JULY 25 1970 Vol 31 No 23

ARE THE DOCKERS striking for an increase of 7 or 70 per cent in their average earnings? The discrepancy between the employers' claim that it will be 70 per cent or more and the union claim that it will be no more than 7 per cent is so large that somebody is lying and in so far as the present claim is concerned it is the employers

Although the average docker's wages are £30 a week or more on piecework rates, their actual basic rate is only 5s. 8d. an hour. This is what they are paid if work is not available or it is impossible to make a job pay enough under piecework or the weather makes work im-

This pittance works out at just over £11 a week (although it is made up to £17 if earnings fall below this).

Considering the average profits in the shipping industry rose 34 per cent last year, it is impertinent of the employers to complain that they cannot afford to increase the basic rate from £11 to £20 a week. Especially as the rate is only paid when the men are not working piecework, which is why the unions are right in estimating the earnings would probably go up no more than per cent.

The only dockers who would really benefit at all are those in the smaller ports where trade fluctuates

DOCK STRIKE GOES O

more and their earnings regularly fall below £20 a week.

What the employers are trying to claim is that once the basic rate has been increased there will be a demand to increase piecework rates by the same percentage-in other words almost double them. This is where they get their figure of 70 per cent and quote wages of £60 or £70 a week which has already turned lower-paid workers against the dockers' cause.

In the past the dockers have normally asked for the piecework rates to go up as well. But they have not done so yet in their present claim, so the employers are being dishonestly premature with their scare stories. Even so, they could quite easily afford even these high wages when the facts are examined.

Since 1967 the number of dockers has been slashed from 65,000 to 47,000 and it is still being reduced.

The shipowners under the Labour Government saw their profits soar each year, with P & O Steam Navigation alone making a net profit even according to their book-keeping

of £12,642,000 last year.

The wage bill of a company is only a small percentage of total costs, anyway, but with profits increasing 34 per cent and 18,000 fewer men to pay (a cut of 28 per cent), how can they possibly plead poverty?

Typical of how the employers change the rules to suit themselves is the increasing number of productivity deals they have signed. When a man sweats hard picking up rock ore with his bare hands or bodily lifting sacks of cement he is very badly paid. The employers sympathise, saying although it is very hard work not enough cargo is being moved (because of the archaic methods) to warrant higher pay.

But when cargoes are containerised and modern equipment is used the amount of cargo handled a day can be as much as 100 times more than with old methods. It is also much easier with the workers just pressing buttons. In this case the employers say although the amount of cargo being moved is high, the job is too easy so they efuse to pay

piecework rates and sign a productivity deal instead. These may bring high wages but nothing like what the men would be earning under piecework rates.

The employers have it both ways. When cargo moved is very low they pay according to how much is moved; when effort is low they pay according to effort. Yet in both cases it is cargo moved that makes the profit.

Lower-paid workers and housewives are already being turned against the dockers as the price of certain foods has been increased and blamed on the greedy dockers. This was done so suddenly, before the strike could possibly have had an effect, that it is of course just an excuse for the greedy shopowners to increase their profits.

Tales of meat rotting in the docks already appear in the papers. Dockers often wonder why these stories never appear when bad management results in food rotting in sheds when there is no strike. Anyway, the dockers at Tilbury worked on some emergency perish-

earned to the local hospital which was not widely reported.

Other workers may envy the high wages of the dockers compared to their own. But if the dockers don't get an increase the employers won't give it to the lower-paid workers, they will just increase their profits even more.

Instead of bemoaning the dockers, they should draw the lesson from them of what solidarity and mili-tancy can do. The other lesson is not to be dictated to from a union hierarchy—this is the first official strike of the dockers since 1926.

More rank and file control has been the reason why this one was made official-the decision being made by lay members of the union. In this respect the general secretary, Jack Jones, angered the dockers by telling them not to strike before the lay members had met to discuss the employers' offer which was irrelevant anyway because it did not refer to basic pay at all.

PORTWORKER.

The Right to Strike—The Power to Strike

EVERY YEAR more working days are lost to British industry through osteo-arthritis than through industrial disputes. But the Press and the politicians never thunder about that; in the cold, damp climate that predominates our industrial areas, diseases like arthritis are accepted as a fact of life. We maintain that in the cold, damp, hostile climate of capitalism, industrial disputes must also be accepted as a fact

Capitalism sets man against man. Competition is held to be a healthy motivation—the driving force in a profitseeking society. So be it. If the captains of industry want competition, they can have it. Let us compete with them for the fruits of our labours!

But no, this they do not want. For in fact the aim of modern capitalism is to eliminate competition as much as pos-sible, in the name of the great in-word 'rationalisation'. At the top levels, the desire is of course for monopoly, which renders competition quite unnecessary and even nationalisation, although although cially where it threatens a profitable industry, is in fact an acceptable form of capitalist monopoly.

RATIONALISE AND CONTROL

In all this process of rationalisation. the one factor which has so far proved least manageable has been labour, and it is no mere coincidence, now that British industry is moving rapidly into the hands of fewer and fewer controllers, either on private or nationalised boards, that the call is steadily getting stronger for making strikes illegal.

Nor is it purely accidental that it comes at a time when more determined efforts are being made by the British Government to enter the Common Market. The move to create the superstate of Europe, making an economic unit with potentials as great as America or Russia, carries with it the necessity to 'rationalise' on a scale to make any monopolist's mouth water. The market within Europe will be carved up into predetermined zones by agreements thrashed out by the huge corporations, which will co-operate, the better to compete in the rest of the world. (Already, the Concorde.)

To protect all the economic manipulation, the super-state of Europe must organise itself politically, and in coming to the political agreements necessary to get them all together, all parties must, among other things, persuade all the others of their ability to control their workers. For although, up to now and regrettably, the bosses have shown themselves more internationally-minded than the workers, the coming together of the corporations will inevitably lead to the coming together of the workers' organis-ations as well. With official workers' organisations as they are, this will not worry the bosses-but what both the bosses and the official workers' organisations fear equally, are the unofficial, rank-and-file organisations that exist on factory floors in all countries and which represent the real struggle of worker against boss. Today, in every country, the official unions have come to terms with the official economy, be it the 'free' enterprise of American and most of British industry, statecapitalism as in the Soviet bloc, or the fascist-style of Spanish industry, where individual bosses are protected by statecontrolled syndicates.

WORK AND VOTE!

Thus it was that the Labour Government's attempts to bring in legislation against strikes was claimed by them to be only against 'unofficial' strikes. The confidence trick there was that practically all strikes nowadays are unofficial, since the first and foremost interest of the trade union official is to prevent any dispute getting to the strike stage, and strikes are declared 'official' only after direct action by the rank and file have forced the issue on the TU leaders.

The Labour Government's Industrial Disputes Act was withdrawn only after the TUC had itself undertaken to deal with unofficial strikes, and to exert more discipline over its members. This, after all, is the most important function of the trades unions, from the point of view of the establishment, and the TUC viewed with alarm the attempt by the Labour Government to interfere. And since the trades unions are the pursestrings of the Labour Party, their will prevailed. It was amusing to note that, at the same time as the Government was trying to curtail the right to strike, it was actually extending the right to vote.

This puts precisely into perspective the reality of the working class struggle. You can vote until you are blue (or red)

in the face; you are still voting for a government and all those who are interested in seeing you governed are happy and secure in the knowledge that you too want to see yourself governed. But when you cease to work for them on their terms you are acting as though you are ungovernable—and this makes them very unhappy and insecure and they have to reach for the whip.

It is, after all, your readiness to go on working on their terms which makes you of use to the employers. All investment, all forward planning, all research and development, all profit-seeking, all depend upon the willingness of workers to be exploited on terms profitable to the employers. This is the basis of the money economy; all the rest is superstructure to smooth off the rough edges, create smokescreens, give the impressions of democracy, provide bread and circuses, divide and rule, play upon patriotism, race, religion, prejudices of all kinds—all the flannel of government for exploitation. And government is not for any other purpose.

This is why the right to vote is never challenged, even in a totalitarian regime where you can only vote 'Yes' or 'Yes' But the first right that is lost in a totalitarian regime is the right to strike, because a strike says 'No'.

Voting is playing the government's game, striking is not.

DEMONSTRATION OF WORKERS' POWER

This is why the right to strike must at all times be defended and even extended; for it is the difference between liberty and slavery. It is still not free-dom, for freedom will be achieved when there will be nobody to strike against, when we control our own industries and all the means of exploitation have been abolished. It is because the strike is an attack upon exploitation that it is hated and feared by authority. Hated because it is through exploitation that the employers' and government's privileged positions are maintained and any resistance is an attack on that privilege; feared because the strike is a demonstration of workers' power.

And workers' power is something the establishment want to keep very quiet about indeed. The last people they want to know about workers' power are the workers, and the fearful thing about strikes is that they demonstrate for all the world to see just who it is that makes the wheels go round. When governments go into recess for ten weeks in the summer, nobody notices; when dockers go on strike for ten days, the economy is reeling.

The simple economic fact is that the workers are the creators of all wealth. It is the workers who produce and distribute all that society needs (and a lot that we don't need as well!) and it is in this simple economic fact that their strength lies.

Workers' power lies at the point of production, not in the ballot box, the council chamber or the trade union branch. At work is where the worker matters to his employer and to society and it is at work that he can exert influence on both.

The strike is important therefore not only as a weapon for exerting pressure on employers-it is a means of making changes in society. The balance of power between workers and employers exists only as long as the workers are prepared

not to push too hard; the danger for the employers in any strike is that little strikes can grow into big ones and the big strike—the general strike—is a revolutionary weapon.

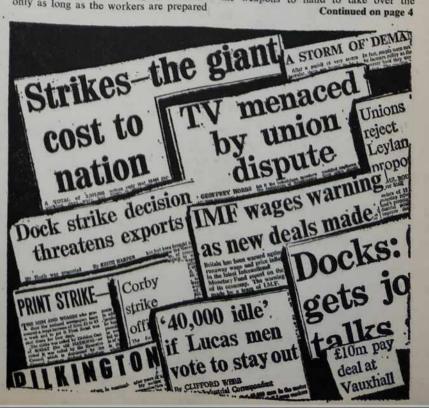
No army can replace all the workers; no government can govern a society which refuses to work for it. Sooner or later the time must come when the people say they are not going to go on being the suckers. This cannot be said in any other way than the ways of direct action, and although these are many and various, violent and non-violent, the simplest form of direct action is simply the folding of the arms. Of simply saying, 'No, I am not going on working for you on these terms.

This is such a simple basic liberty that it must never, never, be lost.

But also it must never be forgotten that this is only the negative beginning of a positive process; the achievement of control over our own lives.

The employers realise this well enough. It is time the workers too realised that there is progressively less and less point in putting great effort into small achieve-ments. Ridiculous to go on and on fighting for higher wages when we have the weapons to hand to take over the

Continued on page 4



SUCH IS LIFE?'

HE MIDDLE CLASS dearly love a rogue, neck-strung and worm-rotten I the Australian middle class deserve s travesty of the life of Ned Kelly it the British film industry has misade for no other reason than, when was first stated that the Rolling Stone ick Jagger was to play the part of e Irish outlaw Ned Kelly, the whole the right-wing middle-class Australian ress cried out that Jagger was unfit to ortray Australia's favourite son. That he land-grabbing Australians hunted and hanged Kelly with the same legal zeal as the Irish and English land grabbers hanged the Irish peasants they failed to transport to Australia, no longer weighs heavy on the conscience of the Australian Establishment and Ned Kelly and his primitive idealism, love of Ireland and community attitude to other people's property is now part of Grand Old Australian Folk Lore and meat for the Country Club balladiers.

