

SCOTLAND

GO IT ALONE—OR STARVE?

PRESS REPORTS INDICATE—and comrades on the spot confirm it—that almost the entire population of Glasgow, Clydebank and the surrounding industrial area of Clydeside fully support the action of UCS workers in refusing to submit to being thrown on the dole. It is not surprising. Unemployment in the area is running at more than 10 per cent of the male population and on Clydebank, if the shipyards are closed down as planned, it will reach slump proportions of more than 18 per cent.

Every industry is affected, not only shipbuilding but mining, steel, motors, engineering, thread-making, the lot. Clydeside is the worst hit but the whole of Scotland is beginning to suffer the blight of unemployment. Pleas to the Government to invest in the area have fallen on deaf ears. Having plundered Scotland of its forests, its raw materials, and exploited its labour for a hundred years, capital is now concentrating, centralising, and forming multi-national companies which seek their profits in the Midlands, in the South East and—above all—in the Common Market. As they see it, Scotland will become a proving ground for modern armaments and the only industry will be the exploitation of its great natural beauty for the benefit of rich tourists. If this happens then, as one economist has recently declared, about two million Scottish workers will have to emigrate or starve. The only export trade left will be whisky and shortbread.

IS THIS DEMOCRACY?

It is absurd, ridiculous, and downright immoral that the lives of thousands of working men and their families should thus be placed in jeopardy by decisions taken in some 'corridor of power' hundreds of miles away in London or Brussels. Yet such is the case in this so-called democratic State. The people's views count for nothing. How does the Government hope to get away with it? True they have all the apparatus of force and coercion at their disposal, but not even this collection of Tory rascals can relish the idea of using force to compel the workers to give up the shipyards and go on the dole. That would surely create a Bogside on Clydeside. It would seem, therefore, that if the workers of Clydeside stand firm and refuse to evacuate the yards they will win the battle without any bloodshed at all.

UCS workers are, in effect, telling the Government to go to hell. That is fine—but why stop there? If the majority of the people in this part of Scotland think the Government is wrong, that it has deserted the people in the interests of Big Business, then why not get on with producing things that people need—without the Government, without employers, and without private profit-making? Surely, if the Government's intention is clearly to sacrifice Clydeside to the overall plans of capital, it is high time that the Government was ignored and the people took matters into their own hands. All that is required is that we lose the ingrained habit of asking 'authority' to do things for us rather than doing things for

ourselves.

If a legal sanction is needed, why not ask the people for their views? Why not a referendum of everyone in the area? Glasgow Corporation could be asked to organise it, but if they won't then surely the UCS workers could do it themselves? Any costs could be met from collections taken all over Britain. The question on the referendum could be simple: do you agree that the people should run their own affairs—yes or no! The actual voting would have to be preceded by a period of discussion in which meetings could be held in all the factories, the shipyards, the schools, the streets, and everyone would be free to put his point of view.

When the decision was finally made—and assuming that it went in favour of carrying on production despite the wishes of the Government—then it would only remain to declare Clydeside and its surrounding

area independent of Westminster, set up an assembly of workers' delegates (not political parties as such) from the factories, the streets, the schools and universities, the hospitals, and from the farmers, and then get down to the practical task of building a Free Clydeside Community.

NOT POLITICAL TALK

Such an enterprise wouldn't be as easy as the present course of organising token strikes and petitions to the Westminster Government or the TUC—but at least it would have the advantage of involving everyone in positive and practical action. Not political talk, but serious action to make the independent community thrive in the interests of its members. Naturally, the sort of things such a community would produce would not be the same as it produces now under the rule of private capital and private profit-making. The test

would be: is it useful? Not, is it profitable? First priority would be the provision of food, clothes and shelter for all—not luxuries for some and a room in a tenement for the rest. The children, the old and the sick would have to be provided with exactly the same living standards as everyone else. It would mean reconstructing the whole area, building decent homes, schools, hospitals, parks and play spaces, and cleaning up the filth, decay and pollution left by a hundred years of capitalist exploitation.

There would be no unemployed. The idea is preposterous. There would be jobs for all—and, I am sure, with very much reduced hours of work. Factory work could alternate with work in the fields. The whole idea would be to abandon the senseless idea of 'growth' at all costs in favour of the human idea of providing a pleasant environment for all to enjoy.

Eventually there would have to be a moneyless economy—but for a while no doubt money would be necessary to buy food from the farmers and to conduct a certain amount of foreign trade. But as rapidly as possible there would surely have to be common store-houses of all the necessities from which all could take what they needed. Clydeside is rich in skills, in industrial plant and in raw materials like coal and water and probably iron, and of course it has a great seaport. There is absolutely no reason at all why a Clydeside Free Community should not survive and prosper, once freed from the dead hand of government and the ravages of private profit-making. There would be problems galore to overcome, and the biggest of all would be the feeling of lots of ordinary people that they just couldn't run things themselves without direc-

