

ISSUE NUMBER 8 30p

# Burn Babylon, burn!

On the Friday the Brixton riots began, the police were preparing to announce the success of their so-called 'Swamp 81' exercise to stamp out street crime in Brixton. Three days later, 200 of the bastards had been injured. In those three days the militaristic attempts of the cops to hammer their law and order on the area had received the response it deserved.

The people of Brixton had had enough of being pushed and played around with. And not just in the streets. The police presence was a continual attack on everyday life. Whatever you do in Brixton, you are always aware of a cop in the corner of your eye, or of a vanload of them cruising up and down the street. When the rioting started, the bubble burst and the carnival began.

The plainclothes cops in their casual disco gear (men at C&A) were forced behind riot shields with their uniformed colleagues. There they armed themselves with offensive weapons. If they had known what was going to happen they would undoubtedly have had a larger armoury: CS gas, water canons, rubber bullets etc. The people of Brixton used what weapons they could find: bricks, stones and molotovs. If the events had been planned, as the press suggests, the police would not have been injured, they would have been dead.

In Railton Road and for a bit in Coldharbour Lane, the people and police were in direct confrontation. There was a feeling of excitement on both sides. The people happy to damage any policeman or police vehicle in stone-throwing distance. The cops happy and scared at the same time — this was different from their usual routine and it allowed them to get carried away with their own violence without fear of reprimand.

They used their usual cop theories — everyone's potentially guilty, so let's nick everyone. They might resist arrest, so thump them first.

Elsewhere in Brixton things were different. The police didn't know where to look, or where to go. Everyone in Brixton was on the streets enjoying the atmosphere, relieved and excited that things had eventually reached a head. The cops would charge a group of people who were just hanging around (an offense in police eyes) whilst they were doing that, other people were smashing the shops and taking whatever they wanted — goods they had seen in adverts, but hadn't a hope of affording.

Most people were jubilantly predicting that they would get the police station next. But when we got there the place was surrounded by police: on foot, on horses and in coaches. Ironically, behind them was a large sign announcing that there was a 'let's fight crime' exhibition inside.

The police station remained unscathed, but the coaches were smashed and their tyres punctured



More police turned up to protect the station and to stop people taking the wonders from Currys, Burtons and other shops. But they were kept at bay with stones and people anyway kept on splitting into the Brixton sidestreets. In the towncentre, on Saturday night, the police could only huddle together in small groups, or hide in the coaches whilst people wandered around looking at them as if they were piles of shit.

By midnight the police had swamped the area with reinforcements. They were there to regain 'police rule' of the Brixton streets. But by that time most people were satisfied to let them have it. They wanted to go home to count what they'd got, help those who'd been arrested, or simply to go to bed.

The people of Brixton. The people had shown what they thought of the 'police rule' they are still trying to maintain. The people who live in Brixton feel disgust. 'Either people control

Continued on page eleven.

## simon says..

Xtra's Simon Read, dubbed by the press as the 'anarchist mole', was given a six months suspended sentence in April for his part in a plot to raid the NF's ex-headquarters in Hackney. His brother David was found not guilty of trying to to drug security guard Derrick Day.

Simon was arrested in June 1979 and charged with intent to cause criminal damage.

David was arrested some five months later and was subsequently 'identified' as by Derrick Day as being the man known to him as Ellis, who had attempted to drug his coffee on the night of the incident.

The jury accepted David's defence that Day had cheated in picking him out, because he was not Ellis. However they rejected Simon's defence that he had acted with lawful excuse in trying to prevent crimes of violence.

Simon's own story is printed on page eleven.





So Xtra! is back. We've been off the streets for a long time for four months in fact. Now we're back with new ideas, a new logo, new faces, a new approach. And with Tiny Rowland as our new proprietor, we've got some new policies too.

Some people are saying that we've sold out. No way. We're still trying to get rid of spare copies of the first issue.

We've still got our editorial independence. It's just that if Mr Rowland doesn't like anything we say, he'll cut it out and the person found responsible will be sacked.

After all, anarchism is all very nice in theory, but would it work? Look at Russia. Besides, the Royal Family would object.

But why, you ask, has Xtra! been gone so long? Some cynics are claiming that we've been idling away the last few weeks in a haze of marijuana smoke, too besotted by our own transient bourgeois pleasures to give a tinker's cuss about the struggling proletariat. True.

But you may wonder, who do we blame for our prolonged absence?

You!!!

Why? Because if ol Zebedee KissArse is able to raise countless thousands of pounds by preposterous appeals in the Morning Star (circulation 13,12 of which are given to the Eastern block) saying that if the latter organ's furtive moony faced 93 year old Stalinist reader doesn't cough up a million shekles by last Friday, the whole shebang will fall flat on its wrinkled face, then why is it that appeals of a similar nature to our readers regularly fail to bring in enough to pay for a used second class postage stamp?

Come on chaps, dig deep!

Especially thanks to MS without you this issue of Xtra! couldn't have happened.

Thanks also for the anonymous donation to the Isaac Fawkes Fund.

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**Little@Ltd.**

Little@Ltd. 14 Venging Wall, London E1. Telephone: 01 488 0622.

# aunty's fan mail

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

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

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

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

Dear Aunty,

Just a few notes on your squatting article (Xtra! 7):  
1 No eviction is 'legal' without a statement sworn by the PIO - protected intending occupier. But the 'intending owners' section of the Criminal Trespass Law (Section 7) is sometimes used totally illegally in Court.

2 Once you're in, it is very important to keep at least 5 or 6 intelligent people who won't open the door under any amount of threatening.

This is for both physical and mental state of mind.

3 Never open the door/window anything enterable by police. If you do it means instant eviction, legal or otherwise (usually otherwise).

4 Stealing electricity is one of the standard arrests. Also, take a note of the meter readings before you switch on the juice. Leave this note on top, or near the meter (if you're lucky enough to get electricity when you arrive).

5 If you break a window on

\*\*\*\*\*  
After the success of last year's anarchist conference in Oxford, the Oxford comrades have decided on a re-run in mid-June this year.

Please send suggestions on format, content and facilities to 142 Walton St, Oxford, or phone Oxford 54388. (Ask for Mike or James)

Dear Xtra! peop.. sorry, Aunty Autonomy,

I am a middle-class escapist, and I've still got long hair and say 'man' every third word. Please accept this £4 for a 12 issue subscription to Xtra! as from and including No 8, so that I can make sure I don't forget that there are still things going on in the cities and that I would be out there if I wasn't so comfy in my cozy little commune.

Love,  
Sam, for Lifespan.



entry, clean up the broken glass, or better still, coat the pieces in dust (not doing this gave us a £75 fine last year). If you do undo old Yale locks, keep the bits in a bag or an accessible place. (Throwing the bits away makes you liable for theft (breaking and entering if they can frame a broken door jamb or window - or so they threatened us on another occasion).

6 'Remember the more aggressive they are...' the more likelihood there is of an illegal eviction - with or without a good thrashabout in a police cell, plus smashed up furniture. Don't be a smart-arse when you're outnumbered and carrying your home with you.

7 Be prepared for discussions with the police in which you are dragged from room to room by your hair. If they come the morning after you get in at night, remember they know this. (They know you are either knackered or coming down. Be prepared for psychological attempts to humiliate you.

That's about all, from personal experiences in 7 squats in 4 years. Your article seemed to us to be very theoretical. We would have concentrated on 'confrontations with the police'. It's not what opens it, but what stops you losing it the next day that's most important.

Anyway, love and change,  
The Puppy Collective, '80.



Dear Aunty,

An amusing news item.. Couple of months ago some BM guys went to the local left bookshop to issue various death threats etc. Unfortunately an inconspicuous looking guy who was leafing through copies of Xtra!, Republican News etc turned out to be a plain-clothes cop who then arrested the 2 guys. Well, it takes all sorts, I suppose.

Fraternally,  
Tony, New Reality Komix.

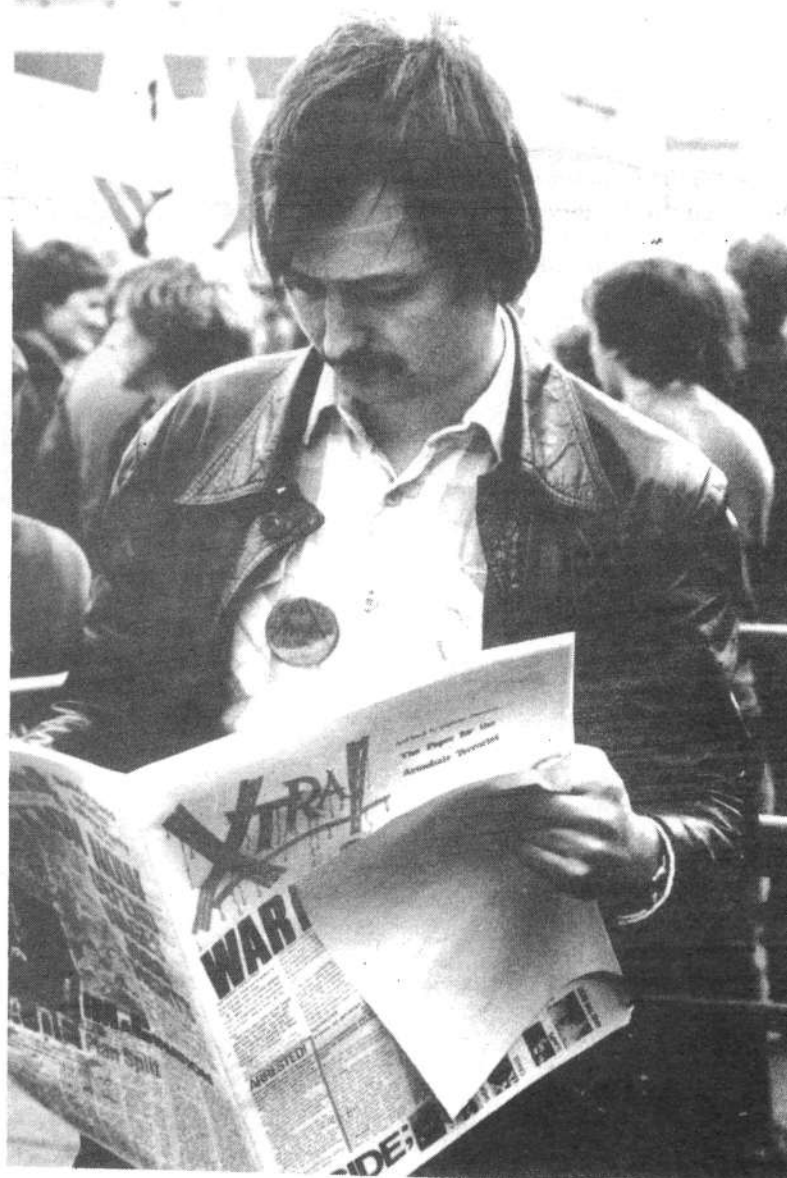
Dear Aunty Autonomy,

This weird idea came to me in a dream. Why doesn't somebody fix a date for the revolution. It's so absolutely silly, it must be worth trying just to see what would happen.

Yours insincerely,  
P Dismal.

Like the poster on the back page? We are running a lot off separately to Xtra!. If you'd like copies, write to Xtra!, BCM IT, London WC1 3XX, enclosing 30p per copy (20p per copy for orders over 10).

