

ANARCHIST MAGAZINE

FEMINIST

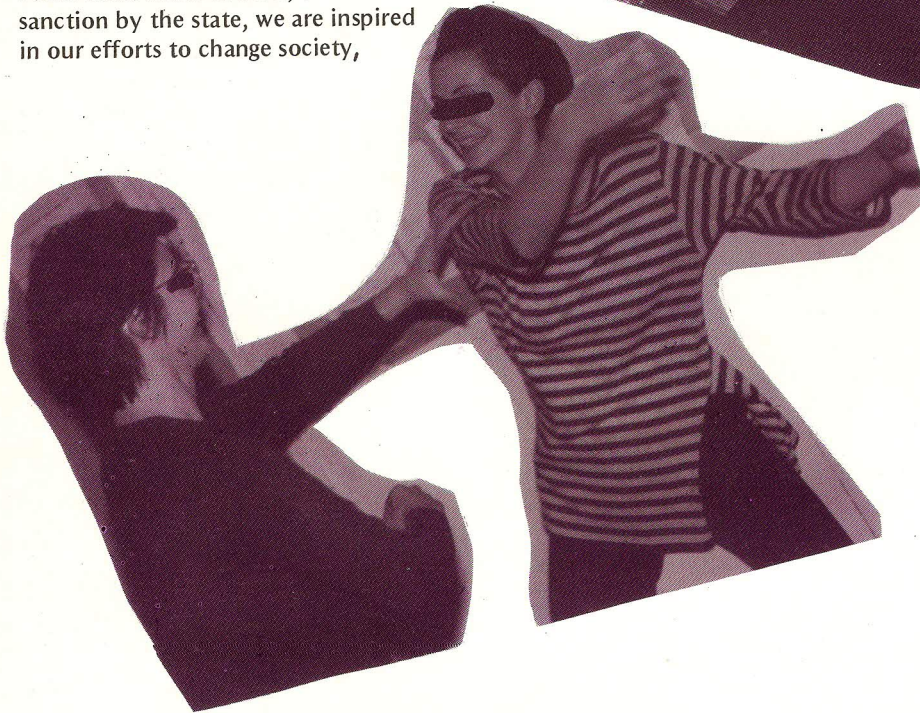
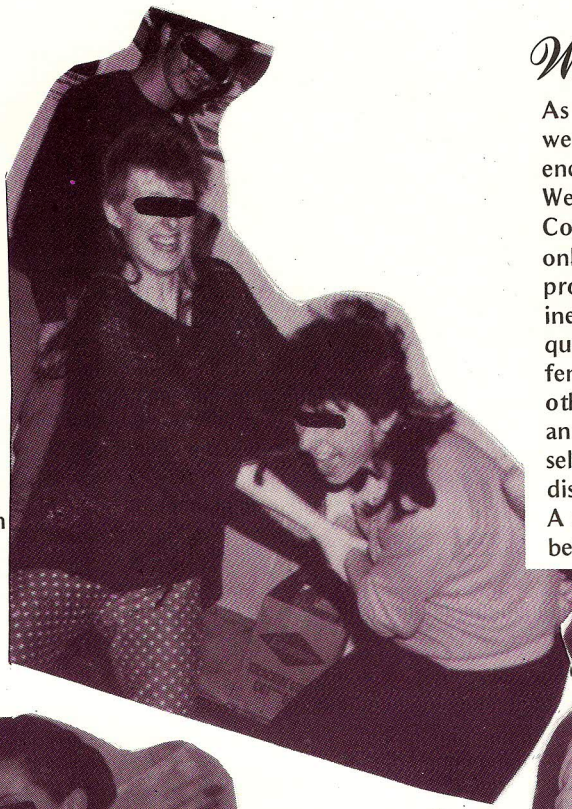
WINTER 1985 75p.



WOMEN Support The
Miners

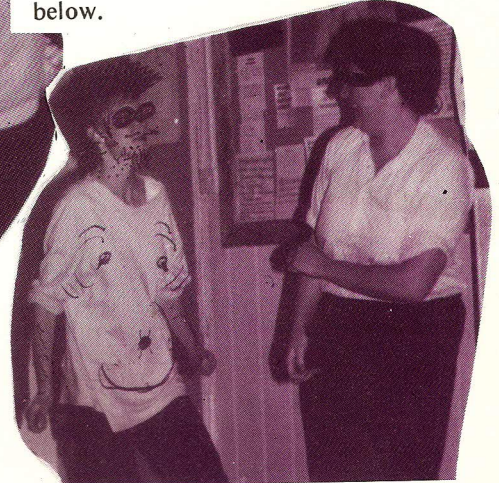
Who we are

We are a group of women from different countries, and have been working together for about six years, based in Brixton, South London. We call ourselves Anarchist Feminists and see the smashing of the triple yoke – CAPITALISM, PATRIARCHY AND THE STATE – as essential to obtaining freedom for all. We want to make other women more aware of the tradition, here and abroad, of women's resistance to the State. In the past, women have fought on the barricades in revolutions such as the Paris Commune 1871; the Mexican Revolution 1910; the Russian Revolution 1917 and the Spanish Revolution 1936. In the 1920s, an anarchist Rose Witcop, set up an abortion clinic for the poor in Shepherd's Bush, London, one of the first of its kind. This eventually led to her arrest. From these brave actions, taken without sanction by the state, we are inspired in our efforts to change society,



What we do

As housing is a priority for most people, we are active in squatting houses and encourage other people to do the same. We have organised Anarchist Feminist Conferences and meetings, both women-only and mixed. One year ago, we produced an anarchist feminist magazine which sold out in four months. It questioned some of the assumptions of feminist separatism and covered many other issues. We have been involved in anti-porn actions and run a women's self defence class. At present we are distributing books on anarchist women. A catalogue is available from the address below.



How to contact us

We meet regularly at 121 Bookshop, 121 Railton Road, London SE24 Ph: 274 6655 2-6pm. As the bookshop is a squat and continually threatened with eviction we have a postal address. BM HURRICANE, LONDON WC1 3XX.

WE ARE FUNDED NEITHER BY THE STATE, CHURCH NOR THE GLC. ALL WORK IN THE GROUP IS DONE VOLUNTARILY.

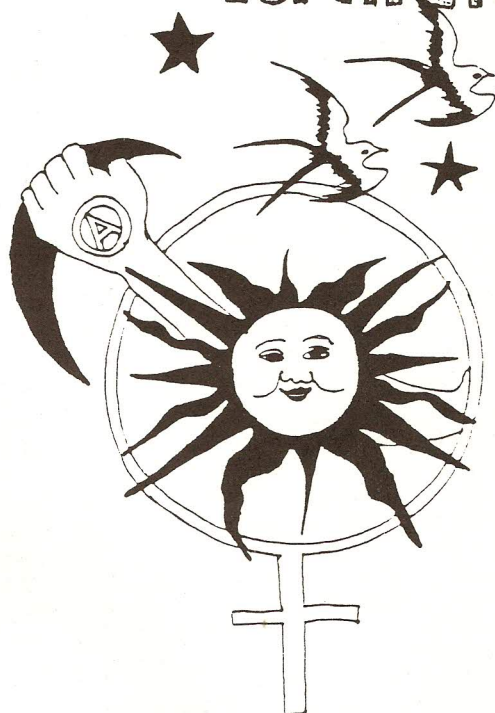


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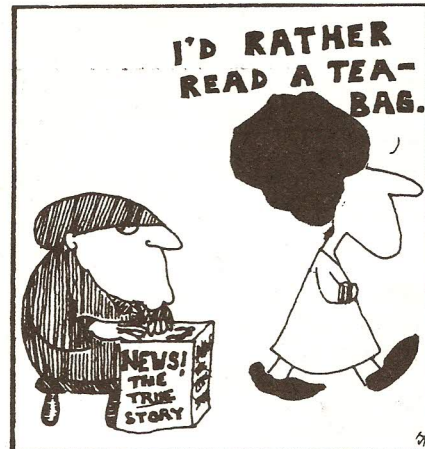
Anarchist Feminist Group, c/o 121 Bookshop, 121 Railton Road, Brixton, London SE24. Tube: Brixton. Tel: 01-274 6655 (Hours: 12-4pm during Winter).

Heresies: A Feminist Publication on Art and Politics. The Sex Issue.

...the employer who wants to pinch my ass and pay me less money than he would a man? his daddy
the wifebeaters daddy
the rapists daddy
the childmolesters daddy
the socialworkers daddy who say lesbians ain't fit mothers? their daddys...
like the chastity belt daddy...
and the polygamy daddy
and the cliterectomy daddy
and the footbinding daddy
and the child bride daddy
and the chador and veil daddy
i don't haul no coal daddy
i dont want nothing black but a cadillac daddy...

If you find mistakes in this publication, please consider for they are there for a purpose. We publish something for everyone, and some people are always looking for mistakes.

the woman's position in the revolution is prone daddy speaking out about womens oppression in public but insistin on his patriarchal privileges in private daddy...
yeah i want some head and naw i aint gonna eat no pussy daddy
a menstruating lactating woman cant touch food enter holy places sleep in the house with or touch men daddy
women are childlike sickly neurotic helpless incapable of serious thought
son they will throw lye and coca cola on you while you sleep
take yo money and make a fool outta you...bleed every month live longer than you daddy
shes cute when shes mad daddy
yo daddy
my daddy
they all got little bitty peanut dicks



ANNE HANSEN

STATEMENT ON SENTENCING

Anne Hansen is one of a group of five Canadians, the Vancouver Five, who carried out a series of actions in 1981 and for which all five were heavily sentenced. These actions include bombing a factory which produces Cruise missile components, a B.C. Hydro sub-station bombing, firebombing a 'Red Hot' Video Store and conspiracy to rob a Brinks armoured truck, as well as having smaller charges placed on them. Anne was sentenced to life in prison and this is an edited version of her statement at sentencing on June 5th, 1981.

When I look back on the past year and a half, I realise that I have learned a lesson. Not the kind of lesson some people would hope I learned, but rather through direct life experience I have re-learned what I once understood theoretically—the courts have nothing to do with justice and prison is where they punish the victims of this society.

For many years now I have understood that the justice system was actually a system of injustice when seen in the broader social context. I was aware that parliament is where men make laws to protect big business, wealthy individuals and the status quo. Police were employed to enforce the laws, courts were created to prosecute those who broke the law, and prisons were built to punish the guilty.

My faith in the justice system began to erode as I grew up and saw big businesses ripping off people by selling poorly produced products at high prices, resource companies raping and gouging the earth, governments producing nuclear arsenals capable of destroying life on earth many times over, pornographic magazines that normalized and glamorized rape, incest and sexual assault, and Indians being herded onto reservations to die. All these crimes on humanity and the earth are legal. They are protected and sanctioned by parliament, the courts, the law and the police. This was all very wrong.

In Oakalla, where I have spent the past sixteen months, I have found that seventy per cent of the prison population are Indian women, even though Indian people make up only one per cent of the total outside population. This disproportionate number of Indian people in prison is reflected in prison populations across the country and reflects the racism of our country.

Everyone I have met in prison is poor. No-one I have spoken to owns cars, homes, or anything.

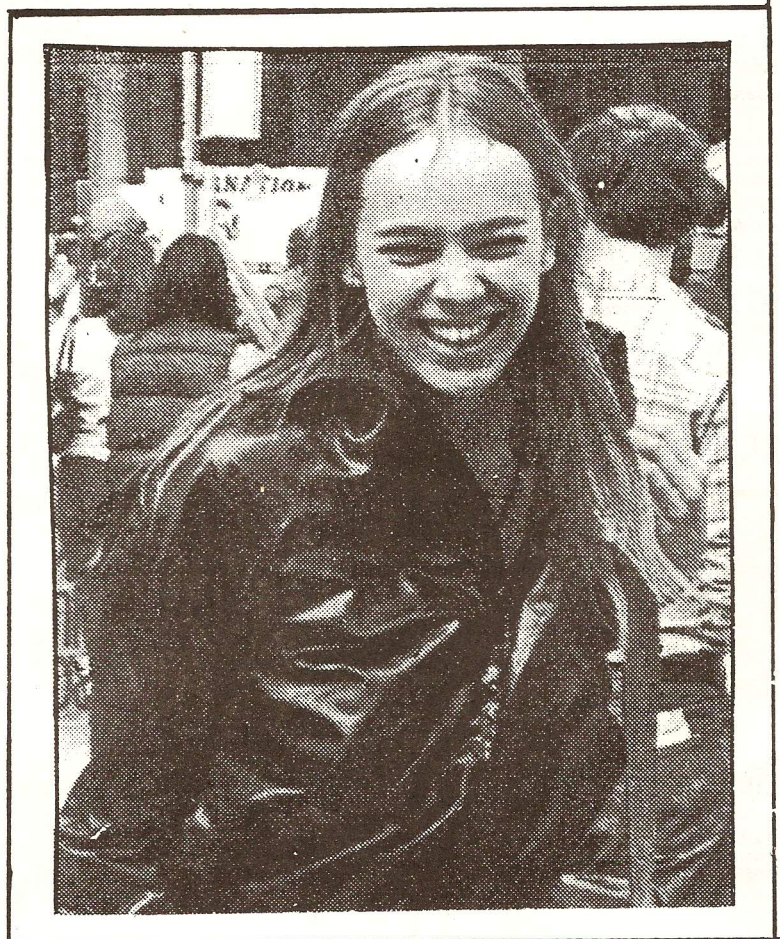
They are there because they were forced to commit crimes to survive in a society that has no place for them. They have never owned forest companies that rape whole mountains of their forests, or handled nuclear murder weapons or stolen oil from Arab lands to be sold at scalper's prices in North America.

In the beginning when I was first arrested, I was intimidated and surrounded by the courts and prison. This fear provided the basis for the belief that if I played the legal game, I would get acquitted or perhaps less time. This fear obscured my vision and fooled me into

thinking that I could get a break from the legal justice system. But this past eight months in court has sharpened my perceptions and strengthened my political convictions to see that the legal game is rigged and political prisoners are dealt a marked deck.

From the beginning in January, 1983, the police illegally orchestrated press conferences, and furnished the mass media with photos, evidence and information that became the basis for nationwide news stories convicting us as terrorists. We were portrayed as dangerous, psychotic criminals without politics.

Then our charges were separated into four separate indictments, of which the first was the Brinks conspiracy, so that we would be criminalised. This would make it harder for people to understand us as political people for our future trials.



During the voir dire, it became obvious through police testimony that the different police departments had committed illegal acts during their investigations. The Security Service in all probability watched the Wimmin's Fire Brigade (W.F.B.) do the fire bombings since Julie and I had been under intensive twenty-four hour surveillance for days prior to and during the day of the fire-bombing.

CLEU (Coordinated Law Enforcement Unit) had committed illegal break-ins to plant the bugs in our house and in Doug's apartment, amongst other illegal activities. But despite this, the judge permitted the wire-tap evidence. This taught me that there is one law for the people and none for the police.

But the event during the court proceedings that has had the most politicising effect on me, was Julie's sentencing. The judge ignored the fact that she had plea bargained and slapped her with the maximum prison sentence suggested by the Crown—twenty years. During the sentencing, the judge said that this case is criminal, not political, yet the twenty year sentence was justified by the judge as a necessary social deterrent which indicates that the court is so threatened by the potential of social upheaval that it takes a twenty year sentence to deter others. That is political. It seems that the severity of the prison sentence is in direct proportion to the perceived level of discontent in society.

Over the last couple of days we have heard witnesses who are activists around the different issues. They have spoken at great length about their efforts and the efforts of other groups to prevent the testing of the Cruise, the construction of the Cheekeye-Dunsmuir line and to stop Red Hot Video. I think it has become fairly obvious through their testimony that in each case they had exhausted all the legitimate channels of social protest in order to stop these projects and businesses. It was because there was no legal way to stop these crimes against humanity and the earth that I felt I had to use illegal actions to do so.

Even though I knew that a few militant direct actions would not make the revolution or stop these projects, I believed that it was necessary to begin the development of an underground resistance movement that was capable of sabotage and expropriations and could work free from police surveillance. The development of an effective resistance movement is not an overnight affair—it takes decades of evolution. It has to start some-

where in small numbers and whether or not it becomes successful and effective will depend on whether we make it happen.

Although I did do these three political actions, they were not the result of a culmination of a legal struggle around the respective issues. In fact, the point of an underground resistance movement is to develop a strategic political analysis and actions that are based on an understanding of the economics and politics of the corporate state. Instead of reacting to every issue that pops up, we carried out actions that were based upon an analysis. This way, if an effective resistance movement does develop, we can be subjects who determine history instead of reacting to every singularly obvious symptom of the system's disease.

The politics of Direct Action saw the interconnectedness of militarism, sexism, environmental destruction and imperialism. We saw that all these problems are rooted in the value system and way of thinking called capitalism and patriarchy. These values are passed on from one generation to the next through the institutions of this society—the multinational corporations, schools, mass media church and commercial culture.

The main value of this society can simply be boiled down into one word—money. All life on this earth is reduced to its profit value by the capitalist economic system. Womyn, animals, third world people and the environment are reduced to a product and are thus objectified. Workers are valued for their productivity, womyn for their value as sex objects, animals for food or furs, the environment for its potential as a natural resource base. If some living being is of no economic value, in relation to the capitalist system, then it is valueless. Consequently, traditional Indian people become victims of genocide and huge areas of earth are designated as 'Natural Sacrifice Areas'. So the Litton action, Cheekeye-Dunsmuir action, and W.F.B. action, at least for me, were not issue orientated actions but were our resistance politics transformed into action.

Contrary to the state's and the police's theories, Direct Action and the W.F.B. were two different groups. Of the five of us charged with the Red Hot Video firebombings, only Julie and I did the firebombings. There were no men involved with doing the firebombings. Doug, Brent and Gerry just happened to live with Julie and I or visit us. The W.F.B. was not an ongoing underground group, it was simply a group of womyn who came together for the purpose of firebombing Red Hot Video because we felt there was no other way for us to stop the proliferation of violent pornography.

Direct Action carried out the Litton

and Cheekeye-Dunsmuir actions. I do sincerely regret that people were injured in the Litton bombing. All precautions were taken to prevent these injuries and an apology to the people injured, and an explanation as to why it happened was released almost immediately after the bombing. But I must also add that I criticize the Litton action itself because it was wrong for Direct Action to place a bomb near or in a building that people were working in regardless of the number of precautions taken to ensure that nobody got hurt. In carrying out actions, revolutionaries should never rely on the police or security guards to clear out buildings and save people's lives.

There is no excuse for these mistakes and I will always live with the pain that I am responsible for, but these mistakes should never overshadow the incredible amount of pain and suffering that Litton contributes to everyday and the potential for planetary extinction that the Cruise missile embodies. Everyday millions of people are slowly starving to death because so much money and human effort is diverted into the international war industry instead of being used to feed the people of the world. In Canada, essential social services are cut so that the government can pour more money into the war industry and mega projects. For example, the federal government has given Litton \$26.4 million in subsidies to build the guidance system of the Cruise.

Businesses such as Litton, B.C. Hydro, and Red Hot Video are the real terrorists. They are guilty of crimes against humanity and the earth, yet they are free to carry on their legal activities while those who resist and those who are their victims remain in prison. How do we, who have no armies, weapons, power or money, stop these criminals before they destroy the earth?

I believe if there is any hope for the future, it lies in our struggle.

Though all of the Vancouver Five have been already heavily sentenced, it is important that people around the world know about the amazing actions these people have carried out. There have been pickets outside the Canadian Embassy in London, and people are encouraged to write to any of the five in prison, to show their support, and to let them know that their actions have not been forgotten. Write to:

ANN HANSEN, JULIE BELMAS, Box 515, Kingston, Ont. K7L 4P7 Canada.
BRENT TAYLOR, Box 280, Bath, Ont. K0H 1 G0 Canada.
DOUG STEWART, Box 1210, St. Anne des Plaines PQ J0N 1H0 Canada.
GERRY HANNAH, Box 4000, Abbotsford B.C. Canada.