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IRELAND

Neither Pope, 'Prod,' Nor Profit

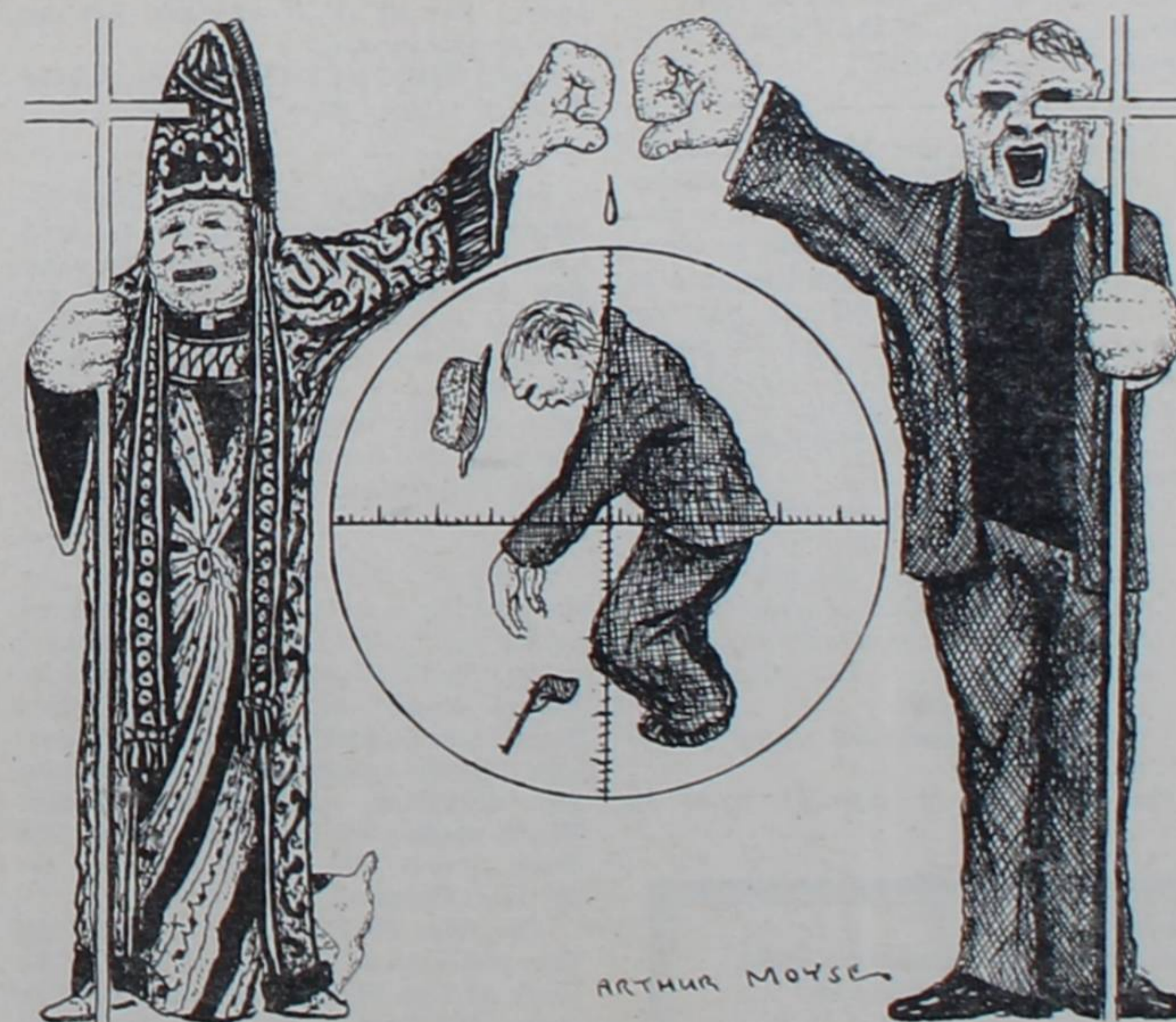
THE STORMONT GOVERNMENT'S decision to resort to internment without trial illustrates the fragility of our so-called 'democratic institutions'. With Mr. Heath's agreement, the government of Mr. Faulkner is enacting measures which are so deplored when utilised by totalitarian regimes. Nothing shows more clearly that all governments ultimately need and use undemocratic methods when their power is threatened. Governments are quick to condemn the use of violence when it is directed at their power, but they hold a near monopoly and are quick to use it against any adversary.

All the major political parties in this country, the national press and probably most of the general public have supported the internment decision. At best they see it as a regrettable necessity. The outcry that followed similar methods used in Aden, Cyprus and Nyasaland bears no comparison. Perhaps the threat is too near home for comfort and so they are willing to condone 'undemocratic methods'.

PD AND CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT

It is also very doubtful whether internment has brought the desired results. Far from rounding up the hard core of IRA provisionals, the authorities cast their nets very wide and included six members of the People's Democracy Central Committee and the moderate civil rights movement. The ease with which an IRA provisional member turned up and spoke at a press conference shows that the British troops have hardly scratched the surface. While Mr. Lynch's government in Dublin refuses to enact the same measures, it is doubtful whether the internments will stop the IRA.

It is ironic that both Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Lynch desperately need to find common ground to co-operate and yet both are held captive by factions within their governments. Mr. Lynch's condemnation of internment and his statement that the Stormont was 'incapable of just government and contemptuous of the norms of British democracy to which they pretend allegiance' is sheer hypocrisy. Only eight months ago he threatened the same measures.



Mr. Lynch has also tried to pass anti-trade union legislation and despite opposition, his Prohibition of Forcible Entry and Occupation Bill has become law.

By condemning internment in the North, he has kept the initiative and headed off those who would have sent Eireann troops to the border. His conference of 'all interested parties' is yet another ploy to aid his survival, while he knows that Mr. Faulkner will not survive if he agrees to such a deal.

With both the governments of the North and the South in a political cleft stick, the tragedy is that there is no alternative at the moment to fill the vacuum. Protestants, incensed by the shootings and their fears of the IRA, are likely to really join in the fighting. Gun battles between people of different religious faiths are the last thing that anarchists would want to happen, but at the same time a blind prejudice does

exist between the two religious communities. It is causing many Catholic families to move south and the Protestants to get out of the predominantly Catholic areas for both of them fear reprisals. Bigoted religious faiths separate people who could equally fill this vacuum with an alternative.

All governments maintain their power by dividing their peoples. Nation states are in fact two nations within one geographical area, those that own and control the economic wealth and those who produce this same wealth. The police and the armed forces are there to see that this situation is maintained. But both the Stormont and the Dail have used what in most countries is an outdated method of maintaining power, religion. All is not strawberries and cream in the Catholic south and so both fear the people who are determined to change things. Both governments want to keep the two nations within their boun-

daries, and only the people can create an alternative.

A REAL ALTERNATIVE

Both Catholics and Protestants must unite, as they have to a limited extent in their trade unions, to force the British troops out of Ireland. If a West of Scotland Workers' Council existed and started to take over industry as proposed in last week's *FREEDOM*, British troops would be needed on the Clyde and this would have assisted those struggling for freedom in Ireland. It would create a real alternative to this present rotten system that divides man against man and show the way to co-operation. We all have the task of ending the British occupation and assisting those in Ireland who seek an alternative to the capitalist exploitation of man by man.

While one can understand the attitude of the IRA, they are nationalists first and socialists second. In the north they are very anti-Protestant and it is little wonder that those of that faith fear them. Slogans shouted on Sunday's march, in support of the IRA, by 'left socialists', show how opportunist and unprincipled they are. The IRA are an authoritarian organisation who are out to impose their solution on the situation without letting the mass of the people of the north decide.

A campaign of mass civil disobedience and resistance to internment and the legalised murder by British troops is being mounted. The refusals to pay rent and rates to municipal authorities, backed up by industrial action (a one-day strike has already taken place in Derry), would hurt the Stormont and Westminster harder than the nationalist aims of the IRA. Solidarity with such a campaign could be given by workers in this country and in Eire.

Neither Belfast, Dublin nor Westminster can reform away capitalist exploitation. When this is realised, then we will have a revolutionary situation and the institutional violence of the State will be used here as well as in Ireland.

P.T.

PD's paper, *Free Citizen*, has been closed down, but has been printed here as *Unfree Citizen*. Funds can be sent to People's Democracy, c/o Freedom Press.

