

ABOLISH THE POLICE FORCE Stuart Christie

MARXIST BACKLASH Tom Nairn

WILDCAT STRIKES - YORGO THE GREEK

# Rhodesia—Racists' Republic?

RHODESIA, Southern Rhodesia as it was formerly known, has had self-government since 1923 after a referendum by a European electorate. Africans were not consulted. Since that date the policy of the Rhodesian Government has been, by stops and starts, drawing nearer South African apartheid.

Way back in 1959, whilst in the aborted Central African Federation, Rhodesia had all the appearances of a Police State. The Southern Rhodesian African National Congress was banned in February 1959 and all officials (99 men and one woman) were arrested and imprisoned without trial. An African

could not visit a town unless he had a pass, or to seek employment. No African could remain in any town unless he was employed by a white man and had a town pass allowing him to remain there as long as he was employed. Africans were not allowed to belong to any trade union or organise their own trade unions. The Apprenticeship Act excluded Africans. No African could ever be skilled. The Land Husbandry Act compelled Africans to cut stock holdings to a maximum of not more than five head of cattle per family. Arable land was cut down to a maximum of eight acres per family. Holdings were made so small that

their value fell short of £1,000 which was required before an African qualified for a vote.

Since 1959 great progress has been made in Rhodesia in terms of African advancement. African representation is pinned to their contribution to total personal income tax. It is only after Africans pay more than 24% of total personal income that their representation will increase. They currently pay less than 1%, 1-24 can be a million years by 1959-69 progress. The all-important land question, the new Land Tenure Act, increases the European area by 10m. acres, leaving the African area unchanged.

Ian Smith must have had a good laugh after the *Tiger-Fearless* talks, knowing full well that Britain would and could do nothing short of sending in troops. Sanctions apparently have had little or no effect. International trade is a 'dog eat dog' business—someone is always ready to move in.

The question now posed is 'Will S. Africa and Portugal prop up the Smith regime?' Vorster, the South African Prime Minister, will do business with any **STABLE GOVERNMENT, Black or White**. How does he rate the Smith regime?

As for Britain, after a period of time for face-saving, the fait

accompli will be recognised and gradually it will be business as usual. The United Nations has been mentioned so there will be rumbling from that quarter.

We are faced with the only solution—the Africans themselves are the only ones who can solve their problem, remembering that the only difference between white and black politicians is the pigmentation of the skin. European education is a wonderful thing. It teaches 'double talk' as an international language.

BILL CHRISTOPHER.

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

## THE PHONEY FREEDOM

READERS OF THIS PAPER may be surprised to find some peculiar sentiments expressed in what appears to be a special issue 'FREEDOM—SCIENTOLOGY'. They will be even more staggered to find themselves exhorted to 'Order Freedom' on a Regular Basis and make their cheques and postal orders out to the 'Church of Scientology Worldwide' sending them to the 'Editor, "Freedom"', at an address in Sussex. If we query Mr. Ron Hubbard's financial honesty, we at least have the dubious satisfaction of not being the first. Looking through the issue of the phoney 'Freedom' (in a similar format to this) one finds why the Scientologists have suddenly become so concerned for Freedom as to call their paper by that name, other perhaps than an unscientific belief that they may get orders for the wrong FREEDOM?

There is no doubt whatever that the Scientologists have been subject to perse-

cution, but nobody in governmental circles has revealed why. It certainly began as a purely commercial racket. What, however, is the Rosicrucian Order but a similar attempt to exploit beliefs in esoteric arts run by a commercial organisation? The Panacea Society runs a series of completely fraudulent advertisements regarding Joanna Southcott's box; yet it is neither prosecuted, nor are the newspapers carrying the advertisements prosecuted, for offences under the Trades Description Acts nor other misrepresentations. The Sunday press denounces the Scientology cult, like it does one or two other very minor sects, for splitting up families deliberately and carrying out family exclusion of the apostate. This is no doubt very dreadful, but not one tenth as bad as that practised by the Jewish faith and whatever else Jews are criticised for, it is never that.

Ron Hubbard's Scientology is making big profits; but nothing like the Salvation Army, the big business organisation to which we are all shamefacedly expected to contribute when they come round in the pub. Scientology cures are fakes, but do not even pretend to the scale of Lourdes. Their ministers are humbugs, but the Church of England would never try to throw stones at them for that. Their ministrations are dangerous, but less than those of Christian Science. Nor are they as 'subversive' as Jehovah's Witnesses.

Since the attack upon them, Scientologists have not only fallen back on the cry that freedom is in danger; they have also protested that they are a Church being persecuted. The science fiction basis of Scientology was a pure twentieth century background, comparable with the nineteenth century background of religious fiction that built the Mormon

religion. (Joe Smith, an illiterate backwoodsman, was read a religious novel, believed it was literally true, and re-told it as a revealed truth in exactly the same way as Mohammed had done after being told the story of the Bible.) Ron Hubbard graduated from science fiction and at least wrote his story himself. He started it as a commercial enterprise, went on as an esoteric guild, and under threat, has made it a Church.

But why the threats, why the persecution? In Australia, the police have broken in on the Scientologists, smashed up their files and records, raided their 'Church' and beaten up the 'congregation'; in England, the Government has deported American 'ministers'; in the States, the law book is turned upside down to try and find some way of hitting at them. What is it that has upset the powers that be? It is interesting to note in the phoney 'Freedom': "Freedom"

has consistently drawn attention to the inhumane and cruel treatment meted out in mental homes and institutions', 'Ely and other psychiatric hospitals are death camps', 'Psychiatry is murder by treatment', 'Lobotomy turns people into zombies or living vegetables', 'Lobotomy is a fascist treatment comparable with Auschwitz', 'Psychiatry practises death, maiming and drugging' and so on (all these come from the phoney 'Freedom' No. 12). As you will gather, they don't much like the psychiatrists. But why? Reading through Ronnie Hubbard's books on Scientology, it is essentially brainwashing itself. It is a form of psychiatric processing; it lends itself admirably to fascist techniques too (the breakaway 'Process' has adapted scientific ideas to fascism of sorts); the whole point of it is to adapt the mind to conditioned authority.

One can see that two of a trade never agree, and that the Scientologists might object to the psychiatrists precisely because the latter are the respectable, official, acclaimed version of the same thing. But Hubbard has made enough cash out of it to live like God in Paris on his private yacht; why does he begrudge the psychiatrists their ten cents' worth? More importantly, the psychiatrists have triumphed enough to become accepted by the ruling class. They are no longer obscure Viennese refugees scraping a living by listening to supine rich ladies' secrets in a back landing consulting room; they have been accepted by the State, their techniques are everywhere in use, Freud has long since displaced Jesus. Why should the psychiatrists—for it surely must be them who have made the move, as the Scientologists allege—have initiated the State persecution of the Scientologists? Why does the Ministry of Health and the Home Office harass them? What is the crime of the Scientologists? They are a load of swindling authoritarian bastards, but they are by no means the only ones; why are they not allowed to get away with it?

One can merely hazard a guess: probably by accident, they have made a breakthrough in brainwashing which has infringed and frightened official psychiatry. Behind all the commercially-induced examinations, tests, screening; the claptrap about visits to other worlds and the origins of man and what have you, the basic principle of Scientology is Brainwashing. Have they unconsciously taken over the brainwashing techniques planned exclusively for Big Brother? Are the brainwashed nuts who have been processed by Scientology no more, no less, than we shall be when Big Brother establishes his dominion? Who honestly knows what goes on in top scientific circles? What have the psychiatrists in store for us? A. MELTZER.

THE PROCESSES of the law grind on slowly in Rumbold Road. A writ is being served on Wednesday, May 28, asking Mrs. Foster to stop trespassing. A council spokesman has said (*Fulham Chronicle*, May 23, 1969), 'We are taking all legal means to regain possession. We are not at this stage using the force to which we are entitled.' We understand that the late A. Hitler acted perfectly legally in his activities. A Hammersmith Council employee assured squatters last week that he was not there to evict squatters. 'He hadn't got orders to do that.' On the other hand another public service employee assured us of his intention to sabotage any efforts to make Mrs. Foster's life more difficult.

This increasing preoccupation with legality makes the squatters' case much more difficult. At Rumbold Road we have had two visits by MPs Bernadette Devlin, the newly-elected member, and Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, the leader of the Liberal Party. Neither of them were on the guard-duty rota so their visit, unless they do anything by their influence, was merely a more hygienic form of 'baby-kissing'. Miss Devlin's political virginity is unsullied (as yet) but Mr. Thorpe is a more practised politician and a lawyer, what is more.

Fulham Councillors have attacked Mr. Thorpe's visit and accused him of being 'a comfort-carrier for law-breakers' and said 'It's not Thorpe's business. A visit of this kind introduces politics into the matter—and politics should be left out.'

Mr. Thorpe is, however, a smoother operator and he has said to Mrs. Foster, 'I can't promise results. But I shall see what can be done. . . . I don't necessarily support what they (the squatters) have

## Cathy Go Home

done but I can understand it. . . . If this aggravates the Council into doing something, then it is a form of aggravation of which I approve. One doesn't want to encourage people to break the law, but one can understand what they are trying to do. . . . If I was in their desperate position I might do the same.'

The *West London Observer* (May 22) in an editorial entitled 'Another "Cathy" Headache' says 'A quick, firm line has been taken by the Council. If Mrs. Joan Foster and her three children do not leave the house in Rumbold Road, Fulham, eviction action will follow. A harsh, ruthless decision? No. A heart-breakingly necessary one. For members of the Council were elected to govern by democratic procedure—not to encourage, or even turn a blind eye to anarchy.'

In fact in Fulham 41.9 per cent of the electorate cast their votes in the election in which the present Council took power. The other 58.1 per cent (the majority) had either been forced to leave the district by the development scheme or were disgusted by both Labour's failure to continue the scheme and the Tory's intention not to continue the scheme or were not interested in voting. A Council elected on a minority vote should not be too boastful of its democratic basis.

Neither Mr. Thorpe, Hammersmith Council nor the *West London Observer* realize that law-breaking is part of the democratic process. All our progress

from John Hampden, to the Tolpuddle martyrs and the suffragettes, have been made by people who broke the law. Good men should not obey the law too well. Institutions grow too cumbersome and rigid to deal with the problems facing them. The only thing to do is to crack open the institution. Mr. Thorpe is recorded as having said on a previous occasion, 'The State has a right to defend itself.'

The *WLO* goes on in its editorial to say, 'And let us face the fact. It would be an acceptance of anarchy if Mrs. Foster and her family were allowed to remain. It would also be a shedding of responsibility. For the Council have a clearly defined duty to the thousands of families "queuing" in an orderly fashion on the borough's housing waiting lists.'

The *WLO* is highly hypocritical in all this; not only does it use the 'Cathy' title for a sentimental tear dropped into the slot, but it is lying because the house in Rumbold Road was never intended by the Council to fulfil their 'duty' to the waiting list. The Council have shed their responsibility by placing hundreds of houses upon the open market to sell to speculators rather than to let to thousands of 'queuing' families, furthermore they have specifically turned down a scheme to reduce this list by building a housing project in the Moore Park Road area.

The use of 'Cathy' as a symbol is particularly ironical since it was by such 'illegal' activity at King Hill hostel by 'anarchic' groups that husbands were allowed to live in the hostels with their wives and families. Hostels still exist, however—anarchy hasn't gone that far—Hammersmith Council uses the Battersea Bridge one and they have another in Fulham Road. Finally, Mrs. Foster is also on Hammersmith Council's housing waiting list.

The *WLO* concludes its editorial with the ringing clichés: 'To look upon it as simply a problem of local authorities versus the squatters is taking a blinkered view. It is much wider than that. It is society's problem. And that means yours and ours.'

Ibsen, in *The Enemy of the People*, tells the story of a Medical Officer who discovers that the waters of a spa town are polluted by the effluent from a tannery but since the prosperity of the town and the spa are built on keeping this fact quiet and doing nothing about it the MO is hounded out of office and deserted by all his 'liberal' supporters.

Mr. Thorpe, Hammersmith Council, the *West London Observer*, are all acting like characters in *The Enemy of the People*. The mushy cloud of sentimentality that hangs around thoughts of *Cathy Come Home* obscures the truth. My God, how we all suffered, in front of the television set—it was a real catharsis—but we sent money to 'Shelter'; we are looking for a nice little place in Fulham which we can convert; we are a two-home family—Cathy, Go Home!

JACK ROBINSON.



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THE WRITER & POLITICS 7/6

IN THE CURRENT issue of the weekly *New Society* (May 22), E. J. Hobsbawm—one of Britain's foremost Marxist historians—administers a rap over the knuckles to libertarian revolutionaries. That is, to those who believe there is some necessary connection between personal and sexual freedom and social revolution—and who hope therefore that future revolutions will be more than short-lived 'festivals of the oppressed' subsiding into disciplinarian takeovers. 'It is about time,' snaps Hobsbawm, 'that someone pointed out that there are no good grounds for this belief.'

On the contrary, he claims, permissiveness is if anything counter-revolutionary in character: rulers have encouraged it among their subjects 'if only to keep their minds off their subjection'. As examples of this, he mentions slave society, and Hinduism. Revolution on the other hand has always been puritanical by nature (the article is titled 'Revolution is Puritan'). It necessarily imposes an iron morality, as part of the ordered social transformation it fosters. Indeed, it is positively philistine: the 'cultural' revolt so closely linked to permissiveness in our time is suspect as well. At best, it is only a symptom; at worst, it may be (like sexual licence) a distraction from serious revolutionary business: 'The revolution of 1917,' Hobsbawm continues, 'reduced Dada to its proper social and political perspective. . . . When the French went on strike in May 1968 . . . (student happenings) and those splendid graffiti could be seen to be forms of minor literature, marginal to the main events. The more prominent Dada and similar phenomena are, the more confident we can be that the big things are not happening. . . .'

Hobsbawm as the Marxist ideologist of this remarkable outburst is somewhat at odds with Hobsbawm the historian. For as the latter, he must know perfectly well that the French would never have been on strike in May 1968, were it not for what are now so easily dismissed as 'happenings' and 'minor literature'. Had these 'symptomatic', 'marginal' events not occurred, De Gaulle would still be on his throne, and the bourgeoisie, the Communist Party, and the Marxist sects would all still be happy in their work. Nor is it merely captious to object that one could equally well say that Dada reduces the 1917 revolution to its proper perspective: for Dada represented the libertarian and cultural revolution which 1917 expressed for a number of years, and later betrayed completely—the better self of the revolution, so to speak, which Hobsbawm now suggests can never be its true or lasting self.

