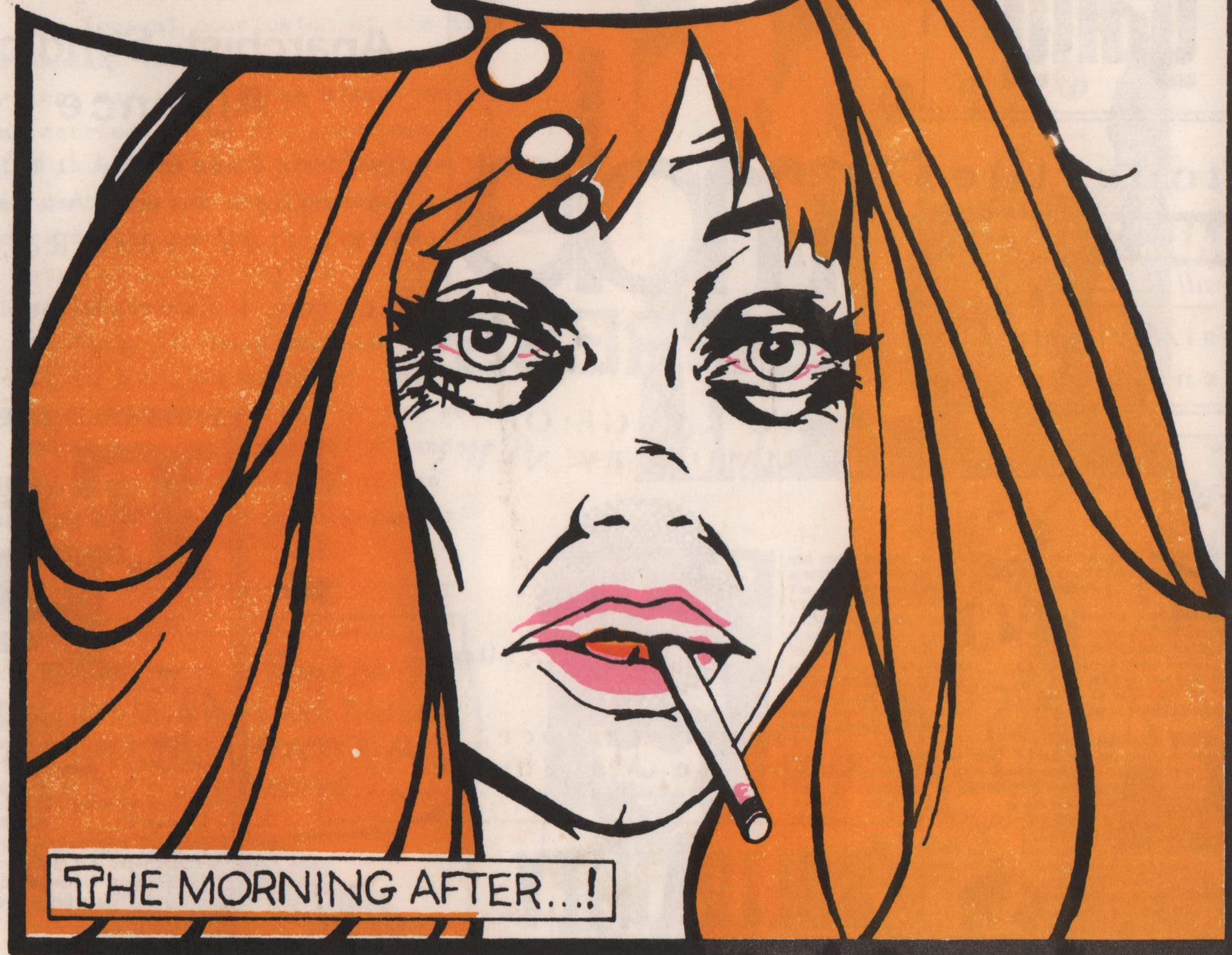


OH CHRIST, MY HEAD!?!...
GOING TO PUKE AGAIN... BLOODY
CONNED BY A VODKA AD!



THE MORNING AFTER...!

PUBLISHED BY ORA (GLASGOW)

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FREEDOM LOVE PEACE



IT IS
FORBIDDEN
TO FORBID!

DO YOU THINK THIS IS ANARCHY ?



IF SO — READ ON...



THE NEW DAY

John Lawrence

There is still plenty of poverty about in our affluent society. Thousands of our fellow countrymen are still badly paid and wretchedly housed, while life for the old and the chronically sick is a nightmare lived on a miserable pittance from the State.

We are still wage slaves, selling each day a piece of our lives to an employer, and tossed on the scrap-heap if that employer thinks he can make do without us.

Nevertheless, for many, the chains which bind us to our slavery seem more comfortable than before. Indeed many a worker en route to a holiday in Spain may well imagine that the chains don't exist at all. Twenty-five years of the Welfare State and almost full employment have meant inevitably that a whole lot of working men and women are not too dissatisfied with the system. With a bit of pressure - and bags of overtime - it can yield the 'good things' of life in a way undreamed of by pre-war generations.

THE CORRUPTION OF AFFLUENCE

It would seem that affluence not only corrupts the environment, it also tends to corrupt the human spirit. In the days when women and little children slaved in the pits and factories, when poverty, hunger and the workhouse was the common lot, the men of privilege - the nobility, the landowners and the capitalists - actually managed to enjoy themselves amid all the surrounding misery. They wore their fine clothes, hunted with their hounds, and attended their banquets, oblivious to the sufferings of those who created the wealth in which they wallowed. They regarded the 'lower classes' in much the same way as some workers in Britain today regard the blacks - as something less than human. Property and wealth corrupted the ruling class and it stays corrupt today.

But for the workers it was different. They still had memories of better days before capitalism came to plague them. They hated the inhuman factories and festering cities. They banded together, they practised solidarity and mutual aid and painfully built up organisations to resist the physical and spiritual ravages of industrialism. Many sacrificed themselves in this struggle for elementary justice. The

Tolpuddle martyrs - six simple farm labourers - personified this truly noble period in our history. But today all that has changed.

The old organisations of mutual aid have become powerful trades unions with millions of members, big bank balances, lots of property and investments, plenty of well-paid officials and ... a spirit which is as mean and petty as the age we live in. Their leaders are no longer simple farm labourers, they are Peers of the Realm and Noble Knights, rich and greedy to a man.

Confronted with a Government which clearly intends to turn the unions into State-managed things possessing neither life nor independence, the TUC can only whimper that it is most unfair since they have always been ready and willing to get the workers to make sacrifices in the 'national interest' and to discipline those who won't.

True enough, there is some opposition among the rank and file but, with few exceptions, it is not a very bitter opposition nor is it very widespread for truth to tell, the spirit of capitalism has to some extent, entered the soul of the British working man. Many have become obsessed with the accumulation of material things (not surprising since they were deprived of them for so long) and ask no more than to be allowed to work for as good a wage as possible.

This is not a moral judgement on the workers, it is a condemnation of the system we live in. The working class warts and all, is still the most generous and compassionate section of society. They are so by history and by tradition. It is easy to breathe sweetness and light from the comfortable surroundings of a garden suburb - not so easy when you are crammed cheek-by-jowl in a decayed, rat-ridden tenement in a working class district of a big city.

DESTRUCTION OF THE SPIRIT

Capitalism is wrong not because it doesn't sometimes deliver the goods and not because it is unplanned. It is wrong because it destroys the spirit and practice of mutual aid without which men could never have survived down through the ages. It is wrong because it has divided men into classes - and then subdivided them again by a lunatic division of labour. This makes for bigger and

DAB OR OMO

quicker production and much bigger profits - but it divorces men from reality and deprives them of any responsibility for what is produced and for what purpose.



IT'S PERFECT, REALLY IT KILLS EVERY LIVING THING WITHIN 100 MILES WITHOUT OTHERWISE ALTERING THE ECOLOGICAL BALANCE

As a result, men are fed, clothed and sheltered not because anyone wills it, but because some men make a profit out of it. It is a system which breeds irresponsibility all round. The workers are not asked to care - and the capitalists, by the very nature of their system, cannot care. They will produce anything for a profit, be it beef, or beer, cars or coffins, Concorde planes or Council houses. The class division and the artificial division of labour means that we know not why we produce at all. We only know that we live because someone pays us wages and the more wages we get the better we live.

With the capitalists only interested in profit, and the workers only interested in wages, the earth is ravished for its limited resources; the land, the sea and the air are polluted by a flood of chemicals and dangerous wastes, until now the very existence of the planet itself is threatened. Lots of people are uneasy, but no one feels personally responsible and all feel helpless.

The motor car is, as most scientists admit, a filthy destroyer of the environment which, if it isn't restricted, will choke us all to death - yet hundreds of thousands of workers may only live if there is an ever increasing market for the motor car. And it is the same with the chemical industry, with pesticides, with jumbo jets, with factory farming and with profit-making technology in general.

This is the crime of capitalism - it has created a world of masters and slaves each equally irresponsible, has almost destroyed the spirit of solidarity which has sustained us for millions of years and because of that the world is headed for disaster.

THE PACE IS TOO FAST

Unless we can create a world of free men living in free communities, living as brothers knowing neither master nor slave. Living with a respect for nature and a respect for each other, not depending on the welfare of the

State but on each doing unto his neighbour as he would have done unto himself. Living simpler but fuller lives, where each shall have enough and no one shall have more than another, in a classless, stateless society unless we can create that kind of world we shall all perish. It may look an impossible task - but we have got to achieve the impossible if we are to survive.

The old class solidarity may have decayed now that many of its material aims have been achieved but a new and more human solidarity is beginning to emerge. Beneath the surface, many people are profoundly dissatisfied with the quality of life, with the rat race. The race is too fast, the cities too big, the price of affluence too high.

The old methods and the old slogans have led up a blind alley, but new methods are taking shape - the squatting by the homeless, the sit-downs against the spreading motorways and airports, the boycotts of the worst pollutants, the beginnings of actual defiance of the State as in the recent census, and a growing rejection of dictatorship within the trade union movement.

A NEW POWER ELITE

Men are essentially good not bad. Split into warring camps, divided and poisoned by propaganda, they still yearn to be brothers. Anarchists have always believed this - it is at the centre of their whole philosophy. Those who maintain that men are essentially bad turn either to the Church or to the various parties of State Socialism or State Communism.



WILSON OR HEATH

Both the one and the other maintain that people need Authority - a State - to compel them to act 'for their own good' or for the 'good of society'. But what these authoritarians really have in mind is the continuation of their own very comfortable lives based as they are on the slavery of the majority of mankind.

Tolstoy saw through this more than seventy years ago. 'The well-to-do classes,' he wrote, 'always have in view only such improvements as will not do away with the system of factory production and those conveniences of which they avail themselves ... The Socialists who demand the complete control of the means of production for the workers - expect production of the same or almost the same articles as are produced now to continue in the present of similar factories with the present division of labour ... the difference, as they imagine it, will be that all men will make use of such conveniences as they alone now enjoy. They dimly picture to themselves that, with the communalisation of the means of production, they too will do some work - but chiefly as managers, designers, scientists or artists.' In other words, they will remain on top and in power, there will be no real equality. The workers will remain workers - even though they will somehow 'own' the factories!

Such people want a State and compulsion because they have no faith in humanity. Anarchists have always rejected this repugnant idea - and life is teaching that anarchists are right. Centuries of class rule and State control have brought us to our present plight - more of the same will end us for good.

NO NEED TO DESPAIR

Anarchists believe that free men, living without compulsion, may prefer fresh air to city life, hay making to car making, craftsmanship to mass production, and certainly, co-operation and mutual aid to competition and the rat race. They have always believed that once remove the physical shackles of compulsion and the spiritual shackles of the profit motive and society will slow down. Tensions will disappear, people will respect one another and all will find time to stand and stare - and that, as every honest ecologist will tell you, is what the world needs today if it is to avert the coming catastrophe.

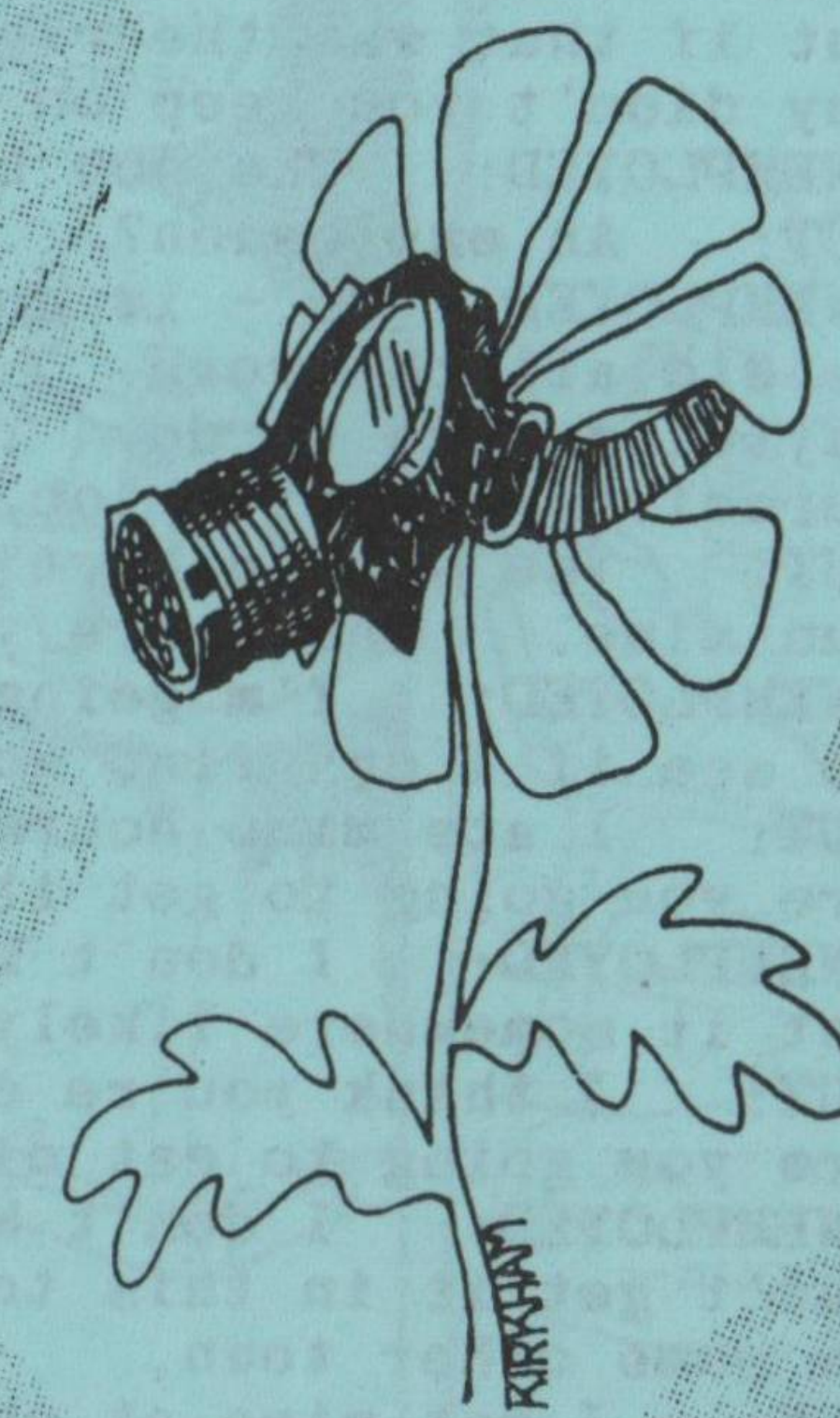
It is freedom and anarchy which today is being vindicated by life - it is compulsion, competition and inequality that stand condemned as the chief enemies of mankind.

There is no need to despair, freedom is on the move again because life demands it. The students and workers of Paris, only three years ago, shook French society to its foundations with their reassertion of the brotherhood of man and their rejection of the values of this rotten capitalist society. They were, I am convinced, but the forerunners of a movement which is going to sweep the whole world. The old slogan of the French Revolution, never bettered and never yet realised, will sound again: Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!

.CRIPPLES.

Let me walk through the dawn,
Let me see a new day born,
Let me try and touch the sun,
Let me play and let me run,
A wheelchair is no jail
My thoughts it cannot impale
I can run to the edges of my brain
Or wander down a country lane
And wish so much that it were true
I can almost feel the morning dew
I can walk for ages in imaginary lands
Or trip across shimmering sands,
You find it hard to imagine faraway places,
Romantic lands or beautiful faces,
All too soon your dreams run dry
You are cripples not I

.Michael Zucker.





