

The Protestant Twilight

EVERYTHING CHANGES, only to remain the same. A hasty glance at the weekend paper would convey the mistaken impression that in Ireland nothing had changed, the habitual barricades, the routine casual slaughters and the compulsive maintenance of vigilante law and order, but the labels have changed, the 'goodies' seem to have become the 'baddies'. One says 'seems' because the journalistic tendency to exaggerate creeps in. Descriptions of the demolition of the IRA barricades for 'health reasons' verged on the lyrical, and corresponding accounts of Protestant barricading and vigilante tactics used some of the same adjectives as were used, up

to last week, of the IRA. Everyone awaits the re-play shots, in reverse, as it were.

Behind the scenes it is obvious that political talks and deals are going on, and the Protestants know that they will have to make some concessions before the English consent to subsidize them again. Successive governments in N. Ireland having failed to preserve 'law and order', it is obvious that there'll be some changes made.

However, the cowboy tactics of the Ulster Defence Association are a clue to the ineptitude of the Protestant groups—for they, true to the basic doctrine of Protestant independence, are split into more

warring groups than the Catholic factions. The Protestant passion for publicity jars with their fears of losing respectability. The absurd Balaclavas, masks and government-surplus gear convey an impression of children playing at soldiers (but, alas, children with real guns) rather than serious counter-revolutionaries.

Their responses to the IRA barricades are childlike. Why, for (a Protestant) God's sake do they need barricades? They are not expecting the IRA minority to invade and attack them, perhaps they are expecting to incite the British Army to invade them? It merely seems to be anything you can do we can do better.

The Protestants who have defended an injustice for many years now know that their chances of maintaining the same set of injustices is coming to an end and even the Conservative and Unionist Party

Government of Great Britain will not pour men and material in to subsidize incompetence. Injustice yes, incompetence no.

This bastard little province fostered by a group of rebellious Conservative MPs cannot support itself and it is dependent on Westminster for survival.

The maintenance of power has been seen in purely economic terms of the Protestant work-ethic and they have laid up too much treasure for themselves to hazard it in a greater Curragh mutiny against the British—which they might lose! So this play-acting at barricades gives an appearance of activity which they think will be a useful pawn in the great Irish chess-power-game which is obviously, definitely taking place.

Meanwhile the 'acceptance of guilt in the necessary murder' goes on with Protestants picking off Catholics at street corners, Catholics

paying off old scores, and for a change, a Jehovah's Witness gets shot. A fusillade of shots at an army post was diagnosed by the Provisionals as 'independent action' but even as the Greek philosopher commented when told that the children attacking the frogs were only playing 'Frogs die in earnest'.

Death and disaster are still abroad in this twilight world of a declining discredited 'faith of our fathers'. Protestants are still being evicted by Catholics—and Catholics by Protestants. The Officials in Dublin accused the Provisionals of being little more than murderous thugs given to drunkenness and lack of discipline. The Provisionals retorted by saying that the Officials had issued more statements condemning them than they had issued condemning the British Army.

JACK ROBINSON.

CHOOSING A NEW KING

IT CAME TO PASS that the merchants were sore afflicted by inflation, and the first born son of each house of profit was made to be without work, even unto the highest executives. The people cried aloud at the Wailing Wall Street and its scribes passed judgement on he who had made it so. 'By the waters of Washainton we wept. There was the time when we laboured (or others laboured for us) in the fields of monopoly capitalism and gathered in our corn, wine, and oil and other gilt edged commodities, but lo, the war which brings forth naught but death and destruction produceth not CONSUMER GOODS that all true men must live by, that they be an everlasting covenant between the capitalist system and its victims. The war has inflated our markets and depression afflicts us.'

And America began to choose itself a new king. Whereupon all manner of harlots, conjurers and thieves gathered to choose the king and they ate much shit even unto those of long hair who knew in their hearts they did abomination. For those of eighteen years could at that time vote as much as those whose beards touched their foreskins. And they

sang:

'This is the age of Asparagus, give us George the gorgeous of M'Govern.'

'Humphry has his thousands but George has his tens of thousands.'

Yet in the heartland of that country were like numbers of golden youth who sang not such psalms, for even while they smoked the cooling herbs and harkened to the rock they were full of the greed and avarice of their fathers. M'Govern vowed to make whole again that system which had made houses of profit great and made all to labour.

But there dwell also in the land those who cared not for their masters' trinkets. Their inheritance was unto them a great speckled bird whom all the birds of the air revile. They laboured in their tribes. Even as they smoked the cooling herbs and harkened to the rock they counted the dead of future wars be they so small only policemen shall know their number. Yet these dead were yet as many as stained the hands of all other kings, even unto George Washington.

MARTIN S. GILBERT.

In Control at Briant's

VISITING AND BEING shown round the Briant Colour Printing factory in the Old Kent Road was a tonic. At last one was seeing a little piece of the free society actually working. A small island of sanity surrounded by the profit-seeking jungle of capitalism.

In huge letters, hung in the windows of the factory, the men and women at Briant's have proclaimed that the works is 'Now Under Workers' Control'. Inside, behind the locked, barred and guarded gate, they continue to keep the printing presses turning. People are happy in the knowledge that they are in control, that they are making the decisions and that, for the first time in their lives, they have got the bosses off their backs.

Meeting the workers at Briant's one is immediately aware of an enthusiasm and a determination to fight Briant's and

keep the factory under their own control. They proudly showed me around, the modern printing presses, the plate-making department, the offices, the canteen, and the Works Director's office. The large desk and leather chair, symbols of capitalist power and authority, had been pushed back to make room on the carpeted floor, for three camp beds. The notice-board was covered with their work rosters. Some of the wives were busy copy-typing the articles for the first number of their own paper. Obviously being a printing works they have direct access whereby they can tell other workers of their success and their plans for running the factory.

Briant's is an example for all to see of workers' control in operation. It shows that it can be done and that the idea is not some pipe dream but a living practical reality. One realises that the

size of the factory helps, but then anarchists favour de-centralisation and would break up the large plants to humanise and so bring all decision-making under the direct control of those who create wealth. Employers grow rich on the backs of others. At Briant's they are showing the world that this need not be so.

To carry on they need orders. Trade unionists should go out and get orders from their branches, their union executives and their trade councils. Supplies of ink and paper are available, all that is needed now is financial support and printing orders. We can all play our part. Money and print orders to: Tony Austin, Treasurer, Joint Chapels Fund, Briant Colour Printing, 651 Old Kent Road, London, S.E.15.

P.T.

