

IN COLD BLOOD

HARDLY had the blood been cleaned off the neat paving of the play area and garaging of Rossville (High) Flats, Londonderry (or Derry if you prefer it), than Fleet Street resumed its supply of hot and cold running blood. Indeed Fleet Street's main function seems to be to supply the public's Dracula-like needs. Alternately it supplies the hot blood of 'public' indignation and the cold blood of public analysis and judicial calm.

The most cold-blooded item of the week was a picture of a soldier observing one-minute's silence for the 13 dead in Londonderry. We think the headline in somebody else's *Sun* said 'Reverence Knows No Boundaries' but it was something just as cold-blooded. Bernadette Devlin, our least unfavourable politician, gave a display of justifiable hot-bloodedness; so did those who burnt down the British Embassy.

The week separated the men from the boys. If the IRA did not exist, the Paras would invent them. If the Paras did not exist the IRA would

return the compliment. Jeremy Thorpe and Edward Kennedy found reasons not to be in Newry on Sunday. Conor Cruise O'Brien changed his mind and decided that British troops were best out of Ireland. *The Irish Press* pictures Richard T. Daly, Mayor of Chicago, giving £10,000 to Derry relief, stained with the blood of Abby Hoffman?

Fleet Street made our blood cold with a story that the British uniforms (stolen from a dry-cleaners) would be used by the IRA in Newry. Somebody trying to plant an advance alibi or just squeezing out a story?

A one-man tribunal, L. C. J. Widgery, was appointed for the enquiry into the Londonderry massacre. Lord Balneil, the Minister of State for Defence, put the Government's excuses. The people of

the Hoopside declined to give evidence before L. C. J. Widgery. Remembering the content of the Compton Report, one concurs.

Immediately, on announcement of the tribunal, Fleet Street dived into its favourite *sub judice* tank-hole. The post Sundays vied with each other to be more *sub judice* than thou. We cannot omit a reference to Alastair Cooke, soured liberal, who in his BBC radio talk relayed from USA freely and frankly admitted that it was an outrage that pressure had been put upon interviewees to make them talk. Courageous Cooke, always one outrage behind!

This wasn't really the week for it—Professor Telford Taylor, former chief United States prosecutor at the Nuremberg war crimes trial, described as absurd the conviction of Lt William Calley in the My Lai massacre case. Telford Taylor said, 'It is unfitting and unprincipled to punish one man for the

crimes of many.'

The *Observer* did a spot-check survey of the silent majority and succeeded in polling almost 100% anti-IRA opinion. *The Guardian* had staff trouble with John O'Callaghan who resigned from the paper for its advocacy of a military solution in Ireland. *The Guardian* apparently forgot its story of January 25 that 'At least two British Army units in Belfast have made informal requests to brigade headquarters for the Parachute Regiment to be kept out of their areas.'

Senior officers in these units regard the parachute tactics as too rough and on occasions brutal!

A doctor reported that, from post-mortem examination, a large number of the persons killed had been shot in the back whilst running away.

It was reported that a soldier had deserted from the Parachute Regiment, it was claimed that he was only a cook and since the Irish Government are holding him on an arms charge it is not known whether it is a morally-inspired desertion.

Fleet Street tried to shift our blood with what was going to happen on Sunday at Newry. Not only was the story of the stolen uniforms given a build-up but a poster on Saturday read: 'IRA Sneak into Newry'... The rotters!

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Tory Totalitarians

TAKEING ADVANTAGE of Pakistan leaving the Commonwealth, Mr. Enoch Powell demands that the British Government 'withdraw, with due notice and on a planned basis, the permission by which these Pakistanis, like any other foreign workers, reside in this country'. This might be the beginning of the gradual expulsion from Britain of Commonwealth workers from Africa, Asia and the West Indies whose presence was economically unjustified. He added a curious Powellian phrase, 'even if this country today did not have tragic surplus indigenous labour'.

One wonders how long it will be before the deportation of white people, born in England, is advocated by somebody. Once you can class human beings as 'surplus' in this way anything is possible. Even as far back as the years immediately before the First World War the proposal was mooted to deport the unemployed to Canada and Australia. Nowadays the Common Market offers a possibility of a concealed form of deportation. 'There's nothing for you in Manchester, I'm afraid, but there is in Brussels, or Turin, and you'd better take it. There will be no unemployment benefit if you stay here.'

Mr. Powell is capable of statements that make one want to vomit. He goes on to say, 'The process, if carried out as it should be, would involve no dislocation in this country and would confer substantial benefits upon Pakistan and Bangladesh. Nothing could be of more value to those countries than the controlled and progressive return of their citizens, who have acquired experience and skill in industry in Britain.'

Mr. Powell poses as the plain, blunt Englishman, and has been welcomed

by many other John Bulls as someone who has had the courage to say what they have thought but dared not utter. However the mass moving about of people is a characteristic of despotic states. If Mr. Powell was generally concerned to preserve the traditions of Britain he would not advocate such things. One would have to go back to the expulsion of the Jews from England in the Middle Ages to find a parallel to the policy which he advocates.

When he made this speech he was speaking at a dinner in Banbury, organised by the Oxford University Conservative Club and the Monday Clubs of the university and the county of Oxfordshire. The Conservatives have always had sympathy for Fascism and Nazism, because they are not in fact conservatives at all. They are right-wing totalitarians. The John Bull exterior is a fraud. The concern for 'free enterprise', 'individual freedom' and so forth is a facade. They are totalitarian in the same sense that Stalin was a totalitarian, the 'grand old warrior chief', as Churchill called him. Exactly. This is their style.

Hitherto they have been opposed by a strong body of opinion, which, however muddled and inconsistent it may be, has always been against the high-handed kind of policies which Mr. Powell puts forward. The murder of thirteen Irishmen and fourteen Rhodesians has aroused indignation, but some observers think that it has not aroused as much as it would have a century ago. Once this sort of thing fails to arouse people there is no doubt that Mr. Powell, or those who think like him, will be able to put their schemes into operation.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH

No Political Solution in Ireland

THE LONDONDERRY massacre and the consequent reaction of horror amongst at least some of the great British public have brought one step nearer the day when the Westminster politicians decide to cut their economic losses and save their worthless political necks by withdrawing from N. Ireland.

No one really believes any longer that the British Army can score a military victory against the IRA in the present circumstances. The last desperate trick is a speciality of the British Army developed over years of 'defending' a crumbling empire; the increasing harassment of unarmed civilians inevitably leading to the killing of unarmed demonstrators, whether accidentally or not.

As always the politicians hover like vultures waiting to pick the corpses for political advantage. Wilson hypocritically moves into a cautious position of 'opposition' as it becomes

clear that the British voter is increasingly favouring the withdrawal of troops. Lynch is breathless at the prospect of a 'united' Irish state under his control. The Catholic Church looks forward to extending its power. The IRA has more justification for its own brand of murder, or 'armed struggle', or whatever you like to call it, depending on your stomach for such things. The stage is set for what is euphemistically described as a 'political solution'—all at the expense of the Irish worker.