That Mick Jagger is completely unfitted to play the part of Kelly is a physical fact, for the spectacle of Mick skipping along with a gait more suited to camp King's Road, Chelsea, than the Australian outback is unfortunately too shuddermaking for most of the after-

noon audience who eat their fish and chips in the balcony of the Piccadilly Pavilion cinema and a gay and sympathetic whistle and a loud smacking of lips marked Mick's next hop, skip and a whoops.

All in all, it is unfortunate that Tony Richardson who directed and helped to write the screenplay, should have wasted a rare opportunity to make a valid statement on an event of social and historical importance. To quote Colin Cave that all this black comedy was played against the backdrop of the 1870s; raw times, and times of conflict -the conflict of the little land-holder with economic depression, bad seasons, ruined crops, graft in high places; eking out a meagre living from the resentful and unvielding soil in a wild and lonely country'. For the Irish peasants found the same grim economic problems facing them when they were transported as they believed they had left behind in Ireland and all they had to sustain them was the ancient myths of the Old Kingdom, a black hatred for those in authority and the courage to fight and die for hopeless causes. And when that is said, we must examine Ned Kelly for this is his ill-starred film.

the old-time bushrangers and, like the American outlaw, near enough to our own times to encroach upon the gun while using the horse for transport and his crude and useless armour brought out all the ancient dreams of the splendours of gentle knights and wet the legs of a generation of Australian city women but Ned to his eternal credit was capable of those earthy vulgarities that ill-fit folk heroes, such as the time he fought Jeremiah Mc-Cormack and sent Mrs. McCormack a parcel of calves' testicles and an obscene note. Let us condemn the act and be thankful that Kelly has our human failings. What I would hold is a wrong and wicked thing within the context of this film is the brief and ill-judged interpretation of the role of Aaron Sherritt. History and folk lore have given Sherritt the role of the police informer and Ian Jones who has done extensive field work in the Kelly country dismisses the story out of hand. Aaron Sherritt tried desperately to join the Kelly gang but, to quote Ian Jones, 'because he was an Orangeman, because he was a Protestant, he was always suspected by the Catholic Irish' and, when it was decided to set a trap for the police, Sherritt was murdered in cold blood in the sight of his pregnant wife and his mother-in-law.

Ned Kelly was among the last of

Truth demands that one states that there were four police playing cards in a room in Sherritt's shack but the same police were equally at home in

the Kelly's shack for they entered by virtue of their uniforms and their guns and it is now accepted by most historians of the period that Aaron Sherritt died for no other reason than that he was disposable for, to quote O'Casey, 'It is not the gunmen who are dying for the people but the people who are dving for the gunmen.' And yet every folk hero must have his betrayer. For two thousand years we have accepted the condemnation of Judas but dare we do it now, for the speed of communication means that every man must now make his own moral judgement for we can no longer have our judgements sanctified by time and the wisdom of our political and philosophical elders.

In a riot in an American town or the slaughter in an eastern city we must now stand up and be counted for the image is there on the television screen and the blood is still wet and the party directives on how we must think are still stumbling off the press and we can no longer smile and say 'But we are all guilty' for mass communication gives us the right to proclaim our innocence.

We as anarchists would appear to spend more of our time trying to destroy each other than our corrupt society and conspiracy for the emotional pleasure of conspiracy breeds the fear and the desire for treason. By the very nature of our movement we will attract the Nechayevs of the dark hour and common sense, a still tongue and a regard for the safety of each other can be our only safeguard but, for the Ievno Azefs that flower like a rank weed within every movement, there can be only constant vigilance, a rejection of being used as a tool for another's adventures and an awareness that we must never sacrifice a comrade for political ends name them as those who plan them may.

Aaron Sherritt lies in an unmarked grave and his father asked to be buried in an unmarked grave beside his murdered son and all that the useless and brutal murder of Aaron Sherritt produced was the banal phrase of Ned Kelly, 'Such is life', before the hangman pulled the trap to break his neck and swung him into Rotary Club immortality. ARTHUR MOYSE.

bureaucrat, Lenin. Like a ghost from the dim past, she reminds us all of the cancer of centralism and bureaucracy which may infect the most sincere revolutionary movement. 'Mistakes made by a really revolutionary working-class movement are infinitely, in historical perspective, more fruitful and valuable than the infallibility of the most excellent central committee.'

To my mind, the best thing published by the libertarian Left this year. Read it for yourself and see.

The Fighting Mouse. No. 3. Published by Aberdeen Anarchists. 1d. plus s.a.e., from Peter Dickie, 136 Rosemount Place, Aberdeen.

Contains local news, a good example of anarchist local publishing. No. 3 contains an article on a local flax mill, and tells of wages and conditions in laundries and the fish industry. Read it and, if you like, copy it.

GMWU - Scab Union. By Mark Fore. Published by Solidarity (North London). From H. Russell, 53a Westmoreland Road, Bromley, Kent. Price 6d.

A first-class exposure of the corrupt and useless General and Municipal Workers' Union. In view of the treachery of this union during the Pilkington strike, this pamphlet should be in the hands of every revolutionary interested in the industrial struggle.

How many people know that the GMWU spends more on cars for officials than it does on strike pay? How many people know that Lord Cooper, General Secretary of the GMWU, is a director of Telefusion Yorkshire and of the National Ports Council? The secretary before him the role of the trade unions, Mark Fore was a director of Securicor, whose workers are 'represented' by the union? Did to participate in this process with all

Petty remarks about anarchists are not so stop miscalling everybody else, fellas? All in all, a useful example of what history. A useful bibliography of the magnificent demolition job on the archeral eye-opener and well worth every-



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Keep pushing it down!

one's money. Talking of the growing awareness among ordinary workers about states, 'In this process, we would like the poor bastard negotiate with himself? like-thinking militants or groups.' Fine,

IAN S. SUTHERLAND.

RECENT SMALL MAGS & PAMPHLETS

THE LOCAL PUBLISHING scene rolls revolutionaries can do on their own publication of a new pamphlet or magazine. From time to time, I'll try to review the latest products of grass-roots revolutionary publishing in Britain. Send me your good works, good people. Let everyone know what you're doing. Now, to the latest crop.

The Dispossessed - Homelessness in Manchester. 'Black and Red' pamphlet No. 1. Published by Manchester Anarchist and Syndicalist Group, from Rachel Golditch, 34 Waterpark Road, Salford 7. Price 1/-.

On the cover is a photograph of the Manchester Municipal Hostel for Women -a grim, forbidding Victorian dump. The authors point out that one in eight Manchester families lives in a slum; that, in 1969, there were 891 people classified as homeless in the city.

The pamphlet goes on to examine, in detail, the various hostels and 'half-way' houses into which the Cathys of Manchester are herded. Say the authors, 'These hostels are the equivalent of the Victorian workhouse, the inheritors of the concept of cold charity. A more apt homeless.'

on. Every week seems to see the doorstep and a guide for those tackling the homelessness question in Britain's major cities.

> Spartakism to National Bolshevism-The KPD 1918-24. Published by Aberdeen Solidarity. 1/6 from Neil Roy, 138 Walker Road, Aberdeen, and H. Russell, 53a Westmoreland Road, Bromley, Kent.

Well up to the usual high standard of Solidarity productions, this one is, I'm afraid, rather for the egg-heads. The introduction states, For of all the revolutions, it is the German one which socialists in the advanced West should be studying.' A careful study is made of the role of workers' councils in the German Revolution. The author, Ian Mitchell, makes the good point that while the FORM (i.e., councils) existed, the CONTENT of the revolution was

The remarks about anarchists are stupid and one finds it hard to believe that the author really believes them himself. Just because some anarchists are stupid-ergo, we all are. Come down off the holier than thou, we're always correct, pulpit, comrades, and you've got name for them would be prisons for the a pamphlet which sheds valuable light It is impossible, in this short review, on an important aspect of working class to do full justice to Rosa Luxemburg's the preserve of this pamphlet. It's a

German Revolution is included.

A good buy for the revolutionary bookshelf. But make the next one a little less sanctimonious, brothers.

Leninism or Marxism? By Rosa Luxemburg. Published by the Independent Labour Party, 197 King's Cross Road, London, W.C.1. Price 1/6.

Rosa Luxemburg was one of the creators, and the victims, of the German Revolution. Murdered by fascist soldiers, Rosa was the finest type of Marxist. The pamphlet is a translation, first reprinted in 1935, of two articles written by Rosa Luxemburg, in 1904, during a polemic with Lenin.

'In Lenin's opinion,' wrote Luxemburg, 'only the socialist "Literat", thanks to his innate instability and individualism, can oppose such unlimited powers of the central committee; a genuine proletarian, on the other hand, must, even as a result of his revolutionary class instinct, experience a sort of rapture at all the stiffness, strictness and smartness of his highest party officials, and so subjects himself to all the rude operation of party discipline with joyously closed eyes.

All correspondence to Peter Le Mare, 5 Hannafore Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham 16 of BRITAIN

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

Tuesday, BEXILEY ANARCHIST MOVEMENT. Steve Leman, 28 New Road, Abbey Wood, S.E.2. Tel.: ET 35177. Meetings every Friday, 8 p.m., Lord Bexley, Bexleyheath Breadway.
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Peter Le Mare, 5 Hannafore Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham, 16. Meetings every Sunday, 8 p.m., in the smoke room of St. Martin pub, corner of St. Martin's Lane and Jamaica Row.

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

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163 Ryelands Road, Lancaster, Lancs. Meetings
Monday at 8 p.m. Phil Woodhead's, 30 Dunkeld
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MANCHESTER ANARCHISTS AND SYNDICALISTS, Contact Rachel Golditch, 34 Waterpark Road, Salford, Lancs (740 2516).
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All correspondence to Temporary Secretary: Neil Munro, 203 Cornhill Drive, Aberdeen.
ABERDEEN ANARCHISTS & SYNDICALISTS.
Contact Ian & Peggy Sutherland, 8 Esslemont Avenue, Aberdeen. Regular 'Freedom' Sale, leefletting of leafletting, etc. Visiting comrades welcome, GLASGOW ANARCHIST GROUP, Robert Lynn, GLASGOW ANARCHIST GROUP. Robert Lynn, 12 Ross Street, S.E.

EDINBURGH. Tony Hughes, Top Flat, 40 Angle Park Terrace, Ediaburgh 11.

FIFE. Bob and Una Turnbull, Raith Home Farm, Raith Estate, Kirkcaldy.

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

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

NORTHERN IRELAND BELFAST ANARCHIST GROUP. No address ivailable. Letters c/o Freedom Press.

SOUTHERN IRELAND IRISH ANARCHIST FEDERATION. Permanent centre. Meetings every Sunday 3.30 p.m., Island, Corner Merrion Road and Nutley Lane, Dublin, 4. Visitors accommodated.

STUDENT GROUPS LOUGHTON. c/o Students Union, Loughton College of Further Education, Borders Lane, Loughton, Essex.

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX. Contact Andrew Chalk, William Morris Tower, University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester, Essex. UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Pete Hannah, c/o Students Union, University of Keele, Staffs.