## SUBSCRIBE!



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Donations will be gratefully received!



# DIVE TO THE CENTRE

There's nothing more odious than the political commentator who, actually having predicted something correctly for a change, gloatingly says, 'I told you so'. Nevertheless, I must just say...

Well, I did tell you so, didn't I? About a year ago, to be specific, about all this Centrist nonsense. I seem to remember putting my money on William Rodgers defecting from the Labour Party: knowing how long it takes Xtra! to come out, he probably will have done so officially by the time you read this. And Woy's lovely Centre Party is now a reality. And his 'gweat wealgnment of Bwedish politics' seems a distinct possibility.

The consensus among most 'Left radicals' (as opposed to 'Centrist radicals' like Goody Two-Shoes Shirl & co) is that these recent developments, whilst good in the sense of purifying the Labour Party ('well shot of those reactionary claret-guzzlers'), are a Bad Thing as far as 'The Progressive Cause' is concerned: they think that this new party will, by attracting support from disaffected voters of both left and right, make some considerable electoral headway - possibly causing a stalemate after the next election, and thus preventing the possibility of a 'Really Socialist Labour Government' from achieving office.

Well, they're correct in most of this analysis. I'd be extremely surprised if any party had a majority in Parliament after the next election.

## Stalemate

But it would be very surprising if the Labour Party, widely accepted as moving further and further left (more about that later) could win an election outright. So a stalemate seems virtually inevitable. And it looks as though the Liberals and these Centrists will be causing this staleness.

Now, this is the point where the trendy 'Left radicals' draw false conclusions from a correct analysis of the situation. Dismal though the prospect of being governed by the likes of Shirl, Rodgers, Dr Death and Woy undoubtedly is, it is an utter delusion to suppose that the alternative could be a 'Really Socialist Labour Government'. The only people who cling on to this hoary old chesnut are Fleet St hacks and the bureaucratic left (from the Communist Party leftwards).

As explained before in this column, the Labour Party has been lurching to 'the left' ever since its inception - if the media of the moment was to be believed. At present however, the Labour Party is moving - not to the 'left!', but towards more and more illiberality.

## Carve UP

Who, for example, is to choose the Labour Leader in future? Not ordinary members of the Party, that's for certain; no, the whole operation will be carved out by a handful of union barons, Labour MPs and 'constituency party delegates' (the Dave Sparts of this world). And what about all this high-sounding rhetoric about 'new radical policies'? Take my word for it, it's the same old mixture as before: half-baked state interference, which will benefit nobody except the new breed of middle-class public sector bureaucrat (if you don't know what

I'm talking about, take a look at the Guardian's 'Public Appointments' page every Wednesday) and some failed businessmen; gradual retreat once the IMF starts making 'conditions' before lending us money and a few token 'radical' measures (like import controls - a nice way of screwing the English workers by

Cabinet that monetarism might be a good way of stopping inflation, but if the price is virtually no industry left in Britain, then maybe it's not such a good wheeze after all. And the leeches in society upon which the Tories depend for electoral and financial support - accountants, bankers, stockbrokers and the like - need something to leech on to (industry, in the main) if they are to survive. So the anguished cries from industry over the last year are at last being heeded.

enterprise; equally, ideological Toryism which holds that the incompetent should go to the wall (and by that yardstick most of British industry should have been allowed to go bust yonks ago) is also feared. What then, could be more agreeable than a nice, consistent centre party which would prevent these violent swings of the political pendulum from occurring? No wonder so much money is being donated by industrialists to the Campaign for Electoral Reform.



forcing them to pay for expensive and inferior English goods instead of cheaper and better foreign ones). And, as in 'Animal Farm', everything will be in the name of 'progress'.

Of course, the Centrists are a pretty dismal proposition too. Their policies amount to nothing more than the diet we've become accustomed to over the past couple of decades: unquestioning membership of the good 'ol EEC (you know, the one that makes food too expensive to buy, then dumps it) and nice 'ol NATO (the one that claims to want to prevent war and then does all it can to bring it about.); a 'mixed economy' (that's industry run by the bosses for the bosses - owned privately unless it can't make a profit, in which case it's nationalised and the consumer gets screwed every time the Government needs some spare cash); incomes policy (the difference being that whereas normally a government spends its first two years telling us it 'wouldn't work' and its last two in telling us 'there's no alternative', the Centrists would probably in practice do things the other way around); and 'wadical pwagmatism' (which covers all eventualities).

## Turnabout

Which leaves us with the Tories. As you are doubtless aware, they seem to have joined in the general plunge for Centre ('ya boo sucks - my lot's got more moderate policies than yours nana so there').

Why this dramatic turnabout? Well, it seems finally to have sunk into

## Too Late

But the Tories may find that their new-found pragmatism has come too late. My guess is that a lot of the aid which used to flow from business into Tory Party coffers will in future be going to the new centre party. Why? Because contrary to established leftist thinking, businessmen are not dogmatic Tory supporters. They like what's best for business; the present political set-up - all those damn elections leading to different governments changing policies - is highly damaging to business confidence. The Labour Party always seems (though it rarely is in practice) a threat to private

The centrists argue that proportional representation and so on would help us emulate the 'success' of West Germany. They've chosen a country which was virtually reconstructed economically after the war. My guess is that Britain with electoral reform would be more likely to emulate a west European country which, like us, has a shaky economy and all that: Italy. In other words, lots of changes of government, upheaval, terrorism, chaos, loss of authority and...

Hang on, isn't that what you lot out there want? OK, then, anarchists for Owen! Syndicalists for Shirl! Wreckers for Woy! Revolutionaries for Rodgers! Sense and Centrism!

The Social Democrats seek a man or woman of high administrative skills to act as full-time

## Chief Executive

to the new political party they will launch on 26 March. Salary around £20,000 a year.

Please write fully and in confidence to: The Trustees, Council for Social Democracy, PO Box 556, London SW1H 9BU.

Not content with predicting the start of the new centre party, our ertwhile political commentator (ha ha) decided that since he obviously knew more about them than anyone else, he'd be an ideal candidate for a job with them which was advertised in The Guardian in March....



# BARMY!

This leaflet was distributed by Aberdeen Solidarity at the Gordon Highlanders 'Open Day' last year.....

## Gordon Highlanders' Application Form

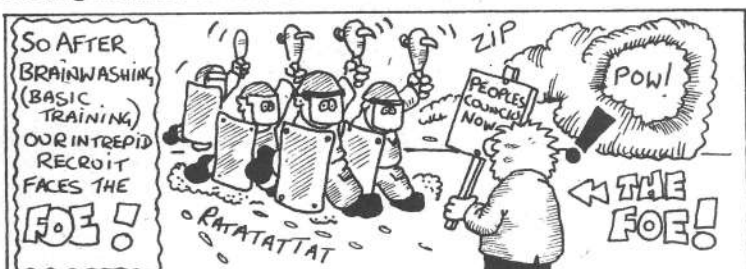
- Q1 Name.....  
 Q2 Address.....  
 Q3 Age.....  
 Q4 Next of kin.....  
 Q5 Do you have an active and questioning mind?.....  
 Q6 Are you capable of doing a wide variety of jobs, from clearing rubbish to wading through sewers?.....  
 Q7 Do you have any grudges and unreasoning hatreds that would aid you in your career as a soldier?.....  
 Q8 Would you be prepared to shoot at anyone we tell you to?.....  
 Have you got what it takes to be a Gordon? Read on and find out!  
 Q1 If you can't remember your name, don't worry. We give everyone their own number. And anyway most recruits have forgotten their names after the six weeks basic training.  
 Q2 We must have your address so our policemen know where to find you if you run away.  
 Q3 Many of the young people who join us are bored and see no purpose to life. We will give you a sense of purpose, but it may cost you your life.  
 Q4 Military funerals are stirring occasions and your family and friends will feel very proud.  
 Q5 We are looking for people who will do exactly what our officers tell them — immediately and without question. In the army, life is simple: officers make decisions and give the orders, other ranks do the dirty work. If you don't like thinking for yourself, then you're the kind of person we are looking for.



Q6 It's very important that you have the ability to do a wide variety of jobs — one of the army's main tasks is breaking strikes for better pay and conditions. We went into action against the fire-fighters and the Glasgow dustcart drivers, and early in 1979 we were in training for a sewage workers strike. The government gave us a big pay rise recently to keep us loyal — they rely on us to keep people working in their place. Strike-breaking isn't easy — it could mean acting against your family, friends and former workmates, maybe using violence against them. You'll have to be a real professional.

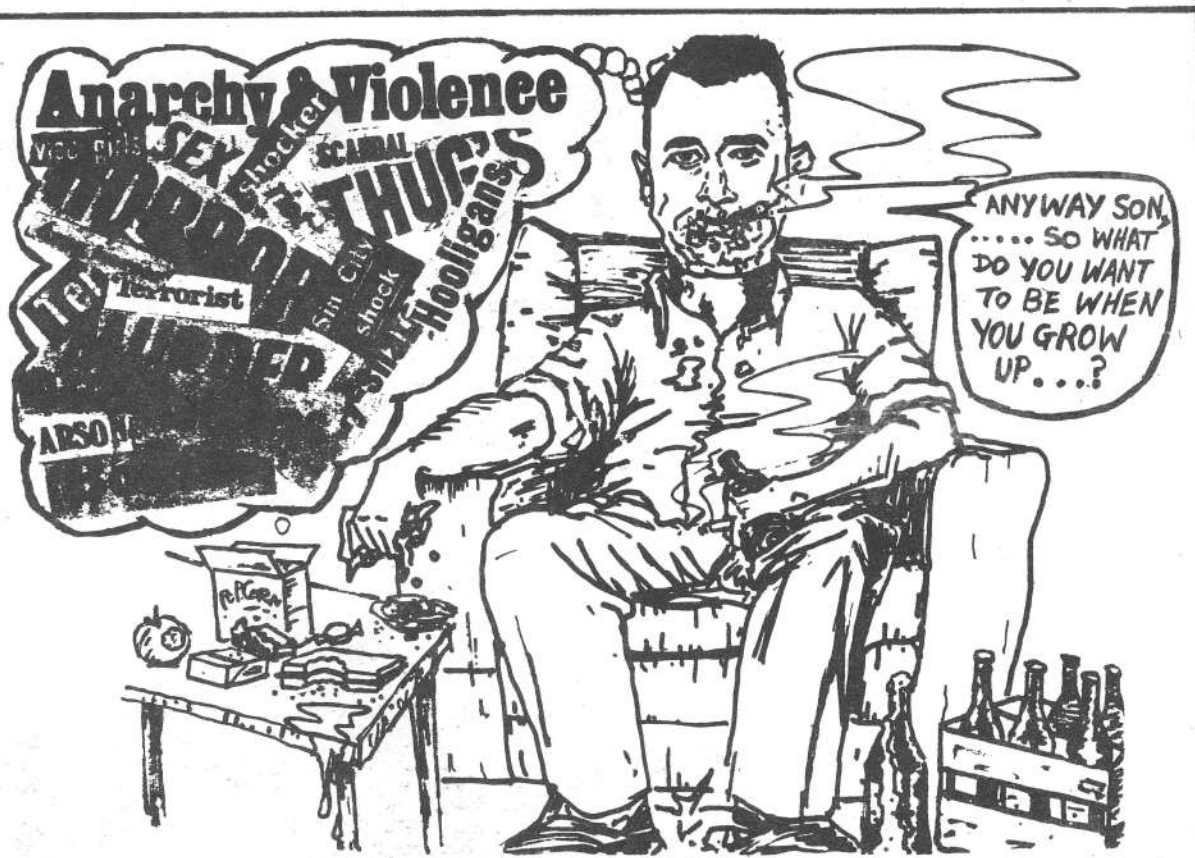
Q7 We don't expect you to fight other working class people just for the hell of it. Our soldiers are carefully trained to hate those who threaten the security of NATO, an exclusive club through which the various western ruling classes unite to further their interests.

