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Z revue

N°2

ITCH by Don
 A law against it.
 Regulations in force.
 Ink.



Norms against being
 Too much relaxed, alive.
 Ice.



Police to protect
 Privilege of the rich
 Iron.

Rules. Laws! The very
 Damned idea of them!
 Itch.

15p

"YOU CAN'T SUPPRESS THE NATURAL
 YEARNING OF THE HUMAN HEART FOR
 FREEDOM & WELL-BEING, HOWEVER
 MUCH TERROR &
 MURDER GOVERNMENTS
 MAY RESORT TO. YOU
 CAN'T STIFLE THE
 DEMAND OF THE TOILER
 FOR BETTER CONDITIONS.
 THE STRUGGLE GOES
 ON & WILL CONTINUE IN
 SPITE OF EVERYTHING
 LAW, & GOVERNMENT, &
 CAPITAL MAY DO."



TO Bertold Brecht, FIGHTER!

"Forgive us,
you who have an easier Time", wrote Bertold Brecht,
"For the roughness of our Voices, we who were
in the thick of blood & sorrow";
Forgive me,
if my nightmare frightens you—
these aren't much easier Times—
What is it — to forgive?
to forgive is when the gentleness wounded
by fight and fear would reassert itself,
with a desperation that leaves it weak!
Those who seek peace in War
will never find it,
but in moments rare;
to us to write not prophecies
but Epitaphs to the War of Words!

Poor Brecht! you thought we'd have
an easier Time, because you lived
in Struggle,
with the people,
But now it's legless battle
in the mind — that's Worse,
a disenchanted, mock-heroic verse!
A pain runs through my head with messages
of right and wrong,
that turn to tears and song,
by wishful fantasies transmuted
into images!

Brecht!
You State
the Fact,
the Act,
Stood proud above these decades wracked
& wrecked—
& I?

I had it easy, not so hard—
are both Victims & Fighters alike scarred?
not scarred as by Belsen, Napalm,
by silicosis, in factory or in mine—

But cut by green blade's edge
in summers warm,
by lonely nightwinds,
sharp as any thorn—
Forgive me, Love,
for saying that this life
is not as lovely
as I would make it for you!

On Sacrifice

Those who sacrifice the awareness of the NOW for the long-term
calculations or speculations of the future, deny to themselves
the VERY BEING of Life and Experience—

and so are fools!

Those who sacrifice all care for the future and all heed for the
past are like one adrift in a series of dream Visions,
nothing is lost and nothing is gained—

these likewise are fools!

Those who sacrifice all Art and Learning and Culture of our
Civilization by being concerned only with the struggles of a
Second Rate Society—OR only with survival in its harsh, material
sense, lose all sense of the basic Unity and balance of all things,
and many ideals and alternatives—

these likewise are fools!

Those who sacrifice all concern with the Struggles of here and
now and survival for general abstract knowledge of our culture
(which is endless) build a mansion on a quicksand—

and these too are fools!

He who ever thinks of sacrificing one thing to another, or ever
thinks of any action as a 'sacrifice' rather than an expression
of the urge to life within us, however he do it—

is a fool!

Our world is full of disastrous foolishness!



The ANARCHIST of Bethnal Green

A refutation of the WICKED AGITATOR, as played to enormous success at all LEADING MUSIC HALLS.

The SCENE is a poverty-stricken basement in Bethnal Green. FRANNIE is lying in bed. BILL (a ne'er-do-well anarchist agitator) enters.

BILL: Ah, Frannie, me old comrade, how are you this evening?

FRANNIE: Oh, poorly, Bill, poorly. I needs me medecine, and not a penny to buy it with.

BILL: Cursed capitalists! Did you remember to get my Guinness? Ah (swigs) great stuff - what a pity the brewers are all Tories Hard hearted villains - a woman pining for want of medecine and they going along in their carriages (swigs). A wife in a million you've been to me, my dear. When the revolution comes and everyone is equal, you'll have twice as much as the whole damn lot of 'em. When I think of you turning the mangle all day long for the idle rich while I'm out spouting to me fellow workers, it makes my blood boil. You wouldn't be lying in bed if you

This dramatic offering was sent to us by Albert Meltzer, with the note:

"As best as I recall it, this was popular in the music-halls until as late as the 1920's. Was it John Lawson who played the agitator? I have had to reconstruct most of it, but the sentiments are untouched. Would they be able to get away with it today? Perhaps so - but it is worth a laugh."

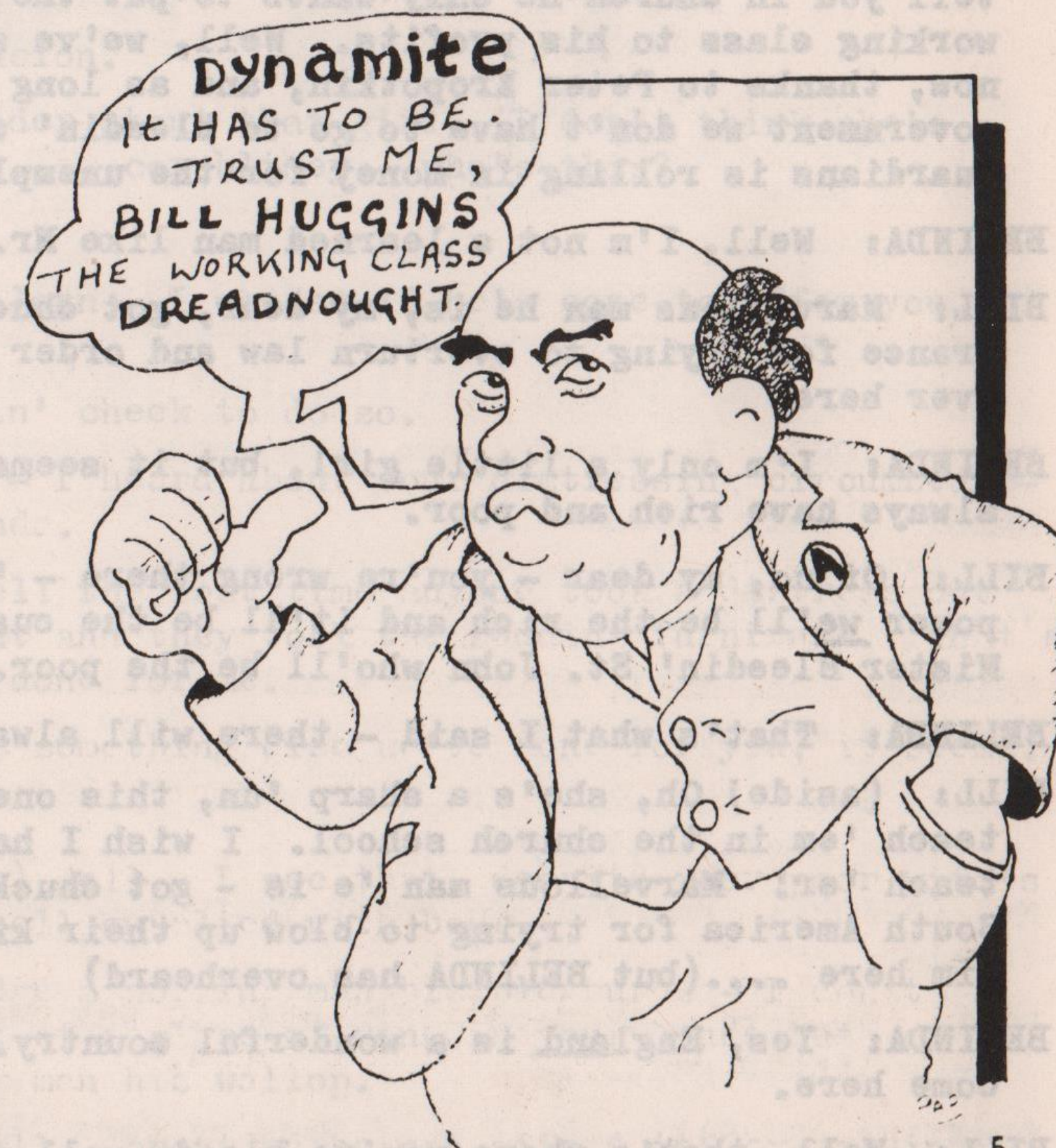
hadn't stood out in the pouring rain selling my revolutionary pamphlets while I was in the boozier talking over me comrades to stop work. But you'll be revenged just wait till I've made my bomb I'll blow 'em all up - landlords - capitalists - kings - everyone who can't show a dirty pair of hands.

