

CONSERVATIVE CENTRAL OFFICE



TELL US MAN HOW DO
WE JOIN THE PARTY?

ARTHUR MOYER

THE TEN-YEAR ITCH

The Reputation Of Government

IN AMERICA the Watergate affair and in Britain the Lambton/Jellicoe "scandal" demonstrate that government is a sordid business. The underlying image which ties together Bernard Cornfield, the Poulson affair and Lorrho with the position in America is (to quote *The Times* (24/5/73)) "the ugly face of privilege and power".

Governments would naturally prefer the general population to be unaware of the excessive greed and criminality of the governors. After all, one is likely to question whether such people should govern us or anybody else. Governments depend to a great extent on the respect they maintain with those who labour quietly through life expecting little from life except food and shelter.

For Lord Lambton little sympathy need be extended. He seems to have had a predilection for sex and possibly drugs like hash. He shares the taste of many libertarians in that respect - except as regards his choice of partner. Where he would fall out with the libertarian is over his scandalous occupation of being part of the Ministry of Defence and a millionaire to boot.

The United States provides a different picture as the President backs away into his corner fighting for his life. Perhaps if he'd fucked a call girl he'd have been impeached by now! But all he's done is to order the obliteration of N. Vietnam and now Cambodia by B-52 bombers (or were his orders for these villainous crimes misunderstood?). The most interesting facts coming out from America concern the relationship between Nixon and the former head of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover - they must shake the faith of all but the unthinking democrat in that system of government - for it emerges that the head of the FBI told the elected President to get stuffed and the implication is that he could do so because Hoover had evidence with which he could blackmail Nixon.

Interesting is the view of Hoover's former assistant Mr. William Sullivan that Hoover was of "unsound mind" and that Nixon described Hoover after his death as an "institution in his own right".

But if we talk of the ugly face of power and privilege it is areas more basic than those of such obvious public interest that should concern us.

The issue of a Penguin Special of the *Ecologist's* famous "Blueprint for Survival" reminds us of Peter Bunyard's comment in the May issue of *The Ecologist*: "The question has to be asked, and urgently, whether it is not exceedingly foolish to push on with concepts of growth when the outcome is likely to be so disastrous as to lead to that very situation which it is aimed at avoiding - namely economic depression on a scale far exceeding

ANYTHING THE AMERICANS do we can do better. We have produced our own miniature Watergate plus two new magic ingredients - sex and drugs. Every now and again a passion for purity, a fit of morality envelopes the English scene. Ten years ago there was the Profumo case which removed the Secretary for War, recalled a Russian diplomat, involved the suicide of Stephen Ward and elevated to momentary fame a bevy of what were at that time called something other than 'call-girls'. And now the Lords Lambton and Jellicoe have involved themselves in an affaire which quite obviously is being played much more skillfully and more coolly than the Profumo case, up to the time of going to press.

Another Lord, about whom nothing disgraceful is known, Lord Macaulay once wrote,

"We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. . . We reflect very complacently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England with Parisian laxity. At length our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and heartbroken. And our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more."

So far we have been spared the lubrications of the porcine Lord Hailsham, who in the Profumo affair made a bid for moral leadership, if not of the world, of the Conservative Party.

* * *

The chief sin of Lords Lambton and Jellicoe is that they have consorted with prostitutes. In

that of the 1930s". This is the face of capitalism which is really important and that a responsible media would direct us to, the excessive greed of Lorrho personnel, the lies of Nixon, the Lambton prick, the Maudling-Poulson tie up, the Cornfield criminality are as nothing compared with the vital problem of capitalism:- growth.

That ace apologist of growth, Prof. Beckerman, let his particular cat out of the bag in the footnote to an article, "Why We Need Economic Growth" in the *Lloyds Bank Review* when he wrote: "The following few paragraphs present the 'official' party line about the role of the economist as the detached adviser on optimal strategies for somebody's else's value judgements. Personally, I don't subscribe to this doctrine, and I regard the economist as a special kind of propagandist. But if this were made widely known our propaganda would be less effective, which is why I make this point in a footnote where nobody is likely to read it."

So the economist is a propagandist for growth and capitalism - economics students please note and remember Beckerman's words when you get lectures from seemingly detached apologists for capitalism who never advise you how simple it would be for society to work efficiently without money or the State.

It is the propagandists of greed, power and privilege who are the real culprits of the various "scandals", for they have created a situation where insatiable appetite thrives on acquiring and exploiting more and more.

J.W.

* *Ecologist* £4. sub for 12 months from "The Ecologist", 73 Molesworth Street, Wadebridge, Cornwall.

