

# BLACK & WHITE - UNITE & FIGHT!

## Slavery old and new

There are those, with a long sense of historical justice, who are saying that last week's sudden explosion of violence in Bristol is some form of 'the chickens coming home to roost.'

For the historic port of Bristol is, like Liverpool and Plymouth, ideally placed for trading across the wide Atlantic and by the middle of the 16th Century was very interested in the potential wealth of the 'New World'.

In 1492 Columbus had sailed the ocean blue and had fallen over America. Sharp off the mark, as usual, the Pope uttered a Papal decree in 1493, generously donating the 'New World' and all its trade to Catholic Spain and Portugal. No doubt with a little commission for His Holiness on the side.

Unhappily, as the British were to find later, wealth does not get up and walk across the water under its own volition. Something called labour is required, and it so happened that Columbus had so mis-

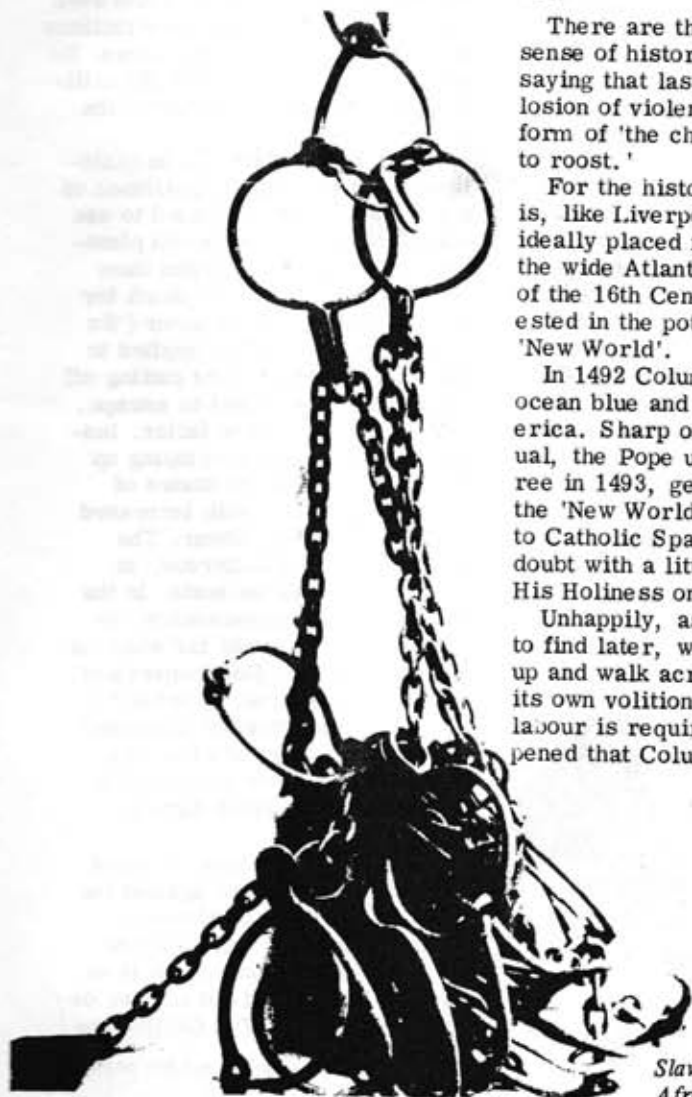
treated the native 'Indians' discovered on the lovely Caribbean islands and the rich coastal plains of mainland America - to say nothing of introducing them to European diseases hitherto unknown to them - that they were either dying off or pissing off rapidly.

Clever Columbus had already found out about Africa and its strong people, so what was more natural than that the Spanish Conquistadores and their Portuguese fellow Catholics should decide that it was God's will that the peoples of the dark continent should best serve gentle Jesus by working on the plantations of the New World?

So the slave trade began. A ghastly system of organized cruelty, the first practitioners of which were the Portuguese, who, trading with Arab slavers, had set up a slave market in Lisbon as early as 1503, but by 1515 were shipping their black captives direct from the Guinea coast to America.

The Spaniards followed suit, but the rapidly expanding economy of the New World soon outstripped the supply of able-bodied workers - and, by and large, only the able-bodied ever made it across the Atlantic anyway.

It was this long sea voyage which was the undoing of the Spanish, too. For before very long they had to issue permits to merchantmen of other countries to ship the slaves across in the necessary numbers - and that opened the eyes of, among others, the rapacious English pirates who had religious reasons,



*Slave chains brought from Africa by Livingstone.*

as well as the usual piratical ones, for interfering with that Papal decree, Britain's version of Christianity now being the Protestant one.

We need not mention in too much detail the names of these pirates; they are written into our glorious Island story, though not as pirates. So we won't talk of Captain Kidd and Captain Blood, not even of Mary Read, but only of Sir Walter Raleigh, who brought us chips and fags (well, potatoes and tobacco) and laid his cloak down for Queen Elizabeth the First; Sir Francis Drake, great at bowls and Armada bashing; Bolingbroke and 'Your need is greater than mine' Sidney and of course, Hawkins.

It was Sir John Hawkins, an already wealthy, religious Plymouth merchant, who was the first determined and organized English slave-trader. After his first trip in 1562, Hawkins was the richest man in Plymouth; after the second he was the richest man in England. On his third voyage he sold 400 slaves at £25 a head - work that out at 16th century values!

Before long the slave trade was occupying a great deal of British shipping. Not only from Plymouth Hoe, but also from London, Liverpool and, as we are interested today, from Bristol, the slavers went forth, down the coast of Africa to Guinea, to the Ivory Coast, to the quaintly named Freetown of Sierra Leone, round the whole West Coast, the dreadful harvest was reaped.

Snatched from their fields or their villages, chained and manacled as today we wouldn't chain animals, strong young men and women were trawled and packed, side by side, head to foot, in the most appalling conditions, nearly 4000 miles across the wild Atlantic. There, sold cheaper, worked harder, but branded just like cattle, their space on the ships was filled with cotton, tobacco, molasses, sugar and so on - back to Britain, which waxed rich on this savage exploitation.

Rich Englishmen and their ladies, coming back to England, brought their slaves with them - and that is why to this day ports like Liverpool, London, Bristol, have a black population going back as far as anybody can remember. And perhaps, in the way of things, it was this bringing home of the slaves that finally opened English eyes to the realities of slavery.

But the slave trade flourished for over 200 years before the camp-

aign for its abolition began to carry weight. And having sneered at religion above, it would be churlish not to credit this country's main campaigner, William Wilberforce, with his evangelical Christian motivation. But by the 1780s, when he first entered Parliament, reform - revolution even - was in the air.

The Americans had revolted against the British, who now no longer controlled the American economy and had been forced to swallow all that stuff in the Declaration of Independence, the author of which, Thomas Jefferson, was in Paris at the time of the French revolution, and played a part in drawing up The Declaration of the Rights of Man - 'Liberty, Property, Security and Resistance to Oppression...' and 'Man is Born Free and Equal in Rights.'

Brave words indeed and they did not fit in with slavery. But then, neither did the needs of the emerging bourgeois and industrial revolutions, which could not operate with chattel slaves tied, serf-like, to the land, but demanded mobile wage slaves instead. Land enclosures were driving independent yeomen off the lands where they had had common law rights for generations and forcing them to become hired hands for large landowners or to go to work in the ever-increasing workshops as wage slaves.

The new wage slavery had great advantages over chattel slavery in that the employer had no responsibility whatsoever for the wellbeing of his worker outside of the workshop. He could hire him by the day or by the hour and fire him at will; he had no investment in his welfare,

did not have to feed, clothe or shelter him or tend him when he was sick to get him back to work, for the wage slave was not the property of the employer and could thus be replaced with no loss. It was the perfect system for the new industrialisation. (A certain lady at No. 10 Downing Street obviously thinks it perfect for the new technological revolution too!)

So it was time for slavery to go except, of course, where it was actually practised. In 1808 the first Act forbidding British participation in the slave trade came into force - although naturally British merchants continued trading with British plantation owners in the West Indies and the American ex-colonies and bringing back the produce of slave labour. It was still very profitable, for now the emergent Lancashire cotton industry was turning the raw material into finished cloth and made-up garments; the foundations of our tobacco empires had been laid; sugar and spice and all things nice were delightfully big business.

In fact, slavery did not end in the West Indies until 1834 and even then there were severe restrictions on the movements of ex-slaves. No strings, however, on the £20 million paid as 'compensation' to the ex-owners.

It was regrettable that in mainland America gallant gentlemen of the gallant South continued to use slaves on their widespread plantations, continued to brand them and flog them nearly to death for the slightest misdemeanour ('So what - the same thing applied in the British Navy!') and cutting off their feet if they tried to escape.

Then came the new factor. Industrialisation was developing up North - the Northern states of America that is - with increased demand for cheap labour. The heirs of Thomas Jefferson, in Washington, had the texts, in the Declaration of Independence, to mount the moral fight for what the economy needed. How convenient!

In fact, of course, it needed a bit more than morality; it needed a bitter four years of civil war, 1861-1865, to force the South to yield up its God-given right to own slaves.

