

THIRD YEAR OF WAR

THE NIGERIA-BIAFRA WAR: A RETROSPECTIVE CONSIDERATION OF THE PRESENT POSITION

INTO ITS third year now, with nearly two million people dead, the end of the war is not in sight. Two million is a figure that is meaningless to most people, so they turn their attention to something a little more credible—nine dead in Belfast or two dead in Chicago. Two million dead in two years is a more rapid death rate than that of Jews under Hitler.

Recently much has been made of Lagos's generous offers of peace talks, and Ojukwu's intransigence in refusing them. What is rarely mentioned is that the Nigerian Regime offers peace talks with one condition—the unity of Nigeria. The implication of this condition is quite simple: it means a return to the 1960 constitution (see below), in form at least. In other words, it means back round the circle to the 1966 situation, with the same inevitable outcome. But the people of Biafra have not gone through all this just to hand themselves back to domination from Whitehall, the Shell building and Unilever House.

As Julius Nyerere, by far the most enlightened political leader in Africa, realises, there can only be one solution: an independent Biafra in an economic union with the rest of Nigeria. Biafra would be the third most populous nation in black Africa, with a greater population and far greater resources, natural and human, than many European countries, and well able—unlike Britain and Belgium—to support itself agriculturally. This is what the Biafrans stand for. As long as they are denied it and die, it is the responsibility of the white man, and the British in particular.

It was the glorious British who forcibly lumped together the Hausas, Ibos and Yorubas, along with smaller peoples of West Africa, into the absurd and unworkable Nigerian federation. (The creation of absurd colonial federations is, of course, not rare in British colonial history. Nigeria was the last to survive; the Raj collapsed in 1946, and subsequently the Central African, Malaysian and the West Indies Federations have broken up.)

It was the British Government who foisted a hopeless constitution, which had, in effect, tribal conflict written into it, onto the Nigerian peoples on their 'independence' in 1960.

It was the British Government who gave massive military and diplomatic support to the teetering Gowon regime in July 1967 so that they could invade Biafra and smash the 'rebel gang' (some 14 million very frightened and very determined people) in a couple of weeks. And though, as time passed, it became more and more obvious that there could be no 'military solution' (meaning the forcible subjugation and oppression of a minority), the British Government continued to supply armaments to the Nigerian Regime, arms which could only be used for the deliberate siege and mass starvation of the people of Biafra.

The finance which the Nigerian Regime have needed to continue this war has obligingly been provided by Shell-BP, Unilever and Gulf, under the name of 'royalties' they pay for the plunder of the mineral and agricultural resources from the Nigerian people.

And to complete the all-white credit list of rogues in this affair, the Soviet Union, not contented with their experiments in proletarian democracy in Czechoslovakia, have supplied the Lagos

oligarchy with Migs, Illuyshins and heavy ground artillery along with the usual military 'advisers'.

It's no wonder that people like the Biafran Obi Egbuna long ago gave up supporting either side in this conflict, seeing the people of Nigeria and Biafra as the sufferers in a tragic conflict started and sustained by white Europeans.

This view shouldn't obscure the fact that, although there are rights and wrongs on both sides, right is overwhelmingly on the side of Biafra. Hounded out of Nigeria by the abominable massacres of September 1966 (in which 30,000 people of the Eastern Region (now Biafra) were massacred and many more mutilated), the parliament of the Eastern Region called for a confederation, with decentralised government giving autonomy to the four regions in most spheres. An agreement along these lines was made, at Aburi in January 1967, by leaders of all the four regions. It was the last chance of a peaceable solution to the problem. But the Aburi agreements were unacceptable to British economic interests, to the neo-colonialists of Whitehall and to the power-hungry clique in Lagos which included Enahoro, Awolowo and Katsina. The agreements were disregarded, and instead a brutal blockade was placed on the Eastern Region. It was inevitable then that the Eastern Region should declare independence as Biafra. Two months later (July 1967), when Gowon had obtained full assurance of support from Whitehall, the Nigerian army invaded Biafra.

And so all the conditions which made the war possible were laid in London. The war was started in London, is sustained from London, and can only end in London. As soon as we in England come to realise this and get down to the job of smashing the policies of the Government/Shell-BP/Unilever alliance, the end of the war by peaceful settlement will come into sight. This is what 10 million people in Biafra wait for. But each day 1,000 people fail to survive the waiting.

Biafra Week (October 24 to 31) will be a nation-wide mobilisation to bring the attention of the British people to their part in this war, to make enough noise to force Whitehall/Shell to change their policies. Everyone's support is needed, and everyone's presence is called for at the two demonstrations: Friday afternoon, October 24, for those who don't have to work, and Sunday, 26. Simultaneous Biafra weeks will be going on all over Europe.

Oct. 1969 NIGEL WRIGHT.

Attention all groups and individuals

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MINERS FIGHT BACK

THE REVOLT of the lower-paid worker has continued this week with colliery surface workers taking industrial action. This action, which started in the Yorkshire Coalfield, and finally closed all but one colliery in the area, is to further their claim for a 40-hour week, including a 20-minute daily meal break. The strike soon spread to other areas, affecting some collieries in Scotland and the Midlands.

While local area union officials supported the action, the President of the National Union of Mineworkers, Sid Ford, strongly condemned it and instructed the men to return to work.

However, this strike action has brought results, although not in the way that was intended, for the National Coal Board has conceded the union's full demands on pay increases which had only been submitted a week earlier. This unprecedented move astonished Sir Sid Ford so much that he said: 'In all my 45 years' experience I have never known a wage claim being met in full.'

These increases will give underground and surface workers a minimum weekly wage of £16 and £15 respectively. However, the Coal Board refused to concede the demands of the Yorkshire collieries, no doubt thinking it could not give in to all the claims of the union without completely losing face.

There is no doubt that this 37/6d. increase is fully deserved, for pay packets of under £14 per week are not uncommon in this industry. Like most lower-paid workers, their strike record is also low, but having taken such action their claims are soon met and yet another coach-and-four has been driven through the Government's incomes policy.

NOT FOUGHT CLOSURES

The miners have, however, been in an extremely difficult position. From being one of the most militant sections of the working class, with a very special and well-deserved place in its history, they have become

docile spectators to the slaughter of their industry and jobs. Last year, for instance, 59 collieries were closed or merged and 12.6% of the labour force sacked.

Miners have not fought the closures. They and their union leaders collaborated in the shutting down of what the NCB calls 'uneconomic pits' and even when coal has been in short supply, the Coal Board have insisted in closing individual pits because they were 'in the red'. Since its inception, the NCB has followed the maxim of the old owners in that not only was the coal to be wrested from the ground, but it was to be done at a profit.