Why should this be so? In considering underlying reasons, the ideologist seems

# MARXIST BACKLASH

to eclipse the historian even more totally. It may indeed be true that in many states, caste-divided societies of the past, was tolerated or encouraged by lower orders. But we are aged among the inheritors of a radically different social order (whose economic history has been described better than Hobsbawm himself, and hence it is likely that the growing permissiveness of our time has a radically different social meaning).

Bourgeois society has been remarkable in history for the strong moral unity it tried to impose on all social classes. It has disciplined and harnessed the whole social order in the service of its one, hidden god: the accumulation of capital. It was to this end that the old laxity of feudalism and slavery was stamped out, and universal puritan conformity and self-denial took its place.

If capitalism has now relaxed the grip of this odious morality, it is because capital no longer seems to require the support of that other sacred institution, the family. Capital has come into its own, in the anonymous machine-might of corporations and states: before the impersonal forces which now control the formation of capital, questions of petty personal ethics or cultural display appear as irrelevant as distant stars. In this situation—as Marcuse asserts, before Hobsbawm, in his *One-Dimensional Man*

## TO NEW READERS

FREEDOM PRESS are the publishers of the monthly magazine ANARCHY and the weekly journal FREEDOM which was started by Kropotkin and others in 1886. ANARCHY, our younger brother, celebrates its 100th appearance next month, no mean achievement for a magazine entirely dependent on voluntary labour and contributions.

Because of obvious distribution difficulties encountered by anarchist publications it is safer to subscribe to ensure getting your copies. It also helps us. (Subscription details are on page 2.)

At one time we were able to publish more books and pamphlets than we do at present. But we are glad to announce the forthcoming publication of Kropotkin's 'The State—Its Historic Role' in a new translation by Vernon Richards from the French original.

Editors.

—the disintegration of the old fossil-morality becomes merely a commercially exploitable safety-valve. The mass-media take over from the puritan conscience, as the key form of cultural control: our circuses, our well-fed slaves, our pathetic efforts at debauchery, all provide a kind of analogy to the permissiveness of past empires.

But what kind of analogy? It is surprising indeed that Hobsbawm should take it so much at its face value, and (in effect) agree with the masters of capital, who naturally hope the analogy is a valid one. For this is simply another—one of the last—of those blind, contradictory, double-edged transformations which have marked the whole development of capitalism. The one thing one can be sure of is that its real social meaning will differ from such superficial appearances. Just how colossally different this meaning is becoming, has been shown in every western country, in the concrete behaviour of the first generation which has grown up outside the old moral vice. Here, in allowing the wind of freedom to be blown—even in the partial, cramped forms we see—capitalism will quickly reap a disastrous whirlwind. Far from being a mere drug or safety-valve, permissiveness has generated an absolute boundary to the empire of capital—an internal frontier as strong as the external one drawn by the peasants of Vietnam. And while Moloch can retreat from the latter to consolidate his strength elsewhere, he cannot retreat from the former: that is, from the inner dialectic of his own development.

Such considerations affect how one views revolution, in turn. Hobsbawm is right to point out that past revolutions have been puritan. But there is a possible confusion in the argument here. Revolutions are (in a sense) 'puritan' while they are at work, because people are too busy and completely devoted to the task in hand to think of much else: the question is, what factors have perpetuated this discipline later, and transformed it into permanent authoritarian bigotry? Surely this has happened because every past revolution has been faced with those same necessities which made the earlier history of bourgeois society 'puritan': the urgent need for material accumulation, to escape from starvation or subsistence-living, and the tight social discipline this requires. Because they occurred in conditions of 'under-development', their inevitable first

task was the painful one of 'development', at the expense of the revolution's better self. After their festival, the oppressed have always had to be driven back to work again, much harder than before.

But the social revolution of societies which have undergone our degree of economic development may—indeed must—be quite different. We are at present in the very first stages of discovering just how different, and trying very tentatively to formulate its laws. One would have thought it obvious for a Marxist that such laws must be grounded in the distinctive conditions of modern capitalist society—that is, in the very same conditions which have produced the 'permissiveness' Hobsbawm speaks of. Unless of course contradiction and dialectic suddenly died of old age, in April 1968. If we assume they survived, and Marxism as social science can still be distinguished from Marxism as ideology (or devotional exercises in the museum of past revolution), then it looks very much as if the two laws of contemporary revolution will be: first, that revolution is libertarian at the root, with a force which will outlast any brief festival of the oppressed; second, that the 'cultural' factor of revolution will become progressively more significant—so that, to reverse Hobsbawm's dictum, the more prominent such cultural revolt is, the more confident we can be that the 'big things' will happen.

After all, what is implied in the social mutation which has brought about 'permissiveness'? Capitalism's new-found confidence in its total domination of human nature, exerted through the giant apparatus of cultural communication now essential to its functioning (information-machines, the media, advertising). We can be permitted some freedom, as it were, because under these conditions freedom is unreal. But these very conditions have called forth a more total response from human nature, and posed a total threat to society in ever more 'cultural' terms (that is, in the terms of our own time, and not those of the 19th century). The freedom is real: men have proved capable of producing it for themselves within the heart of the unreal forest, where there should have been nothing but stunted trees.

A Marxist who can say, after the events of the past few years, after May

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## Anarchist Federation of Britain

**LONDON FEDERATION OF ANARCHISTS.** All correspondence to LFA, c/o Freedom Press, LAVENDER HILL MOB, Contact C. Broad, 116 Tyneham Road, S.W.11 (228 4086).

**LEWISHAM.** Mike Malet, 61B Granville Park, S.E.13. (852 8879).

**MALATESTA GROUP.** Contact Reg Broad, 5 Welbeck Court, Addison Bridge Place, W.14. 603 0550. Meetings every Thursday at 'The Cedars', (upstairs room), next to Baron's Court library, 8 p.m.

**PORTOBELLO ROAD ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact Andrew Dewar, 16 Kilburn House, Malvern Place, N.W.6. Meetings 8 p.m. every Tuesday.

**FINCH'S ANARCHISTS.** Regular meetings. Contact P.P., 271 Portobello Road, W.11.

**BEXLEY ANARCHIST MOVEMENT.** Steve Leman, 28 New Road, Abbey Wood, S.E.2. Tel: ET 35377. Meetings every Friday, 8 p.m., Lord Bexley, Bexley Heath Broadway.

**S.W. LONDON ANARCHISTS.** Meeting alternate Wednesdays. Phone Brian 672 8494.

action and debate. Every Wednesday at 8 p.m. at 1 The Crescent, King Street, Leicester.

**MUTUAL AID GROUP.** c/o Borrowdale, Carriage Drive, Frodsham, Cheshire.

**NORTH EAST ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact Peter Ridley, 4 Rockfield Gardens, Whitley Bay, Northumberland. Phone 25759.

**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.

**READING (town and university) and WOKINGHAM.** Contact address: Larry Law, 57 Kiln Ride, Wokingham, Berkshire.

**REDDITCH ANARCHISTS AND LIBERTARIANS.** Contact Dave Lloyd, 37 Feckenham Road, Headless Cross, Redditch, Worcs.

**WEST HAM ANARCHISTS.** Regular meetings and activities contact Mr. T. Plant, 10 Thackeray Road, East Ham, E.6. Tel.: 552 4162.

## 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 & WICKFORD.** Steve Grant, 'Piccola Casa', London Road, Wickford, Essex.

**NORTH EAST ESSEX.** Peter Newell, 91 Brook Road, Tolleshunt Knights, Tiptree, Essex. Regular meetings.

**BISHOPS STORTFORD.** Vic Mount, 'Eastview', Castle Street, Bishops Stortford, Herts.

**CHILMSFORD.** Mrs. J. Eva Archer, Mill House, Purleigh, Chelmsford, Essex.

**EPFING.** John Barrick, 14 Centre Avenue, Epping, Essex.

**HARLOW.** Ian Dallas, 18 Brookline Field, Harlow and Annette Gunning, 37 Longhanks, Harlow.

**LOUGHTON.** Group c/o Students' Union, Loughton College of Further Education, Borders Lane, Loughton, Essex.

## NORTH-WEST FEDERATION

Secretary: Phil, 9 Boland Street, Manchester, 14.

**BLACKPOOL.** Contact Christine Seddon, 111 Harcourt Road, Blackpool.

**BOLTON.** Contact John Hayes, 51 Rydal Road, Bolton.

**CHORLEY.** Contact Kevin Lynch, 6 Garfield Terrace, Chorley.

**LANCASTER AND MORECAMBE.** Contact Les Smith, 30 Dunkeld Street, Lancaster. Meetings Monday at 8 p.m., Phil Woodhead's, 30 Dunkeld Street, Lancaster. Regular literature sales.

**MANCHESTER ANARCHIST GROUP.** 'The Secretary', Felix Phillips, 6 Draycott Street, Manchester, 10.

Regular weekly meetings. Contact Secretary for venue.

**MERSEYSIDE ANARCHISTS.** Contact Jenny Rathbone, 20 Sefton Park Road, Liverpool, 8. Meetings every Tuesday, at 8 p.m., at Pete Duke's, Flat 6, 70 Huskisson Street, Liverpool, 8.

**PRESTON ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact J. B. Cowburn, 140 Watling Street Road, Fulwood, Preston. Meetings: 'The Wellington Hotel', Glovers Court, Preston, Wednesdays, 8 p.m.

**STOCKPORT.** Dave Crowther, 1 Castle Street, Edgeley, Stockport.

## SURREY FEDERATION

**EPSOM.** G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom. Tel. Epsom 23866.

**KINGSTON.** Michael Squirrel, 4 Woodgate Ave., Hook, Chessington.

**GUILDFORD.** Peter Cartwright, 33 Denzil Road, Guildford.

**MERTON.** Elliot Burns, 13 Amity Grove, London, S.W.19. Tel. 01-946 1444.

**SUSSEX FEDERATION**  
Groups and individuals invited to associate: c/o Eddie Poole, 5 Tilsbury, Findon Road, Whitehawk, Brighton.

**BRIGHTON & HOVE ANARCHIST GROUP.** Sebastian Melmoth, 6 Foundry Street, Brighton. Regular fortnightly meetings. On Saturday, May 17, a FREE SCHOOLS meeting, 3 p.m., Unitarian Church Hall, New Road, Brighton.

**CRAWLEY ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact Richard Ashwell, 87 Buckswood Drive, Gossops Green, Crawley, Sussex.

**SUSSEX UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP** (see details under Student Groups).

## YORKSHIRE FEDERATION

Next meeting: Sunday, June 15 in York. Contact Regional Secretary c/o York Group (see below).

**HARROGATE.** Contact David Howes, 16 Park Parade, Harrogate.

**HULL:** Jim Young, 3 Fredericks Crescent, Hawthorn Avenue, Hull.

**KEIGHLEY:** Steve Wood, 26B Cavendish Street, Keighley.

**LEEDS:** Direct Action Society. Contact Martin Watkins, 6 Eberston Terrace, Leeds, 6.

**SELBY.** Contact Colin Beadle, c/o Oakwood Farm, Cliffe-cum-Lund, Selby, Yorkshire. Regular activities, 'Freedom' sales.

**SHEFFIELD:** Dave Jeffrey, c/o Students Union, Western Bank, Sheffield, 10.

**YORK.** Keith Nathan, Vanbrugh College, Heslington, York.

## STUDENT GROUPS

**ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY GROUP.** C/o Ian and Peggy Sutherland, 3 Eslemont Avenue, Aberdeen, AB2 4SL.

**CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact Matthew Robertson, Trinity College, Cambridge.

**CARDIFF UNIVERSITY LIBERTARIAN/ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact Chris Short, UWIST Union, Cathays Park, or Chas. Ball, UCC Union, Dumfries Place, College, or John Pullerton, Jesus College.

**SUSSEX UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP.** John Byford, 26 Bedford Square, Brighton, Sussex. Meetings every second Thursday jointly with Brighton Group; bookstall every Monday outside J.R., 12, 30 St. James Street, Brighton.

**YORK UNIVERSITY.** Contact Nigel Wilson, Derwent College, University of York, Heslington, York.

**EAST ANGLIA UNIVERSITY.** Contact Dave Lomas, E.A.S. II, U.E.A., Norwich, NOR 88C.

**LIBERTARIAN STUDENTS FEDERATION.** Contact address: Keith Nathan, 138 Pennymead, 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.

**MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY.** Contact Mike Don or Bill Jamieson, c/o University Union, Oxford Road, Manchester, 13.

**SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY.** Revolutionary Anarchist Federation. Contact Student Union Bookstall lunchtimes on Tuesday and Friday.

**LSE ANARCHIST GROUP.** C/o Students' Union, LSE, Houghton Street, W.C.2.

**KINGSTON COLLEGE of Technology.** Penrhyn Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey. Contact

G. Wright.  
**MANCHESTER COLLEGE of Commerce.** Contact Kevin Hill, c/o Students' Union, College of Commerce, Aytoun Street, Manchester, 1.

## WELSH FEDERATION

**ABERYSTWYTH ANARCHISTS.** Contact Steve Mills, 4 St. Michael's Place, Aberystwyth, Cardiganshire, Wales.

**CARDIFF ANARCHIST GROUP.** All correspondence to—Pete Raymond, 18 Marion Street, Splott, Cardiff.

**SWANSEA ANARCHIST GROUP.** Contact Ian Bone, 22 Glamorgan Road, Uplands, Swansea. Weekly meetings, 'Freedom' sales and action projects.

**LLANELLI:** Contact Dai Walker, 6 Llwynnedy Road, Llanelli, Carm. Tel: Llanelli 2548.

## SCOTTISH FEDERATION

All correspondence to Bobby Lynn, Secretary, 12 Ross Street, Glasgow, S.E.

**ABERDEEN ANARCHIST GROUP.** Bob Conrie, 288 Hardgate.

**ABERDEEN FREEDOM GROUP.** All those wishing to sell both national and Scottish editions of 'Freedom' contact Ian S. Sutherland, 8 Eslemont Avenue, Aberdeen.

**GLASGOW ANARCHIST GROUP.** Robert Lynn, 12 Ross Street, S.E.

**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.

**MONTROSE.** Dave Coull, 3 Eskview Terrace, Ferryden, Montrose, Angus.

**ROSS-SHIRE.** Contact David Rodgers, Broomfield, Evanton, Ross-shire, Scotland.

## NORTHERN IRELAND

**BELFAST ANARCHIST GROUP.** Meetings every Saturday, 2 p.m., 44a Upper Arthur Street (top floor). 'Freedom' sales.

## SOUTHERN IRELAND

**ALLIANCE OF LIBERTARIAN AND ANARCHIST GROUPS IN IRELAND.** Contact P. Stephens, 39 Glasnevin Road, Ballygall East, Dublin 11.

