

CONSERVATIVES ELECTED

AS OUR MIGHTY presses roll on Thursday we do not know the result of the election until after we print. Lacking a crystal ball or even a hired psephologist we nevertheless can assert with confidence that the conservatives have won the election. We say this knowing that it is an inherent function of government to conserve, to maintain the *status quo* despite the revolutionaries, whether they be of the left or the right. Enoch Powell or Michael Foot.

This dawning knowledge of governments—that their function is to conserve what is left of a dying system whether it be the British way of life or the American world mission of free enterprise—has made the difference between political parties contending for power infinitesimal. All political groupings know that to hold power is the one thing they must do; to do this they will compromise with and temporize

with other groupings as witness the drafting of Aubrey Jones (Conservative) into a Labour Government appointment, and the swallowing by Tories of socialistic measures of welfare. The only real difference is in methods of application of the various measures. The crude racialism of Enoch Powell contrasts with the smarter, smoother tactics of Callaghan at the Home Office in barring East Africa Asians (holders of British passports).

Enoch Powell has, in fact, been the only interesting phenomenon in an otherwise supremely dull election. One is tempted to think that he may be an undercover agent for Harold Wilson set up to frighten his left to vote Labour in order to keep Enoch Powell out. No Conservative government, with its need of a pool of unemployed to maintain social and industrial discipline, would reject imported labour. The Labour Govern-

ment have the unions to maintain discipline for them, and an inflationary economy will make it necessary for workers to put in 'bags of overtime' to keep up the consumer society.

The fact that there was so little difference between the parties on the issues of foreign policy, immigration, the Common Market and Ianorder goaded the politically-ambitious Mr. Powell to his present excesses. Had Harold Wilson shown the least left-wing trend, he would have given the opportunity to Mr. Heath to demonstrate the programme of the right-wing. As it was, Mr. Heath went on record as being against a wage freeze, and when it came to actual events (the doctors and the newspaper workers), Mr. Heath 'tut-tutted' the circumstances rather than what was happening. The failure of the government to take notice of the Commission on doctors' pay, the

deprivation of the electorate of knowledge gained through the press, these were felt by the Conservatives to be the really dreadful things about the doctors and newspaper disputes. It isn't what you do, it's the way you do it, seems to be the motto of both parties.

The main object of the public relations exercise, which this election turned into, is to offend no one and try and win customers over, even from the other side. If your product is no different from your competitors the only way to sell it is

by gimmicks. Whoever has the most gimmicks has the most customers.

There is a revealing statement in the *Sunday Times* supplement, June 14, from David Kingsley, a partner in the advertising firm of Kingsley, Manton and Palmer, whose job it is to advertise both the Labour Party and the Prime Minister. He said, 'Ideals are coming back. They're the now thing. This is an interesting thought that has only just occurred to me—we could rally the Labour

Continued on page 2

SOGAT STRIKE

THE SOGAT STRIKE was an interesting example—partly of the foolishness of trade unions, partly of the bitchiness of the bosses.

The strike was called at short notice and no sufficient notice was given to members or paper chapel officials—in my branch we were told that because of agreements with management certain grades of people were not being called out and then, finally, at less than half a day's notice, the whole clerical branch were suddenly told that they were not on strike and were to stay at work.

Attempts to 'phone headquarters before the strike and get rulings on matters of who were and who were not required to stay in were unsuccessful as it was totally impossible to pin the bureaucrats down to anything. This inability to pin them down was to be repeated during the actual strike on several occasions.

The original request had been made by the union leader without consulting his own officers, and after it had apparently been allowed to rest, then the FoCs were all called in at 20 hours' notice to meetings, told to go and see their managements and put pressure on them the very next day. In the *Guardian* where there was a chapel meeting two days later, the FoC chose to wait till he had been able to discuss the matter with his chapel, since he could still then see management before the vital NPA meeting; this was considered very conservative.

Then came the notice to make the clerical branch stay at work, notification was duly given to management. The NPA resolved to pretend that it deemed all SOGAT members to be

on strike willy nilly and said no one would be paid. This was only a bluff, they knew that legally they had no case and could be forced in time to repay the withheld money by threat of legal action—and within 36 hours the management of one paper was to admit as much to that paper's FoC.

The *Guardian*, which had been amongst the foremost papers to request the union to exempt its managerial staffs and its security people, switchboard and editorial secretaries from the strike, was also amongst the most wholehearted in attempting to victimize the other clerical workers. It ordered those very junior managers whose exemption had sparked it off to prevent their staffs working, and when this left them shorthanded in the Cashiers' Department, they drafted these same managers in as blacklegs—though they went when an union official threatened to branch the managers and another said that they would make certain the strike spread to the *Manchester Evening News*.

Throughout, the *Guardian* has behaved worse than any other paper's management. Those of us who have for years read the *Guardian* as the best of a bad lot may be interested by this, they may think it worth 'phoning' *Guardian* management—specifically Mr. Peter Gibings, the Managing Director, or Mr. Markwick, Secretary to the Board, to say that they read the *Guardian* as they do not wish to read a Tory rag, but if the *Guardian* is to be a Tory rag in its behaviour, then they will consider reading a real one.

*01-837 7011, ext. 312 and 244.

JOLFE ROSSE.

Hostage Raids in London

POLICE RAIDS of exceptional nastiness were made on Thursday, June 11 on persons guilty 'by association' (in some cases, unconscious) with members of the Anarchist Black Cross. Under the ostensible direction of Det. Insp. Wheeler of West Drayton and the pretext of looking for 'explosives', homes, flats and offices were raided by dozens of Special Branch and other police.

In all cases the people concerned were friends, relatives or neighbours (in some cases, unknowingly) of the Black Cross committee. The committee itself (Garcia, Meltzer, Christie) were either treated with exceptional courtesy, or even un-interviewed. But all the tenants in the house where one of the tenants had allowed the Black Cross to use a room were searched and bullied by fifteen policemen. In another case a widow in her seventies, who happened to be related, was raided by four policemen and her bedroom searched (no policewoman present). In another case, a girl of 21 was arrested, for no other reason than a friendship with an anarchist; taken to the station, locked in the cells, bullied and interrogated for hours until she could contact a lawyer—after the police waited specially until her boy friend was out of the way. A woman friend of hers—guilty only of being a friend of a friend of a person with 'undesirable' political opinions—was raided and her only valuable possession, an antique, 'accidentally' smashed. In many cases books and papers were strewn about, clothes ransacked or taken away. Not a solitary missile.

Some may think 'no smoke without fire' and the police had some idea they might find explosives. This may fool magistrates when granting warrants but nobody else. The raids were not against militants or even sympathisers in a vague way, but against people around them—commercial firms in the vicinity, elderly relatives, neighbours. These people, inexperienced in the ways of the political police, were terrified. There was nothing they could hide. None of them even knew that there were such things as undesirable political opinions, or that Det. Inspector David Palmer Hall was in charge of the nation's philosophy. If they had known, they would not have known it affected them.

