

The Foot & Mouth Epidemic

MERCHANTS OF DEATH

IF NEWSPAPER REPORTS are to be believed, it is ironic to note that Wilson, or any politicians for that matter, are scrapping about principles. Usually political expediency is the criteria of any disagreement.

Wilson must keep some faith with the Left, hence the hesitation over the South African arms deal. He also has his eye on the Constituency Labour Parties who are notoriously Left Wing. On the other hand, our exports at the moment are pretty rosey, devaluation was the intended stimulant, therefore the economists argue that 'charity begins at home' and so we should agree to supply the arms South Africa requires. Money and principle have absolutely nothing in common.

The selling of arms is a lucrative proposition—it paid dividends in the Arab-Israeli war. In that particular case one could supply arms to one or both sides, the latter being preferable, of course. The argument is that if we do not supply arms to South Africa someone else will—France or Germany; this is the responsibility of the French and German people.

To be perfectly frank, British Governments have never really been opposed to the apartheid policy of South Africa; they have paid lip service to opposition of a kind, but fundamentally the amount of British money invested in South Africa demands very little opposition to apartheid.

We have always hid behind the beautiful escape clause, 'non-interference in the internal affairs of other countries'. When the call was made for a boycott of South African goods, the official Labour Party ignored it and the Co-operative movement claimed they could not afford it. It should come as no surprise, therefore, that the leaders of the Labour Party are in fact prepared to recontinue the sale of arms to South Africa.

The arms issue is being used for a power struggle within the Cabinet, and Wilson's authority within the Cabinet is at stake. The Prime Minister of Britain today has virtually all the powers of a dictator. Whilst things are going well, this is tolerated by the Parliamentary Labour Party but, when the situation is bad, then there is a big search for a 'patsy'. The Parliamentary Labour Party realise that the present Government could be the destruction of the Labour Party as a viable political party and are prepared to take any action to prevent this even to the disposal of Wilson, as a gesture to the

DEMAND AMNESTY FOR TERRY & CO.

THIS IS THE TIME to bombard Mr. J. Callaghan with requests for the release of Terry Chandler, Del Foley and Mike Randle.

Whilst King Constantine is dithering in Rome, our friends, who opposed the military dictatorship, are languishing in Britain's stinking jails.

Our reformist friends have some precedents to quote to Mr. Callaghan. Let him remember 1963!

If Franco could be persuaded to let Stuart Christie out, Jim Callaghan should be a walk-over.

Let the lawyers and the MPs put our friends' case as forcibly as they can.

But at this 'season of goodwill' our goodwill towards 'Big Jim' is at a low ebb. We demand action from him NOW!

R.

country, that the Government is concerned about exports first and principles second if it does not cost anything.

This year we have sold South Africa £217 million-worth of goods and imported £186 million from her. When South Africa was expelled from the Commonwealth it was purely a token gesture to India and Africa, neither Britain or South Africa has suffered as a consequence.

The whole affair must be seen in its true perspective. Wilson wants Left-Wing Labour support for future unpalatable measures that have to be implemented. He knows that South Africa is a highly emotional issue as far as the Left Wing is concerned and this is his offer in exchange for the hope of future support.

Having cleared the air of the facade of 'opposition to apartheid' the export of arms anywhere is criminal, it is the action of 'Merchants of Death'.

BILL CHRISTOPHER.

It's your Wages they're After

THE GOVERNMENT is now asking the TUC to agree to a voluntary wage stop for the whole of 1968. I learned of this from the national press which also reports that the TUC is unlikely to agree to this proposition and wants instead to see wages rise by about 3½% next year.

Whether this is true we shall find out in due course, since it never occurred to the mandarins of the TUC to inform me and the rest of Britain's ten million trade unionists just what the hell they are up to. They take our money, they pay themselves handsome salaries, they sneak into No. 10 Downing Street for chats with the Ministers and then, months later, like some collection of army commanders, they issue a communique to the troops. But that's another subject and one which we hope to return to in other articles. Meanwhile to the wage stop.

It is undoubtedly true that the Government wants to stop all wage increases. This wretched collection of 'labour' politicians, all of them well-fed, well-breeched, and as far away from socialist ideas as the man in the moon, can't solve the so-called 'economic crisis'. They have juggled with the pound, raised the bank rate, had talks with international bankers but they are as far away from solving the crisis as ever they were.

THE REAL PROBLEM

The plain fact is that the rivals of British capitalism, either through superior productivity, or lower wages (or both) are still producing more and selling it cheaper in foreign markets. As the Government sees it, British capitalism must become more 'competitive', that is, it must be able to produce more cheaply than its capitalist competitors. Fundamentally, there is only one way that can be achieved—by getting less men to do more work for less money. That is the meaning of 'raising productivity' in this god-forsaken capitalist system.

What the employers want is greater profitability which means for them a bigger share in the wealth produced by the labours of the working class. If they can achieve that, they can (a) cut costs and raise profits, and (b) out of this increased profit they can set aside some of it for investment in improved technology.

Will nature takes its course or do we slaughter the Minister of Agriculture and his staff if he gets influenza?

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME that the official policy of slaughter has not been effective in controlling this disease. It is a policy that, despite individual tragedies, has had the general support of the farming community as it has up to the present been the cheapest, and most efficient, means of controlling the disease under commercial farming conditions.

The disease is of very ancient origin and is referred to in old books as murrain or pest, and known as the malignant epidemic influenza. Murrain is, nowadays, the name given to a less serious disease called red-water. It appears that there were two forms of the disease, one mild and the other very serious. There was a very serious epidemic in Britain in 1757 which produced many deaths amongst the livestock; and on the Continent, from 1710 to 1714, 1730, 1731 and from 1744 to 1746, there were very serious attacks. The 1757 British attack produced a treatise on the disease by a London physician called Dr. Layard, which was translated into several languages. There was also

a very serious outbreak in 1865 when 233,699 cattle died of the disease. These epidemics obviously cannot be placed at the door of artificial fertilizers as they were not then in use. This is not to say that shortcomings in management did not contribute to the virulence of the attacks as with the various plagues that attacked human beings at those times.

While the slaughter policy is used one cannot judge whether other methods of controlling the disease will be effective. A well-known organic farmer in the affected area told me that he had lost one herd. He said that in a country where the disease is not endemic there is little chance that a natural immunity will be built up. He was confident, however, that the cattle were healthier and freer from the diseases that normally affect cattle. Cattle are of course slaughtered before their reaction to the disease can be ascertained.

The disease is endemic in South America, Asia, Africa and Europe, but Ireland, USA, Canada, New Zealand and Australia are free from the disease. These countries do not import meat from countries where the disease is endemic. In countries where livestock are the major industry, immediate and drastic steps are taken to prevent the spread of the disease. Here, however, the reaction can only be described as lethargic; measures such as the cancellation of racing and meat importation from South America have only recently been taken.

FRANCE, A MEASURE OF CONTROL

France combines a vaccination policy with slaughter and seems to have achieved a measure of control of the disease. The producers of pedigree livestock however have largely been in favour of slaughter as, if the disease became endemic, valuable markets for pedigree bloodstock would be closed.

There are also technical reasons why some are against the vaccination policy—the variety of strains of virus, the fact that young stock cannot be effectively vaccinated, and the fact that, hitherto, slaughter was cheaper than vaccination.

The late Newman Turner contended that the disease could be cured by natural methods and offered to demonstrate this under controlled conditions but the Ministry of Agriculture did not take this up. The late Sir Albert Howard in *Farming and Gardening for Health or Disease* experimented in India where there was widespread foot and mouth disease and claimed that even with actual contact with animals having the disease his animals did not contract the disease. There were also similar experiments by the Marquis Stanga at Cremona in 1938. This school of thought believes that the basic cause of this disease and others, in animals as in humans, is due to some mismanagement. The complexities of biology and ecology are still to be fully understood.

THE ONLY ANSWER

There is only one answer that trade unionists can give to Wilson and to the TUC... Go To Hell! Under this rotten, corrupt capitalist system of society we have only one source of income, only one means of bringing up our wives and families in some degree of comfort, and that is our wage packet. We owe it to our families to sell our labour as high as possible.

Let Wilson and Woodcock hatch their schemes for salvaging the system. We should have none of it. When the cost of living goes up we either fight for higher wages—or we see our kids go without some of the things that they need. And if the Government and the employers say that the 'country' can't afford to pay us decent wages, that the old age pensioners must go frozen all the winter, that the sick and the homeless must suffer so that Big Business may STAY in business, we say loud and clear, that it's not our wages that the 'country' can't afford, it is the whole rotten system where a few live off the backs of the many.

JOHN LAWRENCE.



Policeman guards farm where all livestock was slaughtered—also dogs, cats, hens... anything that moves.

LIVESTOCK KILLED

Apart from the technicalities of the disease and the fact that other cattle diseases in the long run are more costly to the farmer, nothing is more traumatic to the farmer than having the whole of his livestock wiped out in a day, particularly if his herd is the result of a lifetime's work of patient breeding, a matter that no amount of cash will compensate.

It is not only the farming community, however, that are affected by such tragedies. The whole population must cease to take for granted the automatic arrival at our tables of a sufficiency of food. As competition from growing populations for space and food becomes more fierce, the importance of what is produced from our own soil will become more important. Certainly those of us who are concerned with a free society must see that such a scramble will not be conducive to attaining such a society.

Personally I believe that:

1. Large units contain high biological and psychological risks;
2. If biological factors are overridden by commercial factors, the biological checks will assert themselves.

