

# FREEDOM

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TEN PENCE

## PORTUGAL REVOLUTION POSTPONED

PAUL FOOT, supporter of I.S. and contributor to "Socialist Worker", said on TV's *What The Papers Say*, "If you don't know what's going on in Portugal, you must have been reading the papers". This is an echo of the quote about Ireland, "If you're well-informed on Ireland - you must be confused!"

This is quite true. Even reading the "Socialist Worker" does not clarify the situation. There is confusion not only on the right but on the left about what is happening and what is going to happen in Portugal. The British Communist Party is supporting the Portuguese Communist Party but since the line of that party is confused and opportunist, this is no clearer. The Italian and Spanish Communist Parties have attacked the Portuguese party for its failure to reach an agreement with the Socialists. I.S., like many other parties of the left attacks the Socialists as reactionaries. Two writers in "Win", the American progressive-pacifist weekly take the same view of the Portuguese "Revolution" and view the whole scene through rose-coloured (not to say pink) spectacles.

We received a press statement from "The Solidarity Campaign with the Portuguese Working Class" organized by the Portuguese Workers Co-ordinating Committee announcing a national demonstration in solidarity with the Portuguese Working Class. The statement was vibrant with clichés, and the sponsors were the usual wheelhorses of the progressive left - Ken Coates Joan Maynard M.P., Stan Newens M.P., Ernie Roberts, Audrey Wise M.P., etc. so we did not feel that we should waste the precious space of our contact column in advertising it. For those interested it will be September 20th at 2.30 from Charing Cross Embankment, but one should check the details (particularly if the situation changes). According to *Time Out* this demonstration has been "cancelled" from August 30th and replaced by the one on Sept. 20th. *Time Out* heads the item "Solidarity with the Portuguese Revolution" - whatever happened to the working class?

Furthermore - make of it what you will - the "Socialist Worker" has set up a Portuguese Solidarity Fund. This they claim is "a concrete way of supporting the struggle for workers' power in Portugal. The money is primarily to be sent to the P.R.P. (Revolutionary Party of the Proletariat) whose militants are campaigning for the setting up of Revolutionary Councils of Workers, Soldiers and Sailors. It will also be used to spread support for the Portuguese working class in this country through the Portuguese Workers' Co-ordinating Committee [18 Fleet Road, London N.W.3.] and through I.S.'s work in organizing speaking tours for Portuguese revolutionaries and publishing material in Portuguese". The address is 8 Cotton Gardens, London E2 8DN.

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The whole atmosphere regarding Portugal is obviously an attempt to stir up the emotive re-

sponses of the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War assisted by topical clichés from the fall of Allende, compounded with the current bogeyman curse of the Central Intelligence Agency. This intellectual mish-mash is presented to us as a "revolution" which demands our support.

The elaborate gavottes of the newly-converted to democracy/communism military men bear as little resemblance to revolution as the Kerensky-Lenin-Stalin-Trotsky gopaks of 1917-30. The questions are who has the power? and who can hold the power? All the personae being military men it is obvious that they all have a section of armed force at their command. The political groupings in power have their apparatus and their ministries. The A.F.M. has, of course, the army, and some affiliations with Workers' Councils whatever power they represent. The Communist party has, obviously, control of the secret police and the propaganda ministry - which they used to feed out a false story about the President's support of General Goncalves.

It is obvious that the Communists misjudged their support in the country. The anti-Communist riots and lynchings can be put down just as much to the Communists' known support for the collectivization of agriculture as to the manoeuvres of the still-active Catholic Church. The Communists' notable attacks on the Socialists have their base more in rivalry than in objective criticism, or proof of the "bourgeois" or "reactionary" nature of the Socialists. These well-known swear words are the only answer to the Communists' ballot-box defeat. The generals quarrel for power but the people have not been heard from, save from some sporadic factory and land occupations which have not been helped, hallowed or sanctioned by the militarized power.

The military coup, for such it was, of April 25th had very little relation to a revolution. We have never believed that army men (particularly the higher ranks) could be revolutionary. To quote a Portuguese manifesto, "The Army and Militarism are bourgeois tools to be dismantled in the struggle for the general armament of the workers." The soldiers are conscripts, separated from the workers in barracks where they are submitted to rigid hierarchies and degrading discipline. How can one expect them to be revolutionary. As they are tools they can be (and are) used to put down anti-Communist or pro-Communist riots, or - as proposed now in Angola - to return to maintain order in former colonies.

Armies cannot, in their nature, be democratic, but they can be communist in their collective structure, State-supported existence and in their hierarchical order. The technological enthusiasms and needs of the modern army find an answer in the technological managerial outlook of modern communism, whose authoritarian mode is readily adaptable to military discipline.

*cont. on p. 2*

## OUR ANSWER TO WILSON

THE BIG "NATIONAL" SQUEEZE IS ON. That was the Prime Minister, Mr Wilson's, message last week. But the following day really brought the message home when the total of 1,250,000 unemployed was announced.

However, rather than the economic crisis being a "national" one, in the sense that it affects all of the population, a majority are expected to make sacrifices for a small minority who actually run and control the financial and industrial wealth of this country. The politicians see inflation as the crucial problem affecting all the "Western" economies.

At one time or another each of these countries has found or is finding it difficult to price their goods competitively on the world markets. The real crisis affecting the capitalist system is a lack of markets. All the Western democracies have increasing unemployment. This has meant that the State is taking a much more interventionist role. The power of the State is increasingly being used to aid the employers and the big corporations. As the State takes over more of the "lame ducks" of the private sector, it also takes more control over wages and conditions. Such control also brings us nearer to a permanent compulsory incomes policy.

In the past anarchists have predicted that the State would spread its net of control over our lives. The problem for anarchists is that the people expect the State to be their benefactor. Instead of relying on their own efforts, people turn to the State. The reasons for this attitude are many. At one time, in the early stages of the industrial revolution, the State was looked on as an unbiased arbitrator between a poorly organised working class and the harsh profit-seeking private employer. While legislation did improve the conditions of the worker, the State always took the employers' side, when the profit system was, in any way, threatened by the organised working class.

It has been the tragic plight of the working class that they have followed trade union leaders and been influenced by the "left wing" of all varieties, who, without exception, look



ARTHUR MOYSE

"I'VE TRANSFERRED MY FACTORY INTO THE COUNTRY AND MY PROFITS OUT OF THE COUNTRY AND IT'S ALL TAX DEDUCTABLE."



## REVOLUTION HAS BEEN POSTPONED

(cont. from p.1)

We should not blind ourselves with the wild and whirling words of propaganda on "Workers' power", "Workers' control", "Workers' and Soldiers' Council" and judge this so-called "revolution" by its results not only in an increase in human welfare but in human freedom. So far there has been little evidence of either.

Whatever generals of parties are in power, the people are no nearer to freedom, although they may be further away from the corporate state of Salazar and Caetano.

Mr Foot (Paul) said the papers served only to confuse, but loud and clear comes a message from a paper free from all political bias - The Financial Times - it's only interested in money! On Friday August 22nd it printed, "In an attempt to instil some confidence in Portugal's economy and revive investment...the country's military rulers yesterday outlined a new foreign investment code and announced that the Lisbon stock exchange would re-open next month."

The revolution, like the demo, has been postponed. But not yet cancelled.

Editors.

To Mr Wilson:

WE ANSWER "REVOLUTION"!

(cont. from p.1)

to some form of State and the control that that obviously imposes over our lives. Any form of State means a ruling class. Anarchism means a classless society without government and the State, where our lives are regulated without power and coercion, but by mutual aid and solidarity.

It is these principles which should form the foundation of an independent working class movement seeking to take over its work places and bring production under its own control and that of the community. In the present capitalist crisis of inflation, the answer for the working class is not to break through the £ 6 a year limit but to occupy workplaces and start producing for the needs of people.

The "left wing revolutionaries" will all be crying out, "smash the £ 6 limit!" but anarchists and syndicalists should be posing a positive answer to the crisis, which is revolution.

But to achieve a revolution also means a revolution in peoples' thinking. Such a change can come very quickly depending on the nature of the events and struggles people are involved in. But if people look to leadership, then we shall get the usual betrayal and disillusionment following defeat. That is why ideas are of the utmost importance, ideas of self-reliance, independence, where control remains with the people.

The revolution must not only deprive the present holders of power and wealth, but prevent others either of the "left" or "right" from taking their places. Placing the means of production and the land in the hands of the workers will ensure that people are in control of their lives, and that they will defend the revolution against any who wish to give power and privilege to a new class, or restore to the old

The anarchists' and syndicalists' struggle goes beyond that of wages to that of revolution. To end once and for all the exploitation of man by man.

P.T.

## GOOD WEEK FOR THE RACE

THESE ARE TIMES that try men's souls, when it seems that the onset of State power is not only irresistible but inevitable and welcomed. When it seems that anarchism is a text-book dream since men's desire for liberty is so muffled and half-hearted. When sport seems the abiding passion and commerce the sole criterion of action.

But nevertheless the springs of liberty well up in strange pastures and the agents of liberty bear unprepossessing lineage. A village grocer and indirectly a mini-cab driver have stirred in many the longings for liberty which have been stifled and unuttered. True, this liberty is that to be, unimpeded, a village grocer and a mini-cab driver but the process has shaken much of the complacent thought of the mass-public which nightly sits before the telly-god or daily laps up the popular press pap.

It is probable that this grocer who has battled against the value-added tax has allies whose political adherence is questionable and that our mini-cab driver's friends protesting at his unjust arrest and imprisonment may be expressing a well-founded resentment against the police and judiciary not wholly based on innocence, but nevertheless such actions as they have taken have roused in the public strong feelings on the questions they have raised.

We live in an age of protest. Largely because there is so much to protest about. Crippling taxes, power-drunk bureaucrats, unjust laws, distortions of justice all abound. The wonder is not that they are protested against but that so little is heard and done. The blame lies not only with the mass media with its corrupt motives and sources but in the pitiful lack of imagination and originality in the protesters who, by their acceptance of the enemy's rules (whether in violence or lawfulness) are 'half in love with easeful death'.

By their actions the Polstead grocer and the East End friends of George Davis have broken through that armoured personality of indifference to commitment to the cause of Value Added tax and the innocence of George Davis. Whether one hates George Davis's friends for ruining a test-match victory (which the weather probably ruined anyhow) or hates the shopkeeper mentality which resents all interference with profit one must admit that they both gave cause to think.

It could be that purists (and anarchists) may deplore the method.

- of sabotaging cricket pitches and packing distraint auctions with supporters who hand the goods back (goods which had been seized for disputed non-payment of value added tax) - but their ends, to defeat bureaucracy and injustice, are not tainted with the methods of violence and the ballot box which have sullied social reform to this day.

They have caused those not normally given to thinking to question the unassailability of those in authority. In such, they have rendered a service to mankind, not only in the present Polstead grocer or the convicted mini-cab driver but to future citizens who may be inspired by these acts to further defiances.

J. R.

## INCITEMENT CHARGES

ON 24 JULY six people were arrested outside Platt Fields, Manchester, where the army were holding a recruiting drive. The six, who were called the Libertarian Street Theatre Group, were performing an anti-militarist play designed to discourage people from joining the army. They were about five minutes into the play when they were arrested, virtually without warning. The charge was behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace -- the police claimed that the crowd was hostile and liable to attack the group -- definitely not true. The six were held in custody until they appeared in court the next morning. The reason the police gave for the denial of bail was that the group might return to Platt Fields to continue the performance. (They said this at 11 p.m. -- the show closed at 9 p.m.) The police attempted, using threats of a longer stay in jail, to fingerprint and photograph the six. They refused, and a police request for a magistrate's order to fingerprint was fortunately refused.

The police wanted to keep the six in custody until the following Tuesday -- another five days. Their reason for this was to give them time to bring further charges, under the Incitement to Disaffection Act. They claimed the six had been handing out the "Some Information..." leaflet -- which was in fact handed out by other people not connected with the street theatre group! The magistrates refused the police application and released the six on £50 bail each until the trial on 27 October. The incitement charges have not yet been brought and the police will probably wait until after the trial of the 14 in September.

The Platt Fields Defence Group is at 178 Oxford Road, Manchester.

Geoff Minshull.



# ALL COPPERS LEGITIMATE

On reading a recent issue of *Police Review* one is inclined to that although his language is questionable there may be something in the infant's point of view. By pure coincidence the cover shows the Duchess of Gloucester meeting children and police officers outside a Community Centre in Exeter and the Letters to the Editor (for which of course no editor is entirely responsible) has a letter about Sikhs and the motor-cycle helmet problem, the writer suggesting that Sikhs' solution would be "Do not ride a motor cycle in the United Kingdom". He concludes: "I am amazed at the large number of persons who like living in the U.K. yet refuse to abide by the laws of the land. Likewise I am also amazed at the number of foreign persons who cause considerable problems to our Police when holding demonstrations about wrongdoings to their own countries. Not one of them is prepared to go home and help sort these matters out."