• A video about the case called Trial By Media is available for showing from 121 Bookshop, 121 Railton Road, London SE24

LETTERS USA

Dear Sisters across the sea:

A great magazine. Keep it going if you can. I worked on *Black and Green* an eco-anarchist rag that is now defunct. Presently I write for *Commonwoman* and edit a 'street-sheet' called *Notes from the Margin*. Maybe we can do an exchange.

As an editor myself, one thing I strive for is a coherent viewpoint. Your centerfold with its words from Mao put into the mouth of a woman I find inconsistent with anarchist ideals. We must beware of the theories (and platitudes) from men but to reject theory out of hand would mean rejecting anarchism and feminism and I don't think that's what you are proposing. Theory is just a form of language and many of us questioning the source of the patriarchal Logos need to delve into the ways our thought is structured in order to subvert and deconstruct it. This may eventually mean dissolving our attachment to 'feminism' and 'anarchism' if these become split up so much — ERA feminists, dress-for success feminists, anti-porn feminists, Zionist feminists, separatist-feminists. My vision of feminism (and anarchism) is of a utopian movements, of a transversal, transnational struggle for the world we must create. It means belonging nowhere with a desire to belong everywhere. I can't privilege my Amerikan culture, my anglo-italian background, my sexual preference, or my gender. I can stress the feminine direction as a line of flight, I can work in a small group, a rhizome, and connect with other roots underground, I can live grounded in everyday life, and let theory and vision and ritual and celebration lift me to the stars. Sappho was a poet and a philosopher. Let us speak and write and burn!

Aneca Corve
Burlington, Vermont 05402 USA

Dear Aneca,
Yes, we should burn — burn theoretical garbage from self-confessed 'experts' male or female, which always trivializes and co-opts the actions of revolutionary women and men. Then they dissect us and turn us into 'sociological trends'!

To me, there is no reason to 'dissolve our attachment to feminism and anarchism'. Yes, feminism is spread between all these factions — that is why we are anarchist feminists.

The poster, printed in the last *Anarchist Feminist* magazine was a group of women's reactions to marxist feminists, who idolize theory and the idea of an intellectual vanguard. The words of Mao, (if they are his words) are used in a satirical sense, not to be taken word for word.

IRELAND

Sisters,

Things are going okay in Dublin. We are up against a lot of difficulties & compromises when it comes to producing radical literature especially distributing it but nonetheless it's very enjoyable and will be worthwhile too.

Immediately after the Anti-Amendment Campaign, there was an effort to get a big campaign around abortion — it fell apart, sad to say and this was due in many ways to internal divisions and certain political groups trying to gain control. Some groups still meet but basically very little is happening.

So we're back to contraception (would you believe!) as there is going to be a change in the Law & we intend to lobby and harass

politicians into giving us decent facilities and so on. No easy task. The other big issue here is a really repressive criminal/Police Bill — very like the English one — scary.

So most things happening here are very reformist (but also very important) and this in itself is rather disheartening. Prez. Raygun himself is visiting Ireland in June — a good opportunity for a bit of direct action.

Noel & Marie Murray may be having a Court case about their conjugal rights in the not too distant future — that is, if the Government don't find another excuse to put it back. Noel is in good form anyway, from his letters.

*Thats about it
Mary, Dublin (Ireland).*

BURNLEY

Dear Women at 121 Bookshop,

Thanks for my copy of the *Anarchist Feminist Magazine*. At the moment in the Burnley Anarchist Group there are three women including myself. The other two are both at school and are fairly new members who are studying for A Levels.

Mary my great friend and support in the Burnley Anarchist Group died of cancer last September. There are other 'feminists' in Burnley often working within political parties, the feminists who live at 'People in Common' Tess, Barbara and Kate and Jackie who was formerly with PIC and left. A womens group has started based around the Unemployed centre and they are being channeled into nice, safe, educational? activities.

I would like to get together with other Anarchist Feminists to talk about the issues that confuse me such as violence and non-violence; working with men; isolation (a personal thing because anarchist mothers of seven are thin on the ground); personal relationships; technology; science and its relevance to ORDINARY people. I don't know if any of you have been to Burnley but it is mainly working/unemployed people i.e. poor. Traditionally women in this area worked, leaving their children in the care of their mothers or neighbours and from the war years onwards in one of the many nursery schools in the town. These did not come out of womens pleas for more nurseries but from capitals' need for female labour during the war years and after. The women did not work for pin money but from economic necessity often coming home from work and starting immediately to do all the jobs which have to be done in the home. There are very few local women who have had a university education at least not amongst the ones that I know and a job is no guarantee of independence only that the family will enjoy a slightly higher standard of living until the woman becomes even more exhausted.

This letter is beginning to ramble but I really would like to meet and talk to some of you especially about accusations of separatism from men who only see women's oppression as a class struggle. Many many so-called radical men are sexist and many more working class men are absolute (can't think of a word to describe them) but will the overthrow of capitalism really change whats inside the heads of these men or is it up to women to stand up now and say that we are not prepared to be treated badly any longer?

I personally have fought a long and hard battle to achieve a measure of autonomy & independence within the existing set-up. Of course personal liberation is not enough and its impossible to be free in an unfree

society. But women revolutionaries owe it to their sisters to pass on their experience and help them gain confidence in heterosexual relationships; I still know homes where women are treated like domestic servants (without a wage) and breeder of preferably (male) children. This is life in a working class town seen through the eyes of a working class mother who is very interested to know about the lives of her sisters wherever they may live.

Love Eileen,
Burnley.



STOP THE CITY

(A woman's personal view)

We met for two months, regularly, to plan a women's action for STC. It was a waste of time — lots of ideas came up, which was good, but quite a few women didn't commit themselves. I hoped to get a few definite things worked out that we could do, but it didn't happen. If we had those definite plans we could have stuck to them. As it was nothing was decided, and we failed to get to know each other enough to work as a group. If you are in a group which knows what it is doing, you feel much more secure and you can be more effective at meetings — before STC we talked about many actions. We had planned to draw people's attention to clothes which turn women into sex-objects; to emphasize that women are always cleaning up after men by hanging washing and dirty nappies on lines around the city. We planned to leave used tampons and sanitary towels around the city. We wanted to build a monument to the "Unknown Cleaner" instead of the "Unknown Soldier", wanted to do actions against drug-companies which profit from selling women drugs to take away their feelings and resistance. So called "soft-core" porn is everywhere, and we wanted to do something about that too. During the STC day when I met a group of people I knew I felt good walking round with them, doing little things here and there. We argued with passing businessmen about their role, jeered doormen, let stinkbombs off in religious bookshops, and disrupted and screamed in St. Paul's Cathedral. Later I met a group of women who raided a chemist shop for tampons, the tampons were thrown out on the street. It was good but it was not enough. I would have liked to do a lot more disruption and damage to the City. We wanted to Stop the City at various points, but the fact that we didn't do enough doesn't mean I'm totally pissed off. There will be more STCs and we will be a lot better prepared. Watch out cops! We have definitely learned from the last time.

M.

THIS REFERS TO STC MARCH 1984

MORE LETTERS

LONDON

Dear Friends,

I read your last magazine and felt more at home with your approach to feminism than with any I have come across since I started to read around the subject earlier this year. (The sense of humour especially coming across in the cartoons is wonderful).

But I can neither call myself feminist nor anarchist. With feminism the phrase 'Patriarchal society' sticks in my throat. Sure I recognise this society as based on 'male' principles and that the present ailments of our society stem from those values, and that our oppression is legitimized by every aspect of this society. But I somehow cannot come to terms with laying all the blame on the male element. Surely a large part of the development of the patriarchal society must have been contributed from the beginning of 'our own' distorted 'femaleness'. (Excuse terms male/female, these are used to refer to one-sided development of basic elements). i.e. the male want of dominance [the need for that may or may not have arose purely from lack of control over or inability to escape from distress or pain] must have been accommodated by our equally unresolved want for submission. Still, for every law in this country, there's that unresolved tendency toward submission, surrender, that has to be reconciled with at every intimate or otherwise relationship with men. Even lesbian relationships rarely escape that want to lose oneself, that part of ourselves that we'd rather lose & bury than wrestle with.

I mean I don't think anyone is born in freedom and awareness. We have all evolved through the history of this earth (not us as individuals) into a more balanced species, becoming human. Coming to terms with both elements in our selves. So females are just learning slightly in advance of our brothers (don't we always) of our own captivity. Men are equally held captive by their own dominance, by their lack of awareness in the emotional field, by their unquestioning of the basic assumptions that all their logical arguments are based upon.

I guess it's to do with approach to change that I can't identify myself as an anarchist. It's also to do with my basic abhorrence of violence. On the one hand there appears to be an entire human crushing machinery which I will not, to the best of my abilities, let myself be crushed by. I am not a believer in Ghandi's 'die for pacifism rather than physically fight for survival', which I believe stems from the religious belief of immortality, stemming from the unfathomableness of non-existence. On the very negative side, if faced with *unavoidable* heavy violence, I would fight back. Taking that to its conclusion, I would also fight for my children, dependents, and would help fight for those who I see as my friends, underdogs etc.

So this is it. How to dismantle a system that is so intractable, so rigid, that every bid for freedom in our 'free society', every peaceful means of protest is gradually being criminalised? The more we attack it head on, the more 'it' with all the power behind it, grows, becomes more of the monster wanting to stamp on us, crush us. This to me, leads to the situation described above (in battle). What's it like talking to a brick wall? You talk and talk, no response. You start kicking it, and if I'd a stick of dynamite in the end I would just scream with frustration and

blow the whole fucking thing up.

This is, to me, what protest or direct action come to. (My perception is coloured by watching peaceful civil rights marches in Belfast turn into civil war). It's like watching raw egos in argument. Voices get louder on both sides, in the end fighting. To me protests are something very male. Something that might appear to be a lack of ability to communicate. They carry on the myth of the 'system' as deity, having a life of its own, independant. Banners and protests do advertise, but they never actually communicate. That's totally a human to human dynamism. Laws can be changed, concessions from government, especially when they don't actually threaten their hold they have on us. This isn't worth a fraction of the value of one human being changing, free to evolve.

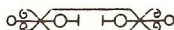
Everything on this earth is rooted in the female principle. Our primary relationship to life is one of receptiveness. I feel we need to realign ourselves with those fundamental laws. Movement along the line of least resistance, unremittngly. The way past Ego and the state is under. Dismantle quietly while it's unaware, feeling safe. Making steady progress in taking over areas of health, education and media. From what little I know of the anarchist movement, I've gathered that historically, the downfall of any previous attempts towards an anarchist state was due to either direct confrontation, leading to crushing, or simply through anarchists in their enthusiasm towards the ideals as a mode for living, neglected the roots, the very basic need for tearing down all deeply rooted restrictions (psychological, approach to thinking etc.) in themselves. Hence their societies reverted back to being the manifestation of their inner relationship to themselves and to others (Separate and restrictive). N.B. By protests I mean marches etc. not personal exercise of freedom in refusing to do civil duties. . .
Roisin McRandal,
Star Road,
London W.14

Dear Roisin,

The first part of your letter seems to be contradicted by the second. You say you would fight back if attacked, as most people would! The artificial label of 'non-violence' implies that the rest of us are going around slaving at the mouth, and punching people at the first disagreement.

Your idea of 'movement along the line of least resistance' implies almost invisibility. Women organising together, for example, in the garment trade in New York City in the 1920's, had marches and demonstrations which were a symbol of their strength in the sweat shops, not necessarily an end in themselves. Collective action, taking on the state, is as important now as it was then.

What are 'fundamental laws'? What is 'the female principle'? The traditional idea of women is that they are passive and receptive. . . this is the kind of thinking we have to destroy, if we are to be free of the roles which the state tries to force on us.



LOOS

When touring the country (or even in your own town), have you ever noticed the lack of womens loos?

Now you might think this is a strange topic to write about (in fact some male companions openly scoffed when I brought up the subject) but it is a serious matter.

In Burnley, for instance walking from the centre of town on a major road, you pass two men's lavs. Relatively close to one another and only when you get half a mile up the road, do you find the women's. A long way to go if you are desperate.

If the town council has condescended to put a womens toilet with the mens, you will invariably find at night that the mens are open but the womens are shut. This happens even in major cities (Manchester for example).

Is this a conspiracy to keep women in the home or is it chauvinism in the town planning department?

Which ever it is, take a word of advice from me - don't wet your knickers, use the gents!

JUDITH BURNLEY

SCOTLAND

Hello!

I went to this meeting a wee while ago about pornography and violence on TV and in videos. It was in Falkirk and it was organised by the Viewers & Listeners Association.

The majority of people were women but of course the Speaker, from Edinburgh, was a man. He made a dead boring speech, quoted all the time from Mary Whitehouse and the Bible!

The discussion later was geared towards terrible things like swearing on television and sex education. And Channel 4 seemed to be a particular problem.

I brought up the point that pornography is dangerous and degrading to women because it sees women as things and not human beings and that an essential part of rape and other forms of violence to women is the objectification of the woman.

The reaction was 'oh yes, lust is such a horrible thing' to this by the group.

I'm not sure, but it seemed they didn't really mind pornography as long as children couldn't get access to it. Like, the pornographic magazines in Newsagents were only seen as a problem when children could see them when they bought sweets. They also saw sexual liberation and pornography as linked if not one and the same thing. Since the Church 'teaches' that women must at all times be subservient to her father/husband this would have made sense to them. The whole meeting was pretty right-wing Christian.

Later everyone was talking about what to do if a 'sex shop' came to Falkirk and the more subtle pornography in the High Street. Daft things were suggested like "write to your M.P." which I see as a complete waste of time since all they want is the cash which comes from these big businesses. Even if anything was done this way it would take years. Plus it's reverting back to the old crap that you have to wait for the BIG MEN in authority to sort things out. People should rely less on these bureaucrats and do things for themselves.

Anyway, I suggested taking more direct action - spray painting, leafletting, protests and smashing windows. Most of the women were into this.

B. C.
Falkirk (Scotland)

"FISHIN IMPOSSIBLE"

WINDSCALE

Crumbled cardboard apple pie packet parked at the laminex kerb. Navy knit fingers hold a cigarette mid-air and coffee steam chases the smoke. *Guardian* inclined, there she was. Reading, in the buffet car of the train. 'Here you are. I was wondering what I was going to do. You had the camera and the superscope. Great. Do you want a chocolate?' Marg wasn't immediately excited by the prospect of solitary wanderings around Windscale but whatever she didn't have, she had manners. 'Coffee. . . No? . . .'

'There's more stuff in the papers today. BNFL have admitted there was an abnormal discharge due to 'procedural problems'. They've been denying it for weeks. I bought a car for £30 yesterday.' remarked June.

Smoking and sipping, saying all they could about the hectic days would leave them only one thing to talk about. Windscale. Snippets from the Parker Report cut with maps of nuclear facilities, stuck with British Rail sandwiches. But that was the tone of the weekend. Trains were only just caught, but caught. Operation Windscale went ahead. Unplanned.

The first sight of the sea. Suddenly sea stretching out on both sides across a narrow isthmus. Normally a calm, peaceful view. A tensing of the muscles. A sight of sea had become an ominous thing. But this was Morecambe Bay. Outside the limits. Still several miles to go as the train trundled on to Barrow.

Barrow — the home of Trident, liquid gas terminal and nuclear waste container depot. 'What do you think of Barrow?' we were asked later, 'nobody likes Barrow'. We thought it made a nice change from London. Finding the Greenpeace office, gravelly northern voices and shoppers popping into buy Christmas cards with a message. 'I'm going to send this to my family. Probably start another row. I can't speak to my brother anymore. He wouldn't work at Vickers' trident but he's got a technical job at Sellafield now.'

Jean running things, harassed and busy, needing us like radioactive slicks

at Christmas. 'Have some coffee. Have you seen the day's papers? Have a look at the BNFL ad. I've got to go and buy some coal.' But beneath her routine of survival, the anger. So much information from any one question. Tell us.

'Windscale is kept going because the rest of the world is treating us as a nuclear dustbin. That's why THORP was initially given planning permission, because what we've said is 'If you pay us we'll take all your rubbish.' So, the Japanese, Swiss, Belgians, Dutch, Spanish, the Italians and Greeks all blithely send their rubbish over to us to deal with. Our lives are being risked for the sake of other people's political consciences. . .



The West German government tells its nuclear industry that it must solve its waste problems before it buys a reactor. So it does, sends its waste to us, et voila. . . their problem is solved. Now the people of other nations though they may not realise it, that's what their nuclear industries do as well. But a lot of them simply would not put up with what's happening to us. I mean, you try to send spent fuel to the Japanese and see the reaction. When I was in Holland last year, the firm that actually took the waste out of the country to be dumped at sea, the low level waste that is, they had their containers burnt to the ground. And that was the firm

taking it out of the country. So imagine what they'd do if you tried to take the stuff back in. . .

In southwest Cumbria, (which is one of the very few places in the country to be looked at for multiple myeloma bone marrow cancer) we have a level of myeloma on the increase. And the other places in the world where it's on the same increase, real increase that is because there's increase due to better diagnosis, are Hiroshima and Nagasaki. And that's not coincidence. . .

“We feel that Windscale is responsible for everything round here from cancer to stomach upsets.”
(A resident)

Somebody that has dealt with medical reports in a hospital says, that for Millom, the level of recommended abortions after amniocentesis tests, is three times the national average. Now, when these figures were asked for by researchers in the medical services, they were refused them. They were 'too politically sensitive'. That's what an official of the health service told us. . .

Well here's the geiger counter. Just stick the wire in there and keep it taped. Hope you get some readings. It's non-directional, the other one got contaminated.'

'Love the name. Nuke Buster.r.r'
'Marketed by a commune from the States. Hope you get on OK. Bye.'

Geiger counter bleeping recognition radiation all the way to the station. 'Hold the train, there's two more.' A green coat and brown boots do a waddling run with five bags on two arms, along the underground passage between platforms. At Ulverston, Kath, June's friend is waiting at the pub. The three of them walked to the only off licence open in town, past advertisements for Conservative clubs and coffee mornings, through cobblestone archways off the town square to a CND party. It was the week before Christmas and there was little urgent anti-nuke talk.

Pretty seventeens sit with their teacher on a couch embarrassed by their youthful father's jokes. A plastered punk kisses an over-60 feminist reminiscing about her parents mixed race marriage. In the kitchen, suds to the elbow, she washes party plates and casts anarchistic aspersions about the Pankhursts and he sucks a can in empathy. Kids and parents play charades in the dining room. Sarah, Kath's friend, has just left her husband. Two children to look after, toe-testing the water on her own. 'I came up from London because it's much safer, isn't it? I mean, you don't have to worry about the kids, or muggers or anything. You can leave the back door open.' But look what's crept in the back door, we were thinking.

Meeting Jean and Sarah was more sobering than the night air and their tales echoing all the way back to the Priory, now a Buddhist retreat, home for Kath and her child, Jack. Kath left London two years ago, so that Jack would grow up out of the city. 'Jack loves the beach'.

We test the geiger counter out on her carpet, transmitting our paranoia. It makes uncomfortable bleeps. Higher readings than in Barrow, but then carpets attract dust and debris. We disconnect the wire to stop its disturbance. 'Radiation is a natural thing' says Ed, the somnolent baby-sitter. 'Nothing that's natural can be good or bad.' Kath lends support to Ed but she is clearly unconvinced. We say nothing and comfort ourselves, not having the knowledge to support our doubts.

It was 9.30am and the train left at 10. The train that is, that connected to another one, that strung their day together like carriages. Now on the train, with holly wreaths and loaded baskets trying to load the camera neither had used before.

First picture of the scenery as we head north from Barrow. Houses nestled in the hills. Sheep branded turquoise and tan grazing on the fresh grass near the sea, tidal grazing they call it. Telescopic lens balanced on one window's handle, the train muffled the camera's snap whir. Opposite, and thankful for passengers' oblivion, the sueded arm stretched out holding the veiled machine. But like an Englishman in a singlet, there was the face of the geiger counter — exposed.

Water everywhere. The land seemed sodden. Regular low readings until the Ravenglass estuary. The needle soars to 0.1mR/hr and stays steady, the dial lights up, as the train crosses the stretch of water. Snaps snatched as the scene disappears.

