

## The Right to be left Alone

AS I WRITE THIS there may be a magnifying lens (or a camera) hundreds of yards away—in the next building for example which can read what I write. It may even be taking a moving picture of my writing these words. If I send them in a sealed envelope some intermediary may insert a needle-thin flashlight inside the envelope and illuminate the contents enabling them to be read by an expert; he can even use infra-red energy to read by means of the carbon constituents in my writing material. Even if I move about in the dark I may still be photographed in a moving picture.

If I am interrupted (as I not infrequently am) by the telephone our words may be relayed to a radio transmitter somewhere. I can be eavesdropped on through the wall with a stethoscope-like instrument, microphones may pick up my voice in a cocktail olive (does it work when wet?), a cuff link, a tie pin, a dart in a wall. If my phone is

tapped, technical progress is such that I would never know. Someone, somewhere may be listening over his 'infinity transmitter' to all the sounds in the room where I am, which he did by dialling my number with an ultrasonic note on the last digit. He may, even now, be using a directional microscope to hear my voice from a distance—or using an invisible light beam or laser to pick up the vibrations of my voice. My casual visitor may have a miniature tape recorder on his person, or he may have hidden one where he can recover it later.

I may have been planted with a trail 'bug' which will signal to those wishing to follow me, which direction I take. This can also be done by low-level radio-active powders or fluorescent dyes, which can be reflected by an ultra-violet light source.

All this may seem to the discerning the paranoid ravings of those who measure their importance by the amount of attention paid to

them by officialdom. However this is not the case, the examples of possible (if not highly probable) espionage are taken from the coldly sober—in fact too sober—Report of the Younger Committee on Privacy (HMSO).

This committee was set up by the Labour Government in 1970 and Sir Kenneth Younger, its chairman, was a former Minister of State at the Home Office. Other members of the committee included Margaret Drabble, the novelist, and John Torode, the Guardian's Labour correspondent.

Its findings were fairly predictable and in view of the limitations of its terms of reference failed to reach the real crux of the problem. It recommended the creating of a new criminal offence of unlawful (my italics) surveillance and a civil offence of overt surveillance. There should be a code of practice for people handling personal information through computers. The Gov-

ernment should, perhaps, set up a standing committee to watch the way in which computer operations are developing. People should have legal rights of access to information about them—held by Credit Rating agencies. Banks should be more guarded with their customers' personal information. (A Guardian reporter phoned a bank last Wednesday and got, without many questions, information about his colleagues' bank accounts.) Private detectives should be licensed to keep out undesirables—don't worry Mr. Quartermain! The Press Council should contain 50% laymen. Universities should have a code practice for dealing with confidential information about students.

'The committee's strategy' (says the Guardian) '... is piecemeal. It considered closely, but finally rejected, the notion that, on top of the changes it proposed it should also demand the establishment of a general legal right of privacy.' Two members of the committee put in minority reports; one, an MP, has sponsored a bill calling for such a right to be established.

The conclusion of the examination of the idea of the general right of privacy is 'A blanket declaration of a right of privacy would introduce uncertainties into the law, the repercussions of which upon free circulation of information are difficult to foresee in detail but could be substantial'.

The whole project and aims of the committee seem like a performance of *Macbeth* without any murderers insofar as the terms on which the committee was set up specifically exclude all references to Government invasions of privacy (including police

and local authorities). It also excludes Government, police and local authority usage of such devices which is, of course, as any Labour (or Conservative) Government or Home Office functionary will tell you, quite lawful and justified in the circumstances. There is no reference whatever to the powers of Government, local and central, to force one to divulge personal information under pain of penalties, a right denied even to the press, private detectives or credit rating agencies.

The Daily Telegraph Magazine of June 30 featured an article by Fenton Bressler entitled 'Taking Liberties with Freedom' which showed a photograph of a group of ten people who are entitled to enter your premises 'in certain circumstances' and Mr. Bressler adds, 'Refusal to let them in could be an offence in itself.' The list includes employees or officials of the Gas, Electricity and Water Boards, Customs and Excise, Post Office, Police and Local Government officials. Bressler concludes his survey, 'Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make complacent of their liberties.'

The report of the Younger Committee is complacent indeed when it avoids (as it was meant to) the growing invasions by Government of one's privacy. Laws to stop or codes to deflect vested interests from invasions of privacy are merely nets through which the more agile and cunning will slip. Governments and States will, as they always have done, crash through the nets set up to protect the individual. Laws cannot protect individual freedom and privacy. It must be fought for by the individual. JACK ROBINSON.

No. 40

EXPRESS

IMMEDIATE

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## Ireland Comes Home

THE TWISTING HISTORY of Ireland (so twisting that it never seems to arrive anywhere) has achieved yet another climax of miniature empire-building behind the barricades manned by the masked foot soldiers. For outsiders it must seem rather strange that both areas, 'prod' and 'taig', have the same type of houses, schools and probably problems. Now the strange sectarianism has spread to the orange areas of Scotland. A march of 25,000, openly supported by soldiers and police, was held in Govan near Glasgow and more disturbing still is the defection of many socialists and libertarians to their own sectional 'causes' often to the extent of missing working days to prepare for whatever may happen. The tensions have spread away from Ireland and into other countries mainly as a direct result of the 'external politics' of all the Leninist groups in Britain. Vietnam was a fine

recruiting ground and also good copy; Ireland was 'Britain's own Vietnam', a pet rabbit which has a kick to it. Now the prancings of the protesters up and down the streets of London and elsewhere have rebounded with the fatalistic parades in Glasgow. The political profiteering of the political left has been repaid with interest. Ignoring the struggle of our everyday lives for a liberalistic 'concern' for the 'people of so-and-so' has helped to create a working class ignorant of their common struggle. 'The party will lead the British people nowhere except into the mire,' said Trotsky of Healy in the 30s, the Irish Sea will do now.

### THE SURVIVAL BATTLE

Meanwhile in Ireland the everyday struggle for houses safe from bombs, bullets and periodic invasions by soldiers has broken through the surface of the

silence in Britain. Five thousand are said to have fled southwards, a new wave of refugees from British politics. Also the British Press seems to think that the dis-interred men were all bandits anyway and should not have been released. Such idiotic putting down the problem to a few hundred gun-men is the typical attitude of a state who needs a minority smaller than the most convenient one—the 'Taigs' to take responsibility for the violence. The actual action of the state, as we should fully realise, is far less discriminating than that.

