

## OUT OF AFRICA

## WE HAVE NOT SPOKEN YET

OUR ENTERTAINING and interesting contemporary *Black Flag* had a quiz which asked 'Which current Head of State was a frequent visitor and speaker at anarchist meetings in London?' The answer was 'Jomo Kenyatta'—who once also wrote in *War Commentary*, our predecessor.

During and shortly after the war the anarchist movement attracted quite a number of black comrades, exiles from British colonial oppression. The Malatesta Club was in fact sub-tenant-host of the African Forum, a multi-peoples association

of African independence groups. With the ending of the 1939-1945 war and the granting of independence, if not freedom, to many African peoples, African interest in anarchism declined, in the effort to achieve competent self-government and—in some cases—naked power for political adventurers.

It was pointed out some years ago by Arthur Uloth in these columns that Africa's historical development and political history resembled that of Britain's Middle Ages with feudal barons and warring lords competing for domination. We have seen bloody struggles such as the Congo and Nigeria and bloody tyrants and benevolent despots such as Nkrumah, Banda, Verwoerd, Kaunda, Strydom, Smith, Haile Selassie, rise, fall and persist. Betrayals, double-crossings, clamps-down on civil liberties and mass executions are not unknown in the newly-emergent countries.

If one takes the British time-scale there is no need for despair about the repetition of deplorable errors, about the crudity and cruelty of the leaders of the New Africa. The struggles for power that go on in Africa are a reflection of the development of economic and political forces which are slowly taking shape.

There is much talk of neo-colonialism, which in some cases is an excuse by rulers for failure. It is quite true that domination of the majority of African states is no longer by direct rule but by indirect economic exploitation carried out in some instances even by the device of repayable 'aid'. Neo-colonialism has its counterpart in neo-communism which adopts the same 'aid' tactics, and the penetration of Eastern technicians goes hand in hand with the works of Mao. Many states have pursued the complex game of playing both ends against the middle and succeeded in getting aid from both sides in the cold war; but the penalty for failure is high. The disappearance of Biafra, the assassination of Lumumba, the downfall of Nkrumah and his successor Kofi Busia are all tombstones on the way.

Events in Africa have served to implant in the minds of the former

Continua and other Italian groups spoke. Nearly 2,000 leaflets were distributed, pamphlets sold, and the whole affair was generally a success.

The drawback, so far, is that the work has been confined to the ORA. It is hoped to widen the campaign so as to make it more effective. Anyone interested is asked to get in touch (address in the Contact Column). The trial has been set for February 23 and international demonstrations are planned. Meanwhile please get in touch—perhaps comrades in large provincial towns could organise pickets at the local Consulates?

Finally, with an increasing number of anarchist/libertarian prisoners in the USA/Spain/Italy/France/UK/etc., perhaps it's time the Black Cross was revived to provide a liaison body within which the ORA, and other groups in the movement could unite to provide regular support and aid without (as in danger of happening with London ORA) having no time for the local activity we need to grow and develop. KEITH NATHAN.

colonial masters the conviction that the Africans were not fit for self-government. This in itself would, to the mind of a thinking man, convey the thought that perhaps the teachings of these old masters were such as to make them unfit. Indeed the indoctrination of habits of obedience, the deplorable teachings of a slave mentality by missionaries, the installation of white ideals of commerce, politics and militarism, have all made for the present chaos.

Additionally the deliberate breaking-down of long-standing tested ideas on village life, agriculture and tribal systems, all made it easy for a decaying ruling-class but hard for a growing, newly independent and ambitious-to-be-free people. When one in the fifties met African students they were generally either studying to be lawyers, or to be accountants; and the armies and armed service elite were trained (as part of arms deals) at Sandhurst or other British military academies. The rising African ruling-class were permeated with the once-envied standards of their former masters and were in class fetishes and customs 'more British than the British'.

Whether democracy is a suitable export is an item for questioning.

Fortunately illiteracy and the absence of the mass media saved for a time the African from its worst excesses of exploitation but unfortunately technological growth, one cannot call it progress, is introducing all the demagogic of democracy. We were told once by anthropologists of tribes who existed without rulers; but the African is increasingly faced by rulers without tribes, of nation states without village societies.

It could be, and was, argued that it was necessary for the African to make the transition from colonial slavery, to nation-statehood, through any of the 57 varieties of socialism; and thence to the ideas of a libertarian, or even anarchist society. The route taken was generally through technological development and production; elevating every African nation—by its own bootstraps—to a leading industrial and military power. Of course this entailed the usual hardships and the usual errors, but the only thing that could be said was that they were *their own* errors and not those of their colonial masters.

Some have argued from a determinist Marxist viewpoint that it was necessary to recapitulate the sorry

history of their previous ruling class in their long progress to socialist statehood, and peace and the brotherhood of man, etc. Meanwhile, by the dialectical process, minor wars, minority repression and military juntas must and would go on.

Perhaps it is too simple to believe that the Africans, preserving their tribal, village and agricultural society, could have in their development side-stepped the growing pains by opting for a decentralized, balanced, libertarian society. . . .

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However at the moment the Man on Horseback, puritanical and reformist as ever, has seized power in Ghana. The unlucky Kofi Busia has been accused of corruption but such corruption is an institution in newly-constituted states. At a comparative period in English history it was only censorable corruption to take bribes from *both* sides in a dispute or not to do the favours one had been paid for.

Our former fiery associate, Jomo Kenyatta, has almost achieved the rank of Elder Statesman. On the other hand the eminently respectable

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## Gunpoint Arrest of Census Rebel

THE CENSUS SAGA still drags on. Ian Dallison, 31, of Bromley, refused to complete his form as a matter of principle. Equally he refused to pay the £30 fine imposed. His solicitor described him as 'unrepentant'. He was sentenced to 60 days. There is to be no appeal.

His wife said, 'We were rather surprised at the sentence, but my husband knew what he was letting himself in for. He wanted to show up the census for what it is, and he has succeeded. I am backing him all the way.'

In Northern Ireland the first man to refuse to pay his fine has been jailed. Fined £8, his sentence could be up to two months. He is Cathal O'Boyle from Castlewellan, a 30-year-old teacher.

His arrest was dramatic. Six soldiers with flak jackets and Sten guns dragged him out of his house, although there has never been any trouble in the village of Castlewellan. But he happened to be chairman of the Newcastle Association for Legal Justice.

None of the priests who have refused to pay their fines have been jailed yet. Our Northern Ireland correspondent has not yet been approached despite his public declarations in print that he had burnt over 100 forms.

M.H.

## A GOOD START

LAST SUNDAY (16th) about 200 people made up a demonstration marching from Speakers' Corner to the Italian Embassy. It was organised by the N. and E. London group of the ORA to demand the release of Valpreda and other comrades, held as a result of the fascist bombings of December 12, 1969.

