

AFFINITY

FREE

PAPER TIGERS

Kenneth C. Hone

In the middle of this past month the Kent royal commission reported its findings on the state of newspapers in this country. We shudder to think how many millions of dollars were paid to how many hundreds of people, the wildly exorbitant expense accounts and padding of same that went into this report. It surely must have been one of the more useless expenditures of public money, as most of the findings have been patently obvious for years.

Unfortunately Canada is not the only country to be mis-served by a bastard press. A handful of capitalist giants in Canada own all of the major newspapers and only a slightly larger group control the newspapers of the world. Whatever it is that we get from these papers may be titillating, daring, or simply boring capitalist propaganda but what it is not is a free press. I looked through my files and found this appropriate quote from John Swinton: "You know this and I know it, and what folly is this to be toasting an 'independent press.' We are the tools of and vassals of the rich men behind the scenes. We are jumping-jacks; pull the strings and we dance. Our talents, our possibilities and our lives are the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes."

Where then can we look today to find a true 'free press'? Many tiny independent weeklies are still owned by private individuals and express all sorts of points of view from fascism to extreme libertarianism but they are

at least true unto themselves. The other alternative is the anarchist press, of which the paper in your hand is perhaps not an untypical example (Many are larger and better produced). All around the world we struggle on refusing advertisements, relying heavily on CONTRIBUTIONS, and VOLUNTEER LABOUR, and owing nothing to anybody (except to our readers everything). For a free, independent press support your local anarchist publishers.



World wide anarchist press

KEEPING TO THE RIGHT

About three months ago in Toronto a man robbed a Beckers store, unfortunately for him he was caught. It was an amazing story of criminal lust and desire, instead of going out and earning what he wanted this man stole. It was an incredible haul, all things considered, \$24.00 in cash and two cartons of cigarettes. The police recovered all of the cash but only could return 14 of the 16 packs of smokes. I should also add that he committed this robbery with a gun. He was sentenced 3 weeks after his heinous crime (his first offense) to 7 years, the full extent of the law. The judge said in his sentencing remarks that citizens cannot just simply arm themselves and go out robbing! La-de-da and tut-tut. 7 years - 7 years.

After 4 years - 4 years and who really knows how much of mine and your money spent, the Hack-Donald Report on RCMP wrong doing (and I thought their motto was keep the right) came out: Keep in mind the man with the gun, twenty dollars and cigarettes because he is going to become very important. In the Hack-Donald Report, we are told (more than one quarter of the testimony was 'in camera' so who really knows what was said) that the RCMP repeatedly broke the law, breaking and entering, arson, kidnapping, wiretapping, mail opening and probably every shade of felony from child molestation to drug dealing. They have not only broken the very 'Le Droit' that they have taken such draconian and paranoid pledges to maintain but have raped the very essence of their existence. To protect the law we must break the law, by breaking the law we protect it. Look out Joseph Heller this could be a best seller. Who will police the police, who will spy on the spies, who will cook for the cooks? The plot sickens. They broke into buildings stole files, micro-filmed what they couldn't steal sent out fake communiques, they bombed buildings and burned down what they couldn't bomb, spread malicious gossip about peoples personal lives and now to boot have files on over 800,000 of us (I wonder how many of those have ever broken their precious bloody law?).

More than a three year sentence gets you the federal pen, i.e. Kingston which is where our friend with the gun and the \$20.00 is right now. He is not the only one who ever got caught (for that is the real crime after all)"Vie was only following orders." thats what they said at Nuremberg, plus that good old bugaboo about national security, time to wave the flag.

Who is going to police the police is not the only burning question but why the fucking police at all? Democracy, logic, truth, justice, blah blah. Shit spuing!! Well they've got it all and they still burn their fingers.

We don't need new checks and balances or different forces to handle national security (are you saluting?) we need to question the very nature of the police and policing if Canada's finest couldn't stop themselves



from bending the law to suit themselves. What or who is it we are being protected from, ourselves or our national destiny? Its's time we all took a good hard fucking look at what is being done in our names in this goddam country and start asking who it benefits. This is not the time to bring the RCMP up to the present but to bury them in the past. Then maybe we can get on with our collective future. Remember the \$20,00 bucks and the gun? Who will spy on the spies?

