

EVERYTHING HAS ITS PRICE

THERE IS ONE THING about a Tory government that can be relied upon and that is the consistency of their worn-out 'philosophy' of profit. Toryism is not really a philosophy and it has nothing to do with social reforms or improving the quality of life.

This phrase has been bandied around so much of late. Those in authority are quick to use it because they realise that people are beginning to learn that there is more to life than just acquiring more money and possessions and that they cannot provide the social environment necessary to give quality to people's lives.

Toryism is an attitude of mind which pervades all shades of political opinion. The Tories in the USSR are the communist hierarchy of party leaders and state bureaucrats. Over there the social benefits might be provided free, but political freedom is not tolerated. Here the Tories tolerate a degree of political freedom, but place a price tag on practically everything. These are mean-minded lower middle-class attitudes.

Recent examples of this are the Government's legislation to charge entrance fees for museums, to stop free milk in junior schools, increase school meal prices, and the proposal for full fares for children during rush hours on London Transport. We might be fast becoming a 'cashless' society, but in doing so we are moving away from a 'moneyless' one. Not only are prices rising at a rate never experienced before, but we are having to pay for services which have been free up until now and have been taken for granted to remain that way.

CLASS BASIS OF SOCIETY

These latest price proposals shows the mean streak that runs through all Tories. Nothing illustrates better the class basis of society and that time and time again it is working people who have to make the sacrifices so that this profit motive system can survive. The fact that these charges will hit people with large families and low incomes hardest, cuts no ice in the Christian, God-fearing, mean-minded Tories.

When announcing the full fares for

children, Horace Cutler, Chairman of the GLC Policy and Resources Committee, said: 'We believe our policies will enable us to meet our objective of providing more efficient and better public transport for London.' The Tory criterion of efficiency really means that a profit should be made, no matter how many buses are removed from services or how many children suffer malnutrition because they will no longer get a cheap school dinner nor free milk.

A number of Labour-controlled Councils have protested about the abandonment of free milk and some are planning to defy the legislation. Some Tory Councils, no doubt with an eye on the next elections, have also protested to the Secretary of State for Education.

THE CON TRICK

The whole question of paying for social services is a con trick. The mass of ordinary people just cannot win, because if these are 'free', they are still being paid for indirectly through PAYE and National Insurance contributions. Everything is

geared to conning as much as possible of the earnings received for labour from the people who produce the wealth. At every turn we are continually paying out for the goods and services which we and the rest of the working class produce and provide. The politicians and the state bureaucrats try to give people the impression that these things are given to them, while all the time the true providers are being robbed at the point of production, in the shops and for the benefits and services which are free in name only.

How long will it be before other 'free' services, such as libraries, become chargeable? Who would have thought that free museums, started during the *laissez faire* period of Victorian capitalism, would now end in our enlightened age? 'Free' services, although in name only, should be defended. They are part of our quality of life and it is mean and

degrading that everything should have a price tag.

Anarchists want to move in the other direction, towards a free society, free from the government and the state, free from profit-conscious employers and the money system. All necessary production of goods and services to satisfy the needs of people can be run by the free association of those who work in the industries. Items can be made and services run for needs instead of for profit.

It is people who are involved and affected who should decide how industry and services are run. Far from being asked, we are hardly consulted by those in authority. Efficiency in profit terms means exploitation. Instead of being robbed at every turn by the rich, powerful and privileged, we should boot them out and take over and run things for ourselves. P.T.

Heaving a Brick...?

MUCH OF THE LEGISLATION that vitally affects our lives is slipped in by the back door. Legislation for the recent census seems to have got in this way.

Unheralded and comparatively unsung, the House of Commons concluded the report stage and gave an *unopposed* third reading to the Criminal Damage Bill. This Bill creates the offence of possession of any object with which a person intended to destroy or damage property. The Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Home Office resisted an Opposition amendment which would specify that the 'object' must be an inflammable, or noxious substance or 'dangerous thing' (nearly as vague as an object).

Mr. Clinton Davis, supporting the amendment, said that society must be protected from petrol bombers, but should not concede executive powers capable of very real abuse. If the clause was too wide there was danger that the executive could abuse the law.

The Under-Secretary said it was far better to have a clause covering any article rather than to limit it to a particular type. Mr. Davis's amendment was defeated.

On another amendment, Sir Elwyn Jones (former Attorney General and now 'Shadow' Law Officer) said it was a dangerous thing for the law to be

couched in such terms so as to encourage police to go on 'fishing expeditions' into houses (he should know). He went on to say that the wide powers given by the Bill to search for 'anything' caused the Opposition a great deal of concern. He thought that the powers ought to be restricted to what was really necessary for the protection of the public. However, neither he nor Mr. Clinton Davis voted against the Bill when it was finally passed with its offending clauses intact.

The Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Home Office apparently mollified Mr. Davis and Sir Elwyn by pointing out that this right of search for 'objects' was not a new power. It existed in the 1861 Act, and that had not been abused in its 110 years.

We have never known any institution to have power and not abuse it, in particular the police. This Bill will give them extra powers, which they don't really need. The one thing certain about this Bill is that it will not stop Criminal Damage, it will merely serve to give a further excuse for police raids and arrests.

It also credits the police as ever with powers of clairvoyance in divining 'intentions'—and what object cannot destroy, or damage property? Watch any four year-old child!

R.J.

WHAT IS OBSCENITY?

TWO TRIALS for obscenity (one on appeal) concluded last week with a bookseller being sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, and two men were given fifteen months and another twelve months for staging an obscene play. These cases were in addition to the *Little Red Schoolbook* case which concluded with a fine of £50 and costs (110 guineas) for Richard Handyside the publisher, and the *Oz* case which has not finished as we go to press. Also it has been reported that 53,000 books have been seized from Sexa Ltd. for consideration by the Director of Public Prosecutions.

It will be argued, not least by the liberals, that these cases are different in kind from the civil liberty cases as represented by Richard Handyside and *Oz*, not to mention their famous forebears *Lady Chatterley*, *Ulysses*, *The Tropic of Cancer*, *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, *Fanny Hill*, *The Rainbow*, *Well of Loneliness*, *Boy, To Beg I am Ashamed*, *Sleeveless Errand*, *Song of Songs*, etcetera. The unfortunate bookseller from Bradford and theatrical impresarios from Manchester and the titillating Sexa Ltd. were, it will be contended by some, hard-core pornographers and not fit to be seen in the company of decent obscenity writers. In fact there is a strange snobbishness between the persecuted all due to a failure to define the term 'obscenity' or pornography. The latest irony is the decision of the Rugby Football Union to support Lord Longford's campaign against pornography. Sir William Ramsay, president of the Union, does not, according to the *Guardian*, consider that rugby songs could be called pornographic; they were, he told the *Guardian*, 'merely a young man's reaction to a night out'. Someone else took refuge in describing them (as Eric Partridge did writing on some portions of Shakespeare) as 'bawdy'. One man's bawdy is another man's obscenity which is another man's pornography.

