

IN SPITE of, or because of, the absence of the British government on holiday peace has broken out in two trouble areas. Egypt and Israel have started separate discussions, and initiated a cease-fire and West Germany and the Soviet Union are on the verge of signing a friendship treaty. In case anyone thinks that world peace has dawned and a new reign of brotherly love we would remind them that the Vietnam war and its Cambodian side-show is still going on, religious

discussions are still continuing in Ireland, Turks and Greeks are still having trouble in Cyprus, former citizens of Biafra are still starving and the war of the State against the Citizen still continues in the Soviet Union, in Greece, in Texas, in Notting Hill or wherever such apparatus has been set up.

The 'peace' of Egypt-Israel and W. Germany-USSR is not beyond understanding. Egypt-Israel is notoriously a puppet-war between client-states, and the puppet-masters

PEACE ON EARTH?

have decided to see if they can relax the strings. In the same way the USSR needs to relax its strings upon Eastern Germany and try to protect Russia's western flank by having non-hostile neighbours. The USSR, like the USA, is worried about China. That other harbinger of 'peace'—the SALT talks on limitation of weapons between the USA and USSR—is another plastic olive branch; its concern is with not destroying the balance of power but making it a durable structure.

The Arab states have made suitable noises but the sheikhs are too concerned about their vulnerable oil revenues and vulnerable pipelines to sanction an all-out war against Israel. The guerillas are highly expendable and, what is more, can be repudiated if they get too bloody. Israel is utterly dependent upon the United States for arms (and a large proportion of private financing by Zionists) in the same way that Egypt is dependent upon the USSR for the SAM missiles which have pushed the balance of power more evenly in Egypt's

favour.

But the fearful irony borne in upon the USSR and the USA after their joint acceptance of world power is that in the client-state relationship the master-state is in the power of the client-state. The USA is concerned what happens to Israel, the USSR is concerned with what happens to Egypt. Both have money and technicians invested in their respective 'spheres of influence'; both have prestige to lose in the defeat or abasement of their 'client'. However the 'client' can get too clamorous, its demands may be too exacting and a USSR preoccupied with the Chinese threat and a USA taken up with internal troubles may tell their clients to go and roll their hoops. It will be remembered that the Russians allowed Cuba to go without her defensive missiles on an arrangement to withdraw US missiles from Turkey and Greece who were presumably left equally defenceless.

The West Germans have presumably swallowed a lot of pride to approach a Friendship Pact with the USSR but what must the East

Germans, raised on an exclusive diet of hating West Germans, eat now? This has the same familiar ring as the Soviet-Nazi pact of 1939. Is this where we came in?

In the same way that Winston Churchill, that convinced anti-Bolshevik, blithely signed an Anglo-Soviet treaty saying he would make a pact with the devil if necessary, great States will do anything to perpetuate their own power and existence, if necessary.

Peace on earth will never be produced by states; they merely maintain the absence of open war. Diplomacy is a manoeuvring for positions from which wars can be more advantageously directed.

The power blocks of the world may, in due course, produce a unified system of world government but we will not end the war of the state against the individual by making a super-state. Only the individual will resist the state will end this, the ultimate war.

JACK ROBINSON.

Keeping Wages Down

ONE OF THE PLATFORMS on which the present Government was elected was that it would hold down price increases. Since its election it has not had very much success. Prices continue to rise and now that the dock strike is over, the Tories can no longer point the finger there. However, we as anarchists should not blame the Government for this situation in the sense that as with all political parties, they make promises which they cannot possibly keep.

This week has seen the Government ministers going through the motions of persuading the captains of both nationalised and private industries of the necessity of keeping wage increases to a minimum. According to an official statement, the purpose was 'an exchange of views on the economic situation with particular relation to the problem of cost inflation'. A further meeting with leading employers is planned. The chiefs of these industries agreed that it was essential for the present inflationary trend in pay settlements to be brought under control. They said that this was necessary 'if the present rise in prices was to be slowed down and economic growth encouraged'.

Some national newspapers, the *Guardian* for instance, have tried to create the impression that there are differences of opinion about wages between the Government, the heads of the nationalised industries and Lord Robens, of the National Coal Board, in particular. But Lord Robens only said that he was against any wage freeze and would only apply it if it was statutory.

STUPID BLUNDER

The chairmen of the nationalised industries are annoyed about the emphasis that the Tory Government was putting on the public sector of industry as far as holding down wage increases was concerned. Mr. Carr, Secretary for Employment and Productivity, who was so highly praised during the dock strike for doing nothing, really made a blunder by giving the impression that he expected the public sector to face the brunt alone, without Government aid. This upset these chairmen, whose political inclinations lie, if anywhere, with the Labour Party.

This was a stupid blunder on the part of the Tories, because although they really want the public sector to set an example, they should not give this away so openly. Added to this, the Tories had to hurriedly arrange a meeting with the Trade Union Congress chiefs because they had quite forgotten all about the very people who are making all these inflationary wage claims.

This last week has really been a fine example of government by amateurs, quite unlike the professionals who have now taken to the opposition benches. This unfortunately does not mean that the Tories are a push-over as far as members of the trade unions are concerned. No doubt Mr. Carr will learn fast and will court the support of the leaders of the public sector of industry in the future.

It is ironic that it is always the

nationalised industries who are expected to set an example in holding down wage increases for these industries are supposed to be under public ownership and belong to the people. As we know to our cost, this is far from the truth as they are run on the same profit motive basis as any privately-owned company. The difference is that people like Mr. Partridge, the President of the Confederation of British Industry, the main employers' organisation, expect the public sector to act as the first line of defence. They expect the Government, no matter what its political persuasion is, to set an example and keep wage increases down to a minimum for nationalised industries. If this is achieved then it obviously has tremendous advantages for them in that it helps to keep down the prices charged by the public sector for the raw materials and the services they provide to the private sector. It also gives them a better chance to resist such increases themselves. In fact the private employers want it both ways and the Government and State are there to assist and to see that they get just that.

For the trade unionist, the only course open to him, whoever the employer or government, is to achieve the highest return for his labour by whatever means are available to him. Ever since men and women have worked for wages because of economic necessity, it has been necessary for them to struggle not only for the highest return, but also for social justice. This still holds true today.

'NATIONAL' INTEREST

In all western industrialised countries inflation is a problem. Respective governments are warning workers that wages cannot continue to increase at the present rate. Each tries to gain a national competitive edge on the rest by telling their respective working populations that it is against the 'national interest' to make 'inflationary' wage claims, when what they really mean is that it is against the interest of the employers.

