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SOMETHING ROTTEN AT THE STATION

BEHIND ALL its bluster, the State is losing confidence in the police force which protects it. This is confirmed by the findings of the Fisher Enquiry into the Confait murder case.

While police forces throughout Britain are arming and equipping to handle possible urban revolt the State fears that public respect generally for the police is collapsing.

The problem facing the State is how to restore this respect. Fisher suggests a beginning can be made by tightening up police interrogation procedures. In this way we might at least be persuaded to believe what the police say in court.

The enquiry, headed by former High Court judge Henry Fisher, was set up to examine the case of three South London youths found guilty of murder, manslaughter and arson in 1972. They were freed by the Appeal Court three years later. The verdicts, the Court declared, were 'unsafe and unsatisfactory'.

What has resulted from Fisher's report is an admission by the State that it must face society's growing unwillingness to accept the police version of events on any level and not only in this particularly obvious case.

In fact, Fisher - against all the evidence - declares that the Appeal Court was wrong: two of the youths were guilty. He feels impelled to do this to console the police for what he has to say about them in the real meat of his report.

PASSIVE RESPECT

The authority of the liberal State is based on consent, on a passive respect for the law by members of society and obedience of the police who enforce this law.

The police, for their part, are expected to play the game, to use their powers 'reasonably'. The liberal State cannot allow the police a completely free hand unless it feels its authority threatened at its very roots - as,

for example, in West Germany today.

Since the 1960s there have been two important developments in Britain:

Individual and collective resistance to all authority has led to increased confrontation with the police. Along with this there has been an acceptance on the part of those not necessarily involved in particular struggles that the word of the police is not to be taken as gospel.

The police have been exposed, especially in London, as morally bankrupt and financially corrupt, with the stain reaching to the very highest ranks. At one stage they were in danger of becoming a liability to the State rather than its only protection.

The police themselves are desperately aware of the contempt in which they are held by their paymasters, the State, and their victims, society. Their recent threat to strike was more a cry of anger and frustration than a simple plea for money.

THE CONFAIT MURDER

Maxwell Confait, a South London homosexual prostitute, was strangled in his Catford bed-sit in April 1972. The killer or killers then tried to burn the whole house down.

Det. Chief Superintendent Alan Jones - who has since retired - led the investigation. He arrested three youths: Ronald Leighton (15 and

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involved) having been handed over to a new team, his books having been distributed to those who could make use of them, what money remained having been spread among militant publishers - he could take his leave.

In one of his last articles, he quoted this terrible phrase of Emile Henry: "A determination that goes as far as suicide can lead to positive self-sacrifices even in the absence of hope."

M. A. E.

Louis Mercier Vega will be the subject of a longer appreciation in a future issue. Apart from his many writings on Latin America, he was best known for his book *L'incroyable anarchisme* (published in 1970 in the 10/18 series by Union Générale d'Éditions) and for the quarterly international magazine *Interrogations* (which he founded in 1974).

LOUIS MERCIER VEGA

HE WROTE: "Because of - or in spite of - my age, I still want to learn more: about new situations, about new generations." But then he came to the end of the road: he was well aware that old age takes hold of you, that you decay, and that one day you no longer notice that you are getting old. "Anarchism", he used to say, "comes from the determination we have to know ourselves and to know the society we live in, to become masters of our own fate, together with other people; so that society may become a free and fraternal community of free beings." But what if one day you could no longer understand, if one day life failed you?

He preferred to go on ahead. Louis Mercier Vega, alias Santiago Parane, alias Charles Ridet, brought about his own death on 20 November 1977 at the age of 63. He had decided to do so a long time ago. He was happy and strong, but tired, and he knew that there were comrades able to take over from him, to go forward on the same path.

For many of us he brought encouragement in our commitment, in our work; he passed on to us his clarity, his integrity, his generosity. He taught us the courage to say that anarchism is not a

form of repetition, of self-justification, of ideology, but a form of interrogation, of disquiet, of curiosity; that anarchism is not a matter of quarrels between groups and organisations for the truth, for the correct line, but a matter of permanent attention to social problems, to expressions of rebellion, to the mechanisms of power and to forms of resistance to these mechanisms.

His independence and uncompromising clarity were not only recognised by his friends. There are many witnesses to his loyalty, his morality, his solidarity even in the most difficult situations. As a foreigner in France, he had been forced to live in hiding, to leave no trace; he did not boast about it. What mattered to him was the militancy and solidarity of the comrades he worked with. Too bad about the rest. One day his biography will be written.

For nearly twenty years he had concentrated his work on the observation and analysis of Latin American society; he knew that he would never return there and that he was in danger of losing touch with the reality of the situation there. His last book being in the press, other books being translated, the magazine *Interrogations* (and all the contacts it

CONFAIT (cont)

educationally sub-normal); Ahmet Smith (14) and Colin Lattimore, who was the eldest at 18 but who had a mental age of eight.

None of the three was allowed to have a parent or other adult present during the interrogation. None was told of his right to call in a solicitor.

It was hardly surprising in such circumstances that, once in the hands of the police, the three 'confessed' to their involvement in the killing and arson.

When they came to trial Leighton was convicted of murder, Lattimore of manslaughter and all three of arson. Leighton and Lattimore were sentenced to 'indefinite' detention.

They claimed their 'confessions' had been invented by the police and that they had been beaten into agreeing them. But their appeal was turned down.

Once upon a time that might have been the end of it. Now things are different. A campaign was organised to free them in South London and the Home Secretary, faced by a mounting public outcry, had no choice but eventually to allow the case to return to the Appeal Court.

Confronted by forensic evidence about the time of Confait's death which directly contradicted much of the confession statements, the Court quashed the convictions as 'unsafe and unsatisfactory'.

POLICE MANIPULATION

Both the police and the prosecution had been fully aware of this evidence during the original trial but - consistent with what Jones had organised at the station - they

manipulated the proceedings so that this was never brought into the open.

The State, grudgingly, was being pushed into agreeing that if the confessions were patently absurd then the three youths were right all along in their allegations against Jones and his men.

It was obvious that something rotten had happened at the station and an enquiry was set up under Fisher to get the State off a very uncomfortable hook.

Fisher's report - published last week - cannot avoid admitting that, as things stand, the powers of the police when they get hold of a suspect, or what they claim to be a suspect, are limitless.

A loose code of practice known as the Judges' Rules is meant to protect the rights of suspects but, as this case showed only too clearly, these rules are worthless.

The police are under no obligation to obey them. If they don't it is an almost impossible task to prove that they didn't.

The rules say that a suspect should be cautioned that he need say nothing. No prompting of any kind by the police is allowed should he choose to make a statement. Such a statement or confession must be freely given and acknowledged by the suspect as such.

Fisher admits that Jones and his men ignored these rules and that the judge at the original trial was more than willing to acquiesce in this. But was this so only in the Confait case or is it more generally true?

DAMNING CRITICISM

Fisher says the latter and suggests the whole system of police powers during interrogation needs to be closely examined. He recommends

the use of tape recorders during questioning. The rules governing interrogation must be tightened. Prosecution should be taken out of the hands of the police and given to some 'independent' agency.

But twist and turn as he will, Fisher's criticism of the police - and by inference the State's criticism - is damning. They cannot be trusted. Their word is suspect, if not worthless.

The State sees that more people are unwilling to accept the terms of authority in its broadest sense. This attitude is not confined to a handful of anarchists.

More and more individuals are viewing the world in terms of equality. The word of, say, a police officer or a bureaucrat is of no more value in itself than that of an ordinary citizen.

It is no longer enough for a police officer to say 'This is true' or for a bureaucrat to say 'This is how things must be' and then to expect society to meekly accept it.

The State is faced with two choices. It can unleash the police, crush any sign of refusal or rebellion and enforce its rule. In which case, can it trust the police not to go 'too far', to take so much power for themselves that the State becomes a creature of the police?

Or it can attempt reform, trying slowly to rebuild public confidence in the police and thus preserve the stability of the State's institutions. This is what Fisher recommends and this is what the State must do if it wants to retain its liberal credentials.

But, fortunately, life is not that simple. Confidence, once lost, cannot easily be regained.

Harry Harmer.

Only Sabotage will do

WE WHO PRIDE ourselves on being the enemies of oppression in all its forms are still remarkably discreet about some of them. Why, for instance, when we have taken on the world under the feared and detested name of 'anarchist' do we still run in trepidation from the name of 'sentimentalist'? Why, only a couple of years ago did I find, when describing a Soviet pig farm that I had rushed in where less frivolous comrades feared to tread? Why was I thereafter looked upon as the 'one who loves animals' and why, of all people do some of you, comrades, and even some vegetarians among you, sully the fair name of PIG, BULL or SWINE by bestowing it upon the most murderous of our own species?

I hope you feel the above paragraph to be a waste of space. For what more obvious example exists of that concept of authority, to the destruction of which we are pledged, than an organisation like the International Whaling Commission or an institution like the Hunt, and what more exquisite portrayal of the essence of the power game than the recent picture of President Tito and his boar-hunting band of foreign diplomats, swaggering before a row of magnificent corpses?



The IWC is the finest example of the governmental principle at work that one could hope to find. Just think for a moment: an organism set up with the express aim of restoring order to the chaos it has itself created, or controlling the effects of its own exploitation; and this under the pretext of saving the population from themselves in their own best interests, by plunder, war and the use of tamed scientists; an organism consisting of 15 nations most of whose representatives are themselves the perpetrators of the problem they set out to solve, and which are also, perhaps, the expression of the most concentrated known form of racism/specieism - one carried out by a governing cabal in secret session, unanswerable to the people, almost half believing, and certainly professing, that what it does is for the good of the world, of progress, civilisation, ecological balance and the rest

of it, displaying that striking lack of imagination that is the basis of stupidity.

Immaterial, is it not, whether, as experts like Joanna Gordon-Clarke submit, whales such as the sperm have 'an advanced brain - perhaps as advanced as homo sapiens - and a complex facial structure ...?' It may make the whole talk of quotas more horrific; yet would it on the other hand seem less so were the talk of quotas to be in terms of mentally handicapped people, adults or children but preferably female, whose meat could provide a vast, as yet untapped source of protein for the hungry - but more reasoning and intelligent - majority of their race, as well as for its 'livestock'; furnish new medicines and cosmetics and provide incomparable tools for cancer research and so forth; and were their population dynamics to be referred to in the language of bank rate interest, feasible economic levels, maximum sustainable yields, mathematical models to predict the effects of different management strategies, etc., etc?

What a splendid new Modest Proposal! And if on the face of it, it seems not just as but more horrific, then what possible motive can there be, rationally

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FRESTONIA LIVES

Our report 'Squatters and the Criminal Trespass Law' (no. 23, Nov. 26) made passing reference to the West London squatting community 'Frestonia'. The following more recent report shows that this community is still very much alive.

LATIMER ROAD, partly renamed Freston Road, has always been a working class area since it was first settled early in the 19th century. The area's first residents were pig keepers. Later on, when the railways were built, they were joined by Irish brick-makers. The area also developed into a centre of laundry work.

With the building of the Westway and M41 roads and a half-hearted slum clearance by the Greater London Council, who had acquired the area around Latimer Road some seven years ago, the area was allowed to deteriorate over the years into a derelict site, with tenants moved out of their homes, the well-established community destroyed, and empty sites of demolished buildings fenced off with corrugated iron and used for dumping rubbish, with half-demolished houses next to people's homes.

The Greater London Council and the British government thereby demonstrated their lack of concern for the area. Now isolated, much of it became little more than a big, forgotten rubbish dump.

But over the last four years, homeless people, mainly young, have taken over many of the houses abandoned to the rats, pleased to find anywhere to make a home, and, relatively undisturbed, have rebuilt a community. They have renovated their homes to a remarkable extent, including putting roofs on houses which lacked them. Two large areas of building rubble have been cleared for open space and horticulture; greenhouses have been erected and a waterfall created.