Incidentally, the man credited with leading the North against the South on the issue of slavery, Abraham Lincoln, said (August 1862): 'My paramount object is to save the Union, and not to save or destroy slavery.' The Gettysburg

*'THAT WAS A NASTY,  
SHORT, SHARP SHOCK -*



*-FOR ME!*

# Violence and non-violence

It is good to see "Freedom" paying some serious attention to what one of its editors quite recently characterised as a "sterile debate". In truth the issues raised by a consideration of the various "sides" in the debate are crucial - and as "Paul Durruti" points out (*Freedom* 29th March) there are far more than just two.

I would advocate nonviolent anarchism for two main reasons - the first personal - and one which would seem not to have a wider relevance, until it is realised that my personal weaknesses - or strengths - are fairly widespread in the anarchist movement, it is simply that I am not capable, physically or psychologically, of violence; albeit I grant anyone that I have not yet been tested to any real degree.

The second reason is of far more importance, and is fundamental to my own vision of anarchism. As anarchists we (surely) believe in freedom. Freedom - it has been pointed out - is an indivisible value; it is not just for me, or for ourselves as anarchists, but for all. The only power that I, as an individual, have that can destroy another's freedom, is violence; and as soon as I destroy another's freedom, I start playing the politico's game according to the politico's rules; and if I win - I lose; and if I lose, I also lose.

I fully accept that much non-violence is authoritarian - especially the stances of moral blackmail adopted by Tolstoyans

and Gandhians. Tactical non-violence also however takes libertarian forms. Violence is not only always inherently authoritarian - it not only doesn't seem to work in anarchist terms, it would seem to do positive harm by making the state ever more brutal, and alienating those people who should be coming to our aid and into the anarchist movement.

Those who advocate violence in order to provoke authority to show its "real face", normally advocate violence from a safe distance, and lack the imagination (which many others have) to see the real face of authority, without having it breathe its flames in your eyes. The limitation on violence as a tactic is that it will always replace one power by another simply because violence is power. It is, of necessity, clandestine and elitist.

The degree to which one should tolerate intolerance is an equally non-sterile debate; but as far as 'revolutionary violence' is concerned (a contradiction in terms, I would suggest), the point is surely that our first priority must be to build a mass movement of dedicated and courageous anarchists (and we ain't there yet!) - then, and only then - to proceed to lay siege - if you will - to the state - and starve the bastards out!

It sounds violent enough, doesn't it! But if it is the mass of the people who produce all the wealth, and maintain all the machinery of government - and

it is; and if the anarchist movement must grow phenomenally to stand a cat in hell's chance of making any real achievements - and it must; then we need a massive defection from the ranks of the apathetic, of those who currently actively or passively support the state, and of those who currently advocate other alternatives to capitalism. Violence risks killing off - or alienating completely - the very people we will need - the poor and the unrepresentable.

Then - to withdraw support - to not vote, not work, not fight and not obey, the state, is a less naive method of making a revolution than would at first appear. Of course the state will respond violently - but with what. Who makes their guns, who builds their prisons, who creates and maintains all the machinery of repression, who harvests all the resources with which they now enslave us. WE DO!

Sure there are vast stockpiles of weapons extant, sure some prisons are already there - and such prisons take many forms; but we are not as yet even trying to deny the state access to these; indeed like a load of leaping lemmings we seem only too anxious to commit intellectual, emotional or physical suicide, aided and abetted by our oppressors to whom we are continuing to hand the tools of oppression on a plate.

I have not the arrogance to advocate nonviolence to the Irish or the Afghans or for many others around the world engaged now in a life or death struggle with their oppressors. I only say that in this place, at this time, it has no relevance; and that in the creation of an anarchist society, it would seem to have no place at any time anywhere.

Jim Huggon.



# K. Ronstadt lives?

## 1:

The Editors,  
 'Which party were that lot anyway'  
 'Oh just a bunch of fucking anarchists I think.'

The Debate of the Decade at Westminster Hall on Monday March 17 was a farce.

The Labour Co-ordinating Committee, organisers, evidently think that the future of the left does not include an anarchist perspective - there was no anarchist speaker on the platform.

The 'Debate' was organised along the same hierarchial lines as our political system - seven speakers and 2,500 listeners.

The participatory element - 'comments from the floor' - was rigged so as to include only prominent seconds-in-command (Lyn Segal, Duncan Hallas etc.) as well as a steelworker, to salve the debate's ideological conscience.

Of course we despise Parliament (Tony Benn, Audrey Wise, Stuart Holland).

Of course we recognise the bankruptcy of elitist revolutionary organisations (Paul Foot, Tariq Ali).

Of course all these things make us angry.

But none of these things excuse the counter-productive heckling of a group of undeclared anarchists which led to the alienation of 2,500 potential sympathisers at that meeting.

## ANTI-WAR LONDONERS?

Dear FREEDOM,

I am writing a text on the anti-militarist struggle in North London during the 1914-18 war. Anarchists and libertarians played a central role in these events.

I am most anxious to trace participants and documentation from this period, and I would be very grateful if any of your readers can help me.

All the best,  
 Ken Weller,  
 123 Lathom Road,  
 London E. 6

Anarchism's worst enemy is its image - built up through the years by the media and the government, recognising anarchy as the ultimate threat to its existence.

Why, then, do we continue to feed our detractors with juicy lumps of propaganda to chew on - either by blowing people up or by wrecking meetings. Do we really believe that these actions will attract sympathetic support. Such vitriol is no substitute for discussion with friends, neighbours, relations, workmates; for action in community groups (at least Hilary Wainwright talked some sense at Westminster); or for actions which disrupt the command/obey sequence - non-payment of fines etc..

Anarchism depends on mass-participation. Anarchism is mass-participation. The time for violent anarchism will come. That time is not now.

Now we must grow discreetly and disobediently. We need to attract support, not alienate it. Monday night was one of the most depressing of my life ...

From  
 Andy Deblon,  
 Balham, SW 17.

## 2:

Dear comrades,  
 the well known comrade K. Ronstadt and his 40 friends are to be congratulated on introducing a new dimension to the moribund anarchist movement: that of smashing up other peoples meetings. Well, trying to anyway.

In doing this they have made some very valuable discoveries, which will stand them in good stead if ever they get round to trying to create an independent anarchist movement, so rightly described by KR as 'urgent'.

They discovered that when 2,500 left-wingers inside and outside the Labour Party go to an enormous hall like the Central in Westminster, to hear advertised speakers like Tony Benn, Peter Hain, Paul Foot and Tariq Ali, they go--would you believe-- to hear Tony Benn, Peter Hain etc. etc. How unimaginative of them and how manipulative, oppressive even, of the platform, who had gone to the trouble of organising the shindig in the first place, to want to do what they came to do instead of yielding the floor at the first shriek



of 'What about the workers?'

It was a surprising discovery, but well worth making, that jewels of revolutionary wisdom, like 'Arm the pickets!', can fall on deaf ears in such a situation. One would have

imagined, would one not, that the remaining 2460 members of the left masses (only the platform, after all, was specifically identified for us as ex-public school types) would have immediately risen up with a great shout, seeing the light in a blinding red and black flash. And with the House of Commons only 300 yds. away too.

Unfortunately the only shout that went up was one of 'out, out' directed at our own militant direct actionists, by masses who either couldn't make out what they were saying, (and, not surprisingly from their behaviour) or else were, surprise surprise, naturally antagonistic. How unimaginative, indeed, as KR says, and how non-revolutionary and manipulative for all those politically motivated people to actually want to hear the speakers. They had

probably, in their narrow-minded and servile way, (for they were likely to be members represented on the platform) been looking forward to that 'debate' for weeks. What a surprising discovery to find that they resented having their evening ruined by a bunch of howling strangers--who should clearly have been welcomed for bringing a message opposing all parties.

It was, of course, a gift for our comrades that this event took place on March 17th--the exact date in 1921 that Trotsky's Red Army massacred the revolutionary soldiers, sailors, workers and peasants of the Commune of Kronstadt. It was rather a pity that our comrade who now bears this name restricted himself only to shouting about it, even though his message was embroidered with chants and songs. Had a short leaflet been prepared, however, and given out before the meeting, some of the hostile rank and file might have known what it was all about. After all, it only needs a brief summary of the events before and after the massacre and a reproduction of the famous resolution of March 1st 1921, the various demands of which show

conclusively how much 'workers' freedom had already been destroyed by Lenin and Trotsky.

May I claim the space just to remind ourselves of this historic document, only to the extent of reproducing the first three of the 15 demands. They go like this:

1. to proceed immediately to the re-election of the soviets by secret ballot, the electoral campaign among the workers to be carried out with full freedom of speech and action;

2. to establish freedom of speech and press for all workers and peasants, for the anarchists and left socialist parties;

3. to accord freedom of assembly to the 'workers' and 'peasants' organisations.....

Of course putting in time and effort in producing something like this is fucking boring, frustrating and oppressive. Not only that, once you put something like that in print it inhibits you from acting freely and spontaneously and autonomously and with beautiful contradiction.