This skit is adapted from one published in 1938 in a journal of the International Workers of the World (I.W.W.) a militant trade-union which suffered great hardships at the hands of the American authorities. The play was written and presented originally by the Work Peoples' College in Duluth, Minnesota.

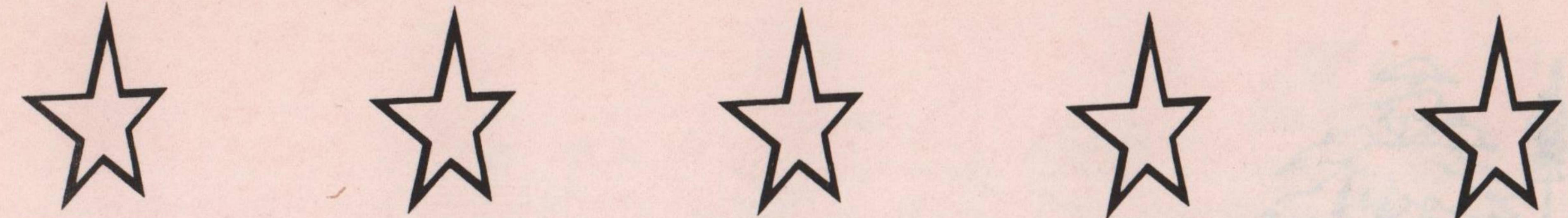
NUTHOUSE NEWS

NUT: What are you laughing at?
 UNEMPLOYED: You.
 NUT: What is so funny about me?
 UNEMPLOYED: You've got your wheelbarrow upsidedown.
 NUT: What's wrong with that?
 UNEMPLOYED: You can't put anything in it when it's upsidedown.
 NUT: That's why I keep it that way. If I turn it the other way up, people may put something in it.
 UNEMPLOYED: You're not so crazy! What did they put you in for?
 NUT: I used to keep my barrow right-side-up, like you nuts.
 UNEMPLOYED: How come they put you in for that?
 NUT: They used to fill it up that high with bricks.
 UNEMPLOYED: They can't put you in for that.
 NUT: Well, I used to take my clothes off when at work.
 UNEMPLOYED: What did you do that for?
 NUT: I thought that if I had to work like a horse, I might as well look like one too.
 UNEMPLOYED: No - not so nutty after all.
 NUT: Did you ever run one of these things? (Indicating barrow)
 UNEMPLOYED: Often - I'm an expert on that thing.
 NUT: Which side did you keep up?
 UNEMPLOYED: I kept the other side up.
 NUT: I'll bet that made it hard work - but if that was the right way to run it, why didn't you keep on running it?
 UNEMPLOYED: The job blew up.
 NUT: An explosion?
 UNEMPLOYED: No - it got finished. We did all the work. There wasn't anything more to do. We worked ourselves out of a job.
 NUT: You should have run it like I run mine. Where are you going now?
 UNEMPLOYED: I'm going into the town to see if I can find some breakfast.
 NUT: I ate mine hours ago. Where are you going to get it?
 UNEMPLOYED: I don't know, but I'll get it somewhere likely.
 NUT: I think you're crazy. Where are you going to eat dinner?
 UNEMPLOYED: I don't know. If I can't get it in this town, I'll get it in some other town.
 NUT: I get mine at sharp noon everyday. You must be goofy. Where are you going to sleep tonight?
 UNEMPLOYED: I don't know. Last night I slept on a friend's floor.

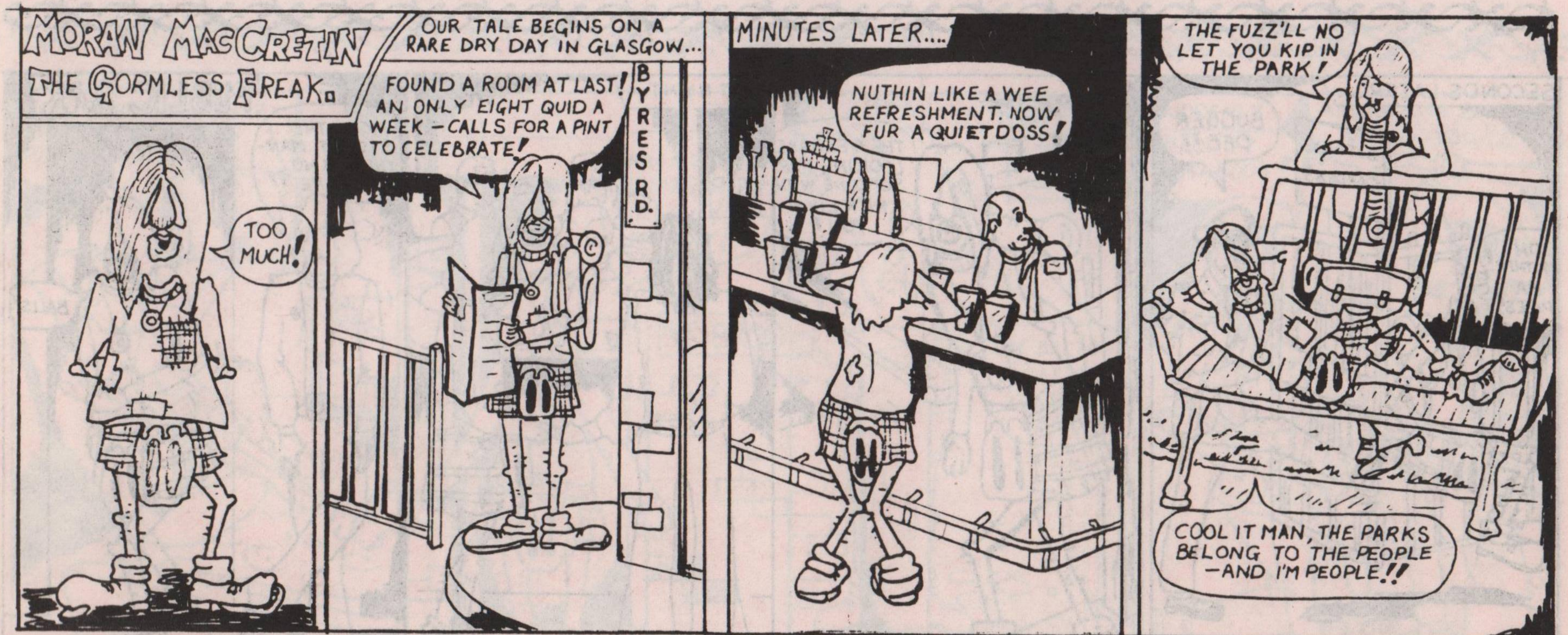
NUT: And you think that a pretty good place to sleep? I always sleep in a nice, soft, warm, clean bed. Tell me! When you were running a wheelbarrow, what were you making?



UNEMPLOYED: We were building a flour mill.
 NUT: What are you doing with the flour mill now?
 UNEMPLOYED: I'm not doing anything with it. It isn't mine.
 NUT: How did you lose it?
 UNEMPLOYED: It never was mine.
 NUT: If you fellows that built it don't own it, who does?
 UNEMPLOYED: Why, the owners own it.
 NUT: Did they work to build it?
 UNEMPLOYED: No-o-o-o-o.
 NUT: You're telling me that the people that didn't build it own it, and the fellows who built it don't own it. I think that's crazy.
 UNEMPLOYED: Why that's the way with every job. When we get through making something, we never own it. It always belongs to the people who don't build it.
 NUT: That's why I want the guard to turn this sign around. The way it hangs now, people would think the nuts were on this side of the fence, wouldn't they?
 UNEMPLOYED: That's why it's there.
 NUT: But it should be turned around, for the nuts are all on the other side. (Starts to trundle barrow away, but stops.) Hey! When do you think you'll start running a wheelbarrow again?



UNEMPLOYED: If I get a job soon - if not I'll join the army to fight.
 NUT: Who are you going to fight?
 UNEMPLOYED: It may be the Russians, and it may be the Chinks, I'm not sure who it will be.
 NUT: Where are you going to kill them - in town here?
 UNEMPLOYED: Hell no - we'll go over to their country and kill them.
 NUT: Ever been over there?
 UNEMPLOYED: No.
 NUT: And when you go to kill them maybe they'll kill you?
 UNEMPLOYED: Sure, we've got to take that chance.
 NUT: How far away do these Russian and Chinese live?
 UNEMPLOYED: I think about three or four thousand miles.
 NUT: So you're going three or four thousand miles to kill some poor folk you never saw, who never hit you or hurt you or did anything to you, and you may be killed doing it? That is crazy Or maybe they're the fellows who took your flour mill away from you?
 UNEMPLOYED: No - those fellows live in Glasgow.
 NUTS: Quick - before the guard comes - give me a hand and we'll turn this sign around.
 UNEMPLOYED: Maybe we ought to.
 NUT: No - we can't do it now - I see the guard coming, and he won't let us.
 UNEMPLOYED: Don't those guards ever get afraid of you nuts?
 NUT: No - I asked him once and he said that even there were a thousand of us nuts and only four guards, they still wouldn't be afraid of us.
 UNEMPLOYED: Why?
 NUT: He said it was because nuts don't mind being kicked around by authority.



Summerhill Education

A.S. NEILL

I HOLD THAT THE AIM OF LIFE is to find happiness, which means to find interest. Education should be a preparation for life. Our culture has not been very successful. Our education, politics, and economics lead to war. Our medicines have not done away with disease. Our religion has not abolished usury and robbery. Our boasted humanitarianism still allows public opinion to approve of the barbaric sport of hunting. The advances of the age are advances in mechanism - in radio and television, in electronics, in jet planes. New world wars threaten, for the world's social conscience is still primitive.

If we feel like questioning today, we can pose a few awkward questions. Why does man seem to have many more diseases than animals have? Why does man hate and kill in war when animals do not? Why does cancer increase? Why are there so many suicides? So many insane sex crimes? Why the hate that is anti-Semitism? Why Negro hating and lynching? Why back-biting and spite? Why is sex obscene and a leering joke? Why is being a bastard a social disgrace? Why the continuance of religions that have long ago lost their love and hope and charity? Why, a thousand whys about our vaunted state of civilised eminence!

I ask these questions because I am by profession a teacher, one who deals with the young. I ask these questions because those so often asked by teachers are the important ones, the ones about school subjects. I ask

what earthly good can come out of discussions about French or ancient history or what not when these subjects don't matter a jot compared to the larger question of life's natural fulfilment - of man's inner happiness.

How much of our education is real doing, real self-expression? Handwork is too often the making of a pin tray under the eye of an expert. Even the Montessori system, well known as a system of directed play, is an artificial way of making the child learn by doing. It has nothing creative about it.

In the home, the child is always being taught. In almost every home, there is always at least one ungrown-up grownup who rushes to show Tommy how his new engine works. There is always someone to lift the baby up on a chair when baby wants to examine something on the wall. Every time we show Tommy how his engine works we are stealing from that child the joy of life-the joy of discovery-the joy of overcoming an obstacle. Worse! We make the child come to believe that he is inferior, and must depend on help.

Parents are slow in realising how unimportant the learning side of school is. Children, like adults, learn what they want to learn. All prize-giving and marks and exams sidetrack proper personality development. Only pedants claim that learning from books is education.



Books are the least important apparatus in a school. All that any child needs is the three R's; the rest should be tools and clay and sports and theatre and paint and freedom.

Most of the school work that adolescents do is simply a waste of time, of energy, of patience. It robs youth of its right to play and play and play; it puts old heads on young shoulders.

When I lecture to students at teacher training colleges and universities, I am often shocked at the ungrownupness of these lads and lasses stuffed with useless knowledge. They know a lot; they may shine in dialectics; they can quote the classics - but in their outlook on life many of them are infants. For they have been taught to know, but they have not been allowed to feel. These students are friendly, pleasant, eager, but something is lacking - the emotional factor, the power to subordinate thinking to feeling. I talk to these of a world they have missed and go on missing. Their textbooks do not deal with human character, or with love, or with freedom or with self-determination. And so the system goes on, aiming only at standards of book learning - goes on separating the head from the heart.

It is time that we were challenging the school's notion of work. It is taken for granted that every child should learn mathematics, history, geography, some science, a little art, and certainly literature. It is time we realised that the average young child is not much interested in any of these subjects.

I prove this with every new pupil. When told that the school is free, every new pupil cries, 'Hurrah! you won't catch me doing dull arithmetic and things!'

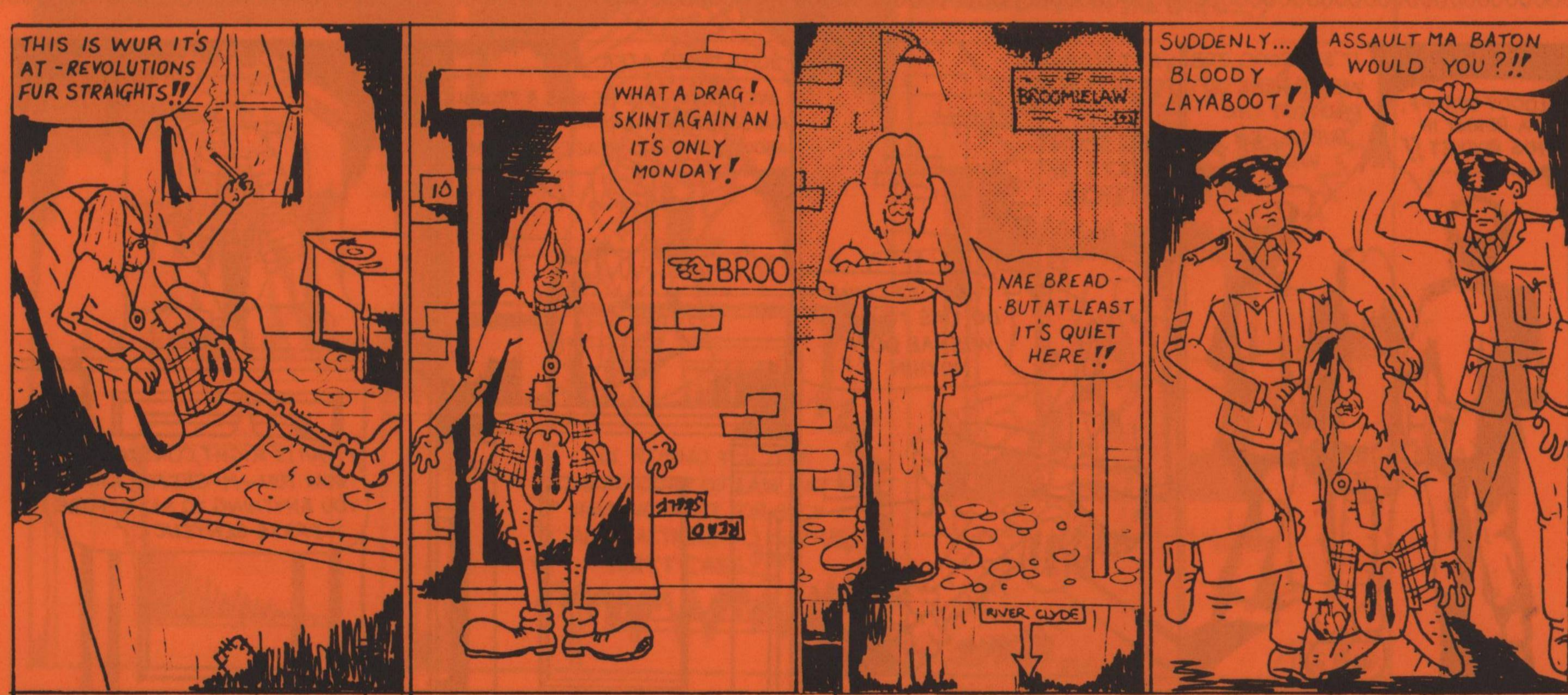
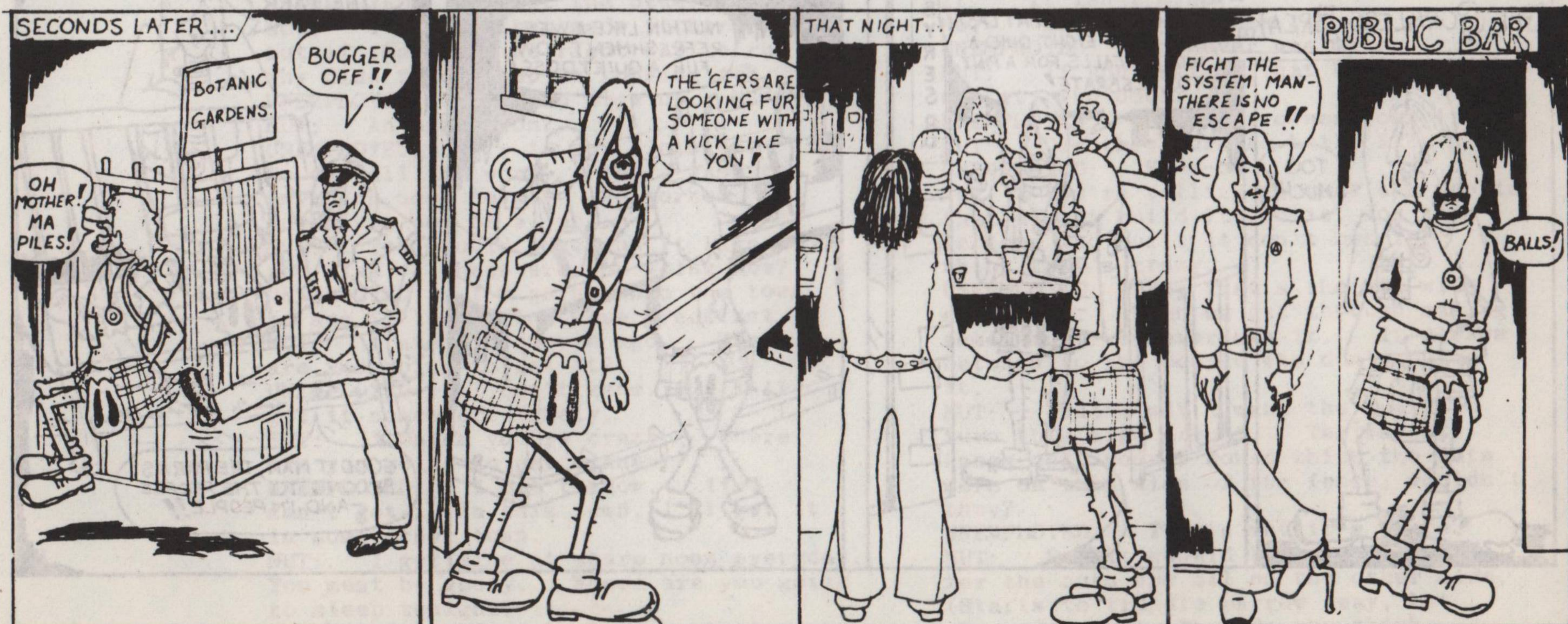
I am not degrading learning. But learning should come after play. And learning should not be deliberately seasoned with play to make it palatable.

