

Freedom

AUGUST 8 1970 Vol 31 No 24

The Dockers and their Strike

THE port employers successfully held the dockers and the country to ransom in the dispute which ended with the dockers returning to work this week.

By refusing to grant a very just increase in the basic wage of £11 1s. 8d., they forced a strike which paralysed the ports and pushed up prices for the housewife.

Despite what the employers and the Court of Inquiry, led by Lord Pearson, claimed, the dockers' demand was far from excessive.

It was because it was so moderate that many dockers thought it was not worth a long strike.

They were faced with the unenviable choice of staying out, on £5 a week strike pay, and seeing the prices of food and other essential goods rise and get very little benefit even if they eventually won—or cave in to the employers' blackmail of 'accept our terms or don't work for us'.

There is no doubt that they did the latter. The dockers' union general secretary, Jack Jones, tried to save face by describing what the dockers had won as a great victory. The recommendations of the Pearson Inquiry completely justified the strike, he said.

ALREADY BEEN OFFERED

But the main recommendations of the Inquiry—that the guaranteed minimum wage and holiday pay should be £20 a week—had already

been offered by the employers before the strike had started.

The dockers wanted their basic pay increased from £11 1s. 8d. to £20. They have got their guaranteed minimum increased from £16 (£17 in London) to £20—an offer they rejected before the strike.

The difference between a basic wage of £20 and a guaranteed minimum of £20 was explained in the last issue of FREEDOM.

Most dockers earn an average of about £30 a week on piecework (although vast inequalities still exist).

So guaranteeing a minimum of £20 a week will cost the employers practically nothing.

Neither would increasing the basic wage to £20 cost very much either as it is only paid when the dockers are not working for such reasons as ships not arriving or rain making work dangerous. (Those who think dockers have a cushy number should try climbing down a ship's hold and examine the figures for deaths and serious accidents in the docks not to mention strained backs.)

WELL AFFORD THE CLAIM

Increasing the basic to £20 would cost the employers no more than 7 per cent in wages. Considering profits in the shipping industry rose 34 per cent last year and the number of dockers have been reduced by 28 per cent in less than

three years, they are well able to afford this.

Yet the employers claimed it would cost them an extra £39 million a year and the Court of Inquiry described the dockers' claim as excessive.

It said: 'If without any increase in productivity there was a general increase in the minimum time rate operating for all the purposes for which it is used... the resulting addition to the industry's wage bill would be excessively large.'

'We think also that by reason of the inflationary effect there could be damage to the national economy.'

This, in the words of a Tilbury docker, is a load of old shoemenders. To try and tie up the basic wage with productivity is ridiculous as it is only paid when the dockers are NOT working. Just where do they educate these lords?

The claim that it would increase the wage bill 'excessively' is just a blind acceptance of the employers' word. As explained in the last FREEDOM, the wages would only increase as much as the employers say if the piecework rates went up by the same percentage—but this is not being asked for at all.

Increasing the basic would cost less than £50,000 a year—not £39 million.

The only other small concession the dockers got from the strike was that the basic rate should be for an 8-hour day and that overtime should

be a minimum of 8/- an hour instead of 5/6^d.

Many were disappointed that the dockers gave up so soon, particularly as they received excellent support from dockers abroad who refused to work diverted ships, and workers in this country such as Covent Garden workers who said they would refuse to handle any-

thing moved by the troops or 'black' labour.

The point is that the average docker—in complete contrast to what the popular press claimed—stood to gain so little from the so-called excessive demands that it was not worth losing £25 a week for, however technically just the cause.

PORTWORKER.

GUBA'S SUGAR AND CASTRO'S PILL

'HISTORY WILL ABSOLVE ME' was the glorious phrase which has gone into Cuban folk-mythology, it was said by Fidel Castro before his judges after the failure of his first attempt to invade or 'liberate' Cuba in 1953. On Sunday, July 26, Castro said, 'The nation can change the leaders right now if it wishes' but, he hastily added, it would be hypocritical to tell the people they should seek one new leader or several new leaders since substitution would solve Cuba's existing problems. In a breast-beating display (which no doubt he enjoyed) he said, 'We have shown very little efficiency. The problem is the responsibility of all of us and mine in particular. . . . We, the leaders of the revolution, have been too expensive in our apprenticeships and we are now paying for the fruits of our ignorance.'

One of the things we learn from history is that people never learn from history. There is, in some sections of the left, a studious ignorance of the past and the lessons that can be learned from it. The Russian revolution and the Spanish civil war showed the failure of popular fronts and the treachery of Communists. In a long and disastrous

courtship with Communism, the 'progressive' left waxed eloquent about the economic planning of the Soviets, in particular the Five-Year Plan, and the collectivization of agriculture. Week by week Sovietophiles were charmed by statistics of pig-iron production, by feats of Stakhanovites, by the *subotnik* of the collectives, by the superb job of the White Sea Canal. The plan inevitably fulfilled its norm—and the Russians were driven on to further targets. It was not known then, and the Soviet propaganda machine kept it quiet, that many statistics were faked, that the exhaustive production by 'speed-up' methods could not be maintained, that the Russian peasant had resisted collectivization, had withheld his crops, and that extensive starvation had resulted, leading to soft-peddalling on collectivization; and that the White Sea Canal was built by the convict labour of those who disagreed ideologically with the regime. Later, in China it was the Chinese peasants' turn to make a cultural revolution and a Great Leap Forward with steel furnaces in every peasant's backyard and a campaign of death to every housefly. Eventually this was found to be economically

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The Road to Hell

LAST WEEK'S angry protest by the residents of Acklam Road, North Kensington, at the opening of the new Westway motorway link, was a demonstration against the inhuman and contemptuous way in which the authorities have tackled their problem. Their homes are situated only fifty feet away from the elevated motorway which forms part of a 2½-mile link-up and cuts through some of the most densely populated areas in West London.

People are bitter and angry at the continual noise which this new motorway will bring into their homes and which far exceeds the acceptable limits for urban areas as recommended by the Wilson Committee on Noise. This committee recommended a limit of 35 and 50 decibels for night and day respectively. Recordings made in the houses in Acklam Road soon after the opening showed between 51 and 58 decibels at night and 60 to 70 decibels during the day. Other obvious complaints are about the lights, the dirt, vibration from heavy lorries and the sleepless nights caused by the incessant roar of traffic.

When Mr. Heseltine, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Transport, arrived for the opening ceremony, he was greeted with cries of 'Philistine' and when it came to cutting the ribbon, the police were unable to prevent residents from surrounding him and Mr. Plummer, the Leader of the GLC. A 20-foot banner spelling out their protest of 'Get us out of this hell—rehouse us now!' greeted the Government and GLC dignitaries. All Mr. Heseltine could offer was: 'This whole matter is being urgently considered by the Government' and 'You cannot but have sympathy for these people'.