## ABROAD

**AUSTRALIA.** Federation of Australian Anarchists, P.O. Box A 389, Sydney South, NSW 2000. Phone No. 69-8095. Open discussion and literature sale in the Domain—Sunday, 2 p.m. Call at 59 Eveleigh Street, Redfern, NSW 2015 for personal discourse, tea and overnight accommodation.

**BELGIUM.** Groupe du journal Le Libertaire, 220 rue Vivienne, Liège.

**USA.** James W. Cain, secretary, the Anarchist Committee of Correspondence, 323 Fourth Street, Cloquet, Minnesota 55720, USA.

**TORONTO LIBERTARIAN-ANARCHIST GROUP.** 217 Torvork Drive, Weston, Ontario, Canada. Weekly meetings. Read the 'Libertarian'.

## PROPOSED GROUPS

**NORTH DEVON.** All those interested in forming a local group please contact Hugh Bessley, 'Boat-hyde', Northam, Bideford, Devon.

**MONTREAL, QUEBEC.** Anyone interested in forming a Montreal area Anarchist group please contact Ron Sieler, Tel. 489-6432.

**ASTON UNIVERSITY.** Colleges of Art and Commerce. Anarchists and Libertarians wishing to form group please contact Malvern Hostick at 62 Wheelers Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 15.

**VANCOUVER I.W.W. and Libertarian group.** Box 512, Postal St. 'A', Vancouver 1, B.C., Canada. Read 'The Rebel'—please send donation for postage.



# Abolish the Police Force

**THE ROTTENNESS OF THE CITIES**  
In which we live is reflected in the street gangs and their idiotic warfare for domination over each other. Away from this ganging up for petty conquest, they may be decent fellows; as a gang they menace communities as insensible hoodlums; either (as in Glasgow) indicative of religion at its worst and wearing their

## POLICE STATE

Everybody, including police spokesmen, deplore the idea of a 'police state'. What is a police state? Every state employs police. Without police to fill the repressive role (or the Armed Forces acting as police), no legislative assembly matters a damn. It has no more power

have no connections with Interpol, e.g. South African, Greek, Portuguese and Spanish police, they supply the information in defiance of the Official Secrets Act, as is generally known. If a police state is one in which the political police harass and embarrass opponents of the regime, then Great Britain is one, it merely being conceded that the parliamentary opposition is part and parcel of the regime.

## THE MAFIA

The growth of the Mafia, especially in the United States, forms an interesting parallel with the police force. Unlike our street gangs, 'Cosa Nostra' is equally professional with the police. If it runs protection rackets, it at least provides the protection it promises, if only from itself; and often from rival gangs, from politics and from the police. It has a 'useful' role and those who denounce it most loudly may avail themselves of it. It runs exactly like a police force, with

extortions no more outrageous than those made by the state, since they are obviously consistent with profits, not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Illegal bookmakers in the States prefer being under the Mafia umbrella, knowing they have their own beat, that others are kept off, and that they may exploit the public with impunity providing they pay for their 'protection'; it is better than the 'anarchy' of non-Mafia racecourses!

In England the Mafia has had less success. The Krays built up an empire of crime—being able to 'evade' the police clutches since not more than fifty thousand London East Enders knew of their activities—until they fell foul of the Mafia. At a certain demonstration outside the French Embassy in London, a demonstrator called out to the 200 police on guard that they might turn their attention to 'Esmeralda's Barn' opposite; he was chased all the way to the Achilles Statue—perhaps the police were desirous of learning more about the Krays five



emblems of capital punishment round their necks (crosses, not Celtic or Rangers scarves) or on their lapels; or alternatively parading in more serious causes such as football or the slum they happen to find themselves. Have they their uses? Those who most condemn them find them useful enough for dead end jobs which nobody else will touch; or to be exploited by dance halls, billiard saloons or tailors.

However, these fellows are only amateurs. Even if they aspire to professional status, they never make more than the small-time. The professionals at the game of street domination are the police.

than any other debating society. Its power is no more than that of a Scottish Parliament. No judge in his imitation hair wig would be taken any more seriously, denouncing real hair, than any other pantomime comic, if he did not have the police to back him.

Is a police state one that employs secret police? All states do, including our own; and our own secret police has (through Interpol) connections with those very countries where it is admitted the police force has no more significant a role than an armed conspiracy against the people (as pointed out in a recent bulletin of the Anarchist Black Cross); where we

## BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING US

EVER HAD THAT funny feeling that you're being watched. Revolutionaries in Aberdeen had long had that feeling and a recent funny happening has strengthened our long held suspicions. The other week, a member of Aberdeen Solidarity group was at work when she had a phone call from the local press. At least the caller said he was the press. The 'reporter' mentioned a leaflet recently distributed by the group at a local paper mill and told her he would like some more information on the group with a view to doing a story. Aberdeen Solidarity group are not too happy about talking to our local rag, so she told the reporter she would check with other members and call him back. When she did call back, the local paper denied all knowledge of the call. A significant fact was that the mysterious reporter wanted to meet her outside the newspaper office. Surely, if it had been the press, they would have interviewed inside their office. The general consensus of revolutionary opinion is that this is the Economic League, a big business financed organisation which spies on militants and runs a most efficient blacklist service for employers. The League has in the past commented on the activities of Aberdeen revolutionaries in its 'Bulletin'.

About two years ago, a very similar call was received at work by the wife of an Aberdeen anarchist. This time, the caller said he was the Inland Revenue. The comrade concerned had recently moved to a new job, and the caller wanted to know where this was. If the Inland Revenue didn't know where he was working, then he must have been coughing up PAYE to someone else!

Information has been given to anarchists and Solidarists that substantial files on leading lights of both groups are held in the city police HQ at Lodge Walk. People being interviewed there have been shown pictures of certain comrades and have seen some of the files. Ex-police contacts have told of something like 600 names of Communists, CNDers, left-wing Scottish Nationalists, anarchists and others being on file. The police have been known to publicly ask people for information on political groups. The staff of a university newspaper were visited by an officer after they had run a story about a minute group of fascists who were operating in the university. Apart from asking details about the fascists (who, however unsavoury, had been doing nothing illegal), he requested the names of the paper's

staff. When they declined and asked why their names were necessary to him, he replied, vaguely, that 'Aberdeen was a hot-bed of political unrest'. Maybe it is, but the police should stick to burglary.

A few years ago, a certain left-winger's telephone was continually bugged. A comrade with a great deal of experience of this down South cottoned on the minute he picked the thing up. Another call was made only a year or so ago to London, from a private phone, and that too was tapped. It may surprise the little gremlins in Bon-accord Street to know that some of us can tell a tapped phone a mile off. Reading this may make them feel a little less secure. That the tapping exists was later confirmed to a comrade by a friend at the local GPO.

Mail interference has taken place on a number of occasions. The most recent was a non-political letter from a friend in Fife to a member of Aberdeen SWF which was half opened on arrival. The Fife mail would appear to hold interest for the snoopers, since perhaps the most obvious case of it happened just before the October 27 Vietnam demo in London last year. A packet from Fife was received bearing an 'opened in error' label which is a favourite device for covering the traces when an opening job has been bungled. We sincerely hope the Special Branch enjoyed reading a book of poetry!

A more sinister aspect of the Aberdeen spy game has been the fact that we have now been informed that a Special Branch operative is stationed full time in this area.

Since, as far as we know, the KGB has no spies in the area, we assume he's after us. What he doesn't know is that we know who he is, where he comes from and where he lives. This priceless piece of information came to us by a very strange coincidence and if we ever receive the slightest trouble from these underground guardians of capitalist democracy we will end his little capers by publishing it which will delight his superiors, of course.

The moral for all left wingers in Aberdeen is clear. Don't give press interviews to any reporter not known to you. The Special Branch have been known to get bona fide press cards before now. Never conduct dodgy business via the mail or the telephone and keep your eyes peeled. If, on a demo or anything like that, you see them taking pictures of you, take pictures of them. The Scottish edition will be delighted to publish them.

PETER THE PAINTER.

## Edinburgh: The Quiet Repression

I BEGIN WITH A PREDICTION that will probably be laughed off and dismissed as utter fantasy: that within the next three years Edinburgh, Scotland's capital city, will pass through an unprecedented political crisis and that it will become a flashpoint for revolutionary socialists in Scotland. I shall amuse you further by stating that one of the major agencies in this crisis will be a broadly based but highly organized group of militants whose groundswell of support will come from students, trade unionists, tenants' groups, writers, and particularly, the young.

The issue, or rather, the issues will come under one heading: Civil Rights.

And all this in a city which only last month conferred its freedom on Sir Alec Douglas Home—what freedom that it had left.

It will be a unique crisis, for Edinburgh is a unique city, perhaps the most outwardly unpolitical city in Britain. It has virtually no record of deep political strife, and to those who do not know it well, reveals only a facade of general bovine content, with an atmosphere of traditional political controversies having been reconciled and resolved long since.

An air of quietism prevails over what is a profoundly bourgeois city, governed by a class whose values and outlooks have not only remained free from serious challenge, but have in fact become accepted and internalized by a disproportionately large sector of middle class professional and executive workers. Edinburgh in fact, has the highest property rates outside London—an underscored indication of the life style which prevails in this city and the type of politics which inheres in it: bourgeois politics, tinged with pomposity and ceremonial: the politics of a display case—for that is what Edinburgh is.

It sports a facade of beautiful buildings and wide cobbled streets. It sports an annual International Festival. It sports the Headquarters of the Protestant church and one of the largest—and quietest—universities in Britain. And in 1971 it will sport the Commonwealth Games.

To an outsider, any talk of serious political upheaval must seem absurd. In the Red Clydeside era of the First World War the militants were not gaoled under maximum security, but sent to where their revolutionary appeals would fall on unheeding ears and their cries be whisped into oblivion—Edinburgh.

The irony is savage, and particularly so now, when Edinburgh has become, and in its characteristic way quietly, the most repressive of cities.

In recent years traditional rights and liberties have been steadily attacked and whittled away in the face of what has hitherto been an astonishingly apathetic and indifferent population. The apathy however, is both indifference and profound criticism. The quietism that has prevailed over the reactionary outbursts of the city prefects is not so much a consensus but a general resignation of politico-administrative affairs to a long established, unshaken and seemingly unshakeable executive. Defendants of the Tory city cabal are

increasingly scarce—and silent. A nagging disquiet is growing amongst ordinary people about the political administration, its public performance, its unwritten but all pervasive values and sense of priorities.

For although Edinburgh corporation has been written off as a quaint, fuddy duddy administration which borders on the feudal, it is in fact a most smooth and sophisticated politico-administrative machine, where decisions are eased into effect without controversy or fuss. There are long standing and strongly welded alliances of vested interests—financial and political—an uneasy coexistence' to use a phrase of C. Wright Mills'—of political, economic, and administrative power.

Little wonder then, that allegations of political chicanery and downright graft are commonplace, particularly over the issue of the Commonwealth Games. The contracting firm to which the present Lord Provost belongs is believed to be doing well from the influx of work—and cash—that the building of swimming pools and sports stadiums must bring. Sprinkled through the higher echelons of the political machine are also members of the Miller family, who manage one of the biggest building firms in Britain. Miller himself has been both Lord Mayor of London as well as Provost of Edinburgh. The skylines of the city have been radically changed by homes that Miller's built—luxury flats to the south and Council blocks to the east—not quite so well built—as incidents of collapsing staircases and other defects go to prove. As one disillusioned Labour supporter put it: 'The Tory councillors keep their hands busy—one hand deep in somebody else's pocket and the other's scratching his back.'

But the erection of swimming pools and stadiums goes on while over a thousand in Edinburgh are homeless, or packed into the notorious Grassmarket hostels, some of which are not the charitable institutions they are often portrayed as, but profit-making concerns which accumulate wealth at one end from the accumulation of poverty and hopelessness at the other.

The decision to hold the Games in Edinburgh has been largely responsible for massive rent increases on the Council estates, an increase which led last summer to one of the largest and most militant tenants' demonstrations the city has known. Over 2,000 blocked the Royal Mile and practically besieged the Corporation buildings. This demonstration may well be the harbinger of greater things to come.

On another front, the Church still bars the way to genuine freedom in the arts, its hands well and truly round the throats of writers. Two examples will suffice of how this organised repression works in Edinburgh—both within the last year. A cinema near the city centre put on a film by Jean Luc Goddard. The people came, crowded the cinema, paid for their seats and settled down. No sooner were the lights dimmed than they were flashed back on again and the police supervised the clearing out of the cinema. The film

years before, who knows?

## 'YOUR POLICE ARE WONDERFUL'

There are, of course, historic reasons why the British police, being unarmed, are less obnoxious than many others. The bourgeoisie themselves have had reasons to fear a police state. It could equally be said, though rarely is, that English lawyers are the greediest and most selfish in the world (Scottish lawyers are merely the most incompetent). None of this, however, is an excuse for the retention of the police force as a force within society. It is true that constant persuasion by the Press has brought the great British public to the point where it would accept a Gestapo, provided it escorted old ladies courteously over the road to the gas-chamber, and registered the lost cats of concentration-camp victims.

The police are the professionals of conquest of power upon the streets. The amateurs who imitate them in the manner of street gangs are fools to themselves and to society. If there must be fighting upon the streets, let it be for the freedom of the people against all those who would dominate them including the police; a fight for freedom and against social conquest.

STUART CHRISTIE.

had been deemed 'unfit for public showing' on the complaint of two councillors.

The second case is similar. A bookshop displaying Aubrey Beardsley paintings and drawings was the object of a sudden and unannounced police raid, and had the drawings seized. These—and other actions which have contributed to the growing blandness and inanity of the Edinburgh Festival, are thoroughly approved and supported by the now notorious Councillor Kidd, whose pronouncements on subjects from sex to students are so reactionary and neo-fascist as to be an amusement as well as a danger. He is quick to question and condemn the 'immorality' of films, books, plays, and clubs in Edinburgh, but needless to say the morality of the Polaris submarines serviced eight miles away at Rosyth dockyard is never questioned. Councillor Kidd is King—but like the one-eyed man in the country of the blind.

Few cities have experienced a closure of the political universe to the extent to which Edinburgh has. Its press was the first to be taken over in Britain by Roy Thomson, in the autumn of 1953. The Scotsman originally founded in 1816 as a radical paper, and edited by men who alone challenged Scots high Toryism and the Established Church, has now become subject and servant to the very forces it set out to destroy. The only difference with its rival the Glasgow Herald is its flirtation with the SNP. Other than that, Edinburgh's Press is bound hand and foot to the Establishment.