When the shooting finally stops, and the dead are buried, and the wheeling and dealing is over, the Irish people will discover that everything has changed to stay the same. They will, that is, unless they decide now that the only acceptable 'solution' is their own emancipation from economic exploitation and the authority of the Church and State.

In Ireland, as elsewhere, all workers face a common cause against a system which deprives them of all initiative and responsibility, and brings nothing but economic insecurity and frustration. The Irish people must not allow the fruits of their suffering to be harvested by the politicians. The civil disobedience campaign has shown the possibilities of a people united against the State. That is just the beginning, a step towards the self-organisation of workers and the creation of a society based on voluntary co-operation and mutual aid; workers' control and a federation of free communities.

The factories and workshops are yours of right, my Irish brothers. Take them, hold them and build a truly free Ireland without capitalists, politicians and priests. That would be a worthwhile memorial to Ireland's martyrs.

TERRY PHILLIPS.

THE MINERS' STRIKE

We Owe it to Them

IN THE SAME WEEK that the coal-miners' strike was really beginning to take effect, one of their number, Freddie Matthews, was killed by an articulated lorry while he was pickinget Keadley power station, near Scunthorpe. This tragic death has brought to the surface much of the bitterness felt by the miners and this has shown itself in the increased number of arrests of pickets on the day following his death. Even the long and

bitter lock-out of 1926 did not bring this kind of tragedy and it is ironic that while miners practically stare death in the face all their working lives, one should have been killed during this dispute.

His death comes at a time when the coal-burning power stations, which are being picketed for 24 hours a day, are getting desperate for supplies of oil and sulphuric acid, used for generating pur-

poses. The Central Electricity Generating Board have started to make voltage reductions of 3% over the whole country. In some areas further reductions have been made and near black-out was only just avoided.

The CEBG have issued statements about their power stations being 'under siege'. The North East Region has gone even further and complained that 'extremists, apparently in defiance of official instructions from the National Union of Mineworkers, have prevented, frequently with a great deal of intimidation, the delivery of supplies of hydrogen, chemicals and other commodities essential for safe operation'. The CEBG goes on to deplore the picketing of power stations and has started to use the plight of pensioners who might suffer in any black-outs. No doubt if cuts take place we will have a repeat of the hysterical stories in the newspapers as we did during the work-to-rule of the power workers 13 months ago. In fact by the time this is printed, power workers could have banned overtime to secure their wage claims.

STATE OF EMERGENCY

It is likely that the Government will declare a State of Emergency if the power workers' wage talks break down and they operate their ban. Even without this added threat the strike is beginning to bite. Not only are more power stations going to be out of commission, but factories are beginning to close and lay off

workers. This has already started in the steel industry and paper mill workers are also affected. Cotton mills have been closed and engineering factories in the Nottingham area are expected to close within the next fortnight if the strike is not ended.

The strike is beginning to take an effect in economic terms. The Government has, I think, underestimated the determination of the miners to win. There's not been a passive action but an active participation of members, many of whom have never bothered about union affairs before. Now the pickets are spreading and they are making sure that it is not only coal that is being held up, but also other supplies necessary for generating electricity. In many places the pickets have had to contend with the police, who, with their usual strike-breaking manner, assisted those who wanted to work or held back pickets who wanted to stop lorries. In such situations the true role of the police, as a repressive force and protector of wealth, is shown. The bitterness of the past and the reaction to the death of Freddie Matthews has made pickets even more determined to stop supplies and an increasing number of clashes between miners and police, resulting in arrests have occurred.

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FOOLS' FESTIVAL

WHEN ANY SOCIETY loses its

dynamic, it seeks an outlet for its sterile creative urges by regurgitating its own past glories. History becomes myth, morality a matter of public debate, and political action a frantic war of words over a parliamentary clause. Battle honours are won on the cinema screens, political idealisms are but the entertainment of the hour used to separate television commercials and the poetry hacks vie with the winking tits and the tinted public hairs for the mob's applause, for without a great and mighty cause to move us into action all affluent societies vegetate in a stinking garden fertilised by its own shit. Every society should have, nay must have, a common objective beyond its own strength and far better a stone Christ hauled by blood and tears to a virgin mountain peak or space crafts thrown into infinity than the unity of a total war of the black anger and fear engendered by millions of unemployed men and women who will destroy that they might live.

We no longer believe to the splendours of the great cathedrals would be but an empty gesture, we have no Pontine marshes to drain and in the world's power structure we are now the colonialists queuing for our handout from Washington and in this historic vacuum our industrial sick negotiate our labour for the Confederalist sweat pool, our middle class parade in their tailored military drag as they fan their well-shaved jaws with the latest property share reports, and the children of the working class scramble for a desk in the first college of instant learning that will take them to fill the assembly belt of seats. When learning is debased by the adulteration of a status-seeking mass and the arts and the humanities are valued and judged by correctly answering a dozen questions from a single term book, then the love

for learning as an end in itself and the dedication of the skilled-craftsman glorying in his gifted hands gives way to an English hahbi with an 'A' Level certificate, no trade, no skill and only a State handout and an indoctrinated content for manual work, be it making a chair, planting a potato or building a wall.

The Royal Academy of Arts in Piccadilly have given over their large and lately galleries for an exhibition of British Sculpture '72 and twenty-four claimants for the honour have supervised an assembly of industrial junk that, bolt together how they may, cannot but fail to depress the spectator. If this said array of scrap iron, tubing and plastic had simply been labelled 'ASPECTS OF BRITISH SCULPTURE '72', one would have accepted it and rejected it for the banal rubbish that it is, but room after room of 'painted steel', those inevitable sacks of gravel and the net of mild steel tubing and sheets of fibreglass are but an admission that there is a poverty of imagination and an inability to justify the portentous title of the exhibition, that makes this exhibition the first joke of the year.

A painted girder in the Kasia Gallery I will accept, for in the monied and monastic calm of that Bond Street gallery even an empty chair can be an object of mild interest. Bernard Meadows' globular masses like bronze ruptures can always find an interested viewer at the Redfern Gallery, while Eduardo Paolozzi's limitations are always worthy of a condescending glance from the cognoscenti, but your genuine builder's muck container filled with your actual waste is still junk even though it bears the catalogue title of *Thunder and Lightning with Elies and Jack Kennedy*. When an exhibition such as this falls flat on its face one must ask the pertinent question

that haunts every State trial, every abortive revolution and every publicised demonstration regarding not who was there to take the central role fall in the face, but who was not and why.

Alistair McAlpine, the well-known hola in the road digger, has given a reluctant nation, beside many holes in their roads, his version of *Modern British Sculpture* and his shiny blue-eyed boys are on view at 16 Chancery Street, W.C.1, until the Tate can find a permanent space for them; the sculptors not the lads. With but two exceptions McAlpine's choice has little in common with the work displayed at the Royal Academy beyond the same arid use of steel tubing. I would hold that when the choice is between leading showmen from an army of mediocrities then gallery space-filling becomes an end in itself. If the Royal Academy had given one room to the work of our foremost sculptor, Elizabeth Frink, they could have saved their day, but her absence condemns this exhibition and gives a savage bite to Sir Thomas Mounnington's sour foreword.