It was a very good turnout for the first anarchist demonstration for some time. Comrades came from Leeds, York, Birmingham, Faversham, Lancaster, Corby, Leicester and Brighton. There were contingents from Camden Movement for People's Power, Agitprop, Lotta Continua, and Milan Anarchists.

The March went via Oxford Street, past the ALITALIA offices into Regent Street, turning past the ENIT-Tourist Office into Berkeley Square and up to the Embassy. A letter was handed in demanding the release of Valpreda and promising to continue the Campaign until it was successful. The demonstration then marched back to Hyde Park where a meeting was held. Comrades of Lotta

## THE MINERS MUST WIN!

AT THIS EARLY STAGE, the effects of the coalminers' strike are hard to estimate. The response from the rank and file miner has been overwhelming for they know that this is one battle that has to be won. There is the realisation that for too long they have accepted low wage increases for fear that the Board would close down more pits. However this has happened anyway and the miners have had the worst of both worlds. The Coal Board and the Government pay out low wages to a shrinking labour force which, at the same time, has pushed up its productivity. Having done that, they find that the Coal Board's new chief, Mr. Ezra, still threatens closures if the strike goes on.

As was expected, the response of the TUC to a dispute, which affects the whole trade union movement, was lamentable. It never even crossed the minds of these august leaders to organise a nation wide levy on other trade unionists to assist the coalminers. Even

Mr. Gormley, President of the National Union of Mineworkers and not renowned for his militancy, said, 'I would have thought that this was one time when the TUC could have shown itself to be united.'

However, despite this lack of support at the top, some unions and their rank and file members have shown their solidarity. Members of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen have refused to move coal from pit-heads. The Transport Workers' Federation has given support and their affiliated unions should ban all movement of coal from the Continent to Britain. Dockers at Cardiff, Middlesbrough, Newport and Shoreham have refused to unload coal imported from America, Australia and the Continent. At Portishead, near Bristol, however, dockers did unload coal for the local power station. Union official, Tom Davis, said it was part of a regular monthly consignment to the power station from Belfast, which we regard as normal cargo'.

Although support from transport workers is welcome, it is not going to

have any great effect for some time. Large stocks of coal have already been delivered and power stations, factories and coal merchants have prepared themselves, in advance, for this official strike. The Government knows this and will therefore sit back, waiting and watching. Although many power stations are well stocked up, there are others with insufficient storage space. Miners are planning to picket power stations, like Fulham, Tilbury, Battersea and Barking in order to prevent the movement of coal from them to others with low stocks, which could be exhausted within a few days. However, if any power station runs out of coal, the power supply for its area could be made up by other stations via the National Grid. To do this the Central Electricity Generating Board must have the co-operation of the power workers. Such switching could avoid and delay the effects of the coalminers' strike.

## REFUSED SAFETY WORK

The coalminers themselves soon showed that they were determined to win. In many areas miners refused to carry out normal safety work. Only 46 mines out of a total of 289 had union members working on safety procedures. The NUM has repeatedly instructed its members to carry out this work, but they have refused to do so. Mr. Gormley, following the line of the Coal Board, has said, 'I want to impress on our members that there is little sense in being involved in a conflict if there is no work to go back to.'

In an industry where so many have lost their jobs, such talk has little effect. The rank and file, as usual, were not just following instructions from leaders, but Mr. Gormley admitted that they were being more militant 'than we want them to be'. Such a statement is illuminating because it shows how union leaders want to contain any action. The Coal Board are also very concerned about the damage that could be caused to expensive equipment and machinery actually in the pit if maintenance is not regularly carried

## ALTERNATIVE FUELS?

Pundits are always warning the miners that a prolonged strike could mean that customers will change to alternative fuels. However the supplies of these are unreliable if any great switch had to be made from coal. The Middle East countries, through the Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries, are demanding higher revenues. Fuel from the North Sea still has to reach the high expectations forecast for it. And so Britain still relies very heavily on coal.

This strike stems directly from the Government's policy to hold down any wage increases. The Tories are prepared for a long struggle. They know that the trade unions are frightened of any real showdown and that as the strike progresses, the leaders will fear a situation similar to 1926. They will increasingly worry about the effects of the Industrial Relations Act and, with these things in mind, they will seek a way out in the form of a compromise.

The background of low wages, closures and unemployment is essentially common to all workers at the present time. Deals concerning the guaranteeing of a given level of employment for miners should be ignored, for with support and solidarity from other workers, the miners can win. If they do not get this support and thereby lose the strike, then each and every worker will suffer the consequences.

## DEFY THE LAW

It might be necessary, in the ensuing weeks, for trade unionists to defy the law. We should not shirk our responsibilities if such action is needed. The roots of the trade unions were put down outside the law and if these organisations are going to be used to bring about a just and equitable society, then we, the members, will have to defy the law and take on the State. Make no mistake, if the miners look like winning, the Tories will use the law and then every trade unionist will have to join the struggle against the Government.

P.T.

# Five Hundred and Thirty Pounds

**POEMS BY THOMAS GRAY**, illustrated by W. Blake (Trianon Press of Paris, 3 vols., Limited edition, £530.00).

**THE WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERER** by Michael Horovitz (Latimer, London, £1.50).

**LOVE POEMS** by Michael Horovitz (Latimer, London).

**COUNTRY DECADE** by Bill Butler (Unicorn Bookshop, Brighton, 20p).

**A MONTH OF SATURDAYS** by Dorothy Parker (Macmillan, £2.10).

**BLOOMSBURY** by Quentin Bell (Weidenfeld, London, £1.05).

**THE BLUESHIRTS** by Maurice Manning (Gill & Macmillan, £3.00).

TO QUOTE COLIN CROSS, out of context, 'with the possible exception of Shakespeare and Bunyan, Blake was the first major British creative personality to spring from the lower social classes', so on behalf of Bill and John welcome to the club, William. The exhibition of Blake's illustrations to the poems of Thomas Gray will do little to add to Blake's artistic reputation but by proclaiming that the man can fail it will make Blake a man instead of a myth.

These original water colours are on exhibition for the first time and it is fitting that the Tate Gallery should be accorded the honour of showing them. The world dealt hardly with Blake, for he was of that minority brotherhood of revolutionaries whose vision sees beyond the revolution of the day and the mode. These Blake water colours on exhibition within the Tate, as all Chelsea now know, were commissioned by Flaxman as an addition to the book of poems of Gray that Flaxman intended to give

to his wife Ann as a birthday present, and for a hundred and seventy years they were hoarded in private collections as a well advertised secret.