Nor is there—as yet—a Left Opposition worth the name; an ineffective, often unchallenging Labour group on the Corporation has long since been integrated, and a sort of ideological armistice prevails which has kept the decibels of political controversy and debate down to a minimum. If a community's political arena is measured by the degree to which autonomous opposition groups have access to the mass media and the levers of power, then Edinburgh's can hardly be bigger than the Traverse stage. Ironically, the new trend in urban sociological studies is to view community power as 'an ecology of games'. Any such analysis here would be peppered with cries of 'foul'.

What gives this otherwise gloomy picture hope is that a growing mood of disaffection seems to be setting in. The initiative will lie—in fact, must lie—with the radical socialist groupings and libertarian elements who must unite, organise themselves, articulate a programme and turn this disaffection into positive political consciousness. All this will not be easy, but there are indications that what is happening in Ulster now will have deep repercussions in Scotland. The issues must be brought out, their interrelations, and their origins in a reactionary Protestant conservatism which must be overthrown.

There are a number of reasons for the belief that Edinburgh is on the verge of a crisis of identity: there is vast potential for student activists and town workers to link up and explode the whole repressive farce of Edinburgh's government: to develop the rent struggle and the squatters campaign alongside a militant drive against the cultural repression that now grips this city.

The Left groupings, given unity, can turn what seems to be a remote political crisis into a real threat, or looking at it our way, a genuine promise.



**WHAT SENSE DOES** a suburbanite make of life in the Welfare State? Recently I took part in a random survey of householders in an Outer London area. The object was to establish how much contact there is between the public and local government, how much they know about it, what use they made of the services for which it is responsible. Victims of interviews occasionally asked when they would hear the results, or, jokingly, was there a prize for the right answers. Most expected nil practical feedback from the authorities sponsoring the survey. As for the few wise ones who refused to let me impose on them an hour of damnfool questions, beneath the reactionary veneer of nervous evasions ('I don't know anything about politics', 'No, sorry, we've got the 'flu') and surly retorts ('What good will it do me?', 'I'm not concerned'), I detected more encouraging scepticism towards governing authority and a healthy distrust of official probing. Readers involved in anti-electoral or community projects may find something interesting in this rough digest of results.

## INFLUENCING THEM

A dozen people were questioned on how they had tried to influence the local authorities. Three said they had never tried any of the twelve methods listed. Seven had gone to the Town Hall or County Hall, six had signed a petition, five had contacted an official in Whitehall or a government department. Two had contacted a local councillor or alderman, two the town clerk or clerk to the council, two an organisation or group and two a newspaper. The only person interviewed who had contacted an MP was also the sole respondent to have attended a council meeting and the only one to start up an organisation or group. One person admitted to going on a march or demonstration (while at college). Options nobody had exploited were contacting the mayor or chairman of a local council, organising a petition themselves, or 'anything else we haven't thought of'. No self-immolations.

## ELECTING THEM

About three-quarters of those interviewed read their local newspaper fairly regularly. All of them knew the name of the local borough council but less than a fifth could name anybody on it and less than a tenth could name anybody on the GLC. Surprise of surprises, less than a fifth could name their own MP. Another fifth, mainly women, were unaware of the two-tier system of local government, believing their borough council to be a branch of the GLC and that both were identical in function. At local elections three out of twelve claimed they always voted, five that they usually voted and two never. At general elections nine always voted and two never. One lucky respondent was too young for the voting farce.

## USING THEM

The questionnaire gave people a chance to say what they thought of the services provided by the authorities. Very few respondents were agreed on which authorities were responsible for what, out of the central government, the GLC and borough councils. Most replied with an assurance that matched their ignorance of faceless authority. Everybody knew how these bodies got their money; rates were a general grievance because of the small return for the outlay. Some were unaware that the GLC and borough councils received government assistance. Owner-occupiers resented paying rates for the council house sprawls surrounding them. These people tended to speak of areas as 'better class' while tenants usually resorted to euphemisms like

'nicer' or complained of housing lists where they would never reach the top. On the issue of education comprehensives were frequently referred to. Two sore points were the allocation of immigrant children to already over-large classes and the constant reversals of educational policy as local politicians scrambled in and out of office. Few people were impressed by town planning—'unco-ordinated'. Hospitals were too few and one had to wait too long for attention.

The welfare services played the largest part in most household memories and were regarded as a great help. Everyone was pleased with libraries and parks, significantly the two facilities least susceptible to bureaucratic incompetence and/or human failure. The burning issue was definitely highways and traffic control. The routing of the GLC's 'D ring' road ('We were going to have a motorway through our back garden until a month ago') had prompted the sole recourse to an MP plus attendance at a council meeting plus the starting up of an organisation or group, already referred to. Lack of traffic lights, of speed restrictions and of zebra-crossings, or zebra-crossings dangerously sited, were regular complaints. Others were too many parking meters, too much noise and too little road upkeep. Here at least is a way in which the enforced outgrowth of London is making people aware of their environment and its effect on the quality of their lives. Not such a boon to commute between one box and another in a third on wheels. And lastly, for the record, a housewife's curse on the Gas Board. 'You can write this down. They're just a dopey apathetic couldn't-care-less rather stupid group of people who are just interested in getting money out of you.'

One of the simplest questions people found the hardest to answer emphatically either way: Did they want to know more about the activities and service provided by the GLC or did they feel they knew enough? As the most articulate householder said, 'It's very difficult for them. One really only wants to know at the time one is personally involved.' Actually nine agreed more, three thought they knew enough. What they wanted to know about were loans for mortgages (dried up), places on housing lists (piled up) and places for their children in local nurseries and playgroups (filled up).

## NOWHERE PEOPLE

Allowance must be made for people's desire to make a good impression (we were carefully briefed on how to disguise the purpose and origins of the survey), and for failures of memory, not to mention the way in which the question always predetermines the answer. The general mood, however, seemed to drift between benign indifference to the above facts and issues and a scantily informed and tepid dissatisfaction. One gets quite used to 'hadn't-really-thought-about-it'. But what struck me most was that if this is the level of knowledge and participation among the most ordinary members of mass society, if this was really all they could taste of the shit around them, how in heaven can anyone assume a mass conscious desire for active control of life's conditions, let alone the ability to alter them? How can one presume the alternative, anarchism, will WORK, HERE, in this England, yes, IN YOUR, THE READER'S, LIFETIME? Not to forget that interviewing itself is another symptom of the breakdown in social life, the crippling separation of public and private concern, the twin sicknesses of retreat into political stage-managing and suburban acquiescence.

G. GLADSTONE.

This isn't meant to be an attack on pop. The marvellous futuristic forms of experience that musicians like Hendrix treat us to certainly do stimulate millennial yearnings in us; groups do responsibly take cognisance of political realities. But this is all they can do. Inevitably, they are art rather than action and beyond that point all is stimulation, or merely entertainment, and mainly for the delectation of the privileged populations of the Western countries, who are always as self-indulgent as they are idealistic. Pop is far too bound up in and controlled by capitalism, far too corrupted, confused, passive and, in the last analysis, powerless a thing for us to surrender our political future over to its ministrations and, plugging ourselves in to the holy blissful media, wait in the cool blue electric twilight for the world to change as nice and automatically as the auto-changer changes the disc. When the music stops and we unplug we may find that, while a lot of money and noise have been made, the situation is just the same as before, probably even worse—the new Denmark Street Gestapo knocking on the door.

JOHN SNELLING.

**HE APPEARED PROVIDENTIALLY**, with that expression of his, of someone really good-hearted and slightly crazy. Under the merciless sun my Volkswagen had collapsed in a state of coma once again, in the most abandoned of abandoned lands, the South Peloponessus. He came out of the other exceptional car, Yorgo, and scarcely grunting 'hello' he started to connect and disconnect the wires of my car and poke into the mysteries of the paralysed motor with a surprising dedication.

The driver of the other car had stopped further on, and he waited, and the huge clouds of dust settled little by little. Yorgo turned his head back from time to time in the silence to give me some laconic, incomprehensible explanation.

I call him Yorgo, which is the name of thousands and thousands of Greeks in these difficult times. Apart from the removal of anything which could lead to identification by the police, this story is absolutely true.

A month and a half has passed since then. One month and a half since that referendum by which they now pretend that the Greek people have already accepted the constitution project offered by the colonels. 'They will win it of course,' said Yorgo, 'because apart from the fact that all propaganda contrary to it is forbidden, and that they will change the votes in the ballot, the TEAHS\* will take good care beforehand that all the votes read "Nai".'

'Nai' means yes, no is 'Ochi'. Until now 'Ochi' in Greek politics was a word with an official significance of glory. There was even a national holiday called 'The Day of Ochi'. This 'Ochi' was the 'No' of the Greek people to the Nazis in World War Two.

Today however the official word, the obligatory word, the word of thousands and thousands of signs and posters of all sizes scattered throughout Greece, the word written day in and day out in the newspapers, on the walls and on propaganda leaflets, the word which shines at night in huge neon letters on the tops of buildings and hills, the word which is taking substantial bites out of the Greeks national budget, is the word 'NAI'—the word 'Yes'.

The Teahs are a kind of mayor or headman of small villages. Formerly they were more or less chosen by the community. At present they are designated by the authorities. Since the coup d'etat the authorities have installed telephones in the houses of the Teahs, even in the remotest and most primitive villages, where there is no running water, no electricity or road. The Teahs are obliged to inform the authorities immediately and exactly of all political movements in the community, however trivial. They are also obliged to lead to the ballot any group which might be suspected of political dissension, and to make sure that their votes are not adverse, and if, in spite of everything, they are, to inform the authorities at once.



Since the coup the title by which the community describes the Teahs in daily conversation is 'O tromos tou choriou'—'The Terror of the Village'.

Having revived the motor from its coma, Yorgo got into my car to accompany me for a couple of kilometres to test his repairs. His friend was to follow behind our dust-cloud at a prudent distance.

'So you're Spanish, eh?'

'Yes.'

'Ah, Espana, Espana. I've got thousands of Spanish songs at home, in Piraeus. You must come and listen to them with me one day, when we return to Athens, okay?'

We understood each other through a sort of Esperanto mixture of Italian, English, Rumanian and Greek; also Triz, my 'travelling companion', speaks Greek very well—not like me.

'Songs of the Spanish resistance. A whole tape with the songs of the film "To Die in Madrid". What do you think of that?'

I laughed. 'I think it's great.'

He looked at me out of the corner of his eye.

'I'm communist. What do you think of that?'

I didn't laugh. 'I think that's very good, Yorgo.'

'Yes, I thought so. Some say that I'm crazy, but the thing is I never go wrong when I trust my first impressions. From the very first moment—bang—I know if the person is trustworthy or not. I never make mistakes, "katalaves". Do you understand?'

'Katalava.'

'And are you communist?'

'No.'

'What are you then?'

'Nothing. Socialist. Well—anarchist, more or less. A Sympathiser you might

say.'

'Anarchist? Bravo—that's the same thing.'

'No, it's not the same.'

'Well, we'll discuss it later. For the moment let's just say it's the same.'

'Endaxi.' Okay?'

'Endaxi.'

He gave us his address in Piraeus. Triz made a note of it, we would meet the following week.

'If I'm still free of course. They only released me a month ago—look!'

He placed in front of my eyes his thumb-nails, side by side. The nails were black shells, swollen and broken like bubbles of volcanic rock.

'And look here too, at the back of my head—from the kicks.'

'Bastards,' said Triz, 'sons of bitches.'

Yorgo laughed. 'Den birazi, den birazi,' he said, 'it doesn't matter. That's nothing. I was extremely lucky.'

Yorgo is thirty years old and is a chemical engineer. He has a big and powerful body, and black hair, a high forehead and limpid, blue eyes, with a splendid nose, a Cretan moustache, thick and fierce.

When we were saying goodbye he said, 'Madrid. "To Die in Madrid." My father cries when he hears my songs from "To Die in Madrid", Sifi.' (Sifi is the Cretan diminutive of Yusuf, Joseph.)

'My father was wounded in the chest by a bullet in the Madrid front. He and my uncle, his twin brother, were there with the International Brigade. What do you think of that, Sifi?'

We went to see him in his house in Piraeus, when we returned to Athens. We saw each other quite often, and became very good friends.

We heard the songs from 'To Die in Madrid', and also the songs of Miki Theodorakis, the prohibited composer, and we drank sicoudia, the Cretan liqueur (also prohibited, traditionally, everywhere in Greece—outside Crete) in

his pleasant and modest flat. 'It belongs to my father, this flat. I had another before near Ommonia\*, but I had to give it up. And this—I don't know how long we'll be able to keep it, we've all lost our jobs since the bloody twenty-first of April.'

Onnonia is like the Puerta del Sol in Madrid. The twenty-first of April, another national holiday (!), was the day of the coup d'etat, last year.

'All of us—my father who was a journalist, my mother, who was a philosophy teacher, my uncle, my two sisters, myself—den birazi. Stiniyamas—to our health.'

None of them can find work in any part of Greece. Not only because they are all acknowledged communists, and cannot sign the 'dilousis', but, even worse, because they refuse to sign the official form of abjuration that the colonels offer.

Yorgo explained to us that the institution of the 'dilousis' was the sworn declaration that one is not a communist or anything approximate. It was put into use in 1936 by the then Prime Minister, Mr. Metaxa, member of a multi-millionaire dynasty, a firm making cognac. Made a general policy during the Nazi occupation of Greece, today it is once again obligatory, as part of all labour contracts. One must also sign it when buying houses, shops, cars, etc. If one has not signed it one may sign the abjuration form already cited. In practice this is not much help, however.

'And what do you live on now?'

'Well, from exiguous savings, from exiguous help from the Party, from exiguous hope, from clandestine jobs found at random for me by friends. I help a couple of colleagues in the labs once in a while. For another friend I write articles on chemistry, which he publishes in his name. In the afternoons I work as a street photographer with a camera which I have from the old times.'

He shows me three fat treatises on chemistry published in his name in the old times.

'I was even making a name for myself—the coup aborted the publication of the fourth volume. Look, the proofs were already completed.'

The gravest loss to Yorgo was that of his wife.

'She made the mistake of staying in the flat when they began to look for me. We had only been living together for four months.' They began to look for Yorgo, not because they discovered he was a communist, which they had already known for a long time, but because they discovered, or believed they had discovered, that he was a member of the PM. A comrade of his ended up by giving his name away under torture.

The two principal underground organisations are the PM and the PAK. The PM (Patriotiko Metopo) is fundamentally communist. The PAK is for a more moderate kind of socialism. The goals of these two parties are basically the same, and there is hope of unification. At the moment it seems that the PM functions better. It runs the only efficient system of printing and distributing posters and pamphlets against the regime.

