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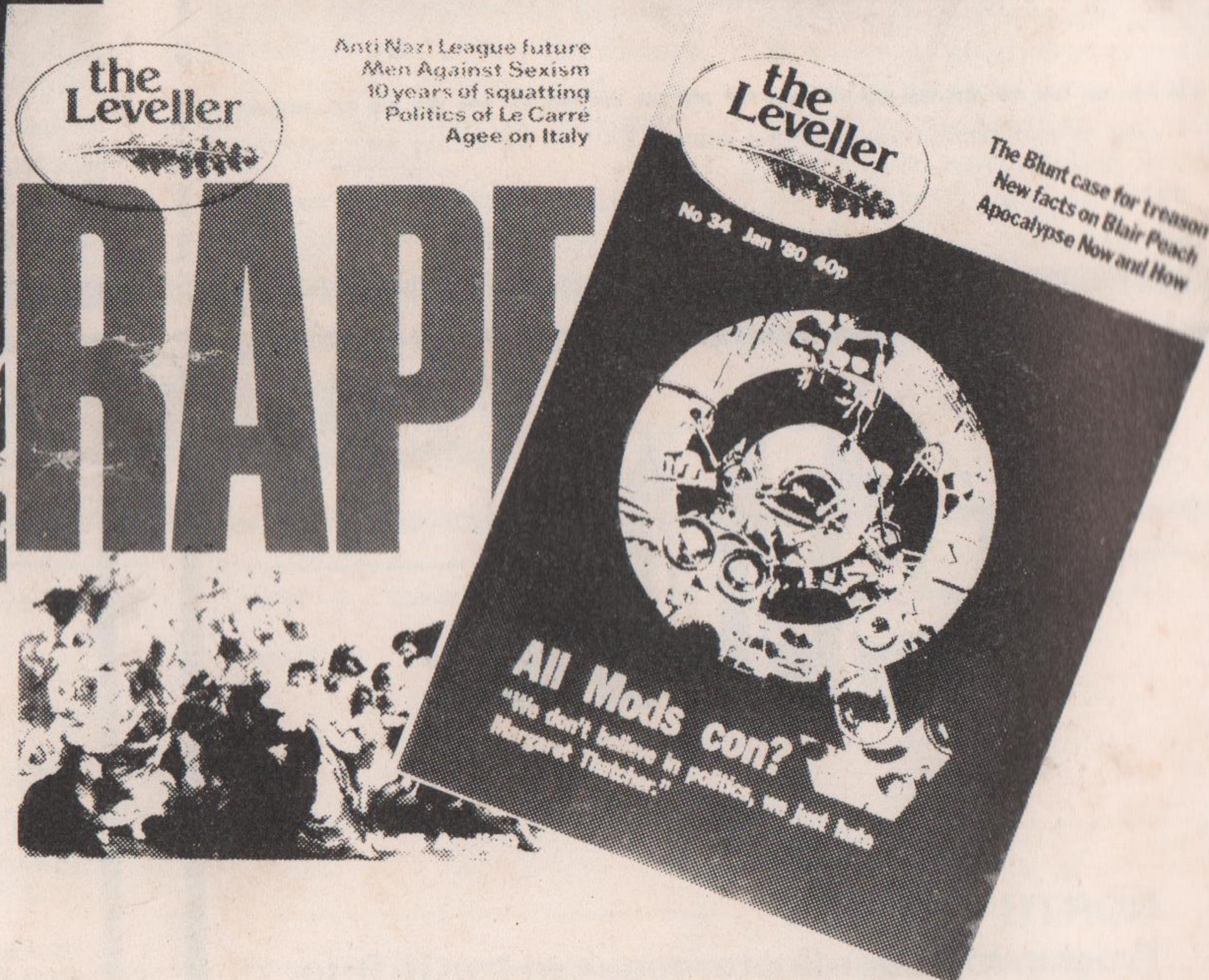
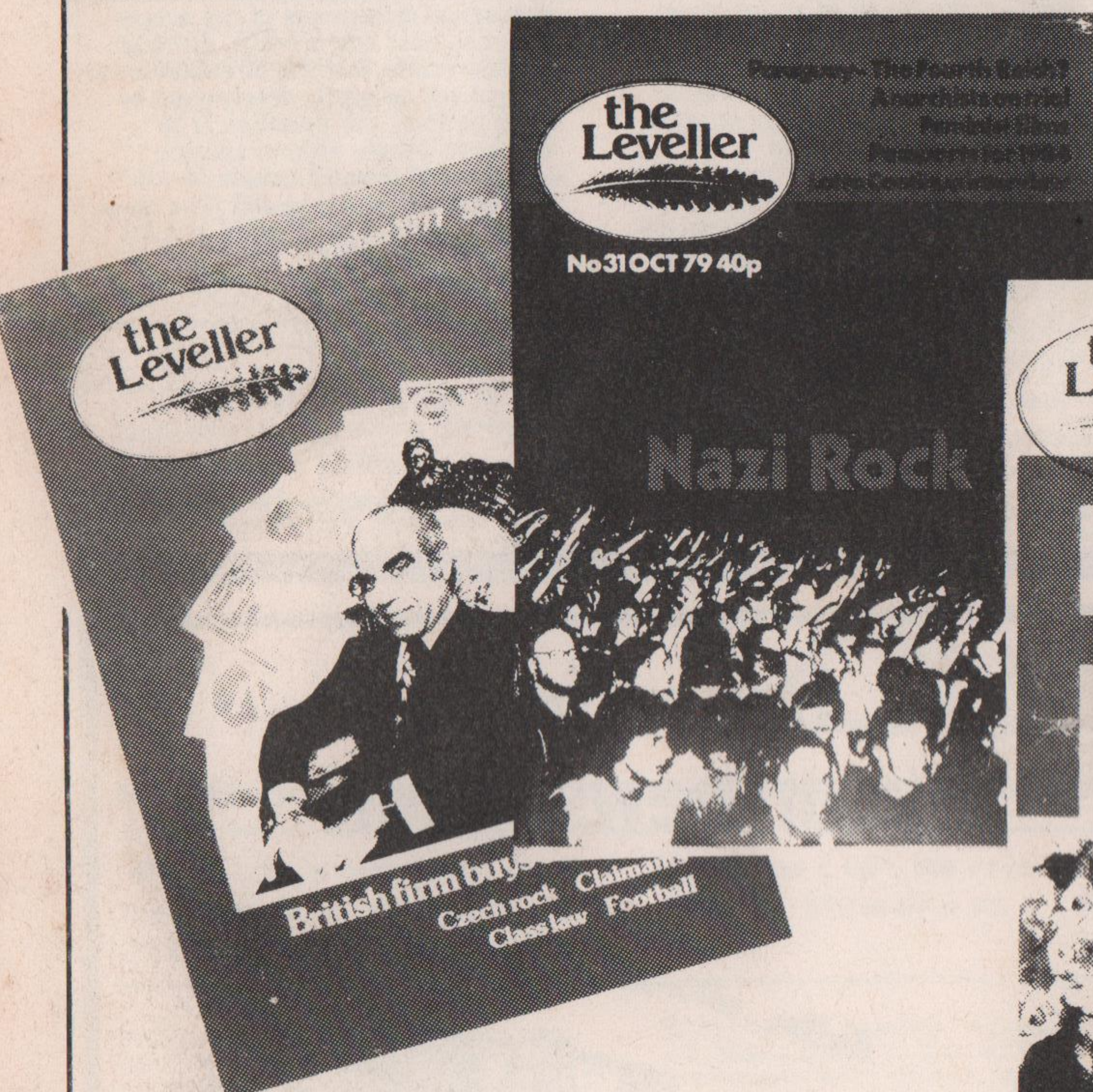
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COPY DATES for all Leveller advertising are 11th Feb. for the March issue; 10th March for April; 7th April for May; 5th May for June; 2nd June for July; 30th June for August; 11th August for September; 8th September for October; 6th October for November; 3rd November for December; and 1st December for January 1981.

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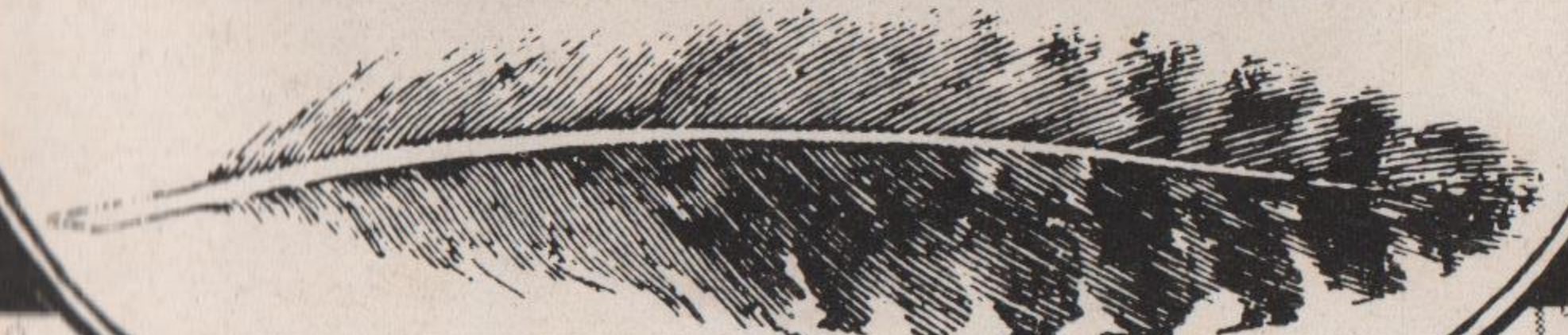
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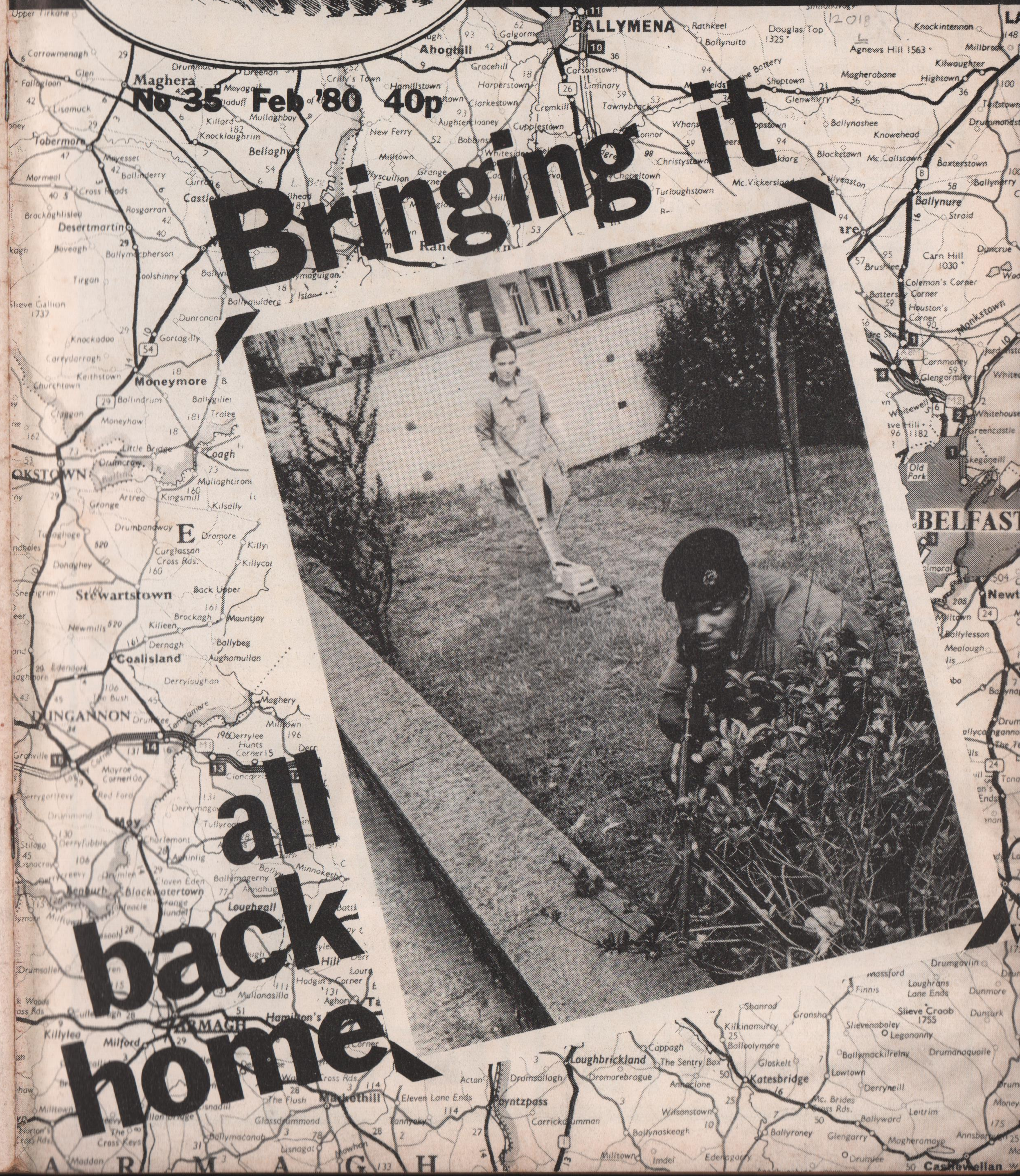
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FEBRUARY 1980

INSIDE:



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BSC — the turning point: a look at the causes of the steel strike



The new Klansmen: a report on the revival of the Klu Klux Klan, and how the American left is reacting

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COVER: photo by Philip Jones-Griffiths; design by Jeremy Nicholl

Due to circumstances beyond our control, the article on Tom Robinson billed on the cover does not appear in this issue. We would like to apologise for the disappointment this may have caused.

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Letters

DESTROY THEM

Thanks for your plug (*Leveller* 34) for our new paper *The Next Step*. We like the name too.

You said: 'every article, every article, that starts as a political analysis, of imperialism in Northern Ireland, or Leyland, soon degenerates into sectarian sniping. The Troops Out demonstration in August was a pro-imperialist exercise. The things Derek Robinson wants for BL are identical with those of Edwardes. And so it goes on.'

We're sorry you think we were 'sniping' at Young Liberals and shop floor Stalinists. We weren't trying to snipe at reactionary trends in the movement but to destroy them altogether. Every article, every article that has won its place in the annals of Marxism has had the same purpose. And the classical authors didn't 'degenerate' into language which you like to term sectarian: they began with it. Marx could only contain himself for three paragraphs of *Capital* before lampooning Locke in a footnote, Lenin put the boot in on Bernstein after just six

sentences of *What is to be done?* and in the thirties Trotsky wrote off the entire leadership of the Bolshevik party in the first 40 words of *The permanent revolution*.

Our trouble is we're not quick enough.

James Wood
Revolutionary Communist
Tendency

UNDERSTAND

Re your story about the Canadian soldiers' mutiny in Wales in 1918, it should be pointed out that the war gravestones in all military cemeteries were erected sometime after the burials (obviously) and after decisions had been taken about design, layout etc, all of which is standardised with a limited number of variations (thus all British Army dead had the insignia of their regiment or unit carved where the Canadians had the maple leaf.)

In this process it appears that the next-of-kin were allowed to choose a brief inscription to go on the stone, up to a certain number of words and (presumably) acceptable to the authorities. Military cemeteries in France

show a wide variety of such inscriptions, expressing grief of many kinds. It seems probable then, that it was the family of Joseph Young who chose the inscription 'Sometime, some time, we will understand'. Maybe they were expressing the hope which you attribute to Young's anonymous colleague that the truth about the influenza outbreak or mutiny would become known.

More likely, I think, is that Young's family had only been given the influenza explanation as cause for death or else an unsatisfactory account of the 'riot', and they were in their choice of inscription rhetorically asking God why their son had survived the war only to die in this manner. Which is not to dispute that something nasty went on and that there was a cover-up, only that it cannot be assumed that the person choosing the epitaph knew more about the incident than the public. The other inscription cited, on the main memorial in the cemetery, also needs to be compared with those in other World War I cemeteries.

Presumably the War Graves Commission can help here, to explain who was responsible for the erection of these and who chose the inscriptions. It sounds a bit as if this one at Bodelywddan was erected by/on behalf of the Canadian unit to which most of the men belonged (no doubt also some time, probably

years, after the event) and 'Their name liveth for evermore' is a fairly commonplace one for all war dead, into which no particular significance need be read. No doubt the inscription was also subject to War Office/War Graves approval, and there were a number of suitable phrases which could be selected.

Jan Marsh,
London N10

GREENING

REGARDING your report on 'Rudi and the multi coloured greeners', I think it's worth pointing out that you seriously under-estimate the strength of the right wing in the 'Green' movement. John Verner writes that the political orientation of the 'Green' movement is unclear and that three-quarters of the members say that they are in the middle. As regards the right they are seen as a few eccentrics, 'even some ecology dissidents from the right'.

The fact is that there exists a definite right wing around a CDU member called Gruhl and it was this right-wing which tried to get the left, i.e. the multi-coloured delegates, excluded. This attempts as you rightly point out was narrowly defeated; if this is the middle of the road then we are entitled to ask, which road? Just try to imagine what would have happened if some

Letters

lefty had tried to get the right excluded. All hell would have broken loose. Nevertheless it is a fact that some new Nazi groups in West Germany have joined the 'Greens' for opportunist reasons and there has been no attempt to exclude them.

As things stand at the moment there is a good chance that the right will get its exclusion clause through at the next conference in January, where the Green party will be formed. At this conference only delegates from the Green lists and not as at the last conference those from both Green and multi-coloured lists, will be accepted. As you say in your introduction, 'it was agreed to let the left take part in the fastest growing political movement in West Germany'. Big hearted these German conservationists what. But how long can it last?

Recognising the strength of the Right it is, I think, clear that the left must fight to give the 'Green' movement a perspective which, by, for example, seeking the co-operation of trade unions on ecology questions, places it within a broad socialist alternative to the present mess.

If the Right will not allow this, then what? Should the Left fight to change this from the inside and thereby lose its chance to present its ecology policy at this time, or should it fight from the outside and thereby be able to present its alternative immediately? Clearly the choice is not easy but unless a compromise can be found which goes beyond a pure ecology platform where demands such as free abortions and better protection for racial minorities are included, then it is hard to see how the multi-coloured lists can go into the 'Green' party. Certainly it will not help to deny that the choice exists and label all those who are unwilling to accept that the left should go into the 'Green'

movement without any prior conditions as 'dogmatic'. A label which apparently makes bureaucratic exclusion acceptable.

Peter Myatt
Denmark

THRILLSVILLE

I am worried lest your reviews of 'Apocalypse Now' in the January issue deter socialists from seeing the film.

It is not fair to complain that there are few Vietnamese in the film. The film is about the American experience of Vietnam - the experience of fighting an opponent who often, in reality, was unseen. The Vietnamese must make their own films.

It is wrong to accuse the film of being mere 'thrillville'. Surely, the wiping out of a Vietnamese village - filmed in classic 'action' style - because it commands the best surfing in 'Nam is the complete negation of any traditional sense of heroism? In Western culture, a hero usually fights for some sort of 'ideal'.

If the film falters as the journey towards the 'heart of darkness' advances, this does not detract from the almost surreal quality of the war scenes in the earlier part of the film. Coppola's aim of helping us to experience the war is well achieved through the brilliant use of sound and vision.

If you want something so simple and easy as a 'message' from the film, don't bother with it. But if you want an insight into what Hannah Arendt has called, with reference to an earlier holocaust, the 'banality of evil', do not miss it.

Graham Winch
Hull.

MOD GAP

Thanks for ruining the Mod interviews I gave you. The point of talking to first generation Mods who have become socialists was to show how an apparently self-absorbed, male, music-and-clothes obsessed culture was the first step for Red and Roger Huddle towards their present political commitment. That enduring Left politics, for men as well as women, come from some very private experiences which aren't conventionally stamped 'socialist'. Despite your (written) assurances, you cut all one interview and half the other, turned my intro into a nonsensical (and anti-New Mod) 'piece', presumably to find space for Ian Walker's latest report from the Generation Gap.

OK nobody's perfect but don't you realise that your ideal of Jolly-Lefties-Creating-Media-Alternatives and reality of journalistic sharp practice guarantee you a hurt letter like this every issue?

So as This Month's Disclaimer, neither I, Red Saunders and, of course, Roger Huddle want to be associated with the views on Mod presented under our names. I think Nigel Fountain is still amazed you managed to spell his name right.

David Widgery
London N1

Collective reply:

In the wake of the Lewisham bungle (issue 33), we tried to set up new ways within the collective of dealing with stories that were sent in. This meant we tried to liaise with other writers and obtain agreement on whatever cuts or changes that seemed necessary. We talked to this effect with David Widgery and agreed on several alterations in the copy. We are sorry that he now feels otherwise, and we shall continue to try and improve our ways in this regard.

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CARNIVAL FLOTE



The Corrie Bill: What it means

After fourteen weeks of redrafting in committee the John Corrie Bill, which won a second reading on 13 July by 242 votes to 98, is still a stupendously restrictive instrument of interference. The redrafting, largely formulated with the help of the Department of Health and Social Security, retains the Bill's basic provisions.

Its overall effect remains just as destructive and could, according to some supporters of the Bill, reduce legal abortions by two thirds, said Joanna Chambers, co-ordinator of the Co-ordinating Committee in Defence of the 1967 Abortion Act. It is still 'a complex piece of legislation, incapable of being interpreted.'

Thanks to the sloppy wording, the meaning will not be known until it has been established in the courts, a process which may take 2 years. Meanwhile doctors will inevitably play it safe, and refuse abortions in cases which might mean the loss of their professional licence. So, besides compounding the legal incompetence, what has nearly four months of brooding actually produced? While Corrie himself was laid up in Scotland with mumps the anti-abortionists, not their opponents, voted out clauses 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9 and 10, which were replaced by entirely new clauses.

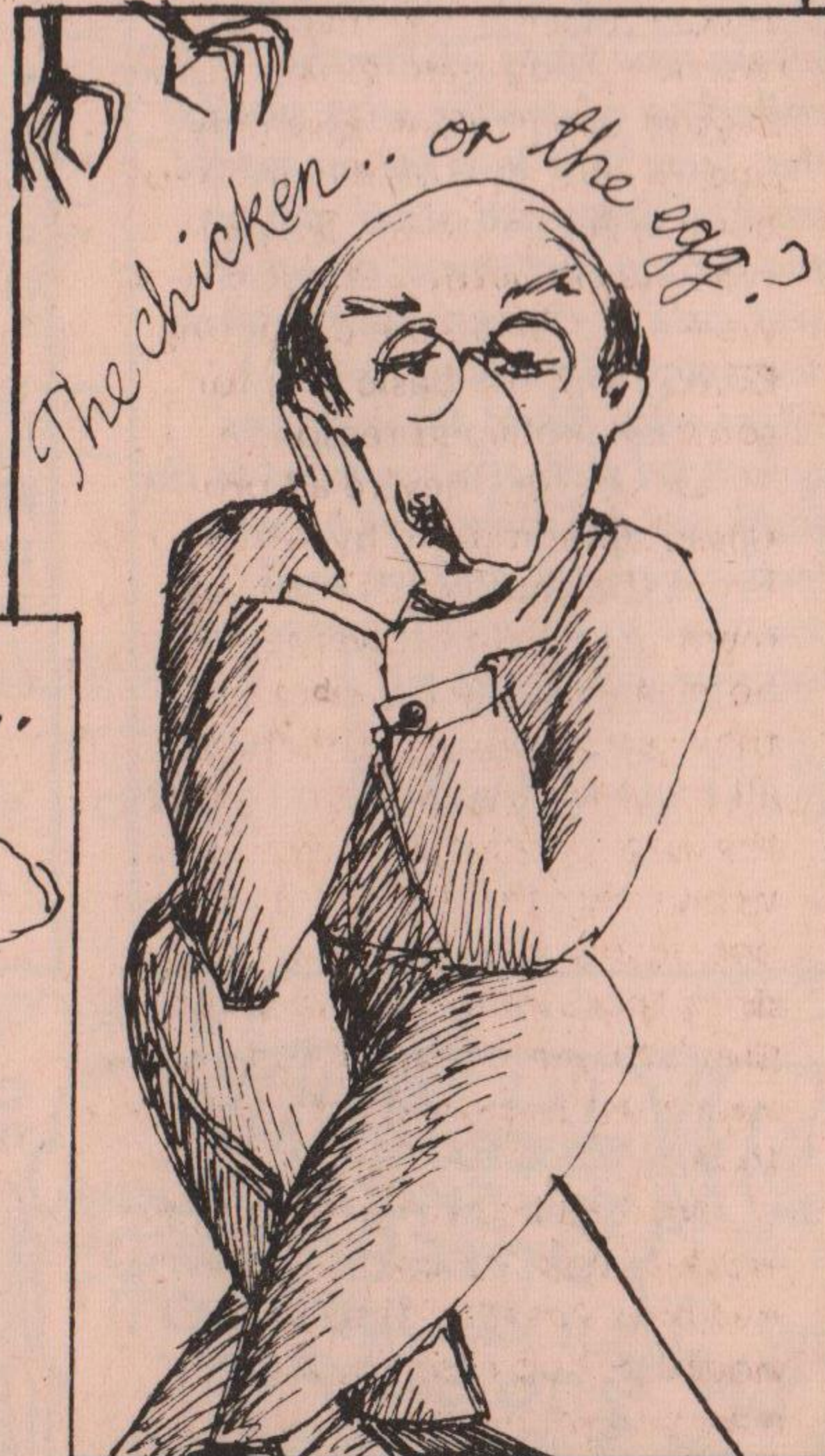
One malevolent little clause empowers the Secretary of State to lower (but not raise) the time limit for abortion by

statutory instrument. This provision is used to make minor changes in regulations, usually financial, and allow non-controversial matters to be put through the House of Commons with one day's notice and the minimum of debate. It's often used late at night, when most MPs are safe at home. With such a clause the Secretary of State and a handful of MPs could actually progressively lower the time limit, and complete unhindered what SPUC have called 'a step in the right direction'. And the instrument cannot be revoked, nor in this case, reversed.

