

WE THOUGHT ALL WE HAD TO DO
WAS THROW A BRICK,
WE FAILED TO KNOW THE MACHINE,
WE WOULD NEVER STOP IT WITH BRICKS ALONE,
THE BROKEN WINDOW IS JUST THE
RATTLE THROWN OUT OF THE PLAYPEN,
WE THOUGHT WE KNEW IT -
BUT WE WERE WRONG.

29th July '85

SUBCLAUSE

Every so often booklets like this appear. Some say 'Time is running out.' Others say things about "Fingers on triggers" and "This could be the last chance we get". All written in the style of a general synopsis of everything that's wrong with the Universe followed by a call to the front line of the action. All on two or three sheets of A4 paper too! Now I thought that they'll be too depressed by the end of the Miners Strike to put one out.....so I sat down one wet day and started to write. Here it is. All yours.

Add it to your collection.

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many thanks to Rich for help in the
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PHIL HEDGEHOG
written March 85
in Nottingham and the
Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire.

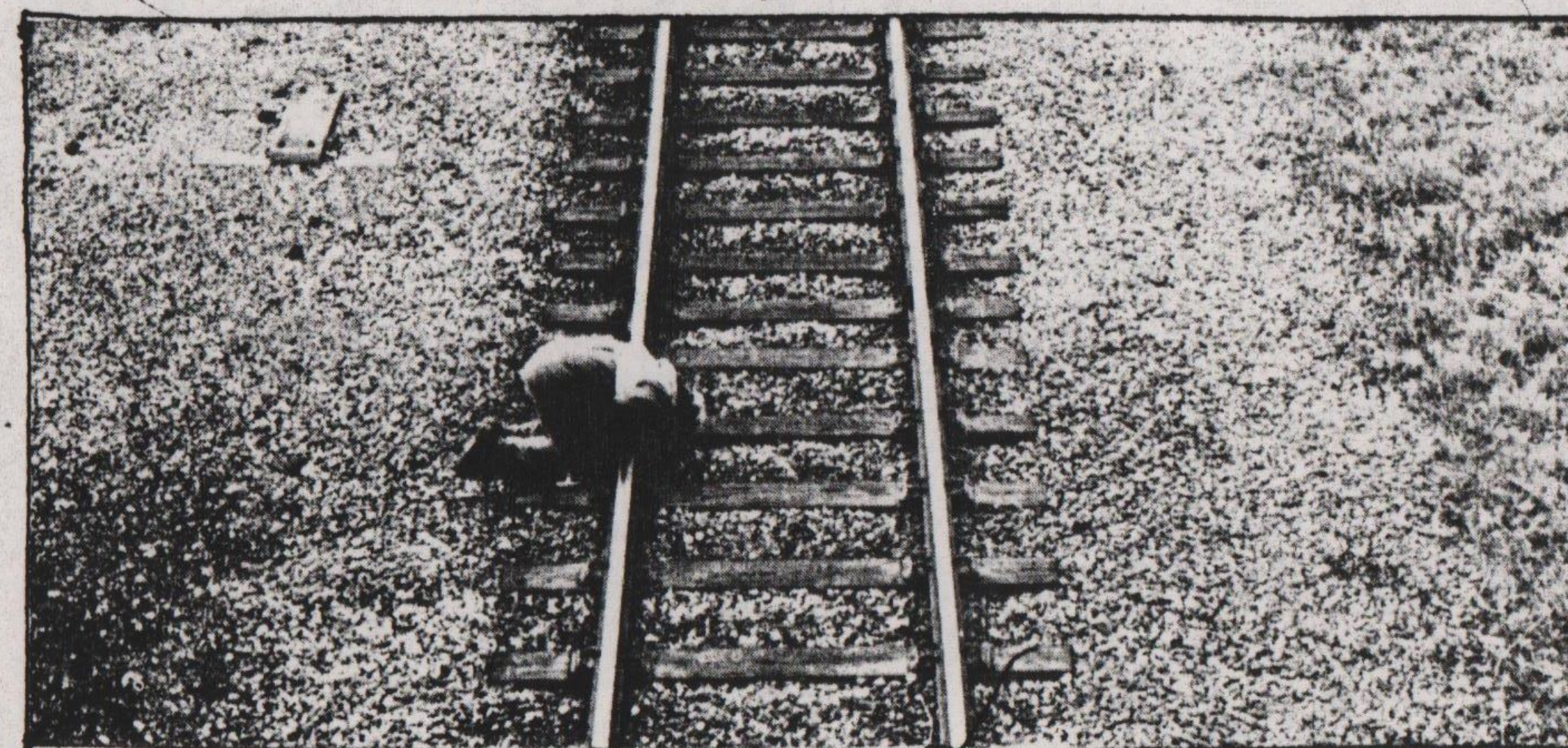
The Lord of all, the money-
god,
Who rules us blood and hand
and brain,
Who gives the roof that stops
the wind,
And, giving, takes away
again;

Who spies with jealous,
watchful care,
Our thoughts, our dreams,
our secret ways,
Who picks our words and
cuts our clothes,
And maps the patterns of our
days.

