

# APATHY IS NOT ENOUGH

ONCE UPON A TIME I was rash enough to say that I looked forward to the election. I was reproached for this by a comrade who almost accused me of being a parliamentarian. At the risk of being accused again we may assert that the election is ahead of us.

In a morbid kind of way it is a spectacle, a sporting event and above all a game of chance. It comes up with some intriguing characters—in both senses of the word!—and some lively dialogue. It gives the children a day off from school and all the politicians a chance to play their particular role.

There is always speculation on what is the leading charade they are going to act out. Is it to be law and order?—cops and robbers—but nobody wants to play robbers. How about the permissive society?—saints versus sinners—everybody has polished up their haloes for this one—and there's no taker for the 'sinner' part. What about Vietnam?—all right, Cambodia—but who the hell cares? The Common Market—who wants to know? What about a last-minute scare issue—Red gold; conscription; nationalization of post office savings; 'Whose finger on the trigger?'; Gestapo—just a minute, somebody came in with something—foetuses (get it?)—abortion—sex-permissive society. But who's against sex?

We all know by now it is a gigantic hoax, a three-card trick, with all the cards looking alike but it is an occa-

sion to register protest. President Nixon spoke proudly of his silent majority, but, as the Quaker once queried, 'art thou silent from in-

terior fullness or interior emptiness?' Many people are, alas, silent from interior emptiness but the silence of the committed anarchists must speak

more loudly than the babble of political speeches.

Many people do not vote, the numbers increase election by election, but this is indifference or cynicism doubtless fostered by the clownish activities of the politicians and the downright swindling which takes place after the poll is over. Indifference and cynicism are something but they are not enough, they can be the seed-bed upon which superstition, totalitarianism, racialism, and mindless violence thrive. Anarchists are not indifferent, they care what happens in the world around them. Even if only on the individualist grounds that what happens in the world affects them since 'no man is an island'. Anarchists are not cynics. A definition of a cynic is that he knows the price of everything—and the value of

nothing. Anarchists have their values, values which see no fulfilment in the specious promises of politicians or the claptrap of the hustings. It is because we have values that we reject the shoddy substitute of placing a cross against somebody's name every five years.

When anarchists decide for something they give themselves not just a vote. Voting, as Thoreau said, is just a hope or wish that something will happen. It is just an indication that we would like things to be as indicated on the party manifestos. There is no need for us to do more about it.

There is a myth that the democratic process requires of us, tolerance for those views we disagree with. There are certain views we have no right to tolerate. 'Tolerance' in a strictly engineering sense is the amount of pressure material will stand before it snaps. Some of us have stood enough already. The democratic myth invariably separates belief from action, this comes easy to two-faced public personalities who have all their lives separated their beliefs from their actions. We cannot tolerate a sporting event where a participant believes in the basic inequality of races; we cannot tolerate a Foreign Minister who has the voice of a ventriloquist's dummy; we cannot tolerate universities where the students are mere career-fodder; we cannot tolerate empty houses whilst there are homeless; we cannot tolerate unions which are another arm of the ruling class.

A truly 'tolerant' anarchist is a parliamentary candidate, a truly 'tolerant' pacifist is a soldier in Cambodia, a truly 'tolerant' socialist is in the present government.

Apathy is not enough. Anarchists vote with their feet and by the organizations and projects they set up as a substitute for parliamentary tomfoolery.

JACK ROBINSON.



## PEOPLE LIVING IN GLASS HOUSES

EVEN IF THE PILKINGTON strikers resume work this week, following last weekend's ballot which showed a small majority for a return on a 66% turn-out, there still remains the job of how to get rid of the Union of General & Municipal Workers. Almost all St. Helens is agreed that they'd have been better off carrying a bed bug than a union card in their current dispute.

The Municipal Workers' Union has really come unstuck this time, and its handling of this dispute could well create trouble elsewhere for the union, which must be about the world's worst.

This is important for the anarchists, for though there are other unions whose performance has been disappointing, the Municipal Workers' Union takes the deadleg's prize, not only for its barefaced disregard for the wishes of its own members, but also because of the part its leaders are playing as a kind of gaffers' fifth column within the working class movement.

It is worth noting that since the Manchester anarchists helped shut down this union at Dunlops, Rochdale, the workers have never looked back (see 'Dunlop Deceivers Defeated', 8.11.69).

Last week, several other interested parties started smelling round, as the State stepped in with an inquiry, and the TUC has just jumped in to tackle the trade union aspects of the dispute. The car industry has already suffered a serious setback because of the Pilkington strike, and the building trade could come a cropper if it goes on much longer.

### TOP-LEVEL COLLABORATION

The firm, itself, has been lashing out like somebody not right, as bribes have been followed by threats. Having failed to tempt back enough scabs to break the strike, they, last week, threatened mass redundancies if there was no immediate return to work.

Workers were also told of an agreement with the Municipal Workers' Union which has it that on leaving the union a worker automatically ends his employment at the firm.

If Pilkis would pay a rise of £3-a-week on the basic rate, it would be enough to end the strike, at least until something better could be fixed up later. All the firm has so far offered is a £3 bonus, which, because of overtime, comes to

about £2 less in the workers' weekly wage packet.

The bonus scheme itself, based as it is more on pot luck than fair reward, has been a main cause of complaint among Pilkington workers. It was a wage office mix-up over the bonuses which first started the strike six weeks ago.

Indeed, had the firm planned to prolong the strike, costing them £1 million a week, they could not have done a better job. Just as, if the aim of the union leaders had been to destroy the union in St. Helens, they could not have devised a more successful way to bring this about than in their management of this dispute.

Between them, the firm, offering bribes and threats and organising the scabs, and the union, spreading lies about troublemakers, etc., they have succeeded in spinning out the strike, longer than even the most determined militant could have hoped to achieve without their help.

Top-level collaboration between these two has done more to make St. Helens militant than any amount of outside agitation.

### OUR OWN MIDDEN

Both the bosses and the union have tried to make out that outside agitators have been running the dispute and that St. Helens is in the grip of industrial anarchy.

Nobody really believes that for a tale.

The great thing about these Northern workers is that no political body really influences them or commands their respect. Of course, there are always those who imagine themselves as leaders of the working class; and they would do well to take a tip from the recent experience of poor Mrs. Wynn, at Girlings.