1881 (according to the Wolfenden report) a senior officer of the Metropolitan Police in his evidence to the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the law relating to the Protection of Young Girls said "the state of affairs which exists in this capital is such that from four o'clock, or one may say from three o'clock in the afternoon, it is impossible for any respectable woman to walk from the top of the Haymarket to Wellington Street, Strand. From three to four o'clock in the afternoon Villiers Street and Charing Cross Station and the Strand are crowded with prostitutes, who are there openly soliciting prostitution in broad daylight. At half-past twelve at night a calculation was made a short time ago that there were 500 prostitutes between Piccadilly Circus and the bottom of Waterloo Place." The Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, had its licence withdrawn in 1894 because of the prostitutes who solicited in the promenade, and Cremorne Gardens in Chelsea was closed for the same reason.

The Wolfenden Committee on Homosexual Offences and Prostitution (1963) says, "We have no reliable evidence whether the number of prostitutes plying their trade in the streets of London has changed significantly in recent years." The only change since Wolfenden is that prostitution has become more organised and syndicated. The call-girl has replaced, to some degree, the street-walker.

Wayland Young, in his *Encounter* article "Sitting on a Fortune", pointed out that the prostitute caters for the physically deformed, the deviants and the men who like

their sex divorced from emotion and from responsibility. It is their loss, but hardly their fault, seeing that society has gone out of its way to condition them to think of sex as something furtive and depraved." Says Young, "If once you get to believe that sex is something separable, and even more if you believe it's degrading, regrettable, unmentionable, something you wished to spare a refined woman, then there's not much reason why you shouldn't buy it."

In a thoroughly artificial society without roots, in a mobile split career such as followed by soldiers, commercial travellers and politicians, the prostitute is not only a necessity but an inevitability.

Our leaders have not always been paragons of virtue, indeed they were admired for their sexual prowess and still, covertly, are. A. J. P. Taylor comments that "Gladstone" (who liked talking to 'faller women') "said that he had known eleven Prime Ministers and seven of them were adulterers. . . The Duke of Wellington was a regular client of Harriet Wilson, a famous prostitute. Earl Grey, of the Reform Bill, had a child by the Duchess of Devonshire. Lord Melbourne was twice cited as a correspondent. Palmerston had four children by Lady Cowper. . . Disraeli shared a mistress with the ex-Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst for the sake of his political advancement." Since then we have had revelations of Lloyd George's full and interesting sex-life. It has been pointed out by a writer to the *Guardian* that Lord Nelson, owing to his sex-life, was a security risk.

Continued on page 4

PORNOGRAPHY OF PROFIT

WITH THE GOVERNMENT anxious to reach an agreement with the TUC over an incomes policy, the Lorrho revelations have been extremely embarrassing to the Prime Minister. Lorrho's has attracted attention to the financial manipulations at a time when workers are being told to restrict their wage claims. The Government and the big business interests are contending that the Lorrho affair is exceptional and that cash payments in places like the Cayman Islands, where there are no income tax laws, are not the usual practice. But the incident reveals that those who claim that restrictions on wages are in the overall "national interest" are now shown up to have only their own personal interest at heart.

Mr. Duncan Sandys has on many occasions supported Government endeavours to keep down the wages of working people. This has not prevented him from taking a munificent fee from Lorrho for advisory services. Because of his company's interests in Rhodesia and South Africa he has not favoured the operation of sanctions against Rhodesia.

Obviously this is "business ethics" in operation. The "goings on" within companies has come under the public eye at Lorrho's and managements dislike being under scrutiny. But the voice of enlightened management, the *Financial Times*, thinks that it would be unwise to cover it up since "then they will not only have done a serious dis-service to business concerns that have nothing to reproach themselves with; they may

also have harmed the national cause in a highly important sense". This "national cause" is "the securing the continued co-operation of moderate trade unionists in keeping the disinflation programme on course..."

The Prime Minister has said that "it is no part of Conservative philosophy that, by one device or another, vast sums should pass at the heart of our financial system as personal rewards". But surely this is exactly what does happen. A minority who own and control the means of production make huge profits from the labour of others. Profits are the driving force of the capitalist system. Lorrho's has exposed the wrangles which are usually kept behind locked doors. It has shown the sort of financial dodges that the powerful and privileged get up to. Bearing in mind that all these transactions have been legal it shows how the system works better for some than for others.

Such revelations put the capitalist system of exploitation into disrepute. The employers need the co-operation of the trade unions to keep their costs down by restricting wage increases. Lorrho's will not assist this aim and so they are concerned that this company is exceptional and not typical.

Whether a company manages to keep its "goings on" behind closed doors or not does not alter things for the workers they employ. Workers are still the victims of exploitation, insecurity and indignity. Anarchists want liberation from the economic exploitation of the employers and the political domination of the State. We want people to be free from all the institutions of political power and to create a society of free men and women shaping and controlling their own lives to benefit all in the community.

P.T.

AUX BARRICADES!

KARL MARX, writing in the 29th June, 1848 issue of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* on the dying struggles of the 1848 French revolution, stated that "The February Revolution was the beautiful revolution. . . The June Revolution is the ugly revolution, the repulsive revolution, because deeds have taken the place of phrases. . .", and Marx was right if one was a romantic bourgeois ready to strike a stance for a shallow cause. Those three days of February, 1848 overthrew a tumbling monarchy and filled the streets with poetic rhetoric and worthless promises for the French working class, who were marked to die should the February revolution become a sour reality for the French bourgeois.

