

MR. HEATH'S plans for curbing strikes are now being announced with an eye to the forthcoming General Election. His union-bashing is an attempt to gain the votes of those people who disagree with unofficial strikes. The sad fact is that opinion polls show that the majority of the electorate favour some form of restriction on these.

However, Mr. Heath's Tories are not the only party that wants some form of sanction. Mr. Wilson had had similar proposals which were only withdrawn at the last minute, because of political and trade union opposition and the TUC proposals were accepted instead.

Plans for restricting trade union activity are by no means new. Governments are always trying to curtail the power and independence of any organisation which threatens them. The trade union movement is a long way from this position, but nevertheless successive governments have wished to bring it to heel.

The trade union leadership is not

Heath's 'Cure' for Strikes

seen as a threat, because it has long since joined the hierarchy of power which is a part of the ruling class and the State. Governments and those aspiring to that position are concerned with the power of the men and women on the shop floor, the people who do the actual physical and mental work which produces the wealth of this country. Under this profit-orientated society, government after government have failed to convince workers, at least for any length of time, that they have a stake in this massive industrial complex. It is always the workers who are endangering the economy when they seek a wage increase. Everything is subordinated and geared to higher profit margins. Mr. Heath's proposals for legislation, if the Tories are elected, are

important because they aim to curb unofficial strikes and make it possible for employers to seek damages. His 'Registrar of Trade Unions and Employers Associations' and the suggested special industrial courts are similar to those in existence in America. Binding agreements, which also apply in the States, are another Tory suggestion, but these are so often qualified with clauses for a 're-opener' that they can become meaningless.

Although America loses about five times as much production in proportion to the working population as this country, the strikes there are of a different nature. They are usually longer, but predictable in that they usually occur when a union-employer contract expires. In many ways they are formal set-

pieces, with both sides acting out their roles after due preparation, the employer laying in a good supply of stocks and the union building up a good strike fund. The strikes here are short, unpredictable and very damaging. These numerous sharp pin-pricks affect far more workers than those actually in dispute and so the employers are constantly looking over their shoulder for the next 'wildcat'.

While governments in Britain are trying to curtail this form of action, American workers have recently resorted to it, in spite of the possibility of fines. The recent postmen's strike there was a good example and it is growing in other industries. It is a symptom of the gulf which exists between the trade union leaders and their members.

Mr. Heath has said that his legislation would not mean the jailing of workers, but this is so much rubbish. If workers, who were fined for an unofficial strike, refuse to pay, then imprisonment could result. This sort of thing would not surprise anyone since the State will go to this extreme as the last resort, and even further if necessary, to achieve its aims. If it can get what it wants by 'kid glove' means, it will, but if the resistance, independence and the will to struggle of the workers is strong, then harsher means will be adopted. Capital will defend its exploiting position by any and every means in its power.

P.T.

POSTSCRIPT

by Skitz

AT LAST WEEK-END'S conference of the Young Socialists (non-Labour-Party, Trotskyist, Healeyite SLL faction), one of the resolutions proclaimed in the same breath, 'Kick out the Wilson leadership. Vote Labour'. A conference of the International Socialists (non-Labour-Party, 'libertarian socialist' Trotskyist-tinged) decided by 51 votes to 49 at Easter to 'conditionally' support the Labour Party in the forthcoming elections—'while exposing Labour's policies'. Tariq Ali's *Red Mole* ('canst work in the earth so fast?') is, according to the *Guardian*, falling into the same line. This policy has been summed up by a militant as, 'We will grasp Labour's hand—the better to grasp its throat'.

Our ambidextrous political friends have obviously prepared early for their enteritis. We are no doubt going to be informed that we anarchists are 'rocking the boat' (wot boat?) and threatened

The Lesser Evil

with the return of the Tories and/or Enoch Powell to power. We are going to be reminded that when it comes to it (if it ever does), Harold Wilson's ideas are nearer to Socialism than the Tories. We are going to be threatened with conscription, thirteen years of Tory rule, unemployment, slums (we've got them already!) and fallen arches if we don't vote Labour. If all else fails and they must get our vote somehow (why don't they try buying it?), they will try the chummy philosophical approach—after all, the Labour Party is the lesser of two evils.

On such a ticket was L.B.J. elected, Stalin maintained power, Hitler got into

power, and we put up with a hell of a lot of things. It is generally thought that a government which is progressive in theory and reactionary in practice is preferable to a government which is reactionary in theory. If one 'grasps Labour's hand' one usually gets in the position of the late Dean O'Banion, a Chicago gangster of the Twenties, who grasped a customer by the hand in O'Banion's flower shop, the customer's companion grasped O'Banion's other hand and a second companion filled O'Banion full of lead. This position (horizontal) is where our quasi Trotskyist friends are apt to finish up by 'grasping Labour's hand'.

Indeed the Labour Party will be glad of their help, will welcome them (like Scalsci and Anselmi) to get in the vote and then doublecross them at the first—and last—opportunity.

At their most Machiavellian, these political simpletons believe they can control the Labour Party by 'enterism', the 'French turn' as the late lamented Trotsky described it (it sounds like a position from the *Kama Sutra*); that way what happens is that they get digested by the party machine—all their manoeuvrings, resolution-passing, control of 'key' positions is used by the Labour Party to further its own ends. Like a

drunken driver on a mad elephant who believes he is still in charge, the left-wing Labour Party worker is under a permanent illusion. At his worst when he is passing revolutionary resolutions he can be shown as an example of Labour Party democracy, at his best when he is a steady plodding party worker he is creating an institution which will destroy all he believes in.

If they elect a Labour Government again, they transform that 'lesser evil' into a good. The Labour Government is a good government because they voted for it and when they eventually have to admit that it's gone wrong all they can say is that it's better than the Tories. Meanwhile everyone thinks that it must be a good government or else it wouldn't get elected. Fifty million voters can't be wrong. Therefore some people put up with it because somebody must have wanted it and they're at least democratic.

The voting leftists think up in what ways the Tories would be worse. This takes a bit of doing but they go back to Munich, the Thirties and Tonyandy and this cheers them up for the double-crossings, the indignities and the insults of the Labour Government which they helped to elect.

They are eternal optimists. 'Make the Left Fight', 'Wilson Must Go', they chant. (Anyone who believed that Trotsky would be any better than Stalin would be an optimist—or an idiot—or maybe both!)

It was one of the beliefs of the Russian peasantry that the 'real' Tsar had been supplanted by a 'false' Tsar



who was circumventing all their wishes. If only they could find the 'real' Tsar and put him back on the throne everything would be all right. Tsar Trotsky awaits rehabilitation. Meanwhile, will the real Harold Wilson stand up?

We must abandon the 'lesser evil' idea of voting in favour of the 'greater good' idea of individual personal responsibility, initiative and direct action. The curse of the progressive movements is the between-wars pacifist, the between-property-deals-socialist and the between-elections anarchist.