I do not think, and this is a personal opinion, that the virus or bacteria are the only factors in human or animal epidemics. I think stress or widespread mismanagement have a large part to play. In the last decade or two, farmers have been forced by commercial considerations to increase their stocking rate per acre. (The centre of the present outbreak is probably the most heavily stocked in the country.) Not only have farmers been forced to carry much more stock, they have also specialised, so there is a great deal of monostocking and monocropping. This carries greater risks of disease. Growers of barley have also been in difficulties in spite of the vast battery of insecticides and herbicides at their disposal. If everybody is to be fed and there is to be a relative freedom from disease there has to be a closer look at methods used to produce our food, particularly as production be-

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Slaughtered cows in a field at Oswestry.

Phantom for the People

DEAR 'FREEDOM', I should have written you long long time ago. Please forgive me. It was in your pages that I first had the idea. You once printed a story about a man in Western London who called himself secretary of a tenants' association. The association existed only in the man's mind, but he wrote to the local papers airing grievances and using a real address and soon he found real tenants were writing him, agreeing with him, asking to help him and so a fresh radical group was born.

I should have written you when you printed a letter from Barnaby Martin who outlined points—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7—in setting up task forces to enter ghettos, and help alleviate poverty, and inject peace and good things. I believe, Barnaby Martin, you are wrong and foolish and, forgive me but I think this, dreary. It is as arrogant and bullying to enter a district to save it in the name of peace and goodwill, as it is in the name of a protection racket, or of Jesus Christ. This work is too young to have any theory. There are no rules. It is, possibly, useful to know a little of what that man did in Western London, where George Clark is at Notting Hill, who are the Barnsbury Association. I go too fast: let me endeavour to put down what I have got involved with.

In the Summer of 1966, three final year thesis year architect-students and myself lived in different flats on the fringe of an area of 30,000 people which the local authority intended to re-develop. We knew the area well. It was our local district. It contains masses of housing unfit for human habitation; pockets of Negro, Italian and Slav minorities. Since 1937 the local authority has promised clearance and at last, 1966, they began to make plans. These plans entailed down-grading, purchasing and clearing the entire area in a series of phases from now to 1976. A big operation. The authority saw this as the great opportunity: build a new town within a city: a utopian environment.

The three students got permission to spend a year preparing a thesis on what they would do with the area, and by October '66 they had begun work. They used for their base line that people's wishes are more important as individuals than any utopia for a mass, however good that utopia might look. They spent hours talking, questioning the existing population; they made up a people's wish street-map and by Christmas last year had compiled a thick dossier against the authority. That was not their intention. It happened from the facts.

The local authority was wrong to pull everything down. The good should be preserved, even if it made an aesthetically untidy site. Wrong to divide the area into phases, be-

cause Joe living in phase no. 9 in terrible conditions would have to wait until his number was reached. Those houses, they said, which were worse than bad, no matter what their phase, should come down at once. The consequent plots of waste ground could be built upon by the authority, or handed out to either private enterprise or a housing association. The authority was wrong in wanting to own and control all the future. The policy, of downgrading was evil: it robbed people of pride and it was false economics. Downgrading is that you encourage properties to fall into ruin, so you may buy them cheap, and the authority can have the maximum amount of money available for building new.

Is evil because the longer the authority waits before buying, the cheaper property becomes. The three students advocated a system of improvement grants: to upgrade the reasonable: for a limited, specified period of time. We then discovered alarming incompetences in the authority's plan. To complete by 1976 depended on money being available from Westminster, no one objecting at public enquiries, the Minister of Housing rubber stamping straight away each order: it depended on contractors having no delay, and on hoping that political pressure did not build up from other poor standard housing areas. The authority's scheme was also missing on 15,000 people. They were going to build a brave new world, where rents would be four/five times higher than at present, for only half the existing population. Their population figures were based on 1961 Census, with no allowance for population increase, and no provision for the overspill.

What amazed the students most was at no level were the authority talking with their client (the people). So—taking note of the item in FREEDOM, I was asked to help the students produce a leaflet. We did. It outlined the arguments and asked people to make their opinion known. We put it out under the name of a tenants' and residents' association. We trod on no one's toes. No such had existed. We got the copyright. So we delivered a leaflet to every house and flat, using our own addresses on the fringe of the re-development area. Small response: cranks and lunatics and sad impossible stories of private trouble. Two out of 30,000 said—yes, sir, you can help us. Two were enough. One, living in a good house, in the first phase wanted to stay. One,

living in bad in a later phase wanted out now. Both, and this has been the joy since then, had understood the technical arguments of down/upgrading, total corporation/mixed ownership-control, utopian environment/cheap accommodation.

Now there were six of us. We made petitions, wrote letters. Worked closely with the existing councillors: taking problems to them rather than trying to solve them ourselves, and with the middle grade/working officials with whom we got on very well. Two months on and we did a second paper, to every householder, calling people to a public meeting. We got councillors, officials and over 500 people in a packed and noisy hall. We thought we'd run it as an open meeting: no platform, plenty of maps around the walls. Stop the councilmen talking. Make people talk, loud and straight: let Them listen. They had to.

After the meeting there were still six of us, only we'd got an address list of sympathy coming over 500. It was near to the municipal elections and at the last moment we put up a candidate. It was great fun. He got only 11% of the poll, and we cried. The political people were furious. The students had earlier broken the code that information given to students in confidence stays at the university. Now we had broken the code that residents' groups do good work and stay clear of political arenas. We didn't ever want to get in. We only wanted to heighten the debate. But 11%—and it hurt. The students had now to spend more time writing up their thesis. Things cooled until the tenants and residents came saying—you may give up: we are not—come on—you started this—help. So we formed a very loose committee to meet every other week,

and the work went on. We got a shop. The corporation followed and got their own 'information window'. We wrote a pamphlet, and They followed suit. Everything escalating. Social workers woke up, and sociologists produced a book—on the poverty and deprivation.

Bang. That was where we got off. We'd fought and agitated, we'd thought and raised ideas and a valley, which had been downtrodden so it didn't care, found strength and cool minds. Watch it, Barnaby Martin. Yes, indeed, it is fine to spotlight social problems: to run up, like the Salvation Army do, those gay posters. It's fine because it brings together those folk I saw in a photo of Shelter organisation in a Sunday paper: good folk like from the ads in Nova magazine. Is good because it wakes up 'the conscience of the middle class', the souls of those who 'would care if only they knew'.

Baby, forget it. Is not for me. Theirs is the problem—we are going to organise coach parties into the suburbs. Not envious. When we want help we shall ask. The problem is raising an area so it does ask, and that's not difficult. All it needs is friendship, trust, patience and the right connections/know-how of the urban world to place, if asked for, at the service of the less-experienced. It doesn't need a task force and people are not stupid. Try it: tell the next man you see who looks poor—"Sir (or worse, hey mate) you're living in poverty and deprivation. I'm here to help." Try it. A good man once set up a caravan in Harlem, New York, to sell bungalows at ridiculously low prices, so negroes could move to Westchester County. He was flabbergasted: nobody took up the offer.

RAY GOSLING.

PROVO FOR COUNCIL

SEATTLE is a physically beautiful city ruled by dolts. The City Council has distinguished itself by its unctious idiocies and by its indifference to the civil liberties of the citizenry. It has whitewashed police brutality. Minorities continue to be the victims of police discrimination—as they have always been—but the Council will not establish adequate measures for checking and reviewing police procedures. Hippies are hounded and arrested on trumped-up charges, and hippy establishments are subjected to the concerted harassment of several departments of the city, while the Council members smugly talk of civic responsibility. The whores of Chinatown are driven—temporarily—out of business by systematic persecution: they and their customers are arrested on seldom-enforced laws and unusual charges.

The Council seems determined to convert Seattle into a maze of concrete and cement, as they sanction the criss-cross slashing of Seattle by a monstrous network of freeways which threaten park lands, what is left of Union Bay, and thousands of private residences—homes—which are not replaceable with recompense payments. It has involved itself in the shameful urban renewal land grab, and all indications are that it will support the destruction of the Public Market—as we know it.

THE HUSTLERS OF CHINATOWN UPON THE WHOLE GIVE AN HONEST RETURN FOR THE MONEY PAID THEM. CAN THE SAME BE SAID FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE CITY COUNCIL?

Therefore I, Stan Iverson, Provo and Anarchist, declare my intention of filing as a candidate for City Council. I shall decide the position I shall run for by drawing from a hat. The Council, as it has functioned, is an absurdity. I shall treat it as such in my campaign.

I propose to introduce that most unusual of political commodities into the campaign—candour. I shall say things that even honest politicians say only privately to close friends. I am not a practical politician—indeed I am not a politician at all and am aggressively impractical. My purpose is to compel the other candidates to make positive commitments on a number of issues instead of hiding, as is customary, behind a rogue's language of equivocation and cant.

I am an advocate of peace in Vietnam—and to be realistic this means American withdrawal from Vietnam—and shall campaign as a peacenik. I do so, not because I believe that or this, or any City Council can materially affect the course of the war, but to give those persons who oppose Johnson's adventure an avenue of expression.

I oppose censorship. It is a monstrous impudence for one human being to decide what another human being shall not read or view. When the buffoons on the City Council attempt to do so it is ridiculous as well.

I oppose the expansion of the police force. I suggest that a more effective deployment of the present force is in order before giving way to the importunities of the empire builders in the Public Safety Building. As I watch the fuzz arrest criminal jaywalkers, harass hippies, bully Negroes, and swagger through Chinatown, the conviction grows on me that Seattle needs more cops like a dog needs more fleas. The recent bust by 11 cops at the Id Bookstore is merely one example of inefficient police deployment. A cub scout with a squirt gun could have carried it out as well.

I advocate a strong police review board, with investigatory powers, and composed of non-established people. The police should be as responsive to the law as others are expected to be. If this demoralizes them—then replace them.

I advocate ending the curfew and all other ordinances which discriminate against minors, including the absurd regulations on dances.