It is organised in 'cells', in which each member knows no more than the identity of three or four comrades. The police have never been able to extract much from the few captures they have made. Yorgo got wind immediately that his comrade had given him away. He hid himself for a couple of weeks in friends' houses. But the police arrested his wife. When he heard this Yorgo went and gave himself up. It was too late. His wife, as result of torture, had lost her reason. She is in a military prison hospital, unable to recognise anyone, even Yorgo.

Yorgo was tortured, with the usual methods, smashing of the thumb-nails, burning on the chest and the nipples with cigarette ends, and, above all, the 'falanga'.

The 'falanga' consists of tying the victim face downwards on a table and beating him on the bare soles of the feet for about three hours without interruption, then he is forced to walk around the room, while the guards kick and beat him all over. Women are rarely beaten in this way, but are burnt with cigarette ends.

Electro-shocks, insomnia and injections are also used. Interrogations are carried on by trained psychiatrists, who have received the diplomas in the United States.

\*Like Piccadilly in London (Translator's note).

## Rolling Stone

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doing something for privileged souls; nothing for empty stomachs.

The truth is that pop stars are not very different from most other people who make it under the capitalist system. They tend to do the predictable things, like buy Rolls Royces, houses in the stockbroker belt, hire chauffeurs and servants and variously treat themselves to those luxuries that are the prerogative of the monied few. John Lennon, however, claims to be hurt when people criticise him. What he in his slighted sensibility has failed to grasp is that it is very difficult for people to love a millionaire. He has, after all, made his bread by exploiting the labour of others and is generally spared the unpleasant realities that are their fate. Anything he says is thus said from a privileged position in a lush, plush self-indulgent limbo. If he really wants to get his integrity straight and become reintegrated with humanity, he might well take note of the example of Tolstoy. Predictably he would not take note of that example.

\*Pronounced phonetically TEH - AH (Translator's note).



# THE GREEK

After two months or so they took him for impossible. They cured the most visible wounds, fed him properly for a few days, and let him out into the street, with the obligation of appearing at the local police station every three days.

'Tell me if I can help you in any way, Yorgo,' I said to him.

He looked at me for a few seconds with a slightly abstracted air.

'I'll tell you how you can help me and how I want you to help me. Tell my story when you have left Greece, write it if you can, above all, tell all I have told you about the police systems, about our underground fight, about the tortures. Not even here in Greece do the people take these things seriously, Sifi. Not a single one of all those "malakas" in Kolonaki has any idea of what really happens between the opposition and the repression.'

'Malakas' means 'masturbator', which is about the worst insult in the Greek language. Kolonaki Square\* is like Serrano Street.

'And outside Greece they know even less of course, to judge from the chronicles which generally are sent to the newspapers and radios by the foreign reporters and correspondents in Greece. Their intention may be good most of the time, but . . .'

But they are all assiduously watched over by the Secret Police, who do not let them out of their sight for a minute, especially when they approach people in the street (in the poorer districts above all) with the intention of seeking out the opinion of the anonymous citizen, etc.

Everyone knows very well the danger involved in speaking freely in the street when approached by a stranger with the air of someone who is 'seeking out opinions', and that always among the curious who surround the street reporter there are members of the Secret Police. The very broadcasts in Greek by the anti-fascist radio stations outside Greece are full of inexactitudes in their reports on the real state of affairs.

## FOREIGN BROADCASTS

A good number of Greeks do not listen nowadays to much else but foreign broadcasts, either in Greek or other languages. There are plenty of transmissions in Greek from abroad (ten daily from Russia and three from London, for example), but they all suffer from two important faults. First, the excess of news without general interest about their respective colonies of Greek exiles, and second, the lack of news about the general situation in Greece

\*Like Belgravia, in London (Translator's note).

and about the joint activities of the exiles and the internal opposition.

'We need very much—really very much, to have not only a major co-ordination between those transmissions, but also the creation of new broadcasts, general ones let us say, the most general possible, and the most frequent possible. They are our daily bread, Sifi, those transmissions. It's not strange that we should need them to improve as much as possible in quality and quantity.'

Yorgo's family is already a dynasty of three generations of the persecuted.

'Look, Sifi, do you like this ikon? I painted it.'

A Byzantine virgin, quite expressionist, with her divine child in her lap—with his left fist held high!

'I paint a little too. But look.'

He unscrews some small screws from the side, removes the ikon and reveals beneath it an old photo in which there is a group of armed guerillas with big moustaches, formed against a mountainous landscape in the shape of a small pyramid whose centre and apex consists of the arrogant and handsome figure of a gigantic patriarch in Cretan costume (high boots, black shirt buttoned to the top, black tasselled headwear) with a white moustache, the most bristly of the whole group.

Yorgo smiled like a child showing the spectacles he stole from the teacher. Above the group, suspended like a ferocious star in the middle of the sky is the face of Stalin.

'You like it?'

'Yes. Well, I would prefer the star to be Mao, for example.'

'It's the same.'

'No.'

'Yes. The person in the centre is my grandfather. General . . . of the Partisans of course. The Nazi Greeks hunted him. They shot him in the church in front of me. In front of my grandmother, and my mother, and in front of me. I was about four years old, and he was older than seventy. He laughed at the sound of the shot, my grandfather, as if it were a joke, the shot. His mouth smiled, I mean, when his brains were blown out of the other side of his face. He died smiling, my grandfather.'

At the end of the war the authorities decorated him posthumously. Later the same authorities hunted the father and uncle of Yorgo and put them in goal for more than fifteen years, until the Papandreou administration.

'Organisation, organisation. One has to admit how well they are organised and how badly we are organised, the Left. It's the same in your country, Sifi—the everlasting son. Who were the only ones who knew how to organise themselves in your country against the

Fascists, Sifi? Look, Sifi, we have discussed and will discuss a lot about our differences of opinion, but you must admit me one thing. Of course I consider it bestial what has happened in Czechoslovakia, as so many other things have been bestial, but are we going to throw away the only weapons we have, Sifi, because once in a while the bullet fired might come out crooked and kill a child? It's the only weapon we have, Sifi, against all their weapons! Of course efficiency is not the only thing, but a minimum of efficiency is indispensable, and for the moment the only source of efficiency is there, in Moscow. That organisation of theirs has an enormous backing of centuries of power, and ourselves? Give me a single organisation which functions properly that is not the Party, Sifi, and then I shall choose. But what choice is there? What do they do that's efficient, what concrete results do all your anarchists and your socialists and your liberals count for in Spain, in Greece, all those masses of defeatist and indolent dilettantes, castrated by the family and religion? The first thing is to fight, Sifi, and then later we will study problems of conscience. But while the enemy is already squashing you the first thing is to fight. And against an organised enemy there is no fight possible without an internal organisation. Alithia i psemata, Sifi—true or false?'

## POLICED BY SYSTEM

The system of the Greek police spies is vast and dense, and filters efficiently into the whole social hierarchy, above all into factories, schools and universities. The least watched areas, in contrast, although it may seem strange at first sight, are the suburbs of the big cities, and the villages. The reason is the small-town atmosphere and the universal gossip, which is practically identical in both places and makes any personal secret practically impossible. Normally by maintaining the loyal 'Teah' in each village, and a couple of spies in each poor district of the big cities, the secret lives of the citizens fall into the hands of the authorities like ripe fruit. Paradoxically, however, it is in the suburbs of Athens and Salonika that it is easiest to maintain and keep functioning the underground printing offices.

Suburbs and villages, on the other hand, are special focal points of attention for the political or pseudo-political propaganda of the colonels. Above all in the form of open-air signs. On all the roads and streets of Greece there are thousands of crossings and of entrances/exits from villages, which have never even had a badly painted sign post. But now, in the last year, the colonels have erected signs by the dozen at all these crossings and entrances to

villages. Not one of these gives any useful geographic data to the exasperated traveller. Instead they all say, 'Long live the Army, the Twenty-First of April, Hellenic and Christian Greece, the Popular (sic) Revolution', and other things equally worthy of commemoration. There are other more specialised forms of propaganda too. It is worth mentioning the political persuasion, dissuasion and 'rehabilitation' that goes on in the army barracks, in the prisons, in the prison hospitals, etc.

Already in the recruiting office they oblige the recruits to swear to be loyal to the present government, especially when dealing with university graduates, an attitude which is forcibly maintained throughout with the aid of beatings and bad treatment. Teams of 'intellectuals' specially trained in these indoctrination procedures work zealously among the dissident citizens, who, once having gone through the normal prison experience, are 'sheltered' by the state in other communities under its custody, such as the prison hospitals, populated above all by the tortured, more or less regarded as innocent, whose period of confinement depends upon the duration and gravity of the wounds they received under torture, or the 'Dioniso Battalion' under the charge of the ESA or Military Police (the most brutal), under the orders of the brother of Prime Minister Papadopoulos, where they keep individuals regarded as particularly dangerous, or other special brigades of forced labourers (daily work schedule: 6 a.m. to 1 p.m., 3 p.m. to 7 p.m.). These brigades are composed mainly of communists. Each member is moved to another camp every month in order to avoid the formation of dangerous groups or friendships. Then there are the penal islands of Yaros and Leros (the list does not pretend to be exhaustive), inhabited by old recalcitrant communists who refuse to sign the abjuration.

When the day came for me to leave Athens, my old Volkswagen once again was functioning reasonably well. Yorgo had taken me a couple of times to a workshop belonging to some friends, to consolidate and complete the provisional arrangements he had made the day of our first encounter.

'Kali pedia, Sifi, good boys. Members of the Party of course.'

They fixed practically gratis and in only a couple of sessions a series of mechanical breakdowns progressively more serious, and which had come to seem chronic, after several grand failures to fix them, costing me a small fortune every time, by important branches of Volkswagen—including that of Athens. I was intensely grateful and racked my brains to find a way to give him a hand in the dog's life he has to lead.

'How could I help you, Yorgo? If we look for a way of getting you out of the country?'

'I have already told you how you must help me, Sifi, by writing about all this from outside. Without giving my name of course, if you can help it. And as for smuggling me out of the

country. It looked as though he was going to avoid the subject once again.

'Look, Sifi, these people are still half asleep. As an individual the Greek is generally courageous and proud, but as a collectivity they are still bloody helpless. Apathetic, indifferent, gregarious, petty-minded, childishly infatuated and chauvinistic and conformist on account of the poverty of spirit, misguidedly loyal to all the commonplaces about the country, but not really patriotic, demagogic but not political, with no healthy will when faced with the traditional institutions, inert in front of power. . . .'

'Well, Yorgo, you're the first Greek I've heard make a harsh criticism of your own people.'

'All right, that's proof enough that my criticism is valid, isn't it? You see, not even the industrial workers as a whole have a true class consciousness, not even the intellectuals. . . . Asleep, as I told you, Sifi. No—half asleep only now, with the shock of the bloody coup still fresh. I believe in it, Sifi, I believe in these people. I believe after all that they are a virile people. I believe it possible to make the revolution with them. But only on condition that they aren't allowed to fall asleep again. And it turns out that those of us who realise all this, who can and should act as the awakeners of these people, are very few unfortunately. And when a country has the sleeping sickness, no one can wake it up from the other side of the frontier. . . .'

No, this time he had not avoided the subject at all.

'Katalaves, Sifi?'

'Katalava, Yorgo.'

For a few moments he looked down at his feet. It was my last afternoon in Athens. We were in a small peaceful restaurant, beneath a grape arbour near the Acropolis, in front of the rocky cone of Mount Lycabytos, with its hermitage at the very top, the eye of the city, against a sky already streaked with sunset.

He had invited me, as usual. He always became furious, like all Greeks, the few times I managed to pay before he did. We took a few sips of our ouzo in the silence. At the top of Lycabytos three enormous blue neon letters lit up against the streaky sky: NAI—'yes'.

Yorgo looked up. He muttered from underneath his bushy moustache, 'The exile is the romantic, Sifi. The efficient is to remain.'

. . . I think that with that I have told almost everything I know of you and from you, Yorgaki. I don't know if the story has turned out as faithful to reality as I would like. If some day we can see each other again or communicate in some way, you will correct me. I hope you remain for a long time alive and whole at least, Yorgaki.

JOSE MARTIN-ARTAJO.  
Translated from Spanish.

For reasons of space we have had to abridge this translation slightly.

# 'COMRADE O COMRADE'

ON GOETHE AND WHITMAN by J. A. Hoffman, 2/-, 2 Hillside, Mushroom Fields, Kingston, Nr. Lewes, Sussex.

ART AND REVOLUTION by John Berger, 30/-. Weidenfeld & Nicolson.

PLANET NEWS by Allen Ginsberg, 17/6. City Lights Books.

ANKOR WAT by Allen Ginsberg, 25/-. Fulcrum Press.

THUNDERBOLTS OF PEACE AND LIBERATION. ? 11 Clematis Street, Blackburn, Lancs.

CALIBAN. ? Winchester College.

INHERITED, ed. by Pete Hoida, 5/-, 4 issues. 88 Ladbroke Grove, London, W.11.

POETSDOOS 7, ed. by Jasper Bracket. ? 16 Lower Dagnall Street, St. Albans, Herts.

BRIGHTON HEAD & FREAK MAG, ed. ? ? Enquire Freedom Bookshop.

THE BEAUTIFUL ATLAS by Lee Harwood, 12/6. 8 Norfolk Terrace, Brighton.

EACH GENERATION has a right and a duty to reappraise the values of the past. The individual, the action, the culture and the social and religious philosophies of the dead years must always be re-examined in the light of our own experiences and with the knowledge that we in our turn must be so judged. Men and women have sacrificed their lives in defence of ideas and ideals, that though valid at a particular point in history, now serve no other function than that of providing the State or the Party with an abstract justification for their concrete authority. We defend the indefensible for no other reason than that it is incorporated within the canons of our group loyalties and we attempt to

rationalise statements of a dead hand and a tired pen as part of a sympathetic defensive action against the arrogance of the popular intellectual climate of the unrewarding hour.

J. A. Hoffman, in his essay on Walt Whitman, 'the vulgar bourgeois "poet"', roars into battle with his guns firing on everything in sight and what should have been bloody murder ends up as slapstick comedy for, as Donald Hall wrote in his introduction to the 1967 selection of Whitman's verse, 'a history of American poetry could be written as a series of reactions to Walt Whitman'.

Whitman in the mass is a bore who gave the developing American nations a sense of chauvinistic belongingness to their sprawling continent. His rambling river of sentimental sludge may read like an unhappy marriage of Babbitt's Baedeker and an American seed catalogue, but he fulfilled a needed purpose for his time in that he gave a unifying incantation for the city clubman and the small town schoolteacher. He spoke for the Americans who no longer looked to the distant horizon but to the well-stocked larder and who were now conscious of their own history and the glow of satisfaction that comes to the inheritors of all revolutionary struggles when it does not affect the daily routine of their own comfortable living.

