

# Catalyst.

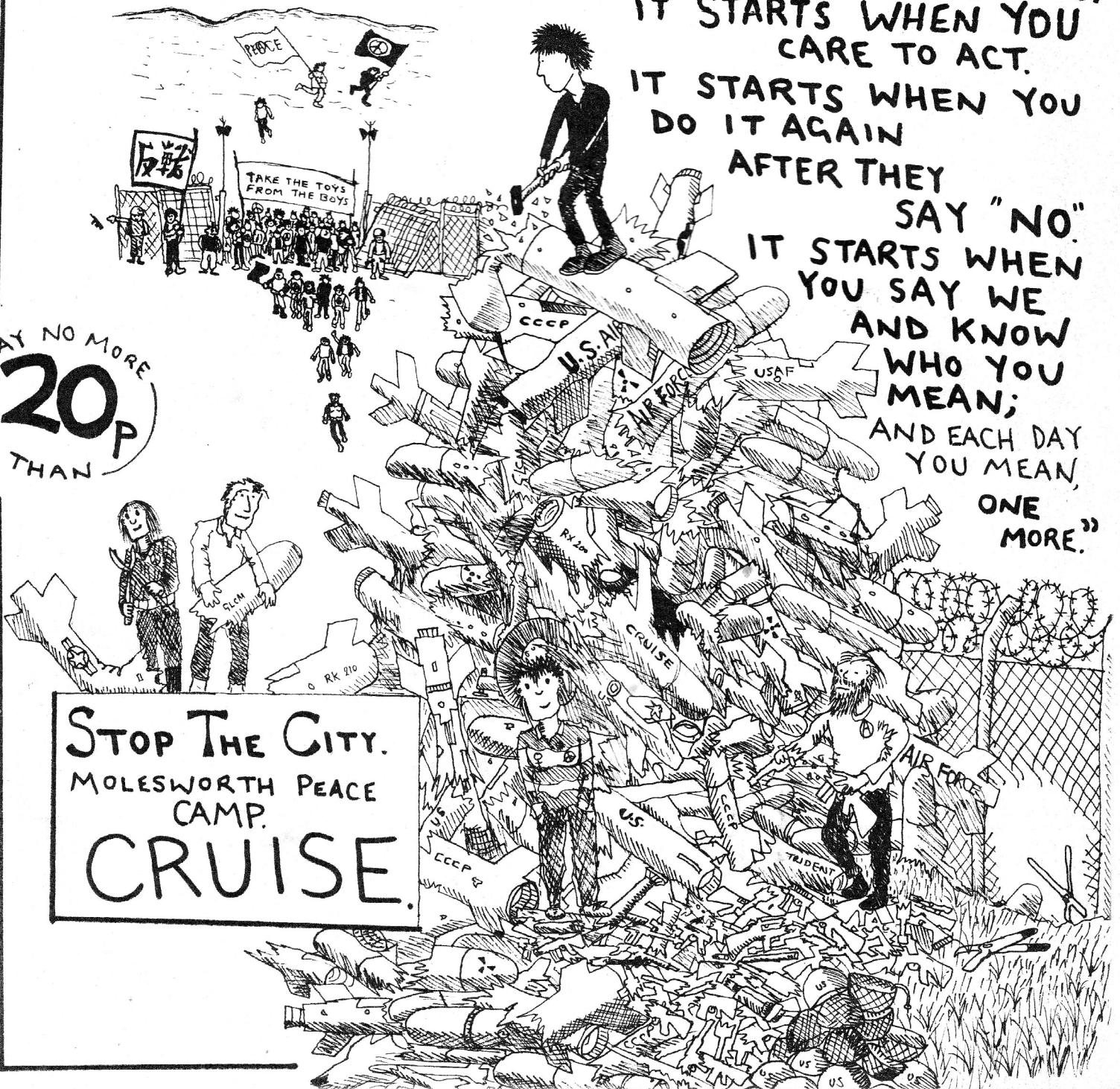
JANUARY, 1984.

#6

"IT GOES ONE AT A TIME.  
IT STARTS WHEN YOU  
CARE TO ACT.  
IT STARTS WHEN YOU  
DO IT AGAIN  
AFTER THEY  
SAY "NO."  
IT STARTS WHEN  
YOU SAY WE  
AND KNOW  
WHO YOU  
MEAN;  
AND EACH DAY  
YOU MEAN,  
ONE  
MORE."

PAY NO MORE  
**20p**  
THAN

STOP THE CITY.  
MOLESWORTH PEACE  
CAMP.  
CRUISE.





Hello and welcome to the sixth issue of Catalyst, we've doubled our print run since the last issue, so hopefully we'll be reaching out to a lot more people than before.

Last issue we concentrated quite a bit on sexual politics and feminism, this time we're focusing on 'direct action' and on personal responsibility.

CATALYST, 8 SHERWOOD CLOSE, EXETER, DEVON. EX2 5DX

for years the message has been coming out, trying to inspire people into action and into realizing personal responsibility. Still, most people are too confused, too scared or too unsure to take the step into even the mildest forms of 'direct action'. We feel a lot of this uncertainty about taking action stems from a lack of information: for years people have been told to "TAKE PART, ORGANISE, DEMONSTRATE", but without being offered suggestions as to what that action might be, and how it might be put together. We still don't confide in each other or share ideas, let alone tell each other WHAT WE DO.

as a start, in this issue, we've included a lot of material about various actions that we've been involved in. We're not trying to say, "look how active WE are", we're simply attempting to communicate honestly about our experiences, good and bad, and share some of our hopes, fears and dreams.

in the coming months and years, things are going to get worse, a lot worse. As the recession bites deeper and turns more vicious, the police are being strengthened to protect the powerful from any backlash of protest. As the arms race escalates out of control, the military are continually funded to protect themselves from us. As the old and weak are trampled into the dirt or die quietly in the cold, the wealthy profiteers show even fewer signs of humanity or compassion.

systematically, all organised forms of resistance, from pressure groups to trade unions are either being bought off or beaten back. We are being thrown increasingly back on our own resources, our own individual strength, ourselves.

we have so much to do, and an ever shrinking and more confined space in which to try and do it. The world is getting bleaker and greyer, just what the fuck are we doing ?? All we have to combat and fight back with is ourselves: our love and our rage. anarcho-punk was supposed to be an answer to the nightmare that we find ourselves in, if this is 'just another issue of just another fanzine' then we might as well pack it in now, 'cos that kind of punk insularity will get us nowhere.

be happy, be strong, fight back.

"lets smash these crumbling cell walls down and grasp eachothers hand. these prison islands aren't built on rock, they're built on bloody sand, i'll work with you if you'll trust me, we've nothing else to loose, we're not free, but you can't feel the chains until you try to move".

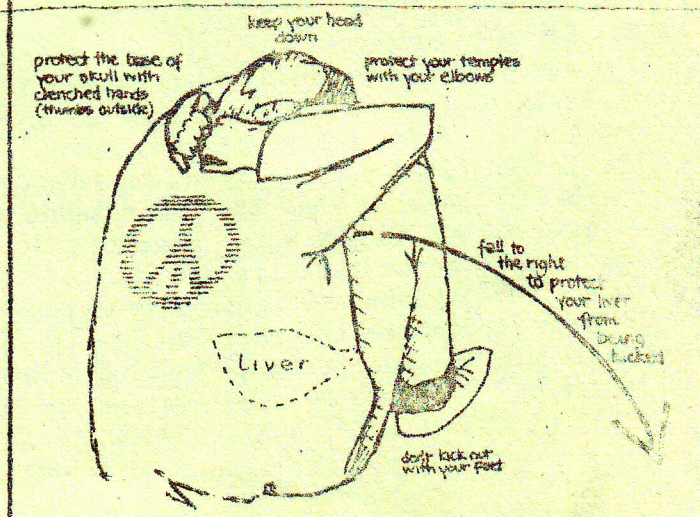
loads of love and thanks to: Jimmy, Judith, Peter, Chris + Kath and everyone at Molesworth Peace Camp, Ming, Heather, Heff, and everyone who helped distribute Catalyst 5, Linda, Daz, Al, Peace Pledge Union, Slob, Housmans, Panik, Sheena (Anxious), Autumn Poison, and all the individuals, mags, bands and projects who've made contact. MUCH LOVE TO RAF (A00) too !!

if you can help us to distribute this issue then please get in touch.

thanks for taking an interest,

love and peace,

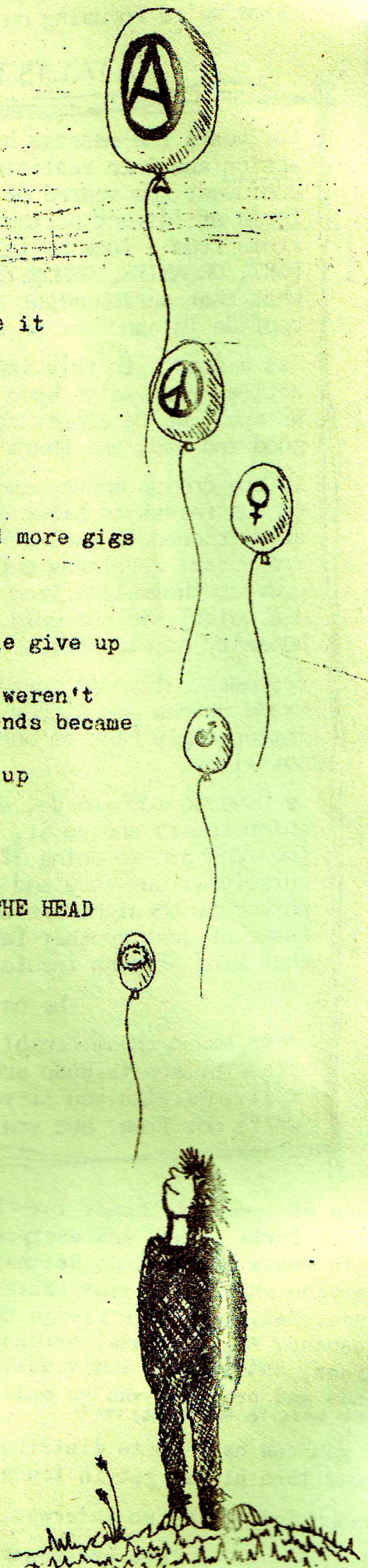
Catalyst xxx.