George Orwell 1938

Phil Hedgehog can be contacted care of;
PEACE NEWS, 8, ELM AVENUE, NOTTINGHAM, NG3.

1985 THE STATE OF THE NATION



THE NATION OF THE STATE

an obituary for the anarchists

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WE ARE BORN THEN AFTER THAT ALL IS DOWNHILL.
FRUSTRATION. BLUNDERING. LASHING OUT.
STUCK IN A RUT WITH LITTLE TO SMILE ABOUT.
STUCK IN A LITTLE HOLE WE CARVED IN THE WALL.



Images are nothing...
It's the relationships
between images
that matter.



Nineteen Eighty Five

All these years of toil and struggle must have been for something, perhaps we are the insane ones we call for change and make ourselves uncomfortable. Look at the people inside, they enjoy themselves, so what are we doing out here in the cold when they are having fun?

SOON YOU BEGIN TO SEE ONLY WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE.

Resistance. why did I start? why did you start? We got bored, we soon found out that all life is in this world is plastic, and we hated it. As though we had been born in the wrong century, we hated the computerised environment we had been placed in. And we soon found that apart from Ready Rapped Home Entertainment and the pub, there is fuck all else to do in the little hole we've carved.

We got bored and we grabbed something that appealed Noise, Noise, Noise and spray paint politics.

ADRENALIN RUSH

We became involved in confrontation and action because apart from the outside aims inside we got a kick from it.

ADRENALIN RUSH

1984 or HOW TO TURN A WARNING INTO A POP-SONG. (doop doop doop - doo doo)

We have just passed a bad year. The state declared war on the Miners, the state declared war on anything that declared its resistance, so it goes. The year in which we let it happen, the year in which the boundaries of the state rolled right over our heads, and as with the watching of sunsets we just watched, remarked about it and didn't really show much interest.

"But it was alright, Everything was alright. The struggle was finished. He had won the victory over himself. He loved Big Brother."
Nineteen Eighty Four, by George Orwell.

It was inevitable for the book to finish that way, there can be no happy endings when total power is achieved.

LISTEN CAREFULLY

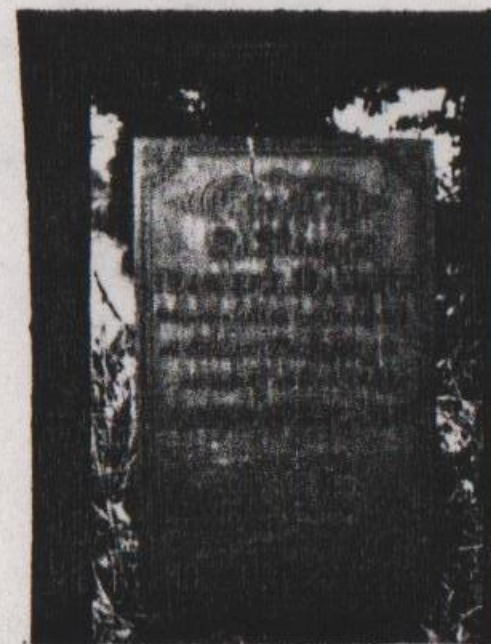
They are making the struggle for a "power cut" limited to our own minds. They are trying to restrict our confrontation to ourselves. They are driving us mad with worry and fear because they know damn well that if we are too ~~xxxx~~ busy sorting out Operation Mindfuck then we are too insane, too self centred and too stupid to organise against them.



EXAMPLE. THEY SELL US THE MYTH THAT WE ARE THE SYSTEM. And that only by changing ourselves can they be toppled, ingenious isn't it? we're so busy sorting out this system, a half real ragbag of fisheads and shit, that the state can thumb its nose at us, kick the shit out of the miners, evict the Greenham women, fences off Molesworth and generally craps on everybody. We see ourselves not as individuals and humans

but as a part of something a groaning heaving something. A hideous swollen mass.
Some call it the movement.
Some call it Us.
I call it a headless chicken with ~~xxxx~~ no sense of direction.

"I DON'T CARE, SOMEHOW YOU WILL FAIL"
"SOMETHING WILL DEFEAT YOU, LIFE WILL DEFEAT YOU"
from Nineteen Eighty Four



We are losing control of ourselves. We are losing the will to think of the future when "No Future" is Government policy. Our streets are now alien to us, our voices no longer carry on the wind, because they have installed double glazing and air conditioning. Mirrors, marble, Concrete. A false world of burger bars and shopping centres, every time I go to buy a loaf of bread I have to keep reminding my self that "THIS IS NOT AMERICA". Our environment is now rooted in Blue Circle Cement.



