

anarchist fortnightly Freedom

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SCOT FREE (FOR £1500!)

BRENDA EARL (Christie) became another innocent victim of the Central Police Computer in West Germany, when she was arrested on 19 May at Hanover Airport as she was returning home with her two year old daughter, Branwen, after a holiday visit to see her sister-in-law.

She was detained in connection with a bombing incident eleven years ago, when an incendiary device was discovered aboard an Iberian aircraft at Frankfurt Airport. It was alleged that someone using the name 'Earl' had purchased a ticket for someone called 'Santos',

the only passenger not to claim a seat aboard the Frankfurt-Barcelona flight. Simultaneously, other incendiary devices were found aboard Iberian Airways flights from Geneva, Brussels and London. Brenda had been questioned in 1970 by the Special Branch concerning the Heathrow bomb (see The Christie File, pages 213-215).

Responsibility for the attacks was claimed by the Iberian Federation of Libertarian Youth (FIJL) as part of an international campaign against the execution and torture of Spanish anti-fascists.

DEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE WEST GERMAN EMBASSY, LONDON



BRENDA, BRANWEN & STUART

Following a series of interrogations and an identity parade she has now been released after nine days in prison. This is unusually quick, as cases can take up to six months. Undoubtedly, the speed with which she was released was a direct result of the world-wide flood of telegrams, letters of protest and demonstrations publicising her case. Brenda would like to thank her comrades and friends and her lawyers, Peter Lentz and Mike Knoss, for cutting short her imprisonment.

Brenda is now seeking compensation from the West German government, but meanwhile Brenda and Stuart Christie are facing air fares, lawyers' fees etc, totalling £1500. All donations should be sent to Brenda Earl Defence Fund, 'Over the Water', Sanday, Orkney, KW 172 BL, Scotland. (Box Lidice)

A. F.

Patronizing and insulting

THE paucity of the analysis contained in the three articles on Ireland in FREEDOM (8th May) was shocking. After thirteen years of struggle, repression and resistance it is almost unbelievable to find lines like those written by Kevin Doyle, Lyenne and Pat. The conflict in Northern Ireland was reduced, in the most patronising way, to a 'tragedy of tribalism'. Patronising and insulting to those who have struggled and died in the North, it reveals the same kind of superficial treatment of the topic that permeates political thinking in this country. Pat may be pleased to know that her/his understanding of the problem is shared by Edna Healey who described on television her insight into what was going on there: it was, she opined, when shorn of its intricacies, rather like two robins carving out their territories.

Opting for the 'tribal explanation' is the easiest way out for those involved in politics here. For the government and parliamentary opposition it obviates the need for producing any kind of real justification for maintaining an armed presence on the streets, for mass arrests, curfews, and searches, after all they are simply keeping two warring and irreconcilable factions apart. They are thereby enabled to maintain the fiction of 'peace-keeping', of being a disinterested third party reluctantly brought in to provide stability among the savages. It also entitles them to claim the sympathy vote when their soldiers are killed.

For those on the left it is also a soft option. Reduced to a tribal war it is a simple matter to avoid stating a position, and above all it serves as a convenient escape route when pressed for support. For anarchists to posit the 'tribal explanation' is inexcusable. By focusing on the religious divide they ignore two important features of the conflict. The first is the class nature of the war and the second is the fact, now undeniable in view of Bobby Sands' electoral victory in Fermanagh/South Tyrone, that there is a community in the Six Counties which has, for generations, turned its back on the British state

and its agencies, rejected its laws, and repudiated any duty of obedience to its authority. Far from being the military wing of 'bourgeois nationalists' as Kevin Doyle described them, many of those who are active in the IRA and Sinn Fein are committed socialists who have as great a feeling of class solidarity as any of those involved in libertarian circles in this country. The IRA draws its support from the working class ghettos of the North, with each unit built around local communities. Inevitably the needs of those communities, their expectations, and their politics find their way into the unit and are filtered into the movement as a whole. Housing conditions, employment, transport, education and medical services are as much a part of the Republican Movement's fight as the presence on the streets.

Clearly there is no evidence for supposing that there exist anarchist tendencies within the IRA, but there is historical evidence to show that resistance to the state creates a momentum of its own. It forces upon participants a general questioning of their role, the nature of their actions and to what end they are directed. It would be wrong to assume that the IRA is ideologically static, that it could stand outside the dynamics of the conflict. In the course of the struggle it is inevitable that those involved will ask themselves how the society they are seeking to create will be organised, in whose interests will it be run and so on. For anarchists who are trying to inject some libertarian ideas into the struggle articles like those that appeared in FREEDOM can only be obstacles. The BELFAST ANARCHIST COLLECTIVE, almost uniquely among anarchist groups, have provided a consistent and objective analysis of events in Ireland. Their task isn't helped by Kevin, Lyenne and Pat.

Evidently there is no widespread anarchist influence in Northern Ireland, and there are many elements at work that are bourgeois, conservative and even reactionary. But the liberatory possibilities cannot be overlooked. Hundreds of thousands of people in the Six

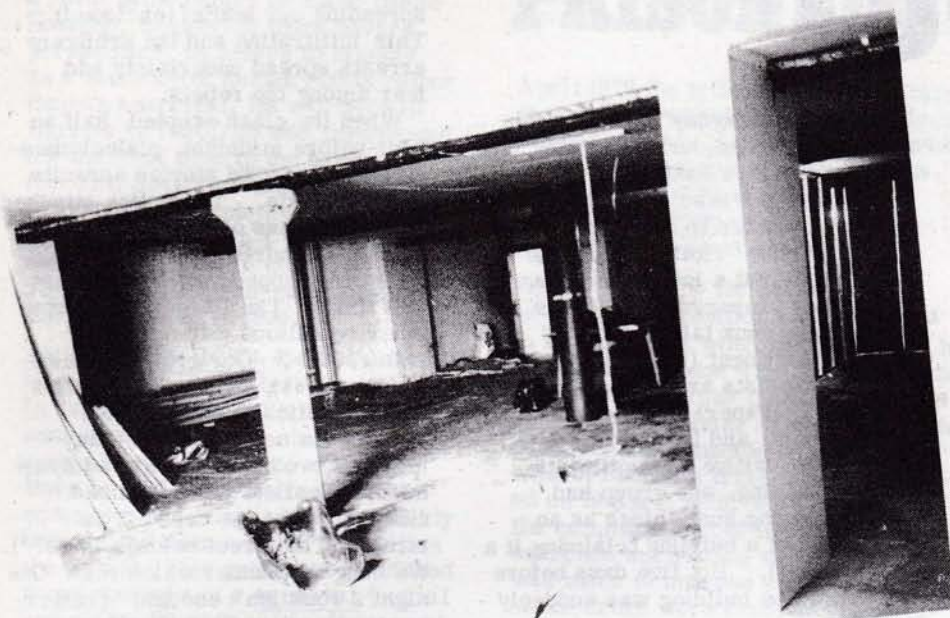
Counties are antagonistic to the British state. By and large they are sympathetic to the IRA, certainly they are hostile to the 'security forces'. From that position it is but a small step towards forming a critical appraisal of their relationship with the state in general. In this country the alienated youth express their discontent in music and outrageous hairstyles and occasionally, as in the case of Bristol and Brixton, burst into rebellion (all of which is, rightly, lauded in the anarchist press, and generally interpreted as nigh-on conclusive proof that the system is doomed). All over Northern Ireland that kind of activity is commonplace and surely the question arises: just how can these elements, those who have grown up in the last decade, be successfully integrated into the social and political order. One does not have to be too perceptive to reply that the social workers and community welfare officers are going to have their work cut out.

When it comes to reporting on Ireland and attempting to give some kind of analysis the suspicion often arises that Ireland's nearness is a source of terrible embarrassment. It is relatively easy to support guerrillas in El Salvador, Zimbabwe or Cambodia. The viciousness of guerilla warfare, its heavy toll on civilians, and longevity, are masked by distance. In Ireland these characteristics are obvious but that cannot be used as an excuse for the simplistic and fallacious arguments advanced by Kevin and Pat. Nor is it good enough to describe the IRA as 'murderously violent tribalists'. Surely a more objective assessment is possible?

Finally, it seems incongruous for Pat to extend sympathy for the IRA prisoners. The prisoners are an integral part of the struggle, they are not a separate issue as Pat seems to think. As the hunger-strikers themselves acknowledge, and their spokesmen, Danny Morrison and Owen Carron have repeated, they are not involved in a 'single issue campaign'. Political status, prisoner of war status, has wider implications. The hunger-strike is not just a means of obtaining better prison conditions, it is a means of focusing attention on the conflict and broadcasting the message that there is a war between large sections of the community and the British state. It is a message apparently missed by some.

RONAN BENNETT

AUTONOMY CENTRE



AFTER months of searching, suitable premises for the Autonomy Centre have been found in a warehouse in Wapping, East London. At the moment the warehouse is just a shell and some building, decorating and electrical work will need to be done before it can open.

