

## Government, Employers & Unions

# THE UNHOLY TRINITY

**MR. BARBER'S MINI-BUDGET** announcements should be seen as a political move rather than an economic one. They represent a change in the economic course which is being made for political reasons in order to smooth the way for the coming vote in Parliament in the autumn on our entry into the Common Market. They will also help the Government's campaign in the intervening months to persuade the public of the wisdom of this

move.

Many may doubt the economic wisdom of reflating the economy at this particular moment, but political considerations are now uppermost in the Government's mind. Something had to be done to slow down the continuing increases in the cost of living.

The announcement by the Confederation of British Industry that it was willing 'to ask industry to do

its utmost to avoid price increases over the next 12 months and to do its utmost to limit unavoidable increases to 5 per cent or less', has given the Heath Government its chance to reflate the economy. Both the CBI and the TUC agreed on the necessity of this. They both want to see a much faster growth rate and the Government's 4-4½ per cent will give them both satisfaction.

### TO STIMULATE GROWTH

Mr. Barber's mini-budget is designed to create the impression that it is giving something to both the employers and the public. It is in fact designed to stimulate growth and profit, the basic necessities for the survival of capitalism. The investment allowances will give an incentive to early investment. Reductions in purchase tax will only bring substantial benefits to a few and these will be mainly in the very high income bracket. The lifting of hire purchase restrictions will stimulate demand and place more people in debt.

The Government and the CBI are now looking to the trade unions to limit their pay demands and so complete a tripartite pact. The TUC has always been willing to co-operate along these lines as long as certain requirements are fulfilled. Now that these have been announced — price restraint and growth—the TUC are really obliged to join in.

The TUC want to see a thriving economy and the continuation of the capitalist system of production. All employers want growth and the

only time that they and the TUC disagree is when this growth creates too much demand and inflation follows. Trade union leaders favour co-operation with the employers and the Government rather than conflict. These measures will produce a consumer spending spree which will increase demand and cut unemployment. The employers and the Government are reversing their programme of saving to one of spending in an effort to get the economy going.

There seems no reason to doubt that the TUC will co-operate. While no formal incomes policy will be declared, a voluntary one will operate. Some express doubts that the 'militant' trade union leaders, such as Scanlon and Jones, will accept such restraint, but instead of placing a 30 per cent claim for engineers on Tuesday, Scanlon said that it would be deferred until it was seen how the new economic measures were working.

A 'quid pro quo' agreement between the TUC, the employers and the Government would only suit those who favour the profit motive capitalist system. Such an agreement would be against the interests of working people, not only because it would make it harder to win high wage awards, but mainly because it strengthens bodies who already exercise too much power. We want to weaken these groupings for the leaders within the trade unions already restrained and confine the working people far too much without giving them added strength to act as policemen.

### MAKING USELESS RUBBISH

It is not the role of the working class to solve the problems of a system that exploits, pollutes and degrades human life. The trade union leaders are willing to assist in this for the power, prestige and material welfare that it brings. However the continued growth in production is a necessity of capitalism and it is usually the production of anything as long as it makes a profit. A large proportion of people spend their working lives making useless rubbish for profit and not only is the rubbish they make a waste, but also the time they spend doing it.

Anarchists do not see the accumulation of goods as the be-all and end-all of life. We would rather see production geared to real needs instead of wasteful profit. We want people to take over production and run industry and grow food for themselves. We want them to discover what the real needs are instead of accepting those created by the mass persuaders. Rather than make more of everything, we should decide what should be made in the first place.

In no one nation state does such a situation exist. Workers everywhere are told that they must produce more of this and that. Until people decide the real needs and act to gain the means to fulfil those needs, capitalism will continue to exploit and degrade. The answer lies in people taking over and running things for themselves without employers, Governments and trade union leaders. P.T.

## Mafia & Anti-Mafia

**THE RECENT MURDER** in Palermo of the investigating magistrate Pietro Scaglione has attracted the attention of many journalists, Italian and foreign, among them Signor Sterpa of the well-known Milan daily *Corriere della Sera*.

I have been deeply interested for many years in the problems of Southern Italy and Sicily, that is, the so-called Southern Problem or 'Questione Meridionale', of which the Mafia is probably the most festering manifestation.

We can deduce the depth of this corruption when we see that the Conservative *Sunday Times* openly calls Scaglione a mafioso; we do not need to waste our pity on rogues who eliminate each other in a struggle for the predominance of one group of gangsters over another. The Mafia problem is very intricate, and it seems to me that too much attention has been paid to its manifestations and too little to its inner organisation and activities. Nowadays most people are aware that the Mafia has been, for a long time, strictly connected with the powerful reactionary elements of Western Sicily, political and economic. Under the Savoy monarchy the Mafia was a valuable instrument in electing Government candidates, in exchange for those favours so generously granted by all those sub-Governments that since the Catholic Counter-Reformation have afflicted Italy. But the rural mafiosi, up to and including the fascist period, after their usefulness was over were thrown away like a squeezed lemon, and ended in jail or in the islands assigned as enforced residence. On the contrary, the big exploiters and protectors of the Mafia, such as the great landowners, the so-called nobles, the well-to-do professionals, a few Members of Parliament and the priests of the 'Black Mafia', were never punished by the law: as a matter of fact in fascist days many of them donned the black shirt to assist their nefarious activities; and if by any chance any of them fell foul of the law, they always managed to get away with it.

The fascist methods of repression failed to sweep away the Mafia, but now the old system of enforced residence under police surveillance is being applied again to the mafiosi; when will it be extended by the police to the 'subversive elements', as was done in fascist days? When shall we have once more a Special Tribunal?

Several of the outstanding political figures of contemporary Italy, such as Saragat, Terracini, Longo, Pertini were considered 'subversive' by the fascist State and its police; and if by a political tragedy the present little fascist group, in league with the reactionary Right and the Army, were to carry out a *coup d'état* as in Greece, we would once more see those political figures persecuted, jailed, or sent to enforced residence to keep company with the mafiosi.

We hear again the old claims of a new, hotted up campaign against the Mafia: why then do we still know nothing about the results of the enquiry on the Mafia supposedly carried out during these last eight years by the Commissione Parlamentare Antimafia? In

these last twenty years much has appeared in print in Italy and abroad about the situation in Sicily; at the same time we have seen authoritative representatives of the Christian-Democrat Party, both in the central Government and in the Sicilian autonomous one, maintain that there was no such thing as a criminally-organised Mafia supported and protected. It was only too evident that they were making these statements in order to avoid the problem or to disregard it altogether, reckoning on political or electoral advantages. Even then a few magistrates and journalists had the effrontery to praise some of the 'big bosses' of the Mafia. After all, in those days the mafiosi were considered to be upholders of 'order', even if not quite of 'law', by the Christian Democrats of the Right, by the Monarchists and by the Conservatives; it is not surprising therefore that the mafiosi could work with the police to establish their brand of 'order', based on intimidations and extortions at the expense of the poorer and more ignorant section of the population, on the small farmers and sharecroppers working on the estates of the big landowners of Western Sicily. This 'order' was also imposed against the claims of the peasants who wanted the fallow or ill-cultivated lands available; about sixty peasants of the Leftish Unions were murdered, and these crimes remained unpunished.