Learning is important - but not to everyone. Nijinsky could not pass his school exams in St. Petersburg, and he could not enter the State Ballet without passing those exams. He simply could not learn school subjects - his mind was elsewhere. They faked an exam for him, giving him the answers with the papers - so a biography says. What a loss to the world if Nijinsky had had to really pass those exams!

Creators learn what they want to learn in order to have the tools that their originality and genius demand. We do not know how much creation is killed in the classroom with its emphasis on learning.

I have seen a girl weep nightly over her geometry. Her mother wanted her to go to the university, but the girl's whole soul was artistic. I was delighted when I heard that she had failed her college entrance exams for the seventh time. Possibly, the mother would now allow her to go on the stage as she longed to do.

Some time ago I met a girl of fourteen in Copenhagen who had spent three years in Summerhill and had spoken perfect English here. 'I suppose you are at the top of your class in English,' I said.



She grimaced ruefully, 'No, I'm at the bottom of my class, because I don't know English grammar,' she said. I think that disclosure is about the best commentary on what adults consider education.

We have found that the boy who cannot or will not learn to read until he is, say, fifteen is always a boy with a mechanical bent who later on becomes a good engineer or electrician. I should not dare dogmatise about girls who never go to lessons, especially to mathematics and physics. Often such girls spend much time with needlework, and some, later on in life, take up dressmaking and designing. It is an absurd curriculum that

makes a prospective dressmaker study quadratic equations or Boyle's Law.

Caldwell wrote a book called 'The Play Way', in which he told how he taught English by means of play. It was a fascinating book, full of good things, yet I think it was only a new way of bolstering the theory that learning is of the utmost importance. Cook held that learning was so important that the pill should be sugared with play. This notion that unless a child is learning something the child is wasting his time is nothing less than a curse - a curse that blinds thousands of teachers and most school inspectors. Fifty years ago the watchword was 'Learn through doing'. Today the watchword is 'Learn through playing'. Play is thus used only as a means to an end, but to what good end I do not really know.

If a teacher sees children playing with mud, and he thereupon improves the shining moment by holding forth about river-bank erosion, what end has he in view? What child cares about river erosion? Many so-called educators believe that it does not matter what a child learns as long as he is taught something. And, of course, with schools as they are, just mass-production factories - what can a teacher do but teach something and come to believe that teaching, in itself, matters most of all?

When I lecture to a group of teachers, I commence by saying that I am not going to speak about school subjects or discipline or classes. For an hour my audience listens in rapt silence; and after the sincere applause, the chairman announces that I am ready to answer questions. At least three-

A responsible job - it's all yours in the Police.



quarters of the questions deal with subjects and teaching.

I do not tell this in any superior way. I tell it sadly to show how the classroom walls and the prison-like buildings narrow the teacher's outlook and prevent him from seeing the true essence of education. His work deals with the part of a child that is above the neck; and perforce, the emotional, vital part of the child is foreign territory to him.

I wish I could see a bigger movement of rebellion among the younger teachers. Higher education and university degrees do not make a scrap of difference in confronting the evils of society. A learned neurotic is not any different than an unlearned neurotic.

In all countries, capitalist, socialist, or communist, elaborate schools are built to educate the young. But all the wonderful labs and workshops do nothing to help John or Peter of Ivan surmount the emotional damage and the social evils bred by the pressure on him from his parents, his schoolteachers, and the pressure of the coercive quality of our civilization.

I have not spent the last forty years writing down theories about children. Most of what I have written has been based on observing children, living with them. True, I have derived inspiration from Freud, Homer Lane, and others; but gradually, I have tended to drop theories when the test of reality proved them invalid.

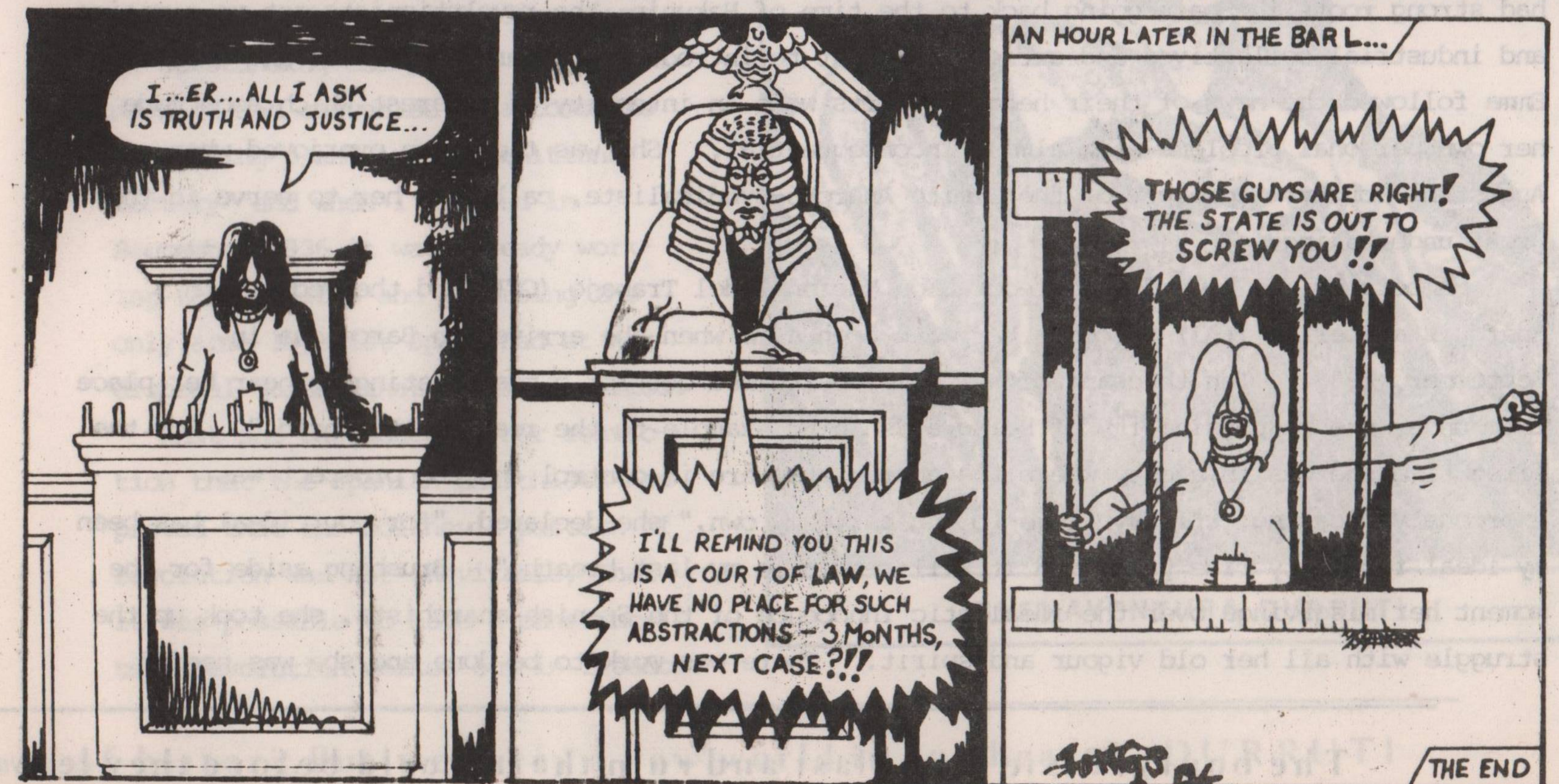
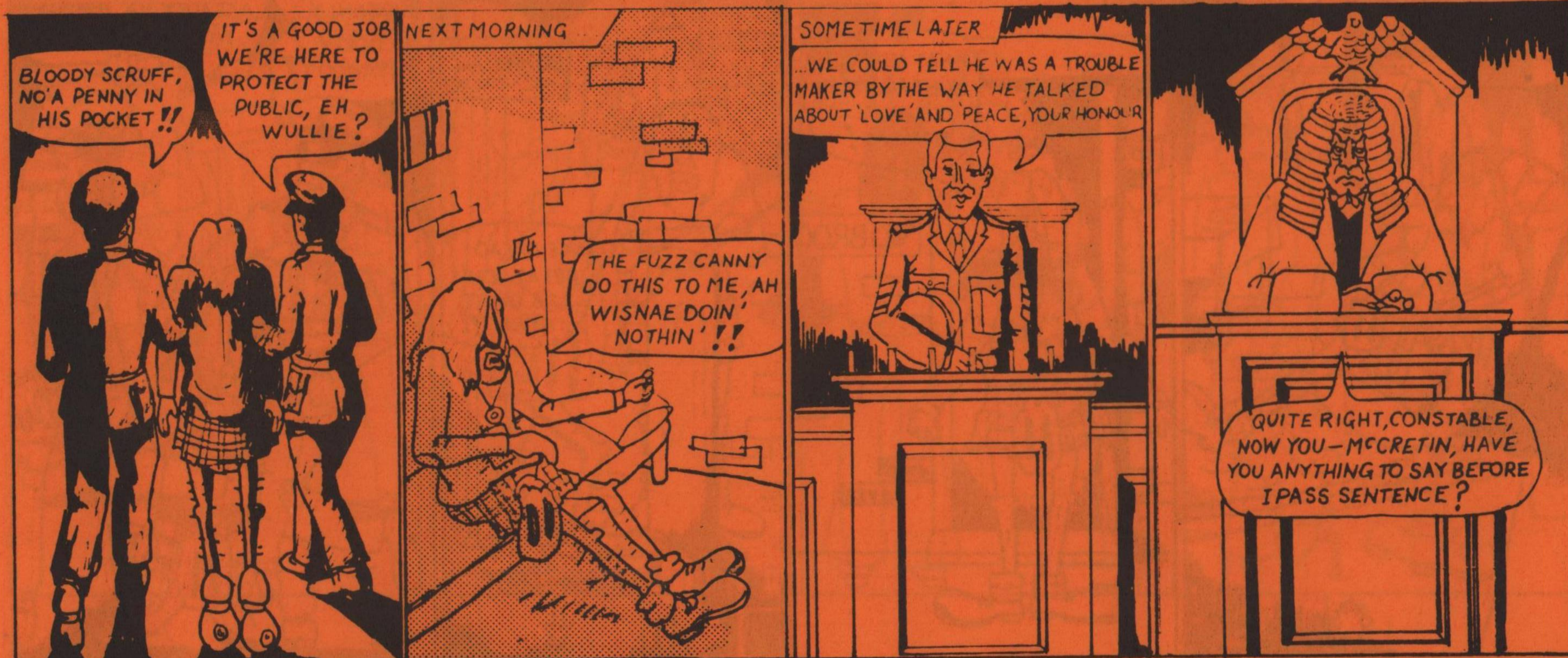
There is a comical aspect about age. For years I have been trying to reach the young - young students, young

teachers, young parents - seeing age as a brake on progress. Now that I am old - one of the Old Men I have preached against so long - I feel differently. Recently, when I talked to three hundred students in Cambridge, I felt myself the youngest person in the hall. I did. I said to them: 'Why do you need an old man like me to come and tell you about freedom?' Nowadays, I do not think in terms of youth and age. I feel that years have little to do with one's thinking. I know lads of twenty who are ninety, and men of sixty who are twenty. I am thinking in terms of freshness, enthusiasm, of lack of conservatism, of deadness, of pessimism.

I do not think that the world will use the Summerhill method of education for a very long time - if it ever uses it. The world may find a better way...the world must find a better way. For politics will not save humanity. It never has done so. Most political newspapers are bristling with hate all the time. Too many are socialistic because they hate the rich instead of loving the poor.

How can we have happy homes with love in them when the home is a tiny corner of a homeland that shows hate socially in a hundred ways? You can see why I cannot look upon education as a matter of exams and classes and learning. The school evades the basic

I regard all governments as intricate institutions sanctified by tradition and custom, for the purpose of committing by force and with impunity the most revolting crimes.
Leo Tolstoy



issue: All the Greek and maths and history in the world will not help to make the home more loving, the child free from inhibitions, the parent free from neurosis.

The future of Summerhill itself may be of little import. But the future of the Summerhill idea is of the greatest importance to humanity. New generations must be given the chance to grow in freedom. The bestowal of freedom is the bestowal of love. And only love can save the world.

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On July 19th, 1936, the bitter carnage, which became the Spanish Civil War, began when right wing generals attempted to overthrow the newly elected socialist republic. The military rebellion left the republican state crippled and defenceless, with a large part of the army in open revolt and the loyalty of the rest unknown. There was only one course of action open to the government - to arm the people. However, up to the very last moment, the politicians refused to distribute arms to the people. Fortunately the working class refused to commit the collective suicide wished on it by the government.

Immediately the news of the fascist uprising became known, the mass of the people poured into the streets demanding weapons. The provincial and local authorities finally received permission to arm the people, three



days have been needlessly wasted in political debate, in which time the fascist military men seized twenty-three towns! In at least ten of these, bloody struggles took place, showing that the working class, the peasants and the ordinary people as a whole were resolved not to yield without a fight. A people's uprising on an amazing and determined scale had answered the fascists. Men and women left their daily tasks and threw themselves into the struggle with whatever weapons came to hand.

The Spanish Revolution was on!

The following is an extract from Richard Drinnon's excellent book 'Rebel in Paradise', a biography of Emma Goldman. It tells of Emma's visit to Spain and something of the atmosphere of that time.

At this moment, on the nineteenth of July, 1936, the Spanish workers offered the first real resistance to European fascism by beating off a military insurrection and by putting down the cornerstones for a far-reaching social revolution. Guided by their faith in anarchism, which had strong roots in Spain going back to the time of Bakunin, the revolutionists set up agrarian and industrial collectives and seriously sought to introduce a future of freedom and equality. Emma followed the news of their heroic efforts with an intensity of interest which soon made her own personal problems seem almost inconsequential. She was therefore overjoyed when Augustine Souchy, Secretary of the Comité Anarcho-Sindicalista, called on her to serve in the great undertaking.