After a magnificent advertising campaign Trianon Press of Paris are hawking a limited edition of 400 copies of the original book at £530 a time. Roger Fry dismissed Blake's style as no more than a reduction of Michelangelo's painting to mere line without volume, and a meandering of nerveless curves taken from the work of Celtic craftsmen, and Fry could be right in relation to this tired hack work that the Tate are exhibiting, for they are no more than pathetic pastiches of Blake's own genius.

When William Blake painted his *Newton*, *God judging Adam*, *The Ancient of Days*, *God creating Adam* and *Nebuchadnezzar*, he took his rightful place among the world's master painters. It was fitting that Blake, who had rejected the erotic realism of Greek culture for the mighty visions of the Renaissance painters, should have chosen, for the sheer pleasure of the task, to illustrate Thomas Gray's poems, for Gray also rejected the arid Augustan elegance of the hour in relation to poetry, for he attempted to shake off the old poetic conventions of the day like a dead skin.

The poetry of Gray is now relegated to that of our minor English poets while the paintings that Blake created to illustrate them, are sad tired clichés of his mighty hand. Bronowski in his *William Blake and the Age of Revolution* chose to read into Blake's allegories a disguised voice speaking on behalf of the French revolution, and Blake's failure to succeed in his own age, while lesser men won popular

applaud, as no more than a question of economics, as cheaper methods of reproduction ousted copper plate engraving and Blake's particular art form.

All this can be true, for many a fine poet and author eats out his/her heart in bitter public isolation for lack of a means of communication with a sympathetic audience. William Blake peopled his small canvases with the heroic mythical creatures of Old Testament mythology, and in an age that thumbed Tom Paine's *Common Sense* as its bible, and accepted rationalism as the new fashionable religion, Blake was accepted and rejected as an amusing naive painter barking at the wisdom of the salon and the coffee house wits. Blake's paintings are now part of man's illustrated history, great and mighty works of man's eternal genius in competition with the latest pop art poster.

For Michael Horovitz there must always be a kind word, for he has fought the good fight on behalf of his small talent on every battlefield that could field an enemy. The high-pitched voice, the waving hands and the cluttered and oft unrelated lines of poetry mark Michael as a man of our time. One could love the man if only for his magazine *New Departures*, that must surely count among the great literary non-events of the decade.

But none should laugh at Michael, but with him, for he has a minor talent and a feeling for the craft of poetry that many a forgotten rhymster, who died the death at Better Books, still envies. His *Love Poems*, like the poetry of Frances Horovitz and Tina Morris, are in the end no more than a collage of impressionistic images that exist in two or three line isolation and fail to add up to a unified whole, and no matter how beautiful a few single lines may be they fail to exist as a poem in its own right.

With *The Wolverhampton Wanderer* Michael has struck gold, for this is one of the most important literary books of their generation, not as a work of art but as a literary and social document. Horovitz has used the Wolverhampton football team as a peg and a theme, and believe me little comrade, I quote 'An

Epic Of Britannia, In Twelve Books With a Resurrection and a Life'. As high camp married to a popular folk art the book is brilliantly successful, and Michael has not only built his own band wagon but selected the passengers.

His long, epic, stuttering poem uses the town of Wolverhampton and its local football team as the book's reason for being, but he has illustrated it almost page by page with visual work from the *avant garde* of the day. Name a popular pop artist and they have illustrated a page of Michael's epic poem, and with their faces superimposed upon the bodies of the local football team Horovitz Michael has created a handbook of the fashionable arts that, like Gray's book of poems, will be handled by collectors for a price well beyond its current £1.50, if for no other, and what better reason can there be for climbing into history, than that one has acted as guide and illustrator for the 1960s?

And what should one say of Bill Butler's *Country Decadence* than that it is as he describes it, 'tender ballads of young lust'. A beautiful cover and sad, gentle and angry poems in the manner of 'now I lay me down to sleep / syphilis lesions rot my feet / I pray the gods who jeer and mock / to take my soul but spare my cock'. And it is in that final analysis all a question of the bubble reputation, and all the long years reading at fourth hand of the wit of Dorothy Parker, only to find in her collection of reviews that they were so limited.

As one reads the barbed prose of this dead New Yorker, a nagging feeling fills the mind that one still reads it somewhere or some place only to realize that her ghost guides the pen of Bernard Levin. The same juvenile humour, line after limited line of manufactured rage, the same limited area of the arts and at the final paragraph the voice of the minor Jewish intellectual holding an audience by insulting absent friends and enemies who ventured into the domain of the printed word.

But when the intellectual flower of the *Statesman* and the *Spectator* have learnedly parsed and pissed on our world, the voices of Dorothy Parker and

Bernard Levin will still be welcomed, for they speak to us and not through us. The world of creative communication no longer belongs as the exclusive preserve of the middle class, not with Horovitz ringing doorbells, and Quentin Bell in his book *Bloomsbury* has put his flies in amber.

Too gutless to rule, too intelligent to serve, the Frys, the Bells, the Forsters, the Woolfs, the Strachays, the Sackville Wests, the Stephens and the Grants ruled the literary coterie of London between the wars, and each succeeding book peels a fresh skin off the onion existence of these people, to finally reveal the rotting core that was their heart. Their creative works become that much smaller with each thumbing and their sad tortured faces turn them into their own judges, in that they condemn themselves and their age, for they lived and festered within a corrupt society that they despised, as in their turn they are now despised.

It too was the dark times of the middle-class strong-arm politics, when every country spewed forth its fascist army to keep the working classes under their well-shod heel. Every country, even Holy Ireland. But as with all things Irish, yea even death, the whole matter ended as a farce, for this is the saving grace of Ireland, that in the end all things must be laughed at.

Maurice Manning's book on *The Blueshirts* will shock many people who were never aware that Ireland produced its own comic fascist party Spawnd out of Ireland's middle-class shopkeeper party, Cumann na nGaedheal, and the Centre Party it merged into, Fine Gael, it drew most of its active militants from the Army Comrades Association.

With Eoin O'Duffy, one time Commissioner of Police with a flair for rounding up 'the boys', it built up an organisation of some twenty thousand uniformed muscle men. With the Irish Republican Army and their mild socialism as its chosen enemy, Cumann na nGael to bring in the Irish middle class as money brokers, and the reactionary social programme of Pius XI, as outlined in the *Quadragesimo Anno*, to provide the spiritual crap for the faithful, O'Duffy's comic army became a sillier joke even than their British off-shore comrades. History long pulled the chain on O'Duffy's shamrock circus, but—God forgive us!—the senseless killings in the name of Holy Mother Ireland still go on.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

## A Girl from A Good Home

FAMILY LIFE, Academy One.

THERE IS A FOOLISH old saying, 'Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can never hurt me.' In fact words can wound and kill. *Family Life* is the story of a young girl in a prosperous working-class home, who for many years has been almost an ideal child. Her mother's pride, she was obsessively neat and very 'moral', her mother's own word. She never gave her parents any trouble.

