

# Freedom

## Anarchist Weekly

JULY 27 1968 Vol 29 No 23

### Occupation of the Citroen Works

### The Rights of Man—Hawkers of Death

### Michael Abdul Malik—Bertrand Russell

# Leave the Czechs Alone!

ALONE of the new satellites, Czechoslovakia was not landed with Russian troops to guard their socialism after the Second World War. This is why the Czechs are so concerned about them now. The reasons are both interesting and relevant. Apart from Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia is the only country that, up till 1945, had cause to be grateful to the Russians: Poland, Romania, Hungary, and Bulgaria had all felt the weight of Russian imperialism in the 19th and early 20th centuries. If anything, the Czechs were thankful for the moral support of the strongest of the Slav nations; in the inter-war period they were far more friendly to the Soviet Union than the other East European States, all of them tending towards Fascism. And communism was not installed in Czechoslovakia on the bayonets of the Red Army; it

arrived as a result of a coup d'etat in February 1948. Even Stalin felt he could trust the Czechs.

Why, then, have the Czechs turned on the Russians? Because events since the Communist takeover followed the pattern of the rest of Eastern Europe, purges, trials, confessions (Slansky and Clementis). As in Hungary, Poland, and Russia itself, the first stirrings of conscience came from the writers, followed by the Slovak Communists, who had felt the full weight of centralization from Czech Prague—Dubcek is a Slovak. This discontent seeped upwards until it was strong enough to overthrow the established Stalinist regime of President Novotny from within.

This liberalization could not help being anti-Russian, and the Russians have become increasingly concerned about it. The events in Hungary, 1956, have been very much in their minds, and the parallel has been specifically mentioned in the Russian papers. They fear that the Czechs will break away completely from the Eastern European military and economic alliance system, which is what the Hungarians tried to do. But they are unable at present (time of writing) to decide whether to intervene militarily or not; intervention would incur even more odium

than in 1956, and the splits in the Communist movements of the world would be incomparably greater; the British Communist Party recently stated that Czechoslovakia should be left alone. So the Russians do neither—maintaining a war of nerves, using soldiers as pawns.

If the Czech Party is seen to remain firmly in control on the Romanian pattern (national independence exclusively led by the Communists), then the Russians are likely to leave well alone. If genuine opposition parties appear, and their opinions are heard objectively on radio and television and in the press, then intervention is more likely. They know they have nothing to fear from Western governments.

What of the anarchist attitude to these events, and in particular the liberalization and the activities of Russian imperialism? The cardinal point to make is—leave the Czechs alone; let them work out their own future and their own ideas. Certainly, we would like to see them go much further, to a social revolution, but it is encouraging to see them moving towards a freer society, where the 'bourgeois' freedoms of free press, free speech, and free assembly are now exercised far more than is allowed in the Soviet Union

(rights originally denied by Lenin during and after the Civil War). We should also be thinking of what we could do if the Russians do intervene—some way in which we could get home to the Russians that we stand against imperialist aggression wherever it comes from, and for the freedom of all people to decide their own future.

If the Russians invade, then the Czechs, and their government after

(not before) them, will almost certainly go left as the Hungarians did, a social revolt against foreign oppression. If they don't invade, then a liberal democratic regime is probably not far away. Czechoslovakia has traditional ties of parliamentary democracy with the West; she will also be pulled in this direction by the desire to loosen her dependence on Russian raw materials and markets. The hopeful sign for anarchists is in the growing lack of belief in all political parties, including the Communists, especially among the students and intellectuals, in both Eastern and Western Europe. Before long, we hope, the workers will follow—if the Fascists don't get there first. M.M.

## Labour MP for Chorley Intimidates Coloured Family

THE LABOUR MP for Chorley, Lancs., Clifford Kenyon, sent the following letter to two of his coloured constituents (see below).

The neighbours of the Williams were interviewed and they did not have any complaint to make about the Williams family's behaviour. The police, whom one would assume would have received a report of disorderly conduct, were not aware of anything unlawful. It would appear that Mr. Kenyon has not investigated the truth of these allegations, but had sent this letter, assuming the Williams would be intimidated. However they passed this letter on to Manchester CARD who have obtained publicity for its contents.

People in positions of power should be exposed when they threaten coloured people with deportation as in this case. They must not be allowed to get away with their racist threats.

M.A.G.

This is the text of C. Kenyon's letter to Mr. Williams. This despicable letter from the LABOUR MP for Chorley is a further proof that the Labour Government not only gives in to racist pressure but harbours such racist bullies as Kenyon.—Editors.

7th July, 1968

HOUSE OF COMMONS

Mr. Williams,  
Dear Sir,

It has been brought to my notice that certain actions are taking place at the week ends at your house which create grave suspicions in the minds of many people who are disturbed by them.

I must ask you to conduct your house in an orderly manner or I shall ask the Home Secretary to undertake an investigation into the reports I have received.

I hope I shall receive no further complaints or you may be required to return to the land from which you came.

Yours faithfully,

C. KENYON.  
(MP, Chorley)

## PROPAGANDA FAIR

LAST Saturday evening a Revolutionary Festival took place in Trafalgar Square and although it could have been better supported (there was plenty of room to move about), particularly by the anarchists themselves, it was altogether a colourful success, with high spirits and action to refresh the ritualistic Saturday night out. Mostly the propaganda was concerned with Vietnam and another tilt at the Americans which rather took one back to last autumn and pre-Paris. The only setback about it was that the NLF supporters filled the square and made it their evening.

Support from other ranks looked thin and of little account, and though I wouldn't want to have seen anarchist groups there solely as rival factions which could have spoilt a pleasant evening, it seemed by the few comrades who turned out, that most of them had ignored the advertisement in the bottom right-hand corner of FREEDOM. All the same the Communists kept people happy with song and dance, improvisation, poetry readings, an improvised cinema near the plinth of Nelson's column, masks (I even saw a dog wearing one!), while the now disbanded 'Exploding Galaxy' provided the surreal touches by enacting a ballet in the fountain. Coloured smoke-bombs and plastic balloons, pumped up to quite enormous heights were much in evidence, and one of these balloons, probably caught by a fitful gust of wind broke free from its moorings and was last seen floating over the heads of traffic-cops and a crocodile of cars in the direction of the Mall!

The entertainment had to stop at 9.30, but the Archetypal Slogan Theatre, one of a number of 'strolling-player' type outfits which have enlivened London's moribund streets of late, drew a responsive crowd to their performance on the north side of the Square after everybody else had gone home. The police, bewildered by an apparent stream of gibberish shook their heads and moved off. If you saw Belmondo and Karina miming peasants and American airmen

in 'Pierrot Le Fou' you'll get an idea of this Mack Sennett troupe with political overtones.

In fact one wonders if the days of the thoughtless shouted slogan may be over, because this evening which brightened up the old Square no end, giving it an appearance of a people's street fair may be more positive and altogether better policy than bellowing and throwing money at the feet of policemen every now and then. Anything to puzzle or embarrass the authorities, in an effort to overcome apathy and indifference, particularly if such ideas avoid the wrestling matches on the Genocide Square pattern, are to be welcomed. And anarchists please fill the Square next time, because our solution to Vietnam is still, in the light of events, the most practical.

R.P.

## BLACK CROSS NEWS

COMRADE ALBEROLA, as reported in some editions of FREEDOM (13.7.68), has been released from prison in Belgium. However he has been refused official papers and so therefore he cannot work and is without any income, and has not officially been granted asylum.

He is living in a co-operative pension in Ostend and money has been sent him from the Anarchist Black Cross and from comrades in Paris and Italy. His needs are still great and donations can be sent (cheques made out to Mary Stevenson) c/o Black Cross.

Comrade Edo, serving nine years in Prison Provincial De Soria, Spain, has been visited by his wife. A food parcel sent to Edo has been returned to the Black Cross for an unspecified reason. However other individual parcels have been received and are still welcomed at the prison (address as above).

S.C. & J.R.

## GOVENTRY CROSS MEETS THE CHARMER

THE COVENTRY CROSS Tenants' Action Committee met once more on Tuesday, July 16, to plan the next move in their campaign against the GLC's bureaucratic neglect of their most elementary housing needs. After a tiring, but inspiring, march the Sunday before (reported in last week's FREEDOM), it had been generally agreed that the method of meeting tenants at their own homes was useful, since even luxurious houses are not usually equipped with bolt-holes and buck-passing machinery. So the tenants decided to go straight to the top, from whence in theory all banes and blessings flow, and confront GLC Housing Committee Chairman, Horace Cutler, in Gerrards Cross on his own lawn; they assumed he would have a lawn.

By about 3.30 p.m. the following Sunday (21.7.68) the convoy was drawn up and ready; 30 tenants (though still really mostly tenants' wives), 30 kids and six 'action boys (and girls)'—I hope the East London Libertarian Group can go on living up to that nickname! We were all squeezed into two vans, one hired, the other private and idiosyncratic, and four cars; there were plenty of people on the landings of the flats to see us off.

We did the 30-mile journey in two hair-raising hours, twisted along a couple of country lanes, and parked in a field. Horace and about half a dozen pressmen were waiting for us. We formed up behind our banners and marched the short distance to his gravel drive, singing the witty songs the kids have made up, the ladies arguing with Horace as we went.

He was reasonably amiable in a grumbly sort of way, but made a half-hearted attempt to assert his property rights at the entrance to the drive. One of the ladies raised her hand, gave a great shout, and on we went. The press too swung into action. There's always one enterprising photographer who climbs up something at the moment of truth, and there was a large mechanical digger handy in a half-finished trench.

Then the house appeared through the surrounding trees; not an architectural gem, but very decent and spacious, with white walls, a round archway or two, and a roof of green tiles varied haphazardly with the loveliest blue ones. There was a lawn all right, almost as big as the asphalt courtyard for 400 families back at the Cross, sloping down to the woods and the ponds. However, there were no neighbours nearby. Mr. Cutler is separated from them by the breadth of his, and probably of their, acres, so the leaflets we had brought remained undistributed.

We sat down on the grass, snaps were taken, the kids ran gleefully about and temporarily expropriated the see-saw and the marvellous elephant-on-wheels. The older ones were well aware of the irony of the situation. In my role of social planner and dutch uncle I wryly explained to one lass that we couldn't all have places that size because there wouldn't be enough room for them. Maybe I was wrong!

We squared up to Mr. Cutler again. Whatever else he may or may not be he is a politician, so the whole thing was relaxed and quite pleasant, interspersed with the press photographing him holding kids and smiling. 'Mrs. Dennington (his Labour rival) did nothing for you'. We knew. 'You can't expect miracles'. He had seen our prosaic charter. 'We're all people'. 'Uhhh, yes!'

But the barrage of complaints about overcrowding, rats, drains, play-space, noise, did prompt him to commit himself to do something. He even said he deserved to be shot if he did nothing. Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned that, there are some mighty odd anarchists around!

He got some drinks for the kids, and then came and saw us off, kissing the ladies goodbye. He wears a beard, which is an intriguing habit in a Conservative. Intrigue away, boy, I sometimes think you and your kind could even solve the country's housing problem without bringing the capitalist system crashing down in ruins. There just has to be bags and bags of pressure for you to take account of in your calculations.

The kids were crotchety on the way back, but the grown-ups were jubilant, one lady shouted out slogans and dished out copies of the charter every time we stopped at lights. We were kindly offered sandwiches and tea when we arrived at the Cross, and I had my first chance to drink in the dismal view from the fifth-floor landing. My hat off to the tenants for being so human! Then over to the 'Rising Sun'.

On Monday evening (the day after) at the time of going to press, I can report that we got in most newspapers, though not the *Mirror* (forward with the people!), that Mr. Cutler and Mr. Vale, the District Housing Officer, have been down to the flats, that rats and drains are being immediately attended to, and that modernisation will be carried out in the New Year. We suspect that Action Committee members may get nice transfers quite quickly. We also suspect that there will be no difficulty restaffing the Committee if that happens!

CHRIS HILL.

**Welcome Out  
Terry Chandler!  
To be released from  
Wandsworth Gaol  
Friday August 2  
7.30 am**

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Editorial office open to editorial contributors Friday, August 2, 6-8 p.m.  
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Telephone: BISHOPSGATE 3015.

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84a WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET,  
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IT WOULD NEED the arrogance of innocence to stand in judgement on the work of Henry Moore when all we dare do is to count ourselves well marked by fortune that within our lifetime of great evils we have seen the mighty craftsmanship of two great artists in full flower. To have defended their work in some tatty public bar room or in the corner café is to leap the chains of time and to join forces with some unremembered groundling crying the virtue of Shakespeare's line to an Elizabethan dunghill and all we can ask is that we be remembered as one of the unremembered dead who cried salute.

Here at the Tate are the sculptures and the drawings of a major artist of our time and not only of our time but of that mighty company whose work transcends the numbered years for they have fashioned in words, in paint and in wood, in stone and metal, the questing anger and the sublime answers that man, frightened and fearful, has shouted in the black void of infinity. Epstein carved his *Genesis* from the living rock and that pregnant woman, primeval in her brute animal strength, is shown as one who is for the first time conscious of the life within her gross body. The Political and the Art Establishment spat upon the name of the artist while uniformed thugs daubed his work with paint to hide their own fears and they placed Epstein's *Ecce Homo* in a public fair-ground that the mob could pay to goggle at it. Today the tourists run their fingers along the carved tomb of Oscar Wilde in the cemetery of Père Lachaise and the Town walks beneath the *Madonna and Child* that hangs upon the outer wall of the Convent of the Holy Child in Cavendish Square for the old man is dead and time and the Art Establishment have hallowed his work.