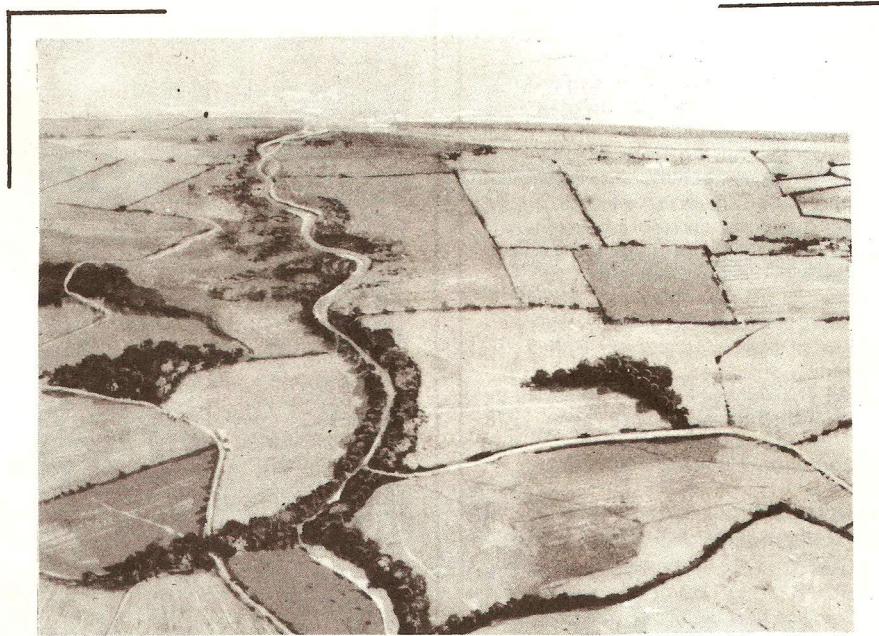
Stories of plutonium dust in houses around Ravenglass filtered through her brain as her body went over the water. Now the scarf was off and two hands held the taped-up box and battery. Marg walked past the guard toward her bag. 'Got a geiger counter, love?' he asked in confirmation. 'If you want a good picture of Windscale you'll get one coming up on the right.'

Everyone saw it. They moved over water with low readings, past Sellafield golfers doing the rounds. One passenger watched the two, suspicious. Pulling the box in, walked away from the passengers toward the guard carriage and he rose, following her. Half-way across, she turned only to cut his path. He did not engage her. One man's nonchalance is another woman's nervousness.

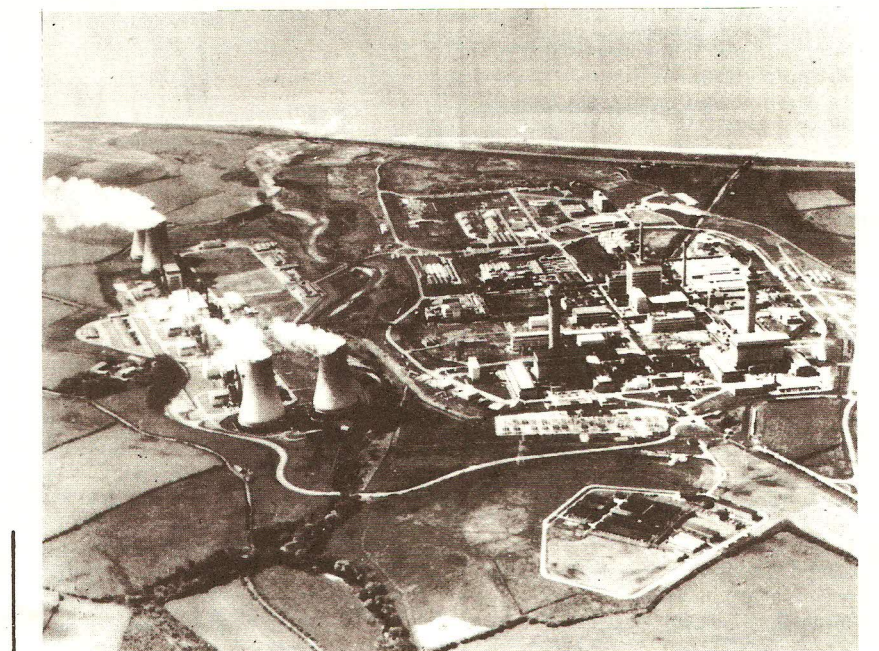
He wears a donkey jacket, has his work bag over his shoulder. He's a BNFL worker and this is his stop. He throws the door shut behind him and the train carries on slowly. . . past a caravan site, houses on the beach, smoke wisping out of a chimney, washing blowing in the sea breezes.

A cigarette, a final faceful of air and they collapse into their seats 'til Whitehaven, the fishing port. Checking timetables, there's only one suitable train to Seascale before dark. Just time enough to look for signs of a fishing industry. 'The trains run, what, every hour and a half. It's no wonder some of the workers skip the contamination checks.'

Sprightly along the mall, they head toward. . . What? Didn't you see the droves of Christmas shoppers, bands



'before'



'after'

'Windscale discharges about 1,000 times more alpha emitters (Plutonium) than does Cap de la Hague and 1,000,000 times more than Rocky Flats, USA.'

The Windscale File

'A preliminary study of congenital malformations coded at birth found a rate of 14.5 per 1,000 birth for a large suburban city near the plant compared with a rate of 10.4 for the remainder of the country, and 10.1 for the state of Colorado, a difference of interest.' (The installation is Rocky Flats reprocessing plant).

Carl Johnson *Cancer incidence in an Area contaminated with Radio-nuclides Near a Nuclear Installation.*

'The present limit (apart from medical) for whole body exposure of members of the general public, is 500mrem per annum so that, if exposure were kept to 10 cent of the limit, the dose received would be no more than 50 mrem per annum. This is about half as much as the additional natural radiation that would be suffered by a person who moved from a brick house in London to a granite house in Aberdeen. I do not, giving this example, mean to suggest in any way that exposure to radiation at 10 per cent of the limit can be ignored. It is common ground that all additional radiation is harmful to some extent. But there is no difference between natural radiation and man-made radiation. It is therefore, relevant to know that, if BNFL fulfil their expectations, the extent of harm from radiation, is likely to be considerably less than that which would be suffered as a result of a move in residence from one place to another in the United Kingdom.'

2.29 *The Windscale Inquiry* Reported by the Hon. Mr. Justice Parker, 1978

From *Borough of Copeland Official Guide*

Population of Copeland Just over 70,000
Number of workers at Sellafield 11,500

Whitehaven population 26,000
Whitehaven is Copeland's major town, the 'Georgian port beside the English lakes'. The harbour sees both recreational and industrial activity. Fishing involves both these classes, with the recreational fishermen on the piers or in their small boats and the professionals in the trawlers that comprise the port's fishing fleet.

A fine view of the fleet coming into the harbour can be had from the slopes and terraces of the recreational area at South Beach, which was created by a land reclamation scheme which transformed a derelict colliery site.'

From *Medical Consequences of Nuclear Weapons*

'Caesium 137 is carcinogenic of muscle tissue and the ova of females'.

Jim Garrison *From Hiroshima to Harrisburg*

Caesium 137 concentrates in the flesh of fish.

A rem (radiation equivalent man) is a measure of biological damage resulting from exposure to radiation.

1950s Limit for workers in nuclear industry 25 rems per annum

Now Limit for workers in nuclear industry 5 rems per annum

Limit for general public

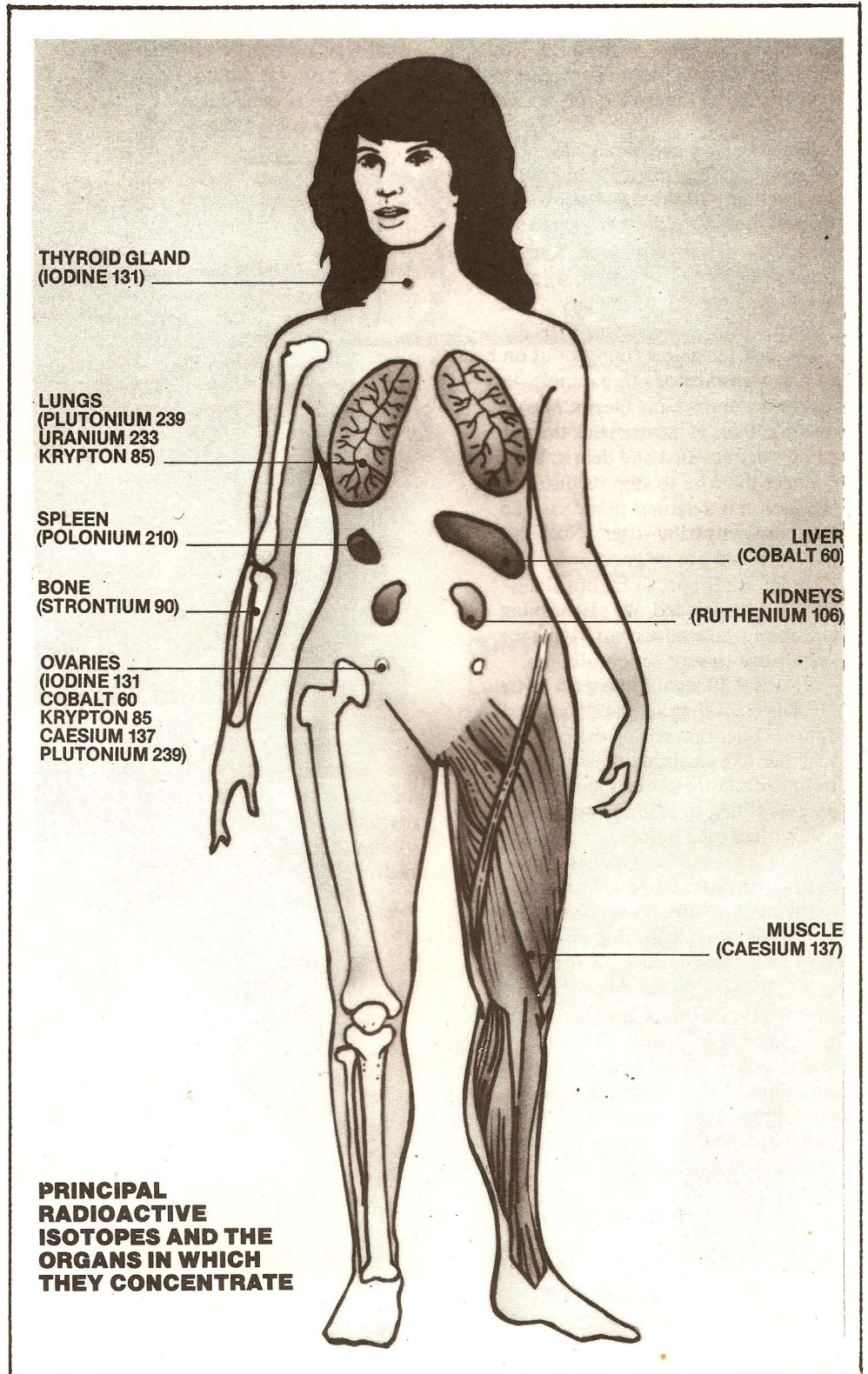
.5 rems (500mR) per annum (equivalent to 0.59mR/hr)

Natural radiation from a granite house

.1 rems per annum (equivalent to 0.012mR/hr)

Isotope	Type of radiation	Radioactive half life	Organ of decomposition	Particular hazard
Strontium 90	Beta	29 years	Bone	Bone cancer Leukaemia
Caesium 137	Beta gamma	30 years	Total body	Effect on gonads
Carbon 14	Beta	5730 years	Total body	Effect on gonads.
Plutonium 239	Alpha	24400 years	Bone, liver lung	Bone and lung cancer

“They tell us nothing here. We're just guinea pigs for the nuclear industry. Some of the areas in the Windscale plant are in a disgusting state.” (A resident)



playing carols to crowds outside Woolworths? Oh all right. . . Moving at the pace of the Santa spenders, they call into travel shops searching for the brochure advertising Windscale as a tourist attraction, then tried the tourist information office.

'Any leaflets on Cumbria?' and we are handed The Birds of St. Bees Head, Whitehaven Walkabout and Explorer Days Out by bus. Eventually we come out with it. 'You don't have a pamphlet by the tourist board with a picture of Windscale on it, do you?' The attendant goes away. . . and comes back with the Official Guide to the Borough of Copeland. There on the inside front cover is an ad for BNFL, page 19 showing Windscale with the caption 'Symbols of Past and Future. A solitary Victorian folly stands defiantly against the futuristic backdrop of the Windscale nuclear works.'

'Ye Olde Coffee Shoppe. Let's have lunch.' We ate and bandaged a new battery to the geiger counter, we drink and slipped the film into the once recalcitrant camera. 'I want to take some photos of the port.' Fishing boats and nets marooned on the mud of an outgoing tide.

Walking down to the pier, the geiger counter starts to light up, the needle rises to 0.1mR/hr and stays there. Red light flashes and the machine lets out pained screeching. 'What does that mean? Let's see if we can get it to do it again.' As we prowl over metal ropes and fishing nets, seagulls rise up into the air. Two locals carry on digging in the silt below, undisturbed. (Later we were told the red light was a warning to get out of the area.)

“They sort the fish into three boxes at Whitehaven. The ones with tumours, scabs and diseases are taken away by the nuclear people. The dodgy ones are thrown back and we sell the others.” (Whitehaven fisherman)

On to Duke St and there it was — the photo of the weekend. 'We sell Aberdeen fish' painted in large white letters on the shopwindow. He was out like a shot.

'You're not from Greenpeace are you?'

'No, we're on holiday.'

Marg went in.

'Scottish are you?'

'No, Australian, staying in London.'

'We thought you were one of those Greenpeace people.'

'Oh no. Why have you got that painted on the window when Whitehaven's a fishing port?' the practised ingenue asked. He spoke first. 'We've always got Aberdeen fish — it's good

quality. When Whitehaven's closed and the west winds blow, we get fish from Aberdeen.' His assistant added conversationally, 'but we've had to put up the sign because of the customers. They're afraid of Sellafield.' If only she were a haddock he thought.

Quick dash for the train and down the tracks to the monolith and Seascale seaside in winter. A small quiet town. Getting colder. Few people around. A walk down to the contaminated beach, looking in vain for warning signs. One shop is up for sale.

“It's not coincidence that we have so many cases of thyroid cancer here.” (A resident)

A local residents' meeting on health is advertised. The wind is blowing out to sea and readings are low, around 0.025mR/hr. An hour's wait for the next train. Thoughts of hitching to Drigg — no luck, so instead, they have a surreal time on the station with a mandarin and a geiger counter. 'Fancy those kids saying we could walk to Drigg by the beach but we had to cross the estuary. Why don't they know about the contamination?' Damp dark seaside and hairpin bends, faint light from petrol pumps on the road, empty tables on display in the guesthouse dining room. . . they get on the empty train.

Now Bootle, passing Drigg. 'That's where they bury a lot of the contaminated material from the plant.' Again holding the geiger counter at the window. Again high readings at Ravenglass. The guard is interested. 'Is that a geiger counter you've got there? Do you know where I can get one?'

'Well, it comes from America. Costs about £250.'

'Do you know. I've had to sit in a siding under the pipeline for half an hour. . . the workers use the same train as the locals. . . No, the trains aren't used on this line only, it's different trains on different days on different lines. . . You can see the fishing boats around the outflow from the pipe. I do a bit of fishing myself, I've got a small boat in Barrow. I'd just like to know. . .'

“They come here and take some fish, scrape off some of the paint on the boat, take mud and sand samples and then disappear for six months. I asked him once if he could tell me something about the results. I said, 'Well, am I going to explode?' He just laughed and went away. None of the fishermen around here eats flat-fish — bottom feeders — anymore.” (A local fisherman)

Dark and raining in Bootle. We get off and try to find someone who can give us more information. A phone call. 'Ah sorry, I was just about to go out. What did you want? Oh yes, Jake Kelly, he was a reporter with BBC North-East. Now he's a publicity officer with BNFL. . . There's no signs warning people about the beaches, I've been putting up my own warning flags. I saw the BNFL men out today with geiger counters at Bootle. No, they just say its 'within accepted levels.' There's been readings of 1000-3000R down there. People are saying they won't let their kids go swimming next summer. But kids were playing with seaweed down there before news of the danger was announced. . . We haven't got a fish shop but the local mobile fish and chip shop is advertising fish from the east coast. People are throwing stuff out of their freezers.'

Now it's pitch black. An hour and a half to the next train. No reader, not another train. We wander towards the town, stop and ask the local mobile video salesman the way. He's going to Ulverston himself and he'll give us a lift if we can wait ten minutes.

'What sort of videos are people watching?'

'People were buying horror videos last year, this year they want comedies.'

'Is that because of Windscale?'

'You're not a couple of activists are you? They're not very popular

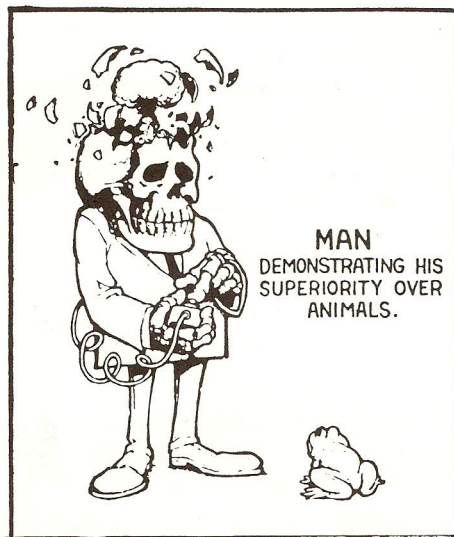
“I've seen them hosing down a flask in the docks before now to keep it cool — so that it doesn't overheat.” (Barrow resident)

around here, you know. A local lobster fisherman is selling his business — well, sales in the south and west are being withdrawn. He got a phone call from a long standing customer saying he'd emptied his freezer and wouldn't want anymore. Now my mate's going on the dole. My partner sold his boat a year ago. (Memories of the Fish Poultry and Game store in Whitehaven standing derelect.) A lot of Bootle people are fishermen. . . There's more people employed around here as farmers than BNFL workers. . . I don't know if it's just clever reporting or the truth with that Yorkshire television programme. One of the three children who died of leukemia in Walberswaite had only moved to the area a year ago. The local head was very angry at the misuse of date. . . Have you heard about the bombing today in London at Harrods? Some people have been killed.'

Back at the Priory and last thing before bed, they run the geiger counter over a thermal vest bought at Whitehaven markets. Next morning readings on the wild beach near the Priory were low and erratic—0.025mR/hr, reassuring Kath. The vest is checked one more time—0.05mR/hr. 'I'll never be able to wear this next to my chest' and it's dumped in its brown paper bag into a litter bin.

'How was it up there? You look so well.' Strange words of welcome back in London. Geiger counter placed on the mantelpiece to quietly bleep background readings of 0.025mR/hr. We check other people's clothes then our own. Check bags, jumpers and hair. Readings peak at 0.05mR/hr around coats and cuffs of our jumpers. Coats are dumped in buckets of water, jumpers washed repeatedly. We both have showers and scrub our hair. Coats are rinsed again and again then abandoned outside on the washing line, still giving off high readings. There's water everywhere.

Plutonium has a half life of 25,000 years. One way or another, Windscale is going to be around for a long time yet. First thing Monday morning, a phone call from Barrow. 'Where's the geiger counter? . . . Yeah send it back Red Star. It's interesting you got those levels at Whitehaven. There were plans to dredge the docks at Maryport, just north of Whitehaven.



Apparently the silt's being tested now for radio-activity. It was going to be laid on a playground at Whitehaven. . . You can't clean off gamma rays, they're already through you. When they decontaminate someone they scrub the top layer of skin off, the epidermis, they cut toenails etcetera and clean out all the orifices. . . Yes, the machine's made to American standards so it lights up quicker. It has to be more sensitive, their safety standards are higher. Have you done a body count?