But the star article is by the Deputy Assistant Commissioner, Metropolitan Police - which deals with London area exclusive of the City of London - on "How to succeed in searching premises"! In the strictest sense the infant's description of the police was false -- the police are entirely legitimate. The Deputy Commissioner is very strict on legitimacy; the search, it is assumed, is accompanied throughout by the requisite legal warrant.

From the first the author discusses the difficulty of getting entrance into a room or apartment from a common hallway. He writes, "Consider the use of deception and bluff, but have another plan of entry ready and rehearsed if the charade goes wrong." As an example he suggests a female plain clothes officer should (through the door of the apartment) say she has collided with the 'wanted' (sic) man's car and would like to settle at once. Cunning! "The woman officer should have a well-to-do 'Mrs. Feather' voice to be the most effective"... "A combination of curiosity, annoyance and greed will bring most ponces and thieves to the door, and if the woman officer is presentable as so many are /flattery will get you somewhere/ he will come out into the hallway where he can be secured." "The justification, for this play acting, if you are called to account for it by an unfriendly advocate, is that it prevented violence and was therefore in everyone's interests, including that of his client." Whose violence was being prevented?

He goes on: "If you are patient and the case is not a 'hurry-up' one, waiting until one of the inmates goes out for food, etc. is one to to get in as he or she comes out." The room may "more conveniently be rushed" when the messenger returns.

"You may be able to get hold of the key," mentions the author, from the landlady or from "a treacherous associate of the wanted man."

Not only is always in this essay the man 'wanted' but to go on: "Consider the likely contingencies arising if you are successful in gaining silent entry and are able to arrest a man in bed, in the early hours. He will usually be with a female companion. The sudden switching on of an electric light or a torch will probably disorientate them long enough for the man to be secured. Once this is done attend to the niceties." We see he has his feelings. "Always allow the woman officer to supervise her getting her clothes on out of view of any male officer. Modesty is a strange quality -- apparently depraved people can feel quite heated and intense about it," This delicacy is not the sole motive for advising silence from comment if confronted with males in bed together "in a possibly unnatural situation".

This is only a brief quoting from part of this article which is probably not extraordinary in view of the general attitude of the police, as observed by those who have come into contact and conflict with them. All this about search warrants is perfectly legitimate but the attitude and assumptions (of immorality and guilt) are the constant basis of police attitudes. The assumption that the end (presumably guilt, convictions and sentencing) justify the means. Robert Mark, the author's superior, is constantly complaining about the way the cards are stacked against the police by crooked lawyers, pliable jurors -- and presumably 'soft' judges. Could not the complaining be re-echoed from this curious advocacy of how to turn a



"No. 6 IS THE ACCUSED, M'LUD. THE REST ARE THE JURY."

(Police chiefs are now viewing the jury system with dislike and suspicion because of too many 'Not Guilty' verdicts.)

search warrant into a conviction. In any case why, if you can bluff, bother with a warrant? Some coppers don't. . . but then, they're not legitimate but a conviction makes them so.

Jack Robinson.

## JOANNE LITTLE

Almost a year ago Joanne Little was charged with the murder of her prison guard. On August 15th she was acquitted of the charge of manslaughter which was substituted when the case came to trial, after months of public showing of concern. Our correspondent shows some of the reasons.

THE TRIAL of Joanne Little had attracted national and international attention as it raised the issues of civil, prisoners' and women's rights. As a symbol of injustice and oppression within the statist and capitalist society, Little represents scores of prisoners -- men and women -- black and white, in North and South -- who have been victimized by the poverty, racism and sexism nurtured by a thoroughly decadent social and structural system.

In the early morning hours of 27 August, 1974 the Beaufort County night jailer, Clarence Alligood, entered Little's cell in the jail. At 4 a.m. Alligood was found dead in the cell, naked from the waist down. He was clutching an ice pick in one hand and his trousers in the other. Little had escaped. Eight days later, she turned herself in to the North Carolina Bureau of Investigation on the condition she be not returned to the Beaufort County Jail. Instead, she was incarcerated in the women's prison in Raleigh where she was placed in solitary confinement.

One of the issues raised by the case of Joanne Little is the reprehensible prison conditions female prisoners are forced to endure in North Carolina and other states. In particular, conditions within the Beaufort County jail where Little was held could only invite prisoner abuse and degradation. Without a single exception, all of Little's jailers were white males while she was the only woman prisoner. She was subjected to continual surveillance by a T.V. scanner, which followed every move she made. It was monitored by her male jailers and whoever else happened to be in the jail's office. Overcrowding, old facilities, and lack of educational or recreational opportunities are common to many prisons in the U.S. Many institutions force prisoners to work for little or no wages under unbearable conditions. At the Raleigh prison where Little was held before trial, she said women inmates were forced to work in severe heat in the prison laundry

CONT. ON P. 4



# LAND NOTES

IT HAS BEEN a long time since the harvest was gathered in in such "prairie-like" weather, with the grain rock hard and in little need of drying. There has also been a notable absence of the pall of smoke that has in recent years accompanied the East Anglian harvest. As several bad years have depleted stocks of hay and made it extremely expensive, straw has now become a valuable commodity. Large lorries are carting tons of straw to the other ends of the country to supplement the fodder as it becomes increasingly expensive to feed animals on concentrated feeding stuffs.

The scale and methods and the financial motivation of modern farming methods are not conducive to stable food supply required by human needs.

The specialisation of agriculture and the separation of arable from animal husbandry, together with increasing size of operations, is probably the biggest change in the agricultural scene in modern years.

The biggest consequence of this in physical terms is the decline in the organic content of our arable land. The result of this is that crops reliant upon chemical fertilisers which cannot be taken up by the plant in the absence of adequate rain suffer a severe decline on yields under drought conditions. Soil full of organic matter is not only drought resistant but resists physical damage consequent upon excessive rainfall.

A farming policy which involves the selling of straw off the farm or burning it will expose agriculture physically and economically to the vascillations of climate and of financial considerations divorced from real needs.

It is obvious that world agricultural policies have failed miserably to do what is required to meet human needs. This year there will be much lower yields. Financially this will be offset by the greater value of the straw.

A lot of the problems now facing the agricultural industry are a result of its increasing industrialisation.

**JOANNE LITTEE (cont. from p. 3)**

where they lifted laundry bags weighing up to 175 pounds.

What is the solution? Prison reform? No. Instead, people must struggle to build a society without prison walls. As Emma Goldman once wrote: "...you must set your face sternly against the very idea of prisons: the whole revolution would be utterly futile, if such terrible institutions as prisons, institutions which have proven a failure in the system we want to get rid of, are again established"

Mark Weber  
Evansville.

rialisation, aggravated by the EEC and clumsy government attempts to correct the alternate shortages and gluts.

Perhaps the most stable sector of British agriculture has been the dairying sector. The demand for liquid milk organised by the Milk Marketing Board probably prevented the total collapse of British agriculture between the wars. It did to some extent preserve the basic fertility of British soil. It preserved a body of expertise which resulted in an increase in production during the war. The two-tier system was sufficiently elastic to maintain reasonable standards for the small producers who then formed the majority of farmers. As the cost of land and labour rose, the keeping of small herds as part of a mixed farm gave way to specialisation into large herds in which purchased feeding stuffs predominated over self sufficiency on the farm.

Now with three conflicting authorities dealing with the industry - Milk Marketing Board, the Government and the E.E.C. - the result will probably be the end of Britain's one cheap complete nourishing food.

\* \* \*

There is absolutely no sign that there is to be any attempt to restructure the economic basis of our agriculture, which must go hand in hand with the restructuring of industry. Even with the prospect of mass unemployment, the diversification and intensification of agriculture as opposed to its industrialisation is not even in prospect.

An agriculture based on the high consumption of fuel is (as in other areas of life) still very much in fashion. This very high consumption is giving rise to phenomena such as the production of ozone by the action of sunlight on the waste gases of this consumption. It is thought that this is having adverse effects on plant growth.

In our present economic situation there is a great opportunity to deal with the problems that our technological society has brought.

Alan Albon.

## FREEDOM PRESS publications

COLLECTIVES IN THE SPANISH REVOLUTION, by Gaston Leval, complete translation by Vernon Richards of 'L'Espace Libertaire' in which Leval set down in closely observed detail how anarchy worked during Spain's Spring of Freedom. 368pp cloth £4 (post 46p) paper £2 (post 24p) \$5.00

LESSONS OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION 1936-39, Vernon Richards 240pp. cloth £1.50 (post 37p) paper £0.75 (post 24p) (USA cloth \$4. paper \$2)

A B C of Anarchism, Alexander Berkman 25p (post 8p) USA 75c post fr.

About Anarchism, what anarchists believe, how anarchists differ... Nicolas Walter 15p (post 5p) USA 40c p.f.

Anarchism and Anarcho-Syndicalism Rudolf Rocker 20p (post 8p) USA 65c p.f.

Anarchy, Errico Malatesta 25p (post 8p) USA 75c p.f.

Bakunin and Nechaev, Paul Avrich 20p (post 5p) USA 65c post fr.

The State, Its Historic Role, Peter Kropotkin 20p (post 5p) USA 65c p.f.

Neither East Nor West, Marie-Louise Berneri, sel. writings 1939-1948: Pt.I Defenders of Democracy: Pt.II The Price of War and of Liberation: Pt.III United Nations. Index. 192pp 35p (post 13p) USA \$1.00 post free

ANARCHY (1961-1970). Many issues are still available 15p each (post on single issue 5p)

- 118 Work
- 117 Conurb and County
- 116 Chomsky on Anarchism
- 115 Students and Community Action
- 114 Emma Goldman/Alexander Berkman (by Richard Drinnon)
- 113 Women in Prison
- 112 Southern Africa
- 111 Anarchism, Freedom & Power
- 110 Tim Daly: Poems from Prison
- 109 Bertrand Russell and the Anarchists
- 108 Big Flame Flickering: An Attempt at Workers' Takeover
- 107 The Present Moment in Education (Paul Goodman)

(These form the last (1970) volume available in full in separate issues.) Many issues from earlier volumes are also available, for example:

- 93 Radio Freedom
- 91 Artists & Anarchism
- 88 Wasteland Culture
- 86 Fishermen & Workers' Control
- 84 Poverty
- 79 Latin America
- 72 Strike City (USA)
- 68 Class & Anarchism
- 67 U.S.A.
- 65 De-revolutionisation
- 64 Mis-Spent Youth
- 63 Voluntary Servitude (de la Boetie's 'La Servitude Volontaire')
- 59 The White Problem (on racism)
- 58 Stateless Societies/Homelessness
- 57 Law
- 54 Muhsam/Buber/Landauer
- 55 Mutual Aid & Social Evolution
- 52 The Limits of Pacifism
- 49 Automation
- 46 Anarchism & The Historians
- 45 Anarchism & Greek Thought



# PARTIAL HUMANITY

WHILE PERUSING the pages of a "respectable" French newspaper I recently came across a description of what was "surely one of the most splendid successes in the world".

This wonder was a subterranean farm 60 kilometres from Moscow - put forward, I think without tongue in cheek, as an object for emulation by all self-respecting French pig farmers.

"Imagine a polygon," he said, "half atomic farm, half maternity ward for premature babies, with walls of bunkers and subterranean corridors, and a giant interior climatization network. We had to undress at the entrance and put on a helmet and boots. We had to wash our feet every two or three hundred metres in strange liquids. In short, there were innumerable regulations and precautions, quite understandable in view of the fact that one microbe would suffice to throw out the whole beautiful precise machinery.

"There, in the space of a pocket handkerchief, were 117,000 pigs. Upstream a food factory. Downstream on the river bank a purification station, as these charming animals produce a mountain of excrement. Miracle of technology, at only two paces from the piggeries. . . you can smell only the good smell of the neighbouring forest and the river water is 98% pure."

So it goes on, recounting the method of artificial insemination, the 33 sows daily giving birth, the daily production of 320 piglets which, on the 80th day of the cycle weigh 38 kilograms and by the end of fattening time, 112 kilograms. . .

This dazzling example of technological farming in Soviet Russia - and which is profitable into the bargain - is here heralded as the latest answer to the country's meat demands. And the author of the article goes on to speculate upon the possibilities for a kind of porcine version of Soyuz and Helsinki in the field of détente and co-operation. . .

At home meanwhile the Eat More Veal campaign has won the support of our once exclusively beef-eating Fleet Street journalists, who are waging war on behalf of the agricultural industrialists against naive dissenters.

Several times, and from precisely two anarchists, I have met with the criticism that to care about non-human animals is to callously neglect those of the human variety. It is a strange and curiously short-sighted argument that has been used from at least the time of Humanity Dick's eccentric struggle for animal welfare; and perhaps in his case with some justification, seeing that he refused to vote against the practice of flogging men in the Navy (though the cryptic but logical retort given by this passionate dueller seems to have been that "an ox cannot hold a pistol", which

is true enough). Yet, in looking at the history of English radicalism from the Diggers and the millenarian sects onwards, I have been struck by the identification of animal with human suffering (an identification that appears again, for instance, in the twentieth-century peasant anarchists of Andalusia, opposed to bullfighting and at one time at least to meat-eating - see E. J. Hobsbawm's *Primitive Rebels*). Significantly too, one of the most eloquent pleas for the better treatment of animals is to be found in the first book to argue for women's rights. Mary Wollstonecraft notes a greater tenderness for their "humble dumb domestics" among the "savage" than the "civilised" and sees a direct connection between the debasing treatment by the rich of the poor and the cruelty, in revenge for "the insults that they are obliged to bear from their superiors", of the downtrodden to their beasts, their children and each other.