Well, what has the Antimafia Committee discovered? Has it discovered where the Giuliano file has gone? Or the secret documents that Pisciotta was going to reveal at the Viterbo Assizes but could not, because he was poisoned in the Palermo jail of the Ucciardone, when Mario Scelba, the Minister for the Interior, was responsible? Pisciotta, before the Court in Viterbo, had stated that among those who had given orders for the massacre of Portella della Ginestra there were the Monarchists Alliata and Marchesano and the Christian Democrat Scelba. Of course, the big hats have never been troubled or even questioned by the Majesty of the Law in the country that had been the cradle of the best Law.

The gentlemen of the Antimafia Committee have not succeeded (and perhaps never will) in finding a single boss or protector of the criminals, probably owing to that cowardice that exists behind the intrigues and collusions that infest the Italian political world.

Giuliano and Pisciotta, if living, might have revealed many names of those 'invisible popes' of Sicilian politics; having become dangerously compromising, they were killed.

The bandits and the mafiosi are always a useful diversion whenever social agitations put class privileges in danger; but when 'order' is re-established, prison and enforced residence are ready for the criminal small-fry.

Tough repression and authoritarian systems have never solved the problem of the Mafia; other and different methods should be studied, if we want to solve this problem.

MICHELE CORSENTINO.

## FINE TUBES—into its 2nd Year

**THE STRIKE** was a spontaneous movement—on hearing that the management were still refusing to talk about money the workers just downed tools and walked out. It was made official by the two unions involved the same day.

The Strike Committee were proposed and elected, all members are instantly recallable although this has not been done yet. In the first couple of months some members of the Strike Committee were found to be unsuitable to the tasks allocated. They received the word unofficially and resigned.

The Strike Committee has remained stable for the last 3-4 months.

The strikers laid down very strict rules on money available for travelling, etc. So many of the single men not receiving social security money found it hard to manage (one single man on the Strike Committee had to resign because of this).

When the strike started everything was left to the two unions involved (T&GWU and AEF). The unions proved totally unable to back the strikers in their struggle.

The unions just hung around paying out the strike pay—there was no mass movement within the unions to start the blacking campaign, there were no attempts to win support from local workers—not even any advice to the Strike Committee.

The local unions were run by an executive who had been in power for years, during which time they had become completely alienated from the workers they were supposed to represent, they were spending all their time in trying to consolidate their own position.

This is of course a problem that comes whenever people invest their power in the hands of a few individuals.

After 8-10 weeks the Strike Committee saw that the unions were about to lose

everything—Barclay had taken on scab labour and production was almost back to normal—so the strikers started to do things themselves. They organised propaganda tours around union branches, people went to all the factories trading with Fine Tubes, they went to political meetings/conferences.

It was not until the 17th week of the strike that the T&GWU sent out a communication to all their members calling for sympathetic action and then the word 'black' was deemed to be too strong.

Now, after a year, the strikers realise that it is they who must do everything on the local level. A centralised union is no use to them. Today there is increasing talk of alternative ways of hitting the employers—working to rule, overtime bans, etc., etc., and other methods.

But it is/was hard to bring in overtime bans in an area where the basic wage is so low that the workers rely on overtime to achieve a decent wage (£16-£17!).

On June 28 the Strike Committee put their case to the Ministry of Employment and Barclay followed one week later with his story. The reports will go to Robert Carr who will decide if there is to be a public inquiry into the strike.

Rolls Royce (Bristol) changed the building procedure of the Concorde engines to try and give the Fine Tubes management as much time as possible to get their order through. No luck, the RR workers are remaining solid—that is all the RR plants except Derby (due to a 'company convenor') who have now got all the other RR factories blacking them along with the local firm of Centrax (Newton Abbot) who supply turbine blades.

Sankey, Fine Tubes' last big order, have now gone over to Accles and Pol-

lock for supplies.

Barclay, who is still claiming high increases in production, has threatened to sue the Strike Committee for giving false information on production matters.

Anyway the pickets report that the lorries just ain't coming out and the factory which was once heard half a mile away is now almost silent. It seems that there was a sudden burst of energy just after Whitsun but this was only work for Tube Sales of Southampton (a subsidiary company).

### THE SCABS . . .

The night scabs' harassment of pickets seems to have stopped now—the attacks were an act of reprisal for damage to scab cars by pickets.

The regional picket (June 11) came as a complete surprise to the scabs who have become quite demoralised ever since—well, until July 1 when they had an 11½% pay rise. Yet Barclay has given these scabs a 20% rise in pay since they started their scabbing ways. Even so they are still well below the trade levels of other regions.

The very high quality work produced at Fine Tubes (unequaled in Europe) is done by a workforce the majority of whom are paid semi-skilled rates.

Although support is coming in from the whole country—even the local TV have been pressurised into doing something constructive—there is still a great sense of apathy towards the strike from Plymouth, though this is changing since Barclay was on the box. Well it's just that everyone saw what a pig the guy is.

Recently the strikers sent £10 of their strike fund to Bangla Desh—more than any other single body in Plymouth (I think).

Continued on page 3

# Smile though your Teeth are Aching

PHOTOGRAPHY WAS and can never be an art in its own right. It is a craft so open to chance and accident that the finished result might be no more than an isolated fragment cut from a sheet by a bored framemaker fitting the scene to the size of the frame. We belong to an age that saw the photograph and then the film emerge into its final forms and for that we speak of the art of the film and the photograph. But it is only a work of art that second before the shutter is opened. This plain and simple fact is made most obvious at the exhibition of the photographic works of David Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson.

Hill joined with Adamson in 1843 in order to record the signing of the Deed of Demission, by which the Free Church of Scotland came into being, and from this meeting of the two men there came into being a magnificent collection of photographs of men and women of that time. The approach is always that of the studio painter and there is a pre-Raphaelite air about each studied pose. It is a sad and sentimental journey through time for there is a bitter sweetness in viewing these long dead people standing silently among the forgotten shades and faded sunlight of over a century ago.

One must congratulate the directors

of the National Portrait Gallery on this most charming of exhibitions for it justifies their policy of giving us that type of major and civilised exhibition that would be hard-pressed to find space within the Town. It is the King's Library of the British Museum that I have a particular affection for, for in this long room of ancient books and bored tourists they offer the Town and his sweaty frau small and personal exhibitions culled from their private wealth of literary treasure. It is said by the elder statesmen of the anarchist movement that when three anarchists meet they produce two newspapers and if this truth is founded on fact then the exhibition of type design, typography and photographs and matter relating to the life of Stanley Morison is there for the viewing within the King's Library within the British Museum for any comrade who has fouled up a stencil in duplicating his thing.

