

Beer And Revolution

Beer And Revolution: The German Anarchist Movement in New York City, 1880-1914 by Tom Goyens

I wanted to like this book but after page 4 I couldn't be bothered. Goyens writes "with the exception of Alexander Berkman no anarchist inspired acts of deliberate violence have been committed by a self identified anarchist in the US". I reached for the first page of another recent book "Buda's Wagon" by Mike Davis: "A few months after the arrest of his comrades Sacco and Vanzetti, a vengeful Italian immigrant anarchist Mario Buda parked his horse drawn wagon on Wall Street. Buda's wagon. It blew up leaving 40 dead". Buda wasn't alone in being a veteran supporter of Luigi Galleani, the anarchist apostle of violence. I turned to the index of *Beer and Revolution*. Hadn't the anarchist Leon Czolgosz assassinated President McKinley. Goyens writes "McKinley was shot by a deranged American of Polish descent, Leon Czolgosz, who claimed to be an anarchist". So what's going on here – anyone who commits violence has their anarchist credentials called into question. Deranged? In fact Czolgosz had perfectly good reasons for shooting McKinley.

In this book Goyens' aim is to eschew all portrayal of anarchists as violent. Johann Most's violent rhetoric "was often tongue in cheek and not dissimilar to 1970's punk culture". You fucking what! Johann Most as Sid Vicious!

The bulk of the book is a well researched description of anarchist beer halls, picnics, and social outings of German anarchists in New York 1880-1914. Goyens seems to find it noteworthy enough to run to 250 pages of such description overlaid with a sub Hakim Bey/Paul Goodman analysis of autonomous space. Chapters have such guff headlines as "A Radical Geography: The Social Space for a Dissident Subculture". So up his own academic arse is he with his analysis that when some anarchists throw some policeman over a fence at a picnic we are told it is not really a fence at all... the policeman has in fact been thrown over a "metaphor" for autonomous space. Everything that points to nice warm hearted anarchists is included, everything violent is excluded – including poor Leon Czolgosz.

It doesn't seem to occur to Goyens that all sorts of nationalities, occupations, political persuasions were capable of organising their own social networks, outings, and beer hall besides the German anarchists. Its as if he's discovered working class people are capable of self organisation and wants to race the news back to his academic peers. "Do you know, up North they run their own clubs, they run pigeon races, and charabanc outings... Its all about the reconquest of autonomous space."

Where's my pint! I need a drink! Or is that a metaphor?

Ian Bone

City Of Quartz by Mike Davis

This is a history of Los Angeles and its environs. It is not the sort of history you associate with America – Davis does not exclude the Anarchists, Socialists, company towns and class struggles that lie hidden, deep in the void of US folklore. Where it touches upon the history of 'great men', it is one where they are shown, warts and all.

City of Quartz is not necessarily a straightforward book for the non-American reader. Davis never misses an opportunity to go into detail, and that means covering many places and individuals that will be utterly unfamiliar to European readers.

The issues, even when they appear unique to LA are however all too often universal – in particular Davis concentrates on a city choking on its waste, and an area deeply damaged by the contradictions of capitalism – the over-production, greed, social stratification, gentrification, political chicanery, religious revivalism and ignorance of the environment. If LA is a glimpse of our own futures, you don't want to go there.

Davis' sense of humour, and cutting attitude to the well-heeled, peeks through. LA appears to have been a trailblazer of homeowner associations and all manner of NIMBY groups. Of one such body he comments "*When it comes to solving major urban problems, moreover, the Valley homesteaders are about as patient and constructive as Sendero Luminoso*".

A sorry picture emerges in particular of black working class Los Angeles squeezed from all sides – left behind by de-industrialisation and under-priced by Latino labour, the 1980s found [*continues over*]

“Bash the Rich”

Ian Bone, *Bash the Rich: True-life confessions of an Anarchist in the UK*

This highly readable autobiography outlines some of the adventures and misadventures of one of Britain's highest profile and most influential anarchists. From his upbringing as the son of a socialist butler, to his first tentative engagement with anarchist groups, to his passionate involvement in the student protests, anti-apartheid direct actions, and punk movements, to his most infamous production – the ‘unruly tabloid’ *Class War*, Ian Bone has never lacked in imagination or guts. The book gives the impression that wherever Bone goes, a riotous good time seems to follow. So it was an endearing, almost reassuring, feature of Bone's autobiography to read him lamenting that he too felt that the action always seemed to be elsewhere. Indeed he abandoned the highly successful local newssheet *Alarm* based in Swansea, whose campaigning style not only led to corrupt councillors serving time, but helped produce a lively anarchic subculture (66-70), to come to London to set up *Class War* because he was frustrated that the South Wales city had failed to rise up during the ‘81 riots (271).