If the politics of the various protestant-unionist sects is suddenly in the ascendant, the role of the British Army must surely be radically revised by the Government. British investment in the North has long since been valueless and even in times of 'peace' such concerns as BSR

Continued on page 3

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# Dem Dumb Broads

BEAUTY IS BUT the skin that sheaths corruption, for prick it and from that dead wound will crawl the maggot and the worm, speak to it, and from that mask whereon all emotion cannot dwell will sound the empty prattlings and the tinkling laughter, echoing the shallow mind imprisoned within the fashioned skull. For what is beauty but the masque of death, for when she speaks all the frailties, all the courage, all the greed, all the strength and all the weakness illuminate the dead face of beauty and fashion it into the face of woman, and who dares to prate of beauty to the calm yet worried mother, the young girls sweating at the food-factory conveyor belts or the angry woman denouncing the clerk in office? And of their innocence and arrogance the directors of the National Portrait Gallery have broken a lance in defence of beauty and have given the Town and his dog-faced frau one of the loveliest exhibitions to grace the Smoke for many a long dry month. It is the Masque of Beauty, and the corridors of the National Portrait Gallery are covered deep with leaves, while bowers of flowers are formed with garlands of roses, and there on either hand are the framed portraits of the famous beauties of the last four hundred years.

## AROUND THE GALLERIES

Frame by frame they gaze down at us in po-faced splendour, these creatures of the painters' craft, a mindless sisterhood fixed in time, yet forever outside time. They were everything that the men of their time could desire, plump and passive and born for the bed. Once, or maybe twice or thrice, an historic boot joins the line and we may raise a cynical eyebrow before my Lady Blessington or Caroline Norton, but within this exhibition we are all of the blood, so we refuse to speak ill of the dead. It is the portrait of Lily Langtry that held my attention for this portrait by George Watts is surely at odds with the photographs of 'The Jersey Lily'. Her photograph by Van der Weyde shows a rather lumpy woman, while the painting gives us a shy, slim, demure young woman, but let us say that the camera lied.

All in all most of the women within the frames of the paintings were top class whores, and, like brain surgery, it is a trade, so therefore let no one point the finger. Lily earned her rent by catering to King Edward VII, surely the

biggest fool ever to sit on the English throne, and she has an undisputed place within our national culture in that it was Oscar Wilde who lent his studio to Lily and Ted. It is true that the police broke up the Royal idyll when they hammered on the studio door in an attempt to arrest Oscar's friend Frank Miles, but while Frankie disappeared through the back studio window and out of history, Lily Langtry as 'The Dean's Daughter' has won her place on the line of the Masque of Beauty.

## ARMAND HAMMER

It is an exhibition worthy of your attendance for all those connected with the presentation have attempted to incorporate the spectator into the theme and to a great extent they have succeeded, and I wish them well. At the Diploma Gallery within the Royal Academy is the art collection of Doctor Armand Hammer. In 1921 the young Dr. Hammer went to Russia to help in the fight against typhus, and he found that the principal problem was the matter of starvation. He helped to initiate an exchange of food from America and an exchange of goods, and this action won him the thanks and goodwill of Lenin. Living in a rented palace, he bought the works of art of the impoverished aristocracy. One may form one's own opinion of this method of aesthetic horse-trading, but this twentieth century American capitalist has handed the American museums a multi-million dollar collection of works of art.

On exhibition is Dr. Hammer's second collection, for in 1956 Hammer collected the Occidental Petroleum Corporation and he turned that £15,000 into an international corporation worth over £961,000,000, and the American people's cut is this magnificent collection. It includes work by Rembrandt, Rubens, Corot, Van Gogh, Renoir, Degas, Pissarro, Gauguin, Modigliani (see poster), Raphael, Durer, Watteau, Fragonard and Toulouse-Lautrec, in other words you name it we got it. It is a most civilised collection of dead men's work, for I always distrust rich patrons who only collect one particular style or period. It is a truly magnificent collection, and all marked down for the American State galleries, yet for all his wealth and ability to buy works of accepted merit Dr. Hammer has been ill served by the colour reproduction within his large catalogue, for the colour reproduction is atrocious. There are painters such as Vlaminck whose use of colour is the

mainspring of their art, and Vlaminck's *Summer Bazaar* is translated from the rich royal blue of the original to a reproduction of baby blue that can only make a mockery of the painting. When one hears witness to the mutilation of a good painting one has a right to challenge the aesthetic merits of those responsible for assembling this collection, and wondering, may I ask, if money was the only key to the assembly of this collection.

## OLD MASTERS AND OTHERS

There are galleries in which one walks humbly, in theory if not in practice, and Colnaghi's at 14 Old Bond Street, W.1, is such a gallery. Their current exhibition of Old Master Drawings is but one more example of the good taste and sensitivity of those they serve. The exhibition title speaks for itself, and here are drawings that range from the exquisite to the overpowering, for here in pencilled sketches and drawings are the visual birth pangs of the great and accepted works of public art. Can one say the same of Barnett Newman at the Tate? Unfortunately the answer is, 'No'. Barnett Newman died on July 4, 1970, and I would hold that his reputation as an artist will die with him. One can walk through his exhibited works at the Tate and rightly claim to enjoy them, for they have no claim on the mind or the heart. Of the fashion, and let Barnett Newman be accepted as the father of this school, they belong to that style of painting that does no more than to cover a huge area in a single flat overall colour, and then jazz up the action by dividing that flat area of colour with a single painted vertical line. The purist will protest that there are paintings with two large areas of flat colours upon the same canvas, but in the quickness of time it does not really matter, and the tragedy is that in this type of exhibition the catalogue is usually a better production than the original paintings, and for that reason I can do no more than plug the catalogue by Thomas Hess. 88pp., 21 x 30 cm. 10 colour plates, 44 black and white illustrations. Paperback 90p (post plus 20p), clothbound £1.80 (post plus 26p), from the Tate Gallery. But for those who love flat areas of un-

demanding soft warm colours then the Newman exhibition is your scene man.

