

Freedom

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Ireland: End British Occupation!

AS HAD BEEN anticipated for some time the Northern Irish puppet government, backed as usual by the British government (who then broke up—for holidays), brought in internment. Mr. Faulkner explained he 'would make orders only after a careful scrutiny of information on each person sufficient to convince me that the individual in question is a threat to the preservation of peace and the maintenance of order'. The main target at the moment is the Irish Republican Army and 300 have been rounded up.

Mr. Callaghan (after consultation with Mr. Wilson) said that 'so far it has been claimed that internment would be successful only if the Republic of Ireland took similar measures' and he suggests that Mr. Heath should invite the Prime Minister of the Republic and Mr. Faulkner to London for discussions. So much for Mr. Callaghan and civil liberties.

British troops have occupied Ulster now for two years. When they first arrived in Londonderry, the Catholic population gave them a friendly welcome, mistakenly thinking that they would shield them from attacks by the Paisleyites. But the British occupation has brought further discrimination against the oppressed section of the community. They found that the troops usually intervened when the Paisleyites were on the run, but if the boot was on the other foot, then the troops either turned a blind eye or just happened to be elsewhere.

Their present tactic of raiding homes in Catholic areas is yet another case of discrimination. These raids on the homes of supposed IRA leaders are only provocative. They arrested over 40 IRA suspects and had to release all but three of them for lack of any significant evidence.

The presence of troops in Ulster has given the IRA (Provisionals) its chance. The shooting and bombings are increasing as the gap between



the two religious communities widens. This is leading to a situation where the Ulster Volunteer Force is increasingly taking it out on Catholics. They shot up a young Catholic boy who hitched a lift from them, and Saturday's shooting in Springfield Road, Belfast, of a van driver by a British soldier is the result of the inevitable build-up of violence.

Because a soldier mistakes the backfiring of a car for a gunshot, Harry Thornton was shot dead, murdered by British troops. Naturally people reacted violently to this shooting. Once again the forces of the state replied:

To quote Peter Farb from his book *Man's Rise to Civilization*, p. 174, '... no one can use force but the state itself—that is, the ruler and his legally sanctioned delegates such as the police and the army. Feuding in a state is an unspeakable

crime that is punished severely for its very presence means that someone besides the state is making use of force. Once a society has separated one group of people—those to administer force—from the rest of the population, it can separate them in other ways as well. ... Herein lies the tragedy of Ireland.

INTERMENT

Each successive Ulster government has moved to a more repressive position as they have been called upon to enact tougher measures. The Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, Mr. Brian Faulkner, has conferred with Mr. Heath and Mr. Maudling in London and more troops are being sent to the six counties. They also discussed the details of imposing internment without trial under Sections 11 and 12 of the Special Powers Act of 1922. This Act was used against the IRA

in the late 1930's and again between 1956 and 1962. During this latter period both the Stormont and Dublin Governments used Internment Acts and it is argued now that for it to be successful this time, both Governments will have to co-operate once again.

It might be coincidence, or just a straw in the wind, but the Lynch government in Dublin was carrying out raids on known IRA men at the same time as the British troops. Certainly it is logical for both governments to co-operate, despite their religious differences, if it suits their purpose, which is to survive in power. Certainly Heath's government wants Faulkner to survive the present crisis, even though some of his Ulster Tories prefer Craig or Paisley. Troop reinforcement might be yet another sop to head of a revolt within Faulkner's government.

Stormont governments were supposed to introduce reform measures of social reconstruction, stop the discrimination against Catholics in

housing and jobs and attract new employment opportunities, but if anything the tribal-like differences between Catholics and Protestants are more marked. The religious fears and hatreds instilled in children from birth are still dividing community against community, street against street and people against people. Protestants want to keep their slightly favoured position, but they and the Catholic communities are oppressed by stupid, bigoted and intolerant religious beliefs which have never had any relevance to the social problems of man. Both have been exploited by the employers, the Church and the State.

THE STATE'S ANSWER

The answer of the State to any group which threatens its power is force. However the increasing number of shootings and bombings by both the IRA, the British troops and the Ulster Volunteer Force (the unofficial Orange army) could boil over into a civil war in which the people of both religious groups will be the losers.

The presence of British troops should be seen by both Catholic and Protestant as an occupation. The patrols of uniformed armed men, backed by armoured cars, are a constant reminder of the extremity to which the State will go in order to keep control of the populace. Their use in Ulster is exactly the same as their use in Aden and Cyprus, but instead of looking towards nationalism, as was the case in the latter two countries, social revolution should be the goal of the people. Sooner or later, the governments of the North and South will find common ground on which to unite in order to exploit all the people of Ireland.

We all have the task of getting the British troops out of Ulster, so that the divided people can see who their real oppressors are, to get rid of the religious prejudices and come together to fight the capitalist system that keeps us all in slavery.

P.T.

The Clyde Struggle

CP Oppose Workers' Control

UCS ARE THE initial letters of Upper Clyde Shipbuilders, but on Clydeside today they must also stand for Under Communist Supervision. It is the Communist Party which is in control of the yards and under their guidance the original act of defiance—the take-over at UCS—has been channelled into a political campaign for nationalisation, more State aid, and the election of another Labour Government. The politicians have taken over and the workers have been, at least for the time being, pushed into the background.

Harold Wilson, the man who instructed Lord Robens to close the mines and got Dr. Beeching to close the railways, has now declared his 'support' for the actions of UCS workers providing, he hastened to add, 'it remains within the law'. Mr. Wedgwood-Benn, writing in last Saturday's *Tribune*, explained just what is meant by 'staying within the law'. We must carry on the work-in, he wrote, 'while it is legally possible and then shift the campaign on to a wider industrial and political front'. Such a campaign would consist of 'an inquiry set up by the Scottish TUC, trade union demonstrations against unemployment, a

campaign for a General Election and a demand for industrial democracy to be introduced by the next Labour Government'.

Now there's something to stir the blood! 'Industrial democracy' when we get another Labour Government! Meanwhile, what happens to the jobs on the Clyde? Obviously, according to Mr. Benn and Mr. Wilson, if they can't be saved legally (that is, by permission of Mr. Heath) they must be lost.