City Of Quartz...

South central LA surrounded by a hostile police force and a corrupt political system where even so-called 1960s radicals had long since given up on black youth. However, as America was to see in the 1992 riots, the one thing the youth of Los Angeles had not done, was give up.

Davis inadvertently raises hard questions for radicals. Whilst we can no doubt all agree that the environment cannot survive if every American businessman who wants to build a new development in the desert does so, can everyone who wants to live in California do so, and continue doing so?

It is one thing to believe in “No Borders” – another to see it implemented solely by capitalism's need for mass migrant labour. Those issues, and the one's thrown up by the creation of an increasingly Spanish speaking and Catholic California, are unlikely to go away.

Davis' narrative stops in 1990, and whilst this book claims to be a ‘new edition’ it is in fact the old one, but with a new 14 page preface. Given that, if you bought this first time round, there is probably little point in rushing out to get the 2006 remix.

That should not take away from the importance of *City of Quartz*. If like me, this is your first book by Davis, it is unlikely to be your last. This is a guy who knows what he is talking about.

Paul Stott

City Of Quartz by Mike Davis
Verso, 2006 £10.99

The autobiography shares many of the same brilliant features of the early editions of *Class War*, as well as many of the faults. It is hugely entertaining, easy to read and deliberately provocative. It is also slightly chaotic, and occasionally a little cliquey, there are often huge rafts of names, with little fleshing out of who they are – so there is a slight sense of exclusion if you, like me, aren't amongst Bone's coterie.

There are also a number of surprises. Bone and *Class War*'s image was largely unapologetic and anti-intellectual. However the autobiography indicates that there were occasional moments of regret, although even those are tinged with a malicious humour. One example is the mistimed disruption of a middle class CND rally in which rather than the pompous leader of her majesty's loyal opposition, Neil Kinnock, being bottled off stage, the elderly historian (and a hero of Ian's) E. P. Thompson was accidentally targeted instead (139). He also indicates a highly sophisticated political brain (rejecting the elitist division between the ‘intellectual’ and ‘non-intellectual’ by no means requires endorsing ignorance instead). There are critical appraisals of the different factions within *Class War*, and unexpectedly, Bone suggests that an autonomist version of the paper, which had been side-lined for being too theoretical, should have been given more attention, and could have helped shape future *Class War* tactics (151).

The problem – which Bone and his various propaganda tools such as *Alarm* and *Class War* and the bands Page Three and The Living Legends attempted to counterbalance – was that within the anarchist movement dry anonymous theorising often took precedence over practical action and personal fulfilment. As Bone rightly notes: ‘If you were to build a revolutionary movement people want to relate to real, living, vibrant, exciting human beings not anonymous balaclava wearers or people too scared to give their views a public hearing’ (176). This lively first volume of his autobiography presents just such an effervescent, personable and anti-elitist account of anarchism. There should be more books like this, and more activists like Bone (but not, perhaps, too many).

Benjamin Franks, March, 2008

Bash the Rich: True-life confessions of an Anarchist in the UK by Ian Bone (Bath: Tangent, 2006) ISBN: 0954417771 £9.99

This issue of *KSL: Bulletin of the Kate Sharpley Library* produced June 2008. Hope you like it.

Kate Sharpley Library:

BM Hurricane, London, WC1N 3XX and PMB 820,
2425 Channing Way, Berkeley CA 94704, USA
www.katesharpleylibrary.net

Angry fictions: “My Revolutions” by Hari Kunzru and “Johnny Come Home” by Jake Arnott

Kunzru and Arnott base their novels around the activities of the Angry Brigade. Neither is trying to write history, but their inventions take them in opposite directions. Arnott imagines radicals colliding with the sexual underworld, Kunzru hypes them up into London’s Baader and Meinhof.

