

THE CRAVEN STATE

LIKE ALL BULLIES, the State is a coward. In spite of enormous powers of coercion and persuasion over the masses, it is frightened of individuals. The smallest voice raised against it, the slightest action outside of recognised procedure and the monster is quaking, like an elephant terrified by a mouse.

Just what is it that makes an elephant frightened of a mouse? Is it the frontal nip on the tip of that tender trunk? Is it fear of that quick scamper up the massive back leg, followed by a most uncomfortable boring from within? Is it simply fear of the unknown, the unpredictable?

Whatever it is, the answer is the same: stamp on it! Trumpet loudly, make a lot of brave noise, flail about with your trunk, stamp about with your great flat feet—if you crush a few cockroaches and other living things at the same time it doesn't matter as long as you GET THAT MOUSE!

THE NEW MAUDLING DOCTRINE

We are used to the paranoid nature of the leviathan state when it is obviously totalitarian. Almost by definition it is a monstrous organisation with self-perpetuation as its most important function. It feels insecure and sees enemies everywhere. The democratic society, so-called, is however, supposed to be different. It is supposed to be a healthy organism, to start with, open to change and development and growth; alert to new concepts, ever ready to examine and receive the possibility of widening the horizons. You might as well say that to an elephant.

Look how the guardians of our democratic society have reacted to the presence in our midst of two individuals: Rudi Dutschke and Jerry Rubin. These two very different individuals are seen by the Conservative (i.e.: freedom-loving) Home Secretary, Mr. Reginald Maudling, as threats to the security of the British State, the health of which is so rocky that a sneeze from a mouse might blow it over.

Poor, shot-up Rudi Dutschke came to this country after getting

two bullets in the head from a right-wing opponent at the time of strenuous student activity in Germany. This was two years ago, and he came here to get out of an overheated situation and to convalesce quietly away from it all. Now that he is more or less well again, he has applied and been accepted to study for a doctorate at Cambridge. But Mr. Maudling has refused to grant him permission to stay now that the original (medical) cause for his coming no longer applies.

One of the conditions for being allowed to enter in the first place was that he should refrain from any 'political' activity and nobody denies that Rudi has kept his word in this respect. No doubt some friends with political opinions have visited him and discussions have been held, but no activity ensued. Shivery Mr. Maudling, however, must see Rudi as an enemy of the state to be feared. And not only that. The case for and against Rudi's expulsion from Britain must be held in camera, for reasons of security!

Mr. Maudling, therefore, is obviously determined to go down in history and there is only one way he can do it: by reversing the traditional British claptrap about 'Justice must not only be done, but must be seen to be done'.

The new Maudling doctrine will be: 'JUSTICE MUST ONLY NOT BE DONE, IT MUST NOT BE SEEN NOT TO BE DONE'.

A WASTED OPPORTUNITY

On then to the case of Jerry Rubin, who hit the headlines only when he was invited over here to appear on the Frost Programme on TV, and the studio was taken over by a bunch of hippies from London's underground, who had conspired to pack the studio (Rubin had been allowed only six tickets for his own guests) by such means as opening a back door into the place—the floodgates of anarchy as you might say.

What happened in public is well known; a happening which lifted Rubin out of the relative obscurity which was his lot before, into front-page news. David Frost was thoroughly discomfited, his programme came to life for the first time for many weeks, the ease with which a takeover could be organised was demonstrated (though it could probably not happen so easily again), and great fun was had by twenty or thirty hippies and that proportion of the viewing public who thought the whole thing funny. As for anything more constructive than that: very little. In fact a great opportunity for delivering a revolutionary message to the watching millions was lost in a mess of nonsense.

Perhaps we are square, but we can't see how squirting David Frost with a water-pistol proved anything other than silliness on the part of

the squirter, who had already identified himself as General Waste-More-Land, and should surely have had something more constructive to say or do than that.

The takeover was great; what they did with it pathetic. Before he was pushed out of his usual chair, Frost had asked Jerry Rubin what were his alternatives to the capitalist society he hated, but the chance was thrown away.

From London, Rubin and his mates went on to Northern Ireland, where he continued to hit the headlines with a lot of provocative and wild talk, and was eventually helped on to a plane by the Special Branch. Here was your actual elephant thrashing around, and making itself look bloody silly. In the *Evening Standard*, Maureen Connolly had described Rubin as a 'Panto Anarchist' clowning away like mad to get publicity for his newly-published

book—and the Home Office hamstringing away like mad as the straight guy behind him all the week. Finally, Mr. Maudling's boys fell into the trap of leaning on Rubin to get him out of the country 'in the public interest'.

What a farce! If the British State is afraid of Jerry Rubin, then it must be nearer its own demise than we ever thought—and we should all push a little harder to finish it off! This country in its time has given political asylum to Lenin and to Marx, to Bakunin and Herzen and Malatesta and Rudolf Rocker and many other real revolutionaries.

Now there is no room in our sceptred isle for Rudi Dutschke and Jerry Rubin. Well, it's not only for their sake that we say the loss is ours. The craven little men of the establishment; the faceless bully-boys of the Special Branch; the self-seeking politicians and the creeping Jesuses of the lorandorder brigade—these worms in elephant's clothing are eating away at the rotting corpse of British freedom.

It is about time we buried them!

JUSTIN.

MINERS FIGHT STRIKE 'CAVE-IN'

ONE CAN ONLY admire coal miners for the militant stand they have made. Out of 290,000 employed in the industry, 103,000 of them have stopped work this last week in the areas which voted for action in the recent unsuccessful ballot. In West and East Wales, one pit remained at work out of a total of fifty-one. The Doncaster area came out 100%, Scottish North and South regions had a response of 25 pits out of a total of 32, while in Kent the remaining three pits were idle.

At the time of writing, the signs are that this magnificent stand has collapsed. Those out in South Yorkshire, Barnsley, Kent and Durham are returning to work. There are certainly a number of reasons for this change of heart. There is the union executive's approaching ballot for acceptance of the National Coal Board's offer, together with last Thursday's increased majority vote by the executive to accept this offer. Another reason is the repeated calls on the part of the General Secretary, Mr. Lawrence Daly, for a return to work. And finally the 'reds under the bed' announcements by Lord Robens of Communists stirring up trouble and his accusations, in common with Mr. Albert Martin, NUM executive member for Nottinghamshire, of violence by strikers and outsiders against those who remain at work.

THE PARTY'S ROLE

All these attacks have caused deep divisions within a union which is really a federation of areas all of which retain considerable local autonomy. Profitable areas, such as Nottinghamshire, have not shown the militancy of others where there have been numerous closures in the past.

To accuse the Communists of bringing out the miners is ironic if one considers the past role of those miners' leaders who held an allegiance to the Communist Party. Arthur Horner who was the leader during the period after the war when coal was desperately needed for industry and homes said: 'We could have asked for the moon and got it.' At that time, however, the Communists did not want to embarrass the new Labour Government and followed its war-time role of damping down wage claims and attacking unofficial action. Following his election to the leadership of the union, Will Paynter continued this role.