These types of exhibitions are of enormous interest for one can stand back and view a large mass of original work, instead of flicking through an illustrated book, and form a confirmed opinion. Morison died in 1967 and we owe much to this quiet and self-effacing man, who who love the printed word. His method was simple and he spelt it out in the first paragraphs of his book *First Prin-*

*ciples of Typography* when he wrote 'of . . . arranging the letters, distributing the space and controlling the type as to aid to the maximum the reader's comprehension of the text'.

It was Morison who gave us the re-birth of the classic types of the past and commissioned Eric Gill, that man with the lean and hungry chisel, to cut him lean and hungry-looking type. It was Morison who designed the New Roman type for *The Times* and it was Morison, the friend of Page Arnot and Walter Holmes of the *Daily Worker*, who designed the new title for the *Daily Worker* for its May 1 issue, 1930. Morison's method was simplicity itself and as always it was to go back to first principles. He rescued the English printed words from the flowery jungle left by the William Morris work craft factories. Morison swept away all the deadening decoration of the *kultur* boys with the realisation that the printed word is but a means to an end and not an end in itself and the British Museum do well to honour him with this small and graceful exhibition and we thank them.

We of the committed Left and the horny hands have always accepted McAlpine as a lace curtain Irishman forever tearing down the Town or slinging up buildings with the paid aid of

the residents of Ward's Irish pub. No hole in the road or concrete pile in the sky would appear without McAlpine's board accepting the blame. Alistair McAlpine has now joined the Town's ton by giving the greater part of his private collection of sculpture to the Tate Gallery. It was nice of Mac to hand the nation all this coloured fibreglass, plastic and steel and it would ill become us to knock it but all this twisted shiny plastic was dated in 1965 when it was exhibited at the Whitechapel Gallery in their New Generation exhibition. Mac was right to collect it, this work of Annesley, King, Scott, Turnbull, Witkin, Tucker and Bolus, for it pleased him, and now he has handed it over to the nation and Christ knows what we will do with it for it takes up an awful lot of space!

Meanwhile Mac, back to the old shovel, while we discuss the matter in Ward's Irish pub with the boys. Time has dealt gently with this year's Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy at Burlington House, Piccadilly. It is not one of their great exhibitions, viewed through the years, and I found it disappointing for I judge it by their standards of the best in established academic British paintings. No picture of the year, no Royal painting in the main hall, no wall of trompe-l'oeil craftsmanship, a rather sad and disappointing year for the Royal Academy

but way upstairs within Burlington House was hung the works of 28 of their students taking their final examination. It was an interesting exhibition of the work of a number of young artists who, must now find their own way in the harsh world of the weekly pay packet and the dealer's handout. I feel that in the main the work was slight and owed too much to current art fashions. These 28 young artists are offering their work before taking their final examination so it would be wrong to publicly praise or condemn any particular canvas. One can say that one enjoyed the exhibition and wish them well.

So too with Robyn Denny who has filled the Kasmin Gallery at 118 New Bond Street, London, W.1, with four new paintings. Slabs of interlocking shapes and all nicely painted and what more can one say except to ring for McAlpine. With this type of work one is entitled to be flippant for, like Mac's gift to the Tate, it is work that, I believe, is so trivial that unless we smile in approved acceptance we are traitors to ourselves. Year by year we stand in front of these painted sheets of hard-board and canvas and the coloured plastic, listen to the uncreative musicians fooling with their whining tape recorders and watch the non-non-plays miming their childlike prose and if we do not protest then we accept their same infantile standards. By all means let us play the games and join in with the Town in this sad charade but when the performers and their agents demand applause let us give our urchin raspberry as a true and honest opinion.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

## The Obscene Four-Letter Word

IT IS RELATED of Pythagoras in antiquity, that he sacrificed oxen to the Gods. Alas, all human oxen have always sacrificed themselves to authoritarian's secular idols: chiefs, rulers, leaders, trade union bumble bureaucrats, elders, priests, etc., ad infinitum.

Oh! 'Your Anarchy sounds fine, a beautiful dream. It won't work, human nature being what it is!' So modernity's Sheeple tell us. Well! Well! Can anybody define human nature? Human behaviour, we all know, forever changes. Geographical location, social customs, inherited prejudices, religious taboos, sexual manners: these factors determining diverse manifestations of human behaviour, constantly varying.

Lazy-minded anti-thinkers, who don't want to revolutionize themselves or revolutionize society, exclaim, 'But people need governing, otherwise chaos will prevail!' Anarchists, self-governing socially aware humans vigorously challenge all status quo idolaters, declaring, 'In your chaotically hellish nightmare grabatistical jungle, wherein the ruling, fooling powers, Shamerica, Crushia, Bruteannia, diabolically hot up a global holocaust via biological, bacteriological, chemical, bomb-blasting weapons of genocide, who the bloody hell will govern the governors—those maddest of the mad polliticians, hatesmen, dopelomats, Leaders turned Bleeders? Wipe out the Plague! We Freedom Lovers will strive for our beautiful Anarchistic dream, a truly libertarian, sane, social order, replacing your moronically insane social dis-order of Poly-Tricks, wherein newspaperland's mental prostitutes forever seduce readers' gullible minds, inoculating them with the virulent microbes of anti-human patriotism, perpetuating the anti-social machiavellianisms of authoritarian historians.'

Regrettably, few exceptions apart, humans never learn to cease 'belonging' so ignoring their birthright, their personal value as unique individuals, their own property, their immutable kinship with the global human family, instead of remaining the dupes of charlatans, political witch-doctors, masters, legislators, demagogic big-shots, bone-headedly submitting to slavish laws and decrees.

We need immediately, a fresh outlook on that most objectionably obscene four letter word ever coined: **work**. The consummately extraordinary blundering idiocy is, such colossal burning up of precious energy, time, effort, in 'making a living'. We squander so much activity preparing for living—we have all too little time left for enjoying life. Twelve thousand years ago our primitive ancestors toiled and slaved for their rudimentary basic needs, food—clothing—shelter. During these past 12,000 years, human beings, endowed with reasoning and thinking faculties, stupidly allowed themselves to be enslaved into government-

ally organised Butchering organisations, armies, for their mutual destruction, instead of creating a worthy social order for their personal and their offspring's enjoyment!

Cattle, sheep, cats, dogs, and other animals exist from hand-to-mouth, yet humans, priding themselves on their superior intelligence, possessing Brains and imagination, acquiesce in a crazy patchwork system of struggling along, without the bare essentials of keeping alive the body except they labour as did their forebears aeons ago.

Equally extraordinary indeed, that a small but ever increasing number of humanists, freethinkers, secularists and other kindred thinkers, having rid themselves of many superstitions, have failed most miserably to eradicate the last and worst superstition, i.e. that wage slave-labour should absorb the best hours of everyday life. Future generations, unless meanwhile 'homo-sapiens' has committed suicide via atomic war, may well ask themselves, how on earth could their ancestors in 1971 be so incredibly imbecilic?