'Yes, but we think we're OK.'

'You're lucky.'

HISTORY

1951

The reprocessing of magnox fuel begins at Windscale — initially to separate plutonium for weapons use.

1955

Windscale begins commercial reprocessing.

1957

Serious fire at windscale. Milk supplies impounded and top soil dumped.

1971

British Nuclear Fuels Ltd (BNFL) assumes operational charge of the site.

1974

An unpredicted chemical reaction puts the first oxide reprocessing treatment plant out of action.

1976

Atomic Energy Authority (Special Constables) Act passed legalising an armed nuclear police force not directly accountable to a government minister, only to the Atomic Energy Authority.

1978

Contaminated clay discovered at the Windscale site prompting a full scale investigation by the Health and Safety Commission.

1983

November 15, Greenpeace's Rainbow Warrior discovers radio-active slick.

November 23. BNFL declares the area safe.

December 7, Department of the Environment warns the public not to use 25 miles of beach from St. Bees to Eskmeals.

Barrow Action Group, 3a Slater St, Barrow. Phone. Barrow 33851.

CAN A MAN BE AN ANARCHA-FEMINIST?

This bit is written by a man. I'm writing this to try and point out some ways anarchist men could support anarchist women and try to change themselves. Most anarchist men pay at least lip service to anarchist feminist ideas. If you're against power, authority, and capitalism you MUST oppose patriarchy, you must be against anyone controlling, dominating, abusing or sexually assaulting anyone else.

But agreeing with ideas doesn't change years of training in Sexism. I know I for one am a sexist. Since babyhood I copied my sexist parents. I was about 12 when I first noticed it. . . The 'gang rape mentality' is

handed right down to boys in school . . . Kids who could barely raise their pricks were boasting, after football, about how many girls they'd fucked and exactly how. . . This amazed me, I thought there was something wrong with me! For years I felt useless, sissy and left out because I had no stomach for boasting. I had to work really hard to become a sexist pig, but I managed it! I mean. . . to go out and PICK UP a girl, standing in line like a piece of meat at the disco, where you can't even speak for the noise, then to PAW her as much as possible, get her outside and try every trick to SCREW her, just for the purpose of boasting

to the boys!

That was and STILL IS the idea . . . the 'gang rape mentality'. Every time an all male group gets together it's there, just below the surface. . . Yes boys, let's drop politics for a minute and have a nice snigger about which *bird* has the *best body* for a *quick fuck!!* That's how I learned to compete in sexism, the manipulation and oppression of women for men's pleasure.

Of course anarchist men don't talk about women like that, THEY JUST THINK IT. It's quite easy to learn off the right responses, especially if you're living or working with anarchist feminist women. But how many anarchist men

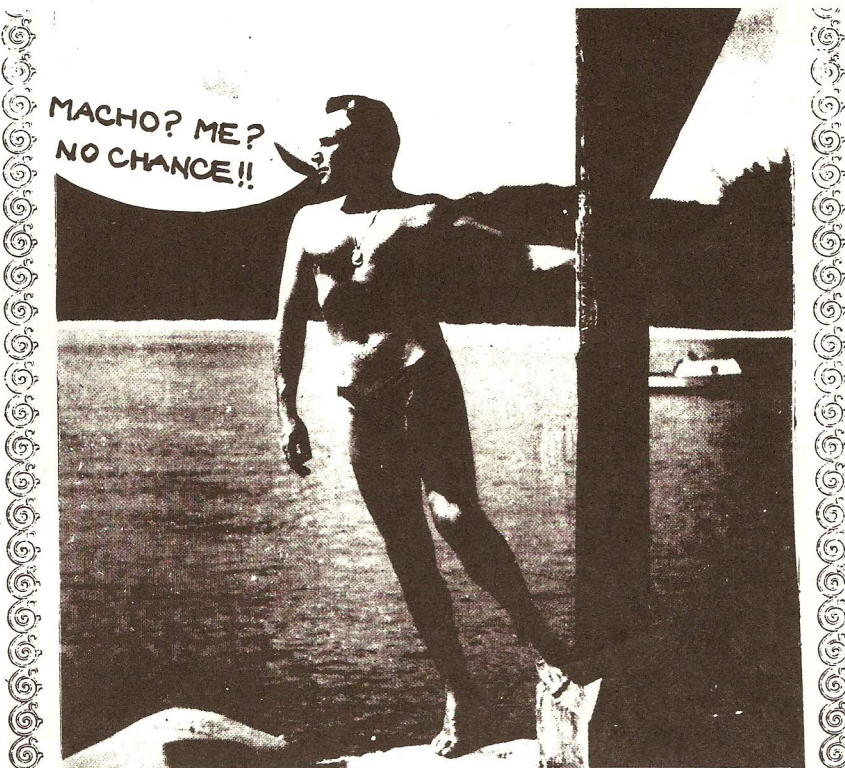
will denounce publicly a group of men during the usual 'mental rape' conversation? To do that you really have to BE anti-sexist. You get accused immediately of not being a REAL MAN, of being ANTI SEX, or a QUEER. You are OUT mate immediately from the chummy gang. . . Easier to just leave???. . . Or keep quiet and feel superior??

What I'm saying is that I think men can and must become anarchist-feminists. I've even met one or two and would like to be one. But they can do this only if they confront sexism EVERY TIME they see it. Lots of men and boys are secretly disgusted by being forced to be sexist, and could change if they saw a real life alternative. Lots of men of course take a sadistic pleasure in being sexist, but could be intimidated into holding back a bit.

What I mean is that men have a role to play too. I'm not saying that anarchist-women shouldn't organise separately, though I think occasional mixed meetings wouldn't be a bad idea. I think anarchist feminism is a liberating idea for men and women. Big leaders especially find it threatening, as it exposes them mentally as silly boys boasting about their MIGHTY pricks.

HOW DOES IT FEEL??

Every man in our local micro-scene now knows there is an anarchist-feminist group in Brixton. We've heard of the women's actions and self-defence groups . . . but that's now what's worrying us. Each man imagines that his sexist behaviour is being discussed at the



anarchist feminist meetings, and is forced to think twice, maybe even NOTICE his sexism and try to change it. Apparently at these women-only meetings some men get dubbed as EXTREME SEXISTS.

The rumour goes out and around. He (no one in particular) begins to get nervous, soon he is feeling threatened and victimized, and even thinks every woman is conspiring against him. Great Sport. . . Unless you're it! Of course if he's a true blue sexist he'll just piss off or just pick on women outside the mini-movement. However

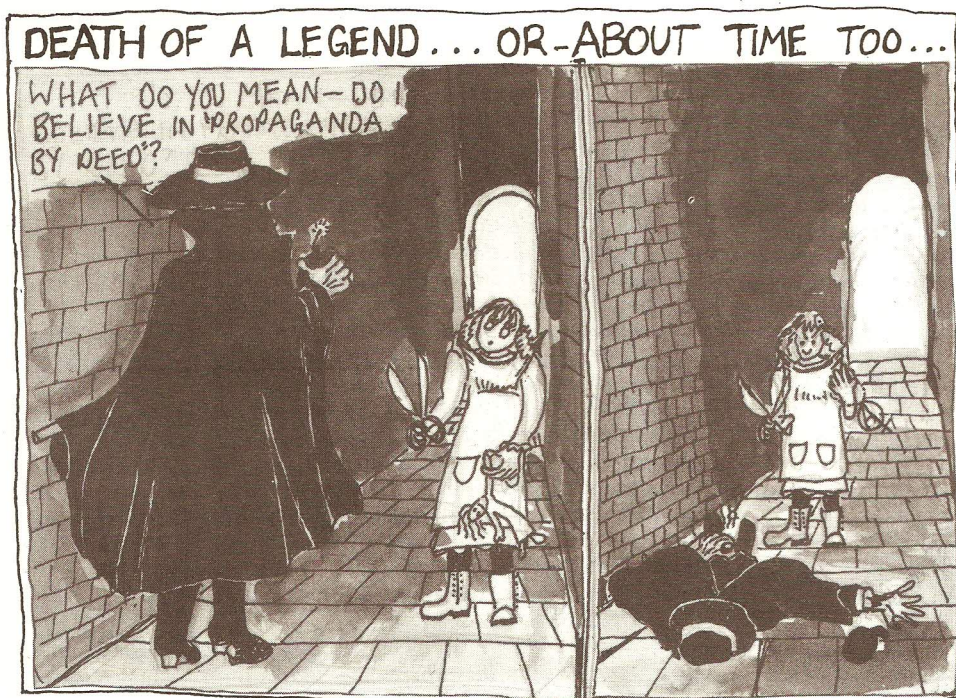
if he is willing to endure it and try to improve I think (a bit of male solidarity) he should be given a chance and not slagged off behind his back forever.

ENDLESS ARGUMENTS

About 8 years ago I was in an anarchist group which actually split up over an argument about feminism. One person arguing that feminism was the most important thing we should get involved in. . . that feminist ideas were closely related to anarchism and the movement was only just beginning etc. The other side were arguing that all feminists are middle class, and we should only support working class women, who are doubly oppressed.

So we got into the endless 'Who is the most oppressed' argument. Are all women equally oppressed by sexism, despite property and privilege?? How could we also support 'bourgeois' feminists, who only seek to compete equally in the male rat race? . . . But these are not really feminists at all. . . But the feminist movement embraces them. But if there were anarchist-feminists etc. etc.

We couldn't resolve these arguments. Can we now?



This letter was put in to encourage discussion. It also gives a clear picture of the male fear of women only meetings. 'What really goes on?' Men assume that our time with other women is spent solely on talking about men!

THE LITTLE RED-

Mollie Steimer: her life

Mollie Steimer was born on November 12th 1897, in the village of Dunacutsy in South-western Russia. When she was fifteen Mollie Steimer emigrated to the United States with her family. She started work immediately in a garment factory and began to read radical and anarchist literature.

By 1917, Mollie had become an anarchist, and joined a group of young anarchists who produced *The Storm*, later called *Freedom Frayhayt*).

The paper had to be produced in secret — it had been outlawed by the government, due to its anti-war stance, not to mention its general anti-capitalist, pro-revolutionary and pro-Soviet articles. After printing it by hand, the group folded it and stuffed it into letterboxes around the city.

Then in 1918, American troops landed in Russia. The Freedom group printed 10,000 leaflets, in English and Yiddish, calling on the workers to arise and overthrow capitalism.

The leaflets were again distributed secretly. Mollie took the rest to the factory where she worked, distributed some and threw the rest out of a top-floor window.

The leaflets were found by a group of workers in the street, who contacted the police! Hyman Rosansky, a recent contact of the group, who had helped with the leaflets informed on Mollie and her friends, and five of them were arrested. One of the group, Jacob Schwartz was beaten so badly that he died in police custody.

The trial took two weeks and the judge, a former representative of Alabama in Congress, refused to listen to the defendants' political arguments, or the defence attorney. He sentenced Jacob Abrams, Hyman Lachowsky and Samuel Lipman to twenty years in prison, and a \$1,000 fine (the maximum penalty), while Mollie received fifteen years and a \$500 fine. Rosansky got off with a three year term. The barbarity of the sentences, for a mere distribution of leaflets shocked liberals and radicals alike.

Many individuals and organisations came to their aid, and the sentences were appealed. The prisoners were released, pending the results, and Mollie resumed her anarchist activity.

Over the next eleven months, she was arrested eight times. On March 11th 1919, she was charged with inciting to riot. Held for eight days in the notorious Tombs Prison, she was released on \$1,000 bail, only to be re-arrested and sent to Ellis Island, for deportation.

Released again, but kept under constant surveillance, Mollie was then imprisoned for six months. During that time, the Supreme Court upheld the conviction of Mollie and her comrades. Hearing of the decision, the three men jumped bail and tried to escape to Mexico, but were caught and sent to Atlanta Prison.

Mollie had refused to take part in the escape, because it would forfeit the bail, which had been donated by ordinary workers. Imprisoned in Jefferson City, Missouri, Mollie refused to despair — her devotion to anarchism was stronger than ever. Meanwhile, her attorney negotiated the release of the prisoners, on the condition that they were deported to Russia. Mollie was against this at first, in solidarity with the many other political prisoners in the United States, who didn't have the choice. She came around to the idea, however, and on November 24th 1921, they sailed for Soviet Russia on the S.S. Estonia.

When they arrived, they found that the predictions of the Yiddish anarchist paper, *Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, that Russia was no longer a haven for revolutionaries, but a land of authority and repression, were true. Kronpotkin had died in February, and the Kronstadt rebellion had been suppressed in March. Makhno's insurgent army had been dispersed, and hundreds of anarchists were in prison.

There were bright spots — the deportees found work, and were re-united with old friends. Mollie met Senya Fleshin, who became her life-long companion.

Mollie and Senya organised a Society to Help Anarchist Prisoners, travelling about the country to assist their imprisoned comrades. They were arrested on November 1 1922, by the GPU (secret police), on charges of aiding criminal elements in Russia



and maintaining ties with anarchists abroad (they had been corresponding with Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman). Sentenced to two years exile in Siberia, they declared a hunger strike, and were released the next day. They were forbidden to leave Petrograd and had to report to the authorities every 48 hours.

Before long, Mollie and Senya had resumed their efforts on behalf of prisoners. Again, they were arrested by the GPU and charged with propagating anarchist ideas. Separated from their fellow prisoners, they again went on hunger strike. Protests to Trotsky by foreign anarcho-syndicalists to a congress of the Red International of Trade Unions soon brought about their release.

This time, they were told they must leave Russia, so in September 1923, after saying farewells to their comrades, they sailed for Germany. In Berlin, they met Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, and resumed the relief work which had led to their deportation. For the next twenty-five years they lived as anarchists without a country, until acquiring Mexican citizenship in 1948.

In the company of other anarchists, they formed committees to help prisoners in Russia, sending parcels and messages of support to many comrades. In 1924, they moved to Paris, and became active forming the Mutual Aid Group, which assisted anarchist exiles from Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal and Bulgaria.

During these years of exile in the 1920s and 1930s, in Paris and Berlin, they received a steady stream of visitors. The most emotional reunion was with Jack and Mary Abrams, who had sailed from the United States with them. They too had become disenchanted with the Soviet system.

With the outbreak of war in 1939, it was not long before their Jewish origins and anarchist convictions caught up with them. Mollie was placed in an internment camp, while Senya managed to escape to an un-occupied part of the country. Somehow, Mollie secured her release, and they were reunited in Marseilles, where they saw their old friend, Voline, before crossing the Atlantic and settling in Mexico City.

For the next twenty years, Senya operated his photographic studios in Mexico City, and they formed a close relationship with the Spanish comrades of the 'Tierra y Libertad' group.

Mollie never returned to America. Friends and relatives had to cross the border and visit Mollie and Senya, in Mexico or Cuernavaca, to which they retired in 1963. When deported from the United States, Mollie vowed to 'advocate my idea, Anarchist Communism, in whatever country I shall be'. In Russia, Germany, France, and now in Mexico, she remained faithful to her pledge. Fluent in Russian, Yiddish, English, German, French and Spanish, she corresponded with comrades and kept up with the anarchist press around the world.

In her last years, Mollie felt worn and tired. She was deeply saddened by the death of Mary Abrams in January 1978. Mollie died suddenly on July 23rd, 1980. Senya, himself weak and ailing, was crushed by her passing, and died in Mexico on June 19th 1981.

Condensed from an article by P.A. in Fighters for Anarchism produced by the Libertarian Publications Group, New York. Available from A Distribution, 84b Whitechapel High Street, London E1.

The following article was written in 1919 by Arthur Wynne for an establishment magazine called *The World Magazine*.



OLLIE STEIMER, sitting alone in her cell on an upper tier of the Tombs Prison on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 22, wrote two mysterious notes in a secret code. One she hid in her

stocking and the other down the neck of her blouse. Mollie is a 'Red', facing a sentence of fifteen years in Federal Prison for interfering with the draft.

She has been associated for several years with the operations of a secret organization known publicly as the 'American Anarchist Federated Commune Soviet of New York City', and also with certain meetings of young Russian workers from the east side in a room on the top floor of the building at No. 133 East Fifteenth Street. The sign on the door reads: 'United Workers of the United States and Canada'.

Mollie was expecting visitors when she coded those two notes. Here is one of them:

"EWOAE VAHOAOW TOAER OMOAST NESER POAYDAE ROAROFOAU OYOA"

When the visitors arrived — two investigators from the Department of Justice — Mollie declined to talk to them. Sitting on the edge of her cot with compressed lips and with her little feet scarcely touching the floor, she looked more like a very little girl than full-fledged Anarchist. She is more diminutive and undeveloped; weighs not more than a hundred pounds, if that. Her hair is dark and her features irregular, and nobody meeting her casually would think to look at her twice. She is barely twenty and came to the city of New York from Elizabeth, N.J., to preach Anarchy to the East Side.

And now apart from the fifteen year sentence confronting her, she will have to stand trial on a charge of "inciting to murder, arson and assassination". The Federal Grand Jury returned a true bill against her on that charge on Oct. 22. And by the time the Bomb Squad under Detective Sergeant James J. Gegan of the Police Department, Assistant District Attorney Alex I. Rorke, Assistant United States District Attorney George W. Taylor, the State Constabulary, the Lusk Investigating Committee and the United States Secret Service complete their enquiries into Mollie's recent activities, they expect to add to her present burden of troubles.

Watching her opportunity while her two visitors were inspecting her cell, Mollie stealthily produced one of her mysterious messages and tore it up behind her back. The pieces she scattered over the cell floor. Then while the Detectives were collecting the bits of paper and putting them into an envelope, Mollie took a couple of good bites out of the second note but made no attempt to swallow them. All the fragments of the second message were salvaged, to be pieced together later and decoded by police experts who make a speciality of that sort of thing.

PERHAPS the reader is sufficiently curious about the secret mechanisms and underground activities of the New York type of Anarchist who wants to decipher the code message reproduced above.

This is the way the police experts did it. They noticed that the letters "OA" seem to appear no less than eight times in the eight arrangements of letters. Run your pencil through each "OA" and consider each pencil mark as a dash or space between the hidden words of the message. Reverse the first two letters and you have the word "WE".

Reverse the next four and you get "HAVE", and so on to the end of the note, which reads: "WE HAVE TWO MORE PRESENTS FOR YOU."

The second note, written in the same code is equally valuable. It is merely a candid expression by Mollie of her personal opinion of the New York police,

Nearly two years ago Mollie's troubles with the police began, and since then she has written many of these notes, all in the same code. She has generally torn them up and left them where the police would be sure to pick them up and piece them together. They are very easy to read once you have the key.

THE United States was at war when the police began hearing about Mollie Steimer, the 'Little Red'. She was living with her dad, mum and three sisters on the fifth floor of the tenement house at No. 35 Avenue C, near the corner of First Street. The family came from Russia about eight years ago, and after some years spent in Elizabeth, N.J., gravitated to New York's overcrowded lower East Side. And it is there among the younger generation of Russian who work in clothing factories and East Side department stores that Mollie has found a following.

"I spent eight years studying the glorious principles of Anarchy," she declared the other day, "That is my chosen calling; the work to which I have devoted my life — the uplifting of the downtrodden masses of suffering and persecuted humanity until they shall rise superior to man-made Laws and throw off the yoke of an autocratic government controlled by capitalists who preach suppression of the masses."

Two years ago Mollie found a surprisingly large number of her own people, young women as well as young men, ready to listen and applaud when she talked like that. Soon she had them organised and discontented and holding secret meetings.

WHEN Mollie broke into the limelight by vigorously denouncing the Draft in handbills thrown from roof tops and from the platforms of Second Avenue elevated trains. The Federal authorities got her for that, and she was tried last year by a jury before Judge H.D. Clayton in the United States Court. Mollie refused, during that trial, to show respect for the Court by standing up for the Court and the attendants couldn't make her. Judge Clayton is a Southerner from Montgomery, Alabama with the chivalrous instinct traditionally belonging to a Southern gentleman, he merely said: "Let her alone", when she declined to stand up for his Court.