Havelock Ellis in an essay on obscenity recalls how Sir Archibald Bodkin, then Director of Public Prosecutions and a zealous prosecutor of 'obscenity', appeared as the representative of Great Britain at an International Conference, which met at Geneva to discuss 'The Suppression of the Circulation and Traffic

in Obscene Publications'. A Greek delegate suggested the desirability of first defining the meaning of the word 'obscene'. Sir Archibald objected, on the score that there was no such definition in English Law, and it was unanimously resolved, before proceeding further that 'no definition was possible' of the matter which the Conference was called together to discuss. Strictly speaking this was not true, Lord Cockburn (pronounced Cœburn) handed down a judgement that 'an obscene book... had a tendency to deprave and corrupt anyone into whose hands it might fall'.

It was noteworthy that Lord Longford, the latest knight to tilt his (non-phallic) lance against the windmill of obscenity, refused in a radio programme 'It's Your Line' to define the word 'obscenity'. He took refuge in the fact that this was one of the tasks of his Committee.

History of persecution reveals the changing pattern of the State's concern—and conversely of society's development. Man's earliest persecutions and trials were for heresy, this spent itself. Kingdoms decided that subjects must accept the religion of their Prince, this was the end of civil heresy—henceforward to be called 'treason'. A wave of witchcraft trials, hysterical in origin and continuance, swept over Britain and the new American colony. As God continued to lose his hold over the minds of people, the least service the State could do for him was frequent trials for blasphemy—an offence still on the Statute Book. Then, with the growth (and necessity) of sexual enlightenment, severest measures were taken against manuals which sought to spread information. Now, with technical innovations such as contraceptives and 'the pill', official recognition lags, as ever, behind reality and the new sexual pattern seeks, and will find, new interpreters.

As ever the common interpretation of the new ideas and new experiments is degeneration or decadence. Dirges are given forth about the decline and fall of nations, with unhistoric references to the Roman Empire and a nostalgic look-back at the glories of the British Empire—now alas! vanishing from the earth—due to the permissive society—whatever that is!

The most vociferous of the groups peddling this line is the Mary Whitehouse-

Moral Rearmament-Blandford Press-Clean Up TV-complex. Two specimens of the type of literature produced by this group are *The Cult of Softness* by Arnold Lunn and Garth Lean (1965) and *The New Morality* (1964) by the same authors. Each book has the same topic, how each strand of 'permissiveness' in society are part of a deliberate campaign by communist tendencies to corrupt and deprave British Society—or the West. There is much attacking of the extraordinary group of clergymen round the Bishop of Woolwich which appears to deny the existence of God but the general theses is that of Moral Rearmament of which Lunn, Lean and the Blandford Press are all satellites. The usual apocalyptic warnings are given and the fate of Rome is held up as a dreadful example of how licentiousness degrades a nation.

Why the Roman, or for that matter any Empire declines is anybody's guess. It is not the purpose of this piece to go into that. A case has been made out for the theory that it was the onset of Christianity which overburdened the Romans with the idea of guilt and led to their downfall.

A special object of Lunn and Lean's attack (in *New Morality*) is Alex Comfort who gave an excellent radio talk and wrote an excellent Penguin *Sex in Society* on the whole subject. Lunn and Lean were specially upset by Comfort's words, 'We may eventually come to realize that chastity is no more a virtue than malnutrition. It [sexual intercourse] is, in other words, the healthiest and most important human sport; and the need to consider it in other, medical and sociological contexts should never be allowed to obscure the fact.' Another of the quotations from Dr. Comfort which L. and L. found particularly offensive was the definition of a chivalrous boy as 'one who takes contraceptives with him when he goes to meet his girlfriends'.

Lord Longford's pathetic attempt to get in on the act looks suspiciously like a left-wing attempt to prove an alibi. Lunn-Lean-Whitehouse and Co.'s right-wing affinities are notorious, but obviously Longford, Soper, Muggeridge and Co. could not join their circus. So they put on an act of their own just

to prove that the Labour government owes more to Methodism than it does to Marxism—and it's going to pay it back.

The myth of the 'permissive society' dies hard. No one was ever 'permitted' to do anything. They did it, from Galileo to Mrs. Pankhurst, from Tim Leary to Christine Keeler, from Annie Besant to Tim Daly, from Mohammed Ali to Dr. Ellsberg, and were forced to take the consequences. This is the way it always has been.

The dangers of a Puritan reaction to an imagined 'permissiveness' are frightening to contemplate. The totalitarian religiosity of Mary Whitehouse, the penitential Puritanism of Malcolm Muggeridge and the well-meaning Catholic paternalism of Lord Longford, all add up to a clamp-down on all forms of free expression. It is not only what they kill but what they abort and cripple. The commercial interests, always sensitive to protect their investment, have seen, if not a red light, that it would not be forever amber. The rapid sentimentalism of *Love Story* is indicative of the backlash. It will be remembered,

although the plea of the danger of pornography to democracy is usually urged, that the late unlamented Jo Stalin and Adolf Hitler were both pillars of Puritanism.

In the United States the Government has painted itself into a corner after setting up a Federal Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. The report of the Commission (like the British Wolfenden report on Prostitution and the Wooton report on drugs) was so opposed to the conventional thinking of the Government which set it up that it was ignored—and even suppressed. It is in fact available in a paperback and a Government report. However there will be no Government discussion or action on its findings.

The Danes, by dispensing with censorship, have found that there is no increase in sex-crimes. In fact the Danes have found that there is a saturation point in sexual exploitation. According to the *Daily Telegraph* (8.6.71), a five-day 'sexiland' fair in Copenhagen flopped with a loss of £7,250. This story follows

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Oh! God Darling, I'm bleeding

THE APPEAL OF FASCISM (a study of intellectuals and fascism 1919-1945) by Alastair Hamilton (Anthony Blond, £3.00). **FELLOW TRAVELLERS** by T. C. Worsley (London Magazine, £2.50).

THE INTELLECTUAL by the very nature of the beast stands forever poised upon the brink of night, a creature ever alien to his times and most ineffectual in the bloody carnage of his age. He sees, he plans, he prophesies, and within the grey clay of his questing mind he argues the forming patterns of the hour and from his bitter tongue and his wounding pen cries scorn on the illiterate men of action who ignore the pamphlet for the gun. The battle for the control of the State lies in the battles in the streets, and there is neither time nor patience for the academic debate. Within the ranks of the street battalions the finely turned phrase, the caustic wit and the reasoned dialogue are no longer needed for the first death in the first hour marks the end of argument and the ability to survive and to lead will then dictate the direction of the revolution.

BOOK REVIEW

The working class have never produced an identifiable intellectual strata for the production and distribution of the printed word is not part of our proletarian culture. The printed book, the theatre, the ballet, organised music and the philosophical games come from a settled leisured middle class. They create these forms of art, they fashion them and they use them as vehicles to praise or condemn their passion of the hour, not from any Machiavellian choice but because they are a class who have rejected action and communicate at third hand. It is impossible to conceive of proletarian ballet, painting, music or literature for when a creative son of the working class moves into these cultural fields one accepts that he has rejected his background, and no matter how sweaty the message, he is now practising a class craft of which the working class are willing spectators but never participants.

