

With one record (“Anarchy in the U.K.”) and a small amount of pissing and televised swearing, the Sex Pistols punk-rock band burst into the British press in a big way. To the papers they are Anarchists, plain and simple. Our comrades Noel and Marie Murray, though, whilst awaiting their appeal on Dublin’s death row, were “anarchists” – with inverted commas, and “self-styled” ones at that! The Sex Pistols conform to the Fleet Street view of what anarchism is of course – wild-eyed and vomiting, spreading outrage and vandalism. Anarchism as a revolutionary creed is dismissed or left to gentle academics for dissection. When in doubt reach for inverted commas, or better still substitute “Marxist” or “nationalists!”

Still for all Fleet Street’s calculated ignorance, what about the Sex Pistols? Does their brand of punk-anarchism bear a second startled look? Not as anarchist propaganda it is sure; but then it is only music (or noise, or theatre). “You pays your money, and you takes your choice.” Need we expect more? Some clearly do, though perhaps it would be more fruitful for the anarchist movement if they expected more of themselves. One after the other, half a dozen “self-styled” comrades, impress on me how punks like the Sex Pistols and their like are giving anarchism a bad name. Could it be worse already? Apparently so. Johnny Rotten has succeeded where Winston Churchill failed; *les Enrages* are out-raged! Yet if punk-rock IS getting anarchism a bad name it is certainly getting the crowds too; whilst the anarchists with ruffled feathers, who assure this is the case, certainly are not, for all their righteousness.

Punk bands are chastised for paving the way for fascist hordes because a few of their number sport Nazi emblems (next to pictures of Karl Marx) and have a passion for leather gear. If fascism did seize power the punks and their young working class fans, who revel in the ridiculous and violent, would be marked down for early entry into concentration camps. Authoritarians of any brand can not tolerate the outspoken. Trendy pacifist liberals who snigger at the Sex Pistols but raise Bob Dylan to King should laugh while they can. If fascism does engulf Britain they would be the first to suffer; the advantage of shooting at pacifists is that they don’t shoot back. But the street punks, like every generation of working class youth before them, are not so tame. The dumb insolence and aggression bred into them at school or in the dole

queue is fertile ground for resistance. It may be that they will be future storm troopers but it needn’t be. It is not the Sex Pistols who are to blame if every teenager doesn’t become a revolutionary. If the National Front are attracting disillusioned Labour voters from the working class it would be more useful to think why WE are not attracting them.

The same people who hailed Mick Jagger as an “anarchist” in the 60s and now wax so hot under the collar over a few punks having fun ought to ask themselves a few questions. Mr. Jagger is not the “street fighting man” he used to be, but then he never was. Perhaps Johnny Rotten will climb the same ladder to tax-evading seclusion as part of the musical establishment too. That is not the point. People can listen to what music they like. The Sex Pistols, or any musician will not inspire the unemployed to revolt, but then we shouldn’t need them to. It is not the punks who give anarchism a bad name, it is too many people who are anarchists in name only.

Henry Black.

Black Flag V.4, no 13, February 1977. p.5

Thoughts on Anarchism in ‘the Thatcher years’

I should be more careful what I wish for. I’d like to see an account of the (rather messy) history of British anarchism in the 1980s. I saw that a chapter on ‘British anarchism in the era of Thatcherism’ by Rich Cross was due to be published in ‘Against the grain’ (a volume of essays on ‘the British far left from 1956’, edited by Evan Smith and Matthew Worley). Only a chapter, but that might be a start (even if the hardback did cost £70). Three years later it’s out in paperback.

To start at the end, Cross finishes off with ‘By the close of the decade, the cyclical nature of British anarchism’s advance and retreat appeared to be reconfirmed. Neither the anarcho-punk experiment nor the *Class War* dalliance with unreconstructed “class politics of the mob” had settled the key questions facing the movement. The issues of organisation, practice, alliance formation, the relationship between reform and revolutionary ambition, resilience, flexibility and more – none of these had been decisively resolved.’ [p148] I’m not sure about this ‘advance and retreat’ idea, since it leaves out the context in which the movement operated. And as to the list of unresolved issues: what was missing –

Anarchist Books

some perfect conference resolution? When are such issues ever 'resolved', except in practice?