Q8 We could order you into action against anyone the government considers its enemy. In Northern Ireland we have our peace-keeping operation. Your duties there could include intimidating families on house to house searches, torturing people in detention camps, and shooting unarmed civilians.



Increasingly we're using the techniques we've learnt in N Ireland in mainland Britain. The potential enemy here is the 85% of the population who have to work for a living, or who are unemployed. With the economic crisis and the government trying to cut working class living standards, we're worried that strikes and other struggles could develop much further. The danger is that the vast majority of people could make a revolution, overthrowing the authority of employers and the government. People themselves would then run the workplaces and the entire society for human need not profit. Obviously we couldn't stand for this — the army's whole purpose is to defend Britain's rulers. So to improve our efficiency in acting against civilians we're developing close links with the police. We've had joint army-police operations and exercises at Southampton, Hull and Heathrow — who knows, you may soon see us in action in Aberdeen.

Aberdeen Solidarity.



## HUNGER STRIKE

The four week long hunger strike by 300 prisoners in West Germany for better conditions is over, but 12 members of the RAF have continued their action. Their main demands are for political status and improved conditions. At the time of writing, four of the prisoners are near to death and their condition is made worse by their daily fight against the prison doctors who want to feed them intravenously and who keep taking unnecessary blood samples.

Outside the prisons the German government is using censorship to prevent the newspapers from commenting on the hunger strike. The strikers' lawyers are thoroughly searched after visits and their offices are searched for information relating to the strike.

A recent law judgement in the courts, convicting supporters of last year's hunger strike of inciting others by proxy to commit a terrorist offence, now makes it a criminal act to support the hunger strikers. Two people

have been jailed for distributing leaflets and at the same time there is a campaign in all the big magazines like Der Spiegel and Der Stern against terrorism. This aims to tell the now uprising movements against nuclear power, militarism, imperialism (El Salvador, Turkey) not to go on to the final offensive.

But many people have taken part in actions of support throughout Germany. These include the throwing of petrol bombs into the Artakammer, because many

doctors condone the medical and mental treatment of the RAF prisoners. Journalists have been attacked. The offices of Der Spiegel and the SPD (social democratic party) have been occupied. Slogans were painted on the buses in Heidelberg, on the US consulates in Dusseldorf and fire-bombs were thrown in Frankfurt.

The German government is acting under pressure from the demands of Ronald Reagan, that governments of individual countries should step up their efforts to 'Destroy the meance of the international terrorist'.

## Torness

May 9th to 17th has been chosen as a period of action against the Torness Nuclear Power Station in East Lothian

Groups are encouraged to plan actions for that time, in the area and/or in their own part of the country.

So far, people involved have been mainly from Scotland, particularly Edinburgh and East Lothian, representing a wide cross-section of views. Actions envisaged include a rally and a concert in Edinburgh and an attempted occupation of the site.

People wanting to be involved are welcome to contact SCRAM at 2a Ainslie Place, Edinburgh beforehand with details of their plan of action.

## Short Odds

In a recent Industrial Tribunal case, Corals the leisure group was found to have acted reasonably in sacking two employees for theft, because they weren't sure which of them was guilty.

A similar case has decreed that even if one of them can later prove their innocence, they still can't be reinstated.

Seems to us the law is clear — better make sure it's you that is guilty.....

## GOON SQUAD

You ever hear the one about the DHSS doing the nasty scroungers for fraud?

Well this one is slightly different. It seems that because there are now so many of us on the dole, and, as you know, so little money to spend on employment, that the local dole offices get totally fucked up with all those meaningless bits of paper and the whole thing grinds to a halt. This gave rise to a roving band of DHSS officers who come in and clear the backlog. Well now the local offices really are going to grind to a halt. It seems that the whole roving band have been doing a nice little number called fiddling the expenses (not so unusual you might think?) however, when it turns out to be to the tune of £70 a week each for the last few years, even the DHSS got upset and sacked the lot!

On a similar subject, the dole fraud squad was recently at work in Essex. They stay in each area for about a couple of months. A nasty gang these, who visit anyone

who has been on the dole for a year or two, to make sure they haven't been ripping them off. Quite an interesting time they have spying on you. They find out what your place is like, how you eat,



how you dress and other such stuff. They decide whether you take drugs, or deal, or are on the game, or anything else they can think up. Also if your place is too neat and clean, they will probably decide you have a job on the quiet. After that they go away and write up a report on you, mentioning your fraudulent/illegal activities, and if they are still interested in you, you get your place watched and frequent visitors get followed around for a few days. After that, who knows?

Jacksonomy womble.



# After Marx... April

'After Marx, April' was given a full page plug in 'Time Out' — so I went along feeling rather sceptical, but decided to pay my £2 and see what happened.

Turning up late on Saturday afternoon to get educated about 'Class Composition and the Restructuring of Capital', I was surprised to find that the session hadn't yet started, but an incredible argument about the length of speeches had. As far as I was concerned there was no problem — if someone had something important to say, then let them say it; everybody was aware of the situation as regards time.

At this point, the self-appointed chairperson attempted to make 'rulings' like 'We'll limit the speeches to five minutes, then start the workshops at 5.30', followed by shouts from the floor 'no, no, three minutes', 'no 2 minutes 45 seconds, ha, ha', 'I think we should elect a different chairperson'.

Fuck me, I thought 'autonomists' and 'anarchists' were meant to be at least partially worked-out people who'd surpassed all this meaningless infantile bullshit. Anyway there was no point in contributing to this 'debate' — to have done so would have been like admitting that there actually was a problem.

The invited speakers were pretty hopeless as well. The first woman took five minutes

to say precisely nothing; Bifo from Radio Alice in Bologna was okay in parts and John Mennington from Middlesex Poly was actually quite good. The others I've forgotten about.

I was glad to get away at 6.30 and nip down to the fish and chippie; then I thought I'd be autonomous by going off to a party — at least there I could talk to people directly and eat, drink and take drugs in vast quantities — all of which were distinctly lacking at the conference. But then again, perhaps suffering is an integral part of consciousness-raising?

I came back for more punishment on Sunday for the session entitled 'Post-political politics — needs, desires, feminism and sexuality'. This session was conducted mainly in French, Italian and another language called 'Dialectical materialism'. But only the first two were translatable. Even then most of the abstract theory was about 15 years old — harking back to the situationists. I fell asleep. All I knew past this session was that I needed a piss, desired a joint, wasn't a feminist and didn't feel particularly sexual towards anybody in the room.

Finally the evening film about events in Bologna in 1977: not very well constructed and they cocked up the sound. Enough said.

□ □ □

I had this distinct feeling that 'autonomy' was about to become the new trendy-leftist scene, for all those bourgeois radicals who couldn't 'relate to' workerists like the SWP. But after this farce, it's 50:50 whether they're even interested anymore.

More amusing is the fact that the few self-styled 'proletarian autonomists' were probably more alienated from this conference than anybody. And not surprisingly their calls for a strategy based on class violence was met with cries from the back 'but we'd get arrested!' Why fuck about with 'autonomy' when we've already got 'anarchy' going for us? It seems to me that the best theory and practice of the autonomist movements is just a recent restatement of the best of the theory and practice of anarchism.

Autonomy is as open to leftist recuperation as anarchism was. 'Autonomy' doesn't necessarily exclude nationalist, racist or sexist ideas within autonomous movements. Anarchy must. Anyway, 'Autonomy in the UK' just doesn't sound right.



## Another Exercise In Social Engineering

### And Now A Word From One Of Our Sponsors

On an almost weekly basis, autonomous youth have clashed with the riot-police in Zurich. These disturbances have spread to other Swiss cities. In West Berlin, squatters and their supporters numbering thousands have fought running battles with the forces of 'order'.

However, what purpose does this excellent news serve here in passive England? It causes frustration. Young people have taken to the streets in Amsterdam, Berlin, Zurich, Paris — here in England (except in Bristol) there's been fuck all.

Instead of meaty confrontation, we get shitty fashions and 'New Wave' bands, mods and 'Blitz kids' and the start of a heroin epidemic. The working class reaction to the crisis has been shoddy and cowardly. 100,000 people marched through Liverpool recently. Not one arrest, not one window broken, not even any heckling against the Labour Party and Union pigs.

There are as yet no signs of an autonomous movement. There are plenty of pseudo-'autonomous' groups though—'Gay Sweatshops', 'Anti-sexist men's newsletters', 'Beyond the Fragments', in fact an endless list. None of these groups are autonomous as I understand the word. They do not take to the streets, loot shops, fight the pigs with petrol bombs, overturn cars and set them on fire — all the genuine spectacular actions associated with our European comrades. These pseudo-groups are full of leftist, liberal rabble, as reflected

in their politics. Most of them are pressure groups in the process of becoming interest groups.

Violent confrontation is the only yardstick by which a revolutionary consciousness will be measured. While Europe erupted in 1968 all we had in England was talk from 'Marxists'. For twelve long years we have had to endure this monotonous droning. Let's push aside this dead weight, kick it out of the way, along with every other facet of this society.

We hear of police repression in Italy, which has experienced dramatic convulsions of mass heroin addiction from the weak-kneed, dilettante 'comrades' — but fuck me! are we not getting that over here, without the upheavals?

When it comes, as it surely will, autonomous action by politicised youth will be extremely violent. The left will be unable to act as a safety valve — it has no following in this country, except among the effete middle-classes. Autonomy it's first real expression, will be violent, or it will be nothing.

**Sore Throat from Hackney.**  
Written before Brixton...but this is still only a beginning.

Rising Free — till now the home of the most exciting paper in the world (and Xtra! too) has closed up shop at 182 Upper St (so if you'd vaguely intended to come in and rip off a few books — tough shit).

We'd hoped to be able to move straight into new premises, but have decisively cocked that up. We're still negotiating for premises in Hackney and if all goes well, hope to open in about six weeks.

Our plans for the new shop include (comfortable) chairs, tea/coffee, layout and duplicating facilities — and we'd like to start a library.

We'd really appreciate offers of help in moving/decorating etc. We also urgently need people to join the collective and work in the shop. All labour in RF is voluntary (no bread — not even expenses). However we can offer all the glamour of sitting around one of the few non-profit, non-aligned revolutionary bookshops left. Well, that and free tea or coffee. If you're interested or want to help us move, ring Dave on 359 3783 (till 31/4/81) or Fabian on 515 1699.

**Dave for the Rising Free Collective.**



**Xtra! has changed its address.**  
Please write to us at:  
**Xtra!**  
**BCM IT,**  
**London WC1N 3XX.**

## MEANWHILE In Zurich

Statement put out by the Zurich rioters at Christmas.....

The authorities in Zurich did not react to the ultimatum given by the Zurich youth that the Autonomous Youth Centre should be re-opened by the 24th December 1980. As promised, Christmas was done away with and another festival was provided.