We all know that fascists and bolsheviks believe in smashing up other peoples meetings, don't we? But not the anarchists, eh? For if we did, we'd have no arguments against them doing it to us, would we? We'd just be descending to their level, wouldn't we? And we don't want that do we?

Yours fraternally,  
Philip Sansom.

PS: While I am writing to you, may I make a silly boring pedantic old protest against the fashionable misuse of the word recuperate. KR writes that Hilary Wainwright 'tried not to attack the Labour and left parties who are out to recuperate and suppress any autonomous movements. 'Recuperate' means (and I don't apologise for using my oppressive, authoritarian and thoroughly prestigious Concise Oxford Dictionary, where it is not far below 'rectum'): 'Restore, be restored or recover, from exhaustion, illness, loss, etc. Which makes nonsense of KR's comment. Perhaps the situationists are to blame.

#### APCLOGY

We apologise to Peter Good and his comrades of Anarchism Lancashire, for the gobbledegook on Page 16. We don't know what it means either. But readers can still send a suitable donation for this priceless publication and redress the balance for--Your contrite Editors.

## FUTILITY....

Dear friends,

Jeff Robinson's article on 'alternatives' seems to me to illustrate the futility of the various ideologies of anarchism. Of course it's easy and sometimes beneficial for each of us to sit down and consider how we would like society to be, but the fact that the masses don't immediately carry out our desires is not justification for considering them as having become bourgeois. It is said that during the '60s, many revolutionaries believed that when the nightmare was explained people would wake up. Some, on realising that this was not so (and some are still learning) seem to have turned to slapping people around the face to wake them up.

For too long, anarchism has been a collection of ideologies,

each striving to have their view of the future society accepted as the correct one, while a few anarchists have actually studied the present enough to consider methods to help propel society into a position where people can freely decide which, or what, they want. I am not claiming to have the answers, indeed if I did claim that, circumstances would soon show a change that I had not considered, but that is no reason not to join in the struggle. By joining the discussion and experimentation of people trying to consciously transform society, everyone can see how much they have to contribute and learn, but those who stand on the sidelines with their ready-made utopias will only serve to confuse, themselves as much as anyone else.

Myk Zeitlin

## FREEDOM EXPOSED!

For all those romantics amongst us who believed that FREEDOM was produced by a slick multinational co-operative of errant hacks and hackettes there was a cruel shock today. The already rife rumour of a more sordid affair has finally been verified in a secret document leaked to the typewriter earlier this evening. It is now definite that FREEDOM arrives irregularly on your doorstep through the unflagging efforts of half a dozen comrades who type it and do the layout on Monday evenings, Tuesday as well if necessary (Review section one week News section the next) and a grand muster of maybe a dozen to collate and despatch on Thursdays. The deep and mysterious financial situation was also cleared up with the discovery that Freedom has no finances! No-one involved is paid anything (I should bloody well hope not -Typist) nor does the paper have to meet rates and other costs which are paid by the bookshop with the help of donations. The printing and postage costs are paid for by the cover price and breaks even with

the Press Fund (just about). Due to the limited number of people involved and the limited time available, and the mad rush to meet deadlines, not much proofreading or editing gets done, which is why more than occasional errors crop up.

Editorial meetings as a set event do not occur for similar reasons though at some stage in the middle of a hectic Thursday evening looks like a good time to argue about the next issue. All are welcome, if only to do the folding!

For articles and reviews they rely on poor unsuspecting readers to send in reports, news etcetera, as early as possible so that typing doesn't have to be done all at once. Deadlines are News section: the Monday before publication, Review section: the Monday before that.

P.S. Arthur Freeman of 84b White-chapel High Street, well known letters page columnist of The Guardian has, in fact, nothing to do with the present collective, though is a comrade who often contributes.

# SO WHY BRISTOL?

\*Continued from page 2

Address came later, defining democracy as 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people.'

We make no apology for pegging all this on the story of the riot in Bristol on the Wednesday before Easter - an outburst of violence which, everybody agrees, occurred quite spontaneously following police arrogance during a fairly routine raid on a café in the Saint Pauls district of the historic old seaport. We can say 'fairly routine' because, over the last two years, the Bristol police have systematically harrassed and closed down every meeting place the black community has created for itself in Saint Pauls.

The last place left is the Black & White Café (aptly named, since it is owned and run by black Jamaican-born Bertram Wilks and his white, Bristol-born wife Gladys.)

12,000 Bristol citizens of West Indian extraction (descendants of those slaves) live in this area, as the old-established families were joined by the mass immigration of the 60s and 70s. The young, British born among them suffer a higher rate of unemployment than their white friends and schoolmates, but among both white and black unemployment is high. And social facilities are low.

There are no youth clubs, no sports facilities. Their disco, the Shady Grove, was closed down, as were two other cafés, Brook Lane and Sam's Bar. The Black & White was recently refused a renewal of its liquor licence, but, not unnaturally, ways are found to get round that. It is still not an offence (is it?) to buy your own drinks and drink them at a café of your choice - provided the proprietor does not mind.

Bertram Wilks didn't mind. He let the kids come in and drink their afternoons away, listening to reggae, and even smoking the occasional joint.

This is what usually gives the police their excuse to raid the place. On the Wednesday before Easter, however, they were after the beer. Swaggering in with dogs, they found the drinks and started to carry it away, sneering at the youngsters 'We want it for our Easter party'. A trivial incident over torn trousers (trivial?) sparked a row - and the balloon went up.

Within minutes, the kids were giving the police the beer - crates,

on the backs of their necks, and for good measure, turning over their cars and setting them on fire. A major riot developed.

Everybody was astounded! The local police chief, caught on the hop, did the sensible thing and pulled his police out of the area until it all cooled down. The riot turned into looting, or shall we say 'liberation'? Blacks and whites together helped themselves from the supermarkets and, in passing, set fire to the bank. Tales have been told - and by now are passing into folklore - of white old age pensioners scurrying down to the shops to fill up their prams with goodies they haven't been able to afford since Christmas.

For absolutely every report we have seen of this event has been agreed: this was not a black versus white fight, it was the young people of Saint Pauls (with the support and sympathy of the old ones) fighting the police - the figures of authority

who were always trying to undermine their dignity and reduce their freedom.

So how can everybody be astounded? Isn't it obvious that if you bring up a generation bombarded with advertising for desirable goodies, but withhold from them the means to get them, that you are going to build up a head of frustrated steam that must blow sometime? And when to that economic insult is added the day-to-day insult of pigs in uniform who steadily and systematically eat away at your living space and your freedom just to be quietly yourself - what the hell do they expect?

Bristol is not just a warning - it's an overture. Everybody in our rich society is entitled to the good things in life, as they see them. For young, old, black and white, the struggle is coming perhaps quicker than we thought.

No return to slavery - of any kind! No discrimination and no second-class citizens! Last week in Bristol has shown us that there are limits beyond which we will not be pushed - and more importantly, that young, old, black and white CAN unite - and fight!

## OLYMPICS? ABOLISH THEM!

Mr Fraser and his political cronies are trying to make a mountain out of a molehill over the Afghanistan issue. Boycotting the Olympic Games in Moscow later this year won't make an ounce of difference to the Russians - they apparently intend to stay in Afghanistan indefinitely. Prime Minister Fraser, the sheep farmer, and President Jimmy Carter, the peanut farmer, together with other reactionary people like Mrs Thatcher of England are trying to make political capital out of the whole issue.

It is up to the Olympic sporting authorities to decide whether they wish to boycott the games or not. Not Governments!

Mr Fraser and his Country Party farmers don't want to hurt the Soviet Union by stopping the sale and export of rutil, wool, wheat and maize to that country; but it is alright to tell the athletes to boycott the Olympic Games because of the USSR occupying Afghanistan.

The Olympic Games have never helped to harmonise relations among people and countries. The very spectacle itself is in the form of a gladiatorial show in which human

aggression all-round is displayed - to get that gold, or silver, or bronze medal and the recognition of being 'super' on a world scale. There is politics and nationalism on a grand scale in such an event, as well as human egoism and agility. That is why the Games will go ahead in Moscow - with the usual parades, cheering, national flags flying, brass bands playing national songs and screaming voices. This great Olympic circus must go on!

No doubt, the Soviet Union, the host country, will win most of the trinkets and points, proving, as they say, that only under Socialism is it possible for people to achieve the almost impossible human tasks. But quite a number of athletes who will compete in the Games will be 'professionals', especially those from the Eastern block countries and the United States and elsewhere. Where is the sportsmanship these days?

Apart from the astronomical costs involved in staging the Olympic Games, and the fact that it does not produce goodwill among nations and peoples, all the more reason why the Games should be abolished forever.

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... not so brief ...