He concludes 'perhaps the contemporary outcome of the "restorative" political efforts of the agents of *Class War* and of anarcho-punk has been to contribute to the convergence of an anarchist politic able to see value in the battles being fought in both the counter-cultural and the class wars.' By which he's referring to 'New forms of mobilisation [...] such as Reclaim the Streets, anti-roads protests, Earth First! And more recently the world-wide Occupy! initiative' that 'have evoked more echoes of the activist-centred anarchist punk practice than the orthodox class perspectives of [the] 1970s.' [p148]

I'm not sure that those 'orthodox class perspectives' were quite as simplistic as Cross thinks. I suspect some stalwarts of the class struggle – whether in the 1960s or the 1980s – may have partaken of counter-cultural musical delights and been influenced by 'new social movements' like feminism without losing the fire in their bellies. That might not fit Cross's neat narrative of anarchist progress, though. Why should we be surprised that class struggle anarchism looks different when the class struggle is less on the boil?

I'd feel less annoyed if this chapter was called 'Anarcho punk and Class War in the era of Thatcherism'. Other groups are mentioned, but a mention is pretty much all they get. The 'celebrated 1982 Zig Zag squat gig' takes up more space than the miners strike (1984-85). Which says more about what Cross wants to focus on than it does about the history of 'British anarchism in the era of Thatcherism'.

Anarcho-punk certainly was self-expression and it did bond together a subculture. But I have my doubts about just how successful it was at making 'the anarchist case' [p137]. Which of course was a subject for debate then and in retrospect. This comment stuck with me: 'Endless arguments about Miners eating meat were never the real issue. The point was that these were the very Mums and Dads you spiked your hair up to piss off in the first place! By supporting them anarchopunks became anarchists – became genuinely political' [1]

Writing a chapter really puts you on the spot because you must leave so much out. Cross and I obviously disagree about what's most important. But what's the upshot? The editors of the collection in their intro – inevitably – lean on what the authors of the chapters say (or imply) and come out with this pearl: 'Class War became the primary anarchist group of the late 1980s' [p11] To speak plainly, that's wrong. Yes, they were there and they were good comrades. But 'primary'? Utter bollocks. But we'll see it endlessly repeated now it's in print. That's the danger of history. Not everything has been written down, and the stuff that's most visible isn't always the most informative!

Class War never needed to be asked if they would like to join the struggle. They produced some memorable lines. Cross reports Class War's Andy Murphy defending the Trafalgar Square Poll Tax rioters as 'working-class heroes' [p143]. Could the Direct Action Movement have come up with that without three months and a special conference? Class War were good at self-promotion leavened with humour. But there were other class struggle anarchists – does 'less visible' equal 'less important'?

Dave Douglass said something along the lines of: During the miners' strike, the anarchist press was gladly received in the pit villages: *Class War* for amusement; *Black Flag* for analysis. No-one I've asked has been able to find the quote, though Dave did comment: 'Yes I wrote that, not sure where it was quoted, its true though, Class War influenced the young miners and struck a cord with them in their demeanour, rebellion and lack of reverence.' It's ironic that the quote has escaped into the shadows of history. But I think it suggests how much more digging needs doing before we rest on our laurels.

Still, rather than moan about the deficiencies of academic writing on anarchism (have you heard that one already?) should we not take this as a kick up the arse to put down what we know? Not for their benefit, but ours. If any comrades would like to write in with their recollections and analysis of anarchism in the Thatcher years, we'd like to hear from them.[2]

1, 'Nostalgia in the UK' by The Bash Street Kids in *Smash Hits* number 3 (Autumn 1998), p.3

2, see Tell me a story - anarchist history project <http://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/p8d05b>.