FRANNIE: Ah - Bill - you'll never fail in that respect. But I sometimes wonder, Bill - is it right what we're doing - blowing up people - is it just?

BILL: Right? Of course it's right are you going stupid or something? Aint we workers and don't they give us work - or would do if we didn't have a union to fight our case for us. Oh, I see what you mean - is it right blowing them up we could carve them up into little pieces or give them poison no, it won't work. It aint practical. They keep too much to themselves. Dynamite it 'as to be. Trust me, Bill Huggins the Working Class Dreadnought (knocking heard) Oh my gord - who's that at the door?

Enter BELINDA.

BELINDA: It's only me - Belinda - can I come in?



FRANNIE: Oh, do, my little darling you always bring me good things. I don't know what I'd do without you.

BELINDA: Oh dear, is the strike still on then?

BILL: Well, it's on now permanent-like as you might say. But don't worry your little head I'll soon be making a bomb! Heheheh! Little she knows!

BELINDA: I brought some soup. Mr. St John is re-opening the factory in Vallance Road that was closed down after the last strike made it unprofitable for the management to carry on. You may be able to get work there, Mr. Huggins.

BILL: Yes, I dare say. I knows all about that. Cussed capitalist. Comes down nere to exploit the workers. Wait 'till he opens his factory, that's what I say. He'll soon find his shares are going up (aside) and his bleedin' factory.

BELINDA: Oh dear - I thought Mr. St. John was such a good kind Christian man. He always gives me money for the unemployed, and when he told us at church that he was going to open the factory we all cheered. We thought it would alleviate distress.

BILL: Work never did that, my dear (aside) only beer! They don't tell you in church he only wants to put the labour value of the working class to his profits. Well, we've seen through it all now, thanks to Peter Kropotkin, and as long as we don't want no government we don't have to go to bleedin' work - the Board of Guardians is rolling in money for the unemployed.

BELINDA: Well, I'm not a learned man like Mr. Kropotkin

BILL: Marvellous man he is, my dear, got chucked out of Russia and France for trying to overturn law and order so we invited him over here.

BELINDA: I'm only a little girl, but it seems to me you will always have rich and poor.

BILL: Of no, my dear - you're wrong there - 'cause when we 'as the power we'll be the rich and it'll be the cussed capitalists like Mister Bleedin' St. John who'll be the poor.

BELINDA: That's what I said - there will always be rich and poor.

BILL: (aside) Oh, she's a sharp 'un, this one! That's what they teach 'em in the church school. I wish I had Malatesta 'ere to teach 'er! Marvellous man 'e is - got chucked out of Italy and South America for trying to blow up their kings, so we invited him here (but BELINDA has overheard)

BELINDA: Yes, England is a wonderful country. Everybody wants to come here.

BILL: Well, that's where you're bloody well wrong, my dear -

because me and Frannie would be away like a shot if we 'ad the money. Bethnal Green aint the bloody Riviera for a person in 'er condition - nor in mine for that matter.

BELINDA: Oh - that is thoughtless of me - I was forgetting poor Mrs. Huggins health. I wonder if we could raise the money from our friends at church.

BILL: I wouldn't touch it - I wouldn't demean myself - (aside) of course she could always go along and pick it up.....

FRANNIE: I'd love to go somewhere like Australia or New Zealand and start afresh. Me sister went to one of them places - Toronto I think it was. All that hard work and fresh air....

BILL: Makes yer bleedin' shudder, don't it?

FRANNIE: But of course it would be against Bill's anarchist principles to take help from a religious organisation - otherwise we could have got the Sally Bash to have sent us. But it wouldn't be the same thing getting money from the church people - they wouldn't expect to get it back again.

BELINDA: I'll see what I can do - I hope I can do something - I'll just take my basket and go now. I hope you soon get better, Mrs. Huggins - that is - well - I.....oh, excuse me

Belinda exits in confusion.

BILL: Sometimes I wonder about that girl - I don't think she's bleedin' all there cor blimey - who's this?

Enter Mr. ST JOHN.

FRANNIE: It's Mr. St John - I wonder if he's come to offer you work.

BILL: Like his bleedin' check to do so.

Mr. ST JOHN: Huggins - I heard about your distressing circumstances from little Belinda.

BILL: Oh did you? Well the last time anyone took a distress out on me it was for rent and they took the soddin' furniture. That's what your class has done for me.

Mr. ST JOHN: There is something else we've done for you, it seems.

BILL: Oh - what?

Mr. ST JOHN: (smiling) Well - I see that, despite your poor wife's condition, you are well supplied with beer.

BILL: Oh yes - begrudge a working man his pleasures - I don't suppose you're short of a glass of wine in your house but you begrudge the working man his wallop.

Mr. ST JOHN: Not at all - provided he can afford it, by working

hard and diligently at his trade - he is entitled to his pleasures - in moderation. But not to get vilely drunk and insult his betters and put himself out of employment so that he is a prey to foreign agitators.



BILL: (pushes basket in his hands) Oh yes? I'll give you foreign agitators - take this basket (strikes match and throws into basket). And here's a little light for your darkness.

Mr. ST JOHN: Be careful man - you nearly burned a Holy Bible.

BILL: A Holy Bible?

Mr. ST JOHN: And some improving tracts.... and some teabags.... and a little bowl of soup....

FRANNIE: Oh, Bill! Bill! - that's little Belinda's basket you've shoved at Mr. St John....

BILL: Yes - and she's got mine with the bleedin' bomb! Oh my Gord - that poor little gel!

Mr. ST JOHN: Now you see where your doctrines have led you. (Runs out)

BILL: Oh Gord - Oh Gord - Frannie.... why did I ever do it? - that poor little gel....

FRANNIE: Of Bill - Bill - if Gord pardons that little gel and gets

her safe out of this, let's promise never to mix ourselves up in politics again!



BILL &

FRANNIE: Oh Gord - Gord.... pardon us.... pardon us....

BELINDA: (Enters) Oh Mr. Huggins - I've been to my father and he says he can get the church committee to get you out of the country to one of the colonies.

BILL: Oh my Gord.... what happened to your basket?

BELINDA: Well - I only had a little soup left so I thought there might be some unemployed anarchists who would want it - and as I didn't have anyone else to call on and thought that some of my pamphlets on Jesus might interest Kropotkin and Malatesta I left the basket at the Anarchist Hall - near the stove to keep the soup warm.

Mr. ST JOHN: (Enters) Thank Heaven you're safe my dear.... that basket of yours contained dynamite!