The French proletariat were promised National Workshops for the unemployed, nationalisation of the railways, a ten hour day and a Universal Suffrage, and for this they manned the barricades for the French middle class. It was the comic revolution, with prancing shopkeepers praising the working class for their discipline and hungry workers guarding private property to prove that they were fit to die for their employers.

But with 50,000 Parisian working class in arms in the east end of Paris the bourgeois revolution of February, 1848 no longer amused, and the French middle class now knew that it was time for the revolution to be carried to its logical end - and that means for the middle class the physical destruction of the militant working class. On the 24th April 1848 the Conservatives captured, by vote, the National Constituent Assembly and on the 21st June 1848 began the planned destruction of the French working class with a decree abolishing the National Workshops and putting an end to Press freedom, and within two years three million Left-wing militants and itinerant workers were denied Universal Suffrage. It was on June the 23rd 1848 that the Paris working class took to the streets, for the

Moniteur had published the law dissolving the National Workshops and now the long line of barricades stretching south from the Faubourg Poissonniere turned February's camp joke into a frontier of class warfare, but the big guns and the *Garde Mobile* moved into action and by the morning of the 26th June 1848 the class war of the French workers was over.



Using these two revolutions as his framework, Timothy Clark has published his book, *The Absolute Bourgeois*,

wherein he examines the role of the artist caught up in a revolutionary situation. He takes Millet, Daumier, Delacroix and Baudelaire as his examples and shows us men defeated by violent forces beyond their control. For in the end, despite their talent or their genius, they either must choose to fight and die as barricade fodder or retire to their studio behind any fighting line to paint their pretty pictures and examine their souls. Trotsky has rightly stated that the barricade is the physical and moral meeting ground between the army and the people, and in that clash of arms and classes there is no place for the Culture Corps or the singing doves.

Artist in the Revolution

Clark's book is lucid, intelligent and wonderfully well reasoned and the excellent illustrations bear out and add weight to his text. In a publishing world of coffee table art books that are no more than a pictorial illustration of meandering down memory lane Clark gives us a worthwhile, nay, valuable book on the role of the artist within the revolution. Within the revolution the artist fails because he has allowed himself to become the creature of the dealers and the bourgeois, and Clark offers us time and again the unworthy spectacle of the artist soliciting, by crying or denying their socialism, for any commis-

sion from the private middle class art buyer to the Bureau des Beaux-Arts.

Clark offers no answer to the problem for the artist within the revolution. They were caught up like paper leaves in a storm that they were at the mercy of yet could never exert any control on. Only Courbet made himself part of the revolution. In the Commune of 1871 he played his part as a man of action and for that he was jailed and hounded to his death. But for the rest, Clark rightly dismisses them for they failed the cause that too many of the salon advocates of a just society honoured only with the mouth, and Clark's concluding lines are, "And Manet, when he drew his *Barricade*, was non-committal. He suppressed the action; he kept the faces out of focus."

Always remember, little comrade of the State and Private art schools, that when, of your faith, you paint that great revolutionary masterpiece you must in the end go as Michelangelo had to go to Pope Julius II for his servant's pay for painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and if you beg like a dog then have the honesty to obey like a dog.

The Absolute Bourgeois by Timothy Clark, published by Thames & Hudson £4.50

SPAIN

Of the hundred people arrested following the riot in Madrid on May Day, in which a policeman was killed, 27 are being handed over to the military judiciary.

They are officially described as belonging to a Leninist-Maoist grouping, the Revolutionary Anti-fascist and Patriotic Front (FRAP). Three doctors and several nurses who were serving in an emergency medical team were among those arrested.

Le Monde (22/5/73) quotes the official report that the programme of FRAP was approved at a congress held last month in Italy, with the aim of the overthrow of the Franco regime by revolutionary struggle, its replacement by a popular federal republic, and the setting up of an army "at the service of the people".

At the same time, the Falangists put out a statement that the public disorders could not be attributed to "agents of subversion" but to a "profound political mistrust" affecting the highest instruments of government and engendering apathy towards and discontent at the actions of the government. The Falangists' remedy? Wait for it . . . "To replace the capitalist system, which rests on exploitation and money, by a syndicalist system based on the person and on work. . ."

M.H.

SOME WEEKS ago the waiting rooms at Peckham Rye station in South London were closed after months of unreleived vandalism. Protests from commuters led to reopening for short periods, but the wreckers who haunt this station, where the seats are chained to the platforms, were soon back at work. The waiting rooms were locked for good, or so it seemed.