[And if you can pin down the Dave Douglass quote, drop us a line...]

Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist by Alexander Berkman, annotated and introduced by Jessica Moran and Barry Pateman [Book review]
Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist is a classic for good reason: the drama of the story drives it along. Berkman's mission to assassinate Frick is interspersed with effective flashbacks showing his development to that point. In the prison there's plenty of conflict which makes you wonder: how can he survive 22 years? Can the prisoners expose their mistreatment and the scams of the management? Will the escape plan work? I loved the cover: a piano with a pick and shovel leaning against it as a nod the outside comrades who dug a tunnel for him, covered by Vella Kinsella 'tinkling the ivories'. There's also the odd bit of unintentional comedy, like Berkman's puzzlement when he first comes across prison slang: 'I should "keep my lamps lit." What lamps? There are none in the cell; where am I to get them? And what "screws" must I watch? And the "stools,"—I have only a chair here. Why should I watch it? Perhaps it's

Anarchist Books

to be used as a weapon.’ [p112]

Adding to the drama is Berkman’s internal conflict and growth. At the start, schooled in the Russian revolutionary tradition, he’s very serious and self-denying. He’s happy to lay down his life for The People, but people as individuals disappoint him. Even the imprisoned strikers don’t measure up to his heroic expectations. Yet Berkman follows the advice of ex-soldier ‘Wingie’ to ‘get acquainted’ [p125] and comes to understand, value and even love his fellow prisoners. This doesn’t just happen by simple observation. Berkman’s anarchist comrades Carl Nold and Henry Bauer are in the same prison for the first five years of his time. Rigorously kept apart, they communicate with the help of fellow prisoners like Horsethief Bob. Then they make and circulate an illegal newsletter; first in German and then an English one with an expanded set of reader-contributors. Berkman recalls the effect of these growing connections: ‘There is Evans, the aged burglar, smiling furtively at me from the line. Far in the distance seems the day when I read his marginal note upon a magazine article I sent him, concerning the stupendous cost of crime. I had felt quite piqued at the flippancy of his comment, “We come high, but they must have us.” With the severe intellectuality of revolutionary tradition, I thought of him and his kind as inevitable fungus growths, the rotten fruit of a decaying society. [...] But the threads of comradeship have slowly been woven by common misery.’ [p351]

Moran and Pateman both spent years at the Emma Goldman Papers Project and have written on American anarchists, so if you wanted anyone to work on a book by Berkman, it would be these two. The footnotes give you as much helpful context as they can, without claiming no-one will ever find anything else to say, nor ‘telling readers what to think or how to interpret passages or events.’ [1] As well as the footnotes, this edition contains the diary Berkman kept while writing *Prison memoirs*. It shows how hard it was to write, and also how he struggled after his release: ‘much of Berkman’s future life would be a struggle between who he was, or wanted to be, and what the Western State Penitentiary had done to him.’ [p2] The diary also lays bare his relationship with Rebecca (Becky) Edelsohn, which was non-exclusive, painful and complicated. This would also be invisible without their editorial work: Edelsohn appears only as ‘Alice’ and ‘Tess’ at the end of *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist* [p437 and p448]. And *that* would be less visible if it wasn’t for the quality of John Barker’s indexing.

