

Waiter, I came in here for breakfast, you haven't served me yet and now it's lunchtime, perhaps I could order supper.

CHRIST – THE ALBUM

Steve Ignorant vocals
 Joy de Vivre. vocals on Birth Control and Sentiment
 Peeve Libido. backing vocals
 Phil Free lead guitar and synthesizer of Sentiment
 Sri Hari Nana B.A rhythm sitar
 Sybil Right. bass
 Elvis Rimbaud drums and radio
 G. Sus. tape collages
 Strings on Reality Whitewash by Paul Ellis and The Southern Symphonietta.

Side 1

Have a Nice Day
 Mother Love
 Nineteen Eighty Bore
 I Know There Is Love
 Beg Your Pardon
 Birth Control 'n' Rock 'n'
 Roll
 Reality Whitewash

Side 2

It's The Greatest Working
 Class Rip-off
 Deadhead
 You Can Be Who?
 Buy Now Pay As You Go
 Rival Tribal Revel Rebel
 (Pt. 2)
 Bumhooler
 Sentiment (White Feathers)
 Major General Despair

Christ – The Album was recorded and mixed at Southern Studios, London, between July 1981 and February 1982. All material was engineered by John Loder and produced by Crass. The poster was painted by G. Sus and the overall package was designed by Crass at Existstencil Press. Type-setting was by Bread 'n' Roses to whom we are most grateful.

*

The Anarchy Center closed down after a year in which, apart from some very good gigs, very little happened. The general feeling is that we were ripped off and that a lot of the money that we, Poison Girls and many others put into the center was wasted. The people who put on the gigs at the center have stuck together and are continuing to arrange gigs in London in the hope that they will eventually find another permanent home for their activities. We are putting any money that we receive for the center into a fund which is available to those people whenever they should need it. We hope that the original ideas that we had for a center will eventually again become a reality.

ALL MATERIAL C P A CRASS 1982.

WELL FORKED – BUT NOT DEAD

Personnel as above except Peeve Libido who is on vocals on Nagasaki Nightmare, Darling, Berkertex and Shaved Women.

Side 1

Banned From The Roxy
 The Sound Of One Hand
 Punk Is Dead
 Nagasaki Nightmare
 Darling
 Bata Motel Blues
 Berkertex Bribe
 Fold It In Half
 Big Hands
 Heart-throb Of The
 Mortuary
 Bumhooler
 Big A Little A
 First Woman

Side 2

Arlington 73
 Bomb plus Bomb tape
 Contaminational Power
 I Ain't Thick
 G's Song
 Securicor
 I Can't Stand It
 Shaved Women
 A Part Of Life
 Do They Owe Us A Liv
 So What
 Salt 'n' Pepper

The live recording was made on a 4 track machine 9th June 1981 at the 100 Club, London by Real Time. The voice-over on Roxy is by Mitch from the local Radio Caroline. The Sound Of One Hand is an adaptation of a traditional Japanese Zen story. Heart-throb, Mortuary and I Can't Stand It were our first effort in the studio, a small 4 track in Soho, made in summer 1977. Heart-throb was later played on some pirate radio, the name of which none of us can remember, and from that show that this track has been taken. The guitar on Heart-throb and Can't Stand It is played by Steve Herman who was in the band for its first few months. The Bomb tape is an adaptation of a tape produced by Doubleday Multimedia to whom we are most grateful. The beginning of I Can't Stand It is a cassette recording of a gig we did at the Action Drill Hall, London on Nov. 16th 1977. The insert for Arlington 73, etc., were made throughout the period we were recording and mixing the studio album.

*

NOTES

Because of the volume of mail that we receive we are months behind with replies, please be patient if you don't get there in the end. It helps us a lot if you use a stamped addressed envelope.

Thanks and love to Poison Girls for the... to Annie and Mick for... Dirt, Flux, Conflict, for the shared gigs, to... for their loyal service... fanzines, crowds and... the dream of peace –

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a stamped addressed envelope.

Thanks and love to Sue, Simon and Mark at Southern,
to Poison Girls for the years we shared together on the road,
to Annie and Mick for their part in what we are doing, to
Dirt, Flux, Conflict, System, Rubella and Psycho Faction
for the shared gigs, to Paul, Ian and Paul of Concert Systems
for their loyal service with the P.A., and to all the bands,
fanzines, crowds and individuals who contribute towards
the dream of peace - together we can make it a reality.

Anarchy, peace, love, CRASS.

Crass by name, even worse by nature, like it or not, they just won't go away. Crass are the distempered dog end of rock 'n roll's once bright and vibrant rebellion. That they're so unattractive, unoriginal and badly unbalanced in an uncompromising and humourless sort of way, simply adds to the diseased attraction of their naively black and white world where words are a series of shock slogans and mindless token tantrums to tout around your tribe and toss at passers by.

Good old Crass, our make believe secret society, our let's pretend passport to perversity. They're nothing but a caricature and a joke.

HAVE A NICE DAY

Same old stuff, you've heard it all before, / Crass being crass about the system, or is it war? / We ain't got no humour, we don't know how to laugh, / Well if you don't fucking like it - fucking tough! / 'Cos I'm the same old monkey in the same old zoo / With the same old message trying to get through, / Screaming from the platform when the train ain't even there, / I've got a one way ticket, but I don't fucking care. / If what I've got to say is always much the same, / It's 'cos the game the system plays is still the same old game. / Senile idiots in their seats of power, / Ancient rotting corpses breathing horror by the hour. / They're lovers of death those fucking creeps, / Screwing our earth as our earth weeps. / Iron ladies and steel men / Waiting for their fucking war to start again. / Blood lusting nutters plan death for us all, / They'll be hiding in their bunkers as we watch the missiles fall. / Ain't they just so decent, respectable and nice, / Eating the fat of the land while it's us that pay the price. / Westminster's full of psychopaths with blood clots 'stead of brains, / Flesh hungry vultures picking our remains, / Shitting on the world they've shat on many times before, / Fucked it good and proper, in the name of law. / Well bollocks to the lot of you and you can fuck off too, / If you bored with what I say, no-one's asking you. / Just fuck off and have your fun, / Hoist your Jolly Roger and wave your plastic gun, / With your painted faces and your elegant style, / How about trying to think for a while? / As you decorate your lifestyle with cheap consumer bliss, / Forget about loving, it's your arse you're going to kiss. / As long as they've got you under their thumb / With T.V. lobotomy and media fun, / They'll have their way with you, what more can I say? / Watch out for the mind police, and have a nice day.

Then they find their mate. The female climbs into the male where she'll live the rest of her life. It's a simple life / Come on now Ursula, come on, come one. She's lovely. Yes isn't she. I'm gonna pinch you, I am, I am.

MOTHER LOVE

CHORUS; Mummy and daddy owned me till I could understand / That at the end of my arm was my own fucking hand. / That in my head I had a brain that they filled up with lies, / That I didn't fucking need them with their love and family ties.

Little children shouldn't speak until they're spoken to, / They're just another showpiece to show the neighbours who / Can produce the perfect babe with everything in place. / But god help you if you come out without an angel face. / If you haven't got the looks that prove how nice you are, / You'll have failed your duty and that's all you fucking are, / You're just a status symbol that they need to have in life, / Just the proof they need to be the perfect man and wife.

CHORUS

Just like a fucking dustbin they fill you up with trash, / And tell you all that life is, is working for some cash, / Life's a

competition and you've got to be the best, / So tread on everybody else, forget about the rest. / They tell you to be grateful for what they've done to you, / Like tell you the conditions and pump it into you, / That you really mustn't fail them 'cos you owe them a debt, / 'Cos they're the ones that made you and they won't let you forget.

CHORUS

You're not a human in their eyes you're a novelty. / They don't want you thinking 'cos you'll break the fantasy, / The fantasy that you're the toy providing endless fun, / You're not a human being your their daughter or their son. / You bring them lots of happiness when you're very small, / But when you lose those darling looks no-one cares to call, / 'Cos you're no more the cuddly toy for them to hug and hold, / You're not an individual and they're just getting old.

CHORUS

They were a tragedy weren't they, 'twas a terrible evening, dreadful, as we saw those scenes on television and saw how marvellous our police were / The pattern of rioting has gradually intensified with mounting anger at the deaths of the two teenagers killed by an army Land Rover / I now realise every time I see a tragedy in the paper, we're lucky, our son was restored to us and I know how anyone feels if their son is missing / A Northern Ireland minister was asked if he believed the army was to blame. 'I very much regret, as I'm sure everybody does, the deaths of the two teenagers in Londonderry last night. It has to be said that some 250 people get killed on the roads in this province every year and of course when a riot takes place there's much more risk of a road accident than at any other time' / And then you know there are some terrible cruelties and personal tragedies in life and every day I look in the papers and read them I know the agony they're going through and Mark knows too.

NINETEEN EIGHTY BORE

Who needs a lobotomy when we've got the ITV? / Who needs ECT when there's good old BBC? / Switch on the set, light up the screen, / Fantasise and dream about what you might have been, / Who needs controlling when they've got the cathode ray? / They've got your fucking soul, now they'll fuse your brains away. / Mindless fucking morons sit before the set, / Being fed the mindless rubbish they deserve to get. / Can't switch off big brother, they've lost all will to act, / Lost in drab confusion, was it fiction? Was it fact? / Another plastic bullet stuns another Irish child, / But no-one's really bothered, no, the telly keeps them mild. / They've lost all sense of feeling to the ever hungry glow, / Drained of any substance by the vicious telly blow. / No longer know what's real or ain't, slowly going blind, / They stare into the goggle-box while the world goes by, behind. / The Angels are on TV tonight, grey puke fucking shit. / The army occupy Ireland, but the boot will never fit. / Was it Coronation Street? Or was it Londonderry? / Oh it doesn't fucking matter, Paul Daniels'll keep us merry. / Yes, I've heard of Bobby Sands, wasn't it Emmerdale Farm? / Yes, that's right, he was kicked by a cow, I hope it didn't do him no harm. / And wasn't the Holocaust terrible, a good thing it wasn't for real. / Of course I've heard of H-Block, it's the baccy with man appeal. / Deeper and deeper and deeper, layer upon layer. / Illusion, confusion, is there anyone left who can care? / Yes, the Abbey National cares for you. Nat West and Securicor. / Well brings out the Branstons bren-guns, let's spice it up some more. / The Sweeney are cruising Brixton, they've created another Belfast. / And J.R.'s advising Thatcher on lighting, make up and cast. / A thousand camera lenses point at the people's pain, / As millions or mindless morons watch the action replay again. / Softly, softly, into your life, you're held in it's brilliant glow. / Softly, softly, feeding itself on the you you'll never know. / Your life's reduced to nothing,

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woman to serve bu
my children to hol
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the shops, I'm told
You've taken my
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myself and not ev
oppressive authority
to strangle me. / You
obey all the order
streets and you ta
leaves no choice. / Y
to see except abuse
You've taken my th
my hand your gun
the lord up above
THERE IS LOVE.

*We must beat the l
law abiding citizen
always / The police
to shoot to kill to
nuclear war.*

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CHRIST THE ALBUM • SIDE ONE • SONG WORDS

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rebellion. That they're
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message trying to get
form when the train
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the hour. /They're lovers
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men /Waiting for their
lusting nutters plan
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y vultures picking our
ve shat on many times
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you can fuck off too, /
one's asking you. /Just
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cheap consumer bliss, /
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but an empty media game. /Big Brother ain't watching you
mate, you're fucking watching him.

*For that misery of the spirit that is betrayed in the set of a
face, there are no statistics /It is not those that can inflict
the most, but those that can suffer the most who will
conquer.*

I KNOW THERE IS LOVE

Do you think I was born on this wretched earth for you to
govern and kill? /In your stinking factories and offices with
your stupid systems and skills. /Do you think I've got
nothing better to do than to grovel in the shit and the crap, /
Asking for the bread and home that's mine and waiting for
a pat on the back? /You think I've got nothing better to do
than to live in the lie that you give? /Learn the sweet morals,
the lessons, the games and praise god for the fact that I
live? /You took me and made me a MAN by making me
strong, the power of this land. /You took a woman and
taught her she's less, /A slave to the strong no more than
a guest. /You taught me to love, find a mate and to take /A
woman to serve but your love is just rape. /You leave me
my children to hold and distort, to bind with your rules of
normality till caught. /I give them the food that you sell in
the shops, I'm told it has goodness when it's only the slops. /
You've taken my health with your shitty benevolence, /
You've taken my dignity with your dole queue dependence. /
You taught me to steal when I wanted to share, to take for
myself and not even care. /You've shifted my vision with
oppressive authority, the dreams and the hopes nearly fade
to strangle me. /You gave me confusion until I had learnt to
obey all the orders and never get burnt. /I shout in the
streets and you take my voice, this sham of democracy
leaves no choice. /You've taken my eyes 'til there's nothing
to see except abuse and destruction, no chance to be free. /
You've taken my thinking, my means of survival, thrust in
my hand your gun and your bible. /You told me to kill for
the lord up above, you've given me hate when I KNOW
THERE IS LOVE.

*We must beat the bomb and the gun, we must protect the
law abiding citizen wherever they are in the United Kingdom,
always /The police and the soldiers are required if necessary
to shoot to kill to maintain order. That is Civil Defence in
nuclear war.*

BEG YOUR PARDON

CHORUS: /Beg the question, bend the truth, bail out the
basement while there's holes in the roof. /
In the beginning they said there was light, /Well there ain't
much left of it now. /We're lost in the darkness, searching
sound and sight /Of an answer to the what, where or how. /
We're talking 'bout freedom while we're locked in a cell, /
Dreaming of a world without war, /Forced to live on the
boundaries of hell /Like no-one's ever thought of peace
before. /But what's the point of preaching peace if it's
something you don't feel? /What's the point of talking
love if you think that love ain't real /Where's the hope in
hopelessness? /Where's the truth in lies? /Don't hold my
hand if you can't look me in the eyes.

CHORUS

In the beginning they said there was light /But somebody's
burnt out the fuse. /And now we're all lost in eternal night /
Looking for a candle to use. /Lots of little candles, isolated
hope, /Frail little flames in the gale, /Lost little people who
just can't cope, /Just knocking their heads on the nail. /
What's the point of talking freedom if you just protect
yourself? /What's the point of preaching sharing as you
accumulate your wealth? /It's so easy to be giving if the

things you give ain't real./It's so easy to lie if you ignore the things you feel.

CHORUS

In the beginning they said there was light/But we never had the eyes to see./But rather than struggling or putting up a fight/We ran like lemmings to the sea./No-one really wants to get it all together./It's easier just to grab what you can./Everybody's going it, hell for leather./Building little castles in the sand./Hypocrisy, delusion, lies, pretence, deceit./Think only of yourself and the world's at your feet./I don't believe the things you say, you make bullshit of the truth./The game you play's offensive and your life's the living proof.

CHORUS

In the beginning they said there was light/But I'm tired of hearing their lies./I'm tired of deceit, gonna put up a fight./I'm going to use my own eyes./Gonna make MY decisions, live my own life./They can keep their darkness and gloom./Hypocrisy, trickery, I've had enough./They can keep their destruction and doom./I've only one life and I'll live it my way./They can keep their restrictions and law./ And if they think different I'll have one thing to say . . . "Fuck off 'cos I've heard it before."

*

I always wanted to experience war, I was raised on it, I, every birthday I got cap-guns and helmets and canteens, played war all the time when I was a kid. The television was always war movies, best thing for you, make a man out of you/To the man in your life your complexion can be the most attractive thing about you. I think every woman deserves a beauty soap that's really rather special - don't you?

*

BIRTH CONTROL

Industry on the mercenary bloodpath, military loves the gory warbath, economics shape the battle landscape, all join together for the grand rape./Moral intentions make a scapegoat, excuse the rotting corpse inside the trenchcoat./Praise the rotting minds above the club tie that sits in towers up in the blue sky, above the clouds, obscure the scarred earth, discuss manoeuvres, moves for more death, arms make profit from the crushed head, build the towers up on the ditch head./Betrayal forms the formal skyline, tinted windows catch the sunshine, such ice cold beauty makes the heart sink, five thousand miles away the dead stink./And here the graveyard to insult them, the city shines with laughing tombstones./The profiteers, the warcry butchers, stir up the lust for legal slaughter./The living dead who look up to them, who accept authority that kills them, work for the corporation making napalm, workers watch the burning children on T.V. as they eat their meat pie with refusal in their minds eye to see their own lives in that cold death, their state of wealth upon that lost breath./In the official offices of deathplan leaders of men work to betray man./Stocks and shares declare the next war, the torture starts behind the locked door, propaganda tops the big desk./Compose an overture to fine death./The hideous grey men of our nightmares dim the colour, foul the clean air, their eyes forsake all that they dwell on, drag the lover from the loved ones./Patriots progress is a backstep, a cruel noose around a young neck./They teach our children in the classroom to respect a madman on a rostrum, to praise the dirty works of battle, bring out the ribbon, balloon and rattle, to dig their own graves in the cold earth . . . so sad and pointless now to give birth.

*

I'll take my dreams and just pretend. Parents genuinely believe that they can hold and protect their children. The whole family needs them. It's the same every Sunday, the same game.

REALITY WHITEWASH

The grey man at the wheel/Looks around to see if there's some skirt he can steal/He doesn't really want to, he's just acting out a game/And in their own fucked up way, most people do the same/She cleans the bathroom mirror/So she can line her eyes/An expert in delusion, an artist in disguise/She's not content with what she is, but she does the best she can/But she doesn't do it for herself, she does it for her man/And meanwhile he's out hunting, this master of the hunt/Cruising down the high street in his endless search for cunt/And the posters on the hoardings encourage his pursuit/Glossy ads. where men are men, and women simply cute/And the men are in their motorcars and the men have nerves of steel/And they dream of Charlies Angels as they firmly grip the wheel/And they fantasise they're screwing in the back seat of the car/Fantasise they're fucking with a real life movie star/Fantasies to fill the gaps, to fill in every crack/A whitewash on reality to hide the truth they lack/Now she's sponging down the cooker, on the surface all is fine/His dinner's in the oven 'coshe's doing overtime/She switches on the telly, it makes her feel secure/Helps confirm her way of life, who needs to ask for more/She sees the happy family, wife and hubby on the screen/The perfect social unit, just like it's always been/She's done the very best she can/To love and honour and obey her man/And if she should ever doubt the wisdom of her choice/She can turn to television for its moderating voice/The ads. and weekly series are the proof she needs/That a life of boredom outweighs the deeds/She sits up till the epilogue and goes to bed alone/Content that when he's finished work he'll go straight home/Meanwhile he downs another scotch, the lady has a coke/And if he's asked about the wife he treats it as a joke/"Hear the one about the you-know-what"/He's got what it takes and he takes what he's got/He took his woman and he'll take plenty more/She took on a rat to keep the wolf from the door/Then maybe in her loneliness she'll want to have a child/Who'll be taught the games of adulthood, boxed and filed/Another life to whitewash, to us a child is born/To follow in its parents' tracks, the path's well worn/Fantasy and falsehood, truth and lie/The fucked up system they call reality/The system needs its servants, each birth is one more/They'll gently talk of freedom as they quietly lock the door/'Cos the system needs its servants if the system's going to run/Needs its fodder for the workhouse, its targets for the gun.

*

Don't be deceived when they tell you things are better now. Even if there's no poverty to be seen because the poverty's been hidden. Even if you ever got more wages and could afford to buy more of these new and useless goods which industries foist on you and even if it seems to you that you never had so much, that is only the slogan of those who still have much more than you. Don't be taken in when they pat you paternally on the shoulder and say that there's no inequality worth speaking of and no more reason to fight because if you believe them they will be completely in charge in their marble homes and granite banks from which they rob the people of the world under the pretence of bringing them culture. Watch out, for as soon as it pleases them they'll send you out to protect their gold in wars whose weapons, rapidly developed by servile scientists will become more and more deadly until they can with a flick of the finger tear a million of you to pieces.

Jean Paul Marat, died 1793

The Last Of The

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REALITY WHITEWASH

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The Last Of The Hippies - An Hysterical Romance

*In this cell that is ours, there is no pity,
no sunrise on the cold plain that is our soul,
no beckoning to a warm horizon.*

All beauty eludes us and we wait.

'No answer is in itself an answer.'

Oriental proverb.

On the third of September 1975, Phil Russell, alias Phil
Hope, alias Wally Hope, alias Wally, choked to death on his
own vomit; blackberry, custard, bile, lodged finally and
tragically in the windpipe. Blackberry, custard, bile, running
from his gaping mouth onto the delicate patterns of the
ornamental carpet.

He died a frightened, weak and tired man; six months
earlier he had been determined, happy and exceptionally
healthy; it had taken only that short time for Her Majesty's
Government's Health Department to reduce Phil to a puke
covered corpse.

*'The first dream that I remember is of myself holding the
hand of an older man, looking over a beautiful and peaceful
valley - suddenly a fox broke cover followed by hounds
and strong horses ridden by red-coated huntsmen. The man
pointed into the valley and said, "That, my son, is where
you're heading." I soon found that out, I am the fox!'*

Phil Russell. 1974.

Phil's death marked, for us, the end of an era. Along
with him died the last grain of trust that we, naively, had
had in the 'system', the last seeds of hope that, if we lived a
decent life based on respect rather than abuse, our example
might be followed by those in authority. Of course it was a
dream, but reality is based on a thousand dreams of the past;
was it so silly that we should want to add ours to the future?

*

'It became necessary to destroy the town to save it.'

Twentieth century logic from a military man.

World War Two was neither lost nor won, it simply
created a horrific emptiness and within that emptiness there
grew a desperation amongst the people of the world, a fear
that civilisation had learnt nothing from the tragic lesson of
the Nazi death-camps, or the cruel truth of Hiroshima and
Nagasaki. It seemed that those in power were setting the
planet on a course towards total destruction - the arms
race was on, the cold war was on, the third world was
starving, but the superpowers looked only to themselves. In
the horror of this new world, people turned to bizarre ways
of calming their fears.

To ignore is the greatest ignorance, but ignore became
the keyword as individuals buried themselves in mindless
materialism. The age of consumerism had been born. If you
couldn't find peace of mind, perhaps a Cadillac would do.
If life had lost its meaning, perhaps a super deluxe washing-
machine might give it back. The ownership, this is mine,
mine, mine, security boom had started, and you can't have
it. Buy, buy buy. Possess. Insure. Protect. The TV world
was upon us, which one's real? This one? That one? Mind-
numbing crap to numb crappy minds. Buy this, buy that.
Who knows which is which? Layers of shit to hide the awful
facts of life in a nuclear reality.

Meanwhile, governments turned to the business of
developing nuclear arsenals, nuclear deterrents, we were
told, and the vast majority of the population, blinded with
consumerism and media-junk, was happy to accept the lie.
As long as everyone was having fun, no-one would question
the behaviour of those in power as they played with their
nuclear time-bombs; but all the time the fuse burnt shorter.

If the majority is always happy to be blown along in the
prevailing wind, there are always those who stand against it,

nd. Parents genuinely
ect their children. The
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and if the fifties saw the birth of consumerism, it also bore two other phenomena – the peace movement and rock'n'roll. Both were a reaction against a world increasingly dominated by the grey men of war and their grey thoughts, both rejected the empty glitter of consumerism, both represented a revolution against the values of 'normal' society.

The peace movement in Britain found a platform in the newly formed Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament, CND, who by the end of the fifties were able to call 100,000 protestors onto the streets to make their voice heard.

A louder voice still could be heard at that time on the portable-radios and wind-up gramophones of millions of homes; the new, vulgar voice of rock'n'roll. Whereas the peace movement was predominantly middle-class, rock knew no class barriers and although it probably took The Beatles to finally bring together the various disillusioned parties, rock, revolution, desire for change and, inevitably, the peace movement, almost from the start, have been inseparable.

Sadly, by the beginning of the sixties, CND had become an accepted, and therefore contained, part of the British way of life; its shout of protest had been dulled by the voice of moderation. The aims of CND became increasingly obscured by political opportunism and the leftist vultures, heavily disguised as doves, moved in. The Labour Party saw the campaign as just another rung in the ladder to power. In 1964, as the opposition party, they promised to do away with Polaris, the nuclear submarine force; a few months later, after their election to power, they ordered four new submarines. The disguise wore thin.

Michael Foot, at that time a CND committee member, now leader of the Labour Party, when asked if he would vote for an anti-bomb Tory party rather than a pro-bomb Socialist one, replied "Certainly not!"; a bewildering testament to his desire for peace.

*

The present rebirth of interest in CND runs the risk of once again going up the political arsehole. Socialist power seekers have already moved in on the hard fought for peace platform. Speeches at the two Trafalgar Square rallies were directed more towards vote catching than peace making; when the issues weren't so fashionable, the leftist doves were happy to be sharing peanuts with the rest of the pigeons in the square. Now they are promising to refuse to allow America to install cruise missiles in Britain; is this just another vote catcher that they'll back out of once they're elected in? The Labour Party will sell CND right down the river and sink it without trace if it's allowed to do so. Nuclear disarmament and the wider issues of peace must not become political soap-operas in which the power hungry can play their insincere games.

It is unfortunate that there are people, from The Children of God to The Young Trotskyites, who, rather than contributing anything constructive, exploit CND peace marches by using them as leafletting grounds for their self-interested propaganda.

During the CND rally in October 1981, thousands of leaflets were handed out calling for 'a mass uprising by the people against the capitalist system'. On the surface the leaflet was not a lot different to many naive statements of 'revolutionary' intent made by playschool anarchists who think that anarchy is something to do with putting jumping-jacks in a policeman's pocket.

It continued – 'June 1st 1983 is the proposed date for the revolution. Pass it on, unite don't fight. Anarchy peace and liberty. Crass.'

The leaflet was not produced by us, nor did it express views that we hold. Someone, for personal gain, had put our name to their own requirements. We have become used to people trying to rip us off, from T-shirt and badge merchants who, without our consent, commercialise and profit by our name, to the gig promoters who overcharge at the entrance and underpay at the exit. We've come to

almost expect it. But for people who, presumably, would claim to be anarchists to attempt to use us like that is insulting to both us and themselves. If they haven't got the courage of their own convictions they should keep quiet and not use the name of those who they know have.

To put it in the words of a little-known Welsh anarchist, 'Eat shit you fuckers'. Apart from the obvious threat of political exploitation, a very real danger to the long-term existence of CND and its allies is the current interest being shown in it by the music business. Peace has become a saleable commodity, a trendy product, and established record labels, the music press and bands alike, who four years ago dismissed those who opposed war as 'boring old hippies', are now bending over backwards to be seen to be supporting the cause. The only cause that they're supporting is their own; it's good promotion, good sales, good business sense, and they'll bleed it dry as long as it's 'this year's thing'; when it isn't, they'll drop it, as they did RAR, like a ton of hot bricks.

*

If the power of protest had dwindled, the power of rock was showing no such faint heart. By the mid sixties, rock'n'roll ruled and no party conference was going to bring it down. Youth had found its voice and increasingly was demanding that it should be heard.

Loud within that voice was one that promised a new world, new colours, new dimensions, new time and new space. Instant karma, and all at the drop of an acid tab.

'My advice to people today is as follows: If you take the game of life seriously, if you take your nervous system seriously, if you take your sense organs seriously, if you take the energy process seriously, you must turn on, tune in, and drop out.'

Acid prophet, Timothy Leary.

Society was shocked, desperate parents backed off as their little darlings 'tripped' over the ornamental carpets. Hysterical reports that acid caused everything from heartburn to total collapse of decent society appeared almost daily in the press. Sociologists invented the 'generation gap' and when the long haired weirdo flashed a V-sign at them they got that all wrong as well, it was really a peace sign, but, either way around it meant 'fuck off'. In the grey corner we had 'normal society', and in the rainbow corner sex'n'drugs'n'rock'n'roll, at least that's how the media saw it. The CND symbol was adopted as an emblem by the ever growing legions of rock-fans whose message of love and peace spread, like a prairie-fire, world-wide. The media, in its desperate need to label and thus contain anything that threatens to outdo its control, named this phenomenon 'Hippy' and the system, to which the media is number one tool in the fight against change, set about in its transparent, but none-the-less effective way, to discredit this new vision.

*

Rock'n'roll had achieved something that had never been achieved before, it had proved the falsity of the socially created divisions of colour, class and creed. The social barriers were down, it didn't matter who you were, where you were from, or what you did; if you 'dug it', you were 'cool'.

Rock can not be politicised, despite what followers of Oi, or Marx, might say. Rock is about all of us, it is the collective voice of the people, not a platform for working-class mythology or socialist ideology. In rock'n'roll there aren't any workers to 'wot' about. Rock is about freedom, not slavery, it's about revolution of the heart and soul, not convolution of the mind. To say that punk is, or should be, 'working class' is to falsely remove it from the classless roots of 'real rock revolution' from which it grew. Punk is a voice of dissent, an all-out attack on the whole system, it as much despises 'working class' stereotypes as it does 'middle class' ones. Punk attacked the barriers of colour, class and creed, but look at how it is right now, do you really think

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you're freed? Oi and, more recently, Skunk, have been promoted in the pages of Sounds as the 'real punk', real suckers maybe, but not real punks. Whereas punk aims to destroy class barriers, Oi and Skunk are blind enough to be conned into reinforcing them.

Oi's spokesman, Garry Bushell, who, like Marx, romanticises working class life whilst, in all probability, never having done a days manual work himself, claims that '*only the working class can change society*' - presumably he realises that his 'professional' and privileged status as a 'journalist' prevents him from being in a position to contribute to his own pet theory - he wants to have his cake and eat it.

Bushell's idea of what 'working class' means is nothing but a 'middle class' fantasy about a type of person who, except in the media-forms of Alf Garnett and Andy Capp, just doesn't exist. His unrealistic view of workers as cloth-capped, beer-swilling, fist-waving jokers, is a complete insult to working people of whom he, clearly, has no understanding.