JACK ROBINSON.

KANGEROO COURT AT LIVERPOOL

THE MOST SEVERE set of sentences ever imposed on militant students in a British University were dished out at Liverpool last week.

As a reprisal against the recent occupation of the administrative block for two weeks over racialism and secrecy in the University, the administration expelled one student, suspended two for one year, and suspended seven for two years.

The ten—sentenced after a week of trials before the University disciplinary board—were picked out of over 300 students who took part in the sit-in. The trials themselves dissolved the myth of the University as a liberal institution: the University employed a leading barrister to prosecute, probably at a cost of around £1,500, and cut short students' statements, refused evidence and barred certain witnesses.

The University developed the prosecution fully, often using inaccurate (and laughable) evidence. In the first trial, the University took seven hours to present its case, and then allowed the defendant one hour to present his case, plus ten minutes to sum up all the evidence. This was a Kangaroo court of the most shameful kind.

The two-week occupation was the culmination of a long campaign, the aims of which were encapsulated in four demands:

(1) The resignation, as Chancellor of the University, of Lord Salisbury, founder of the Monday Club, nationally-known racist and defender of the apartheid regimes in Rhodesia and South

Africa. He has business connections with South Africa and has said: 'There are, of course, some extremely intelligent Africans... but the great majority are still extremely primitive, and they are not yet ready for full Parliamentary democracy.'

This man, the occupation said, should not be head of a multi-racial University.

(2) The University should reveal where its investments lie. The business connections on the governing Council, and Salisbury's position, led to the suspicion that the University was involved in institutionalized support for racism via investments in companies with apartheid connections.

(3) The Vice-Chancellor to give a satisfactory answer on chemical and biological warfare contracts undertaken at Liverpool University. He denied the existence of contracts, but there is evidence in Hansard of two contracts.

(4) A public inquiry should be set up to investigate the keeping of political files.

The University probably thinks that the savage sentences will repress further activity at Liverpool. Nothing could be further from the truth. Support is coming in from factories, building sites and tenants' groups in the area. The local Trades Council is to send a deputation to the Vice-Chancellor to condemn the University's action in the strongest possible terms. Activists on the campus are planning new moves in the campaign for next term, which begins on Monday.

LIVERPOOL STUDENT.

Back to Cable Street?

PAKISTANIS IN LONDON'S East End have become alarmed at the outbreak of violence and intimidation directed against their race culminating last week in the death by stabbing of a Pakistani in the East End. The Pakistanis through their organizations, including the Pakistani Progressive Party, allege that the police and the Government are failing to give them the protection they need and are contemplating setting up vigilante and bodyguard groups to give them help. It is alleged that the attacks are the work of 'skinheads', but the police deny that the skinheads were responsible for the stabbing and the police are not in favour of the setting up of vigilante groups since the police claim that it would lead to gang warfare.

It is well known that the skinheads are 'out for trouble'. The boredom of urban life scarcely relieved by aggravations at football matches and seaside resorts

leads to them roving the streets in groups seeking for a quick thrill in a spot of bother. It is untrue to say, as one Pakistani did, that 'they are unemployed by choice'. Most skinheads appear to be employed, clean, 'respectable'-looking and show no hate for West Indians, who often go around with the gangs. (A recent killing at Brixton involved a 'skinhead'-type gang completely made up of West Indians.) Their hatred is directed to those who are 'different' or trespassing on their territory. This hatred seems to be engendered by a daily grind of dead-end jobs. It has no political overtones, unless a Hitler or Mosley arises to lead them. Enoch Powell couldn't stand them, nor they him.

Unfortunately the Pakistanis have absorbed the worst of English culture—a respect for law and order and somewhat of a belief in the promises of politicians. Many lobbyists thought that the Race Relations Act would usher in a new era of racial harmony. However the workings

of the Act are slow and highly selective with detours into questions of Scots porridge cooks. This being election year and emigrants not being a substantial voting community, there is no incentive to action on this matter—contrarywise in fact.

The Pakistani Progressive Party have received offers of help with bodyguards from the Universal Coloured People's Association but have decided to wait (wisely or unwisely) and see what will be done. They have already taken the time-honoured step of lobbying Parliament but the next move, they say, is up to the Government.

The East End has long been the haven of immigrants from the Huguenots to the Jews fleeing from Tsarist persecution and now, the Pakistanis. It has eventually absorbed them but not without conflict. In the Thirties the East End rose in demonstration against Mosley and his racist ideas. Will the Pakistanis do the same?

J.R.

THE VISION of a final judgement day on which all wrongs will be righted and all scores settled, with, in addition, the subconscious allure of ultimate relief from the strain of continued contention and struggle, has festered in mankind's mind for centuries, and now at last it is possible (and some might say highly probable) that this feverish reverie could become a reality.

Michelangelo Antonioni's new film *Zabriskie Point* ponders on, and indeed finally shows, this auto-destructive process built into the weave of civilisation at its present stage in evolution, and the final effect is simultaneously both shocking and beautiful. The fascination of violence was hinted at long before Sigmund Freud (the much maligned Marquis de Sade having given his name to a philosophy he exposed rather than advocated), and it has figured in art on countless occasions. In the cinema, Luis Bunuel's *L'Age D'Or* showed rows of buildings exploding 'sometimes on Sundays'. In 1962 Brigid Brophy finally got to grips with this flaw in mankind's makeup and her *Black Ship To Hell* closely analysed and explored this influence on civilisation and art.

Not that any of these appeals are heeded on a mass scale—man is still so vain and arrogant as to believe that he is still 'God's last word', which is

ZABRISKIE POINT

as good a reason for becoming an atheist as any I've ever heard! The agony of soul-searching that America is undergoing at this present time is essentially a middle class one, and a predominantly white one too.

Zabriskie Point is MGM's attempt to produce a property of the value of *Easy Rider*, and for me at least I find its message more meaningful and pertinent to everyday life in 1970. The story is so flimsy as to almost defy recounting—a young man on the run from a college demo that ended in a policeman being shot, takes a private airplane out in the Californian desert and there he meets a young girl who is driving to her employer's desert-mountain hideaway. Together they come to 'Zabriskie Point', a geological curiosity that is as arid as the moon, or as sterile as a post-nuclear landscape. There they make love and afterwards part—he returning

the plane and getting shot before he can get out of the cockpit, and she to her first destination, hearing the news of the young man's death on her car radio before she finally gets there. It is then that her thoughts and feelings crystallise into this vague vision of the entire swank hideaway property exploding and consuming itself with flames. All the trinkets of a materialistic consumer society are seen exploding and burning in slow motion in a storm of cosmic proportions. When her rage subsides everything is back in place undisturbed and the camera pans to rest on a burning and shimmering sunset that is both awesome and full of warning.