I oppose the prosecution and persecution of people for so-called crimes without victims. This includes people who smoke marijuana or take psychedelics, prostitutes, homosexuals and others who engage in any kind of voluntary sexual

relationships. In these areas I advocate a policy of police tolerance and non-interference.

I advocate a policy of tolerance toward competent abortionists. The decision of whether or not to bear a child should be solely that of the woman involved.

I advocate the preservation of the Public Market, and no high-rise apartments along the water and lake fronts. I advocate the preservation and encouragement of the houseboat community. Not only are houseboats delightful to live in,

but they add to the human dimensions of the city.

I advocate an end to the parking meter shakedown.

In short, I advocate an open city, a community developing in a spirit of civilized tolerance, a place for people to live and develop in all their divergencies, a place for human beings to develop humanely—a city that swings.

(Campaign Statement by Stanley Iverson, candidate for Seattle City Council.)

Leicester Project Report

THE LEICESTER PROJECT came into being about a year ago. The project was an attempt to break away from present political clichés and identifications. People came to the group being damned or admitted for being a 'Trot', anarchist or pacifist. Through discussion we realized what basically mattered was not the theoretical manifesto we dressed ourselves in, but how we related to other people—how do we treat wives/lovers/children/kids, do we talk to the people down the street. Henry Miller points out the anomaly of our lives when he wrote, 'All around me I see people shouting for peace with hatred on their faces.'

Our sessions vary from talking about education, industrial relations, poetry reading to just listening to gramophone records—sometimes we just sit and get bored. Our 'action' has taken the form of confronting an army recruiting team as a group of mock wounded civilians—the sight was too much for the soldiers and they hit out at us viciously. We gave free flowers to the Leicester people who did not understand our motive (probably because we didn't understand it ourselves, still, it was a new experience). All the time we are getting to know both ourselves and one another

as individuals. Sociologists will probably imply that we are developing a group identity which will supersede our previous affiliations—does this matter? However, most of us still belong to our Trade Unions, PPU, Marxist groups, but we feel our approach is now a little less jingoistic.

The project met again last week after a summer recess with a lot of new faces present. As free flowers didn't seem relevant to Leicester people we decided to produce broadsheets on subjects that did concern them, such as Leicester traffic and dustbin collections—something which we can all act upon. At the same time as giving out broadsheets (out of interest, giving out leaflets in Leicester contravenes an 1856 by-law—something which is worth challenging) we felt we could sell our own 'pet' periodicals; doing this together would give a radical flavour to Leicester Saturday shopping.

At the end of the project's polemics last week we became even more aware that whether we were catholic anarchists or canvassed for the Liberal Party, life seemed a compromise and we needed to take action about it. Action against a mass coercive society.

JOHN MARJORAM.



The Selective Idealists

NEW GERMAN PACIFISTS would have knowingly or willingly used soap made from human Jewish fat. Nor would many such individuals, publicly professing or privately sustained by any meaningful humanitarian philosophy, have actively assisted in the continued efficient functioning of extermination-camp gas-chambers or any other effective method or system of genocide. Neither would they have unquestioningly accepted a deliberate and systematic policy of imprisonment, slavery, torture, murder, castration, exhibition, hunting, forced mutilation and medical experimentation (mostly perpetuated in a routine, repetitive fashion without need, skill or anaesthetic).

To calmly slaughter identifiable groupings of humanity in order to indulge a primitive appetite and crude lust would be generally regarded as unspeakably brutal and wicked by men of sensitivity and good-will. They would consider it unthinkable and unnecessary to resort to such terrible solutions if motivated by seemingly unsolvable political or ideological differences or disagreements. Likewise if the conflict be caused by the simple existence of distinct racial characteristics which manifest themselves as an unknown quantity and are thus feared and hated. This being a workable evaluation of traditional humanitarian ethical orientation, men of supposed good-will could hardly condone such deliberate and brutal murder for the value of corpses as a relatively cheap source of raw material and food. Less so could they stand aside and allow human skins to be fashioned as serviceable articles of clothing or a class of mankind bred, fattened and killed solely to provide flesh for consumption.

There are a few eccentric exceptions to this in contemporary peace and libertarian movements. Gary Snyder, an American poet who publicly proclaims anarchist and Buddhist persuasions, has made an unargued and unjustified plea for violence. Others have simplified and distorted news, events and facts in order to justify taking sides in various violent conflicts. They have thought dualistically, ignored higher alternatives and arrived at partial and thus distorted views and opinions. Some are irrevocably committed to war, violence, execution and imprisonment, which they claim to be unavoidable and essential in specific situations and circumstances.

Most people who advocate, and claim to practice, peace, non-violence, harmlessness, anarchism and total revolution need a clarification or qualification of their positions inasmuch as they are fundamentally dishonest because selective. A significant proportion of peace activists limit the actual expression of their humane concern mainly to one animal species, their own. Individual human idiosyncrasy, cultural habits and current ideas largely determine which creatures escape direct abuse, which are made extinct and which are found serviceable and are therefore controlled and preserved for predetermined exploitation.



The ancient awareness or understanding that no part of nature functions in isolation and that man is but one part of a vast tapestry is increasingly ignored. The certain realization of an essential

balance, a pervading interaction, fusion and harmonic interweaving of the cosmic flow is largely forgotten. An irrational, destructive Jewish tribal notion that nature is primarily intended to be selfishly exploited by its most powerfully evolved member still holds sway. A perverted and degrading normality, as opposed to naturalism, and the depressingly disastrous findings of serious ecological research are the inevitable results of many centuries of environmental misuse.

Many human limitations and failings are obviously motivated by ignorance, delusion, conditioning, thoughtlessness, stupidity, and as such are perfectly understandable and forgivable. This scarcely applies to the open-minded, intelligent, thinking majority on the revolutionary peace scene. Selfishness, unconcern, hypocrisy, barely suppressed, rather than effectively transcended, instinctive cruelty or a remarkable talent for ignoring unpleasant realities is more probably an explanation for their revolting eating habits and the terrible suffering such indulgences necessitate.

An utterly sincere, civilized, cultured and able editor of a journal dedicated to revolutionary non-violence answered a query as to whether he was a vegetarian by answering 'both'. A reasonably gifted poet who continually affirms as his maxim 'Does this act require victims' (derived from the ahimsa, harmlessness

doctrine) explains his fleshmeat addiction by saying 'lots of beautiful animals eat meat'. Both witty and polished rejoinders but they evade the real question and as such hardly deserve serious considera-

tion. The self-proclaimed 'beautiful people' at a recent American *love-in* displayed the essential value of their doctrine of love and beauty by roasting six whole steers. Some humanity if little merit was shown as the unfortunate creatures were slaughtered before the ritualistic, sacrificial burning commenced. Members of Buddhist monastic orders have employed others to provide their contemplative tables with flesh fare and assumed this would enable them to evade any detrimental causality. Christians have seldom had to undergo similar torturous gymnastics. They have used their kitchens as crematories, their tables as morgues and their stomachs as cemeteries without noticeable disturbing twinges of conscience or apparent remorse.

There is a scarcity of responsible scientific or medical evidence in favour of flesh diet. There is alternatively a prodigious volume suggesting fleshmeat consumption to be extremely harmful to the human system. Man has evolved as a vegetarian animal by developing a vegetarian physiology. Carnivores and omnivores, unlike man, possess anatomical characteristics suited to fleshfood diet. Man has a long bowel, sweats through the skin, his jaws can move from side to side and his teeth are adapted to chewing. Human saliva contains ptyalin which allows us to predigest the starches contained in grains. Fleshfood carries the toxic waste from the dead animal's bloodstream plus any fear poisons and those proliferating bacterial organisms which effect during decomposition. Not to mention such unusual incidents as diseased tissue and virus. Decidedly not a reassuring or appetizing reflection. All this accumulation of toxic matter is rapidly expelled in short-bowelled animals but in long-bowelled man lingers in the intestines and is consequently absorbed into the bloodstream with equally predictable and disastrous results. Simple blood contamination and food poisoning the least

engendered dangers.

Ah, but think of economic priority. Growing world famine and overpopulation are too tragic and pressing a problem to be overridden by idealistic hair-splitting. Not so. Cattle require eight times as much land as human beings to sustain them and a ridiculously low proportion of the food they devour is recoverable in the form of flesh nutrition. A mixed diet user (which is what most flesh addicts in fact are) needs 1.63 acres and 1.3 acres of this is taken up by flesh cultivation. Conversely only .6 acres are necessary to provide an abundant and varied vegetarian diet. You feast upon your fat juicy steak at the ultimate expense of some starving Indian peasant picking grains out of cow turds for his supper and when the hungry nations turn on the pot-bellied ones it will perhaps be rather too late to meditate usefully upon that.

With no medical, scientific, health, economic, problematic or ethical excuses available to justify fleshmeat addiction, it is tempting to simplify a complex, relatively uncharted psychological area and fall back on such trite generalisations as primeval echoes or vibrations. Yet it is reasonable to assume that the species degenerated into fleshfood consumption habits during the Ice Age, when it was perhaps essential for physical survival, initiating a regressive evolutionary impetus which has presently ossified into a static tradition. Other theories also deserve consideration. Human evolution did not necessarily effect by one route alone. There are possibly men amongst us who are by nature more carnivorous than most.

Nonetheless to articulate or practice a solidarity, brotherhood, love, peace, harmlessness and compassion which does not embrace all living creatures is at best extremely limited and at worst hardly worthy of its name.

DAVE CUNLIFF.

BANDITRY TODAY

MILAN IS THE SCENE of a battle between gangsters and police which has caused deaths and many wounded. Chicago in the 'thirties has been immediately recalled, when the streets of the populous American metropolis were the scene of battles between police and bandits, of the 'settling of accounts' and struggles between rival gangs to control a particular district.