At a reception earlier in the day, at Lord's Tavern, Mr. Peyton, the Minister of Transport, was interrupted by Mr. George Clark, Chairman of the Golbourne Road Social Rights Committee. After being told to 'sit down and shut

up', Mr. Clark was able to read out the following statement: 'The residents of North Kensington can find little cause to celebrate the opening of London's first elevated highway. During the five years it has taken to construct this engineering marvel, the lives and social fabric of the residents of Acklam Road and Walmer Road have been made hell on earth.'

It was only recently that the GLC finally agreed to make a compulsory purchase order on the 42 houses overlooking the motorway, following five years of persistent campaigning by the Social Rights Committee for the rehousing of these residents. In the usual bureaucratic manner, the responsibility has been passed back and forth between the GLC, the Kensington and Chelsea Borough Council and the Government ministries. Both Councils have said that it was up to the Government to buy the properties, but finally, after a lot of campaigning, protests and publicity in the local press, the GLC have found a loophole in a section of the Town and Country Planning Act of 1968 which permits them to purchase these houses.

What the people of Acklam Road want is to be speedily rehoused, but the GLC now say that they cannot do this until they have bought the properties. Mr. Vigar, Chairman of the Environmental Planning Committee of the GLC, has said, 'We may not get any government grant towards the cost of the scheme, but we feel the special circumstances of the area justify the action we are taking. This is a special case and is not a general precedent.' But it is obvious that it was only because people demanded and fought for rehousing that the GLC has at last started to act. These are 'the special circumstances'. These people are now demanding that they be rehoused by Christmas and some of them have been on the housing waiting list for 20 years.

An estimated £250,000 will be needed to purchase, demolish and finally prepare

the area for the local Borough Council to take over and develop as an open space. This is but a small fraction compared with the total cost of £30,000,000 for the West London motorway.

In all the newspaper reports on the Westway demonstration, the authorities have come in for a great deal of criticism. Both the local council and the GLC have been called to task for their buck-passing, but what the newspapers failed to report is that this goes on all the time. People in North Kensington have to continually fight the local Council for even refuse collections as well as on a whole lot of issues which affect local welfare and environment.

This is equally true in most boroughs and cities throughout the country. Without the protests and demonstrations, the local elected representatives of the people would ride roughshod over their electors. Those representatives in the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea care little about the bad housing, the lack of play space and lack of public facilities.

Motorways, as well as causing an intolerable amount of noise, also pollute the air as well as the very amenities of an area. A motorway can be as much an eyesore as a steel works on the Pembrokeshire coast. But cars and the transportation of goods by road, in and out of London, are taken as priorities which far outweigh the needs of the people who live in the shadow of the motorway. The environment in which

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PUBLIC MEETING
THE ROLE OF AN
ANARCHIST SHOP
STEWARD IN INDUSTRY
Speaker: George Cummings
Freedom Hall,
84b Whitechapel High Street,
(Angel Alley), E.1
at 8 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12

The Death of Pinelli

THE SOCIALIST GOVERNMENT newspaper *L'Avanti* shows that it possesses a considerable amount of courage. In fact no one can doubt its good faith when it fights for light to be shone on the death of the anarchist Pinelli, nor its courage when it writes:

'THE MILAN ANARCHIST WAS ASSASSINATED WITH A KARATE BLOW AND THE ORDER TO "LIQUIDATE" HIM ARRIVED FROM ROME'

Extremely clear words and evidently from authoritative sources, since no one has had the courage to indict *L'Avanti*, as happened to the newspaper *Lotta Continua*.

Fine! We thank the publishers of *Avanti* but we say that now is the time to speak clearly to us. There is no doubt that they know the mechanics of Pinelli's death. And perhaps they are on the way to finding out what obscure manoeuvres were hidden behind the slaughter at piazza Fontana. This is in fact the moment of truth.

We can understand their caution at a moment when the repression has broken out anew, striking exclusively the extra-parliamentary movements, particularly the anarchists.

Now obviously the socialists cannot continue for eternity to write:

'But all will be able to return to calm and the reconstructed faith of the citizens on the day on which, during a public and free enquiry, light will shine fully on the death of this anarchist (Pinelli), whose human dignity and moral

courage have never been doubted by anyone. (*Avanti*, 26.6.70.)

This is the hour at which it is necessary that those who know should speak, otherwise compromise can mean a more or less lengthy term of fossilization of liberty.

In the first place we call on the socialist Vice-President of the Council, De Martino, and the socialist Under-Secretary for the Interior. Their silence is at least embarrassing if not guilty. It can be explained by many hypotheses including complicity.

From the attempt to save what little liberty remain to us by covering up for the assassins, to the extreme doubtfulness of trying by silence to stifle a putsch, which is an ever-present danger.

But evidently these gentlemen have learned nothing from history beginning with the years 1920-5. The problem of liberty is not solved by sacrificing to the extreme left. And above all individual and collective liberty cannot be draped with the veil of crime.

Hence, if as *Avanti* says, Pinelli was assassinated, those responsible should pay. If then, according to *Avanti*, it is not a question of 'error' but of 'something else', then the discussion becomes more complex and extremely indicative. It suggests two very serious hypotheses: that the 'error', i.e. the 'suicide' of Pinelli, was ordered by Rome, and that the bombs of Rome and Milan were in reality bombs of the State.

L'Internazionale, 16.7.70.
(trans. S.M.)

A Slow Walk on the Wild Side

A SLOW WALK through the streets of Soho can do more to plead the cause of intellectual liberty than all the pious sophistry of the Town's intelligentsia. To have to explain away such harmless trivia as *Oh! Calcutta!* to the reactionaries of the Right and the Left is an acron task and to believe that one has found aesthetic meaning in some cock-happy New York filmform demands a complete abrogation of reason. All things are grist to the artist and the spectator and all that one can ask is that they amuse, instruct or interest each other. Erotica is but one of the appetites that we seek to satisfy and for this we must turn to the imaginative artist in theory or in practice for aid, for assistance or suggestion. But as with all the writings and talking on wine or food, dress or

ROUND THE GALLERIES

the dance, it is a narrow field within which the artist can work and in the end we are back to first principles in demanding a work of art in its own right.

It is for this reason that the slow walk through Soho cries liberty as window after window of bookshop after bookshop breathes the same tired message. Window after window offering an endless stream of dangling female paps, goon-faced urchin boys and indifferent drawings of students of the painful rituals of sadism and masochism until one is bored beyond peeping and one envies the sight of two young lovers

drifting hot-handed through the crowd, for they have no need for the printed or the acted artifacts of the art of love and we, the spectators, are bored by the limitations of constant reiteration and the frustration of a single theme, so who is the fool who would seek to add spice to our boredom by banning these harmless exercises in the abuse of the Body Pathetic.

