

WOOZY #9

This is a special short and text heavy edition of Woozy we put together in order to publish a diary of last years Anarchy in the UK festival and a list of Anarchist and anti war groups in Former Yugoslavia. Hope you enjoy it. Our address is P.O. Box 4434, Melbourne Uni, Parkville, 3052, Australia. Send 3 IRCs for a sample of our normal editions.

ANARCHY IN FORMER YUGOSLAVIA

Anarchists and other libertarian spirits have long been active in former Yugoslavia both during the period of Communist rule and following it's break up and ensuing wars. As war continues to rage in many parts of former Yugoslavia a variety of anti-authoritarian groups are working to organise against the war and create alternatives despite government censorship, control and the threat of being drafted and sent to the front. Recent activities in Croatia have included people squatting a building for a Youth center, widespread resistance to the introduction of rents on state owned buildings and a series of poster actions against the Pope's visit. In Slovenia there have been ACT-UP demonstrations and a festival to celebrate the first year of squatting at Metelkova, a former Army barracks in Ljubljana. Widespread draft resistance, strikes and anti war activity continue in Serbia. What follows is a brief listing of groups active in the anarchist and D.I.Y. scenes, people involved in squatting, bands, anti war actions, zines and other activities. It is important that in this time of tight government censorship over there and press distortions about the war in Australia and other places that people keep communicating and sharing alternative ideas and resources. If you are interested in what these groups are doing or can lend a hand in any way (particularly financially) then get in touch, even if it is only to give a message of support.

Zaginflatch- Is the information bulletin from which most of this article is culled and comes out on an irregular basis detailing recent anti-authoritarian news and groups addresses. They are also a contact for the group in Croatia who in October opened the Kuglana squat/ community center and were recently evicted, but will be continuing to seek out a suitable building. The newsletter and a variety of english translations of Croatian leaflets are available from- Zaginflatch/Mr Onion, C/O ARK/ZAPO, Tkalciceva 38, 41000, Zagreb, Croatia. E-Mail- ZIF@ZAMIR-ZG.ztn.zer.de

In Media Res- Is a short newsletter with info and contacts and a couple of reviews. There is also a zine with the same name which is a little heavier in contents. Marco is looking for artwork, bands to interview, stuff to review and general zine stuff so get cracking and write to- Marco Strpic, Rakusina 3, 41000 Zagreb, Croatia.

Sveta Obitelj- Is a group of people active in Zagreb who play in bands, do zines and decorate the grey walls of Zagreb with political and ecological graffiti. Contact- Vedran Krlajevic, Racinova 3/11, 41000 Zagreb, Croatia.

Distorzija- is apparently the first squat in Croatia and fairly active. They also do a zine which includes some Serbian bands. Distorzija- Stube Jurine i Franine 2, 52000 PULA, Croatia.

The Anarchist Peace Front- is an attempt at networking all the anarchist groups in former Yugoslavia. Presently they're working on a compilation tape and a booklet which will feature anti war activities in that part of the world. APF-Kukatz C/O Boris Milakovic, S.V. Duha 30. 55300, Pozega, Croatia.

Kolektiv Nenasilnog Delovanja (KND) is an anarcho-pacifist* group from Slovenia. Write for more information. KND- Pavlin Brane, Oresje 20zb, 68259 Bizeljsko, Slovenija.

Torpedo- is a revolutionary group from Serbia who are planning a zine and are mostly interested in Class war activities. contact- c/o Milan Djuric, M.Velikog 12/10, 11300 Smederevo, Serbia, Yugoslavia.

Crni Gavran- are another anarchist group working on a zine in Serbia. C/O Markovic Dragan, Post Restante, 11420 Smederevska Palanka, Yugoslavia.

Pokret Za Mirpancevo- is a very active peace group with several projects including Contra bellum newspaper, Art For peace, School Without Violence, conscientious objection, humanitarian actions, networking, etc. C/O- Peace Movement, Ulica Milosa Trebinjica 2-4, 26000 Pancevo, Vojvodina, Yugoslavia. Tel/fax- +381 13 514 900 (12-18 CET). Email- PPM_PANCEVO@zamir-bg.zer

Screaming from the Basement- has put together a zine, some posters, done actions against McDonalds in Belgrade as well as anti-hunting and anti-fascist activity. C/O Jevremovic Miladin, Skoplijanska 33, 36000 Kraljevo, Serbia, Yugoslavia.