BELINDA: Oh no - oh no....

BILL: I didn't mean it for her, did I? I was only acting on behalf of the working classes - and now she's gone and damaged some of their property....

Mr. ST JOHN: But you intended to blow up the capitalists property and it is even more precious to him - not only is it worth more - it is all he has to earn his living from - not possessing the brute strength or the ready wit to gain a crust any other way. Anyway, I have brought you a real representative of the working classes.... a fine British working man - one of the best we breed - loyal to his masters; sober; reliable; steady in his duties - a man who never listens to agitators - is never unemployed - and above all never goes on strike!

BILL: Garn - there aint no such person - oh my Gord - it's a

policeman!



Mr. ST JOHN: Yes, a policeman - and you will get your just desserts - though I fear you have only been a tool in the hands of far more sinister people.

BILL: I'll do my bird willingly... I've changed - nobody don't know how.... I'll have one last swig of Guinness before I go because it's a shame to waste money but that's the last.... Frannie, my dear, wait for me - we'll bleedin' well emigrate and I'll be a new character - I'll work hard and treat you right - I can see now what a fool I've been.

BELINDA: I'll pray for you Mr. Huggins.

Mr. ST JOHN: And I'll see to it that you get work.

FRANNIE: And I'll make sure you never drink or spout again.

BILL: With friends like this around you, you can face prison easy. So goodbye to anarchism and Bethnal Bleedin' Green.



Charles HICKSON

CHRISTMAS

on this morning
not bare
or crucified with red birds

I sit alone
watching for a
heat of joy
to rise

from the road
the anticipated miracle
as told in lies
spread along time

about a green
hill stripped
ready for a
birth

loot turned
from booty
into bribes by
guilty kings

presents frightening
a killers bad
dream like
the oxen

slaughtered for
necessity I
await on empty stall

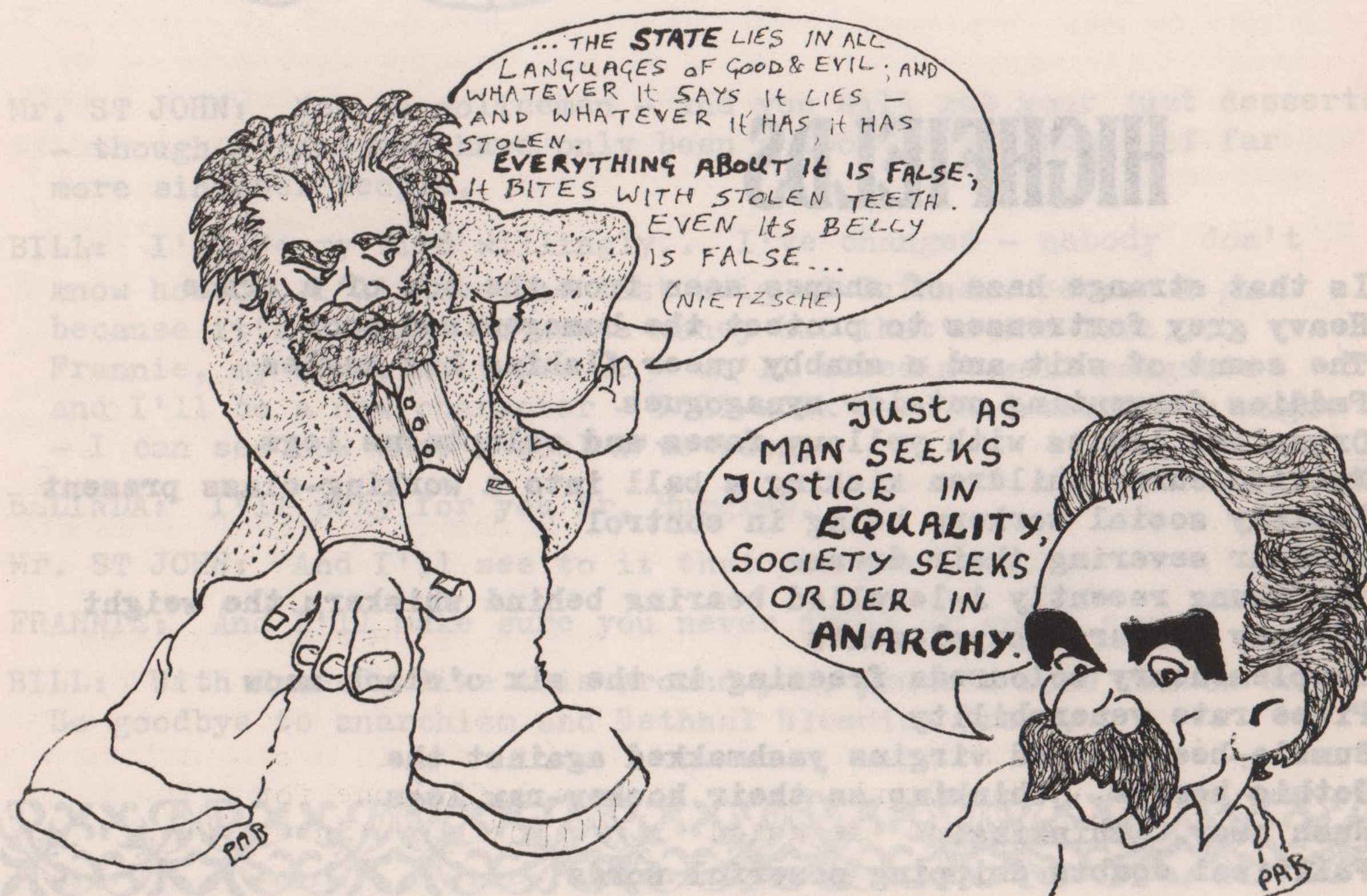
a child brainless
in the wild.

HIGHFIELDS

Is that strange haze of shapes seen from the top of a crane
Heavy grey fortresses to protect the homogenised poor
The scent of shit and a shabby queer flshing his ankles
Paddies fermenting outside synagogues
Organised ladies with yellowy faces and voluptuous legs
Multicoloured children kicking a ball into a working-class present
Healthy social workers being in control
candour severing their dreams
The young recently A-levelled bearing behind whiskers the weight
of many coloured supplements
Supplementary coloureds freezing in the six o'clock snow
Piece rate venerability
Bumble-bee striped virgins yashmacked against the
Gothic horror. Thinking as their hockey-raw legs
Rush away. Thinking!
Politieal doubts dripping powerful words

into middle class neckties
 Nice lady social workers in tinted glasses keeping
 golden wings folded away in their handbags
 Adventure playgrounds being adventurous in riskless non-play areas
 Sikh women floating through the Sunday morning like coloured paper
 Minds dancing behind a hippy
 Blood and bruises bearing a harmless angel
 Men of God and dollybirds zooming around six feet above us
 Pilgrims and panthers pinning cliches to the peeling air
 The old being old, the necessary embarrassment
 The rest of us wringing out our wounds for
 the sun to return.

Note - Highfields is a red-bricked late nineteenth century housing area of Leicester inhabited by a few fading remnants of its one time lower-middle-class gentility; a small West-Indian population; a large Asian population; some working-class natives (and a few of us middle-class ones); assorted students, whores and general riff-raff like cops and social workers (the latter don't actually live here but its a great place to try out your ideas).