At the time of nationalisation many miners thought that their troubles were over, but instead they were only just beginning. In 1959, the NCB closed down six 'uneconomic' pits in South Wales and in these columns, at that time, our reporter wrote that: 'Ten thousand anthracite miners, with their families and sympathisers, marched through the streets of Swansea in the largest demonstration seen there since the General Strike of 1926.'

'Miners' union leaders and six local MPs headed the column and, at the meeting, Will Paynter, President of the South Wales miners, said: "We warn the Government and employers that the employed in this country have the power to defeat their policy and unless this policy is changed it may be necessary for the employed to exercise their power in their own self-defence".'

While it is true that the employed in this country have that power, if they only use it, it is also true that although Will Paynter went on to higher ranks of union office, he never tried to mobilise that power to alter the Coal Board's closure policies. It is precisely because that power was not used, that the miners are either sacked or shifted from pit to pit and their take-home wage is so low. Mr. O'Brien, Secretary of the North Yorkshire Panel of the NUM, recognised this when he said

ORGANISED VENGEANCE

RONALD BIGGS, the last of the 'great' train robbers at large (he escaped from Wandsworth prison in 1965 where he was serving a 30-years' sentence), has turned up in Australia. Apparently his share of the money has gone and he has settled down as a useful construction worker and has even added to his family whilst on the run.

At one time Britain used to deport her citizens to Australia, presumably in order that they could live useful lives away from their former criminal associates. Many a worthy Australian citizen can doubtless (if he cares to do so) trace back his ancestry to the Fleet prison and the convict transports.

Instead of rejoicing that Ronald Biggs has now become a useful citizen, the police of Melbourne have decided to try and recapture him after he fled from his home, and proposed to use the imprisonment of his wife and the taking 'into care' of his children as a 'bait' to draw him back to Melbourne and presumably, Wandsworth for the rest of his sentence.

The magistrates have not quite seen it that way (or perhaps have prepared a more subtle 'bait') and have discharged

Mrs. Biggs from custody and restored her children to her. The Australian press has bestowed the press's usual award for the good life (last awarded to Miss Keeler), and Mrs. Biggs is, for the time being, on Easy Street.

But nevertheless the hounds of justice are still on the trail. The *Guardian* (20.10.69) says, 'Paradoxically, Biggs on the run in Australia seems to have reformed himself more effectively than prison would have done. He was holding down a good job in Melbourne, and supporting his family—keeping out of trouble for his own sake, no doubt, but showing some capacity as a useful citizen which a 30 years' prison sentence would have destroyed. What good a retributory sentence will do him now it is hard to see, though he must expect to be treated on the same lines as his fellows in the gang.'

The *Guardian* falls into the same old liberal trap. What is so paradoxical about prison failing to reform. The machinery of justice is not interested in reform. The Caryl Chessman who was executed was a different Caryl Chessman from the young delinquent who had committed those minor offences which first involved him with the law.

A worthy organization was set up recently to plea for justice in respect of a number of arrests which had taken place. It was pointed out that justice was merely and could be nothing else, as Kropotkin said, except organized vengeance.

Ronald Biggs is hunted not because he helped to steal nearly two millions from a train; others have stolen from the public by more respectable legitimate

to Parkhill miners: 'We have lived so long as mice that the Coal Board will still close pits, strike or not.' And if Parkhill continues to work, it would be 'the first colliery to be attacked by the Coal Board because it is weak and the Coal Board will know it'. Parkhill was one of the two pits that did not come out immediately because of threatened closure.

STRIKE SPREADS

While the union's negotiating committee will recommend the acceptance of the Coal Board's offer to its executive, there remains the opposition from Yorkshire because the 40-hour week, including meal time, was rejected.

This opposition has now spread to South Wales, where, at the time of writing, over 20 collieries employing 16,000 men have come out in solidarity with Yorkshire's demands. Yorkshire miners have voted to stay out, while delegates are visiting other areas to gain further support of both surface and underground workers. The South Wales NUM executive has instructed members to return to work, while an angry Lord Robens, Chairman of the NCB, talks of 'anarchy' and having a pistol held at his head.

In Yorkshire miners have called for the resignations of both Sid Ford and 'Left-winger' General Secretary, Lawrence Daly.

The spreading of the strike signifies, not only acting against the NCB's wage offer and the insecurity of the miners' lot, but also against the union's authority.

We still hear the tired old slogans about nationalising industries and yet it is only too painfully obvious that it has only meant a more efficient use of a basic industry for capitalism. The same motives of profit apply as with the private owners, but now it is much harder to fight threatened closures because of the size and national scope of the Coal Board. Nothing has really changed for the miners. They have as little say or control now as they did in former days. Closures and unemployment are still threatened. The State bureaucratic bosses get large salaries while those who daily risk their lives underground get a mere fraction of the wealth which the earth reluctantly yields. The Coal Board, like the previous owners, seek only efficiency and profit and the miners' jobs are a mere means to an end in this goal.

Perhaps the newly-found will to strike on this scale will bring a change in the attitude of the miners to closures. Maybe they will be ready to fight them and to start thinking of taking the pits over themselves, for the inefficiency lies with the countless bureaucrats, such as the managers, the under-managers and all the unproductive members of this and that local Coal Board. Miners could show that they are capable of running the pits themselves and then the fuel needs of the community and not the balance sheet would be the criterion. The hours worked could be adjusted to meet the needs and security could be achieved instead of the ever-present threat of closure which is the miners' lot today. P.T.

commercial means. Not because he escaped from Wandsworth Prison, although this is indeed a sore blow which rankles. Not because he is an intelligent man and now a good citizen, but because he has flouted justice which must have its pound of flesh. 'Vengeance is mine' saith the Law.

JACK ROBINSON.

OUR WORKING LIVES

'the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation . . .'

REFLECTIONS ON reading *Work and Work 2*, both published by Penguin Press; edited by Robert Frazer.

The above quotation from Thoreau seems to be painfully applicable to the majority of people writing in this two-volume collection of work-accounts. A total of 40 people have written, mostly sincerely and dispassionately, of their experiences of work and throughout Thoreau's voice rings true. . . .

To start with though, as acknowledged in the introduction, it appears that it is the first time any book has been compiled consisting solely of accounts of this nature (granted there have been autobiographies and novels largely concerned with work and its conditions, e.g. Tressell, one or two D. H. Lawrence, the earlier Sillitoe, etc., but still these two volumes are pioneering works and reflect the tremendous interest in occupational science).