People have felt a sentiment of painful surprise at the bestial brutality of a group of 'outlaws', amongst them a youth of 17 years, which has caused death and injury to numerous unknown people and innocent bystanders.

The reactions of the Press to this bloody episode have been various, and range from the right-wing papers, who call for preventive measures, police reinforcements, more controls, the necessary severity to the delinquents, even the revival of the death penalty, to those of the 'left' papers which call for more prudence on the part of the police who should have let the gangsters escape rather than open fire in a crowded thoroughfare, and could have thus avoided the tragedy (so says *L'Unita*). For this, *L'Unita* has been accused of cynicism by the Socialist paper *Il Lavoro Nuovo*.

There has been no lack of ministerial declarations, assurances from the Chief of Police, praises for the courageous policemen who have prevented Milan from becoming a second Chicago. All these declarations, assurances, calls to duty, do not at all touch the roots of the problem of crime and its causes, but limit themselves to staying 'within the bounds' of the system, within which delinquency is to be combatted (to eliminate it is, evidently, impossible). The situation will certainly be attacked since it has involved the death of innocent people, but only to a certain extent, since otherwise the very bases of the capitalist system will be affected (the banks!) and

the sacred rights of property. In fact, it's when there are bank robberies (with or without bloodshed), that there is the loudest outcry against those who have the temerity to try to solve the problem of existence with the machine-gun and other appropriate appliances.

The journalist Guido Nozzoli has gone to the roots of the matter, though with hesitation and half-heartedly in an article in the *Guorno* of September 28. He talks of 'a cancer of our times against which demonstrations of uncontrolled anger are of little use... even the most savage criminal should be judged severely, but also judged as a man, as a product of our Society'.

Armed robbery is the same as robbing the workers of a part of the product of their labour; it is like manufacturing harmful products for profit, it is reducing the production of cereals by 15% to 'stabilize the market' (e.g. the American Ministry of Agriculture) when everyone knows that there are millions of hungry people in the world, and dismissing workers who are 'no longer needed' to increase profits; it is like stopping relief to sick people after six months because the 'Ministry of Health only pays for six months', just at the moment when the patients are in greater need than ever; it is like exalting, as do all the heads of state and generals in their fancy hats, the various imperialistic and other massacres in which millions of young men have died to defend the dirty interests of capitalism; it is like waging a genocidal war, as in Vietnam, while pretending to defend the freedom of the country, as do the brass-faced gentlemen who rule the United States; it's like pretending that it's permissible for some to have millions and others to have nothing, and so on, and so forth.

This is the heart of the matter, we maintain. But nobody talks of it, naturally. They call for the death penalty, police reforms, they weep over the spill-

ing of blood, they move us to tears, but nobody has the courage to say that the tree of capitalism is inevitably destined to bear such fruit.

What do you expect to emerge from a world where there are riches and poverty, the worker sweating for 8-10 hours a day for a low wage while his boss has a villa at the seaside and in the mountains, a wife and a mistress, and does nothing apart from hiring his workmen? It's a bit like the laws which people imagine will abolish, or at least reduce, prostitution. In this world where everything that has use-value is sold, one can find some 'use' for every kind of merchandise. Why, therefore, should a young woman spend her days with a bent back in some factory, chivvied by the foreman, when she can get good money by selling her own body? In fact, she's selling her body just as much by straining it in the cotton mills, for her employer.

The same goes for the gangster who sees in the 'lucky strike' a chance to escape the fatigue of working and the ridiculous rewards therefore, and also a chance to get on, to the level of the bosses who have villas, cars, mistresses. Getting on, isn't that the first and last aim of all the inhabitants of our charming world?

He who gets on does it by exploiting hundreds, or thousands, of his own kind; some get on by adulterating foodstuffs, some get on by selling arms to governments to be used in 'liberating' some unfortunate country, and gain a whole pot of money; some get on by going into politics, pocketing huge salaries and talking rubbish to thousands of dupes; some get on by prostitution and, finally, some get on by robbing banks, shooting at last for their own interests after, perhaps, twenty years shooting in wartime in the interest of armament manufacturers.

We certainly don't intend to justify the Milan gangsters, they are to be condemned just like food-adulterators, or those who make people work and pay them about half the value of their labour.

The gangster, the adulterator, the professional butcher, are the product of this bourgeois society.

tr: j.w.s.

From *L'Humanita Nova*

GET COMMITTED!



BURN, BABY, BURN! THE LOS ANGELES RACE RIOT OF AUGUST 1965, by Jerry Cohen and William S. Murphy. Victor Gollancz, 1966.

IT IS INTERESTING to read this in conjunction with and in contrast to the Situationists' *Decline and Fall of the Spectacular Commodity Society*. The protest described in the latter polemical tract is admitted—without much attempt to understand or analyse it—by the authors of *Burn, Baby, Burn!* (both journalists on the staff of the *Los Angeles Times*); what is valuable in their work is their demonstration of how completely unorganised and spontaneous was that protest: spontaneous in the sense that only after it was well begun did the participants bother to go beyond the instinctive, almost unconscious reaction, 'they can't just come here and shove us around like that'. There is also an unintended pathos in the way Cohen and Murphy portray the heroic 'law enforcement officers' (many of them it appears have even experienced a 'call' to enter that profession) rushing ineffectually from one looting and burning to another; by the end of it all one begins to suspect that boredom among the rioters (who of course had no constructive alternative to offer to the 'spectacular commodity society'—otherwise they would not have needed the riots) may have considerably helped the 15,000 National Guardsmen to restore order: the saturnalia was over.

In the society dedicated to the pursuit of the perfect pseudo-event, even tragedy becomes a sideshow. 'They kept coming in,' complained one rioter afterwards, 'even though they'd been warned not to. They came to see us put on a show.' (p. 101.) Reading the accounts of the experiences of newsmen, cameramen, soundmen, etc.—and some were pretty roughly handled—I at least experienced a feeling that there was an element of

rough justice in the tasting of a little of that agony which is the reality of that violence which to so many of them is simply their daily bread and butter. The best, most orthodox-anarchist comment on the whole scene was that of one rioter: 'That don't look like looting to me. That's just picking up what you need and going.' (p. 133.) A sketch of a middle-class white resident of one of the suburbs of Los Angeles—who is able to be against both racial segregation and negroes without any apparent sense of strain—is a good picture of the brutal schizophrenic hell of American middle-class values at work. (pp. 186-188.) The vanity of authority is well represented: from the bureaucratic pomposity and petty wrangling of the official campaign against poverty, to remarks such as those of Thomas Kudel (California's senior Republican senator) calling upon 'all citizens involved in this frightening and bloody breach of the peace to become law-abiding and rational' (p. 183); the Los Angeles Police Chief Parker thought it was 'very much like fighting the Viet-cong' (ibid.). Cohen and Murphy give an interesting short biographical account of Parker, whom they describe as looking upon himself and his police force as 'the front line of defence against a creeping moral jungle'. 'It is hard for me,' he said to an interviewer in 1962, 'to believe that our society can continue to violate all the rules of human conduct and expect to survive. I think I have to conclude that this civilisation will destroy itself as others have before it.' (p. 277.) The 'violations' Parker was thinking of were the activities of the civil rights' demonstrators and the decisions of the Supreme Court upholding them; he may have been a truer prophet than he knew how to be.

MARTIN SMALL.

Rough and Restless Winter in Spain

YAWNING IN SPAIN is always treated more as a symptom of a hungry belly than anything else! No doubt there was plenty of excuse for it in the past, but not now, having had in recent years a potato glut to contend with. Everyone having been urged to stuff themselves with spuds, and blokes going round houses, like Fairy Snowmen, giving people pesetas for every spud they could produce.

It would have been strange, indeed, if some of Europe's economic prosperity had not rubbed off on Spain. Material and social progress can obviously occur even under the darkest dictatorial regimes. Social changes never await a change of government, and what improvement there has been, has taken place in spite of the dictatorship and not because of it. Negligence always being preferable to interference when manifested in government; our chief complaint against the Spanish State is not that it has failed to promote progress, as no government can do that, but that its policy actually obstructs and threatens the workers' well-being.

Left to itself though, capitalism isn't much better and most of Spain suffers not from hunger and starvation, so much as bad living and working conditions, and too many potatoes. Prices and qualities vary greatly over the country, due to bad communications. In Madrid, good milk was always difficult to come by, whilst in Alicante the meat is poor and expensive. Almost everywhere there is a lack of this or a shortage of that, which often ends up putting the price of some vital food outside the pockets of the poorer classes.

EMPTY VILLAGES

Then again, the villages of Central and Southern Spain empty, while the tourist cities and towns of the coast are cram-packed with migrant labour. Consequently, agricultural production fell from more than 25% of the total national product in 1960, to less than 20% in 1965. Agricultural production itself rose by just 2½% in the decade 1950-60 and the population of Spain now



SHANTY TOWN—MADRID 1967

actively employed in agriculture is down to 35% of the total. Also, it is only recent that the yield of some essential crops has exceeded that of before the Civil War.

Significantly, on the other hand, the production of citrus fruits, on which Spain depends for exports, has grown satisfactorily. Yet, even so, Spain ended 1966 with a heavy trade deficit and for the first time in history imported more agricultural produce than she exported. A poor do, when one remembers Spain was more or less self-sufficient in all essential food production before the Civil War and even had a surplus in some crops.* Now she is largely dependent on imports for some basic foods.

All this seems to confirm what we

have known all along, that Spain is undergoing a rapid agricultural decline and the fact that most of the information in this article was taken from *Levante*† does not deprecate this. Also that growing fruit, particularly oranges, for the foreign market, is much more profitable for farms with enough water, than attempting to supply their Spanish customers with a staple diet.