She hated to see a horse broken as she hated to see the forcible taming of a girl child; in other words the horse and the girl were both victims of the same depraved conditioning. Equally she loathed the "partial humanity" of a woman "who takes her dogs to bed, and nurses them with a parade of sensibility, when sick [but] will suffer her babes to grow up crooked in the nursery". This partial humanity worked two ways. Either way it was an evil.

Mary was at least spared the sight of our own brave new world with its miraculous nurseries and its dimly lit batteries, where an inadvertent shaft of daylight will cause the inmates to peck each other to death; or the concentration camps for calves, who are squeezed into wooden crates two feet wide, unable to turn around and barely able to stand; who are fed on liquid diets of milk substitute without water and without iron, to render them anaemic and their meat a delicate white; who at the end of their

14-week sentence of "pain, exhaustion, fright, frustration" as the Brambell Committee puts it, are hustled off on their malformed legs to the slaughterhouse.

The most evident reply to the odd racialist moralism of that pro-human, anti-non-human lobby is that extensive animal breeding has a connection with famine. But no less true is the direct link between the debasement of the animal to a "manufactured piece of produce, a sort of biochemical complex - so that its flesh and organs are simply material that has a texture in the mouth" (Laing's *Politics of Experience*) and the debasement of the human individual to the mere economic unit with its own precise cash value; between the sows of the subterranean ward for premature piglets and the human tools of Fritz Laing's underground nightmare "Metropolis" or the human guinea pigs in the control units of modern technology. And

who has not noted the striking similarity between the arguments advanced by vivisectionists and intensive breeders and those put forward by the Tates and Lyles, the Bristol merchants and their allies to defend the slave trade - i.e. that the Economic Laws of the universe are as immutable as the Natural ones, and in any case, who could look upon niggers as really human and who could really suppose that they felt pain in the same way as the white race?

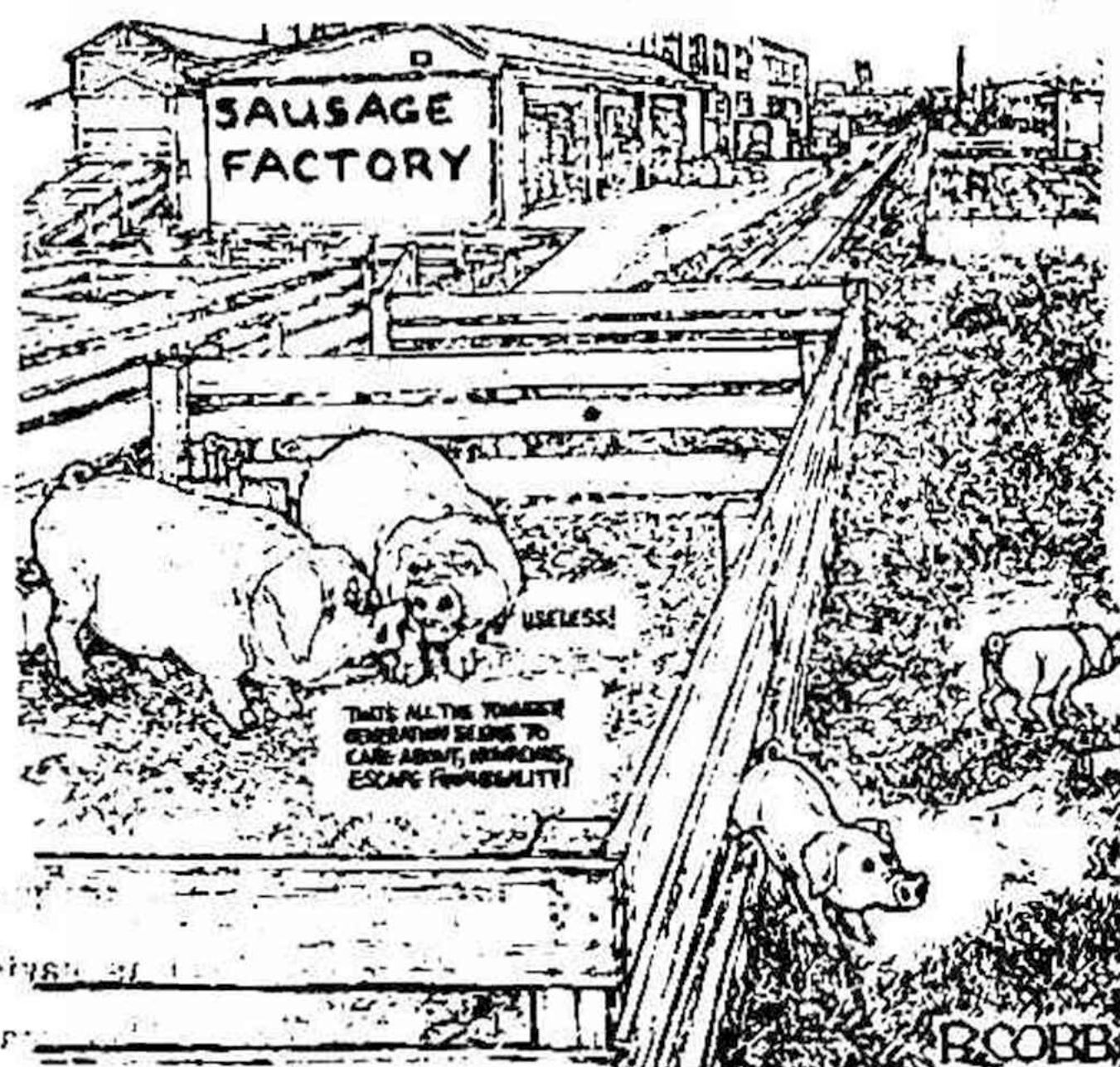
Mary said that "Justice or even benevolence, will not be a powerful spring of action unless it extend to the whole creation; nay, I believe that it may be delivered as an axiom, that those who can see pain unmoved, will soon learn to inflict it".

People like Ronnie Lee\* are now in jail for sharing this belief and for trying to do something about it.

G. F.

\*See contact column

N. B. There are 270 veal farms in the south of England alone. For any more details write to Compassion in World Farming, Copse House, Greatham, Liss, Hants.



From SOLIDARITY, Vol. 3 No. 2.

"THAT'S  
ALL  
THE  
YOUNGER  
GENERATION  
SEEMS TO  
CARE ABOUT  
NOWADAYS  
-- ESCAPE  
FROM  
REALITY!"

"USELESS!"



# AT HOME WITH THE PROVOS

THE DISTRICT I live in is at present patrolled by the Second Battalion of the Parachute Regiment and the red beretted figures plod in single file along each side of the street, sweating in their combat uniforms and heavy boots in the middle of a heat wave. The soldiers at the rear of each file always walk backwards, guarding the rear of the patrol until they are relieved by another member of the file. In spite of the ceasefire the precautions are observed; even when they travel in Land Rovers they have a man riding shotgun in the rear. It may be a matter of regimental pride but I have rarely seen the paras travel in Saracen armoured cars, perhaps because they disdain to conceal themselves from the provos or, more practically, because a high velocity bullet can pierce its side. One regiment stationed here in the past at the height of the IRA campaign used to patrol the area in Saracens travelling at speed, but not the paras, who do most of their patrolling on foot.

Others who keep a watchful eye on things are the members of A Company, Third Battalion IRA (Provisional) as they style themselves in leaflets which occasionally are shoved under the door or through the letterbox. Those who distribute the leaflets, like the IRA men themselves are rarely seen, in fact the only republicans to ever show themselves openly were members of Official Sinn Fein who used to sell the United Irishman before internment but the provos are in command now and the Officials have taken a back seat.

Living with the provos is possible so long as you observe the golden rule: don't bother

with them and they won't bother with you. And living with them is the only choice left to people who remain here; only the working class live in these areas as there are still a few comparative isles of the blest, their shores only occasionally lapped by the waves of violence, left in Belfast. But if you aren't well heeled you remain where you are and sometimes remember why the provos are necessary. I can remember when there weren't any provos, that night in August 1969 in particular when the district was invaded by armed Protestant extremists and news of houses burned to the ground after they had been broken into, the gas taps turned on, and a few petrol bombs tossed through the door or the window. There were no guns in the district that night, no provos, nothing to prevent what happened six years ago this month. And if the provo ceasefire has proved anything it has proved that there are Protestant paramilitants still around waiting for another chance.

Since that time there has been internment and the scenes on that day I have already described in FREEDOM in January 1972 ("The Fires of Farringdon"), and the subsequent provo offensive against the British army which came to a halt, temporarily at least, early this year. Since the ceasefire nobody expects to waken up in the morning and find the body of a man who had been shot through the head lying in the front garden, as happened to one woman, and it is possible to sleep undisturbed by machine gun fire, rocket launchers, or trench mortars, not to mention the sniping.

But teenage vandalism is rampant as it is in many other districts of Belfast and the children

of violence carry their birthmarks. You may have heard of the woman from the Falls (or was it the Shankill?) who asked the milkman for a pint of milk and a dozen empty bottles. The milk bottle is one of the most easily available containers for petrol bombs and before most of the Belfast dairies began to sell their milk in cartons the rival gangs of youngsters pelted each other with empty milk bottles; nowadays with milk bottles rather scarce any old bottle or brick does just as well, and I am not referring to sectarian gangfights because one opponent does just as well as another.

Anson is also high on the list as a favourite sport and only the other day the kids a few streets away set fire to a derelict house and a few other houses near it were burned before the fire brigade arrived. Capturing and torturing birds, mainly by laming them, is another pastime and roaming the streets with packs of half wild dogs in search of cats seems to be top of the pops at present. A month ago, a Persian cat that had been our pet for years was torn to pieces by one of these dog packs and next day another cat met the same fate. I mention these events not because they are extraordinary but because most people nowadays seem to accept them or at least they do nothing to prevent them. Parental control is a thing of the past and the author of Lord of the Flies will find plenty of evidence in support of his thesis if he visits Belfast.

The provos and the paras are too busy watching each other to spend any time in carrying out the duties that the police would perform in normal times so the vandals carry on as they have been doing for years. Old people living on their own are terrorised, their garden gates and fencing torn down and burned and a stream of abuse and threats greets them if they dare to protest. Slates are broken when the brats try to stone birds off the rooftops; there is not a public telephone in the district that has not been vandalised; bottles and bricks are continually thrown over backyard walls just for the fun of it; these are normal everyday events. About the only thing that has stopped is burglary because this offence can be punished by a kneecap job from the IRA.

All of this may seem small time compared to the sectarian assassinations, the bombings, and all the rest of it but it all adds up to a continual state of tension and tension in one form or another has been the constant companion of the ghetto dwellers of Belfast for many years now. It is not safe to leave your own area at night, dangerous even to be in the city centre after dark, suicidal to be abroad in places like North Belfast at times when the murder gangs, or travelling gunmen as Mr. Rees calls them, are active; one of my best friends was knifed to death by one of these gangs a few years ago and dumped on the roadside and so far the murderers are unknown, they may never be known.

Meanwhile, the present period of "peace" may not endure much longer and the full scale civil war so long predicted seems now a certainty sooner or later unless either side has been bluffing all along. It is the paramilitants and not the politicians who are capable of spelling out the final solution and the watchword of both sides appears to be "No Surrender".

H. B.

## NATIONALISATION

HERE IN the United States it is becoming increasingly popular to call for the nationalization of the oil industry. During the so-called "fuel shortage" of the winter of 1973-74 many groups, such as the Communist Party, put forth a "radical" plan which called for the nationalization of our largest oil companies.

While always evident, the bankruptcy of such demands was again emphasized in graphic terms by a recent report released by the General Accounting Office (GAO) of the U. S. Government. In a survey of eleven government agencies, the GAO named 201 former oil company executives and consultants who are now in top level government positions and who participate in the formulation of the national energy policy. It is safe to say that the real number is actually higher than 201 because a number of agencies gave only partial reports and both the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) and the Commerce Department refused to yield any information at all.

Appropriately, the largest oil monopoly, Exxon, which is also the world's largest single corporation, had the highest number of former executives in top government jobs. What follows is a breakdown of the

in government agencies:

Federal Energy Administration	65
Department of the Interior	35
Nuclear Regulatory Commission	22
Treasury Department	21
Defense Department	19
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>162</b>

Thus, the oil industry influence over U.S. energy policy is firmly established and nationalization of the oil industry would have the following two results: First, it would completely institutionalize control by private capital of public energy policy and resources. Second, it would greatly strengthen the State by hastening the present trend toward a corporate state with its totalitarian features. What much of the American left refuses to realize is that nationalization does not mean popular control. In fact it is the antithesis of popular control, freedom, and self-management. Nationalization will only result in greater tyranny and firmer ruling class control.