The King of Sweden has unwittingly redressed the balance by allowing the British Museum to place an exhibition 201 Chinese works from his large personal collection. The British Museum have again mounted a major exhibition that, like the Piranesi and Durer exhibitions, failed to excite the Town and his giggling frau. Here in all three exhibitions is a serene and timeless beauty, here is the work of craftsmen who created the functional as part of the life stream of their age, men who had the intelligence to reject decoration when the beauty of pure space so demanded. The death of art is always marked by a festering scab of decoration and all, or almost all, Indian art can be dismissed

for this reason, and in the British Museum exhibition one can mark how the clean and beautiful creations of the Sung dynasty can be seen to degenerate into the decorative and over-priced and over-priced work of the Ming dynasty. Within the Museum room we stand outside time, therefore we can judge, and in the end we can only return to the pure beauty of unadorned forms of the Sung pottery. A 1,000 years or more in dead time an unadorned potter threw a simple vase that is a hymn of beauty with its clean line and black glazes and one understands why the Scandinavian stoneware potters accept this 1,000-year-old vase and other work of the Sung dynasty as a living example for their own contemporary work. The Ming dynasty potteries may fill the shelves of the philistines but for those who love beauty, little men of our Royal Academy exhibition, we must seek it from the hands of the craftsmen and not the literal playing games in large rooms with big boys' do-it-yourself kits loaned by the local ironmongers for air nouveau, whether on a Ming bowl, wallpaper or updated into steel tubing and fibreglass, is an act of artistic degeneration.

Slogans without a cause, frustration and incompetence aping a revolution, but for you who love the line, little comrade, then it is painting to Editions Graphiques Gallery at 3 Clifford Street, W.1, to view the drawings of women by Paul Cesar Helleu. Proust used Helleu as the character of Elstir in his *A la recherche du temps perdu* and for those who like to tip-toe down the byways of literary history, catalogue in hand, then view these slight and charming drawings while the rust ages the work at the Royal Academy. And if you want the genuinely odd ball (and who does not?), then down

the alley to the Situation Gallery hidden in Horsebus Yard, W.1. A lean white room. One long Last Supper-style table covered with a virginal white sheet and on it ten black-covered volumes by the Japanese artist On Kawara and within these ten books ONE MILLION YEARS. No more and no less, for printed within these ten books is literally, year by year, one million years. No more and no less. From our age back in time 1,000,000 years, each year neatly printed and if one doubts then one could always count them. One million years printed year by year. Best that, my camp followers of fashion at the Royal Academy.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

An Anarchist Life

ON NOVEMBER 7, Joseph Spivak died in New York in his 90th year, bringing to an end a long and active career in the American anarchist movement. Born in southwestern Russia on March 4, 1882, he emigrated to the United States in 1902, but returned to the 1905 Revolution, taking part in anti-tsarist agitation and in the defence against anti-Jewish pogroms which swept the area. When revolution gave way to reaction, Spivak returned to New York and worked in a cigar factory while studying chemistry at night at Cooper Union, from which he received a Bachelor of Science degree in 1915.

During the First World War Spivak was active in American anarchist circles, taking part in the anti-conscription movement launched by Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, and in the agitation for Tom Mooney and Warren Billings, who had been falsely charged with exploding a bomb during the San Francisco Preparedness Parade of July 22, 1916. Hounded by the authorities, Spivak was threatened with deportation, his apartment was raided and his papers and personal belongings were seized. But he refused to be silenced. Moving to Los Angeles, he joined the Kropotkin Branch of the Workmen's Circle as well as a local group of the IWW. With Tom Bell, the Scottish-born anarchist, he organized a weekly libertarian forum and a Free Workers' College, and he also contributed articles to *The Road to Freedom*, the *Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, and other anarchist periodicals.

Meanwhile, with the rise of the Bolshevik dictatorship, Spivak lost his faith in mass revolution and became, in his own words, 'a complete Stirnerite', adopting as his credo Stirner's dictum that 'nobody is higher than myself, which he called the 'basic anarchist truth'. At the same time, however, he continued to take part in Anarchist-Communist and Anarcho-Syndicalist activities. Returning to New York in 1927, he joined the Francisco Ferrer Branch of the Workmen's Circle, the Jewish Anarchist Federation (serving briefly as its secretary), and the *New Trends* group organized at the end of the Second World War by Alexander Shapiro. But his most important work, perhaps, was in the Libertarian Book Club, of which he was the driving force and instrumental in the publication of its four books: Voline's *Nineteen-Seventeen and The Unknown Revolution* (1954-55, jointly with Freedom Press), James J. Martin's *Men Against the State* (1957), Paul Eltzbacher's *Anarchism* (1960, jointly with Freedom Press), and Max Stirner's *The Ego and His Own* (1963) in which, as an avowed Stirnerite, he took particular pride.

If the comrades in New York are not yet using that store of dynamic energy called Joseph Spivak, wrote Tom Bell in 1927, 'they are overlooking a good thing indeed.' But Spivak's talents were not overlooked. Small, lively, energetic, he remained active and alert to the end. Indeed, only a few weeks before his death he lectured to the Libertarian Book Club on the co-operative movement, a subject in which he had had a lifelong interest.

1971 has been a tragic year for the Libertarian Book Club. It has seen the passing of its president, Walter Swieda, its recording secretary, Augusta Fleigler, and now Joseph Spivak. One is reminded of a remark of Alexander Berkman's a generation ago: 'The old guard is passing away, and there are almost none of the younger generation to take its place, or at least to do the work that must be done if the world is ever to see a better day.'

P.T.

If readers wish to send money, send it to the National Union of Mineworkers Campaign Fund, Lawrence Daly, 222 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

P.H.A.

ANGRY EIGHT COMMITTED

AS EXPECTED (and as reported briefly in *Freedom* last week), all eight people accused of being involved in the Angry Brigade have been committed for trial at the Old Bailey. The committal proceedings at Lambeth Magistrates Court lasted from January 3 to January 25. The trial is expected to take place during the summer, and will last for several weeks.

James Greenfield, Anna Mendelson, John Barker (also known as George Buchanan), and Hilary Creek were arrested in their flat at Amburst Road, Stoke Newington, on August 29; Christopher Bett and Stuart Christie were arrested there during the next couple of days; Angela Weir and Catherine McLean were arrested elsewhere in London in November and December. Angela Weir and Catherine McLean were granted bail at the beginning of the committal hearing, and Hilary Creek was granted bail at the end—all three with enormous sureties and stringent conditions.

The Angry Eight are charged with conspiracy to cause a score of explosions and shootings from 1967 to 1971. Conspiracy charges against Pauline Conroy and Christopher Allen were dropped at the beginning of the committal hearing, and a few minor charges against some of the eight were dropped at the end. The maximum sentence for conspiracy to cause explosions is twenty years; Jake Prescott has already been given fifteen years for addressing three envelopes for the Angry Brigade communique at the time of the Carr bombing in January 1971, so the prospect for any of the eight who may be found guilty of this charge is bleak indeed.

Five of the eight spoke from the dock at the end of the committal, but their speeches were not reported in the national press (*Time Out* printed extracts last week). They protested against the harassment they had experienced at the hands of both police and prison staff.