But Hoffman is grossly unfair in his treatment of Whitman for he flays Whitman when his angry essay is specifically directed to the American intellectuals who, he claims, have 'worshipped and idolised' Whitman for, writes Hoffman, 'Whitman, as we need hardly remind you, has long been one of the literary

heroes of the intellectuals in the revisionist Communist Party in your country where he has been thought of, in the words of the US revisionist S. Sillen, as the poet of "democracy".'

Whitman could make the same querulous complaint that Marx made, that he could not be responsible for the antics of his followers or admirers. If Whitman, or any man, must be judged, it must be by his own standards and within his own period, but Hoffman has gone almost line by line through the whole body of Whitman's work to prove with unrelated phrases or a few lines from this sprawling junkyard of blank verse that Whitman was a rabid reactionary and meat for the literary political firing squad.

By Hoffman's method of judgement no man could be judged clean for the critic of the day writes from hindsight. Whitman, like the South African Campbell, was a poet, and let us judge them accordingly. We may detest or reject their opinions but never let us reject them as artists, for if we do, then we must stand condemned with them for participating in our own intellectual castration. The most dangerous part of Hoffman's essay is when he writes that 'Whitman's political conservatism is manifest not only in the reactionary content of his verse, but in his abandonment of the flowing melody and rhythms that progressive writers of all periods have used', etc. Here speaks the voice of Truman and of Khrushchev.

John Berger also writes as a Marxist and his book *Art and Revolution* is centred on the sculptor Ernst Neizvestny. Neizvestny is a man of great talent who has always refused to follow the official committee dictums. A natural rebel whose work is monumental in feeling though slightly jaded to Western eyes with its echoes of Moore and Epstein.

His sculpture lacks Moore's universal and transcendental serenity or Epstein's primeval humanity, but for all that, in a world of bleak academicalism, Neizvestny refuses to conform and, though denied public expressions of his work and forced to use the black market for his materials, he has established his artistic reputation within and without Russia as a gifted man of personal courage.

John Berger writes that, 'Today the hero is ideally the man who resists without being killed' and in a world of ever-enlarging bureaucratic prisons Berger could be right, but I find that Hoffman, with his attack on the liberty of the artist to use whatever means suits his need for expression, and Berger, with his defence of the right of the artist to express himself, appear to have come full circle when Berger writes that 'The possible modern media for propaganda are the film . . . the song, and declamatory poetry' and, when Berger praises Vasnetsov's painting of 'The Warriors', one feels that he is the victim of the intellectuals' dilemma. Actively involved in the creation of works of art, he despises the bourgeois for demanding a standardised ready-made yet, caught in the historical flow of revolutionary discontent, he feels that he must come to terms with the instruments of propaganda, be they good, bad or indifferent.

One knows that Allen Ginsberg is now descending those slippery steps to public acceptance and this poet of the manufactured emotive image of the hour can rightly take his place with Whitman in the American pantheon but one must dismiss his latest *Planet News* and *Ankor Wat* as acceptable fodder for unborn generations of American schoolchildren to yawn through.

Dave Cunliffe and Tina Morris's *Thunderbolts of Peace and Liberation* is a proud vehicle of established poets but

I find that page after page reads as from a common pen. This is the fashionable poetry of faceless men, a rosary of tinted phrases cut into page lengths. Cunliffe was a magnificent committed poet who, I believe, wasted much of his gift in an aesthetic soul-searching cul-de-sac.

In *Caliban* he has one poem that is evocative of the beauty and humanity of his early work, in that it haunts the mind when the book is closed. Always it seems that the well-produced book is the grave of poetry.

One reads Hoida's *Inherited* for the pleasure of Horowitz's raucous lines for here is a man who would turn a wake into a wedding. *Brighton Head*, for the courage of the anarchist old guard in producing an underground poetry magazine worthy of your attention. *The Beautiful Atlas* for Ted Kavanaugh's magnificent layout and Lee Harwood's poetry, a selection from his major work to be published by Fulcrum Press. They have a tenderness that never becomes sentimental and an understanding and a feeling for internal rhythms that Hoffman should do well to note. These are the little magazines unsullied by major distribution. From stencils onto cheap paper, they are truly the lords of literature for they enrich our culture and our understanding for the price of a handful of coppers and we surely owe them a debt when *Poetsdoos* of their time and labour, and without mention of costs, can offer us the sad beauty of Paul Potts' *Courting Couple*.

When your breasts were asking for my hands  
Were your dreams asking for my dreams?  
And were your children asking to be mine?  
And was your old age asking for my old age?

ARTHUR MOYSE



# WILDCAT STRIKES AND WORKERS' AUTONOMY

THE POLITICAL PARTIES and their trade union allies, who play with the idea of being the successors of De Gaulle, have need of support from the base. So they try to make use of the spirit of the 'May Movement', and at the same time their propaganda warns us that 'the gravity of the situation' hardens the power of the ruling class. In this way they try to gain from both ends, aiming to recapture the support they lost last May in order to canalise it into political objectives for their own benefit, and thus increase their power within the structure of capitalism.

This kind of exploitation of the workers' struggles, even though it is not new, is favoured not so much by the combativity that the workers have shown since May, as by the exaggerated conclusions that the extreme left groups draw from these struggles. The smallest struggle is the pretext for an unbounded glorification of 'revolutionary perspectives'. As an example of the result of such action can be seen in the slogans of a group such as 'Lutte Ouvrière' (similar to IS), which, during the March 11 strike, called for unreserved support of the actions of the central trade union organisations, adding that it is 'the uncompromisingness of the bosses and the government that has forced them to organise a centralised strike on March 11'.

## CLASS STRUGGLE

The class struggle in France has taken a new turn, but not in the sense that is usually given: it isn't entirely new, and the real struggle is taking place outside of the movements organised by the trade unions, and is not affected by the exaggerations of the extreme left. There had already been cases of the workers outflanking the trade unions, but in the end this merely succeeded in weakening the movement. However, a process of autonomous workers' struggles was evolving. The events of May 1968 were only the expression of a latent situation that had been developing for some years, coupled with the rapid modernisation of French capitalism.

## THE STRUGGLE INCREASES

Since May there has been a marked increase in such struggles. The bosses are not mistaken. Speaking of the Le Mans Renault strike, *Les Echos*, the bosses' daily, said, 'The wild-cat strike at Le Mans may stop the assembly lines at Billancourt' and added, 'The unions CGT, CFDT and FO were in agreement, in principle, with the administration... but the strikers, who had stopped work without union instructions, refused to go back.'

The essential point is that the workers in a certain limited sector of the enterprise were only concerned with their own particular conditions of work. The response was 100% because unity is created by the bosses themselves across the structure of the capitalist enterprise, and on this level the professional, hierarchical trade union divisions no longer exist. This creates a unity in the struggle, although no one speaks of unity.

The strikers do not care about the consequences of their struggle, except that

it hurts the bosses. They don't give a damn for the doleful preoccupations of the trade union bureaucrats with customers, exports, and the national interest. They guard all freedom of action, judgement and decisions regarding the agreements that the trade union bureaucrats and the bosses may arrive at; they know whether they are satisfied or not.

This is also the character of wild-cat strikes in the Netherlands, Britain and the USA. The organisation of capitalist production in France precipitates the evolution of the class struggle. In the modern enterprise the quest for maximum profits means that production is meticulously organised in a continuous chain, without any wasted time or unused equipment; that is to say that all the operations are connected in order to attain the maximum efficiency. This is favourable for the unification of demands and struggles on the shop-floor level, or by small groups doing exactly the same work, and for the maximum disruption at a certain level, which affects the whole enterprise.

In the conflicts that arise from such actions, a trade union which is concerned with conditions of work in a general form, finds itself, because of the way the modern enterprise functions, on the side of the bosses against the workers who are only acting to defend themselves at the most concrete level at which they are exploited.

## WORLD CAPITALISM

Several wild-cat strikes fit into this pattern. Others will no doubt occur. Some people would like to see, in these strikes, a generalising of the workers' struggle, and a radical transformation of the labour movement. If the events of

last May were a revelation and precipitated an evolutionary process, they haven't radically changed the context of the struggle: French capitalism still exists and is continuing to evolve; it is only a part of world capitalism, of the Western or Eastern variety, which evolves towards a total concentration in the shape of state capitalism.

For several years wild-cat strikes have taken place within the structure of British capitalism, taking on characteristics according to the evolving national and world situation. In France the trade unions are not yet in the same position as their British counterparts; they can still use the workers' struggles to reinforce their own power by political manoeuvres. The March 11 strike was an example of this kind of exploitation of the workers' struggles.

Certain sudden strikes that cannot be classified as wild-cat, may be manipulated by the trade unions. Gaullism is burdened with politicians who are fishing about within a system in which the workers must suffer; in Britain, for example, the Conservatives have made way for those who are much more adept at dominating the workers. It is possible that such a labour movement, comprised of trade unions and left parties, will, in France, attempt to make a change that combines both their support for capitalism, within a state capitalist structure, and their international privileges with the USA, UK and USSR.

This is only economic and social evolution paralleled with the growth of an autonomous workers' movement which will be favourable to the development of such a 'left' political movement posing as the saviour of traditional capitalism. The leftists, from the Leninists to the anarcho-sindicalists to the militants of the action committees, with their elitist notions, pounce upon strikes that they see as links in a world revolutionary chain.

Thus some strikes can give the illusion of not being controlled by the trade unions, because they have been controlled by a few militants. The intervention of the small left groups, like that of the trade unions and the left parties, plays a role in the evolution of an autonomous workers' struggle.

In Britain, for example, the political groups have tried to regroup industrial militants into permanent committees to create, around the wild-cat strikes, a revolutionary movement. All these attempts have fallen through. This does not prevent these same organisations from continuing to recite the same old catechism. At the first stage of development of wild-cat strikes, these efforts of

the left groups and the trade unions, succeed, objectively, in breaking the ring of silence, in spreading information, in enabling militants in different factories to make contact, in instigating meetings of workers in the same enterprise, and in giving them an awareness of political ideas. They are thus led to surpass the level of their own struggle, and at the same time render themselves more distrustful of regimentation.

## AUTONOMY

It isn't certain what all these bureaucratic organisations want. If the workers are led to struggle inside the enterprise, against the total bureaucratization of work and life, they are naturally led to struggle against the trade unions which participate in this bureaucratization, and through these struggles to become aware of what is a bureaucracy and what is workers' control. In these conditions they make the same criticisms of all types of bureaucratic organisations which try to involve themselves in their struggles in order to use them.

One can say that a struggle is autonomous when the workers decide everything from beginning to end: the demands, the form the struggle will take, etc. But in reality things are different. It isn't because the workers are conscious of these necessities that they carry on an autonomous struggle. They struggle not against the trade unions, but outside of them, because they seem irrelevant. At the moment the bosses, the government, and the trade union bureaucracy reply with one voice. The very mechanics of

capitalist production are against the workers in their struggles concerning their working conditions.

## NO IMMEDIATE CHANGE

We must not believe that the rise of wild-cat strikes entails an immediate change in 'working-class consciousness'. As the autonomous struggles emerge slowly from the confrontation with the trade unions, the political parties and the left groups, so the workers' common attitudes towards these structures and those of the capitalist enterprise itself, only evolve in the course of these confrontations and the objective consequences of wild-cat strikes on the level of the whole society.

All these conditions only express a general situation in which all the factors play upon one another, leading to consequent changes, which create in their turn new reactions. Thus the class struggle develops by the slow progress of a 'dialectic' marked by revolutionary explosions, which reveal to everyone what was hidden under outdated institutions. The workers digest their experience of production, of the social structures, and their own consciousness which develops with the transformations of capitalist society, and the objective consequences of their struggle within this same society; step by step approaching the realisation of a new world in which their participation will be total, not only at work, but in their whole lives.

Trans. B.B.

from *Informations-Correspondance Ouvrières*.

# PARADISE REGAINED

THE LONDON COMMUNE of the Streets was formed out of the occupation of the Bell Hotel in Drury Lane, during March. Following the action of the GLC on March 26 in ordering workmen and police to break into the building and wreck it, we pledged ourselves to continue the occupation in a series of further buildings until the authorities end their campaign of discrimination against us. Our first move was to occupy the empty student hostel at 1 Bedford Way, Russell Square, over the weekend. The building is in excellent condition, apart from the bathrooms and toilets which have been deliberately broken up, and which we planned to restore.

However in two raids at 10 p.m. and midnight yesterday, Monday, March 31, the police broke into the building and evicted over 70. In the course of searching the building the police held three of our kids and proceeded to kick and punch them until they fell to the floor, where they were again badly beaten, this time with truncheons. One kid, who was later charged with assaulting a police officer, was dragged, unconscious and bleeding, from the building into a police car despite the fact that a passer-by, attracted by his cries, had in the meantime called an ambulance. At the station we were told that if we were found in the area we would all be planted with drugs, as the officer in charge put it 'just like you read in the papers'.

It is clear from this that the police are determined to suppress us not for anything we have done, but for what we represent, the first movement of the Underground Scene towards an adequate political expression of its position. We refuse to be intimidated. As a result of legal advice we are preparing to take out a summons against the principal officers involved in the raids under the 1381 Statute 'Riotous Assembly contrary to Common Law and Oppression' for three offences: riot, forcible entry, and 'oppression'. The police are behaving like gangsters; we cannot allow them to go on running a protection racket on behalf of the owners of empty property, while our kids are homeless on the streets.

We are homeless, because when we try to earn money, by busking or selling underground literature we are picked up or moved on, while the straight citizens stand around with impunity photographing us being taken away. Even working does not make us a living.

We are homeless because landlords are prejudiced against kids with long hair, etc., as a result of the horror stories about drugs, etc., that are circulated in the gutter press. Even money does not buy us shelter. And even when, out of desperation we try to castrate our minds/bodies by getting some routine job, the employers refuse to even look at us. The only response of the

authorities to our need to express ourselves, to create our own lives, is to label us 'mad' or 'bad' and house us compulsorily in special institutions. Faced with this situation, we have no option but to organise to defend our own interests. We are fighting for our survival.

## HOUSING

We are forming a housing association and will apply formally for recognition on this basis. However in the meantime we will continue to organise occupations of whatever buildings meet our needs.

## LEGAL DEFENCE

We are forming a defence group and bust fund to help us fight all cases involving police discrimination against beats and buskers, as well as a result of specific actions. We are compiling a dossier on all forms of discrimination against us for the NCCL.