International Workers Aid- are an international solidarity group who are supported by various syndicalist, anarchist and leftist unions and have delivered 150 tons of aid to a radical miners union in Tuzla as well as other projects. They have another 14.5 tons waiting to be cleared by Herzeg-Bosna fascists before they can be delivered. Future projects include a convoy to unions in Sarajevo, coordinating the delivery of a mammography machine to a hospital in Zenica and another convoy to Tuzla around election time to support the anti-nationalist current there. Their address is- C/O DINKO, Slavonska 19, 58300 Makarska, Croatia. Phone- +385 611 303. Fax-+385 (0) 58 325 843.

*-Please note that pacifism in the context of the situation in the areas of former Yugoslavia may mean very different things to it's usage in Australia, the US, UK; etc.

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	Size	Quantity	Total
Adults: at £9.99 each	Medium		
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ANARCHY IN THE U.K

(Or a personal journey through Ten daze that shook and hurled).

Anarchy in the UK was billed as the largest ever gathering of anarchists in the world, with 10 days filled with meetings, discussions, gigs, actions and much, much more. Whether or not the gathering quite reached these heights I'm none too sure, but I guess I had a pretty good time, met some inspiring people and learnt a few things during what was for me a near fortnight of no sleep, lots of stress and a few comic disasters.

On the first day of anarchy in the UK...

Or Friday October 2nd I was fucking stressed out, a state that would be oft repeated during the festival. Somehow through choice and error myself and a good friend had found ourselves responsible for producing a T-Shirt for the festival. Whereas I had first entered the project with tons of gusto I was now feeling a little flat since it had proved more complicated than we had hoped. This in itself shouldn't have been so stressful, but in between all the rushing around and attending meetings and helping out at the 121 infoshop with peoples many and varied queries I'd developed a wee stress monster inside of me. The months of travelling and slacking prior to Anarchy had meant my reflexes and mind were slothful and a hit of deadline frenzy had done me in— either that or I was finally entering the mid 20s 'give up politics, burn out and retire to drugs, suburbia or art wankery' phase of my existence. Regardless of this mood I met the first day with anticipation as the media had been hyping the festival following the huge anti Criminal Justice Bill demo/riot of a few weeks before and the more recent and smaller police riot against similar protesters. "Anarchist agitators" they had cried and drawn up false links between festival originator (but hardly sole organiser) and ex Class War Spokesperson Ian Bone and an imaginary hardcore of 100

who were somehow running around causing all the trouble at these otherwise peaceful demos. On top of the usual press distortions the festival had also been copping heat from all manner of critics who incidentally also made up most of the older UK anarcho groups) primarily on the strength of Mr Bone's reputation and his habit of putting people down as holding events without actually consulting them first. I personally didn't know whether to expect an absolute flop, a total party, a week of riots or a combination of the three. Unfortunately on the first day I spent a fair amount of my time getting a STD test and having my first real experience of the incompetence and insensitivity of the underfunded and fucked up British health care system. Having survived that one I made it to the 121 cafe— after being closed for a fair few years the caff had been resurrected by a bunch of pals offering 50p bargain dinners and breakfasts. Sure enough the cafe was packed with people of various nationalities though US crusties and hobo punx seemed to dominate. It was great to see so many people crowded into the 121 with loads wandering around the bookshop/info section in search of existing squats or new ones to crack. Whilst eating I realised I'd missed a number of events I'd wanted to catch (this was not to prove unusual), but later in the evening I was fortunate to catch Mutiny at the Canterbury Arms (the electronic drums added a nice touch) with Claremonte Rd house band Head on a Stick who ran through every dub and punk cliché in the book including the monologue about bastard vivisectioners putting electrodes into little monkeys brains— ha ha ha— twas all damn good though. Unfortunately when Mutiny got back to our squat later we found out some of the nights unity and international camaraderie had ended in a big punch up during which one of our shirts had been stolen— oh dear.