Reality, as we know, is rather different, and the vast majority of workers are almost totally unmoved by party politics, and anyone who is rash enough to let his workmates know he's politically inclined is asking for a bit of piss-taking.

What the struggle at St. Helens has shown us, if nothing else, is that the Pilkington lads have a far greater regard for the familiar faces of their own strike committee than they could possibly have for national figures such as Lord Cooper. For these workers, as with most others up here, it is very much a case of out of sight—out of mind, and what is not

part of the immediate local environment is foreign, alien and simply does not belong.

So it is that, in confining ourselves to the real face-to-face struggle of our own midden, we exhibit an utterly anarchist distrust of all national leaders and politicians. Only too well do we Northern workmen know that all national bodies tend to form leadership elites, which automatically become remote from the members and often go on to join the class enemy, as in the case of the leaders of the National Union of General & Municipal Workers.

That is why workers don't vote in union elections. It is a form of ultra class consciousness, which, believing the politically-minded all 'piss in the same pot', promptly washes its hands of the whole dirty business. It is a view which has a lot to recommend it.

### LATER

Still about 8,000 out according to the strikers. Those returning are mostly part-timers and those already doing well out of the bonus scheme. Many are on £40 a week in the sheet glass works. Workers in other unions have said they will not work with the scabs.

It was at the sheet glass works that there was fighting tonight when strikers clashed with scabs. Mounted police charged the pickets and there were three arrests.

### THE SECRET BALLOT

Some of the strikers claim that some of those voting were not on strike and that the union signed new members especially for the ballot. A Mr. Johnson claims he got strike pay and voted even though he was not in the union. The strike committee have sent a telegram to Vic Feather asking for help to form a fresh union. The union have retorted: 'We are aware of the treachery of this committee and nothing surprises us.'

The strike committee have a solicitor for tomorrow's inquiry. The strikers say they will not go back until there is an honourable settlement and the sacked Pontypool men reinstated. Donations to the Treasurer:

J. Potter,  
63 Parbold Avenue,  
Blackbrook,  
St. Helens, Lancs.

NORTH WEST WORKERS.

## Will You Kindly Remove That Barbed Wire?

FIRSTLY A REVISED and shortened tour, now no tour at all? At the moment the prospects for the complete cancellation of the tour look good, which'll upset racist sports-mad South Africa no end. The Cricket Council, rash to the point of idiocy in their insistence on the tour taking place, will probably claim they'd acted in the interests of their prospective guests, who'd only be exposed to disruption and violence. But when the Olympic Committee voted to expel South Africa, the Commonwealth Games to be held in Edinburgh faced a boycott by coloured athletes if the Council stood firm, and India, Pakistan and the West Indies also put future test tours here in jeopardy, the Cricket Council found they'd made more enemies than friends by their attitude of carrying on regardless of ill will and expense.

The people who've cavorted about in press and television keeping the public informed on the rights and wrongs of the tour have been a pretty depressing lot, ranging from radical churchmen to politicians with a party eye on the General Election. None other than H. Wilson himself used the BBC's favourite sporting son and compeer David Coleman to put in a plea for stopping the tour, while on the same night in one

of those pieces of manufactured suspense, yachtsman Heath was on ITV. This was the evening politics and sport met head on. H. Wilson, having taken Huddersfield Town back to the First Division, without having kicked the ball all season, is now banking on Alf Ramsey as his most reliable ally in winning the election and giving himself and our footballers five more years of supremacy.

Peter Hain, on the other hand has said little by comparison, except he knows what the most effective tactics will be if the first match of the tour is ever played. Naturally he and his supporters have had to put up with a virtual smear campaign to discredit them. This sort of thing reached its most farcical depth a few days ago when a judge was of the opinion that Rent-a-Mob was waiting in all the centres where the Springboks are billed to play. Even if this had a shred of truth in it, it would be nothing to the action of right-wing loyalists who've thrown money rather than words about in an effort to get the tourists here. A collective £1,000 has already been contributed, proving that even with Roy Jenkins as Chancellor, there are some people who've money left to squander on unworthy causes.

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# RIFF-RAFF

WHAT HAS POETRY to do with anarchism? What has football to do with anarchism? What has music to do with anarchism? What has song and dance to do with anarchism? Well, come what may, I shall be watching the World Cup Finals in Mexico. Pity is that we could not get a party up to go and to demonstrate for the Mexican prisoners still held after the last Olympics which were held there. A dozen people with banners running on to the pitch would be seen around the world, free and unfree alike.

In Redruth we are very very lucky to have a cafe, *The Quasar Coffeehouse*, which treats its customers like people, serves coffee which is coffee, and cheap food like soup and rolls for 1s. 6d. But more importantly is a meeting place for anyone within miles around; has newspapers on the counter for people to read, and takes a varied assortment of radical and libertarian papers to sell over the counter including our local paper *One&All*. One important long-term effect of such cafes and/or bookshops is to carry ideas and sentiments in otherwise deaf areas of the country. I heard about the York venture *Black Pudding* which is, I'm told, a pottery/junk/books and anarchist papers shop—but perhaps people running it will tell us more, since it seems to me an essential part of reaching out all the time to new people in a practical way, and not least in a manner which pro-

vides an unsteady income and educational centre!

*Global Tapestry* is a collage of articles and statements published and edited by Dave Cunliffe and Tina Morris in Blackburn. It has the sense to realize that wherever we live or work we are faced by the sort of mindlessness which leads us into accepting obscene food and irresponsible authority; and so their magazine raises hell on the wide front of our personal lives within our impersonal world. Especially if you can't see the relevance of poetry and anarchy, buy this 72 pages of news, comment and illustrations. *Global Tapestry*, 3s. 6d. From: 1 Spring Bank, Salesbury, Blackburn, Lancs.

*Jump My Brothers Jump* is issue No. 110 of *Anarchy*, our sister monthly magazine, and is a collection of Tim Daly's Poems-from-Prison. Introduced by Adrian Mitchell, it is a good example of one individual's words; and reasons for setting fire to the Imperial War Museum. It will not impress the power-hungry politicians of any creed but it will strengthen, comfort, and give hope to the young individual seeking solidarity of thoughts and ideas. Never mind various actions! Sell it in your local college and school. And take copies of *FREEDOM* also. The more variety of newspapers and magazines you have on a bookstall, the more likelihood of sales. You can still get many back issues of *Anarchy*, on many subjects; particularly education and workers' control. Send a donation in advance of your 'sale or return' bookstall: and don't be long sending *Freedom Press* the cash!