Muted and misinterpreted as they have been by the press — which has concentrated its attention on the bogus issue of time limits, and landing such sensational red herrings as the so-called 'Chertsey Baby' story — the four principle objectives that emerge from the Bill need a clear restatement. They are:

1. To reduce the upper time limit (Clause 1).

This has been reduced to 20 weeks, from the 28 weeks limit set by the Infant Life

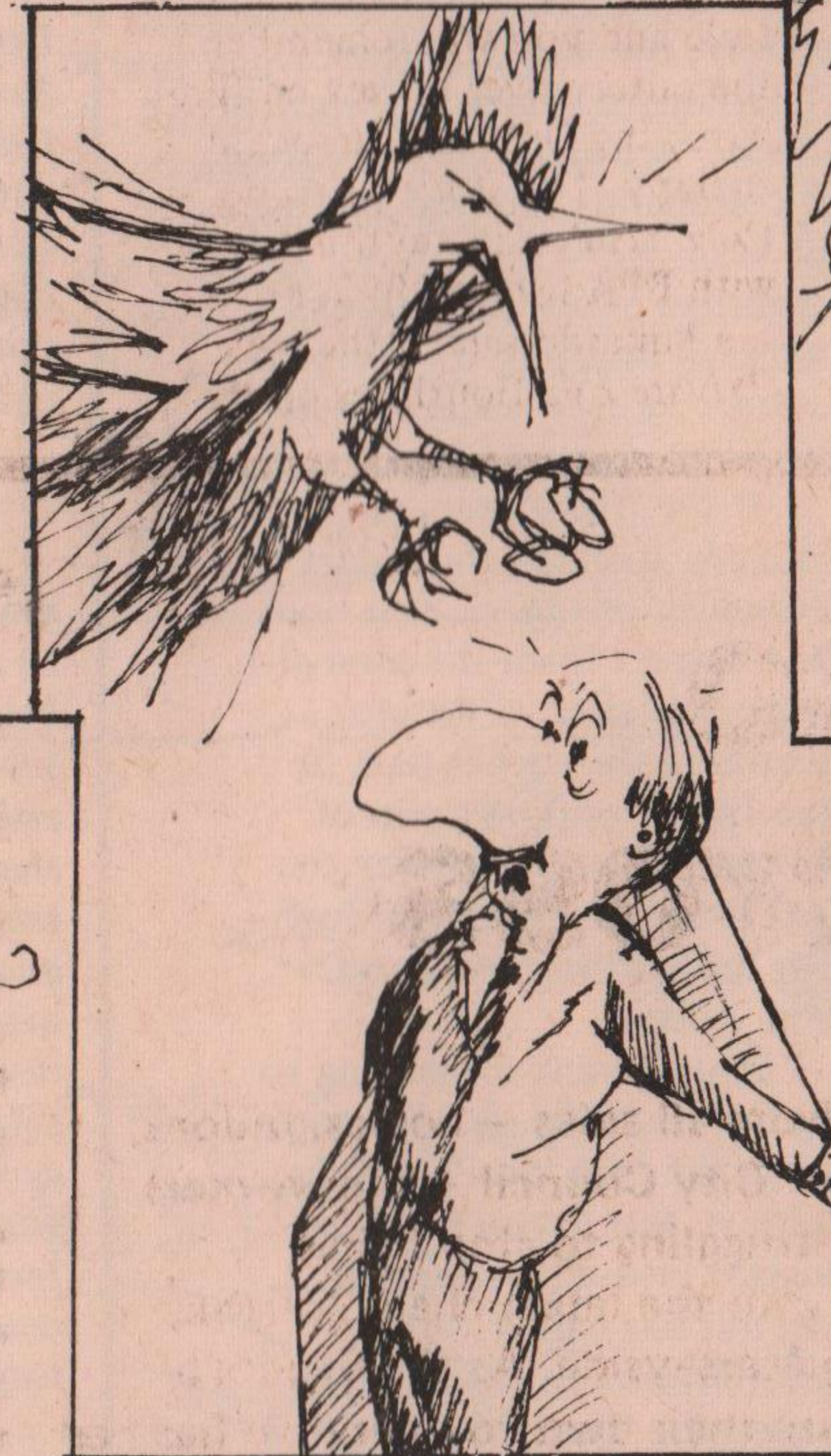


(Preservation) Act. But Clause 2 of the Bill makes exceptions for late abortions performed to save a woman's life, to prevent grave permanent injury to her health or to terminate a foetus which has been diagnosed as seriously handicapped. Unless there is 'substantially' greater risk to the woman's life or health the doctor must use the method of termination which will cause least damage to the

potentially viable foetus. As only 1% of abortions are carried out after 20 weeks and over 80% before the twelfth week, the actual effect of this will be minimal — until the effects of the lengthening NHS queues and the reduction of the charities as an alternative start to make themselves felt. **2. To restrict the grounds for abortion (Clause 1)**

Doctors would have to sign certificates saying that continuing the pregnancy would involve risk to the life of the pregnant woman, or of serious injury to the physical or mental health of the pregnant woman or any existing children of her family substantially greater than if the pregnancy were terminated (the words 'seriously' and 'substantially' are added to the 1967 formula).

The Bill's sponsors claim that this wording is necessary to avoid making abortion available on demand, although the medical organisations all oppose the change in the 1967 Act.



The unpredictability of its interpretation may well prove according to Joanna Chambers, the most immediately damaging part of the Bill.

3. To widen conscientious objection (Clause 3)

This allows a person to refuse to take part in an abortion on religious, ethical or any other grounds and removes the burden of proof from the person objecting despite recommendation of the BMA. Nor is the objector required to inform the woman of the objection, nor even to refer her to another doctor.

4. To sever the connection between pregnancy counselling services and abortion agencies. (Clause 4)

This clause, which has been written and rushed through at speed, is drafted — in extreme-

ly complex terms and hangs on the word 'associate', which again will be difficult to interpret legally. If there are any grounds for concern at financial links between the two kinds of service the clause is too ineptly designed to handle them; what it certainly will do is to cripple the work of the two main charities, The British Pregnancy Advisory Service and The Pregnancy Advisory Service. Between them these charities carry out nearly a third of



abortions in this country. It also threatens with closure the Mile End day care clinic in East London, which was set up on the basis that abortion should be a woman's right to choose and is run by a small team who do both counselling and the operations. Under the terms of the Bill, any doctor who saw pregnant women (for whatever reason) would be banned from working for an abortion organisation. In an extreme instance a clinic could lose its licence if one of its doctors had a relationship with someone working in childbirth education.

Without the charities women will be again subjected to the touts, backhanders and pay-through-the-nose commercial set-ups that flourished before 1967. As it stands, the NHS provides on average half of the abortions on resident women. It's a depressing prospect.

Once through its Third Reading, the Bill will go to the Lords. It's unlikely that any progressive amendments will be made, and the Bill would be back in the Commons and on to the Statute Book by October. Six months from then it will become law.

Sue Stiles

Moral Doublethink

Those who have read Mary Daly's *Gyn/Ecology* will be familiar with the concept of reversal. The idea is that patriarchy seizes upon that which is most truthful and powerful, and then turns it inside out, upside down, until it becomes propaganda for precisely the reverse of the original concept or reality. Those same patriarchal forces have been fully employed in the campaign for the passage of the Corrie Bill, which in itself embodies a basic reversal — the belief that those furthest away from the reality of female sexuality and fertility, male MPs, should have the power to direct it. And they do so on the basis of 'individual conscience', the one thing that they seek to deny to women themselves.

Some strange events marked the development of the Corrie Bill in Standing Committee,

Sackings

Meccano Doublecross

COMPREHENSIVELY fucked from all sides — bosses, unions, social security officials, Liverpool City Council — the workers at the Meccano toy factory are struggling to stop being whittled down and demoralised into the latest cheap, pliable labour force to be picked off on Merseyside. As the occupation drags on, the aim of setting up their own co-operative has had to be junked. Tim Gopsill reports.

THE WORKERS on rota occupation duty — four hours a day each — huddle round portable gas heaters in their departmental foremen's offices, little beacons of light glowing at isolated points round the huge, dark, cold empty factory.

£2 million worth of stocks are in storage but can't be touched, though buyers are approaching them all the time. A planned work-in before Christmas was abandoned after a local union official warned there was no insurance cover (though the company's policy is paid up to June).

Two-thirds of the 940 workforce are in the GMWU, which has been trying to play the sell-out card from the start. In the interminable series of meetings they've had with Meccano's

ultimate owners, Airfix Industries, at their London headquarters, the unions have been led by GMWU national officer Pat Turner, and though they won't say so publicly, shop stewards have privately complained that her obvious aim, from the very start, has been to get the whole thing settled, out of the way; they've been those sort of negotiations where stewards have sat with fingers crossed, lest some dreadful concession slip out. The GMWU hasn't even made the dispute official, and it will be well into February before they do — that is, of course, if they haven't disposed of the thing by then. Only one of the seven unions in the factory has made it official, and that's APEX, who's sixty members are now getting £12 a week, and no-one else is

where it was amended semantically to imitate the existing law, but in fact strengthened the restrictive nature of the original Bill. Jill Knight MP (Chair 'man' of Lifeline and ardent capital punishment supporter) must have shuddered a little at her own doublethink as she read out an article from *Private Eye* as her contribution to the debate on the charitable abortion agencies. The article cited financial links between the British Pregnancy Advisory Service and Martin Cole's Institute of Sex Education Research, suggesting that profits from ISER were given to BPAS. ISER is run by Martin Cole and you will remember the outcry over his sex ed film 'Growing Up', and surrogate therapy. The story was a lie, as Cole hasn't had anything to do with BPAS since 1972, but as Ian Mikardo said at the time 'Private Eye flourishes on the

doctrine that a lie goes around the world seven times before the truth has got its boots on.' Certainly this particular lie moved speedily enough — SPUC were distributing copies to anti-abortion committee members well before the magazine reached the newsstands. BPAS wrote to *Private Eye* to put the record straight, but the anti-abortionists were not easily deflected. Journalist Mary Kenny (isn't it a lesson to all us wayward feminists that such a devoted wife and bonded mother can find the time to write so much poisonous fiction?) wrote to *Private Eye* to reiterate the original story. This isn't particularly surprising, as it was her husband, Richard West, who wrote it. Devoted wife indeed.

Kenny went on to claim that there were 56,000 illegal abortions in 1975. She didn't explain how she arrived at this figure, but it seems that she is in fact referring to the figures for complications of pregnancy given by the Office of Population Censuses and Surveys. These include spontaneous abortion (miscarriage).

Even someone so vituperatively anti-abortion as Mary Kenny would hardly believe that miscarriage could be abolished by an Act of Parliament.

It's always been an important tenet of the anti-abortion cam-

getting anything.

Some workers have tried social security, with the usual mixed success. The married women who predominate in the biggest department, assembly, and who're all GMWU, don't, of course, get anything. Single workers are getting about £11 a week: the DHSS are deducting £5.80 from the basic rate for some unexplained reason.

Of course, they're all promised some money by Airfix. From the company's management in exile in a Liverpool hotel they've had notices of their redundancy entitlements, all of which are, according to the wages department workers, wrong. But the decision has been not, in any case, to accept them... since that would involve admission they've been made redundant, which they've steadfastly refused to do.

Next to be dropped after the work-in was the co-op. The hope had been that the City Council would put up cash for a self-managed municipal enterprise. The council had indeed done this in 1977, the last time Airfix were threatening closure. Labour members, and co-op veteran Jack Spriggs, who'd presided over the life and death of the KME co-op at Kirkby, came along and said, fine. But when it came before the council, Tories and Liberals combined to kill it. When you ask the workers now, that would've been what you wanted, wouldn't it?, they

paign that illegal abortion is still rife. This is probably because they realise the power of the slogan 'no return to backstreet abortion', and its potential effect on the way that MPs will vote on restrictive legislation. The only way they have of countering that slogan is to reverse it, and to say that legalising abortion actually causes a rise in illegal abortion. They want MPs to believe that a vote for the Corrie Bill is a vote against backstreet abortion. No matter that few women now need to resort to the backstreets, and that the number of prosecutions, abortion deaths, and hospital admissions for septic abortion have plummeted since the 1967 Act was put into practice.

Any illusions that *Private Eye* is in any way anti-establishment should now be firmly laid to rest. They have thrown their lot well in with the moral re-armers. For once again the point of the whole story is not just abortion, but the horrors of the permissive society, which is why the Martin Cole/BPAS connection was so popular with anti-abortionists. Their campaign is founded on the principle that there would be no such thing as abortion if it were not for sexual freedom, and—the ultimate reversal—that there would be no such thing as sexual freedom if it weren't for abortion.

Rose Shapiro

assume a glazed expression and sigh, "yes I suppose it would." The alternative, official, sources of co-op funding and support (the Co-operative Development Agency, and so on) can't of course do anything. That's what they were set up for (see *The Leveller* 29). To do nothing.

The workers now say, "We don't care who takes us over. We just want to save 940 jobs." Which puts them at the mercy, apparently, of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, whose Age of Enlightenment Company Ltd. has approached Airfix to take over the factory to produce an unspecified electronic product. Some kind of mind control machine, no doubt. The guru wants everyone to meditate for two hours (paid) a day. For Liverpool workers this presents a culture shock, and they want to negotiate a post-entry agreement that would oblige only new workers to meditate.

There's less doubt about Airfix's plans. Die-cast steel toys like Dinky cars and Meccano may be on the decline. Airfix aren't going to be caught out by that. A plastic Meccano has been secretly produced... designed at Liverpool but produced by an outside manufacturer. The workers have samples of it. It's joined up, not by the nuts washers and bolts that trained so many nimble young British fingers for engineering skills, but by pop-in plastic rivets.

At any rate, Airfix, who have six plants around Britain, have

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From page 7

refused to say where this wonder product, and Dinkies, will be made, though they've said they *will* be continuing to produce. There might be a clue in the fact that a few prototype new Dinky models were made, a couple of years ago, in Hong Kong.

Airfix have always treated the Meccano plant with a single-minded destructive will. They bought it cheap (for around £2 million) from the Official Receiver after the Lines Brothers toy empire collapsed in 1971, and have stripped it steadily since. It's the familiar Liverpool story: they've taken regional grants, and grants from the local council, of more than £1.5 million, to "create jobs" through investment programmes. The Meccano accounts appear confused, but no-one can trace the use of this money at the factory.

Nor can anyone explain why Meccano has paid more than £1.5 million to the group over the past four years in "interest charges", when there is no record of a loan on which the payments would have been due. In fact the accounts seem to indicate that Airfix owed Meccano money.

In short, their control of

Over the past six years, they've put in no fewer than seven managing directors, and of the six-strong board who've been in control since last June, only one has been a Meccano man. The workers believe its only function was to run the place down. Now Airfix has brought in an expert outside asset-stripper, a creep called Nick Cowan, who'd been a top job-destroyer for the Unigate dairy foods group. Cowan made provocative TV statements, accusing the workforce of persistent absenteeism, theft and drunkenness—charges that even former managers at the plant have said are completely groundless. And though Cowan isn't even an Airfix manager, and is functioning as "consultant", he's actually been chairing those national negotiations between company and union. His job is to finalise the dumping of the Liverpool workforce, with minimal, statutory, redundancy payments, and transfer production to sweatshops in the Far East. With exchange controls lifted, there'll be hundreds of companies closing plants to invest in cheaper labour markets. And the unions, at national level, are doing *nothing* about it.



Women occupying the Meccano assembly shop

Persons Unknown

Stewart Carr's nine year prison sentence from Judge King-Hamilton after pleading guilty to the 'conspiracy to rob' charge was far too severe and takes too little account of his background and the deal he made with the police. Though the judge said he was bearing in mind Carr's saving of public time and money, he said that he had also admitted to using loaded firearms and tying up some of the victims. Thus, "although the sentence must be long, it will be nothing like as heavy as it might have been". Friendless and isolated, Carr has been screwed again, by a system which has been doing it to him all his life.

Understandably he has been disowned by the other defendants — his infamous statement, after all, was invaluable to the police investigation at the time it was made — and nobody would call him a noble or heroic figure. But much of his early life was spent in a succession of children's homes, remand centres and prisons; and he's not a person who's done very well out of life. When he met Dafydd Ladd in Albany Prison, he claimed to be an anarchist: released after Taff, he helped him set up Black Aid in Covent Garden — as a support and publicity group for German prisoners. It was his first real involvement in politics, and the first time he had found himself amongst friends. Ironically, it was that German involvement which re-aroused police interest, started up the

surveillance and led eventually to the Old Bailey. If Stewart Carr had never got involved in politics he might be a free man today.

He was accepted by the other former defendants largely because he was a friend of Taff's, and because, despite his lack of a developed political view, his heart seemed to be in the right place. He shared a flat with some of them in East London in the Spring of 1978 — though they apparently didn't get on all that well. When the arrests started at the end of May he took off and wasn't arrested until late June. He was then held for five days — not under the Prevention of Terrorism Act, and in complete contravention of Judges' Rules — and it was during this period that he made his statement.

Large parts of the statement were read out at the Old Bailey by Prosecuting Counsel Michael Worsley the day after the jury returned their Not Guilty verdict: the allegations that were made in it were not subject to cross-examination — hence the former defendants' (and the jurors') fury at the aspersions it cast upon the verdict. But that was not the

first time it had been referred to, though Judge King-Hamilton said he personally hadn't read it until the end of the trial. A number of minor references to it had been made in the remand and committal proceedings in the magistrate's court, and longer references during the closed court legal arguments about jury vetting which preceded the main trial.

What happened is this: when Carr was first arrested he tried not to say anything at all but made a number of comments about some of the incriminating evidence in the Gillingham hotel room where he was found. In trying to talk his way out of it (instead of just keeping his mouth shut) he succeeded in backing himself further into the corner. Thus the first third or so of the statement is a cobbled together mixture of half-truths and non-contentious basics. In the official version read out in court, the investigating officers are supposed to have told him that what he had been doing would have greatly endangered the public: on hearing this he then had a change of heart and

told them everything.

In fact they told him not to put too fine a point on it, that he was bang to rights, he already knew the score, and unless he coughed the lot he'd be going down for a very long time indeed. The argument was extremely persuasive and much of the alleged information in the second two thirds of the statement is material the police couldn't possibly have known at that stage of their investigations. A few days later Vince Stevenson was arrested on his way to a support group meeting: while he was in police hands the elusive Gerhardt Sollinger apparently collected all the guns stolen in the robberies detailed by Carr and dumped them all on Trevor Dawton — where they were duly found by the constabulary.

When Carr first appeared at the magistrates' court he was not only charged with the same conspiracy to rob as all the other defendants, but also with six specific robberies — about which there wasn't any doubt since he'd owned up to them in his state-

Continues opposite

Give that Pc an Oscar!

NOT WANTING to join in the concerted media campaign against the police, I feel it is only correct to draw readers' attention to certain Met. officers and their gallant efforts on April 23rd last year.

PC Berry from Marylebone in particular seems to have reached super-hero class with his simultaneous arrests of two people in Southall Broadway.

In the witness box at Barnet Magistrates Court he looked rather slight but from his testimony it appeared as if in the middle of a melee around a police cordon he had been holding onto two demonstrators, while his helmet was knocked off and someone stood on his hand. At the same time he noticed that one of the accused had stamped his right foot on another officer's right foot even though he would have had to turn his back to pick up his helmet. When the magistrate, Mr. Fingleton, made it clear that he didn't believe a word of all this and asked him to step down from the box, he suddenly developed a crippling limp and an agonised look crumpled his face. His confusion could only have been due to injuries he had received in the course of his duties. The case against the accused was still dismissed.

Another officer who deserves being mentioned in despatches is Graham Woodcock attached to the Special Patrol Group at Barnes. On April 23rd he had been at the other end of Southall and after the mounted police charge had forced a number of people



Up before the beak: Clarence Baker, co-manager of Misty

into Parkview Road, he saw Kuldip Bhachu throw a piece of brick. He arrested Bhachu and admitted punching him in the face a couple of times—"to stop him hitting me". He also said he had picked up the piece of brick the accused had thrown at him. Mr. Bhachu had a rather different version of the story. Earlier on that day he had been to hospital to have a leg injury attended to. He could not return home because the police had cordoned off the central area of Southall. After the police charge he had tried to shelter in the church yard when Woodcock had approached him holding a piece of brick and had asked 'How would you like this on your head?' He then smashed the accused in the face 2-3 times and muttered something about going deaf. This story was substantiated by a photographer who had seen it all. The case against the accused was again dismissed.

The last case to be heard at Barnet Magistrates Court was against Clarence

Baker, co-manager of Misty, a reggae group who have often played at Rock Against Racism concerts. On April 23rd he had been around 6 Parkview Rd. with a megaphone trying to cool out the crowd in spite of police provocations, but when the mounted police charged he had retired to the People's Unite building which was being used as a medical and legal aid centre. When the SPG and other police finally broke into the building he had been in the kitchen with others. He was beaten over the head so hard that his skull was fractured and was virtually unconscious when he was arrested and taken to Kennington Police station. He was held there until the early hours of the morning when he was transferred to the Central Middlesex Hospital. He remained in hospital for over a fortnight and was dangerously close to death with a clot at the base of his brain. In a recent interview before the trial with Viv Goldman for *Melody Maker* he said, "I fight in

Jah glory. Jah held me in his hand when they tried to kill me... They can lock me away; anything they can do to me, my fathers lived through worse! I am living proof, I survived death and I am here."

At the trial only one police officer appeared and he produced a rambling and inconsistent story and it seemed clear that he had been almost randomly assigned the role of arresting officer. Over 70 people had been arrested in and around the house before the police had gone on the rampage and smashed everything they could lay their hands on. As well as those arrested a large number of people had been beaten up and all together that day there had been so many severe head injuries that it is surprising that only one person, Blair Peach, died. The case against Clarence Baker was dismissed. Outside the court he was still not sure if he would be bringing charges against the police for his injuries. While he was happy about the way his own case had gone he was anxious to remind everyone of what had happened to others in the group: Vernon Hunte, given six months for assaulting the police and now being held in Brixton, Juliana Henry and Chris Boulton, who have both served a month already on similar charges.

Mr. Fingleton was the magistrate who dismissed the charges against all the accused in the above cases. He was the last of eight magistrates who had taken it in turns to try about

320 cases against those arrested during the police riot in Southall on April 23rd last year. The first four, Badge, Canham, Cook and MacDermott had set a near record of 80% conviction rate but with protests from the defence lawyers to Lord Hailsham, the Lord Chancellor, and criticism in the 'quality' national newspapers the conviction rate fell rapidly. The last four, Burke, Meier, Johnson and Fingleton actually looked closely at the police evidence and brought the conviction rate down to somewhere near the average, 52%, in this type of public order case. 3 out of the last 4 were deputy stipendiary magistrates and had not in their previous careers been so closely involved with police prosecutions as the others who were full-time stipendiaries.

When the inquest into the death of Blair Peach is resumed, with a jury, in February or March maybe the media will turn their attention to the events set off by Ealing Council's decision to allow the National Front to hold a meeting in Southall Town Hall, but it is unlikely. Meanwhile, it is important to continue the call for a proper public enquiry and to help raise money for the cost of the defence of those taken to court.

The basic problems of vicious immigration laws, high unemployment, police harassment and other racist attacks will continue to be ignored until they are forced to our attention.

From opposite page

ment. But when it came to the committal proceedings, the specific robbery charges had mysteriously disappeared and he was pleading guilty to conspiracy. Undoubtedly, if he'd also been charged with the robberies as well he'd have gone down for a very long time. But though the police had kept their side of the bargain, Judge King-Hamilton didn't play things quite as softly as he should have done. Infuriated by the jury's decision, he seems to have taken it all out on Carr instead of sending him away for four or five years which would have been reasonable under the circumstances.

Thus the end of the trial is messy for everyone concerned.

The acquitted defendants find they have a permanent smear against them because of the judge's remarks. Dafydd Ladd, the defendant who ran away rather than face a vetted jury, finds himself an outlaw when it now seems possible that if he'd stayed he might have been found Not Guilty too. And his bail sureties have had their lives ruined because the judge ordered them to pay £10,500 into court, money originally tied up in their mortgaged homes. Graham Rua and Michelle Poiree, who were named on the charge sheet and who apparently ran after Ronan and IRIS were arrested not only find themselves outlaws but, in Rua's case, the subject of a defence strategy of shifting many

of the unanswered questions onto the back of the man who wasn't in court. Sollinger, the mysterious Austrian referred to as the collector of the guns, hovers uneasily in limbo unsure of his status with either the authorities or the political movement he considers himself part of.

And poor pathetic Stewart Carr is locked up for nine years, disowned and despised as a grass by everyone concerned — including his future fellow prisoners — victim of a judge who forgot the rules of the game.

If anything positive has come out of it all, it's the jury system itself. The Attorney General has made a half-hearted promise that

there won't be any more vetting, while the whole area of juries has become a proper subject for public discussion which, hopefully, can only strengthen the system of random juries. For if a docile and largely conservative jury, carefully vetted without protests from themselves, can return Not Guilty verdicts in this case, either the state will have to wage an ideological battle for no-jury trials, which they know they'll lose, or accept that twelve ordinary citizens need to be properly convinced before they'll return a guilty verdict. For that we can all be thankful.

Dave Clark

NEB

There's no business like no business

IS INDUSTRY Secretary Joseph trying to kill off the National Enterprise Board as an effective interventionist force? No he is not. And why not? Because it has never existed in this role. And it was the Labour government that set up the NEB that ensured it would be ineffective.

Instead, it has functioned as a small merchant bank, its main role being to rescue dying companies, and in this Sir Keith will let it continue. His added dimension is to use the NEB specifically for fattening up thin companies, to hand them back to private capital.