And now the GLC are trying to turn the area over to industrial development.

The squatters, the remaining original residents and the people in the nearby big council estates are all saying NO. They want the houses repaired, not ripped down, recreational open space, not factories. But the Hammersmith Council and the GLC point out that the area is zoned for 'light' industry.

THE ACTION. . .

In order to fight eviction and the bringing of industrialisation by the GLC, the residents of Freston Road seceded from Great Britain and declared the Free Independent Republic of Frestonia on 30th October, 1977. An application for full membership of the United Nations went out immediately. Jubilant Frestonians, rejoicing at the direct action of their newly-declared independent republic, have entertained the whole world, on Italian, Danish, Greek and Swedish television, over Canadian Broadcasting, Columbia Broadcasting System (USA), the BBC and Capital Radio (London).

Through their publicity exercise the Frestonians have announced that they reject the industrial development of the Freston Road area and have demanded it be re-zoned for non-industrial use in full consultation with all local

people. And in this the Frestonians are united with all the council tenants in the area against the GLC's plans for industry.

. . . AND THE REACTION

Hammersmith's response to the Frestonian declaration had been courteous and conciliatory: 'It is our practice with our population to meet and discuss with them at great length any matter causing dissension between us and use every effort to resolve them,' wrote council leader Barrie Stead. He offered similar facilities to the people of Frestonia.

The GLC, now under Tory control, simply referred to the month's 'amnesty' (which ended on November 29) offered to all squatters in GLC property. This suggests that families could be rehoused or even allowed to stay in the occupied properties, either as tenants or 'licensees', but makes no guarantees. And a GLC spokesman has made it clear that the people of Frestonia either surrender to the 'amnesty' or the GLC will send in a legal gunboat—The Criminal Trespass Law:

'We are going to institute proceedings against any squatters who do not take advantage of the offer and refuse to budge,' he said. 'We'll use whatever weapon comes to hand.' He said the council was 'trying to bring back law and order into housing'.

§

Faced with the threatened organised violence of the GLC, the Frestonians decided to register at the special centre in Victoria, some as individuals, but the majority as the Bramley family (that includes 60-80 Frestonians). Their

WHALE'S

(cont from pg 2)

speaking, for so pure a racism - or are you sickly 'sentimentalists' after all?

The whole purpose of this outburst is to remind comrades who may not know but who should care, that the other week, in distant Canberra and Tokyo, the sperm whale 'quotas' for the North Atlantic, by the politic twists and turns and with the rapidity familiar to us, took a great jump from the June figure of zero for males and 763 for females to a total 6444 (which would be the actual minimum). And that meanwhile, nearer home in Hawaii, Kenneth Levasseur's defence case against a charge of theft (not of kidnapping, mark you) has been rejected because the 13th Amendment banning involuntary servitude or slavery does not cover non-humans (in this particular context the two 'bottle-nosed' dolphin prisoners Kua and Puka, who were feared to be on the verge of 'committing suicide'.)

Few of us I think would disagree with the aim of Civil Rights for Cetaceans, though I fear sci-fi writer Larry Niven is too sanguine when he places it's achievement, in his chart of Deep Space, before the end of the 20th century. Yet surely, once again, the real lesson of the IWC, and to a lesser extent of the Kewala Basin Marine Research facility,

aim is to be rehoused together.

At present some Frestonians have been offered places as far away as Slough and Watford. How However, the Bramley-family has not received an offer yet.

While the waiting goes on, the Frestonians have become more determined to stay in Freston Road.

Since the deadline of 29 November, Frestonia has become a republic of various activities. In their 'People's Hall' they show films, perform plays and discuss their present and future strategies.

With the days passing by their mood becomes more militant. 'We are all one family, and if necessary we'll stick it out and fight the GLC on the streets,' say members of the Bramley-family.

The struggle goes on!

—Frestonian Reporter.

THE FIRST ARREST under the Criminal Trespass Law was made on 9 December, when Alan Beddoe was arrested at a squatted house in Battersea, South London, under section 10 of the Criminal Law Act for 'obstructing bailiffs in the execution of eviction notices'. He appeared in court on Monday 12 December and was remanded on bail until February 22 (2 pm at South-West London Magistrates' Court, Lavender Hill, SW 11).

—Peace News 16.12.77

is that the only effective weapon of liberation is the good old-fashioned one of direct action and sabotage.

It doesn't take an anarchist to see this. Quite recently it took a former whaler and Crown Counsel in Rhodesia (again, note the equation!) who is also the writer of a not very good book called Leviathan - and I don't mean Hobbes but John Gordon Davis. This former prosecutor shocked certain animal protection groups by his advocacy of violence against Japanese and Russian factory ships; and although Friends of the Earth in this country have espoused him one searches in vain through their material for the slightest endorsement of such methods... Incidentally, perhaps the answer to my rhetorical questions lies with this man. Last March The Guardian told us that Davis is 'against hanging in 99 per cent of cases, the exception being terrorism, abduction of children and the torturing of hostages. And why has he always been a prosecutor? It's the lazy way of being a lawyer, he said... And you do learn crime.' Odd how such types always seem to turn up around the animal lobbies of the world.

Yet he is right of course. You do learn crime, and it is 'crime' that is needed now - and I know it's easy to say. Easy but no less true for that, that it is the use of sabotage in the crucial area of animal liberation that could guide us in our wider war.

G. F.

NIGHT FALLS ON

'I think of Germany in the night,
I am roused from sleep'

- Heinrich Heine, in his Paris exile

WRITTEN at the turn of the century these lines are still an apt description of Federal Germany. Those known to the State organs of the Federal Republic of Germany for their revolutionary involvement have actually shaken the country from its sleep. No-one branded as a 'terrorist sympathiser' can now be certain of not being arrested at any moment. Today anyone can be denounced as a terrorist if they -

- put in question the value of bourgeois society and advocate other social models;

- claim the right to stand up against the ruling mob;

- probe into the theory of suicide at Stammheim;

- do not rush to pay the 'necessary' homage to the dead employers' president Hanns-Martin Schleyer, but describe his past and position in the terms used by the fitter mechanic apprentice and youth representative Martin S. in Hamburg, immediately sacked from his job for his critical remarks about Schleyer;

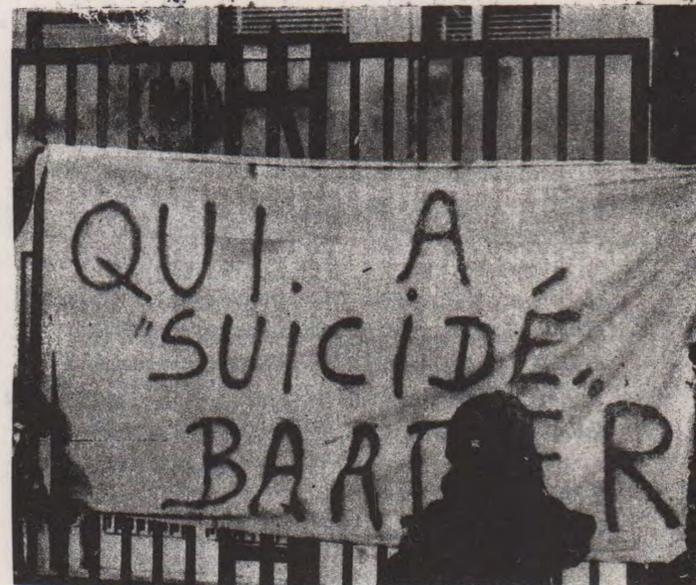
- take up a position in writing on urban guerrilla actions, analyse them, even when, from a starting point of 'furtive joy' one goes on to refuse a path to socialism that is littered with corpses. (1)

The 'Left' is marked by the fear of being identified with the armed urban guerrilla actions, the fear of being robbed of the last legal possibilities for political work. The Left in the FRG has never yet understood that it is not a question of refusing or of supporting 'revolutionary urban guerrilla warfare' so much as of joining in solidarity in a discussion on revolutionary strategy. The Red Army Fraction was and remains a part of Federal Germany's left wing even if, by moving into the underground, it has withdrawn from discussion on it. The accusation 'RAF and Reaction—hand in hand' is useless for discussing and learning from the mistakes of urban guerrilla warfare. And so one hears voices from within those left-wing currents who distance themselves from the programme of the armed left. In their disavowal they approach the reactionary forces in the FRG who, in 1973, celebrated the putsch in Chile with champagne, who show 'furtive joy' at the open terror against the left in Argentina and who today, on behalf of the FRG, call for the draining of the 'terrorist swamp'. That the step from such reclamation to liquidation is not a big one was shown on the morning of 18 October when Andreas Baader, Jan-Carl Raspe and Gudrun

Ensslin were found dead in their cells after 'committing suicide' and Irmgard Moeller with injuries that had befallen her in an 'attempted suicide'. (And I have just learned of the end prepared for Ingrid Schubert through 'suicide' in a Munich prison. This wave of 'suicides' bears a striking resemblance to the 'suicide' in a German concentration camp of which our anarchist comrade Erich Muehsam was victim on 9 July 1934.)

When on 5 September 1977 the Siegfried Hausner Kommando of the Red Army Fraction kidnapped the 62-year-old employers' president Hanns-Martin Schleyer, the federal regime took the opportunity of proceeding further with the establishment and arming of their fascistic state apparatus. With Hanns-Martin Schleyer the urban guerrillas had kidnapped the highest representative of German monopoly capital, a supreme representative of the market economic system. The great hunt set in motion shortly afterwards - all exit roads from Cologne were hermetically sealed, road blocks and police controls set up throughout the urban area - showed just how the ruling class reacts to the urban guerrilla challenge. At the same time the police and all security forces were put on red alert. In one fell swoop roadblocks were erected everywhere in the country, the frontiers were sealed to all comers who had not been thoroughly checked out in advance. Press, radio and television busied themselves exclusively with the kidnapping and the supposed intentions and demands of the kidnapers. That very same night and the next day began the agitation against everything that either looked or actually was left-wing. All the politicians who aired their views during those hours shared one thing in common - the refusal of all violence (except the State's naturally) and the implied belief that left-wing terrorism was only still possible if their 'lunatic plots' were being covered up by a great field of sympathisers. In an article for the social democratic weekly paper Vorwaerts (Forward) Willy Brandt wrote that the sympathisers who, through their support, had made possible the murders in Cologne of Buback and Juergen Ponto "are perhaps in a higher degree responsible for the atrocities than any fanatic." The SPD (social democrat) politicians were not the only ones to express themselves in this vein. On the contrary, all the parties represented in the Bundestag, with the CDU and CSU (christian democrats and christian socialists) as their scribes, stressed repeatedly that accounts had once and for all to be settled with the "terrorist sympathiser-swamp." Alfred Dregger, CDU deputy in the Bundestag, wrote to this effect in the information service of the CDU Union in Germany: "This is the all important thing: that the intellectual swamp from which the anarchists come be drained dry. They do not come from

the factories but from the university auditoriums. Anyone like myself who for years has watched how Marxists have calumniated our system in school-books and in teacher training, cannot be surprised at the consequences we are now experiencing. Anyone who brings up young people to despise this state and its system must consider that it is from such system scorning that terrorism originates." And so, soon enough, we see what the rulers have already for some time been inscribing across the colours of the 'liberal and social Constitutional State' - annihilation and prevention of all critical opinion with all means. The West German left was and still is more of an outlaw than ever. Many leftists known and suspected by the state security organisations were checked over, had to write down their alibis for the period of time in question, submit to body and house searches as well as to visits from the 'protectors of the State' at the workplace or landlord/lady's.



The above French slogan reads: 'Who 'suicided' Baader?'