But for those comrades who cannot afford a £50 black market ticket to *Oh! Calcutta!* there is always art and the work of Hans Bellmer. A magnificent draughtsman whose work has acquired its own small coterie following within the last few years, Bellmer is now extending the range of his audience in that, within a matter of weeks, his drawings are being shown at two small *avant-garde* galleries. His drawings are now on view at Ewan Phillips Gallery at 22a Maddox Street, W.1, and it is worth one's while to stumble down the tiny suicidal steps and past the bone-crushing jewellery to visit the *Adults Only* backroom gallery to bear witness to a master craftsman. To protest that Bellmer is obsessed with the subject of black erotism is as pointless as attacking a landscape painter for only painting landscapes for the artist, writer and poet work in that field wherein they find the greatest satisfaction and as such we must accept or reject it according to our own personal tastes for the choice, as with the artist, is ours, but Bellmer's subject limitations, as with the Soho bookshops, can first excite and then quickly dull the appetite.

The young child in the *Le Petit Traite*

de Moral prints is an overdeveloped hermaphrodite, a twisting adult finally achieves the impossible and in a twisting skein of pen strokes succeeds in fucking his/her self while the surrealist drawing of a chair fucking the seated woman are cheerful and amusing variations on a limited theme. But in the end it is Bellmer's brilliance as a draftsman, as with Beardsley, that we accept. Unlike the juvenile guilt of Beardsley, Lewis Carroll or the audience of *Oh! Calcutta!* Bellmer belongs to the teutonic world of Brueghel that relates the sexual act to an animal appetite and like Brueghel, Bellmer remains supreme as an artist despite both men's gross contempt for their subject and their audience.

It is unfortunate, I feel, that it will be the Robert Self Gallery in Horse Shoe Yard, Brook Street, W.1, that will take the plaudit for showing the work of Bellmer when they mount their well-advertised exhibition this week for John Lyle in his article in *Art and Artist*, and the magazine as such, have both omitted to draw attention to the Ewan Phillips exhibition while at the same time plugging the Horse Shoe Yard exhibition that was not even on the Horse Shoe Yard gallery walls when *Art and Artist* landed in the bookshops. I think it shows a remarkable lapse of editorial judgement.

Marxist answer to a Marxist problem and, as such, is of little interest to Anarchists.

The Anarchist concept of social revolution has always included the sexual revolution. Sexual relations like all relationships should be completely free: free from both bourgeois prejudices and 'revolutionary' dogma. However, the Marxist dogmatists have never been very keen on sex, finding little inspiration in Marx's holy writs.

It was just a matter of time before the female(?) Marxists found orthodox Marxist dogma inadequate or irrelevant to their own needs. Unfortunately, the result was not that they discarded Marx's authoritarian crap but rather they revised it to their own bored, middle-class situation: the sex war replaced the class war. Hence 'Women's Liberation' was born. Its peculiar logic seems to lead to the dictatorship of the Amazons replacing the dictatorship of the proletariat! (Will research into the writings of Trotsky reveal that Lenin was, in fact, a woman? Watch next issue of *International Socialism* for full details.)

Perhaps if the Marxist males spent less time nervously flicking through Marx and Engels for clues as to what the approved attitude should be to 'Women's Liberation' and spared a little time to satisfy their own sexual needs and those of their sexually frustrated female comrades, then both might lose their authoritarian personality defects and they can join with us and help make the real social revolution: total liberation for ALL.

Yours fraternally,
Northants TERRY PHILLIPS.

Communal Allotments

Dear Sirs,
The account given by Bill Dwyer of the anarchist co-operative Island Com-

But for the Town and his wife seeking the happy horrors, there is Jeff Nuttall's *A Domestic Situation* at Angela Flowers pastel pad above the AIA Gallery at 15 Lisle Street, W.C.2. Jeff Nuttall is of the London scene and there was a time, ah youth, when his innocent face, royal rages and his black curly hair, put the fear of Christ into the hearts of gentle pacifist anarchists, members of IT and CND and the fledgling troubadours of the poesy pen, but that was when Nuttall looked like an absentee from an altar painting by Michelangelo and now he belongs to the world of Rubens, a delinquent angel raging among the pastel flowers.

In all his creative work Jeff Nuttall seeks to say too much in too limited a space. In his prose and his pen drawings he pours out more suggested ideas than the paper can sustain for he lacks, and this is his virtue as an artist, discipline. He is the wild man of the London scene, as unpredictable and as exciting as Ted Kavanaugh, who acted as printer for a section of Nuttall's work, could be when the mood took him for with them the scene is dangerous and exciting.

A Domestic Situation is that type of minor artform pioneered with such good effect by Latham in which the gallery and the spectator become the whole. With the gallery turned into a tawdry living room and the sculptures as debased and mutilated versions of the Body Beautiful, Nuttall has succeeded in turning the late John Christie's flat in Rillington Place and his slaughtered and dismembered playgirls, by associ-

ation, if not into High Art, at least into High Camp. It is tasteless, it amuses, it excites as art it is valueless and as a performance it is the mocking antithesis of the brilliant penmanship of Bellmer's *Oh! Calcutta!* to provide the pensive synthesis, therefore I give Nuttall my blessing.

ARTHUR MO...

CUBA

Continued from p...

unsound and the fly-eating birds given way to grain-eating birds, was much less desirable.

It came as no surprise then *Granma*, the official organ of the Communist Party of Cuba, labelled masthead dateline 'Year of the Million'. This was a reference to target set of ten million tons of sugar to be produced in 1970. Week week we were treated to statistics production. Groups of noted foreign volunteers and, equally noteworthy 'volunteers' from the local population were called in to do their stint in the cane fields. Setbacks were headlined, the weather caused some loss of production but later this was made up. Christmas was abolished, holidays were cancelled and the whole nation, it seemed, was on an orgy of sugar-cane cutting and growing. Castro said the ten million tons was more than an economic goal, 'It is a point of honour for the revolution, it has become a yardstick by which to judge the capabilities of the revolution.'

Well, on July 26, it was announced that the target had not been reached, only eight and a half million tons would be produced. Are we to commiserate with Castro on this? No, of course not. It is obviously easier to keep the population working if you don't fulfil your target than if you do. With a true sense of the dramatic, and all politicians are actors, Castro stage-managed a semi-offer to resign as brilliantly as Nasser did it once. Do you think he would have resigned? The shouts of 'Fidel! Fidel!' occurred too promptly for that.

It may be remembered that one of the breaks with the USA in 1960 took place because the US cut back the Cuban sugar quota and Cuba replied by seizing US sugar mills, after the Soviets had agreed to purchase 700,000 tons of sugar; later China agreed to purchase 500,000 tons. There was much talk in the early days of reconstruction of the danger of mono-culture, of putting the economy into one sugar-basin. It was decided to diversify the economy but this new aim of ten million tons shows a reversal of direction. It is obvious that this Cuban sugar will be dumped on a market already glutted with surpluses of this possibly non-essential foodstuff and already challenged by production of beet-sugar.