COMMUNISTS AGREE

The Communist Party is in complete agreement with Wilson and Benn. They are trying their best to whip up a similar political campaign while pushing the workers' ideas of direct action well and truly into the background. Their spokesmen on Clydeside, like Councillor James Reid, pour scorn on the idea of workers' control and they even refuse to use the word 'occupation' to describe what has happened at UCS. A 'work-in' is how they describe it, complete with the old management and the old discipline reinforced by the discipline of the largely Communist-dominated Shop Stewards Committee.

'What is involved at UCS,' said the *Morning Star* last Saturday, 'is not an attempt to carry out a revolution, or create an island of socialism in a sea of capitalism. Only pseudo-revolutionary ultra-lefts present the issue in these terms. It is work and the maintenance of the yards which the workers are fighting for...'

Of course it is work that Clyde workers are fighting for and already they have shown their willingness to defy the law to get it. No one makes a revolution for the sheer hell of it. A revolutionary situation arises because simple demands like work cannot be conceded by the establishment and a conflict then arises. The Russian workers and peasants made a revolution in 1917 not because they thought it was a good idea, but because that was the only way they could get those very elementary necessities—peace, bread and land.

As we write, James Reid (whom the *Morning Star* describes as the 'stewards' leader' and who is a well-known member of the Communist Party) is leading a delegation of UCS stewards to London to visit Sir John Eden, the Tory Minister for Industry. 'We hope,' said Mr. Reid,

to have 'a useful and meaningful discussion'. But what if Sir John won't listen to their pleas for State aid and insists that the sackings go on? Will Mr. Reid advocate that the fight for jobs goes on even if it means a conflict with all the forces of the State? Or will he, as Wilson and Benn have advocated, end the work-in and go over to a political campaign for another Labour Government? Surely events will soon catch up with Communists like James Reid.

WORKERS SILENT

What ordinary shipyard workers think about all this we in London have no means of knowing. All we ever hear on radio and television and in the press are the voices of the Communists like Mr. Reid. The voice of the workers is never heard. However, the fact that the *Morning Star* is now fulminating against 'pseudo-revolutionaries' in true Stalinist style seems to indicate that not all Clydeside workers go along with the Communists and that some of them are perhaps beginning to wonder what the 'work-in' is all about. So far, all it has meant is working harder to finish work that the liquidator wants done anyway—meantime listening to insulting lectures from James Reid on 'discipline'.

We can only hope that the whole rotten position of the Communist Party and its allies on the Labour front bench will blow up in their faces; that the workers will realise that politicians will

promise anything; that there can be inquiries galore, but that nothing will really change until the workers themselves take matters into their own hands where they are strong... at the point of production.

If shipbuilding is no longer profitable on Upper Clyde, then it will be stopped. That is what government is in business for. Anyone who tells workers that capitalists will invest their money and run production as a charity to keep workers in work is either a fool or a liar.

A CALL NEEDED

Unemployment is widespread on Clydeside—and not only in shipbuilding. Yet this is an area rich in skills, in industrial plant of all sorts, and it is surrounded by good farming land. It's not a 'work-in' that's needed, but a clarion call for a West of Scotland Workers' Council that will take over all industry in the area and, in alliance with the farmers, contract out of the capitalist rat race. Such a Council—made up of workers' delegates, not political parties—would be in a position to make all the things that people need. It could pull down the slums, grow food, clean up the whole area of its years of industrial pollution, and generally make life worth living for everyone.

Maybe the workers wouldn't want this kind of solution. Maybe they would prefer to be legally on the dole in ever-

Continued on page 3

PORK by Andy Warhol (The Round House).

RONALD FIRBANK by Miriam Benkovitz (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £3.75).

SACHER-MASOCH AND VENTS IN FURS by Gilles Deleuze (Faber, £2.50).

FOUR MASTERS OF EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY (Photographers Gallery, Great Newport Street, W.C.2).

HIS and HERS (Soho porn shops, 50p).

THE LETTERS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY, edited by Mass, Duncan and Good (Cassell).

WE ARE PART of an age whose exchanged morality for semantics. Political opponents are no longer murdered but liquidated, prisoners of war are re-educated, colonial wars are peace police missions and entire nations are enslaved in the name of freedom. Negroes are murdered in Department of Corrections, Christian charity is denied to the aged and the sick, the poor are hounded out of their slum homes in the name of better housing, and milk is taken from small children, and all as part of a universal social service for the good of the entrenched minority. The sick are refused admission to hospitals while sleek doctors profit from the misery of those with money, communities are turned into sterile human wastelands as the towns and countryside are drained of their public transport, and the broken-backed postal services send us the information that it is all in the interest of better public service. The right of the racist Tory to publicly spew out his hatred or the financial monopolies' efforts to wean us to the acquired pleasures of cancerous cigarettes through the prostituted craftsmanship of the advertising industry are offered as our

Pork, Firs & Firbank

defendable enjoyment of free speech and a free press, while that same Establishment imprisons youths when they make their use of that same freedom.

Someone, and I wish that it had been me, said that if a thing is morally wrong then it should not be held to be politically right and judged by moral standards our masters, East or West, stand condemned, but this minor fact will hardly worry them for all fact will be used to justify the actions of men holding power over their fellow men and they leave it to their hired satraps to save the consciences of the clerks. All revolutionary movements cohere around identifiable symbols or coherent means of protest. For the fascist Right it was their national flags and the semi-military uniforms and for the militant Left it was an open demonstration of their hatred of the factory and the public figures who controlled them and this behind the emotional unity of the red banners.

Within these last few years we have entered an historic slough when the great protest movements have exhausted themselves and it had to follow that the young, leaderless, uncommitted and without any identifiable political aim, should turn their justifiable sense of social and political frustration against the uniformed police of their particular country and that, by virtue of their youth, make their youthful anger manifest in their strong beat music and an open demonstration of their sexual desires.

And, for being an identifiable threat to the Establishment's desire for unquestioning order, the young have to be destroyed. The Establishment sought to destroy the extreme Right, when they no longer needed them, by making the wearing of those uniforms illegal, smash the militant Left by making their organisations within the factories illegal and this month have attempted to destroy the young for their bawdy humour and all within the legal rules of the game. And so, with my press invitation, I join the Town's well-heeled lunatic fringe in our pilgrimage to the Round House to enjoy an erotic giggle at Andy Warhol's play *Pork*.