Lillian WOLFE

LILLIAN'S VOICE AGAIN

I cannot say much about prison life as I was in hospital. The only other prisoner I came in contact with, and very briefly, was the prisoner in the next cell, who was made to clean my cell. She took the opportunity to pinch my hairpins. She had a young baby. One day the baby started yelling. One of the wardresses shouted up to her to stop it, which she immediately did. I suppose she gave it an extra feed. There was only one person who was really horrible. It was the clergyman. Perhaps he hated me because I was an atheist. One day he came in and shouted at me that I was German. After that I lived in terror that they would deport me to Germany, and I might never see Tom again. Woolf, as I spelt my name then, really can be a German one, but my father always said that the family originally came from Holland. Anyway it had been around in Liverpool for a long time. Life was boring. I was always afraid I would finish my library book before the next one was due. I was even driven to read the bible. That was always available. After a while I asked if I could do some sewing and they gave me some muslin bags to make. I was under the impression that they were cushion covers for the creche. They were twelve or fourteen inches square. I discovered that they were tea bags to make the prison tea. They thought I was quite mad because I asked for some of the water into which they had boiled all the goodness of the cabbages they gave us. They catered for my vegetarianism to the best of their ability and I got an apple a day. They happened to be nice colourful ones, so I kept them all day so as to have something pretty to look at. If I left any food they became alarmed as they were afraid I would fast like some of the Suffragettes had done. Often when I returned to the cell after exercise or a bath I found my bedclothes scattered all over the floor. They had been searching. There was no mirror. The only time I saw my face was in the bath taps. After my release I went to see Tom. Poor man! He was terribly upset at the indignity of having to talk to me through close wire mesh. The first words of the girl who came to meet me when I was released were to tell me of the suicide of one of my best friends, of whom I was very fond.

The only effect this prison experience had on my attitude towards life and politics was to make me, if anything, more strongly anarchist than before. After the trial there was no Black Maria available, so I was sent to Holloway in a cab with a woman who was up for drunkenness. We were left alone for a few minutes on arrival, and she asked me if I had any 'Snow'. The

current name for dope of some sort I discovered later.

When it became evident that our group in the Civil Service Socialist Society were anarchists we decided to start a paper to be called The Voice Of Labour. There had been a paper before with this title. We had a meeting to decide how to start it. One comrade, Mabel Hope, who was a very able writer, had been in touch with Tom Keell, and he came to the meeting with a watching brief for 'Freedom'. We were all very inexperienced in such matters, and we talked and talked without being able to come to any conclusions. We were feeling very frustrated when Tom got up and in a few words put it all straight for us. I said to the comrade next to me; 'Why couldn't that man have spoken before?' I felt quite annoyed with him. So those were my first feelings for him! But we soon became great friends and he used to come and see me in a nice little flat I had at that time. Then one of the boys and I determined to start a Communal House instead of us all paying individual rents, and we found a suitable one in Meeklenburg Street, WCl, where Tom soon joined us.

I found him the first man with whom I could discuss everything in life. He used to work at Freedom Press until very late, sometimes till midnight. After he joined us at Marsh House I used to have a meal ready for him, and then we used to wash up together and talk. Before he joined us the only meals he had at the office were bread and cheese and tea. His only property then was a small tin trunk containing books and photographs. We went for country walks together, and the more we saw of each other the more our affection grew, and was finally expressed on top of a bus coming back from a walk. He always lived very simply in all ways, only taking from Freedom funds enough to enable him to work there with no salary at all. He was never comfortably off until he took his pension from his union, and only then because we lived at Whiteways Colony, and he grew most of our food as we were vegetarians. When I first knew him I used to go when I left work and do the accounts for him, so I knew how hard up Freedom Press always was, and how hard he worked. As a compositor he was noted for being able to do this work without mistakes, whilst at the same time carrying on a spirited discussion with a comrade.

The happiest days of my life were the twenty years we had together till he died. My most miserable days were those I spent with my sister when she became ill and the doctor said she must never again live alone. So I had to suddenly leave Freedom Press, then at Fulham, and live with her in a Cheltenham flat she had just bought. She had become a very selfish old woman, five years older than me. It was hard to realise that she was the nice, kind, older sister she had been to me when we were young.

For a truly happy love-life it must include the same ideas and interests in general, but with much tolerance where they differ at times. Love without companionship is not love. It is only sex. It will not last. Why should it?

I don't feel particularly old and never did. I have been very lucky. Good health since I became a vegetarian, and a constant interest in life since I realised that I was an Anarchist. The only time I feel really old is when people insist on helping me. I certainly won't want to go on if I become unable to look after myself, but I don't think this will happen to me.

I think I was born an Anarchist and events in my life just enabled me to realise that that was what I was. The first time I remember doing a definite Anarchist thing was when I was in the Civil Service Union. I saw very clearly that the Executive Officers of our branch discouraged rather than encouraged us to attend meetings. This meant no opposition to them! So when at a yearly conference a girl came and asked me to stand for the Executive I consented and was elected. And there I saw more clearly still what was going on. These men really aped politicians. So, for the next conference I had a leaflet printed saying what was going on. These men really set up as leaders. The leaflet ended: "So if you want to be led please don't vote for me." And they didn't.

I first began to help Freedom Press when it was at Ossulton Street where I helped with the book work in the evenings when still at the Post Office. When it moved to Willesden and Ludgate Hill I addressed wrappers for Freedom and helped send them out. When at Cheltenham and Stroud we lived at Whiteway Colony and I helped Tom (Keell) with reading the proofs. In 1941 the Freedom Group in London had a bookshop in Red Lion Passage which was completely destroyed by an incendiary bomb. They then went to a large flat in Belsize Road and in 1943 when I retired I joined them there, looking after the flat and doing office work. After a time they asked me to take charge of the Freedom Bookshop in Bristol. I stayed four months until they found another comrade to do it. Later on, three of the comrades were arrested, charged with conspiracy and disaffection, and sentenced to nine months imprisonment. The landlord gave us notice. Our next move was to Red Lion Street where we remained from 1945 to 1960 when the lease ran out. The premises were sold and the new landlord put up the rent from £4 to £20 a week. Of course we couldn't possibly afford that. Our next move was to Fulham where we stayed until 1967 when we moved to our present

premises at Whitechapel.

Someone really ought to write a history of Freedom Press with proper research into personnel, work, publications etc.. It would be well worthwhile."

DEFYING THE ACT - being extracts from an article that appeared in The Daily News for June 26th 1916

At Clerkenwell Police court on Saturday Thomas H. Keell and Lilian Gertrude Woolf, were summoned, for that, on April 21, they did unlawfully and contrary to the Defence of the Realm (Consolidation) Regulations make certain statements in the form of a leaflet, headed "The Voice of Labour," dated April 15, and containing an article entitled "Defying the Act," which said statements were likely to prejudice the recruiting and discipline of H. M. Forces.

Keell was further summoned for that in preparing to print for publication a statement headed "The Irish Rebellion" he did act preparatory to unlawfully attempting to cause sedition and disaffection amongst the civilian population.....

Counsel read the article, "Defying the Act" at length. It was an attack on conscription as "the greatest triumph for military despotism unparalleled in modern history." It concluded, "Let us be outlaws, and out on the Scottish hills live the free life of outlaws.".....

Keell said he did not wish to deny anything said or written by him. As an anarchist he denied that Governments were for the benefit of the people but for a small ruling class. He denied the right of the so-called State to compel a man to be a soldier whether he considered it right or not. "Honourable," "learned," and "gallant" gentlemen had lied about conscription, and some people were banded together, even in the Scottish hills, to resist the Act. He denied the right - he could not deny the might - of the State to take his body, but his imprisonment would not alter the point of view of comrades.

