

Freedom

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One Million Unemployed ONWARDS AND UPWARDS

THE GOVERNMENT has recently announced that there are now officially over 1 million unemployed people in this country. It is the first time, since the 1947 fuel crisis, that the million mark has been passed. This high figure comes at a time when Government spokesmen have been assuring us that the various economic measures they have instituted will soon begin to take effect. Over 1 million are out of work and companies are still continuing to sack men and women. Even with the likelihood of an economic recovery, it is doubtful whether this will have much effect on the unemployment figures. With their present labour forces, companies can push up output and demand would really have to increase before they needed to take on more workers. Mr. Vic Feather, General Secretary of the TUC, has once again called for immediate reflationary action to stimulate growth. I do not

think that he is as naïve as he is trying to make out for his utterances on unemployment are like the word association games played by psychiatrists. Others play similar games and offer equally useless remedies.

PRODUCING MORE WITH LESS PEOPLE

What many fail or even do not choose to realise is that the structure of industry has changed. Mr. Wilson's 'shake out' of labour has been successful and the productivity deals signed by the trade union leaders have taken their effect. One could even go as far as to say that some trade union leaders, in their fervour for such deals, have campaigned and pushed reluctant employers into such agreements. The new machinery has been installed and productivity is rising. We are producing more with less people and, if British Leyland's profits are anything to go by, we are producing

it at a handsome profit.

While it is obvious that a certain amount of work has to be done to provide enough food, clothing, shelter and other basic requirements, the TUC and many of the 'left' are only demanding that we produce more of the useless and wasteful junk. They want us to continue to waste our lives in boring, soul-destroying factories turning out anything as long as the boss can make a profit from it. If anything, this is increasing the present exploitation.

The early Socialist dreamed of a world where work was reduced to the minimum required to provide for the needs of everyone. Now there are less people producing the useful commodities and many, many more doing useless unproductive jobs. Work is something whose end product should be useful and meaningful.

FROM SCHOOL TO THE DOLE

The reactionary response of the TUC to the announcement of the million-plus unemployed was more than adequately illustrated by the fact that it was the *Financial Times* and not them who put forward an idea to remedy the situation. The *FT* suggested that the government should start thinking about 'shorter working hours and earlier retirement

pensions'. The TUC, however, wants more jobs and more work instead of less work per person. What is sometimes forgotten is that industries which have been run down are not going to take on more men and that there are very few places for the school leavers. More and more of these are finishing school and going straight on to the dole.

It is little use demanding more work or 'the right to work'. We

should be thinking about occupying our places of work as they have done at Plessey's and at Fisher Bendix. Occupation is the first step towards taking over for ourselves, setting our own work hours and producing what is necessary and useful. For too long we have been dictated to during our working lives. Rather than wanting more work we should aim to abolish our present wage slavery. P.T.

The Situation in Australia

AT PRESENT ANARCHIST Michael Matteson is skilfully evading Australian Federal Police whilst he visits various locations canvassing against conscription (he is a draft resister); promoting anarcho-syndicalist ideas and, most significantly, destroying the ugly misrepresentations about anarchism, draft resistance and industrial unionism fostered by the rotten press.

Meanwhile, his anarcho-syndicalist comrade Geoff Mullen is interned for two years for refusing to register. He has been shifted all over the state due to political apprehensions of the state that organized protests may occur at prison sites, where Geoff has been locked up.

The federal elections are pending here but the campaigning is very meagre so

far. The Liberal Party (big business) have a lot of embarrassment, due to their 'anti-inflation' machinations—which boil down to an attack on unionism, closure of public works projects (including schools, housing, etc.); meanwhile top 'public servants' and politicians' salaries are steeply increased.

The Labour Party—the opposition—democratic socialists—adopts a 'silence is golden attitude', hoping to glean some sympathy from the blundering of the existing Liberal Government.

Meanwhile, the people 'sleep walk' through the meaningless maze of drinking clubs, credit purchases, increasing medical expenses and stagnatory boredom. C.P.

An Injury to One—

IF ONE DID not know that we have one of the most corrupt presses in the world one would think that we have one of the most ignorant and careless presses in the world. An example of this corruption is the habitual press statement that the miners' strike is the only widespread strike in the coal industry since 1926.

Any recourse to reference books—which must be scarce in newspaper offices judging by their treatment of 'anarchy', 'anarchists', and 'anarchism'—will reveal that the 'strike' in 1926 as far as the miners were concerned was a lock-out. A distinction with a great deal of difference as far as the miners were concerned.

On June 30, 1925, the coal owners (some of whom are still in receipt of compensation on 'nationalisation') gave notice to terminate the agreement with the miners' union; they proposed unacceptable terms such as wage reductions, the abolition of the principle of a minimum wage and the reversion from national to district agreements. The refusal of such terms was endorsed by the General Council of the TUC, who announced at a joint meeting on July 10 that 'they completely endorsed the refusal of the Miners' Federation to meet the owners until the proposals have been withdrawn', and furthermore passed a resolution recording 'their complete support of the miners, and undertook to co-operate wholeheartedly with them in their resistance to the degradation of the standard of life of their members'.

The employers' notice expired on July 31 and in a last-minute interview with the miners Stanley Baldwin (himself in the steel business), the Prime Minister, urged the miners to take a reduction 'to help put industry on its feet'.

On July 30 the Special Committee of the General Council of the TUC issued 'Official Instructions to all Railway and Transport Workers, as agreed unanimously'. These were approved by the General Council of the TUC.

According to Allen Hutt in *The Post-War History of the British Working Class (1937)* these read:—

'Wagons containing coal must not be attached to trains after midnight on Friday, July 31st, and after this time wagons of coal must not be supplied to any industrial or commercial concerns. . . . Coal Exports: all tippers and trimmers will cease work at the end of the second shift on July 31st. Coal Imports: on no account may import coal be handled from July 31st. . . . All men engaged in delivering coal to commercial

and industrial concerns will cease Friday night July 31st' (1925).

This display, although only on paper, of solidarity galvanized the Government which backtracked on previous speeches by Baldwin and granted a subsidy to the coal industry for nine months to enable that notable British panacea, a Royal Commission, to make a detailed enquiry.