At least that ordeal is over, three of them are out on bail, and the five remanded in custody may expect some sort of respite for a few months. But their lawyers are pursuing complaints about some of the specific instances of harassment, and their friends are trying to give them as much aid and comfort as possible (offers of money, new books, cigarettes, food, and so on should be sent to Box 359, Compendium Bookshop, 240 Camden High Street, London, N.W.1).

Meanwhile, comment on the whole case is still echoing in the press. On January 27, just after the end of the committal proceedings, the *Guardian* printed a quarter-page advertisement organised by 'People Seek Justice for Prescott and Purdie', in which more than 150 people signed a short liberal statement expressing 'profound concern at what is happening to Jack Prescott'. The particular points mentioned were the dubious nature of the conspiracy charge in this case, the tenuous nature of the evidence implicating Prescott in the conspiracy, and the excessive nature of the sentence he received. As a result of this, several of the signatories were interviewed on January 27 and 28 in various radio and television news programmes, and it is hoped that there has been some impact on public opinion. But it is difficult to do anything effective about a jury's verdict or a judge's sentence outside the courts, and it is difficult to know what can be done next for Prescott (ideas and offers of help should be sent to PSJPP, *Time Out*, 374 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8BB).

Apart from that, the most interesting item of press comment since our last report was an article in *Trends* 20 (February 3) called 'Angry People, Angry Action, Angry Debate' by 'Wat Tyler' (which followed closely on the article by Jack Flash in *Ink* 25). This was an extraordinarily confused but revealing account of one person's reactions to the case. His emotional reaction was that 'my heart (rightly or wrongly) says RIGHT ON'. His intellectual reaction was that the Angry Brigade, far from being alien to the revolutionary movement, is essentially part of it; that young working-class people see violence as part of their daily lives, and that it is necessary to take into account the hundreds of explosions that occur every year, many of them political. After that there was a vague slithering into the apparent identification of revolutionary and criminal activity, and into an incredible (and hopefully ironic) conclusion: 'Power to Jake Prescott. Power to the Angry 8.' It is difficult to know what to make of all this, but it is certainly frightening to see so little realisation of what direct action involves and so little consideration of what the actions of the Angry Brigade have led to in practice, rather than theory.

A Breach of whose Peace?

ON FEBRUARY 2, Julian Turner, a 23-year-old student, appeared at Aberdeen Police Court and was found guilty of 'breach of the peace'. The charge arose from a leaflet he had distributed to Aberdeen schoolkids about libertarian education.

The leaflet made the point that sexual repression is used as a device to bolster authority and urged sexual liberation of the young. The greater part of the leaflet however, consisted of quotes from the internationally famous libertarian educationist, A. S. Neill.

Five middle-class parents took the leaflet to the police and complained. Julian was then charged that he did distribute a pamphlet, the contents of which annoyed and distressed the complainees, and thus caused a breach of the peace.

Readers will note that the charge did not relate to any specific section of the leaflet, nor was any question of obscenity hinted at in the charge. The precedent set by this charge is alarming both for Aberdeen political activists and for Scots revolutionaries generally.

The court case was a farce—it was like a drumhead tribunal or some form of kangaroo court. The hostility of the judge was apparent from the beginning—he smiled at, and nodded agreement with, an official of the extreme right-wing Scottish Schoolmasters' Association who firmly proclaimed his 'right' to decide what his child could read.

The incompetence, ignorance and pomposity of the prosecution—a legal nonentity called 'Prosecutor Fiscal' and a lay magistrate (Councillor W. Craig of Aberdeen Labour Party)—was in sharp contrast with the erudite, persistent and competent defence put up by Julian's lawyer.

Craig got redder in the face as the case went on and his hostile glances towards the public benches—completely packed with students—were not unnoticed. He was doubtless a little worried about his future election prospects—since he was only selected by his ward party in view of the fact that no one else was available—and disturbed by the fact that the benches contained local trade

unionists and Labour Party members, including an election agent.

At the first flimsy opportunity, he cleared the court. Didn't you have the guts to do what you did in public, Bill?

One student shouted that 'this is not democracy' and was forced to apologise to Craig.

Craig's cowardice was further revealed in his sentence—found guilty and given an absolute discharge. Presumably, this bird-brain hoped to thus satisfy defence and prosecution.

An appeal is being planned and funds are very badly needed. There is little doubt that an appeal will succeed, but the appeal will have to be held in Edinburgh and legal aid is not available. Since Scottish anarchists can be very certain that the Scottish police will use this case to hammer revolutionary leaflets on every subject, perhaps they might care to start the ball rolling.

Donations to

Julian Turner,
c/o Student Flats,
Balgownie Lodge,
Balgownie,
Aberdeen.

A CORRESPONDENT.

THE MINERS

Continued from page 1

DISASTROUS

Mr. Gormley, the President of the NUM, for his part, would like to see some form of productivity deal with a long-term agreement which would do away with the annual negotiations. Such a deal would be disastrous to miners as past productivity deals have shown. Such agreements are gifts to union leaders. Gone are the annual negotiations and the pressure from the rank and file, leaving the leaders a quiet life.

Coalminers have long held a special place in the history of the labour movement and the hearts of people. While we would not argue for special economic privileges over other workers, their job does make them special. We, the rest of the working class, owe them something and we, the community, are in their debt. Now they need support. The token stoppage by British Leyland SU Carbuirettor workers is a start, but many strikers and their families must be finding it hard without strike pay. They have had to cut down on many things, including food. Haven't they already contributed enough? Haven't they risked life and limb to give us fuel for our firms and for our power supplies? Do we not owe it to them to contribute to the supplying of their needs?

P.T.

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N.W.

GREEN & ORANGE TORIES OUT!

READERS WILL BE AWARE from reports in this paper, other papers in the mass media, radio and television, of the frightening spectacle of life in the Catholic ghetto areas of Northern Ireland. The arbitrary arrests, soldiers knocking people about, internment on a mass scale, death and destruction—the other side of the coin commemorating the 'good of British way of life' in a part of the UK—into the bargain. One account in FREEDOM by an anarchist described his treatment as 'lenient'.* IF the treatment meted out to this comrade, an innocent man, a declared socialist and a non-violent activist is lenient—what of the potentially guilty—the suspected Republican? The allegations coming from Dundalk and Dublin begin to make sense.

No doubt the Army thinks, or more correctly the Army's Tory masters in Whitehall think that by these methods they can win the Catholic population away from the IRA, or do they? Are they really such fools? Do they really want to win the Catholic population over to peaceful civil disobedience that would be infinitely more effective and dangerous from their point of view? Judge for yourself!

I want in the following to comment on both the phenomena of 1971—the Provisional IRA and the policy of the British Government. It is difficult to criticise the role of the British Government (British Army) in Northern Ireland without appearing to support the campaign being waged by the Provisional IRA. Conversely, it is difficult to criticise the Provisional IRA without appearing to support the role of the British Army (British Tory Government). In this comment I will be criticising both and supporting neither.