Mr. Bros fined the woman £25, with the alternative of two months imprisonment, she saying she should not think of paying the money. On the second summons it was suggested that Keell preached an extension of the Irish Revolt. This, he said, might have been cancelled.

Mr. Bros said the second summons was not proved. On the first summons he imposed a fine of £100 or three months.

Nigel GRAY

CRUCIFIXION

To Rev. Nicholson, rector of the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Burghfield and leading member of the National Front.

Are you advertising
a crucifixion
outside your church this Easter
have you found
a suitable
long haired
bearded man
in strange clothes
who talks to animals and children
who loves people
black or white
indiscriminately
who doesn't work
who preaches love
who teaches the poor
and helps those in need
who is a poet
like Blake
iconoclast
and prophet
like Blake
who wrote Jerusalem
the battle hymn of the revolution
who hates
like Blake
the poverty of the rich
and the religion
of churchmen
like you
who believe in white supremacy
in the rule of the elite
who use the name of Christ
to spread disease
for every word you spew
from your pulpit
is a thorn
in the mind
of faith

every sentence you evacuate
into your church magazine
is a spear in the side
of hope
every time you vomit
white is right
you pound another nail into the
extended palm

of charity
your hate
can break the body
of good
and spill the blood
of love
and your kiss of betrayal
the kiss of death

This Easter there will be
a crucifixion
at your church
and as you tear the flesh
as you splinter the bone
of the long haired man
who whispers
love
will recognition light in your
eye
or with his body so contorted
his features so distorted with
pain
will you see only the ugliness
and spit in his face.

Old Bailey DIARY

Trial in Court-I2 of I4 Pacifists accused of both
Incitement to Disaffection & Conspiracy.

Monday 29th Sept.

Stand outside the Old Bailey in middle of picket: selling Peace News & Freedom to solicitors, journalists and passing workers. On banners & leaflets 'Drop the Conspiracy Charges: Defend Free Speech.' Security tight because of Guildford Pub-bombs' Trial.

Tuesday 30th.

Sit inside Public Gallery. Like a theatre. Even down to 'prompters' who look like men from the DPP (Department of Public Prosecutions.) Finely clipped moustaches; military looking gentlemen who may well turn out to be from some section of Army Intelligence seconded to Special Branch? I noticed their large desknotebooks were WD stock. (War Department issue). Judge naturally sits on high. Defendants opposite in Dock - guarded by Her Majesty's Prison Officers', one either side.....and this for defendants who are not on remand. This practice must surely influence some members of jury into believing they must be guilty of something otherwise why the uniformed men? Some Seventy-Seven jurors 'challenged' by defendants - rejected! Just by quick snap judgement. No questions allowed by judge, not even 'Is any member of your family serving in the Armed Forces at present?' All they could do was reject the dodgery, ex-army, 'do your duty' types. Their chosen jury includes 5 women and 4 African/Asians. Solicitors & Barristers number some twentyfour ... Defence Counsel include Larry Grant from the NCCL (National Council for Civil Liberties, Kings Cross Road, WCI) Lord Gifford & Louis Blom-Cooper.

Wednesday October 1st.

Prosecutor trying to establish 'ringleaders' - I wonder was it coincidence that Bill Hetherington got charged with trying to 'seduce sailor from his duty' or was the 'sailor' planted on his train? This happened after the initial charges of the I4 and could well be to bolster the 'leader' behind the scenes theory! In evening went to Albert Hall for concert of Chilean music. Sold papers and handed out hundreds of leaflets, shouting out 'Conspiracy Trial leaflet: Some Information For Discontented Soldiers in current issue of Peace News! Given free ticket for concert! Some Spanish people chant out 'Franco Assassino' and cry taken up by most people so that it rang around Queen Victoria's Albert. Chilean music taking

the same role as, say, Mikis Theodorakis modern bouzouki music has for Greece. Political, based on traditional folk music, but a new form and spirit.

Thursday 2nd.

Judge rules that the Pat Arrowsmith case - where similar leaflet was used - Some Information For British Soldiers - can be cited and that it is relevant to this case - where the I4 have been giving away copies of Some Information For Discontented Soldiers! Pat was recognised and supported by Amnesty International as a political prisoner. According to the prosecutor: "Not simply a question of having leaflet but intent to distribute it" - yet again: "There's no reason why soldiers shouldn't be informed of legal rights." Certainly, but in practice it is doubtful whether they are, except and unless they kick up such a fuss to get out that they find out about rights and procedures to leave the armed forces: and this they will more than likely find out from pacifist groups like the Central Board for Conscientious Objectors - from At Ease or British Withdrawal from Northern Ireland Campaign; 5 Caledonian Road, LONDON N.1.

And of course this is the very reason that the Campaign exists: because if troops were fully aware of their rights they would often take up the option of not continuing their service - they would refuse to fight in Northern Ireland for example.

The trial goes on, and is likely to keep on going on for two months or more. You can help in very simple and practical ways:-

1. By contacting the Defence Campaign at Box 69, 197 Kings Cross Road, LONDON. WCI for leaflets, posters and badges.
2. Organize local meetings - get the Defence Campaign to help get speakers.
3. Write to the British Withdrawal from Northern Ireland Campaign (5 Caledonian Road, LONDON, N.1. for leaflets, literature, copies of 'offensive' leaflet!

These eleven men and three women have put their bodies on the line - well the State has decided to prosecute them: and also for 'Conspiracy' a monstrous charge of open-ended sentence upto 'Life'. Where you only have to be seen to be acquainted through an address list or being friend of someone who has committed or simply has the intent to commit a 'crime'! (See NCCL pamphlet: Whose Conspiracy. (50p) 186, Kings Cross Rd, London WCI)

ABSENT FRIENDS

Every country in the world has political prisoners, people who are serving prison sentences because of what they believe in, or because of what they have done as a result of their beliefs. The following selection has been made from those political prisoners in the British Isles whose sentences were imposed because they allegedly carried out acts against the state.

In July 1974 three Irish anarchists were sentenced for various offences; armed robbery, possession of firearms, possession of explosive substances, conspiring to cause explosions.

Bob Cullen got a 7 year sentence; Desie Keane a 5 year sentence; Columba Longmore a 4 year sentence. Including their time on remand before and during their trial they have all been inside for nearly 2 years now, but they all remain quite cheerful and resolute. All are avid readers and will be glad to receive any books - which prison regulations require to be new, not secondhand. They are also grateful to receive glossy magazines like Mayfair/Penthouse sort. They can also receive letters with no snarl-ups' to any or all of them at:

Military Detention Barracks
Curragh Camp
Co. Kildare
Eire.

Also the following are serving 10 year sentences imposed after the two 'Angry Brigade' trials. Jake Prescott was sentenced to 15 years in December 1971 for conspiracy to cause explosions. This was later reduced on appeal to 10 years. after the second 'Angry Brigade' trial resulted in the following sentences, all imposed in December 1972 and all for 'conspiracy to cause explosions.'
Jim Greenfield- 10 years: John Barker-10 years: Anna Mendelson-10-years: Hillary Creek -10 years.

None of these five was found guilty of causing any explosions, simply of conspiring to cause them! It is a fine legal point, but it can be argued that it is not legal to find somebody guilty of conspiracy if they are found not guilty on the substantive charges. (However Dennis Warren, the last Shrewsbury Picket 'leader', was also found guilty only on the conspiracy charge; and the current trial of 14 pacifists for 'conspiracy to incite disaffection' among the troops has already seen the prosecution establish that

'conspiracy' can be tried whether a substantive charge is put or not!)