Peter Jenkins' comments in the *Guardian* about this and other party members makes interesting reading: 'In the latter part of the decade (the sixties) the industry's wage structure was rationalised and it is debatable whether the greater credit should go to Lord Robens of the NUM under the leadership of Mr.

Will Paynter. As a result of abandoning locally negotiated piece rates in favour of nationally negotiated day wage rates the amount of production lost through strikes showed a spectacular decline.'

SHIFTED FOUR TIMES

In this same period of leadership, miners employed in the industry dropped from 700,000 to 300,000, while the number of collieries fell from 822 to the present figure of 299. It is apparent that only those pits which can be profitably mechanised are remaining open, while the rest are being gradually closed down. In some areas, such as Sunderland, miners have shifted about four times to different collieries and in many places the only alternative to coal mining is unemployment. In fact the policy of closure purely on capitalist economic grounds has been a very short-sighted one. The overall picture has not been considered and now there is a shortage of coal, which other fuels are not in a position to overcome at the present.

Certainly miners are split on the course of action to take. Those who feel secure in the profitable big-seam pits do not want to strike, while the others feel considerable resentment, which has built up over the years. These are men who made great sacrifices for the sake of Britain's recovery after the war. They gave up their five-day week because of the coal shortage, while some have even given their lives. Now, in spite of all this, they find themselves in a badly-paid and insecure industry, where even the increased mechanisation has brought new hazards of excessive dust at the coal face.

As for the Communists, they would not like to see the NUM split, for unity has always been their cry. Admittedly, the union has been very fragile and has only been achieved by sacrifices which to the miner now seem hardly worth it. The Party is only interested in power and those who achieve positions in the unions will retain and use their power only for Party purposes. They do not hand over the union to its members or make such provisions in the rules that would ensure that elected members would be under the control of the rank and file at all times. There is no doubt that Lord Robens and the Communists need one another. Each can lay the blame on the other in the same way that the so-called 'left' and 'right' do. They are, in fact, different sides of the same coin and whichever way it falls the miners lose out.

TUESDAY'S BALLOT

It is expected that Tuesday's ballot will now be in favour of acceptance of the offer, in spite of the fact that the

real decision has already been taken, not with the ballot box, but with the feet. Even if the vote favours acceptance, a large section of miners have shown where they really stand. Dignity and a will to fight has returned to the collieries and although a few car tyres have been slashed and a few windows broken and abusive words have filled the air, this is little compared to the lost jobs, the uprooting that the men have suffered and the broken communities that have occurred. Those who are responsible for this are lucky indeed that they have only received a kick in the pants and a bloodied nose when one considers the misery they have caused.

What is needed is that the wage claim be granted in full and a halt to the closure of pits. These will not be won this time around, but a foundation and a start has been made. Miners have seen a last minute cave-in of what they thought was a 'left' leadership, which had tried to contain the strike movement instead of letting it have its head. All power to the elbows of those who have sought to fight the Board. Although the Communist bogey, the talk of violence and constitutional leadership seem to have won this round, the lessons should not be lost. The newly built up rank and file organisation, which is so essential, should be maintained and extended for the future struggle. P.T.

WE WANT TO HAVE WHITE PEOPLE, BLACK PEOPLE, COLOURED PEOPLE, IN THE CHURCH...



...CHRIST!... WE'D BE PLEASED TO HAVE ANY PEOPLE IN THE CHURCH!

The Double Morality

WITH MY LORD ROBENS staggering, with mounting hysteria, among the silken drapes of his scented boudoir as sweating and mounted riders of the Household Cavalry come crashing through his door with the latest news from the revolutionary front of rapine and destruction by the communist-led miners, one can feel that life on the industrial front is back to normal. That the overpaid directors of the State and private industries should cry the red scare at the first dropping of a spade or a spanner is but to be expected and that the national sewer-press should headline these aged tales of the hidden hand of Moscow and of the Yellow Peril is but part of the permanent set of clichés permanently type-set for instant horror among the middle-class

readership. That sub-editors and leaders are still working the same old gamy spiel that their fathers performed in the same offices and at the same desks does not alter the effectiveness of the smear for there is a fresh generation of middle-class property-owners ready and willing to lap up the same propaganda vomit that their fathers ate up fifty years ago when the fathers of many of the miners now out on strike were forced to fight the same battle for economic and social survival in the same mining villages and against the same type of enemies with only My Lord Robens to act the public fool for the amusement of the ill-informed and the tainted applause of the well-informed.

The miners are fortunate in one respect in that they are a closed society who can, or should, give each other comfort in this major test of their industrial strength but this cannot be said for the 1,000 men on strike at the artificial-limb-making centres who have now been out on the stones for eight weeks in an attempt to win their claim to a 20% increase in their weekly wage.

It is the old story that is repeated so many many times of a union executive accepting a wage rise in the men's name and of the rank and file openly re-

Continued on page 2

4-page leaflet

THE RIGHT TO STRIKE—
THE POWER TO STRIKE

50/- per thousand,
postage extra

from Freedom Bookshop

WHEN I SEE the word revolution I tend to think of it in personal terms, now. For although I would certainly like to see a political revolution in the whole country, I feel this could only be an authoritarian one; for if it were otherwise we would be closer to libertarian insurrection at least?

However the personal revolution means, to me, the daily way of life; food; dress; work and play. It is hard for purely political people—politicos—to observe the changes going on around them day by day. Such simple ones as Dress. Finding oneself dressed in Oxfam-shop shoes—3s. 6d. (good solid brown shoes); trousers given away by girl friend's brother; vest, socks, pants (warm black bloomers) from rummage sales; shirt 2s.; jacket, a modern black comfortable one left at summer camp; total cost 5s. 6d. and replacements come similarly from Oxfam and rummage/jumble sales! They are all decent and well-fitting clothes incidentally!

Food. Look at the tasteless cardboard bread and gut-rotting white sugar that many people eat when they can eat wholemeal bread and Barbados sugar; live on fresh vegetables, cheese and eggs, and have enjoyable meals! **Work.** There are alternatives, from being on social security because you have little choice—but therefore trying to start up your own jobs/ideas; to working on your own interest and developing it into a livelihood. Probably sharing the overheads with friends or other couples; living in an informal community—having your own rooms to yourselves. Of course if you do begin your own bookshop or your own workshop of any sort you will put far more time in and have little energy or space to play. Yet your own satisfying work is also play. Maybe. Certainly if it is enjoyable. But I'm equally certain that nobody has to kill themselves with work if they can only be helped to cut out all of those nasty expenses such as hire purchase and insurance and To-The-Grave Mortgages!

And each person has to decide how he or she can and will do this? Of course this revolution is not dramatic and therefore not attractive to young politicians. Yet I suppose at the back of the mind is the question addressed to those who await some glorious revolution of our whole society's political structure: 'In what way will the lives of you and your friends be enriched and freed from poverty and apathy when the new revolutionary government takes power?'

In other words why wait for new governors to give you what they cannot possibly do. That is, new spirit to change things around you, for yourself and your friends, without your own direct intervention and action! For no revolutionary socialist elite will alter your personal life in any way, today. Only you can take

Riffraff

a step in a new direction for yourself. And that is bloody hard, of course. As Thoreau said, 'We all wait for good health and fine weather.'