It is clear that here is a cause for the climbing prices, of which food, rents, electric, and public transport are among the recent rises, which Spain is experiencing. With agriculture having been left to die its own death, with no hope of revival, the workers still continue to seek work in the industrial centres and the touristic coast, where it is reported to be not so plentiful as it was.

COASTAL CONDITIONS

On the coast, in March of this year, workers claimed to be better off than when I worked there, three years ago, although they admitted doing overtime and piecework on the building sites for 1,350 pesetas to 1,500 pesetas (£8-£9) a week. A working day in Spain often means from 7 in the morning till 7 or 8 at night, with Sundays off. Not much fun, and this is what a mate of mine does in Alicante, to keep his wife and kid in a room not much bigger than the size of their double bed and with a kitchen, which they share with the owners. The migration of workers to the coast has brought with it problems not entirely unlike those of the immigration of Pakistanis into England, of which the most notable is housing shortage. My mate's dad, on the other hand, is less well-blessed regarding his job. He works as a dustman for 750 pesetas (£4 10s.) a week, and as he doesn't get overtime, he has to go to work in a scrap yard every night, when he has done on the dust-cart. These cases are typical of many here, in Spain!

When I was working in Spain, the bosses got away with murder! Wages were often not paid on time on the building sites, and the place where we worked often paid us for less hours than we put in. Some companies still make blokes redundant before the holidays, then start them on again after, to avoid paying holiday pay.

The state of living and working conditions in the villages of Central and South Spain do not bear thinking about, if these workers came to the coast for a better life. Even though industrial growth is supposed to be about 12% a year at the present time, a friend of mine has a lad of 20, living in what is reckoned to be an industrialised part of Cadiz, and he has not worked more than three months since he left school, and he cannot draw benefits because he has not worked long enough to qualify. There again, the system of benefits is so tight here that a pensioner (a brickie) of my acquaintance has to do jobs on

the sly to supplement his pension, for which he risks a sentence if caught.

STRUGGLES AHEAD

This winter, which promises to be a particularly bad one for the workers of Western Europe, will be, according to some sources, a particularly rough and restless one in Spain and Portugal. As the recession sets in, the refugee workers will return to their jobless lands, as they are doing already according to the anxious Portuguese press. It is hard to see how they can be absorbed without a struggle. Already there is a growing demand to increase the minimum wage in Spain, and this is not surprising considering the amount of dependents, young and old, a wage packet here often has to cater for.

In these struggles of the Spanish working classes, the Spanish anarchists have always been valuable and useful participants. Never imposing their ideology, even when ideals were better thought of than they are in England today, they worked exclusively for the workers' well-being. Only in the midst of a strike or social conflict did they put to use the applicable and useful parts of their theories. If some of our own revolutionaries regard this as reformist, then if obliging the workers is reformist, we should all be for reformism. Bending over backwards and developing a more acute and sympathetic ear to the demands of the working-class is essential, for living standards will always appear, to most people, more important than political ideas. And if, after our participation in the social struggle, anarchism does not profit so much as the workers' wellbeing, then what does it matter? We are not ideological capitalists tightly calculating the profit and loss of our efforts. There is still much to be learnt from the Spanish experiences of effective anarchism.

A CORRESPONDENT.

*See *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Spain.
†*Levante*, regional paper published in Valencia, issues dated 1.4.67 and 4.4.67.
*La Agricultura Española, A Examen I & II.

Freemasonry

THERE IS AND ALWAYS has been some dissension in the French anarchist movement as to whether anarchists can also be freemasons. Paddy Fields, in his report in *FREEDOM*, says, 'No, I am not joking!' But this is quite a serious question. He should understand that the word 'freemason' conveys something utterly different to a Frenchman than it does to an Englishman, in the same way that 'royalist' has utterly different overtones here from those it has on the Continent.

I recall a Spanish comrade once defending the articles in the CNT-FAI English language *Boletín de Información*, by saying that as the Anarchists were numerically inferior in England it was necessary in this bulletin to appeal to 'the bourgeois' republicans—he was quite incredulous that these were manifestly fewer in numbers! However, whereas the royalist label in Spain signifies acceptance of old-fashioned feudalism, in England it is merely a hallmark of respectability; while in the thirties the noisily royalist section in England (outdoor Jubilee tea parties, banners across the streets, etc.) were precisely the poorer districts where the Communist Party had made the most strides.

In the same way, British so-called freemasonry is merely the 'knife-and-fork masonry' used by the middle-class for business activity and contact. What is called 'Scottish rite' retains only the ritual of freemasonry. It is commercial and under the domination of the upper-classes, except in those places where there is an Irish Catholic working-class and it takes on the character of a rival Tory working-class movement. Even this, however, is not the masonry inveighed against in Catholic countries. For many years respectable Tory Rotarian masons have wondered at hearing the clerical-fascist mob in countries like Austria crying, 'Down with the Masons!' It sounds to them rather like 'Down with Mitcham Golf Club!'

Continental freemasonry has in the past been a main instrument of the bourgeois revolution, and played a part in liberation from Catholic dogma—rather similar to a militant secularist movement. Bakunin utilised the secret societies of Spain to build up a following all over Spain (this is the main historical reason why

a study of masonry is important; superficial historians like Prof. Carr imagine that Bakunin's secret societies were all pretence, and offer no real explanation of how he came to influence the Spanish workers). Whether the masonic movement—now like all nineteenth century radical bourgeois movements outdated so far as the workers are concerned—has still a part to play, is a matter for discussion, similar to the question of whether radical secularism has a part to play. The French masons are in no way revolutionary (though the Spanish still are in some degree). Their organisation is rather like that of the British Humanists, where professors and academics take the place of priests and bishops, and unbelieving bishops are not unwelcome. Those knowing the set-up of British Humanism may marvel that some anarchists can be humanists; or they may argue that anarchists at the university, at least, have a place inside the humanist movement. This is a parallel with freemasonry in France; Paddy Fields should not make the mistake that there are any anarchists in any movement vaguely similar to what passes off as freemasonry in England. The Pope does not go to the trouble of forbidding Catholics to be freemasons in order to keep them out of English lodges! As F. A. Ridley pointed out, the late Pope clearly demonstrated his 'infallibility' when he assured English Catholic MPs that when he spoke against socialism he was certainly not thinking of the English Labour Party. When he speaks about freemasonry he is not thinking of Members' Night at the 'Goat & Compasses' either.

There is of course a strong case against French masonry, but it is not such a clear-cut case as Paddy Fields obviously thinks. While the detestation in which Spanish clerical-fascism holds freemasonry is a measure of its claim to be at least current allies; though whether the working-class needs allies is another issue.

INTERNATIONALIST.

WE GO TO PRESS ON MONDAY. LATEST DATE FOR RECEIPT OF MSS., LETTERS, MEETING NOTICES IS THE MONDAY IN EACH WEEK OF PUBLICATION.

Zengakuren

SUCH RECENT INCIDENTS as the struggles at LSE, Wilson's hostile reception at Cambridge, and the support provided by Manchester University students for the Roberts-Arundel picket, might lead the unwary observer to suppose that British students, or at least a minority of them, are becoming a very radical lot indeed. However, when compared to Japan Zengakuren (the Japanese equivalent of NUS), even the most active British student will be forced to confess that he has so far only been playing at militancy, and that his full potential as a government policy-wrecker, street-fighter and propagandist has hardly begun to be realized.

A recent history of Zengakuren* reveals that in their twenty years of existence they have called more strikes than Jack Dash, organized some of the bloodiest demonstrations ever seen by our generation, and—hear this!—fought en masse alongside railway workers, miners and peasants against unpopular government policy. One photograph contains the incredible caption: '80,000 workers and students occupied the front yard of the Diet building, overwhelming 5,000 policemen on Nov. 27th, 1959'. Can you imagine the NUS calling out its members in support of trade unionists and filling Trafalgar Square?

Of course, Zengakuren, unlike the NUS, is a fighting organization, born out of conflict. Before the war, Japanese students were divided by virtue of the fact that the country's universities were not all State controlled—many were privately owned. However, in March 1948, the tuition fees of all universities were raised very considerably, and 114 of them went on strike, supported by the Teachers' Union. Japan Zengakuren was formed as a co-ordinating body, a national federation, and now has a membership of 350 autonomous associations and 300,000 students.

The effectiveness of this organization, unhampered by careerist, self-seeking, arse-licking leaders, carving out for themselves a comfortable niche in the Establishment, was first discovered in 1949 during Japan's 'Red Purges'. The ruling class in Japan, in co-operation with the US Occupation Army, began a huge witch-hunt throughout the country. The policy of the trade union leaders, we are

told, was 'confused' and 20,000 militant workers lost their jobs. However, when a similar attempt was made to weed out the universities, 200,000 students closed ranks and fought back with a succession of strikes and demonstrations which lasted until October 1950 but ended in victory for Zengakuren.

The next seventeen years brought a regular succession of strikes and demonstrations triggered off by such things as: the Korean War; nuclear tests; US military bases; a 'Police Duty Law' which aimed at 'strengthening and expanding state supervision and control over political and private activity of the people'; the Japanese-USA Mutual Security Treaty; the University Control Bill; the occupation of Okinawa; etc., etc., etc. Practically every year from 1950 to 1966 was characterized by a general strike over some issue, and in case anyone cherishes the idea that all these strikes and demonstrations were nothing more than free, fun-packed holidays, they will do well to remember that one girl was clubbed to death and literally thousands of students badly injured and arrested by the vicious riot police—armed with tear gas and night-sticks, and protected with steel helmets and plastic visors—who were, and still are, thrown unrestrainedly against the nation's youth. These thugs in uniform don't need the walls of a police station to conceal their brutality for the gloves are off with a vengeance in Japan, and all the ugliness of a government whose power is threatened is clearly evident.