Members of the powerful Confederación Nacional del Trabajo (CNT) and the Federación Anarquista Ibérica (FAI) welcomed her with open arms when she arrived in Barcelona in September, 1936. Ten thousand of her comrades turned out for a mass meeting to hear her place them under the responsibility of being a "shining example to the rest of the world." For the first time she was in a city where the anarchists were in control and the prospect was enormously pleasing: "I have come to you as to my own," she declared, "for your ideal has been my ideal for forty five years and it will remain to my last breath." Brushing aside for the moment her misgivings over the idealistic innocence of the Spanish anarchists, she took up the struggle with all her old vigour and spirit. There was work to be done and she was needed.

The Catalonian workers wanted her to take charge of the CNT-FAI press service and propaganda bureau in England. So that she would be able to speak with firsthand knowledge, they made every effort to show her their major accomplishments and their major problems. She was even helped to travel to the Aragón front, where she could see for herself whether the anarchist troops had been "militarized." Now sixty-seven, the old lady sat in trenches within hearing distance of Franco's snipers and talked to Buenaventura Durruti, the already legendary leader of the anarchist troops, and to "simple, unsophisticated workers, who had flocked to the front to stake their all in freeing Spain." She came away from the front reassured by the lack of barrack discipline and the belief of the soldiers, from officer to private, in equalitarianism. Despite her concern that this revolution, like all modern revolutions, had to spring from the loins of war, she was pleased that the anarchists had the reputation of being the best fighters on the line.

Aware that the underlying problem of Spain was its feudal agrarian system, she visited as many agricultural collectives as she could. She was particularly impressed by Albate de Cinca, a collectivized village in the Province of Huesca. The large estate, which had formerly belonged to an absentee owner, had been divided among the five thousand residents, each family receiving a share proportionate to its size. Although much of their land had lain fallow for years and they had little modern machinery, the new owners had made remarkable progress in their common venture. They were understandably proud of their acquisition of a threshing machine and of their ability to cultivate the land efficiently without the direction of any outside manager or state agent. "The Cinca comrades saw it to be their duty to demonstrate the superior quality of work in common," Emma observed, and was even more pleased by the fact there was no Cheka, no state machinery in sight.

The collectivization of the factories had proceeded less dramatically, for the workers were handicapped by the opposition of the Madrid government, the flight of many technicians and managers, the increasing difficulty of obtaining raw materials from abroad, and the loss of major areas of both domestic and foreign markets. Nevertheless, she was "amazed at the capacity of the supposedly untaught workers." The Metal Syndicate was an outstanding example. Within two days it had converted an automobile assembling plant into a munitions factory "and when I arrived in September 1936 it was already working three shifts and producing the only arms loyalist Spain had at her disposal during that critical period."

What she saw added to her conviction that the Spanish anarchists had proved that the Bolshevik pattern of revolution was not inevitable, that it was possible to have a constructive revolution worked out in freedom.



BUENAVENTURA DURRUTI

The bourgeoisie may blast and ruin their world before they leave the stage of history. But we carry a new world in our hearts.-DURRUTI

After her visits to the collectives she informed a large meeting of the youth of the FAI that "your revolution will destroy forever (the notion) that anarchism stands for chaos." No one could expect a revolution to run smoothly and this one was being carried out under the extraordinarily difficult conditions of an armed attack. (From her point of view there was only one answer to this: "I have and do maintain," she wrote, "that an armed counter-revolutionary and fascist attack can be met in no way except by an armed defence.") All things considered, she was not prepared to be sharply critical of such excesses as the destruction of churches. After all, how could one be too critical of a people who, in the face of approaching danger on the Madrid and Sargossa fronts, sent a thousand delegates to Barcelona to discuss the modern school and the dangers of centralization.

Before she left for England, she was taken high in the Pyrenees to see a libertarian educational experiment.

By way of confession I have to own up that I was literally pulled up a mountain of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and this only with the help of Professor Mawa on the one side and the young children of Comrade Prig Elias on the other. A troupe of children singing lustily led the way. Another troupe with a cinema operator followed. I admit it was an exhausting feat but I would not have missed it for worlds. On the very top of the mountain we found a small white peasant house, and a patch of land. We were greeted by a large streamer which contained in bold letters the name of the colony - Mon Nou (New World). Its credo read as follows: "Children are the new world. And all dreamers are children; those who are moved by kindness and beauty"

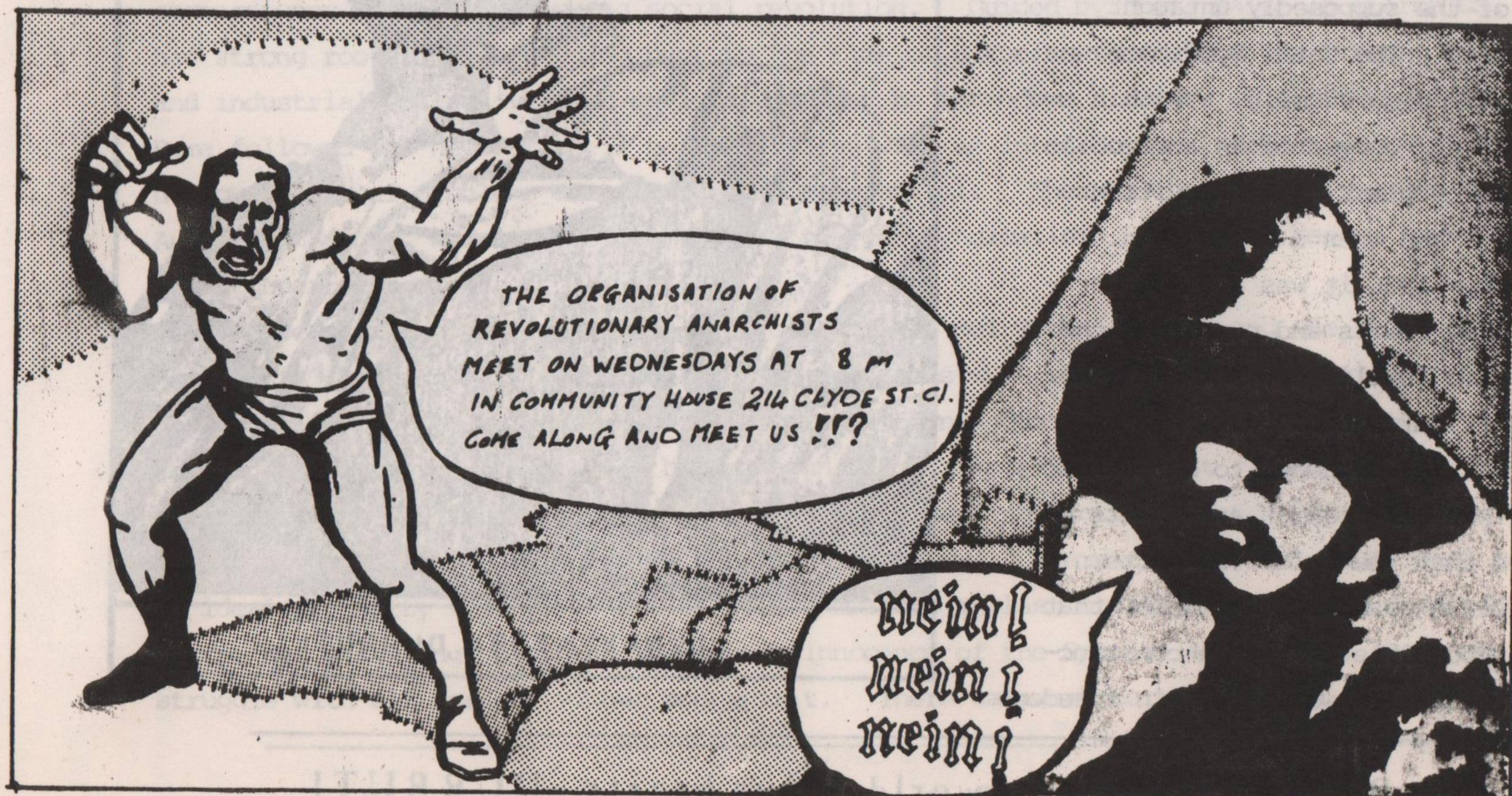
It was with a kind of anticipatory regret that she came down from this mountain of idealism to "old murderous world" below, down to her hotel on the Plaza de Catalunya. Never again would she be so happy.

Never again has Spanish Anarchism reached such a high-point. The movement was crushed eventually by Franco's fascists on the one side and the Communists on the other - two ideologues which cannot tolerate free socialism. Franco, with the help of his friends, Hitler and Mussolini, overcame all resistance and the war was over.

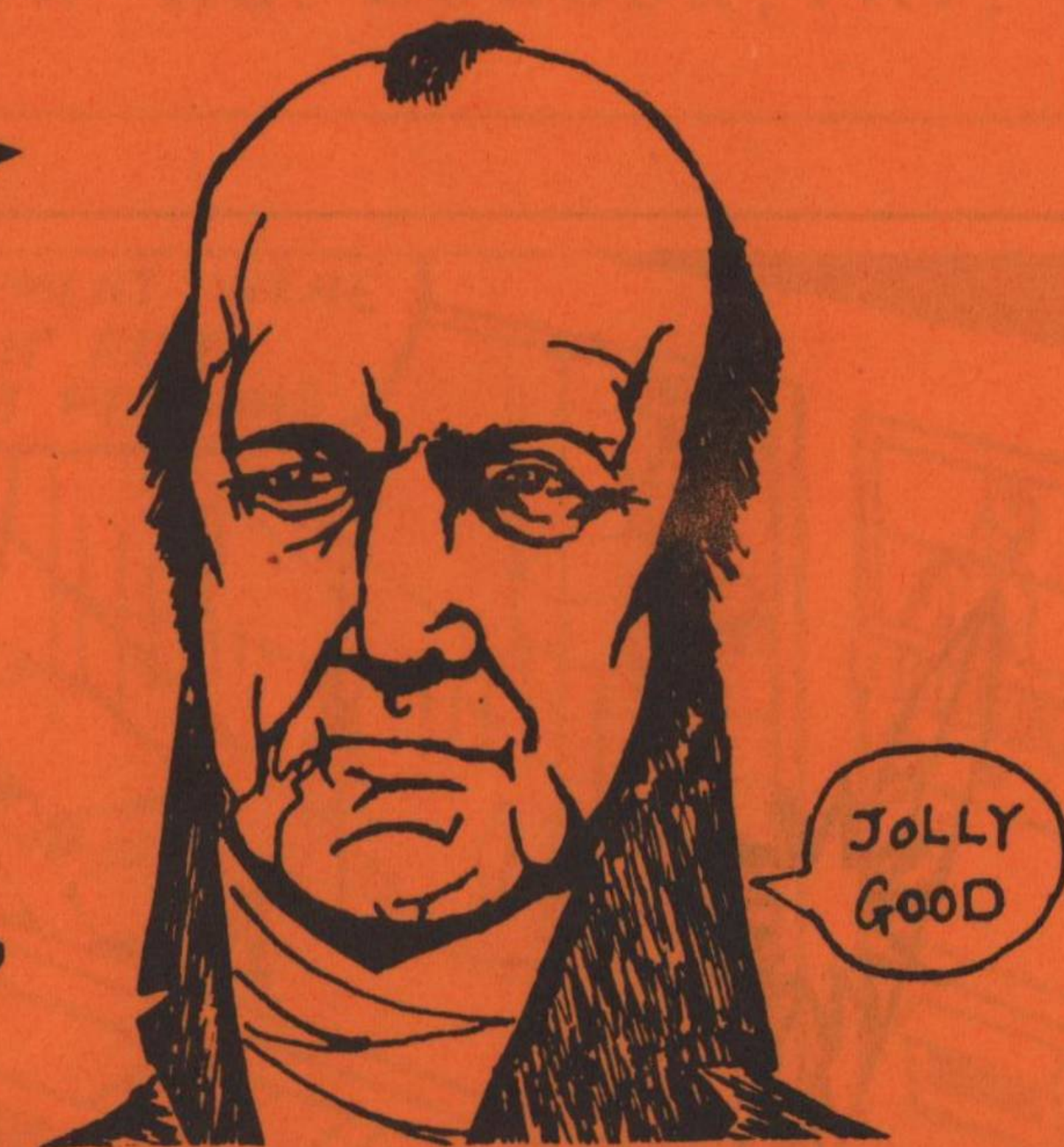
Torrents of blood had extinguished the flame of heroism that had shone so brightly for two years and eight months.

After his military victory, Franco has tried, by savage and brutal repression, to destroy the spirit of the people. He has not succeeded. Always there are new reports of strikes, arrests and tortures and workers, peasants and students of all political views, fight so that Spain shall again be free of tyranny.

Think of this when next you read of a 'cheap' holiday in Spain.



THE EDITORIAL



Disillusionment with the present social system has been with us for many years. Only a minority of people would consider that today's society is just and it is obvious to most that the means exist to destroy hunger, war and the general exploitation of one fellow human by another. It is because those in power are unwilling to relinquish any of their privileges and people are so conditioned into believing themselves inadequate that they are manipulated by the system. A glaring example of this manipulation can be found in the parliamentary system. A politician once in power seldom remains true to his electorate. The few who do are completely ineffectual having accepted the State's "rules" which are geared against change. We therefore believe that a system which takes little heed of the day to day requirements of a person and gives him no say in his future is long overdue for the scrap heap, to be replaced by a more just and humane society.

What then is the libertarian society?

Simply that each member of society should be free to determine his or her own life with due regard to other people. Decisions should be taken at the bottom and not at the top; thus people can organise themselves without a privileged elite or ruling class; in this way factory workers could elect a committee to co-ordinate their work. We differ basically from the Communist Party and other Marxist groups who see themselves as supplying the "essential" leadership, taking the power away from the ordinary people.

What this magazine tries to do is give a selection of our view-points and thoughts on how we can build the new society in which we all lead full and creative lives. A lot of idealistic crap? Well, read the paper and let us hear your point of view/criticism, etc.

Lastly we wish to thank everyone who helped with the magazine. We thank A.S. Neill from who's book 'Summerhill, A Radical Approach to Education' we extracted an article and Freedom Press for use of material from their publications 'Anarchy' and 'Freedom': and those from whom we have stolen material.