This gave in fact a breathing-space for the Government to draw up its strike-breaking plans, the TUC had also time to prepare. Mr. Winston Churchill (of whom we were to hear more) was Chancellor of the Exchequer at that time and he explained the situation thus: 'We therefore decided to postpone the crisis in the hope of averting it, of coping officially with it when the time comes.' When the time came, Churchill was editor of the strike-breaking *British Gazette*.

At the end of September 1925, a volunteer organization was set up called the Organization for the Maintenance of Supplies. The Home Secretary welcomed it as an auxiliary to the Government's own plans 'which have long since been made' and stated that joining the OMS would be a patriotic act.

The Miners' Federation, disquieted by the Government's plans and the TUC's lack of preparation tried to put through an Industrial Alliance, 'a war council of industrial allies'.

On March 10, when the Royal Commission's report on the Coal Industry was completed, it was vague in its suggestions of state intervention or nationalization but was precise in advocating that the miners should accept a wage-cut. On February 19, 1926, the TUC Special Industrial Committee affirmed it would stand by the miners.

On April 9 the miners, at their national delegate conference, decided to stick by the slogan 'not a penny off the pay, not a second on the day'. Four days later the Miners' Federation met the coal owners, who announced their intention of proceeding to negotiate on a district basis, and shortly afterwards posted lock-out notices, to take effect on May 1, 1926.

After this, the unions staggered into the General Strike which prematurely ended; the TUC being frightened by success, with a defeat for the miners, whose lock-out continued. Some of the legislation passed during the General Strike was used against the miners.

Arthur Horner wrote of the ending of the lock-out when the TUC Congress refused to 'black' foreign coal: 'When the General Council betrayed the miners, its members had perforce to prevent the

SIGNIFICANT EVENTS in 'Rhodesia' / Zimbabwe coinciding with the presence of the Pearce Commission in the country, which is supposed to be testing opinion of all groups in Rhodesia on the Smith Home settlement, have demonstrated forcefully that African opinion heartily rejects the British Government's sell-out to apartheid.

The violent reaction of the Rhodesian authorities underlines the brutal, intolerant attitude of Smith's regime—although one cannot see much fundamental difference between the actions of the British in Northern Ireland and Smith's forces in Rhodesia, except that Smith directs his repression at the majority.

The arrest and detention of the white liberals Garfield Todd and his daughter Judith, followed by that of the African nationalist leader, Josiah Chinamano and his wife, on top of the killing of African demonstrators, indicates the extent of Smith's contempt for the 'normal political activities' which were supposed to be in operation during Lord Pearce's Commission. Lord Pearce is reported to have conceded that normal political activities must be seen in a Rhodesian context—which, of course, includes the locking up of the opposition!

The nature of African resistance now being demonstrated is very noteworthy and the fact that disturbances are widespread has definitely frightened the Rhodesian authorities. This is encouraging but an incursion from freedom fighters to the north might have made the

miners from winning in order to secure justification in the eyes of their own men. There being no neutrality in the class struggle, the traitors were bound to turn assassins of their previous allies in their own defence. Having made prophecies of a miners' defeat, they must now assist events to prove they were right! This is very harsh—but will history repeat itself?

J.R.
P.S. Those wishing to help the strike financially send donations to National Union of Mineworkers, 222 Euston Road, London, N.W.1, where enquiries about any other possible help should be made.

'Normal Political Activity'—Rhodesian Style

position even more encouraging. However, one salutes the African people for demonstrating anger at the manner in which the British Government wishes to dispose of them and the 'Rhodesian problem'.

Some time ago when Josiah Chinamano was in Gonakudzingwa Restriction Camp (Rhodesia's Long Kesh) he wrote to me of people like Adam Sedgewick and David Livingstone. 'The achievements of these great men of old,' he wrote, 'was largely because of their perseverance and determination despite hazards and untold hardships . . . they never flinched or retreated.'

Josiah Chinamano faces hazards and untold hardships. According to the *Evening News* (21.1.72): 'Mr. Chinamano collapsed and was taken to hospital immediately after being arrested.' No doubt the Smith regime has all the

instruments of torture the British use in Ulster—so when the politicians jump around condemning 'the affront to the principles of British justice and liberty in Rhodesia' ask them what they did about the treatment meted out to internees in Northern Ireland, to Jake and Ian in England or the Mangrove Nine in Notting Hill. You won't see the politicians for dust!

All States react in a similar way to a challenge to their authority—they arrogantly try to stamp it out using all the methods—psychological and evil—of the modern era. Maintaining 'order'—whether in Rhodesia, Ulster, Poland, Vietnam or China—is the *raison d'être* of the State. We must judge them by the way they keep their villainous concept of 'order' intact and kick them where they belong—onto the scrapheap of history. FRANCIS DRAKE.

'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).

The Poverty of Philosophy

IN DEFENSE OF ANARCHISM, by Robert Paul Wolff (Harper and Row, 1970. \$4.50, paperback \$1.25, 60p from Freedom Bookshop).

SOCIAL ANARCHISM, by Giovanni Baldelli (Aldine-Atherton, 1971. \$5.95, from Freedom Bookshop).

MOST BOOKS on anarchism are by non-anarchists who know little about the subject, and even the best seldom have much to do with the views and actions of real live anarchists. Here are two books published in the United States which have at least been written by people who call themselves anarchists, though they still have far more appeal for non-anarchists. Robert Paul Wolff is an American university teacher who has moved away from democratic liberalism—see his previous writings, especially an essay called 'Beyond Tolerance' in the symposium, *A Critique of Pure Tolerance* (1965), and a book, *The Poverty of Liberalism* (1968)—towards a form of philosophical anarchism. Giovanni Baldelli is an Italian-English school-teacher who began as an anti-Fascist, was active for a time in the international anarchist movement, and has also come to adopt a form of philosophical anarchism.

The trouble about philosophical anarchism, whatever form it takes and whichever way it is reached, is that it does not much interest anarchists—except of course when it occurs in prominent people who can be named for propaganda reasons or approached for moral and financial support. It is therefore difficult to say much about either of these books to readers who are interested in something more than the theoretical positions of vaguely like-minded people, especially when neither of the people in question has anything to offer which most anarchists do not know already or have not left behind long ago. Nevertheless,

it is worth indicating briefly what the two books are like, especially since they are both to be published in this country later this year.

