

# freedom

Anarchist Weekly 4c

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## The Strength to stay in Bed

**T**HE LATE LAMENTED Bonar Thompson once said 'I don't see why a man should go out to work whilst he has the strength to stay in bed.' This profound wisdom has apparently never filtered down to the depths where Lord Robens, the Chairman of the Coal Board dwells, still less has it penetrated the murky insanitary deeps where the *Financial Times* wallows in its capitalistic mire.

The *Financial Times* carries a clarion call for a leader-heading 'Why Bother to Work?'—a message which is not lost on those who have business in the city, whose principle occupation is transferring pieces of paper from one holder to another. But the message is meant as a reproof from Lord Robens for those wicked absentee miners who are sabotaging the national economy by absenteeism. The 'FT' deplores the unwillingness of miners to go down the pits. Anyone who has spent a backbreaking day hewing dividends out of an industry, shovelling debentures and preference shares on to a conveyor belt, humping great chunks of bullion from the vaults, envies the miners their relative lives of ease. The terrible accident rate of those caught short without their collateral, the ominous overhead creakings of bankruptcies and winding-up, and the hammering on the floor of the Exchange, wreak havoc in an accident-prone City.

Lord Robens has his supporters in the City in deploring the labour turnover, the necessity of employing twice as many craftsmen as necessary owing to labour wastage, the long week-end, the sickness rate, the coincidence of rises in welfare benefit and 'involuntary absenteeism'.

The 'FT' graciously concedes that 'mining is still a hazardous occupation'—it was pointed out in the *Daily Worker* last week, that it was more hazardous than the police force about which a great brou-ha-ha was being made. Anyone who has been anywhere near a pit, met a miner, or has a scrap of imagination, can fully understand why this absenteeism is so, and should be fully determined that no man should be asked to risk life and health as a miner and that the sooner all pits are closed or completely automated the better.

Meanwhile, Lord Robens has discovered the surprising fact that, in certain circumstances, a miner can earn more by staying at home, certifiably sick, than by working. As the 'FT' astutely observes, 'Either the benefits are too high or the wages too low, and as long as the present relationship between them continues sickness will rise among the miners.' But this is only part of the reason why they stay at home. Every now and again one of our guardians of public morality (and purses) finds out that some poor wight has discovered he can earn more by not working than by working. The response of the 'Daily Excesses' of this world is to insist that public assistance be cut down rather than that private industry (or even publicly owned industries) relate income to needs rather than to some concept of marginal utility or whatever it is that serves the profit motive.

By some foul mischance, the Fabian-minded welfare state (even in the days of the Means Test) related the meagre doles they dished out to human needs. Private and public industry are, in these affluent days, way behind keeping up with human needs especially since they do all they can to expand human needs,

or rather, wants, through advertising.

But can we pay people enough to go down the mine? As the 'FT' comments, 'All over Europe it is becoming increasingly difficult to persuade men to go down the mines, clear garbage, drive public transport, or do the dirtier and more unpleasant factory jobs.' There comes a point, in nursing, in the mines, or in the police force (although this job has other compensations) when the wages alone, especially in a society where labour is in short supply, cannot supply sufficient incentive. Increasing mechanization, do-it-yourself devices, self-service have, in many industries, filled the labour gap but where the job is especially onerous, dangerous, or poorly-paid, or all three, as in mining, exhortations must be tried, appeals to loyalty and patriotism must be plugged, or, in final desperation, higher wages must be offered with bonuses for production. All these have been tried with mining but to no avail, labour-power, as the 'FT' says 'votes with its feet'. Especially in view of the fact that in certain sections of the Coal Board's areas pits are being closed and miners are being made redundant.

For that we coal-users should rejoice but why at the other end of the country should be deplore absenteeism when the ultimate intention of automation is to do away with human labour altogether? Surely the mines are the very place to start this process. Where there is the maximum of dirt, indignity and danger, the man who has the strength to stay in bed (on full pay of course) merely anticipates the blessings of automation.

JACK ROBINSON.

## PATRIOTISM DOES NOT PAY

**T**HE RAILWAYS in this country are practically finished. It has been admitted that a man working on the railway can, if he has more than one child, get more money on the dole than he can by working his normal hours. Of course the men have been making their money up by working overtime, but with the industry running down this, in many cases, is no longer possible as there just isn't the work to go round.

The railways are slowly grinding to a halt. The service is inefficient (it's sometimes quicker to take a parcel on foot than it is to send it by rail as parcels have been known to take as long as nine weeks to travel a couple of hundred miles), the men are fed up and are drifting away into jobs that pay better and are more satisfying to do. Abuse is heaped on the men who stay on—by the public, who suffer inconvenience, and the officials who say that the industry must make a profit and that the men are sabotaging the job.

Kings Cross, once a huge thriving goods depot, is slowly running down, only the fish coming down from Scotland and the North keeps the station going. Why is it that, with road traffic being bogged down by jams that will get progressively worse as traffic increases, the railways cannot hold their own.

### A GOOD JOB

Once upon a time the railways were a job to get if you could, a regular job, done by men who took some pride in their work and were efficient to a degree totally unknown today. The railways in Britain were the finest in the world. Then the war came. Many of the men left the job as they were called up for military service and their place was taken by women and older men. The war was on, everyone was very patriotic, especially those on the railways. They were good

**E**VER SINCE ARDNADAM pier, the State has been trying its hardest to nail some of the saboteurs carrying out deeds of defiance in the name of Scots Against War, and it has finally succeeded in spite of its bungling bureaucratic incompetence.

On January 7 at about 9 o'clock four SAW supporters (Comrades Elizabeth Smith, Iain Mitchell and two others) made their way back to Portlethen Civil Defence HQ. The previous raids had been hasty and they wanted to do a thorough search and also render the bloody place useless.

The entry was very difficult, more so because the drill broke, but finally the bolt of a cast-iron grille was sawn through, and the lock of the door behind sawn off. Before the entry at about 10.20, the cables to the radio mast were cut.

Inside various good maps of installations were found but the filing cabinets (to which they had the keys), were practically empty.

The radio and telephone equipment were then put out of order, and one of the telephones must have set off an alarm, for they were surrounded after about half-an-hour heading for Aberdeen by a back road. Two police cars drew up and what followed convinced the four that they must eventually triumph over the State, because, Christ, they're stupid. There they were with sacks of tools and stolen maps, in the dead of night, four suspicious characters, and they only took their names, saying there'd been an incident back on the road, then they drove off. When they were seen coming back 10 minutes later, the SAW people managed to hide a good part of the stuff before being driven to Bucksburn County Police HQ. There efficiency reigned supreme once more.

The accused were sent to different rooms and Iain Mitchell tells me he had time to stuff the keys to Portlethen, which they had got during the raid, and other incriminating evidence up a ventilator. They were then 'interrogated' for a couple of hours.

I must however make one thing

clear. There was no violence, there were no threats. New police methods you see, take a long time to get to this part of the country. The detectives were quite good mannies and one of them was nearly converted to Anarchism.

