

Freedom

Anarchist Weekly 6d

NOVEMBER 30 1968 Vol 29 No 37

Blazing Immodesty

ABOUT SIX TIMES in the last month or so I have seen records of politicians, generally ones allegedly of the Left, ticking the Protest Movement off in sanctimonious terms saying 'In my youth, radicals showed their commitment by joining a political party'. From a generation whose idealistic and utopian youth consistently whitewashed Stalin and the Moscow Purges, which singularly failed to halt the onrush of fascism, and so has Belsen and Auschwitz on its conscience (if it has one) and which saw the old-style Capitalist system pass through its death throes and be replaced by the more noxious Warfare State, helped on rather than hindered by the Left; perhaps a little more modesty might be expected.

Yet despite the influx of weapons of mass destruction, despite Vietnam, despite Prague, Chicago, Londonderry, Mexico, the myth is promoted that all the serious radical work was done by the generation now in its fifties. (My own, now approaching 40, was, let us all agree, peculiarly reactionary from the beginning.) Just the other day Raymond Fletcher in the *Guardian* claimed that today's radicals are trying to counteract evils already changed by his generation.

Of course this sort of generation comparison is nonsensical if taken seriously for it ignores a number of factors controlling objective possibilities of action under any different circumstances. But since it is obviously the theme song of the Lib-Lab Left to try and win revolutionaries back into the tame stream of orthodox politics, it is perhaps worthwhile that anarchists should—for the sake of the argument—accept the generation war far enough to analyze just how little the parties formed by our predecessors contributed to social justice.

To give the radicals of yesteryear the best case one can, let us say look at Dick Acland who with Jimmy Maxton was the nearest substitute for an honest

man ever to sit in Parliament in this century. During the war seeing the depths to which the Left had sunk, Acland founded Common Wealth as a movement to bring ethics back into politics.

At the end of the war, after Attlee had sanctioned Hiroshima and Nagasaki with virtually no murmur of dissent from the Labour Left, Acland attempted to lead his followers into the Labour Party. The attempt was foiled by those for whom such a compromise stank (those whose ethics were such as to object to joining a plainly anti-socialist party on the understanding that they were working within it for something opposed to its very nature). But the minutes of the Special Conference at which he tried to do this—as published in the *Common Wealth Review*—give no mention of the Atom Bomb. I am told by people who were present that this is misleading and the issue was raised but nevertheless the greatest political crime of the time was considered sufficiently insignificant to be omitted from the minutes and this provoked no critical correspondence.

Maxton's case was rather different, true, but the indecent haste of his ILP followers to get into the Labour Party as soon as he was dead shows how superficial was his influence.

Yet indeed, the radicals of yesteryear showed their radicalism by joining political parties. For joining political parties was a useful substitute for activity. Those who were in felt a warm glow of commitment—occasionally a sense of comradeship and once every five years they might get the urge to go and hand out a leaflet or two—provided the weather was fine—and for some there was the self-satisfying feeling of being able to stand on a platform and speak demagogic nonsense of the wonderful day that would be ushered in if one voted for Bloggs next Thursday.

L.O.

Latest in Aberdeen

THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN has now published the failure rates. Said Principal Wright at the student mass meeting called to discuss the sit-in, 'I will never concede to militants what I would not concede to a properly constituted SRC.' The 'properly constituted SRC' (vote for me and I'll buy you a pint!) was six months waiting for the

figures. The militants got them in a week. Principal Wright conceded all right! It is too early yet to give an analysis of these figures, but at first glance they look rum, bloody rum.

As a result of the sit-in, etc., we sold 50 copies of *FREEDOM* at the University, the Commercial College and a local school and gave out an anarchist leaflet. We hope to build up a regular round now. Several stuffy Aberdeen headmasters are going to get a printed shock over the coming months. Next on the list for leafletting is Aberdeen Academy, home of Mr. Goldie, MA, who shouted loud and hard in the local rag when Aberdeen Anarchists first told his charges about real freedom and real education a few years ago.

We doubt if Peter the Painter's effusion on the Commercial College recently had anything to do with it, but the other day two grim-visaged, official-looking ladies were poised over the canteen staff carefully giving the lunchtime grub an eye over. We got three bits of black pud instead of the usual two (or on bad days even one) and things tasted a bit better. Things have tasted a good deal better in the last two days. Have the College bureaucrats smelt what's coming and decided to buy us off with a decent meal!!!

A small group of anarchists is now active in Aberdeen University. Their names, for various reasons, can't be published here. Contact them through Ian S. Sutherland, 8 Esslemont Avenue, Aberdeen.

SCOTS CORRESPONDENT.

No Freedom at Collet's

LONDON READERS will not in future be able to get *FREEDOM* or *Anarchy* at Collets, Charing Cross Road. This policy apparently applies to all papers except the *Morning Star*.

However, Central London readers can still buy *FREEDOM* and *Anarchy* at: Albert's, St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross Road; Solosy, Charing Cross Road (opposite Collet's); Librairie Parisien, Old Compton Street; Better Books (basement), Charing Cross Road; Strauss, Coptic Street, W.C.1; Indica, Southampton Row; Bloom's, Red Lion Street, W.C.1, and Housman, Caledonian Road, N.1 or you might even take out a joint subscription.

THE PRICE OF ECONOMIC STABILITY IS REPRESSION!

EIGHT PAGES THIS WEEK!

THE INTRICACIES of the last round of speculation madness have absorbed the popular columns of the financial press for the last fortnight. When, however, all is said and done, few understand how it started, why and what its effects are. De Gaulle, however, has clearly

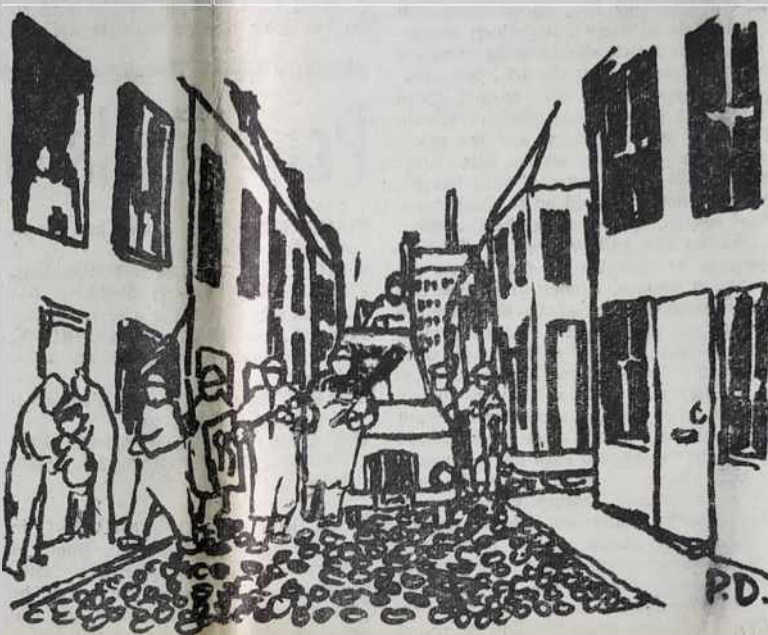
financial crises, and this crisis is a deliberate expression of political discontent by the French bourgeoisie. They are determined to force de Gaulle into a showdown with the students and workers. They have been assiduously assisted in this by those who want to see the world

have so much concern over his creditors as Messrs. Jenkins and Wilson, who have degenerated into tax collectors for international capital. His decision to hold the franc on par was saying 'to hell with you, I'll play the game my way, and you can go to the devil!' The pressure on the pound will increase once more, to keep the brokers in business the workers will have to tighten their belts.

So all along the con trick works. We are in the situation where we have to work to keep the gambling debts of Uncle Harold down, and Uncle Harold is a notoriously bad gambler. It is, of course, in France that the worst effects will become immediately apparent. Even now the gains of the May Days have been totally wiped out (a rise in the standard of living of nearly 20% eliminated in four months). Nothing can placate the international financiers short of a major assault on the working class and students' movement.

The price of economic stability is repression. The writing is on the wall. In six months we will see the choices in the streets. The French will turn to the Left perhaps, to be confronted by the Army. Here we have Powell and the sad inheritance of an impotent, divided, tiny band of revolutionaries. We will pay the price of our sectarianism soon if we do not start to do the work where we know we should—in the factories, docks and sites.

DIGGER.



Le franc est stable.

answered the question to his own satisfaction and that of the 'glory of France'. What is clear is that no national government can control its

price of gold forced up and of course its corollary, the devaluation of the American dollar.

De Gaulle, however, does not

POLICE GAZETTE—No. 1 . . .

IN THE EARLY HOURS of July 19 Geoff Harrison painted, in bright red paint, the slogan DON'T WORK—STEAL on a street wall in Sussex Square, Brighton.

He was caught by Jonathan Marriott, Manager of Bernard Thorpe and Partners, Estate Agents (Head Office: Buckingham Palace Road), the agent of Geoff's landlord.

Geoff agreed to paint out the slogan, and did so. The landlord was prepared to leave it at that, but not the police. Geoff appeared before Brighton Magistrate Colonel Nye on Friday, November 22. He was charged with (a) causing £2 worth of wilful damage, and (b) breaking a local by-law forbidding 'marking, defacing, etc.', without the consent of the owner. Geoff was fined £5 on each charge, and almost as much again in costs. Geoff is unemployed and lives on

National Assistance. SLUM SQUARE—BRIGHTON

Geoff Harrison lives in the basement of No. 6. The place stinks. The rubbish is piled up by the front door, the walls are damp, and then there are the drains at the back. . . .

The house was bought for something like £12,000 before the First World War. It is now owned by Ryelands Properties (Hereford) Ltd., one of the three big 'front' companies run by Lord Rendel. Designed to hold 16 people, the house now holds 60. It brings in £65 per week. £4 of this comes from the basement, where Geoff lives with his wife and two small children.

Intended for a kitchen for the whole house, it is entirely unsuitable to live in, having a stone floor, little direct light and scanty ventilation. The ceiling is coming down. Agents of the landlord

have looked at it many times, but have done nothing.

The Harrisons have managed to brighten the place with posters, etc. So it looks better than it is. When the Harrisons took over the agents presented them with a bill for £18 18s. for preparing the lease. When challenged the bill was not reduced—it was forgotten! How many less articulate tenants have been fooled?

Throughout last summer the kids were down with dysentery. This is notifiable. All the local health authorities buzzed around. They felt the place should be condemned. This would have meant rehousing in concrete multi-storey blocks. Geoff preferred Sussex Square.

What prompted Geoff to paint his slogan? 'Because I believe it's better to be a thief than a slave.' (Abridged) BOB POTTER.

WHEN ON THE third occasion John Rety, one of the editors of *FREEDOM*, appeared at West Kensington Magistrates' Court, the charge was reduced to that of using insulting words whereby a breach of the peace was likely to be occasioned.

The first prosecution witness was a P.C. East. He had been at Clanciarde Gardens on August 25 during the Czech demonstration when John spoke from the bonnet of a car. P.C. East alleged that he took down the speech on the spot in long-hand, and partly from memory.

According to him John said, 'Listen to me comrades. Listen. May I have your attention. Attention comrades. Are there any television or press here? Please come forward and help us. Comrades, I have something important to announce. One of our comrades was attacked by the police. It is rumoured that he is dead.' ('Cries of kill the police!' 'Fascist bastards!')

P.C. Rae was then called, and read from his own notes almost identical to P.C. East's evidence, again not in shorthand. Both he and East were attached to the Commissioner's office, although they denied they were on special duty.