Is *Zabriskie Point* then a revolutionary film? The answer is both yes and no. The problems involved in making a large budget movie for a major company must restrict the director to a large degree, and judging from Antonioni's

previous output he is more classifiable as a drop-out rather than a revolutionary, and one is inclined to see the appeal that nihilism has for the young people of America today and the white middle class liberals who see the Super State they are a part of, devouring their own children.

Although it seems churlish to put down films which are even remotely saying something worthwhile, I personally cannot but help feel that the present trend in Hollywood of 'radical' youth-orientated movies is creating a series of productions in which there is really less to them than meets the eye. *Easy Rider*, *The Trip*, *Midnight Cowboy* and now *Zabriskie Point* are cries of despair and helplessness from a society that has created its own problems and misery, and now doesn't know how to extricate itself from its own dilemma. Even so, it's encouraging to know that America is beginning to show some concern with its own soul-searching. *Zabriskie Point* is showing in an uncut version in the GLC area and subject to minor cuts elsewhere—it is perhaps significant that the authorities were more concerned about eroticism rather than any subversiveness of ideas!

More on the Class Struggle

Dear Editors,

Part of the difference between Ian Sutherland and myself seems to be in definition of terms, but part is due to what seems to be inconsistencies in what he says.

He insists that I got him wrong, when I took him to interpret the 'class struggle' in the limited traditional sense, and tells Dave Cunliffe and me to stay out, 'ordinary folk don't dig us'. But one of my original points was that many 'ordinary folk' (if we include all people in a wage relationship with an employer, as he says he does) won't dig him if he uses terms like 'class struggle'. My plea is for a diversification of approach, which Ian Sutherland seems to deny at the very moment that he claims to be including all workers in his approach.

My analysis of violence being (moral questions apart) counter-revolutionary still stands. Ian Sutherland envisages the possible need for violence in overcoming *revanchist* capitalism, and simultaneously claims that he is talking of a majority revolution. But if this majority is in at least some sense an anarchist majority, then there will be virtually no people to power the *revanchism*; capitalism does not exist in a vacuum, as he well knows. Moreover, if the majority does resort to violence (I am excluding chance sporadic outbursts), it will either have never been an anarchist majority (in which case an anarchist result is hardly likely) or it will soon betray its own cause—either way, some variant of 1917 would probably result.

But how to achieve the anarchist majority? Well, Ian Sutherland is working in one way—but Dave Cunliffe, Jeff Cloves and others are working in other ways, and in passing it is worth answering a few of Ian Sutherland's other points. Jeff Cloves' article was arguably on the long side, but he was examining how one gets one's message across, and to do so it was necessary first to describe the background, it being no use just giving us his conclusions without the evidence.

Dave Cunliffe is apparently 'unreadable and a mystic'. Well, for a start, 'unreadable' is a subjective term: some readers probably find detailed accounts of union activities and arguments somewhat hard to understand, but that is no reason not to print them. But the word 'mystic' is simply being used as a smear. Most of Dave Cunliffe's articles were a detailed analysis of social realities and a theoretical for change; it is no use removing his reference to 'solitary contemplatives', etc., and then branding him a mystic: I am almost inclined to wonder whether Ian Sutherland read the articles complete. Furthermore, I would remind him that Dave Cunliffe is also engaged in militant non-violent union action in his place of work (FREEDOM, 28.6.69).

No, Ian, please be fair: you can't have it both ways. If you seriously want to reach everyone and are not just mouthing a formula, you've got to diversify. I know you'd be better on the shop floor than I would: I know that to say 'poetry' to someone who's worrying about the rent and food money seems something of an insult: but if you truly want to get the working class in the wide sense with you (as I'm sure you do), don't consign us to oblivion too hurriedly. Please.

MICHAEL SKAIFE D'INGERTHORPE.
Harrow, Middx.

G.L.

BOOK REVIEW

The Other Love

THE OTHER LOVE by H. Montgomery Hyde. Heinemann, 60s.

THERE IS A SEQUENCE in this 'historical and contemporary survey of homosexuality in Britain' which is as revolting as anything I have ever read. Six unfortunate males, having been convicted for homosexual activities, were 'also condemned to stand for one hour in the pillory in the Haymarket, opposite Panton Street. Here they were mercilessly pelted with brickbats, dead cats, rotten eggs, potatoes, mud and buckets filled with blood, offal and dung...' and later... when the cart reached Temple Bar, the wretches were so thickly covered with mud that a vestige of the human figure was barely discernible... some of them were cut in the head with brickbats and bled profusely... This was how the 'normal' citizens of nineteenth century Britain treated that minority who found their own sex more erotic and stimulating than that of the opposite sex. It was the same howling mob that finds its present day equivalent in the hangers and floggers and those persons who can truly be termed perverts who advocate castration and physical mutilation of those males convicted of homosexual contact.

It is a strange oddity of the human animal's psychology, that certain sexual taboos arouse more hatred and irrational emotion than violent outrages and it is still only a minority who despise cruelty and organised vengeance and are called cranks and fools for their pains. If it is regarded as wrong to suck a penis to orgasm, but perfectly OK to cut open and torment a living creature in a vivisector's laboratory, then a visitor from another planet might well be forgiven for wondering who the true perverts are.

Now that Science has become the new God that replaced Jehovah, a more tolerant attitude towards homosexuals exists, but there are still those who advocate shock therapy as a 'cure' and it is unfortunate that psychology had its roots in medicine, and thus created an attitude towards homosexuality of its being a 'disease'. The idea of pollution and contamination by contact persists in the minds of those who resist law reform, and many unleash their own sexual fantasies of sadism and cruelty when stating what they would do with 'queers'. We also saw recently young people whose imaginations were so starved of stimulus that they went out 'queer-bashing'. What they were trying to bash out of existence was their own homosexuality, as Sigmund Freud showed over sixty years ago, but society has still a long way to go before it can claim to have even begun to have integrated sexual minorities into its fold. Most readers of this paper one assumes to be men of the world, and common sense tells one that this myth of contamination is the biggest non-starter of them all—you can lead a horse to water, but it is very difficult to make it drink, and so with people they will always be aroused in the main by love-objects that produce an erection. Now whether this is a male or a female is neither here nor there.

The Church has always linked sexual pleasure with reproduction, which is about as logical as saying that we eat food simply to produce The Holy Shit. Wilhelm Reich showed clearly that the need for sexual release and pleasure is an almost daily urge, whereas there really is no need to reproduce—it is incidental. One could almost claim that homosexuals nowadays are performing a

valuable service to society in helping keep down the population of the world which, but for the hydrogen bomb (and that may yet come), would otherwise have been kept in check by sporadic wars and famines (which will also yet come).