The impression they gave was that they watched 'Z-Cars' too much.—'Ever been in trouble before?' 'No.' 'You're in big trouble now' and 'Listen, I'll come clean with you' also 'I make no deals...' and 'I give the orders around here'.

They asked them to confess, saying it would go easier. But they didn't appreciate the humour of the suggestion that the sackful of tools and maps plus the fact that the SAW agents were there at the time, were only circumstantial evidence.

Finally they were charged with 'theft by housebreaking' and 'malicious damage of property to the value of £750, belonging to the Scottish Home and Health Department'. What the hell have these places to do with homes and health!

They appeared in Stonehaven Sheriff Court on Saturday and pleaded guilty, then were remanded for background reports. The sentence is on January 19 at 10.30 a.m.

When the accused got their property back they found that proposed leaflets, etc., for the Scottish Easter YCND demonstration had been taken and also letters and an

want from life, can you? As the job became more and more of a muddle, and got worse and worse, more and more of the pre-war railwaymen went to find better jobs. The attitude of those that remained was one of bitterness as more and more abuse was hurled at the railways by all and sundry, it became, in fact, almost a national sport.

Then came the era of Doctor Beeching who was paid many thousands of pounds a year for brilliant ideas like closing down all the lines that don't make a profit. He was given two years to make the railways pay, and the men who were under him (the scrubbers) girded up their loins and swore that he would be a failure. He was: the men made sure of this. It was of no use striking now as very few people cared if they did, but they could take their money and give as little as possible for it. Manufacturers were using the railways less and less, they couldn't stand the delays, the fares were rocketing to unthought-of heights. It was now quicker to go almost anywhere by car, and cheaper too! The Unions were worse than useless, and even if by a miracle they suddenly became militant it would be too late as they have no real blackmailing power any more. The situation on the railways is going to get worse, and the solution is not easy to find for things have gone too far.

### A SERVICE

If the railways were run as a public service it would not make the fares any cheaper for they would have to be paid by increased taxation. It would mean having a totally new attitude to the job, and could the men take up this attitude now after all the ridicule and bad conditions they have had to endure for ages. Also if the railways were run as a service under any government department, money would be thrown away like water. Inefficiency seems to be a 'certain' part of nationalisation, possibly because ex-generals and company directors are always put in charge (at least they are on the railway).

But the main reason (as I see it) that this chaos has occurred, is that the unions did not keep the wages of the railway workers up to the national level

# Aberdeen Anarchists on Trial

Aberdeen YCND agenda. 'This,' as one of the police said, 'is a free country'. There was nothing important taken, so good luck and many worried sleepless nights to them.

The accused expect to get off with a heavy fine as it is their first offence, and donations should be sent to: Forbes Browne, 20 Mount Street, Aberdeen.

Just before this article was written, I was reading the piece in *FREEDOM* (8.1.66) about the TA's role in a nuclear war. It is from places such as Portlethen that the orders for such atrocities will be sent out, and these people from Aberdeen have put it out of action for a long time.

Until the day when the people go out and bury these places for ever, we hope that other groups of Anarchists will follow this example and do it for them.

SCOTS CORRESPONDENT.

Editorial comment is on page 3.

## STOP PRESS

Two adults fined £120 each.  
Juveniles—one £50 fine and  
one 2 years probation.  
Appeal being lodged.  
Funds necessary.

and so lost all the best men. This (coupled with the fact that the railway stock was allowed to depreciate during the war), is the reason why we are all in this pickle. Patriotism does not pay, as can be shown from this article. If the railway workers had used their power when they had some we might have had a railway system today that was still some use. The public never had any sympathy, and now has no railways. For they are so expensive to go on that it's almost the rich man's way of travelling today. What price nationalisation now?

### THE ANARCHIST ALTERNATIVE

But do the anarchists have an alternative to the confusion on the railways and public transport system under a capitalist system?

Yes they do. The anarchist believes in aiming for a society in which public transport will be free. The men who work on the railways would get their wages in kind. They would have free access to the goods in that society, as would all other people. They would not be under-privileged because their industry did not make a profit, for the ideas of profit and loss would be ridiculous in a society where the wage system was abolished and men worked for their own good and the good of all. The railways would be under the direct control of the men who ran them, the railway workers in fact. This is real democracy in industry, not highly paid jobs for boys who don't know their jobs. Of course this cannot be achieved in a day. Firstly the men must get control of their union, they must link up with the unions in the other transport industries and, when there is bother, they must stand by each other. They must have as their aim workers' control of industry. They must ultimately aim at taking over the industry to run it for the public as a service, and they should receive as they do this, the things they need in life from others in that society, as a service too. Until something of this sort is achieved chaos will continue to be the order of the day, and the poor railwaymen will continue to 'take it' from all and sundry.

JAFSIE.

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Our New York Correspondent writes:

THURSDAY EVENING, December 23, I set out for Herald Square to join a demonstration against the government's plans to bomb Hanoi, Haiphong, and dams and dykes in North Vietnam. En route I discovered a rather embarrassing object in my coat pocket—a Swiss Army knife. This is hardly standard equipment for pacifists, but it really wasn't intended for peace anyway. It was for Christmas! The day before I had taken some wine to a Christmas party and had brought the knife along because it contains a corkscrew. Frankly I was much less concerned about ethical paradoxes than with the prospect of a concealed weapons charge if we all got busted. At least Donald Room had more brains than to bring his own brick.

The demonstration itself quickly degenerated into a rather enjoyable chaos. It had originally been called by a number of individuals rather than organizations, but every sign I saw had an organization name under the slogan—either Spartacist or Youth Against War and Fascism. These are two groups of Trotskyist/Maoist hue which have been protesting about Vietnam long before any of the peace organizations. Despite their seniority in this field, however, I won't carry any of their official signs (even if I agree with its text) because I don't agree with their principles. Therefore I confined my efforts to walking in circular, but empty-handed, solidarity.

At first glance none of the signs seemed objectionable: Stop the War Against Vietnam; Bring the GI's Home Now; Peace on Earth/Don't Bomb Hanoi; Vietnam for the Vietnam Revolution/No Negotiations; and Vietnam—Watts/It's the Same Struggle. Nevertheless I would have felt more at home had I seen a straight-forward pacifist position represented there.

A few minutes later when some other signs were pointed out to me I decided that I didn't belong there at all. One

IT IS A cherished belief of we, the lumpenproletariat, that the censorship of the arts is a class weapon used by those in authority to emphasise and enforce the gap between Them and Us.

I, and I am of that lumpenproletariat, have always been vocal in spreading and denouncing this pestilent aspect of the class war. But we believed that bridge-heads had been won in this comic war and the days when the oafish police could raid a Bond Street gallery and walk off with the paintings of D. H. Lawrence could never happen again in our lifetime, for we believed that only the seaside comic postcards could be marred by the sweaty fingers of the Law. The 19th century wits and the 20th century drolls could be publicly sold providing they were in hardback and beyond the reach of the pockets of the mass of the people and only the paperback and the poetry magazine need fear the persecution of the Law, so we believed.