MIRIAM BENKOVITZ' biography of Ronald Firbank will probably be the last for a long number of years for this graceful man was a minor artist. But it is an important book for it brings out of their historical isolation this small group of homosexual, slightly tipsy butterfly men who made up a literary and artistic coterie of the 1920's. We have grown to accept those sad years as the stamping ground of the self-proclaiming muscle men of American literature or the sweaty world of Lawrence's prose and the lean and vicious Bloomsbury group but above this bog of A Level art for the teacher's colleges danced these moth-like creatures paying for the publication of their own books, being sick at café tables, laughing and giggling, harming no one and ever conscious of their own mortality. And you little comrade put aside the manifesto for an hour and read the uncommitted fiction of Ronald Firbank and all the Town who bought tickets for *Pork*

Pork, Firs & Firbank

accept my word that *The Princess Zoubaroff* is the better play. At a time when every hack who can hold a ball-point pen is defining pornography and/or obscenity I would issue my papal bull that pornography and/or obscenity can only be defined by the Established Authority of the time, for pornography and/or obscenity is that which generates a feeling of guilt or shame, therefore the battle for the free mind can never be won yet must always be fought.

For those who like their smut in a clinical jacket then buy and be disappointed with Deleuze's *Sacher-Masoch*. It contains the full text of that lost masterpiece of the rubber goods shop *Venus in Furs* and dull reading it makes without

even Beardsley's drawings to wake the drooping eye. Sacher-Masoch was a sad dog of the type one finds advertising in those little duplicated sex contact magazines and Deleuze's observations are pertinent. Writing of Masoch's novels he states that 'it is the moments of suspense that are the climatic moments' and this surely is the quintessence of the masochistic kick. It is not the smack on the bum but the erotic terror of anticipation that the cult pay Miss Whip for just as the reason for bondage is to deny to the partner an active part in the sexual act.

And the town has it all on sale, even to the high-minded erotica of the Four Masters at the Photographers Gallery,

in Great Newport Street. Yet, like all the mass-produced *Playboy* type of soft porn or the hard porn from Sweden, it is so glossy and well printed that it finally becomes meaningless, for the dirty postcard was a Victorian innovation and belongs to the world of black stockings and ferns.

But sexual sadism is still to be found in the tatty duplicated contact magazines on sale in Soho-type areas wherein every permutation of sexual longing is offered for sale. Those men and women who, by the power of veiled force, sit in judgement of their fellow men and women and warp the mind of innocence with their own sick morality have so much to answer for, for they have, over the centuries, ruined so many lives in the name of communal decencies.

The Letters of Aubrey Beardsley is a worthy and solid piece of academic workmanship that one admires but would not wish to emulate. There was little in the life of Beardsley, only his magnificent black and white drawings, and the huge volume of letters contain little beyond the small talk of a young man who succeeded and enjoyed his success; but this book of letters is a worthy work. There are, however, two letters within these hundreds of letters that should be nailed to the doors of every

persecuting god-lover, for they show the moral collapse of a dying man.

In 1896 Beardsley wrote to Smithers ('My dear Smithers') that he 'sent the following verse to a lady who asked him about his verse:

There was a young lady of Lima
Whose life was as fast as a steamer,
She played dirty tricks
With a large crucifix
Till the spunk trickled right down
her femur'

yet two years later, facing the terror of death, he was frantically writing to Smithers:

'Jesus is our Lord and Judge
Dear Friend,

I implore you to destroy all copies of *Lysistrata* and bad drawings. Show this to Pollitt and conjure him to do the same. By all that is holy, all obscene drawings.

Aubrey Beardsley.
In my death agony.'

O you good people and you, my lords, you create the hell for the innocent from your own sick fantasies.

This month liberty lost a battle and Christ forbid that all the years of struggling by those that love freedom of the mind and the body shall end with no more than the legal right of *The Times Literary Supplement* to use the English word fuck.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

TIME TO GET out our duplicators and Adana handprinting presses and begin to reprint the whole of *The Little Red School Book* and the best of *Oz*. Time to extend the circulation of our local magazines and sales of *FREEDOM* and *Peace News*. Censorship and fear breed silences disturbing for civil liberties and uncivil awareness. What stops the growth of more bookshops and magazine stalls? Only lack of energy and desire: distractions of men and women and desolation maybe. But we must show a tenth of that effort which propels the military and police forces of violent authority. We must also show a contempt for mere production; better to sit on our arses and think about what we are producing; who are we producing for; and—most important of all—does it need to be produced? If the unions really wanted to do some useful work on behalf of their members, from their comfortable offices, they would be researching into future needs and future jobs possible—rather than sitting tight on the situation as it is.

It would be hopeful to think that workers on the Clyde were also thinking about future jobs beyond keeping shipyards open. But as anyone knows who has only the weekly wage, no bank balance or savings, to have the time to work out such aims is difficult and tiring. Any physical work saps the brain as well as the body unless very strong in character and belief.

The fact remains that *Oz* and *IT* provoke disturbing thoughts of idleness in men and women who have been taught that work in itself is a virtue. Whether producing bombs or CS Gas, vegetables or defoliants to kill the vegetables. Produce. Produce. Produce. It is something which has to be learnt. To be able to sit and read; to watch the river flow; to listen to birds or to words; to sit and dream. But who can afford to sit and dream with a family to feed and no stocks and shares; no income from other people's sweat. We simply have to devise our own work which provides sufficient income to live.

Having started a secondhand bookshop of anarchist intent, taking sufficient to pay rent and electricity, pay for food and clothes—mostly good clothes from jumble sales, etc.—one lives certainly on less money than most people; but because we adapt to circumstances we live full lives.

John Barr is dead but his books *Derelict Britain* (Pelican) and *The Environmental Handbook* (Pan/Friends Of The Earth) live on as a tribute to his work. Subtitled 'Action Guide For The UK', it gives meanings of ecology, threats to the environment and the final section is

Riff-Raff

the Action Guide. A practical pocket-book for people concerned about their own village and town landscapes. Tells how to organize projects, and says of violence and direct action:

'Avoid violence. It is not that you are never justified, but the message of why something is done is often buried and lost by the public and the media. They often do not understand that the central problems may really be much more violent than any number of violent acts you could ever commit.

There are situations which require action beyond lawful tactics. The law does not yet recognize the right of every individual to a clean, quiet and healthy environment. For instance if you want to save a tree from being cut down, be prepared to climb up it and wait for the police to pull you down. Such illegal but non-violent tactics can generate support among young people and students who would not otherwise become involved.

Don't overlook other ways of getting the message across. Design and print posters and if they are good enough you can sell some. Prepare spots for local radio, hand out leaflets in the streets, on the underground, and to people in traffic jams. Tell the local press about what you are doing and tell the Friends of the Earth so they can tell the rest. Good luck.'

Write to: Friends of the Earth, 8 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Tyger is on at the National Theatre. A play about William Blake by Adrian Mitchell. If only because it is a play about a poet by a poet please go along and give support and take literature to sell before and after. If one poet deserves being listened to and his poems read it is the author and his subject. *Ride The Nightmare* is the third book of poems by Adrian Mitchell; with a sensible preface:

NOTE: to examiners, children and students

None of the work in this or any other of my books or articles is to be used in connection with any examination whatsoever. This also applies to beauty contests.