Bored with the Board

THE RACE RELATIONS BOARD thinks that race relations in Britain are improving and base this conclusion on the fact that fewer people are complaining to them of racial discrimination. In 1971-72 complaints were 828 compared with 967 the previous year. They found that discrimination had taken place in 25% of cases in 1971-72 compared with 20% of cases in the previous year.

It could be argued that complaints to the Board have declined because citizens have no confidence that the Board will carry out a fair investigation into the complaint. Evidence that only 20% of complaints had been upheld in the previous year could be thought to lead to such a conclusion.

One conciliation officer with the Board has commented: 'The fact that the Board upholds so few complaints is, in my view, a reflection of its present methods, not an indication that there are large numbers of over-sensitive black people in Britain, and certainly not an indication that relations between the races are getting better' (Tim Hetherington, *Race Today*, October 1971). If one reflects, the figure of 80% of complaints not upheld does sound incredibly high. In fact, my own view, accords with those who consider race relations are worsening and will not improve until the Establishment has to face a civil rights movement that is not employed by the State. The State puppets in Britain are

remarkably like Ian Smith's chiefs in Rhodesia, except they cannot even claim the vestige of a traditional authority.

This lack of complaints to the Race Relations Board has led to a suggestion by the Board that it should have increased powers of investigation. Indeed for the Board to be dismissed as 'virtually harmless' by the spokesman of racial discrimination, the *Daily Telegraph*, is likely to lead to non-existence if something isn't done!

Anarchists might be faced with a dilemma when agencies of the State seek greater power to combat racial discrimination. We abhor the practice of discrimination on grounds of colour or creed and acknowledge such practice is widespread. Yet our dilemma is not even near at hand because the agencies the State has established to give the impression of the abhorrence of racial discrimination are so 'harmless' that it is easy to see that their real function is to direct black people's actions away from setting up their own civil rights organisations. The Establishment skims off those who might have organised such independent groupings, tames them and accomplishes a confidence trick on the victims of racial discrimination.

Our task is to expose the State's con trick in the field of race relations so that a movement of liberation can found itself on the real work of ending racial discrimination in our land.

J.W.

FOR SOME CONSIDERABLE time now, attention has been focused on individual, and to some extent collective, dissent in the Soviet Union. Most of this dissent, however, has been of a religious or quasi-religious, Tolstoyan type, or of a nationalist and somewhat reactionary kind, as in the Ukraine and the Baltic States. Now, for the first time for 50 years, a strictly working-class organisation, advocating the class struggle, has issued a manifesto.

At this stage it is impossible to say whether the people behind the movement are themselves actually working-class, whether they are numerous or whether they hold any political or apolitical views or philosophy. From the little that I have read of their organisation—they call themselves a 'citizens' committee'—they do not appear to be Marxist in the generally accepted sense of the term, though they may be vaguely 'Maoist'. Their views appear more libertarian communist, or perhaps Makhnovist, or anarchist.

According to reports, the 'citizens' committee' have called for both protest demonstrations and strikes against the Soviet government. They complained, like workers elsewhere, of rising prices, saying that Soviet workers' purchasing power was only 8% to 14% of that of American, British or West German workers; and they argued that an unemployed worker in the West could buy between two to four times as much with his jobless 'benefit' than a Soviet factory or office worker can buy with his salary.

The 'citizens' committee' then stated

Class Struggles in Russia?

that Soviet economists figure that only a third of a Soviet workers' wage represents his real earnings. But, says their report, one use of the unpaid wages was to support the lavish style in which Communist Party leaders, and 'their servants', lived. The report continued: 'The Kremlin rulers, calling themselves the Vanguard of the People, are living better than many Tzarist nobles lived before the Revolution.' Indeed, they enjoyed greater wealth.

Instead of moving towards real communism (the common possession of the land and means of production, with production solely for use and need), the Soviet Union, said the 'citizens' committee', was moving toward State Capitalism, 'the worst and most rapacious system of government'. All of which is basically true—though the Soviet Union has, in fact, been State Capitalist for many, many years. However, since the Russian anarchists pointed out as early as March, 1918, that Lenin was establishing, and developing, State Capitalism in the country, this is the first time (as far as I am aware) that it has been said for many a year in the Soviet Union.

The 'committee' end by calling on Russian workers to 'Fight for your rights for a better life. Defend one another. One for all, and all for one. Only through struggle can we achieve a better life'. Which is all good anarchist pro-

paganda!

Although the 'citizens' committee' appears to be little more than a 'straw in the wind' of change in Russia, it is a welcome one. Indeed, the re-emergence after over 50 years of what was probably the world's largest, and most militant, anarchist and libertarian socialist/communist movement may be nearer than we think. In 1918-1920, it has been estimated, that there were at least 50,000 anarchists (of various tendencies) in Russia. How many are there in the Soviet Union today?

PETER E. NEWELL.

Holiday Closing

The bookshop and office will be closed for one week Monday-Saturday, July 24-29 inclusive. Correspondence will be dealt with as usual.

Spanish Lessons

MEANS AND ENDS

LESSONS OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION by Vernon Richards (Freedom Press, 1972, £1.50).

THE THIRD GENERAL issue discussed by Richards—part of the new material in the present version—is that of means and ends. He succinctly restates the standard libertarian position on this issue: 'The distinction between the libertarian and the authoritarian revolutionary movements in their struggle to establish the free society, is the means which each proposes to this end. The libertarian maintains that the initiative must come from below, that the free society must be the result of the will to freedom of a large section of the population. The authoritarian on the other hand believes that the will to freedom can only emerge once the existing economic and political system has been replaced by a dictatorship of the proletariat which, as the awareness and sense of responsibility of the people grows, will wither away and the free society emerge. There can be no common ground between such approaches. For the authoritarian argues that the libertarian approach is noble but "utopian" and doomed to failure from the start, while the libertarian argues on the evidence of history, that the authoritarian

methods will simply replace one coercive state by another, equally despotic and remote from the people, and which will no more "wither away" than its capitalist predecessor. The free society can grow only from the free association of free men. . . .

This is fine—as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. I find it odd that Richards does not explicitly relate this issue to the previous issue, although he does in a later passage echo the cliché of the advocates of non-violence: 'Violence as a means breeds violence'. Odd because a particular view about the nature of the relationship between means and ends is central to the best known philosophy of principled non-violence—the Gandhian. The standard libertarian argument does not go far enough because it fails to transcend the dichotomy of means and ends, asserting simply that means must be consistent with ends. In the view of Gandhi—and he is not unique in this: John Dewey came near to the same view—the distinction between means and ends is an analytical one, valid, one might say, only at a certain level of thinking. At a higher level, the distinction disappears and means and ends are seen as part of a single, continuous process, infused with value. To put it in another way, at the higher level means are never merely instrumental:

they are always end-creating or ends-in-view.