Dreams, little comrades, dreams, for in their subservience and fear of the Law the cultural haut monde are as fearful of their safety as we who are their slum tenants and their factory fodder. Some years ago the Institute of Contemporary Art, that fearless rear-guard of our native culture, decided to exhibit the works of the German painter Hans Bellmer but that exhibition mysteriously came to naught.

The Robert Fraser Gallery at 69 Duke Street, W.1, feeling that now the climate of cultural freedom was favourable for the dedicated monied minorities, decided to show Bellmer's work. And then it happened. The printers refused to print the catalogues or the posters and the gallery, holding a dry finger up to the wet wind, quietly curled up and died as

# Remember Me to Herald Square

read Military Aid to the Vietnam Liberation Front; another, Soviet Nuclear Shield Must Cover China and North Vietnam; but the ne plus ultra was, Russia—Give the H Bomb to Hanoi and Peking, with the same text on the back in Russian!! Any way you want to look at it, this was a stupid fucking sign, and it wasn't helping anybody. I saw one pacifist I know vainly trying to get through to the idiot flaunting it that it was the worst thing we had going for us, but the dumb stud wouldn't budge. His position was that he wanted all the passing patriots to reflect on how they'd feel if the bomb was on the other foot, so to speak. Unfortunately it's all too obvious what would happen if North Vietnam ever got its hands on the bomb, and in view of how the US has been treating them of late, the vapour particles that used to be me couldn't very well blame them.

I finally decided that this was too much of a compromise to stomach, so I dissociated myself from the group and merely loitered around at one end of the demonstration area. The next thing I knew, a big banner appeared out of the blue, like a Godwin ex machina, announcing that the US should get out of Vietnam, immediately and unconditionally, by request of the New York Federation of Anarchists, who promptly began distributing their own leaflets (reprinted in last issue). I had never before heard of this group, and knew only one of its people, but it was love at first sight.

Subsequently about 25 pacifists and/or anarchists set up their own picket line on a tangent to the main body. The latter, by this time, were marching in rhythm to: 'Hey. Hey. LBJ. How many kids did we kill today?' Albeit the

hideous truth, this is far from the most effective public relations approach. In our own group an anarchist friend of long standing hastily lettered a sign on the back of a YAWF placard. Complete with drawing of an anarchist flag it read: Dissolve the State/Sink the Ship/Down With All Governments/End the Bomb. Thus equipped, our contingent tried to offset the larger group's chant of, '2 . . . 4 . . . 6 . . . 8 . . . we want a workers' state', with the more logical, '2 . . . 4 . . . 6 . . . 8 . . . we don't want any state'.

At this juncture an elderly lady approached our demonstration and asked where all the young anarchists were keeping themselves these days. She explained that she used to work with Emma Goldman years ago. I answered the way any anarchist with red and black blood in his veins would: I threw my arms around her and kissed her. There ensued a brief discussion of the merits of Prince P, her personal favourite. 'FIELDS, FACTORIES, AND WORKSHOPS was my bible,' she informed me. She was given a few addresses and left.

Incidentally I would probably have collapsed in ecstasy over this encounter but for the fact that it put me in mind of an even wilder coincidence: About a year ago I hailed a taxi at 3 a.m. outside my apartment and requested to be driven to the Main Post Office and back. I was trying to get some anarchist material off to London as rapidly as possible. In conversation it came out that the cab driver had been born in the London home of Peter Kropotkin! And there was more—as if more was needed—he had known Alexander Berkman quite well. Indeed he had received the last letter Berkman wrote before committing suicide. He also knew a number

of other anarchists including the Rockers, and was still quite friendly with Rudolf's son Fermin. However even this coincidence is dwarfed by the chance meeting in Boston between Bakunin, newly escaped from Siberia, and the former officer who had commanded the guard detachment which had escorted him to prison.

Back in Herald Square a century later, our beautifully manic little protest was now being contaminated by a reactionary interloper with a sign plugging both the Pope and the UN. Obviously with such a lousy choice as that, the only thing to do is go limp. As a friend and I concluded, it's hardly possible to maintain doctrinal purity in these troubled times unless one's activities are limited to masturbating in non-violent solitude.

After the demonstration, accompanied by my friend with the 'Dissolve the State' sign, I strolled into a bar at random and made the final discovery of the evening—the only suitable climax to Swiss Army knives, new anarchist federations, and old Emma Goldman comrades—to wit, Whitbreads! After nearly 10 years in New York this is only the second place I've found that serves British pale ale, and the other charges \$1 per bottle.

In keeping with all else, what I had been enjoying most that evening ultimately turned out to be a mistake. Intermittently, and particularly after each of my discoveries, I had chuckled and privately reflected: 'The best part of this whole scene is that it's Lillian Wolfe's 90th birthday. What a tremendous commemoration.' Two weeks later this wistful recollection turned to ashes when I found out that her birthday had been the day before. Well, that's the way it goes . . . you can't win them all.

## ROUND THE GALLERIES

far as this particular exhibition was concerned. Robert Melville, who has his ear to the vaults of the art world, coyly wrote that there was talk of the catalogue not being ready, yet he knows and I know that no exhibition is ever cancelled because there is no catalogue for it takes but an hour to type out a list of the works on view and to prove the truth of this one has but to walk to the Waddington Gallery where the slight and charming playfully erotic line drawings of Robert Hilton are on public display without benefit of catalogue.

I spent a few acrimonious minutes on the steps of the Fraser endeavouring to view the Bellmer drawings that it was whispered hung in purdah in the gallery basement and, failing that, to get a statement from the man in charge, but the door of the gallery remained closed with the statement that the exhibition that never was was now over and a flat statement that the catalogues had not yet come from the printers. Yet this was to be an exhibition of the drawings of Bellmer who, to quote the fawn-like Robert Melville once again, is the most dedicated eroticist of our time and, though three large tinted photographs of Bellmer's dolls stood against the gallery wall during the run of this alleged exhibition, they merely served as a background to a number of casual works by other artists that appeared to have been hastily assembled to fill floor space while Bellmer's drawings died the death in the gallery basement.

A printer refuses to print a catalogue and the work of an established and

accepted German artist is refused a public showing, for the vandals who attempted to tear down the flowering Golden Convolvulus have succeeded in London where they failed in Blackburn, and an artist who was persecuted by the Hitler regime as an associate of the degenerate art groups still is denied a public audience. It was in 1934 that Bellmer made the international scene when he submitted a number of photographs of his life-size dolls to the surrealist magazine *Minotaure*. These trivial lewd toys with their disjointed limbs, Lolita breasts and virginal ribbons and lace caught the eye and the fancy of the fashionable coterie swilling around the current art craze, for Bellmer provided them with life-size fetishes to haul around to the amusement of the populace and the scandal of the philistines. It was gay, cheerful and simple minded, a comedy if the world took them seriously, a tragedy if they took themselves seriously. In 1936 Bellmer left Germany for Paris never to return and in 1941 he buried his German passport in a sewer and threw in his lot with the French maquis.

