

ELECTION GUYED



OCTOBER '64 · 6d

INTRODUCING YOUR CANDIDATE

I CALLED ON MR. CROCKER in his home at Regents Park. He gave me the open smile that welcomes one and all, regardless of race, creed or party. His deep sunken eyes were those, heavily lidded, of one who sees all but is himself the unseen observer. His firm lower jaw marked him as one apart, but one easily moved by emotions of pity.

He has never concealed his Egyptian origin, indeed he is especially proud of his ancestry who at this period seems godlike. He told me of the great cities built for his ancestors which are mentioned in Herodotus. Like Herodotus he was a great traveller but has now settled down in Regent's Park. Appropriately enough he is in the travel goods business with a sideline in shoes and handbags. But he is of wide interests to whom nothing comes amiss.

He is, of course, a bird-lover and especially fond of children. Many a little one who visits him has to be dragged away screaming. His passivity masks an active mind, quick to take decisions.

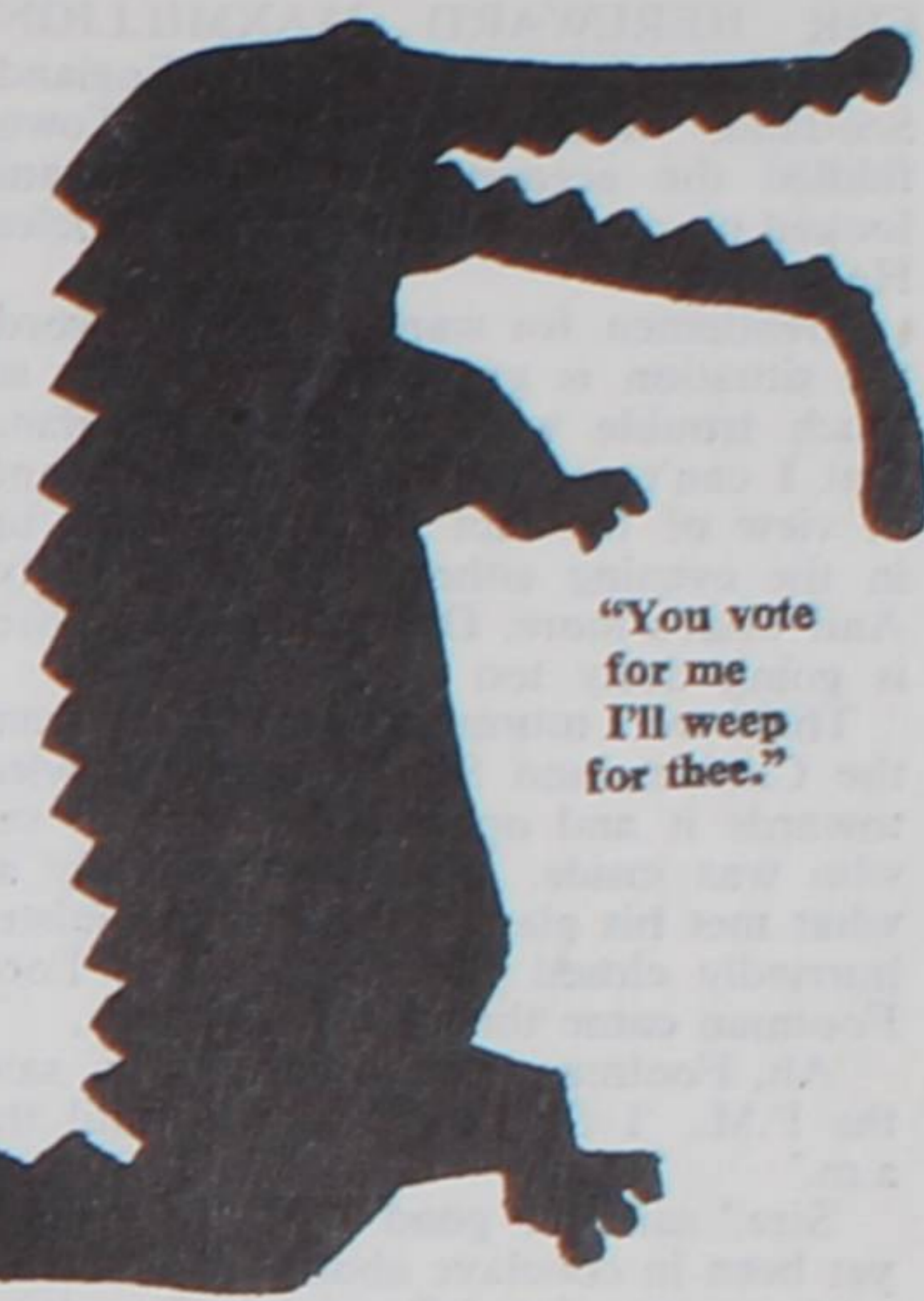
To the birds he is a trusted friend many a tit-bit from his meals finds its way into their beaks. For them he keeps open house, his wide welcoming grin being invitation itself.

For other creatures he has almost the natural love of the born Englishman. His hobbies are hunting big and small game, aquatics and fishing. His love of the water marks him out as one of the island race.

I asked him why he had decided to enter politics. He is, as I said, easily moved, and a tear coursed down his wrinkled cheek. 'I am one who loves mankind and I feel that in politics I

Meet Me
at
TRAFALGAR
SQUARE

SATURDAY
OCTOBER 10, 3 pm



"You vote
for me
I'll weep
for thee."