## SOCIAL APARTHEID IN THE WEST END

For some time now the bars and cafes in the West End have been refusing to serve us, and refusing to give any reason. We will be organising various forms of protest, pickets, sit-ins, etc., to draw attention to this.

## WORK

We have formed an underground labour exchange, called 'CONTACT' to find temporary or part-time jobs for kids whose talents are not being made use of through the normal employment channels. We are also setting up a poster workshop to help support ourselves with our own creative work. We are willing and eager to contribute to the community, on our own terms, once we are accepted for what we are.

## RESEARCH UNIT

We are at present carrying out a survey of empty and derelict buildings in Greater London, and this information will be pooled for the benefit of all other squatter groups. We are also organising a social survey of the beat community, because apart from the drugs angle there has been little hard evidence about its actual conditions of existence to put up against the fantasies manufactured by the mass media.

Finally we will be calling a conference of teachers, social workers, psychiatrists, and social scientists, whose subjects, or objects we usually are, to try to turn them on to some of the political implications of the ways they are taught to treat us.

WE NEED PRACTICAL HELP AND SUPPORT OF ALL KINDS. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT PHIL GABRIEL, C/O THE ARTS LAB, 182 DRURY LANE, WC2.

Phone: 242 3407/8.

# THE ROCK MACHINE HAS YOU ON

ROLLING STONE, the American rock and roll paper, recently put out a supplement on the active Leftist scene in the States under the title, *American Revolution 1969*. This was a good thing, mainly campus orientated but containing articles on other subjects, notably an excellent one on Black Power. The finale was a piece headed, *Perspectives: Is there a Death Wish in US?* by jazz critic Ralph J. Gleason (notice how jazz critics are political these days). This was basically quietist, ranging widely across the whole spectrum and rejecting as it went violence ('You better figure out how to make a revolution without killing people'), militancy ('Nothing I have read by the SDS and the rest is as relevant as Allen Ginsberg's poems'), even politics itself ('Politics has failed'), but eventually finding affirmation in a great invocation of the messianic power of pop—He (Dylan) and the Beatles started something that is beyond politics, past the programmes of the planners and out there in McLuhanland changing the heads of the world.'

Big words, very hip, and certainly descriptive of ideas that are gaining great currency. In view of their large implications, however, neither Gleason, nor any of his fellow spirits, have given them the kind of analysis they need.

If you accept that pop music is art—and surely no one is square enough to suggest it isn't—then basically the argument is that art has the power to alter events, change history. This is an old one and you could compose compendious lists of instances with which to test it, e.g.: What effect did *Guernica* have on the Spanish Civil War?; Did 1984 halt the spread of world communism?; Will the work of the Muckrakers bring about the overthrow of the capitalist system in the USA?; Has all the avalanche of art on the Vietnam theme shortened that particular war by a day?—and so on. Perhaps, in some cases, works of art have had an effect. It is said the Upton

Sinclair's books did awaken American public opinion to the conditions in the Chicago stockyards and reforms were made. But this, and others like it, are small and localised instances. Where the subject under attack has been really big—like capitalism, or a particular war, or war in general—then there is not, to the best of my knowledge, one instance of a work of art affecting events in any radical way at all. Indeed, the larger proportion of the serious art of the twentieth century is either directly or indirectly concerned with criticising with a greater or lesser degree of severity the evils, idiocies and inadequacies of the political environment, and yet we are still inexorably one-dimensional, still suppressed, repressed and depressed, and the world as war and want torn as ever.

As a form of art, pop is well integrated into the capitalist economy. Many energetic social scientists have exposed for us the machinations of the big corporations but none, as far as I know, have done the same with the music industry and its ancillary interests. Are we to take it that firms like CBS, Decca, EMI, and the others are idealistic foundations dedicated to the dissemination of subversive ideas and the overthrow of the capitalist system? Quite the opposite: they are normal type capitalist concerns run on normal type capitalist lines. It is therefore highly suspicious to those of us who patronise them that they put out the kinds of product they do. It used to be said of the *Mirror*, when some innocent pointed to it as an example of a successful Labour paper, that it was in fact Tory controlled, the Tory proprietors arguing that if there has to be such a thing as a Labour paper then they would own it. So with acid rock, love rock, liberatory rock, obscenity rock, revolutionary rock—are the capitalists saying that if there must be these things—and easy fortunes to be made from exploiting them—then they will own

them? Capitalists aren't usually conspicuous for their gullibility; quite the opposite. If they seem to think that the music that Gleason finds so potentially revolutionary is really basically innocuous then this is probably a pretty shrewd evaluation of the position. Furthermore, they control it. One wonders how they exercise this control. Do they suppress really subversive groups, and censor songs as the old Blue Blues were censored? Do they subtly shape the music to serve their own ends? A good and thorough investigation would be of interest but I suppose that papers like *Rolling Stone*, who probably depend for a lot of their profit on the advertising revenue they draw from the music industry, would be reluctant to bite that particular hand by giving us one.

If the art itself is suspect, what about the artists? In pop the attention accorded to them vies with that accorded to their music. We must have listened to the thoughts of John Lennon, and to accounts of his various activities and so forth, as much as we have listened to the Beatles in song. Are they the new messiahs, the new political mentors? Gleason asks: 'What is Dylan doing up in Woodstock?' implying: 'Changing the heads of the world.' But we can be more precise. He isn't fighting a guerilla war in the jungles of the Third World; he isn't laying plans to blow up the Pentagon; he isn't organising relief in Biafra; he isn't even sending supplies of free stereo equipment to the underdeveloped countries to change the heads there—and surely he has the cash and freedom to do at least a little of things like this. No, he is in fact producing well-crafted and poetic works of art expressive of the state of the soul of man in the twentieth century, works that will affect the consciences of the affluent youth of the West to some extent, but also entertain them, and give them something to believe in. He will, in short, be

Continued on page 4



Decentralise!—But What?

# SNP—The Tartan Tories

THE SUDDEN upsurge of nationalist parties is partly due to the disillusion with the major parties and partly due to an increasing aversion of state centralisation. Many people, having undergone the experience of being ruled by Tory Governments and Labour Governments alike, have no longer any faith in them. Some young people who have experienced the relatively rapid pace of controls over the lives of the population feel that some decentralisation of political control would be favourable. They feel that control taken away from Westminster would be the answer to their problems. Local politicians would be more acquainted and sympathetic with their affairs they say. They feel that their areas would be better developed: more jobs, more houses, cheaper food and cheaper rents would be the order of the day. More democracy—less bureaucracy—less controls.

Now let me say to the Nationalists that several weeks ago Matt McGinn, popu-

lar Glasgow folk singer, was nominated by his local branch of the Scottish Nationalist Party as candidate for Parliament. The national executive committee of the SNP rejected this nomination. They referred to Matt McGinn's political background. It was stated that McGinn was an ex-Communist which in fact he was and also an ex-Labour Party member. But not merely because of this but also because the voting was not a unanimous decision but a majority one.

How many candidates are voted to stand by unanimous decision I wonder? I think they are conspicuous by their absence. Even if there was only one against, this would still be a majority decision. How long will this particular branch have to take to get a unanimous decision in order to put up a candidate?

It should be obvious that McGinn's political background has some bearing on this. Perhaps he would be an embarrassment to the big-wigs of the SNP.

So much for democracy within the nats. The party will be reserved for the panderers of middle-class liberalism in Scotland as far as office positions are concerned.

On the economic plane, have the rank and file of the SNP asked themselves what difference there is between the programme of the SNP and the major parties? What difference is there outside of advocating rule by the SNP (Home Rule)? They have the same empty promises. Empty because they are promises which cannot be fulfilled.

Should the SNP come to power in Scotland, this change of political power would be ineffective as far as the ordinary people who work for their living is concerned. They would still have to work for wages, pay rents and taxes. They would still have little or no collective control over their conditions of work. They would still be subject to the fear of insecurity and unemployment. Decen-

tralisation of political power means little or nothing of any consequence without decentralisation of economic power. The SNP in political control would just mean different puppets dancing on the strings pulled by the bankers and industrialists.

The Scottish workers would still be working to maintain the parasitical growth of the capitalist class upon its back.

American capitalists would still own and control through their lackeys—Singers of Clydebank; Burroughs of Cumbernauld; Tannochside Tractors; Rootes of Linwood, etc. And of course the British capitalists would still be solidly entrenched. The SNP may change some things of course.

It may change your diet habits through advertising. You may be eating more haggis, more mince and tatties and more Scott's Porage Oats.

It may change your coinage. Instead of the Queen's head on one side of the

penny and Britannia on the other, perhaps we will have the bagpipes on one side and a claymore on the other. But changing the economic relationships, that's another matter! You will have to do that by your own activity. By working for workers' ownership of the means of life through decentralised control of all the industries. Parliament is the place where the laws are made to protect the interests of the privileged classes. Ministers are instructed to toe the line when they use some indiscretion; opposition questions of importance are vetoed. Even the Cabinet are not even consulted on matters of grave importance at times. On the question of the atom bomb, for example, Cabinet Ministers were left in the dark. The real government are those behind the scenes who own the means of wealth production.

Forget about trying to decentralise Parliament. Concentrate on the decentralisation of wealth. R. LYNN.

## BOREDOM YA BASS!

A VISITOR to Glasgow today might be excused for thinking himself in some strange foreign land, for, as far as the eye could see, walls and other suitable surfaces would be covered with strange cryptic slogans—'Tongs Ya Bass', 'Drummy OK', 'Pak OK', 'Govan Team Rules', 'Jesus Saves—Rebels Kill' (Tradeston Young Rebels), etc., etc.

This strange variety of graffiti is not so common in the city centre, as most commercial firms remove them from their premises, but as one travels outwards from the city centre they tend to increase until what seems to be their source is reached, in the outlying council schemes such as Pollok, Drumchapel, Castlemilk and Easterhouse.

These effusions are the work of Glasgow's teenage gangs, who do not confine themselves, however, to literary activities but often indulge in activities of a more violent kind. Apart from inter-gang skirmishes and warfare, there are occasional apparently pointless attacks on uninvolved passers-by. An example—a group of youths approached a teenager in the city centre and asked the way to the Royal Infirmary, he directed them and was then slashed about the face and neck and told to go there and get that sewed up. This kind of incident makes good copy for the national gutter press and they occasionally descend on the city in droves, searching for teenage gangsters.

The first Glasgow scheme to gain notoriety in the Scottish press was Drumchapel. However, thanks to the intervention of Frankie Vaughan, Drumchapel's place as a 'hard' district was rapidly overhauled by Easterhouse, which has taken over the position and reputation of Gorbals in the 1930s, maintaining the totally false image of the Glasgow of *No Mean City*. A lot of rubbish has been written about Easterhouse's problems and the solutions advocated in the popular press and by reactionaries such as Baillie James Anderson, Police Convenor of Glasgow Corporation, have been, more or less, uniformly repressive—bring back the birch, long prison sentences, the return of hanging, the return of National Service, etc., etc., ad nauseam. Few serious attempts have been made to analyse the causes of this phenomenon, which is not solely confined to Glasgow but seems to have spread all over Central Scotland, as most people seem to

prefer to suggest cures for the symptoms rather than the causes.

If one visits any of Glasgow's vast council schemes it is not really surprising that the young people of the area are in revolt against their environment, uncon-

scious though this revolt may be. Vast barracks of dull uniform houses sprawl over hundreds of acres with nothing to relieve the monotony. These schemes were built immediately after the war by Glasgow Corporation's City Architects and Planning Department, staffed almost entirely by architects and concerned only to throw up the maximum number of housing units at the minimum cost. The result was huge housing deserts with an almost total lack of amenities—no shopping facilities and no provision for social life or recreation—nothing except houses, with occasional buses in and out of the schemes.



Who's Got the Ball?

Drumchapel is a case in point—building commenced immediately after the war, creating a housing area with a bigger population than Perth. The shopping centre was built years later in 1962, the Community Centre ('undesirables' i.e. teenagers, excluded) in 1963, the

the police because of the number of fights—it was too small to cope with the hordes of teenagers trying to use it.

This has been the result of leaving community planning, such as it is, to the local bureaucrats. In the reassessment of urban planning that has been taking place in the universities, academics are suggesting that it was a mistake to leave planning in the hands of a City Architect, who seems unable to comprehend that people have needs other than housing, and that planning should be a joint responsibility of architects, sociologists and urban geographers (jobs for the boys, especially sociologists and urban geographers)—any ordinary Glaswegian could tell the planners that it does not take years of academic training to say that amenities should be planned for as well as housing. The result has been a blind incoherent rebellion against society by the young people living in these schemes.

Unfortunately this has not been accompanied by any raising of the social consciousness but is the product of frustration and especially boredom.

This rebellion has spread from the dreary council schemes of Glasgow to the dreary tenement slums of Glasgow and new gangs have appeared in the traditional gang areas of Glasgow. When interviewed by the press or TV these young people claim they 'run' with gangs and carry weapons for self-defence or out of sheer boredom. By providing this cheap housing for their industrial proletariat, with no provision for the needs of young people, the planners have unleashed violence and vandalism in the schemes, which seems to be the only way they can express their dissatisfaction with life and society in general which has condemned them to live in these dreary prisons. It is

apparent that the traditional authoritarian way of organising society has failed miserably (as it fails so often) in the creation of new communities and this failure is immediately and painfully obvious to anybody who has the misfortune to dwell in these places.

One point that must be cleared up, however, is that Drumchapel, Easterhouse, etc., are not subject to gang rule nor is it dangerous to live there or walk about there in the evening, although this is not what the gutter press and BBC would have us believe. Surely, it is ridiculous that any street fight by teenagers in Easterhouse merits banner headlines on the front of the *Scottish Daily Express* and a stabbing in Govan, a strike on the Clyde or a riot or revolution abroad scarcely merits a paragraph inside.

R. ALEXANDER.

## FACTS ON IRELAND

THE STRUGGLE IN IRELAND, RSSF Special Paper, 9d.

THIS PAPER, dated May 1, has been brought out by the Revolutionary Socialist Students' Federation. Its members believe that we are only at the beginning of the struggle in Ireland, and this paper is intended to provide a factual background.

To begin with there is an article giving a brief historical survey from 1690, and the victory of William of Orange, down to the present day. There is a study of People's Democracy, and a demographic survey, with map. This survey is beautifully printed. It gives you all the facts in such a way that they can be seen at a glance, demography, religious geography, major foreign firms, unemployment, agriculture, even the 'fuzz' get a mention.

An article entitled 'Ireland's Economy' talks about 'two levels of analysis'. It says, 'If, for example, religious discrimination could be ended and universal suffrage were to be introduced for Stormont as well as local elections, would unemployment remain high...? Would enough houses be built...? Put like this, of course no one could answer in anything but a severely qualified affirmative. However, at the moment, talk to the PD and the CRA in Ulster, and what one finds is that the second level of questioning is not being fully articulated.' The 'second level' of course is the economic one.