The past two weeks have seen the state, the church and the monarchy capturing the limelight in various events of our national circus. First we were presented with the expected budget, tightening the governments economic noose a little tighter. Not only detrimental to those of us already finding it difficult to pay for such 'luxuries' as health, education, transport, the raising of a family, but also the most aggressively militarist budget seen for a while. One of the reasons massive cuts in public expenditure is the £10,785,000,000 due to be spent on that tory obsession, defence. Britain cannot expect peace and security free of charge said our defence minister. A direct effect of this is that by the end of the decade the services face the task of recruiting more than one in ten (11 $\frac{3}{4}$ %) of all young men in the 16-18 age bracket. One can see the threat of conscription looming in the near future to provide fodder for their military madness. At the same time the media has generously brought to everyones notice the 'gas warfare deterrent' the usual argument that only by building up our gas warfare capability can we deter the big bad russians from using theirs. This complete change in NATO policy defended by well documented and timely articles in the papers about "russian stockpiles of chemical weapons" looks like we're off on an arms race again. The white paper also revealed that almost 70 royal navy helicopters have been armed with nuclear weapons for use against enemy submarines, one more factor that lowers the

## OLYMPICS

Continued from page 6

Like religions, organized sport is big business. It also has that religious-like awe to which its followers must pay respect and pay for. Perhaps Greek mythology has something to do with it, for it tells us that Zeus, the most supreme of gods, lived and ruled on the summit of Mount Olympus, who showed great strength and agility, that his mythical trait, perhaps, permeates down from one generation to another in order to keep the Olympic flame alive so that nations may do battle against each other in what must be the greatest circus on earth! Ye ancient Greeks- why did you all invent such a sport through your mythology?

-from New South Wales Rationalist News.

nuclear threshold; the fact that israel and south africa have now produced and tested a nuclear device (an american committee is currently doing a cover up on this) does not do much to help either. A BBC survey showed in fact that almost half the british population believes nuclear war is likely within the next ten years, only 10% know what to do in the event of attack and 33% think it's pointless to know anyway. The french state meanwhile, trying to out-manoeuvre the anti-nuclear lobby, are offering substantially cheaper electricity for anyone prepared to live within three miles of a nuclear plant. They did however drop their original plan: to raise prices for anyone involved in successful protest against a nuclear installation. The states 'boys in blue' have found that jury vetting has come far since the days of secrecy, broken by the revelation of their time honoured practise during the 'Persons Unknown' trial. A judge has recently ruled that a jury to try two police officers accused of assault can be vetted. The application came from the defence and was challenged by the chief constable of south yorkshire. One doesn't know how serious a challenge this was, though the judge did say '... few defendants will qualify for a vetting order...' The two policemen have. Agent orange, the defoliant used in vietnam which contains dioxin as an impurity, was given feature treatment in the sunday times recently. It is in fact identical to 245-T the chemical produced by Mr. margaret thatcher's weedkiller company chipmans. However the media is more interested in mark thatcher's aspirations to be a racing driver than daddy and his dangerous chemicals.

Moving onto the church we were treated to its grand gala mutual masturbation session the other day. The new archbishop, runcie, said to be 'a radical conservative with self-effacing charisma' talked about how the church must be more unpretentious and uncluttered, this after a ceremony of mediaeval pomp and sp-

lendour. He and the pope should get along fine with their mutual hypocrisy and religious infallibility.

Along with headlines 'even the queen must tighten her belt'(sic.) we were informed that the poor dear was only getting a 17% pay rise, her sweet little daughter was given 30% as she overspent last year buying horses that mark philips seems to enjoy kicking around. The rest of our regal parasites all got their fair share, and princess margaret was used as the scapegoat. Except prince charles that is who got nothing at all, then again he does own cornwall.

In fact the church the monarchy and the ministry of defence just so happen to be the three biggest land owners in britain.

The steel strike is over, sold out as usual by its union leadership, no concessions on redundancies and not even the pay rise they fought for. Jet-setting union boss bill sirs has had to cancel two trips to israel and america recently but will no doubt be pleased to be able once more to fulfill his international obligations, starting with west germany at the end of the month. The CBI meanwhile has revealed its 'success in combatting the threat to industrys output. It masterminded a flow of information between companies, with supplies kept moving by any means possible. The story goes that a steel stockholder who, warned that a militant flying picket was on its way to block the warehouse, marshalled his own 'loyal workers' outside his doors clutching hastily made picket banners of their own. When the flying picket arrived they were told the men already there were a flying picket from wales. Credulously they left.

Ending on a medical note, there has been good news for diabetics, a bacterium has been developed which when implanted with a section of DNA will produce insulin. This should bring the price down considerably. This is also good news for the american company that has been allowed to patent this bacterium. Do not be surprised if the price one day goes up considerably.

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# Culture, narcissism and the family

Christopher Lasch was born in Omaha in 1932. For the past nine years he has been a Professor of History at the University of Rochester. Because of his earlier books, including 'The Agony of the American Left' and 'The New Radicalism in America', Lasch has been identified in the past as a Marxist historian.

Because of this earlier characterization, it is of some interest that Lasch's two most recent books, 'Haven in a Heartless World' and 'The Culture of Narcissism', have been condemned by much of the 'Left' in this country. Lasch himself believes that this has resulted from the fact that most of the 'Left' have been unable to understand books that 'resist assimilation to predigested positions (and thus) offends those for whom politics consists of readymade answers and automatic loyalties'.

In point of fact, drawing on both Freud and Marx, Lasch has produced two books of great value for anyone concerned with understanding and changing contemporary society.

In 'The Culture of Narcissism' Lasch quickly sets forth his assumption that bourgeois society no longer has the ability to deal with contemporary problems; that liberalism, which he views as the political theory of the bourgeoisie, is dead but has yet to be replaced, while the same fact holds true for bourgeois science and economics. Concurrently, Lasch views the distrust of the ruling class by the middle and lower classes as signifying the possibility of a new capacity for self-government and the end of the dependence on experts and bureaucracy which he feels has replaced the earlier traditions of local action and mutual aid. Only through the return to these older values can a new society evolve from the wreckage of capitalism.

The natural question for the reader to ask at this point is just how will this evolution come about. Unfortunately, as far as Lasch is concerned, the reader will have to wait until perhaps his next book. Lasch makes it clear that the purpose of 'The Culture of Narcissism' is not to document the birth of a new society but to describe the end of the old one, a society where the 'logic' of competitive individualism has reached the point of "all against all" and where the pursuit of happiness has ended in a culture of narcissists who are concerned only with 'self' within a culture that reproduces its worst features as it collapses.

It is also apparent that Lasch is concerned with more than a simple critique of culture and society. A large part of 'The Culture of Narcissism' is concerned with criticizing the 'radical' critique of contemporary society

and it is this concern which I feel to be of particular value for anyone who desires to change society.

Lasch believes that most of what passes today for cultural radicalism in fact only supports what it means to criticize. Most radical theory is shown to be stuck within a simplistic, and worse, dated analysis of society which has been left behind by the evolution of capitalism. The radical critique of the family, sexual morality and the work ethic for example, have been rendered obsolete as these and similar things have been either weakened or destroyed by capitalism and as a result no longer form the basis of society.

In order to present his thesis, Lasch combines social history with social criticism. That is to say, he bases his history on material written by the same people he attacks as he goes along. Books and articles by sociologists, historians, psychologists, anthropologists and others are quoted and then their ideas are condemned by Lasch as having helped to cause the contemporary malaise of society. Thus Lasch uses history to set up the target and criticism to shoot it down. The problem with this technique is that he fails to offer alternatives and instead produces only a critique of others.

Central to Lasch's view of contemporary society is his belief that the authoritarian personality type so 'beloved' by radicals, has been replaced by a new type of personality: the narcissist. According to his interpretation, much of which is derived from Freud, the preponderate type of neurotic personality during the late 19th and early part of the 20th century, was the obsessive who is described as a repressed authoritarian who believed in putting off gratification until the future. These traits, for Lasch, mirrored that particular stage of capitalism.

The end of the second world war, however, saw a rise in the production of consumer goods and the development of a consumer-oriented form of capitalism. This in turn has brought about a new type of personality, the narcissist, who has been told that it is no longer necessary to put off gratification. The narcissist has exchanged feelings of guilt for anxiety<sup>(1)</sup> and feels a need to discover the meaning in life, while at the same time doubting the reality of his or her own existence. While the narcissist is sexually permissive, he or she can find no real gratification as the new morality reflects not a new freedom but the narcissist's disbelief in the possibility of gaining real intimacy. Since the narcissist lives in a constant state of anxiety with little or no regard for the future, he or

she can feel no interest in the past. The narcissistic societies' rejection of history is, for Lasch, a clear proof of its bankruptcy as 'a denial of the past ... (shows) a society that can't face the future.'

Throughout 'The Culture of Narcissism', Lasch uses his theory of the narcissistic personality type to examine contemporary society and culture and to analyze such aspects of the self awareness movement, work, sports, education, sexual relationships, the family and a number of other topics in order to show how former values and perceptions, like the former form of capitalism, have been transformed.

#### Lasch and the Family

The subtitle of 'Haven in a Heartless World' is 'The Family Besieged' and since Haven as well as a large part of 'The Culture of Narcissism' are both concerned with the changes undergone by the family unit during the past century,<sup>(2)</sup> it might be instructive to briefly examine Lasch's view of the family in order to demonstrate his use of history as criticism.