OXFORD ANARCHISTS. Contact John Nygate, New College, Oxford; Steve Watts, Trinity College, Oxford. SWANSEA, Contact Ian Bone, 18 Windsor Street, Uplands, Swansea.
TAUNTON. Contact Dave Poulson, 47b Bramley Road, Taunton, Somerset. YORK, Contact R. Atkins, Vanbrugh College, Heslington, York. LSE. St. Clements Buildings, Houghton Street, LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY GROUP, At the Anarchist Bookstall, Union Foyer, every Friday lunch time or write Anarchist Group, Student Union, Livermont University Union, Liverpool University. SCHOOLS ANARCHIST GROUP, Kate & Joe, 3 Withy Lea, Leonard Stanly, nr. Stonehouse, GL10 3NS, Gloucestershire. SCHOOLS ANARCHIST GROUP — BELFAST AREA. Michael Scott, Longshot, Ballyaughlis, Lisburn.

ABROAD

AUSTRALIA. Federation of Australian Anarchists, P.O. Box A 389, Sydney South, NSW 2009.
BELGIUM. Groupe du journal Le Libertaire, 229 rue Vivegnis, Liège RADICAL LIBERTARIAN ALLIANCE, Box 2104, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.

PROPOSED GROUPS

BERMONDSEY. Roy Heath, 58 Thurburn New Control of the Co for postage.

BATH. Alex Bird, 23 Rosewell Court, Kings
Mead, Bath

Please notify us if entries in these columns need amending.

THE TECHNOLOGICAL CHANGES that are taking place in industry today are altering the economic and industrial life of the country. They are creating an unprecedented increase in productive power and, if applied, the technical knowledge and know-how would be sufficient to supply more than enough for people's needs

But supplying needs is not compatible with a system that exists and maintains itself on profits created by others. The knowledge that has made this abundance possible belongs to mankind as a whole and should not be the preserve of a minority whose ownership and control of property, the land and the means of production makes them the most powerful class in society. So powerful, in fact, that their power surmounts national boundaries and their annual expenditure exceeds that of many nation

As these technological changes need huge capital investment, it has meant that there have been take-overs and mergers to form even greater combinations of centralized power. Because capitalism is what it is the competition still continues, with only the scale and the location changing. When money is

POWER & PROFIT

scarce, companies are no longer able to borrow, and this is as true today as it was a hundred years ago. Companies, or rather the multi-national cartels, are still subject to the same contradictions that faced the old family firms. They still have to survive against competitors and, in so doing, they react in exactly the same way by rationalising their production and making their surplus labour redundant.

Money is scarce today, not only in this country, but also internationally and, even with the expansion of output and a rise in the gross national product, some of the multi-national companies will be forced to close up shop.

STATE ASSISTANCE

However, unlike a hundred years ago, market forces are not always allowed to take their natural course. Governments step in and prop up some of those who are unable to face compereasons, such as the pre-election prevention of sackings, as in the shipyards, the prevention of panic or a psychological blow to the economy of a country. The State is there to assist, to create the right climate, to run unprofitable but necessary industries and services, and to enable the ruling class to survive and accumulate power and

tition. This is done for a number of

The Labour Government did this and the Tories will continue. However, it is an economic fact that all 'Western' economies are tied to America, and when she catches a cold, we catch the flu'. The national politicians will not. however, explain this economic fact, but will blame everything else except the monetary system itself.

America is showing all the signs of catching a cold at the moment. Money is very tight and stringent controls are being applied. Credit markets are closing up and creditors are calling in their debts. If this process speeds up then we could see the disappearance of multi-national companies, subsequent loss of confidence and increasing unemployment.

The Tories, like other Governments,

spending on the social services and low productivity. In fact they will blame the very people who produce the wealth and not the system of profit which is, in fact, responsible.

CUTS IN SOCIAL SERVICES

We can expect inroads to be made into the social services. People will have to pay to see their doctor or to enjoy the luxury of a hospital bed. We can expect these things because they believe in the 'freedom of choice', providing you have the money that gives that freedom. This is not to say that Labour would have been any better. There was a time, ten years ago, when none other than Michael Stewart, as shadow Minister of Housing, said that 'Housing is a social service'. Policies change, especially when a party is in power and during its six years there, Labour did its share of cuts in social

However, it is not the task of anarchists to pick out the party which will be the lesser evil, but, as written by a correspondent in these columns last week, to pose a revolutionary alternative to capitalism and the State. Governments, whatever their colour, will always serve the interests of those who own and control the wealth and productive means of a country. Only the mass of ordinary people can change this situation and bring this rule by a minority to

BRIGHTON ROCK

SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE and the article 'Hard Cases Make Bad Law' more information has come to hand about the Brighton squat case. Whilst it cannot be proved that we have 'the most prostituted press in the world', we certainly have one concerned largely with trivia. Court cases and decisions of vital importance are pared down to the bone, only sensational items are printed; often a case disappears from the press between the day of its initiation to the day of verdict; and a verdict of 'not guilty' is given less space than a guilty

Local papers are free from this fault, their coverage of local cases is extensive and sometimes, in spite of themselves, unbiased. The Brighton Evening Argus with rare percipience (or with common insensitivity) published alongside a report of the Brighton squat sentences a story that the houses in Wykeham Terrace ('Regency-Gothic' style-ugh!) are being put on sale after 'restoration' at £10,000 each. One, the Argus says, has been sold already to Dr. Roy Strong, director of the National Portrait Gallery. Brighton Council claimed that the houses were of too low a standard for use as council houses. No doubt Mr. Anthony Greenwood's (late Minister of Housing) introduction of grants for rehabilitation of run-down housing has helped this scheme as it helped in the Moore Park area of Fulham.

Graham Greene in his evocative novel about Brighton, Brighton Rock, draws the parallel between the structure of seaside rock, where the lettering is laid out in strips and elongated to make the rock, and 'original sin' which pervades the character throughout. One would deny the theological premise but concur that the lettering laid down for Brighton municipal affairs, and pervading the whole character throughout and ultimately the whole judicial and government character, is the 'original sin' of rent, interest and profit which are three of the manifestations of power relationships.

The Brighton Argus summarizes Mr. Justice Thompson's remarks to Michael Christmas who, although charged with the others, was a homeless 'squatter' for whom the jury recommended clemency. The Judge said, among other things, I am taking the view you were so desperate in your housing need that at any price, and by that I mean disregard of the law."

It was admitted that the petrol bombs -subject of 'explosives' charge-'were destroyed' says the Argus proudly, 'after the Evening Argus article on July 23' (the squat lasted until about September 26). 'In time good sense in the squat increased. . . . The perils of the situation passed, but there had been for a time a situation of great danger in which a determined threat upon the Queen's peace existed. The plight of the homeless had been used as the rallying cry and possibly individuals had behaved in a way in which alone they would never have dared to contemplate."

The Judge said he was satisfied some of the leading figures were before him. According to the Argus, police enquiries started with a list of 98 people, many identified only by Christian or nick-names. Students of the curious coincidence will note that four of the six defendants had the Christian name 'Michael'. One might conclude the police were after somebody called 'Mike' and took four to make sure
The Argus notes that legal history

was made by elevating the destroyed petrol bombs to an 'explosive substance'.

The thread running through the whole case was that the law was being defied. That the only law around to deal with it was about four or five hundred years old was immaterial. That the preparations for dealing with re-possession of the premises were dismantled before repossession took place and the premises were surrendered without a struggle, and that the arrests took place months after and miles away from Brighton were all overlooked by the Judge although he made some pretension to showing leniency. Brighton rock is the same all the way through.

In the Cambridge case the claim is now made that authorities have exercised some liberality in transferring all the prisoners to 'open' or reformist prisons. This is an illusion, for in the first place, the aim of 'open' prisons is reform and constant supervision is maintained. How do you expect demonstrators to The speciality of progressive prisons is 'character training'. People one knows, who have been in 'open' prisons, have expressed a preference for the old type prison where, at least, one was left alone and did not have to join in communal living or communal

J.R.

More Powell to the People

This is a reply to Laurens Otter's letter, printed in the last issue.

Dear Comrades,

You seem to have misinterpreted the major thrust of my article, which was not the 'dangers inherent in letting in more reactionary government', but rather the advantages of doing the same. In so doing, however, I did say that we must always remain conscious of possi-Although the majority of British working-class people are Labourites or at least apathetic, there remains always to latent fears and desires that a Powell or worse can appeal American workers were traditionally Democrats, until men like George Wallace and Spiro Agnew began mobi-lizing them as a 'Silent Majority' by appealing to racism along with fears of 'Crime in the Streets' and job security. It is only with the support, or at least quiet acceptance of these people that the purge on the Black Panthers and the slaughter of Kent State could have

Keeping this in mind, I'd like to answer your second point that 'a Tory government will breed a new set of

illusions amongst the working class that Labour is our party and will change That's just what they said about the Tories! (A strange argument indeed for workers, but one which I hear over and over in BBC interviews.) This merry-go-round can only continue if we allow it. Assuming that the Tories will not suddenly create a mass hysteria-not an entirely safe assumption -we can count on most of the British people becoming disillusioned with them. Our job, then, becomes not joining a

ZAMBIA SW AFRICA ANARCHY 112 SOUTHERN AFRICA

Labour-led 'popular front' to fight the Tories, but continuing our battle against Labour reformism. Relieved of the job of attacking the present administration (everyone else will be doing that), all of our resources can be moved to an all-out attack on liberalism. By showing the faults of a non-revolutionary 'solution' (see article 'Hard Cases Make Bad Law' in last week's paper), and by fighting phoney progressivism wherever it appears, we can show that the only true alternative is a revolutionary alter-

With the possible exception (however slim that possibility) of bringing on Fascism realized, the Tories are no threat to the Anarchists. The Labour Party, and all of the left-Liberals are our real enemy. They are now weak, and it's time to attack. To paraphrase an old cliche: If we take care of Labour, the Tories will take care of themselves.

M.B.

Women's Liberation

To the Editors,

It has surprised me that a paper like FREEDOM has ignored half the population, women. There has been little or no mention of Women's Liberation groups which have formed in this country in the past six months. Is this because of lack of interest or lack of information? Even though women share man's oppression with him, they are further exploited sexually and emotionally in a far greater way than men.

Men's naked bodies do not advertise

Men are not brought up to believe their greatest fulfilment is getting married and having kids.

Whoever heard of a man being bought a washing machine for his birthday?

The means by which a man can fulfil (!) himself under the present status quo are numerous, while the woman has only the choice as a mother and wife.

From the moment little girls start toddling about, or even before, they are encouraged to be maternal, play with dolls, make houses-OK if little boys weren't laughed at for doing it too. Girls are expected to be passive, gentle, have girlish (?) fears, cry and be emotional. All the way along everything is geared to eventually growing up into a young woman to fulfil herself through the great myth of child

Her whole life is geared towards a 9-month illness, because don't tell me being 2 stone overweight and sick every morning is a great joy, accompanied by endless hours in labour. OK, so a child is spewed out at the end of it, and even though children are marvellous, our hopes and fears, etc., etc., there is no reason why a woman should gear her life for this one big moment-while the man lives his own life no matter how exploited he is in his work situation.

