

THE SHOOTING of the four students at Ohio State last week was nothing more than a logical extension of what has been going on in American Universities—not to mention in the streets—during the past five years. Black people in the United States have been experiencing this kind of oppressive violence for more than a hundred years; it is only now that young, white, middle-class Americans come face to face with the powers that be. Dean Johnson, who was shot and killed prior to the Democratic Convention in Chicago, was the first. James Rector, shot in the back during the People's Park riot in Berkeley, was the second. Now the newspapers ring with the names of Krause, Miller, Scheuer, and Schroeder.

Young American whites are fighting, and dying, not out of a sense of liberal guilt, or out of idealistic altruism, but out of a sense of their own oppression. A long-haired

HOW MANY MORE?

youth cannot walk down the street in an American city without being stopped and frisked by police. Many are assaulted and arrested on groundless charges. Cambodia isn't a problem 5,000 miles away for these people, it is on their doorstep. The draft makes it a matter of life and death to each and every one of them. Half the students in American schools don't want to be there in the first place but are forced to remain under virtual penalty of death (college students are deferred from the draft).

There is, however, a grave fault in the student movement. It is not true in every case, but is prevalent enough to cause concern. That is

simply the lack of vision of its members. In too many cases students have been issue-oriented, clamouring for more privileges for themselves while others are slaughtered in the streets. During the moratorium, students read the names of the American war dead, in memorial services throughout the country. Why only the American dead? Can you oppose the war and not support the people of Vietnam and Cambodia?

This is beginning to change, as students find that they can no longer

stand alone. The Chicago Convention, the Berkeley Park struggle and the Ohio State slaughter showed American students that their struggle is no different from the struggle of all the oppressed people of the world. The seemingly privileged position of students was an illusion destroyed by a few shots on an Ohio campus.

The American students are now ready to take their place alongside their brothers throughout the world. The third world, women, Blacks, Puerto Ricans, homosexuals, Indians,

hippies, and every other group that is experiencing the repressive forces of the American Government, are joining together to fight their common oppressor.

Nixon can take back his 'bums' statement. Agnew can rewrite his speeches. Madison Avenue can advertise a cigarette for women with the slogan 'You've come a long way, baby'. It won't do any good. The people know who the enemy is and are prepared to fight it. The Ohio State students won't be the last to give their lives so that humanity can live. But I'm sure they wouldn't want us to mourn them. Memorials are tributes to the past. They would rather have us look to the future, to a time when each one of us can smile and say, 'I am a free man'.

MIKE BOARD.

Why Not Tour Spanish Prisons?

THE BEGINNING of the Spanish tourist season has seen the beginning of bomb scares on planes of Iberia Airlines. Iberia planes at Heathrow, Amsterdam, Geneva and Frankfurt were found to have firebombs aboard, secreted in suitcases. In all cases a telephone call to the airport alerted the staff and the 'bombs'—the *Guardian* described one as a 'large firecracker'—obviously were timed to go off before the departure of the plane. One may have reservations about this method, and it can be said that there is always the danger to human life through some failure of timing or careless handling of a device, but there are those that feel that this is effective propaganda by the deed to deter those taking holidays in Spain.

It cannot with certainty be stated, even if it were wise to do so, which group is responsible for these 'scares'. The Spanish regime has gathered so many enemies. In the *Evening Standard* (May 11) Senor Miguel Garcia, a former anarchist guerilla, who was freed from a Spanish jail last October (the *Standard* neglected to mention that he had served a twenty-year sentence) said, 'These attacks were certainly made by youth members of the FAI, the Iberian Anarchist Federation. It is never their intention to harm innocent people. That is why warnings were given in time. The object is to damage planes and other property belonging to the Franco regime. These actions are taken to pressure authorities in Spain for the justified release of political prisoners in Soria, Segovia and Jaen prisons. . . . The people who carry out the attacks are experts on fire or explosives. They travel to various countries with their materials and make contact with FAI men in those countries. No more than a dozen people would ever know who they were.'

If the *Standard* report is to be believed, and there is some reason to doubt its absolute veracity as, naturally, one doubts the veracity of any newspaper, the idea of the 'firecrackers' is to call attention to the prisoners in Spain. Quite naturally, the Franco regime does not feature a tour of Spanish prisons in its tourist programme although no doubt what goes on in these prisons would be as attractive as, say, a bull-fight with the prisoner taking the role of the bull. The low cost of living to tourists is entirely due to General Franco's efforts in keeping down the Spaniard's standard of living.

Two pamphlets (stocked by Freedom

Bookshop) *Spanish Political Prisoners and Looking Back . . . After 20 Years in Jail* give the facts on Spanish prisons which are lacking from the guide-books. In five prisons, thirteen prisoners are serving (for political crimes) a total of about four hundred years. About fifty Basque priests are in jail at Zamora (perhaps it was the clergy who sabotaged Iberia—who would suspect a priest?). In Santa Catalina, Cadiz, there are Jehovah's Witnesses ('Millions now flying Iberia, will never do it again'). In Carabanchel there are 300 students ('them bums would do anything').

Laws against banditry and terrorism have been used to penalize the distribution of leaflets. Prisoners are on hunger-strike. The Spanish regime will deny it has any political prisoners. This is the usual subterfuge of totalitarian governments who feel that they are so reasonable that anyone who opposes them must be a criminal—or (as in the Soviet Union) a lunatic!

Whatever one may feel about the methods pursued in calling attention to the iniquitous Spanish regime, desperate measures require desperate remedies and there is no doubt that tourists to Spain need to be made aware of the volcano on which they are consuming their eggs and chips and English tea.

JON QUIXOTE.

'A POLITICIAN IS AN ARSE UPON WHICH EVERYONE HAS SAT EXCEPT A MAN'

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AFTER NINETEEN MONTHS of struggle for civil rights in Northern Ireland, the contradictions of opposing factions in the Fianna Fail towards this struggle has resulted in the sacking of two powerful Ministers and the resignation of a third. The policy of appeasement pursued by Jack Lynch has apparently been challenged by the 'true green' Republicans of the Cabinet. Or were they? A great deal of mystery and cloak and dagger surrounds the whole affair. Hence, although we are unable to supply answers to all the questions, we can ask the relevant questions and try to clear the air a bit.