Today Henry Moore occupies the ground within the Tate that too many lesser men have strutted on, and by this act honours the Establishment, yet still they whine. The huge reclining figures, clean as a singing bone, are Moore's seal upon history and the angry young conservatives and those who have grown old within the comfort of their fathers accept these majestic figures when but yesterday they cried clown and heretic. Here they rest within the Tate. Like a single pebble on a deserted beach they dominate whatever area they occupy as a thing of passive strength and timeless beauty. Completely anti-intellectual, Moore's work is always in repose like tired runners at a moment's rest and the lordly heads with their faint face markings gaze with calculated indiffer-

ence beyond the spectator making no claim on our preconceived allegiances and ignoring the pedants' plaintive demands not for answers but for reasons. Moore has been too well analysed and too often mocked for his use of internal space but because of his use of interweaving forms within the body of the whole we are able to approach these works from any angle and to let the eye travel over the erotic curves until the inner becomes greater than the whole and stark cathedrals of polished stone or wood open up and all within the reclining figure. A thousand generations from now these sculptures of Moore will stand as our affirmation that we would survive to their future for, whatever greatness we as a people can lay claim to, will for ever be recorded in these mighty figures.

But of the day we can only note that on July 9 the Queen formally opened the new Hayward Gallery and the Town strolled in behind her with studied ease. Of the exhibition itself there can be nothing but praise for this is a major exhibition devoted to the paintings of Henri Matisse and his work must indeed demand a new appraisal when viewed on these walls. Over the years we have made too much of the light and airy work of a painter whose play with bright flat colours, while extremely pleasant on the uncritical

eye, has blinded us to the truly magnificent body of early work that the reproduction industry has chosen to ignore.

To stand before *Books and Candle* painted in 1890 and then to move from this good solid work to the massive collage, *The Snail*, assembled in 1953, wherein a tiny area of flat colour delights the eye yet dulls the mind, is to see an artist standing in judgement upon himself within a single room. For those who wish, nay demand, to have an understanding of the craft of Henri Matisse, this exhibition now offers what will probably be the last chance to see a major assembly of the artist's early work and it is on this that he must base his claim on the future. The Breton interiors, with their slight affinity to the work of Vuillard, within a few years begin to disintegrate into the accepted world of Matisse when the brightest colour on the palette becomes the highpoint for the work in hand and the *Still Life with Oranges*, painted nine years after *Books and Candle*, becomes the parting of the ways between the academic artist knowledgeable in his craft, and the artist seeking a new interpretation of the visual world.

For good or ill, Henri Matisse has made his mark on our age for he is an artist who has chosen to reject the agony of history as it flowed around him to stencil in our minds an uncommitted world bathed in the sun of sweet raw colours each contained within their own isolated place upon the canvas

offering neither protest nor affirmation only the blind glory of the sun gazers. Death in its blind greed has claimed this old man as well as it will all men, and in an age that has grown to fear the light of artificial suns one must question the art of the hour and ask of its audience what it is that they fear, for there comes that time when the Flower Children must prepare for the inevitable winter and we cannot hide them, not even within the tomb of the Hayward Gallery.

It is indeed sad and mildly cynical that this massive prison of a building should choose to claim our attention with Henri Matisse who loved light beyond all else, for this gallery, huddled like unto some sullen beast alongside the waters of the muddy Thames, was never meant for the sweet and gentle passages of the painter's brush. It is a negation of all that men dream a gallery should be. Cast in poured concrete without a window to face the men and women who hourly pass across the living river, this gallery possesses all the bleak horror of the Teutonic nineteenth century, neither castle nor keep, but an eyeless prison without the sun or the northern light to mark the way of the outside world. No longer need we gaze with sad awe at the ruined prisons of Piranesi's *Carceri d'Invenzione* for we are now building them in the new and fashionable brutality of the mode and its first prisoner is Henri Matisse, Prince of Light.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

## ENDING IT ALL

**SUICIDE**, by Erwin Stengel. Published by Pelican Books. 4/-.

*The feasters are mostly occupied in discussing the suicide of a Chilian priest—the third to die by his own hand that month. The chorus of praise over his act is conventional but sincere. To all of them the gods of life are evil, and to break their power and escape into death, not under the hand of either Ah Puch, God of violent extinction, or Hin Ahau, deity of slow decay, is a cunning and meritorious act.*

—J. L. Mitchell.

**THE CONQUEST OF THE MAYA.** **WHATEVER MAY HAVE BEEN** the attitude of the ancient world, the Christian attitude has always been, with the exception of some heretical sects, that suicide is a grave sin. In England it was until recently a crime. This is certainly a very odd way to look at it, for one's own life, one would have thought, would have been the one which one had the most right to take.

But Christianity is a religion of suffering, and it is assumed I suppose that

a person who destroys himself is escaping suffering. His life is not supposed to be his own but God's, and Caesar's too, one might add. Consideration for relatives and friends, sometimes urged as a reason for the taboo on suicide, is a modern rationalisation. Personal convenience is the last thing considered in erecting taboos, the well-being of the community as a whole, secured by obeying what were thought to be the wishes of the gods, was the primary concern.

Erwin Stengel's book is brief but comprehensive. Quite a lot of popular fallacies are exploded. The popular notion of the suicide is that of a youth or maiden, jilted or disappointed in love. Actually the majority of people who kill themselves are elderly, and many of them are physically ill. One can see from this part of the reason why countries with higher living standards have higher suicide rates, for in these countries there are more elderly people who in more primitive conditions would not have survived at all. It is

not due to moral weakness caused by living too comfortably.

Perhaps the popular idea is more closely approached in universities. Though here it is not so much disappointed love as the pressure to pass examinations. I remember going to speak to an anarchist group in Cambridge, and the information they gave me on this topic was horrifying. According to what I was told there were about three suicides a year, and many more attempted suicides and wild and mad actions, which were not necessarily self-destructive (smashing the plate glass windows of shops for example). These were due to pressures caused by overwork. Of course there are thousands of students there, and the number of such actions taken together is very small. What was horrifying was their regularity, and the way they had come to be accepted, like road accidents, among the general population.

Today most of the students in this country depend on public grants which they lose if they do not pass their examinations within strictly limited periods. Reasonable though the requirements are from the point of view of the authorities that give the grants

Continued on page 8

This year's AFB conference is to be held in Liverpool on September 21 and 22.—All enquiries about accommodation and proposals for the agenda to John B. Cowan, Merseyside Anarchists, 16 Devonshire Road, Liverpool, 8.

## Anarchist Federation of Britain

General enquiries should be sent to the London Federation, c/o Freedom Press, 84a Whitechapel High Street, London, E.1.

**LEWISHAM.** Contact Mike Malet, 61B Granville Park, Lewisham, London, S.E.13. Phone: 01-852 8879.

**EALING ANARCHIST GROUP.** Get into touch with Ken King, 54 Norwood Road, Southall.

**FINCH'S (PORTOBELLO ROAD) ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact: Pamela Pearce, 271 Portobello Road, W.11. Meetings every Wednesday evening at Finch's.

**S.W.1 LONDON LIBERTARIANS.** Contact: 14 Clapham Court, King's Avenue (Acre Lane end), S.W.4.

**WEST HAM ANARCHISTS.** Contact Stephen Higgs, 8 Westbury Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7. GRA 9848. Regular activities. Meetings every Wednesday, 7.30 p.m., at Tony Gay's, 109 East Road, Plaistow, London, E.13 (2 mins. Plaistow Station).

**OFF-CENTRE LONDON DISCUSSION MEETINGS**

Every Wednesday at Jack Robinson's and Mary Canipa's, 21 Rumbold Road, S.W.6 (off King's Road), 8 p.m.

Meetings at Donald and Irene Room's are suspended until September.

3rd Friday of each month at Dennis Fen's, 314 St. Paul's Road, Highbury Corner, N.1 (above Roundabout Self-Service).

**REGIONAL FEDERATIONS AND GROUPS**

**ABERDEEN ANARCHIST FEDERATION** (SWF local group, Folk Song Workshop and Committee of 100, Collateral Climbing Club). Contact Iain MacDonald, 15 Cotton Street, Aberdeen.

**BEXLEY PEACE ACTION GROUP.** Enquiries to 150 Rydal Drive, Bexleyheath, Kent.

**BERMINGHAM LIBERTARIAN AND ANARCHIST GROUP.** All anarchists, syndicalists, individualists, etc., please contact Geoff and Caroline Charlton, 32 Swindon Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 17 (near Portland Road). Note new address.

**BOLTON.** Get in touch with John Hayes, 51 Rydal Road, Bolton.

**BOURNEMOUTH AND EAST DORSET ANARCHISTS.** Please contact John McCain, 65 Norton Road, Winton, Bournemouth (B'm'th 59509) or Tim Deane, Juliet, West Moors, Wimborne, Dorset (Ferndown 3588).

**BRISTOL ANARCHISTS.** Contact Susie Fisher and Adam Nicholson at 15 The Paragon, Bristol, 8.

**CORNWALL ANARCHISTS.** Contact Arthur Jacobs, 76 East Hill, St. Austell. Discussion meetings on the second Friday of each month at Brian and Hazel McGee's, 42 Pendarves Street, Beacon, Camborne. 7.30 p.m. Visiting comrades very welcome.

**CROYDON** and area Libertarians alternate Fridays, 35 Natal Road, Thornton Heath, Croydon.

**EDGWARE PEACE ACTION GROUP.** Contact: Mervyn Estrin, 84 Edgwarebury Lane, Edgware, Middx.

**HERTS.** Contact either Stuart Mitchell at South View, Potters Heath Lane, Potters Heath, Welwyn, Herts. OR Jeff Cloves, 46 Hughendon Road, Marshalswick, St. Albans, Herts.

**IPSWICH ANARCHISTS.** Contact Neil Dean, 74 Cemetery Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.

**KILBURN, LONDON.** Contact Andrew Dewar, 16 Kilburn House, Malvern Place, London, N.W.6. Meetings 8 p.m. every Tuesday.

**LEICESTER PROJECT.** Peace/Libertarian action and debate. Every Wednesday at 8 p.m. at 1 The Crescent, King Street, Leicester.

**NORTH SOMERSET ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact Roy Emery, 3 Abbey Street, Bath, or Geoffrey Barfoot, 71 St. Thomas Street, Wells.

**NOTING HILL.** Meetings at John Bennett's, Flat 4, 88 Clarendon Road, W.11. Every Monday evening, 8 p.m.

**ORPINGTON ANARCHIST GROUP.** Knockholt, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent. Every six weeks at Greenways, Knockholt. Phone: Knockholt 2316. Brian and Maureen Richardson.

**READING ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact Alan Ross, 116 Belmont Road, Reading, Berks.

**TAUNTON LIBERTARIANS.** Jill and John Driver, 59 Beadon Road, Taunton, Somerset.

**ESSEX & EAST HERTS FEDERATION**

Three-monthly meetings. Groups and individuals invited to associate: c/o Keith Nathan, 138 Penny-mead, Harlow, Essex.

Group Addresses—

**BASILDON.** M. Powell, 7 Lingercroft, Basildon, Essex.

**BISHOPS STORTFORD.** Vic Mount, 'Eastview', Castle Street, Bishops Stortford, Herts.

**CHELMSFORD.** (Mrs.) Eva Archer, Mill House, Purleigh, Chelmsford, Essex.

**ESSEX.** John Barrick, 14 Centre Avenue, Epping, Essex.

**HARLOW.** John Deards, 184 Carter's Mead, Harlow, and/or George Hardy, 6 Redricks Lane, Harlow, Essex. Monthly meetings in 'The Essex Skipper', The Stow, Harlow.

**LOUGHTON.** Group c/o Students' Union, Loughton College of Further Education, Borders Lane, Loughton, Essex.

**MUCH HADHAM.** Leslie Riodan, High Street, Much Hadham, Herts.

Every Saturday: 'Freedom' and 'DA' selling outside Central Library, 2.30-4.30 p.m.  
**MERSEYSIDE ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact Alex Howie, 16 Devonshire Road, Liverpool 8. Meetings 1st and 3rd Thursdays of the month, 8 p.m.

**SUSSEX FEDERATION**

Groups and individuals invited to associate: c/o Eddie Poole, 5 Tilsbury, Finden Road, White-bank, Brighton.

**BRIGHTON & HOVE ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact Nick Heath, Flat 3, 26 Clifton Road, Brighton, BN1 3HN. Poetry readings, Fish Market Hard, every Sunday 2 p.m. Meetings every Thursday, Combination, 76 West Street, 8.30 p.m.

**SUSSEX UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP.** Information from Francis Jarman, 39 Harefield, Harlow, Essex.

**WELSH ANARCHIST FEDERATION**

**CARDIFF ANARCHIST GROUP.** All correspondence to: Pete Raymond, 18 Marion Street, Splott, Cardiff.

**MERTHYR TYDFIL ANARCHIST GROUP.** Correspondence to Huw Rowlands, 16 Cromwell Street, Mether Tydfil.

**SWANSEA ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact J. Ross, 111 King Edward's Road, Brynmill, Swansea. Weekly meetings, 'Freedom' sales and action projects.

**Llanelli:** Contact Dai Walker, 6 Llwynnedy Road, Llanelli, Carm. Tel: Llaneli 2548.

**EAST LONDON LIBERTARIAN FEDERATION**

Support wanted for numerous activities in area. Secretary: Anthony Matthews, 35 Mayville Road, London, E.11. Meetings fortnightly on Sundays at Ron Bailey's, 128 Hainault Road, E.11 (LEY 8059). Ten minutes from Leytonstone Underground.