Across the Town, the three editors of *Oz* were sweating it out in prison, minutes walk from the Round House Theatre is the Compendium Bookshop landed with all the worry of their own particular court case for selling an underground newspaper that is held to be mind-corrupting, while the Town and I pushed past the ticket-touts into the Round House to play *voyeur* to Warhol's

buskers dangling their tris and their pricks in a play of no particular value as a work of living literature. And in spite of Harold Hobson of the *Sunday Times* I enjoyed it for in its small fashion it amused and with a free ticket who can complain?

Anthony Zanetta, as Warhol, gave a good performance of decayed sensitivity in a role that demanded that he did no more than sit in a wheelchair and eye the skin. Kathy Dorritie as *Pork* showed her talents to the full, literally the lot, and Wayne County in drag hawked and swauked his way through the play as a terrible warning to Danny La Rue to end his act before time's winged chariot gives him a free ride. It is an odd commentary on the Round House audience at the first night that they gave the loudest applause to the small coloured actress who stopped the show by demonstrating her ability to rotate her tits. Those who went there to hate the show hated it and those who went to be amused by a display of erotic fun got what they paid for.

Reviews

Too many critics short of an historical anchor were breathing Beardley into their wine glasses during the interval merely because of Warhol's use of an all-white set but if the play owns a literary daddy it is Ronald Firbank who departed this mortal coil and the Café Royal on May 21, 1926. A supreme master of the flowered prose, a most gentle creature, his contribution to the arts was a gay laugh and the creation of a handful of grotesques, but most important he lived his fiction and for that we must love the man. Ten? fifteen? years ago I sat in a small private theatre in Irving Street and watched Firbank's play being performed. The play was his *The Princess Zoubaroff* with Brenda Dean Paul, a drug addict who had been hounded across the pages of the whole of the national press every time the police arrested her on a drugs charge, in the leading role with a mentally retarded child in a stammering minor role. Here was scandal and we sat in that narrow darkness and lapped it in while the gay shade of Ronald Firbank tripped down Jermyn Street.

ARTHUR MOYSE
(To be continued)

Horrors !!!

THE ANARCHISTS: THE MEN WHO SHOCKED AN ERA by Roderick Kedward (BPC Unit 75, 1971, 70p).

PURNELL & SONS are, without doubt, one of the worst publishing houses in England and I could cheerfully label and slander them for a page and a half were it not for the fact that, in the first case they would sue me; and in the second case I find their rubbish visually irresistible. Their latest money-spinner is a series of books grandiosely titled 'Library of the Twentieth Century', and the volume under review has all the virtues and failings that one expects from these sharks. Despite being written by an established academic in handsome Rod Kedward, Lecturer in European History at Sussex University, and despite being edited by fellow mandarin J. M. Roberts, Follower and Tutor in Modern History at Merton College, Oxford... *The Anarchists* is a comic. Further, as one may deduce from the sub-title, it is a horror comic at that. Among its 127 pages there are over twenty pictures depicting violent death; several more whose principal theme is violence; a nasty *Punch* cartoon, and an even nastier French cartoon, depicting (although this is not explained to the reader, what is likely to happen when Jaures comes to power. Somewhat less horrible (considerably so, in fact), are three full-length nude women... two photos and a painting. And somewhat less interesting than that, are pictures of 'The Harbour at Portrieux' by Signac; 'Kew Gardens' by Pissarro; 'The Funeral Procession' by George Grosz; and a costume for Genet's play 'Les

Paravents'.

Perhaps people are wondering why they should pay 70p for that lot. If so, let me tell them that they can also look at a picture of Red Guards in China, another of Bolshevik soldiers in Russia, and another of British fuz in Sidney Street. There is also a shot of a woman about to have her eyeball slit open with a razor-blade (no prizes for guessing the source); some boring pictures of back streets and school rooms (my wife recently had to write an essay on one of these for the Open University; academics love this sort of tripe); an aerial shot of some nuns; portraits of Lombroso, Wedekind and Hauptmann (who?); and photos of the Social Revolutionaries who killed the Czar. Oh, yes, now that I recall, there are a few pictures of anarchists too. No doubt readers will be delighted to see a two-page spread of the rare painting of Proudhon done by Courbet, or a similarly large shot of Tolstoy having breakfast in the garden, or a most unusual shot of Malatesta standing outside a police station... Just think, all this for only 70p.

By the way, is anyone interested in the text? It's an expansion of an essay which first appeared in No. 10 of Purnell's periodical: 'History of the 20th Century' and I can thoroughly recommend it to Hobbits and other people who adore being told what they already know.

But as for you, dear comrade, unless you are making a teeny bopper who might be interested, give your bread to the Press Fund. You'll get more out of it.

DAVE RAVISHALL

Plump Prelates

PRaise THE LORD AND PASS THE CONTRIBUTION by Alan Bestic (Cassell, £2.10).

THE TEMPLES of the ancient world were the first banks, and the traditional close connection between the clergy and money flourishes still. Not that there are not many poverty-stricken priests and parsons, but in the higher ranks of all the churches, Christian, Jewish and all other religions, there is not usually much want. Quite the contrary. Not only are all the churches remarkably well provided for in the matter of money and the goods of this world, they are uniformly chary of giving any account of it. They are evasive when asked how much they have, where it comes from and where it goes to.

This was the experience of Alan Bestic when he made his survey of the various sects active today in the United States. He covers a wide range, including various Right-Wing anti-Communist crusades, Billy Graham, the Mormons, the Jehovah's Witnesses, various free-lance outfits and the church, which now hardly exists, which gave Ian Paisley his title of reverend.

Indeed in America it is not difficult to acquire this distinction. One of the author's more cheerful experiences was with the Universal Life Church. Anyone can become a clergyman of this denomination for a small fee. This church was founded by a sort of beatnik carpenter, Kirby J. Hensley, partly to give him a small living, partly to take the micky out of the establishment, partly to help draft resisters (who do not have to do military service if they are clergy) and partly one feels in a sincere belief that in some way it is life-enhancing to open the doors of the priesthood to everybody. Even animals and children can join.

But apart from the Universal Life Church and one other sect at the end of the book, the record is a pretty depressing tale of bigotry, emotionalism, prejudice, nationalism, smugness and greed. Even the Billy Graham crusade, though willing to go into battle against racism, is unwilling to send financial help to struggling Negro enterprises in the Deep South, which are attempting to raise the population from abject poverty. Men who will risk their lives to preach the brotherhood of man will not risk their purses in the same cause.