## AFRICA AND AUSTRALIA

It is a sad fact that, while the Town and his learning, loving frau continue to queue to inspect the Roy King's golden mask at the British Museum in Holborn, two major exhibitions are there for their interest and pleasure within the Ethnography Department of the British Museum immediately behind the Royal Academy. Manding Art and Civilisation has been organised by the School of Oriental and African Studies to mark an important conference to be held at the University of London on the Manding-speaking people and their culture. The Manding language is one of the principal languages of Black Africa, and of a people who trace their historical expansion from the heartland of the Upper Niger, and this exhibition of their tools, their culture and their architecture must demand an attendance by that publicly-committed audience. For myself it was the exhibition of the way of living of the Australian Aborigines that held me, for within the same rooms was displayed the dynamic and demanding Manding civilisation and the dying culture and way of life of the Australian Aborigines, for theirs is the beauty and theirs is the death, for they who formed part of the slum of Empire are now no more than a pathetic sub-group in the Australian continent. Let those who talk of brotherhood remember them, and when the dons and the politicians take their seats at the 'important conference' on the powerful Manding-speaking people, and their culture, let them ask why no sent is waiting for an invited representative from among the Australian Aborigines, even if it is only to observe power politics in the field of race relationship, for if they can share a museum exhibition surely they can share a conference table?

## JOHN RETHI AND HALIMA NALECZ

But enough, for the Town calls, and there at the Royal Exchange is the work of the City & Guilds of London Art School, and there is the work of my friend John Rethi, one-time active in the editorship of FREEDOM. Two life drawings

firmly drawn but with the foreground figures too slightly sketched, and the background too strongly drawn. Next we turn to the canteen of the Royal Academy School, and the works of John Kiki. Heavily overpainted in the manner of Brmthy, but with a clever use of Action Painting in the manner of Jackson Pollock. Somewhere within that dark basement is a fine wash drawing by Jeffrey Courtney of *Cliff and Trees*. Modern Chinese watercolours by Pang Chao-ling at Hugh Moss's Gallery at 12 Bruton Street, W.1, and happy type seascapes by the 84-year-old Montague Dawson at Wade's Gallery at 28 Bruton Street, W.1. While for those who want a new gallery then push aside the minor royalty queuing outside Hardy Amies at 14 Savile Row, W.1, and climb the stairs of 16 Savile Row to Felicity Samuel's Gallery for Nigel Hall's stark and clinical length of piping, or just stand and gaze at Felicity brooding at her desk within the empty gallery. But dem dumb broads demand to be heard, so on to the work of Halima Nalez at her own gallery at 5 Porchester Place, W.2, to pay homage to the paintings of Halima. Sensuous and exotic, they reflect Halima Nalez's own appearance and personality, and the sounds of her Polish accented musical voice kills all criticism.

And once more to the debris of the fruit and veg of the Berwick Market to Angela Flowers' Gallery, lost in the garrets of 3 Portland Mews. All London was there, from Sir Roland Penrose sideways, and we drank the wine and praised each other's vanities, while Angela, sheathed in blue, and looking very slim and very lovely, kept the free-loading mob under control. Of Adrian Flowers' 100 photographs in the round what can one say, beyond the fact that Adrian is tall, slim, cuddly, bearded and is the man responsible for the whisky photograph advertisements that spatter the Sunday supplements? 100 photographs in the round, wherein all is reduced to a two-dimensional world of meaningless colour, beneath a common gloss, for the camera is the lying eye and the servant to the whore of beauty.

ARTHUR MOYSE

# ON TRIAL

SINCE OUR LAST REPORT of the Angry Brigade trial (June 17), the prosecution has been presenting its evidence about the 27 bombings and shootings which occurred over a period of four years and which are alleged to form a pattern of conspiracy involving the eight people in the dock.

The defence has been resisting this evidence on every point, and with five barristers and three people defending themselves this has been taking up a great deal of time. In particular the three defendants without barristers have been trying to challenge the whole concept of 'expert evidence', showing that the so-called expert witnesses are not independent qualified scientists at all, but army or police specialists who have simply built up a lot of experience in this kind of work over a long period, and whose opinions are not necessarily more authoritative or less prejudiced than those of anyone else.

The self-defenders have also made some more general points, as when John Barker complained that Robert Mark's big speech of June 20 on the law was in contempt of court, since its reference to 'urban guerrillas' as one of the types of criminals who are currently evading justice was a clear reference to the Angry Brigade; his complaint was of course rejected by the judge. Above all, they have been making sure that they are

known to the court as people rather than mere figures in the dock, and they have established a powerful presence in the centre of the courtroom—especially John Barker, who brings into the ritualistic atmosphere of the trial a whiff of the genuine anger that is felt outside in the real world.

It soon became clear that the trial was going to last much longer than the original estimate of ten weeks. When the judge realised this he fixed a four-week adjournment for August—presumably so that he and the other lawyers could take their holidays; for most of the defendants it just means another four weeks in prison, where they have already spent getting on for a year. As it is, the strain is beginning to tell—Anna Mendelson has frequently been ill and sometimes unable to come to court, and on June 22 she and Hilary Creek both applied for bail on the grounds that they cannot possibly prepare their case properly in prison conditions. The judge was as polite as ever, but naturally refused the application—while repeating his offer of legal aid to provide them with barristers, which of course they do not want. Anna Mendelson, who is a very beautiful woman, looks terribly pale and drawn, and it is certainly difficult to see how anyone could do the necessary work in such circumstances.

As the case has droned on and on, the press has almost entirely lost interest. Newspapers are no longer sending reporters to the court, except to drop in from time to time to make sure that nothing is happening, and the news

agencies are no longer sending out reports of the proceedings. Even when prosecution witnesses revealed that there had been at least three Angry Brigade bombings between September and November last year—that is, after the raid on the Amhurst Road flat in which six of the defendants were arrested—the press remained silent. It came to life only to tell how the defence lawyers tried to give Anna Mendelson a birthday cake on June 16, which was allowed by the judge but refused by Holloway Prison. The Defence Committee is making a full transcript of the whole trial, and has produced three bulletins at roughly fortnightly intervals to give some idea of what is going on.