Another anarchist bookshop is opening up to add to those already around the globe. Called **Books and Things** it can be found at 6 Penryn Street, Redruth, next door to the **Quasar Coffeehouse**. Should readers have any magazines or secondhand books, crafts, posters, or 'things', and like to send a few sale or return, this will help the shop give an audience to your interest or activity. It hopes to stock new Penguins as well as old. Call in when you visit Cornwall.

Maybe records are more popular than books now; but one paperback essential to an understanding of our educational system today is R. F. Mackenzie's *State School*. And whether you are dead against schools of any sort or support 'progressive' ones, reading this book is absolutely necessary, and may make a few professionals... those who live by education... a little more open-minded and a little less concerned with trivia of 'emoluments' (money perks); curricula (subject matter and exams) and priestly hangers of teacher-as-upholder-of-morals! Look at this:

There is plenty of uncomfortable evidence to prevent us from dismissing Orwell's forecasts as merely ridiculous efforts to make our flesh creep. Jackson and Marsden's *Education and the Working Class* showed that new prefects of the establishment are being recruited from working-class children who have done better than others in gaining marks in examinations and have allowed their own roots to atrophy. Orwell foretold the emergence of rootless people, easily indoctrinated and highly accommodating to authority. Another symptom foretold by Orwell is defeatism, the feeling that there is nothing anybody can do to alter things; this defeatism exists now among able teachers who feel that we must bow down and make our peace with the examination system. A third symptom is the growing emphasis on bigness, especially big comprehensive schools.

It is always a sobering thought for those who proclaim education as an essential and professional part of life to

observe, as *State School* does:

'Two centuries ago village blacksmiths, unimpeded by an education, became the inventors of the Industrial Revolution. Today we desperately need inventors for the social revolution, but most of those who might be making that contribution are hobbled by their education.' (*State School* — Penguin Education Special, 5s.)

Enough No. 2 is devoted to Mothers Alone and might be an introduction for anyone not aware of the difficulties and problems for such families—especially with the SS—Social Security. There are articles on the Claimants Union—but no address! A review of the Supplementary Benefits Handbook (pub. Spring 1970, 6s.). Seven Tales Of National Assistance—by women themselves involved; their experiences with Social Security. (*Enough* — 2s. from 47 Princess Victoria Street, Clifton, Bristol, 8.)

At auctions and sale-rooms you will find good, cheap bargains. Anything from furniture to gardening tools; post-cards to rare bound volumes. You can go the day or afternoon prior to the sale-day; in fact it is essential to do so in order to search for woodworm and damage, to pick up and handle anything you are interested in.

The beauty is that you need no money; you can spend the day listening and watching the sale—in a comfortable armchair or on a soft mattress; so if you are broke but want entertainment try the auction room in your town. Nobody will ask you what you want; simply go along, look around and sit and observe the procedure. You need no great knowledge if looking for simple requirements (antiques are a bloody racket and a market-con) and you will furnish a house for less than most people pay for a new boxwood suite. For fifty pounds you can furnish four to six rooms or more if lucky.

You can buy secondhand books and personal knick-knacks for very little; you can see how the rich and poor furnished their houses and you can see the styles and periods of recent generations as displayed in their ornaments and trophies. At present you will see a lot of evidence of colonial rape and military conquest in the Indian brasswork and African carvings; the Victorian books with royalty and Union Jacks flying high. For the dying are always three generations from the present-day. And the auction room is the museum of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. But it is also the bargain hall of the present. Always worth a look inside the doors of the local sale-room.

DENNIS GOULD.

The Double Morality

Continued from page 1

jecting it. The Sheet Metal Workers and the Furniture Trade operatives union executive accepted a 12% pay rise in the men's name when the rank and file had demanded a 20% pay rise, claiming that on a 40-hour week their top working gives them £23 6s. 8d. and that a 20% pay rise would only bring it up to £24 10s. The British Surgical Trades Association claim that TOP workers could earn £27 a week and that the 12% offered and accepted by the union executive could give a TOP worker £30 a week but, little comrade, the mass of the workers are not TOP workers and it is their battle and their claim that must be fought and defended.

Eight weeks is a long time to see strike pickets daily standing out in the open without shelter of any kind and one feels the stink of defeat in this battle, for the sewer press has deliberately chosen to ignore this long strike while the employers, acting it would appear on proclaimed Tory policy, seemed to have deliberately written off the limb-making industry until the men break. There are 25 limb-fitting centres, of which the one at Roehampton is the largest, and the workers there are paid to attend to the repairs of an estimated 30,000 wearers of artificial limbs. Two years or so ago these same men came out on strike and one of the national Sunday papers gave them the full front page treatment by headlining them as *The Wickedest Men in Britain* for refusing to work for the wage offered but after eight weeks this same tit-hunting press seems completely indifferent to a moral problem that two years ago filled Fleet Street with weeping editors.

The Roehampton factory operates within a residential area and within the hospital grounds and it forms a needed service for the many crippled and limbless people within our society but for all that it is a privately-owned industry and the workmen are hired and fired for a weekly wage.

In those long foul years between the wars it was a common street sight to see limbless ex-servicemen dragging their way through the streets of our cities and towns and no government gave a

damn how these unfortunate people existed. With the introduction of the Health Service as a social service limbless men, women and children for the first time could, in the majority of cases, have an artificial limb to aid them and it ill becomes any supporter of the government to raise a finger of moral indignation when they publicly applaud the very hucksters who will give them sixpence off their income tax by taking away milk from children and aid to the sick.

The limb-makers now on strike have no moral problem to face for, like the scavengers of our cities, and let us name ourselves for what we are, little comrade, they have a self-ordained right not to subsidise middle-class tax cuts out of their weekly wage packet and the answer to the problem lies with those who hold the public purse.

If they believe in the morality they preach then let them pay the workman his price for the job and I, little comrade, will not begrudge any tax I pay to help the sick and the aged but please, no gutter morality from the affluent middle class for while our middle class fashion our national morality only the working class are expected to put it into practice.

Every day for eight weeks the strike pickets have stood on the unsheltered pavements outside the Roehampton limb factory in support of their pay claim and every day hundreds of adult middle-class students attending the three large teacher training colleges pass within two or three feet of the strike pickets and not one of these adult students training on their State grant for their own version of the good life has bothered to even speak to a strike picket. Let us honour, respect and envy that small minority of students in other colleges who have made themselves heard, but not the indifferent herd from the Froebel, Digby Stuart and Garnet College in Roehampton Lane who are openly indifferent to a struggle literally at their elbow.

Here are the two worlds, little comrade, for despite the platitudes they exist, and when you fight, remember that you have only one ally and that is your fellow-worker and remember that when he needs your help.

LUMPENPROLETARIAT.

The Killing Frost

ONE OF MY friendly neighbours asked me over to see The David Frost Show. I am one of those televisionless cultural snobs but since I heard that some anarchists had been invited along I fought down my prejudices and viewed it. I gather that the whole show was recorded. It generally goes out 'live'—as it did on the notorious Jerry Rubin show. We were assured that 'information had been received' and—against all safety regulations—I am told that the doors were all locked.