But the other ideas that the social democratic founders had in mind—maintaining employment levels, directing the flow of capital into key industries—have (with one exception) been long forgotten. They were abandoned even before the start.

These Labour founding figures weren't just Benn or Stuart Holland. In 1972 even right-wingers like Roy Jenkins and Anthony Crosland came out in favour of a state holding company to buy and administer private companies. Other west European countries have them, and matching the operations and influence of multi-national

companies was an important motive.

So the Labour Party went into the 1974 election with an NEB on the agenda. Benn took the Industry Department, and found the civil servants refusing to draft a Bill that would give it the power he wanted. A deputy secretary, Alan Lord, now managing director of Dunlop, who'll be having to run to the NEB for backing before too long (see next page), objected to Benn: "But this is purely political." The bureaucrats were terrified by a draft produced by Eric Heffer, Stuart Holland and Judith Hart that included powers to compulsorily purchase companies, and a big cash reserve to facilitate large-scale investment.

They needn't have worried. Harold Wilson destroyed it for them. He took over the Cabinet sub-committee considering the White Paper and (1975 Industry) Bill, and saw personally to the watering down of many provisions. Then he appointed to head what was the then Sir Don now Lord, Ryder—without consulting, or, apparently, even informing the minister, Benn. Then, before the NEB officially came into being, he swapped Benn with Eric Varley, a man who doesn't step out of line even at gunpoint.

Ryder had been a successful executive with the Reed paper group. He had little political interest even in the restricted role Labour had in mind for the Board. In 1976-7 firms were crashing all around them; the NEB picked up Fairey, Ferranti... and BL.

Ryder resigned, pissed off with the lack of support given to him and the Board by Varley during the BL slush fund scandal. His successor, Leslie Murphy,

had been a senior civil servant, an oil company executive and a banker, just the job. He set himself the task of ensuring the Board's survival. Too much for Joseph, who precipitated the resignation of the entire Board, by removing from its control Rolls Royce. It was a loss of face they weren't prepared to take, and though Joseph is supposed to have been taken aback, and to have tried to persuade them to stay, he was quite happy to replace them with the present gang, who, to a man, are right-wing city businessmen, many of them from companies that take huge state hand-outs and have vested interests in where state investment goes.

During this time, the record of the NEB has been pathetic. Its investment has been insignificant, with most of the funds going to feed lame ducks. It has 46 companies in its portfolio, but of its total capital of £1.2 million in subsidiary companies, £1.12 million is in BL and Rolls Royce.

One of its statutory aims is to "provide, maintain or safeguard productive employment". The number of workers in NEB subsidiaries is falling... mainly due to BL, of course, but falling nonetheless.

Its original remit to promote industrial democracy in its subsidiaries has been a joke. In not one is there even a worker director. Its supposed regional role has been derisory. A much-trumpeted initiative to revive industry in the north-east, where more than 150,000 jobs were lost in the two years it ran, resulted in just five small firms being supported, employing all of 540 people.

Those about to die, salute the NEB

SO WHY is Joseph not killing off the NEB altogether? Answer: because the government's economic strategies are going to lame more ducks than a whole Cabinet room of ministers out shootin', and they'll have to be retrieved.

Everyone in the City knows which firms are going bust. (If you pay for a service operated by the bankers Rothschild you can even get a computerised analysis of all quoted companies that will tell you.) The only people who don't know are the companies' workers; the information doesn't appear in the media because that would precipitate the collapses, and whatever theories of competition may say, capitalists gang up together, against their workers, when things are tight, as at other times.

The stock market doesn't tell you either since, when firms are going under, others move to take them over, and this buoys

up their shares. Nor do companies have to be declaring a loss. The rot sets in long before then; it is shortage of cash that kills them.

While the City sits tight, here is *The Leveller's* Guide to the lame ducks you'll soon see limping over the horizon.

One and a half have already gone, in the desperate electronics industry. EMI crashed last autumn, and was gobbled up by Thorn Electrical. EMI had four divisions, of which "Leisure" made money, music lost it, medical electronics couldn't make it in time, and defence electronics... well, it is not possible to lose money on defence contracts.

The medical division was developing the revolutionary "computerised axial tomography" brain scanners for which Professors Allan Cormack and Godfrey Housfield won a Nobel Prize. Such is British capitalism, that with cuts in health service buying budgets and lack of backing from government or any other source, EMI could not afford to

perfect a major advance in health technology.

The half company is the Decca group, which by the time you read this is unlikely to exist. It's similarly diverse to EMI, and again it's the dramatic collapse in the big-company record industry that's hit it hardest. It is also a dreadfully managed outfit; average age of its directors is over 70, and the chairman Sir Edward Lewis is nearly 80. He's been running the group in his autocratic fashion while it has crashed around him. Again it has lucrative defence contracts, which makes it particularly attractive to the likely buyer, Racal Electronics, a company which has grown fat on defence aviation contracts. Racal is largely run by ex-military types, and was of course caught out paying bribes, and prosecuted, two years ago, but that doesn't worry capital.

Decca's debts are more than £55 million; in the last financial year it turned in a loss, where profits had earlier always been in eight figures. It has already sold its record business to a

German/Dutch group, who have said they will close the pressings factory in Surrey, throwing 1,200 on the dole.

In the same line of business comes the company whose crash will be loudest—Plessey. Warning signals have been coming from this telecommunications company for some time. It's already cut back research and development, and sold the Garrard turntable business, to a Brazilian company, shedding 3,000 workers. It has failed to invest in new telephone equipment and has just lost a big Post Office contract to foreign competition. It's about to lose even some of its staple defence work. Plessey has a Portuguese subsidiary which last month asked London for cash. It was told there was none.

Another big firm that can't stagger on for long is Dunlop, which has been shedding workers at a rate Sir Michael Edwardes himself must envy: more than a quarter of its workers were kicked out last year (3,100 out of 11,000). It all but crashed then, but managed to squeeze extra

credit from the banks. But this was on condition that it was able to use its new plant to 85 percent of capacity—a highly unusual, and, for this company, impossible condition. It's virtually certain the NEB will have to pick this one up.

Since its collapse has been largely caused by the state of the British motor industry (the 57 percent of cars that are imported tend to come with wheels and tyres already on), and the replacement market has been glutted by dumping from eastern Europe, no-one else will want it.

Here are some more shares to watch in *The Leveller's* unique "low-dive" tipping guide: P&O, which had to sell off valuable oil interests to raise desperately needed cash last year; Courtaulds, shaky for years, now running to the end of the regional grant road; Glaxo; Tate and Lyle; Bower; Debenhams; and Rank. Most will find bidders in the private sector, for the more profitable parts of them at least. But Joseph needs the NEB as a safety net, just in case.

The putrid hands on the purse strings

WHO ARE the men now trusted with directing the government's intervention into industry? A few facts about them may give a clue to their intentions.

The new chairman of the NEB is Sir Arthur Knight, the chairman of Courtaulds. He's a member of the Council of the CBI and various industrial and industrially-orientated academic bodies, including the Court of Governors of the London School of Economics.

His deputy was an even more blatant appointment: Sir John King, chairman of Babcock and Wilcox, the power station boiler-making company, which of course, is looking for nuke contracts, awarded by the National Nuclear Corporation, which is 35 percent controlled by government, through the NEB, and 35 percent by British Nuclear Associates, in which Babcock and Wilcox is a 34.5 percent shareholder. (Well

that's how it works.)

Even some City elements raised a blase eyebrow at Sir John's appointment, since three days after the May election he had a letter published in the *Daily Telegraph*. Nothing so remarkable about that, except that the letter attacked the whole concept of the NEB. "There is absolutely no argument for the role of the NEB as a venture capitalist," he wrote. Its only possible function was as a "casualty station", and that providing that "the temporary nature of this function is clearly recognised." Once the taxpayer has fattened them up, in other words, they should be returned to the plundering of private enterprise. Sir John is a pal of Sir Keith, and is believed to have cleared the letter with the new Industry Secretary before sending it in. Sir John is chairman of eight companies and a director of five more.

It's a sure sign of Thatcher's Britain that his appointment raised hardly a peep. Nor did that of Sir Robert Clayton, despite the

fact that he was technical director of Sir Arnold Weinstock's GEC, and chairman of its subsidiary GEC-Fairchild. So what? Excellent experience for a Board member to have. But questions were asked, because Fairchild is in the micro-chip business, a direct competitor of the NEB's one significant initiative, and putatively its one possible success, the micro-chip company INMOS. So the (then) Mr Robert Clayton resigned from Fairchild, but not from the GEC board, with only a knighthood in the New Year Honours to compensate him, poor chap.

The other Joseph appointments are: Tory whizzkid Dennis Stevenson, who's been on various QUANGOs, new town development corporations and that sort of thing, and who chaired the government enquiry into pop festivals in 1972;

George Jefferson, former chairman and managing director of the British Aircraft Corporation's Guided Weapons Division, who became chairman and chief execu-

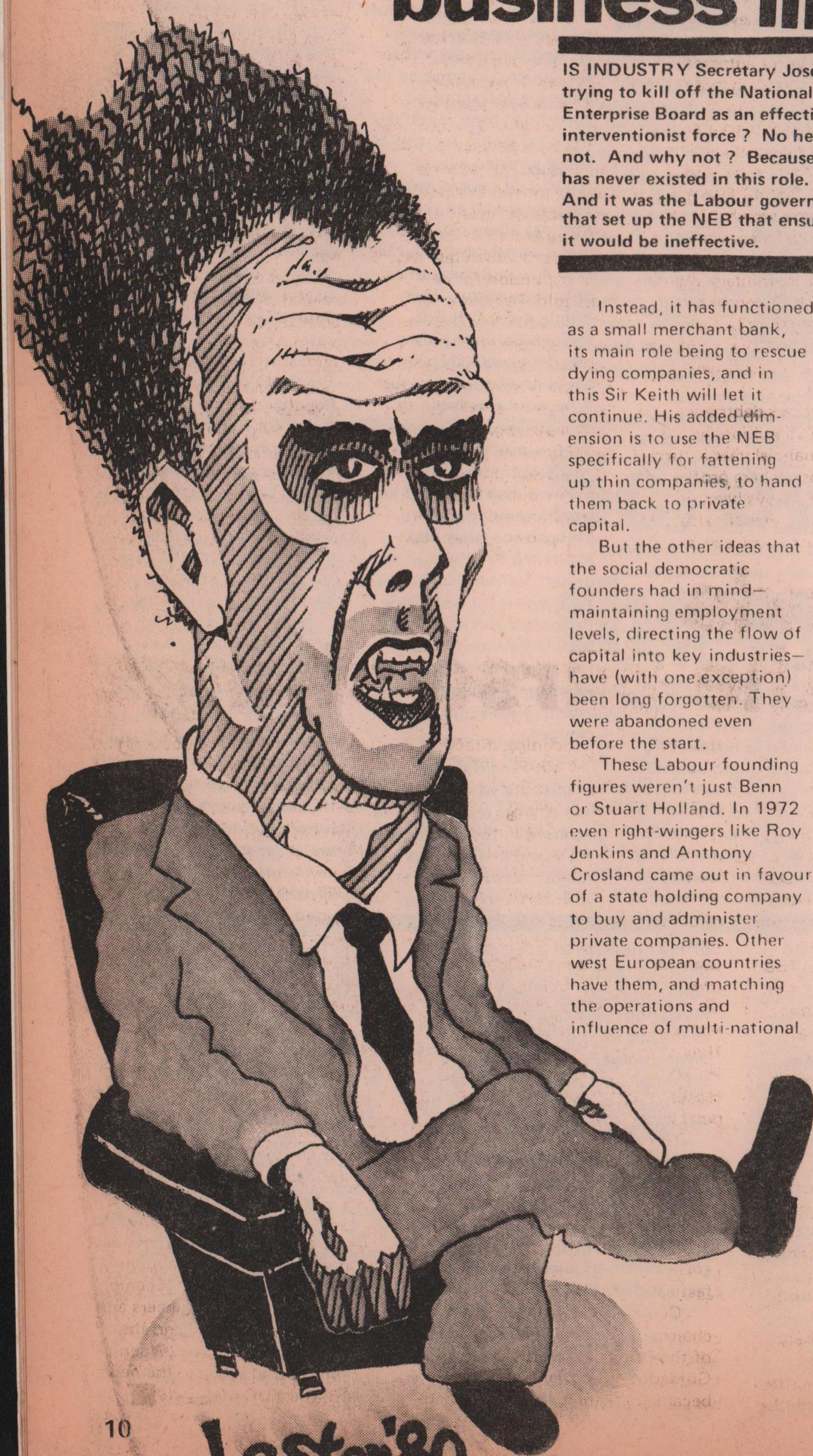
tive of the British Aerospace Dyna Dynamics Group and a member of the BA board when the industry was nationalised in 1977.

Ian Halliday, a former senior civil servant at the Department of Industry from 1972-5, who left in 1977 to become finance director of a big insurance broking firm.

Also from the exciting world of insurance came John Emms, chief general manager and vice-chairman of Commercial Union and deputy chairman of the British Insurance Association. Altogether he's a director of 47 companies, mostly overseas.

Lastly, there's Alex Dibbs, deputy chairman and group chief executive of the National Westminster Bank, who's only on seven boards.

Labour's NEB actually had trade union appointments. Those on it when they all resigned in September were "Lord" Scanlon, John Lyons of the Engineers and Managers Association, and the GMWU's David Basnett. When Joseph offered seats on the new board, the TUC declined. ■





LUNGE FOR POWER

THE GOVERNMENT'S all-out lunge for nuclear power — outlined by energy secretary David Howell just before Christmas — has been most criticised for its ecological dangers, over the risk of accidents in the US-style Pressurized Water Reactor and the whole problem of the disposal of radioactive waste. The programme is for the construction of ten nuclear power stations over ten years, starting with at least one PWR, and it embraces a reorganisation of the nuclear industry. Even if this was a desirable programme, there is a further problem: on its past record, the British nuclear industry is quite incapable of building the plants and getting them to work.

THE NEW programme will include more stations to the Advanced Gas-cooled Reactor (AGR) design. This is Britain's unique contribution to nuclear technology, the design Tony Benn was pushing against the American alternatives, as if it was such a success that anti-nuke arguments would dissolve before it. The truth is something else: the AGR programme has been, after Concorde, the biggest engineering disaster in our industrial history.

But at least Concorde does fly. The present AGR programme was started fifteen years ago, for the construction of five stations, two reactors at each. The record: of ten reactors, three are running, two at Hinkley Point in Somerset, one at Hunterston on the Firth of Clyde. The other Hunterston reactor has been closed down indefinitely because sea water leaked into the cooling system. The two at Hinkley Point can't work continuously; they have to be shut down every few weeks for refuelling; it seems they can't be refuelled on load.

Of the other stations (Dungeness in Kent, Hartlepool in County Durham, and Heysham, Lancs) building hasn't even finished. Dungeness was the first AGR station ordered. It's now more than ten years behind, and though

the Atomic Energy Authority has just said it hopes to have it on stream *in a year*, Friends of the Earth commented: 'We'll believe that when we see it.'

Cumulatively, the AGRs are twenty-five reactor years behind schedule. The Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB) itself estimates the delays have cost it more than £1.2 million; enough to build fossil-fuelled power stations to generate all their electricity, or if you prefer, a few hospitals.

A Department of Industry review committee in 1972 recommended no more AGRs should be ordered until one had run continuously for two years. This condition has still not been met; but the government has ordered more. Howell said the new ones will be modified to remove some (some?) of the more troublesome problems. Naturally, there is no guarantee at all, even if AGRs do improve, that the industry will succeed in getting the PWRs to work.

The government is banking on strengthening the top layer of the complicated three-tier structure of the industry: the National Nuclear Corporation. Eventually it will perform the roles of reactor design and construction. It's jointly owned by the government (35 percent),

and the private companies (GEC with 30 percent, and the boiler-makers Clarke Chapman and Babcox and Wilcox, and building firms, sharing the rest).

The NNC is in charge of design. Beneath it at present comes the Nuclear Power Company, responsible for construction, which embraces two previously independent construction consortia, the Nuclear Power Group and British Nuclear Design and Construction. Both group together several building companies.

The inefficiency of this octopoid confusion, with responsibility shooting around from group to group, effectively fucked the whole programme. Building these stations is a complex process, and designs keep having to be changed as they go along.

Take Dungeness: the design was very hurriedly drawn up, and components were ordered off the drawing board. It turned out that prototype information on which these were based was hideously wrong.

Core channels (where the fuel rods go) were only half the length, and narrower, than they should have been. Reactor pressures were about half what was needed and reactor vessels were ordered in steel with ducts to external boilers, whereas they should have been concrete, with internal boilers.

The troubles that followed with other stations had their roots entirely in this inadequacy of development. Hinkley Point lost a whole year on solving reactor vessel insulation problems, another on modifying the gas circulators and their sealing arrangements, yet another on altering the valves controlling the reactor channel gas flow. (As the name implies, AGRs are cooled by a carbon dioxide blanket

the water used in nearly all other reactor designs). All of these could have been prevented had corners not been cut, and they could have been solved more quickly had the contractors not been working to whole station fixed price contracts, which carry great commercial risks and lead to cost-cutting: problems were always met by following a single line of solution, for instance, rather than by testing alternatives.

Tinkering with each design in this way has also meant that the savings that can be achieved in later models of a series have been thrown away. And even if these had been achieved, the government is now starting the whole cycle all over again with a new programme.

After the early disasters on the AGRs, the Labour government in 1974 merged the two construction consortia into the NPC, but this has made little difference. They still carried out their contracts independently. And relationships were still totally unsatisfactory. Stuck in the middle, the NPC had to move closer, either to the manufacturers, or to the customers (the generating boards). The government has opted for the first: an NNC that is effectively a grand consortium of everyone.

This will give the big companies a tremendous monopoly power over the supposedly-public electricity industry. The only way that could be tempered would be a greater degree of government participation and control, with open access to the books guaranteed to Parliament and the public. Anyone who expects that from Thatcher's government deserves a nuclear future.

Steel

THE STEEL strike is about a good deal more than just money. Martin Upham, of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation, explains how the British Steel Corporation got into its present mess and why their proposed solutions aren't likely to work.

BRITISH STEEL's present offer gives the workforce an 8% rise — with a "lead-in" payment of 4% for *three months only* on local productivity schemes. With the Retail Price Index at 17.2%, and likely to rise, and with the loss of earnings caused by the strike, it's hardly likely to be an offer which will tempt the steel-workers back.

But this isn't a simple wage dispute. It's more about the future of the steel industry. The position is clear. A combination of a fall in home demand — and BSC's blundering response — together with the huge cost of a crude investment strategy, has brought BSC to the point where it believes it must virtually chop itself in half to survive. At present, BSC plans to cut a further iron and steel 55,000 jobs — a third of those remaining in the industry. That's on top of recent closures, and despite the fact that the steel industry has been losing jobs since 1970, as a result of closures and redundancies.

BSC's policy is intended to cut its expenditure on labour. Yet in an industry with high fixed (capital) costs this is only about 30% of the Corporation's total spending, and that figure will fall if there are further redundancies and a wage deal which is below the rate that other costs increase. But the reason that British Steel has to look to the wage bill to make savings is because of a long and sorry history of bad management decisions.

The 1973 Ten Year Development Strategy intended to concentrate output in the five large coastal integrated steelmaking sites, and close nearly all the older works. It was entirely production oriented. The attitude was that the market was there to absorb the company's output; and not that BSC had to respond to demand. In a predominantly market economy, where the customer is always right, this policy was bound to be disastrous.

But the failings of the Strategy went further than that. Firstly, BSC declined to deal in small orders, preferring to concentrate on large tonnage bookings. That allowed a stock-holding sector to emerge, which bought semi-finished and finished steel from BSC, and processed it for resale to customers who only wanted small amounts. They now handle nearly half of Britain's steel sales.

Secondly, the Corporation failed to ensure that it had the capacity to meet the demands for different steel products British customers would make in the seventies. When it couldn't deliver,

competitors, some private and some from abroad, stepped in.

Imports grew further when management took a number of blast furnaces out of production simultaneously for "re-lining" (over-hauling) in 1973, thus reducing overall capacity at the time of peak demand.

By the mid-seventies, imports were taking three times the share of the market they had in 1970. The private sector share was steady at about 25%, with BSC taking a little over half.

But by then, the world recession was beginning to bite, and demand for steel — and therefore output — started to falter. As the demand for steel slowed down, BSC lost another advantage.



Previously, both Tory and Labour governments had intervened to stop the Corporation putting up its prices. After all, one of the reasons for nationalising the industry had been to get steel cheap, at the taxpayer's expense. And Sir Monty Finniston, a former chairman, had estimated (perhaps a little generously) that BSC's loss from this underpricing between 1967-75 was £750m. But as a result of Britain's entry into the Common Market, prices had to be brought into line with those of the EEC.

In reacting to the recession, management made a series of errors. It's been saddled with them ever since. It continued to build plants which would never be needed because of the decline of British industry. It tried to make this investment strategy work by closing successful small steelworks and loading more onto big integrated sites near the coast. And it ignored the advantages of smaller scale operations, using different technologies, which have enabled

the private sector to re-emerge. BSC has no control over the market for steel, the price it pays for its raw materials, and it will have to pay for the cost of its bad investment decisions. That means the company has turned to the one area it *can* control: its wage bill. But its enthusiasm for cutting labour costs will have no impact on the Corporation's competitive position, which is decided by other factors. The misleading figures for labour productivity currently being circulated are intended to prepare the way for redundancy. (Productivity figures are worked out by dividing tonnes produced by the number of workers British Steel employs — all the workers involved in steel production — including the ancillary workers. In countries for which productivity is compared, the ancillaries *aren't* employed by the steel company — and therefore productivity appears to be higher.) However, reducing the number of workers will clearly not raise productivity if output falls at a similar rate. And part of BSC's plans, to withdraw from its export markets into the weak home market, involves a drop in output. In addition, all the productivity in the world is of no use at all unless BSC maintains its orders: without these, BSC *plant* and the processing of raw materials cannot be productive. The BSC contraction is therefore a self-defeating exercise. In any case, if economies in labour costs are the key to better performance, why does the German steel industry, with twice the hourly labour costs of the British, have twice the annual output? Low labour costs are not the key to improved performance. The British steelworker, compared to others, has the longest working week, the longest working year, and does the most overtime. And yet there's no sign that this has made British Steel more effective. For the government, the strike is something of a virility test. Behind the smokescreen of "non-intervention", Sir Keith Joseph is repeating management figures about productivity and costs. He emphasises the government's unwillingness to pay. He endorses the objective, now abandoned by BSC that the

THE TURNING POINT BSC

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Corporation must break even by 31st March 1980. And the reasoning goes that a defeat for the steel-workers would soften up the others. The strike was probably inevitable. It was going to come sooner or later, either over closures or pay. Indeed the way the pay deal was presented — an offer worth 2% — at the same time as the closure announcements lends supports to the view that the strike was provoked. But there cannot now be any doubts about the ability of the steel unions to shut down BSC, or to challenge the credibility of management arguments about the Corporation's performance.

For the union, the strike is a turning point. During the years of private ownership, there was no real campaign for nationalisation, and only part of the industry was nationalised. When it finally took place in 1967, there was no clear idea among the unions about its purpose.

When the investment strategy was published, the unions generally criticised its output targets as being too low. Since then, they've failed to develop an alternative strategy which the labour movement could have rallied around. But whatever the outcome of the strike, things will never be the same again. Even with a pay settlement, there are still 55,000 jobs threatened. A low settlement, or loss of these jobs, will not make BSC viable. The only *guarantee* of that would be a planned economy. But in the immediate future, a victory for the steelworkers will destroy the credibility of the present management and give the unions the confidence to fight successfully (for the first time) to prevent closures. In 1979, world steel output went up to a record 745 million tonnes, a 4% increase on 1978. Someone is buying this extra steel. Why should some of this business not come to BSC? And what sense does it make to withdraw from export markets into a declining home market — one of the weakest in the west? And how does the company expect to respond to future demand if it closes the smaller plants which have successfully made particular products in the past?

Witch-hunting in West Germany

IN THE AFTERMATH of the 'Blunt Affair' there have been fears that state action against people with well-known Marxist or left views will become acceptable. In West Germany, every person seeking a state job, whether it be teacher, gardener, railway driver, postman or swimming bath attendant, is vetted for opinions that would make the applicant 'unsuitable'. The applicant is required to prove his or her 'loyalty to the constitution, especially in crises'. The practice of barring people from public service employment is known as BERUFSVERBOT.

The success of the policy relies heavily on data collection and processing by computer. West Germany's policy is instructive because it demonstrates in a well-documented form how the British State could react. After all, West Germany is our partner in the EEC, with a similar economic system and access to the same sophisticated technology as ourselves.

West Germany uses a two-tiered state computer network. First there is INPOL, to which all eleven states in the Federal Republic have access. Secondly, each state is developing its own independent system (at the moment six are operational).

INPOL is connected to data-banks dealing with aliens, vehicles and drivers, and criminal records. It also has access to records of the Federal Bank, the railway police, border and Customs forces and the Federal Prosecutor's office. In addition, many European police forces are linked into INPOL.

The second tier is composed of the local state systems, forming a network with INPOL, which allows nationwide enquiries. For example, Hesse's system, HEPOLIS, automatically searches the national wanted files of INPOL, whenever a name-check is made. Berlin's ISVB system monitors the 'status' of passengers checking into the airport. Passengers are screened and depending on what colour light the officer receives, go on their way.

So West German police have access to countrywide police files, local authority files, medical records, financial records through the Federal Bank, and information on people's movements by car, air and rail.

The wanted persons index has four

categories. Those wanted for arrest, those under surveillance (potential offenders), those whose whereabouts is unknown (interview request etc.), and those whose identity has to be checked (ID card lost/no ID card).