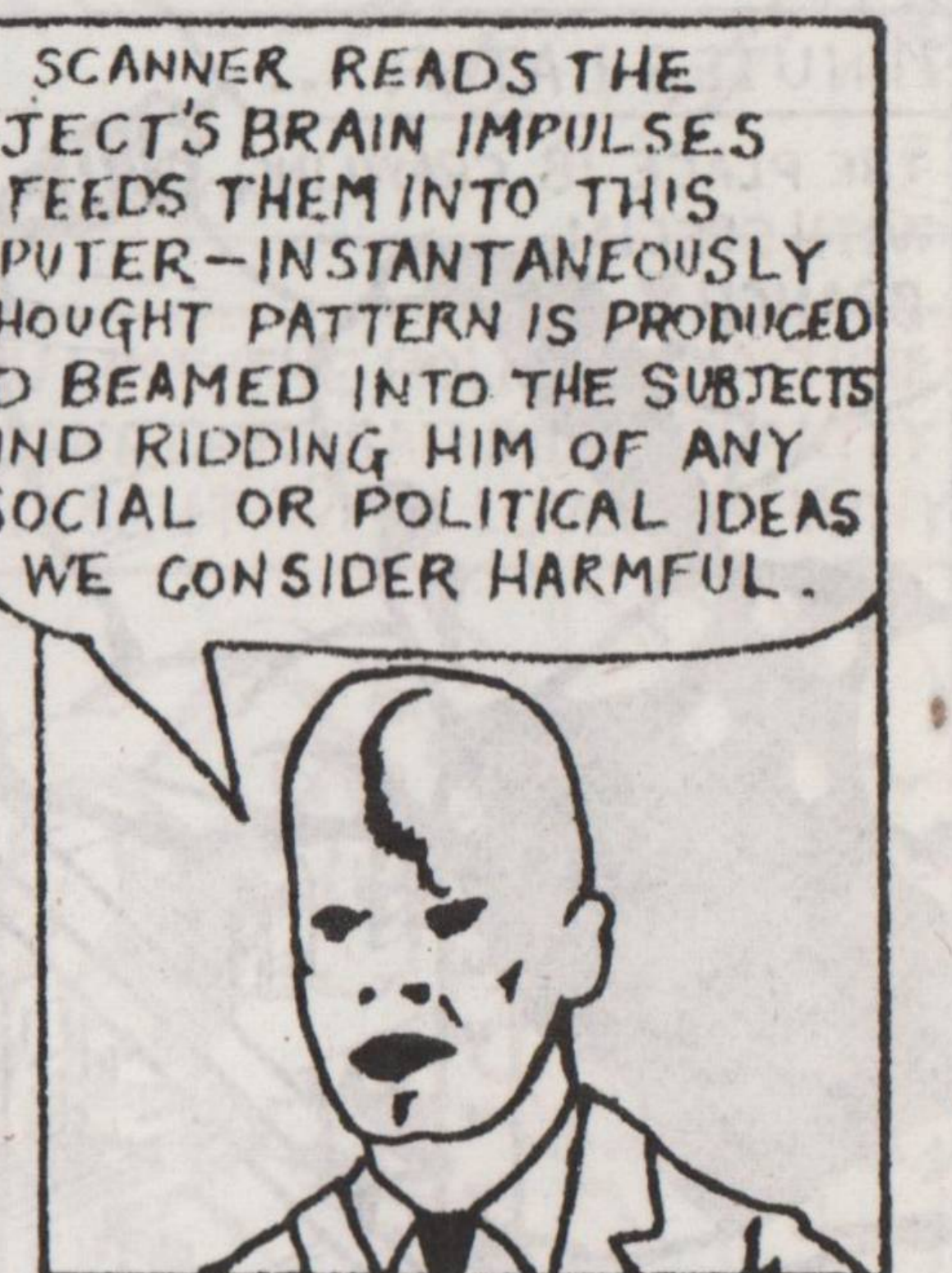
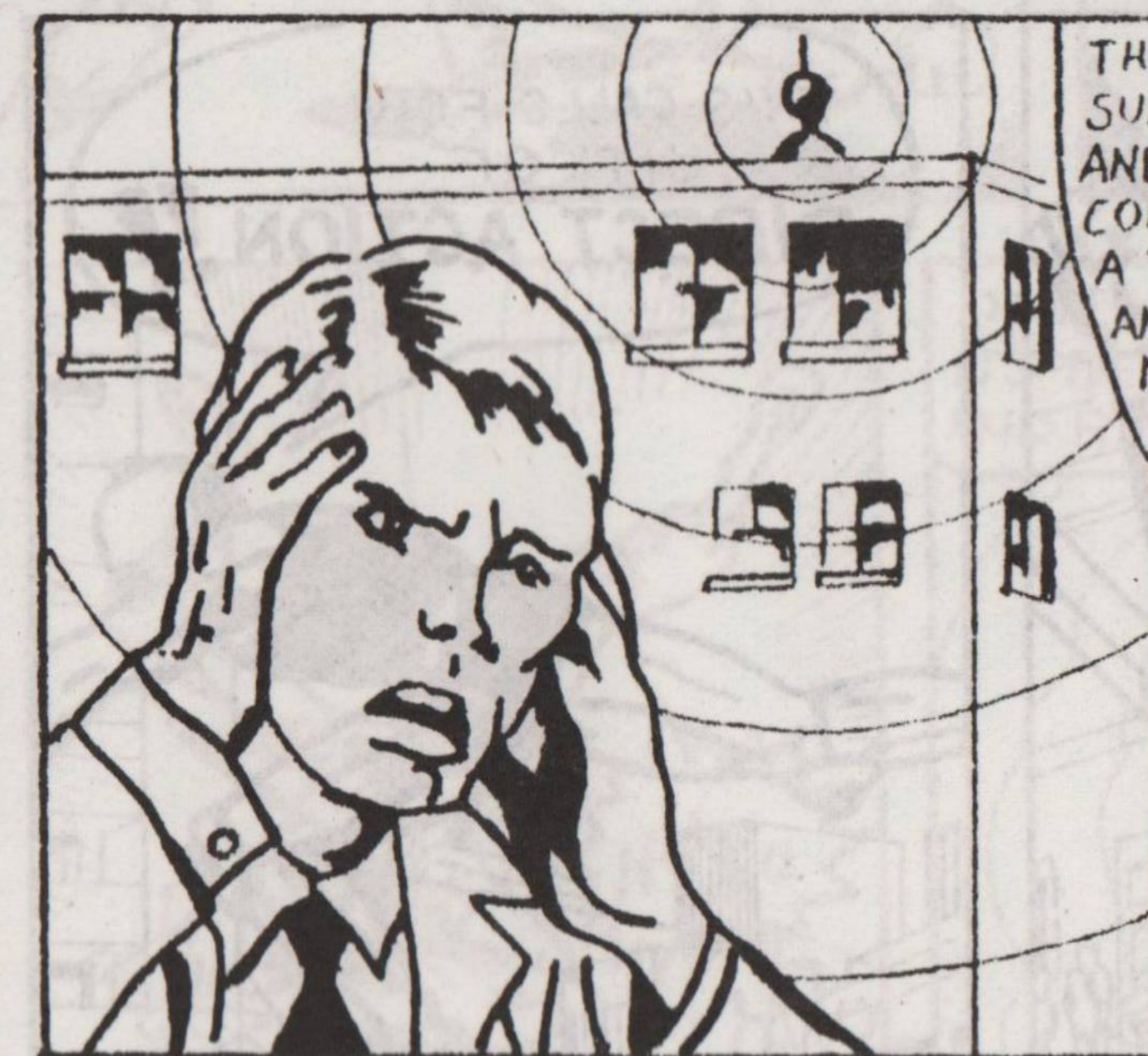
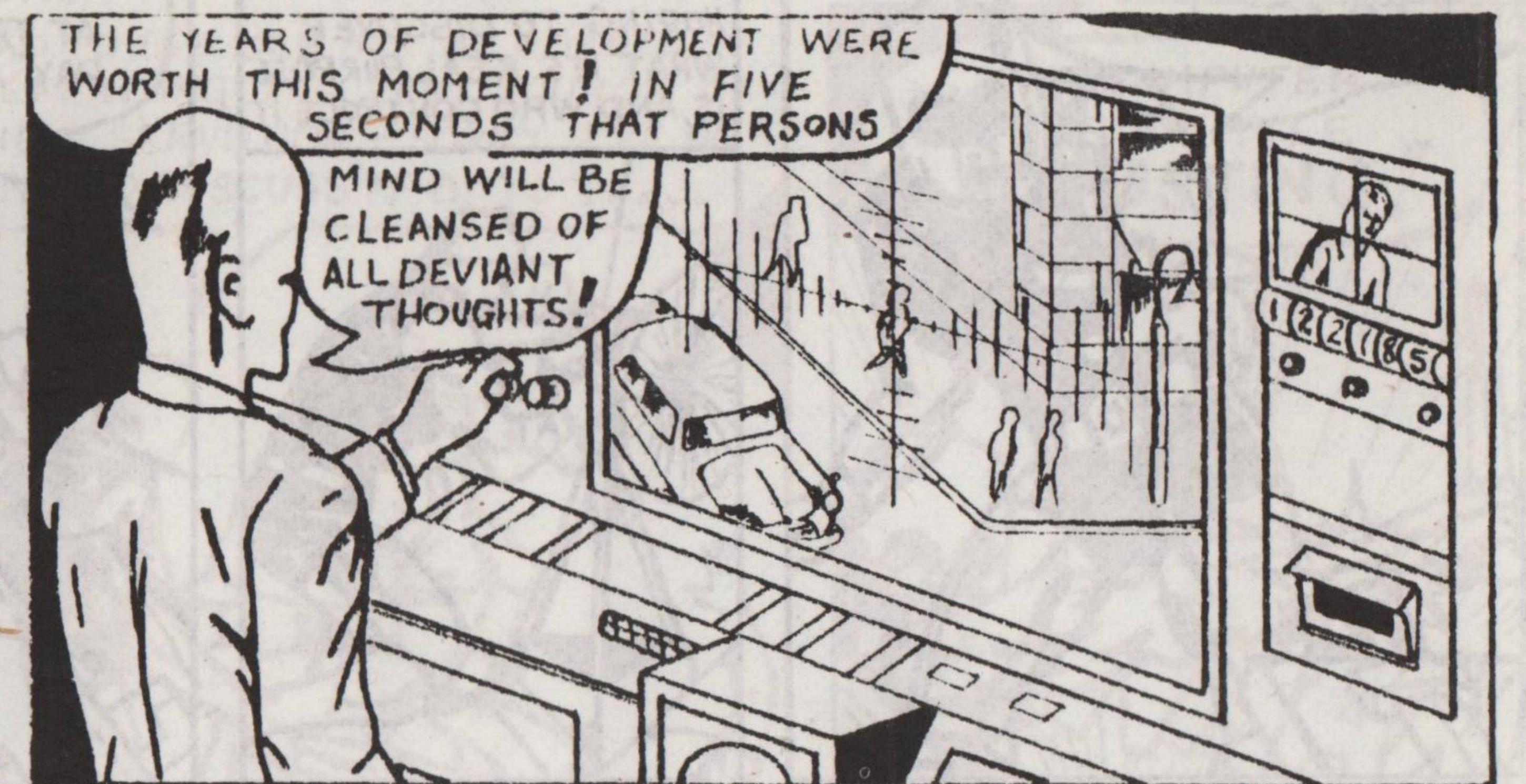
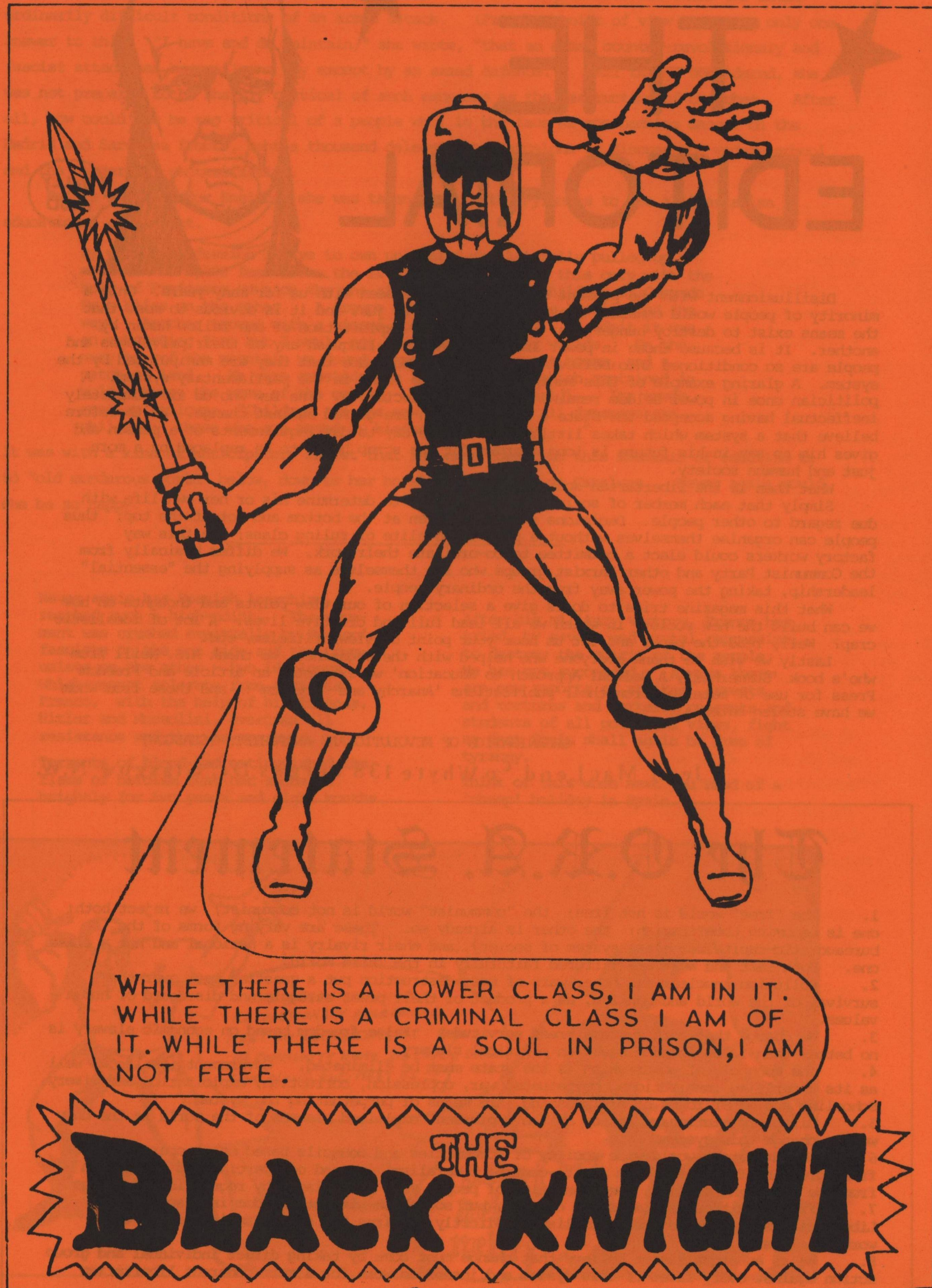
ORGANISATION OF REVOLUTIONARY ANARCHISTS (GLASGOW)

Jean MacLeod Co Whyte 138 Fergus Dr. Glasgow N.W.

The O.R.A. Statement

1. The "free" world is not free; the "communist" world is not communist; we reject both: one is becoming totalitarian; the other is already so. These are varying forms of the bureaucratic-capitalist class system of society, and their rivalry is a national and not a class one. Both East and West are mirrored faithfully in the Third World.
2. Pollution, nuclear and other wars of mass destruction put a question mark over the survival of the world and mankind, as a product of their power struggle and disregard of human values.
3. We charge that both systems breed servitude. False freedom based on economic slavery is no better than false freedom based on political slavery.
4. The monopoly of power which is the state must be eliminated. Government itself, as well as its underlying institutions, perpetuates war, oppression, corruption, exploitation and misery. Schooling and other forms of brainwashing, are means of perpetuating the system.
5. Direct revolutionary action by the oppressed, exploited classes of the world is the only way to change this system.
6. We advocate a world-wide society of communities and councils based on co-operation and free agreement from the bottom (multi-centred federalism) instead of coercion and domination from the top (centralism). Regimentation of people must be replaced by regulation of things.
7. Freedom without socialism is chaotic, but socialism without freedom is despotic. Libertarianism, which is free socialism, explicitly requires the self-emancipation of the working class.
8. We as an organization believe that change must come by taking direct individual and group action against every facet of this system and intend to work for a more coherent libertarian movement in this country.

Contact ORA, 68 Chingford Road, Walthamstow, E.17.



WHAT FREEDOM PEOPLE HAVE WILL SOON BE DESTROYED AND IN ITS PLACE AN EFFICIENTLY CONTROLLED SOCIETY WILL EMERGE, AND THE CREDIT IS MINE - THE FACELESS BUREAUCRAT!

NOT EVERYONE HOWEVER, IS AS UNPREPARED AS THE GENERAL PUBLIC. DAYS LATER ONE SUCH INDIVIDUAL CASTS A SCEPTICAL EYE ON THE LOCAL PAPER....

STRANGE, THIS PHOTO SHOWS THE SCANNER POINTING AT PEDESTRIANS NOT TRAFFIC! THE CREEPS ARE UP TO SOMETHING

AND I'M JUST THE LAD TO FIND OUT WHAT!