But on Oct. 25 of last year when Judge Clayton was ready to sentence her, following her conviction, he first looked at his defiant and diminutive prisoner, and then said:

"Mollie Steimer, stand up. You sat while others respectfully arose during your trial. Now you've GOT to stand up."

And for the first time in three weeks Mollie stood up in that court room, a meek and pathetic little 'Red'. That was lesson No. 1.

Judge Clayton gave her fifteen years. Pending an unsuccessful appeal to the United States Supreme Court she was pleased to be released on \$10,000 bail furnished by East

OLLIE returned to the lower East Side, a martyr to the "cause". Certain bomb outrages having led to the formation of the Bomb Squad under Detective ation of the Bomb Squad under Detective Sergeant Gegan, it was this squad that broke into the Anarchists' meeting place on East Fifteenth Street and arrested 164 men and women on the night of March 12th of this year. Mollie was found hiding in an adjoining room.

Investigation showed that some of the prisoners had been in the United States sixteen years without applying for naturalization — many classed as "undesirables", were then turned over to the Federal Authorities for deportation. Others, including Mollie, against whom no new evidence was produced, were released.

Detectives Jerome Murphy and Louis Herman of the Bomb Squad, working with Detective Gegan, stopped an unlicensed parade of 4,000 Russians from the East Side on Eighth Street on the night of Oct. 8.

They were parading against the "Allies and United States' hypocrisy, dishonesty and murderous starvation and blockade of revolutionary Russia." The paraders were advised to disperse because they had overlooked the requirement of a permit to march. They declined to disperse, and so there was a small riot, during which several men and one woman were arrested. The woman gave her name as Dora Lipkin. The police know her as Mrs. Hyman Perkus. Her husband was among those awaiting deportation. Mollie Steimer wasn't in the parade.

Three days later — at 1.30pm, Oct 11 to be precise — Magistrate William A. Sweetser sent Mrs. Perkus to the workhouse for six months. And eight hours later the first of a shower of inflammatory handbills headed "Arm Yourselves" and signed "American Anarchists' Federated Commune Soviet of New York City", fluttered down from the platform of a Second Avenue elevated train near the corner of Eighth Street. The handbills bore the evidence of hurried preparation and press work. The ink was barely dry. Two women were seen dropping them from the elevated train platform between stations.

During that same week, Gust Alonen and Carl Plavio, editors of a Finnish newspaper published on the East Side, were on trial before Justice Bartow S. Weeks and a jury in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court charged with criminal anarchy by advocating the overthrow of organised government. The law under which they were tried made anarchy a criminal offence and was enacted following the assassination of President McKinley at Buffalo in 1901. Alonen and Plavio were the first offenders to be tried under that law. Assistant District Attorney Rorke was prosecuting the case, and men from the Bomb Squad gathered much of the evidence.

Mollie Steimer was in court on the opening day of the trial, merely as an interested spectator. When Justice Weeks entered court everybody in the court room with the exception of Mollie stood up. She refused to rise, evidently having forgotten the little lesson Judge Clayton had taught her. Justice Weeks was lenient. He quietly reprimanded her and said she would never be allowed to enter his court again except as a prisoner. So Mollie had to get up and go out. That was Lesson No. 2.

I LOVE MY FLAG

I love my flag, I do, I do,
Which floats upon the breeze
I also love my arms and legs,
And neck, and nose, and knees.
One little shell might spoil them all
Or give them such a twist,
They would be of no use to me;
I guess I won't enlist.

I love my country, yes, I do,
I hope her folk do well.
Without our arms, and legs and things,
I think we'd look like hell.
Young men with faces half shot off
Are unfit to be kissed,
I've read in books it spoils their looks;
I guess I won't enlist.

The unsigned 'Yellow Legs and Pugs' was printed in *Solidarity* (May 5, 1917).

Concludes page 22

**WEST GERMANY
RED ZORA**

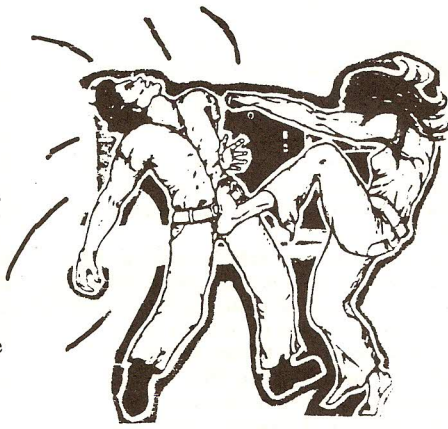
The car of a Hamburg gynaecologist, Hans Joachim Lindemann, was firebombed by a group of women calling themselves *Red Zora* and the underground *Revolutionary Cells*. They were protesting about the sterilisations Lindemann performs, usually older women, without their permission, during exploratory gynaecological surgery.

Lindemann is a self-appointed 'expert' in sterilisation matters in the Third World. He has been briefly threatened with a trial in West Germany, and had planned to move to Chile, where sterilisation is commonly done.

Red Zora announced in a statement: *Lindemann personifies the strategies of imperialists who via their 'population politics' control the fertility of women.*

Red Zora promises further actions if the sterilisations continue. Earlier in 1983, *Red Zora* attacked a marriage bureau which specialized in providing 'wives' from the Third World countries, for West German businessmen. In the ads for their service it made reference to the fact that the wives would need very little money for their upkeep — 'just a warm coat for winter'...

From Outwrite



The following are quotes from *Red Zora* and the *Revolutionary Cells* — two women's groups from West Germany.

'The fact that violence against women isn't an exception, but part of the system, had led to the realisation that the struggle against the personally experienced violence cannot be separated from the struggle against the systems' other forms of violence.'

WOMEN

'To stop at describing nothing more than acts of powerlessness, and a role, in the way that'

'Women are mad, madness and to patch that this system is the hate against the enemy. Hate, destruction and afraid.'



Heemstede, Holland March 1983
In celebration of International Women's Day, about a hundred Dutch women destroyed pornographic films which were to be used for recreational purposes of soldiers. (It was later denied by official sources that there were any pornographic films involved).

'When the police and the judicial system cover up the violence against women, it shows how important a function marriage and the family has, in order to secure the system.'



OXFORD

A few months ago a pornography shop in Cowley Road, Oxford was set on fire by two local women. However they were caught when they returned to graffitit the shop. They were charged and found guilty of causing £2,000 damage. They were able to raise this money to pay the fine and avoid a prison sentence.

DEATH TO ALL RAPISTS

**WEST GERMANY
ANTI-NATO DEMONSTRATION**

In late January 1984, there was an anti-NATO demonstration in Hanover, West Germany. An anarcho-syndicalist comrade there saw a group of about a hundred women, masked, waving black flags, moving through the crowd. With a deep scream they smashed every window in an adjoining street, which was crammed with porn shops and sex cinemas. Porno magazines were scattered over the area. The women's cry was 'Anti-NATO! Anti-Porn! — Same Fight!'



ANGRY WOMEN IN BRIGHTON

Several sex and video shops were the targets of action taken by Angry Women in Brighton recently. Three shops had their windows smashed and six others had slogans painted on them overnight. Angry Women have claimed responsibility for these acts of revenge for 'our sisters raped, killed and maimed by men, and for all women... We will smash male violence... women will win.'

'The long are victi them'

FIGHTBACK

at describing the conditions means more than accepting the condition of helplessness, and to fit into the women's way that this society presents it.

men are made to get used to powerless and to patch the physical wounds that this system inflicts. What isn't developed is the hate against the oppressors, towards the enemy. Hate has something to do with destruction and destruction makes women aid.



The women's movement has written enough long analysis about the fact that women are brought up to let themselves be the victims of violence without defending themselves.

targets Brighton
owns
painted
ve claim-
enge for
by men,
male

Every woman who has thrown a stone, who hasn't run away from men's abuse, but has hit back, will recognise the feeling of liberation that we had when we smashed the sex shops or lit a bomb in the constitutional courthouse in protest against the law on abortion.

DENMARK VALKYRIERNE IN ACTION

A group of women, *Valkyrierne*, are protesting against a poster in a butcher shop. The poster shows a woman, dressed in nothing but a cowboy hat, and all marked around with dotted lines and 'RIB', 'ROUND' etc., written on parts of her body — just like the posters usually showing a Danish bacon pig. The women don't consider this as funny, but as insulting to women, and are now leafletting outside the shop, arguing for a boycott.

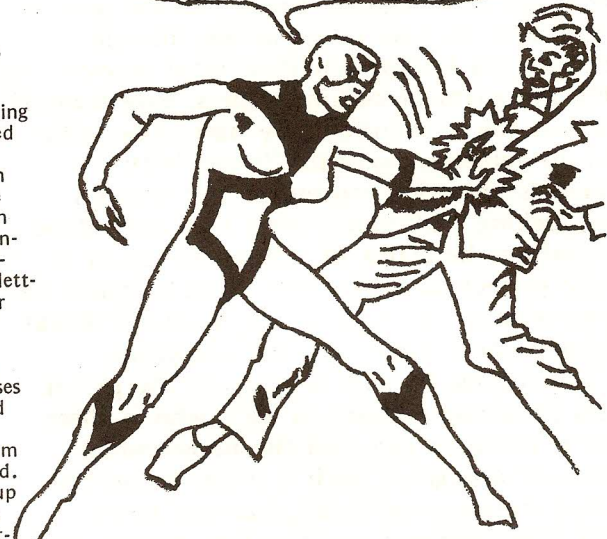
Valkyrierne is a name from Nordic mythology — they were female gods, who rode on horses through sea and sky, and picked out warriors, who were to die on the battlefield, and took them to Valhalla, where the gods lived.

Today, *Valkyrierne* is a group of young women, who are tired of the traditional forms of fighting in the feminist movement, and instead they want to do more direct, imaginative action.

Earlier, they have done actions on 8th March — graffiti, stink-bombs in fashion shops, perfumeries, fur shops etc., take-it-for-yourself actions for sanitary towels, and also street theatre. On other occasions they have stink-bombed porn cinemas, sprayed on porn shops and disturbed fashion shows.

From Ekomedja

I SEE NO REASON WHY I SHOULD EXPLAIN MYSELF JUST PISS OFF!



GERMANY PEEPING JANE

On Friday night, Feb. 24th 1984 we attacked the peepshow at Olivaer Platz in Berlin, West Germany. We threw stinkbombs and paint bombs (one hit a bouncer directly on his head). This action was not directed towards the women who work there, it was directed at the daily sexism — which gets stirred up through the peepshows. Peepshows are an expression of the patriarchal system in which women and their bodies get abused and sold.

The power of men is the patience of women. We don't want to be patient any longer! Women resist! The struggle against the bloody phallic system goes on!

INDIA OPPOSING DOWRY

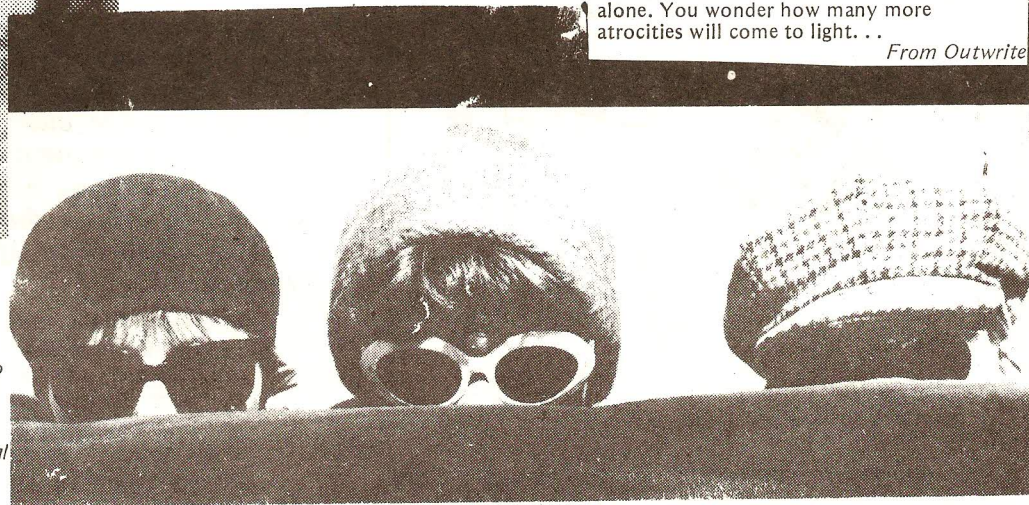
Insufficient dowry has proved to have grave consequences for women, ranging from continuous mental and physical harassment and torture, to the murder of women — dowry deaths — thereby making space for another marriage and of course the prospect of a fresh source of dowry.

On December 1, 1980 Sudha Kumar was burned to death. Neighbours alerted by her cries for help, rushed her to a hospital, where Sudha was able to tell them that she had been burned by her husband and in-laws because she had not given them the extra dowry that her husband had demanded.

For decades dowry deaths have gone unavenged. The media hasn't helped. Short news items have appeared in newspapers and gone unnoticed: 'Woman burnt to death. A case of suicide has been recorded. The police are enquiring into the matter.'

In the last two weeks of May 1983, 15 dowry deaths were recorded in New Delhi alone. You wonder how many more atrocities will come to light. . .

From Outwrite



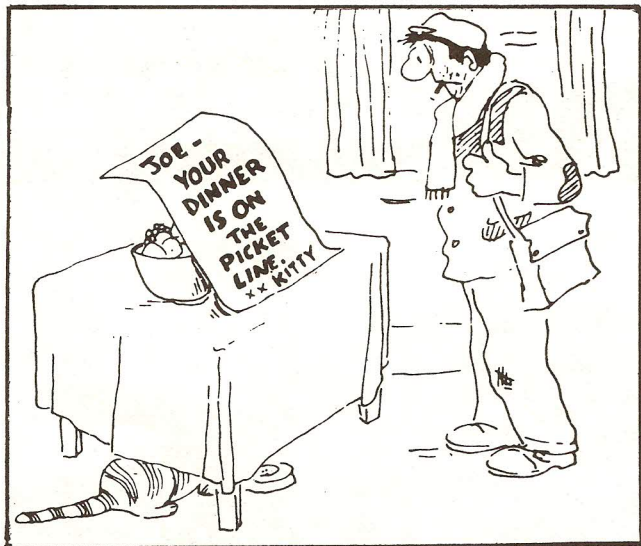
WOMEN

A lot has already been said about the invaluable role women have played in the miner's strike. So without wanting to be repetitive we shall simply say the strike has proven women of every age to be equally capable as the men in pit villages, to take direct action through militant and lawless activities. What women, not only the wives of striking miners, have done in the last eleven months, they have done without the golden wand of the 'trendy lefty' women's liberation movement and without any fucking GLC grant; what they have done is confirm the status of women as equals in every respect, and they have done as much to prove women as equals as the women's liberation movement has in the last ten years.

The trouble is, with women on the picket lines becoming militant as well, who is there left at home to carry on the never-ending domestic drudgery? Such a threat to normal sexual stereotyping is this, that you rarely read about the real contributions women make to the miners strike in the mainstream press. So here below are a few women's contributions that show their involvement in direct action, and not just a tea thermos on the picket line.

Armthorpe Miners Wives Action Group have been helping out the Holmes family of Goldthorpe whose two teenage sons died in a coal-digging tragedy on Sunday Nov 18th. Food has been donated by many Armthorpe shops and street collections.

Meanwhile 23 men and women have been arrested for digging out 'waste coal' compressed into the non-NCB ground by lorries in a former stock yard behind a car park near Rossington pit. The NCB have been turning away 'special cases' entitled to coal. In one case a family with a bronchitic 8 y.o. were refused fuel. Coal 'picking' - an obvious symptom of hardship - has returned on a scale not seen since the general strike and mass unemployment of the 1930s.



CYNHEIDRE MINERS WIVES OCCUPY PIT-HEAD BATHS

At Cynheidre colliery in south wales, miners wives barricaded themselves in the pithead bathrooms and occupied them as a protest against 27 scabs. This prevented the scab miners getting to their safety equipment. The women remained for 17 hours and then left, planning their next action. Despite the police harassment, the women have re-occupied the Cynheidre NCB offices and have extended it to the whole building, making it impossible for the management to administer the pit. Since the women's action, the return to work has rapidly diminished.



Mining community women have set up their own national organisation, the National Womens Organisation. The NWO - a class based organisation - will aim to work for total victory for the mining communities in its present struggle against pit closures, to consolidate and strengthen the womens groups that have grown out of the strike, and to build a permanent support network within the mining communities to organise not just on industrial issues but on all issues that affect the mining communities.

If they beat the miners, they've beaten the lot. - The whole problem is the fact that the top union leaders are getting so well paid today, that they don't want to create mayhem, because they'll be out of a job. - They seem to be embarrassed by us. - Exactly. - Look at Bill Sirs of the Steel workers. He knows what's happening to his men.'

N STRIKE

Disabled woman attacked by scabs

This is almost the reverse of the 'shock horror' stories you read in the gutter press. Needless to say the dailies have refused to cover the story.

Brenda Stout, an active member of the Bickershaw Miners Support Group has often been on picket line support, despite the fact that she is disabled and confined to a wheelchair, and in one incident she was even assaulted by cops.

But the crunch came when three masked scabs broke into her house and beat her up, knowing full well she was defenceless and they could get away with it.

Just after her husband left for picket duty the three smashed their way into her house, wrecking the place. They then assaulted Brenda, slapping her in the face and called her a 'decrepit spastic scrounger for the miners'. But worst was to come. One of them then pulled out a Stanley knife and tried to slash her across the face. Bravely, Brenda tried to defend herself and ended up getting a cut arm. This only seemed to drive the scabs even more insane: they grabbed the telephone cable, yanked it out of the socket and wrapped it around Brenda's neck, trying to strangle her. Brenda blacked out and fortunately came to about an hour later.

Typically the police, as they do when ever there is a racist attack, suggested to Brenda that her wounds had been self-inflicted!

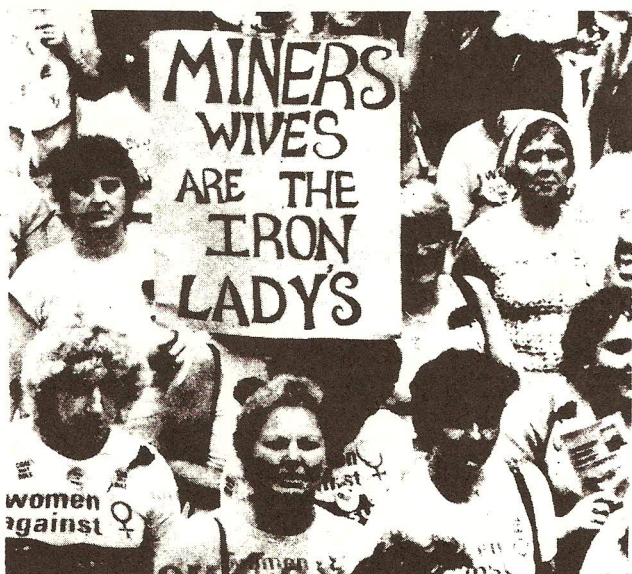
Apart from the left papers and those papers who support the Miners in their struggle, you would be hard pressed to see this story in any of the national dailies. It's the story the media prefers to forget about.

'You see, we're suffering now, but we know eventually there'll be an end to it. But if we give up because of this propoganda about Christmas and our children . . . We've all been worried about the kids, will they go without, especially at Christmas. This propoganda thing has been brought down to the level where they're not actually fighting us any more, they're not fighting our men, they're fighting our children.'



'There's a lot of miners who don't realise the implications. They haven't thought about it. They think they're out on strike and the union will win and they'll go back and that's it. But it will never be the same, and if our men go back now for nothing, that's it.'

'You've got miners' wives, and miners themselves who go down the pit, who don't just say, thanks very much, we've got just enough to live on; we think now, and because most of us think, we know how important this is. It's not just a strike. It's not just going short for nine months, because we know it'll be all the working classes, if they finally have their way. Everyone will be going short.'



These womens action/support groups need donations for food, transport, childrens activities, and legal costs.

YORKSHIRE

c/o J. Garnet, P.O. Box 96, Doncaster.