The 'under-surveillance' category has the following sub-headings: drugs, weapons, counterfeiting, fraud, stolen property, conspiracy and gang membership, state security, illegal immigration, terrorists. The separation into 'state security' and 'terrorists' is interesting, and a new system, PIOS, will concentrate on these two aspects.

On October 24, 1975, the Federal Parliament ratified the so-called *Radikalerlass* decree. This demands, among other things, that a state employee has 'political loyalty':

'The requirement of political loyalty demands more than a formally correct, disinterested, cool, inwardly distanced attitude to the state and its constitution. It specifically demands of officials that they unequivocally distance themselves from groups and tendencies which attack, combat, demean the state, its constitutional bodies, and the existing constitutional system... The requirement of political loyalty is most tested in periods of crisis and situations of crisis, when the state has demonstration of the active

loyalty of its officials.'

These acts demand a concept of 'loyalty' and automatically pass judgement on what constitutes 'disloyalty'. As the security police have to enforce such measures, they too have a concept of 'disloyalty'. This 'disloyalty' is proved by monitoring the activities of those who want to enter state employment. This monitoring is the job of the *Verfassungsschutz*.

When an applicant applies for state employment in approximately 15% of all job vacancies, and this includes what we know as Civil Service, teachers, lecturers, railway drivers, postmen, dustmen, swimming bath attendants, i.e. the whole spectrum of public employment, the *Verfassungsschutz* automatically check computer records if they exist, or open a new file on the applicant if it does not. Between 1973 and mid-1975, the security services made 1.5 million such investigations resulting in the non-appointment of 3,000 candidates to public employment.

If there is doubt about a candidate's 'loyalty', then a hearing decides whether or not a candidate is 'loyal' to the constitution, and therefore fit for employment in the public services. At these hearings, the *Verfassungsschutz* provide evidence of 'disloyal' behaviour. This has included: living or having lived in the same house as a 'radical', parking near a communist party office when a meeting was being held, criticising *Berufsverbot*, protesting against an increase in bus fares, and protesting against the abortion laws.

Although the vast majority of the activity is directed against 'radicals', 'Communists' and the 'New Left', its effect is to stifle routine trade union activities and many democratic attempts to criticise authority.

people, friends, neighbours, etc, receive a 'short visit from an ordinary looking gentleman' to ascertain the facts. According to one investigator, 'the person interviewed is not obliged to answer. Nevertheless, in the normal case, the citizen will be anxious to clear up the points in question with the representatives of the security services, if he, the citizen, identifies with the liberal democratic system'.

Because it can be assumed that the technology difference between Britain and the Federal Republic is slight, it can be concluded that the application of *Berufsverbot*-type practice here is both possible and attainable.



The Women's House Bremen was given a subsidy of 20,000DM (£5,000) which it needed to remain independent, for the Bremen Council wanted the house to become part of the trade union 'workers' welfare' and doesn't give any subsidy.

The Meeting Place Ahdorf Station received a loan of 10,000DM (£2,500) for renovation of this dis-used railway station recently bought from the state railway. It serves as a meeting place for left political and 'alternative' groups.

A collective of unemployed workers in Saarbruecken started a firm renovating old furniture. They were given 5,000DM (£1,250) to install a carpentry workshop.

The Childrens' Theatre Rote Gruetze was given 10,000DM (£2,500) towards the production of a play about drug-abuse.

The Foto-Collective Berlin was given 1,500DM (£375) monthly for one year to continue with the training of apprentices.

John Verner

FOLLOWING the arrests and imprisonment last April of Professor Antonio Negri (see *The Leveller 27*) and many 'autonomistas' movement, police repression escalated dramatically over Christmas. On December 21 a further wave of searches and arrests resulted in fifteen indefinite detentions in jail on charges of subversion. The scale of this operation is indicated by the searching and questioning of hundreds of people in all major Italian cities: in Florence alone over three hundred. This nationwide blitz resulted in the questioning of hundreds of people all over Italy, and was an extension of the local operation conducted in Padua against Negri.

The blitz follows the new 'anti-terrorist' decree, still to be endorsed by Parliament but already in force, which allows those charged on suspicion of terrorism or subversion to be detained in jail for up to 12 years without trial; this increases the previous period of four years. All the indications are that parliament will pass the new law thanks to Communist Party support, or abstention. Even the country's senior judicial figure, Leonello Amadei, Chief Justice of the Constitutional Court has called the law unconstitutional and virtually the basis of a police state.

For Italy the phrase 'police state' is no longer a metaphorical exaggeration. Since the wave of arrests, six magistrates who are known for their support of civil rights, have been summonsed for 'sympathy with subversion and terrorism' for a document written in 1972. This was a list of lawyers prepared to give advice to victims of neo-Fascist bombings and other attacks, which at that time were a weekly occurrence. Three prominent newspaper editors have also been summonsed for over-zealous reporting and questioning of magistrates' reports of certain of these cases. The editor of *Lotta Continua* is on trial, at this moment for 'condoning of crimes'. Repression is no longer restricted to the left opposition: it is aimed at all those in responsible positions who fail to toe the line.

Of the original group of detainees arrested on April 7, four were subsequently released, but others were added, notably Piperno and Pace who were extradited from France after a long and implausible wrangle between the French and Italian authorities. Meanwhile the defence has been obstructed by the dispersal of all these detainees during the same night in September, to prisons in the most remote areas of Italy — before their committal hearings were even completed!

Since then defence lawyers had presented a careful rebuttal of the original charges of insurrection and subversion, against Negri in particular. On the very day they presented their case for the immediate release of the detainees — who on any account are unlikely to be brought to trial before 1981 — two further things occurred, within hours: first the December 21 wave of arrests directed mainly at post-1968 militants, many of whom have been out of politics for years and were associates of Negri's at one time or another; second, Negri was suddenly confronted with a further set of charges — three murders, three kidnappings and a further count of armed conspiracy.

These charges are more serious than the original set. For the first time the State has a witness; a man called Fioroni, and in 1976 he was sentenced to 26 years for complicity in the murder of two leftists, Saronio and Campanile. Fioroni claims association with Negri: in 1974, he says, he arranged a meeting between Negri and the avowed leader of the Red Brigades, Curcio; a dinner party at the Villa Borromeo, the residence

Negri: the police state moves in



IL CAPOSTIPITE Genova, marzo 1971. Mario Rossi uccide il fattorino delle Case Po corso rosso, che ha sempre agito senza incontrare difficoltà. In una lettera di Franca Rame, fondatare, assieme al marito Dario Fo, di "Soccorso rosso", si legge che "il comunismo o armato e rivoluzionario o non è altro che la maschera del riformismo e della borghesia".

mpagni, sia nelle carceri e internazionali (Grecia, Spagna, Palestina, Germania). La nascita del movimento di lotta e il progressivo intensificarsi della repressione, im-

of an aristocratic Catholic professor, who is now in indefinite detention as a result. Fioroni's confession, under the new decree, guarantees remission of his sentence. For the state, his confession provides the long-awaited 'proof' of the connection between the 'autonomist' movement and the terrorist groups. The Prosecution's view that 'autonomous left = terrorism' can now begin to stick.

Fioroni's confession also provides another useful link for the Italian state; the Mafia connection. Court proceedings, too, established the involvement of a professional criminal underground in the kidnapping and murder of Saronio. The political algebra is this: a banner headline in Italy's main liberal daily — Fioroni has revealed the alliance between terrorism and common criminality' (*Corriere*, 27th December). The overall strategy of the state is clear: to use insinuations, confessions,

circumstantial evidence, murky stories and press smears to criminalise the entire extra-Parliamentary left.

Early in January, Mattarella — Christian Democrat Regional President of Sicily and one of Moro's most devoted political disciples — was gunned down in the streets of Palermo. Responsibility was (miraculously!) claimed by the Red Brigades, the Mafia and the neo-Fascists: who did it? who knows? who cares? The Italian press says they're all the same anyway.

An international conference on the new repressive use of the democratic legal system is being organised by the defence committee in Padua in February, and a further meeting will be held in London in March. Details from Italy 179 committee, c/o Rising Free, 182 Upper Street, London, N.1.

che portava avanti questo lavoro con l'impegno Franca Rame. Collateralmente a stesso "Soccorso rosso" a tante e alla sua spinta, e che per iniziativa indipendente, sono sorti altri collettivi di "Soccorso rosso" per iniziative di avvocati e di gruppi di compagni che hanno sviluppato un gran numero di iniziative, che altrimenti non sarebbero nate. Perciò, dopo lunghe discussioni abbiamo deciso di sciogliere il "Soccorso rosso" del Collettivo teatrale. Ora i vari "Soccorsi rosso" possono camminare sulle loro gambe. Il Collettivo teatrale continuerà naturalmente a collaborare per la diffusione di notizie, la raccolta fondi, i collegamenti, e

SODDISFATTI

In quell'autunno del '76, Fo e Franca Rame, sotto la protezione e grazie alla tolleranza del sindaco Aniasi e di tutto l'ambiente radical che militava aveva occupato la Palazzina Libe per installarvi il loro teatro, avevano molte ragioni per proclamarsi soddisfatti del lavoro politico compiuto dal "Soccorso rosso" (erano sorti sono tuttora operanti), solo territorio del capo lombardo, all'Alfa Romeo la IBM, alla Ceat, alla alla Snam, alla Siemens, nei quartieri Giambellino, I reneteggio, Quarto Oggiaro, Novate, Treviglio, Melzo, nel Lodigiano. Come si articolano, da essere composti, quale tipo "lavoro rivoluzionario" sono chiamati a svolgere? Lo chiarisce un "bollettino d'istruzioni", ciclostilato e diffuso nelle fabbriche nel gennaio '77. Il nucleo del "Soccorso rosso" è costituito, in parte, da un avvocato di medicina, da un tecnico operaio e da uno. Intorno a queste ci sono, ciascuna "col proprio ambiente", di variare ogni componente del quartiere" scuola materna al affinché l'informazione possa avere più

Fighting back...

West German lefties have decided to do more than just oppose the *Berufsverbote* — they have gone into the offensive. A fund has been set up to finance left communal or cultural projects as an alternative to establishment jobs.

Initially the idea was a kind of insurance for lefties threatened by the *Berufsverbote*, but it has grown into something much wider. 300 well-known left sympathisers were asked for a monthly contribution of at least 1% of their income and to sign an open letter inviting more people to contribute regularly. (Not dissimilar to the way *The Leveller* was started!) This was very successful and now, one year later, the NETZWERK SELBSTHILFE (Network of Selfhelp) has a monthly income of more than 50,000 DM (£12,500). This money is used to set up or support a large variety of projects (see box for some examples).

But it is seen as more than just an alternative financial institution. The Netzwerk gives the necessary financial footing for a system of solidarity with people who, because of their political convictions, have difficulties in finding a job. And it gradually creates an alternative economy set up by those people 'evicted' from the establishment economic system. It gives the chance to build models of

a more just and human world.

Robert Jungk, one of the many prominent active supporters in an interview given to 'Zitty': 'Through this initiative many seedbeds for another future can develop. It isn't enough to just complain. Through these pre-emptive measures one can show that it's possible to live differently and better than in today's wasteful society.'

A committee consisting of left 'worthies' and people elected by the contributing members meets regularly to decide who to fund. So far there have been more than 100 applications. Only five have been rejected.

The next task is decentralisation, so that the local Netzwerk groups can stay in close contact with funded initiatives and projects. There already are more than a dozen of such autonomous regional groups, promising a growing involvement at a local as well as a national level.

The new Klansmen

THE MURDER of five communists in Greensboro, North Carolina last November sent shock waves through numerous liberal and activist groups in the United States. It was an alarming sign that the Ku Klux Klan, together with Nazi allies, felt strong enough to attack an anti-Klan rally and shoot more than 15 people in broad daylight. It seemed that the drive to the right, well publicised in the national media, had reached the point where the far right was putting its rhetoric into action. Kirk Wattles reports on the apparent resurgence of the Klan and the response to it which has grown and unified only in the past year.

'IT IS a dangerous organisation that is drawing on this country's racist tradition to pull frustrated and confused white people into a vicious, violent, terrorist group that could become the storm troopers of America', said Anne Braden, an activist who has opposed the Klan for years.

'The mass movement we intend to build will not only confront the Klan as an organisation, but the Klan mentality, the racist mentality, that allows the Klan to grow.'

She was speaking at a conference in August 1979, sponsored by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference—a group originally organised by Martin Luther King Jr. as part of the civil rights movement. Out of the conference came a loosely organised Anti-Klan Network, a coalition of church, labour, left-wing and civil rights groups, which is only now finding its feet.

Before the conference, the Klan was usually confronted only in some local areas where it showed its face. Each confrontation was strictly defined by the local context.

Racist opposition to 'busing' in Boston was used as an issue in Klan agitation which led to violent street fights and 'incidents' in Boston schools.

A series of shootings into the homes of black leaders and inter-racial couples in the area of Birmingham, Alabama ended, for the time being, when an FBI investigation led to the conviction of nine Klansmen on relatively minor charges.

MANY groups in the US left criticised the Communist Workers Party (CWP), who organised the Greensboro demonstration.

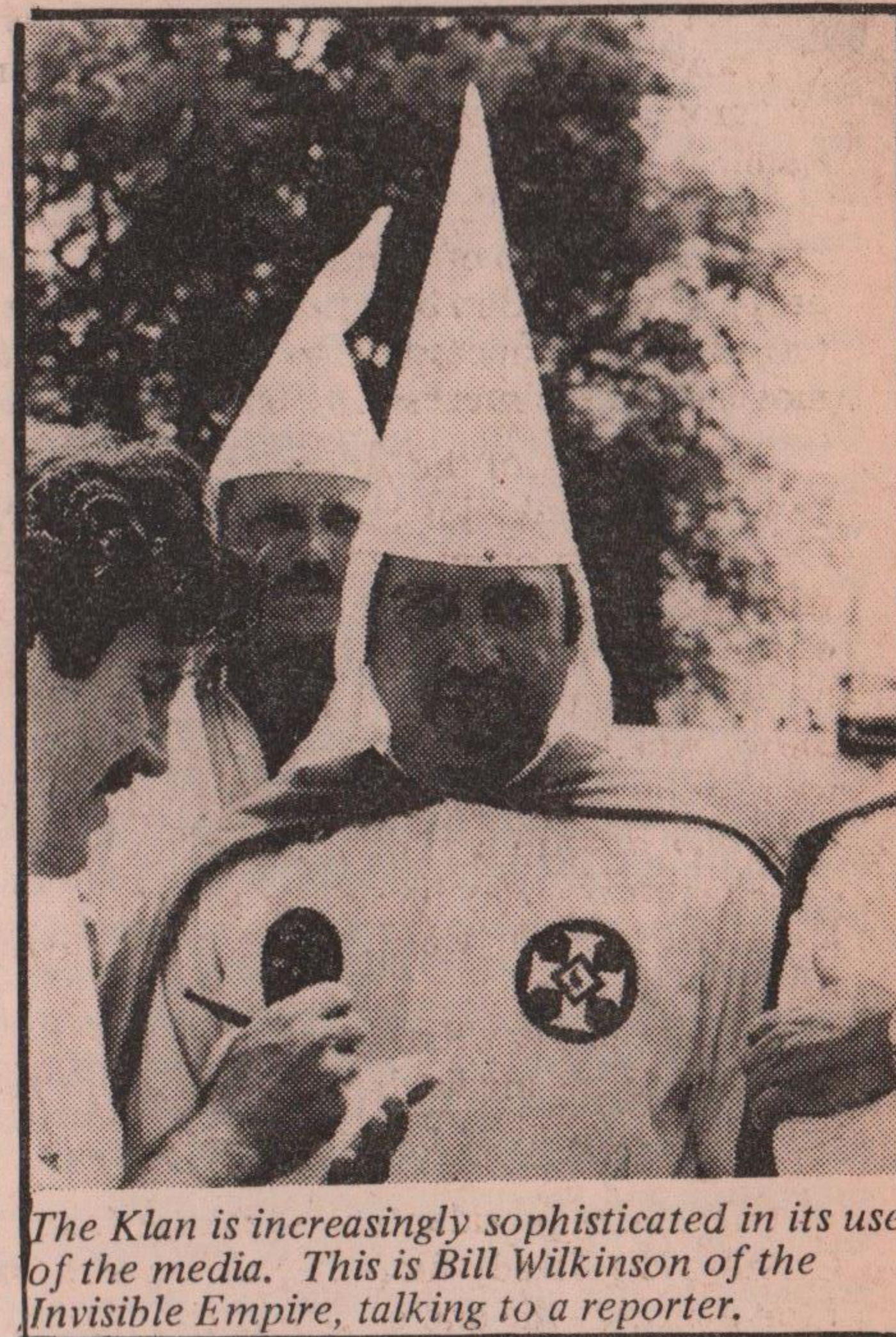
The Philadelphia Workers Organising Committee 'seriously questioned' the tactics of the CWP.

The Communist Party Marxist-Leninist stated: 'A handful of people were led into an ill prepared confrontation with these armed mill owners' henchmen with the result that they were brutally slaughtered.'

And the Revolutionary Workers Headquarters said the CWP had ill served the left by its actions since the shootings.

The trial and conviction of Tommy Lee Hines, a gentle, retarded black man, for the rape of a white woman in Decatur, Alabama was used as a pretext for a Klan drive which developed from regular cross-burning rallies and road-side collections to the point where a confrontation between a mostly black group of marchers and armed Klansmen erupted into a brief gun-battle that left three blacks and two Klansmen wounded.

Klan meetings and rallies in California, Arkansas, Kentucky and elsewhere were hounded by hecklers and counter-demonstrators who often outnumbered the Klanspeople, while in other areas, the Klan met with little or no opposition.



The Klan is increasingly sophisticated in its use of the media. This is Bill Wilkinson of the Invisible Empire, talking to a reporter.

In many cases, only local groups of blacks and other minorities, and left-wing would-be parties could mobilise people to face the threat.

The Ku Klux Klan, splintered into four major factions and many smaller groups, has an estimated 10,000 members, almost double estimates for five years ago. The Klan had its heyday in the 1920's, when it peaked at as many as nine million, with strongholds in the South, but also in such northern states as Oregon and Pennsylvania.

It had a powerful influence in the Democratic Party and could claim senators, governors, mayors and sheriffs as their own. In the 30's and 40's it went into steep decline

and was nearly extinct as an organisation by the early 50's. But with school desegregation and growing civil rights activity, it swelled again.

In the early 60's, estimated membership ranged in the tens of thousands, but loyalty dropped as the Klan became more and more terroristic and concessions to the civil rights movement were successfully implemented.

During most of the 70's the Klan was treated almost as a joke by the national media, even as an item of interest for radio and television talkshows. David Duke, 'Grand Wizard' of the Knights of the KKK, boasts that he has been in 'more than a hundred' such talkshows, which tend to concentrate on 'what we're doing, our philosophy, our ideals' rather than such questions as why he used to wear a Nazi uniform, why he still sells Nazi literature, and why violence seems to follow wherever he goes.

This is the 'New Klan', with a slick approach to the media, but underneath it the same call to racial hatred and violence.

One strong presidential candidate, John Conally, has already hinted at his support for a Klan demand—the end of affirmative action. In a speech in December he said that this sort of programme, meant to encourage the advancement of minorities into positions in education, labour and management that had previously been denied them, had perhaps gone too far.

Conally is a leading figure in the New Right, a sophisticated, media-oriented web of reactionaries who threaten to become a major force with at least veto-power in the next Congress.

Anti-Klan organisers also expect to have to fight the established political machinery. After the Greensboro attack, the local government managed to portray the whole thing as a clash between the two extremes of the political spectrum.

An investigation, into such questions as why the police did not intervene when they knew that a caravan of heavily-armed whites was driving to the site of the rally, was delayed for more than a month. A demonstration to protest the massacre, organised by local liberal, church and progressive groups, was cancelled when the local media managed to induce a red-baiting scare in their midst with tales of wild-eyed radicals descending on Greensboro to provoke a riot.

With the events in Greensboro still fresh, the Anti-Klan Network organised a second conference last December. Many more groups attended the second one, and they agreed to sponsor a national demonstration on February 2, 1980, 20 years after four black college students sat down at the lily-white lunch counter at Woolworths in Greensboro, helping to accelerate the civil rights movement.

'We refuse to be silenced by the new wave of KKK terror, government repression, and those who would tell us to close our eyes, hoping the terror will go away', reads the call to the demonstration. 'These cold-blooded murders were encouraged by the Bakke and Weber cases (which attacked affirmative action) the anti-alien hysteria . . . (and) new attempts at union busting. This must be turned round.'

Rudi Dutschke: Instead of an Obituary

Excerpts from a 3-hour discussion on Austrian TV about 'May 68 and the consequences', held in June 78.

This open-ended discussion on the usually conservative Austrian airwaves created an uproar. The TV company's telephone lines were jammed with outraged callers and the next day the newspapers were full of leaders calling it an "evil anarchist show" and "the biggest scandal ever".

Participants:

- Daniel Cohn-Bendit and Rudi Dutschke, student leaders of the middle sixties
- Gunther Nenning, journalist, editor of the Austrian NEVES FORUM which published the transcript of this discussion
- Kurt Sontheimer, professor and "political scientist" and
- Mathias Walden, journalist and TV "personality", both from the West German liberal right.

Dutschke: . . . There are different cultures. Sub-culture, second culture. They show that traditional understanding of culture in society is disintegrating. You can't argue with that.

Sontheimer: No.

Dutschke: So the question is: If it's not only the intellectuals, but also the 600,000 homeless and the 13,000 committing suicide — you could name other figures. They are figures unknown in the period of the economic miracle. But today society has lost its sense of meaning. That's what it looks like to many.

Sontheimer: For relatively many, yes.

Dutschke: I think something central to society is beginning to disintegrate: the category 'work ethic'. In the traditional outlook of the working class and those that controlled them you could always assume a concept of discipline, self-discipline and work-ethic. Even if you didn't want to, you went to work, even tried to find yourself in your work, to understand work not just as a form of alienation but also as self-expression.

The contrast between older and younger generations is now fundamental. And it's not a generational conflict but a historical conflict. . . .

Those supposed to slog, the ethic to slog. Some of them have even developed an ethic, or a non-ethic, or a new ethic to do what they see as useful, to produce their lives: small work-groups, small-production. They say: I'm no longer prepared to give my whole life to work. That's a new quality and the beginning of new values and of the disintegration of old values.

Sontheimer: I think that Rudi Dutschke is right in the way he describes this process, isn't he? But — he evaluates it differently. . . . I am of the opinion that we have to try to rescue the situation through a sensible synthesis with the old values, the work-ethic. I can't follow him because I can see that it will only lead to destruction and nothing better will emerge.

Cohn-Bendit: 'Cause you've got something to lose!

Sontheimer: That's a cheap argument.

Cohn-Bendit: Intellectually! I don't mean financially, for god's sake. You've got a world to lose!

Dutschke: And who's got a world to win? That's the question.

Sontheimer: But what is your world going to look like?

Dutschke: That's not the problem now. That much sense of reality I did possibly gain in the seventies, and possibly didn't have in the sixties. Although I'm not prepared to give up fantasy.

There is an international confrontation of powers, but the blocs are not in opposition, rather they need one another to make repression, subjugation and exploitation possible. Of these Eastern European countries you can say without any qualms: Socialism. Because it legitimises your own position. From a socialist position I can only call it: state-slavery without any form of public sphere or accountability — from the GDR to Russia no possibility for people to express themselves or to discuss publicly. . . . And society can't develop. But if socialism is to have a meaning then it is to allow society to develop.

Walden: I totally agree!

Cohn-Bendit: Walden becomes a socialist! Walden: In the description of the actual socialist realities we are of the same opinion.

Dutschke: You've got no problems, you can write against the East in your paper, but you don't try to understand how far East and West have the same aims: to sustain the work-ethic, fight opposition with all means. For Social-Democrats in the West it means not to allow Socialists to emerge. Because they've got the monopoly on democratic socialism.

Walden: So I'm only a Democrat if I say: Socialism must emerge? Surely I'm also democratic if I insist on the right to find Socialism not practical.