Oi would have been harmless enough if its comic-book caricature of the 'workers' hadn't appealed so strongly to the elements that, inevitably, were drawn to its reactionary views - the so called 'right-wing'. Rather than rejecting its new and possibly unwanted following, Oi appeared to revel in its image of being 'nasty Nazi muzac for the real men'. Defending the trail of blood and bruises that it seemed to leave behind itself wherever it went, the 'new breed' claimed that 'they weren't advocating violence, they were just reflecting the way things are'. Despite repeated evidence of Oi inspired violence, it became increasingly obvious that Oi the Bushell and Oi the Bands were either perfectly happy with 'the way things were' or totally incapable of controlling the monster that they'd created.

At a time when something could have been done to change the image, the 'Strength Through Oi' album was released, but rather than making an effort to shift the 'right-wing' emphasis, it deliberately promoted it. The attractive cover sported 'yer average skinner' about to land his 'cherry-reds' up someone's 'khyber' - but that week 'yer cherries' also left their mark on an old aged pensioner's face; but no matter, you can't win 'em all. Inside the sleeve, Oi the Gaz wrote about '*the sea of crop-heads running riot, knife-blades flashing in the moonlight*', well, it's poetry, ain't it? - but that week the knife-blades also flashed into an Asian youths stomach; but no matter, accidents will happen, won't they?

The greatest 'accident' of them all, Southall, finally exposed Oi for the mindless farce that it was. An Oi gig in a predominantly Asian community was inevitably going to cause problems not only from the community itself, but also from organisations on the extreme left who might have seen the gig as an opportunity to flex their political muscles. It would be unfair to suggest that the violence was deliberately planned by either the bands or the organisers of the gig, but, given the reputation of Oi's following, it should have been obvious that there could be trouble. Nonetheless, Oi the panto blindly marched on and, as the shit hit the fan, Southall burned and our jolly jokers, shaken and bruised, retreated to the pages of the press to protest their innocence - well, the Asians weren't there for the concert, they only live there, don't they? - this time round no one even giggled.

Oi had been a convenient label created by Bushell for a new wave of street level punk, the outcome of which neither he nor the bands could have predicted. Many of the Oi bands are genuine people who really want to do something worthwhile but made the initial mistake of becoming a part of a movement over which they had no personal control. By accepting the label of Oi they must also accept responsibility for what Oi is - one man's dangerous, ill-considered power game that backfired on them all.

Having been exposed as the uncontrollable monster that it is, Oi looked around for a way out. In his desperate

amends, Bushell's hypocrisy was glaringly started to promote 'social causes' in the AND. Oi Hunt Saboteurs and, even more against Racism. Four years ago Bushell being 'middle class hippies who hid behind low relevant', he had added as he dismissed at time offered him no personal gain. Well,

ngly, Oi the Social Conscience failed to e, least of all Oi's own following, and Bushell, w be found fraternising with his new found school 'comrades', realising that he was on a bailed out in favour of his latest media

Skunk - the 'real punk'. k is another attempt by Gaz the Lad to the frustration and despair that thousands of at he, in his privileged and secure position, will Skunk, like Oi, claims to be a 'working class many of the bands that play beneath its umbrella the capitalist mouthpiece of established record ng as independents, to get their message across, ce no secret about their practice of chart 'hyping', business, and how else could the Exploited have

Riot City is just another office with a back-door and EMI are one of the biggest arms dealers in the - small world, ain't it? Skunk is about 'real' you know, smash the cistern and things like that; os like ripping people off at the Lyceum for £3.50 at somehow, to me, that sounds a little bit more like ce of capitalism than the voice of the working class st, but then of course I wouldn't know about that, t an ageing middle class hippy pacifist, remember?

long as the state can keep us socially divided it will ue to oppress us all without any real fear of oppos- - falsely created 'class divisions' are typical of the in which the state achieves those ends. Whereas punk ks class divisions, Oi and Skunk not only accept them, proudly sew them onto their Harringtons and leathers. kers voice? - Bollocks! Like their privileged fellow kers the Marxists, they not only accept the labels with ich they are oppressed, they actually make attempts to rify the class slavery that is the foundation upon which at oppression is built.

Get wise lads and what few lasses can stomach your xclusively male reality, you're being used by the system nd the media that serves it in the way they've always used eople - like suckers. Oi and Skunk are simply Bushell's way of dividing something that he and his media cronies ust can't control - real energy, real punk. Whatever they are labelled, the 'real' punks are first and foremost one thing - themselves. The system and the media set out to contain us within their labels - if you fall for that trick ou'll fall for the circled A's in the Total Chaos Column - what a joke!

The music press is guilty of making endless attempts to divide and thereby control the energies of the bands from whom they make their parasitic living. Through the 'gossip columns' and carefully edited 'interviews', they fabricate differences and animosities between bands that in reality may well not exist. In their capacity as servants to the music business, they separate and divide bands who without their intrusions would probably be able to work together. Bands are often totally unaware of the aggressive and dishonest tactics used to promote sales and hype charts by the record labels to which they have signed. As the labels get richer the bands invariably remain penniless; hyped by the business and lied about in the press, they slowly sink into a helpless position where the honesty with which they might have started their band is lost in the compromises that are

up to us to tell the music business Mafia and their parasitic lackeys in the press to fuck off. We can, and will, manage on our own. Punk's the peoples music ... let's keep it that way.

By the late sixties, straight society was beginning to feel threatened by what its youth was up to; it didn't want its grey towns painted rainbow, the psychedelic revolution was looking a little bit too real and it had to be stopped.

Books were banned, bookshops closed down. Offices and social centres were broken into and their files were removed, doubtless to be fed into the police computers. Underground papers and magazines collapsed under the weight of official pressure, galleries and cinemas had whole shows confiscated. Artists, writers, musicians and countless unidentified hippies got dragged through the courts to answer trumped-up charges of corruption, obscenity, drug-abuse, anything that might silence their voice; but nothing could, it all mattered too much.

As oppression became increasingly heavy, public servant 'bobby' became known as public enemy 'piggy'; war had been declared on the peace generation, but love wasn't going to give in without a fight.

And Charles said, "Let there be death", and there was death and the media and its faithful followers recoiled in horror at the thought that it might have been their child ordering the slaughter.

'Anything you see in me is in you. If you want to see a vicious killer, that's who you'll see, if you want to see me as your brother, that's who I'll be. It all depends on how much love you have. I am you, and when you can admit that, you will be free.'

Charles Manson, twister of words, psychedelic warlord, witch-doctor of religious perversion, high-priest of fascism and sexuality, hit back at the society that had distorted his vision with the distorted methods that society itself employs and teaches its young - violence.

And God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, Charles Manson. 'Piggy' written in blood on the polished surfaces of social acceptance. No more shall ye walk alone.

Manson, his 'family', and the macabre killings for which they were responsible, sent shock waves through a smug and complacent society. Manson regarded the 'elite' of his Californian homeland as filth. These respectable people to whom he supplied drugs and from whom he received no payment, were, to him, cheats and liars. These decent folk who wife-swapped, thrilled to video recordings of their sexual conquests, revelled in snuff-movies, who saw flesh as something to be devoured, were, to him, barbarians. These pillars of society to whom organisations like the Mafia were a hidden support in their rise to grace, to whom the 'mysterious' death of an opponent caused little more than a knowing lift of an eyebrow, were, to him, the enemy. He set out to destroy his enemy in the way that he believed they would destroy him. Violence breeds violence.

Hippies were fine as long as they accepted that they were third-class citizens who should not expect anything but the garbage of consumer society, they were fine as long as they were prepared to live in, and be treated like, sh When they ceased to do so they came up against the wh weight of societies that have no place for the third c citizens that they have created. State violence is called 'line. No one ever gets out once they've been here. T Manson: 'Do you really know where we are?' Leary: 'Where are we?' Manson: 'This is eternity brother. This is the end of for ever.'

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Manson: 'Do you really know where we are?'

Leary: 'Where are we?'

Manson: 'This is eternity brother. This is the end of the line. No one ever gets out once they've been here. This is for ever.'

Manson and Leary meet in jail.

The Manson killings gave the media precisely what it

needed. Suddenly hippies were no longer a passive, bead-wearing joke; they were potential psychopaths who, at the drop of a Beatles record, would knife their way to eternity. Forgetting that 'hippy' was a rejection of systems that govern with fear, control by force and in the name of God have slaughtered millions of innocent victims, straight society waggled its trigger finger at youth and said, 'See I told you so, that's what sex and drugs and rock and roll lead to.' They're still at it.

*

Ten years later, the same kind of media treatment was doled out to Sid. Despite attempts to silence it, punk had earned itself a voice and had become a household word, however, the media was determined not to pay out. Nancy's sad death in a New York hotel brought out the same dull voices of self-righteous indignation as had the Manson killings. The trigger finger waggled again and when Sid joined her, there was an almost universal chorus of "See, I told you so".

Manson and Sid were very different individuals with very different stories, but their usefulness to the system was the same - identify the threat, select a convenient scapegoat and use them to discredit the threat. Manson and Sid were both portrayed by the media as 'typical' of their kind and their actions were used to prove the 'misguided' nature of all those of a similar appearance. The fact that their actions were as much condemned by 'their own kind' as by anyone else was irrelevant to the media in its requirement to label, contain and destroy.

Every day the TV, the radio and the newspapers manipulate and direct the thoughts of the general public, tell them what to think and how to think, but it's not because they want to improve the 'quality' of thought, it's more that they are required, by the establishment interests that run them, to reinforce 'standard' social values; serve that which serves you, or else. When media is controlled almost exclusively by the wealthy, ruling elite, censorship becomes unnecessary; money speaks louder than words.

For all those arseholes who think that they're imitating Sid by wearing a Destroy T-shirt, a studded armband and a stupid sneer on their face, here's a message - stop fooling yourselves, you're just bad jokes.

'As long as you're a kid you're aware and you know what's happening. But as soon as you 'grow up' . . .'

Sid Vicious.

Sid was a kind and gentle person but then he 'grew up' and got consumed by the violence and hate that he saw around him. It's exactly the kind of shitheads who think it's big to abuse self and others that led him to do the same, and eventually to his death. Next time you gob at someone or threaten them with your sweaty fists, just remember where Sid ended up.

Sid IS dead, you wankers, cos you killed him through and through; if he could see your 'idea' of him, he'd laugh himself back to the grave.

*

Manson's activities gave 'hippy' a new and, on the whole, unwanted dimension. Acid casualties became media-satans, hippy cults became press-devils, and both were subjected to a new wave of 'shock horror' exposes.

Acid was blamed for endless hideous crimes by the drunken, pill-popping powermongers in authority, who, under heavy sedation from legally prescribed drugs, or reeling from the effects of excess alcohol, consider themselves fit enough to rule our world and qualified enough, should they consider it necessary, to destroy it.

Hippy cults were attacked for doing precisely what established religion and psychology had been up to for centuries - mind fucking. From Christ to Freud, there have always been those who, to compensate for their own personality defects, seek control and power by playing on

the sense of loneliness and alienation of others.

However, despite attempts to dismiss all hippies as dangerous psychopaths, the movement, although increasingly forced 'underground', grew both in numbers and in political awareness.

Five years back, the message had been 'do your own thing'; exactly the message that fifteen years later Johnny Rotten was to repeat. The politics had been one of rejection; society, the state and the system, had got nothing to offer, so they could fuck off. The early peace movement had been destroyed by political greed and academic backbiting; this time around, peace was going to be a 'way of life', love was going to 'rule supreme'.

*'They formed little groups, like rich mans ghettos,
Tending their goats and organic tomatoes,
While the world was fucked by fascist regimes,
They talked of windmills and psychedelic dreams.'*

Society, the state and the system, hadn't fucked off, they'd not only stayed right where they were, they'd grown stronger.

Slowly, as people woke up to the fact that 'turning on' was turning off, and 'dropping out' was copping out, the horrific reality of the nuclear world forced its way back through the escapist blur of those 'psychedelic dreams'. The acid revolution had been fun, but that's just about where it had ended. Beneath the new space, the new time, the new dimensions and the new colours, the same old grey reality had ground relentlessly onwards - the dream was over.

The dream had been that if you created your own life, independent of the system, the system would leave you to it. Looking back on it now it seems pathetically naive, but for maybe fifteen years, it had sustained the lives of thousands of people. The ultimate failure of hippy was exactly that ostrich-like approach to life; a hippy utopia surrounded by a world of hate and war was like 'snow before the summer's sun'. Eventually those who weren't too permanently stoned to guarantee pipedreams to infinity, pulled their heads from the sands to confront a society that had got on very well without them, thank you, for far too long. The hippy movement was finding a truly militant front for itself.

Manson's activities, repulsive as they were, did represent a revolutionary stance, but because he acted out of 'personal' awareness he is condemned by leftists who openly support equally violent groups, like Baader Meinhof or the IRA, on the grounds that their awareness is 'political'. This kind of double standard is the inevitable product of a society that sees its own boy soldiers as 'heroes' and those of the enemy as 'murdering bastards', to whom 'our massacres are victories' and 'their victories are massacres'. Questions about the 'morality of violence' are pointless and self-defeating. There is, and can be, no morality in violence. The vicious circle of violence rolls on and on; it can only be stopped by our refusal to be, in any way at all, a part of it.

*

'We are a generation of obscenities. The most oppressed people in this country are not the blacks, not the poor, but the middle class. They don't have anything to rise up against and fight against. We will have to invent new laws to break . . . the first part of the yippy program is to kill your parents . . . until your prepared to kill your parents you're not ready to change this country. Our parents are our first oppressors.'

Jerry Rubin, leader of the Yippies (militant hippies), speaking at Kent State University, USA.

Within a month of Rubin's speech, the university was in uproar. The mostly white, middle class students, to show their objection to the way in which both their campus and their country were being run, had staged innumerable demonstrations and burnt down part of the university. The authorities called in the army to 'restore peace', which they did in true military fashion - by shooting dead four

students.

'After the shooting stopped, I heard screams and turned and saw a guy kneeling holding a girl's head in his hands. The guy was getting hysterical, crying, yelling, shouting, "Those fucking pigs, they shot you".'

A Kent State student after the shootings. The system had got in first. What Rubin hadn't accounted for, although past history should have been a lesson to him, was that parents would be prepared to kill their children rather than accept change.

'Mother; "Anyone who appears on the streets of a city like Kent with long hair, dirty clothes or barefooted deserves to be shot."

Question; "Is long hair a justification for shooting someone?"

Mother; "Yes. We have got to clean up this nation, and we'll start with the long-hairs."

Question; "Would you permit one of your sons to be shot simply because he went barefooted?"

Mother; "Yes".'

A mother speaks after the shootings at Kent.

The days of flower power were over; the piggies were out grazing in the meadows.

'I'm very proud to be called a pig. It stands for pride, integrity and guts.'

Ronald Reagan

By the end of the sixties, throughout the western world, the 'people' had returned to the streets. The dream was cross-fading with the nightmare. In France, the government was almost overthrown by anarchist students; in Holland, the Provos made a laughing stock of conventional politics; in Germany Baader-Meinhof revenged itself on a state still run by ageing Nazis; in America, peace became a bigger issue than war; in Northern Ireland, the Catholics demonstrated in demand for civil rights; in England, colleges and universities were 'occupied', embassies stormed. People everywhere were calling for a life without fear, a world without war and were demanding a freedom from the authorities who for years they had dismissed as almost non-existent. The system, for far too long, had had it all its own way. Amongst the people themselves, however, a long standing animosity was becoming evident - the conflicting interests of anarchism and socialism.

*

From the mid eighteen hundreds, when Marx first forwarded his ideas, anarchists and socialists have clashed, sometimes violently, in their different definitions and approaches to 'freedom'.

At the beginning of the this century, following the Russian Revolution, which anarchists had done much both to bring about and to win, the socialists, with whom they had joined forces, not only prevented them from playing a part in the new state, but actively and violently silenced them. In the thirties, anarchists and socialists fought against each other during periods of the Spanish Revolution where they had, supposedly, joined forces to oppose fascism. In the late sixties, French anarchists were in a position, given the support of the socialist unions, to overthrow the government - the unions backed off and the revolt collapsed.

Anarchists reject Marxist concepts as 'dictatorship by the working class' which they see as being no better than 'dictatorship by the ruling class'. To the anarchist, all government, and any government, is oppression, regardless of who is in control of it.

'The anarchist revolution that we want transcends the interests of a single class; it envisages the liberation of all humanity which is at present enslaved, either economically, politically, or morally.'

Errico Malatesta.

Anarchists believe that it is the right of individuals to make their own decisions in life and that that choice is essential to any 'real' freedom. They reject all forms of government on the grounds that 'governed' society is a

society in chains organisation and both are a form of slavery.

Socialism, like another face to an [Are 'anarchism' and control over our own Socialist Typesetter

Disagreements as Anarchist, socialist class, black, white common cause, a rock'n'roll.

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Many of the youth movement broadly speaking, social discontent, uals for the right, were anarchist or socialist demonstrators presented the au you stop people - stamp on them.

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society in chains. It is inevitable that socialist ideas of
organisation and centralisation should cause friction, since
both are a form of control, and control, to an anarchist, is
slavery.

Socialism, like its supposed enemy, capitalism, is just
another face to an age-old character — greed.

[Are 'anarchism' and 'socialism' opposites? Isn't socialism *gaining*
control over our own lives? — signed Your Friendly Libertarian
Socialist Typesetter]

Disagreements aside, the movement for change continued.
Anarchist, socialist, activist, pacifist, working class, middle
class, black, white — one thing at least united them all, a
common cause, a universal factor, a shared flag — good old
rock'n' roll.

In the late sixties, Woodstock in America, and Glaston-
bury in Britain, created a tradition in rock music that has
now become part of our way of life — the free festival. Free
music, free space, free mind; at least that, like 'once upon
a time', is how the fairy story goes.

Many of the clashes between the authorities and the
youth movement in the late sixties and early seventies were,
broadly speaking, of a political nature, leftist platforms for
social discontent, rather than anarchic demands by individ-
uals for the right to live their own lives. The free festivals
were anarchist celebrations of freedom, as opposed to
socialist demonstrations against oppression and, as such,
presented the authorities with a new problem — how do
you stop people having fun? Their answer was predictable
— stamp on them.

Windsor Park is one of Her Majesty's many back-gardens
and when the hippies decided that it was an ideal site for a
free festival, she was 'not amused'. The first Windsor Free
had been a reasonably quiet affair and the authorities had
kept a low profile. Next year things were different and the
Queen's unwanted guests were forcibly removed by the
police and the royal corgis were, no doubt, suitably re-
lieved, free once more to wander undisturbed. At the
front of the clashing forces that year, dressed variously in
nothing, or a pair of faded jeans and a brightly embroidered
shirt emblazoned with the simple message 'Hope', was one
Phil Russell. He danced amongst the rows of police asking,
'What kind of gentle-men are you?', or mocking, "What
kind and gentle men you are." The boys in blue were prob-
ably men, but they were neither kind nor gentle. Phil came
away from Windsor disturbed; he hated violence and was
sickened by what he had seen. Love? Peace? Hope? It was
shortly after this that we first met.

For many years we had been running an open house, we
had space and felt we should share it. We had wanted a
place where people could get together to work and live in
a creative atmosphere rather than the stifling, inward
looking family environments in which we had all been
brought up. It was inevitable that someone like Phil would
eventually pass our way.

Phil Hope was a smiling, bronzed, hippy warrior. His
eyes were the colour of the blue skies that he loved, his
neatly cut hair was the gold of the sun that he worshipped.
He was proud and upright, anarchistic and wild, pensive
and poetic. His ideas were a strange mixture of the think-
ings of the people whom he admired and amongst whom he
had lived. The dancing Arabs. The peasant Cypriots. The
noble Masai. The silent and sad North American Indians,
for whom he felt a real closeness of spirit.

The American Indians regarded the land in much the way
that we regard the air that we breathe, as something that
could not be 'owned'. How could anyone claim to have
ownership of something that constantly grows and changes?
The 'white-man' did, however, in his greed for land, make
exactly those claims and the Indians were reduced to

nothing more than prisoners in the concentration camps that the American government laughingly call 'reservations'. *'The earth was created by the assistance of the sun and it should be left as it was. The country was made without barriers and it is no man's business to divide it. I see the whites all over the country gaining wealth, and see the desire to give us [the Indians] lands which are worthless. The earth and myself are of one mind. The measure of the land and the measure of our bodies are the same.'*

An Indian describes his feelings about the whites' attitude to land. Oppression of what remains of the Red Indian peoples continues to this day. Indians are forced to live at the arse-end of the society that has grown rich on the exploitation of their lands. Areas that at one time the US Government considered worthless and therefore 'suitable' for reservations, are, in the event of valuable minerals etc. being found on them, reclaimed. Naturally the Indians are resettled on still more 'worthless' ground. A race of people have been made homeless in their own homeland.

This race that possessed such ancient and noble wisdom, has been pathetically mimicked by idiots like Adam Ant whose romantic idea of the 'redskin' is just another form of gross exploitation. Ant Warriors be fucked, they're just desperate media-clowns looking for this week's identity. They're an insult to the millions of Indians who died in the attempt to stop people like Adam and his 'tribe' from stealing their dignity, their land, and their life. The nobility that Adam claims for his following can be purchased in London's Kings Road from any of the endless and identical fashion brothels that cater for those who need to 'buy' their personality; just another cheap product for the consumer's head. Big Chief CBS, your time is up. *'Yes, we know that when you (the white man) come, we die.'*

An Indian remembers.

*

Phil had travelled the world and had met fellow thinkers in every place that he had stopped, but always he returned to England. Perhaps it was his love of the mythical past, King Arthur and His Knights, that brought him back, or perhaps he felt as we do, that real change can only be effected in the place that you most understand - home.

Phil could talk and talk and talk. Half of what he spoke of seemed like pure fantasy, the other half like pure poetry. He was gifted with a strange kind of magic. One day in our garden, it was early summer, he conjured up a snowstorm, huge white flakes falling amongst the daisies on the lawn. Another time he created a multi-rainbowed sky; it was as if he had cut up a rainbow and thrown the pieces into the air where they hung in strange random patterns. Looking back on it now it seems unbelievable but, all the same, I can remember both occasions vividly.

On our first meeting he described Windsor Free; we had always avoided festivals, so our knowledge of them was very limited. Phil outlined the histories and then went on to detail his ideas for the future. He proceeded to unfold what was, to us, a ludicrous plan. He wanted to claim back Stonehenge (a place that he regarded as sacred to the people and stolen by the government) and make it a site for free festivals, free music, free space, free mind; at least that, like 'happily ever after', is how the fairy story goes.

It is sad that none of that 'freedom' was evident when we attempted to play at the Stonehenge Festival ten years later. Since Phil's death, it had been a dream that one day we would play the festival as a kind of memorial to him. In 1980 we had the band and the opportunity to do it.

Our presence at Stonehenge attracted several hundred punks to whom the festival scene was a novelty, they, in turn, attracted interest from various factions to whom punk was equally new. The atmosphere seemed relaxed and as dusk fell, thousands of people gathered around the stage to listen to the night's music. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, a group of bikers stormed the stage saying that they

were not going to tolerate punks at 'their festival'. What followed was one of the most violent and frightening experiences of our lives. Bikers armed with bottles, chains and clubs, stalked around the site viciously attacking any punk that they set eyes on. There was nowhere to hide, nowhere to escape to; all night we attempted to protect ourselves and other terrified punks from their mindless violence. There were screams of terror as people were dragged off into the darkness to be given lessons on peace and love; it was hopeless trying to save anyone because, in the blackness of the night, they were impossible to find. Meanwhile, the predominantly hippy gathering, lost in the soft blur of their stoned reality, remained oblivious of our fate.

Weeks later a hippy newsheet defended the bikers, saying that they were an anarchist group who had misunderstood our motives - some misunderstanding! Some anarchists!

If Phil and the first Stonehenge festivals were our first flirtations with 'real' hippy culture, this was probably our last.

*

Dream filled hippies were a phenomenon of the early seventies, lost souls whose brains were governed more by dope and acid than by common-sense. They were generally a bore, waffling on about how things were 'going to be' in about as realistic a way as snow describing how it will survive the summer's sun. For all his strange ideas, Phil seemed different. Drugs, to him, were not something to 'drop out' with, but a communion with a reality of colour and hope that he actively brought back into the world of greyness and despair. He used drugs carefully and creatively, not for 'escape', but to help realise 'a means of escape'.

In many respects we could never have been described as hippies. After the usual small amount of experimentation, we had rejected the use of drugs because we felt that they confused thought and generally interfered with relationships rather than contributing to them.

We had opened up our house at a time when many others were doing the same. The so called 'commune movement' was the natural result of people like ourselves wishing to create lives of co-operation, understanding and sharing. Individual housing is one of the most obvious causes for the desperate shortage of homes, communal living is a practical solution to the problem. If we could learn to share our homes, maybe we could learn to share our world and that is the first step towards a state of sanity.

The house has never been somewhere where people 'drop out', we wanted somewhere where people could 'drop in' and realise that given their own time and space they could create their own purposes and reasons and, most importantly, their own lives. We wanted to offer a place where people could be something that the system never allows them to be - themselves. In many respects we were closer to anarchist traditions than to hippy ones but, inevitably, there was an interaction.

We shared Phil's disgust with 'straight' society, a society that puts more value on property than on people, that respects wealth more than it does wisdom. We supported his vision of a world where the people took back from the state what the state had stolen from the people. Squatting as a political statement has its roots in that way of thought. Why should we have to pay for what is rightfully ours? Whose world is this?

Maybe squatting Stonehenge wasn't such a bad idea.

*

The lives of millions upon millions of people are run by a small handful of ruling elites who own all the wealth, all the land and who have all the control. We are expected to be grateful to them for the privilege of having them rule our lives. We are expected to be grateful to them for the privilege of paying them for the roof over our heads. We are

expected to be grateful slaves in their factories accepting the miserable richer at our expense them as examples of success for the privilege of power they can finance their we are expected to be fighting for them in their ourselves, or being killed are expected to love, death, quite probably particular marriage divorce *'Do they owe us a living'*

Phil kept coming back enthusiasm was infectious organise the first Stonehenge June 74.

'Then called King Arthur before us the heathen march we to them . . . foremost of all the figures'

By the beginning of hand-outs and posters hundreds of invitations Pope, the Duke of Airways air hostesses a to say, not many of the date, but Phil was hundreds hippies had.

For nine weeks Phil brave the increasingly stone monument, water stone-faced monument

Wood-smoke drew against grey stones. L tellers who sat, rainb telling tales of how it at this time, on our ear *'Our generation is the experimenting with a peace. Knowledge, knowledge leads us to our death Our temple is sound drums like thunder, electronic equipment like guitars instead of tomms'*

Rock 'n roll revolution the rain came down a battered old cassette p year they'd do better.

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expected to be grateful to them for the privilege of being slaves in their factories and offices and for the privilege of accepting the miserable wages that they pay us. They grow richer at our expense, but we're expected to look up to them as examples of success. We are expected to be grateful for the privilege of paying them their huge taxes so that they can finance their oppression of us, the people. Finally, we are expected to be grateful to them for the privilege of fighting for them in their wars and killing other people like ourselves, or being killed by other people like ourselves. We are expected to love, honour and obey this wife-beater 'til death, quite probably, premature, do us part - in this particular marriage divorce is a hard case to fight for.

'Do they owe us a living? - Of course they fucking do!'

*

Phil kept coming back to the house with new plans. His enthusiasm was infectious and finally we agreed to help him organise the first Stonehenge Festival, Summer Solstice, June 74.

'Then called King Arthur with loud voice, "Where here before us the heathen hound, who slew our ancestors, now march we to them . . . and when we come to them, myself foremost of all the fight I will begin.'

'Brut' Layamon

By the beginning of 1974 we had printed thousands of hand-outs and posters for the festival and Phil had sent out hundreds of invitations to such varied celebrities as the Pope, the Duke of Edinburgh, The Beatles, the British Airways air hostesses and the Hippies of Katmandu. Needless to say, not many of the invitees turned up on the appointed date, but Phil was happy that a motley crew of a few hundred hippies had.

For nine weeks Phil and those who were prepared to brave the increasingly wet summer, held fort at the old stone monument, watched in growing confusion by the old stone-faced monument keepers.

Wood-smoke drew into the damp night air, grey smoke against grey stones. Leaping flames illuminated the storytellers who sat, rainbow splashes in the plain landscape, telling tales of how it was that this fire was lit in this place, at this time, on our earth.

'Our generation is the best mass movement in history - experimenting with anything in our search for love and peace. Knowledge, kicks, religion, life, truth, even if it leads us to our death, at least we're all trying, together. Our temple is sound, we fight our battles with music, drums like thunder, cymbals like lightning, banks of electronic equipment like nuclear missiles of sound. We have guitars instead of tommy-guns.'

Phil Russell, 1974.

Rock 'n roll revolution, day in, day out, the talk went on, the rain came down and if this year there'd only been a battered old cassette player to pump out the sounds, next year they'd do better.

Eventually, the Department of the Environment, keepers of the old stone-faced monument keepers, served the 'Wallies of Stonehenge' notice to withdraw from government property. The various inhabitants of the fort had agreed that, should the authorities intervene, they would answer only to the name of Wally; the name originated from a lost dog much sought after at the Isle of Wight Festival of many years back. The ludicrous summonses against Phil Wally, Sid Wally, Chris Wally etc. did much to set the scene for the absurd trial that followed in London's High Courts.

Fleet Street loved it, there hadn't been any suitably unpleasant murders, rapes, wars or 'natural' disasters, so the Wallies, with their leader Phil Wally Hope, became this week's 'disposable' stars. The grinning heroes appeared daily in the pages of the papers, flashing peace-signs and preaching the power of love, next to that day's tits 'n bums; an old message in a new setting.

Having lost the case and been ordered to immediately vacate the land, Wally Hope jubilantly left the courtroom to face waiting reporters announcing, "We have won, we have won. Everybody loves us, we have won." Everybody was, if not in love with, certainly confused by Wally and his disposable statement. All the same, for a day or two, the Wallies had been good copy. In a way they had won, they had moved on, but there's always a next year and a tradition had been born. In a way they had won, but the system doesn't like being made a fool of; the tradition has now become one of the only yearly major free festivals. So, in a way they had won, but Wally Hope had pushed a thorn in the side of the system and the system wasn't going to let him get away with it again.