The courage and bravery of Sigmund Freud who stumbled on dark regions of the mind that must have shocked him at the time, is often forgotten in these heady permissive times, and it was the cruelty and barbarism that resulted from the repression of the homosexual impulse that horrified his bourgeois but brave mind still more.

Since then other pioneers in the field of sexual education and psychology have increased public tolerance towards the sexual 'deviant', but it wasn't until 1962 with the publication of Brigid Brophy's remarkable *Black Ship To Hell* that the link between repressed homosexuality and barbarism was firmly and rationally established. In our own time, the pioneering work of the Albany Trust (which to their shame many a homosexual was too timid to support) has at least brought about legislative changes that prevent people being dragged through the courts and having their sexual habits described in detail for the heterosexual majority to enjoy reading about in their Sunday papers. Now, too, committees for homosexual equality are springing up to promote a more militant integration, for, like other minorities who are in a hostile environment the homosexual has a perfect right to his liberty and to pursue happiness in his or her own fashion.

The hatred and contempt against homosexuals in general has always been less severe towards women, but this is

Aberdeen Labour Party Climbs Down

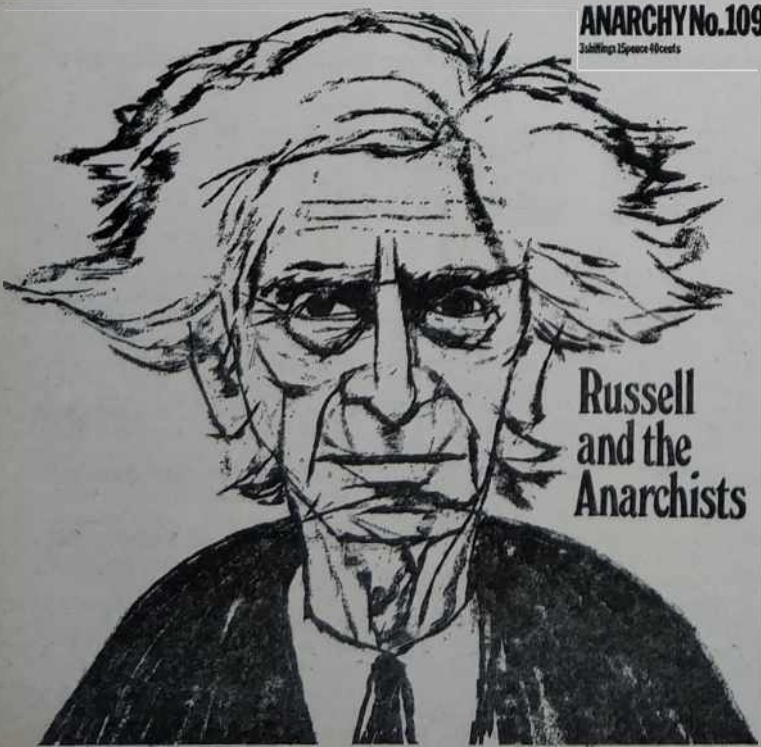
ABERDEEN ANARCHISTS recently reported in FREEDOM that Aberdeen's Labour Council intends to increase Council rents by 5/- a week, operative from July 28. As we said in our original article, hints of this move were given by City Treasurer James Lamond at the March AGM of Aberdeen City Labour Party.

At that meeting, it was clearly stated that no revision of the rebate scheme was intended—the old, the sick and the unemployed could either stump up the 5/-, or crawl to the Ministry of Social Insecurity. As part of our campaign to force the Labour Council to grant a house to a 72-year-old man living in a rotting slum, we warned Labour Councilors that we intended to pass on the 'confidential' rents story to the local Tory Press.

A report on the 'possibility' of a rents increase (we would maintain that decision has already been taken) appeared in the *Press and Journal* last week. Lo and behold! Treasurer Lamond now promises that those unable to pay and on rebates will be 'looked after'. Scared of what we might do, Comrade Treasurer?

We may not be able to stop the increases, but we have, we suspect, saved some unemployed man or OAP, the sum of 5/-. And that, in its own small way, is a victory.

JIM SPRIGGS.



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Subscriptions 12pence 40cents

Russell and the Anarchists



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

ANARCHIST FEDERATION of BRITAIN

The AFB information office will produce an internal bulletin. Comrades interested in its production are to meet in Birmingham on the first Sunday of each month. All groups will be informed in detail. Address all letters to:

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

Groups should send latest addresses to Birmingham. New inquirers should

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

AFB REGIONAL GROUPS

There are now anarchist groups in almost every part of the country. To find your nearest group write to:

North West Federation: Secretary, Tom Howard, 163 Ryelands Road, Lancaster.

Cornwall: A. Jacobs, 13 Ledrah Road, St. Austell. (M. Ma. B.)

Essex & E. Herts.: P. Nowell, 'Aegean', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester. (QM, FL.)

Surry: G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom.

Sussex: E. Poole, 5 Tilsbury, Findon Road, Whitehawk, Brighton.

Yorkshire: Martin Watkins, 3 Marlborough Grove, Leeds, 2.

Scotland: B. Lynn, 12 Ross Street, Glasgow.

Wales: c/o P. L. Mare (address above).

N. Ireland: c/o Freedom Press.

S. Ireland: c/o P. L. Mare (address above).

University and Student Groups: c/o P. L. Mare. (Abbreviations: M—meeting; Ma—magazine; B—badges; Q—Quarterly; FL—free leaflets)

Support our Comrades in Franco's Jails

THE STRUGGLE between the political prisoners and the Director General of Prisons goes on, despite the unequal nature of the contest. One is well aware that one is hitting one's head against a brick wall for much of the time, but what else is there to do? Can we resign ourselves to facts as they are?

All the actions carried out by the political prisoners have been caused by the fact that the Director General of Prisons will not apply conditional liberty. He is afraid that it will be dangerous for the regime.

The Directorate General has scored a great 'victory' in putting down the hunger strikes. These gentlemen held a meeting in the Ministry of Justice to congratulate themselves on it. The Inspector General, the famous Fernando

Arnao Garcia, better known amongst his colleagues as 'the Mule', and the sinister secretary to the Director General, Barrara, were awarded the Gold Medal of the Penitentiary Service for their 'success' in repressing the wave of hunger strikes.

Having taken part in these actions and lived through all the protests of the political prisoners, we find ourselves, now we are at liberty, more than ever obliged to press for moral and material aid to those in Franco's cells. We call for a pressure action that will oblige the Directorate General of Prisons to grant conditional liberty.

Now we must add that another group of seven comrades have been tried in Valencia under the law against 'brigandry and terrorism' which had been super-

seded by the creation of the Tribunal of Public Order. These comrades have received sentences varying between 20, 18 and 6 years. The Captain General of the region, apparently in disagreement with this, has sent the case to the Supreme Court for confirmation. Here again some form of pressure action is essential.