It is the inability of the intellectuals to become men of action first and intellectuals secondly that has produced a generation of sour and bitter men forever crying betrayal as they stand in the outer chambers of the halls of power and watch the political muscle men snatching the sweet fruits of victory when they cannot even split an infinitive while the intellectuals are left with all the manifestos and the Party directives to re-read and to edit for book publication. The intellectuals who threw in their lot with the struggles of the working class, the church, or the military imperialists, were accepted, used and rejected, according to the need of the hour for they chose to commit themselves to a struggle whose long and savage traditions meant that they could incorporate heroes and martyrs and reject traitors and heretics without halting the blind struggle. The Communist Party spewed forth more than its fair share of bleeding hearts and the literary pages of the West read like a valediction as ancient jades pen their apologetic to explain away the lapsed membership of the Communist Party.

Yet the intellectuals were never betrayed despite the fact that they demand that their wailing should be kept in permanent reach of the printer's hand for it is the tragedy of the middle-class intellectuals that when they climb aboard the bandwagon the big boys won't let them drive it. Small groups of revolutionary salvationists may have a ball of a time cocking a pretty snoot at the big daddy figure of the State but when it becomes a matter not only of destroying the State and recreating the ruins, then brute politics in all its crude and vulgar ugliness takes over and those who finally hold the power are those who stay alive having physically fought their way over the dead bodies of the opposition to the centre of power.

Alastair Hamilton's *The appeal of fascism*... a study of intellectuals and fascism is a well-written and a worth-reading joke for despite its foul impact on the lives and the deaths of millions of innocent peoples fascism was a fragile weed that curled up and died in all its manufactured beastliness at the first

taste of its first war. Seeking to incorporate and to usurp the romantic traditions of the Right for the benefit of a middle class, ready to fight but not to die for their property rights, they hid behind a small army of mindless militant working-class street fighters, designed themselves pretty uniforms, saluted each other's flags, denied their loyalties, and crawled to the safety of the rear of their particular State armies the moment their cash registers were threatened. Too ephemeral as a political movement to produce their own intelligentsia, they wooed and won a sad rat bag of talent from the middle-class avant garde who scuttled away with their pens and their bloody-minded romantic prose when they saw the first bloodstain left behind by the fascist yoke. But this time they could not cry 'betrayed', for their own gutsy prose had glorified the idea and the ideal of abstract violence and with real red blood or the public sight of some unfortunate and inoffensive Jewish clerk beaten and degraded by a uniformed mob of fascist muscle men to puke over as they dipped their breakfast bread soldiers into their morning egg marked the time of that long day into night when a silent folding of tents became the order of the day for those middle-class intellectuals who wanted to play Plato to the local butcher Caesar.

These foolish and pathetic men limp through Hamilton's excellent book marked down for the fools they were. Oswald Spengler crying that he was part of a period of Caesarism; Yeats, with his march of tragic heroes, writing lyrics for O'Duffy's stage army of comic Irish blueshirts to march through the bogs to; Charles Maurras and T. S. Eliot high-mindedly and pedantically seeking to reject the vulgar and barbarous ideas and emotions of romanticism for a return to the classic way of life. Gabriele d'Annunzio and Filippo Marinetti playing at being pretty soldiers; Luigi Pirandello and two associates looking like the three pathetic old men they were as they posed in their smart virile blackshirt uniforms. Thomas Mann jumping on and off fences like a raw-arsed cat while Ernest Junger and his National

Bolsheviks planned for a mystical war on Germany's eastern borders. Benedetto Croce, the follow-traveller, Martin Heidegger, the office place-seeker. What a pathetic group they were even to the millionaires such as Cohn, Fleuriot, Hennessy and the rest who financed this middle-class rabble and their newspapers and their magazines. Of all the European fascist fellow-travellers, only men like Louis-Ferdinand Celine or Pierre Laval are worthy of a perverted admiration for there was a negative nobility in these men and their actions. They openly despised their fellow men and put their contempt into print and action. From 1937 on when Celine's *rehash of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion* marked his urchin course he called no man friend and the Left hated him and the Right feared him. Like Pierre Laval he gave his evil a dark beauty and their arrogant bravery and rejection of the selfish moralities in favour of their own nihilistic vision made them worthy victims of the age.

Only the British twig of the European fascist family tree deserves the contempt it has rightly earned and these men are not worthy of naming though Hamilton has recorded their names and their shy-making activities within this book. Fool of that large circus was surely Roy Campbell and one must mention him if for no other reason than, apparently, a deliberate suppression of his poetic works. He is surely, with Dylan Thomas, one of the two great lyric poets of our generation. When Campbell died in 1957 Robert Graves penned a magnificent full-bellied attack on the man for the fool that this Bloomsbury-based fighter for Franco was yet. When sad and indifferent time has weaned the poetry from the poetry, I will hold that Campbell's *Horses on the Camargue* with its heart-tearing beauty of *In the grey wastes of dread / The haunt of shattered gulls where nothing moves / But in a shroud of silence like the dead, / I heard a sudden harmony of hooves, / And, turning, saw afar / A hundred snowy horses unconfined, / The silver runaways of Neptune's car / Racing, spray curled, like waves before the wind, / I will haunt the dreaming mind when Herbert Read's pedestrianism and impeccably correct, libertarianism, A Song for the Spanish Anarchists will, for the sake of Read's reputation, best be forgotten for it could rise no higher than its final verse of*

And men are men who till the land / and women are women who weave: / Fifty men own the lemon grove / and no man is a slave.

Heigh ho, little comrade, that art and beauty are a-politic and hold no party card and one must take the dirt with the diamond. Hamilton's book *The appeal of fascism* carries a foreword by Stephen Spender, Queen Bee of the Lonely Hearts' Club, for those who could not take the split infinitives of the hairy rank and file of the Communist Party. Steve writes that 'In the minds of writers who thought that their first obligation in their art was to keep open lines of communication with the dead, Fascism represented order, a return to the past tradition, opposition to Communism and social decadence' but I would hold that too many British middle-class intellectuals threw in their pens with the Communist Party because it was la mode and when the going became too rough too many hoisted their middle-class shirt tails in support of Fascism because it offered them an ordered society in which to act out their pathetic political charades.