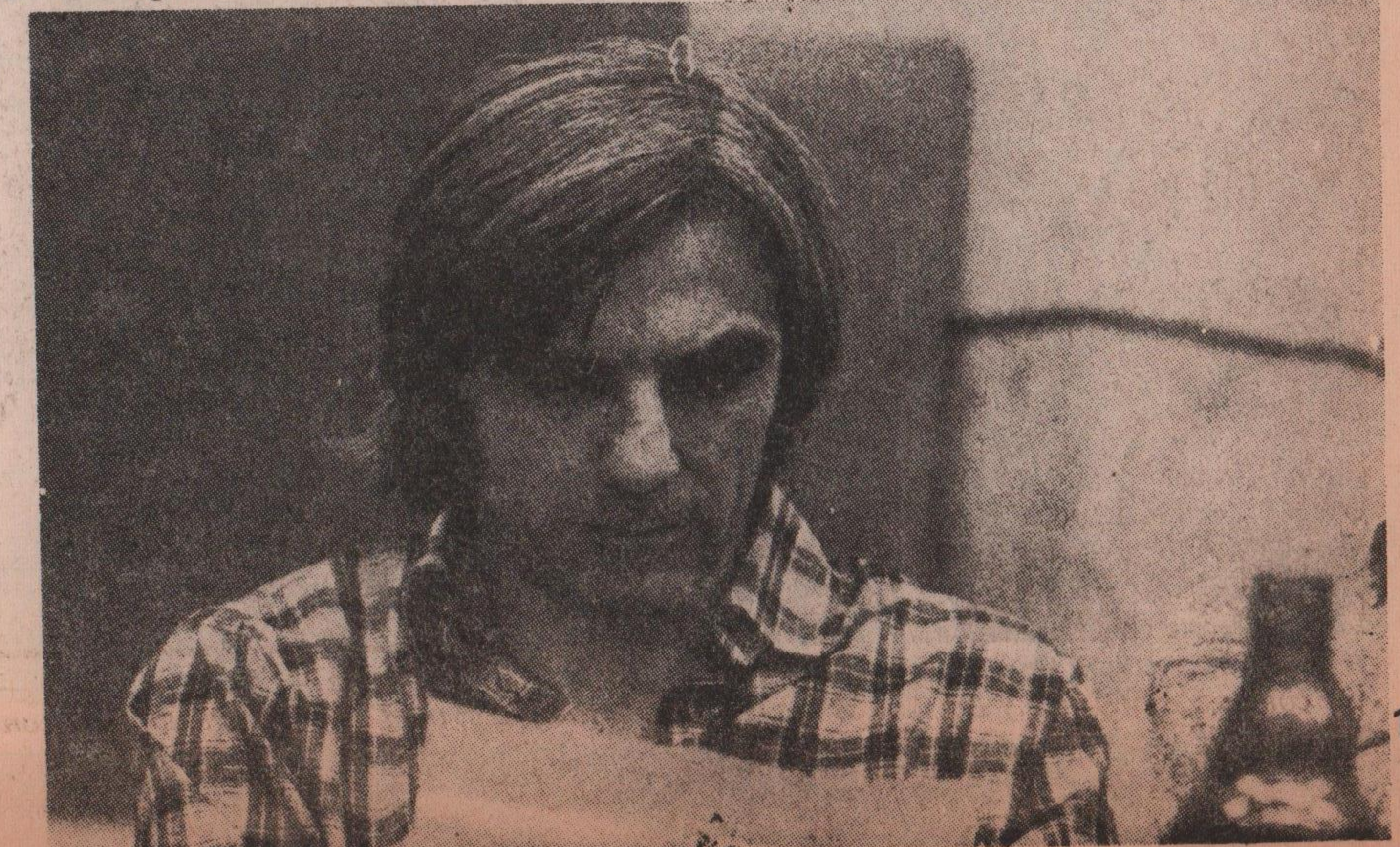
Cohn-Bendit: But that you can do every Sunday on your TV show, we really don't want to spoil your fun. . . .

Walden: Yes, and it's more successful than your plea for Socialism.

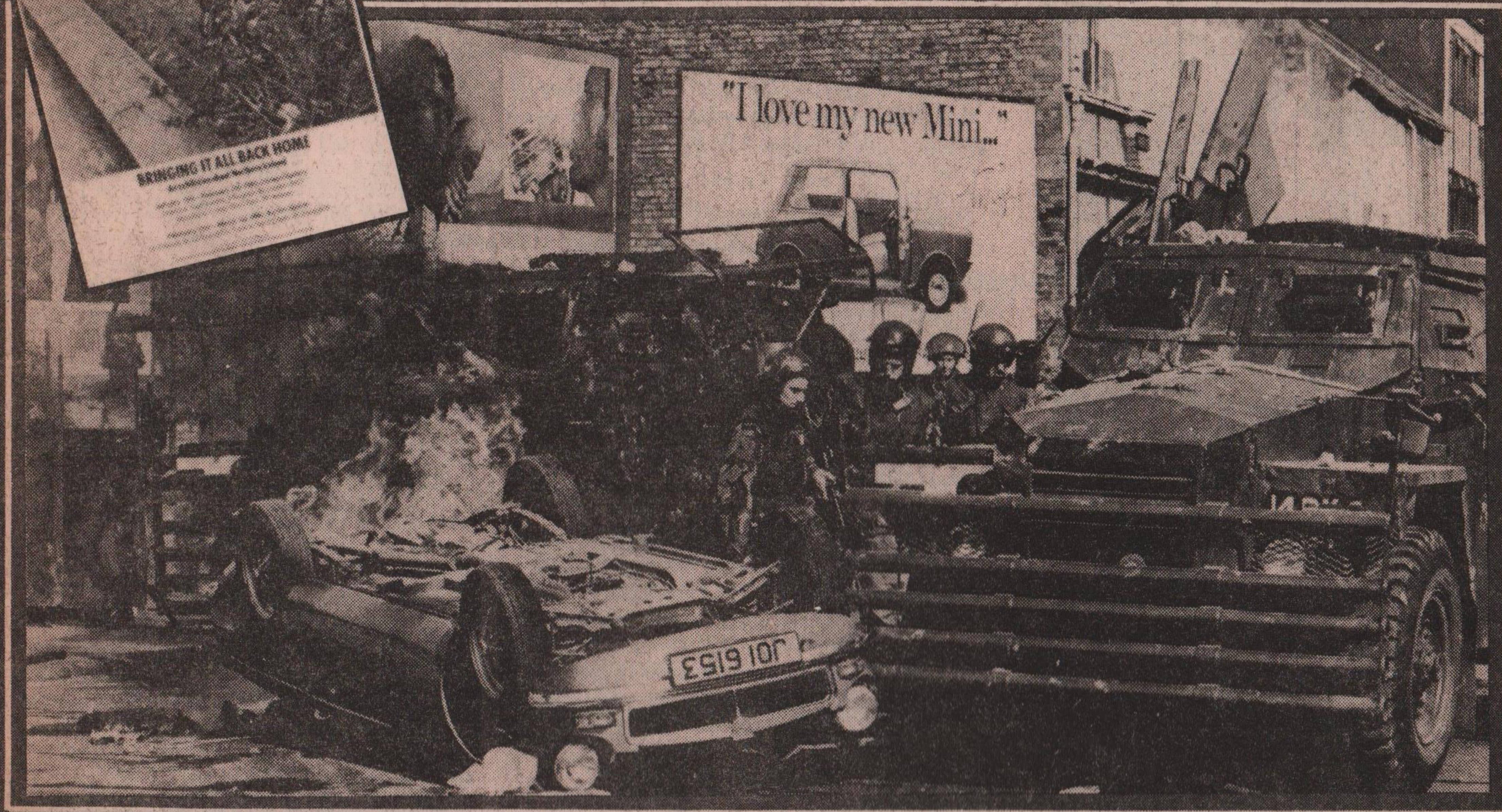
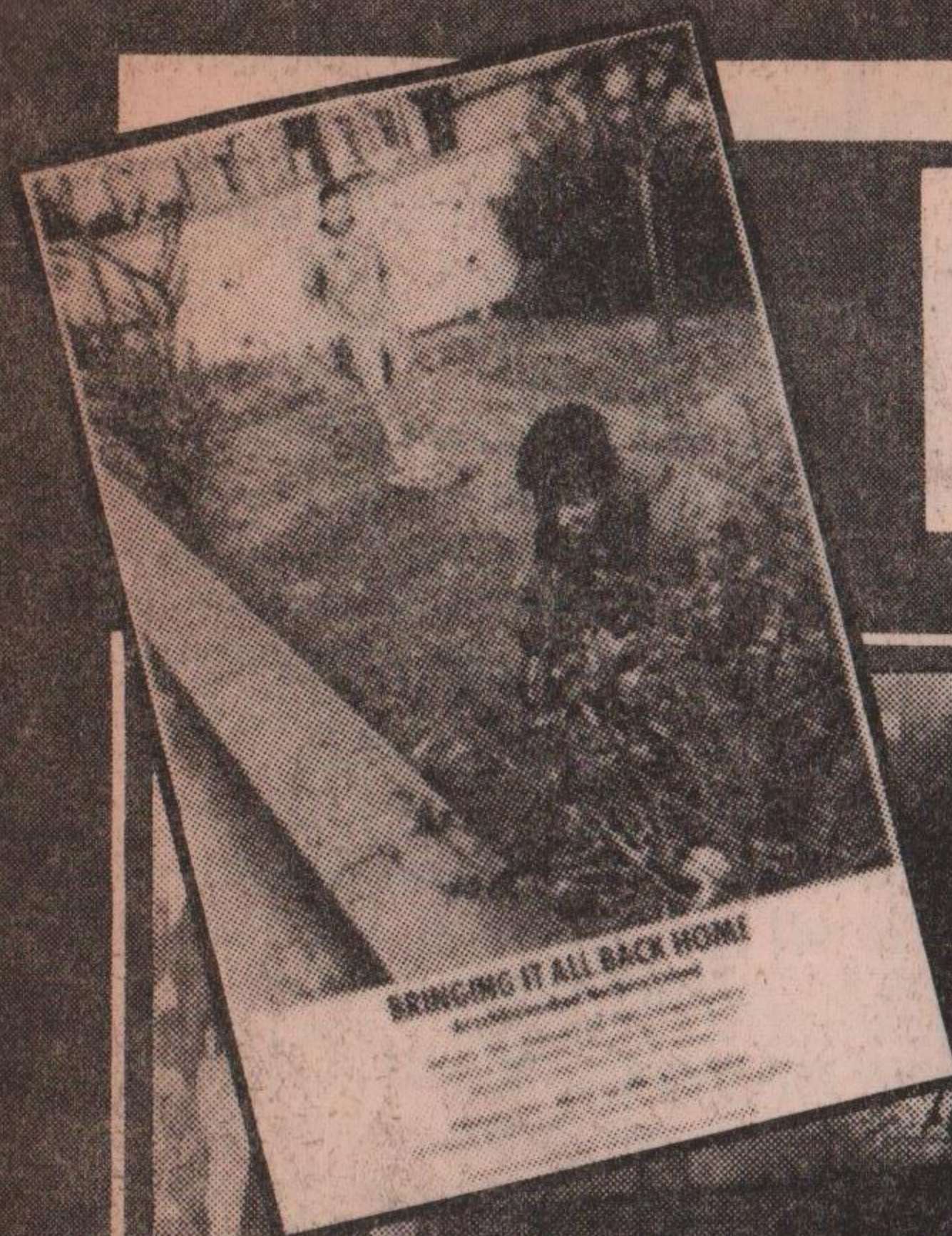
Cohn-Bendit: Just let me speak on TV every Sunday — we'll see what is more successful!



A march and rally in Decatur, Alabama, brought together 15,000 people — black and white — to protest at the Klan's activities in the area and at the conviction of Tommy Lee Hines, "arrested by white police, tried by a white judge, and convicted by an all-white jury."



Bringing it all back home



With rising unemployment, joining *The Professionals* becomes an increasingly tempting option. But Army recruitment is noticeably reticent on the realities likely to face the young Professional in Northern Ireland.



Like many people, this woman lives in conditions that are the consequence of redevelopment rather than bombings—an issue little touched upon by the British press.

A new photographic exhibition on Ireland reviewed.

OVER THE PAST few years numerous politically-orientated photographic workshops have sprung up around Britain; of these the Half Moon Photography Workshop is still the best-known. Founded in 1977, based in east London, and funded by the Arts Council, they declared their intentions from the start as to provide a forum "for the exchange of ideas, views and information on photography and other means of communication" and by "exploring the application, scope and content of photography" to demystify the process. They set about this task by organising seminars and travelling workshops, producing their bi-monthly magazine CAMERAWORK and by organising regular touring exhibitions.

"Bring It All Back Home", their latest exhibition, which opened in the Cockpit Gallery, west London on January 15th, is an off-shoot from CAMERAWORK no 14, entitled "Reporting on Northern Ireland", a special issue devoted entirely to the subject of Ireland. CAMERAWORK 14 was a brave and largely successful attempt to

analyse the current situation in the north of Ireland making extensive use of both photographs and text to illustrate such themes as the British Army's role in Northern Ireland, the appalling social conditions of many inhabitants, and particularly, the role and attitudes of the British media when reporting on Ireland.

The new exhibition is based heavily (deliberately and necessarily so) on the contents of CAMERAWORK 14, with the addition of some new cartoons and graphics to bring the show up to date. However, while the exhibition is certainly reasonably successful, I couldn't help feeling rather disappointed, cheated even, and more than a little disturbed by what seemed like a none-too-subtle shift of emphasis between CAMERAWORK 14 and the current exhibition.

The problem seems to be that in the transition from magazine to exhibition format, the mass of the text has been left out with the result that the viewer is left with a lot of very professional "images"—and I use that word carefully—with little written information to back them up.

In CAMERAWORK 14 the photographs are used either to illustrate the text or on an equal basis with the written word—in the current show the photographs in effect are the exhibition *in toto*, with what text there is reduced to a minor supporting role. The result is that the photographs tend to become divorced from the reality which they are meant to portray and thus become a display of the photographers' artistic and technical abilities, rather than a political statement.

The very quality (in technical and aesthetic terms) of the pictures only serves to reinforce this impression—as a friend commented: "They're so good technically, it becomes difficult to get past the surface gloss and actually relate to what's happening in them." The picture opposite, of the house search, is a prime example—it has such an eerie, almost ethereal, quality that it begins to obstruct the photographer's intentions.

Unlike some people however, I would hesitate to say that this change is a result of deliberate policy on the part of the Half Moon Workshop—they would

most certainly deny such an allegation—but rather that it illustrates the difficulty of transferring such themes from the format of a magazine to an exhibition.

It's unfair to be too critical. The exhibition is of a very high quality, and the ideas expressed are welcome relief from the way photographs are used in the British national press. Whatever your feelings, it's certainly an exhibition worth seeing—just make sure you buy a copy of CAMERAWORK 14 when you go.

Jeremy Nicholl

The Half Moon Photography Workshop exhibition "Bringing It All Back Home" is on show at the Cockpit Gallery, Drama and Tape Centre, Princeton St, London WC1 until February 7th. It will also be on show at Action Space, 16 Chenies St, WC1 from February 12th till March 1st. The exhibition will then be available in touring form—contact Half Moon at 119/121 Roman Road, London E2.



A fact of everyday life in Northern Ireland: a routine house search in the early hours by the Army; looking for arms, checking occupations and providing even more data to be fed into their vast intelligence network.

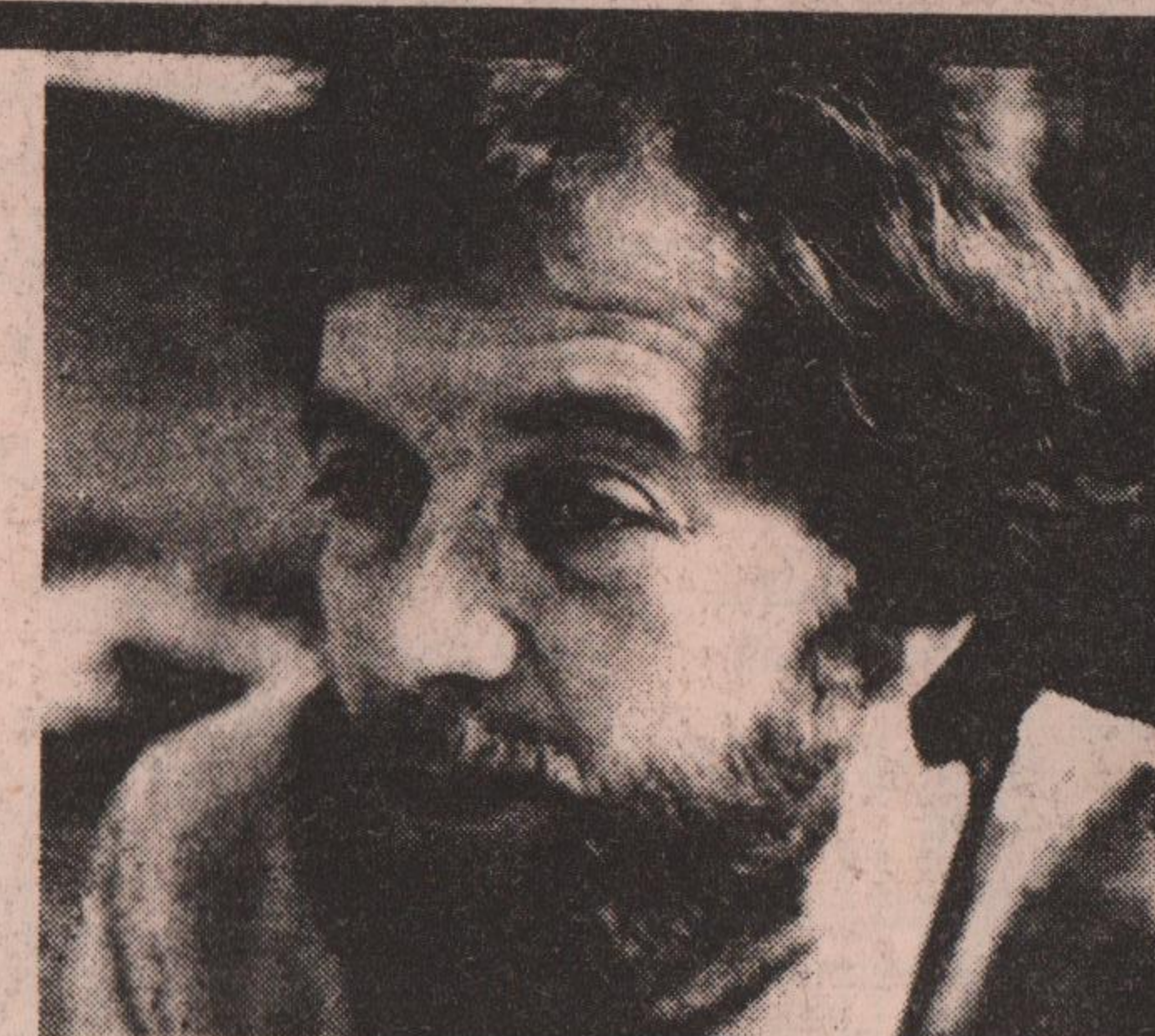
KEEPING UP THE TERROR...

AT LEAST 27 Irish men and women were detained around Britain during a "pre-emptive strike" series of police terror squad swoops; The police could not lose either way — if nothing happened over Christmas they could claim they were doing their job and how; if something did, they could have said it would have been worse were it not for their sturdy work.

The police gave themselves a high public profile over their actions — not so to the bunch of people they'd roped in. They included activists in the former International Tribunal campaign, the RCG Hands Off Ireland!, several contorted Irish family linkings which incidentally left some 26 young children having to be temporarily taken into care, and one strange choice, a journalist Paddy Prendiville.

He was certainly an Irish political activist in London before he joined the Dublin-based, occasionally radical magazine *Hibernia* a year ago. His four-day detention gave *Hibernia* the unavoidable opportunity to spell out the grim minute-by-minute particulars of what happens to an Irish person detained in Britain under the Prevention of Terrorism Act. Seems strange that Scotland Yard should have engineered this unsettling Christmas time reading for Irish folk, but then maybe their files on people like Prendiville are not

Police:
"You must have a record — you're Irish"



Paddy Prendiville

'constantly updated'.

Describing his imprisonment, Prendiville wrote: "I never had a gun pointed at me before". He was handcuffed and led off to London's Lemon Street nick. In the face of such comments as 'You must have a record, you're Irish', he wrote a vivid description of how fear eats the soul, the chilling isolation and the frightening vulnerability of arrest under the PTA.

Safely back in Dublin, he wrote to *The Leveller*: "My own experience was frightening and degrading. But I was lucky because both pressure and publicity was forthcoming due to my status as a journalist.

"It is probably the exclusive use of the PTA against the Irish community in Britain that accounts for the feebleness of opposition to the Act which even its mover in the Commons,

the then Home Secretary Roy Jenkins, described as 'draconian' in 1974. A measure of this weakness is the almost desperate nature of the appeals that are made by those few socialists and republicans who address themselves to the left and the Labour Movement in Britain on the PTA.

"Such appeals contain warnings that one day the full force of the Act will be used against British socialists and trade unionists — which is undoubtedly true — and which by implication would be a far, far more serious thing than the five year long offensive against the Irish community.

"In the last analysis Britain can only rule Ireland through military repression, the strengthening of loyalism, the use of non-jury courts, repressive laws and the like. Protests against non-jury courts, torture, the PTA and the denial of civil liberties

are useful and indeed necessary in developing interest and awareness of the war in Ireland among sections of the British population. But ultimately it is only the end of British interference in Ireland that will see an end to the police state activities of such as the Anti-Terrorist Squad.

"Meanwhile readers may care to consider the unpublished case of just one more Irishman recently detained under the PTA. On Christmas Eve, Brendan Kelly of Killorglin, Co. Kerry, returned to London from the USA on route to Ireland. He was stopped at Heathrow by the Special Branch and held for five days. He was questioned about a particular serious offence which occurred when he was not even resident in the country.

"Kelly has no political affiliations whatever nor has he had in the past. Neither is he a journalist and his detention received no mention in the media and no appeals by trade unionists or anyone else for his release. Kelly is just one of about three Irish people detained each week under the PTA. Some are trade unionists, others are not. But all of them are Irish and so the flickers of protest raised against such harassment would hardly illuminate a paragraph in the *New Statesman*."

The PTA comes up for its annual renewal this March. Minimal resistance from MPs is anticipated.



Sophisticated visual aids make observation and surveillance considerably easier. Here the soldier, ensconced in one of the many bunkers which surround police stations and army barracks, surveys the area outside with the aid of a light intensifier.



The games children play reflect the realities of everyday conflict in Belfast.

ALL IS NEARLY lost in the bid by six Northern Irishmen to assert their innocence of the 1974 Birmingham city centre pub bombings. The six men still hold a place in the current Guinness Book of Records for the largest mass-murder in British criminal history—twenty-one people—despite the bulk of evidence that they were not responsible, chronicled in *Leveller* issue 1.

Lord Denning in quashing their case in London mid-January exploited all sorts of emotional language—"most wicked murder"

KILLING JUSTICE...

and the like. The men were seeking to assert they had been physically intimidated by police into signing their "confessions"—they were suing the police for assault, but Denning upheld the police counter-claim such a bid was "vexacious" and an abuse of the court.

The Birmingham case was one that simply had to be stopped. If the men are indeed innocent, the

implications for the judicial process, for the British colonial face vis-a-vis Ireland's dilemma are of mega-proportions, truly horrendous. Denning did not need a memo from the Cabinet Office. He did his job. The men must rot, hostages to *realpolitik*.

Lawyers representing the Irishmen were expecting Denning's outcome, despite producing much new evidence to show why the

case needed a second look. They are not sure they can take the current case as it is to the House of Lords, and only two options are left. They can either draw up all the reasons why the Irishmen should not be left to serve their multiple life sentences, and present it all to the Home Secretary, or they can try to go "public". That means mobilising a campaign through the publicity outlets using media individuals like Lord Longford, Archbishop Hume, who is known to have a personal interest in this and other Irish cases, and MPs.

Shorts

Beeb, Beeb!

IT'S ABOUT time *The Leveller* dug out a few more secrets of the bosses of the BBC. In issues 11, 28 and 29 we've carried leaked minutes of the weekly meeting of editorial executives with the Director, News and Current Affairs (DNCA), Dick 'Francis of the Yard' Francis.

The last ones concen-

trated on the deal the BBC agreed with the Metropolitan Police, that allowed police to have a strong say in programmes about them.

The minutes of the DNCA meetings that discussed our revelations have now crept into our hands. On June 12 last year it was top of their agenda. No doubt mindful that his words would leak out Francis felt bound to justify the police

agreement, by lying. He said it was merely to 'provide a record of conversations to prevent subsequent disagreement in sensitive areas and the option for the police to comment on the product before transmission. It was entirely compatible with editorial practice...'

The text of the agreement itself, which we published, makes it clear that police approval is

required *before* any filming is started.

The BBC have, of course, had to withdraw from the agreement under pressure from the unions, who took up the leak promptly; this was referred to in the next week's minutes (June 19) as 'some unease' or as 'even senior BBC journalists' as being 'under a misapprehension'.

But the final comment, as is so often the case, was

the best. It was noted that some of *The Leveller* material had now appeared in *Time Out*, 'interspersed with politicised comments. Neither of these magazines was of any political or journalistic significance, nor did some of their contributors support the Parliamentary democracy in which they were free to publish'. How can these men be allowed to utter these vile slanders?

Pretty Beastly

THAT ENEMY of anything good and useful in the publishing world W H Smith has now turned against yet another organ, *The Beast*, a glossy sturdy bi-monthly that sets out to talk for all those non-human animals who can't talk for themselves.

The Beast asserts it's the mag that bites back but Smith has turned them down in typical fashion; the animals' friend, though, asserts it's not depressed; "Far from it. It has clarified our position and increased our determination."

With *WaterShip Down*-creator

Richard Adams behind it, *The Beast* has indeed grounds for optimism, and for the year ahead, it promises: "We will be broadening our coverage of areas related to our central themes of animal liberation, ecopolitics and the anti-nuclear movement, especially the struggle of the endangered people (*not animals*) of the world."

Another wizard wheeze *The Beast* now engages in, is printing a picture of your favourite pussy cat if you send them a sustaining sub. If you want to support the magazine that is produced because "we can't take it any more and time is running out", contact them at 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11.

Sherry with John and Martin

WHERE DOES the public voice come into a public inquiry? As the days dragged out down at Hackney Town Hall in east London the prevailing form was more like a civil sherry-sipping function somewhere in the Inner Temple. Mediated by legality the N.F. could appear respectabler than thou, whereas a black witness with the wrong manners for the occasion was merely incompetent. It's not what you are but how you say it.

The National Front have appealed against three enforcement orders brought against them by Hackney Council on their East End headquarters. As a result the D.o.E has seen fit to order a public inquiry which began on December 5 last year, and ended on January 12. The basic contention is that the uses of the building at 73 Great Eastern Street have been materially changed by the occupiers without obtaining planning permission.