A temporary Co-ordinating Committee has been formed in order to get the work completed as soon as possible. Then, after four months it will be up to the membership to decide on how they want the Centre to be run. £0 if you haven't joined already, now is the time to do it. The annual subscription rates have been reduced to £7 (waged) or £5 (unemployed). Those who have already paid the provisional full membership of £15, or anyone sending £15

before 1st June will be given life membership.

At the moment the Centre's funds stand at about £4,200, but rates and rent alone for the first year will cost £3,100. In addition the cost of building materials alone will require another £1500. That of course means we need more funds and lots of offers of free labour. Please send subscriptions/donations to Autonomy Centre, c/o Freedom, 84B Whitechapel High Street, London E1. (cheques, P.O.s made out to the William Godwin Memorial Society) If you can help with building or decorating (no skills required), please send us details of how to contact you as soon as possible.

A. F.

OXFORD ANARCHIST CONFERENCE - 1981

WE have fixed some details for this our 2nd annual conference.

It will take place over the weekend of 20/21 June, from 10am - 6pm each day at Ruskin College, Oxford (same place as last year).

We have had various suggestions for workshops, including:- Poland, Ireland, relations with/among the left, co-operatives, propaganda, the alternative press, sexual politics, students, nukes, direct action, violence/pacifism etc. etc. Please keep on sending your ideas! We'll try to duplicate any discussion papers sent to us.

There will be a social of some sort on the Saturday evening. Meet at the Nag's Head (see map) on the Friday evening.

Accommodation can be provided for all, but we'd be grateful if you could let us know beforehand roughly how many will want putting up and on which nights.

We'll ask a £1 'registration fee' of those who can afford it.

There will be creche facilities - better than last year! And plenty of cheap food and drink.

Contact address: Mike or James, 142, Walton St., Oxford. Tel. Oxford 54388.

OXFORD ANARCHIST GROUP

CORNISH MILITANCY

In contrast to the depressing news from Torness, militant action has been taken by local people against a proposition to build a nuclear power station in Cornwall. The action was taken over the test drilling of a site which is a very early stage in the construction activity.

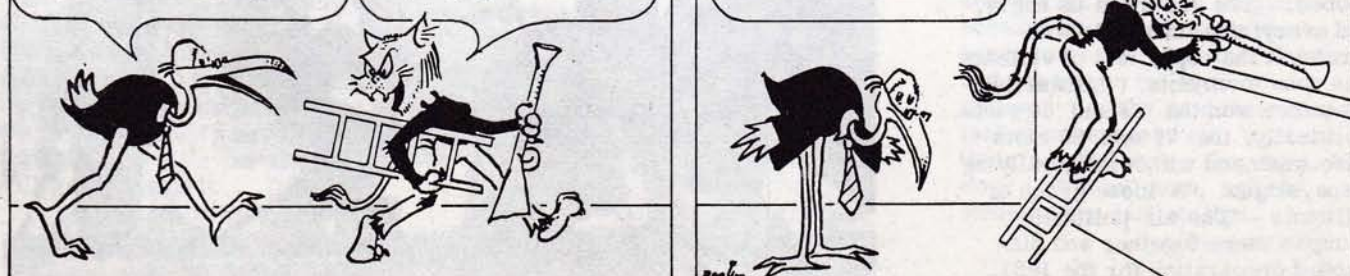
In contrast with many other actions it is the local people who have taken the initiative and have actually sabotaged the drilling operations. A.A.

WILDCAT

You won't achieve the free society by assassinating a tyrant.

Right. You won't achieve the free society by any quick method.

But you may make where you live a bit freer than it would have been.



OSLO

COPS OUT

IT all started 30 April, 1978, with a demonstration in Slottsparken (the royal park) against police violence. Months before had seen much activity; organising, demos and small clashes under the slogan 'Well-being without cops - The Cops out of the park' (Slottsparken). A band of cops attacked the demonstrators and parkvisitors, but unlike previous victims, these fought back. The police didn't manage to drive them away, and called for assistance. In the meantime, lots of youths from clubs, bars, cinemas, theatres, concerts and passersby joined the scene. Some to watch, others to fight. Street-fights and clashes continued into the small hours, and lots of people (among them 85-year old theatre enthusiasts and 50-year old middle class couples) were arrested. The largest, most violent post-war street riots were over and the bourgeois press was shocked. 'The Maoists were behind it', they (the papers) claimed, and nobody thought it would happen again. They were wrong. Next year on the 30th April militant youth swarmed down Karl Johan (Oslo's main street) and the same thing developed. The police were unprepared, and the 2 - 3,000 rebels raided some shops and burned some garbage before they were split up and dispersed. The 'night before Mayday-riots' had become a tradition. (In 1979 Nazis infiltrated and threw a bomb, injuring one person. We haven't seen them in '80 and '81).

In 1980, over 5,000 young people had gathered at Karl Johan. Nobody obeyed the police order to withdraw, and the night became a teargas nightmare. It rained CS gas, and the crowd was pushed down Karl Johan, blinded and coughing. Tens of shop windows were smashed, and the shops robbed. The gas made us angry, and everything throwable was thrown at the cops, lots of violence was done to objects. Militarily, the police won the '79 and '80 riots. Politically, the '79 and '80 riots were weak and without any rallying issue/slogan. A loose group of militants - 'The air-pollution group' - came together and discussed preparation for the 1981

'night before Mayday'. It was this work I mentioned during my stay in Angel Alley this Easter.

Despite the Press' and Media's efforts to silence to death the 'Night before Mayday' riots, we had the impression that a lot of groups and individuals prepared actions this year. The punx talked about stoning Stortinget (the parliament), freak-anarchists around Gateavisa (The Street Paper) boasted about 'large plans', and the overall tendency was positive and optimistic. In the beginning, our group had plans including such things as an occupation of a building (claiming it a youth centre). But five days before the Night, the building was suddenly torn down!

The night itself didn't turn out as violent as we expected/feared. Only some 2,000 rebels showed up (luckily enough; no Nazis this year), and hundreds of uniformed and plainclothed cops patrolled the Strip' (Karl Johan), as early as 10 o' clock in the morning. About 110 young people were arrested by 11 o' clock in the evening (we called the police and asked), long before any riots had started. The cops had arrested people all day, often

without any reason, and given them fines from about £200 to £400. They caught all punks, some slightly intoxicated persons, people standing in a taxi-queue and a couple of boys spreading our leaflet (enclosed). This infiltrating and the arbitrary arrests spread uncertainty and fear among the rebels.

When the clash erupted, half an hour before midnight, plainclothesmen in the crowd started assaults on individuals. The police attacked from both ends of the Strip and blocked all northern crossroads. We were trapped, but few knew at that time. The 'large plans' from other rebellious milieus didn't materialize. Our group, Klaesj-81 (Clash-81), became the night's single political element. We carried out our minimum plan; unfurled two banners, spread some hundred leaflets and organised chants. ('Get the cops off the street - The street belongs to us!'). We hung the banner which read 'One night's rock isn't enough!' (referring to the all-night rock show on TV that night. It was shown with the sole reason to keep us away from the Strip) on a fence along Karl Johan. We managed to put the other banner - 'No to police clubs - Youth centre now!' - down from a hill behind the police lines. It hung there until dawn. The leaflets were very popular. We handed them out in heaps of 20 and they were effectively spread further. The leaflet text was quoted in full on Swedish Television and in part



IZTOK, a libertarian journal specialising in Eastern Europe, and based in Paris, has circulated a list of anarchists imprisoned in the USSR as follows:-

E. His name cannot be made public because, to prevent more severe persecution, he refers to himself as a defender of human rights rather than an anarchist. He was born in Ukraine in 1930. He was imprisoned for the first time in the early '60s for 'anti-Soviet propaganda'. Released in 1971 he was sentenced again, in 1974, to 10 years in a camp for the same charge. He is currently in a strict regime labour camp. He is due for release in 1984.

Alexander SKOBOV. He was a leading member of the 'Left Opposition' in Leningrad. He calls himself an anarcho-syndicalist, close to the young Marx, opposed to violence. Born in 1958, he was founder of a commune in Leningrad which quickly became the centre of the Opposition movement. This group has published three numbers of a samizdat journal and planned a national conference of left wing groups, but repression put an end to the plan in autumn of 1978. Skobov, then a history student at Leningrad University, was arrested on 14 October 1978 with several other people. He was charged under art. 70 of the penal code with anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda, and on 16

in Dagbladet (large liberal newspaper) on 2nd May.

This year they didn't use as much tear gas as they did last year, but the 800 uniformed and 70 - 80 plainclothed cops (the largest police action since Nazi-rule 1940-45) won militarily.

After a dramatic split-up with four police cars driving into the crowd at a speed of 80km/h, they managed to drive us down the southern cross roads to the harbour. Mounted police attacked, spread panic and dispersed the crowd, and massive troops of police in riot-gear and with shields advanced. Stones and bottles didn't provoke them. The open, brutal violence was this time performed by the plainclothesmen.

The police action was summed up as a success in the Press on 2nd May. 178 people were given fines up to £500 and 36 are to be charged with 'violence against the police'. Now we are trying to build up a political defence for the victims of the 'legal' apparatus.