# EPILOGUE.

I stood in a park many years ago  
in '81 I had started to really flow  
my anarcho-peaceful ideas had  
slowly began to form at last  
I had opened my eyes and now  
I could really begin to live my life and how  
I started my epic adventures  
by managing through 1982  
to become active and write and contact people  
with similar ideas and views  
But oh the wars came up so fast I could hardly believe it  
I felt powerless and lost -  
my first punky gig that was in March  
it was an experience - a laugh  
But '82 wore on  
Thousands dead  
Oppression grew and protest dwindled  
83 - I smiled to think its come this far  
More than one crass record in my collection - more and more gigs  
sped by - but power grew in greedy people's hands  
and millions had to die  
But I kept on I went on  
numerous actions - met more and more people, saw people give up  
and many join IN  
At Upper Heyford we tried to block the road - tho' we weren't  
winning any ground - Relationships got deeper and friends became  
closer and warmer, but lurking at the back of my mind  
was the enormity of the filth and lies in this fucked up  
- thrown up world  
STOP THE CITY WAS GREAT  
PEOPLE TRIED TO LOVE NOT HATE  
BUT THE POLICEMANS COLD STARE  
SHOWED NO INTENTION TO CARE - JUST A TRUNCHEON IN THE HEAD  
TO OUR GRAVES WE'RE BEING LED  
THE LYING PRESS GIVE US SHIT TO READ  
THE EARTH IS BROKEN CAN'T YOU SEE IT BLEED  
'83 IS CLOSING IN, ON THE HORIZON I SAW  
A HORRIFIC VISION OF 1984  
since the beginning I hadn't seen so much sorrow  
and I've no more time left to borrow  
We've now got our daily cruise  
A brightly burning tiny fuse  
Its Now - its Here  
But its a nightmare  
The adventures over and I've nothing to lose  
Obscenities rule us its not hard to prove  
But I'm not down, oh no not me  
I'm too involved and I'm gonna be free  
The bloody path is what the idiot takes  
To give up NOW is the worst mistake  
Don't whine to me that its too late  
You're kidding yourself into a premature fate  
I'VE got to topple the warlords its the only way  
A struggle is what it takes to find a brighter day  
If you say "NO" you're just giving them rope  
I CANNOT AND WILL NOT BELIEVE THERE IS NO HOPE .





# STOP 'THE CITY'

SEPT 29th

A 'DAY OF RECKONING'

The City is a small and crowded area of London, where the banks, multinationals, profiteers and huge british companies have enormous head offices. Street after street of bleak concrete and windows that you can't see in. Behind the blinds, out of sight, high up in spacious mahogany offices, decisions are made. Decisions that affect the lives of millions of people all over the world. The only people who ever rise to these heights of power and control are the cold and calculating, white men of privileged backgrounds. They make decisions and make millions, they make decisions and ruin lives. They are safe, secure and go unchallenged. Overweight, impotent, selfish and smug, the cliché is so true, it's frightening.

Normally, few people venture into this crazy world of profit based madness. The streets of The City are normally left to the businessmen for them to hurry along in their self-importance. Normally, we keep quiet as they make their profits. Normally, we don't speak out as they fund the arms trade and keep the machinery of control well oiled. Normally.

September 29th 1983 was not a normal day for The City. It was a day when thousands came to protest against the war plans of these people. To say "NO" to war, and to those who would profit from death. To disrupt the working of The City. "to say no to the life stealers.... to say no to the death dealers."

## STOP THE CITY (if you can)

Well, where to begin? Ah yes - on a freezing September 29th at about 5.00a.m. I fall out of bed and, pulling on some rage, eat a hearty breakfast of the kitchen, several semi-detached houses and a car park, (all vegan of course). Soon I'm on a bus to Gloucester where I pay a lump sum to british rail for a day return. And so at 8.00a.m. I'm chuffing off on an experience of a lifetime. LONDON is a very ugly city and Paddington's no exception, (the station, not the bear), and neither is the tube. (I'm sure you can guess what criticism was going to be here).

So, it's 11.00a.m., I am trampling into THE CITY. Luckily I bump into a very sweet and cheerful anarcho type who's enjoying every minute to the full - leafletting and talking to everybody walking about. We get talking and try to find the main group of protestors/wierdos (which didn't take long I can tell you). "Well, I'll be bugged", I remember saying. A mass of hippys, anarch-fems, subversives, and loving caring spiky tops meet my gaze. Wow! this is going to be enjoyable. I met Rich very quickly and got down to various things like seeing what was going to happen.

The actual organisation of S.T.C. was notable by its absence which was the real lynchpin of its success/failure - a) because there was no organisation, no mass action could come together, but b) because it was hundreds of individual actions, the Police couldn't deal with it. The police were getting annoyed and by the stories I was hearing, violent as well. Shortly, I could see for myself - arrests were made for the usual pathetic reasons - "Obstruction"; you know, crossing the road, stepping off the kerb etc. One punk was arrested standing right next to me for no reason at all! I now firmly believe that the boys from the met. are all ex-tag wrestlers judging by the exotic range of arm + head locks they were distributing freely to the crowd. "Ello, 'Ello, 'Ello, CRUNCH". The main body of the action kept to the square in front of mansion house but soon a large lump of "Subversive types" had gathered at the Guildhall to shout at Policemen and watch for the arrested to be tried. (Apparently, they were packed 40 to a cell and starved for a fair while). a crowd of happy, jeering musicians struck up a dodgy tune to which a couple of women danced up and down around the row of policemen that were in the road, ("hey, I thought we were the ones obstructing everything!"), who were looking at us with faces like thunder and "Kill Kill Kill" etc. Well, if we weren't stopping the City, we were making the Police unhappy which is a sure sign that you must be doing something dangerous !!

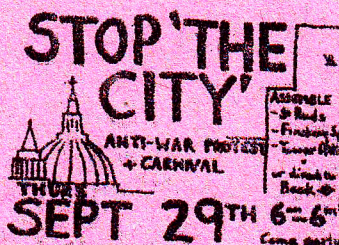
As the day wound to an end we had been pushed, shoved, shouted at, charged by maniacs in transit and crushed by horses - all in a day's job I suppose. The Workers in the City had spent most of the time looking out of the window, so at least some work was stopped by that method.

Stop The City wasn't the "End the Arms Trade in 12 hours", success that it was made out to be before-hand, but it wasn't a flop and a non-event as some might think.

What more can I say? Watch out for March '84 and have a nice day.

# PROTEST AGAINST WAR

I'M ONLY DOING MY JOB!



Washington - Paris - Berlin - Moscow - Peking - LONDON .....  
In the capitals of the world, war is being planned and financed.....resist now.....

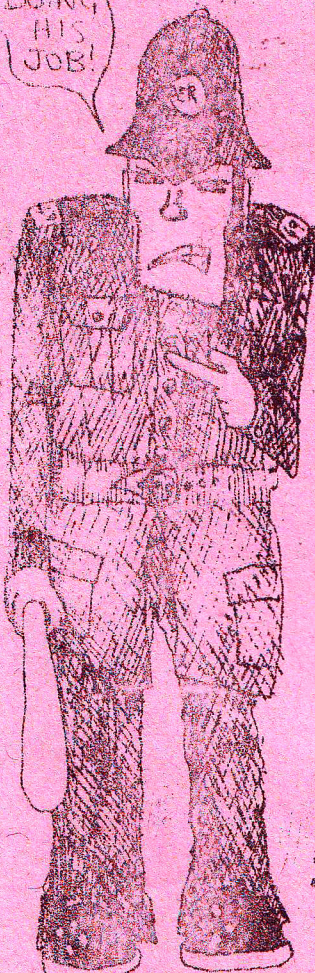


Stop The City is a 12-hour event and the demonstrators are composed of various self-organised groups from around the country, including branches of CND, Greenpeace and various radical and anarchist groups.

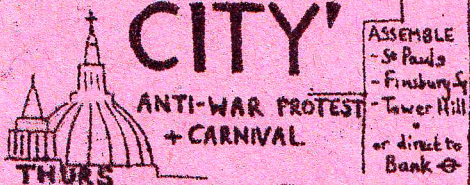
Earlier this morning a U.S.

flag was burned outside the Bank of England.

One organiser said: "All we want to do is draw attention to the links between militarism and financial institutions in the City, which profit from the arms trade."



# STOP 'THE CITY'



## STOP THE CITY !!

Where to start? I suppose I should say that before I went, I had loads of worries and misgivings about what might happen when we tried to immobilise and clog up The City. A lot of my worries were about what the Police might do, to try and stop the action. Other worries were that a few dozen seat-heads with bricks and play-school revolutionary slogans might turn up and try to generate a bit of a ruck, to relieve their boredom.

In the event, between 1,000 and 3,000 punky pacifists turned up to demonstrate effectively and peacefully, despite massive Police provocation. I was really suprised when I arrived mid morning that 'anarcho-punk' people made up about 80% of those demonstrating. Whatever other criticisms might apply to anarcho-punk at least they can pull out the numbers for one of the most adventurous and important pieces of Non-Violent Direct Action, outside Greenham.

It's strange to think that of the 4,000 people that turned up to take part in the Upper two completely different sets of activists: one day, perhaps, a call for unity will bring the two strands together - THEN we'll have AN ACTION !!!

I arrived in The City by mid morning, by which time there had been many arrests and much activity. The main action so far had been a blockade of the entrance of The Stock Exchange at which many people had been nicked. In the main gathering I kept seeing folk I knew and others I knew by sight. I soon found out that many friends of mine had already been arrested. People were not talking, milling around, a few instruments were scattered about, a few folk were singing. The atmosphere was tense but people knew what they were doing. There was a strong and determined feel to the gathering. There was no centralised planning, no focal point save The Mansion House, people were left to their own devices.

We were there to cause as much disruption as possible, and to make our message clear and unambiguous: we have had enough of war, of the fear of war, and of those who profit from war.

Soon after I arrived a large group of people surged out past the meagre police line and moved out into the roadway blocking traffic and filling up the street. Hundreds of demonstrators followed them, not running, but just pouring out of the square and into the street. The groups headed off in different directions, filling the surrounding roads. People shouting, singing, whooping, making a really chilling echo. The police were desperate to contain us and split up the processions. As they caught up with our plans they blocked off streets and, intimidating by shoving, pushing and arresting for no reason, they forced people onto the pavement behind police cordons. For a couple of hours, various marches and processions headed all over The City, whatever the police tried to do. At one point the police had demonstrators trapped in one stretch of pavement so securely, that the place was blocked off more effectively than we could have done ourselves.

Later, as businessmen in their lunch hour watched the demonstrators with amusement and derision, two of us moved amongst them in mock public school voices, explaining, "I'm only doing my job, it's not my responsibility, I'm only doing my job". The age old excuse. They weren't amused by our socking, I'm not suprised... humour was a tactic the police didn't expect either. A dozen or so of us formed a moving, dancing musical blockade that ran and skipped down streets, singing "I'm only doing my job" at the top of our voices.

We found a police van waiting at traffic lights, we circled it, dancing, laughing. As the day went on the police grew rougher and angrier. I personally saw two people ripped out of a phone box and thrown into a flower bed by two policemen desperate to start a punch-up. They brought in police on horses to herd us down streets and used the animals to push people around. Despite massive police provocation, our action remained peaceful and we kept them confused and on their toes. Our actions continued, moving in small groups, working independently. It was pretty chaotic at times, but time and time again we filled the streets.

As I say, at times it was a bit chaotic, sometimes a little frightening, (as police horses and vans hurtle towards you), but overall it was a day The City will not easily forget, and a day we will not let them forget.