DENNIS GOULD.

## The Myth of Intelligence

Dear Comrades,

In reply to Geoffrey Barfoot's letter on the subject of behaviourism, I must say he has a very rosy view of the consequences of applying behaviourist techniques.

Because, in the behaviourist view, man is a purely social being, it follows that he is totally open to manipulation by those controlling the social processes. Hence the value of behaviourist techniques to politicians. They set the value of the individual at nil.

At least the Freudian approach, however speculative and murky it may be, begins with the individual and his relationships with those closest to him, and it well understands the kinds of conflict which can arise between the natural wishes of the individual and the social mores to which his 'super-ego' urges his more instinctual drives to conform.

'Mystical soul shit' is one thing, but the value of the individual is another. There is nothing against egalitarianism in valuing the individual. But a doctrine

of man as a social product alone is very much a danger to egalitarianism and to anarchism, in that it makes social control the only rational activity.

Skinner tried to depict a Utopia on behaviourist principles in 'Walden II'. The question arises, who is going to be responsible for the bringing about of that Utopia? Unless the answer is 'everybody', and unless there are underlying *a priori* values determining the shape of that Utopia, it is going to end

## Letters

up run by those who believe in social control as an end in itself, and we all know who they are. They are the fascists.

Birmingham GEOFF CHARLTON.

# Come and Bury the London Stores Festival

MAY 25-JUNE 6 are the inclusive dates of the Third Festival of London Stores organised by the 'Evening Standard' and the 'Evening News' and containing promotions by 27 large central London stores. The two-week festival will begin on the 25th (Monday) with a parade around the West End starting at 2 p.m. from Park Lane. Coinciding with this parade, will be a demonstration opposing the whole idea, meeting at 1 p.m., Speakers' Corner (Park Lane entrance).

There is nothing on the level of society as a whole that reflects the organization of the day to day struggle within the factories, least of all has working-class action modified the way we consume, in the same way as it has our relations to production. In our 'spare' time we receive commodities, leisure, passively, in an isolated manner which merely acts to further fragment social relationships. Popular festivals have become anonymous ghosts replaced by consumer spectacles, such as the London Stores Festival, that surpass each other only in the organisers ability to manipulate large crowds into a programme of carefully planned attractions, where the only real laughs are when the boring illusion goes wrong.

Public relations firms, on such occasions, spend a great deal of money on creating an air of lucrative spontaneity. They play the media and the consumer network, so that each function is made a 'live' event, attracting crowds that are attracted by the attractions, only to find that their content consists wholly of endless configurations of dummies and price

cards that serve to promote not only special ranges of products, but the shopping centre itself as a place where enjoyment is realized.

There are three main variables for the festival organizers to consider:

1. that the consumer's individual tolerance of boredom may give out before he has bought enough;
2. he may run out of cash before he has bought enough;
3. he may be crushed to death or gassed by exhaust fumes before he has bought enough.

To get to the particular, it's this 1970 edition of the Stores Festival that we're concerned with. As the press handout states: 'Take 27 competitive departmental stores with an annual turnover of £150 million . . . and you have the recipe for success. . . . The aim of the international effort is to prove that London is the shopping centre of the world. (Come on darling, don't go down the pit this morning; let's jet over to London and have a glorious shopping weekend.)

Several meetings have taken place to discuss the feasibility of mounting a demonstration against this festival, along the lines of either straightforwardly disrupting (heckling, leafletting, etc.) or attempting to take its absurdity to some sort of conclusion. It was eventually decided that as the festival kicked off with a procession around the West End on Bank Holiday Monday, we would join in just to show what fun-loving people we really are. Bring loud hailer if you can, plus plenty of banners and posters. We leave the slogans up to you.

A CORRESPONDENT.

# ON THE CIRCUITS

**BILLY LIAR.** Director John Schlesinger. Featuring Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, Helen Fraser.  
**THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME.** Director William Cameron Menzies. Featuring Raymond Massey, Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd.

THESE TWO SPLENDID films are going the rounds of the circuits showing outstanding films of the past and present and are available to the several hundred film societies throughout the country. They are memorable films, especially the latter, which has some fine appropriate music composed by Arthur Bliss.

*Billy Liar*—Billy Fisher—is portrayed by Tom Courtenay, who interprets the fantasy world of young Billy in a wholly convincing fashion. He is a clerk in a drab north country town, who enlivens a dull life by continuous compulsive lying, fed by a vivid imagination. He boasts of his successful future prospects to his two girl-friends who, unknowingly, share one engagement ring. Liz, one of the girls, perceives the creative instinct behind his dreams and is prepared to give him a complete authentic love. At

the finish, when he bolts like a frightened rabbit to preserve his barrier of self-preservation, she knows the desolation of failure. A very funny film. The situations—the expressions, and consequent hearty laughs—come readily and spontaneously. It is reflection which gives the film its basis of personal tragedy.

*The Shape of Things to Come* was made in Great Britain in 1936, and tells a strangely prophetic story—very topical for today. The final sequence of young people rocketed to the moon from a giant 'space gun' is a tribute to the author, H. G. Wells, and to the film-making technology of 1936.

It predicts World War II as going to commence in 1940, followed by thirty years of fighting, bringing about the collapse of civilisation, finally, as we know it. This would be replaced by a life of simplicity and the basic necessity of mutual aid. Finally, Science collects up the bits and pieces to create anew—a world in which mankind lives more free and in peace. The final sequences of this imaginative film are of the young in whom this future life resides.

S. L. ROBINSON.

## The Arts and the Working Class

Dear Comrades,

When people like Sutherland and Ridley attack art and poetry and claim they want a paper oriented towards the working class, they are misleading only themselves. This is because they have a rather special view of the working class which has no resemblance either to reality or to anyone not versed in Left political thought.