**LEYTONSTONE GROUP.** Get in touch with Anthony Matthews or Ron Bailey (address as above).

**STEPNEY.** Trevor Jackales, 10 St. Vincent de Paul House, Dempsey Street, Clichy Estate, E.1.

**NEWHAM.** F. Rowe, 100 Henderson Road, E.7. IIFORD. Del Leverton, 12 Hamilton Avenue, Ilford.

**DAGENHAM.** Alan Elliot, 98 Hatfield Road, Dagenham.

**WOODFORD.** Douglas Hawkes, 123 Hermon Hill, E.18.

**WALTHAMSTOW.** Desmond MacDonald, 80 Martin Road, E.17.

**LIMEHOUSE.** M. Solof, 202 East Ferry Road, E.14.

**STUDENT GROUPS**

There are groups at East Anglia University, Liverpool University, LSE, Oxford University, Sheffield University, Southwark College, Sussex University and College of St. Mark & St. John, Chelsea. For reasons of space we are leaving these out during the vacation.

**SCOTTISH ANARCHIST FEDERATION**

Secretary: Dave Coull (see Montrose). Groups and Proposed Groups—

**ABERDEEN ANARCHIST FEDERATION.** Contact Bob Comrie, 288 Hardgate or Liz Smith, 3 Sinclair Road.

**FIFE.** Contact Bob and Una Turnbull, 39 Stratheden Park, Stratheden Hospital, by Cupar.

**GLASGOW ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact Robert Lynn, 16 Ross Street, C.1.

**HAMILTON DISTRICT FEDERATION OF ANARCHISTS.** Contact Ronnie Anderson, 100 Union Street, New Stevenston.

**MONTROSE.** Contact Dave Coull, 3 Eskview Terrace, Ferryden.

**LIBERTARIAN TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION**

Meetings—discussions—activities. Contact Peter Ford, 36 Devonshire Road, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7.

**VOLUNTARY WORK TEAM**

Forwarding address: 11 Barway Road, Manchester, 21. (See Contact Column for present work project.)

**ABROAD**

**AUSTRALIA.** Federation of Australian Anarchists, P.O. Box A 389, Sydney South. Public meetings every Sunday in the Domain, 2 p.m. and Mondays, 72 Oxford Street, Paddington, Sydney, 8 p.m.

**EAST AFRICA.** George Matthews would like to make contact. Secondary school teacher from UK. PO Box 90, Kakamega, Kenya.

**USA.** James W. Cain, secretary, the Anarchist Committee of Correspondence, 323 Fourth Street, Cloquet, Minnesota 55720, USA.

**GROUP-CORESON.** Australian Anarchist, c/o Melbourne University Union or Paddy Evans, c/o the same.

**MELBOURNE.** Get in touch with Bob Hopkins and Margie Rojo, P.O. Box 192, Carlton South 3053. Public meetings at Yarra Bank, Melbourne. Secretary: Dave Coull (see Montrose).

**DANISH ANARCHIST FEDERATION.** Gøthersgade, 27, Viborg, Denmark.

**VANCOUVER, B.C., CANADA.** Anyone interested in forming anarchist and/or direct action peace group contact Derek A. James, 154 Grand Boulevard, North Vancouver, B.C. Canada. Tel: 987-2693.

**USA: VERMONT.** New Hampshire Anarchist Group. Meets weekly—discussion, individual action. Contact Ed. Strauss at RFD 2, Woodstock, Vermont 05091, USA.

**SWEDEN.** Stockholm Anarchist Federation. Contact Nadir, Box 19104, Stockholm 19, Sweden.

**SWEDEN:** Libertad, Allmänna Vägen 6, Gøteborg V.

**TORONTO ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact R. Campbell, 219 TorYork Drive, Weston, Ontario, Canada. Weekly meetings.

**BELGIUM:** LIEGE. Provos, c/o Jacques Charlier, 11 Avenue de la Laiterie, Sclessin-Liege, Belgium.

**PROPOSED GROUPS**

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS & PENBURY.** Please contact Mr. R. E. Williams, 13 Belfield Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

**MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY.** Contact Mike Don or Bill Jamieson, 14 Victoria Road, Manchester 14.

# OCCUPATION OF THE CITROEN WORKS

THE ACTION COMMITTEES born throughout France at the end of May transcend half a century of left-wing political activity. Drawing their militants from every left-wing sect and party, from social democrats to anarchists, the Action Committees give new life to goals long forgotten by the socialist movement; they give new content to forms of action which existed in Europe during the French Revolution; they introduce into the socialist movement altogether new forms of local participation and creative social activity.

This article will trace the development, during the last ten days of May, of a committee (the 'Workers-Students Action Committee—Citroen') whose primary task was to connect the 'student movement' with the workers of the Citroen automobile plants in and around Paris.

On Tuesday, May 21, a strike committee representing the workers of the Citroen plants called for a strike of unlimited duration. The factory owners immediately called for 'state powers to take the measures which are indispensable for the assurance of the freedom of labour and free access to the factories for those who want to work.' (*Le Monde*, May 23.)

The same day that the owners called for police intervention, students, young workers and teachers who, on previous days had fought the police on the streets of Paris, formed the 'Citroen Action Committee' at the Censier centre of the University of Paris. The first aim of the Action Committee was to co-operate with the factory's strike committee in bringing about an occupation of the factory. The Action Committee's long-term goal was to help bring about a revolutionary situation which would lead to the destruction of capitalist society and the creation of new social relations.

Action Committee Citroen is composed of young French and foreign workers and intellectuals who, from the committee's inception, had equal power and equal voice in the formulation of the committee's projects and methods. The committee did not begin with, and has not acquired, either a fixed programme or fixed organizational structure. The bond which holds together former militants of radical-left organizations and young people who had never before engaged in political activity, is an uncompromising determination to dismantle the capitalist society against whose police forces they had all fought in the streets.

The committee has no fixed membership; every individual who takes part in a daily meeting or action is a participating member. Anyone who thinks enough people have gathered together to constitute a meeting can preside; there is no permanent president. The order of the discussion is established at the beginning of the meeting; the subjects to be discussed can be proposed by any member. The committee is autonomous in the sense that it does not recognize the legitimacy of any 'higher' body or any 'external authority'. The committee's projects are not realizations of pre-determined plans, but are responses to social situations. Thus a project comes to an end as soon as a situation changes, and a new project is conceived, discussed, and put into action in response to a new situation.

the ones who had initiated the strike.

However, the union, unlike the student movement and unlike the workers who had initiated the strike, was not calling for expropriation of the factories from their capitalist owners, or for the creation of a new society. Thus the functionaries of the communist union were calling for higher wages and improved working conditions, within the context of capitalist society. Thus the functionaries strenuously opposed the distribution of the Action Committee's leaflets, on the ground that their distribution would 'disrupt the unity of the workers' and would 'create confusion'.

The union functionaries did not spend too much time arguing with the Action Committee militants because the factory occupation did not take place as they had 'planned' it.

Sixty per cent of the labour force of the Citroen plants are foreign workers, and the vast majority of them are not in the CGT (nor in the smaller unions). When a small number of union members entered the factory in order to occupy it, they were kept out of the workshops by factory policemen placed inside by the owners. The vast majority of the foreign workers did not accompany the union members into the factory; the foreign workers stood outside and watched. The union officials made a great effort to translate the written speeches into some of the languages of the foreign workers. The foreign workers listened to the loudspeakers with indifference and at times even hostility.

## FUNCTIONARIES MANOEUVRE

At that point the union officials stopped trying to chase away the Action Committee agitators; in fact, the officials decided to use the agitators. Among the agitators there were young people who spoke all the languages of the foreign workers, and the young people mingled freely with the foreign workers. On the other hand, the union officials, seasoned bureaucrats, were institutionally

pying workers. Once again they found themselves unwelcome. A large red flag flew outside the factory gate, but the young militants found the gate closed to them. At the entrances to the factories stood union officials who explained they were under strict orders (from the union's—and the CP's—central committee) not to let students or other outsiders inside the factory. The young agitators explained that they had played a crucial role in the factory's occupation, but the expression on the faces of the union functionaries merely hardened.

That evening the Citroen Action Committee had an urgent meeting. The committee's members were furious. Until now, they said, they had co-operated with the union; they had avoided an open confrontation. Their co-operative attitude had made no difference to the union officials; the committee militants had merely let themselves be used by the functionaries, and once used up, they were rejected. It was about time to confront the union openly. The Committee drafted a new leaflet, one which called on the workers to push past the union and take control of the factory into their own hands.

## THE LEAFLET

'Workers, now you are the masters of your factory. You are no longer controlled by the owner or by the state. Be careful not to fall under the control of a new power,' the leaflet begins. 'All of you, French as well as foreign workers, have the right to talk. Don't let the loudspeakers talk for you. . . . Only you can decide what to produce, how much, and for whom. Don't let anyone take that power from you. If a group makes your decisions instead of you, if a group uses loudspeakers to yell to you what decisions "we" reached, then this group does not seek to help you, but to control you.' ('Travailleurs!' Comite d'Action Travailleurs-Etudiants, Censier.)

Due to the presence of union guards

the leaflet explains. However, the leaflet continues, 'the political parties and the unions were not at the origin of the strike. The decisions were those of the strikers themselves, whether unionized or not. For this reason, the workers have to regain control over their work organizations. All strikers, unionized or not, unite in a Permanent General Assembly! In this Assembly, the workers themselves will freely determine their action and their goals.'

This call for the formation of General Assemblies inside the factories represents an appeal to expropriate the capitalist class, namely an appeal for insurrection. With the formation of a General Assembly (sometimes also called a Constituent Assembly) as the decision-making body inside the factory, the power of the state, the owner as well as the union, ceases to be legitimate. In other words, the General Assembly of all the workers in the factory becomes the only legitimate decision-making power; the state is bypassed, the capitalist is expropriated, and the union ceases to be the spokesman for the workers and becomes simply another pressure group inside the General Assembly.

Unable to communicate these ideas to the workers at the factory, the Citroen Action Committee drafted a new project. Since 60% of the factory's workers are foreign, and since the foreign workers live in special housing projects provided for them by the factory owners, the Citroen Action Committee decided to reach the foreign workers at their homes. The foreign workers were spending their days at their living quarters since they were no longer able to transport themselves to the factories (the transport to the factories is also furnished by the factory owners, and was obviously not being furnished during the strike).

Since this project was conceived during a period when transport was scarce in Paris, most of the participants had to hitch-hike to the housing centres. Several related projects were suggested by the Action Committee militants to the foreign workers. First of all the foreign workers were encouraged to help those strikers who were calling for worker-control of the factories, and not merely for wage rises. And secondly, the foreign workers were encouraged to organize themselves



## INTERNATIONALISM

Another leaflet was the first public announcement of the committee's uncompromising internationalism. 'Hundreds of thousands of foreign workers are imported like any other commodity useful to capitalism, and the government goes so far as to organize clandestine immigration from Portugal, thus unveiling itself as a slave-driver.'

The leaflet continues: 'All that has to end. The foreign workers contribute, through their labour, in the creation of the wealth of French society. . . . It is therefore up to revolutionary workers and students to see to it that the foreign workers acquire the totality of their political and union rights. This is the concrete basis for internationalism.' ('Travailleurs Etrangers', Comite d'Action, Censier.)

At 6 a.m. on the morning of the occupation, when the Citroen workers approached their factories, they were greeted by young workers, students and teachers distributing the orange and green leaflets. On that morning, however, the young Action Committee militants were greeted by two surprises. First of all, they found the functionaries of the CGT (the communist union) calling for the occupation of the factory, and secondly, they were approached by the union functionaries and told to go home.

On previous days, the CGT had opposed the spreading strike wave and the occupation of the factories. Yet on the morning of the occupation, arriving workers who saw the union functionaries reading speeches into their loudspeakers at the factory entrances got the impression that the CGT functionaries were

unable to speak directly to the workers: years of practice had made them experts at reading speeches into loudspeakers, and their loudspeakers were not leading to the desired effects.

Thus the functionaries began to encourage the young agitators to mix with the workers, to explain the factory occupation to them; the functionaries even gave the loudspeakers to some of the foreign members of the Action Committee. The result was that, after about two hours of direct communication between the foreign workers and the Action Committee members, most of the foreign workers were inside the factory, participating in its occupation.

Proud of their contribution to the occupation of Citroen, the Action Committee people went to the factory the following morning to talk to the occu-

at the factory entrances, a relatively small number of workers read the leaflet. However, among these workers there were some who resented the union take-over inside the factory, and some who began attending the meetings of the Citroen Action Committee and participating in the political discussions at Sorbonne and Censier.

At this point the Citroen Committee, together with other action committees at Sorbonne and Censier, composed a call to action for the workers inside the factories. 'The policy of the union leaders is now very clear; unable to oppose the strike, they try to isolate the most militant workers inside the factories, and they let the strike rot so as to be able, later on, to force the workers to accept the agreements which the unions will reach with the owners,'

into action committees in order to cope with their own specific problems.

## ACTION COMMITTEE PROJECT

The Action Committee's project initiated and stimulated various kinds of activities among the foreign workers. Courses were organized for foreign workers who knew no French. At Nanterre, for example, the occupation committee of the University there granted a room to a newly-formed action committee of Yugoslav workers. The room was used for political meetings and French lessons. In another centre, the workers organized to protect themselves collectively from abuses by the landlord's (namely Citroen's) agent at the housing centre. In some of the ghettos around Paris, where workers had run out of food for their families, trucks were found to trans-

Continued on page 6

# THE RIGHTS OF MAN

**THE RIGHTS OF MAN**, written by Thomas Paine (1737-1809) and published in 1791 after the French Revolution, is an eloquent defence of the principles of freedom that has uncanny relevance to this moment in time. It is as though the wheel has turned full circle once again, and we are back at the crossroads of civilisation that Paine saw and understood so well.

But the uprising of today differs in one important aspect from the events of the past. There is no Thomas Paine. And the voice of Edmund Burke, the puppet of despotism, is multiplied a hundred-fold.

The declaration of the rights of man which Paine included in his book is merely an extension of one basic principle upon which he based his entire philosophy. It is the governing principle of the anarchist, the humanitarian, the egalitarian, call him what you will. Paine put it succinctly thus:

'Natural rights are those which appertain to man in right of his existence. Of this kind are all the intellectual rights, or rights of the mind, and also all those rights of acting as an individual for his own comfort and happiness, which are not injurious to the natural rights of others.'