Women have formed their own groups purely because the left wing as a whole, anarchists included, have ignored them. This sin of omission Libertarians must

JUDITH WEYMANT. Leeds, 6

TIM DALY Penalized

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL for Civil Liberties has written to the Home Office Parliamentary Under Secretary, Mr. Mark Carlisle, to express



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

New Books on Anarchism and kindred subjects

Surrealism and Revolution: an

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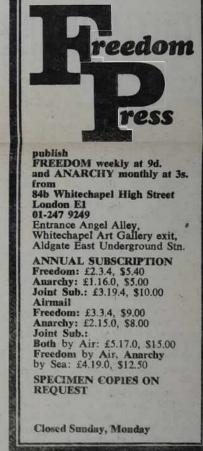
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its 'grave concern' about Timothy John Daly, sentenced to four years' imprisonment in 1969 for setting fire to the Imperial War Museum.

Daly has lost three months' remission for 'insubordination' and has been transferred from Maidstone to the much tougher Wandsworth prison. Mr. Tony Smythe, general secretary of the NCCL, is worried about the effect of further imprisonment on Daly, who recently heard that he was not to be paroled.

-The Guardian, 17.7.70.

'plot' started in a lighthearted way, although a plan was drawn up of the area. None of the five could drive. They attempted to obtain a driver without success. Some time later they received

AGENT PROVOGATEUR ON JUNE 10 five youths aged between 17 and 22 pleaded guilty to conspiracy to steal at the Central Criminal Three received conditional discharges and two others were placed on probation. The circumstances leading to their arrest give cause for concern. The five lived together. They discussed a method of obtaining money by waylaving a supermarket employee, No allegation was made that the use of any weapon was contemplated. It was accepted by the prosecution that the a telephone call from a person offering his services as a driver. He came round

to the flat, and within twenty minutes three of them began the journey with the driver in his car. The journey only lasted five minutes. The car stopped and the Flying Squad arrested the party.

While it is not disputed that the police must use every means at their disposal to apprehend criminals, they must not be permitted to encourage crime in order to secure convictions. In this case, the judge took the view that if the police had not intervened the escapade could have ended up as something of great gravity. On the other hand, there was considerable evidence to suggest that, if the police had not offered their services, the plan would not have been put into operation.

From the Monthly Bulletin of the National Council for Civil Liberties.

A MAN IS MURDERED IN LONDON

RECENTLY A HOMOSEXUAL MAN was murdered in his flat in London, probably by a so-called queer-roller. It is sad and awful. But it is a thing that happens and is bound to happen again in the big cities of our worldespecially in countries where authorities find moral hypocrisy more important than human welfore. Where homosexuals are forced to substitute love and affection with quick erotic release in dark places. Where the frustrated and humiliated homosexual has to be content with someone he happens to meet in a toilet and who can as well be his murderer as his future best friend.

British society fights homosexuality and 'immorality' because it wants to 'protect the youth', but who induced the murderer to believe his homosexual victim to be an inferior human being, who gave him the inspiration to become a queer-roller? Who sent the prey into his arms? Those in society who refuse to replace ignorance and prejudice with knowledge and understanding, they did and they are guilty of these murders. More than the man who actually used his knife.

The Sunday papers also did not find the murder as horrifying as the discovery by the police that homosexuals used to meet at Victoria Station. They write:

'Detectives investigating the murder have discovered a new international haunt for homosexuals—Victoria Station, London, used daily by more than 90,000 people. Police have been astonished at the number of homosexuals who gather at the station, known to them as Deadsville. So far statements have been taken from 600 people, of whom more than 300 are homosexuals. "The extent of homo-

sexual activity there is staggering", said Detective-Chief Inspector Brian Smith, who is leading the murder inquiry. And yesterday, exactly a month after the murder, he appealed to the "twilight people" of the area to help in the hunt for the killer.

"The station is rife with homosexuals. We knew it was used as a pick-up point, but until we started the murder inquiries we had no comprehension how bad it was," said Chief Inspector Smith.

"The victim was homosexual, and used the station as his contact place. He used to wait under the main arrivals indicator and was well known to many of the men we have interviewed. We are convinced the man who killed him was another homosexual—or bisexual—who first indulged with him, bound and gagged him and then robbed him. There is a real danger this man could strike again. We particularly want to hear from anyone who has been robbed in similar circumstances. They can rest assured anything they tell us will be treated in confidence."

'Since the murder a team of 25 detectives have been working round the clock, and have made regular swoops in and around Victoria Station. The most notorious spot in the station is the men's toilets on the central concourse in front of the entrance to platforms 9-15. Plain-clothed officers of the British Transport Police make regular raids and arrests. A purge has been ordered by the area's railway police chief, Superintendent Tom Lucas. "We are very much alive to the problem. We are doing all we can to combat it," said Superintendent Lucas.'

A few observations about the article:

'A new international haunt.' This may be newspaper inaccuracy, or it could just be police lunacy. For many years Victoria Station has been well known as a place to meet, as indeed are all main line railway stations, probably throughout the whole world.

Statements have been taken from more than 600 people, of whom more than 300 are homosexuals.' I am more than inclined to agree with this. What the newspaper did not report was that some these statements were taken after the police entered a gay club in the Victoria area of London and proceeded to question the members who were present at the time. What connection this could justifiably have been said to have with a murder that took place in a private flat is not known or explained. No doubt the questioning was conducted in the usual obnoxious manner when the police interview homo-

'The extent of homosexual activity there is staggering.' I have been to the place myself in the past (but will not be going there again for many years, if ever), and really I have never noticed the terrific amount of activity. I don't think that I am particularly unobservant either.

'He appealed to the twilight people.'
Just another example of the thought
processes of the police and newspapers
in general, particularly the one that
this article was extracted from.

'The station is rife with homosexuals. We know that it was used as a pick-up point, but until we started the murder inquiries we had no comprehension how bad it was.' This is a blatant lie! It highlights yet again that the police simply don't want to be bothered until something comes to light that they feel would place them in their true colours unless they make some sort of official

move, thus placating the moral twits like Mary Whitehouse, etc.

'We particularly want to hear from anyone who has been robbed in similar circumstances. They can rest assured than anything they tell us will be treated in confidence.' Yet another outrageous lie. At the very least their names will be placed on the register of homosexuals that is kept by Scotland Yard, although they vigorously deny that such a list is kept. If such a list is not kept it is positively amazing that COPIES OF THIS LIST ARE IN EXISTENCE OUTSIDE THE YARD!!!

'Since then a team of 25 detectives have been working round the clock and have made regular swoops in and around Victoria Station.' This would be almost praiseworthy if it were a real attempt to apprehend the murderer, but in truth it is much more likely to be solely concerned with the 'purging' of homosexuals in the area, and by the fright the raids will possibly induce, cause them to either move from the area or restrain themselves to the point of acute frustration.

'The most notorious spot in the station is the men's toilets on the main concourse in front of the entrance to platforms 9-15.' Really this is too obvious to require any comment, except that because of official English attitudes it is not surprising that so many of us are regular 'closet-queens'.

'Plain-clothed officers of the British Transport Police make regular raids and arrests. A purge has been ordered by the area's railway police chief, Superintendent Tom Lucas.' We all know what this means. A fantastically high degree of harassment, which will no doubt mean that perfectly innocent homosexuals AND heterosexuals will be subjected to close scrutiny, not to mention rude arrogant questioning by mem-

bers of the Transport Police, if they should be seen standing around at Victoria Station. It will make not the slightest difference that they may be waiting for friends or even girl friends, all will be regarded with equal suspicion.

Another disgusting trick beloved by the British police when in plain clothes is to enter the public toilet, stand next to a person and do everything but 'shove their prick into their victim's mouth' in an effort to get the person to make a move towards them. They then have the greatest delight in arresting the poor victim of their perverted enjoyment. It is a very old ploy and one that is used time and again. I have the fearful thought that Victoria Station will be so engorged with police that they may very well find themselves trying this despicable trick on each other!!!

"We are very much alive to the problem. We are doing all that we can to combat it," said Superintendent Lucas.' This last statement means that Victoria Station will be the object of much immoral police activity for a long while to come, and is a place to be avoided for a correspondingly long while. Happily enough I never was a 'regular' at the station and never have made any contact there, neither do I know any of the people who are, or were, habitués of the place. I never thought that it was such a wonderful place to meet people, being essentially of a somewhat seedy nature.

I do hope that my comments will be of some use in helping innocents from England or abroad from falling into a 'low-life' police trap.

> CLIFF. From UNI No. 10.



YOUTH UNDER ATTACK

QUINTIN HOGG SAID, 'We should clear the streets of London of undesirables.' This means in practice young people with long hair (or very short hair) and colourful costumes of various kinds. Society has always persecuted those who, for one reason or another, do not conform, and I suppose that things are no worse now than they have ever been. But there are signs of resistance among the youth at any rate. The Civil Rights Action Committee exists to defend the rights of young people on the streets of London. It has issued the following statement:

'We the people of Piccadilly have voted with our feet against the real institutions of oppression in our capitalist society: the family, school, borstal, detention centre. Piccadilly is a Bay of Pigs. A potentially liberated zone, policed on all sides, where it is a crime just to be' (CRAC, June 18, 1970).

The central island of Piccadilly Circus, around the statue of Eros, was formerly a meeting place for young people in London. Now the authorities are turning it into a parking place for tourist buses. Certainly there has been widespread indignation among conventional people, at least it has been reported in the press, and there have been aggrieved letters, concerning the way beatniks were being allowed to take over the centre of London, or of the West End anyway. They were considered to be an eyesore, unworthy of the heart of a great city, etc. Piccadilly Circus has never struck me as anything but an architectural mess anyway, and not so many years ago the plan for an exceptionally hideous office block, crowned with an ornament like a pair of giant wings, was only just checked in time by public outcry and indignation. That part of London is already pretty tatty and scruffy, with neon signs, flashing lights, and buildings which at best may be described as uninspired. So what harm can a group of hippies do? But it is always of course permitted

to the rich and powerful to disgrace themselves, whereas the poor and powerless can be bullied for trivial misdemeanours. So, along with the destruction of Eros Island, a campaign of harassment is being mounted by the police against the young, all over the West End, extending also to the main railway stations. In Piccadilly Circus itself even quite conventionally dressed people are being stopped and questioned by the police. It is an amusing thought that the very tourists who have objected to the presence of the hippies may find themselves at the mercy of the police one day. Freedom is indivisible. By defending the freedom of those you despise or dislike, you are defending your own, and by taking away their freedom you are threatening your own.

A virtual curfew exists. It is unwise to go about London late at night, particularly if you wear your hair long, but even if you don't you are not really safe from harassment. An ancient fear of the powers of darkness seems to be behind this. There may have been something in it in the days before street lighting, but nowadays one is more conspicuous in a city at night than in the daytime.

The CRAC proposes a scheme for the

defence of young people. First they must be informed of their civil and legal rights, and they must be supported by practical action whenever these rights are infringed. This would involve: (1) a team of observers accredited to the National Council for Civil Liberties, who would be at hand during the evening and all day at the weekends. They would note all cases of police harassment, observe the pattern of police behaviour and notify CRAC in the event of a bust; (2) a twenty-four-hour emergency service to which people can phone for help; (3) a panel of solicitors who would be able to give legal advice and represent young people in court; (4) a list of sympathetic people who would be prepared at short notice to act as sureties, so that victims of the police can get bail rather than be remanded in custody at places like Ashford as a form of pre-trial punishment; (5) a team of law students in the courts to keep a record of all the cases that come up; (6) a legal briefing to be distributed to all the kids telling them what their rights are, how to avoid getting bust, what to do and to say if they are, and the service provided by the legal scheme.