DANGERS OF ANALOGY

The means/end dichotomy is appropriate when applied to mundane activity: for example, pen, pencil or typewriter can be considered as different means to the end of transferring my thoughts to paper. But it is inappropriate in the sphere of social action, a sphere which is always impregnated with values: to do or not to do something in relation to other persons is to express a value or values—freedom, equality, love, etc., or their opposites. Because much of our activity is mundane, it is easy to slip into the dichotomous means/ends mode of thinking when discussing social action. I have done so myself earlier in this review when, in discussing armed versus non-violent struggle, I invoked the travel-image of the rolling train. But one should recognize that the travel-image of a road or roads to a determinate destination is potentially misleading and even dangerous, especially for radicals.

The danger arises out of postulating a highly desirable end: the free society, or what-have-you; and then proceeding to consider possible roads to that end. None of the alternative roads turns out to be a macadamized highway, but, since the end is so highly desirable, it is fatally easy to persuade oneself that it is necessary to put up with a few jolts from the pot-holes on the way. Surely, the end justifies not being too critical or squeamish about the means!

UTOPIA IS NOW!

When we abandon the travel-image and its variants, the end—our 'utopia'—is not seen as a future, possible destination: it is seen, rather, as a concretization and systematization of our values, and a guide to how we act here and now. Our 'utopia' does not exist out there tomorrow in a possible future: it exists here today in the present, in our minds.

And we realise our 'utopia', to the extent that we realise it at all, by acting now as if 'utopia' had already arrived. If our 'utopia' is a society of men and women who are free, equal and loving towards each other, then our actions must express the values of freedom, equality and love. To the extent that we do not so act—and I do not deny the constraints that hedge us in and the difficulties we encounter in facing both ourselves and others, friend and foe, oppressor and oppressed—we deny by our actions the beliefs we profess in our words. And if this sounds unpromising and even harsh, it is meant to be. It is a statement of the truth as I see it, not, alas, the truth that I live. We do well to remember that there is only one certain 'end' for us all: death. But there are innumerable ways of living and of dying; and the choice of how we live and how we die—although not when we live and when we die—is ours, and degrading alone. GEOFFREY OSTERGAARD.

The Last British Republican

PRESIDENT CHARLES BRADLAUGH, MP, by David Tribe (Elek, £4).

THIS IS A superb book. Beautifully produced and scholarly, it is likely to be the definitive biography of Charles Bradlaugh for many years to come. Bradlaugh, as well as being a freethought pioneer, also propagated birth control ideas. He was a republican, the last major figure of the republican movement in England, and there were those who believed that he might become the first president of the British Republic. As was said of Wilhelm Reich, 'He was a great man, but no libertarian.' He fought within the Establishment, and had his limitations. A great deal of his life was spent fighting court cases, and battling to be allowed to take his seat in Parliament. As an atheist he was held to be unable to take the oath of a member of Parliament must take. When he finally took his seat it was because his opponents were too exhausted and fed up with the battle to go on with it. But he was himself an ageing man.

As a believer in self-help, and opponent of socialism, the republic which he would have set up would probably not have differed greatly from the United States, with its philosophy of 'realism' or 'objectivism' and its ruthless competitiveness. Probably even in the late nineteenth century people were already coming to realise that republics can be as repressive as monarchies. They had the example of the French republics of 1848 and 1870, which both suppressed working-class risings, before them, and they turned to socialism—and a few to anarchism. The republican radicals were left high and dry.

A great deal of Bradlaugh's life, and hence a good deal of this book, was unfortunately taken up with in-fighting

within the freethought movement itself. It is depressing that people who could emancipate themselves from religious dogmatism could not behave better to their fellow sceptics at least. (Indeed they probably behaved much better to religious outsiders than to their colleagues in the movement.) Mr. Tribe is, as is almost inevitable in a biography of this kind, on the side of his subject, and one is left with the feeling that Bradlaugh was right and they were wrong. Without knowing about the period and its personalities in a great more detail than the present writer does it is impossible to say for certain who was right, but there is no doubt that Bradlaugh did become 'The Chief', the leader of militant atheism, and there were many who resented his pre-eminence, and perhaps they had a case. A movement for freedom of thought should not have leaders.

The unreliability of 'leading militants' is clearly shown by the defection of Annie Besant, who went over to theosophy, a Western form of Hinduism. Bradlaugh was profoundly disappointed by this. No doubt his rationalism left something unsatisfied in Mrs. Besant. She tried to convince him and herself that one could be a theosophist and an atheist at once, but he was not convinced, and neither will the reader be.

Although the entire galaxy of the Left, including the Brighton Anarchist Group, followed his coffin to the grave (in gay costume, as Bradlaugh did not want the heavy formalism of the Victorian funeral), this unity only lasted for a day. Bradlaugh buried, everyone returned to their usual bickering. However his efforts were not lost. Thanks to him, and those of his generation, and the struggles they carried on, we have still, even today, a modicum of civil liberties in this country.

ARTHUR WARDO.

Reviews in Brief

TWO NOVELS worth reading are

Behind the Rising Sun by S. Okochukwu Mezu (Heinemann, £2.10) and *At the Still Point* by Mary Benson (Chatto and Windus, £1.80), about the Nigerian Civil War and South Africa respectively. The first is written from the Biafran point of view and details the activities of Biafrans firstly in Europe and later in Biafra itself. The second book is set in the mid-sixties and concerns white South Africans of varying degrees of opposition to the regime. Both books are informative and convey the problems, dilemmas and despair of their subjects, though they are not wholly successful, largely I think because their first motive appears to have been propagandistic.

Flight from a Dark Equator by Norman Lewis (Collins, £1.75), about life in Colombia, concerning a relief organisation, a capitalist missionary, the CIA, politicians, guerrillas, police, army, clergy, citizens, peasants and Indians, is highly recommended, and is a better novel and also better propaganda precisely because it is written primarily as a novel, as an adventure story, so that the reader is more directly involved with the characters and therefore with their situation.

Read these three novels and I feel sure you will agree with this conclusion, which is surely of importance to anarchist (and other) propagandists: good intentions are no substitute for artistic skill.

M.J.S.D.I.

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Contributions

June 22-28 inc.
Croydon: W.W. 25p; Camden: T.Mc. £1;
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TOTAL: £47.90

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Prison Memoirs of an ex-Anarchist

MEN IN PRISON, by Victor Serge (Penguin, 40p).