Kunzru denies *My Revolutions* is a representation of the Angry Brigade at all, but the bulk of its 1970s events have been painstakingly transcribed from history. Most of his characters’ experiences and actions could come direct from Gordon Carr’s book. When his group begins, their targets and communicate style are copied from the Angry Brigade, too. But there are changes. Kunzru misses or ignores the libertarian/ authoritarian division in the new left, so these characters spout Mao and consider themselves a vanguard. They steal cars, not chequebooks. There are borrowings too: manipulative self-criticism sessions from the Weather Underground and a habit of working for the Palestinians from Germany’s Red Army Faction. So inevitably, bodies pile up along with the rhetoric: these are not people who ‘spent a lot of time having a good time’ (in John Barker’s words).

All these changes simplify history and make it more dramatic, more spectacular. It gets closer to the journalistic fantasy of unhealthy, inhuman and doomed (but newsworthy) terrorists. Even after escaping the inevitable apocalypse, the narrator fails to get a life. After heroin and Buddhism, he devotes his life to hiding (which fails). No doubt experts who think there really was an Angry Red Weather Army with a local branch in London will use this book to explain how political violence comes from bad thinking (the old ‘warped understanding of sociology’), emotional problems or is inherent in ‘idealism’. Like James Bond, this is a page turner, but no help to understand the political violence of the 1970s. Try reading Bommi Baumann or Stuart Christie instead.

Jake Arnott has a previous record for reimagining the past: early Class War was on the receiving end of his poetic licence in *He Shoots Coppers*. This is a fictional aftermath of the Angry Brigade. He could have called it *Carry on Bombing*: it’s not played for laughs, but it is readable, not trying for the “Serious Novel Effect”.

The main setting is the squat where troubled activists Pearson and Nina collide with rent boy Sweet Thing (“I don’t want to be free, I want to be expensive”). Everyone in the book is fucked up, but they are still human, so amidst all the mess, there is still some hope.

Both writers have done their homework, and Arnott looks comfortable as the story teller of the

wicked city. Kunzru may have done too much research, and not wanting to waste it, failed to make his rewritten world autonomous and believable. Or maybe he hasn’t done enough. For someone apparently sympathetic to social change, Kunzru seems sadly unaware that ‘die on your feet or live on your knees’ is rhetoric. Our history is full of people living on their feet. Death and resignation are possible; but not the only options.

Judge Mental

New pamphlets:

Rebellious Spirit: Maria Occhipinti and the Ragusa Anti-Draft Revolt of 1945 Maria Occhipinti, Pippo Gurrieri, Franco Leggio, edited by Anna Key, Translated by Paul Sharkey

Ragusa, Sicily, 1945. Mussolini’s fascist regime had fallen apart, with many of his backers turning ‘democratic’ and hoping to prevent a revolution with the help of the allied armies and Communist Party. After five years of war, their attempts to create a new Italian army are met with evasion and resistance. Maria Occhipinti began the Ragusa anti-draft revolt of January, 1945 by laying down in front of an army truck carrying arrested draftees, who then escaped. A four-day insurrection followed, with the rich dispossessed, until the Italian army was able to retake the city. Maria Occhipinti served nearly two years’ prison for her part in the revolt. ISBN 9781873605592 Anarchist Sources series #9 £3 or £2 to subscribers

Salvador Puig Antich and the MIL (Movimiento Ibérico de Liberación) Edited by Anna Key, translated by Paul Sharkey

Salvador Puig Antich was a revolutionary murdered by the state in Barcelona in the last years of the Franco regime. This volume looks at the struggle of the MIL, both in the context of the times, and the light of current attempts to ‘rehabilitate’ him as a martyr for capitalist ‘democracy’. ISBN-13: 9781873605448 Anarchist sources #8 £3 or £2 to subscribers

Russia

“Anarkhizm v istorii Rossii : ot istokov k sovremenosti bibliograficheskii slovar`-spravochnik” by V D Ermakov; P I Talerov. Sankt-Peterburg : Solart, 2007. ISBN 9785902543152.

Thanks to the comrade who sent us this, 723 pages of Russian anarchist bibliography.

Anarchists in the Gulag

Also, can anyone who can translate Russian (possibly including handwritten materials) get in touch with us if you want to help with our “Russian (and other) anarchists in the Gulag” research project (more on that in a later issue of the KSL Bulletin).