John Rety said in evidence that he had heard the rumour of a death, and was worried about a friend he had been unable to find. The magistrate asked, 'What does anarchy mean?' John replied, 'That we should all be responsible for our own actions.'

He also said that on August 26 the *Telegraph* and the *Guardian* had carried reports to the effect that someone had been admitted to St. George's Hospital with severe injuries. But the magistrate said that to spread reports of this kind, whether true or not, was a slander on a brave body of men—the police. He also believed that the police had a sacred duty to protect foreign embassies. The

magistrate, Mr. Collins, found John Rety guilty.

He sentenced John to three months' imprisonment, suspended for three years (this was later found to mean one year). He was fined £50 and costs, and given fourteen days to pay. A fund has been set up to help him. Please send donations to John Rety at Freedom Press.

Suspended sentences are the latest tactic by the Establishment to keep militants docile. They will not succeed. M.H.

Belfast Civil Rights Demo. Saturday, December 14. Contingent going over at invitation of 'Peoples Democracy' (Queens University) and Belfast AG. Fund for fares started. Those able to go/or willing to contribute please contact Chris Broad, 116 Tyneman Road, S.W.11. Tel. 01-228 4086.

. . . No. 2

FOR PRESENTS

Get them from us—or exchange your tokens!

- Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative Daniel Cohn-Bendit and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit 25/-
The Spanish Labyrinth Gerald Brenan (paperback) 13/6
To Hell with Culture Herbert Read 21/-
Anarchy and Order Herbert Read 21/-
Selected Writings Wilhelm Reich 60/-
The Sexual Revolution Wilhelm Reich 25/-
The Romantic Exiles E. H. Carr (paperback) 12/6
The Political Philosophy of Bakunin (ed.) G. P. Maximoff (paperback) 25/-
The Making of the English Working Class E. P. Thompson (paperback) 18/-
The Barns Experiment David Wills (remainder) 3/6
The Hawkspur Experiment David Wills 24/-
Memoirs of a Revolutionary 1901-1941 Victor Serge (paperback) 12/6
The Anarchists James Jell 35/-
Chartist Studies (ed.) Asa Briggs (paperback) 21/-
On Aggression Konrad Lorenz (paperback) 10/6
Political Justice: A Reprint of the Essay on Property William Godwin 9/6
Talks to Parents and Teachers Homer Lane 10/6
Throw Away Thy Rod David Wills 18/-
Garden Cities of Tomorrow Ebenezer Howard (paperback) 7/6
Three Works of William Morris (News from Nowhere, Pilgrims of Hope, John Ball) (paperback) 10/6

Freedom Bookshop

Write or Come!

Editorial office open Friday, December 6, 6-8 p.m. and Monday, December 9, 2-8 p.m.

Telephone: BISHOPSGATE 3015.

New temporary address: 84a WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET, c/o Express Printers, (entrance Angel Alley), WHITECHAPEL, E.1. (Underground: Aldgate East. Exit: Whitechapel Art Gallery. Turn right on emerging from station.)

Temporary opening times: Tuesday-Friday, 2-6 p.m. Saturday, 10 a.m.-4 p.m.

FREEDOM PRESS

are the publishers of the monthly magazine ANARCHY and the weekly journal FREEDOM specimen copies will be gladly sent on request.

Subscription Rates

FREEDOM only (per year): £1 13s. 4d. (\$4.50) surface mail £2 16s. (\$8.00) airmail
ANARCHY only (per year): £1 7s. (\$3.50) surface mail £2 7s. (\$7.00) airmail
COMBINED SUBSCRIPTION FREEDOM & ANARCHY (per year): £2 14s. 4d. (\$7.50) surface mail both £4 15s. (\$12.50) airmail both

PUBLICATIONS include

Berkman's ABC OF ANARCHISM 2/6 (+5d.)
Rocker's NATIONALISM AND CULTURE 21/- (+4/6)
Richards' MALATESTA: His Life and Ideas. Cloth bound 21/- (+1/3); paper 10/6 (+1/-)
Bakunin's MARXISM, FREEDOM and the STATE 7/6 (+5d.)
Berneri's NEITHER EAST OR WEST 6/- (+9d.)
Woodcock's THE WRITER & POLITICS 7/6 and
Annual Volumes of Selections from FREEDOM 1952-1964 each year's volume 7/6 (+1/-) Pull list on application.

Beauty and the Pound

THE ART WORLD is a beautiful microcosm of our own society in which all evil becomes a thing of romance, economic profit is one's reward for exploiting the creative artist, and public honour is the reward for the successful middleman for contributing to our culture by putting a price on every article.

A major gallery has now opened its doors to the ton with the credo that it is not only pleasant to own a work of art but that it can and will be a thing of profit. Tooth, Block, Glyn and Sir Richard Blake are the quartet who have decided to put the profit motive in the arts on a businesslike basis and their London Fine Art Exchange Ltd. gallery at 33 Bruton Street, W.1, not only undertakes to flog the works of its contracted artists, but guarantees to buy them back at a rate of interest of 10% on the original price after two years, 20% after three years and 30% after the fourth year.

It is indeed a sad week for the arts beautiful and in this sorry season of grey skies and the rat-like rustle of unswept dead leaves it is fitting that Emil Nolde should have a major exhibition of his watercolours in the Arts Council concrete prison publicly known as the Hayward Gallery. Emil Nolde tried so hard to come to terms with the evils of

his day and this sad and solitary man was prepared to accept the political filth of the German National Socialist Movement in the belief that he found a quaint reflections of his own peasant anti-Semitism and his bourgeois nationalism. If you serve evil you must be prepared to be sacrificed when the need arises, and in 1937 Emil Nolde had his work included in the Nazi exhibition of degenerate art in Munich. Even then he refused to learn the lesson for he continued to give a placid support to the German Government.

It was in 1941 that the Nazi movement served on Nolde a detailed and personal Diktat informing the old man that he was forbidden to exercise any professional or avocational activity in the fine arts. This was a stupid and pointless persecution of an old man who was prepared to conform to the political gangsterism of his society but who could not understand why his method of painting should offend the political bosses. A

Periodicals & Pamphlets

- INSURRECTION, 6d. Essex and Herts. Anarchist Federation.
BOGG, No. 1, 1/- Fiasco Publications. THE HONEST ULSTERMAN, 3/- Monthly handbook for a revolution.
THE BLACK FLAG OF ANARCHY, 1/6. Vermont-New Hampshire Anarchists.
ANARCHY NOW! 1/6. The Federation of Australian Anarchists.
THE ORIGINS OF THE ANARCHIST MOVEMENT IN CHINA, 2/6. Coptic Press.

THE REVIVAL OF INTEREST in anarchism has led to a flood of publications from all quarters. Insurrection contains an article on 'The Meaning of Anarchism', which has also been issued as an introductory leaflet by the York University Anarchist Group. A letter describing the communal life of a voluntary work team on Teeside, a piece by Paddy Fields on 'Means and Ends', a description of the various books that one should read if one wants to know what anarchism is all about, and other shorter articles, poems and quotations of interest. It is a reno-typed but well produced publication. Alas, Bogg is not so legible. It

approaches anarchism from the direction of humour. Some of the jokes are rather old, but if you are new to the anarchist movement, and have a shilling to spare, you might do worse. The Honest Ulsterman describes itself as a 'monthly handbook for a revolution'. It is a libertarian literary magazine, containing poems and short stories and descriptive pieces, not necessarily connected with conditions in Ulster. Very good. The Black Flag of Anarchy is really an introduction to anarchism, being a summary of anarchist theory and history, and equipped at the end with a useful bibliography. Along with Insurrection, it is a useful publication for someone coming to anarchism for the first time. Equipped with both these you have a miniature library of anarchism.

To these two one must add Anarchy Now! This is beautifully produced. Bill Dwyer writes in his preface: 'This booklet is intended partly as an elementary introduction to anarchism, partly to show its relevance and immediacy to modern society and partly to demonstrate the unity of anarchist tradition and philosophy.' It ranges from Cohn-Bendit, who gets a photograph, to the Chinese

sad and lonely man at odds with his age, he saw life from the standpoint of an adolescent romantic and could not understand that when the dark night of racial and political persecution began he too would find himself a lonely heretic among those with whom he had no sympathy. In 1942 he travelled to Vienna to plead for clemency but his Nazi judges waved him aside for he was of no value to them.

History will judge Emil Nolde as a political fool but we must judge him as a painter and in these 110 watercolours painted in the great manner of the German Expressionist school we have 110 magnificent examples of contemporary German painting. In the landscapes the paper is flooded with a raw and sullen light and their atmosphere of brooding violence forms a background for his figure studies. His men and women are the warped and debased creatures from the political world and pen of George Grosz, but Emil Nolde adds huge and open scabs of raw colour that float on the surface of the paper to heighten the misery that Emil Nolde was prepared to accept, tolerate and would not or could not understand yet unwittingly portrayed.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

peasants of 2,000 BC, who sang, 'We work when the sun rises, We rest when the sun sets. We dig wells for drink, We plough the land for food. What has the power of the Emperor to do with us?'

The Origins of the Anarchist Movement in China deals with more recent manifestations of the anarchist spirit there. Stuart Christie contributes a foreword. This is a very interesting pamphlet, because so little is known of anarchist history outside Europe and North America, and anarchism in China and Japan goes back to the beginning of the present century. We are still living in a Europe-centred world.

A.W.U.

Well, You Said It!

WHEN MR. DUBCEK returned from Moscow in October, he said in his first major speech: 'It is obvious that people with anarchist tendencies will regard this course of the Party and the Government as capitulation and collaboration. But what alternative can these "fighters" offer? Should we leave our posts, and let anyone do it, in any way?' Yes.

Anarchist Federation of Britain

General enquiries should be sent to the London Federation, c/o Freedom Press, 84a Whitechapel High Street, London, E.1.

- LONDON FEDERATION OF ANARCHISTS. Sunday evening meetings at the 'Metropolitan' (corner of Clerkenwell Road and Farringdon Road), 7.30 p.m. Sunday, December 1, Ron Bailey on 'The Basis of an Anarchist Movement'. Sunday, December 8, Robert Bartlop: Subject to be announced.
LEWISHAM. Contact Mike Malet, 61B Granville Park, Lewisham, London, S.E.13. Phone: 01-852 8879.
WEST HAM ANARCHISTS. Contact Stephen Higgs, 8 Westbury Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7. GRA 9848. Regular activities.
NORTH LONDON ANARCHISTS. Contact Cindy Scott, 34 Mountfield Road, Finchley, N.3.
EALING ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact: Lindsey Wither, 19 Aylmer Road, Shepherds Bush, W.12.
HARINGEY. 'Siege of Sidney Street Appreciation Society'. Meet Wednesdays, 8 p.m., at A. Barlow's, 2a Fairfield Gardens, Crouch End, N.8.
ARCHWAY ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Marcus M. Sanders, 6 Gladsmuir Road, Upper Holloway, N.19. Tel.: ARC 5531.

OFF-CENTRE LONDON DISCUSSION MEETINGS

Every Wednesday at Jack Robinson's and Mary Canipa's, 21 Rumbold Road, S.W.6 (off King's Road), 8 p.m.
3rd Friday of each month at Donald and Irene Koumou's at 13 Savernake Road, N.W.3, at 8 p.m.