Most importantly, as their introduction makes clear, Moran and Pateman know better than treat the memoirs as simple autobiography. Berkman himself in his diary says ‘it would require half a dozen volumes to give all the incidents etc—even only the typical ones—of a life of 14 years. I must therefore

select, combine types & incidents into typical representation.’ [p479] And Berkman aims not just to recount what happened: ‘His use of dialogue ensures that ideas and information are conveyed to us without didacticism. Some of these characters did exist, and it’s quite likely that others—George and Boston Red for instance—didn’t. Of course people who were like them, did. It is unlikely, however, that they had these conversations with Berkman at one time as presented in the book, or even at all. It might be better to see them as characters providing us with information and attitudes that Berkman picked up and came to terms with over his fourteen-year sentence.’ [p9]

I was struck by the importance of imagination in *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist*. Prison is not what he expects it to be: ‘I thought I would be sitting on the floor in a gruesome, black hole, with my hands and feet chained to the wall; and the worms would crawl over me, and slowly devour my face and my eyes, and I so helpless, chained to the wall.’ [p110] Then he dreams of a magic ring that ‘dissolved the prison walls’ [p114]; and later imagines himself escaping as a letter: ‘all the while the real “me” is snugly lying here in the green box, peeping through the keyhole, on the watch for the postman.’ [p135] I don’t think this is just the inevitable response to the dullness of prison life. Perhaps imagination is central to his personal growth as well as his survival. Berkman never surrenders; he always sees himself as ‘an Anarchist in the hands of the enemy’ [p441]. Yet he doesn’t decide that victory will come if the anarchist movement is more fierce or more cunning. Berkman’s achievement is to know that it has to be more human – we need not only persistence but also ‘hearts that grow not cold’ [p373].

This edition of *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist* is a must-read for anyone interested in anarchism or anarchist history. Beyond that, I think there might be some productive digging to be done on how the stories that we tell ourselves – or that we get told – affect our lives and our world. As Moran and Pateman say, after release Berkman would ‘make his own script.’ [p11] Not matter how long ago the opening of those prison doors seems, that makes Berkman’s struggles not just interesting but also inspiring.

Notes

1, from Jessica Moran and Barry Pateman ‘Alexander Berkman’s Prison Memoirs annotated: an interview’ in *KSL Bulletin* No. 89, Jan. 2017, p.2.

<http://www.katesharpleylibrary.net/ns1t5h>

Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist by Alexander Berkman, annotated and introduced by Jessica Moran and Barry Pateman. AK Press and the Kate Sharpley Library, 2017. ISBN 9781849352529

<https://www.akpress.org/prisonmemoirsofanarchist.html>

Anarchist Books

Two interesting donations

Since the last Bulletin we have received two, especially interesting donations. The first comes via Juan Conatz who has been making available anarchist newspapers from the 1920s onwards available on Libcom. You can see some of them here <https://libcom.org/library/road-freedom>

Juan was kind enough to donate some of the hard copies to us. If you can't get the originals do make a point of visiting libcom. You might not be able to smell the paper or trace the outlines of Hippolyte Havel's fingerprints on their front pages (we might be exaggerating a tad here !!) but you will be able to read some exciting and compelling anarchist and radical history that needs to be re-discovered and engaged with.

Our second donation was 60lbs of magazines/newspapers etc from the 1990s and elsewhere. The postman has just about recovered from delivering this lovely archive that is full of interesting and intriguing material

We thank both of the comrades and we also thank those of you who send us the odd little parcel or a single issue of something you want to donate. We ask those of you publishing to put us on your mailing list and we ask all of you to consider sending any material that you do not want to us. Your support is always appreciated.

Note

See Libcom's original request for help:

<https://libcom.org/blog/libcomorg-starts-online-fundraiser-digitizing-old-radical-publications-29062016>

And Juan's update:

<https://libcom.org/forums/history/american-anarchist-publications-1920s-1950s-13022016>

Left of the Left: my memories of Sam Dolgoff [Book review]

Sam Dolgoff was an American anarchist and wobbly (member of the Industrial Workers of the World). He's an important figure, active for almost seven decades (including ones where anarchism was supposed to have 'died out'!) Anatole Dolgoff is the youngest son of Sam and Esther Dolgoff, and *Left of the Left* is his insider's account of his parents' lives and world. He's not hobbled by trying to be 'objective', nor by trying to please anybody else. His attention to the political movement they belonged to and his willingness to ask 'what was really going on here?' makes this more than a simple collection of family stories.