The history of the present troubles in Northern Ireland has been very well set out in the *Sunday Times* in their issues of November 14 and 21. In two articles the writers trace the development of the Provisional IRA campaign as stemming from the reaction of the Catholic population in Northern Ireland to the activities of the British Army particularly following the return of the Tories to Westminster in June 1970. I would agree with this analysis entirely. It has surely been proven beyond any shadow of doubt that since the Tories were re-elected the British Army has not on one single occasion made an effective raid for arms in the Orange districts. The fact that such arms exist has been very recently corroborated by—of all people—a British Army officer of the Green Howards Regiment in an interview given to Alfred G. Browne, Chief Reporter of the Press Association and published in the *Irish Times*, Tuesday, November 30. One young officer (unnamed) was quoted as saying, 'We know the Protestants have guns too and have heard them firing, but we couldn't get to them.' How very strange!

The Catholic population, terrified lest they should be subject to any future semi-official pogroms as took place in August 1969 when British troops first set up the so-called peace barrier, fell in desperation into the hands of their only protector as they saw it—the Provisional IRA. In following a one-sided policy of arms searches the desired results for the Unionist Party were achieved. The Catholics fell to the Provisional IRA who increased their so-

called 'military campaign', thus preparing the ground for the kind of retaliation launched on August 9 when internment was introduced. Thus was the political kith and kin of the Tory Party in Northern Ireland sored up.

The Protestant working class were now convinced that another bloodthirsty Papish plot was afoot and they fell into line like good soldiers behind the banner of the Unionist Party. All was happy, or was it? How long before the Protestant working class will be experiencing the same terror machine as the Catholic working class is today?

It might not be very long indeed, times have changed, this is not the era of the British Empire, it is the era of the Common Market, of the American alliance and British investment in the Republic—south of the border. There are too many people in these allied countries to whom the swash-buckling activities of 'our troops' is far from appreciated. As a result of these alliances and the security to British investment displayed over recent years by the Southern Government, the Wilson Plan has been devised anticipating, as it does, a united Ireland in 15 years enforced by the presence of the same British Army who today invest the Catholic areas. If the ghosts of 41 dead British soldiers haunt Heath's bedtime dreams with the melancholy cry of 'what the bloody hell was all this for?' then it will be understandable because in all probability not even Ted Heath fully comprehends the apparent contradictory role he is preparing for 'our boys', Catholics in the Common Market countries and the Irish Catholic Americans do not like to be presented with a picture of British troops repressing the Catholic Irish. Hence, we will be hearing much more of the Wilson Plan.

The Provisional IRA must be seen against the twenty-six county state because they are supported morally if not otherwise by the most right wing, even fascist elements of Fianna Fail. Their politics are those of the twenty-six county state; some people will say, 'Ah no, it is not so,' and quote instances of those who are Socialists or else root to the bottom of the Provisional bill of policies and stick together some choice pieces saying, 'There you are, a Socialist programme.' Rubbish! The Provisionals, like de Valera before them, have their Socialist programmes in their political bag of tricks. Every bourgeois nationalist in every single one of the former colonial states has had his 'Socialist programme' and they have consistently coddled the 'left-wingers' and the 'revolutionaries' up to their tonsils. Having lived 25 years in the twenty-six county state, I am one of those millions of Paddy's who could not stay behind to enjoy the fruits of independence. I would not offer it as a solution to the immense social problems, let alone the class problem. To do so as the first step to socialism, as some Socialists do, is Utopian bull-shit!

The class struggle is the class struggle, it is indivisible and it has merely got one gigantic task—namely the emancipation of the working class—all of the working class not just the Protestant, not just the Catholic but all—Catholic, Protestant, Jew or Atheist. The first task for the Northern Irish workers is class unity. The problem in Northern Ireland is *not* the border, it is un-

employment, slum housing, economic insecurity, in short it is all of the evils produced by capitalist society. These evils transcend the border, they exist in Dublin, Cork, Limerick and Donegal. Any policy which tends to divide the working class is inimical and in this light the so-called military campaign of the Provisional IRA has polarised the Northern Irish working class in a manner most pleasing to their masters—masters over Catholic and Protestant. Despite what they may say about the bombings and shootings—these are the life blood of Toryism. Without this military campaign the working class might, just might, unite and then—woe betide the Tories and nobody is more conscious of this fact than the Tories themselves—both Green and Orange.

Militarily the Provisionals can never be successful; it is elementary to any guerrilla tactician that he must have the support of all the people in the area wherein he operates. That support might be passive sometimes, active occasionally but where he is confronted with the active hostility of two-thirds of the population plus the overwhelming military superiority of his opponents he is pissing against the wind. One wonders whether the leadership of the Provisional IRA realises this elementary fact. They have nothing to offer the Catholic population either militarily in the short term or politically in the long term. It has been said elsewhere that we should not be dogmatic about stressing the class nature of Northern Ireland at this time (*Socialist Leader*, October 30). This is arrant nonsense, if the class is divided, is at each other's throats even though they may be restrained to the point that pleases their masters. It is at this point that the class-conscious Socialist is required more than ever to stress the class nature of society. The problems of Northern Ireland's working class are at one with the workers who are occupying UCS, with the workers who some weeks ago marched against unemployment in London, with the 35,000 tenants on rent strike in Cork. There are no short cuts to the emancipation of the working class—said, but oh so bloody true!

I believe this to be the only consistent policy that can be adopted by the working class even though at this stage we might be pressurised into talking in terms of the Catholic or the Protestant working class. Now it is more important than ever to talk in terms of a united working class.

NO ALLIANCE WITH BOURGEOIS FLAGS RED, WHITE AND BLUE OR GREEN, WHITE AND ORANGE. FORWARD TO WORKING CLASS UNITY UNDER THE BANNER 'WORKERS UNITE, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAINS'.

AFTER DERRY

Since the above was written we have had the mass murder of 13 demonstrators last Sunday—bloody Sunday! I have no intention here of entering the guessing game—popular in the mass media—of who fired the first shot. Most of the reporters on the spot are unequivocal in saying that the Paras came in on Saracen armoured cars and opened indiscriminate fire on demonstrators who were throwing stones at them. The only

people to fully substantiate the story put about by the Army is the Army!—aided by other Crown uniformed officials.

This bloody incident is very relevant to the situation as I have analysed it above. It is quite clear that the Tory Government in Westminster is at one with the Tory Government in Stormont in directing a policy to ensure that the Provisional IRA is not separated from the Catholic masses in the ghetto and that the civil rights struggle does not become one of mass civil disobedience. It would be naive to say it was an accident that the Paras were sent in on armoured cars and opened fire, particularly so as the Paras are hated by the Catholics and their superiors must be aware of the fact. A report in the *Guardian* last week said that the COs of other British Army regiments in Northern Ireland were complaining of their behaviour. They accused the Paras of undoing their work of bridgebuilding relations with the Catholic community through their brutish attitude to the population. Thus what the Provisional IRA began the Paras completed!

