

WHO IS WORTH MORE?

TWO CURRENT disputes illustrate very clearly how much account this society places on different types of work. Both jobs are very important and vital to the well being of people, and yet the monetary rewards vary to a very great extent.

One group, the hospital consultants, receives far more than the other, the farmworkers. While it is true that the national newspapers haven't so far attacked farmworkers for their wage claim and their consideration of industrial action, the consultants' case is taken for granted. When hospital workers worked-to-rule there was an outcry of indignation; however when a "professional" group of workers use the same method they are not attacked. This says a great deal about the class nature of our present society. Consultants and doctors are surrounded with a mystique. Their authority, ability and knowledge should not be questioned by those who pay for the National Health Service. Their two organisations, the British Medical Association and the Hospital Consultants' and Specialists' Association, are powerful advocates for more money and the retention of private medicine and their continuing privileges.

These two closed shop organisations are opposed to what they call the "total commitment" to the N.H.S. The government, with its commitment to the phasing out of the private practice, is expected to favour monetarily those who work full time for the N.H.S. Although the review board on wages will not report until April, increases for "full commitment" are expected - of £1,700. Farmworkers on the other hand are seeking a little more than this; not as an increase but as a total yearly income. Their claim for £35 for a 40-hour week has been put forward before. Now, once again it has been rejected on account of "soaring costs". It is true that some farmers are now having a hard time but it wasn't always like that. As with the consultants, the farmers do not deserve our sympathy; however the farmworkers do.

Militant action on their part has been handicapped by the lack of contact between members of the union. Tied cottages also discourage action or even outspokenness on the part of farmworkers for fear of loss of job and eviction. The farmers and the public have, through the very nature of the job, prevented the farmworkers from taking action. After all, un milked cows are not a pretty sight. But it's not so long ago that the same was thought about

hospital workers. Such reluctance has, of course, been used by both the state and the farmer. Any employer will only pay up what he is forced to.

Farmworkers work equally long hours as the consultants are complaining about. But their long hours can be used for their private work. In this they have a choice on how many 3½-hour sessions they work for the N.H.S. What the consultants want to maintain is really a privileged position both within health service and in monetary rewards. Our present society, in terms of rewards, places far more importance on their skill at healing the sick than on the work of those who

provide food. But such differentials are crazy. All useful work is of equal importance and no consultant can honestly say he finds it hard to live on their money. When comparisons are made with the farmworkers, the consultants' readiness to the N.H.S. to increase their own incomes is plain robbery.

While the farmworkers' claim is a worthy one, workers do jealously guard wage differentials between skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled jobs. Such differentials only divide worker from workers instead of combining on an equal wage policy for all work for both men and women. However greed and higher rewards for different types of training are part and parcel of our class society. But what is important is the work itself and whether it is useful to the community.

In a classless anarchist society there would be no need for wages and money. The need to produce an article would hinge on whether it was needed, and not, as today, on whether it would make a profit. In such a society all work would be useful and everyone would have free access to goods to satisfy their needs.

P. T.

THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT

WITH WHAT is supposed to be an un-failing symptom of our economic plight three (or is it four?) motor-car manufacturers find themselves short of money (persons of good taste and tact call it 'a liquidity crisis') and so are threatening to go out of business. The government, true to its state capitalist principles - and to ward off unemployment - is helping these lame ducks.

How this is being done and with what howls of rage the Conservatives are lamenting the lack of state capitalist help is another story but it is significant that there should be this rush to

salvage the manufacturers of what appears to be the most highly competitive, the most dangerous, the potentially most useless and obsolete product in the world today.

The car industry appears to be dying off at the top. Naturally enough the most exotic blooms - Aston Martin, Jensen - wither first in the economic oleaginous blast, since not only do the cars cost more but the oil consumption is higher.

It is well known that the motor-car industry has failed in the export market; the flood of Japanese, German and French cars onto the British market is testimony enough that the home product is not good enough to stand the competition but the excuse of export markets is sufficient to bring tears to the eyes of anyone sentimentalizing over the dear departed Rolls Royce and Aston Martin, even though he may never have had any hope of buying one. The crazy system of economics makes it pay better for cars to be made in the countries they were once exported to - the labour is generally cheaper - and then export them back to their country of origin.

* * *

The motor car has ceased to be the status symbol it once was. It is a Sunday morning ritual (taking the place of religion) and a conversation piece calculated to bore the boots off non-motorists -- who are still, surprisingly enough, a majority!

If it is not the exorbitant cost of petrol

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"I see you're going slow for more wages, brilliant surgeon."

"Rubbish, common working person. I'm sticking to my lovely little contract but demanding free use of the public hospitals for my private profit-making patients."

THOUGHTS ON WATERGATE

THE WATERGATE trials are over. The astonishing revelations of monitored conversations and tampered tapes and the Miraculous Pardon are past. Nixon, beside whose criminal record the screen heroics of Cagney and Bogart and Edward G. Robinson

CARS. . . Continued from Page 1

and the unflagging villainy of garages and repair-men it is the cost and problem of parking and the inconvenience and danger of pedestrians and other motorists. One wonders what mad compulsion motivates this masochistic worship of juggernaut.

It is not the unflagging statistics of death and injury on the road, of the suspect pollution of the atmosphere, the wreck of houses and waste of farmland for roadways, that has called a hesitation in the progress of the car but the crude economic statistics of the price of oil.

We are advised to work harder and forego strikes presumably in order to add to the number of unsold cars piling up in the stock-parks. We are asked to let loose more juggernauts upon the roads (preferably of other countries) to compete and collide with foreign cars. This is to be done so that we can afford to buy the petrol which fuels the foreign cars which we have bought to get to work to make the cars.

There is no thought that somewhere we have gone wrong; that the old formula that Britain was the workshop of the world and the natives were just waiting for us to turn up with our goods - no matter how tawdry, useless or dangerous - which they would cheerfully exchange for foodstuffs, valuables or raw materials, no longer works. Now every 'native' it seems has a workshop of his own and he wants to sell his goods to us. If he has any raw materials or sources of energy we must pay his price.

The motor-car is no longer the little tin god it once was. Its feet are of clay and its motive-power is too precious to waste. It will not be sufficient for the old technology to depend upon the charity, the bribes or the loans of the Arabs, no matter how we do a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. It will profit us nothing.