But capital today exceeds the confines of national boundaries. The competition which is supposed to be the very lifeblood of capitalism is fast becoming a vast monopoly. The sad fact is that only a small section of workers are aware of this, while the vast majority think only in national terms. Anarchism is nothing if it is not international. The socialists have long forgotten this and only talk of reforms being handed down from above. But to fulfil the desire for social justice which lies dormant in the hearts of men, it is necessary for workers to rely on their own efforts and the methods of direct action. It is a fact that brotherhood and solidarity exists between workers on an international level, as was shown during the dock strike.

Strikes always show how weak the employers and the State are in the face of a refusal by workers to continue work. Our task, as anarchists, is to point out that this power can be used to bring an end to the system whereby a few live by the toil of the majority.

P.T.

RUBBER BULLETS

NO DOUBT you have heard tell even over in Britain that the newest weapon that is to be used in the six occupied counties of my country (Ireland) are 'rubber bullets fired from a gas gun'. The English wireless says coyly that these will 'bruise and perhaps knock down but not break a man's leg' (my italics).

Radio Telifis Eirann says they will break a man's leg.

Neither say anything about the legs of children, or the old, or the weak and feeble. Neither comments upon the fact that once knocked down in a rampaging crowd of snatch squads of riot troops in heavy boots, police, to say nothing of the terrified fleeing mob, many people may in fact receive worse injuries than broken legs. Suffocation, broken backs and smashed up heads for example.

The British are proud of this new weapon. They say it will have damaging psychological factors and that the mob will not know whether a real bullet or a rubber one is being fired and will panic.

Add to the see-through shields, the water cannon, the real bullets, the batons and Uncle John Cobbley and all, now



in the hands of the British Troops in the six counties and it becomes crystal clear that the six counties are being used to train British troops in the brutality that it is so necessary (apparently) for all soldiers to know in these days. The Saracens that crush innocent men to death, the jeeps, tanks and all the rest and what hope have a small minority against the huge Law and Order so-and-sos?

Mr. Roy Bradford, Minister for Commerce has actually boasted: 'The rioters use new techniques these days. The

Army are finding new techniques too, and they have learned a lot. Who knows it might be London next, and the Army now know how to deal with it.' Watch out Comrades. They've learned on us but will perfect their techniques at home on you.

Spare a little pity for the wretched soldiers too. Illiterate youths unable to find any work, and with the old bait of a 'Field-Marshal's Baton in every private's pack' and all the rest of the nauseating propaganda, and then consistently trained in brutality and more and more and more brutality. You may not believe in a God but you must one and all surely believe in a Devil.

H.

NIXON AT THE MOVIES

THE BAKUNIN FOUNDATION of Whitechapel has announced that it hopes to make funds available for a study into the effects of TV and film violence on the behaviour of 'politicians'.

The initial cause of this has been a series of alarming reports from America on the activities of a shadowy figure living in the Washington area, known to his pay-roll cronies as 'President' Nixon.

Believed to be a failed used-car salesman, Nixon has acquired a reputation as a man willing to lie, cheat and countenance mass-murder in order to get his hands on a transparent substance known as 'power'.

The immediate question confronting investigators is this: Is Nixon basically a sick, irrational and anti-social animal by quirk of nature, or is he genuinely suffering from the effects of viewing violent scenes on the screen?

The day following intensive viewing of the film 'Patton'—a bloody glorification of a megalomaniac General known as 'Old Blood-and-Guts'—Nixon dispatched thousands of armed men, accompanied by fleets of aircraft, on a ruthless rape-and-burn mission into Cambodia.

And in the same period of 'frenzy'—believed to be worsened by the effects of alcohol—he was heard to publicly categorise all opponents as 'bums', giving a pre-arranged signal for his armed henchmen to shoot down four students in his own backyard.

Shortly after, presumably as the effects of 'Patton' subsided, Nixon regretted the students' deaths and announced he would withdraw from Cambodia, any imme-

diated need for excitement being satisfied by a war in next-door Vietnam.

But there is apparently a tragic addiction to high-level stimuli of this kind and in recent days Nixon has had recourse to yet another dose: this time a Western starring John Wayne. Wayne is loosely identified as 'right-wing', with an ultra-simplistic 'bang-bang' view of morality.

This aroused in Nixon an urgent need to once more act-out his latest screen fantasy: in this case the 'good guy' slinging on a six-gun to shoot it out with a mythical 'bad guy' on Main Street.

So Nixon—also a failed-lawyer—stood up and announced that a man undergoing trial for his life on a murder charge was 'Guilty': thus making a mockery of the trial and of all his past talk about 'justice' and 'democracy'.

Once again, as daylight came and the frenzy passed, Nixon withdrew his words. Sadly, there is no possibility of withdrawing his actions in Cambodia, Vietnam and America itself and the dead must remain dead.

Inspired leaks from the Bakunin Foundation suggest that the conclusion follows lines that anarchists have long been aware of.

Let Nixon watch as many blood-and-thunder films as his system can take. But let us make certain that neither he, nor any other 'politician', is in such a position of power that humanity is the victim of his violent compulsions and fantasies.

HARRY HARMER.

Riff-Raff

WHILST STAYING in John and April Marjoram's cottage it was easy to see how the food grown in their small garden, and a larger stretch of land fifty feet in length and about twenty feet wide—given to them because the owner didn't use it—could feed a family of four throughout the summer and autumn at least. Seeds are very reasonable at a shilling a packet for common vegetables and time taken is little, though often.

Looking in secondhand shops and visiting jumble sales you can find the old but useful Penguin guides with such titles as *The Vegetable Growers Handbook*; *Tree Fruit Growing*; *Your Smallholding*; *Poultry Farming*. Also you often find older but valuable gardening books for a few shillings whereas new ones with photographs and drawings cost pounds.

Nobody suggests that land communes are the answer to society's authoritarian base—be it communist or democratic—but we can make ourselves more independent of shopkeepers and food factories; and at the same time develop an outlet for our naturally-grown food-stuffs. It also is an experience of satisfaction to city people seeing their own food growing—and a source of backache maybe?

BITMAN

If you are printing a magazine or producing goods to sell you ought to send for a copy of *Bitman* which gives outlets throughout the country and is an essential reference book to have handy. It is from the BIT information office (spawned from *IT*) at 141 Westbourne Park Road, London, W.11 (tel. 01-229 8219), 3s. post free.