No government in the world practises this forgotten secret of life. Totalitarian states of East and West survive by the exploitation of the many. Western communists who apply to themselves the image of messiah are no alternative. The fulfilled ambitions of the neo-Marxist revolutionary at best result in a minimal increase in the standard of living of backward nations; at worst, they marshal the working man into the war machine of a paranoiacs' paradise; they always replace corrupt despotism with a modern version of totalitarianism. There is only the old illusion of freedom here too.

To try and separate the feelings of unrest in France, Germany, Italy, etc., is to accept the barrier of nationalism, the greatest artificial barrier yet placed to divide people against themselves.

Today, there is only one enemy, only one form of totalitarianism, only one battle to be won. And the oppressor is the modern industrial state.

Revolutions present, as revolutions past, overthrow principles, and not individual tyrants. Students, artists, writers, anarchists, are in the vanguard of the movement to end oppression; to live in a world where machine will work for man—a startling reversal of present-day roles.

Paine shrewdly observed that despotism does not reside in one man, or even in one body of men.

In every office, in every factory, the standard is unfurled, it permeates the thoughts and actions of the people until the whole nation is acted on by deputation.

The society protects itself against those who threaten its own, often new-found, security. People divide against themselves over proposals which, successfully accomplished, would result in the common good. Men divide, the principle rules.

The only ideology that is capable of providing an alternative to the modern industrial state—without replacing one form of totalitarianism with another—is anarchy. With its set of values that might be described as pure socialism. The five basic principles being, as previous manifestos have indicated: (1) socialism without state control; (2) communal control of industry; (3) planning according to needs; (4) the standardisation of wages, leading to the abolition of wages; and (5) global fraternity.

The failure to implement any one of these basic policies would result in total failure of the ideology.

Thomas Paine's writing of the French Revolution alarmed the English authorities who, fearing a repetition of events on the home front, indicted him for treason in May 1792. Fortunately a time vision by poet William Blake ensured his successful escape to France.

The words with which Paine defended his actions float down the corridor of time, falling again on too many eyes that look but do not see, on too many ears that listen but do not hear.

'If to expose the fraud and imposition of monarchy and every species of hereditary government—to lessen the oppression of taxes—to propose plans for the education of helpless infancy, and the comfortable support of the aged and distressed—to endeavour to conciliate nations to each other—to extirpate the horrid practice of war—to promote universal peace, civilisation, and commerce—and to break the chains of political superstition, and raise degraded man to his proper rank;—if these things be libellous, let me live the life of a libeller, and let the name of libeller be engraven on my tomb!'

If there is an anarchists' creed, then it is this.

I.D.

**THE LAST MONTH** has seen widespread coverage in the popular press of 'anarchy' with and without the inverted commas and sometimes used quite correctly to describe a separate and distinct political philosophy. Some journalists have even seemed to have an understanding what 'anarcho-syndicalism' means.

It is not just that the years of publishing, propagandizing and personal argument have borne fruit, to have believed that Fleet Street would eventually have learned wisdom (to expect them even to consult an encyclopedia or read a book at times seemed excessive). Fleet Street has, as usual, followed events; particularly the events in France. But in following events, Fleet Street has as usual created them. Far from the detached cool observer of the scene, as Fleet Street always pretends to be, the press has, as usual, enacted its usual role of a biased opinionated fabricator.

For not the only time its bias put it for once (though only for a while) on the side of the revolt. A chauvinistic dislike of General de Gaulle led much of the press to take a morbid pleasure (enjoyed by its readers, of course) in the misfortunes of the French Government. A public feeling for a 'good little 'un' 'having a go' further seemed to enlist the public sympathy for the rebels.

By sheer chance, and since it is always necessary to have a 'personality', the papers picked on Comrade A as the 'leader'. (One gives him this name, not in any sense of criticism, but in order to help to demolish the myth-making process.) Any fool, except those in Fleet Street, knows that anarchists have no leader. This point is of the essence of anarchism.

In the years of the Committee of 100, one found that the police had to be educated into this simple fact. For them it was a mere question of legal nicety... who will carry the can? One policeman went so far that he solemnly informed a 'demo' that a 'demo' without a leader was illegal. The eventual position was arrived at that willy-nilly the police elected leaders of demonstrations (e.g. the Greek Embassy occupation) by determining, with the sanction of the magistrates, who had the most convincing record consistent with the leader complex—of the police. Consequently the police, being historians of an inferior kind, picked on comrades with rather dusty records.



## FOR WORKERS' CONTROL

**ONE CANNOT TACKLE** the problem of workers' control without the theoreticians of efficiency saying that one can only talk of workers' control after a long preparatory period during which problems such as the technical immaturity of, and the lack of consciousness among, the workers would be resolved.

They say that the workers will never solve the problems that are involved in the running of a country's economy, and, with more justification, an international economy. They naturally conclude that a conscious elite is necessary to run the country, an elite which will maintain a centralist organisation, which will direct each and every situation. This elite, creator and guardian of the system would set itself up as overseer for the whole market and would become bureaucratic.

The problem which arises, then, is to discover if 'the system of centralised control of the economy, which gives the state apparatus power over men, is really the only way of accelerating the economy under a socialist regime'.

It is important, then, to reply to this argument theoretically.

From the point of view of the two basic requirements of a modern economy, (a) the expansion of production or accumulation of surplus, the surplus value being utilised in a form of investment, and the necessary conditions for this accumulation and (b) the concentration of production, the specialisation and collaboration of enterprises, those who advance the centralist argument believe that the workers, because of their underdeveloped social conscience and their technical immaturity, would consume all the fruits of their work and thus prevent any possibility of accumulation.

But actually this fear is only founded on the assumption which says that accumulation depends upon the free will of the producers; gold, as Marx has shown, is in itself nothing, but the accumulation of capital is an economic necessity. This 'voluntarism' has, however, the merit of pointing out a real problem: to know whether, and if so to what degree, economic necessity (that is the socio-economic agreements which determine the "free-will" of the producers when they decide on the disposal of the products of their work) exists in reality.

Actually, if one does not build adequate socio-economic agreements, making the material condition of the workers dependent on the volume and the efficiency of accumulation fixed by them-

selves, they will probably have a tendency to consume the bases from which enterprises develop.

Supposing, for argument's sake, the possibility of leaving to the free-will of the workers the distribution of all value newly created in the bosses' factories (capitalist or State), they would probably decide to use up all of the income, because they have not taken part in the socio-economic agreements, whereby, instead of the bosses, they direct production and distribution and where their material prosperity depends upon their administrative ability. We can clearly see the solution to this problem: 'If the workers take part in the productive agreements whereby the income serves to provide for the needs of their individual prosperity and the collective prosperity, that is, it serves to satisfy their needs, and this is realised within the setting of income obtained by their enterprise run by themselves, it will evidently be in their interest to assume that the income is increased, as far as possible, by their organisations, for their individual incomes will increase all the more, and the greater will be the possibility of satisfying their needs. Given that this income depends directly on their productivity and on the method of work, that is the degree of concentration of production, the accumulation of income will be as important for the workers as their own individual incomes.'

So it can be seen that it isn't only libertarian humanism that proclaims the necessity for workers' control, but also the imperatives of an economy that aims for high productivity, accumulation and co-ordinated national production. The only driving force of an efficient economy is the material interest of the workers to find the more rational solutions. Only workers' control creates this interest, and certainly not Stakhanovism!

This is why the economic and socio-political advantages of workers' control, in the concrete case of the actual producers taking the decisions, in conditions of rising production, provide not only freedom of work understood in the abstract sense, but also a real interest on the part of the workers to find the most appropriate and rational solutions to problems. This direct material interest regarding the most appropriate and efficient functioning of production can hardly be attended to by a social organism that exists outside the realm of production; bureaucrats of the State

apparatus, whatever their aptitude in finding the most rational and appropriate effective solutions, the fact remains that their material well-being does not depend upon the success or failure of the functioning of the enterprises.'

Workers' control is necessary because 'If the workers run their own enterprise, it must inevitably be free to determine its own productive orientation and freely choose the volume, type and quality of the products. Also the economic organisations must be free to distribute their income as they will, after acquitting themselves of their obligations to the social community.'

We must again consider the argument of the technical immaturity of the working class. Actually if cadres are necessary in the economic sphere, 'the division of work between execution and direction being the most important characteristic of work from the point of view of the socio-economic and political techniques of the process of material production', this does not imply that they take decisions on the level of political economy, and that these technicians need necessarily govern for, 'as well as technical agreements between men in the process of material production, there appears another form of division which expresses itself in the determining of the conditions of production and distribution'.

This distinction is important because 'in participating in the running of a factory the workers do not make decisions on technical or occupational questions, but decide the politics of production, the collecting and distribution of income, each worker being able, more or less, to give himself up to these activities because he is concerned with the economic and political questions of production and the distribution of income'.

Only this decision-making concerning the conditions of production and the distribution of income by the working masses, allows, as is clearly seen from the powerlessness of centralism, for a rational working of the economy, and an authentically socialist climate among those who administrate and those who execute; a substitute for the repressive methods of the administrative bureaucracy.

—From *Perspectives Anarchistes-Communistes*.

(All quotations from *Gestion de l'Economie Yougoslave* by D. Bilandzic.)

## THE CULT OF THE PERSONALITY

But the press works in a different way, they look for a colourful character which the public will love (or hate, it doesn't matter which, the emotions are interchangeable). The character must be distinguishable from the newspaper's readers—if he belongs to a minority race or religion so much the better. If the readers like him, they give themselves top marks for tolerance; if they hate him, they're only human! He must be someone who is responsible for everything or, later on, he can be a tool of mysterious forces—the public loves a mystery. Consistency is not important, he can be anti-communist one day and a tool of the communists the next. It can also be a double-double bluff; he can be a communist, pretending to be an anti-communist in order to help the communists. He can be a fool—which is entertaining—or a well-meaning idealist—which is admirable but sad. He can be a foreign agitator—which shows our credibility; or an alien refugee which shows our tolerance...

The moral which this seems to point

is—don't have anything to do with the press! But one might point out that the press specializes in non-events. The interview that wasn't, the statement that was not, even a silence can be construed as 'what have they to hide?' The press is never more sickening than when in defence of the public's right to know, which is really the press's right to invent. The non-happening is grist to the journalist's mill, was not Greta Garbo built up on absences and silence?

It is possible that it is better to be of 'anarchy', 'anarchism', or 'anarchists' snubbed than ignored. That any mention in the press is worthwhile; if there is misrepresentation, our friends will know, our enemies are prepared to believe the worst anyhow. Even the most distorted account cannot deny the existence of 'anarchism' and 'anarchists' which is, in itself, useful to those comrades who have arrived at anarchism from their own thought and experience and have up to now thought themselves isolated. They can no longer have that depressing feeling.

There has been put forward the theory (first in *FREEDOM* and then in the *Observer*) that the new left do not want 'leaders' but 'heroes'. In the newspaper pop-world the difference is very little. What are 'heroes' but those we would follow and emulate? Why are pictures of Comrades B, C and D sold in poster-form but for worship? A Greek cynic said, 'I have known five-and-twenty leaders of revolt.' Leaders of revolt were common even before the popular press or the police selected them. The revolutions all too often devoured its children.

There is an apocryphal story about Bakunin that, in conversation with a police chief, Bakunin said, 'On the first day of the revolution you will be shot.' The police chief said, 'You will be shot on the second day of the revolution.'

Comrade A knows what must be done and has retreated into the background from which a personality-hungry press and TV had dragged him. Would that the *ci-devant* Comrade B would do the same!

JACK ROBINSON.

# CLAUDIUS O CLAUDIUS

1. CLAUD . . . The autobiography of Claud Cockburn. Penguin paperback, 7s. 6d.

*'If God lived on earth', goes the old Jewish proverb, 'people would break his windows'. Claud Cockburn, in his new Penguin autobiography, has done exactly that. Most of us know Cockburn through his regular contributions to Private Eye, a page of sultry, electrifying wit that thunders often into farce—the page, I suspect, that is read least but bites most—the quintessence of Private Eye.*

COCKBURN, however, is no novice in satirical journalism; for him, unlike so many others, it has become an outlook, a way of life rather than a vogue donned when profitable but soon shed for greener pastures. This comes out on almost every page of his book, a superbly written serial of anecdotes, exposés and personal impressions that make the eyebrows leap like bobbins. To most of us, Claud Cockburn is something of an enigma, an *eminence grise* who zig-zagged like fork lightning across the darkening skies of the 1930s. He switched, chameleon-like, from *The Times* to the *Daily Worker*, via his own weekly news-sheet—a biting political bombshell that exercised more influence, perhaps, than any other left-wing journal of that period. He was held in suspicion by both the British Foreign Office and the Comintern at the same time. Cock-

burn, in short, could put on not just two faces but three—journalist, revolutionary and prankster. Sometimes he was all three at once.

For any aspiring political journalist, Cockburn's book is an indispensable guide to the intrigues and machinations of power—and newspaper—politics. It is all seen through the eyes of a journalist—sceptical, detached, non-committal to the point of being utterly tantalizing. But it is this last characteristic—his openness, his ability to accept people as they are without the automatic and stultifying clichéd denunciations we come to expect from less gifted left-wing writers, that makes his book sparkle with immediate clarity and vividness. It is remarkably free also from the all too familiar pitfalls of an autobiography: Cockburn is the onlooker, the discreet reporter of events who does not allow any bloated, self-important vision of ture. Nor is there any attempt to over-inflame journalism by flatly rejecting the offer explain, to rationalize, or to excuse—which is the usual motivation behind most autobiographies these days.