Of the dismissed Ministers Charlie Haughey is the most powerful, the most able and the real power behind the Government's economic policy. Neil Blaney has continuously taken a 'hawkish' line under pressure from his constituents in Donegal. Kevin Boland, the third senior Minister, who resigned in sympathy with the others, is the pet hate of the Homeless Action Groups for his notorious property deals. Both Blaney, who was Minister for Agriculture, and Haughey, a former Minister for Agriculture, have long histories of 'scum peasantry' attitudes to the farmers. Haughey, the cool business tycoon politician, recently sold his house to Dublin Corporation for £204,000.

As you may know, the policies of the Fianna Fail Government are to encourage foreign imperialist investment and appeasement and non-violence on Northern Ireland. All three Ministers have fully advanced and supported these self-outs. To see them as gun-runners to people dedicated to violently kicking out the British is a bit difficult. To see them stretch their devious necks out so far except for very high stakes takes an

GUNS FOR THE IRISH

even bigger stretch of the imagination.

The Taoiseach Jack Lynch was a compromise candidate selected after a week or so of haggles within the Party a few years ago. Now it seems possible that the really big guns—Haughey, Blaney and Boland, are fed up with this situation and that this was the line they took most probably in collusion with the right-wing splinter of the IRA who saw something to be gained on a short-term basis.

One must remember that the IRA split three ways and that it was the left wing which went for participation in the Parliaments and the right wing which went for abstention. The ones who split on the lack of assistance during the troubles in Northern Ireland for the most part identify with the right wing. It is for this right wing section, the Provisional Army Council, that the guns were supposed to be smuggled. It is remarkable that these sections of the IRA should have any illusions as to the intentions of this political rump.

There are few things about which we can be positive and one of these is that Lynch's position was threatened by the 'Holy Patriotic Trinity'. As for the existence of the guns, we at least will take a lot of convincing; they could even be a cover-up for something entirely different! Certainly the guns explained a lot of things but not all. Why should Haughey, who has never

dirtyed his hands with the Civil Rights struggle, run guns? It may fit Blaney and Boland who have been muttering the odd vague word here and there, e.g. 'We can't rule out the use of force as a possibility'—how compromising can you get? but it does not fit Haughey. The ambition common to all three politicians can easily explain their sackings.

Or perhaps the arms could, after all, be meant for the Northern Catholics. All Northern Catholics want guns but only the militants have them. These guns could be meant for the Nationalist sections (after all Fianna Fail are looking for a federal solution—non-violent and peaceful of course and the Nationalists are the right partners). This would be the only viable solution for Britain, Southern and Northern Ireland. The nationalist section needs guns to regain support lost to the militant leftist organisations in Northern Ireland.

But considering all the possibilities it does not really affect the lives of the Irish people North or South, as there is no conflict here of issues vital to the working class. We have not got the whole truth yet, only the tip of the iceberg has been revealed and then only under pressure. What sort of pressure? This is the next question and we suspect that in the answer to that question lies the reasons for the Dail barbecue.

NA BUACAILLI BANA.

GLC's Mobile Police

MANY OF THE Greater London Council's housing estates are situated in run-down and depressed areas of London. Often they are like barracks, with long balconies looking out on to a pot-holed and featureless yard. The only bright and human touch in these worn-out dwellings is the graffiti. The very sight of these places makes one feel destructive and it is not surprising that they are an object of 'vandalism'.

The GLC, to give them their due, are modernising and converting many of these estates. This year they should be starting, on average, a block or section each week in an effort to improve the amenities of the dwellings. But although these improvements to the actual flats are welcome, little is done to the surrounding yard, except to give it a new layer of tar. The same bleakness and desolation remains and kids, tired of kicking that old ball, start on something else.

Of course the bureaucrats at County Hall cannot see the reason for what could be called creative vandalism. Kids want something better than a bare empty yard. However, the GLC, instead of

providing play amenities, are devising a new scheme by which porters can keep a better watch on their estates.

Work study engineers have worked out a plan whereby resident porters are assisted by a mobile unit who will be constantly turning up on an estate to apprehend 'vandals'. These mobile units will be radio-linked and can come at any time to the assistance of the resident porter.

The reason why this scheme is being introduced is because in the past the resident porter has been in a difficult position for preventing 'vandalism'. He and his family have to live with the other residents and so he had tended to ignore things rather than have to put up with the bad feeling created by the action. The mobile units will not be worried in this respect and can give vent to their authoritarian feelings if and when they feel like it. They will not have neighbours' taunts, the dirty looks or the shunning by those next door, for they will be away and out of it.

It is argued that all this will deter the 'vandals', while the subsequent saving on repairs will more than pay for the

capital outlay of the vans, radio equipment and the wage bill for these GLC police.

This is another scheme masterminded by those bureaucrats at County Hall. In my estimation, not only will it cost more, but it also shows how these people think. They would rather create a porters' police force than improve the environment of the estates and give the kids reasonable facilities for play.

A CORRESPONDENT.

THE WEDNESDAY MEETING

The Mythology of the 20th Century

ARTHUR ULOTH speaks

FREEDOM HALL, Angel Alley
20th MAY at 8 pm

THERE IS A facile interpretation of history that can read the death of empire in the faces of the bearded loons following their plastic daisies up and down the Chelsea King's Road. Men of action who would hold the view that the Roman Empire fell to the barbarians because the Romans indulged in a surfeit of hot baths and, with Carlyle, seek not the cause but the man to rationalise every revolutionary upheaval and every long-playing war. And when every failed revolution and lost war has finally found its scarred quietist men have, as they always will, sought an alibi for their own failures in the antics of the harmless decadents of the hour. In those hours of victory when the armies of the imperial right or the might of the revolutionary left have poured into the capital of the moment, the dancing boys, the profiteers, the poets and wine bibbers are accepted as amusing clowns and camp followers' meat for the ribald humour of the victorious strong arm men; but when soldiers by the million throw down their weapons and the generals sign the terms of surrender, or the revolutionary junta appear on that perennial balcony to announce a further delay in the revolutionary programme, then some poor painted clown in a flowered dress or an indifferent and uncaring worker is held up to public scorn and abrogation as the agent of political, economic or military disaster so overwhelming in its magnitude as to be of little importance.

History is the story of vacuums and there comes that moment in time when, through hunger, boredom or frustration, men demand that their unrest shall be channelled into militant action and it is then that the politician and the general ride the waves of popular discontent and the salons and the cafés are accepted and welcomed as preaching grounds for the pre-battle blowhards but, come hindsight and defeat, and

BLUE FOR A BOY

those very salons and cafés become the courts of punitive political justice.