C.A.N. Womens Relief Group,
Sec: A. Want, 13
Wordsworth Ave., Campsall DN6 9NF

NOTTINGHAM

Notts. Women's Support Groups, NUPE Offices, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham. Ph. Nott. 603522 x 29.

Mansfield [Ladybrook] Support Group, c/o 52 Cromwell St, Littleworth, Mansfield, Nottinghamshire.

DERBYSHIRE

Holmewood and Heath Womens Action Group, c/o 5 Dickens Drive, Holmewood, Nr Chesterfield.

WALES

Cynheidre Contingency Fund, c/o S. Jones, 19, Tirbeeca, Tumble, Llanelli. Dyfed, Wales.

SUNDERLAND

Wearmouth Miners Wives Support Group, c/o Carol Bradley, 7 Swan Street, Monkwear Mouth, Sunderland.

There are many other addresses not mentioned here. . .

DAMNED & GOD

Historically little attention has been accorded to women's contribution to the development of society and even less to the struggle for equality. In Australia, if one were to take the majority of school textbooks literally, one could almost reach college believing that prior to 1900 there was only one woman on the continent — Caroline Chisolm, the woman whose face adorns the \$5.00 note and who described the female role as one of guarding the moral nature of men and children and otherwise performing the duties of 'God's Police'. Suffragists were presumably non-existent.

Australia has long been surrounded by a mythology negating women. In popular fiction, both within and outside the country, it has been portrayed as a man's world, the harsh environment supposedly giving rise to a race of tall, bronzed beer drinkers, silent, stoic, and above all MEN and all that that implies. This breed carved a nation out of an inhospitable land, so the story goes, forgetting to mention the systematic slaughter and extermination of more than half the land's indigenous people and other less romantic incidents.

Invaded by the British in 1788, Australia was to be mined for valuable minerals to provide the British with another strategic colony in its race with France for territory, and to serve as a dumping ground for the prisoners filling the overcrowded jails. And, until transportation ceased in 1840, thousands of convicts, including political activists and Irish rebels, landed on Australia's coast. Of this involuntary contingent 20% were women.

DAMNED WHORES

The plight of females in this community was an inevitable one. Surrounded by what was generally regarded as the dregs of British society, hardened criminals and the riff-raff of the armed forces, women were perceived as objects solely for the gratification of men. Indeed documents from the British Home Office indicates that women between the ages of 18 and 45 appearing before the British courts were highly likely to be sentenced to transportation for their crime, in order to narrow the disproportionate number of men to women. Whilst their term of imprisonment was ostensibly seven years, in reality they were condemned to a life of rape, exploitation and enforced 'whoredom'.

Whilst these crimes went on, the blame was attached not to the perpetrators of these crimes but to the women themselves. They were 'Damned Whores', a stigma that neither a permanent relationship nor marriage could dispel.

Meanwhile hundreds of middle and working class migrated only to find a society ill equipped to place them. There were not jobs, few hostels and an army of men with no plans for marriage. For those possessing no

skills and little money, prostitution or crime were the keys to survival.

Aboriginal women, however, did not even have that. Their land was rapidly stolen from them, their tribal community faced continual attack, and they themselves lived with the ever present possibility of rape, torture and murder. With no recourse to the white man's Law, and regarded by the emancipists and convicts as easy 'game' and by the settlers as 'vermin' these people fought with a desperate determination to preserve their culture; a culture in which women are highly valued, from the onslaught of an ever encroaching patriarchal society.

CHANGING THE IMAGE

The particular stereotype of WOMAN AS WHORE prevailed in the system as the exclusive image of women until the 1840's when transportation ceased and the local authorities wished to gain self-government. Within this climate where it was important to demonstrate respectability and to attract labourers and investors, to have the country labelled as a 'huge brothel' was clearly not in the interests of those seeking to improve the country's status. Similarly the emancipist and squatter wishing to emulate the British middle classes shared this concern with morality: and as always the morality was judged by the behaviour of and reputation of women rather than men. While this united front was extremely significant in the changing of stereotypes so too was the role of the church, the press and Australia's famous Caroline Chisolm.

Chisolm, a middle class British emigrant, had been working to improve the situation of women in the colony since the 1830's. Shocked at the lack of provision made for single females she established a Work Registry to enable them to find 'decent' employment, assisted with accomodation and endeavoured to arrange marriages and thus domesticate the community. Not content with these efforts she organised an Emigration scheme designed to help hard working women and diligent young couples reach Sydney, raising the standard of settlers and providing them with worthwhile vocations, thus changing the tone of the colony. But, though she did much to find jobs for women she was staunchly opposed to equal pay, arguing that economic independence would deter women from marrying. Women, she stated, were to be 'God's Police', the moral upholders of civilisation and



A HISTORY OF

AMOS HOTEL

EQUAL PAY

STRAIGHT SHIRT
(NOT DRESSING)



A FILM BY

MEGAN Mc

MARGOT N

MARGOT O

JENI THOR

MUSIC

ELIZABETH

NARRATION

NONI HAZL

WHORES 'S POLICE

FOR LOVE
OR MONEY ¹⁵



WOMEN AND WORK IN AUSTRALIA



A celebration of working women's courage, resilience and humour

MURCHY
ASH
LIVER
ILEY
DRAKE
EHURST



only as wives and, mothers, closely guiding the actions of their loved ones, could they be truly effective.

Financial necessity forced nearly a third of Australia's women into the workforce where they received less than 50% of the male wage working a 12 to 16 hour day. These women, largely ignored by politicians and the Church, experienced guilt for not adhering to the accepted social role. The media reinforced their discomfort by suggesting that alcoholism, crime and juvenile delinquency were the end product of women working outside the sanctity of hearth and home.

TRADE UNIONS

Trade unions, increasingly active in the latter half of the nineteenth century, adopted a similar perspective, refusing to combat women worker's exploitation unless they felt their employment threatened by the presence of women: in which case they either fought to improve women's lot (believing that all things being equal employers would prefer to hire a man) or alternatively, sought to bar women from those particular professions. A notable exception to these was the Industrial Workers of the World/IWW, a union which organised men and women, aboriginals and Chinese people, on an equal basis. Viola Wilkins was a renowned speaker and IWW organiser. She was arrested many times, and recommended that unemployed glaziers should solve their money problems by breaking a few windows and taking what they found. IWW members resisted conscription during the First World War, resulting in the framing and imprisonment of twelve members. (See *Sydney's Burning* by Ian Turner, published by Alpha Books). Distinct and separate female trade unions did not make their presence felt, and then only briefly, until 1890 and once again their male counterparts obstructed their efforts.

SUFFRAGISTS

The struggle for enfranchisement in Australia was not as violent as the British or as prolonged as the American nevertheless possesses a colourful story of its own. The fight began in the 1860's with with Harriet Dugdale's campaigns in 1868. Joined 20 years later by Annette Bear, the two formed the first league dedicated to female suffrage. Activists Rose Scott and Vida Goldstein and writer Louisa Lawson likewise established feminist organisations, producing newspapers (*The Women's Sphere and Dawn*) agitating for broad social change and demanding the vote. Middle class in orientation their primary appeal was to their social peers although they did infrequently address themselves to working class concerns.

Petitioning, rallying, lobbying, discussing, fighting...these early feminists were intent on improving the position of women in Australian society, a goal the more conservative believed would be accomplished with the acquisition of the vote. The radicals, viewing the situation less optimistically, were convinced that sustained,

FOLLOWING the wholesale distribution of the "Arm Yourselves" handbills, carefully folded copies were mailed to Justice Weeks, Assistant District Attorney Rorke, Detective Sergeant Gegan and others.

"Workers of America," the handbills read, "begin to arm yourselves and fight back in the same manner as you are being attacked. The bloody war of capitalism through its government against the workers is on". And there was much more to the same effect.

Mollie was shadowed, and on the afternoon of Oct. 14 she was seen mailing some of her handbills in a street letter box at Broadway and Seventeenth Street. The letter box was opened as soon as she had hurried away, and the handbills were found right on top of the heap inside. So the next day Detective Sergeant Gegan went over to the East Side and picked Mollie up. She was turned over to the Federal Authorities and committed to the Tombs in default of \$5,000 bail. The complaint against her was made by P.O. Inspector G.A. Smith, and she was held on a charge of inciting to murder, arson and assassination.

As soon as the Federal Grand Jury had returned a true bill against her, Mollie's bail was raised to \$10,000. The same East Side friends who had provided the first \$10,000 security came forward with another \$10,000, and Mollie was released. The immigration authorities immediately rearrested her on a deportation warrant, and Mollie went back to the Tombs. This time her bail was set at \$15,000. Before her friends could raise the sum she was taken to Ellis Isle "to await deportation". When she went on a hunger strike there, she was transferred back to Blackwell's Island. Then the fifteen-year sentence was confirmed by the higher courts and Mollie Steimer realized for the first time that she had been fighting something more powerful than herself.

Mollie's father died last year. Her mother broke down and cried when asked the other day to tell something about Mollie. Mollie's three sisters are quiet and well behaved. Mrs. Steimer is no longer young and much can happen in fifteen years.

across the board, struggle was required. The winning of the franchise, in South Australia in 1894 and the other states shortly after, proved the letter correct. Nothing changed.

The heritage these women bestowed was an inspiring one, but during the prosperous 20's, the turmoil of the 30's, the war-torn 40's and the suburban 50's, it was a heritage forgotten by all but a few. Yet, despite the lack of organisation, individuals and small groups continued working for change but their objectives were often of a more moralistic nature; strengthening the family and eradicating prostitution. Whilst widespread, grassroots feminist activity was restricted. During these years there were a number of structures introduced by middle class women to both further the rights of women through government legislation and encourage participation of females in the political arena. These associations including the Women's National League, the Women's Political Association and the League of Women Voters were often anti-socialist, sometimes racist and supported their claims by frequent use of 'God's Police' imagery, ie. women, being more moral, could elevate political and public standards.

FEMINISTS

Not until the 1960's did Women's Liberation again become an issue, mirroring the dedication and enthusiasm of the 1880's and 1890's...and receiving a similar skeptical reaction from the media. With little understanding and a great deal of malice the popular press categorised feminists as bra burning manhaters, wowers (wet blankets), prudes — rarely did they analyse the demands and complaints articulated by the group or study the factors that had given rise to the second wave of Australian feminists. To a large extent, the social forces that had earlier given birth to the American feminist community: women involved in left organisations, radical student politics, and the anti-Vietnam war struggle realised that although they were fighting for social upheaval, within their own groups they remained oppressed as a sex, as a class. American publications and leaflets describing the actions and theories in the US inspired demonstrations and similar lines of reasoning in Australia. Consciousness raising groups began meeting — on campuses, in homes, and in the suburbs. Feminism, like it or not, had arrived.

The early 70's heralded a period of immense activity. Women's shelters Rape Crisis Centres, Health Centre's, newspapers, journals, bookstores and Women's Advisors appeared. Women's exploited position in the workforce, and within the home, was brought to the nation's attention. Abortion, child-care, rape and sexuality were issues around which women across the country rose and organised.

And with the growth and development of the movement came practical and theoretical arguments reflecting the diversity of the women and their backgrounds. One very visible (and less threatening) strand to emerge was the Women's Electoral Lobby (WEL): a collection of basically middle-class women believing in reform through the existing mechanisms. In 1972, prior to the election of a Federal Labour government, the first in 23 years, WEL canvassed politicians, recording their responses on a wide range of subjects affecting women and then published them nationally. The survey, with its extensive media coverage, is commonly believed to have been one of the factors which caused the Liberal Party's defeat. (The Liberal party belie their name — they are actually very conservative, representing monied interests.)

1972 to 1975 was, without doubt, a time of burgeoning activity. With a government more supportive of women's concerns a series of proposals and legislation was initiated. Equal pay for equal work became a (theoretical) reality, funding for feminist conferences and educational publications materialised (though not in the hoped for quantities) and a Women's Advisor to the Prime Minister was appointed. Piece-meal, band-aid action it may well have been but it was a small step in the right direction. Unfortunately it ended up all too soon with the return of the Liberals in 1975 and the subsequent erosion and cut backs to women's services and a marked decline in the attention given Women's Affairs.

Australian IWW speaker Viola Wilkins speaking at a mass meeting in Perth, Australia in August or September 1939.



THE PRESENT

Eight consecutive years of Federal Liberal government have taken their toll. Women's programmes, health centres and agencies have faced harassment by politicians, right wing supporters and occasionally the press, but most have survived, often struggling along with the help of volunteers and donations. The election of a Labour government in March 1983 has not changed life for women. The Prime Minister, Bob Hawke is not only less socialist than his predecessors but a misogynist.

Within the broader Australian community it is sometimes difficult to believe that feminists are alive and active, the media rarely portraying the day to day realities of women's existence and occasionally featuring articles entitled 'Why The Women's Movement Failed' or 'Ten Years After Women's Lib'. Reading these items is similar to reading one's obituary — exasperating and confusing.

But even with an adequate education, Anti-Discrimination legislation, Equal Pay for Equal Work, and supposed access of opportunity, over-all, women receive two-thirds of the male wage, are in fewer promotional or managerial positions, are subjected to sexual harassment. . . the list goes on, the complaints neither new nor confined to Australia. The lot of the working woman is not an easy one and the media increases that burden with its accusation that working women are depriving the nation's youth of employment.

Unions, once the bastions of the male worker, are slowly becoming receptive to the plight of women, the more progressive endeavouring to increase female membership and encourage women to nominate for leadership positions. In some instances tokenism has resulted, in others it has been regarded as a ploy to boost figures but there are also Unions, especially those representing a sizeable female population, that have appointed Women's Advisers and adopted fairly positive policies in such areas as child care, parental leave and promotion. Much obviously remains to be altered and, in this period of recession, it is crucial that the issues not be subverted, as has happened when conservative delegates have been elected and when the government has effectively turned the struggle for better wages and conditions into a fight for survival.

RACISM

The fight for survival is one the native population know only too well. For over 200 years black women have been the victims of rape, racism and sexism; they have been exploited by the church, by employers and by artists; and feminists have largely ignored their battles. Individual white women have struggled but in the main, Aboriginal women have organised alone, and because of the smallness of their numbers it has been easy to forget the hand to mouth existence confronting them or to notice the actions they are performing in retaliation. Their concerns are not necessarily those of the white women's movement — equal pay for equal work is hardly an issue when the whole of



one's family is unemployed, barely subsisting on the government's much begrudged 'handouts'. Unfortunately the most white feminists have done is to discuss whether or not it is tokenism to have a black speaker at International Women's Day rallies. But while immobilization has characterised white women, strong Aboriginal women such as Bobbi Sykes and Mum Shirl have emerged as spokeswomen, writing and speaking about the needs of their people.

POLITICAL ACTIVISM

The 1980's with its high unemployment, escalating inflation and looming militarism have influenced feminists considerably. On a national level there are women intensely involved in the anti-nuclear movement, forming separate women's groups to discuss methodologies for subverting the menace and to organise — but also working in conjunction with men in rallies, demonstrations and sit-ins. For example, in November 1983, hundreds of women from all over Australia gathered in central Australia at a US-controlled missile tracking station (or so we're told that's its purpose!), Pine Gap. Australians are not allowed onto this installation yet women managed to storm the fences and get a fair way into the grounds, amongst other disruptions. Pine-Gap remains an enigma to the anti-nuclear movement as to its real purpose and women's action drew the world's attention to its existence. Australia possesses huge deposits of uranium, which is mined and exported, Australia has become the recipient of massive foreign investment. Politicians, of right and left wing orientation, utilizing every opportunity to publicize the pro-lobby by minimising the dangers and maximizing the 'benefits', have heralding the mineral's desirability as an answer to the country's problems. The 'resources boom', always ever distant, will provide jobs and bolster the flagging economy — the women (and men) agitating against its develop-

ment thus become disruptive radicals obstructing Australia's road to recovery. Despite the bad press the anti-nuclear movement is expanding.

ANZAC DAY

ANZAC Day (April 25) is regarded by historians, soldiers, military officials and the press as the anniversary of Australia's birth as a nation. On April 15, 1916 thousands of Australian and New Zealand troops stormed the beaches of Gallipoli in an abortive, suicidal mission. The annihilation that resulted was inconsequential as far as World War One was concerned and irrelevant to the rest of the world — but, for many Australians, this day has become immortalised as a day of patriotism, each year soldiers from past wars parading the streets. It has been on this day, a day usually ending in a great deal of drunkenness, that feminists throughout the country have protested against rape — in wars and in peace. The response to their peaceful demonstrations and their attempts to lay wreaths in memory of women raped and murdered has been explosive, State governments even going so far as to hastily push through legislation preventing Women Against Rape and Soldiers For Peace marching. Outraged members of the Returned Servicemen's League (RSL) have accused feminists of slandering the reputation of 'our boys' . . . but anyway, 'rape is part of war'. While media covering of the women's actions has frequently been biased and distorted it has served to bring the issue of rape before the usually apathetic public and to elicit much discussion and commentary in a way that Reclaim The Night marches have not. *Written by Pat Gallasch from OFF OUR BACKS, an American feminist newspaper.*

'Damned Whores and Gods Police' is the title of a book by Anne Summers, published in Australia.

INSIDE IN

I went to Armagh and Belfast in March 1984 and I just want to tell about my personal impression of what I've seen, and about the conference on that weekend which took place.

South Belfast — empty or derelict houses — closed factories — dead streets and quite close to the city centre. In the middle of it is the Town Hall, a big and imposing building. The British flag on the roof waved in the wind. Everything looked English. It could be somewhere in England. For seconds I could almost forget that I'm in Belfast, but the British soldiers who walk or run with their rifles through the streets and the RUC (Royal Ulster Constabulary), which is also armed, reminded me very quickly where I was. The RUC and the Brits drive through the streets in their jeeps, stop suddenly — if they feel like it — jump out and stop search people. Two of them check people's identity and the two others aim their rifles at them and everything moving around. Sometimes they suddenly appear from nowhere, play around with their rifles — run around, sneak around corners and point their rifles at people who walk past, then suddenly they disappear. From the city centre towards west Belfast lots of streets are closed off with gates. During the day at the checkpoints the RUC harass the people who come and go into that area, or at certain times they seal it off completely.

In West Belfast there is a new community centre where on that weekend they had a conference about strip searching in Armagh Prison and the paid perjurer system. Women were talking about their own personal experiences in the women's prison in Armagh. 'Strip searching has been a standard practice within the prison since November 1982. Every woman who leaves and returns to the goal is compelled to strip completely naked and to expose her naked body to a visual inspection by screws. Pregnant women and those who may, at the time, have their periods are forced to comply to this regulation regardless of their condition. Refusal to do so results in the prisoners being forcibly stripped naked by screws and subsequently charged with "assault and breach of discipline" offences, both of which herald severe punishments.'

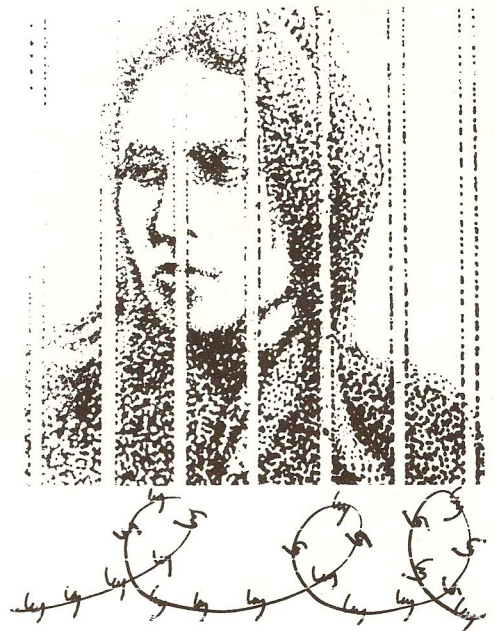


A woman barrister was talking about paid perjurers and how the courts, the judges and the cops force people to write statements incriminating others. People have to go to jail just because somebody alleges that they recognise someone's voice, or the 'security forces' tell which people they want to put in prison and, under the pressure of being put in jail themselves for years or life, they say that they know these people and that they have committed various criminal acts. A lot of people who were put into prison were not politically active at all. They might be sympathetic to the republicans but that's enough. They get accused of being IRA volunteers. Those who they want a statement from, are offered a lot of money; a new identity and a free ticket very often to South Africa. So he or she has the choice of taking all the money and building a new life somewhere else or being put in prison themselves, and the threat that relatives will be jailed if they don't cooperate. In May the biggest show trial so far will start. One perjurer has accused 65 people. A young woman, whose husband has been put in jail on the word of a paid perjurer, was telling us about her experiences since her husband was jailed, and in the end she said 'I had my eyes shut — maybe deliberately — but I have to stand up now and speak out!'