MEN IN PRISON bears a superficial similarity to many other prison 'memoirs' but perhaps this book can only be compared with Berkman's version of the prison experience. Unlike Berkman, Serge only served short prison terms (if you can call 5 years short!) but his first imprisonment came when the First World War and the following revolutions had completely changed the structure of the revolutionary movement in the whole world. This may of course explain Serge's giant step from anarchism in 1912 to become a Bolshevik supporter and a friend of Trotsky. His friendship returned him to various forms of detention after 1928 when he wrote this book as an effort to prevent his activity from being completely ended. Unfortunately the introduction, by Richard Greeman, does not consider the effect imprisonment has on revolutionaries who always need

contact with both the rest of the movement and the ordinary people themselves. A similar vacuum which affected Berkman so greatly (he was released in the same year Serge was gaoled) may also have been responsible for the naivety of Serge's sudden conversion to Bolshevism although he later reconsidered his view (for full details see *Kronstadt 1921* by Victor Serge).

As to the actual written word in *Men in Prison*, all the old visions of insomnia, degrading treatment, an attention to minute detail in letters, graffiti and so on, are there, but more besides. Particularly interesting is the attention paid to the guards and other prison officers, completely different to the bestial attitude usually described by many authors. *Men in Prison* is worthwhile reading if you have any illusions of being picked, and the dire effect gaol might have on your politics.

D.B.

About Anarchism

THE ESSENTIAL WORKS OF AN-ARCHISM. Edited by Marshall S. Shatz. (New York: Bantam Books, 1971. Paperback, \$1.95.)

YET ANOTHER American anthology of extracts from a score of well-known (rather than 'essential') works—Godwin's *Political Justice*, Stirner's *The Ego and His Own*, Proudhon's *General Idea of the Revolution in the Nineteenth Century*, Bakunin's *God and the State* and *Statism and Anarchy*, Kropotkin's *The Conquest of Bread*, Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God Is Within You*; biographical passages from Kropotkin's *Memoirs of a Revolutionary*, Emma Goldman's *Living My Life*, Berkman's *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist*, Rocker's *London Years*; then Josiah Warren's *Practical Details and Practical Applications*, Voline's *Unknown Revolution*, Borkenau's *Spanish Cockpit*, Read's *Existentialism, Marxism and Anarchism*, Guérin's *Anarchism*, the Cohn-Bendits' *Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative*, Roel van Duyn's *Proclamation of the Orange Free State*, and the Goodmans' *Communism*.

The trouble is that nearly all these works are not only well known but easily available, either in the original editions or in modern reprints, often as cheap paperbacks. To take one example, there are no less than three separate editions of Kropotkin's *Memoirs of a Revolutionary* published in under ten years. The only items really worth having are Shatz's translation of three extracts from *Statism and Anarchy*, which is still not available in English nearly a century after it was written; the selections from Warren, who is little known on this side of the Atlantic; and the English version of the *Proclamation of the Orange Free State*, though a better text may be found in the Penguin anthology *BAMN* (75p).

But for absolute beginners this book has some value, and Shatz's editorial contributions, while unoriginal, are useful—though I must say I disagree with many of his judgements of individual anarchists and of the books listed in the bibliography (and it is discouraging to come across a reference to a book on 'Enrico Malatesta' by 'Vernon Richard'). N.W.

LESSONS OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION by Vernon Richards

This is not a reprint of the work with the same title published by FREEDOM PRESS in 1953. It is a new and considerably expanded version which the author prepared for an Italian edition published in 1957, and recently published in Paris in a Spanish translation.

Additional chapters deal with such important topics as the Militarization of the Militias, the Cult of the Organisation and of Personalities, the Rank and File's Responsibility. As well as a Select Bibliography, the author has contributed a 20-page Bibliographical Postscript in which he discusses the most important works that have appeared on the subject in the past twelve years.

240 pages 8½ x 5½ cloth edition £1.50 [p.p. 15p] paperboards £0.75 [p.p. 15p]

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

AFB REGIONAL GROUPS
There are now anarchist groups in almost every part of the country. To find your nearest group write to:
N.E. England: Mick Rowick, 34 Durham Road, Gateshead, Co. Durham.
East & E. Herts: P. Newell, 'Aegaeon', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester. (QM, FL.)
Surrey: O. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom.
Yorkshire: Trevor Davage, Flat 3, 35 Richmond Road, Leeds, 6.
Manchester: Mat Cunningham, 9 Briar Hill Avenue, Little Hulton, Worsley, Lancs.
Scotland: Secretary, Mike Malot, 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 985, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404, USA.
S. Ireland: 20 College Lane, Dublin, 2.
University and Student Groups: c/o P. L. Mare.

WITH MONOTONOUS regularity, Mr. Heath, Mr. Carr and many other politicians argue that the basic cause of inflation is 'high wages' and 'unreasonable' wage and salary demands by the unions.

Such statements are, no doubt, good propaganda (I don't think that people like Heath are so ignorant that they actually believe what they say) as it tends to shift the blame for rising prices on to the workers. If successful, such propaganda would not bring down prices, but would help to depress 'living' standards—which is what Heath & Co. would like to see.

A brief thought, however, should demonstrate that, all things being equal, the struggle and conflict between workers and an employer can only result in just how much each side gets of the 'surplus value' originally created by the workers; how much goes into the workers' wage packets and how much goes in the unholy trinity, rent, interest and profit. The more for one, the less for the other!

In theory (and in practice at certain times and in certain places), if the workers achieve an increase in their real wages at the expense of the employer, he (the boss) can simply raise the price of his products. But such a move can only work—if in fact it can work at all—automatically if the employer has a complete national, and possibly international, monopoly; and then only if his product

INFLATION

is in considerable demand relative to supply. Putting up prices in such a manner depends on the market, and on people's ability, and desire, to buy.

Such 'ups' and 'downs', therefore, resulting from class conflicts, are not the cause of inflation or price rises. Indeed, wage demands are almost entirely the result of inflation, simply because with continual rising prices, workers are increasingly incapable of 'making ends meet'.

The basic cause of inflation is the steady (and sometimes unsteady), and increasing, supply of paper money in circulation each year relative to the slower increase of productivity and, consequently, the Gross National Product. The more £ notes in circulation, the less they are worth unless production increases at the same ratio. It's as simple as that! Of course, printing more and more paper money is—unless it gets

really out of hand as in Germany after the First World War and Hungary after the Second—an easy way out for governments, particularly if they are able to 'con' the workers into believing they and their wage claims are the cause.