RANK AND FILE CONTROL

The Zengakuren has remained, so far as it is possible to judge, under the control of the rank and file members (probably due to its federal aspect), and has preserved intact its independence from the Japanese Communist and Socialist Parties. Of course the CP, in their nasty, inimitable way, tried to take over the leadership and, as is their wont, failed dismally. Equally unsuccessful were their attempts to direct the student struggle through parliamentary channels, and (an old Bolshevik tactic) to destroy Zengakuren when they found they could not control it. Finally, they pulled their members out, after expelling those who disagreed with party policy, and formed a small, rival organization.

The principal lessons to be learned from the example of Zengakuren are, I think, as follows. Firstly, whether one is a student or a worker the same essential IWW truth holds good—an injury to one is an injury to all. The only possible tactic with which to oppose the principle of 'divide and rule' is solidarity, right down the line. Secondly, it appears that any militant organization can only remain militant if it resists the kiss of death of a take-over bid by a political grouping, and remains controlled by its rank and file. And finally, if either students or workers ARE successful to the degree that they cause the slightest tremor to shake the bastions of power, they must be prepared to face the open violence of the private army of the nation state. This last could be the most useful lesson for all those good-hearted people who, in their innocence, still think that 'All coppers are bastards' is an exaggerated sentiment.

DAVEY JONES.

*Zengakuren: 20 Years' Struggle. Pamphlet published by the All Japan Federation of Student Autonomous Associations, NC-JRCL, Zenshinsha, 2-62-9 Higashi ikebukuro, Toshima-ku, Tokyo.



A New Year Subscription for a Friend?

Have You Seen Any Good Riots Lately?

THE YOUNG OFFENDER, by D. J. West. A Pelican Book. 6/-.
THE VIOLENT GANG, by Lewis Yablonsky. A Pelican Book. 7/6.

CRIME AND VIOLENCE will always be topics of evergreen interest to people of all shades of opinion. Because of their fascination, these topics produce an enormous folk-lore of confused and often quite erroneous belief; in fact, it is often those people who, by virtue of their limited personal experience and limited range of reading, are most ignorant, are nevertheless most dogmatic in their opinions. These two Pelican books are well worth reading, and reading THOROUGHLY, because of the great amount of factual material they contain.

The Young Offender deals primarily with the English scene and is written in an easy, journalistic style by one of the Assistant Directors of the Cambridge Institute of Criminology. *The Violent Gang* is a more scholarly work by an American professor of sociology, who did considerable field work in Manhattan around 1955; it is concerned entirely with the American scene.

West's book may well have been intended primarily for students concerned with a course in criminology, and as such it will meet their needs admirably, for not only is it easy reading, but it gives a basic list of references concerning books and journal articles which cover the field of juvenile crime fairly adequately. Both the academic sociologists and the psychologists may complain that he has given an all too journalistic account of their theories, but at least he directs the reader's attention to many basic texts. His chapter on 'The true extent of youthful crime' is of particular importance: it reveals very soberly that much of the supposed increase in juvenile crime, which is such a feature of contemporary comment, is more supposed than real. It is of interest to read a factual breakdown of the statistics and to see what they mean. This chapter is also of importance in that it touches on the modern researches into undetected crime, and the admission of criminal activity by people who have never been before the courts. Researches in the USA, Britain and the Scandinavian countries have shown that almost all young men have engaged in criminal acts at one time or another, and if everyone were to have come before the law, the number of young men at large would be surprisingly small.

THE 'DELINQUENT'

Having demonstrated that most youths do, in fact, engage in a certain amount of criminal activity, West tends to forget

this in some later sections of the book when he writes about the 'delinquent' as though there was really such an animal, separate from the rest of us. In other places he explains that what he is really talking about is the sort of youth who is frequently convicted of criminal offences, and this is, of course, to some degree a recognizable type. People of lower 'status' in terms of their income, education and skill of their work, tend to be arrested and convicted much more frequently than those who are better off, better educated, etc. The whole economic and social set-up is geared in favour of those of higher income and status, so it is not surprising that in less favoured social backgrounds criminal activity is rather more frequent, and the chances of arrest, conviction and severe sentencing by the courts, very very much more likely.

West is, on the whole, a middle-of-the-road liberal who presents a good deal of facts and passes few value judgements. He does not venture to put forward theories of his own but refers to the theories of other people. On the whole this is a point in favour of the book, for one must master a great deal of facts about criminal activity before one is in any position to assess sociological or psychological theories.

A number of studies have appeared concerning gangs in America, particularly over the last 40 years, and something of a folklore has grown up around them. Yablonsky's book is something of a new departure. He classifies gangs into three main categories, particularly with regard to teenagers and young adults: the social gang, the criminal gang and the violent gang. He contests the validity of the 'retreatist' gang which has been discussed in some American literature, and is supposed to consist of people who have retreated from the ordinary concerns of life, mainly by drug-taking. Those whose main aim in life is to go 'on the nod' he characterises as being far too asocial to belong to any sort of gang.

SOCIAL GANGS

While social gangs are, in the main, healthy associations of young people with common interests, and criminal gangs have the practical purpose of predatory gain by unlawful means in the jungle of economic competition, violent gangs have little purpose other than satisfying the appetite for violence and sadistic fantasy of their members. Yablonsky did considerable field work in close proximity to the violent gangs of Manhattan. These were mainly local groups of youths who compensated for their extreme social frustration and personal inadequacies by living in a state

of perpetual warfare.

Their warfare was not directed against the adult world, the police or society in general, but against each other. The poorer quarters of New York abounded with local gangs who gave themselves colourful names, the Egyptian Kings, Balkans, Dragons, Harlem Syndicate, Villains, Scorpions, etc. All these gangs maintained a perpetual state of warfare, uneasy alliances, temporary truces, betrayals and pointless attacks among one another. Brutal wounding were commonplace and there was the occasional motiveless murder. These gangs mimicked with horrible irony the state of affairs which exists between nation-states. Their assaults and affrays had not even the justification of rational plunder; generally they attacked one another out of a perverted preoccupation with violence.

Strange to say, racial troubles did not feature notably among their causes of conflict; Puerto Rican, Anglo-Saxon and Negro youths would be members of the same gang, and attack similarly constituted rival gangs merely because they inhabited a district a few blocks away. The ostensible reason for many conflicts was 'defence' of local territory, but this was often a thin excuse to justify an affray.

PLANNED AND CASUAL FIGHTS

Not only did these youths go in for a perpetual series of fights, planned and casual, but they did murder with their mouths as an obsessive preoccupation. The leading figures in the gangs talked of little else but the violence they would do, and mingled a great deal of fantasy with drab reality. They talked in terms of hundreds, even thousands, of members of gangs and confederations of gangs which did not exist, and convinced themselves and one another that some monstrous Armageddon was always about to take place.

The physical conditions of the slums of New York which formed the background of this diseased social set-up must be as bad as those of any modern city. A city of terrible contrasts between wealth and poverty, of freedom and unlimited opportunity and utter frustration for the deprived. In terms of real poverty these slum-dwellers were a great deal better off, say, than the poor of cities in India, but what counts in terms of frustration is the contrast between the American dream, and the reality for the social drop outs.

The personal study which Yablonsky did of a number of leading gang members revealed characters in whom the environment had engendered an extreme of violent psychopathy which just needed something to hate and attack.

Illogically enough, it was not the institutions which were the cause of their sickness against which they directed their aggression, but against their fellow-sufferers in the neighbouring slums. While the more adolescent members of the gangs were simply young hooligans who might be expected to grow out of their preoccupation with violence, the senior members were more twisted types.

SICK PSYCHOPATH

The recent pronouncements and activities of Michael Malik, the self-claimed Black Muslim in this country, are typical of this type of sick psychopath who is in fact the worst enemy of those he claims to champion. Love of violence often goes with a form of masochism, so that such nut-cases seldom lack for admirers and followers who adulate their leader the more he abuses them and leads them into self-destructive courses of action.

Yablonsky is unusual among writers on criminological topics in that he is a realist and does not need to wear any Establishment mask. Like Alex Comfort in this country, he sees violence as pathological when it is used by gangsters or by law-enforcement officers alike. Writing of the modern 'image' he says,

The good-guy sheriff, or lawman is as sociopathic and enjoys his violence as much as the Robin Hood type of outlaw. Within this media context, the violence role is justified and aggrandised by any flimsy pretext of a story line. The form of violence depicted is not really important as long as the violent hero is not clearly described as 'sick' or psychotic. For example, it would be difficult to imagine a Western psychologist telling the 'Gunslinger' or Elliott Ness, 'You really are disinterested in law enforcement; you simply love to assault and torture criminals because you are a sick man.'

IMPRESSIVE STUDY

Yablonsky makes no 'political' assessment of the nature of American society, and indeed his study is the more impressive because of its down to earth objectivity. He permits himself 'the commonplace observation that a society that fails to find remedies for its own disorganization and for its own institutionalized inequities is likely to continue to suffer from their consequences—those of violent gangs among them'. In this, he is rather more realistic than D. J. West who occasionally harks back to a sort of 'beast in man' explanation of criminality. West even cites historical examples like the French Revolution when (so he says) the breakdown of police power resulted in '... hordes of casual labourers and vagabonds whose criminal propensities were normally held in check

blossomed into fanatic murderers and pillagers'. Yablonsky has a broader concept of the meaning of real criminality than West. He realizes that the violent gang obtains a sort of 'legitimation' in the eyes of American society because of what it emulates:

Another clue to the legitimation of gang violence as non-pathological behaviour may be its uncomfortable closeness to the behaviour of the overall society. The 'crazy machination' of the violent gang and its 'military structure' are bizarre replicas of current structures of international violence and warfare. Using the social context of the current international scenes as a 'normal' reference point, violent gang machinations do not appear too pathological. Although many gang adjustments require closer examination, the violent gang interestingly caricatures many patterns of the upper world. The gang president (even if he doesn't really lead), drafting new soldiers (even if they are not really members), grand alliances (even if they do not fully co-operate), summit peace meetings (even if they are only for propaganda and solve nothing) are all constructs that bear some resemblance to the international climate of violence.