ITALIAN INFILTRATION

The 'hostage raid' is an old trick of the Italian police, used to separate militants from those around them, create feeling against them, and thus—it is hoped—create an atmosphere when they can be crushed. It is no accident that

there is now a high-ranking Italian political police officer working with Special Branch. This co-operation via Interpol has been known since the murder of militant Giuseppe Pinelli by the Milan police (whom their British colleagues think 'went too far').

Why this sudden pogrom against those 'guilty by association' with anarchists? The experienced political police knew there was nothing to be obtained by attacking the militants themselves and 'making them martyrs'—though it is quite conceivable that if some charge could be cooked up, it will be—hence the use of the Italian-style 'hostage raid' which the Italian police learned from the Mafia. There is also more than a suspicion of a belief that one person was raided because only a few weeks before he had complained to the Home Office of the conduct of certain policemen in another matter which had been given an 'independent enquiry' and no other answer had yet been forthcoming.

However, there is another reason why the ABC has stuck in the gullet of certain police officers. In the June issue of the *Bulletin* various matters were referred to which show them in a ridiculous light. The farcical 'shadowing' of Stuart Christie, following directions from the Home Secretary 'to keep the anarchists quiet' over the election period, in which dozens of police and many cars were used—to no avail—to 'cover' the gas depot where he works. It was suggested that the expense be charged to Labour's election account since the object was to see that no material for the Tory 'law-and-order' campaign be provided.

Then, too, the revelation that the police had been talking about the Iberian

Airlines bomb attack before it happened but failed to warn the public; also the hitherto-suppressed news that increased French-British police action in favour of Franco had had the effect of removing the activists from France back into Spain—a situation which has caused the greatest alarm in Spanish circles, which never reckoned for this.

In all this, of course, there is nothing illegal, nor is it possible to legislate against 'dangerous thoughts', far less live near those who have them. It is possible for a dictatorship to insist that all love it; in a multi-party state it is not possible to say all must love one party or another—the right to choose must include the right to reject. All these operations are entirely improper in intent, but of course—since magistrates will believe any cock-and-bull story when a warrant is requested and police need only say that 'we have reason to believe...'—legal in the manner in which they are operated. The only safeguard is alertness of the public to the danger to which they are exposed.

The address book of the Black Cross—with 300 names and addresses—was unopened and tossed aside. But people with no idea that anarchists existed were subjected to various indignities and attacks. This is a line of approach only understandable to those with a knowledge of Italian police methods hitherto regarded as impossible in Britain. If it goes past unchecked, where will it end? Even solid Establishment figures must ponder on this. The Home Office must wonder where it is being dragged by Special Branch.

ANARCHIST BLACK CROSS.

PRINT STRIKE—BY ORDER

THE MEN AND WOMEN who produce the national newspapers have secured a wage increase of from £2 to £3 a week and to get it Fleet Street was shut down for four days.

The strike was called by Division One of SOGAT (the old NATSOPA)—or rather it was called by the Executive Council which is dominated by the General Secretary, Richard Briginshaw. It was a dictated thing from start to finish.

Briginshaw's motives for calling the strike remain obscure as in the past he has forced miserable wage settle-

ments on some badly paid workers and in addition has sacrificed many jobs in 'productivity deals'. In his own words he has 'saved the employers millions of pounds'. It could be inter-union rivalries, or even political considerations which led to this 'militant' stand—but it really is of no consequence. What is important is that whatever action is decided, whether it is 'rationalisation', rotten wage settlements or even good ones—the workers concerned have no say from start to finish.

It is quite possible that had the

Continued on page 4



SMILE FOR THE MAN

WE OF THE LONDON LEFT have always felt that we had a personal and genuine rapport with the staff of the American Embassy.

Four or five times a year we marched *en masse* into the wiling wall of police that protect Grosvenor Square, intent on burning down the American Embassy, but there was never anything mean or ill-intentioned in our actions. Our's is the just cause and their's is the flag-fluttering target of our righteous wrath so who can point the finger of blame at us.

If there is any lesson to be learned it is that a military world power engaged in a series of nasty little colonial wars should not build large and vulgar glass-fronted embassies in the fashionable public squares of the capitals of their satraps.

But we believed that we had a special relationship with the Americans forged in the common supermarkets and cinemas of our two nations and one is genuinely shocked on entering the American Embassy to find that the servile staff at the enquiry desk and the desk has gone and the whole internal front is now shut off by a heavy floor to ceiling metal grille. This is not the way to win friends for one

begins to harbour that slight suspicion that the American Embassy staff do not really believe that saloon bar tale of the golden-hearted cockney Londoners.

I would suggest that their ill-considered display of pique could easily be misconstrued, for they must remember that their's is not the only embassy available for an afternoon's stroll. Yet despite the American's lapse in taste, the Embassy are to be congratulated for their display of American Editorial Cartoons. They cover a range of years and papers and belong to the good days of American muck-raking tabloid journalism.

By the nature of the papers readership they are parochial for the American public of that period had little interest in the world scene and in that era of crude gangster politics and rapacious capitalism the cartoonists poured out a line of physical abuse that owed much to the English 19th century caricaturists.

Unlike Hogarth, Rowlandson or Gilray the American cartoonists failed to create universal types who could transcend time and when their work is taken out of its social context it becomes, in the main, rather third-rate illustration. It is for this reason that one honestly regrets that the Cultural Office of the

American Embassy did not see fit to include work by contemporary American cartoonists of the official underground press for much of it is not only bitter, but brilliantly so, and their use of the strip cartoon for propaganda is worthy of examination, but here is the exhibition and within its small term of reference it is good.

Photography can never be an art though an artist may decide to use it as a tool towards a work of art and there are few, very few, men who have taken the small black box and made it personal to themselves. Any competent person can wander around and click away until his negatives are used up and with careful selection and trimming produce photographs that please, amuse or interest but there is that rare artist who knows what he is seeking and with his pen, brush or camera embalms that particular moment within drifting eternity.

The Hayward Gallery has chosen to honour Bill Brandt by displaying works of his that cover 37 years. There was a time in the mean dark days of the 1930's when the photographs of Bill Brandt spelt out our universal misery. In dead flat blacks and greys that refused to come to terms with the subtleties of perspective tonalities he illustrated our decaying and dying world.

These were not on the walls of the fashionable galleries or in the pages of the avant garde literature of that middle-class period but in the mass-circulated pulp magazines of the corner

newsagent's market. One looked at the inoffensive girly cartoons and read the 'happy' escapist stories and then one turned a page and came upon a Bill Brandt photograph of mean streets and slime-wet cobbles; of a workless man or a guarding policeman silhouetted into black statues at the end of a dark alley.

The wealthy middle class hired Cecil Beaton to fake them a public image of a splendour and a heavenly glory that ill became them and Cecil Beaton draped the daughters of the rich in white lace and flooded his studio in warm white light while his marble-faced sitters gazed out with glazed eyes into hired space and daddy wrote out the cheque.