This shows that the only thing that can do anything positive is to do 'something' that will take international opinion into consideration. Especially now that the regime is anxious to gain prestige in the rest of the world and 'confidence' in it can be embarrassed. For this reason we who struggle in Spain ask you to support the activities of the prisoners and those who struggle against the Franco regime. This col-

laboration should be both for the aid of prisoners and for economic support for activities against the regime.

Fraternally,

A GROUP OF EX-PRISONERS.

BLACK CROSS FOOTNOTE: From this letter it is obvious that the prisoners do not live by bread alone, in fact this is the point stressed throughout the letter. We do not live by bread alone! Think!—if the sanctions imposed on the political prisoners were lifted, then two-thirds would be set free automatically. I ask you, if a prisoner, whose situation is uncertain, is so decided that action is the only way, then how can we, who are free, stand back with our arms crossed and do nothing.

The New Terrorism

ON THE FIRST DAY of March, in the dark and desperate hours before the dawn, several small groups of Anarchists destroyed or damaged large quantities of Military conscription documents at the Minnesota central office of the 'Selective Service System' and at local draft offices in metropolitan Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Col. Robert P. Knight, director of Military conscription in Minnesota, on behalf of the partisans of the Right, announced to television, radio, and newspaper journalists that 'March draft notices already have been sent. But it will be difficult to carry out inductions after March'.

In three separate offices . . . the state headquarters, the Ramsey County office and the Hennepin County office . . . file records and draft registration cards were ripped, thrown, scattered and ceremoniously placed in massive piles more than five feet deep.

Essential office equipment was destroyed, and black paint (from aerosol cans) was sprayed on important documents.

The word 'Anarchy' was written on the walls of all three offices . . . hugely, with ceremonial decoration.

In the Hennepin County conscription centre, draft records were hauled out of open file cabinets and scattered in three office rooms and the boiler room. Most of the Hennepin County records were taken to an incinerator and burned. All file cabinets were damaged. Water from the boiler room was turned on (by smashing the appropriate valves and connections), heavily damaging the remaining documents. Water from a drinking-fountain (ripped from its pipe . . . with great effort, broken) was also used to soak and mutilate the conscription documents.

In the Hennepin County conscription centre, the word 'Anarchy' was written twice in black lacquer on an American national flag.

The state headquarters was entered, despite well-armed guards surrounding it (in the Customhouse Building in St. Paul). Wesley A. Anderson, director of the FBI in St. Paul, said: 'I don't know how they got in'.

Maj. John Abrahamson, deputy director of Military conscription in Minnesota, on behalf of the partisans of the Right, announced to the capitalist press that 'those who broke into the Hennepin County office knew what they were doing. They went for the I-A files and for the registration cards'.

In the state headquarters, another official (Maj. Lloyd Owen) proclaimed lyrically to the yellow press that 'unfortunately, I'd say it was beautiful. I'd say it was beautifully planned . . . unfortunately. We think that more than one person was involved'. Owen estimated

the damage at 'more than \$500,000'. In these three separate offices . . . the state headquarters, the Ramsey County office and the Hennepin County office . . . the raids occurred at exactly the same time. Action was co-ordinated.

In the state headquarters, 35 typewriters were heavily damaged by bending the keys and then spraying the mechanism with black lacquer. Similar treatment was given to ten adding-machines and six calculators and a \$10,000 photocopying machine.

Black lacquer was also sprayed on register books and card files to obliterate the names and addresses of registrants. Many pages in the books were torn out and ripped to bits.*

All I-A and I-A delinquent draft files, along with ledger books and cross-references, were destroyed in Local Boards 27 through 48 in Hennepin County and Local Boards 87 to 98 in Ramsey County. All resisters and delinquents have been rescued from prosecution and probably prison. Any possible conscription to the Military from these local boards has been stopped for at least two years.

To this day: the criminal Anarchists have not been caught. They plan to continue their terrorist activities. They will be victorious.

"ALEX LEVASHOV".

*This is the new terrorism: not aimless and vicious attacks against innocent people, but specific and thorough and concrete actions against Statist property.

LETTER

Who needs a Trip?

Comrades,

In reply to Reg B's letter last week, 'Who needs a trip?' I suggest that quite clearly Reg does—but not acid—action.

The Cohn-Bendit quote about the revolution being born of joy not sacrifice sounds nice, but how much is it an excuse for a cop out? The revolution must be fun but flower power or acid or ego trips won't stop a tank. We must avoid the trap of hedonism just as we must shun the theoretical and stultifying boredom of the political grey men. What Reg says about the left in London and their arsing around over Ireland is quite true, just as his acknowledgement of the help afforded us by our few real friends (Reg included) must be made. But because one is hung up or pissed off in London is no excuse for feeling sorry for oneself. Let Reg's trip be to Ireland—where he's always welcome. Who knows, maybe he'll find that CS is a real trip—and we do have fun as well as action.

10.4.70

JOHN BELFAST.



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An Obituary

THE BLACK KNIGHT Anarchist Group wishes to announce the sudden passing away of the Bread and Circus Party. Ever since this strangely-named organisation and others like the All-Night Party appeared in Haringey purporting to be contesting three seats for the GLC elections, usually well-informed sources, observers and pundits have puzzled as to its parentage and purpose. It can now be confidently announced that the whole idea was a filthy anarchist plot by the above-mentioned group to disrupt the democratic process.

Originally we intended to put a hamster up as a candidate, but we decided to disrupt the election 'officially' by putting as many candidates up as possible and also by getting as much publicity as possible for libertarian ideas. Our aim obviously was to show the farcical nature of the political system and also to enjoy playing games with the bureaucrats, local papers and national press. Our 'political programme' below was a random mixture of ideas, some basically revolutionary and some farcical, thought up at one of our meetings.

HELP MUTATE THE GLC

Elastic Political Dog invites you to a great election happening with the rough and tumble, thrills and spills, sound of the greasepaint and smell of the politicians (undiluted).

SEE ELASTIC DOG DEFY BULDGE THE INCREDIBLE HAMSTER (BY COURTESY OF THE WEST MIDLAND GAS BOARD FORMATION DANCING TEAM).

Those expected not to be present are:—

- Zorro
- Archbishop Makarios
- Suzy Creamcheese
- John Wayne
- The Pied Piper
- Princess Anne
- The (present) Man in the Moon
- Christiaan Barnard (or parts thereof)
- Muffin the Mule
- ad nauseam.

POLITICAL BEDSTEAD OF THE BREAD AND CIRCUS PARTY

- 1 Abolition of the use of money in London.
- 2 House the homeless in County Hall, Buckingham Palace, Centre Point and Haringey Civic Centre.