HARDLY ANY BOOKS

Since the time I was stupid enough

to be in the army when I bought two 10 in. LPs of Ida Cox and Blind Lemon Jefferson, up to the present with the records of Joan Baez and Judy Collins, I have been a recordplayer addict (see how nobody now uses 'gramophone') but never really catching up either with fashions or fan-clubs. Such a quantity of good new records by good old artists, singers and showmen, are produced that I just envy the record-reviewers and listen to odd tracks on Mike Raven's or John Peel's programme. But if I could afford more records here are my most wanted top ten:

1. *Dangerous Songs*—Pete Seeger.
2. *The Things I Notice Now*—Tom Paxton.
3. *Any Day Now* (2 LPs of Dylan Songs)—Joan Baez.
4. *The Asch Recordings* (of American Singers)—on FOLKWAYS.
5. *UnHalfBricking*—Fairport Convention.
6. *Volunteered Slavery*—Roland Kirk.
7. *Electric Music*—Country Joe and The Fish.
8. *The Fugs*—Tuli Kupferberg/Ed Sanders, etcetera.
9. *Things We Did On Our Holidays*—Judy Collins.
10. *Woodstock Albums* (3 LPs) and
11. *Selfportrait*—Bob Dylan.

It is interesting that in many a young person's room today, apart from clothes, a record player is the main outstanding piece of furniture. Printed matter gets little space and it's difficult to say whether this is good or not. But it is a fact.

JOINT ISSUE

New Departures and *Resurgence* magazines came together for one issue which contains mainly poems; in continuation of Mike Horowitz's *Children*

of a nonviolent struggle which sees its main goal as consistent with those goals of government. Inevitably little happens but endless training courses. In my experience although the theory is obviously a help the practice is the real test, and it would seem that the remnants of the peace movement are so uncertain as to their demands and policies that few are drawn into thought or action.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT

Peace News publish good pamphlets in between their spate of publications on nonviolent strategy, which critically accept the existing institutions of government and governors. Or at any rate accept the democratic structures as being feasible for a nationalistic 'civilian defence' which seems to me to have nothing whatsoever to do with what pacifists have traditionally struggled for, or to be a suitable policy to attract support from any other than those already in official positions of military or civilian power. Of course pacifists need to think imaginatively and radically since their role is revolutionary in any existing society. This misunderstanding, or political unawareness, leads them into

Of course only the soldiers can really tell you how it feels to be in the Army. Only the homeless how it is to be without a home. If you are relatively content with your lot you will become restless and eager to support actions on other people's behalf; if you cannot organize your own actions out of your own experiences you will very likely be drawn into political struggles of others; so beware that they are not aiming for a totally different society from the one you are striving to create. One *Peace News* pamphlet every anarchist should have to read and sell is Thoreau's *Resistance To Civilian Government*, commonly called *On The Duty Of Civil Disobedience*. Another Thoreau essay, *Life Without Principle*, should be republished by someone, for it is just as important and useful today: 'If a man walk in the woods for love of them half of each day, he is in danger of

spends his whole day as a speculator shearing off these woods and making earth bald before her time he is esteemed an industrious and enterprising citizen. As if a town had no interest in its forests but to cut them down.' *Peace News Pamphlets*, 2s., can be had from 5 Caledonian Road, London, N.1. (Housman's Bookshop.)

HOPELESS TASK

Reading David Wills' biography of *Homer Lane* for the second time—finding it in the local library—makes me realize how hopeless the claims of those running detention centres and borstals are in their rehabilitation of young prisoners, except in the sense of accustoming them to violence and lies; obedience and punishment. More hopeful is the acceptance of some libertarian ideas within ordinary schools and the Penguin editions of A. S. Neill's *Summerhill* and John Holt's *How Children Fail* and *How Children Learn*. But it still rests with the inmates to really change things radically from the bottom up! Be it school or detention centre, the institutionalized must change the institutions. All four of these from Freedom Bookshop.

DENNIS GOULD.

The Modern Press Gang

CIVIL LIBERTIES AND SERVICE RECRUITMENT, prepared by Ken Young for the National Council for Civil Liberties, July 1970.

IN THE OLD DAYS soldiers and sailors were simply kidnapped outright. The recruiting sergeant made the ploughboy drunk, and when he recovered his wits the hapless fellow found that he had 'taken the King's shilling' and was now a soldier. The press-gang ravaged the seaports and coasts. Able-bodied men took to the hills. Even merchantmen, British and foreign, were stopped upon the high seas, and likely-looking men were taken off them, for the service of King George. Stirring times!

Nowadays we are more subtle. The authorities know full well that few men will join the services of their own free will, if they are in their right minds. So they are induced to enlist at fifteen, filled up with propaganda about the manliness of the life, and persuaded to sign on (in effect) until the age of thirty. 'Buying oneself out' is more a privilege than a right, and permission may not be granted, or the price raised to an impossible level.

At fifteen or sixteen the young person usually still has a child's sense of time. It hardly seems to pass at all. The future barely exists. The idea that one's tastes may change later on seems absurd. The idea that one may be a different person at twenty-five from what one was at fifteen is difficult to conceive. This pamphlet produced by the NCCL is part of a campaign this organisation has been waging for several years against the practice of enlisting boy soldiers and sailors in this way, and it contains a number of accounts by young men and their parents of what happened when the glamour of service life began to wear off.

The NCCL is not a pacifist or anti-militarist organisation, and it does not propose that the social ritual of warfare should be discarded, like head-hunting, thugery, slavery, duelling and other civilised customs which mankind has in some countries given up without any noticeably bad effects. Nevertheless it does suggest less rigorous terms of enlistment, which seem to be working satisfactorily—if that is the right word—in other countries. It proposes a four-year term of engagement. 'We see this as a temporary palliative, pending a planned shift of the recruiting emphasis away from the school-leaver, and toward the mature man. If entry schemes for trained men can be made sufficiently attractive, it should be possible in the long run to completely cease the recruitment of boys into the armed forces.'

Though we may as anarchists feel that there is no point in having any armed forces at all, this does represent an advance of a kind. I suppose it is an advance that men are no longer flogged in the services. These improvements in human life have to be fought for piecemeal. It is a depressing thought.

The author writes, 'I would like to say that in four years with the NCCL I have not dealt with an issue which has produced such a terrible harvest of human misery: desertion, suicide, self-inflicted injury, delinquency, broken homes and the depths of despair. For these are the reactions of a number, albeit a minority of recruits, whose immature decision to enlist made them captive to a vicious system which puts administrative convenience before individual needs and aspirations.'

At the end of the pamphlet it is suggested that there should be a military Ombudsman and a soldiers' trade union.

Incredibly there are such things in some countries. 'Soldiers' unions have existed in Norway since 1847, Denmark since the 1930s, Germany since 1955 and Austria since 1956. The recent World Conference of Soldiers' Trade Unions is an illustration of what will come to be accepted as the norm in all civilised societies.'

This sounds rather like having a Torturers' Guild, as they did in the Middle Ages. A world-wide General Strike of soldiers organised by the WCSTU is a delicious idea. However, when the lives of young men are being ruined one should not be facetious. Let us wish this campaign success, bearing in mind however that the authorities will think up some new swindle when they have finally been compelled to let the boy-soldiers go. This will require yet another campaign, and so on.