At the present moment, the money supply is growing at a general rate of more than 20% a year, whilst productivity is rising at less than a quarter as much. Hence, inflation. The situation has been aggravated here in Britain because,

compared with many other countries, capitalists tend to prefer the short-term policy of paying out on variable capital (i.e. wages bills) rather than greater capitalisation (i.e. spending their money on fixed or constant capital). Of course, even in Britain, more and more is being invested in plant, etc. (the container 'revolution'), but compared to, say, Germany or Japan, British entrepreneurs want their cake—and eat it—almost all at once, rather than waiting a decade or so. But it can cause greater inflation however.

The moral of all this to workers is clear: don't fall for the 'high wages cause inflation' line. They don't. Strive, all the time, to get a large share of the cake, whilst not losing sight of the main objective of getting hold, and control of, the bakery.

Keep up the struggle—and to hell with Heath & Co.!

P. E. NEWELL.

Direct Democracy

STUDENTS AT Sussex University have formed a Society for Direct Democracy. They recently ran three candidates for positions on the Students Union and all were elected against the opposition of candidates of the International Socialists. The policy of the new Society is set out in a leaflet which has been widely distributed in the University and in near-by Brighton. As it is quite short, we print it below in full:—

The society will have as its aims the abolition of inequality and the creation of an egalitarian society. Towards that end the society stands for direct democracy—that is direct control of their lives by the people.

The society stands for the direct ballot vote on all major issues at national and local level.

The society is opposed to the making of decisions at committee level on major issues that affect the people.

The society demands that no decision be arrived at affecting the vital interests of the people without it being referred directly to the people for their decision.

The society stands for the direct control by people of their work places, institutions and centres of education.

The society will be against the election of national secretaries by any caucus, as in the case of the NUS general secretary, and demands that all such posts be subject to the direct ballot of the members.

Believing that no necessary social change can take place without the participation of the majority of the population the society opposes the notion that any leader or group of leaders can be a substitute for the people.

Membership of the society is open to

all those who accept these aims and agree to work for them.

There will be a nominal subscription of 10p.

The society will only support those candidates for office who support those aims and in the event of them refusing to carry them out will work for their removal.

IF INTERESTED, PLEASE CONTACT:—

B. BEHAN,
36 RIVER BANK,
SHOREHAM-BY-SEA, SUSSEX

No Real Cure

THE GOVERNMENT'S decision to float the pound is only a temporary solution for capitalism's present difficulties. Each recurring monetary crisis is the symptom of an inherent disease. In capitalist terms there can be no real cure. Each remedy only patches up the system for a period until once again another crisis looms up.

Floating the pound is just another way of devaluing it. It makes it easier for companies to export goods but the cost of imports will go up. For ordinary people, who each week have to buy food and clothing, it means higher prices.

We are told that higher wages cause inflation but floating will do the same thing. Wages follow price increases not the other way about.

P.T.

Office Blocks before Homes

A BLATANT EXAMPLE of the class structure of our society was again exposed last week when the Government announced that they would introduce legislation to end the 'highly undesirable practice' of keeping office blocks empty to enhance the capital gains of developers. The Government will either take over these empty properties if the owners do not find tenants, or it will impose such a high percentage of rates that it will become financially unattractive for them to remain empty.

While Oldham Estates and its chairman Harry Hyams have attracted most of the criticism, others are involved. Really Harry Hyams has gone too far and in doing so has brought all property developers into disrepute. About 2 million square feet of office space lies empty in London. Of this Harry Hyams controls half. His Centre Point building at St Giles Circus, empty since it was built eight years ago, has become a symbol of wastage, both of labour and materials, while thousands are homeless.

Centre Point cost £5 million to build and it has been more profitable left empty while rents increase than to find tenants after its completion. Now its value stands at over £16 million.

With prices rising so fast many land-

lords are keeping flats, as well as office blocks, deliberately empty. By doing this they not only get a bigger profit later on but by keeping the property off the market the artificial shortage puts up prices.

The same people who created this wealth for these idle profiteers are now in the second week of their campaign of selected strikes for £30 and a 35-hour week. The social injustice and inequality cry out for a solution. Men have sweated and risked their lives so that Hyams and his ilk can sit back and wait and watch a fortune accumulate.

Harry Hyams' crime is not that he has done this but that he has done it on such a grand scale. It is also interesting that it needed a Tory Government, the traditional defenders of property and profit, to threaten legislation, while a 'socialist' regime had let him get away with it.

Building workers mostly find themselves on jobs which are socially useless. Office blocks and hotels which are put up in order to exploit a profitable market. Real needs, like new and improved housing, are secondary in the rat race for profits. Homes in our profit motivated society are not a social right but another means of exploitation.

'Curry'.

OPEN LETTER TO BLACK FLAG

Dear Comrades,

In connection with the recent discussion in FREEDOM about anarchism and violence or non-violence we quote the following extract from the first 1972 issue of *Black Flag* referring to the West German 'Baader-Meinhof-Gruppe': 'The real name of that organisation is the RAF (Red Army Faction), calls itself Marxist-Leninist. Ironically it does so because it felt that the word anarchist was too revolutionary and impractical a sound for German ears rather than because it believed in proletarian dictatorship. In fact it is libertarian.' This article is continued with some rather absurd attacks against 'quietists', not relevant in this connection.

We as German anarchists can only but assume that the comrades of Black Flag are totally misinformed about the situation in Germany. As a comment we just send the following translation of the minutes of our last group meeting:

In view of the atrocity campaign against the anarchist movement in West Germany in connection with the bomb outrages, allegedly committed by the RAF, the only point to discuss was our attitude towards the RAF. We did not discuss the problem of violence as a matter of principle, but the situation we presently find in the Federal Republic. After a review of the RAF history and the recent events, we unanimously came to the following conclusions:

The RAF is no anarchist or libertarian organisation and has never claimed to be one. It can easily be seen from their publications and their actions, that they consider themselves as a Marxist-Leninist group with no connection to anarchism at all. They think of themselves as a 'revolutionary cream' with the aim to destroy the system and 'liberate' the

people. As anarchists we reject any 'cream', even if it calls itself revolutionary. The real revolution, the abolition of a minority exploiting and oppressing the majority, can only be done by the people involved and not

archists to make the people familiar with our ideas and to create an alternative society. The recent events have caused severe damage to our work of the last months or even years. Furthermore, the ruling class has now its easy oppor-

LETTERS

without the people or 'for the people'.