If Bellmer is to be remembered, let it not be for those infantile dolls that adult men played with in those hysterical thirties, but let us remember the German citizen who chose to take up his stand not on the beaches of California, but alongside his French friends in the bitter fields of France when, for good or ill, he put to the test the ancient question of *my country or my friend*. And yet the clownish thugs of the Third Reich

can still claim a small victory for the work of Hans Bellmer are still denied a public showing. This magnificent draftsman who illustrated the de-luxe edition of De Sade and who gave fresh erotic interpretations of the human body must still wait for a public free to accept or reject his work; meanwhile the Law and the fear of the Law is still the ultimate criterion for what we shall see or say, read or write and, be you millionaire or pauper, the Law, like the amoral lice, is completely indifferent as to who he feeds off and contaminates.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

## PRESS FUND

WEEK 2, JANUARY 15, 1966:  
Expenses: 2 weeks at £80: £160  
Income: Sales and Subs: £125

DEFICIT £35

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## Anarchist Federation of Britain

Co-ordinating Secretary: Frank Hirschfield, 4 Albert St., London, N.W.1.

### London Anarchist Group 1&2

4th Friday of each month at 8 p.m. at David Bell's, 19 Aberdeen Road, Highbury, N.5.  
LEWISHAM. Meeting at 61B Granville Park, Lewisham, Thursday, February 3, 7.30 p.m. Subject: 'What Scope for Anarchism in SE London?'

WANDSWORTH LIBERTARIANS. Correspondence to Tony Cadman, 116 Tilehurst Road, Earlsfield, London, S.W.19.

### REGIONAL FEDERATIONS AND GROUPS

ABERDEEN GROUP. Meets at the Adelphi 2.30 p.m. every Sunday. Correspondence to I. R. Mitchell, 137 Faulds Gate, Aberdeen.  
ARLESEY GROUP (N. Herts., S. Beds.). Meetings on first Friday of month. Correspondence to Peter and Maureen Ford, 102 Stotford Road, Arlesey, Beds.  
BEXLEY ANARCHIST GROUP. Correspondence to Paul Wildish, 2 Cumbrian Avenue, Barnehurst, Kent.  
BIRMINGHAM ANARCHIST GROUP. Convenor: Peter Neville. Correspondence Secretary: Martin Bragg, 25 Fitz Roy Avenue, Harborne, Birmingham, 15 (BEARWOOD 1504). Sales: Gordon Causar, 27 Upper Gungate, Tamworth, Staffs. (Tamworth 4562). Regular Meetings.  
BRISTOL FEDERATION. Enquiries to Ian Vine, 3 Freeland Place, Hotwells, Bristol, 8.  
CARDIFF ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Mike Crowley, 36 Whitaker Road, Tremorfa, Cardiff.

### OFF-CENTRE LONDON DISCUSSION MEETINGS

3rd Wednesday of each month at Jack Robinson and Mary Canjpa's, 21 Rumbold Road, S.W.6 (off King's Road), 8 p.m.  
Last Thursday in month at George Hayes', 174 McLeod Road, S.E.2.  
3rd Friday of each month at 8 p.m. at Donald and Irene Room's, 148a Fellows Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.

COVENTRY ANARCHIST GROUP. Correspondence Secretary: Eric Harrison, 9 Hermitage Road, Wyken, Coventry.

DUNDEE GROUP contacts: (1) Bob and Una Turnbull, 44 Peddie Street, Dundee. Meetings at 44 Peddie Street, Dundee, every Saturday at 3 p.m. (2) Sheila Whittaker, 64 Polepark Road, Dundee.

GLASGOW ANARCHIST GROUP ONE. Correspondence to Robert Lynn, 2b Saracen Head Lane, Glasgow, C.1.

MANCHESTER ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact: Mike Mitchell, 3 Bakewell Road, Droylesden. Meetings alternate Tuesdays, 8 p.m. at the Lord Nelson, Chapel Street, Manchester.

ILFORD LIBERTARIANS. Regular meetings and direct action contact 212 Vicarage Road, Leyton, E.10.

MERSEYSIDE FEDERATION. Enquiries: Barbara Renshaw, 4 Clarence Road, Devonshire Park, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

NORTH-WEST ESSEX. Meetings on the first Saturday of each month at 7.30 p.m. at Robert Bartrop's, The Old Vicarage, Radwinter, near Saffron Walden. January meeting on the 8th.

ORPINGTON ANARCHIST GROUP. Knockholt, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent. Every six weeks at Greenways, Knockholt. Phone: Knockholt 2316. Brian and Maureen Richardson. Next meeting: January 23, 5 p.m.

OXFORD ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact H. G. Mellor, Merton College, Oxford.

READING ANARCHIST GROUP. Meets second Tuesday of month at Friends' Meeting House, Church Street (off London Street), 8 p.m. Correspondence: Phillip Lord, 160 Castle Hill, Reading.

SOUTHALL ANARCHIST GROUP. Get in touch with Roger Sandell, 58 Burns Avenue, Southall, Middlesex.

STOKE LIBERTARIANS. Correspondence Secretary: Bob Blakeman, 52 Weldon Avenue, Weston Coyney, Stoke-on-Trent.

SURREY ANARCHISTS are invited to meetings on the first Thursday of every month at Chris Torrance's (63 North Street, Carshalton, Surrey—please ring three times). Meetings 7.30 p.m.

WEST HAM ANARCHISTS. Contact Mr. Karl Taylor, 98 Clova Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7. Meetings on alternate Wednesdays. (Next meeting February 2.) Jack Robinson on 'Anarchism and Peace'.

### PROPOSED GROUPS

GOLDERS GREEN AND HENDON. Anyone interested get in touch with David McLelland, 54 Litchfield Way, London, N.W.11.

HARLOW. Proposed Group. Get in touch with Keith Nathan, 12 Shawbridge, Harlow, Essex.

LEICESTER TOWN & GOWN. Get into touch with P. Gibbon, c/o Students' Union, Leicester University.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. Anyone interested get in touch with Bob Yorke, 69 Grumbold Avenue, Raunds, Wellingborough, Northants.

NORTHOLT ANARCHISTS. Projected formation of group contact Jim Huggon, 173 Kingshill Avenue, Northolt, Middlesex or Miss Jean McLean, 6 Epsom Close, Northolt Park, Middlesex.

SCARBOROUGH. Any anarchist-minded persons please contact John B. Feetenby, 29 Cambridge Street, Scarborough, Yorks.

### ABROAD

NEW ZEALAND. Auckland Anarchist Group. Public Meetings every Sunday in Myers Park at 2 p.m.



# ANARCHISTS ON TRIAL

TWO ANARCHIST COMRADES, Ian R. Mitchell, Elizabeth Smith along with two others aged 16 and 15 whose names we do not know, were arrested on January 7, and charged with breaking into the Civil Defence Centre at Schoolhill, Portlethen, Scotland.