In Defense of Anarchism is essentially an argument against orthodox—i.e. liberal bourgeois—political philosophy expressed in its own theoretical terminology. Wolff states the traditional problem of the contradiction between the autonomy of the individual and the authority of the state, and then describes his own intellectual shift over a period of five years away from the acceptance of the traditional solution of representative democracy based on free elections and majority rule. 'My failure to find any theoretical justification for the authority of the state had convinced me that there was no justification. In short, I had become a philosophical anarchist.'

Wolff's present position is close to that of *An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice*, though it lacks the clarity and elegance of Godwin, and owes much more to Kant. An intriguing point is that Wolff omits all reference to (and apparently has no knowledge of) any anarchist figure or event of any kind. He mentions such political philosophers as Plato, Aristotle, Hobbes, Filmer, Locke, Hume, Rousseau, Kant, Austin, Mill, Marx, and Hayek, and such sociologists as Max Weber, Kenneth Arrow, Duncan Black, and John Rawls, but no anarchist writer, and indeed no aspect of the anarchist movement at all. This is a defence of anarchism in a world from which historical anarchism—indeed all history—has been completely excluded, a world which seems to consist entirely

of scholars and books, apart from odd references to the American attacks on Cuba and Vietnam.

Social Anarchism belongs to an even more rarefied world, an intellectual vacuum from which all previous thought and action, all politics and history, have been extracted and in which only timeless philosophical and biological considerations are applied. Baldelli describes it as 'a book of ideas', and it is indeed both idealist in the technical sense and idealistic in the popular sense; the problem is how it relates to practical reality in any sense at all. Three people—Jesus Christ, John Locke, and Karl Marx—are each mentioned once, but their names could have been omitted without making the slightest difference. There is also a passing reference to Proudhon, which may be more significant, for the book has something of the flavour of Proudhon at his least polemical. Indeed it might almost have been written at the time of Proudhon; it is certainly curious to read a book published in 1971 which tries to set out an anarchist philosophy without mentioning Bakunin's attempt to do more or less the same thing, and which tries to build up this anarchist philosophy on a basis of human ethics without mentioning Kropotkin's attempt to do a very similar thing.

It is not a long book, but it is difficult to read because it is written almost entirely in generalities (for an even more extreme example of this approach, see Lawrence Morley's book *The Progressive Anarchist*, published this year by Onex Publications, Wakefield). We

are told that it was originally 'an extensive treatise with chapters on such matters as religion, education, and defence', but was reduced to its present form on the advice of David Wieck, the veteran American anarchist. Wieck has contributed a laudatory preface, but Baldelli was wrong to take his advice, for in depriving his argument of practical application he has removed almost all opportunities of testing it against what one considers anarchism to be. Unfortunately, when there is an opportunity to do this one is not given much encouragement—thus the section on the way an 'ethical society' would deal with

delinquency seems to accept the necessity of detention (where? by whom?), an 'emergency corps' to catch delinquents, and 'assessors' and 'approvers' to perform quasi-judicial functions; and there is a curious section on 'Authorities in an Anarchist Society' which illustrates the difficulties of trying to make words mean what one chooses to mean rather than what most other people think they mean.

Baldelli is postulating a moral rather than a social anarchism, but his argument is in fact not so much moral as moralistic, dealing in abstractions and obligations which have been rejected by almost all anarchists for a hundred years. It will appeal to non-political people who are inclined towards anarchism, but it will not interest either liberals or socialists, and few anarchists will get much out of it.

N.W.

Clockwork— but No Orange

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE is being widely publicised as a film about violence and sex, about anarchy and tyranny. It is in fact nothing of the kind, but a technically and ostentatiously skilful and artistically and intellectually worthless entertainment made by Stanley Kubrick from Anthony Burgess's ten-year-old novel. Burgess is a writer who has more breadth than depth, who writes too fast and too much, who says so much that he often has nothing to say, but *A Clockwork Orange* is one of his better books. Kubrick is a producer who has already 'produced' several good books as successful films—*Paths of Glory*, *Lolita*, and so on—and has also made a reputation with such purely cinematic achievements as *Dr. Strangelove* and *2001*. But, as with Joseph Losey, there is a vacuum at the centre of his work, and this vacuum invades the whole work in the case of *A Clockwork Orange*.

To begin with, what about the title itself? In the whole film there is no reference to a clockwork orange, and it is only when it is over that one realises that the point of the title has never been explained. In the book, when the hero (or villain) and his friends attack the writer, he is in the middle of typing a book called *A Clockwork Orange*; and when the villain (or hero) later takes refuge with the writer, the book has been published. The vero (or hillain) explains:

What seemed to come out of it was that all lewdies [people] nowadays were being turned into machines and that they were really . . . more like a natural growth like a fruit.

And a quotation from the book itself explains further:

The attempt to impose upon man, a creature of growth and capable of sweetness, to ooze juicily at the last round the bearded lips of God, to attempt to impose, I say, laws and conditions appropriate to a mechanical creation, against this I raise my sword-pen.

So the title does have a point; but its absence from the film means that the film has and can make no point.

Inevitably the story has been adapted from the book for the screen. No one can reasonably expect a whole novel to be reproduced in a film, or in any other medium. After all, a standard film or play is only two or three hours long—while a radio or television programme is only about an hour long—whereas a good big novel may take days or even weeks to read properly. We cannot complain that Kubrick has abridged Burgess; but we can complain how he has done so.

No doubt the slang of the hillain (or vero) had to be toned down, mainly because its Russian-based vocabulary is incomprehensible to anyone who doesn't have a fair knowledge of Russian; no doubt much of the incidental events and remarks had to be left out, simply for reasons of space; but it does seem perverse to cut off the conclusion of the story. In the film, we are left with the—let's say, main character, back to normal and about to work for instead of against the government. In the book there is a final chapter, in which he finds that, after his predisposition to violence and sex and his conditioning against his predisposition and his deconditioning

against his conditioning, so that he ought to be back where he began, he is in fact changing in his real personality—he is growing up. This is perhaps a rather weak ending for a story which raises far more questions than it ever attempts to answer, but it is better than no ending at all, which is how Kubrick leaves it.