Cockburn launched his quixotic career himself to enter anywhere in the picture of a post on *The Times*—a response so staggeringly original at the time that they wrote again with an even better offer which Cockburn again rejected. The third letter swept aside all the years of apprenticeship and training which *Times* journalists were subjected to, and offered him the post of assistant correspondent in Berlin. No, replied Cockburn, I want to work in New York. He got the job in New York.

Cockburn arrived in America on the eve of the Wall Street crash—his faith in the capitalist system already undermined by extensive reading of Lenin, Marx and Bukharin. He found a country preoccupied by the fluctuations of the stock market, and a people unable to view the future with anything other than the most naive optimism. 'What you could not do,' he writes, 'was to suggest, not by words only, but by so much as an intonation, that there was any doubt about the fact that the market as a whole was going on up and up, that every "recession" there might be in the near future would be "temporary", "technical", an "adjustment" after which the new era of American life would resume its swift, inevitable progress towards a hardly imaginable stratosphere of prosperity.'

The morning of Thursday, October 24, 1929, heralded the great crash, and even at this stage Cockburn had scarcely begun to guess how bad the situation really was until Hinrichs, chief American correspondent of *The Times*, leant over in a low voice and said: 'Remember when we're writing this story the word "panic" is not to be used.'

Shortly afterwards a leading banker appeared on the scene, waving his pince-nez reassuringly and beginning a cool appraisal of the situation with the words: 'There has been a little distress selling on the stock exchange. . . . It bore out one of the most valid maxims in journalism—never believe anything until it has been officially denied.'

Cockburn's association with *The Times* ended in as equally a bizarre manner as it had begun. His resignation, on largely political grounds, was treated in Printing House Square as a sign of slight overstrain and he was consequently advised to take a two-month holiday in Mexico, paid of course by his illustrious employers. Cockburn wrote back, more vigorously this time, only to receive a more ludicrous reply from Dowson, editor-in-chief. 'The *Times*, he said, was a vehicle which could be used by people of the most varied opinions. "For myself," he concluded, "I have always regarded *The Times* as something of an organ of the Left." There followed in brackets a classic qualification. "Though never," wrote Mr. Dawson, "I hope of the extreme Left."

There now began perhaps the most exhilarating, the least rewarding period in Cockburn's life. In March 1933 he brought out the first edition of *The Week*, a mimeographed news-sheet which, had it not been for a public tirade of abuse from Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, would never have risen to prominence. Cockburn, tired of working under a hierarchy of editors, and even more anxious to avoid any connections with advertisers, big business promoters and bureaucratic organisers, set out to produce a journal which, even with its tiny circulation, would be read avidly and wield influence at the highest levels. With an original capital of £40, his exposés, collected from the gossip of ambassadors, diplomats, political journalists and financiers—connections he made while on *The Times*—became an indispensable guide to what was really

happening at the time. His experience on the first night of publication is surely one which has been shared by many libertarian editors—brilliantly creative but hamstrung by total lack of order. 'I wrote the entire (first) issue covering three sheets of foolscap written on both sides, and then cut the stencils. All the things that always happen on such occasions happened. None of us had ever used a duplicating machine before and stencils cracked like sails in a gale and the place was bespattered with sticky brown ink. The valuable Pekinese dog belonging to the secretary became disgusted and spitefully chewed up the reserve tubes of ink. The man from Vancouver was already showing signs of mental unbalance from which he later suffered more spectacularly. Also the manager's highly developed sense of neatness was offended by the way in which we were folding up the foolscap sheets and shoving them into envelopes and he kept taking them out in order to refold them in a neater but rather delaying manner.'

In the end we made it noticeable. It was mimeographed in dark brown ink on buff-coloured foolscap. It was not merely noticeable. It was unquestionably the nastiest-looking bit of work that ever dropped on to a breakfast table.'

Despite great hopes of success, the number of paying customers secured by that first circularization was seven. Just seven.

*The Week* grew to be one of the most bizarre success stories of its time, but not sufficient enough to absorb Cockburn's apparently limitless energy. At the same time as he was running *The Week* he was working as foreign correspondent of the *Daily Worker*—an experience which gradually brought the scales falling from his eyes and gave him an illuminating insight into the murky machinations of the Comintern. His final break with the Communist Party came in the early 1950s with a somewhat belated but nonetheless genuine awareness of its growing futility and impotence which led it to a stultifying and even more self-destructive support for the Labour Party at general elections. This particularly incensed Cockburn, more aware than most of Ernest Bevin's latent anti-communism and subsequent contribution to the cold war effort—despite his wooing of the Left and the gratuitous boot-licking it in turn bestowed on him. An analogy with H. Wilson is impossible to miss in this passage:

'Mr. Bevin at once understood that here and now was the moment to use the leverage of simply being Labour. A Tory Foreign Secretary might have sought to inaugurate the cold war without making much impact on Washington Democrats. But if a Labour Foreign

Secretary started to attack the Russians, what on earth was an American Secretary of State to do? Could he appear that the British Labour Party, which the Americans—as Bevin so well knew—assumed to be at least pink? He could not. Senator Vandenberg and Mr. Bevin played the game perfectly. Here were a Republican and a British Labour leader, both agreed. And both agreed to lambast the Russians—the Devil in fact.'

The real *pièce de résistance*, however, comes several pages later. Cockburn, in a brilliant passage, describes a scene all too familiar in the House of Commons these days, when the so-called 'Left' MPs stage a 'revolt' against their government's defence estimates or its Vietnam policy. The following incident, which occurred some twenty years ago, shows us how little Left-wing Labour supporters have learnt.

'I recall a remarkable occasion, and one which was sufficiently typical, when one of the innumerable "revolts" in the Parliamentary Labour Party was in progress. These "revolts", usually against some phase or other of Bevin's foreign policy occurred once every couple of months, and followed a scarcely varying pattern from the moment when the optimists declared that this time it was serious, and Bevin would have to mend his ways, to the later moment when the whole thing faded away, leaving Bevin and his policy unshaken and unchanged.

'On the occasion I speak of, no less than fifty—I think it was more like eighty—Labour MPs had put their names to a resolution, highly critical of Bevin, which was to be debated at the regular "secret" weekly meeting of the Party.

'Since this time they had not merely gone about the Lobbies talking of mutiny, but actually signed something in black and white, even my hard-learned scepticism softened. This time something really was going to happen.

'To my naive astonishment, it transpired that not eighty, not fifty, not twenty or ten of the "rebels" had voted against Bevin in favour of their own resolution. The number of such voters had been three.

'I tackled a number of the un-rebellious rebels in the lobby and asked them how come? Their answers were singularly revealing of the way such matters are really conducted. One of them said that in the course of the long discussion his feet had got hot and swelled. He had been in pain and had left the room to remove his shoes for a few minutes and let his feet simmer down. "And would you believe it," he said, "when I got back in there, the vote had just been taken?"

'Two of them said that, after all, voting on a resolution was unimportant—the debate itself, they said, was the important thing and they assured me that

Bevin had been "visibly impressed". 'Another had a more ingenious explanation of his failure to vote. "It was obvious," said he, "that even if a large number of us voted for the resolution we should still be in a minority. And that would be an encouragement to Bevin. But if nobody voted for the resolution, or even abstained, in fact, if we all voted for the resolution, Bevin would have no clue to the true size of the rebellion, and that would frighten him."

'Rendered somewhat dizzy by this line of reasoning, I tried to envisage the consequences of its application to political struggles in general.'

It would be possible, in short, to quote endlessly from Cockburn's book at length and still fail to give it the justice it deserves. Cockburn has that polygon type of mind and his book has so many sides to it that it escapes accurate summary. It is indispensable reading for all political rebels, and his last chapter, on the potential of pirate radio, offers great hope. His most scathing attack is reserved, however, for his own medium, the most corrupted and corruptible of all—the British Press.

The hired journalist, I thought, ought to realize that he is partly in the entertainment business and partly in the advertising business—advertising either goods, or a cause, or a government. He just has to make up his mind whom he wants to entertain and what he wants to advertise. The humbug and the hypocrisy of the Press begin only when newspapers pretend to be "impartial" or "servants of the public". And this only becomes dangerous as well as laughable when the public is fool enough to believe it.'

All this, and a great deal more, flows neatly from the horse's mouth.

BILL JAMIESON.

## Michael Abdul Malik

FROM MICHAEL DE FREITAS TO MICHAEL X, by Michael Abdul Malik. Published by Andre Deutsch. 25/-.

THIS IS A CHEERFUL and quite humorous autobiography. Considering the subject matter is poverty and racialism it is remarkably undepressing. The author's buoyancy keeps him aloft in situations which would make lesser men drift into cynicism or despair.

Abandoned by his father, a white man, brought up by a mother who was a black anti-black racist, who wanted him to become a white man, or be taken for one, he appears from this book to be remarkably undamaged. All the same, despite his rebellion against a society that wants to treat black men as a kind of inferior caste of untouchables, there are some elements in his thought that anarchists would reject.

At times he toys with a kind of reverse racialism. Understandable though this is, considering his experience at the hands of white do-gooders (and some black do-gooders), it seems to me a dangerous tendency. It is always easier to divide men than to bring them together (unless it is a matter of uniting them in a common hate), and the rulers of society much prefer to split people up, on the divide and rule principle. Unity is the strength of the oppressed. If black and white cannot unite against their common enemies the battle is lost before it even begins.

Black Muslims and Black Power are obviously going to be with us for some time to come. I think it will be a misfortune if a misplaced sense of guilt (misplaced since we today are not responsible for the slaving and raiding of our forefathers, and if we benefit from it there's little we can do about it, unless we go and live by food-gathering in the mountains) makes white people feel that they must refrain from criticism.

Michael Abdul Malik says that he found much sympathy among Welsh and Scottish nationalists, and there is much that is attractive in small nation nationalism, which, since the black British population is extremely small, is virtually what he is offering. At the same time, on the individual level, even Welsh nationalism can have its oppressive features.

Michael Abdul Malik toys with racism and goes to jail. Enoch Powell is an out and out racist, and goes smiling to Canada, unashamed. Partly no doubt because he is white, but also because he is a member, though probably not a very important or (until recently) a very influential one, of the British ruling class. Ultimately the crucial distinction is class not race.

A.W.U.

## ANARCHY 90

discusses  
**STUDENT REVOLT IN BRITAIN**

ANARCHY is Published by FREEDOM PRESS at 2s. on first Saturday of every month

## Hawkers of Death

THE HAWKER SIDDELEY group is the fifth largest British company—in the manpower scale—employing 106,000 people.

Many of their products can be used only for peaceful purposes—automatic vending machines and sewage disposal plants to name but two. But international respect for the group hinges on their ability to continue the supply of the most advanced death-devices known to man.

Responsibility for this rests with a board of fifteen permanent apostles of genocide.

Hawker Siddeley Aviation have factories at Hatfield, Manchester, Brough, Chester and Hamble. They make Andover transports, Buccaneer low level strike aircraft, Dominic navigational trainers, Harrier V/STOL immediate close support aircraft, and Nimrod maritime reconnaissance aircraft.

Hawker Siddeley Dynamics, of Hatfield, Bolton, Cheadle Hulme and Stevenage produce the following: guided missiles, Blue Streak satellite launchers, satellites, plus allied test and control systems.

When I said in an article a few weeks ago that I didn't think we had a missile industry I meant of course a missile export industry. I underestimated the effects of diminished responsibility among the more powerful of my fellow-countrymen.

In their report to the shareholders of the company—who you will be grieved to hear only received a dividend of £6,049,000 last year—the directors said:

'... the main military workload in 1967 related to the supply of Nimrod maritime reconnaissance aircraft and the Harrier V/STOL close support and reconnaissance aircraft. Both aircraft will enter service in 1969 and will form an integral part of the modernised defence forces. There are good export prospects for the Harrier. In addition, work continued on the Buccaneer aircraft for the Royal Navy although the decision by the Government not to allow the export of further aircraft to South Africa has given rise to a certain amount of redundancy. . . . The substantial business in refurbishing and modernising Shackletons, Vulcans, Hunters (including a number for export) and Sea Vixens continued and the volume of military and civil spares shows an increase reflecting the rise in the number of the company's aircraft in service. Turning to the future, we remain optimistic that sooner or later the importance to the nation of a healthy aircraft industry will be realised, particularly in the light of the present balance of payments difficulties in the U.K. Throughout these difficult times, we have as a matter of policy continued our forward research on both civil and military aspects of aviation, so that the company may be in a position to play its full part in the future worldwide expansion of aircraft markets. . . . Production of guided weapon systems continued at a high level and work is now starting on two new advanced systems. Due to reductions in defence expenditure, the level of development work on guided weapons is being curtailed and for this reason it has become necessary to close the com-

pany's establishment at Whitley. . . . This cold-blooded annunciation is a perfect illustration of the interdependence of war and technology.

War is big business. The operators are accountable not to conscience, which is non-existent, but to the profit motive; missiles mean fat profits, not the murder of civilians; military space satellites are 'brilliant technological achievements'.

Recently the voice of Cardinal Heenan reminded many British people who are perhaps not politically-minded, of their self-righteous criticism of foreign abuse of power. We should demonstrate against ourselves, he said.

Will catholic-conservatives march with anarchists into the war-factories of Hawker Siddeley?

With another large demonstration only one week away, this might be an opportune moment for some mental preparedness.

There is a pattern to suppression. Demonstrate against the war machine and the wrath of the exploiters' society descends upon you. Already we have had truncheons, beatings, police horses, fines and imprisonments. Keep up the pressure and the process of escalation begins. We can expect water-hoses, tear-gas, and longer terms of imprisonment in the immediate future. Continue the pressure and the army will be called in. And then, if the state (the city) considers that it is the only way of ensuring their own survival—they will gun us down in the streets.

Remember Paris.

I.D.

# Bertrand Russell

'When you tell people that happiness is a simple matter, they get annoyed with you.'