Pynchon / Working Class History

Thomas Pynchon's "Against the Day"

Thomas Pynchon's latest novel – a sprawling 1200 page piece of serious, often intellectual picaresque – has as its most consistent characters an American Anarchist miner/ dynamiter, Webb Traverse, at the end of the 19th century, and his sons who, in different ways and in Europe as well as the USA, carry on the tradition. Pynchon is often labelled as a cult writer, and sometimes the passages of whimsy and pastiche can be tedious, sometimes very funny. But what critics and fans of Pynchon seem to miss is the anger that informs his best writing. In Colorado at the turn of the last century it was class war as war, and Webb is assassinated on the orders of corporate bigshot Scarsdale Vibe who gives the American capitalist viewpoint unvarnished.

"...The invasion of Chicago, the battles of Homestead... the San Juans. These communards speak a garble of foreign tongues, their armies are the damned labour syndicates, their artillery is dynamite, they assassinate our great men and bomb our cities, and their aim is to despoil us of our hard-won goods... what we need to do is to start killing them in significant numbers, for nothing else has worked."

The novel is not wholly centred on anarchists. In oblique fashion, sometimes irritating, often not, a picture of the period is painted which takes in excitement in the world of mathematics; airpower developing through ballooning; and in Britain and other parts of Europe the ruling class's mix of greed, mysticism, and elitism. The sons of Webb Traverse are counterweights to this, capable and resourceful in a variety of worlds and finally comfortable with the power of women. The position of women in the anarchist world, articulated late in the book in an anarchist commune is linked to its problematic relationship with violence. In late 19th century Colorado there is no choice. Either you're a scab or you fight and it's clear whose side we're on, but even then there are contradictions, starting with dynamite itself, which is the tool that oppresses the miner as miner, but also a weapon against that oppression. The fight seems to be never-ending, not able to break out of the cycle determined by the oppressors. At this point one son, Reef, is presented as a personal version of the dilemma.

"Sometimes he was just after the explosion, it was like telling them in a voice too loud to ignore, to fuck off." Later the mother of his child sees him setting one off. She is not judgemental or hostile, but "What a man gets for opening his heart and sharing his feelings. Reef knew his days in the family dynamiting business were numbered, though there had to be other ways to fight the fight apart from setting off explosions."

This is not some schematic women not violent, men violent thing. It is another woman character, Dally, who explains Alexander Berkman's mistake in his assassination attempt on the butcher of Homestead. "Aiming for Frick's head was Brother Berkman's big mistake, classic Anarchist mistake of assuming that all heads contain brains, when in fact there wa'n't nothing inside Frick's bean worth wasting a bullet on. People like 'at, you always go for the gut.'" She goes on to show it is also poetic justice in witty style.

It's not schematic but time and again this sprawling novel, full of digression and confusion, comes back to the question of violence and anarchism. There is for example the agent-provocateur bombing (as we know from Italy in the late 20th century). Here the sympathetic detective, Lew, "only slowly would it occur to his ultra-keen detective's reasoning, that these bombs could have been set off by anybody, including those who would clearly benefit if "Anarchists" however loosely defined, could be blamed for it."

But his concern is much more about winning and losing. "Though the outlook for Anarchists in a shooting revolution is never too promising, Flaco was determined to go back to Mexico." Flaco is a veteran of the post-opera house bombing repression in Barcelona, but it's the first half of the story that tells the story. It is said in the same spirit as Durruti saying that if the Spanish Civil War was not won quickly, then whoever won nominally, it would still be a defeat, organized military force having a dynamic of its own.

In so many instances in the world there has been no alternative to violent opposition to the violence of the state and capital, but what he is getting at is what happens when this becomes war, including war in which there is no side to take.

Thus, back in the anarchist commune on the eve of the First World War towards the end of the book, the character Yashmeen says:

"Well why not let them have their war? Why would any self-respecting Anarchist care about any of these governments with their miserable incestuous stew of kings and Caesars?"

(And is answered)

'Self-interest .Anarchists would be the biggest losers wouldn't they. Industrial corporations, armies, navies, governments, all would go on as before, if not more powerful. But in a general war among nations, every small victory Anarchism has struggled to win so far would simply turn to dust. Today even the dimmest of capitalists can see that the centralized nation state so promising an idea a generation ago has lost all credibility with the population... If a nation wants to preserve itself, what other steps can it take, but mobilize and go to war? Central governments

Pynchon / Working Class History

were never designed for peace. Their structure is line and staff, the same as an army. The national idea depends on war.'

(The speaker goes on to say that they've chosen more of a coevolutionary role which is

'The replacement of governments by other, more practical arrangements, some in existence, others beginning to emerge, when possible working across national boundaries.'"