COUNTDOWN

or, ADVICE TO CANDIDATES

BELOW we describe the man to whom you must appeal if you wish to succeed. If you do you cannot fail, we promise you. He is in his early 40's, and is 5 ft. 8½ in. tall. He has three-quarters of a wife and slightly more than 1½ children. He owns a quarter of his house and works for rather less than 47 hours a week for £16 14s. 11d. of which more than a quarter goes to pay for his mortgage, tax and rates. He has four-fifths of a television and less than half a washing machine. He owns three-quarters of a vacuum cleaner, one-third of a fridge, three-quarters of a garden and half a lawn mower with which to keep up appearances in the three-quarters of a garden. Seven-tenths of his lavatory is indoors.



Outside the front of his house you will see parked one-third of a five year old car. He drinks 51 gallons of beer in a year, three bottles of whisky and four pints of wine. In the same time he will smoke 1,560 cigarettes.

He takes rather less than one holiday in this country but a little more than one-seventh of a holiday abroad.

He owes £56 19s. on H.P. agreements. He is the average British male voter.

have more opportunity to express my real self. I hope to widen my spheres of activity and to whet my appetite.' 'I think I have many of the attributes of a successful candidate, I am always of ready sympathies, but not easily wounded by the shafts of ill-fortune. Whilst I may be said by some to have an armoured personality I have the requisite flexibility for the office.'

'I am in favour of the open shop, I welcome all from wherever they come. My tastes are catholic, in the non-religious sense of the word.'

'I love mankind. Whoever weeps does not weep alone. I weep with the orphan, with the widow, I weep with the widower.' A tear splashed down and he reached for my arm. Something in his eye made me withdraw it.

'What is your programme?' I said. 'Free meals for all, free baths, more irrigation projects, free dental treatment'—he smiled knowingly 'large scale public works programmes, provision of public mourners at all funerals and banning of factory egg production.' He yawned and I saw clearly the future of his supporters, and I echoed their slogans 'See you later and . . . in a while'.

He showed me some of his posters 'Vote for Crocker . . . you are his consuming interest.' 'If there are tears to

shed. I will shed them.' 'The consumer is always right' and another 'Frying tonight—Little fishes always welcome' he hastily withdrew the latter with an embarrassed tear. 'My agent thought that didn't quite present the right image. More of the King Stork than the King Log if you see what I mean.'

'In whose interests are you standing?' I asked. 'In my own,' he said. 'I mean, what party do you represent?' 'The party of the first part' and, inconsequentially as it seemed. 'Life is a feast.'

I gathered that time was getting on and a certain uneasiness meant a meal was in the offing. I did not wish to stay for a meal. I stretched out a hand and the friendly grin seemed to invite but I had to rush away.

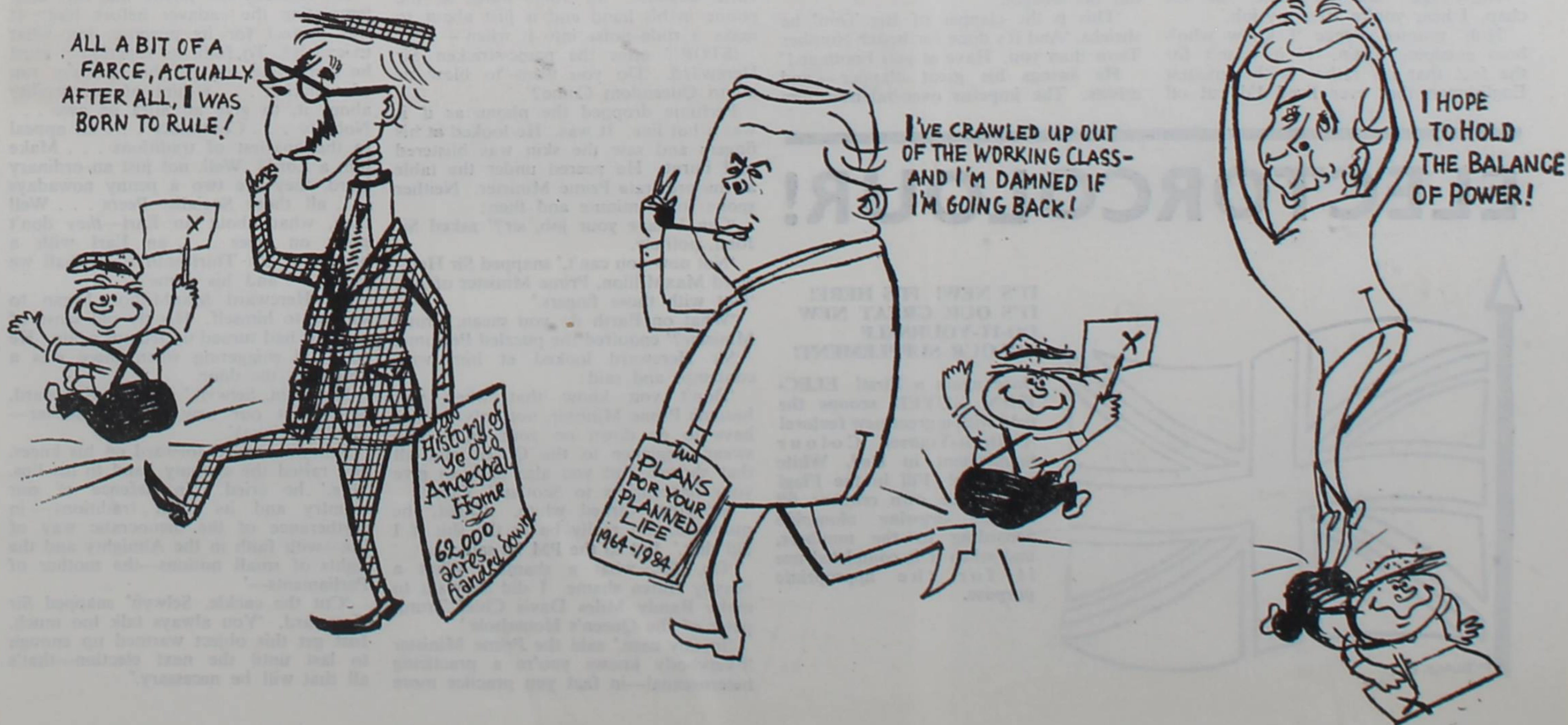
Strolling across Primrose Hill I reflected on the evolution of Mr. Crocker from ancient Egyptian gods to that of parliamentary candidate. Of the evolutionary process from the great deeps to the shores of light. Of the slow upward struggle for emancipation from the slime of ancient habit to the consumer society. I thought that Mr. Crocker would be an ornament to any Parliament or indeed, government or party. In fact his presence at Westminster might serve to raise the general average of behaviour.