It does not occur to them that the most popular working-class papers are the *Mirror* and *Sketch* which present news and human interest by appealing visually to man's sensual feelings. The Sunday papers echo this but, having more time to develop news and interest items, do so at greater length.

The last thing that ordinary people, particularly the housewife and most youngsters, want to read about is trade unionism, attitudes to world affairs, and clarion calls to revolutionary action. But if you want to get through to them, at least know your working class and stop reading your ideologies into your sociology.

The Arts relate to reality. It is through the Arts that one can develop one's thinking and feeling, and through the Arts communicate with others. The Arts cross class barriers and allow a

more fruitful release of energies and an uplifting of the human spirit.

We apprehend a work of art through our senses just as we apprehend a newspaper picture or the touch of a lover. The expressible and the inexpressible come together. Art is a matter of originals. Its study builds discrimination and defeats conformity and authoritarianism—it is not for nothing that the moment a dictator comes to power the Arts are muzzled and the spirit suffocated.

Poetry communicates—well or ill—a synthesis of response. If only an elite can understand, is it not up to the anarchist to bring the fruits of his learning, his experience, his sensuality and his understanding of morality to his friends? The point is not to undermine or destroy the elite, if elite it be, but to broaden it, to universalise it.

Revolution implies change. If a revolution is only one event in time it will have, within its essence, its own counter-revolution, which means its own defeat. The ideals of some of our so-called revolutionaries seem strikingly similar to the ideas of present-day authoritarians.

Yours, etc.,  
PETER NEVILLE.

## Czechoslovakia

Dear Editor,

May we appeal through your columns to socialists who have opposed the suppression of democratisation in Czechoslovakia? For many months we have been receiving reports of anticipated political trials in Prague. The jailing of the Czech journalist Oto Filip confirms our fear that these trials are in preparation.

Last year Bertrand Russell repeatedly

warned the Left of show trials, and appealed for international action to expose them. We are therefore asking the Left to stand ready for the opening of major trials, and to support their victims by helping to make known the true nature of their 'crimes'.

Yours fraternally,

KEN COATES,  
CHRIS FARLEY.

## Freedom Pamphlet No. 1 still available MAKHNO & DURRUTI



The AFB information office will produce an internal bulletin. Comrades interested in its production are to meet in York on first Sunday in June, Vanbrugh College, Heslington, York. 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, Heslington, York. The Contact Column in 'Freedom' is also available for urgent information.

Groups should send latest addresses to Birmingham. New inquirers should

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

### AFB REGIONAL GROUPS

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

North West Federation: Secretary, Tom Howard, 163 Ryelands Road, Lancaster.  
Cornwall: A. Jacobs, 13 Ledrah Road, St. Austell. (M, Ma, B.)  
Essex & E. Herts.: P. Newell, 'Aegean', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester. (QM, FL.)  
Surrey: G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom.  
Sussex: E. Poole, 5 Tilsbury, Findon Road, Whitehawk, Brighton.  
Yorkshire: Martin Watkins, 3 Marlborough Grove, Leeds, 2.  
Scotland: Tony Hughes, Top Flat, 40 Anglepark Terrace, Edinburgh 11.  
Wales: c/o P. L. Mare (address above).  
N. Ireland: c/o Freedom Press.  
S. Ireland: Bill Dwyer, Island, Corner Merriam Road and Nutley Lane, Dublin 4.  
University and Student Groups: c/o P. L. Mare. (Abbreviations: M—meeting; M—magazine; B—badges; Q—Quarterly; FL—free leaflets)

## FILM REVIEW

## Freedom Pamphlet No. 2

## S D S

## & The Myth of the Party

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## The Barbed Wire

Continued from page 1

The Save-the-Tour Fund want £200,000 to cover police costs and claim £1,000 a day is pouring in. Even the police themselves are not very happy with this situation, since this is the month for a recruitment drive for more police for a depleted force and since real anti-political feeling could run high (from ourselves I hope) this June, even our least flat-footed copper can't control crowds in two places at once, even when his duty is being financed at a sum that would probably lure George Best from Manchester United.

Anyway, disliking their role or not, police footsteps are heard keeping time to the music of bat striking ball at Lord's, the Oval and beyond. The barbed wire at the Oval is of the rolled variety—vicious stuff. The Oval was once a PoW camp during the last war, and it looks like that again now with parts of the ground sealed off (no room for the small boys to play their own test matches on the grass during intervals) and the most macabre sight of all on the grammar school side of the ground—a bar given a facelift with tables and multi-coloured parasols to greet the new season, and everywhere that barbed wire, reluctantly erected by the Surrey club, who were severely hit by that 'friend of cricket' H. Wilson when he invented SET.

Instead of calling this resurrected tea bar 'Prospect of Play' when the umpires always beg to differ, why not seek out one of Surrey's big business supporters and ask him if he's willing to sponsor 'atmosphere' at cricket matches with the bar renamed 'The Belsen', which'll include kapo waitresses, in knee-length boots and minis, caged alsatians 'just in case', a megaphone and searchlights to play on the hapless spectators when bad light stops play. This will oultrain the Player's attraction of 80-overs-a-match on Sundays, and people are sure to go to the ground not to watch the cricket, though once watching cricket under stimulated foulness has become trendy, attendances should be back to the pre-war figure and the Surrey-Yorkshire match will become once again a mighty event in the sporting calendar.

At Lord's the wiring is of the sort one sees when a continental football match is televised. Here the feeling is more of the zoo than the concentration camp, though the famous pavilion is unprotected where the animals, above plebeian instincts, presumably know how to behave. Anyway, why pay to feel imprisoned?

Far better to call the tour off, remove the ugliness, and make a really positive step towards helping to destroy one fascist regime, even if little headway is being made yet awhile in Spain or Greece. This is more important than any amount of cricket played at international level, and furthermore the Stop-the-70's tour brigade need offer no apologies for the firmness of their opposition to apartheid. Of course the South African elections were a degrading farce in the light of more severe measures imposed by Voerster over the last year or two to keep separate development flourishing with our government helping in a big way in creating the financial stability Voerster craves, with exports in the region of £257,000 or over.