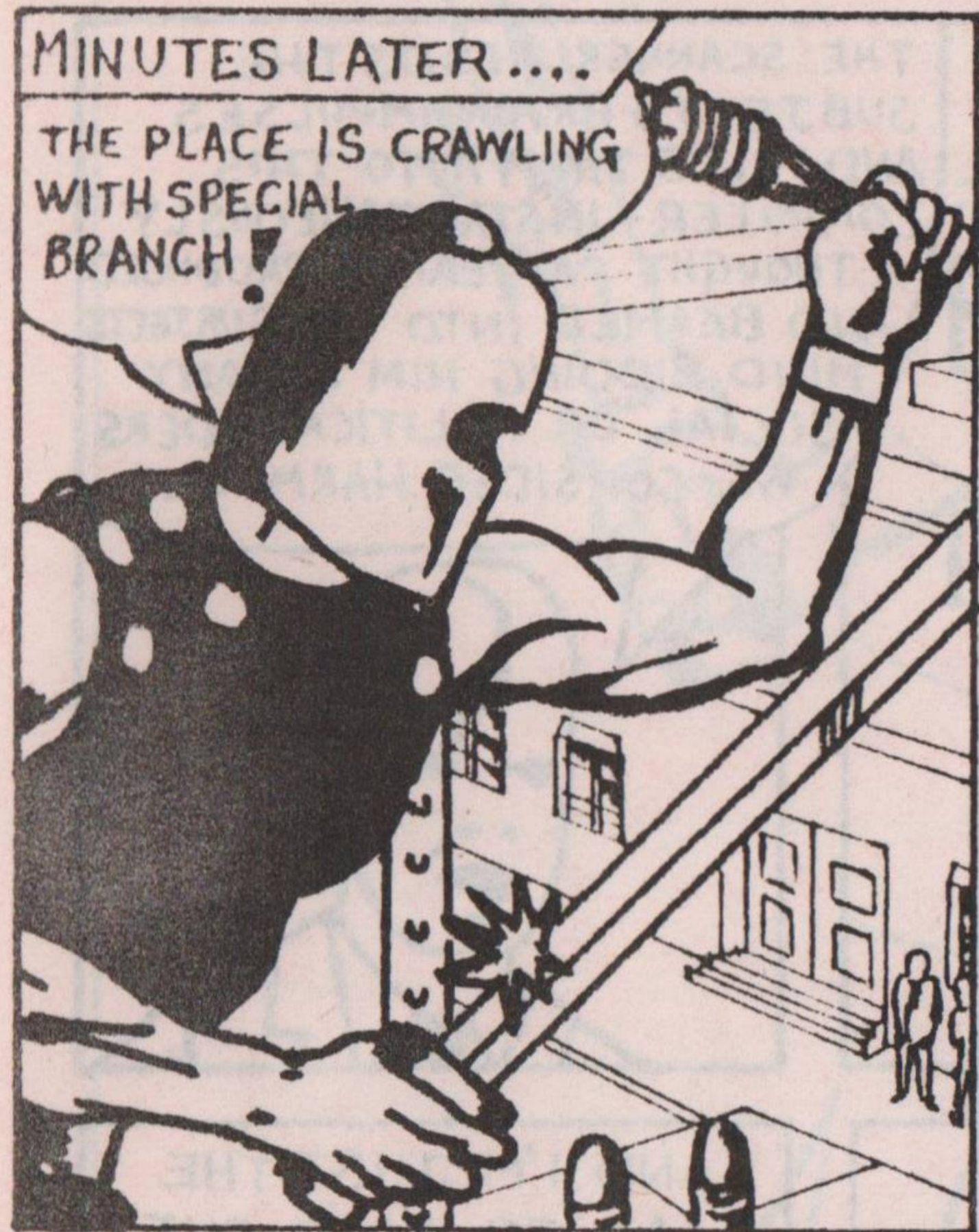
NOW, DRESSED AS THE BLACK KNIGHT AND WITH THE SWORD OF LIBERTY, I'LL GO SEE....



LATER, THE BLACK CLAD FIGURE EXAMINES THE ELECTRONIC SCREENER HOPING TO DISCOVER WHAT ITS REAL PURPOSE IS, AND WHO CONTROLS IT.



THE SCANNER FEEDBACK ANTENNAE ALL INTERSECT AT THIS POINT, NOW TO PAY A FRIENDLY VISIT!



MINUTES LATER.... THE PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH SPECIAL BRANCH!



THIS CALLS FOR A BIT OF DIRECT ACTION!!

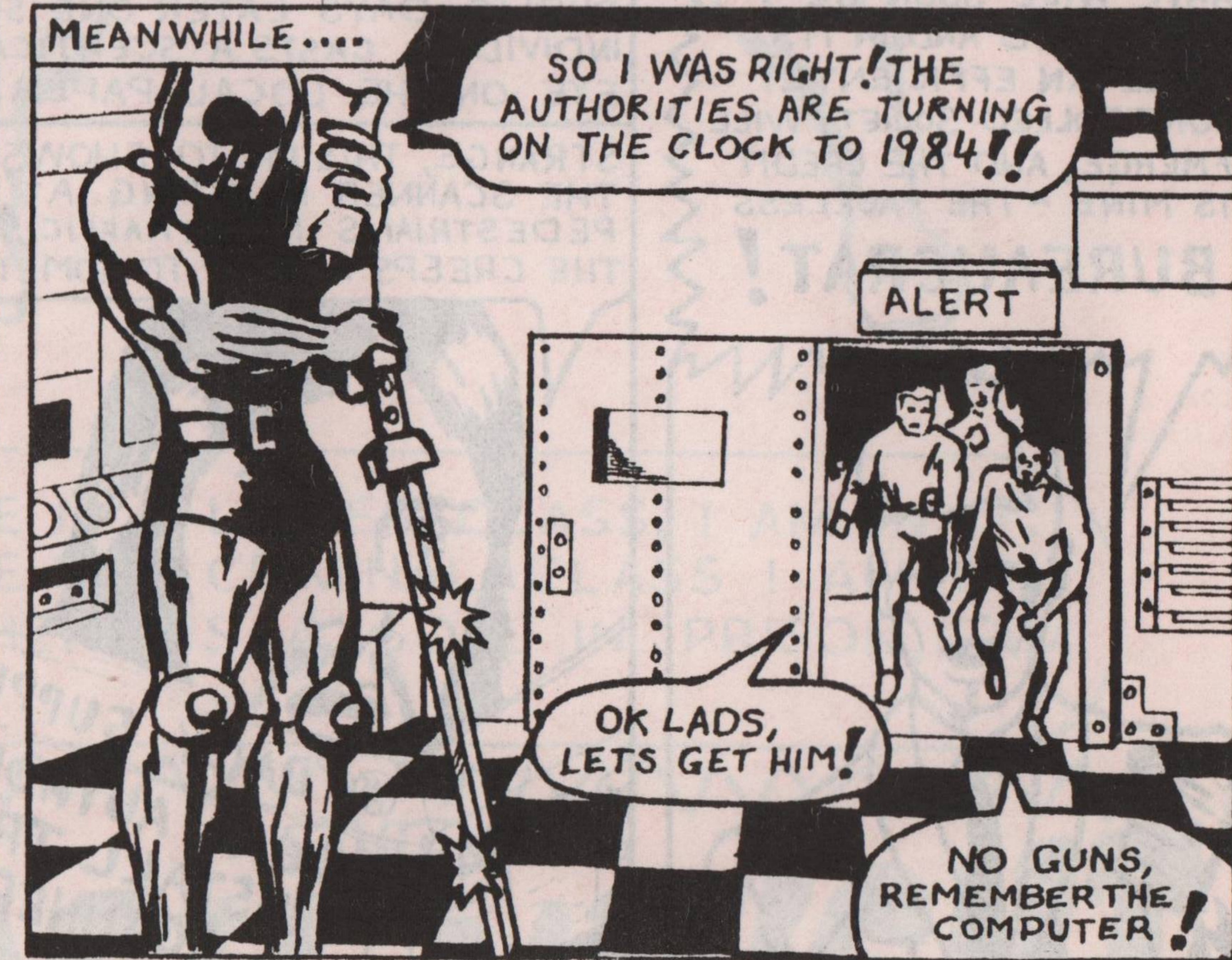


WITH SPEED OF A LIGHTNING BOLT HE LEAPS THROUGH THE WINDOW OPPOSITE... CALL SECURITY!



ELSEWHERE IN THE BUILDING... SIR! THE BLACK KNIGHT IS IN THE COMPUTER ROOM!

WHAT! THAT CRAZY ANARCHIST BASTARD COULD SPOIL EVERYTHING!



MEANWHILE.... SO I WAS RIGHT! THE AUTHORITIES ARE TURNING ON THE CLOCK TO 1984!!

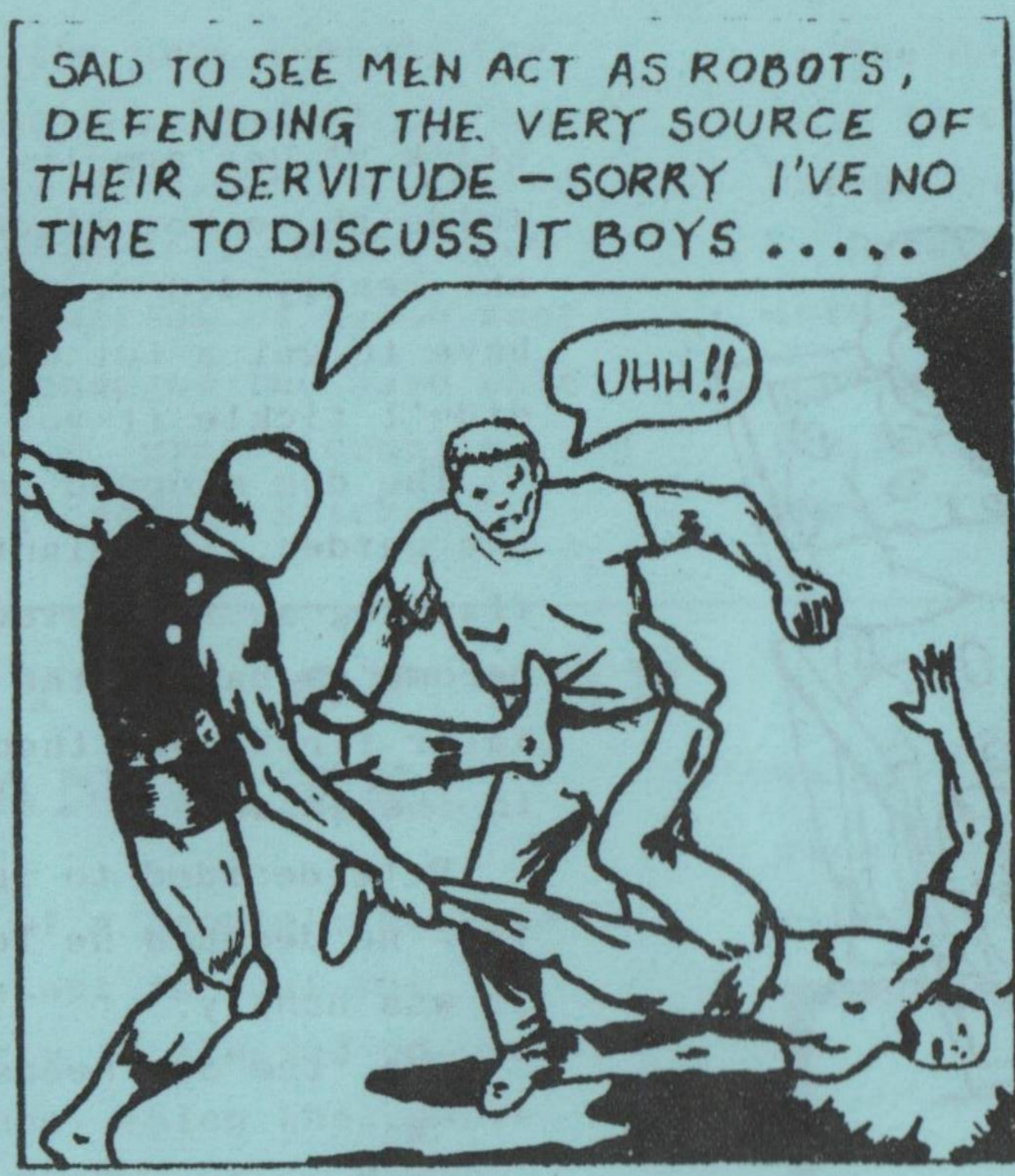
OK LADS, LETS GET HIM!

NO GUNS, REMEMBER THE COMPUTER!

* Anarchism for a New Reality *



MOVING WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED THE BLACK KNIGHT TURNS UPON HIS FOES..



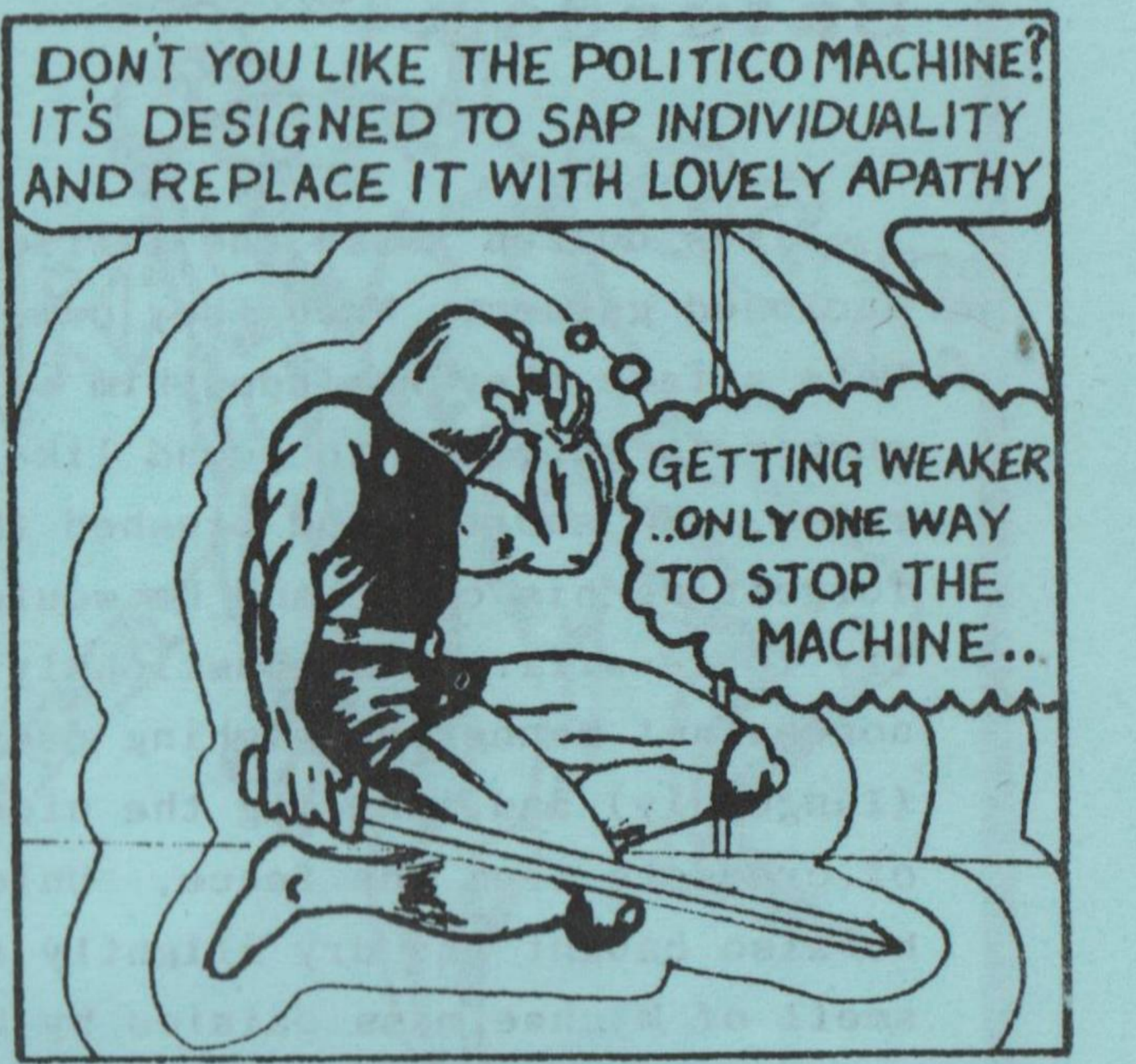
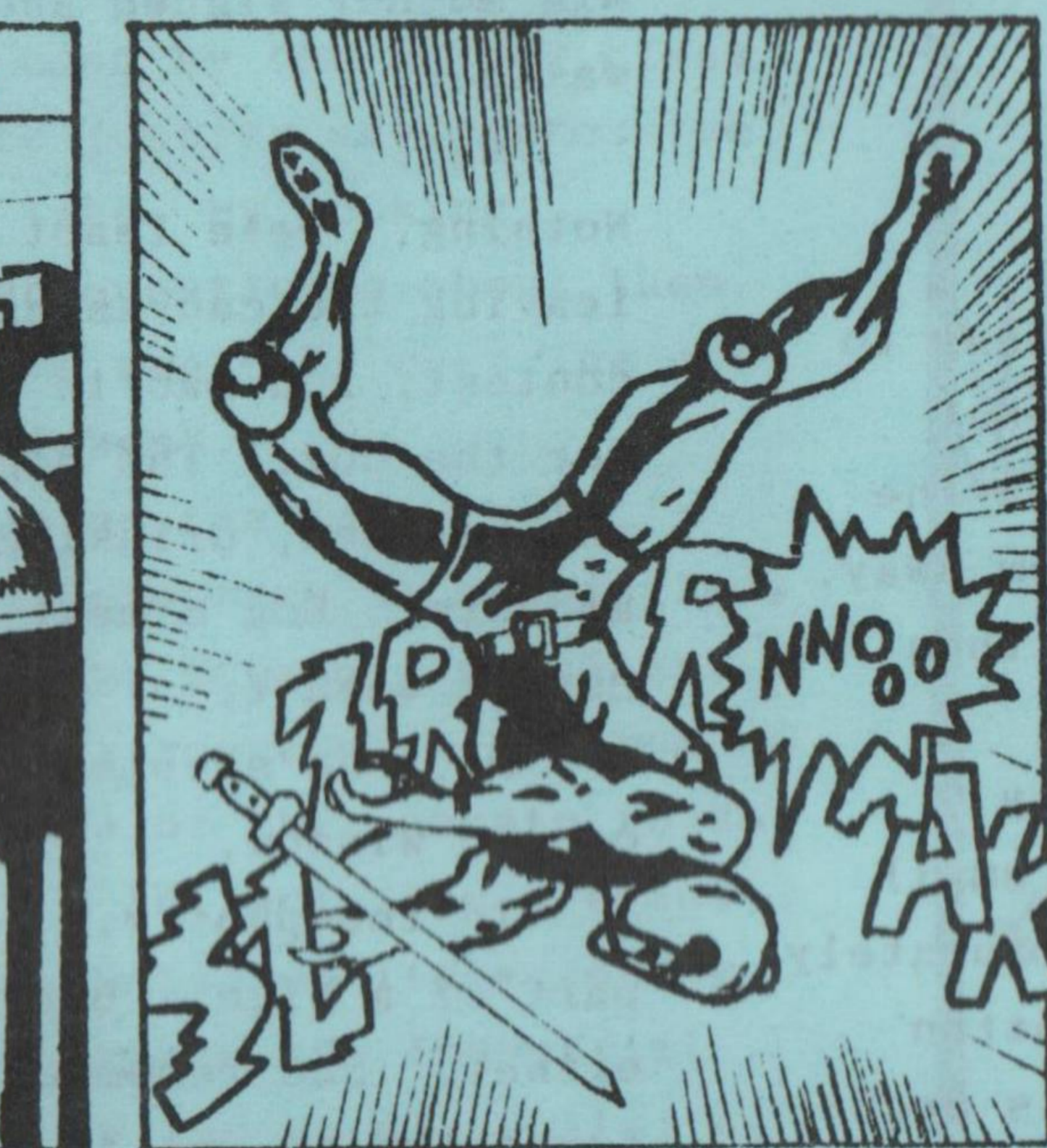
SAD TO SEE MEN ACT AS ROBOTS, DEFENDING THE VERY SOURCE OF THEIR SERVITUDE - SORRY I'VE NO TIME TO DISCUSS IT BOYS.....