From Stonehenge the retreating Wallies moved to Windsor. This year the festival had attracted the biggest gathering ever. Tens of thousands of people had come to ensure that Her Royal Majesty remained unamused and she, in turn, was waiting in the guise of a massive police presence. Tension between the two factions existed from the start and eventually things exploded when the police staged a vicious early morning attack on the sleeping festival goers. Hundreds of people were hurt as the police randomly and brutally laid into anyone unlucky enough to be in their way. People were dragged from their tents to be treated to a breakfast of boot and abuse. Protesting hippies were pulled away to waiting Black Marias to be insulted, intimidated, beaten up and charged.

The media pretended to be shocked and the government ordered a public enquiry, neither of which did much to improve the condition of the hundreds of injured people.

*

Government enquiries are frequently used to lead the public into thinking that something positive is being done about situations where the system has been seen to step out of line. These token gestures allow the authorities to commit atrocious crimes against the people while suffering no real fear of reprisal. The tactic has been employed in cases of military and police violations in Belfast, Brixton etc; environmental violations such as deadly radiation leaks from power stations like Windscale in Cumbria; compulsory purchase orders, official theft, on land for motorways, airports and more nuclear plants, all of which are more likely to be a part of government plans for the event of nuclear war than to be for the convenience of the public; other 'mistakes' such as corruption by government officials, the maltreatment of inmates in prisons and mental homes, violence by teachers in schools, whenever, in fact, the authorities need a cover-up for their activities.

Those in government are perfectly aware that they and the authorities to whom they have been given power, daily commit crimes against the public and yet, unless they are exposed by that same public, who rightly might fear for their own well-being, nothing is done.

In cases where the public do become aware of inexcusable behaviour by the authorities, the government sets up its own enquiry to 'investigate' the issue. Something 'appears' to be happening and the gullible, silent, violent majority are satisfied that 'justice has been done'. The crude fact however, is that the government will have done nothing at all except to have produced and printed a few White Papers that hardly anyone will read and no one will take any notice of. Meanwhile the 'official crimes continue, unhindered.

*

Wally Hope came away from Windsor bruised and depressed. Once again he had danced amongst the boys in blue in a vain attempt to calm them with his humour and his love — he had been beaten up for his efforts.

'I saw the police dragging away a young boy, punching and kicking him, I saw a pregnant woman being kicked in the

belly and a little boy being punched in the face. All around the police were just laying into people. I went to one policeman who had just knocked out a woman's teeth and asked him why he'd done it, he told me to fuck off or I'd get the same. Later on, I did.'

Wally Hope, after the party was over. Bit by bit, we were learning. The days of flower-power were over, the pigs were out grazing in the meadows. Our parents, at least their public servants, are our first oppressors. The daisies were being eaten. The nightmare was becoming reality.

'Where today are the many powerful tribes of our people? They have vanished before the greed and oppression of the White Man, as snow before the summer's sun.'

Indian Chief. Things don't seem to change much. We should have known. Bit by bit, we were learning.

In the winter of that year Wally started work on the second Stonehenge Festival; posters, hand-outs, invites. This time round he had the questionable success of the first festival to point to, so the job was easier. Word of mouth has always been a powerful tool of the underground and already people were talking about what they would do to make it work.

Wally spent much of the first two months of '75 handing out leaflets in and around London. Dressed in his 'combat uniform', a bizarre mixture of middle-eastern army gear and Scottish tartans and driving his rainbow striped car complete with a full sized Indian tepee, a large multipoled tent, strapped to the roof, he was a noticeable and colourful sight, a sight that those greyer than himself, in appearance and thought, would certainly not have missed. In May, he left our house for Cornwall; we had done all that we could to prepare for the festival and Wally wanted to rest up in his tepee until it began. The day of his departure was brilliantly hot; we sat in the garden drinking tea as Wally, glorifying the golden sun, serenaded us, and it, with a wild performance on his tribal drums. He was healthy, happy and confident that this time round he'd win again.

As the rainbow coloured car drew away from our house, Wally leant through its window and let out an enormous shout, something in between an Indian warcry and the words 'freedom and peace', he was too far away to be properly heard.

The next time that we saw him, about a month later, he had lost a stone in weight, his skin was white and unpleasantly puffy, he was frail, nervous and almost incapable of speech. He sat with his head hung on his chest, his tongue ran across his lips as if it were searching out the face to which it had once belonged. His tear-filled eyes had sunk, dull and dead, into his skull like some strange Halloween mask. His hands shook constantly in the way that old men's do on a cold winter's day. The sun which he worshipped had darkened for him, he was unable to bear its light or its heat. Every so often he would take pained, involuntary glances around the walled garden in which we sat. Occasionally our eyes would follow his and always they were met with other more sinister eyes watching us from across the perfect lines of the neatly cut green lawns. Wally Hope was a prisoner in one of Her Majesty's Psychiatric Hospitals, a man with no future but theirs. This time round he was not winning.

A couple of days after Wally had left us he had been arrested for possession of three acid tablets. The police had mounted a raid on the house at which he had stopped for the night claiming that they were looking for an army deserter. It just so happened that while they were looking for the deserter they decided, for no reason at all, to look through Wally's coat pocket. Of course they hadn't noticed the rainbow coloured car parked outside, nor were they aware of the fact that the owner of that coat was the laughing hippy anarchist who had made such an arsehole of the courts only a year before, or that he was the same colourful character that had been handing out leaflets

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about Stonehenge 2 in the streets of London just a few
days ago. The police don't notice things like that; their
job, after all, is to catch fictitious army deserters.

Whereas most people would have been given a large
waggle from the trigger-finger and a small fine, Wally was
refused bail and kept in prison on remand. He was refused
the use of the phone or of letter writing materials, so he
had no way of letting people on the outside know what
had happened to him. The people from the house in which
he was arrested did nothing to help, presumably because
they feared similar treatment by the authorities. He was
alone and hopelessly ill-equipped for what was going to
happen to him.

After several days in jail, he appeared on parade wearing
pyjamas claiming that the prison clothing, which he was
obliged to wear, was giving him rashes. Rather than suggesting
the simple remedy of allowing him to wear his own clothes,
the warden, clearly an expert in medical matters, sent him
to see the prison doctor who, in his infinite wisdom, had no
trouble at all in diagnosing the problem as 'schizophrenia'.
'Just because they say that you're paranoid, it doesn't mean
that you're not being followed.'

Unknown hippy wit.

Since the beginning of time, mental illness has been a
powerful political weapon against those seeking, or
operating, social change. A lot of the definitions of 'madness'
are bogus inventions by which those in authority are able to
dismiss those who dare to question their reality. Terms like
schizophrenia, neurotic and paranoid, mean little more than
what any particular, or not so particular, individual chooses
them to mean. There are no physical proofs for any of
these 'conditions'; the definitions vary from psychiatrist to
psychiatrist and depending on which is considered un-
desirable or subversive, are totally different from one
country to another. Because of these different standards,
the chances of being diagnosed schizophrenic in America
are far higher than they are in Britain and this led one
psychiatrist to suggest that the best cure for many American
mental patients would be to catch a flight to Britain. The
label of 'mental illness' is a method of dealing with
individuals, from unwanted relatives to social critics, who,
through not accepting the conditions that are imposed
upon them by outsiders, are seen as 'nuisances' and 'trouble
makers'.

The works of psychologists, notably Freud, Jung, and
the school of perverts who follow their teachings, have,
by isolating 'states of mind' and defining some of them
as 'states of madness', excluded all sorts of possible develop-
ments in the way in which we see, or could see, our reality.
By allowing people to learn from the experience of their
so called 'madness', rather than punishing them for it, new
radical ways of thought could be realised, new perspectives
created and new horizons reached. How else has the human
mind grown and developed? Nearly all the major advances
in society have been made by people who are criticised,
ridiculed, and often punished in their own time, only to be
celebrated as 'great thinkers' years after their deaths. As
mental and physical health becomes increasingly control-
able with drugs and surgery, we come even closer to a world
of hacked about and chemically processed Mr. and Mrs.
Normals whose only purpose in life with be to mindlessly
serve the system; progress will cease and the mind-fuckers
will have won their battle against the human spirit.

Once labelled 'mad', a patient may be subjected to a
whole range of hideous tortures politely referred to by The
Notional Health Service as 'cures'. They are bound up
in belts and harnesses, strait jackets, so that their bodies
becomes bruised and their spirits beaten. They are locked
up in silent padded cells so that the sound of their own
heartbeat and the smell of their own shit breaks them down
into passive animals. They are forced to take drugs that
make them into robot-like zombies. One common side
effect of long term treatment with these drugs is severe
swelling of the tongue; the only effective cure is surgical

— the tongue is cut out — what better way to silence the prophet? They are given electric shocks in the head that cause disorientation and loss of memory. ECT, electroconvulsive therapy, is an idea adopted from the slaughterhouse where, before having their throats cut open, pigs are stunned with an identical form of treatment; ECT is a primitive form of punishment that owes more to the traditions of the witch hunters than it does to the tradition of science. The ultimate 'cure', tour de force of the psychiatric profession, is lobotomy. Victims of this obscene practical joke have knives stuck into their heads that are randomly waggled about so that part of the brain is reduced to mince-meat.

Surgeons performing this operation have no precise idea what they are doing; the brain is an incredibly delicate object about which very little is known, yet these butchers feel qualified to poke knives into people's heads in the belief that they are performing 'scientific services'. Patients who are given this treatment frequently die from it; those who don't can never hope to recover from the state of mindlessness that has been deliberately imposed upon them.

Disgusting experiments are daily performed on both animals and humans in the name of 'medical advance'; there is no way of telling what horrific new forms of treatment are at this moment being devised for us in the thousands of laboratories throughout the country. In Nazi Germany, the inmates of the death camps were used by drug companies as 'guinea-pigs' for new products. Nowadays the companies, some of which are the very same ones, use prisoners in jails and hospitals for the same purposes.

Mental patients are constantly subjected to the ignorance of both the state and the general public and, as such, are perhaps the most oppressed people in the world. In every society there are thousands upon thousands of people locked away in asylums for doing nothing more than question imposed values; dissidents dismissed by the label of madness and silenced, often for ever, by the cure.

*

Wally was prescribed massive doses of a drug called Largactil which he was physically and often violently forced to take. Drugs like Largactil are widely used not only in mental hospitals, but also in jails where 'officially' their use is not permitted. The prison doctor's 'treatment' for 'schizophrenia' reduced Wally to a state of helplessness and by the time he was dragged into the courts again he was so physically and mentally bound up in a drug induced strait jacket that he was totally incapable of understanding what was going on, let alone of offering any kind of defence for himself.

When finally we did hear from Wally, an almost incomprehensible letter that looked as if it had been written by a five year old child, he had been taken from the jail, herded through the courts where he was 'sectioned' under the Mental Health Act of 1959, and committed, for an indefinite time, to a mental hospital.

*

Sectioning, compulsory hospitalisation, is a method by which the authorities can imprison anyone who two doctors are prepared to diagnose as 'mad'. It is not difficult, naturally, to find willing doctors, since prison hospitals are riddled with dangerous hacks who, having sunk to the bottom of their profession, are willing to oblige.

Once sectioned, the patient loses all 'normal' human rights, can be treated in any way that the doctors see fit and, because appeal against the court decision is almost impossible, stands no chance of release until certified 'cured' by those same doctors.

Recently Britain was forced by the European Court of Human Rights to allow patients, prisoners, the right to appeal against compulsory hospitalisation. Although this

might appear to be an improvement on what existed in Wally's time, patients still have to wait six months before the appeal will be heard, by which time, like Wally, they are liable to be so incapacitated by the treatment that they have received, that the appeal procedure would be impossible for them to handle.

Sectioning enables the state to take anyone off the streets and imprison them, indefinitely, without any crime having been committed; it enables the state, within the letter of the law, to torture and main prisoners and suffer no fear of exposure.

Compulsory hospitalisation is the ultimate weapon of our oppressive state, a grim reminder of the lengths to which the system will go to control the individual. Whereas the bomb is a communal threat, sectioning violates concepts of 'human rights' in its direct threat to the freedom of personal thought and action.

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When we heard of Wally's fate, we were convinced that the experience would destroy him; some of us indeed, were convinced that the authorities intended to destroy him. Inevitably, we were assured by liberal acquaintances that we were 'just being paranoid about the intentions of the state'; those same liberals say the same about any of the horrors of modern technological society, from the bomb to computer systems, that they are afraid to confront within that society and themselves. Paranoid or not, we made efforts, firstly legally, then, illegally, to secure Wally's release. All of our attempts failed.

We spent days on the phone contacting people whom we thought might be able to help or advise us. The most useful and compassionate help came from organisations like Release and BIT, underground groups, some of which still operate today helping people over all sorts of problems, from housing to arrest. Critics of the 'hippy generation' would do well to remember that the majority of such organisations, plus alternative bookshops, printing presses, food shops, cafes, gig venues etc., are still run, for the benefit of us all, by those same hippes; old maybe but, because of the enormous efforts many of them have made 'to give hope a chance', not boring.

We found that appeal was as good as impossible and realised, in any case, that to follow 'normal' procedures could take months and by then we thought it would be too late. We employed a lawyer to act on Wally's behalf, but the hospital made it impossible for him to contact Wally; letters never got through and telephone calls proved pointless. The 'patient' was always 'resting' and messages were incorrectly relayed to him.

When we attempted to visit Wally in hospital we were informed that no one but his close relatives could see him. His father had died and his mother and sister, neither of whom would have anything to do with him, were abroad. Gambling on the chance that the staff knew little about his family background, one of us, posing as Wally's sister, finally gained access to the hospital. The aim of the visit, apart from simply wanting to see Wally, was to plan a means of kidnapping him so that he could be taken somewhere where he could recover from his ordeal.

On our second visit, two of us were able to see him without arousing suspicion. We had hoped to finalise the kidnap plan, but we found him in such a bad state that we decided it could be damaging to him to have to deal with the kind of movements we had planned.

What none of us realised at the time, was that his condition was the direct result of the 'treatment' that he was being given rather than the 'symptoms' of mental illness. The sad shuffling half-people that can be seen through the railings of any mental hospital are like that not because of the illness that they supposedly have, but because of the cures that they are being subjected to. The social stereotype of the grey-raincoated loony is a tasteless twist more worthy of a B movie than a civilised

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society. The stereotype is one that is forced, either surgically or chemically, by an uncaring system, onto the 'patient' whose 'moronic and lifeless appearance' is used, by that same system, to 'prove' the patient's 'illness'.

Since his admission into hospital, Wally had been receiving pills to 'cure his illness' and injections to counter-act the side effects of the pills. Naturally, he had been slipping the pills under his tongue and spitting them out later. The injections were unavoidable, the hospital nurses were mostly male and considerably stronger than Wally, so polite refusals weren't much use, but in any case, as they were to cure the side-effects, they didn't really matter. What neither he nor we knew was that the hospital staff had deliberately lied to him about which 'medicine' was which. The result was that the injections, of a drug called Modecate, of which he was receiving doses massively above those recommended by the manufacturers, were creating increasingly serious side effects that were not being treated. It should have been obvious to the staff that something was going amiss, they must have realised that Wally was gobbing out the pills, but that, after all, was part of their 'cure' - he was being made into a mindless moron.

Meanwhile, Stonehenge 2 took place. This year thousands of people turned up and for over two weeks the authorities were unable to stop the festivities. Wood-fires, tents and tepees, free food stalls, stages and bands, music and magic. Flags flew and kites soared. Naked children played in the woodlands, miniature Robin Hoods celebrating their material poverty. Dogs formed woofing packs that excitedly stole sticks from the innumerable wood piles and then scrapped over them in tumbling, rolling bundles of fur. Two gentle horses were tethered to a tree and silently watched the festivities through the dappled light that danced across their bodies. Old bearded men squatted on tree stumps muttering prayers to their personal gods. Small groups of people tended puffing fires upon which saucepans bubbled and bread baked, the many rich smells blending across the warm air. Parties of muscular people set out in search of wood and water accompanied always by a line of laughing, mimicking children. Everywhere there was singing and dancing. Indian flutes wove strange patterns of sound around the ever present bird song. The beat of drums echoed the hollow thud of axe on wood. Old friends met new, hands touched, bodies entwined, minds expanded and, in one tiny spot on our earth, love and peace had become a reality. Just ten miles down the road, Wally Hope, the man whose vision and hard work had made that reality possible, was being pumped full of poisons in the darkness of a hospital cell.

A couple of days after the last person had left the festival site, Wally was, without warning, set free. The grey men had kept the smiling, bronzed, hippy warrior from his festival and now, having effected their cure, ejected a nervous gibbering wreck onto their grey streets.

It took Wally two days to drive his rainbow coloured car from the hospital to our home. Seventy miles in two days, two days of terror. He found himself incapable of driving for any length of time and had to stop for hours on end to regain his confidence. No one knew of his release and, maybe to restore some kind of dignity for himself, he was determined to do it alone. When he finally arrived at our house he was in worse condition than when we had seen him at the hospital; he was barely able to walk and even the most simple of tasks was impossible for him. It is hard to believe that he was able to drive those seventy miles at all. This pale shadow of the person who we had once known now found it agony to sit in the sun, his face and hands would swell up into a distorted mess. The sun that he worshipped was now all darkness for him. At night he would lay in his bed and cry; quiet, desperate sobs that would go on until dawn, when he would finally go to sleep. Nothing seemed to help his pathetic condition. We tried to teach him to walk properly again, but he was

unable to coordinate and his left arm would swing forward with his left leg, his right with his right. Sometimes we were able to laugh about it, but the laughter always gave way to tears. We couldn't understand and we were afraid.

Finally, in desperation, we got Wally to a doctor friend who diagnosed his condition as being 'chronic dyskinesia', a disease brought about through overdoses of Modecate and similar drugs. Wally had been made into a cabbage and worse, an incurable one.

Bit by bit, the realisation that he was doomed to live in a half-world of drug induced idiocy made its way into what was left of Wally's brain. On the third of September 1975, unable to face another day, perhaps hoping that death might offer more to him than what was left in life, Wally Hope overdosed on sleeping pills and choked to death on the vomit that they induced.

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In the relatively short time that we have on this earth we probably have contact with thousands of people with whom we share little more than half smiles and polite conversation. We are lucky if amongst those thousands of faces one actually responds to us with more than predictable formalities. Real friends are rare, true understanding between people is difficult to achieve and when it is achieved it is the most precious of all human experiences.

I have been lucky in that I am part of a group of people who I regard as friends and with whom I can share a sense of reality and work towards a shared vision of the future. I have met many people whose only aim, because of their own cynicism and lack of purpose, appears to be to prevent people like ourselves from expressing our own sense of our own life; I see people like that as the dark shadows that have made our world so colourless.

Wally was a genius, I can't pretend to have completely liked him, he was far too demanding to be liked, but I did love him. He was the most colourful character that I have ever met, a person who had a deep sense of destiny and no fear whatsoever in pursuing it. If friends are rare, people like Wally are very very rare indeed. I don't suppose I shall ever meet someone like him again; he was a magical, mystical, visionary who demonstrated more to me about the meaning of life than all the grey nobodies that have ever existed could ever hope to do. Wally was an individual, pure energy, a great big silver light that shone in the darkness, who because he was kind, gentle and loving, was seen, by those grey people, as a threat, a threat that they felt should be destroyed.

Wally was not mad, not a crazy, not a nut, he was a human being who didn't want to have to accept the grey world that we are told is all we should expect in life. He wanted more and set out to get it. He didn't see why we should have to live as enemies to each other. He believed, as do many anarchists, that people are basically kind and good and that it is the restrictions and limitations that are forced upon them, often violently, by uncaring systems, that creates evil.

'What is evil but good tortured by its own hunger and thirst?'

Phil Russell. 1974.

We are born free, but almost immediately we are subjected to conditioning in preparation for a life of slavery within the system. We are moulded by our parents, teachers, bosses, etc. to conform to what 'they' want from us rather than to our own natural, and unique, desires. Anarchists believe that those natural desires for peaceful and cooperative lives are denied us because they do not serve the requirements of the ruling classes. Life should and could be a wonderful and exciting experience. Despite what the politicians say, the world is big enough for us all if we could only learn to share it and to respect each other within it. Millions of people are governed by very few; millions of lives of grey slavery simply so those few can

enjoy the privileges that are the birth right of us all. Surely, by sheer weight of numbers, we have the strength to take back what is rightfully ours? But do we have the right to use violence to force our demands? The anarchist answer would have to be 'no'.

Armed revolution as advocated by extremists of the left is nothing more than destructive revenge, an unpleasant tactic learnt in the school playground and never forgotten. To say that violence is the only way to achieve improvements for the common good, is to say that people are basically bad and unchangeable, an unacceptably cynical view that runs deep through most socialist thought. Those who advocate armed revolution are seeking to oppress those who they see as 'enemies' in exactly the same way as those 'enemies' oppressed them, the boot is simply on another foot. Force can only lead to resentment; if force is used to make someone do something against their will, they will fight back, the same applies to armed revolution. If a revolution is won by violent means it will inevitably create on and nothing but the name of the oppressor will have changed. Anarchists believe that it is essential to break that circle of violence as it is precisely that which distorts and perverts people's basic kindness and goodness. Anarchists believe that it is the right of the individual to make their own decisions and choices in life free from imposed restrictions and the threats of violence with which they go hand in hand. In demanding those rights for themselves anarchists are almost duty-bound to respect those rights in others and it is here that anarchy and all other forms of political thought part company.

Because anarchists believe that people are basically kind and good, as an act of faith, they are able to conceive, consider and create revolution without violence. Other forms of political thought, lost in their cynical view of humans as bad and unchangeable, have no alternative but to resort to the immaturity of violence. Thus, unavoidably, anarchists must also promote pacifism, for if anarchists truly believe that they have the right to live their own life how can they permit the use of violence to deny others theirs?

Standing against violence doesn't mean just passively standing by and letting it happen. Pacifists will, if forced, defend themselves and others from attack, not out of a sense of aggression or revenge, but from a need to demonstrate their strength, the strength of love. By opposing violence with a sense of love and respect, the aggressor is allowed to consider their own actions and is given the opportunity to back down. By opposing violence with violence nothing but an escalation can be achieved, nothing can be learnt and existing values, regardless of who is the victor, remain unchallenged. Likewise with larger scale conflict; if the state is opposed with violence it will reply with violence, if it is opposed with a desire to create love and respect, it is not impossible that love and respect could be the response. The choice is ours, it must be worth trying.

The personal risk involved in rejecting violence with love is, perhaps, far higher than the traditional approach of an 'eye for an eye'. It takes a true sense of courage to reply to violence with love rather than fists, but the rewards are real and lasting. Violence has become such an accepted method of solving problems that people justify it on the grounds 'that it is natural instinct'. Pacifists, like anarchists, believe that the 'natural instinct' is one of love and that violence is simply the result of that love having been stifled and perverted by oppressive and repressive social systems.

From domestic violence to global war, the rules have always been the same, 'destroy that which you don't understand' - pacifists and anarchists seek to creatively solve problems by developing mutual understanding between people, rather than mutual hostility.

Violence only makes disagreements worse, it works on the principle of winners and losers and both pacifists and anarchists believe that no-one should have to suffer

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enjoy the privileges that are the birth right of us all. Surely, by sheer weight of numbers, we have the strength to take back what is rightfully ours? But do we have the right to use violence to force our demands? The anarchist answer would have to be 'no'.

Armed revolution as advocated by extremists of the left is nothing more than destructive revenge, an unpleasant tactic learnt in the school playground and never forgotten. To say that violence is the only way to achieve improvements for the common good, is to say that people are basically bad and unchangeable, an unacceptably cynical view that runs deep through most socialist thought. Those who advocate armed revolution are seeking to oppress those who they see as 'enemies' in exactly the same way as those 'enemies' oppressed them, the boot is simply on another foot. Force can only lead to resentment; if force is used to make someone do something against their will, they will fight back, the same applies to armed revolution. If a revolution is won by violent means it will inevitably create violent reaction; the vicious circle of violence rolls on and on and nothing but the name of the oppressor will have changed. Anarchists believe that it is essential to break that circle of violence as it is precisely that which distorts and perverts people's basic kindness and goodness. Anarchists believe that it is the right of the individual to make their own decisions and choices in life free from imposed restrictions and the threats of violence with which they go hand in hand. In demanding those rights for themselves anarchists are almost duty-bound to respect those rights in others and it is here that anarchy and all other forms of political thought part company.

Because anarchists believe that people are basically kind and good, as an act of faith, they are able to conceive, consider and create revolution without violence. Other forms of political thought, lost in their cynical view of humans as bad and unchangeable, have no alternative but to resort to the immaturity of violence. Thus, unavoidably, anarchists must also promote pacifism, for if anarchists truly believe that they have the right to live their own life how can they permit the use of violence to deny others theirs?

Standing against violence doesn't mean just passively standing by and letting it happen. Pacifists will, if forced, defend themselves and others from attack, not out of a sense of aggression or revenge, but from a need to demonstrate their strength, the strength of love. By opposing violence with a sense of love and respect, the aggressor is allowed to consider their own actions and is given the opportunity to back down. By opposing violence with violence nothing but an escalation can be achieved, nothing can be learnt and existing values, regardless of who is the victor, remain unchallenged. Likewise with larger scale conflict; if the state is opposed with violence it will reply with violence, if it is opposed with a desire to create love and respect, it is not impossible that love and respect could be the response. The choice is ours, it must be worth trying.

The personal risk involved in rejecting violence with love is, perhaps, far higher than the traditional approach of an 'eye for an eye'. It takes a true sense of courage to reply to violence with love rather than fists, but the rewards are real and lasting. Violence has become such an accepted method of solving problems that people justify it on the grounds 'that it is natural instinct'. Pacifists, like anarchists, believe that the 'natural instinct' is one of love and that violence is simply the result of that love having been stifled and perverted by oppressive and repressive social systems.

From domestic violence to global war, the rules have always been the same, 'destroy that which you don't understand' - pacifists and anarchists seek to creatively solve problems by developing mutual understanding between people, rather than mutual hostility.

Violence only makes disagreements worse, it works on the principle of winners and losers and both pacifists and anarchists believe that no-one should have to suffer the

inhuman condition of being a loser and no-one should have to benefit from the inhuman condition of being a winner. We're not born that way, so why should we, or anyone else, live that way? All other forms of political thought rely on there being losers, who are exploited as slaves by the winners, who enjoy the privileges created by them. Both right and left wing states employ force to maintain power; people are reduced to simple tools servicing the machinery of the state and as such, are expected to live and, if need be, die for that state.

Anarchy is rejection of state control, a demand by the individual to live a life of personal choice. Anarchists believe that if each individual can learn to act out of conscience, rather than greed, the machinery of power will collapse. It is unfair and untrue to say that this is nothing but dreamy idealism. Throughout history people have created change without resorting to violence by simply, en masse, refusing to bow down to the authority that seeks to oppress them. History books rarely document these victories of the people because history books are concerned with, and serve, the politics of power rather than the lives of the people. It is true that the state has often overthrown shows of passive resistance with violence, but had that resistance itself been of a violent nature, the state would simply have overthrown it with a greater force; violence breeds violence. It is to cases of state violence that those who advocate armed revolution always refer when attempting to justify their own desire for violence. Never do they accept the enormous changes that have been achieved by anarcho-pacifist methods; their deep rooted cynicism and desire for revenge makes them blind to the strength of human goodness. These overgrown schoolboys and frustrated college Marxists advocate 'armed revolution by the working classes' to overthrow the oppressor. As is the usual case with macho-dominated politics, the privileged few determine the violent deaths of thousands of innocent people. The state has always sent the 'working classes' to the front lines of war, has always used the 'working classes' as a tool to its own power - in what way are these 'brothers' of the Marxist Revolution any different? What kind of liberation is it that uses the deaths of others, usually the underprivileged, as a means to achieve its ends?

The extreme left is largely made up from educated and privileged people who, because of their social background, are able to infiltrate organisations, from schools to the media, in which they can push their propaganda. The threat that they pose to the development of radical creative change is far greater than that of right-wing organisations. The right, because it lacks any true political ideology (at least, that which it does have is so laughably transparent) and because it rarely has the 'social respectability' of the left, relies on its appeal to a small group of people who, finding themselves on the bottom of the social scrap-heap, rejected by leftists and liberals alike, take the only option that is on offer to them - violence. So-called 'right-wing violence' is generally not politically motivated at all, but is simply an end-of-the-line reaction against seemingly impossible odds made by people who are offered nothing by society but a life of slavery.

The left-wing 'threat' is an organised and calculated attempt by generally privileged people who to gain power and control will use those who are less privileged to fight their causes. Those that do not conform to their leftist requirements they label as 'fascists'. At the same time however, they would happily recruit those so-called 'fascists' to achieve their own ends - in violence there is no morality.

We have the strength, by simply refusing to be used as tools to other people's desires, to overcome oppression; but do we have the personal courage to stand alone, without our 'party membership card' or 'little red book', and demand our right to live?

We are able to help create this change immediately in our own lives. We can try to live in harmony with our friends and amongst the people and the environment in

which we move. We can try to be creative with the facilities that we and others make. We can learn to reject the stupid roles that we are told to accept; dominant males, submissive females etc. We can learn to share and cooperate with each other, to give back to life what we have taken from it. We can learn to understand the natural functions of the world around us; the seasons, the weather, the soil and everything that grows on this planet of ours. We can learn to understand what people, in their unthinking ways, have done to the earth. We can learn to reject the grey filth and shit that we are told is a 'fact of life'. We can demand and create something better. All these things, and a lot more, we can learn together with those who care and then, as individuals, we can go out into the streets and demand back the world that we know exists beneath the layer upon layer of crap that history has piled upon it — and we can start working towards something better. It's up to us, as individuals, together, to subvert the system that perverts our lives.

We must learn to be unafraid of those in authority — we must strive for what we know is right and rather than simply serving our own greed and selfishness find creative ways to 'break the back of the system'. We must write songs and poetry, make records, magazines, books, films and videos, spray messages in graffiti and attempt to gain access to all forms of media so that our voice can be heard. We must, however, be prepared to back up our words with actions.

It is impossible and unwise to advocate 'direct action'. It is something that should be done and not spoken about. Each of us has our own level of fear and uncertainty and in taking direct action as a form of protest, we must be as certain as possible that we will succeed. It is foolhardy, unless we simply want to end up as martyrs, to attempt anything that we are not ready for. We must learn to overcome our fears gradually, rather than diving headlong into something that we find we can't carry through.