The Council has argued that before it was bought in 1978 by N.F. Properties Ltd the building was used as a wholesale warehouse with some small office space. Since then its major use has been administrative; it is the National Front's head office and also contains their publications unit. On these planning grounds alone the Council constructed a case unaffected by the ideological nature of the N.F., while simultaneously arguing that the nature of the N.F.'s propaganda was relevant

It is the job of the Inspector, Mr. Leo Kealey, to assemble the evidence submitted and report on it to the Secretary of State. At the start he announced that any evidence of a 'racial or political' kind would be treated separately in his report from the 'real' planning issues. Even so as the inquiry proceeded, witnesses for the Hackney Council for Racial Equality, the Trades Council and a number of local community groups were permitted to give evidence of racist assaults, abuse, graffiti and printed propaganda

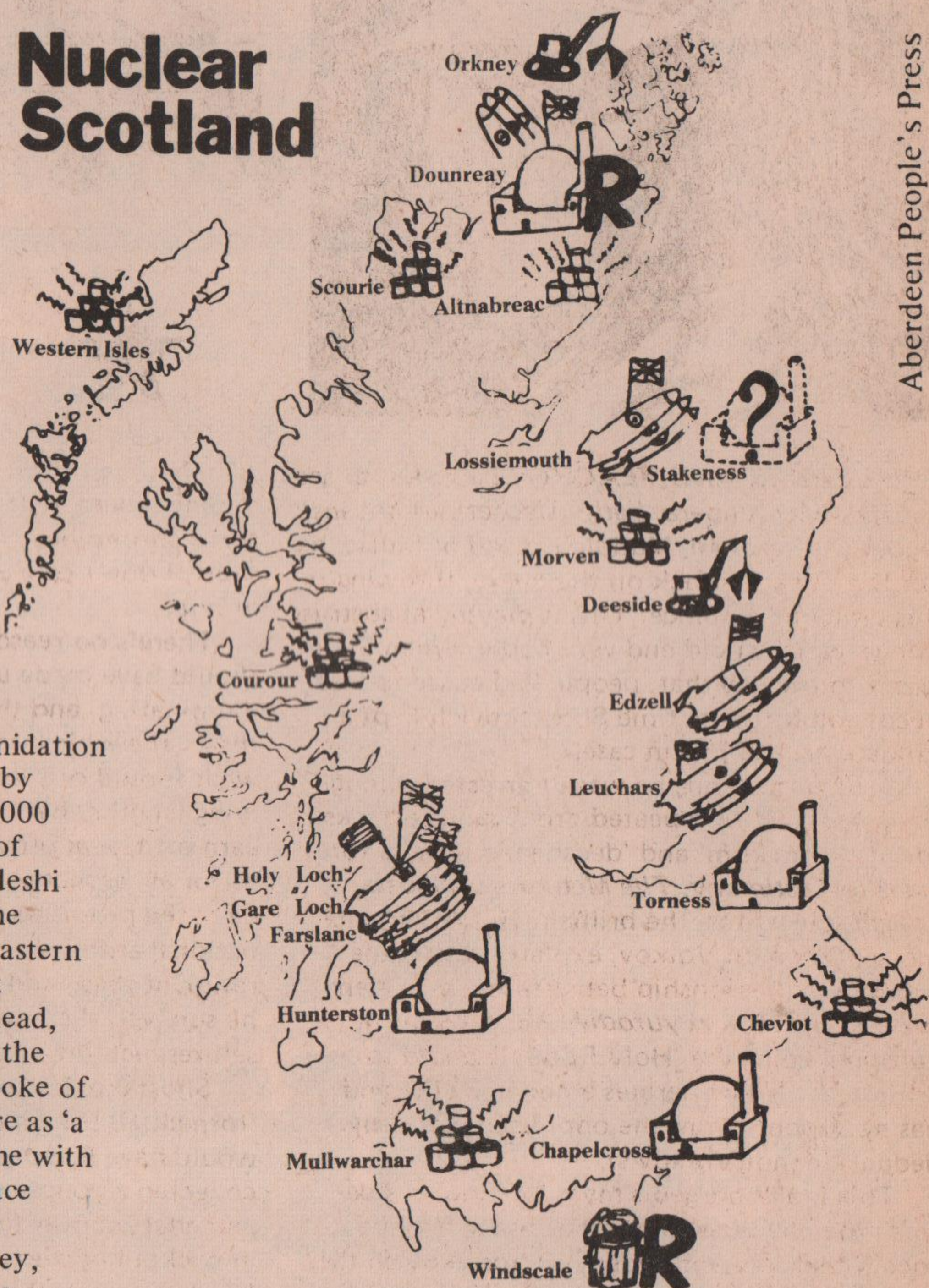
Amongst the witnesses were local workers who told of their personal

experiences of intimidation and of the fear felt by members of the 15,000 strong community of Bengali and Bangladeshi even to walk past the building on Great Eastern Street. An anarchist infiltrator, Simon Read, who had worked in the headquarters and spoke of the atmosphere there as 'a totally poisonous one with an obsession with race hatred' and Bishop Thompson of Stepney, whose windows were broken three times by sieg-heiling youths.

But the crucial point at issue was made by a town planner, Mr. Whittaker, who made the most consistent attempt to persuade the inspector that the 'racial and political' evidence could not be happily shoved into its own pigeon-hole, but is an inextricable part of the concept of planning law, and argued that the ghettos of pre-war Poland, or those existing now in South Africa, were not some kind of natural outcrop in a cityscape, but the inevitable reflection of planning policy.

Leo Kealey, however, stuck to his system. The politics were separable, and to be treated as such.

Nuclear Scotland



Aberdeen People's Press

When pressed by Andrew Arden, counsel for Hackney Community Link-Up, he made this clear in a somewhat irritated outburst, stating: 'I have already formed a view, and I had formed it partly before I came to this inquiry.' So much for the inquiring half of a public inquiry. We will never know what view the Secretary of State takes of the controversial evidence, in the form in which Mr. Kealey conveys it. All we will know in about three months time is whether the National Front have won their appeal and are permitted to remain in Hackney as a visible example of officially condoned racism or not.

Key:

- Nuclear Power Station Proposed site
- Nuclear Power Station (operational or under construction)
- Site associated with Nuclear Weapons
- Proposed area for Uranium Mining
- Proposed site for Nuclear Waste Test Drilling
- Research Establishment
- Nuclear Waste Storage and Processing

Shostakovich

Music for the Many

ON JANUARY 28, 1936 Soviet citizen-artist Dmitri Shostakovich bought a copy of *Pravda* at the station bookstall at Archangelsk. On Page 3 he read an article, by the Leader and Teacher himself, that changed his entire life and career and, as much as any other isolated event, marked a milestone in the repression of artists by the party machine.



THE LEADER AND TEACHER had been to see Shostakovich's opera, *Lady Macbeth of Mtsansk*. Under the headline, Muddle instead of Music, he wrote a violent attack on the opera, throwing in this ominous sentence: This is playing at abstruse things, which could end very badly. When Stalin wrote things like that, people had cause to lose sleep, and for some time Shostakovich kept a suitcase packed just in case.

As it turned out, he wasn't arrested, though he was subject to repeated propaganda attacks for his 'formalism' and 'decadence'. In the forward to *Testimony, The Memoirs of Shostakovich*, the editor, the brilliant Russian musicologist Solomon Volkov, explains this in the traditional relationship between the two men: they were Tsar and *yurodivy*, he explains: a *yurodivy* being the 'Holy Fool', licensed to criticise... s/he operates among an elite and has no support from the oppressed class (my deduction, not Volkov's).

This is all bourgeois mystification. It side-steps the real questions about the artist in a socialist society and it denies Shostakovich the credit his struggle and his music deserve.

To dispose of Volkov first. The authenticity of *Testimony* is currently the Number One literary talking point, (and the book has been a surprise best-seller).

Solomon Volkov is an ambitious music writer who attached himself to Shostakovich and claims to have amassed the material for the book from a long series of interviews. The interviews weren't recorded, he explains, because the official broadcasts Shostakovich had been forced to make had given him a terror of microphones, so he took notes in a special shorthand that no-one else can apparently read. Shostakovich also stipulated nothing should be published till he was dead. (He died in 1975).

Young Volkov, who has included in the book several photographs of himself and the master in animated conversation to prove their intimacy, knew he had a hot property on his hands, so as soon as Shostakovich died he hid himself to New York with his manuscripts and made a good deal of money.

Music critics have descended on the book and pointed out that this or that detail is wrong. But since it's just a patchwork of rambling

reminiscences, with no thread of argument let alone chronology, I don't think this matters. In short, I don't care whether the thing is authentic or not.

There's no reason Shostakovich or Volkov should have made up the sections that are illuminating, and there's a lot to be gained from these: the whimsical switches in policy over what should or should not be performed; the lying lengths that hack artists would go to to earn official approval; the nightmare of Stalin's terror as respected comrades are dragged off for ever; the pressures to produce hack work like national anthems; the artist's anger and frustration at these and the grim humour with which he survived them and fought to maintain his self-respect. (It is an extremely funny book).

Shostakovich was not an elitist, not a 'formalist'. If he had been—and how the west would have loved it—he'd have gone to California, collected a couple of university appointments and chatted over the latest musicological theories at cocktail parties with Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Hindemith and the rest. All technique and no soul, these wankers who indulged in fine music that got further and further from the comprehension of ordinary working people.

Not for Dmitri this avant-gardism. He was really concerned that his music be popular. He just wasn't prepared to let the party dictate what that should be. He hated the middle-class intellectual 'dissidents' who sold out to the west, and he hated the west itself.

But he had been involved in the revolutionary avant-garde of the Soviet Union in the twenties. This was one of the most productive periods, after all, of modern art, when Mayakovsky, Yessenin, Gorki, Kollontai, and Serge were writing, when Tatlin, Gabo and Malevich were dreaming their amazing constructions. Shostakovich then wrote his first four symphonies, the best of his fifteen film scores; and his satirical works: the operas, *The Nose* and *The Bedbug*, and the hysterical ballet, *The Age of Gold* about a Soviet football team visiting the west and coming up against all kinds of corruption. (Meanwhile, in the west, the avant-garde elite were shooting off at the nihilist tangents of Dada and dodecaphony).

Of course Stalin put a stop to all this revolutionary experimentalism, and the order was socialist realism. Shostakovich was about the only survivor, and, after a few years of forced triumphant output, he lapsed into the morbid, introspective music he's now mostly associated with: the late symphonies, the string quartets, the song cycles; paranoia-music, though with reason; I wish they'd play more of his early stuff. People would be quite startled.

All through this book Shostakovich (or probably Volkov) keeps saying he's non-political. He's got nothing to say about what his music means: let it speak for itself. This really is rubbish. Every word and every note is political. They come from a tremendous struggle to create a living, popular art, in the face of the vicious state apparatus.

There's not much of this in *Testimony*. Shostakovich does say at one point: 'Glazunov (*his teacher*) said that music was written by the composer for himself and a few others only. I am categorically opposed to that statement.' Then he goes off to something else. The old boy must have said more, on this theme. Young Volkov doesn't think it worth continuing.

We do have him protesting at the abuse of folk music of the different Soviet nations for party propaganda purposes, and encouraging his pupils to seek out the real thing.

But these concerns are put across as the quirks of the *yurodivy*. Shostakovich was forced into an enigmatic manner of expressing himself, purely to survive, and we're asked to take that for reality, which, as always, is otherwise.

So what will remain as Citizen-artist Shostakovich's memorial carries no specification of what it meant to him to be an artist in a post-revolutionary society, or what the role of that artist might be; no recognition of how his/her work might be heightened by being plugged in to the people's struggles, whether liberating (as in the first flush etc) or against a subsequent authoritarianism.

Naturally, no-one in the west, where artistic value is money-based, or Eastern Europe, where they're determined by the state, wants to know that.

Tim Gopsill

THE TSAR IS DEAD!

BEYOND THE FRAGMENTS?

A SUBDUED New Year's Eve gathering of friends. We are not happy. Crystal gazing conversation suggests that we look forward to the 80s with as much apprehension as we think we looked forward to the 70s with confidence. Perhaps we have reason. While we have shuffled along a little bit in our direction over the last ten years and can claim a few notably successes — thanks mainly to the WLM, but also to the ANL, RAR etc — the big wide world out there has taken giant strides in the opposite direction, further along a path which revolutionaries since Marx keep on thinking must soon come to an end. Gripped by crisis it may be, but, if the monster is going down, my Christmas TV diet persuaded me that it has most of us hypnotised into doing down with it.

It's not that we are mistaken in our views. In fact, if we ignore the "imminent collapse of capitalism" school of marxoid fundamentalists, the left has actually been pretty good at unmasking the truth behind the appearances of events. And the events themselves have not let us down. In Britain, the decade has been one of chaos and upheaval in industry and of crisis and decline in the economy as a whole. Trade unionism has increased significantly, especially among white collar workers, and there have been sporadic outbursts of shop-floor militancy. Black people have got themselves organised against oppression and the NF seems to have been beaten off. The Women's Liberation Movement has arrived. Elsewhere, the tide turned decisively against imperialism and colonialism, particularly with the liberation of countries in southern Africa and Asia. America was defeated in Vietnam. The Shah was overthrown. So was the post-war economic order and monetary system, revealing the most protracted economic crisis since the 30s.

The problem in Britain is that these events, tumultuous though some of them may have been, have not actually resulted in any discernible shift to the left at all. If anything, the decade has ended well to the right of where it began — a trend now accelerating under the Tory government.

Could it be that we've failed to make the best use of the opportunities that have presented themselves? Could we be doing something wrong?

In *Beyond the Fragments* (Merlin Press, £2.25) Hilary Wainwright, Sheila Rowbotham and Lynne Segal argue that something has indeed been sadly amiss on the left. Something so fundamental that it will require upheaval and realignment to put it right.

POWER

The left has failed to benefit from the convulsions of the last ten years because most of us have spent too much time preoccupied with the question of power — governmental power in the case of the

left wing of the labour party, state power in the case of, for example, the SWP.

We live in an era of unprecedented affluence in which ideas are dominated by consumerism and the credo of passive possession. People are buried under avalanches of media brainwashing, against which the lessons of their own experience sometimes seem puny. Cold war anti-communism is still the fulcrum on which the "balanced" reporting of our press and television rests, and socialism is still tarred with the brush of Stalin.

Under the circumstances it is hardly surprising that few people want socialism and ever fewer want revolution. Power is, shall we say, not yet on the agenda.

And yet people remain oppressed. They are not happy. In their own lives they want change. Complaint, rebelliousness, disillusionment are everywhere — especially among the young. Left politics, with few exceptions, hasn't connected with these moods. While the SWP is hammering away at the firmly locked gates of the state apartments, doors and windows are being opened and shut all around the back of the building.

CONSCIOUSNESS

People can make sense of the whole jigsaw puzzle of oppression and exploitation that is capitalist society if they can first become conscious of, and come to terms with, that part of it that most affects themselves. No call to the barricades; just a revelation, a transformation in consciousness, in understanding their own lives. The desire for change, for an alternative, for socialism, can only be a result of this change in consciousness.

For us, consciousness is more important than economic forces.

Fortunately, the authors aren't the only ones to have realised this. Turning away from the big power politics of the leninist left (and consuming platefuls of lessons from the WLM instead), there have been sprouting all over the country diminutive "fragments" of what may yet develop into a libertarian socialist movement. Women's centres, left book shops, theatre groups, radical magazines, and alternative papers, advice and rights centres, anti-nukes groups, black and gay groups and so on.

That these have not been launched as part of a premeditated strategy for nationwide consciousness raising, but have emerged haphazardly as vehicles by which people are best able to express themselves in the fight against these elements of capitalist/patriarchal oppression they know most about, is a sign of their strength. They are what people want to do. From their practice in tackling particular aspects of oppression emerges a strong and personal desire for radical change.

The fragments are also the seeds of an alternative culture. Even within bourgeois society it is possible to nurture a different way not only of thinking about things, but of doing them. The women's movement is proof of that. And, if people are to realise the nature of their oppress-

ion, there must be an alternative model from which we can learn and draw strength.

This alternative culture is also the "new life" — the beginnings of the new world.

THE STATE AND OUR ORGANISATIONS

However, there is a problem. All the Leninist boys at the back of the class are by now jumping up and down in excitement shouting, What about the State? What about the State?

How are the various fragments to avoid being accommodated, being incorporated into the status quo? How, if it comes to the crunch, are they to resist outright suppression? Indeed, how exactly are the activities of a local radical bookshop collective or socialist feminist group translated into a publicly expressed desire for socialism. And how do those local fragments of "socialist consciousness" form a movement that is something more than the sum of its parts — a movement of sufficient breadth and number as to seriously challenge what is now taken for granted and then to offer the prospect of change (to the point perhaps where power is on the agenda and we can all get excited about tactics and manoeuvres)?

The authors recognise that to go beyond the fragments in this way will probably require some form of national organisations:

"If workers were simply up against bosses, women up against the sexual division of labour and sexist culture, blacks against racial repression and discrimination, with no significant connection between these forms of oppression, no state power linking and overseeing the institutions concerned, then strong independent movements would be enough. But it is precisely the connections between these sources of oppression, both through the state through the organisation of production and culture, which makes a piecemeal solution impossible." Hilary. You boys at the back can sit down now.

The question is, what kind of organisation? Since we have lots of organisations already, it is first necessary to examine them and understand why they do not fit the bill. Making only a few remarks about the Labour Party and the CP, the book concentrates its attention the Leninist groups — the IMG and SWP in particular — a detailed critique of which takes up the bulk of the book's 250 pages. It is not a question of organisational forms:

"The dispute is about an idiom of politics... It is about how we think about what we are doing; how we situate ourselves historically; how we see ourselves and one another in relation to the movement for change and how we see the forms in which we resist capitalist society." Sheila.

For, behind the democratic centralist form of organisation of the leninist left are a whole number of political assumptions, about how revolutions happen and

how to prepare for them, that are at best irrelevant and at worst fraught with dangers.

"Within Trotskyism the desire to return to the molten heat of the early Russian revolution has all the intensity of the need for survival itself... How often do we need to say we are not in Russia in the early twentieth century before it becomes a felt reality? The tsar is dead!" Sheila.

"The bang is going to come. There is no doubt about it." Tony Cliff, SWP.

The Leninist model is, of course, October 1917. Economic crisis precipitates a political crisis, mass upheavals, a decaying regime bereft of allies that cannot continue in power; it topples, on the rubble is built the new society etc.

There is another, more recent, example of this process — Iran.

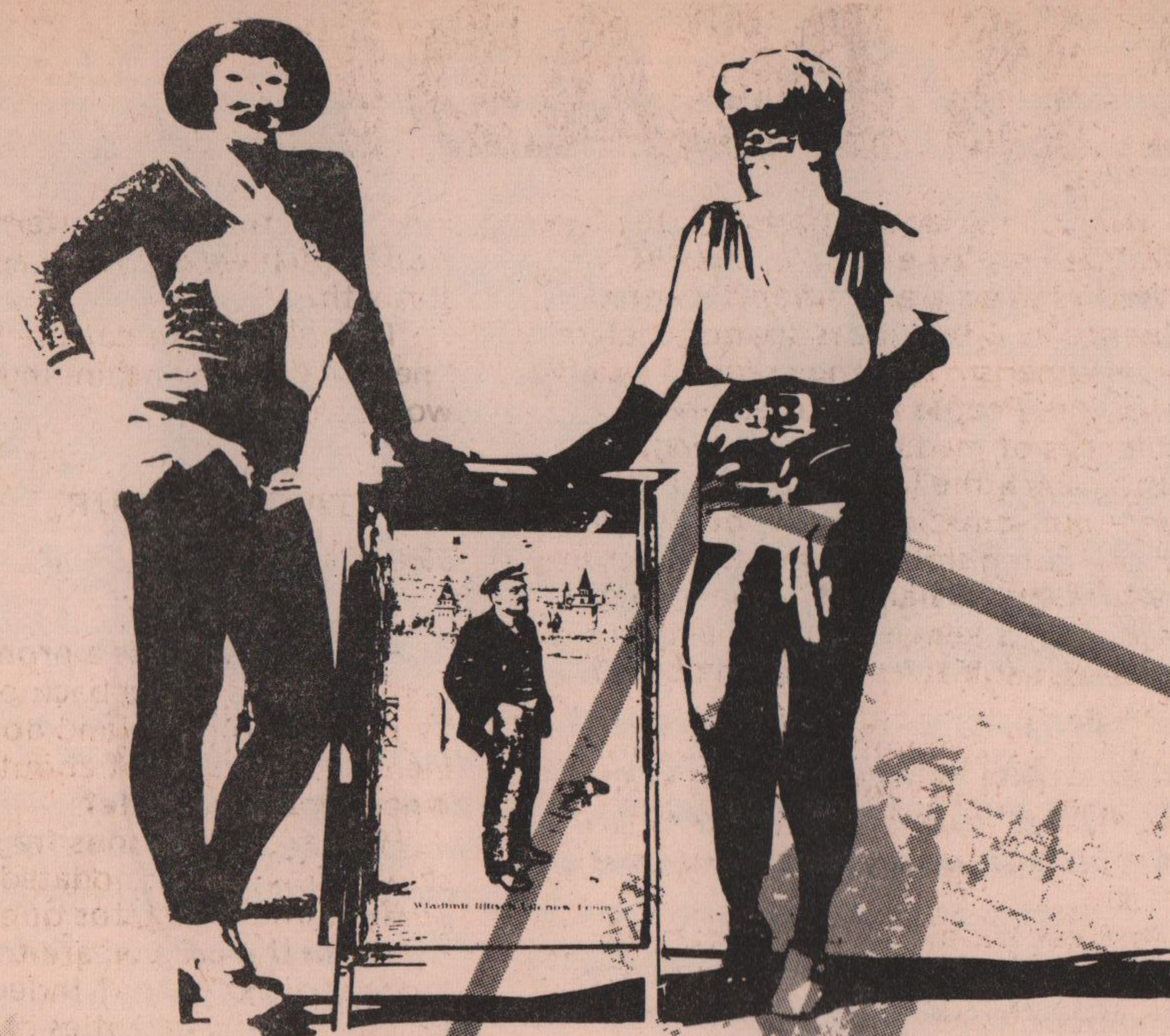
To the Leninist left, the difference between the two, and which in part explains why the one issued in socialism and the other in Khomeini, is the role played by the party. For, in this version of the revolutionary process, the party is absolutely crucial — it is the key to working class power. Without it there is nothing.

THE PARTY

In practice the most resolute and advanced, in theory having advantage of a clear overview of strategy and a detailed grasp of tactics, the party bring revolutionary consciousness to the awakened movement. It intervenes at the head, draws all progressive forces around it and skilfully conducts the struggle to a successful, socialist outcome. To do this it must be "organised for combat":

"Because the party is a combat organisation, it has no room for a layer of passive card holders or of privileged, secure bureaucrats. Its membership must be active and self-sacrificing (sic), and is likely, therefore, to be young." John Molyneux, SWP, in *Marxism and the Party* (Pluto Press).

It must enforce the iron discipline needed to follow the twists and turns of events:



"Centralism is essential because the party must wage a bitter struggle against a highly centralised enemy — the capitalist state. Without unity in action, as every every trade unionist knows, defeat is inevitable." John Molyneux again.

And it must not only lead the class ("The party leads the class, it does not tail-end it" Molyneux) but must itself be led by a strong and stable leadership:

"Class struggle is a form of warfare, and in warfare there has to be a single leadership," Chris Harman, a leader, SWP.

This view of how to go about things is, of course, incompatible with the general assumptions of the WLM.

It is economic, identifying workplace struggles as the lever of change and relegating everything else to their service. In this hierarchy of priorities, community struggles come somewhere below the factory gates, and after them come education and welfare issues. Somewhere at the bottom "under the dusty heading 'quality of life'" come the "optional cluster of sexual politics, ecology and what not". Hence the near obsession with the white male industrial working class.

It is elitist and undemocratic. The revolution must be led and, class struggle being a "form of warfare", the leadership naturally assumes something of the quality of an army general staff conducting a military campaign — with predictable consequences for the relationship between leaders and party members, and between the party as a whole and the revolutionary movement.

It is oppressive. It denies people's own consciousness, such as is derived from their experience of life and their

grasp of their own oppression, and substitutes a "socialist consciousness" which is "essentially the knowledge of certain theoretical truths with which the party educates and trains its members." (Sheila). This, combined with the tendency towards power mania, undermines people's ability to think for themselves:

"If you accept a high degree of centralisation and define yourselves as professionals concentrating above everything on the central task of seizing power, you necessarily diminish the development of the self-activity and self-confidence of most of the people involved". Sheila.

And, for example, in its use of esoteric jargon, the party "deflects queries about what is going on. It makes people feel small and stupid: It is part of the invalidation of actual experience which is an inhibiting feature of many aspects of left politics now." Lynne.

It alienates people. Not only for the reasons given above but also because it reduced every present struggle to the struggle to build the party in preparation for the big bang. Change is thus deferred until "after the revolution". Meantime, the end must justify the means. The party reproduces, sometimes in a more acute form, the relationships of power characteristic of the system we are trying to overthrow.

It is dangerous. In discussing the degeneration of the IS/SWP, marked by rigidity and dogma in ideas, defensiveness and paranoia towards criticism, internal feuding and so on, Sheila remarks: "If the circumstances of the mid seventies could produce this change, the mind boggles at what a civil war and famine would have done — Uncle Joe apart." Finally, of course, the Leninist scenario of the revolutionary upheaval, the big bang, on which their whole theory of the party depends, is in itself rather improbable. In 1789 and 1917 it did happen, but, as E P Thompson said in *Leveller 22*, "more confused transitions are the rule."

THE FRAGMENTS

Taking 1917 as the exception (and learning from its failures as much as from its successes) the alternative now emerging from the women's movement and the libertarian left is a way of politics founded on the consciousness of the individual, expressed in autonomous fragments which are loosely brought together in national organisations. Together, these form an alternative culture which poses an open and immediate choice: that is how it is, this is how it can be.

The forms of organisation suitable for these roles are not subject to any magic formulae or binding theories. Loose, non-hierarchical, flexible and participatory, they are above all prefigurative of the kind of organisations we would expect under socialism:

"I do not mean that we try to hold an imaginary future in the present, straining against the boundaries of the possible until we collapse in exhaustion and despair. This would be utopian. Instead such forms would seek both to consolidate existing practice and release the imagination of what could be. The effort to go beyond what we know has to be part of our experience of what we might know rather than a denial of the

continued from previous page

validity of our own experience in the face of a transcendent party". Sheila.