The parks were open to sleepers last summer. This year they are closed and patrolled. Some see in this the hand of the new Tory regime, but quite possibly the decision to put the pressure on the young people was taken some time ago, before the general election, by civil servants, who were concerned about the tourist industry. If hippies from abroad brought a lot of money into the country they would be welcome, no matter how scruffy they were. And the native hippies would be left alone too.

In the meantime, whether the new government is responsible for the increasing harassment, or whether it is a long-term policy independent of political parties, we should give what support we can to organisations like the CRAC and the NCCL, even though the latter's aims are not necessarily anarchist but reformist. Anything which limits the power of authority is to be desired.

M.H.

N.B.—The address of the CRAC is 142 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

Anarchism & Behaviourist Psychology

Dear Editors,

A few observations on Tony Gibson's 'Anarchism and Behaviourist Psychology' (FREEDOM, 18.7.70).

According to the Oxford Dictionary, a dentist is: 'One whose profession it is to treat diseases of the teeth, extract them, insert artificial ones, etc.; a dental surgeon.' If Tony Gibson's dentist 'seeks to control and manipulate human beings', I would suggest that Tony Gibson should change his dentist forthwith!

The point is that to confuse the treatment of part of a human being's anatomy with the manipulation of a human being's entire psycho-physical organism is utterly ridiculous. And to justify the latter on the grounds that the former is useful or necessary is not only ridiculous but, to me, horrifying.

Tony Gibson's heart warms to Kropotkin's idea that life, intelligence. emotions and passions may all be reduced to physical and chemical phenomena. If that idea were true, it would follow that all human behaviour, all human thought and feeling, all human creativeness, originality and initiative, could in theory be manipulated-indeed created-by the practitioners of certain techniques. Tony Gibson sees nothing authoritarian in this, evidently, because hinks, evidently, that ever could learn the techniques and become his own manipulator. But the idea that everybody will one day learn such techniques is surely quite incredible. What we should get, inevitably, would be an élite of manipulators and a mass of the manipulated.

In any case, the idea of manipulating oneself is absurd. For the self that is to be manipulated is no different from the self that is to do the manipulating. On Tony Gibson's own showing, the self is nothing but the outcome of certain complex physical and chemical events entirely determined by the so-called laws of nature. There is no controlling metaphysical entity, no 'ghost in the machine'.

One more point. Tony Gibson seems to think that our only choice lies between the 'essentially radical and egalitarian' behaviourist psychologist, and the phoney guru who 'promises some sort of spiritual salvation'. I would suggest that the real choice lies between belief in any sort of specialist as our saviour, and an utter lack of such belief. It is only when a man rejects the claims of all authorities, ancient or modern, and starts inquiring for himself, that he can begin to understand the meaning of freedom.

FRANCIS ELLINGHAM.

The Right to Strike
Continued from page 1

entire means of production and distribution and abolish the exploitative wages system altogether.

For a start, let's stop talking about 'The right to strike'! Rights are something we are allowed by somebody else; what we must start talking about now is the power to strike, for it is power that will take us on beyond hand-outs from our employers. The power to use our strength intelligently will lead us on to change society—to make a social

And nobody will give us the right to lo that!

JUSTIN.

Camping International 1970

DATE: From August 1-31.

PLACE: France, Department—La Lozère (south of the Massif Central, Massif des Cévennes), Moulinas Valley (on the Communes of Cassagnas and St. André de Lancize).

HOW TO GET THERE

(2) By bus:

(1) By car (use Michelin Map No. 80): (a) Coming from Alès.—Take Route Nationale No. 107 which runs between Alès and Florac to the Jalcreste Pass (48 kms.). At the Jalcreste Pass turn right onto the Rouve le Bas road. From Rouve le Bas go in the direction of La Roche. Just before reaching La Roche turn left onto an unmetalled road. (It is 6 kms. from the Jalcreste Pass to the camp. The directions will be placed at the head of the Pass.) (b) Coming from Florac.-23 kms. towards the Jalcreste Pass turn left onto the Rouve le Bas road.

Buses leave from Alès every day. Times of departure:
Morning: Dep. 09.07; arr. 10.58.
Afternoon: Dep. 16.46; arr. 18.44.
Buses also daily from Florac.
Morning: Dep. 07.15; arr. 07.56.
Afternoon: Dep. 16.55; arr. 17.39.
There is an extra run from Florac on Saturdays only at 09.20, arriving 10.02.

If comrades who are coming by car let us know when they will be arriving, someone will meet them at the Jalcreste Pass.

The camp will be situated in a sunny valley, at an altitude of about 900 metres. A river, with waterfalls, crosses the countryside.

There are many excursions which can be made, both on foot and by car, in the Cévennes (Bougès Mountains), Mount Lozère, the Causses (a little further away); the gorges on the Tarn. Road, S.W.4, would like a copy of S. E. Finer's 'The Life and Times of Edwin Chadwick' (1952).

Angry Arts present 'The Girls', with Mai Zetterling, on July 30-31 at the Camden Studios, Camden Street, N.W.1 (3 minutes from Mornington Crescent Underground) at 8 p.m. 5/- admission plus 2/6 membership. 'Skylight'—new mag. No. 1 (hopefully) out September. More MSS. wanted —poems, drawings, short stories, articles. Most so far from committed anarchists. With s.a.e. to: Skylight,

Chemical and Biological Warfare Action Group. Next meeting CABWAG Monday, August 3 at 7.30 p.m., Housman's Bookshop Basement, 5 Caledonian Road, N.1.

Fog Lane, Didsbury, Manchester

Anarchists in Enfield area please contact Leroy Evans 01-360 4324.

Bitman out now. Articles on Communes, Progressive Schools, Radical Theatre Groups, Claimants Unions. From 141 Westbourne Park Road, London, W.11. 01-229 8219. Costs 3/-.

Accommodation. Two young Irish anarchists seek accommodation. London area for five days in early August. Brian and Martin c/o Freedom Press.

Ulster Paranoid. Available now at

Freedom Bookshop, 2/-.

Please help. Union of American Exiles in Britain: c/o WRI, 3 Caledonian Road, London, N.1.

Proposed Group. Alex Bird, 23 Rosewell Court, Kingsmead, Bath.

Comrade wanted to receive one mailing from Europe each month, repackage same and re-address and mail to USA. Expenses and reasonable fee will be paid. Box 1015, G.C.P.O., New York, N.Y. 10017, USA.

Lowestoft Libertarians contact Ann & Gordon Collins, 9 Ontario Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk, Tuesday evenings. Comrades welcome for short stay by the sea.

Notting Hill Libertarian Society. Meetings every Monday at 7.30 p.m., upstairs room of 'The Ladbroke', Ladbroke Crescent, Ladbroke Grove, W.11. Nearest tube station Ladbroke Grove. Correspondence to Sebastian Scragg, 10 Bassett Road, W.10.

Oxford Anarchists. New group being formed, contact Dave Archard, Corpus Christi College, or John Humphries, Balliol.

Wednesday discussion meetings at Freedom Meeting Hall from 8 p.m.
Urgent. Help fold and dispatch Freedom every Thursday from 4 p.m. onwards.
Tea served.

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MUNITA AND THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION

EMILIANO ZAPATA was born in the hamlet of San Miguel Anenecuilo, near the village of Ayala in the state of Morelos at the time when Don Porfirio Diaz was the self-elected ruler of

The village lay near the Hacienda of Chinameca where powerful landowners lived. Every year this Hacienda swallowed up a little more of the common lands that the villagers had held ever since anyone could remember, the common lands on which the common people, Indians like Emiliano, grew their crops.

The land was good land, rich land, and the sugar planters needed it to grow their crops too. There was water there and sugar needs plenty of water, so, it was necessary to get the Indians off. Not all at once, but a little at a time, so that they

wouldn't notice it quite so much.

When this was accomplished the Indian would have no land, no work, no food for his wife and children. But the rich landowners could find him plenty of work on their plantations. Wages? Well as there wasn't any other work the Indian would be glad to have a job at all. So he would work for just his keep, but not too much keep, or he would get lazy and not work as hard as he should. The Indian would never work for the sugar planter if he had his own land so they stole his land and shot him if he protested, and that, as they say, was that.

After a time all of the land in Morelos was owned by eleven very rich families most of whom lived in Mexico City. The simple country people believing in justice (for had they not had a revolution in the days of Benito Juarez for land and freedom?) decided to send a delegation to the big city to see Don Porfirio (who was himself an Indian, and had fought with Juarez the great liberator). He would understand their problems and the law would make the rich men give back the land that they had

But when they arrived at the Presidential Palace who should be there with Don Porfirio? Why, those very rich men who had stolen the land. The villagers told Don Porfirio of their problem and he listened intently. Then he told them that he would see about it. They must go back to their village and the law would take its course, it would take time, but they must be patient. So they went back to the village and they waited and waited and waited, but nothing happened. After a very long wait they decided to hire lawyers and though this was very expensive they put what little they had together to pay the fees. The lawyers took their money but they never got the land, all they got was promises. So the Indians were finally left with no land and no money, and no one who would speak for them, and they went to work on the plantations for their keep.

Cutting sugar-cane is hard work, and the hours were long, and the Indians were not helped by the fact that they were living on a starvation diet of tortillas and beans. The Indians tended to die prematurely, and, when a man lay dying he would tell his sons, 'You must get the land back'.

Young Emiliano probably started to work on the Hacienda too, but at an early age he and his brother, Eufemio, decided that this life was not for them. They stole guns and became highwaymen, spending their time relieving the rich of their valuables instead of adding to them.

In the year 1900 the two brothers were caught by the police. If this had not happened the story would have been quite different, they would probably have gone on being small-time criminals hunted by the police and being known to nobody. They were given a choice (justice was rough in those days)-join the army, or be shot. They joined the army. They spent ten years in the Mexican army and then they were released by one of those mass let-outs they sometimes have in Latin countries to celebrate



something or other.

Just after Emiliano came out of the army things began to happen on the political scene in Mexico. For the first time since Don Porfirio had come to power there were to be opposition parties at the elections. The liberals (who were very progressive in those days) put up a candidate in Morelos. But he didn't get in, in spite of the fact that most of the people had voted for him. Probably some of the votes got lost during the count. After the election those who had worked for the liberal had to leave town, as they say, in a hurry, and along with some others, went the two brothers.

Francisco Madero

They went up into the hills, where they probably took to banditry again and, by 1911, when the real rising began, they had quite a large group under their command. This rising was

led by one of the men from the big city, a lawyer, whose name

was Francisco Madero.

In the film Viva Zapata a very good point was brought out about Madero. An emissary came from him looking for Zapata, and he told the brothers that he had come from Francisco Madero, the 'leader' of the revolution, who is in Texas. Eufemio says, 'What is he doing in Texas? The revolution is here.' This was the situation in those days, the poor did the fighting and the rich did the talking (as is always the case). Francisco Madero was a good man, but a soft man. The fighting was done by the Zapatas, the Obregons, and the Villas. Madero arrived in triumph when it was all over.

Madero was of the upper class and did not understand the common people. He believed in things like the freedom of the press and democratic elections, but the people just wanted the

land.

As Zapata once said, 'What is the good of the press being free if the nation cannot read?' Madero had good intentions but he was of the city and therefore was a believer in the law. But the only law in Mexico was the law of the gun, and the Hacienda owners had private armies to enforce the law, and to see that the peasants obeyed it. He was a bungler, he had no luck, he was a man doomed to fail.