But for Bill Brandt there was an honesty of purpose that even transcends this exhibition for there is neither romance nor nostalgia in the captured scenes of those awful days. It was a world of a mean-spirited and loveless ruling class and a broken-spirited working class and the poverty-paid servants standing to attention at the tables of the philistines, and the overcrowded bug-ridden slums were to be as ordained and as eternal as a well-paid police force could enforce and it is the measure of Bill Brandt's artistry that no, repeat no, one desires a return to those days when viewing Brandt's recording of them.

But the social conditions change and

Brandt's current work is no longer important and this is why photography is not an art, for without a personalised subject matter and an involved audience, we are left with interesting photographs of the mini famous, some elongated nudes and landscapes that are but cliches of Brandt's known use of light.

One regrets, most profoundly, that the Arts Council did not see fit to reproduce within the catalogue Bill Brandt's *Police-man in Bermondsey* 1939 or the woman in an *East End pub* 1945, the 1937 scenes of Halifax or the *Bayswater houses lit by moonlight* 1942. But Bill Brandt played his part in recording the irresponsible evils of the 1930's. As such he is entitled to wander off into a cultural cul-de-sac of elongated nudes on uncomfortable beaches and *Malcolm Muggeridge, Robertsbridge, Sussex*, 1966, and to win the flaccid approval of the Arts Council types who had little use for his work when it was socially relevant.

But now the present calls, and none more rightly than Christopher Hall, at the Portal Gallery, 16a Grafton Street, W.1, for he is a welcome addition to our school of regional painters. The harsh and well-depicted totalities of his aggressive Welsh bible belt cottages and the bleak and barren hills are well served by this young artist.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

CONSERVATIVES

Continued from page 1

Party on ideals in the present climate of opinion. I don't think, in practical terms, we could have talked about them in '64 and '66. There go your ideals! A possible marketable commodity?

This is not to say that Harold Wilson has or hasn't ideals. It's just that they aren't always 'now'. They are conveniently put into cold storage on questions such as the Bomb, Vietnam, Biafra, Anguilla, etc. The Tory Party have been living an 'ideal' existence for many years. Their dreams of Empire, of private enterprise capitalism which made Britain great, of military glory, have been wafted away by the wind of change. To keep political power they have adjusted their 'ideals', conserving what is left to them—but always they cling to the definition of a gentleman as one who does not harm anybody else unnecessarily. Enoch Powell is by Tory definition—a cad.

But behind all the brou-ha-ha about 'mandates for change', 'getting Britain moving', there lurks the Establishment which is inherently conservative—the civil service, the army, the Foreign Office. In 1964 Enoch Powell contributed to a BBC Symposium on *Whitehall and Beyond*. In the main this was a wild and woolly discussion on abstractions but in the text one or two illustrative points emerge. For example, the interviewer, Norman Hunt, asked Enoch Powell: 'Mr. Powell, what area of manoeuvre did you have in making policy decisions in your department?' Answer: 'There is a good deal of popular misconception, you know, about ministers' and policy decisions. I think a large section of the public imagines the competent minister bustling into his office on a Monday morning with a neatly written list of the new policies which he is going to put into force. In real life nearly all policy decisions emerge out of an existing situation.'

On the other hand, Mr. Harold Wilson said in the same series, 'Ministers are always dependent on co-operation from top civil servants and whatever changes we need, whatever experts we need to bring in, the one thing, I think, that's been true of our history is that our top civil servants and every other civil servant carries out the policy decisions of ministers. The idea of some people that a change of government means sabotage from the Civil Service is, I think, nonsense. It's their job to say what a particular policy would mean, to warn you against some of the consequences and to present you with alternatives, but the decision must be taken by the ministers.'

Mr. Wilson, as an ex-civil servant, would obviously have a bias about the Civil Service, but it speaks ill for

Mr. Powell's promises about repatriation. Perhaps it was the Civil Service that persuaded him, when he was in office, to recruit all those West Indian nurses he now wishes to repatriate? Be that as it may, it is said of Clynes, an abolitionist who became Home Secretary, that when he balked at signing a certificate for an execution he was told by a civil servant, 'But we always sign these!' So Clynes complied.

The Foreign Office, with its extreme regard for protocol, has a built-in safeguard against any government getting into power by parliamentary means and changing foreign policy in a radical or pacifistic direction. It is an agreement between governments that there shall be continuity of foreign policy and agreements shall not be denounced no matter how iniquitous, nor alliances broken no matter how offensive. One of the excuses given for trade with South Africa by the Labour Government was the existence of trade pacts which must be kept. On domestic issues the reason given for ignoring the Wootton Report and not legalizing cannabis is the existence of an international convention not to permit cannabis smoking. True, many of these agreements can be, and have been ignored, but the whole trend of government is towards the maintenance of existing agreements and the perpetuation of the *status quo*.

Finally, we cannot hope for any government to interfere with the military-industrial complex which rules our lives. It has not yet got to the point, as in America's Cambodia folly, of dictating the whole trend of foreign policy but signs are not lacking (for example Northern Ireland) of military interference, when necessary, in this sphere.

The whole trend of government and the State is conservative. The universal franchise is counter-revolutionary, as Proudhon said, as long as the State exists.

JACK ROBINSON.

THE BATTLE OF PEMBROKE ROAD

A WHOLE ROW of houses in Pembroke Road are scheduled to be demolished or converted into offices for the rich money-making speculator, regardless of the fact there are 10,000 families homeless in Dublin, to say nothing of the single men and girls who are paying through the nose for over-expensive tatty accommodation.

Wherefore the Dublin Housing Action Committee, who are demanding the stop of all office building and the taking over by the government of all houses that can house families for that purpose, put a squatting family into 148 Pembroke Road. There is a little boy of 13 months and the mother is six months pregnant again.

A few days later when the young woman was alone in the house with her child the Abbey Group (Matt Gallagher and Co.) sent a bunch of bullies illegally to evict Mrs. McMahon and her child and furniture were thrown out into the street. Her terrified screams brought the squatter next door to her rescue, and as soon as they got wind of the affair other DHAC members arrived. Mrs. McMahon was put back into the house and the DHAC treasurer phoned her husband and he came galloping home from work.

The group had threatened they would be back. About 15 members of the DHAC were prepared to stay all night in case the bullies broke in early next morning. The writer of this was sitting on the front window sill when in company with two others she saw paddy wagon after paddy wagon coming up the road opposite. As they had to go all round traffic lights there was time to give warning.

We were not expecting police, as in law until such time as an interlocutory injunction has been obtained the police are bound to protect squatters. About 80 arrived dressed in full riot rig, boots,

steel helmets, iron crowbars and all. They said they had a warrant to search for guns. Dublin, indeed all Ireland has gun phobia at the moment. We said 'four' and a *bhan garda* could come in and search, and one of the two Inspectors present agreed to this. The other and senior said, 'Oh that would take all night'.

This writer by now was at a back window and saw the *gardai* gathering cartons full of rocks in the back. She screamed to the Press photographer who was in the house with us, and then ran to the very frightened young mother.