This book is dedicated to my friends and allies.

The book has a splendid cover by

Ken Sprague, master of woodcut—or is it a lino-cut? Whatever it is, it is a bold, clear and exciting cover. Ken Sprague is probably the best creative worker of this printing medium. He did a folder of illustrations on the Vietnam War of very powerful imagery—a folder of posters really and quite brilliant designs showing the savagery of war.

Meanwhile this collection of poems, and some prose, written in plain English with sharp, hard-faced poetry, sings of love and pain; the victimization of people by their public servants; the brutality of officials whether mental or physical; the love for fellow sufferers tormented by the pain humans inflict on one another; example:

A Party Political Broadcast On Behalf Of The Burial Party.

Spokesman: Already our Government has enforced the four freedoms: Freedom to speak if you have nothing to say.

Freedom from fear if you stay in your shelter.

Freedom from want if you do what we want.

And freedom from freedom. . . .

This drug—love—can remove The user's interest in money and property

And in killing in order to defend money and property.

Judge: Stop it, I can't bear it. . . .

There are some funny poems like *The Oxford Hysteria Of English Poetry*. And *A Party Political Broadcast On Behalf Of The Burial Party* not to mention a long, interesting *Loose-Leaf Poem*. *Old Age Report* has the lines: 'When a man's too old to work we punish him. Half his income is taken away. Or all of it vanishes and he gets pocket money.'

RIDE THE NIGHTMARE by Adrian Mitchell (Cape) 80p.

Jessie Winchester is a song writer deserving the attention given to Leonard Cohen and James Taylor—as deserving that is. He is a Canadian and yet another of the contemporary singers and guitar players exiled in Canada from The States—a draft dodger and war-refugee. His songs are about his experiences and memories and his music is worth listening to. *Jessie Winchester*.

Poetry St. Ives—3 is out in time for the touristy season. A well-produced magazine of poets and illustrators attuned to the South Western Arts Association. Poems stream of unconscious words largely meaningless to me. However Penelope Shuttle speaks poetry very precise and disturbing. Simple but creative. Worth reading for her poems alone. 30p from *Tower Of Babel*, Zennor, nr. St. Ives, Cornwall.

The Edge Of Tomorrow is one of the fine publications from Blackburn. The work of Tina Morris and Dave Cunliffe's press—BB Books. It is a collection of poems by Jeane Rushton and Peter Finch. And if Jeane Rushton is half as beautiful as she looks, in the tiny photograph of her, then Peter Finch is a very lucky man. Send for this pamphlet of poems to BB Books, 1 Spring Bank, Salesbury, Blackburn, Lancs. (15p post free.)

And This May Just Be Heaven is *Poetsdoos—II* from Jeff Cloves. A magazine which has shown up the national magazines for what many of them are—rootless; spiritless; gutless; and meaningless to all but a few political allies and arse-creeping makeweights. Meaning that by printing and illustrating his own poems and those of other local poets he has contributed in a very real way to the anarchist truth that all men and women are poets. Fuck the critics! Literally giving other poets the feeling that they are worthy of the name—Poet. *And This May Just Be Heaven* (20p post free) from: OurSide Press, 5 Manor Road, St. Albans, Herts.

DENNIS GOULD.

The Final Obscenity

WAY BACK IN THE THIRTIES when D. H. Lawrence was having trouble with the fuzzi on account of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, an Italian printer was asked to print it. It was thought that he ought to be told what it was all about since they didn't want him to get into trouble without knowing. When told, he said, 'Oh that it is nothing—we do it all the time.'

This story came back to me when I heard of the death of Comrade Charlie Lahr (who told it to me) at the age of 86. He was a small-time publisher and bookseller and was partly responsible for the distribution of such copies of *LCL* as mysteriously found their way into the country during the time when it was banned.

Charlie called himself an anarchist and as a German subject was interned in 1914-18 (at Alexandra Palace with Rudolf Rocker) and briefly in 1940. When told in 1941 that he could quite easily claim British citizenship, replied, 'Why should I, when I've been trying to be stateless all my life?'

During the thirties he was responsible (along with Archer) for publishing magazines such as *The Coterie*, *The New Coterie* and a whole series of booklets called *The Blue Moon* booklets, which went as near the bone as could be. Particularly remembered is a pamphlet

by Richard Aldington called *Balls*, which was merely a description of the games played with spherical objects. There was too a book called *The Benefits Moral and Secular of Assassination*. His literary sponsorships were few but spectacular. His lifelong ambition seems to have been to be done for obscenity.

But it is by his series of shops that he will chiefly be remembered. Shops which were probably as profitless (in money terms) to Charlie as they were to his creditors. One would go in for a twopenny pamphlet found amidst the glorious muddle which marked all his shops. Tidy bookshops are not generally very attractive. 'A fond disorder in thy dress kindles in me a wantonness.' One would get two scandalous anecdotes—very rarely true but quite worth hearing and a further browse and a perusal of Charlie's scandalous collages—all pre-*Private Eye*, *Oz* and *IT*.

We shall not look on his like again—the real individual seems to be dying out. If birth and sex are deemed obscene perhaps death is obscene too. But we cannot regret the passing of Charlie Lahr with his very full life, pedalling round London with sockless sandals spreading gossip everywhere. We can only regret the unfulfilled lives which are the real obscenities. Death is a five-letter word. J.R.

BAKUNIN AND THE PARIS COMMUNE

THE PARIS COMMUNE AND THE IDEA OF THE STATE by Michael Bakunin. Published by the International Centre for Research into Anarchism, 15p (40c)* obtainable from Freedom Press.

THIS FULL ENGLISH translation, by Geoff Charlton, of Bakunin's essay on the Paris Commune, written in June 1871, is a small but welcome addition to libertarian literature.

As with many things that Bakunin started, it was left unfinished. This trans-

VOLINE

The Unknown Revolution

(Kronstadt 1921 : Ukraine 1918-21)

We have had a great many enquiries for this title since it went out of print. We recently made the find of some of the sheets which we have completed and bound (hardcover, rexine).

This makes a very limited edition, and with a view to helping our own finances and making sure that people who have been asking for it get first chance, we are offering it at the price of £2.00 plus postage (inland 10p, abroad 15p), ONLY TO READERS OF 'FREEDOM' ORDERING DIRECT FROM US, up to October 31, 1971.

All profits from these sales will be put into the Press Fund.

lation, however, is as complete as Bakunin's original manuscript which was found after his death.

Whilst reading his passionate advocacy of freedom, and of economic and social equality, his exposé of the authoritarian 'communists', his defence of the Paris Commune and his attacks on Church and State, I remembered that—many years ago—I had read this before. Written in somewhat stilted English, and shortened, it was first published in English by Guy A. Aldred. I found this shortened version in *Bakunin's Writings*, published by the Modern Publishers, Indore, India, around 1947 or 1948.