The Mormons, whose religion seems to be based on a kind of caricature of the diffusionist school of anthropology, are openly anti-black. The Jehovah's Witnesses are multi-racial, all honour to them, nor will they do military service, reserving themselves for the last great battle of Armageddon, when they will join God's army, but they do not scruple to knock on people's doors, terrifying housewives, sometimes to suicide, with tales of the imminent end of the world.

The John Birch-type churches are really too repulsive for words. It is alarming however that one such sect is accused by some people living near its headquarters of practising human sacrifice. I mean the accusers are not a bunch of hippies, just Right-Wing respectable John Birch sorts themselves. If people can accuse their neighbours of this sort of thing in a technically advanced, modern country, the head-

hunters will soon be taking over! Painted savages manipulating nuclear rockets. Mumbo-Jumbo help us all!

Superstition is rampant enough as it is. One sect sells what it calls Prayer Cloths. These will heal you if you touch them, help you or bring you good fortune. Of course they cost money. The magical powers attributed to relics and to pieces of cloth of course will be familiar to anthropologists and historians. Most of this book is concerned with America, though the Mormons and Witnesses have world-wide organisations. It would be a mistake however to consider Americans as especially superstitious. We have our own dotty sects over here, as well as American imports, only the British are less emotional about it all.

The survival, indeed the flourishing of these beliefs in a scientific age like our own is a sobering spectacle. They appeal to emotions starved of more sensible means of expression. They bring happiness to many, giving their devotees certainty in a harsh world. So I suppose you could say that they give something in return for the money they take. Something which indeed is valuable and not easy to obtain sometimes. Psychoanalysis, Reich, Communism, even anarchism can do the same for other people. Even rationalism I think.

At the end of the book Mr. Bestic takes us to visit the Amish, a German-speaking Puritan sect, who have survived almost unchanged in technology, dress and beliefs since the eighteenth century. After all these plump prelates, with their cars and private aeroplanes and business suits and offices and glamorous secretaries, it is refreshing to be told, in answer to the question, 'How do their ministers live? Are they paid well?' 'They are paid nothing. They work at other jobs to support themselves and

their families, but they ask no money for teaching the word of God.'

Although the Amish won't use motor-vehicles themselves, they will hire buses, driven by non-believers, to take them to flood disasters or other areas where a catastrophe has occurred, in order to help the victims. Whenever something of this kind happens the Amish are always there, so the accusation of turning their backs on the modern world cannot be sustained. Their old-fashioned agricultural system is first rate. Their society is authoritarian though, governed by elders and by public opinion, and numbers of young people are continually dropping out, but quite a number come back later, and the sect is far from dying.

Also Mr. Bestic has good things to say about idealistic clergy who have gone into the South in order to help Negroes, who are no longer wanted on the old plantation, to start their own business. These men are having some success, but the churches do not give them much support, and the churches' racial attitudes are disappointing altogether. Churchmen are wont to say that of course racism is neither scientific nor Christian, but people's attitudes can't be changed in a hurry, and so on, and so forth.

As a sceptic in matters of religion (and of the more militant forms of rationalism too) I don't feel too upset. I do not follow Christ myself, and feel that if those who do fail to live up to their ideals it is not my affair. I do not criticise headhunters for being backward in the taking of heads. But the trouble is that these religions, unlike the headhunters, will not leave you alone. So if they feel they have a right to impose their ideas on me I end by feeling I have a right to point out to them the occasions when their actions have not coincided with their professions. It is a matter of self-defence. I hope Mr. Bestic's book will have a wide circulation, and be used as a weapon of self-defence in the struggle of the individual against these cults.

ARTHUR ULOTI

'Revolution'—Somewhere over the Rainbow

IN THE RITUALISTIC and conventional demonstrations outside the Old Bailey after the sentencing of the three editors of *Oz* to fifteen, twelve and nine months respectively, there was a chant of 'Tear Down the Walls—Set Them Free' and a highly symbolic scrawling at the all-too-solid walls of the Old Bailey. This, without belittling the sincerity of the demonstrators and by no means condoning the vicious sentences, was typical of the underground press and its technicolor dream of an alternative society.

From all sections of the public, protests have come about the harshness of the sentences, from those who thought they were too stiff for the crime, by those who thought that such punishments would not have a deterrent effect, that they would have a counter-harmful effect, that they thought the editors were not guilty of obscenity, that they were not guilty of 'hard-core' obscenity, that obscenity and pornography were not crimes,

that obscenity and pornography did not exist (except in the eye of the beholder) or that the State's attitude to 'crime' is part of the case for the State's abolition. It would be tedious and superfluous to reiterate the anarchist position on obscenity (see FREEDOM 10.7.71 *What is Obscenity?*) but it is obvious that several interesting points will arise from this trial and the future of the underground—if it has one!

One of the man-of-the-world comments on these verdicts is that such a harsh sentence will make martyrs of the three editors and impel the underground over to the left. Indeed it has already been stated that David Widgery (member of International Socialists) has taken over functions on the editorial board and promises that the magazine 'will have a keener political edge than before' (*Sunday Times* 8.8.71). One IS swallow does not make a summer but it is significant that *Tribune* (8.8.71) continues

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afib ANARCHIST FEDERATION of BRITAIN

Secretary:
Peter Le Mare, 5 Hanmore Road,
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AFB REGIONAL GROUPS

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

N.E. England: M. Renick, 122 Mowbray Street, Heaton, Newcastle on Tyne.
Manchester Group: Dave Collingwood, 12 Brownedge Road, Holt's Estate, Oldham, Lancs.
Essex & E. Herts: P. Newell, Aegian, Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester. (QM, PL.)
Surrey: G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom.
Yorkshire: Martin Watkins, Flat D, 90 Carendon Road, Leeds, LS2 9L.
Manchester Anarchist and Syndicalist Group: 5 Newton, 308 Lillington Road, Moston, M20 1JN.
Scotland: Secretary, Mike Malet, 1 Lynwood Place, Maryfield, Dundee.
Wales: c/o P. L. Mare (address above).
N. Ireland: c/o Freedom Press.
The American Federation of Anarchists: P.O. Box 983, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440, USA.
S. Ireland: 20 Collins Lane, Dublin 2.
University and Student Groups: c/o P. L. Mare

AFBIB—To all Groups.

Next AFBIB Meeting and Production, Sunday, September 5. Please send a delegate. (Accommodation provided if necessary.) Address all letters to:

95 West Green Road, London, N.15.
Material that cannot wait for the bulletin to be sent to R. Atkins, Vanbrugh College, Heslington, York.