Thus are the Tories clearly determined to ensure that the civil rights campaign is seen not as a social movement of the masses but that Catholics be driven into the 'protection' of the IRA to continue the dangerous game of 'cowboys and Indians'. This is the situation they can easily handle and they are masters of the art—in addition to which for every Catholic who joins the IRA there are two Protestants to join its counterpart. Thus the cleavage between the Protestant and Catholic workers is maintained. At a time when mass redundancy threatens thousands of Protestant workers in Northern Ireland, it is essential to the preservation of the Northern Ireland Tory Government that sectarian warfare upon which they thrive should be the order of the day rather than class warfare.

Nevertheless it is possible, though only just, that on this occasion the Tories have misfired, literally as well as metaphorically. The pressures mounting against them are increasing by the day. Northern Ireland, Malta, Rhodesia, the Caribbean, the Persian Gulf, while on the home front the miners' strike, factory closures and redundancy, unemployment, rents and prices up, and up, up. On the civil liberties front increasing pressure on rights and liberties, the Prescott

case, etc., etc., etc. Increasingly it becomes evident that we are confronted not solely by a most right wing Tory Government bent on turning the clock of history backwards. No, we are faced with an invidious, evil-minded bunch of rogues!

DAVID PICKETT.

*A Week End at the Sea Side, Vol 33, No 5.



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IN GOLD BLOOD

Continued from page 1

Among the tributes paid to the British forces was one, 'Hardly anywhere in the world do the Army and police show such patience, constraint, and self-discipline as in Britain.' The radio commentator attacked the IRA and said the dead were victims of religious narrow-mindedness and national fanaticism, 'victims of manipulation by dark forces which are well known to us from earlier times under the name of clerical fascism'. This came on Belgrade radio, Yugoslavia is at the moment having troubles with Croatia which is showing signs of wanting national autonomy. In far away Reykavik there was a demo against the British in Ireland, participating was Terry Lacey, a former Young Liberal libertarian.

A demo in London finished with 100 arrests and the usual large number of constables reporting to hospital for first aid and to register injuries for possible compensation complications. The organizers of the demo, The Anti-Internment League, were charged with conspiracy under the Public Order Act.

As we all now know, nothing drastic happened at Newry. Both sides claim a victory, which is perhaps just as well. The *Guardian* describes it as 'Peace with honour on Day of Protest'. However the *Telegraph* assured us that the 'Paras were in Reserve'.

There has been an enormous amount of sidelong quoting of bits of Yeats' *Easter 1916* with the emphasis on the line 'a terrible beauty is born'. This is his excursion into politics when he realizes that the people he disliked and quarrelled with, McBride, Pearse, Connolly, MacDonagh, had made a rising he approved of and so transmuted themselves. Yeats became a Senator but poets are only good legislators as long as they are unacknowledged.

The literary reference most appropriate to this cold-blooded week is O'Casey in *Shadow of a Gunman*. A poetic character Scamas says, 'It's the civilians that suffer when there's an ambush they don't know where to run. Shot in the back to save the British Empire an' shot in the breast to save the soul of Ireland. . . . I believe in the freedom of Ireland an' that England has no right to be here, but I draw the line when I hear the gunmen blowin' about dyin' for the people, when it's the people that are dyin' for the gunmen! With all due respect to the gunmen, I don't want them to die for me.' SEAN QUAYOTE.

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STILL NO SHOP STEWARDS

IN THE National Union of Textile and Allied Workers, being even mildly militant is an occupational hazard. Both Bob Lees and Brian Bamford were expelled from this union shortly after they tried to get the local officials to accept motions advocating having shop stewards in textiles.

In Bamford's case, he was expelled six days after he attempted to put the shop steward motion last July, and it is now clear that on that occasion Albert Hilton, President of the Rochdale branch, broke the union rules in order to prevent the shop steward motion being put to the members.

It must have come as a surprise to Albert, when Zafar Khan last month put the motion and persuasively presented the case for mill shop stewards to the union's half-yearly meeting. The meeting received his arguments very sympathetically, but Albert managed to 'cod' them into remitting the motion to the executive committee.

DIRTY TRICK

The officials of NUTAW have been

strongly criticised in the last year or so for incompetence and failing to protect their members. This criticism has come from the local members, as well as FREEDOM, *Black and Red*, and *RAP* (Rochdale Alternative Paper), a monthly paper put out by local radical elements.

The latter, which has become quite influential locally, got Hilton's goat, when it suggested that he was trying to camouflage the inadequacies of his union structure. Hilton didn't waste much time getting his own back, he went to see the Chief Education Officer to tell him that the editor of *RAP*, a college lecturer, had been interfering in the affairs of his textile union.

Hilton, by doing this, was clearly hoping to intimidate *RAP* and possibly get the editor the sack. In an effort to further discredit *RAP*, it is now reported that Hilton is claiming he's had a threatening letter, which he has suggested originates from the *RAP* editors. For his next trick it is rumoured that, in order to discredit the local anarchists, he may commit suicide and make it look like assassination.

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IN A PREVIOUS ARTICLE, and in the talk at Oxford recently, I have suggested the stunting of individual growth, which is a leading characteristic of this society today, may commence as early as the cradle. The specific example then instanced was the moralistic mother slapping her baby's hands caught playing with the sexual organs.

It is one thing to theorise about such questions but how do we test them in practice? Certain Libertarians, like my friends in Sydney, have maintained that we are—bad, substantially, in a vicious circle—bad teachers produce bad students ad infinitum. A certain elite may escape, but the masses are doomed. Anarchists like myself have maintained that this pessimistic view of life is not only unconstructive and barren but ill-founded in terms of human psychology.

One of the fellows living in our commune works as a painter and decorator with about fifteen other men. Many of them are married men with children. A compassionate and sincere person he is able to talk easily and confidently with his workmates. He asked them did they slap their children when they found them playing with their sexual organs and most of them, at first hesitantly, admitted that they did. By a not remarkable coincidence (see my article in last week's issue) all of them read the NEWS OF THE WORLD. A vicious syndrome apparently. But my friend explained that their children would be happier as human beings and better emotionally and sexually developed generally if freedom rather than coercion was tried. His workmates at least started to see the truth of what he said. I bet you there'll be lots of subsequent discussions—between friends, at home between man and woman. Learning freedom.

To Tito With Love

Out of the appeal for help which I made after being arrested recently, on a very serious charge (14 years maximum) and bailed out by good fortune responses have come in from all over Britain and even overseas. For example a teacher in experimental psychology from the University of Munich has sent a reasoned and encouraging testimonial. A few nights ago two men from Yugoslavia called to consult about how best to bring about a free and co-operative way of life. They appreciated that what the commune I am living in is interested in is not opting out of society but creating a new civilisation, but realising that the steps to same must be gradual and worked for.

As I had originally met these men in Hyde Park, losing contact later for some time, it came as a considerable reassurance that honest efforts to communicate with your fellow men do prove fruitful.