We need a new technology which excludes the motor-car, breaks down the big cities, increases the importance and self-sufficiency of every town and village, restores the sense of society and community. We need to eliminate the long hauls of men, materials and finished products from point A to point B and back again to point A. We need to revive alternative methods of transport, the railways, the canals. We need revolutionary methods of transport like the bicycle or even the feet!

The placid assumption that the economic machine only needs the oil of Arabia to get it working again is false. We need a new non-mechanical concept of man in society.

Jack Robinson.

are paltry B-features, is a shattered wreck in a wheelchair. My thoughts turn to more recent movies, to Dr. Strangelove in his wheelchair, to Woody Allen's President in Sleeper, waving goodnight to everyone in a daily-run film of himself in a wheelchair on a clifftop, a film taken when he was alive, for now all that survives of him is his nose. Of course, Nixon may not actually need a wheelchair. Nixon set standards even in the hard-trampled field of political lying. Nothing was too trivial to be lied about. "My wife Pat was born on St. Patrick's Day," he confided to the Irish-favouring sections of the U.S. population; of course she was not. When Nixon is declared dead, I will have my doubts. Surely, in forty years' time, some inventive journalist will inform the world that Nixon, in the company of Martin Bormann and other eternalists, is alive and enjoying his ill-gotten gains in South America.

We know how Watergate started. Five men employed by the Republican Party's Campaign to Re-elect the President, were apprehended in the act of breaking into the Democrat Party's offices in the Watergate Building. Some had worked for the CIA, some in the White House itself. The crisp dollar bills in their possession were found to have come from the White House safe. In Erlichman's words, 'the toothpaste was out of the tooth'.

Wanting to understand more, I read the bestselling paperback by the two Washington Post journalists, Woodward and Bernstein, All The President's Men. Hailed as the political thriller of our time, it was as hopelessly confusing as The Big Sleep, without Raymond Chandler's style or suspense. They spent over a third of the book chasing a red herring called Donald Segretti. Sure, he was playing dirty tricks on democrats in the primary elections. But Segretti's connection with Watergate was and is not proven. An account of dirty lowdowns in US politics might be a black comic masterpiece, but it wouldn't help unravel Watergate. Watergate is the big time. It is on the scale of huge events like the ITT Company and the CIA subsidizing the overthrow of Allende in Chile, or the US Air Force pulverizing Cambodia without Congress' knowledge. While reading this book, I was constantly asking myself with growing disbelief: did these two dull, tough, hardworking journalists really unmask a governmental conspiracy? It became clear that Senator McGovern and his staff, among others, saw instantly what Watergate was about, and said so. Often the two journalists' hamfistedness was almost Nixonian, as when they dismally failed to induce jury members into leaking evidence. Often their insight into character and motivation was unbearably feeble: "He guessed she was about 30. There was a softness about her good looks that seemed to suit the idea of becoming a mother. She had big brown eyes." Just like Omar Sharif in Dr.

Shivago - or Daisy, my pet cow,

Agog with their scoop, they never sought to understand why the sources of their leaks were willing to speak to them in the first place. Yet what did their leading source, whom they titillatingly christened Deep Throat, hope to achieve by muttering to them in those twilight appointments in his garage? I wondered at their lack of any wish to generalise or speculate at any stage about their experiences.

I. F. Stone's Weekly is no more, though he still fortunately contributes buccaneering articles to the New York Review of Books. The most useful guidance on what Watergate is about has come from outstanding US liberals like Stone, and E. J. Epstein in his article "Did the Press Uncover Watergate?" in Commentary magazine of July 1974. Epstein is emphatic that the press discovered little. Their role was to add fuel to the flames. Epstein does not give them enough credit for the dogged length of their campaign. In a more radical and suggestive way in England, the investigative campaigning by Paul Foot at Private Eye continually put the affairs of Poulson, Maudling & Co. on public display.

Epstein was concerned to show first, that the two prime journalists had an unreal monolithic view of US government as a coherent body of action and opinion. Second, Epstein maintained that the agencies of government itself uncovered Watergate - the FBI, the grand jury, the Congressional committees, and in particular the federal prosecutors Silbert, Glanzer and Campbell.

Epstein declared that journalists are endemically incapable of seeing the complexity of bureaucratic infighting and of internal politics within the government. Journalism becomes harder if governmental actions have to be viewed as the product of diverse and competing agencies, all with different bases of power and interests.

The US Department of Justice prosecutors came to believe that "Deep Throat" was probably Mark Felt, then a deputy associate director of the FBI. What was happening? What was in it for him? Why was Felt discontented? He wasn't worried about the policies of Nixon & Co, oh no! They were right up his street. It seems there was widespread loathing of Patrick Gray, new head of the FBI, among his subordinates. Gray was 'too liberal'. He allowed FBI agents to wear coloured shirts and grew their hair long. He publicly reprimanded a FBI executive. Infamy of infamies, he was even recruiting women! Such a state of affairs could not go on. So files were leaked to journalists - not to expose the Watergate conspiracy, not to drive President Nixon from office. The FBI stalwarts wanted, in a spirit of loyalty to all that they held most dear, to show Nixon

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that Gray couldn't control the FBI, was an embarrassment to the government, and should be rubbed out - sorry, I mean, disposed of.

These nasty grey-suited malcontents must have been horrified when the Watergate scandals exposed the criminal acts of their revered President as well. I imagine them hearing the news of Nixon's crimes rather like the Bolshevik faithful who found themselves in jail under Stalin: "He can't know anything about it! he's being misled by evil advisers: as soon as he comes to his senses, all our troubles will vanish!"

Suppose this *trahison des clerics* had had the desired result? Suppose Nixon had sacked Gray? No dice. Gray had got hold of a few juicy items himself. Under threat, he'd have joined in the game of releasing leaks. Watergate would have snowballed anyway.

We will never know the full story. The evidence there is of this kind suggests to me a frankly conspiratorial analysis of Watergate as an irritant in the oyster, thrown up by the mechanisms of competing interlocking bureaucracies, political, business and military. Nixon's crimes coincided with other crimes, and this time there were no escape valves. But we would have to know much more about the peculiar inner workings of such vast empires as the Pentagon, the CIA and the FBI, how they interlock and compete with government and business empires, what kinds of fanatical *esprit de corps* they foster. This is an interpretation almost too sophisticated to deal with the incredible corruption and semi-fascist chicanery that the Watergate crisis has revealed.