Anarchists were heard from—Philip Sansom and Wynford Hicks were identifiable and Germaine Greer (author of *The Female Eunuch*) put up a good

case and explained the differences between Jerry Rubin and anarchists. But on the whole the programme was (except when anarchists were speaking) very poor. David Frost appeared to be incapable of making a sensible remark and obviously the camera picked out those he indicated. Pre-occupied as the television media seems, with trivia, it seems incapable of dealing with any discussion in depth and the choice of several people of varying types and views ensured that discussion was non-existent and it was just a collection of solo performances. The dynamic radical Conservative MP (whose name I forget) was dull and the Colin Welch (one of

the Peter Simples) seemed out of his element with the spoken word.

David Frost seems to have achieved his aim of nipping in the bud any radicalism. This was also partly achieved by giving inordinate length to an old lady pensioner (peddling her own case)—she must have been Frost's mother—but he did let her go on, knowing she saved him from a fate worse than Jerry Rubin. Since it was pre-recorded she would have been edited out to some extent. But Frost knows the English fall for old ladies who want free bus travel rather than anarchists who want to abolish money!

J.R.

AFB CONFERENCE 1970

THIS YEAR'S AFB conference will be held at the Gilmour Hall in the Students' Union of the University of Liverpool. The dates will be December 5 and 6. Unfortunately, however, the hall can only be used from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. on the Sunday and it is intended for the conference to be an essentially one-day affair from 10.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. on the Saturday, with the Sunday only being used if it is felt necessary.

For those travelling to Liverpool on the Friday the meeting place will be O'Connor's Tavern—150 yards down from the Philharmonic Hall. It would be helpful for those requiring sleeping accommodation to write to give some idea of numbers.

No items for the agenda have yet been received and these would be welcomed as soon as possible.

All correspondence to Geoff Sproson, 86 Melling Road, Liverpool, 9.

'Freedom' Pamphlets — 1/- each, inc. post

1. *Makhno and Durruti.*
2. *Students For A Stalinist Society.* (Includes 'The Myth of the Party', an extract from 'Listen, Marxist!')
3. *Zapata and The Mexican Revolution.*

DEMONSTRATE!

Against All Military Alliances And States

Saturday, November 28

Assemble 1 p.m., Czechoslovak Embassy (Notting Hill Gate). Bring banners & flags. March to Greek Embassy.

RALLY!

3.30 p.m., Trafalgar Square

SQUATTING

Dear Editors,

Bill Dwyer's 'This World' column is a great asset to FREEDOM, but it would be unreasonable to expect him to hit the nail on the head all the time. His paragraph on squatters last week was strictly out of this world, for anyone who can possibly cast Ron Bailey and Jim Radford in the role of 'manageable' 'cap-in-hand' 'latter-day Uncle Toms' just doesn't know the men he is talking about.

I remember one of the signs outside Jim's house: 'If we kill our brothers, with whom shall we live?', and this applies to Bill. To embark on character assassination of comrades like Ron and Jim will eventually lead to Bill having no one in the movement to live with.

Better to let readers judge for themselves the relative merits of Jim's and George Foulser's approaches to the homeless—could Jim be invited to contribute an article to FREEDOM telling us of his current campaign strategy?

Yours fraternally,

Kent BRIAN RICHARDSON.

LETTER



STOP THE ROT!

PRESS FUND

November 10 to 16 inc.
Taunton: D.P. £1; Dublin: H.B. 5/-; Wolverhampton: K.F. 4/8; Southall: D.S. 5/-; Driffield: E.S. £1; New York: L.M. £1/17/6; Oslo: R.B.M. 6/-; Borth: M.T. 10/8; Hampstead: Comrades 10/-; Wolverhampton: J.L. 5/-; J.K.W. 2/-; New Orleans: Libertarian Alliance £2; Brooklyn: M.A. £2.

Total:	£10 5 10
Income Sales and Subs.:	£69 2 9
	£79 8 7
Expenditure:	£150 0 0
Deficit b/f.:	£1,020 16 7
	£1,170 16 7
Less Income:	£79 8 7
DEFICIT:	£1,091 8 0



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

ANARCHIST FEDERATION OF BRITAIN

AFBIB—To all Groups.

Next AFBIB Meeting and Production, Sunday, December 6. Please send a delegate to Birmingham if at all possible. (Accommodation provided if necessary.) Address all letters to:

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

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

AFB REGIONAL GROUPS

There are now anarchist groups in almost every part of the country. To find your nearest group write to:
North West Federation: Secretary, Les Smith, 47 Clarence Street, Priornose, Lancaster.
Cornwall: A. Jacobs, 13 Ledrah Road, St. Austell. (M, Ma, B.)
Essex & E. Herts.: P. Newell, 'Acgovan', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester. (QM, FL.)
Surrey: G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom.
Yorkshire: Martin Watkins, 3 Marlborough Grove, Leeds, 2.
Scotland: Temporary Secretary, Neil Munro, 203 Cornhill Drive, Aberdeen.
Wales: c/o P. L. Mare (address above).
N. Ireland: c/o Freedom Press.
S. Ireland: 20 College Lane, Dublin, 2.
University and Student Groups: c/o P. L. Mare. (Abbreviations: M—meeting; Me—magazine; B—badge; Q—Quarterly; FL—free leaflet)

The council workers' strike it seemed that parts, if not the whole of London, would be in danger of flooding beneath a sea of rubbish. Waste paper, cardboard packages, plastic containers, cellophane wrapping, aerosols; rejected, discarded, spoiled and inedible food and food trimmings; damaged, unfashionable and grown-out-of shoes, clothes and hats; domestic objects unwanted or unserviceable; replaced spare parts of domestic appliances and the constant flood of industrial waste and builders' debris plus the diminishing contribution of domestic ashes, soot, fluff and dust, seemed likely to reach the topmost pinnacle of St. Paul's if not the unlet penthouse eyrie of Centre Point. However, that crisis was averted by the masterly inactivity of the Government, the skilful statesmanship of Jack Scamp, the public-spiritedness of the local authorities or the readiness to see commonsense of the unions (delete where non-applicable).

That we breathe once again the pure air plus carbon-monoxide, etc., instead of the stench of rotting rubbish or the risen effluence of the sewers is due only to the presence back at their task of the council workers who, it seems, are our only bulwark against this tide of trash which rises daily and its assisted ebbing leaves behind some traces. Every day the world gets dirtier, the waste becomes more profligate and mankind gets poorer.

In the face of this no one would deny that the work of waste disposal is

Waste not—Want not

ever more and more necessary but need it always be so? One might have said years ago that mining was an indispensable industry despite its dangers and unpleasantness but the closure of pits (on economic grounds) have brought very little complaint (save from the miners) or national hardship (save to the miners).