Visconti's film *The Damned*, now showing at the Odeon Kensington, is but an exercise in this *Reader's Digest* view of history. Purporting to recreate the coming into being of Hitler's Third Reich, it reaches us as no more than a vehicle for a sexual shocker that fails to shock, and worse, fails to amuse.

It is a public secret that Visconti's film has been inspired by the Nibelungen legend, Macbeth and the dead but heavy hand of Thomas Mann but even the sight of the anti-hero raping his mother, three suicides, a child murder, a homosexual orgy, a one-man drag show and a Chicago-style massacre, failed to raise a laugh on its first day presentation and this film can only be nominated as the artistic belly flop of the year. With a subject such as the Third Reich, Visconti could have produced a definitive statement on political gangsterism to equal the military *All Quiet on the Western Front* but he has wilfully chosen to throw everything away for a display of heavy-handed visual polemics that will add little to his reputation.

Here was a major theme that encompassed the lives of tens of millions of people, of a society that argued its philosophical dialogue through the armed might of tens of thousands of uniformed men, who publicly murdered its opponents and then, in that final and inevitable showdown between its own internal right and left power groups, slaughtered its own comrades, and Visconti shoots the whole affair in two major sets that give this whole sorry potboiler the appearance of a re-run

of that pre-war matinee box-office sell-out, *Dear Octopus*.

Of the actors one can say no more than that they were adequate but for a theme that demanded a camera that should of necessity have violated the whole of that German society of the Thirties Visconti has taken an indifferent camera into two closed sets and tried to explain away a social and political revolution of the right that floundered into the common grave of tens of millions of its victims as no more than the contrived babblings of a steel industrialist and his relations squabbling around their dining room table. Industrialists do not make revolutions, Visconti, they finance revolutionary movements, for the political activists of the right and the left can only feed off popular discontent.

The reason for the bloody liquidation

of Roehm and the other leaders of the Nazi Brown Shirts is not even suggested at, for just as Cromwell was forced by his property-loving supporters to slaughter his own loyal Levellers so Hitler had to make that same choice, the promised revolution or power as an end in itself, and all we are offered is a few hints that the Army did not like the Brown Shirts, a homosexual party at a lakeside beer house and a mass murder of the gay boys by the ever-helpful SS. If only history was that simple.

Meanwhile the posters offer the Town a picture of the actor Helmut Berger in full Marlene Dietrich drag as an easy and infantile answer to a major theme and our own television-peering middle class can cry horror at the sight of some aging flower-powered child threatening their security via Visconti

for failing to conform.

But for the cognoscente of decaying empires and the connoisseurs of the shy making there was the first night of Paul Raymond's *Birds of a Feather* that, and let history note, opened at the Royalty Theatre, Portugal Street, Kingsway, W.C.2, on the day that Visconti's film announced its message of sex and the State to the quivering inhabitants of Kensington Gore.

Of Raymond's permanent home for drag revue and its first offering, what can one say other than that it was rather sad, a little silly and that the cast and their friends in the audience had a ball of a time. An all-male show featuring 'the world's greatest female impersonators' who sang, paraded and danced to their committed audience and that audience roared its applause before and after every number and clapped for encore after encore from their painted favourites until that final curtain when the whole cast, in unaccustomed male attire, became as one with their audience under a rain of blown kisses and not one brick of the State's foundation trembled. ARTHUR MOYSE.

Don't Miss the NAB Show

ON FRIDAY, MAY 15, the 'Combination' returns to Brighton with *The NAB Show*.

Billed as an up-dated version of *The Wasps* by Aristophanes, it is a biting satire on the 'Social Security' (the 'SS'), those who operate it, those who suffer by it, and, by implication, the society that nourishes it.

'Brighton Combination', formed in March 1968, performed practically non-stop until December 1969, when it ran out of money. During those 21 months more than twenty theatrical productions were put on, some of the most successful being *The Rasputin Show*, dealing with the Russian Revolution, *Don't Come*, a study of workers' control, *Gargantua*, about the 'totality' of contemporary society, and the highly praised *Christie in Love*. There were times when a new production was appearing every three weeks!

In addition there have been scores of successful film evenings, and the cafe, now an independent but integral part of the 'Combination' opened every night offering cheap food and drink to all comers.

To meet with and associate with the 'Combination' members while they plan, design, write and rehearse a production such as *The NAB Show* is an exciting experience.

Unlike the traditional theatre, everyone participates, everyone decides.

All angles are tried out; the approach

to each scene varies from minute to minute. Noel Grieg is the producer, but his function is to integrate and implement the collective decisions thrashed out in rehearsal, rather than to dictate.

His job is as undefined in traditional terms as that of Steve Gooch, the script writer. After each session he returns to his desk to re-write what practice has made obsolete.

At this point in time (one week before the first public performance) the action is still so fluid that an ending has yet to evolve.

Lastly I must mention the brilliantly original stage setting designed and executed by John Redman.

The whole theatre is latticed with tubular scaffolding with platforms on several levels. The cast is in constant motion from level to level, changing roles and settings as they do. The potential of these levels for a play dealing with social stratification is not wasted.

So make it a date:

'Brighton Combination', 76 West Street, Brighton.

Cafe opens each night 7 p.m.

The NAB Show, 8.15 p.m. each night except Monday. Late night show 10.30 p.m. Friday.

Admission 5/-.

N.B.—Due to all the scaffolding there's only room for an audience of 36—so come early!

BOB POTTER.

INTERNATIONAL VANDALISM No. 1

It is a local magazine that makes few mistakes, should succeed, and yet because of its authors position, is likely to be only short-lived. Yet in a sense this hardly matters. Like all student-produced magazines it has a built-in obsolescence. Where, however, it differs is that it does not demand your support, your subscriptions, or your life, it merely offers itself for your perusal and perhaps also intelligent interest. It seems to realise its own value, accepts it, and leaves one feeling the process is an on-going thing and, after all, that is all that matters—a constructive purpose based upon a growing realisation of reality.

The mag makes the most important deduction to date. No names, no publishing group, no address—in fact no indication as to who produced it, where or why. This is important. The Warwick files case, the Essex borstal cases, the crack-down upon student revolutionary and protest activity alike, has led to a realisation that we are vulnerable.