The effect, then, of reading the forty accounts is at first overwhelming; the sheer weight of human experience which the writing summarises; the years of frustration, baulked ambition, unrealised potential, which work for so many people summarises, makes one stand back in awe. For each account is a mirror of a major part of a person's life, each occupation has, in some cases, demanded years of training and experience—40 accounts, an average of, say, 10 years' experience each—400 years of working life these accounts summarise! Who am I to comment glibly on what these years mean, who am I to sum up the years, decades, sometimes the lifetimes' experiences contained in these volumes?

To attempt to get some perspective, and partly to minimize the task of reviewing, these accounts fall easily into two categories. Fortunately the smaller portion consists of those accounts which attempt rather stereotypically to 'sell the job', and persist in a rather conventional superficial bar-room description. This minority of accounts seem to be given by someone attempting to hide conveniently behind the role that the particular job demands; one feels here that the describer is acting the part, letting his description be dictated by what is expected of him, never revealing inner doubts and uncertainties which befall us all.

The second group is the opposite of this, and consists of accounts which drop all pretexts of role-playing and really

reveal what the job means to the person, how it coincides with or contradicts his abilities and aspirations. It is, then, in this latter category that I am interested.

AIRING GRIEVANCES

A word of caution is needed here, for many writers have obviously relished the opportunity to verbalise their attitude to work and yet, in all sincerity, have 'missed the mark', as it were. All too often the major part of an account will consist in airing general occupational grievances or castigating enemies derived through the work-situation. In short, many accounts too often read not what it is like to be a 'so-and-so', but rather what 'so-and-so's' esoteric hates are.

To conclude the critical preliminaries, I feel one point should be strongly borne in mind throughout reading and discussing these accounts. The point is this: these accounts are written by a very atypical sample of the population. For read the short autobiographies at the end of each account and note the frequency of active Trade Union membership, active Labour Party membership, CND, Communist Party membership. Two points here, both really amounting to one—the sample essays, in being written by left-of-centre work-people, may thus inherently be more biased to note and record instances of alienation, bureaucratic domination and inefficient management, and hence to present an atypical picture of the labour force which constitutes that occupation group. The second point explains the first and points to an inherent methodological problem in this particular kind of data collection. It is simply that perhaps for many occupations the only articulate people within it are left-of-centre people. (Articulate in the sense that their knowledge of large-scale forces within society allow them to take a global view of their job and its attendant defects.) Or, to reverse the sequence, to be articulate and literate makes them aware of alienation, hence forces them to TU and political activity. Either way, simply to find people sufficiently verbal to give interesting accounts of work, forces the compiler to use an atypical population sample. It remains a problem of methodology for the future sociologist/compiler of accounts of work and yet it should be borne in mind by intending lay readers.

BUREAUCRACY

It comes as no surprise to the anarchist that the biggest bogey of all work situations is bureaucracy. Time and time again higher management succeed in castrating the individual of enthusiasm and spontaneous effort. Apathy, it appears, is handed down with orders (see the accounts of the Town Planner, Architect, Technical Salesman). The worker is quite able, in most cases, to identify himself with his immediate workmates at roughly the same horizontal level in the hierarchy; to work easily and efficiently as a member of a team adhering to group goals. (He can, in Elton Mayo, the Industrial Psychologist's words, identify strongly with his primary work group.) Yet, as social distance increases between him and management, contact is lost. At root there appears the basic problem of the exchange and flow of orders, ideas, suggestions, etc.—a problem of communication. Worst offenders are the factory-based jobs but not exclusively so (see Town Planner again, for this point).

The second major point I wish to draw the reader's attention to is the very pressing problem of alienation. I wish to use this rather fashionable word not in the current sense of being estranged from the product of one's labour, but rather in the sense that the Marx of *Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844* uses it; in a sense of man being estranged from his true self such that the estrangement of the worker from the product of his labour is an expression of that self-alienation, i.e. the worker can only see himself through the products of his labour (which he immediately loses through barter and exchange) because he is estranged from his own true nature (which is one of free spontaneous development, in Marx's terms, one of 'Praxis').

With this point made, the reader of the accounts could well note that the bitterness, the distaste for the job, may, in many cases, not be a function directly of the job itself but, to twist the issue slightly, the writer may be projecting onto his working environment a sense of alienation that he feels only within himself. He is, in Marx's sense, self-alienated, with the attendant, secondary condition that he is also an occupational misfit.

To get back to the books in question, it appears that the very fact of having to write an account of their work, to

whose Vietnam poem, 'To whom it may concern', is powerful enough to influence people's attitudes; Dave Cunliffe and Tina Morris, whose poems appeared in their own magazine *Poetmeat*; John Arden and his stunning play, *Sergeant Musgrave's Dance*; Pete Brown, Tom McGrath.

And how marvellous to find an extract from Paul Pott's magnificent book *Dante called you Beatrice*.

In 1966 I began a small magazine in St. Albans called *Poetsdoos*. It was/is a duplicated magazine of prose and poetry by LOCAL writers and was directly inspired by the sort of people Mike has included in his anthology and by my own gradual adoption of some sort of anarchist philosophy.

The two were complementary; my anarchist leanings were as much inspired by the underground poets I had read as by the views of my Dad, my Grandfather and by William Morris—himself an ARTIST and POET.

In this sense art has changed me. . . . I can make no further claims for it than that. Art and Artists are no more important than any other craft and craftsmen, but they are no less important either.

As I write this article, in a period of the greatest personal despair I have ever suffered, I recognise that one of the few things to happen in the last couple of weeks, which has in any way sustained me, was to pick up *Children of Albion*. The near faultless collection of poems of love, life and liberation contained in this book have HELPED me when I needed help. These poets CARE about what happens to me and you—they have managed to transcend their own obsessions by some miraculous effort of collective will and speak to us all.

That is why I'm writing about this book in *FREEDOM*; that, for me, is the meaning of art.

JEFF CLOVES.

*from Adrian Mitchell's poem 'leaflets'

categorise just what their occupations mean to them, has forced many workers to take a long hard look at their occupation and its values. For note from the accounts, hints that they have been written in retrospect and further, indications from the short autobiographies offered, of revelations in terms of life objectives and jobs.

SEEKING FRESH FIELDS

Two problems cry out for attention here. Firstly that of job-placement. To remove the years of distress which may ensue from incorrect career or job-placement, facilities for occupational counselling ought to be infinitely more widespread; to be freely available for all classes and at all choice-points in career development—not as is now the case of occupational counsellors working only with remedial (crisis counselling) cases. For it is only too obvious, as one writer notes in passing, that all too often chance plays the greater part in career design.