Lasch appears to have had a two-fold purpose when writing 'Haven in a Heartless World'. The first is to show the importance of the family vis a vis the development of the personality. The second is to demonstrate the harm done to the family during the past century by capitalism and its hirelings and to document, by quoting their writings, how the social sciences and helping professions have contributed to this process. To Lasch, the problems of society and the contemporary family are not the result of abstract forces as the 'experts' would have us believe but can be traced to the policies implemented by capital during the past century. Lasch strongly believes that the social sciences in fact only describe the surface reality of society, as well as excusing its problems, instead of explaining the inner reality of society which he feels to be based in the present, as in the past, on the domination of capital.

Drawing heavily on what he views as the correct interpretation of Freud, (3) Lasch argues that the family is necessary in order to provide the setting where parental love and authority allow the natural development of the child's personality within a necessary system which allows the evolution of psychological conflict. Lasch is highly critical of the changes within the family unit whereby love and authority have often been replaced by detachment and bribery due to the parents' desire to avoid natural conflicts which in fact will not really disappear but instead produce later problems for the developing personality. (4)

Lasch's historical thesis in 'Haven in a Heartless World' is that just as production was socialized by capitalism during the 19th century, reproduction has been socialized in the 20th century. Thus many of the physical and moral aspects which were formerly taken care of by the family, have been appropriated during this century by capitalism and the state through the use of education, health and welfare services and a variety of experts. Consequently, 20th century history is for Lasch a history of the states increasing control over what was once the dominion of the family.

'Haven in a Heartless World' is accordingly a description of the process by which the family has been stripped of its control over its private life by doctors, teachers, psychiatrists, courts and other experts who have caused far more harm than good and whose overall effect has been to rob the individual of his or her confidence and consequently forced them to rely on the guidance of the 'expert.' The tragic result of this process for Lasch has been that although capitalism has outlived its usefulness, the ability and will of individuals to replace it has been severely eroded.

Finally, although Lasch does not attempt to provide solutions for societies ills in either Culture or Haven, and while most readers, including myself, will no doubt find much to question or disagree with while reading him, Lasch does provide an interesting, thought-provoking experience for the reader.

John Walden

#### FOOTNOTES

1. Lasch believes that the State is more easily able to divert discontent with society by treating it as the result of personal anxiety which can be 'cured' by the consumption of commodities.
2. Lasch makes a convincing point that the outcry over the breakdown of the family has been going on since the late 19th century and has helped to give birth to the same 'experts' whose stated purpose has been to arrest this development but who in point of fact have contributed to it.
3. Lasch feels that most Freudian revisionists have misinterpreted Freud's views on a wide variety of things, including women, and that Freud did not stress biology at the expense of culture.
4. Lasch views many of the current alternatives to the nuclear family as the result of this desire to avoid familial conflict.



# The abolition of work?

IN the comparison of anarcho-syndicalist and similar organisations today, the AIT (Association Internationale des Travailleurs) is obviously the organisation closest to representing such ideas. The vague and North American dominated IWW (International Workers of the World) has little contemporary value, in anarchist terms, apart from gathering the rapidly diminishing numbers of the industrial work contingent to reflect on their tragic history. Anarcho-syndicalism, whilst acknowledged as a helpful perspective within a total anarchistic framework, is seen as having a rather archaic focus on work and integration in capitalist production. Anarcho-communism, on the other hand, demands consideration of all factors within our total environment. Thus we are induced to apply anarchist considerations to every moment of our existence, consciously and consistently.

Proponents of bland 'syndicalism' or industrial unionism are not to be automatically accepted as exponents of anarchism; nor are they to be given much greater credibility than trade unions and guilds - apart from their oft voiced desire for horizontal rather than vertical organising structure.

In practice, even anarcho-syndicalists have tended to become authoritarian or at least reformist (eg. the much vaunted CNT Espana 1937-38). Anarcho-syndicalists are constantly caught between the libertarian ideal and the pragmatic involvement in functional capitalism from the labour perspective, which is rapidly approaching redundancy in contemporary economics (eg. France, May-June 1968).

This is not an argument against anarcho-syndicalism but it does indicate its vulnerability. The class system is the central political problem, but the class struggle is not the only sphere into which anarchism can be constrained. Within anarchism syndicalist organisation has its place, but certainly not to the exclusion of other aspects. Thus the attempt to organise an anarcho-syndicalist union is, at best, a waste of time!

Throughout the world unemployment is progressively increasing. Media sources hysterically propound competition, anguish and fatalistic despair over the withering relevance of labour in capitalistic industry. Bearing in mind the rapid acceleration of automation and computerisation well beyond the arbitrary boundaries of limited consciousness, conditioned by years of privation and simplistic consumerism, the pathetic cry for 'the right to work' is easily identified as a plea for extended slavery! The abolition of work is more justifiable than ever before, but technology must be the tool of universal economic liberation; it must, in other words, be for the benefit of all. Traditional work must be relegated to antiquity!

The abolition of work means specifically the end of wage labour. Wage labour prevails where people must sell their time, energy and initiative to obtain the material conditions for their lives. In view of this the plumber and the biologist of our time are identical, as neither the values nor the objectives of their work are self-determined. Their 'need for work' and the wage labour which they must perform constantly conflict. Wage labour ends in the negation of creative work and leads to adoption of 'the abolition of work' as a universal slogan.

However, this slogan simplistically overlooks the need for creative and socially rewarding activity in our lives, a need long buried by industrial prostitution. (A recent instance of this was the massive close down of the Whyalla steel industry in Australia where, although employees were retired on substantial redundancy payments, their overall views, as reflected in the media, were gloomy and despondent. To quote one steel worker: "Just imagine! I shall never work

again ... sheer hell!"

Work is a necessary factor in our lives, in the development of our personality. It cannot be replaced by play, because play is dependent on work. Play does not require the coordination of our physical and mental capacities in accordance with societal requirements, but is essentially free of such commitments. Joy is the ultimate reward of play. Wage labour has perverted the feelings which result from work because of alienating influences.

Satisfying the real need for work means finding joy within the work process - in the production which results from work itself and in the fulfillment of social needs. Where these criteria do not exist, the work is alienating. Where these factors are present, the work is free and self-fulfilling - although many of our capacities are not absorbed by our work only. Work is creative, in the anarchistic sense, where it is instrumental in social and personal liberation.

Advanced technology can, and does, favourably modify our environment because it performs tedious, complex and lethal tasks which previously absorbed the lives of swarms of people.

Wage labour is not entirely redundant as the following examples show:

In the period 1946-60, the US railroad eliminated, through automated processes, 540,000 jobs (45% of those employed in 1945). In the period 1965-75 it was estimated that the USA needed to develop 5.3 million tertiary positions to absorb workers displaced by automation. These occupations were as follows: environment protection and ecological research (24.5%); sanitary extensions and maintenance (22.6%); education (20.7%); welfare activities (12.5%); urban renewal and reclamation (12.3%); public security (6.6%). All of the positions are of a semi-public nature.

According to a recent survey by the Rand Corporation, 2% of the active population of the USA could provide the country's productive needs by the use of modern technology. This blatantly demonstrates how significant are the contradictions of capitalism and what a desolate perspective capitalism represents. In some respects it has created the means for a better, freer society; but it has at the same time attempted to thwart access to the fruits of its production through meaningless diversionary 'welfare' policies as well as through the security police and suppression via distortion of information (aided glibly by Marxist theoreticians voicing their state capitalistic views).

Essentially people must evaluate for themselves the significance of technology. Anarchists should be deeply involved in analysing and imparting information pertinent to our contemporary world; information about new processes, about the benefits and risks of such processes, about the general nature of the struggle, incorporating but extending beyond the employment factor. They should expose the proletarian myth: the **glories of the workers' state** as well as of capitalism need severe assault as tricks of enslavement.

Many of capitalism's critics have marvelled at its durability. This lies basically in capitalism's capacity to adapt to variable circumstances. Now with state intervention producing stability and with the continuous technical and scientific monitoring of productive influences, capitalism is rapidly concentrating its power whilst developing global control of resources and markets. Surely anarchists must likewise be capable of seeing beyond their limited immediate social environment, their source of income and the shackles of their enslavement to cope with the matter of social liberation.

J-CP  
(Australia)

# CELLULOID MORALITY

I am a professional film technician and a film enthusiast. Film is a large part of my life, so it means more to me than to most people. To me all films are, first and last, entertainment. I like entertaining, and I like being entertained. I am talking about a very wide range of subjects and styles. I believe in trying to reach as many people as possible. I am suspicious of those who display their certainty that they know better than others how those others' lives should be lived. I refuse to tolerate boredom and incompetent craft - no masochism for me.

Sometimes a film is too ludicrous to take seriously in any way. But a lousy film may be brilliantly photographed or edited or acted. In that case, it would attract my attention more than most other people's. A film is the artificial product of many different crafts. The end product does not closely resemble any one of those crafts. A film can be separated from its maker's intentions, but not from its audiences' enjoyment. A film should be considered as a film, not as a sociological document. If it can only be thought of as a product of its society, it has failed as a film.