It remains the task of the small and scattered anarchist forces in North America to emphasize that the steady deterioration of the ecological and social fabric can be arrested only by the elimination of both capitalism and its servant: The State!

Mark Weber  
The Kropotkin Soc.



# A FAMILIAR FARCE

IF YOU have ever had the misfortune to be thrown before the wolves, in this case the Social Security, then perhaps some of this particular experience might strike you as all too familiar.

Having just finished college with a degree in Sociology and no particular employment lined up, I am forced to "sign on" for unemployment benefit.

SCENE 1 : Wednesday - Unemployment Exchange.

Signs on, not entitled to any money since just finished college. Would I like a form B.1.? Yes, certainly madam.

SCENE 2 : Thursday - Social Security office.

Pour out personal details and hence proceed to be humiliated and degraded etc. As if they are doing me a favour. I thought I was doing them a favour by playing their silly games. However they agree to give me some money which is to be sent to me by post the next day.

Friday : No Girocheque.

Saturday : No Girocheque.

Monday : Returns to Social Security office

"My Giro hasn't been delivered." Well, give it another day.

Tuesday : No Giro. Return to S.S. office - "About the Giro you sent." Another formal interview at which I am led to believe they are going to send me another Giro. In the post next morning a letter states "...in the circumstances the Tribunal have decided not to replace the Giro". 21 days to appeal.

SCENE 3 : Citizens Advice Bureau

Restate all that's happened (a repetitive activity if ever there was one). The lady 'phones the Social Security and makes an enquiry. The S.S. refuse to state why they won't replace the Giro. This apparently is quite rare, since they normally give at least some excuse, however stupid. -- Now I am to appeal against something I am not aware of; and I am becoming just a little tired of their games. Why all this procedure to humiliate and belittle people? because if this is people purely "doing their job" then surely we don't have any need or desire for such jobs in our future society.

All throughout this farce I am conscious of the cost this is proving to be. Considering the sum in question is only £12.92 including £6 rent, why bother for just £6.92 to live on a week. Well there's the principle, you see, for besides virtually calling me a liar, they credit me with very little commonsense as well.

However, it's a trip to the Area Tribunal for me (virtual final method of appeal); quite trivial compared to someone who's in prison for 20 years, but like all bureaucratic procedure, once you are in, you are in and you must follow it through.

SCENE 4 : Appeals Tribunal

My first impression of this tribunal is like being in a Magistrates Court, but only this time on the wrong side of the "bench". There are three panel members, a Tribunal Clerk, a Supplementary Commission representative, a Tribunal observer, and myself and landlord (as witness). The Supplementary Commission man reads out the statements (a superfluous task since we have all received and read copies placed before us). After there had been an exchange between the panel and the Commission representative, I was asked if there was anything that I might like to add.

"Well, er, could you. . ."

"Right, thank you, sir. If you would like to retire now, you will be informed of the Tribunal's decision by post."

A week later the decision reads: 'The Tribunal considered it reasonable not to reissue the Girocheque in question without making the necessary enquiries. The Tribunal however considers the Commission's enquiries should be expedited and their final decision made within the next 4 weeks.' So there!

\*

In other words, if the Giro hasn't turned up after 4 more weeks (8 from the start of the saga) they will replace it. If however there is evidence of fraud/ attempted forgery etc., and provided it's not me who's doing it (unbelievable isn't it?) then the onus is on me to prosecute the person responsible. How I am supposed to afford that I don't know.

Talking of costs, these Tribunals are held 2 days every week and about 25 people have to appear before them on each day. If you don't appear they decide for you in your absence. The cost of staging one of these things is far in excess of that necessary anyway, and I've got to go through all this for a mere £12.92. What's all this talk of a financial crisis we are supposed to be going through? If we didn't have this wage-slave system then we wouldn't need these Tribunals and the bureaucrats they keep in work. Ominously, the increase in unemployment might well bring a large increase in the number of people who have to appear before these Tribunals.

F.A.W.

THE SPANISH Cabinet have approved a decree which provides an obligatory death penalty for anyone convicted of a serious crime of terrorism and specifies that they should be brought to trial swiftly before military courts. The police, under the decree, are given special authority to deal with terrorist suspects without 'customary guarantees of civil rights' states The Times

THREE PEOPLE accused of conspiring to damage the cricket test pitch at Headingley, Leeds - to call attention to the case of George Davis, wrongfully imprisoned for 20 years - were refused bail when they appeared before Leeds magistrate.

Him, a homosexual magazine, was seized by the police from the printers. Another publication carrying contact adverts for homosexuals is going on trial at the Old Bailey for conspiracy to corrupt.

IT WAS disclosed by the Guardian

## IN BRIEF

that Thomas Watt, a prosecution witness at the Lancaster bomb trial and a police informer, was known to have harboured Kenneth Littlejohn after his escape from Mountjoy prison.

NOISE READINGS taken at the Watchfield Pop festival showed that the loudest noise was made by the police helicopter. The Windsor Free Festival never seems to have got off the ground.

A CINEMA company was committed for trial charged under a private prosecution with scandalously showing to the outrage of public decency the film "The Language of Love". Its sequel was prosecuted and banned. A charge against the British Board of Film Censors of aiding and abetting the showing of the

film (viz. by granting it a certificate) was dismissed.

THE TRIAL has begun in Lausanne of a small group (considered by the authorities to be setting up 'cells of anarchists' within the Swiss Army) accused of inciting Swiss soldiers to disobey orders and even to mutiny. This follows recent outbreaks of unrest in various recruiting schools and is the first test of strength between the authorities and a group of 'soldiers committees' which are campaigning to increase soldiers' rights.

CHRISTER SANDSTEDT (26), a Swedish student who objects to military service on religious grounds is being force-fed twice a day in Göteborg prison. He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for refusing to take part in a 28-day refresher course; he had undergone conversion since his basic military training five years ago.   
Sancho Panza



# PRESS FUND

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£939.20

## MADRID TRIAL

Dear Friends,

Can I call your attention to a matter of great urgency: You must already be aware of the coming trial set for the 21st in Madrid of five persons accused of the murder of a guardia civil last month. The death sentence is being sought by the Spanish military courts (TOP) and is almost certain to be passed. And it is known that the fascist regime is being pressured by the Police and Guardia Civil to set an example aimed at discouraging mounting popular resistance.

There isn't much time for public reaction. One before -- in 1969 -- international outcry stopped Franco's executioners. We must call for an end to the mockery of justice represented by this new incident. You can help in the following ways:

- 1) Send telegrams to the Spanish Ambassador in London, and the TRIBUNAL DE ORDEN PUBLICO in Madrid, protesting against victimisation of these people for opposing Fascism;
- 2) Inform friends and members of your group or organization as early as possible.

Time is important. Everyone's support is needed. We must make every effort to pressure the Franco regime.

C.T.O.T.V.

c/o Centro Iberico,  
83A Haverstock Hill,  
London, N.W.3.

## MEETINGS

Alternate Sundays, Hyde Park Anarchist Forum, 1 pm Speakers' Corner. Speakers, listeners and hecklers welcome.

Every Sat. & Sun. Centro Iberico/Int. Libertarian Centre, 83A Haverstock Hill, NW3 (entrance Steele's Rd, 2nd door), tube Bel-size Pk/Chalk Fm. From 7.30 pm discussion, refreshments etc.

MANCHESTER SWP weekly mtgs. Enq. Secretary c/o Grass Roots, 109 Oxford Rd. Manchester M17DU.

See Harrow Group notice  
G R O U P S

ABERGAPENNI contact 31 Monmouth Road.

BOLTON (expanding to Salford) An. Group, write 6 Stockley Ave., Harwood, Bolton (tel. 387516).

CORBY Anarchists write 7 Cresswell Walk, Corby, Northants.

Every Sat. bookstall, Corporation St. 1-3 pm. Come and help.

COVENTRY Peter Corne c/o Union of Students, Univ. of Warwick

DUNDEE Brian Fleming c/o Anarch. Soc., Students Union, University of Dundee, Angus

EDINBURGH Bob Gibson, 7 Union St. Edinburgh (tel. 031 226 3073)

GLASGOW Gerry Cranwell, 163 Gt. George St., Hillhead, Glasgow.

HARROW, write Chris Rosner, 20 Trescoe Gardens, Rayners Lane, Harrow. HA2 9TB.

ALL WELCOME to an open discussion at 134 Northumberland Ave. North Harrow, Sept. 19 (8.30 pm)

LEICESTER Anarchist Group contact 41 Norman St. (tel. 24851)

PORTSMOUTH Rob Atkinson 23 Havlock Rd. Southsea, Hants.

SWANSEA group forming for discussion, street theatre, other possibilities. Write Tim, 64 Woodville Rd. Oystermouth, S'sea

NEW ZEALAND Steve Hey, 34 Buchanan Rd, Chhristchurch 4 (tel. 496 793)

PROPOSED ANARCHIST FEDERATION and Conference. For details contact Corby Anarchists, 7 Cresswell Walk, Corby, Northants.

Libertarian POSTAL WORKERS - how can we spread the ideas of anarchism re organisation in the Post Office? Contact Dave Morris, 56 Mitford Road, London, N.19

## PUBLICATIONS

WANTED. Secondhand copy of Burnett Bolloten's Grand Camouflage. Bob Dent, 48 Manchester St. Liverpool 1

International Workers of the World in Britain read INDUSTRIAL UNIONIST from 116 Chadderton Way, Oldham, Lancs. In London & around ring Watford (92) 39124

THE MATCH! U.S. Anarchist Monthly. News, reviews, history, theory, polemic. \$3.00 per year from P.O. Box 3480 Tucson, Ariz. 85722 or try Freedom Bookshop for specimen copy 13p including postage

NEXT DESPATCHING DATE for FREEDOM is Thursday 11 September.

Come and help from 2 p.m. onwards. You are welcome every Thursday afternoon to early evening, for informal get-together and folding session.

## CONTACT

WE WELCOME news, reviews, letters articles. Latest date for receipt of copy for inclusion in next review section is Monday 2 Sept. News/features/announcements Mon. 9 Sept.

## PRISONERS

RONNIE LEE (184051) serving sentence for action against vivisection &c. and awaiting trial as one of BWNIC 14 would welcome letters, postcards at H.M. Prison, Wormwood Scrubs, Du Cane Road, London, W.12.

DUBLIN ANARCHISTS Bob Cullen, Des Keane, Columba Longmore. Address for letters & papers Military Detention Centre, Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare, Eire.

STOKE NEWINGTON FIVE Welfare Committee, Box 252, 240 Camden High St. London NW1 still needs funds. GIOVANNI MARINI Defence Committee Paolo Braschi, CP 4263, 2100 MILANO, Italy.

RALP STEIN, awaiting trial, postcards to Ralf Stein, JVA, 5 KOLN 30, Rochusstrasse 350, Germany.

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## ERRATUM

The quotation from The Economist on the Meriden Bonneville bike in the last issue should, of course, have read "contrary to the scare stories last weekend (it) should need little further modification ..."

Several academics associated with the Bradford University institute for Peace Studies and friends who pointedly distributed the "Some Information..." leaflet and presented themselves to the police for having done so, have been informed that the Director of Public Prosecutions has decided against adding them to the "BWNIC 14 (now 16) whose trial resumes in September. The DPP declines to bring charges on the grounds that they were protesting against the act rather than making any serious attempt to incite members of the forces to disaffection.

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## SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS

ON SUNDAY July 20th the Labour government gave one of those kicks in the face for which it is notorious. The Chancellor of the Exchequer commended the arse-licking welcome of his wage-restraint measures by several Trade Union executives -- at a meeting to commemorate the Tolpuddle Martyrs!

Thus is history utilised. We are not sure if the Marxist interpreters treat history with any more veneration, regarding the Tolpuddle martyrs as class-conscious pioneers. One has read in a Marxist publication that Albert Parsons (of the Chicago Haymarket anarchists) would have been more revolutionary if he had only read Marx - for in fact he had read Marx and still remained an anarchist!

From time to time Freedom Press gets approached by students who have been asked by their tutors to write something on anarchism and ask us for advice and help on this matter. Judging by the regularity of this request one assumes that tutors flick through a dictionary for subjects, rarely venturing beyond the letter 'A'. One also assumes that the students rarely venture beyond 'A' in overground and underground press dictionaries. One always thought it was a qualification for academic distinction - not mere hack work - to hew out one's own research path.

Ruskin College, Oxford is the source of a new series of works on Social History published by Routledge and Kegan Paul, the first of which, Village Life and Labour (ed. Ralph Samuel) is published in paperback at £3.50 (doubtless an attempt to keep such inflammatory documents out of the hands of 'the workers'). It is claimed and hoped that they hew out a new path in research "to offer some examples of what 'people's history' is or might be about and to suggest some ways in which the boundaries of history might be brought closer to those of people's lives" (to quote the introduction by the General Editor -- R. Samuel?).