On this day I missed— Lorenzo Komboa Ervin, an ex Black Panther, US class war prisoner and black activist speaking on a variety of issues, the anti CJB public meeting and the hilarious Mr Social Control performing at the festival's opening ceremony.

On the Second day of Anarchy in the UK...

Or Saturday October 2nd I had a truly shit day. In the morning we rushed over to Cheap and Nasty to get the shirts and then stick them in a dryer to set the inks. By the time we got to the Anarchist Bookfair in Holborn it had already been going a few hours and we discovered that due to a cock up in communications between the Bristol organisers (aka Ian Bone) and the people in London both ourselves and a guy from Brighton had been told to make shirts. Apart from the fact that we'd tried to get through

to Bristol all week to make sure this wasn't happening and had heard nothing we were pissed off that now between the two lots of shirts we all had a fuck load to get rid of. Add to this the fact that we weren't entirely happy with the quality of about a third of our printing and out go the dreams of making enough profits to set up a printing workshop at 121 and reward them for all their hard festive work and in come ones of maybe making back the 250 quid we'd already sunk in. We soon found we were not the only ones ready to murder a certain organiser as all manner of fuck ups emerged. Rather than carrying out a hasty and unreasonable murder however I wound up on a table helping to sell the spunky red festival programmes and answering all manner of obscure and stupid queries from confused visitors and pissed off locals. No I didn't know whether Colin Ward was giving a talk at 4.30pm or why Captain Sensible wasn't making it or whether Conflict were still playing and why don't you just use yr brains and leave me the fuck alone? Selling programmes was such a laff that I collapsed by 3pm and barely had a chance to check out the bookfair. It was however good to see thousands of people wandering through since from all reports the fair had been a bit of a flop in recent years. Certainly if the festival didn't achieve anything else it did bring some extra bucks into the anarcho end of the economy (ha ha) and helped various folks distribute their creations. Interestingly one of the big debates of the day and indeed the festival was over the role of photographers/media and this day saw various people hounded for taking photos without asking permission. Given the attention the festival had picked up and



the role of the media in helping the police frame up and identify "trouble makers" this was not totally undeserved. Best finds of the day were the brilliant new Armchair zine and the Anarchy In The UK comic (a huge hit by all accounts) whilst beautiful objects and reads were to be seen everywhere, but alas I was in too much debt to do much spending. The T-Shirt situation was kind of cleared up to none's full satisfaction by the days close and at least one new squat had been broken— this one a huge office

block just around the corner from the fair. I missed dinner at 121 due to unprecedented numbers of hungry anarchists and later caught a few songs from Herbgarden at the George Robey. Whilst the music left a little to be desired this gig like many at the festival had an atmosphere I hadn't experienced since the AIDEX protests of a few years before— loads of folks from all over just coming together to create a good time with few if any expectations— brilliant.

Missed— Miners videos, talks and music, a rave at 121, The Counter intelligence gathering and various workshops.

On the third day of Anarchy in the UK...

Or Sunday the 2nd I woke up late and battled through the crowds of crashed out crashees in my rapidly declining squat to miss breakfast at 121 by a few minutes. Eventually we got a crowd together to make it the much vaunted Levitation of Parliament. I personally expected a riot as I thought that there was no way the police would let our unruly mob march on Parliament when they had belted the hell out of 1000s the previous week for trying to do so. As it turned out the march was a pleasant one through the center of London taking in a number of sights before winding its way to Big Ben and parliament— had it all been a convenient excuse to let the non Brits take in some tourist spots or were we really going to levitate the fucker? Well things started off divisively with one section of the crowd (the spikies) squaring up to the cops at the front with their masks and bags of rocks at the ready, whilst group number 2 (the fluffies) chanted invocations and danced in their colourful outfits and costumes in the middle and the rest of us (known as the lets wait and sees or pissed out of their skull contingent) hung out at the back. By 4.30pm and the appointed time for the levitation it was clear the Fluffies had seized the day since streams of abuse and an attack on one flag pole had failed to stir up the police and most of the crowd were now milling about crying "Out, Demons, Out!" or falling over dead drunk. I thought I saw that house of evil quiver for a moment and all came clear later when an initiate of occult secrets explained to me that along the infinite continuum of time and space it had indeed levitated, but only for one 300th of a second. After the ritual had peaked a couple of British and US flags went up in flames and we headed off into the dusk to go on a bagel hunt. So far through resourceful bin raiding we had helped keep the cafe supplied in free vegies and delicious day old bagels, but on this occasion the London Transport system got the better of us and we not only failed to score any bagels, but spent 2 and a half hours getting completely fucking