In America, anarcho-pacifists broke into an air base and smashed up part of a nuclear missile; in France, they fired rockets at an unoccupied nuclear power station; in Britain, they built barriers across a railway line to prevent the transportation of nuclear waste. Other people jam up the locks of banks and offices with super-glue, or cut down fences around government installations. Others sabotage operations at work, from redirecting traffic on building sites, to distributing goods through the back door of factories and shops. Everyone has their own way and their own ideas about what to do and anything that anyone does do further erodes the power that the authorities believe they have over us. Whatever it is that you do, keep your mouth shut and remember that those who do the talking very rarely make the actions.

At the same time as more 'extreme' activities, there are things that we can do within the existing social structures that will further weaken those structures as well as directly helping each other.

We can open up squats and, from them, start information services for those who want to do the same, or we can form housing co-ops and communes to share the responsibility of renting or even buying a property. In places where we already live, we can open the doors to others, form tenant associations with neighbours and demand and create better conditions and facilities in the area. We can form gardening groups that squat and farm disused land or rent allotments where we can produce food for ourselves and others that are free from dangerous chemicals and grow medicinal herbs to cure each other's headaches. We can create health groups where we can practice alternative medicine, like herbalism and massage, that create healthy bodies and minds rather than the drugged-up robots that are the results of conventional medicine; we can then, maybe, learn to love and respect each other's bodies rather than fearing them. We can form free schools where knowledge can be shared, rather than rules laid down. Education, rather than being little but state training in slavery, can become a

mutual growth and a true enquiry into our world where everyone is the teacher and everyone is the pupil. We can start community centres where people have an alternative to the male dominated, money orientated atmosphere of Britain's only nightly social event, the pub. Centres could serve and further the interests of the community, rather than simply being there to finance the brewer. In Scotland, a group of people found an unused site hut which they squatted and having soundproofed and decorated it, put on gigs and discussion groups. The local council were so impressed by their efforts that they have been given official use of it. We can run food co-ops that buy and distribute foods that have been grown by people that we know, or have been brought from sources who we trust are not exploiting the people who produced it. A lot of super-market food is grown in the Third World where the workers are paid next to nothing so that the middlemen can make huge profits — food co-ops can break down that chain. At one time we ran a food co-op from our house that supplied over twenty other homes with food that had been produced outside the capitalist system. We can form 'work banks' where we can exchange our individual skills for the skills of others. If enough people are prepared to join a 'bank', money becomes almost redundant.

The only limitation is our own imagination. We can overcome the structures that oppress us, but only if we are prepared to work hard to do so. We have the strength, we have the numbers and with the courage of our own convictions, we can regain the right to live our own lives. The non-violent revolution can, and will, be a reality.

Wally Hope had both the strength and the courage of his own convictions, but like ourselves had been hopelessly ill-informed about the workings of the state. He demanded the right to live his own life and was met with savage resistance. He was killed by a system that believes that 'it knows best'. It is that system and hundreds like it, that oppress millions of people throughout the world. Left-wing oppression in Poland, or right-wing oppression in Northern Ireland, what's the difference?

The prisons and mental hospitals of the world are full of people who did nothing but to disagree with the accepted 'norms' of the state in which they lived. Russian dissidents are American heroes, American dissidents are Russian heroes; the kettle simply gets blacker. To defeat the oppressor, we must learn its ways, otherwise we are doomed, like Wally, to be silenced by its fist.

Wally sought peace and creativity as an alternative to war and destruction. He was an anarchist, a pacifist and, above all, an individualist, but because of the times in which he naively lived, and innocently died, he was labelled a 'hippy'.

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In the coroner's court, the police officer responsible for investigating Wally's death dismissed him in one sarcastic sentence, "*He thought he was Jesus Christ, didn't he?*" Wally certainly did not think of himself in that light, but judging by the way in which the state dealt with him, they did. The same inspector claimed to have thoroughly interviewed everyone who had had contact with Wally from the time of his arrest to the time of his death. Although we had twice visited Wally in hospital and he had later stayed with us for around two weeks, this guardian of the law had not once been in touch with us. The few witnesses that were called had obviously been carefully selected to 'toe the official line'. Amongst them was one of the doctors who had been responsible for Wally's treatment. Throughout his statement he told lie after lie and then, rather than being subjected to the possible embarrassment of cross-examination, was reminded by the coroner that he mustn't miss his train — nod nod, wink wink.

The court passed a verdict of suicide with no reference at all to the appalling treatment that had been the direct cause of it. We loudly protested from the back of the

courtroom — the grey mocking smiles.

Wally's death and the way it was dealt with it, led us to investigations into exactly what had happened on that hot day in May. We intended to destroy Wally's death was a threat, a fearless destroy without much

The story was a nightmare and cruelty. Wally had been arrested by the police who arrested him and the prison authorities. Our enquiries led us to get to the truth of any with innumerable new got drawn deeper and greed and fear. None discovered, the world dark place.

We found evidence of gangland tie-ups, of trumped up charges of horrific abuse, both in jails and mental hospitals. What amounted to physical bruises inflicted, by on an inmate's body are requested to punishment won't be seen by visitors who, to while the day and did 'good turns' favours. We learnt of many administered the 'what happened'; who, and then tormented the of prisons is 'reform' is total deception — cruel and simple — punishment.

Beyond the world we were faced with outside world. Within and secure, work, day know about the abuse dishonesty and corruption falsity of the reality turn against it because lives in it, they would remain silent — the silence.

Beneath the glossy straightened nylons, cooks, of pub on Friday of well planned families wealth and security, fascists. They know, because I was not communists and I did a communist. Then they I did not speak out - Then they came for speak out for me.'

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courtroom - the grey men simply met our objections with mocking smiles.

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Wally's death and the deceitful way in which the authorities dealt with it, led us to spend the next year making our own investigations into exactly what had happened since he left us that hot day in May. Our enquiries convinced us that what had happened was not an accident. The state had intended to destroy Wally's spirit, if not his life, because he was a threat, a fearless threat who they hoped they could destroy without much risk of embarrassment.

The story was a nightmare web of deception, corruption and cruelty. Wally had been treated with complete contempt by the police who arrested him, the courts that sentenced him and the prison and hospital that held him prisoner. Our enquiries led us far from Wally's case; as we tried to get to the truth of any one situation, we would be presented with innumerable new leads and directions to follow. We got drawn deeper and deeper into a world of lies, violence, greed and fear. None of us were prepared for what we discovered, the world started to feel like a very small, dark place.

We found evidence of murder cover-ups, of police and gangland tie-ups, of wrongful arrest and imprisonment on trumped up charges and false evidence. We learnt of the horrific abuse, both physical and mental, of prisoners in jails and mental hospitals; doctors who knowingly prescribed what amounted to poison, who were unable to see the bruises inflicted, by courtesy of Her Majesty's officials, on an inmate's body - wardens and interrogating police are requested to punch below the head, where the bruises won't be seen by visiting relatives. We learnt of wardens who, to while the day away, set inmates against each other and did 'good turns' in return for material, and sexual favours. We learnt of nurses in mental hospitals who deliberately administered the wrong drugs to patients 'just to see what happened'; who, for kicks, tied patients to their beds and then tormented them. The official line, that the purpose of prisons is 'reform' and of mental hospitals is 'cure', is total deception - the purpose is 'punishment'; crude, cruel and simple - punishment.

Beyond the world of police, courts, jails and asylums, we were faced with the perhaps even more sickening outside world. Within this world, respectable people, smart and secure, work, day in, day out, to maintain the lie. They know about the abuse and cruelty, they know about the dishonesty and corruption, they know about the complete falsity of the reality in which they live, but they aren't turn against it because, having invested so much of their lives in it, they would be turning against themselves, so they remain silent - the silent, violent, majority.

Beneath the glossy surfaces of neatly combed hair and straightened nylons, of polished cars and sponged-down cookers, of pub on Friday and occasional church on Sunday, of well planned family and better planned future, of wealth and security, of power and glory, are the 'real' fascists. They know, but they remain silent.

'First they came for the Jews and I did not speak out - because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the communists and I did not speak out - because I was not a communist. Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out - because I was not a trade unionist. Then they came for me - and there was no one left to speak out for me.'

Pastor Niemoeller, victim of the Nazis.

They remain silent when the windows of the house across the street are smashed and the walls daubed with racist abuse. Silent when they hear the footsteps at night and the beating of doors and the sobbing of those inside. Now, perhaps, a whisper, the quietest whisper, 'They're Jews you know' - or Catholics, West Indians, Pakistanis, Indians, Arabs, Chinese, Irish, Gypsies, gays, cripples, or any mino-

city group, in any society, anywhere — they only whisper it once before the warmth of the duck-down continental quilt soothes away their almost accidental guilt. Silent again as they hear them led away into the darkness. Silent, as through the cold mist of morning, they hear the cattle-trucks roll by. And when they hear of the death-pits, of the racks, of the ovens, of the thousands dead and thousands dying — they remain silent. Because security is their god and compliance is his mistress, they remain silent. Against all the evidence, against all that they know, they remain silent, because convention decrees that they should. Silence, security, compliance and convention — the roots of fascism. Their silence is their part in the violence, a huge and powerful, silent voice of approval — the voice of fascism.

It is not the National Front or the British Movement that represents the right-wing threat; they, like the dinosaur, are all body and no brain and because of that will become extinct. It is the 'general public', in their willingness to bow down to authority, who pose the 'real' fascist threat. Fascism is as much in the hearts of the people as in the minds of their potential leaders.

The voices of silence, at times, made our investigations almost impossible. The respectable majority were too concerned about their own security to want to risk upsetting the authorities by telling us what they knew. They did know and we knew that they knew, but it made no difference — they remained silent.

From the enormous file of documentation that our enquiries produced, we compiled a lengthy book on the life and death of Wally Hope. During the enquiries we had received death-threats from various sources and were visited several times by the police who let us know that they knew what we knew and that they wanted us... to remain silent.

We felt alone and vulnerable. Finally our nerve gave out and one fine Spring morning, one and a half years after Wally's death, we threw the book and almost all the documentation onto a bonfire and watched the flames leap into the perfect blue sky. Phil Russel was dead.

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As nearly all the documentation that we had on Phil was burnt, this article has been written largely from memory. As a result, some of the fine details, exact periods of time etc., may be slightly incorrect. The rest of the story is both true and accurate.

*

We had never chosen to be a part of the system, we had decided to live our own lives, our own way, and for years it seemed to work. Phil had come along at a time when we were beginning to question the value of what we were doing — 'was it enough?' Our experiences both before and after his death showed us that it wasn't. We had been prepared to believe that the system wasn't 'all bad', that if we acted honestly with it, it would act honestly with us — although the writing has been on the wall for several years, well meaning liberals still justify their 'Volvo revolution' with that kind of false reasoning. At the time, however, we still naively believed that the system served the people, our experiences showed us that, in fact, it was the people who served the system... or else.

We had tried to demonstrate our sense of freedom with humour and love and we were met with violence and hate which we in turn attempted to combat with our reason and intelligence. We failed. We finally realised that the state, those who work within it and those who live beneath its authority, were the 'enemy of our freedom' and that we must look for ways other than well reasoned words with which to oppose them.

The system has at its command everything that it needs to control the people and to ensure that its conditions remain dominant. It has the family to limit movement and

stabilise those conditions. It has schools to restrict the mind and brainwash with those conditions. It has employment, and taxation of it, to finance the authorities that maintain those conditions. It has the law, the courts and the police to enforce those conditions. It has the army to protect those conditions. It has prisons and mental hospitals to punish anyone who disobeys those conditions. It has the media to promote those conditions. It has royalty to flaunt those conditions. It has religion and psychiatry to mystify and thereby threaten, at the deepest level, those who question those conditions. It has history and tradition to prove the 'value' of those conditions. It has the future in which all these things are employed to ensure that those conditions will remain unchallenged — we have nothing but ourselves, and each other.

The system quietly murders people like Phil, yet still it is respected by the majority. The system openly murders people like Blair Peach, yet still it is respected by the majority. The system noisily murders people like Bobby Sands, yet still it is respected by the majority. The system is prepared to wage vicious civil war, as in Northern Ireland, or to consider the horror of total annihilation in a global nuclear war, yet still it is respected by the majority.

The system and all those who support it, either directly or through silence, are guilty of premeditating the deaths of millions of people, from individuals like Phil, to the nameless, unidentifiable masses in some unspeakable war. They are guilty of 'conspiring to destroy the planet, the people, animals, insects, plants, in fact everything that we know as life'. There, in their seats of power, hidden behind their masks of reason and rationale, sit people who are not only prepared to destroy our world, they are proud to admit it. It is these self-confessed 'potential mass-murderers' whom we permit to rule our lives; it is these mindless fools who are the 'real' mad-people, not gentle visionaries like Phil, yet who is it who is punished in their reality of double-standards and hypocrisy?

We know that they are not fit to rule our world, yet we allow them to do so. We allow them to build around us a hideously dangerous environment; Britain is at risk of becoming little more than a launch-pad for American missiles and a practice ground for Russian ones. Thatcher's government intends to spend twelve and a half thousand million pounds this year, 1982, on the military alone and that doesn't include the other thousands of millions on war-related expenses, from communication systems to government fall-out shelters and nuclear power stations. The British coastline is becoming dotted with potentially lethal nuclear power stations that produce very little electricity, about ten per cent of yearly UK requirements, and very big bombs. The first 'power stations' were built solely for the production of nuclear bombs; there is little to suggest that those being built now are for anything but similar purposes. The air, the sea and the land are becoming increasingly polluted with nuclear waste; the Irish sea is the most radioactive stretch of water in the world, people and animals have already died as a result of this mindless litter-bugging. Do we have to wait for the accident that will and must happen, that kills people by the thousands, before the authorities accept that there is a little bit more at risk than their self-important reputations? The nuclear programme has enabled the authorities to intensify enormously the development of their 'security systems'. So not only do we have to suffer the insecurity of the threat of nuclear war, we also have to contend with the added insecurity of living in what is fast becoming a police state. Nuclear establishments have at their command an armed force who answer to no authority but their own; Britain's ready-made SS, existing in a state within a state. The government recently approved plans to set up a new style 'Home Guard': a force who will be specially trained to deal with 'domestic problems' and that means me and you, so don't be fooled by tales of 'Dad's Army', this one isn't a comedy. The authorities are increasingly prying into our private lives.

From phone tapping, coming files in their purchased a computer, the other computer man, woman and button, the authorities, lives, from birth to were claiming that limit individual freedom, 'being paranoid', but they have done. No chip' there is no way that these new technologies freedom. 1984 has that fell hopelessly horrific escalation in becoming a memory, bers in some bizarre called... run like a print-out on where

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As the authorities in for the so-called 'spected to live on more and more on 1982, there are people because they can't a death, many actually heat; they are being afford the rent; they because the councils are suffering from r food; they are almost dying, because they finally makes them where the authorities They'll probably die anyway — meaning spending twelve and year, 1982, on the other thousands from communication is there anybody the

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stabilise those conditions. It has schools to restrict the mind
and brainwash with those conditions. It has employment,
and taxation of it, to finance the authorities that maintain
those conditions. It has the law, the courts and the police
to enforce those conditions. It has the army to protect
those conditions. It has prisons and mental hospitals to
punish anyone who disobeys those conditions. It has the
media to promote those conditions. It has royalty to flaunt
those conditions. It has religion and psychiatry to mystify
and thereby threaten, at the deepest level, those who
question those conditions. It has history and tradition to
prove the 'value' of those conditions. It has the future in
which all these things are employed to ensure that those
conditions will remain unchallenged – we have nothing but
ourselves, and each other.

The system quietly murders people like Phil, yet still it
is respected by the majority. The system openly murders
people like Blair Peach, yet still it is respected by the
majority. The system noisily murders people like Bobby
Sands, yet still it is respected by the majority. The system is
prepared to wage vicious civil war, as in Northern Ireland,
or to consider the horror of total annihilation in a global
nuclear war, yet still it is respected by the majority.

The system and all those who support it, either directly
or through silence, are guilty of premeditating the deaths of
millions of people, from individuals like Phil, to the name-
less, unidentifiable masses in some unspeakable war. They
are guilty of 'conspiring to destroy the planet, the people,
animals, insects, plants, in fact everything that we know as
life'. There, in their seats of power, hidden behind their
masks of reason and rationale, sit people who are not only
prepared to destroy our world, they are proud to admit it.
It is these self-confessed 'potential mass-murderers' whom
we permit to rule our lives; it is these mindless fools who
are the 'real' mad-people, not gentle visionaries like Phil,
yet who is it who is punished in their reality of double-
standards and hypocrisy?

We know that they are not fit to rule our world, yet we
allow them to do so. We allow them to build around us a
hideously dangerous environment; Britain is at risk of be-
coming little more than a launch-pad for American missiles
and a practice ground for Russian ones. Thatcher's govern-
ment intends to spend twelve and a half thousand million
pounds this year, 1982, on the military alone and that
doesn't include the other thousands of millions on war-
related expenses, from communication systems to govern-
ment fall-out shelters and nuclear power stations. The
British coastline is becoming dotted with potentially lethal
nuclear power stations that produce very little electricity,
about ten per cent of yearly UK requirements, and very big
bombs. The first 'power stations' were built solely for the
production of nuclear bombs; there is little to suggest that
those being built now are for anything but similar purposes.
The air, the sea and the land are becoming increasingly
polluted with nuclear waste; the Irish sea is the most radio-
active stretch of water in the world, people and animals
have already died as a result of this mindless litter-bugging.
Do we have to wait for the accident that will and must
happen, that kills people by the thousands, before the
authorities accept that there is a little bit more at risk than
their self-important reputations? The nuclear programme
has enabled the authorities to intensify enormously the
development of their 'security systems'. So not only do we
have to suffer the insecurity of the threat of nuclear war,
we also have to contend with the added insecurity of living
in what is fast becoming a police state. Nuclear establish-
ments have at their command an armed force who answer
to no authority but their own; Britain's ready-made SS,
existing in a state within a state. The government recently
approved plans to set up a new style 'Home Guard': a force
who will be specially trained to deal with 'domestic
problems' and that means me and you, so don't be fooled
by tales of 'Dad's Army', this one isn't a comedy. The
authorities are increasingly prying into our private lives.

From phone tapping to census forms, our lives are be-
coming files in their dark offices. The authorities have just
purchased a computer system capable of linking together all
the other computers that store information about every
man, woman and child living in Britain. At the press of a
button, the authorities will be able to have details on our
lives, from birth to the present time – fifteen years ago, we
were claiming that computers were going to enormously
limit individual freedom; naturally, we were accused of
'being paranoid', but, none the less, that's exactly what
they have done. Now, with the development of the 'micro
chip' there is no way that anyone could imagine the effects
that these new technologies will have on our privacy and
freedom. 1984 has become a memory, a clumsy hypothesis
that fell hopelessly short in its failure to allow for the
horrific escalation in technological 'hardware'. Private life is
becoming a memory – we are becoming nothing but num-
bers in some bizarre lottery game and when your number is
called . . . run like fuck, but beware, they'll probably have
a print-out on where it is that you're running to.

*'Just because they say that you're paranoid, it doesn't
mean that you're not stored in their computers.'*

Well known punk wit.

As the authorities increase military expenditure, the money
for the so-called 'social services' is decreased. We are ex-
pected to live on less and less as the government spends
more and more on their 'war games'. In Great Britain,
1982, there are people who are suffering from malnutrition
because they can't afford food; they are almost freezing to
death, many actually are dying, because they can't afford
heat; they are being made homeless because they can't
afford the rent; they are being moved into half-way houses
because the councils can't afford decent homes, where they
are suffering from malnutrition because they can't afford
food; they are almost freezing to death, many actually are
dying, because they can't afford heat; when the deprivation
finally makes them ill, they are being moved into hospitals
where the authorities can't afford to properly treat them.
They'll probably die young, but most people die eventually
anyway – meanwhile, Her Majesty's Government is
spending twelve and a half thousand million pounds this
year, 1982, on the military alone and that doesn't include
the other thousands of millions on war-related expenses,
from communications systah, blah, blah, blah, hello, hello,
is there anybody there?

In Northern Ireland, citizens pay government taxes so
that government forces can remain there in occupation, if
just half of what was spent on maintaining those forces was
spent on redeveloping the housing, the social facilities, and
most importantly, the trust that those forces have
destroyed, maybe a 'solution' would be a little easier to
find. But of course the government is not looking for a
'real' solution, it is looking for a way in which it can
continue its exploitation of the people and the land with-
out opposition from any of the rival factions. The army in
Northern Ireland is not a 'peace-keeping force' whatever the
government may say, it is an army of occupation and all the
people, be they Catholic, Protestant or indifferent, suffer
accordingly. It was the English who created the 'Irish
Problem' when hundreds of years ago they first invaded
Ireland for exactly the same reasons that they have invaded
countless countries throughout the world, to exploit
natural assets. As long as those assets continue to profit
Westminster, the 'Irish Problem' will exist.

Young men whose only difference is the narrow strip of
water, or perhaps more tragic still, the narrow strip of land
that divides their birthplaces, shoot at each other across an
atmosphere of accumulated hatred. Yet what can they
'know' to hate this way? They know nothing but what they
have been told to know by the authorities, who care
nothing for their deaths except what they might gain by
them. See how Paper Tiger Thatcher cried crocodile tears
for her lost son, yet see how little compassion she had for
the families of H Block. Centuries of wasted blood, each

vessel another lost son, each drop another stupid reprisal. Centuries of wasted tears, each vessel another childless mother, each drop another stupid reprisal. When will we ever learn? When will we ever learn?

Since writing this article the 'Falklands Crisis' has developed graphically illustrating the complete madness of rulers. What should have been little more than a minor territorial dispute requiring discussion and diplomacy has blown up into a tense world situation where hundreds of young men have already died for the arrogance of their 'leaders'.

Around one hundred and fifty years ago the British stole the Falklands so that they could maintain access into the Pacific ocean; since that time the Argentinians have made repeated attempts to negotiate a return of the islands to their control. If it had not been for the discovery of oil and mineral deposits in the area Britain would have handed back the islands without a second thought, but, because of the enormous wealth to which they gave access, Argentinian claims were ignored. Eventually and inevitably the Argentinians reinvaded the Falklands and the British government, seizing it as an opportunity to divert attention from its enormous domestic problems, launched the country into war - however understandable the Argentinian aggression might be, it is as unacceptable as the British response. Violence breeds violence.

Historically Britain has no 'right' to the Falklands; it seems easy to criticise the Argentinian action, yet it was by exactly the methods that Britain now so self-righteously condemns that the islands were originally stolen. Thatcher, her government and other governments before her couldn't care a fuck about the 'British people' on the island, couldn't care a sod about sovereignty - it's the oil and minerals that they care about, the wealth and the power that they can exploit and if that means that hundreds of people are going to die for that privilege - tough shit! The nationalistic fervour that has been whipped up is just a crude cover that enables those in power to send young men to premature death and that creates an atmosphere in which it becomes 'acceptable' to brutally murder the so-called 'enemy'. Thatcher talks of 'peaceful solutions' whilst ordering the slaughter of five hundred young men and claims that 'our people' need protection whilst already having been responsible for the murder of over thirty of them - she is a bigot, a hypocrite and a liar.

Obscene articles have appeared daily in the press. The dehumanising term 'Argie' has been coined to make the death and mutilation of fellow human beings appear 'commonplace' and 'ordinary'. Page three pin-ups have appeared wearing an assortment of nationalistic insults. Desperate sweethearts flashed their knickers as the QE2 sailed away with its cargo of gun-fodder. Britain relived the 'war years' rallying to its blood-stained flag in some dreadful memory of a power that once held half the world in its imperialist grip - now that grip is a weak wristed fantasy that, through sheer arrogance, would risk the safety of the whole planet. How long must young men continue to die for the greed of governments? How long must young women exploit their bodies to support this psycho-sexual fantasy of war? The big bang, big fuck - enough. WE MUST LEARN TO SAY 'NO'.

Through their massive taxation of us, the government finances its oppression of us. Northern Ireland has been a training ground for what the authorities believe is going to happen on the mainland. As the dividing line between those who can afford and those who can't grows and as jobs become increasingly difficult to find and increasingly boring and pointless when they are found, so the overall quality of life deteriorates and the reasons for supporting those who are responsible for it become meaningless. As long as those who are in power can command the loyalty of 'the general public', whom they regard as slaves, they will continue to use 'the general public' to abuse 'the general public' - the

rich get richer and 'the general public' fight amongst themselves.

Cities, where the vast majority of the population work, if not live, are becoming hostile islands of grey concrete where carbon monoxide poisons the air; where, because of commercial development, housing is almost impossible to find, and increasingly derelict when it is found; where the streets are not somewhere where you look for friends, but somewhere where you hide from enemies; where people are too scared to look each other in the eyes; where people only stop when the colourful posters or seductive shop-windows demand that they should. We are teased and titillated; buy this, buy that. The ad-men and the model-girls exploit and manipulate; buy this, buy that, consume, consume, consume. The parasites become wealthy at the expense of 'the general public'; the parasites are the 'general public'; the serpent eats its own tail. The glossy advertisements are almost pointless, they're way above our heads; who can afford this trash? But all the same, those who can afford, buy and those who can't resent it. Buy this, buy that. On all kinds of levels the posters and displays aim to make us feel inadequate - you're not a man unless . . . you're not a woman unless . . . unless? . . . unless what? . . . unless you sip a Tia Maria? . . . Tia Maria? Nice idea . . . nice idea maybe, but who can afford the sundrenched pool in St. Tropez? Who can conform to the standard 'norms' of sexuality that those models so gracelessly display? Is mine big enough? Who can afford the drink, let alone the life style? But all the same, those who can afford, buy and those who can't get angry. Buy this, buy that. So we are forced to accept second best to that which the system tells us we should aspire. We are told that to 'belong' we must conform to certain social stereotypes yet, at the same time, the system that creates the stereotypes knows perfectly well that very few people can actually afford the necessary credentials. The media creates and promotes standards of 'requirement', from video-games to holidays in the Seychelles, that only the privileged could hope to afford, those who can't afford but none the less want to conform, are left confused, belittled, and alienated. But all the same, those who can afford buy, and those who can't finally explode into a frenzy of hatred and revenge and smash the seductive shop windows and take the things from the people who have manipulated them into believing that these are the things that they want. Buy this, buy that. Take this, take that - tit for tat.

So as Brixton, Toxteth and Moss Side burn, the system closes in to strengthen its grip and controls get tighter. The police are given even greater powers and the army, fresh from the training grounds of Belfast and Londonderry, wait in the shadows. The government, those in authority, and all those who serve and support them, are placing the 'people' in an impossible stranglehold.

The age of consumerism, born out of the horror and guilt of World War Two, has failed to live up to its promise. Neither a Cadillac or a super deluxe washing-machine make the threat of annihilation any more acceptable, for a while they might have made it more bearable, but now the threat has become too real to be hidden by a layer of consumer junk which, in any case, even if it was wanted, very few can afford.

The authorities have lost their bargaining power, they no longer have anything to offer in exchange for the sacrifices that they ask us to make, so they're no longer asking us, they're telling us. They're telling us to work for things that we can't afford so that they can run the system that, without us and the money we make and they take, they can't afford. As the system increasingly realises its failure, it strengthens the barriers that exist between 'them' and 'us' with all the authority that it can command, but all the authority that they command *is* us, so who are 'they'? - we have reached a turning point.

Authority does not exist without the value and support that we give it. As long as we, the people, bow down to the system, authority will exist and so will the system. Either

we accept that we are that is walking the tight checks will become a patrolled by tanks and people no longer dare for fear of those who memory, peace is a d exist - or we demand authority that denies t nothing but a small ha less without our suppo have the courage?

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Authority does not exist without the value and support that we give it. As long as we, the people, bow down to the system, authority will exist and so will the system. Either

we accept that we are to live as mindless robots in a world that is walking the tightrope of nuclear war, where security checks will become a way of life, where the streets are patrolled by tanks and the skies by helicopters, where people no longer dare speak of what they feel and believe for fear of those who might be listening, where love is a memory, peace is a dream and freedom simply does not exist - or we demand our rights, refuse to be a part of the authority that denies them and recognise that the system is nothing but a small handful of ruling elites who are powerless without our support. We have the strength, but do we have the courage?

We must learn to live with our own weakness, hatred, prejudice, and to reject theirs.

We must learn to live with our own fears, doubts, inadequacies, and to reject theirs.

We must learn to live with our own love, passion, desire, and to reject theirs. We must learn to live with our own conscience, awareness, certainty, and to reject theirs.

We must learn to live with our own moralities, values, standards, and to reject theirs.

We must learn to live with our own principles, ethics, philosophies, and to reject theirs.

Above all, we must learn to live with our own strength and learn how to use it against 'them', as they have used it against 'us'. It is our strength that they have used against us throughout history to maintain their privileged positions. It is up to me, alone, and you, alone, to bite the hand that bleeds us. **THERE IS NO FUTURE BUT OUR OWN BECAUSE THERE IS NO AUTHORITY BUT OUR OWN. YOU AND I, WHO LOVE THIS PLANET 'EARTH', ARE ITS RIGHTFUL INHERITORS - IT IS TIME TO STAKE OUR CLAIM.**

Throughout the 'hippy era', we had championed the cause of peace, some of us had been on the first CND marches and, with sadness, had watched the movement being eroded by political greed. Throughout the 'drop out and cop out' period we hung on to the belief that 'real' change can only come about through personal example, because of this we rejected much of hippy culture, notably the emphasis on drugs, as being nothing but escapism. It is sad that many punks appear to be resorting to the same means of escape while in their blind hypocrisy they accuse hippies of never having 'got it together' - neither will these new prophets of the pipe dream.

We had hoped that through a practical demonstration of peace and love, we would be able to paint the grey world in new colours; it is strange that it took a man called Hope, the only 'real' hippy with whom we ever directly became creatively involved, to show us that that particular form of hope was a dream. The experiences to which our short friendship led made us realise that it was time to have a rethink about the way in which we should pursue our vision of peace. Wally's death showed us that we could not afford to 'sit by and let it happen again'. In part, his death was our responsibility and although we did everything that we could, it was not enough.