Earlier this century, the oldest man in a little Hudson Valley town, USA, married the local village idiot, many years his junior. His explanation was that he hated to get into a cold bed alone. Most of us are in a comparable situation, wedded to ideas evolved twenty centuries ago, ideas clung to, fearing lack of support if we give them up.

Bertrand Russell's work, published 1935, *In Praise of Idleness*, declares, 'If the ordinary wage-earner worked four hours a day there would be enough for everybody and no unemployment, assuming a certain very moderate amount of sensible organisation.'

Russell was apparently unaware of Lord Leverhulme's work earlier this century, delegating social scientists to investigate, then report to him the maximum hours of work necessary for a man to provide his dependants and himself with all needed amenities and comforts.

'Provided no more wars, and willingness of people to inhabit communities not exceeding 250,000, four hours work weekly ample,' reported the sociologists, having finalised their researches.

Later this century, Leverhulme contributed this foreword to Professor Spooner's work *Wealth from Waste* (1918): 'It is said and articles by Professor Spooner in his book go to prove its truth, that owing to waste of labour through bad organisation and our bad use of the forces that nature has placed within our reach, we can today by over-work and overstrain in workshop and factory for forty-eight hours or more per week barely produce sufficient for our needs, whilst we might, with the means science has already placed at our disposal, and which are all within our

knowledge, provide for all the wants of each of us in food, shelter and clothing by one hour's work per week from school age to dotage thus clearly showing what can yet be accomplished simply by avoidance of waste . . . but the greatest wasters are those who concentrate their whole time in mere efforts for immediate and direct money-making; and the greatest economists are those who . . . cultivate and prepare themselves for more efficient service for their fellow-man. Time spent on efficient service and on unselfish service for mankind is never wasted, whilst time spent with selfish aims and objects exclusively in view is often wasted, because such efforts most often fail to realise their own selfish aims and objects.'

In 1933, John Hodgson published his remarkably enlightening work *The Great God Waste*. Referring to Leverhulme's estimate, 'This was in 1918 and since that date our average potential productivity has nearly doubled', implying that one hour's work per fortnight was ample for a man to provide all needs for dependants and self.

Thirty-eight years on, in 1971, the intervening giant developments in Discovery, Invention, Innovation, Science, Technology, Automation, etc., justify our saying one hour's work per month, maximum, is adequate for a man to provide dependants and self with all requirements, needs, amenities, comforts granted, of course, a sane—socially just—non-authoritarian free society. Anarchy, and only Anarchy, provides the answer.

Amazingly enough, in 1888, Richard Jefferies, naturalist, social thinker and writer, declares in his Autobiography of *Thought The Story of My Heart*, 'the rise and fall of the tides furnish forth sufficient power to do automatically all the labour that is done on earth'.

This needs impressing upon the minds and hearts of those who ardently desire a world purged from wars, poverty, racialism, exploitation, and the treadmill of excessively long hours devoted to slave-labour caused by the status quo of authoritarianism, wherein we multiply the basic necessities of life far beyond any possible need, only to let millions go hungry and naked for lack of a rational and adequate distribution: They who look to the ballot-box to solve their problems—need impressing with the truth that it is but a feeble mind that dismisses the need of Revolution, that sees or imagines it sees its trials and tribulations eased or cured by politics which is merely an attempt to reform the controlling power.

It is a feeble mind that is scared of Revolution, that neglects to grasp history's irrefutable warnings, viz. Capitalism is a ramshackle, jerry-built structure, its supporting pillars lies . . . waste . . . slavish human obedience . . . and its end-product inevitably War.

How to demolish this insane society and speed the Free Society of Anarchy?

To begin with, encourage the young to do their own thinking. Never, never forget, almost everything that is great has been done by youth.

Above summaries and extracts from the talk given to the East London Anarchist Group at Freedom Meeting Hall, on Wednesday, June 9, by Mark William Kramrisch. Attendance smaller than usual (holidays plus inclement weather). Audience response much greater than usual.



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**ANARCHIST  
FEDERATION  
of BRITAIN**

Address all letters to AFBIB at above address. Material that cannot wait for AFB Bulletin should be sent to R. Atkins, Vanbrugh College, Heston, York. The Contact Column in 'Freedom' is available for urgent information. Please inform AFBIB of new or changed addresses of groups and federations. New enquirers should write direct to the Regional addresses listed below or AFBIB office in Birmingham.

### AFB REGIONAL FEDERATIONS AND/OR GROUPS

There are now anarchist groups in almost every part of Britain. To find your nearest group, write to:—

**LONDON FEDERATION OF ANARCHISTS.** Correspondence to LFA, c/o Freedom Press.

### REGULAR WEEKLY MEETINGS

Wednesday, 8 p.m. at Freedom Hall, 84B Whitechapel High Street, E.1 (Aldgate East Station).

**N.E. ENGLAND.** M. Renick, 122 Mowbray Street, Heaton, Newcastle on Tyne.

**CROYDON LIBERTARIANS.** 682 Mitcham Road, Croydon, Surrey, CR0 3AB.

**ESSEX & EAST HERTS.** Peter Newell, 'Aegean', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester, Essex.

**DORSET.** Bob Fry, 30 Douglas Close, Upton, Poole, Dorset.

**CORNWALL.** Arthur Jacobs, 13 Ledrah Road, St. Austell, Cornwall, or Hazel McGee, Hillcrest Farm, Hicks Mill, Bissoe, Truro, Cornwall.

**HANTS.** Val Funnel, 10 Fry Road, Chells, Stevenage, Herts.

**DURHAM.** Mike Mogie, 6 Nevilles Terrace, Durham City.

**NORTHANTS.** Terry Phillips, 70 Blenheim Walk, Corby, Northants.

**LEICESTERSHIRE.** The Black Flag Bookshop, 1 Wilne Street, Leicester.

**SOMERSET.** Roy Emery, 3 Abbey Street, Bath.

**KENT.** Brian Richardson (phone Knockholt 2716).

**HANTS.** Ken Bowbrick, 26 Hambleton House, Landport, Portsmouth, Hants.

**BERKSHIRE.** c/o New Union Building, White Knights Park, Reading, Berks.

**SUSSEX.** Nick Heath, Flat 3, 26 Clifton Road, Brighton, Sussex.

**EAST ANGLIA.** John Sullivan, Students Union, U. of E.A., Wilberforce Road, Norwich, Norfolk.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.** Jim Hewson, 43 Henry Road, West Bridgeford, Nottingham.