Interest will presumably revive when the defence case begins, but the prosecution case will not be completed much before the August adjournment—if indeed it is by then.

CORRESPONDENT.

## Unpoisoned Water

ACCORDING to the Egyptian newspaper *Al Ahran* (10.7.72) four sealed galvanised iron drums containing water have been found in the Western Desert. They are believed to have formed part of the stores of the Italian Army in the Second World War.

*Al Ahran* says that the water is a rare and extremely valuable find, from the scientific point of view. The reason is that it is thirty years old, and is therefore free from radiation from the atomic explosions. Indeed it is the only radiation-free water that exists, the only unpoisoned water in the world.

JOHN BRENT.

## Baader-Mainhoff

## LETTER

Dear Comrades,

In FREEDOM (July 8) you publish a prominent 'Open Letter to Black Flag' from the same group of phoney in Hamburg who also wrote to the local bourgeois press dissociating themselves as respectable 'anarchists' (!) from the terrible Baader-Mainhoff group. The gist of the 'open letter' is to the same effect. One might wonder why one has to ask in a letter to one paper an explanation of a perfectly simple remark in another: the reason is that they wish the greatest publicity to be shown that they are as innocuous (and as beneath contempt) as the writers on the 'Angry Brigade' in FREEDOM.

It said quite plainly in *Black Flag* that the 'RAF' called itself 'Marxist-Leninist' but could not be considered as such (any more than Herr Lohstötter or Mr. Walter, calling themselves 'Anarchists' could be considered as such). They would appear to most people, one would think, to have more in common with the Bonnot Gang,

say, than the Communist Party, Moscow or Peking varieties. They do not advocate any of the ideas of proletarian dictatorship or party organisation associated with 'Marxist-Leninism'.

The avidity with which the writer seizes on trying to identify his miserable group with Alexander Berkman (whose act was far enough away in time and distance) may be equalled with his crocodile tears at the murder of Pinelli, secretary of the Milan Anarchist Black Cross. When the police followed this up with the murder of his Berlin counterpart, von Rauch, the same writer noted in FREEDOM the police version (which you have still not seen fit to correct) that he was a member of the Baader-Mainhoff group—with the corollary that, as such, he deserved no sympathy. Pinelli, of course, has been vindicated by the liberal press, and sympathy is safe.

Fraternally,  
ALBERT MELTZER,  
p.p. Black Flag.

## 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.

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ANARCHIST  
FEDERATION  
of BRITAIN

### AFBIB—To All Groups.

The next AFBIB will be produced in Sheffield at 4 Havelock Square, Sheffield, 10. Send material to Secretary, Peter Le Mare. Also needs offers of help from Groups to bring out further issues.

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

### AFB REGIONAL GROUPS

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

N.E. England: Mick Renwick, 34 Durham Road, Gateshead, Co. Durham.  
East: E. E. H. P. Newell, 'Aegion', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester. (QM, FL.)  
Surrey: G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom.  
Yorkshire: Trevor Bavage, Flat 3, 35 Richmond Road, Leeds, 6.  
Manchester: Mat Cunningham, 9 Brier Hill Avenue, Little Hulton, Worsley, Lancs.  
Scotland: Secretary, Mike Maled, 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 9885, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440, USA.  
S. Ireland: 20 College Lane, Dublin, 2.  
University and Student Groups: c/o P. L. Mare.

## 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.



# More than a Question of Wages

## Building Workers' Strike



**THE CAMPAIGN** of selected strikes on building sites has now reached a total of 170 sites involving about 20,000 men. A further extension of the strike is planned as well as continuing and extending the number of jobs banning overtime.

The unions, the Union of Construction, Allied Trades and Technicians and the Transport and General Workers' Union, are claiming £30 a week guaranteed minimum for a 35-hour week with an extra week's annual holiday.

So far the National Federation of Building Trades Employers have not made any attempt to re-open negotiations with the unions. The employers are saying that workers have not responded well, while the unions are claiming the opposite. However in Scotland, three com-

panies have agreed to meet the claim of £30, while reducing the hours over a two-year period.

The unions have said that they are willing to make company agreements but say that this is just a tactic to try and divide the employers. When a final agreement is reached it will cover the whole industry.

Certainly a much higher basic wage is long overdue. For too long we have struggled to earn a living wage from a lousy bonus scheme or plus payment which on most sites has been arbitrarily operated by the employer. It is only on sites where trade union organisation has been achieved that workers have negotiated reasonable bonus earnings.

The very nature of the building industry makes it difficult to recruit into

the union and create strong organisation at site level. Because well over half of the operatives in the industry are not in a union, the employer has had virtually a free hand. Most employers have no contact with the trade unions and are not concerned with carrying out the Government's Industrial Relations Code of Practice, which says: 'the vital role of collective bargaining carried out in a reasonable and constructive manner between employers and strong representative trade unions'.

The trade unions have never solved this organisational problem. As fast as men are recruited, mainly by the hard work of the stewards, their membership relapses once they leave the job and move to another where there isn't trade union organisation.

Low basic wage rates and lack of union organisation have given the employer a field day to bring in the 'lump'. Even the big companies let out large contracts to non-union labour-only sub-contractors who operate the 'lump'. Men can earn over a pound an hour and also avoid paying tax. This attractive-looking employment does have its drawbacks since no cards are stamped by the employer and therefore the operative gets no paid holidays, national health insurance or accident coverage. He works purely at the whim of the 'subby' and usually any complaint is answered with the sack.

The present strike should be seen against this background. The strike is as much an assertion of the union's place within the industry. It has become a strike where the question of the claim has been pushed into the background by the non-unionism and the 'lump' which has been met on the sites.

### MASS PICKET LINES

With such a low membership some sites have had to be brought out by assembling a mass picket line. Pickets have travelled from job to job, speaking in canteens, recruiting members, abolishing the 'lump' and getting men to operate the ban on overtime.

In Wandsworth a 'lump subby', building for the borough council, had his site closed down and an overtime ban put on all of his other jobs.

On Hampstead Hospital site all the men walked off the job, after Taylor Woodrow, the contractor, had denied a union organiser the use of the canteen, to hold a meeting on the Heath. All the

men agreed to join the union and to ban overtime.