A.W.U.

(The new address of the National Council for Civil Liberties is: 152 Camden High Street, London, N.W.1. Telephone: 485 9497.)

Militancy Pays Off

THE PEOPLE LIVING in the houses overlooking the elevated Westway motorway in North Kensington have won only a partial victory. The Greater London Council has said that they will only rehouse the occupants of eight houses. This means, in the words of the Walmer Road Action Committee, 'The motorway battle has only just started'. They are now planning disruption of the traffic.

What the campaign in North Kensington has done is to show that militancy pays off. Those still affected will not give up until they are rehoused and, in doing so, show the way for other people who are equally affected in London and other cities.

While the residents of Acklam Road are planning a celebration party for Saturday, those who live in Walmer Road are continuing the struggle. On Sunday they demonstrated on the motorway. The police made four arrests, they were charged with highway obstruction.

The GLC have only agreed to rehouse people from eight houses in Acklam Road. They claim they will do this immediately, but in GLC terms this could amount to months. *The Golborne*, the information sheet of the Social Rights Committee, says it was a 'combination of action and pressure which helped to win for us the unanswerable case that Acklam Road should be rehoused at the earliest possible moment.'

This still has to be achieved by the people of Walmer Road and by others who live in houses bordering motorways. Walmer Road started in earnest on Sunday to show the authorities that they have not given up. Other people suffering the same plight will have to form their own committees and fight similar campaigns, methods which are beginning to bear fruit in North Kensington.

J.W.

P.T.

Portugal and the Freedom Fighters

PORTUGAL, the poorest country in Europe, owns the largest colonial empire in the world today. Since 1961 Portugal has been waging bloody wars against the peoples of its African colonies. In 1961 Portugal had 35,000 troops stationed in Africa. Today the total is 122,000 (55,000 in Angola, 40,000 in Mozambique and 27,000 in Guinea-Bissau), an increase of 350% in eight years. In relation to the population of Portugal, this number far exceeds that of American troops in Vietnam. Further Western arms flow to Portugal via NATO, which Portugal uses for her colonial wars in Africa. In fact, Portugal's military budget takes up 45% of the National Income.

Portugal has only been able to carry on the war through the massive support of Western capitalist countries which now control the economies of Angola and Mozambique. Last year the head of a Board of Trade mission to ANGOLA stated that Britain wanted to increase its economic 'co-operation' with Angola and was looking for an opportunity to increase its investments there. Western economic complicity is seen most dramatically in the prominent role of the Gulf Oil Corporation (USA) in the sphere of Angolan oil.

In Mozambique itself, the biggest sugar producer in the Portuguese colonies accounting for 70% of total output, is the largely British-owned Corporation, SENA SUGAR ESTATES LTD. It doubled its profit before tax between 1966 and 1968 from £907,000 to £1,814,000. Sena Sugar Estates Ltd. employ 25,000 Africans and although forced labour is supposed to have been abolished in law, a UN Special Committee could find 'little or no substantial change in the daily lives of the indigenous inhabitants'. The minimum wage even for an African 'skilled' worker is only about £9 per month, while the minimum wage for a European skilled worker is about £25 per month.

Worse still is the fact that Barclays Bank DCO is helping to finance the notorious Cabora Bassa Dam. The aim of this project is to prevent the FRE-LIMO liberation forces from taking over the rest of their country. A lake of 150 miles will be formed by the dam, rendering 24,000 Africans landless and homeless, to be removed to 'protected villages'. Portugal is talking of attracting as many as one million settlers (white of course)

to populate the rich, newly irrigated land. Participation in this project will weaken sanctions against Rhodesia even more. The National Export Council of Rhodesia says that the Cabora Bassa Dam is 'one of the greatest opportunities to present itself to our industry for many years'. GUEST, KEEN & NETTLE-FOLD (GKN) is also involved in Cabora Bassa. It has just set up a new subsidiary in Mozambique—GKN mills. According to a South Africa release, it is 'expected to play an important part in supplying equipment for the Cabora Bassa scheme'.

Yet, despite the concerted efforts of the imperialists, it is in the Portuguese territories that the armed struggle is furthest advanced; this is true of Mozambique, Angola, and in Guinea, where the PAIGC now controls two-thirds of the territory.

The struggle in the Portuguese colonies is vital to the WHOLE of Africa.

The activities of the Imperialists must be EXPOSED and STOPPED.

SOUTHERN AFRICA COMMISSION.
Libertarians Against Apartheid.



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Fun on Radio & Television

FUN, ON TELEVISION, is a rare commodity. Children's programmes have the pick with the magnificent Basil Brush and Sooty also has good programmes although the real quality of Harry Corbett's creation has dimmed. When Charlie Chaplin or Laurel and Hardy films are shown (without commentary), the art of fun, its delicacy and punch, are there for warm eyes to view. But what else is there?

The 'Not in Front of the Children' type make one heave and 'The Dustbin-men' is just that bit too cruel. 'It's a Knockout' tries to be fun but, although preferable to real sport, it has lost out because the competition has become all and the laughs get fewer and fewer—quite sexy sometimes without meaning to be though. Lovely, spunky Lulu is fun too, of course, but she's not quite in the business for fun and Ronnie Barker's 'Hark at Barker' has some very amusing sketches but there are far too many passages which sag limply. That lunatic, Marty Feldman, may reach towards the Chaplinesque heights if he can lose his sex obsession. The speed, wit and social comment of Marty's programmes give one a content that is a bit more than fun, however, and 'Steptoe' gets too morbid and sad to fit the bill.

Radio, since the Goons, has had little fun. Just list 'Brothers in Law', 'The

Clitheroe Kid', 'The Men from the Ministry' and 'The Navy Lark', and one's spirits are lower than they are when one thinks of the quiz programmes which should be fun but turn out all educational or idiotic. Perhaps the reason for all this is that fun needs excess of spirit and real ability, those with real ability usually opt for something else.

I heard Michael Frayn on a programme the other day and there we have a great fun-maker. Have advertising smoothies ever been laughed at with greater effect? It must be harder than is generally thought to transfer written fun onto the screen or radio. 'Peanuts' is very good as a strip cartoon but the stage version never gained much applause. Likewise I cannot imagine Flook on the box, he even looks all wrong as a student mascot.

Who is there suggesting sex is fun on the media? Princess Anne or Charles lack that erotic spark methinks but the girl dancers on 'Top of the Pops' seem to know if one is to judge from their work-outs. 'Pan's People' on this show can give quite a performance and the Young Generation aren't so bad sometimes. Eartha Kitt and Shirley Bassey pass as well.

NEW STATESMAN—OLD LIES

AFTER A FEW WEEKS at the *New Statesman*, the gossip-sheet for politically-aware NW3, Richard Crossman is grubbing around for what politicians like to call an 'issue'—that is, a great smokescreen through which they can dart back into a position of power.