Not only has the sugar harvest not come up to expectations but there have been setbacks in the beef, milk, cement, fertiliser, fuel, tyre, rubber and other industries. It will of course be claimed that Cuba is beset by enemies, particularly the USA, that she must spend a large amount of her budget on armaments to defend herself, that she has been invaded only recently. The only thing lacking in Cuba is a 'Moscow trial' with allegations of sabotage. In fact the Minister in charge of the sugar industry was sacked for saying that ten million tons for 1970 was not technically possible.

It is one of the conflicts of the left that the anarchists are accused of emphasising personal freedom at the expense of economic freedom. It is contended by our opponents and some that call themselves 'anarchists' that the sacrifice of some individual liberty is a small price to pay for the abolition of capitalism and the achievement of economic liberty.

If the inefficiency and stupidity of a centralized bureaucracy as shown in Russia, China and now in Cuba are the only alternative to capitalism; and if exploitation by demagogues in the pursuit of some receding target is the sole way of running society instead of exploitation by wage-packet, we are indeed stuck for a choice. But it has never been the anarchist case that industry or agriculture could be run by others than those working in those industries. Workers' control in the sugar cane fields would doubtless have produced ten million tons but a revolution in Cuba which provided workers' control would be unlikely to see the necessity of such a gross distortion of productive effort.

One bright spot has emerged for the workers of Cuba. The severed hand of Che Guevara together with his death mask are now in Cuba. They belong, said Castro, to the people of Latin America but Cuba would take care of them meanwhile. Give the sugar workers of Cuba a glad hand!

JACK ROBINSON.

Women's Liberation

Dear Comrades,

I am sorry that Judith Weymant feels so neglected. I am a woman and have been an anarchist for quite a few years, but I haven't felt it necessary to try and form a special sub-section of female anarchists.

I think our material exploitation, such as low pay, difficulty in getting accommodation (without a husband), etc., although greater in degree than for men (except perhaps immigrant men), is still part of the general exploitation setup, and doesn't need a general women's movement. Of course specific issues can be fought for by women—professional workers have equal pay already, our legal position has improved—though I think these improvements are often fought for by men and women together.

As for less tangible things such as 'sexual and emotional' exploitation, I don't see what a liberation movement can do about it. This is something that can only be solved at an individual level. (It is also a field where women are capable of exploiting men just as much.) We must not let ourselves be exploited. No one is forcing us to pose for nude photographs, or sell our bodies for a weekly wage packet, or even to have children (often more difficult to avoid I admit!). A lot of this sort of exploitation is not really exploitation of women, but part of the general debasement of sex, the devaluing of emotion, which must be fought by both men and women.

Perhaps men are not brought up to believe that 'their greatest fulfillment is getting married and having kids', but many are brought up to believe that their greatest fulfillment is in getting to the top in their jobs and making a lot of money. Both men and women have to make individual choices as to what they really want from life, and how

they are likely to achieve it within the limits of our society.

There are different ways to fulfilment for all of us, and many women do find it in having and rearing children; just because Judith hasn't enjoyed it, she shouldn't make sweeping statements about the 'myth of childbirth'.

There seems a contradiction in the statement 'man lives his own life no matter how exploited he is in his work situation'. In what way is he living his own life chained to office desk or

LETTERS

factory bench? I think I am living my own life much more, with six weeks of summer ahead, free to go to the parks or swimming pool, study or create, visit my friends, or write letters to FREEDOM—and all because as a poor exploited woman, having children gives me the right not to go out to work!

JACQUETTA BENJAMIN.

4 Warminster Road, S.E.25

Lenin in 'Drag'

Dear Comrades,

Judith Weymant inquired (FREEDOM, July 25) whether the lack of mention of 'Women's Liberation' in FREEDOM was due to lack of information or lack of interest.

Let me assure her that (personally speaking, at least) the answer is a lack of interest! 'Women's Liberation' is a



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

ANARCHIST FEDERATION of BRITAIN

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

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

There will be no August issue owing to holidays.

Groups should send latest addresses

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

AFB REGIONAL GROUPS

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scotland: Tony Hughes, Top Flat, 40 Anglepark Terrace, Edinburgh 11.

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

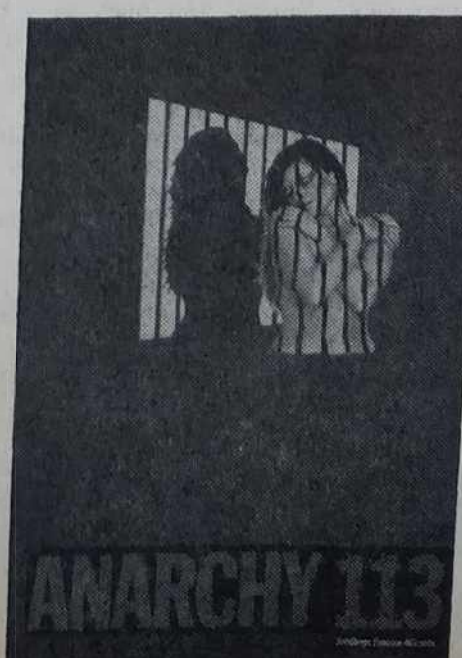
N. Ireland: c/o Freedom Press.

S. Ireland: Bill Dwyer, Island, Corner Merrion Road and Nutley Lane, Dublin 4.

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

'NO MAN
IS GOOD ENOUGH
TO BE ANOTHER
MAN'S MASTER'

POSTERS ON SALE
5 for 2s.6d. including postage
from Freedom Press



(Michael Board has been an associate editor of FREEDOM during the last three months. As an American student, his analyses of events both in Britain and the rest of the world, tend to be different, in many ways, from that of the other editors. In this, part 1 of his last article in an editorial position—he will be leaving England in two weeks—he gives his impressions of the British anarchist movement and the British 'scene' in general.)

Britain—the Good, the Bad & the Ugly

WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED in this country, it immediately struck me as foreign. Despite my long hair, I was able to just walk through Customs and eat in the airport restaurant with no problems. British policemen looked almost human to me. (I met my first Bobby as he was standing at the next urinal to me in the Gatwick men's room.)

Upon my arrival in London, I was handed a leaflet which told about a demonstration that was to take place later that day (May 1). Arriving at the demo, I was immediately struck by the 'straight' look of the participants. As the march began I heard the same chants over and over again (Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh). I looked up, and saw a black flag waving in the distance. I ran to it, but was disappointed at hearing what I thought was the same chant. As I got closer, I found that they were in fact chanting BA BA BACHUNIN. Introducing myself, I marched with them the

rest of the way to Grosvenor Square.

Once there, the march seemed at a loss as to which direction it should take. The police lines were holding fast (I was surprised to see neither clubs nor tear gas) and people were beginning to get bored enough to leave. 'Sit down!' someone shouted, and those of us in the front of the march did. Our comrades in the back, however, allowed themselves to be split from us by a line of coppers. We were, in fact, surrounded and the demo was soon broken up. At times I had seen lone policemen wading through the crowd, something that could never happen in Amerikkka.