Of Sam in the 1930s he asks: 'Where did he get the energy to live as he did? To feed us, he painted apartments for slumlords and conniving contractors. He carried out organizational work and soapbox

duties for the Wobblies. He worked with Carlo Tresca and other Italian anarchists in fighting fascists in the streets. He was instrumental founding a sequence of anarchist publications, *Vanguard* being the most notable among them in the early to mid-1930s. He worked with the Jewish anarchists of *Freie Arbeiter Stimme*. Later came *Spanish Revolution*; the name of that publication speaks for itself.' (p115) Esther appears throughout the book as partner (in both senses). I most enjoyed her rejoinder, from a feminist meeting at Vassar College [1978?]: "Marx, Marx!" she interrupted, with a wave of the hand. "Who was Marx? He was a man who lived in the nineteenth century. He was a brilliant man, for sure. Some of the things he said are of value today; others not so much. Why do you feel the need to refer to him always? Why don't you stand up, think for yourself, and say what it is you want to say?" (p370)

Other anarchists and wobblies come to life in shared stories, like Federico Arcos' scorn for *For whom the bell tolls* – "Can you imagine the Spanish anarchists (!) need a guy to come all the way from Montana to teach us how to use explosives!" (p180) And then there's Anatole's memories of old anarchist wobbly Bill Roth. Having knocked about with Joe Hill, Roth found the song 'I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night' too saintly: 'Joe Hill was not a flower child.' (p241)

Anatole Dolgoff has some interesting observations of his own. 'The misconception that he [Sam] was unduly rigid stems from the fact that he refused to abandon the concept of the class struggle, and from his belief that democratic, revolutionary unions are the best instruments for confronting the capitalist system and the state. I'll not get into the thick of the debate, except to say that I think many of Sam's critics were college educated and middle class and lived in a period of rising opportunities for people like them. [...] Capitalism remains a predatory system because, at its core, human beings are raw materials, commodities. [...] Yes, work is evolving but the power relations remain unchanged.' (p360-1)

Left of the Left has an old, grizzled Sam Dolgoff on the cover in full colour. And inside, the picture Anatole paints is not black and white either. Besides the politics, there is working, drinking and family dynamics that aren't always pretty. *Left of the Left* is both sad and funny at times. Mainly it's a wise and loving tribute, to his parents, but also to the movement that they helped to make and that helped make them.

Left of the Left: my memories of Sam Dolgoff by Anatole Dolgoff. AK Press, 2016.

<https://www.akpress.org/left-of-the-left.html>

Read an excerpt at <http://www.revolutionbythebook.akpress.org/excerpt-from-left-of-the-left/>

Anarchist History

Time Capsule a Reminder of Anarchist Struggles [Lausanne]

History: Demolition of the Ouchy quay walls [in Lausanne] has unearthed papers placed there in 1900, doubtless by Italian workmen

“Greetings to whoever has the honour of discovering this note!” A curious sentence but well founded.

Handwritten in pen on a scrap of paper bearing the seal of the Lausanne City Works Board, it was unearthed in mid-March inside a glass capsule poured into the concrete at the time the Ouchy quay walls were built. Which is to say back on 7 July 1900, as specified on page one of the newspaper also stuffed into the gap. These documents are now to be analysed by the Archives Agency.

The discovery, made during works to restore the walls on the Quai de Belgique and the Quai d'Ouchy, works begun in 2015, came as a surprise, more unexpected than a baked bean in a cake before royalty. “We know that this was a pretty rare practice back then”, states Vincent Duffau, the press spokesman from the Traffic and Roads Agency. And whilst it is very commonplace nowadays, the signature appended tends to be that of the clerk of works – that is, the representatives of the authorities. But in this instance, the signatories to the letter were “Swiss cement workers” and it is hard to make out their handwritten note in its entirety.