But now they are open again, the walls covered with bold shapes suggesting a three-dimensional perspective. The artist, Kate Macindoe of the Slade School, has stuck a note to one wall in which she urges anyone interested in the paintings to write to her. In the weeks since she transformed the rooms, not a chair has been hacked, not a pane cracked and not an obscenity scrawled. *The Times* 18.5.73

through the small white door. It was a large room full of science fiction style emptiness except for scattered groups of two and three individuals peering at tiny TV screens. I joined a small group and peered with them and found that I had been invited to inspect Wang, a new transisterised computer. I asked learned and useless questions and was answered and thought how odd that I the art critic of the anarchist paper *Freedom* should Kafka-like find myself in this situation, and I left the large room with its flickering TV screens of changing numbers and the small trinitities of silent viewers. I entered the book exhibition on my way to the street and a phone rang and I picked it up,

carved out of cheese and copper coloured, for they are without stress or strength and en masse look like prototypes for avant garde door knockers and in the fullness of time will find a place within some unfortunate provincial art gallery.

There are David Boyd's sophisticated Australian folk art at the New Grafton at la the street and some beautiful and dreamlike French landscapes by the late Fernand Quignon at Kaplan's, 6 Duke Street, S.W.1. And for the breast beaters and the banner carriers a cause with Sue Grayson at the Serpentine Gallery, Hyde Park, over the Ministry's refusal to allow a circus tent to be used for the Welfare State exhibition; the Artists' Union should be organising painterly picket lines outside the Ministry but comrades where are you?

Would you like to see...?

But in peace and war there is a always our motherloving fixation to hold our hot curled ear and after viewing the charming ink drawings of the American nuclear scientist Bulent Atalay within the American Embassy it was off to St. James Palace to visit the American Trade Center tucked almost in the Imperial armpit in its hideout in St. James Street, S.W.1.

It was no more than an invitation to an exhibition of current American periodicals and a free issue of any magazine or paper on display. One examined them with professional interest and then moved on until an American voice murmured, "Would you like to see Wang?" Every comrade knows that when browsing with the rest of the heavy breathers within the Soho pornographic bookshops a tough and unlettered voice will whisper in one's ear that the hard stuff can be seen in the small back room. A whispered offer to see Wang and I automatically placed one hand on my wallet and with the other felt to know that my trousers flies were not open and giving a grave nod I said that I would like to see Wang.

I was told to go through a small white door at the rear of the book exhibition and with visions and hopes of carnal desires ready to be satisfied as part of the American cultural program I passed

WANG

Those who yearly choose to jeer at the works on display within the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition are wrong and the Royal Academy is right, for the Academy offers no more than an exhibition of the aesthetic values of the particular year, and that the work of 1973 is awful is not the concern of the Royal Academy for this is the best of the work offered and they rightly exhibit it. Truman, Stalin and Hitler all made public statements on what art should be and the great galleries of their states offered their choice for our judgement and Harry, Joe and Adolph were shown to be wrong. But for the Royal Academy it is middle class art 1973 with the same beautiful water colours, bad Bratby's, marvellous literary titles for sad little bad little paintings, and this year the official portrait of H.R.H. The Princess Anne.

Outside the Royal Academy the Town and his frau would have us believe that there is a mass of major but rejected work, but within Bond Street we have the mild eroticism of Paul Wunderlich at the Redfern at 20 Cork Street, W. 1 where with sticky tape and a spray gun we get Chelsea's answer to the Playboy magazine pull-out, for Wunderlich's sprayed nudes are as insipid and as shallow as Chinese watercoloured landscapes.

Love and Death

The Surrealist Art Centre at 31 Brook Street W.1 offers the brilliant draftsmanship and colouring of Alberto Vazquez the Spanish painter, but like most Spanish painters Vazquez is too much in love with death, and guilty sexuality and a defiance of the established Church war within his canvases.

Of Lipchitz* at the Marlborough at 39 Old Bond Street, W. 1 it is strictly door knocker art, for this 82 year old sculptor still continues to slap on the clay. He is a part, a minor part of the legend of the Cubist period but his own cubist figures appear to have been

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out of courtesy, and answered it and for four or five minutes indulged in a surrealist conversation with an unknown voice, and turning for one last look at the small white door behind which Wang became a living reality for our ture, I prayed that my surrealist phone conversation had been bugged and recorded that it might be fed into the father of Wang for confusion to our common enemies.

Arthur Moyses.

*We print this review as it stands. It is not intended as an obituary, having been written before the death of the sculptor on May 27th. --Eds.

Reflections on Violence 1973

I SAW the pool of congealed blood, red and shiny on the concrete as I was on my way to buy the morning paper and stopped for a moment beside another passer-by oblivious to the sights and sounds of the summer morning. Only yesterday afternoon a soldier had stood on this spot at the intersection of two alleyways leading to a main road and a sniper lying in wait had shot him in the head. The Army stretcher-party trying to recover his body had been fired upon and no one had cleaned up the blood, so it lay there until the rain and weather washed it away, a grim and uncompromising reminder of what violence can mean. But one of the lessons you learn in a situation like this is that no matter what happens, life goes on as usual and the sounds of birds chirping in the nearby gardens and milk bottles rattling gradually percolated into our ears and reminded us that another day was beginning and that we had our own affairs to attend to.