Young people met on the streets and decided to hold a sports meeting. In Bahnhof Street Zurich's Police Chief had the bad luck of meeting the contestants face to face. His reaction was to give a fine display of his 100 metres sprinting ability. As the sporting contestants arrived at the Youth Centre where the Police were in occupation, they numbered around 8000 and were eager to compete in such competitions as the removal of barbed wire, stone putting, long distance bottle-throwing, hurdling, breaking down gates, sprinting and so on.

Suddenly a police gymnastic team, comprising several hundred members, arrived prepared for water sports. They enthusiastically proceeded to break all the rules in good spirits and with warm limbs we spread our activities to various well-loved sporting areas (the shopping and banking areas) of the City.

In the evening the contest was furthered by competitors who, with Olympic flames in their hands, spread the happy message: 'Für jeden der pennt, es gibt doch noch vieles das brennt!' (For every person that sleeps, there will be more that will burn). The victory celebrations

held in the heart of the Old City were supplemented by the following prizes: fur coats, hi-fi equipment, wine and so on. The shops had in this instance 24 hour opening. For the needy the goods were provided free, if they followed the self-service rule. Happy Christmas!

The Police radio inspired the hundreds of demonstrators to have a really good Christmas party. 150 militants tried to leave presents at various police stations. The police who tried to embrace the demonstrators to express their thanks were disappointed, they were no longer there. The police were running round in circles.

At the same time, at Zurich's Kloten airport, the Radar controls were blown up. The Christmas hymn 'No Youth Centre, No Jet!'

The demonstrators greeted the devil of Christmas, witches rats and other vultures from Zurich with burning kisses.



We've been asked to include more coverage of revolutionary feminism and the punk scene. We agree! Copy on these subjects desperately wanted — send it to us and we'll do the rest!



# THE DAY THE COPS GOT LOST...

This issue we continue our articles on police tactics with 'How to succeed in searching premises'. Our source? 'The signs of crime', a police manual by D. Powis.

The author begins by detailing some failures. On one occasion the troops got lost — the result was the escape of two wanted men and the injury of a Chief Inspector — tragic really. On another occasion, a specially selected squad kicked a door down, only to find they'd forgotten the warrant. I can see that the Metropolitan Police Commissioner was right when he suggested that his more 'impressionable' younger police officers were learning things from 'The Sweeney'.

Our mentor goes on to advocate a thorough reconnaissance of the address. He suggests that in London the officer could dress up as a probationary taxi driver (doing the knowledge), with Honda, clipboard and helmet.

Having secured the back and sides of the building and arrived, without siren and without slamming doors, the next problem is entering.

Assuming the police are still at the stage of knocking first, the wording

will be 'please', 'your interests' and 'bound on duty to help the court'. A woman officer will be used, or a pipe-smoking officer with a 'pleasant, well-educated voice'.

The place will be watched before entry. This is because experience has taught our guardians that it is not expedient to kick down the door only to find their quarry has nipped out for a packet of Rothmans.

The police have rushed through your door. Where do they make for first? The lavatory of course, for it's here, in the cistern, that guilty people hide their contraband and guns. And the police will often cut off the water before entry, to stop you flushing things down the toilet.

Where else are the police going to check? The dumb-waiter(?) false ceiling, rubbish shutters, the outside of windows and underneath lifts. Concealed keys and left-luggage tickets are particularly suspicious.

The police will keep the principal suspect with them, 'to facilitate

spontaneous incriminatory statements'. Alternatively, one officer will stay with the suspects and will point out anything that's been missed. One officer will remain by the door, usually in plain clothes, to nab anyone who comes through.

If the police are looking for a person, they will bring a dog, even though it can 'embarrass you in good quality premises'. They may use the bluff of a dog, or a fake 'good-bye' — leaving someone there while they make an exit. The police always find illegal guns interesting.

Our authority claims that guns are usually kept in the broom cupboard (we just keep our 66mm in ours). People who collect guns are not necessarily intending to use them. But apparently a criminal will attempt to drill away the serial number and will tape the butt, stock and sometimes the barrel, in an (unsuccessful) attempt to prevent

making fingerprints. People are usually careless with cartridges, possibly because it is difficult to load a magazine with gloves on.

Our sympathy for the police reaches fever-pitch when we read of how they have to search carefully through dustbins, paying particular attention to ashes. In the dustbins of suspected brothels they have to count 'soiled condoms'.

I'll conclude with a suggested device for gaining entry. A note is made of the suspect's car and then a young policewoman (plainclothed) knocks at the door to tell the suspect that she's dented his car. When the suspect leaves his house, half a dozen flat-foots drop on him and 'restricts his options'. Our Commissioner suggests that if this is questioned by a defence barrister, then you reply you were 'stopping the possibility of violence'.

## WHY CHARLES FORTE IS A TARGET FOR ATTACK

Just off Park Lane, where the prostitutes are as numerous as the Rolls Royces, there's this THF hotel I used to work in. It's a nightmarish place, where, for example, the assistant managers walk into your personal rooms while you're working, ostensibly to check for cleanliness, but more to look out for pilfering.

The work is part of the same nightmare: drudgery, badly paid drudgery, with split shifts, weekend working and more or less compulsory overtime. And this is one of THF's showpieces.

The workers are marshalled, controlled like fodder, and our weekly wages do not even approach the cost of a room for the night. At all times we have to stay out of sight from the customers, except for the few with the specially trained glassy grin ('that certain smile').

We could take all this, after all, it's a question of expectations. For a Philipino woman due to be deported out of the country on some trumped-up technicality, what's the alternative? You were needed when no-one else would work as a chambermaid — now they're just discharging you. If you're recruited from areas of high unemployment and London is alien to you, you're not going to throw up a job when your accommodation goes with it the same night. Oh I know that's not legal, but hotel security runs its own rules.

Control can be subtle, not just through badly-paid, moronic overlords desperately trying to establish status and authority. Control can be through carefully fostered divisions of the workforce, with higher groups (there's always a higher group somewhere) making sure they preserve their own paltry privileges.

There's the institutionalised stealing, where the management turns a blind eye to petty pilfering (traditionally recognised as a fringe benefit), until there's talk of a union or fightback, when, all of a sudden, the suspected organisers are 'discovered' taking home some fruit or a piece of chicken and out they go ('regrettably, but rules are rules').

I heard once from a porter who

worked in some nationalised industry board room restaurant. The directors would come in, fill up their personal flasks with the drink provided and tip out the cigarette boxes into their briefcases — a common practice amongst directors. The porter was clearing up after one of their meetings and found a couple of cigarettes on the floor, which he put in his pocket. Seen by the supervisor, he was promptly fired. Well, they 'have to stamp out this sort of thing'.

Stories like this are legion, but in some ways the straightforward intimidation you get in a lot of establishments is more honest and more to be preferred than THF tactics. Here you have the Big Lie exemplified:

*'We treat our people properly, are generous to them and recognise them as people.'* (Charles Forte)

Charles Forte can say this while at the same time he runs the company some he's some feudal baron. As the biggest company in the largest industry in this country, he makes sure that wages stay at poverty-level. He exploits the low expectations of women and the immigrant communities, while at the same time smashing any attempt at combination.

Forte's places dish out the extremes of crap convenience food, particularly in his motorway cafes (and never think that those exorbitant prices go to pay the staff), as well as offering the limits in conspicuous consumption. The latter can be illustrated by ice-sculptures. A highly-trained Chef will spend about a week working in a fridge to create a masterpiece (soaring eagles are common) out of an ice-block. This is presented before high-paying, highly-bored customers, so that they can nibble on canapes and watch the thing (you've guessed it) melt.

At the time of writing, I don't know



whether Forte will be able to take over the Savoy Group, probably not. One thing's for sure, THF will continue to expand, and with all those extra profits created by the Royal Wedding, Forte or his spawn are guaranteed a peerage.

Of course he'll use the recession to boost his profits even more. The queue outside Mortimer Street (casual porters waiting for jobs) will grow even longer, as they huddle in their cardboard boxes, trying not to think of Forte stuffing his face at the Cafe Royal. The catering industry is the bottom of the heap and even though profits will not decrease, wage levels will. Already the employers are fighting hard for 'flexibility' — porters working as chambermaids during their 'slack' periods etc.

The union response to the problems of the catering industry has always been minimal. The industry (small workplaces, illegal practices, divided workplaces) has always been difficult for traditional unions and their prejudices hinder development in 'non-industrial', 'women and immigrant-dominated' service industries.

The International Workers Branch of the TGWU was a novel attempt

to fight employers in the industry, as it was based in the immigrant communities themselves and it was a lively democratic branch. However it foundered on defeats (particularly Garners), and unsympathetic bureaucrats who eventually limited its actions.

These days the unions are corrupt and moribund. There's a 'spheres of influence' agreement which divides the industry into two inviolate areas — one is TGWU-dominated and the other dominated by the GMWU. There was some degree of rational thought behind this, as when the T&G tried to unionise some workplaces, it found the managers recognising the G&M, making all their assistant managers shop stewards.

Lately though, under new full-time officers, the International Workers Branch has become more active again, fighting for the Philipino workers threatened with deportation and launching a 'Stuff Forte Campaign'. The latter was an emotional response by workers to the THF television campaign. It's involved flyposting THF hotels and distributing leaflets. We still need more people for this and if you're interested the campaign can be contacted through Xtra!



# WHO NEEDS MAGGIE?

Why the hate campaign against Maggie?

Yeah, I hate Maggie too. What a patronising shit. Vile dresses, vile voice, vile beliefs. You know she's full of hate and hypocrisy, stuffed with half-baked, half-digested ideology. I wouldn't give a damn if someone knocked her off. I cheered when I heard about that bastard Reagan getting it too.

But hang on. What makes her different from all the rest? What has she done that's new? Made cuts?— but so did Labour. Supported the police?— so did the old brand of Tory. What has Maggie's government done that we haven't seen before? From where I'm sitting, it looks to me like it's just given us a concentrated dose of more of the same. What did we expect? The system's just the same. The rules haven't altered much. Every government just takes over where the last one left off. What choice does it have? To survive it works with what exists — the bosses, the multinationals, the army, the police force, the civil service, state education, you name it. Whatever the claims of governing parties (and especially creeps like Tony Benn) they're all conservatives — preserving not destroying, altering the detail but not the substance.

So why is there a hate campaign against Maggie? The chant of 1980 was 'Maggie Out'. The leftists vied with each other for the best insults. The Labour Party personified her as the 'mad axewoman'. In fact there's been more personal attacks on Maggie than opposition to what she does.

I don't think this is happening by mistake. They want us to focus our hatred on Maggie so we don't think about what's really going on.

## Left out

Take the Labour Party. A left-wing revival? Don't make me laugh. Every time they get booted out of office they work on the left-wing opposition angle. This time it just went a bit too far for some of the hypocrites who've grown fat on the



Party's blood over the years. When what's left of this crew get back into office, we know what to expect. They won't reverse anything much. They'll keep on cutting services, they'll keep on adding to the defence budget, they'll keep on telling us what fucking great socialists they are. And the people who believe them when they make Maggie out as a maniac, as an 'irresponsible' leader, will vote them back in. Because as long as people believe that things are getting worse because the leadership's all wrong, they'll turn to other leaders to make it all right again.