Upon analysis much of the waste is due to the idiotic form of economic set-up, consumer-orientated living and distribution which passes for modern society. One of the main constituents is paper, on which this society produces an unending stream of information and misinformation. Business is increasingly an affair of documentation for checking, re-checking, confirming, acknowledging, receipting—all the hallowed rituals of the business world where nobody trusts anybody unless it's in writing—with five carbon copies. Was it Bakunin who said 'Incinerate the documents'? Innumerable forests of the world are decimated to fill the waste-baskets of the City.

The secondary waste of the market-economy is packaging. Goods have to travel such distances from the point of production that it is necessary to package them for added protection, in addition to which goods frequently change hands (at a profit) from wholesaler to wholesaler who insert themselves between pro-

ducer and consumer. The supermarket has introduced a new factor into packaging. Goods are now packaged that were never packaged before and to protect goods against handling—both from the point of view of hygiene and durability—the invincible plastic wrapping enrobes itself around much that we purchase. Increasing labour costs have made the non-returnable bottle a necessity—the cost is borne by the consumer. The aerosol container is typical of the gimmick-package, the cost of which exceeds that of its content; the consumer of course pays! The disposable container is not disposable ultimately, the plastic debris which litters sea and countryside bears witness to plastic's undestructibility.

We are all too familiar with the built-in obsolescence of our economy which adds its daily quota of short-lived objects to the junk-pile, their lifetime has been deliberately shortened. Value for money has not been given for the broken-down electrical appliance, the child's toy, the household gadget.

To these are added the waste of fashion. The discarded mini, midi, maxi, the shoes that the owner no longer thinks chic, the jacket that seemed a good idea at the time. Part of the idea of conspicuous consumption is never to be seen in the same clothes twice. The

once longingly-darned sock has joined the ranks of disposables (pioneered by paper cuffs and dicyes) and manufacturers (see *Guardian* supplement, August 10) are seeking to broaden the field of disposables—and to increase the junk-pile.

One remembers as a child being told to eat up one's food ('plenty of children would be glad of it'), later in life a more genteel etiquette thought that leaving something on the plate was a sign of good manners. Now, with the standard helping of pre-cooked frozen foods, the jumbo-sized package and the constant temptations to nibble, the food wastage rate is higher than ever. The tendency to avoid hard foodstuffs and aim for softer foods means the discarding of crusts, husks and stalks. The tendency for delay in getting foodstuffs from market to consumer means more wastage from deterioration. A market-economy devoted to the appearance of foodstuffs makes for greater wastage in production.

The introduction of new standards of hygiene and the production of new cleansing materials have added considerably to the bulk of waste matter, dust and fluff, with the added ingredient of pollution—detergents—with added ingredients.

Whilst present-day society accepts the artificial standards of living and consequent lack of values, so will the rubbish pile up and the very complexity of our technology will make us more vulnerable to chaos if the dustman cometh not. JACK ROBINSON.

This Week in Ireland

THE FIANNA FAIL crisis reverberates with accusations and counter-accusations. The Taoiseach says Fianna Fail is entirely at one and united and all that has happened is in fact a little family disagreement of no significance, such as occurs in all families, and of course he isn't going to the country, no need to do so. Forced, he says that in view of the two by-elections, if he lost both he might have to reconsider, but he isn't going to lose. The Opposition, and many of the general public's reaction can be paraphrased by the quotation 'Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once'.

Mr. Colley's Prices and Incomes Bill had its second reading in the Dail on Tuesday, much opposed by both Fine Gael and Labour who state to hear the Minister speaking one would think our present financial difficulties were the fault of the workers and employers solely. The Bill is merely going to cut the standard of living of the workers. It is a master of evasion.

Everybody wishes to know what happened to the £100,000 the Government got from the Red Cross for relief in the six counties. 'Honest Jack' has a new name—'Slithery Jack'.

Both sides of the border explosions, fires and bank robberies continue unabated. We no longer really take any notice of them.

In the six counties Bernadette Devlin is reported to have said in Paris she would advocate guerilla warfare against the establishment to get better conditions for the workers if they 'try to suppress us with arms'. Which hardly matches her recent remark that the opposition could not afford to get rid of their frustrations

by violence. Some papers report her as having said specifically 'Protestant', which is wholly out of her character as she has always fought sectarianism.

Mr. Roderick O'Connor (Nat., W. Tyrone) brought a private member's bill at Stormont against the mandatory sentences of six months in prison which the Criminal Justice Bill (Temporary Provisions Act) imposes even on children convicted of riotous behaviour. It failed by ten votes to twenty-five. Mr. Taylor said, 'The mandatory sentences should be preserved for their deterrent effect'.

The Opposition have declared that there can be no trust nor peace between the people and the RUC until the murderers of Samuel Devenney are brought to justice, and the recognised officer with a blackthorn stick who was present in the house while his men beat up the Devenney family and neighbour comes forward and ends his conspiracy of silence.

I want, however, to relate to you a very frightening thing that has come to my notice this week. In October the President, Mr. De Valera, opened a new Arts block at UCD Belfield campus. He was picketed by a screaming, rowdy, slogan-shouting group of Maoists, and after incidents two Maoists, Martin Dolphin and Ros Mitchell, were arrested. They were duly brought before Justice O'Udaigh, but made such a row in court screaming their parrot slogans and not letting anyone else get a word in edgewise, that he committed them to prison for a week for contempt of court, where they went on hunger strike and harangued everybody who went near them.

After the week Ros was brought before Mr. Justice O'Udaigh again and duly

sentenced to two months. Martin Dolphin did not appear, and it now transpires he was removed under sealed orders from the Minister of Justice to Dundrum Mental Hospital. He was NOT brought before the court and declared unfit to plead as would seem to be the correct procedure. The Maoists refuse to be interviewed by what they term the 'bourgeois press' and say it has all been reported in the 'proletarian press', a miserably badly written and badly produced little rag which I imagine sells 300 at most. Martin's parents are satisfied. His mother said she 'was glad he was getting this opportunity of treatment', and his father, a psychiatrist who is attached to the Department of Health as Inspector of Mental Hospitals, thought that all that has been done is quite proper.

Now I hold no brief for the Maoists. They ARE all as Mad as Hatters and frightful pests into the bargain, and they do not even know the ideology they profess, BUT they are not asylum-mad, only nuisance-mad, and there is something horrible about this boy being treated against his will—we may presume—with strong tranquilisers and even ECT. The hospital say he is a patient not a prisoner and refuse to discuss his case—not unnaturally—and it is very doubtful if he is of age. If a minor, presumably his parents have the last word.

The Maoists are a very small group of mostly university students who have a dogma they cannot enlarge upon or explain. The real working class loathe them. They have a trick of gate-crashing meetings of other groups and haranguing and attempting to take these over, and fighting like tiger-cats if stewards try to quieten them or turn them out.

This writer has pleasant memories, with the aid of a young man, of sheep-dogging out one who was carrying a placard 'Anti-Apartheid is a Sham' at

the Springboks protest at Limerick. The placard ended in the Shannon and the youth in near tears. We did not hurt him at all. Also when they refused to shut up and jumped on the platform at a meeting about the release of political prisoners held in the Mansion House with Miss Devlin as one of the speakers she had the pleasure of hooking one off the platform with her stick, and shaking another little brat till the teeth rattled in his head. Both have since left the organisation. The writer does not claim credit for this as when they grow older and get sense the majority leave. She still maintains though, unless they impede others they MUST be allowed to voice their silly views and this criminal lunatic asylum stunt is a highly dangerous precedent. Is everyone who does not conform to what the Establishment thinks right going to end up incarcerated in mental hospitals?