No one who lives in the riot areas of Belfast needs any reminders of what violence can look like or sound like. More than three years close hand acquaintance with it have revealed its sights and its sounds and its smells too often to us. I remember how it all began with stones rattling off pavements and police batons banging on riot shields, the burning fuses of petrol bombs arcing through the darkness, the red flame of the explosion and the stench of burning petrol wafted back on the night air and I can never forget the night in August 1969 when streets of Catholic owned houses went up in flames or the smell that hung over the district for days. That was the beginning of it all.

As time passed the forms of violence became increasingly varied. There is the violence of the IRA, the sniper's bullet aimed at the sentry, the rocket-launcher aimed at the army post, the car-bomb that may go off prematurely and kill the people who were delivering it to its destination, the bomb-factory that explodes and kills the bomb makers. There is the car-bomb that does explode in the right place at the wrong time and leaves behind a scattering of human limbs to be picked up in cellophane bags by rescue workers and leaves some survivors crippled, maimed or blinded for life.

There is the violence of Protestant extremists who raped a Catholic mother before shooting her and leaving her for dead and forced her mentally retarded son to read from a prayer book before murdering him. And the threats from their leaders to liquidate all of their political opponents unless the Protestant ascendancy is restored. When the marching season starts again we will have the drums booming out their message of hate and more threats of violence issuing from the throats of bowler-hatted and besashed Orange leaders.

There is another form of violence that stalks the streets at night and reaches out for its victims in the dark. It is the violence of the murder gang, cold, bestial and horrifying, the violence of the torture chamber where hours are spent in torture and mutilation. One of its victims was found lying naked in a side street, his body scarred by knife cuts and cigarette burns and the letters IRA, a cross and a figure 4 burned into his back.

Always there are the Chicago-style shootings from passing cars, the churches bombed or burned, the homes gutted by fire and watching over it all the army with its own State-sponsored violence, the interrogation centre, the beatings-up, the harassment of civilians and the shooting of innocent people in error, something they hardly ever admit to.

It seems a long time since it began and no one knows how or when it will end. Those of us who are lucky enough to see the end of it will appreciate things we never thought much of before such as lighted street lamps, late night buses, the absence of landmines and barbed wire, but most of all the absence of violence.

H.B.

From the Internal Bulletin of the Syndicalist Workers Federation

ANARCHO — CAPITALISM

WHAT WITH the recent series of letters on Anarcho-Capitalism which have appeared in the recent issues of FREEDOM, it seemed a good time to make a few comments on Anarcho-Capitalism so that it may be attacked or defended on the basis of what it is and not on the basis of what it is not.

Though I found the recent article by David Waters rather useless as a source of information on the Anarcho-Capitalists, it did correctly discuss the nature of some individuals who call themselves Anarcho-Capitalists or Libertarians. Many of these people have been attracted to Anarchism without really understanding the nature of the idea. Some are unbalanced while others are ignorant. Still others have followed the lead of Ayn Rand which led from a basically Anarchist oriented epistemology into a red-baiting defense of the status quo in practice. While this is unfortunate, we know that Anarchism has always attracted some strange creatures. This does not discredit the Anarchist position; it only discredits those individuals.

Anarcho-Capitalism is an anarchist belief which claims that man is a creature of free will who uses his senses and his mind to evaluate the world, decide what actions must be taken to survive, and taking those actions. Man must be free to analyze and act in order to insure a reasonable chance of survival. Therefore, the Anarcho-Capitalist would argue, freedom is not merely a whim or a frill, but a necessity for Man and for all men. Most Anarchists would agree with this on some level. The Anarcho-Capitalists merely continue the chain of reasoning to include the goods which are produced as a result of a man taking the actions described above. The Anarcho-Capitalists argue that to allow a man "freedom" to act while denying to this same man the right to use or dispose of the products of his actions, is a contradiction in terms; it puts a man in the position of a serf or a slave. It is nonsense to say that a man has the freedom to plant but not to reap, the freedom to harvest but not the freedom to eat or trade.

If a man is free to use or trade the products of the free use of his mind and body, it follows that a free market system, i.e. a system with no external coercion, would be attractive to the Anarcho-Capitalist. It is this free market philosophy which makes one not only an Anarchist, but an Anarcho-Capitalist.

The right of a man to think, act, and own the results of his actions do not in any way imply the right of one man to oppress another (for example, I would have no right to use my goods to hire soldiers to steal your land). Rights are held by all Men and by every man. One can't lay claim to a right which one denies to others. The Anarcho-Capitalist philosophy has no room for imperialism, physical coercion, and the like. To claim that to be an Anarcho-Capitalist one must somehow agree with the present corporate/military states such as the United States of America would be about as silly as to claim that an Anarcho-Communist in the tradition of Makhno, Peter Kropotkin, or Emma Goldman, must somehow approve of the soviet Bolshevik state. This, of course, is silly.