REGIONAL FEDERATIONS AND GROUPS

- BEXLEY ANARCHIST MOVEMENT. C/o John Bonner, 40 Lullingstone Crescent, St. Paul's Cray, Kent. Tel.: 01-300 8890. Meetings every Friday, 8 p.m., Lord Bexley, Bexleyheath Broadway.
BEXLEY PEACE ACTION GROUP. Enquiries to 150 Rydal Drive, Bexleyheath, Kent.
BIRMINGHAM LIBERTARIAN AND ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Geoff and Caroline Charlton at Flat One, 69 Sandon Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 17. (Entrance side of house.) Regular discussions being held on Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m., Crown, Corporation Street (upper room).
BOLTON. Get in touch with John Hayes, 51 Rydal Road, Bolton.
BOURNEMOUTH AREA. Local anarchists can be contacted through Nigel Holt, Rossmore, Harvey Road, Canford, Wimborne, Dorset. (Wimborne 2991.)
CORNWALL ANARCHISTS. Contact Arthur Jacobs, 76 East Hill, St. Austell. Discussion meetings on the second Friday of each month at Brian and Hazel McGee's, 42 Pendarves Street, Beacon, Camborne. 7.30 p.m. Visiting comrades very welcome.
CROYDON LIBERTARIANS. Meetings every 2nd Friday of each month. Laurens and Celia Otter, 35 Natal Road, Thornton Heath (LIV 7546).
EDGWARE PEACE ACTION GROUP. Contact: Melvyn Estrin, 84 Edgwarebury Lane, Edgware, Middx.
HERTS. Contact Val and John Funnell, 10 Fry Road, Chelms, Stevenage.
IPSWICH ANARCHISTS. Contact Neil Deas, 74

- Cemetery Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.
KILBURN, LONDON. Contact Andrew Dewar, 16 Kilburn House, Malvern Place, London, N.W.6. Meetings 8 p.m. every Tuesday.
LEICESTER PROJECT. Peace/Libertarian action and debate. Every Wednesday at 8 p.m. at 1 The Crescent, King Street, Leicester.
NORTH SOMERSET ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Roy Emery, 3 Abbey Street, Bath, or Geoffrey Barfoot, 71 St. Thomas Street, Wells.
NOTTING HILL. Meetings at John Bennett's, Flat 4, 88 Clarendon Road, W.11. Every Monday evening, 8 p.m.
ORPINGTON ANARCHIST GROUP. Knockholt, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent. Every six weeks at Greenways, Knockholt. Phone: Knockholt 2316. Brian and Maureen Richardson.
REDDITCH ANARCHISTS AND LIBERTARIANS. Contact: Dave Lloyd, 37 Feckenham Road, Headless Cross, Redditch, Worcs.
SELBY ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact D. Mackay, Residential Site, Drax Power Station, Drax, Selby.
TAUNTON LIBERTARIANS. Jill and John Driver, 59 Beadon Road, Taunton, Somerset.

ESSEX & EAST HERTS FEDERATION

- Three-monthly meetings. Groups and individuals invited to associate: c/o Peter Newell (see N.E. Essex Group).
Group Addresses:—
BASILDON. M. Powell, 7 Lincroft, Basildon, Essex.
BISHOPS STORTFORD. Vic Mount, 'Eastview', Castle Street, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.
CHELMSFORD. (Mrs.) Eva Archer, Mill House, Purlough, Chelmsford, Essex.
EPPING. John Barrick, 14 Centre Avenue, Epping, Essex.
HARLOW. Ian Dallas, 18 Brookline Field, Harlow and Annette Gunning, 37 Longbanks, Harlow.
LOUGHTON. Group c/o Students' Union, Loughton College of Further Education, Borders Lane, Loughton, Essex.
NORTH EAST ESSEX. Peter Newell, 91 Brook Road, Tolleshunt Knights, Tiptree, Essex. Regular meetings.

NORTH-WEST FEDERATION

- LIVERPOOL ANARCHIST PROPAGANDA GROUP AND 'HIPPI' MOVEMENT. Gerry Bree, 16 Faulkner Square, Liverpool, 8. Meetings weekly. 'Freedom' Sales—Pier Head, Saturdays, Sundays, Evenings.
MANCHESTER ANARCHIST GROUP. Secretary: Sue Warnock, 9 Boland Street, Fallowfield, Manchester, 14. Every Saturday: 'Freedom' and 'DA' selling outside Central Library, 2.30-4.30 p.m. Regular weekly meetings. Contact Secretary for venue.
MERSEYSIDE ANARCHISTS. Meetings every Tuesday at 8 p.m. at 118 High Park Street, Liverpool 8. Contact: Chris Kneath, Basement, 52 Belvidere Road, Liverpool, 18 3TQ.
PRESTON ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact J. B. Cowburn, 140 Wadding Street Road, Fulwood, Preston. Meetings: 'The Wellington Hotel', Glovers Court, Preston. Wednesdays, 8 p.m.

SUSSEX FEDERATION

- Groups and individuals invited to associate: c/o Eddie Poole, 5 Tilsbury, Finden Road, Whitebank, Brighton.
BRIGHTON & HOVE ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Nick Heath, Flat 3, 26 Clifton Road, Brighton, BN1 3HN. Regular fortnightly meetings. Contact Secretary.
CRAWLEY ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Richard Ashwell, 87 Buckswood Drive, Gosspost Green, Crawley, Sussex.
SUSSEX UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP (see details under Student Groups).

WELSH ANARCHIST FEDERATION

- CARDIFF ANARCHIST GROUP. All correspondence to—Pete Raymond, 18 Marion Street, Splott, Cardiff.
SWANSEA ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Ian Bone, 3 Bay View Crescent, Brynmill, Swansea. Weekly meetings, 'Freedom' sales and action projects.
LLANELLI. Contact Dai Walker, 6 Llwynnendy Road, Llanelli, Carm. Tel: Llanelli 2548.

EAST LONDON LIBERTARIAN FEDERATION

- Support wanted for numerous activities in area. Secretary: Anthony Matthews, 35 Mayville Road, London, E.11. Meetings fortnightly on Sundays at Ron Bailey's, 128 Hainault Road, E.11 (LEY 8059). Ten minutes from Leytonstone Underground.
LEYTONSTONE GROUP. Get in touch with Anthony Matthews or Ron Bailey (address as above).
STEPNEY. Trevor Jackales, 10 St. Vincent de Paul House, Dempsey Street, Clifty Estate, E.1.
NEWHAM. F. Rowe, 100 Henderson Road, E.7.
ILFORD. Del Leverton, 12 Hamilton Avenue, Ilford.
DAGENHAM. Alan Elliot, 98 Hatfield Road, Dagenham.
WOODFORD. Douglas Hawkes, 123 Hermon Hill, E.18.
LIMEHOUSE. M. Solof, 202 East Ferry Road, E.14.

STUDENT GROUPS

- ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY GROUP. C/o Ian and Peggy Sutherland, 8 Eslemont Avenue, Aberdeen, AB2 4SL.
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Matthew Robertson, Trinity College, or John Fullerton, Jesus College.
SUSSEX UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Francis Jarman, Red Brick Lodge, 49 Upper Red Cross Gardens, Brighton. Meetings every second Thursday jointly with Brighton Group; bookstall every Monday outside J.C.R., 12-2.30 p.m.
YORK UNIVERSITY. Contact Nigel Wilson, Derwent College, University of York, Heslington, York.
EAST ANGLIA UNIVERSITY. Contact Dave Lomax, E.A.S. II, U.E.A., Norwich, NOR 88C.
LIBERTARIAN STUDENTS FEDERATION. Contact address: Keith Nathan, 138 Pennynead, Harlow.
LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact us at the bookstall in the Students Union Foyer every Friday lunchtime.
OXFORD ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Francis Casline, Pembroke College, or Steve Watts, Trinity College.

- SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY. Contact Robin Lovell at the Students' Union.
LSE ANARCHIST GROUP. C/o Students' Union, LSE, Houghton Street, W.C.2. Read and sell 'Beaver'.

SCOTTISH ANARCHIST FEDERATION

- Secretary: Dave Coull.
ABERDEEN ANARCHIST GROUP. Bob Conrie, 288 Hardgate, or Ian Mitchell, 3 Sinclair Road.
GLASGOW ANARCHIST GROUP. Robert Lynn, 12 Ross Street, S.E. or Joe Embleton, 26 Kirkland Road, N.W.
EDINBURGH. Tony Hughes, Top Flat, 40 Angle Park Terrace, Edinburgh 11.
HAMILTON AND DISTRICT ANARCHIST GROUP. Robert Linton, 7a Station Road, New Stevenston, Motherwell.
FIFE. Bob and Una Turnbull, 39 Stratheden Park, Stratheden Hospital, By Cupar.
PERTSHIRE / CENTRAL SCOTLAND. Iain MacDonald, Craigreach, Bridge of Gaur, near (?) Rannoch Station, Perthshire.
MONTROSE. Dave Coull, 3 Eskview Terrace, Ferryden.

NORTHERN IRELAND

BELFAST ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Robert Dunwoody, 10 Newry Street, Belfast, BT6 9BN. Meetings every Saturday, 2 p.m., 44a Upper Arthur Street (top floor). 'Freedom' sales.

LIBERTARIAN TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

Meetings—discussions—activities. Contact Peter Ford, 36 Devonshire Road, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7.

ABROAD

- AUSTRALIA. Federation of Australian Anarchists, P.O. Box A 389, Sydney South. Public meetings every Sunday in the Domain, 2 p.m. and Mondays, 59 Eveleigh Street, Redfern, Sydney, 8 p.m.
USA. James W. Cain, secretary, the Anarchist Committee of Correspondence, 323 Fourth Street, Cloquet, Minnesota 55720, USA.
DANISH ANARCHIST FEDERATION. Gathers-gate, 27, Viborg, Denmark.
VANCOUVER, B.C., CANADA. Anyone interested in forming anarchist and/or direct action peace group contact Derek A. James, c/o 24-160 East 20th, N. Vancouver, B.C., Canada. Tel.: 985 7509 or 987 2693.
USA. VERNONT. New Hampshire Anarchist Group. Discussion meetings. Actions. Contact Ed. Strauss, RFD 2, Woodstock, Vermont 05091, USA.
SWEDEN. Stockholm Anarchist Federation Contact Nadir, Box 19104, Stockholm 19, Sweden.
SWEDEN: Libertad, Allmänna Vägen 6, Gothenburg V.
TORONTO LIBERTARIAN-ANARCHIST GROUP. 217 Torvork Drive, Weston, Ontario, Canada. Weekly meetings. Read the 'Libertarian'.
PROPOSED GROUPS
LANCASTER & MORECAMBE. Contact Les Smith, 192 Euston Road, Morecambe, Lancs.
KINGSTON, WIMBLEDON, MERTON, New Malden, and Surrey. New group forming. Please contact K. W. Bennett, 43 Hook Road, Epsom, Surrey, or G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom, Surrey.

A Newcomer Looks at Cornwall

CORNWALL. AN EVOCATIVE WORD, holding private memories for almost everyone: a wild and lovely county, with more than its share of desolate moor and much more than its share of beautiful cliffs and surfing beaches and golden sand. A place for visiting and running free for the two or three weeks duly allotted to a man and his family when they may be permitted to remove their well-controlled hands from the machinery of production. A hint of Celtic mystery to keep the life-blood coming, to preserve the illusion of easy uncomplicated foreignness. Bijou harbours polished and gilded every May. Bright Continental tents and drab white caravans; steaming angry cars nose to tail on the Exeter bypass dreaming of the chic bungalow by the sea at Polperro or Portreath or Porthcurno or some other place with some other lovely and exotic name.