Since that time, I have been on one other Grosvenor Square march (fairly accurate details in May 16 FREEDOM), this organized over the death of the American students. There was somewhat more excitement on this march, as people began to run through the streets, but there was still this all-prevailing lack of

humour, and lack of unity.

I was involved in two other demonstrations since I've been here, both small, but containing the unity and humour so missing from the other events. The first of these, and the only one to result in my arrest, took place in Notting Hill Gate at eleven o'clock on a Saturday morning. About eight people and myself (only two Britons!) went to this expensive, but depressing shopping area to bring some life into the street. We began to outline the shadows of telephone poles, and painted them pink. As people would gather around to watch, we would outline their shadows, and paint them (the shadows) pink. We soon had quite a large crowd around us, but no one chose to join in. (This was tried in Amsterdam, where hundreds of young people joined the painters.) A man came up to me, obviously disturbed. 'Why are you doing this?' he shouted. 'We are being paid to do this as an advertising stunt for the Tories,' was the only reply I could give. Of course, that mysterious stranger turned out to be a plain clothes man, and we found ourselves in the local police station. The people who saw us arrested were—unlike those bystanders at Grosvenor Square—all on our side. In

court, the magistrate had a hard time keeping a straight face as we were charged with 'painting a public highway without authorization'.

The other 'people's demonstration' was the Festival of the Oppressed (see FREEDOM, June 13 and 27), where 400 long-haired freaks danced through the streets on election day, showing a real alternative to Pig Politics. East End factory workers smiled at us and even gave the V-sign as we began to communicate through our bodies, rather than by making speeches. There was, however, one arrest on this demo, and I was shocked to see no one make a move to rescue our captured brother.

There were still only 400 people, in a city where 'everybody' has long hair. Bus drivers, ditch diggers, solicitors, clerks, all look like the type of people who would get the 'Easy Rider' treatment were they to set foot in the US. Why weren't they at the festival? Then it struck me: Long hair doesn't mean a thing in this country. It was a real shock, as in the States, I can walk into any major city, and if there's another 'freak' living there, he is my brother. I don't have to worry about a place to stay, or food to eat. My brother will provide for me, and he knows I'd do the same. It's not like that here. England, the place where it all started, has had her youth culture eaten alive by the capitalists. 'Every day should be a festival!' said the youth outside the Roundhouse. Hell, at 8/- a throw, I can't afford it.

The majority of the youth of this country are apolitical or worse (many 'hippies' supported the conservatives because of their promise to bring back Commercial Radio). The left has completely ignored them, and the capitalists

have exploited them. I believe that some day soon they will learn.

MICHAEL BOARD.
(In the conclusion of this article next week, the author gives his analysis of the reasons behind the present situation, and what he thinks can be done about it.)



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One Law for the Rich

IN THIS 'most distressful' country of ours there is either too much or too little to report this week. The terrible intransigence of the Apprentice Boys, led by so-called 'Men of God' to defy the ban on parades and go ahead regardless of the loss of life it will inevitably cause, was a foregone conclusion, since all these hardliners care about is a six-county UDI where they will retain all their privileges and beat the poor into the gutter.

Perhaps what has been most shocking was the remark of the Chief Justice, Mr. Justice O'Keefe, that he and several of his peers would be 'very reluctant' to try the case of Mr. Haughey for alleged gun-running.

One cannot but wonder, if the defendant had been Sean Citizen of Benburb Street or the Bogside, whether the judges would have adopted the same attitude, or whether they would have been only too eager to emulate 'Cunning old Fury' and 'Try the whole case, and condemn you to death'.

Over the last three years I have, perforce, spent a lot of time in our

courts and heard many cases willy-nilly. Again and again I have been sickened by the difference of the law as applied to rich and poor.

I was in the District Court one day when a terrified woman of about fifty was hustled very roughly into the dock. She was accused of having stolen a shilling jar of vaseline from a supermarket. She admitted she had bought a jar of vaseline but produced her bill for about 48/- and submitted she was unaware it had not been included. She had offered to pay immediately she was informed it was not on her bill. It was established she had never been in trouble before. 'Well,' said the 'Justice' in acid tones, 'everyone has to begin some time,' and he fined her £5, which no doubt meant her children had to go hungry to pay this vicious sum. The girl from the check-out counter was not called and no court missionary or social worker was present.

A little later a rich woman appeared charged with stealing a sixty guinea fur stole from one of our swanky stores. Up jumped a senior counsel and ex-

plained his client was at a difficult time of life and suffering from nerves, and that her husband had paid for the stole, etc., etc. The Justice's reaction was in effect, 'I know you aren't very well and did not mean it. Go and see your doctor and perhaps spend a few weeks in a nursing home and you will be all right. Don't worry.' I suspect that he and her husband are buddies and meet at Taca dinners.

Even if she had been guilty (and personally I am sure it was a genuine mistake), common humanity would have

dictated that at most Woman No. 1 was put on probation. I came home physically sick that day.

A little more corruption in this country of ours and this old rat is thinking of deserting the sinking ship. Any suggestions as to where I should go, comrades? Cuba? (Lovely climate. I knew it quite well when I was young.) Norfolk Island?

Since one never hears of anything at all happening on the latter Island one presumes it is one of those Happy Countries that have no History H.

—another for the Gypsies

ON FRIDAY, JULY 17, yet another battle was fought by the gypsies camping on waste ground off Shaw Street, Everton, against yet another Council eviction order.

Two days previously, five members of the Merseyside Anarchists had been arrested for sitting on the bumper of the Council lorry being used to tow away the caravans. They had been charged with using threatening words and behaviour and obstructing the police. Since the five had maintained complete silence throughout the incident, and had offered no resistance when arrested, the charges will no doubt be adjusted to 'dumb insolence' and 'obstructing a copper's boot with one's bollocks!'

However, by Friday mid-day, a large contingent of the Merseyside Anarchists had arrived at the site to prevent an eviction taking place. In addition, a number of liberals, NCCL-ites, religious fanatics and other 'wishy-washy' elements had turned up, but most of them left after the Deputy Chief Constable had given his word that no eviction would take place that day, and that should the Council attempt to go ahead with it, he had given orders to his men to stop them, as any eviction would be '100% illegal!'

By 2.15, when the Council lorry and police vans arrived, the only people on the site were the Anarchists, members of the 'Open Commune', some social workers from a nearby Simon Community, a priest in disguise!, and, of course, the travellers.

Needless to say, the police made no attempt to stop the Council, but instead tried to clear us from the site. When we informed the police that if they assisted the Council in the eviction they would be assisting in an illegal act, we received replies varying from 'sod off', 'piss off' to actual physical assault.

After several of us, who had been sitting on the lorry bumper, had been dragged away by the police, one of our number lay down in front of the lorry. The police, however, must have been listening earlier in the day to records of Governor Wallace's speeches about running over Anarchists. They told the driver to drive on (the driver was in fact unable to see the person lying in front of his cabin).