He was regarded at first as a Christ-figure, who had come to save the people from the slavery of the old regime. They flocked to his banner in their thousands and Don Porfirio saw that it was no use trying to fight. He left the country as fast as he could. He had little or no support. The men who had put him in power were dead and gone, and their sons were spending the money that their fathers' peons earned on French mistresses and gambling and could not be bothered to come back from abroad until it was too late.

General Zapata

By this time Zapata was in command of a large body of troops fighting in the army of Madero. He was in fact virtual leader of the army in the southern half of the country. His crack troops known as the 'Death Legion' were quite well armed and mounted and were probably the best soldiers in the revolution. The banner they carried was of curious design, the virgin of Guadalupe mounted on a skull and cross-bones.

This army was already calling itself 'the zapatistas' and one of its chief weapons was the stick of dynamite. This was lit by holding the bare fuse against a lighted cigar, the holder getting

rid of it as soon as possible.

Zapata intended to take Don Porfirio before he could make good his escape, but the town of Cuaulta lay in his path held by troops still loyal to the old regime. The city was taken by Zapata, but not before the old man had escaped. There is a description of the taking of the fortress in H. D. Dunn's book The Crimson Jester . . . 'Seven small boys, fourteen or fifteen years' old loitered in the plaza. Chasing each other they crossed this little park and began playing in the wide street in front of the barracks. All of them lighted black cigars from one match. They spread out, one remaining before the open door, three on each side running or playing leap-frog away from him. The guards watched idly. Suddenly the little fellows reached inside their ragged shirts, they withdrew small bright objects, like tin cans, with strings dangling from them. The boys touched the string to their lighted cigars and hurled them through the windows of the barracks. A section of the roof rose into the air. The great door leaned forwards, split down the middle and collapsed into the street. The two guards disappeared, one second they were there, the next they were gone in the space of a heartbeat. Fragments of other men came through the doorway, and at the same moment the "zapatistas" swept into the plaza. Yelling, shooting, shouting, "Viva Zapata" . . . "Death to the whites" and other such things, they cut any of the garrison that attempted to fight, to shreds."

The commander of the garrison was shot on the spot and the soldiers were given the choice of joining the 'zapatistas' or being shot. Most of them joined, the others were shot. After this all the bankers and businessmen in the town were shot and their money confiscated.

The policy of the 'zapatistas' seemed to be one of Indian nationalism. If you were a foreigner they left you alone, unless you were a Spaniard, or of Spanish descent. If you were Spanish you were killed without mercy. The Indians had been treated by the Spaniards in virtually the same way as the Jews by Hitler. They had been a well-fed people (at least) before the

Spaniards came. Now every part of the old way of life had gone, and there was nothing but starvation in its place.

If people have their way of life destroyed they tend to get annoyed about it. These Indians had never heard of pacifism, they were very cruel, because they had been treated very cruelly. Exploiters who fell into their hands were often tortured in bestial ways, but to quote again from The Crimson Jester . . . 'The Indians were not the kind of people to watch men suffer.' Zapata would have some villain staked out on an ant hill, but no one waited to hear his screams. They just left him, forgot him. Perhaps they thought the punishment fitted the crime, who knows?

Land for the Indian

Before Madero became President, Zapata, with others, drew up a kind of charter. It called for the expulsion of the planters from Mexico and the return of the land to the Indian. When one says, 'The return of the land to the Indian', what does one mean? It could mean collectivism or communism, or again it could mean that the land should revert back to jungle and that no one should work the sugar plantations. These should disappear and a man would harvest his crops and move on to another place, as they had done before the white men came.

If this is what they wanted, and I rather fancy it was, they certainly got it. The large plantations were broken up or fell into disuse. Much of the land returned to the jungle where the Indian wandered free, living well sometimes, and starving at

others, like the old days.

Everyone signed the charter and it was taken to the big city and printed in the newspaper. Madero, who by this time was President, could now show that Zapata and his child-like Indian army were fools and could get on with the business of governing the country and getting back to normal; balancing the budget and so on. He had in actual fact, simply taken the place of Don Porfirio without realising it. Of course things were better. There was freedom of speech but the lawyers still ruled and the Hacienda owners settled down once again after the shouting had died down. Things must change so that they can remain the same.

The Indians soon began to realise that nothing had happened. Their charter had been printed in the paper but no one had taken any further notice. There can be no doubt that as soon as Madero asked them to give up their weapons and disband, any trust they had in him melted away like butter in the sun.

The Indians were ignorant, illiterate, but they were not completely stupid. A mistake many people in this world make is to trust in education. 'Education is what is wanted', we are told again and again but, if you are a crooked politician, you can tell people that you are taking their livelihood because they are standing in the way of progress. They must give up something for the good of the majority. An appeal is made to their patriotism and often they are suckers, but if you take a man's land who knows nothing of economics, he knows that he wants it back and he will kill to get it back.

So this was the case in Mexico. The lawyers had taken the land and the Indians wanted it back. If they could plant their crops and harvest them it was their land and if they couldn't it was stolen from them. The Indian knew where his wealth lay, and he didn't need a politician or lawyer to tell him.

So when Madero came down to see Zapata and said that his army must disband and hand in their rifles so that the reconstruction could take place, a very cute trick was played on him by these child-like Indians. The Indians were to file past a reviewing stand, receive their twenty pesos and throw their rifles onto a heap.

As each man got his note he threw away his gun, an old and useless gun, strolled round the corner and down the street to a warehouse, where he picked up another old and useless gun and fell in line again to receive another twenty pesos and to throw that gun away too.

This was repeated until there were no more useless guns left. The men still had their arms and 60 pesos each. How they must have laughed over that.

Madero's Death

Madero must have been very afraid of Zapata at this time because he promised him the earth to disband his army. Emiliano was given the rank of General in the federal army. Each 'zapatista' was to receive 20 pesos and his choice of land in Morelos or Guerrero as well as farming implements and animals. When

the heat is on, a man will make many promises.

As Madero sought to pacify his old enemies in the ruling classes, the men who had fought for him became restless and scattered revolts kept breaking out again. Madero had been found wanting, and some of his best officers turned against him.

Three of these men joined the 'zapatistas' and began training the men ready for battle. They had given Madero plenty of time to act, and he had done nothing. The army of the south decided to raise the standard of revolt. Zapata himself voted against rebellion but was outvoted by the others. He accepted the democratic principle.

Before this happened however, Madero was already doomed. Taft was president of the United States of America and he had no time for Madero's liberalism. Things had been quieter in the old days under Don Porfirio and he didn't want a state of chaos over the border. So he placed an embargo on arms going into Mexico and thereby prevented Madero's loyal troops from putting down the revolts.

Suddenly Madero was arrested. Taking advantage of all the chaos in the country the army staged a coup d'etat under the

leadership of Victoriano Huerta.

On February 18, 1913, Lieutenant-Colonel Riverole went to the palace and presented the senate's demand that Madero should resign. Madero listened to him calmly, then, drawing a revolver, shot him dead. Another officer who rushed in was shot by his become soldiers and he was no exception. He no doubt wanted to give Morelos back to the sugar planters and stabilize the economic life of the country, but he couldn't get off the ground, for he had too many enemies.

The trouble came from three main groups, Zapata in the south, Pancho Villa in the north, and Carranza. Zapata we have described as an Indian nationalist; Villa was a revolutionary of very doubtful type (he has been described as a madman, pervert, Robin Hood, liar, sadist, bullying coward, simple and honest), he's very difficult to nail down; Carranza was just another politician but more of a liar than most. His men called him the first chief and his enemies called him the first thief.

In the midst of this impossible chaos Huerta gave up. He left by boat for Spain. He was placed under arrest six months later by the Americans for trying to lead an army over the border back into Mexico. By this time Carranza was the President but the same state of chaos continued, with armies marching up and down the country looting and pillaging wherever they went. During the years from 1911-18 this became the way of life. Men fought for one side then another, changing their coats as the political wind changed.

Zapata and Villa finally got together and drove Carranza from the Presidential Palace. There was very little fighting because 'the cockroaches', as Carranza's troops were called, simply fled at the approach of the two peasant armies. So Zapata and Villa met in the capital, shook hands and had their photographs



aide. Madero, like a man demented, rushed from the room shouting that he was the president and ran straight into the arms of soldiers who were on their way to arrest him. He was promptly disarmed and placed in a cell. Later, someone killed him.

So ended the life of a man, who a mere two years before had been hailed as a Christ by the people of Mexico. When he had arrived in the big city people had run forward to kiss his hand. Now hardly anyone cared that he was dead.

Revolution again

Victoriano Huerta was now in the saddle, but the horse was impossible to control. He probably wanted to get things back to the situation under Don Porfirio, a place for everyone and everyone in his place. Most soldiers like order; that is why they

taken. But Zapata did not like the capital and stayed outside in his armoured train most of the time. Villa on the other hand, now he had arrived, lived it up with his men.

While the revolutionaries were there they made rather a mess of the country club. They stabled their horses in the ballroom. They had, you see, no idea how the more polite section of society lived. They turned another great house where they stayed into a midden, chopping great chunks out of the highly polished parquet floors. 'We slipped walking across,' they explained. They also used the library books for unmentionable purposes, but then, they couldn't read them could they?

The US Government began to put pressure on Carranza to try to do something to stop the chaos. He called a convention to settle the fate of the country but tried to avoid having Zapata there. Villa however insisted that his old friend was allowed and so the three factions all sent delegates.

Power

The convention gave the actual power to Zapata and Villa jointly but of course the country was in a dreadful state and nothing could be done to end the chaos. All they could do was bring about a little order and fair play in Mexico City itself. You could only rule what you controlled in Mexico at that time.

Suddenly the position changed once again through the attitude north of the border. Villa was in control of the northern part of the country. Chihuahua was his state, and this bordered on the USA. Villa had promised the American general Scott that he would pacify Mexico. Wilson lifted the arms embargo and supplies of arms (including some small field-pieces) flooded into the army of Pancho Villa.

Neither Zapata or Villa ever seemed to want to be the Presi-

dent of Mexico but their man (Gutierez) certainly did.

After a time however he changed sides and became Carranza's man and the seemingly endless chaos started all over again. Carranza marched on Mexico City with thirty thousand men, Obregon, who had come to some agreement with him, with ten thousand. Villa retreated north and Zapata, left alone, had to pull out and go south. Carranza was back in the palace. He sent Obregon north to do battle with Villa, and Zapata immediately returned and took some of the city back again. Driven off, he continued to fight a guerrilla war against the government. By now, this had become a battle against the government (whatever government) because none of them gave land to the people.

This kind of tactic caused Carranza to call another convention (this time he excluded the 'zapatistas') and another president was elected. This one didn't last very long. He quietly left

one day taking a large amount of the funds with him.

Alone

Zapata suddenly attacked and captured Mexico City while most of Carranza's best troops were away looking for Villa. Very soon after this, these same troops, under Obregon, met and defeated Villa at the battle of Leon scattering his army to the four winds.

Zapata was alone, but in the capital. He made a proclamation telling the poor to take whatever they wanted from those who had been keeping them in poverty. They took him at his word and the houses of the rich were sacked and burned. Churches were burned too. The gold in them was turned over to a kind of national pawnshop which lent money to those in need. Pay-

ments were made in gold for the first time in years.

Foreigners were protected, as was their property. Zapata became a great favourite with Americans living in the city because he protected them from excesses. When Carranza had been in the palace people had been shot in the street for the contents of their wallets, women were raped, it was bedlam. Now things were at least a little better. Zapata wanted the land, he may have been a bandit but he stood for something real.