But if the Springboks do come, I hope those opposed to the tour will outnumber those inside the ground by a long way. Starting with a hot 'welcome' at Heathrow on June 1, then a full-scale turnout v. Southern Counties at Lord's on June 6, with the test match at the same ground following on June 18 for five days, are good opportunities for better anarchist activity than we've had for a time now. Though with nothing but the World Cup on television in the evenings, an election to fight as well as leafletting and picketing cricket grounds, this is as good a time as any for issuing a built-in survival kit, but it will offer us one of the best chances of telling people why we oppose the state and politicians.

RON PEARL.

UNDER A PROFIT-MOTIVATED system, the acquisition of profit is deemed a respectable and laudable aim and not to make it is, in itself, considered to be a failure. Profit and loss are the two ends of the yardstick by which success and failure are judged in our present society.

Recently the topic has received much comment in the national papers since the financial reports of many prominent companies are either showing losses or are not fulfilling the high expectations which were hoped for them. Rising costs, both in wages and materials, are blamed. It is never the profit motive which is questioned, neither is there any criticism of the amount of profit that a company makes, but there is continual criticism and attack on the number of wage claims and the amounts being sought.

According to the *Guardian*, it is all a question of 'being reasonable'. In their editorial they write: 'Employers will to resist might be more effectively strengthened by an informal understanding between government and private industry: each should select a couple of claims that are thoroughly unreasonable, reject them and take the con-

# It's Not Unreasonable!

sequences, which will probably be strikes. It is right that unreasonable claims should be rejected; their rejection also can establish a mood, both among other employers and among reasonable trade unionists who often only behave unreasonably because they feel cheated at being left behind.'

The *Guardian* does not suggest any 'reasonable' figure that trade unionists may demand and so secure their support. At the same time they do not suggest any 'reasonable' figure for profits. But what the *Guardian* is saying is stand up and take on trade unionists who are demanding more than the government and employers think the economy can stand. Stripped of its liberal reasonableness, this is the same attitude as Enoch Powell and those on the extreme right of the political spectrum. It is the view of all those who hold profit as the highest endeavour in our society.

But what is a 'reasonable' wage claim?

Like a 'fair day's pay for a fair day's work', there is no such thing. Only those making the claim can judge what is 'reasonable' and that is the figure they will demand. It may be as high as £60 for a 20-hour week, as made by the Liverpool dockers, but no national newspapers question the high profits which are and will be made from containerisation. However, the intentions of the government and employers are to cut down the labour force. In this light the dockers' demands are 'reasonable' to safeguard both their security and jobs.

From an anarchist viewpoint, trade unionists are too 'reasonable'. Their demands, if anything, do not go far enough. While we support wage claims, these can be managed and absorbed, but the system remains. Wage claims, no matter how important, do not change the relationship between boss and worker, between those who order and those who are ordered. Strength and dignity might be gained, as well as money, from such a struggle, but the position of those who produce remains the same. The people who, by their daily toil, produce the material wealth, are victims of economic

and political exploitation. Work in itself has become not a means to an end, but just a means to earn a living. It is something which is set aside from the other part of our lives, something which is done with a moan of regret.

To take control of the means of production would be a step towards an anarchist society. Mere control of a factory assembly line would not be enough. We would have to question the whole consumer nature of our society and whether we would be willing to continue to devour the earth's resources, even at the present rate; whether the continual searching for new techniques is valid and necessary; whether in fact work should be integrated into our lives and that its performance, as we know it today, would cease to have the same meaning.

All that is necessary to be produced is sufficient to satisfy the needs of people instead of the present consumption and profit mania that is the dominant motive today. Surely this is not an unreasonable demand?

P.T.

## SPANISH BOMBS

Dear Comrades,

In his comment on the Caravelle bomb explosions, 'Jon Quixote' quotes an 'interview' the *Evening Standard* purports to have had with me. This affords me the opportunity to put the matter correct.

I did not tell the reporter, Bob McGowan, that I was an 'ex-member' of the FAI. (He told me he would submit anything he wrote for approval, but did not do so.) I said I was too old and sick for activity in Spain. I did indeed tell him, in response to his questions, that the main resistance in Spain comes from the libertarian movement and in particular young members of the FAI or the 'acratas'. That was not to say, as he wrote, that young members of the FAI were responsible for these attacks, though undoubtedly they were done as a mark of resistance to Franco.

The activist groups work in a dozen or so, without reference to each other, and in the maximum secrecy. In fact, as Jon Quixote correctly points out, the majority of our militants are opposed to this type of activity, since anarchism is not a movement in favour of violence. However, visualising the frustration and

impossibility of other actions, it is easy to understand that a group may take arms in hand to counter violence with violence.

The reference to 'contact with FAI groups abroad' is a distortion of my reference to the fact that anarchism was a world-wide movement. The suggestion is that (as other papers hinted) Spanish exiles were responsible. Bearing in mind that our movement had some 1,800,000 actual members in Spain of whom 80,000 went into exile and Franco murdered another 500,000, there still remain a large number inside Spain ready to take action, without counting on the fact of the revolutionary youth.

Many of the other newspaper reports display a singular lack of knowledge of the present situation in Spain. One need only mention the *Guardian*, which quotes the 'Spanish Workers Defence Committee'—four Trotskyist students in London—who are under the impression that the anarchist movement is no longer organised and does not constitute an important feature of the resistance.

Your fraternally,

MIGUEL GARCIA GARCIA.

## LETTER

# £28 or Less

THERE IS A MYTH, lovingly purveyed by our middle class, that the working class as a class no longer exist and that as a class they have got completely out of control. At many a suburban dining room table the master of the house throws down her copy of the *Daily Express* in genuine disgust at the news that another group of low-browed slack-jawed workers have demanded another £1 a week more on their already inflated wage and she curses with an ancient zeal the employer or the government that yields to the working class 'blackmail'. To be told that a small shopkeeper (sic.) of a one-room general store makes a clear profit of £50 or more a week is held to be a cause for public approval and a general knees-bend in the local C of E for, in the field of private profit, the greater the net profit the greater the belief in a just society. But let any men or women who sell their labour in the closed society of our industrial age walk out of the factory with more than £20 in their pay packet, then the eternal verities are called into action and the question of social morality fills the editorial columns of the right-wing press for it is a belief common, but not voiced, that the working class and the deserving poor should still be interchangeable terms and that the wages of the working class should, as a matter of common decency, be but a fraction of that paid to the teacher, the local government employee, the librarian or the superior clerk.