The second attendant problem centres round the notion of job-mobility. Just read how many people experience a change of interest as their careers develop, either because they have in later years conquered the challenge which a particular career presents to them and actively seek fresh fields to conquer (psychologically the 40's appear a crisis age here) or less frequently, but much more dramatically, experience a revelation enabling them to see that self-fulfilment lies in a completely different career field. The obvious need here is for more retraining schemes allowing people to change careers 'midstream', as it were. Briefly, for non-professional occupations at least, a retraining scheme can be made surprisingly short by applying the findings of psychology and learning theory (note the short length of courses of the Industrial Retraining Board).

I am aware that the above rather optimistic statements appear value-neutral. I, in asking for a more flexible labour force, am only succumbing to one of the demands of a late capitalist economy. I am, it can be argued, taking capitalism as status quo. Ought I, in fact, as a Syndicalist to question the very premise of work, or that degrading condition of prostituting ourselves known to most of us as 'work'? Ought I, in fact, to negate the whole concept? One critic, an orthodox Marxist, for instance, may attack my programme by maintaining that only in conditions of extreme alienation, industrial strife, etc., can the revolution take place. Industrial Psychology, Works Councils, Workers' Control is, he would argue, effectively missing the issue. What is needed is not ameliorist activities, better working conditions, careers guidance, etc., but a class effort to expose the contradictions of capitalism, etc., etc. So the argument runs. A second critic, more Stirner than Marx, would perhaps argue that any work is anathema; it treats the self as a commodity, opens up no new paths to self-development simply because of the low level of ego involvement.

AN OCCUPATION IS ESSENTIAL

My reply is this: generally speaking it appears that an occupation is essential to man's self-respect and dignity—read here the humiliating loss of identity in the account by the unemployed man. Now, before certain comrades draw their swords, I am not saying that to 'opt out' or to be unemployed is to be degraded; far from it. I, myself, have experienced moderate lengths of unemployment and count among my friends many who take particular pride in not having worked, in many cases, for years on end. Yet it remains to be said that it is only a fortunate minority who are able spiritually to survive long periods of unemployment, either because of a wide and educated range of non-vocational interests, or a genuine creative spark within them. For the majority, work

potentially, at least, provides the opportunity for creative effort. Give them long periods of unemployment and they vegetate. The tone of these remarks may give the impression that I view the labour force as super-cattle to be fed the fodder of work in order to function. I do not, in all sincerity, wish to appear as condescending as this, and I hope the optimism will come through in my concluding remarks.

But first to deal with the Stirnerite argument. Certain comrades will argue that it is the vicious system, the legacy of a Protestant ethic of duty and work, i.e. that time must be filled by hard effort; too long sitting unemployed on one's arse is evil, etc., it is only this ethic that appears to make unemployment distasteful. If the system could be changed, comrades would argue, man could use his workless time more effectively.

A 'TIMELESS TIME'

I see clearly the force of this argument, and further see that it entails a revolution not only in economic/social/political life, but in the very consciousness of time too. For too long capitalism has made us view time in a linear way; to see it stretched out before us, to be apportioned off to various pursuits in a discreet, absolute way (i.e. 'work time', 'leisure time', 'your own time'). Here is the kernel of the early Marx, I feel. Time for the early Marx should not be viewed in the alienated manner as above, but rather each pursuit and its time should be experienced for its own sake; each pursuit of man should not need to be bounded by limits; boundaries of clock-time. For, to choose Marx's own analogy, if a man wants to fish all day then let him fish all day and every day till he has had his fill. Don't have him snatch furtively at the chance to fish and, whilst he is engaged in doing so, realising that his 'fishing time' is intruding on his 'money-making' time and therefore subsequently of him feeling guilty. Time for Marx was not a commodity or an artefact; it was precious in its own right. Experiences existing in ever-flowing time could never be recreated, they ought to be indulged in, lived in to the full in a frank and open manner.

It is easy to see the force of Marx's idealistic fervour here, for he wants a 'timeless time' in which the individual can explore his true self, develop his potential capacities.

Marx's true and noble ideal I endorse completely, yet the sad fact remains that here, now, millions do have to work in just the alienated conditions of time so anathema to Marx. Millions do see 'work time' as 'lost time', as a time in which they aren't really living at all, a sort of emotional limbo. (One writer remarks, 'Oh, don't you bring your emotions to work.') Work time for them is a time of existential deadness. Millions do this, in capitalist and state-capitalist countries alike.

Now to tentatively answer both hypothetical critics encountered earlier, what could be maintained is that by restructuring the work situation, i.e. more humane conditions, job enrichment, identification with the products of labour, control over decision-making processes, in short by more active workers' control, the work situation could thus be revolutionised. The charge of amelioration can be levelled at me here but I would counter it by saying that the anarchist revolution is complementary to the outline sketched above. Try to overthrow the repressive state by all means, but don't forget the mundane conditions of work need democratization; need their own revolution. For history shows that once man is given just a little control over his work environment he immediately wants more. Ultimately work will be controlled by the workers.

IAN WINFIELD.

JUST AS IMPORTANT!

'Is it art? I say that it is a leaf.'

TO THE CIVIL RIGHTS worker, who has spent 50 hours on a barricade in the Falls Road district, the renaissance of English poetry which has taken place in the last 10 years must appear a petty irrelevance; an incestuous indulgence by middle-class longhairs whose closest acquaintance with the 'struggle' has been to wear a Che Guevara tee-shirt.

To the field workers of Vietnam and the besieged negroes of South America/Africa any notion of ART must seem like some monstrous invention of the rich white masses designed to belittle their individual sacrifices and deaths.

What meaning has beauty to people beaten to the ground by those professing to 'aid' them; what meaning has truth to people whose only 'truth' is the desperate fight to stay alive; what meaning has love to people whose lives are stripped of all dignity, whose families are decimated by the petrol bomb, the shot in the back from the black sedan, the forced entry in the early hours, interrogation, draft, permit, club, rope, napalm and lazy dog? What right have we, the privileged and secure, to write and paint their suffering, or worse still, parade our own personal and neurotic concerns in the shadow of their calvary?

And if our answer is 'our art will change things', how do we know? Would the world be any different if Dante, Shakespeare, Shelley, Blake, Tolstoy and the Dadaists had never written a word? How can Ginsberg, Kerouac, Voznesensky, Heliczer, Mitchell, Cunliffe, Horowitz et al save us from ourselves when all else has apparently failed?

Who cares that Dennis Gould, single handed, brought Kenneth Patchen's poems to our notice in 'Whisper and Shout'; that there are probably 400-500

small poetry magazines being wound out of duplicators in this country alone; that Mike Horowitz has produced *Children of Albion* (poetry of the underground in Britain, Penguin paperback, 10/-; and does it matter anyway?)