A rock came smashing through the window missing the photographer by half an inch. Then the *gardai* broke in and attacked driving the practically defenceless protectors before them to a tiny kitchen upstairs where they broke down the door and started whacking on heads. As they hustled their prey down the three flights of stairs they lined either side and hit as the victims passed. They took them out by the back as they were dripping with blood, having first cleared the lane of spectators, and drove them off to hospital where seven had to be stitched and treated for head wounds, and prison. No bail was allowed that night.

The writer of this and another woman meanwhile stayed with the poor mother who was hysterical and whom I had to treat with phenobarb to quieten her down. (I had been home and fetched it earlier.) The *gardai* came crashing at our door with a crowbar. The door was not even locked so I opened it, and but for being behind the door would have got the bar in my chest. The *gardai* were not prepared for this and, as they fell into the room, looked and felt silly. I would not allow a search until a *bhan garda* was present, and immediately admitted to having barbiturates on me. I may say I have them

legally on prescription. They searched us and the room and as far as we were concerned behaved impeccably, though a Branch man came into the room and told us we stunk. I ordered him out of the room.

The case is still *sub judice* so I cannot say more, but it was so blatantly an example of the Fascist 'Get Tough' Law and Order policy Fianna Fail and Fianna Gael are advocating. Ireland has terrible days ahead; 1916 will look like child's play as will what has so far happened in our occupied six counties. The writer of this is opposed to physical violence, even in self-defence, as she does not believe it ever achieves its aim, but will not impose her beliefs on others and will fight by pen and word till we are free.

H.

THE WEDNESDAY MEETING

FREEDOM HALL, Angel Alley
JULY 1 at 8 p.m.

MARK WILLIAM KRAMRISCH speaks

Passion and Youth,
Changers of the World



PRESS FUND

June 9 to 15 inc.
Los Angeles: S.S. £10; York: L.F. 10/8;
Edinburgh: C.G. £1; London, E.I: G.M. 17/6; Chippenham: H.C.J. 7/4; Hove: B.P. 12/7; Hull: E.S. £1; Reading: B.J.M. 7/3; Windsor: F.A. & Y., M.A. & A.P. £20; London, S.W.18: A.H. 5/-; Cheltenham: L.G.W. £1.

Total: £36 0 4
B/f.: £24 6 2
£60 6 6

Accounts to end of May 1970

Monthly Income:
May Sales & Subs.: £25 6 5
Jan. to April b/f.: £193 15 7
£219 2 0

Expenditure:
4 Freedom & 1 Anarchy at £10 each: £750 0 0

May deficit: £530 18 0
B/f. deficit Jan. to April: £1,680 18 4
£2,211 16 4

Less Press Fund: £28 2 6

1970 TOTAL DEFICIT TO DATE: £2,183 13 10

afb
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 Birmingham on the first Sunday in July. All groups will 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, Hestlington, 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 Federations: Secretary, Tom Howard, 163 Ryelands Road, Lancaster.
Cornwall: A. Jacobs, 13 Ledrah Road, St. Austell. (M. Ma. B.)
Essex & E. Herts.: P. Nowell, 'Aegean', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester. (QM, FL)
Surrey: G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom.
Sussex: E. Poole, 5 Tilsbury, 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; M—magazine; B—badges; Q—Quarterly; FL—free leaflets)

Festival in aid of Spanish Political Prisoners

CONWAY HALL
Red Lion Square, London WC1

JUNE 20th at 7 pm

Andalusian Dances—Guitar Solos
Jotas—Disco—Dance, etc.

Admission
Adults 7s6d under 14's 4s

Tickets obtainable from 84 Ilx Road London, NW10 (by post) or Freedom Bookshop

FREEDOM IS THE ISSUE

WHEN THE CRICKET COUNCIL were forced to heed the advice of the Home Secretary, one of the strangest, most passionate issues involving sport and politics reached its conclusion. Umpire Callaghan had been warning the Council that if they carried on batting in the face of strong anti-tour sentiments, the consequences would be dire. The Council retorted that they had the means to keep trouble at a minimum, and financial and vocal support. The Government it seemed could only advise, but could not act with the tour drawing nearer and nearer.

Was this Government reluctant to use its authority? On May 22 it did, putting the Cricket Council in an uncompromising situation from which there was no escape. Mr. Callaghan said he'd be prepared to read the Riot Act, which covers illegal assembly, in making his meaning clear, then he pressed ahead till Griffith, Allom and Co. were forced to accept the decision of a higher authority than themselves outside the game.

The Government had left it pretty late but the Council, though bitter at having

to act the way they did, didn't resist, simply issuing a terse statement from Lord's and consoling an outraged Vorster. 'What can one do against the Government?', said Billy Griffith, Secretary of the Council. While right-wing papers were claiming Labour had given in to anti-authoritarian elements, the Government had clearly beaten cricket's establishment at its own game by an innings and many runs.

It was all the fault of Peter Hain that we've been prevented from seeing a nice bunch of racist sportsmen as you'll meet anywhere. A kind lady in the *Daily Telegraph* letter column suggested Hain be treated as an undesirable alien and deported back to his birthplace, Nairobi, where Vorster would doubtless be glad to see him. The Tory-inspired Monday Club likened this young man with a tragic past to Hitler in the way he'd seemed to dictate to the silent majority of cricket fanatics who'd forgotten the parlous state of the world and the growth of revolutionary endeavour, while Boycott perhaps batted all day at Lord's.

Peter Hain is a Liberal (though he is without the mixture of cosiness and desperation which stamps the party leader, Jeremiah Thorpe) and by our standards he's a moderate charting a middle course. But in a few months he's made spectacular progress, and has enlisted tremendous support.

The Conservatives, for their part, saw things in a very odd light. A good dose of law 'n' order was their simple prescription, and if this pair made their return, there would be more freedom for all basically decent but apathetic people in this country.

Those Tories, in the Commons and the Monday Club, forget that freedom is the real core of this issue, and why liberals, libertarian socialists, anarchists and coloured workers' associations were trying to enlist all possible support against a country where the coloured majority have not even basic human rights, and where in some cases the laws of suppression have multiplied. These people who were all too ready to say, 'Of course I loathe apartheid as much as you do', nevertheless were ready to go no further than the fence-sitting brigade led by the Bishop of Woolwich. With an election in the offing, and Enoch Powell ready to ride his racist hobby-horse in hustings speeches, the situation would have been truly explosive.

The police, I'm sure, would have asked for danger money, but they were never keen on policing cricket grounds anyway,

and then what would have happened? Who would have protected the police who couldn't protect the public? This rejection of South Africa probably won't have any effect yet, but re-entry, unless they're prepared to integrate their teams will be difficult for them and their only hope is for a return of the Tories to power this month.

For the politicians, the tour ban makes a good vote-catcher and rather more exciting than talking about those houses they know they won't get built. It's certainly a stick to beat Labour with. Few, if any politicians, care to do anything about really humbling Vorster and weakening the regime there. Peter Hain was probably glad the Government did the rest for him after months of groundwork, but H. Wilson won't be anything like so keen to help him ban trading with South Africa, which is the next logical move of his pressure group. Any anarchist who cares to, in the days up to the election farce, can enlist support against the political platform hustler, by dropping a brick about exporting to South Africa, once the promises start leaking out.