JACK SPRATT.

UNDER THE TORIES POLICEMEN GO MAD!

IS JOHN GOLLAN PSYCHOLOGICALLY FIT TO BE PRIME MINISTER?

P.S.—
IS ANYONE?



ALL A BIT OF A FARCE, ACTUALLY. AFTER ALL, I WAS BORN TO RULE!

I'VE CRAWLED UP OUT OF THE WORKING CLASS—AND I'M DAMNED IF I'M GOING BACK!

I HOPE TO HOLD THE BALANCE OF POWER!

The 'Daily Express' told us last week that one of Prince Charles' notebooks was missing from his desk in Gordonstoun School. Naturally we did not believe a word of it—who believes the 'Daily Express'?—but the very next day a young man wearing a kilt arrived in our editorial office and brought a tatty, dog-eared school notebook out of his ruck-sack.

On perusal we discovered to our amazement that it was an inside story of the momentous events of last year when our present Prime Minister was chosen. We decided to publish and be damned. Here is the inside story of:

SIR HEReward MAXMILLION, Prime Minister of All England, Scotland, Wales and Camden Town, fiddled the accounts on his desk and looked up over his horn-rimmed testicles. He spoke:

'Gentlemen, for want of a better word, the situation is grave. I am having so much trouble with my prostrate gland that I can't get up in the morning, and in view of the fact that I can't get up in the evening either, I'm going dotty. And what's more, Dotty, me Lady Wife, is going dotty too . . .'

There were murmurs of sympathy from the Cabinet, and Sir Hereward crawled towards it and opened the door to see who was inside. Shuddering slightly at what met his glance, the Prime Minister hurriedly closed the door just as Lord Footman came through the window.

'Ah, Footman, you're back early,' said the P.M., 'I didn't expect you until the a.m.'

'Sire,' said the good lord, 'I have but yet been in conclave about the Concorde with my peer Lord Randolph Church—'

'Sh, and Sh' said Sir Hereward (known as 'the Half-Awake' because of his droopy eyeballs) 'you know that over here, because of the rabid xenophobia rampant among the working asses, we have to call it the 'Concord'. And what do you mean by mentioning two-thirds of that highborn snooper's name in this hallowed dump? No wonder you are always being passed over for the job I got last time!'

'Sire,' replied Lord Footman. 'You know I seek no greater privilege than to always be the bridesmaid. I am happy to abase myself in your service.'

Sir Hereward thinks 'Yes, you always were a bit of abaseturd' and heaves himself into his great fat chair.

'They also wait,' said he, 'who only stand. Make a note of that and get a whip on to it at once. If you only knew, Footman, what an effort it is for me to get into anything other than a supine position. One day the world will learn that I have been suffering from Jan-keron's disease ever since I won the Millinery Medal on the Oder-Ponce line in '17. Actually I have never been meself since the old queen died. He was a good friend to me, and many others of my generation. Well don't just stand there, man, pour me a brandy.'