Colonel Morales, who had been with Zapata a long time and was one of the ex-professional soldiers, told him to fall back from the capital. 'Retreat,' he said, 'Villa is defeated and you

cannot fight them all.'

So Zapata's army fell back once again to its homeland in Morelos leaving the capital to fall to the allies of Carranza. Another peace conference was called and Emiliano was invited but he declined. He had evidently come to the conclusion that all these conferences were just an excuse for betrayal. He was quite right because the defeated Pancho Villa's name was on the list calling for the conference. He had, for the moment at least, gone over to the other side. The conference had to be postponed this time because Carranza could not be sure that things were safe. He didn't really have enough troops handy to be sure of holding Zapata.

When his allies had come back from up north it was a different story and the 'zapatistas' found themselves attacked from all sides. Obregon having made a truce with Villa had turned back south, and the 'cockroaches' were coming from the east. Gonzalez, another general, had got round behind them. Morales and a body of men succeeded in holding back the 'cockroaches' while the main body of the army fought its way out, as they succeeded in crushing Gonzalez, most of Morales' men got

away too.

When they were safe for the moment, Zapata heard that he had been betrayed by one of his half-breed officers. He immediately reduced not only his half-breed officers to the ranks, but

all the Indian ones that did not come from Morelos or Guerrero.

They set about strengthening their position in Morelos, as they were now on the defensive, waiting to be attacked. Shortly after this the 'zapatistas' captured a money train (rather like the Great Train Robbers) and took millions in Carranza notes. They gave these to Indians who could take them into territory controlled by Carranza and spend them.

In spite of small successes such as this Emiliano Zapata's back was to the wall. He still controlled Morelos but his enemies were all about him. Morelos had been free since 1911 and the people of that state were willing to try to preserve that freedom, but the rest of the country wanted peace. The 'zapatistas' had driven out the parasites wherever they went but they always came back, so what was the point?

The End

It was 1918 and General Gonzalez sent a force under the command of Colonel Jesus Guajardo to take a certain town near the 'zapatistas' base. He sent a message to General Zapata telling him that he wished to come over and join his army. Emiliano smelled a rat, but the colonel had been with Villa before he had been defeated by Obregon so he might be all right. He may have done this to save his skin and now he was in the clear wished to change back again. So Zapata set him a test. Several of his men had been guilty of crimes of robbery and rape and he told the colonel that he wanted them shot. The colonel had the men shot, 150 of them. Even so, Zapata was uneasy but the men and guns were very badly needed and he agreed to go and meet the colonel and arrange terms.

This is supposed to be an eye-witness account of what happened. 'Guajardo was at Jonocatepec, which place he claimed to have captured from carranzista troops under Pablo Gonzalez. When we heard this our General Zapata gave orders that a letter should be taken to Guajardo telling him we would meet him in Telpazingo. He was to come to meet the chief with only thirty men and General Zapata would have thirty men also. The chief ordered his men to retire and taking only thirty, went to Telpazingo. We waited for Colonel Guajardo, who arrived at four in the afternoon, not with thirty men but with six hundred

cavalry-men and a machine-gun.

General Zapata went out to meet him and they embraced.

"Colonel I congratulate you," our chief said smiling.

At 10 p.m. we left Telpazingo for Chinameca and stayed the night at a place called "the duck pond". At about 8 a.m. we went down to Chinameca. The chief had about 150 men who had come to Telpazingo to join him. These men were drawn up in the plaza while the chief and the colonel went to discuss plans.

Suddenly there came word that an enemy force was drawing near. The chief ordered Colonel Jose Rodriguez of his escort to go and scout in the direction of Santa Rita. As they were leaving Colonel Guajardo came up saying, "General Zapata, you give the orders. Shall I send cavalry or infantry?" "Send infantry for the plain is very broken up," the chief replied.

We went back to the Hacienda of Chinameca after watching the plain for a while. We could see no enemy troops in sight. The chief had sent Colonel Palazios to talk to Guajardo and he asked to see him. The chief was invited to go into the Hacienda and he leapt on his horse, a horse that had been presented to him the very day before by Guajardo. "Let only

ten men come with me," he said.

The rest of us lay in the shade, our rifles stacked, confidently we waited. The guard drawn up at the gate made as if to do him the honours. The bugle sounded the salute and just as he reached the gate, the soldiers, who were presenting arms, suddenly, without warning, took aim and fired, and our General Zapata fell, never to rise again. Morales died at the same time, and Palazios must have been assassinated inside the Hacienda. The surprise was terrible. Suddenly all the soldiers that Guajardo had hidden began firing from all around. We did not have a chance. This was the tragedy, this was how the perfidious Guajardo betrayed the noble confidence of our chief. So died Emiliano Zapata, so die all brave men, men of honour, when their enemies, unable to defeat them any other way, resort to treason and crime.

So the great agrarian leader was dead. His brother managed to escape and was last heard of fighting as an officer in a revolutionary army in Nicaragua.

The Carranza government paid Colonel Jesus Guajardo 100,000 pesos for the murder of Emiliano Zapata. Three months later

he was shot by the same government, for treason, or so they said. Carranza was fleeing Mexico City two years later, with much of the money from the treasury, when he was overtaken and killed. Obregon was shot dead in Mexico City and Pancho Villa was murdered a few years later. Eventually the Mexican revolution fizzled out leaving things perhaps a little better for the common people, perhaps not.

Zapata has become a legend among the Indians. His ghost rides the trails of Morelos they say, scattering silver pesos for his people the Indians. A million songs have been written telling of his glorious victories. Statuettes of him are made lovingly in clay mounted on his horse, machete in hand.

He found Mexico enslaved. He left nearly one-third of Mexico free, and with all of it inspired with the idea of freedom to live as one chooses. His victories have grown hollow now. Governments have come and gone. The Indian has dropped into a sleep of hopelessness, but once there was hope, and he

provided it.

Some of the changes he brought lasted a long time. Tens of thousands of public papers, deeds, property transfers, titles, mortgages, marriage certificates, birth certificates, death certificates, records and maps were destroyed in the belief that if these things were destroyed the land would be free for the Indian. This belief was true for some time at least.

Titles to more than 500 Haciendas had been destroyed. Their terrain is occupied, but not cultivated, by three or four million

Indians.

He was a far from perfect man but he did more for the Mexican Indian than all the liberals before, or since. He was a peasant who knew what his people wanted and tried to get it for them, and, in the end gave his life for them.

JACK STEVENSON.

(Text of a talk given to LAG.)



Emiliano Zapata, dead, in the Cuautla police station, April 10, 1919

ZAPATA'S MANIFESTO

MANIFESTO TO MEXICANS, issued by Emiliano Zapata and signed by him and thirty-five officers, August, 1914.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT has reached its culminating point, and it is time, therefore, for the country to know the truth.

The existing Revolution did not make itself for the purpose of satisfying the interests of any one personality, of any one group or of any one party. The existing revolution recognizes that its origins lie deeper and that it is pursuing higher finalities.

The peasant was hungry, was enduring misery, was suffering from exploitation, and if he rose in arms it was to obtain the bread the greed of the rich denied him, to make himself master of the land the egoistic landed proprietor kept for himself, to vindicate the dignity the slave-driver iniquitously trampled on daily. He threw himself into revolt, not to conquer illusory political rights which do not feed him, but to procure for himself the piece of land which must supply him with food and liberty, a happy fireside and a future of independence and growth.

They make a lamentable mistake who suppose that the establishment of a military government, that is to say, a despotic government, will ensure the pacification of the country. It can be obtained only by the realization of the double operation of reducing to impotence the elements of the ancient regime and creating new interests linked inextricably with the Revolution, solidaric with it, in danger if it is in danger and prosperous if it

becomes established and consolidated.

The first task, that of making it impossible for the reactionary group to be any longer a danger, is carried out by two different methods; by the exemplary punishment of the chiefs, of the great criminals, of the intellectual directors and active elements of the conservative faction, and by attacking the pecuniary resources they employ to work up intrigues and provoke revolutions; that is to say, by the subdivision of the properties of the hacienda owners and politicians who have put themselves at the front of the organized resistance to the popular movement which began in 1910 and has attained its crowning point in 1914, after surviving the gallows of Ciudad Juarez and the reactionary crisis of the Ciudadela, a tragedy let loose by the Huerta dictatorship.

This subdivision is aided by the fact that the greater part, not to say the whole, of the cultivable lands to be nationalized represents interests created under the shadow of the Porfirio Diaz dictatorship, inflicting grave injury on the rights of a multitude of natives, small proprietors and victims of all kinds, who were sacrificed brutally on the altars of the ambitions of the powerful.

The second task, that of creating powerful interests akin to the Revolution and in solidarity with it, will be brought to a happy conclusion when the natives, individually and in their communities, receive back the innumerable tracts of land of which they have been despoiled by the great landowners; and this great act of justice receives its complement, as regards those who have nothing and have had nothing, in the proportional repartition of the lands given to the dictatorship's accomplices or of those expropriated from idle proprietors who do not choose to cultivate their heritages. Thus there will be satisfied both the human demand for land and that appetite for liberty which is making itself felt throughout the Republic as the formidable reply to the savagery of the hacienda owners which has maintained, even in the twentieth century and in the heart of free America, a system which the most unfortunate serfs of the Middle Ages in Europe would hardly have endured.

The Plan of Ayala, which translates and incarnates the peasants ideals, satisfies both terms of the problem, for, while it treats the sworn enemies of the people as they deserve to be treated, reducing them by expropriation to impotence and innocuousness, it establishes, in articles 6 and 7, the two great principles of the return of stolen lands (an act of imperious justice) and the splitting-up of the expropriated cultivable lands (an act required

alike by justice and expediency). . . .

It is certain that the deluded believe that the country is going to be contented (as it was not contented in 1910) with an electoral pantomime, from which are to arise new and apparently honest men who are to occupy the curule chairs, the seats in the Legislature, and the Presidency's lofty throne; but they who judge the matter thus appear to ignore the fact that the country, during the crisis of the last few years, has reaped a harvest of lessons it never can forget, which will not permit it to lose its road, and has acquired a profound understanding of the causes of ill-being and the way to combat them. . . .

The country . . . wishes to break, once and for all, with the feudal epoch, which is now an anachronism. It wishes to destroy with one stroke the relationships of lord and serf, overseer and slave, which, in the matter of agriculture, are the only ones ruling from Tamaulipas to Chiapas and from Sonora to Yucatan.

The country people wish to live the life of civilization; to breathe the air of economic liberty which as yet they have not known; and this they never can do while there still remains on foot the traditional lord of the scaffold and the knife, who disposes at whim of the persons of his labourers; an extortioner of wages, who annihilates them with excessive tasks, brutalizes them by misery and ill treatment, dwarfs and exhausts his race by the slow agony of slavery and the enforced withering of human beings whose stomachs and empty brains are very hungry.

First, a military and then a parliamentary government, with administrative reforms, that the reorganization may be able to last; ideal purity in the management of the public funds; official responsibilities scrupulously exacted; liberty of the press, for those who do not know how to write; liberty to vote, for those to whom the candidates are unknown; the correct administration of justice for those who never will employ a lawyer-all these democratic prettinesses, all these fine words in which our grandfathers and fathers took such delight, have lost today their magic attraction and significance to the people. The people have seen that with elections and without them, with suffrage and without it, with the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz and with the democracy Madero, with the press gagged and with the press given the fullest liberty, always and in all circumstances it has still to chew the cud of its bitter lot, to endure its miseries, to swallow humiliations that know no end. For this reason, and with abundantly good cause, it fears that the liberators of today may prove themselves like the leaders of yesterday, who whittled away at Ciudad Juarez their beautiful radicalism, and in the National Palace forgot all about their seductive promises.