Militant greetings,
ANDERS A.
from KLAESJ - 81

USSR

ANARCHIST PRISONERS

April 1979 the tribunal sentenced him to an indeterminate period in a psychiatric hospital. In the summer of 1980 Skobov made it known that he was a member of SMOT, the free trade union in the USSR. He is in Leningrad special psychiatric hospital.

Alexei KHAVIN He was a member of the Left Opposition, and belonged to its anarchist wing. Born in 1959, he was held for some time in a psychiatric hospital in 1977 for having circulated books by Kropotkin. After refusing to denounce his comrade Skobov at the time of Skobov's trial he was arrested on 19 April 1979. He was taken to the commissariat of police and searched but nothing was found. He was made to undress and in his absence drugs were found in his clothing. He was charged under article 224 of the penal code with the sale or manufacture of drugs and was sentenced in August to 6 years' hard labour. He should be released in 1985.

Vladimir MKHAILOV. He was a member of the 'revolutionary communards', an underground anarchist group in Leningrad. He worked as a mechanic in a company installing refrigeration systems. On 7 October 1979 he was arrested with two other people for having written slogans on walls and flyposting ('Democracy, not demagogy', 'Down with state capitalism', posters calling for 'simply an anti-authoritarian order' and opposing 'the family, private property of the state'). He was sentenced on 25 December to 3 years' strict labour camp, the sentence being confirmed on appeal on 15 February. He refused to admit to a plea of guilty. He should be released in 1983.

Alexei STASSEVICH. He too was a member of the 'revolutionary communards', and was arrested at the same time as Mikhailov. A musician, poet and painter, he had been living in the same community as his co-defendant. On 25 December he was sentenced to 3 years in a strict labour camp, and the sentence was confirmed on appeal on 15 February. He should be released in 1983.

Alevtina KOTCHNEVA. Also a member of the revolutionary communards, arrested with Mikhailov

and Stassevitch, for the same reasons. She was sentenced to 1 year 3 months' strict labour camp, with sentence confirmed on appeal. She should be released next May.

Contact address for the Iztok collective, who publish this valuable journal on Eastern Europe: 26 rue Plat, 75020 Paris. An article referring to these and other cases can be found in FREEDOM, vol. 41, no. 3 (16 February 1980) in the special Review on 'Psychiatry and the State'.

AMSTERDAM

Defiled!

THIS incident I'd like to share is, it seems a very hushed up secret. As I was strolling along a street that leads into Vondel Park in Amsterdam, I heard and witnessed a beautiful happening.

There were proud women and men chanting something in Dutch which when translated to English simply means: 'One Woman - One Man - No money for the Military Police.' Whilst this was being said, broken glass shattered and women and men went up a ladder and through other windows and doors. The shout of 'One Woman - One Man - No money for the Military Police' became louder and louder.

Filing cases and thousands of sheets of paper came flying through the windows. This lightning strike was, I was told, pulled off by a political-non-political group calling themselves 'Onkruit', which means, 'not ugly weeds'. And again this building which was raided, and justifiably, was the headquarters of the Military Police of Amsterdam.

This riotous happening took a total of 10 minutes and everyone involved left, with papers etc.

12 minutes later, the P-o-l-i-c-e arrived, but stayed at each end of the street and then walked up and went into their usual 'Dutch Farmer, save the Fatherland' routine.

Not one thing was mentioned on Dutch T.V. or news. I guess because no arrests were made, no heads beaten in, that the 'Weeds' had put egg on the faces of the police. So they paid their hired lackey newspapers etc. to keep their mouths shut. Anyways, the thing is it went down, and the summer has just started.

In struggle,
J.L.W.

LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTI

Nostris culpis

Dear Comrades,

What a pity the editors featured D. S.'s shaming, quirky little piece on the front page of the issue of May 23rd. Surely this particular flower could be left to bloom in the decent semi-obscurity of, say, 'Random Notes', rather than giving our well-wishers in the labour movement cause for justifiable contempt and despair at this further evidence of 'anarchist' layaboutism. Of course anarchism presupposes 'le droit a la paresse' as a sine qua non of any working scheme not motivated by slavery. It also recognises the endeavours of those worthy souls who even within the confines of State Capitalist Bossdom contrive to sustain the daily life of even a fragmented community like our own. The skills and attainments of the marchers from the Northern Counties are as desperately needed to-day as they ever were. In seeking to cast away the polluted bathwater of wage-slavery don't let's allow the baby of vital and inescapable function to die of exposure!

Best wishes,
D. SEDLEY

A real alternative

Dear FREEDOM,

Having only recently realised the relevance of anarchism as not the media-inspired nightmare of the war of all against all, but as a genuine, if not the only, libertarian alternative, I'm naturally eager for anarchist literature and also in making contact with others of like views. I'm not that fond of labels but, as with Proudhon and others, I am anarchist in that I reject the state. Having been brought up most of my life in one of their 'Homes', I think I know what I'm talking about. I accept that the welfare state has its good points but, in the long run, all it does is enable most of society to forget those less fortunate. In other words, far from fostering a caring, responsible attitude, it does the opposite. In many ways, I've only seen the tip of the Iceberg - most kids receive far worse than I ever got and, from my own experience, the hierarchical social services, social workers etc., don't really

give a shit, being more interested in their careers. I'm at university at the moment, although I'm leaving as soon as possible, and the same hypocrisy pervades there. I mean, the left-wing may have some very 'nice' ideas but, and this is important, they don't know what they're talking about. They talk incessantly about problems they've never experienced and, in their sick wisdom, say that revolution's the answer. Whose revolution? Anyway, what I'm trying to say is why I'm interested in anarchism because, for those of us who don't fit into neat marxist theories, or even if we do, anarchy is the only truth because, in my opinion, anarchists are the only people who know what love's really about. Not the romantic crap I hear every day on the radio, but as people everywhere getting to know each other. I'd especially like to thank Crass/Poison Girls for helping me, and others, to disregard the lie that was punk, and for putting me in touch with real anarchy, not the pop packaging of Malcolm McLaren, but as a real alternative.

Yours, with love,
JOHN GODDARD

Fucking symbolism

Dear Comrades,

I'd like to thank Ken for his response to my letter in 43/9.

Ken is absolutely right about the rapacious meaning of the word Fuck as I used it, but I can reassure him that my use of it in this was not inadvertant. It was quite deliberately meant to convey the meaning that he says it does, but I didn't want to explain my use of it at that time since I wanted to write about machines, not sex. As far as I can see, 'fuck' is almost exclusively used to describe the impersonal near-rape of alienated sex, and just isn't phonetically suitable to describe a loving copulation. For further reading about sex, I recommend readers to refer to Anarchy No. 31, on this subject.

The main point I'd like to discuss is about 'kidding oneself' that one is 'meek and mild', after letting off aggression in some rapacious manner or other. The implication seems to be that you are 'once a fucker, always a fucker', that a sin of thought is as bad as a sin of deed. This is perfectly right in an abstract sense, but from a practical point of view, I think it loses its weight.

Isn't it better that a football fan should vent his aggression in a heavily ritualised, mass machismo-flaunting ceremony on the terraces, than by beating up 'his' wife? If a limited amount of ritualised symbolic violence (such as, for instance, the wearing of Dr. Martin's boots and shaving the head) means that the person who does it is peaceful in all other ways then, for all that it is repellent for what it symbolises, isn't it worthwhile?

My argument falls down, of course, when presented with the example of a recent case in which a jury was asked to decide whether a 'normally mild' man was 'mad, or just plain evil?' - the double life implied by the idea of separating ritualised violence from everyday looting could have horrible results.

And yet observation of our fellow human beings seems to show that most of us 'have fallen into this hangup'. Maybe I'm the only reader of FREEDOM who's not immune, and all other Anarchists are perfectly non-violent (and I don't think it's possible to be perfectly non-megalomaniac, rapacious etc., in carrying out even 'constructive' violence) but I expect that many of us have this human hangup too. Observation of apes and monkeys, not to mention many other species, shows that ritualised violence in order to produce harmony the rest of the time is pretty deeply entrenched into our background and cultural behaviour.

Others may dispute the extent to which violence is 'natural', 'inevitable', 'preventable' and 'divertable'. I merely wish to say, that for those of us who are afflicted with it, it is better ceremonially diverted than unceremoniously inflicted.

Are we mad, or just plain evil?