Even the most incurably naive would never believe it if the Labour Party began mumbling vaguely about 'socialism' again. So Crossman's nimble mind has leapt on the fears engendered by the possibility of Britain 'joining' Europe.

Though there was a resounding silence over this during the July elections, Crossman has realised that discontent could be politically useful to Labour. Naturally, as far as we are concerned, this is little more than the inevitable attempt to get back as the 'party of the people'.

But to get the point across to his more intellectual friends, to lay a theoretical path for future trends, Crossman drags in what passes for a discussion on the nature of 'democracy'.

According to ex-SS Minister Crossman one of the 'unmentionable truths' of Parliamentary democracy is the reactionary frame of mind of the British voter.

As he sees it, only the 'liberal elite' holds the masses back from an orgasmic frenzy of flogging, deporting blacks, hanging, strike-banning, and torturing homosexuals and unmarried mothers. Which wouldn't exactly help the Balance of Payments problem!

We may all be peasants—though unfortunately very necessary because where else do the votes come from?—but Crossman stresses that true radicals and democrats (presumably all *New Statesman* subscribers) don't have to worry because we are living in a 'delegated democracy'.

Which means we are not living in a democracy at all. That marking one cross on a ballot slip has about as much relationship to political involvement as putting eight on a pools coupon. We've always known this but it's as

well to get it from the horse's mouth. The trick of the vote is that while giving a momentary illusion of control it effectively detaches all responsibility and initiative from the individual, taking it to some higher realm—hopefully liberal elite—from where all goodness flows. Which leaves you and me as observers and victims of events.

Sad, but there's just no other way of organising decision-making, says Crossman, at the same time consolidating his reputation as Britain's answer to Goebbels. (The idea of propaganda is this: you present just one possible alternative to the goods you are selling. You make that so patently absurd that, in fact, you offer no alternative at all.)

So Crossman immediately sweeps aside the mass meeting as simply 'gullible'—no facts mind, you just take his word for it. In one way he is plausible: what more gullible mass meeting could there be than the House of Commons? They even believe their own lies, which is an achievement.

He ignores, understandably, the obvious fact that no individual is 'gullible' when he is in a position of complete equality, where he can freely make a real decision concerning his own interests.

This supposed gullibility only arises in an authoritarian structure, this society for example, where there are political and economic interests standing to profit from lying and distorting the truth. In a free society this would not exist.

Obviously, the problem for Anarchists is, as ever, to help people understand that they themselves, contrary to what Authority has deceived them into believing, really are capable of realising what is best for themselves and acting upon their own decisions.

Crossman ignores all this, not that we expect anything else, and presents as the propagandist's 'absurd alternative', the Aunt Sally for his silver tongue, the idea of a perpetual series of referenda on every conceivable subject of mass concern.

Tut-tut, says liberal-elitist Crossman,

just look at those Frenchies across the water. All their referenda come up with right-wing conclusions. Peasants, certainly not the sort of people who'd read the *New Statesman*.

So, he reasons, if Britain had a referendum on the Common Market then we'd have to set one up for everything and that would open the gates to hordes of Enochs and Whitehouses lurking in every street.

It would have been more to the point if, discussing France, Crossman had considered what happened when the French workers went one step ahead and found themselves at a stage where the whole farce of Parliaments, Presidents and referenda just wasn't in it.

What about the 1968 factory occupations? And the committees of workers, peasants and students that effectively (without much gullibility) controlled such areas as Loire-Atlantique? Here was the possibility of a real alternative to decaying authority, something living on the very brink of social revolution.

But that wouldn't possibly help in the opportunist masquerade that Crossman hopes will bring his party groping back to power. And power is the name of the game: what they do with it is secondary to acquiring it.

If he really wanted to raise a laugh, Crossman might have suggested Government by Opinion Poll as an alternative—which, incidentally, was one of the ideas bandied about during the Czech 'liberalisation' of 1968.

THIS WEEK IN IRELAND

THE MAJOR HORROR has been the shooting of a 19-year-old in the New Lodge Road area of Belfast. I cannot think any reader of *FREEDOM* will believe the lies about this as reported by the English press and BBC.

What really happened was the army went to a pub (a small number of them) and started a bit of a row there. They then said they had received a 999 call while in this Republican-owned pub 'The Starry Plough'. No one can prove or disprove this, naturally, but judging by the speed with which Saracens, etc., came pouring into the area by every route it was a planned coup, no doubt a sop to the Orange Lodges who are suffering under the ban and must be appeased by an army whose C-in-C is now hand in glove with Stormont.

CS gas was used, and an eye-witness, an elderly woman watching from her window who was but a few yards away when the incident occurred, says a few youths were gathered just talking. Daniel O'Hagan was one of them. Three soldiers opened fire with NO WARNING. Two bullets missed but Daniel was killed. An officer, she states, called to the men to stop and they ran off helter-skelter down a side street.

At the very most nine petrol bombs were thrown, one observer puts it as low as four. Mr. Devlin, the MP for that district, says, 'How can one believe the army statements, remembering they swore that during the last riots they had shot "three definite snipers".' (When it transpired two of the dead men were in fact run over and crushed to death by Saracens, and the other, a Polish-born naturalized Briton, was a freelance photographer who was taking pictures.) It is obvious the army is now behaving in the manner so familiar to all men when they put on a uniform and becoming brutal, egged on by the present Conservative Government in Westminster who have always backed the hard-liners in Stormont WHATEVER THEY SAY. The writer prophesies gloomily that by next Easter we will have Powell Prime Minister in Westminster, Paisley in Stormont and Haughey in the Dail.

On Wednesday there came into Dublin the 'Plymouth Rock', an American amphibian ship of enormous size. Every evening it was picketed by members of the Voice of Vietnam, Sinn Fein, the Connolly Youth Movement and the other left-wing groups.

Songs such as 'Have no fear of escalation', etc., were played over a loud-speaker, speeches condemning American policy were made, and each evening ended with the 'Internationale' as the flag came down.

The last evening was made hideous by a group of Fascist-organized kids who banged chains on a crane and shouted and yelled in an effort to drown all the protesters said or sang. They were organized by two very unpleasant men, one of whom swore at the writer in Irish. She retaliated in the same language which surprised him. Earlier she had

Crossman, as a liberal-elitist, must gather most of his thoughts about the sentiments of that vague entity 'the people' from such polls. The fact that he and his friends are no longer cavorting in Ministerial Bentleys ought to give him an idea just how reliable they are!

Crossman's reasoning goes like this: Labour wants power. For this it requires an 'issue' and the Common Market is the only one on the horizon. A referendum would be useless because it takes the whole thing out of the party political game—so this, and any other alternative to Parliament, is dismissed out of hand.