**CAMBRIDGESHIRE.** c/o AFBIB Birmingham.

**SURREY.** Lib. Grp., 81 Mytchett Road, Mytchett, Camberley, Surrey.

**YORKSHIRE.** Trevor Bavage, Flat 3, 35 Richmond Road, Leeds 6.

**SCOTTISH FED.** Secretary: Mike Malet, 1 Lynnwood Place, Maryfield, Dundee.

**WALES.** c/o AFBIB Birmingham.

**N. IRELAND.** c/o Freedom Press.

**STUDENT FEDERATION.** c/o R. Atkins, Vanbrugh College, Heston, York.

**LIB. TEACH.** ASSN. Peter Ford, 36 Devonshire Road, N.W.7.

**EXETER.** Nigel Outten, Westeria House, Culmpton Hill, Bradninch, Exeter.

**OXFORD.** Jeremy Brent, 14 Woodstock Road, Oxford.

**SHEFFIELD.** Tikka, 4 Havelock Square, Sheffield 10.

**MANCHESTER.** Jenny Honeyford, 33 Clyde Road, West Didsbury, Manchester 20.

**EIRE FEDERATION.** c/o 20 College Lane, Dublin, Eire.

### ABROAD

**AUSTRALIA.** Federation of Australian Anarchists, P.O. Box A 389, Sydney South, NSW 2000.

**BELGIUM.** Groupe du journal Le Libertaire, 220 rue Vivegnis, Liège.

**RADICAL LIBERTARIAN ALLIANCE.** c/o Labs, 2487 GPO, New York, N.Y. 10001, USA.

**AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ANARCHISTS.** P.O. Box 9885, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440, USA.

Please notify us if entries in these columns need amending.

# DOWN!



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Total: £10.83

Income Sales and Subs.: £162.25

£173.09

Expenditure (2 weeks): £300.00

Deficit Bt./fwd.: £298.93

£598.93

Less Income: £173.09

DEFICIT: £425.84

# 'The Root of all Evil'

LAST WEEK we had, in the dreadful jargon of the day, a mini-budget. The ritual periodic survival of the myth that our economic outlays can be planned a year at a time has—without acknowledging it—given way to the myth that from time to time we can introduce minor budgets. It is, in fact, bearing out the idea that the old creak of an economic system has its petrol and oil calculated and tyres blown up for the journey of twelve months; but unfailingly it breaks down, runs out of petrol, a tyre blows out, so we have to do running repairs when manifestly it needs a new engine, a new road, or a new mechanical principle.

Meanwhile these patchwork efforts are acclaimed (by the anti-permissive press) as 'a shot in the arm'—with no 'come-down'? as inflation—when we seem to have a slow puncture?

The *Daily Telegraph* published on its front page a chart headed 'How Prices will Fall' and gave examples of how the two-elevenths reduction in purchase tax will bring down prices (one never really knows if the *DT* has some diabolical libertarian Peter Simple on its staff who perpetrates these gigantic satires but one assumes it is the naive innocence of the really stupid right-wing). The *Telegraph's* list of goods starts with a black and white television set, passes

on to Colour TV set, refrigerator, washing machine, vacuum cleaner, electric razor, suit or coat, gramophone record, suite of furniture, perfume, box of chocolates, gas fire, camera, dog food, Mini 850, Morris Marina, Ford Capri, Jaguar X16 4.2, finishing with a Rolls Royce Silver Shadow on which one will save—for the modest outlay of £9,877—£437! Let's rush out and buy one! Elizabeth Dunn in the *Guardian* 'Check-out' ironically mentions that ranch-mink coats are down from £2,178 to £2,069.

With heroic restraint—or with sublime tact—the *Telegraph* has omitted the reduced price of yachts but apart from that, except for coats, suits, furniture and gas fires, nothing on the list is an absolute necessity. Purchase tax was in fact temporarily introduced in order to restrict wartime purchasing to absolute necessities. Like all the State's 'temporaries' it has become a permanent part of the economic motor's mechanism. Even the present Government's phasing-out of purchase tax (as promised) is only because when we go into Europe it will be replaced with a new, more complicated and bureaucratic value added tax. This, apparently, places a tax on every stage of production and marketing from raw material to consumer. As usual, in the economic field we shall be replacing King Log for King Stork.

Economically, it seems that VAT will put more power into the hands of the monopolies.

The second act of the Chancellor was to withdraw hire purchase restrictions. It is obvious that this (more than purchase tax reductions) will tempt people into relieving the producers of consumer goods of some of their surplus stock, at the same time burdening themselves with hire purchase debts. It is not usual nowadays to write in favour of the Victorian virtue of paying cash. It is generally pointed out that incomes are insufficient to meet the expanding demands of the consumer. For example, the young newly-weds cannot purchase a house and its equipment, even were they to save a substantial proportion of their joint earnings. This is in fact a criticism of an economic system which expands the gross national product but does not, at the same time, correspondingly increase the income of those who produce as well as consume these products. Mechanization in reducing labour costs has not shared the cost-economy with the displaced labour.

We are, it seems, far from the days when the workers had nothing to lose but their chains. But in reality the workers have achieved the gilded chains of a property-owning democracy. The burden of HP debts and mortgage repayments makes for social stability in a once-militant working class whose scale of living becomes ever more bourgeois whilst its standard of living becomes more depressed.

At the same time job-mobility (more important in times of recession) is stultified by the factors of home-ownership and pension rights. Once the job has gone all the rest goes with it. Even the motor car, cherished symbol of social mobility, bears its price tag. Failure to keep it up can mean *literal* immobility.

Economists have pointed out that in the US the crash of 1927 was caused to some degree by the amount of HP credit outstanding. When confidence was

lost in the economic structure there was a calling-in of loans and pressure for HP repayments. There was, in fact, not sufficient money in the country to pay all debts. So the economy crashed. Could 1927 happen again? . . .

Last time the present writer attacked the wage system he was unjustly accused of being a 'communist'. Space in *FREEDOM* is too limited to waste on sterile controversies such as whether 'anarchists' can be 'communists' or whether they can use the hybrid 'anarcho-communist' (which was dropped by *FREEDOM* about 1919). However it has been obvious that in the United States there is a substantial and influential growth of right-wing anarchism (i.e. anti-State but pro-capitalist individualist-private enterprise). Intellectually this position is quite valid and it is only the accident of the English trades union movement associating with the formerly left-wing (and Independent) Labour Party that has made anarchism traditionally and politically associated with the left wing. There is an English tradition (Herbert Spencer, Auberon Herbert and Wordsworth Denisthorpe spring to mind) of right-wing individualism which deteriorated to the modern point where The Society for Individual Freedom is prosecuting Peter Hain for demonstrating against a right-wing police state.

Intellectually, right-wing anarchism is quite valid but it can also be argued intellectually (and emotionally) that if one accepts capitalism and the monetary system one is inevitably trapped in the shabby farce of budgeting and operating for profit. 'The love of money', as as somebody or other said, 'is the root of all evil.'

And despite all the arguments of in-terested in making money without falling in love with the power that it gives.

The powers of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to play havoc with our lives under the pretext that he is managing the economy is only excelled by that of the individual business man whose private enterprise he protects. *The City Press* this week has a poster 'How Phoney is the Price Freeze?' [the one suggested by British industrialists]. Not 'whether' but 'how much?'