Come and STOP 'THE CITY' TOGETHER WE CAN DO IT

WE ARE GOING BACK TO THE CITY! A LARGER, MORE EFFECTIVE ACTION IS BEING PLANNED FOR 29TH MARCH 1984

For information contact: STOP THE CITY, c/o London Greenpeace, 6 Endsleigh St, London WC1E



if our complete opposition to the system is to mean anything,  
we have to oppose its working on every level.

we need to oppose its influence just as much in the kitchen,  
as we do blockades.

we need to oppose it just as much in the bedroom where we express our  
sexual needs, as we do at the nuclear airbases, where the final  
expressions of male violence are clear,

we need to oppose it just as much in what we do and don't buy and eat,  
as we do in what we sing and shout about.

we need to oppose it just as much by being able to cook, wash, clean,  
sew and mend for ourselves,

as we do in refusing to work for the system.

we need to oppose it just as much by being able to love, trust and  
co-operate with our friends,

as we do by expressing our contempt for the politicians, judges and  
generals.

what is "personal" to us, IS "political" in the fullest sense. What is  
"political" is "personal", they go hand in hand.

to work only in one area or the other, is to see only half the problem.  
the shit that we're up against is so varied, so massive, so powerful,  
so intertwined and SO EVERYWHERE, that sometimes its difficult to  
know where to start,

but if we are to stand any real chance of change,  
then we must TRY to oppose it on every level.

AIRBASE/BEDROOM/KITCHEN/PARADE GROUND/BANK/PORN SHOP/MISSILE BASE/PUB/  
everywhere.

abuse is abuse whatever its disguise. to oppose the abuse of animals  
in experiments and factory farms, without opposing the workings of  
the pornography industry, or the use of valium, or the practice of  
racism, is, in many ways, to miss the point.

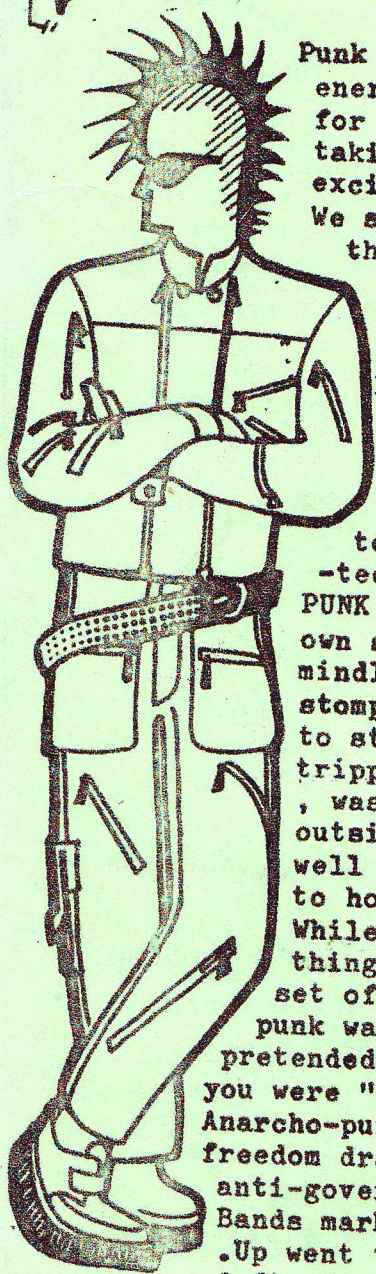
ABUSE IS ABUSE IS ABUSE

Catalyst december 1983.

ALL THEY HAVE IS THEIR ORDER AND  
THEIR ORDERS, WE HAVE OUR BELIEF  
IN OURSELVES AND OUR LOVE FOR  
EACHOTHER - AND WE CAN DO IT.



# WANK OFF IN THE WARDROBE



Punk was about 'energy'. That's what first attracted me to it. The sheer energy and intensity of it. The complacency, rock'n'roll was, if only for a moment, shaken up. There was a feeling of reclaiming music and taking back control of it again. For all it's problems there was an excitement, a willingness to take risks, live a little, chancing it. We should have been only too aware that the parasites, the greedy and the manipulative were going to try and tame and absorb the new threat. Sucking it dry and selling it back to us on their terms. Only we were too naive, too trusting of the music press, the rock industry. Too willing to give in. Within months rather than years yet another potential disruption of the calm and stagnant waters had been diffused, diluted and wasted. Each new wave of punk bands were lured in, tricked and consumed by their own greed into parodies of their former selves. - the 'suspect devices' of Ulster were soon in the control of U.K. record labels, and if the kids wanted to rock against racism then that too could be supplied within accepted white, male, liberal confines.

PUNK WAS DEAD, absolutely, finally, completely. Killed by the punks own stupidity and the willingness to compromise. Punk energy was now a mindless spasm, a self congratulatory wank-off in the wardrobe. The stomping ground for shallow, insincere real-man in real animal skin to strut and swagger. Punk was a pretence of equality, easy slogans tripping off the tongue. Punk, just like all other rock'n'roll tribes, was an all male institution where women would be tolerated on the outside so long as they didn't rock the boat. 'Rock Against Racism'? well o.k. but what about against sexism? now that was abit too close to home wasn't it? ISN'T IT!

While we should have been experimenting, pushing forward, risking things, we were erecting new walls to cover and hide behind. Another set of self imposed restrictions that we refused to challenge. Dead punk was now as conservative and safe as the rock industry that it pretended to challenge. If you were an aggressive, white, male, spikey top, you were "in", accepted. Any deviations well that wasn't punk was it? Anarcho-punk, shook things up again for a while, till our own fear of freedom dragged it down into a predictable and insular ritual: anti-war, anti-government, anti-vivisection. Nothing less but certainly nothing more. Bands marketing 'anarchist punk' were guaranteed an audience and a hearing. Up went the barricades once again, we set ourselves a new strictly defined parade ground in which to throw the tantrums. BAN-THE-BOMB, STOP THE WAR and then they'll be anarchy ??? IS THAT IT? Too easy, too narrow, too late. Just what were we supposed to be fighting?

Punk became more and more part of the problem: just another band, just another gig, yet another record. The energy and anger expressed by the few bands who really did know what was going on, was used by male punks for their own personal masturbation rituals: into the bar, onto the floor, into the crowd, kick, punch, glare, hurt.

if gigs exist simply for people to work through 'their' frustrations in a justifiable 'light' then we are doing nothing but adding to the deceit and making things sadly worse. The arseholes in the semi-circle in front of the stage, aren't happily jumping around with the energy - there's no passion and certainly no love in what they do, increasingly they are trying to hurt eachother. What the fuck happened? At pacifist gigs large numbers of men are trying to hurt eachother and are using our music as an excuse to do it. We need all the energy and commitment we can get, the 'mindless spasm' of punk rock circa 1984 is a waste of much of that energy. Where are these punks when there's work to be done? when the hall has to be cleared up? when the food has to be cooked? Where are they at the peace blockades? at the actions?

where are they? i'll tell you where they are...

consuming the spectacle of punk rock'n'roll as state control down at the front.





# ~ info ~

Here are some useful addresses for various distribution networks that have been set up, they could all do with your support. It so important for us to establish our own honest channels for distributing information, sharing ideas, and simply for keeping in touch with one another. All the 'fanzine distribution' ideas are, though, only as good as the zines themselves. For four years people have been writing anti-war slogans and interviewing endless punk bands, it is time to take what was good in that vision, further. isn't it??

## ALTERNATIVE PRESS

FANZINE  
DISTRIBUTION

non-profit making punk zine lists  
getting bigger all the time. To  
get hold of a list, or if you can help  
distribute some, write to:

ANDY/ 2 WESTMORLAND AVE/ WYTON/ HUNTINGDON/  
CAMBS.

PROTECT AND SURVIVE FANZINE  
TAPE LABEL & DISTRIBUTION SERVICE

huge variety of zines and assorted tapes  
by various bands, well worth getting  
hold of.

CHRIST, 5, PARK ROAD, STONY STRATFORD,  
MILTON KEYNES. MK11 1LF.

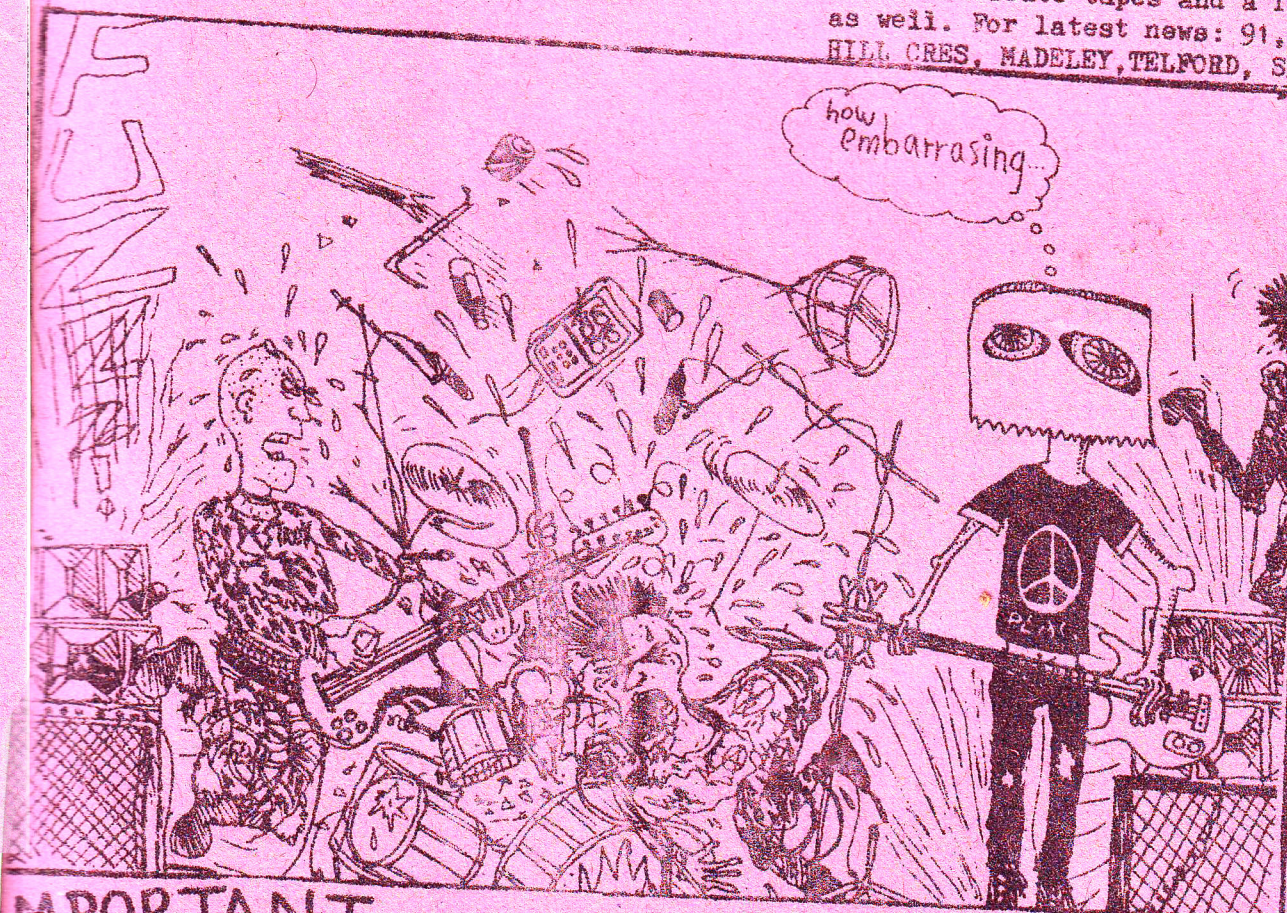
## BIG BANANA PRODUCTS

BBP Records and Cassettes put out  
a whole variety of different musical  
styles on both compilation tapes and  
tapes done by individual bands. They  
also distribute handouts and leaflets  
with the tapes. for more info:

BBP, 90, GRANGE DRIVE, SWINDON, WILTS,  
SN3 4LD.