There is another superficial and cynical explanation of Watergate which deserves consideration. This is that Nixon and his cronies were simply incompetent bunglers. All would have been well, if only they had employed right criminals discreetly, if only they had not gone too far. On this reckoning, the errors of Poulson and Maudling and John Stonehouse were well intentioned: they were merely unsuccessful businessmen. The multi-millionaire Harry Hyams, on the other hand, is a too successful businessman. A year ago, the *Daily Telegraph* attacked Hyams in an extraordinary outburst in its financial columns. You had to read between the lines to see what their objection was. Obviously, it was not at all to property speculation. No, Harry Hyams, tory hero, had temporarily fallen out of line. Centrepiece, old chap. He had failed to keep a low profile. He was no quiet gentleman capitalist. (There was some truth in the stereotype of Steed, courteous black-sutted English gentleman with a rapier in his umbrella, in *The Avengers* TV film series which was so popular at home and abroad, and indeed won an Export Award.) Hyams was causing too much publicity - bad publicity. Nixon did the same. It's bad for business confidence. It's the unacceptable face of capitalism. Before you know

what's happening, people will be denouncing not only the agents of business and government, but government itself. That spells anarchy, gentlemen.

According to Epstein the US liberal, the Watergate inquiries have proved that the US system of government is fine. Government investigated itself and solved its own shortcomings. Homeostasis. We are familiar with Scotland Yard's claims that the police investigate crime within their own ranks more competently than outsiders, though experience tells us otherwise. The consumer crusader Ralph Nader comes to mind, too. Not the business of car production in the States, not big business, but only the latest model was 'unsafe at any speed'. If capitalism could run itself more honestly, that is to say, more efficiently, everything would be all right. This in the age of the Vietnam War! In a similar way, the Webbs and countless fellow-travelers before and since, saw the Soviet Union under Stalin as the model of Fabian rationality. As we all know, the only sphere of genuine efficiency in

Russian Communist government has been in torturing and killing people. The Webbs not only failed to see what was in front of their noses, not only saw efficiency where there was none, but also saw this governmental 'efficiency' as the highest good.

It is impossible to see the US government under any leaders as devoted to the people's good. This is a commonplace of the matter-of-fact cynicism which pervades everyday thought, but rarely leads to action. The word efficiency is too loaded to be used by anarchists. Like the word landlord, it oozes authority and hierarchy. It excludes the idea of equality and freedom which we seek by means of decentralisation and workers' control. Poor honesty has lost its glow: it remains the name of a wild flower. There is no such thing as an honest government or an efficient government. The lessons of Watergate are the same lessons that we draw from the exercise of power and authority everywhere.

Julius.

STUDENTS AGAINST APARTHEID

Durham students are trying to get the University to disinvest in firms which have interests or subsidiaries in South Africa. We don't want to profit from Apartheid, and we don't want to bolster up Apartheid--at the moment, by having money in these firms, we are doing both these things. We also believe that this is the most effective action that we in Britain can take to support the freedom struggle in South Africa. The students have voted on the issue, and the result was a 63 per cent majority for disinvestment, but as yet we have no indication that the University authorities are going to act in accordance with the students' wishes. Their stance throughout this

affair has been highly ambiguous.

As part of our campaign to get the decision we want--the decision to disinvest--we are calling a National Demonstration, in Durham, on February 22, 1975. This Demonstration is backed by the Anti-Apartheid Movement in London, and by N.U.S. This is a vitally important issue, and we ask for the support of all students in the Demonstration. If Durham can win disinvestment, an invaluable precedent will have been set, and the struggle against Apartheid will have been carried further forward.

For info, posters, etc., contact: Robert Good, Anti-Apartheid, c/o Durham Students Union, Dunelm House, New Elvet, Durham City.

M.S.



"I have complete authorisation to remove these articles, sir, and if you wish to seek confirmation please contact Inspector Basset of the Yard."

The *Daily Telegraph* of Jan. 2 had in its "Contents" list: P6 - CIA spy Web. P.6 contained nothing else but a list of what other papers passed off as a New Year's Honours list. Can they all really be CIA agents? We always thought the Honours list was subversive.

A study carried out by Home Office researchers revealed that a sentence of twenty-five years' detention on a young Birmingham 'mugger' had no general deterrent effect upon subsequent similar offenders.

John Lewis Partnership ('never knowingly undersold') bought it when they were conned by an imaginary IRA man and an impersonator of Inspector Basset into paying £53,000 to defuse imaginary fire-bombs in their Oxford St. store. John Lewis Partnership was well known as an anti-union shop and it couldn't happen to a nicer firm. As W.C. Fields said, "You can never swindle a honest man".

REVIEW

MAN I An Anthology of Anarchist Ideas, Essays, Poetry and Commentaries, edited by Marcus Graham. Cienfuegos Press, £ 3.25.

Marcus Graham edited the monthly journal **MAN I** in the United States for seven and a half years prior to the Second World War. The government suppressed it in 1940. This book is a collection of material from this paper. And very good it is.

I am one who has lived most of his adult life in bedsitters, and I appreciate compact books. There is a library edition at £ 7, but the one I have here is a robust and handsome paperback. It is very plump, but can be slipped into a fair-sized pocket, and will serve the reader well. If one had no other anarchist book in one's possession one could get along with this. The festival when we celebrate the birth of the Unconquered Sun is past, yet if one wanted to give a present to someone, particularly someone new to anarchism, this would be the book to give them.

If I have any criticism it would be that there is a certain air of sadness pervading a good deal of this book. Probably this is unavoidable. It reflects reality. It is curious that in those countries which owe their present way of life to revolutions, the United States, France and the U.S.S.R., anarchists have suffered perhaps worse than anywhere else. Though they have had a rough ride pretty well everywhere, except in England, Holland and Scandinavia. The precariousness of the anarchist's position in the U.S. is reflected in these pages, though plenty of martyrs are to be found in Italy, Argentina, Spain, Bulgaria, Japan and many other countries.