Clandestine Anarchist Act

And whereas the authorities tend to slip a copy of the day's *24 heures* into their capsules these days, the cement workers went for a bolder option: the launch edition of *Le Réveil*, an anarchist fortnightly published in Geneva. That paper, a platform for the workers' movement and international anarchism and launched by the Tessin printworker Louis Bertoni and containing some pages in Italian meant for immigrant workers, carried on publishing up until 1940, and then, in clandestine fashion, during the Second World War.

“Our impression is that this is more likely to have been a militant act by workers, rather than a formal act on the part of the builders”, states Frédéric Sardet, head of the Archives Agency, to which the papers are to be passed. Doubtless clandestinely, the placement of this capsule in the cement in Ouchy might echo the trial of three anarchists (one of them Bertoni) arrested in July 1900. “The anarchist movement in francophone Switzerland was then at its height and its members demanded freedom of expression and armed struggle against oppression”, Frédéric Sardet goes on to say. “They were looked upon as terrorists!”

Cement-layer “Reusser”

Analysis by the archivists may well decipher another piece of data contained in the short letter, which is

well preserved thanks to its glass and concrete seals. There we read that “all the dies [meaning ‘piles’ – editor's note] have been moulded by cement-layer ...” followed by a name that reads Frédéric for sure plus the surname which may be Reusser.

The discovery is confirmation that the quays that replaced what back then had been a public thoroughfare bordering the lake between Ouchy and the Haldimand tower are over a hundred years old (1896-1901). There are significant indications of wear and tear which prompted the City to embark upon a comprehensive refurbishment of those walls in 2015. Following consultation with passersby who were invited to vote on their preferred “shade” of cement and with experts in durability and heritage, the walls were remade using a pale yellow sand from the Jura and cement slag from the foundries. Final completion is scheduled for 2020.

Cécile Collet

Source *24 heures* 27/03/2017

<http://www.24heures.ch/vaud-regions/lausanne-region/capsule-temporelle-rappelle-lutte-anarchiste/story/10799886>

Trans. Paul Sharkey

4th Historical Memory Cycle Ride: Pistolerismo in Zaragoza, 1920-1923

On behalf of the CGT and with support from Pedalea and Las Bieles, Kike Garcia narrated an ‘historical memory’ cycle ride through Zaragoza this November, focusing on the dark years of the gunmen in the city.

Following the CNT victory in the *La Canadiense* strike both the authorities and the employers were frightened as they observed the upsurge in the libertarian movement and its winning of its demands. It called for an organised response and that response was about to be organised on three foundations: the Employers' Federation would take care on the first step by orchestrating a lock-out, shutting down the factories in response to demands relating to pay and conditions. Step two was to take the form of direct violence against union leaders. Police superintendent Bravo Portillo's ‘Banda Negra’ and later on the Sindicato Libre would act as the employers' armed wing in attacking and murdering anarchist leaders, with funding coming from the employers who were to pay a bounty of 3,000 pesetas for every syndicalist killed. Step three would be the operations of the state – Barcelona's Civil Governor General Martínez Anido “the butcher” and Chief Superintendent of Police Arlegui provided legal cover for the gunmen from the Sindicato Libre, issuing them with cards that enabled them to move freely throughout the city; those two sinister individuals even ventured to inflict savage torture on several detainees. Finally, the *ley*

Anarchist History

de fugas passed by prime minister Eduardo Dato afforded lawful cover for extra-judicial killings. In the face of this orchestrated violence, the anarchists organised themselves into small affinity groups to retaliate against the violence. The upshot of that 4 year tussle, 1919-1923, was that upwards of 400 workers were murdered by 70 employers, *pistoleros* from the Libre or police officers ...

Zaragoza was directly impacted over that time. When Martínez Anido was on his way to Barcelona to take up his appointment he had stopped off in Zaragoza railway station on 11 November 1929 for a meeting with the governor of Zaragoza, the Conde Coelho; in fact Martínez Anido was awarded extraordinary authority to operate also in Zaragoza.