**THE SECOND INSTALMENT** of Bertrand Russell's autobiography will appeal mainly, I think, to younger readers over fifty. As I cannot hope to deal with more than a fraction of the ground covered—a glance at the index will show why—I have chosen to write about the two periods that most crucially concern my own generation—World Wars I and II.

Russell's attitude to the Great War was completely reversed when it came to taking sides in 1940. I remember the sense of outrage I felt when the news came from America that Russell had decided to support 'What was necessary for victory'. He as much as Huxley had helped to determine and formulate the grounds of my own intellectual and emotional objections to war; *Which Way to Peace*, written a few years previously, was still fresh in my mind. How to account for the volte-face? Superficiality, opportunism or sheer muddled thinking? I plumped for all three, and enjoyed the crumb of comfort these conclusions brought me.

The irrelevance of it all now seems clear enough. It was never a question of Russell's profundity or honesty. It was clearly as painful to him to support the Second War as it was to denounce the First; in both cases, he acted from deeply felt motives. Yet a sense of discrepancy remains.

Throughout his life, Russell has striven to remain faithful to contradictory principles, his own conscience and—Authority. World Government is to be the ultimate social achievement. It alone can command the abdication of private scruples. Russell had accepted the possibility of the Kaiser's victory, but 'Hitler's Germany was a different matter. I found the Nazis utterly revolting. . . . Throughout the First World War, I had never seriously envisaged the possibility of utter defeat. . . . Confrontation with an invading force of 'cruel, bigoted and stupid men'

was 'unbearable'. One might ask, how does anyone face the unbearable? 'Revolution is not a single act, it is an unending process based upon individual disobedience' wrote Alex Comfort twenty years ago. For Russell, with his innate respect for Authority, there was no longer any choice. Perhaps the deciding factor had been the partial failure of his school in Sussex—'A school is like the world—only government can prevent brutal violence'.

Judging from the cover blurb, a great deal of gush has been expended on Volume I by well-known public figures who have not, since 1960, been noticeably prominent in support of Russell. I have no doubt that this will have afforded him some amusement (the same sort of things have already been said about Volume II). In spite of it all, there is a great deal to be thankful for. There is the uncomfortable friendship with D. H. Lawrence which ended in mutual contempt. 'They were all' (Kotliansky, Middleton Murray, Katherine Mansfield and Lawrence) 'sitting together in a bare office high up next door to the Holborn Restaurant, with the windows shut, smoking Russian cigarettes without a moment's intermission, idle and cynical. I thought Murray beastly and the whole atmosphere of the three dead and putrefying.'

There is the journey across Russia by boat in 1920: 'I am troubled at every moment by fundamental questions, the terrible insoluble questions that wise men never ask.'

And there is the painful account of the rise and fall of the school on the South Downs, with a significant exchange of letters with A. S. Neill, whom he helped generously.

The most unsatisfactory aspect of the book is the difficulty of knowing when certain sections were written. Sometimes we are told, sometimes not. This is not a major objection. The last book I reviewed for *FREEDOM* was a *Life of Harold Wilson*. Reviewing these memoirs is like drinking champagne after coca-cola.

DAVID MARKHAM.



## HAVE YOU STOPPED BEATING YOUR CHILD?

**RISINGHILL, Death of a Comprehensive School, by Leila Berg. Published by Pelican Books. 6/-.**

**R**EADING THIS BOOK, and knowing in advance how the story ended, it is difficult to see what else could have happened. Whether it was the result of a muddle or a plot, the school was doomed from the outset. Michael Duane, whose anti-authoritarian and humanitarian views on education were well known, was put in an impossible position, since the staff assigned to him were mostly out of sympathy with his ideas.

In such a situation there could only be one end. It has become fashionable now to blame Duane for being intolerant of his reactionary staff, but this is equivalent to asking a man to be a saint. Where ideas about what life means are in total opposition all that can be managed is agreement to differ, and this is impossible where the people involved are engaged in a joint enterprise, which requires the utmost co-operation. The only solution is separation.

There is no need to summarise the well-known story over again. As far as the children were concerned the school was a great success. As far as the parents were concerned it was a great success. The staff mostly hated it, though they

sometimes wobbled in an inconsistent way, signing anti-Duane declarations and then coming afterwards to their headmaster and saying they wished they hadn't.

The anti-Duane forces range from Left to Right, from Keith Pople with his patronising article in *Peace News* to British (but not foreign) Communists, via Labour supporters to High Tories. Authoritarians everywhere recognise and love each other. There was the same unity in attacking Reich, and the anarchists have always got it in the neck from the same combination of forces.

When pacifists, Communists, Labour and Tory all rise up in indignation against the same man it usually means that he has touched on a raw nerve. Cruelty to children is endemic in Western society, particularly in Britain. The accounts of beatings in state schools given in the early part of this book are terrible. I used to think that my experiences of preparatory and public schools, the usual fate of middle-class children, were shocking enough, but the casual resort to physical violence on all and every occasion was not characteristic of the schools I knew, or at least not to this degree.

This suggests that practically everyone has a guilty conscience, regardless of his or her political orientation. Someone who shows that the savagery of our educational system is quite unnecessary is bound to be hated by all. There seems at present little hope of reforming the state educational set-up from within. Schools like Summerhill are allowed, and just manage to survive, perhaps because they only take in a small minority of middle-class children, and constitute only a slight threat to the existing order. The only hope seems to lie in an increasing degree of humanitarianism among the population at large. We no longer burn witches, good! Perhaps we can now begin to stop beating children.

FREDDY PERLMAN.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

## OCCUPATION OF THE CITROEN WORKS

Continued from page 3

port food from peasants who contributed it at no cost. Contacts were established between the foreign workers and the revolutionary workers inside the factories. Foreign workers were encouraged to join French workers in the occupation of the factories. On each excursion to the living quarters, the Citroen Action Committee members told the foreign workers not to let themselves be used

as strike breakers by the factory owners.

In all of the contacts between the Citroen Action Committee and foreign workers, the committee's internationalism was made clear to the foreign workers. When the committee members called for expropriation of the owners and the establishment of workers' power inside the factories, they emphasized that the power would be shared by all labourers who had worked in it, whether

French or foreign. And when some foreign workers said they were only in France for a short time and would soon return home, the Action Committee militants answered that the goal of their movement was not to decapitate merely French capitalism, but to decapitate capitalism as such, and that thus, for the militants, the whole world was home.

FREDDY PERLMAN.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

## Victims of the Earthquake

**I**HAVE JUST ARRIVED from Treviso, on May 2, with the family in the tent city at S. Ninfa, in the Piana district. It's now four months since the earthquake and life continues to be inhuman, full of uncertainty and very rough. This is not surprising when you think that there are nearly 2,000 families here, but only 300 human dog kennels have been built. The rest have to live in the tents, suffocated by the heat at a temperature of 30 degrees centigrade and, so far as civilisation is concerned, there's plenty of reason for despair and bewilderment.

You can imagine what it was like here in winter, with the intense cold and almost everybody with a cough or bronchitis. We went to get our rations at the Red Cross kitchen and stood in line with bowls, plates and mess-tins. There were cold and trembling faces, old people and children who had to wait several hours before getting a drop of warm soup. What a sad Odyssey reserved for human beings in the atomic age!

We slept promiscuously, keeping our clothes on so as not to upset those who were modest. . . . In theory the people who, with magic wand, conduct the music of the social system have put a stop to all this. But not in practice. We are still living promiscuously. Those who don't believe it should come and see where we cook and what sort of hygiene we have. When the wind blows there's sand all over our food. Despite this, there are people who write that all is well in the tent town at Piana! Moreover, there are people here who have enriched themselves by speculation, to the disadvantage of those who work and



suffer, and who have lost everything. The authorities have allocated 'dog kennels' with five square metres for four members of a family while they spread themselves in who knows how many rooms, and with every convenience.

Now people are asking if it was necessary to construct these hovels with all the milliards collected, especially as, compared to the flood victims of Treviso, we are treated as a part of Africa. In Treviso they built prefabricated houses with three rooms, kitchen and bathroom, raised one metre from the ground, and with nice verandahs. I had the pleasure of visiting them a fortnight ago, and I can't resign myself to the treatment doled out to the Sicilians. What a distinction between North and South! What has happened to all the milliards collected in an international competition to see who could give most aid? But at least we have had the pleasure of seeing the Honourable Moro making an electoral tour of the earthquake region and we have seen a new prefabricated church in S. Ninfa. A good many handshakes, interest, promises, honeyed words in plenty. It's a pity the Hon. Moro didn't get round to the inferno of the tent city at Piana. . . . but now it's election time, and there's plenty of noise and loudspeakers pointing, if not to recovery from natural calamities, at least to political careers and the road to Power.

LUIGI LI CAUSI.  
trans.: j.w.s.

From *Lagitazione del Sud* (Palermo), May 1968.

## THE ADMEN CRIMINALS AGAINST SOCIETY

**I**N A SOCIETY orientated towards consumption for profit, mass-media communications are controlled and exploited by ruthless and unethical minority groupings. Capitalism, under the seemingly harmless cover of escapist entertainment and pop journalism, is waging psychological warfare against the mental well-being of the individual. A calculated destruction of discriminating and critical faculties is rationalised as essential inasmuch as it removes obstacles impeding Capitalism's cancerous advance and insatiable appetite. The prerequisite of Capitalist consumption is the creation of prolonged demand and therefore artificial need and addiction are engendered. Normal disruptive human complexities such as selective consumption are manipulated, simplified and re-directed by depth-psychological sales-pitch, conditioning, brainwashing. A deep inner dissatisfaction with environmental reality is produced with the fantasy notion, the unreal implication, that additional purchases will in some miraculous way rejuvenate and revitalise. Personal inadequacies are contrasted with unrealistic idealisations and chemical 'beauty' preparations or toxic confections are suggested to be the supposed magic key, the missing alchemic ingredient. Of course they are not and extreme dissatisfaction, ingrained inferiority and progressive psychological addiction to unnecessary commodities is the usual result.

Such deliberately induced mental stress is perhaps unthinkably wicked but is nonetheless an everyday normality. Most Capitalist advertising is therefore an utter atrocity and those who contribute towards its continuation are criminals against humanity. Most anarchists, I think, would basically agree with this evaluation but theoretical correctness without constructive action is of little real value. It is tragically and comically absurd to talk about vanishing the Capitalist system if by our admen-motivated spending we help to strengthen it. How many of us are not honestly victims in the vast Consumer Machine? Which of us actually read the small print on every package; are fully aware of why and what we buy?

Any constructive struggle for individual survival or mental sanity necessitates considerable self-education and the mental-slog involved. For instance, to buy food wisely today demands a certain familiarity with dietary and nutritional matters and some knowledge of body chemistry, not to mention a workable understanding of toxic food additives. Thus one can eat fairly cheaply, be far healthier and avoid comparative exploitation. Pleading inequality of opportunity is a defeatist self-indulgence for our contemporary educational system is a self-perpetuating institution which exists to condition children into accepting the values of a competitive and acquisitive society. Schools are concentration camps in which children are moulded into vegetables only equipped to contribute towards the continued functioning of a corrupt society. Orthodox knowledge, as imparted to the layman, is largely a matter of public relations distortion and only empirical research and creative experimentation can truly give the lie to television commercials and white-coated admen. Today real education is mainly a matter of ridding ourselves of wrong ideas; clearing away accumulated mental-garbage. To be honestly liberated from Capitalism first involves a clear recognition of the factual inaccuracies and propagandist lies we have long unconsciously cherished as absolute truth. So those of us who haven't received advanced formal academic training or instruction have a head start in the clearing process (I went to a bum secondary modern school and consider it an invaluable advantage in mental-rubbish demolition).

Most scientists, teachers, doctors, researchers, 'Specialists' and so on are but willing and servile, albeit highly rewarded lackeys of the Capitalist system. The Capitalist system is based upon profit and profit is based upon consumption and consumption is based upon demand. It is Capitalism's job to create such a demand by convincing people of a need. It is the anarchist's job to convince people of their true need and that is not the consumption of trash and the proliferation of rubbish.

DAVE CUNLIFFE.

# A REPLY TO CRITICS

WHEN THE NEW back page was first introduced into FREEDOM, one of the editors wrote the following: 'I would say that the vast majority of the present readership of FREEDOM are not industrial workers and so it is hoped, with the new back page, that more workers in industry will buy the paper, leading to the spread of Anarcho-Syndicalist ideas. This in its turn should help the workers in their day-to-day struggle for higher wages and better conditions. We want more men and women in industry to accept our ideas. This is the job we must do and if we don't, we will remain small and ineffectual.'

We are the first to admit that we have not achieved this. Nevertheless we have made some headway and this is mainly due to a few comrades, who, like B.B. and members of Manchester Anarchist Group, are willing to man a picket line at an early hour and take the trouble to write for and sell FREEDOM.

The writers of the letter (see this page), criticising the article 'Stockport Strikers and Syndicalism', say that the 'sensible syndicalist, apparently, makes no attempt to upset the structure of the bureaucratic, hierarchical capitalist organisation; just plays Big Daddy comforting hurt little boys instead of helping them to grow up'. We would reply that what a few comrades in the Manchester area were doing was assisting and expressing their solidarity with the Stockport strikers. This is not 'comforting hurt little boys', but showing an awareness of the fact that disputes are not just isolated events, but involve other workers and that it is the concern, not only

of the Roberts Arundel strikers, but of all workers, that they should win their dispute. We would say that because other trade unionists were concerned, a victory was eventually won.

However, it is doubtful if those taking part became anarchists because of their experience, but we would maintain that it is experience at this level which stimulates a political consciousness and that once learned, the lessons are not forgotten. Anarchist propaganda should be made to all sections of the population, but by assisting and being involved in a particular dispute, comrades have a good opportunity to make our ideas known.