The idea now is that Labour will shortly begin to make strange noises expressing 'deep concern' over developments in negotiations, culminating in an attempt to rally anti-Market feeling around the return to power of a Labour Government.

Let's make sure no one is fooled again. We may be 'reactionary peasants' in the shelter of the polling booth—its reactionary nature demands that—but on the streets and in the factories we can be revolutionaries. As the 'peasants' of France were and those of Italy will be.

Labour offers us as much as any other political party—nothing but high-grade lies. So stuff your 'delegated democracy' in a back-number of the *New Statesman* Crossman, and your referendum too. We want a revolution and workers' control.

The united Europe we're interested in is the free federation that can come only after a successful social revolution. Anything else is simply a consolidation of the power of humanity's twin enemies—authority and exploitation.

HARRY HARMER.

tried to get the Garda Inspector to arrest him for verbal assault. The Inspector, well known to her, refused even to reply to her complaint. The law as ever was on the side of the Fascist foreigner.

One small triumph later was when three of the ship's marines came into OUR pub. They received such a battery of verbal abuse that they left in a hurry sans drinks.

Two of the marines got mildly shot while over here as they returned along the quay to the ship. One paper has invented a high-faluting, and non-existent society as the culprits. In hard fact they had contacted a ponce and then refused to pay him the agreed sum for services rendered.

Miss Deirdre McMahon, one of the students who occupied Hume Street in the attempt to prevent the takeover by the English speculator Marcus Leavy, brought an action for assault against Mr. William Kavanagh, a nasty piece of works who runs a band of private thugs ready to do any dirty eviction job or similar at the drop of a hat. He struck her and knocked her down when, on the morning at the crack o' dawn eviction, she rushed to the help of her sister who was badly cut on the feet and hurt by Bill's boys. I am glad to say she won. Bill was fined £5 with £25 costs. A three-penny bit to him, but it may deter him from future abuses. The writer has found her action against a Garda Inspector who slapped her face has been very salutary as far as she is concerned.

The chief subjects of conversation are still the proposed Forcible Entry Bill (worse than anything Nazi Germany produced) and Justice O'Keefe's remark that he would be very unwilling to try Mr. Haughey, though in view of the furore caused he has retracted a bit, but has not reassured the public in general. The writer of this was on the mat with her editor for writing an article on this subject which, he claimed, would put the paper in contempt of court.

One pleasant discovery the writer has made is that one can phone for free in the district courts. She happened to have to go down to hear cases twice this week and made some fourteen calls at the expense of the Establishment. Balm in Gilead.

Mr. Bernard Hartnett, lately of Pembroke Road, who was arraigned on a charge of having five .45 bullets when the gardai raided his case dismissed. The State had no evidence to offer. As the cartridges were found in the communal lavatory of the house, anyone could have put them there, and most people believe they were planted to enable the owner to regain possession of the house while even the baby was down at the station being searched and questioned. His solicitor, however, warned him after to keep his nose clean as the gardai would be waiting for any excuse to pounce. He also, gratuitously as he is not the writer's solicitor, told her she was nearly at the end of her rope. That is Life in Ireland. H.



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Britain—the Good, the Bad & the Ugly

(This is the conclusion to an article printed in the last issue. It is written by our American associate editor.)

GREAT BRITAIN is a free country. At least in relation to America. With the exception of Northern Ireland, people need not fear being shot by police, or arrested for crimes they were not even aware existed. In Washington DC a black man crossing against a red light was shot dead by police. In Chicago, two lawyers were jailed for defending unpopular clients. This has yet to happen in England.

The Cambridge and LSE cases were exceptions, and not the rule. Students are respected and have a privileged place in British society. Young people, although they complain of occasional harassment, need not fear being thrown in jail for 'vagrancy' or physically attacked by locals of the 'Easy Rider' mentality. Police violence, when it does occur, is much less blatant, and given much less attention than a Chicago or Kent State. The political activist here does not feel like he is living in the 'belly of the monster'.

Because of this freedom (a false freedom as the Cambridge students and the residents of Northern Ireland soon realised) people feel little need to struggle and soon lapse into apathy and factionalism. There are no real communities in England. Long hair, or black skin mean relatively little here. The closest thing to a brotherhood are the skinheads, a real persecuted minority. Unfortunately, political consciousness does not come along with boots and braces.

The 'alternatè culture' or 'hip community' is confined to the pages of the *International Times*, and is yet to become a reality. I can go to any major city in America and (if there are other long-haired leftists in that city) I have a place to stay and food to eat, all provided by my brothers. This is even more the case among Black people and is beginning to happen amongst homosexuals and Puerto Ricans. These communities are the beginnings

of true liberation.

Does this mean that there must be real repression before people will begin liberating themselves? Perhaps it does. This was the case in America. The 'silent generation' of the 1950s is a testimony to what happens when there is no Vietnam, no Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon, no Watts, and no Kent State. It is possible that the Tory government will create the repression needed for building a struggle, it is also possible that it can be done without it.

In Amsterdam, it appears that they are building a movement based on non-violently going from relative freedom to true freedom. The provos and later, a new more constructive group (although, as Anarchists we can question the wisdom of this) has even won seats in the City Council. Part of their platform was to have all the policemen wear white uniforms and give out contraceptives. Although it sounds wonderful, I fear the Netherlands are an exception to the rule, and perhaps only a temporary exception as reports of rioting and police brutality begin to emerge from that country.

As for Great Britain, if the Tory government does not provide the impetus for building a movement, the people must provide it for themselves. The working class in this country has much more potential than that in the United States. Workers here are paid less, and unlike workers in the US have a firm foundation in left-wing politics. Young people through organizations such as Bit and Release, have the potential for building a true community. Their first task must be to destroy the 'culture-vultures', like the Roundhouse and the dealers who charge incredible prices to fill their own pockets. Students have to learn to stand by one another and make it known that if one of them is attacked, they will consider it an attack on them all. Finally, people on the left must try to work out their differences wherever possible and let the process of struggle, rather than ideology, decide the answers. MIKE BOARD.

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IN THE WAKE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA

AT THE END of last week's article, I referred to certain strange developments overtaking the hippie phenomenon in the period of its decline, or decadence. These, which entail violence, are at the moment confined to America, and for information on them I am indebted to *Rolling Stone*, a useful paper.