Eric Blair

MONTJUICH by Philip Levine

"Hill of Jews," says one, named for a cemetery long gone. "Hill of Jove," says another, and maybe Jove stalked here once or rests now where so many lie who felt God swell the earth and burn along the edges of their breath.

Almost seventy years since a troop of cavalry jingled up the silent road, dismounted, and loaded their rifles to deliver the fusillade into the small, soft body of Ferrer, who would not beg God's help.

Later, two carpenters came carrying his pine coffin on their heads, two men out of movies not yet made, and near dark the body was unchained and fell a last time onto the stones. Four soldiers carried the box, sweating and resting by turns, to where the fresh hole waited, and the world went back to sleep. The sea, still dark as a blind eye, grumbles at dusk, the air deepens and a chill suddenly runs along my back. I have come foolishly bearing red roses for all those whose blood spotted the cold floors of these cells. If I could give a measure of my own for each endless moment of pain, well what good would that do? You are asleep, brothers and sisters

and maybe that was all the God of this old hill could give you. It wasn't he who filled your lungs with the power to raise your voices against stone, steel, animal, against the pain exploding in your own skulls, against the unbreakable walls of the state.

Every command
slaps liberty
in the face!
Bakunin

No, not he. That was the gift only the dying could hand from one of you to the other, a gift like these roses I fling off into the night.

You chose no God but each other, head, belly, groin, heart, you chose the lonely road back down these hills empty handed, breath steaming in the cold march night, or worse, the wrong roads that led to black earth and the broken seed of your body.

The sea spreads below, still as dark and heavy as oil.

As I descend step by step a wind picks up and hums through the low trees along the way, like the heavens last groan or a song being born.

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After seven months of publishing Affinity, Peterboro Anarchist Agency is closing the paper. Starting probably in October PAA will be distributing STRIKE. This is a bi-monthly anarchist paper published in Toronto. It is a full size tabloid of sixteen pages and is of a very high quality. It is felt that by following this course we will also be able to put on dances, movies or other activities promoting anarchy in this community. We will be doing an insert for the paper dealing with local issues. We hope you have learned something from Affinity or at least had a chuckle. Keep living anarchy and look for PAA and STRIKE.

EXPROPRIATION

Errico Malatesta (1853-1932)

To destroy radically this present state of capitalist oppression without any danger of it re-emerging, all people must be convinced of their right to the means of production, and be prepared to exercise this basic right by expropriating the landowners, the industrialists and financiers, and putting all social wealth at the disposal of the people.

In Teramo at a meeting of peasants the local secretary of the Trade Unions, the president of the socialist cooperative and two socialist M.P.'s told the peasants: "Keep yourselves ready, when your leaders will tell you to strike, abandon the fields, and if on the other hand they tell you to gather in only your share, obey them and leave the other half unharvested."

This is the advice of good reformists. For in fact when the crop is lost one can more easily tell the people that the revolution cannot be made because one would die of hunger. When will these bad shepherds make up their minds to tell the peasants: "Harvest everything and give nothing to the bosses? And after the harvest get the land ready and sow for the coming year with the firm conviction that the bosses must never get anything again."

One of the basic tenets of anarchism is the abolition of monopoly, whether of the land, raw materials or the means of production, and consequently the abolition of exploitation of the labour of others by those who possess the means of production. The appropriation of others, of all that permits a man to live without contributing his share to society is from the anarchist and socialist point of view, theft.

Landowners, capitalists have robbed the people with violence and dishonesty, of the land and all the means of production, and in consequence of this initial theft can each day take away from the workers the product of their labour. But they have been lucky thieves, they have become strong, have made laws to legitimize their situation, and have organised

a whole system of repression to defend themselves both from the demands of the workers as well as from those who would want to replace them by the same means. And now the theft of the former is called property, commerce, industry, etc. whereas the term robbers in common parlance is reserved for those who would wish to follow the example of capitalists but who have arrived too late and cannot do so without rebelling against the law. The capitalist is a thief who has succeeded through his efforts or those of his ancestors; the common thief is a would be capitalist.

Of course I am speaking of the professional thief, the person who does not want to work and seeks the means to live parasitically on the work of others. It is quite another matter when a man denied the means of working robs in order that he or his family shall not die of hunger. In such a case, theft (if it can be called thus) is a revolt against social injustice, and can become the most sacred right and also the most urgent of duties.



The right to suffer is one of the joys of a free economy. Howard Pyle, advisor to president Eisenhower.