Then there is the violence and sex. Here everything that has been said about the film is nonsense. There is very little real violence or sex in it at all. Every ostensibly violent episode is defused in some way—by being photographed in silhouette, by being filmed in slow motion, by being accompanied with incongruous music or pictures or both. Whenever the tension begins to get uncomfortable, it is released by laughter or some other distraction. Even the horrific films about violence which the main character is forced to watch as part of his conditioning are not shown to the audience. We are offered a spectacle of a spectacle instead of a spectacle of reality, let alone reality itself, and certainly not ultra-violence.

Similarly with the sex. The rapes are not real. Women are seen naked, but not the men. Even when they are naked they are not actually fucked. And even on the one occasion when they are actually fucked the film is so wildly speeded up to the accompaniment of Rossini's *William Tell* overture that the spectacle is not in fact visible, let alone serious. And in this particular episode, which occurs when the main character picks up two girls in a record shop, the point is blunted so that it cannot cut. In the film they are two grown up girls who go and have a good time; in the book they are two ten-year-olds who are cruelly raped. No doubt it is important to get a certificate, but this is ridiculous. Another example is when the main character's gang interrupts another gang just about to rape a girl. In the film she is grown up and is stripped on the screen; in the book she too is ten years old and is fully dressed.

To sum it up, over and over again the details of the narrative have been taken apart and polished up to appeal to the casual cinema audience—and to wreck the original story. It is still worth seeing the film, if only to enjoy the flashy technical skill so carefully displayed and to discover what the coming trends are going to be in the cinema of the Seventies. But like all Kubrick, the technique is all. The acting is purely technical—compare McDowell's performance in *If*, where he was brilliant, to the one he gives here, which is that of an automaton, manipulated by the director just as he is meant to be manipulated in the story.

The same is true of the music. It is symptomatic that when Kubrick plays games with Beethoven's *Choral Symphony* he does so only with the Scherzo and the March from the last movement—the lightest parts of the work. He cannot get to grips with the work itself, which, as Bakunin once said, will still be there when we have all gone. The film is all clockwork, machinery, technique, cleverness, lifelessness. There is no orange, sweetness, growth, truth, life. Instead of a parable, it is a parody.

N.W.

Support the Miners

Dear Comrades,

P.T.'s leader on the miners (FREEDOM, 15.1.72)—shoddy and unworthy. Doubtless many strikes for wage increases are fully justified, and it's possible, despite rather different figures from P.T.'s in some accounts (including miners' own accounts), that the miners may have a good case. But the miners are scarcely challenging 'wage-slavery': indeed they want, as a miner's wife said recently, to widen wage differentials—that is, if I have to spell it out, to climb on somebody else's back. In God's name, why can't FREEDOM contributors wash the sleep out of their eyes? This is not, as P.T. so naively and romantically fancies, a Crusade against the NCB and its patron the Government: it is about Citizen Jack wanting more money than Citizen Bill.

For heaven's sake print this and let's have someone attack my view—then we might start getting somewhere. . . .

Sceptically,

BARRY THOMAS.

P.T. replies:

I do not think that Barry Thomas can have read my article, 'Support the Miners', very carefully. If he had he would have seen that I emphasised the fact that the points raised in the leaflet I quoted are still, unfortunately, true today. The leaflet said: 'Miners, how long

do you intend to work for wages under the control of a master? I never wrote that they are challenging wage slavery.

Because the Government wants to keep wage increases down to a 7% mark, the miners are taking on both them and the Coal Board. Even though this dispute is concerned only with the wages of the miners, its implications are far wider, for it may well set a precedent for future claims from all sections of the trade union movement.

The Robot Unredeemed

Dear Friends,

I was interested in Arthur W. Uloth's review of Herbert Read's book *My Encounter With Education Through Art*. He points to Read's failure of communication; his failure to write in a sufficiently lucid manner so everybody can understand, not just himself.

Although I'm not familiar with Read's literary style, I am familiar with the styles of the numerous FREEDOM contributors. Some writers are excellent, it is true. However, I do find myself having to come up for air half-way through some of the longer articles, especially the literary reviews. Who do these writers think they are writing for? Not for me. I'm getting through my university course very well, but I can't get through some of these articles.

(v) Never use a foreign phrase, a scientific word or a jargon word if you can think of an everyday English equivalent.

(vi) Break any of these rules sooner than say anything outright barbarous.

Although very elementary rules, it must be admitted they are, in practise, very hard to follow. However, if contributors would keep these in mind, maybe more people would be able to understand more of the articles in FREEDOM, and then perhaps it would truly be a paper for the people.

Think about it.

Best wishes,

TERRY.

Black Cross

I trust Keith Nathan's hope that the Black Cross be 'revived' as a subordinate group under his leadership does not lead anyone to suppose it has become moribund or inactive in any way as a result of recent arrests.

A. MELTZER,
pp Stuart Christie,
(Secretary).

LETTERS

I think we are all sufficiently familiar with the manner in which Mr. Heath-Wilson will tell us something: by telling us nothing. Well, FREEDOM contributors are not that clever yet. Keep trying!

I'm not going to point to individual contributors; I don't want to criticize people who make anarchist papers possible, I'm sure they try very hard. I want just to give my overall impression of FREEDOM.

A friend of Herbert Read who was very much concerned with the literary use of language was George Orwell. I beg all contributors to FREEDOM, indeed everybody who ever writes or reads anything, to read Orwell's essay 'Politics and the English Language'. Orwell concluded this essay by giving a list of rules that he thought people ought to follow. I quote:

(i) Never use a metaphor, simile or other figure of speech which you are used to seeing in print.

(ii) Never use a long word where a short one will do.

(iii) If it is possible to cut out a word, always cut it out.

(iv) Never use the passive where you can use the active.

We have had a great many enquiries for this title since it went out of print. We recently made the find of some of the sheets which we have completed and bound (hardcover, rexine).

A few pages have damp-stained margins.