## Target practice

So it's pretty damn convenient for Labour that Maggie's such an obvious target. Look folks, a fanatic, a stupid voiced fanatic...a woman!

And haven't they got mileage out of that one! The sexist crap that's been thrown at her makes me want to vomit. But you won't get them admitting that's part of the hate trip. Oh God no. They're into 'equality', 'women are as good as men'. Too right they are. But that also means they're no fucking different to men when they're in power. They're still leaders. Just because it's harder to get into the hierarchy if you're a woman doesn't make any difference. I hate leaders, not just male leaders, or the women who make it to the top of the shit-heap. All leaders.

The leftists have played the same hate campaign, but more so. They make Maggie responsible for the system itself — get rid of Maggie and you get rid of capitalism! With one proviso — you put their party into power instead. This might involve a revolution too comrades, so be ready for it when we give the word.

The truth is that the leftists in this country are bankrupt. No ideas, no action and no leaders! Where's their Che Guevara, their Marx, their Lenin? At least they're not stupid enough to try using Paul Foot or Tariq Ali to 'inspire the masses'! But they have to fill the vacuum and that's where Maggie comes in.

What they've developed is an anti-hero. An anti-leader. A cult against one person. Hang on you lot out there, hate Maggie today and we'll find you someone to idolise tomorrow. It's sad when you think about it. Bloody sad. Reduced to creating a devil, because they can't come up with a God. And they have to do this because the one thing they can't admit is that any leader is a shit — not just because of what power does to people, but because leaders administer the system. Doing a job...

No, it's not Maggie we should hate the most, or Reagan. She'd be irrelevant if she stayed at home and ran cocktail parties for the local conservatives. He'd be irrelevant if he was retired and growing roses in his back yard. The pleasure of seeing them eliminated would last precisely five seconds, because it wouldn't take much longer for the system to replace them.

And that's what it comes down to. The system. Any system. You don't need much brain to see through the statist left. Their system would be worse than the one we're stuck with now. More repressive, because it would be more centralised and with more and better authoritarian means of staying in power.

Our attack has to be on the very existence of institutions. Because there are now so many and they've become so complex, that even the people at the top are puppets who can't do much to change things. Yes, we can see these shits profit from it all — these people with political and economic power. But there is no conspiracy, they don't sit round tables planning exploitation. They don't need to do anything other than administrate. The monsters they rely on are bigger than they are and more fundamental to the way we live.

Our struggle is the hardest of all. It's harder to explain to people. It gives us no short-cuts. We can't just assassinate people. And we can't take the reformist route through the institutions either. It means destruction from the top down of almost everything around us. It leaves only ourselves as a reality we want to be left with. Because we can't build on anything else. Because we can't trust anything or anybody else.

**Beware of the hate Maggie campaign.** It's out to get us.

## Don't Let School Get In The Way Of Education

Education is the gathering of knowledge and information and is of fundamental importance in our fight. But put in their hands, education as they see it, ie what you get in schools and colleges, is a means of destroying mental and creative development.

It is just another one of the thought controlling medias. It is used to put across their ideas and to produce by the means of punishment and rewards, well-behaved, conforming boys and girls (this system, I am told, works very well with animals too), who will grow up to support the state with its lies and corruption and who will eventually, with a bit of luck produce their own kids and make sure they grow up to conform and support the very same state and its lies and corruption.

Education, for them, is the means by which they can channel the child's frustrations and aggression away from creative or productive means and into controllable areas. It is the means by which children are educated into behaviour patterns — like the way the male is taught that when he grows up and gets pissed off with his boss,

who treats him like shit, he won't do something positive like getting the workforce together to remove the bosses, instead he will go home and release his frustrations and aggressions by beating up his wife.

The female is taught to accept her role as punch bag, so that the capitalist state remains intact and the bosses can continue to treat the workers like shit and get away with it, making a lot of money out of the whole thing.

But to us, education is the gathering of knowledge (not the useless data they call knowledge, that they use to fill your brain so full of bullshit you can't think straight, but real information) and it is of great importance. The more you know, the stronger you are. 'Knowledge is strength'.

We must educate each other,

make sure others realise that we are all being treated like shit and are kicked in the head every time we try to stand up. We must learn about them and how their petty little minds work, so that we know how to hit them where it hurts, how to stop them and make sure they don't come back.

We need knowledge to create and build a better society after we have destroyed theirs. Knowledge must be our weapon, not guns and bombs, although there may be no alternative sometimes.

Because there are times when you must fight fire with fire, even though water will be more effective in the long run.

Remember the one who kills a tyrant becomes the new tyrant him or herself. Don't let us lower ourselves to their level. Our revolution must be one of knowledge. Anarchy/Freedom/Peace/Love/Liberty...and no fucking bombs...OK.

If you don't wish to attend school, why not leave? 'Because I would get in a lot of trouble, it's against the law' might be your answer. What I want to say to you is this

— by leaving school you do no harm to anyone whatsoever. The local education authority would try and cajole you into going back to school and if you still refused would threaten your parents with court action.

This would no doubt cause your parents great anxiety. The LEA will blame this on you, hoping to make you feel guilty. But your act of leaving would have caused no harm.

Compulsory school attendance is contrary to all basic notions of freedom. Once you recognise that government has no right to pass laws compelling you to go, you will no longer be intimidated by the representatives of authority. You'll be able to speak to them on an equal level, recognising them for the shits they really are.

But what would happen if, say, all those illegally leaving were to join together, telling authority to 'get knotted'? In fact, giving authority a solid and

accurate gob in the eye? If there was a sufficient number and enough determination and fortitude, your unofficial departure could succeed. And I'm sure that others outside school would help you anyway they could. They'd enjoy every fucking moment of it.

We are well aware of the fact that a substantial number of people are quite content to stay at school and there's nothing wrong with that. It's your choice, your decision. But for those who don't, especially those with no hope of getting any qualifications, surely leaving is better than pissing about in lessons or being fobbed off with lessons on 'money management' to keep them occupied. A pass in money management is worth fuck all.

What about me then? Am I just an idealistic tosser who wants to see his fantasies become reality? Maybe, but still.....IT'S WORTH A TRY!



# POOR LITTLE RICH KIDS

One of the best ways of establishing one's credibility among radicals is by hating 'the middle-class'. And, it seems, being middle class oneself is no barrier to hating 'them'. I was going to say 'look at Xtra! for instance'; but as I want to be published I s'pose I'd better say 'look at the New Statesman or Socialist Worker'.

Oh dear, you groan: not a whining defence of the privileged. 'Fraid so, chaps...well, I like to think that I'm not actually defending anyone, it's just that I'm getting a little weary of the fashionable middle-class poseur setting him/herself up as saviour of the masses. It's almost become an industry in its own right. For me at any rate, the revelation that Joe Strummer esq. is an ex-public schoolboy has finally sunk any remaining credibility that the Clash had of being a street band. Roll on London Calling at Earl's Court, complete with lasers! At least Led Zep are honest about being the idle rich.

No, I'm not saying there is anything particularly virtuous in being middle class. Having gone to private school myself, I can confirm that a lot of them are absolute cads, bounders and beastly rotters (if you'll pardon the strong language). On the other hand I can't help having been born into a middle-class family — to condemn a person for that is about as reasonable as a racist blaming someone for being born black (or for that matter, white). What d'you expect me to do? Give away all I've got, throw away my extortionately well-paid job (at £4000 a lot less than many workers, you have to admit) and join the struggle on the streets? But quite

apart from the fact that I don't see how much such action would change society, even if I did do that, I suspect the revolutionary vanguard would still reject me because of my posh accent — you see unlike SWP hierarchs I haven't got the money for a voice-change operation in Harley Street.

So there's nothing I can do? After all, we're constantly told, the middle-class are 'living off the backs of the workers'; we're 'part of their oppression'. Which is partly true (God you embittered lumpens must be getting hot under the collar - this is as balanced as a bloody Guardian leading article).

## Fucking awful

Of course it's true that the lower orders have a pretty rough time. Having worked for brief periods in factories and hospitals I realise that the phrase 'fucking awful' is hardly adequate description of the nature of such jobs. And no, I wouldn't fancy living in a tower-block — unlike so many of the 'I'm working class — I met one of them when daddy took me round his factory' bourgeoisie, I know someone who lives in one. But even we fucked-up members of the Green Belt have our problems too. I was lucky — I came from a background which was prosperous and liberal. I went to a Quaker school

which was 'mixed' (it had some pretty mixed-up people too — even a few workers whose respective councils thought private school would 'bring out the best in them'. It didn't) and which treated 'each misdemeanour on an individual basis' (ie you'd get kicked out if you were caught smoking a fag, but your parents would get invited over for tea with the headmaster's wife if you murdered the caretaker's daughter).



But most private schools aren't half so nice. Can you honestly say, hand on heart, that you'd actually like to go to a place where you never meet a member of the opposite sex, where the first three years are mainly occupied attempting to escape your tormentors (even in my school it was common for younger boys to have their heads flushed in lavatories, or to be put inside a big speaker cabinet blasting out Deep Purple for hours on end — almost as bad as the

Reading Festival) and where the next three years are spent taking it out on the younger kids. And where you don't see your parents for weeks on end; where you're constantly lonely and frightened, with no-one you dare talk to? And all those hideous afternoon games where some brutal batchelor tries to whip and cower you into being a 'real man' — ie by encouraging the most base and aggressive instincts which are laughably termed

from then on, you're kidding yourself. For a start, even if you escape with a relatively open mind and vaguely humane opinions (and remember, 90% of ex-public schoolchildren either become hard-nosed businessmen; leaders of the Socialist Workers Party, or housewives) you will be plagued with middle class guilt feelings and self-doubts as you proceed to saddle yourself with a house, marital partner and all the other tawdry wordly objects to which you object so strongly in principle ('Ah, glad to see you're becoming a bit more realistic, son') And are all those much-vaunted benefits of working in an office really so wonderful when (as any genuine middle class soul-searcher is bound to do) you reflect that the main purpose of your stagnant routine is to line still more the pockets of your more ruthless contemporaries?

## Hit out

No, it's definitely not all roses at the top. We're all happy to agree that any faults that a worker may possess are due to 'social conditions'; so maybe next time you possess the urge to kick in the teeth of someone on the grounds that he/she is pig-headed, arrogant, ignorant, unbearably snobbish, and irredeemably tedious, why not pause and reflect that these qualities may have something to do with this person's unpleasantly affluent background?

And then kick their teeth in.

## 'BACKLASH' — A CONTINUING SAGA.

Are most anarchists 'facile revolutionaries... hypocrites... marxist collectivists...'? Two opposing responses to the article 'Backlash' in the last issue of Xtra!.....

1 Whoever wrote that article 'Backlash' was spot on, the only article I've ever read in a national anarchist paper that I've ever agreed with wholeheartedly.

If I may just make a few observations of my own; a lot of so-called anarchists describe, as I assume all other anarchists would, anarchy to mean freedom. But having said that they go on about Worker's Councils, communal ownership, equal distribution of wealth and the destruction of 'capitalism'. I don't know about you, but in my eyes, anyone who promotes one system at the expense of another is anything but an anarchist and in the case described above, I would call them socialists. Tories say that capitalism is freedom, socialists say that socialism is freedom and communists say that communism is freedom (and NF skins say that Nazism is a 'fucking great larf mate!') Another apparent contradiction is the sympathy some 'anarchists' express with

such total scumbags as the SWP.