JACK ROBINSON.

## White Paper

WE HAVE BECOME USED to the concept of the dystopia—or the Utopia turned sour. Starting with *We, Brave New World* and reaching its depth of despair with *1984*, we have seen science and fantasy fiction depict in grey the future of a mankind whose dreams turned into hideous realities. The anonymous author of the most recent example\* has gone back to the concept of Wordsworth's 'the parliament of man, the federation of the world' and paints a somewhat rosy picture of Britain in a European Community. For one moment the mind turns to the 'Community' as envisaged by the underground but this centralised society based upon 'security and prosperity' is as far removed as Whiteway was from the Manson family ranch.

The work's title, *White Paper*, would seem to be the only concession to symbolism, here is the virginity of whiteness and the fragility of paper. 'Whiteness', a compound of all colours and paper made from a mish-mash of rags, wood and waste paper. Its sub-title is far more pedestrian.

It starts on a note of stark realism with the sentence, 'The prime objective of any British Government must be to safeguard the security and prosperity of the United Kingdom and its peoples'. Does one detect a note of Swiftian irony here? Especially since the paragraph numbered 'two' starts with another sublime quip. (By the way, in the interests of authenticity the whole *novella* is set out in numbered paragraphs to read like a real-life documentation.) 'Our security has been bound up with that of our European neighbours for over a thousand years.' Over and over one is reminded of the merciless clarity of Emmanuel Goldstein's *The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism*.

The author states the dilemma of the story from the second paragraph, 'We have to consider whether (our security) will be better served by joining the European Communities than if we do not.' To follow a trend foreshadowed in my introduction 'we' decide to join the Community and live happily ever after. We gather however, from publisher's backstairs gossip, that the work is a product of collaboration and one of the co-authors (Wilson) resigned and now states that he thinks the story has logically an unhappy ending, at least, the way it has now been written.

It is difficult to assess who is the 'we' who is the central figure of the work. It changes so much, sometimes it is the historical unit of Britain, the geographical entity, the state apparatus, the ruling class, sometimes even the ordinary population—the working class, in fields and factories.

If the work has a weakness it is untidiness, it has several loose ends and undeveloped sub-plots. The multiplicity of organizations mentioned make it obvious that the resolving of the problems is by no means so compressed as the author makes out—nor so assured.

\*The United Kingdom and the European Communities. HMSO. 25p.

However, he (or 'we') marches forward brushing aside major difficulties. We are reminded of the fictional serial hero who was left in one chapter-end gagged and bound in chains at the bottom of the sea. We waited with bated breath. The next instalment started, 'Flinging aside his chains, Edward rose quickly to the surface of the water and clambered aboard his yacht, which was providentially cruising in the neighbourhood'.

What is required for this, as for all other works of fiction, is 'a willing suspension of disbelief'.

A sentence picked at random, Jamesian in its construction, and Proustian in its nuances, will illustrate the complexity and optimism of thought in the narrative, 'In the commune the members expressed their "common conviction that a Europe composed of states, which in spite of their different national characteristics, are united in their essential interests, assured of internal cohesion, true to its friendly relations with outside countries, conscious of the role it has to play in promoting the relaxation of international tension and the rapprochement among all peoples, and first and foremost among those of the entire European continent is indispensable if a mainspring of development, progress and culture, world equilibrium and peace is to be preserved"'. The somewhat shaky grammar conveys, no doubt as the author wishes, the confused background of heady rhetoric against which events take place.

It would be tedious and lengthy for me to detail this blueprint for a utopia—it even extends to an optimistic note on the diseases of animals in the future society. It is not the function of a reviewer to relate the whole content of this work. Its concentration on optimism, on centralization and a return to the values of commerce, technology and industrialization may seem to some so overstressed as to verge on the edge of satire—or at least irony. It may be that this was the author's deliberate intention.

Rarely does he reach pure poetry except in the line, when he contemplates the possibility of not joining the Community, 'In a single generation we should have renounced an imperial past and rejected a European future. Our friends everywhere would be dismayed. . . . Our power to influence the Communities would steadily diminish, while the Communities' power to affect our future would steadily increase.'

I can only conclude this review of what I take to be pure science fiction with the words of George Orwell rebuking H. G. Wells for his fetish of science and planning, 'Much of what Wells has imagined and worked for is physically there in Nazi Germany. The order, the planning, the State encouragement of science, the steel, the concrete, the aeroplanes are all there, but all in the service of ideas appropriate to the Stone Age.' Perhaps 'Middle Ages' would be kind to this transparent, fragile *White Paper*.

JOHN BOXFORD.

## FINE TUBES— National Mass Picket

THIS DEMONSTRATION was called for by rank and file trade unionists from up and down the country to show solidarity with the Fine Tubes strikers. As of now it is hard to tell how many people will turn up but 1,000-1,500 would be a fairly conservative estimate.

The date has now been advertised because Chairman Barclay is naive enough to think that his beloved scabs will be able to pass the picket lines without much trouble.

### ROLLS ROYCE (DERBY)

Reports that Rolls Royce (Derby) was being blacked by the rest of the Rolls Royce combine are untrue.

When it was learned that the Derby plant was using Fine Tubes' products, the Strike Committee moved to have them blacked. Their initiative was taken up by the AEUW who stated that Derby would be blacked as from 2.30 p.m. on 16.7.71 without consulting the other unions concerned; the blacking was called off. Fine Tubes Strike Committee

## SPAIN AND THE CNT

THAT THE CNT was practically and technically prepared to assume the direction of the system of production was demonstrated at the outbreak of the civil war in Spain. The principal sectors of the Catalan economy were immediately collectivised and placed under the control of the workers and technicians, in many cases with the collaboration of the old owners or managers. In spite of the problem of the war, of the shortage of capital, of the scarcity of raw material, of inflation and the flight abroad of a great number of industrialists, the CNT in collaboration with the UGT maintained in operation and, in some cases improved, the industrial complex of Catalonia. With all its defects, the socialist experiment exercised by the CNT during the civil war—above all in Catalonia—demonstrated that an economy could function perfectly without shareholders or capitalists. It is no exaggeration to say that this process of collectivisation in the econ-

are now awaiting verification.

Centrax and Missco who both supply turbine blades to Derby are awaiting the word from the Strike Committee before they black Rolls Royce (Derby).

### ROLLS ROYCE (COVENTRY)

Mr. Dick Jones, DATA executive at Rolls Royce (Coventry), was suspended by the management for the misuse of an office meeting of DATA.

The offence occurred when two of the Fine Tubes' Strike Committee went to Coventry to address a meeting within the factory.

Whilst DATA officials met with management on 19.7.71, 600 technicians went on strike in support of Dick Jones.

Management quickly reinstated Dick Jones and promised to hold an inquiry into allegations that two of the personnel department hid in the next room to the one where the DATA meeting was going on with the sole intent of spying on the unions.