This new, full, translation, with additional notes by Nicolas Walter is well worth the money.

P. NEWELL.

*Bundles can be obtained from Freedom Press at £1 for 10 copies.



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**ANARCHIST
FEDERATION
of BRITAIN**

AFBIB—To all Groups.

AFB REGIONAL GROUPS

Next AFBIB Meeting and Production, Sunday, September 5. Please send a delegate. (Accommodation provided if necessary.) Address all letters to:

95 West Green Road, London, N.15. Material that cannot wait for the bulletin to be sent to R. Atkins, Vanbrugh College, Hestlington, York.

The Contact Column in 'Freedom' is also available for urgent information. Groups should send latest addresses to Birmingham. New inquirers should write direct to them or to the AFB information office in Birmingham.

There are now anarchist groups in almost every part of the country. To find your nearest group write to:

N.E. England: M. Renick, 122 Mowbray Street, Heaton, Newcastle on Tyne.
Essex & E. Herts.: P. Newell, 'Aegean', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester. (QM, FL.)
Surrey: G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom.
Yorkshire: Martin Watkins, Flat D, 90 Clarendon Road, Leeds, LS2 9L.
Manchester Anarchist and Syndicalist Group: S. Newton, 406 Lightbourne Road, Moston, Manchester 10.
Scotland: Secretary, Mike Malet, 1 Lynnewood Place, Maryfield, Dundee.
Wales: c/o P. L. Mare (address above).
N. Ireland: c/o Freedom Press.
The American Federation of Anarchists: P.O. Box 9885, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440, USA.
S. Ireland: 20 College Lane, Dublin, 2.
University and Student Groups: c/o P. L. Mare

VIRGIL SAID, 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.' For those, like me, with little Latin and less Greek, it means: 'I fear the Greeks, even when they offer presents.' We anarchists, remembering Russia, Spain, China and Cuba have good reason to fear and distrust Communists even when they offer allegiance and flatter us. In the August 1971 number of *Marxism Today* (Theoretical and Discussion Journal of the Communist Party) appears 'in a sense, a continuation' of Mick Costello's 'Some Aspects of Anarchist Philosophy' (published in *MT*, March 1970) entitled 'Anarchist Ideas Today'.

Neither space nor inclination make possible an exhaustive analysis of the errors and misrepresentations contained in the article. Although specifically entitled 'Anarchist Ideas Today' it (for example) says the AFB publishes FREEDOM and owns Freedom Press. It also links the publication of FREEDOM and *Anarchy* as taking place at Freedom Press under the AFB. We are accused of dropping the slogan 'For Workers' Control' 'from its sub-title'. Mr. Costello labels the 'Solidarity' organization as 'anarchist'. Whose face is red?

It seems possible that this article was originally in two parts. Part two seems to have been delayed by more than a year! But it would explain the failure to notice the independence of *Anarchy* which would provide a wonderful example of fissiparous tendencies in anarchism, to coin a Marxist phrase.

The final section of the article is worth reproducing in full. Headed ominously 'Approach to Anarchists' it reads:

GREEK GIFTS

'These two articles have been concerned with political ideas and the anarchist approach to Revolution. They have not discussed anarchists as individuals and their place within the revolutionary movement in Britain in full, although I hope it has been shown that their opposition to exploitation and to capitalism clearly places them in this movement, whatever criticism a Marxist might have of them, as of any section of the Left which is not Communist.'

'In concluding, I should like to say that the approach Communists might adopt towards anarchists is the same as towards other sections of the militant non-Communist Left and could well be learnt from Lenin, as exemplified in *What Is To Be Done?* and in *Left-Wing Communism—an Infantile Disorder*. For all the problems of working with 'Left Wing Communists', Lenin first [Costello's italics] welcomed them, with their hatred of capitalism, seeing this as fertile ground on which much good could be built. This never prevented him making as clearly as he knew how his criticism of the weaknesses in their outlook.'

'Both Communists and Anarchists could do well to remember that the leader of Russian Anarchism, Peter Kropotkin witnessed the Russian socialist revolution and, despite his disagreements with a lot that was going on stayed in Russia until his death in 1921. One

of the first of the statues erected in Moscow after the revolution to the world's greatest revolutionaries was to Michael Bakunin, the founder of Russian Anarchism and Marx's great rival in the battle for the leadership of the working class within the First International.'

The appeal to Lenin's holy writ is disingenuous when one considers the fate of the Kronstadt sailors (suspected of anarchism), Lenin's double-crossing of Makhno and the hundreds of anarchists who were in Russian prisons and prison-camps (many dying therein) because they were anarchists and as such, enemies

of all States. The distorted reference to Kropotkin and the reference to him as 'the leader'—surely he was 'the leader' of British anarchism—if you are re-writing history! One gives up at the simple explanation of the Marx versus Bakunin conflict. And where in Moscow is, or was, the Bakunin statue?

Communist support for anarchism is like the Leninist explanation of support for social democracy—'as the rope supports an hanged man'.

Beware the Orthodox Greeks of King Street!

It was said that the definite sign of a revival of anarchism was the usage of 'anarchy' as a swearword and the attributing of trouble-making to anarchists. Is this wooing another tribute to the revival of anarchism or marking the decline of British communism?

JACK ROBINSON.

Death of the Hero

IN A TIME like ours, when sincerity has to be questioned for an underlying motive, where scepticism and distrust are necessary qualities, and where people are guilty until proved innocent, the commercial exploitation of 'the new' (i.e. the old in fresh disguises) merely serves to aggravate the inherent antagonism that anarchists feel towards our present so-called civilisation already. The cult of cultishness would, in a sane and healthy society, be regarded as false, stupid, and dangerous.

Today, of course, hero-worship is a necessary ingredient to the balanced life. Because our system of social organisation depends upon a 'them' and an 'us'; because it is based upon the notion that all men are not equal; and because people are content to accept the status quo of such (in)human arrangements, we—collectively—deem it desirable to put up on public pedestals those whom we think should be acknowledged as people of greatness. Personalities are a reflection of the age and place in which they live. It doesn't matter in which fields of activity they excel—to me, all deliberate acclamation of an individual (and his consequent dehumanisation) is but an adequate admission of conditioned inferiority: we look up to people because we are led to believe that we are not equal enough to look them in the eye. Admiration, love, or the honest recognition that another human being is more knowledgeable in a certain subject, is truthful and therefore good; empty-headed adulation of a manufactured superman just confirms the anarchist's suspicions, and the truth of Juvenal's dictum (that all the masses need are circuses and bread), and ample vindication of the Situationist's attack on the

triumph of 'the spectacle'.

If we were truly logical as anarchists, we would, I think, not merely approach heroes and their worship with 'healthy' irreverence, but would condemn, with contemptuous disdain, the whole ridiculous apparatus, which, for its snivelling, continued existence, is only too aware of the value of the daily production of some one-dimensional god or other, promoted by the advertising agencies of garbage, for the delectation and delight of a willing mob of acquiescent boot-lickers.