You can write to these comrades, though letters are not certain to get through to them, due to varying interpretations at different prisons.

Jake Prescott
H.M. Prison
Hedon Road
HULL, Yorks.

Jim Greenfield
H.M. Prison
Wakefield
Yorks.

John Barker
H.M. Prison
Long Lartin
Worcestershire.

Anna Mendelson & Hillary Creek, H.M. Prison, Holloway, London N7.

There is a Welfare Committee to look after the long-term needs of these prisoners during their sentences. Contributions of cash and books to:-

Stoke Newington Five Welfare Committee,
Box 252,
240 Camden High Street, London NW1.



From: J.W.

"Colin Ward remarks in his interesting article on being an ex-editor that, "I imagine that the members of the Freedom Group for example would retort that they would be happy to relinquish their responsibilities if they had found a replacement team really likely to take them over responsibly, previous attempts not having been happy." One wonders what

he means and whether what he imagines is a way of putting his own view across. It reminds me of colonialists' remarks about Africa: 'We gave that chap Nkrumah independence but he showed little responsibility; became a bloody dictator. So how can you expect us to leave Kenya and Rhodesia, just to let the rabble take over! We'd go, of course, if we thought these people, who are little more than children you know, would carry out their responsibilities in the way we define them!' Well?"

BOOK REVIEWS

Phil Ruff



EL QUICO

SABATE: GUERRILLA EXTRAORDINARY by Antonio Tellez
translated by Stuart Christie.
Davis-Poynter. £3.50
Cienfuegos Press Bookclub Ed. £2.35

When Professor Hobsbawm devoted a chapter of his book on Bandits to Francisco Sabate Llopart few in Britain had heard the name before. In Spain 'El Quico' Sabate was already a legend. Hobsbawm's character was an 'ideological gun-fighter' to be compared with the outlaws of the American West and Spain's own Don Quixote in order to bolster up the author's marxist arguments against anarchist resistance fighters. Until the appearance of Franco's prisoner written by one of Sabate's contemporaries, Miguel Garcia, nothing existed in English to counter that view. Now, at last, the original source of Hobsbawm's facts is also available to set matters right. Following the fascist victory in Spain, Franco set about completing the physical destruction of all working-class organisations. With their unions smashed and most of their comrades dead, imprisoned or forced into exile, those that remained inside Spain were pushed into a clandestine existence. The slow, secret process of rebuilding the CNT within the factories began immediately after Franco's seizure of power. It has been repressed again and again since then, but is still continuing to regain its strength today. Faced with physical attacks by the state, the Spanish militants had either to resist or be guilty of aiding their own destruction by virtue of

their in-action. It was in this situation of repression that the armed resistance, of which Sabate was a part, arose.

Sabate never considered himself an elitist opposing the mass action of the working-class, as his critics accuse.

"Sabate's aim was always clearly defined - to act! It never crossed his mind to create his own organization to compete with the parent body. Sabate belonged body and soul to the CNT, and his only desire was to make it an effective tool of the class struggle - returning to it the strength it should never have lost." (p.116)

Neither did he delude himself that his actions were the vanguard of the revolution. His life proved, as Stuart Christie points out in the introduction to the book, that urban guerillas "... are the rearguard and know only too well that the army of the revolution can only be the workers themselves. The most they can do is cover up the attacks made on the people in retreat."

If Tellez's book points to any single flaw in Sabate's struggle, it is the fact that he clung to the 'legal' CNT in exile (as distinct from the militants still inside Spain) too closely. It took the deaths of many of the best resistance fighters before the combat groups finally learnt that they could only exist effectively by relying on their own autonomy.

But having learnt the lesson well, Sabate went on fighting with increased vigour, expropriating banks to finance the struggle, spreading propaganda and hitting at the Francoist ruling-class unceasingly until he became the most hated and feared enemy of Franco. Tellez's book is full of the most amazing examples of Sabate's determination to hit back. Not only armed actions but acts which by their very audacity ridicule the fascist dictatorship - riding through the streets of Barcelona in a taxi distributing anti fascist leaflets by mortar during a visit by Franco; arriving at factories to play tape-recorded speeches to their workers; striking at the very heart of tyranny. All the time showing the Spanish people that the possibility to defend themselves still existed. Demonstrating that "... the individual is never helpless; the possibility of rebelling and defending an idea which one considers to be just, is always present, even in the most unfavourable and adverse conditions..." (Tellez)

Tellez's book is not intended either as a biography of Sabate or a psychological study. The author claims only that it is a cameo for future writers to fill in the details. What it does is to sketch the struggle of the Spanish resistance, reflected through one of its most courageous pioneers, as it really is. The story of 'El Quico' is the story of a struggle that is still going on today, neglected by those on the 'package deal' left who claim to be the

future harbingers of a free society, but as resolute as ever to win.

To those who choose to ignore the struggle in Spain, the words of Sabate himself:

" Words can never be substituted for actions. If you love freedom above all else then you must be prepared to fight for it, unceasingly and untiringly, and, if necessary die for it. "

Until a more complete account of the resistance is written Sabate is the best introduction to the subject available.

John BOOTH

You know there's a WAR on?

'THE BODYGUARD' & 'WARTIME' by Adrian Mitchell

Adrian Mitchell writes brilliant, funny, smocking stories which shake you up and make you think.

Len Rossman, the 'Bodyguard' in the earlier book, protects Top People in a fascist England of the future. He thinks he's the best in the business, and still thinks so as every assignment fails, again and again, more and more spectacularly. Society is cracking up and Rossman is the last to see it. Outside every city live the armies of 'subverts', hiding in the piled-up rubbish of capitalism and striking ever harder at Rossman's world. Rossman's last job turns out to be his biggest failure and he is captured by subverts - among them his own admired boss - as the revolution triumphs all over Europe.

Mitchell paints a grim picture of the way society could develop, with ordinary people under the heel of an alliance of thugs, bishops and Tories. But the ultimate feeling is optimistic, since the State is not after all invulnerable.....

'Wartime', his more recent novel, hangs a question mark over the future - and exposes the present as well as anything I've read lately. A mad Tory colonel catches three boys poaching on his estate and persuades them to avoid punishment by playing a stalking game in which one of them, Jack, loses an eye. The colonel then shoots himself rather than face the publicity. Lorna, the colonel's daughter, devotes her life to revenge on the three boys.

She destroys Jack through pity - taking him in; sleeping with him; playing on his fears of the bomb; and drugging him into total mind-

less submission.

She destroys Rodney through flattery - admiring his poetry; pulling strings to get 'good' jobs for him; marrying him; and making him her creature - an unwitting tool of the ruling class.

With Mike she fails. Mike goes through the CND into revolutionary politics and eventually rescues Jack from Lorna's clutches.

'Wartime' is a good novel and an accurate description of how the working class responds to its exploitation in capitalist society. Mike is everybody who rebels, who is aware of the exploitation, and who fights to overthrow capitalism. Rodney is everybody who sells out, tempted by money and comfort and status - becomes a part of the ruling class and despises those who don't do likewise. Jack is the most terrifying - being everybody who accepts things the way they are because they are too beaten, too dulled, to question anything - drugged into accepting servility because they can't even see that they are slaves.

'Wartime' leaves the future open - will the ruling class continue to exploit the rest of us - or will we wake up and throw the parasites off our backs - Mitchell doesn't say here. But this book describes beautifully the war in which we are all fighting for life - the class war of capitalism that gives the book its title.