This makes a very limited edition, and with a view to helping our own finances and making sure that people who have been asking for it get first chance, we are offering it at the price of £2.00 plus postage (inland 10p, abroad 15p), ONLY

All profits from these sales will be put into the Press Fund.

PRESS FUND

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January 13-18 inc.

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CAN ECOLOGY SURVIVE?

IN THE LAST FEW YEARS (and one sometimes feels that these words have a sinister interpretation) there has been increasing interest in Ecology, the Environment, the Population problem and pollution. The Government, ever anxious to be 'with it', has set up a Ministry of the Environment, which only turns out to be a clever whizz-kid in charge of an omnibus ministry with a special concern for property rights. The prophets of doom have had a field day, the ghost of Malthus—who, one felt, Godwin had laid to rest—now stalks the earth again. The inexplicable pleasure that people feel in cries of 'woe' have boosted public interest in the prospect of imminent doom. This constant cry of 'wolf' has only tended to drown the howl of the wolf that is constantly at our door.

The highly commendable and struggling journal *The Ecologist* has produced a special January number, 'A Blueprint for Survival'. For those impressed by such things, thirty-three eminent scientists and naturalists 'fully support the basic principles embodied in the *Blueprint* both in respect of the analysis of the problems we face today, and the solutions proposed'. For those unimpressed by scientific experts the journal *Nature* does not think much of the blueprint.

The considerations which prompted the blueprint are that analysis shows the gravity of the global situation with the possibility of the breakdown of society and the disruption of the life-support systems. Governments are either refusing to face the facts or briefing scientists so that the seriousness of the situation is being played down. 'No corrective measures of any consequence are being undertaken,' says *The Ecologist*. The situation has prompted the formation of a pressure group (The Club of Rome). 'It must now give rise,' says *The Ecologist*, 'to a national movement to act at a national level, and if need be to assume political status and contest the next general election.' 'Such a movement,' concludes *The Ecologist*, 'cannot hope to succeed unless it has previously formulated a new philosophy, whose goals can be achieved without destroying the environment, and a precise and comprehensive programme for bringing about the sort of society in which it can be implemented.'

While we can associate ourselves with much of the analysis of the ills of our society, we cannot subscribe to the pious hope that the growth of a new political movement which will contest the next election is a way out. Governments are, by their nature, concerned with the health of the state, not with the health of society. Furthermore, is it any longer necessary to stress that the cumbersome machinery of the state is incapable of putting through such reforms? In fact the whole apparatus of the state is designed for a totally different purpose—the preservation of the status quo.

It is probably not possible—or de-

sirable—to summarize all the points made in *The Ecologist*. It (as much as we and other worthy papers) needs subscribers. (Individual copies 25p, published from 73 Kew Green, Richmond, Surrey, distributed by Hachette Group.) However we can go through some of the points made as far as our space will allow. (All direct quotes from *The Ecologist* are in quotation marks.)

The opening paragraph starts: 'The principal defect of the industrial way of life with its ethos of expansion is that it is not sustainable. Its termination within the lifetime of someone born today is inevitable—unless it continues to be sustained for a while longer by an entrenched minority at the cost of imposing great suffering on the rest of mankind. We can be certain however, that sooner or later it will end (only the precise time and circumstances are in doubt) and that it will do so in one of two ways; either against our will, in a succession of famines, epidemics, social crises and wars; or because we want it to—because we wish to create a society which will not impose hardship and cruelty upon our children—in a succession of thoughtful, humane and measured changes.'

Radical change is necessary because of the increase in human numbers and consumption per head. This disrupts systems and depletes resources, thus undermining survival. It would seem that Parson Malthus's prophecy has been aided in near-fulfilment by the distortions of a market economy and the lopsided over-development of industrial societies. Secondly, the use of energy and raw materials has grown to such an extent that it is done at the expense of the undeveloped countries.

This growth of population and consumption of raw materials contribute both to pollution and to exhaustion of reserves. 'The world cannot accommodate this continued increase in ecological growth. Indefinite growth of whatever type cannot be sustained by finite resources.' It is true that material growth of national product does not lead to a growth in the quality of life, but man's abilities to improvise and invent would in a free society not be wasted as they are by the warfare state.

The Ecologist points out the implications of exponential growth which makes ecological disasters more sudden and more overwhelming. At the present growth-rate demand will increase to an impossible or indeed undesirable extent. This could only be done at the cost of disrupting systems and exhausting resources, 'which must lead to the failure of food supplies and the collapse of society'.

Up to now we have treated the environment 'with scant and brutal regard as if it were an idiosyncratic and extremely stupid slave'. Instead ecologists have formulated the law that systems tend to stability through diversity and

complexity and the more species there are and the more they interrelate, the more stable is their environment. This is a reflection of the anarchist belief that societies grow through diversity and complexity not by the imposition of uniformity.

The Ecologist goes on to deplore the growth of the use of pesticides (which are of a limited and now diminishing effectiveness). 'Many pesticides promote innocuous species to pest proportions because the predators that formerly kept them down have been destroyed.' 'Uses of pesticides have led to population decline in various species of birds and fishes. Such is the accumulation of chemicals in use that we cannot predict their behaviour or properties of the greater part of them (either singly or in combination) once they are released into the environment.'

We have summarised and lightly commented upon this document as far as space will allow. We do not wish to simplify it or dismiss it altogether with some simple one-line formula of our own but we have, naturally and inevitably, commented on the proposed political movement. Although we have not reached the section, we could also on an anarchist, but not impractical, grounds demur on the proposals to legislate against wasteful manufacturing processes. Briefly, we know that as long as profits can be made laws will be broken, indeed legislators are usually in the pocket of the profit-makers.

JULIO MILLAN . . .

a new Burgos Trial?

THE STRUGGLE against the fascist repression in Spain, which reached its crucial point at the time of the protest actions conducted against the trial of the militants of ETA, at Burgos, at the end of last year, has brought the Spanish oligarchy (a clerical-military-bourgeois alliance) face to face with its worst crisis since the end of the Second World War and the liquidation of the libertarian guerillas. This has led to a greater radicalisation of the struggles of the workers and students throughout the country. The struggles of Harry Walker, MTM (Maquinista Terrestre y Marítima), the assemblies and struggles of the students against the repression, the boycott campaign in the union elections, the strike of the building workers in Madrid and that of SEAT, with its bloody consequences, these are the best proofs of it.