There is a deplorable tendency in radical movements to be anti-intellectual and it is easy to see in this compilation the source, grounds and justifications for such an attitude. The source is often envy of the splendid isolation and seeming independence of the academic life which enables one to spend vast quantities of time on, for example, "The place of harvesters in nineteenth-century village life", to cite an essay by David H. Morgan in this volume. A ground for complaint is that it doesn't contribute to the class struggle (this is merely a question of interpretation of and capacity to use the

historical nuggets excavated by the researcher). But one can assume that there are thousands of academic researchers and students engaged upon projects less worthy and more recondite.

The justification of such an anti-intellectual attitude is that one may come to think of such research as an end in itself. True, this does happen and is a temptation of the academic life. History itself as a subject provides numerous opportunities for controversies and interpretations which may never cease or never be utterly cleared up. The columns of FREEDOM have not been without such bladder-slapping debates, but we should miss them were they to vanish.

Intellectualism unaccompanied by action (or a well-lived life) or as a spur to action is indeed a dead end; intellect at the unquestioning service of a creed or doctrine is but prostitution.

To return to the review of this book. One is always tempted to attack any book for not being a different book. Being pieces of historical research they draw no conclusion, make no judgement. It is common in works dealing with the industrial revolution to take the Marxist viewpoint that the industrial revolution was historically inevitable and therefore desirable. It is often claimed that it led on to a more technically advanced society where revolution was more possible and such technology could be utilised by a socialised society.

None of the three contributors to Village Life and Labour makes such a judgement since this is not in the purpose of the book. The picture of village life and labour conveyed is mainly one of exploitation, of back-breaking work on low pay and of child labour. Some of it is rather unfairly backed up by fictional accounts -- Flora Thompson's Lark Rise to Candleford and Thomas Hardy's works. Hardy was a notorious pessimist and it is probable that some of his descriptions were exaggerated.

Nevertheless it is easy to be nostalgically romantic about village life before the industrial revolution. In the light of today's labour-saving devices, bettered social services, banishment of child labour, improved transport, etc. it is easy to see that we have been saved from the 'rural idiosyncrasy' which Lenin wrote of.

But one must deduct from all these improvements the utter loss of a way of life, of communal life, of family life and work, the setting up of a division between life and work, leaving the peo-

ple of the villages to face a life broken up by mechanisation (and earlier by the enclosures), driving them to the industrial cities "strangers and afraid, in a world they never made".

It is easy in these days to criticise child labour but it was often a complete family that went to work in the fields and for the child there was no division between work and play. (There were exploitative gangs of child labour but that is another matter.) Work was hard and badly paid but it had a rotation of variety and was free of the slum life and factory grime of the industrial cities. There was the cold, and the wind, the rain and the frost but farm work was seasonal and the variety of work was typical. Joseph Arch, the farm workers' leader, began by gravel digging, passed on to woodcutting, draughting work and then took to hedge-cutting. He also took jobs as country mechanic, coffin-making, hurdle-making and gate-hanging. The variety of crops and changing of the seasons changed the type of work to be done. Modern specialisation and mechanisation of agriculture have ended all that.

We can glean (many families literally did) from these essays that the transition to new forms of agriculture was destroying old ways of life and putting little in their place. The terrible repression of Tolpuddle, the wrecking of the Grand National Trade Union, the blind rages of rick-burning and machine-wrecking and the earlier essays at land-squatting were all reactions to this agricultural-industrial revolution.

Even gleaning itself was subject to this change; no longer could the workers claim this as a right to obtain the corn to feed the pig on which they would live in the long cold winter. It was a privilege and not always granted.

The final essay in the book, The Quarry Roughs: Life and Labour in Headington Quarry (Oxford) 1860-1920 is an 'oral essay' on an 'anarchic' community which grew up from 'squatting' displaced peasants and artisans. Raphael Samuel takes pleasure from his accounts of this neighbourhood whose tendencies were assuredly and commendably those of the lumpen-proletariat.

J. R.

COLLECTIVES IN THE SPANISH REVOLUTION, by Gaston Leval  
Complete translation of his first-hand account of anarchy in action "L'Espagne Libertaire".  
FREEDOM PRESS 368pp  
Paper £2 (post 24p) cl. £4 (46p)



# VINDICATION OF WOMEN

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT: *Vindication of the Rights of Women*. Edited by Miriam Brody Kramnick. Penguin Books £1.

WHEN I REVIEWED Claire Tomalin's recent book, *The Life and Death of Mary Wollstonecraft* (19 October 1974), I expressed the hope that Wollstonecraft's own works should be made more easily available in the current revival of interest in the history of feminism. Predictably, the first to reappear is her best-known book. There were two centennial editions in the 1890s, an Everyman edition (together with John Stuart Mill's essay on *The Subjection of Women*) in 1929, and an American paperback in 1957; now the book has been made more easily available than at any time since it was first published, in a relatively cheap paperback edition.

The *Vindication of the Rights of Women* was hurriedly written at the end of 1791, as part of the ferment of radical ideas stirred up by the French Revolution, and was published even more hurriedly at the beginning of 1792. A corrected edition was published later the same year, just before the author went to France; that second edition is the basis of all subsequent editions, including this one. Although it is good to have a new edition in the excellent Pelican Classics series, it must be said that the opportunity has been bungled. Miriam Kramnick, who teaches English literature in American universities, has provided a few — too few — biographical notes, and a long — too long — historical and critical introduction; indeed the latter is far below the usual standard of the series, being boring and banal, and also including elementary factual errors and spelling mistakes. This is not only unfortunate but quite unnecessary when there are so many able feminist historians and critics on both sides of the Atlantic who could have done a really good job with the book (it is revealing that she scarcely mentions even their most relevant work, and doesn't seem to know about some of it — such as the writings of Juliet Mitchell and Sheila Rowbotham).

Kramnick rightly describes Wollstonecraft as "the first major feminist", but wrongly describes the *Vindication* as "the first sustained argument for female emancipation based on a cogent ethical system"; she is doubly wrong, for the argument is not so much sustained as repeated, and the underlying system is not so much ethical as rational. Wollstonecraft, it may be said, thought like Paine but wrote like Godwin — she got hold of certain basic truths and said them again and again. Kramnick is rather patronising about the book — following a fashion set by Godwin himself back in 1798 — but the fact remains that it is one of the best single arguments for the equality of the sexes ever written and that it is still the chief feminist classic in English. As she says, it was often attacked but was never answered. She

FREEDOM is not an abstract right but the possibility of acting... and it is by co-operation with his fellows that man finds the means to express his activity and his power of initiative.

Errico Malatesta

says it is badly written — again following Godwin — when it is really badly arranged, and when her own introduction is itself a model of clumsiness. She realises — and indeed emphasises — that it is almost entirely concerned with middle-class women, but she doesn't seem to realise that this is true of virtually all feminist propaganda during the two centuries since it appeared.

Kramnick describes the background of radical and feminist literature in excessive detail, but gives only a page to Wollstonecraft's own earlier book, *A Vindication of the Rights of Men* (1790), whose defence of human rights in general did not just sow the seeds of her defence of female rights in particular but contained the whole case. Kramnick rightly calls the better-known book "the feminist declaration of independence", but fails to see that it derives from Wollstonecraft's previous universal declaration of independence, which anticipated Thomas Paine's *Rights of Man* (1791–1792) though it was quite overshadowed by it. (*A Vindication of the Rights of Men* was reprinted in an expensive American edition in

1960; it would be good to have a cheap edition in print.)

Kramnick describes the way later feminists neglected Wollstonecraft because they were afraid of the sexual connotations of her private — or rather, public — life, but doesn't discuss the way this reluctance paralysed the suffrage movement until well into the twentieth century. She mentions Annie Besant's fight for the freedom to publish material on contraception, but not that this was part of the long struggle by the freethought movement (which Besant then belonged to) to secure one of the basic conditions of women's equality from the 1790s onwards. She mentions Emma Goldman's insistence on the freedom for women to control their own sexual lives, but not that this was part of the long struggle by the anarchist movement (which Goldman then and always belonged to) to secure one of the basic conditions of human liberation.

Here, then, is a useful text of a book which is still worth reading nearly two centuries after it was written, with an introduction which fails either to put it into the context of its time or to relate it to subsequent developments in a satisfactory way. What a pity!

N. W.

## FREEDOM BOOKSHOP

PRIDE OF PLACE this week goes to the new title from Cienfuegos Press: *The Art of Anarchy*, by Flavio Costantini, a marvellous artist with a most original style; my only criticism of the forty-three illustrations contained in this volume are firstly that not one of them is in colour, and Costantini's use of colour is one of his most compelling qualities. Though I appreciate this would have boosted production costs, I still think that one or two of the illustrations reproduced in full colour instead of black and white would have given those not familiar with Costantini's work an impression of how the other illustrations might look, in their true setting. My other criticism is the emphasis on the violent aspects of anarchy, that Costantini, for the most part, seems to show; although again I'll accept that it is very difficult to portray the less dramatic, but in my view infinitely more important, long term struggles, in purely illustrative terms. (£3.00 + 27p post). Freedom Bookshop also has in stock a very limited supply of 36" x 24" Costantini posters showing the execution of Ferrer and the arrest of Ravachol, both in full colour at £0.75 each including postage.

From Times Change Press we have in stock Murray Bookchin's *Ecology and Revolutionary Thought* (£0.60 + 8p); Emma Goldman's *The Traffic in Women and other essays* (£0.65 + 8p); and six essays on "Hip Culture" by Bookchin, Irwin Silber, among others (£0.60 + 8p).

Charles H. Kerr is one of the smaller U.S. publishing houses specialising in labour history, and from them we have in stock *The Pullman Strike* by William H. Carwardine (£1.50 + 15p), first published in 1894 and the story of one of Eugene V. Debs' earliest and most epic struggles; *Walls and Bars* by

### BOOKSHOP OPEN :-

Tuesday - Friday 2 - 6 p.m.

(Thursdays until 8 p.m.)

Saturday 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.

(Aldgate East underground station, Whitechapel Art Gallery exit and turn right -- Angel Alley is next to Wimpy Bar.)

Debs himself (£1.95 + 18p), the story of Debs' many "visits" to the "Universities of Crime" as a guest of the U.S. Government; and finally, *The Autobiography of Mother Jones* (£1.95 + 17p), the story of an indefatigable worker for the cause of the oppressed who died in 1930 only 100 years old and still working hard up to the last.

Kropotkin's marvellous book *Ethics* is at last available in a facsimile reprint of the first edition, in a cheap paperback format from Prism Press; indispensable reading really at £1.95 + 24p; along with an interesting attempt at what is really an impossible task, edited by Emile Capouya and Keilha Tompkins, *The Essential Kropotkin* (£2.50 + 17p), an anthology from his writings (reviewed in our last issue).

Lastly, four pamphlets from "Friends of Malatesta" (U.S.): Rudolf Rocker's *Decentralism*, an important chapter from his long out of print book *Nationalism and Culture* (£0.30 + 6p); Errico Malatesta: *Selected Writings* (£0.25 + 6p), a short selection taken from Vernon Richards' book of Malatesta's writings, originally published by Freedom Press and now out of print; Rudolf de Jong's short essay, *Provos and Kabouters* (£0.25 + 6p), a useful addition to what very little there is in English on the libertarian movements in Holland in the 60s and 70s; and lastly, *Anarchism and Law*, by Alexei Borovoi, an important Russian anarchist of the twentieth century who was deported to Siberia in 1929 and died there in 1936.

✓ All the titles mentioned in this article are available from Freedom Bookshop, 84b Whitechapel High Street, London E.1, at the prices mentioned — plus the postage as in brackets.



# EVERY PICTURE TELLS

APART FROM CHAMPAGNE I have no great affection for wine and my dozen bottle purchase from the élite Sunday Supplement Wine Clubs is more a matter of literature than of palate, for I love to read the accompanying blurbs while the wine breathes the months away at room temperature under my bed. But as all the world knows there is the wine snob decanting with full reverence the chemical slop from the great wine producing areas of France behind the car factory, ever ready to hold his glass up to the 230-watt bulb that the rich red glow of the thermometer fluid shall hymn its silent song of full-breasted peasant women, rose coloured grapes and the clatter of wooden sabots on abandoned Roman roads lost to the legions as the great horse-drawn carts of the grape harvests vie for space with the Rolls Royces of the Common Market bureaucrats.