By criticising the quote of Malatesta that workers cannot arrive at anarchism in one leap, J. Robinson and M. Canipa write that every revolutionary situation shows that 'anarchism is what ordinary people make for in one heroic leap'. But ordinary people do this in certain situations, when that situation corresponds to their needs and interests. What the writers of 'Stockport Strikers and Syndicalism' said was that 'To be usefully occupied in the social struggle is more valuable than any amount of ideological propaganda'.

It seems that both the writers of the article and the letter are mixed up because surely to be 'usefully occupied in the social struggle' means that at some time or other, anarchist ideas will become involved and will be of significant value at some period. Once

that stage is reached, then anarchist ideas are acted upon as if by instinct. But even though people may adopt our ideas in certain situations, what looks like developing into the social revolution has usually collapsed because there are just not enough anarchists to push it on.

Many students, and especially young workers, warned of the betrayal of the Communist Party's acceptance of a general election in France, but because of their numerical weakness and the fact that their propaganda had not penetrated to enough of the ordinary people, the French bourgeois society survived.

In a revolutionary situation, people do take control, run essential services, help farmers to grow food and see that this is transported to the people of the towns. This happened in Nantes as J. Robinson and M. Canipa briefly mention.\* Whether you call the population of Nantes and those living in the surrounding countryside, ordinary people or workers, they certainly did not 'need Capitalism'.

We expected some criticism of this article, and when it was set, we did intend to include a 'strap title', Viewpoint and Discussion. We could have made an 'editorial riposte' (or just a reply), but we would have made different points to those in the letter, such as who are the trade union bosses interested in workers' control. (In fact the point the Manchester Group raised about the Communist Party.)

We do, however, have criticisms, like the writers of the letter, of some groups who take FREEDOM in very small quantities and sell it to their own comrades, so getting it on the cheap at group discount rates. We do welcome the names and addresses of the groups in FREEDOM as long as they are viable. Selling FREEDOM is not a condition for inclusion, but conning us is hardly anarchistic and the space could be used for more useful purposes.

As editors we do get attacked from many quarters and we expect this. We do think there is a movement, but it lacks organisation and no amount of getting together at conferences will remedy this, only a willingness to get down to the hard work of becoming involved in the problems of the community and making anarchist propaganda in their areas.

To this end, we would like to quote Malatesta: 'For us it is not all that important that the workers should want more or less; what is important is that they should try to get what they want, by their own efforts, by their direct action against the capitalists and the government. A small improvement achieved by one's own effort is worth more, in its effect on morale—materially too, in the long term—than a large-scale reform granted by government or capitalists for doubtful ends or even out of the "kindness of their hearts".'

\*We hope to print soon an account of 'Nantes—An entire town discovers Popular Power', which illustrates our point.

†From Malatesta, Life and Ideas, p. 126. By V. Richards.

## Success for Direct Action

Dear Comrades,  
Such welcome news as appeared in FREEDOM, the capitulation by the NAB to East London Libertarian Group's campaign against the Ministry of Social Security, should be extended throughout the country. The bureaucrats, operating an irresponsible bureaucracy—it is time for exposure. I object to the Gestapo-type methods used to gain information, to the extent of even employing informers.

Having been a victim for many years of the NAB, my basic income was £4 10s, a week sickness benefit (and still is), and £2 2s, national assistance. My wife took a job, her manager exposed it to the local NAB so they issued threats and in consequence deducted 10/- a week from my sickness benefit and therefore stopped the NAB allowance. Now it's £4 10s, sickness benefit, £2 2s, NAB and dependant's benefit £2 16s., a total of £9 6s. for two people to live on. Rent is £2 4s. 2d.

I do not mind this having the widest publicity possible; it might also be of interest to Ron Bailey.

Fraternally,  
13 Belfield Road, R. E. WILLIAMS.  
Pembury,  
Tunbridge Wells, Kent

### MOVING FUND

Target is £500.  
Received to Date—£415 9s. 2d.

### PREMISES FUND

Target is £1,000 per year.  
Pledges honoured to date and donations—£423 4s. 2d.

## Slipping!

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Estimated Expenses:  
29 weeks at £90: £2,610  
Income: Sales and Subs.: £2,220

DEFICIT: £390

### PRESS FUND

Blackburn: J.A.G. 5/-; Preston: R.W. 10/-; Milford Haven: J.E. 10/-; Clifton: A.F. 3/-; London, S.E.6: S.G. 4/-; Aberdeen: I.M. 4/-; London, E.7: P.C. 4/4; Wolverhampton: J.K.W.\* 2/-; J.L.\* 3/-; Grantham: P.A. 3/6; Northheim: E.G. 5/5; London: J.H. 3/6.

TOTAL: £2 17 9

Previously Acknowledged: £448 5 0

1968 Total to Date: £451 2 9

Deficit B/F: £390 0 0

TOTAL SURPLUS: £61 2 9

\*Denotes Regular Contributor.

## Stockport Strikers & Syndicalism

Dear Comrades,

We feel that we must reply to the article by Brian Bamford and Jim Pinkerton, which is inaccurate to say the least.

In the first instance, great play is made of the Roberts-Arundel strike. We are treated to rave notices about John Tocher (a member of the central committee of the Communist Party), but there is no explanation of the role of the CP. The CP and/or AEU may have organised a strike fund to pay fines and lawyers fees, but the main point for anarcho-syndicalists is how they conducted themselves during the struggle.

They consistently opposed the radical demands made by the more militant workers who wanted to occupy the factory. The CP's solution was to appeal to the mayor, Maurice Orbach, MP, Gunter, the then Minister of Labour, and other 'lefts'. In short they were leading workers up a constitutional blind alley as usual.

We must compare this struggle with another struggle which took place more recently at a chemical works in the Clayton area of Manchester. Here, 60 process workers held a sit-in strike to demand union recognition. The strike which lasted 5 hours was successful and workers did not even lose their pay for this period. In this case the shop steward was influenced by syndicalist ideas.

What a 'piss poor propaganda approach' is or 'pure ideas' is, are beyond comprehension, but we are of the opinion that syndicalism is beyond the friendly societies stage.

It is easy to see how B.B. and J.P. conceived such ideas about comrades in the north-west. It is probably due to the fact that they never attempt to contact anyone. The only time we are aware that they exist is when they write ill-informed articles for FREEDOM. They have both been notified of all our activities, but have not responded.

At the moment the Manchester Anarchist Group is growing. Our future plans include a free speech campaign, FREEDOM selling in various towns and campaigning against racism. If B.B. and J.P. are doing something that they consider more useful, in their respective towns, we wish they would let us know.

JAN MARSDEN. M. MITCHELL.  
R. MARSDEN. B. SHUTTLEWORTH.  
SUE WARNOCK. P. BOLCHOVER.  
G. LEIGH. M. LEIGH.

## Not Enough Propaganda

Dear Comrades,

Least anyone should take for acquiescence the absence of editorial riposte to the statement in last week's article 'Stockport Strikers and Syndicalism': 'So it is that the leadership of our movement often goes to the best organised groups, like the Freedom Press group', may we ask what leadership? what movement? what organization?

FREEDOM has more and more over the past few years given generously of its space and facilities to group news and co-ordination. So generously, in fact, that it has become more of a clearing

house for group transactions and less of a vehicle for the propagation of anarchist ideas than one would wish. This is a somewhat one-sided bargain and leaves not the smallest room for justification of the silly gripe quoted above.

However, this is not the most objectionable point of the article. What B.B. and J.P. appear to resent is that FREEDOM should make any anarchist propaganda at all. It would seem they think it would be better if syndicalism had nothing to do with anarchism. The sensible syndicalist, apparently, makes no attempt to upset the structure of bureaucratic, hierarchical capitalist organisation, just plays Big Daddy comforting hurt little boys instead of helping them to grow up. 'They (the workers) ... listen with interest to anyone who shows any concern for them.' Including any Liberal, Communist or even paternal Conservative on the look-out for a few easy votes in the next election? 'They snap up anarchist papers like FREEDOM, as they did both at Arundels and during the Heywood Cranes dispute.' We've noticed this. They buy the paper they are mentioned in exactly as people buy the local paper containing a photo of a family wedding. They buy that issue, they don't become readers. Maybe this is the fault of our propaganda. Maybe again it indicates the opposite of what B.B. and J.P. deduce from it. Maybe we would have more impact if we said more anarchistic things

## LETTERS

### Pushed Around

Dear Comrades,

I should like to point out that in my opinion I have never come across a case so understated as that of discrimination against women, particularly in the case of the unmarried mother, than the article in July 13 issue by Arthur Uloth.

As one who has been unfortunate enough to be born female, and to have suffered first-hand some of the richer experiences of life as a second-class citizen, such as persecution by a brain-washed mother (you be home by 10 no matter what your brother does!); being pushed around like a lump of meat on a butcher's slab in childbirth (scream and I'll slap you!); being beaten for suspected infidelity on evidence no court of law would accept; being told politely by an under-age spotty lap-dog shop assistant to take home a Hire Purchase agreement for my husband to sign and, above all, being refused flat after flat (a) because I have a child, and (b) because I have no husband living with me. I have slaved my guts out in a factory for two-thirds the wage of male co-workers and been exploited not only by capitalists but by my own comrades because of my sex.

The contraceptive pill has been heralded as the greatest 'equaliser' since the Colt 45. OK, so I don't get pregnant, but even the pill doesn't remove the instinctive prejudices in men's minds. How

about wage slavery and its abolition than about supporting wage demands. (French workers recently on strike in Nantes had as their slogan 'Enormous wage rises without a change in the political and economic structures equals a rise in the cost of living and return to misery in a few months'.)

In their obsession with leadership the writers give us Bakunin and Malatesta as authorities for their position. Malatesta said so much that it could not all be of equal value. The bit they quote sounds like arrogant rubbish: 'Apart from a small number of individuals more educated and capable of abstract thought and theoretical enthusiasms, the worker cannot arrive at anarchism in one leap.'

Notwithstanding the dockers and meat porters marching for Enoch, every revolutionary situation shows that when it occurs (although it has usually been started by a small, more fully aware, group) anarchism is what ordinary people make for in one heroic leap. They get pulled back by the more educated individuals capable of abstract thought and theoretical enthusiasms about militant unionism and obsessed with organisation and the mystique of the workers and the class struggle. Isn't this why the CGT was able to emasculate the May Days strike in France? Isn't the insistence on isolating people and identifying them as Workers a powerful prop of Capitalism, private or state? For just as God needs the Devil and the policeman needs the criminal, the Workers need Capitalism.

Yours fraternally,  
J. ROBINSON.  
M. CANIPA.

15.7.68

many times have I seen and loathed the sneering and sniggering that goes on among young men even in so-called libertarian circles about a girl who 'kips around'. Are we not entitled, as well as you, to find a partner that is sexually as well as socially compatible, or should we follow grandmother's advice, 'close your eyes and think of the flag!'

If I were a negro, a peasant, a refugee, a colonial, or a mental deficient, there would be a movement to liberate me and make me equal to my 'fellow man' (and why are human beings always referred to as MANKIND?). But no—I am a woman and therefore a second-class citizen—and nobody will lift a finger to liberate me and my unfortunate contemporaries.

As to your conclusion on law reform, Comrade Uloth, may I point out that like the law itself, it is a complete and utter irrelevancy. The reform needs to come from the minds of men. One cannot advocate law reform when the prejudice exists in the personal relationship between every man and every woman.

Thousands of years ago the Yogis found an answer to the problem. They called it Tantra Yoga; a sexual union which eliminates the plundering, pillaging, dominating role of the male and results, not in physical orgasm, but an orgasm of the mind.  
Any complete emancipation of women

THE SCOTTISH and Welsh Nationalist parties continue to flourish and to provide good copy for blase London journalists and TV men. The reaction of the established political parties has changed from contempt to serious concern. Whatever happens to Wilson's economic miracle between now and Election Day the next parliament will probably include more nationalists than liberals.

The Liberal Party has always been stronger in Wales and Scotland than in England. Now it is being swamped by the nationalists.

The current disillusionment with official politics has inspired a certain growth in the revolutionary left and the authoritarian right. In Scotland and Wales both these tendencies—and a number of others—seem to exist in the nationalist parties. Of course there are anarchists and fascists in Scotland and Wales, but it seems to me that there would be more if the nationalist parties were not there.

They have attracted to their cause young people who would otherwise not participate in official politics—as Senator McCarthy has succeeded in recruiting canvassers from the ranks of the radical students. The nationalist parties are seen as opponents of the political establishment—therefore as appropriate vehicles for the expression of unconventional and rebellious views. The radical Young Liberals who remain within their party do so for similar reasons.

The fact that these parties and campaigns include conservative and reactionary tendencies is forgotten or dismissed as unimportant.

Minority parties and political campaigns such as Senator McCarthy's tend to lose their unity if they become successful. If the nationalist parties were granted some of their demands by the English they wouldn't know what to do.

It is one thing to say: we dinna want Polaris. Quite another to agree about what is to happen when Yankee bases are removed from Scottish soil. Some nationalists will demand the total abolition of the armed forces; others the resurrection of the Argylls. There are probably some kilted highlanders who nurse the secret hope that Scotland will one day launch its own independent nuclear deterrent with a bottle of Scotch.

It is tempting to dismiss all those who have joined the nationalist parties as romantic fools or reactionary knaves. But some of their slogans have a libertarian ring. When the nationalist parties disintegrate—for whatever reason—they will leave behind a number of potential anarchists.  
WYNFORD HICKS.

would need a similar solution; perhaps even simple bi-sexuality is the answer: total sexual equality.

In the meantime you men had better watch out because in your conceit you have overlooked one vital factor. With the innovation of deep frozen sperm banks you have procreationally become redundant—we can do without you!  
c/o Peace News BARBARA HIGGINS.