Now we're going to have some multi-racial cricket, a series called England v The Rest of the World to replace the South African matches. The first of these tests was due to start at Lord's on June 18, but there will be no cricket on that day because it clashes with the election, so it seems, despite football mania, politics do come before sport. 'Election—No Play today.' I'm sure all anarchists who thought they might have had to spend this summer watching cricket in order to demonstrate, will hope for rain.

RON PEARL.

Dundee Workers Fight Unemployment

SIX THOUSAND building workers in Dundee have come out on strike in protest against the rising unemployment affecting their industry, while last Thursday week 2,000 men demonstrated outside the City Chambers, including 600 of the City's unemployed building workers. The strike has almost brought construction work in the city to a standstill.

This massive protest has come about because these men are incensed about the ridiculous and tragic state of affairs in their city and industry, for while there are over 17,000 houses reported to be substandard, men are signing on the dole. They are also annoyed at the City Corporation who, a year ago, boasted that Dundee's unemployment figure was below the Scottish average and compared well with the overall British average.

The total number of unemployed in the city is now over 4,000. Both shipbuilding and jute plants have been closing down and a large linoleum factory recently shut up shop. Joint action is being planned by workers in the affected industries.

Those on the demonstration put forward their demands, to the City Fathers, that unemployment should be absorbed

by cutting the hours worked without any loss of wages. They called for a crash programme of house building, financed from the money now spent on national defence. Workers were concerned not just with the high unemployment rate, but also the question of the type of factory building and its desirability both from the point of view of living in as well as a source of alleviation of the present plight. 'Traditional Housing—Not Concrete Boxes' read one of the slogans.

The strike and demonstration seem to have the support of some of the local union officials as some of these, from shipbuilding, jute and building, spoke at the demonstration. Such strikes and demonstrations are a welcome sign that people are becoming conscious of their own and others' plight, conscious that only by direct action have these grievances any chance of being rectified. The demands that no building worker should be unemployed while housing needs are unsatisfied are sane and justified.

The strike as a weapon to attack social questions is rarely used. Let us hope that it does not go unnoticed.

P.T.

Which Tories?

BY THE TIME most of our readers get their FREEDOM this week, we will know whether Labour has been elected for another term of office. Unlike other political groups on the 'left', we will not have campaigned for this possible victory. We will not have said, like the 'International Socialists': 'Keep the Tories Out—but no Illusions in the Labour Party.' They admit that 'Labour may run their system (capitalist) and even run it better than the Tories themselves', but big business, etc., 'will never completely trust even the most servile Labour Party.'

Certainly whatever party is elected, the government they form will serve the interests of big business, the financiers and the property owners. From the people's point of view, a victory for one or the other will only mean the difference between being done and being swindled.

The 'International Socialists' also say that this 'must be the last election in which, for lack of a credible mass socialist alternative, we have to say: "Keep the Tories out... Vote Labour

and prepare to fight".'

Whether this credible mass socialist alternative is going to vote for IS candidates at the next General Election or whether they are going to create a situation ripe for revolution, they do not say. But from people who call themselves revolutionaries, this type of thinking stinks of hypocrisy.

P.T.

able government: its fall was popular at almost every level of then French society. The fall of the MCC symbolises the fall of irresponsible and incompetent government, and it is going to be popular amongst far more people than Worsthorpe imagines once the dust has got out of their eyes.

Certain things are symbols: the end of the MCC autocracy is quite unimportant in more than a very parochial sense, but

LETTERS

it may well be looked upon by sociologists of the future as that event which finalised the end of upper crust influence in this country. (Always provided Heath is not enabled to restore it on June 18—which all the gods forbid.) The MCC is however one of a number of self-appointed, self-elected, self-perpetuating bodies which have, unfortunately, a role still in our society. I am not thinking of the College of Heralds—anyone who wants to waste his money getting a coat of arms is welcome to do so: but of such things as the Jockey Club. How do we raise a racist issue such that we can get rid of the Jockey Club, I wonder?

Cornwall ROWLAND BOWEN.

Crazies is Coming

Dear Comrades, 'Rasputin's' article, 'Crazies is Coming', was juvenile, power-hungry and sex-frustrated. If Rasputin wants to tear trousers off he can join his nearest rugby team; if he wants 'wrecking as an act of beauty', the US army is the best place for him; if he wants to exercise his virility in some other way than metaphors and destructiveness, he can learn to have sex in the satisfying way, that is with another human being who cares for him.

If, moreover, he is able to present an argument, he might explain how the death by violence of four people in the US is made better by hitting human beings (who had nothing to do with those deaths) with crowbars in Britain—and not only police (of course, they don't count as human beings) but even fellow-demonstrating human beings, struck by iron bars thrown at some building which happened to be near.

Some Rasputins shout 'Watch out Mr. Banker, Mr. Copper' (names straight from the simple world of a Happy

Brainwashed Babies

A NEW YORK psychiatrist has proposed that psychological tests be administered to every 6-year-old in the United States to discover whether or not they have embryonic 'criminal tendencies'. President Nixon has asked the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to study these proposals. The psychiatrist, Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker, has also suggested that those found to be 'criminally inclined' should be subjected to 'massive psychological and psychiatric treatment'. Teenagers, on whom the 'treatment' had proved ineffective, should be put in concentration camps.

It cannot be too strongly stated. This is pseudo-science, exactly the same as the Nazi race theories. There is no such thing as innate criminality, neither in children nor in adults. All that one can say is that some people are more aggressive than others, that individuals differ, and that people who are living in circumstances which are unfavourable to them (frequently this means simply poverty, but it need not always be so) will react unfavourably, and the more aggressive they are the more they may react. What is criminal in one society may be virtue in another, or morally indifferent. Even within European-North American culture some societies are indifferent to homosexuality, while others punish it with great severity. If we go outside European civilisation we may find theft, murder, incest, cannibalism, etc., not merely permitted but in some cases enjoined on the individual by his society. And indeed when European nations go to war morality undergoes some remarkable changes. Some of the much admired Commandos of the

Second World War were in fact professional safebreakers and burglars, whose talents were enrolled in the cause of the nation-state.

What is alarming about this good doctor's proposal is that it constitutes a symptom of social collapse. It is not perhaps realised today how saturated the Nazis were in pseudo-scientific theories of this kind. Not only in relation to race either. Large numbers of mentally abnormal children were done to death in German hospitals, many by being put on a 'special diet', which meant being starved to death. Others were gassed. Not only mentally abnormal children, but even orphans, who had nothing wrong with them, it was proposed to kill, although I believe this scheme was never actually put into operation. This campaign to 'eliminate the unfit' was not ordered by Hitler himself, but was the work of medical men, not necessarily Nazis, who no doubt sincerely believed that they were helping their country.