On Wednesday a huge arms dump was discovered at Agharam in the six counties, near Dungannon.

A petty annoyance of Britain's is to board fishing vessels in Irish waters off the six counties. Fianna Fail have made a few correct and futile clucking noises to Britain, but our yes boys are very careful what they really say. We must not offend Big Brother. The seamen, who were made to stand for over an hour in the rain while the arrogant British Navy searched for non-existent guns, feel differently. This movement of trawlers is seasonal, and caused by weather conditions.

A really shocking state of affairs has come to light about the conditions in our 'Industrial Homes' and reformatories for children. Dickens is not in with it. I suppose in twenty years something MAY be done and we will cut the cackle and get down to the horses (whatever that expression really means). H.

Editors,

I have never claimed to be an anarchist, but I used to be a regular reader of *FREEDOM*, and one of the things I disliked about it then was its tendency to rail against the lies and distortions of the capitalist press in one paragraph, before lapsing into scurrilous abuse and infantile polemic in the next.

Jack Robinson's article, and Bill Dwyer's comments on squatting in the October 31 issue, provide proof for any who need it, that *FREEDOM* can give the *People* a few points when it comes to character assassination. All right, so *FREEDOM* has always been prepared to print the views of its readers, no matter how irrational. But these articles were not contributed by ignorant partisans in a particular dispute. They were both penned by regular editorial writers who must be presumed to know the two basic rules of journalism, that are dinned into even capitalist hacks—Find out for yourself and Check your facts.

It is patently obvious to anyone remotely informed about the history and development of the squatting campaign that both these writers have totally ignored their homework. Even the leader writer of the *Daily Telegraph*, who attacked us for different reasons, failed to compress so many factual inaccuracies (lies) into such a short space.

There is no excuse for this. The squatting activities in question are not taking place in Vietnam or South Africa.

The Truth about Squatting

They are happening right here in London. Our work and meetings in Lewisham, Redbridge, Southwark and elsewhere, are open to any who want to see. There is nothing to prevent those interested or critical from checking the facts before they pass judgement. *FREEDOM* is still on my mailing list, and if Jack Robinson had taken the trouble to read my circulars instead of selectively quoting and misquoting me, he could easily have avoided his more ridiculous mistakes.

The impression created, and stated, was that Ron Bailey and I have sold out. There has been a sell-out all right, but not of the squatting movement and not by Ron and me. It is the editors of *FREEDOM* who have sacrificed integrity and veracity in order to pander to the retarded psychotics of the 'I AM MORE MILITANT THAN YOU' brigade: those moronic brick-throwers whose desperate retreat from responsibility makes them want to sabotage anything more constructive than council bashing. Has *FREEDOM* acquired a new circulation manager from the *News of the World*?

If I am angry, it is with good cause, but let me make it clear that I am not objecting to criticism. There are different ways of looking at the develop-

ment and objectives of the squatting campaign, and I can respect those who make different political and tactical judgements without resorting to lies and smears. In correcting some of the many falsehoods churned out by Robinson and Dwyer, I will present some of my own views. You are free to reject these, but if you want to challenge my statements of fact you will need a little more evidence than reference to such unreliable correspondents as George Foulser.

The squatting campaign began in November 1968 'with direct and militant action' that much is true, and Ron and I should know, because unlike your contributors we were there and I was among the first to be arrested as a result. The primary objective was to compel local authorities, in particular, to use their empty houses awaiting redevelopment for the homeless and badly housed. We hoped that squatting would spread spontaneously and that the experience would politicize everyone involved, but all the politicians involved at that time were agreed that the practical interests of the families we were working with should take priority and that these would not be sacrificed for political considerations. This is the position that Ron and I have

consistently maintained.

Bill Dwyer's idealistic fantasy about the 'communal living of the original movement' is so much crap. Surprising as it may seem to him, I have yet to meet a homeless family or slum dweller who was interested in communal living. If he is thinking of the short-lived attempts by West End Drop-outs to copy our techniques, that happened much later and as far as we were concerned it had nothing to do with the struggle we were involved in. So little in fact that when later still a group of hippies moved into one of the houses that we had already taken for a family; that we had secured by negotiation; that we had repaired and furnished; and that we had undertaken to hand back for demolition when required; we were prepared to evict them rather than let them wreck the campaign that has now housed a hundred families in Lewisham. And if Jack Robinson cannot see what those 'remarks have to do with the rights and wrongs of the situation' he must be living in a different world from the rest of us.

Squatting did not spread spontaneously, partly because of the fierce and violent opposition we met which deterred those without the backing of an organised group, and partly because all the enthusiastic revolutionary supporters either stayed at home to watch it on the telly or dropped out when the excitement

Continued on page 4

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Solidarity

IT—THE HIPPIY International Times—has been fined £1,500 and its editors a further £600 in the Central Criminal Court. As a paper which has championed squatters, the cause of peace, denunciation of police abuse, promotion of organisations like RELEASE (which is currently assisting our gaoled brother, George Foulser) and the right of the individual to use psychedelic drugs it was long marked down by the authorities for victimisation.

The legal charge against the paper was 'conspiring to corrupt public morals and to outrage public decency'. The specific matter involved was advertising catering for homosexuals. One of the editors, Peter Stanshill, declared: 'Our intention was to provide in good faith a public service for a minority of individuals who had been continually discriminated against, harassed and victimised.'

I believe papers like this one are invaluable in paving the way to a better and freer society and I appeal to all sympathisers to contribute to a fund to pay the enormous and crippling fines—anything sent to me c/o Freedom Press will be acknowledged in this column and forwarded to the victims.

Rulers, Leaders and Strikers

British Leyland has issued a circular to its workers warning them against 'political strikes' and advising them to stick to winning wage increases only. Lord Robens has said virtually the same to the miners. The Leyland circular says workers should limit themselves to 'protesting to Members of Parliament, writing to newspapers, and voting at elections'. That is—accept the establishment. Thinking workers realise that a great deal more than conforming to 'playing the game' is necessary if their position in society is to be radically altered. For example, worker control of

THIS WORLD

Industry could never be achieved by playing according to establishment rules.

Miners' leaders in the trade unions—who want to stick to the rules—have been kicked and beaten up by the angry rank and file. It is clear that before worker control of industry can be even attempted, worker control of their own unions is absolutely essential. Trade union officials chronically—and it is a sad old tale—form a new elite often having more in common with the employers and government (look at the number of officials who have been in Cabinet) than the men who they are supposed to represent. Only two years ago I was a member of a printing union whose secretary-treasurer was elected for a six year term. Hitler or Stalin could have hardly asked for more. And, in practice, such arrangements mean a lifetime in office. I knew a secretary of another union—who enjoyed similar privileges—who was insured—at a very low premium indeed—against loss of office.