There is a great deal of material in 638 pages, and all one can do is to single out those pieces that appeal to one personally. The editor was sceptical about the supposed advantages of technological society, which is unusual among anarchists, most of whom follow Kropotkin in this matter. He published articles such as "Cabbages and Kings" by Jo Anne Wheeler, who attacks Bertrand Russell.

In his book, "The Scientific Outlook", Russell says, "The new ethics which is rapidly growing in connection with scientific technique will have its eyes upon society rather than upon the individual. It will have little use for the superstition of guilt and punishment, but will be prepared to make individuals suffer for the public good without inventing reasons to properly show that they deserve to suffer... the change will have to come about naturally through the habit of viewing society as a whole rather than as a

The House of Lords acquired its statutory black man in Dr. David Pitt (now Lord Pitt) chairman GLC and Labour Party candidate. The National Front lost an Anglo-Indian member by their annual meeting motion to ban all people of coloured or mixed race or of non-European ancestry. He protested his truly British patriotism and loyalty to the party. He said: "I do not think they [the Nat. Front] understand what I am."

Employees of Cartiers, the Fifth Avenue jewellers, leaving on New Year's Eve left the shop open. A would-be customer walked in half-an-hour later and, finding the shop unattended, called the police.

collection of individuals. The man who thinks of society as a whole will sacrifice a member of society for the good of the whole without much consideration of that individual's welfare."

And there you have it. This was the ideology of the 1940's and 1950's. It produced Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the nihilistic hippy revolt. It produced dams and myxomatosis and C.P. Snow's 'new men'. It has used up the world's stocks of oil so fast that it now looks as if 'progress', thought unstoppable, will grind to a halt for lack of fuel.

Says Jo Anne Wheeler, "So lightly do we toss to the breeze the fruits of hard-won victories! Since time began how many lives have been sacrificed, how many hearts eaten out in prison or exile that Man might gain the right to call his body or soul his own? Why are we now so complacently willing to surrender our few dearly bought liberties?"

"We Must Weather the Typhoon" is a piece by Peter Kropotkin, written in 1920, less than three months before he died. The author seems to have foreseen Stalinism and Fascism, for he claims that following the destructive chaos of the Russian Revolution a 'deep trough' of reaction is on its way. Kropotkin was a shrewd prophet, but he had his limitations. He foresaw the First World War (of course he was not the only one), but when it came he supported it. In this article he says that the individual cannot do much in the present crisis. It is an explosion of the forces of nature. He compares it to a typhoon. We must weather it and try to resist or mitigate the coming period of reaction which will follow the revolution, but it all seems rather hopeless. Some of the individualists, whose writings are included in this book, would have had a word to say about that.

There are pieces by Armand, Albert Libertad, Han Ryner, Emerson and Wagner (yes, the composer). There is a discussion by Hippolyte Havel of the ideas of the Russian novelist Artzibashev and his novel "Sanin". Artzibashev was a disciple of Stirner. His book was a study of a man on his own, disillusioned with political parties, even revolutionary ones. Its circulation among students, however, led to what Havel quaintly calls a 'wild sexual intoxication'. This was in the period following the failed revolution of 1905, which is perhaps the explanation, (the manuscript was already in existence in 1903).

Also included are excerpts from books, which are intended to summarise the authors' ideas. Proudhon, Stirner, Bakunin, and Kropotkin are presented in this way. Excerpts from "The Ocean, Atmosphere and Life" by Elisee Reclus look forward to Jacques Ellul's "The Technological Society" (1954), and Rachel Carson's "Silent Spring". Things were not so bad in Reclus' day, but the writing was on the wall.

This anthology does not date, however. Racial persecution still goes merrily on. Argentinian politics are still as confused as they were in the 1930's. You still risk life and limb by being an anarchist in the U.S.A. Students are still in revolt. The British monarchy still drains enormous sums from the community. Torture is still in vogue. Big business continues to batten on society. The voice of protest is still heard; resistance has not died. I believe there is a change going on in fact, though it is rather subtle and not immediately obvious. Our civilisation has lost some of the confidence it still had in the 1930's and even in the 1950's and 1960's. I cannot make up my mind whether this means a better chance for our ideas in the future or not. Anyway this is a superb book.

John Brent

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Augustin Souchy's otherwise interesting review of Eugene Lunn's book on Gustav Landauer (FREEDOM 15-28/12/74) errs concerning Landauer's influence on Jewish Socialism and the Israeli labour movement. It may well be that the inaccuracies are the author's, which the reviewer has only repeated.

The reviewer (whom I met in Tel-Aviv in 1952) quotes Lunn who writes of "the influence which Landauer had on Jewish Socialism, especially on Chaim Arlosoroff, the founder of Hashomer Hatzair, which still claims 75 kibbutzim in Israel".

Indeed, Landauer made a deep impact on the early thinking of both Arlosoroff and the Hashomer Hatzair movement. But, it's precisely on this point that Lunn has erred. Chaim Arlosoroff was not a founder of Hashomer Hatzair (the Young Guard) but of the Hapoel Hatzair (Young Worker) party of Germany. On emigrating to Palestine in 1924, he joined and became a prominent leader of the party bearing the same name which was founded before the First World War in Palestine, then under Turkish rule. This party was a non-Marxist Zionist workers' party whose socialist thinking was influenced by Narodniki/Nationalist-Tolstoyan and ethical-socialist ideas. The Hapoel Hatzair party of Germany drew a great deal from its Palestinian parent-party but, contrary to the Russian influences on the latter, it leaned heavily on the teachings of Landauer and Buber.

Arlosoroff, who was both a profound thinker and a man of action, became head of the Political Department of the Jewish Agency and conducted talks and negotiations with various Arab leaders. He drew the venom of the extreme right-wing Revisionist movement (the forerunner of the Herut party). He was shot dead in June, 1933, on the seashore of Tel-Aviv, at the early age of 35, by unknown assassins. It was then believed that he was assassinated by members of the pro-fascist wing of the Revisionists, but his death has remained a mystery even until now.

Hashomer Hatzair originated in 1913 in Eastern Europe and eventually embraced tens of thousands of Jewish youth the world over. It arose originally as a free, ideologically undefined youth movement and was influenced by such diverse elements as Scouting; the German Wanderfogel with its ideas of a free youth culture; Martin Buber's views on Judaism and the Hassidic movement and Gustav Landauer's libertarian socialism.