## - 91 PRODUCTS -

produce cheap t-shirts to help raise  
money for their other projects. They  
also distribute tapes and a few mags  
as well. For latest news: 91, SPRING-  
HILL CRES, MADELEY, TELFORD, SALOP.



**IMPORTANT** - THERE ARE OVER 200 GUN CLUBS  
AROUND BRITAIN, WHO ARE 'REGISTERED CHARITIES'. THEY OBTAIN  
THIS STATUS BY SIMPLY APPLYING TO THE CHARITIES COMMISSION  
AND ADDING THIS CLAUSE TO THEIR CONSTITUTIONS -  
"THE AIM OF THIS CLUB IS TO INSTRUCT A PERSON IN THE USE  
OF FIREARMS TO ENABLE HIM OR HER TO AID THE DEFENCE  
OF THE REALM".

THINK ABOUT THAT ONE !!



whose story ? HIS STORY, part one

this is a song for those who are forgotten, those who never make the history books,  
this is a song for those caught in the crossfire, for those left homeless and destitute.  
for the gypsies who died in the concentration camps .  
for the hopeless children and the doctors without medicine  
for the women raped and butchered by invading forces,  
for the men who died for the crime of loving men,  
for the millions who starved to pay for the weapons,  
for the people of Tripoli,  
for the Irish children shot down for playing in the street,  
for the men shot for deserting and refusing to kill,  
for the emen who died in the generals blunders,  
for the limbless and the blind left out of the parade of shame,  
for those caught in the middle,  
for those shot by mistake,  
for those shot on purpose.  
this is a song for those who are forgotten,  
those who never make the history books,  
this is a song for those caught in the crossfire,  
for those left homeless and destitute.

19.11.83.



.o000ooo000o.

whose story ? HIS STORY, part two

august 6th is the anniversary of the american bombing of the city of Hiroshima, in Japan, in 1945. august 6th this year, 1983, was the last chance to remember this obscene act before we are once again subject to the nuclear reality of american imperialism. Forty years on and Little Boy and Fat Man have become Cruise and Pershing. Cruise and Pershing are designed to kill. They are meant to fight a nuclear war, to mit this war to the countries of europe, to maim, burn and mutilate: all in the name of "peace". Cruise missiles prove that the americans have learnt nothing, nothing at all from forty years. The american administration still believe the whole world is their battleground, they still believe they have the right to invade countries, the right to torture dissidents, the right to burn food supplies to protect the free market, the right to abuse, destroy, pollute and debase anything and anyone they see as threatening their interests. If it is for the good of america, for the protection of profit; then war is peace, slavery is freedom black is white.

lunging and grabbing, you squandered and spat, treading your way to the top of the pile. Thrusting and shoving, and lying of loving by fucking and sucking, and snatching and using, abusing and losing and loathing, for things have always been this way. such is your birthright.

they know Cruise is designed to START a war, NOT deter one from happening. They know, but they stare into the camera and talk of deterrence and defence. They know britain is their launching pad and that they control the missiles, but they stare into the camera and talk of cooperation and mutual agreement. They know the lies, but perhaps they've said the lie for so long that they no longer see it as a lie. Perhaps, for them war has BECOME peace. The american military have developed a "buzz-word" for this madness: they word for "peace" is "permanent pre-hostility". what kind of fucking insanity is this ? why did we let this distortion and abuse happen? why? these fools have been locked in the dark world of the military for so long, that the joyfull colours of the earth have become the scarred concrete battlegrounds of their warplans. The spark of humanity has died with in them, they are the living dead. they're only doing their job, they're only doing their duty, they're only killing our world. it is time for us all to say NO.

ON AUGUST 6TH, PEOPLE FROM MOL SMORTE PEACE CAMP, WITH SOME PEOPLE FROM PETERBOROUGH AND A HANDFUL OF INDIVIDUALS FROM ALL CORPERS OF THE COUNTRY, ESTABLISHED A TEMPORARY PEACE CAMP OUTSIDE U.S.A.F. ALCONBURY, IN REMEMBRANCE AND IN PROTEST, FOR FOUR DAYS WE HELD OUR VIGIL AND TOOK ACTION



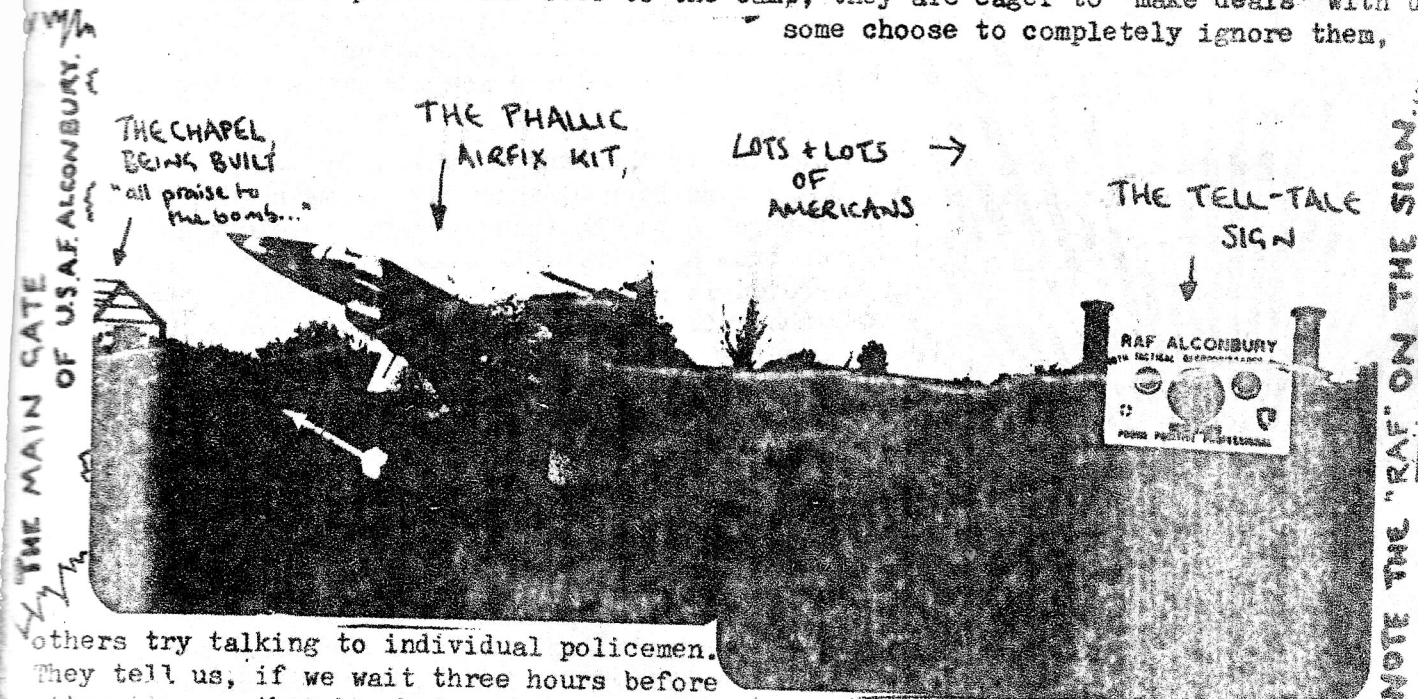
# USAF ALCONBURY

HIROSHIMA AUG 6TH - NAGASAKI AUG 9TH.

The camp was set up right outside the main entrance to the base. USAF Alconbury is a few miles from Molesworth, and is where the Molesworth missiles will be controlled from. There were two or three tents, banners hanging off the fence, a fire in half an oil drum.

at 8.15, the time of the Hiroshima bombing, about thirty of us moved into the roadway blocking both entrance and exit roads, and as we sat down the police moved forward. I was a little unsure of what to expect at this point, of what we might, or might not, achieve. The police began re-directing traffic, they left us sitting, the large and expensive american cars are directed to another gate on the base. We sit, blockading for about forty minutes, a lot of traffic is re-directed, we get a lot of verbal abuse from passing lorries and cars, the atmosphere is tense as we wait for the police response. The police chief moves out in front of us, he talks to us like we were a bunch of naughty school kids caught smoking. He tells us of our 'rights' and 'asks' us to move in five minutes. Nobody moves, nobody has any intention of moving. The blockade continues. After about ten minutes the police move in, two to each blockader, lifting them and half carrying, half dragging them to the side of the road where they are dumped onto the pavement, anyone returning will be arrested, it takes a good few minutes to clear the road..

almost at once the police come over to the camp, they are eager to 'make deals' with us, some choose to completely ignore them,



others try talking to individual policemen. They tell us, if we wait three hours before attempting another blockade, they will not arrest straight away, but will clear the road first, and only arrest those who go back and sit again. They are not being helpful or nice, they just want to keep us on the edge of frustration, knowing that if they banned ALL blockades, we would resort to other 'more direct' actions. we decide, after talking it through, to blockade both gates at midday, we know this will anger the police, we know they will immediately break the blockade, but its worth doing if we only blockade the place for a minute or two. The police follow and watch us for the next three hours, then miss at the main gate at 11:50. Half a dozen of us set off for the other gate. There is police confusion and as it dawns on them what is being planned, they send down vans to cover both gates. At midday, we blockade. ALCONBURY AIRBASE IS CLOSED! Soon the police move in, dragging people away, we know the same is happening at the other gate. The blockade is broken, but as we are cleared, another half-dozen move into our place, they too are cleared. Three of them return and sit back down, they are arrested. They are taking to waiting vans and shut inside. The police...

THERE IS NO WAY TO PEACE, PEACE IS THE WAY



# I RENOUNCE WAR

watch us, they start to take polaroids of the arrested people: something they are not allowed to do - but what does that matter, whose going to stop them? The police try to use the arrested quite openly as blackmail. They say that if we take any more action that day, then the arrested will be kept in overnight and possibly for the whole four days. Such is law and democracy. We ignore their threats, knowing that we must not allow ourselves to be blackmailed. We continue sporadic blockades, the three arrested (one aged about 16, one over 60) are charged and released that night.

When it got dark, we begin to use what became probably our most effective type of

action: the bluff. Pretending that you are going to take action, or attempt to scale the fence keeps the base on alert, the police on alert, and ensures that no-one involved working on the base can forget your presence, or why you're there. I'm condensing actions from several days, but, basically, we split up into a couple of groups of two or three and set off in different directions around the perimeter fence. After shaking off the MOD police escort, you loose yourself. The internal security and police cannot afford to risk the chance that you have entered the base (as many peace campers have done in the past). You then sit in your hideout and watch the base security go loopy: constant patrols, searchlights, police vans.