The overtime ban, in itself, is an effective weapon of struggle when contractors have completion deadlines and penalty clauses to pay if they are not on time. The travelling pickets, a lesson learnt from the miners, are making this tactic work. For although it is mainly the large employer that is being hit by the strikes the overtime ban is hurting the smaller companies.

The union's tactic has been to strike the employers on contracts where they are most vulnerable because of completion dates. This also saves strike pay since UCATT funds have shown a deficit of about £500,000 over the last two years. Those still working are being levied and collections are being made on sites each week.

### RANK AND FILE INITIATIVE

In most strikes the initiative comes from the rank and file. While the national officials might be deciding the overall strategy, at local level it is the lay members who are mainly responsible for organising. Although it is a disciplined dispute, in that other sites have not come out of their own accord, the picketing and the demonstrations, especially the one in Birmingham, shows that there is a groundswell of rank and file feeling and a determination to win.

Many building workers spend their working lives creating spacious apartments for the rich. They build for the speculator and for the money-lender. The irony of our lives is that the place we build we don't even have the price to eat in, let alone own.

At a UCATT meeting in London on Sunday, stewards called for one-day stoppages and demonstrations to give more members an active involvement and let the public know about our claim. A weekly strike bulletin was also proposed to keep members informed. Stewards expressed doubts about the so-called tactic of company agreements since Mr. Eaton, the regional secretary, in his opening speech said he favoured a separate wage agreement with the local authorities. Such a move would divide the membership and would mean that only the strongest sections of the industry could force up wages while others would be left behind. Union moves to make such agreements must be resisted by the rank and file.

P.T.

## Please Teacher

Dear Comrades,

May I take issue with most of the points raised by Peter Neville in his article in FREEDOM, June 10, 'Please Teacher Revisited', while welcoming the controversy he has started, striking as it does at a number of rather complacently-held opinions among libertarians.

I will begin with the practical question of punishment. He is quite right that a collective of teachers and pupils cannot tolerate in its midst individuals whose sole purpose seems to be to destroy the work in progress. That does not however imply punishment as a logical step, unless all other efforts fail—and then the best punishment is simply to dismiss the individual concerned (no punishment at all, if he doesn't wish to be there). However, this point is probably rather academic anyhow.

More importantly, within the classes created by the existing education system we should not assume that punishment which disrupts collective activity is necessarily bad. All too frequently classes will tolerate bad teachers and irrelevant work without complaint. When the bolder few rebel punishment follows, as much to keep the rest in fear as to restore the norms of collective behaviour. One only has to follow the present public debate on the question of school discipline ('the comprehensive jungle') to realise that what is behind the calls for more discipline is this very desire to restore control by force, when, left to themselves by more 'permissive' teaching methods, the kids realize that the whole damned system stinks, and is totally irrelevant to their everyday needs.

It was a very nice example that Peter quoted concerning the punishment of racial violence. One wonders whether he also approves of corporal punishment to control outbursts of 'childish' Maoism, pupil trade unionism, and anarchism. Presumably not. I find nothing morally clever in the principle of what this headmaster did (though, I must admit, I share a certain amount of Peter's delight that the culprits were punished), precisely because of the power this gives to teachers to deal physically with pupils' opinions, however personally offensive they may be to me. Yes, they should in my opinion be punished, but why must it be a teacher who is the arbiter? Why not precede the matter with collective decision? How many of these would-be Nazi pupils' contemporaries had their resentment against immigrant children reinforced?

To support punishment because it is sometimes demanded by parents is to me no argument. Because they are parents doesn't make them somehow morally absolved from criticism of their actions. Many are so wrapped up in the fetishisation of the wonderful things our

education system can do for their kids that they will happily see their kids beaten into submission—even though their kids personally are pissed off with the whole idea. In addition many parents seek simply to shift the decision on punishment out of their homes where they have to live with the domestic consequences.

The most offensive of Peter's remarks is that concerning Trevor Bavage's free school in Leeds. I presume from their tone that some violent personal antagonism exists here. It at any rate corrupts Peter's judgement when he suggests that it would be a good thing that pupils given control of their own environment should be 'grabbed by the compulsory state education system'.

Let's just look at that compulsory state education system. It originated with the needs of Church, State and business to constantly replenish their ranks to maintain their hold over the mass of the population. That sufficed until in the nineteenth century the masses themselves began to organise and enter the stage of history. It then became necessary to also indoctrinate them. So here we have, historically, the two-fold purpose of the state system:

(i) to replenish their elites, by passing them through an egghead-grading system, giving the successful candidates sufficient rewards in cash and status to ensure that if they originate with the lower classes they fast lose their roots and turn against their origins;

(ii) to indoctrinate the masses into the values of existing society, if not the actual ruling class ideology, but above all to make sure people still retain a view that people are unequal, that the successful should control the rest, and that it's all in the interests of some spurious kind of 'progress'.

We might add a third—to get more teachers to carry on the process. That is why teachers' unions as they exist now are elitist, despite the personal inclinations of many of their members. Yes, we should begin to turn away from satisfying our material interests as teachers, to search for the means to overthrow the system. Yes, also, as a syndicalist, I say workers should turn to the abolition of the wage system, and in the case of teachers not to seek control of the education industry, but to destroy it, and replace it with one in the interests of a free society, in exactly the same way as we do not want control of the production of H-Bombs. At the moment it serves the purpose of employing otherwise unemployed middle-class people, just as the police and army soaks up unemployed workers.

Wolverhampton MARTIN BASIFORTHE.

## IRELAND

Continued from page 1

and Cyril Lord both ceased operation in the North through various strange arrangements. The various regional grants have done little except remove a few men from Social Service offices for the period of the grant, with nothing except empty buildings afterwards. The question is whether the Army will smash the UDA (or the Ulster Offence Assoc.) to prevent Ireland-wide civil war, which could well spread to other Irish areas of Britain, or simply continue to hope for the best and use the odd initiative while crushing both IRAs. The little-reported building and rehousing plans in Derry and elsewhere are possibly a way of redistributing the troublesome

populations to prevent easily organised ghetto defence. Of course both may be tried but predictions are impossible, all we know is that all plans seem to return to the same point. That latest *Solidarity* says in a review of *Ireland, Dead or Alive* (by the Belfast Libertarian Group), 'In the meantime the publication of this far from optimistic pamphlet is in itself a hopeful sign' and continues, 'Perhaps subsequent pamphlets may give us some indication of how such influences (radical youth groups) express themselves in Ulster'. An analysis that goes beyond the resigned fatalism of many anarchists and libertarians is what we desperately need to throw in the face of the real traitors, the politicians who treat Ireland as an issue for a Sunday afternoon stroll.