Unfortunately, of course, for those who care for people as individuals, there is often a person of substance underneath the shit of synthetic mythology. But how can one, in such a situation, disentangle fact from stinking fiction? Where the laws of economics rule the show, how can the media be expected to care a damn about the substance? The primacy of profit demands pretence; the probability-success of all-important image, and exacts a quite-befitting sacrifice of squalor.

Once inside the glittering trap of meaningless 'fame', the 'successful' are just pathetic failures, acting out their tragic roles like puppets on the strings of businessmen. And the rebels who 'sold out' shouldn't feel the need to rationalise their betrayal: they never really deluded anybody so much as themselves if they ever believed that they could avoid becoming just another poor sucker in the personality machine.

It's an old truism, but timelessly valid, like all truths: leaders are leaders, as long as there are followers. Followers are followers, as long as they ignore the greatness that exists within themselves.

B.P.B.

Direct Action in Brittany

ON THE NIGHT of May 19, a milk truck was taking its load to the bottling plant at Pontivy. In the Camors forest, it hits a road block, the road is blocked with cars by some forty peasants. The lorry is surrounded and emptied of its 23,000 litres of milk. The following day, one of the demonstrators, Jean Carel, president of the local Young Farmers, is arrested.

The price paid for milk by plants in the Morbihan department is now 3 centimes per litre lower than in March (50 as opposed to 53), while the European price has been raised by 6%. In Savoy, producers are paid 66 centimes per litre.

'As the price paid to the producer has no relationship with the retail price, mass discontent has forced us to take spectacular action to attract attention,' said Jean Carel.

June 3: Carel's trial opens to a background of demonstrations and clashes with the CRS. The following text is distributed; 'To get Carel out of prison, to defend our labour and to construct a society where disorder will not be legally organised to the profit of capitalism, let peasants and workers fight together.' Many speak of the legalised theft inherent in the price system.

Carel is charged on three counts:

1. Participation in an act of wanton destruction;
2. Causing an obstruction to traffic;
3. Rebellion.

Bourgeois justice, to defend its class

interests, must show that this sort of thing cannot succeed. The defence attorney, Sabas, places the affair in its economic context and states that Jean is a symbol, his actual part in the affair being minimal. He is duly sentenced to four months (of which two are suspended). He is, furthermore, disqualified from driving for six months.

The sentence is met with cries of disgust and a march is organised which culminates in a sit-down at a level crossing, delaying the Paris Express. This is broken up with violence on both sides. Despite the rain, fighting goes on until late in the afternoon.

Revolt is not revolution. Only the first step.

Commenting on the affair, Agriculture Minister Cointat said, 'These demonstrations will only serve to lower the agricultural profession in the esteem of the public. Considering its already poor reputation, it cannot afford to do this.'

Who is he trying to fool? The farmers, an ever-decreasing group, are the most exploited of all workers, yet the most essential producers. Cointat's 'public opinion' must be that of the police (three times more numerous than doctors), the army, the church, his own party and all the other parasites who produce nothing yet live richly in this putrescent society off the sweat of the workers and who, moreover, dictate to us rules of good behaviour.

Le Combat Syndicaliste.
(translated t.l.)

The Living Theatre

THE LIVING THEATRE came to Brasil because it was asked by Brazilian artists to help in the struggle for liberation in a land in which they described the situation as 'desperate'.

We agreed because we believe it is time for artists to begin to give the knowledge and power of their craft to the wretched of the earth.

Here in Brasil we have been trying through the highest expression of our art to increase conscious awareness among the poorest of the poor, among factory workers, miners, and their children.

The practice of our art in these forbidden areas has brought down on us the wrath of the forces of regression and we are now accused of subversion, in addition to possession of and traffic in drugs.

We are not suffering in the sense that

70 million people in this country who are daily tortured by hunger are suffering; but we are prisoners in the life and death struggle to liberate consciousness on the planet.

We appeal to our friends, our allies, for whatever help they can muster, so that we can continue to develop and practise our art in the service of those who are the prisoners of poverty.

JULIAN BECK/JUDITH MALINA,
The Living Theatre.

Detention Cells, DOPS
(Department of Political and Social Order),

Belo Horizonte, Brasil
Bastille Day, 1971
Legal Defence Fund (\$25,000.00) to:
Julian Beck,
First National City Bank,
Belo Horizonte, Minas Gerais, Brasil

OZ AND THE REVOLUTION

Dear Comrades,

I feel Jack Robinson is rather harsh on Oz and the underground (FREEDOM, 14.8.71) even though I am equally piqued at the way the Establishment finds Oz more of a threat than our oh-so-revolutionary selves!

We anarchists have, on the whole, taken people as we found them—with

LETTERS

all their deeply-rooted prejudices—and through our propaganda encouraged them to destroy capitalism and the State and to organise their own lives. However, the enemy within—the dangerous psychological forces within all

FREIE ARBEITER STIMME

Dear Comrades,

I am afraid you will have to make an apology again for printing twice the so-called 'Origin and History of the Freie Arbeiter Stimme'. The first writer was altogether ignorant of the history of the FAS. The second one, Albert Meltzer, is also wrong, for according to him the garment trade unions created the FAS. On the contrary. Eighty years ago when the FAS started there were no Jewish trade unions in America, only when the influx of Jewish emigrants from all over Europe came to America, the FAS organised them and helped them to create the Jewish trade unions. Later the FAS protected and fought for the working people against their own trade union officials. Albert Meltzer said

of us—have been largely ignored. The inherent dangers of such an approach are obvious because anarchism is not populism: 'Give the people what they want!' is not an anarchist slogan if what the people want is persecution of minorities, racialism, etc.

The underground—or at least that part of it which is performing a revolutionary function—has taken the other approach of concentrating on trying to destroy the sexual repression and other forces within the individual which prevent the development of individual consciousness and which, consequently, maintain workers as their own jailers and fodder for politicians.

Which approach is the most effective—or indeed whether or not a choice has to be made between such complementary activity—is a question to be resolved as a result of debate and experience rather than by dogmatic assertions.

Fraternally,

Northants. TERRY PHILLIPS.



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LEAH FELDMAN.

IN THE SIX COUNTIES a Democracy. In the twenty-six a Shamocracy. The soldiers in the six counties have taken on the role of the old RUC. At best they turn a blind eye on shooting UVF members, at worst they fraternize. Faulkner was told plainly he would let loose hell if he introduced internment, but he did it, and hell it is.

Imagine a mother coming home from night duty at a hospital to find her house open, all the lights blazing and not only her husband gone but her four-year-old daughter too. At 10.30 a police car brought the hysterical-with-terror child back. She had been separated from her father and given no food.