For a certain period the Hashomer Hatzair movement in pre-State Israel (Palestine) was an exclusive pioneer movement, basing itself solely on the kibbutzim and refraining from setting up a political party jointly with non-kibbutzim workers. It even disassociated itself strongly from the very idea of a political party. In a way, the Hashomer Hatzair represented in its early stages a specific Palestinian expression of syndicalism. It viewed the kibbutzim both as a combination of a communal way of life, an instrument and vehicle of colonisation and proletarianisation of the Jewish middle-class youth, and as an instrument of the class struggle and of political action. It should be remembered that until the establishment of the State of Israel the kibbutzim spent a number of years in temporary sites near the towns and private-sector colonies where their members worked as hired workers, being part of the general working class, until they settled on the land and built their permanent collective settlements,

mainly based on agriculture. Gustav Landauer's views on socialist communities exerted, therefore, a profound influence on the development of Hashomer Hatzair.

The socialist ideology and concepts of Hashomer Hatzair subsequently underwent many changes. It embraced Marxism as the basis of its ideology, which in turn took on various forms from Austro-Marxism (particularly the teaching of Max Adler) to association with the I.L.P. and with the "International Bureau for Revolutionary Socialist Unity" with Trotskyite leanings. During the 1940's it became pro-Stalinist, from which position it eventually divorced itself after the USSR 20th Congress. At present it regards itself as an independent left-wing socialist party stressing the humanistic character of socialism.

Hashomer Hatzair gradually abandoned its opposition to a party as such, collaborated politically with groups of non-kibbutz workers' groups with whom it fused in a common party in 1946, and in 1948 was instrumental in setting up, with other radical socialist groups, the Mapam (United Workers) party.

It should be noted that the rejuvenation of socialist theory in Mapam in the last decade also gave rise to a renewed interest in libertarian socialist ideas. A member of one of its kibbutzim, Yaakov Nimri, wrote a sympathetic book on the anarchist movement, which earned him a prize. Unfortunately, for reasons unknown to me the book has remained until today in manuscript form. I would like to add that in December, 1936, a group of Jewish workers in Palestine, most of them members of kibbutzim, published a 100-page booklet on the Spanish Revolution, which publicized the views and role of the Spanish Anarchists. (This booklet is in my personal possession, as is the original 1911 German edition of Gustav Landauer's classic exposition of his socialist ideas, *Aufruf Zum Sozialismus* (The Call to

LETTER

Socialism).

Of all the anarchist classics, only some of Peter Kropotkin's major works were translated into Hebrew. These include *Mutual Aid*, *The Great French Revolution*, *Memoirs of a Revolutionary*, *Fields, Factories and Workshops*. Unfortunately most of these are out of print at present. A pamphlet on the life of Kropotkin by an Israeli libertarian socialist, the late A. Goral, was published in Hebrew in 1951.

A recent Hebrew translation from the Yiddish of the *Memoirs of a Jewish Revolutionary* by the late Hersh Mendel (Hersh Stockfish) includes interesting reminiscences of his membership and activities in the anarchist movement in France during the First World War and in the October Revolution in Russia. (The author began his revolutionary activities in Warsaw before World War I, in the Bund. He became an active member of the Polish Communist Party, was jailed a number of times in Fascist Poland and became a Trotskyite, together with Isaac Deutscher, who wrote the preface to his book. During the Second World War he was active in the underground in France. After the war he joined the left wing of the Zionist-Socialist movement, emigrated to Israel and died there at the age of 75 in 1968.)

In conclusion, I would like to state that the evolution and development over the years of the kibbutz movement in present-day Israel, comprising 235 kibbutzim of which the 75 kibbutzim of Hashomer Hatzair constitute the largest single kibbutzim federation, merits a separate and detailed analysis.

Nahum Sneh.

Mapam,
London. N.W.6.

What is 'FREE' ?

AT ABOUT 10 a.m. on Monday, December 30th, 1974, a few friends of Vladimir Bukovsky began the third successive annual Vigil at the permitted distance from the Soviet Embassy.

As a publicity attracting spectacle, the two or three (sometimes one) of us must have looked pathetic - even last year's unexpected Celebrities couldn't make it this time, so the Press also kept away*. (Workers Press was the only exception, and gave Bukovsky front page coverage.) A few passers-by did stop and talk, usually to mention the tortures in Greece or South Africa and what were we doing about that? Follows a perfectly pointless argument, usually broken off abruptly by enraged passer-by shouting "I thought you were hypocrites" (and presumably going off to demonstrate about tortures in Greece or South Africa?). Still, it's better than being utterly ignored and helps one to forget the cold, etc. Our own friends came too and with them, the reminder, that isn't it friendship that all this picketing and vigiling (and telephoning and rendezvousing and telegraphing and lobbying) is about? Who wouldn't do, oh so much more, for a friend than for a

principle? Unless of course you happen to be a politician when, of course, principles must always come first: friends have "no standing".

We only had two posters - one intended to catch the eye and the other had a typed copy of a reported plea by Mrs. Bukovsky and gave details of Vladimir's condition. There was a sudden irruption of unmistakably Soviet citizens, obviously proceeding to some 'do' at the Embassy. Cameras started to click (naughty) and a bunch of the *grasdan* crowded round the posters. They seemed strangely friendly and pleased, ignoring a tentative inquiry whether they understood English, and continuing to click away. At that moment the only picket on the spot was an Englishman who spoke wretched Russian and the conversation went something like this:

Russian: (staring hard at poster with photo of Vladimir and above it, *Free Vladimir Bukovsky*).

Continued on Page 6

GRIME'S GRAVES

IN THIS year of 1975, Israeli archaeologists are chanting hosannas because the local property speculator's bulldozers have unearthed the site of the Nea Church, built by the Emperor Justinian. It was consecrated in November 542 and became known as the New Church of the Virgin and was held to be, by Procopius among others, the most magnificent church of Byzantine Jerusalem. The church was destroyed by an earthquake towards the end of the eighth century and as the local talent was then militant Muslim it was never rebuilt. And so the bulldozers of the Israeli version of McAlpine have solved a 1,000 year old mystery and there is joy in the journals of the Middle East.