It was obvious, at the AFB conference, that many anarchists regard any space in *FREEDOM* that is devoted to the arts, as a waste of space and this saddens me.

But if those anarchists ask me 'will art change the world?', my answer must be, 'I don't know'. If they ask me 'is art more important than what's happening in Vietnam/America/Ireland/South Africa/Biafra?', my answer is, 'Of course not'.

If they ask me, 'Is an artist more important than a worker/guerrilla/revolutionary?', my answer is, 'No of course not, but he is EQUALLY important'.

And if they ask me 'why do you keep going on about it then?', my answer is, 'because it's important to ME; because it's important to SOME other people; because I don't feel I have any contribution to make in other fields; because I'm not an industrial worker, a guerrilla fighter, communist, hero, martyr; because ever since I became involved in CND in 1959 and progressed to my present position, the "underground" arts seem to have been inextricably tangled into my personal life and attitudes; because, for me, the attitudes and ideas of the "underground" have brought about a revolution in my own mind'.

It's clear, from Mike Horowitz's beautiful and loving afterword to his anthology, that he is one of the people (one of the artists) who have helped me to make this personal revolution, and so too have nearly all the poets in the book. Adrian Mitchell, whom I first heard read at a CND show, and

Anarchist Federation of Britain

THE CONFERENCE recommended that as groups proliferate (over 100 at last count) their full list, to save space, should only appear once a month. Even then each group should only occupy 2 lines of type. The remaining weeks only names and addresses of regional secretaries will be printed. New inquirers should write direct to them or to the AFB information office in Birmingham. Groups should send latest addresses to Birmingham who must let us have the complete AFB list by October 31. Donations towards typesetting will be welcome.

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

Peter Le Mare, 22 Hallowell Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 16. 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.

AFB REGIONAL GROUPS
There are now anarchist groups in almost every part of the country. To find your nearest group write to:
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.)
North-West: Phil, 7 Trinity Square, Preston. (M.)
Surrey: G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom.
Sussex: E. Poole, 5 Tilsbury, Findon Road, Whitehawk, Brighton.
Yorkshire: M. Watkins, 6 Eberston Terrace, Leeds, 6.
Scotland: B. Lynn, 12 Ross Street, Glasgow.
Wales: c/o P. L. Mare (address above).
N. Ireland: c/o Freedom Press.
S. Ireland: c/o P. L. Mare (address above).
University and Student Groups: c/o P. L. Mare.
(Abbreviations: M—meeting; Ma—magazine; B—badges; Q—Quarterly; FL—free leaflets.)

THE COST OF BEING ANARCHISTS

THIS WAS to have been a straightforward appeal for funds for Freedom Press, arising out of the difference between the costs of producing anarchist journals and literature, together with the overheads and general expenses of running an office, and the income we derive from sales and donations. Unhappily this has been considerably aggravated in the past week by losses arising precisely out of our trying to behave like anarchists.

THIS IS THE BACKGROUND

Two years ago, when Freedom Press was faced with the problem, once again, of having to leave our premises (these were in Fulham, due for demolition in a scheme which has since been shelved), we found we had the opportunity of acquiring the premises in Whitechapel where our printers have been established for many years. The money to buy these premises was raised by private loans from a few sympathisers throughout the world, and an arrangement has been made whereby the premises are not owned by Freedom Press, but for the first time we have security of tenure. We have also of course to pay back the loans, which involve considerable sums from these few individuals, within reasonable time.

The premises acquired were not only 84a Whitechapel High Street, where our printers are, but 84b also, across the courtyard, which we decided to use for our offices. We moved into 84a temporarily while 84b was being made habitable, and then moved across into 84b this summer, leaving 84a empty on three floors (Express Printers occupy only the basement). The plan for this was either to let it or dispose of it separately to offset our debts.

Freedom Press has of course to pay a rent for 84b, and it had been hoped that The London Federation of Anarchists would take responsibility for the ground floor (known now as Freedom Hall) and pay a reasonable rent for that towards our costs. Unhappily the LFA seems to have collapsed, so this ground floor is not fully used.

ENTER THE HIPPIES

When the police busted the London Street Commune at both 144 Piccadilly and Endell Street, this ground floor at the Freedom Press premises was offered them as a temporary office for the Commune, while their plans for finding their own premises for the winter were maturing.

The police assault and eviction of scores of hippies (to use a convenient term) from Piccadilly and Endell Street resulted in a sudden increase in demand for accommodation, and it was of course not long before the many visitors to Freedom Hall noticed that there were empty premises right across the courtyard. Members of the London Street Commune council (if that is the right word) approached the comrades of Freedom Press and made it clear that there was talk of squatting in the empty floors of 84a. Would we let them use it—until their plans for finding their own premises matured?

What could we say? Although these

premises are scruffy industrial premises and quite unsuitable for living in; although our own builders are due to move in quite soon to make some necessary repairs; although there was a possibility of selling them and we obviously did not want complications to spoil the chance of a good sale; although the moment the premises are occupied in such a way we become liable for heavy rates and would lose insurance coverage to boot—what could we say?

As anarchists we could not justify premises standing empty while even hippies have no roof over their heads, and we knew they would be occupied anyway. So although we could not under any circumstances give permission for the occupation of 84a, nevertheless we accepted with as good grace as we could the fact that it was going to be occupied, and extracted from the London Street Commune an undertaking to be responsible for the goings on and that the occupation was purely temporary. The 1st of January was their deadline for moving on, and in case of the police or Council taking action against them, no violent defence of the premises was to be mounted. They were helping themselves to some mutual aid but were to minimise the cost to us—if the Council charged rates, for example, then attempts would be made to raise the money.

On October 4 the squatting began and within a week something over one hundred hippies had their bed-rolls down on the three floors, incurring some inconvenience for our printing workers, whose toilet facilities are on the ground floor.

No one who turned up asking for shelter was turned away, and because of the nocturnal habits of hippies, the door was open 24 hours a day. So what happened was perhaps inevitable.

ENTER THE HELL'S ANGELS

On the night of Monday-Tuesday, October 13-14, the premises were raided. Not by the fuzz, but by some group who it is thought must be from some chapter of the Hell's Angels. They forced open the iron-barred gate leading down to our printers' basement and stole large quantities of type metal, some of which had been used and therefore had only metal value, but some of which had not been used and therefore still had the value of the typesetting to be taken into consideration. This latter metal included most of the type for the next FREEDOM Supplement. There were also jobs like the leaflet 'The Anarchist Revolution' which were standing ready for re-printing and which were smashed up and the type metal carried off.