No apologies for the I-I-I. To me watching films is as personal as cooking. Those are a few of the prejudices I have when I see a film. I have others, political and ethical. They don't always sit easily together. A film like *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here* was worthwhile in its subject, ruined by bad film-making. I enjoyed *The Godfather Part I* more than *Part II*, because I found it more coherently artistic and cinematic. Many people think it 'less moral' than the sprawling *Part II*. Others think of it as simply a bloody justification of revenge. Others see it as marking the acceptance of the Mafia as a truly American institution. There's some truth in these views, but they don't alter my judgement.

Whether our morality is activated or not during a film, we are not generally concerned with how the film was made. While the radical Pontecorvo (*Battle of Algiers*) was making *Queimada* its star Marlon Brando was appalled to learn that he was paying black extras less than white extras. Brando refused to continue unless there was equal pay. His performance as an imperialist lackey is nonetheless terrific. Black audiences have been known to rise to their feet and cheer during this film, especially when Brando is murdered. But there is said to have been enthusiasm amongst the black sections of some audiences for the racist silent movie classic *Birth of a Nation*. Leni Riefenstahl was both a friend of Hitler and a brilliant film-maker. *Berlin Olympiad* and *Triumph of the Will* show all too clearly that some creatures actually thrive in Death Valley.

This makes film look like a barren prospect for the moralist. There are times when politics and morality seem a long way away from the experience of watching a film. How exhilarating it is to watch Gene Kelly sing in the rain! Talking about the morality of film-makers is rather like muckraking when someone is dead. It is impossible for me to deduce anything about my enjoyment of *The Adventures of Robin Hood* from the interesting discovery that its star Errol Flynn was a lifelong Nazi spy.

We rarely get films which satisfy us aesthetically and morally. I am morally disgusted by the end of *The Deer Hunter*, which has American survivors of the Vietnam War and their buddies softly crooning *God Bless America*. Parts of the film are very fine: the beginning - a steel factory in a small U.S. town, a wedding there, the U.S. immigrant flavour which is Serbian rather than Italian as in *The Godfather*, the manic desperation of the war scenes, some (up to a point) of the all-male-buddies scenes, the beauty and isolation of the deer hunts in the mountains, the frenzied chaos in the streets when the Americans quit Saigon, the numbed behaviour of de Niro on his return home from the war.

The scene of a Saigon bar staffed by Americanized whores ministering to the jaded GI's, moves me. Scenes like that seem totally decadent and critical to me, un-American as I am. They are not only a pathetic attempt to simulate conditions back home. They represent a real American dream of Vegas which many Americans share.

I don't care for American innocence, which seems to me often synonymous with nearly-criminal ignorance, and is by no means the same as the innocence of childhood; but I still find Robert de Niro's central performance convincing - a simple patriot moved by experience and emotions, not thought. Even the end is in this deeply traditional American vein, which doesn't say much for the hero's learning processes. The divorce between feeling and thought in this film is frightfully consistent.

I agree broadly with the moral stance of John Pilger in *Why The Deer Hunter Is A Lie* in the *New Statesman* of 16.3.79. My approach differs. I hope readers will appreciate that I am in no way condoning the American War against Vietnam. Pilger wrote that *The Deer Hunter* was designed to appease 'the new patriotism', to satiate the box-office demand for gratuitous violence, to portray the Vietnamese as venal subhumans, and the Americans in Vietnam as tragic heroes. The Russian roulette games which are a recurring symbol in the film never happened in Vietnam. Pilger described the 'documentary and verite effects' in the film as 'perhaps brilliant'. He wrote of the film's 'persuasive slickness.'

Given the film that Cimino made ... Now that's a big given. If you don't accept to some extent that a film should be judged on its own merits, you'd better stop reading this - and stop seeing films. I think that the suicide game of Russian roulette is an appropriate symbol for one aspect of the war which this film treats. I have not read a journalist's account of the broken razor blades placed by Irishmen in the bottom of their handbags, to be rifled by British soldiers. I was told of this by an eye-witness who worked in Belfast for 6 years. He was also on a plane from northern England when the woman opposite him dived for a cigarette in her handbag, having forgotten to remove the broken razor blades. I don't suggest that this scene says everything about the English war in northern Ireland. But crazy self-mutilation is one aspect of war. In the context of *The Deer Hunter* as well of US society, it is grimly isolationist psychologically and intellectually: the self-mutilation of one friend and the crippling of another friend, not the mutilation of the Vietnamese, is what forms the main character.

My first feeling was that the Russian roulette becomes gratuitous owing to the director's sensationalist determination to add yet more of it near the end. It seems fanciful to me to expect a viewer or even a punter to believe that de Niro's friend could survive month after month of suicide games. Nor did I think it necessary for de Niro to join in freely the game of suicide which ends in his friend's death. De Niro could easily have been made to arrive too late to save his friend. But to be moralistic at this point is not appropriate. That ending I just suggested does not remotely fit a full-blown romantic film like this, which demands a final shoot-out - in which the original twist is that the two men share one gun, pointed at their own heads, not at each other.

The sequence of events is so confusing anyway, that De Niro cannot emerge from the mess as a hero. That is the main reason for the film's success: de Niro, though obviously braver than the norm, is an ordinary guy. So are his friends male and female.

The worst I can say about *The Deer Hunter* is that it does not leave a feeling that the US War in Vietnam was wrong, or that war is wrong; only that war is terrible. 'Serving God & Country Proudly', the town hall banner reads. The film reeks of manifest destiny, my country right or wrong.

In a way, the apocalyptic denunciation of *The Deer Hunter*

seems to me typical of the purer-than-thou moralism of the English left-wing. Film enthusiasts and film professionals are accustomed to the English puritanism which denies any merit to popular things, to commerce, fictional films in particular. This time it is The Deer Hunter, because the film deals with the American War against Vietnam. Similar fury was caused by It Happened One Night (1934), Peeping Tom (1960), and Straw Dogs (1971).

The combination of explicit right-wing sentiments or puritanism-shocking sex-and-violence or 'escapism' with technical and artistic quality does not fail to arouse left-wing anger. There may be no politics around: anything which excites the emotions and gives pleasure, is thought to be dangerous (also a right-wing notion) and in a film this means an effective sequence created by the film-makers. The word slick is not one I readily use to describe well-made films.

All this is not to say that I think The Deer Hunter is a wonderful film. It's very good. I can't say that of Apocalypse Now, a pretentious confusion of a film which mostly failed to engage this spectator on any level. (I know well that people disagree with me. Love Story moved millions to tears, alas, though it moved me to despair.) It is fireworked by expensive visual effects. There are different starts and endings for the two versions, on 70 mil and 35 mil, because the director couldn't decide what it was all about. They brought a movie out of the jungle, and that is an achievement.

It isn't worth bothering to talk about Conrad's novel Heart of Darkness, an inspiration for the film - which stands or falls on its own.

It is worth casting a glance at the 1969 book of the film Play Dirty. This features as a matter of fact the theme of betrayal and murder within one side in wartime, dealt with in Apocalypse Now so ponderously.

Apocalypse Now was appropriately advertised on Capital Radio as if it was A Sale Of War Weapons, with Brando muttering "The horror; the horror!" There's a story going round that Brando was saying this about the film, and the tape hadn't been switched off. At no time and in no way does the main character acted by Martin Sheen or his experience appeal to the spectator as Robert de Niro does in The Deer Hunter. He doesn't just exemplify alienation, he

leaves me cold: I couldn't care less. If that is not a failure to convey any human dimension of war, I don't know what is. This film is a frequently botched-together technological spectacle on a gigantic scale which deserves John Pilger's denunciation more than The Deer Hunter.

Suppose we compare part of a deer-hunting sequence which is spoiled for me by a small romantic choir of Serbian angels on the sound track, with a sequence of surreal war desolation in Apocalypse Now where pictures mix into each other with abstract modern music.

Neither of these accompaniments seem appropriate to me, though as I've said, The Deer Hunter is a romantic film. That is an aesthetic judgement about the technical presentation of a scene with a moral content. But all scenes have some moral content. They were chosen by the film-maker, whether documentary or not - they didn't appear in the film of their own accord. This is as true of The Deer Hunter and Apocalypse Now as it is of the flawed and impressive over-the-top anti-war fantasy Castle Keep.

A war film which is thoroughly morally impeccable and technically excellent is All Quiet On The Western Front. It tugged all the heart strings the director Milestone could think of. His heart was in the right place. He was also making popular entertainment and knew it. The sets were magnificent, the acting superb.

Very few films are entirely right-wing. Triumph Of The Will was one, and it remains extraordinary. Lacombe Lucien was not at all right-wing propaganda, though its main character was a quisling. I don't like propaganda of any ilk. There are no fascist film techniques (or male chauvinist and non male chauvinist plumbing, for that matter): there are only badly turned scenes which do not carry conviction, and do not effectively explore the range of human motives and actions. Documentary resemblance to actual life, i.e. social realism, is not necessarily a virtue. Not their fictional nature but their mediocrity vitiates many films.

If I prefer the more radical films, that's a moral decision. But I have my own ideas of what is radical, and that certainly isn't just films of the heavy kind discussed here.