We are a society still separated by rigid class lines but the wages breakthrough of small groups of workers blurs this fact for those who want to be deluded, and the middle class group, full of the most noble and progressive attitudes towards the absent sufferers of our age, will puke into the pages of their *New Statesman* at the sight of some son of the Gorbals dashing off to Italy for his two weeks' holiday instead of spending it at the Blackpool holiday camp.

But are these myths that we, the working class, are now living like pigs in clover really true? In the lifetime of every adult worker, this myth has been perpetrated time and time again. In those ghastly days of the nineteenth-thirties the right-wing press told its middle-class readers that the working class were living in sleazy luxury on the seventeen shillings a week *Unemployment Insurance* dole and the old horror stories passed on from decade to decade, with only the physical object of the workers' luxury changing. When the Welsh miners lived in a state of semi-starvation, the London middle class raged at the stories of the piano in the front room of the miners' cottage and, with two million unemployed in the thirties, the horror story for the saloon bar was of the unemployed man who 'had his own radio'.

Times move on, to pen the obvious, and one heard of the family on National Assistance who had their own television set and now it is the story of the fantastic wage packets and the casual holidays in Italy. This is the big lie and it is reiterated day by day so that the unthinking and the poorly paid believe it.

If one reads on hoarding and in the press that unskilled workers are being offered £30 a week or more, then too often one chooses to accept that fact but the query never seems to be voiced as to why it should be necessary to keep these

same advertisements on display year after year and why men and women continue their dreary low-paid factory jobs instead of queuing up for this economic Klondyke. The simple answer, little comrade, is that it is a large scale and rather nasty exercise in the art of the Great Lie. Repeat a major lie enough times and it will be accepted. Such as the Welsh miners are not on a semi-starvation level because it is a known fact that they have a piano in every miners' cottage. If I say that others lie, then it could follow that I, in my turn, am lying, so let me be specific.

The London Transport Executive, satrap of the Greater London Council, have used the excuse of staff shortage as a useful and generally accepted reason for cutting down their services to the public. But, acting on the public nudge from the Tory Greater London Council, the LTE have used the matter of staff shortage to make unavoidable cuts in service into a permanent thing. One of the methods used to recruit the supply of unskilled workers to man their buses was to plaster the outside of buses with the promise that conductors would be earning £24 10s. a week, and in the smallest print that their odd sense of humour would allow were hidden the words *with overtime*. To tell a worker that he could earn £24 a week *with overtime* is to tell him nothing, for it is only after he has taken on the employment that he finds whether he can really earn that sum or not and for how many weeks in the year.

I have before me the gross yearly pay of a London bus conductor who worked only the scheduled duties of the 40-hour week and his pay for last year was £1,075 13s. 1d. which brought in a gross weekly wage of something like £21 a week for climbing out of bed at four-thirty in the morning or walking home at one in the morning, Sundays and bank holidays. We deduct tax and National Insurance and the fixed union payment and the weekly take-home pay for a London bus conductor for 1969 was £15 5s. 3d. That, little comrade, finishes that lesson but in the last few months there has been a major wage breakthrough and the same hoardings now proclaim that the London bus conductor can now earn £28 a week and again that little hidden joke *with overtime*.

The cynics among the working class, and we have more than our share, have made the point that, just as the small and large shopkeeper lies about the goods that they sell, so any employer seeking to buy labour is entitled to lie his head off for, if one finds that what he offers to pay is not correct, then one can always sling the job in. For a private employer one could argue this sophistry but the London Transport is a public-owned organisation answerable to the Greater London Council and, in theory if not in fact, to the people, so one must ask who is the individual who knowingly and deliberately orders these false statements concerning the wages they pay to be so printed and displayed.

On April 11, 1970, the Central Bus Committee and London Transport agreed to the new pay scales and in the middle of May they published an internal news sheet giving out the new rates and they have nothing to do with the £28 a week plastered on the side of every bus.

The wages for a London bus con-

# Boycott Crosse & Blackwell Products

THE STRIKE by 600 production workers at the Crosse and Blackwell canning factory at Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, has now (at the time of writing) entered its sixth week. The workers are demanding a closed shop for the Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers.

The position is that, without a closed shop, all negotiations must be carried on through a 'Joint Industrial Council', which meets once a year in London. Local shop stewards are not permitted to carry out negotiations on the spot with the local management.

USDAW is a useless union at the best of times—for example, the average age of the officials is one of the highest in British trade unions. The increases 'won' at the yearly haggle are niggardly. On the eve of the strike, the wages being paid to C and B workers were £11 4s. for men and £8 10s. for women! This will probably amaze people, but it is a FACT and is indeed typical of the wage rates all too common up here in the depressed and isolated N.E. of Scotland.

ductor are, after 12 months, 423 shillings a week and that works out at a basic wage of £21 3s. a week. In case one should feel that there are hidden figures, then let me print the hourly rate which is 10s. 6.900d. an hour. In return, the workers agreed to give up the time-and-a-half for Sunday rota'd workings and the time-and-a-quarter for Saturday rota'd workings in exchange for 28s. a week plus the 46s. 6d. rise and four pennies in the pound bonus but the wage is still £21 3s. before deductions. I do not argue as to whether this is a good or bad wage in the context of our time, but what I do claim is that on a take-home pay of £16 a week we, the working class, are not holding the society to ransom by our 'blackmail' and that the government, the Greater London Council and London Transport are guilty of an act of deliberate public immorality in suggesting that the work-people they employ are paid wages that bear no relation to the actual monies in the weekly pay packet. But for those who wish to believe, does it really matter?

ARTHUR MOYSE.

IAN S. SUTHERLAND.



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# Post-War Labour Government

ONCE AGAIN, the election circus approaches. And the Labour Party will be assuring us all how much better they are for the 'country' than the Tories. The Labour Party's minute allies, those staunch Lefties like the Socialist Labour League, the British Communist Party, and the International Socialism Group, will be very active in every factory, office, school and university where they have a member or members. They'll tell you to vote Labour. In their case, they'll claim this is only a 'tactic'. After the election, we can get on with the Revolution says the CP/IS/SLL coalition. Socialism must wait until our Lords and Masters have had their little arguments, it seems. There is a big word to describe this attitude—schizophrenia. After calling Wilson a Tory for years, they now proceed to claim that he is, after all, just a little bit of a Socialist.