ANDY MEYER

Self-made fascism

Dear FREEDOM,

Herbert Reader, you are out of line! I just read your letter (In Volume 42, No. 6) to the Libertarian Alliance. Stunk of fascism. If the Libertarian Alliance has something to say, that they think we should hear, they have a right to be heard by us. Grant yourself freedom of the press and speech and at the same time even suggest that others be denied and you are a self-made fascist. You are what you

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called yourself i.e. 'Yours for a classless, stateless, Communist society'. Anarchism's about and equals a stateless, classless, free society, not a stateless, classless, Communist society. Apparently in your society there is no freedom, especially with those you have differences with so you are an enemy too, assuming the Libertarian Alliance brothers and sisters are enemies. There is no free market anywhere in the world so what do they in the Libertarian Alliance say it is? Are their means statist? Here in North America the Libertarians say Libertarianism is the means to achieve Anarchism. The free market to the Libertarians here means value for value and no criminal activity (fraud, pollution, etc.). Their means, which by the way includes the use of the ballot, are anti-statist through and through. They propose self government (community/union of egoists and individualists/etc.) with a National (community/union) Guard for National Defence and a Peace Force for protection against criminals and to help end disputes and conflicts (personal and/or business) in the Union/Community. Force and violence in the Union is prohibited and the Rights of an Individual and Justice for all is the Law/Government. Who says Anarchism can only come about via Socialism and Communism??? What calls itself Capitalism is a corruption of Capitalism like the Communism in Russia is a corruption of the Communism that was meant to be. The Libertarian Party, National Headquarters, 2300 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Suite 201, W.N., D.C., U.S.A. 20007 - ask for party platform. Free, but postage would be nice.

An Egoist and an Individualist after myself of the Libertarian school of thought,
CARL L. HARP

P. S. A NONA NIST;

It is true (unless you can prove me wrong) no monopoly was ever created by Capitalism without interference from the State, and how do you know ANARCHY is not CA PITA LISM? Yes, fuck all ideologies with their states and societies for Anarchism is indeed One/Dead Center, me, myself, I as it is within you. Until you know they are enemies how about not pissing on them through things (or on them personally)? Where necessity ceases or is not crime begins. If they are enemies enjoy yourself, but don't get caught.

Chorus line

Re: "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me"

FREEDOM Review Vol. 42 No 10
Reply form the compilers:

Nuclear power is electro-facism' was a graffiti we saw scrawled over the poster advertising the Nuclear Energy Exhibition at Central Hall in London 1980. Rather than just 'fillers' we excluded 25 other songs to put in those contained. 'Diarrhoea' & 'moke gets in your lungs' were put in to spotlight the much repressed arsehole at its most vulnerable and the 'commodity - fetish' of tobacco with its cancarous results.

The Beardsley graphic of super-prick men was meant to illustrate why many women feel lesbianism or some homosexual experience to be a change from cock-conscious males, and the strutting macho types should be seen as funny also with their big airs/penises..... Gay Sera Sera is of course a satirical song and the Doris Day stereotype (like Mae West and other transvestite 'models') chosen in the last line is a rejection of pure roles. The tongue in cheek satire which uses irony as a humor weapon has long been used by libertarian comedians. The political & personal separation perpetuated by serious ideologies, and unfortunately some anarchists, encouraged us in the project - we

got little help and presumed this would be the case after visiting and trying to work with many Anarchists as individuals and groups.

The splintering of Trot groups (the Trot faction song) can equally be applied to all Leninists and even non-aligned Marxists because everyone wants to be Lenin and have political power or be Marx and have theoretical Emporor Status. Even the Right(the NF, the new NF, constitutional NF, BMetbloodycetra) where everyone wants to be Fuhrer is prone to splits. Differences among Religious and Nationalist groups are as endemic as they are tortuously complicated or stupidly simple. Amongst Anarchists though? Yes but to destroy power (not to seize it) and create a situation where the state will get lost in the shuffle.

The Nihilists song 'Outside a small circle of friends, 'The times they are remaining', 'Tired little Radicals' & 'People's Uni', 'Hippy song', 'Living Dead Blues' are all angry lampoons of Trendy's, capital R radicals, do nothing anti-consumer drop-outs, student poseurs and other burn outs.

All in all we did not do the songbook and its production for the entertainment of anyone but to stir up the current swamp in which many Enemies of the state can be found, and to interest those adrift in still worse terrain.

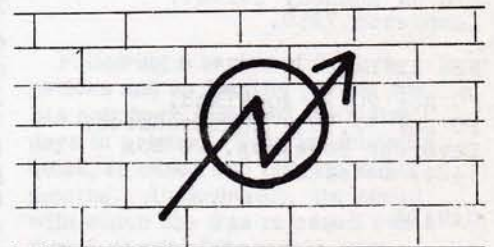
Minnie Ha Ha

Squatting—up 9 pts

LAST month Camden Council evicted 33 out of a total of 346 squats in their district, only to discover a further 42 new squats opened up. To any squatter this is, of course, not surprising. If a squatter loses his/her house, then naturally he or she has to find another one. However, this is not at all apparent to Camden Council, which has just set up a working party on squatting under Councillor Fullbrook.

The working party will be considering ways of 'clearing voids units' more rapidly and then 'securing' them. In plain English, this means evicting people from their homes more rapidly than the present average of 6 weeks and then barricading the empty homes with corrugated iron. Another suggestion is to put up net curtains on the windows (take note!). Perhaps the next step should be an army of Council employees plonking full milk-bottles on the doorsteps!

Meanwhile, the real reason for



the housing waiting list in Camden, topping 14,000, has just become apparent. Out of a total of 30,000 properties that Camden manages, 3,000 are empty, of which more than a thousand have been empty for over one year. Yet the Council continues to blame the problem on squatters, (all 346 groups of them), and no doubt the working party will not be considering the real reason for squatting - their own bureaucratic blundering.

Meanwhile, they can at least console themselves that their list of empty homes was down 9 last month!

A. F.

FREEDOMCONTACTS

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Norway

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Desires

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Further details nearer the date.

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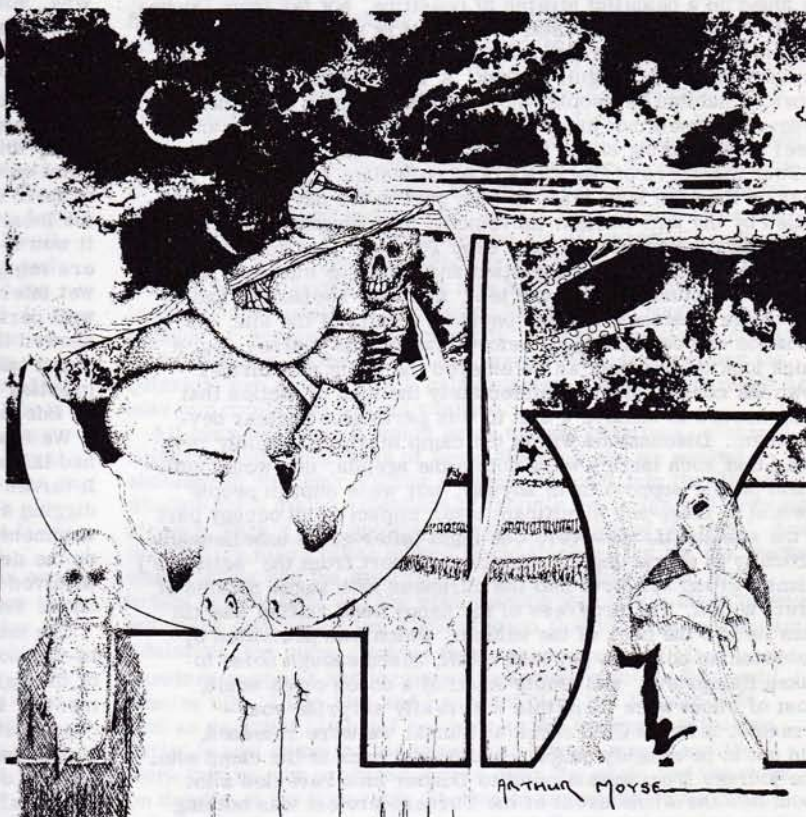
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CAPA MEETING (Campaign
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THE RELEASE OF NIKITIN, held
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Hall, 11th. June, 7.30. Speakers: Ted
Mackay (NUM), Peter Redaway (LSE)
Introduced by Dr. Max Gammon.



THE LOST CRUSADE



THE abject failure of the anti-nuclear protest in this country, and make no mistake, it is and has been a complete and utter failure, can be laid squarely at the door of the protestors themselves.

The timidity and lack of purposefulness in the anti-nuclear movement (in terms of actually STOPPING the construction of nuclear power stations, I do not doubt their sincerity and commitment to PROTESTING against the nuclear programme), the almost sacred regard for mere property (best expressed perhaps by the comments made when in 1979 the site at Torness was occupied. As the fences were being torn down a section of the protestors outside the site chanted 'Out, Out, Out' in objection to the damage being done on the basis that 'Fences are people too') and the 'lets have a jolly time, daytrippers out for a laugh' attitude to events like the Torness Week of Action all combine to doom the anti-nuclear struggle to failure.

Surely by now it must have become obvious that marching up and down carrying pretty banners (there seems to be a sort of competition to find a 'smiling sun' logo in the most obscure language) and chanting pretty slogans (in English) will not sway those in 'power' from their headlong dash into nuclear oblivion, taking us, banners, slogans and all with them.

Merely symbolic action, whilst useful from a publicity angle and in exercising the imagination, will not stop the construction and running of these death factories.