Stephen Spender finds himself with another key role in T. C. Worsley's *Fellow Travellers*. This is a sad soap opera story of Martin Murry (Stephen Spender) and Harry the ex-guardian son of a miner, Gavin and Pugh and all the rest of the lads who 'absorbed anarchism and gaiety from the habitues of the cafe opposite the Pleiades Bookshop in Red Lion Square' and how they loved and suffered, mostly for Harry the ex-guardian. It was left to Philip Toynbee to really savage this small offering to a committed reading public. A book of in-group gossip about 'politics and homosexuality' to quote Toynbee, 'of four male characters who were to some degree homosexual, all played at left wing politics' plus the revelation that when Stephen Spender went to Spain in search of Harry he was accompanied by T. C. Worsley's man himself. Millions of men, women and children have died miserable and tragic deaths since the gay blades of the middle-class intelligentsia played at politics with the muscle-men of the Right and the Left and those millions of deaths make all of this limp, wrist-slapping gossip as valueless as the ancient scribbles on the wall of a condemned lavatory.

ARTHUR MOYSE

RED SCHOOLHOUSE BECOMES WHITEHOUSE

ALTHOUGH we may have little doubt that it is quite common for magistrates and judges to have their minds made up ahead of the evidence, it is usual for them to take a little trouble to conceal the fact. Not so Mr. J. D. Purcell, the Clerkenwell magistrate seconded to Lambeth last week for the *Obscene Publications* case against Richard Handside, publisher of *The Little Red Schoolbook*. His every intervention, comment, facial expression—all told quite plainly what the verdict would be, from the moment the hearing began. That, presumably, was why the period of six days provisionally set aside for the hearing was (almost uniquely in court experience) reduced by more than half: there was little point in either side prolonging it when the outcome was so certain.

The Little Red Schoolbook, said Mr. Michael Corkery, QC, representing the

Director of Public Prosecutions, had been brought to the notice of the DPP by Mrs. Mary Whitehouse. ('Whitehouse or Whitehorse?' enquired Mr. Purcell from the bench, indulging in a rather extreme piece of pretended judicial ignorance.) Later, to reporters outside the court, Mrs. Whitehouse boasted that she had actually been waiting for the book to be published by someone in this country since she first came across the original Danish edition. However, having mentioned her name, Mr. Corkery added that he would not be calling her as a witness. 'Perhaps it would be better if she were called,' commented Mr. John Mortimer, QC, for the defence. And why, wondered those of us crammed in the public gallery, should Mrs. Whitehouse, having no official status, be sitting in state and comfort in front of the public gallery (class) barrier, while repre-

sentatives of the opposing pressure groups (such as the NCCL) were reduced to literal pressure behind it? Throughout the hearing Mrs. Whitehouse sat smugly in the body of the court, while we in the public gallery not only had to take it in turns to occupy the meagre seating provided, but had almost to take it in turns to breathe. Set apart thus from the lower orders, with never a puffed hair ruffled under her discreet hat, Mrs. Whitehouse had the air of a hostess gracing one end of the courtroom while Mr. Purcell presided at the other.

The first of his magisterial decisions was to rule against Mr. Mortimer's submission that the book should (in accordance with statute and precedent) be considered as a whole. However he ruled in favour of the prosecution's consideration of the chapter on sex (23 pages out of 208) in isolation. (But this could be useful in the event of an appeal.)

Witnesses for the prosecution comprised a schoolmistress, two schoolmasters, and a doctor; those for the defence, an educational philosopher, a family-planning expert, a psychiatrist, a schoolmistress, a clergyman, and a schoolmaster. The doctor called by the prosecution was an assistant secretary of the British Medical Association and a member of the Whitehouse outfit (the National Viewers and Listeners Association) and MRA. The most memorable part of his evidence was: 'I don't think you can have points of view about right and wrong.' By contrast, the doctor called by the defence, though a much younger man, had a most impressive record of relevant experience, his present position being that of medical adviser at Sussex University. The weight of genuine expert opinion was overwhelmingly on the defence side—but Purcell would not have changed his mind if the Blessed Virgin herself had

appeared for the defence.

He actually joined in the cross-examination of the schoolmaster defence witness: 'Are teachers frightened nowadays of teaching morals?' 'Not frightened,' was the reply, 'but if you ever stood up in a schoolroom... I have,' the magistrate broke in—but he did not say how long ago (and *Who's Who* mentions nothing about his teaching, though it gives plenty of detail on his army career). 'Well,' continued the witness, 'today you have to present the evidence for one side and then for the other, and act as a sort of chairman between the two. If you take a moral stand, they just shut off.'

Another defence witness, cross-examined on the fact that the book contained only two references to the age of consent, and none in one particular paragraph where it may have been relevant (it was not made clear how often it ought to have been mentioned), made the point that the age of consent was common knowledge in secondary schools, so that, in fact, a pretty girl under the age of 16 was generally referred to by schoolboys as 'jail-bait'.

At one point, in cross-examining a witness, Mr. Corkery attempted a quick paraphrase of the words 'It's easier for boys to come than for girls' and made the startling assertion that it is easier for boys to have an ejaculation than it is for girls!! A titter from the public gallery caused him to correct himself—'Well, er, orgasm'—but rather as though one word was as good as another, provided one avoided such colloquial terms as 'to come'.

Mr. Mortimer's 90-minute closing speech pointed out that, as in any other type of criminal case, the onus of proof was on the prosecution, and, should there be two conflicting opinions, both of which were legitimate, the court could not say that the prosecution had proved its case beyond reasonable doubt. The essence of the two legitimate arguments in this case were, on the one side that children should be told what to do and do it, and on the other that they should be presented with the facts and allowed to judge for themselves. Mr. Mortimer also permitted himself to comment that it was perhaps characteristic of those on the side of censorship to concentrate solely on the subject of sex—but a great deal more trouble was caused in the world by Hitler than by Casanova.

The verdict—that the defence had failed to refute the prosecution's case—was stated in a matter of seconds, for magistrates are not required to give reasons for their decisions.

Mr. Mortimer then pointed out that his client's total assets were invested in the book now banned and that he had not been granted legal aid for a QC (though, of course, the other side would have had a QC whether the defence had one or not). This appeared to be news to Mr. Purcell, though it had been mentioned by Mr. Mortimer before. The prosecution costs were said to be £900, and, in addition to the fines of £25 (admittedly minimal) on each of the two counts, Mr. Purcell set Mr. Handside's contribution to the prosecution costs at 110 guineas. (The obsolete guineas is perhaps not without some significance.)

As the magistrate left the courtroom, a young man in the public gallery exploded: 'The court's obscene—and you're a dirty old man!' Purcell could hardly have failed to hear this testimonial, but he chose not to hear it. Afterwards I was surprised to learn that the young man guilty of this gross contempt of court was himself an aspirant to the legal profession—a trainee barrister. If he perseveres with his chosen career, there may be some hope for British justice yet.

An editorial in London's *Evening Standard*—hardly a revolutionary paper—contrasted two coincidentally simultaneous news items on freedom of speech: the verdict of the US Supreme Court which found in favour of allowing publication of Pentagon secrets, and the verdict of the Lambeth court which found against a useful reference book for children, giving them the facts of life in their own sort of language and without authoritarian overtones. The *Evening Standard* commented:

Freedom of speech is nothing if it is flouted every time the powers-that-be decide that they have been offended or embarrassed in some way. On Wednesday, the US Supreme Court rejected that dangerous principle; when *The Little Red Schoolbook* case goes up for appeal, an English court should do the same.