Mr. James Harold Wilson, PC, MP, is not exactly a stranger to Labour Governments. He was a member of the Labour Government of 1945 to 1951. It is the record of that Government we now propose to examine. Students and workers may then decide themselves if there is any difference between Tory and Labour.

It might be said that the 1945 Labour Government came in with a bang... an atomic bang. The Labour Party took office on July 26, 1945. The first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima eleven

days later. Wrote Attlee, the Labour PM, 'But the use of the atom bomb at Hiroshima brought the war to a sudden end. It was, of course, an immense relief.' A relief it may have been, for him; for the hundreds of thousands of civilians who died, it was scarcely that. The victims of the Bomb, for which, it was later stated by US President Truman, Attlee had given full British approval, are still dying each year from radiation sickness.

Having helped to drop the American Bomb on a beaten country already asking for armistice terms, the Labour Government rushed to build a British Bomb. They didn't bother to tell Parliament, they didn't bother to tell the voters, and they didn't even bother to inform Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell. Which is kinda funny, because he was the Minister of Defence! However, since he has never been heard to object much to nuclear weapons since, we must suppose he didn't mind much. After all, Ministers get nice big fancy cars and expense accounts to play with and whirling round and round in your Power Game revolving chair, playing God, takes up so much time (what with the dinners and all) that such trivialities as a weapon capable of ending human occupation of the planet are not really worth bothering about.

Before the Labour Government could move to a fresh triumph on behalf of the

working class, namely the building of the H-Bomb, the Tories were back. Stand up that nasty cynic who wondered if the Tories were ever away. Don't you realise you're rocking the boat? The Communist Party, the Trotskyists and their allies won't like that, you know. Please keep the capitalist boat straight on course so that we can tell everyone how bad it is.

However, the fact is that the Bomb is a pretty useless weapon against workers on strike. But Labour had the answer. On May 12, 1939, the Labour Party put down the following amendment to the then Tory Government's Military Training Bill. 'No conscript should be required to take duty in aid of the civil power in connection with a trade dispute, or to perform, in consequence of a trade dispute, any civil or industrial duty customarily performed by a civilian.' In other words, no military blacklegs.

The Labour Party must have short memories it seems, almost as short as those 'Left' groups who are going to find themselves, like it or not, in the position of Wilson's shock troops in the General Election. Because, six days after taking power, the Labour Government, with Wilson in its ranks, sent conscript troops into the Surrey Docks, London, to do the work of dockers who were on strike... not for higher wages, but against a wage cut imposed on them.

It didn't stop there. The record of the Labour Government in industrial disputes would be the envy of many a red-faced Tory retired colonel. In October 1945, Labour obliged the dock bosses with 21,000 troops (conscripts all) to break the national dock strike that month. This was at a time when the dockers' basic wage amounted to the princely sum of 16/- a day. In July 1946, Labour conscripts were drafted into the Southampton Docks to deal with a strike there.

'I would like to make it perfectly clear that this Government, like any government as an employer, would feel itself perfectly free to take any disciplinary action which any strike situation that might develop demanded.'—Sir Hartley Shawcross, February 2, 1946. Now as Lord Shawcross, he has found a comfortable berth on the City Take-Over Panel, wheeling and dealing right there in the heart of capitalist big business.

A fitting 'comrade' for the Stalinist/Trotskyist supporters of Labour. In June 1948, London dockers claimed the normal dockers' special payment for handling a filthy substance called zinc oxide. For this 'crime', men were suspended for a week. Labour sent in the troops, but not alas to arrest the bosses.

In May 1949, the Canadian ship-owners decided to cut the wages of their men. A Canadian ship docked at Avonmouth and the dockers, in solidarity with the Canadian sailors, refused to unload her. The Labour Government obliged with troops. Labour, the shipowners' friend... and the friend of Mr. Healey and his Trotskyist cohorts, the white hope of Mr. Cliff and his IS sycophants.

Labour, it was hoped, would bring the working class to power. It didn't quite manage that, although Sir Hartley Shawcross (him again, folks) did his damndest to get at least some of the working class into jail. Of course, it wasn't a Tory jail, so who's complaining?... apart from the poor bastards who nearly got locked up. This almost happened in February 1951, when the dockers threw out a wage claim which would have given them a life of Riley on the vast sum of 21-bob a day. Seven Merseyside and London dockers were charged under Order 1305... a wartime act passed when Churchill was in power. Still, it wasn't so bad... after all, the Labour MPs had sung the Red Flag in the House of Commons six years earlier, hadn't they? And everyone knows that life in the nick is much better under a government that sings the Red Flag than it is under nasty Tories who only know God Save the Queen.

On and on it went. Out the workers came and in marched Attlee's conscript goon squads. Lorry drivers, power men and gas workers, all knew whose side Labour was on. It wasn't their's. The same Order 1305 made lockouts by employers equally as illegal as strikes by workers. At least 250 workers appeared in court under this order... not one employer appeared.

Wages from 1945 to 1951 were not merely frozen. It was more in the order of a ~~bloody~~ ~~bloody~~ Age. Labour drew its belts in and to set an example to the greedy workers, raised MP's salaries from £600 to £1,000 a year. The Postmaster General was left to starve—poor

thing—on a miserable pittance of only £5,000 a year. Think of all those affluent dockers with a whole quid a day to blow.

We could go on and, from now till the election, we'll do just that. While the Labour Party and its Trotskyist and 'International Socialist' supporters squirm, we'll tell you, in future articles, about the bosses who made a fortune out of nationalisation under Labour, about how Labour helped to keep Franco's Fascist firing squads busy and about how the 'mass party of the working class' (to quote the Trotskyists) made the Tory imperialists look like colonial amateurs.

IAN S. SUTHERLAND.

## Contact

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

Schools Anarchist Group, Belfast area. Contact Michael Scott, Longshot, Ballyvaughlin, Lisburn.

Anti-Consumer Demonstration. Monday, May 25, 1 p.m., at Speakers' Corner, for a 'free' day at the Stores Festival.

American Anarchist will be in Amsterdam for a week starting about August 18. Needs lodging. Write Mike Board, c/o Freedom Press.