When a friend was thrown out of my university he told me he had an interview with the Vice-Chancellor and said, 'He looked down a list and said: "I see you were a friend of that anarchist —"; nothing more, just that, he then went on to talk about my other sins.'

LETTERS

THE MYTH OF INTELLIGENCE

i.

Dear Friends,

This article was one of the stupidest I have read for a long time and fully of the type which better deserved a place in the right-wing press. It boils down to an argument in favour of fundamental equality of treatment based on the assumption that fundamentally all men are equal. Let us take this assumption further; since, manifestly, all men are not equal (I am not arguing about the ways in which they are not equal), the assumption only makes sense in some metaphysical scheme of things where all living creatures are equal (which the Christian would then hasten to qualify by 'in the eyes of the Lord'). I do not think this is the forum to discuss metaphysics so I will merely say now that if one makes that assumption, then it reduces the entire purpose of living to keeping alive, a pretty silly state of affairs, since anything else would lead as inevitably as night follows day, to an increase in the ignored inequalities which the assumption does not deal with.

Leaving aside the enormous question 'what is intelligence?' (and how do we measure it), it is the fact of intelligence which differentiates man from animals. I am far from saying that animals do not possess intelligence, of course they do, but it is a plain biological fact that, with the notable exception of one or two species (which are far from being man's equals in other respects), man is a species more endowed with intelligence than any other and more endowed with what we call higher intelligence.

Indeed the further consequence is that man's destiny must be to increase his quantum of intelligence or in the end die: man has got himself (or most of him) into a state where he not only does not, he cannot, live by animal methods of hunting or grazing, and where he is at this present time moving into a state where he will not be living on the proceeds of primitive human agriculture either.

If man is to survive and multiply

(whether he should be another lengthy argument I won't go into now), he must improve his intelligence. It follows that an intelligent man is inevitably and in an important degree 'better' (again I am not arguing which kind of intelligence) than one who is not. It further follows that the ideal society, for man, is indeed an anarchist one but a eugenic one too where, by tacit consent we breed for intelligence. Already the hopelessly dull, to use a kind word, are segregated apart from the rest of us in what are euphemistically called mental homes, where they no longer breed: in generations to come in the distant future, it may well be that you and I will, by the standards of those days, be regarded as hopelessly dull, and be segregated. What is important is that in the process a machine is set up wherein some are rulers and others are ruled, and some of the rulers are not there in terms of any qualifications but in terms of their abilities to scratch backs by reason of a command of a glib tongue or a well-filled purse.

Intelligence is anything but a myth: it requires intelligence to accept the anarchist outlook and to be able to work it out—and that way is certainly not to reduce all mankind to the equality of cabbages in a market garden.

Yours, R.B.

Cornwall

ii.

Dear Friends,

I couldn't disagree more with Geoffrey Barfoot (9.5.70). Firstly, it's the behaviourists who are the prime exponents of the concept of intelligence (although they define it in operational and quite un-mystical terms), and the Freudians are quite unconcerned with it.

Secondly, behaviourism is an ally of authoritarianism because it insists on viewing only the external behaviour and not the experience of people. Both view people as mere objects, and both advocate and practice the most vicious manipulation of people. After all, if



PRESS FUND

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Wigan: B.J.B. 10/-; London, N.I.: 19/-; Birkenhead: C.K. 12/-; Arvika: R.S.-B. £1/7/1; Taunton: D.P. £1; Edinburgh: J.L. 4/-; London: Anon 2/-; Unionist 5/-; Tombs 4/-; Duluth: J.B.O. 6/-; Wolverhampton: J.K.W. 4/-; K.F. & C.F. 4/-; J.L. 6/-; Grantham: G.I. 2/-.

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Freedom Pamphlet No. 1

MAKHNO & DURRUTI

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you think a person has 'no ghost inside him', as Geoffrey puts it, if you think he's merely a bundle of reflexes, a performing rat, an object, what objection can you have to enslaving him to a machine or dropping napalm on him?

Thirdly, psychoanalysts have a far more libertarian record than behaviourists. Can Geoffrey think of any behaviourists to compare with such neo-Freudians as W. Reich, A. S. Neill, E. Fromm, H. Marcuse, N. O. Brown, R. Laing or D. Cooper?

Yours sincerely,

Cornwall MARSHALL COLMAN.



All correspondence to
Peter Le Mare, 5 Hannaford Road,
Rotton Park, Birmingham 16

ANARCHIST FEDERATION of BRITAIN

The AFB information office will produce an internal bulletin. Comrades interested in its production are to meet in York on first Sunday in June, Vanbrugh College, Heslington, York. All groups should be informed in detail. Address all letters to:

Peter Le Mare, 5 Hannaford Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham, 16. Tel. 021-454 6871. Material that cannot wait for the bulletin to be sent to R. Atkins, Vanbrugh College, Heslington, York. The Contact Column in 'Freedom' is also available for urgent information.

Groups should send latest addresses to Birmingham. New inquirers should

write direct to them or to the AFB information office in Birmingham.

AFB REGIONAL GROUPS

There are now anarchist groups in almost every part of the country. To find your nearest group write to:

North West Federation: Secretary, Tom Howard, 163 Ryeland Road, Lancaster.

Cornwall: A. Jacobs, 13 Ledrah Road, St. Austell. (M. Ma. B.)

Essex & E. Herts.: P. Newell, 'Aegean', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester. (QM. FL.)

Surrey: G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom.

Sussex: E. Poole, 5 Tisbury, Findon Road, Whitehawk, Brighton.

Yorkshire: Martin Watkins, 3 Marlborough Grove, Leeds, 2.

Scotland: Tony Hughes, Top Flat, 40 Anglepark Terrace, Edinburgh 11.

Wales: c/o P. L. Mare (address above).

N. Ireland: c/o Freedom Press.

S. Ireland: Bill Dwyer, Island, Corner Merrion Road and Nutley Lane, Dublin 4.

University and Student Groups: c/o P. L. Mare. (Abbreviations: M—meeting; Ma—magazine; B—badges; Q—Quarterly; FL—free leaders)

Working Class Community Action

HOLLAND STREET, Hutcheon Street and Gerard Street form a working class area in central Aberdeen which is almost a slum. Early in 1969 tenants began discussing their complaints against the landlady, who charges £3-£5 a week for two to four rooms in pre-1914 tenements. Mrs. Grant, the landlady, can pull in £5,000 a year from the workers in this area because her claim to their homes is supported by the law, police and the state. Why pay rent? Nine tenants successfully applied together to the Rent Tribunal and some tenants went on a rent strike for repairs; students showed solidarity with tenants when they took over the streets as their own in protest demonstrations. In the past, as individuals, they were powerless... now there was a total new feeling of security... through the experience gained by the members of the Association it was possible now to feel as a group and as individuals no longer a victim of circumstances, but able to affect these circumstances by collective action' (Tenants' Association leaflet). This conflict was the beginning of Holland/Hutcheon Street Tenants' Association.