Irony at Cambridge

Egon Ronay's 1971 guide to hotels has rated the Garden House, Cambridge, first class and described it as a 'haven of peace'. Here was the scene of the student confrontation with government tyranny—in this instance the Greek variety was in question—and as a result of which some students are now sweating it out in borstal and prison.

Dog in Manger

Astonishing slant. After expelling four

boys for experimenting with LSD, Sir Hubert Ashton, chairman of Brentwood School governors, commented: 'Fortunately ours is not the only school. This is happening in a good many others.' Assuming the psychedelic drug is undesirable it is amazing that a luminary of the establishment should find consolation—as Sir Hubert does—in the abuse being widespread. His intellectual bankruptcy is best expressed by himself: 'The four boys have gone and we feel better without them.'

Now Conservative MP, William Deedes, appearing before a Commons committee, declares there are 'disturbing new risks' in cannabis—which is generally considered harmless by informed people. When asked to be specific the honourable member failed to substantiate his wild charge in any way but did declare that it was perfectly right that the police should have the very wide powers of search and arrest which they enjoy in drug matters. It is strange how such feeble argument—or the utter lack of it—can be tendered to support thoroughly vicious police action.

Tupamaros

As long as there is profound injustice in society those enjoying the benefits should not be surprised if the victims occasionally strike back. In Uruguay—often vaunted as a democratic island in a dictatorial ocean—the Indian guerrillas, the Tupamaros, have warned the wealthy Brazilians and Argentinians, who traditionally holiday there, that they come henceforth at their own risk. Already the holiday villa of a senior Argentine official—married to a wealthy Uruguayan politician's daughter—has been destroyed.

Such is the miserable poverty and oppression suffered by the underdog in South America that something of the spirit of Lucy Parsons, the American anarchist whose husband was the victim of judicial murder, must now possess them when she said: 'Let every dirty, lousy tramp arm himself with a revolver or knife and lay in wait on the steps of the palaces of the rich and stab or shoot the owners as they come out.'

JERRY RUBIN

I sympathise with Rubin when he tells the Home Secretary 'Go to hell' in relation to the ejection order issued against him, as I would with anyone in this circumstance. His performance on TV—which must have been carefully planned—is somewhat more debatable though a contempt for some aspects of the 'idiot box' can easily be justified. However, neither I nor any other anarchist would be likely to join him in his pilgrimage to Marx's grave in Highgate or enrol in

his new party.

Newspapers refer to Rubin as an 'anarchist' but the description is entirely unwarranted. His fellow Marxists may find him an undesirable associate—although it seems Bernadette Devlin and the Irish Republican Army were prepared to co-operate with him—but he describes both himself and his party as Marxist. He talks about putting 'total anarchy in every institution in the Western world' but of course he merely means chaos. Anarchists wish the destruction of the authoritarian institutions Rubin refers to and certainly have no desire to merely reform them. And it is not merely the institutions of the Western world we want to abolish—those of Chairman Mao and the dictators in the Kremlin are equally odious.

Death to the Aborigines!

When the white man first arrived in Tasmania—Van Diemen's Land—the 'abo', as the Australian native is unaffectionately known to this day, was hunted down until not a single man, woman or child was alive. On the continent he survived—but only just.

Australia is considered a civilised country. Unfortunately, a great number of 'Aussies' make a cult of violence, vulgarity and ignorance. Their massive support of the Vietnam war is eloquent evidence of their insensitivity to the sufferings of others. At home the aboriginal is still very much a second class citizen as I have pointed out in a previous article. Now, even the Australian conscience has been stirred by the revelation that thousands of aboriginal children die every year as a direct result of Australian neglect—in this respect it must be remembered that the aboriginals have gradually been forced into a position of absolute dependence on the white man. Their camps on the outskirts of rural towns have been well described as 'piles of humpies and hovels surrounded by infection, illness and death'.

ANARCHISTS

Despite our absolute rejection of racial and national prejudice we must confess that few Indians, Pakistanis or Jamaicans come to our meetings. My friend, Mark Kramrisch, has asked me to make a special appeal in this column, firstly to anarchists to bring their friends amongst such people along to our meetings and, secondly, to extend a very warm welcome to them—which I cordially do. Yet another appeal: selling FREEDOM in Hyde Park has its perils due to police harassment. A few more workers there would, nevertheless, greatly increase sales. Every Sunday from 1 p.m. Also we want volunteers for a blitz on Petticoat Lane on Sunday mornings. Finally, we hope to play an active role in the demonstration planned for the end of the month. Groundwork for same will be done at our Wednesday night meetings—if you are willing to participate please let me know.

BILL DWYER.

Yippies Hit Belfast!

SPOKESMEN for the Yippies (Youth International Party) arrived in Belfast on Thursday. Experts in exploiting the mass media in America, they had no trouble exploiting it this time as it was the authorities who 'blew their cool'. After the uproar on the Frost Show, interest in them was assured. However, Maudling confirmed it by his refusal to let them stay and his ultimate deportation order. When they turned up in that riotous, seditious, troublesome, 'neat little town they call Belfast', the scare was complete. While the Irish Revolutionaries had the Yippies, the authorities had the 'shitties'. After a PD meeting (which the Yippies didn't attend for obvious reasons) comrades made their way (in secret) to a meeting with them. Views and information on the American and Irish revolutionary movements were exchanged.

On Friday at noon a press conference took place. All the Yippies were present despite police activity throughout the night in an effort to trace them. Before the press conference started Jerry Rubin made it clear that, although the press had misled people by referring to the group as 'Rubin and his lieutenants', in fact each of them was responsible for himself alone and no one was more a leader than the other.

The Yippies told the press about their European tour, meeting youth in Amsterdam, France and Germany. But they pointed out that the main purpose and highlight of their trip was the visit to Belfast. Ireland, they said, was 'the battleground of Europe'. In fact, they went further by comparing American capitalism and imperialism with British capitalism and imperialism and deducing that 'Ireland is England's Vietnam'. They equated the struggles of the Irish working

class with those of the American Blacks, the Palestinians, etc., and said that the fight here was part of a world-wide revolution.

They stressed that they hadn't come to Ireland to tell people what to do, but to learn. Their tours round the slums and overcrowded working-class ghettos had confirmed them in their views of the real nature of the struggle. Referring again to the international outlook of the Yippies that promised that actions taken against any 'Irish revolutionary brothers and sisters' would be met with by reprisals in America. Turning to Vietnam they pointed out that an ultimatum was being given to Nixon to pull out of Vietnam by May 1. If he didn't, selected targets of American capitalism in towns and cities would be attacked—including Belfast!

When questioned about the deportation order, Rubin said, 'We don't recognise the authority of England here. We are in Ireland. We only recognise the Irish Revolutionary movements.' (At this moment six plain-clothed pigs were assembling outside to put the deportation order into effect.)

Rubin concluded, 'We are now going on a tour of the working-class areas of Belfast. We invite all the pressmen to accompany us—that is, if the pigs don't lift us first!' While the TV cameras and pressmen waited outside, the Yippies, accompanied by a group of 'their Irish comrades', left the house. Hardly to anyone's surprise Rubin and one of his comrades was arrested. With shouts of 'Long live the Irish Revolution' and 'Power to the People' they were driven away.