The wine snob is a harmless affectation, but what of the pseudo intellectual forever cutting us down to size with a petulant demand that there shall be no dubbing by voice or letter of the foreign film within the Academy or the Everyman cinemas and that he who is hardly literate in his single mother tongue will only accept an alien masterpiece of the cinema in the original Chinese hill dialect or the tribal patois of the twenty-three surviving members of a South American jungle tribe. Translation is a craft and in prose and poetry we judge one man's work against another, accepting from one the style and from another the emotional and intellectual essence and rightly believing that we are well favoured if we are given a translation that combines both gifts. And in the film he is indeed foolish who would reject the intellectual content accepting only the surface shadows when trained voice actors and skilled writers can give the visual actors a fourth dimension, for in the beginning is the word. But the pseudo-intellectual goes beyond condemning the translation of the spoken word from one language to another and argues that unless a film or stage translation of the novel is faithful to the original then it should not be made. The actor's work is so ephemeral that whatever classic is happily prostituted for public entertainment the original printed words are there for the purist, and the ragtime Bible, Dostoevsky in drag, Nietzsche's nudes or the pop Plato will pull a crowd vaguely aware of the names but intellectually innocent of the message and no harm is done. If a film producer produces a happy time garbled version of Dostoevsky's *The Possessed* with FilmLand's latest sex ape giving shallow depth to the role of the nihilist revolutionary Verkovensky it is a matter of small import, but if this same film producer offered a film of the life of Sergei Nechaev, the original of Dostoevsky's Verkovensky, that deliberately distorted the life and the philosophy of the man then there is cause for concern and one can rightly protest the political implication of the act, for Shaw, Shakespeare, Dickens and Dostoevsky will be hacked and rehashed by the entertainment industry month and month about but the life of a Max Stimer or a Sergei Nechaev is only meat for one play or film in a quarter century.

One applauds John Sturges's 1960 translation of Akira Kurosawa's contemporary classic "The Seven Samurai" from the mediaeval Japanese locale to the later 19th century Mexico of "The Magnificent Seven" for it was a classic act of a translation of a scene and a theme in time and place yet remaining faithful to the philosophical intent. But one must surely protest at the treatment

of Ray Rigby's minor novel The Hill. The novel and the film by Lumet are of a British military prison in Egypt in the last war and the treatment of the British prisoners by the guards, their actions and reactions to the inhuman treatment that is responsible for the death of one prisoner triggering off a failed mutiny and the killing of a guard by a group of prisoners. Lumet's film ends with the ex-sergeant major Roberts frantically trying to stop his cell mates murdering the neurotic guard, believing that they have won their right to be heard and sinking back in despair crying "You fools you fools you've destroyed everything" or some such wording, believing that by this murder of the guard all they have suffered is now wasted. Yet in Rigby's book there is a completely different ending with a "kindly" guard, Staff Harris, saying to ex-sergeant major Roberts, and I quote, "You crazy bastards." Harris walked to the cell door then paused and looked at Roberts. "You win." "I know," said Roberts." End of book. One has a right to question the honesty of this perversion

of the author's climax. For the decision to alter the culminating act of this novel of prison violence can only be accepted within a political and social context and must have been a matter of calm and meaningful deliberation, and this is not a translation from one medium to another but a subliminal essay in private brain washing.

We willingly accept Kurosawa's translation of Japanese mediaeval history or Sturges' version of 19th century Mexico for we are simply asking to be entertained and by that same token we do not bother to fault Jerry Schatzberg's film of his version of the New York drug scene. Fairly faithful to James Mills's novel, this second of the trio of films by the ex-fashion photographer panders to our universal and morbid desire to lift wet stones. It gives us the New York slum that we all romanticise at a three thousand mile remove, small part characters full of moronic humours and uninvolved tragedy. And we who have viewed the lot from drink to drugs, mafia gang war to sweet southern lynching take Schatzberg's adoption of Mills's novel and his translation of the New York drug tragedy as no more than a 110 minutes of entertainment, knowing that it can bear little affinity with the poor drug sodden wrecks that litter the pavement of Piccadilly's Jermyn Street, for we ask and we receive. In 1950 the director Nicholas Ray produced what is for me the definitive version of the small-time Hollywood scene with his film "A Lonely Place" with Humphrey Bogart as a foul mouthed, mean minded script writer surviving in the Hollywood rat race. Bitter and unromantic, shot in the dreary lower middle class back streets, it offered a town and a populace that one would wish to leave behind. An industry of small talents, without loyalty, prostituting truth as an accepted way of living, a sanctimonious whorehouse of the mind. Nathanael West as the great unknown of contemporary American literature was the author of five valid novels of which two made the screen, and in his time he served out the orthodox American writer's Stations of the Cross by working as a Hollywood writer in the accepted tragic fashion until he died in a car crash in 1940. Since long ago I carry the torch for West's sour and bitter humour, for Nathan Weinstein, to give him his correct name, was of the fashionable New Yorker type of coterie and his self-pitying anti-heroic defeatist humour was of the fashion of that hour in America's history. Why has Schlesinger failed to translate West's novel into a major film as Ray did with "A Lonely Place"? And the answer lies in the New York money, for the producers demanded a major entertainment and Schlesinger failed the writer and the public. We was robbed of our £ 1 for it was money ill spent but West, and here Schlesinger stands condemned, was robbed of his reputation as a writer. I re-read West's novel with its stench of small time failure to relate it to Schlesinger's big screen circus of clowns among the moguls at a dollar a laugh to accept that the translator had betrayed the artist and for this reason, that West was no Shakespear, therefore his lonely once heard message gravewise should have been honoured.

Michael Horovitz is no Shakespear as he would be the last to deny but his double number of New Departures is a personal triumph, for not only is it a magnificent piece of editing but an indispensable reference book of the day and for the future in relation to the writers and the artists and the poets who act out the Town's comedy. We have waited long for Horovitz to give birth and there were many, including myself, who could not believe

that after all those years of artistic gestation that Horowitz of the high pitched laugh and the untidy body and the incoherent line in language could produce his whelp, but he has, and he must be congratulated for giving us one of the finest literary magazines of the last twenty years. Horowitz has achieved for 1975 what Gunliffe did for 1965 and that is to make it the year of the poet again, for with prose, poems, artwork, photographic index of the contributors he has corralled the whole of the contemporary literary scene between two covers and into 200 pages. Like Horowitz there are pages that run off in their own mad journey into time/space and like Horowitz there is much to make one bite on the bullet but what he has done, and this is why it is such a magnificent piece of editorial production, is to hold a cultural mirror up to reflect and record our age. It would be idle and foolish to pretend that here was a magazine flowering with instant genius for what Horowitz, as a truly great act of editing, has succeeded in doing is to take the available

BOOKS: The Hill by Ray Rigby. (White Lion) £ 1.80. Panic in Needle Park, by James Mills (Shere) paperback 35p. The Complete Works of Nathanael West (Secker & Warburg) £ 2.25. New Departures Double Number 7/8-10/11. Edited and published by Michael Horovitz, Piedmont, Bisley, near Stroud, Glos.

FILMS: Seven Samurai. Director Akira Kurosawa (1954). Magnificent Seven. Director John Sturges (1960). The Hill. Director Sidney Lumet (1964). A Lonely Place. Director Nicholas Ray (1950). The day of the locust. Director John Schlesinger (1974).



# BIG BROTHER'S WAGE-SLAVE

(Some names in this and the previous episode are changed.)

## THE KINGSNORTH POWER STATION STORY continued

ONE DAY in the autumn of 1969 I happened to be driving a cage-lift in a Kingsnorth Power Station Boiler House when my friend Tom came up to me. Tom was the man who had first introduced me to the Solidarity movement; and in a few words he told me that he had been ordered to appear before his union executive council on charges of distributing the Solidarity magazine. I was astounded at the news. Previous to this I had thought that the ICL management might be the one to act against Solidarity. As a management they had shown themselves to be utterly ruthless and repressive. But they played very coyly as far as Solidarity was concerned, even though certain members of the staff were regularly the subject of critical articles sometimes carried to the point of character assassination.

The articles directed against some of the officials and leaders of the CEU trade union, which Tom and I were members of, were no less critical and savagely satirical, and if the management could take then so could the union -- or so I thought at the time.

So far as Tom was concerned his appearance before the CEU executive council resulted in a "last chance" warning being given to him in no uncertain terms. This news had a big effect on most of the men on the site. The union executive hoped their action would immediately lead to the end of Solidarity at Kingsnorth. One or two of the regular sellers did, in fact, stop being active, on the grounds that they couldn't afford to lose their union ticket, which in theory, at least, would mean that they would lose their jobs and would be unable to get similar work again.

However, the action of the union executive made others become staunch supporters and distributors of Solidarity, which now had to go "underground". From that time on its sellers had, in actual fact, to keep a wary eye more on the union executive's stooges than on the "secret police" of the management. Tom was now watched like a hawk watches its prey, and "enemy" eyes were never off him. And it was impossible for him to do anything useful. Yet it was essential that someone should do his job which involved getting all the copies of the magazine quickly to the sub-distributors on the site on the morning of publication, and then later in the day picking up the money from sales.

It was then that I began to become actively involved with Solidarity. I took over Tom's role and began to write unsigned articles for the magazine. Demand for it continued to increase and over the following months its sales at Kingsnorth were pushed up to over three hundred per issue. The workers were beginning to find that they had a real voice. It was noticeable that sales of other political literature such as the Workers Press and Morning Star suffered a marked decline at the same time. To a great many men on the site it had become quite clear that while these other publications dealt sympathetically with workers' struggles they did so from the position of an elite and in a way that was far removed from the grassroots manner in which Solidarity dealt with the same situations.

During the period under review (autumn 1969) I.C.L. had over seven hundred manual workers on its Kingsnorth payroll. Each of them was a member of one of the four main trade unions on the contract covering the erecting, fitting, boiler-making and welding trades. They were represented at site level by a number of shop stewards - one of whom by

the name of Hughie Barr was a full-time shop stewards convenor. While in theory all the other stewards were supposed to remain working on the contract until a union matter requiring their immediate attention arose, in practice it worked out that three of them did full-time union work. Tied in very closely with these was the Safety Committee whose members were mostly erectors working on the contract when not doing committee work. Altogether these men formed what became known as the ICL clique. They were mostly members of the Communist Party or were at least fellow travellers; and without appearing to be such they formed a party cell at Kingsnorth and by means of a variety of tactics were able to exercise a very great controlling influence over the men.

This influence was due not only to the careful planning of most moves made by the clique. For in no small measure it was also the result of the moral capital acquired by Hughie Barr, the shop stewards convenor, during the course of bitter struggles with managements on other contracts. Barr had the reputation of being a fearless militant; and it was because of this that he had been elected to a position on the executive council of the CEU. When he came on the Kingsnorth site his reputation seemed as good as ever. He found a management which - while it was still thinking in terms of a 19th century employer - had mellowed after a series of long drawn out disputes with its Kingsnorth manual employees. It would indeed be true to say that Barr led the reaping of the harvest which had been sown by others prior to his arrival. He was, however, responsible for the introduction of one important innovation which greatly helped unify the men on the site. This was the creation of a bonus system in which everyone in each wage bracket, viz., skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled shared equally.

While Barr had some very positive sides to his make-up, he also possessed some strongly marked negative traits such as an inability to accept criticism and an unbreakable conviction in the traditional hierarchical principle of organization. It was because of the latter trait that he looked askance at our political activities on the shop floor. We represented something which was outside of his direct control. The notion of workers thinking and acting independently of party, union, or management was quite beyond his particular scheme of thought. As far as he was concerned we were a bunch of "undisciplined" anarchists who had to be brought into line. There were times during these months when this "leadership complex" of his caused him to literally froth at the mouth with the continued appearance of Solidarity. But this kind of behaviour didn't help him in any way. For while he exercised considerable influence as a shop stewards convenor he had almost no influence politically except on the members of his clique.

The Solidarity issue at Kingsnorth might well have continued to simmer but for the publication of the minutes of the executive council meeting of the CEU union, in the Solidarity issue of February 1970. These minutes were supposed to be secret and they were published in Solidarity as part of an article which showed very clearly how the executive council quietly shelved unwelcome proposals and criticisms from the various union branches scattered all over Britain.

I had been forewarned of the publication of these minutes and so was ready when the Solidarity pot boiled over. The first sign that there was trouble in the offing came on the morning of February 4th. Tom was later to make a statement about the whole affair; and I will let his words describe the first of a series of incidents which cast a spotlight on a little known aspect of life on a construction site in present day Britain.

talent and merge it and highlight it so that the picture, page and prose blend with the commercial advertisements of the visual and the literary cultural world so that what is valid information and cultural communication this day will become a collector's guide book a generation from now. Logue, Beckett, Raine, Ginsberg, Stevie Smith, Cope, Arden, Houéard, McGrath, Nuttall, Thompson and all the greater and lesser men are

there, for what Horowitz as an editor has done is to translate the 1970's into his own image. Yesterday it was the banner on the crowded streets, today the poet pipes his small verse and Hockney plays Michaelangelo for Horowitz's paper chapel, and £ 2.40 is a profitable tribute for it is returned 200 times.

Arthur Mayse.



"I was on my way to work approaching the bus stop (firm's bus) when a girl I knew vaguely approached me and asked if I would deliver a carrier bag to a welder, Michael X, who I knew was working on the Kingsnorth site. I did not enquire as to the contents of the carrier bag, but agreed to deliver it to the welder.

"When I got off the bus and clocked in I became aware that I was being followed by certain members whom I knew to be particular friends of Brother Barr. I went into the changing rooms, hung the bag on a hook and began to change into my overalls before looking for the welder. It was at this point that Brother Barr came into the changing rooms and approached me asking what I had in the bag. Did it contain Solidarity? I told him to mind his own business, and that it had nothing to do with him.