The driver soon realised that something was amiss when he heard screams coming from under his lorry, and

stopped towing. A policeman tried to drag our comrade from underneath the lorry, but without success, as the lorry's front wheels were still on his leg! (police stupidity or brutality?). Luckily, our comrade was now unconscious.

Eventually the ambulance arrived and took our heroic friend away. The workmen were somewhat upset by the incident and refused to go on with the eviction. (Not so the police sergeant, who had been laughing his head off throughout the incident!)

The police then set to work, frantically trying to trace and arrest anyone with a camera who had taken pictures of the eviction. We were prepared for this. At the eviction two days previously, they had arrested the only person with a camera, and destroyed his film at the police station. This time, although they arrested two people, they were unable to lay their hands on any of our film.

All our members who were arrested come up for trial in September. In the meantime we seem to have won the day. No more attempts have been made to evict the travellers from their site, and quite a number of people who were present at the incident, who were not previously with us, have joined our numbers. In addition we have a large amount of cine-film and stills, showing the police involved in activities, which make one realise why they are so anxious to stop their publication!

HARVEY GIBBS,
Merseyside Anarchists.

THE ROAD TO HELL

Continued from page 1

we live is part of the quality of our lives and this is fast being eroded in many areas by, for instance, these motorways and pollution. The people who are being affected have no control over what takes place and the profit motive is placed before their needs.

What the people of North Kensington have done this last week, and in their numerous campaigns on other issues, is to highlight a situation which is fast affecting all of us in one form or another. To achieve any widespread success, many more people will have to take up the cudgels against the despots in their Town Halls.

P.T.

Our Battle of the Boyne

IT WAS ADVERTISED in the papers that a peace line of women were going to the border upon this day to show solidarity with the people of the six counties, where Mrs. Sheila Fortune, Mrs. Hilary Boyle and Miss Carol Gleeson turned up at the meeting place. In spite of five buses lined up, only about a dozen people were there and it very speedily became plain the above were in The Wrong Place, and that this might have been a Legion of Mary outing. The bus was labelled 'Border Picnic' and Hilary's fierce objection to this and request that at least Peace Picnic might be put was rejected. No, no one was going to cross the border. No, no women from the six counties would be meeting the women. Sheila had brought with her leaflets about Gandhi's ideology to give out, Hilary had the Dublin Housing Action leaflet. These were refused. 'We are just on a picnic; no, we will not cross the border, not even a token crossing.'

We labelled it the teddy bears' picnic and took our departure, but our blood, or at least Hilary's, was well and truly up, so we took a bus to the airport and then hitched to Belfast where we prepared placards. 'Truth Justice Peace', 'At least don't hurt and frighten the children', etc. We were all pacifists, but understood that pacifism does not mean doing nothing but entails great activism in civil disobedience and a willingness to face any consequences. Peace, but not the peace that passes all understanding, but rather a fighting peaceway.

As we arrived at Donegal Street, on our way to the City Hall where we had intended to display our placards, a bonus fell into our laps. An Orange Parade in full regalia with its lamberg drums, so reminiscent of the war tom-toms of Central Africa to Hilary, was marching by. We immediately stood on the pavement edge and held up our placards for

the marchers and everyone to see. A Norwegian press photographer took our photos and then an RUC man said, 'You've made your protest. Now go.'

We went to go on to the City Hall but immediately we were away from the eyes of the crowd five or six men came after us and we were arrested and taken to the police station with considerable roughness. We were incarcerated in a small room where we ate our luncheon while Branch man after Branch man questioned us. With wicked glee we dropped crumbs, egg-shells and ash on the floor.

Asked our professions Sheila and Hilary admitted they were journalists. 'There are far too many journalists in the North,' said the chief of the Branch men. 'That is our trouble.' Hilary replied sweetly, 'If you behaved yourselves and had no troubles you would not have any journalists either.'

Then the chief was called out and there was a long whispered conversation outside. We said when he returned we were bored and would go now. He said we were being charged with a breach of the peace.

Hilary said, 'Well, hurry up and charge us, then, but I am not going to pay any silly fine. I shall go to prison and then you will have 1,000 (this was a gross exaggeration) Dubliners up here making mayhem.'

The man wavered and blenched a bit. It was blatantly obvious he had been onto the Castle in Dublin. Sheila and Carol (Carol was finding it all an Adventure with a huge capital A, and why not at 187) probably have no record while Hilary has one a mile high having a nose for trouble, but also a record for getting the better of police by peaceful and lawful means. Our CPI badges had been taken from us (a small picture of James Connolly) as being a 'provocation'.

Continued on page 4

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SUMMERTIME BLUES

ANOTHER SUMMER, and although the girls are as pretty as ever, the pop and folk festivals as prolific, etc., etc., there seems a certain fallow weariness in the air, the appearance of a mechanical re-enactment of old and tired rituals; which was not the case in the more vital summer of 1967 — Flower Power summer.

We are into repression, they say, but if this is repression, barring a few notable exceptions, it's a pretty strange process: more of a creeping gangrene than a savage frenzy.

The kids who three years ago were resplendent in beads, floral gear and hair, are now quietly cutting back on the frills and steeling themselves to meet the inexorable capitalist workworld—

'I always wondered whether or not I'd make it. . . . You know, it's a drag when you're rejected. . . .' (Quote from FREAK OUT!, by the Mothers of Invention, a record of 1967.)

Well, after all, a person's got to come to terms with Things As They Are: get himself some security and respect, be taken seriously for something or other. . . .

—Or crack up. It would be interesting to know how many: painfully entangled in the debris of a splendid phenomenon, to which they wholeheartedly committed all their emotional chips and which suddenly folded, leaving them standing, lost, on the brink.

Demonstrations seem to have dwindled. The last of any significance—the Cambodia affair—was amorphous and ineffective. It suffered from a general lack of direction and real feeling, and disturbing species of apathy and alienation seemed to be in the air. And so many trendy longhairs sniggered at the demonstrators from the sidewalks. . . . Since Piccadilly and its aftermath, squatting too seems to be fading out; and on the communes front, while new ones are cropping up around the place, the movement doesn't seem to be gathering the impetus it once seemed to promise. . . . There are only sporadic outbursts at European universities, and all is quiet in the streets of Paris. . . . The under-21 vote didn't keep the Tories out; perhaps even helped them in? . . . What hap-

pened to Turn on, Tune in and Drop Out; to the Legalise Pot Campaign; to the obsession with Eastern mysticism? We know about Tim Leary—in jail. . . . And skinheads. . . .