The finds will make good reading and I who love the broken shard thrown by fingers lost to dust envy those able to spend their living hours searching through the layered earth for the verification of myth, legend and fact. Yet we in these rain-soaked islands are hipped by eastern archaeology, accepting that we are the bastards of time having no recorded history beyond a few hundred years. We accept that Caesar paddled ashore in A.D. 60, give or take a year to the A level scholar, and from then all excavations would seem to be nought but Roman forts, loos and vulgar versions of Home and Beauty southern Italian style circa 200 A.D., and for the native sons there is nothing to assuage the heart longing for the misty romantic past than to leave the women to keep an eye on the beer in the back of the coach and to stand for a few minutes in dumb salutation to the stones of Stonehenge and dream of ancient hirsute Senior Citizens draped in Marks & Spencer's nightshirts, adorned with mistletoe and ever-ready to sacrifice the local shiv-

ering red-nosed virgin to the rising sun. The frivolous may seek to question my sober facts, but this is the scene.

A press invitation from the British Museum is always welcomed, for they offer all that is best for the mind of the scholar and the heart of the dreamer. A single sword with a blade corroded by Time's winning battle, a shield carved by an unknown craftsman, a few pages from a manuscript, monk-painted in a stone monastery before nesting seabirds took over from the flown faith, are placed on display within the King's Gallery and a few idlers and the tired tourists gaze at these treasures and pass on; for while the Town and his kultur-catching frau queue from one major state exhibition to the next to gape at the assembled rubbish of top flight third rate artists of the mode, magnificent exhibitions within the British Museum pass unnoticed for lack of good publicity. There within the British Museum is an exhibition of recent archaeological excavations of a prehistoric flint mine at Grime's Grave near Thetford in Norfolk. These mines were first noticed a hundred years ago and the pick and shovel scholars of that time could make little impression into the ninety-three acres of flint mine and debris, but now the British Museum's scientists with the help of Dutch specialists have reached a stage when they can mount this interim report-exhibition.

These mines were being worked almost four thousand years ago, and this was one thousand five hundred years before Socrates questioned and Plato stated and two thousand years before Christ drew up the Labour Party Social Contract. One can ignore, for the moment, the decorated pottery that helps to date the age when the mine was in active use, for what is, to me, the most amazing thing about this exhibition is the evidence it offers for a sophisticated, intelligent and united community. We know that a handful of primitive people can in isolation learn to grow their own limited vegetables to supplement their meat or fish diet; that solitary men can dig into the side of hills for gold if at some future date

they can transport it to a merchandising centre. But one cannot mine flint, coal or ore metal except as a community activity and the very nature of the mines at Grime's Graves demands a community willing to work together in harmony, in permanent contact with traders willing and able to trust them, a community wherein others found and prepared the food for those working within the mines and with a social organisation that could recognise and allocate working groups their respective jobs - and this was four thousand years ago at Grime's Graves in Norfolk. The picks were fashioned from antlers and huge antlers were used as roof props as the men moved further and further into the solid chalk to hack out the seams of flint that form solidified bubbles of quartz in the soft white chalk.

To stand within that room within the British Museum among those huge photographs, bowls of broken flints and padding experts and to visualise those underground mines larger than the whole of the Underground beneath Piccadilly Circus within the heart of London and ten seconds from Ward's Irish pub, is to recognize a need for a reassessment in our understanding of the history of the working class within these islands. These are not idle words, for within the lifetime of many miners now living there are men who in this twentieth century worked under those same conditions as those miners of four thousand years ago yet with only two differences. The miners of four thousand years ago used parts of antlers to dig into the soft chalk, and by the very nature of the communication and transport of the age they had to be free and willing men. For you cannot operate a slave society if after ten minutes' running a man is free, and a slave labour force presupposes a superior armed force to guard them and the miners with their antlers and chunks of mined flint in effect took the keys to the armoury with them every time they entered the mine. So here we have, as we so often love to debate, a community of men and women working together in complete harmony, and the extent of the mines and the time factor demanded a long period of communal harmony, in peaceful contact with other tribes. Able to anticipate long-term demands for their flint, and with the

Continued on Page 7

"FREE"? . . . Continued from P. 5

what is free?

Englishman? Er, Svoboda?

R.: Ah, freedom?

E.: But not for Bukovsky. He's in prison, er, na turmi... turma? 12 years.

R.: Sto?

E. (holding up 10 fingers, then 2) Twelve.

R.: So - he not free?

E.: No - not yet. Only - (tolko)- nine, (dyeyvat) - er, years.

R. (loudly): No, (but) what... is free?

The vigil ended after dark and our flares were out. The police helped us stamp them out. (Are you the leader, sir?) How courteous our police are nowadays. Touching, really, when you remember Grosvenor Square.

D. M.

*They had in fact been asked - begged - to cover the vigil, as being valuable publicity for Vladimir --D.M.
[We weren't told. --EDS.]

subscribe

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THE COMMUNISTS spend a great deal of time in falsifying the history books and the Nazis used to burn those they didn't approve of, but to judge from recent events the historians need not fear any similar treatment of their works in the Eire Nua (new Ireland) envisaged by the provisional IRA. The provisionals simply don't bother to read the history books and their method of reasoning is akin to that recorded by Margherita Sarfatti in her official biography of Mussolini: "My blood tells me." "I must listen to my blood", are phrases sometimes used by this statesman-gliadiator, so rational normally in coping with the urgent questions which confront him. "It is no good," he will add: "I am like the animals. I feel when things are going to happen - some instinct warns me and I am obliged to follow it."

This would seem to be an accurate enough description of the mental processes of the statesman-gliadiator Daithi O'Connell, chief of staff of the IRA. At the recent meeting between the republicans and the leaders of the protestant churches, O'Connell is said to have expressed surprise when told

MOYSE. . . continued from P. 6

internal strength to be able to work without fear of external forces. The miners of the twentieth century enjoyed none of these conditions, be they English, Welsh, French, German, Polish or Russian, for though labelled free they saw the whole of their labour taken from them within minutes. In place of the antler and the soft chalk they had a metal pick and the black filth of the killing coal, and when they were forced to protest they faced an armed police force and, on instant call, an armed military force that could and did outnumber them. I have no wish for the lute and the loom, the William Morris wallpaper and water from the well but if in, say, 1920 one had to choose between working as a miner four thousand years ago at Grime's Graves or any private or government owned mine, then the choice could only have been at Grime's Graves; four thousand years ago, for one would have been a free man, with better working conditions and a higher standard of living.