Monika, Brixton.

CONTACT:

London Women's Armagh Group,
c/o 52-54 Featherstone Street,
LONDON EC1.



IRELAND

Suddenly it's all in front of us
— endless landscapes
of calculating rolls of barbed
wire
waiting to spear any dissent
on razorsharp coils of cold
metal

behind the rows of barbed wire
rise equally endless stretches of tall,
strangling walls

It seems so incredibly evil
that somewhere behind those
bleak walls

people have to live a lifetime
I turn around
but none of the other women show
any emotion
(they've seen it all a million times
before)
looking at them makes me shiver

After being led through endless
grey corridors
that all look identical
and where the echo of your footsteps

rings through the silence
sitting on sweaty, insecure seats
in deserted, sterile waiting-rooms
clenching my fists

-trying not to show my anger
and humiliation
at the obvious way that the screws
take turns

at looking at me
and the loud, ugly, macho laughter
that follows
after they return to the others

Finally, after the body-search,
I'm led into a tiny, stuffy box
and the prisoner is led in
As he sits down, I study his face
but there is no sign of any emotion
there either

(it doesn't get you far)
He quickly lights one of my cigarettes
with one of the five matches

I'm allowed
As the smoke leaves his mouth,
he starts talking
but he talks as if he's too weary to
pronounce the words
the words that come out are only
ordered letters

I feel frustrated at first
there's a cold fish-eyed robot
parked behind him
with its taperecorder switched on
-its eyes flashing yellow
as it films us
it stays parked and unmoving
all the time
my head is filled with ticking noises
-only half an hour to talk about
a lifetime

everything is parcelled anonymously
what I try to say comes out distorted
-already censored by the
circumstances

I experience a second of naive hope
as he embraces me and presses
his lips on mine
It's like kissing a piece of dead flesh
all cold stiff and mechanical
it only leaves me feeling even more
empty

I see no interest in anything
in his eyes
Survival survival survival
We part with empty gestures

I come out feeling drained
driving out the gate makes no
difference

I am not fooled
I am loaded down with indifference
towards everything
my anger, pity, understanding
and aggressiveness
were all kidnapped in those long,
lonely corridors
all I feel now is immense emptiness.

I turn around once more, to look at
the women around me
some with small babies on their arms
-they're laughing and joking
as if they hadn't just been through
the same as I have
and I realize their strength
they cannot be beaten
They give me back my defiance

But I don't only want to learn
to cope with all the
ugliness, suffering and repression
like my mother did, and so many
women before her
I also want to release my anger,
and realize my strength
The best way of helping and
supporting those inside
is by fighting the system
that keeps us all imprisoned.

T.

WOMEN AND ANIMAL RIGHTS

I've written this article to make points about animal rights which I feel are important for us as wimmin to recognise.

Many anarchists feel that it is not an important issue. If we start from the fact that we are all oppressed, we should at least attempt to identify with the treatment of animals. There are many ways that, as wimmin, we can relate their exploitation to our own. Like:

a) a commodity; trussed up and decorated according to taste. We /they lose the true identity and become removed or abstract from what we/they really are.

b) The humiliation of rape and pornography; the intensely exploited sow and cow, continually raped to produce meat and milk, their young taken after only a few days.

c) experimentation on wimmin and children in the third world, and in mental institutions, prisons for the drug-companies to test out their products. From the vivisection laboratory to the human 'Guinea-pig'.

d) the manipulation for consumerism. The system churns out stereotypes to create the market for its products. We get used to eating flesh in the same way that as wimmin, we are manipulated into becoming a receptacle for the male gaze.

One of the best examples of our patriarchal culture is the eating of flesh. Steak for the real 'man'; flesh can also become a status-symbol as in veal, salmon etc. To include animals in anarchist ethics does not have to mean weakening it. Instead it makes clearer the extreme aggression that is encouraged in this macho, patriarchal society the clearer the flaws, the more we can do to smash it.

As anarchists, we fight all exploitation and misery caused by financial greed. As such does it not follow through that we should boycott flesh and dairy products as we do South African 'goods'? They are all symptoms of the same cause - capitalism. If we are to fight against it, we contradict ourselves by consuming the flesh of sentient animals. How can we be taken seriously if we only pursue our beliefs so far and no more. I can only see it as hypocrisy, selfish and religiously humanist, to apply the concept of freedom to only those who can articulate, whilst leaving aside other animals. It is like punishing them for being unable to communicate their suffering.

There does seem to be a stigma attached to vegetarianism, as much a prejudice as sexism and racism. It isn't macho enough for your average anarchist to munch on a nut cutlet, and to show sensitivity to other sentient beings. Surely this is acting out what society has implanted in our minds; that to care for other's feelings is a weakness. It's 'dog-eat-dog, maan.'

I see it as reinforcing our strength as anarchists if we recognise ALL oppression and not just what suits us. It does not subtract from the issue, but deepens what should be a general concern for all victims of the crap that pervades our lives. It may sound a cliché, but I find a lot in the words- 'we are what we eat.'

Animals are pumped with hormones and other shit to produce a bigger profit. This is agribusiness. By eating their flesh our bodies become full of the same crap. And it's wondered why cancer is so rampant - 80% of all cancers are preventative. Like all other aspects of life, we are not encouraged to ask questions. For those in authority, our ignorance is their bliss. So we lack the confidence to ask questions. We are constantly leaving decisions to, and putting our faith in doctors and hospitals. Things outside ourselves, which means we lose control over our own bodies. Strength of mind and body are not qualities cultivated by the state and drug companies. The more we think and push forward our ideas, the more we can realize that oppression only works well if it is total. So to fight against it, we must struggle against all areas of it and not just those that directly affect us.

Only when we ask 'why' and demand answers will strength and confidence be ours and everyone's. Then we can take control and change our lives, and thus transform our society.

Not many people seem to realize that the grain fed to forced-bred animals is the same grain exported from the land and labour of the starving people of the 'third-world'. There is more profit in agribusiness than allowing people to live. In a constant state of trying to survive, they cannot find the strength to change their lives. So by continu-

ing to eat the flesh is to condone such suffering and death. Millions of children, wimmin and men dying, not only of starvation and disease either. Baby milk powder is made to appear healthier than the mother's own, and in her illiteracy she accidentally kills her children by not being able to follow the directions properly. . .

All oppression is linked, and if we recognise this we can only withdraw our support as far as possible - the personal is political. We must continually push forward our beliefs. By changing our own lives and living how we feel to be right can we influence the shit around us.

The revolution starts with yourself.

Tracey

Addresses for contacts that are sympathetic to the above ideas:

- Hunt Saboteurs, P.O. Box 19, London N22 9LR. Publishes Howl.
- ALF, BCM Box 1160, London WC1 3XX.
- Animal Aid, 7 Castle Street, Tonbridge, Kent TN9 1BH. Ph: 0732 364546. Publishes Outrage.
- BUAV, 16a Crane Grove, Islington, London N7 8LB. Ph: 580 4034. Publishes Animal Defender and Campaigner.



WOMEN - BUILT IN OBSOLESCENCE

Reproductive technology could be the answer to some infertile women's dreams — to have a child of their own — and so women are quick to offer themselves as guinea pigs to further this research. But who controls, markets and profits from this new technology? If men can choose boy children and create artificial wombs and placentas (which will happen soon) then women could become obsolete.

In our present society, where males are favoured, most parents would prefer to have boy children. Where parents have two children, even if they would like one of each sex, they prefer to have the boy first. So in societies where sex could be selected, there would be fewer girls and these would always be younger sisters. Since first-borns are known to be more intelligent, successful, independent and higher in self-esteem (because of the higher expectations put on them), this would perpetuate women's position of inferiority and add biological 'proof' to back sexist attitudes.

Class would also be a factor, since the technique at present involves aborting a female foetus and abortion is more difficult for a poor woman to obtain. With current plans for surrogate mothers, we can envisage middle-class professionals hiring working-class women (who need the cash) to bear the next generation of oppressors — how sick! Racism too would rear its ugly head. White families will be in a better position to apply for whatever technology comes up with and will pre-select for few, well-fed male babies; others will have to take a chance on having the less-valuable girls.

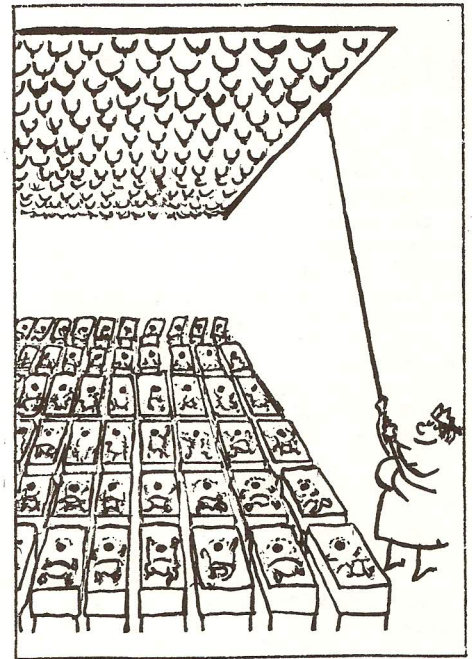
I mention artificial wombs and placentas above: the present state of research into incubators is bringing the age at which a foetus can survive outside a woman's womb earlier and earlier. If the length of time embryos are kept after in vitro fertilisation is extended, these times will eventually meet and humans be reared without births or wombs. So if men can reproduce themselves without women, given present attitudes, what hope is there for women's survival? They are in the hands of male, medical and scientific 'experts' — with no personal experience of childbirth!

It has been suggested by John Postgate, professor of microbiology, that the answer to the population problem could be restrictions on the number of live, female births. He admits that women would then have to be kept in a form of purdah in a society with such an imbalance between the sexes. The brutality of the American frontier and early white settlement of Australia show us what life would be like with few women around: then women had to become 'damned whores' or 'God's police' in order to protect themselves.

The State would, of course, be expected to regulate the population. It is men who run governments, train doctors, make contraceptives, decide on abortion and profit from drugs. So where does women's right to make decisions about their own bodies come in? It seems that women, having fought for the right to choose abortion, may soon have to fight for the right to give birth.

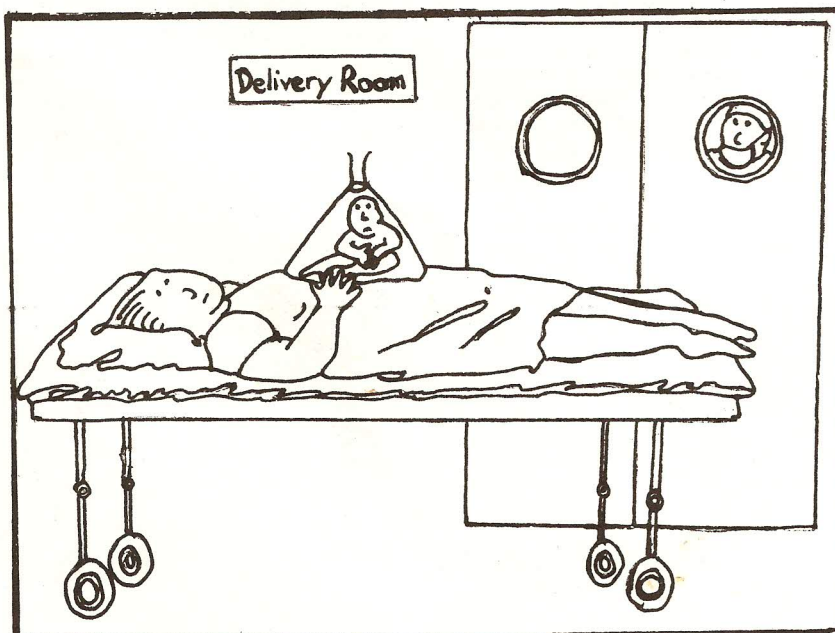
L.V. (Medway, DAM)

(My thanks to Robyn Rowland, whose article in 'Test Tube Women' — Pandora Press 1984 — inspired this article).



**We don't agree that first borns are necessarily more 'intelligent, successful, independent and higher in self-esteem' even though there may be some parents who do put higher expectations on them.*

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:— Women and Reproductive Rights Campaign, 52-54 Featherstone Street, London E.C.1.



OUTRAGE

A Brazilian jury has handed down yet another light sentence to a man who killed his wife in a so-called 'legitimate defence of his honour.'

In 1979, a jury used this long-standing legal defence to give a two year suspended sentence to a man who had killed his lover. Now, another jury has given the same sentence to a man who shot his wife six times — allegedly because she was leaving him for another man.

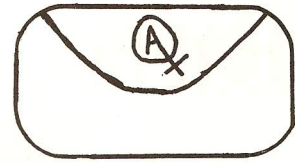
That wasn't the only reason for the killing, however. Eduardo Souza Rocha also listed as contributing factors the fact that his wife smoked, drove without a chaperone and wasn't always home to greet him when he got off work.

OUTWRITE





LETTERS



USA

Dear Anarchist-Feminist Magazine Folks,

Thank you very much for printing "Women, Wimmin, Womyn, Womin, Whippets." It brings up a number of issues which urgently require discussion. I was pleasantly refreshed by the frank, open way in which the author deals with them. I believe that it is in the best interests of all of us who are involved in the struggle for human emancipation — and it is as a vital part of it, womens emancipation — to discuss these issues thoroughly. In radical circles, as elsewhere in society, too many people play down, try too often to gloss over, or totally avoid discussing problems because of their belief that criticism is detrimental to their goals. I, on the other hand, agree with the author of the article that avoiding criticism has the opposite effect. Discussion and debate are extremely important for the development of any real movement for social change. The refusal to face the facts about our problems fosters false relationships, false unity and habits of lying and deception.

In the society at large, biological determinism is a major ideological prop of bigotry, which, in its turn, destroys individual possibilities and the potential for community. The assertions that men are mutants and that men and women make up two entirely different, separate classes with totally different separate interests (which I have also often heard) are both underpinned by the assumptions of biological determinism, and are therefore basically bigoted. The arguments of biological determinism have generally been used for a long time to justify discrimination against, divide and oppress people because of their sex, sexual preference, race, ethnic origin, mental and physical abilities and disabilities and age and other 'differences'. Unfortunately, at this time bigotry is very pervasive and on the increase everywhere. So it is not surprising that even people who are sincerely striving to change the world and eliminate bigotry might succumb to it in some form inadvertently. Only if we face such tendencies and deal with them frankly and critically can we possibly go beyond them. By ignoring such tendencies we only allow them to flourish. All forms of bigotry reinforce the hierarchies we are fighting against and can ultimately only hold us back.

I myself have been involved in, and definitely recognize the value of, separate discussion groups and other projects where women can develop their capacities outside the context of male intimidation and concentrate on problems specific to their situation as women. But beyond this point I think that a separatist position is bound to lead to divisiveness and the reinforcement of disunity. I had concrete experience of this a few years ago in Boston at the time of a womens March to Take Back the Night. There was a widespread feeling of sympathy and support for the aims of the march among many people of all sorts, particularly because it was very clear at that time that the streets were unsafe for all sorts of people, including women. It occurred at a time when there was a great deal of racial tension and violence (including murder), and many black people felt unsafe on the streets. There was also a rash of host-

ility and violence (including murder) against gay men. Older people and people with physical disabilities were also being attacked and victimized on the streets at a very high rate.

Many men wanted to show their solidarity with the aims of the march, both to support the demands the women had made and in their own behalf. However, the march organizers considered that the various categories of people could not share common goals and did not have truly common needs, and should therefore be denied full participation. Only women were allowed to participate directly in the march. They further decided not to march through the black neighbourhoods (in conformity with the wishes of the police) so as to avoid further tensions. Through these two decisions they insured that many women, white and particularly black, would decide not to participate. All men who might wish to show their solidarity with the aims of the march were instructed to stand on the sidelines holding candles and wearing appropriate armbands designating them as gay, straight, black, having disabilities etc. As far as I am concerned, this only perpetuated divisions where they were not necessary. I cannot see how male participation in such a march could have inhibited the actions and ideas of the women in the streets. It was merely an exercise of arbitrary power on the part of the Leaders of the march.

Only if we can all learn to have equal consideration for each others' experiences of victimization and equal respect for each others dignity, can we hope to subvert the status quo. The author is correct in asserting that oppressions should not, and as a matter of fact cannot, be ranked. Suffering and experience in general can not be quantified. All that ranking accomplishes is reinforcement of hierarchies in general. Such a strategy can only aim at a change in the order of domination — a change in who is on the top and who is on the bottom. There is never any reason to believe that new power-holders would, in the long run, be any better than the old authorities. They would also demand conformity and that their orders are to be followed. But this clearly goes against the desire which so many of us feel to create a society in which we can all fully participate, in which behaviour will be a true product of individual creativity and communal interaction, in which human actions are based on real co-incidence between individual and communal desires.

Those people who advocate using direct coercion and force in dealing with the problems of pornography and rape are also reinforcing hierarchy in another way. I believe that pornography does promote the conception of men and women as things, and sometimes even incites, people — particularly men — to act violently against other people — particularly women — and thereby is destructive of the possibilities of real love and real intimacy. But forcefully banning pornography or intimidating those who partake of it doesn't deal with or change the underlying reasons many people crave and are titillated by pornography.

Rape is one of the most appalling and devastating acts one person can commit against another, and deeply undermines the possibilities for intimacy and love in our society. But it cannot be successfully dealt with through accepting or even demanding the kind of solutions which the authorities use to reinforce their domination. Mental and physical intimidation, punishment, for those who deviate from what is defined as the proper norm have not alleviated social problems thus far. The reasons that pornography and rape appeal to some are embedded in the irrational depths of the individual psyche as created by and reinforced by the present social order. They cannot be eliminated by threats or punishment. It is harder, but nevertheless necessary, to deal with those problems by trying to understand how to undermine their causes and how to go beyond our own socially determined passivity and how to help others to do the same. The only real deterrent will lie in women and men developing an authentic capacity for self-assertion, resistance, and collective solidarity. How this can be done is definitely one of the major questions of our time. But the external enforcement of standards will certainly lead in the wrong direction, and can only reinforce authoritarian structures, an authoritarian mentality and through it, all the patterns of subjugation and domination which lie at the root of the very problems we are trying to eliminate. The means we use in our struggle must be chosen carefully and critically, because they can either help or perpetuate the old world or help to create a new one.

*Yours in the struggle,
D. E. (USA)*

(Sorry D.E, we lost your address, if you could write again we could send you some mail).



LETTER

LONDON

Dear Sisters,

I was really pleased to find your magazine and think it is great to see Anarchist/Feminist ideas in print at last. I have been interested in Anarchism for a long time and it is good to see it linked up with Feminism.

I particularly liked the article on Separatism, which gave expression to so many feelings I and my friends have had about the Womens Movement. In fact, for years I have kept out of active involvement in Womens politics because I could not agree with the narrow minded and reactionary stance I think Separatism represents. It has been explained to me as a kind of 'conscriptation' that women have to go through in order to free themselves from male domination. It is only through completely rejecting men, politically and sexually, that women may be able to stop identifying themselves through male dominated ideology and, then, face them as equals. It sounds rather like going into a convent!

I don't see how the progress is liberatory when it is based on such authoritarian principles, and creates more divisions instead of breaking them down. The main problem is lack of debate, and I was very sad to see the review *City Limits* gave your paper which seemed very intolerant — not bothering to discuss the ideas they thought badly expressed. I would like to write to them about it, to try and open up the debate — and make trouble! I thought it best to see what you thought first, to get some support and ideas from you (collaboration is subversive) and try to write something. Perhaps you could let me know what you think.