Angry Art Films. Camden Studios, Camden Street, N.W.1.

'Salt of the Earth', May 22 & 23, 8 p.m.

'The Hornsey Film', June 5 & 6, 8 p.m.

Admission: 5/-; Membership: 2/6. Phone 263 0613.

Birmingham. Anyone interested in street theatre, experienced or not, contact Alan Dipple, 28 Dyott Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 13. Tel. 021-449 3134.

Proposed Group. Will those interested in forming a group in Bermondsey and surrounding area, please contact: Roy Heath, 58 Thorburn Square, Bermondsey, S.E.1. We're getting toward a local magazine.

'Spanish Political Prisoners' and 'Looking Back After 20 Years in Jail' by Miguel Garcia Garcia. 2/6 the pair inc. post from Freedom Press.

Merseyside Anarchists: Meetings 8 p.m. on first Sunday of each month at 172A Lodge Lane, Liverpool 8. Contact J. B. Cowen at above address.

Wednesday discussion meetings at Freedom Meeting Hall from 8 p.m.

Bristol Group. Anyone interested in getting a group going on a regular basis, contact: Alex Bird, 59 Belvoir Road, St. Andrews, Bristol.

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.

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

## Realistic Politician

'ARBETAREN', THE SYNDICALIST newspaper here, published comments made by Stokely Carmichael during an interview in Africa concerning his break with the Black Panthers. Mr. Carmichael wants the Afro-Americans to stop all connexion with white radicals and instead put all their trust in the people of Africa. Talking about Pan-Africanism he includes Africans wherever they are, and if only Africa can unite, the prospects for those in countries with a strong black minority are going to be quite different. And then the situation can be altered.

Asked what Pan-Africanism implies for the struggle in the USA Carmichael stated, 'In the USA the black people must continue fighting. But I don't see how this struggle can lead anywhere without a base. The black people must have a base, and this base is not to be found in the USA as we are not enough of us to take power. Using Africa as a starting-point we can expand the revolution after having taken power and this is the foremost aim.' Further on he emphasizes that his united Africa must be a socialist one.

The following comment by *Arbetaren* is a refusal of Carmichael being a demagogue and a political fantasist: 'But perhaps he is in actual fact the most realistic politician? For how in the long run will the Black Panthers' "self-defence groups" be able to hold their own against the overwhelming power?'

It's not made clear how far *Arbetaren* agrees with Carmichael. It's not difficult to see that the Afro-Americans cannot on their own radically change their situation. The Panthers know this. But by calling Carmichael a realistic politician one must assume that *Arbetaren*

agrees with both C.'s analysis as well as his remedy. By building up a conviction in the minds of the public of the realistic politician and thus pandering to the nationalism and leadership as advocated by Carmichael, the syndicalists create a psychology of acceptance of all that politicians say and do. One can perhaps be very kind, forgiving C. for his belief in a united socialist Africa, but one cannot expect such immaturity from long-established syndicalism in Sweden.

The struggle in Africa is no longer black against white but black against black. And Carmichael in his revolutionary situation will soon find the Bandas, Kenyattas and Kaundas are just as corrupt as their white counterparts.

'Socialist' Nyerere struggling to develop his own brand of exploitation and reorganise poverty has invited Sweden to help make co-operatives work in Tanzania. The co-operatives being nothing more than trading companies (doing nothing to end capitalism) confuse nationalisation with their own strange ideas of socialism. Consequently whilst Nyerere kisses the arse of the white ruling class here, they see in Tanzania a suitable profit market together with the co-operatives. This is obtained under the disguise of help to the underdeveloped countries.

One wonders how *Arbetaren* can imply support for Pan-Africanism as a political creed which has more in common with fascism than socialism. If party politicians here built an 80-foot-high whiter-than-white statue depicting a realistic politician it would also be the syndicalist rank and file who would have to pay for it.

H. & A.P.

## MINDLESS MORONS ON THE MARCH

CERTAINLY, every revolutionary should be making plenty of noise about Tricky Dicky Nixon's little Cambodian holiday. The trouble really is—what kind of noise?

A few years ago when I was daft (or at least dafter than I am now) I used to regularly trundle up and down my local main street proudly in there behind the Viet Cong flag doing my 'long live Uncle Ho' bit. Then, I started to find out a wee bit about the 'socialism' of that bearded wonder. Apart from the murders (sorry all flag wavers, MURDERS) of Communist Party members in his rise to power, Ho also managed to do in a fair number of Trotskyists, the odd anarchist or two, and an awful lot of the peasants he 'led to victory' and who were supposed to love him. He also crawled up Stalin's arse so far that the only visible sign of the Father of the Indo-Chinese People was his bloodstained foot-soles sticking out.

Apart from being the kind Uncle (remember Uncle Joe—he loved little kiddies too, it was their mummies and daddies he sent to slave camps) he sired the National Liberation Front for South Vietnam.

Then one morning it happened. The poor bastard was finally discovered to be human after all—he croaked it. That, however, didn't affect the Ho Chi Minh Admiration Society, Hampstead Garden Suburb University Lecturers Branch. Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, they chanted last week. Guess what, good people, ghosts can actually walk.

Embarrassed by the obvious logic of those of us who were unkind enough to point out that Ho Chi Minh was about as much of a Socialist as Richard Nixon some of the chanters have relented. It appears that, in forthcoming demos, the massed choirs of the International Socialist Group, under the direction of

Mr. Tony Cliff and Mr. Paul Foot, will chant 'Victory to the NLF' instead. Their affection, it seems, is quickly transferred from the father to the child—the circumstances surrounding the conception are not to be questioned. But let's not be too hard on them, they are going to shout this slogan CRITICALLY. I'd love to see a demonstration of how you shout a slogan critically. Five pounds to the Marx Mausoleum Fund for the first Stalinist/Trotskyist/Maoist robot who can show me how it's done!

As for me, brother, I hate the whole fucking lot. We anarchists don't find ourselves in the strange position of having to carefully examine the gory record of each bureaucrat—East or West—in order to discover which one is objectively (oh yes, that tired old word again) least nauseating. We stand for international working-class revolution—which used to be what socialism was all about.

IAN S. SUTHERLAND.



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