GEORGE WOODCOCK

A Plausible ANARCHY

Anarchy In Action - Colin Ward. (Allen&Unwin)
Hardback £3.50. Paperback £1.75

Colin Ward's tone in Anarchy in Action is quiet, self-effacing; there is no stridently individual style, no attempt at proselytization, but merely a reasonable voice revealing our matters that immediately appear self-evident; the effort is less to convince than to persuade, and less to persuade than to point out. Yet the voice persists, the reasonableness controls and consolidates its statements, and in the end we have a result not unlike Ward's achievement during his ten years of editing Anarchy, which his hardly visible hand shaped into the best of all English-language anarchist periodicals and perhaps the best of all anarchist periodicals without any territorial or historical qualification.

There is a link between

tone and style of writing and quality of political thought which Orwell very clearly indicated in Nineteen Eighty-Four and in essays like Politics and the English Language: using the term 'political' in its broad Orwellian definition (though personally I would prefer 'civil') one finds in Anarchy in Action a very clear relation between the way of writing, the way of thought, and the vision created in the reader's mind by the conjunction of writing and thought. The quiet writing manner, plain yet strong in speech, suits the cast of thought, which is devoid of the baroque illusions of power or of the hope of society changed not by the enunciation of some new and dramatic myth, of some utopian promise, but by the undramatic use of what lies to hand already in our lives. "If you want to build a free society", Ward remarks, "the parts are all to hand."

Essentially, Anarchy in Action is a manual on how to recognize the parts that are to hand. It is not a history of direct action, or an attempt to survey intensively all the ways in which the spontaneous constructiveness of human beings has manifested itself in society since the beginning of history. That was largely done, in an unco-ordinated way, by nineteenth-century anarchists and by the libertarian-orientated anthropologists and sociologists who were their contemporaries. It was perhaps done too enthusiastically and too naively, since we now know that many primitive peoples whose societies seemed to offer much scope for spontaneous action because of their lack of rigid political structures were in fact rather tightly circumscribed by patterns of custom and taboo not easily evident to those who first observed them from the outside.

A realization of the simplistic character of so many early anarchist descriptions of primitive and peasant societies, and a recognition that later nineteenth-century anarchists (with a few shrewd exceptions like Malatesta) were inclined to cloud their perceptions of social realities with apocalyptic hopes, has introduced into Anarchy in Action a modifying tone.

One can hardly call it caution, since Ward never at any point retreats from the essentially anarchist view which argues the superiority of a free over a bound society. "There is an order imposed by terror", he says, "there is an order enforced by beaurocracy (with the policemen in the corridor), and there is an order which evolves spontaneously from the fact that we are gregarious animals capable of shaping our destiny. When the first two are absent, the third, an infinitely more human and humane form of order, has an opportunity to emerge."

But one can call it realism, for it is an essential honesty in the link between his perception and his statement that leads him to remark ironically that "the lutte finale exists only in the words of a song", and later to tell us that "an anarchist society is improbable, not because anarchy is unfeasible, or unfashionable, or unpopular, but because human society is not

like that, because, as Malatesta put it 'we are, in any case, only one of the forces acting in society' "

Realism of this kind is far from being an abdication of anarchist aims and principles, though it is an abdication of those anarchist 'ideals' which are embodied in the vision of a transforming revolution leading to a libertarian utopia from which some of our comrades in the past have suffered. It also involves, quite explicitly, a refusal to become involved in "the two great irrelevancies of discussion about anarchism: the false antitheses between violence and nonviolence and between revolution and reform".

It is not that Colin Ward is afraid to take a stand on such matters. He is not - though he seems to respect the achievements of satyagraha - a pacifist, and he insists that "a distinction has to be made between the violence of the oppressor and the resistance of the oppressed". But the idea of violence as an inevitable and desirable part of anarchist action he clearly rejects, just as he rejects the idea that all anarchist action must be revolutionary. He is ready to explore "those social changes, whether revolutionary or reformist, through which people enlarge their autonomy and reduce their subjection to external authority".

And, indeed, he could hardly take any different view, since what he is telling us is that much that would constitute the infrastructure of an anarchist society is already present, in latent or active form, in our apparently non-anarchist society. This makes him the opposite of the thinkers who tend to regard anarchism as a destination on the horizon that will never be reached. His whole point is that anarchism talks not of a never-to-be-reached ideal, but of a basic human tendency which may never be wholly fulfilled, but which is always present and which may be cultivated so that its part in our lives will increase. Given such a view, those who say that anarchism can be advanced only by the apocalyptic act of revolution are clearly talking nonsense; reforms that widen the area of autonomous action are clearly anarchistic in their effects.

Throughout Anarchy in Action runs a strong current of counter-argument to those who claim that society has now become too complex for the simple means of anarchy. On the contrary, Ward constantly suggests, it is authority and its institutions that seek to simplify society for their own convenience and in doing so to negate its richness and to frustrate the harmony that "results not from unity but from complexity". "Anarchy is a function, not of society's simplicity and lack of social organization, but of its complexity and multiplicity of social organizations."

Having made this point, Ward does not proceed to elaborate on the complexity and multiplicity. His aim is to suggest rather than to state, to provoke us to discover anarchy around us rather than to describe its incidence in detail.

He devotes chapters to the general discussion of such areas of anarchy in present-day life as worker's control and mutual aid as a substitute for organized welfare. He shows how governmental planning has intensified the very ills of social alienation it set out to correct, and how institutionalization has actually made criminals and lunatics and rendered old people senile and young people stupid; where libertarian solutions to the same problems - admittedly up to now on a limited scale - have had the opposite effect. He points to the steady growth of the awareness that the real problem facing society is "how to provide people with the opportunity they yearn for, the chance to be useful", and in describing the attitudes of the anti-institutionalists in the field of social re-creation, he defines the essential features of the libertarian alternative society that has in fact been growing up around us in so many directions during the past decade.

"The key words in their vocabulary have been love, sympathy, permissiveness, and instead of institutions they have postulated families, communities, leaderless groups, autonomous groups. The qualities they sought to foster are self-reliance, autonomy, self-respect, and as a consequence, social responsibility, mutual respect and mutual aid."

Throughout Anarchy in Action runs the implication that it is by their results that we must judge activities; if they tend to liberate people they are socially good and if they tend to constrain them they are socially bad. It is interesting to observe that this has led Ward to a neo-Proudhonian attitude on the question of property, so that he views with approval the fact that an owner-occupier of a house will care for it while a tenant will not, and goes on to say: "People care about what is theirs, what they can modify, alter, adapt to changing needs and improve for themselves. They must be able to attack their environment - to make it truly their own. They must have a direct responsibility to it." Proudhon's distinction between possessing for use, and the freedom and security it gives a man, and owning for exploitation is basic to practical anarchism, and one welcomes Ward's realistic acceptance of it.