A priest in full robes with a boy carrying a white flag was shot by the Army while administering to a wounded man from such a short distance that the shooting soldier MUST have known he was shooting a priest. The man to whom he was administering recovered. He had been engaged in ferrying children across the road to the lorry that was to take them away to safety. He had taken one lot over and was returning for another when the soldiers shot him. Yet I listened to a high-ranking officer (I did not catch his name) saying on the wireless yesterday that no soldier would ever shoot an innocent person. They were far too well-trained to make a mistake.

I could go on for pages listing the horrors, but what is the use? We held an all party meeting (except Fianna Fail and the Provos) in O'Connell Street on Monday and then marched to the British Embassy to protest. The fools in our march went and spoiled this as when we got to the Embassy there were 50 gardai in a double-line cordon to prevent people charging the Embassy and smashing the windows, etc. Immediately the fools started shouting 'Gestapo Gardai'. A lie. WHY try to provoke a confrontation now of all times? Sometimes I think fools are even more dangerous than knaves.

The Seaned proposed that the debate upon the Forcible Entry Bill which went before them yesterday be postponed in view of the situation in the six counties, and that it was singularly malapropos at the moment. This the Fianna Fail members refused, calling those who asked this 'blackmailers'. Our Minister for Foreign Affairs Paddy Hillery has gone to London THEY say to talk with Maudling about some settlement. We believe he was called to London to be rebuked for the twenty-six counties not introducing internment directly Stormont did. I'll perhaps know before I send you this. The Provos are blowing up things in Dublin too. I was woken last night by what I know learn was a bomb at the British factory of Callenders Cables Ltd.

Scotland

Continued from page 1

tion from a government. Still, you can't learn to swim without getting into the water, and you can't learn to run things yourselves without attempting to do it.

NO BLUEPRINTS

The politicians will say this is all a dream, a utopia impossible to attain. Pay no heed to them. They once said that England couldn't exist without the divine right of kings—but it did. They once said that the country would be ruined if workers got the vote—but it wasn't. Now they will say that ordinary men and women who make all the wealth of our society are incapable of managing that society without employers and a government—and they will sooner or later be proved wrong. As anarchists we are not interested in getting 'power', in forming governments, or in giving anyone directions. We leave all that to the politicians. We can't lay down a blueprint for the future and we wouldn't want to do it anyway. That is something for workers of every description to do—and once they try it it is certain that there will be plenty of experts, scientists, ecologists, technicians, who will be only too eager to help without wanting thereby to be placed in positions of authority. Already there are hosts of young people so disgusted with the present rat-race they have dropped out rather than take part in the miserable struggle to accumulate material possessions. For certain, all the best men and women in our society would rally in support of such a bold break from the old order and help to build the new.

THIS WEEK IN IRELAND

They have phoned the press saying that within 72 hours this factory will be completely destroyed. I managed to get involved in a fierce word battle with the Provos in O'Connell Street just before they held their separate meeting after our united one on Monday. I wish everyone did not know so exactly who I am. I fail to see that because I do not think indiscriminate shooting will ever win and because I have spent time abroad I am an enemy, but the Provos like only themselves. The internal fighting between them and the regulars only hinders.

We have over 1,200 (gone up to 4,000 since I wrote that) refugees from the six counties here now. I hope they will not find they are out of the frying pan into the fire. When the Forcible Entry Bill becomes law we will have even more repressive legislation than the Special Powers Act of the six counties. More refugees are pouring in every second and over to England too. There is no doubt that when Faulkner went to London he made a dirty little deal with the Orange men first. 'I'll introduce internment if you will accept a ban on the Apprentice Boys March in Derry on the 12th.' I am sick to the stomach, and working about 20 hours a day. The very first spark off of all this trouble in the six counties was when a British soldier shot an innocent man whose van backfired, and then the soldiers tried to plant a gun but the crowd prevented them doing this. The other man in the van was dragged off and badly beaten up by soldiers.

Hillery was heckled outside the Foreign Office. Nero Heath has sailed while all this goes on, leaving matters to the man who is Maudlin by name and by nature. As I write Faulkner is saying how successful internment has been and how he is on the side of the Catholics!!! Words fail me. He is now talking about 'these vile gunmen' but only means one side and he is going on about how Lynch has gone back on his word by not interning down here too. Personally I think this snake-in-the-grass will do just that the second his Bill is through. I've just heard that a lot of internees have been removed to a prison ship.

Also a man released from Magilligan camp in Derry tells how they were starved, and the Special branch alternately tried to threaten and bribe them into turning informer. 'Christ that such

things should be.'

Now I have been listening to Catholic people who lived in the midst of a Protestant district and last night 60 men came with guns and ordered them out and threatened to shoot their children if they did not go. One woman had a heart attack and is dangerously ill in hospital. They lived in peace with their Protestant neighbours till Paisley started his anti-Catholic campaign. One child on his way home from school has twice had his arm broken by Protestant kids taught by Paisleyites. The women who were being interviewed were weeping. They had nowhere to go but were glad to go. No soldier came near to protect these people. I can write no more. My own life is threatened now for I write and speak freely against the wickedness and foolishness of BOTH sides, the provos, the provokers and all who hate

SIGNS OF LIFE IN THE MEDWAY TOWNS

THE MEDWAY TOWNS in Kent make up a dreary apathetic conurbation, slowly being strangled by the Royal Navy, Eliot Automation, and other tentacles of the military-industrial octopus. But there has been one small gleam of light in recent months with the appearance of what might turn out to be a highly interesting grass-roots libertarian movement.

Activities of the Medway Libertarian-humanist Community are spontaneous. They began in self-defence against atrocious working conditions at Kingsnorth, a giant new power station rising beside the river Medway. Most support still lies there; though now other dazed victims of the consumer society scattered through the Medway Towns are becoming interested. A main activity of the group has been their copious monthly magazine *Libertarian Sunrise*. Averaging 24 foolscap pages per issue, *Sunrise* has items of local interest, such as the activities of local bosses, the rape of Foulness, etc. It also covers national events; for example, in August's issue, No. 20 in the series, is an excellent well-documented article on the sinister machinations of Securicor.

Sunrise, distributed free, is intended to be an open forum for ordinary people to have their say. 'Let a million minds bloom; let a million voices speak their piece!' By producing *Sunrise* the group has learnt the value of a well-organised duplicating system. They have several times struck back quickly with showers of leaflets against abuses perpetrated by the local press and employers, and have been able to bring out pamphlets and even books on aspects of libertarianism.

Kingsnorth and the squalid goings on there are still a main topic in the magazine. Rising costs, hold-ups, and delays on the site had previously been blamed exclusively on the workers, who have been harassed alike by management and union—not to mention 'authoritarian-humanism' in the guise of *Workers Press*.

Last month, for example, Michael Tobin, a very active member of the group, wrote a leaflet, *We Accuse*, attacking union apathy at Kingsnorth. Hugh Barr, CEU shop steward convenor and CP member, was so incensed by this that, in front of other workers, he rushed at Tobin in a red rage and felled him to the ground. This incident must surely show Barr in his true colour.