Desire for change had to be coupled with the desire to work for it, if it was worth opposing the system, it was worth opposing it totally. It was no longer good enough to take what we wanted and to reject the rest, it was time to get back into the streets and attack, to get back and share our experiences and learn from the experiences of others.

A year after Wally's death, the Pistols released 'Anarchy in the UK', maybe they didn't really mean it ma'am, but to us it was a battle cry. When Rotten proclaimed that there was 'no future', we saw it as a challenge to our creativity - we knew that there was a future if we were prepared to work for it.

It is our world, it is ours and it has been stolen from us. We set out to demand it back, only this time round they didn't call us 'hippies', they called us 'punks'.

TEACHER: 'You should have been here at nine o'clock.'
BOY: 'Why, what happened?'

*

YES, IT'S A SHAME ABOUT SALVADOR, BUT WHAT HAVE THOSE KIDS DONE WITH MY FUCKING CAR KEYS?

TEACHER.
YOU FUCKERS. YOU FUCKING CONSUMERS. YOU EAT THE YOUNG. YOU EAT YOUR PRISONERS. YOU MEASURE YOURSELF BY THE WORDS YOU PUT IN OUR MOUTHS.
YOUR TRUTH IS THE MEASURE OF OUR FEAR. YOU ARE NOT BLIND. IT IS THE REFLECTION OF YOUR OWN FEAR. FEAR AND PAIN. YOU.
YOU PLAN AND TRAIN. YOU WIND UP AND LET LOOSE. TEAR THE INFANTS. TOWER AND TREMBLE AND STRUT AND BOUNCE AND GESTURE. YOU ENTERTAIN AND YOU MAIM.
YOU ARE THE SYMBOL OF ALL AUTHORITY. YOU ARE THE FACE OF MOTHER, FATHER, SOLDIER, POLICEMAN, PRIEST, GOD, DEVIL, TORMENTOR, DECEIVOR, JAILOR, BOMB. YOU USE IT, YOU KNOW YOU DO. YOU ARE SHIT. TEACHER. LAZY, PRETENTIOUS, MEAN-SPIRITED, AND COMPLACENT.

I don't expect them to be reasonable. Or nice, as we look beyond their pretence and expose their savagery. I expect them to be normal.
I'll call them teachers. I'll call the people they work on, children.

I feel like a child. I don't feel like a teacher.

Some people aren't normal. They can't, or won't fit. If they won't, make them! Twenty years ago, in another state institution, the mental hospitals, psychiatrists fisted their scalpels in our brains to shut us up, drugged us quiet, put electrodes on our skulls and shocked us into stupidity.

But some psychiatrists started looking closer, and with sympathy. What they saw horrified them. They wrote, worked, filmed, and pleaded for change. Their horror made them an enemy of the system. They withdrew.

20 years, and little has changed. Still the knives, drugs and electrodes. The few psychiatrists who don't like what they are supposed to do, are made to conform, or get out. The establishment has given its old ideas a new coat of paint, to make them look modern, and gone on as before.

A similar move went on in schools. A few people were trying to see what really happened in the classrooms. They were horrified too. They became another enemy. Keep your mouth shut, or go.

And, this time, the cover up was far more imaginative. Not only were the ripples smoothed out, new methods of control were found. Psychology. Now, it's only when they can't trick us, that they beat us.

It's not surprising that our point of view got little support. Schools seem alright, teachers seem alright - most of them, and the people who do the organising seem alright. So, the education system should be o.k., o.k.? Sometimes a little unfair, even a bit violent, but nothing's perfect, a few improvements needed, here and there. And the teachers who made some attempt to see what went on in their classes, from the receiving end, thought that too. The new ideas seemed to be so reasonable, that they were bound to be adopted without their help. When the changes didn't happen, teachers who tried to push things along a bit, came unstuck, fast. Disillusioned, weeded out, or broken into conformity by the same violent methods used on the children.

The little unfairnesses, the isolated violence, was the tip of the iceberg. The rough edges of a smooth machine.

Do you like school? "Yes, it's alright."

Do you ever get worried there? "No, . . . except for the exams, or classroom tests, oh, and when I get asked a question, and I don't know the answer, . . . which is about anytime."

Does the teacher know that people get worried? "Yes, I think so."

Do you like being worried? "No."
Do you like school? ". . . Yes."

SCARED. TEN YEARS FRIGHTENED. EACH DAY A MINEFIELD. WATCHING WHERE I PUT MY FEET, KEEPING MY HEAD DOWN.

FRIGHTENED OF WAKING. FRIGHTENED OF ARRIVING. FRIGHTENED OF BEING EARLY, BEING LATE, BEING SMART, BEING SCRUFFY, BEING RIGHT, BEING WRONG, BEING QUICK, BEING SLOW, BEING FIRST, BEING LAST, TESTS, LOOKS, QUESTIONS, DISAPPROVAL, SILENCES, OF BEING DIFFERENT, OF GOING TO SLEEP. BUT IT WAS O.K., IT WAS NORMAL, I WAS NORMAL. TEN YEARS FOR MURDER. TEACHERS EAT ME. TEACHERS CONSUME ME. FUCKERS.

I find it bad. Perhaps others do too. Maybe the schools aren't as good as they say they are. What if there are no mistakes? What if they are doing exactly what they are intended to do? Working away efficiently, and keeping up a good front.

The mental hospitals, prisons and crematoria can look after the rejects, while the teachers produce the right sort of fodder for this crazy fucked up society. So that the fuck up can go on.

I once saw a paper shredder working. Whole piles of paper were fed into the machine at one end, and out of the other came fluffy paper straw, which could be used for all sorts of things. It was used for packing round and protecting valuables, for safe storage. We are the paper, or the straw.

If schools are doing what they are supposed to do, what normally happens to people there, is what is meant to happen. What is normal, is what is wanted. If they stifle me, scare me, turn me into a distrustful, distorted human being, who will think and do just about anything I'm told to, from killing, to Crossroads, it is what they are designed to do.

The people who run the schools must be the same. They all went there. They never left. They are all normal. And, if they see things happening that are unfair, illogical, even terrible, they sweep these feelings away by reproducing themselves, in the school, and in their homes.

If we all become like them, maybe they won't ever have to face up to what they are doing. An elaborate and cruel 'passing the buck'. They get good pay and long holidays, so they can live in nice places, buy nice consumer things, smoke dope, and drink, at their leisure. And the sell out becomes a lot easier to live with.
Lazy, mean, and complacent.

Everything is normal. Everything is o.k. Many wrongs nearly make a right. Until, I look to see how I feel, against how I am supposed to feel. Until, I lift the lid, and start prying and poking around, as others have done before. I try to look through my pain, but the teacher has a heavy stake in things going on as before. They would have to see beyond their pay packet, their self esteem, their possessions, and their guilt. Most teachers wouldn't consider it - normal!

THE CLOWNS HAVE BECOME THE RINGMASTERS. YOU INSTIL FEAR, AND GUILT, AND CONFUSION. BEATING OUR HEADS THROUGH LAYERS OF PAPER-BACK. SMASHING AWAY ON OUR PAPER BLIND-FOLDS, TO GET YOUR MEAN AND CALLOW WAY. TEACHER. OF COURSE YOU CANNOT SEE. YOU SHROUD IN YOUR LABELS. CHILD, GIRLS, BOYS,

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I think, 'Why

... here at nine o'clock."

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... NG CONSUMERS. YOU
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... YOU.

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... AND GESTURE. YOU

... L AUTHORITY.
... ER, FATHER, SOLDIER,
... DEVIL, TORMENTOR,
... OU USE IT, YOU KNOW
... ACHER. LAZY, PRETEN-
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... easonable. Or nice, as we
... d expose their savagery. I

... the people they work on,

... a teacher.

... They can't, or won't fit.
... nty years ago, in another
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... hocked us into stupidity.

... d looking closer, and with
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... ed. Still the knives, drugs
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... hools. A few people were
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Do you ever get worried there? "No, . . . except for the exams, or classroom tests, oh, and when I get asked a question, and I don't know the answer, . . . which is about anytime."

Does the teacher know that people get worried? "Yes, I think so."

Do you like being worried? "No."

Do you like school? ". . . Yes."

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KIDS, MOTIVATE, STIMULATE, PROFESSION, TEACHER. IN YOUR SCIENTIFIC SHIT HEAP, YOUR WORTHWHILE GHETTO, EVERYTHING MUST BE MEASURED AGAINST YOUR DISTORTED NORMALITY. MEASURED, IN TURN, AGAINST YOUR FUNCTION TO REPRODUCE YOUR OWN MEAN SOUL. AND, WITHIN THIS, YOU CAN BE NICE. CAN SMILE AND BE GRACIOUS. FRESH-FACED DICTATORS OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS AND COOL. THE SMALL AND THE WEAK SUFFER.

So, this normality, why is it so important? Why does everything get compared with it? And, if it fits, it's alright. If it doesn't fit, it's wrong. Why is everything and everyone tested all the time? It seems that things don't only have to be done, they have to be done in the right way, at the right time. If I move an inch away from where I'm supposed to be, I'm up shit creek. It's that important to them.

O.k. If I do something they think is wrong, they punish me. They give me extra work to do. What if I don't agree? What if they're wrong? What if I refuse to accept? First, they will try to deprive me of a little freedom. If I don't accept that, they will try to deprive me of more. If I don't accept that, they will try to make an example of me, humiliate me, get at me through my parents. If I won't go along with that they will throw me out of school.

Then, the state heavies, the specialists can have a go on their behalf - remedial schools, psychologists, psychiatrists, forced retraining to modify my behaviour - if they can. All because of some small thing, a personal disagreement, which didn't seem to be that important at the time. Their magic word, discipline. Their control. A normality that will detect any deviation, any manifestation of free will. Constant and total confrontation.

They say I'm being trained to be knowledgeable and develop my intelligence. Shit. They are training me to obey. Obey everything, and everytime. No matter how trivial. No matter how stupid. The more boring, pointless and repetitive, the better. Or glossed up, bright and colourful and empty like the rest of the consumer junk. Just do it, right! Then I might be fit for their offices, factories, battlefields, dole queues, and homes.

Of course, they tell me it's not as bad as when they were at school. My classroom is made out of concrete, and the crap in it, out of brightly coloured plastic, under the fluorescent light. Great. Terrific. Modern. Wimpy bar.

The methods I develop to survive, to survive the boredom, anxiety, stress, absurdity, and waste, is all that they want me to be. They see my tricks. They think they see me. And, the moment I try to be a real person, those habits always work against me. It may take the rest of my life to get rid of even some of them.

But, some of the teachers are nice? I don't hassle them, they don't hassle me. Keep on the right side of them? I can't be with them all the time, even if I wanted to. Maybe they are just better than the others, the not so nice. Maybe they are worse. They all do it. They all allow it to be done. They are the school.

VELVET AND CORDUROY. KICKERS AND DENIM AND EARTH COLOURS. A SYNTHESIS OF NOSTALGIA AND CAMOUFLAGE. CORNERS ROUNDED BY DOPE AND FLESH AND PETTY COMMITMENTS. SUCKING OFF THE BENEFITS OF THE STRUGGLE THAT WAS HIPPIY, WITHOUT PARTICIPATION. CONTENT WITH THE TRAPPINGS, BUT AVOIDING THE RESPONSIBILITY WE SHARE, FOR TAKING WHAT WAS GOOD IN THAT VISION, FURTHER. ADDING SOMETHING OF OURSELVES. EAT YOUR BROWN BREAD OFF YOUR PINE TABLE, SHITHEAD. A WHOLEMEAL INSULARITY. THE HIPPIES NOW WEAR BLACK. THE SYSTEM WEARS HIPPIY.

I think, 'Why can't it change?' The people who hide

behind their labels, must see what is happening, sometimes? They can change things?

But, somewhere inside, I know that the bit of the system that sits on their heads, will use its full force on them, if they stray from the straight and narrow, in the same way as their part of the system will use its weight on me, if I don't conform.

I'm not really surprised when they try to deal with this by taking on more and more trash to bind themselves tighter and tighter. To make them forget they ever had a chance.

Well, bollocks to your building blocks. Your pleasantness is the petting of the lambs you will eat, teacher. The luxury and pretence of human contact you allow yourself. A relief from treating people as cipher. You know us, as you know that the egg will break as it hits the floor. Your smile is your other mask.

You call yourself teacher. Liar. It's a trick. With your labels, you convince yourself you are separate from what you do. Your only concern is how well you can deal with the job. The teacher does the job. The job does the children. You stand by and grin like a fucking fool. 'It's not my fault, I can't change it, I'm only doing my job'. Lazy and self-satisfied. You could change yourself. You don't, because you won't. Won't? Where did those scalpels get put?

But there aren't any teachers. Only people. Nor jobs. You do what you do.

That's just the way things are. NO. That's the way things were. Every day is new. And, in that difference, is the power we have, to change. Our responsibility. Our part in it. The system doesn't simply go on and on by itself, maybe getting altered a little, here and there, when someone bothers to make an effort. It is constantly and completely rebuilt every day. By people.

Which means we all have choice. What we do, what we take part in. What is done in our name. What we leave for others to live with.

Burdened down with the weight of defunct ideas.

A language slowly slipping away.

More difficult to understand in that certain fashion.

Looking for small and gentle words to save us.

Well, there it is. The shapes and sizes of the prison. The system controls by total confrontation. To attempt even small changes puts everything at risk. The teachers may sympathise with your position, but the words mean nothing. They pretend to be two people at once. Until they admit to themselves that the one who sympathises, is the one who oppresses, they can't begin to understand. And, when they do, all that they have goes straight out the window. They would be as alone as you. More so. Sympathy makes nice teachers, makes tolerable prisons. Tipping the scales towards stability, their stability. Smiling, kindly, they execute.

The system controls by total confrontation. But its resources, and its cleverness, are limited. Being shat on by the education apparatus, is like being run down by a bus. You can see it and avoid it, if you know which way to look.

The only thing on your side, is your intelligence.

The consequences of most attempts at freedom are clear. You have no rights beyond their rules for your control. But, if they have to deal with you as an irritation, rather than a tasty showdown, there are limits to how much time and trouble they will spend to keep you in line.

Your freedom is what you make of your life. Anyone can be a kamikaze rebel, kicking up a fuss in hopeless ways, and collapsing back into the arms of normality. Or you can live as you want, as, and when, you can.

If you think your parents might co-operate, give them a try.

If you're going to run away, try and find a place to live, and some way to support yourself, first.

If you bunk off school, you can use the time for things

that interest you. The image of the hopeless, time killing truant is a con.

If you put something together at school, like your own paper, and it starts to have an effect, you'll be the scapegoat if it blows. So, cover your tracks, or get some support behind you.

If you don't do the schoolwork, you'll be treated as the dumbbo. They have a place in their set-up, labelled 'fool'. They can mock or ignore at whim. If they ignore, it's space for you.

If you want to get something done, like printing, try to use the school facilities for your ends, not theirs. Get the nice teachers to help. They use their niceness to buy co-operation. You use it too, for change.

If you challenge the teacher in the classroom, you're on your own, with nothing to back up your argument. While everything around the teacher supports their point of view. They can appeal to 'reason', which means appealing to a normality that's almost inescapable. They can appeal to the intimidated majority, unless there are enough people who are prepared to stand by you.

If you want to learn something for yourself, do it. Use the library, the telephones, the classrooms and halls. Anything. If they like it, and don't feel threatened, they may help. If they don't, tough shit on them. One more of their mind fucks they'll have to deal with.

10 years ago, a book called 'The Little Red School Book' circulated. It was about the authority of the teacher, about freedom, information about rights, law, sex, contraception, drugs, addresses for help. The book came from outside the schools, so it was banned, suppressed. The information from outside is controlled. The only way to break that control is by making the information common knowledge. Use your own channels, your own connections.

You're not alone, and it's not a game.

When you make contact with other people who feel as you do, when you share and develop your ideas, through friends, gigs, fanzines, books, peace groups, on the street, it's worth being discreet. The system doesn't like smart arses.

When the teachers see what they really are, reflected in the eyes of the people they call children, and they see there is no difference between them and you, maybe some of their hope and aliveness will come back. Then, they will have to stop paying for their security with other people's suffering. They can make a start. If they want to share and explore knowledge and wisdom with other people, they can set up their own alternatives to school, realise their own sensitivity, alone, or with others who feel the same. As Johnny Rotten said, 'You can have anything you want. All it requires is effort.'

The education system is a sinking ship. It's ceasing to work. Partly because of the spread of information, despite the schools, and partly because the 'wealthy west' can't rip off as many places in the world, to finance the sophistication and waste, as it used to. The teachers are sinking with the ship. They can awake from their fantasy when it is too late for everybody, or they can get off their arses now, and start making the lifeboats which haven't been provided.

That would be a bonus. You're still dispensable, still fodder. You can't afford to wait for them, or rely on them. The teachers who know, leave. The teachers who know, and don't leave, let something inside themselves die.

There is no outside, no 'escape'. The outside is a prison too. Only, the walls are farther away. More room to move. A little more space to live as you want, to grow beyond the prison.

It's our world. Stolen every day. We can make ourselves stronger. We can make it harder for them to steal. Perhaps, impossible to steal. They will fuck off when they have no other way to turn.

The space we create for others.

DON'T
THEY
THEY'

They forgot. We don't

In the afternoon I walked fields of corn and pastures. The sun shone warm on the hedge, saw newly hatched feet and flapping wings in my head that day, I

Then suddenly a pale head froze and I stood in greenness and peace. Incessant and panicking attempted to move towards

By the ditch and he wild eyed breathing heavily watching me. At each would panic and tug around its waist that made me vomit. The ground and I felt that leave half of itself behind

Though shaking my grabbed the hare. Knelt shoulders between my earth. I desperately fought which by now had diameter around its skin broken the skin.

The hare's body felt terror. I finally managed the animal's hind legs. the earth whilst I slipped

It hopped without and looked. A primeval own life.

A few days later I walked a different path but over waving corn golden to me through as I ambled golden yellow stretching to the far edge of the field began to make my way into the next field. As I was the decomposing of the gap, but within corpse it was acceptable desperately trying to emaciated body was oozed the most foul purple and green. The blind livid

The small body of running sores hardly a Holding my breath I ran breathe the fresh air and

But I couldn't free horror I realised my desperate to free the rabbit in my hand I frantically hours, I looked under could not find it. Exhausted home. The rabbit was gone home. The rabbit, like die its own death.

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DON'T USE THE RULES,
THEY'RE NOT FOR YOU,
THEY'RE FOR THE FOOLS.
THE CLASH

They forgot. We don't have to. peace freedom love.

Pete Wright. Winter '81/'82.

In the afternoon I went for a walk, slowly crossing the
fields of corn and pasture land that lay before the house.
The sun shone warm on my back as I followed each flower-
ing hedge, saw newly built nests, heard the scampering of
feet and flapping of wings. There was no particular thought
in my head that day, I was loosely wandering.

Then suddenly a peculiar scream cut through the air, my
head froze and I stood afraid and confused. Out of this lush
greenness and peace the sound was even more chilling.
Incessant and panicking, it seemed to grow more so as I
attempted to move towards its source.

By the ditch and hedge that I had been following, a hare,
wild eyed breathing heavily and caught in a snare, crouched
watching me. At each step I took towards it, the hare
would panic and tug with such ferocity at the wire caught
round its waist that the sound of wrenched flesh almost
made me vomit. The animal's feet tore desperately at the
ground and I felt that if it could the hare would willingly
leave half of itself behind to gain its freedom.

Though shaking madly I quickly stepped forward and
grabbed the hare. Kneeling down I pushed its head and
shoulders between my knees and pressed it firmly to the
earth. I desperately fumbled to loosen the fine wire cord
which by now had tightened to barely two inches in
diameter around its stomach and incredibly had still not
broken the skin.

The hare's body felt soft and warm in all its pain and
terror. I finally managed to loosen the wire and slip it over
the animal's hind legs. I then held its whole body firmly to
the earth whilst I slipped mine to the side, and I let go.

It hopped without panic to the other side of the ditch
and looked. A primeval stare. And was gone, free to live its
own life.

A few days later I was out walking near the house again.
A different path but one that ran alongside another field of
waving corn golden to the touch. Again the sun warmed
me through as I ambled along smiling at so much soft
golden yellow stretching before me. By the time I reached
the far edge of the field I felt saturated and glowing. I
began to make my way through a break in the hedge leading
into the next field. As I passed through I saw what I thought
was the decomposing corpse of a rabbit lying in the middle
of the gap, but within seconds I realised it was alive. As a
corpse it was acceptable, as a living animal which now was
desperately trying to feed itself, it was not. The rabbit's
emaciated body was hardly covered in fur but instead
oozed the most foul pus, its eyes had turned to liquid, thick
and green. The blind living flesh of Myxomatosis.

The small body of this rabbit was trapped inside pus
running sores hardly able to feed, move or defend itself.
Holding my breath I ran past, rushed to the open field to
breathe the fresh air and replace the horror in my head.

But I couldn't free myself from it, and then to my
horror I realised my blindness. I turned and rushed back,
desperate to free the rabbit as I had the hare. With a rock
in my hand I frantically searched the area for what seemed
hours, I looked under each shrub, stone and tree but I
could not find it. Exhausted, I slowly made my way back
home. The rabbit was gone.

home. The rabbit, like the hare before it, was gone, free to
die its own death.

A NIGHTMARE ENDS: WAKING UP. . .

PACIFISM IS ABOUT SOLUTIONS TO THE PROBLEM OF VIOLENCE.

ANARCHISM IS ABOUT SOLUTIONS TO THE PROBLEM OF POWER.

They are both about creating genuine values to replace pathetic irresponsibility, dangerous apathy, and the rubbish of mindless consumerism, all of which exist in the face of blatant abuse of people.

THE THREAT MADE BY POWER AND VIOLENCE IS NOTHING LESS THAN THE TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF LIFE.

War is a grossly stupid and obscene form of behaviour in which people aim to murder and mutilate each other. I totally reject it for that reason. I feel it is perfectly valid to reject war and its preparations, the government and its system, for largely emotional rather than rational reasons. I have intended the films I have been making and showing to be emotive expressions on this basis. However, there are some ideas in the films I would like to expand with this writing, and for it to be a more rational expression of my feelings about war and governments' responsibility for it.

I hope this will provide some ideas and information for exposing and opposing the lies, cons, and clichés that are used to justify violence and the establishments that practise it. Clichés are often used as an armour against thinking and feeling — by exposing them they can be neutralised, and that is one step toward disarmament.

There are many more pacifist ideas for understanding the origins and nature of war and solutions to the problem, than those I cover. There is more detail available about some of the ideas I outline using generalisations. There are exceptions to some of the generalisations but I feel they do not alter or devalue the points that are made.

INTRODUCTION TO THE NIGHTMARE

Because we are made to fear for our lives, and the life of the planet, because we are in the hands of men whose power and wealth has separated them from the realities of life, and because they steal immense resources to feed their murderous ideas¹, I feel that the aims of pacifism must be a priority.

Pacifism and the desire to abolish war must combine personal and political aspects. The means to fight war must cease to exist and its barbaric ideology, which has such strong footholds in our culture, must be exposed. It is this ideology that can produce a so-called defence system which, in reality, is designed solely to mutilate and kill. The massive military institution, which has such deep roots in people's lives, must be abandoned. War is, in part, made possible through a rigid condition of mind, which, channelled into formal rules of thought, unavoidably converges on power and violence (an example is revenge — 'they have done that, well we *must* retaliate with this . . .')². It is demented, barbaric, pathetic, and limited. In other words, war is the product of sterile ways of thought, and not, as is often claimed, an inevitable result of human nature.

Cannibalism, human sacrifice, witch-hunting, slavery, child labour, and capital punishment, have all been denounced as primitive — so too can war.

War preparations are frequently justified with arguments of deterrence and defence. However, deterrence is based on distrust, and must escalate tension which, ultimately, leads to war, and to talk of defending a population that has already been slaughtered is completely ridiculous.

"The heads of governments all declare that they desire peace and vie with one another in making most solemn protestations of peace. But the same day, or the next, they present to the legislative assembly a proposal for an increase of armaments and say that they take this precaution in order to make peace secure."

"But that is not the kind of peace we want! . . . True peace is based on mutual confidence, while these enormous armaments show an evident and utter lack of such confidence if not a concealed hostility between the states. What would we say of a man who, wishing to show his friendly feelings for a neighbour, invited him to discuss some question with him and held a loaded revolver in his hand at the discussion?"

Leo Tolstoy, 1893

Another crucial element in preparing for war, and for carrying it out, is a separation that is created between action and its purpose. For instance, workmen build thermo-nuclear weapons and silos; officials administer the programme; and military men practise using the missiles, all these people remain apparently oblivious of the real purpose of such activity. The separation of being able to matter-of-factly prepare the wholesale slaughter of people at the same time as living 'ordinary' lives is considered to be quite 'normal'. This condition seems normal to many people because it is cultivated by the establishment in powerful ways, through the media, education etc. and if necessary force. But it is apparently sustained on the basis of quite simple ideas — ". . . if we don't have nuclear weapons the Russians will invade." Or for very short sighted mercenary reasons — ". . . well yes! nuclear weapons aren't very nice but I need a job." This limited thinking is a result of people having somehow adopted or been conned into an exclusive and blinkered pursuit of material gain and completely false security. Normal values demand that people put all kinds of identities — soldier, workman, official, nationality, etc. — before their own individuality or humanity. A mentality which regardless of the horrific realities it can create remains able to say "I'm just doing a job, obeying an order, or not really responsible." This distortion is the currency for making and using atomic bombs and of extermination camps. People become instruments of the debased ideas of the powerful apparently on the basis of self-imposed limitations to their thought. However, the foundation of this condition goes deeper and starts early in life. The death culture of power denies the awareness everyone has, when born or still quite young, of the complete fluidity and interconnection of all things. This knowledge is systematically suppressed or eliminated, creating a gap that the establishment can fill with its authority and ideas, thus making it seem an inevitable fact of life. When the system has become such a fundamental part of people they may find it very difficult to think of themselves, or even be terrified by, not being a part of it. The authority of the establishment replaces the real foundation of existence — individuality — which means that people are separated in a fundamental way from themselves and from understanding life and the world to the extent that they are able to regard other people as simply objects for annihilation. In this way the establishment maintains the power relations that exist to be defended at all costs — God, Queen, and country etc. The logic of this rigid condition of mind enables the production of nuclear weapons, which are the final logic of power.

"In the world nothing is tenderer and more delicate than water. In wearing down the hard and the strong nothing will surpass it. The fluid overcome the hard, the tender overcome the rigid. In the world there is no-one who does not know it, but few will practise it."

Lao Tzu, Chinese Taoist philosopher, sixth century BC

THE NATURE OF THE NIGHTMARE

The political, military, and business establishments, that now exist in many of the more wealthy and powerful countries, including the U.K., are relics of systems that have proved themselves to be both vicious and barbaric and, as such, are completely alien to the awareness of large numbers of people. These establishments have been able to entrench themselves and maintain control by the power at their command: military, police, law, prisons and the like.

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THE NIGHTMARE

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With the collaboration of people with vested interests, of which the establishment media and 'mental hospitals' are prime examples, they attempt to silence those who question and reject their authority. The momentum of tradition also contributes to the authority of many systems which ironically is often claimed as a point of pride; for instance, 'The Great British Tradition' is quite often pompously held up as 'one of the best'; however, this is only by comparison with the worst which says nothing of value. Tension between those in authority and those under it has always existed, but that tension is now greater because a growing number of people can see radical faults with the domination of those authorities.

The most powerful members of the establishment are lifeless, unimaginative, uncreative and uninspired people, but then they have a great deal to suppress on their consciences. They are the supporters, or even the same people, from establishments which in recent history have committed a huge range of atrocities. These crimes against humanity have been extraordinary in both nature and scale. The people in power must be aware, albeit dimly, that they, or the system they uphold, have been responsible for atrocities and could commit worse ones, that would be utterly depraved crimes (for example the further use of nuclear weapons). Those who regard themselves as pillars of society like to claim responsibility for making, or upholding, a wide range of social improvements. In fact very few have been directly conceded by those in power and then only under great pressure or when it is clear to them that it is ultimately to their advantage. The great changes in material conditions have been brought about by the expansion of knowledge of the physical world and through the dedication and inspiration of individuals, not by the establishment.

The hypocrisy of the establishment in being able to condemn some atrocities whilst excusing others is extraordinary, as is the ability to retain credibility when, even in their own terms, they make fantastic errors that blatantly contradict their own distorted morality, let alone any ordinary sense of humanity. The maiming and slaughter in the trenches of the First World War, the slaughter of the Second World War, the saturation bombing of civilian populations, the extermination camps, Nagasaki, Hiroshima, purges in Russia, brutality in Korea and Vietnam are typical examples, amongst numerous others, of their perverted morality.

People in power order those who obey to maim and kill other people.

THE NIGHTMARE GAINS INTENSITY

In the years before the First World War more and more nations devoted more and more resources to making more and more weapons, much like the situation now, until finally war broke out. It was as significant that millions of people were too patriotic, stupid or apathetic to prevent this catastrophe by a movement towards more open and generous societies as it was that the political, military and business establishment were active in bringing it about. Knowledge about, and exploitation of, the physical world had given enormous power to governments and whether that power was going to be used well or not depended on moral and political intelligence. However, people in power were, as they are now, inspired by power, greed, suspicion, and fantastic ideas of their own self-importance. Millions of men were sent to be maimed or to die in the trenches. They were literally placed at the disposal of generals who were incompetent and stupid in their insistence on military ideas which had no relevance to the horrific situation that they managed to create. Sufficient time has now passed for even the establishment to admit their errors. The ideas they carried out in battle were a reflection of their grandiose ideas of themselves. Industrialists took advantage of the opportunity to make huge profits from the war. Finally a new and sinister development took place - the old distinction between civilians and combatants in war disappeared.

It became 'legitimate' to attack civilian populations.