Some comrades argued that the bomb outrages might well be members of fascist groups trying to provoke the establishment of a right-wing police-state. Anyway, we strictly reject such kind of violence, endangering common people, most of them workers. In the present situation violence is rather questionable, as it is rejected by the population. Violence without the people is violence against the people.

There certainly was a period within the history of the anarchist movement, when anarchists killed individuals. But many of these men, advocated as anarchists by the ruling class, have never been convicted of being anarchists at all. On the other hand many violent acts advocated and used by anarchists were fully justified by the situation, i.e. their actions were supported by the vast majority of the workers and oppressed, as was the case when Alexander Berkman tried to kill the industrial leader H. C. Frick, who was responsible for the death of 10 workers and a 10-year-old child. It should be our aim as an-

archy to cry for more police, capital punishment and even 'more state', as the editor of our biggest-selling paper did. And they are backed by the masses, not

POLITICS OF RAPE

Comrades,

Ian S. Sutherland wrote you a sad upright letter (FREEDOM, 27.5.72). The biggest thing I recognise in his description of the sexual universe is the need to change it. He describes resentful, up-tight men forced to rape cold-hearted 'little bitches' to get some revenge for for the ticklesome way they-nearly-but-not-quite flash their twats. He says 'the wonder is they're only raped and not strangled'—the implication being that in the face of such a provocative gesture as showing a bit of leg or (dammit) a bit of real-life cock-teasing, men have some justification in killing another human being, for MURDER.

But he says 'women... think I'm some

knowing what this game is really up to.

It was regrettably stated, that some people, calling themselves anarchists, support the RAF. These people are only a small minority and by no means representative of the movement. We therefore condemn the attempt of the ruling class to classify us as criminals and murderers. This ruling class allegedly rejects violence as means of politics but is responsible for the crimes of the US imperialists in Vietnam, is responsible for the death of our comrade Pinelli in Milan, is responsible for the imprisonment of libertarians all over the world.

We condemn any kind of violence used by those acting 'for the people' instead of letting the people decide and act for themselves, whether they be the ruling class or 'bloody Marxists'.

The comments from Black Flag are welcome.

JÜRGEN LOHSTÖTER,
On behalf of
Anarchistische Zelle
Niendorf/Hamburg.

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Please send foolscap (9" x 4") S.A.E. if you would like to receive regular booklists.

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Continued on page 4

JIM DALY—Grave No. 340

IN THE FIRST WEEKS of the grey April of 1972 Joe McCann was shot to death by paratroopers. Twenty-five years of age, recognised by his friends and the Special Branch by his slightly pigeon-toed walk and named affectionately as the Pastry Man, he was of that conservative type of radical who forms the core and the guts of almost every working-class militant social organisation.

The IRA, with their policy of mild Marxism, were content, and rightly so, that men such as Joe McCann should work for the future of the Irish working class through organisations such as the Belfast Housing Action Group and the Unemployed Committee but history makes puppets of us all and when the gun and the bomb began to control the lives of the peoples of Northern Ireland Joe McCann automatically took up the role of an urban guerrilla. We attempt to control events but all too often we can only hope to influence them into a rational and humane path. In 1971 the IRA transferred him from West Belfast to form his own unit in the city centre, and with his dyed hair, bell-bottomed trousers and Queen's University scarf, and using the name of John Budd, he took effective command until his death. There are those who will argue that Joe McCann lacked the self-discipline of the trained and dedicated guerrilla fighter, and that his appearance at dances and parties while on the run was in the undisciplined tradition of the romantic Irish gunmen.

And Joe McCann died that Ireland should be free and his sad and pointless death was but one more to add to those whose bloody end makes black reading for the children of Ireland. When the last shot has been recorded, the last rites whispered and the body laid out for public view it is then that the balladmongers take turns to compose their folk hymn to the dead and 'Big Joe' in honour of Joe McCann was ready for recording. With words by two visiting Belfast men from the States, recorded by the Flying Column group to a tune that was the theme of the film of 'The Ballad of Joe Hill' and with an initial pressing of 10,000 singles for sale to the weekend Irish weeping into their beer in their New York or Boston bars, 'Joe' McCann has become one more ballad to sing when the pub is crowded and the beer flows wild, if they can remember the words, ay if they can remember the words.

A GUT TIGHTENING PLEASURE

There is a shaming and vicarious pleasure to walk armed and alone in an enemy-dominated area. It is a gut-tightening pleasure that the gunman shares, with the fighter pilot and the advance squads of infantry moving forward beyond the reach of their own authority and disciplines, for it is that existential world wherein morality is decided by the first finger on the trigger. Joe McCann and too many other good men, both Protestant and Catholic, died in that wild wasteland to end as no more than fodder for a bar room ballad. On the flip side of the dead Joe McCann's record is the traditional 'Lay Him Away on the Hillside', and who among those dribbling onto their plastic shamrock will remember Jim Daly, for man this was your song.

It has long been the fashion for the

British army, nay every army, to shoot a few of their own squaddies as an example to the rest of the rank and file to obey when called upon, but it has always been accepted that war time was the only time to declare open season on one's own lads. One doubts if there will ever be the trigger-happy period of the First World War when, from figures supplied to the Judge Advocate General, the *Return of Proceedings* for August 4, 1914, to March 31, 1920, disclosed for the first time that 266 soldiers and two officers were shot for desertion, 18 soldiers shot for cowardice, five soldiers shot for disobedience, two soldiers shot for sleeping on post, seven soldiers shot for quitting post and six soldiers shot for striking a superior officer.

It can be argued that 286 men executed by their own comrades could be but a matter of small import when 4,000 men a week were being killed in action, yet even in this matter a small mercy was shown in that execution of those men was recorded as death in action to spare the anguish of the victim's families, but James Joseph Daly of the 1st Battalion, The Connaught Rangers, Number 35232 was executed by a firing squad on November 2, 1920 in Dogshai Prison in the Punjab, North-West India, in the piping days of peace, and the reason for his death and the manner of his dying was dutifully recorded in the *London Times* of 1920. Jim Daly had taken over command of a revolt of Irish soldiers within the ranks of the British army. The British army has always drawn its rank and file manpower from the dispossessed working class and the landless Irish peasants. Our rulers won an empire with an army recruited from the industrial slums and policed it with an army of peasant boys driven by hunger to fight and die for a liberty that their own Church and their English paymasters denied to them and the first battalion of The Connaught Rangers stationed in the Wellington Barracks at Jullundur in the Punjab was an Irish regiment that the British government feared to station in Ireland.