...THE COMPUTER NEEDS A LITTLE ADJUSTING!

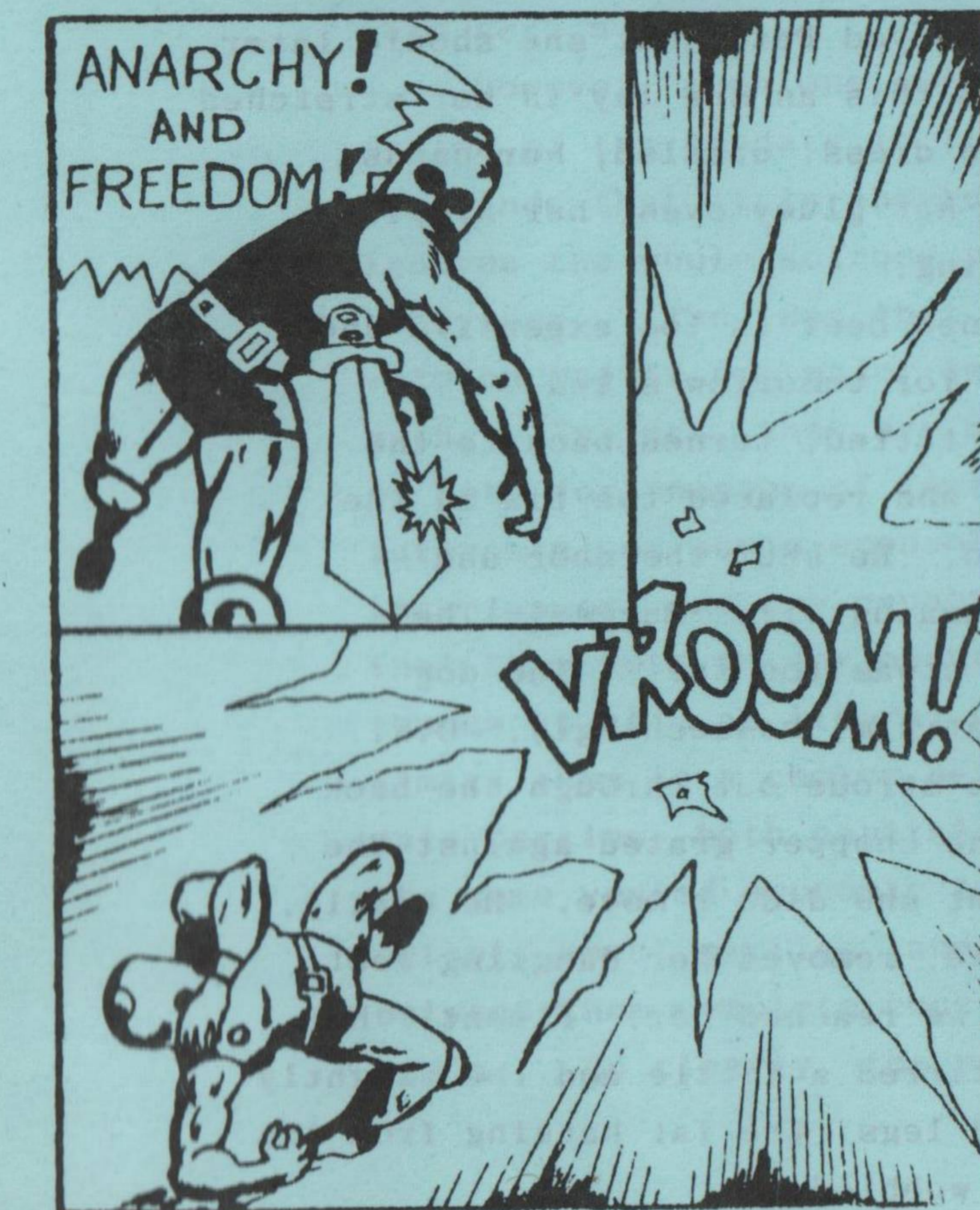


SEVERAL COMPUTER BASHING MINUTES LATER... COME IN, COME IN, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU

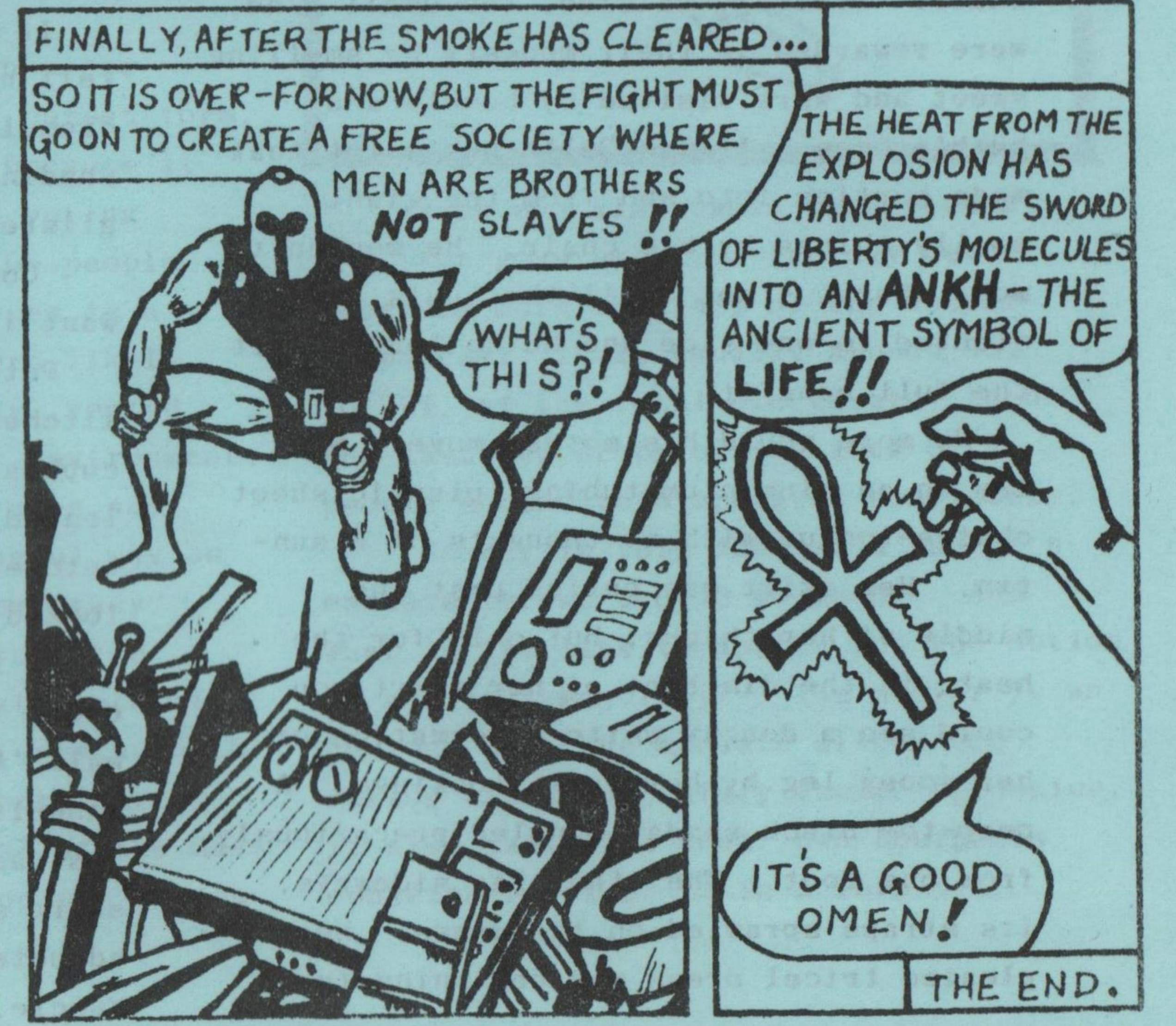


DON'T YOU LIKE THE POLITICO MACHINE? IT'S DESIGNED TO SAP INDIVIDUALITY AND REPLACE IT WITH LOVELY APATHY

GETTING WEAKER... ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THE MACHINE..



ANARCHY! AND FREEDOM!



FINALLY, AFTER THE SMOKE HAS CLEARED... SO IT IS OVER-FOR NOW, BUT THE FIGHT MUST GO ON TO CREATE A FREE SOCIETY WHERE MEN ARE BROTHERS NOT SLAVES!!

THE HEAT FROM THE EXPLOSION HAS CHANGED THE SWORD OF LIBERTY'S MOLECULES INTO AN ANKH - THE ANCIENT SYMBOL OF LIFE!!

WHAT'S THIS?!

IT'S A GOOD OMEN!

THE END.

70 VOTE 95



Summer
Saturday

Flies buzzed round the lattice-enclosed garden. When they came near to Pete's face they reminded him of what summer is supposed to sound like on the radio. He snorted and brushed them away, forgetting his cool; and he would then try to re-affirm his consciously nonchalant manner by sighing deeply (languidly) and inhaling the nice smell of creosote from the fence. Unfortunately, he also caught the dry slightly rotten smell of Michaelmass daisies by his deck-chair. Ordinary daisies, the small kind, were rewarded in their modesty by smelling sweet and were visited by bumble and humble bees. It was Bellzebub's lot that made sorties into and from the giant smelly things by his chair. He wouldn't move though - not until the sun's rays slanted to one side and he no longer felt the full benefit.

No more would his mother move. She lay on an aluminium tubing, plastic sheet chaise-longue with no thoughts of a sun-tan. Her skirt was pulled past the middle of her thighs, but only for the heat; in the dim tent of her skirt you could see a doughy white deformation of her gooey leg by her dark stockings. A peep-toe black sandal dangled precariously from one foot. The other lay sideways, its straps sprawled on the grass. Her pleated tricel dress was beginning to

stick at her armpits and in the belly folds above her flaccid roll-on. However she really didn't much mind. Things would have to get a lot worse. Even the flies didn't tickle if you forgot about them.

The dog sloped round the corner into the garden, its giant ears and tongue flapping as it panted. Things had become as bad as the dog could stand. Water first now, then food and sleep in the shade.

Pete decided to ignore the licking. Then he decided he loved the animal, and it was hungry.

"Ma, the dog needs feedin'"

"Ma"

His mother sighed and Pete and the dog waited.

"Ma!:"

Nothing. Pete leapt from his chair, leaving the canvas agitated, out of contest, and ran in to fill the bucket for the dog. The dog sloped it in the kitchen, drinking and losing equal amounts. Dog's meat in the fridge. But it wasn't.

"Ma!" he shouted through the opened window.

"In-the-pantry." She breathed it, part of a sigh. But it wasn't there either. She remembered now she'd forgotten to get it.

It annoyed Pete that she should later tell him this as she lay in her stretched crumpled dress, dazzled, her hands shading her gluey eyes, her armpits glistening.

"Corned beef is too expensive and I want it for tomorrow's tea."

Pete tutted, turned back to the kitchen and replaced the tin in the cupboard. He shut the door and leaned against it. Bugger! The butcher's was too far. The dog looked at him, beseechingly. O.K.

As he strode out through the back-door, the chopper grated against the wall, but she didn't move. He neatly, tong-like, removed her dangling foot, just as he reached her. Fluent. Her skirt stirred a little and the slightly adducted legs, the fat hanging from the muscle, wobbled.

70 ABDICATE!

Pete tossed the shoe towards the daisies, but the dog ignored it, his eyes alert, tail straight out behind, one shoulder quivering. Smart dog. Pete pulled the shreds of nylon away where they had snagged the hard skin and short, square, green toenails, and let them spring back to stick.

The dog trotted away precisely, his tail in the air, to lie in the daisy patch.

Pete shifted his chair round directly into the sun.

"Perhaps we'll get some peace now," his mother murmured, wiggling her other toes.

MIKE RENNIE

THE MYTH OF THE MANDATE..

The idea of a people's mandate in its modern context is that the government party is elected on one or two major issues, which the people mandate it to carry out. However, this has been used by the ruling class as an excuse to justify any repressive measures they take, by looking bewildered when questioned about them, and crying: "We are only carrying out the people's wishes".

Putting aside the fact that representative democracy is meaningless without social and economic equality, one can see how a repressive government can use this idea of the mandate to do what it likes. In fact, the present government has justified its smashing of the unions through the Industrial Relations Bill in favour of capital by this very notion.

However, when one examines the notion of the mandate in its purest form, one finds that it is absurd because it ignores the whole science of voting behaviour. The idea that the people vote on one or two major issues is a myth. In fact, they are more likely to vote for reasons of family, vested interests, or socio-economic environment, than issues, and one cannot even say that they vote in any meaningful way on issues at all, as liberal democracy limits them to a choice between two main parties, both capitalist, both with the same vested economic interests, both establishment parties, and both having between them complete control of the mass media. So clearly, the people's choice

is very limited and 28% of them abstain from voting anyway through apathy - the other weapon of the ruling class.



When one also takes into account that the government of the day never receives more than 48% of the actual votes cast, it is usually around 35% to 36%, of the total electorate, then the last few drops of the idea of a people's mandate evaporates completely.

So why is this idea of a people's mandate thrown around so much? And what is its link to apathy and the notion of a silent majority? The answer is an obvious one, the mandate allows the ruling class to justify their repression, it also satisfies their own bourgeois consciences, i.e. it is a form of

The Crisis Will Come..