This is Cornwall. To us cramped in London's twilight zone and having to run from such a brick and mortar wilderness for the sake of our children, Cornwall was the furthest out we could go, so we came. Now we can see cows from the landing window and the sea, glinting five miles away across the placid fields (in the next village there is a farm which advertises for visitors in the national papers and calls itself, quite unfraudulently, Sea View Farm). The house is damper than our old smelly basement flat but is built of solid granite four-square in a solid granite four-square village, has three bedrooms and everything else and a huge factory/workshop in the backyard, and we are buying it for less than we paid to rent two basement rooms in London.

Cornwall is holiday beaches and glossy hotels; Cornwall is 500 men on the books at the local labour exchange and 19 jobs to send them to. Cornwall is romantic ruins by an azure sea; Cornwall is a tin and copper mining industry employing tens of thousands of skilled craftsmen and destroyed by the vagaries of capitalism (there is still more tin left here than was ever taken out during the boom years) as the London share speculators killed one mine and made another from some fancy whim. Cornwall is everywhere now; to the old definition of a mine as a hole in the ground with a liar standing at the top, must be added the equally true assertion that a metal mine is a hole in the ground with a Cornishman at the bottom. Wherever metal was found the ex-Cornishman settled in the closing years of the last century as his homeland was laid waste and ruined by the money-men, the granite engine-houses left stark on the hills once noisy with life, the red valleys ripped apart and abandoned, the hundreds of thousands of miles of tunnels and adits and shafts which riddle the earth's crust here like a precarious honeycomb cemented only by the strength of the basic rock, echoing once to the roar of drills and the thump of pumping engines, now abandoned, flooded and occasionally in the news when a cow or a dog or a boy stumbles down a treacherous shaft. The Cornish miner worked hard and long in appalling conditions with consummate skill. When the money-men packed it in for better things, pulling out while the going was good and the mines at the peak of their production, he had to hawk his trade around the mining centres of the world or starve.

THE 'MONEYMEN' ARE RETURNING

Now some of them are coming back. They or their protégés are returning and looking again at Cornish tin; it appears that with new techniques it becomes economic again to work the still-rich mines. Now the money-men are from South Africa and Rhodesia and Canada and there the fortunes will be taken. There will be work again in tin for the Cornish (defined by me with no pseudo-Celtic xenophobia as 'people who live in Cornwall'); until the vagaries of capitalism blow away again and a new generation of strong and able men are thrown on the scrapheap. The money-men want their cut of power as well as profits, naturally. The local paper reports mild disquiet at the appointment of a Rhodesian and a South African as governors of the world-known Camborne School of Mines. From being merely an English colony we are coming up in the world. We're even being colonised by our previous colonisers' ex-colonies themselves! Imperialism squared, presumably.

Social amenities sicken and die in the unhealthy parsimonious atmosphere. Public transport, the branch railway lines that brought life to small communities closed down, is a bus every two hours to the wrong place and a missed connection. Cornish primary schools were built from well-meaning Victorian endeavour with suitably spartan conditions: outside toilets, huge draughty church-hall rooms, damp, dreary, stone prisons. They are now appallingly overcrowded. But this year there was no money in the school building programme for Cornish primary schools, or secondary ones for that matter.

'Industry' consists of a few large firms, some old-established medium-sized ones top-heavy with ancient lineages of family management and run with all the panache and finesse of stagnant provincial late-Victorian capitalism; and thousands of tiny one-man-and-a-boy businesses existing on feudalism and chickenfeed wages. Holman Brothers of Camborne employs about three thousand people making high-quality (70% for export) compressed-air and mining machinery; they have recently been taken over by the up-country firm of Broom and Wade whose first act was to sack most of the Holmans from the Board of Directors. The new Board has been perhaps too insistent in its frenzied denials that the takeover may 'rationalise' the Camborne factory out of existence; if it does a town will die. English China Clays (ECLP) are sitting pretty at St. Austell on the world's largest deposit of kaolin, a surprisingly important raw material; last year ECLP were one of the ten highest growth shares on the London Stock Exchange.



This has been achieved by modern management and intensive Government-assisted capital investment so the firm is not in fact a very large employer of labour. They pay good wages by Cornish standards (the phrase is used of any concern which consistently forks out a higher average than £12 p.w.) and the county could have done a lot with the £7 millions-odd the shareholders garnered last year.

SUBSIDISED COLONIALISM

New industry moves to Cornwall too. Nothing big; the Government has decided in its wisdom that the county is not suitable for anything big. Nice medium-sized efficiently automated little firms, already well supplied with well-paid executives and skilled labour and lured by the universal low wages, Government development grants and SET rebates. Subsidised colonialism. The jobs adverts in the local papers tell the rest of the story. 'Van salesman, basic rate £12 10s. p.w.' (in fact that is quite good as there would be commission as well). 'Women and girls wanted! £9 a week for full-timers—you'll get rich quick that way, and these are mostly the firms brought down here by a magnanimous Government anxious to help the unemployment problem. Lots of ads for women and girls wanted. Even live-in domestic servants, and they'll get them, too. And London firms advertising for labour prepared to work at non-London rates. 'Look, you can earn up to £15 a week as a shop assistant in London!' I wonder how long it takes before the young and innocent Cornish lads cotton on that £15 a week might be hot stuff down here but up there, what kind of a mug do you think you are?

Political and social life? The (Methodist) Church holds its grip upon the aging generation, and still provides what youth facilities there are, apart from the big commercial dance halls and the Young Tory and Young Farmers Clubs. The odd folk club caters mainly for visitors. Brawny leather-jacketed lads hang around the town centres revving motor-bikes and looking like something out of a ten-year-old newsreel. St. Ives is a place on its own, a colony of beats and bourgeoisie ('No Beatniks Served Here' neat printed notices displayed in every shop), artist-types (and a few artists) who make their own entertainment within their closed circle and look a pretty neurotic mob from the outside. Camborne-Redruth-Falmouth returns a left-wing Labour MP (big joke) and totally ignores politics; the rest of the county is automatically Tory or Whig. The ordinary Cornish have been pushed around so much for so long they gave up bothering long ago. I should have mentioned before, that 2% of the population owns 98% of the property, and many of the big landed estates still exist, including of course the Duchy of Cornwall, all part of the empire of the good old Prince of Wales, bless you Charlie. Not to mention the jewel of the lot, a neat little nerve gas factory at a place called Nancekuke on the north coast which government stuck here sixteen years ago hoping no one would notice; they were right, no one did, until a few months ago.

FEW ANARCHISTS

And us, the anarchists? We hardly know we're here as yet. The rest of the county has yet to hear of our existence, but it won't be long. We are few and far between, spread along the fifty miles of scattered empty mining villages, sleepy proletarian towns and new fashionable yachting suburbs from St. Austell to St. Just through Newquay, Truro, Falmouth, Camborne, Penzance and Hayle. (In 1879, the *Guardian* remarked recently apropos the Sally Army, there was 'fighting in the streets at Hayle'. Then it was a bustling port and copper town. Now it is a drab appendage to the joys of St. Ives, the

messy bit you hurry through on your way to better things. To live in Hayle must be a strange emotion; it is Cornwall's Slough.) We have a high proportion of young couples struggling to become independent of the State on their own piece of good earth; we also have several committed revolutionaries who are staying in society to destroy and rebuild. The self-sufficiency of some combined with the mature determination of others could provide an explosive foundation.

We have other advantages perhaps not shared by comrades elsewhere. Young people growing up in Cornwall have nowhere to turn. Their schools are set in the old rigid grammar/secondary pattern, smart uniformed girls in crocodiles and nicely-spoken deferential short-haired boys. Ten years ago in schools like this we didn't know what we were missing, but now even without BBC-2 and deprived by Westward Television of most of the serious documentaries put out by ITV in London, they cannot be completely isolated from trends in the rest of the world. For higher education they must leave the county except for the potential under-managers and lower technicians being mass produced at the Cornwall Tech. This unimaginative modern-building outside Redruth may explode one day, since the administration appears not to watch television or read newspapers. No new-fangled 'participation' here. The students are treated like school-kids and when one of the lecturers got his name in the papers as an organiser of the very polite non-revolutionary respectable CND-type anti-Nancekuke campaign, he was quickly warned off by his principal.

We are not aware of any other revolutionary/left-wing/anti-authoritarian political group. The Communist Party has a branch; she is about sixty and rather sweet. Redruth Young Liberals consists of two members. Mebyon Kernow, the pseudo-cultural 'nationalist' group that doesn't even have the guts to demand complete independence, is a total non-starter. So we have the field virtually to ourselves among people who have, despite present appearance, a long history

of rebellious individualism.

THE OPPOSITION

Local opposition is likely to be of the instinctive, ex-colonel, red-faced White Highlander type. Anyone with any skill in politics or administration and any power-ambition greater than big-fish-in-tiny-pool standard left the county long ago. But the old statistical trend towards an aging population has levelled off, and a bulge has entered Cornish primary schools; whereas young ambitious capitalists leave the county, young differently ambitious anti-capitalists immigrate in increasing numbers. They are fed up with the pressure of life in the big cities and are looking for something better; for the freedom of open spaces. They have the self-confidence and initiative to up and shift their roots. They want to live in fresh air, to taste fresh eggs, to smell seaweed on the wind and stroke a cow's nose over the garden wall; they want their kids to know the sea and the shore not as a once-a-year savour after a two-hundred-mile traffic jam but as part of life, wild and wintry and stormy as well as summer-calm. But although they want these things they bring with them big-city standards of wages and social amenities. They can compare and find Cornwall wanting. These people will make ready anarchists.

We are starting in a small way with a leaflet designed more to find existing anarchists and bring them into contact than to create new ones. We hope to produce a series of short hard-hitting broadsheets on specific subjects which should be so new and unusual in the soporific atmosphere that their effect cannot be anticipated. We are seriously handicapped by lack of a duplicator (anyone help?), funds, the distances between us and the useless public transport. But we are starting to sing:

This land is your land, this land
is my land,

From the Tamar river, to the
Scilly Islands . . .

and one day we'll not only supply the
rest of the words, we'll make it true.

HAZEL MCGEE.

Aborigines Want Their Land Back

THE UNION INTERNATIONAL Co. Ltd. is a multi-million pound world monopoly acting in the interests of the Vestey family. It includes shipping, cattle and meat processing. In Australia, Vestey's control 32,000 square miles of land.

On most of their cattle stations, the main labour force is made up of Aboriginal stockmen. Vestey's have shamelessly exploited the Aborigines for more than half a century. Driven beyond the point of endurance, the Aborigines employed on Wave Hill cattle station went on strike in 1966. The dispute still continues.

Wave Hill is the largest cattle station in the world; it covers an area of more than 6,000 square miles. It is leased by Vestey's from the Australian Government until the year 2004. All Vestey-controlled land in Australia is leasehold. The rental is nominal—from as little as a shilling per square mile per year.

A great wave of revulsion went through the Australian nation when the appalling conditions under which the Aborigines lived and worked on Wave Hill became known:—

- The Aborigines lived in unfit unfurnished hovels unfit for human habitation.
- They had to carry water half a mile.
- Their only food was salt beef and bread (with 'extra salt on special occasions', as one Aboriginal humorist put it).
- Not one adult could read or write.
- Their wages were \$6* a week, all of which was marked off at the company store.
- Vestey's received grants from the Australian Government to house, clothe and feed the Aborigines, and their pensions and child endowment social service cheques were paid to Vestey's in a lump sum. The money so received by the Company greatly exceeded what they in turn handed over to the Aborigines. This profitable transaction was known cynically as 'nigger farming'.