That the hippies might be ultimately contaminated by the violence of their environment, a violence, in fact, often turned against them, was foreseen a while back, notably in Jean-Luc Godard's film, *Weekend*. After taking their car through automotive armageddon on the French roads one weekend, the protagonist and his wife arrived at a hippie-style enclave. There, a rocking drumbeat kept a steady pulse, while beautiful people moved about in a strange pastoral world with all the millennial trappings. It was seductive; but then the sweetness turned about and caught you in the guts. Weird sadistic rituals were enacted—a girl killed and fucked with a fish; violence—forays into the valleys to shoot it out with the straights and loot and burn their dwellings; and, finally, cannibalism. It was the Flower Children suddenly transformed into the savage kids of *Lord of the Flies*. They had welded sex, drugs, rock music—all the motifs of hip culture—together with cold, psychopathic violence, and made a single atavistic lifestyle.

Compare that with reports of a new type of hipster now to be found in New Mexico, styled 'acid cowboy'. He rides a horse and carries a loaded pistol, which he lets off occasionally as he acts out the old Wild West mythology, fortified to the fantasy by LSD. And even the more gentle dropouts in the state are getting paranoid, actively discouraging new longhairs from coming in for fear that excessive numbers may activate local prejudice, presently quiescent. A plan to buy up a large acreage in one part of the state and turn it

into a free zone met with a similar reaction. The original hippie settlers want to develop their spreads undisturbed. Could it be that before long the two groups will be re-enacting the old *Grapes of Wrath* drama, with the Hells's Angels throwing their weight on one side, symbolising the forces of 'law and order', as, for instance, they did at the Rolling Stones' concert?

But even more disturbing is the case of Charles Manson. *Rolling Stone* recently ran a long and thorough report on him and his family. Of course, all the facts aren't yet known, and indeed Manson hasn't been found guilty of the Sharon Tate murders by proper legal process, although the American press and public opinion have judged the case to their own satisfaction. What *Rolling Stone* tried to do was cut through the bigotry and prejudice, and try to understand Manson. It was led to do this, in part at least, by the confusion of responses within the underground itself, some hailing Manson as 'Man of the Century', others being less simplistically effusive but rather more confused.

A similar problem is outlined by Jess Nuttall in *Bomb Culture*, in that case in connection with the Moors Murders. Indeed, the debate as to whether the individual is right to fully act out his fantasies, even if these involve murder, has been an active intellectual issue at least since Sade, and in modern times has been dealt with by many thinkers, notably Sartre, Gide and Camus (the chapter, 'The Sons of Cain', in Camus' *The Rebel* is seminal in this connection). Camus in fact comes to a Bakuninist standpoint, while Nuttall points out that, while intellectuals can see little wrong with the concept of existential murder, faced with the actual reality the usual response is to be sickened. And the Sharon Tate murders were nothing if not sickening.

Manson himself is the product of the

American penal system, having spent most of his life in jail. At some point he picked up on hip ideas, and seems to have embraced them with unusual wholeheartedness. He espoused a garbled form of Eastern mysticism and modified it to his own needs, affirming the unity of all things and hence, the irrelevance of death, both natural and deliberately induced. He preached love, and hate and violence were forms of love; he set up a communal family, mainly composed of women, over whom he seems to have had a Rasputin-like hold; he advocated giving in the paranoia. He also, predictably, living as he did around Los Angeles, dabbled in the pop scene, although without success, and the rejection of his songs seems to have cut him deeply. But his faith in pop was, however, as naive as his religious beliefs. A friend of his says that had the Beatles' *Abbey Road* album come out sooner the slayings might never have taken place: *Sergeant Pepper* built Manson high, but then the white record, with its sadder tones, took him way down; the return to a more optimistic line in *Abbey Road* might have set him straight. Now, he is winning musical attention which eluded him in his less notorious days and is turning out a plethora of songs, which are quickly being turned into albums and released.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the movie ranch, the family, steadfast to their leader, are censoring and generally fixing up his gospel, are wrangling with each other and agents, negotiating royalties and generally getting ready to be caught in the limelight as the revised message is blasted to the world through the holy, godlike media.

We've been through this one before. Indeed, there is much that is familiar in the whole affair—messianic obsession, a craving to get into the media, religious violence, etc. What these relate to in the final analysis, how-

ever, is not so much to the hippie phenomenon but to the particular context in which it exists. Manson is a natural product of American society, the authentic All-American Boy, whose mentality is, as he himself asserts, a reflection of that of his country, a country that now prepares to absolve its own measureless guilt by washing its bloody hands in the blood of yet another sacrificial victim. He can only be viewed as the offshoot of a cancer: a desperate attempt of blighted cells to regain proper form, and being terribly mutated in the process. If he is guilty, then there is nothing, besides the superficialities of his appearance, to distinguish him from the men at Mi Lai, except, perhaps, that he was aiming for something higher.

It is, therefore, quite a logical process—the new ideas of love and freedom meeting only prejudice and blind violence, hence becoming blighted by alienation, itself escalating into paranoia and the condition of the psychopath. And the hippies were hit hard, ranging from the psychological assault constantly made upon them through the overground media, which include all those nasty little booklets with their sordid pictures and texts ('The Hippie Menace', etc.), to the actual bludgeonings meted out, both mass bludgeonings as at Chicago in 1968, and more isolated incidents, such as that depicted in *Easy Rider*.

A hitch-hiker recently arrived from Los Angeles, revelling in the sense of freedom and ease just being in Europe gave him, told me how, when hitching through Oklahoma, the dust had spurted up as someone in a knot of passing cars had shot at him, and later, spanners, empty cans—anything that came to motorists' hands. It is reported that

LETTER

Women's Liberation

Dear Judith,

Whilst I agree with the general tone of your letter, there or one or two points which should be made.

To begin with, Freedom Press have not ignored the Women's Liberation Movement. The Oxford Conference (admittedly of only historical interest now) was covered by Freedom Press and half a page was devoted to the conference.

Soon after the conference, Freedom Press wrote to the women who had either contributed papers or who were leading activists in the various groups, asking for contributions in the form of short articles. Over 20 women were contacted, and were sent stamped addressed envelopes for their replies. Only three women bothered to reply, and of these three, two submitted their papers. Had the response been more forthcoming it might have been possible to have published an issue of *Anarchy* dealing specifically with Women's Liberation.

The second major point is that there is nothing to prevent members of the various women's liberation groups from contacting Freedom Press and submitting articles on their groups. Anarchists are not 'exclusive brethren'. *Women's Liberation* is an important political movement and is potential dynamite for both society as a whole and the left-wing movement. So please let's stop bickering and get out our analytical pens and our direct action plans.

SALLY ANNE.

'NO MAN IS GOOD ENOUGH TO BE ANOTHER MAN'S MASTER'

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the organised opposition to Mr. Powell and caused annoyance to many members of the Wolverhampton community'. This was published side by side with Brian's statement that his suggestions were not to be taken seriously and that he attended both the anti-Powell demonstrations and the A-A conference in a personal capacity.