BARBARA SMOKER



AFBIB—To all Groups.

Next AFBIB Meeting and Production, Sunday, August 1. 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, Heston, York. 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.

AFB REGIONAL GROUPS

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(M, Ms, B)
East & E. Herts: P. Newell, 'Aegean', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester. (QM, FL)
Surrey: G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom.
Yorkshire: Martin Watkins, Flat D, 90 Qarendon Road, Leeds, LS2 9JL.
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 9855, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404, USA.
S. Ireland: 20 College Lane, Dublin, 2.
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(Abbreviations: M—meeting; Ms—magazine; B—badges; Q—Quarterly; FL—free leaflets)

AFBIB

The next 3 issues of AFBIB will be produced from 95 West Green Road, London, N.15. The nearest tube station is Seven Sisters, on the Victoria Line (exit 'High Road'). Phone 01-800 9508. Floor space is available for comrades with sleeping bags who want to arrive early and/or leave later.

month's meetings scheduled to start about 2.30 on the first Sunday of each month.

Another 4-page leaflet. Two articles from *FREEDOM*: *The relevance of Anarchism today and Anarchism and Nationalism*. Available from Freedom Bookshop for 30p a hundred including postage.

GOVERNMENT & THE PEOPLE

The first issue of FREEDOM appeared in 1886. The editorial re-printed below is taken from the issue of December, 1914.

The central idea—that people have no voice in decision-making—is as true today as in 1914. Indeed, if you substitute 'common market' for 'war' as you read the article, it would be an excellent comment on Government and the People in 1971. It is still the almighty State which decides—and the 'collectivists' (communists and socialists) and 'social democrats' (Labour Party) still venerate that State. Only the anarchists say now—as they said in 1914—Let the People Decide!

THE OUTSTANDING FEATURE of the war is the helplessness of the people in the management of their own affairs. They have surrendered so much power into the hands of the State that even in a life-and-death matter like a war they have no voice in the decision as to whether the nation shall or shall not take part in the struggle. In the critical days before the war broke out all the negotiations were carried on in secret, the curtain being lifted just sufficiently to suit the purpose of our masters. The people were not given any idea of the position until Sir Edward Grey made his statement in the House on

August 3, when it transpired that even Parliament had been hoodwinked as to Britain's international entanglements. But the people's 'representatives', instead of strongly protesting against being treated like children, maintained a humble silence, and allowed the Government a free hand in everything—in money, men, and measures—and a Defence of the Realm Act was passed which practically put the country under martial law.

The secrecy of the Government's diplomatic intrigues, however, was almost their undoing, as few people had any idea what the war was about, and recruiting was very slow. Then it occurred to the Cabinet that it was necessary to tell the people why they had gone to war, and Ministers travelled up and down the country giving various reasons for their action. So here we have this so-called free and self-governing nation launched into a war without knowing why, at the behest of a small clique wielding the powers of the State. Of course, the same thing happened in every other country; whatever the form of government, the people had no voice in the matter. They have but to march at the word of command; they will have little to do with the terms of peace.

The truth is, that for some time now

the 'State' has become an object of slavish worship. The divine right of kings has been replaced by the divine right of Governments, and the sanctity previously attaching to priests is now assumed by politicians. In the older religions, secrecy was their great strength, the priests being credited with supernatural powers. Nowadays the State has acquired the same value in the eyes of the people, and by the same means. The inner circle of the Cabinet has its 'holy of holies', into which only the high priests of government are admitted; and the people wait humbly outside for the holy message. If the priests say 'Peace', it is peace; if they say 'War', then war it is. To challenge their decisions is equivalent to doubting the gods of old, and is an unpardonable crime.

Of course, the power of the State is not the growth of a day, but has

come into being gradually. The octopus-like tentacles are stretching out to grasp and control our lives in every direction. The 'Labour' legislation of recent years, in the shape of health insurance and unemployment insurance, although it has been boomed by the politicians as a great blessing for the workers, is in reality only a subtle way of bringing the exploited more completely under the sway of the State. The worst feature of such legislation is the regimentation and shepherding of the workers, which in the long run will break up the organisations they had built up as a barrier against their exploiters. The new army of officials, of course, will be a bulwark of the State.

To the Collectivist or Social Democrat the State is an object of veneration; but the Anarchist can only regard it as the power which has to be fought. Ranged behind the State are all the forces of reaction—political, financial, and religious—and with them there can never be any truce. To destroy the belief in the holiness of the State is the first and greatest task of those who would be free.

Contraception & Liberation

Dear Comrades,

The comments by 'H' on the Women's Liberation movement in Ireland (26.6.71) go rather wildly astray from a libertarian viewpoint. Snide remarks about 'soured spinsters' are the conditioned response of conformist reaction and the mass media upholding the values of present society. And as for knowing what real liberation means—it means first and foremost control of one's own life, one's own environment, one's own body. Therefore, for women, contraception is basic and essential. It is also the obvious area for action in Ireland, where the repressive dictates of church and state expressly outlaw the exercise of this vital freedom.

It should go without saying that every woman should be able to prevent herself from becoming a mother of nine children living in one room, or a mother of one if she doesn't want to be. It's true that the Pill is not the great universal liberator it's sometimes made out to be. There are numerous points against it: the woman has all the discomfort and inconvenience as well as all the risk; she has to imbibe constantly a drug which may have harmful side-effects; it can be difficult enough to stop a man from acting as if he owns you without giving him the excuse of knowing you won't get pregnant, etc. But as a measure of self-defence, it must be freely available, together with full information.

The same goes for all other contraceptive methods, none of which is ideal. And at least until research comes up with something safer and better, like a pill for men or the morning-after pill, we must demand that abortion be freely

available on demand as a supplement to birth-control. Of course, I realise it will be a long time before the benighted state of Ireland gets anywhere near this!

Fraternally,

London

L.W.



PRESS FUND

June 17-30 inc.

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SELL 'FREEDOM' !!

READERS MAY have seen the recent correspondence, including letters from Nicolas Walter and myself, on Peter Kropotkin and FREEDOM, in the Sunday 'Observer'. Since their publication, I have received quite a number of inquiries, subscriptions and other interesting letters (see letter from A. Harris in this issue). The assistant editor of the 'Observer' has also commented upon 'the remarkable and encouraging record of the Freedom Press', and another writer tells me that she visited the house in Moscow, a few weeks ago, 'where Prince Kropotkin had lived'. Furthermore, the 'Observer' column, 'Briefing' (6.6.71), in a short review of the paperback 'Anarchism Today', mentions the growing anarchist movement in Britain. Such publicity and sympathetic comment should encourage comrades to sell FREEDOM.

Over the last month or so sales have indeed improved. There have been no spectacular increases—and none were expected. To offset this, however, during the summer vacations, bundles are not sent to colleges and universities. There are, moreover, still some subscriptions outstanding. Is yours one of those? We badly need the money.