As a result of the strike, wages and conditions on Vestey's and other cattle stations have improved but still leave much to be desired. At the end of this year, the Aboriginal stockmen are to receive equal wages. But there is a slow worker clause under which the employer

*\$2 Australian = £1 = before devaluation 16/- English. \$6 would be worth about £2 14s. at the current exchange rate.

can declare an Aborigine to be slow, and therefore not entitled to higher wages. The pastoral companies are also adopting a policy of 'reducing the work force', which is alleged to be an act of revenge.

The Gurindji tribe walked off Wave Hill in protest against the starvation wages and deplorable conditions, but as time went by it became clear that LAND had become the main issue for them—and the desire to assert their self-respect and tribal identity. In 1967 they petitioned the Governor-General of Australia, requesting the return of their tribal lands, an area of 500 square miles, part of Vestey's Wave Hill lease. They wanted to live in their sacred places and work the area as a cattle station, not for wages but on their own behalf.

Their petition was rejected and they were warned not to 'interfere with the rights of the lessee'.

The Gurindji replied by walking to Wattie Creek, their main dreaming place, where they set up camp and waited.

Mr. W. C. Wentworth was appointed Minister for Aboriginal Affairs in April this year. He visited Wattie Creek and said he was very impressed and promised to help the Gurindji get their land. In July he brought a proposal before the Cabinet for land rights but the Cabinet voted overwhelmingly against him. Many Government members were opposed to

Police Car is Stolen

ATLANTIC CITY, Sept. 24—It was near dawn when a strange male voice called over the police dispatcher's radio: 'Hello, City Hall. Hello, City Hall.'

The desk sergeant wrinkled his brow. 'Who are you?' he asked the caller.

'I got your car,' came the reply. 'Where are you?' the sergeant asked. 'I'm around Garwood Mills,' the caller said, 'and I'm going to dump it in the water.'

Moments later, the police ascertained that one of their vehicles—Car 81—had been stolen. Late this afternoon the tide receded from the Rhode Island Avenue dock, disclosing Car 81 in the mud of the bay.

—New York Times, 25.9.68.

the Bill. The pastoralist lobby, busy on behalf of Vestey's and other land interests, swayed others.

But the Gurindji are still waiting and the vast majority of Australians support their claim.

We demand that Vestey's give back to the Gurindji Aboriginal tribe their tribal land—which was never paid for and for which no treaty was ever signed.

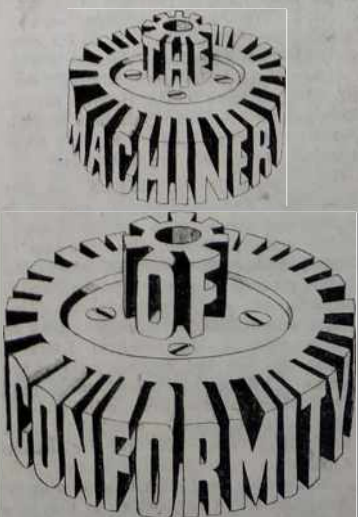
We demand that the Australian Government cancel these infamous 'peppercorn' leaseholds and grant land rights to Aborigines.

We demand that the Australian Government abandon its racist attitudes which have led to the White Australia Policy, military intervention in Vietnam and naked exploitation and inequality for the Aborigines.

We support the Gurindji demand for the return of their tribal land and the right to control their own destiny.

Issued by: Australians and New Zealanders Against the Vietnam War, 45 Norland Square, W.11.

Out next week



ANARCHY 94-25HILLINGS-30CENTS

The Workers Themselves

ONLY VIOLENCE can make a ruling class surrender its power. Every important workers' struggle which threatens the power of this class eventually finds itself confronted by attempts at the most pitiless repression; the more the struggle has its expression in deeds and action, the stronger is the attempt at repression.

The workers do not speak of workers' self-management, and think that they are incapable of running an enterprise or society, if indeed they ask themselves, or are asked such a question.

The recent groupings towards self-management [in France] must be considered under a double aspect of contradictory tendencies:

—they answer a deep necessity in capitalist society which arises from a certain level of development and concentration: the idea of workers self-management springs up spontaneously from the modern factory;

—this is evident to the ruling class which notices this fact in the setting of an exploitative society and tries to answer it within the framework of this setting.

It is essential for the ruling class to integrate the worker in the enterprise (through participation) and it seems absolutely necessary to the more 'advanced' technocrats for the survival of the capitalist enterprise. But one can never integrate a worker in an activity if he has no responsibility for the final decisions.

NO ANSWER

This is the contradiction that is at the centre of all the problems we have posed. Everyone in the economic, political and trade union environments talks of workers' control because the problem is there, but the solutions that they propose only show that they do not have

*For example 2,500 people were executed during the famous Reign of Terror during the Great French Revolution (which lasted over a year) and 25,000 were killed by the government in a few weeks during the process of 'expiation' after the fall of the Commune of 1871—translator's note.

the answer to the central problem of our society.

The question of the hour is 'How do we solve this problem?' To ask the question in this way is to formulate the idea of a conscious minority, which re-introduces the division between minorities and masses which appears to us to generate a new class division.

The answer to the question can only come from the workers themselves, and all that we can do is explain, in situations where the workers will realise themselves, sooner or later, that nothing has changed.

This answer from the workers can only come from the development of the struggle. The answer is not formulated as a demand, it is action itself.

It is, in the end, the only answer to the deep necessity for a method of production which provides total satisfaction for man's needs, and for a society where the individual is not constantly frustrated in his activity. We think that the fundamental aspect is that self-management must come from the struggle itself.

STRUGGLE FOR MATERIAL DEMANDS

In a struggle for material demands (wages, hours of work, holidays, etc.), the workers, if they are not content with a partial satisfaction, if they are determined, and if the strike spreads to other parts of the country and other industries, soon consider other problems than those of the strike itself, although these are the direct consequence of the strike and its continuation.

On one hand, the need for food, transport, etc., poses problems that must be solved immediately, not only for the strikers and their families. The longer the strike goes on, the more important becomes the problem of keeping society operating. Particular problems are considered first (keeping a hospital running, provision of milk, etc.); then local problems are considered (food for a town) and finally problems of the inter-regional environment are considered (the need for information, for example).

THE RUNNING OF SOCIETY

On the other hand, as the struggle of

the ruling class against the strike gathers strength and becomes more violent, the nature of the strike changes from demands made by the workers to the running of society. Then the power in society swings over to the workers by the simple fact of the path they have taken and the actions they perform.

These two forces (the need to provide for necessities and the attack of reaction) influence each other, and thus arises the need for liaison and co-ordination. This same necessity leads the strikers to provide their own substitutes for the administrative apparatus. The structures of a new society are created under the initiative and control of organisations with power at the bottom.

Considering the ways in which the economy is run in such situations, let us leave aside the cases where a minimum functioning is performed by blacklegs, the army and the authorities. It is obvious that power hasn't changed hands and that the workers are not in control.

In cases where the functioning of society is performed by organisations such as political parties, trade unions and revolutionary committees, such as the town committee at Nantes, they exercise a power distinct from the workers engaged in the struggle, who submit themselves to its power in the same way that they submitted to the power of the capitalist authorities, or enter into struggle with it through their own organisations (strike committees for example).

STRIKE COMMITTEES

If, at whatever stage in the strike, the workers themselves create elected strike committees over which they have control, things happen differently. The taking over of enterprises and the creation of co-ordination are done by the workers themselves, for they are the ones who must solve the problems posed by the strike, its maintenance, and development, and they are the ones who have the answers. The organisation of production and distribution becomes the job of the workers. They had not previously thought that they would run the factories, and if one had suggested it, they would not have thought that they were capable. However, the necessities of the strike force

them to solve the problems practically, and in doing this, power passes over to them.

THE RULING CLASS

It is certain that the ruling class will do everything to prevent power being taken by associations of workers. Apart from measures of intimidation and violent repression, they will try to interest the masses in their politics of exploitation and organise agitation in favour of their diverse tendencies, such as electoral campaigns, referendums, changes of government, transformations of state apparatus, diversory campaigns, etc. At the same time they underline the risks of disaster and chaos that a prolonged struggle will have on their economy. If the workers stay indifferent to the politics of the ruling class, and continue to take over factories, etc., then a united ruling class will decide to take up arms (which they always deny the workers) and plunge the country into civil war.

Since the events of May [in France] all the different ruling groups have talked of civil war, even though these forms of workers' power had only existed in embryo. The right spoke openly of using arms; the left, knowing that it was incapable of resisting, spoke only of the risk of a military dictatorship.

The workers had entered into the struggle not only because they had seen the students occupy their places of work, but also, or rather especially, because they had seen the most determined section of the students confront the forces of repression in the street.* They had risen up and their struggle caused the workers to rise up. The reception reserved for the trade union bureaucrats, who had obtained a re-adjustment of French wages to the practical rate of exchange in the other Common Market countries, was noteworthy. But afterwards it was necessary either to submit to the rule of the state, or to go on to the end, which meant running the occupied factories. That no one dared

*To transfer this idea to Britain would be a simplification; there is little anti-student feeling among the French working class—translator.

to do, everyone knew what that signified, and they were paralysed with fear.

SUBMIT OR BEGIN AGAIN

So what now? Since nothing has changed, there has been no victory and no defeat, the alternatives remain the same, either submit or begin the battle again.

The struggle will be taken up again in the future provided that, as a preliminary, the workers overturn the savage opposition that they will meet on the part of the trade unions. The strikes and demonstrations will be led by organisations that will grow directly from the struggle.

The masses organise councils of workers, students and peasants, tools for the struggle and the direct organising of production and society by the producers themselves. Our job is to push the movement onward. This means encouraging the discussion of certain general ideas, not in the shape of a preconceived programme or plan, which in the present conditions can only be linked to old models which are unadaptable to periods of social crisis.

The appearance of the new society is based upon the realisation and spread of new social principles applied on the local, regional and inter-regional levels. If this transition is not made, the new world will be condemned to deteriorate. Certainly, this application can only be empirical, taking various forms according to the place and time. It would be vain today to predict these various forms in detail. However the permanent existence of the councils means that these will be one of the foundations of the new society.

ORGANISATION OF PRODUCTION

At a given moment during the crisis, the problems of the organisation of production are posed in a confused form. The councils will have to organise production and distribution according to a plan which will be decided by all. Given the present stage of technology, it would no longer appear that public accountability is an insoluble problem, if it is considered that a profound and considerable change of mentality is necessary.

Translated from *La Grève Généralisée en France*.

B.B.

Bessie Yelensky 1891-1968

ON THURSDAY, the sixth day of June, early in the morning, Bessie breathed her last. She terminated her lifelong career as a fighter like a martyr—a victim of our 'Profit System'. She was neglected and mistreated in an institution where she languished during her last twenty months. Bessie had devoted her entire life to reform our contemporary society, and in the end this same society hastened her end.

Bessie was born in Krinek, near Bialystok. Her mother was left a widow early in life, with five children. The only good fortune of the family was that they owned a large house so that her mother was able to rent out rooms to Tannery Workers. These worker-tenants were active members of the Jewish-Socialist 'Bund', with the result that the house soon became converted into a clandestine centre of that Organization. At the age of fourteen Bessie became active in the recently formed Bund, learned her trade under a seamstress, and also attended school.

The police would stage raids from time to time on this home. One of these raids occurred when the underground Bund was staging a meeting there. Along with the executive committee, Bessie's mother, Bessie herself and a younger sister were arrested. The mother was freed on one hundred rouble bail, but was in constant peril of being deported to Siberia. Bessie and her sister were administratively sentenced to a term in the Grodno prison. Consequently the family decided to emigrate to America where they had some cousins. Bessie was the first to leave.