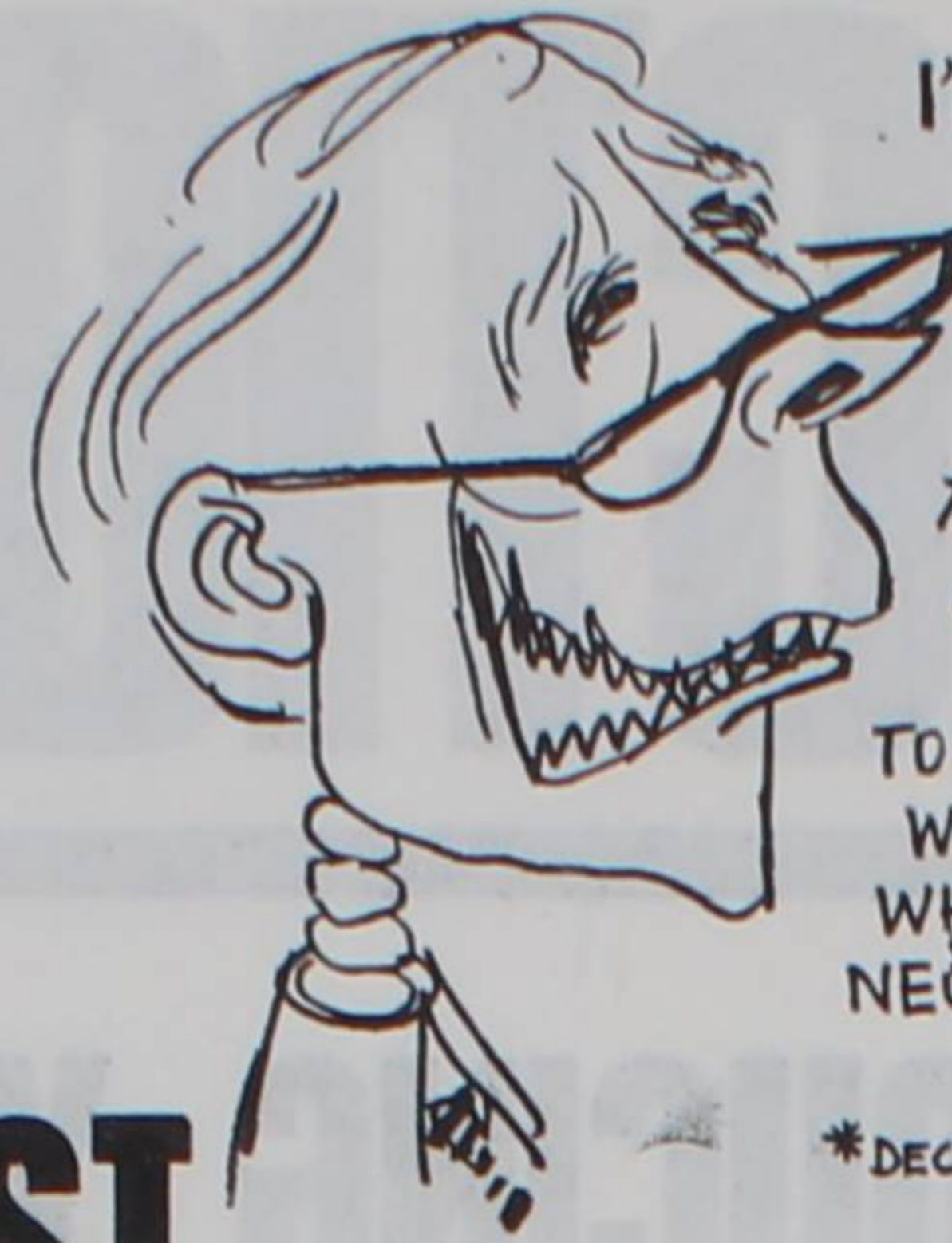
'Your Rightship,' replied Lord Footman, 'I don't think you realise just how grave the situation is. Sir John Perfume is raising a hell of a stink about the inefficiency of the new S.O.D. telephones, Lady Maud Magdalene is about to become editor of the Daily Worker, and Lord Questing Pygge is e'en now jammering at the door.'

'You've got a bloody cheek,' Max-Million responded spirituously. 'I said the situation was grave in the second paragraph. If you can't do better than this, I'll send you back to being tea-boy at the Board of Trade.'

Enter Lord Questing Pygge. 'Ah, Pygge!' said the Prime, 'Just the chap. I hear you're after my job.'

'Huh' grunted Pygge 'I know who's been gossiping again. If it wasn't for the fact that his father is the greatest Englishman that ever lived I'd cut off

HOW WE GOT THE SECOND BEST PRIME MINISTER WE GOT



I'M THE CHAP WHO SAID,
IN 1961, THAT:
'THE BRITISH PEOPLE
ARE PREPARED
TO BE BLOWN
TO ATOMIC DUST
IF NECESSARY' *
—AND I WANT
TO BE THE CHAP
WHO DECIDES
WHEN IT IS
NECESSARY.

* DEC 14 1961, OVER BERLIN.

his allowance — ungrateful young pyggelet. However, since you mention it, I must admit I don't reckon you in this job. Never have. But before we go into that I have some more bells to discuss with you—'

'Hall's Balls' exclaimed the Premier, 'Whenever you come up with anything it's always a lot of bells. You've dropped a clanger on the North-West Frontier, you've rung a change of wind through the cloisters of every technical institute in the land, you've abused your power by making campanatony a compulsory subject in every boy's school, and now you come in here trying to take my job away from me. Really it's too bad. I—I—'

He breaks down. The Prime Minister breaks down. The Prime Minister of All England, Scotland, Wales and Merseyside breaks down. And don't think there is not very good precedent for that. The one before him broke down, too. Some of them are broken down before they even get started. Why, even Mister—but we digress. To return to our narrative:

'Boo hoo' the PM snivels. 'The rotten part of it all is that I know I've got to give up to someone soon, and we haven't had a decent war ever since I've been sitting in this chair. How the hell can I go down in history if I can't have a war to win. Oh, my aching prostrate—excuse me while I lay down for a spell.' He lays down under the table and Lords Footman and Questing Pygge look at each other.

'I do think you're being a bit rotten,' grumbles Footman. 'After all, I was here first. First come, first serve, I always say. It's not very British old chap, muscling in like this. Just because you're a forceful, go-ahead, pushing, aggressive, ambitious, colourful, eccentric, eloquent, handsome, brave, clear-thinking, pot-bellied, brilliant, intelligent, sporting, dog-loving, sexually potent, swimming, forth-right, out-spoken, cunning, brick-dropping twot doesn't mean you automatically get the Prime Minister's job. There's more to it than that you know!'

Pygge goes red. He reaches into the deepest pocket of his Ulster and brings out his weapon.

'This is the clapper of Big Tom' he shrieks, 'And it's done for better Number Twos than you. Have at you Footman!'

He swings his great clapper—and misses. The impetus over-balances him

and he falls under the table on top of the sleeping Prime Minister.

'You bloody fool, Pygge,' roars the Prime, 'You've knocked out one of my rotten bottom teeth. I was going to tell the Queen to give you the job in the morning, but now—over my dead body!'