Anarcho-Capitalist philosophy says that men must be free to think and to act and to own and dispose of the products of action. It further believes that in this pattern of action and transaction, no coercion is acceptable. Finally, it believes that states are, by their nature, coercive. This philosophy, therefore, is opposed to all states as institutions which limit the freedom which man needs to have a reasonable chance of survival.

Whether individuals prefer to go it alone (Anarcho-Individualist), to engage in non-coercive trade of products produced (Anarcho-Capitalist), or to band together to communally live and use the production from labor (Anarcho-Communist), is a secondary question. As long as we can all agree that States are coercive and that coercion is out as a means of human interaction, then I do not care under what economic system you live so long as you leave me free to walk another road. It is probable that we will even learn from each other.

Letters

PROFESSOR

EYSENCK'S

NOSE

Dear Comrades,

Jerry Vestall comments on my article "Professor Eysenck's Nose" and in doing so reveals a profound misunderstanding which is shared by many well-intentioned people, including some psychologists who let their hearts confuse their heads. His letter is welcome in that it will serve to clarify one issue at least.

Vestall writes of Eysenck that "... his work in genetics is aimed at black people". This is quite untrue, and while I believe that Vestall is quite sincere and trying to present the truth as he sees it, I must point out that he is retailing a damnable lie.

Eysenck has tried to make his position clear recently in The New Statesman. He writes:

"My views are quite clearly expressed in my book on Race, Intelligence and Education; they are that all discrimination on racial, religious or sex grounds is fundamentally wrong and should be abolished." (N.S. 18.5.73)

I would suggest that anyone who is in doubt about this should read the book in question — providing he has the competence to understand sufficient about psychology, statistics and genetics to master the arguments in the book and not jump to conclusions based on pre-conceptions and intellectual incomprehension. To tax Eysenck with "irresponsibility for publishing a book which, although morally neutral in itself, can be used by those who wish to justify injustice for their own political ends, raises an old controversy. It is now admitted by most people that Charles Darwin and his collaborators were right to publish their theories and research findings, and such publication has in the long run contributed to general enlightenment. At the time, however, "Darwinism" was hissed by many sincere socialists because it was used by the political reactionaries to justify a sys-

tem of class oppression and ruthless competition in society. The Darwinists had two main enemies, the Church who used all its power to misrepresent Darwin's theories (and in the present anti-Eysenck campaign its obscurantist role is ably represented by the Marxist-Leninists), and the socialists who feared the use of such theories to justify reaction. Kropotkin's Mutual Aid, which we anarchists regard as a classic, was born out of the controversy. But Kropotkin did not misrepresent Darwin or try to smear him. I suggest that anarchists today should show the clear good sense that Kropotkin showed in discussing Darwin's theories and research findings, when they encounter modern controversies.

To sum up, Vestall's letter is a very foolish one indeed. It is just not true what he says, and he should publish an apology in this paper. It is one thing to publish one's views, another to retail other people's lies. I realize that many readers of this paper have not, in fact, the technical expertise to master much of the scientific detail published in the technical books which have been published in this area. Nor have I the technical expertise fully to understand much of the biological arguments advanced by Darwin, Huxley, et al. But after a hundred years, I, in common with most sensible people realize that it would have been a crime to suppress those findings because they could be and were used by the enemies of social justice. I am making no comparison between the importance of the two controversies, for indeed as a psychologist I regard my own specialism, psychology, as a continuing part of the Darwinian revolution in the Life Sciences.

"Scratch a liberal and you find a fascist," says Vestall. What bloody nonsense is this? Did he invent the saying himself to fit his present convenience? And what do you get when you scratch a Tory, a Fabian, a Social Democrat, a Marxist-Leninist? In fact it is the white liberals with their tender-minded guilty consciences who are falling over themselves in muddled antics over racial issues and earning the deserved contempt of Negroes. I almost suspect that Vestall is a liberal himself.

25.5.73

Tony Gibson.

R A F T

The Editor, FREEDOM.

John Nightingale's review of "Raft" magazine (26 May) is very unfair to Recidivists Anonymous, who have helped a lot of men to keep out of prison.

His sweeping condemnation of hostels shows that he makes no allowance for the fact that ex-cons vary in their needs and desires. He obviously judges everyone by himself, and therefore assumes that every man leaving prison is immediately able to stand on his own feet. But in fact many cons — probably most — are basically inadequate, to the extent of being afraid of freedom, which is why they subconsciously choose prison and keep going back there. The

background support of a hostel is just what they need. To liken it to a prison is most misleading, for prison is prison 24 hours a day, whereas those living in a hostel are encouraged to go out and live their own lives as much as possible.

No doubt John Nightingale would loathe the structured hostel lifestyle. So should I. But we have no right to try to force everyone else into the sort of independence that happens to suit us. Freedom surely consists in a variety of options. As Bernard Shaw said, "Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same."