The First World War had an enormous impact on the people of Europe. The huge numbers of people killed and maimed and the horrific nature of fighting in the trenches, created an awareness of the total stupidity of war. It was as if two people who had a disagreement had used representatives to take it in turns to hit each other with clubs until the loser was dead and the other, barely alive, was the winner. The shockwaves of horror in the people transmitted a few ripples of concern to those in power and some token gestures towards disarmament were made but quickly lapsed and were forgotten.

There are many descriptions of this war, but two, by people who fought in it, are regarded as classics: *Memoirs Of An Infantry Officer* by Siegfried Sassoon of the British army and *All Quiet On The Western Front* by Erich Remarque of the German army. The tragic stories that both these men tell are of how, when confronted with senseless mutilation and death on such a colossal scale, they were forced to see the real reason for their being in the trenches – to kill men just like themselves. They were the victims of a conspiracy between the politicians, the military and the businessmen. These people, for their own interests, had placed millions of men in a situation of either killing, or being killed. They had indoctrinated these men with patriotism, sense of duty and endless propaganda that represented the 'enemy' as monsters. All of this meant nothing in the reality of the slaughter. To most soldiers the overwhelming encounter with death made clear the most real value that there is – that of being alive. Another fact that is made clear in both these books is that in order to kill fellow human beings an enormous numbing and dehumanisation is required and takes place in the 'killer' which causes lasting damage. This transformation of people into brutal killing machines requires a systematic bludgeoning of the mind called 'training'. The following extracts from *Memoirs Of An Infantry Officer* and *All Quiet On The Western Front* illustrate this point.

"But the star turn in the schoolroom was a massive sandy-haired Highland Major whose subject was 'The spirit of the bayonet'. Though at the time undecorated, he was afterwards awarded the DSO for lecturing. He took as his text a few leading points from the 'Manual of Bayonet Training'...

To attack with the bayonet effectively requires Good Direction, Strength, and Quickness, during a state of wild excitement and probably physical exhaustion. The bayonet is essentially an offensive weapon. In a bayonet assault all ranks go forward to kill or be killed, and only those who have developed skill and strength by constant training will be able to kill. The spirit of the bayonet must be inculcated into all ranks, so that they go forward with that aggressive determination and confidence of superiority born of continual practice, without which a bayonet assault will not be effective.

"He spoke with homicidal eloquence, keeping the game alive with genial and well judged jokes. He had a Sergeant to assist him. The Sergeant, a tall sinewy machine, had been trained to such a pitch of frightfulness that at a moment's warning he could divest himself of all semblance of humanity. With rifle and bayonet he illustrated the Major's ferocious aphorisms, including facial expression. When told to 'put on a killing face', he did so, combining it with an ultra-vindictive attitude. 'To instil fear into the opponent' was one of the Major's main maxims. Man, it seemed, had been created to jab the life out of the Germans. To hear the Major talk, one might have thought that he did it himself every day before breakfast. His final words were: 'Remember that every Boche you fellows kill is a point scored to our side; every Boche you kill brings victory one minute nearer and shortens the war by one minute. Kill them! Kill them! There's only one good Boche, and that's a dead one!'

"Afterwards I went up the hill to my favourite sanctuary, a wood of hazels and beeches. The evening air smelt of wet mould and wet leaves; the trees were misty-green; the

church bell was tolling in the town, and smoke rose from the roofs. Peace was there in the twilight of that prophetic foreign spring. But the lecturer's voice still battered on my brain. 'The bullet and the bayonet are brother and sister.' 'If you don't kill him, he'll kill you.' 'Stick him between the eyes, in the throat, in the chest.' 'Don't waste good steel. Six inches are enough. What's the use of a foot of steel sticking out at the back of a man's neck? Three inches will do for him; when he coughs, go and look for another.'"

Memoirs of an Infantry Officer (British Army Training)

"We were trained in the army for ten weeks and in this time more profoundly influenced than by ten years at school. We learned that a bright button is weightier than four volumes of Schopenhauer. At first astonished, then embittered, and finally indifferent, we recognised that what matters is not the mind but the boot brush, not intelligence but the system, not freedom but the drill. . . . With our young, awakened eyes we saw that the classical conception of the Fatherland held by our teachers resolved itself here into a renunciation of personality such as one would not ask of the meanest servants – salutes, springing to attention, parade-marches, presenting arms, right wheel, left wheel, clicking the heels, insults, and a thousand petty-fogging details. We had fancied our task would be different, only to find we were to be trained for heroism as though we were circus-ponies."

All Quiet On The Western Front (German Army Training)

THE DEPTHS OF THE NIGHTMARE

In the years between the two world wars, bomber squadrons were developed by some countries. There were discussions about disarmament and attempts to abolish bomber aircraft as too horrible to use in war, but because they were used by the British and the French as a convenient means of controlling unruly populations in remote areas of their colonial empires, no agreements were ever reached³. Thus bomber aircraft became a new dimension of war in which civilians became 'legitimate' targets. Nearly half the total number of deaths and casualties in the Second World War were civilians. Flights of thousands of bombers from Britain took part in attacks on cities in Europe – in Hamburg two thirds as many people were killed in a single week as in the whole of Britain throughout the war. So intensive was this bombing that it caused fire storms that suffocated people in their bomb shelters. The most notorious of these attacks was on Dresden, which was saturation bombed causing huge numbers of deaths and casualties when the British government knew that they had already defeated the German military. Thousands of innocent people died simply because Britain wanted to show its support for the Soviet Union. Tokyo was incendiary bombed. Coventry was reduced to rubble, the deaths went on. The idea of slaughtering and maiming civilian people came to have an even more horrific reality when, without warning, atomic bombs were dropped on Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

A thorough attempt at understanding the profound effects of the obscenity of dropping atomic bombs on people is made in a book called *Death In Life* by Robert Jay Lifton. He attempts to understand and describe the tragic state of the people who were survivors of Hiroshima – the people who were thrown into a meaningless and grotesque confrontation with death on a colossal scale and for whom lingering death from radiation is still a reality.

The experience that reading this book creates has an enormous impact. It approaches a clarification of that which is beyond comprehension or description. This problem, of describing the full horror of war, is perhaps why there has not been enough reaction to prevent it ever happening again.

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The Second World War, an orgy of destruction, was distinguished by Hitler and his ruthless desire for power. He was democratically elected, an illustration that the democratic system can and will attract those whose guiding

principles are power and status. Once in power, he manipulated ideas of national identity, racial supremacy and greed to carry out his programme. Thus he, Stalin, Mussolini, Roosevelt and Churchill made a combination of arrogant and self-important people who, between them, organised a colossal bloodbath. If Hitler achieved little else besides his contribution to the slaughter, he has become the example that is frequently used to substantiate a false, cynical and pessimistic view of human nature as being dominated by greed, ambition, aggression and viciousness. The conclusion that is drawn from this is that 'human nature' must be controlled or war will result. What happened in Nazi Germany is only different in degree and in its blatant nature to what is happening nowadays in 'democracies' throughout the world. Hitler and the people who he attracted cannot be held up as representatives of human nature. He was able to operate a system similar to those that exist now, in which people are required to abdicate their responsibility and to not question authority. This state of mind is the method by which the atrocities of war are carried out. An example that horrifically illustrates this abdication of responsibility is that of Franz Stangel described in a book called *Into That Darkness* by Gitta Sereny. In an interview with her in the prison in which he was held, he describes how - initially as a fairly 'ordinary' person - through his desire for approval, and his submission to authority, having first implemented a part of Hitler's euthanasia programme, he went on through fear of retaliation against himself and his family and, most importantly, through blind obedience and relinquishing responsibility for his actions, to become as commandant of the extermination camps at Sobibor and Treblinka, a mass murderer. At the end of the interview he realised for the first time, his personal guilt and several hours later, for no apparent reason, died.

His story demonstrates an outcome of submission to authority, a submission that is required of every individual in democracies and communist countries alike. It is like a disease so long-standing that many are not even aware that they are afflicted. It is possible that if Hitler had not had a ready-made channel for his desires, but had been living in a community that was able to help and sympathise with his inadequacies, he might have been helped back towards the capacity to feel and the world could have been saved from his contribution to the nightmare.

FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THE NIGHTMARE

Two recent and popular books about war are *Catch 22*, a fictional account of World War Two by Joseph Heller, and *Dispatches*, about Vietnam by Michael Herr. These books treat war in a different way to many others. *Catch 22* capitalises on war with humour and *Dispatches* with adventure and havoc. They both describe a distortion of the universal desire for co-operation and survival, the strongest of which is the sanctity of life that is described as being arbitrarily violated. This distortion is used for laughs in *Catch 22* and in *Dispatches* to portray hip and cool 'excitement' in the face of horror. Neither succeed as anti-war books as they depend on the understanding that the reader brings to the descriptions. They both lack any real political interpretation of war and they both avoid direct moral assessment.

In *Dispatches* a fluidity and rawness of experience that can result from the violation of individual morality is described. The nature of the slaughter in Vietnam was meaningless to many GIs who were unable to distinguish the supposed enemy from those who they were supposed to be defending. America employed high technology to arbitrarily murder thousands of people in a poor country, thousands of miles away, supposedly because of the 'communist threat'. The insanity of the violence was intolerable to many soldiers, the enormity of shock often shattered the balance of mind with which they had been able to understand themselves and what they were doing. This is described

in *Dispatches* as a horrific madness in which all aspects of the mind become fluid – helicopters become ‘sexy’, soldiers under fire had ‘mystical’ experiences, individuals deliberately exposed themselves to death for obscure reasons only known to them. In reality there were many atrocities like that at My Lai where defenceless women, children, and men were slaughtered face to face, gun to head, in deranged orgies of rape and murder.

The fluidity and rawness of mind clearly described in *Dispatches* is, in an idealised form, part of a myth of the ‘attraction and excitement’ of war. This fluidity and rawness as an experience is also available but, in a deeper and more sustained way, through a context which is at the opposite end to war, in the scale of death/violence-life/peace. That is, through tranquillity and awareness, which does not maim, slaughter or interfere with anybody, does not even require the force of a simple idea, involves going nowhere, and does not damage or threaten one’s own life or mind.

“Without going outside, you may know the whole world. Without looking through the window, you may see the ways of heaven. The further you go, the less you know.”

Lao Tsu, *Tao Te Ching*

An example of the ‘training necessary’ for the war in VietNam is given by what came to be called the ‘rabbit lesson’. *‘On the last day before leaving for VietNam, the staff NCO holds a rabbit as he lectures on escape, evasion, and survival in the jungle. The men become intrigued by the rabbit, fond of it, and then the NCO “cracks it in the neck, skins it, disembowels it . . . and then throws the guts out into the audience”. As one marine explained: “You can get anything out of that you want, but that’s the last lesson you catch in the United States before you leave for VietNam”.’*

This example is from a book called *Home from the War* by Robert Jay Lifton. It explains very clearly the effects of the Vietnam war on the GIs who fought and the extreme difficulty many of them had with their lives once they returned to the USA, and how they managed to repair some of the damage done to themselves by their horrific involvements in the war, through discussions with other GIs, sharing their horror, and through intense involvement in the anti-war campaign. The book also makes clear how damage to everyone’s humanity radiates from atrocities, especially those on a massive scale.

A NIGHTMARE WITH NO END?

The existence today of tens of thousands of atomic weapons and the fantastic array of other highly sophisticated and deadly technology available for war is a formidable threat that desperately needs eliminating. The fact that there have been two world wars and numerous other wars in the last seventy years alone gives, for some, great credibility to the idea that wars are the inevitable result of human social organisation and of human nature. They are not. Very, very few people, indeed, if any, have a genuine desire to maim, murder and destroy. Nations of people are only capable of this through an intensive brutalisation called training, by being tricked into a war through their abdication of responsibility, and by resignation to its necessity.

The two world wars were horrific in the scale of slaughter, maiming and destruction that they caused. A third world war would mean devastation beyond comprehension. Yet, incredibly, President Carter of America said of the weapons that had been at his disposal:

“. . . more destructive power than in all the Second World War would be unleashed every second for the long afternoon it would take for all the missiles and bombs to fall. . . . A Second World War every second – more people killed in the first few hours than in all the wars of history put together. It is now only a matter of time before madness, desperation, greed or miscalculation, let loose this terrible force.”⁴

The third world war must not be allowed to happen, yet, not only has nothing been done to avoid it, preparations for it have been escalating for the last thirty years, and the number of nuclear weapons have doubled in the last ten.

The establishment continues to insist on limited physical and material aims and emotionally vicious ideas to dictate its policies. It criminally rejects, ignores or actively suppresses real social, moral, and spiritual values. The most glaring example is nuclear weapons which are about possessing the totally gross ability to annihilate and cause indescribable suffering to thousands of millions of people. It is expected and if necessary will be enforced that every one of us should pay for this. In Britain it costs every individual who pays average tax (income, VAT, cigarettes etc.) fifteen pounds a week.

Inner doubts may be experienced at some level by those in power about the validity of the political structures that have made a third world war, Nagasaki, Hiroshima, the extermination camps, the First World War, Vietnam and numerous other atrocities possible. However, allowing these inner doubts to surface and to come face to face with the responsibility and the guilt would be overwhelming. The enormous vested interest of their careers, the establishment, and the meaning they have created for themselves is at stake. In other words, they would have enormous difficulty in allowing these inner doubts to surface and so will insist on the perpetuation of the structures which have been responsible for massive crimes against humanity. A result of allowing this evasion to continue is the thermo-nuclear holocaust. This evasion is also shared by those who are prepared to support the existing political systems, whether they are so-called democratic or communist.

The people in power and the political and economic systems which support them cannot solve the problem of war and what it now represents exactly because they are the problem.

“Finally as to murdering the innocent, it is the worst wrong. All the leaders of the world know that they should condemn this, calling it a wrong. But when it comes to the great attack of states, they do not know that they should condemn it. On the contrary they applaud it, calling it right. Can this be said to be knowing the difference between right and wrong?”

Mo Tsu, fifth century BC

THE NIGHTMARE’S GRIP ON EVERYONE

We are all survivors of the numerous atrocities that have been committed in the world. We are alive through historical fate, fortune or chance. If this knowledge of crimes against humanity is not acted upon to prevent them happening again, it contributes through guilt, to resignation and cynicism, apathy and defeat. These feelings make a recurrence of atrocities possible because the rigid, bankrupt, political systems and ways of thought that cause them are not challenged. Many people are depressed, because they can’t see a way of getting out of the terrible situation we’re all in where all our lives are threatened. Some people have severe mental problems from this situation and are in government psychiatric institutions actually having breakdowns because of the violence of society. Some of them are having nightmares every night about the nuclear disaster, the end of the world, and it means they just can’t get on with their ordinary lives, because it is meaningless for them. They feel so hopeless because there is nothing they can see to do about it. They collapse under that pressure and are labelled mad. They are locked away from society, supposedly for their own protection, and pumped full of drugs. They know the reality we are all in, but they just let it in, and this is why it is so devastating for them, particularly if they are isolated in that position. The attitude of the authorities is, don’t talk to them about it because it’ll just drive them more insane. Whereas everybody should be admitting that it affects us all. Those people having breakdowns aren’t mad. The situation in society should be changed so that no one needs to have breakdowns

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about it.⁵

Britain, Russia, France, America, and possibly India, insist that it is reasonable to have the capability of destroying the populations of several land masses. It is a symptom of the madness of the people who uphold the establishments in these countries that they are not able to see themselves as connected to the rest of humanity. This connection has been damaged in them partly because of the atrocities committed in recent history, in some cases by the same establishments that they uphold.

Everyone who lives in the wealthy nations of the world cannot fail to be made constantly aware of the limited relevance of national identity, through the extensive range of communications that exist. The fact that this is not acted upon in a meaningful way is a denial of reality which is damaging to everyone, but most damage is done to those who are deprived of basic needs, by the diversion of enormous resources into weapons of increasing efficiency and destruction. This is an appalling form of theft. The money required to provide adequate food, water, learning facilities, health and housing for everyone in the world has been estimated at £9 billion a year - about as much as the world spends on arms every two weeks.

Armageddon is a reality which belongs in the realm of myths, yet there are people practising and ready for the event every minute of the day. No group of individuals or political system should have in its control the power of life and death over hundreds of millions of people and the possibility of destroying all life. We live in a political system and country which is prepared to contribute to this event. Some effects of exploding the equivalent of 10,000,000,000 tons of explosive on a single afternoon are certain: the death of millions and millions of people, irreversible ecological damage, enormous genetic damage - assuming that some more final effect did not occur, such as the destruction of the ozone layer in the atmosphere, which would make it impossible for even damaged life to survive. This terrifying and incredible responsibility is vested in a few groups of individuals across the world and those people believe they can and should wield that kind of power. It should never be possible for anyone. This is a symptom of insane ideas held by individuals of colossal self-importance, and political systems which allow people of this nature to be in positions of such ridiculous power.

It is criminal that instead of making certain that nuclear weapons are not used again, it becomes ever more likely. Now it is comfortable for the politicians and the military to talk about fighting, surviving, and even winning a nuclear war. Plans have been made, rehearsals carried out, the police, army and civil servants have been trained for their duties if they survive. The bunkers are ready for the select few to retire to, those whose power, and belief in their own self-importance makes them feel that they are uniquely qualified to do so. The automatic machinery and electronics are primed to launch the missiles. Of course, there won't be time to even tell us, because world war three, unlike any other war, will only last for an afternoon. We will not be required to support the war effort or fight, only to be passively slaughtered. We may see our slaughter becoming imminent, another Bay of Pigs Cuba crisis, or some other trouble spot in the world causing an affront to vested interests, that escalates step by step into a situation where they see no alternative but to use the weapons that are at their disposal. The television may have news flashes and the papers may carry headlines as what has needed to be thought by most of us as a remote possibility becomes reality. The politicians and the military might feel mildly apprehensive as step by step the logic of the situation they have set up actually carries itself through. However, they will no doubt feel gratified to think of how they had the foresight to make detailed preparations and retire to their bunkers. Rehearsals have been carried out. People believe it is necessary.

Only seventy years ago very few people would have believed it possible, if they could have conceived of it at

all, that there would be massive conscription of ordinary men, only to be maimed and slaughtered in their millions in the trenches, and that it would become 'legitimate' for the wholesale murder of civilian populations, or that millions would be murdered in extermination camps and in prisons. All these facts are horrific and have been accepted or forgotten. They have yet to be confronted and acted upon to prevent their recurrence. The logics and structures that made all these crimes against humanity possible remain unaltered as long as the majority of people abdicate responsibility.

"The world's leaders have no idea of what is for their own good. Those who love others will be loved in return. Do good to others and others will do good to you. Hate people and be hated by them. Hurt them and they will hurt you. What is hard about that?"

Mo Tsu, 468-401BC

DETAILS OF THE NIGHTMARE: THE MILITARY, DEMOCRACY, COMMUNISM AND OTHER TRICKS

The military is the biggest institution of the establishment for carrying out 'legitimate' violence, the school for training people – mostly men – to be able to murder and maim other people, on the request and orders of those in power. This ability to cause deliberate death and damage to people's bodies and minds is asserted by the establishment to be a necessity for this, and other, so-called 'enlightened' societies.

It is a degraded mockery of peace and freedom, which the establishment claims is made possible by the strength of the military and their weapons. The possibility of genuine peace and freedom for everyone will begin when the debased, vicious and false version of human nature and the practices of maiming and death that the military represents no longer exist. By its very nature, the military narrowly focuses on a single idea of people who are dominated by greed, revenge, spite, hatred and aggression, to which the establishment sees the necessity to respond with violence, counter-violence or the threat of violence. This formula is said to be inevitable and acceptance is elicited by the establishment to support it. The response, however, is a debasement and creates a downward spiral of violence. Virtually no-one is entirely dominated by negative and destructive emotions. The majority of people have no desire to maim and murder. However, freedom from violence is thought to be impossible. In part this is because violence has been entrenched in societies with a history of violence for so long that it is thought to be inevitable and the consequences of not having violence on tap are feared, even though it has obviously been the cause of millions of deaths, loss of freedom, suffering and waste. This acceptance is also, in part, the result of a chain of reinforcing causes which surface as cynicism and apathy. This supports evasion and disinterest through defeat and resignation from barren and sterile lives in oppressive and rigid societies which demand that people lead a restricted and exhausting existence, where there is little scope for change or development. This reinforces cynicism and apathy and completes a vicious circle. After centuries of transmitted resignation to this condition it would be difficult if not agonising for some to face the complete determination of their own lives. However, this resignation makes possible and invites an annihilation of the most massive and inhuman kind ever dreamed up.

It is exactly the oppressive, sterile, static and limited lives that people lead that has and still does for some make the turmoil and upheaval of war seem attractive and exciting. This fantasy is demonstrated by the romanticisation, nostalgia and enthusiasm for the upheaval of the second world war that many older people who were involved in it now seem to have. There is also the fantasy of a new life after a war, which will replace the sterility or oppressiveness of life before. This is made evident in an extreme form by the publication, *Protect and Survive Monthly*, which is

available in most large newsagents. It is horrific in its matter-of-fact treatment of nuclear war and commercial promotion of the so-called means of survival. It must appeal to those living the most sterile and limited lives, and who have sufficient wealth to buy the goods it advertises. It is a mentality which a county emergency planning officer for nuclear war in the UK, Wing-Commander P. Harle, made clear in saying:

"so long as an Adam and Eve survived in every little hamlet, and so long as they liked each other, we shall have this nation going on again."

Governments have exploited this distorted hope for a new social order in previous wars. People were led to believe that war would greatly improve their lives and societies.

The establishment claims that military strength is necessary for so-called peace and freedom. This kind of peace and freedom is, however, only a front presented to people to cover desires which have expanded at every opportunity available to them and are the real reasons for the existence of the military. The desires are for power, wealth, and status. This trinity of sterile ambitions is the driving force of the establishment, the government, the military, big business and their direct back-up institutions like the establishment media and the police. Power accompanied by wealth and status is for the control of people and resources so that it may be reinforced and expanded. The people in power attempt to legitimise the set-up by two confidence tricks, different in name and structure, but essentially identical in intention. These are Democracy and Communism. They claim to organise people and resources for the advantage of everyone. They do not – for this there is both obvious evidence and clear reasons.

Democracy and Communism as they are practised are massively reactionary and cumbersome mechanisms for compromising vision and radical change and restricting the freedom of people to decide how they will organise themselves. They are filter systems for giving power to those who seek power and who conform to the requirements of economic, military and establishment interests. They are a theatre to delude people into thinking that they have some control over the context in which they live. Control of people and resources was a privilege that used to be exercised by those who appointed themselves and then enforced their control. The tragedy and irony of the situation now is that a large number of the people who are controlled actively participate in electing some of their masters, thinking that it is some kind of real involvement in running their own lives. Of course, the enormous power of economic interests, the military, the police and multinational companies is not elected, but this is ignored in the ritual magic (or knowledge) of being able to place an X on a piece of paper and vote. The questions are drowned out in the chorus of *'I'm only doing a job, obeying an order, not responsible'*.

It is unnecessary to go into a detailed analysis of Democracy or Communism to know for certain that they deny freedom and qualitative improvement for the populations under their domination and for two-thirds of the world who are starving or live close to starving. Such systems are the manifestation of limited and dangerous ideas. The exploitation of and callous indifference to many in the world is evidence enough. But those who are at the forefront of Democracy and Communism confirm the evidence entirely. They are pompous, rigid, and complacent. They give empty, wooden speeches of the morality of straight-jacketed normality. Brezhnev, Reagan and Thatcher are prime examples. Margaret Thatcher's appearance and manner is that of some kind of a stereotype of a repressed, authoritarian, disillusioned and reactionary schoolmistress. It is incredible that a person of that nature should represent and have such power.

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

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Governments have exploited this distorted hope for a new social order in previous wars. People were led to believe that war would greatly improve their lives and societies.

The establishment claims that military strength is necessary for so-called peace and freedom. This kind of peace and freedom is, however, only a front presented to people to cover desires which have expanded at every opportunity available to them and are the real reasons for the existence of the military. The desires are for power, wealth, and status. This trinity of sterile ambitions is the driving force of the establishment, the government, the military, big business and their direct back-up institutions like the establishment media and the police. Power accompanied by wealth and status is for the control of people and resources so that it may be reinforced and expanded. The people in power attempt to legitimise the set-up by two confidence tricks, different in name and structure, but essentially identical in intention. These are Democracy and Communism. They claim to organise people and resources for the advantage of everyone. They do not — for this there is both obvious evidence and clear reasons.

Democracy and Communism as they are practised are massively reactionary and cumbersome mechanisms for compromising vision and radical change and restricting the freedom of people to decide how they will organise themselves. They are filter systems for giving power to those who seek power and who conform to the requirements of economic, military and establishment interests. They are a theatre to delude people into thinking that they have some control over the context in which they live. Control of people and resources was a privilege that used to be exercised by those who appointed themselves and then enforced their control. The tragedy and irony of the situation now is that a large number of the people who are controlled actively participate in electing some of their masters, thinking that it is some kind of real involvement in running their own lives. Of course, the enormous power of economic interests, the military, the police and multi-national companies is not elected, but this is ignored in the ritual magic (or knowledge) of being able to place an X on a piece of paper and vote. The questions are drowned out in the chorus of *'I'm only doing a job, obeying an order, not responsible'*.

It is unnecessary to go into a detailed analysis of Democracy or Communism to know for certain that they deny freedom and qualitative improvement for the populations under their domination and for two-thirds of the world who are starving or live close to starving. Such systems are the manifestation of limited and dangerous ideas. The exploitation of and callous indifference to many in the world is evidence enough. But those who are at the forefront of Democracy and Communism confirm the evidence entirely. They are pompous, rigid, and complacent. They give empty, wooden speeches of the morality of straight-jacketed normality. Brezhnev, Reagan and Thatcher are prime examples. Margaret Thatcher's appearance and manner is that of some kind of a stereotype of a repressed, authoritarian, disillusioned and reactionary schoolmistress. It is incredible that a person of that nature should represent and have such power.

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

be tyrannised (as in Northern Ireland); where major issues are decided with no reference to most people or eventheir so-called representatives. (As with military decisions, Chevaline, cruise missiles, Falkland's crisis etc.); where manifestos are presented for election on strictly limited issues which may be or often are ignored when in power; where significant numbers of people are aware of this farce and do not vote because they know there is only cosmetic or no difference at all between political parties who are bound by the vested interests of non-elected power — hereditary, economic, military, civil service and law — the requirements of which are served regardless of government. There is little or no change in what is made, who makes it, the profits that are made, that privilege and excessive wealth exist etc. Democracy and Communism claim to ORGANISE people and resources though their real intention and practice is to CONTROL. This is made obvious by the self-awarded high status and wealth attached to the top positions in the hierarchies, which is not consistent with being simply administrators for organisation. There is little genuine interest in people's welfare. They really believe they should be in power and control. This is made very apparent by listening to the clever-clever, competitive and pompous talk in the House of Commons in the UK which demonstrates a lack of interest in much besides their own games.

War and the preparation for it, by possessing the ability to cause horrific mutilation and death in the name of peace and freedom, Democracy or Communism, security or improvement is the largest and most dangerous confidence trick in history, one which has already tragically cost the lives of hundreds of millions of people this century alone. For heads of government, business and the military the ideas of state, patriotism, national identity and duty have great meaning as they strut about in the international arena. They need a credible power base in order to enter into the international competition for influence and control, so they manipulate these manufactured and false emotions in peace and especially in war when people must be ready to die for their cause. The self-importance, arrogance and complacency of this whole activity is gross and deadly beyond belief.

The arms industry, and the war machine that supports it, is the biggest single industry, in this and many other countries⁶. The armaments factories and the industries which support them share between them each year £6,000,000,000 in the UK, from the 'ministry of war'. The present government of M. Thatcher is committed to spending over £12,000,000,000 in the coming year — 1982/83 — on armed force. The fact that Saudi Arabia spends £14,000,000,000 each year on weapons has attracted a long stream of British 'dignitaries', including the Queen, Margaret Thatcher and a number of Lords and Ladies, a range of weapons salesmen and the RAF Red Arrows aerobatic display team. The collaboration between Government and company interests and profits in the development, manufacture and sale of weapons systems for death and destruction is so monumental, insidious and corrupt that it is beyond disgust. The arms industry in the UK employs 1½ million people. The armourers' bank balances become bloated. Britain sells arms to many countries, often where there are regimes ruling over large numbers of deprived people. These regimes spend phenomenal sums of money stolen from half-starving and destitute people.

OVER 100 WARS HAVE BEEN FOUGHT BETWEEN THE SECOND WORLD WAR AND NOW.⁷

THE NEW-CLEAR PRODUCT

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BUY A 5 CYLINDERED ATOMIC BOMB
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BUY A TASTY, DELICIOUS ATOMIC BOMB
 BUY A SLEEK, ELEGANT ATOMIC BOMB
 BUY YOU WAY TO NOTHINGNESS
 BUY MEANINGFUL MEANINGLESSNESS
 BUY AN END OF THE WORLD NOW
 SEND YOUR CHILDREN TO THE ATOMIC SCHOOL
 WORK IN THE ATOMIC FACTORY
 VOTE FOR THE ATOMIC PARTY
 YOUR LAST CHANCE TO BUY BUY BUY BYE BYE BYE
 A BARGAIN BASEMENT ATOMIC HOLE
 BUY UNLIMITED STOCKS OF TECHNOLOGICAL
 VIOLENCE
 BUY YOUR OWN GROTESQUELY ABSURD DEATH
 (or buy it for your friends, we will deliver)
 BUY AN END OF THE WORLD NOW.

"I refuse to accept the cynical notion that nation after nation must spiral down a militaristic stairway into the hell of nuclear destruction. I believe that unarmed truth and unconditional love will have the final word in reality."

Martin Luther King

REFERENCES AND BOOKS

for the first part of this article.