A few comrades have written to me, thanking me for giving information about future demos, meetings and other happenings. Such advanced information resulted in half a dozen comrades selling FREEDOMS at the recent Communist rally. Less than two pounds' worth was actually sold—but anarchists know how difficult it is getting through to Communists whilst still members of, or loyal to, the Party. However, I list below a number of happenings which, if sufficient

comrades care to rouse themselves and order bundles (10 copies at 40p, 50 copies at £1.75 and 100 copies at £3.50, post paid), should provide ample opportunities for selling FREEDOM.

1. Carnival, Saturday, July 10, 2 p.m. (see Contact Column).
 2. Koff-In, Saturday, July 17, 3 p.m. (see Contact Column).
 3. 6-hour Folk-In, Saturday, July 17, 6 p.m. till midnight, at the Royal Festival Hall, London.
 4. The Tolpuddle Martyrs' Memorial Rally, Sunday, July 25, 1 p.m., at the TUC Martyrs' Memorial Cottages, Tolpuddle, Dorchester, Dorset. The organisers say: 'Be sure to come—bring your banners.' But far more important, I say: 'Be sure to come—bring your bundle of FREEDOMS!' Not only that, but the editors of FREEDOM will be writing a special Tolpuddle article for the occasion. Oh! I almost forgot to mention that the main speaker at the rally will be that great proletarian martyr, the Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, accompanied by the Dumfries Silver Band.
 5. Folk Show, Broadstairs, August 9-13, 8 p.m., at Piermont Park, Broadstairs. (Ted Heath is not booked to bring his organ!)
 6. Falmouth Folk Festival '71, August 8-11. (For details, write to Dave Harvey, 2 Stithians Row, Four Lanes, Redruth, Cornwall.)
- So, there you are. If you can't combine business with pleasure by having a ball, and selling FREEDOM, I give up! PETER NEWELL (Circulation Manager)



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

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ANARCHY 3

The Acid Issue

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FINE TUBES— the Fight goes on

FINE TUBES DISPUTE passes the year's milestone and 21,000 Welsh miners have agreed to a levy in support of the strikers.

Workers at Shell, Esso, ICI, British Oxygen, Sparrow Cranes, BRS, and National Carriers are blacking supplies from Fine Tubes.

Suppliers still sending raw materials include Osborne (Lowmoor) steels of Bradford, and Sheffield steel firms Hadfield, Samuel Fox and Firth Brown.

SCABS

It seems that most of the scab labour was recruited from the Royal Navy.

The extra overtime from Whitsun promised in lieu of a 15% pay claim has not started yet. The 9% pay rise awarded to the scabs was part of a deal which included the abolition of shift premiums and a 40-hour instead of a 37½-hour-week. In all a loss of 30p per week.

PICKETS

About 100 workers including 30 people from Rolls Royce in Bristol and Coventry picketed Fine Tubes today (June 11). Scuffles broke out when police tried to clear a path for blacklegs but no arrests were made. Those watching the local TV news had the pleasure of seeing a police inspector knocked flying by a scab's car when the latter tried to rush the picket line.

Later a striker said: 'We are prepared to stay out for another year if necessary, either to get an honourable settlement or to destroy the firm.'

The next day a gang of 20 to 25 scabs took time off from the night shift to assault the two lone night pickets—pickets managed to get to their car and escaped OK. An official complaint was

made to the police but nothing more has been heard of it.

The Strike Committee tipped off the press that something special was planned for the first anniversary of the beginning of the strike. At 7 o'clock in the morning the gates were almost invisible, hidden by TV people, the press and many police. They waited and then at 7.30 a van pulled up, two pickets got out, sat down and got out a pack of cards.

Chairman Barclay, after one year the ever-silent boss of Fine Tubes, spoke:

'We will maintain our position at Fine Tubes to be amongst the leaders in the community for pay and conditions—unskilled labour at the dockyard get more than the skilled Fine Tubes men.'

'We need no pressure to do this, nor will we react under pressure—particularly artificial pressure.'—Oh yeah.

'In the last year we thought that anything we said would have added fuel to the fire, but I don't think that holds any longer.'—Sure it don't—the fire does not need any more fuel. Asked if the factory was now non-union Barclay said, 'I don't know.'—Fucking liar.

Barclay showed the press audited accounts—turnover up 28% over last year—operating figures up 100% over the first four months this year and a 90% increase in sales over the same period. (On TV this was a 90% increase in sales to our customers.) In addition Fine Tubes is installing extra production capacity.

This does not tally with the Strike Committee's figures. Nor with the rusty benches seen—nor the lack of lorries.

Anyway we shall see. The fight goes on.

G.R.

All Quiet on the Streets

BLACKBURN'S LAW MACHINE responded to racial street fighting (FREEDOM, 26.6.71) by dispensing instant robbery, without undue discrimination. Skinheads being fined for attacking Asians and Asians fined for defending themselves. The local newsrag feeding the furnace of conflict, with guarded National Front sympathies. I managed to get air time on Radio Blackburn to counteract racist propaganda and arguments.

Axis multi-media people, from Rochdale, prowled Saturday afternoon streets in Tudor costume, handing out free biscuits. Making the cops a little more jumpy or easing their tension and excitement? Barry Filton's environmental event was coincidental but valuable in the situation. At least the feedback would suggest this.

W. Bart, Manchester National Front organiser, is now boasting that his fascist brothers 'will come in force from every corner of Britain. It will be an open air meeting, controlled by the forces of law and order'. The guy has a sinister way of putting things. Various 'socialist' left groups have promised to give them a welcome. More loot for the courts?

The last major Black public meeting in the town (Black Panthers, Marxists and moderates) was notable inasmuch as most speakers linked the State's repressive immigration laws directly with industrial exploitation of all workers. A dole and divided Black labour force in conflict with prejudiced resentful white workers. Classic divide and rule tactics. And it's working.

DAVE CUSHEE

HAVING JUST RETURNED from the Emerald Isle I feel more strongly than ever that those (mostly British) comrades who believe that there is a revolution going on in Ireland are sadly deluding themselves and should concentrate on changing their lives and society rather than build Irish castles in the sky.

While I was over there the Orangemen decided to defy the law and hold one of their traditional marches. After being fired on with rubber bullets by English soldiers the local Catholics (traditional foes of the English) cheered the soldiers! The point is that far from there being a revolution going on in Ireland there is merely a sordid revival of petty but malignant religious rivalries and hatreds. No doubt this suits those in power who have always prospered on the 'Divide and Rule' principle and it is well to point this out.

The new-fangled organisations themselves are thinly disguised fronts for the old battle lines. For example, The North of Ireland Civil Rights Association is blatantly a Catholic front. Vociferously they call for the banning of Orange marches which in themselves are harmless and would normally be just tourist attractions. Anarchists, of course, should be the last to be taken in by power politics. So, please, an end to delusions! **Progressive Workers?**

The Race Relations Board has just published a report which concludes that one of the main areas of racial discrimination in Britain is the working men's club. Enoch Powell has long been supported by masses of the so-called working class in his tirades against 'coloured' people.