Since then the Community Relations Council have issued a statement washing their hands of any responsibility in the affair and stated that the matter would be reported to the Community Relations Commission and that 'appropriate action' would be taken against Mr. Michaels. Up to date no 'appropriate action' has been taken, but this clearly indicates yet again the deliberate victimisation of anyone who speaks or acts against the status quo in any form.

Together with the dismissal of DJ Kenny Everett by Lord Hill, for making a joke about the Tory Transport Minister's wife passing the advanced driving test, and Andrew Osborn's advice to playwrights to cut out the kitchen sink, sex, drugs, politics, the 'permissive society', militant students, foul language, violence, offence against existing tastes, blasphemy, denigration of existing societies, sects, groups or institutions and so on.

The drive to 'kill' the mini-skirt via *Vogue*, the cotton/woollen industry, Katherine Whitehorn, et alia. (Isn't it 'funny' how close we are getting to the state of Greece.) And in case anyone should think where the hell does mini-skirts/fashion come in, they should read Norgard's pictorial study of the relation of fashion in women's dress to their liberation (and men's) 'When ladies acquired legs'.

It seems that 'they' and all their allies are going to 'have a go' in the '70s. Anti-strike, anti-demonstration laws, stiffer sentences against 'criminals', are all part of the trend.

So, comrades, it's up to us to work in every way we can, propaganda by the deed, quiet analysis, non-violence, violence and what-have-you, but all directed against 'them', wherever they raise their power-drunk heads. As C. Wright Mills put it, 'It is an epochal showdown, separating the contemporary period from "the modern age"'. To make that showdown clear, as it affects every region of the world and every intimate recess of the self, requires a union of political reflection and cultural sensibility of a sort not really known before. That union is now scarcely available in the Western or in the Soviet intellectual community. Within both world blocks, there are attempts to achieve it and use it. Perhaps these attempts are the showdown on human culture itself.'

J.G.L.

Victimisation in the 'Permissive' Society

THE Wolverhampton Socialist Unity Movement and Anti-Racialist Committee organised demonstrations against Enoch Powell during his election campaign, as every 'telly watcher' saw. These militants, socialists, anarchists and communists, both black and white, were subjected to abuse, threats, physical violence and later anonymous letters.

One of the demonstrators, Brian Michaels, fell foul of the press's predisposition for finding by hook or by crook a 'leader'. As he also worked as a full-time volunteer for Wolverhampton Community Relations Council (and as the local rag, the *Express and Star*, who incidentally, since the demise of the Labour Government have now dropped their 'liberal' facade and are now blatantly reactionary, were at pains to point out is paid by the Community Relations Commission), he was a ripe target for a bit of victimisation.

Brian was threatened with exposure of his Maoist activities in community

relations and told by a local official 'We'll put a stop to them'. This was on June 12.

On June 28, whilst attending an Anti-Apartheid Conference at Birmingham University Brian advocated in a group meeting the use of 'urban guerrilla tactics' such as 'the kidnapping of prominent members of the community' as a measure to combat the shipment of British arms to South Africa.

This suggestion was overheard by Eric Robinson who was Liberal candidate against Enoch Powell. Mr. Robinson's election slogan was 'Eric Robinson cares'. It seems he does, not for freedom of speech nor community relations but for publicity at any price, for a month later, on July 26, the *Sunday Express* broke the story of 'the kidnap plan'.

The *Express and Star* immediately jumped in. On the 27th, two columns, with photo, middle pages, and on the 28th front page, one column, both issues emphasising that 'Brian was a leader of

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 second Sunday in September. 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, Heslington, York. The Contact Column in *Freedom* is also available for urgent information.

There will be no August issue owing to holidays.

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 Ryelands 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.
Yorkshire: Martin Watkins, 5 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 Merriem 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 leaflets)

up and cheering America and his buddy killed in final sequences of *Easy Rider*. This kind of thing, the American assured me, is happening all the time. He wasn't at all surprised. You just get used to being beaten up.

Obviously, this kind of experience either drives a person into conformity, or into madness—or a strange combination of both. By which I mean his taking the hate and violence of his persecutors to himself.

Basically, the hippies stood for good things, the best things; and these will undoubtedly survive, to re-emerge at a future time in some new dressing, and perhaps win a fairer fate. They were, moreover—and putting aside all cynical talk of 'phony hippies' and the parasites with which all movements have to put up—something new in the political field in modern times, for they did, as their more perceptive theorists indicated, attempt to live out a revolution. In this they differed from the old political guard, and it is probably the reason why the latter treated them with scepticism. The old politicians were largely anonymous in dress and lifestyle, and did not play at paradise now, indeed regarded such a thing as self-indulgent and rejected it for that and for other pragmatic and disciplinary reasons. The millennium, for them, was a distant dream, to be borne in mind certainly, but not lived out. There were more pressing matters with which to be pre-occupied. The more adventurous of the hippies, however, overtly rejected society and went about trying to build the millennium in it and out of it. For this they earned bitter rewards.

JOHN SNELLING.

*Summertime Blues, Vol. No. 24.

Contact

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

Chemical and Biological Warfare Action Group. Meeting to discuss action at Schermuly, Dorking, on Wednesday, August 26, at 7.30 p.m., at the Roebuck (Public House), Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

Drug Dependents Care Group. Meetings on Thursdays, August 20 and September 3, at Housmans Bookshop (Basement), 5 Caledonian Road, London, N.1, at 7.30 p.m.

Libertarian Teachers Association. Bulletin 2/- now available from Black Flag Bookshop, 1 Wilne Street, Leicester, or Freedom Bookshop.

Wanted. 'Anarchy' Nos. 1, 11, 26, 37, 38, 66, to complete set. Can offer Nos. 3, 4, 8, 14 in exchange. Box 01.

Proposed Bristol Group. Alex Bird, 23 Rosewell Court, Kingsmead, Bath.

Dave Coull is in Edinburgh, correspondence c/o Hughes, Top Flat, 40 Angle Park Terrace.

Frank Roach Personal Appeal. Frank Roach at present will be held in Brixton it seems until September. Comrades need not be reminded of the stirring deeds of this gentleman, but money for cigarettes, etc., would be very much appreciated. c/o Freedom Press, Box No. 02.

Free Citizen. Newspaper of People's Democracy. Available to FREEDOM subscribers for 1/- or 1/4 by separate post. Write to P.G. at Freedom Bookshop.

Anarchists in Enfield area please contact Leroy Evans 01-360 4324.

Please help. Union of American Exiles in Britain: c/o WRI, 3 Caledonian Road, London, N.1.

Proposed Group. Alex Bird, 23 Rosewell Court, Kingsmead, Bath.

Lowestoft Libertarians contact Ann & Gordon Collins, 9 Ontario Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk, Tuesday evenings. Comrades welcome for short stay by the sea.

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.

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

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.