However, this was only possible because the 'solidarity of the Democrats', which had never lain so heavily upon the Federal Republic, affected the simple person in the street. Many, certainly, had problems in identifying with chief capitalist Schleyer; nevertheless the state security organs and the politicians, with the help of the media, had managed to present the Schleyer kidnapping not as an assault on the state but as an assault on the life and property of the 'ordinary' citizen. With the shootings in Cologne the powers-that-be tried to prove how any person can be shot. In their newspaper articles the bourgeois hacks tried to prove that this challenge to 'our democratic and liberal State' could only be broken with the trust of the citizens in the reactions of the politicians. The total isolation imposed from 6 September on all prisoners associated with urban guerrilla activities was justified in this way. In this case total isolation meant the complete prevention of any contact with the lawyers, relatives,

PORTUGAL DEMOCRACY OF FEAR

ALMOST FOUR YEARS after the Portuguese Revolution of April 1974 Portugal is, for the first time, without government, and no political party seems to have a radical idea, short of letting the people starve, as to how to solve the present political and economic crisis.

The five major parties represented in the National Assembly (CDS, PSD, PSP, PCP and UDP*) were asked by General Eanes, President of the Republic, shortly before he left cap in hand for West Germany, to submit urgently to the Presidency party proposals for the formation of the next government (the eighth one in less than four years) and to draft economic plans for solving, within the constitutional framework of the Republic, the problems created by the previous governments.

Lacking revolutionary vocation and faced with a crisis of magnitude (unemployment, shortage of essential foods, violence, crime, prostitution, black market, corruption etc) all political parties agree privately that only a massive injection of external funds from the International Monetary Fund or from similar international organisations could prevent the Portuguese economy from sinking to its lowest level yet - that is to a total economic and social disintegration of Portugal as a democratic regime. In public they only argue among themselves on the degree of austerity proposed by the IMF for the Portuguese economy.

The Intersindical (Portuguese TUC, still politically controlled by the PCP) is apparently unwilling to mobilise industrial and farm workers for fear of unleashing ungovernable agitation and direct revolutionary action by the workers, and thereby creating a situation that would jeopardise any chance of Communist participation in a future anti-fascist government composed of PSD, PSP and PCP members of the National Assembly.

The parties of the so-called revolutionary left (radical socialists, assorted Trots etc) are calling for the formation of a Government of Popular Unity (PSP-PCP) which they believe would pre-empt the dangers of a fascist-inspired military takeover of the Portuguese state and would also solve the economic crisis at the expense of private capitalism and the bourgeoisie. Thus, fears of a fascist take-over Pinochet style are again uniting old political enemies - Socialists, Communists, Maoists and Trotskyists. Capitalism is no more the main enemy and social democracy is again worth defending - all that just two weeks after Mario Soares was defeated in the National Assembly thanks to a combined vote of no confidence against the socialist government by neo-fascists, conservatives, communists and Maoists.

With such ideological confusion and political opportunism no wonder the Socialist Party is gaining, in the eyes of an essentially Catholic public, a kind of martyr's halo. According to a private conversation held in Lisbon on Sunday, 11 December between Mario Soares and a reliable acquaintance of mine resident in London, thousands of people are joining the Socialist Party as a reaction to this situation, and in response to an anti-fascist (not of course anti-capitalist) speech made by the socialist leader after his defeat in the Assembly - a speech which was well received by the political strategists of the



Protest against the proposed economic austerity measures by workers before the fall of The Socialist Govt.

PCP in Lisbon.

Just under four years after one of the most daring post-war political revolutions in Europe, with land, factories, houses, hospitals, schools etc., taken over by the workers at the end of 48 years of fascist oppression, international capitalism and its puppet politicians have succeeded in propping up the crumbling state, and are at the least creating in Portugal another democracy of fear. Fear of communism, fear of fascism, fear of freedom, according to the prevailing political wind of history. Our rulers know that fear stops people from thinking and trying to understand the causes of their misery and exploitation. Fearful people have no real choice or freedom to decide what is really best for them - what we hope would mean a rational choice in favour of self-emancipation from capitalism, bolshevism, fascism, war, want and servitude. Psychologically unable to think and act radically as they did in 1974, the Portuguese workers are increasingly confined to reliance on the political agents of American, Russian and European imperialism in order to 'solve' the political crisis created by these same agents in Portugal.

Inevitably Portugal will have another government and inevitably the Portuguese people will pay the bill presented by the IMF. (What a Christmas present, comrades!) But political crises like the one consuming what is left of the Portuguese Revolution of April 1974 are also eye-openers for those conscious workers who manage to see through the psychological mesh of their own fears. In Spain, for instance, the rebirth of the CNT and of the anarchist movement is a hopeful indication that not everyone is prey to the complex system of anxieties and unfulfilled aspirations devised and scientifically controlled by politicians, bureaucrats, popes, judges, teachers, social workers, etc., who insist on governing our lives.

Unfortunately the anarchist movement is not growing so fast in Portugal, a country where our comrades have a reputable tradition of fighting capitalist exploitation (during the first republic of 1911-26) and fascism (Salazar's reign of terror from 1927-57) but have been unable to organise themselves as seriously as our comrades in Spain, owing to some ideological divisions between the old generation of anarcho-syndicalists and the younger generation of anarchists and libertarians, and of course, owing to lack of funds and shortage of other material facilities.

Let it be said nevertheless that the struggle for an Iberian social revolution is taking shape even against the political and social background of fascist threats and of Marxist and reformist manipulation of the working class in trade unions, cooperatives and other popular organisations. By trying to solve the capitalist crisis at the expense of the workers Iberia's professional politicians, of all persuasions, are, in the long run, making it easier for our comrades to spread the ideas of the anarchist cause. Consequently there is a need, now more than ever, for a strong and dynamic anarchist movement like that of the thirties in Spain in order to bring about a social revolution which would end political and economic crisis for the exploited people of the Iberian peninsula.

CLAUDE

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CDS - Right wing, PSD - Conservative, PSP - Social democratic, PCP - Orthodox communist, UDP - Marxist-leninist.

N.B. We are glad to inform you that A BATA-LHA re-started publication after several months of inactivity due to lack of funds. For other names and addresses in Portugal see our Contact Page.

anarchist pay policy ?

THIS IS OBVIOUSLY a contradiction because of the impossibility of assessing the relative values of useful work and the varying needs of human beings who do it. What we do know is that vast amounts of activity, useless and even harmful, are grossly overpaid compared to others. The workings of the 10 per cent pay code make the present reward structure even more unjust than it already is; our creaking financial system ensures that the increase obtained by the low paid is devoured by inflation often before it is paid.

The recent government attitudes and pronouncements concerning the 10 per cent guidelines are typical of their cynicism and hypocrisy. After some weeks of defending the chastity of the 10 per cent icon against the striking firemen the government has agreed to pay claims exceeding that figure first at Vauxhall, then at Ford. There was talk of withdrawing government orders for Ford cars but in a reply to a written question in parliament Healey has said:

"We regret the Ford settlement, but after consideration it has been decided that there is no discretionary action which would be appropriate in this case."

Obviously the government is going to be flexible where powerful unions and companies are concerned, and the Sunday Telegraph of 18

December observes "But the decision has cast fresh doubts on the ability of the Government to hold the line in the private sector while maintaining a rock-like immobility in the public sector."

The only group of workers in the lower income bracket who have managed to breach the pay code are the agricultural workers, but they are not in the public sector either. In any case agricultural productivity per person has increased far above industrial activity, largely due to the introduction of industrial techniques to that field. The wages are still, in comparison with those of the industrial worker, desperately low if one takes into consideration the primary nature of the work. After all, we can never do without bread, but for millions of years we did without motor cars! The agricultural workers no longer have those fringe benefits that gave them some degree of self-sufficiency. In addition, with the passing of the tied cottage, agricultural workers now generally live many miles from their employment, where public transport is non-existent. As a result their pay in excess of the 10 per cent guidelines, will rapidly be swallowed up by the increased cost of their motor vehicles.

ANARCHIST GUIDELINES

As the Grunwick affair has clearly shown, the

powerful trade unions are not in business to create a more just society; their ability to have put a quick decisive end to it was not in doubt. The unions are in business to make a Labour Party controlled state and super-state capitalist economy work somehow. That is why they did not like the round the board flat increase for all.

Differentials are the essence of a privileged society and rewards a compensation for unrewarding labour. Those with the biggest muscle get the largest share.

In the west at least an equitable society with the maximum amount of self-management may mean lower consumption with a shorter working week. It may mean a shared workload of essential tasks, producing the food, building the houses, looking after the children, and making essential industrial goods. Many services (like the lifeboat service now) could be done economically by enthusiastic volunteers.

In fact, replace the rat-race treadmill with association of equal and free human beings with time to partake in activities which are professionally fed by professional amusement provided to the mass telly fodder.

ALAN ALBON.

LETTER

WHO'S DRIVING THE 1984 BUS ?

Dear Freedom,

Claude's article on the front page of the last issue, entitled "Full Fare to 1894", raised some valid points, but I felt that it was slightly off the mark.

To begin with, it may have been the GLC who introduced the photo-card system, but the idea behind it and the pressure for it to be started came from the union, the TGWU. For a long time now, many platform staff, especially conductors and drivers/operators have been calling for photographs on concessionary permits and passes. It goes without saying that people whose sole contribution at union branch meetings is to call for the abolition of OAP's passes, and for increases in fares—on top of what we have already seen in the last couple of years—are anti-social and reactionary, and just the type to want to 'help out' London Transport by calling for ID cards to stop 'abuse' of the system, i.e., people lending passes to their friends and relatives.

It is people like this—'company's men'—who are in the majority in the union, and whose views get put across with nauseating regularity, that were almost responsible for a decision at one stage to withdraw OAP's passes last year in many London boroughs, but which was later abandoned. No doubt they are encouraged by the fact that London Transport employees themselves have been issued with Photo ID Cards for the past 2 or 3 years—not just to travel 'free' (they're taxable) on some LT services, but even to eat in their own canteens. The fact of a fare-paying public transport system is obviously responsible for most of these problems, and, as Claude says, Free

Transport is the solution.

This side of the transport industry is very depressing, but it squares well with the other side of the coin. Claude says, '1984 is approaching...'. To tell the truth, it's been here for a long time—it merely changes its form from time to time. For whatever reason it is ostensibly introduced: fare evasion; vandalism; pickpockets; modernisation of services &c, the surveillance paraphernalia on London Transport is becoming more and more sophisticated. Many buses are already monitored and controlled, and have been for years, by a roadside scanner system, plotting their progress through the traffic. Now, an electronic gadget is to be fixed to the wheels of all buses over the next few years, emitting a radio signal which contains details of the bus's exact position, speed, and even the number of yards travelled. Thus any crew sitting at a terminus having an extra couple of minutes over a cup of tea will be automatically recorded at the monitoring centre. The emergency radios being installed in bus cabs as a precaution against assaults are being used by the management to control the bus flow, contrary to stated intentions. On the Underground, first it was two-way mirrors at strategic positions in selected stations, now it's closed-circuit TV.

All these 'improvements' are openly discussed in the pages of *L.T. News* and sometimes in the national press but however harmless and even beneficial some of these measures may be, however innocent the intentions of those who decide to install them, the fact is that once there, these surveillance systems can be and are used for very different purposes, notwithstanding any amount of indignant protests from those who control them.

What has so far received no publicity at all, is the installation of microphones on some stations. Next time you and your companion feel tempted to discuss jumping the barrier at

the other end, look above your head first!

Fraternally,
K. M.

arthur moyse exposed...

ARTHUR MOYSE, Freedom's resident art critic is for a change at the receiving end of other's people criticism. We hope to take apart his own art exhibition in a later issue of Freedom. Arthur's work is showing at Angela Flowers Gallery, 3/4 Portland Mews - D'Arblay St. London W1, until 7 of January 77.