She arrived in Philadelphia. At that time the 'Radical Library' was quite active and served as a centre of anarchistic activity. Bessie, who even back in Krinek had begun to rebel against the highly centralized structure of the Bundist Organization, was attracted by this libertarian environment and began to take an active part in the 'Radical Library'. There she met and in time married the writer of these lines. That same year, 1913, when our lives became indissolubly linked, Bessie's family decided to move to Chicago, where she likewise became a pioneer.

In Chicago we both affiliated with the Anarchist Red Cross, which at that time had about 300 members. Bessie soon became the Secretary of this large and active organization. Soon our home became the focus and centre for a substantial group of comrades for whom

Bessie's gracious hospitality converted our humble habitat into a congenial and inviting rendezvous.

In 1917 when the historic Russian Revolution broke out Bessie was roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and when news reached us of the possibility of returning to Russia, her rejoicing knew no bounds. Nor was she deterred by the fact that we had on our hands a two-year-old child, nor that we would have to travel thousands of miles to reach our destination.

In 1918, when General Denikin occupied our city of Novorossisk and many men were obliged to flee from there, Bessie remained in the city with our child; later, when the reactionary regime eased somewhat, a special Red Cross branch was organized on Bessie's initiative to help the political prisoners held in the municipal jail. Bessie's engaging smile opened for her the doors to the wealthiest circles, where she was able to procure some aid for the political detainees.

Later on Bessie was the first to discuss ways and means of getting out of Russia. It was not until 1923 that we arrived back in Chicago, where we found our Movement in a demoralized condition, partly as a result of the 'Palmer Hysteria'. We did not even know where we could find our comrades.

We finally obtained one address, that of Comrade Lipschitz. Bessie, in the company of our colleague Clara, called on him to obtain several addresses. We began to traverse the city, to 'arouse the slumbering ones', and by dint of a tremendous effort we succeeded in the course of two weeks in founding a Group which came to be known as the FREIE GESELLSCHAFT (Free Society Group). Bessie was named secretary of this Group, which soon grew and expanded to a membership of some seventy men and women. Our home again became the centre for all its activities.

Thus Bessie spent her life—deeply devoted to our friends and comrades and with abiding faith in our ideal. Few indeed are the co-workers in the Jewish (radical) Movement who could compare with her in energy, in diligence and devotion. As for myself, I could not conceivably have performed all my tasks and undertakings without her zealous assistance and support. . . . Bessie, a stern critic and challenger to action, has left me, and I have remained alone, in a dreary field, weighed down by sombre thoughts.

BORIS YELENSKY.

The Encroaching Power of Whitehall

THE NEW LOCAL GOVERNMENT SYSTEM by Peter G. Richards. George Allen & Unwin Ltd., 35s.

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER stood for the Urban Council in 1905, and I still have the canvassers' card. 'Abolish extravagance' and 'practise economy'—those were his watchwords all right. There are the pictures of the candidates, moustached and magisterial, but destined not to be elected. The candidature, however, was almost enough in itself. It signified social standing: respected citizens, with the full confidence of the Conservative and Unionist Association behind them.

That Urban Council is now swallowed in the governing authority of Greater London. The years since 1905 have seen the growth of local government on a scale which would have scared great-grandfather off. Since the war several reforming hands have touched its structure; today there is hardly any doubt that 'the Council' in the shape of the town or district administrative body is soon to give way to massive central organizations supervising millions instead of thousands.

Dr. Richards' book has been written to replace Warren's English *Local Government System*. Because it pre-empted and discusses impending or possible changes, it is unlikely—in its present form—to remain a standard work for twenty years as Warren's book did. However, at the moment it is as good a survey of the subject as one could wish for. It is concisely written, informative and unpadding. The author's opinions show through, of course—it would be a poor book if they did not—but a variety of viewpoints about local government is given as part of the facts of the case.

Local government in England dates, for practical purposes, from the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834. Certainly there were antecedents: vestry meetings, ancient boroughs, the levying of parish rates for highways and poor relief. Nevertheless, what emerges clearly from Dr. Richards' historical introduction is that the system we know is a compound of nineteenth-century expedients aimed to deal with relief, roads, sewage, schools and the rest in the handiest and cheapest ways. On one hand, central control was seen as the solution; on the other, it was local self-government—not as a democratic vision, but as a demand that the

well-to-do who paid the rates should decide how they were spent.

The powers and duties of local authorities have grown as standards of public amenity have grown. In 1871 the Report of the Royal Sanitary Commission included a pure water-supply, sewage, burial arrangements and the inspection of food in its list of 'what is necessary for a civilized social life' (ninety-seven years later, hundreds of rural communities still have no sewage systems). At the same time, central supervision has taken charge of local government. At the simplest level, local authorities have no powers other than those given them by Parliament. A Minister may, for example, transfer a Council's powers to himself if the Council is recalcitrant in their use, as happened over Civil Defence at Coventry and St. Pancras. Local development plans must be submitted for ministerial approval.

The stronger control is exercised, however, through finance. For all major projects Councils are dependent on grants or loans. The grants are given from central government; the amounts, and the conditions attached to them, are a heavy influence on what Councils can do. Before loans are raised, ministerial consent must be obtained. Thus, housing or sewage schemes, or plans for educational reconstruction, are all dependent on governmental sanction. It is not simply that a Council cannot therefore act autonomously in these matters, though that is true; more to the point, Councils today are obliged by this financial control to tailor their activities in conformity with the central government's national policies. Development can be directed from one area to another by refusing money here and sanctioning it there.

Given such general control, detailed control over the work of Councils has steadily increased in recent years. Planning applications have to be submitted to certain Ministries, whose disapproval is final. Dr. Richards points out the new status which Ministry Circulars to Councils have acquired: 'The importance of Circulars has grown so considerably that they are commonly treated as an additional technique of central control, rather than as a means of communication.

The most important Circulars are those which require action, e.g. asking a Council to review its house-building programme or to make plans to re-organize

secondary schools on comprehensive lines.'

One is bound to see in all this the growth of the power of the Civil Service departments. Indeed, the process has recently been shown in the case of the Third London Airport, when the whole plan for Stansted was drawn up by civil servants, pressed on despite the recommendations of a public enquiry, and voted through by MPs who said they disagreed but were whipped through the division lobby. If in that case a cause célèbre was made and the project held for further enquiry, it was one case in a thousand.

Thus, there can be no doubt that the pressure today for the reorganization and centralization of local government comes very largely from the Civil Service. Dr. Richards presents, and obviously supports, a case for reorganization based on present anomalies and the need for greater efficiency. However, he remarks with some dryness: 'The views of government departments presented to the Commission showed quite remarkable similarity. All favour larger units of local government in the interests of efficiency and uniformity. No doubt they feel that fewer local authorities would be easier to supervise. . . . Indeed, all the departments favour 30 to 40 major authorities. How did these magic figures occur separately to so many minds?'

It would be easy to say that the forms taken by government are of no interest to anarchists who deprecate them all. The matter is more interesting than that. The general outline emerging from all the proposals for new local government shows major authorities in charge of huge areas and, at the same time, the smallest local bodies—parish councils—left alone. The major authorities, to be dominated as Dr. Richards suggests, would extend the single-voice bureaucratic authority which more and more people are rejecting now.

The smallest, in fact, are the only remaining form of local government in which local people can and do participate. They may well be the type of parish and neighbourhood council in which the co-operative vitality of a free society could express itself. Governmental representation is the public expression of irresponsibility; responsibility means freedom, and freedom is a social affair.

ROBERT BARTROP.

William Morris

WHEN MY GRANDDAD DIED and his books came into our house, we found among them two well-worn favourites, *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropist* (he was a painter and decorator) and an early paperback edition of *Ten Days That Shook The World*. There should have been a third... *News From Nowhere*, for this was his lifelong inspiration and he must certainly have read it many times. He lived in Walthamstow, where Morris was born in 1834, was a lifelong union man, treasurer of the local branch of the Labour Party, attended meetings at the William Morris Hall and passed the William Morris Museum every day on his way to work. Morris was a sort of hero to Grandad—his whole attitude to life was shaped by Morris's ideals and he really tried to live them out.

His life was an affirmation of the dignity of labour and was informed by an almost evangelical Socialism—apparently as a young man he was a fiery and spontaneous street corner speaker—I can see him returning from an afternoon stroll with my Grandmother, abandoning her suddenly to harangue a group of bewildered unemployed men standing on the corner by the Higham Hill Tavern, my Grandma, small, plump, pink and prim, half embarrassed, half proud, tugging his coat and urging him to 'Come home Charlie'. Grandad, in best suit and cap, waistcoat, watch, chain and half sovereign, face flushed, eyes shining, moustache bristling, his vision of a Socialist Utopia clear before him, transported, damning bosses, scabs, shirkers, capitalists, speculators, shareholders, landlords and all his class enemies, buoyed up with his knowledge that Morris had done the very same thing thirty or so years before him.

THE UNKNOWN MAN

I seem to have heard Morris's name in our house as far back as I can remember and yet, even in Left Wing circles, he is curiously unknown. There is a general impression that he was a rather eccentric, sentimental Luddite, who believed in weaving and basket making, invented a folk dance of the same name and was probably a vegetarian. My Grandfather knew him as a revolutionary, the man who inspired George Bernard Shaw to become a Socialist. The man who believed that art and life were inseparable, that art was the possession of the common people, that socialism would bring beauty into everyone's life; the man who never sold out, whose vision and idealism remained bright until his death, who was an artist but never arty, and whose political writings were pithy, joyous and inspiring.

Morris died in 1896 after a lengthy and serious illness, his Doctor suggested that the main cause of his death was sheer exhaustion. *News From Nowhere* was published six years before his death and is the real expression of his beliefs and hopes. It is, in a sense, a political manifesto but unlike most manifestos it's a joy to read—no abstract and intellectual theorising but a straightforward account of how the revolution came about and the kind of society that grew from it. The form of the tale is simple. Morris awakes from his slumbers and finds himself transported in time to his own VISION of Utopia... 'if others can see it as I have seen it then it may be called a vision rather than a dream'. But Morris was in no sense a visionary like Blake was, or Ginsberg is, his writing is down to earth, robust, and interrupted by a rather engaging prankish humour. His writing is essentially English, influenced by Chaucer above all, and with no complicated allegories or the faintest note of hysterical release.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE

It's very easy to dismiss *News From Nowhere* as a sentimental vision because of Morris's failure to anticipate (or refusal to anticipate) the industrial development in Britain in the first half of the twentieth century.

THE REVOLUTIONARY

MICHAEL BAKOUNINE, *Aspects de son oeuvre*, by Hem Day, *Pensée et Action*.

ZO D'AXA, *Mousquetaire—patricien de l'anarchie*, *Pensée et Action*.

PENSÉE ET ACTION publish a series of large pamphlets, or even full-size books, one every few months. *Michael Bakounine* was published as far back as 1966, *Zo d'Axa* is the most recent, constituting a double number, 35 and 36, covering the months of January to June, 1968. For anyone who can read French, and is interested in the movement outside the borders of the English-speaking world, this series is to be highly recommended.

No two figures could be more unlike than Bakounine and Zo d'Axa, yet both were passionate rebels. Bakounine was also a revolutionary. Though the revolutions he supported all failed, he nevertheless was firmly convinced that in the long run the cause would win through. d'Axa, on the other hand, was a 'permanent protester' of his day. He did not believe that a better society would eventually emerge, and he rejected the name of anarchist, because he did not want to be tied down to yet another orthodoxy. Only the future will be able to say which of them was right.