- 3 Abolish licensing hours.
- 4 Arm policemen with lollipops, street maps, contraceptives and chicken legs.
- 5 Close Heathrow Airport in the interests of Foulness.
- 6 Abolish all traffic in Central London except public transport and bicycles.
- 7 Ban light tan boot polish under the Dangerous Drugs Act.
- 8 Turn the Stock Exchange into a theatre for people who like dressing up in bowler hats.
- 9 Turn Alexandra Palace into a hostel for mentally-distressed traffic wardens.
- 10 Paint all public conveniences, lamp-posts, electricity meters, etc., pink, white, orange or yellow.

Our public meetings, which did actually attract some straight members of the public, included candidates throwing ping-pong balls at the audience and all the candidates speaking at the same time. We also divided the audience into 'Left' and 'Right' and told them when to clap or boo, heckle or throw money. We formed an embryo government and passed the 'Laundry Bill' to alleviate the sad plight of laundrette-owners.

We played the whole politics game very much in the Provo/Yippee way, knowing that the press would immediately leap about, sticking flashbulbs up our nostrils and demanding to know who we were and what we stood for. Although they tried to contain us with trendy/liberal clichés, we put forward revolutionary ideas (by Harpo Marx out of Malatesta) which they had to print to get across why we were standing. We were attacked in the local paper as 'cranks', 'exotic characters' and (even better) as 'contemners of democracy', but gained a fair amount of local support and interest. As well as becoming a focal point for local dissidents of various political hues, we also gained a few insights into how the system locally is run (or crippled).

P.S.—Students of elections might be interested to note that our six candidates (for three vacancies) got 959 votes in a 33% poll. We also of course claim the spoilt ballot papers, the unregistered and the other 67% of the electorate.

STEVE KIBBLE.

Black Knight Anarchist Group,
Hornsey,
65 Cecile Park, N.8

A Poor Man's Guide to the General Election

Conservative: A Tory hates all trade unionists, students, strikers, long haired men, short haired men, coloured immigrants, people with foreign sounding names, demonstrators, pacifists, unmarried mothers, drug takers, homeless families, artists, socialists, poets, communists, pop musicians, anarchists, in fact anyone who isn't a Tory. A Tory loves his country while hating 90% of the people who live in it!

Labour: A Socialist loves workers and shows it by taxing them, loves peace but supplies Nigeria with arms, sings the praises of the brotherhood of man while

trading with South Africa, and kisses babies in England while gassing them in Ulster. A Socialist wants to remove the capitalists who exploit the workers for profit. He will replace this with state capitalism. He will also exploit the workers—but by act of Parliament.

Liberal: A Liberal will help the starving millions, coloured immigrants and the homeless by sending off a cheque every week. To say the least he is confused. While calling for decentralisation he extols the virtues of world government. A Liberal will go half way with anybody. His main election fear is that

he will win.

Communist: A Red is a bit of each. He will co-operate with anybody until the battle is won. Then he will shoot them. He condemns the Americans for their war in Vietnam—he condemns them all the way to Prague. The biggest threat to a communist is a communist.

All four hate anarchists. Anarchists write rude words across their ballot papers. That is naughty because it is against the rules of the game.

Love,

LARRY.



Any book not in stock, but in print can be promptly supplied. Book Tokens accepted. Please add postage & cash with order helps.

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We have a large stock of second-hand books. Please let us know what you want. This week's selection.

- The Machinery of the Mind Violet M. Firth 4/-
- In the Eyes of the Law C. Evelyn Miles & Dorothy K. Dix 4/-
- Psycho-Analysis: a Brief Account of the Freudian Theory Barbara Low 4/-
- Suggestion and Mental Analysis William Brown 5/-
- This Have and Have-Not Business (1936) Norman Angell 5/-
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- The Case for Action Innes H. Pearse & G. Scott Williamson 6/-
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- The Structure of Morale J. T. MacCurdy 6/-
- The English People D. W. Brogan 3/-
- Morality Fair: Vagaries of Social Conduct (1955) Geoffrey Williamson 6/-
- Honest Doubt Ernest J. P. Benn 6/-
- The Bankruptcy of Marriage V. F. Calverton 6/-
- The Frightened Giant Cedric Belfrage 6/-
- Pain: Its Meaning and Significance Ferdinand Sauerbruch & Hans Wenke 7/6
- You and Your Brain Judith Groch 10/-
- The Right to Heresy Stefan Zweig 8/6
- The Human Brain Isaac Asimov 7/6
- This Shining Woman: Mary Wollstonecraft George R. Preedy 10/-

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Are Children People?

WHEN I WAS younger I remember reserving some of my strongest feelings of contempt for that depressingly familiar character, the former revolutionary whom greater age and experience have shown the 'immature error of his ways'. Every reader of this paper will have been enraged by him in one form or another. He is the one who meets every proposition which hints at idealism with such responses as: 'I used to think like that when I was your age', or 'When you have a family to support you see things in a different light', or 'Life will soon cure you of those ideas', and so, dearly, on.

Projecting myself impossibly into the future I couldn't conceive of ever ending up like these smug, comfortable sell-outs and the implication in their fat statements that the whole human race was just like them, was probably, I realise now, the chief element in my scorn. I could quote them plenty of examples of men and women who had got older without their ideals ever having diminished. How could they have the cheek to pretend a patronising superiority over such people? Why couldn't they at least be honest enough

to admit their own feebleness or laziness rather than try to smear the ideals of more steadfast types?

This is the key to my present attitude towards 'backsliders', including myself. I still think that most of such persons' claims to a maturer appreciation of things are pathetic self-deception. For 'mature' one can safely substitute 'old', 'lazy', 'dispirited', etc. Nevertheless, I have less contempt now for the various pressures which make many people hide behind these self-defensive blinds and prominent among these pressures I would place children.

I've been reading anarchist literature regularly for about 14 years and yet I can't remember any account of an anarchist family or anything to give any idea of how an anarchist parent goes about bringing up his kids. And by that I'm not moaning the too obvious snide 'paradox' which suggests that the anarchist parent must brainwash his offspring along the road to libertarianism. I mean simply that I'd like to know how the average anarchist gets on with his kids.

Having written that, I anticipate at least one automatic response from the dogma machines. If you profess to be

an anarchist (it goes), why should you expect there to be any essential difference in your dealings with children and adults? Both are human beings and therefore entitled to be treated with respect, as equals, without condescension, etc. Now that's quite a satisfactory reply to give to, say, a headmaster who insists on all his pupils wearing uniform or to a father who won't let his son grow long hair but, applied in universal fashion, it has the absurdity of all theory. To give a few petty examples: I've had to drag my three-year-old kid forcibly away from picking up dog shit or from walking into the sea fully clothed or from hanging out of a top-floor window. The only claim to strict anarchist behaviour I can make is that on each occasion I did try persuasion and logic first. I can't accept that it would have been a sensible alternative to let her do what she wanted. Any parent, anarchist or otherwise, could supply a thousand trivial examples of the same sort. The disquieting thing is that one's behaviour as a parent seems to have nothing to do with social or political opinions. At times they seem to have as little relevance as there would be in quoting Kropotkin at a thunderstorm which had prevented one's going for a walk. A Socialist, Communist, Tory or Fascist father would not let his three-year-old daughter run freely across Oxford Street in the rush hour and neither would I. Perhaps the only difference would be that they might enjoy saying no.