The SWP are just as bad as the NF. Neither believe that people should be able to vote for who they want to, or should I say who they don't want to govern them. Both would have to oppress the very same people, for both the ideas of the extreme left and the extreme right are rejected with equal contempt and derision by Joe Public. In a democracy you do have a certain degree of free speech and expression. In a dictatorship you have none. And dictatorship is what the NF and SWP stand for and it doesn't matter if your views are ideologically close to the SWP, it is irrelevant, it's up to the individual to decide how he or she wants to live, and neither you nor I have the right to tell him or her. If you think you have that right, then you're not an anarchist. Well now, I'm glad I've got that off my chest.

**An anarchist from Inside View.**

2 'The act of rebellion is nothing', cute little words, all nice and neat. Bristol wasn't revolution, it was nothing, just a shitty little rebellion. Shoplifting, taking things without paying more money to the filthy rich is just a way for us to get our kicks. Nothing to do with taking what's ours back, because we can't afford to pay for it.

How the fuck are we expected to get to revolution? Sit reading the Sun one minute and find ourselves revolting (or is it revolting?) the next? Rebellion is a spontaneous explosion which can lead to revolution. Looting, vandalism (shitty word), demonstrating etc are all useful ways of gaining confidence and experience. Anyone involved in a riot (or act of rebellion) will never forget it, or its lessons.

What about class struggle? It still exists, workers are still treated like shit. But for God's sake (I can blaspheme too) don't make a great big song and dance about it. Some of us are working, are involved with your actual working class Sun readers,

so what? Anyone who fights the system is okay by me, whether that person is middle /upper/prole makes no difference. What counts is that that person is working for the destruction of all systems that exploit people.

Most anarchists would vote Labour would they? None that I've ever met, but maybe that doesn't count. People taking responsibility for their actions. That's happening now, all the things you call 'nothing' are part and parcel of it.

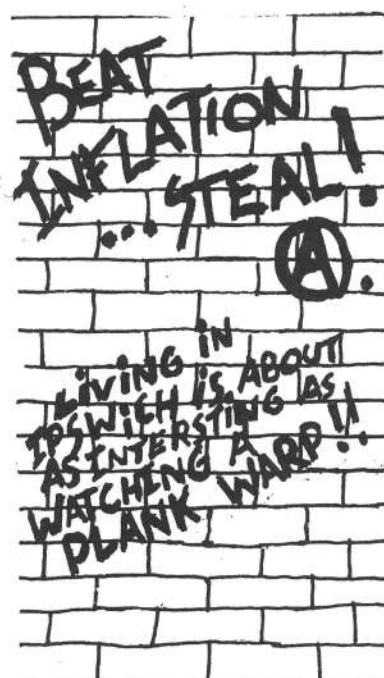
I don't know any anarchists who've followed the SWP's rotten line. Of course anarchists are against the fucking Nazis same as we're against the fucking Reds. I've never heard any anarchists calling for the suppression by the state of anyone. If you mean suppression in the sense of us trying to stop them with our own means, well what's wrong with that? We'll do the same to all political parties with power as their aim. What else is there?

Finally 'governments can be defeated by...being ignored'. Sure, close your eyes all the pigs might go away. Why not drop out and live in a commune in the Welsh hills, that's really radical, the state would surely collapse. The rest of us can face reality and get

on with our petty acts of vandalism and little rebellions. And anarchist isn't a trademark to be claimed by an exclusive group who agree with you. Anyone who takes the name is taking a step, the pigs are sure to be interested in any type of anarchist.

Finally, I don't claim to speak on behalf of any true anarchist path. I'm speaking about my reactions to the Tory-anarchist who wrote 'Backlash'.

**A Lambeth dissident.**





# GOD

## and the revolution

There's this woman at work who's been 'saved'. She wears a 'Jesus Loves Me' badge and spends all day reading psalms. But it's her expression that's the real giveaway. That vacant look about the eyes and that perpetual sick smile. She tells me proudly that she used to have a drugs problem, but now her life's got 'purpose'.

At school we were subjected to endless videotapes relating the experiences of converted outcasts: Drug addicts, alcoholics, people with psychiatric problems, all living 'normally' through religion. Even at the age of twelve I didn't need telling these people were no more 'whole' than they'd been before. They'd simply exchanged one emotional prop for another.

We all know people like this — whether they're into straight religion or the newer, revamped varieties, exegesis, the moonies, the scientologists. And as the economic situation gets worse there will be even more of them. Why? Because quite simply they all offer an alternative to facing up to reality. An alternative that doesn't involve self-blame and feelings of inadequacy.

The premise of humility involved in most religions is collective, a sort of collective internalised violence. The idea is we're all equal-

ly inadequate. And for some people this shared inadequacy is a basis for security — especially as it avoids conflict with a rotten system.

It's very easy to attack the newly-converted. They are the ones whose beliefs are most obviously distorted. Their organisations are often the most visibly corrupt. But we tend to forget they represent only the tip of the iceberg of the whole institution of religion. Most people act as if zealots are different to those whose beliefs are more 'rational'.

In its attitude to mainline religion, liberal thought has always stressed tolerance. Thus it has always been the Church and not religion itself which has come under attack. That's still true today. Think of the two most recent blasphemy controversies — the Gay News poem and the Life of Brian. The poem did nothing to challenge religion. It challenged only the Church's attitude to sexuality. As for the Life of Brian, it was the

idiocy of dogma (in religion or politics) not 'genuine' belief which was attacked.

The idea of God has been challenged in the past — but only intellectually. Even this hardly exists today. Those of us who don't believe in God see the arguments as self-evident. Those who do tend to see themselves as somehow different from other believers. It might be unusual to be an 'anarchist christian', but it's not unacceptable.

In the future it must be unacceptable. If you accept that there is a God, then you open the door to ideas of leadership and hierarchy. If 'anarchist christians' do accept this, then in what sense do they see themselves as anarchists? Because anarchism is the only form of politics that puts a value on how people behave to achieve their ends? It does. But it does so **totally independently** of a God, the Church and the state. Its approach is humanist not religious. 'Morality' is seen as something which humans decide on individually and together. And it is not necessarily a fixed and static thing. In no sense is it related to any-



thing outside human society.

We may feel some sympathy for the beliefs of 'anarchist christians', but we cannot accept that this can be anarchism. Our tolerance can be misplaced.

The fact is that the majority of British people still consider themselves as Christians and wouldn't be interested in the subtle differences offered by 'anarchist christians'. Even today, religion has to be one of our major targets. Especially in this country where alliance with

the C of E is often as much an expression of spurious patriotism as it is anything else.

Intellectual challenge isn't enough. It isn't enough against the bosses, the unions and the left. It isn't enough either against the Church and religion. We have to confront them. We can start now by leafletting, picketing services. But when the revolution starts, we will not just be burning banks and the houses of parliament, we will be destroying churches too.



# XTRA-JUDICIAL

## slop out...porridge...work...dinner

## exercise...work...tea....slop out....

Work in prison is dreadful, idiot work, about as much good to the brain as jumping off a cliff. It is boring, monotonous, absolutely never-ending work.

Worse, it was only part of the psychological punishment, which was systematically administered from the moment went in until the moment I came out. Every second of every second of every day was accounted for, and I knew it. The minute I took my clothes off, I knew that for the next however many years or months, it was going to be like this — no freedom.

No freedom of speech, no freedom to be clean, no freedom of body, no freedom to shit.

One of the first things to happen to a man as he enters prison is the taking away of his clothes and subsequent issue of a prison uniform. This uniform is the first step in an attempt to break down your spirit. Firstly it is blue and is it a coincidence prison staff also wear blue uniforms? Much more likely the colour similarity was chosen deliberately, to consolidate the warders' authority, by simple unconscious sympathy.

Secondly, it is a demonstration of pure power on the part of the prison department. Can you think of any people other than prisoners that have to wear a suit of clothes of another's choosing, for per-

iods of anything up to thirty years, and in some cases for life? How can a man deprived such a basic freedom be expected to benefit from such an experience?

The daily routine of slop out, breakfast, work, dinner, exercise, work, tea, nightly slop out and bangup (lock up for the night), is alleviated only by the once a month visit (half-hour) and incoming mail. Of course, not all prisoners have relatives or friends who will write regularly, and those are the men who become more firmly entrenched in the soul destroying mindless routines of institutional life; the ones as they reach their fifties are more likely to break a shop window just before Christmas, to have a secure 'home' for the period of festivity; those are the people who turn more and more often to alcohol for their escape from the demands of independent lives; those are the men and women who are dumped into our social dustbins, with no attempt made to let them know what their lives might be like with help from a socially-conscious body. They are prison meat.

Most of them are young now, with may-

be a spell in a borstal unit behind them, or a short term as a 'young prisoner' (YP) all of them have had 'social enquiry' reports made, supposedly on their behalf, and most of these reports say more or less the same things: unstable family background; no steady work record; aggressive and anti-authoritarian attitude. All have been involved with the institutional system in some way, and are ideal candidates for long-term brainwashing as carried out in the eminently suitable environment of penal institutes.

Most of the people in prisons today started a 'criminal career' as juveniles, that is, when their sense of legal right and wrong had, and should have, no place in their life. Where Dads get the money to buy a colour television is not the sort of question a child will ask himself. Can a child be expected to understand that the acquisition of property is achieved through 'legal' channels? One cannot say 'work', because is not scaling the side of a building work?

A man who has term of imprisonment behind him also has it in front of him. He knows how his record can affect any future court appearance. He also knows that he can also be too easily convicted and imprisoned for a crime he didn't

commit. Even where an offence should carry at worst a fine for a man with a clean record, the ex-convict knows he must expect a custodial sentence.

The high percentage of ex-prisoners re-sentenced to imprisonment is due not to any higher incidence of crime in this section of the populace, but rather to a fixed idea in the minds of judges and magistrates that imprisonment is the only way to keep these 'criminals' away from society (that is part of the idea); that police officers do not make arrests merely to procure convictions (when there is direct incentive to do so i.e. promotion); that an ex-prisoner must be automatically guilty, because his record shows that he has been found guilty in the past.

Supporting prisoners who are resisting is a very important part of revolutionary struggle. Organisations like PROP and Rap have been discussing what should be done, but it is important that people or groups who want to support prisoners first of all gain some credibility with those inside, by organising some practical schemes that will be of some real use to prisoners and their families.



# THIS IS PAGE TEN...

## ANARCHIST MAN AA

I am not a lunatic...I am a radical...I am an...enemy of the state!

This is the truly moving story of an anarchist man who lived during the Victorian era. The way in which he was treated was truly horrific. He was shunned by society at large; he was an outcast.

Even though he kept his thoughts well covered-up, people would keep their distance. They knew that, behind the copy of the Daily Telegraph which he regularly used as a shield, lay a radical mind, and nothing could persuade the average person to look at this unfortunate man's thoughts. In fact, for the first half hour or so the viewer is kept in suspense as the Anarchist Man initially refuses to let us see his views.

When he finally reveals the full horror — 'workers councils', 'proletarian autonomy', 'abolition of money' and all the other gruesome details we won't go into here — it is a deeply disturbing experience.

It seems almost unbelievable 100 years on, that society could have treated a man in such a way. Today, thank God, it is all different. Lots of Anarchist Men — and, since we are no longer in the Victorian era, Anarchist Women — walk at liberty, selling their dismal little newsheets and breaking up

public meetings.