SOCIOLOGISTS BAFFLED

One feature that has always baffled sociologists and criminologists, is the absence of violent gangs, after the American model, in Britain. Glasgow is about the only town in Britain where there is anything like the violent gang pattern described by Yablonsky, and there it is a much weaker phenomenon. We have run-down slums enough in British towns, but social research has tended to emphasise the absence of what is a regular feature of many towns in America—in spite of the enthusiastic efforts of the British press which always hopes to discover violent teenage gangs.

Yablonsky has much to say of importance concerning the sociological and psychological implications of a preoccupation with violence. One cannot be associated with the broad spectrum of the 'revolutionary' movement of this country—anarchists, trots, commies and assorted Marxists, as well as fascists and race-hate nuts both white and black—without encountering many individuals and groups whose politics are a thin excuse for their infatuation with violence. Yablonsky's picture of the warring gangs of Manhattan, with their fantasies of a wholesale blood-bath, their illusory alliances and intrigues, their preoccupation with recruiting numbers, parodies not only of the international power-struggle, but the activities of many committed 'revolutionaries'. This is a book which has very wide implications.

G.



A SCOTS HAIRST, by Lewis Grassie Gibbon. Published by Hutchinson. 30/-.

SOME MONTHS AGO FREEDOM published a review of Ian Munro's biography of this Scottish novelist; now Gibbon's biographer has brought together a volume of his short stories, essays and poems none of which, apart from the story 'Smeddum',* were currently in print. Many of the stories are from the Scottish Scene volume upon which Gibbon collaborated with Hugh MacDiarmid in 1934, as are some of the essays. The book also includes, however, some hitherto unpublished poems, part of an unfinished manuscript and selections from Gibbon's school notebook.

Of the five short stories, four deal with peasant life in the Howe of the Mearns between the wars. The whole range of peasant feeling is explored in these short tales; from the grandeur of 'Clay', which tells of a man's passion for his land and the destruction this wreaks upon his family and himself, to 'Green-den' which illustrates the destructive forces of spite and bitterness in the community. The other story is a novel integration of the second coming myth with a glimpse of life as lived by a Communist family in a Scottish city in the '30s.

The essays provide interesting background material for an understanding of Gibbon, and one of them, 'The

Land', is easily their equal as a work of art. Two others are studies of Aberdeen and Glasgow in the '30s, and in these his humour and warmth are mingled with hatred of the social system that condemns people to live in the then prevailing conditions of deprivation. It is to these essays that the reader should turn in order to find out the writer's attitudes to nationalism, socialism and the fall of man from an idyllic culture of shifting cultivation to his present state. The last third of the book is taken up with his poems, stories written under his real name of Mitchell (both of these are of inferior standard), extracts from his school essays, in which his later dominant interests are already apparent, and finally 20 pages of manuscript of a new novel, which raises the question of what this man might yet have done if he had lived. Already he was the greatest Scottish writer since Dunbar, already his mastery of language, the integration of Scots idiom and English, excelled that of Joyce. He might have lived to become the writer of the century, but he would also have lived to see an American military base at Edzell, in the heart of the Mearns.

Every reader of FREEDOM should get this book, if only to be able to disagree with the claims I've made for Gibbon's genius.

IAN R. MITCHELL.

*In *Scottish Short Stories* (World's Classics).

New Jersey

DESPITE THE SUFFERINGS of Marlon Brando, violence once more flared into action at New York's waterfront and behind the liberal facade and the television interviews the goon squads are still acting out their hired roles as controllers for the Mafia and the Organisation.

For a few brief weeks the Newark waterfront came to a halt over the question of hiring practices and it was against this background that the killings of Pasquale Colucci, his brother Nicholas, and Peter Martelo must be examined. When Gerardo Catena, the newly elected Mafia boss of the Newark area, publicly stated that 'Nobody spits in Port Newark without my permission' it was accepted by informed opinion that Catena was informing those who sought to break the hold that the Mafia hoods have over the local loan-sharking rackets that the Newark waterfront was private Mafia property.

The late brothers Colucci were both active in the Newark docks and it is believed that they had decided to use Martelo's cocktail lounge as a meeting place when the two hired triggers walked in and blew the place apart and included in the debris were the three named men.

The local police quickly ruled out robbery for, despite the routine and laconic going over that they gave the

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THE MAFIA VOTES

killings, it became obvious that with the five hundred dollars found on the bodies of the three men and the fact that the shoot-up took place at 6.15 in the morning three hours after the cocktail lounge closed meant that other reasons must be sought. That the three men fought for their lives is evident when one surveys the shambles of the bar for it had been turned into a short sharp battleground.

This was not the usual sweet swift job of the professional triggers but the work of tough-minded goons ready and willing to kill for a fast buck. Pasquale Colucci had been employed as a hiring boss for the Mahers Stevedoring Co. while brother Nicholas had been an absentee member of Local 1235 leaving only the unfortunate Martelo, the bar owner, as the innocent bystander and those unknown members of the fatal meeting who left before the triggers and the police arrived to be accounted for.

But what made the killings of the Coluccis important is that they were the brothers of Vincent Colucci, the secretary-treasurer of Local 1235, who attended the Waterfront Commission conference that ended the work stoppage. A week or so ago Local 1235 and Local 1233 held a members' referendum to decide seniority priorities for hiring and the longshoremen were willing and eager to get back to work and it is felt, in those informed circles, that this was an opportune moment for the Mafia hoods under Catena to throw in a little muscle to point out the true path to the working stiff, for the independent Newark Locals are fighting to keep that fragile independence. It is idle and futile to formulate moral judgements for

the men are dead, the bar has been reopened and Catena's Mafia goons hold the Newark dock area in their greasy hands.

Yet this is but the reflection of a rich, economically primitive society, fanatic in its emotive beliefs and violent in its actions. All the reforming zeal, no matter how noble, and all vote-casting, no matter how numerous, can be but a palsied twitch in a corrupt body. While the dock gates are open the work-stiffs will work within them and the Mafia vermin, the goon squads, and the out-of-town triggers, will continue to operate, for in a society based on profit and violence who dares to cry for justice.

LUMPENPROLETARIAT.

Help!

**Moving Fund,
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good old Press Fund,
ALL NEED YOUR
CONTRIBUTION**

Roberts-Arundel Shut Down

'GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD rubbish!' So said Stockport's AEU District Secretary, Mr. J. Tocher, to the *Manchester Evening News*, as word of the likely closure of Roberts-Arundel got about. That same night, Mr. Pomeranz, head of the company, officially announced the shut-down and so, after just over a year, the American company of Roberts-Arundel admitted being all washed up.

The dispute has been one of the most bitter struggles to take place in the North-West. Forty-three demonstrators have been arrested, and noses, ribs and a great number of the factory windows have been smashed.

Faced with a management of of union haters, it has been a 'no-holds barred' dispute. The police, keen to keep the works going, faced workers and pickets up to the final bell, and on the day that the company announced the closure, there was a 100-strong picket outside the factory. Once again the pickets tried to break into the factory that

has caused them so much hardship and once again the police beat them back.

HOW IT STARTED

How did the dispute first arise? Memories become blurred and over a long period of time people tend to forget the issues involved, or they become oversimplified to such an extent that, in this case, the papers are now saying that the cause of the strike was the employment of women. However, what really happened was that in the summer of 1966 the company sacked a number of men, refusing to consult with the stewards on the sackings and also refusing to operate the normally accepted rule of 'last in, first out'. They insisted that they select arbitrarily the men who had to go, showing only too well their attitude towards the men and their shop stewards.

Not only did Roberts-Arundel want a smaller labour force, but they also wanted those who were left to give up their morning tea-breaks of 10 minutes per day and said they were prepared to pay what amounted to 6s. 5d. for the extra 50 minutes worked each week and to install tea-vending machines. The men refused to give up their tea-breaks or their kettles, but made no objection to tea-vending machines. However, when they returned from their annual holidays, they found that their kettles had been removed, but they took no action because the management once again raised the question of redundancies. Soon after this, the men found one morning that their tea-mugs had been smashed and their stools broken.

It wasn't until November 10 that the management informed two stewards, in a casual way just as they were leaving for home, that they intended to start women workers. There was no real consultation on this and the position was further aggravated when three women started doing the very jobs of some of the sacked men, but at half the wages. The dispute was taken through procedure, but the company refused to take the women off these particular jobs while discussions took place. Local officials and management registered a failure to agree and the men took a vote that if the management took on any more women without consultations, then they would take strike action. On November 28 the company started two more women and the strike began.

COMPANY LEAVES EMPLOYERS' FEDERATION

With such a short time to go to Christmas, the management no doubt thought that by provoking a strike, they would soon defeat the union organisation in the factory. This supposition is further strengthened by the fact that the Employers' Association, on December 2, suggested a return to work on an agreement that no more women would be started without full consultations. While the strike committee agreed to this, the company turned it down flat. In February, Roberts-Arundel resigned from the Engineering Employers' Federation and then tried to recruit labour in order to run the factory in what they called a 'free atmosphere'.