lost and missing the dinner we had worked so hard to try and supply. Having decided I would not enter another train on this blighted day I missed the much hyped Smut festival, but heard later that most of my pals had found it to be under-rehearsed, badly done and a little embarrassing in parts which was a shame since in my eyes it had offered an opportunity to challenge existing conceptions of pornography with a grassroots alternative. Apparently later nights were not better and even (over) quite exciting and it was good that the festival could accommodate positions as extreme as the Smut fest and the anti porn direct actions.

What I missed- The Leonard Peltier solidarity demo (and free food!), the Anarchism and Sexuality conference, the discussion on Supporters power and soccer and the Smut Fest.

On the Fourth Day of Anarchy in the UK...

On Monday October the 24th I rushed out the door, hopped on the tube and went out to Leyton for the big day of anti roads actions. Being the primary site of anti roads activity in London and a squatted street barred to cars Claremont Rd was the obvious site for a big anarchist direct action, but some of the streets residents weren't totally keen on a bunch of latecomers coming along and fucking up months of campaigning and non violent (though more in principle than reality) actions. After a couple of hours boring briefings in English and German the campaign guidelines were clear to most of the 150 or so anarchists present and we finally headed off. Following a mass fare dodge (most folks neglected to pay the outrageous train fares during the festival) we descended on work-site number 1, the former site of an ancient oak tree which the previous year had been squatted kicking off the campaign and a series of "free states" which had so far cost the builders 100,000s of pounds, created a six month delay in completion and helped see the cancellation of a third of Britain's unpopular road building plans. The action took its usual form- 100s of people pulling down gates and scrambling over fences to jump on cranes, diggers and other machinery creating an unsafe work situation and shutting down everything for the day. Following the usual attacks on protesters by security and a few people being dragged out we succeeded in doing both this and blocking trucks from removing any supplies to use elsewhere. Unfortunately we failed to spread the action to other sites as most people wanted to stick together, but happily the workers toilets were squatted and an amazing percussion jam ensued on pipes, cranes and stacks of metal. Later that night Mutiny were supposed to play, but after a drumkit failed to arrive a few of us left only to miss what was by all accounts a hilarious and shambolic show with one member tripping and another dead drunk.

Missed- Mental Health, Survival 101, Cheap Travel, Computer and Smashing Patriarchy workshops, Underground Powers discussion on Kids Liberation and a related discussion on Liberating Education plus a performance of Reality Asylum.

On the fifth day of Anarchy in the UK...

On the Tuesday 25th of October I felt I'd thus far missed out on getting any education or inspiration and so decided to get up early and get to a few workshops. However fate was determined to keep me from achieving this and instead the plumbing decided to fuck up and the majority of my squat mates left me to sort it all out. After we thought we'd finally fixed it a pipe started flooding my bedroom sending me into spasms of joy (not) and running round the neighbourhood in search of help. In the end fate reintervened in the form of the "friendly stranger"- a guy down from Wales who noone had ever seen before, but who proceeded to fix our pipes and teach us how to do it ourselves- thank you oh gracious sir, whoever you are. By this point I was pretty fed up and after playing dad to a few squat mates (who proceeded to get it together over the next few weeks) I was in no mood for workshops so I headed down to 121 to relax. No luck there however as 15 million people descended on me trying to force me to do things whilst I witnessed the kick off of the great conflict debates. A group of folks from Germany had alleged that the new Conflict guitarist had raped a woman whilst on tour there in 1992 and that the band and Anarchy festival had failed to take any action over this. A leaflet was in the offing and already some drunk punk idiot had started in with the usual "Shes lying/asking for it" bullshit and a massive argument had erupted. Since I could see there would be days of this yet and he was already being hassled I decided to cut out for a skateboarding