The Contact Column in 'Freedom' is also available for urgent information. Groups should send latest addresses to Birmingham. New inquiries should write direct to them or to the AFB information office in Birmingham.

Shop Stewards' Campaign: Mill Workers' Meetings

THERE'S BEEN a kind of plague of textile workers' meetings in Oldham and Rochdale this last couple of weeks with the issue of shop stewards dominating the minds of many of the participants.

It all started in an Oldham pub on July 22, when close on 50 people turned up to discuss the need for shop stewards in the local mills. In most sections of the textile industry there are still no recognised shop stewards.

The mainly middle-aged lads and lassies at the Oldham meeting packed the pub with the intention of remedying this situation. Against these genuine people were a couple of union officials from Rochdale accompanied by a handful of their hangers-on, who sought to sabotage the proceedings.

The meeting gave these bureaucrats a fair hearing, even when one female full-time officer of the union cheerfully told Bob Lees that he was blacklisted at every mill in the district. It was recently reported in FREEDOM that the union is a party to local blacklisting by employers, and this woman seemed to confirm this claim.

It has been thanks largely to the work of Bob Lees, Keith Cooney, Tommy Cavanaugh, and Dave Collingwood, that this campaign is now well on the way towards its target, bringing with it a new flood of enthusiasm and interest among members of the dead-end unions of the textile industry.

The Oldham meeting voted decisively to press for shop stewards in textiles. A committee was formed to fight for this aim, and the chairman advised union members to put forward proposals for shop stewards at their respective branch

meetings.

UNION BOSS CALLS POLICE

The events which took place last week at the half-yearly meeting of the Rochdale branch of the National Union of Textile and Allied Workers, might have made good comic opera.

A ranting Albert Hilton, president of the Rochdale branch, tried to set the tone for a witch hunt against supporters of the shop stewards' campaign, while he tried to patronise his Pakistani opponents by treating them like bits of kids. Many Pakistani members who had come to criticise meekly Albert Hilton, were prevented from entering the meeting either because they didn't know they had to carry cards (possibly because their contributions are deducted from their wages) or because they arrived a bit late.

What all the full-time officials at Rochdale feared was a vote of 'no confidence' being proposed against their leadership, because of their past failures in the field of industrial bargaining. It was this fear which must have panicked them, and Hilton in particular, into making a clown-like display at the meeting rising to his final act of gross buffoonery shortly after the meeting closed.

The meeting itself was well stage-managed; the most vocal opponents of Hilton and his stooge secretary Belfield, having been safely shut outside in the street along with the three police cars and their occupants, who had been instructed by Hilton to be on the spot to deal with the militants.

It was when Hilton tried to close the meeting without allowing 'Any other business', and Brian Bamford tried to

propose a motion, that the first sign of trouble occurred. Hilton tried to block the proposal, but finally agreed to accept the motion after the meeting.

Sources close to Bamford and the Pakistanis suggest that once Hilton had Bamford inside the office, he refused to accept the proposal, which called for shop stewards in the textile industry, because Bamford is unemployed. Zafar Khan then attempted to make the proposal, but Hilton, who by then must have been taking leave of his senses, started to telephone for the police in order to throw the union members out of the office.

But before the police could arrive the proposal for shop stewards was quickly copied out and proposed and seconded by the two Pakistanis present.

UNION OFFICIALS ON DEFENSIVE

Both the local and central bosses of the union are now on the defensive, for headed among them, that without shop it must be clear, even to the most bone-stewards the worker has to fight the

managers with his hands tied behind his back.

Of course Albert Hilton and Arnold Belfield are the best adverts the shop steward campaigners have got in Rochdale. Without the antics of this 'Laurel and Hardy' of the trade union world, the arguments of the militants wouldn't have half as much force.

Seen in this light the speeches of Hilton, a kind of poor man's McCarthy, are a valuable asset, for there is nothing funnier than watching a man apparently lashing out at fresh air, with wild talk of outside subversives disrupting the union, and all the exaggerated claims and boasting about how much the union bosses do for their members is bound to create a situation where the workers expect more militancy from the union officials.

One textile union official is even reported to have said that the campaign for shop stewards is being mounted by the mysterious 'Anarcho-Syndicalist League', which is attacking the fabric of the union in a way which he has never experienced in his lifetime.

At Shaw, and several other Oldham branches of the National Union of Textile and Allied Workers, proposals for shop stewards have been put forward without any of the snags which accompanied the Rochdale case. So the stage is now set for a major campaign, with television already giving coverage to what must be the best thing that's happened to textiles for many a year.

TEXTILE TRADE UNIONISTS.

MILL STRIKER CONVICTED

IT TOOK the united might of mill managers, police and one trade union official to convict Brian Bamford of assaulting a police officer during a sit-in strike at Arrow Mill in May.

During the eight-hour hearing at Rochdale Magistrates' Court, in which six of Bamford's workmates stood up to testify for the defence, it became clear that the president of the National Union of Textile and Allied Workers had been assisting the prosecution. This is not the first time that the president, Mr. Albert Hilton, is believed to have been involved in the persecution of his own members.

In evidence most of the witnesses, all Pakistanis, said that Bamford had been hit by the police as they dragged him to the exit after the sit-in strike had been broken up by police and managers. Some of the witnesses, which included the 'doctors' Riaz, Mashood, Zafar and Sawar, and the spinners Nazir and Baber, claimed that the management had put pressure on before the dispute to get higher production out of the workers.

And the latest reports out of Arrow Mill now suggest that the manager, George Norman, who is believed to have called in the police, has now been demoted for 'health reasons', and replaced

by the Gunja (the bald one) as the Pakistanis call him. The 'Gunja', who was a witness for the police in the Bamford case, has already come close to creating havoc on the shop floor by his rough treatment of the Pakistani workers.

The final verdict on July 16, and the fine of £20 plus £18 costs surprised many of those in Court, but it shouldn't have done. The police and managers, not to mention the local union officials, had already been shaken by the failure of the magistrates to agree at the previous hearing in June. It had even been hard for the Court to find JPs willing to hear the case, but it would have been difficult for the magistrates to do other than find the defendant guilty, especially in a case like this, where the police have so much to lose from an acquittal.

TEXTILE WORKER.