At the same time as some of the gang were doing this, others were stripping lead from around the windows—easy to reach from the inside.

In order to do so they must have stepped over many of the sleeping hippies, who must have been quite aware of what was going on. As far as we know, not a single attempt was made to stop the marauders—presumably because the Hell's Angels have made themselves a group to be feared.

Many of the individuals within the

London Street Commune group are of course anarchists. We have allied ourselves to their struggle to some extent and to some extent have sympathy with their declared aims. At some inconvenience and embarrassment to ourselves we have shown them mutual aid in their time of need. We have tried to act as anarchists. Our reward is to have been robbed, our premises damaged (and thus chances of sale or letting impaired without considerable expense) and all this without the slightest possibility of insurance cover, while our publishing work for the movement (which our readers will no doubt think much more important than the sordid financial side of it all) has been interrupted, to say the least.

As we said at the beginning, this was to have been a straightforward appeal for funds, which was planned for this issue. To go with that, we were to have shown you our ideas for a bolder look for FREEDOM, with a new heading, etc., and following up some of the suggestions made at the AFB Conference. These are now having to be shelved. There will be no eight-page supplement this month and our plans for more six-page issues are being held up until our losses have been made good.

We were to have launched an appeal for £800 to cover our operating deficit for 1969. The costs of moving into our new premises turned out to be much more than we had originally estimated (don't they always?) and, apart from that, all overheads and printing costs have increased as well. We have not been presenting our little Press Fund item during the last few weeks because of pressure on our space, but we really do need more money to go into 1970, and on top of this we now have the added work and worry of this robbery.

THE SITUATION IS DESPERATE

THE FINANCIAL situation for an anarchist press is always precarious. The work of Freedom Press in propagating anarchism is always held back for lack of funds, and in this time of rapidly

increasing expenses (our postage bill alone is now £25 per week) it is getting desperate.

We shall have, however reluctantly, to raise the price of FREEDOM if we cannot raise our circulation to 6,000 by the New Year. Sales are creeping up steadily, but a spectacular increase is necessary, and even to keep our heads above water we must make some economies.

One of these is that we can no longer offer anarchist groups a sales commission on their bundle orders. The point has been made to us by a consistent FREEDOM seller that the groups should subsidise us, not vice versa. After all, groups come and groups go, but Freedom Press goes on for ever—and is often left with bad debts from disintegrating groups and federations, even! So from now on, all bundle orders will be charged net—with postage. Sorry!

As we have said above, we had planned a new look for the paper and we should like to be able to make more use of photographs, drawings, etc., and increase our pages. But it all takes money—which we haven't got. Most of our contemporaries get some revenue from advertising; we prefer not to. On the other hand, all our editorial work is done voluntarily; we have trimmed our labour costs down to one office manager who is prepared to work for a pittance.

We really do need your help—and we need it now!

THE EDITORS.

OUR TARGET: £1,000 AND 2,500 MORE READERS BY JANUARY 1!

All donations, increased orders, cash, suggestions, money, notices of fund-raising activities, loot, new subscriptions, cheques, postal orders, money orders, international currency vouchers, book tokens, stamps, dirty old ten shilling notes or new 50p coins—like we mean BREAD to:

Graham Moss, Freedom Press, 84b Whitechapel High Street, London, E.1 (and please make sure you write 84B!)

CONFERENCE REPORT

AFB ON IRELAND

I have left the best discussion until last and it really was, in my opinion, the climactic point of Conference—the discussion on Northern Ireland.

The speaker from Northern Ireland explained that the anarchists were working within People's Democracy, that they were operating a pirate radio station—continually on the move of course, that they desperately needed money, first aid equipment, duplicators, electric typewriters, gas masks (World War II models are not particularly effective but are better than nothing), and bullet-proof vests—no, I am not joking and neither was he. This is not England, you know—Northern Ireland is a law unto itself (literally). As friends who have gone over there tried to explain, it is impossible really for anyone living and raised in England to envisage the situation in Northern Ireland.

Anything that you think might be of use, send to Freedom Press. People are regularly going across and will ensure its safe arrival. Do not send anything direct—the chances are with mail interception, etc., it will never get there.

The anarchists in Northern Ireland are publishing their own broadsheet and are very much involved in all the fighting, squatting and every other kind of direct action going on in Northern Ireland at present.

It was reported that at that time some barricades were up still in Derry and Belfast for protection because of the very real fear of the people—you are only safe behind them and they are not an offensive measure—there is a daily risk of the houses of anarchists and libertarian sympathisers being petrol-bombed—and the Derry Citizen Defence Committee, to quote our comrade—'stinks'.

There is a very uneasy alliance between the anarchists and the IRA who were said to be good at manning barricades but not good at communicating the ideas behind the struggle.

Gas masks are especially required because the evacuation of women and children from fighting areas is not always possible and the gas used can prove lethal to children and the aged.

The Irish comrade made an impassioned plea that holidaying 'revolutionaries' should stay at home and it was with bitter humour that he told of some of the difficulties such 'comrades' had

caused. The Irish anarchists were not there to give others a guided tour of the barricades. 'Oh, look, a barricade! Isn't that fine—when does the fighting begin, then?' he said in scathingly mocking tones and all those present could appreciate his point of view—even without experiencing the struggle for themselves at first-hand.

'Come to work, help, fight—YES—but not for a weekend trip.' Go to Ireland and get really involved over as long a period of time as possible—the longer the better—people are needed; but people, not tourists!

The speaker then went on to analyse the Northern Ireland situation, origins and developments, etc. There are two main groups involved in the People's Democracy movement—the anarchists, and the IS including the 'Solidarity' campaign. It was originally based on Queen's University—but it is now 90% out of the university. The analysis of the unrest in Northern Ireland as being basically religious is erroneous. Possibly in Belfast the unrest was to some extent Catholics versus Protestants, but in Derry it is a struggle against the police—the People versus the State. Paisley only represents 10%-20% of even the Protestants—certainly no more—despite his rôle as the glamour boy of the mass media.

The speaker was also very bitter about left-wing factions making private capital out of the suffering in Northern Ireland without lifting a finger to help. FREEDOM and the anarchist movement generally must be very careful to avoid this rather horrible trap.

There followed a very good general discussion of the situation in NI especially as regards the launching of a fund and collection of vitally-needed materials.

Consequently a fund has been launched with an initial target of £500—the money, etc., to be sent to Reg Broad, c/o Freedom Press, and it will be used by the anarchists in Northern Ireland for their own relief work and for the continuation of the anarchist struggle against the fierce repression rampant in NI. Equipment already outlined and anything else can also be sent provided that it can easily be virtually 'smuggled' in to NI.