"At this point Brother Barr became extremely agitated and screamed, 'You are lucky you haven't had your head kicked in on this site before now.' He then snatched the bag off the hook, deliberately tearing it. A large number of copies fell out onto the floor. Brother Barr then ran around screaming 'I've got him, I've got him,' and then appealed to people present to witness the fact that he had caught me. But only the two men he had stationed at the door agreed to do this. The rest expressed disgust at his actions, especially when he concluded by saying, 'I'll have him run off the site for this and run out of the industry.' "

I myself was not present in the changing rooms when this incident took place. But the news quickly got around the contract and a few minutes later Michael the welder and I were on the drying room floor on our hands and knees - hurriedly picking up the widely scattered copies of Solidarity. We were both laughing and cursing: laughing at the comic actions of the 'commissar', and cursing because it was past starting time and we were leaving ourselves wide open to be pounced on by some of the vicious hawks amongst the management. However luck was with us that day; we managed to get all the copies smuggled to all the eager readers on the Kingsnorth site in the course of the morning.

The next thing to happen required no prophet to forecast it. And no one at Kingsnorth was surprised when Tom was notified in writing to appear before his union's executive council on 13 March, 1970. The letter was terse, blunt and cold; and it sounded very much like a summons one might get from the police.

Great interest built up all over the site regarding the possible decision about Tom's future which was to be made by what many of us regarded as a 'kangaroo court'. Quite a number of us were sick at heart over the whole affair. It seemed that the union executive in question was doing its best to outstrip the Establishment in bringing about a 1984-like situation. While at the same time the ICL management was sitting back purring happily at the sight of the warring factions among its employees fighting amongst themselves. The need for total shop floor unity was vital in the struggle over conditions and money that was being forever waged against this tyrannical management. But at the same time it was very obvious to a great many of us that if such monolithic unity required that we submit ourselves to a tyranny of rabidly repressive trade union overlords, it was too high a price to pay. From the harsh experience of our everyday lives we felt that we already had to contend with more than enough repression as things were.

Our friend Tom was to appear before the full CEU executive council which consisted of eight members. Some six of these were known to be either card carrying Communist Party members or fellow-travellers. The remaining two were generally considered to be well to the right among Labour circles. But as far as libertarians were concerned, everyone on the executive council was a right winger, with the Red Tories being the most reactionary of all.

The 18th March fell on a Wednesday. And at the appointed hour Tom presented himself at the union's head office in London. He was accompanied by a friend who happened to be a young lawyer working with the National Council for Civil Liberties. He also had a witness, Michael the welder and fellow Solidarity distributor from Kingsnorth.

The hearing began with the Assistant General Secretary voicing Tom's request for his legal adviser to be present. To this the union President, who was none other than Hughie Barr, replied: "The request is rejected on the basis that the Executive Council had already decided that legal representation would not be allowed." This meant that Tom would have to face the hostility of the eight men present without the benefit of a legal adviser. After much haggling over the matter of legal representation Tom shouted: "I protest that certain members of this Tribunal are biased against me," to which the President replied: "This is not a Tribunal, this is an E. C. meeting."

At this point the General Secretary began to make a statement about the charges against Tom. "The dispute between the Union and Solidarity was that Solidarity was by its own statements anti-trade union. You will find that throughout this dispute Brother . . . (Tom) has associated himself with Solidarity against the Union and his association contravenes Rule 43. This is after repeated warnings from the E. C. The penalty for this is expulsion from the Union." To back this point up he referred to issue No. 9 of Solidarity (South London) which carried an article called "Inside the CEU bureaucracy".

Following this Tom's inquisitors began throwing a barrage of questions at him; and this particular stage of the proceedings shows that this was not an executive council meeting as the Union President had stated but was, in fact, a Tribunal with all the trappings of a court.

The General Secretary began the interrogation of Tom by saying that according to his interpretation Rule 43 had been contravened by what had been said in issues 7, 8 and 9 of Solidarity, which in the opinion of the E. C. was anti-trade union. To this Tom replied: "As far as I am concerned I do not feel at this stage that Solidarity has been anti-trade union on the basis that I generally look on the Union as being the whole membership, i.e. the working class. . . ." At this point the General Secretary butted in and I will quote direct from the transcript.

Gen. Sec.: "We are not referring to the working class, but to Solidarity and its content in 7, 8 and 9."

Tom: "As I do not write the articles in Solidarity I do not feel responsible for what the articles contain."

President: "Have you ever written articles in Solidarity under the name of Ivan Erection?"

Tom: "Although I distributed Solidarity prior to the warning from the E. C. I do not necessarily regard the opinions expressed in Solidarity as my own as I have never written in it."

President: "On one occasion you were heard to defend an article in Solidarity in the canteen at Kingsnorth. This implied that you had something to do with the article. Do you deny this?"

Gen. Sec.: "You do not have to answer that question."

Tom: "If I don't reply to Brother Barr's last question it will be construed by other members of the EC as an admission of guilt."

And so the trial of Tom went on. At one point I was referred to by an E. C. witness, who was one of the I. C. L. clique at Kingsnorth. But he did not refer to me by name -- only as "a liftdriver", which was a point I noted carefully later when I got hold of a copy of the "Trial" transcript.

The hearing eventually ended with the Union President telling Tom: "You will be informed of the E. C.'s decision within three days by post." And the union bureaucrat was as good as his word; for sure enough within the stipulated period Tom received a letter saying that he had been expelled from the union.

When this news reached the men at Kingsnorth tempers rose all over the site. My own view of the situation was that the time had arrived when those of us who supported Solidarity should come out into the open and end a situation in which quite a number of Kingsnorth workers were actually scared of Hughie Barr seeing them with a copy of the magazine. So I decided to start the ball rolling by writing an article signed by me in which I openly condemned the action of the union executive. The article was called "Down with Tyranny: A Worker Speaks His Mind"; and such was the state of tension on the Kingsnorth site at the time that I felt like Martin Luther pinning up his Theses when I stuck up some typed copies on the



I. C. L. notice boards. It immediately attracted great interest, not only because of its topicality and openness, but also because it attacked the whole trade union structure in Britain from an unassailable shop floor position. A perusal of the document also reveals how sophisticated our workers' consciousness had become at Kingsnorth at the time. It summed up the experience and feelings of the progressive workers on the site; and what it had to say about the labour movement is of even greater relevance today than when it was published.

"The people making up this particular faction (the I. C. L. clique) have had things their way for so long at Kingsnorth and other places that they now literally act like high priests who consider themselves so right and so infallible in regard to every matter under the sun, that they tolerate no opposition whatsoever and consider any views opposed to their own as being both wrong and reactionary. In many ways this clique is nothing less than a second management which by means of a wide variety of tactics is able to exercise such a strong influence over the I. C. L. employees at Kingsnorth that most of the time we seem to be completely under its spell . . .

"There are many ways of looking at this question. One can, for instance, blame the whole situation on politically motivated cliques which have gained control of the union at national, regional and local level - as a result of which the great majority of us have become so indifferent to the whole set-up that we no longer even bother to vote during union elections, let alone attend branch meetings. At first sight this seems to be a good enough reason for the situation we find ourselves in at Kingsnorth. However, if one has the patience to dig sufficiently deep beneath the surface it becomes possible to see that the very existence of cliques of the Kingsnorth kind and the fact that they find such fruitful ground for their Jekyll and Hyde operations is due to the actual nature and organisation of the trade union movement as it exists at this moment in time. . .

"Some militant workers speak of reforming the trade union movement. But for the life of me I cannot see how this can be done. In my opinion the whole trade union movement has become so perverted and corrupted in nature that a good man with the best will in the world would quickly become 'bent' within a year or two of becoming a trade union official. In fact, so disease-ridden has the whole union set-up become that at the moment union jobs are very often apprenticeships by means of which union officials fit themselves out for managerial careers in industry. . .

"Old habits and old attitudes and ideas die hard. And the task of building a second and higher labour movement out of the second and higher phase of the continually developing Industrial Revolution will not be an easy one. But I sincerely believe that if we are not to be completely muzzled by bureaucrats, or run off our feet by productivity speed-ups, or turned into a lot of regimented tin soldiers by an ever more dominating Establishment, we must organise ourselves to deal with social conditions which existing labour organisations are increasingly incapable of dealing with. . ."

In comparison with "Down With Tyranny" the Solidarity articles for which Tom had been expelled we just damp squibs. Many people thought that I was next on the expulsion list. But at no time did I really believe that this would happen. For past experience had taught me that Jekyll and Hyde cliques will not - unless as a last resort - come out and fight in the public arena. Not alone this, but I was also gambling on the fact that the union executive would soon find out that they had opened a Pandora's Box with Tom's expulsion.

And the C. E. U. did virtually do that. On the Kingsnorth site, Hughie Barr, the shop stewards convenor and C. E. U. President, was shouted down at the first union meeting held after the expulsion. This was a shattering experience for him; and the meeting broke up in complete disorder. For a few days it seemed that the union clique would never regain control. Hughie Barr looked worried, more worried than he had been for many a long day.

According to the I. C. L. clique Tom was no longer a trade unionist and should therefore not be on the site let alone attending a union meeting. But from the men's point of view Tom was one of them and had every right to be present whenever they came together to discuss union matters. The men were at white heat and ready to do anything. But then the first of a series of bad mistakes began to be made.

What happened was that Tom was asked in an unusually polite manner by the I. C. L. management not to attend union meetings and that if he agreed no pressure would come from the management to have him put off the site. It was generally accepted later, not without some indirect proof, that the management was merely carrying out a proposal from the union clique. This was easy to believe; since it was in the interests of both these parties to have us back under their joint control as soon as possible. I do not know why he did so, but Tom, against all expectations, agreed to the management's request. And so it became possible to hold another union meeting. It was a stormy one. But because Tom was absent, the union clique, by means of a variety of carefully planned tactics, managed to survive the verbal hurricane. At about the same time as this meeting was held another issue of Solidarity appeared. This contained two signed articles by me -- one of which was "Down With Tyranny". And unlike previous occasions when it was distributed in furtive ways, this time it was sold openly all over the site during meal breaks. The union clique's answer to this and the continued state of ferment on the site was to call an extraordinary general meeting in the main Kingsnorth canteen to condemn Solidarity. Three full time officials from different unions took part. They not alone condemned Solidarity, but also strongly advised the men to go to the management and demand to have those who supported Solidarity thrown off the site. It was a stupid and ridiculous thing to say, but, nevertheless, that is what actually happened.

But the most important thing said at the meeting was that the union's executive were prepared to allow Tom to stay on the site without a union card until he was made redundant. This single statement was a very cute move on the part of the C. E. U. executive council and it helped greatly to take the steam out of the situation. This, however, would not have been sufficient to cool things, were it not for the sad fact that since his expulsion the wind seemed to have been taken out of Tom's sails. All throughout this time the men were begging for him to make a full statement about his case, or at least to get his Solidarity group in South London to publish such a statement for him. But nothing happened. Far from coming out fighting against the injustice that had been done to him, Tom insisted I make as little fuss over the matter as possible. So far as being re-admitted to the union this line of action, or rather non-action, paid off, for he was quietly given back his union card just before he was made redundant.

When the ferment over Tom's expulsion and the Solidarity issue abated at Kingsnorth the union executive and the I. C. L. management thought it was the last they had seen of this kind of situation. But they were in for a big shock so far as grassroots libertarian literature was concerned. For the criticism they had been subject of up to then was only a slight foretaste of what was to come.

FOR A LOT of us on the Kingsnorth Power Station construction site there was more to the Solidarity issue than the dispute over the expulsion of our fellow worker Tom from his trade union. We wanted to be free to criticise any and every institution, however sacrosanct it might be, if it failed in its purpose or actually harmed the interests of ourselves and our fellow working masses. We wanted to be able to express what we really felt about our working conditions and about life in general. Above all, we wanted to hit back at managements, which treated us like dogs, and the press, which had deliberately set out to give a totally false impression of our situation at Kingsnorth. The magazine Solidarity was only able to partly satisfy those needs. For a start, it did not appear frequently enough; and when it did what it had to say about the Kingsnorth site was too little and was also usually much too late. What had begun years before as a sort of publishing novelty so far as we at Kingsnorth were concerned, had given rise to a now deeply felt need for grassroots literature of the Solidarity kind. This was why sales of Solidarity continued to rise even though the total number of workers at Kingsnorth was from 1970 on dropping lower and lower each month as a result of redundancy. Solidarity, for all its faults and failings, had touched a sympathetic chord deep within the Kingsnorth workers' hearts. And after the expulsion of Tom and the failure of Solidarity to give his whole case the support and coverage it needed at Kingsnorth we began to think that the time had arrived when we should create a grassroots publishing system which would be wholly our own.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Michael Tobin.