Their trial took place on Wednesday, January 19, when we had already gone to press, and all we can print at the moment is the verdict. (See Stop Press on front page.)

We agree, however, with our correspondent from Aberdeen that this is an important matter. The fact that these people broke into a shelter is probably unimportant. What is important is their reason for doing so. It also ought to be discussed, not by just the small anarchist movement but by the whole country, what the government's plans for a nuclear war are.

Such matters that seem to be only the prerogative of Civil Defence to know as 'the sites in every major city selected for a mass grave', and the instructions given to every Civil Defence officer on 'how to erect everything from a road block to a concentration camp'; also why certain manuals issued within Civil Defence are stamped 'Not to be shown to lower ranks'—are these and many other secrets to be kept from the public?

For these young people to have taken upon themselves the task of prising these secrets out of the files of the authorities is, in our opinion, an act of humanity and compassion for their fellow human beings. In an editorial on a different occasion (when Stuart Christie was

arrested in his single-handed attempt to influence the course of events in Spain) this journal asked for 'No More Martyrs', as single acts of heroism tend to frighten the timid.

On this occasion it is our opinion that our comrades acted rightly and the government is wrong. On previous occasions young people of their ilk have broken into Civil Defence properties to try to find out more facts about civil defence so that they could tell the public.

There are many shelters, small and large, throughout the country but they are not for the protection of the civilian population.

Will Civil Defence tell us about fire-storm? People have been thrown out of CD for asking similar questions. These four comrades were brave enough to try to find out the horrifying truth about the State's plans in the event of nuclear war. This is, of course, naive—there can be few people in this country now who do not know what nuclear attack would mean—but it is exactly this spirit of youth, this belief in life and the desire for survival that may yet save us from the holocaust of nuclear war.

Let this paper put itself alongside our Aberdeen comrades, if they are prosecuted let us be prosecuted, but we do not want a single Civil Defence establishment in this country to hold secrets from the population.

THE EDITORS.

Help with legal fees and fines should be sent to Forbes Browne, 20 Mount Street, Aberdeen.

Editors, FREEDOM.

# 'Revolution Gets Down to its Nuts & Bolts'

—Daily Worker (on Cuba)

Telegraph described the writers as 'renegades'. It said they were guilty of 'double-dealing, shamelessness, moral degradation, filthy things' and were 'not simple moral perverts, but active helpers of those who would like to turn the cold war into a hot one'. On their 'disrespectful views of Lenin', *Izvestia* says 'Into what bottomless bog of filth must a so-called writer sink to blacken with his hooligan pen the name which is holy for us'...

THE TELEGRAPH REPORTS that Communists are helping Richard Gott at Hull but the *Worker* has so far failed to give Richard Gott any publicity. Michael Foot in *Tribune*, continuing his 'Strategy for the Left', speaks of the Labour Party's distinctive asset 'a massive sense of solidarity'. 'No one,' Foot writes, 'who underrates that bond will get a hearing in the Labour Party, and why should he?' Michael Foot concludes his article with 'Every Socialist has the right to criticize the design and performance of the Labour automobile—so long as he also helps to put some petrol in the tank'—Not a word about the direction of the journey!...

ACCORDING TO A usually unreliable source (*Cuban Labor*: 'informative bulletin' of American sponsored F.O.R.D.C.), 92-year-old Anselmo Hernandez, said to be the Cuban fisherman who inspired Heming-

way's *The Old Man and the Sea*, has quit Cuba as a refugee. In Key West he has reported to have said, 'I'm glad I left Cuba... that place is a living hell... not even the fishes can live there any more!'

SANITY DEPLORED that the Vietnam march on November 27 lacked numbers. 'Support from the adult members of the Labour Party and other organisations was not so strong as it might have been, and this allowed irresponsible groups to play too large a part at some points in the march.' *Peace News*' John Ball points out the irresponsibility of this remark and further adds that the omission of the name of the Committee of 100 as one of the sponsors is a further instance of *Sanity's* bias. Furthermore, although the omission of the anarchist groups supporting the march is only to be expected, the choice of photographs in *Sanity* has succeeded in eliminating practically all evidence of anarchist banners which were in attendance. It also seems probable that a banner saying 'Make Love Not War'—a commendable sentiment—was eliminated from the print of the steps of St. Paul's. In any case a full shot of the steps of St. Paul's which would have clearly shown all the banners present was, although highly photogenic, avoided.

JON QUIXOTE.

## LETTERS

### To expose the System!

Dear Editors,

Jack Robinson has quoted my case very fairly and at length so I shall take up only his particular points.

(1) I have broken with party politics, so has the Committee of 100 and, on their showing in Hull so far, so has RADICAL ALLIANCE. The proof is in the Labour Party's fury, Left, Right and Centre, with Richard Gott.

(2) The contest in Hull is not just symbolic because there is nothing symbolic about the war in Vietnam and that is what the independent candidature is about. People are given a real option in the sense (admitted by Jack Robinson) that the result could be a Labour defeat with serious implications for Wilson.

(3) Is RADICAL ALLIANCE another political party? My answer is that at this stage I, for one, just don't know. The thing has only been going for a few weeks. All its named supporters are past or present members of CND and the Committee of 100 and I think—to borrow a phrase—they are doing a grand job! We'll see how it goes. What concerns me at the moment is not RADICAL ALLIANCE in Hull in January 1966. On present showing Richard Gott is doing extremely well.

(4) About the impetus for Hull coming from N.W.6. This is fair comment. It ought to have come from Hull but didn't. But if the Hull election is of national consequence it is of legitimate interest to people outside. The question then resolves itself into this one 'Would

there be any internal response to an external impulse?' The only way to answer that was to try it and see. RADICAL ALLIANCE tried and saw—successfully. All creative activity starts from a hunch.

(5) The National Committee of 100 has no official policy in Hull partly because we have no organised group in Hull—yet. The matter is left to individuals and in the Committee of 100 a secretary remains an individual, albeit a responsible one.

(6) In the last General Election both the National Committee and FREEDOM were committed to electoral activity of a kind. And in a subsequent by-election were we not all delighted when an independent candidate did such a good job against one Gordon Walker?

(7) Whether 'the vote is a surrender of the ability to take direct action' depends on how you see and use the vote. If the vote is seen as the be-all and end-all of political activity then it certainly is surrender. But if it is used to expose the system and those who manipulate it then it is *attack*. And Hull is a case in point.

Thoreau, of course, is right. I would ask Jack Robinson to re-read the last sentence of his own quotation. 'Only his vote can hasten the abolition of slavery who asserts his freedom by his vote.' Exactly. And this is just what Richard Gott is making it possible for the people of Hull to do.

Yours,

Cambridge PETER CADOGAN.

### We don't need to Vote!

To the Editors of FREEDOM.  
Re: the discussion on voting, FREEDOM, January 8.

The question whether we should or should not vote depends on how we want to be governed.