It might be objected that the examples I've given are of the 'crisis' type, akin to the 'Would you use violence if your mother were threatened with rape and disembowelling by 100 crazed Nazi troops?' sort of thing that they used to ask pacifist conscientious objectors. The difference is that situations every bit as baffling as those hypothetical fantasies actually do occur in one's everyday dealings with kids.

For example, reading is one of my main occupations but my daughter would qualify for membership of the Fahrenheit 451 firemen since she prefers tearing my books to shreds (her own are more strongly made). I've explained that that isn't what they're for but why should she accept my theoretical word for it when she knows by practice that breaking books is fun? I can accept that, but why should I submit to her infant's version of the Inquisition? I roar and shout and slap. I'm a lot bigger than she is, so I win. Wouldn't it be better, says my rapidly weakening anarchist conscience, to surrender the books rather than act the authoritarian? It might be, but on the other hand I might simply be nurturing a future compulsive book censor and, anyway, there are more immediate consequences: if she can destroy my

books why can't she destroy other people's things?

I've tried not saying a direct 'No' to anything for the length of a day and the result was no more satisfactory for her or me: I felt like a dehumanised zombie and, paradoxically, nine 'Yeses' and one 'No' usually provoke a far more violent rebellion than one 'Yes' and nine 'Noes'. One realises that young kids see no necessity to act pleasantly when they feel awful. Agreeing to their unreasonable demands is just to be insensitive or phoney.

And then there is the question of play. There are some people who just love kids full-stop and could spend all their time entertaining them. There are others who like kids but have to know that a time will come when they'll be someone else's responsibility: this is the secret of a large number of child-lovers found among such groups as schoolteachers, grandmothers, play leaders, mothers-in-law, childless couples, etc. For most of us Granny was a beloved figure of our childhood: indulgent, untiring, always cheerful and lenient. Yet, if you consult your mother you'll probably find that Granny, in her day, was just as strict as she. The difference is that now, like visitors, her subconscious knows that, however awful the brats are, come a certain hour and she'll be rid of them. For the same reason schoolteachers are often far less irritable with the 30 kids they have to look after at school than with their own one or two at home. And for the same reason, in countries like Spain, where the family is still a strong institution, children are generally treated better since the responsibility for looking after them is divided among the various aunts, uncles and grannies.

I can't help feeling I would make a good anarchist grandfather, just as I am always a good anarchist visitor to friends who have children. Unfortunately it seems that with my temperament I must first pass through the Fascist father stage.

When I read back over what I've written, the whole thing appears tediously trivial with little relevance to anarchism. And yet, grandiose as it may sound, my little minicomune is continually suggesting to my conscience unwelcome parallels with the State. What am I, after all, but a benevolent dictator (arguably the worst kind)? My régime is based ultimately on violence, initially sometimes, too, and although my theoretical conscience approves of rebellion, my natural response to it is a sharp cuff. In fact, when my three-year-old daughter tells me at 9.30 p.m. that she won't go to bed, the righteous wrath of the oppressed wells up in my breast.

I can only hope that, unlike the Marxist state, I will eventually wither away.

TRISTAN.

AN ANARCHIST'S MEMOIRS

ANARCHIST OCH AGITATOR, by C. J. Björklund. Stockholm: Tiden, 1969, 217 pages, 40 crown.

A MUCH-RESPECTED FIGURE of the Swedish anarchist movement, Carl Johan Björklund, has, at the age of 85, published the first part of his autobiography, entitled *Anarchist and Agitator*. However, Björklund has been much more than an agitator, he has been an excellent teacher as well. As an agitator he was, and still is, eloquent and logical, with a unique ability to captivate his audience. As an educator he has been instructive and inspiring. The anarchist and the syndicalist movements in the Scandinavian countries are greatly indebted to Björklund.

Björklund is the author of approximately thirty books, including biographical portraits of the pioneers of the international anarchist movements: Bakunin, Proudhon, Most, Landauer, etc. He has also written controversial treatises about Sacco-Vanzetti, Mooney-Billings, and other victims of the class struggle. As a sociologist he has contributed several books, about various aspects of social life. In his book *The Fight About the Film*, he reveals considerable knowledge about the film. He has also received quite some consideration as a pioneer in the field of film-sociology. Among his books I would mention *Fearless Knights of the Pen*, in which he has made an excellent and thorough analytical study of the radical creative writers of Sweden. His finest work is undoubtedly *The Ethic of Solidarity*, which is a profound discussion of the anarchist moral philosophy. A worthy complement to Kropotkin's study of ethics.

Carl Johan Björklund was born in the old university town, Upsala in 1884, and there he spent his childhood and his early youth. In spite of the fact that he was born in a university town, this coincidence had nothing to do with his education. Like Maxim Gorky he acquired his education through traversing the European Continent, working as a skilled artisan. Ever since he was able to read he was possessed by a passion and a thirst for knowledge. He was equally eager to engage in all kinds of activities. Before the age of puberty he became a salvationist and struggled heroically against the power of the Devil. It was probably in the Salvation Army that he became aware of his exceptional oratorical ability. However, like Barbara in Bernard Shaw's play, he discovered that the officers profited by utilizing the young blue-eyed idealists to run their dubious errands. This experience stimulated his already growing scepticism and turned him into an atheist.

At the age of seventeen Björklund left his native town and first traversed the country. After having roamed around for some time he settled down in the southern part of Sweden. He obtained a job in his trade in the historical town, Calmar. There he came in contact with the Labour movement and participated actively in the struggle to improve the conditions of the working class. He

studied diligently everything connected with socialism and anarchism and became one of the most outstanding champions of anarchism in Sweden. In Sweden at that time the radical youth waged a bitter struggle against war and militarism. An intimate friend of Björklund, Rickard Almskoug, was arrested for refusing military service. Almskoug was sentenced to jail. He died in jail in suspicious circumstances. At the funeral Björklund delivered a rancorous speech, accusing the prison authorities of murder. The authorities answered the challenge with a four months' jail sentence.