'Don't put ideas in my head!' snarls Pygge, and he begins to undress. Footman simpers, but Pygge takes off his coronet and discloses himself to be wearing bathing drawers. With one bound he is beside himself with rage and leaping through the mullioned window he dives into the river below. Unfortunately the tide is out.

'Phew, what a relief,' sighed Sir Hereward. 'We couldn't have had another scandal like that. Now then, where's that tooth? And Footman, Footman, where's my tea?'

'I haven't got it,' said Lord Footman sulkily. 'But if I do go and get you a cup—can I be Prime Minister?'

'Two lumps of sugar?' asks the PM craftily.

'Well—all right then,' mutters Lord Footman, uneasily. 'But only if I can have the Privy of Lancaster as well!'

'Greedy Bastard,' thinks Sir Hereward. But he says:

'It's a deal!'

After his hard day's work, Sir Hereward sinks back exhausted under the table. From under his droopy eyeballs he sees the door stealthily open and the pillucid face of Sir John Perfume (known as Jolly Jack Careless in his days in the Royal Navy) comes round the Massive Portico. Perfume fills the room as he enters and steptoes towards the telephone. His dial lights up as he fumbles with the cord.

'You lovely, smooth, silken, umbilical thing,' he murmurs, 'Have you got any pretty little numbers up your mouth-piece?'

Then his eye falls on another telephone. It is red. His knees go weak, and he falls upon it, drooling. He is just about to dial a number when he sees that the dial has no numbers. He gingerly picks up the receiver. There is a click.

'Nikita here!' an obviously foreign voice answers. Sir John stares at the phone in his hand and is just about to make a rude noise into it when—

'STOP!' cries the panic-stricken Sir Hereward. 'Do you want to blow us all to Queendom Come?'

Perfume dropped the phone as if it was a hot line. It was. He looked at his fingers and saw the skin was blistered and burnt. He peered under the table at the prostrate Prime Minister. Neither spoke for a minute and then:

'Can I have your job, sir?' asked Sir John, politely.

'Not now you can't,' snapped Sir Hereward MaxMillion, Prime Minister of All. 'Not with those fingers.'

'What on Earth do you mean, Prime Minister?' enquired the puzzled Perfume.

Sir Hereward looked at him with contempt and said:

'Don't you know that when you become Prime Minister, not only do you have to go down on your knees and swear allegiance to the Queen and all that shower, but you also have to give your fingerprints to Scotland Yard?'

Sir John turned white. 'Christ,' he muttered, 'I'd really be in the shit if I did that.' But to the PM he said:

'Oh, Sir, what a shame! What a beastly rotten shame. I did so want to make Randy Miles Davis Chief Trumpeter of the Queen's Household.'

'In any case,' said the Prime Minister 'Everybody knows you're a practicing heterosexual—in fact you practice more

than anybody I know—and public opinion being what it is, you can't really expect to attain the highest position in the land without working your passage a good bit longer yet.'

'Oh Sir,' cried Sir John. 'It looks as though I've burnt my fingers doesn't it?'

'You make me sick' said Sir Hereward, 'but you are obviously a fly boy, so you can help me choose the next PM. I want to do it quickly before the Lord of Salisbury Plain comes back from manures* and sticks his big nose in our affairs again. Question is—who the hell is there? You must admit, the Cabinet is a right shower. As I said before, the situation is grave.'

'Yes, Sir,' agreed the pusillanimous Perfume, 'as you have said before, the situation is grave, but I expect we can dig someone up somewhere.'

'Grave?' said MaxMillion. 'Dig someone up?' he repeated. 'By God, my boy, you've said it! I've got it! Send for the Royal Grave-undiggers!'

Sir John Perfume gravely pulled a silken cord.

Enter two Grave-undiggers.

The Prime Minister talks to them in a whisper. It is impossible to hear what he is saying. He gives them a bundle of old one-pound notes. 'Yes, Guv. Right away, Guv!' the grave-undiggers are heard to say and they go out tugging their grizzled fo'locks.

It is the next day. MaxMillion has managed to heave himself into his great fat chair, just as there is a knock at the door. The two grave-undiggers enter carrying a coffin.

They prop it up against the wall and prise off the lid.

Sir Hereward looks at what is inside and turns away and pukes all over the carpet.

'What a ghastly object,' he gasps. 'It will do beautifully!'

He reaches for his black telephone. 'Get me the Ministry of Reconstitution,' he says. 'Hallo, is that you Selwyn? Will you come over right away with a couple of your egg-heads . . . Yes, somebody really experienced in the Kiss of Life technique . . . And hurry, Selwyn, there is not a moment to lose.'

He replaces the phone and sits contemplating the cadaver before him. It was perfect for its purpose, but what to call it? To fulfil its function it must be something out of the ordinary run of mankind . . . a hint of immortality about it, to give an aura of awe . . . Nobility . . . Continuity . . . an appeal to the hoariest of traditions . . . Make him a Lord? Well, not just an ordinary Lord, they are two a penny nowadays . . . all those Socialist Peers . . . Well then, what about an Earl—they don't grow on trees . . . an Earl with a history . . . a Thirteenth Earl, shall we say? . . . and his name? . . .

Sir Hereward MaxMillion began to snigger to himself. His sly old sense of humour had turned up trumps again. He was still sniggering when there was a knock at the door.

'Come in, Selwyn,' said Sir Hereward, 'and meet our new Prime Minister—Lord Exhume!'

Selwyn crawled forward on his knees, and raised the clammy hand to his lips. 'Sire,' he cried. 'In defence of our country and its great traditions—in furtherance of the democratic way of life—with faith in the Almighty and the rights of small notions—the mother of Parliaments—'

'Cut the cackle, Selwyn' snapped Sir Hereward. 'You always talk too much. Just get this object warmed up enough to last until the next election—that's all that will be necessary.'