Support to pay Bamford's fine should be sent to

Brian Bamford Defence Fund,
c/o Freedom Press,
84b Whitechapel High Street,
London, E.1.

Money cannot be sent direct to the Defence Fund treasurer, a Pakistani, because of the fear that he will be persecuted as others have been.

which they have no control (in short 'the workers', whose problems Bill Dwyer seems to think are no concern of ours).

Yours fraternally,
Beaconsfield, Bucks. ROGER SANDELL.

THE CLYDE

Continued from page 1
increasing numbers. If that is so, then there is an end of it—but at least the proposition should be put to them to accept or reject. And if it was accepted then—the *Morning Star* notwithstanding—there really could be built in the West of Scotland an island of freedom in a sea of slavery. And if that happened would the rest of us wage slaves stand by and watch the State crush it? Of course not. We would surely try to emulate the example of our fellow workers on Clydeside and build free communities, based on need not profit, in every area in Britain.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

Sibylle Schwarzer

AFTER TELLING US that Sibylle's appeal would not be until November the fuzz rapped her into court last Monday, July 26.

This time the defence lawyer got his arms into gear and Sibylle was released on one year's probation.

She married Terry Goldstone on Saturday, July 31.
Perhaps the authorities will leave her alone now. Perhaps.

R.G.



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Close Fine Tubes!

AFTER TODAY the true nature of this struggle has been made clear to all—now the strike committee are calling for the closure of Fine Tubes.

Sixty strikers from Fine Tubes were supported by comrades from: RR, Bristol and Coventry, Chrysler, Coventry, London and Bristol Docks, Centrax, Newton Abbot, Hawker Siddeley, Stockport, and Plymouth anarchists and local CP and IS branches.

Things were quiet to begin with, just an orderly picket but as the scabs arrived the police got heavy—laying into everyone including the women. Three comrades were taken to hospital and nine arrested, the latter charged with obstruction, breach of the peace and malicious damage have been bailed and will appear in court on Wednesday.

Exchange between picket and one very large and brutal pig (the one on TV in the white crash helmet, No. 1556): 'Fuck off cunt.'

'Don't you call me a cunt. I'm a man.'

Whilst most of the pickets were in town at a meeting during the latter part of the morning, Barclay took the chance to get the scabs home and close the factory down for the afternoon.

When the strike started it was over

money, then union recognition and reinstatement—now it is a fight to survive. All the other US companies down here are waiting to see what happens at Fine Tubes (they must be giving money to them). We have got to win.

The strike has gone on for 59 weeks, the management can't step down nor can we—this means we are fighting on our own. The TU officials are useless, they are still trying to talk to Chairman Barclay. They are only fettering the struggle, we don't need them, we can fight on our own.

Ron Nethercott, T&GWU official, after seeing the police brutality, made an official complaint—to the police about the police—and will no doubt wonder why nothing will happen.

Again, the factory must close. We can do this by stopping everything going in and out. Help us! If you see companies supplying Fine Tubes (like Howmoor Steels, Osbourne) black them. If you see companies using Fine Tubes' products (Rolls Royce, Derby) black them.

Only quote from Chairman Barclay: 'You can see for yourself.'

We are not just looking, mate.

R.G.

ULSTER

Comrade Editors,

What a pity H. doesn't give Her Majesty's Honourable Members their Honourable Imperial titles—she gives them everything else. Her column in FREEDOM reads like 'Stormont Report', 'Westminster Report' or 'Dail Report' in the establishment papers. I don't mean to be catty but the latest—'How many more corpses must we have before Westminster, Stormont and Leinster House get together and TALK SENSE?' is too much. Does H. not know that these three talking-shops have one and the same function—to cover up for the class exploitation of the workers in the British Isles? and the national exploitation of the Colonies of which Ireland is the eldest?

Indeed these politicians have been and are now coming together to 'talk sense'. Lynch's mocked-up hysterical story of a conspiracy to kidnap MPs and assassinate chief G-men, spring six months ago at a dinner to enable the Southern Colonized State to withdraw from the Commission of Human Rights so as to allow them to bring in internment at a moment's notice, was the result of such a 'conference' and (L&K 8/555)

The politicians want an end to the unstable position presently existing—its costing them money and hampering their Common Market plans. They have been plotting and are now about to 'talk sense' with a Political Solution with which they hope to fool the Irish People as they fooled them fifty years ago. Will we allow the Empire's puppets to speak for us?

LETTERS

The news-media is doing its best to present the struggle as a sectarian one. We are told by Paisley that the IRA (Prov) is the Pope's Gestapo; however in the South IRA men have been excommunicated by the Catholic bishops. In the '30s Southern Unionists used Catholic sectarianism to mobilise an anti-republican fascist force, the Blushirts. In 1942 George Plant, Chief of Staff, IRA, was banged in Portlaoine Jail by order of the Military Tribunal set up by the puppet rulers of the South. Plant was a Protestant. The struggle in Ireland is

one between the forces of Colonialism and Anti-Colonialism. It must be understood to be so.

Comrades in the North (especially those of a Protestant background) can do a great deal to break down sectarianism and build up a united front against Colonialism. PD worked along these lines in '69 but was weakened by opportunists and reformists within its ranks. It has since lost most of its following and become another Marxian theorist group—a pity.

Well, Prod Comrades, it's up to ye!
BESS SIMMS.
Bandon

COMMON MARKET

Dear Comrades,

Bill Dwyer argues in favour of the Common Market on the grounds that it will break down British chauvinism. Although opposition to the Common Market is often expressed in chauvinist terms, does Bill Dwyer think the calls of Heath and his supporters to 'make Britain great' and 'give Europe its rightful voice in the world' are any less chauvinist?

He goes on to talk about the provisions made for immigrants in West Germany (without mentioning the wretched lot of Algerians in France) and to speak of the high living standards of Europe. It is surely not for anarchists to fall for official propaganda in this way but to point out that under capitalism the costs of higher living standards are pollution, exploitation of the Third World and meaningless dehumanising of labour.

Similarly it is hard to see why he should feel that the Common Market is a step towards 'pooling of resources and facilities'. An anarchist's task is to support, not co-operation between bosses, generals and police chiefs, but solidarity between those exploited by a society over

BEFORE being sentenced to terms of imprisonment the Oz defendants were told that as they were relatively poor men they would be out of the question. Probably nothing so pinpointed the political and social nature of the trial than this blunt statement from the bench. Some commentators have complained that such statements and the case generally have brought the process of law and order into disrepute with young people, the implication being that this is undesirable. In my opinion law and order are being shown up for what they are—the imposition of one man's will on another by brute force to enable that man and his class to feather their nests and protect their superstitions.