MURDERING BLACK & TANS

In 1920, with the Irish nation united in a war for its national freedom, and with Lloyd George's Black and Tans murdering at leisure and pleasure, it was Cabinet policy that no Irish regiment should serve in Ireland, therefore every Irishman then, as now, who was uncommitted in the national struggle for national freedom carried a sense of personal guilt. As the letters from home began to reach the Irish rank and file their anger passed beyond a hot and beery sense of frustration and Private Joe Hawes from County Clare decided to make the gesture that ended with Jim Daly dying before a firing squad.

Private Joe Hawes took the oldest form of protest, of the modern army, by 'Volunteering for the guardroom' and with the active support of four other private soldiers made their protest by demanding to be arrested. A small matter under the hot sun, with little to break the long boring days, but their active protest was carried 'from bucket to bucket' round the barracks. At 9 a.m. C Company mustered on parade with brasses and boots shining and from the rigid ranks of soliders Private Tommy

Moran stepped forward and demanded to be placed in the guardroom with his fellow Irishmen.

Two corporals were ordered forward to march Tommy Moran to the guardroom and standing stiffly to attention they refused and the mutiny was now an established thing. The mutiny was as yet no more than a refusal to obey orders with the men singing *The Weir* of the Green and *The Boys of Wexford*, and it could follow that with an intelligent officer and a blind eye it would have been no more than a protest, but heat, excitement and boredom created a following for the militant few, and now there was a full-scale mutiny, for the Colonel Descock to ruin his day and his career, for win or lose he had now lost his reputation.

The mutiny was still leaderless and, with the memory of the fate of General Dyer, because of the Amritsar shooting, no senior officer was eager to blaze away, for this was peace when individual shooting made news back home. The soldiers milled around demanding freedom for Ireland, refusing the key to the liquor stores to the non-politicals and maintaining their military smartness.

It was on the morning of the following day, with the rebel Irish flag flying over the guardroom, that Private Jim Daly stepped forward to take command. Twenty years of age and a member of the IRA, he had that unique gift of leadership, and it was he who attempted to guide an excitable rabble into a revolutionary army, for the men of Jullundur sent two men on the long footslog to Solon to enlist the aid of Private Daly.

Daly's personal authority cannot be questioned, for he paraded the entire company and marched them to the officers' mess and made the same demands as the men of Jullundur, and Private Daly was now the accepted leader of the military rebellion. Yet it was a vain and suicidal revolt, for this band of Irishmen were but a small military company isolated within the Indian continent, yet this very fact adds to their glory.

But death and the priest is always waiting in the wings of Irish politics. Jim Daly attempted to take over, by night approach, the Solon magazine. With 27 men armed only with bayonets Private Daly led the charges up the slope to the magazine, to be met with rifle fire and two of his men shot dead behind him. It was now a lost cause, for many of the men were slipping away, and The Royal Sussex Regiment marched into Solon to overpower by superior firepower their comrades in arms. The mutiny was finished, and the men marched into that strange Kaskaland of army justice.

CHALLENGE OF HISTORY

The army took its revenge on the rebels with varying terms of imprisonment. There was the inevitable traitor. There were prison revolts by the militants until they were all released under the amnesty negotiated by the Free States. A memorial in Glasnevin Cemetery is their only material reward, but they have earned themselves a justifiable and proud place in the story of Ireland's fight for her national independence. Jim Daly was the only man to die before the firing squad, for by his very nature he

was ordained to be the leader of any mass act, and he must, nay did know that this act of military and national isolation had marked him to be the sacrifice.

All we can ask is, 'Was Jim Daly's sacrifice worth it?' and the answer is, 'Yes', for there comes that bitter moment when we must accept the challenge of history, knowing that defeat is one move nearer victory. 'And was Joe McCann's death worth it?' and I say, 'No', for to see the spectacle of the Irish working class slaughtering each other is to view a worthless folly. To walk through the battleground of Belfast is to walk from one street of terraced working-class houses to the next and only the local church can offer a different way to heaven. Violence has now become an end in itself, when any loon who can carry a gun is marked for glory and a ballad, Protestant or Catholic it makes little difference.

One stands with the Belfast people in the long waiting at the bus stops and hardly a head turns when the explosion booms and the cloud of smoke rises. An old man looks out of a neat working class house and wonders when his small home will be sacrificed for the cause and the cause was won and lost long ago, for the German and Japanese industrialists are buying their way into Holy Ireland without using a single bullet, and only the death of Jim Daly can have any meaning, for his was the revolt of the human spirit, even though death is the final and certain end.

In 1907 James Larkin led the workers of Belfast in a losing strike. In that year of 1907 the workers of Belfast stood united against the military and the armed police and Maggie Lennon and Charles McMullan were shot dead in the streets of Belfast in the only war that is worth the death of a working man or woman, for all else is comedy, farce or tragedy, to weep over when the beer is talking. It is the working class of Northern Ireland who are being killed or maimed for a cause that they have nothing to gain from. Every bombed or burned working class home is a sacrifice to a cause kept alive by the middle-class intellectuals for its literary merits, for remember, little comrade, that in all the bloody murders that have marked this campaign only the working class have been honoured by providing the corpses. The top of the underground pop ballads is for Joe McCann, for a death that should never have been demanded, and the flip side is for Private Jim Daly, yet after the long night ahead, when all the ITV romantics have been forgotten, it will be Jim Daly, Maggie Lennon and Charles McMullan who will be accepted as having given their lives, not for a cause but for the people of Ireland, and the people of Ireland are the peasants in the field and the workers in the factory, for we are the people and there is no other.

ARTHUR MOYSE

POLITICS OF RAPE

Continued from page 3
how the whole fuck-up keeps going on?

The structure of our society is given life by the way one person's hang-ups intensify those of others, even when some sort of efforts are being made to escape them. The whole Corporate dungheap feeds and grows on the frustrations, the guilts, the fears and the sado-masochistic violence of the people. Shit. Those 'uptight little bitches' you talk of are scared, man, scared of you and men in general. Randy and scared (yes folks, ladies get randy) women go out and find all the violence of men who've somehow got the idea that fucking is bayonet practice. So women rapidly get cautious, with a whole pile of mournful folklore to fall back on.

Meanwhile, jacked up on James Bond books, mucky pictures and 'get a cigar and get it on' advertising, men go out and try and pick up a bird. (Nice that, just like you pick up a basket in the supermarket. Quick service.) But what's this? The birds will accept a Babycham but won't open their legs! Cheeky cows! Don't mind you standing up on the buses for them, do they? Fucking whores! ... This reaction is predetermined in most men. Most men are brought up to know violence as the ultimate sanction of authority. But men are also allowed to learn that violence is their ultimate sanction against others. But most women are taught to turn their aggressions on themselves—a lot of women have been made psychologically incapable of effective—even defensive—violence. If they were, rape would occur about as often as homosexual rape of one grown man by another, that is to say: not very often. As it is women made 'good' targets for the violent working out of men's social/sexual hang-ups.