YOU CAN NO LONGER CARRY OUT ~~xxx~~ JUXTAPOSITION. It is redundant, try and exaggerate this world and you'll find that its done ~~xxx~~ it for you. It really has gone to the real horizon of the ludicrous. Evolution is turning full circle, reversing at unnerveing speed. Our brains are shrinking. Many of us cannot even walk to our televisions to change channels, let alone turn the bloody things off. Health is now something you buy in a bottle.
THE EARTH
Playground for the lucky, the famous and the military. I feel that i'm treated like a piece of toilet paper, but didn't someone say that was just the nature of shitpiles?

However, anyone can write dull monologues on how crap everything has become. Perhaps this adds to gloom and despondency. Or maybe its just realism, telling a home truth.
Who can tell?
To look for a way out is the only chance we have to beat whatever put us down in this hole. After all these years of shouting why we want to get out, isn't it time for a reasoned discussion on how?

1985

THE STATE OF THE NATION, THE NATION OF THE STATE, In a calculated attempt to nail us all to the floor the state has become even more blatant. If the warfare state wants its lands back it steals them back with troops, if one of its own wants to speak the truth then it bulldozes them through the courts. Of course it sometimes backfires, Clive Ponting written in Blood red letters on the wall, but its just the exception that proves the rule.
THE SLIPPERY SLOPE ~~xxx~~ GETS STEEPER, WE ALL JOG TO HELL.



"Don't worry", said the trees to each other when the woodsman came up with his axe. "The handles one of us".

"WHAT WILL IT TAKE TO MAKE THE NATION RISE?"

The answer is hidden with a fog of naive revolutionary barricade calls and wordy situationist brain stumpers. Just a handy fig-leaf to cover ~~OUR~~ OUR embarrassment. Is to admit that we don't know the answer such a heinous crime? Isn't it a bigger shame on us to avoid our responsibilities and get down to answering this crucial question?

This aside, we have a lot of problems on our plates and the nation does not want my dinner. I will not stand by and see certain people become so frustrated that they start playing dangerous games of patty-cake with such dangerous, patronising and impractical notions like Class Warfare. If we knew how to use our eyes and ears we could be looking over the sea to the bloody stale mate of Northern Ireland. We would see the mirror image over here if we began fondling rusty .303s in the attic.....

ever bought a gun?
ever tried firing one?
do you know how much care a gun needs so it works properly?
what if ~~it~~ it jams?
doesn't fire on demand?
THEN WHAT?
THE CLASS WAR FINISHED FUCKING YEARS AGO - WE LOST - REMEMBER?

VIVE L'ANARCHIE and all Class Warfare allows is just a sad escape route for a few frustrated misfits to get to a land of Commandos Cowboys and Indians. Bang Bang you're dead.



It is saddening to see anarchism turning into one big internal memorandum, backstabbing and shooting ourselves in the foot, shouting at each other, ON THAT SUBJECT, I AM SICK AND TIRED OF BEING SHOUTED AT BY PEOPLE ON STAGE, and i am now fed up of putting out stuff aimed at my so called comrades who sit and stare. I now refuse to spend any more time egging ~~you~~ you on. I have enough trouble getting myself to move. So its now up to you. Your problem. If you want to eat shit its your concern.

3RD MARCH 1985
THE MINORS STRIKE IS NOW OVER. CRUSHED BY THE STATE. CRUSHED BY THE MEDIA. CRUSHED BY THE WHOLE SHITTY POWER OF A COUNTRY THAT NO LONGER CARES.

Not so long ago, i helped put out a booklet on the subject of sexism and men, as well as men and sexuality. Just trying to let our hearts break through the gloom. The feedback that I had back *face to face* was on the whole a bit of a piss off. Either we had bruised too many male egos, or we had just had the misfortune to allow some men to think that it didn't apply to them and chose to ignore it. Of course, this was just a very few replies, the same old problem of people not feeding back to us at all. Very recently, some men remarked to me that it was irrelevant to concentrate on issues like sexism as it was not "politically real". There were "real things" to work on. "In a time of a police state blah blah blah". How revolutionary. In my opinion as long as men refuse to give up their positions of power, then women have no choice but to claim their own space. Up against the wall guilt-trippers.....

A GENERAL SYNOPSIS

We've tried marching, we've tried *Stop the Cities*, tried tearing down the fences of Greenham, Chilwell, Faslane, Molesworth and god knows where else. We are now trying to kick the wall down instead of being bricks. I think that with more co-ordination and planning we'll start to make our presence felt. Now that the Miners are going back to work bitter, and angry. We could see the birth of a new movement for change, then again maybe not. I am not into making predictions.

HOWEVER.....

Time has now officially run out. We will now be stuck in a sort of limbo for about another seven to ten years, then the cycle will repeat again. Or not, if you do something. We can still run about in the fields, but I want to do it in the knowledge that I am truly free.

(IN THE meantime - Fight back, Strike back - Do what you have to do to make life worth the effort. Make life worth living again.... its all uphill and some of us are going to get badly hurt, even killed, in the process. But we should know that already - we've seen the Death Camps a dozen, maybe a hundred times over... Expect **NO QUARTER**..)