But with the rising tide of popular mass struggle against the dictatorship the repression has also increased: the detention of hundreds of workers, students and revolutionaries throughout the country, the tortures inflicted on militants of the ETA, PCI, etc., disorganised during these last months; the attempt to widen the repression led by TOP (Tribunal de Orden Publico), by means of a new counter-project, a law that would be much tougher; the murder of a building worker at Madrid, and of another during the conflict at SEAT, show us the 'new' arms of the government of the Opus Dei against the revolutionary opposition.

Now, after the shooting at SEAT, and in order to try to frighten the most radical of the revolutionary groups, the authorities want to mount a new masquerade of the same kind as the Burgos trial, headed by Garcia Rebull, as a warning to all those who are partisans of a violent frontal attack against the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, and in fact to all the anti-Franco opposition. This is the so-called 'trial' of Julio Millan.

This comrade, accused of belonging to the MLE (Spanish Libertarian Movement), was arrested on October 10, 1967, in the train from Port Bou to Barcelona, near Gerona. He was taken to the Barcelona police headquarters in order to be 'interrogated'. He is accused of having taken part in two 'terrorist actions'. The first is as far back in time as December 2, 1962. It was an explosion which took place in the buildings of the Treasury in Madrid. The second goes back to March 4, 1963. It is in connection with the discovery by the police of a charge of explosives placed in a plane travelling from Barcelona to Palma, in Majorca.

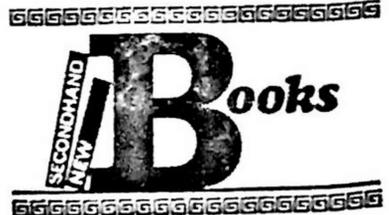
Millan formally denies having participated in these two 'terrorist actions'. He was subjected for several days to continual torture. When he was physically beaten, the police offered him a glass of

Personally, we are not attracted to a pessimistic view of the technological doom of mankind. As anarchists we are committed to a not unjustified optimistic view of the possible achievements of mankind, and its adaptability by its diversity and complexity to averting total disaster. Mankind is fortunately not consistent even in its blunders and does not follow everything through to its logical conclusion. There are those who do not join the rush of the lemmings. Mankind can, and has been, saved by disobedience and non-conformity.

If a free society is to come, and it is just possible that the gloomier predictions of *The Ecologist* may be fulfilled and it will not (or what is worse, in our efforts to avoid ecological doom we condemn ourselves to a worse, totalitarian death-in-life), we must absorb the ideas of the environmentalists and ecologists. The free society may grow as islands of sanity in a sea of madness but much of the ecologists' principles are worth noting and (to quote Hardv), 'If way to the better there be, it entails a full look at the worst'.

We also have our contribution to make to the ecologists. This programme is no mere reform which can take place in isolation. In one of Feiffers last cartoons in the *Sunday Telegraph* (itself a significant event) back in April 1970 is the dialogue between two figures starting, 'Vietnam is dead as an issue, the real issue is ecology.' . . . 'We have to control the environment.' . . . 'We have to control pollution.' . . . 'We have to control industrial waste.' . . . His questioner then asks, 'But how can we do that?' He answers, 'We have to control industry.' The other replies, 'Oh you mean Socialism.' The other concludes, 'Ecology is dead as an issue.' For 'Socialism' read 'Anarchism'.

JACK ROBINSON.



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SIZE & WASTE

THE DESTRUCTION by fire of the *Queen Elizabeth* represents the disappearance of another landmark. When I was a child, in the 1930s, she was considered one of Man's great achievements, along with the *Queen Mary*. She was a symbol of British pride and seapower.

Nowadays passenger ships are out of date. Instead we have gigantic aeroplanes, which can carry hundreds of passengers at high speeds, the 'jumbo jets'. The principle, however, is the same. What is the sense of it?

It appears throughout history, this obsession with sheer size. The pyramids and gigantic temples of Egypt show it was already exercising its fascination even in what seems to us now an incredibly remote, and technically primitive, epoch.

Some soldier has calculated that the vast earthwork, Maiden Castle, could never have been properly defended, considering the tiny population and small tribal armies of prehistoric Britain. It was a demonstration of the power and wealth of the people of Southern Dorset.

Cobbett, in his *Rural Rides*, continually comments on the large size of the country churches, considering how small the population of the villages was in his day. He drew the conclusion that the population was greater in the Middle Ages, but it seems more likely that the size of the churches was due to a desire for display on the part of the builders; a display of wealth and piety combined.

In the nineteenth century, the industrial age, this desire for size showed itself in feats of engineering. The first of the giant liners, the *Great Eastern*, was not a commercial success. Her engines were not powerful enough for her enormous bulk. If the twentieth century is the age of the air disaster, the nineteenth century was the classic epoch of the disaster at sea. (This was probably the period when the expression was coined, 'Never mind. Worse things happen at sea'.)

Some of these tragedies were what are strangely called, 'Acts of God'. Unavoidable accidents for which no one was to blame. But many were due to human folly. Steamships were driven hard. Speed was of the essence. Boilers burst, ships caught fire or simply ran out of fuel. The *Great Eastern* herself, loaded with troops for the Canadian garrisons, was sent by her captain, charging at full speed into an area known to be infested with icebergs. She was believed to be unsinkable. She escaped. The *Titanic* was not so lucky.

To return to modern times, it stands to reason that a 'jumbo jet' crash will kill more people than a smaller aeroplane with fewer passengers. It would therefore be sensible to have a number of smaller planes, instead of one big one, or perhaps better still to encourage people to travel more slowly, and probably more safely, by train and small ship. But this would go right against the whole ethos of our society.

Continued on page 4

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Translated from *Front Libertaire* by A.W.U.