'Mo',
Belfast Anarchist Group.

Contact

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

'Agitator'. Price 1/-. A publication of LSE SocSoc. Latest issue devoted to 'Anarchism Today'. Obtainable from Freedom Press.

Anarchist Teach-In. The London School of Economics, The New Theatre (Room E.71), at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday, November 25.

Exeter Group. Anyone interested in getting a group together contact: Nigel Outten, Westeria House, Cullompton Hill, Bradninch, Exeter. If possible, please write first.

Young anarchist requires accommodation and employment in London area. If you can help with either please contact Mark Johnston, 3 Roman Road, Colchester, Essex.

George Foulser, now squatting as No. 090123, HM Prison, Jebb Avenue, Brixton, S.W.2. Letters, books welcome.

Against Torture in Brazil. A demonstration is to be held on November 22 and we urgently need your support. 2 p.m. meet at Speakers' Corner. March to Brazilian Embassy at 32 Green Street (off Park Lane) then on to 49 Lancaster Gate, 'The House of Brazil'.

Mike Jones of Norwich—I've lost your address. Graham Moss c/o Freedom.

Impoverished student librarian, building up a collection, would like back copies of *Anarchy* and *FREEDOM*. Some payment for yearly volumes. Will be looked after and not locked away. M. Thres, Tideways, Ynys-Ias, Nr. Borth, Cards.

To Mike W. in Norwich: Thanks for note. Address please? Dave and Patricia.

Durham Anarchists—new group being formed. Contact Mike Mogie, 8 Mavin Street.

Research Project. Can you read German perfectly? Would you like to help an exciting research project on the early history of the British anarchist movement? Comrades willing to translate rare Max Nettler manuscript material as an unpaid labour of love are needed. Please write to Sam Wolf, Gonville & Caius College, Cambridge.

24-Hour General Strike! Against Government's proposed anti-Trade Union and anti-working class legislation. Close ALL factories, mines, offices, building sites, universities and schools on Tuesday, December 8. Called by Liaison Committee for the Defence of Trade Unions.

Loughborough Group. Correct address is 67 Griffin Close, Shephed, Loughborough, Leics., LE12 9QQ, phone number: 2117, and not as printed previously.

Proposed Group: Kingston-on-Thames and surrounding area. Write to Roger Willis, 69 Woodlands Avenue, New Malden, Surrey.

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

Comrades in Plymouth wishing to form group or just meet other anarchists. Contact: John Northey, 16 Adelaide Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth.

Freedom Weekly? Eight pages every week? If all readers could get one extra subscription—it could be done. You may prefer to sell by the week. We can let you have copies on sale or return.

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.

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

Los Amigos de Durruti. A group of active campaigners in London dedicated to the propagation of Anarchy (society organized without authority) and the defence of brothers in need. Write to Bill Dwyer, c/o Freedom Press.

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

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

TRUTH ABOUT SQUATTING

Continued from page 3

of the barricades died down and the hard work began. Ron and I were among the few who slogged it out. We saw that even without mass support, organised groups could make local councils give way. We were not stupid enough to expect unconditional surrender, and we were completely unable to perform the mental feat which enables Jack Robinson to separate control from responsibility. We succeeded because we were prepared to negotiate as well as fight and councils were presented with this choice.

The Lewisham Family Squatting Association is one measure of our success. It is not run by Jim Radford and Ron Bailey. It is run by the 100+ families who belong to it. It is far from perfect but it is closer to a democratic organisation than any I have known. Its philosophy is mutual aid and shared responsibility; and if Bill Dwyer will tell me how the conversion of a group of badly-housed voiceless families into a powerful independent organisation able to talk to councils on equal terms equates with assuming 'a cap in hand position' I should be interested to know.

These families are taking control and making decisions, in areas that they had not thought possible. They do not lose their places on the waiting list, as Robinson states. Their united strength made the council agree to that. They are in many ways the parallel organisation that anarchists talk about but never organise.

The new Family Squatting Advisory Service, financed by Shelter, but not under their control, has been created to promote similar organisations in other Boroughs. It has not pledged itself to obey anyone's orders as Dwyer claims. Of course we expect the councils we approach to regard a legal arrangement as the lesser of two evils—what Bill Dwyer fails to mention is that most councils already see us as the other evil too. Because, strange as it may seem, your old 'Uncle Toms' Radford and Bailey have been organising and participating in Direct Action squatting in more London boroughs than anyone else he cares to mention.

Harking back to my opening remarks, it is incredible that in the same article in which he lashes *The Times* for omitting to mention something he thinks relevant, he should state the nonsensical lie that Ron and I have 'disowned the direct action men'—failing to mention that in Southwark where we have 17 families squatting, we are locked in militant struggle with a council just as reactionary and hostile as Redbridge was; with High Court orders flying and council workmen smashing up houses to keep us out. You do read the capitalist press sometimes, don't you, Bill?

Jack Robinson's mistatements are too numerous to deal with exhaustively. The LFS is not a recognised Housing Association. It has not 'set out for 7,000

houses'. None of the houses acquired by them or any of the new groups to be formed will be financed by Shelter money. Each group will be independent and self-supporting and so on and so on.

Both Ron and I are well aware of the dangers of a new bureaucracy developing and other problems. We are doing our best to look ahead and prevent them. Just as we are constantly trying to involve more people. Anyone who challenges the system can expect to be either clobbered or absorbed. It is because we were determined and persistent enough to defeat the attempt to clobber us that we are now in the process of being absorbed. That's fine with us because we never thought that we could overthrow the system on our own, and it is the system that has changed—not us. It may be only a small dent—a few hundred, eventually a few thousand families in decent homes and with a little more say and control over the situation than they had before, and a little more appreciation of the value of solidarity and direct action. But if that constitutes betraying the movement just think what we could have achieved with a few more active traitors!

Kent

JIM RADFORD.

Jack Robinson writes:

Whilst not wishing entirely to disassociate myself from the views of a correspondent (which I edited) I would point out that Jim has misjudged me in crediting me with the correspondent's views. I may simply state my view is that whereas once the squatting movement could be thought revolutionary, it can now be considered—as far as Ron Bailey and Jim Radford are concerned—reformist.

Bill Dwyer writes:

I do not consider that staunch old battler George Foulser in any way unreliable—he is at present in prison for defending the Burrell House squat and his whole record is consistently true. I have searched for the 'many falsehoods' Jim Radford accuses me of and find he is only specific on two matters, viz. the legal squatters' acquiescence in obeying orders and that the direct action men have been disavowed. It is perfectly clear that the legal squatters are prepared to obey the councils when they get instructions to quit—Shelter's £5,000 donation was made on this condition. By blatantly taking up a 'legal' position and accepting money for doing so it logically follows that those who are illegal are being disavowed. I stand by my accusations. Having been a founder-member of one squat and participated in meetings at others, I am quite satisfied that there is a communal spirit in the squatting movement. Those who are breaking the law need solidarity. The legal squatters have not the same need and, in practice, will be just like paying tenants anywhere.