I personally hope FREEDOM will run a regular space to show people precisely how much, or little, is being given; as

Continued on page 4

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LETTERS

'Red & Black'

Comrade,
In the report of the AFB Conference, we were shocked to read that Manchester had brought out Black and Red, when we in Lancaster and Morecambe, print and publish Black and Red.
TERRY AND LOUIS RAVENSDALE, Morecambe

No Alliance

Dear Comrade,
Now, comrades, on behalf of the Leeds Anarchist Group I would like to correct a statement made by a MEMBER OF IS at the AFB Conference, concerning our group. At NO TIME has the Leeds Anarchist Group as a whole—or any individual member of it—made ANY COMMENT or STATEMENT to the effect that we wish for 'unity with IS and the Maoists in such activities as FSC (FREEDOM, 11.10.69).

We have found it possible, on some occasions, to work with certain individuals in IS on a purely non-sectarian basis. But I feel that, on the whole, the LAST THING the Leeds Anarchist Group wishes to do is form an alliance with a group such as IS!

As for the Maoists, I don't know any

Maoists in Leeds (and I don't think there are any!), and they would have to be a MOST STRANGE breed of Maoist for us to want to make an alliance with them, even if there were any!!

The group feels most perturbed that statements such as this—made by an IS member—should be printed in FREEDOM without some kind of check being made first (though we appreciate the difficulties involved here). Could you therefore print a short note in FREEDOM making our position clear?

Fraternally,
Nr. Leeds COLIN G. ARCH.

DON'T DELEGATE YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES

As a group you are responsible for your delegates that attend conferences, and certainly we are not to know if certain delegates support the IS.—EDITORS.

Lies

Dear Comrades,
If FREEDOM wasn't a Revolutionary paper, I'd sue you for every penny you haven't got over the references to myself in the article 'Solidarity: Action Wanted' (FREEDOM, 13.9.69), all of which are, of course, lies.
Derry, EAMANN McCANN, 4.10.69

BSR Joins Class War

AT TIME of writing, there is no sign of an end to the 11-week dispute over trade union recognition at 'Better Sound Reproduction' (formerly Birmingham Sound Reproducers), East Kilbride. Dr. Daniel McLean McDonald, 64-year-old controlling shareholder, refuses to have anything to do with organised labour. The AEF, which has crept away from similar situations elsewhere in Scotland, had to make a stand.

McDonald, or 'Doctor No' as he is sometimes called, is a 'self-made man'. That is to say, starting from the middle class, he has become a multi-millionaire. He studied medicine at Birmingham University, but has never practised—just wanted a title which would help to sell medical equipment. After the war he moved into the recording racket, and, through plain old-fashioned exploitation, achieved his present status—luxury homes in Bermuda, Geneva, New York; estates in Worcestershire and Donegal; plus, of course, a private yacht.

The poor people of Northern Ireland have good cause to remember Dr. McDonald. His activities in that province helped to create the present crisis. In 1954 he acquired an advance factory in Derry—rent-free for 10 years, plus 45% grant for machinery, and plenty of cheap labour. When these 10 years of leeching were over, the workers

were given thirty minutes' notice, and the factory closed.

A week later, McDonald's henchmen were interviewing former employees—this time as 'Monarch Electric'. The new name meant they could con more money from the Government, by closing for a short time they got rid of all 'trouble-makers', and they took fifteen-year-old boys on for men's work. Naturally, the 'new' firm ran into labour troubles, and in 1966 McDonald closed the factory again. Faced with this callous action, the workers of Derry used their half-hour to wreck Doctor No's machinery.

Trade Union 'leaders' have expressed fear that the East Kilbride plant may be closed. The workers should say 'No, it bloody well won't!'. If closure threatens, they should seize, hold, and run the factory under workers' control. They will not lack for friends to help them in every way.

Union bureaucrats and suchlike people have also been bleating about Government action. This means they want the State to force BSR into negotiation.* So much for 'militancy'. Gifts from the Government have very big strings attached. Also, what the State gives, it can

take away. Employers should have to face facts through the sheer strength of working class organisation.

Most workers at the East Kilbride factory are women. This is true of the strikers (900 according to the AEF) and the strike-breakers (perhaps 300, said to include some students). The strikers have hurled their anger and frustration at those who are scabbing, as is only natural; and have themselves faced insults and intimidation. The strikers deserve our admiration for their courage, and all concerned, even those weak creatures who prefer slavery to the struggle for freedom, deserve our compassion. Meanwhile, Dr. McDonald soaks up the Caribbean sunshine. It would be a good idea to make him feel more personally involved. It's not just a question of money. Losing a few quid hurts the workers, while McDonald would hardly miss a few hundred thousand. He and his lackeys must be made to realise that the bitterness they have created reaches very far indeed.

DAVID YOUNG COULL.

*Of course, this obsession with talking to the bosses, which even so-called 'militant' unions share, isn't the only way to operate, though many people think so. There have been unions, in various countries, which never signed an agreement. The American IWW, which had a distinctly anarchistic outlook, made all other labour organisations over there look like paper tigers. They didn't 'negotiate'. They simply stuck up a notice announcing 'wages for miners in this area (or whatever it happened to be) will be so much'. Employers either paid, or faced strikes, sabotage, and other forms of struggle. This kind of union is, by definition, revolutionary, and revolutionary movements are, by definition, unstable; but what has been done, can be done again.

Freedom For Workers' Control

October 25 1969 Vol 30 No 33

North West Bins Remain Full

MANCHESTER'S 900 binmen will carry on with their strike for £20 a week. Many other North West dustmen, or garbage disposal officers as they're officially called, started work last Monday.

The idea is for the Manchester lads to continue the strike with the full backing of the blokes who're going back. A fighting fund is to be set up to support the strikers.

The Transport & General Workers' Union has been considering a request from the binmen to make the Manchester strike official. Locally this union is also after narrowing the wage gap between the London lads and those outside.

The men at Manchester called for more pickets at the local tips, and agreed to hold another meeting this Saturday.

the General & Municipal Workers Union letting them down, and some thought they would be better off with one union covering their job. All too often the unions take different sides, with the General & Municipal Workers Union usually siding with the gaffers.

This conversation was cut short by the arrival of Stanley Brown, local official of the General & Municipal Workers Union, and largely to blame for the decline in local membership of that union. Brown begged the dustmen to ban me from the meeting, after having accused me of being a member of the 'Manchester Anarchist Association'.