Another confrontation has been with those local rags, the *Chatham News* and *Chatham Standard*. These are owned and edited by Graham Parrett, a grotesque Medway Towns embodiment of the establishment. Parrett himself is an experienced strike-breaker; he is still being boycotted by certain unions for taking on blackleg labour during a local industrial dispute. 'Personally Speaking', his own column in the *Chatham News*, week after week spews out highly reactionary, often racist, clichés carefully calculated to pander to commuters' and other readers' worst sentiments.

Parrett was roused to predictable activity by this strange phenomena of literate working men; his papers began to produce a whole series of smears and distortions, directed especially against Michael Tobin, 'The Man who Preaches Revolution'. He was surprised to get

and work against peace.

August 12th. In England 'The Glorious Twelfth' when grouse are slaughtered for the palates of the rich. In Derry, with the 'Croppies and Teags into the gutter' annual parade banned, God alone knows what I shall hear tomorrow morning. Another man was killed in Belfast last night. The most tragic thing I have heard ever came from my friend Kevin Myers on the late news last night. He was at Victoria Station as 200 women and children came to board a train to the 26 counties. Lorries of stones and jeering Paisleyites awaited them, and even when on the platform the stones came flying over the wall hitting these innocents, and Faulkner declares no Protestant is doing anything against any Catholic. Ex-B-Specials have 100,000 guns legally, and when the IRA run out of ammunition they will use them. Paisley says so. The Orange will win. Every woman and child of the Republican or Catholic beliefs will have left, and every man will be killed, and Fianna Fail are sowing similar seeds in the twenty six counties. We need YOUR help in our agony.

H.

Contact

Contact Column is for making contact! Use is free, but donations towards typesetting costs are welcome

Help Fold and Despatch 'Freedom', Thursdays from 2 p.m.

Three places open for proposed small group to learn Spanish by direct teaching method. Contact Freedom Press.

New Address—Plymouth Group: John Northfleet, 16 Adelaide Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth. (Greg is moving.)

Black & Red Outlook No. 3: Paper of the Anarchist Syndicalist Alliance. 5p plus postage. Subscription £1 per 10 issues. In bulk multiples of 10 at 40p a time. All cash to treasurer (cheques and POs made out to Black & Red Outlook, c/o T. Anthony, 29 Eskridge Street, Salford, 7).

Proposed Group—Edinburgh. Tony Hughes, 55 South Clerk Street, Edinburgh. 031-667 3534.

Radical Alternatives To Prison: Women in Prison—An Exhibition. Films, Photos, Poem, etc. Part of a campaign against rebuilding Holloway Prison. Roundhouse, N.W.1, September 8 to 14, 12 noon-11 p.m. except Sundays. Help and money to 104 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1. Phone 01-606 6123.

Help OZ. Film Show, Paris Pullman, Saturday, August 21 at 11 a.m. Adult £1, children 50p. Information: M. Segal, 5 Cathcart Hill, N.9.

'South West Conference.' Will any group or individual in the SW who would like to attend, please contact Brian Shuttleworth, 51 Barnardo Road, Exeter, Devon.

Proposed Group: Celia & Laurens Otter, 13 Albert Road, Wellington Telford, Salop.

Anarchist couple, moving to London September 1, seek two-roomed flat or similar in Whitechapel area. Richard and Teresia. 19 Charlotte Road, Birmingham, 15. 021-440 4530.

Would any Comrade like a collection of FREEDOM 1960s and 1970s to date? If so, contact Lilian Wolfe, 22 Tivoli Road, Cheltenham, Glos.

Bangla Desh—Operation Omega. Contributions needed in cash, help or kind. We need nurses, doctors, mechanics, office workers, sponsors (individuals or groups), medicines, vaccine guns, high-protein foods, inflatable boats, generators, outboard motors, spare parts. Send details of help you can give, or goods you can offer, or cash to Operation Omega, 3 Caledonian Road, London, N.1 or phone London 837 3860 or 485 1103 or Manchester 881 1788.

'And this may just be heaven' poems and collage by Jeff Cloves. 32pp, litho prints, card covers. 20p including postage from 5 Manor Road, St. Albans, Herts.

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.

Commune in Ramsgate, Kent, starting Sept. '71 needs members. Crafts/educational bias. Write: 36 Devonshire Road, Mill Hill, N.W.7.

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

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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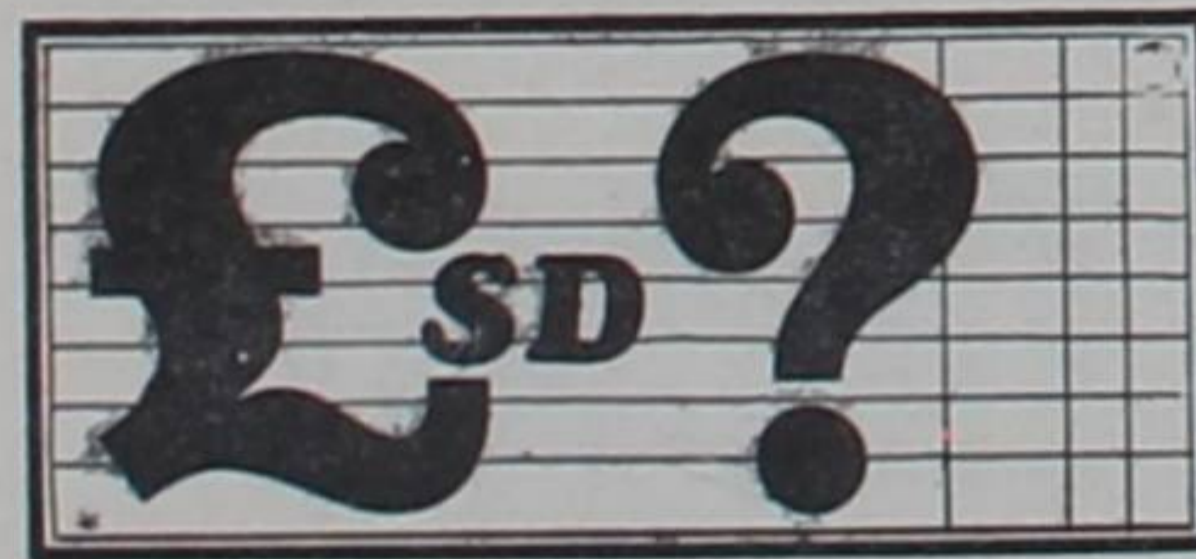
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Nearer my God to Thee

LACTON (ESSEX) Young Conservatives have a bright shop window display listing the Party's positive social welfare achievements (there are some) headed in large lettering 'It's all happening as promised'. A companion show-board is headed '—And that's just the tip of the iceberg'. J.R.



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