INSIDE THE COMMUNITY

The rents conflict established something common to all those in the area. This increased mixing among the tenants and initially defined the community, but it was weak internally since splits opened when tenants began finding out about their neighbours' financial embarrassments, etc. People also have to strengthen a COMMUNITY by internal action: by developing its own abilities. This Tenants' Association has changed to this, but the majority of local tenants do NOT ACTIVELY participate in it.

SELF-EXPRESSION: ADVENTURE PLAYGROUNDS

In June 1969, members of the Tenants' Association discussed general improvement of the area by the community itself. Three tenants (a paper-mill worker, a bus driver and an ex-student) visited

adventure playgrounds and street parties in England. The other tenants were enthusiastic about such projects but they had to find a site for an adventure playground. The Council had tried to keep people quiet when they fenced off a small sanded area in Gerard Street.

Children voted against this playground by not going there, but they now started to build THEIR OWN adventure playground with help from local tenants, students and school pupils. Young and older children (5-13 years) all joined in to help as much as they could to build the huts, fort and swings—pulling wood across with a helper, holding up one end of a board, banging in a few nails (especially six inchers!) and giving a few ideas and opinions on how it should look. They don't have the strength to knock in the big posts, etc., but since they participated to their fullest and keenly watched and tested every development, then it was their past that was built into their playground.

They're absolutely daft on experimenting and learning with wood, light hammers, nails, saws, tyres, ropes, spades—there are few accidents—so they can become confident in themselves by entering and learning new worlds of experience. This is self-expression—the children are beginning to control and modify their environment instead of their circumstances controlling them. They work or play with helpers in a NEW EQUAL relationship; they are free to do as they like in their playground and, for once, with the approval of adults.

EDUCATION

Compare this libertarian form of education with formal state education at schools, colleges, etc., where authority asserts itself over and into children by the rigid make-up of rooms, rows of desks, teachers, the tag, etc. Here education is repression by those elements of society which drum 'obedience' into your head and exclude you from the freedom of self-expression as a group or individually by filling your head with irre-

levances. No wonder children rebel at school, or students sit in, or workers strike!

INDOOR PLAYGROUPS; COMMUNITY NEWSPAPERS

Parents are now running an indoor playgroup on Sunday, Monday and Wednesday evenings at nearby St. Katherine's Club and using the Lads' Club premises. The children (4-15 years) have the great chance of a gym, five-a-side football, table tennis, etc.; there are also informal dancing, drama, singing and art groups. About 70 children have come along; 31 had played at the new Ann Street playground only ten days after its building started. All together, about 135 children are involved. The Association also brings out 'Tenants' News' and 'Action'.

PARTICIPATION OF THE COMMUNITY

Many of the extra helpers come from colleges and grammar schools; this may tend to keep some parents from helping but about 10 or 12 local working class tenants are regularly involved in the club, playground, jumble sales, dances, etc. This indicates a weak community since everybody's abilities are needed to develop the community as a whole. However, there was an enthusiastic response to two bonfires held in late 1969: about 30 parents came along for two or three hours with their children for a chat, while minding the bonfires; some of the children ran a canteen and some of the older ones (12-16 years) may even be able to run the indoor playgroup and the playgrounds themselves. On the other hand, few tenants have gone along

to local meetings with councillors. Three ex-students who have been tenement neighbours for one to three years act as a resource tapped by the working class tenants for advice, access to student help, etc. Working people have drawn on isolated resources to tie them together for grassroots action, e.g. education, parks departments, newspaper publicity, wasteland, college helpers, church halls, etc.

NEW TENANTS' GROUP

Some tenants in the Association have wanted to carry out their own ideas, so they have formed the autonomous Central Aberdeen Regeneration Enterprise. They would like to help the community by helping older tenants, increasing mixing of tenants and by setting up another playgroup for under twelve-year-olds. The members of CARE are, however, against the freedom of the children at the club, are not so enthusiastic about adventure playgrounds and are in favour of helpers having authority over the children: 'Instead of us telling the kids what to do, they're telling us what to do.' CARE is autonomous action by workers (helped by grammar school pupils) but it will be a help agency apart from the other tenants: it may be a hierarchy since the six on the 'executive' would advise sub-groups. This is NOT democratic community action by ALL tenants. Some tenants are firmly remaining in the original Tenants' Association.

WORKERS' SELF-MANAGEMENT

People cannot form themselves into a community just by united action against outside enemies; both the fight against capitalism and the internal construction of a community are needed. The Tenants'

Association is a small group acting for a large number of tenants who have no say in the Association, since they are not involved. A change of action will change the structure: renewed, continuous action by tenants against landlords would be a strong collective basis for participation of all the tenants in internal community action. Tenants may be beginning to take such action to bring the Tenants' Association under their collective control: a few council tenants, formerly in the Holland/Hutcheon Street Tenants' Association, have formed an independent one in Froghall council estate. Both have co-operated to hand over a joint petition to their councillors as a first step towards forcing the council bureaucracies to repair their homes.

In the larger society, remote Parliament is an excuse for the control by blundering bureaucracies, but in this independent Tenants' Association working people have been able to express themselves. These minor successes in expressing and controlling their own lives may be the beginnings of democracy. It is certainly invaluable education and experience for the workers' struggle in the industrial arena where the power of society lies.

'R.F.'



Any book not in stock, but in print can be promptly supplied. Book Tokens accepted. Please add postage & cash with order helps.

Secondhand

We have a large stock of second-hand books. Please let us know what you want. This week's selection.

- The Great Hatred Maurice Samuel 3/-
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CRAZIES IS COMING

FOUR KILLED? HOW MANY MORE! (brick). **US IMPERIALISM** ... **OUT!** (bottle). **TODAY'S PIG IS TOMORROW'S BACON!** (crowbar).