Meanwhile, a new kind of cat walks abroad: young, cool, switched on, but vehemently apolitical. If anyone is callow enough to make a straight political statement, he recedes behind a cynical smile and sniggers. Political terms, formerly potent, go soft in the mouth. Embarrassing. Of course, this doesn't signify a deliberate return to reactionary positions so much as a reaction against recent overexposure to politics, but nevertheless it's an omen of the intractability of the times. A cynic, as Wilde tells us, is a person who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

Rock sounds and furies thunder on, of course, but tangible political significance is now lacking. The music is progressing and even, at some points, merging with the avant-garde elements of the jazz scene; musicians are moving away from political engagement in the direction of old-fashioned, uncommitted, purely artistic abstraction, throwing off lyrics and concentrating on experimentation with ever more complex configurations of sound. This isn't necessarily a bad thing, far from it; but it does clearly disprove all those claims for the political efficacy of pop. The music is, in the last analysis, only art, and the musicians just plain artists, not 'out there in McLuhanland, changing the heads of the world'. Notice, furthermore, how Bob Dylan has kicked those 'meaningful' lyrics and receded behind an enigmatic mask of pastoral anonymity. He realised that he was, fundamentally, just a musician, and teamed up with a real pro, Johnny Cash, by way of consolidating his new, cutdown identity.

The Rock Machine continues to rake in millions for the shareholders; and we are again promised commercial radio, although with a Tory mandate and safely located within the confines of the landlocked state structure, it'll certainly be a pale shadow of even something as wanting as Radio London. And, of

course—portent of nemesis!—the Beatles, formerly splendid exemplars of creative co-operation and spiritual rapport, have broken up. Paul, now captioned as 'the individualist', says he wants to grow up. Isn't that what the straights have been telling him for so long? Perhaps he got to believing them. John Lennon, on the other hand, seems to have creditably learned the significance of Blake's dictum about a fool persisting in his folly.

When will Eric Clapton, smoothing down the lapels of his sleazy tuxedo and moving aside the spangled nudes as he prepares to move onstage in a Las Vegas nightclub, tell reporters: 'I just want to be a straight, all-round entertainer'?

The underground cinema seems to be coming up into the richness and light of the commercial overground with barely a blush or a blink. You can see it as it is at your local fleapit for a dollar. Hippies hired themselves to Warner Bros. to perform a publicity demo outside the cinema in which *Woodstock* was being screened during the Cannes Film Festival. When questioned, the prophet-type director of the film excused himself, saying that while he would make thousands out of the film, Warner Bros. would probably make hundreds of thousands.

Good things like the Arts Labs, Release and Bit continue to do their good work, and the underground press lives on. One of the first papers, *IT*, however, seems to have lost its initial vitality. Perhaps this was inevitable. The high pitch of rebellion and millennial elan it declared in its early days seemed to be based on the assumption that things were in actual process of completely and spectacularly changing. When the grey ethos just went on and on, *IT* went flabby and seemed to catch the disease, probably helped along by police harassment. At present it is experimenting with colour, but this can only be seen as a belated attempt to reverse the trend and regain vitality. Which is something that *OZ*, on the other hand, has never lost. It seems to be little praised in the pages of this journal as, more predictably, is the case elsewhere. This is a shame because its continuing attacks on moribund morality and sensibility, its search for new areas to open up, and its enthusiastic 'playpower' tone, all combine to make it something unique and resilient. The latter qualities, no doubt, reflect Editor Neville's views on the importance of play in modern revolutionary movements, views guaranteed to evoke scepticism but which he argued persuasively in his book *Play Power*,

itself a fluent and deft summary of all that was new and stimulating in the hippie phenomenon. . . . As for the rest, all those faithful small mags that kind people continue to post gratis, these tend to endlessly restate the old arguments and analyses and, for all their earnestness, lack real inspiration.

Indeed, new ideas and thinkers do not seem to be emerging at the moment. We had a profusion of them a few years ago: the contributors to the Dialectics of Liberation conference, for instance. That they are now silent and that there are no new people to take their place is probably a good measure of the temper of the times. For, although some may call this as mere desire for novelty, dynamic movements probably need new stimulation to keep them at a high pitch of faith and activity, as indeed such a pitch would tend, by circular process of fertilization, to produce the same.

Of course, it would be unperceptive to suggest that the hippie phenomenon did not leave its mark. So often, however, this has been a matter of canny capitalists having raided its treasury for exploitable plunder, generally grabbing the more superficial, sensational things and ignoring the deeper ideals, like love and freedom, which were alien to their ethos by definition, anyway. By way of illustration, notice this piece of advertising copy:

' . . . making the rattletapping trip from Port St. John to Half Moon Bay, Antigua, Bacardi aboard . . . the tinny minny freaks out are you're left stranded in tropical limboland. / But keep your thing together . . . and like Bacardi, rise above with looks like a bringdown. . . .'

Pretty freaky stuff, man! As also those hip art students admiring that little sparkler that so succinctly sums up what they're feeling for one another, courtesy of De Beers.

It's the process Marcuse noted: the incredible ability of capitalism to turn simply everything to its own purposes, and emasculate it. Psychedelia are now, of course, a commonplace feature of chainstore window displays and commercial graphics. And, more generally, and perhaps more positively, a businessman can now sport that extra inch or so of sideburn and below-the-ears hair and not worry that the oestrin's taking over. And his wife can safely have her mini (skirt) and seethru blouse.

Meanwhile, the permissive society, itself boosted by the hippie explosion, is still with us. What is happening on the private front is disputable, but on the public front, theatre censorship has been relaxed and the cinema is moving in the same direction, while publishing is somewhat freer and nudes are a regular feature of 'hardhitting' advertising. But all this doesn't seem a matter of freedom in general, and artistic freedom in particular, any more. Sex is now manifestly Big Money and, as we all well know,

when something's big money it's okay with the state. So, rather than it being the case that sexual freedom has opened up other areas in society, it would seem that the more insidious elements in society have moved into sex and annexed it to their arsenal of exploitative devices. By extension, it is possible to foresee a generation libidinally conditioned to be better (more submissive) consumers and subjects. The people of that generation may be able, if they can tender the cash, to get their thrills, but what about the love? (There were some ingenious ideas on this theme in a recent edition of *New Worlds*.)

At which point the old campaigners are probably treating themselves to a knowing smile. They've undoubtedly seen the same sort of sudden enthusiasm for revolutionary ideas—previous scenes—come and go down before the classical cyclic reprise of frustration and repression. But for those of us who were callow enough to be beguiled by the hippie phenomenon, there are disappointments; and, furthermore, recent events suggest that the thing is going through some rather strange paroxysms in the period of its decline, or decadence. We shall take a look at these next week.

JOHN SNELLING.

Contact

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

More 'Riot' Students Sentenced

RIGHT AFTER the Cambridge and Ulster riot trials, a further attempt to establish modern precedents for the use of the old common-law offences of 'riotous' or 'unlawful' assembly, resulted in a 3½-week-trial at the Old Bailey of four London University students.

RESULT

— Paul Hoch: 9 months' jail for unlawful assembly, 3 concurrent months for assault, and recommended deportation.