IN BRIEF

West German security companies are latching onto the bosses' fears of the resistance against the State as yet another way of getting rich. According to *The Economist* VIP protection is now a profitable growth area.

'After the killing of former Federal prosecutor Siegfried Buback we noted an increase in enquiries,' says the director of an Essen security agency.

'When Ponto was killed people grew alarmed. After Schleyer nervousness turned to panic.'

His firm cannot keep up with the demand for bodyguards. 'Not everybody is suitable for such a job. They must know how to behave in the company of an executive.'

Bulletproof car sales are also increasing. The new Federal public prosecutor is taking no chances - he has an armoured Mercedes 600 weighing five tons. Prices range from 18,000 to 20,000 dollars.

GERMANY

friends and comrades, and it was ordered contrary to the principles of the Constitution. On 29 September the Bundestag approved the so-called 'Contact Exclusion Law' which, in a situation of 'extra-legal emergency' permits the total, hermetic isolation of prisoners. (Though according to the decree of the justice minister isolation can be ordered under the Contact Exclusion Law (Kontakt-sperre-gesetz) for a maximum period of 30 days, this period can be renewed after a break of one day, which means that prisoners could be totally isolated all their life. This adds up to Death by Installments!) Subsequently every reaction from the government will be accompanied by the argument of 'extra-legal emergency.'

When on 25 September tens of thousands set out to demonstrate against the construction of the fast breeder reactor at Kalkar coaches were searched for over an hour under this pretext. Demonstrators were knocked down with cudgels, straight through trains were stopped by helicopters, homes were broken into and searched, people arrested and processed by the identification control, their fingerprints and photos taken, and alibis examined. Today thousands of 'left-wing' FRG citizens stand under the shadow of the search and observation squads (BEFA). They can no longer travel to West Berlin or abroad without being delayed at the frontier posts, their entry or exit points registered and cars searched. Papers and exit permits are marked so that at each control it is immediately understood that one is dealing with a terrorist suspect.

This escalation of state repression took place during the Schleyer kidnapping, largely behind closed doors. Already one day after the kidnapping the Federal government had, again under the pretext of 'extra-legal emergency', ordered a total ban on news about the kidnapping. This news ban, which meant a heavy curtailment of the press, was nevertheless accepted in its entirety by the bourgeois media. Under the heading "Silent Press" the *Koelnische Rundschau* - conservative to reactionary - wrote, "In the case in question it must also be asked whether newspapers or television are there to act as intermediaries between government and kidnapers. We think not. That goes for the newspapers and news agencies which receive letters from the kidnapers and print them, as for the regime which, through television or radio, delivers messages to the kidnapers. This is more than a simple departure from the aim of the media as instrument for the instruction of the public. The media will be pressed into the role of active negotiators. That is not good ... Reports on the pseudo-defence speeches of the Stammheim prisoners' own defence counsel belong in the same category as the literary demand for a free conduct for Ulrike Meinhof." (2)

The above quote is representative of the majority of publications in the FRG and so the news reporting on the Schleyer kidnapping was suddenly cut down to a minimum. While the press thus reduced itself to an organ of the regime in the Schleyer affair, it was on the other hand starting a witch hunt against the left. The news magazine *Der Spiegel*, immediately after the kidnapping, began a five-part series on "Sympathisers and so-called sympathisers" in which organisations and groups of the undogmatic left and the anarchists were branded as the supporters and aides of terrorism and of illegal groupings. None of the newspapers - from Springer's *Bild* to the liberal *Die Zeit* - so much as hinted that the real enemies of this system are the secret sympathisers.



CARTOON FROM THE CONSERVATIVE FRANKFURTER ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG RIDICULING THE "SYMPATHISERS"

Then, with the shootings of Mogadishu, when members of the federal frontier security guard GSG-9 freed the hostages, there was once more something to celebrate. Under the heading 'End to hostage drama - Brigade no. 9 attack - 28 young men, the glory of the nation', the Cologne street paper *Express* rapturously feted the action in Somalia. The news coverage, in its strident victory bulletins reminiscent of Adolf Hitler's Blitzkrieg, was voluminous. At last the Federal Republic of Germany had its heroes. With the shootings of Mogadishu it would only be a few more hours before Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin and Jan-Carl Raspe were found dead in their cells at Stuttgart-Stammheim, and Irmgard Moeller found badly wounded. And here too the press remained true to itself; while it continued to celebrate the victory of Somalia and the heroes of GSG-9 it slipped the state-ordered truth on the events of Stammheim into small articles. From the first hour there was but one explanation for the deaths - SUICIDE! No-one, even from the otherwise critical press, probed into the innumerable absurdities surrounding the prisoners' deaths. For instance, even the established fact that Andreas Baader died from a direct shot through the neck, found no-one

sceptical of the official truth. Within six weeks the press scene in the FRG had undergone a transformation. On Ulrike Meinhof's death critical journalists' comments were still to be found, questioning the official version of the death, but now no-one risked asking questions.

With the taming of the press, radio and television the FRG has taken another step towards a totalitarian regime. Now the time has come to criminalise the left-wing press. The law dealing with this was passed by the Federal government a year ago. With the passing of article 88a (law on the 'advocacy of crimes hostile to the Constitution') all publication of articles which discuss violence are forbidden and made criminal offences. The first action against the left-wing press in Berlin took place on 17 October. During the Schleyer kidnapping a number of flats, bookshops, printers and distributors were searched and copies confiscated of the 'BUG-Info' (Information service of the Berlin Undogmatic Groups). The editors of the

'Info' were charged with 'support of a criminal association' through a large number of articles. Although the search was directed against the editors, four printers from the press where the paper is produced were arrested in an attempt to muzzle those who, through their means of production, can still make discussion possible for the undogmatic left in the FRG.

What tendencies can be discerned from this? The government of federal Germany is in serious crisis. The ruling system is endangered less by the urban guerrilla actions than by the easily apparent social tensions. More and more people are becoming conscious that the social security promised them by the social-liberal regime is a farce. Rising unemployment, constantly rising prices, pressure of work, stagnating wages, all this leads to increasing social tension, as the waves of strikes in 1967, 1969 and 1973 show.

To prevent such an increase the government is obliged to apply disciplinary measures. It must also make sure that the dangers arising from the above-mentioned problems are eliminated. Hence the government's attempts to represent the 'threat' from the left as a threat to the population as a whole.

(cont next pg)

BLACK AID DEMO

ON SATURDAY, 10 December 150 people, nearly all anarchists, marched from Charing Cross Embankment to the West German embassy and handed in a leaflet protesting about the four murders last month of urban guerrillas in Stammheim and Stadelheim prisons. The march was called by the new group Black Aid as part of an international day of action. The four demands of the march were: the immediate release of Irmgard Moeller, survivor of the Stammheim killings, the concentration of political prisoners in Germany in groups of at least 15 people, the establishment of an

(cont from previous page)

'National identity' is again heavily stressed in the hope that attention will be diverted away from the real problems. Where the ruling class will certainly gain is where the left fails to make good the mistakes of the past and does not oppose state repression with determined solidarity. But the left in the FRG has become almost incapable of exerting influence over developments there. The state repression of every 'divergent view' has not only narrowed our radius of action but also prevented us from acting upon our ideas. We, the revolutionary, undogmatic and anarchist left can only react. React to

- establishment of the police apparatus
- isolation and murder of our comrades
- restrictions on demonstrations and right of assembly
- criminalisation of our press.

The Federal Republic of Germany has built up the most perfect police and surveillance apparatus in the world and thus has George Orwell's vision, in his book 1984, become reality.

But - and this can be said right now - even if many are on the retreat because of state repression, we shall not let ourselves be eliminated without resistance. The struggle against state terror and for a free society without government continues!

ALFRED MARQUARDT

(1) This refers to the famous 'Buback obituary' by the 'Gottingen Mescalero', (see FREEDOM, 1 September 1977),

(2) Heinrich Boell's equally famous article in Spiegel, 1971 called 'Will Ulrike Meinhof Gnade oder freies Geleit?' (Does Ulrike Meinhof want mercy or a free conduct?) It aroused a storm of controversy in Germany.

Note Alfred Marquardt is a German comrade, who wrote the above article in November this year. Throughout the article he writes the German word 'selbstmord' (suicide) as selbST-MORD. The nearest I could get to this was using 'suicide' in inverted commas. - Trans.



international committee to investigate the circumstances of the deaths and the immediate release of Klaus Croissant, recently extradited from France in dubious legal circumstances.

There was some confusion as we left the embassy. Half joined an Irish republican picket of the Norwegian embassy across the road (protesting about Amnesty International's receipt of the Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo), the other turned away in the opposite direction. The police moved us on and we had to walk round the back streets to get back to Hyde Park corner. The police followed, and as we approached the station they began to push us about; in a scuffle over a flag two or three comrades were arrested. What could we do? By now there were only 30-40 of us and the police were itching for a pitched battle. Fighting broke out as some of us tried to defend arrested comrades - the rest escaped into the tube station and were followed by police. We went straight to Trafalgar Square where Amnesty International was holding a carol service (!) with folk group Steeleye Span. After some argument we got the chairman of the British Section, Paul Oestreicher, to go to Gerald Road police station to make sure all eight arrested comrades



were bailed out. Seven are charged with obstruction and one, a German, with assault of a policeman.

This demo was a bit of an eye-opener for most of us:

- a) Like the Murrays, when it comes to defending prisoners only anarchists are interested. Yet we felt it was an effective and lively demo anyway.
- b) To disperse us, the police tried to split us up and then harass us. Watch out! Don't be picked off in small groups.
- c) When comrades are attacked and arrested we have to try and defend them, but heroics are foolish if we are totally outnumbered and weak. Comrades who are wanted, fear deportation or have suspended sentences should move away. Those with cameras should take photos of police violence. Approach any witnesses and passers-by for their help.
- d) Find out which police station comrades are taken to and go there to ensure bail, Contact lawyers if necessary.

Lastly I'd like to add that we should'nt be put off by state violence but become more determined - make sure our demonstrations are larger and in working class areas if possible. We should begin to concentrate on home issues, strengthening local groups, issue groups (eg nuclear power), and influence in the women's movement, in housing, education and other fields and workers' groups in each area and industry.

E.S.

N.B. The eight arrested people have been remanded on bail to appear in court again on January 9.

BLACK AID. c/o Rising Free. 182 Upper Street. London. N.1.

BLACK AID

Meaty matter for vegetarian Cliff

A MAN who refused a £100 - a - week job in a slaughterhouse because he is a vegetarian has been reprieved from being sent to a re-establishment centre at Birmingham.

Cliff Heselden, 20, of Braybrooke Road, Hastings, went with members of the Hastings Claimants' Union to the local offices of the Department of Health and Social Security to stage a protest.

Two members of the union were already in the building when plain clothes police arrived. The main door was then locked but Mr Heselden and another young man got in through an outside window.

The policemen took away the leaflets they had to distribute to people inside the office but meanwhile, the Claimants Union members had secured an interview with the assistant manager.

Their spokesman said later: "He told us that a telephone call had been received from London about Cliff's case and that a mistake had been made. He would not be sent to Birmingham, at least until after Christmas."

"He would continue to receive normal benefits and he would be offered suitable employment."

Before a claimant can be directed to a re-establishment centre the Department has to

prove that he has neglected at least two offers of suitable employment. Mr Heselden said it was untrue that he had refused two jobs. "I was a voluntary social worker and can take almost any job," he said.

"I was in Nottingham when I was offered this job in a slaughterhouse. The clerk said I could earn up to £100 a week, but I declined and told her it was because I was a strict vegetarian. Then I moved down to Cornwall and while I was there and applied for benefit I was told I would be sent to this place at Birmingham."

Claimants Union

"I came to Hastings a few months ago. I cannot find work. The Social Security office here then decided to implement the decision taken by Cornwall."