Then she meets a group of young people, and becomes pregnant by one of them. This seems to be the beginning of her downfall, but the film jumps about in time, and as the characters mumble, much as English people do in real life, but usually not on the screen, I found it hard to follow the dialogue, and so I may have missed some of the essential points. Many apologies.

Anyway, Janice, the heroine, goes into a kind of daydream and sits on and on, on the platform of the Underground. Finally a station attendant drags her away, and passes her on to the police, and they bring her to her home in one of their 'panda' cars. Thus the wheel is set in motion. Her parents create a scene, the scandal of being brought home by the police and all that . . . and then tell her that she must get rid of the baby.

Although she flares up from time to time, Janice is weak, as her older sister, who has broken away from the family some time before, says, and she is never able to sustain resistance to her parents for long. She is not trained for anything, and cannot cope with repetitive factory work for any length of time, so she cannot leave home. She is dependent on her parents economically.

Her father is simply stupid and a brute. On one occasion he even starts beating her. Her mother, it emerges, is frigid, and is a skilful sadist. (There is a moment of grim humour when the mother says of course she is not against sex. Sex is beautiful in its right place, etc. . . . But it is clear from the interview that the father has with Janice's first psychiatrist, that sex between him

and his wife was never very beautiful. This is something one has to live with, is more or less his attitude.)

Janice believes that her mother wants to kill her, and she is not far wrong. First her baby is aborted, and then she herself is brought by her parents to a mental hospital. To begin with she is under the care of a progressive psychiatrist, whose methods are libertarian, and he almost gets to the point of treating the parents as patients, much to their indignation, but with perfect justice. Unfortunately he is replaced by a psychiatrist who believes in electroshock.

For a time she seems to be cured, but she goes to work in a dreadful factory, where human beings are merely adjuncts to machines. Eventually she returns to the hospital, then attempts escape. She is taken back (illegally) by the doctors, and finally, presumably after more electroshock, we see her as completely dumb, and without any will of her own, being exhibited to a body of bored medical students.

The lecturer who exhibits her is the psychiatrist who believes in electroshock. He says, 'This girl comes from a good home, where there has never been any trouble. Yet here she is. She does not talk. Obeys every order automatically, and so on. . . .' Implying it is all a great mystery. The students doodle on their notebooks.

This is the whole mystique of madness. It is a mysterious infliction, probably due to physical causes about which we know nothing at present. It comes out of the blue. All we can do is stand and gape in awe at the wonderful ways of the Almighty. This film shows us that in fact there was nothing the matter with the girl, except that she seems to have had a 'weak ego'. She was far too ready to give in to people, her hideous mother to begin with. Occasionally she asserts herself, but always at the wrong time, and in the wrong way. I mean in ways that merely make matters worse for her.

Her sister, who is married, comes with her children to visit the family, and is horrified at the state that Janice is in. There is a flaming row, in which the sister tells her parents the truth about

what they are doing to Janice. Although it is pleasant to see these two monsters getting some of it back, her intervention does not help Janice much, who merely screams at everyone, and withdraws further into herself.

At no time can one feel much sympathy with the parents, but of course they are themselves victims of their own parents and of a repressive society. One is never allowed to forget the ubiquitousness of authoritarian society. All the houses are the same. The little police car flits about in the background.

I suppose that there are people whose insanity is due to some kind of physical deterioration, but in this case it is quite clear that the young girl has nothing the matter with her to begin with. And probably her case is very common, for the great thing that one is punished for by our society is not wickedness but weakness. There are even those who would see a Darwinian justification for this. It is certainly true that sadistic people look around them for victims, often their victims are their own children, as in this story. They sense defencelessness and move in for the kill. The mother plays with words in order to trap her daughter. For instance, the father, in a brief, kindly mood, tells Janice that she has nothing to be ashamed of. Being mentally ill is like being physically ill. Janice immediately assures him that she is not ashamed. 'That's the trouble with you,' says her mother, quick as a flash, 'you have no shame.'

This kind of verbal trickery goes on the whole time. Another technique used is the old one of discussing someone in their presence as if they were not there. Clearly the mother is not really trying to bring her daughter back to 'normality', any more than Jack the Ripper was trying to make his victims 'normal'. She may have begun with this motivation, but it is clear that very soon she is simply relishing the joy of torturing a helpless person. Her own daughter, who is young, and of whom perhaps she is jealous on account of her youth and good looks. The only time she seems to get really upset is when her daughter escapes from the hospital, and perhaps from her control. (Janice sometimes speaks of being 'controlled' by her mother, and indeed her mother tells her that she knows what her daughter wants better than the girl does herself.)

Of course she does not want to kill her daughter, she wants complete mastery over her, body and soul. The only escape route for the victim is into the state of being completely cut off from the outside world.

As I was leaving the cinema I was given a leaflet by a young girl. A group of them stood just outside the doors. They were members of a committee of the staff and patients of the Paddington Clinic and Day Hospital, which seems

to be a place rather like the progressive and libertarian ward into which Janice first goes, before the psychiatrist running it is sacked. Needless to say this mental hospital is threatened with closure, and a campaign is being organised to save it. Anyone interested in helping in this struggle should get in touch with the Paddington Clinic and Day Hospital, 217/221 Harrow Road, London, W.2. telephone: 286 4800, extension 27.

JOHN BRENT.

## AFRICA

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Dr. Banda has been a disappointment all round except in South Africa where he was rapturously received. Kenneth Kaunda, the other hope of the progressives, has double-crossed his old associates who broke away from him to form an opposition political party. In all this the African people have been used and exploited almost as skilfully and professionally as they were by their British masters.

In the sections of Africa where even nominal independence is lacking—Angola, South Africa and Rhodesia—the Africans seem to be more resolute in their struggle for freedom. Let us hope they do not bequeath it to the politicians.

The Ovambos in South-West Africa (formerly German territory mandated to Britain and illegitimately seized—what isn't?—by South Africa) have staged a gigantic strike against contract labour (SA's main source) and have brought the whole area of Namibia around Windhoek to a standstill. They are obviously a people determined not to have such working conditions imposed upon them and they have deserted the work-compounds for their own tribal country. True they have the backing of UNO—for what that's worth—and the proximity of insurgent Angola, but nevertheless such initiative speaks of an

aptitude for freedom rather than the desire.

The farce in Rhodesia has prompted outbreaks of violence. Such a charade as the Commission now touring has become obvious as an insult to the dignity of any and all Rhodesian Africans. Naked brute force is something which individual Africans have apparently accepted as their lot but this utter hypocrisy is something which has impelled the silent to speak. The people of Africa will be heard from yet.