Workers have had the benefit of socialist (and anarchist) enlightenment for about a hundred years now and, in fact, have by trade union activity materially improved their position. Some industries, like dockworkers and many classes of tradesmen, have incomes in excess of £40 per week—a figure more than twice that of millions of other workers who are less well organised or who are placed in industries which can easily replace them.

THIS WORLD

Apart from their material progress the working class is as prejudiced and ignorant as ever—so much so that those who would change society must look elsewhere for support in their efforts. I am not saying that workers individually must be eschewed but that the Working Class as such should be. There are still too many well-intentioned progressives who burden themselves with this myth and nourish dreams of Revolution which are far removed from their own lives and actions.

Accommodation Agents' Fees

For once I am happy to accept the advice of one of Her Majesty's judges who has urged that the public be alerted to the plain fact that estate agents are not entitled to charge prospective tenants fees for their services. If fees are to be charged then the landlord is the one who may pay.

For the technically minded this ruling was handed down on July 29, 1971, in the Court of Appeal in the case of Crouch & Lees v. Haridas. In this, the tenant, who also happened to be a lawyer, fought the case on his own. Should estate agents ignore the ruling then it will be a matter for tenants to combine to fight such malpractice by collective action. I would be happy to hear from anyone having problems in this matter. If necessary we could get a Tenants' Association going. The present situation is that estate agents collect £5 to £50 from flat seekers in fees to which they just are not entitled—even legally!

Pollution—Out!

Car manufacturers in the USA must now equip their products with exhaust control devices which will materially reduce pollution. English and European firms may have to follow suit as they would otherwise be barred from the American market. It is not before time

that people have become aware of the menace of car-produced pollution. Cycling over London as I do I am continually subjected to an assault of fumes which are sickening. I was heartened some time ago when Paul Paulowski and myself, while cycling through Hampstead, found ourselves being cheered by a party of schoolchildren. On asking them why they pointed to the myriads of passing motor cars and complimented us, by contrast, for not polluting the atmosphere!

To Abort or Not

A motley gang of Anglicans, Roman Catholics and Muslim priests paraded through Birmingham recently to voice their opposition to abortion. If they wished to express pious sentiments I would say fine. However, what they were actually after was to prevent others from doing what they desired. Enforcing their sentiments on others has always been the rule of the religious bigots and we may thank our stars (or something) that the influence of religion is rapidly declining throughout the world.

Sensible doctors take full cognisance of the circumstances of the individual patient. Thus the girl who recently had an abortion at the age of twelve was then put on the contraceptive pill—a piece of good commonsense all round. The law, however, says that fucking is forbidden for girls under 16 and thus political pressure is building up for investigations and possible prosecutions. The law as usual is an ass and hundreds of thousands of young girls, products no doubt of a well-fed generation, will continue to go to bed (or somewhere) with their boyfriends. An older, guilt-ridden, balled-up generation does not merely look on disapprovingly but proposes punitive action which, as with the laws against pot, may cause hardship to a few but will be completely ineffective at least as far as prevention is concerned.

Peace

The now much-publicised leakage of Pentagon war secrets will come as no surprise to anarchists and peace-lovers generally. That governments lie, deceive and finally murder constitutes part of the massive indictment which anti-authoritarians have always made. Perhaps the words of Albert Einstein are now particularly appropriate: 'The people themselves must take the initiative to see that they are never again led to the slaughter. To expect protection from their governments is folly. . . . I would unequivocally refuse all war service.'

Police Assaulted

In a recent study published by the National Police College it is asserted that within the last few years assaults on police have risen by 56%. Everybody, from the professional criminal to the demonstrator, is blamed except those really responsible—the politicians. Laws, within the last few years, have been enacted that infringe more grievously on the freedom of the individual. The police are now called on to harass coloured immigrants, conduct random searches of literally thousands of young people on the streets and ruthlessly break into private homes. All these victims are proving increasingly unwilling to bear their lot in silence and undefended. Which reminds me of a Sydney libertarian who has written an article for their BROADSHEET in which he points out that some time ago, disillusioned with barren 'permanent protest', he left Australia to live on a hippy commune in California. There he discovered that the peace-loving communards were being set upon by their intolerant neighbours who had set up vigilante squads. The latter actually murdered numbers of the hippies. Then, forced by brutal necessity, the peace-lovers had to defend themselves which they did so effectively that they are now left alone to live a life of harmony. Perhaps the police, like the vigilantes, will learn to cease their intrusions into our private lives. **BILL DWYER.**

WHAT IS OBSCENITY?

Continued from page 1
one of trouble in the management of Britain's first sex supermarket. Many years ago it was pointed out by Aldous Huxley that the exploitation of pornography was used by a South American republic to stifle a revolution, by throwing open free cinemas showing blue films.

It has been acidly pointed out by one of our readers that FREEDOM has never been raided for obscenity. It would seem that years ago FREEDOM realized that sex was here to stay. Indeed much of *Oz*, *IT*, and some of *Private Eye* is on the level of 'Oh Look, Johnny's written a rude word!' Nevertheless Johnny should be allowed to write it.

It is doubtful if 'obscenity' exists. Nothing that is human is alien. The 'obscenities' of our world, those things which deprave and corrupt our humanity, are war and human misery. The corruption of militarism, of unbridled power, the depravity of poverty and powerlessness.

One of the 'obscene' shows of our time was 'Oh Calcutta!' Looking at the scenes among the Bengal refugees one may indeed find 'Oh Calcutta!' a fit title for a real obscenity.

JACK ROBINSON.

ANARCHISM TODAY

Dear Comrade,

I cannot agree with your review of *Anarchism Today* in this week's issue of FREEDOM. This paperback has the same roots as Joll or Woodcock's books, it may be put into the same category: paternalistic while appearing more sympathetic than either the Social Democrats or Stalinists of earlier periods; hostile but with an insight to Anarchist theory that the above never attempted to have. Any book entitled *Anarchism Today* that ignores the 25,000-strong Swedish Syndicalist Union but can find room for a chapter on the Indian Sarvodaya Movement scarcely deserves treatment as a very serious work. Again it entirely ignores the anarcho-syndicalist revival in other parts of the world while the chapter on Spain concludes in 1939.

These are only one or two points taken at random, I am not trying to do a second review although I do think that a second review would be worthwhile exposing these inadequacies. On the credit side, I agree with your reviewer that the book contains snippets of useful information as for instance the chapter on Argentina.

The stage is set by one of the Editors, David Apter, in the first few paragraphs of the book. He talks about the 'fascination' of anarchism, he discusses how on the one hand it attracts by its rage and anger and then repels with its

Contact

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

Urgent. Help told and dispatch Phonograph every Thursday from 4 p.m. onwards. Tea served.

