women' or "Er...no I was on Holiday at the time". ENDLESS FUN.

there is no alternative

Yes!! 570 Points!!

EIGHTEEN



BLACK RAVEN BOOKS

FOR A FULL RANGE OF ANARCHIST BOOKS, BADGES, STICKERS, POSTERS, MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS!

YOU CAN'T BUY BETTER! *

You can find Black Raven's ^{up trees} stall on most Saturdays at St Peter's Gate - just by the church near Marks and Spencers - or at a gig/event somewhere, be seeing you!

ⓐ * whatever that means



Cartoonist For Hire

YES! I'M JUST THE SORT OF TALENTED, ARROGANT, INK-STAINED, ABUSIVE, WITTY, GOT TOSTICAL, WELL-EQUIPPED, ILLITERATE, HUMOUROUS IN OMNI-
PRESENTING MULTI-
STYLED BASTARD THAT YOUR MAGAZINE, POSTER, LEAFLET, BAND, LOGO, BADGE, STICKER, ALBUM COVER, RING, PENCIL CASE, BALLOON, T-SHIRT (etc.) **NEEDS!!!**

GET IN TOUCH WITH ME, PHIL HEDGEHOG AT BOX AD2 c/o R.H.

NEGOTIABLE RATES!



A coarse screen dot has been used on this picture for dot/dot reproduction as required by the media.



Oi!, You!

YES, YOU! ENJOYED THIS MAG HAVE YOU? THINK YOU COULD DO THIS SORT OF THING? WELL, IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT WE'D LIKE SOME **CONTRIBUTORS** FOR ISSUE NINE - SO GET WRITING.

→ OF COURSE YOU DO REALISE THAT WE'RE NOT GOING TO PRINT ANYTHING RACIST, SEXIST OR CRAP. AND WE WILL PROMISE NOT TO RE-WRITE ANYTHING, CHANGE MEANINGS OR MAKE RUDE COMMENTS ON THE MARGIN. UNLESS OF COURSE WE WANT TO.

★ THIS HAS BEEN THE SPACE FILLING PAGE NINETEEN. ITS ALSO THE END OF INSIDE. THANKS FOR READING THIS FAR... UNTIL NEXT CRIME....



A police officer in uniform
is one stranger you can trust



contrôle populaire des
vision par des comités re-

Le développement du secteur nucléaire
ne se conçoit tout d'abord que comme

"I HAVE NO PARTICULAR LOVE
FOR THE IDEALISED 'WORKER'
AS HE APPEARS IN THE bourgeois
COMMUNIST'S MIND, BUT WHEN I
SEE AN ACTUAL FLESH AND BLOOD
WORKER IN CONFLICT WITH
HIS NATURAL ENEMY, THE
POLICEMAN, I DO NOT HAVE
TO ASK MYSELF WHICH
SIDE I AM ON."

George ORWELL
1937