If we want to be governed by parliament, that is if we want parliament to do laws for us, to tell us what we can and what we cannot do, and what fines will be imposed upon us if we disobey, then this means voting, and in this case we should vote in the best candidates, regardless what party label they carry. If in our opinion the person is good, then let's vote for him.

If, on the other hand, we do not want to be governed by parliament, then that means no voting.

Personally I reject parliament. I reject it because I do not wish to be governed by it or by anybody.

I am governed by my own reason, by my own conscience. And because of this

I have no need to vote.

We anarchists claim that it is wrong to choose rulers—and that means any rulers, regardless whether they call themselves RA, INDEC, ILP, L, C, LIB, COM, or what have you. It is wrong that decisions affecting our lives should be taken behind our backs by masters whom we elect.

We don't need masters to tell us what is good for us.

We are quite capable of deciding it ourselves.

In the leaflets we put out during the last general elections we made it clear that in our opinion the people should govern themselves, that all decisions affecting the lives of the people should be taken by the people themselves.

What we anarchists have failed to do is that we did not work out frameworks in which the people could arrive at decisions.

Croydon PAUL PAWLOWSKI.

# Peace Eye Poet

Ed Sanders: Poem From Jail. 27 pp. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1963. 3s. from Mandarin Books Ltd., 22 Notting Hill Gate, London, W.11. Peace Eye: Poems. 54 pp. Frontier Press, Buffalo, N.Y., 1965. 12s. 6d. from Ferry Press, 177 Green Lane, London, S.E.9.

SOME TIME in 1963, Ed Sanders, 25-year-old Kansas-born poet in New York, 'peace-stomper & builder of Goof City', man and lover of Miriam, father of 2 children, wrote me to ask if I could provide... an undercover staccato analysis of what's happening in Europe—the revolutionary, guerrilla love-fare, sedition, dope, literary scene—a blow by blow job TOTAL EXPOSURE article. See, in FY exists an outlet for the REAL STORY—the story that could never occur in any of the usual artsy-fartsy journals, mags, & in-group puke-outs. Libel, slander do not exist! Onward!

Well, Ed, I never did write that piece for your good journal *Fuck You: A Magazine of the Arts*: I suppose it was laziness, the old 'tomorrow-is-another-day' that kept me from it—also, perhaps, the feeling that I did not really know enough about the European equivalents of the 'scene' you have been presenting in FY. Then, always, the difficulty contained in that word 'equivalent': I don't think the most significant and active 'revolutionary guerrilla love-fare', our side of the ocean, is as closely connected to the 'dope scene', etc., nor is it as self-consciously underworldly, perhaps, as where you are. Which is not to say that I am not aware of your, and your friends', good work in and around your Peace Eye Bookstore, and in LeMar, in the general propaganda for 'let's make love, not war'.

So, last Saturday a FREEDOM editor phones, to tell me they are making war on you again: the New York police, finally unable to contain their burning interest and consuming desire for modern literature, entered your bookshop after closing time, ostensibly to investigate 'the possibility of a burglary', and proceeded to remove large quantities of FY publications—all those fine antho-

logies on 'Banana', 'Marilyn' and 'God', with work from Charles Olson, Robert Creeley, Allen Ginsberg, LeRoi Jones, Gary Snyder—why go on? It begins to sound like a total listing of the important makers of contemporary American literature. So, when you yourself turned up to see what was going on, at 5 o'clock in the morning, on the second day of the year, they arrested you, to charge you with the possession of obscene publications. Now you're out on \$500 bail, and today, as I am writing this, your case comes up in court.

All of which goes to show that though the scenes may differ in certain aspects, the pressures, against anyone producing and propagating things of the living body-mind, are much the same, there as here. Some six weeks ago I was in the north of England, enjoying the surrealist experience of being a 'literary expert', for the defence of Dave Cunliffe and Tina Morris who had published an anthology of eroticism, *The Golden Convolvulus*, and were charged with publishing an obscene book and sending an indecent article through the mail. Well, Dave, Tina and us experts (inter alia, George Melly, Gael Turnbull, Dom Sylvester Houédard, OSB, the Guerrilla Monk) won a kind of Pyrrhic victory: the *Convolvulus*, the jury found, was not obscene, but it was indecent, that is, it might 'shock' people, and so its publishers had to pay a fine plus court costs, an enormous sum by their, or any non-profitable's, standards. So, I wish you better luck, Ed, in the land of 'the pursuit of happiness'. Which is, I would say, your programme.

In your first book, the *Poem from Jail*, this comes through to me in lines like 'To love in haste, / as a beetle / entering bark', and the beautiful 'Section V', where you return to the source, to one of the great sources anyone has in this life: 'and the body / behind breast / rocking, / and the voice / behind breast / singing, / and the warmth / there / beyond belief; / ... light / cascading / among shadows; / breasts laid softly, / touching / cheek and eye, / eye never

to forget / never, / though the memory / be tattered / and the mind / be shredded'. The epigraph tells us that you wrote the poem in Montville State Jail, Uncasville (o shades of!), Connecticut—during a stretch occasioned by your attempt to board a Polaris submarine. ... And in it, you speak out against 'the cowardly / & those in charge / of money, / the economists / & the profiteers, / & the hidden / men in the / military, / & all those who / profit by Death'. Still, I find that the message comes through strongest in the music of that return, to the 'light / cascading' in the first shadows of infancy. True, 'the medium is the message'; but when the medium comes too close to their media? But the important difference between your poem and so many other 'anti-bomb poems' is your awareness of that enormous difficulty—as manifested in the *Doomsday Machine* passage, dealing with the battle of your mind against the organized Moloch, your marching and speaking and shouting against it, your trying to work 'the magic / to create an / implosion / of Love / to balance th' / explosion / of Hate'—and then, ending: 'But all I made / Was a mild / Aphrodisiac / & set loose / some platonic vapors'.

*Peace Eye*, your big book, continues those labours: to speak of love in a time and place where 'Copulation-Products slide along groove channels', where the 'soft man' walks, that common mutant. Fantasies, freaks, allegories; gags, too, the Keystone Cops versus the Gobble Gang; and the incantations of *Cemetery Hill*, three long poems in which that nervy, slangy, yet curiously and effectively synthetic language acquires weight, almost stateliness, and where the charge of the poem lends dignity to the reader, uses him, or her, with true love and care.

So, poet, greetings to you, from these 'far-flung shores': there's a lot more I could say, if I went on pretending to be the literary expert, like your obvious and fruitful discipleship to that old man on the mountain who first attacked 'the enormous / organized cowardice'; and to the other, the Gloucesterman, how you heed his exhortation to 'keep it moving'; and your sense of Egypt, where they also built pyramids; but, enough, all I wanted to say I have said, to wish you luck, and to tell those who read this to go on and read more, in your books.

17.1.66 ANSELM HOLLO.

We regret we had to omit a poem and some quotations for lack of space.—Eds.

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## Workers Against the Law

Continued from page 4 strikes was rightly regarded as yet another trick in the book to destroy the unofficial movements and actions throughout industry.