I paced the exhibition with Robert Melville of the Statesman and while we drank the Museum's sherry we talked of Morandi and de Stael and Melville accused me of being an aesthete, the vilest insult one critic can level against another, but I love the craftsman and I hold that truth is beauty/ beauty, truth and around me I saw the record of free men working for the common good. It would be a tragedy if this exhibition, due to run to June, 1975, should be wasted on no more than we two. Copies of this review will be sent to the N. U. M. and the N. C. B., for I hold that they have a responsibility to contact the British Museum and to arrange for this exhibition of the miners of Grime's Graves to be used as a mobile exhibition of the miners educational section, and one will wait, with interest, to note their reaction.

Arthur Moyse.

THIS IRELAND

that the northern protestants regarded the IRA as their enemy. The fact that the last battle the IRA will have to fight will not be against the British army but against the Ulster protestants seems not to have entered his head, still less the even more unpalatable fact that the IRA will certainly lose the battle - and sacrifice thousands of innocent Catholics in the north on the altar of their insane nationalism. But then the IRA, the most elitist of organisations, has always considered that it was its duty to free Ireland regardless of what the vast majority of Irishmen may think. Irishmen in the south may time and again have ignored their candidates at the ballot-box; the Catholics in the north have done likewise - the SDLP is the democratically elected representative of the northern Catholics - it matters not. The IRA will free us even if it means getting every last one of us killed in the process. They will free the northern protestants, too, even if they don't want to be freed, because the IRA claims to have a mandate from the dead generations of Irishmen. They don't worry about mandates from living Irishmen, these "freedom fighters" who have done more than most to ensure that the ranks of the dead generations are added to, that the Irish earth would, in the words of Pearse, be "refreshed by the red wine of the battlefields".

Fanaticism is blind and deaf, otherwise how could O'Connell not have been aware of the attitude of the protestants of Ulster? It is there in the history books for him to read. He might have read of Jonathan Swift, author of Gulliver's Travels and political pamphleteer, who in 1720 urged Irishmen to adopt a policy of "renouncing everything wearable that comes from England", but if he thinks that Swift was therefore an embryo republican he would be wrong. Swift was referring to the Irish woollen industry which was largely in the hands of protestants and had suffered adverse effects from legislation passed in England; Swift, in fact, was an advocate of protestant ascendancy in Ireland but this has not prevented him from being described as sympathetic to Irish nationalist sentiment. Similarly the Irish Volunteers, formed in 1779, may have insisted that their uniforms be made of Irish cloth, but they were protestants almost to a man even though they supported the easing of the penal code which victimised Catholics. The root of their quarrel with England lay, once again, with the legislation passed in England which hampered the growth of industry and trade in Ireland. It would be impossible for anyone in his right senses to regard the original Ulster Volunteer Force formed before the First World War as allies of the republican cause. Yet Patrick Pearse welcomed its formation as evidence that the Ulster protestants were ready to oppose the British parliament - ignoring the fact that the UVF was formed with the intention of resisting any attempt to bring the protest-

ants under a Catholic-dominated Dublin parliament. (By contrast, Connolly in 1914 had declared that partition would deal such a blow to the labour movement in Ireland that "we would much rather see the Home Rule Bill defeated than see it carried with Ulster or any part of Ulster left out".) Pearse and Connolly obviously did not agree on all matters.

To come more up to date it is evident from statements issued by the provisionals that they do not take the protestant paramilitary organisations too seriously. Despite the fact that appeals made by the republicans asking the UDA and UVF to join them in anti-internment demonstrations have been ignored and that another mass stoppage of work by protestants was only lately averted when the authorities agreed to completely segregate loyalist and republican prisoners in Long Kesh, the republicans remain blind to reality. Every time a member of the UDA or RUC is assassinated the protestants do not regard the event as the "liquidation" of an "imperialist hyena"; instead they usually assassinate a Catholic in retaliation. The Catholic victims of the protestant murder gangs are virtually sentenced to death by the IRA. What sort of fantasy world do O'Connell and the army council of the IRA live in? A world where you set about uniting Catholic, protestant and dissenter (the republican "ideal") by murdering as many protestants and dissenters as possible and claim that you are not sectarian because they are members of the security forces and where the death of a child shot by a stray bullet is merely "a normal hazard of urban guerilla warfare". That was how Rory O'Brady described it and no doubt he regards the Catholic victims of the tit-for-tat murder game in the same light.

If 1975 is to be a continuation of 1974 we may yet see the full scale civil war that has threatened in the north for so long. When it is all over we may wonder what sort of statement the IRA will issue to explain what went wrong. It ought to make interesting reading for the northern Catholics - those of them who are still alive, that is.

H. B.

Fourteen Asians were rescued from a drifting motor schooner in the English Channel. They were all seasick and soaked through in light-weight clothing. They are to be charged with illegal entry.

The Guardian of Dec. 19 was banned from Winson Green prison. This contained an account of the beating up by warders of Irishmen remanded on Birmingham bombing charges. A police inquiry into the men's injuries is being held.

A Daily Mail headline (6.1.75) reads "Spiro digs coal". No, he didn't get hard labour - the D. M. merely means he's taken a financial share in a mine.

CONTACT

HELP fold and despatch **FREE-
DOM** on Thursday from 2 p.m. at
Freedom Press, followed by get
together with refreshments.

Pamphlet wanted: Authors take
sides on the Spanish Civil War.
Cash paid. Please contact Box
001 Freedom Press,
Would Sr. Jose Alvarez Edo, or
anyone who knows him, please
get in touch with Freedom Press.
Change of Address:- Richard
Alexander is now at 18 Byegrove
Road, London S.W. 19.
Public Meeting Ireland, a Revolu-
tionary Anarchist Perspective
arr. by N. London AWA (formerly
ORA). Tues. Jan 28 at 8pm Earl
Russel, Pancras Road, N.1. (K.X)

Meeting: Spanish Resistance, is
this the year? what we can do.
Eng. & Span speakers. 5pm Sat.
Jan 1) at Centro Iberico 83A Hav
Haverstock Hill NW3 (entrance 2nd
door Steele's Rd, tube Chalk Fm)
Social follows at 8 pm.
Industrial Network Bulletin's fu-
ture Mtg. Fri. Jan 17 at 7.30
at 83A Haverstock Hill.