DAVID DOHERTY.

## ANOTHER BELFAST IN BRENT

**RELIGIOUS AND RACIAL** conflict seems to be increasing all over the world. It is encouraged, for their own ends, by the leaders of the various communities, Hindu, Moslem, Jewish, Protestant, Catholic, black and white. Often, it would appear, with the very best motives. We are told that people are seeking to establish their 'sense of identity', or 'dignity' or something or other. But in the end it means that sections of the population, who hitherto have mucked in with the rest, with or without friction, have a line drawn round them, and are segregated.

The wars of religion in Europe began with the arrival of Christianity upon the scene. The Roman Catholic Church was victorious for a time, but with the rise of Protestantism a new cycle of religious conflict began, and went on until, by the end of the seventeenth century, both sides realised that they would never be strong enough to win.

The development of science suggested to many people that religion was out of date. The weakness however of the men of the Age of Reason, and their successors in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, was that they underestimated the power of superstition. As long as all goes well people are rational and scientific, but as soon as society starts to break down they turn back to the gods whom their forefathers rejected.

The revival of the Protestant-Catholic conflict in Ireland is a product of a civilisation which is collapsing. It is now spreading its poison to England, according to a report in the *Daily Telegraph* (5.7.72). Plans have been drawn up for a segregated primary school in the London borough of Brent. Catholics and Protestants (along with adherents of other religions) will have equal but separate facilities. That means separate classrooms but shared diningroom and WCs. Evidently Catholic turds and Protestant turds can mix.

At present there are two schools, a primary and a secondary school side by side. The playground is divided by an iron fence, in order to prevent the small children (what a comment on our society!) being knocked down by the older ones. Now the secondary school is no longer needed, and is to be handed over to the Roman Catholics as a primary.

The proposal, a recommendation from the borough's education committee to its council, has drawn strong objections from parents and teachers and is expected to be deferred for further consideration.

A spokesman for the education authority said, 'It is rubbish for parents to claim that we are creating a mini-Belfast situation, or that they will take their children away in protest. However, in view of the reaction, it is likely that the committee will be asked to give further consideration to the plan.'

The deputy head of the primary school (Wykeham School), Mr. Walter Hartley, said: 'There exists locally and within the school a harmonious, well-integrated multi-racial and multi-religious community which it is feared could be disrupted. Both Catholic and Protestant parents are united in opposition to this plan.'

One can only deplore these fuddydudly, old-style, Age-of-Reason sentiments. Have the Catholic and Protestant parents of Brent, and Mr. Hartley, no sense of Sin, of Existential Angst, of the Tragic Nature of the Human Condition, not to mention the Pathos of Difference, the Territorial Imperative and the Eternal Conflict between Gael and Gail? Are they unaware of the fact that men are only capable of reaching their highest spiritual development when tearing each other to shreds? Is not God—worshipped by both Catholics and Protestants—referred to as the Lord of Hosts? Tut-tut, people of Brent, where is your heroism?

ARTHUR WARDON.

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# FRANCO'S PRISONER

**FRANCO'S PRISONER\*** for 22 long years was Miguel Garcia, a member of the CNT who fought on the Madrid front throughout the struggle against Franco from 1936-39, and was there when Franco's forces finally entered the city as its masters. To those members of his battalion Garcia's advice was 'disappear where you can' for 'the journey into the prison state has begun'.

Garcia could have got to France, but for personal reasons he remained in Spain and had, as he puts it 'almost succeeded' in covering his traces when in May 1939 he was 'denounced' by a woman friend because he was trying to end their relationship. He was immediately arrested and taken to prison to await trial. Because of the enormous number of people in the Central Prison three other buildings had been pressed into service to take the overflow. Garcia's prison was a hemp warehouse, and from his description of the overcrowding, the lack of elementary sanitation and any medical attention, it is clear that the place was worse than any of the many prisons he was to experience in his subsequent prison odyssey. After being held for 22 months, he was brought to trial, sentenced to six months which meant his immediate release.

It was in the hemp warehouse-prison that Garcia first met the eldest of the Sabater brothers (who were to become legendary figures in the guerilla struggle in Spain as were Durrutti, Ascaso and Oliver before them) and 'there we swore we would go on with the fight. We exchanged addresses and arranged to contact each other when we got out'. They did meet again, in Barcelona in 1941, and 'El Pepe and I began to undertake the task of reorganising the movement'. This is sketchily treated in a few pages, and much of it refers to the wartime activities of the British Secret Service agents in Spain with whom Garcia and his comrades were in close contact, each using the other for his own purposes. He writes of this period:

I am grateful to them for one thing in particular. They sent a secret agent who was an expert forger into Barcelona, under cover of the Consulate. He taught me the art, and I became an expert. I had acquired my own printing

\*'Franco's Prisoner' by Miguel Garcia (London, Hart Davies, 171pp., £2.25).

press with the proceeds of a bank raid the group had undertaken (I had served an apprenticeship as a compositor in my youth) and was able to begin the work of devaluing the huge mass of official papers now being issued. Licences, orders, visas, pardons, identification papers of all sorts—the demand was endless. We had to get the members at work again and out of hiding. After so many years of killing it was pleasant to acquire one of the most humanitarian arts in a totalitarian country.

According to Garcia, by the end of the 1939 war there were 'thirteen unions affiliated to the CNT organised in Barcelona'. There was also a Youth Regional Committee 'composed of our most dynamic young men'. There were also many 'active fighters', that is, individuals with special skills, such as sabotage, forgery, armed hold-ups of banks, etc., often acquired in the service of the French Resistance or under the tuition of the British Secret Service, and though it is quite clear that these activities would not bring down the regime, that there was some kind of resistance to Franco's police state must have been a source of encouragement for some of its enemies, though it is equally clear that very few were inspired to take to the mountains and join the guerrillas.