Here we have an advanced nation, the most progressive technically in the world, seriously contemplating a reversion to complete barbarism. An American correspondent tells us that the US does not possess a sufficient number of trained psychologists to treat even the obviously mentally disturbed children that are already known to exist, let alone run tests to discover more. So that in all probability what will happen if this scheme is put into operation will be something like this; the teachers in the schools will hand out forms to the children in their classes, in the way that intelligence tests are given now in

Continued on page 4

Tumbrils on the Cricket Pitch

Dear Comrades,

I don't bother with the Berry press any more (my doctor says my blood pressure might be endangered!) so I can only go by what Jack Robinson says of Peregrine Worsthorpe's extraordinary article. If I may be allowed a small advertisement, I went into all this sociology of cricket when writing my history of the game world-wide, which will appear at the end of this year: the fantastic part about it is that the myth should ever exist. At the peak of the Edwardian image of the game, no one ever did anything at all about the true cricketers, who played in bowler hat and workaday trousers, the boys in slum alleys all of whom outnumbered the upper crust by a thousand to one: and to this day, when do we read about Indian boys playing in Calcutta slums?

I am no psychologist, but there is, I believe, a term applied when someone constructs a fantasy and then lives it. That is what the upper crust has done for about a hundred years over cricket: most of them don't any longer (they don't flock in their tens of thousands to Eton v Harrow any more at all). But somehow the myth persists: it is 'real' not in the sense of something that exists here and now, but something that was thought to have existed not long ago, yesterday perhaps. It is in this sense of living out a fantasy that Worsthorpe is correct, oddly enough: for, in that fantasy, the fall of the MCC was the fall of the Bastille, and like the latter very long overdue. (Don't forget that it was some years before the tumbrils followed the Bastille!) The Bastille was a symbol of repression—not of accept-



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

New Books on Anarchism and kindred subjects

- (about Russia!)
- Ten Years in Soviet Moscow (1933) Alexander Wicksteed 3/6
- Soviet Russia Fights Neuroses (1934) Frankwood E. Williams 3/6
- What Communism Means Today (1937) Hamilton Fyfe 6/-
- Moscow Correspondent (1949) Ralph Parker 3/-
- This is Russia! (1943) Hubert Griffith 3/-
- A Heretic's Answer to Communism C. E. Cookson 3/-
- The Socialist Sixth of the World Hewlett Johnson 3/-
- Moscow 1937 Lion Feuchtwanger 3/-
- I am a Woman from Soviet Russia Barbara Moore-Pataleewa 5/-
- Russia and Ourselves Victor Gollancz 3/-
- Left-Wing Communism: An Infantile Disorder V. I. Lenin 3/-
- Soviet Heroes (1942) (ed.) Ivor Montague 3/-
- In Russia Now (1942) Walter Citrine 3/-
- Choose Your Future (1941) D. N. Pritt 3/-
- How to Stop the Russians Without War (1948) Fritz Sternberg 3/-
- How the Soviet State is Run (1941) Pat Sloan 3/-
- USSR Speaks for Itself:
 - Culture and Leisure 3/-
 - Agriculture and Transport 3/-
 - Industry 3/-
 - Democracy in Practice 3/-

publish FREEDOM weekly at 9d. and ANARCHY monthly at 3s. from 84b Whitechapel High Street London E1 01-247 9249 Entrance Angel Alley, Whitechapel Art Gallery exit, Aldgate East Underground Stn.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
 Freedom: £2.3.4, \$5.40
 Anarchy: £1.16.0, \$5.00
 Joint Sub.: £3.19.4, \$10.00

Airmail
 Freedom: £3.3.4, \$9.00
 Anarchy: £2.15.0, \$8.00
 Joint Sub.:
 Both by Air: £5.17.0, \$15.00
 Freedom by Air, Anarchy by Sea: £4.19.0, \$12.50

SPECIMEN COPIES ON REQUEST

Closed Sunday, Monday

FREEDOM PRESS & BOOKSHOP

Revised opening times:

Monday Closed all day
 Tuesday open 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
 Wednesday open 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
 Thursday open 2 p.m. to 8 p.m.
 Friday open 2 p.m. to 8 p.m.
 Saturday open Noon to 4 p.m.
 Sunday Closed all day

CLOSED AT ALL OTHER TIMES EXCEPT

Wednesday night meetings in hall on ground floor 8 p.m. to 10.30 p.m.
 Thursday—except the first in each month—FREEDOM folding until 9.00 p.m.

Families card game): others shout 'Watch out Nig, Watch out Paki': others, 'Watch out Slope-head', bang bang: others 'Watch out, Jew'. All get their orgasm out of seeing blood and having the power to bully and terrorize. The words they shout are only an excuse for the hysteria: the hysteria is the same.

Fraternally,
 Bagsvaerd, Denmark JOHN ROE.

Arbour Square Revisited

IT WAS SATURDAY, the thirtieth of May, and I was in an anarchist den seeking information regarding a well-known woman agitator known to her confederates, of whom I am one, as the Black Widow.

I was informed that she and her henchman, Duncan, were to be found at 'the Squat in Arbour Square'.—And did I know how to get to Arbour Square?

I should know, as I used to go to school in Arbour Square, I informed my informant.

Shortly after, I took my leave and a No. 40 bus which was headed eastwards along Commercial Road. The driver was just poodling along, which did not disturb me in the least; it was his business how he drove the bus. What did disturb me, however, and the rest of the passengers, was the way a bus-inspector held our bus up about halfway to the Square while leaning on the engine indulging in a jolly bit of chitchat with the driver. I stood this a little while, then asked (or rather

called) (or rather roared):

'Why don't you fucking piss off? We wanna get home—yer fucking bum!'

This had its effect. The inspector did not condescend to reply to such a rude person—but fucked off just the same.

Arbour Square is situated in a street off Commercial Road; alighting from the bus there, I strolled down the street looking for the Squat. It could have been anywhere along there, for a police-station at the far end of the street is called Arbour Square Station—yet the Square is located at the Commercial Road end. Facing the Square is a rather nice-looking school, Raine's Foundation. I did three years there, from 1931 to 1934, having won a scholarship at my previous school. For economic reasons, that is, due to the Depression, I quit Raine's two years earlier than I should have. . . . According to my mother, the headmaster of Raine's reckoned it was a tragedy, my leaving without sitting for my matriculation in 1936, and that I would regret it all my life. I've never

regretted leaving when I did, so he was wrong, wasn't he? I had to leave and get a job because we needed more dough at home to keep from being sent to the workhouse, and I'm not kidding.

I felt slightly sentimental passing the old school, but not very; I was too busy looking for the Squat. I finally struck the right person. When I told him I was seeking a family at the Squat called M'Nally, he showed me not only the Squat but the flat occupied by the M'Nallys. . . .

I had heard the Macs were at Arbour Square. I knew then when they were squatting in Ilford before the sellout there, and I wanted to see how they were making out. Danny M'Nally, his wife Carol and their children are all fine people, an asset to any neighbourhood.