I love that 'practical'. Who at this time are the real wishful thinkers?

John Barker

Against the Day, Vintage Books, 2007. £10.

Working Class History

The Making of the English Working Class by E.P. Thompson and Live Working or Die Fighting: How the Working Class Went Global by Paul Mason

Anarchist history is fascinating, to me anyway, but you can't just read about people who share your ideas. We can learn from people who've lived where we live and worked at the same jobs, as well as people we think we have nothing – or everything – in common with. London's Past Tense have shown how radical local history can be brought to life. These two books take a big view of working-class history from below, writing down struggles and movements that are usually written off.

The Making of the English Working Class is a monster, over 900 pages. But it's well written and rescued from being just an academic study by the spirit in which it's done. Thompson aims to rescue the working class men and women he writes about 'from the enormous condescension of posterity' (p.13). By showing the social, economic and mental landscape in which they lived and struggled, he helps us understand them. History is more often intent on writing them off as either thick or doomed, their defeat inevitable in a world where the policies of the powerful are presented as the outcome of natural laws (sound familiar?)

If you live in England, you should read it because there's no telling who's been thrown in your village pond (sadly, you can't rely on the index). For the rest of the world, it's a fascinating study of changing ideas and action. We're shown the end of appealing to the good old (Anglo-Saxon) days when asking for social change (p95); the battle against meekness and the role of religion, especially Methodism, in the workers' movement (which gave examples of grassroots organising, but also morbid and repressive attitudes); the connections between the violent 'redress' movement of Luddism and 'peaceful reform'; not to mention the effect of uniting Irish and English troublemakers. Best of all are the chances to hear workers themselves speak: 'labour is always sold by the poor, and always

bought by the rich, and that labour cannot by any possibility be stored, but must be every instant sold or every instant lost [...] labour and capital can never with justice be subjected to the same laws' [Manchester silk-weaver, p.329, quoting Standing Committee on Hand-Loom Weavers Petitions, 1835, p.188 (2686)]

Written over 40 years ago in the heyday of social democratic reformism and 'social consensus', Thompson's work feels more relevant than ever, now that keeping the poor in their place and letting the rich get richer are the ideological consensus of our rulers again.

Live Working or Die Fighting is bang up to date too. Each chapter is introduced by a report from global working class life, from Chinese and Indian factories, to Nigerian and Bolivian slums, to the offices of London's Canary Wharf. These are valuable and fascinating in themselves (Mason knows his stuff) and introduce related historical episodes from the workers' movement between 1819 and the 1930s. While the stories of the Haymarket Martyrs, Paris Commune or the pre-WW1 syndicalist revolt are probably most familiar, how much do you know about the Bund (General Union of Jewish Workers) or Shanghai workers in 1919? The plan works well to make connections between historical events and current issues. His clear and engaging style helps too: syndicalist Victor Griffuelhes agitates 'as if a French version of Tom Mann had appeared but on performance-enhancing drugs.' (p.120)

Mason looks at the common features of workers' movements, how they try to 'create the new society *within* the old, building co-ops, fighting for autonomy in the workplace, creating a union way of life' (p.280). Like Thompson, he helps us understand, for example, the world-view of German metal workers in 1905 (p.152+) and shows how 'economic' struggles are as often about control or dignity as about wages.

Live Working or Die Fighting is not a heritage-themed tribute to 'world that has gone', but an inspiring look at a changing world. Both Thompson and Mason, in letting us know what has happened in the past make us think about the world of tomorrow. The best sort of history.

John Patten

The Making of the English Working Class by E.P. Thompson. Penguin, 1968 (2nd ed.)

Live Working or Die Fighting: How the Working Class Went Global by Paul Mason. Vintage, 2008. £8.99

The Poetics of Anarchy: David Edelshtat's Revolutionary Poetry by Ori Kritz

David Edelshtat (or Edelstadt) was born in Kaluga, Russia in 1866. He emigrated to America in 1882, already a radical. Like others, he was further radicalised by the Haymarket affair of 1886-7: he joined the Pionire der Frayhayt (Pioneers of Liberty) and later edited the *Fraye Arbayer Shtime* (*Free Voice of Labor*). First writing in Russian, he switched to Yiddish to reach the mass of working immigrant Jews. In three and a half years he became a prolific and powerful anarchist poet, an agitator-in-verse. In 1892 he died of TB caught in a sweatshop, aged twenty-six.