Thus organised we can fight for reforms and build the alternatives to the point of either turning the tide against the established order, or, if capitalism's own internal degeneration overtakes us in the meantime, of being prepared for the big bang with the future, so to speak, already in our pockets.

THE PARTS AND THE WHOLE

However, we still have to overcome an immediate difficulty. For, not only must the fragments throw up a generalised experience — a total picture within which the individual struggles are seen to be a contribution to the whole. But within each fragment and each individual there must also be a generalised consciousness.

In becoming aware of how we are oppressed by capitalism/patriarchy we must also become aware of how we stand in relation to the oppression of others. Anti-sexism plus classism is no good. Anti-classism plus racism is no good. For an alternative culture to mean anything it must express, in even the smallest fragment, the combination of anti-sexism, anti-racism, anti-classism and anti-authoritarianism that is the totality of liberation.

For that to happen there must be coming together in practice of at least the four main streams — feminism, socialism, libertarianism and the black movement (not, of course, at the expense of their autonomy, their independence of thought and action in conducting their own affairs). Only out of this fusion, in whatever form it takes, can a general body of ideas emerge around which, there can be a genuine realignment of the revolutionary left.

This is no easy task. At present the fragments are still disconnected, small, preoccupied with their own affairs. Non-aligned and libertarian socialists are in some disarray. The black movement is almost sealed off in its own community (and doesn't, for example, get much of a mention in Beyond the Fragments). Also, we have an existing socialist movement — the labour and trade union based socialism of the labour party and the CP — to which most of these ideas are totally foreign.

Most important of all, as far as Beyond The Fragments is concerned, is the yawning gulf between socialism and feminism. The women's movement is more or less a world of its own. Within it the socialist-feminist current is only now beginning to define the socialist content of its feminism (a process to which this book is a contribution).

If we can begin to weld the consciousnesses of these strands together, and, through the fragments, draw many more people towards socialism, then our prospects for the coming decade need not be so gloomy.

Rumour has it that a conference is shortly to be organised to extend the debate begun by Beyond The Fragments. If so it will be something to look forward to. If not, someone should set about it.

As for the big wide world out there, I can only see it getting worse over the next ten years. But then that's what we've been predicting since 1848.

Terry Hott



grey flaking stone city. who was it said edinburgh had a pretty face and a dirty arse? and her living right up its arse. of course.

dirty male-arse place. the knowing men in the pubs. the football supporters: she's english are yqu english hen? look at her thinks she's too good for us oh she's english right enough.

she's english right enough.

a visit from her father. he sweeps all the rubbish out of the dashboard of his car and into the gutter outside her house: well it's full of crap already this place is just a shit-hole. self-righteously slamming the car door.

and it's no room here for women sorry, the inn's full use your own entrance sit in the back of the bus don't talk to us men folks. all the fucking time.

signing on. ebba wriggling into her jeans checking her pocket for keys for her purse for her card, and wondering how bad will it be this time. other women manage, other women talk of giving men cards with: you have just insulted a woman on one side and: this card has been specially treated in two minutes your prick will drop off on the other. ebba laughs with them but at the time she always wants to cross the street. pretending there's something she wants to see there. and obscurely feeling yet again that she's got it all out of proportion and it's just her being neurotic and she can't take a joke, but one time she determined to smile at the next man who approached her and he followed her all the way up the road shouting: do you want to come away with me this weekend just say yes or no do you want to come away with me we'll have a good time. and her lips clenched tight in fear and anger. now she wonders: did i just dream that? did it really happen?

you women's libbers can't take a joke you're so fucking intense all the time on and on about nothing lots of women like a bit of attention a bit of response your face is your fortune after all.

and yes i remember being like that too two inches of foundation high heels permed hair diets bras and new clothes —

and a wiggle when she walks and a giggle when she talks —

and a valium or two to glue the smile on —

but not now brother. not now.

right now there is only this walk. this nose-up-in-the-air i'm-too-good-to-notice-you-exist-you-bastard walk. with only her clenched fingers to give her away. this walk.

this walk then. a hot edinburgh morning on her way to sign on. with no bra. a hot day and the same old argument with herself about why should i goddamit. versus am i asking for it. while her breasts expand to enormous proportions in her head and her arms adopt a permanent protective position across her chest.

and her stomach freezes when she sees what's ahead. when she was five her mother sent her to the shops up the hill: don't talk to any strange men darling if anyone talks to you just walk straight ahead if anyone offers you sweets say no don't get into a car with a man you don't know. on her way she passed a group of men halfway up the hill road-working. and she froze.

later she was to curse her mother for instilling in her a terror of men so great that her adolescence was one long dialectic between copies of honey and 19 on the one hand and shuddering away in fear at parties on the other.



later still she was to agree with her.

later still being now. approaching and thinking: where do i look i won't look at them i'll look to the side in at that open door i won't show how tense i am i could look straight at them straight through them. i'll look at the ground i'll look over the road at that patch of wasteland isn't that interesting in a minute this'll all be over. a lazy stirring amongst the men: hello hen she's a miserable bitch eh lads. but she's past and free.

but then.

fantasy one. a young man walks down the street. he is carelessly dressed in tee-shirt, ragged sneakers and loose jeans with bedraggled hems. his lank hair hangs in his eyes and he slouches. none of this, however, can hide the fine figure of a man he makes beneath the unisex veneer . . . the sturdy buttocks, the slim line of the waist, the sheer animal maleness of him.

what is he doing out on his own? why does he peer ahead of him so nervously? What is he afraid of?

wait — there — ahead — a group of women lounging about on the pavement. he considers his watch anxiously. it is closing time; the pubs have just turned out. recklessly he continues his way towards them, only momentarily considering crossing the road to escape. will they notice his coming? too late he realises his folly in venturing forth unaccompanied. now he must brazen out the consequences of his reckless behaviour.

one of the women, turning slightly to speak to a companion, catches sight of him out of the corner of her eye. he feels the familiar lurch of fear in his belly as she nudges her friends to appraise them of his approach. now they are all staring at him, leering

with studied insolence as he makes to go past. for one terrible minute he thinks they will bar his way, but at the last moment they step aside, one of them brushing her hand almost accidentally against the zip of his trousers. 'haven't you got a nice big one, love?' she yells, more to her friends than to him. the others take up the refrain: 'wouldn't mind slipping my hand down his jeans, eh?' 'got half an hour to spare, mate?' then, as he doesn't respond, 'what's the matter with you, then, love, you frigid or something?'

the shame of it! the humiliation! he brushes past the last of them and hurries on down the road. if only he wasn't so afraid! in the distance he sees another group of them coming towards him as though they owned the pavement. how much more can he stand?

and: my wife says she can't stand any more but i says to her i prefer it lying down anyway (laughter).

laughter as she passes. what are they saying to each other? once she shouted piss off to a crowd of drunken scotsmen in broad daylight and was pursued down the road. the old gun-pointing-at-the-back-of-the-head syndrome. friends she knows have been beaten up for less but ebba she has learnt to tread carefully. while underneath it all the terrible blister of anger swells and swells and waits its time to burst.

and there is, accordingly, another fantasy.

a woman walks into the social security office. she is dumpy and unfashionably dressed, but even so the men make elaborate ritualistic gestures for her benefit, ushering her into the room and bowing her to her place in the queue. hunting in her bag she pulls out a book and begins to read, seem-

ingly indifferent to the men around her.

nettled by this they begin to respond. 'what's she reading?' one of the men asks loudly of his friend. briefly she looks up and her eyes rake him with one swift, despising glance. almost, the men fall silent, but they cannot quite leave her alone. 'i didn't know monkeys could read' says another, while a third moves a little closer and nudges her. 'what're you reading then, eh hen?'

the woman closes her book, she moves her head very slightly — a nod? — and suddenly the room is full of women, flooding in at the doors and taking up positions around the edge of the room. the men shift uncomfortably. is it a joke? the women are carrying guns, big guns. toys, the men decide, relaxing.

toys.

the woman nods her head again, the same almost-imperceptible gesture as before. for a moment the room is filled with a deafening noise. then there is only silence and blood.

the woman replaces her book in her bag and walks unhurriedly over the sprawled-out bodies till she reaches the counter. the social security clerk is huddled behind it, shaking with fright. smiling a little she takes from her belt a small, very sharp dagger. she reaches towards him and pulls him across the counter . . .

and ebba enters and joins the queue. and reads her book. and stares fixedly downwards in the long dusty hail of sweating bored men. who tease the natives: what's she reading i didn't know monkeys could read what're you reading then eh hen. but the woman ignores them and reads on.

for now

The end of the Big Bang Era

HAVING READ as little Marx as Harold Wilson—but at least quite ashamed of it—one familiar axiom sticks with me; the one about the point not being to interpret the world but to change it. If ever a book deserved that label, it must be **White Hero Black Beast** by Paul Hoch (Pluto Press), a new look at sexism and the mask of masculinity from the heterosexual standpoint.

If ever a subject needed such a book, if ever a new decade needed savage new thinking, it must be maledom. White Hero don't make it. The formula—take a contentious subject, then scout round for all the precedents, smother with other writings on the subject, throw in mega-references to the totem pole figureheads like Freud and Reich, and relish with copious footnotes—will be familiar to everyone who struggled through school essays.

Too harsh, perhaps. Hoch does present an erudite, plausible text, to the end that het masculinity is shaped by society not biology; but with an issue like this, the anxious reader will want something far more fundamental, far more radical.

Like the ripples caused by a stone thrown in the pond, the waves of feminism have washed wider and wider, if in continually diluting strength; the male counterpart has not. The het reaction has been to set up a parallel movement in which men will try to talk openly and honestly with each other about their emotions, their needs, to drop their competitiveness, to discuss how to help their sisters. Magazines like *Achilles Heel* have sprung from this, and often its readers can be seen running creches at women's conferences.

Meanwhile the broad mass of het maledom stays unchanged in any real sense. There might well be the tokenism, or the new sexual etiquette like when sharp men talk about 'persons' and ask the women they meet at parties what they think of Doris Lessing or Spare Rib, instead of 'what are you drinking?', before trying Ye Olde Hustle into the sack. Otherwise there are few personal recognitions that the world has changed, is changing, except maybe when women do not thank us in the bedroom the way the memory says they should.

Men on the left stride around plotting the downfall of capitalism because they are being looked after at home and therefore have the time to make Grand Plans. 'Nice' men might even help with the washing-up and take turns with the kids, but men of all persuasions still persist with the self-delusion that their penis is a source of wonder.

Sex is penetration, even for Militants it's a different interpretation of entryism. The new sexual etiquette may demand we twiddle a few female dials, work up a bit of sweat on the brow, exercise the jaws, whatever, but it still comes down to 'in-out, in-out' and we can't, we won't accept how marginal an activity this is for our female companions.

The awful truth is there for those with the eye to see, yet whole industries, systems of government, cultures are based on the power of the phallus and penetration. No wonder we can't face the idea it might be irrelevant.

So why do men pursue sexual 'conquests'? To run up a cricket score? To overcome a 'grown up late' insecurity that needs constant reassurance? There should come a time surely when some, or at least enough self-assurance is gained; so is the pursuit some sort of domination game?

Men March On



The way the world is now, we must shape up quick. And if we think about it, rugby club-type sex has little to offer us. It may be more trouble to defend than it's worth. Prick appeal may not rank too high. In the heat of a sexual encounter with the hot flush on, we want relief, we'll come real quick. And then suddenly it's all over and we want to be somewhere else, anywhere else rather than face another face. What kind of fun is that? And more often than not, our so-called partner will feel too self-conscious to ask for what she wants, and we escape. Women are too kind to us.

"...for Militants a different interpretation of entryism."

But if time is up for this centuries-old behaviour, then we've got trouble. It's a real surrender of power, unless you've got masochistic tendencies. It can mean a limp prick, hair trigger trouble, even a total lack of sexual interest. All the advantages look like sliding away; the easier, nicer, constantly reinforced way of conducting our personal affairs are all at stake.

And the worst thing is, unless we go all the way on this, it doesn't matter how many trade union branch meetings we attend, how many demonstrations we go on, we're still counter-revolutionaries. Can we handle it?

These things are self-evident. It is no longer enough for a man, a het lefty, to rely on his good looks, his cheeky chappie lovable nature, all his old tricks, to continue with traditional male behaviour. It is a sexual 'thought-crime' for any man now to be less than adequate in the kitchen, the house, unable to look after himself and take full personal responsibility for himself in all domestic activities; to act helpless, to revert to child-mother behaviour when it suits him, to impose in any way, specially subtly or underhand, on the way a woman is living her life—that means things like resentment at her higher wage, better job, having more fun outside the relationship, whatever. Anything less

than a full and genuine recognition that the woman is as fallible, selfish, unselfish, in short, as human as himself, is no more, is finito, is a no-no, is right out for lunch.

Similarly springing outwards from this, no more do men, or priests, and especially not John Corrie MP, have the slightest moral right to declare on an issue that affects women. And clearly no lefty man can again maintain sexual politics has naught to do with his big political issues.

If our old male patterns of behaviour are not changed now, if we are not prepared to accept the losses it entails, if we compromise, on grounds of 'getting older', of not wanting to be alone, of 'well, no-one I know does', then the battle is lost this time round, and the next generation will have to re-enact it. What a disgusting waste of time that will be for them, if they have to strive for the solutions we should have found. We who abdicated will have no right to bemoan others' behaviour in the years to come.

How do we tell how we're doing? The one acid test zeroes in on our familiar old friend—the double standard. I mean, male sexual possession, male sexual jealousy. Can you handle the thought of your companion fucking someone, having another man enter portals you've got to know so well? I know I can't; I know I've got to make myself accept that fully and genuinely. Would you rather not know about it? Would it matter to your feelings if you had fucked other women yourself? If your partner comes back to you, and lets you know it's you she wants to stay with, not necessarily monogamously, is that enough for you?

There is much else het men have to thrash out—ways of living, monogamy, parenthood, sexual honesty, the recapturing and incorporating within socialist lives a full and glorious multi-patterned sexuality churches and patriarchy have deprived us of—no finer book on that than a sadly out of print **Eros Denied** by Wayland Young, now the lofty Lord Kennet, regrettably unwilling to update his writing in *The Leveller*.

For the while those of us not into men's groups, might at least re-start by talking to each other about more than football. We will have everything to gain for our pains. Discussions and books will help. Shame **White Hero Black Beast** ain't one.

David Brazil

Reviews

Passed on from hand to hand

On 4 October 1979, the Raven Press in Johannesburg published **Call Me Not A Man**, the stories of Mtutuzeli Matshoba. It was banned by the South African government on 9 November 1979. It immediately became a 'people's book', passed from hand to hand, since it couldn't be sold or loaned.

The ban did not come as a surprise. The stories were factional only on the surface, presenting a vivid post-Soweto picture of black lives in South Africa. Written in a crisp, conversational prose which also reflects an oral literary tradition, the stories rarely lapse into rhetoric, and never into self-pity.

"Although I had deserved a discharge, we all welcomed the three months. Assaulting a white man is sacrilege in South

Africa. Even the courtroom constable was please that I had got away with a vacation on some farm. The complainant derived a different satisfaction. He had been the villain all the way, and a 'smiling, damned, villain' in the courtroom. In the first place he had tried to steal from the firm where we worked...

"Secondly, he had insulted us first. And thirdly, he had struck me first, about three blows before I retaliated. Because of all this I was going to jail for three months and, sure as I was being fingerprinted at that very moment, I had lost my job too." The 'vacation on some farm' becomes 'A Glimpse of Slavery'.

Many books on South Africa, written by liberals and more committed whites joust with the racist monster. Anti-apartheid

arguments are accompanied by bodyguards of statistics and costumed in careful research. But these books can only offer generalised accounts of black life.

The authors are obliged to tread carefully, if they tread at all, in the minefields of black people's politics and experience. This became clear reading **Call Me Not a Man**, which offers the graphic detail so necessary to bring to life all those abstractions about racist oppression.

Few books published in 1979 affected me as powerfully as these stories of township and prison life, official corruption, and visits to Robben Island and the 'independent' Bantustan of Transkei.

Most of the pieces in the collection were first printed in

Staffrider a magazine also published by the Raven Press. Like the book several issues of the magazine have also been banned.

Staffrider is a spirited publication, full of stories, graphics, poems and literacy criticism from all sections of the South African radical scene. While the quality of work is uneven, the magazine as a whole is always informative and stimulating, veined with sardonic humour and ironic understatement. Get your local community bookshop to stock 'em.

Both the book, **Call Me Not A Man** and issues of **Staffrider** are distributed in the UK by Third World Publications Ltd., 151 Stratford Road, Birmingham B11 1RD. (Phone: 021-733 6572).

H.O.Nazareh,

Digging up our musical roots

IF I KNEW WHO THE ENEMY WAS Roy Bailey/Leon Rosselson. Acorn Records Limited, Church Road, Stonesfield, Oxford.

IN MAY 1976 Burford's ancient Oxfordshire church was packed to the doors and there was an overflow crowd in the graveyard outside.

The occasion was a commemoration, organised by the industrial branch of the Oxford Workers' Educational Association, of the execution outside that very church of three Leveller soldiers in 1649.

The congregation was made up of students, trade unionists and others, with their families, and Morris dancers who had sung and danced around the pubs that morning. There was also a contingent of men from the Roundheads Association, in the uniform of Cromwell's Army, who had earlier marched through the village and performed their civil war military exercises.

In the choir stalls were the parochial council who had allowed the church to be used for this extraordinary event. They were watching with a mixture of curiosity and anxiety.

The Reverend Parsons welcomed the crowd and reminded them that they were in church. He was greeted by a burst of clapping which seemed to surprise him.

Then Roy Bailey came forward and sang Leveller and Digger songs in a voice both quiet and pure. The church was absolutely still, as the words of Gerrard Winstanley, adapted by

Leon Rosselson, brought to this modern audience the bold vision and militant radicalism that stirred the revolutionary movement of three centuries ago.

The congregation was absorbed by the songs and by the clear message attacking the landlords, the lawyers, the clergy and the cavaliers who had crushed those early socialists and their efforts to establish an egalitarian society.

The Diggers' song, 'Stand up now', which Roy Bailey sang that day is included in the new album just released by him and Leon Rosselson. Having heard it many times from a tape recording made in the church, I recommend that it be played and replayed, for it is a song for the 1980s too.

This same quality of relevance is to be found in all the songs included in the album. The most plaintive is the setting to music of the words of Patience Kershaw, a 17-year-old girl, who gave evidence about her working conditions in the collieries to the committee which reported on child employment in 1842.

There are also modern songs about the lives of working people and such issues as the police and the Jubilee. They tap that rich and ancient vein of democratic radicalism which lies just below the surface of our national consciousness, covered up by the rubbish of superficial comment and shallow sentiment

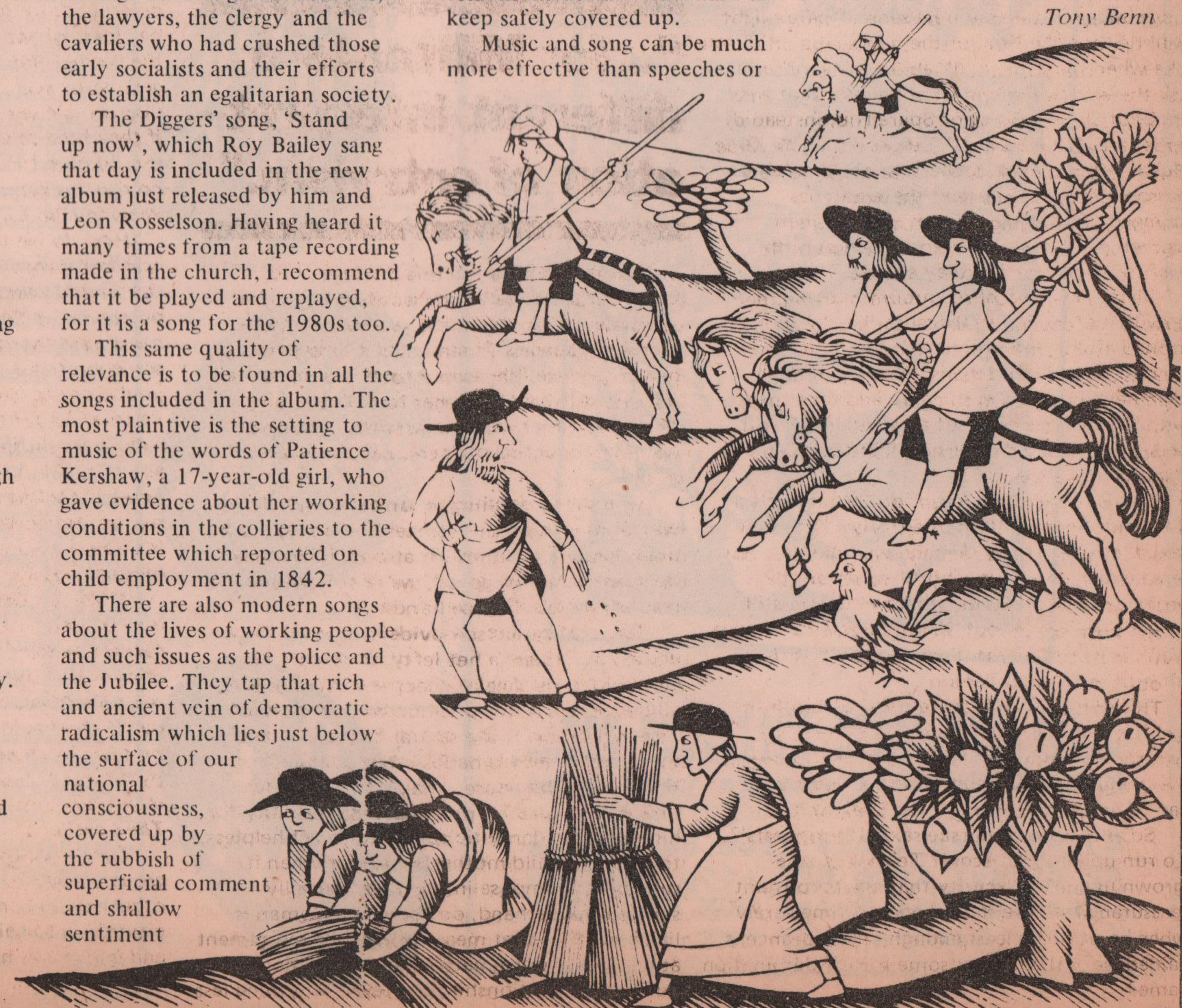
pumped out by the media every day.

The importance of Leon Rosselson and Roy Bailey is that they use their talents to bulldoze that sludge away and lay bare that deeper tradition of thought and feeling which the establishment have tried hard to keep safely covered up.

Music and song can be much more effective than speeches or

books in stirring understanding, by allowing us to know that what we feel and hope and believe has been felt, hoped and believed, from the beginning of time by others who faced and overcame attacks upon their rights, at least as great as those we face today.