Mr Heselden then got in touch with the Claimants Union and things began to happen. They pressed his case at an appeal tribunal at Bexhill in October, but it ruled against him.

Within the last week there has been an exchange of correspondence with the Supplementary Benefits Commission at the department of Health and Social Security in London culminating in the admission that a mistake was made.

Following usual practice the Department will make no comment on an individual case."

Literature

PEACE NEWS FOR NONVIOLENT REVOLUTION. Reports, analysis, news of nonviolent action for social change, antimilitarism, sexual politics, ecology &c. 15p fortnightly from 8 Elm Avenue, Nottingham. (£ 5.50 pa)

BLACK FLAG, organ of the Anarchist Black Cross, Over the Water, Sanday, Orkney, KW17 2BL. Price 15p.

ZERO, monthly anarchist/anarca-feminist paper, c/o Rising Free, 182 Upper Street, Islington, London N1. Price 20p.

ANARCHY magazine, price 20p, 29 Grosvenor Avenue, London N5.

SOLIDARITY, c/o 123 Lathom Road, London E6

LIBERTARIAN EDUCATION, 6 Beaconsfield Rd., Leicester.

LIBERTARIAN COMMUNIST REVIEW, no. 2. Theoretical journal of the Anarchist Workers' Association. 'Contains articles on the role of the Revolutionary Organisation, Re-evaluation of Bakunin, From Primitive to Libertarian Communism and reprint of the Organisational Platform of the Libertarian Communists, an historic document on effective libertarian organisation.' Price 20p plus postage from 1 Pearson House, Huntley Street, London WC1.

POSTERS, varied series in support of Firemen. Available from Anarchy Group, 29 Grosvenor Ave., London N5. for a donation towards production costs.

'NO NATIONAL FRONT thugs in this town' stickers being produced by Cambridge anarchists. To keep expenses to a minimum anyone who would like copies/share costs should contact Cambridge Group c/o Raf Salkie, c/o W 14, Queens' College, Cambridge

HERE'S the follow-up to our story about the sit-in (see last issue of FREEDOM). This proves that our tactics, while as far as I know they have never been widely used by claimants' unions, do work. After months of appeals and letter writing it was only our direct action that stopped an obvious injustice from taking place.

What actually happened on the day was clear evidence that the SS are very frightened. They locked the doors at 3 o'clock, half an hour before normal closing time, and when Cliff and I climbed in through the window we were faced with four plain clothes policemen who closed the window before any other comrade could get in. Uncertain of what to do next we began to hand out leaflets and explain to the claimants already in the building what the protest was about. The police snatched leaflets away from people as we handed them to them - a vigorous argument ensued during which one policeman almost got his head smashed in by a Hell's Angel type who didn't like the idea of the police snatching things away from his girlfriend. Two official complaints have been made against the police by members of the public who were obviously against the manner in which they behaved - hardly a good public relations exercise!

About 20 people attended in all and Hastings Anarchist Group's banner was unfurled for the first time.

Afterwards the police showed their petty vindictiveness by following one of us, a young punk, and confiscating his jacket because it had the words 'If its SS it's fucking useless' written on it. At this point it is unclear whether or not he is actually going to be charged with anything.

STEVE for Hastings Anarchist Group

Desires (cont)

PRISONERS AID. is collecting books (anarchist & non-anarchists) & publications to send to prisoners. Send to Raf Salkie, W.14 Queens' College Cambridge (and information if you know of a prisoner who wants literature CHILDREN. The A S Neill Trust is compiling a list of Free Schools, Communes, Home Education projects or any activities desired to secure more freedom and more respect for children. Please send information to Michael Duane, 10 Wavertree Road, London SW2 or phone 01 674 4368

Leaflet 'What Did you learn at school today?' and information on the Libertarian Education Association from 7, Cresswell Walk, Corby, Northants.

Press Fund

WE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE a special donation of \$200.00: CALIFORNIA, Legacy from the Late Nicola N, per M.S. This sum is being earmarked for the need which may arise soon for a replacement of a typewriter.

1st - 14th December

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NO National Front thugs in this town

A SCANDINAVIAN SHADOWPICTURE

WHEN THEY KNOCKED OFF the work permits at the time we became members of the EEC, I said ta very much and took advantage of it, adding under my breath "We should have been free to travel and work as we liked in any case without your bloody common market, you sods", and went off on my travels, arriving at last in Denmark via France, Spain, Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Italy, Switzerland and West Germany. I turned up in Helsingør late on a Saturday, looked up my old friends and contacts from a three-month stay in 1969 (that time I went all round Jamaica, Panama, Venezuela, the Canary Islands and West Europe to get there!) and on Monday got a job as a milling machinist at the town's ship yard. Yes, here I was, in one of the Scandinavian lands, the promised lands of sociologists and liberal reformers. Do they still get quoted in the English weeklies so much these days, I wonder?

The good times were still on. The mood of the affluent sixties was still in full swing. George Orwell once wrote of the 1800s that "it was a century that began 15 years late and ended 14 years late." The same could be said of the carefree sixties. They got going about 1961 or '62 and outlived themselves by three years, first coming to an end in October 1973.

Suddenly we got presented with the bill. The Arabs threatened to turn the oiltap off, and in their wake the entire third world demanded more of a return for what they supplied us with. It was after all they who produced most of the things we took for granted.

Now the bill had to be paid. For the first time the bourgeoisified and spoilt northeuropean working class got thrust under their noses the fact which a little disregarded bunch of anarchists and other malcontents had tried to tell them all the way through the happy sixties, namely that it wouldn't last for ever.

The first reaction was a burst of rage against the cheeky brown sods down south, and a strong swing to the right in northeuropean politics. October '73 can be called "the day the Scandinavian myth died." The mask of liberalistic tolerance was torn off. We "foreign" workers - fremmedarbejdere soon found out who our friends and who our enemies were. We found out which workers still stood in solidarity with all their fellow workers of the world, and who were the narrow-minded privet-hedge fascists living in fear of people like myself who were obviously out to take their jobs, suburban houses, colour tellys and, of course, their daughters.

The transformation I underwent, for example, was striking. While full employment and "Buy! Buy! Hurry hurry or you'll miss this week's special offer!" was still in full swing I was regarded as an oddity. I rented a couple of rooms in the town, bought a few cheap sticks of furniture, kept my books and other items in a few wooden beer crates standing on their sides one over the other (try that, comrades, it's a bloody good gratis way of storing this) and slept on a mattress on the floor. I was undercutting the Danish standard of living, so I was told. If every bugger was like me there'd be mass unemployment. After the energy and raw material crisis broke out, however, I suddenly became, in the eyes of exactly the same minority of individuals, a greedy invader who was out to get everything for as little as possible. Suddenly I was out after a villa on the coast road and a big flashy jalop, with the social security to pay for it all if I lost my job, most likely, like all these bloody Turks and Yugoslavs we've let in here! I found out what it was like to be a Jamaican or an Indian in England, and was damned glad I hadn't got a dark skin to lug about as well as a strange accent. But I had my friends as well, those people who were capable of thinking consistently, so I didn't

turn tail and run. Yes, that's what happened in the world's most advanced societies.

But something else happened as well. A fair sized minority, but a minority no less, of quite ordinary workers began to speculate seriously about the question "Has our society maybe been on the wrong track after all?" They faced the fact that one day there would be no more coal or oil, and started thinking about what would they do then, poor things. A small army of folk from highly qualified engineers to less skilled factory and office workers started experimenting out in the back yard and down in the cellar, and reading up on sun and wind power and other things which before were the prerogative of anarchists and other nutcases. The traffic-free Sundays came at about that time, when several European states, at the start of 1974, banned Sunday driving apart from essential services in an attempt to save on fuel reserves, and masses of people still say with nostalgia how nice it was. The people in the big cities were turned full on by it! Our county rag Frederiksborg Amtstavis, carried on its front page one Monday a big photo of people walking or cycling, singly or in groups, along the Helsingør-Kobenhavn motorway the previous afternoon. In the foreground a girl of about twenty with windblown headscarf around a face that was alive and awake. She walked with her hands deep in her coat pockets, looking around as if she were on a new planet, maybe just holding her ears open for the distant siren of an ambulance or a police car. It wasn't long, of course, before all Europe's fuzz turned out and cleared the intruders off. It still said in the rules "no walking on motorways", and if these proles and peasants got to liking that sort of thing too much there was no telling where it might end.

It was as if these people had discovered something. It was as if all the ideas anarchists stand for had received a new wind in their sails, and we weren't slow to point out where our philosophy came into the picture. But, as I said, the people who felt the first breath of a wind of change were in a minority. Those who breathed it and found it sweet, that is. For Bungalow Bill's nordic equivalent the wind of change stank. And there were plenty of him, as always.

Bungalow Bill was hopping mad in the first place because his cosy wage-slavery was threatened, but now insult was added to injury. It was actually expected of him that he should get up off his arse and walk 400 or 500 paces down to the local bakery Sunday morning for his traditional freshbaked bread-cobs and cheese to the family's late Sunday morgenkaffe which is such a part of life here, instead of driving the exhausting distance. One bloke in Arhus, Jutland, who tried to defy the ban got stopped by the fuzz and his cobs, cheese and milk cost him him 650 kroner including fines. It sounds pretty unanarchistic to say this but serve the bugger right! Bungalow Bill (read Jens, Hans, Mog'ns or Rasmus) was also narked because his coffee would soon cost him double thanks to the cheeky demands of those cannibals down south of the Mediterranean who wanted to have the same things in life as he had. And he rallied to the counterattack, in Denmark and the whole of northern Europe.

Within a month of the oil crisis there was a general election here, and an extreme right wing party under the leadership of a lawyer from the Danish Baltic island of Bornholm, one Mogens Glistrup, became, after only a couple of years of existence, the second biggest of the eleven party groups in the Folketing, the Danish national assembly. It is called (no comment) Fremskridtspartiet, the Progressive Party! His plat-



form was - We must save. No more handouts. Away with the army of bureaucrats and cut income tax down to a minimum. Sounds nice doesn't it. The wealthy thought so, because they knew that he was out to introduce good old-fashioned American style cut-throat capitalism so that the mouths of Adam Smith and Thomas Malthus would have watered... A lot of bloody fools of workers, the type I had problems with, thought so too, not realising that he intended to pay for these tax reductions by cutting down on such frivolous luxuries as pensions, unemployment pay, the health service, public support to cultural activities and other things. He used the questions of taxation and red tape in exactly the same way Enoch Powell used the race question in England. But people are beginning to see through him, I'm glad to say.

At about the same time a member of the social democratic (equals Labour) party, one Erhard Jacobsen, did a sort of Oswald Mosley act. As mayor of the København suburb Gladsaxe, he had been known as "den rode Borgmester", the Red Mayor, and had fought hard for his working class constituents, but then something went click upstairs. A split came in the party ranks over property taxation, in which he came into the minority, and, using this flimsy excuse, broke out and formed his own party, the centre democrats, who, like all parties calling themselves "centre", are in practice pretty far to the right. They are a hard-boiled mob who hardly bother to disguise their sympathy for fascist regimes round and about in the world. They only oppose the tyrannical regime in the USSR because they would like to see it replaced with another tyranny.

Jacobsen's favourite hobbyhorse is "socialistic indoctrination in schools, universities, radio and TV". Protesting youth, pupils' councils, socially oriented folk music, satirical comedians and progressive people in the field of education are anathema to this man. He has made no secret in his hysterical rantings in radio and TV interviews and in debate programmes of his intention to set a stopper for the perishing lot. And enough people vote for him to keep him in the parliament.