R.G.



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MIGUEL.

Fuck!

**HIS LORDSHIP** the Bishop of Leicester, in an address to the British Medical Association last week, lamented that priests were no longer seriously heeded by youth on matters of morals. He pleaded with the doctors to undertake the functions of ministers in such matters. Deploring the abandonment of Victorian morality he declared: 'Sex is much too powerful an instinct not to be guarded by taboos.' He wanted the doctors to advise young people that premarital intercourse is not merely 'unwise, risky and uncertain' but 'wrong, selfish on the part of the boy, sexless on the part of the girl'.

We are all now aware of the fearful poisoning of men's minds on sexual matters that the churches exercised in the past and, to a more limited extent, to this day. To the degree, indeed, that women did indulge in passionless sex—even in holy matrimony. This silly old dirty man is well off the mark today if he thinks even doctors can convince girls that fucking is not fun.

Just recently there have been a number of rather gruesome sex murders in Britain. Whenever the perpetrators of such acts have been apprehended it inevitably transpires that they are the products of guilt-ridden taboo-infested environments—exactly what this wretched bishop wants to restore. **FUCK!**

#### Fuzz freedom

Some judges—notably the Lord Chancellor—have been calling for more freedom of action for the police in dealing with suspects and accused persons. In particular they want the requirement abolished whereby charged individuals must be cautioned by the police against saying anything that might incriminate them. In practice it is notorious that police frequently 'verbal' (criminal jargon for police writing statements which are then attributed to the accused) prisoners and then go on to court to obtain

## THIS WORLD

convictions by thoroughly planned perjury. Occasionally these injustices come to light as, recently, when James Ritchie was convicted of indecent assault and given nine months' gaol—all on the basis of a 'statement' he made confessing guilt at the police station. Normally, the matter would have ended there. In this instance there was an appeal when it transpired that the accused could not have been anywhere near the scene of the crime and he was promptly released with a promise from the appeal judges that the tactics of the police would be investigated. My guess is we will hear no more about the matter. Normal police practice is not likely to be seriously changed by the authorities. The argument, however, that the police have insufficient powers is shown to be utter rubbish.

#### Official Terrorists

I have pointed out in this column on a number of occasions that the situation in Northern Ireland is basically one of traditional sectarian rivalries being exploited by a variety of political opportunists with the rulers at Stormont being the principal beneficiaries. Their rivals for power—and I have the IRA in mind here—are far from being the revolutionaries that some would have us believe they are. Nevertheless the conspiracy of the Establishment with the daily papers and other media in Britain to paint them as the terrorists must not go unchallenged. The English soldier in Northern Ireland is a million times more accurately described as a terrorist, as the hired thug of the traditional oppressors of an admitted minority in that unhappy

half-province (the minority status is somewhat artificial since three counties of Ulster were hacked off into the Republic to give the Unionists security of tenure). Also, the English soldier, like any soldier placed in hostile circumstances, reacts with repression and terrorism.

Support for the truthfulness of these assertions comes this week from the British Society for Social Responsibility in Science which has a membership of more than a thousand members, all scientists. The society points out that the new type of CS gas—all forms are prohibited in warfare under the Geneva protocols—as well as the dye in water cannon and rubber bullets are being used indiscriminately with serious consequences for the elderly, the sick and young children. The society also points out that these riot-control weapons have as their principal purpose the discouragement of people from exercising 'their democratic rights of peaceful demonstration'. Those in power, the society argues, are not solving the real problems of Northern Ireland. They merely hope that brute repression will do the job.

#### Open University

With the abolition of free milk and meals for schoolchildren and the charging of admittance fees to art galleries, it is not surprising that the Government has also decided to 'economise' in higher education. In principle the idea behind the Open University seemed fine, viz. that adults who wanted to further their education should have the opportunity to do so. To the establishment the

student revolts over the last few years must have been highly disillusioning and personalities like Spiro Agnew saw students as biting the hand that fed them. The Agnew mentality is strong here too and is now seen in action in the Open University where some thousands of suitable applicants will not be permitted to study due to Government parsimony. Perhaps some of us are not doing sufficient to counterattack by establishing Free Universities—which have had a limited but praiseworthy measure of success where attempted.

#### Manipulating the economy

Worried by soaring unemployment and lack of success at the polls, the Government has attempted to 'stimulate' the economy by making hire purchase easy and lowering purchase tax. Reflation they call it. Inflation—the dreaded common enemy of Labour and Tory alike—it is. Such is the dishonesty of politicians even in the field of straight economics. The plain fact is that inflation is a threat to those on fixed incomes and pensions—widows, the aged and sick being particularly affected. Under the Government's 'reflation' these are the people who will suffer. Workers and capitalists, in varying degrees, will benefit and having the votes and money will, the Government hopes, keep the status quo intact.

The whole exercise is just another piece of possibly shrewd manipulation. Pious intentions have been expressed that employers will steady prices (the CBI have promised this) and that workers will not ask for more money. But if hire purchase is made easy—resulting, it is hoped, in greater demand for goods—the ultimate consequence must be a demand for more money. Already some large companies, notably the car manufacturers, have said they will not abide by the CBI price-control attempt. Inevitably workers will seek higher wages and, too late for the really underprivileged, it will be realised that another massive swindle has been perpetrated.

#### The strange case of

Chief Inspector Victor Kelaher, of Scotland Yard. Release, the underground organisation concerned with helping those in trouble with the law (particularly those on drug charges), has mounted a campaign to expose this gentleman as a leading crook. Kelaher was head of Scotland Yard Drug Squad until early in this year when he was 'promoted'.

The whole operation of law on drugs in Britain has made it easy and likely for policemen to make a lot of easy money both by taking bribes and confiscating dope for resale. The sordid business of corrupting individuals by making informers of them, either by intimidation or direct bribes, has become a massive operation spread throughout a sub-culture which numbers at least one million people in Britain alone. Were angels to administer such a system they could hardly emerge with their purity untarnished. Cops are no angels and, given a problem which is far beyond them, they have made the best of the situation satisfying the politicians with numbers of arrests and themselves with plenty of loot and unlimited opportunity for the type of petty but malignant sadism that seems to come so naturally to policemen.

The interesting thing about the Kelaher case is that not only have the Underground branded him as corrupted and a liar but so also have the customs officers under evidence in court and the State's own prosecuting counsel. The only reaction from the authorities so far, apart from booting Kelaher upstairs away from the corruption of drug squad activity, is to call a conference of customs and police officials, ostensibly to secure harmony between two rival government departments but quite obviously to ensure that their respective evidence squares in court.

BILL DWYER.

## Sibylle Schwarzer

SIBYLLE is going to appeal against the deportation order. Lord Foot is going to defend her—he is probably the best defence man in the West. No charge will be made.

At the moment we are trying to arrange bail and have been advised that this will be fixed at about £250.