Julius

## LET'S TALK ABOUT BLOODY MURDER

The Victoria and Albert Museum has over the long years given much and many pleasures to the citizens of the Big Smoke. There in those long and losing corridors where shy guardians merge into their reflections upon the glasses of numbered cases are the cloaks and mitres, crooks and crosses of long dead lords of the Established church, the gold the dress and the carvings of competitive religions for my soul. The loot of empire, the rewards of wars, and, one hopes, Queen Victoria's bloomers. Of late, and I speak in years, not days, the V & A has mounted a number of amusing, entertaining and informative exhibitions and one must thank them for this service only wishing that there should not be a charge for admission for like the political health charges it denies the great mass of the people the right of access to creative work whose material basis be it the bricks of the V & A or the thread of a dead priest's cope came into being only by the labour and the sweat of generations of men and women long dead in grass grown graves.

Therein for the price of fifty pence it is possible to view, until the first of June, the golden reliquary of Charles the Bold. Charley commissioned this golden sop to his vanity and posed with Saint George and a rotting relic of the 7th century bishop Saint Lambert as a group study and in 1471 Charley handed it over to the Cathedral of Saint Lambert in Liege in honour of the martyred saint shunted off to paradise before his time by the local 17th populace. But Charles the Bold like most men and women in high office was giving nothing for

nothing for three years previously he had put the saint's town of Liege to the sword killing most of the inhabitants who could not make it to the hills but there for 50p a look is the golden reliquary of Charles the Bold. Yet there within the V & A and rightly free for the viewing is an exhibition of the tinted drawings of Arthur Rackham. A brilliant black and white artist whose penmanship is faintly reflected in the equally brilliant drawings of Flavio Constantini in which the black penmanship builds up the figures, cafes, streets, clothes and trees and colour is no more than added backcloth.

Whereas Flavio Constantini's work is stylishly two dimensional, Rackham by thinning down his pen strokes creates a third dimension and if Charley's golden gimmick and Rackham's tinted drawings were the end it would be of small import for the Town and her tax totting Mann. But beyond the Rackham room of tinted drawings are the work of Hendrik Werkman. A quiet and very gentle man he would without the violence of the second world war have lived out his life as a printer and a typographer playing with the fashionable avant-garde styles of the thirties. As with Toulouse Lautrec he demonstrated a new way to use the tools of the artist and for Lautrec it was the lithograph stone and for Hendrik Werkman it was how to use the silk screen and the printing blocks. I think that it is very sad that this exhibition organised by the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam seems almost to have passed unnoticed and what I find sadder still is that the large poster at the doorway to Werkman's exhibition tells no more than a brief run-down of

the man's life and that he was influenced by dada, de Stijl expressionism, Lissitzky, van Doesburg yea and even Moholy-Nagy. But then in the 1930s who was not but Werkman showed them how to get full use out of their artistic tools. This Dutch printer, too poor to make the the fashionable journeys and whose window out and onto the fashionable art world of the day could be no more than postcard views, would never I feel have rated an exhibition within the Victoria and Albert museum if it were not that Werkman was one of that brave minority whom the Dutch people believe they owe a debt of gratitude to. What the well-printed notice within the V & A does not state is that this quiet and gentle man printed all 40 issues of the 1940 Dutch underground magazine Blue Barge and that he signed all 40 issues as the printer. . In the early hours of April 10th 1945 Werkman and nine other prisoners were led out of their cells in the Groningen prison and taken to the woods near Bakkeveen and murdered by the Gestapo. Three days later the town was liberated by allied troops and all other prisoners set free. It is said that Werkman knew, as with his fellow prisoners, that he was being led out to be murdered and with a nod to the other prisoners of the Gestapo he walked quietly and bravely to his death by murder. Away from the V&A I found two books relating to Werkman: *Hot Printing* by Hendrik Nicolaas Werkman published in 1963, and *Documents in the Visual Arts* published in 1967 in Switzerland both over twenty years after Werkman's murder and I can do no more than quote the 1967 FMüller "1940 interrupted Werkman's work for several months and harshly recalled him to conventional reality. This apostle of freedom could evidently not refrain from taking a determined stand." Werkman was murdered in 1945 by the uniformed butchers of the German military state.

For the crime that men and women from the Americas, across Europe, Russia and the Chinese republics are this day in 1980 imprisoned and murdered and that is that they wish to communicate their ideas, their beliefs and their arts to other men and women ready, willing and waiting to receive them. Werkman's designs and his typography was held to be 'cultural bolshevism' and 'surrealist trash' and for that the uniformed critics of the state endorsed their critical opinion by murdering Hendrik Werkman. When the Tate Gallery mount the huge, monstrous, marvellous surrealist exhibition in the next few months

Hendrik Nicolaas Werkman 1882 - 1945,  
murdered by the Gestapo  
10th April 1945.



I hope they will find a small corner to honour those who died that the Town and her fashionable Mann shall be amused.

But by god we will be amused even if it kills us and with the finest and the fairest of the fourth estate we hobbled up the stone steps of the British Museum to view the Vikings. We drank the wine and made jokes in bad taste about the raping and the women laughed and we knew that we were the gay dogs but then why not for centuries the Vikings have been sold to us as burning, priest-killing, plundering, raping tourists and now it seems that it was not so. That they were decent honest lads of the type that form American country and western groups and fun-loving American TV soap operas. Yet within the local library there are six books on display in the children's section and on the cover of each one is a horned helmeted raiding Viking storming up a beach. It is a good exhibition but I feel that it has been sold for the wrong reason and many young people will be disappointed for they will expect, and rightly, to see a saga of helmeted Norse raiders and not the pottery, the ploughs and the decorative jewellery of lovable country folk. The Director of the British Museum writes that the Vikings have had a bad press but this is not so for they have had a good press and the British Museum exhibition is an anticlimax. It is an entertainment and I believe that life-size figures should have been used to please the young. There in the grounds free for the viewing is a model of a Viking craft two thirds of the original size and it is a magnificent work of functional beauty with its shallow draft for gliding up and onto beaches in the early morning for when the home harvest was sown or reaped these spacemen of over a thousand years ago were deep water raiders. And the same questions that the young ask of the 20th spacemen in the matter of food and bodily functions are asked by the young as they stare at this lovely model of a Viking ship and there is no one to tell us or them. If only there had been life size figures, in that British Museum Viking ship, helmeted and bearded to please the imagination of the young of every age. Again within the B.M. are recent finds of pottery from the kiln sites of ancient China and tens of thousands of plates and pots have been dug out of ancient graves all it would appear to demonstrate is that as with all minor art forms Marks and Spencers have nothing to fear. It is written that the 1973 People's Republic of China exhibition held in London increased friendship and mutual understanding between Britain and China and as they say in the local take-away when you ask if it is genuine shark's fin if you believe that. There is Kelly at the Hayward with his huge flat bright slabs of nothing and the brooding intensity of the Hungarian avant-garde of 1912. On or after the failure of the 1919 revolution these talented practitioners of the arts moved before the Nazi tide to become the historical cultural emigres. Here is their work and it is worthy of your attention, and finally to Ruskin Spear at the Royal Academy tough and bearded like a sea captain. His paintings are cheerful reportage. A thick brush and no offence. One is not called upon to make any false judgement therefore one can take them for the pleasure they give and one can make the same judgement of Ruskin Spear the artist and the man. But over and out to the National Gallery for press day for the annual report there to sit with the cream of the world's press and never a sour note. I can never understand why we should be called upon to publicise State institutions for I know that somewhere there is a committee for the administration of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square, but as long as it does not topple over praise be to the administration. We are called upon to share in the glory and the glow of a Monet and a Cezanne, that the National Gallery had acquired and cleaned but as we never saw it when it was mucky I don't think we can truly share the inner glory of the restoration department but shyly and diffidently I asked what the Trustees' and/or the Director's attitude would be if the Government again decided to try to charge admission to the people's galleries and I was told, nay rebuked, that the question did not arise and that Norman St John Stevas had given his solemn political promise that charges would not be introduced and I shrunk in my seat blushing with shame that I had wronged an innocent man. Hendrik Werkman murdered in the early hours of April 10th 1945 with nine other prisoners in the woods near Bakkeveen because he was a printer of the visual image and the written word because he believed in the free communication of men's and women's ideals and beliefs.

Arthur Moyses.

# DOUBLE STANDARDS

The third in our series of quotations from non-anarchist literature is from To Kill a Mockingbird, by Harpur Lee.

The trial referred to in the text is the trial of a Negro for the rape of a white woman, and the action of the book centers on the events surrounding this trial as they affect one family, and in particular Scout, an eight-year-old girl.

.... Once a week, we had a Current Events period. Each child was supposed to clip an item from a newspaper, absorb its contents, and reveal them to the class....

Even so, not many of the children knew what a current event was. Little Chuck Little, a hundred years old in his knowledge of cows and their habits, was half-way through an Uncle Natchell story when Miss Gates stopped him: 'Charles, that is not a Current Event. That is an advertisement.'

Cecil Jacobs knew what one was though. When his turn came, he went to the front of the room and began, 'Old Hitler - Adolf Hitler, Cecil,' said Miss Gates, 'One never begins with Old anybody.'