Therefore the Agrarian Revolution, distrusting chiefs who are looking for their own triumph, has adopted, as a precaution and as a guarantee, the most just rule that the revolutionary leaders of all the country shall be the ones to choose the first magistrate as Provisional President, charged with the duty of calling the elections; for it knows well that on the Provisional President depends the future of the Revolution and, along with that, the

fate of the Republic.

What could be more just than that all those interested—the chiefs of the groups engaged in the fight, the representatives of the people in arms—should agree in the selection of the functionary in whose hands there must be placed the tabernacle of the Revolution's promises, the sacred ark of the people's aspirations? Why should the so-called Constitutionalists fear the crucible of revolutionary revision or shrink from rendering tribute to the democratic principle that the candidate should be discussed freely by those interested?

Any other method of procedure will be not only disloyal but dangerous, for the Mexican people has shaken off its indifference, has recovered its courage and will not be the one to allow others to erect their own government on its back.

There is still time to reflect and avoid the conflict. If the Leader of the Constitutionalists considers that he has the popularity needed to stand the proof of its submission to a vote of the revolutionaries, let him submit to it without vacillation; and if the Constitutionalists truly love the people and understand what they demand, let them do homage to its sovereign will, accepting with sincerity and without any reticences the Plan of Ayala—expropriation of the lands for the sake of public utility, expropriation of the property of the people's enemies, and restitution to the towns and communities of the domains of which they have been despoiled.

If that is not done they may rest assured that the agitation of the masses will continue, that the war will go on in Morelos, in Guerrero, in Puebla, in Oaxaca, in Mexico, in Tlaxcala, in Michoacan, in Hidalgo, in Guanuato, in San Luis Potosi, in Tamaulipas, in Durango, in Zacatecas, in Chihuahua, wherever there are lands redivided or to be redivided, and the great movement of the South, supported by all the country population of the Republic, will continue until, conquering all opposition and combating all resistance, it shall finally have snatched, by the hands of its powder-blackened warriors, the lands which its false liberators have undertaken to keep from it.

The Agrarian Revolution, calumniated by the enemy's press, un-

recognised by Europe, understood with great exactitude by the diplomacy of North America and yet viewed with little interest by its sister nations of South America, lifts on high the banner of its ideals, that those who have been deceived may see it, and that it may be contemplated by the egoists and the perverse, by those who deafen their ears to the lamentations of the suffering people, to the cries of mothers who have lost their sons, and to the enraged shouts of the strugglers—the strugglers who do not wish to see, and who will not see, their aspirations for liberty and their glorious dreams of redemption for their people brought to naught.

A Practical Anarchist

REVOLUTION MEXICO 1910-20 by Ronald Atkin, Macmillan, 63/-.

ZAPATA & THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION by J. Womack Jnr., Thames & Hudson, 84/-.

REVOLUTION MEXICO is really a book for beginners. The author has appeared to have done his homework on most of the books that have been written on the subject in English, but for someone who is looking to find out something fresh about this complex subject the book has very little to offer. It is quite well written from the point of view of being very easy to read, in fact I read it very quickly. But it says little or nothing that has not been said before. In reading this book one has the thought that almost anyone with a middling knowledge of the subject could have done it as well.

Very little is said of the great guerilla leader of the south compared with the pages and pages that are spent in describing the exploits of the romantic figure of Francisco Villa, leader of the peasant army of the north. This is hardly surprising because Villa was campaigning just over the border from Texas and one could quite easily stand on United States territory and watch his army launch one of their famous Golpe terrifico's or visit him in his camp and talk to either Villa himself or, if you didn't speak Spanish, to one of the American mercenaries who were fighting for him.

We are told of Zapata's Plan of Ayala, of his death and of the fact that he liked flashy clothes, horses and women. He is not a romantic figure like 'Pancho' Villa who in fact seemed to behave as if he was playing himself in a western film. From reading this book no one could possibly exaggerate Villa's romantic image and the parts played by Hollywood actors are but pale watered-down images of the real thing. Villa was a crack shot, in fact it is said in the book that though he was surrounded by scoundrels no one dared to try their luck with him because if you didn't kill him with the first shot you wouldn't get a chance of a second. Perhaps he was really the fastest gun in the west. Villa was a great attraction because he was, by the sound of him, a manic-depressive of the first water and therefore a wonderful bogeyman to wave at the American middle-classes of the time.

All the way through the book we can see how American (US) interference played a great part in deciding the outcome of things. Sometimes it was a good thing and sometimes a bad.

The main trouble about Revolution Mexico is that the author seems to fall into the same trap as so many others who have written of these troubled times. He has been carried away by the romance of the thing. The issues were very black and white at the time. You were either on the side of the simple noble Indian who was fighting for the right to farm his own land in the same way as his ancestors had done or you thought that these unwashed 'dagos' were standing in the way of progress and were their own worst enemies and had to be removed. So one never reads a book where the author doesn't take sides, but in this the author, Ronald Atkin, has really tried to do his best and this is the least biased book I can remember reading on the subject.

Morelos Destroyed

The war which started as a revolution for the bringing about of democracy degenerated into a racial struggle between the Indians on the one hand and the politicians and landowners on the other. Terrible crimes were committed from the destroying

of the entire state of Morelos to the crucifixion and murder of the Hacienda owners who fell into the hands of the Indians. Whole villages were wiped out by sadistic army officers, Haciendas were burned and laid waste by Indians. The Indians were looked upon as being animals by those who thought they were their betters and treated like animals too. They replied in kind and for years the country was torn to pieces by the opposing factions. Zapata and his Zapatistas were only a small part of this whole and the book dealing as it does with the entire revolution discloses very little of what motivated the agrarian rebels. It is a book about the political side and the romantic side but compared to the second book on the subject . . . Zapata and the Mexican Revolution, it is a schoolboys' guide.

This is easily the finest book that has been written in English about the Zapatistas. It takes in the entire revolution but slants it from the view of Zapata and his people. The book traces Zapata from the time he took over from the local headman in his home village to become the spokesman for the local people, tracing right through to his tragic death and beyond. It shows the kind of man that he was. A strange man, a natural leader who showed no wish to lead at all. A man who gave way again and again to Francisco Madero when he was told to wait and be patient. A man who, after he had completely lost all patience with Madero, could say, Tell him this from me, to take off for Havana because if not he can count the days as they go by, and in a month I'll be in Mexico City with twenty thousand men and have the pleasure of going up to Chapultepec Castle and dragging him out of there and hanging him from one of the highest trees in the park.' . . . He still had no wish to be the leader but only wished to retire on a small piece of land with a few horses. Again and again he climbed down before the honeyed words of politicians who promised that the agrarian question would be solved with their mouths while they signed away the Indians' lands with their hands.

After his patience was exhausted by Madero's attempts to be all things to all men, he still had no wish to be the leader of the agrarian revolt and the army of the south spoke of Pascual Orozco as the leader of the revolution until he went over to Huerta. It was only after being betrayed by everyone and the complete destruction of Pancho Villa's armies that he decided to have no truck with any of them and announced, 'They are all a bunch of bastards.' Which was more or less correct.

The Zapatistas were usually behind the times, politically speaking, because they had little idea of what was going on up north. They had little or no money (though they did raise some by running a protection racket with the local rich men) and the way to Villa and Orozco meant going from the coast to Havana, from Havana to New Orleans and from there to Texas and then over the border into Chihuahua which was Villa's domain. After being betrayed by all and sundry Zapata finally came to the conclusion that his people must use their guns to defend their own land and indeed he never wandered very far from Morelos at any time.

Father of his People

The twists and turns of the politicians of all shades are recorded well in this book and we can very quickly see that no one in the Parliament building in Mexico City had the Indians' interests at heart. So Zapata was forced to become the father of his people, very very reluctantly. The way that this slowly happened is described very well. We hear much more about

the men who surrounded him at this time: Manuel Palafox (later banished as a traitor), Antonio Diaz Soto y Gama (who called himself an anarchist but said that the five greatest men in history were Buddha, Jesus Christ, St. Francis, Karl Marx and Emiliano Zapata, a mixed bunch to say the least), Genovevo de la O (a revolutionary leader who threw in his lot with the Zapatistas), Amador Salazar and Zapata's broher, Eufemio (who, according to this book was shot by another Zapatista when he went off the rails).

Zapata himself said of these men that they took orders from him only because they had a feeling of friendship for him. To the press in Mexico City these men were rubbish (unless they happened to be in Mexico City at the time). Huerta believed that the whole of the countryside was entirely Zapatista and the only way to stamp this out was the mass deportation of thousands of innocent people and the burning of their homes. This was only really brought to an end by the American landing in Vera Cruz when these sadistic and murderous army officers and their men were forced to leave the country to face the new menace.

The great Mexican anarchist of the day and any other day, Ricardo Flores Magon wrote a pamphlet in which he said that Zapata was the only real revolutionary in the revolution and most of the anarchists in Mexico agreed with him. (Magon got himself locked up in jail in the States while campaigning there and died in prison.) But though Zapata took the anarchist line I feel that he was only an anarchist out of necessity. He did want to leave it to others but found that he just couldn't. He was forced to be an anarchist against his will.

Most revolutionaries when faced with the choice of choosing between the people and the state usually put the conquest of the state first and then find themselves having to rule the people, in a very similar way to those, who ruled before, often much to their surprise. Zapata had no hesitation in choosing the people first, last and always. He could have retired to a large hacienda and lived on the fat of the land but he chose to be a fugitive and a hunted man rather than do this and we will never really know why.

'A Strong People'

The anarchists say that the land should be owned in common by those who work it and the Mexican Indian had this as his normal way of life. In fact he found it difficult, if not impossible, to understand the theory of ownership of land at all. To own the land was like owning the air, it was for everyone to grow his crops on to feed his wife and family. Zapata has been called a communist but he was never that because he did not seek the conquest of the state. He was a communist in the sense that he believed that the land should be held in common but so did lots of groups of people long before there was any idea of socialism or communism or anarchism. He was a practical anarchist, a man who came to anarchism not from choice but from necessity. He learned from bitter experience that 'God helps those who help themselves'.

He tried trusting the well-educated and well-spoken men first, the men who had been to school and trained to talk. They failed him as they fail everyone, because when it comes down to it they are only exercising their minds when they talk of the social problem. It is not their problem, it is the problem of the poor, and only the poor can solve it. This is the anarchist message and this was Zapata's message—'A strong people do

not need a government'.

Zapata did not demand very much. But he found, as the poorer section of the world is finding today, that the liberals will talk about helping but they won't actually do anything other than lend money at a good per cent profit to the bastards

who are living off of their poverty.

Anarchism does not tell you what it will do for you. It shows you what you could do for yourself. Zapata told his people, 'Hang on to your guns and they can never take the land away from you.' Another famous anarchist (the Spaniard Durruti) said that the rich would destroy everything rather than give it to the workers and this is what the rich did in Morelos. One of the great sugar plantations of the world was destroyed rather than allow the 'nigger' Indians to live like human beings. The message is very very clear.

J.S.

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