First written as a thesis, *The Poetics of Anarchy* is especially valuable for the amount of biographical research it contains, especially translations from the Yiddish anarchist press and Yiddish books, both anarchist and literary. Kritz does a good job, even if when she mentions "Karl Marx, with whose writing Edelshtat was no doubt familiar" (p129), it makes me want to know for sure: and to know what else he read. If you write something interesting, people will want to know more!

Edelshtat's anarchism was militant, uncompromising and self-sacrificing. The imagery of storms and blood-stained banners is probably alien to most contemporary anarchists. More alien will be the expectation of a final battle: "that success is near, and more importantly, absolute" (p116). Although Edelshtat was capable of falling in love, he refused be distracted from the cause (p44). This is the attitude Emma Goldman reacted against in her celebrated "I want freedom, the right to self-expression, everybody's right to beautiful radiant things" outburst (*Living my life* p56). Edelshtat has a lot in common with Alexander Berkman. Both were Russian-speaking Jews who brought to anarchism the moral fire of Russian populism. Of course there are differences: Berkman's father was a successful businessman, Edelshtat's a cantonist (a 25-year conscript in the tsar's army). By the end of 1892 Berkman was beginning fourteen years of imprisonment; and Edelshtat was dead.

Kritz provides Yiddish and English versions of the Edelshtat's poems on the Haymarket affair ("August Spies", "Louis Lingg", "Der 11-ter november" ["The eleventh of November"] and "Albert Parsons") and analyses them in depth as "revolutionary myth" (p102), claiming he constructs a "civil religion of communist anarchism" (p132). In this she is helped by the number of times Edelshtat appropriated religious terms: holy, prophet, martyr. As for Louis Lingg, "On his 'vundersheynem gezikht' (beautiful face, line 3) rests the 'frayhayt helige shkhine' (freedom's holy Divine Presence, line 4). This metaphor links the fictional Lingg with the Divine Presence, the Shekhinah, the most important rabbinic designation for

God's presence in the world." (p113)

It's a commonplace of anarchist writing that dead comrades are not really dead while we remember them and they inspire us, without expecting them to reappear, even in ghostly form. When Edelshtat says:

"But Lingg is not dead... above the battle-barricades

Still hovers his spirit! And you hear

How he shouts to us 'Forward, comrades!

Forward with armor and sword!'" (p111, lines 45-48 of "Louis Lingg")

it's metaphorical and not metaphysical. Likewise, when Kritz sees the anarchist calendar (November 11th, first of May, July 14th etc.) as "drawing on Christianity, which has specific dates of commemoration of various saints that died as martyrs" (p143) is it not a broader human urge to remember and commemorate that's at work?

Kritz briefly mentions some of Edelshtat's poems that were put to music (p51). I would have liked to know more about this, since I suspect they are what have kept his name alive among anarchists and socialist Jews alike. "In kamf" ("In struggle") and "Vakht oyf!" ("Wake up!") were both used on the soundtrack of *The Free Voice of Labor: The Jewish Anarchists* (Steven Fischler and Joel Sucher, 1980, reissued by AK Press on the *Anarchism in America* DVD, 2006). From there (I assume) they made their way to the 1980s Spectacular Times compilation *Songs of Anarchism and Revolution*.

All of which suggests that David Edelshtat, anarchist and sweatshop poet, has written himself into history. *The Poetics of Anarchy* is recommended for all who want to know more about him or his work.

Towards a Yiddish anarchist anthology?

It would have been good to have more of his poems translated in the book along with some of his prose. For example, "Der ershter shtral" ("The first ray [of light]"), his account of *Di Varhayt*, forerunner of the *Fraye Arbayer Shtime* is quoted from, but not reproduced.

There must be hundreds (if not thousands) of similar, virtually unknown, pieces of history, in Yiddish books, pamphlets and articles; covering the history of the Yiddish-language anarchist movement, but also anarchists in the labour movement; the Russian revolution and Bolshevik repression of anarchists; or anarchism in Poland, Argentina, Palestine, Canada...

The edition of Chaim Weinberg's *Forty years in the struggle: the memoirs of a Jewish anarchist* (produced by and available at www.deadanarchists.org) shows what can be done. I look forward to seeing more in the same vein. JP

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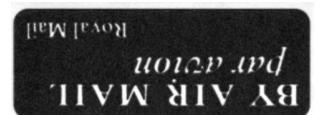
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