Mr. Pomeranz, the head of the company, thought he could run the Stockport factory on the same lines as his factory in North Carolina. He said the men at Stockport would not accept changes and work with modern equipment. He says that wages were raised and conditions improved.

However, a pamphlet, *Support the Roberts-Arundel Strike*, says, 'The management itself is extremely inefficient' and

that when new machinery from America was introduced, they were supposed to be built without any drawings at all. Instead fitters were provided with a book—known as the "bible"—containing photographs and details of 4,000 separate parts, and told to get on with it.'

Mr. Pomeranz has admitted that he does not like trade unions and has explained that he is a 'paternalist', and considers himself 'the Great White Father of the company' and that all employees must do what he tells them to. He might get away with this in North Carolina, in Mexico, or Italy or Belgium, but what he did not know was that Stockport is, on the whole, fairly well-organised in the engineering industry.

What beat Mr. Pomeranz was that, despite the fact that he had recruited 'scab' labour, the goods being produced were being 'blacked' by other workers. At the same time, the Lancashire and Cheshire Federation of Trades Councils was calling strikes in support, which affected other employers. In the end the orders were just not coming in and Mr. Pomeranz was forced to sack his scabs and close up.

A great deal has been made of the fact that this all took place in an American company, the Communist Party going full blast on it, but the English employers are guilty of a similar action at the IBR Jersey Mills in Brighton.

WERE NOT ISOLATED

The whole situation has been an embarrassment to Mr. Gunter, the Minister of Labour, but despite many appeals to condemn Roberts-Arundel, he has not done so. However, it is naive to expect Mr. Gunter to condemn this company, for he did not want to frighten American investors away and he probably thought that the company would win.

Forcing the company to close is a victory, not only for the strikers, but also for the workers who gave their support and solidarity. By taking direct action and not just leaving it to the officials, it has been shown that when disputes are taken out of their isolation, they can be won.

Even now there is still some suspicion about the intentions of the company and picketing is being continued by the sacked strikers, who think that the management is lying about closure. Even Mr. Tocher said, 'We've heard all this before. We will believe it when we see the "For Sale" signs on the factory.' Knowing this company, it could well be a fiddle to get the men to call off their action which has been stopping work over the past year.

Whether the management intends to close down or not, all militants and anarchists in the North-West area should see to it that if the strikers are not started on again, this factory will never work again, under the Roberts-Arundel management, not even in an administrative capacity as Mr. Pomeranz hopes. This is the least we can do.

B.B. & P.T.

Busmen's Battle

Since this was written the Unions have apparently accepted a £1 a week increase and called off the dispute. But it is clear from this article that whatever has, or will be, gained by the busmen is due entirely to their own struggles.

FOR TWO MONTHS most of the North-West's busmen, outside Manchester, have been caught up in a tough fight over pay and negotiating rights.

Local negotiating rights on wages and a rise in the low basic pay, was the general war-cry locally. National negotiations, as we all know, are slow at the best of times and a busman's basic pay is so low, that only by putting in long hours of overtime can he get anything like a wage.

Even so, there has been a right to do about it and the busmen in a lot of towns have been hard put to get their bosses to agree to talks. At Ashton, and other places the row brought on strikes, as the council bosses did their best to get back at the men.

During the dispute the T&G has been accused of guerrilla warfare in its use of tactics. Militant municipal busmen are now threatening strike action in any Lancashire town where talks on the 'Busmen's Charter' have not begun by Sun-

Freedom For Workers' Control

DECEMBER 23 1967 Vol 28 No 40

ORDER BOOK EMPTY

ONCE AGAIN the shipbuilding industry in the United Kingdom is in the doldrums. The order books are just about empty and closures plus redundancies are the order of the day. This, of course, is nothing new to the workers in the shipbuilding industry, they have been faced with this position throughout their history. But although most of the shipbuilding workers in the past have accepted this pattern of slumps and booms there are now signs of grave anxiety amongst them. They now see their own employment prospects in a situation where not only shipbuilding is suffering but in fact many other industries throughout the country are in the same position and the prospects of employment are nil.

The Geddes report on shipbuilding, although it contains vast improvements in the whole set-up of the industry, is still not the answer. For although modernisation and ideas are necessary for the industry, how can anyone expect workers to co-operate if it means redundancies and unemployment must follow. What must be done is that a planned programme must be put into operation so that the Geddes report can be carried out smoothly, without redundancies or closures. British shipowners must be forced to build their new ships in home yards, if this was done immediately it would alter the unemployment situation within the shipbuilding industry. To save the shipbuilding industry we must go further than Geddes is prepared to go—take the industry out of the hands of the British shipbuilding employers who are the real culprits for the mess the industry is in today.

The results of the employers lack of capital investment in the past is beginning to open the workers eyes. The money and profit that this industry made during World War II and the boom immediately after, caused by the replacement of lost merchant tonnage, was more than enough to have built up a modern shipbuilding industry. Geddes is still prepared to leave the industry in the owners hands and the British Labour Government is prepared to assist the owners by giving them £267 million

of public money—£200 million for shipowners, £67 million for the shipbuilders. With such large amounts of our money at stake we (the workers) should be in a position to have some say in the matter. British shipowners this year alone placed 71% of their orders in foreign yards. This along with our present orders would have been sufficient to have kept the industry at full capacity without any closures or threatened redundancies.

A potential area of development for the shipbuilding industry is the coastal trade. At the moment this carries approximately 80% of all British freight and with our road system congested with heavy transport this industry could and should be developed further. The shipbuilding industry Bill which was introduced in July this year with £200 million worth of cheap credit facilities must be taken advantage of immediately. Only a few British shipowners have taken advantage of this, the majority are operating a hands off policy. British shipbuilding workers should demand that the shipowners should place their orders in home yards like other maritime nations who, when they find their own shipbuilding industry in decline, demand that their shipowners build ships in the home yards. A policy like this would help many of the other industries that depend on shipbuilding.

The Geddes report on the shipbuilding industry makes a case for a growth industry and recommends at the same time that 27 of the major yards should be amalgamated into four groups on a regional basis; two on the Clyde, the others on the Wear and the Tyne, and a national labour force of 50,000 rising to 52,000 at peak periods. The rationalisation of the industry has been the ambition of the shipbuilding employers for many years. However, no matter how this industry is streamlined and modernised, if it remains in the hands of the capitalists it will still be subject to the slumps and booms of capitalism. Tinkering with the fabric of capitalism will not alter its nature—only workers' control will solve this problem.

ANDY MCGOWAN.

free rides to the public (like some trades and business men are at Ashton, to fill in for the less corporation buses, due to the ban), the same papers which are supposed to be worried about the effect of the bus ban on the public, would've shouted blue murder.

DON'T COLLECT THE FARES!

RUN THE BUSES—DON'T COLLECT THE FARES. Many think this the best way to beat the council bosses. During this dispute conductors have been slack about collecting fares, it's a wonder they didn't call it off altogether.

Maybe it's against the law, but perhaps we have a rash respect for the law. For all the law does is protect those who have a lot against those who have a little. Note how the police fought to protect the Roberts-Arundel factory from its own striking workers.

All long disputes are of course nerve-racking to anarchists, who'd sooner get things over and done with, with the least suffering to both workers and public. It's easy for us to talk, but we don't see why we shouldn't break the law, if it saves people suffering.

Meanwhile, it's going to be horse-work getting the councils to agree to our demands. Local councils lack able negotiators and if only for this reason, it won't be easy to have future negotiations dealt with locally on wages. The boneheads on the councils can't be expected to be eager to expose themselves to risk and ridicule at the hands of union negotiators, without a struggle.

NORTH-WEST WORKER.

Contact Column

This column exists for mutual aid. Donations towards cost of typesetting will be welcome.

What?! Committee of 100 'Carols' Concert, Grosvenor Square, December 22, 7 p.m. and after.

Student Anarchism. New fiery magazine starting beginning of next year. Enquiries from students, as well as articles, welcome. R. Bebb, 103a Camden Road, N.W.1.

Gerry Bree would like to see friends. Ward 7 MB, Rainhill Hospital, near Liverpool.

Diggers to the Rescue! Comrades without accommodation are welcome at 'Telga' Flower Power Hall, St. Martin's Secondary School, Adelaide Street, Trafalgar. Ask for Sid Rawle.

The Troupe. Improvised Theatre. If you want to take part write to Neil Hornick, 618B Finchley Road, N.W.11.

Easter March. CND preliminary meeting. January 4, 7.30 p.m., Euston Tavern, 73 Euston Road, N.W.1.

Pandora Studios. Anarchist Silk Screen and Graphic Design, 256 Pentonville Road, N.1 (01-837 0088).

Toys. Stickers now available—'Give the toys of peace—not the toys of war'—3/- per 100, from Gibson, Brotherhood Church, Stapleton, Pontefract, Yorks.

Flats and Houses Cleaned. Simple redecoration and gardening jobs wanted. A. W. Uloth, 75 Templars Avenue, London, N.W.11.

Pamphlets. 'The Origins of the Spanish Revolutionary Movement' (M. Dasha)—2/6; 'Surrealism and Revolution' (anthol.)—2/6; 'Sixteen-Forty-nine, story of Diggers and Levellers'—5/-. Coptic Press, 7 Coptic Street, London, W.C.1.

Commune. Money without strings wanted to set up 'acritic' commune in Colchester. Agriculture and light industry. Write to Desmond Jeffery, Burnt Oak, East Bergholt, Colchester.

International Anarchist Camp 1969. Proposed to hold it in S.E. England—offers of assistance, suggestions for suitable sites to Jim Huggon, 173 Kingshill Avenue, Northolt, Middlesex.

'Save Greece Now' Defence Fund. Donations for Terry, Mike and Del to Brettia Carthey, 8 Vincent Square Mansions, Walcott Street, London, S.W.1.

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