session in the bottom of my squat- what better way to relieve pent up stress and aggression?. Still stressed however I missed dinner again and then headed off to Deptford for an Oi Polloi show. Whilst Deptford was only 3 and a half miles away by train it took over an hour to get there by which time the pub was packed to the gills and people were being turned away. The gig had been scheduled at the SE8 club, but unfortunately one of their bouncers had been blown away a week before and the police had shut the club meaning 300 plus people were now packed into a tiny venue. Although you couldn't breathe, the PA was utterly crap and the gig started hours late due to a missing drum kit it was still one of my favourite shows in years. Everyone went crazy to super distorted sets from Mutiny, AOS3, Haywire and Oi Polloi and the antics ranged from women making anti macho speeches to hilarious punker calls for unity to Greg Mutiny surfing the crowd. All in all a perfect punk show even though we did miss the last train home.

Missed- Genderfuck, Biffo Inaction, Anarchy and postmodernism and Subversive poster workshops.

On the sixth day of Anarchy in the UK-

On Wednesday the 26th I awoke at the Slug Palace feeling pretty dazed having slept with 9 others in a damp room with the Snoring Orchestra. Still it made a change from the Aussie overload everyone was feeling at my place... I decided since I was so



worn out that I'd make my way over to a friend's lodgings in Angel with her and our Dutch guests for videos and a much needed bath. Somehow the day wandered away yet again meaning I missed the entire Earth day proceedings although I was lucky enough to catch the Spanish and Homocult exhibitions. Homocult offerings were up to their usual standard- brilliant, bile filled graphics, posters and rants largely aimed at the family, mainstream gay and lesbians and the AIDS industry- 'we are the virus in your system'. The Spanish effort was a travelling exhibition of photos and materials detailing the struggles of anarchists there from 1974-94, both before and after the replacement of Franco's fascist regime- great to see so many anarchists at the festival from a country where community organising is a continuing tradition not just a lofty dream. The Daily Bulletin appeared for the sixth time and had contribu-

tions finally coming in thick and fast. After dinner at 121 we spent hours wandering around trying to find the Magick and Anarchism discussion only to arrive hours late and yet still luckily catch the first speaker. Getting lost so much at the festival was a common experience as events were all over the city and many participants from out of town. The speakers on this occasion seemed to be largely split along gender lines between the male individualist occultists and the female collectivist goddess worshippers- luckily things tended to transcend those stereotypes though I'll leave no guesses as to whose egos and voices dominated. All in all though I found myself inspired enough to think about exploring things along those lines again. Fate intervened yet again and just as the TOPY speaker who I really wanted to hear started up a friend turned up shaken and upset. Her and another friend had been at the train station and when he went off to make a call a cop turned up and started eyeing her out eventually ending with him chasing and grabbing her. When she struggled he called in two cars and a van and 10 cops had taken her back to the station and hassled her out no reason. This unhappy occurrence seemed to mark the beginning of Fear and Loathing at Anarchy in the UK.

Missed- Pirate radio, sabotage and Israeli workshops, several videos, talks and presentations at the Earth day, more stuff on Kids and education liberation, the quiz nite, Mr Social Control, Tofu Love Frogs, Zapatista talk and a big fight at the poetry nite when people tried to get up and read uninvited (the programme had mistakenly listed the event as an open reading).

On the Seventh day of Anarchy in the UK-

On Thursday the 27th of October (aka my birthday) I awoke to a beautiful sunny day. I had a great breakfast with some wonderful pals, but noted that the Fear and Loathing had definitely begun with someone having Oded the day before at the Holborn squat and now the cops were regularly invading and searching the squat. I also heard that there had also been an attack on a cou-