A WEEK-END AT THE SEASIDE

I WAS NOT arrested during the initial swoop on August 9 but about three weeks afterwards I was arrested on a Friday evening by the Army and brought to Girdwood Barracks, Belfast. Here I was interviewed briefly by an Intelligence Officer whose purpose seemed merely to establish positive identification and then thrown—literally—into the back of a Land Rover en route to Palace Barracks, Holywood, which is a seaside resort about 7 or 8 miles from Belfast. The centre is situated at the rear of the Barracks and consists of a few aluminium huts surrounded by guard-dogs, barbed wire and armed sentries. It was about midnight when we arrived and I was prodded by batons towards the door of the reception centre. I was brought into a long corridor from which three rooms branched off, the first on the right being the military guard-room, the one in the centre being the detention room and the one at the rear the RUC guard-room. After being searched, photographed and then being made to stand facing the wall with finger-tips just touching the surface and legs spread-eagled I was then brought to another hut for my first interview with the Special Branch.

This lasted about an hour and a half and I was questioned closely about membership of various political organisations. I was then shown photographs of myself taken at outdoor political meetings and May Day parades. In all of these photographs my own head and that of others was encircled as if with a halo giving all of us quite a saintly appearance. Did I know that some of the people present at the meetings were Republicans? What was I, a socialist, doing in their company? I replied that most of the meetings had been held to protest against specific injustices and anyone could attend. Hadn't I been a member of the YCL when I was fifteen? Had I ever been a Republican? Hadn't I previously been convicted on a riot charge? Did I believe in the use of violence? None of the questions posed any serious problems but I was quite relieved when the interview finished and I was returned to the detention room. Here a Military-Police Corporal whom I mentally nicknamed the blond beast gave me a few whacks across the back

of my thighs with a baton and then handed me three horse-blankets. With these and a pillow I settled down upon a camp-bed. Sleep was impossible as the police and military moved about all night and I noticed that another prisoner sleeping opposite me (there were only two of us) had burrowed his head beneath the blankets. I followed his example and dozed off fitfully for a few hours. It was dark when we woke and after being ordered to sweep out the guard-room we were given breakfast. Then the blond beast came in with another youthful prisoner and positioned three chairs; one at the top of the room, one in the centre and another at the rear. We were each allocated a chair and he growled at us: 'Sit down, you're not allowed to smoke, you're not allowed to speak or move. If you do I'll bash your head in.' I won't forget the hours that followed for a long time. Forced to sit still and glance out of the corner of the eye at the lightning sky, the hours seemed interminable. I have tried many times since to estimate the number of hours I sat frozen before the next interrogation but find it impossible. Eventually I was ordered, stiff-limbed, over to the hut occupied by the Special Branch.

I faced two different interrogators who fired questions at me very rapidly. On this occasion I was asked to give what was virtually a life history beginning from the day I was born and throughout this interrogation one of them insisted on blowing smoke into my face. After about ninety minutes of this I was returned to the punishment seat and some time later we were given lunch. Then followed another long period of sitting sky-watching and I was brought out for my third and final interrogation. Once again there were two different Branch men and much of the earlier ground was recovered but towards the end it took a rather surprising turn. It developed into a long lecture on the morality of violence. If I didn't approve of violence and was withholding information concerning the activities of violent men then I was morally just as guilty as the men who squeezed the trigger. It was the duty of every citizen to help bring murderers to justice. Finally I was dismissed with

the reminder that every citizen had duties as well as rights and told to think it over. This I was given plenty of time to do as another long period in the chair followed interrupted only by the arrival of another meal some time in the evening, then back in the chair until about half an hour after midnight when we were allowed to bed down. Sleep was once again impossible as about sixteen more detainees were brought in at intervals during the night. For some reason they were kept separate from us in the RUC guard-room but the noise of their arrival kept us awake all night.

Next morning the procedure followed that of the previous day. Back into the chair staring at the back of the head of the man in front with occasional side-long glances through the windows of the hut. Some time after lunch my name was called by one of the Branch men who told me that the younger prisoner and myself were being released. Back into the chair again until we were called into the military guard-room and our personal possessions were returned by

the blond beast, who had the final word. Shoving his baton into my stomach he hissed into my ear as I doubled over: 'We might be seeing you again—and next time it will be for keeps.'

Looking back I know that I was treated fairly leniently in comparison with others. Some of the Republicans in particular received very rough treatment. But my weekend at the seaside left me physically bruised and mentally fatigued. It didn't increase my respect for the Special Branch whose information appeared to be very sketchy indeed and this impression has been confirmed in conversation with other ex-detainees. Apart from myself there was only one other anarchist arrested, he was lifted on August 9 and held in Crumlin Road Prison for about six weeks. None of us are quite sure if the Army has finished with us or not. We shall just have to wait and see.

HENRY BELL
Reprinted from the
SWF Internal Bulletin.

This Week in Ireland

SEVEN PRISONERS escaped from the impregnable *Maidstone*, swimming 200 yards and, in underclothes only, hi-jacking a bus and making a clean getaway. Up to date not one has been caught. The fury of Stormont and the army would have to be witnessed to be believed. There is a photo in one of our dailies of troops bashing down a door of a private house. The children were not allowed to go to school, the men to work or the women shopping, and houses were wrecked and wholly innocent people 'taken in for questioning'. As I see things soon the whole six counties will be a Whipsnade surrounded with electric fences and barbed wire except for paths upon which armed Unionists will walk glaring at the animals behind the bars. A boy of nine is taken in and questioned with a gun held to his head. Faulkner bans all parades for another six months instead of doing away with the concentration camps. The newest one at Magilligan is within spitting distance of the border, and the men helicoptered there come from Belfast so as to make it impossible for their relations to visit them. Today very full details of the torture of nine men, fully annotated by both priests and doctors, is published, one of the victims of the brutality was only 16 years old.

Derry's University College loses its status to Colrairie in spite of promises of yesterday, thus further demoting Derry. Jack Lynch says we have NOT got an unemployment policy. Why don't men join the army and police? That would mean another 3,000 jobs as well as employment making uniforms, etc.

Anyhow, until our army was given a bit of a fillip by being sent to the UN, it was largely a matter of the jumping team and the No. 1 band, as an officer said.