'Yes ma'am,' he said. 'Old Adolf Hitler has been prosecutin' the -'

'Persecuting, Cecil...'

'Nome, Miss Gates, it says here - well anyway, old Adolf Hitler has been after the Jews and he's puttin' 'em in prisons and he's takin' away all their property and he won't let any of 'em out of the country and he's washin' all the feeble-minded and -'

'Washing the feeble-minded?'

'Yes ma'am, Miss Gates, I reckon they don't have sense enough to wash themselves, I don't reckon an idiot could keep hisself clean. Well anyway, Hitler's started a programme to round up all the half Jews too and he wants to register 'em in case they might want to cause him any trouble and I think this is a bad thing and that's my current event.'

'Very good, Cecil,' said Miss Gates. Puffing, Cecil returned to his seat.

A hand went up at the back of the room. 'How can he do that?' 'Who do what?' asked Miss Gates patiently.

'I mean how can Hitler just put a lot of folks in a pen like that looks like the govamint'd stop him,' said the owner of the hand.

'Hitler is the government,' said Miss Gates, and seizing an opportunity to make education dynamic, she went to the blackboard. She printed DEMOCRACY in large letters. 'Democracy,' she said. 'Does anyone have a definition?'

'Us,' somebody said.

I raised my hand, remembering an old campaign slogan Atticus had once told me about.

'What do you think it means, Jean Louise?'

'"Equal rights for all, special privileges for none!"' I quoted.

'Very good, Jean Louise, very good,' Miss Gates smiled. In front of DEMOCRACY, she printed WE ARE A. 'Now class, say it all together: 'We are a democracy.''

We said it. Then Miss Gates said, 'That's the difference between America and Germany. We are a democracy and Germany is a dictatorship. Dictator-ship,' she said. 'Over here we don't believe in persecuting anybody. Persecution comes from people who are prejudiced. Pre-ju-dice,' she enunciated carefully. 'There are no better people in the world than the Jews, and why Hitler doesn't think so is a mystery to me.'

An inquiring soul in the middle of the room said, 'Why don't they like the Jews, you reckon, Miss Gates?'

'I don't know, Henry. They contribute to every society they live in, and most of all, they are a deeply religious people. Hitler's trying to do away with religion, so maybe he doesn't like them for that reason.'

Cecil spoke up. 'Well I don't know for certain,' he said, 'they're supposed to change money or somethin', but that

ain't no cause to persecute 'em. They're white, ain't they?'

Miss Gates said, 'When you get to high school, Cecil, you'll learn that the Jews have been persecuted since the beginning of history, even driven out of their own country. It's one of the most terrible stories in history. Time for arithmetic, children.'

As I had never liked arithmetic, I spent the period looking out of the window. The only time I ever saw Atticus scowl was when Elmer Davies would give us the latest on Hitler. Atticus would snap off the radio and say 'Hmp!' I asked him once why he was so impatient with Hitler and Atticus said, 'Because he's a maniac.'

This would not do, I mused, as the class proceeded with its sums. One maniac and millions of German folks. Looled to me like they's shut Hitler in a pen instead of letting him shut them up. There was something else wrong - I would ask my father about it.

I did, and he said he could not possibly answer my question because he didn't know the answer.

'But it's okay to hate Hitler?'

'It is not,' he said, 'It's not okay to hate anybody.'

'Atticus,' I said, 'there's somethin', I don't understand.'

Miss Gates said it was awful, Hitler doin' like he does, she got real red in the face about it -'

'I should think she would.'

'But -'

'Yes?'

'Nothing, sir.' I went away, not sure that I could explain to Atticus what was on my mind, not sure that I could clarify what was only a feeling. Perhaps Jem could provide the answer. Jem understood school things better than Atticus.

..... 'Jem,' I said, 'I want to ask you something.'

'Shoot.' He put down his book and stretched his legs.

'Miss Gates is a nice lady, ain't she?'

'Whe sure,' said Jem. 'I liked her when I was in her room.'

'She hates Hitler a lot....'

'What's wrong with that?'

'Well, she went on today about how bad it was him treatin' the Jews like that. Jem, it's not fight to persecute anybody, is it? I mean to have mean thoughts about anybody even, is it?'

'Gracious no, Scout. What's eatin' you?'

'Well, comin' out of the court-house that night Miss Gates was - she was goin' down the steps in front of us, you musta not seen her - she was talking with Miss Stephanie Crawford. I heard her say it's time somebody taught 'em a lesson, they were gettin' way 'bove themselves, an' the next thing they think they can do is marry us. Jem, how can you hate Hitler so bad an' then turn round and be ugly about folks right at home -'

## DEADLINES

Contributors may like to note FREEDOM's publication deadlines:

1. news section - i.e. short articles, letters, notices etc. Monday immediately preceding publication date
2. review section - i.e. long articles, Monday preceding news section deadline.

# PERIODICALS & PAMPHLETS

The following have come in lately:-

## PERIODICALS

- XTRA** (no. 3) c/o Rising Free, 182 Upper St. London N 1  
The self confessed paper for the armchair terrorist.
- BREAD AND ROSES** (no. 6) Box 2, 136 Kingsland High St.  
London E8. Class struggle anarchism from the Anarchist Communist Association. With "Hard Times" supplement from the Glasgow Anarchist Group.
- THE BLAST** (no. 2) c/o 74 Highcross St. Leicester  
"dedicated to total anarchy". Single sheet.
- MINUS ONE** (no. 43) Basement Flat, 91 Talbot Road, London W12  
Individualist news-sheet from SEP
- PEOPLES NEWS SERVICE** (no 180) Oxford House, Derbyshire Street, London E 2. Back after a break, with glossier format
- ANARCHISM LANCASTRUM** (no. 11) 24 Conway Ave. Clitheroe Lancs. Also back and welcome, with its usual oblique iconoclasm, oh yes. PG's other technique to saying that something should be true. Free gifts indeed!

## PAMPHLETS

(Those marked \* are available from FREEDOM bookshop. Postage in brackets)

- \*"Unions and Racism" by Shelby Shapiro 32 pages 50p. American, IWW based.\*\*
- \*"Pages From Prison". A series by Lorenzo Komboa Ervin\*\*\*  
(1) The International Peoples Association 14 pages 30p (10p)  
(2 & 3) A Draft Proposal for an Anarchist Black Cross and Manifesto 11 pages 30p (10p)  
(4) Anarchism and the Black Revolution 54 pages £1.00 (17p)
- \*"Three Essays in Anarchism" by Charlotte Wilson 24 pages 60p (11p)\*\*\* (from Cienfuegos Press' New Anarchist Library)
- "The Anarchist Beast" by Nhat Hong 68 pages. from 'Soil of Liberty' PO Box 7056, Powderhorn Station, Minneapolis 55407
- "the anti-anarchist movement in periodical literature 1884-1966"
- "Troops On Turf" - "a comprehensive guide to information on Ireland." from Just Books, 7 Winetavern St, Belfast BT1 1JQ
- "Indecent Assault" by Roger Moody 64 pages 80p. from Peace News, 5 caledonian Road, London N 1. A personal account of his trial on charges of assaulting a 10 year old boy.

# BOOKSHOP NOTES

## BOOKS FROM FREEDOM BOOKSHOP

(Please add postage as in brackets: Titles marked \* are published in the U.S.A.)

In Angel Alley,  
84B, Whitechapel High St.,  
London E1.

- \* Priscilla Long: Mother Jones, Woman Organiser (illustr.)  
£1.50 (17p)
- \* "Mother" Mary Jones: The Autobiography of Mother Jones  
£2.50 (36p)
- Brian Martin: Changing the Cogs: Activists and the Politics of Technology  
£1.00 (17p)
- \* Lawrence Veysey: The Communal Experience: Anarchist and Mystical Communities in Twentieth Century America  
£6.75 (75p)
- \* Len Fulton and Ellen Ferber (Eds.): The Directory of Small Magazine / Press Editors and Publishers (10th Ed. 1979 - 1980)  
£3.95 (36p)

- \* Len Fulton and Ellen Ferber (Eds.): The International Directory of Little Magazines and Small Presses (15th Ed. 1979 - 1980)  
£5.95 (£1.22)
- \* Michael Bakunin: On Violence: A Letter to Sergei Nechaev.  
£0.30 (14p)
- Charlotte Wilson: Three Essays on Anarchism  
£0.60 (14p)
- Oscar Wilde: The Ballad of Reading Gaol (illustr. with woodcuts by Frans Masereel)  
£1.40 (17p)
- Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx Aveling: Shelley's Socialism (together with "Popular Songs" - a collection of Political Poems by Shelley)  
£1.50 (17p)
- \* Paul Avrich: Kronstadt 1921  
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- \* Lorenzo Komboa Ervin: A Draft Proposal for an Anarchist Black Cross and Manifesto  
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£0.30 (10p)
- Gregory P. Maximoff: The Guillotine at Work Vol I. The Leninist Counter - Revolution  
£5.95 (75p)

## FOR YOUNGER READERS

- \* Bert Garaskof: The Canbe Collective Builds a Be-Hive (illustr. by Brenda Louise Zlamany)  
£2.00 (26p)

## PREMISES FUND

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