The end to Garcia's hopes came in 1949 when police informers in the slum quarter of Barcelona, the Barrio Chino, looking for stolen goods, became suspicious of a youth who was trying to sell a French gold watch at the street corner. The police were called and documents asked for and produced, but unfortunately for the boy his perfectly forged Falangist membership card was of the type that had been called in and replaced some time before, as a result of the large number of false cards in circulation! Under questioning accompanied by beatings and torture the boy confessed that he had come from France and was to meet a member of the Tallion Group (of which Garcia was a member), and it was the police who went to the rendezvous, at one of which Garcia happened to call just as the police were arresting the man and his family. As soon as they opened the door to him he realised something was wrong and fled. 'I thought I had become an adept in shaking off my pursuers, in avoiding the

detaining clutch of the shoulders'. But he was caught on top of a bus and taken to the Prefecture of Police where he was 'handcuffed' for two days to the hot-water radiators during which time he was to see many of his friends, who had been rounded up, brought in by the triumphant police. They were then taken 'by vanloads' to the Cellular Prison, and in the fourth gallery he and the others remained until the day of the trial, which did not take place for another 24 years, when 30 of them were tried together by a Military Court on the usual charges of seeking to overthrow the State by violence, etc. The death sentence was passed on nine of the prisoners, including Garcia, and the others sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. But thirty-eight days later Garcia was taken from the condemned cell to the prison director's office to be informed that the death sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment. Three other comrades were reprieved, and five were executed by firing squads the next day.

Garcia was transferred to the prison of San Miguel de los Reyes in Valencia, and he comments that 'it was not considered as bad as the other ones. But to go there for thirty years! It seemed that now or never was the moment to escape, during the journey to Valencia'.

This attempt failed as did every subsequent attempt to escape, and there were many in the course of the seventeen years he was to spend in a variety of prisons all over the country. And the subject dominates the last 120 pages of this 171-page book. There is much of interest too about Spanish prison life, which, as presented by Garcia, would seem to be more 'humane'—if one can even use such a word in describing prisons—than British prisons. For instance the band, of which he was a member, had its own quarters containing 27 double tiered bunks.

The room was comfortable though slightly below ground level, and a variety of instruments hung on the walls. The washbasins and toilets were in a separate room at one end, and we could go for occasional strolls in the yard.

The whole approach to work and earnings too is much more human than the derisory earnings system in British prisons. He writes:

In the workshop we made baskets and furniture of cane and osiers, and there was a good market for these things among our relatives and friends. The money we received from outside was taken by the administrator and exchanged for prison currency. He ran the shop and also sold us the raw materials we needed for working. We could buy many things in the prison shop... some prisoners were able to earn enough by working to be able to send money out to their relatives in need, who of course received nothing in the way of social assistance. . . . We in the workshop, a little group together, took turns to cook a meal consisting of pimientos, potatoes, and sometimes even meat, when in funds. We fried in a large paella pan over a brazier, but had to finish and clear the meal away before the change of guard at 10 a.m. (p.60).

The shop and earnings system also allowed some prisoners, who so wished, to drown their sorrows for one could even buy a 'reasonably good glass of wine' which had not been too diluted with water, and though it was 'expensive' drunkenness was not uncommon. 'The trouble with Capullo was the same as the others. He drank heavily, and now that we were earning money he was drunk every night. He got in some honey which he mixed with the wine, and on the night we planned to escape he was as drunk as a lord' (p.116).

One realises that the 'humane' approach by those running the prisons is not entirely motivated by generosity! The whole prison system is corrupt from top to bottom but openly so, whereas in the British prison system the corruption is unofficial and officially frowned upon, so much so that every so often the smuggling activities of prison officers are brought to the public notice by sensational cases involving (as alleged in a recent case reported in the Press) smoked salmon and champagne parties for some prisoners with the right contacts inside and outside. In the Spanish prisons you can buy 'luxuries' in the shop if you have the money, you can receive parcels from outside, with the result that the prisoner is less institutionalised and at the same time his overseers are materially benefiting by 'short changing our rations even further, some of them no doubt being sold back to us through the stores'.

One of Garcia's prison companions was a bee-keeper (in prison for having shot dead a Falangist delegate because

in the course of a discussion he had slapped the bee-keeper's face) who was 'fond of representing prison as the real Cortes [Parliament] of Spain. . . . Only in one place in Spain can one talk freely, exchange views on the future, discuss intelligently, and that is in jail'.

It is one of the shortcomings of this book that there is no account of discussions among the political prisoners, for instance; of friendships that were forged in the prison community; of Garcia's own thoughts and his relationship with his family and friends outside. It is true that he mentions his mother on several occasions and with warmth, but otherwise there are only brief references to the fact that he had a brother (p.64), a wife (p.59) and there is a passing reference to his wife 'who was bringing up our young son in Madrid' (p.93) and a few pages later, but two years later in time, to her death and a despairing retrospective look at their non-relationship dating back to 1934.

All this and much else which is confusing in the book would point to the handiwork of the Publisher's own editor, whose determining role in pruning manuscripts not only to make them fit into what is considered in the trade a viable size but also to make the contents fit the reading-market's requirements is a new and pernicious development in book publishing. Books about prison escapades are obviously of more interest than the reflections of prisoners and the personal problems which they confront in the course of a long term cut off from the outside world.

Therefore while welcoming this book which is full of interesting material as well as containing much vivid narrative, may one hope that Miguel Garcia will soon give us the second volume of his prison memoirs, dealing with the 'missing years' in the book under review? Not only should it be more interesting, but it will surely give us the other side of the picture. Volume one tells us why once in Franco's clutches Garcia never missed an opportunity, nor ever stopped scheming, to escape. Volume two should give us an insight into the minds and physical powers of resistance of people such as Miguel Garcia, who in his twenties was engaged in the life and death struggle for Madrid which started 36 years ago this month; who after the defeat remained in Spain to carry on rather than join the ragged army of refugees who crossed the Pyrenees into French concentration camps; who was undeterred by a first taste of 22 months in prison; who spent thirty-eight days in the condemned cell and twenty years a prisoner . . . emerging in 1969, a man of 61, feeling that his task was to campaign for his comrades still in jail. It would help us to understand Garcia's make-up as well as explain the uniqueness of the resistance to Franco's regime. Agreed that it has not succeeded in toppling Franco nor in stirring the people to attempt great things for their own liberation. But when eventually the last vestige of this corrupt and stale regime is removed from Spanish life, that resistance, the quixotic Garcia of these past thirty years will be recognised as the real conscience of Spain.