His overseas politics are just as frightful as his home ones. Sample quote, from the autumn of 1975 when twelve resistance fighters were threatened with the garotte in Francoist Spain. On that Saturday, when the wave of international protest succeeded in getting the number of executions down to five and the method down to shooting, Spain was the topic in the dinner time current affairs magazine on the radio, and our Erhard took part. In the course of his rabid defence of Franco he was asked by the chairman if he could in his good conscience defend garotting as a means of execution. His reply was, roughly quoted, "Ah, now here one has to be careful to distinguish between what is fascist on the one hand, and what is typically Spanish on the other. One must bear in mind that garotting was in use during the whole of the republican period." Further comment would be superfluous!

And now we come to the authoritarian Left in Denmark. Well, it's a sad story, just like everywhere else. The biggest group, as might be expected, is the Danish Communist Party, DKP. This party has not even been touched by the so-called "liberalising" tendencies we have seen in other lands. They are a real fossilised bunch of Stalinist museum pieces, and their leader, blond smiling Knud Jespersen, should by now have qualified for a season air ticket to Moskva. He always seems to be there on some errand or other, at any rate.

The party is a bit more of a factor in Danish politics than its opposite number in England, not only because of their activity on the factory floor which is common to all communist parties not in power, but because they still live off the role they played in the resistance movement during the Nazi occupation of 1940-45. There is still a widespread, irrational, almost racialistic hatred of Germans and all things German here in the land (the only exception made being for a mediocre pretty boy of a pop singer named Freddy Breck) and DKP plays hard on this, especially in their anti-Common Market propaganda.

After DKP there are the usual motley band of Maoist, Trotskyist and other Marxist splinter groups, every one of them in possession of the true faith and with a membership turnover which would be staggering in organisations of any meaningful size. They stand outside the factory gates and dish out their duplicated publications, written in a language which most of the workers don't understand, and which all too clearly betrays

the fact that these people have very little to do with the working class. Just the sons and daughters of the bourgeoisie having their little flip-out while they're at university. And the workers know this.

Two exceptions are KAP (Kommunistiske Arbejderparti) and KF (Kommunisternes Forbund), respectively the largest Maoist group and the largest Marxist-Leninist "coalition," which is positive towards China without falling on its forehead and worshipping the bloody place. These two groups have more of a working class membership than some of the others, but they are hard and inflexible, and won't go halfway to meet the masses, so they remain as isolated little sects, who can't be effective there on the spot because each situation has got to have the right ideological interpretation put on it. For example, members of these two groups at my work place, the shipyard, formed a so-called Active Group there a couple of years back. The results of their "activity" I've yet to see. The bad safety conditions are still with us, and so is the slave-driving piece work system which you need to be a chartered accountant to get the hang of.

And, in between these two wings, the rabid right and the colourless left, the great mass of the working class still carry on as if the good times hadn't walked out on us. Pub life, loads of sport and loads of pretty lousy American films with Danish subtitles on their tellys (that was ungrateful of me. They were a massive help when I was learning Danish!) and preoccupation with their sexual and financial problems take up just about all their time. They're discontented but so cheerfully discontented! Even the unemployed say to themselves, "Yes, but we aren't allowed to starve. It's a great little land we've got here. They look after us alright. They know it isn't our fault there's no work." They. The operative word. What will they, the faceless ones who sit "up there" and fix it all for us, do when the unemployment funds are empty in 15 or 20 years' time? Nobody wants to look that question in the face. As long as there's enough in the kitty for a good confirmation boozeup when little Hans or little Jytte come of that age, then it's all in order. (Unless little Hans or little Jytte bugger it all up by refusing to be confirmed, as kids are doing in increasing numbers).

And so they go their own way, governed by time hallowed habits. The only healthy thing in this is their distaste for those individuals and groups who will LEAD them to the promised land. The regrettable result of this is, of course, that they keep voting for social democracy or the old "soft" bourgeois parties just to keep the extremists out, thereby giving one gallows reprieve after another to a system which is doomed to collapse and let exactly those extremists in. They haven't discovered that a third way out exists.

The silent majority look with indifference or indignation at the demonstrating students and battling pickets on their TV screens. Such a load of idiots. Bonkers all of 'em. And isn't it a shame for our policemen who've already got enough on their plates with the leather jacket gangs in the big towns, and will soon have more if these terrorists start letting bombs off on Danish soil and hijacking planes from Kastrup airport. All this without stopping to think that there must be something radically wrong with a society which gives rise to hijackers, bombers, unemployed, strikes and policemen. We've got it good, so who can say that society's sick, except of course for these students and long-haired protest singers who get paid handsomely by capitalism for bawling about how oppressed they are by it. (They don't help matters!)

Yes we've heard it all before, and it's no different in the world's most humane societies, where there's sexual freedom and where capital punishment was abolished nearly 100 years ago, etc, etc. There's no more sexual freedom than there is anywhere else and the mob are screaming for capital punishment to be brought back.

But you can get through sometimes. In connection with the Spanish executions two years ago, for example, some of us anarchists and others tried to tell those we worked or drank with, that it was in their interest to help actively in the fight against totalitarian regimes in other lands because if they didn't then the capitalists will, especially now they've had it made easier for them by the EEC, transfer their firms to lands with masses of cheap workers who didn't dare protest about their conditions of employment, a move which would

soon lead to massive unemployment and desperation in northern Europe; and in the finish Weimar republic-like conditions which would pave the way for fascism right here, and then they'd all be sunk. That rammed home! Well, in some quarters. A lot of our workmates went a bit pale round the gills and mumbled something about there could be a lot in what we said. But they only mumbled as individuals. No popular collective protest ever showed itself on the streets, neither about Spain or Chile or anything else. In short, the truth rammed home in much the same way as the implications of the oil crisis did, namely that a minority of ordinary people who had pretty well taken the established order for granted suddenly stopped to consider that this wasn't the Golden Age and the height of humanity's achievements after all.

In my circle of friends and acquaintances here in Helsingør I noticed that it was usually the same individuals, those whose eyes had been opened by the traffic-free Sundays, who also got an uncomfortable feeling that maybe capitalism and fascism did have something to do with each other, and should at least be protested against. No nasty stuff with taking to the streets mind, but . . .

And the anarchist movement? We're a bunch of about 100 here in Denmark, with a twilight zone of about 400 or 500 around us, personal friends of the individual active comrades, mainly. That is, people who understand what it's all about and sympathise in principle, but who are 100 per cent sceptical about our chances, and don't feel it worth while giving any of their time to it. Yet such people are priceless in a way. Quite often, when they hear somebody come out with the usual completely wrong ideas about anarchism, they take up the argument and try to spread a bit of light. They have been especially valuable in the latest period while the capitalist press has with consistent untruthfulness described the 'Baader-Meinhof' group as anarchists, thus giving us a load of problems, which is of course their intention.

Of course, we've got worries and bothers inside the AFID (Anarkistisk Føderation i Danmark). The group here in Helsingør, for example, has recently gone to smithereens because of those who founded it - a little bunch who enjoyed the organisation, the minority opposition group, for its own sake, and didn't want it to get any bigger. They exploited anarchism as a means of passing the time away and as a justification for forming a clique. The population at large weren't wanted. It's a syndrome I remember all too well from the old days of the AFB in England and about which I wrote a piece in FREEDOM in the autumn of 1965 after the break up of the Bristol group. But they, I'm pleased to say, are in a minority. In fact I'm doubly pleased that they are because the aforementioned people have, as part of their strategy to keep the movement small, gone in for collaboration with authoritarian groups and gone around sticking up for others, like the Red Army Fraction in West Germany. From a safe distance, naturally! What damage this has done to the anarchists in West Germany I shudder to think.

The provincial organisations, especially those over in Jylland (Jutland) are less flipped out and are getting going on a really determined programme of making people aware that anarchism exists and what it's about. And that is just what the minority of academics with secure jobs in the service of the State couldn't take. Neither could the "eternal students". These two categories got a right hammering at the AFID national congress near Odense the first weekend of October this year. Apart from the question of reaching the people, they also came in a minority over the coming civil case against Denmark's Radio.

The group in Ribe, Southwest Jutland, took the bull by the horns and sent a summons to Denmark's Radio over a particularly coarse report in the thirty-minute news and current affairs broadcast which comes on the radio at 6.30 each evening. In July, a correspondent in Bonn sent a telephoned dispatch in which he stated that anarchists in West Germany collaborated with neo-Nazi groups in attacks on the property of Jewish manufacturers and businessmen because in return they got a share of the weapon supplies smuggled in from the Arab lands. Phew! Well, the summons was sent off, the papers got hold of it, and we got a quite generous load of good publicity out of it. When the case comes up we'll be getting some more, which can't be bad. In our discussions with workmates and others the effect is noticeable. And the radio, TV and press

have already stopped chucking the word anarchist about. That in itself is a covert admission on their part that they were full of lies, and that they stood to lose the court case if they kept on!

At the congress, the overwhelming majority of those present were for a total denial of RAF, and for the continuation of the case. The cliquemakers and rockinghorse cowboys of the federation fired off a whole lot about our fight was also RAF's fight, and that it was unethical to use the bourgeois state's legal machinery to further our cause.

My reply to that is that for the first, concerning RAF: the day our common dislikes were used up, then we would be their next dislike, and they would deal with us in exactly the same way as they deal with all others who stand in their road. A comrade named Bent, from Aarhus, with backing from me, drummed this point home to the conference in pretty strong language.

Secondly, as far as the bourgeois legal machinery is concerned, how many times have we been forced to stand in their courts, both criminal and civil? Now it's our bloody turn to say "J'accuse!" and if we get a load of lolly in compensation, plus the public vindication, then the sky ought to be the limit. But the armchair revolutionaries couldn't imagine a worse disaster for themselves. They'll no longer have a cosy little group that they can lord it in—or to use the quaint Danish expression, "Spills kong gulerod", literally, "play king carrot".



But enough about them. They've lost the fight, and thank Christ for that, at this time when the terror groups are beginning to operate in Scandinavia, especially in Sweden.

Organisation was of course pretty high on the list of items at the conference. The solid, seriousminded Jutish anarchists are going in for the scrapping of AFID as such, and for its replacement with a series of regional and local federations. Now this is a reasonable idea. I've heard, on a recent visit to England, during which I met a couple of comrades, that the old AFB structure I knew is gone. They didn't mourn it in any way, and I didn't exactly break down in heartrending sobs either. Now it seems that the same thing is afoot in Denmark. Sweden and Norway have no national federations either. They just contact each other as need be.

DO ANARCHISTS LIKE DETECT

IT WAS SAID by Rex Stout, himself a writer of detective stories, that 'anybody who doesn't like detective stories is an anarchist'. One can see what he means; and sometimes agree with Edmund Wilson in the title of his study of the detective story 'Who Cares who killed Roger Ackroyd?' (Roger Ackroyd was an Agatha Christie character the manner of whose departure was a *tour de force* in detective stories.)

At its frequent worst the detective story is nothing more than a puzzle like a crossword or—on a higher plane—chess. In what is probably the majority of detective stories the puzzle is thinly cloaked in a pretence of literature with cardboard characters; what Colin Watson in an excellent study calls *Snobbery with Violence*. No wonder the detective story is reliably reported to be the favourite reading of cabinet ministers and bishops; the psychological contrast between the death of a puppet in the habitual Home Counties country-house library and the actual death of thousands by policies thought up by cabinet ministers and connived at by bishops is thought-provoking.

In studies of mass culture the detective story cannot be ignored as a clue to public feelings, emotions, thoughts and tastes. Dwight MacDonald ascribes the growth of the detective story to the growth of the scientific method, citing the example of Edgar Allen Poe's and Conan Doyle's stories. Later developments of R. Austin Freeman with his forensic detective and even Agatha Christie's Poirot and 'the little grey cells' pay tribute to this approach. However, the intuitive approach of the supremely irrational (priest Father Brown for example) prefigured the decline of belief in science and rationalism.