British helicopters are continually violating our territory by flying over the border near Magilligan, but all our Government does is at most say 'tut, tut' and that not officially, they are FAR too busy preparing to sign away our independence at Brussels next Saturday without a mandate from the people. It is really joining NATO and the Treaty of Rome. Huge demonstrations are planned to coincide with the hour when the signing takes place. No doubt Hillery sees a fat post for himself in Brussels with LOTS of lolly, and let the itinerants die by the roadside.

Our revolting Archbishop has resigned, thank God. I saw him driving up Dawson Street in a limousine that would have housed a whole family on the very day a little child died of pneumonia because the only home his parents had was a leaky decrepit van. His response was to frighten the people into excessive breeding.

Did you know:

When a white Anglo-Saxon person drops a bomb he is a WAR HERO.

When a Bengali person throws a bomb he is a FREEDOM FIGHTER.

When an Arab throws a bomb he is a GUERRILLA.

When an Irishman throws a bomb he is a TERRORIST.

'I am weary of the long sorrow.'

H.

TO HELL WITH PROGRESS!

IN THE *GUARDIAN* for Wednesday, December 29, there is an article by Keith Harper entitled 'Trained Thought'. The writer deplores the half-hearted attitude of the Government towards re-training schemes for industrial workers. 'Surely', he writes, 'this [present crisis] would have been a golden opportunity for the Government to say that the pattern of employment is changing so rapidly now that the time will soon be here—if it has not arrived already—when people may have to be retrained for three or even four jobs during their working lives.'

This sort of 'Brave New World' prophesying was very popular during the 1950s, the age of prosperous conformity. The intellectuals were often frightened by the technological world

SIZE & WASTE

Continued from page 3

The impressiveness, and even beauty (as in the case of medieval churches), of these creations of Man is undeniable. But they consume the resources of society, and often fail to function very well. Even the beautiful church requires upkeep, sometimes on a gigantic scale. I am all for encouraging a cult of the small. This goes quite well with anarchism. Who build giant temples, fortresses, ships and so on? Kings, wealthy merchants and dictators. I don't even want to see FREEDOM become a national daily. (Most of the national dailies are running into financial trouble as it is.) What I should like to see is a lot of small papers springing up everywhere, and indeed something of the sort is happening.

A few big things we should have. They have grandeur and their own kind of beauty. But most things should be small. The world's natural resources are not unlimited, and it is unlikely that space travel will develop fast enough for mankind to plunder other planets to any great extent in the foreseeable future. Common sense demands that we husband our resources, and this can best be done by making and using small-scale things. If they crash not many are killed, if they decay they can easily be rebuilt, repaired or replaced.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

they saw developing. They used to write books and newspaper articles with titles like *Tomorrow is Already Here* or *The Robots Are Amongst Us*, which expressed anxiety and were intended to arouse anxiety in the reader. But the actual pressures brought by society on people in those days were not too great, and generally such books and articles, although fashionable as subjects for discussion, were not taken too seriously by most people.

Things have changed enormously. As the robots have come nearer so resistance has increased. The Age of Affluence has ended. And the probable reaction of many people today to such a statement would be, 'Right, I'm dropping out altogether! Why should I put up with this sort of idiocy. The machine is made for man, not man for the machine.'

To train for any job, beyond that of sweeping floors, is usually a business taking years. If, after years of training, a man or woman then finds that, after a couple of years or so, it has all to be done again, the probability is that they will simply say, 'To Hell with it!' And in one way or another they will drop out of orthodox society, leaving the field open to those fanatics who love learning for its own sake, whether it's useful or not.

The 'hippy' revolt, with all its faults, is a rejection of this kind of technocratic bullying. If technological progress can only continue by increasing the psychological pressure on people, then technological progress will have to be slowed down or stopped altogether. There is a limit to what human beings can stand, and it looks as if that limit has now been reached.

The trouble with papers like the *Guardian* is that their 'liberalism' is a veneer over a completely technological and authoritarian attitude. 'We' must do this, that and the other. 'Why?' 'Because of the Germans, the Japanese, the Common Market, or whoever...' 'Our competitors', however, are going to face the same problems with their own work force soon, if indeed they haven't already begun to. But the real truth of the matter is that our lives are our own, and are not to be sacrificed to economic abstractions or to the needs of inanimate machinery.

A.W.U.



Secretary:
Peter Le Mare, 5 Hannaford Road,
Rotton Park, Birmingham 16

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Free Valpreda Campaign needs help not just by way of support but also involvement in planning and organising. Please contact c/o N & E, London Group ORA.

Support the Miners: Stickers and Flyposters with short slogans from ORA, 68 Chingford Road, E 17.

Would any comrade like to contact Georgie and Russell Fell, slowly sinking into despair, at 2 Pilgrims Close, Monks Risborough Aylesbury, Bucks.

Who needs Leaders? Anyone who can criticise the prevailing standpoint in psychology theory (and practice) on leadership please contact Keith Venables E304, Dept Social Admin., LSE, Houghton Street, London, WC2.

Vacancy: A full-time paid co-ordinator needed for Birmingham Peace Centre, to help expand the scope and ideas of the Centre, and to be responsible for publicity, ordering, re-stocking, and day to day running. Details: Phil Braithwaite, The Peace Centre, 18 Moor Street, Ringway, Birmingham, 4. Telephone 021-643 0996 by January 31.

Libertarian Book Club, Spring Lectures Series, Thursday evenings, 7 p.m., 369 Eighth Avenue, New York City. February 24, Abe Bluestein: The Spanish Civil War and the Fight for Freedom. March 9, Paul Avrich: The Unknown Revolution. March 23, Olga Lang: Chinese Anarchism. April 13, Irving Levitas: G. B. Shaw and the Anarchists. April 27, Sam Dolgoff: Bakunin and Nechaev. May 11, Murray Bookchin: Marxism and Anarchism.

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 NCCCL, 152 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).

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

Liverpool Anarchist discussions normally held first Sunday in month. Write to 39 Lillie Road, Liverpool, 7, for venue, or ring 263 4890. John Cowan.

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 Uttometer New Road, Derby, DE3 3NP.

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.

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

ninch, Exeter, EX5 4RA.

Anyone interested in forming a Cambridge Anarchist Group contact John Jenkins, 75 York Street, Cambridge. Published by Freedom Press, London, E.1 Printed by Express Printers, London, E.1