— Gordon Gillespie: 9 months' suspended for unlawful assembly, 3 months' suspended for assaults. To be held in custody pending deportation.

— Peter Brayshaw: 2 years' conditional discharge for unlawful assembly and assault.

Between them the three have to pay £320 costs.

The students had been charged with riot, wilful damage, and several counts of actual bodily harm arising out of a deputation of thirty students going to Senate House, London University's admin. block in October 1969 to protest against the links between London University and the regimes in Rhodesia and South Africa.

It became clear from the prosecution evidence that the University had set up lavish defence plans to deal with any student protest. A squad of 25 volunteer staff had been recruited, including former Air Force officers. Solicitors' advice had been taken on the use of force by the staff. Police at the Chief Superintendent level had been drawn into the contingency planning. A high-speed electronic-flash camera had been purchased to photograph protesters. And on the day of the incident itself, no less than four Special Branch men were either in the Senate House itself or disguised as student demonstrators.

The heavy security doors, intended for larger demonstrations than the 30 who eventually arrived, were left open by the staff, luring the deputation into a lobby surrounded by glass partitioning, behind which perched the photographer. And here the confrontation took place. Strangely enough, considering a 'riot' was alleged, no one was hurt (except a

student) and damage done amounted to only £25 (on the Crown estimate). The three sentenced, together with others against whom charges had to be eventually dropped, and other 'persons unknown' were alleged to have fought their way through doors and attacked staff.

Lacking hard evidence of these allegations, the Crown relied on establishing the vague quantities of 'purpose' and 'intent' through a recital at the Old Bailey of the defendants' previous activities and, most disquieting, writings. Although the Judge ruled out 'politics' as such, much of the Crown cross-examination consisted of questions about previous demonstrations, sit-ins, the 'occupation' of the London Union building in January 1969, and attitudes to 'confrontations with authority'. Though the men were supposedly on trial for specific actions and not for their ideas, much reliance, both in Crown summing-up and in the Judge's direction and sentencing, was placed on Paul Hoch's book —*LSE, the natives are restless*; and on Peter Brayshaw's leaflet about the links between Southern Africa and the University. And thus, although the charges of riot, actual bodily harm, and damage were not upheld, the amorphous, blanket charge of 'unlawful assembly' which hinges on intent and purpose only, was proved.

The purpose of the reintroduction of this kind of charge is to suppress the right of demonstration of opinion by making participants in meetings at which any other person commits violence or breach of the peace, a party to a riotous or unlawful assembly, through a collective crime. And a second aim is to inhibit writers of radical pamphlets, books and leaflets in case their writings are ever used in evidence against them.

WE APPEAL FOR MONETARY SUPPORT TO DEAL WITH PAST AND POTENTIAL COURT COSTS AND TO HELP CHECK THIS KIND OF UNIVERSITY / POLICE / DPP / COURT RESTRICTION OF LIBERTY.

The Senate House Trial Defence Fund
c/o A. M. Cliftlands,
14a Tollington Park,
London, N.4.

ACTION COMMITTEE AGAINST RACIALISM

ON THURSDAY, JULY 23, a Press Conference was held in London to launch a new anti-racialist movement based on the use of direct action.

ACAR intends to mount action campaigns on specific issues using militant tactics developed during the apartheid sports campaign. We shall also be strengthening our international contacts in African and Asian countries.

We are an action-oriented movement which will not attempt to provide a continual organisational campaign—rather, we shall take action on specific issues as they arise. In this respect, we hope to complement the work of established organisations campaigning against apartheid and racialism.

Over the summer period, we intend to strengthen our organisation which is based on the movement which stopped the cricket tour.

ACAR has been formed on an immediate programme of action within three general areas:—

- Trade with white South Africa
- Race in Britain
- Apartheid Sport

Immediate priority is being given to mobilising opposition to the Government's arms deal with white South Africa. We are not organising spectacular national events to oppose the arms sales: instead we shall be supporting the Anti-Apartheid Movement in its fight and shall be campaigning for increased worker and trade union involvement. In addition, activists throughout the country will be planning militant action to prevent any deal from being implemented.

Groups throughout the country will be mounting assaults on British firms with South African links.

We will also be taking action on the

East African Asian issue. We will main-Catch—Action Committee Against Racialism a vigilant watch on the sports front and be ready to react if another apartheid team should come to this country.

Flat 3,
24 Cedar Road, Sutton,
Surrey 01-642 5010

BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

Continued from page 3

The suggestion that thousands of marching Orangemen was a far greater provocation than tiny brooches that could hardly be seen two feet away was not well received. The RUC and Branch kept going to terrific lengths to impress upon us how impartial they were, but they were Paisleyites to a man and it stuck out a mile. Hilary informed them that since she knew the murderer of John Gallagher and where he was now (in Canada) she could hardly believe the RUC did not know. This went unanswered.

After 1½ hours we were let go with orders to go straight to the railway station and go home by train. Actually we made a beeline for the Grand Central Hotel and contacted the press, and had drinks and missed the train and hitched home. I must say NEVER anywhere in the world have I met nastier police than the RUC. They may have taken away their guns physically but certainly they have not altered their mentality one iota.

It is FREEDOM's custom to refer to police as 'PIGS'. As one who kept pigs for many a long year, why insult a clean, decent, kind, affectionate animal? Even rats are nice when one knows them personally, and very intelligent. I think the epithet 'Human' would be more truthful and appropriate.

Chemical and Biological Warfare Action Group. Meeting to discuss action at Schermuly, Dorking, on Wednesday, August 26, at 7.30 p.m., at the Roebuck (Public House), Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

Drug Dependents Care Group. Meetings on Thursdays, August 20 and September 3, at Housmans' Bookshop (Basement), 5 Caledonian Road, London, N.1, at 7.30 p.m.

Libertarian Teachers Association. Bulletin 2/- now available from Black Flag Bookshop, 1 Wilne Street, Leicester, or Freedom Bookshop.

Wanted. 'Anarchy' Nos. 1, 11, 26, 37, 38, 66, to complete set. Can offer Nos. 3, 4, 8, 14 in exchange. Box 01.

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

Dave Coull is in Edinburgh, correspondence c/o Hughes, Top Flat, 40 Angle Park Terrace.

Frank Roach Personal Appeal. Frank Roach at present will be held in Brixton it seems until September. Comrades need not be reminded of the stirring deeds of this gentleman, but money for cigarettes, etc., would be very much appreciated. c/o Freedom Press, Box No. 02.

Free Citizen. Newspaper of People's Democracy. Available to FREEDOM subscribers for 1/- or 1/4 by separate post. Write to P.G. at Freedom Bookshop.

Ian Cameron, 10 Knox Court, Studney Road, S.W.4, would like a copy of S. E. Finer's 'The Life and Times of Edwin Chadwick' (1952).

'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, 5 Fog Lane, Didsbury, Manchester 20.

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

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

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.

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.