The British movement has come of age. Propaganda by the deed has replaced speeches. London cops are beginning to act less like bobbies and more like pigs. The street-fighting man has become a political-social reality.

Unfortunately the majority of the demonstrators prefer the mental masturbation of Grosvenor Square to the real mind-fuck of Downing Street. I'm sure that the American youth appreciate the support of their British brothers and sisters, but would much rather see them attacking their own oppression. Amerikkkan fascism may be more blatant but is no more vicious. Last Saturday the police nearly tore the arm off one demonstrator whom they grabbed at random from a running crowd.

The job of a bobby is to protect property and maintain stability. Only secondary is concern for people. The threat of a rampage in the West End incited hundreds of coppers to mass mutilation. Their (her majesty's?) judgement told them that 10 broken legs were better than one broken window.

The crowd showed its allegiance to the people as they put themselves on the line in order to rescue their captured brothers. Not one of us was

taken during the entire main body of the demonstration.

It was good to see the beginnings of an air of creative destruction among British youth. The ripping-off of pig buses in Grosvenor Square was the start of a new consciousness. The crazies, however, could have been more selective as they left South Africa House untouched, and stoned the Indonesian Embassy. Wrecking is an act of beauty, but it must be selective. (All power to the good aimers.) At the Indonesian Embassy iron bars missed the windows and bounced back into the crowd. The barrage continued and the demonstrators pleaded for a halt. The throwers justified their actions by saying, 'we want as much of a bloody mess as we can get'. (It makes you wonder why they didn't impale themselves on the iron fence surrounding the building.)

We have a beginning. A beginning of a huge tribe of crazy motherfuckers who will run through the streets of London, smashing every bank window, every department store. They will rampage through the police stations ripping the pants off of every bobby, so we can see exactly 'what it takes to be a policeman'.

Watch out Mr. Banker, Mr. Businessman, Mr. Copper, and Mr. Politician, these mad dogs are gonna get YOU.

RASPUTIN.

THE EAVESDROPPERS

IT'S GETTING exceedingly difficult to get our articles to England without the fairy wand of Swedish security being passed over them. All the bunkum here about 'honest journalism, defence of the freedom of the Press' which they ask so many ordinary people here to believe is soon destroyed when one finds out what they're up to. It is comparatively easy to censor FREEDOM's post, but let the defenders of 'democracy' here be found out censoring articles from the typewriters of Portuguese, American or Greek journalists, then it would be interesting to hear how these upholders of 'free speech and press etiquette' would conduct their defence.

What we think is (although having no proof) that the postal service, PR

and security police and social democratic journalists working within the liberal press have arranged a marriage of convenience to find out what we say before it reaches the columns of Freedom Press. That we should receive such attention indicates the PR here are in something of a dilemma, and perhaps this dilemma has something to do with patriotism on which there is a general agreement among political parties that anybody who questions its values and reasons has got the 'United Nations' out of perspective. However, we have no way of knowing what they are doing as long as the gap remains which divides the ruled from the rulers.

Finally, we have no intention of allowing ourselves to be silenced by

state, postal and press security and we will do our best to find ways round these controls to communicate with our comrades and especially those in Göteborg.

Owing to the difficulties in transmitting a letter to FREEDOM, last November we decided to publish it in Sweden, and the following is a translation.

'As one can express opinions "freely" in Scandinavia there should be no problem in sending newspaper articles abroad, but theory is one thing and practice is another. We sent an article from Denmark and it reached its destination and was printed. Optimistically we sent a continuation of the same also from Denmark. Nothing happened. Strange that the continuation wasn't published! We then sent a letter from Sweden to make sure the letter got there. No answer. Another letter from Sweden with the same result. A registered letter from Sweden to that person who has always been reliable produced no result. Then a letter to somebody who knew that person. At last a reply. The first three letters were not received. Another private letter, making the fourth, disappeared last summer on its way from Sweden to Denmark. A letter might

be lost in the post occasionally without this being of any significance, but then a fifth letter with, amongst other things, a criticism of Nyerere (not Sweden's interests in Tanzania) disappeared during the summer on its way from Sweden to Denmark. This doesn't stand up to all the bull-shit poured into us about "defence of freedom of expression".

'On collecting a New Statesman sent to Poste Restante in Stockholm it was obvious that it had been opened. The post assistant admitted that it had been opened and that they had a right to open it. One must conclude that it had happened on orders from the security police as the post service could have little interest in examining correspondence. Whether the post here has the right to open any letter is not clear from the above answer. The big daily popular press seem to have their interest, as on several occasions the questions discussed in our articles were taken up in the *Dagens Nyheter* (liberal) before our manuscripts reached their destination abroad. Unfortunately this kind of dictatorship and censorship is carried out in such a way that one can't prove anything.'

Continued on page 4

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What Happened in Milan Police Headquarters

ABOUT 4.30 P.M. on Wednesday, December 12, 1969, the inside of the Banca dell'Agricoltura in Fontana Square, Milan, was convulsed by a violent explosion. A terrifying spectacle met the eyes of those who ran up: shreds of lacerated human bodies, scattered everywhere, in a pool of blood, among piles of debris. The first count was 14 dead and a large number of wounded, more or less seriously. While ambulances rushed to and fro, the first guesses as to the cause of the catastrophe were made: in the beginning it was thought that the boilers used for heating had burst, but soon the truth was realized beyond doubt: there had been a bomb placed inside the bank, resulting in the death of many innocent people.

Several hours later police and carabinieri began a frantic hunt for anarchists. That day I was at a new anarchist premises, at 5 via Scaldasole, only recently opened, when, at about 19.00, the whole political squad erupted into our midst and immediately got to work throwing everything into the air, breaking furniture and emptying drawers without, as usual, finding anything except duplicated papers, manifestos and other printed things which they carted off in great quantity for want of anything better. When I protested about the lack of a warrant I was told: 'Not necessary. State of emergency.' Then I was 'courteously' invited to 'please accompany them to the police station' and there have a little chat with the 'doctor'. There were Dr. Calabresi, Dr. Zagari, Brig. Panessa and others whose names I don't know. Just then, while I was closing the premises, Comrade Pinelli rolled up and he was invited to 'accompany them to the police station' as well.