Few examples are introduced of anarchy in present action, but these are striking ones, and presented so skillfully that every reader will find himself thinking of instances in his own life where, in little, anarchy has established itself. I found several coming to my own mind, virtually unbidden. I thought of the tale Fijian dockworkers had told me in 1972 on the waterfront in Suva. The previous year they and the men on the inter-island freighters had decided to go on strike against their working conditions. They had no union organization and no strike funds, since they were earning less in a week than a Vancouver docker in a day, and the big Australian stevedoring & shipping companies imagined the strike would collapse in a few days. What the White employers

had failed to take into account was the native tradition of mutual aid. Dockers in Suva had strong links with their villages and still belonged to the traditional land-holding lineage groups called 'matangalis', and what happened was that the members of the matangalis who had remained on the land every day sent food by the truckload down into Suva to feed their fellow clansmen, and in this way a tribal tradition of mutual aid defeated the authoritarian organization of the employers, for after two months it was the stevedoring & shipping companies who gave in and made an acceptable offer. I thought also of the dozens of small co-operative publishing houses and of co-operative literary magazines that I had encountered in Canada during the past five years. I thought of a small society to which I have belonged in Vancouver for the past thirteen years which has co-ordinated aid to self-help communes among Tibet refugees in India; the affairs of that society had been run without paid officials, and on the basis of discussion among active members, with decisions reached by consensus and not a vote taken in thirteen years.

I am sure that almost any reader of Anarchy in Action will similarly realize that he lives in a world where libertarian forms of action are constantly manifested, and that far from ending such manifestations, the gigantism of modern authority is encouraging them, for as Ward remarks: "The very growth of the state and its bureaucracy, the giant corporation and its privileged hierarchy, are exposing their vulnerability to non-co-operation, to sabotage, and to the exploitation of their weaknesses, by the weak. They are also giving rise to parallel organizations, which exemplify the anarchist method."

Anarchy in Action, as Ward points out, is not an entirely original work; Gustave Landauer, Paul Goodman and others have already outlined its essential idea which is, as Goodman put it, "the extension of spheres of free action until they make up most of social life". But nobody before him has encouraged the exploration of the free society present and growing among us as he did when he edited Anarchy, and Anarchy in Action puts the question more directly, and charts the area of study more clearly than any book has done before. It will become, I believe, a truly seminal book in the sense that it is likely to inspire a whole series of works exploring areas of the field and also to inspire a great deal of action that goes beyond writing. Do not be deceived by its modesty of approach. It is a major book, and, with Herbert Read's Education Through Art; Alex Comfort's Authority & Delinquency in the Modern State; and Communitas by Paul & Percival Goodman, together with some other essays by Paul Goodman, it stands among the few but important works of theoretical extension that have appeared among anarchists during the past generation.

Thanks:

Our grateful thanks to friends and comrades who helped us pay for the printing of Z No. 1 and to those who have subscribed so far - we need more money and more subs - can you help?

Other friends have helped by taking bulk orders or by getting the mag into shops - bulk 'sale-or-return' rate is 11p per copy.

Meanwhile the following magazines and papers helped us to launch Z-revue by giving free publicity or have sent us copies of their papers - we hope to review some of these in due course.

LUDD'S MILL - Committed poetry/prose magazine from Yorkshire. 10p per copy + post from Steve Sneyd, 4 Nowell Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield.

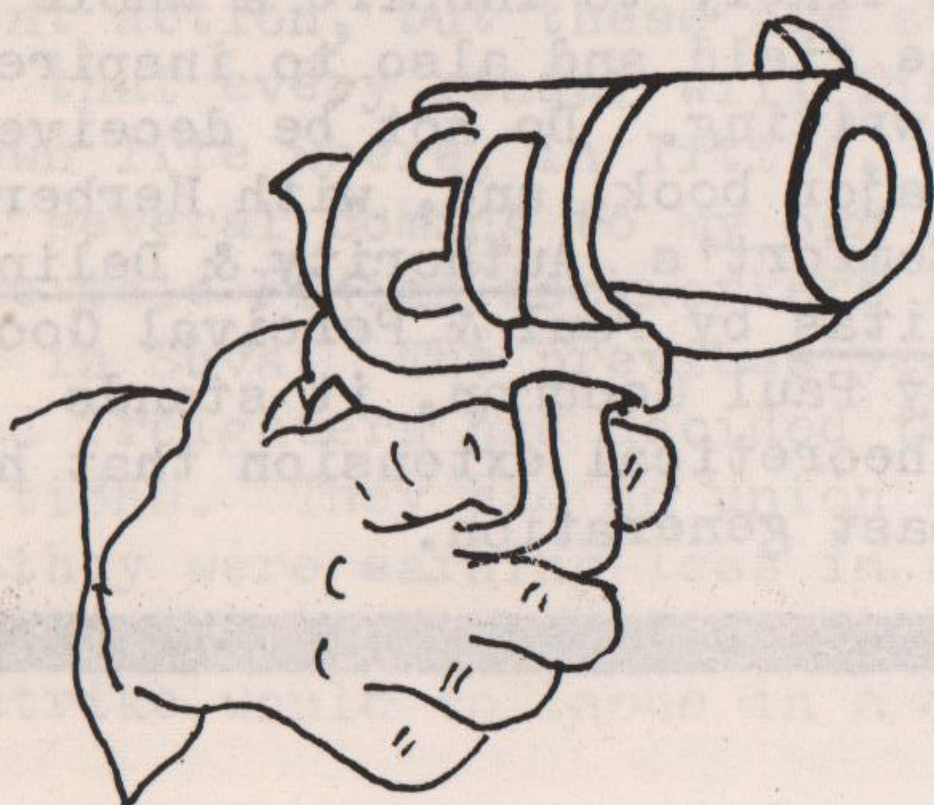
FREEDOM - Fortnightly anarchist paper and review. Commentaries on current events and reviews. 10p per copy + post from 84b Whitechapel High Street London E1.

BLACK FLAG - Monthly anarchist paper. Organ of the Anarchist Black Cross and works to support and give solidarity to prisoners. 10p per copy + post from 83A Haverstock Hill, London NW3.

PEACE NEWS - Fortnightly pacifist/anarchist paper with interest in alternative culture and communities and peace movement (is there one still?) activities. 15p per copy + post from 8 Elm Avenue Nottingham.

MINUS ONE - Egoist review with discussion material and reviews. It is published occasionally unpriced, but send 10p + post for one issue or 80p for a six issue subscription to S.E. Parker, 186 Gloucester Terrace, London W2.

BOSSES ENEMY - Birmingham produced duplicated paper with material on social aspects of the libertarian struggle. 10p + post from Paul Daniels, 36 Sandford Road, Moseley, Birmingham 13.



Tony SHIELDS

Punch & Judy

There's me with my silver cups
And waving wizard's wand
Hedge, goggle-eyed all round
"Ladies and gents, in a moment I will give you..."
Give them the anarchic, the anachreonic antics,
"Ladies and gentlemen, the

There's me with my silver cups,
And waving wizard's wand,
Hedge, goggle-eyed, all round.
"Ladies and gents, in a moment I will give you..."
Give them the anarchic, the anachronic antics,
"Ladies and gentlemen, the anacreonic...
PUNCH".

"That's the way to do it!"
Squeaking randy dandy demon,
Hook-nosed,
Copper clouting,
Hunch-backed,
PUNCH.

And Judy?
Rude and Shrewish,
With a wicked smacking mop-stick,
Dies a dozen deaths a day,
And buys sausages for lunch.

It's too bloodthirsty for adults,
For those clever grown-up people,
But now, to earn my keep, I'll have to do the show again.
Let's hope it gives them nightmares,
Gargoyle-featured, freaky nightmares.
Let's hope they say the right prayers,
Or they're sure to go insane.

"Get out your shiny pennies,"
What a way to make a living.
"I'm sure you know that giving will help you win a place,

"In paradise, my beauties".
And the other line I shoot is...
"Cross my palm with lovely loot, miss, my... you've
got a lucky face".