25.5.73

Barbara Smoker
London, S. E.6

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At a time when States have never been stronger and coercion is a daily fact of life, it is sad to find us arguing over how to run the economy in "our" own special vision of an Anarchist future. As Fred Woodworth said in THE MATCH (May 1972) "Those who must persist in these hyphenated terms would do well to invent or recognize a new one, ANARCHO-ANARCHIST to describe people who in fact believe Anarchism is the abolishment of the state, not some carefully tortured-into-shape procrustean bed onto which humanity will be racked and warped as before."

Paul R. Joseph
USA

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PERMANENT REBELLION

PART ONE



ALBERT CAMUS was primarily a writer but more, a committed writer, and his ideas, outlined in this article and largely drawn from his 'THE REBEL' and 'RESISTANCE, REBELLION AND DEATH', informed both his actions and his writing. It is possible to reveal weaknesses in his use of history and to point to holes and inconsistencies in his philosophy. Nor did he produce political programmes or social theories. Yet I would consider him to be one of the most important thinkers of the last thirty years and in the pre-eminence he gave to freedom, essentially a libertarian. Camus grappled, not always successfully, with problems which anarchists, unlike perhaps other left individuals and groups, must face and seek to resolve - the recognition and statement of the moral bases of action located in men and their existence and not in some external authority whether that is God, Science or History; the necessary attempt to synthesise means and ends, tactics and principles, and the special problem raised by this, the question of violence; the reconciliation of individual freedom and social justice in a unity or solidarity diametrically opposed to totalitarianism. I have tried in this short article to present Camus' ideas, as far as possible without comment, leaving it to the reader to draw parallels between the thought of Camus and anarchist philosophers, to see if or what aspects of Camus' principles he might apply in determining his own tactics, strategies or attitudes.

On rebellion

Camus proceeded from a recognition of the absurd, that each and all men live under a 'universal death penalty', that while a man should seek to 'rectify in creation everything that can be rectified.. after he has done so, children will still die unjustly even in a perfect society.. the injustice and suffering of the world will remain and, no matter how limited they are, they will not cease to be an outrage.' This was the basis of Camus' philosophical pessimism. Such pessimism led Dostoevsky's Ivan Karamazov into despair and the belief that murder was a matter of indifference. Camus' recognition of the absurd led him to protest at the injustice it implies and through that protest to defiantly affirm value in life. He never endorsed any philosophy which legitimised murder.

The act of rebellion against injustice, at first a refusal, becomes an affirmation, an affirmation of a value which the rebel perceives in himself and defends. Increasingly Camus defined that value as freedom. The act of rebellion, while individual, brings with it a recognition of values common to all men. It is this universality of human values which creates solidarity and justice as the essential complement to freedom. The slave in

rebellion must reject his master not as a human being but as a master.

The rebel must seek to create through his rebellion a kingdom of justice which will be a human situation where all the answers are human. This he contrasted with the sacrosanct world where values are absolute (whether those values are called Nation, God or History, whether the instrument of that absolutism is called the Leader, the Church or the Party) and which lead logically to the absolute subordination to orders and Belsen, to the Grand Inquisitor or to the trial of those accused of objective crimes, where the accused confesses because the Party can't be wrong.

On freedom

Camus wrote 'The real passion of the 20th century is servitude.' Since it is in association with others that a person's value is identified and defined the consciousness of a slave is that consciousness which 'is willing to recognise the other kind of consciousness (the master) without being recognised in return. It consents in short, to being considered as an object.' The various types of State in the 20th century offer only various types of servitude.

He described the condition in which freedom finds itself today. 'Among us, for instance, in Western Europe, freedom is officially approved. But such freedom makes me think of those poor female cousins in certain middle class families. She has become a widow; she has lost her natural protector. So she has been taken in, given a room on the top floor, and is welcome in the kitchen. She is occasionally paraded publicly on Sunday, to prove that one is virtuous and not a dirty dog. But for everything else, and especially on State occasions, she is requested to keep her mouth shut. And even if some policeman idly takes liberties with her in dark corners one doesn't make a fuss about it, for she has seen such things before, especially with the master of the house, and, after all, it is not worth getting in bad with the legal authorities. In the East, it must be admitted, they are more forthright. They have settled the business of the female cousin once and for all by locking her up in a cupboard with two solid bolts on the door. It seems she will be taken out fifty years from now, more or less, when the ideal society is definitively established. Then there will be celebrations in her honour.' Camus accused the bourgeois of prostituting freedom. Bourgeois intellectuals divorce freedom from justice, conceiving freedom as privileges to be enjoyed at the expense of others. This separation of freedom from justice divorces culture from labour. Camus argued that one cannot choose freedom without justice or vice versa. The rebel, recognising the value of freedom in himself, must defend it in others and accept this defence as a duty.

The freedom of each finds its limits and its definition in the freedom of others. 'Everything that humiliates labour also humiliates the intelligence and vice versa. 'If someone takes away your bread, he suppresses your freedom at the same time. But if someone takes away your freedom, you may be sure that your bread is threatened for it no longer depends on you and your struggle but on the whim of a master.'