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The only new thing out of Africa is a report in the *Guardian* for January 8 from Dar-es-Salaam, Zanzibar, reporting that the government is to close all prisons and release the prisoners held in Zanzibar, and its sister island of Pemba. The Minister of State, reports the *Guardian*, said "The existence of gaols encourages criminals to continue their activities. This can be avoided by employing them". To the cynical minds, of whom the *Guardian* reporter is one, this may sound like the institution of forced labour but the remarkable fact is that one of the leading members of the Zanzibar Government (whether he still is in it, we know not) was a former member of the Malatesta Club and a frequent visitor to anarchist meetings. Perhaps as the *Guardian* headlines: Zanzibar has Achieved Utopia. But we doubt it.

JACK ROBINSON.

# BETWEEN OURSELVES

AS EACH YEAR passes the publication of a minority radical paper such as FREEDOM become financially increasingly difficult, and certainly impossible if the editorial group, contributors and dispatchers had to be paid even a nominal sum for their services. Yet in 1972 the editors are adding to the demands on their time by their decision to publish FREEDOM every week (instead of 40 times a year which has been the case during the ten years that Anarchy was being published by Freedom Press). Their welcome decision must surely be matched by a corresponding increase in paid circulation, new subscriptions and support for the Press Fund.

Some readers have been understandably a little mystified by the way FREEDOM finances operate. What happens to the Deficit at the end of the year? Is it accumulating over the years and will it end in the eventual collapse of Freedom Press? The short answer is 'No!'. Certainly not in 1972 or we would not envisage increasing the periodicity of FREEDOM from 40 to 52 issues a year. As to what has been happening to the Deficit on FREEDOM when contributions to the Press Fund have not covered it, is that other FP initiatives such as Anarchy, and FP publications as well as Freedom Bookshop (especially the mail orders) have made it possible for us to keep our heads above water financially speaking. By which we mean that we started 1972 owing creditors about £2,000 but our stock of FP and other literature will in due course realise possibly more than that. For this reason we are not proposing to burden those of you who have generously supported over the years our unspectacular but unremitting efforts to further anarchism by the written word with this accumulated deficit.

Instead we are asking you to concentrate on covering the costs of production of FREEDOM in 1972 by sales, subscriptions and contributions to the Press Fund. We have made a very careful estimate of what it is costing to produce FREEDOM weekly at current prices of paper and services and the figure we have arrived at is £115, of which postage charges alone account for no less than £40 (assuming that we have at least 1,500 postal subscribers). So in 1972 the cost of producing FREEDOM will amount to £6,000 in the full year. If we had 2,000 postal subscribers at £3 each we would not be writing this appeal. We will be happy if we succeed in building up our list to 1,500 fully paid postal subscriptions this year, and this means covering a deficit of £1,500 with Press Fund contributions. Neither of these targets is over-optimistic. In the 1950s our readers regularly contributed £1,000

a year to the Press Fund, so that a target of £1,500 in the 1970s is modest by comparison! And as to having a paid-up subscription list of 1,500 readers, it is only in the last two or three years that our list has fallen below that number. We should mention that of course during that period the bundle orders from the various groups that sprung up everywhere increased rapidly but unfortunately a number of groups didn't think it was necessary to pay for the copies they received and we had to write off about £1,000 in bad debts. For us bundle orders and casual sales (at meetings, through newsagents) are most welcome but from the point of view of keeping a journal such as FREEDOM alive (and after all whatever else may be said by our critics Freedom Press has succeeded in issuing at least one periodical regularly for the past thirty years, and two for ten years, so we do speak with some experience) we have always depended on a 'live' list of at least 1,000 postal subscribers. Because of escalating charges, over which we have no control, our ability to continue publishing our journal, without resorting to sensational, to sex and other circulation gimmicks, is now dependent on a solid core of at least 1,500 subscribers among whom will be included those of you who are the regular contributors to the Press Fund which must reach £1,500 this year if we are to continue with the publication of a printed weekly journal.

\* \* \*

Occasionally we receive a cancellation of subscription from a comrade of many years' standing who points out that he or she had not 'changed' politically but that he doesn't read his copy of FREEDOM for one reason or another—the more brutal reason given is that we are not saying anything 'new' so far as he is concerned—so it is a wasted copy which could be put to better use. Agreed, and obviously since FREEDOM is not published to entertain but to propagate anarchist ideas, we are saying the same things year in year out as interestingly and convincingly as we can in the context of our times. But this is the function of an anarchist journal and the financial support we need and ask for is because we think that anarchism in depth cannot be sold in a sexy wrapper, or as the vinegar in a tasteless daily mash of fish and chips, and we therefore resist the arguments of the market-economy, the Heathian doctrine of standing on one's two-commercial-feet, and rely on those of you who believe that we must go on making anarchist propaganda irrespective of the 'market' to support the efforts that Freedom Press through its everchanging un-

paid personnel has been making over the generations—for over 80 years. To those comrades who no longer 'need', or who are no longer 'stimulated' by FREEDOM and about to cancel their subscriptions may we suggest that before doing so they ask themselves whether they are perhaps applying to FREEDOM a personal value-for-money, judgment of its worth as they might to a can of peas or even to a commercially-produced so-called underground journal. Obviously as a convinced anarchist you do not need FREEDOM to provide you with weekly 'kicks' without which you would change your views, but you must see that your views will only be shared and propagated if more and more people become aware of them and accept them as reasonable and human ideas, just

as you did, and this is why Freedom Press group and Anarchy group, and Black Flag group and many other anarchist groups propagate anarchist ideas with a view to enlarging the circle of anarchists and anarchist militants among us. We are therefore inviting those comrades who approve of the work FREEDOM and Freedom Press are doing to financially support our work even if the contents of our literature is not of special importance to their own development, and even to make a point of passing on their unread copies of FREEDOM to friends who might welcome being introduced to our work just as they themselves were years back. With this kind of support we are confident that we will be able to continue publishing in spite of the ever-growing difficulties we have described.

To remind readers as to how the 'financial struggle' is progressing we will publish a regular account of how the money is coming in.

FREEDOM PRESS GROUP.

## Long Kesh

Dear Comrades,

We, the Internees of Long Kesh Concentration Camp, ask you to take positive steps to end the present repression. Already you may be a member of one of the many groups fighting internment but we feel that there is a need to forge a direct link with the Internees and thousands of people all over the world who wrote to us. On that account we are setting up a loose form of organisation to be known as—

### The Associates of Long Kesh Concentration Camp'

If you are prepared to help us would you write back to the following address: CCDC, 39 Falls Road, Belfast, and to me at Long Kesh. We will send you communications telling of the progress of the events undertaken by the Association and, of course, letting you know of the 'men behind the wire'. We hope that this will be an active association with one aim only—End Internment NOW.

## LETTERS

Pressure by the Stormont Government on Westminster helped to introduce Internment on August 9, 1971. Pressure can and will end it! The following ideas are an outline of how you can help:

(1) Get together a small group of people locally who are absolutely convinced that internment is wrong. Explain to them about this letter.