1. From the statement of unity of the two thousand women who picketed the Pentagon (U.S.A. ministry of 'war'), some of whom went on to blockade it and were arrested. The statement is very good for combining directness and strong feelings with facts. Reported in *Peace News*, December 1980.
2. *The Times* newspaper's editorial (5.4.1982), "We are all Falkland islanders now" describes the establishment's logic for war perfectly in a pathetic, hysterical, contradictory and ridiculous way.
3. James Joll, *Europe since 1870*, an international history, Pelican paperback.
4. *Four Minutes to Midnight*. The Bronowski memorial lecture (October 1981), published by the B.B.C., available from the Peace Pledge Union.
5. This was explained and made clear to me by a woman at Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp, who talked about her experience working in a psychiatric hostel.
6. *The War Lords* C.I.S. (Counter Information Services). C.I.S. is an independent collective of journalists who publish information not covered or collated by the established media. They publish a whole range of booklets which are very thorough treatments of different subjects. *The War Lords* exposes the special relationship between the government and the arms manufacturers and investigates the major companies involved and the profits they make. Available from C.I.S., 9 Poland St, London, W.1. (95p + .25p p&p).
7. David Noble, *The War and Peace Book* published by the Writers and Readers Publishing Cooperative in 1977, 14 Talacre Road, London, NW5 3PE. This book is a collection of information and photographs about war and the arms race (it is very well put together). It covers the development and use of so-called conventional weapons very thoroughly. This threat and waste is sometimes overlooked in all the information about nuclear war.

THE NIGHTMARE ENDS: WAKING UP

So far with this article I have attempted to explain how the large-scale atrocities of this century have contributed towards the stupification, paralysis and apathy that exist in the face of genocide and annihilation. Many believe the ability to cause genocide and annihilation to be necessary and realistic. Mute acceptance and blindness to atrocity and horror are basic components of conventional thought and morality. A reflection of the degree to which the competition for limited material gain and its accompanying ideas of protection and possession has stunted the imagination of large numbers of people. The reality of mine, mine and only mine is extended into the practices

of government where abuse and preparations for abuse reach monumental proportions. The ruling elites are allowed to dogmatically perpetuate their vicious practices on many levels including the stupid and ridiculous notion that massive violence prevents violence.

People have become and have allowed themselves to become throw-away objects in a race for better and better technique in calculated, wholesale murder. Those in power use murder and its threat as their means, supposedly on our behalf. It is my, and must be our, intention to prevent them.

Our disgust and contempt alone will not end this appalling stupidity and degradation. There must be action and very strong, clear and direct assertions of the humanity and sanity that is within every person, no matter how distorted by ideology, warped by power or obscured by habits of violence.

The problems of violence and power are formidable but the strength of every person's inherent understanding, compassion and love can be far greater. The power of indoctrination at the disposal of the warped values that exist is enormous and should not be underestimated. It would be foolish and arrogant for anyone brought up in this context to claim that they have totally liberated themselves from this stranglehold. It is therefore by no means guaranteed that we cannot sometimes mistakenly perpetuate in some way the very same relationship to each other that we are ideologically opposed to on a wider basis. This awareness is as important as any commitment to changing normal values. We must simultaneously dispense with authoritarian relationships as we resist and undermine authority. There can obviously be no definitive set of rules or programmes for this. There is only our awareness, every minute, hour and day.

There is a wide range of sources for inspiration, there are books and other publications of detailed thought which indicate the substantial tradition of nonviolence and pacifism and actions which have flowed from it. I will list with a few comments and extracts the material and sources I have found so far and hopefully anyone who would like to follow them up will do so.

PEACE CAMPS

The first peace camp in this country is the Women's Peace Camp at the Greenham Common USAF/RAF base in Berkshire. At the time of writing (mid-April) there are four peace camps that I know of in Britain. These are Greenham, Molesworth in Cambridgeshire, Fairford in Gloucestershire and Burtonwood in Cheshire. These have been formed outside military bases by people committed to nonviolent direct action. There are 102 American military bases alone in Britain. Greenham and Molesworth are the main sites for the American cruise missile hydrogen bombs that are supposed to be coming here in 1983. The protest at these camps is directly against nuclear weapons and in particular cruise missiles. The peace camps are also part of a wider campaign against the social conditions that make war possible. They are focal points for the peace movement in general, and encourage training in nonviolent methods, picket local town halls, spread information and attract media coverage to publicise the whole issue. People from the peace camps have been making international connections with peace organisations and direct action in other countries. The women at Greenham Common organised a blockade of the base in March this year. The base has a ten-mile perimeter fence with eight gates. The blockade of 160 women forced the police to set up a roadblock between two of the gates and the military to cut down some of their own fence between the roadblocks to make another entrance so that building work on the missile silos could continue. The women attempted to blockade this new entrance and 34 were arrested. The police then adopted the strategy, continued for the rest of the day, of dragging the women to one side when lorries and other vehicles wanted to enter or leave the base.

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Addresses for Contact
 Greenham Common
 USAF/RAF Greenham
 Fairford Peace Camp
 Fairford, Gloucestershire
 Peace Camp, outside
 Brington, via Huntingdon
 The Peace Camp, Oxford
 Base, Burtonwood, Cheshire
 Burghfield Peace Camp
 Near Reading, Berkshire
 Families Against the
 Opposite main gate to
 Lakenheath, Suffolk

It would be as well for example in *Peace* available from alternative camps are constantly

NONVIOLENCE AND NON-VIOLENCE

The peace camps are violence direct action the main successes of

THE EXPULSION

This nonviolent action by Mahatma Gandhi inspired in the independence movement has been an inspiration for many who have written several books and public libraries. A book by Gandhi, published in the following titles: *Autobiography or My Life*, *Truth, Non-violence and Ahimsa* (a useful introductory

In 1968 Warsaw was re-established Russian to spontaneously by non-cooperation was willing to admit only because the force not because the resistance fully taken over. It fought, even at its best days. (In Hungary crushed and a Soviet few weeks.)

However, in Czechoslovakia — underground non-violence — obstruction of arms up bridges, removal of widespread graffiti, and talking to soldiers aware of their role in demoralising the resistance. Many Russian shipped out after

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In its first newsletter the Fairford peace camp states that it is opposed to all forms of militarism as a means of solving human conflict; that we live in a culture based on indirect action where most people rely on others to take decisions; that the 'talents' of an elite provide escapist entertainment whilst 'experts' build their power base behind professional status; that the use of the military to 'defend' us has grown out of the myth of exclusive expertise; that direct action, such as the peace camps, is one way of attempting to reclaim the right to the determination of important aspects of life that are in the hands of those in power; that the peace camps are a practical way of exercising personal responsibility and of learning ways by which to make the situation of exploitation and war, obedience and conformity redundant.

Addresses for Contact and Support:

Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp, Main Gate, USAF/RAF Greenham Common, Newbury, Berkshire.
Fairford Peace Camp, Near RAF Fairford, Whelford Road, Fairford, Gloucestershire.
Peace Camp, outside Molesworth Air Base, Weston Road, Brington, via Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire.
The Peace Camp, opposite Main Gate, Burtonwood Air Base, Burtonwood, near Warrington, Cheshire.
Burghfield Peace Camp, Outside R.O.F. Burghfield, Near Reading, Berkshire.
Families AGainst the Bomb
Opposite main gate, RAF/USAF Lakenheath, Lakenheath, Suffolk

It would be as well to check more current information, for example in *Peace News*, a fortnightly peace paper available from alternative bookshops in most towns, as the camps are constantly under threat of eviction.

NONVIOLENT DIRECT ACTION AND NONVIOLENT RESISTANCE

The peace camps are part of a long tradition of non-violence direct action and nonviolent resistance, some of the main successes of which have been:

THE EXPULSION OF BRITISH RULE IN INDIA - 1947

This nonviolent resistance was given a focus and strength by Mahatma Gandhi. He led a long campaign which culminated in the independence of India and Pakistan. He has been an inspiration for many nonviolent campaigns. He also wrote several books himself. Some of these are available at public libraries. A list of books in a short pamphlet about Gandhi, published by the Peace Pledge Union, recommends the following titles by Gandhi: *All Men Are Brothers*, *An Autobiography or The Story of My Experiments With Truth*, *Non-violence in Peace and War* and *Selected Writings* (a useful introductory selection of Gandhi's work).

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

In 1968 Warsaw Pact armies invaded Czechoslovakia to re-establish Russian-line communism. The Czechs managed to spontaneously prevent Russian control for eight months by non-cooperation and nonviolent resistance. No Czech was willing to administer the Russian system and it was only because the former leaders finally compromised and not because the resistance failed that Czechoslovakia was fully taken over. It is known that had the Czech army fought, even at its best, it would have been defeated in four days. (In Hungary in 1956 violent resistance was brutally crushed and a Soviet-orientated government established in a few weeks.)

However, in Czechoslovakia the takeover was resisted by - underground newspapers, pirate radio broadcasting, obstruction of armies and equipment on railways, blowing up bridges, removal of road signs, sitting in front of tanks, widespread graffiti, symbolic acts of defiance and solidarity and talking to soldiers in an attempt to make them fully aware of their role in repression - thus bewildering and demoralising the invading troops with massive nonviolent resistance. Many Russian soldiers and whole units had to be shipped out after only a few days in Czechoslovakia for

refusing to carry out their orders properly. The whole resistance was also not without humour. Road signs were repainted 'Russia' and pointed back in that direction. One unit of Russian troops marched into a town and their commander was surprised by the resistance he met and took up an offer of meeting the local people in the Town Hall. He was convinced of their case and marched his troops out again.

All this demonstrated the power of spontaneous non-violent resistance, the strength of which would be far greater still if people were familiar with and committed to its practice.

FRANCE

A French general, Jacques de Bolardiere, who obviously knows a great deal about military matters, fully supports the enormous strength of nonviolence. In an interview with *La Vie Catholique* in 1976 he advocates the complete disbanding of French armed forces to be replaced by a defence system of entirely nonviolent methods.

As a military man, he had previously been awarded many decorations and fought in many battles. He was eventually made a general at 48 and went to Algeria as a general of the French army. However, in Algeria he refused to be involved in the use of torture, was court-martialled and sent for a short term to prison. When released he resigned from the army. He then chose to work for the peace movement and nonviolence. He was a key figure in the campaign and actions against French nuclear testing in the Pacific. He sent back his Legion of Honour award to Georges Pompidou, then President. He is now a member of a group of leading French nonviolent activists who are advocating a system of nonviolent defence to the French Government.

Some points raised in the interview mentioned above refer specifically to how nonviolent defence works. He says:

"What I want is for the whole people to take on the job of its [French] defence, men, women, people of all ages . . . simultaneously with setting up this type of nonviolent defence the French people would be setting up a decentralised society where men and women take as much responsibility as possible in all sectors of life. These two imperatives go hand in hand . . . Concretely, nonviolent civil defence is the refusal of a whole people to collaborate with the power of the occupying force which is seeking to impose itself. There must of course be education in nonviolence. It means that the whole population will learn to defend itself by other means. For example we will set up a parallel system of aerial transmission, a parallel source of supplies, both of which will if necessary be clandestine. In the case of invasion or occupation the nonviolent resistance of the whole population would take on various aspects in accordance with the needs of the moment: demonstrating the enemy's injustice by means of hunger strikes, chainings-up, the occupation of buildings, the distribution of leaflets, the paralysing of motorways, non-cooperation in the form of multiple strikes, boycotting of consumer goods, refusal to pay taxes; civil disobedience to the point of creating a counter-power and parallel institutions. In short, an accumulation of attitudes that can't be described in detail in advance. What is certain is that nonviolence gives power to the imagination . . . If the enemy knows that the people as a whole will oppose him then he knows by the same token that he's entering a wasp's nest."

NORWAY AND DENMARK

Nonviolent resistance also had amazing effects on the Nazis in Norway in 1942 and Denmark in 1943. A short description of nonviolent resistance in Norway can be found in *The Pacifist Conscience* which is mentioned again in more detail further on.

SWEDEN AND THE NETHERLANDS

The Swedes and the Dutch are currently investigating the possibility of adopting nonviolent defence methods.

Nonviolent defence cannot be used to protect special privileges that have been taken by violence. The British could not have continued to rule India by adopting non-violent methods. It requires a broad basis of cooperation which would not be possible within societies where people are committed to maintaining their own power or privilege. In a repressive country such as Britain it would not be in the interests of the ruling and wealthy elites to allow large numbers of people to learn their real collective strength and develop methods and informal organisational structures which could easily be turned on the establishment itself.

AMERICA

The blacks in Montgomery, Alabama chose Martin Luther King as a leader of nonviolent resistance against racial discrimination. This was very successful in initiating changes of attitude about racial discrimination and starting a wide movement for equality of American blacks. It began as a boycotting of segregated buses and ended with a Supreme Court judgement which outlawed that segregation. There are several books about and by Martin Luther King, including *Chaos or Community* by Martin Luther King.

The nonviolent campaign in the USA against the Vietnam war was also very successful in generating awareness, action and stopping the war.

There are numerous other examples of the effectiveness of nonviolence. An American peace researcher, Gene Sharp, has identified 198 different forms of nonviolent action which he groups into three main categories:

1. Protest and persuasion — bringing an issue into the open in the hope that those responsible will do something about it.
2. Non-cooperation — refusal to operate some of the machinery of society, as with strikes, boycotts, refusal to pay taxes, draft resistance, civil disobedience.
3. Intervention — deliberately causing disruption, occupations, blockades, disabling transportation etc.

Gene Sharp has written a number of detailed books on various aspects of nonviolence.

PACIFISM AND NONVIOLENCE

A book I have found useful in indicating the long tradition of pacifism and nonviolence is *The Pacifist Conscience*, edited by Peter Mayer. It has extracts from a wide range of pacifist ideas starting in Ancient China with Lao Tzu and Mo Tse, then Buddha, Erasmus, Emerson, Thoreau, Tolstoy, Gandhi, Einstein, Bertrand Russell, Martin Luther King, C. Wright Mills and Albert Camus. These are some of the 42 authors included. Some of the material is only very short extracts from much wider and more comprehensive writings by the same authors. The book also includes references to and short descriptions of nonviolent resistance and campaigns in prisons, deprived areas of Italy against the Mafia (Danilo Dolci; trial statement) and in Norway against Nazi occupation, and several other instances. There is also an article called 'Moral Jiu-Jitsu' by Richard Gregg, which clearly outlines some fundamental principles of non-violence.

An extract of the ideas of Moral Jiu-Jitsu: two people may appear to be in total disagreement, however if they resort to violence as a means of settling their dispute, they make a fundamental agreement — that violence is a legitimate way of settling the injury or dispute. However, if one refuses to make the agreement of violence, even if provoked, and does not show fear or resentment then the attacker can be made to feel startled and uncertain. They cannot rely on the victim to react in the expected manner. Their knowledge and morale is not sustained. Instead, they meet with fearlessness and calm, a self-control possible through conviction of ideas, training or experience. The victim states clearly their understanding of the situation, that they are not prepared to use violence, and that it could be resolved reasonably. Resistance is offered but in moral terms. If the violence continues and this manner of dealing with it is sustained, then sincerity becomes clear to the attacker

through the victim ac prepared to inflict it. I resentment are shown When this determination afraid, or a coward, quickly give way in the courage, not fear, steal ing endurance of pain curiosity and wonder v This is when the princ the opponent's force only in moral terms n not offering the expe and unexpected loss attacker, by their own of values. The attacker, the situation, will feel self-confidence. The greater courage in no energy and recklesm work; anger and violer ever retains balance an the attacker; the app will oppose aggressive the realisation in the assessment of a very u rassment of making f more cautious. The a have been excessive, u trast between brutality pressive. Respect is of nition that they must is being acted upon. T is to replace anger, fear cruelty, pride, scorn, and hardness with feel pathy, security and go is uprooted.

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The nonviolent campaign in the USA against the Vietnam war was also very successful in generating awareness, action and stopping the war.

There are numerous other examples of the effectiveness of nonviolence. An American peace researcher, Gene Sharp, has identified 198 different forms of nonviolent action which he groups into three main categories:

1. Protest and persuasion — bringing an issue into the open in the hope that those responsible will do something about it.
2. Non-cooperation — refusal to operate some of the machinery of society, as with strikes, boycotts, refusal to pay taxes, draft resistance, civil disobedience.
3. Intervention — deliberately causing disruption, occupations, blockades, disabling transportation etc.

Gene Sharp has written a number of detailed books on various aspects of nonviolence.

PACIFISM AND NONVIOLENCE

A book I have found useful in indicating the long tradition of pacifism and nonviolence is *The Pacifist Conscience*, edited by Peter Mayer. It has extracts from a wide range of pacifist ideas starting in Ancient China with Lao Tzu and Mo Tse, then Buddha, Erasmus, Emerson, Thoreau, Tolstoy, Gandhi, Einstein, Bertrand Russell, Martin Luther King, C. Wright Mills and Albert Camus. These are some of the 42 authors included. Some of the material is only very short extracts from much wider and more comprehensive writings by the same authors. The book also includes references to and short descriptions of nonviolent resistance and campaigns in prisons, deprived areas of Italy against the Mafia (Danilo Dolci; trial statement) and in Norway against Nazi occupation, and several other instances. There is also an article called 'Moral Jiu-Jitsu' by Richard Gregg, which clearly outlines some fundamental principles of non-violence.

An extract of the ideas of Moral Jiu-Jitsu: two people may appear to be in total disagreement, however if they resort to violence as a means of settling their dispute, they make a fundamental agreement — that violence is a legitimate way of settling the injury or dispute. However, if one refuses to make the agreement of violence, even if provoked, and does not show fear or resentment then the attacker can be made to feel startled and uncertain. They cannot rely on the victim to react in the expected manner. Their knowledge and morale is not sustained. Instead, they meet with fearlessness and calm, a self-control possible through conviction of ideas, training or experience. The victim states clearly their understanding of the situation, that they are not prepared to use violence, and that it could be resolved reasonably. Resistance is offered but in moral terms. If the violence continues and this manner of dealing with it is sustained, then sincerity becomes clear to the attacker

through the victim accepting suffering rather than being prepared to inflict it. It is important that no signs of fear or resentment are shown, by eye, tone of voice or posture. When this determination is shown the idea that the victim is afraid, or a coward, ready to acknowledge defeat, will quickly give way in the aggressor to an acknowledgement of courage, not fear, steady will, not subservience. Unflinching endurance of pain will demonstrate sincerity. Then curiosity and wonder will displace any scorn and contempt. This is when the principle of jiu-jitsu begins to work; using the opponent's force to make them lose their balance, only in moral terms rather than physical. This is through not offering the expected sort of resistance. The sudden and unexpected loss of moral balance will throw the attacker, by their own impetus, suddenly into a new range of values. The attacker, in not knowing quite how to handle the situation, will feel insecurity, loss of poise and loss of self-confidence. The attacker will realise that there is greater courage in non-retaliation than in blind physical energy and recklessness. There are other principles at work; anger and violence are exhausting, the victim however retains balance and is in a better position to influence the attacker; the appeal to the attacker's better instincts will oppose aggressive feelings; if there are witnesses then the realisation in the attacker of having made a mistaken assessment of a very unusual opponent, will cause embarrassment of making further mistakes. They will become more cautious. The attacker will feel their behaviour to have been excessive, undignified, and ineffective. The contrast between brutality and dignity can be profoundly impressive. Respect is offered to the assailant in the recognition that they must have a better nature than that which is being acted upon. The strategy of this nonviolent appeal is to replace anger, fear, hatred, indignation, vanity, greed, cruelty, pride, scorn, contempt, disdain, disgust, bigotry and hardness with feelings that are to do with unity, sympathy, security and goodwill. The basis of negative emotion is uprooted.

This process can be very effective but requires a great deal of the person who is attacked. The ability to sustain nonviolence must have a strong foundation, the best is love which, if in the context of violence seems too sentimental, could be called intelligence or knowledge. It must be strong and clear-sighted. It follows that the aim of using this method of nonviolence is not to injure, crush, humiliate, break the will of the opponent, or to impose a solution, but to help make a more truthful, creative and secure relationship.

The full article is considerably more thorough than this basic outline of mine.

Some practical suggestions from *Nonviolence Theory and Practice*, NVA Pamphlet No. 1 by Gerard A. Vanderhaar — distributed by Housmans Bookshop (25p) — are:

"In violent circumstances or a confrontation it may be difficult, but it is not impossible, to not feel afraid. Breathing deeply can help, and if appropriate keep talking slowly. Maintain eye contact if possible but not defiantly and encourage the other person to talk. Move slowly and don't threaten or be hostile. It is often helpful to state what is obvious, for example that you have been or are being caused pain or have been injured. Do not behave in any way as a victim, don't cower or be intimidated, show resolution and strength. Seek to make a friend of the opponent in a genuine way, don't allow resentment or hostility to dominate your feelings toward them. You should be as firm as possible without provoking violence. This must be played by ear, and the degree of resistance necessary must be carefully assessed. When you manage to get the person talking don't argue but don't agree with assertions that are obviously cruel, immoral or untrue. Listening can be more important than what is said. To keep the talk going, and to keep it calm is important."

These are some basic ideas which can obviously be improvised on, for example, with humour, or a group of people working together. They amount to some degree of

courage, inner strength and confidence. If in circumstances where there is a choice of whether to become involved with trying to prevent violence it may be better, if you have little confidence, to keep away rather than become involved. The use of nonviolent techniques on a large scale is being used in India in riot situations.

THE PEACE BRIGADES (from a fuller article by Mark Shepard in *Peace News*, 25.5.1981)

The Gandhian peace brigade in India attempts to quell riot situations by nonviolent means. There have been very large and violent riots between Hindus and Moslems. The worst ones have been over the last thirty years in which a thousand or more people have died in a single city. The peace brigade is called the Shanti Sena, founded in 1957. Membership reached 7,000 in the mid-1960s.

Shanti Sena first announces it will work in the riot area. At the same time it may make a statement about the issues involved in the riot. This statement does not lay blame but calls on both sides to end the violence. Over the next few days the Shanti Sainiks ('peace soldiers') arrive by train, individually or in small groups. These are mostly volunteers. There may be as many as thirty or more. They organise into small groups who try to meet all together at least once a day, when decisions are taken. Some of the Sainiks contact local officials and civic leaders, to gain their cooperation.

In one city, the Sainiks found that the police chief was under pressure from a leading politician to fire on rioting crowds. The Sainiks approached this leader and suggested that a curfew would work better to reduce the mob violence. The politician told the police chief he was willing to try it. It worked.

Most of the groups of Sainiks patrol areas of the city where violence is likely. The patrols talk to people on the street, or even go door to door. They find out what is on the people's minds, and begin to talk of the need to return to peace. The patrols discourage violence by persuasion and by their friendly presence. But they are also ready if violence breaks out. For instance, the Sainiks are prepared to rush directly between the attacking sides. Dressed in their distinctive white uniforms they will shout peace slogans while absorbing blows from both sides. Women take part, in fact they say women are better at it since the rioters are less likely to hit them.

One group of Sainiks may take the special job of fighting rumours. Rumours play a big part in the start and build-up to riots. The Sainiks fight rumours with facts. When a rumour is heard, the Sainiks go to the scene of the reported incident and check out the story, so they can tell the people the truth of the matter. Both rumours and violence thrive where there is fear. The Sainiks work to combat fear. Just their presence in an area that is supposed to be dangerous can be reassuring to residents, as they see that the Sainiks themselves are not afraid. Sometimes the Sainiks will live among the people who are frightened to give them courage. At other times they will live among the people who are supposed to cause the fear. Another way the Sainiks combat fear is by organising silent processions. The Sainiks and the people from the conflicting sides walk together silently through areas that have suffered from the rioting.

Once the violence starts to subside, the Sainiks start work to ease the suffering the riots may have caused.

"We are constantly being astonished at the amazing discoveries in the field of violence. But I maintain that far more undreamt of and seemingly impossible discoveries will be made in the field of nonviolence."

M. Gandhi

"In 1939 Albert Einstein signed a now famous letter to President Roosevelt expressing the view that it was possible that new weapons of a completely different type could be based on nuclear fission. Although atomic nuclei themselves could not be seen by ordinary human beings, and although no such atomic weapons, even primitive prototypes of

them, had ever existed, the Manhattan Project was launched. With sufficient scientists and resources a whole new weapons system was created.

"More evidence exists today that we could develop a new type of defense system not requiring military means than existed in 1939 that nuclear bombs were possible. In this case we have primitive prototypes of the new policy, in cases of improvised predominantly nonviolent revolutions against tyrants and defense struggles against coups d'etat and foreign occupations.

"We also have insight into the nature of political power, which may be in politics as significant as has been in military weaponry the theory of the workings of the atom. The power of all rulers and governments is vulnerable, impermanent, and dependent on sources in the society. Those sources can be identified: acceptance of the ruler's right to rule ("authority"), economic resources, manpower, military capacity, knowledge, skills, administration, police, prisons, courts and the like. Each of these sources is in turn closely related to, or directly dependent upon, the degree of cooperation, submission, obedience and assistance that the ruler is able to obtain from his subjects. These include both the general population and his paid "helpers" and agents. That dependence makes it possible under certain circumstances, for the subjects to restrict or sever these sources of power, by reducing or withdrawing their necessary cooperation and obedience.

"If the withdrawal of acceptance, submission and help can be maintained in the face of the ruler's punishments, then the end of the regime is in sight. Thus, all rulers are dependent for their positions and political power upon the obedience, submission and cooperation of their subjects. This not only applies internally but also, with variations, in cases of attempted foreign invasion and occupation. The theory that power derives from violence, and that victory goes to the side with the greater capacity for violence, is false."

Gene Sharp, *Making the Abolition of War a Realistic Goal*. A pamphlet distributed by Housmans which costs 40p and contains another 13 pages as well as the one above.

LEARNING NONVIOLENCE

A soldier is expected to murder arbitrarily and unemotionally. This requires a highly rigid disciplined training. They are expected to obey orders without question. Any awareness of the sanctity of life is systematically bludgeoned. The soldier is channelled into a morality of death. This denial of huge areas of sensitivity is by implication a denial of the life of the killer.

However, just as a soldier is trained to kill within a restricted mentality, anyone can learn nonviolent response no matter what the provocation. Nonviolence is expansive in that its foundation is a wider awareness of humanity, and of seeing the stupidity of the practice of using life itself as some kind of currency.

Revenge is a widely accepted form of behaviour that is thought to be legitimate. For instance, many people would find violence by someone against their mother, sister, brother, father, lover, son, daughter, friend or child etc. an extreme provocation to violence themselves. This revenge would be seen by many as justified. This predictable response of revenge is where a person in a state of grief or anger focuses these emotions on someone else. Revenge however, is not possible if the violence or death is caused by drowning or a natural disaster, then it would be ridiculous. The distress caused by death or damage has then to be coped with directly. There is no distraction of revenge, which cannot alleviate the emotion caused by the initial violence anyway. Revenge simply causes more damage or death, the final logic of which is the extermination of everything in an orgy of destruction, hatred and horror. This stupidity is what many people and governments alike think is quite reasonable. It is possible to have sufficiently wide compassion and understanding to not become involved in this trap in any way at all. An old story that

illustrates revenge:

A person is crossing a boat. On the way across another boat which is mooring. The person on the far bank the looting time by an occupied and anger from the p

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illustrates revenge:

A person is crossing a river with a heavy load on his boat. On the way across the loaded boat is knocked into by another boat which is empty, having broken away from its mooring. The person simply pushes it away. Upon reaching the far bank the loaded boat is again knocked into, this time by an occupied boat. This provokes a tirade of abuse and anger from the person who has just made the crossing.

CONCLUSION

A society based on respect for everybody's integrity, and trust of people's final good sense, will encourage, develop and expand wholeness and awareness. These qualities are natural and are greatly strengthened by freedom from the deprivations of disease, starvation and exhaustion. This freedom is now possible for everyone in the world.

Integration and harmony are the dominant principles of life, otherwise our bodies and minds, which demonstrate an incredibly complex orchestration of these principles, would not exist. A society based on suspicion and distrust of this fact heads toward discord and destruction. It violates the fundamental nature of the fact that we exist at all. This stupidity generates its own evidence to substantiate and excuse itself in the form of messed-up people. The justification is then that the greed and violence of these messed-up people needs controlling, that people could not be left to do just what they saw fit. This vicious circle of creating a mess by damaging people and then trying to stop the mess spreading by control, thus causing more damage, has a logical conclusion: destruction, war, atomic bombs.

"The more laws and restrictions there are,
The poorer people become.
The sharper men's weapons,
The more trouble in the land.
The more ingenious and clever men are,
The more strange things happen.
The more rules and regulations,
The more thieves and robbers."

Lao Tse, *Tao Te Ching*

There is a contradiction and question inherent in this condition which is simply: 'If integration is the dominant principle, how is it that we are held in the grip of idiots and their corruption which does not reflect the principle at all?' A suggestion for the origins of power is that this has happened partly because starvation, exhaustion and disease are very powerful forces. The means by which they can be reduced are very valuable, whether it is by organisation, cooperation, or physical means. There is a very long history of the control of these means having been in the hands of those who are prepared to exploit them. This is partly the result of the division of knowledge and simple temptations. If the knowledge of the means to reduce deprivations is not known by everyone but that some individuals specialise in particular areas, then these individuals become aware of their position, they may then become subject to temptations. For example, "What, if I withheld my knowledge and only made it available when my needs and requirements have been met? I could guarantee my own security more easily against deprivations." This is a form of rudimentary power, in primitive circumstances which, if exploited, sustains itself and grows at an alarming rate. Once the first temptation is given way to, a whole series follows. Power corrupts. We are living in a situation which is partly an extension and development of this origin which is now, however, much more sophisticated. Power is partly hereditary, whether through wealth, education or privilege. Its rationalisations and 'justifications' are complex and convoluted. It has systematically exploited the disease, starvation, or exhaustion of people to feed itself. It is not inevitable. It is a violation of life. Its growth can be uprooted. The experiment has damaged those who are an extension of it, because they are not fulfilled by greed, power, wealth, violence, or by deceiving themselves into thinking that they are.

PEACE AND FREEDOM

The vision of peace and freedom can become reality because we are not (in the wealthy countries) dominated, as people used to be, by starvation, exhaustion, or disease. We now have powerful means of communication with each other, we have access to information and ideas, we have time and the space to consider and act on them, we can travel quickly and relatively easily and, unlike people in the past, we are not so bound up in rigid moral and social codes.