Terry Goldstone was suspended from the Communist Party for his part in the case and other 'sins', the latter concerned with his contempt for employment. After a week of hustling from local CP heavies—allegations of mixing with petty criminals, ruining the good name of the party—Terry resigned from 'the party'. As far as Sibylle, Terry's main crimes seem to be:

- one—knowing her
- two—speaking up for her in court.

ROGER GREGORY.

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**Bakunin:** 'The Paris Commune and the Idea of the State'; post free order—single copies 15p, 10 copies £1.00, from CIRA, 134 Northumberland Road, North Harrow, Middx. HA27 7RG.

**Write to Sibylle at:** Schwarzer, S., 991576, HM Remand Centre, Pucklechurch, Bristol.

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**The Match!**—a monthly Anarchist journal. Send to Box 3488, Tucson, Arizona, USA. Year's sub. \$3.00.

**North East London Poly (Barking) Anarchist Group,** c/o Students Union, Longbridge Road, Dagenham.

**Axis Bookshop,** 6a Hunters Lane, off Yorkshire Street, Rochdale. Call if in town.

**Proposed Group—Exeter Area.** John and Jill Driver, 21 Dukes Orchard, Bradninch, Exeter, EX5 4RA.

Anyone interested in forming a Cambridge Anarchist Group contact John Jenkins, 75 York Street, Cambridge.

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## This Week in Ireland

**JOHN TAYLOR,** Minister of State at the Ministry of Home Affairs, Stormont, says it is necessary for the British Army to shoot more people on the streets. Ivan Cooper, SDLP, called immediately for Taylor's resignation or expulsion saying, 'I believe the Northern Ireland Government is setting the stage for another Sharpeville.' Faulkner backs Taylor and screams about the 'cowardly terrorists, the IRA, who must be wiped out'. Asked what about the UVF terrorists, he replied on RTE that he did not believe any such organisation existed. The man must be stone deaf and mad. For a pirate radio calling itself 'Loyalist Ulster' is begging for recruits in between playing 'To Hell with the Pope' songs.

Bernadette Devlin's inspired tribunal into the death by shooting of Seamus Cusack and Des Beattie starts tomorrow under the name of the Gifford Tribunal. Meanwhile the inquest on Des Beattie is in progress with the soldiers disguised so as to be unrecognisable and only known as A or B.

Two hundred Derry ex-soldiers marched in a very orderly fashion from Creggan Estate into the Diamond, where they burned their medals and discharge papers as a protest about army behaviour. On the way they observed two minutes' silence on the spot where Seamus Cusack and Des Beattie were shot. This was a good clean thing to do. Would God more people in Ireland would do likewise.

Meanwhile in the twenty-six counties Des O'Malley, Minister for Justice, says he will keep the House sitting until September if need be to get 'the Prohibition of Forcible Entry and Occupation Bill' through the Dail. The Opposition are opposing it clause by clause. Two Labour members took five hours yesterday objecting to Section 4 which muzzles free comment by the Press. A Fianna Fail member said this transgresses the ordinary laws of courtesy within the House. The Committee to Oppose Repressive Legislation goes tomorrow afternoon to hand in all the signatures we have obtained against the Bill to Minister O'Malley, and next week we are going to Dev himself in the Park to ask him not to sign. None of this will make any difference. This Fascist bill will go through and every decent person will end in prison. It is a very very sick country when the news reader, reporting a fire and a murder, has to say 'Neither of these had any political or sectarian motives'.

The Dutch are insisting on dumping tons of toxic matter 500 miles off our coast in spite of the strongest ambassadorial protests. Their original idea was

to dump it off Norway but Norway and Denmark were able to prevent this. Iceland is putting her objections this afternoon.

Evening paper just arrived. Two successful bank raids and the Unionists galore screaming for Westminster to reintroduce internment, armed police and B-Specials, the latter possibly called something else. Did you notice O'Neill's speech in Toronto about too many guns in the six counties? Yet who was it who gave the B-Specials permission to open gun clubs by the hundred and keep their arms?

I feel a certain sympathy with the woman from whom I tried to collect for CORL the other day and who yelled at me 'NO! I HATE, HATE, HATE Ireland!' I found she was English married to an Irishman.

Last Friday a Press Conference was held at the Hotel Intercontinental for the Quisling Vietnam Ambassador from London who was being royally entertained by Paddy Hillery, our Minister for Foreign Affairs. We picketed it, and the Editor of *The Irish Socialist* went in. He was not on the list and was violently ejected by the hotel's security force and the Garda, whereupon all the journalists came out and refused

to hold a Conference until he was released and allowed to take his place. The miserable little Ambassador rang the station, but they refused to let Mick go, so indeed no Press Conference took place. All we journalists feel a great satisfaction about this, and if it was a bit of a concocted do it was effective. I actually was neither picketing nor inside but distributing literature about the Ambassador and the Vietnam situation, especially to the dozens of Americans who stay at the hotel.

Oh Ireland! Mu grine gu laer ee's gu dhangan!

Ullagoan, oan oah! Ullagoan oan, oah as the old women used to keen at a death and I a young one.

In spite of soldier A swearing that Des Beattie held a flame in one hand and a dark object in the other, it has now been declared by forensic experts that there was no trace of petrol, gelignite or any other noxious substance anywhere on the corpse, not even under the nails, also nothing was found on the ground in the spot from which he was dragged away. It is so obviously a 'shoot to kill' plot as Taylor and the other Unionists want. Ullagoan oan, oah.

H.

## PEOPLE'S REFERENDUM

**A WELL-ATTENDED** meeting last week at the Conway Hall in London called for a referendum on the Common Market. Speakers included Bill Freeman, who acted as Chairman, Brian Behan, John Lawrence and Robert Allen, the Deputy Editor of the *Ecologist*.

The central argument which ran through the speeches of both John Lawrence and Brian Behan was that people were not to be consulted on this most important issue. As with other issues affecting ordinary people, we were being told what was best for us, a recurrent theme which runs through all our lives. At no time were we asked what we thought about things and we have no more power to decide where a bus shelter should be sited than whether we should enter the Common Market.

Speakers pointed out how governments, employers, trade union leaders and even the small political groupings on the 'left' all claimed the supreme right to decide what was best for us all. They all said 'Give us power and we will do

this and that for you'. During discussion, many made the point that they would rather make decisions for themselves, even though they might be the wrong ones, than have someone else do it for them.

Robert Allen said that at the present rate of growth of most industrial countries, we would shortly exhaust the raw materials necessary to industry. If everyone used the resources of the earth at the present rate that America did, then these raw materials would be exhausted in about six months.

Speakers from the floor disappointingly ignored this aspect of the Common Market. Such a step would mean further exploitation of raw materials and the complex ecological make-up of our environment.

Those present decided to support a campaign for a People's Referendum on the Common Market and other issues. To further such a campaign a meeting in Trafalgar Square was called for and agreed upon.

T.P.