(2) Discuss and act on the following ideas—Contact your local MP and other public representatives as a delegation demanding his public support; ask your trades council, professional association, trades union branches, etc., to publicly oppose internment; write to your local and national press explaining your purpose and asking others to join you.

## PRESS FUND

### Contributions

January 6-12 inc.

London, N.W.9: A.S.D. 50p; Wellington, NZ: 50p; Thesuge, Netherlands: A.A.T.D. 82p; Wolverhampton: J.L. 40p; J.K.W. 10p; Newcastle: M.B. 38p; Anon. 10p; Anon. 50p; Enfield: P.H. £1; Cleveland: I.M. 75p; Derry: I.B. 55p; Northants: T.P. £1; Leeds: W.A.C. £1; New York: N.M. £1; E.H.P. 95p; London, E.12: E.M. £1; P.B.C. £4.50; D.C.R. £5; S. & R. Garrett 50p; Woodstock, USA: R.M. £1; Reading: B.J.M. 20p; Birmingham: G. & E.O. £2; Leicester: C.C. 50p; Aberdeen: I.S. £1; Lothian: R.P. 30p; Oxford: B.E.H. 50p; Brighton: P.P. 50p; Stockholm: T.F. 35p; Glasgow: L.V.K.B. £1.

Total: £27.90

Sales (Voline): £6.00

£33.90

### (1) INCOME FROM POSTAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND SALES (Target for 1972 £4,500)

Amount received to January 15 £745

### (2) PRESS FUND CONTRIBUTIONS (Target for 1972 £1,500)

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—£33.90

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average Protestant and Roman Catholic, whatever their differences in doctrine and ritual.

I would not describe myself as an optimist, but I do not see why, because people act in an authoritarian way now, they must always do so forever. Nor do I see why we should not try to persuade them to change their behaviour (if not their 'nature', whatever that may be) from exploiting and murdering each other to either co-operating or simply leaving each other alone.

JOHN BRENT.

## THE GREAT ULSTER DEBATE

SO THE MUCH-HERALDED Tribunal on Ulster was allowed to take place as scheduled (BBC-1, January 5), demonstrating to the credulous that the media will remain frank and fearless in the face of political pressure. In fact, if the pressure had been strong enough, the BBC would have given way; in fact, the programme presented no threat to any government. What the pre-broadcast fuss actually demonstrated was the ability of the media to engender 'controversy' and foment pseudo-drama to enhance their own assumed significance.

The broadcast as a whole accorded perfectly with such assumptions, and with the wider values of the ruling class in society at large. No libertarian can have been impressed by the parade of politicians and the line-up of judges, fulfilling their roles with mutual respect and solemnity, saying just what would be expected of them. Each interviewee presented a more or less vague and facile 'solution' to the 'problem' of N. Ireland, and the learned panel thought up suitably probing questions, revealing the meanderings of their academic minds. One seized hopefully on the notion of dual nationality, until someone informed him that people born in N. Ireland are already citizens both of the UK and the Irish Republic. Much emphasis was also placed on the conditions under which everyone they interviewed would consent to talk to everyone else—with what illuminating and practical results we may infer from their performances.

The only challenge to the tribunal's terms of reference came from Bernadette

Devlin. Her opening speech put the judges in the dock as members of the British establishment, and pointed out that they would inevitably fail to find a real solution. Their reaction showed how right she was, and how manifestly stupid the learned of society become when confronted with radical ideas. But her criticisms were weakened by her agreement to participate in the programme. The tables remained unturned, especially when she responded to the judges' request for practical proposals with a traditional list of 'transitional demands'—nationalisation, minimum wage, etc. Thus she aligned herself with the other politicians, and incidentally in the mainstream of International Socialism. Her 'solution', like those she criticised, did not go beyond reformism. By putting it forward she ensured that the valid points she made would have been lost on anyone not already in agreement with her.

It is not the role of a revolutionary to advise the ruling class on how best to solve its problems. In their own terms, its representatives may devise some political palliatives of which the details can concern us little. In our terms, they and their debates are quite irrelevant to a real solution. Our solution will not be worked out by self-important pundits. It will evolve from the activity and consciousness of the people concerned, as they free themselves from the domination of judges and politicians of all shades—orange, green, blue or red. Admittedly this is a long-term prospect in N. Ireland, as optimistic revolutionary enthusiasts will have to realise.

L.A.W.

# The Angry Brigade Committal

SINCE OUR LAST REPORT on the case (January 8), the committal hearing against the remaining eight defendants has been going on at Lambeth Magistrates Court every weekday. The daily proceedings have not been reported because all eight agreed that reporting restrictions should not be lifted, following the use made by the press of the proceedings in the Prescott-Purdie case. However, the defence committee based on the Compendium Bookshop have produced the first issue of a *Conspiracy Notes* bulletin and organised a press conference for sympathetic papers on January 17.

Most of the contents of the bulletin will be familiar enough to anyone who has been following the case in the underground or sectarian press, though it is very convenient to have it all put together in one place. But a great deal of additional information about the present state of the case was given and discussed at the press conference.

As in the Prescott-Purdie case, the committal hearing is mainly taken up by a very long-drawn-out rehearsal of expert evidence about the 25 explosions the eight defendants are alleged to have been involved in between January 1968 and August 1971. This evidence is being given by police forensic scientists and military explosives specialists, and it is being pushed through by the magistrate as fast as possible. One of the main problems of the defence, as before, is the lawyers. All eight have legal aid, and a dozen solicitors and barristers are involved at present; as usual they are proving more of a hindrance than a help, but it is such a serious case that none of the defendants can afford to defend themselves.

Two of the women—Angela Weir and Kate McLean—have been granted bail during the committal, on sureties of £20,000 and with very strict conditions. Stuart Christie was once more refused bail on January 17, despite the offer of sureties amounting to more than £30,000 and despite the fact that still there is no direct evidence linking him with the Angry Brigade; the kind of thing the prosecution is interested in

is his papers, which show 'that he has anarchist connections and that he has friends abroad in Spain, Belgium and Italy' and that he knows 'well-known anarchists and other foreigners (!) and people of all types from coal-miners upwards', etc.

There is a huge mass of documentation being put in evidence, and a huge mass of policemen and lawyers all burrowing around in it. In all this any political message that might have emerged is being lost from view; while the defendants are being constantly harassed by both police and prison authorities, with very serious obstacles being put in the way of their legal defence and what is left of their personal lives. This is especially true of the two women still held in custody, who are being treated abominably, even by the traditional standards of our prison and court system. The lawyers have complained about what is going on, in some instances quite strongly, but nothing has been done and probably nothing will be done until the committal is over.