These men have lived under Tito's dictatorship and fully appreciate the nature of authoritarianism and the myth of workers' control under such a system (they laughed my naïveté out of court). After a year here (one of them, a highly skilled craftsman worked for £10 per 40-hour week for Foyles) they have come to fully see that we, also, live in a highly authoritarian society, whatever the facade and however subtle. They

THIS WORLD

think the only free way of life for human beings living together in society is the commune. In their talks with us in the commune they pointed out to Kropotkin as one, in a fully contemporary setting, who pointed the way. Often in Yugoslavia they have been under pressure to join the Communist Party and have as often resisted. Indicating some room in which to work or manoeuvre. They are now returning to Yugoslavia entirely dedicated to the immediate goal of establishing communes. They told me that the probable result of their efforts will be imprisonment. For the truly free man, perhaps there is no other way.

Another Demo

The thirteen deaths in Derry brought out a fairly large crowd on Saturday. Far smaller than the anti-internment march which was held on a Sunday afternoon when the Irish had the pubs closed on them and most of the sports fields. It was still a respectable muster with quite a preponderance of Socialist and Communist banners and flags. There was talk of violence and I gathered, walking along alone as there was no anarchist contingent and precious few comrades, that it was expected the Irish would perform. Of course, the political groupings referred to would have none of that. Still a free show is a free show.

Due to an impasse with the police over where to leave the coffins violence did break out. Exactly as outlined it turned out to be a mass spectator show. I am not sure what the various Communist and Socialist groups hope to gain by exploiting a situation—that of Northern Ireland—which they don't even understand but they certainly had a ball seeing the Paddies and the Fuzz have a punch-up. I did not observe one of the politicians offer help to any of their beleaguered fellow-demonstrators however much encouragement flew from their mouths earlier.

And so to jail

I must admit I got so disgusted with the profusion of shouts 'Victory to the IRA'—the politics were particularly loud—that, out of embarrassment, I walked on the footpath for a good portion of the march. Later I joined a few friends one of whom got separated from us. Subsequently he was arrested and, as of today, has been refused bail by the police and in court. His crime is his short stay in London so far and that the police, assuming he has no supporting witnesses, are going to bring substantial charges in addition to the trifling one so far before the court. It seems to me that yet another episode in police 'verballing' and planting is coming up. My friend's name is Sean O'Toole and he is naturally anxious to contact any witnesses.

I spoke to one of his cell mates who

was released on bail and he informed me that at the time of the arrest the police assaulted those already in secure custody with kidney punches, blows at the stomach and neck, kicks in the testicles and, in his case, stamping on his bare feet. In confinement there were seven of them in a cell intended for one prisoner. They shared one blanket, one mattress and one pillow. They had no food between 7.30 p.m. and 10.30 the following morning. They were allowed to make no phone calls, despite a legal entitlement, for bail until 11.30 on the Sunday morning.

Violence or not

Demonstrations of this nature where one's own friends are involved raise the question of whether violence is justified or not. At the actual time tempers are greatly inflamed and a hysteria grips not only the crowd but the police also. Even the most innocent bystander may be carried away in such an inferno. But the question remains.

I would hesitate to give an unequivocal no to all violence (what might one do if

one were a Negro today in South Africa or, worse still, a Jew in Hitler's Germany are issues when many of us might well find no other way other than physical resistance) but I am quite sure that in England there are sufficient ways to work together with one's associates, publish one's views (very difficult and expensive I admit) and even start changing society by perfectly peaceful means. It is certainly very difficult to justify violence here and it strikes no response in the masses of the population (while I think the baby-moralism syndrome referred to at the beginning of this week's column may be quite relevantly referred to almost anyone). We sympathise with the frustration and indifference (which we are all suffering from) that inspires some to violence but we cannot sympathise with the violence.

Anarchists Meet

In the Marquis of Granby every Sunday from 7.30 p.m. It is located in Cambridge Circus at the junction of Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road. Very quiet evenings usually but we do raise amongst ourselves substantial sums to help the Stoke Newington Six including our well-known friend Stuart Christie. And since I face a probable sentence of three or four years myself many helpers are tuning up there. I think they call it SOLIDARITY.

BILL DWYER

KEEP WORKING!

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM THE Financial Times (2.2.72). It not only shows that union officials are worried about sympathy action spreading to other workers but also where their true loyalties lie.

In Birmingham, 109 workers at British Leyland's SU Carburettor plant at Erdington, staged a 24-hour token strike yesterday in support of the miners, with the result that production was halted and the whole workforce of 1,000 sent home. However they will come under strong pressure from their union—the transport workers—to abandon their plan to stage a one-day stoppage every week

until the miners' dispute is settled.

Mr. George Wright, the union's Birmingham district secretary, said last night: 'I can understand people being disturbed at the way the miners are being treated. But I shall be talking to our shop stewards about more tangible ways to assist than staging strikes.' The union is expected to suggest a cash donation to the miners.

British Leyland said yesterday: 'Whatever sympathy these men may feel for the miners' cause, this kind of action does nothing to help the miners and has an adverse effect on British Leyland and on the country's economy.'

SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

AFTER A BRIEF burst of firing from the direction of the Stock Exchange, where the Brokers' Battalion had been holding out, all resistance ended and the new Revolutionary Government of Healeycliff took over at 10 Downing Street. As they entered at the front door, members of the discredited Wedgewood-Reid administration were leaving by the back.

The two leaders emerged for photographers looking pale and tense. They stated that from now on they would speak with one voice, and that all differences between them would be submerged in the struggle to get the economy right. Ministers appointed so far were named as See-Slaughter, Minister of Justice and the widely known Peafoot, Minister of Information.

The Government appealed to all workers to surrender their arms and return to the factories. New work norms would be announced immediately, and though these would entail some sacrifice on the part of the workers, the Government was sure they would respond in order to defend the Glorious Revolution.

There would not be, nor could there be, any question of equality of wages as some irresponsible elements had demanded. Technicians and scientists were vital to the success of the economy and must be proportionately rewarded. Anti-social hooligans who had suggested that

science and technology were making life a nightmare would be locked away for their own safety, as would those who wanted production of the motor car to stop. Healeycliff assured the workers of Coventry and Dagenham that nothing would stand in the way of ever increasing production in their plants. (Loud cheers.)

ANARCHISTS TAKEN UNAWARES

Some hours before the new regime took over, contingents of the glorious People's International Guard (PIG) appeared at the shabby headquarters of the Anarchists. Printing machines were smashed—lives taken—and everyone on the premises arrested. The anarchists appeared to be taken completely by surprise, indeed many of them who for years past had been 'doing their own thing', seemed unaware that there was a crisis in the country.

Their appeals for help to passers-by as they were flung into the PIG vans went unheeded, as they were unknown to the public at large. They were present whereabouts and likely fate are the subject of much speculation and rumour.

And so, as the sun goes down on the first day of office of the first British Revolutionary Government, we sat, with a few exceptions, put our trust in the strong hands of Healeycliff now placed so firmly around our necks.

J.A.

This Week in Ireland

OF 'BLOODY SUNDAY' in Derry I can scarcely bring myself to write. Two and a half years ago in the Irish Times I warned what would happen if our Government continued to beat instead of ACTING. We had the SS paratroops on the beach at Magilligan. Then Derry last Sunday when they murdered in cold blood. They have lit a fire in ALL Ireland that will not be put out in my lifetime.