Camus equally and logically then accused those Leftist intellectuals who, recognising bourgeois freedom to be a hoax, deny the value of freedom itself and are prepared to approve its suspension in the name of justice. They too divorce freedom and justice forgetting or preferring to ignore that 'when intelligence is gagged the worker is soon subjugated just as when the proletariat is enslaved the intellectual is soon reduced to silence or to lies'. Camus was not prepared to admit any suspension, however temporary, or reduction, of freedom. (This is a major theme of his to which this article returns in the sections on Marxism and revolution.) Camus also realised that the intellectual who, in giving up his freedom, subordinates his intelligence, also implicitly assumes that labour requires 'leadership' and so justifies an authoritarian socialism. Such intellectuals lack confidence in the workers. Against this he argued that 'confidence must be put in working class freedom and spontaneity. Authoritarian socialism has confiscated this living freedom for the benefit of an ideal freedom which is yet to come.' He indicated that confidence must be placed in something like revolutionary syndicalism but did not develop this idea. The working classes have been betrayed by revolutionary movements because those movements have deserted freedom. Labour and culture have been and must be again the 'natural protector' of freedom and justice.

B.S.

(to be continued in next issue)

PRESS FUND

17th - 23rd May

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Ten Year Itch continued from p.1

It was, and is, quite often the case that sexual peccadillos are overlooked, or kept on the files for future reference. Obviously, political timing plays some part in the scandals that break out from time to time. Queen Victoria, apocryphally was said to have remarked apropos sexual shortcomings, "I don't care what they do, if it doesn't frighten the horses". Obviously Oscar Wilde, Charles Dilke and Parnell frightened some horse or another.

The News of the World was the first to hint at the story of the present scandal, with its usual attitude of facing-both-ways. It hesitated at open disclosures of the story (due to libel laws) and the German magazine Stern published a slightly fuller account giving the description 'diplomat' instead of the more accurate 'politician'.

Most papers pussy-footed the story of Lord Lambton's resignation carefully separating it from the Stern story. Only the Express by its brutal lay-out left no doubt what Lord Lambton resigned for. The Guardian was chided by the priggish Peregrine Worsthorne for printing a feature on a book about 'Group Sex' on the day that the story broke. The most weird thing about the Guardian was an inexplicable 'Stop Press' story on Thursday (May 24) headed "Woman Dashes from Lambton Home". It read - in its entirety - 'Young woman dashed screaming from Lord Lamb-

ton's house in London late last night and drove off in a Renault car', but The Guardian at least had the decency to put the Lambton resignation and the Stern scoop on different pages. The Sun, not to be outdone in its sewer-dive for circulation, featured a Saturday story of a boy-prostitution agency for homosexuals. The story is a godsend for failing circulations.

One thing this case has shown so far is the extension of police powers, as if we needed illustrations. Raids for pornographic literature revealed not only details of the Cabinet Minister's private life but gave the lead for drug squad raids and subsequent prosecution. It is a vivid illustration of the impossibility of limiting police powers. One of the ironies of the case is that Lord Lambton as a Parliamentarian was among others responsible for securing the passage through Parliament of the Obscene Publications Act (1959) which liberalised the law after the Chatterley case, making 'literary merit' a saving clause.

Apart from all that the whole thing is rated as a scandal. As A. J. Ayer said, "But the point is that they are scandals. People are shocked and indignant when such things come to light, because they do not expect them to happen. If it were the rule, rather than the exception, for politicians to feather their own nests, for the police to fabricate evidence, or

for public officials to take bribes, we might think ourselves ill-governed, but we should not feel the sense of outrage that we now do when our standards of public life are violated. We should try to come to terms with the unsatisfactory system, or else take radical and possibly violent steps to change it." Anarchists are not surprised nor shocked at men of power frequenting brothels. They are fully aware that these leaders are as human as we are; for that reason we have no overwhelming worship of them. We are only 'sold out' if we are for sale, we are only betrayed if we trust unquestioningly.

Sexual appetites are not the most dangerous things in the world. If one were sexually satisfied possibly one would not seek to exercise power over others. It is only the sexual appetites which society denounces now and again. The appetites for food and drink and money and power are all without criticism, indeed many of these are given approbation. What if Reginald Maudling had been subject to denunciation if he was seen entering a pastry-cook's?

Instead of which, every now and again we insist on chastity for our guardians - we have passed the stage of demanding that they be eunuchs - but to quote Alex Comfort: "Chastity is no more a virtue than malnutrition."

Jack Robinson

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S.E. LONDON MENTAL PATIENTS UNION meets every Tuesday 8 p.m. at The Albany Community Centre, Creek Road, Deptford, SE8.

LIVERPOOL ASA contact May Stone, C.32 Summerfield, Tower Hill, Kirkby, near Liverpool.

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BLACK & RED OUTLOOK, monthly paper of the Anarchist Syndicalist Alliance. No. 13 just out (this issue produced by Sheffield group). Available (pay what you like) from 4 Havelock Square, Sheffield 10.

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