The groups then sneak their way back to the peace camp, without getting spotted and so confuse the police as to how many of you there are and how many are unaccounted for.

The most scary incident of the whole four days was when we did a rush hour blockade of the main gate. Coaches were returning to the base carrying soldiers and their families from an american football game. As we sat the police moved in and starting stopping traffic. One coach driver chose to ignore the police and drove straight at us at about 20 miles an hour. He drove straight into someone at the opposite end of the blockade to me, and they dissappered under the front of the coach before the driver finally stopped and pulled back. Some of the were laughing, most just smirked. At that point that the police coach carrying the american team still in full sports gear arrived back. shit. We are faced with a double decker bus full of huge american servicemen, so hyped up on their own machismo and post match euphoria, they act like a bunch of caged gorillas. They are furious. The bus sits revving, as they hammer on the windows and shout full blooded abuse and threats of violence against us. we were terrified they were going to let them off the bus. They are directed to the other gate, the driver begins to turn round, and as he finishes his three point turn, he swings the back of his bus into us, deliberately knocking into the blockade before pulling away. Ten minutes later the police drag us away, i'm shaken up by it all, they hate us so much they actually try to run us over. Who are these people?

We were filmed and photographed very regularly by both the police and also people inside the base. When a section of the fence mysteriously 'undid itself' and dissappeared leaving a dirty great hole, the plain close copper sneaked into the camp and began searching tents for wirecutters before we stopped him.

There are at present  
27,000 american service

personnel in Britain.

U.S.A.F. ALCONBURY.  
PEACE ACTION!





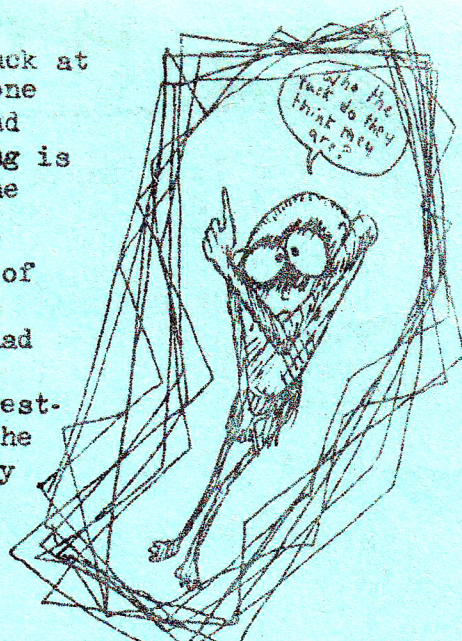
Outside Alconbury airbase is an enormous fibreglass plane stuck at a forty five degree angle, like some ridiculous airfix kit gone wrong. In the cover of darkness, some of us sneak up to it and plant wooden crosses in its shadow, the police sense something is happening and get out the infra red cameras, in the morning the crosses are gone.

The action at Alconbury wasn't all good, and there were a lot of problems that came up, but that doesn't take away from what we achieved. On the anniversaries of Hiroshima and Nagasaki we had made a permanent protest and vigil at an American airbase. We had made our opposition to their war plans clear. We had protested publicly and physically put ourselves between them and the smooth running of the war machine. Sure, the action was mainly symbolic, but the more people that become involved, the more effective the actions will become.

WE CRAM 250,000 PEOPLE INTO HYDE PARK TO LISTEN TO SPEECHES, GREAT.

30 PEOPLE PUT THOSE IDEAS INTO PRACTICE AT ALCONBURY AND MOLESWORTH.

it is time that more people sensed their own strength.



**STOP PRESS: AS OF JANUARY 15th 1984 — A NEW AND PERMANENT PEACE CAMP WILL BE SET UP AT USAF ALCONBURY.**



visit it!

INSTEAD OF DOING "YET ANOTHER FANZINE ROUND-UP", WE'VE DECIDED TO LOOK AT A FEW MAGAZINES, PAMPHLETS, AND WRITTEN BITS AND PIECES THAT HAVE COME OUT RECENTLY —

#### VIOLENCE AND NON-VIOLENT ACTION.



a short and really well written 'broadsheet' about non-violent direct action. it looks at 'mobilising our anger', 'dealing with situations of violence or potential violence' and 'protecting ourselves' amongst other things. its really easy to read and is really practical. one of the best sections is on responses to police violence and what to do if you're attacked. like one of the graphics says, "behaving nonviolently doesn't mean you will not get hurt...", sadly true.... copies of this excellent broadsheet are free from 14, MORNINGTON GROVE, LONDON E3.

#### REVENGE OF THE RAPED.

the most honest and open mag on sexism that i've read in ages. issue three, the most recent, is written entirely by women and includes things on rape, fucking, Thrush, menstruation, sexual violence, greenham common, veganism, abortion and a lot of really biting humour. essential reading for all 'FUCK the system hardcores'. please read it: its 20p + sae from LINDA, 43 PITTCRIEFF ST, DUNFERMLINE, FIFE. KY12 8AJ.

#### THE RIGHT NOT TO WORK.

a piece by piece destruction of the work ethic. "We can destroy the ethic of a days work for a days pay. We can banish mindless labour forever. If something needs doing we will do it, not because we are paid to do it. Not because we are forced to do it, but because it is to our own good". Buy loads to give out at your local dole office. 10p + sae from SOUTHVIEW HOUSE, 60 CARR CROFTS, LEEDS. LS 12 3HB.

#### PANIK.

amazing stuff! truly brilliant. a monthly-ish anarchist, pacifist, activist, vegan, feminist rag from Sheffield. i've seen half a dozen issues and they are all great. includes things on recent actions, recipes, reviews, cartoons... the whole thing is really inspiring and positive. WOW, WHEN DO WE ATTACK!!! take out a subscription — 20p +sae from Panik C/O 96A COWLISHAW RD, HUNTERS BAR, SHEFFIELD S11 8XH.

YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD , bitterly truthful pamphlet from CRASS, PO BOX 279, LONDON N22 4NU.







# WHY DO YOU THINK THAT THEY ARE LAUGHING?

The british public is still being sold the lie of deterrence. the british public is still swallowing that lie. It works something like this: "the russians wont fire weapons at us 'cos we can hit them back just as hard, the americans wont fire at the russians 'cos they can hit THEM back just as hard". Sounds like 10 year olds in a playground, doesn't it? - but this simple tit-for-tat threat known as Mutually Assured Destruction (or MAD for short, was in operation for years.

i say WAS in operation, because it no longer is. Despite what we're told every day in the papers, the american military threw all ideas of deterrence and MAD out of the window years ago. Deterrence is no longer the policy of NATO. The british public is still being sold the lie, the british public is still swallowing that lie.

THE AMERICAN MILITARY HAVE A LONG HISTORY OF INSANITY  
AND PLAIN STUPIDITY, IT GOES SOMETHING LIKE THIS....

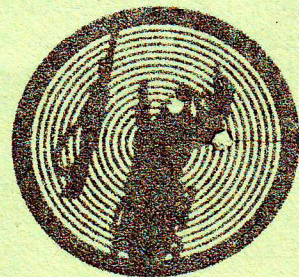
at the end of World War Two there was a short period when only America had any nuclear weapons at all, but by the early 60's both the USA and the USSR had developed and manufactured large numbers of weapons. They were pretty primitive by modern slaughter standards - inaccurate, unreliable and slow, but they served their purpose. Each side aimed their weapons at the others cities: the policy of MAD was supposed to be operating. But, as always throughout our bloody history, the military wanted deadlier and more obscene toys to play with and dream of, more battlegrounds to work out, more war games to drool over. So, the arms race continued, both sides desperate to gain an edge over the other. As the weapons became more accurate and were easier to target on smaller areas, new ideas dawned in military minds. They worked out that if they targetted the 'enemy's' military installations, their communication networks as well as their cities, then they could have a whole series of battleplans that were possible. "instead of one, giant wargasm of all our weapons", they reasoned, "maybe in a staged and planned escalation we could use one or two at a time, a kind of slow build up. I mean we could always back down".

This new insanity was called the 'flexible response doctrine' - the concept of a limited nuclear war. From the start this new idea was completely impracticable and could never possibly work, but then since when have the military had any grasp of reality ???

The accuracy of the weapons grew, the war fighting plans of the american administration grew: knocking out military installations, small wars, picking out prime targets, destroying 'enemy' missiles on the ground.

SO WHILE THEY NATO ALLIES CONTINUED TO FEED US BULLSHIT ABOUT PEACE KEEPING, THE AMERICAN MILITARY WERE HELLBENT ON ARMING THEMSELVES WITH THE MEANS TO FIGHT THE WAR TO END ALL.

## DETERRENCE IS DEAD.



uddenly it occured to the american administration that if they were in a position to pick out particular targets and destroy them in a war, then they were just as able to make an initial 'first strike' on those targets and destroy the 'enemy' before the war even started. The possibility of a first strike grew, the prospect of a nuclear war more and more inevitable.



the present deployment of Cruise and Pershing are part of the military build up towards the potential of an undefeatable first strike. You can read for yourself elsewhere about the individual weapons and technology of this new madness, it sickens and appalls me and i don't want to go through it all again here, its the overall strategy that's important.

IN THIRTY YEARS WE'VE MOVED FROM THE POLICY OF 'MAD', TO THE 'FLEXIBLE RESPONSE', AND NOW WE'RE ON A HEAD ON COLLISION COURSE FOR 'FIRST STRIKE'. THIRTY YEARS AGO IT DIDN'T MATTER WHO PRESSED THE BUTTON FIRST, IN A FEW YEARS NEITHER SIDE WILL BE ABLE TO BE THE ONE WHO PRESSES THE BUTTON SECOND.

the first-strike plans.

in a time of international crisis, both side will expect the other to fire first.

America launches a full-scale assault - a "first strike". it sends its fastest, most accurate weapons to destroy the land based nuclear weapons in the Warsaw Pact countries; within a matter of minutes the weapons have reached their targets, 90% of the land based weapons have been blown up. as this is happening, american satellites seek out and destroy the russian tracking and defence system satellites, and other missiles destroy the command and communication structures of the russian military. the final part of the attack is the anti-submarine nuclear missiles which pick out and blow up the sea based weapons systems. the whole attack takes place at the same time; russia is completely destroyed, defenceless and unable to hit back. the few weapons that do escape are 'mopped up' by the anti-ballistic missile systems before they reach the U.S.A.

this is the dream of the first strike.

this is the ultimate nightmare, in a few years the satellite and submarine systems will have developed enough to make this nightmare a reality.

world war three will last a couple of hours.

the danger is in the nature of the weapons. as they become more and more sophisticated, the arms race becomes more and more unstable. Don't get weighed down with all this crap about deterrence, i repeat :

DETERRENCE IS NOT NATO POLICY.

ONCE we're in a position where both sides have to fire first, and neither side side can fire second, then WAR IS INEVITABLE.

WE have to stop the military before they reach this horror of 'first strike', we have so much to do and so little time left. There IS nowhere else to run.