I can think of no greater civic virtue than tolerance. There was a time when Britain, by comparison with other countries, could fairly claim to be head and shoulders over the rest of the world in this respect. Not now. There has been a steady erosion of this virtue here, occasionally highlighted by incidents such as the Rudi Dutschke expulsion (what a glorious English-style snub the Danes delivered when they pointed out, after giving the German student work in one of their universities, that they did not discriminate against individuals on the grounds of their political beliefs) and the enactment of racist laws such as the one currently before Parliament. Countries such as the Netherlands and Denmark have championed tolerance to a degree that Britain appears almost fascist by comparison. The Oz prosecution would have been impossible in Denmark—they have wisely abolished pornography by the simple device of abolishing the laws defining and punishing it. The release of the accused editors on bail subject to their taking no further part before their appeal, in the magazine is scarcely a vindication of English tolerance!

It is obvious, of course, that the case against Oz was not its pornographic content but that it stood for radical changes in society, largely in the area of personal freedom, and was having considerable success in spreading its ideas. The establishment is fully aware of the problem of losing its grip on people as instanced by the massive displays of civil disobedience, such as occurred on the Isle of Wight and Hyde Park more recently, and which are likely to increase. The whole sordid business of politics—alms law and order—and the corrupting effect it has from those in high office down to the lowly policeman, who is called on to commit perjury regularly to obtain convictions, and the prison warden, whose humanity is progressively diminished with every turn of a key in a cell door, is no longer being accepted as some God-inspired art but is being seen in the full light of day by an increasing number of people who not alone

THIS WORLD



'Ready for the next bunch of literati haircuts Sweeny?'

want no part of this rat race but want to build a new world in which tolerance, personal freedom, peace and co-operation will be the cornerstones. I, personally, living amongst 'heads' and 'freaks', am constantly inspired by simply observing this process in action. With the newspaper headlines for the odd scandal (e.g. Charles Manson) one is apt to forget the thousands who have gone to live in communes, the hundreds of thousands active in the peace movement and other causes involving humanity and justice, the millions who have accomplished a measure of freedom in their own lives at least in ridding themselves of the taboos surviving from the sick—mortally I trust—Christian civilisation.

Death of a Liberal

It may be debated at what point of time Malcolm Muggeridge, the liberal, died. Perhaps it was when he reverted to Christianity and at the same time scourged the youth for their exercise of freedom. It seems that the wretched man has now only one purpose in existing, namely, to prove his death. His comment on the Oz verdict—'justly condemned and justly punished'—drives another nail in his coffin.

The good family man

The newspapers are having a hard time convincing us that the Oz judge, Michael Argyle, is a civilised human being. We are told that he has 'a fine war record', breeds a large number of dogs, one of whom he wishes to have seated beside him in court, and has three teenage daughters. He also, by the way, owns and breeds racehorses.

Of course, the learned judge is not the only intellectual thug—his savage and vindictive sentencing (not only the Oz editors have been his victims) reveals the true nature of this puritan sadist—but he serves as a true example of his breed. I remember a case of a judge in New Zealand who sentenced an abortionist to seven years' imprisonment. Only a few weeks previous this very judge's own daughter had obtained an abortion with

Daddy footing the bill!

Brixton Prison

The Ian Purdie and Jake Prescott Defence Group have organised a march on the above establishment for Saturday, September 4. Assembly point is Clapham Common Tube at 12 noon. A benefit dance for the two men, who are being held in cells twenty-three hours a day on tenuous and flimsy evidence relating to the bombing of Robert Carr's home, will be held on Friday, September 3, at Imperial College (near South Kensington tube). A friend in need is a friend indeed!

Bourgeois anarchists?

The latest issue of *Women's Liberation*, journal of the Women's Liberation Front, bewails the fact that most of those involved in the movement are 'anarchist feminist, petty-bourgeois'. The 'correct' element are those who have a 'socialist working class approach'.

This is not the first time that Marxists have denounced anarchists as bourgeois. As usual the issue of authority is ignored and women are told that a study of economics resulting in the socialist society will free them. It is not pointed out that where Marxists have attained power neither women nor the general society have been emancipated. For the sake of the vitality of *Women's Liberation* and the interesting contributions it makes to social debate I trust the Marxists remain in a minority, isolated in their drabness and dourness.

Internment again

Once more the government of Northern Ireland is demonstrating its moral bankruptcy with the re-introduction of imprisonment without trial. United Nations conventions on human rights go down the shite-house as a government clings desperately to power. For anarchists there are classic text-book lessons to be observed both in Northern Ireland and in Pakistan where the survival of central government justified the slaughter of thousands of people. There are no lessons, however, quite as sharp as those at home and Northern Ireland is, at least according to the political fiction of the politicians at Westminster, part of the United Kingdom. Nor could internment have been introduced without the approval of the said gentlemen. If those affected in Northern Ireland respond with increased terrorism who is to blame them?

BILL DWYER

THIS WEEK IN IRELAND

I HAVE NOTHING but bad news and heartbreak from both sides of the border. Repression and Gestapo-like methods are the rule of the day. The ghastly Prohibition of Forcible Entry and Occupation Bill was quillotined and passed the Dail last night. We—the Committee to Oppose Repressive Legislation—held a meeting outside all the time. We have produced a counter Bill entitled 'An act to prohibit the exploitation of the Irish people by foreign or native speculators'. Every group got up and publicly declared they would back the Bill directly it becomes law. It has to go through the Seanad and then to Dev to sign. The Communist Party of Ireland, the Irish Communist Organisation, the Gaelic League, The Citizens for Civil Liberties, Sinn Fein, The Connolly Youth Movement, etc., etc., groups that generally are antagonistic towards each other's ideologies, were totally united last night in their determination to make this wicked Bill—which would be the envy of the late Hitler or of Vorster—unworkable.

In the six counties, Paisley says he is willing to be Prime Minister and the first thing he will do is recall the II-Specials and he will settle everything and restore order in 30 days. Aye, by killing and internment everyone who is not brilliant Orange. Meanwhile the despicable British Army harass the opposition homes by violent searches in the wee small hours. Poor innocent country villagers are dragged out of beds, their status smashed, their homes mucked up and their children terrified—and nothing is found but the odd copy of the *United Irishman*.