Continually in the detective story there has been the exaltation of the individual, the gifted amateur in contrast to the plodding professional hidebound by regulations but with all the facilities of the police-state at his disposal, who nevertheless in spite of (or because of) all this is unable to solve the puzzle. Indeed the police method of going for the suspect with a record is in direct contrast to the novelist's trick of the most unlikely person formula.

One of George Orwell's best essays is upon decline in public sensitivity and taste indicating a change in the moral atmosphere. Entitled 'Raffles and Miss Blandish', it concludes: 'Comparing the schoolboy atmosphere of the one book /Raffles, E. W. Hornung/ with the cruelty and corruption of the other /No Orchids for Miss Blandish, James Hadley Chase/ one is driven to feel that snobbishness, like hypocrisy, is a check upon behaviour whose value from a social point of view has been under-rated.' It needs no gloss upon Orwell to point out the truth of his standpoint, and since Miss Blandish was written one has cause to believe that the barometer of public taste in crime stories (today the puzzle element is minimal) indicates far stormier weather than even Orwell foresaw. Charles J. Rolo, writing in 1952, indicated in Simenon and Spillane a similar, if later, duality to that of Hornung and Chase.

Rolo points out that Simenon and Spillane occupy a similar position. Simenon is a best-seller in Europe; Spillane's first novel has sold two million copies. Six of his books have an estimated 'ten million copies in print'.

Simenon's Maigret is an intuitive detective, a professional working through his feelings and his knowledge of human beings. He does not condemn. According to Rolo 'the leitmotif of Simenon's work is "It is a difficult job to be a man".' Maigret often lets the criminal go. The cynical, with knowledge of French (and other) police methods, will recognise this as fiction but Simenon encapsulates a wide public feeling. As Yeats put it, 'What the world's million lips are searching for must be substantial somewhere.'

Unfortunately, Spillane stamps the other side of the coin. The detective story in its development away from intellect moved (as did the totalitarian states) towards the man of action, with more emphasis on brawn than brains, on crime

than on detection. With a sub-Nietzschean admiration of the man of action spurred on by the Hollywood dependence on visible movement, rather than invisible deduction, the school of *Black Mask* detectives, of Bulldog Drummond, Sidney Horler and John Buchan (to name only a few) came to dominate the best-seller lists and the film director's lens.

With Bulldog Drummond, Horler and Buchan, we arrived in a world of anti-semitism, anti-communism, anti-intellectualism, of snobbery and restrained violence foreshadowing the projection of Hitler-Stalin onto the screen of the world with their liquidations and death-camps.

Spillane is cast in the same mould. Rolo describes Spillane's Mike Hammer as 'God's Angry Man', the vessel of wrath, the Hammer of God. Like his precursor Superman he appoints himself detective, judge, jury and executioner with echoes of Senator McCarthy. Max Lerner has described Spillane's books as 'really prolonged literary lynchings, strip-teases and rapes' which pander to 'our sick cravings'. With the irony with which life imitates literature, it was reported some time ago that Spillane had been converted to the doctrines of the Jehovah's Witnesses (themselves Jehovah's detectives in their way).

The progressive multiplication of cruelty and corruption in the world is reflected in Mike Hammer and the snobbish status-obsessed, sexually oriented James Bond with his 'licence to kill'—with official sanction. The change in temperature in the 1950s Cold War made it necessary for Bond's 'M' to drop his conspiratorial obsession with Russia for an obsession with a vaguer S. M. E. R. S. H.



LIVE STORIES ?

Raymond Chandler in a correspondence with Ian Fleming (published by Fleming in *London Magazine*, December 1959) said that Fleming 'disimproved with each book' and 'I think you will have to make up your mind what kind of a writer you are going to be. You could be almost anything except that I think you are a bit of a sadist!' Chandler also in his criticisms, to Fleming, wrote, 'The trouble with brutality in writing is that it has to grow out of something. The best hard-boiled writers never try to be tough, they allow toughness to happen when it seems inevitable for its time, place and conditions.'

This uneasy correspondence between Chandler and Fleming provides yet another pair of poles between which the currents of thought on violence, sex, justice and crime oscillate and flash. Fleming is of course not a detective story writer, the genre has almost exhausted itself and the crime, action or espionage novel—which Fleming represents—has long been with us, Edgar Wallace being its most successful exponent. The spy story long ago grew up and the generation of Ambler, LeCarré and Deighton have discarded the boy scout neo-fascist trappings and have shown the cynical hardness of international espionage with the double-crossing and real-politik of governments for whom individuals are pawns in a game.

The early Ambler wrote a novel—based on the life of Basil Zaharoff, the arms merchant of death—called *The Mask of Dimitrios* in which he said, 'All I do know is that while might is right, while chaos and anarchy masquerade as order and enlightenment, these conditions will obtain.'

This shows a realistic appreciation of the function of the crime/detective novel, for based as it should be upon the realities of life, it must chronicle the corruption and sickness of society and the state without enjoying or partaking. The genteel violence of Raffles, the snobbery with violence of Dorothy L. Sayers, the sick sadism of Mickey Spillane, the snobbish and patriotic sadism of James Bond, are all symptoms of the ill-health, not a diagnosis towards a cure.

*

We have come a long way from Poe and Doyle, from the puzzle and the Problem. One may say: What has all this to do with anarchism? As Rex Stout pointed out there is a case for anarchists having no interest in the operation of the law, the punishment of crime. Anarchists have figured in crime novels. Almost always as villains—although Edgar Wallace's 'just men' have certain anarchist affinities albeit that Wallace's inconsistencies make this very vague. (Wallace himself was in Madrid during the attentat at King Alfonso's wedding and thoughts of anarchists haunted his over-fertile mind throughout his life and writings.)

It will be recalled that Doyle's Sherlock Holmes (that well-known junkie) was involved with the Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania and Chesterton the Catholic clown wrote a parable (*The Man Who Was Thursday*) in which the anarchist gang all turn out to be policemen (not so improbable) but this idea evaporated in haseous Catholic mystic flummery. Even Joseph Conrad made a thriller out of the Greenwich Park tragedy of Bourdin (*The Secret Agent*) but this story was not so simple as it seemed. Hitchcock inevitably made a film of it—called *Sabotage*.

But in the back-stretch of fiction in sensational novels George Griffith, for example, wallowed in the Le Quex, Oppenheim tradition of conquest of the world by anarchists with anthrax bombs and airships. (Recently even Walter Lacquer gave currency to the anarchist germ warfare canard. It was originally in a humorous short story by H. G. Wells in the 1900s.)

But finally and originally, it is to one of the fathers of English anarchism that we must turn for the pioneer work in a symbolic novel of suspense, pursuit and crime in *Caleb Williams: or Things as they are*. Brailsford says it 'is the

one great work of fiction in our language which owes its existence to the fruitful union of the revolutionary and romantic movements'.* Godwin described it as 'a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism by which man becomes the destroyer of man'. Brailsford writes of the novel: 'Society is a vast sounding-board which echoes the first whispers of their private folly. . . all the institutions of society and law are nicely adjusted to give the moral errors of the great their utmost scope. . . There are vivid scenes in a prison which give life to Godwin's reasoned criticism of our penal methods.'

William Godwin said that after he wrote *Political Justice* he was perplexed by what to write next. He was 'unwilling to stoop to what was insignificant. I formed a conception of a book of fictitious adventure that should in some way be distinguished by a very powerful interest. . . I bent myself to the conception of a series of adventures of flight and pursuit; the fugitive in perpetual apprehension of being overwhelmed by the worst calamities and the pursuer, by his ingenuity and resources, keeping his victim in a state of the most fearful alarm.'

GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. LIII.

WILLIAM GODWIN, ESQ.

Yonder walks William Godwin! The marks of age press heavily upon him; but there gleams out of that strange face and above that stranger figure the eye of fire which lighted up with the conceptions of *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon*. Wonderful books! Once read, not only ever remembered, but ever graven on the mind of those who know how to read. We can enter into the feeling of Lord Byron's exclamation, when, after asking Godwin why he did not write a new novel, his lordship received from the old man the answer, that it would kill him. "And what matter," said Lord Byron; "we should have another *St. Leon*."

But it was not to be. There is power, and stirring thought in *Fleetwood*, *Mundeville*, and *Cloudestry*; but they are not what Lord Byron called for. The promised *Seven Sleepers*, which was to be the conclusion of a new series of *St. Leon*, has never come; and of Godwin the novelist we suppose there is an end. Of Godwin the politician we have little good to say. He started in opposition to the received views of the world on all the most important affairs in which that world is concerned; and it is perfectly unnecessary to add, that the world beat in the end, as indeed in his case it deserved to beat. The principles of his "Political Justice," derived as it was pretended from the Bible, would, if they could have been acted upon, have subverted all the honourable relations of society, and destroyed all the ennobling or redeeming feelings of the heart. Godwin himself, as he confesses in his preface to *St. Leon*, was sorry for having insulted, in that cold-blooded and, we must say, absurd book, those charities and duties which are the links of life: we should be much surprised if he has not since repented of all the work. In his answer to Malthus, he shewed that true feelings were prevalent in his mind, though he failed in producing the fit refutation of the desperate quackery which he opposed, and which was destined to fall to destruction before the hand of Sadler. His *Thoughts on Man*, containing much that is eloquent, contain but little that is profound; and we are sorry to find, that though his scepticism on the most vital points is not so recklessly urged as in former days, it is scarcely abated. His historical work on the Commonwealth is a failure; it in reality is not superior to the schoolboy-histories which he published under the name of Edward Baldwin,—in one of which (that of Rome) he was so careful as to omit the defeat of the Cimbræ by Marius.

His personal history is not fortunate. He was originally, we believe, a preacher in some heterodox sect; but when "the lion was to lie down with the lamb," as was so beautifully brought to pass by Robespierre, and other tender-hearted dispensers of the mercies of Jacobinism, he forsook his divinity for politics. He was afterwards a bookseller, on Snow Hill, but not lucky in trade. The circumstances of his connexion with Mary Woolstonecroft his marriage and its consequences, his children and their several histories, are too well known to render it necessary that we should do more than allude to them. We may say, however, that in no man's fate was the evil of acting on wrong principles so manifested to the destruction of all that could in any relation of life confer happiness or conduce to honour. In writing *The Life of Mary Woolstonecroft*, he has done more good unintentionally than it ever could have, intentionally or otherwise, done evil. We shall not have any such lady in our literature again.

He has now taken his place in our world of authors; and we incline to think, that *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon* are the only books of his which will be remembered. His mind is not productive,—therein singularly differing from that of Sir Walter Scott, with whom alone, as a novelist of power, he of all our contemporaries can be compared. There is a want of invention even in his best books; and we can believe the current story, that *Caleb Williams* was written to illustrate a system, or to prove that a novel might be composed without reference to the passion of love. Once fairly embarked in his book, he forgot his systems; but the idea of so originating them proves that there is a deficiency in the mind. The phrenologists inform us, that the organ of veneration is wholly and most singularly absent in his head;—we do not exactly believe in phrenology; but his works prove to us, that there is some want in his intellect which operates to control the impulses of his genius.

The Whigs have had the kindness to give him a hundred a-year in some place in Somerset House, which props his declining days. They gave Mr. T. Macaulay 10,000*l.* It is well.

From "FRASERS MAGAZINE" OCT 1834.

The parable that Godwin wrote is said by some to be a novelization of *Political Justice*. Williams, the hero, unveils the crimes of Falkland (government?) and is entrapped in Falkland's power who relentlessly persecutes and pursues Williams. Williams is imprisoned. 'Man becomes /through the agency of government/ the destroyer of man.' Curiously, though, Godwin writes of Williams as being involved in Falkland's fate, feeling a certain guilt and regret for Falkland's confession and death. Walter Allen improbably puts this down to Godwin's former religious background but one would prefer to think that Godwin was moved by that reverence for life which must inform all anarchist thought, literature and action.