Electro-Stencils cut. 45p each (inc. post). Liberator, 95 West Green Road, London, N.15.

Comrades in Japan would like to contact anarchists who are interested in Commune Movements. Write to Hiroshi Ozeki, Japan Commune Assn., Asahi Bldg. 5-7, 2-Chome, Akasaka, Minato-Ku, Tokyo, Japan. **The Match!**—a monthly Anarchist journal. Send to Box 3488, Tucson, Arizona, USA. Year's sub. \$3.00.

October March and Meeting. Initial meeting to discuss arrangements, Freedom Hall, 84B Whitechapel High Street (in Angel Alley), E.1, Sunday, July 18, at 3 p.m.

Karnival. Saturday, July 10, Ilford High Road, 2 p.m. Left Bank of the River Roding near Redbridge Station (Central Line). Protest Against Air Pollution.

Koff-In. Saturday, July 17. Meet 3 p.m. at corner of Green Lane and Ilford High Road. Help carry the Koffin containing the last gasp of clean air in Ilford.

Minority Rights Group's recent reports—on Northern Ireland; East African Asians; Religions in Russia; Japanese Outcasts; and (just out) a double report on the Southern Sudan and Eritrea—price 30p each from MRG, 36 Craven Street, London, W.C.2.

North East London Poly (Barking) Anarchist Group, c/o Students Union, Longbridge Road, Dagenham.

ORA No. 1: 'Towards a History and Critique of the anarchist movement in recent times'. 5p + 2p postage. Obtainable from Keith Nathan, Vanbrugh College, Heslington, York.

Burrell House. Squatters need Plumbing and Electrical Materials. Contact Mike, Flat 16, Burrell House, The Highway, Stepney, E.14.

Axle Bookshop. 6a Hunters Lane, off Yorkshire Street, Rochdale. Call if in town.

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

Leeds Direct Action Pamphlets: The Japanese Anarchists, 1p; 'Who are the Brain Police', 1p (Breakdown of the Power Structure of yer Leeds University—stripping away of liberal bullshit, etc.). Coming soon: 'Listen Marxist', 5p. All these available from the Anarchist Bookshop, 153 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2.

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

Kropotkin Lighthouse Publications. The Revolutionary Catechism, Nochevov, 5p + 2p post. 'Song to the Men of England', Shelley; 'Poster Poem' with Walter Crane's 'Workers' Maypole', 10p + 2p post.

'Poems', Jim Huggon, 5p + 2p post. Discount available on bulk orders. Jim Huggon, c/o Housmans Bookshop, 5 Caledonian Road, London, N.1.

Spanish lessons given in London. Rates on request. Write, in first instance, to Box 02/71, Freedom Press.

Meetings at Freedom: Every Wednesday at 8 p.m. For details see 'This World' column.

bombs, violence and irresponsibility. This is the note on which this book is struck; as indeed are so many from the same academic shit-house of error, inaccuracy and sheer prejudice. It might well be said that where the cartoonists of an earlier period left off with their image of the cloaked anarchist peering suspiciously around a corner, a smoking bomb at the ready, the academics of the late sixties and seventies have taken over. Employing the strategy I have described above of what I will call—paternalistic hostility they do a Jesuitical decapitation on anarchism that must surely gladden the hearts of the enemies of the movement. From the *New Statesman* to Joll, Woodcock, Apter et al is not a step from liberalism to anarchism, it is a step backward from liberalism to shrewd high Toryism if of course one thinks it is a step at all.

Your fraternally,
DAVID PICKETT.

This Week in Ireland

LAST WEEK we had a glimmer of hope that Faulkner was going to be sensible. Alas, on Monday he trots off to an Orange meeting at their belatedly accompanied by Ministers, secretaries and other parliamentary big-wigs galore, and to quote Ivan Cooper, 'makes a dirty little deal' with the Orangemen. Coal-island is 98% Catholic. Last year an elderly man died as the result of being batoned by RUC during riots (in which he was taking no part). The culprits have never been brought to justice any more than the RUC murderers of Samuel Devenney have, or the Protestant extremists who killed the three soldiers in the hope the IRA would be blamed, or those Protestant extremists who made the car booby-trap that killed the BBC people going up the transformer.

So Faulkner comes back and, in spite of all Austin Currie and the other Opposition members can say, insists it is nothing to do with him but a matter for the security forces. These have ordered a very small re-routing. I don't know Coal-island but Austin Currie says the re-routing in point of fact takes these swaggering 'down dogs into the gutter. We are the bosses and don't you dare forget it' men to even worse flash-points.

There is NOTHING religious about these Orange parades. They are purely and simply to show the minority who are the bosses. Paisley threatened Faulkner if one more Orange parade was banned he would bring every Protestant in the six counties out onto the roads to sit there and stay sitting there. That Faulkner was intimidated by their UDI threats there is no doubt. Personally I'd LOVE to see them all sitting while I'd pray to whatever Gods there be to send the most violent thunderstorm ever known!

Neither Paisley nor Craig has the slightest interest in anything but bigoted personal power. I shall breathe a sigh of relief tonight if I learn that the Coal-island parade has gone off without bloodshed or dozens of arrests. 11,000 soldiers have been brought into the six counties for 'the marching season'. There will be NO PEACE up there until the Orange Lodges stop being in control of the Government. Paisley and Craig have brought about the fall of two Prime Ministers. They are working very hard to bring down the third. They resemble the hydra, who, as one cut off one head, grew two more.

The machinations of our Government down south are beyond comprehension.

ULSTER

Dear Comrades,

Malcolm Morris dares to say that three soldiers of the Highland Fusiliers were murdered by the IRA. It is very well known all over Ireland that these boys were killed by extreme Protestants, lured to their deaths by a girl, in order to throw the blame onto the IRA. The actual names of the murderers are known. WHICH IS WHY NO ARREST HAS BEEN MADE.

Evidently Malcolm Morris only reads very conservative British papers or he would have read the frequently-repeated orders by British Generals and Unionist MPs of the 'shoot to kill' type. All troops ARE taught to shoot to kill and not to be a peace-keeping organisation. Re MPs, surely even M.M. has noticed that Frank Gogarty and Frank McManus, MP, went to prison while Beatie and

Paisley, MPs, can do exactly what they like and go scot free?

If the British army in our six counties are not the Waffen SS, far too many of them give a remarkably good imitation.

I have seen them in action, and overheard one say, 'The only good Catholic is a dead Catholic.' Yes, I actually heard that with my own ears and was only prevented from a first-class row by being dragged away by force by the two wiser men who were with me. I have been arrested in Belfast—for sweet damn all. If M.M. is really an Anarchist, there is something very wrong. Anarchists DO NOT defend the brutality of soldiers against civilians in a pub, and innocent women and children in their own homes.

Not being fond of any sort of killing I hold no particular brief for either the Official or Provo IRA but in fairness I must admit I HAVE NEVER found either liars. Both categorically denied that they had shot those soldiers. I noted no such denial from Protestant extremists.

Dublin

H.