One small consolation is that the women have been able to do some useful work in Holloway Prison, spreading information about gay liberation and the claimants' movement. The atmosphere there is yet again reported as being very bad, and a current trend is the very widespread use of drugs—not by the inmates to escape the horrors of reality but by the authorities to dope the inmates into submission.

In these circumstances, it is very difficult for any kind of political activity to be maintained by the growing number of people involved in the case, and the present very serious need is for help of all kinds. Nevertheless the first issue of *Conspiracy Notes* gives the text of the best Communiqué issued by the Angry Brigade, including the following point: 'We are against any external structure—whether it's called Carr, Jackson, IS, CP, or SLL is irrelevant—they're all one and the same. They are all alike in their desire to style us and keep us passive ballot-box cannon fodder.' It remains to be seen whether anything of what the Angry

Brigade have been trying to get across will actually come across when the case comes to an end.

Meanwhile news and comment have continued to appear in the underground and sectarian press. *Private Eye* printed on January 14 an item in 'Footnotes' called 'Fuzz about Notting', describing the cases of Pauline Conroy and Chris Allen and the general harassment of all the defendants in the case. *7 Days* printed on January 12-18 an interview by Judith Ferguson with Pauline Conroy, describing the way she was searched, detained, and eventually charged on November 23. She insists on the necessity of being completely unco-operative with the police, because they will make use of any information they can get even if it seems irrelevant:

They questioned me for about two hours. I tried to answer everything with No comment, I'm not talking, I'm not saying anything about my relationships. They wanted to know everything about my friendships, my political views, was I an anarchist. But it is very, very difficult to sustain yourself hour after hour after hour on your own, to keep on saying, No, No, No, but it really pays off. . . . It's useful to know your rights but don't expect to get them. It's a war.

*Time Out* printed on January 14-21 a similar interview with Chris Allen describing the way he was arrested and charged on November 17, and making very much the same point:

They ferret around and scrape every fucking barrel for every tit-bit of information about when so-and-so associated with so-and-so. Quite obviously they are amassing a pile of information, and when they put their own version across in court, what can you say? You can say, OK, what you've done is to totally distort my life over two years and build up a particular series of relationships in a totally distorted way. You can try to be as honest as possible, but in the end it is only the image which matters—only a question of which side puts across the most impressive theatre.

In the Prescott-Purdie trial, Prescott's image failed and Purdie's worked. *Time Out* also printed in the same issue an interview with Purdie about the problems of lawyers in the trial and the necessity of solidarity with people who get involved in such trials.

*Ink 25* (January 7) printed some more

prison letters from Chris Bott, and also two interesting articles on the whole case.

In the first, Seamus O'Kane of the IRA complained that 'the behaviour of the left over the Prescott-Purdie trial has been disgraceful' and attacked the 'papers of the different "Marxist" tendencies' for their poor coverage. He went on to make two specific attacks on such papers. The first was on *Red Mole* for printing on February 16-28, 1971, a denunciation of 'the man known as Duncan' and 'the man who went to Manchester before January 12' as 'pigs'; he commented that the former was Duncan Brown (an anarchist now in prison) and the latter was Ian Purdie, and that *Red Mole* has never either defended or withdrawn this charge.

The second attack was on the French paper *Politique Hebdo* for printing on January 29, 1971, a story by 'Guy McCoy' (Marcel Bonnans) that the Carr bombing had been done by two men (easily identifiable as Ian Purdie and Stuart Christie) and 'Digger' Walsh, and that the latter was the head of the Angry Brigade and an agent provocateur working for military intelligence. *Politique Hebdo* did print Digger Walsh's own refutation of this allegation, but the original story must have had its effects on subsequent events.

According to O'Kane, the source of both these items was Gerry Lawless of the International Marxist Group and the Irish Solidarity Campaign, and he comments that if Prescott and Purdie had been Communists or Trotskyists there would have been a tremendous defence campaign, but because they were 'just anarchists' they were 'fair game for very many, from right-wing cops to left-wing gossips'. These and similar stories have been circulating widely around the left for a year now, and at last they are beginning to appear in print; it will be interesting and instructive to see what happens, if anything.

The second article, by Jack Flash of the Ian and Jake Defence Group, also attacked the coverage of the case by the left. 'There has been little worthwhile discussion of the politics of the case in the press (or anywhere else). . . . All the discussion in the press has been incredibly naive, especially in papers like *Red Mole* and *FREEDOM*' (though the only example of our coverage actually referred to is the editors' 'Open Letter to the *Guardian*' of December 18). Un-

fortunately Jack Flash's own discussion—based on the assumption that the Angry Brigade's activities have value as propaganda by deed and direct action, the suggestion that their specific feature is not violence but illegality and that their main function is to raise the question of the politics of crime—is as naive as you can get. The only way to get better discussion of the case is to get on with it.

N.W.



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**Speak Out.** This four-page paper is designed to make people throughout the UK aware of the civil liberty issues in Northern Ireland. Copies 2p each from NCCL, 125 Camden High Street, London, N.W.1. 01-485 9497.

**Croydon Group** meets first Tuesday every month at Jacquetta Benjamin's, Top Flat, 4 Warminster Road, S. Norwood, S.E.25. Phone Pete Roberts 01-684 5723 or write or phone Bernard R. Miles, 38 Farm Fields, Sanderstead, S. Croydon, Surrey (01-657 4860) or contact Jerry Peck, 45 Sylvan Road, Upper Norwood, Tuesday, February 1—Speaker: Derek McMillan (Labour Party Young Socialists).

**'Anarchy':** Are you a university student? Get your professor to recommend for the university library a SET OF BOUND VOLUMES 'ANARCHY' Vols. 1-10 (Nos. 1-118) 1961-1970. Price £40.00 per set (p. & p. £1.00).

**Commune**, Ramsgate, welcomes visits from potential members (especially with children). Crafts and education bias. Write to P. Ford, 22 Royal Road, Ramsgate, Kent.

**AFBIB.** There will be no issue of AFBIB this month (January).

**Liverpool Anarchist** discussions normally held first Sunday in month. Write to 39 Lilley Road, Liverpool, 7, for venue, or ring 263 4890. John Cowan. 'Bella' and other prose pieces by Geoff Charlton, 15p (including post) from the author, Flat 3, 45 Heathfield Road, Birmingham, B19 1HE.

**Can any comrades help us out with copies of the following issues of the First Series 'Anarchy' for binding sets:** Nos. 2 (Workers' Control); 5 (Spain); 28 (Future of Anarchism); 32 (Crime); and 37 (Why I won't vote). We will pay 25p each if in good condition.

**Contact Freedom Press**

**N. and E. London ORA** meets regularly (weekly). Please contact via 68 Chingford Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

**Revolutionary Workers Forum** meets at 170a Deptford High Street, S.E.8, 7.30 p.m. every Monday.

**Anarchist and Nihilist Group** is being formed in Derby and anyone interested should contact: Gavin P. Lawrence, 63 Uttoxeter New Road, Derby, DE3 3NP.