However, it's still a subject many people find difficult to talk about — and no wonder! Still, we're a lot less narrow-minded about these grotesque freaks nowadays and if an Anarchist Person gets beat-

**Now available!** — the new moderator aid to union efficiency. Because you never know who will wake up at your union meeting... Just issue it to every member before that important strike meeting.

No more embarrassing, difficult questions that require honest answers.

No more accounting to members about your own actions (if any).

**Order now!** — as with all union stuff, this will sell-out quickly.\*

\* As used by the electricians union and approved by HM Government.

From SPG No 2.

en over the head by the police, it's not usually anything personal, but rather that the explicit display of mental features of this nature can cause a breach of the peace.

\*\*\*\*\*

At your local march now, and who knows, all over the world in the near future. 'A real smash' *Freedom*. 'Brilliant but boring', *Xtra!* 'Gripping but gruesome', *Daily Telegraph*. 'Gruesome but gripping' *Socialist Worker*. 'Trendy, recommended', *Time Out*.

## SPECIAL OFFER to LOYAL READERS...

**Worried about those TV detector vans? Frightened by the prospect of that £200 fine for not possessing a TV licence? Well the solution is simple: BUY XTRA!'S SPECIAL SAVING STAMPS — PAY YOUR FINE IN EASY INSTALLMENTS!!**

Let's face it. Britain has the lowest fines-for-not-possessing-a-TV-licence in

the world. Think of it. £200. That's less than 60p a day — hardly enough for a Big Mac. Or more than a copy of Now!

The French fine is £300. The Swiss part with £500 every time the detector-chap interrupts 'Cross-Alps'. And as for the poor Germans — ho ho they cough up seven billion billion smackeroos when the authorities discover they haven't got a licence while they're secretly watching all those movies. And the poor old Japanese, tee-hee, have to contend with detector vans which can discover unlicensed sets at 2,000 miles' distance (makes our 200 yards seem pretty modest, eh?) and which automatically deduct 5,000 green 'uns from their local numbered bank account in Switzerland!

And pity the Dutch — they pay a hefty bill (1,000 pounds) for evading the licence even if they don't have a TV!

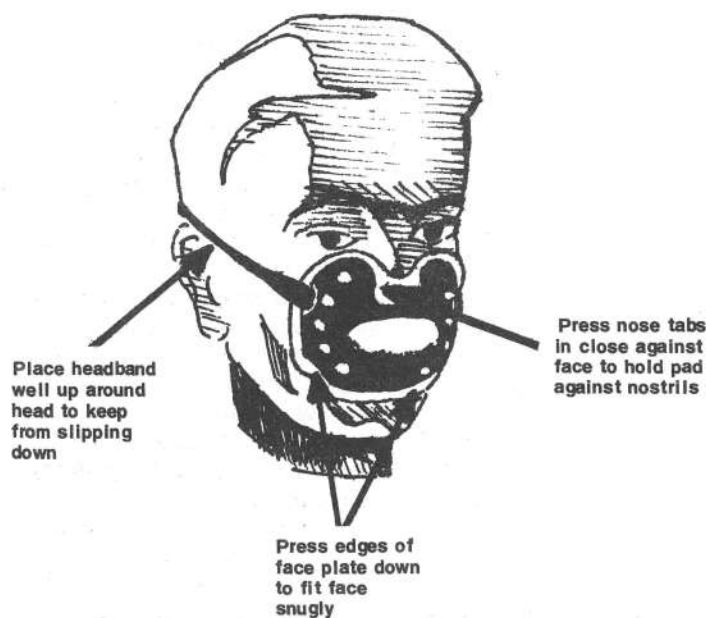
Their neighbours, the down-trodden Belgians pay through the nose (£2,500) whether they have a licence or not! And in Fascist Spain everyone has to pay for a licence and a fine (£60 & £800 respectively — 'Special Discount Licence 'n' Fine rate' of £1,000) — and the poor sods don't even have a TV service to begin with!!!

And the licenceless Lithuanian is liable to get lashed around the lugholes and locked up for a lengthy interlude — or (if lucky) at the very least loses a lot of lovely lire — if the law latches on to any illicit listening in the lavatory.

So consider how lucky you are. For this modest little fine you are helping to finance 1 Overpaid twerps like Michael Parkinson, plus overpaid hangers-on and bureaucrats with their expense accounts and lavish pensions 2 Hordes and hordes of detector-vans, detector people, licence collectors and, of course, lots and lots of lovely administration and bureaucracy! 3 And last, but not least, smug, complacent yet ever-so-slightly menacing and intimidating adverts like this.

So hurry, hurry and start collecting Xtra! Licence Fine Stamps. Buy as many as you like, as often as you like.

You can give them in denominations of £1, £5, £10, £50, £100 — or you can even send us £200. Rest assured we'll take good care of your money...



## A DISTRIBUTION

**Remember all that talk about anarchists co-operating to form a distribution scheme? It all began around August last year, when various anarchist publishing collectives got together to form A Distribution.**

Well, if you bought this copy of Xtra! from your local lefty bookshop, it got there through the scheme. In fact, to everyone's amazement, the whole thing's grown incredibly fast. We started with only three or four papers. Now A Distribution's handling 13 periodicals and the books of three publishers (including Cienfuegos). It's meant reduced costs and an increased number of retail outlets for all of us and we're even getting better at adding up.

What A Distribution really needs now is your support. For once, not financial, but actual.

Firstly we need to know about more shops to contact. If a new shop has opened near you (or if an existing shop has shut recently) we need to know. Also you might know of a shop which doesn't yet stock any anarchist publications, but which probably would if approached. We're particularly interested in places like Gloucestershire, Somerset, Cornwall, Scotland

and rural areas in general, as we don't seem to be getting far there. If you would be prepared to approach these shops in person, contact us for samples. If you generated orders and passed them on to us, we'd do the rest.

Secondly, we need dedicated (ie unpaid!) people who would be prepared to act as reps for A Distribution outside London. This would involve visiting shops in your area once a fortnight to supply them with their standing orders. It would also involve letting them know about new titles and trying to persuade them to take on extra stock. We'd do the invoicing for you to pass on to shops and they'd pay us direct by post.

If we had a whole network of reps, it would make all the difference. We realise it's asking a lot, but if you've time on your hands...

If you're an anarcho-masochist, or if you have any other suggestions, please write to A Distribution c/o Xtra!, BCM 1T, London WC1N 3XX.



The above was reproduced from Rumbles, an anarchist, feminist pictorial paper. Includes centre page poster. For copies send £1 to 3227 East 29th Ave. Vancouver BC, Canada. Cheques payable to: Final Notice Productions.



# Confessions Of An Urban Guerrilla (Failed)

Sitting in the dock at the Old Bailey is about as interesting as being forced to watch a year's worth of Crossroads. You have to sit there trying not to look bored, knowing all the time that it's really your next few years they're carefully fighting over.

This sense of unreality is not helped if you've been charged under a false name, or if one of your warders is reading a horror comic called 'Eat them alive!'. Once I was waiting in the cell section standing against the door leading into the court next door. The warder opened the door and motioned me inside. I was just about to get sentenced for manslaughter, when he angrily pushed me outside and grabbed the real defendant.

The whole proceedings are even more of an elaborate game than you realise. All the lies are believed automatically, but no-one believes the truth. In the harsh light of the court, witnesses just fight the questioner and try to be consistent. The truth is forgotten. Oddly enough, the prosecution witnesses suffered more from this than ours did.

The case against my brother hinged on identification evidence from Derrick Day, who nobody had any trust in, least of all the police and the prosecution. In the end the judge practically directed the jury to acquit David.

Derrick Day's evidence was my personal highspot of the trial. 'You've been expelled from the NF?' — 'Yes, eight wasted years.' Such bliss, and then he went on (under

questioning from the prosecution) to damn the case totally against David, revealing on the way that it was all a Labour Party plot and that I had intended to use acid to murder him.

My defence was that my acts were intended to stop crimes — not a defence guaranteed to endear itself to a judge. In an uncharacteristic burst of insight, he described this as a 'recipe for anarchy'. The judge made great efforts to 'keep politics out of it', but luckily this cut both ways. I was unable to describe much of what the Front did, but Derrick was shut up a couple of times and I would suggest that it is unusual for the police to describe someone they know to be an anarchist as 'of previous good character'.

I hate to admit it but both the police and judge didn't work hard to put me in jail. The judge promising the jury in so many words that when it found me guilty my defence would mean a lighter sentence. He did not want this to be an important case complete with martyr and maybe (it's just possible) they learned something from the Persons Unknown case about jury reactions to political prosecutions.

A six months suspended

sentence was pretty good going for what must be classed as one of the biggest cock-ups since the charge of the light brigade. The operation was well-planned, well-equipped and had built-in safety factors, none of which worked. Anyone planning a similar operation must bear in mind that everything that can go wrong, will go wrong and in the worst possible way. Also, things that could never go wrong, will also go wrong.

The object of the operation was to obtain secret NF files on their activities. As a national steward and security guard I knew my way around the headquarters. The person the police claimed was my brother was provided with a card and a cover story as a reserve night guard. His job was to drug Derrick Day with Chloral Hydrate.

Meanwhile I was waiting round the corner with the rest of the group and the van we were going to use to transport all the filing cabinets and safe in. I was carrying some burglary tools and acid which would have been used to damage the safe, if it could not have been moved.

Through a public call-box we got the coded message that Day was asleep ('sorry! wrong number'). I trotted off round the corner to the HQ (here comes the tragic bit) only to find Derrick Day sticking his head out of the window — our inside man had left.

## "Eight Wasted Years!"



I was wearing combat jacket boots balaclava helmet and carrying a bottle, so I must have looked a bit suspicious. Anyway I was arrested quarter of an hour later and spent a few days in the police cells while the police persuaded the Front that maybe I was not member of the month (Day thought I must have been playing a practical joke!) Why did our inside person make that phone call? It was just a nervous improvisation. Oh well, win a few, lose a few.

Still, looking back, practically everyone else escaped and what was intended as an intelligence gathering raid had some good consequences. National Front morale took a hammering over the exposure of another infiltrator.

The splits in the party resulted when Tyndall demanded extra powers to deal with infiltrators, so perhaps my exposure had a hand in the Front's fragmentation. Also my evidence at the Enquiry into the NF HQ would have contributed to their getting kicked out. Richard Verrall used to talk

about the Front's enemies as 'marxist and trotskyist scum' — he now talks about 'anarchist, marxist and trotskyist scum' (from the latest NF publication).

On a sectarian point. Racism is something that pervades society and needs combatting. Near where I live there is an anarchist bookshop that concentrates on ecology and such noble causes as counting trees. This is an area of high racism and resulting racist attacks. Anarchists ignore racism at their own peril. Just because anti-racism is used by the left, doesn't mean that it is wrong, only that their conception and tactics are wrong.

I'm retiring from anti-fascism for a couple of years (the length of the suspended sentence) apart from combatting reprisals from Derrick and his 'learned friends'. Incidentally, at the end of the trial, a News of the World reporter asked me which I found more offensive about the Front: the racism, or the homosexuality....

# JUST LIGHT BLUE TOUCH-PAPER

The recent disturbances in Brixton have raised several important questions about spontaneity and organisation, the main one being, how fast can you make a molotov cocktail?