ple of people by fascists in Deptford and of an increased police presence in Brixton. Whether this was because of the festival or due to the police killing an immigrant earlier in the week was unclear, but various people had witnessed the cops busting dealers and getting into punch ups with Brixton locals as well. For the rest of the day I took note of all the extra foot patrols and vans whizzing round, but took it easy starting with a long skate session at the Stockwell bowl. Later in the day I finally made it to my first workshop— one on Anarchism in Croatia which proved to be extremely informative and inspiring. The fact that people are squatting and trying to organise alternatives under conditions of war and conscription is pretty amazing though pretty heavy. Discussions also centered on the Conflict rape issue and on if the show was still happening since the police had forced the Astoria to cancel the show. Later on that evening we went along to a vigil for Stephen Nnalue— the Brixton cops latest victim. The anarchist turn out was pretty good though it became rapidly clear that the demo was just a Socialist Workers Party cash in with the community vigil having taken place a few days earlier. Pretty much everyone bored of this farce pretty quickly and we headed off for dinner and haircuts. Fear and loathing kicks back in when I meet up with a friend who has been working on the daily bulletin and had been attacked. Not by the cops though, but by a group of people who felt the bulletin should print the anti Conflict leaflet and who were incensed by the bulletin folks fence sitting. Whilst I thought the bulletin should print the piece and open up a discussion on the issue I was disappointed that people had resorted to violence. It worries me that we get so used to using direct action against the cops/state/vivisectors/ bad guys that when it comes to disputes between our own we fail to see the difference. Knackered I turned up late for my own party and proceed to have a swinging time getting drunk, eating cake and listening to acoustic renditions of Swiss punk rock classics. Having missed the international gathering due to the demo and general fracas we all proceed to have a great one ourselves.

Missed— Levellers show, last chance to see Lorenzo Kombo Ervin, the International gathering and punk rock love.

On the eighth day of Anarchy in the UK—

Or Friday October 28th I spent most of the morning hanging out and reading zines at the Counter Intelligence Autonomous publication exhibition. More rumours, outrage and general conflict over Conflict. Since I wanted to try to catch some workshops and couldn't be bothered with spending the entire day on public transport I missed the International Forest and Anti Road gatherings and therefore nearly all the eco events at the festival— oh well. I later heard about a highly successful proletarian shopping workshop from the previous day that ended with a big shoplifting session round London— good one girls and boys! In the afternoon I attended the Anarcho art exhibition of works by G. Sus and Clifford Harper. It was great to see the Crass record covers in full colour and a number of other brilliant collage works whilst Clifford Harpers latest effort, Anarchist trading cards elicited a few chuckles. Someone handed me a copy of Beyond The wall of Injustice, a totally 80s style peace punk effort that once would've changed my life (similar things did), but now in more cynical times impressed me with its cute antiquity. Reading this and seeing how big the US peace punk/Profane Existence scene is reminds me of how much people still see the UK as the home of punk when for all intents and purposes techno is the new DIY. One of the disappointments of the festival was peoples often backwards looking tendency of trying relive past glories rather than concentrating on whats happening in the UK now. If punk/nukes/class were the 80s then rave/ecology/lifestyle are the issues of the 90s. Whilst the festival did cover some contemporary stuff it never really had a British flavour— but then with so many participants coming from overseas and so many local groups not turning out that was hardly surprising. Two localised events of the day turned out well though— the Critical Mass bike ride pulled 250 riders shutting down traffic for miles around and reclaiming the road whilst Anarcho-feminists took over a major city newsagents tearing up a variety of sexist and pornographic magazines. On a practical level the Anarcho-feminist gathering seemed the most successful part of the festival with a variety of good actions and a solid international network emerging from discussions. Later on in the evening just as we were about to head off to see AOS3 two friends turned up having been just beaten up outside the gig by police responding to a

call from the pub owner. A large group met at the Cooltan community center to discuss how to respond to this unprovoked attack, but after an hour of getting nowhere 50 or so of us marched down to the station to find out where