Alternate Sundays Hyde Park An-
archist Forum, spkrs. Crner 1
pm. Speakers Listeners Hecklers
welcome

Groups:
CORBY Anarchists. For activities
write 7 Cresswell Walk, Corby,
Northants.
COVENTRY, Peter Corne c/o Uni-
on of Students, Warwick Univers-
ity, Coventry, CV4 7AL.
MANCHESTER SWF wkly mtgs.
Secretary c/o Grass Roots, 178
Oxford Rd. Manchester 13.
PORTSMOUTH: write Rob Atkinson
29 Havelock Rd, Southsea.

Some London anarchists meet soc-
ially suns, 7.30 at Duke of York,
Rathbone St. W.1. (Tott. Ct. Rd)
Publications:

"Anarchism Lancastrium" for An
archists in the North West. Send
stamp to A. L., 16 Kingsmill Ave.
Whalley, Lancs.

Libertarian Communist Review No.
1, theoretical jnl of AWA still av.
available 15p + post from 13 Coltman
St. Hull. Also Libertarian Struggle
paper of AWA (ORA) 10p + postage
"Marked for Life" - libertarian
critique of college & university
exams. 25p from MFL 36A Fair-
field Gdns. London N.8.

Hardy Petennial: Walt Whitman an-
archist calendar 1975. 13p inc. p.
from K. L. P. c/o Freedom Bkshp.

Prisoners:

PAUL PAWLOWSKI 219089m H.M.
Prison, Heathfield Rd, London SW
18 3HS. Letters/postcards please.

DUBLIN ANARCHISTS Bob Cullen
(7 yrs), Des Keane (5 yrs), Colum-
ba Longmore (4 yrs). Letters, pap-
ers to Military Detention Centre,
Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare, Eire.
STOKE NEWINGTON FIVE Welfare
Committee, 54 Harcome Rd, London
N.5. Needs donations to provide
study books for these longterm
prisoners.

GIOVANNI MARINI Defence Com-
mittee, Paolo Braschi, C.P. 4263,
2100 MILANO, Italy

THREE held re Spanish Banker kid-
napping - Jean Weir and Ariane
Gransac released on provisional
liberty awaiting trial. Postcards
still to Octavio Alberola Sunilach,
Prison de Fresnes, 1 Av. de la Div-
ision Leclerc, 94261 FRESNES,
France.

B. W. N. I. C. Defence Group, Box
69, c/o 197 Kings X Rd London
WC1 (tel. 01-837 9795 afternoons
only). To help defence of 14 char-
ged under Incitement to Disaffec-
tion Act.

German Slurs

SUBSEQUENT TO the article on
"Repression in West Germany" (see
FREEDOM 1974), we have been
sent the front page of the November
29 issue of a West German weekly
paper, Die Zeit. The following
sentence (in translation) has been
underlined for our attention:

"On Friday night, in the centre of
Birmingham, bombs planted by Irish
anarchists exploded in two pubs. The
terrorists, . . ."

Let us make it abundantly clear that
neither wing of the IRA - neither the
nationalist Provisionals nor the Marx-
ist Officials - could conceivably be
described as anarchists.

Obviously, the German right-wing
press's with-hunt against all radical
opposition groups goes on. It uses
the word anarchist as a simple perjor-
ative, indeed on page 2 of Die Zeit
we find the phrase "kriminelle
anarchistsche" used in a description
of the massive raids carried out by
the West German police against people
supposed to be connected with the
Baader/Meinhof group.

European Migrant Workers In Slums

By KENNETH BRADDICK

UNITED NATIONS, N.Y.
(UPI) — Life for the esti-
mated 13 million migrant
workers and their families in
Western Europe has been
painted by the United Na-
tions as one of overcrowded,
unsanitary homes, failing
health, exploitation and little
hope.

Secretary General Kurt
Waldheim's report on the
welfare of migrants and their
families centered mostly on
Western Europe's industrial-
ized countries which had
seen a "spectacular" unri-

valued growth in immigration
in the past 20 years.

The report estimated the
number of migrants legally
working in Western Europe
as 7.3 million and increasing
to 11.9 million with addition
of dependents. But adding
clandestine immigrants, the
figure was put at about 13
million — almost equal to the
population of The Nether-
lands.

Countries with the greatest
migrant work forces were
France with 3.7 million,
Germany 2.8 million, 2.6 mil-
lion in Britain, 1 million in

Switzerland, 520,000 in Bel-
gium, 400,000 in Sweden and
200,000 in The Netherlands.

More than 60 per cent of all
the migrants were in un-
skilled and semiskilled jobs,
mostly in manufacturing and
construction.

With all the handicaps of
an alien in a strange land,
the majority of migrants
congregated in slum areas
where conditions were over-
crowded and unsanitary,
diets poor and children slow
learners, the report said.

While the nationals of the

country they were working in
could improve their lot, it
said, the opportunities for
migrants "to escape from
their unsatisfactory situation
are fewer."

Making it harder, the re-
port said, were restrictions
by many countries on allow-
ing workers to bring in their
families, particularly when
they were trying to adapt.

"Above all they have to
face prejudices and discrimi-
natory attitudes on the part
of the population," it said.

These methods of smearing and vil-
ification are a constant in the history of
the relations between the anarchist
movement and the capitalist press.
Hitler and Stalin were no strangers to
the technique either. It is known by
us as the Big Lie.

D. L. M.

~~~~~  
We welcome news, articles, letters  
We go to press on MONDAY.  
~~~~~

CRUISING

The Queen Elizabeth II sailed off on a
tound the world cruise (28 ports, 92
days) at a maximum cost of £8,510
(double cabin - outside - with shower,
bath & toilet) Luxury on signal deck;
£2,070 for a double on deck five with
shower and toilet. The ship was stocked
with a ton of caviare, 17,000 bottles of
champagne and five tons of lobsters.
"Dining," says the brochure, "will be
formal in all restaurants." There are
nine cocktail bars, cabaret, a night
club, a cinema and a casino on board.
Among those taking the trip (accord-
ing to the News of the World and the
Daily Mail) is Sir Denis Lowson
(awaiting a lawsuit about a £2,300,000
City share deal).

which reminds us PRESS FUND

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