After giving a brief biography of Bakounine, Hem Day proceeds to study Bakounine's writings and thought under various headings, his famous 'confession', his association with freemasonry, his pan-Slavism, his ideas on revolution, on collectivism, his connection with Proudhon and with Wagner; each receives a chapter to itself. It is a pity that the only full-length, detailed biography of Bakounine is that of the unsympathetic E. H. Carr, who seems to regard his subject as an immense joke from beginning to end.

Bakounine was certainly a figure of contradictions. His secret societies, his pan-Slav nationalism, his faith in revolution as a method, make him very much a man of today, a man of the age of Stokeley Carmichael, Michael Abdul Malik, Che Guevara and all the rest. Romantic violence has come back into fashion. He seems closer to us now than Proudhon or even Kropotkin.

Zo d'Axa was an *en-dehors*, an outsider, not in the metaphysical sense that the word is used by Colin Wilson, but in the sense that he repudiated all mass movements on principle. He did not call himself an anarchist. He refused all theorising about the nature of society and its evolution, past, present and future. On the other hand, he was not the kind of individualist whose slogan is, 'I don't care about the starving Indians'. He cared very much indeed about cruelty and injustice.

His fame rests on a magazine which he produced, *L'En-Dehors*, and a series of pamphlets called *La Feuille*, which he brought out at the time of the Dreyfus case. He was neither pro- nor anti-Dreyfus. 'The man may not have been a traitor', he said 'but he was anyway an officer'. He did not like officers.

He used the atmosphere of political enthusiasm to get his own anti-political ideas across, and to express his detestation of injustice and cruelty in general. A pamphlet in the series dealt with the way children in reformatories were treated, and as result some improvements were made. At the time of an election he paraded around Paris with a donkey, who was to be enrolled as a candidate. He was followed by an enthusiastic crowd.

But then the political atmosphere quietened down, with the acquittal of Dreyfus, and he faded out of the picture, and became a wanderer on the roads, living on until 1930.

He seems to have had a kind of buoyant pessimism, which carried him through till near the end of his life, when, perhaps feeling the onset of old age, he attempted unsuccessfully to shoot himself. He died a couple of years later, possibly as the after-effects of the wound.

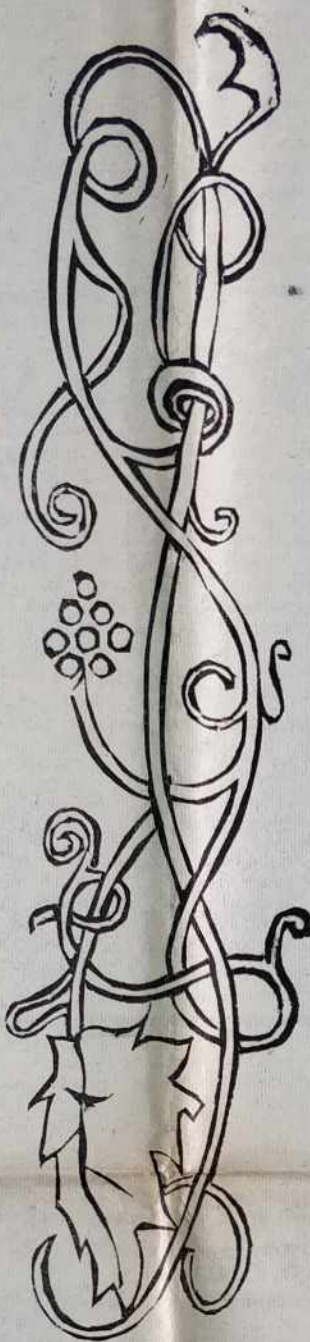
He was a romantic-looking character, very attractive to women in his youth. His name was really Alphonse Galland. Zo d'Axa however better fitted his pointed beard and moustaches, and his resemblance to a contemporary of d'Artagnan. He did in fact live an adventurous life, travelling all over the



world, often in trouble with the police on account of his non-conformism. In its day his travel book *De Mazas à Jerusalem* (Mazas was a French prison from which he had just been released) was regarded as a masterpiece.

He did not support the First World War, and was sceptical about the Russian Revolution.

This book is not a biography, but a series of articles by people who knew



But this is to ignore his ideas which are far more important than the accuracy of his historical anticipation and have an immediate relevance now.

Morris's Utopia, although described as a 'Communist Society', does seem to be an anarchist society above all, even though Morris specifically denies anarchy elsewhere in his writings. The revolution commences in 1952 due to the failures of a Wilson-like Government and the narrative apparently takes place in the early 70's. The account of the revolution is a remarkable piece of writing, since it precedes the Russian Revolution and is based to some extent on the French Revolution. The revolution is not unduly bloody and is sparked off by a meeting in Trafalgar Square—3 o'clock, brothers, and bring your own banners—and lasts for about two years.

The society in which Morris finds himself has dispensed with Government (the Houses of Parliament have been turned into a dung market), money, law courts, police, armed forces, schools and formal education, prisons, and all the trappings of a competitive and materialistic society. Since there are no courts, there are no marriage or divorce laws and no punishments, murderers are known but go free, con-men, pushers and chancers are not encouraged but are tolerated, and the kids run wild in Epping Forest which has been re-planted after the great clearance of London slums.

THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN

Morris, or 'The Guest' as he is known in the narrative, makes many mistakes in the new world. He offers to pay the waterman who sculls him across the Thames and for a pipe and tobacco he obtains from a shop, or booth, in Piccadilly—he is served by children who apparently still like to play shop—and asks about slums, prisons and sweatshop factories. He discovers that life is organised into local communities, largely self-sufficient and self-determining. Central Government has disappeared along with conflicting interests, and the Historians of the New World regard the politicians of nineteenth century England as deluded, not to say criminal, lunatics.

One of my Grandfather's favourite hobby-horses was his celebrated (in the family) equal pay for doctors, dustmen and lavatory cleaners argument. This has a strong Morris flavour—here is Morris's description of 'the Golden Dustman'... 'a man whose surcoat was embroidered most copiously as well as elegantly, so that the sun flashed back from him as if he had been clad in golden armour... tall, dark haired, and exceedingly handsome, and though his face was no less kindly in expression than that of others, he moved with that somewhat haughty mien which great beauty is apt to give to both men and women'.

But then, everyone is beautiful and happy in *News From Nowhere*, where 'the spirit of the new days was to be delight in the life of the world; intense and overweening love of the very skin and surface of the earth on which man dwells'.

Perhaps, paradoxically, Morris is too unromantic a figure to compete with the current fashionable heroes of the New Left but he was a hero to my Grandfather and, if not exactly a hero, he is an inspiration to me. I'm not bothered by jeers about the impracticality and implausibility of *News From Nowhere*. All I know is that when I read it, I think... 'that's what I want, that's how life ought to be'.

JEFF CLOVES.

Heaven be Praised!

HEAVEN IS ATTAINED by climbing the staircase of pleasurable sensual experience, and no one is more likely to believe that he has reached the top than a young man in his first encounter with the woman he desires.

This is the starting-point of the play *The Beard*, by Michael McClure, directed by Rip Torn, playing at the Royal Court Theatre (10.30 p.m., at normal prices).

The Beard is one of those dramatic masterpieces that in performance justify the Theatre as a valid medium of experience by reducing the incompleteness and prejudices of man, while simultaneously fulfilling the need to alleviate his drabness and boredom by other than destructive means.

There are other plays where the experience of man in a moment of time has been reduced to the bone of being—*Waiting for Godot* and *Motel* spring to mind. *The Beard* is another such play.

The heterosexual encounter takes place not in a room, an hotel, or on a beach at night, but in the place these backgrounds will become to the protagonists. And if people are outraged by what they see and hear on the stage, it is only because they have walked in with the presupposition that Heaven is populated solely by the meek, and the articulate. The encounter takes place between lovers as seen through lovers eyes. Being an American play, the psychological projections are represented by Jean Harlow and Billy the Kid, Harlow representing unfettered feminine sexuality and The Kid representing violent adolescent masculinity.

The Beard might be described as a

subliminal version of 'You're a Big Boy Now'. Too much has already been written about the action of the play, and I do not wish to say anything about it here. I would just like to mention one point concerned with the acting of the Americans Richard Bright and Billie Dixon. The play must set a record for identical cues. Yet never once did they falter or catch their words—a consummate display of sustained concentration which one appreciates not at the time, because it doesn't intrude, but on reflection.

With the public performance of *The Beard*, the British theatre steps out of its padded playpen to occupy its rightful place and purpose. The only censorship to which the theatre is answerable now are within the laws concerning libel, sedition, blasphemy and obscenity. It is of interest to remember that none of these outrages have ever affected or tempered films and plays that glorify war or support the assumed right of nations to act in a manner which they themselves condemn outright when performed by individuals.

It will be interesting to see who will be the first prejudiced little puritan who will use existing law to institute a private prosecution against a theatrical management for putting on a play which opposes contemporary hypocrisy, delusion and nescience.

I.D.

Subscribe for a Friend

WE GO TO PRESS ON MONDAY. LATEST DATE FOR RECEIPT OF MSS., LETTERS, MEETING NOTICES IS THE MONDAY IN EACH WEEK OF PUBLICATION.

him. One can assemble from these pieces a fairly complete biography of the first half of his life. The second half was passed in almost completely unrecorded obscurity.

For those interested, the address of *Pensée et Action* is Hem Day, Boite Postale 4, Bruxelles 29, or Bernard Salmon, 110 r. Lepic, Paris 18e.

A.W.U.

Scanlon Out of Step

BY 31 votes to 21 the Engineering National Committee rejected the call for a national strike against the wage offer negotiated last month. Hugh Scanlon, president of the Amalgamated Union of Engineering and Foundry Workers (AEF), wanted his committee to reject the offer, and called for a national stoppage early in the new year unless the employers improved their offer.

What has gone wrong? It is very unusual for the trade union leadership to be in front of its members in terms of militancy.

The breakdown of the talks was the poor pay offer for women members, and it does appear that the whole question of women's pay was an afterthought in the negotiations anyway. For Scanlon to think that he could pull a national stoppage in support of women's pay means

he must be living in 'cloud cuckoo land' or, to be really cynical, it was a 'face saver'. Scanlon was 'out on a limb'. The support he had for a stoppage was negligible. To maintain a left wing militant front, a breakdown in the negotiations had to be arranged, women's pay was the safest issue, knowing full well support would not be forthcoming. It can then be said, 'I tried, my conscience is clear but the membership failed to respond.'

It is reported that the productivity clauses in the new agreement are worrying the AEF members, but surely this is only a logical next step from the bonus and piece rate workings already demanded and practised by engineering workers. The red light has been showing for years on this question, it is still not too late to call a halt. Until a common-sense attitude is taken to this productivity gimmick, workers will pay and pay again both in terms of money and unemployment. This problem is not peculiar to the engineering industry, it's nationwide—firemen, printers and building workers face the same problem. When will we wake up?

EQUAL PAY

The amount of bullshit talked about equal pay in the last couple of years is too fantastic to be true! The last outburst was at Congress House on Thursday, November 21. The TUC announced little progress with the 'oldest wage claim in the history of the British trade union movement'. John Newton, chairman of the General Council of the Trade Union Congress, pleaded that the issue must not degenerate into 'emotional tirades'. One would have thought that after 80 years a little emotion would have been in order! There is only one reason why 'equal pay' is not general practice, that is because the majority of men do not want it. One can stick up all 'the old fanny' you like, 'employers are hard', 'women difficult to organise', 'no support from the TUC or Labour Government', but in the final analysis it is down to the stalwart male trade unionists who tolerate a worker next to them receiving less pay for the same job. Anyone who does not accept this fact is plain hypocritical and that is all there is to it.