One way to stop the construction of nuclear power stations has been shown to us by our comrades on the Continent. The sites must be occupied, equipment and materials damaged, in

short the whole building process must be brought to a halt.

The other and more permanent way to stop the nuclear menace is to change the very structure of the society that permits and encourages, uses and finds uses for that which will surely become the instrument of humanity's destruction.

At Torness this year, sitting in the marquee discussing what forms of direct action could be taken against the site the heart-rending cry of a lost protestor burst through the blanket of apathy that had descended:

'I'm tired of symbolic action, I want to DO something !'
Too right comrade, too bloody right! Because if we don't DO something we may as well curl up, pull the blankets over our heads and wait to die. To think of this Earth, with all that it could be, reduced to irradiated ash by the whims and follies of those who call themselves 'Leaders'.

Shall we fight these monstrosities ? Or must we remain forever lonely and increasingly frustrated voices, lost in the wilderness, trapped in the apathy of the brain-numbing peurility of life as presented to us, drowning in the dregs of a collapsing society which will kill us all in its death throes ?

We can not let it happen and the kind of fragmented and damn useless 'protesting' we saw at Torness will do precious little to stop it happening.

Will the cry of 'Fences are people too' be the death rattle of the anti-nuclear movement ? If it is we have only ourselves to blame.

FLAGGING RESOLVE

THE construction site of Torness nuclear power station is to be found on a beautiful stretch of coastline, not far from Dunbar, in SE Scotland. The coastal area itself is saltily bleak and windswept. There are few farm animals to be seen an only an occasional crow, seagull or lark. A few cottages pepper the lanes, inhabited by people who look silently over their garden hedges and seem not to notice the great boil of concrete and steel slowly taking shape in their countryside.

Four members of the FREEDOM collective travelled to Torness on the 15th May 1981, to take part in the days of 'action' called by the anti-nuclear movement. The advance publicity had included such phrases as 'Stop Torness', so we responded enthusiastically to the suggestion and rolled up our tents and sleeves. (Actually it was one tent, and very sociable). I had no knowledge whatsoever of the physical details of the site, its situation and organisation, before making this journey, but a quick look to our right as we entered the camp site further down the coast indicated immediately the kind of tactics that were needed to achieve a halt to this particular nuclear development. Discussions within the camp marquee rapidly revealed that such tactics were not on the agenda, nor would sufficient people support them anyway, nor were enough people present to make any significant token impact or to occupy part of the site itself. However, one night (after great unbelievable difficulty in extracting an offer of transport from the 'activists') a small group set forth into the darkness with vague notions of direct action. The progress of the happy band rattled like tin cans tied to the back of the vehicle, which was permitted by the watching police to get lost, stall, make enough noise to waken Hampstead, and empty itself of a dozen or so souls, most of whom were then (this will really surprise you) - arrested. After a CRO check at Dunbar we were released, told not to be naughty people, and driven back to the camp site. The journey from arrest point to Dunbar nick revealed a lot about how the whole event of the Torness protest was nothing more, for most people, than a glorified joy-ride. The loose talk emerging from what started out as rather nervous banter, made my flesh crawl as I knew how tricky the situation could be if the local bobbies decided to be a bit more crack-down on silly protesters on their patch. I feel sure that they were only

too aware that not all the jolly campers were as silly as they looked, and a few more wrong words in the wrongest of wrong places could have had us all enjoying Scottish hospitality still. A great deal of serious thought must be given NOW to the questions of organisation and tactics on direct action. And for the moment I will simply say watch this space.

Other days saw a few people painting slogans and themselves, blocking the A1 for a while, occupying some derelict cottages and looking earnest and significant. It was all absorbed all too quickly. Meanwhile, some direct action was taking place back at the camp site. A group of young people had descended from Dunbar and with vocal and physical contempt laid into a few bemused demonstrators, burnt nearly everything to hand on the camp fires and laid low the marquee. Why, you may ask? With alcoholic eloquence and with a passion as firm as their harbour wall, they pointed out that it was a bit late in the day to prance up and down the roads crying 'Stop Torness' - I saw their point. I also saw the menacing sticks that were being brandished and retreated for a while to wonder at the aspect of their silhouettes against the clear sky and to fix in my mind this image of the village warriors. From a high point on the dunes their invective continued. The main burden of their argument seemed to be that the site would bring jobs for local people who wanted them and needed them. Of course it won't, but that was worth discussing and it wasn't. Our invaders regarded most of the jolly campers as a bunch of wet interfering twits. Wet we certainly were, and as for the rest, well perhaps that wasn't too dynamic an observation, but it showed they were looking and that they cared. However, it didn't take too long before a few local lawmen descended to practise a bit of law enforcement, and what could have turned into an inferno fizzled out like a soggy roman candle.

We heard rumours later that an intrepid bunch of campers had landed from the sea and occupied some cranes on the site. It turned out that they landed from a dinghy on the dredger digging a deep-sea harbour. The harbour will be used for the shipment of reactor components. Needless to say, the crane on the dredger was not occupied for long. The four people involved left after 'negotiating' with the chief security officer on the site.

The most succinct comment on the spectacle that Torness to-day no doubt is, was undoubtedly the lowering and removal of the lighthouse keeper's Trinity House Flag and its replacement by a headless dummy. Further comment seems unnecessary.

Meanwhile, the crows and larks flit from sea to land, the lighthouse keeper sighs and hoists another flag, local villagers pin out their washing in the keen air and the construction sits in alien encampment between the soft hills and a wondering sun: Growing.

Our resolve is strengthened. A resolve first to knit the shattered bones of the anti-nuclear movement into action and to - Stop Torness.

Ann

Protesting without illusions

PROTEST WITHOUT ILLUSIONS Vernon Richards.
(afterword by Gillian Fleming)

New publication by Freedom Press, London 1981, price £1.95.

WHILE I do not think that the new generation of Nuclear Disarmers have the same illusions as the earlier movement, and indeed civil disobedience was actually advocated from the platform at the last big rally in Trafalgar Square, although disillusioned with the political scene few have thought the matter through. With the influence of the Communist Party and various shades of trots and the SWP still trying to gain ground in the CND and regarding this as a popular issue in which to gain recruits to their antiquated and irrelevant political theories, it is a good thing that much of the relevance of what was said in FREEDOM at that time should be repeated. This is not to say that anarchists cannot also fail to learn, and indeed it may be that our lack of influence could be in some measure due to our own myopia, sometimes. As Richards says in the concluding chapter of his preface:

'Twenty years ago the development of nuclear power stations was in its infancy, and laymen such as this writer were unaware of the environmental and other hazards. We saw in its development the liberation of the coal miner. If I were writing today I would be arguing that the development of nuclear power stations is the greatest of all threats to mankind. The dangers are real, proven, and are already affecting peoples lives and the environment. Whilst I can understand that a new generation sees the H-bomb race, the setting up of missile sites in Europe, and the war-dances of Thatcher and Reagan as issues to protest about, just as twenty years ago it was Polaris nuclear submarines and Blue Streak Missiles, and the "four minute" warning of annihilation that launched the first CND, nevertheless it seems to me that it is the anti-nuclear power station protesters throughout the Western world who are growing in numbers and determination, supported by convincing arguments and alternatives to nuclear energy who give this OAP (Old Age Protester) real hope that something

positive may eventually emerge.'

Even at that time radio-active biological hazards were well known and an organisation called the Kingston Clinic had published a booklet called 'Our Expanding Atomic Stupidity' to draw attention to them. Kingston Clinic was connecting health matters with general social attitudes and had a booklet called 'Constipation and our Civilisation'. I digress here in order to point out that I sent FREEDOM a letter about this business of nuclear energy which was probably consigned to the editorial waste paper basket.

Today it is recognised in anarchist circles that no field of human activity is divorced from another.

we have made our own atomic bombs.

Confronted with the hydrogen bomb, I have tried to live up to Mr. Attlee's standard. We have started to make that one too. It is this grave decision which forms the core of the Defence Paper which we are discussing this afternoon.' (page 4)

There can be no doubt that Britain for all its much vaunted democracy is the most secretive governing class in the world, only matched by the eastern bloc. In an article published in January 1958 referring to a new campaign to outlaw these weapons FREEDOM questions whether fear of annihilation carries any weight, and indeed experience shows that it may not, it is said:

'If mankind is not to be stampeded into mass suicide, we need the modesty and the sang froid of starting from the beginning. We must, on the one hand, recognise that the political road only leads to more politics, more conflict and war; on the other that no individual or individuals have the prestige to influence the power struggle between governments, or to halt the development and use of nuclear weapons.

We must reach the people step by step, not by slogans but by awakening understanding in them of themselves and their political and economic surroundings. We must reach them not through fear but through their imagination and aspirations.