# QUATERMASS II

IN THE 'FIFTIES, the Quatermass SF series on TV was so popular that local councils postponed their meetings in order to see the next episode. It was a landmark in TV. You stayed in to watch TV, if you owned one. Not like nowadays, when some people go out to avoid it. One item in the BBC's official TV Drama Forecast of 1974 was a new Quatermass series; Q turned into an embittered old man in a wheelchair watching his England go to the dogs. Nothing more has been seen or heard of this promised exercise in Daily Telegraph drama. We have had to make do with a 1957 movie version. The BBC finds it cheaper to buy up old films and group them into artificial series, like Famous European Films, Burt Lancaster films, Masterpieces of World Cinema; films set on trains, on aeroplanes. A series of films starring women with a wooden leg, etc. Invent our own series and watch it come true. What does the 1957 Quatermass 2 look like now?

It starred an American as Quatermass, with a bluff Dr. Watson-like Englishman as his heavy overcoated Scotland Yard friend and accomplice. The story was that extra-terrestrial blobs only able to survive in a lethal ammoniac atmosphere, captured earthmen's minds to make them into vat-building zombies (vats by courtesy of Shell oil refineries, be it noted with irony) as the condition of their survival in earth's air. OK as a story - only the characterisation was unbelievable. The ruling classes of the civil service were preposterous. This was the effect. It was certainly not the intention, which was the orthodox right-wing intention of showing Whitehall as ineffectual beside the dynamic initiative of laissez-faire individualists like Quatermass. On seeing these duffers in charge in 1957, my reaction is not so much "What did we win World War II for?" as HOW did we win WW II? How the hell could Rolls-Royce men of such slow acceleration as these defeat the monstrous acid denizens of outer space, let alone Hitler?

Three answers were given in the film by the author. The first may have been a box-office-aimed accident, but that doesn't matter. The hero was a fast-talking fast-moving businessman-like American scientist in England, Quatermass. It takes a Yank to get the Britishers moving, eh? His bustle had the effect almost of making Whitehall and his underlings alike look as if they were filmed in slow motion. Second was the unctuous devotion of his English technocratic underlings, including the ubiquitous actor-director Brian Forbes, prepared even to lay down their lives for their boss in classic English servile-heroic style. (I particularly enjoyed watching Bryan Forbes die in the film of *The Colditz Story*.) Third, the mindless but useful mass action of an English working-class crowd, who stormed the aliens.

The key action was Quatermass's underlings firing under his instructions

his A-bomb at the aliens' asteroid, not the unthinking violence of the masses. Their action was portrayed as a sort of horrid atavistic unofficial strike-mob-demo-occupation, with results only laudable in so far as they helped Our Hero. Great action viewing, though. As individuals or en masse, the working classes were easily duped, unlike U.S. Quatermass and his slowmoving policeman friend. Two of the proles were stuffed into a pipeline as living buffers by the aliens - a natural reward for cowardice. Their blood oozed excitingly through a leak in the pipe. The huge networks of vats and pipelines were new and breathtaking in 1957; so they are now, perhaps even more foreboding. But the spectacle of the American scientist escaping from pipes and zombies in a Rolls-Royce fifties vintage. . .

As for women! Quatermass and his chief underling not only shut up when a confidential secretary entered the room, but also told her to go and make coffee. In this world of men, there was no room

even for love interest. When you see crap like that, it makes you wonder how the writer treats his wife.

Seeing such stereotypes given to us as models of behaviour, it becomes easier to see how everyone is kept in his and her place. The hierarchy of power is shown as scarcely penetrable, yet - in periods of crisis, not to speak of normal times - it is successful. The working classes are allowed their boorish explosions of mass dismay, which provide a bit of excitement. The real difficulty, the thing which most worries the chaps making the movie, is portraying our leaders: can they be shown as totally successful? No. Can they be shown as 'new men'? No. Let us portray them as successful thanks largely to their collaboration with an energetic American, and the loyal products of our state schools - and the lower classes, of course.

Thus for all its crudities, Quatermass 2 was sociologically accurate as well as an enjoyable SF adventure film, and it will remain accurate until collective and individual actions make its thesis untenable. Then we will be able to enjoy it both as history and as fantasy.

Julius.

## LETTER

# KROPOTKIN SOCIETY

Dear comrades,

The Kropotkin Society is an anarchist educational group the goal of which is the study and propagation of anarchist teachings of such comrades as Kropotkin, Malatesta, Goldman, and others. The source of our name is, of course, quite obvious. The phrase under the name [on letter heading] "dedicated to the no-government system of socialism", is taken from the opening sentence of "Anarchist Communism: its basis and principles" which was written, as you well know, by Kropotkin for the *Nineteenth Century* in 1887. The selection of this particular phrase was done for two reasons:

1. The article "Anarchist Communism . . ." was written in a clear, concise, easy-to-understand style for a largely conservative readership of the *Nineteenth Century*. Thus, our goal is to present the principles of anarchism to a largely conservative and unfamiliar populace in a manner of simplicity, and clarity.
2. We firmly believe that anarchism is the only kind of true socialism. Thus, we invoke the phrase "no-government system of socialism".

Recently I have read *Neither East Nor West* by Marie-Louise Berneri. It was one of the finest collections of essays and articles I have

ever read. In particular, her essays on Stalinism and the Third International were a seldom heard indictment of the greatest tyranny of our time when others on the left chose to close their eyes to the monstrous crimes of Stalin. . .

. . . events in Portugal have mesmerized most of the left in the United States. The left is scrambling to choose up sides with one or the other of the two major "left" political outfits: the Portuguese Communist Party or the Socialist Party of Portugal. I side with with no political outfit because as the Aims and Principles of the Kropotkin Society state: "...no party or political group, placed above or outside workingpeople to 'govern' or 'guide' them, ever succeeds in emancipating them, even if it sincerely desires to do so. . ." The people of Portugal must accomplish that task themselves.

My very best wishes to the comrades at FREEDOM. I enjoy FREEDOM very much.

Fraternally,  
Mark W. Weber

The Kropotkin Society,  
P.O. Box 2418,  
EVANSVILLE, IN 47714, U.S.A.

(Receiving a letter from comrade Weber on "Kropotkin Society" notepaper, we asked him to tell us something of the group. This is his reply.)

## CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Willard Wolfe is much too easily impressed by professional intellectuals. A fair if frivolous rule for the historiography of British socialism is that anyone who takes seriously the ideas of (say) Shaw and Webb cannot be taken seriously. And above all no one can understand the subject who does not realise that socialism is a matter not of rival ideas but of bitter struggles.

N. W.



# ACADEMIC SOCIALISM

THIS IS yet another academic study of organised socialism in Britain, centring on the emergence of the Fabian Society and based on a doctoral thesis called "Men and Ideas in the Formation of Fabian Socialist Doctrines 1881-1889". Willard Wolfe is a young American historian who has done a lot of work and assembled a lot of material, but has ended by adding nothing to our understanding of the process by which British socialism developed during the late nineteenth century and in particular by which it became first involved with and then detached from libertarian currents in political theory and practice.

The main limitation of the book is that Wolfe is obsessed by his schematic distinction between the concepts of "Radicalism" and "Socialism" as shown in the historical shift of the British left from the former to the latter during the 1880s. This was clearly the main theme of his thesis, but it doesn't justify the book, whose main interest lies in the intellectual biographies collected as evidence. The trouble is that the two key concepts have always been vague at any one time and have also changed from one time to another, have always overlapped with each other, and have been involved with so many other allied and opposed concepts such as populism and agrarianism, puritanism and secularism, monarchism and republicanism, moralism and antinomianism, reformism and revolutionism, utopianism and tokenism, conformism and nonconformism, dogmatism and pragmatism, collectivism and individualism, centralism and federalism, nationalism and internationalism, progressivism and reactionism, militarism and antimilitarism, Marxism and anarchism, etc. Apart from such basic difficulties, Wolfe's argument is vitiated by the central point that the British left was not simply "Radical" before the 1880s and "Socialist" after the 1889s; in some ways it was more socialist in the early 1880s than it has ever been since, and in many ways it is still far more "Radical" than "Socialist" today.

A more particular objection to the book may be made from our own point of view, by considering how anarchism is treated in it. After describing the ideological background of British socialism almost entirely through the work of John Stuart Mill and its organisational beginning almost entirely through the work of H. M. Hyndman, Wolfe discusses "Five Roads to Socialism" -- the Radical Libertarian, the Ethical, the Positivist, the Christian-Humanitarian, and the Secularist. Fair enough; but the first road is then shown almost entirely through the work of George Bernard Shaw. It is true that Shaw occasionally called himself an anarchist, but there is no reason why we should do so, though Wolfe does his best to persuade us that we should. No doubt Shaw read Godwin and Shelley, Proudhon and Morris, but he was far more profoundly and permanently influenced by Marx and Webb. No doubt he enjoyed

Willard Wolfe: *From Radicalism to Socialism* (Yale University Press, £8.75).

making gestures towards individualism and freedom for a time (as in his 1885 article in favour of anarchism), but he soon preferred making much more definite gestures in the opposite direction (as in his 1891 lecture against anarchism). Despite his libertarian and egalitarian tendencies, he was much more strongly inclined to authoritarianism and elitism (as in his support not just of Marx and Webb at the beginning of his career but also of Mussolini and Stalin at the end of it). Anyway, it is doubtful whether he ever really exerted much ideological influence either in the socialist movement in general or on the Fabian Society in particular -- his talent was for publicity rather than theory, for writing rather than thinking.

Apart from Shaw, Wolfe scarcely cares about -- or even knows about -- other anarchists who were active during the 1880s. Thus Ambrose Barker and Frank Kitz are not mentioned at all. Joseph Lane is mentioned only as a working-class leader of the Social-Democratic Federation with origins in "the ultra-Radical Secularism of Stratford (East London)" -- an incomplete and inaccurate view of his early part in radical, agrarian and republican agitation before the 1880s, his central part in turning the Democratic Federation towards socialism, and his later part in libertarian agitation in the Socialist League. Henry Seymour is mentioned only as the editor of *The Anarchist* (which published Shaw's 1885 article) and a member of the Fabian Society -- a pathetic evasion of his part in producing the first viable anarchist paper in Britain and in maintaining an individualist and mutualist line against the collectivist and communist currents of his time. Edward Carpenter is mentioned only for having ideas resembling Shaw and deriving from Ruskin -- again a pathetic evasion of his part in helping to finance several socialist and anarchist papers and in maintaining links between various socialist and other progressive groups.

The one person who ought to have prominence in any discussion of the part played by anarchism in early Fabianism is surely Charlotte Wilson, but Wolfe has almost completely missed her significance. He does at least know that she was at Newnham, not Girton, but he doesn't know that she wasn't a graduate; and he hasn't even found her birth and death dates (1854-1944). In fact he hasn't got any further in studying her than contemporary impressions by E. Nesbit and Henry Seymour and derivative accounts by Anne Fremantle and George Woodcock. He says that

"she was a devoted follower of Morris until about 1886, when her allegiance shifted to Kropotkin" (a nice socialist touch), that "she was converted to anarchism by Kropotkin in the mid-eighties and became a leading member of his Freedom Group, editing and publishing its newspaper *Freedom*, 1886-88", and that she produced *Freedom* "for Kropotkin". In fact she was an anarchist at least as early as 1884, when Kropotkin was in prison in France; she was a leading member of the group before he came to England, after his release in 1886; and she edited and published *Freedom*, not for Kropotkin but on behalf of the whole group, until 1895.

More to the point of Wolfe's book, she was a member of the Fabian Executive Council -- a fact which he mentions without comment or elaboration -- from 1885 to 1887, and from this position she led the true anarchist fraction in the Fabian Society during the early period of its development. He calls her the "leading spokesman" of the Fabian anarchists, but he doesn't give any weight to their ideas and he doesn't give them anything like the attention he devotes to Shaw's idiosyncratic views. But of course Shaw became a member of the literary establishment and is taken more seriously than the obscure but genuinely serious people who actually made a significant contribution to political theory and practice. Typically, Wolfe doesn't even mention the meeting at Anderton's Hotel in London in September 1886, when the debate between the parliamentarians and the anti-parliamentarians in the British socialist movement was ended with a two-to-one vote in favour of the former; it was after this that Charlotte Wilson turned despairingly from the Fabian Society to the Freedom Group, and that Fabianism became definitely opposed to both Marxism and anarchism and decisively committed to electoral and bureaucratic methods.

Wolfe also indulges in irritating criticisms of Charlotte Wilson's work, calling her writings "excessively florid" and her ideas "utterly unworldly" without giving any indication of his qualifications for either literary or philosophical judgements. (He is similarly dismissive of another interesting strand in early socialism -- secularism -- making traditional sneers about "the narrow and essentially negative writing of Freethought polemics" and the "threadbare and... decidedly arid creed" of secularism, but never bothering to analyse the various contributions of the secularist movement to the development of socialism throughout the nineteenth century.)

The final criticisms of *From Radicalism to Socialism* are that -- much like Stanley Pierson's *Marxism and the Origins of British Socialism* (1973) -- it is based on considerable knowledge of social and political writing but on considerable ignorance of social and political life in nineteenth-century Britain; and that -- like most academic scholars --

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