'As Bernadette Devlin said during the by-election in mid-Ulster, the peasants are socialists in their specific demands, but if you call it socialism they won't vote for you.'

In 'What Can Be Done' the writers say modestly, 'We have little enough experience, even of student struggle, and on the Irish question almost none...' They suggest that there is need for study groups and courses in the universities on the history of Ireland. They propose the formation of Irish Societies, which can organise meetings and debates, etc. They also give a list of books and periodicals, and the addresses where they can be obtained. Finally there are two articles on the back page. One deals with the immigration of Irish labourers into England. The other is a life of James Connolly, which compares him to Lenin.

The printer's name is given, but I can find no address of publication, so anyone

wanting copies of this paper would have to find out where RSSF lives and write to them. This seems to be a 'trend', as they call it, and may be due to the increasingly intense political atmosphere in which we live. It is an awkward practice all the same. Have we really reached such conspiratorial levels already? Perhaps we have. As the writers of this paper say, 'In France and Italy, the United States and Spain force is experienced as the normal means of state control and therefore as a natural part of the language of freedom. Only in Britain, it seems, has the reality of oppression been successfully exported... Maybe it will soon be reimported.'

A.W.U.

Editors' note: Readers may be puzzled as to the disappearance, for the past two issues, of despatches from the Reverend Berkes from N. Ireland. Evidently his letters to us were 'lost in transit'. We are promised however further contributions to be sent to us by special messenger as the post cannot be trusted from the colony.

## Holy Bakunin! ORA PRO NOBIS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT	
Week ending May 24, 1969	
Estimated Expenses:	
21 weeks at £90:	£1,890
Income: Sales and Subs.:	£1,478
DEFICIT: £412	

PRESS FUND	
Southall: D.F.S. 5/6; Wolverhampton: J.K.W. 2/-; J.L. 3/-; K.F. & C.F. 2/-; South West London Group: £2; London, N.10: P.J.B. £1; Leeds: G.L. 6/-; Haddleigh: L.C. 8/8; London: M.M. 7/-; London, E.1: Anon 2/6; Lancaster: M.T. 5/8; London: D.G. 2/-; Droitwich: W.E.C. £1/5/8; London, S.W.1: 10/-; M.B. Alberta: £5/10/-.	
TOTAL:	£12 10 0
Previously Acknowledged:	£300 7 10
1969 Total to Date:	£312 17 10
Deficit B/F:	£412 0 0
TOTAL DEFICIT:	£99 2 2

\*Denotes Regular Contributor. Gift of Books—M.W.K.

## RESOLVE TO DISSOLVE

THE ANARCHIST FEDERATION of Japan, formed in May 1946, has, according to a report received from Tokyo, agreed to dissolve itself.

The decision was taken unanimously at the latest annual congress, says Comrade Augustin Miura, the Federation's convenor. 'We can see in fact that anarchism is in the rising tide,' he says, 'what with the intensifying massive revolt of students. Publication of anarchist literature is on the increase and students are forming groups for the study of anarchism.'

Exactly why the Federation dissolved itself is not absolutely clear from the

report, but it seems to have been in order to make communication with the coming generation of libertarian revolutionaries easier and misunderstandings less likely. It seems to be a result of the same sort of gap that has occurred lately in Germany, to some extent in Britain and the US, but most of all, of course, in France: a more Marx-imbued younger generation versus the older, strongly anti-Marxist brand of anarchist.

Writes Miura: 'Most of the students have been influenced by Marxism for many years. Those who are forming anarchist groups seem to find the Federation somewhat alien. It is as if

there were some fault with the Federation, preventing them from becoming part of it.

'Seeing this, we decided to dissolve the Federation and become, as it were, part of the "new generation" ourselves until the day when a new Federation is needed.'

The comment from Taiji Yamaga and Kenji Kondo, two elderly comrades who have been in their sick-beds for some years, on hearing of the dissolution: 'Advance with redoubled efforts.'

J.M.



# No Room for Compromise

THE TUC has formulated and put forward its own document, 'Programme for Action', on industrial relations. This is the General Council's answer to the penal clauses included in the Government's White Paper 'In Place of Strife'.

Both documents represent an interference in the affairs and sovereignty of individual trade unions. Because the General Council's programme aims at doing the Government's dirty work, they want a centralisation of power, with the trade unions using their already comprehensive rules covering disciplinary powers against members acting unconstitutionally. Out of all the unions affiliated to the TUC, only six are not empowered to expel dissident members. Union executives are deterred from using these powers for fear of repercussions amongst the membership. The Electrical Trades Union is an infamous exception. However, if the Government does decide to give the TUC's programme a chance, many a reactionary union executive will no longer be deterred by the membership because if they refuse to use these powers, they risk expulsion

from the TUC.

Most of the trade union leaders seem scared stiff of the penal clauses in the Government's plans, but these clauses are not in fact aimed at trade union leaders. They are directed against the rank and file who take industrial action without the authorisation of their executive. It is this type of action that has improved conditions of work and made inhuman surroundings more bearable. It has brought increases in wages beyond those negotiated by national leaders and, what is very important, it has made inroads into control over the actual work processes such as speed, manning and mobility. If laws are enacted to penalise such action, shop floor organisation and its willingness to fight will be considerably weakened.

This is what the Government wants so that employers can increase production at less cost, so that managements can introduce new methods of working and make men redundant, while the workers' means of resisting these attacks, strike action, will be punishable with fines. I know the Government's White Paper also says that any changes in working, sackings, etc., introduced by managements would, if opposed by the union members, remain as 'status quo' until a solution was reached, but this would obviously mean a compromise between the management and the trade union officials who had to be called in to negotiate. At the moment, the biggest part of this negotiating is done by the men's elected shop stewards.

## 4-3 AGAINST

Many who support the Government's Bill do so because it lays a foundation on which further legislation can be built, while others oppose it, and quite rightly, for the same reason. But having opposed the Government's Bill, there seems no logic in supporting the programme of the TUC's General Council which sets out to do the same job. Hugh Scanlon, the 'left-winger' President of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, has committed himself to do just this. His Executive voted 4-3 against the 'Programme for Action', with 'left-winger' Reg Birch and 'right-winger' John Boyd voting against and Scanlon joining those who voted for the plan. Those who wrote in the *Socialist Worker* about the Ford dispute, saying that Scanlon was different because he was a 'left-winger', must now be scratching their heads. But 'left- or right-wingers' in the political sense have just as little relevance as they now have in modern football.

No doubt Boyd's action is based not on his concern over the TUC's interference but on his prospects at next year's election when he challenges Scanlon for the Presidency.

The Communist Party, while criticising the General Council's programme, has so far not come out in opposition to it and still urges the TUC to call a 24-hour strike to ensure the (Government's) Bill's defeat.

## LITTLE DIFFERENCE

The meetings between the Government and the TUC can only end in a compro-

# Freedom For Workers' Control

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mise, to the detriment of the rank and file. Whether the State or the TUC act against unofficial strikes will make little difference to those involved. The advantage will be the management's and this can only mean further attacks by the employers on hard-won conditions, with increased exploitation and possible fines or expulsions from unions if any action is taken.

However, both the Government's penal sanctions and the TUC's plans can be defeated by strike action. Australians are now doing just this. Kent miners did it during the war and dockers defeated the attempt of Attlee's Government to jail their comrades.

Action of this sort is feared by both the TUC and the Government alike, for it could challenge their very positions. These proposed penal clauses against strikers are just another facet of the Government's policy, like encouraging

mergers, for the modernising and more efficient running of the capitalist system. Government policies will not only mean further cuts in the standard of living, but also an attack on the means by which workers are able to achieve increased earnings and better conditions.

We should not discuss and debate on compromise, nor should we choose between what we consider to be the lesser evil, the TUC or the Government. Instead we should fight both of them and at the same time put an alternative which would get rid of the trade union bureaucrats and governments. This should be an alternative where people are not used and sacrificed for the profits and power of a minority, but one with a society where men and women are free to run their own lives and where production is for the needs of the community.

P.T.

## Caught Painting the Town Hall

Dear Comrades,

I thought this might make you smile... 'Squatting is offensive... Official'

Last March, when three families attempted to squat in empty council houses at Winkers, slogans appeared on local government buildings in Wokingham.

Brian Orme, brother-in-law of one of the squatters, was caught painting the Wokingham Town Hall.

Today he was bound over for one year in the sum of £10 for 'Writing an offensive word on the doors of Wokingham Rural District Council Offices'. The word he wrote was 'squat'.

LARRY.

## PS.—MoSS on the Run!

FREEDOM readers will probably remember Jimmy Bell who was helped by Reading group in his fight for his rightful allowance and a place on a retraining course. We won hands down and it appears that MoSS is still licking its wounds.

Barry Devereaux, an ex-employee of

the same firm as Jimmy, was refused dole at Wokingham Labour Exchange so he went to Reading to get some Assistance to pay his rent.

He was refused and a heated argument soon developed. His companion intervened and said, 'Don't waste your breath. Let's go and get the Reading Libertarians!' The officer reddened and said, 'Not before you go back to Wokingham Exchange and get your dole situation sorted out.'

Back at Wokingham the exchange interviewer telephoned Reading office. She returned with a beaming smile. 'This has all been a terrible misunderstanding. Take this note to Reading first thing on Monday and they will pay you on the spot!'

## MARXIST BACKLASH

Continued from page 2

1968, that all we see around us is 'a lot more public sex in an otherwise unchanged social order' must find it hard to forgive humanity for being so original. His impulse is to cut this originality down to size, to reduce new social contradictions to the older ones which have found a place in books. And yet, it ought to be obvious to all Stalinists, Trotskyites and Maoists so feverishly engaged on this task that such novelty is the crucial test of social theory. If this is all they can do, there is either something wrong with Marxism; or something wrong with them.

TOM NAIRN.

## Children Occupy Site

### DUBLIN REPORT:

AFTER SURVEYING the slum Pearse Street-Fenian Street Area and finding the folks and their children were eager for a free adventure playground, nineteen Dublin comrades and the local children occupied a bomb-site in the Name of the People and quickly organized swings, see-saws, etc. When we left, a gang smashed it up. Last Wednesday, together with 30 children and the unanimous support of the folks, we reconstructed it only to find that the capitalists had robbed all kids' metal equipment for their scrap heap factory next door. Yesterday another dilemma confronted us—building is beginning on the site in two months.

Last week two letters were printed in the evening newspapers demanding that the US propaganda war film *Green Beret* be banned. The letters were signed by several left-wing organizations in Trinity College including 'TCD Anarchist Group'. Anarchists wanted a film banned! Trinity comrades raised a protest—they had nothing to do with it. So, RTE arrived, and Comrade Rory appears on TV to explain the anarchists' position.

P. STEPHENS.

## Contact Column

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

### Freedom Meeting Hall.

Saturday, May 31 at 5 p.m. Anarchist Black Cross: meeting on formation of working group.

Friday, June 13 at 7.30 p.m. Workers' Mutual Aid. Abolish work and industrial slavery. Pre-assembly of Freedom discussion. All libertarians welcome.

Comrades in Peterborough/area. Please contact S. Tasher, 221a Eastfield Road, Peterborough.

Anybody who has suffered at the hands of, or knows anything about, 'detective agencies' please write to FREEDOM, Box No. 37.

Help! Can you help with the despatch of FREEDOM (June 12, Thursday p.m.) and also on Friday.

Rectangular metal badges (red/black or plain black) 2/6 each post free. Bulk rate (10 or more) 1/- each. Flags from 10/-. Cash with order please. Hazel McGee, 42 Pendarves Street, Beacon, Camborne, Cornwall.

Modern Jazz at Loughborough University Union Building every Friday night.

Birmingham discussions. Every Tuesday 8 p.m. at the Arts Lab, Summer Lane (Not the Crown).

Spanish Libertarian Youth Festival. June 7, 6.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Programme includes 'Fury Over Spain' (filmed during the Spanish Revolution). Tickets 6/-.

International Anarchism. First issue out now. 1/- from C. Beadle, c/o Oakwood Farm, Lund, near Selby, E. Yorkshire, England.

Manchester Squatters. Meetings every Wed., 8 p.m. Manchester University Union, Oxford Road, Manchester.

Peace News. Six weeks trial offer for 5/-, 5 Caledonian Road, N.1.

Hyde Park Sunday meetings. 3 p.m. Speakers and literature sellers required.

Alan Barlow—Comrades wishing to visit in Brixton please contact Defence Committee, c/o Freedom Press for roster.

Glasgow Anarchists meet socially at the Station Bar, London Road, every Tuesday evening. Folk-singing.

International Summer Camp. £1 booking fees to Ann Lindsay, 39 Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.2.

If you wish to make contact let us know.

## SOGAT Hypocrisy in Aberdeen

AS THE IRON rule of the monopoly paper companies tightens in Aberdeen's paper mills, and as sackings and speed up become the order of the day, it's a real pity that the workers in the mills weren't at the Cowdray Hall on May 4, where they would have had the doubtful pleasure of hearing Comrade V. Flynn, SOGAT bureaucrat, voice his 'opposition' to the anti-union legislation. Part of this salaried seal's performance was a loud lamentation about how the monopolies were taking

over the paper industry, and how this increasing trend towards bigger industrial units, and more profit, was partly responsible for the anti-union laws. He indeed waxed eloquently on the manner in which Bowater-Reed were going to turn the Donside Mill into a 'profitable concern', but failed to mention what every worker in that mill knows, namely that when the workers began to resist the management's attacks months ago over 60 were sacked, and SOGAT DID BUGGER ALL!

Flynn also failed to inform his audience, who included, by the way, such stalwart friends of the workers as a couple of Labour councillors and what appeared to be the sum total of Aberdeen Communist Party's aged membership, that SOGAT, far from resisting the increasing turning of the mills into poorly-paid prisons, is actually ASSISTING the employers to put the screws on the workers. The magazine *Solidarity*, has already exposed the new arrangement at the Stoneywood Mill, whereby work targets are to be set by a representative of the management and a representative of SOGAT. Ye gods, for all we know, Brother Flynn might well be that representative!

By crafty complimentary references to the May 1 strike in London, in which rank and file SOGAT members played a leading part, Flynn tried to infer that the SOGAT officials had approved of the stoppage, and supported it. As even the capitalist press acknowledged that SOGAT bureaucrats did their bloody best to stop it, Flynn was merely trying to blind everyone to the fact that the London rank and file left him and his fellow officials high and dry.

A warning to SOGAT members of

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