Derry mourns, Dublin blazes. I was a bare 30 yards from the British Embassy when it was gutted yesterday. The behaviour of the gardai was magnificent. They made a few very gentle token resistances, but were truly with the 25,000. The mob too were determined but gentle. I was in the centre, out of a cast after three months and very lame. I was guarded from being jostled as if I were Dresden china while I collected money for Derry. I cheered when the tricolour at half mast went up in place of the hated Union Jack. I did NOT want the lovely Georgian building destroyed, for it is only rented to England and is one of our heritages, but was told, 'This time we MUST. It' was NOT boogalanna.

Later in the evening, much, much later, after most of us had gone home unharmed—for the heavens' sakes for our dead all day—Ston Fein did indeed come and patrol behind the gardai and even the maternity hospital nearby and shouted abuse at the gardai, and in their usual

fascist manner did all they could to raise a light. If they ever got power they would be worse than the Unionists.

The deliberate LIUS told by Lord Balfeil, the officers of the paratroops, Heath and Faulkner & Co. cannot be believed even by the most Tory of the English.

Bernadette was magnificent AND SPOKE THE TRUTH. I have seen the photographs of badly wounded 14-year-olds, the hole in THE BACK of a man, and I have heard one of the two injured women speak on the wireless. The other is too ill. She may die, yet they say, 'NO women or children were hurt.' Don't believe them!

When England butchered others of us in 1916 our poet from Slane, Francis Ledegwick, wrote a lament. The last verse is:

'But in the lonesome hush of eve
Weeping I grieve the silent kills
I heard the Poor Old Woman say
In Derry of the little hills.'

So apt today.

Many other English buildings in Dublin have been burned down.
It is war now, 32 county war, and we SHALL go on till we overcome lies, brutality, slanders and the rest of the repressive notwithstanding.
'Oh Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee.'
Ouropathy for too long has flared to bring a terrible vengeance on us.

Contact

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Help Fold and Despatch 'Freedom', Thursdays from 2 p.m.

Fight the Sell-Out in Rhodesia. Demonstrate on Sunday, February 13, Assemble at Speakers' Corner at 1 p.m., March to Trafalgar Square, Rally at 2.30 p.m. Leaflets, stickers and posters from Rhodesia Emergency Committee, 89 Charlotte Street, London, W1P 2QQ. Phone: 580 5311.

Bath Workers Alliance is a small but expanding workers controlled building and decorating outfit with a vacancy for a qualified electrician. Also urgently required is a cheap or free pick-up or small van. Contact Bath Workers Alliance, 21 Rivers Street, Bath, Som.

Free London Ecology Action March on London. Area marches will reach Marble Arch at 2.30 p.m. Will move off at 3 p.m. Further information from Brian Milton, Commitment House, 26 Grosvenor Road, St. Albans, Herts. Phone: St. Albans 50910. For Action in East London contact John Matthiessen, 237 Eastern Avenue, Redbridge, Ilford, Essex, 01-527 8261.

The Wrekin Anarchists. Discussion Meetings first and third Tuesdays of the month. On other Tuesdays bring own bottle. At 13 Albert Road, Wellington, Salop. Phone: Wellington 54728.

Will the nearest anarchists to Stockton-on-Tees, please get in touch with Ian S. Sutherland, 8 Eslemont Avenue, Aberdeen. Very important.

Comrades in or near Worcester contact: V. and M. Duffy Cross, 150 Bradford Road, St. John's, Worcester.

'Peace News'—the other anarchist weekly—every Friday in from your agent or by subscription. FREE with trial sub of 7 issues for 50p two sample copies which include Illich on De-schooling and Communes Special. 'Peace News' for the theory and practice of nonviolent anarchism, 5 Caledonian Road, London, N.1.

To commemorate the 50th anniversary of 'Lysées' by James A. Joyce. Lecture: Saturday, February 19, 2.45 p.m., 32 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. WEA Branch, 15p admission.

Oxford Anarchists. Nicolas Walter: 'Anarchism, Marxism, Violence'. Nuffield College Large Lecture Theatre, Friday evening, February 18, 8 p.m.

Free Valpurga Campaign needs help, not just by way of support, but also involvement in planning and organising. Please contact c/o N. & E. London Group ORA.

Support the Miners! Stickers and Flyers with short slogans, from ORA, 68 Chingford Road, E.17.

Libertarian Book Club. Spring Lectures Series. Thursday evenings, 7 p.m., 369 Eighth Avenue, New York City, February 24, Abe Bluestein: 'The Spanish Civil War and the Fight for Freedom'. March 9, Paul Avrich: 'The Unknown Revolution'. March 23, Olga Lang: 'Chinese Anarchism'. April 13, Irving Levitas: 'G. B. Shaw and the Anarchists'. April 27, Sam Dolgoff: 'Bakunin and Nechaev'. May 11, Murray Bookchin: 'Marxism and Anarchism'.

Croydon Group meets first Tuesday every month at Jacquetta Benjamin's, Top Flat, 4 Warminster Road, S. Norwood, S.E.25. Phone Pete Roberts 01-684 5723 or write or phone Bernard R. Miles, 38 Farm Fields, Sanderstead, S. Croydon, Surrey (01-637 4860) or contact Jerry Peck, 45 Sylvan Road, Upper Norwood.

Commune, Ramsgate, welcomes visits from potential members (especially with children). Crafts and education bias. Write to P. Ford, 22 Royal Road, Ramsgate, Kent.

Liverpool Anarchist discussions normally held first Sunday in month. Write to 39 Lifford Road, Liverpool, 7, for venue, or ring 263 4890. John Cowan.

Can any comrades help us out with copies of the following issues of the First Series 'Anarchy' for binding sets: Nos. 2 (Workers' Control); 5 (Spain); 28 (Future of Anarchism); 32 (Crime); and 37 (Why I won't vote). We will pay 25p each if in good condition. Contact Freedom Press

Secretary:
Peter Le Mare, 5 Hamafore Road,
Rotton Park, Birmingham 16

ANARCHIST FEDERATION of BRITAIN

AFBIB—To all Groups.

The next AFBIB will be produced in Sheffield at 4 Havestock Square, Sheffield, 10. Send material to Secretary, Peter Le Mare. Also needs offers of help from Groups to bring out further issues.

The Contact Column in 'Freedom' is also available for urgent information. Groups should send latest addresses to Birmingham. New inquiries 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:

N.E. England: Mick Rowick, 34 Durlan Road, Gainshead, Co. Durham.

Essex & E. Herts: P. Newell, 'Aegon', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Grove, Colchester, QM, PL.1.

Yorkshire: O. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom.

Yorkshire: Martin Watkins, Flat D, 30 Caversham Road, Leeds, LS2 9J.

Manchester: Neil Cunningham, 9 Birnie Hill Avenue, Little Hulton, Worsley, Lancs.

Southland: Secretary, Mike Maier, 1 Limeswood Place, Maryfield, Dundee.

Wales: c/o P. E. Maier (address above).

N. Ireland: c/o Freedom Press.

The American Federation of Anarchists: P.O. Box 3893, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55446, U.S.A.

S. Ireland: 30 College Lane, Dublin, 1.

University and Student Groups: c/o P. L. Mac.