Until I went out to the meeting yesterday I had a stream of terrified squatters calling and asking what to do, and I cannot help. One cannot put a quart into a pint bottle and there are a quart of people needing homes to a half-pint of homes. We have the worst housing record in all Europe, even worse than our runner-up Portugal, and far worse than Fascist Greece. Even the papers are not going to be allowed to publish freely any more now, only what our Nazi Government allows. Finians Fail says they encourage crime by reporting

sympathetically that a deserted wife with four children is squatting in a damp basement room under offices. The room is unconnected with the house in any way and I have offered £2.50 a week rent besides doing it all up and mending the outside lavatory, etc. The wicked dog-in-a-manger owner coaxed at me, 'Get out and don't be wasting my time. There is a Bill before the Dail now and as soon as it is passed I'll get the police to turn her out and put her and her brats in prison'.

WE MUST BREAK THE WICKED SYSTEM.



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Over the Rainbow

an article by Peter Buckman (author of *The Limits of Protest*) called 'After Oz, there is no middle ground for Labour's Left'. As the 'Trot' said, 'You don't have to read the article. Just read the title, that gives you the line comrade!' However, to make one quote from Mr. Buckman, 'The Left cannot afford another tactical error in this fight to the finish.' The unheard-of procedure of granting bail to convicted men and the possibility cited of the appeal not being heard till January 1972 makes it likely for the whole affair to cool down.

It is impossible to conceive of a 'popular front' of the underground, *Tribune* and IS, but there are always the politicians around who would jump on any and every handwagon, particularly if, as in the case of Oz, the driver's seat is empty. The alternative society is by its very nature a-political.

Richard Neville himself in *Play Power* proclaims a counter culture based on play instead of work. Art was to be play, sex was to be play, politics were to be play, and machines could do the dirty work. Mr. Neville in *Play Power* offered 'a new culture which is alive, exciting, fun, ephemeral, disposable, unfixed, unpredictable, uncontrollable, lateral, organic and popular'.

The fact is that the associates of the underground are rebels, not revolutionaries. As Camus says, 'Rebellion is by nature, limited in scope.' It is no more than incoherent pronouncements. Revolution, on the contrary, originates in the realm of ideas.

The young are, fortunately for mankind, naturally rebels, that is why there are so many of them in the radical movements. But how many become revolutionary?

This plastic flower power, trendy, shocking, stroboscopic, psychedelic, mandala, soulful, opiate waste-land is not a revolution. Every angle, every aspect,

Continued from page 2

has been cashed in on by the smart boys of Carnaby Street and Tin Pan Alley, not to mention the pushers of religion and other opiates. The underground weeklies exist on the advertising (among others) the huge record companies who batten on trendiness. The defendants' even appeared in court tailored by Carnaby Street and Kings Road.

It is highly significant that Oz (a newspaper title brought over from Australia) originated in an American fairy tale of a little girl who went to the magic land of Oz accompanied by the Tin Man, the Straw Man and the Cowardly Lion to confront the Wicked Witch and the Terrible Wizard. The book (or books) is little known here but the film with Judy Garland had a great success. (It is ironic that Judy Garland was destroyed by the rat-race of the mass entertainment industry.) There is something of the fairy tale about the alternative society. One feels that it lies somewhere over the rainbow in a land of bluebirds. The Three have now confronted the Wizard, but unlike in the book, he has real powers.

Thomas Wiseman wrote about Richard Neville's *Play Power* in the *Guardian*, 9.2.71. 'We should make it clear that not having Richard Neville and his playpower does not mean having to have Mary Whitehouse. It is the reduction of the questions to a series of false alternatives that bedevils real discussion. For instance, the alternative to playsex is not puritanism—which might itself qualify as a perversion—but passion.'

It is possible and logically necessary to make the step from rebel to revolutionary. It can only be done by thinking of freedom of action to any state of freedom of action and expression. An alternative society is necessary but not within the State.

JACK ROBINSON

Contact

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

Help Fold and Despatch 'Freedom', Thursdays from 2 p.m.

Proposed Group: Celia & Laurens Otter, 13 Albert Road, Wellington Telford, Salop.

Anarchist couple, moving to London September 1, seek two-roomed flat or similar in Whitechapel area. Richard and Teresa, 19 Charlotte Road, Birmingham, 15 021-440 4530.

Would any Comrade like a collection of FREEDOM 1960s and 1970s to date? If so, contact Lilian Wolfe, 22 Tivoli Road, Cheltenham, Glos.

Bangla Dosh—Operation Omega. Contributions needed in cash, help or kind. We need nurses, doctors, mechanics, office workers, spasmats (individuals or groups), medicines, vaccine guns, high-protein foods, inflatable boats, generators, outboard motors, spare parts. Send details of help you can give, or goods you can offer, or cash to Operation Omega, 3 Caledonian Road, London, N.1, or phone London 837 3860 or 485 1103 or Manchester 881 1788.

'And this may just be heaven' poems and collage by Jeff Clives. 32pp, litho prints, card covers. 20p including postage from 5 Manor Road, St. Albans, Herts.

Anyone willing to give Yiddish Lessons contact P. Route, 6 Priestley House, Barnhill Road, Wembley.

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Bakunin: 'The Paris Commune and the Idea of the State', post free order—single copies 15p, 10 copies £1.00, from CIRA, 134 Northumberland Road, North Harrow, Middx. HA27 7RG.

American Comrades. Anarchist and American literature. Send for list: Friends of Malatesta, Box 72, Bidwell Station, Buffalo, N.Y. 14222.

O.R.A. No. 3. The Bomb Throver, 12p plus postage to Keith Nathan, c/o 138 Pennywell, Harlow, Essex.

Commune in Ramsgate, Kent, starting Sept. '71 needs members. Crafts/educational bias. Write: 36 Devonshire Road, Mill Hill, N.W.7.

The Match!—a monthly Anarchist journal. Send to Box 3488, Tucson, Arizona, USA. Year's sub \$3.00.

Axis Bookshop, 6a Hunters Lane, off York Street, Rochdale. Call if in town.

Proposed Group—Exeter Area. John and Jill Driver, 21 Dukes Orchard, Bradninch, Exeter, EX5 4RA.

Anyone interested in forming a Cambridge Anarchist Group contact John Jenkins, 75 York Street, Cambridge.

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