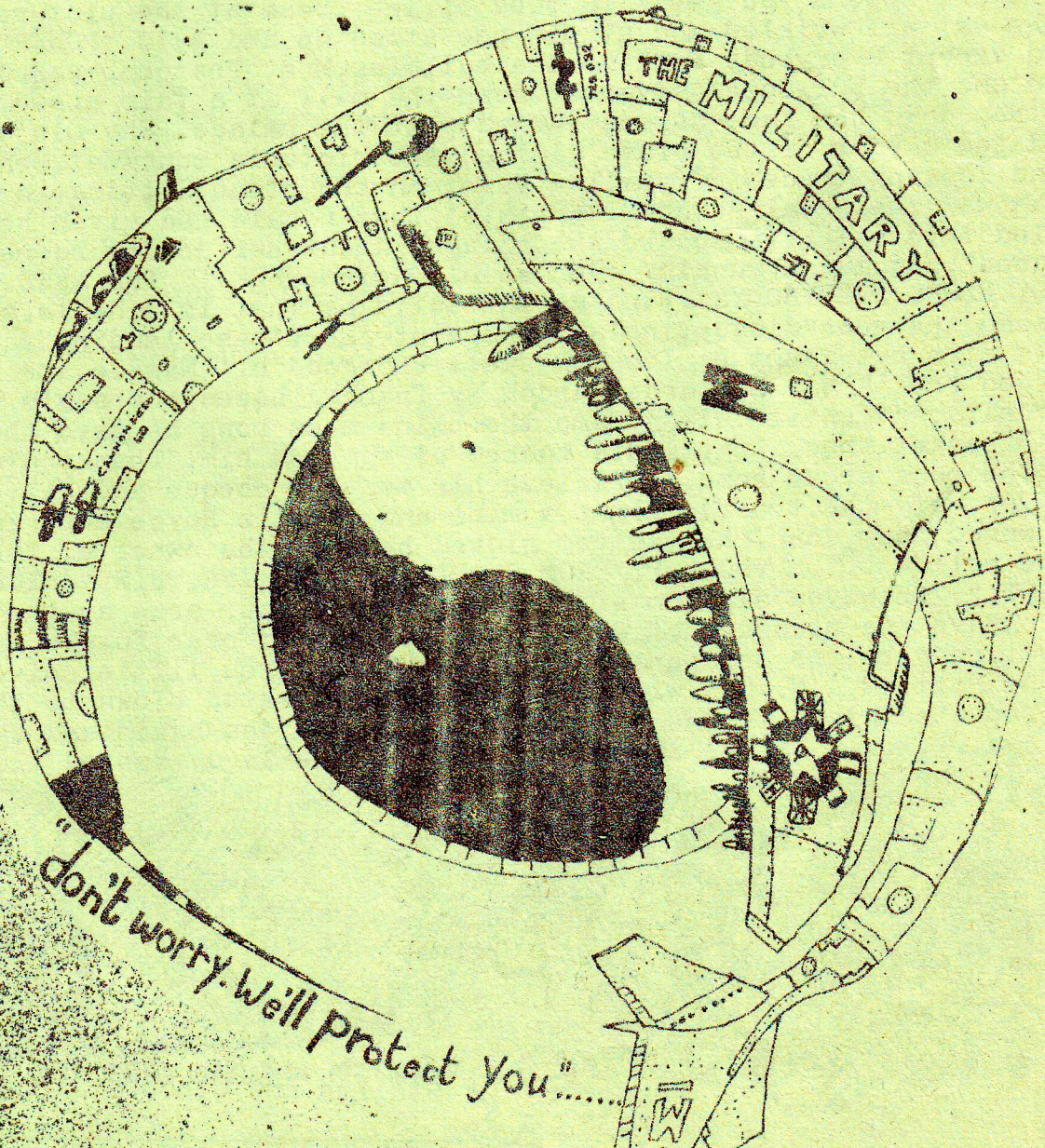


### DEALING WITH DESPAIR

(i wrote this as soon as i could after i ran headlong into the morning convoy of police and workers at Greenham Common, when i was doing transport for women during a week long blockade of the base. i don't think i have ever felt as desolate or hopeless as i did when that happened. the text is as i wrote it then, i have not altered it at all. i print it not to depress or deflate anyone, just as a statement of how i felt at the time - and how i expressed feelings of utter hopelessness and powerlessness)

"i drove straight into the convoy. Out of the blue gate and wham there it was. A policeman put his hand up to tell me to stop. i drive on. There it is. Police van after police van. i drive the car in a mock attempt to pass them, and then stop, blocking their progress. Panic and fear on my part. i'm by me bloody self. A man in a car at Greenham and this fucking convoy is facing me. Momentary pause while they wait for me to drive on. Army truck drivers wave me to the side, i wave them back in return. Thank. another bus. i stop. he stops. Men in the front of the bus get up. He gets agitated. He edges forward again. The convoy is slipping past. I weave slowly down the convoy, vainly and pathetically trying to look as though i'll nudge them. i get my very own police man. i wind down the window. i will not look at him. 'stay there until the convoy passes, right?'. i wind up the window. He threatens me with arrest and leaves. The army jerks grin and move forward. the convoy is gone. i drive on. Getting nearer home i try singing and the pain of Upper Heyford returns. Tears, unstoppable, driving on automatic - choking on the words to 'Major General Despair Utter defeat, helplessness, rage, contempt, will we ever win? i cannot let them. i cannot stop them. the missiles have already done much of their killing. we die every day in the knowledge of them. Trivia, trivia bloody trivia - washing up, talking, cooking. "i can less and less withstand the pain". Love and anger seem so little in the face of what they plan and do. we become desperate. we hide. we survive. hope? little. We go on. we cannot let them, we cannot stop them. i have a moral obligation to MYSELF to try, regardless of whatever or whoever else. i am he. i write, i play, i too hide. we go on into the darkness. i have no doubt we have the strength. if they drop it we bloody well do deserve it. why don't people see? why is it so easy not to bother, not to care? Cortinas and crap. T.V. and jobs. Prick and cunt friction. Beer and piss and hangover. It is not a game".

6th July 1983.





# ARGLEMURGH!

a tale of power by P.J.HEDGEHOG and PRICKLY ENID III

ARGLEMURGLEBLAH!, said the incandescent poodle as it arranged its contract with EMI. And verily the poodle pissed on the chairleg and went off to throw bricks at a gaggle of A and R men from the CBS tribe who were busy stealing seed from the pigeons in Trafalgar Square. "GRUNT", said the plastic gnome as he hanglided to a halt on the roof of the South African embassy. "Ah that's better", he thought as he burnt the grimy flag and dropped rotten peaches on the fleeing diplomats and businessmen who were there to sign a nice pink contract to exchange tanks and assault rifles for plastic imitation indian skin wallets for keeping invalid credit cards and garroting cheesewires in. "My my!", thought the clerk as he threw reams of express bone out of the Stock Exchange window. He giggled as the tramps chased the police out of the parks with 20 foot long W.H. Smith pocket staplers. THE POLICE WERE LATER FORCED TO DRINK THE SERPENTINE. Meanwhile the Queen had gone, the horse guards helped themselves to her wine while the horses slept peacefully in her 18th century bed. IN the distance emerald green plastic litter bins with long bony plastic legs ran, for the 40th time, at the doors of Parliament. They carried lamposts and used them as battering rams, "And again!!!", they moaned as the shock of hitting the thick oak and iron doors buckled the lamp posts and sent 4 bins hurtling into the air where they sprouted shimmering green wings. On seeing this they flapped up to Big Ben where they issued false statements about the economy to the rabid, polyester clad hordes of american tourists who hacked lumps off the tower with sledgehammers, axes, drills and those small spoons you get with tubs of ice cream at the pictures. Inside the MPs sat all wrinkled and stupid one stood up and said "POWER". Everybody agreed except everybody outside the building. Mrs. Thatcher eased the throttle forward and the bulldozer advanced down the mall at a fair speed. A bead of sweat ran down her face as she turned past the palace. She misjudged her turn and leaving traces of yellow paint on the stone. Sitting in her silky handbag was the pearl handed .45 pistol that Ronald had given her. AS she trundled into Belgrave square she thought about her job (murderer.) "The pay very good", she mused running over an old woman. HERE IS THE NEWS. THE NEWS, NOT ANYBODY ELSE. EVERYBODY!.. (inside the building that is) Hello, said the blind man, seen the news? disgusting! all those strikers! base lending rate, disgusting exports sigh but wasn't Di looking swell eh? good ol' Maggie she showed those Kraut Red Frog Argie Bastards (pardon my french) those poor seals we must have a petition it so sad isn't it? Along came the blind mans boss he gave the man his wage packet then emptied a bucket of shit on him. "Thankyou" said the blind man. The boss drove home to receive his monthly cheque and silver pail of shit. STOP said the traffic light a mini and a Rolls Royce kept going. The policeman waved them down. The velvet gloved hand of the owner of the Rolls held out the police bribe voucher ("FROM SHOPLIFTING TO GBH, THIS VOUCHERS WORTH IT S WRIGHT!") "Thankyou sir! I'm afraid I can't lick your arse at the moment but I hope to have the pleasure of doing so in the very near future, drive safely sir" He turned to the occupant of the mini "Right you little snivelling shit" said the Police M.A.N. Out with the truncheon, repeated blows to the head and torso, repeated kicks to the groin and legs again and again and again and again and again..... In the EMI complex a cleaning lady dusted the stuffed poodle in the boardroom.





In Catalyst 5 we mentioned plans we had to put together a booklet on direct action, containing ideas, thoughts, warnings and tips on the various type of active protest that people had been involved in. The response to our plea for articles was far too small to warrant putting out the booklet, so we're including some of these articles in this issue, with love and thanks to the few people who bothered.

"This is what happened at the blockade of Upper Heyford and some things which might be useful to know.

We organised ourselves into groups of 5 or 6 and learnt eachothers names. One person was chosen (no voting - voting immediately leads to a split and hierachical structure forming within the group.) to act as a **LEGAL OBSERVER**.

This person stays away from police confrontation and takes the name of anyone in their group who is arrested, and the number of the policeperson who arrested them. This way no-one taking part in the demonstration can be arrested without fellow protesters knowing about it.

A **CONTACT NUMBER** is necessary. Each person on the demonstration writes the phone number of a person who will be available on the phone at **ALL** the time that the demonstration is taking place, on their arm, leg, or any part of their body. This person can contact a lawyer, friends and fellow subversives etc. You will only get one phone call from the police station, (if you're lucky).

Try to stay together as a group and help eachother. All this may sound petty, but it is very vital, as you will find out while being kicked and pushed into the back of a police van.

#### HOW DO YOU BLOCKADE ?

Sitting down in front of lorries etc, is an established way, and it works. If the police try to drag you away there are a number of ways in which you can resist.

1. GO COMPLETELY LIMP.
2. STIFFEN UP AND GO TENSE.
3. ROLL UP INTO A BALL.
4. GRAB HOLD AND LINK ARMS WITH A PERSON NEAR TO YOU.



This last is the most effective, if you can get a large number of people to link together, it will hassle the police and make the blockade last longer.