Yes, we know that in the meantime we may be annihilated by an H-bomb war. But we should be, in any case, if we went on relying on words without deeds at Top-Level. In any case we are not discouraging the intellectuals from doing what they can; all we are doing is to advise you not to expect more than fine words. Action must, as always, come from below, from you, from us, from the anonymous but real victims who share with the intellectuals the fear of nuclear war but few of their social and economic privileges.' (page 11)

As Richards says earlier in the book, there were many attractive features in the Ban the Bomb campaign. One of them was the adhoc organisation and the development of civil disobedience as the drop in the pool that ended with Paris 1968. There was a certain disregard for the leadership, I remember, the day when I was taken up to the front of the Aldermaston march on the back of quaker Philip Seed's motorbike outside Reading to divest the Canon and the Foot of the marchers, to invade the Regional Seat of Government. The protests of the CND leadership of Canon Collins, Michael Foot and the redoubtable Peggy Duff were drowned with the refrain 'Huff Puff we have had enough of Duff'. Already many in the movement were disillusioned by the petitions and useless appeals to government. Our contemporary, Peace News has come a long way since the discussions around the action at Swaffham (Air base) in which they still thought that making the matter an election issue might help. The book states clearly the anarchist case and the subsequent collapse of the movement reflected the blind alley that the movement was to take by believing that action through governments would abolish nuclear weapons which are only part of the war machine which is essential to rule by governments.

'There are no short-cuts to peace. There are no compromise solutions between the rulers and the ruled. The day when we will be in a position to influence governments we shall also have the strength to dispense with governments. Until we can put short term prospects in their proper perspective we shall continue to overlook the long term aims which alone can ensure a world at peace. For the past twelve years we have been engaged on the problem of imminent annihilation by the Bomb or enslavement by the other side. After twelve years we are still where we were, and in spite of all the wise men "guiding" our political destinies we are still living with annihilation or enslavement on our doorstep. Are we not yet satisfied that these methods of solving mankind's problems get us nowhere?

Is it not time that people stopped worrying about the imminence of annihilation, for it's obvious that we are not able to do anything about it, if the politicians decide to press the button? If only a fraction of the energy now used in trying to reform our delinquent system were

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M.P.-61-69125/60M c52 (4)

By 1955 the connection between atomic power and nuclear arms was well recognised:

'Two days after the Government's statement that in the next ten years twelve Atom Plants would be built to produce electric power came the announcement that Britain was to develop and produce thermo-nuclear weapons, which include the hydrogen bomb. The timing of the announcements may have been a mere coincidence, and certainly, to judge by the reaction of the Press to this H-bombshell, it might well have been.' (page 1)

To those who have any illusions about Labour's role in these matters it is well to remember that it was Churchill who congratulated Attlee for having secretly developed the British product:

'What is the present position? Only three countries possess, in varying degrees, the knowledge and the power to make nuclear weapons. Of these, the United States is overwhelmingly the chief. Owing to the breakdown in the exchange of information between us and the United States since 1946 we have had to start again independently on our own. Fortunately, executive action was taken by Mr. Attlee to reduce as far as possible the delay in our nuclear development and production. By his initiative

devoted to developing what Bertrand Russell calls a 'different imagination', we have no doubt that in another twelve years' time we would be able to point to some progress on the solid road to peace.

This is our message to fellow-marchers on the A 4!'
(page 40)

Those of us who took part (without illusions) had long discussions, I remember, when we went to Greenham Common with its disappointing numbers we discussed whether to turn it in and go home; it was a question of solidarity that made us stay. It was the same thing at Marham when the first weekend the state decided to just arrest a few and hammer them, so we all went back the next weekend and frustrated this attempt. The Committee of 100 got so far as saying 'It is not enough to be merely anti-war. We have broken with party politics We have ceased to believe in dependence upon representatives and officials.'

The difficulties of the Committee of 100 were the inability to develop a system of mutual aid that would have made their actions more effective and the inability to develop the clear understanding that is reflected in the articles in this book which events so clearly justified.

'We humbly suggest to those activists in the Committee of 100, who have learned from their experience that "to merely be anti-war" is not enough, that what is needed is "new thinking and action about education, housing, health, communications, transport and industrial relations"; that "party politics" and "dependence upon representatives

and officials" is not for them and that what is needed are "new experiments in regional, local and functional administration in which the importance of the individual counts more than the importance of 'the machine' ", that they should ask themselves whether they would not serve their ends and further their cause better by working with the anarchists who have been, after all, advocating and propagating these ideas for a very long time!

(page 162)

The after word by Gillian Fleming is brief and to the point: 'What is needed is a sustained guerrilla campaign, independent of CND, ANC or any other such movement; a guerilla campaign in the sense of a series of autonomously organised offences carried out by individual groups, whether these involve controlled sabotage of property, occupations of armament factories, disruption of key communications and transport, leafletting or picketing of workers in the "defence" and nuclear industries, or whatever.'

(page 165)

This was quite an issue that was discussed in the various groups that I was in contact with and it is an issue that may find more acceptance now. There is not much in the book that one could disagree with except perhaps to ask ourselves why our impact has not been greater, is it that we do not make enough effort to distribute our work, or should we be in the revived movement with and of Protest Without Illusions?

ALAN ALBON

The psychologist everybody knows

Hans Eysenck; the man and his work

H.B.Gibson

Peter Owen, London, £11.95

Everyone I meet seems to have heard of Eysenck, perhaps because his range as a psychologist is so wide he reaches everyones field of interest. A colleague at work remembers Eysenck as the scientist who undermined anti-smoking propaganda, by saying the data showing smoking to cause lung cancer were inconclusive. Another, trained in astrology, remembers Eysenck as the part auth or of a study showing that personality is influenced by birth sign. Yet another berates Eysenck for the heresy that psychoanalysis is not a science. On the political left he is remembered as the proponent of a study linking race and intellectual capacity, which he is falsely reputed to have originated. Also as the perpetrator of a study which showed the far left to be as authoritarian as the far right. He is also known for his kindly reception of data on extra-sensory perception, his enormous contribution to clinical psychology and behavior therapy, his popular Penguin books, including the Know your own I.Q. do-it-yourself series. His enormous range is comparable to that of Freud, and his biographers opinion is that his impact on the popular understanding of psychology is equally great.

His personality, or rather the way his personality is perceived seems almost as multiple as his scholarship. One psychologist who had known him well answered Gibsons request for information with a question, 'Have you got clearance from Professor Eysenck to protect those who may comment on him from any action for slander or libel?' and would say no more. Of those who agreed to comment, some perceived him as a shy and withdrawn person, some as arrogant and intolerant, some as a man of ordinary friendliness and warmth. 'Perhaps', says Gibson, 'he is rather like the sort of projective test. . . . where the viewer perceives some projection of his own attitudes.'

It is instructive to see how Gibson himself perceives Eysenck, a kind, approachable and helpful mentor, who joins his students at coffee breaks but stays remarkably silent during their animated conversations. A humorous man who sometimes makes infuriating remarks as a practical joke (he commended a thesis as 'not bad for a woman, and an American'). A brilliant and

original thinker, given to a 'placid, reasonable and utterly adamant defence of his own point of view'. A friendly, likeable chap with an astonishing collection of enemies.

The enemies of most interest to FREEDOM readers (since revolutionaries borrow ideas from each other) are the authoritarian left who represent Eysenck as a racist. When he spoke at Birmingham University once, a woman in the audience said 'I protest against this fascist imperialist Eysenck coming here and not even having the courage to put before us his racist ideas about the inferiority of coloured people'. In fact, as Gibson shows, Eysenck has no such ideas. He had made an enemy of the left by comparing them to fascists in their authoritarian attitudes, and because 'it was found that the somewhat vague charge of being a 'fascist imperialist' was not whipping up enough student hostility, the more emotive cry of 'racist' was being promoted.'

The opportunity to represent Eysenck as a racist arose from Eysenck's ethical conviction that no data, however distasteful, should be suppressed; 'Even if the social consequences of our theories and findings can be said by some to be undesirable, the act of disowning them may have much more far-reaching and socially undesirable consequences'. With this in view he published what he took to be a flaw in the smoking and lung cancer argument, and what seemed to be statistical evidence for astrology, heedless of the commotion he caused in the scientific establishment. Similarly, he spread abroad the work of A.R. Jensen, an American educational psychologist, who interpreted the undisputed datum that American blacks generally score lower in intelligence tests than American whites, in the light of other data showing that I.Q. scores are about 80o/o heritable, Jensen concluded that the difference between average I.Q.s in the black and white populations is a genetic difference. Racists represented Jensen as saying you could tell a persons intellectual capacity from the skin colour (which is not what he had said; he referred to averages not individuals), and there was a well intentioned campaign to have Jensen's work suppressed. Eysenck, however, would have none of it. 'Lasting and satisfactory solutions of social problems', he wrote, 'are not likely to be built on factually erroneous premises'; and although himself a racial egalitarian, he set about publicising Jensen's findings in Britain. This gave the opportunity to attack him as a 'racist'.

As it happens, the 80o/o heritability data, used in good faith by Jensen and quoted in good faith by Eysenck, have since been shown to be fraudulent. They came from a paper by the brilliant scientific confidence trickster Sir Cyril Burt. Eysenck was one of the last to be convinced that Burt was a fraud, in spite of the fact that Burt had conducted a campaign of vilification against him and tried to block his academic career. But

he was finally convinced by the work of Hearnshaw, who had access to Burt's private diaries which detailed the progress of his creations. The paper Jensen had used, a study of monozygotic twins, is the most blatant fiction Hearnshaw found.