Well, it only takes a few minutes to grab some milk bottles from peoples' doorsteps, siphon off a few gallons of petrol from parked cars and find an old shirt

or sheet which can be torn into strips, then soaked in petrol for use as fuses.

Paint bombs are also worth considering, in order to stop the police seeing through

their cute plastic goggles and see-through riot shields.

It's important to be well-protected from the police — remember, not only have they got batons, they've also got crowbars and lead piping and they can throw bricks as well.

Doctor Martens are obvious-

## BRIXTON continued from page one

the police, or we are living in a police state'. In Brixton there is no question of the people controlling the police, or even of them getting any consideration from them. The metropolitan police was, and is, trying to humiliate the people who live there, to prove there is no question who makes the laws and who they are for.

The police are unable to cope with people who just hang around, just as the state is unable to cope with those who are unwilling to work, or who refuse to fit in with the norm. The police in Brixton felt threatened by the sight of people talking, sitting and standing on the street — their reaction to it was and is vicious stupidity. The press, social workers etc claim unemployment as the 'problem'. But the problem is society. A society which holds its morality in and around the work, money, consume ethic and which is unwilling to accept anyone who won't or can't hold to that idea. The police are the psychopathic tools of that society — the big blunt hammer it uses.

The press reaction to the Brixton scene follows the same pattern. Brixton is an anomaly. Like fuck it is. All the press latched onto the 'Brixton problem' and the 'Frontline', showing maps where it is, sending their reporters in to investigate this problem place. Talking to social workers, community 'leaders' etc. They try to show it up as an isolated incident. But the sit-

uation is the same all over London and most of the country. It's just that the people of Lambeth aren't willing to take it anymore, whereas everywhere else anger is repressed or diverted.

The other press 'reason' is the police angle — that this was the work of the inevitable outsiders and political extremists. This is another attempt to make an anomaly out of the event. But it was the people of Brixton who took on their common enemy. The idea that Brixton people, or Liverpool, Glasgow or Birmingham people need outsiders to organise things is just shit. Anyone can brick a cop or make a petrol bomb. It doesn't take organisation — just nerve. Of course there were anarchists and socialists taking part. There were probably christians too — but that doesn't make it a crusade.

By contrast to that weekend, the streets of Brixton are now empty except for outsiders, police from other London areas, journalists who never bothered to go there before (and who would have been better off interviewing their own children) and inevitably some outside political types. These are the International Communist Current and SWP members, who, having missed the events, are trying now prematurely to create a new confrontation — despite the thousands of cops — with the people of Brixton as their cannon-fodder.

ly recommended, a good pair of gloves would seem appropriate and for males a jock strap

Of course, a lot of things will come together during the course of the action — as shops are opened up, clothing, missiles, food and drink will become available free of charge.

Vehicles are very useful as defences, especially when ablaze, but they could be more useful as mobiles for attack or escape. Older cars are easier to use because they haven't got steering locks built into the ignition system. Break a window, open the door, jump in, rip out the two ignition wires from the steering column and tie them together — the car should start, but remember it won't go very far if you've siphoned all the petrol for the molotovs!

If the riot is going well, the authorities may be tempted to use water cannons and CS gas. Water cannons have a maximum effective range of 40 or 50 yards and they can knock you over at short range. They also put blue dye in the water for identification purposes. However, their supplies run out after five minutes or so and water is relatively harmless, so

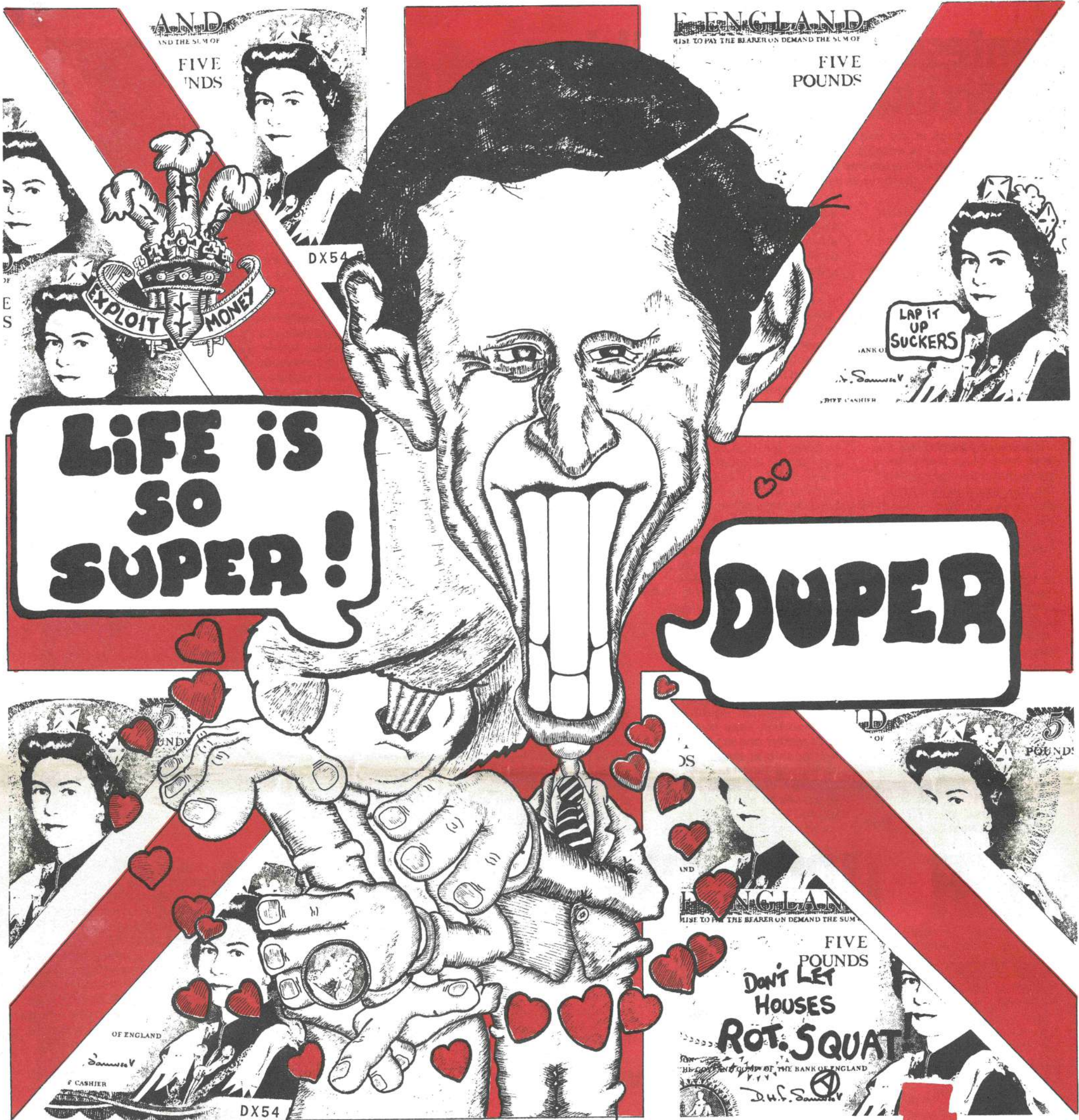
although it's annoying, it shouldn't be enough to deter the serious rioter.

CS gas is a lot nastier — fired from a gun it has a range up to 130 yards and some versions explode on impact to prevent you from throwing the cannisters back (which you can do if you've got thick gloves on). A damp scarf can serve as a simple protection, otherwise try a mixture of beaten egg and baking powder. People suffering from the effects of exposure to the gas should stand facing into the wind and force their eyes wide open — don't rub them. Also don't take a shower for a couple of hours, and then use cold or cool water.

It might prove worthwhile tuning into police frequency on the radio to see what they're up to, while a local CB radio would be great for coordination. Finally a knowledge of elementary first aid would come in handy for those with minor injuries — the police may try arresting people as they're discharged from hospital.

All in all, people have got to be imaginative and autonomous in rapidly changing situations — able not just to respond effectively to police actions, but able to create situations which force the police onto the defensive. 'Creativity plus a machine gun is an unstoppable combination.'



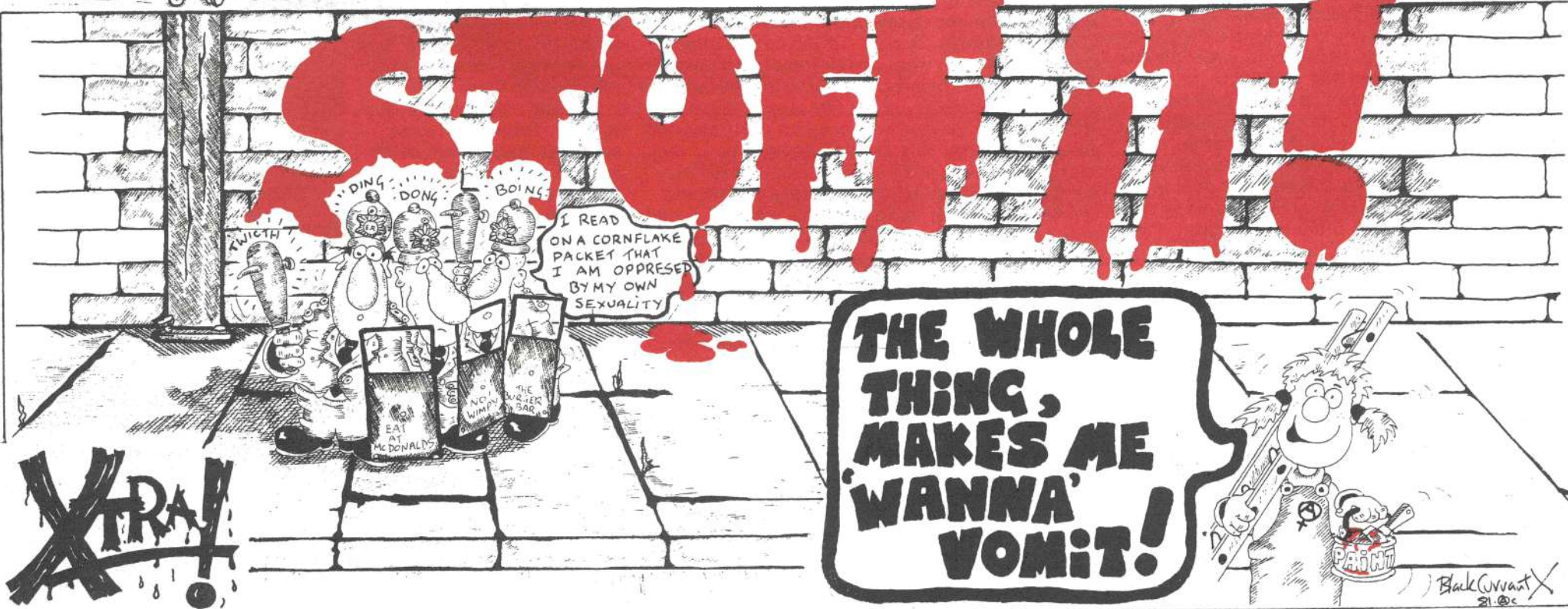


**LIFE IS  
SO  
SUPER!**

**DUPER**

**STUFF IT!**

**THE WHOLE  
THING,  
MAKES ME  
'WANNA'  
VOMIT!**



**XTRA!**

BlackCuntX  
21.05