If there are only two of you around, this is a good way of linking and it is very difficult for the police to seperate you -



#### ARREST

So you've been nicked, what do you do ? Here are some things which may help.

1. The police must tell you why you've been nicked, although they probably wont, (it's pretty obvious why if you're blockading an airbase). (THE USUAL CHARGE IS 'WILFUL OBSTRUCTION OF THE HIGHWAY' - Catalyst.)
2. You do NOT have the right to a phone call, this is only standard police practice. If the police say they are too busy (and they probably will), they will not give you a phone call.
3. You have the absolute right to silence. Give your name an address, you've nothing to loose by not giving it.
4. When you sign for the contents of your pockets, make sure you sign directly below the last item on the list, not at the bottom, so that nothing can be added later.
5. You have the right to writing materials - you may have to insist but it is worth it. Take notes of what happens, what is said and who said it, put on the date,



time and sign it. This may certainly be useful in court.

6. Do NOT make any statements until you have spoken to a solicitor, the police can twist your words against you.
7. NEVER make any deals with the police - they will benefit from it - you, almost certainly will not."

CONSIDER THIS A DANGER EVERYTHING  
YOU ARE DOING IS REALLY VERY FRIGHTENING

GERTRUDE STONE

So, "direct action", this is what its all supposed to be about, yes ?

O.K., here are a few thoughts and reflections on some of the actions i've been involved in and some of the things, i've learnt. i'm not setting myself up as someone "who knows", i'm just trying to share some ideas with you.

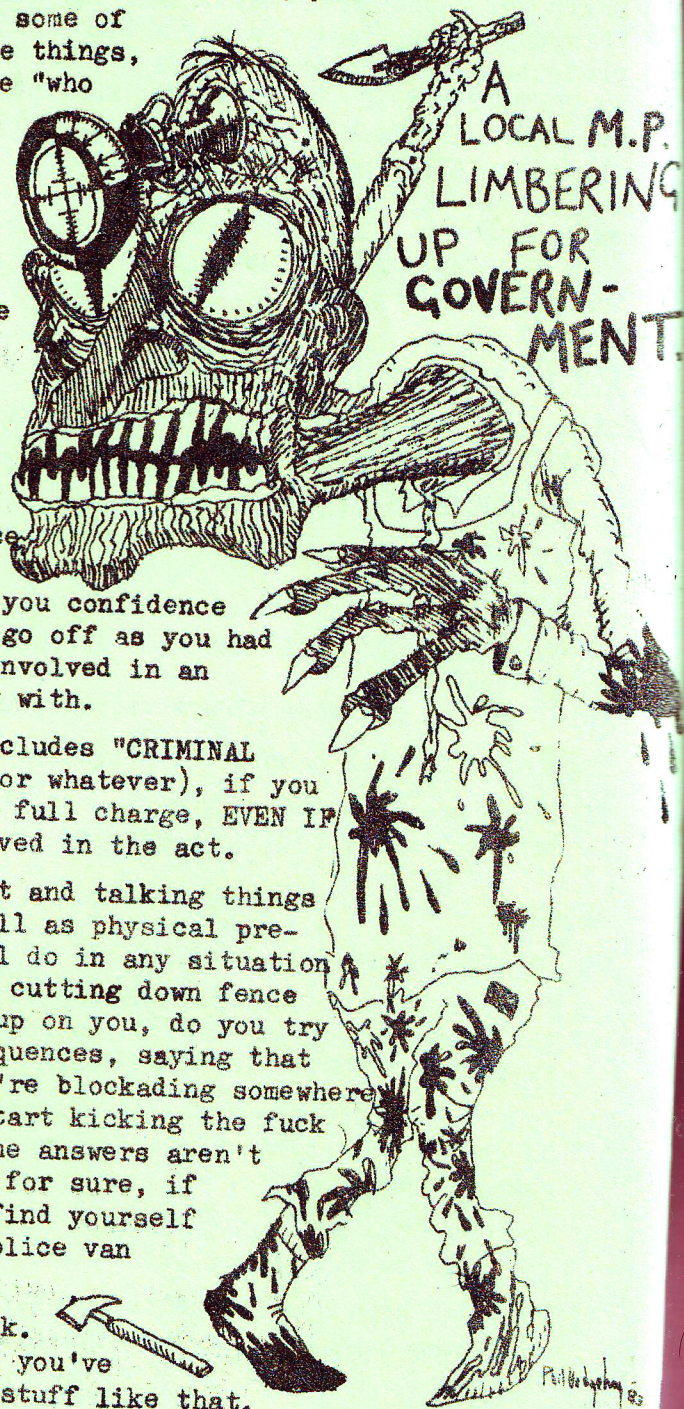
The two essential parts of any action, i reckon, are TRUST and PREPERATION, without them, your actions are liable to fail, get out of your control or escalate into violence.

What do i mean by trust? well, simply that you've got to trust the people you're working with, and they've got to know and trust you. That's not as simple as it sounds ! You've got to be open and honest with eachother - admitting when you're frightened or scared, and talking through how you would react in different situations. ie. how would you react to lengthy confinement in a police cell with nothing you could eat? This is so important. Sit down and talk it through, it'll give you confidence and will make your action so much more likely to go off as you had hoped. There is nothing so frightening as being involved in an action with people you don't know or aren't happy with.

REMEMBER: if you're involved in an action that includes "CRIMINAL DAMAGE" (be it fence cutting, graffiti, painting or whatever), if you are caught, chances are you'll get stuck with the full charge, EVEN IF you were only the look-out and weren't even involved in the act.

Now, PREPERATION. This is all linked in with trust and talking things through, but there is more to it than that. As well as physical preperation, you need to suss out exactly what you'll do in any situation that is likely to come up. For example, if you're cutting down fence at an airbase and suddenly the searchlights come up on you, do you try to run for it ? or do you stay and face the consequences, saying that your action was perfectly legitimate ! Or, if you're blockading somewhere and the police start wading in with batons - or start kicking the fuck out of some one, what will you do ? You'll find the answers aren't as obvious as they might first appear. One things for sure, if you don't work out how you'll respond, you could find yourself in the middle of a punch up or in the back of a police van charged with assault.

It's a really good idea, if your action goes of o.k. to meet up afterwards and discuss it - things that you've learnt, how you felt, ideas for the next one, and stuff like that.



GOOD LUCK . HAVE FUN. BE STRONG, LETS GET ON WITH IT.



"NOT NO MEAT ? "

" GOD, YOU MUST GET BORED EATING RAW LETTUCE "

" DON'T YOU MISS IT, WHAT REALLY ? YOU MUST DO."

Eating the flesh of other animals is seen as so completely normal in our society, that anyone who decides stop meat eating is looked upon as a crank or an idiot. Most people just can't imagine what they'd eat other than meat and two veg. They find it really hard to accept that anyone could possibly eat an interesting diet that doesn't include meat. They don't understand, and so they respond in the way that most people do when faced with something they don't understand: they ridicule it. Those who've never eaten a decent vegetarian meal in their life, suddenly see themselves as an expert on your eating habits: "oh, you don't get enough protein" "god, you can't eat anything, can you ?" "salads and that, innit, pretty dull eh?" and on and on.

If you're interested in trying a diet without meat, you're going to have to give it a little thought. You can't just stop eating meat and just 'eat the vegetables' cos you wont get the right intake of vitamins and stuff. You going to have to start treating food differently. For a start, most people only boil vegetables as a way of cooking them (and boil them till they're soggy and tasteless). There are loads of other ways of cooking and preparing vegetables, and loads of ways of flavouring and spicing them.

Your diet will be a lot healthier than a meat eaters if you keep it well balanced, but it's worth looking into protein and carbohydrate and vitamin intakes to make sure you're getting the right measure of things. It's very much a case of trial and error, finding out what you like and what suits you best. there is no 'perfect' vegetarian diet, it's down to what you want and what feels right for you.

Below are a couple of recipe ideas that you might try, and adapt, at the end are a couple of addresses that might also be of use.

MEAT IS ANIMALS BLOOD, WE'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO SPILL IT. OF COURSE WE ONLY EAT THE THING, BUT I BET WE COULDN'T KILL IT.

### munch along a sanction

CURRY is a good one and it needn't be burning hot if you don't like spicy food. Have a look what fresh vegetables you've got, any lentils and beans will help too. A tin of tomatoes would be good.

### vegetables

onions, carrots, peppers, mushrooms, potatoes, red/white cabbage, peas, runner beans, cucumber.

vegetable oil, marmite (or other yeast extract), curry powder, other spices, rice.

wash the spuds and put them on to cook in some salted water while you get the rest of the stuff ready. Put your lentils on to simmer



as well, you needn't cook them all seperately just chuck the in one big pan. Clean and chop up all the vegetables and you are ready to go !! Find a pan large enough (frying pan?casserole dish) and pour the oil in, enough to cover the bottom and a bit more besides. Spoon in the curry powder and/or whatever spices you're using and fry them for a minute. Put in all the soft vegetables (mushrooms onions courgettes) and fry. You may need to add a bit more oil at this point. If the spuds feel soft when you stick a fork in them, take them off the heat, strain and chop up into smaller bits ready to add them. Pour in the tin of tomatoes and mash round. Add the spuds and the lentils and keep stirring. If it looks like there is not enough liquid, make up a 'stock' with some marmite (or other yeast extract, NOT BOVRIL!!) and add that to the curry. Put in the rest of the vegetables. Cook for about 15 minutes and keep stirring so it doesn't stick. Taste it. If it's too mild add more powder, if it burns your mouth out, then add some more stock. You can eat it by itself, or have it with rice. (To cook rice, take a handful of brown rice for each person, bring to boil in saucepan, and simmer for about 40 minutes. You may need to add more water now and again.)

### SAVOURY PIE

THIS can be made from any vegetables you've got and any leftovers too!

vegetables - whatever you've got, potatoes for sure though.

oil, herbs, marmite, wholemeal flour, soysauce.

Chop up all the vegetables into small pieces. Pour a little oil into a pan and put onto the heat. Put in all the veg and stir round. When it starts heating through, add salt and pepper and herbs mint, majoram, sage...whatever. Turn down the heat slightly and put on the lid. the veg will now cook in their own steam. stir occassionally and keep an eye on them. chop up the spuds into round thinnish slices (sort of halfway between crisps and chips). if you haven't got a chip pan (or if the chip pan is full of lard) put a fair bit of oil into a frying pan and add the spuds when it gets quite hot. Fry the spuds until they are turning golden brown.

the vegetables in the pan should be quite tender by now, so turn them off. Now, you're going to make gravy.

In a small saucepan mix together two or three spoonfulls of oil with some flour until it makes a sloppy paste. Put on a low heat and add water to it slowly. keep stirring to avoid lumps. when you've got half a pint or so, add in some salt and a tablespoon full of marmite and some soy sauce. heat through for a bit and keep tasting it and adding to



your own taste. it may take a couple of times to get this just right.

Find a casserole dish or oven proof pan. spoon in all the veg and then pour in your gravy till it comes up to the top of the veg. place your spuds over the top of this lot and cover the whole pan. if you've loads of chips left over, either eat them or add another layer to the pie. put in the oven on about half heat and cook for half an hour until the chips look fully golden. Eat.