Eysenck is not a man to stand by his earlier statements when they are affected by new information. Later this year he will publish a study demonstrating an important flaw which refutes his earlier findings in support of astrology. When he gets round to it, he will no doubt publish a statement to the effect that Jensen's work on race and I.Q. though formally correct, must now be dismissed as arguing from a false premise. It will be interesting to see how the authoritarian left responds to that.

It is commonplace in FREEDOM to use the word 'authoritarian' as a pejorative, but in this case I echo Gibson's book, and I think Gibson reflects an anti-authoritarian stance in his subject. 'Although anarchists are divided in their attitudes to Eysenck', Gibson writes (and modesty forbids me to name his reference), 'much of what he has written attunes very well with

anarchist social philosophy'. He reported of Professor Davies, who lectured on the development of social systems, 'he thought the one to succeed our system of democracy would be what he called "civilized anarchy". I do rather like that concept.'

This was in a letter; Eysenck has not published anything on anarchism, but perhaps he is thinking of doing so.

Anarchists of the bookish sort (and that must include anyone who has followed this long review thus far) may find themselves expected to know about him. We need to read this biography and have it available for reference; if the price is a bit steep, get it into all the public and academic libraries.

Fortunately it is a highly entertaining book, as well as being thoroughly scholarly. The style is sharp and lucid, with delightful digressions into subjects like hypnotism (on which Gibson is a leading authority) and parapsychology (with stories of spectacular fraud), and a host of well chosen quotes. A splendid book by any standard of splendour.

DONALD ROOM

A place for people

TOWARD AN ECOLOGICAL SOCIETY by Murray Bookchin
Black Rose Books-Montreal. obtainable Freedom Press £5.20

This collection of essays covers ground with which I have been concerned for many years, the extension of Anarchist thought to wider issues. The tentacles of the modern industrial state penetrate every human activity and where it does not numb the mind with various electronic gadgetry it can always use the various weapons of public control in the police departments.

Bookchin is concerned that the new radical issues of ecology, feminism and community control should not lose their integrity. He comments in the introduction:-

"The era of the "managerial radical" (to use Andrew Kopkind's damning phrase) has pushed radicalism itself into the shadows of history."

We see the respectabilisation of anarchism by the academia, opposition has become a salaried occupation. In Bookchin's words:-

"These movements and tendencies are now faced with a crisis that threatens to warp their emancipatory logic into aborted, subservient, and conventional ideologies of the status quo."

'Ecology has always been susceptible to this sort of distortion; many years ago in the early days of the Soil Association I put this question of the connection between soil exploitation and human exploitation. The chronic separation of mind and body, action and thought and the fatal specialisation of modern industrial society that produces action without thought and thought without action and action universally dangerous narrowly conceived and selfishly motivated.

The Power to Destroy, The Power to Create.

The first paragraph in the first essay states what is becoming increasingly obvious to all:-

'The power of this society to destroy has reached a scale unprecedented in the history of humanity--and this power is being used, almost systematically, to work an insensate havoc upon the entire world of life and its material bases.'

In this essay Bookchin points out that technology has attracted a lot of flack as responsible which conceals the deep seated social situation that has produced dangerous technologies.

He criticises the ecological movement's obsession with population as being concerned with a secondary effect of our imbalance.

'If we are to find the roots of the present ecological crisis, we must turn not to technics, demographics, growth, and a diseased affluence alone; we must turn to the underlying institutional, moral, and spiritual changes in human society that produced hierarchy and domination--not only in bourgeois, feudal and ancient society, nor in class societies generally, but at the very dawn of civilisation.'

Bookchin draws a distinction between environmentalism and ecology, to create a society which is at peace with itself and its environment is a revolutionary activity, environmentalism is to tinker ineffectively with the worst effects of capitalist industrial society.

Marxism as Bourgeois Sociology

This chapter and the subsequent one should be compulsory reading for all leftists and those anarchists that still have leftist tendencies. My sentiments cannot be more clearly expressed than in the last paragraph in the chapter:-

'The development of a revolutionary project must begin by shedding the Marxian categories from the very beginning, to fix on more basic categories created by hierarchical society from its inception all the more to place the economic ones in their proper context. It is no longer capitalism we wish to demolish; it is an older and more archaic world that lives on in the present one-- the domination of human by human, the rationale of hierarchy as such.'

This book is a rich collection; it is to some extent open to criticism from his own critique of academia. I have a feeling that it could be shortened and put together as a more comprehensive and composed exposition of modern anarchist thought. Are the days of the short pamphlet finished? It would be difficult to sell even these days a book at £5.20 yet they are ideas that have to be conveyed and quickly if humanity is to turn the promise of technology into reality.

ALAN ALBON



ILLUSTRATION BY PETER WHITEHEAD

The 'true' story of the A in a circle

THE A in a circle is by now so well known, common and recognised that it has become considered a traditional anarchist symbol, giving the impression that it has always existed. The truth however, is that it is but a newcomer to libertarian iconography: if the origins of the Black Flag can be taken back to 1832 (though it was used by pirates earlier), the A in a circle was born in 1964.

It was in April 1964, in fact, that in the internal bulletin of the Jeunesses Liberales (ie. the young French anarchists, then just a handful of people, as in Italy, as everywhere) that the proposal for a graphic symbol appeared, for 'the whole of the anarchist movement, beyond the different tendencies and different groups and federations.' Why this proposal? There are two principal reasons: primarily to make graffiti and wall posters easier and more effective, and also to secure a wider presence for the anarchist movement in the eyes of the public and a common denominator to all anarchist expressions and public manifestations. More precisely, it was intended, as far as we were concerned, to find a practical medium that allowed on the one hand the reduction to a minimum of the time needed to sign our slogans on walls and on the other hand choosing a symbol sufficiently general which could be adopted by all anarchists. The symbol proposed by us, we feel, fulfils these criteria. By constantly associating it with written anarchist propaganda it will eventually, by automatic mental association, end up evoking in people the idea of anarchism on its own.

The proposed graphic symbol was precisely a capital A in a circle. Why? Presumably by derivation from the already diffuse anti-militarist symbol, in which the CND 'fork' symbol was substituted with the initial letter of the word Anarchy, in all European languages.

The proposal of the JJ. LL. did not, at that time, bear fruit. But two years later, in 1966, the young anarchists of the 'Sacco and Vanzetti' group in Milan (Gioventù Libertaria) took the symbol up again and began to use it. Up until 1968 the A in a circle remained in use, if memory serves us right, only in Milan. Then, starting from that famous May, it suddenly 'exploded', along with the explosion of the movement, on walls and posters and flags; it became re-exported to Paris and from there, due to a spontaneous appropriation by young anarchists, it travelled all over the world. It was a runaway success that caused someone to say that, if the inventor had patented the A in a circle they would be a millionaire today.

The reason for its rapid and widespread diffusion? More or less the reasons put forward by the JJ. LL. Namely, on the one hand, the great simplicity and immediacy that made the A in a



circle one of the most powerful graphic symbols, together with the cross, the hammer and sickle, the swastika... On the other hand a 'new' movement, young, expanding rapidly, that looked for a unifying symbol. So, in the absence of any anarchist symbol at the international level, and faced with inadequate national and local symbols, the A in a circle 'imposed' itself, without any group or federation even dreaming of decreeing its application.

This is the 'true' story of the A in a circle, created from conscious desire and spontaneity. A typically libertarian mixture...

Original article by AMADEO, taken from rivista A May 1981

Arthur's Crime and Punishment

ARTHUR Moyses's brief article (FREEDOM Vol 42 No. 10) of the links between the murder of Desire Bodasse and Dostoevsky's novel 'Crime and Punishment' is garbled and misleading. It isn't clear to me if he is saying life imitated art or art imitated life. A few facts may clarify matters.

'Crime and Punishment' was started by Dostoevsky in Wiesbaden in late 1865 and started to appear in serial form in 'Russky Vestnik' in January 1866, a full three years before the discovery of Bodasse's leg in the well. So, clearly, Dostoevsky couldn't have used this murder as a basis for his story.

Dostoevsky's novels did not become well known in the West until this century. It is therefore unlikely that 'Crime and Punishment' would have been familiar reading to Parisians so soon after its appearance in Russia. (True, Russian emigres could have passed on the story but how many of those would have been readers of the conservative 'Russky Vestnik'?)

So it would seem that the links Arthur Moyses suggests (rather than makes) are no more than interesting coincidences. Just like the murder of a pawnbroker in Moscow by a student shortly after the appearance of 'Crime and Punishment'.

Mr. Moyses's comparison of the story line of 'Crime and Punishment' and the murder of Bodasse is none too accurate either. For example, Raskolnikov, the protagonist of the novel

was not a revolutionary anarchist but an alienated law student. He didn't kill the pawnbroker for her 'money for the common "good"' but out of a confused mixture of romantic individualism ('I wanted to become a Napoleon') and the rationalism à la Chernyshevsky of the 'men of the 'sixties'' (he killed her because she was 'vile and loathsome vermin, an old usurer obnoxious to all, a vampire living on the lives of the poor').