I liked your centrepiece on eggheads. Have you sent it to Sisterwrite? It does seem funny though, that the Situationists who wrote so many fuck theory pamphlets and comics were themselves the biggest bunch of intellectuals you could hope to meet. To understand Guy Debord's *The Society of the Spectacle* requires a profound philosophical understanding of Hegelian dialectic! Still, I suppose that's life. . .

Please keep in touch, and let me know of any conferences, meetings or publications. I hope you manage to stay in print and save your bookshop.

Emma lives!
Love & Peace

(Name lost)
Regents Park Estate,
London NW1.



REVIEWS

BOOKS AVAILABLE FROM THE ANARCHIST-FEMINIST GROUP

LIVING MY LIFE Volumes 1 & 2 (in two books)

Emma Goldman
Unabridged re-publication of the original (1931) edition. Total of 13 plates 994 pages.

Both books priced at £6.20 ea.

'You damn bitch of an anarchist. I wish I could get at you. I would tear your heart out and feed it to my dog.' This is one less obscene message received by Emma Goldman (1868-1940), while in jail on suspicion of complicity in the assassination of President McKinley. The most notorious woman of her day, she was bitterly hated by millions and equally revered by millions. The strong feelings she aroused are understandable. She was an alien, a practicing anarchist, a labour agitator, an anti-militarist in World War I, an advocate of political violence, a feminist, a proponent of free love and birth control, a communist, a street-fighter for justice — all of which she did with strong intellect and boundless passion. Today, of course, many of the issues that she fought over are just as vital as they were 75 years ago.

Emma Goldman came from Russia at the age of 17. After an encounter with the sweat shop and unfortunate marriage, she plunged into the bewildering intellectual and activist chaos that attended American social evolution around the turn of the century. She knew practically everyone of importance in radical circles. She dominated many of the radical movements, lecturing, writing, haranguing and publishing to awaken the world to her ideas. After World War I she was deported to Russia, where she soon discovered that anarchists were no better liked than in America, despite Lenin's first gesture of welcome. She escaped with her life, but never was allowed to return to the United States.

Emma Goldman was a devastatingly honest woman, who spared herself as little as she spared anyone else. From her account the reader can gain insight into a curious personality type of recurrent interest: a woman who devoted her life to erasing suffering, yet could make a bomb or assist in staging an assassination. Equally interesting are her comments on other radicals of the period, such as Kropotkin, Berkman, Mooney, Lenin, Trotsky, Haywood, Most, the Haymarket Martyrs and many others. Her autobiography, written with vigour, ranks among the finest in English.

ANARCHISM AND OTHER ESSAYS Emma Goldman, 271 pages £4.30

This book is a collection of Emma Goldman's remarkably penetrating essays, far in advance of their time, originally published by the *Mother Earth* press which she founded.

In the first of these essays: *Anarchism: What It Really Stands For*, she says, 'Direct action, having proven effective along economic lines, is equally potent in the environment of the individual.' In *Minority Versus Majorities* she holds that social and economic well-being will result only through 'the non-compromising determination of intelligent minorities, and not through the mass.' Other pieces deal with *The Hypocrisy of Puritanism*; *Prisons: A Social Crime and Failure*; *The Sociology of Political Violence* — note the relevance of these themes to our own time; *The Drama: A Powerful Disseminator of Radical Thought*; *Patriotism: A menace to Liberty*; and *The Tragedy of Women's Emancipation*. A biographical sketch by Hippolyte Havel precedes the essays.

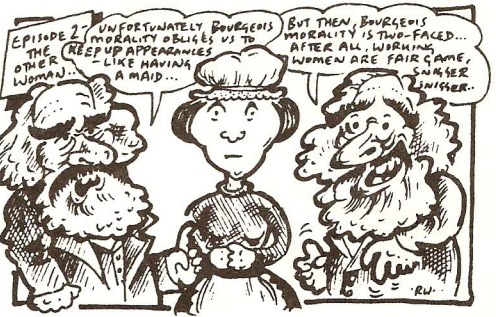
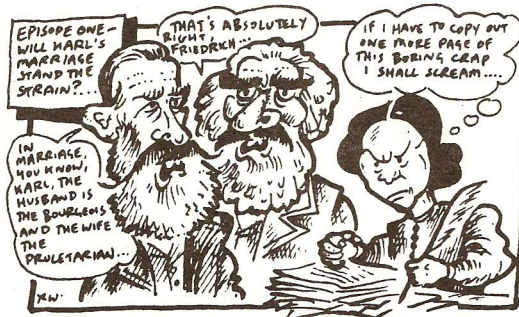
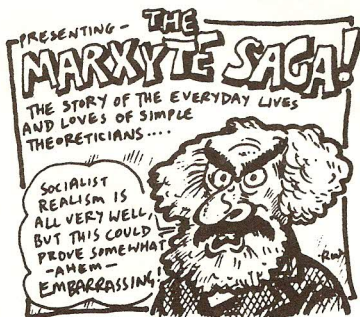
Anarchism and Other Essays provides a fascinating look into revolutionary issues at the turn of the century, a prophetic view of the social and economic future, much of which we have seen take place, and above all, a glimpse into the mind of an extraordinary woman: brilliant, provocative, dedicated, passionate, and what used to be called 'high-minded'.

LUCY PARSONS — AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY Carolyn Ashbough, 228 pages, Illustrated with bibliography £2.75

Poor. Non-white. woman. With three strikes against her, Lucy Parsons became a woman so feared by the Chicago police that they broke up her meetings for 30 years.

This new biography of a central figure in the Haymarket Affair is long overdue and a big step towards reinterpreting the role of women in American history. Historians have compared Lucy Parsons to Mother Jones, Votairine de Cleyre, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Emma Goldman. But 'Dark Lucy' was one of a kind; from probably slave origins she became a leading spokesperson for social revolution.

Young feminist historian Carolyn Ashbough interprets the radical response to industrialisation, the robber barons, and monopoly in the post civil war era through Lucy Parsons' career. Unfortunately she leaves out some of the more obvious anarchist tendencies in Lucy Parsons' personality, and has a tendency to trivialise these. Nonetheless Ms. Ashbough has done a remarkable job piecing together the fragments of an exciting career to portray the 'undiscovered' American revolutionary.



REVIEWS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MOTHER JONES

242 pages. Illustrated with bibliography £2.50

One of the great labour books of all time. Irish-born Mary Harris Jones was a widow of 47 when she got involved with her first big strike — the great Baltimore & Ohio Railway walkout of 1877.

For nearly 50 years thereafter Mother Jones organised, agitated, publicised, speechified, went to jail on behalf of America's working men, women, and children. In old age she wrote this story of her crusades, in vivid and salty language.

Anyone interested in the struggles of early unionism — and in one woman's indomitable spirit — will delight in this book.



QUIET RUMOURS: AN ANARCHA-FEMINIST ANTHOLOGY

72 pages £1.50

Seven essays, with an introduction. The first is an 'Anarcho-Feminist Manifesto', written in Chicago in 1971. 'Blood of the Flower', the second, is a statement written by Red Rosia and Black Maria of the Black Rose Anarcho-Feminists, from Cambridge Massachusetts, in 1971. Third is 'Feminism as Anarchism' by Lynn Farrow. Her article first appeared in 1974 in a New York feminist magazine, asking 'where do we move from here?'. Fourth is 'Anarchism: the Feminist Connection', by Peggy Kornegger. Often re-printed, this article defines anarchism, goes on to detail times when anarchism has been a practical reality, and then outlines how progressive the feminist movement could be, and where it has lapsed into reform-



WOMAN ON THE EDGE OF TIME

Marge Piercy, Women's Press, London.

This book I really recommend to read. Marge Piercy, I think, has that way of writing which makes you feel like you know the characters that she is writing about which makes the book addictive to read.

She writes about what I suppose lots of us imagine and hope for — some sort of Utopian society where power relationships no longer exist or when they do they are sorted out between the people concerned.

She writes about a Mexican, working class woman in America who is classified as mentally ill — she is oppressed because of her race, her class, and her sex, which eventually results in her being imprisoned in a mental hospital to be experimented on by white, middle-class male doctors who want to change the structure of her brain so that she will passively accept



LOUISE MICHEL

Edith Thomas, Translated by Penelope Williams, 444 pages £6.95

Revolutionary on the barricades of the Paris Commune, tried before the War Council of France, deported to a penal colony, received by enthusiastic crowds upon her return, brilliant lecturer throughout Europe, continually followed by the police, participant in special trials and demonstrations, threatened by assassins, imprisoned time and again, Louise Michel, writer, teacher, poet, feminist is one of the most extraordinary legends in the literature of freedom.

Edith Thomas has written the first complete biography of this famous anarchist with passion. The author's research took her through the Historical Archives of the French Prefecture of Police to the International Institute of Social History in Amsterdam.

JOURNEY THROUGH UTOPIA

Marie Louise Bernei, 339 pages £2.95

The author has set out to give a description and a critical assessment of the most important (not necessarily the most famous) Utopian writings since Plato's *Republic*. In some cases no English version existed so that the author had to make her own translations. The book brings out in a striking way the close relationships between Utopian thought and social reality, and is of importance because it warns us of the doom that awaits those who are foolish enough to put their trust in an ordered and regimented world.

ism. Comprehensive. 'Voltaire De Cleyre, an introduction' by Marian Leighton, is next — telling of the influences on the life of this very lively Anarchist propagandist. It's followed by an article by her 'The Making of An Anarchist', written in her emotional style, and refuting the current anti-anarchist smears which are still unfortunately used now. Finally, another often re-printed article, written by Carol Ehrlich, in 1977. It criticises the power games in the women's movement, and compares 'radical feminist' (1977-variety) with anarchist feminism. She relates situationism to women's role — something to be consumed and objectified. She includes a good poem — 'The Gift'. Well, I hope this outline inspires you to read this collection — and move on... What happened to Anarchist Feminist writings since the seventies.



what they and everyone else wish to do to her.

This woman is, however, able to pass into totally different future societies. There is on the one hand the society where the only difference between women and men is their bodies. Men 'mother' children as often as women, and women defend their society against attack as often as men. The women learn skills, the men learn skills — which ever ones they want. The words 'he' and 'her' do not exist — 'per' is used instead.

Decisions in this society are made collectively — and people within each community are genuinely cared for by each other.

The other society that this woman passes into is a society where women's bodies are totally controlled by men — the women are usually imprisoned in a room — their only contact with another person being the man who comes to screw her when he wants. Contact with other women is totally impossible.

After passing into these two different societies this woman, Connie, feels that what the doctors are trying to do to her is what the men in the second society do to the women there — that is — have them totally under their control. She therefore feels that if people are ever to live in the first sort of society she passed into she must stop this experiment happening before it's too late.

If we do not stop the state's control of people according to their sex, class or their race, it will be too late for us too.

REVIEWS

WOMEN IN THE SPANISH REVOLUTION

Liz Willis. £1 or less.

Inspiring glimpse of the Spanish revolution, filling in the gaps in other books where you wonder — 'Where were the women?' A must. *Mujeres Libres* (Free Women): 'With work and with weapons we women will defend the Liberty of the People!'

UNTYING THE KNOT — Feminism, Anarchism and Organisation. Two articles — the 'Tyranny of Structurelessness', by Jo Freeman, and 'The Tyranny of Tyranny', by Cathy Levine are combined in this pamphlet. 60p

The first article was produced in 1970 in the US. It discusses the problems of small informal group organisation, and the danger of 'invisible' elites. The second is an answer to it, reasserting that small groups must be the base for political action, and also reflecting on the repressive force which internal conditioning has on our lives.

ANARCHISM AND FEMINISM

Medway DAM-IWA

Short pamphlet explaining plainly differences between feminism and anarchism and similarities. New leaflet combining ANARCHISM AND FEMINISM and WOMEN AND TRADE UNIONS being published shortly by the Direct Action Movement publications group. Available from DAM-S.L. c/o 121 Railton Road, London SE24 or leaflet on Anarchism and Feminism alone from Medway DAM-IWA, c/o 107 King Street, Gillingham, Kent.

POSTER

'A Stitch in Time Saves Nine — Free Safe Vasectomy on Demand!' £1.00

Screen-printed in 7 colours by Fly Press. Measurements: 76cm x 51cm.

BADGES .25p

Anarchist feminist badges. Black on Red/Red on Black

WHEN ORDERING

All orders should be placed in writing to: Anarchist Feminist Group, 121 Bookshop, 121 Railton Road, London SE24 England or to the addresses given in the listings. Please add 10% to the total for postage. Also include, in addition to the title and author, cash with order or cheque made out to: 121 BOOKSHOP.

MAGAZINES

EVERYTHING. Anarchist Feminist paper from Sydney Australia. No. 8. 50p

Articles on Censorship & Pornography, Bisexuality, the Campaign to Close Mulawa Women's Prison, and Pine Gap. A good read. From: Box 131, Holme Building, Sydney University, Sydney, Australia 2006.

REVENGE OF THE RAPED Punk style feminist pacifist/anarchist paper. 20p

News on Sex, Charities, Menstruation, Rape during War, and Animal Rights. Not produced anymore — back copies available. From 43 Pittencrieff St., Dunfermline, Fife, Scotland, KY12 8AJ.

HYSTERIA Anarcho-Feminist Magazine. 30p

Monthly. Issue 4 out now. Lots of lively poems, graphics and news clippings. Produced by an active collective who organised the Anarchist Feminist Knees-Up in Bristol in October 1984, attended by about 40 women. From Box 7, Full Marks Bookshop, 110 Cheltenham Road, Stokes Croft, Bristol.

PROCESSED WORLD Glossily produced A5 magazine from US. £1

Concentrates on subversion of office work, new technology and its effect on women workers. Good humour. Back copies available. From A Distribution or direct from 55 Suter Street, No. 829, San Francisco, Calif. 94104. USA.

KICK IT OVER Canadian Quarterly Magazine, produced by a mixed collective, with feminist content. 75cents

No 9 is a special health issue, and has articles on Health and Wealth, Native Americans in Prison and women and therapy. From: P.O. Box 5811, Station 'A', Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5W 1P2.

CONTACTS

This is an incomplete list of places around the world where you can find anarchist feminists. For international anarchist addresses, try the International Blacklist, obtainable from Bound Together Books, 1369 Haight St, San Francisco. CALIF. 94117. USA. Also read Black Flag, BM Hurricane London WC1 3XX. A good feminist paper: Outwrite, Oxford House, Derbyshire Street, London E2.



CONTACTS NEEDED: Mandy Richardson, 22 Fountainhead Rd, Bathgate, Scotland would like to contact anarchist-feminists in the area.

ENGLAND

BRISTOL — Hysteria, Box 7, Full Marks Bookshop, 110 Cheltenham Rd, Stokes Croft, Bristol.

BURNLEY — c/o 2 Quarrybank, Burney, Lancs.

HASTINGS — 'Poison Pen', c/o Hastings Free Press, 92 London Rd, St Leonards on Sea, East Sussex.

LONDON — 121 Bookshop, 121 Railton Road, London SE24. Brixton Tube. Open 12-4pm.

Molly's Cafe, 287 Upper Street, London N1. Highbury Islington Tube. Open 12-3, plus some evenings. Sunday evening women only.

Haringay Anarchist Feminists, c/o Women's Centre, 40 Turnpike Lane, N8.

CAMBRIDGE

c/o Box A, Cambridge Free Press, 25 Gwydir Street, Cambridge.

For contacts in Nottingham, Birmingham, Somerset, West Midlands and South Devon, write to London or Bristol, as the addresses are not for publication.

IRELAND

DUBLIN — Womens Community Printing Co-op, 48 Fleet Street, Dublin 2.

SWEDEN

STOCKHOLM — Svarta Manen, (Bookshop) Box 15015, Stockholm. 10465. Ph: 841 9446.

CANADA

QUEBEC — Librairie Alternative Bookshop, 2033 Boulevard St Laurent, Montreal, Quebec.

USA

PHILADELPHIA — Wooden Shoe Bookshop, 112 20th St, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. US 19103.

Bound Together Books, 1369 Haight St, San Francisco, Calif. USA 94117.

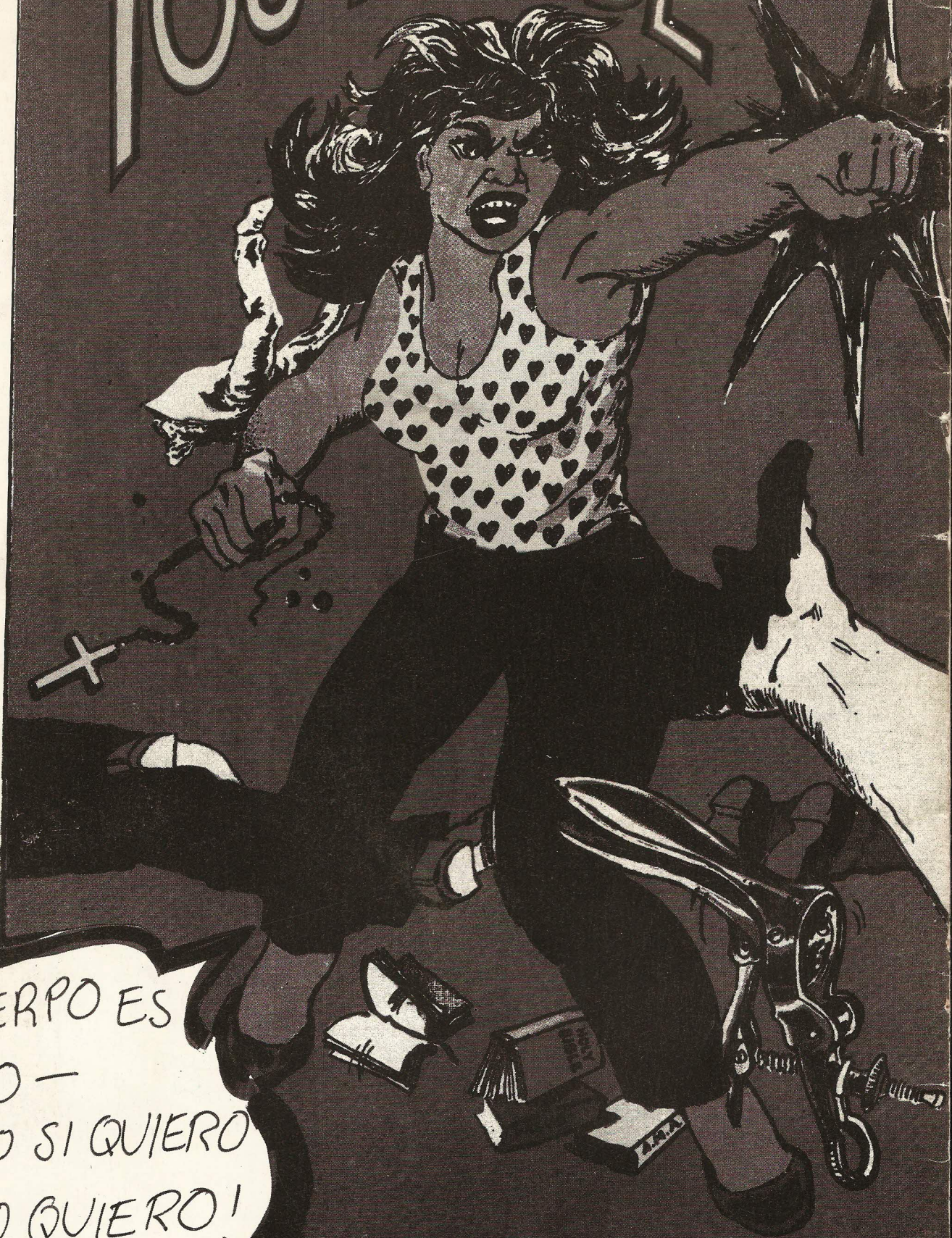
AUSTRALIA

'Everything', Box 131, Holme Building, Sydney University, Sydney, Australia 2006.



Don't Labor under a Misconception

YOU DECIDE



¡MI CUERPO ES
MIO —
YO PARO SI QUIERO
Y CUANDO QUIERO!