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 'victims'. 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 60 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 subpoenaed 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'll 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, SE1. 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 celeb/landlord lives and when he or she is out... MOVE IN!

'T'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.'
Dear Aunty Autonomy,
I really do hate my fucking job, every time I think about it I want to put my guts out. I'm a clerk in a stately office, not even a clerk, lower than that. 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 in their shit-filled-eyes makes or furthered anarchist theory.

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.

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 speak in soft tones there, I$rl"tehe... I am a revolutionary. I am right and everybody else is wrong. Can I have three pages in the next issue of Xtral? I like to let you know how I feel.

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

Dear Aunty Autonomy,
I've been a parliament of Catholic nobles against the Catholic king, and maybe even some Catholic "Commons". He was not against parliament as such — in his ideal society there would have been a parliament of Catholic nobles against the Catholic king, and maybe even some Catholic "Commons". It was not against 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 Coupl, Western European Anarchists.

---

Dear Aunty Autonomy,
Guy Fawkes 'moderate'? Hardly. His aim, along with the expected aid of the Catholic powers of Europe, was a total revolution. The Pope and the inquisition were triumphant and protestant heretics burnt at the stake. He was also a racist, he wanted (long after the Scottish and English Parliaments) to 'blow the race back to their native heath'. Certainly they would have been no loss, but the point is that nobody from north of the border.

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The runners
1 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 chord with 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 the Tories'. The speech, which we reproduce in full, was as follows: 'I don't like the bloody Common Market. Why not? They're a bit naff, that's why. And they're a major obstacle to socialism, which is why the Tories love it. 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 Churchillian salutary, that last phrase.

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 socialists'. 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 it. 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 Churchillian salutary, that last phrase.

3 Why Denis Healey won
Aged 71, 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 viewpoint 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 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 83, 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. And they're a major obstacle to my type of socialism, which is why the Tories love them. To get the sort of society we in the Labour Party want, we must wipe out these uzzah capitalists. Thank you and goodnight'.

Typical of Footy to quote Swami Vivekanand's wry 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 if you'll forgive the expression, a man of great principle/essentially pragmatic if you'll forgive the expression, a man of great principle/essentially pragmatic if you'll forgive the expression.
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 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.

Our aim is revolution. We aim to overthrow the absurdities of the present system. 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 that.

Has to do with people taking responsibility for their own actions. Saying 'got 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, don't you 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 the moment. It's divisive really. Oh, Jane, have you washed up the mugs already? You are wonderful. You're the Women's Struggle. But they ban men from some of their meetings. I get the feeling that some of them are just man-haters really. But we'll put things right when we get in pow...sorry, after the revolution.

Do you say about the police? Because you say about the police.

After all, they're the same as us.

Fine. I get the feeling that some of them are just man-haters really. But we'll put things right when we get in pow...sorry, after the revolution.

They believe in Parliament, reparation and other idealist creeds, but some of their practices...

An anarchism 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. Blinding 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.

But they build. Not a party. Not propagandists. 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 act. Not always. Individuals. People. A person. Another person. The Angry Brigade was attempting something constructive. Do people living next 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.

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Why?

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, he just more for anarchism than almost anyone else. Ever read his theories of property and possessions, or is that too 'intellectual' for you?

I may strike you as a little bitter, then. But it's not me.

Does every rebellion involve a value?
One of the advantages of defending yourself is that you can go over the top when you cross-examine, asking questions so barrier 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’s the time to stop. If you go on, you’re just giving the cop time to look away. As the lawyer will say: ‘and the jury will be hammered. For this you will probably get an absolutely short order from the judge how much such a confrontation. You will also tend to do it in the same slang. Ever heard of a geordie whose verbs were straight cockney? One of the advantages of doing your own cross-examination is precisely that the process you give the lie to their stereotyping.

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 who was in the witness box. In the box the cop put everything in very formal language. When you start asking questions like: ‘And at this point you said, ‘you long-haired cunt 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 really is.

The element of surprise and personalising things are very important. Thus one cross-examination of a main cop witness begins: ‘You’ve changed a lot, haven’t you? At the committals you were all the same, where’s your fucking bottle now cunt, didn’t you?’

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 contains word for word phrases 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 McKenzie’s 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.

Thus one cross-examination of a main cop witness begins: ‘You’ve changed a lot, haven’t you? At the committals you were all the same, where’s your fucking bottle now cunt, didn’t you?’

The crucial thing is showing up divergencies and contradictions in 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 deal 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.

And 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 with a treacle, and the more they add on, the more mistakes they’re likely to make. This is especially true of verbal in which they tend to operate from a formula: ‘Who grasped me then?’, ‘I did it but you can’t prove it’. They also tend to do it in the same slang. Ever heard of a geordie whose verbs were straight cockney?