ELECTORCOLOUR!



IT'S NEW! IT'S HERE!
IT'S OUR GREAT NEW
DO-IT-YOURSELF
COLOUR SUPPLEMENT!

Once again a First! ELECTION GUYED scoops the field with a great new feature! A Do-It-Yourself Colour Supplement in Red, White and Blue! Fill in the Flag! With your own crayons fill in the drawing alongside according to the numbers, and when it is completed use it for the appropriate purpose.

BLACK ROD

THE SYMBOLOGY OF THE CROSS

By Our Own Psychological Co-respondent

IN WESTERN CIVILISATION of the variety with which most of us are more or less familiar, the cross has great and lasting significance in our symbology.

The depth of this significance has been analysed in a recent study and we report the findings below. The work was carried out by means of well tried sociological techniques by fully qualified investigators and will remain one of the most dazzling and convincing, not to say revealing, documents of our time.

The cross used as the focus of this research is essentially a linear phenomenon consisting of two intersecting straight lines forming rightangles at the point of intersection. In addition to this we report some more abstract semantic symbologies associated with the word 'cross'.

The most significant of our findings is that there are three stages of the cross:

- Restriction
- Crucifixion
- Election.

Restriction

As a popular figurative emblem of this field of influence of the cross, the *corset* is well established. It figures widely in advertising media as the *Little X corset* and is illustrated by a young woman in a position similar to that taken up in crucifixion *except that her legs are wide apart* to form the lower part of the diagonal cross. The message is clearly primarily that of *restriction and inhibition*, a theme we will find widely repeated in analysis of the meaning of the cross, but this message is somewhat overlaid with the usual (in advertising) *sexual overtones*. We do in fact find that *sexual imagery* takes an important place in the image of the cross. Words such as 'virgin', 'immaculate', 'pure', 'body', 'conception', etc., establish this sexuality as a *restrictive* rather than a *permissive* sexuality; hence the image of the *corset* in contemporary society.

This restrictive element is further carried through in the use of the cross to signify that something is *forbidden* or *unacceptable*. The child who states that $2+2=5$ finds the *mark of the cross* against his work, *whether or not in fact the answer is philosophically correct in terms of the absolute or not*. Our society finds the answer unacceptable because our society pays more lip service to the *negative systems of mathematical*

theorem than to the *positive permissive creative imagination* of poetry. We are *not* here sitting in a position of making elaborate value judgements so we do not take sides in this thematic proposition *but we do well to note our society lining up on the one side rather than the other. We do not live in an objective world.* Hence the mark of the cross on the child's exercise book.

Crucifixion

THE IDEA of the crucifixion is the idea of the *corset writ large*. Instead of the *individual restriction* of the cross on the child's exercise book we have the *totality of the concept of sin*. The individual child was *wrong*; but the generalisation of this *wrong* in society becomes the *sin* of that society. When society has to be taught not to give wrong answers in terms of the written textbooks of the morality of that society i.e. the Bible, then the threat of the total restriction of death becomes the equivalent of that society of the teacher's cross *against the wrong answer*.

This extension of a small symbologism to that of a larger metaphysical symbologism mirrors the relative position of the individual to that of the cosmic.

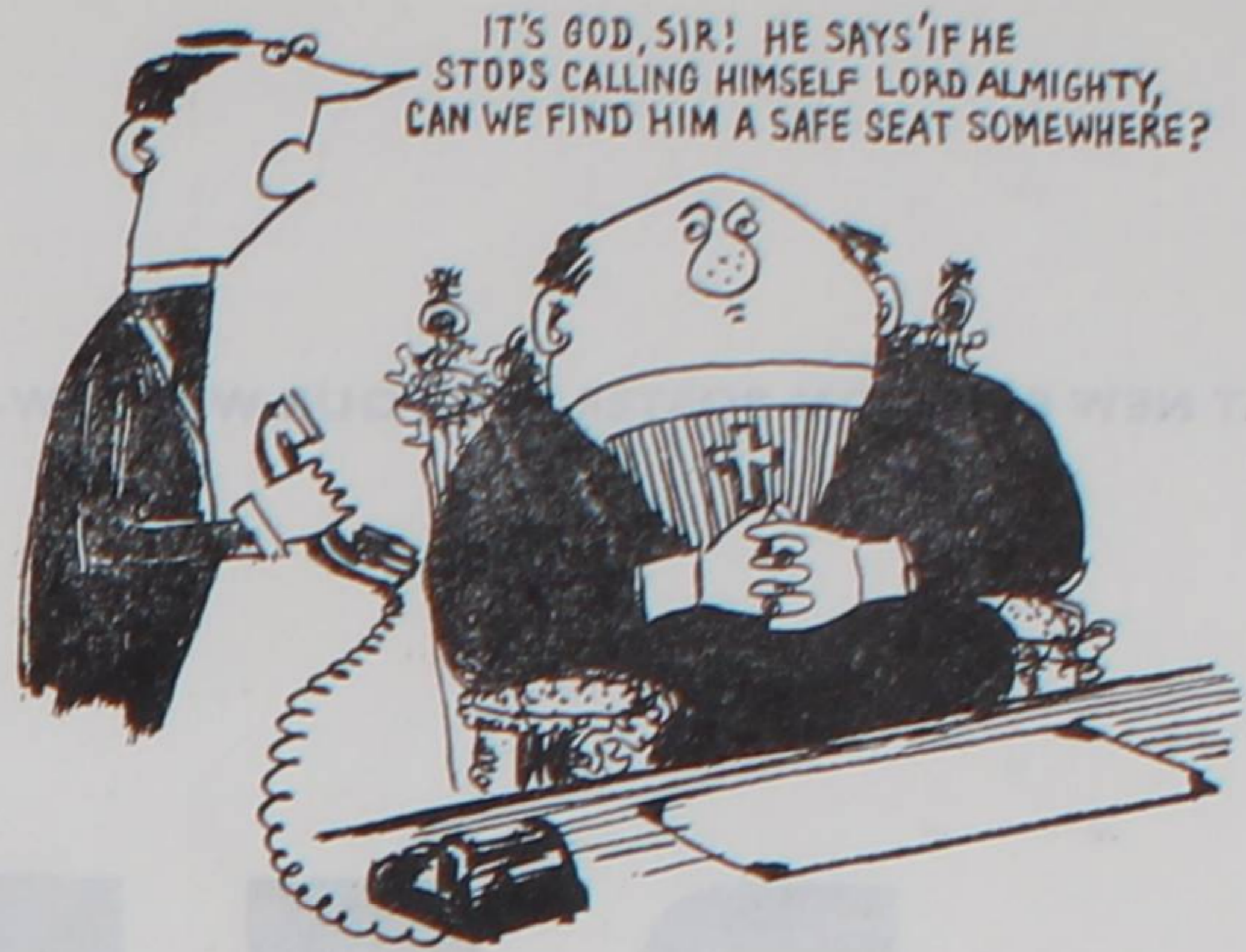
Crucifixion, of course contains the syllable 'fix' in a central position. This is we feel, not an accident of semantic development any more than anything ever is in a living language. *The use of 'sin' as a 'fix' is widespread in our society.* And the idea of the 'fix' as a *sin* is its converse. (See published works by same author on *The Concept of the Fix as a Sin and the Sin as a Fix*.)