So the women's fantasies of a kind, sexy, protecting male and the men's fantasies of a kind of whore/madonna

Contact

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

Help Fold and Despatch 'FREEDOM' Thursdays from 2 p.m., followed by discussion at 7.30 p.m.

Sussex University. Society for Direct Democracy formed. Those interested contact Brian Behan, 36 River Bank, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex.

Alternative Day School. Nursery class teacher needed September. Low pay but rewarding work. Kirkdale School, 186 Kirkdale, S.E.26 (778 0149).

Two Young Italian Anarchists urgently need accommodation in London for one month from about July 10. Contact Box 5 at Freedom Press.

Return Appearance. Song and poetry from Maureen Benjamin, John Sivyver, Bill Fay, Jeff Cloves. Cockpit Theatre, Gateforth Street, Marylebone. Sunday, July 9, 8.00. 25p.

Anarchist Meetings. Thursdays at 7.30 p.m. at 68 Wimbourn Road, Southend.

'Peace News' for theory and practice of non-violent revolution. £4.95 p.a. (students less 10%). Trial sub. 7 weeks for 50p with free M. Duane 'Biological Basis of Anarchism'. 5 Caledonian Road, N.1.

Anarchist Syndicalist activity in London. Contact D. Coull, 113 Cazenove Road, London, N.16.

BLAST — Bristol Libertarians Against State Tyranny. Address c/o 8 Cowper Road, Bristol 6.

Vancouver Social Revolutionary Anarchist Federation has begun to publish a monthly newsletter in an effort to foster communications between anarchists scattered across Canada. To receive a copy write to SRAF, c/o Volunteers, Box 34074, Station 'D', Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

Groups—Sell 'Inside Story' to members. 50% discount for orders of four or more. Inside Story, 3 Belmont Road, London, S.W.4.

S.E. London Dwarfs & Anarchists meet Sundays 4 p.m., 61b Granville Park, S.E.13. Street theatre starting. Contact J. Dixon, 44 Pendragon Road, Bromley, Kent. 01-698 8596.

Stoke Newington 8 Trial. Send all aid to '8' Fund, Compendium Bookshop, 240 Camden High Street. Meals, fruit, papers, books (new ones only), cigarettes and money needed.

Holiday Accommodation. Will exchange 2-bedroom cottage in Gloucestershire for similar accommodation in Norfolk or Suffolk. August 13 to 26. A. Jacob, Grove Farm Cottage, West-end, Stone House, Glos.

Ian and Peggy Sutherland now live at 91 William Street, Derby. No more letters to Aberdeen.

both get—literally—fucked. And there's a whole lot of miserable people living together really taking each other apart. They're confused and upset but better at taking orders and capable of working with furious frustrated energy.

And the question still remains, Ian, 'Why do mini skirts, etc., make you think of rape and not of intercourse by mutual consent?' Because that rape thing in your head is part of the corporate-statist dregs which stop you being the full force you could be for the liberation of all men and women. The politics of joy and creativity make it possible for men and women to really enjoy each other, they make it possible to transcend the defensive strategies of confused withdrawal and miserable self-justifying violence. We can work it out and make our lives shine like a beacon. It'll hurt but then we've got a world to win.

Fraternally (really),

Leeds JOHN QUAIL.
P.S. Suppose that some lady driven mad with lust by the sight of some sexy gent in his tight pants and Mr. Freedom shirt were to take this gent off to bed and was then to find that this guy was coy or impotent. Question: would it be a wonder if the guy didn't get himself strangled?

THIS WEEK IN IRELAND

PEACE HANGS by a thread finer and more easily broken than a spider's web. The Provos kept up their violence right until zero hour on the night of Monday, June 25-26. They shot the last man at three minutes to midnight. Another man died later in the week as the result of their final fling. Yesterday they gave a rather unrealistic press conference with their plans for Eire Nua or New Ireland, four regional parliaments for the four ancient provinces and a Federal Government somewhere in the centre of Ireland. Back to the days of the King of Connacht and Leinster and Munster and Ulster and the High King at Tara and the endless tribal wars that this entailed. Do they never read history and apply it?

Meanwhile the Unionists have gone on the warpath. Whitelaw was bullied by Paisley into saying he would recover all the rates and rents owing by the strike, and already the incomes of many people on strike for Civil Rights are being tapped at source, including MPs of the opposition. No interence has been released since the end of hostilities and

Ivan Cooper says Whitelaw is yielding to Unionist pressure and throwing away chances of a lasting peace. This weekend the Protestant barriers go up again and Paisley and Co. are saying there must be no amnesty for 'IRA killers' and if Whitelaw does not arrest them they will have no choice but to do it themselves. They do not however mention those killed by RUC and B Specials whose murderers are still free and serving. Paisley rejects utterly the wise plan of regional police forces, i.e. one for the Creggan and Bogside recruited from Creggan and Bogside men, and one for the Shankill recruited from Shankill men. It only needs one death on either side, one careless gunshot to start a bloody Sunday situation. I wonder how many British people realise the sectarian divide dates back to 1931 when thousands were made redundant from the dockyards and the Protestants were in terror they would lose jobs and Catholics get them? There was sectarian rioting and men were killed.

On Tuesday evening I was not very well and I stayed in and listened to a

programme from Northern Ireland called 'The Price of Violence'. It would have made a heart of stone weep. The person who came out of it best was the English mother of a soldier who had been killed. She really had no bitterness, and could see her loved son was regarded as a foreign soldier of occupation on their soil by the Irish, but most of the other speakers were so full of hate and more hate. A girl who had been tarred and feathered seemed, although in England now, pretty forgiving but still terrified, as were the two sisters who were rendered limbless in the Abercorn Restaurant explosion. One lost an arm, an eye and both legs, her sister both legs, but they do seem to be getting over it somehow. Mrs. Groves who was blinded when she opened her window to hear what a soldier shouted to her and she fired a rubber bullet straight into her face will not forgive him, and the wives of internees are bitter, bitter, bitter. The saddest of all were the youngsters, the stone-throwers of the Catholic ghettos and the Tartan gangs. They still talk in terms of THEM and US and hate, hate, hate is their theme song.

The pound floats and prices rise every day. Soon the purchasing power of the pound will be little more than a penny.

I write no more this week. 'Lord, what fools these mortals be.' H.