There were of course the few die-hards who talked about the need for working through the Labour Party even though they openly admitted that it was a dead loss.

It was agreed by the conference to support the Lambeth Trades Council Lobby on Parliament and their demon-

stration on January 26 to march against the incomes policy of the Brown-Gunter clans.

Names were taken at the end of the meeting to form a preliminary committee for action and propaganda. It would however be worth that committee's while to remember what happened to the members of *Industrial Youth* and guard against agents provocateurs and those paid to finger militants at their place of employment.

The conference agreed to form a com-



# Why Lobby Your MP?

ON JANUARY 25 Parliament re-assembles and then future legislation will be announced, including measures which are aimed against strikes. The full details of this anti-strike legislation are not known, but fines are likely to be made on unions who do not give notification of wage claims, with additional penalties for workers who withdraw their labour or take any other form of action while these claims are being considered by the Department of Economic Affairs, or the Prices and Incomes Board.

Obviously if this proposed piece of legislation becomes law, then it will place considerable restrictions on workers. To oppose this legislation, a lobby of Parliament is being organised for January 26. In last week's issue of FREEDOM, I called this lobby a 'useless activity'. I still consider it such, but now this campaign is going beyond an actual lobby. In Liverpool, for instance, not only are

coach loads of workers coming down for the lobby, but a number of building sites are stopping work for the day.

It is this stoppage of work that is the important thing, and will have a far greater effect than delegations of lobbyists from different parts of the country. The thing about lobbying your MP is that you are asking him to do something about your grievance, but you have no control over what he does, and if he does not carry out your wishes, you have no redress. You cannot get together and elect someone else as you can in the case of an unsatisfactory shop steward. Supporters of 'democracy' and the parliamentary system will say that you can vote for someone else at the next General Election, but the parliamentary road is one of betrayals and well trodden garden paths.

## FALSE SENSE OF ACHIEVEMENT

The reason why the labour movement

is threatened by this legislation is because it thought that it could achieve its aims by parliamentary means. 'If only we could capture the state apparatus, then we could use it for the benefit of workers'. How wrong these theories have been. What will a lobby achieve? For one thing, a false sense of achievement in that one has seen his MP and that is that. It seems that the Lambeth Trades Council originally called for the lobby and the Socialist Labour League gave its support, but now the latter is pushing it for all its worth. No doubt other Left-Wing groupings will try to make political capital out of it for themselves. They are united in one thing, they believe in leadership and control from the top.

It is to be hoped that this campaign against the legislation will broaden out beyond the restrictions of the traditional means of protest and will extend to a campaign of strikes, meetings, marches and general agitation. This campaign must be run by the workers themselves, through their own shop stewards organisations. The best way to defend methods of struggle is to use them.

This proposed legislation once again illustrates the whole illusion that any basic change in society can be made through parliamentary means. The State is once again assisting the capitalist system and to do this, it attacks here, as in other countries, the working class and its means of gaining demands. Unless the Labour Government's legislation plans are defeated, then still more of our freedom will be encroached upon by the State.

# Freedom

## For Workers' Control

JANUARY 22 1966 Vol 27 No 3

# PIB - Guilty of MURDER!

RAILWAYMEN MAY BE the

first section of workers to be seriously challenged by the Government. As was forecast in last week's FREEDOM, the Prices and Incomes Board gave little or nothing to the railwaymen. In fact the basis of their wages negotiations has been thrown out. PIB reviewed railway pay negotiations between 1958 and 1965 and proceeded to tear apart the Committee and Enquiry which sat under Gullebaud. The Board objects to the continued use of the Gullebaud formula. The unions, it says, 'have had to rely solely on keeping up to date the comparisons between the lowest railway adult scale and outside labourers rates, because these were the only ones that were unidentified'. The Board in fact tries to prove that railwaymen's earnings have increased more than in all other industries excluding agriculture. The Board trots out the usual line that increased wages must be geared to increased productivity, by that they mean extended single manning of locomotives, a wider range of duties for guards, and the abolition of demarcation lines between station and parcel porters. They also suggest that at one main line London station a third of the staff could be cut without losing efficiency. It also wants substantial progress in implementing Dr. Beeching's closure proposals.

And now comes the real plum of the Board's report. It states that there are other claimants to the benefits of higher productivity. 'First, there is the tax payer, who has in effect been subsidising railway wages. Secondly, there is the customer. Passenger fares have increased by more than 25% in the last five years. Surely, this 'heavenly body' hasn't the temerity to suggest that if it wasn't for railwaymen's wage increases fares wouldn't have risen.

There were two major proposals in the Report; one, every year the Government should publish 'Realistic Target' for the reduction of the railways' operating deficit. It is pretty obvious how they hope this deficit will be reduced: (a) by virtually freezing railwaymen's wages; (b) rationalization of staffing; (c) by running less bleeding trains (à la Beeching)—no mention of stopping compensation to the starving share-

holders who have been drawing blood since nationalisation and that includes our trade unions of so-called principle. The second major proposal was that the Railways Board should 'act commercially', leaving the responsibility for maintaining uneconomic activities on the Ministry of Transport. 1969 will see trains as frequent as mayflies and as expensive as a jet passage to Bermuda, with railway workers still earning peanuts.

Sidney Green, General Secretary of the NUR, was choked and no one can classify him as a left-wing rebel. The NUR executive meets on January 18 or 19 to consider the Report. A call for strike action is expected to be made. Mr. Green stated that it took Gullebaud 18 months to devise the system and the PIB three months to destroy it. Much more attention had been paid to the management's evidence than to the union's. He stated at a press conference, 'If wage rates are going to be held down by rest day working and overtime let us stop doing it'. To my mind that's fair enough; if the management claim, and prove, that you are cutting your own throat, then's the time to stop.

Obviously, railwaymen are going to have a battle on their hands and this time they cannot afford to play footsy or go off at half cock. They have got to play to win and it will be easier in conjunction with the rest of public transport. Never before has it been so screamingly obvious that *railwaymen, tubemen, and busmen should act together*. The latter are being cut to ribbons by the London Transport Board and backed by the Government. The trade union leaders are not going to suggest or welcome this, so it is up to the rank and file to set up a *joint fighting committee*. And I believe that one of its first jobs should be to present its case to the public, the poor bastards who wait 40 minutes for a bus, arrive 40 minutes late by train, to find that their connection has been cut out. We all know that public transport and the passengers get 'at it', this is understandable, but let's get at the grass roots of the trouble. Public transport should be a social service run by the workers themselves who certainly do not need any ICI bod to tell them how to run the job.

BILL CHRISTOPHER.

A FORMULA has been found for a return to work at the R. Woolf's rubber factory at Southall. Not a great deal has been achieved, but it seems that the strikers had no other alternative. They have been out for over six weeks and although the Transport and General Workers' Union recognised the strike, they have not paid out any strike pay.