(cont next page)

DOWN THESE MEAN STREETS

He said, 'Every citizen has to co-operate with the police in all ways, even by physical action and especially by answering any questions of a non-incriminating nature the police think it necessary to ask. . . .'

'It works out that way,' I said. 'Mostly by a process of direct or indirect intimidation. In law no such obligation exists. Nobody has to tell the police anything, any time, anywhere.'

The homicide skipper that year was a Captain Gregorius, a type of copper that is getting rare but by no means extinct, the kind that solves crimes with the bright light, the soft sap, the kick to the kidneys, the knee to the groin, the fist to the solar plexus, the night stick to the base of the spine.

In jail a man has no personality. He is a minor disposal problem and a few entries on reports. Nobody cares who loves or hates him, what he looks like, what he did with his life. Nobody reacts to him unless he gives trouble. Nobody abuses him. All that is asked of him is that he go quietly to the right cell and remain quiet when he gets there. There is nothing to fight against, nothing to be mad at. The jailers are quiet men without authority or sadism. All this stuff you read about men yelling and screaming, beating against the bars, running spoons along them, guards rushing in with clubs---all that is for the big house. A good jail is one of the quietest places in the world. You could walk through the average cell block at night and look in through the bars and see a huddle of brown blanket, or a head of hair, or a pair of eyes looking at nothing. You might hear a snore. Once in a long while you might hear a nightmare. The life in a jail is in suspension, without purpose or meaning. In another cell you might see a man who cannot sleep or even try to sleep. He is sitting on the edge of his bunk doing nothing. He looks at you or doesn't. You look at him. He says nothing and you say nothing. There is nothing to communicate.

'You had to play the big scene,' he said coldly, 'stand on your rights, talk about the law. How ingenious can a man get, Marlowe? A man like you who is supposed to know his way around. The law is not justice. It's a very imperfect mechanism. If you press exactly the right button and are also lucky, justice may show up in the answer. A mechanism is all the law was ever intended to be.'



"THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS"

(cont) This seminal work could truly be said to be a precursor of the novel of crime and suspense bearing, as all literature must, depths beyond the mere surface in appearance of a mere tale of adventure. Its progeny have travelled far but in Chandler, Ambler, Graham Greene and Simenon, to name a few, it is trying to return to its less insignificant origins.

JACK ROBINSON.

* Probably the same claim could be made for Mary Wollestoncraft Shelley's Frankenstein.

'I'm a big bad man, Marlowe. I make lots of dough. I got to make lots of dough to juice the guys I got to juice in order to make lots of dough to juice the guys I got to juice.'



"THE LADY VANISHES"

mr. potter

There's a peculiar thing about money in large quantities, it tends to have a life of its own, even a conscience of its own. The power of money becomes very difficult to control. Man has always been a venal animal. The growth of populations, the huge cost of wars, the incessant pressure of confiscatory taxation—all these things make him more and more venal. The average man is tired and scared, and a tired, scared man can't afford ideals. He has to buy food for his family. In our time we have seen a shocking decline in both public and private morals. You can't expect quality from people whose lives are a subjection to a lack of quality. You can't have quality with mass-production. You don't want it because it lasts too long. So you substitute styling, which is a commercial swindle intended to produce artificial obsolescence. Mass production couldn't sell its goods next year unless it made what it sold this year look unfashionable a year from now. We have the whitest kitchens and the most shining bathrooms in the world. But in the lovely white kitchen the average American housewife can't produce a meal fit to eat, and the lovely shining bathroom is mostly a receptacle for deodorants, laxatives, sleeping pills, and the products of that confidence racket called the cosmetic industry. We make the finest packages in the world, Mr. Marlowe. The stuff inside is mostly junk.'

A difficult thing, being a cop. You never know whose stomach it's safe to jump up and down on.

RAYMOND CHANDLER
—all from The Long Goodbye

Scandinavia

Cont from pg 11

When the scrapping of AFID was raised at the congress, I added a further suggestion, namely that the regional groups should straddle national frontiers wherever possible, not only to underline anarchism's worldwide nature, but because, especially in two cases in these parts, natural regional units are very often sliced in two by the frontiers governments have set up.

First, let's take South Jutland. The area is a natural unit, a broad, flat, intensively agricultural region, with a lot of social, economic and other problems common to the mixed Danish and German speaking communities on both sides of that frontier which came out of the treaty of 1918 and the referendum of 1920.

Secondly, round here where I live, the Øresund region. The coasts around this narrow sea passage between the Kattegat and the Baltic and between Denmark and Sweden are populated by both farmers and industrial workers, the latter concentrated mainly in two hideous blots on the landscape known as Copenhagen and Malmö. These people have a common fight on their hands, against the further development of the Barsebäck atomic power plant near Malmö; and the two governments threaten to build the entire bastard lot up into a sort of Øresund City—"Ørestad". They have in other words more in common with each other than, for example, the Danes on the west bank have in common with those in South Jutland, or the Swedes on the east bank with those up in Stockholm or the ironmining regions north of the Arctic Circle. These reorganising plans won much support at the congress, and loud opposition from the buggers I was complaining about before. The idea of an Øresund regional federation, etc., was in many people's opinion worth a try. Then, of course, once we've got all these groups working autonomously, there's the business of getting a list of contact addresses circulating somewhere, so that people get in touch with the nearest comrades immediately, instead of all writing to Helsingør and then sitting on their arses ever after.

But where are these contact addresses going to be printed? In our purely internal monthly bulletin AFID Dialog—which is hardly read by anyone outside the movement (and which is uniformly shitty in content except when the Ribe or Aarhus mobs take their turn to produce it)? You see, we've got no external paper! Nothing we go and sell on the streets. We're in fact the only defederation in all those lands in the world where we're tolerated openly, that hasn't got an externally aimed periodical. And that is not good.

The Swedish groups have got a monthly called Brand which is a shining example of how to frighten folks away from anarchism. It concentrates entirely on the violent aspects of life, especially RAF and a whole load of other things that have got no more to do with anarchism than the Old Testament has. The flippers-out have unfortunately got a voice out of all proportion to their numbers in the Swedish federation at the moment. They nearly bugged up, for example, the protest march to Barsebäck in September. I heard the entire miserable story from the anti-nuclear energy group organiser, Jens, here in Helsingør after I got back from England. Going round with faced painted like savages and blocking both lanes of the road; well, we all remember what that sort of thing did for CND and the Vietnam movement in the eyes of the public. So I think some of us will be over there soon to have a quiet little conference with some of the more reasonable and coolheaded Swedish libertarians.

Yes, there's a lot to be done, and with things as they are, with everything from the deepening crisis to our forthcoming use of the civil court as a free platform, I think we've got a fighting chance. And balls to any adventurers who want to louse it all up. They are, after all, a product of the society we've got here, a society based, if ever a society was, on the wrong interpretation of Max Stirner.

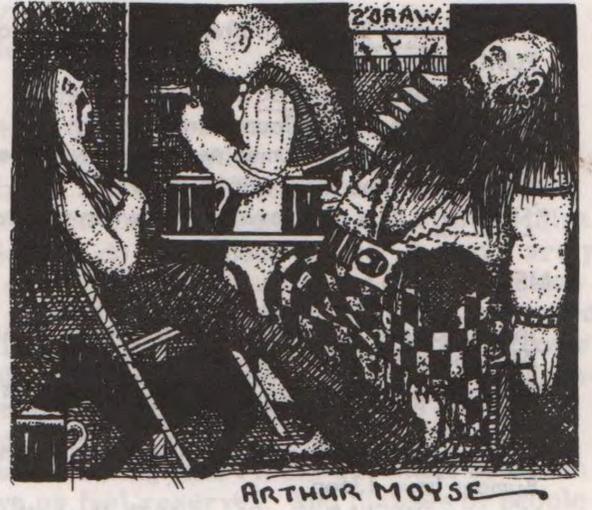
Helsingør, Denmark.

JOHN COVENEY.

*Freedom Press, 5p.

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COMRADES

ARTHUR MOYSES

PROOF?

My electromoral friend, Daedalus, feels that the political debate over human sociobiology should be enlightened by a few facts. Is the software of human behaviour, like the hardware of human structure, genetically defined? Or are people, unlike animals, moulded by self-perpetuating but modifiable cultures? Well, says Daedalus, let us test the matter by giving animals culture too. DREADCO zoologists are constructing chimpanzee societies governed by a rigid internal code. Each creature has a "radio-conscience" a remotely controlled collar by which the zoologists can give it an electric shock if it transgresses the moral code. The creatures soon learn the simple rules of their society which so far demand strict monogamy, polite table manners and the wearing of frilly bloomers. The crucial feature, however, is that mothers in this chimp society must, under pain of tele-electric punishment, bring up their children to obey the same code. The young chimps are fitted with collars too, but Daedalus hopes that they will learn mainly by the approval or disapproval of their elders. After a few generations the culture will have been firmly established by tradition, coercion and universal example. The collars will then be turned off and the zoologists will watch closely. If culture is really so powerful, the chimps will go on for many generations marrying for life, not talking with their mouths full, modestly wearing their bloomers, and teaching their young to do likewise, despite the basic chimp nature to do the opposite. If on the other hand, the whole of chimp polite society falls into ruins the moment the collars are deactivated, then culture cannot have much force. Daedalus expects a decline of Ancient Rome syndrome in which bold bad chimps successfully defy the moral law and by their example weaken it for the next generation. This unfolding saga should provide many fascinating analogies and predictions for human society—Daedalus is particularly keen to see if decadence and moral revivalism alternate or if a "priesthood" of old male chimps arises to stamp out sin in the rest—and will be watched with great interest by zoo curators seeking anew gimmick to boost their falling receipts.

from NEW SCIENTIST 8/12/77

SOLIDARITY WITH THE BOLD BAD CHIMPS!!!

We should like to remind readers that articles published in FREEDOM do not necessarily reflect the views of the editorial group.

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BERNERI

CAMILLO BERNERI's vilification of anarchist individualists, which was quoted and summarised by Michele Corsentino in FREEDOM of November 6 cannot be allowed to pass without comment.

It is noticeable that Berneri at no time gives his reasons for thinking that an anarchist and an individualist cannot be the same person. Instead he resorts to the old ad hominem method of trying to discredit ideas by attacking or insulting their advocates.

"Genuine" individualists are patronisingly dismissed by Berneri as "basically decent people" misled by the influence of such bogeymen as Stirner and Nietzsche. That a Stirnerite egoist might pay for someone's supper, not spy on people or disdain to steal the overcoat of a guest, was apparently beyond his comprehension. I mean, Berneri could have discovered this by an attentive reading of The Ego and His Own, but this would have spoiled his ad hominem argument. Like many of his academic colleagues this particular professor seemed incapable of grasping the difference between an im-moralist and an a-moralist -

the first deliberately inverting everything the moralist denominates as "bad", the second behaving according to an expediency which can at times correspond to the moralist's "good", at other times to the moralist's "bad". Indeed, Stirner explicitly warns against taking the Christian characterisation of the egoist as the correct one. So much the worse for the Berneris if they ignore him.

Since I know very little (and that from hostile sources) about Massimo Rocca's life, I do not know how true the statements by Berneri and Corsentino are. But, assuming they are right, why drag this into a discussion of individualism? I am quite sure that it would not take me long to draw up a list of "anarchist socialists" who also ended up in the "sewers of fascism", or who were "poor" (an offence), "mediocre", "thieves, spies and hack journalists."

In a controversy with Berneri in 1920 the anarchist individualist Renzo Novatore remarked on the penchant of the former for abusing his "comrades of the other shore." Had he not been killed in 1922 I am quite sure that Novatore would have had no cause to change his mind about Berneri in 1924.

S. E. PARKER