Bringing about anarchy and peace may cause some discomfort and disruption. However, shaking up the comfort and complacency that exist in wealthy countries will help those who have abdicated responsibility for important aspects of their lives, to become familiar with being fully alive again. There will most likely be a violent establishment backlash. It is of prime importance that this is dealt with by the effective nonviolent means that exist, or suffering, damage and death could be the result. We are possibly seeing the beginnings of this violent backlash now, with plastic bullets, CS gas, the massive police training. The army and police have gained practice and experience in Northern Ireland, and the 'riots', and should not be under-estimated in the force that they are prepared and able to use.

Our means should be information, ideas, and conviction of beliefs, and the strength of numbers that result from persuasion and cooperation. The most powerful of our nonviolent methods are non-cooperation with the establishment, and the building up of different ways of life and survival. There are numerous methods of nonviolent resistance, defence and demonstration, and of direct action, for specific aims and in specific circumstances.

Peace can become reality for the very simple reason that violence is not necessary. We do not regard eating people as a solution to needing food. Similarly, the barbaric practice of damaging people could come to be seen as no solution to disagreement or anger, no matter what the provocation.

To achieve this would be a greater liberation than that which all the existing technology achieves from physical conditions.

FURTHER INFORMATION

The information in this article is only a small indication of a wide range of material available. Most of the books, pamphlets and information I have referred to or quoted have come from Housmans Bookshop (HB), 5 Caledonian Road, King's Cross, London N1 (01-837 4473/4); Peace Pledge Union (PPU), 6 Endsleigh Street, London WC1 H0DX (01-387 5501); Peace News, 8 Elm Avenue, Nottingham 3 (0602-53587); or from a public library (PL).

The Pacifist Conscience, edited by Peter Mayer, was published as a Pelican paperback but is unfortunately out of print. It may be possible to get a copy from a public library. It was first published in the United Kingdom by Rupert Hart Davis publishing company in 1966.

Leo Tolstoy was a widely and highly respected writer (*War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*) who turned the power of his writing against the establishment. The anarchist/pacifist stance of Tolstoy in his later life is not widely known because the powerful books he wrote condemning war and government have been actively suppressed in Russia and ignored elsewhere. He also totally condemns the Christian church as a perversion of Christ's ideas in the service of privilege and violence, though he considered Christ's original straightforward and easily understood ideas to be of value. Some of Tolstoy's later books which are available are:

The Inevitable Revolution (HB). This is published as a small booklet by Housmans for 50p. Housmans publish a list of current publications on pacifism and nonviolence, disarmament, feminism and anarchism and other related subjects which is available with a stamped addressed envelope.

The Kingdom of God and Peace Essays (PL), published by the Oxford University Press as part of the World's

Classics series.

The Law of Love and the Law of Violence (PL), published by Anthony Blond Limited.

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Society Without the State (30p) by Ronald Sampson was originally published as the *Anarchist Basis of Pacifism*. This pamphlet is academic in style. It has some interesting and useful ideas.

Making the Abolition of War a Realistic Goal (40p). Has some useful ideas about the basis on which war could be abolished.

These are just a few of a wide range of material.

FUTURES

Two books, written by women, are visionary descriptions of futures. They express ideas of societies outside the stranglehold of the present system. These societies are based on far greater freedom and awareness of everyone. There are very few detailed descriptions of such possibilities.

Woman on the Edge of Time by Marge Piercy, published as a paperback by The Women's Press Ltd., 12 Ellesmere Road, Bow, London E3 5QX.

The Dispossessed by Ursula Le Guin, published by Granada in Panther paperbacks.

They are excellent for their broad indication of possibilities for how societies could be organised on humanitarian principles. They are obviously not blueprints but do stimulate thought and a general sense of how things could be different.

Our imagination should be the source of the future. I would have quoted the words of 'Imagine' by John Lennon, but that would cost a fortune in copyright fees to EMI, a company with heavy interests in arms manufacture, which is both ironic and an indication of what there is to do. 'Imagine' is a good starting point.

Mick Duffield, 1982

Let us once and for all
In this civilised world
End the idea of glorious wars
Won by glorious armies
Let us once and for all
See that neither side is glorious
And on each side men stand
Frightened and shitting themselves.
Let us once and for all
show real courage
No one wants to lie beneath the earth
People at war all want the same thing,
to walk upon it
Without crutches.

A MESSAGE TO MENT, THOSE WHO THOSE WHO ARE TO THE SLAVE

We never asked for war
were we aware of it.
struggle to realisation
it. We never asked for
childhood were we con-

'The sky is empty and
It never did before
My mind is empty and
It never was before
The buildings are empty
It never was before
The playgrounds are empty
They never were before
No-one is missing
No-one is there
No-one remains
No

We never asked for
that leads young men to
anything of the joy of
that you have imposed
bodies from the brain-
be maimed, mutilated
your cynicism. You
homes to die in the
stained minds. How
twisted, how divorced
You dare to threaten
pained violence. In
the darkest shadow.

Each body that you
history is another dark
precious life that you
that you have dared to
another rag that you
discard? What is life
into which you defecate
disfigured bodies of
you smear your rancid

How grand you murder
fields; each feature on
your mind. How power
plunder and rape of the
turns in some contract
of your right hand. How
young men stumble in
death is part of you that

How glorious war.

Those castaway boys
homeless, are the reality
your insanity. That home
That insanity is the trauma
unborn. The frightened
by your arrogance. They
devoured in your lust
away at the rotting flesh
keep them fed, they
bodies were my brother
battlefield is my home

Your minds are filthy
the walking dead, the
ours, that dry the water
blood in its place.
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to walk upon it
Without crutches.

A MESSAGE TO THATCHER, HER GOVERNMENT, THOSE WHO SUPPORT HER AND ALL THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO SEND LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE OF WAR.

We never asked for war, nor in the innocence of our birth were we aware of it. We never asked for war, nor in the struggle to realisation did we feel that there was a need for it. We never asked for war, nor in the joyful colours of our childhood were we conscious of its darkness.

*
'The sky is empty and it's turning different shades of colour,
It never did before and we never asked for war.
My mind is empty and my body different shades of torture,
It never was before and we never asked for war.
The buildings are empty and the countryside is wasteland,
It never was before and we never asked for war.
The playgrounds are empty and the children limbless corpses,
They never were before and they never asked for war.
No-one is moving and no doves fly here.
No-one is thinking and no doves fly here.
No-one remembers beyond all this fear.
No doves fly here'.

The Mob 1982.

*
We never asked for war; this glib, horrific indifference, that leads young men barely old enough to have experienced anything of the joy of life to kill and be killed, is something that *you* have imposed upon us. You snatch these young bodies from the brain-washing cradle of the schoolroom to be maimed, mutilated and slaughtered in the cold grave of your cynicism. You tear these young bodies from their homes to die in the foreign soil of your barren, blood-stained minds. How perverted you are, how distorted and twisted, how divorced from the simple joy of existence. You dare to threaten the one life that we have with your pained violence. In the crystal light of our lives you are the darkest shadow.

Each body that you shovel into the mass graves of history is another darling boy that you have bled, another precious life that you have defiled, another act of creation that you have dared to violate. What is birth to you but another rag that you may wring and slap and beat and discard? What is life to you but another plastic body-bag into which you defecate? What is death to you but the disfigured bodies of our children upon whose angel faces you smear your rancid droppings?

How grand you must feel as you chart out your battlefields; each feature on that map describes the desolation of your mind. How powerful you must feel as you order the plunder and rape of those battlefields; each bayonet that turns in some contracting stomach is the pointing finger of your right hand. How omnipotent you must feel as those young men stumble in the death of those battlefields; each death is part of *you* that dies.

How glorious war. How rich the experience of war.

Those castaway boys, deranged, dismembered, crying, homeless, are the reality of your horror, the actuality of your insanity. That horror is the heritage that you create. That insanity is the tradition that you leave to those as yet unborn. The frightened corpses of the living are shadowed by your arrogance. The limbless corpses of the dead are devoured in your lust for power. The maggots that inch away at the rotting flesh are your true compatriots, you keep them fed, they are your true companions. Those bodies were my brothers that you have destroyed. That battlefield is my home that you have burnt in your fire.

Your minds are filth. Your lives are corruption. You are the walking dead, the parasites who bleed this earth of ours, that dry the waters from the river-beds and give us blood in its place.

YOU STAND ACCUSED OF PREMEDITATED, CALCULATED AND COLD-BLOODED MURDER. YOUR CRIMES ARE WELL DOCUMENTED. YOUR GUILT IS THE RESPONSIBILITY THAT ONE DAY YOU WILL HAVE TO REALISE.

Crass, 3rd June 1982.

THE GREATEST WORKING CLASS RIP OFF

CHORUS: Ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi/Ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi/Ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi/What a fucking rip off, oi, oi, oi.

Another threatening glance, another macho stance/Another aggressive fist, another arsehole pissed/Another vicious threat, a stream of blood stained sweat/Another bottle waved in the air, another battle with tension and fear.

CHORUS

Tell me, why do you glorify violence? Ain't there nothing better to give?/Why fuck up the only chance to be yourself and really live?/You tell me you're a working class loser, well what the fuck does that mean?/Is the weekly fight at the boozier gonna be the only action you've seen?/Are you gonna be one of the big boys, well, we've seen it all before/Muscles all akimbo as they boot down another door/Will you see yourself as the hero as you boot in another head/When you're just a pathetic victim of the media you've been fed/You're lost in your own self pity, you've bought the system's lie/They box us up and sit pretty as we struggle with the knots they tie/Okay, so you're right about one thing, no-one's got the right to shit on you/But what's the point of shitting on yourself, what's that gonna do?/Working class hero beats up middle class twit/Media labels, system's shit/When it looks like the people could score a win/The system makes sure that the boot goes in.

Yeah it's the greatest working class rip off, oi, oi, oi/Just another fucking rip off, a fucking media ploy/It's the greatest working class rip off, oi, oi, oi/Ain't it just a rip off, ain't it just a rip off, ain't it just a rip off, oi.

Punk attacked the barriers of colour, class and creed/But look at how it is right now, do you really think you're freed?/Punk once stood for freedom, not violence, greed and hate/Punk's got nothing to do with what you're trying to create/Anarchy, violence, chaos?/You mindless fucking jerks/Can't you see you're talking about the way the system works?/Throughout our bloody history force has been the game/The message that you offer is just the fucking same/You're puppets to the system with your mindless violent stance/That's right you fuckers, sneer at us 'cos we say "Give Peace a chance"/Punk is dead you wankers, 'cos you killed it through and through/In your violent world of chaos, what you gonna do?/Is Top of the Pops the way in which you show how much you care?/Will you take off now to the USA to spread your message there?/Well mouth and trousers, sonny boy, never changed a thing/The only thing that'll ever change will be the song you sing/'Cos when you've bought your Rolls Royce car and luxury penthouse flat/You'll be looking down your nose and saying "Punk dear chap, what's that?"/You'll be the working class hero with your middle class dream/And the world will be the same as the world has always been/Punk's the people's music so you can stuff ideas of class/That's just the way the system keeps you sitting on your arse/Class, class, class, that's all you fucking hear/Middle class, working class, I don't fucking care.

It's the greatest working class rip off, oi, oi, oi/What a fucking rip off, oi, oi, oi/It's the greatest human sell off, oi, oi, oi/Ain't it just a rip off, oi, oi, oi.

Punk's the people's music and I don't care where they're from/Black or white, punk or skin, there ain't no right or wrong/We're all just human beings, some of us rotten, some of us good/You can stuff your false divisions 'cos together I know we could/Beat the system, beat its rule/Ain't got no class, I ain't a fool/Beat the system, beat its law/Ain't got no religion 'cos I know there's more/Beat the system, beat its game/Ain't got no colour, we're all the same/People, people, not colour, class or creed/Don't destroy the people, destroy their power and their greed.

CHRIST THE ALBUM • SIDE TWO • SONG WORDS

You can tell a master butcher by the way he selects the best, by the way he cuts off what you do want and by the way he cuts off what you don't want. By the way, there are butchers just like this taking so much care behind the scenes/The hungry pack must feed and something must die to satisfy that hunger/Like the politicians then, the politicians now, see the world in the same arrogant simplistic terms, speaking of dominoes as if nations were mere blocks of wood.

DEADHEAD

Tired bored sad people, tired bored sad lives/Endless cars on endless roadways past endless shopfronts with endless lies/Even the winners, even the punters, tight lipped packages, think it's bad/Can't imagine a revolution could deal with anything so sad/Well it's all set up so you can't do it/No let up so you don't make it/And all arranged so you can't have it/All enclosed so you won't take it/Set in little pockets of isolation/Separated by regulation/Crushed for product in a rich man's passion/Relative ration for the ration nation/Tear a bit, smash a bit, cause a little pain/That's a contribution then they build it up again/Fool yourself thinking it's a holyheld belief/When all the time it's just another light relief/Oh boredom psychological stunt/You never really feel it when you're up at the front/And it doesn't really matter where the hell it's going/As long as everybody has the hot blood flowing. . . .

Excitement and thrills/Will put off the ills/Radical frills/Docility pills/New Wave, splash in the pan/Real music by dildo dan/Tired old discos, sham balam/Sodder modern, christ, futurists again/Play the machine/Crank up the dream/We're just what we seem/Know what I mean?

But no-one can wipe out the last five years/So there's other ways of living than in supergloo pairs/Marry me darling?/Fuck off, creep!/Tired and lonely, life on the cheap/Didn't plan it, but now we're very happy/Another poor fucker drowns in its nappy/Bakunin and bollocks and fun and farts/Hit the right fantasy and come up the charts.

Treat people like shit and that's what you get.

We who do believe that force is justified from a Christian point of view, just conceive of certain political diplomatic conditions where by a limited exchange of one nuclear weapon on either side would result in the end of a war and peace/What a relief, at last our Holy Father has told us exactly where we stand.

YOU CAN BE WHO?

CHORUS: Don't want a life of lies and pretence/Don't want to play at attack and defence/Just want my own life. I want to be free/So you can be you, and I can be me.

Respectable businessmen smart and secure/Eat the fat of the land that they robbed from the poor/The butcher is smiling as he brings down the knife/As he cuts up the meat, he thinks of the wife/As eminent psychiatrists suffer paranoid fits/The ones they call mad have to pick up the bits/The preacher speaks calmly, says it's love that we lack/While his imaginary dagger is held at our back.

CHORUS

In bed you're the master or mistress, who cares?/Abusing each other as you work off your fears/Go climb a mountain, go fuck a scout/Avoidance of self is what it's about/Pretence and illusion to avoid who you are/Don't work on yourself, just polish the car/Switch on the telly afraid you might find/That as well as a body you've also a mind/Cheap glossy surface to cover the lie/Cheap easy answers to the what, where, and why/Media drivel, yet you still watch the

screen/Life ain't f start but hang on ray paradise/You pics/Media junkies

CHORUS

So you say you'll so fucking easy to but still toe the line fine/Anarchy, free wars? Well it's so without thought/freedom ain't pro peace your work's and hate/Fighting to fight back to sh been silenced by and fools/The po Politicians and pr stolen our peace means to their o other, made foes ted, polluted our sordid beliefs/The it's freedom we're

I think I'll have a the jackpot to try car and there it's yellow. Freshness assurance of an ef guard against deca entertainment the TV set for family Lickin chicken. Th

BUY NOW, PAY A

Buy now, pay as y a mortgage on yo trade-in for your watch and cherish things that money

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Or sexy glossy adv I don't need that. Don't need a teleph a rip-joint sale./Ex want to grow fat o greed of public com

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screen/Life ain't for real, it's a magazine/Conned from the start but hang onto the lies/You're a slave to the catholic ray paradise/You don't want the world, you just want the pics/Media junkies, you'd die for a fix.

CHORUS

So you say you'll reject it, well that's maybe a start/But it's so fucking easy to act out a part/You say you'll reject it, but still toe the line/Conning yourself that you're doing just fine/Anarchy, freedom, more games to play?/Fight war, not wars? Well it's something to say/Slogans and badges worn without thought/Instant identities so cheaply bought/Well freedom ain't product, it isn't just fun/If you're looking for peace your work's just begun/Fighting oppression, aggression and hate/Fighting warmongers before it's too late/We've got to fight back to show that we care/For so many years we've been silenced by fear/Our lives have been ruined by liars and fools/The powerful and greedy who bind us with rules/Politicians and preachers who bind us with laws/Who have stolen our peace and given us wars/They've used us as means to their own violent ends/Turned us against each other, made foes out of friends/They've distorted, perverted, polluted our lives/Brainwashed the world with their sordid beliefs/They seek to possess, control and corrupt/It's freedom we're after, they've got to be stopped.

I think I'll have a gamble on the jackpot. She's going for the jackpot to try and win our jackpot prize of the motor car and there it is, a two-door family saloon 950cc in yellow. Freshness and value under one roof. And an assurance of an effective deodorant. There's no better safeguard against decay. So give your kids a treat. For home entertainment there's a 12inch black and white portable TV set for family control. Full of eastern promise. Finish with Lickin chicken. That's the idea.

BUY NOW, PAY AS YOU GO

Buy now, pay as you go,/Buy now, say hello./You can get a mortgage on your life/To enter Shoppers' Paradise trade-in for your dignity./A lovely colour console TV watch and cherish as the days slip by,/And dream of things that money can buy.

Brushed chrome shit, plastic crap,/My life and my vig worth more than that./Plate glass ghetto, shopping spree I'm no fucking commodity./Lusting for objects, whit refrigerator./Cut off your fingers and buy a vibrator them while it lasts, your time is running out./A new for christmas, that's what life's about.

A new tank, a new bomb, awaits you in the store. Is that shallow that you're reaching out for more planning now for a family plot./A satin-lined bunker your corpses can rot./Well there's nothing for sale but day-glo gore./And I ain't no waxed-up showroo whore./I don't need carrots dangled in front of me. Man made pre-fab, polyester lies.

Or sexy glossy adverts left on my mat./I live with my I don't need that./Don't need a yacht to take a Don't need a telephone in the loo./Won't barter my a rip-joint sale./Excess is just another nouveau ja want to grow fat off the fat of the land,/Or to chole greed of public command.

Work thirty years with one foot in the grave./I junkie, consumer slave./If money buys freedom./I spent./Your object's the subject of my contempt./ pay as you go,/Buy now, say hello./Bye bye/Bye t

They were shouting racist abuse at him, the next thing he knew he got a big brick thrown at him/Well I don't, I don't really like them at all, no coloureds, I don't like them at all really - and we're not racist either. I mean it's well known there's a certain amount of aggravation, what do you feel about that? Oh in Southall yea, they started on us, they was waiting for us, there's no doubt about it, they was just there. Doesn't it seem a bit pointless? People are just beating each other up. Well, I mean I can't, there's nothing, I can't do nothing about that, I mean it's life, ain't it?

*

RIVAL TRIBAL REBEL REVELS

Cor blimey guv'nor I'm the big 'un, cop an eyeful of this muscular arm./Being tough n' rough is my kind of fun but, of course, I never do no harm./It ain't my fault I like cracking bones, it gives me a funny kind of thrill./And I can't help smiling at the pathetic moans as I go in for the kill.

Tribal wars are raging, it's a battlefield in the street, there's games to play and hell to pay when the rival tribal rebels meet.

Why can't people just leave me be?/I can't help doing what I do,/But I'll do anybody who ain't like me so forget your what, why or who./I ain't got no purpose and I don't give a fuck./I never asked for this life./If you're looking for reasons you're out of luck, I'll just show you the point with my knife.

Tribal wars are raging, no-one's safe out on their own./The gangs are about and they scream and shout, so you'd better not be caught alone.

I did it 'cos there ain't nothing else to do, there ain't nowhere'll let me in./It ain't my fault I want to hurt and screw/So I've destroyed every place where I've been./I had trouble at the local so they won't serve me there./I just had to chivvy up this bloke,/I left him with a smile cut from ear to ear but the bleeder never got the joke./I used to have a bird but I put her up the spout so I had to tell her where to get off./Well, you can't blame me if I want to get about, if you're a man you've got to be tough./I used to go down the cafe for tea but my boot got attacked by the door,/so now it ain't open for the likes of me and we're back on the streets like before.

Tribal wars are raging, our heroes are standing tall, but the truth of the matter, if you cut out the patter, is that pride always comes before the fall.

They can stand on the corner with their violence and their hate, stand there and fester 'til they've left it too late/to realise it's themselves they've put there on the spot 'cos they've wasted the one and only life that they've got./Tribal wars are raging, everyone's just acting out bad parts./Hey there big man, take a look at yourself, it's in the mirror that the real war starts.

*

The first nuclear bomb exceeded by a thousand times the explosive force of any weapon ever made before. Instead of one nuclear weapon there are now over 50,000. More than a million times the explosive power of the Hiroshima bomb. Four tons of high explosive for each of the four thousand million men, women and children on this planet/I think it's money well spent and I can't see what's wrong with it/Those who are obedient will stay put, doubtless stiffened in their resolve by the knowledge that if they flee, no authority elsewhere will give them food or shelter.

*

BUMHOOLER

CHORUS: If they drop a bomb on us, we fucking deserve it./We know we got it coming, we fucking deserve it./They got a comfy set up, they'll try to preserve it./We had the early warning, we can sit and observe it.

Sliding down guidelines, cradle to the grave./All the willing saviours see that we behave./Everybody knows they're there, see them all around./Lots of little people who'll put you in the ground./Well, take a burning issue and stuff it up your arse./They've fucked you with a furrowed brow, shitting broken class./Marching down the 'dilly to demonstrate again./While the men who plan the holocaust are pissed out of their brain./Brain of pasty people, who'll bomb it all to fuck./You can be a victim or they'll let you try your luck./Pass it on to others, ship it down the line./Leave the world in ruins, you know we've got the time.

CHORUS

Cop-outs look for motives . . . Freudian analyst./Come on, Mr Horror, what do you make of this?/Won't find many people without their rationale./Any handy concept to hang upon the wall./Soldier got his enemy./Police have got the state./Family have got home sweet home./SS got red tape./MP's got his duty./Priest has got his sin./Everybody finds a hole./To drop somebody in./Seeking out wisdom in the ironies of life./Weighing up subtleties, fiddling with the ties./No-one else decides for you, whether to or not./You make an easy target if you're running on the spot.

CHORUS

Someone's been training, flexing their muscles./Getting in practice, irrelevant tussles./Given a march, or a quiet Sunday demo./They wait till the state puts the finger on you.

Peeping through a frown, your humanity in rags./Playing the loser till the sense of purpose sags./They can deal with heroes, watch the bleeders run./It's only your head keeps the target from the gun./No-one else decides for you, whether to or not./You make an easy target, if you're running on the spot. . . .

*

No, I wouldn't give up meat. And if thirty million people are dying each year from hunger or hunger related diseases? No, I still wouldn't give up meat/While people starve elsewhere, nine tenths of the grain grown in the United States is fed to animals so that we can eat meat/We feed pigs better than many third world countries feed people/Well a lot of them should get enough food shouldn't they?What do they spend their money on?/If they starve, they starve. It's up to them. That's where they put themselves ain't it

*

SENTIMENT

Feathers burn so easily, the cat is blinded in the garden, last vision the lark is flame./The cattle shed gives off the smell of Sunday kitchen, the gentle eye, the dispensable perfection./Before the flash take two weeks' food, pile the sacks of earth and hide./All of us here know it, we grew with it, we grew it./Fighting amongst ourselves, leaving bits of flesh on barbed wire, a little blood on the floor./Locks and bars across the door, well versed in violation, our children beat each other in the garden./Our failure to accept the earth, we talk of love but push it to the edge./This is no natural aggression composing death, I am afraid for beauty when I see the fist, the perfect hand that turns against itself, the perfect hand that holds a gun or wields a butcher's blade, or leads 'to death the used-up bull or incarcerates the hopeless fool or takes the forest with a single flame and leaves the nest an empty shell./Human kind condemns the hunting beast yet his own choice leaves behind such ragged meat./The military dream of blood, their sweet wine flowing in the veins of men who work towards our bloody end./They fly Enola gaily, give birth to this waiting . . . waiting, give us the reality of our hatred, give the earth nothing./Melting, goats dead on the green, dying lambs bleating by the wire . . . three last days on the earth, I lay down to die in the grass.

It's fear that provokes race. America seeks to be behind. Although each time over, both refuse NATO plans to count nuclear weapons if necessary. We depend for our export two hundred millions a that's not the computer. the biggest epidemic of until the patient recogni

MAJOR GENERAL DE

We're looking for a bet hatred, poverty, aggression on war when three qu poor./Major General D mode of attack, he's c risk, the Major General designs a cruise missile, while the starving crawl their fate another day. defence, but I ask you millions who don't star stupid war?/Babies cripp walk, mothers with dr while Major General D war budget over the ye of steel, how can they way they can feel, by part of themselves that as they do?/Or is it us the responsibility to sto us, yet we let them hav plotting and planning. power away, to save the destroying the world w pain and mutilation, millions of dead. Yet t generals and politicians to wade in the truth of shivering with fear and deathpit./They'll find t festering corpses they that endlessly stare hav The earth was our hor sky, the grass and the do they care? Only se through violence they t pride./They took all th with the bodies of mi meaning through their fear./They destroy wh make us feel it's wrong home, they've been at it's beginning./Throug sing their tired song b singing. . . . Fight war war not wars/make peac

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grew it./Fighting amongst ourselves, leaving bits of flesh on
barbed wire, a little blood on the floor./Locks and bars
across the door, well versed in violation, our children beat
each other in the garden./Our failure to accept the earth,
we talk of love but push it to the edge./This is no natural
aggression composing death, I am afraid for beauty when I
see the fist, the perfect hand that turns against itself, the
perfect hand that holds a gun or wields a butcher's blade, or
leads to death the used-up bull or incarcerates the hopeless
fool or takes the forest with a single flame and leaves the
nest an empty shell./Human kind condemns the hunting
beast yet his own choice leaves behind such ragged meat./
The military dream of blood, their sweet wine flowing in
the veins of men who work towards our bloody end./They
fly Enola gaily, give birth to this waiting . . . waiting, give us
the reality of our hatred, give the earth nothing./Melting,
goats dead on the green, dying lambs bleating by the wire
. . . three last days on the earth, I lay down to die in the
grass.

t thousand times the
de before. Instead of
r 50,000. More than
the Hiroshima bomb.
f the four thousand
his planet/I think it's
hat's wrong with it/
doubtless stiffened in
they flee, no authori-
ter.

, we fucking deserve
king deserve it./They
eserve it./We had the

*It's fear that provokes nuclear war, fear that fuels the arms
race. America seeks to stay in front, Russia won't fall
behind. Although each side can destroy each other many
times over, both refuse to call a halt. It is in Europe where
NATO plans to counter a theoretical Soviet assault with
nuclear weapons if necessary. Flexible Response it's called/
We depend for our export trade upon selling one thousand
two hundred millions a year of arms and that's pure arms,
that's not the computers that go into repression/it's not just
the biggest epidemic of our times, but it won't be cured
until the patient recognises that he's sick.*

*

MAJOR GENERAL DESPAIR

We're looking for a better world but what do we see? Just
hatred, poverty, aggression, misery./So much money spent
on war when three quarters of the world is so helplessly
poor./Major General Despair sits at his desk, planning a new
mode of attack, he's quite unconcerned about chance or
risk, the Major General's a hard nut to crack./Oh yes, he
designs a cruise missile, tactically sound, operationally OK,
while the starving crawl onto the deathpile, they can't avoid
their fate another day./Attack on the mind, but he calls it
defence, but I ask you again who's it for?/Do the starving
millions who don't stand a chance hope to benefit by his
stupid war?/Babies crippled with hunger before they could
walk, mothers with dry breasts cry dry tears, and mean-
while Major General Despair gives a talk on increasing the
war budget over the years./How can they do it, these men
of steel, how can they plot destruction, pain?/Is it the only
way they can feel, by killing again and again?/Is it some
part of themselves that has died that permits them to plan
as they do?/Or is it us that is dead, do we simply hide from
the responsibility to stop what they do?/There's so many of
us, yet we let them have their way, at this moment they're
plotting and planning./ We've got to rise up to take their
power away, to save the world that they're ruining./They're
destroying the world with their maggot-filled heads, death,
pain and mutilation, they've got the responsibility of
millions of dead. Yet they're still bent on destruction./The
generals and politicians who advocate war should be made
to wade in the truth of it, they should spend sleepless nights
shivering with fear and by day time should crawl in the
deathpit./They'll find the truth of what they've done there,
festering corpses they and their kind made, eyeless skulls
that endlessly stare having seen the truth of military trade./
The earth was our home, the wind and the air, the blue
sky, the grass and the trees, but these masters of war, what
do they care? Only sentiments, these./It's our world but
through violence they took it away, took dignity, happiness,
pride./They took all the colours and changed them to grey
with the bodies of millions that died./They destroy real
meaning through their stupid games, make life a trial of
fear./They destroy what values we have with their aims,
make us feel it's wrong if we care./Well, we do care, it's our
home, they've been at it too long, if it's a fight they want
it's beginning./Throughout history we've been expected to
sing their tired song but now it's OUR turn to lead the
singing. . . . Fight war not wars/make peace not wars/fight
war not wars/make peace not wars. . . .

*

*War is confirmation of the imposed reality in which we
exist. A constant violent reminder of the lengths to which
those that impose that reality will go. We are prisoners
within that reality until we create our own.*

*We don't have civilisation any more. We have a state of
barbarism. A state of barbarism in which we are daily,
hourly, threatening with annihilation our fellow citizens.
Now, looking at you I know one thing, we can win, we can
win. I want you to, I want you to sense your own strength.*

*

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such an old song, don't m
keep on, don't mind, sing
If all the world was as g
If all the days weren't m
aimless down the high roa
If the space between us w
there'd be no sad song.
If all this was our world
not mine, not yours,
if all this was our world
one we'd be
Can you see?
If you open your heart ju
new song.

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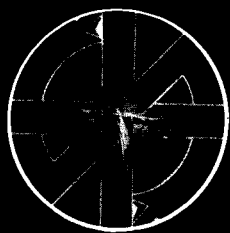
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keep on, don't mind, sing on.
If all the world was as gentle as the breeze within my hands
If all the days weren't numbered for those who walk
aimless down the high road;
If the space between us was as solid as I feel it
there'd be no sad song.
If all this was our world
not mine, not yours,
if all this was our world
one we'd be
Can you see?
If you open your heart just a little you can whisper
new song.



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