Election

IT IS IN the concept of the 'election' that the true fruition of the cross symbology becomes manifest.

We find that Western man, in his simple repetition of the figure of the cross in its most simple and direct form on the ballot paper, is *identifying* as it were, his *own puny self with the mass symbology* of the Restrictive and the Crucifictive cosmic Cross. The man who in making the sign of the cross writ small is at the same time *taking part in the sacrament of the Holy Communion*. He partakes of the Body Restrictive and negates his own right to decide the right and wrong of his life and instead acknowledges Sin and the teacher's morality.

He places himself in his own *Little X corset of the mind* and conducts his own



private Crucifixion. At the same time he becomes a victim of the 'Fix' element. He is, as it were, absorbed into the Symbologism of the Cross, and is *totally negated* as an individual who prefers to make his *own* decisions even though they may be *wrong*.

Some Additional Semantic Observations

The author of the above paper wishes to add the following brief notes on other applications of the word cross which

may help those who so far cannot grasp the content of the above brilliant paper.

CROSS denoting disapproval i.e. 'you make me cross'.

CROSS-PATCH denoting disapproval i.e. 'you are an old cross-patch'.

DOUBLE-CROSS an anxiety provoking notion i.e. you are trying to double cross me (meaning as it were 'Oh dear I am in trouble' hence *anxiety*) (n.b. *anxiety* causes stress and is unfashionable).

SERIOUSLY, THO'

In accordance with ancient British practice as laid down by the television authorities, we are impartially presenting a resume of the Party political programmes in the General Election. We feel that, having studied the summaries of policy here presented, the reader will feel no further need to look through masses of verbiage.

WHAT THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY HAS DONE FOR THE WORKING CLASS
by Sir Alec Douglas-Home

THE LIBERAL PARTY PROGRAMME
by Jo Grimond

me too

HOW WE COMMUNISTS DIFFER FROM MOSCOW
by John Gollan

WHAT THE LABOUR PARTY INTENDS TO DO FOR YOU
by Harold Wilson

WHAT THE BRITISH PEOPLE THINKS OF ME
by Sir Oswald Mosley

Nature Notes

WHAT A lovely summer this has been! Over every garden wall people are smoking their pipes and asking each other what has gone wrong. Down our way the answer is elusive. Of course it is undoubtedly a good thing for the coming crop of nuts. There are plenty about this year and most of them will be ready for dropping on October 15th. Which reminds me of a delightful experience I had the other evening strolling back from the harvest festival in the lovely dusk of a late summer evening with the birds twittering their late chorus to the first stars already glimmering in the darkening sky. Over the churchyard hedge, heady with the scent of corn, floated the virginal voices of the choirboys practicing an old country air. . . .

- The nuts hang high
- The nuts hang brown
- They hang so high
- They'll not come down

There was something tremendously moving in the sound of those sweet boyish sopranos rehearsing their part in the service we will hold to welcome our local candidates and bless their efforts.

Now about the garden. What most of us need at this time of the year is a nice hefty load of horse manure. And I predict there will be an abundant supply this season freely available all over the country. As a matter of fact it is about all that will be freely available all over the country . . . but anyway to make sure get yours in now. . . .

There are not many folk who can boast an apple tree in full blossom at this time of the year in this country I'll be bound. There is no trickery. It is a perfectly ordinary apple tree grown in the open and the blossom is quite genuine. And it is *in the garden of an anarchist*. Not, you will note, in the garden of a conservative, or a socialist,



ELECTION GUYED PHOTOGRAPH (exclusive). Our photograph shows the apple tree in blossom. This proves it is a genuine seasonal photograph. Michaelmas daisies can be seen and a dead giant sunflower is shown on the left while the chimneys will soon be smoking with autumnal fires.

or liberal. You can search high and low and the only garden you will find with an apple tree in blossom in October is an *anarchist's* garden. Become an anarchist now and maybe you too will have an apple tree that blossoms in a truly anarchistic individualistic non-authoritarian self-regulating conscious egoist manner . . . an apple tree that thinks for itself . . . that is not afraid to stand up to its conformist fellows and set an example . . . that will strike a blow for freedom on behalf of us all. Remember, don't take my word for it . . . ask your friends . . . it is only in an anarchist garden that such refreshing individuality occurs. Become an anarchist now and be the envy of your horticulturalist society. You will find true fulfilment and companionship at last.