I don't know, but I suspect Mr. Moyses's article may have been inspired by the real link of anarchists, murder and Dostoevsky. Dostoevsky's use of the murder of Ivanov in November 1869 by Nechaev (one time friend of Bakunin) and his cronies. This was used in his novel 'The Devils'. E. H. Carr's biography 'Dostoevsky 1821-1881' will tell you more about both novels in more detail.

In the same review Maxwell Finch makes mention of Kafka's interest in anarchism. Should anyone want to follow up Kafka's (passive) interest then they might find the Tom Morris article 'From Liblice to Kafka' in Telos 24 (Summer 1975) useful. And if anyone is a real sucker for anarchism's literary links there is an article in Telos 23 on Kafka and the other well-known and contemporary Czech author, Jaroslav Hasek, anarchist and creator of the memorable 'The Good Soldier Svejk'

A. BORE

Floccipaucinihilipilification

IT is good to be able to throw down on the table the undeniable and uncontestable proof of the diabolical, vicious nay rotten chicanery of those with whom we dispute. It has been reproduced so many times that it is now a classic in its own right and deserves a place alongside the works of John Heartfield's anti-Nazi collages of the Hitler period. And I refer of course to that street photograph of Lenin speaking from the small platform surrounded by members of his embattled Party and the Stalin doctored photographs, now you see it now you don't, wherein the figure of Trotsky has been painted out and an unknown, known only to God, figure pasted in. I hold that opinion is sacred and if in the writings of autobiographies one tells an honest lie or in a painting or a photograph one paints out a wrinkle or a relative then if it is of any importance Time and the academics will reveal all for an Arts grant for an Arts grant. There within the Royal Academy is an exhibition labelled for want of a better alibi the 213th Summer Exhibition and there, roped off from the Town and his artloving frau, is the actual handpainted 'celebrated picture' by W. P. Frith of 'A Private View at the Royal Academy 1881'. As an artist he specialised in this well handled Victorian rhubarb and his particular gimmick were the great crowd scenes of Derby Day, crowded stations and sea-side sands wherein all human life is there. 'A Private View at the Royal Academy 1881' was engraved in 1883 while the culture-maddened mob within the Royal Academy of 1883 were fighting like berserk sheep to breathe on the varnish but too much sad rubbish was in Time's flush pipe for Frith's paintings to be any other than amusing peek a boos into time warped nostalgic historicise. Christie's, of St. James's, as we who take our snuff with the fingers of our sword hand murmur, in association with the Royal Academy, are this day flogging photogravure reproductions of Frith's painting at £460.00 a 23 x 39 inches and good luck to all who sail in her. The painting demonstrates that Frith was no more than a good solid academic painter, and that is no crime, but as a man he was rather contemptible for twelve years later, 1895, when the unfortunate Oscar Wilde was on trial aware that he was to be ruined by a society now taking its revenge against one who dined at their table yet mocked their mores. Frith wrote to the owner of the painting, offering to 'paint out the head (Wilde's) and replace it by another without expense' and I underline the last two words and the head that Frith would paint out without Judas payment was the head of Oscar Wilde for the figure of Oscar Wilde is one of the centre pieces of Frith painting of 'The Private View at the Royal Academy 1881'.

Oscar still stands within the painting, laying down the artistic law and all honour to the un-named owner of the painting who said no to its castration and once again it is on public view at this year's 213th Royal Academy Summer Exhibition.

When Stalin's art hitmen painted out Trotsky, when Churchill's dear ol' dutch destroyed Sutherland's portrait of her late lord and master, we can give a wry smile, for the recorded

reproductions turn it into farce but when a wealthy society painter offers to paint out a man who posed for him for no other reason than to appease the society of the hour, then he is truly contemptible.

Of the Summer Exhibition? What can one say than that this year's exhibition has reached a new low level. This is not the fault of the Royal Academy, for they display work that is submitted to them, and if this is the best then there must have been much awful work that had to be rejected. I have these long years questioned the ethics of accepting thousands of paintings for a price when only 1447 can be placed on display, but I see so much banal badly painted work, all produced in good faith, that is neither better nor worse than work hanging on park railings. In the end, it is the old guard who make the running; Pasmore, Hiller, Gear, Scott and or anon but for the rest dis-inter the late but lamented Frith and give him his obliterating brush and a nod and a wink from the authority of the hour. Whenever any form of human activity finds a new high or a new low then one is justified in judging it in relation to those who support and applaud or denounce it and reject it. It is the emotional reaction of the listener or the viewer that spells out judgement and the quizzical eye and the finely balanced wine glass should mark or mar our communal shared vanities.

All over the Town it would seem are the paintings, etchings, aquatints and lithographs of David Hockney and we poured shoulder to shoulder without a banner in sight into the Riverside Studios for a major exhibition of David's Paintings and drawings for New York's Metropolitan Opera production of 'Parade'. And through the mass ranks moved David Hockney but the fey charm was missing and the dyed golden hair no longer shone in the bright ceiling light and the urchin smile was now a mask of weary but polite convention for it would seem that too much sycophantic adulation, too many clicking faceless cameras too many posed careless gestures had tarnished yesterday's golden boy and I admire him, I like him and I respect him, but I would hold that as an artist his brief summer as the leading fashionable artist is now dying for his talent was always minor and the work that he now produces moves down the scale and the work on display at the Riverside Studios is among history's great rejectables but we were there we were there and moving among the chattering mob was the small dark smiling figure of Kasmin the dealer and on the walls so much bad painting.

One moves back and forward across the Town asking only to be wined and amused for in the end we are all marked as no more than grave fodder and following in the footsteps of the Household Cavalry it is to the Mall Galleries in the Royal Mall where without benefit of armour breasted cavalry one shows one's credentials and having passed the tight security screen one moves in to view 'Israel Observed' as financed by the Directors of Bank Hapoolim.

Good solid pedestrian stuff by ten minor but worthy artists. The wine was there the food was there and I clowned and giggled with the small and pretty waitress feeding me whatever her tray held at that moment, but while I admire and respect the work of Helen Marks who was responsible for mounting this exhibition, it was the soft sell, the feel of wealth, the fashionable dresses just that little shade too rich and fashionable, my unsought introductions to people who I did not know and did not know me that made the men and women at that reception appear to me to have that suppressed air of quiet desperation. But I wish the exhibition well as it continues on to other galleries.

One moves across the Town to the Tate Gallery for the exhibition of the works and the pleasures of Robert Rauschenberg, and it is all so dated. Between the wars, ay maybe twenty-five years ago, it would have had the Town and his avant garde Frau rolling in the Bond Street gutters with the sick excitement of the day at the sight of an ancient bath hanging from a gallery ceiling 'anything but literally anything' crucified upon a fashionable gallery wall and I would have rolled and probably did roll in that same neighbourhood friendly gutter but even though Robert Rauschenberg parted his tough



William Powell Frith, R.A.
The Private View at the Royal Academy, 1881



1. Celia, 8365 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood



2. Celia amused



4. Celia in an armchair



6. Celia weary



7. Celia in the director's chair



8. Celia inquiring



10. Celia reclining



11. Celia elegant



12. Celia

looking helpmates to sign my press catalogue from 'Bob to Arthur' he is doing no more than filling the Tate rooms with heavy weather pastiches of his glorious past when a Ford engine on a pedestal in a Mayfair gallery was the ultimate in revolutionary chic. Only the unfortunate Stuart Brisley has been left to carry the torch for spew art for here is a lad prepared to lay in an ancient bath while pieces of rotting meat floated around in the cold water, a lad who will torture his body in any non-mutilating way if a gallery is obtainable and all for art. He pants he groans he starves and we watch and then go to catch our bus and he lives unscarred for the next gimmick and it does not amuse in the context of the people imprisoned in Irish prisons who cover their cell walls with their own shit and who literally starve themselves to death, but it is on film and photograph for those who wish to see the martyrdom of Stuart Brisley. There is Boucher's blue rinsed Landscape at the National Gallery and we drank wine under the eye of Sarah Jane and good work by Robertson and Pullan at Queen Mary College Physics Building in the Mile End Road and Mollie and I took sherry while I raved about the magnificent exhibition of Turner's water colours at the British Museum. The master the master. And in the Waddington Gallery she moved through the crowd straight out of a 1920 Max Ernst collage. With a page boy head of hair from Pabst Die Buchse der Pandora a U.S. navy surplus white jacket complete with blue and white collar she spoke my name and Boucher, Rauschenberg, Kasmin, Hockney and the rest are drear phantoms with this lovely reality and her name is Patricia. Who dare deny me my dreams?

ARTHUR MOYSE

*Floccipaucinihilipilification means, 'The act of estimating as worthless'. Don't blame me if it happens to be the longest word in the English language. Anyone with one 'A' level in 'Bread Boiling as an Art' should know it.

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Many Thanks to all.