Björklund's international contacts began in Germany where he stayed as a fugitive from justice. In Berlin he became acquainted with Rudolf Rocker, Max Nettlau, Gustav Landauer, Fritz Kater and many other prominent members of the anarchist movement in Germany. But he had to earn his living as a tile maker, and was therefore compelled to separate from his friends in Berlin in order to find employment. He applied for a position in Austria and was accepted. In Austria he encountered the internationally-known anarchist writer, Pierre Ramus. He also met Augustin Souchy, with whom he still has contact. During the war between Austria and Serbia the authorities arrested every suspicious character. As an active opponent against war and militarism, authorities in Vienna focused their attention on Björklund. He was arrested on October 22, 1914 and charged with high treason. He was allowed to contact the Swedish Ambassador, Beck-Friis, who, after many attempts, secured his release and deportation to Sweden.

Having returned to Sweden he once again was in the midst of the struggle. He lectured and agitated everywhere in the Scandinavian countries. But the Swedish authorities were not idle either, at every meeting he spoke at the hall was surrounded by a large police squad. After having played hide and seek with the cops for a while he was finally caught and arrested. In jail he found out that the treatment of political prisoners in Sweden was even worse than in Germany and Austria. A well-known member of the Swedish parliament, Fabian Mansson, exposed the prison authorities in Parliament for their infamous treatment of C. J. Björklund. A prison reform programme was the result.

Björklund had planned to go to Russia in order to get in personal contact with the hero of his youth and his much-admired teacher, Peter Kropotkin. He received a permit to visit Kropotkin and in December 1918 he boarded the train from Moscow to Dmitrov, where the 76-year-old anarchist and scientist resided. The last chapter of Björklund's memoirs is entirely dedicated to the visit and the conversation with Kropotkin. After having read the first part of Björklund's memoirs, one anticipates with great expectation the following parts. Björklund has an almost bottomless well to draw from.

E. LINDBERG.

THE NEW HOLY WAR

ARTISTS—I USE the word to cover writer, painter, film-maker, etc.—are often attacked for their lack of involvement in politics, politics usually of the left. This is irritating enough, although predictable in the usual run of left-wing press, but even more irritable, and depressing when it occurs in the anarchist press, examples of which crop up now and then in both *FREEDOM* and *Anarchy*. To me—and surely to anyone who chooses to call himself an anarchist—the individual conscience is of far greater value than the collective conscience. After all, it is the Catholic and Marxist churches that exhort us to flush our conscience down the shit-house pan for the greater 'ideal'. Man is the means, the end is myth.

I write firstly as a man, secondly as a writer and thirdly as an anarchist. The problem lies, or seems to, with those who regard themselves as anarchists first and foremost and men second, and it is these people—unfrocked Marxists?—I suspect who clamour for the artist to get his hands soiled in front-line action.

So—First: I am against a critique of art based solely on political conviction, as I am opposed to one based purely on aesthetic grounds. Both approaches are disastrous.

Secondly: The current cry for a fusion of art and politics, amounting almost to a new holy war, has led to turgid, uninspired crap with a fair sprinkling of smug self-righteousness. This is not to say that it cannot be done—in prose, Shaw, Brecht and Orwell have proved otherwise, but—

Thirdly: How successful have been their political intentions? Shaw lectured to a pretty rarified group, but what of

Brecht, whose ambitions were greater, and whatever happened to Arnold Wesker?

Still, I'm not concerned with whether political art is a good tactical weapon or merely a sheer waste of time. But I am concerned about the idiot who rushes up to me, at my typewriter, and with loaded gun demands: And which side are you on, little comrade? If I don't shit myself with fright and can muster the courage, my answer will be: Man. But what will his be?

PETER GRAFTON.

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Drug Dependents' Care Group Meeting on Thursday, April 23, at 6 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1, at 7.30 p.m. Short, formal meeting, followed by informal discussion and refreshments.

Anniversary Luncheon and Lecture.—Saturday noon, May 2, 1970. Richard Drinnon, author of *Rebel in Paradise*, is pleased to address us on 'Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman and The Dream We Hark Back To'. Paul Avrich, author of *The Russian Anarchist*, consented to be chairman. At Tip Toe Inn, Broadway & 74th Street, N.Y.C., upper hall. Roast Chicken Luncheon served 1 p.m. sharp. Price \$5.00 to Sarah Taback, Libertarian Book Club, Box 842 General Post Office, New York 1, N.Y.

'Bit' publication. 'Arts Lab News Letter' 3/- including postage. Articles by Miles, Allen Ginsberg and interview with Robin Farquharson. List of crash pads outside London and progressive schools. Obtainable at Bit, 141 Westbourne Park Road, W.11. Also obtainable: *Communes* (journal of Commune movement), 3/6.

Scottish Anarchists Meeting on Anti-Election Tactics at Mike Malet's, 138 Gt. Northern Road, Aberdeen. May 2 and 3. Write for details.

'The Fighting Mouse'. Projected Scottish anarchist magazine. Writers, sellers, and finance wanted. Contact Ian S. Sutherland, 8 Esslemont Avenue, Aberdeen, AB2 4SL.

Libertas Christi. West London Christians interested in discussing the theory and practical implications of Christian Freedom write: Francis Simons, Flat 1, 86 Hereford Road, London, W.2.

Ethical Society Meetings, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1 (admission free):

'New Frontiers in the Mind of Lewis Mumford', Peter Cadogan, B.A. Sunday, April 26 at 11 a.m. 'Peaceniks or Freedom Fighters', Roger Moody and others. Sunday, April 26 at 3 p.m.

A Reply to R. S. Peters.—A libertarian slam on this guru of the training colleges will soon be ready. Possible title: 'Clay, Plants, Rats or Persons?' Any trainee teachers please contact Keith Paton, 21 Victoria Street, Basford, Stoke on Trent, if you want a copy or think you may be willing to push it in your situation, please.

Former Fulham Anarchist Group Members and others will be welcome at Freedom Hall on Wednesdays, 8 p.m. onwards—coffee and discussion—from April 8.

Makhno & Durruti Pamphlet, 9d. Order copies, sale or return, from Freedom Press.

Manchester Anti-Election Campaign. Bill West, 16 Northern Grove, West Didsbury, Manchester 20. Meetings every Wednesday.

Tory Five Point Fascism Electioneering. We must start our work now—preparation for printed leaflets and posters for a nationwide factory gate campaign—money and ideas needed—Interested? Contact L.S.F., c/o Keith Nathan, Vanbrugh College, Heslington, York.

York Group Need Speakers. Expenses and accommodation arranged. Write R. Atkins, Vanbrugh College, Heslington, York.

Every Tuesday Evening at Freedom Hall. Informal discussion/entertainment/chess evenings. Small musical instruments and pocket chess sets welcomed. Refreshments. From 7 p.m. admission 2/-. Proceeds to Press Fund. All Welcome.

Urgent. Help fold and dispatch FREEDOM every Thursday from 4 p.m. onwards. Tea served.

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Schools Anarchist Group in Gloucestershire? Contact Kate & Joe, 3 Withy Lea, Leonard Stanly, nr. Stonehouse, GL10 3NS, Glos.