## Going Ahead With AFB Conference

Dear Comrades,

Since nobody has publicly objected to our holding the AFB Conference here in Liverpool, we are going ahead. We will shortly be circularising the groups listed in the AFB.

In the absence of any counter-proposals, Merseyside Anarchists are organising the AFB Conference in Liverpool.

Our group was formed only six months ago and its members are mostly young and new to the Anarchist Movement. Holding the AFB Conference in Liverpool is a lazy way of finding out what the Movement is like. Also a truly anarchist federation should have no centre and it is good for the AFB Conference to move about a bit.

We have the use of Gt. Georges St. ex-Congregational Church which is in the process of being converted into a community arts centre. The Church is a very singular building; seating in the main hall is set out in a roughly circular arrangement and there is an oval balcony above.

The Conference is planned for the weekend of September 21/22. Accommodation of one sort or another will be available for everybody that turns up, but we'd like to know roughly how many people to expect.

Hoping to see you here,  
JOHN B. COWAN,  
for Merseyside Anarchists.  
16 Devonshire Road,  
Liverpool, 8

# The Final Betrayal

BY A VOTE of 56 to 43, the delegates of the London Transport busmen showed the municipal busmen how to eat their own vomit for after five hours of 'boisterous debate' they ended two years of muscle-flexing and simple-minded rhetoric by accepting the employer's terms and one can only ask why did we have to go through two years of girlish charade before kissing the employer's arse in token of this abject surrender. And now we ask, what happened to all those brave gestures of yesteryear, for we were always suckers for the pounded table and the raised finger and those defiant phrases hurled fearlessly into the chairman's report held our admiration and our attention in the loneliness of those union committee room meetings and, dare we ask, what happened to the demand for a

£1 on the basic wage?

It was indeed a bitter hour for the busworkers throughout the country for they have been betrayed all along the line. The Government has been more than fortunate in this showdown between the rank and file over the wage freeze policy for a section of the working class, whose daily occupation bears immediately on the comfort and the well-being of the mass of the general public, have, against their choice, been thrown into the forefront of the battle. I write this without any attempt at irony for many a goodly man who is prepared to give placid support to a miner or a factory worker on strike will spit blood at a striking milkman for not leaving him his pint of morning milk.

On Tuesday, July 15, the delegates for the London busworkers decided the future of those 33,000 people in a sell-out that must be without parallel in contemporary union history. This was no small group of bitter men driven to desperation by economic pressure and geographical isolation and so forced to accept a sell-out of their meagre industrial rights to a triumphant employer. These were the accredited representatives of the busmen's section of the London TGV union and in five hours they perpetrated a betrayal of their members' interests that all who took part in it must always remember with shame.

Two or three weeks ago I wrote of the plans for guerrilla strike action and all the rest of the soap opera that was foisted on to the men at the branch meetings and in branch after branch, with but a few gutless exceptions, the men were prepared to take action in defence of their jobs and now, without any reference back to their branches, the delegates have accepted, in the men's name, permission to cut their own throats.

For a £1 a week minimum productivity rise they have agreed, in the men's name, that within a month 250 one-man operated buses will be out on the road and at least 500 by the end of the year. All-day standing to be accepted and a speed-up of schedules, composite licences by which a man can be ordered to work either as a driver or conductor at the discretion of an official, the slashing of routes to please, not the public, but the schedules department and various other small items that the national press did not consider worth reporting. This is the crying scandal of the delegates action that the rank and file have been sold down the river without even knowing what the final price is for this Judas agreement.

The Negotiating Committee adopted a rather shy air at the delegate conference and even Brother Bill Jones for once chose to remain silent. When it was put to the vote that the offer by London Transport should be referred back to the branches for the men to decide, the delegates by a clear voting majority declared NO and demanded that they should accept the employer's

offer in the men's name so that thousands of men and women face the possibility of losing their jobs within a few years by virtue of an agreement that they have never been allowed to see before it was signed.

All that is left for the delegates to do now is to return to their individual garages and to attempt to put over one of the shabbiest con games of recent years and they have no one to blame but themselves for, of their own egotistical authority, they signed away a lifetime of working-class struggle for a £1 a week bonus.

And who gains? The public? This day, even as I type these words, notices have gone up in all garages warning conductors to be aware of fare increases and this is but a foretoken. Better services? The one-man buses are not to be in addition but in place of existing two-man operated buses. Faster services? Only on paper, for the routes will be shorter and the turn-round quicker but you, little comrade, will still queue as you did before and pay more for the privilege. The men? In one year's time what will that £1 be worth as it sinks into the bog of rising prices and what will the union then have to sell of our rights? Only the employer and the Government have won anything in this betrayal of the London busmen by their delegates.

Now these self-same delegates have the job of explaining to the men at their individual garages how and when they will have to face the sack as they are marked up for, sweet word, redundancy. 'The employers are compelled by law to keep 3% of infirmed people on their payroll', and I quote, 'They can only transfer you within a three-mile radius for over that must be voluntary', and I quote, and this on behalf of an employer who swore on Mrs. Beaton's Cookery Book, less than a year ago, that there was no fear of any man or woman losing their job.

And I answer back and say god help the poor sod who goes sick or commits a minor infringement of the regulations when there is more staff than can be found work for. And now the union representatives are having to shuffle around the garages, like Portobello Road short change artists, trying to explain away how the employer intends to halve his labour force without sacking anyone and what else must be sold in exchange for that £1 bonus, minus tax.

When the unemployment figures are the highest since the end of the war, we can rightly claim that we have been betrayed and we have betrayed others. At a time when 77,000 municipal busworkers have voted by 37 to 19 for strike action; when 15,000 Glasgow busworkers have voted for an overtime ban; when 16,000 British Road Service men are demanding strike action; when 300 busworkers at Doncaster are on strike and men at Southampton, Greenock and Clydeside are working to rule and banning overtime, the London busmen are studying who and how to sack their fellow workmen that, jackal-like, we may have a tiny portion of their wages for betraying them. Frank Cousins has warned of the dangers of that £500 fine and the threat that union leaders might go to prison if they contravene the Prices and Incomes Act and from the bottom of my heart I cry to Barbara Minister of Employment and Productivity Castle that she takes our union leaders, for they are of more use to her than they are to the London busworkers.

LUMPENPROLETARIAT.

# Freedom For Workers' Control

JULY 27 1968 Vol 29 No 23

## PEOPLE AND SAFETY

OUR LEADERS CARE for us. That is the message of the July issue of a paper called *Safety and Rescue* which all readers of *FREEDOM* ought to read if they want a sick laugh.

The front page is devoted to a report of the British Safety Council's national safety awards banquet in Guildhall under the headline 'What Matters is People'—Robens. Yes, Alf 'Aberfan' Robens had come to the incredibly human conclusion that people are more important than money.

In a speech described as statesmanlike he says: 'What matters in the world today and in our lives is not the accumulation of wealth. The greatest treasure in this nation of ours is its people. They are worth taking care of. I have the honour to be Chairman of an organisation employing more people than anyone else in Europe.'

'But I say that people don't work for an organisation or a company. That's nonsense. People work for people. And they give of their best when they meet a decent human response from those above them.'

'This is a great nation and it will be even greater because we base it on decent family life principles—and people are important to us. So long as we are looking after people we shall never fail.'

The report continues—Lord Robens gestured towards Churchill's statue: 'That man over there—Churchill. He understood people. He spoke to them the way that they understood. Believe me, I have one simple philosophy—people matter.'

'That is how we shall exercise our influence in the world. Not by massive air forces and armies, but because we can influence people; because we know how to do it; because we truly appreciate it... that people matter.'

'What could be said to follow that?' continues the adoring journalist. 'The evening was finished. Industry went back to its bench. Gog and Magog gazed over an empty Hall. The smell of the shop-floor had left the City for another year...'

Just in case you have any unworthy suspicions, Alf (described as 'the man who cares') earlier said: 'Safety and profitability go hand in hand.'

And: 'Management and men must sit together to make safety a practical thing. We can't deny our responsibilities at the top. We have to provide the leadership and the tools for the job. And if we give the lead from the top it goes right through to the shop floor.'

Also at the banquet was the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Gilbert Inglefield—the man who has made so tremendous a mark on his office by his patronage of the arts and his work for the hungry peoples of the world. He even thought of them at the banquet.

His contribution was: 'To save lives is a Christian principle and I am old fashioned enough to think that human life is a very sacred thing.' Good for you Gilbert.

On page 6 is an article by the people who care for our safety discussing the question: 'Should industry be concerned with a man's safety even when he's not at work?'

One of those discussing the question is Mr. M. Earl who is the safety officer of the napalm manufacturers Dow Chemical Co. Ltd. (Burn a Vietnam peasant in absolute safety?)

In a two-page article he makes two comments. First his answer to the ques-

tion was 'No, I don't. It would be a tremendous job to check on everybody who is away from work, and I really don't think it would be practical.' At the end he says: 'I'm inclined to change my own view and agree that industry certainly ought to take a long, hard look at this problem.'

Mr. W. H. Corless, safety officer for Cam Gears Ltd., betrays the real reason for concern over safety. 'Whether a man sustains an injury at work, playing football, canoeing or just mowing the lawn, he is still a loss to the productive effort of the company.'

Another safety officer emphasises the point: 'If a chap's involved in an out-of-work accident and he's part of a gang, production line or team—or in some cases even if he works on his own—it frequently means that other men are held up and can't work at all.'

It is clear these men agree with Lord Robens that what matters most is not the accumulation of wealth but people.

Send off now for your copy of this intriguing journal from the British Safety Council, Mason House, 163-173 Praed Street, W.2.

M.P.

### ENDING IT ALL

Continued from page 2

... they add enormously to the consequences of failure. Our time has been called "the age of anxiety", and it seems that the student experiences more anxiety than young people working in other fields. F. Zweig writes about them: "They struck me as old, laden with responsibilities, care and worries..."

It would appear that social factors play the largest part, or a very large part at least. Isolation is an important one. In cultures where the large or extended family still exists, where there is little privacy, the suicide rate is low. But before we raise a cheer for the good old days let us not forget that in such societies the homicide rate is correspondingly high, most of the killing being within, or connected with the family.

As opposed to serious suicide attempts there are the half-hearted or hysterical attempts made by some people as an appeal for help or a form of blackmail. No doubt some of the Christian venom directed at the would-be suicide has just a tiny germ of justification in the latter case. A person must be desperate indeed to go to such lengths to get others to do what he or she wants, but it can be exasperating for someone whose arrangements may be thrown completely out of order to accommodate the needs of a would-be suicide, who, once his or her desires have been gained, reverts to normalcy with suspicious speed.

On the whole one can conclude that suicide is neither a sin nor a crime. The world being what it is, it is surprising that more people do not kill themselves than already do.

A.W.U.

WE GO TO PRESS ON MONDAY. LATEST DATE FOR RECEIPT OF MSS., LETTERS, MEETING NOTICES IS THE MONDAY IN EACH WEEK OF PUBLICATION.

### Contact Column

This column exists for mutual aid. Donations towards cost of typesetting will be welcome.

Comrades of 'Le Libertaire', organ of the Anarchist Federal Union (French), would like to correspond with comrades in Britain. Contact René Lecrainche, Boite No. 1, 41 Chailles, C.C.P. Orleans, France.

Kirkdale School (libertarian private day school) urgently needs: (a) an assistant nursery teacher (children 3-5); (b) a play-leader type teacher—preferably male—for the 5-10 age group (both to start in September); and (c) money. If you can help in any way, please contact John & Susie Powlesland, 186 Kirkdale, S.E.26. SYD 0149.

May 28th Movement, c/o Guildford School of Art, Student Action Committee, Down House, Down Road, Guildford, Surrey. Tel.: 0483 65838 or 01-629 2769.

Anarchist International Summer Camp. This year at 'Camping Jobel' in the village of Turnos, 4 km. from Bayonne, 12 km. from Biarritz. August 1-31. Inf. from 'Les Amis de la Nature', Camping Jobel, Tarnos 40, France.

October '67, a 16 mm. 17 min. sound film featuring CAST, Adrian Mitchell, Tariq Ali, Allan Krebs, Police Brutality. Bookable from Cast, 161 West End Lane, N.W.6. 328 2409.

CNT Summer Camp, July 1/August 30. Cost 1 Franc per day. 13 km. from Montargis and 7 km. from Bellegarde (North Central France). Further information from Camping CNT, Roque Llop, 24 Rue Ste-Marthe, Paris (Xe), France.

Rosemount, Aberdeen Residents. Fight the rates increase. For direct action contact Ian S. Sutherland, 8 Esslemont Avenue, Aberdeen.

Nancekuke Action. For details about action at Nancekuke (Cornwall) contact Douglas Kepper, 58 Ireton Road, London, N.19.

Unusual Songs—Unusual Singers, cheap rates, anywhere, any time. Aberdeen Folksong Workshop, c/o Iain Macdonald, 15 Cotton Street, Aberdeen.

Kenya. Wanted one or two people willing to try progressive methods in teaching English in a generally authoritarian school. From January 1969 onwards. Write for details to: E. G. Matthews, P.O. Box 90, Kakamego, Kenya.

Addio Lugano Bella (33 r.p.m. 12" record) anthology of Italian anarchist songs. Price \$4 from Edizioni del Gallo s.p.a., 13 via Sansovino — I 20133 — Milan (Italy).

Work wanted. Woman teacher, refugee from State school rat race seeks work. Near Greenford preferred. Box 12.

Voluntary Work Team. Present address: 30 Colne Road, Brierfield, Nelson.

Peace News—Weekly, price 1/- from 5 Caledonian Road, London, N.1.

Direct Action—Monthly, 6d. from 34 Cumberland Road, London, E.17.

If you wish to make contact let us know.

# Solidarity!

SUPPORT—DEMONSTRATE—DONATE!

# Mutual Aid!