I found Danny watching the telly—Oh! Before I forget—The Squat in its entirety is a large block of newish flats. Obviously empty for a long time, all the windows, except where the families are squatting, are thick with dust. On the day I visited the Squat there were 14 squatting families in residence there. The flats lie directly facing the Girls' Entrance to my old school, which won't interest you in the least, but does me, a little.

Carol M'Nally was out visiting or something, and I was sorry to have missed seeing her again. . . . A marvellous woman, Carol. The mother of six children, one would hardly believe her to be a mother at all, she has such a youthful appearance. Danny M'Nally, who works hard to support his family and fights hard as a Squatter to give them decent surroundings to live in instead of the degrading atmosphere and

conditions of a Council hostel, Carol, in the way she runs her home and family, and the children themselves for being such fine, decent, nice-looking children, are all a credit to the collective entity known as the M'Nally family.

Such as the M'Nallys are entitled to the best this country can give them, but do they get it? All they have received from Britain so far is shame and degradation, being classed as homeless by the bastards of politicians, and harassed and hounded by them in the name of 'Law and Order' when they dare to dwell in an unoccupied house or flat and ask for the elementary right of a householder, a rentbook, and the chance to pay rent for the premises they occupy.

The hypocrisy of politicians has no limits. In Ilford, prior to the sellout, the Squatters there were supported by the Communists. The Arbour Square Squatters get no support from the CP; on the contrary, the Commos are as virulent against them as the other political mongrels. The reason for the difference in attitude of the CP is that, in Ilford they had no councillors while in Tower Hamlets, in which Arbour Square is located, the CP has 3 councillors and a working arrangement with the local Labour Party.

'THE COMMUNIST PARTY IS THE VANGUARD OF THE WORKING CLASS.'

Don't gimme that shit, Councillor Kaye and cronies . . . blow it out of your fat asses! 'The Party' is as openy as any other party and you know it.

Up to May 30 at any rate, the Arbour Square Squatters repudiated Bailey, Radford and the rest of the 'official' Squatters in no uncertain manner. They regard Bailey & Co. as a menace not as a help. I'd do the same if I were an Arbour Square Squatter. Good luck to them and more power to their elbow!

GEORGE FOULSER.

TO HELL WITH THE PETIT BOURGEOISIE

IT IS MORE than necessary that an opposing view be given to that propounded by Dave Coull (FREEDOM, 31.5.70).

His view of McIntyre, big cheese of the Scottish National Party, as being some form of 'libertarian' is pure romanticism. He retails the view of some academic to the effect that the SNP stands for some form of redistribution of wealth and property and, apparently, credits McIntyre with these ideas.

Dave Coull fails to point out that the same McIntyre is also the author of a document entitled, 'The Scotland We Seek', an official policy document still being issued by the SNP. The best that revolutionaries can say of this document is that it approximates to a watered-down version of the thoughts of Benito Mussolini. It advocates, in fact, a form of corporate state. The state, in 'The Scotland We Seek', is seen as a form of national arbiter—allowing neither exploitation nor exploiting.

As for his contention that the SNP is not xenophobic! It appears that he does not read the *Scots Independent*—the SNP paper. A recent front page banner headline reads: 'All Out for Scotland Now'. SNP election posters carry the legend, 'Put Scotland First'. If that's not xenophobia, what is?

As the Scottish working class begin to ever more clearly see the SNP as Tartan Tories (a process shown by the retreat of the SNP from the cities into the semi-feudal Highlands), their appeal becomes more and more racially based. An SNP candidate in N.E. Scotland, in Dave Coull's constituency in fact, recently spoke of 'Tayside being inundated with immigrants if Labour is returned'. An SNP candidate in the Glasgow municipal elections put out a leaflet referring to 'undesirable elements' who were increasingly entering her ward. Since the ward has a growing immigrant population, we can hazard a reasonable guess (knowing the depths politicians sink to) to whom she was referring. We could go on, reciting cases of SNP racialism.

The attitude taken by the SNP towards the 1707 Act of Union between Scotland and England bears a strong resemblance, for anyone interested in historical similarities, to the attitude of the Nazis towards the Treaty of Versailles. Any supporters of Anglo-Scottish unity—and that includes those who, like the Scottish Anarchists, advocate unity between the Scottish and English working class—are branded as 'traitors' (see innumerable issues of the *Scots Independent*) and, if they write in these terms to the press, are liable to receive postcards (well printed) calling them 'Quislings'.

Fascism is the natural political expression of the petit bourgeoisie. The German middle class supported Hitler. The peasants and small shopkeepers of France supported Poujade and his fascist movement in the 1950's. The disagreements this class of owners have with the existing social and economic system are not those of revolutionaries. The petit bourgeoisie are certainly against monopoly—the small shopkeeper because the multiple supermarket steals his trade (and, thus, he can no longer exploit the working class) and the small farmer because he envies the land of the big landowner. Both would love to be monopolists themselves.

This desire of small farmers (hanging on the fringe and in the economic inter-

stices of the capitalist system proper) lies behind the seemingly 'radical' propaganda of the SNP against 'big landowners'.

It is just possible that Dave Coull is only guilty of confusing the petit bourgeoisie with middle-class white collar workers.* But if he imagines that a mass socialism and an individual capitalism can exist side by side, then he is confused indeed.

IAN S. SUTHERLAND.

*White collar workers may share some of the attitudes of the small shopkeeper/farmer class, but they are workers and their support is essential for any real revolution. Certainly, revolutionaries ought to step up their propaganda towards white collar workers.

FOOTNOTE.—It is significant that the only 'Left' group which supports militant Scottish Nationalism is the weird 'Workers Party of Scotland'—which supports, also, that well-known libertarian, Chairman Mao!

PRINT STRIKE

Continued from page 1

strike proposal been put to the men it would have been rejected simply because many of the workers involved, though on very low basic rates, take home good money by means of overtime, 'restrictive practices', and now 'comprehensive schemes'. All the more credit to them that there was absolutely no attempt at strike-breaking or black-legging.

The settlement of this strike contains an agreement for all print unions to get together with the employers to work out a new wage structure based on 'realistic manning', etc. In the not so long run this could be more important than the fact that Fleet Street workers are now two or three pounds a week better off.

It is noticeable that the print employers have expressed their satisfaction with the settlement, so it is quite possible that many print workers may find themselves 'rationalised' out of a job—a process which has been accelerating in Fleet Street for some time.

The strikers were not asked to approve the settlement any more than they were asked to approve the strike itself. This state of affairs will go on until they are able to achieve some measure of democratic control in the union.

This is a rough time for anarchists working in the unions. We believe, and rightly so, that only when the ordinary workers themselves make the decisions can society begin to be changed. But right now—especially in the better-paid industries—rank and file decisions might not be very progressive or challenge the system. We have to accept that and carry on patiently explaining and persuading. The alternative is to adopt the authoritarian attitudes of the political parties and start making decisions FOR the workers and not WITH them. This can only, in the long run, reinforce the totalitarian tendencies within the Unions and breed an even greater cynicism about the possibilities of genuine mass action.