**Centre International de Recherches sur l'Anarchisme.** CIRA membership covers use of lending library in Lausanne and biannual bulletin (annual subscription £1). First CIRA publication in English: Michael Bakunin's 'The Paris Commune and the Idea of the State' (15p post free, £1 for 10 copies). British representative: Nicolas Walter, 134 Northumberland Road, North Harrow, Middlesex, HA2 7RG (telephone: 01-866 9777).

**Help!** Stoke Newington 6 Fund. Comrades now on remand in Brixton and Holloway need financial aid urgently for meals, fruit, papers, books (which must be new) and cigarettes. Please send donations to the Stoke Newington 6 Fund, c/o Compendium Books, 240 Camden High Street, London, N.W.1, a.s.a.p.

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

**Proposed Group:** Celia & Laurens Otter, 13 Albert Road, Wellington Telford. Meet first and third Tuesday of the month, at other times phone Wellington 54728.

**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.**

## This Week in Ireland

**STORMONT MINISTERS** carrying arms. An RUC reservist shot in cold blood by masked men as he sat working. A gun battle in Derry in which children of five were caught in the cross-fire and rescued screaming with terror by two TV cameramen, and the accounts given of what triggered off the battle by the civilians and by the soldiers so diverse that one wonders if they are describing the same incident, but, as Eddie McAtee says, 'No one can believe the British Army any more.'

Incidentally your writer had an article in one of the Irish dailies in which she referred to the low calibre of the very young troops in Derry. This led to her receiving a ridiculous letter from General Tuzo about how alert his 'men' all were and not believing all she read in the papers! Naturally she believes what she wrote herself!

Ronald Bunting Junior has been interned. This gives Faulkner a chance to say 'You see we do intern Protestants'. Ronald happens to be a member of NICRA.

Stormont admits it cannot make Crumlin Road or Long Kesh 'escape proof'—A young man just walked out of the latter while ostensibly going to the privy—and took a bus to Belfast. He has not been recaptured.

A group of wives and children visiting Long Kesh phoned to say they would be late as their bus had broken down. When they arrived—in spite of assurances on the phone—they were not allowed to see their menfolk. They were then kept waiting so long for the mini-bus that takes them out of the camp to the main road they decided to walk the mile. Immediately they were kept back by police and terrified by alsatians growling at them and straining at the leashes.

Two revolvers were found inside a cell in Crumlin Road.

The two-hour discussion 'It's Your Line' on Radio 4 with Roy Bradford, Martin Smythe, John Hume and Bernadette Devlin brought out nothing so clearly as the complete intransigence of everyone and the utter hopelessness of the situation.

Sean Anthony Hughes of Dungannon was arrested under the Special Powers Act and was so beaten and injured when

he arrived at the 'Maidstone' that the doctor refused to take him aboard and he is now in hospital in Belfast. The SDLP are demanding a proper inquiry into this latest brutality.

The Irish Medical Association has called an Extraordinary Meeting re the inclusion of Dr. R. Gibson as a member of the Compton Commission. The IMA and the BMA are closely affiliated.

Bernadette Devlin, speaking of how 1,000 soldiers sacked the 3,500-people-village of Coalisland—they found nothing, which to anyone but the British Army would indicate that there was nothing to find; but to them it meant only how cleverly the villagers had hidden their arsenal so they shot a boy who was carrying a toy gun, an excellent recruiting device for the IRA.

Hillery goes to Brussels and comes back with ruin for the workers in our sugar factories. The EEC won't buy the amount he asked, so he trots back and tells the Cabinet they must accept the lower rate. Lynch remains in a 'what crisis?' frame of mind and speech over the ever-rising unemployment and prices.

Speculators start to tear down the historic, beautiful and sound house of Lord Edward Fitzgerald at Blackrock and the Dunlaoghaire Housing Action Group put in squatters, while the whole country protests at the vandalism and destruction of that which should be preserved.

Ivan Cooper and three others have a case hearing in the High Court as they were arrested by soldiers for refusing to move and sitting in the street, and fined. Only the police can order to move and arrest under these circumstances.

Women have had their sickness allowances and children's allowances stopped in the six counties 'for taking part in the rent strike'. Several say they are merely guests in the houses of their parents and do not rent or own a house. It is all so hopeless. Westminster must give in and make a start by releasing all internees, or bringing them to proper trial, and by talking with the IRA leaders. No one can win ever, not out and out.

H.

\*Like hell they must! They've opened a new camp.—Eds.

### LETTER International Socialism

Dear Comrades,

Will you allow me a brief comment on your two pieces on the International Socialists in your issue of January 1?

It is clear that there are fundamental political disagreements between us. They are essentially the same as those between Marx and Bakunin and can hardly be clarified in a short letter.

However, it is less than candid to describe IS as a reformist organisation. It is an organisation with which anarchists are bound to differ since it stands for a revolutionary party, a workers' state transitional to communism and so on. In short it is a Marxist organisation and one that stands, broadly, in the Leninist tradition. It is a revolutionary

organisation. It does not help in the clarification of differences to misrepresent one's opponents' position.

On the question of Kronstadt I would like to draw the attention of your readers to Peter Sedgwick's critical introduction to Serge's 'Year One of the Russian Revolution' which appears in 'International Socialism 50'. It seems to me a balanced and realistic assessment.

DUNCAN HALLAS, Editor,  
*International Socialism*.

### ANARCHY Bound Volumes 1-10 See Contact column

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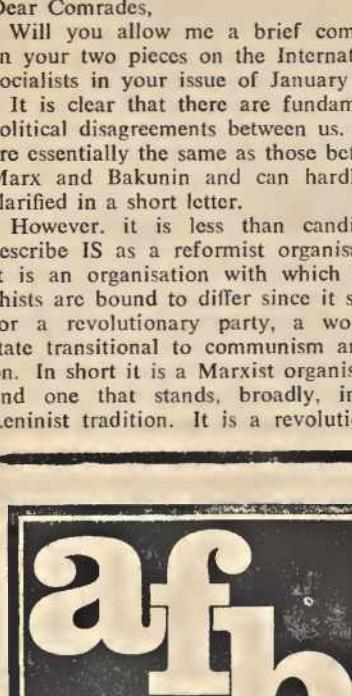
### ANARCHIST FEDERATION of BRITAIN

#### 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: Mick Renwick, 34 Durham Road, Gateshead, Co. Durham.  
Essex & E. Herts.: P. Newell, 'Aegean', Spring Lane, High Ash Green, Colchester (QM, FL.)  
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Printed by Express Printers, London, E.1



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

Published by Freedom Press, London, E.1