This must be all very sickening for Brown. When I was shop steward at Dunlop he always used to brag to us about how he'd made all Rochdale's binmen happy with the work study schemes and bonuses he'd had a hand in negotiating for them. Now the dustmen are claiming Brown's bonus has made them worse off.

Meanwhile Brown's union, the General & Municipal, continues to help the Government keep our wages down, and in its usual shabby style has not only given the dustmen no encouragement in their fight, but was all too ready to accept an agreement which makes the binmen of Manchester and Rochdale seem like the poor relations of the London lads.

NORTH WEST WORKERS.

POOR RELATIONS

At Rochdale, where 160 binmen and other workers in the refuse department came out, they succeeded in closing the Turkish baths and pickets kept up constant patrols at the refuse dumps.

Last weekend, at Rochdale, a meeting was held when the unofficial leaders of the dustmen reported on the outcome of the Manchester meeting. The Rochdale blokes muttered much about the London lads going back, before the regions had got a reasonable rise.

Others complained about unions like

THE UNDESERVING POOR

IT HAS ALWAYS been an anarchist, and indeed, syndicalist argument that the really important work of society is only noticed when it stops. If the stock-brokers, advertising men, lawyers and even the policemen quit work, the effect on society would hardly be noticed. But if the lowly bus conductors, railway drivers, power-station stokers go on strike we are plunged into immediate chaos.

Man is the only animal that prides himself upon his parasites and his wastefulness. London is basically a mass of parasites producing loads of waste. The sheer weight of waste-paper alone is sufficient to bury Whitehall and, with that squandermania for which the human species is notorious, it is burnt and dumped on marshes or out to sea.

There is very little reclamation of salvage since the war but labour being expensive it is now merely a matter of disposing of the loads of garbage which threaten daily to engulf London. This is a thankless task with no social approval or dignity, or apparent importance, except when they go on strike.

The only recompense that present-day society can offer is financial, and for

work that is still hard, dirty and mildly unhealthy, it is low enough.

If present-day society can only offer financial rewards so that their leisure is more enjoyable and their surroundings more comfortable, this it must do or else suffer the consequence of the piling of garbage.

It is not without significance that Shaw's dustman, Alfred Doolittle, described himself as one of the 'undeserving poor'. Workers in degraded professions who help to keep society moving are always 'undeserving'. Society does not deserve to be kept running if it does not give even the minor financial compensations to those who keep the wheels turning.

The salvage system of London, under workers' control, could no doubt be made self-supporting with no financial cost to the city. Tons of material that could be made into compost or even reprocessed for industry (e.g. breeze blocks) are wasted daily. Modern methods have already shown ways of making the job less irksome.

Do we have to sink beneath a load of rubbish to prove the point?

JACK ROBINSON.

Contact Column

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

'Black Pudding', Hornsey's Black Knight Group's Magazine, available from S. Kibble, 65 Cecil Park, N.8.

Visits Please! Three of five squatters remanded in custody do not have family in London, and would welcome visits. Brixton: Diarmuid Breatnach ('Buzz'); Ashford Remand Centre, Middx.: David Griffiths, Michael Ali. For rota please phone Sonia Markham at RENOWN 2014. (Letters also welcomed.)

Libertarian Teacher Association. Opening meeting: Wednesday, November 5, 8 p.m., Housman's Bookshop, 5 Caledonian Road, N.1.

British Museum. Comrades may like to know that FREEDOM, from 1886, can be read at the British Museum Newspaper Library, near Colindale Underground Station, open 10 to 5 Monday to Saturday. Apply beforehand for Reader's Ticket for research into old newspapers from the British Museum.

Contact wanted with anarchists in Mid-Wales; Eric S. Hetherington, Corbie Lynn, Llanwrtyd Wells, Breconshire.

Malatesta poster. Screen printed, 7/6 inc. post, from Freedom Bookshop.

Tasty Comix. First issue available for 4/- from c/o Washington Free Press, 1522 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Bit inf. service 01-229 8219. Urgently requires more crash pads in and around London.

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

Demonstration on November 16 organised South African Solidarity Committee, 211 Ladbrooke Grove, W.10.

Barlow-Carver Defence Fund. A full list of initials and money donated to the fund has been received by Freedom Press, but due to lack of space we are unable to print, anybody who wishes may write, and will receive a copy plus statement.

Badges? Contact Pendarves Workshop, 42 Pendarves Street, Beacon, Camberne; tel. Camberne 3061. Red and Black or plain Black, 2/6 each or 10 for 10/-.

If you wish to make contact let us know.

Screw yourself up for No.105 ANARCHY 104 TWO SHILLINGS OR THIRTY CENTS

NO REFUSING the next issue on WILHELM REICH which offers orgasms to selected troublemakers

ON REFUSING A personal preface by KINGSLEY WIDMER to a handbook on selective troublemaking

AFB CONFERENCE

Continued from page 3

they do with the Press and Premises Funds.

The anarchists in NI have squatted 11 families in the Guildhall in Derry who have subsequently to be rehoused, and 32 families on a largely empty Ministry of Defence housing estate and there has been much more squatting activity which is increasing all the time.

Squatting in Belfast is more difficult—there is not so much scope, more houses were destroyed, in Derry the houses were more successfully defended.

As regards the presence of English troops—they were initially welcomed by the Catholics as an additional line of defence; but there is increasing disenchantment with them as they usurp the functions of the police. The troops have an invidious job and by and large hate the job that they have to do there and are very edgy. There is a lot of fraternisation between troops and people—seeds of disaffection are thus effectively sown.

The B-Specials are being phased out but this will bring its own backlash including possibly something even worse. The B-Specials have been told to hand in their guns and they may do—one of them—but there is a probability of four and five to each former Special being stashed away under the bed or some-

where—so it is a pretty meaningless gesture.

There have also—it was reported—been hushed-up petrol-bomb attacks on the BBC in Belfast and Queen's University Building.

As a report of Conference this is of necessity incomplete and possibly in part even inaccurate. I ask others present to bear with me and try to understand the difficulty of note-taking at great speed at an anarchist conference—anyone who has ever been to an anarchist conference could understand the difficulties involved. Therefore criticism, complaints, omissions, explanation, comment, expansion by all means—but let's try to avoid personal abuse—I have tried to keep my personal axes for the grinding of, well out of this report and it has not been easy.

IN CONCLUSION

By what criteria does one judge the success or failure of an anarchist conference? Is an anarchist conference an end in itself, a means to an end, or a combination of the two?

If one expected concrete proposals to come from this conference then you will be disappointed—with the possible exception of an appeal being launched for financial and material assistance to comrades in Northern Ireland—nothing concrete came from it. I for one expected