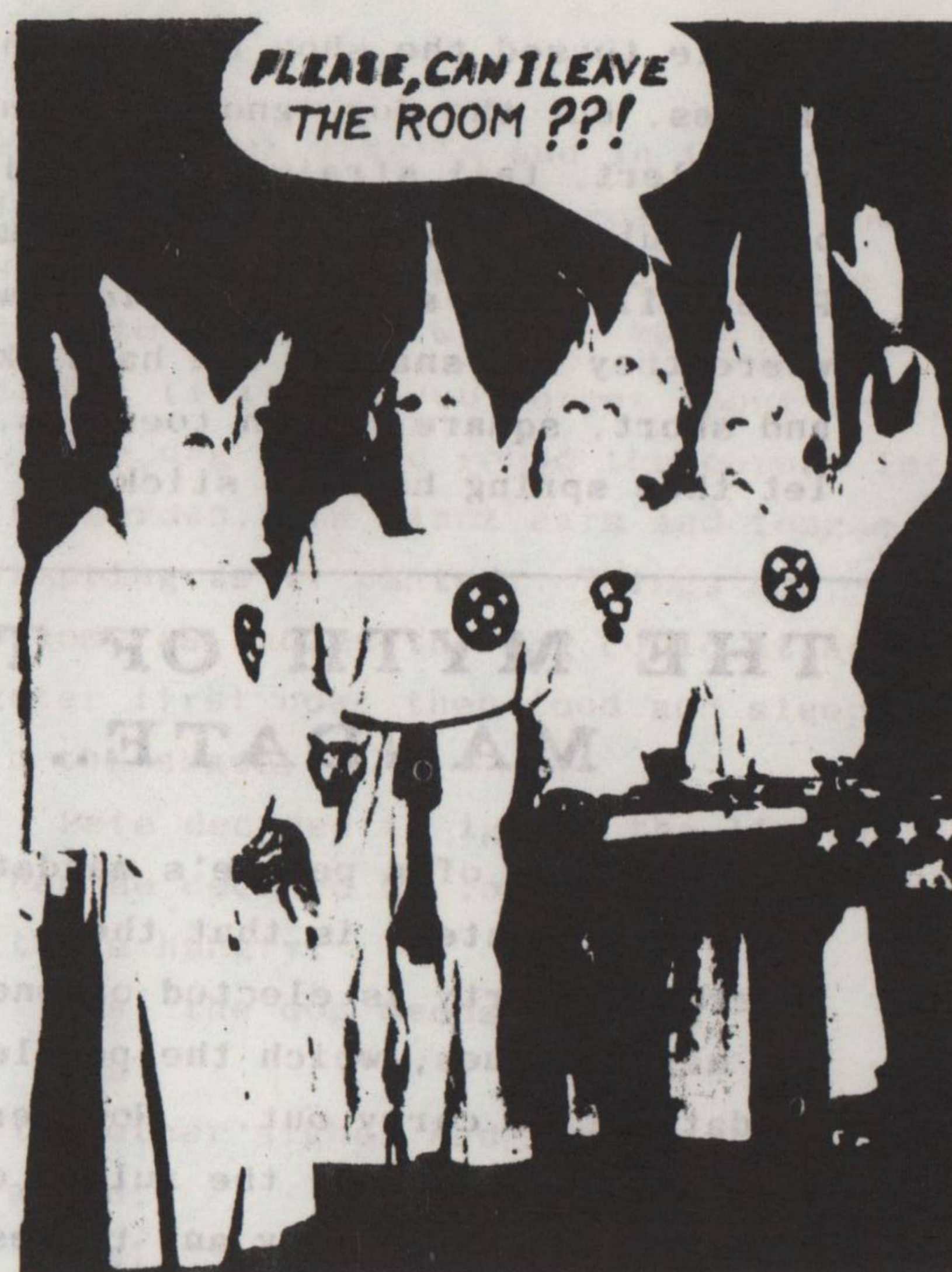
Printed by CREST, 154 Ladbroke Grove, London W.10. Tel. 01 960 1975

rationalisation to bourgeois liberals, and with their control of the media - especially the press - both economic and legislative control, e.g. D-notices, the Official Secrets Act, libel laws, coupled with apathy, they can get away with it.

The logical conclusion of the idea of a mandate is the idea that there is a 'silent majority' whose wishes are being carried out by the government: which in effect means that because the government has not got the hearts and support of the people, it creates its own mythical people and its own mythical majority.

In fact, it would be more correct to call it a silent minority, the 2% of the people who control 90% of the wealth.

So clearly, the idea of a mandate is another weapon in the hands of the capitalists in their exploitation of society.



CHILDREN'S RIGHTS THIS MAGAZINE IS URGENT

Editorial board: Paul Adams (USA), Leila Berg, Nan Berger, Vivian Berger, Michael Duane, John Holt (USA), A.S. Neill, Robert Ollendorff

Repression and violence are increasing. The backlash daily grows stronger. The violence of authority breeds the violence of anti-authority, which then becomes the pretext for further repression, for calls for 'tougher measures' etc.-i.e. more violence. Children are conditioned in families and schools to accept and perpetuate the sickness of a society in which fear, hatred

and coercion are the ruling agents from infancy onwards. The recently published book 'Children's Rights' (Elek, £2.50) has shown that our only real hope of creating a humane society, run not on these but on love, lies in radical change in child upbringing and education. We must work for this now, while there's still time.

How can a magazine do this? By being practical as never before. By providing for parents, teachers, students and children:

A National Information and Ideas Pool Who knows where to find all the projects, campaigns, free schools, groups working with kids, etc., etc.? Often they don't even know about each other. We'll tell you everything that's happening, and how to make it happen yourself. Let us know what you're doing: we'll publish it.

Children's Rights Advisor Service Parents, teachers, students, kids, your problems answered with genuine, non-mystifying advice by the editorial board and other experts. Personal replies to all who enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Practical help given, and services organized, wherever possible.

Open Forum A dialogue across the generation gap, and a place to exchange ideas, experiences and difficulties. This

is your magazine: reader participation is its essence. Participate.

News, Pictures, Cartoons As with the backing of the young teacher, Christopher Searle, for publishing 'Stepney Words', the national press occasionally reveals the tip of the iceberg. We're going to reveal the rest.

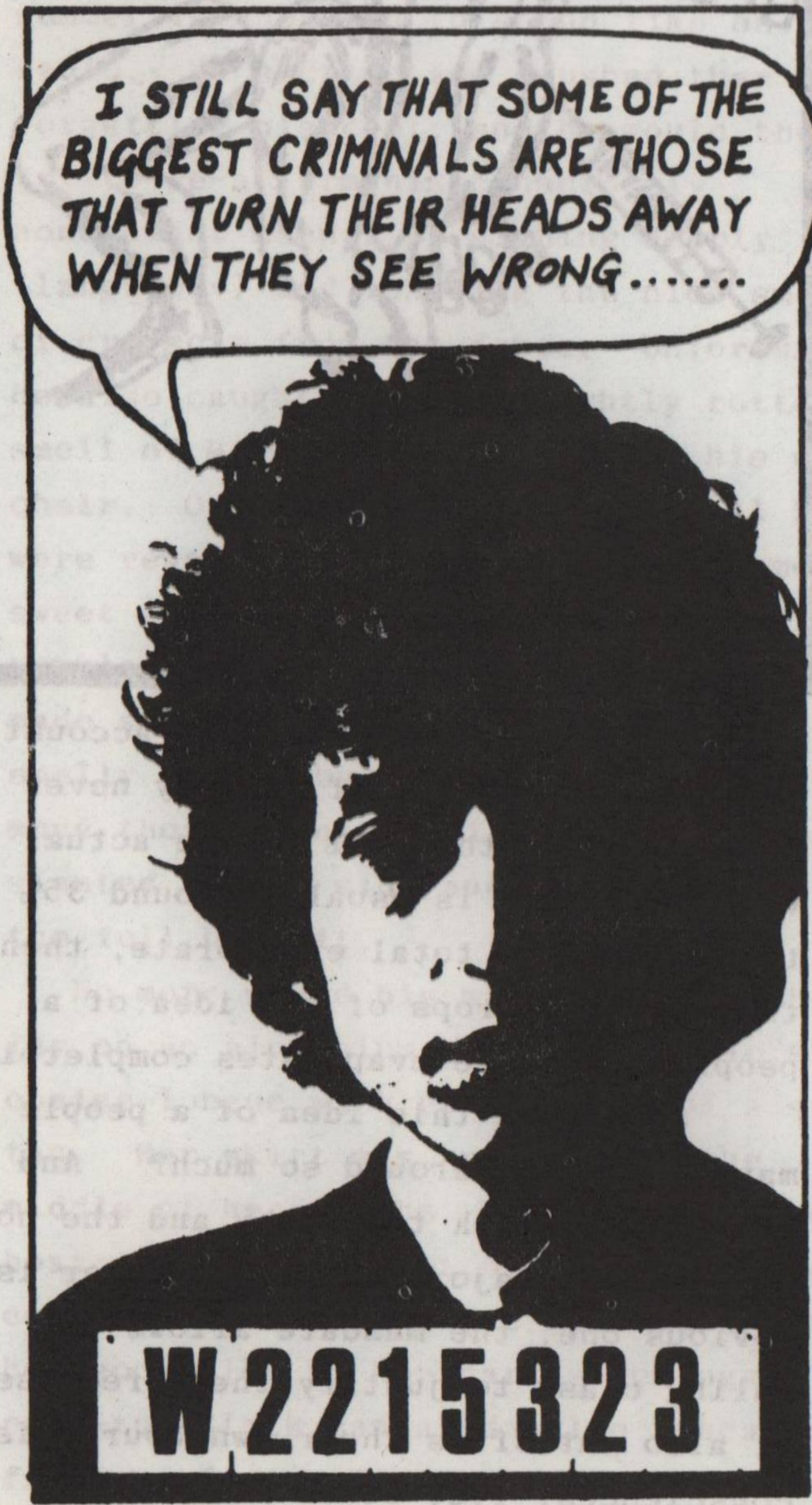
The Most Advanced Thinking Ideas that can really come to something-by leading workers in the field. Some of these are on the editorial board (including the six authors of the book 'Children's Rights') and we are certain of a formidable array of distinguished contributors. Early contributions include John Holt on sex and deschooling society, Michael Duane on Summerhill and on Risinghill case histories, Leila Berg of children's reading problems, Dr Robert Ollendorff on sex and the teenager, 'Starting a Free School' from the Scotland Road Trust, and a report for 1971 from Action Space.

What Can YOU Do? Use the magazine. Write to it, tell your friends about it. Most important of all at this stage if you want to do something valuable and effective, help get it off the ground by taking a year's subscription (12 monthly issues) at the bargain rate of £2 post free. Issue no. 1 will be on sale early in November 1971, price 18p.

If You Sympathise Subscribe Now

Please send me 12 issues of Children's Rights, starting with issue. . . . I enclose £2. Name and Address (Please print)

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people's press gang

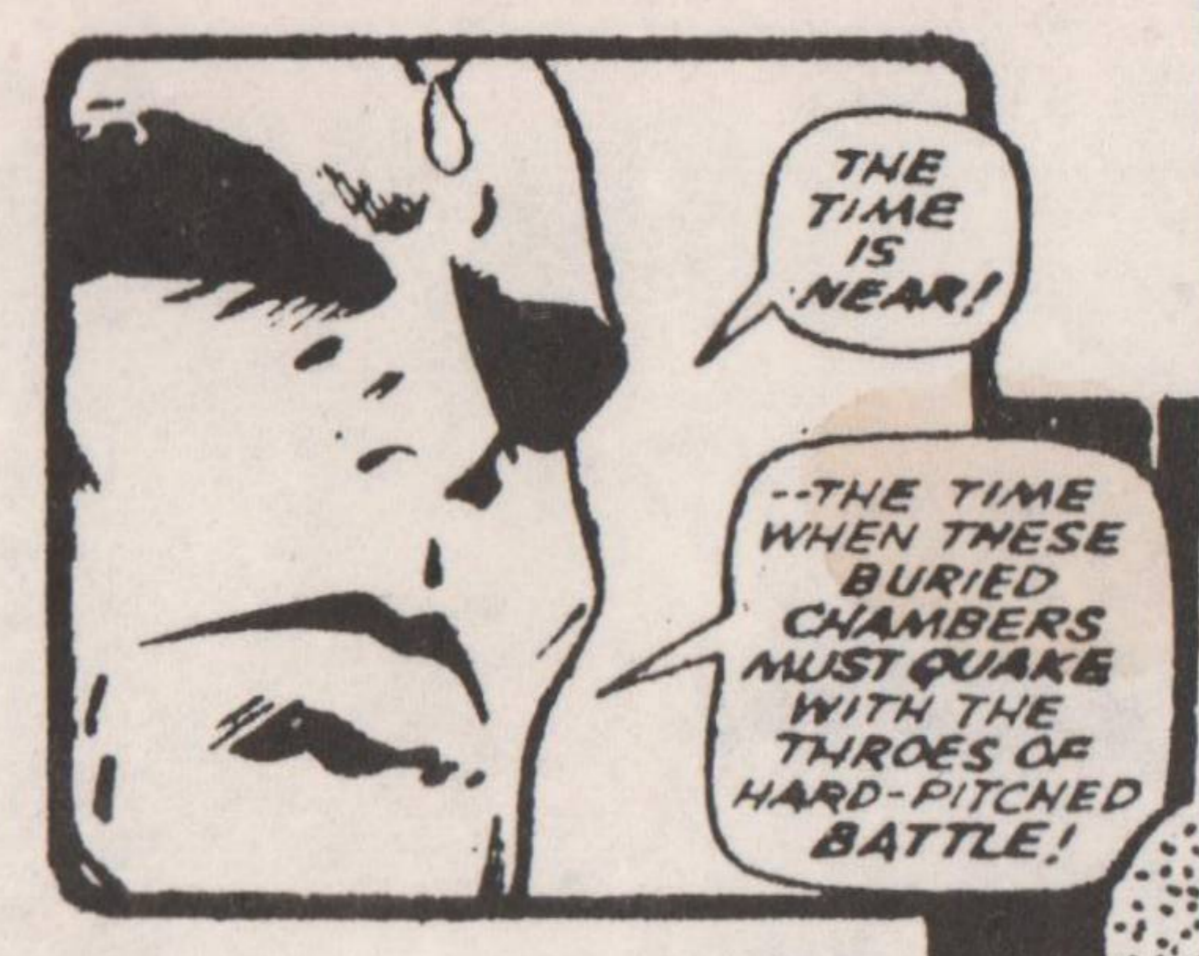
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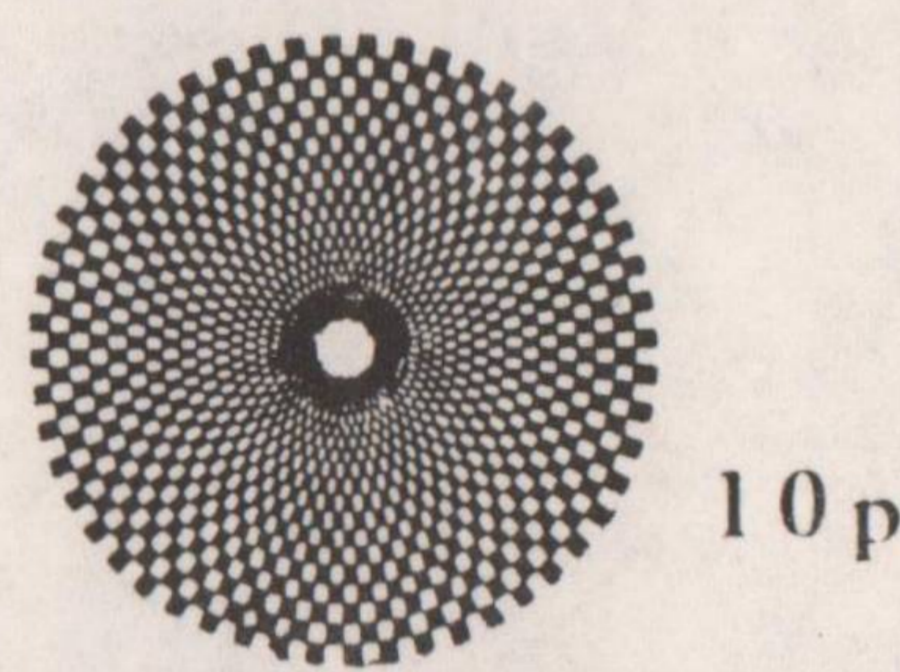
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The Crisis Will Come..