Tony Benn



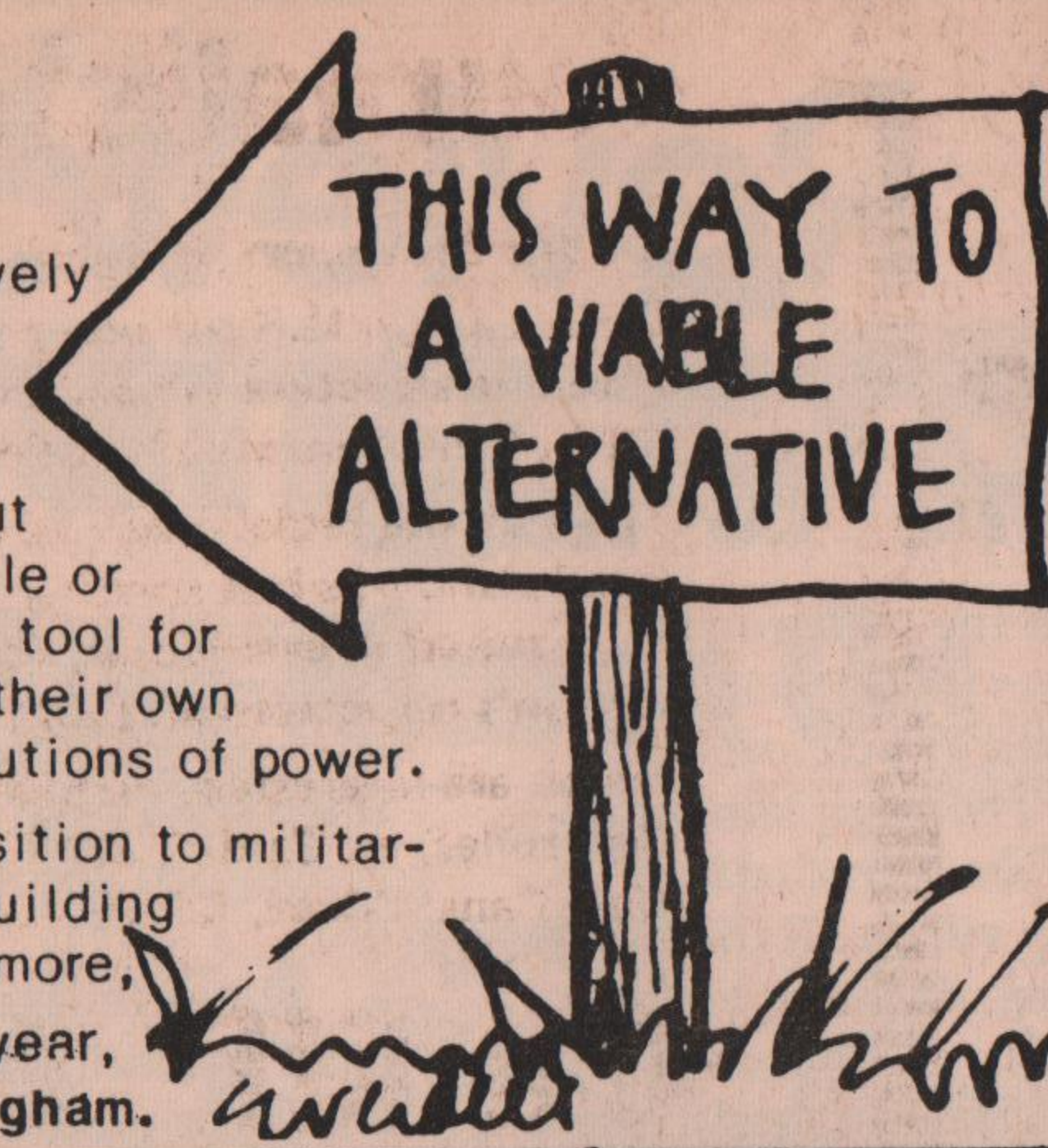
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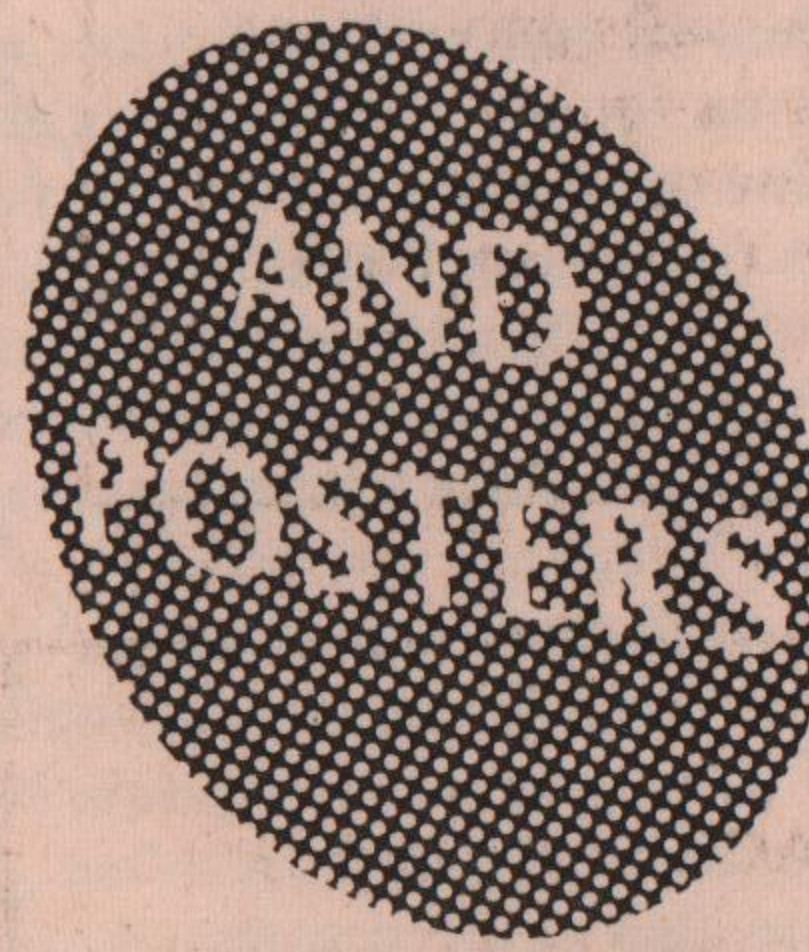
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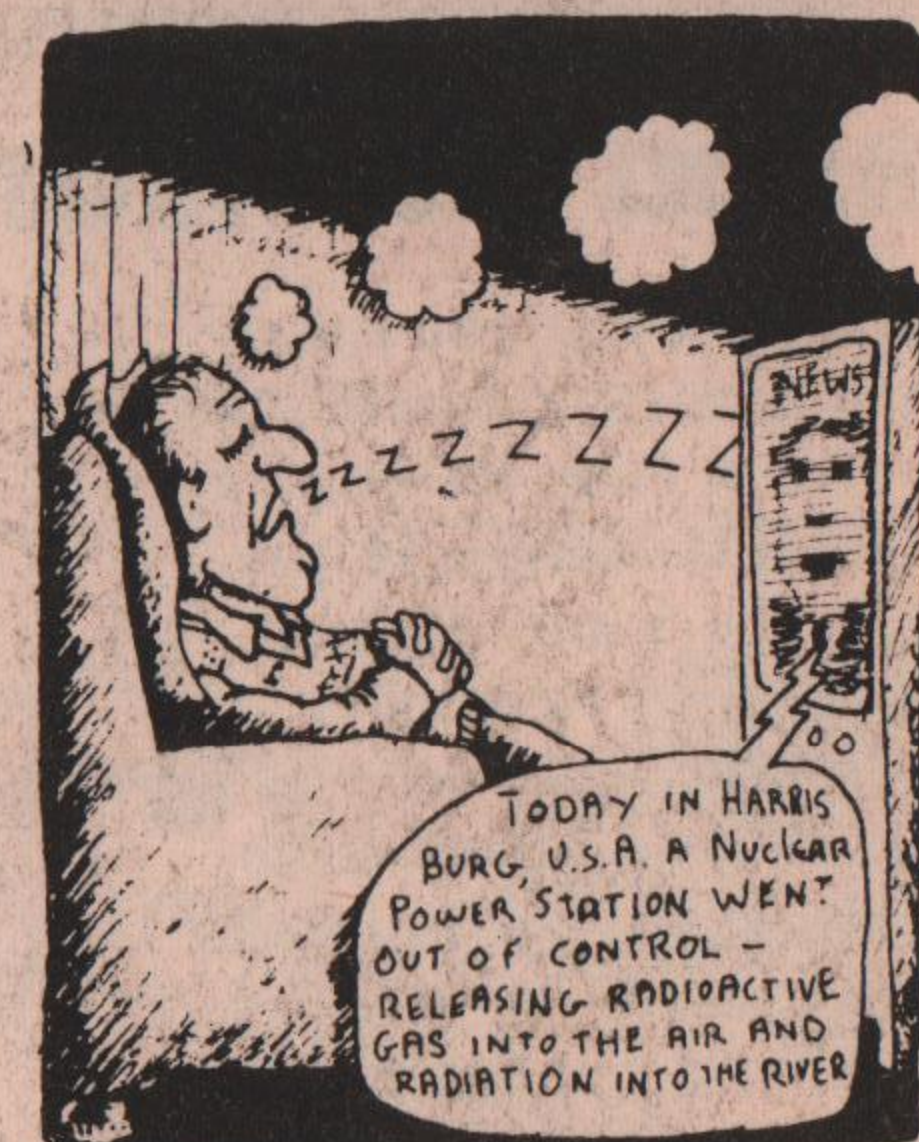
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HUNT SABOTEURS ASSOCIATION — undertakes non-violent direct action against all forms of bloodsports throughout Britain. Membership £1. Active and non-active members welcome. Full Details (SAE) from H.S.A. P.O. Box 19, Tonbridge, Kent.

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Back Pages

BOOKS

Let's get this straight right from the start. This isn't a best-seller list. No, *The Leveller* is too smart to get into wrangles about consumerism and the ideology of mass production.

Instead, think of it as a reader service.

The idea is simple. We ring up a left bookshop somewhere in Britain about two days before we go to press, and ask them what's selling well.

This month, it's Grass Roots in Manchester, and their list goes like this:

- * *Heavy Periods*, by Fanny Tribble
- * *Testament of Youth*, by Vera Brittain
- * *Beyond The Fragments*, by Sheila Rowbotham, Lynne Segal, and Hilary Wainwright
- * *Hitch-hiker's Guide To The Galaxy*, by Douglas Adams
- * *In And Against The State - Discussion Notes for Socialists*, by the London/Edinburgh Weekend Return Group
- * and lastly, a perennial, the Writers' and Readers' Co-op book *Marx For Beginners*.

Heavy Periods, by Fanny Tribble, is the saga of her life since she became involved in the women's movement five years ago. It's a collection of cartoon strips on topics like feeling positive, celibacy, the problems of finding someone to move into your house, inner space, radio one, and just generally feeling insecure. They're very funny, and the book costs £1. (£1.20 inc. p&p from Grass Roots Books, 1 Newton St., Piccadilly, Manchester.)

Defend Our Unions by John Deason, takes no prisoners. "Talking with the Tories", he writes, "is like negotiating the length of the rope with the hangman". He goes on to spell out what the Tories' proposals are, and what they mean. The last few pages look at the bias of the law against unions, the way that union strength can work against legislation, and the problems of fighting back against the government proposals this time.

It's produced by Rank and File, and it's as thorough as can be expected in 24 pages. The cartoons, by Phil Evans, are apt, and will inevitably be ripped off by every left paper that's ever short of an illustration.

Defend Our Unions, 25p plus 10p postage from Trade Union Bookservice, 265 Seven Sisters Road, London N4.

Together We Can Win is the story of two of the NUPE branches involved in the low pay strike last winter. Members of the North East Photographers Co-op followed the strike, and the book is mostly a collection of their photos; the strike unfolds in a series of captions.

NUPE's north-east division, which co-published the book, has also organised an exhibition of NUPE members at work, called **Together We Can Work**, which is touring union branches in the North-East, after which it will be open to the public for a while.

Together We Can Win (the book) comes at £1.40 (inc. p&p) from Tom Sawyer, Northern Division, NUPE, "Southend", Fernwood Road, Jesmond, Newcastle - there's still a few copies available - and he'll also give you more information about the exhibition.

Congratulations to Release, whose book **Trouble With The Law** (better known as the Release Bust Book) won the 1979 Cobden

Trust Award. The award is given to the "published work which has most furthered the cause of civil liberties in the United Kingdom in the past year", and it's worth £400. The Bust Book got the prize because the Trust felt that "it covered a vital area of civil liberties in a direct and vigorous way". Sounds a bit like Norman Hunter's attitude to centre forwards.

Nuclear Power - Anyone Interested? is a booklet written by SCRAM, the Scottish anti-nuke campaign, and published by Aberdeen People's Press. It's a short, illustrated guide to nuclear energy, written with particular attention to Scotland. Orders, enquiries and individual copies (95p, inc. p&p) from Aberdeen People's Press, 163, King Street, Aberdeen.

SCRAM are also campaigning for a postponement of the Public Inquiry into nuclear waste test-bore at Loch Doon, in Ayrshire. They say that George Younger, the Scottish Secretary of State, has deliberately restricted the inquiry's scope to prevent discussion of the issues of dumping nuclear waste. And they point out that two years ago Younger was *against* the dumping of nuclear waste.

In London, the Hackney Anti-Nuclear Group is still campaigning against the transport of nuclear waste through London.

The group has published a pamphlet, **The Dangers of Atomic Waste Transport through London**, which is available at 15p (plus p&p) from Sun Power Bookshop, 83, Blackstock Road, London N4.

The Minority Rights Group has published **Inequalities In Zimbabwe**, by Christopher Hitchens, at 75p. It's been pretty widely reviewed elsewhere, but a couple of facts stick in my mind.

The same amount *in total* is spent on primary education for whites as for blacks - although there's twenty times as many black pupils; and that the South African commitment in the war has been paid for by the rise in the price of gold. That was before the recent increases. Right now the South African government must be smiling, since it's hardly going to cost them anything (in real terms) to intervene when the Patriotic Front wins the election.

MAGS & PAPERS

There's a slogan on the back of the first issue of **Block** which reads "New Art - with added social purpose". It seems appropriate for a magazine intended to criticise and analyse art, design and mass media.

No. 1 includes an article on the Artists' International of the 1930s, the problems of teaching art history, and a look at the work of Allen Jones. There's also some poems by John Berger and an interesting piece on the use of art (e.g. posters) in political campaigns. The emphasis is on a structural interpretation: (Natch).

The editors are at Middlesex Poly, and **Block** comes from there at £1.20 (inc. p&p). The address is Art History Office, Middlesex Poly, Cockfosters, East Barnet, Herts.

Big Flame have just published **The Century of the Unexpected**, a new analysis of Soviet-type societies. They argue that the mode of production in these societies is state collectivist - and that this view is only intelligible if you accept that one mode of production prevails in all such societies; and further, that it's a mode of production that wasn't predicted, let alone analysed, by Marx. 85p (inc. p&p) from Big Flame, Box 265, 27, Clerkenwell Close, London EC1.

Read all about it! **Xtra!**, an anarchist paper whose pilot issue came out in November, got off to a good start by publishing an article by someone who had infiltrated the National Front and worked at their "warehouse" (read: headquarters) at Excalibur House in Hackney, London. They couldn't have picked their moment better - since there was an inquiry going on into what the NF used the place for.

They deserve their success, and not only because they're what one collective member would describe as Good Eggs. **Xtra!** (described in the pilot issue as "the paper for the armchair terrorist") has been started in the hope of producing an "intelligent provocative paper which appeals to something wider than the anarchist movement".

The satire's of a refreshingly high standard too. **Xtra!** reports that the long running series "The Working-Class" has had to be axed as part of the Government's latest round of economy measures, and on the government plans to denationalise the monarchy and the Church of England. There's also advice for states on how to organise an anarchist bombing conspiracy if morale is a bit low.

Xtra!'s "structureless tyranny" is intending to bring the paper out every month. Donations and ideas should be sent to **Xtra!** at Box 151, Rising Free, 282 Upper Street, London N1.

Issue 2 of **Spectacular Times**, dealing with everyday life, has just come out; at this rate, the next one will be published just in time for the Situationist Revival. 20p from lefty bookshops or by post from Box 99, Freedom Press, 84b, Whitechapel High Street, London E1.

And **People's News Service**, which as we reported last month had taken a break to re-organise,

will be reappearing on February 4th. They've used the time to improve the way the bulletin's put together, which should mean better, more consistent coverage. Offers of help, stories, and subscriptions should go to PNS at Oxford House, Derbyshire Street, London E2.



From Xtra!

The current issue of **Science for People** looks at the theme of "Science Under Capitalism". They've printed the texts of papers given at last year's British Society for Social Responsibility in Science conference on the same subject.

Articles deal with micro-processors, operations research, plant breeding and biological theories on women, among others.

Science for People, 75p plus postage from the BSSRS, 9 Poland Street, London W1.

There's also a new edition of **Radical Science Journal** out - number 9. But they haven't sent us a copy, and it's a bit difficult to judge from the press release what's in it. Seems to be something about medicine, something about "safe levels" of poisons, radioactivity, etc, and a bit about scientists practising politics at work.

The ninth issue of **Outcome**, the magazine of sexual politics produced by gay people, is also out. It's well up to the usual high standard, with the mixture as before of personal experience, fiction, political (Big P?) and analytical stuff.

There's an important piece on the way the women's movement is reacting to the recession; as they say, "history shows us that there have been feminist movements before which have become totally submerged and the things that they won have become tokens".

Outcome, 50p (inc. p&p) from 78a Penny Street, Lancaster.

It looks like any progress women have made over the past decade is about to take a battering with the Angel in the House/Home Sweet Home bit the Tories are rooting for. **Women in Action**, a new paper due to appear in the next month or two, is hoping to help stop the rot setting in.

The paper's editorial group says it's 'aimed at women in the Labour Movement'. It wants to shake up the traditional sexism of the unions - taking the good policies out of files in dusty rooms to the people they were meant for - rank and file women.

But **Women in Action** badly needs money to get off the ground - in fact it needs £1,000. Send ideas, donations and anything else of use to **Women in Action**, c/o Sisterwrite, 190 Upper Street, Islington, London N1.

CAMPAIGNS

"If women hold up half the sky, we can surely fill the streets for a day" runs a leaflet from ROW (Rights of Women) which calls for women to take to the streets on International Women's Day this year, to "march for women's liberation and against all those who want to put

women 'in their place'".

They've already held a preliminary meeting, on the 20th January. If you want to know more, get in touch with ROW at 374, Gray's Inn Road, London WC2 (Tel 01-278 6349).

Also on International Women's Day, there'll be a march for women only in support of women political prisoners, organised jointly by several groups including Women and Ireland, the Latin American Women's Group and the Black Women's Group. The idea is to develop the awareness of imperialism among feminists.

For more information ring Sophie on 01-254 0025.

The Zimbabwe Emergency Campaign Committee is trying to organise a campaign against the presence of British troops in Zimbabwe. But they haven't got any money. Donations to (and campaign information from) ZECC, c/o 89, Charlotte Street, London W1.

MOVIES

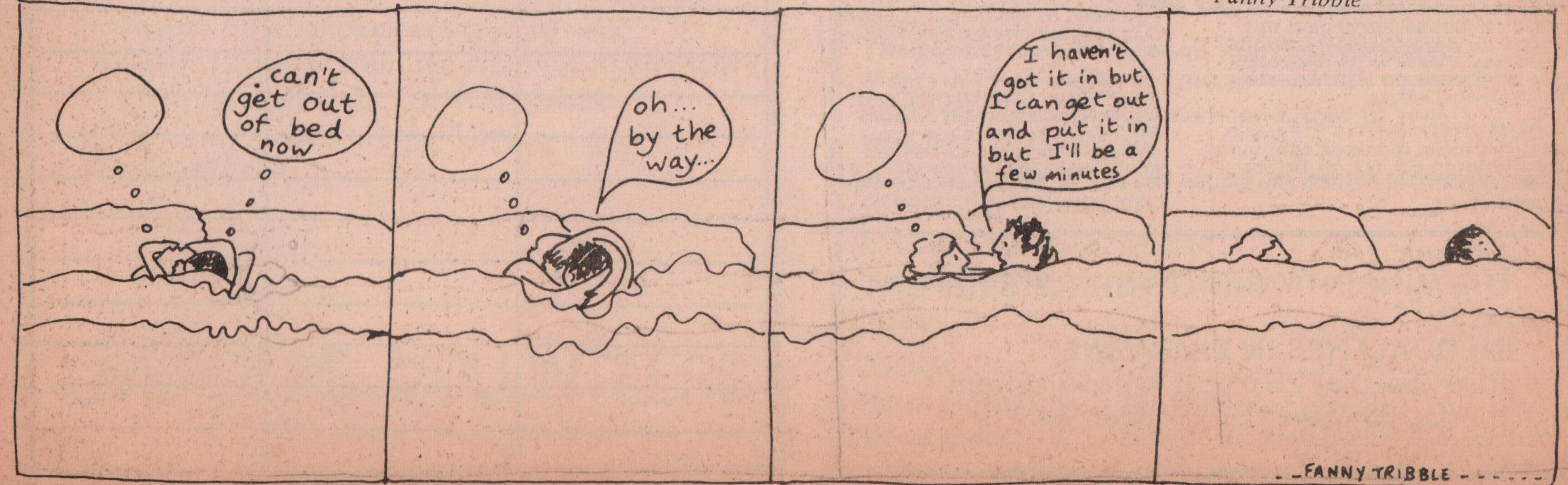
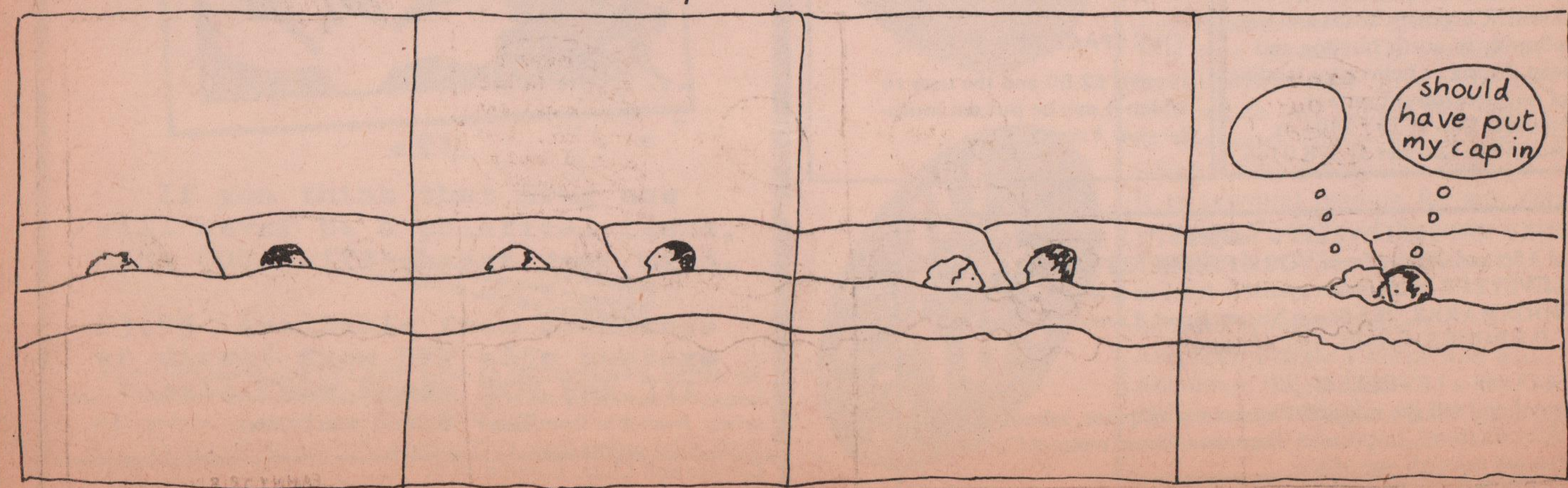
Liberation Films have just produced a brochure of 18 women's films which they hire out. The films look at topics like women at work, female stereotyping, health, and the relationships between men and women. More details from Liberation Films, 2, Chichele Road, London NW2 (01-450 7855).

And a group of women calling themselves the CAC Clip Collective have produced a 52-second cinema commercial to help in the campaign against the Corrie Bill. It's in the style of a movie trailer, and it should be shown in at least sixteen cinemas throughout the country.

Further information from Glenys Rowe, 01-485 3546.

Cartoons from *Heavy Periods*, by Fanny Tribble

Effective as a Contraceptive



Back Pages

CONFERENCES

The first national housing conference intended to draw together people in the tenants and housing movement with others in the labour movement is to be held in Manchester on Saturday 23rd February.

Housing: Cuts-Crisis-Fightback is a national delegate conference which will discuss government housing policy, what the alternatives are, and how these alternatives can be implemented.

The conference runs from 10.30am to 5pm, at the Central Hall, Oldham Street, Manchester, and it costs £2. Further information from SCAT, 31, Clerkenwell Close, London EC1, tel. 01-253 3627.

And there's a one-day conference in Glasgow on the 9th February, "In Defence of a Caring Society". It's organised by the

Labour Co-ordinating Committee, and it's intended to co-ordinate resistance to government cuts in the Welfare State in Scotland.

The conference runs from 10-5pm, at the City Halls, Candleriggs, Glasgow. More information from Michael Connarty, 17 Arbroath Crescent, Stirling.

The Dutch drugs squad, if such a thing exists, is going to have fun the weekend of the 9th February. That's the date for the first International Cannabis Legalisation Conference being held in Amsterdam. More information from Tim Malyn, Legalis Cannabis Campaign, 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11 (01 727 8805).

Another housing conference, this time on **Women and Housing**, is being held in London on 1st March. It runs from 10-5, and workshops will discuss homelessness, women in tenants' groups, joint tenancies, and women's aid,

among other things. It's for women only, and registration costs £1.50 (50p if you're unwaged). It's being held in the Working Men's College (really) Crowndale Road, London NW1. More info from the Women and Housing Group, c/o 48, William IV Street, London WC2.

To raise money for the conference, the group's holding a benefit bop, with The Spoilports, same place, same day (March 1st) starting at 8pm. That costs £1, and again it's women only.

EVENTS

The 3rd Communist University of Yorkshire is to be held at Leeds University from Thursday 20th-22nd March. The three plenary sessions are on "Conflict Between Socialist States", "Marxist Theory and Everyday Politics", and Sheila Rowbotham on "Beyond The Fragments".

£5 covers the lot, workshops and all, and more information

comes from Bob Towler, c/o Department of Sociology, University of Leeds.

A **writers' workshop** for women is being started in Balsall Heath, Birmingham. Organised by the WEA, it's free, and the first meeting is on Tuesday, February 5th, although the place hasn't been finalised yet. The idea is that members will read and discuss their own work, as well as that by women in other groups. More information from Myra, 021-443 2790.

THEATRE

A new play from John McGrath - **Joe's Drum** - is published by Aberdeen People's Press. General Joe Smith, who once used to summon the people of Edinburgh out to right a wrong and generally be forces of good, is awakened from the grave by the present apathy of the Scots people. The play's been performed in Scotland by 7:84, where it's had good reviews.

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MIDDLE EAST supporters of revolutionary groups can now buy edition no. 2 of "The Gulf", containing "Further US-UK advances in Oman", PFLO interview. Send 50p. - P&P included - to: The Gulf, 57 Caledonian Road, London N1 9DN

GAY'S THE WORD Bookshop, 66 Marchmont Street, London WC1 01-278 7654. Gay books, feminist books, new/secondhand. Information, tea/coffee. Tues-Sat 11.30-7.30 close Russell Square tube.

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The conference will be held on 9-10 February at the Polytechnic of Central London, New Cavendish Street, London W1.

Cost £8 (£5 unwaged).

For enquiries and bookings contact: SEFT (L), 29 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PL (01-734 3211/5455).

BLOCK

"Block" is the result of an initiative taken by a group of artists and art historians who believe that there is a need for a journal devoted to the theory, analysis and criticism of art, design and the mass media.

Our primary concern is to address the problem of the social, economic and ideological dimensions of the arts in societies past and present. Although we appreciate that the direction of this journal will be partly determined by contributions, our intention is to stimulate debate around specific issues—which could include: Art & Design, Historiography and Education, Visual Propaganda; Women and Art; Film and Television.

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Subscriptions should be sent to Block, Art History Office, Middlesex Polytechnic, Cat Hill, Cockfosters, East Barnet, Hertfordshire EN4 8HU

Cheques should be made out to Middlesex Polytechnic. Contributions to the journal will be welcomed but the editors cannot accept any responsibility for loss or damage.

Block will be published three times a year.

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