Copies of ‘Towards a Citizen’s Militia: Anarchist Alternatives to NATO’ are still available from Xtra! at £1.25 a copy.
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 ever do is to 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 shabby two-bedroomed 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 1963 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 Advisory Service for Squatters, 2 St Paul's Rd, Islington (open weekdays from 2-4pm) 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 (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 mains-tester-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 telephone which can connect them very rapidly to either the local piggery, or council security forces.

So—people think that getting in during the day is easier and less suspicious. Especially if you look like council workers (overalls and clipboard) or you're a family. However, I prefer night-time—when everybody's either getting their daily dose of T.echno-gical V. amium, 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, candles 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...
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 suits, 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 polite 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 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.
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 humble one—just me). The key to understanding fare-dodging is that the powers that be know all the tricks, and need a grey jacket on too. Then Mestersdeoidesosierhpdown in thet boisterous thesly athy. Profitability is just around the next U-bend as long as...

Easychair Economics For Egalitarians

Cutting costs, that age-old allergy to reality, so long endemic in world economics, is once more on our menu. One 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 what this will really save money?

It is undoubtedly a fact that most trains 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 80% 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 a 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 presto! British Rail becomes profitable. (Cheers 'n the House, a snow storm of peerages)

However, spot the deliberate mistake. It doesn't work in practice. There are two effects which politicians and their lackeys haven't, don't, and probably never will, see. Firstly, any system tends to stabilise itself and gives a Pareto curve of effort versus results. Hence, once you have chopped off your redundant 60%, you still have a Pareto curve with 80% 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 statictics. If your local train no longer runs you have to find alternative transport. And it is not a choice for you to 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 production techniques, or to start producing plants, which will 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 a student union, 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, i.e. money for films, banners, badges, papers, conferences, speakers fees, etc. We asked them for £600 and got £400.

Once you've got the budget past this committee it is relatively easy 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 a named address which the society secretary names, i.e. Xmas (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 system is so fked 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 them. You have to submit and have passed, a motion authorising such a payment. It's bureaucratic, but it can work. If the SU give you 30p 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 the 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's only if you're a.id to be of any use.
On the mentality of policemen and their favourite plots

SIGN

Xtra is concerned about the balance between the 'policeman' and the 'criminal'. The Daily Telegraph has seen the balance slip into 'silly' and like the Telegraph it is the other

doubting to do something about it.

To this end we launch the new science of Polickology. In a series of articles we will try to draw the policeman into questions, how they approach certain problems, and what is regarded as 'suspicious'.

The articles are based on a book called "The signs of Crime" by David Powis (published by McGraw-Hill). It's quotes say:

"Fearful bullying police officers, commercial security organisations and (we must now add) Armchair Terrorists everywhere.

Let's begin by defining: "Fundamental principles", or how to tell a criminal just by his small 'tactile' (that people but the author's). The world is divided into goodies and baddies. And although he doesn't classify as simply 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 don't be confused. Next issue's special offer will be pipes and shoe-cleaning equipment.

The modern baddie is transfigured and is relatively easy to tell what the modern policeman look for on those routine stops? Well, firstly he's been looking things like the tax and licence, because it's been statistically proven (touching on the 'sight') that people of bad character do not tax their cars and are likely to commit more traffic 'offences'. (I was going to this with reference to the Rising Free Collective, but when I've written it.)

Cars are criminals; what are the guilty signs? Well there's unnecessary use of windscreen wipers or memes. They will use women officers when it is 'lived in', equals the style of living. I have...the signs that make people suspect that something is suspect.

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 sit the other car in parallel and signal it to stop. When it is suspect, 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 passing 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 one officer: "the police car is expected to strike you. You know those clippards the police sometimes carry? Well, they have a multitude of purposes. They make us 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 a 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 Sansky and Hutch kick those doors down, I mean more 'intelligent' violence. 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 desperate") and follow Messines 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.

Bert Benson

It takes a special kind of man to make a police officer....
'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 
and there's a sudden jolt, and then 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 square of whitewash. They've been down to the Special 
Patrol Group. Yeah, apparently 
they're all trained doctors, and their job is to round isolating known 
cases 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 cri-

sis, 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 spec-
trum of performers and musicians involved, at the centre of this move-
ment, at its core, is a large nucleus of radical stand-up comics, who, 
with very few exceptions have come 
from a political theatre background.

Some of these new comics, Jim 
Barclay, Andy de la Tour and Mag-
guy, 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, smoky, work-

in-class comedians; often more 
likely to embarrass with their 
impressions. He is clearly 
talented, still 
what he has just seen.

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AN APPEAL FOR ASSISTANCE

Wanted For Terrorist Offences

MARGARET THATCHER

ALIASES
'The Mad Axe Woman'; 'The Iron Maiden'; 'The Leaderone'; 'The Cold War Warrior'; 'The PM'

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.

BEWARE! DO NOT APPROACH THIS PERSON!

Though she looks harmless, this woman has thousands of armed followers ready to kill at her command.

IF YOU SEE HER Please contact the Anti-Authority Squad on: 01-233-3000