## SALADS !!

Most people when they think of salads, think of a straggly bit of lettuce and half a tomato with three slices of wafer thin cucumber. Yuk, boring!!

Try cucumber, cabbage, onion, tomato, courgette, peppers, mushrooms, apple, banana - whatever fruit and vegetables you've got, all chopped up raw.

Nuts - hazelnuts, unsalted peanuts, walnuts.

Kidney beans go down well. (soak overnight, then cook for a good  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr)

Mix up all the stuff together. Add a tin of corn if you've got one. Also a tin of baked beans, (try it !)

If you've any rice left over from the night before add that and stir it in. You can get ready made salad dressing, but they're very expensive. It's cheap and easy to make your own. Mix up some vegetable oil with some vinegar and salt and pepper. Add fresh or dried herbs, (mint is a good one). Mix thoroughly and pour over the salad and mix in.

Try a salad sandwich in some 'pitta bread' or salad with chips, or by itself.

@ A lot of whole food/health shops sell 'soya' products, to replace meat in meals. It's a case of trial and error. Some taste lovely. Others like Paxo and bird seed. A good one is SOSMIX, by Granose. You can make burgers with it. To make it go further, mix in oats or cornmeal. Add herbs to taste.

@ It's very expensive to buy lentils and beans in healthfood shops. Try smaller corner shops and Indian shops, they're usually a lot cheaper.

# # # # #

FOR MORE INFORMATION, HELP, SUPPORT, ENCOURAGEMENT, AND RECIPES, write to:

The Vegetarian Society, 53 Marloes Road, London W8.

The Vegan Society, 47 Highlands Road, Leatherhead, Surrey.

for a compilation cassette, booklet, newspapers, stickers and leaflets on the suffering of animals and what you can do about it, send £1.50 to THE ANIMALS PACKET, sky and trees tapes, southview house, 60 Carr Crofts

Leeds.



it's so easy for them to control us as individuals.

isolated and alone, it's difficult to maintain any level of resistance.

we are tricked, bullied and forced into complying, or, are so weighed down with the apathy, indifference and the fear of standing out that we don't dare stand against the tide.

our belief in ourselves, and the few REAL friends that we are fortunate enough to make are our only real sources of strength.

it's so hard to remain a determined individual in such a bleak environment, when our attempts at communication are met with hostility or by people buttoning themselves up for the fear of letting go.

we are strong.

we are vulnerable.

we are both because we try to be real and we try to be alive.

all people have an enormous resource of personal strength and initiative. it is so sad to realize how few people ever manage to tap into those resources.

a superficial understanding of 'how wrong' THINGS OUT THERE are, without seeing the personal/sexual/mental/ side of the problem, in the end, only succeeds in strengthening those in control.

we are able to express dissent, but because we never let that protest come into our personal lives, we are never able to pose any real threat at all.

we must realize the extent of the problem.

they are driving us deeper and deeper into isolation, further away from each other and further away from ourselves. we shun, we push back, we shrink away, we comply with their desire. the idiot who walks the street with their personal stereo wrapped oh so neatly around their consciousness, lost in the dream world of rock and roll. the zombie who programmes their very own robot my on their very own computer terminal, drifting more and more, losing ourselves in the world of high tech. the new technology is being skillfully and carefully manipulated not to assist and help us, but to make us easier and easier to deal with. every home with its own selection of video so the family don't go out. every home with its own Datapost to shop with, so the family don't go out. we've welcome big brother with open arms.

YA-HOO, THE VIDEO EMPIRES STRUCK BACK, KICKED YOUR MIND ON ITS PROVERBIAL ARSE / BLOOD AND GUTS FOR THE GUT LESS // CHAINSAW DEATH IN THE LIVING ROOM // BRAIN DEATH IN THE BEDROOM // REAL DEATH IN THE DINING ROOM // DIFFERENT NAMES FOR THE SAME OLD GAME // BRAIN FUCK DEATHTHROES FOR THE HARD OF THINKING // HIGH STREET FANTASY SELLERS // MAGNETIC TAPE MORTUARIES // GLOSSY SHIT // UNDER THE COUNTER HARD CORE SNUFF - REAL PAIN // A REAL HIGH // A REAL BIG KICK // 3 VIDEO SHOPS TO EVERY SMALL TOWN // ORWELLS BEEN LET DOWN - YOUVE LET IT HAPPEN -



**YOU'RE  
ALREADY DEAD.**



IN THE SHADOWS OF THE MISSILES WE ALL DIE A LITTLE EVERY DAY.  
THE GREYING WORLD OF GREYING PEOPLE WE STRUGGLE TO  
HANDLE THE LIGHT. IT'S TOO EASY TO AVOID RESPONSIBILITY  
FOR WHAT HAPPENS IN OUR WORLD. SKIP IT ON DOWN  
THE LINE --- "NO, NO, NOTHING TO DO WITH ME"

WHAT KIND OF SELF DECEPTION DO WE, THE PEOPLE, CARRY OUT  
ON OURSELVES THAT WE SIT IDLE IN THE FACE OF WHAT  
THEY CREATE ?

personal lobotomies performed daily that enable us to hide from the  
enormity of ugliness and violence we are confronted with.

NO, NOT ME, SAID THE BUTCHER AS THE BLADE CAME CRUNCHING  
ON THROUGH BONE AND MUSCLE. NO, NOT ME, SAID THE  
SQUADDIE AS ANOTHER CHILD CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR FROM THE  
ACT OF HIS PLASTIC BULLET. SHE STARTED IT. SAID THE  
PIST. IF THEY DON'T LIKE IT, THEY DON'T HAVE TO BUY  
IT. SAID THE PORNOGRAPHER. JUST OBEYING ORDERS.  
SAID THE POLICE WOMAN.

fuck off. fuck off you shits. you refuse to see reality when it confronts you  
face to face. you know the truth but you wont act, you realize your guilt  
but you'll be back tomorrow.



what goes through the mind of the police as they drag away the  
heavy bodies of peace blockaders? more dead weight to shift? more  
meat to pull aside?  
i see no spark of humanity in the rifled squaddie who sits behind  
razored barbed wire. i can feel no compassion when i see the  
police vans. i may feel pity and sorrow, but despair must give way  
to tactics. fuck you sunshine this is my life, you have neither the  
right nor the power to deny me. i will live and be alone, rather  
than submit to your insults and let myself die. go on, fuck off  
back to your trivia, exist in your barren nothingness. convince  
yourself your alright, jack. But does the image ever crack, jack?  
But don't you ever wonder why, beneath the layers of smiles, gloss  
and promotion, the shit smells as rancid as ever. Do you ?

HERE I STAND IN LOVE AND RAGE. MY LIFE IS MY RESPONSIBILITY.  
YOUR GUILT IS YOUR CROSS, BUT YOU'LL CRUXIFY ME ALL THE SAME.

you may drag us away but we'll return.  
you may lock us up but we'll be out again.  
you may ridicule us but that just shows your fear.

together with our passion and our strength we stand before you. we are not giving  
up and we are not going away. this is not a game, we are you. you could be yourself  
if you wanted.

our love empowers us, our rage strenghtens us. Love and rage, love and rage.

THEY LET THEMSELVES DIE. WE TRY TO LIVE.



# Non-Violent Direct Action Notes:



A FEW FINAL THOUGHTS!

## 1. DONT DO ANYTHING YOU ARE NOT READY FOR.

DONT LET ANYONE PUSH YOU INTO AN ACTION THAT YOU DONT WANT TO DO. WE ALL HAVE OUR OWN LEVELS OF UNCERTAINTY, DONT RUSH YOURSELF. TRY THINGS IN STAGES AND GAIN SOME CONFIDENCE IN YOUR OWN PERSONAL STRENGTH. IF YOU'VE NEVER TRIED FLYPOSTING OR LEAFLETING BEFORE, THEN MORE 'DIRECT' AND RISKY ACTIONS MIGHT LEAVE YOU FRIGHTENED AND CONFUSED. ONLY YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE READY FOR.

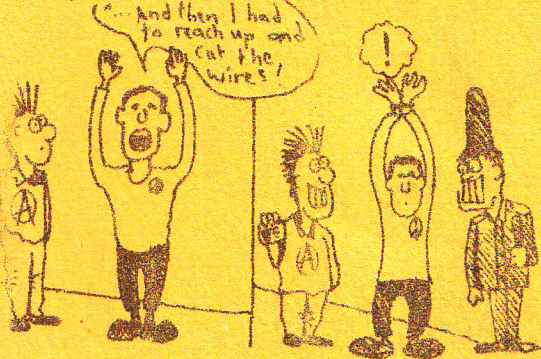
## 2. DONT GET YOURSELF NICKED FOR THE SAKE OF IT

TO MY MIND THERE'S NO POINT IN GETTING YOURSELF IF YOU CAN AVOID IT. OBVIOUSLY, IN SOME ACTIONS, <sup>ARRESTED</sup> THERE IS A GREAT RISK OF ARREST, SOMETIMES ITS ALMOST CERTAIN - ITS A CASE OF WHETHER YOU THINK THE ACTION IS WORTH THAT OR NOT. BUT IN CASES WHERE PEOPLE DELIBERATELY GET NICKED, I THINK THERE'S AN ELEMENT OF EGO - TRIPPING GOING ON. WE ARE MUCH MORE OF A THREAT AT LIBERTY, THAN WE ARE WHEN WE'RE IN A POLICE CELL...



## 3. DONT GET YOURSELF HURT FOR THE SAKE OF IT

THIS APPLIES SPECIALLY AT BLOCKADES. MUCH OF THE TIME YOU'VE NO CONTROL OVER POLICE VIOLENCE AND BRUTALITY (AND MAKE NO MISTAKE - FOR EVERY CHEERY FIRED BOBBY THERE ARE HALF A DOZEN HARD HEADED THUGS WHO ENJOY CAUSING YOU PAIN), BUT WE CAN MINIMIZE THE DAMAGE THEY CAN DO. WE DONT WANT, OR NEED MARTYRS. CHALLENGE THE POLICE VERBALLY, DEMAND TO KNOW WHY THEY ARE TRYING TO HURT YOU, LOOK THEM STRAIGHT IN THE EYE. WE'RE NOT LUMPS OF FLESH, WE DONT HAVE TO MEELY ACCEPT THEIR VIOLENCE.



## 4. DONT BRAG ABOUT ACTIONS

WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN THIS FOR PERSONAL GLORY. IF YOU BRAG ABOUT WHAT YOU'VE DONE YOU'LL JUST GET YOURSELF NICKED. DONT TALK, DO. IF YOU BECOME ACTIVE, CHANCES ARE THEY'LL TAP YOUR PHONE, AND THEY'LL ALMOST CERTAINLY SEARCH YOUR MAIL. TAKE CARE, ITS NOT A GAME.

## 5. LETS DO IT. IT IS TIME FOR DESPAIR TO END AND TACTICS TO BEGIN. WE HAVE THE STRENGTH, WE HAVE THE POWER, OUR ACTIONS CAN AND THEY WILL HAVE AN EFFECT.