BILL CHRISTOPHER.

Freedom For Workers' Control

NOVEMBER 30 1968 Vol 29 No 37

THE BARKING CORPSE

THE CYNICAL BETRAYAL of the London busmen and women is slowly but surely beginning to make itself manifest. When the TGWU in a moment of panic or mental aberration signed away the job security of thousands of their members they denied that any of the horror stories of men and women losing their jobs were true and the old cry of trouble-makers was trotted out as an alibi for the union's blatant incompetence.

Already the London Transport Executive, who do not give a damn about the TGWU's finer feelings, have gone into active operation with their Re-Shaping Plan and their advertisements for conductors now state that they are only needed in CERTAIN garages for the time has now come when the London Transport Executive, with the active participation of the TGWU, can now put into operation bus garages without a single conductor being employed there. Two men's work is now done by a driver/conductor for a Judas and fractional portion of the sacked conductor's wage. Union representatives, in their role of LTE apologists, deny that any conductor has as yet been sacked but what they cannot deny is that in at least one specific garage thirty men and women have been forced to transfer to distant garages even though some had at least eight years' service with the LTE while a spare list of conductors to cover sickness and holiday staff has been whittled down from a pre-war list of twenty men to four lone individuals.

On November 19 there will be the usual bus conference and one garage has submitted a resolution calling for women to be allowed to train as bus drivers. The TGWU is believed to be giving this resolution its full backing but in view of their past behaviour that is small recommendation. That the garage in question should feel it necessary, after all these years of opposition to the recruitment of women drivers, to push the claim for women to train as bus drivers arises solely from the Union's sell-out for the compulsory transfers for conductors and the number of unskilled jobs available for elderly men and women conductors are embarrassingly small. It is for this reason and this reason only that the Union have been forced to come to terms with the women workers.

I have every sympathy with those women who wish to go driving and I for my part will give my vote in their support, yet the vicious fact remains that the LTE by sheer nerve won all the way in their battle with the Union and those stupid bus workers who so eagerly grabbed for a handful of shillings for selling out their fellow workers are now whining that the LTE is welsching on them because the new schedules contain a greater number of Sundays off thereby eliminating the time-and-a-half payments

that made up the £20 average wage.

One no longer waits for Bill Jones's East London magazine *Bus Stop* to tell us what the Dalston militants want us to tell the LTE. For too long Bill Jones has played the game of left wing union extremist and this nursemaid of the Central Bus Committee but now he finds himself forced to defend the betrayal of the London busworkers and then, as an anti-climax, to make little screaming noises of defiance. Here is his magazine that many believed would become the voice of the militant workers with pages of snivelling rubbish on the old-time London busmen, those sycophantic time-servers overpaid and over-publicized. Men who were prepared to work longer hours than in any other industry in London, accept a six shilling a week pension after 30 years' loyal service and stand to attention for every Jack-in-office for the high wages that an industry that rooked the rest of the community could afford to pay. This and Billy Boy's friendly growl to Holmes, the Chairman of the LTE, on how Billy would run the One Man Buses.

And the answer, Billy, from myself and the LTE is who cares what you feel or think in these matters for the Union died the death the day it sold out the bus workers on the back. The deed is done, Billy Boy, so let us be charitable and call it death by misadventure, for it is the coloured men and women, the grey-haired grandmothers sweating it out in forced rush hours and the young and elderly bus conductors that you and your associates killed off and your reputation died with them. They will fast disappear from the London street, those tens of thousands of bus conductors, but never from the history of the labour movement and you and your associates are but barking corpses and your meaningless conferences are your graveyard. The LTE won, Billy Boy, so negotiate, Billy, for us to use our 'free' travelling passes on the One Man Buses and not to have a blue line in our uniform trousers, but do not beat your breast in simulated rage, Billy Boy, for it ill becomes the men and the hour. The French Federation of Labour have just published the following table:

	Average hours worked annually	Average hours worked weekly	Public Holidays plus paid leave
USA	1,930	40.1	26 days
USSR	1,950	40.3	21 days
Germany	2,060	43.84	29 days
France	2,115	46.0	36 days
Belgium	2,115	44.6	28 days
UK	2,120	43.6	20 days
Japan	2,180	44.7	19 days

The British workers' place within this international chart makes our betrayal a matter of international concern.

LUMPENPROLETARIAN.

Contact Column

This column exists for mutual aid. Donations towards cost of typesetting will be welcome.

Urban Communal Living Exercise. Bexley Anarchists would like to hear from anyone able to offer financial help and/or advice regarding our proposed Commune/Community Service Centre.

Free Library at Trinity College, Dublin. Based entirely on trust. No fines, no membership. Open to all. Books freely donated and freely borrowed. Address for travellers: 20 College Lane, Dublin.

The Honest Ulsterman. New magazine for peaceful revolution. 3/- from 15 Kerr Street, Portrush, N. Ireland.

North London Anarchists! 'Freedom' and 'Anarchy' on sale at new bookshop The Compendium, 240 Camden High Street, N.W.1.

Home Wanted. Desperate young couple seek London accommodation where they can have child, now elsewhere, to stay. Box 24.

Can anyone translate Landauer's 'The Revolution' from Yiddish into English for Freedom Press?

Scripts wanted for autonomous theatre company in Leeds. Anyone interested write to M. Watkins, 6 Eberston Terrace, Leeds, 6.

Preston Anarchist Group (newly established) would like to hear from other groups both at home and abroad. Require badges and literature. Contact: Ian Cowburn, 140 Watling Street Road, Fulwood, Preston, Lancs.

Red Paper. No. 2 now out 1/6d. plus 6d. post from: Anthony Reeder, 44 Upper Orwell Street, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Job Wanted by young anarchist, ex-university student. Colin, 54 Layfield Road, Hendon, N.W.4.

Badges and Banners. Rectangular metal black/red badges 2/6 each post free or bulk rate (10 or more) 1/- each—resell at 2/- or 2/6. Also flags and banners to order, from 7/6. McGee, 42 Pendarves Street, Beacon, Camberne, Cornwall.

Makino Poster/Calendar. In aid of (Anarchist) Black Cross. Splendidly designed and printed. Poster 2/6d. Calendar 7/6d. from Freedom Press. Postage extra.

Schools Campaign. Posters available, 6d. each, 5/- per doz. Duplicated leaflets 1/- per 100. Postage extra. Let us have your school leaflets and posters in exchange. Lewisham Anarchist Group.

Birmingham Discussion Meetings. Tuesdays at 7.30 p.m. Venue usually at The Crown, Corporation Street. Further information from Peter Neville, c/o Peace Action Centre, Factory Road, Birmingham, 19. (S.A.E.)

If you wish to make contact let us know.

Night Thoughts on a Demonstration

The lines which follow were written during the 48-hour vigil held outside the Greek Embassy on November 19/20, against the threatened execution of Panagoulis.

Possibly because of the protests from many quarters over this case, the execution of Panagoulis has been postponed for the present; he has NOT been reprieved. He has been moved under heavy guard to Aegina Island prison. Doubtless when the clamour has died down he will be quietly shot. We must keep up the struggle to save him.

THERE is a horrible kind of impotence surrounding a demonstration like this. We are concerned about the fate of one man; an individual: his life. We know something of what he is supposed to have done—that he has been sentenced for 'desertion and subversive activities'—but is that relevant?

Earlier, the pavement on which we sit was surrounded by pressmen and cameras—purveyors of half truths—but now they have gone to the comfort and seclusion of their hotels and their homes. Why do we remain here?

Even the policemen have retired to the warmth of their van, parked across the road on the familiar tarmac of Grosvenor Square. They can be heard from time to time singing old time songs—that alone is a singular enough experience to make the whole situation a little unreal.

Still I ask, why are we here? What can we do? Every day thousands, perhaps millions, are dying in Vietnam, Biafra, the ghettos of America and elsewhere. Dying of starvation, bombs, bullets or merely rotting in the prisons of the world. But now—for these few hours—our thoughts concentrate upon one man.

It is as if in Vietnam, for example, a single peasant were appointed to be that day's recipient of a napalm bomb, compliments of Uncle Sam—and the whole world informed thus:—

'Amidst the many Vietnamese that will be killed in the next few days, Mr. has been informed by the authorities that he will be amongst those selected to make the supreme sacrifice for the cause of democracy.'

Or in Biafra:—
'Owing to H.M. Government's total lack of humanity and the horrific ability of bureaucratic and military minds the world over to reduce human beings to numbers, expendable commodities, pawns in the mighty chess game.—You, Mr./Mrs. have been selected to

participate in a fast unto death. We have not yet thought of a valid reason for your act of unselfish sacrifice—but we will—and you will be informed of it in due course' . . . but too late.

Such announcements as these could be sent via some malevolent agency around the world as a sort of exercise in sadistic torment upon the liberal conscience.

We make only a futile gesture—but any action we can take seems futile at a time like this and our only alternative is silence. But for now perhaps, Greece, Vietnam, Biafra, Chicago, Birmingham Rotary Clubs and all are crystallised in the sufferings of one man awaiting death. As I write now the time for execution has passed. Newspapers, bulletins or portable radios, each one eagerly awaited by the small gathering at the Embassy, have not yet indicated that the sentence has been carried out. The Greek people around the Embassy are saying that no news is good news. So the longer we wait the greater the hope; but we still fear the worst.

PADDY FIELDS.

FOREMEN OR CON-MEN?

LIKE GREASED bloody lightning! That's how the Regent tyre men at Dunlop, Rochdale, are having to inspect to get their 10/- a week rise and keep their jobs (see FREEDOM, 16.11.68).

Is it any wonder mistakes are made? Anybody but a simpleton knows when you push up production you push down work standards.

The foreman here seems ignorant of this fact. But it's no good trying to put him wise, for, like most bosses, whereas he might not always be right, he's never wrong.

But it shows what sort of a bloke he is when, as he did last week, he sacked a workman without notice. The rules say only in cases of 'serious misconduct' can anyone be sacked without notice. This lad was sacked for absenteeism. If absenteeism is 'serious misconduct', then what does one have to do to get sacked and it not be serious misconduct?

Mind you, he didn't give the lad the sack himself, he always uses his charge-hand to do his dirty work.

It is clear here that the recent action of this hatchetman is designed to damp

down the demands of the Dunlop workers. If he doesn't want to pay up, he should drop the con-man routine. It won't wash here, as everyone knows he has a reputation for throwing money about like a man 'bout any arms.

WORKERS RESIST CON-MEN

If they won't pay us, then some sort of action may be on the cards. We're nearly spoilt for choice between an overtime ban, go-slow, good work strike, and a work-to-rule, involving a possible refusal to record tyres.

Will it come to this? Well, that's up to the bosses! Usually, the British working man prefers to fiddle, rather than

fight the system. Like Andy Capps, whose almost anarchic distrust of all political ideologies does us proud, the workers are not, thank God, what the Marxists might call politically-minded, but they will always resist the management's rogues and con-men.

All this goes to show up the need for workers' control of the factories. For if managers and foremen were elected by the blokes on the shop-floor, then managers would be elected for their abilities as administrators and not appointed because of their skills as con-men and creeps.

MUNICIPAL & GENERAL WORKER.