V.R.



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

**Meeting on Mutual Aid for class war prisoners in Britain**, organised by Black Cross, Libertarian Prisoners Fund with Centro Iberico, at Holy Trinity Church Hall, Kingsway (Holborn Tube) at 8 p.m. on Sunday, July 23. Short talk and a social get-together.

**ASA Conference**, July 29-30, Students' Union, Sheffield University. Accommodation available at 4 Havelock Square, Sheffield 10.

**Meeting on developing a more effective Anarchist practice**. Same time-place as ASA Conference. Contact Pym, 62 School Green Lane, Sheffield, S10 4GR.

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

**Ireland. Workers' Control**: 1913 Society, Sunday, July 23, 2.30 p.m., Morans Hotel, Dublin.

**Irish Black Cross** needs aid for all political prisoners in Ireland and elsewhere. Contact P. Stephens, 1 Oxford Road, Dublin 6, Ireland.

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

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

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**Bakunin** buys books at the Anarchist Bookshop, 153 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2. Large stock GB and US mags, etc.

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**Spanish Translator** needed to translate sections from a Spanish book on the Civil War. Contact P. Newell, 'Aegean', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester, CO6 3QF.

**Mike Callinan** (Brixton 110305). Visiting days Tuesday and Thursday. For arrangements get in touch with George Foulser, 113 Cazenove Road, N.16.

**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.

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

### LETTER

#### Bakunin Corrected

Dear Comrades of FREEDOM, Just a little note concerning the review of Marshall S. Shatz's *The Essential Works of Anarchism* (FREEDOM, 8.7.72). N.W.'s statement giving the impression that Shatz has for the first time in English translated . . . three extracts from [Bakunin's] *Statism and Anarchy* should be clarified.

My *Bakunin on Anarchy* carries the translation of three extracts from *Statism and Anarchy* (28 pages, 323-350) covering the same ground, including extracts from Appendix 'A'. I will greatly appreciate it, if you would call attention to this correction in FREEDOM.

With best wishes and fraternal regards, SAM DOLGOFF.

**REPLY:** Comrade Dolgoff is quite right; but I wrote the review of *The Essential Works of Anarchism* a long time ago, before the *Bakunin on Anarchy* was published.—N.W.

## THIS WEEK IN IRELAND

I WRITE THIS on the evening of the 12th. The wireless keeps telling us it has been a quiet 12th, only five big explosions and three beastly murders, but the crunch will come later tonight when all the Orangemen get drunk. I listened to the warmongering speeches of Craig and his co-thinkers, one of them praising Rhodesia and saying 'Ulster' should copy Ian Smith.

The frail peace broke and it was Whitelaw's fault. He did not keep his army in order and he did not honour his promises. He stated both to the SDLP and publicly that if violence ended he would release internees. It ended and he did not free even one. He said he would not allow 'no-go' areas to be put up in Belfast but allowed the Unionists in their provocative fancy dress to do just that, and the troops stood idly by and did not prevent or take them down. I saw on a friend's TV how the troops defended the UDA when Catholics were trying to move into the houses that had been legally allotted to them in Lenadoon, and bated the Catholics. I saw an Orange march being forced through a small Catholic village with brutality by the troops towards the residents and the wicked drums and supremacy posturing of the marchers. Whitelaw broke faith and now no one will ever trust him again. He fell over himself to placate the Unionists regardless of his given word.

On Sunday there was what was supposed to be a Civil Rights march to the Curragh. I refused to go as I knew it was merely an excuse for a row. It was. They burned a building where the sports gear was kept and cut the wire with wire cutters and burned trees and threw stones, bottles and petrol bombs. The worst thing the gardai did was, after they had hosed the burning building out, to dampen the foul-mouthed hooligans with the hose. A meeting was permitted near the camp but not in the camp. That devil in human flesh Maire Drumm came down from Belfast and spoke hatred and Micheal Christ Superstar (i.e. Farrel) also came down and breathed

fire. It is all such a wrong way of doing things. To try to inflame Irishman against Irishman down here as well as in the six counties will help no one. Our soldiers and gardai are just ordinary working-class boys the same as the rest. They ARE NOT the RUC and have no sectarianism. I felt physically sick watching the TV scenes.

July 13. Yesterday produced seven killings, many explosions—practically none of Derry is left, and the dear knows there was little enough of it when I was there in January. . . . Seamus Toomey, the Provo leader from Belfast, is willing to renew the cease fire PROVIDED this time he has the British promises in writing witnessed by United Nations or some such uninvolved authority. Perfidious Albion broke their given word at the last cease fire.

Craig actually called for the Vanguard to commit genocide upon all Catholics in his speech yesterday. He said unless the British army wiped out ALL IRA the Vanguard would have to do it and they could not distinguish between friend and foe in the Catholic ghettos so must kill all. Ivan Cooper has called for his prosecution under the Incitement to Hatred Act, but since he is a Prodig it won't happen, yet a mentally retarded man of twenty got a year in prison for shouting 'Up the IRA' after two hours of being baited by the Linfield supporters from the Shankill. Taylor also calls for UDI and all Catholics eliminated. I feel hopeless.

The saddest episode of this sad week was the killing in bed as he slept of a mentally-deficient boy of 15 and the shooting in three places of his mother who is in hospital. They were Catholics; the father was Protestant. This was an UDF job, as are the many murders from cars, though some think these are British secret service men. 'No-go' areas increase, put up by army, UDI and IRA. Soon the whole six counties will be 'no-go' areas. We are discussing making the road in which I live a 'no-go' area to prevent any more evictions for offices for the EEC sharks. H.