Over the next two weeks, half of the strikers will be reinstated, and as production gets under way, the rest will return to work. The demand for a closed shop and a rise in wages for the lowest paid workers have not been granted. What really lies at the root of this dispute is a struggle of the workers to organise themselves, in the face of opposition by a reactionary management. This is by no means an easy task and it has meant a great deal of sacrifice by these workers, mostly Indians, but they have achieved it and have managed to stay out for a considerable time. They have been greatly assisted by other Indians in the com-

# Woolf's - A Struggle

munity, who have given credit and not collected rents.

## PICKET LINES CROSSED

If Woolf's had been able to get enough workers to take the places of the strikers, then, no doubt, the strike would still be on. They did manage to get 140 men to cross the picket lines, these being mostly Pakistanis. As in most strikes, the crossing of a picket line leads, quite understandably, to anger on the part of the strikers and a certain amount of violence often ensues. In this case, the whole thing has been blown up into a racial situation by the newspapers. Prejudice between Indians and Pakistanis might be involved, but I believe it is mostly a case of the strikers expressing their anger about the 'scabs', for that is what they are. If the Pakistanis, or for that matter, any other nationality, crossed the picket line at Woolf's, then they are 'scabs'.

At the last General Election, the British Nationalist Party's candidate, John Bean, got 3,410 votes. This shows the considerable influence the racials have in the area and they have used this strike in further abusive attacks on immigrants. The Indians, with their Indian Workers' Association, have gone to great trouble to try to combat these racial attacks. It seems that this organisation has done its best to make the Indians more British than the British themselves. As *Peace News* writes on its front page last week: 'Before the strike, the Indians, under the guidance of the Indian Workers' Association, left little room for criticism. Their homes and families are clean and tidy. Most of them have made positive efforts to follow British customs. Now, the racials can charge the Indians with the insults that have been thrown at strikers for years—"lazy", "troublemakers", "greedy", etc.

# Workers Against the Law

AT THE VERY well attended meeting of industrial militants at the ENV stewards meeting on Sunday last, there appeared a new organisation dedicated to the strengthening of the rank and file movements and to fighting the Labour Government's incomes policy.

The response was very good, coming as they did from all spheres of the political world, there seemed to be a realisation at last amongst the rank and file that the only way to unite is on a non-political basis. This means that they have, for a time at least, decided not to break an organisation up on theoretical issues before it starts (a marked improvement in attitude).

Speaker after speaker emphasised the need for strong rank and file organisation and expressed determination to destroy the so-called incomes policy which as it was pointed out is a piece of capitalist con-manip. The endeavours of the Labour Party to legalise the position of the trade unions in regard to

Continued on page 3

This of course has charged the dispute with a great deal of tension. The strike has become another "test case" for the coloured worker in Britain.

First of all, I think Indian and British people are just as clean or dirty as one another. Fair enough, it is more comfortable to be clean, but why should the IWA badger the Indians to be clean and tidy just for some image, and surely, one of the ways that Indians can contribute to the community is by following their own customs and not by following those of the British.

## 'TEST CASE?'

If you think of the Woolf strike as a 'test case' for the coloured worker in Britain, you are saying that he must be on his best behaviour or these racials will seize on this and exploit it. One can say that violence between Indians and Pakistanis arose because the management engaged the latter to replace the strikers, but this same sort of trouble would have occurred whatever the colour or nationality of the 'scabs'.

This strike was basically concerned with workers demanding their rights and fighting against the victimisation of one of their work-mates. The strikers at Woolf's, in common with many union-organised factories in this country, have shown that they are not just going to take what is dished out to them by the management. *Peace News* says that the 'strike should be very much the concern of the Transport and General Workers' Union, as it should be of every working-class man in Britain today'. But the point is that the T & GWU shows no more 'concern' in any other strike and are just as reluctant to recognise any of them. Surely *Peace News* knows this by now, so why should they expect anything else from the union.

I agree that British workers should show more concern. If they had, then the management would have agreed to the demands of the strikers. As it was, they were more or less isolated. Solidarity is not just a thing you have at, say, factory level. It is something that must be extended outside to other workers at other factories in the area. If they had got this support, then, they would have won their demands.

Any donation to their Strike Fund would be very welcome and should be forwarded to:—Mr. N. S. Hundel, Woolf Dispute Fund, c/o T & GWU, 219 The Broadway, Southall, Middx.

# OUR SOUL IS NOT FOR SALE

IT NOW APPEARS rather doubtful that the workers at Fairfield are prepared to exchange their souls for a job in the shipyard. The Boilermakers Society are certainly not prepared to invest money into the Fairfield consortium. It is reported that at one stage the NUGMW and the ETU were prepared to invest but now they will have second thoughts. Sir William Carron of the AEU is rather upset about the attitude of the other unions but it is believed that he won't go it alone.

Regarding the big play about tearing up rule books, Danny McGarvey, president of the Boilermakers, said there was no question of the Boilermakers tearing up the rule books or letting anyone else dictate working rules. But they were willing to talk about interchangeability providing this meant higher earnings. As was to be expected, the workers are suffering adverse criticism from their attitude to this project but the scurry trick by the shipowners has slipped by unnoticed. A contract was placed with

Fairfield to build a 63,000-ton bulk carrier for the P & O Group in November 1964, at the same time P & O placed orders for three similar ships with Japanese yards. The contract became invalid when Fairfields went into the hands of the Receiver. By mutual consent it has not been re-negotiated. Obviously, this patriotic tripe is for workers only, it keeps their mind off wages and conditions.

BILL CHRISTOPHER.

## Contact Column

**AFB Annual Conference.** Birmingham, Coventry and Stoke Groups propose this be held in Birmingham, weekend April 2/3. Details following. Comments?

**Vietnam—Australian Conscription.** All day picket January 25 (day before Australia Day), Australia House, Aldwych. Attend at lunch-time if you can.

**The Secular League.** Britain's only secular/freethought society, wants association with all progressives. Aims: Equality for all, internationalism—united from the bottom—no pontiffs or political careerists welcome. S.A.E. for principles and objects: J. A. Millar, 139 Elm Road, Section 4, New Malden, Surrey.

**Accommodation.** Wanted, libertarian working girl to join West London (near Marble Arch) mixed community in mid-January. Own sordid room. Rent £2 10s. including electricity and gas. Box 20.

**Teach In on Immigration and Integration.** January 26 at 1.15 p.m. at Borough Polytechnic (Elephant & Castle).

**Contacts Needed.** Long Beach, California, USA area. Get in touch with Charles Levy, P.O. Box 743, Long Beach, California, USA.

**Accommodation.** Couple wishing to 'legalise' quite soon; must find accommodation before doing so for selves and 2½-year-old daughter as soon as possible. Cheap rent perhaps in return for some work in house, garden, etc. Town or country; anything, anywhere considered. Please contact Stella A. Fauser, 242 Amesbury Avenue, London, S.W.2.

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**New Zealand Federation of Anarchists.** First Annual Congress, December 26 to January 6. Enquiries Box 5455, Auckland CI, NZ.

If you wish to make contact let us know.