They assured us that they didn't believe that we were implicated in any manner whatever; they knew very well that we were a couple of good lads; they'd got no intention of locking us up, nor even arresting us, they just wanted a 'friendly and honest exchange of views' with us. Strangely, I was taken by the arm (show of affection?), pretty firmly, I'd say, by two policemen who 'assisted' me into a blue Fiat 850, where I was firmly wedged between Brig. Panessa and Dr. Zagari, while Dr. Calabresi sat beside the driver. The other policemen remained in the neighbourhood in the hope of catching any other incautious 'pilgrim'. Pinelli, who had come on his motor-bike, followed us to the central police station.

During the trip, Dr. Calabresi and Brig. Panessa spoke to me indignantly about a 'certain anarchist matrix connected with the crime', of 'certain mad criminals who had infiltrated us', such as Valpreda. They asked me when I had last seen Valpreda and if he belonged to our group, and once again said, 'You

two are good lads (Pino and me) but ought to know that crazy types like that mad Valpreda, with his bunch of mates (Aniello, D'Errico, Leonardo Claps—known as Cap-and-Steven, and others), with their criminal exuberance, are forcing us to take steps which don't do us much good either, since we can no longer tolerate what in the past we tolerated too much(!)'

They had to tell us that now there were 14 dead and that we weren't to try and say that it had been fascists: there wasn't a shadow of a doubt that this was an anarchist job (bless him!), and we ought to help them find and lock them up before they could kill again, because they were bloodthirsty animals. They also said, 'Your anarchist propaganda, although made in good faith by philosophical idealists like you and Pinelli (?!?!?) can generate hate and violence in over-excited minds and puts upon you a moral responsibility to collaborate with us and ensure that justice is done!'

When I asked them what proof they had that anarchists were responsible they replied, that they were not yet completely sure, however it was certain that it had been anarchists, and they 'would very much like to know where Valpreda, who on demonstrations shouted bombs, blood, anarchy, was hiding'.

Finally we reached the police station and went up to the 4th floor (political section) where we were surprised to find ourselves—just the two of us—alone in a big room full of police, who made us sit facing each other with a policeman sitting in between. Calabresi told Pino that a search had been made at his home: Pino replied smiling that, as usual then, they hadn't found anything. Calabresi and the others including Panessa, turned to me then, referring to me sarcastically as the 'malefactor' and Pino and I began to laugh. Then they said they hadn't time to bother with us just then.

Hurriedly, the crowd of police went into Calabresi's office in groups of four or five at a time, then came out with a piece of paper in their hand, consulted the map of the city on the wall, then left the room calling loudly for drivers. I heard them given a pile of names and every so often recognized this or that comrade and could imagine them being politely requested to 'accompany us to the police station'.

The room emptied; only we two and our guardian angel were left. Pino winked and said: 'Pity there's just the two of us or we could have had a bit of a party!' I replied that there'd soon be plenty more and the policeman protested and said we mustn't talk to each other. Several long, monotonous hours passed. Pino every so often lifted his head (he was drawing designs on the bits of paper on the nearby tables) and winked and smiled.

Another policeman arrived, much less

formal than the other, to relieve him, and he began to chat to Pino and me about the way to cook wild duck, hares, and game in general. Pino talked interestingly and several more hours went by.

At about midnight the first groups of arrests began to arrive. Anarchist comrades arrived in flocks, young and old, together with Marxist-Leninists of all sorts. The room got really full and not everybody could sit down; the other rooms were full also. First impressions were exchanged among the comrades. Pino was questioned at length; then it was my turn, followed by the others. Pino and I were recalled for interrogation many times, but, very strangely, although they took down a pile of statements about our movements in the afternoon, they never bothered getting us to sign them. Until Saturday morning neither Pino nor I had been asked to sign a statement.

During the 'confidential chats' (as they called the interrogations) Panessa and Zagari continued to tell us that they didn't believe for a minute that Pino and I had had anything to do with it, but there were 'mad criminals amongst us' and we must help get them arrested before they struck again. They kept on asking me about Valpreda (if I'd any idea where he was; what I'd had to do with him; what did I think had gone on between him and Pino). They asked me about Giuseppe Fallisi, about a certain 'mad' Ginosa, and a certain Umberto Rai, whom I'd never heard of before, but whom they seemed to think very important. They also mentioned Ivo della Savia and a centre of anarchist terrorism at Brussels where they knew the aforementioned had fled.

From the desk they took a black leather, or artificial leather bag, and Dr. Zagari opened it and took out a little cellophane bag containing silver-coloured metal fragments and a little disc, which he showed me and invited me to handle: naturally, I refused. Then he put it all back a little angrily. When the interrogation had finished I ended up back in the big room. I asked Pino what had

happened to him and discovered that they had asked him the very same things, especially news about 'mad' Valpreda, and Pino thought that before long they'd have to send us home.

A tatty flag belonging to some 'right-wing extremists' was produced, looking bewildered among so many left-wingers. Someone protested about the 'unheard of insult' of confusing 'gentlemen like ourselves' with 'certain people'. General laughter followed. One old chap, Comrade De Luca of the Sacco and Vanzetti group, showed the police a piece of paper showing that he ought to be admitted to hospital, but he was rudely told to be quiet.

Pino was his usual self, laughing and joking, and he said that soon they would have to let us go and he couldn't see when he was going to get a good night's sleep as he hadn't been to bed for two days. At about 10 o'clock our paths divided: a policeman arrived and told me to go with him while Pino was recalled for his nth interrogation. We said so long and he told me to wait for him in the street outside the police station because they'd have to let him go too. That was the last time we saw each other, because when I got downstairs I found myself, together with some other comrades, in a cell (Comrade De Luca, protesting about not being allowed into hospital, was also invited to wait in the cell for five minutes and said that the last time he had been asked that, it had been several years before he got out!). However I left on the night of that Saturday for S. Vittore Street, but Pino, I found, had reached the street via a 4th floor window and now lay, broken, in the squalid courtyard of the central police station. (To what extent he had done this of his own free will I don't know, but I have my doubts.)

Certain people, whom we know only too well, are not content to have slated the serene and laborious life of our comrade by their behaviour and their methods: now, they rage furiously at him even after his mysterious death, using all the insinuations and artifices they can to smear even the honest and stainless name of Giuseppe Pinelli.