Zaragoza witnessed almost 30 fatalities, 129 social offences and countless strikes and demonstrations during 1920-1923. 1920 was exceptionally violent and even though there are no official figures recorded it looks like there were at least 3 anarchist affinity groups resorting to spectacular violence; those groups were 'Los Indomables', 'La Voluntad' and 'Via Libre'. They faced an employer lock-out, the banning of trade union activity and the murder of libertarian activists.

1920 opened with an attempted revolt in the El Carmen barracks by a group of soldiers led by the anarchist Ángel Chueca; their efforts ended with over 12 dead, including Ángel Chueca and 9 of the mutinous troops.

The first stop on the cycle tour was the Santa Lucía monastery where, on 20 May 1922, the Civil Guard opened fire at 3 young men whom they felt were suspicious; one of these 3, Félix Guerrero Monje, was killed on the spot. The newspapers reports are very contradictory and the incident is still surrounded by a lot of doubts.

The second stop was in the Calle Democracia (as it was back then; these days it is the Calle Predicadores) where a gang of anarchists fired at the editor in chief of *El Heraldo de Aragón*, Antonio Gutiérrez, for having sounded the alert during the El Carmen barracks revolt. Francisco Bezoño and Francisco Ascaso were arrested in connection with this shooting and spent 2 years in custody before being acquitted. Gutiérrez was to die a few months after it, from his wounds.

Stop No 3 was at the Oasis Hall, formerly the Royal Concert hall. During the waiters' strike in 1920 which brought all work to a standstill between February and June there were outrages and bomb attacks ... claiming three lives. The first fatality was Carlos Rodrigavarez, killed by a bomb that he was transporting. On 16 April, as he was leaving work, the strike-breaker Agustín Flaños came under fire

with a friend, Ángel Romero, from three persons who left three berets behind at the scene, one with blood stains and the other two unmarked.

The next stop was in the Plaza Sinues where the general secretary of the CNT Woodworkers' Union, the young Francisco Navarro, was murdered in 1923 by members of the Sindicato Libre. Among those arrested as a result was the Sindicato Libre's José Pons; even though found in possession of a pistol with an empty clip, he was released by the authorities.

Arrival in the Plaza San Bruno brought us back to 1922; there, 3 individuals put three bullets into the head of Pablo López y López aka *el Madriles*, an anarchist from Cuenca, killing him. No one was convicted of his murder.

The next stop was in the Parque Bruil where the story was told of two outstanding events: the October 1920 murder of the entrepreneur Hilario Pérez on the steps of his home at Calle Miguel Servet, No 64, to which the employers replied with a lock-out; and the hold-up carried out under the Primo de Rivera dictatorship in 1927, in which a child was killed in crossfire and three young men were arrested (2 of them anarchists). They were to end up garrotted despite pleas for clemency made by the child's own mother, the mayor of Zaragoza, etc. Three perished. One got away and nothing more was ever heard of him. The three executed were Emeterio Molina, Ansaldo Bernard and Ignacio Páez.

The final stop was in the Plaza de la Madalena where the entrepreneur Hilario Bernal, notorious for having sacked all his CNT employees and for cracking down on all labour demands, was shot and seriously wounded by a gang of anarchists connected with 'Los Justicieros'. Ramón Sancho Gil from Gijón, Benito González Fernández from Logroño and Cristóbal Aldabaldetrecu from San Sebastián were arrested. Years later Cristóbal was to confirm in his memoirs that they had not been the perpetrators, the perpetrators having been arrested whilst preparing an attack on governor Coelho.

Just another year in the effort to recover Zaragoza's historical memory.

Rajo y Negro, 20 November 2016

Trans. Paul Sharkey

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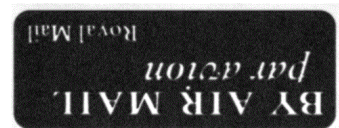
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