IF THIS COPY OF ELECTION GUYED

HAS AMUSED OR INTERESTED YOU, why not help to distribute it? Single copies 6d. Orders of 12 copies or more: 4d. each. Please send cash with order to save accountancy, and add a modicum for postage. Orders to: London Anarchist Group, c/o 17a Maxwell Road, Fulham, London, SW6. Urgent orders can be phoned: RENown 3736 between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. Monday-Saturday

OUR GREAT NEW ELECTION POSTER FOR YOUR WINDOW—FREE!

REFUSE TO VOTE!

CHOOSING MASTERS IS WRONG!

Why vote ?

it gets you nowhere

During the period prior to the election, the voting public are bombarded by the party candidates, who are after votes. This is the only time that we are asked to take an active interest in political and social affairs. We are called upon to make our choice of government and once we have made it, the decisions affecting our lives are made for us. Often they are made, as in the case of the present Government, by a government that has not received an overall majority of the total votes cast in the country, even though it may have a clear majority of seats in the House of Commons.

What is the choice we have between the two main parties, Labour and Conservative? Over the years any differ-

ences in principles and policies they had, have disappeared and now they only vary on matters of details. The Labour Party wants to nationalise the steel industry. The Conservatives want an independent nuclear deterrent, while the Labour Party prefers to rely on an American one. On all points of policy there is very little diversity.

The main thing that both parties want, and therefore have in common, is to run the present system of capitalism more efficiently. Little adjustments here, a smoothing of the rough edges there, but basically it is a society where the majority are exploited by the minority, who intend to keep it so. It is a society that is based on class privilege and inequality.

JUST FIGURE-HEADS

We live in a so-called "democracy" and this is the way it works. The Government in power appoints Members of Parliament to be Ministers of the different departments. These are all important jobs which involve making decisions which affect the lives of everyone in the country. One would think, and rightly so, that to take on these jobs the Ministers would need specialised knowledge in their own particular field. But this is not the case, for only last year we had Mr. Godber taking over the job of Minister of War from Mr. Profumo. Then, following Home's promotion to the leadership of the Tory Party, we have Godber taking on the job of Minister of Labour. So, within the space of a few weeks, he switches from the head of the Department of Destruction to the head of the Department of Construction.

However, what it really boils down to is the fact that the Ministers are only figure-heads who answer, or rather dodge, questions in the House of Commons. The people who really make the decisions, which the Ministers accept, are the Permanent Under-Secretaries, who are at the heads of the various departments. These men never come up for election, they are always there and they are not answerable to the electorate. We may elect a new Government, but these people remain. **IS THIS GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE?**

So now we come to the difference between the Government and the State. It is these permanent, unelected persons who are the State and it is the State that runs and controls our lives. Of course these are not the only persons who make decisions and are not elected

by the people. There are other branches of the State apparatus such as the heads of the Police, the armed forces and the Judiciary, and so the State remains intact no matter what particular Party forms the Government.

This is why Anarchists believe that it is a waste of time to vote at the

General Election. Nothing really changes. We are still ruled, decisions affecting our lives are still made for us. In fact, even though we are considered old enough and sensible enough to have the vote, we are treated like little children who do not know what is good for them.

DO-IT-YOURSELF

Anarchists are opposed to authority. We do not like taking orders or being pushed around and surely any self-respecting person feels the same. We want to replace the Government, the State and Authority with voluntary co-operation. It is no good asking those who rule to do things for you, you have to do them for yourselves. The whole history of government has been one of broken promises, with the vast majority of us still having to work long hours and without any say in the things that affect us.

Even under the rule of the State, co-operation still exists amongst people. Anarchist groups throughout the country are based on voluntary co-operation and there are other organisations working on the same lines. There are Tenants' Associations which are trying to improve

housing conditions, Shop Stewards' Committees and unofficial rank and file movements in industry which are fighting for increases in pay and better working conditions. Then we have groups who are assisting old-age pensioners who have already done their part for the community and who are now too old to work and consequently the State does not want to know about them. All these organisations are run and controlled by the members themselves, people who give up their time voluntarily.

A more recent example has been the Anti-bomb movement, especially the Committee of 100 which, over the last few years, has resisted the State in its war preparations. Anarchists have played a major part in these activities and, in so doing, have often been sent to prison.

THE FREE SOCIETY

All of these are the types of organisations in which Anarchists work because the ordinary person participates in the day-to-day running of them. They can be extended now, by the efforts of all of us, until they involve millions of people throughout the whole of the country. Only then will we be able to free ourselves from any restriction by money, profit motives, frustrating interferences or dictatorship in any form. Anarchists are playing their part in all of these voluntary co-operations, for we believe that this is the way to defend and extend the interests of working people.

The power and control which is now in the hands of the State, your boss at work and the "gas-bags" in Westminster could be in the hands of the people, for the ordinary people of all countries produce all wealth and perform all social services. They have no quarrel with the peoples of other countries and do not benefit from international conflict, but ignorance and fears are created and played upon by their governments.

The Anarchists call upon the ordinary people of Britain to reject the plausible arguments of vote-touting politicians seeking power over us.

DO NOT VOTE!