Whoever, like me, knew Pinelli personally, could appreciate his modesty, generosity, frankness, honesty, complete lack of animosity. One feels the duty to defend Pinelli from the low and ignoble accusations of so many, who take advantage of the fact that he can no longer speak in his own defence. They hurl against him slobbering insults with the aim, probably, to cover up their own real or pretended inability to discover those truly responsible for the monstrous outrage of Piazza Fontana. In this outrage he, together with the others, is an innocent victim. In spite of so many rumours and triumphant communications, by certain authoritative persons with a relative shouting and brawling titbits of a certain type of 'information', Pinelli's innocence still remains. Those who spit into the air, as the proverb says, can be sure of getting their own back.

SERGIO ARDAN.
Translated by D.P.

Division or Multiplication

THERE has for the last few years been a curious divide and paradox at the heart of the Left (in its widest sense) and Peace Movement. The movement for the greater part tends to be made up of two stereotypes who, in their caricature images, are:

1. the Leninists; while insisting that war is an expression of social evils and accusing pacifists of neglecting the economic causes of war, appear to spend their political lives (usually at weekends) demonstrating in Grosvenor Square and similar places against imperialist wars, and who despite their adherence to slogans of workers' power, make little or no effort to contact workers;
2. the pacifists; while insisting that war is the chief evil of our day, that the power struggle of which it is the major expression is symbolic—

The Eavesdroppers

Continued from page 3

In another letter we used our evidence concerning our post together with the treatment of Engurube asserting that indirect political persecution also takes place in Sweden. The letter was handed to Arbetaren (syndicalist) who said they would take it. They did publish it but altered our title from 'Indirect political persecution' to 'Is it political persecution?' Secondly they took out everything concerning Engurube and further weakened our arguments against the postal service.

but not merely symbolic, since it is effective in perpetuating the evils—of all the evils in society, and these cannot be cured without tackling the war machine and state, appear to spend all their time working for the cure of drug addicts, in housing schemes, on civil liberties and other social causes more or less ignoring the main issue of war.

Unfortunately it means that both sets of evils are being tackled by people who do not see them as the main issue, and do not understand either the revolutionary implications of the field in which they work. Moreover, the one does not understand that tactics and strategy ought to mirror the aims in terms of society and revolution, and the other that social ills can only be solved in social and not individualistic ways. No doubt this is still an improvement over the classical caricatures of revolutionaries (still discernible in CND days) so parochial that they ignored the world and pacifists ignorant of the social context of the non-violence they advocated. But it still poses us a problem, for if the efforts now being devoted to either cause were being devoted in the consciousness of the importance of that cause, or if, while retaining their concern with the associated issues, the Leninists went back to campaigning seriously in industry and the pacifists went back to tackling militarism seriously, and both understood what the other was doing and its importance, we would be well on the way

Contact

Contact Column is for making contact! Use is free, but donations towards typesetting costs are welcome

The Spanish Situation Past, Present, Future. Miguel Garcia Garcia, Albert Meltzer. Loughborough University Library, Tuesday, May 19, 7.30 p.m.

Angry Art Films. Camden Studios, Camden Street, N.W.1. 'Salt of the Earth', May 22 & 23, 8 p.m. 'The Hornsey Film', June 5 & 6, 8 p.m. Admission: 5/-; Membership: 2/6. Phone 263 0613.

Birmingham. Anyone interested in street theatre, experienced or not, contact Alan Dipple, 28 Dyott Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 13. Tel. 021-449 3134.

Proposed Group. Will those interested in forming a group in Bermondsey and surrounding area, please contact: Roy Heath, 58 Thorburn Square, Bermondsey, S.E.1. We're getting toward a local magazine.

Notting Hill Libertarian Society. Inaugural meeting on Monday, May 18, 7.30 p.m. in the Upstairs Room, Ladbroke, Talbot Grove (nr. Ladbroke Grove Tube).

'Spanish Political Prisoners' and 'Looking Back After 20 Years in Jail' by Miguel Garcia Garcia. 2/6 the pair inc. post from Freedom Press.

New Zealand. Contact wanted with comrades. Write: Peter Baker, 5 Fog Lane, Manchester 20, England.

Merseyside Anarchists: Meetings 8 p.m. on first Sunday of each month at 172A Lodge Lane, Liverpool 8. Contact J. B. Cowen at above address.

Wednesday discussion meetings at Freedom Meeting Hall from 8 p.m.

Rutgers Libertarian Alliance. 'The Abolitionist', monthly. Send 16/- (\$2) to 2810 Spruce Street, Union, New Jersey, USA.

Schools Libertarian Underground Group (SLUG). Write to Sylvia Lerner, 15 Chandos Road, Manchester 21, for details.

Surrealism & Revolution: New edition, with additional illus. by Jim Duke and afterword by Arthur Moysé. 7/6d. from Simian (Son of Coptic), 10 Gilbert Place, London, W.C.1 (or Freedom Bookshop).

Anarchist Ball: It's coming again. You have been warned. Watch this space for latest in balls.

York Anti-Election Conference. May 16-17. Details c/o K. Nathan, Vanbrugh College, Heslington, York.

Peter Neville—A Re-statement of 'The Anarchist Position', A reply to critics (Sutherland, Coull and Smith). S.A.E. to Peter Le Mare, c/o AFBIB.

Bristol Group. Anyone interested in getting a group going on a regular basis, contact: Alex Bird, 59 Belvoir Road, St. Andrews, Bristol.

Manchester Anti-Election Campaign. Bill West, 16 Northern Grove, West Didsbury, Manchester 20. Meetings every Wednesday.

Tory Five Point Fascism Electioneering. We must start our work now—preparation for printed leaflets and posters for a nationwide factory gate campaign—money and ideas needed—Interested? Contact L.S.F., c/o Keith Nathan, Vanbrugh College, Heslington, York.

Urgent. Help fold and dispatch FREEDOM every Thursday from 4 p.m. onwards. Tea served.

to revolution.

As it is, we are in danger of aping one or other tradition, instead of finding a way of bringing out and developing the revolutionary element in both. For the multiplied product of the two—that is a Leninist understanding of the importance of industrial issues coupled to a pacifist understanding of the primacy of the human individual and the inestimable importance of each and every man, and a pacifist concern to end war by direct action, by getting people to refuse to participate, coupled with a socialist understanding of the role of the state and economic factors in causing war—would constitute the very stuff of an anarchist movement. We have to supply the catalyst, for synthesis, above all we have to avoid underestimating either factor and so tail-ending one or other tradition.

L.O.

JUMP

MY BROTHERS
JUMP
Poems from prison
by Tim Daly
edited and introduced
by Adrian Mitchell

ANARCHY 110 July/August 1970