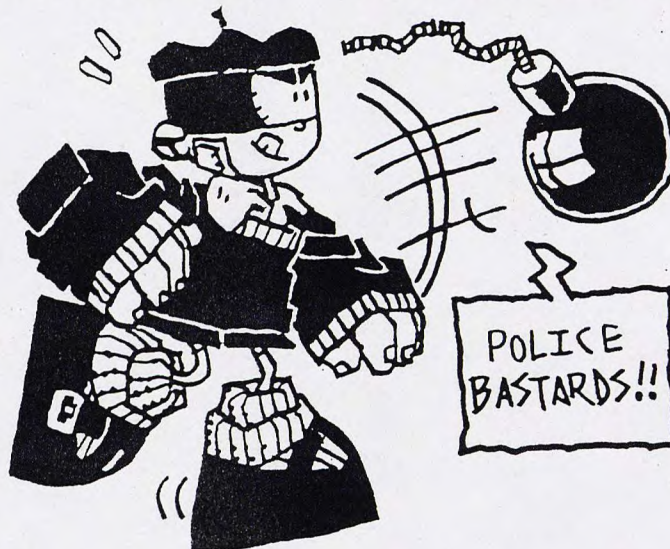
the 4 people who had been arrested were being held. Unfortunately a few idiots started threatening the cops with a riot to which they responded with laughter and proceeded to nick a few more people and push us out of the area. We left demoralised and upset— fear and loathing peaks..

Missed— Mental Health discussion, Food Not Bombs workshop, Workers Coop discussion, Hallucinogens talk, Primitivism talk, IF (the film), AOS3, Anarchist cabaret nite.

On the Ninth day of Anarchy in the UK—

Or Saturday 29th October I decided I wanted to have some peace so I went to the London Greenpeace fayre. It has been a particularly big year for LG what with the MacLibel case and all and the Fayre attracted another huge crowd. I spent most of the day on the Earth First! stall, but also managed this time to check out the other stalls (mainly animal rights and eco stuff) and catch Monica Sjoo give an amazing talk ripping apart New Age shysterism from an class concious, pro spiritual viewpoint. Its one thing to know you hate something and another to listen to someone give you the mental ammunition to fight it by showing Sew Age up as a sexist, capitalist, racist rip off. Check out her book

'New Age and Armageddon' for more info. All day long a couple of police vans circled the building and at least once cops entered the building in search of Animal Liberation Front materials. Meanwhile elsewhere in London the police surrounded the CND anti nuke demo snatching anyone with a mask, hood or foreign accent and then searching and holding them until the demo was over. One Israeli anarchist posing as a CND speaker later managed to sneak on to the speakers stage and condemn the police. Following this raid everyone was convinced the Conflict gig would end with a four way battle between the pro and anti



conflict factions, Combat 18 and the police. At dinner I caught sight of the latest bulletin which seemed to only dig itself deeper into a hole by equating the attack on its male editors with rape. Whilst I avoided the gig and stayed home drinking elderflower wine and eating birthday cake it turned out fuck all happened except the guitarist printed a denial and a few women threw glasses and bottles at him. Whilst it was good that the much ignored issue of rape was brought up at the conference it was unfortunate that no solutions to the problem were explored beyond shitfights and sexist slagoffs. Maybe next time... the problem is hardly going to go away by itself is it?

Missed—Counter Intelligence wind up party and info shop discussion, great shows from citizen Fish and Dirt, Christian Anarchist talks and a Doom anti Conflict gig which never happened.

On the Tenth day of Anarchy in the UK—

Or Sunday 30th October it pissed with rain so the scheduled Anarchist picnic and pacifist vs non pacifist sports day happened instead at our house. A day truly epitomising the hang out value of the festival. Later on it was dinner yet again at 121 and although the punk rock summer camp was fast approaching end time the dinners continued for the next few weeks pulling in all manner of stragglers. At the end of dinner we flog off some of the bodgy T-Shirt prints to various folks and thanks to the efforts of 2 Amsterdam pals who had been doing their own stalls somehow we broke even and only had 30 left to get rid of. Later I dropped by a friends and ran into a bunch of festival goers I had never seen before— for the first time I got a picture of just how much had gone on during the festival and of how much I had missed and how many different scenes in different areas had been happening. A truly decentralised event although one big get together of everyone would've been great. Later still I wound up at the big closing party at the Slug palace which had lots of sad goodbyes. I quietly observed everyone getting rolling drunk whilst trying to conceal my own state of stupor and later fell asleep to the sound of German voices— its so nice not to know what the fuck people are talking about for a change. Though I was sad at so many friends moving on I was happy in the knowledge that soon I would be too— armed with their addresses.

Missed— Some peace and quiet, an empty squat, Anarchist soccer matches, an apparently amazing nite at the Smut fest.