A SOGAT MEMBER.

MARRIAGE ANNULLED ON WEDDING DAY

THE WEDDING BETWEEN youth culture and politics scheduled to take place at the Roundhouse last Sunday never quite succeeded. The potential was there as in the early afternoon people gave speeches, while a Caribbean band played a calypso. Someone was passing out free ice-cream while, on the other side of the room, a vacuum cleaner was inflating a huge plastic phallus (the British Empire?).

After a while the speeches stopped and the band picked up the tempo. Young children bounced on the plastic penis in time to the music. Robin Blackburn began to dance. A bearded youth picked up a loud-hailer and began talking about plans for the march to the Stock Exchange (from Itchy Park, opposite Aldgate East tube station at 12 noon on Election Day). He had trouble being heard and asked some people in charge if he could use the microphones on stage. After being denied permission, a large group of people jumped on the stage.

'Look, get off or I'll throw you off', shouted a representative from the Roundhouse. The people refused to move. 'You got this bloody place for free. Why can't you learn to obey when you're told to do something!'

The young man with the loud-hailer stood on stage and began speaking about 'the real reason we are here'. Another youth wrenched the megaphone from his hands, accusing the first speaker of being 'part of the old left'. A third person, who managed to find a microphone from somewhere, took to the other side of the stage and began haranguing the crowd through a guitar amplifier.

The crowd began to chant 'Om' as they clapped their hands to drown out all of the speeches. Someone lit a smoke bomb. The Roundhouse representatives again began to clear the stage. Soon the calypso band was up in front playing 'Give Peace a Chance'. The politicians walked out. When a few asked to return the management refused, saying that the entire auditorium had to be cleared so the paying customers could enter for the late-night concert.

What happened in the Roundhouse was but another demonstration of the enormous crevasse that divides the British 'politicos' and the 'cultural chauvinists'. The former call for an altruistic revolution for 'the workers, the peasants, the homeless . . . everybody but themselves, and the latter deny that a revolution is necessary at all. The point that both groups miss is that the revolution is for 'the oppressed' and that includes everyone who doesn't

have control over his own life. Paying rent, getting arrested for dope, being exploited by the 'culture vultures', record companies, rock promoters, clothing manufacturers, the Roundhouse), being denied employment on the basis of physical appearance, are all forms of oppression. They may not be as blatant or immediate as poor factory conditions, no housing, or being attacked by foreign troops, but just as real. When both groups realize this, the cultural chauvinists will become cultural revolutionaries, and the young politicians will cease to be social voyeurs and begin fighting for themselves.

MIKE BOARD.

The above meeting substituted, at short notice, for the Central Hall meeting.

Brainwashed Babies

Continued from page 3

American schools (and intelligence tests are dubious enough as it is, see the recent correspondence in these columns), and the forms, duly filled in, will then be forwarded to a computer, which will then indicate which children are candidates for the brainwashing course, the concentration camp and finally, possibly, the gas chamber.

To see a scientific society that can send men to the moon classifying people in this way, as if they were slaves or untouchables, is an alarming prospect. The Assyrians, the Romans, the Mayans, etc., are all very well in the history books. Their societies were technically primitive, by our standards in any case, and they only controlled relatively small areas of the earth. For a modern nation to adopt their standards, without the excuse of being exposed to plague, famine and so forth, is a kind of treason. The very science which has made the ineffable Dr. Hutschnecker possible is threatened by this development. He is in the position rather of one who saws off the branch of a tree while sitting on it. For science depends for its ability to continue, and to make progress, on a society that is at least to some degree open, permitting free experiment and enquiry. A society of concentration camps, rigid social stratification, shaven-headed interplanetary samurai and superstitution dressed up as science, will be static and headed for decay.

A.W.U.

Contact

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

Drug Dependents' Care Group needs accommodation. Flats or Houses with understanding landlords. Offers or help to Liz Johnson, 2 Bullfinch Close, Riverhead, Sevenoaks, Kent. Also meetings alternate Thursdays, July 2, 16, etc., 7.30 p.m., 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1. Jumble is needed to raise funds, and any offers to visit drug offenders in Prison and Remand Homes. Contact Liz Johnson 0732 51061.

Orpington Group — Meeting Saturday, June 27 at 3 o'clock.

Any Comrade wanting a Continental holiday with beautiful scenery available, a fine library of Anarchist books in many languages—about 150 books and pamphlets in English—and very friendly comrades, should visit CIRA (International Centre for Research on Anarchism), Beaumont 24, 1012 Lausanne, Switzerland. Sleeping bag accommodation could even be arranged if good notice is given of intended visit.

Bristol Group. Anyone interested in getting a group together contact: Alex Bird, 59 Belvoir Road, St. Andrews, Bristol. Also could 'Roderick' contact me as soon as possible.

'Anarchy' numbers 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 10, 26, 30, 96, 98 wanted to complete collection. Can offer numbers 39 and 48. Contact Andrew Nicolson, 12a The Pryors, East Heath Road, London, N.W.3 (01-435 1389).

Going to Canada to Avoid the Draft? You need the new March, 1970 edition of 'Immigration to Canada and its Relation to the Draft and the Military'. Single copies free from the Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters, Case Postale 5, Succursale Westmount, Montreal 215, Quebec, Canada.

Industrial Democracy. Conference held in Toronto in March. The speeches delivered range from collective bargaining to workers' control and they have been collected into a book, 'Industrial Democracy and Canadian Labour', 14/- inc. postage (send international money order, from Post Office) Praxis, Research Institute for Social Change, 373 Huron Street, Toronto 181, Ontario, Canada.

Notting Hill Libertarian Society. Meetings every Monday at 7.30 p.m., upstairs room of 'The Ladbroke', Ladbroke Crescent, Ladbroke Grove, W.11. Nearest tube station Ladbroke Grove. Correspondence to Sebastian Scragg, 10 Bassett Road, W.10.

Spartacus Theatre Group meets Tuesday and Friday evenings at St. Philip's Church Hall in Whitewell Road (off Balaam Street, Plaistow). For further information phone 472 7139 and ask for Alan.

Black Flag Bookshop opening soon. 1 Wilne Street, Leicester. Anarchist and secondhand books.

Comrades in Southern England needed to picket/leaflet Cornwall holiday routes (A.30 and A.38), main line stations, etc. First co-ordinated weekend, Saturday, July 4. More details from Close Nancekuke Now, 42 Pendarves Street, Beacon, Camborne, Cornwall.

Oxford Anarchists. New group being formed, contact Dave Archard, Corpus Christi College, or John Humphries, Balliol.

'The Alternative Election' — Anarcho-Syndicalism; illustrated poster available, 4/- post free or 7 copies for a guinea. From Syndicalist Workers Federation, c/o 18 Scoresdale, 13 Beulah Hill, London, S.E.19.

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.

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

Badges? Contact Pendarves Workshop, 42 Pendarves Street, Beacon, Camborne; tel. Camborne 3061. Red and Black or plain Black, 2/6 each or 10 for 10/-.