

THE END OF AN EPOCH

THIS IS THE TIME of the year when the leader writers polish up their clichés and embark upon a discourse on the pathetic fallacy that the chronological end of our highly arbitrary calendar marks in some to-be-explained way the real end of an epoch. This kind of article is generally good and easy for bashing forth before departing for the usual office celebrations. 1973 is, however, the real end of an epoch when the slow internationalization of the capitalist superstructure took legal form with the entry of Britain, Ireland and Denmark into the European Economic Community. For many of us this must mark the end of an epoch. It is visible evidence of a truth, however unpalatable, made plain and possibly permanent.

The year has not seen the end of the Vietnam war except for the display of the promise of such an end (for election purposes) neither can we believe there is a great longing for peace among the leaders of North Vietnam. Ireland still staggers bleeding from its wounds and political leeches, the impossibility of a clear dominance of any faction has turned political minds in the direction of shabby compromises.

The ending of the permissive society before it began has involved Labour in the right-wing drift. The insult to a dormant nationalism of Common Market membership and acceptance of Asian migrants has

been used by unscrupulous politicians of left and right to beat the Conservative Government. We have seen the first strikes with a racial bias and even a squat with racialist implications. Meanwhile like a treacherous coral reef the right-wing nationalist vote grows beneath the stormy waters of by-elections. Once more the Liberals see a false dawn, the rejection by the electorate of both prominent suitors made Cinderella Thorpe seem the favoured one.

The urge to claim morality makes student-bashing a favoured pastime, the pornographic hunt is up and the swallowing of the Angry Brigade myths makes for a long summer for the Bomb Squad. Meanwhile from Harold Wilson comes the age-old cry 'don't rock the boat', all regardless of the fact that the boat has been leaking for years.

The freeze cure for inflation is being tried but as every plumber knows, it is the thaw that tells. All this makes it urgent and important to maintain a still small voice that constantly cries 'Shit' to all the clap-trap and ballyhoo that is circulated

from right and left in the guise of informed opinion.

Which brings us to the point of this piece. We cannot, if we would, detach ourselves from the problems of political chicanery, personal fearfulness and financial stringency. Indeed, they have all, in some degree, hit us, and led to a declining circulation and financial desperation. We made a proposition on November 18 to revive our declining circulation and financial fortune, this involved the receipt of guarantees to the amount of £2,000.

These guarantees at the time of writing have not turned up.

Therefore some of us are embarking on an alternative course. From its next number which we hope will be on January 6 FREEDOM, whilst still being a four-page weekly and the same price, will be produced in the Colchester area by the photolitho process. This is purely in the interest of cutting production costs. (Editorial work and subscriptions

will still, until further notice, be conducted from 84b Whitechapel High Street, London, E.1.) Freedom Press, Freedom Bookshop and Express Printers will continue as before.

Our new appearance will not indicate any change in policy, editorship or, substantially, in content. We are not joining the 'underground press', going psychedelic or joining that mass of 'the unreadable in search of the illiterate'.

To succeed in this strategy we need your co-operation. Most subscriptions are due from the New Year. We are asking you as a token of co-operation to pay in advance immediately. The rates will be as last year and may we add that although we will try our best we cannot guarantee either regular weekly appearance or survival for the length of your subscription. At the moment we are considering the position regarding bundle orders which are a source, in many cases, of loss and additional expense (be-

ing on a sale or return basis).

We would add that whilst, in the circumstances, we do not hold you to your guarantee, we shall be more than happy to receive contributions to the Press Fund for we shall still have an unhappy gap in our finances.

In view of our re-appraisal we shall be revising and pruning our over-large exchange and free list. If this news strikes anybody's conscience or pocket we shall be pleased.

To those of you (and the editors are with you) that this news depresses may we say that FREEDOM has retrenched before, indeed it ceased publication from 1926 for several years. To make it a monthly would not suit our purpose for there are many excellent anarchist-libertarian monthlies already. We may be crouching for a spring. Indeed this may be the end of an epoch. An epoch of despair from which we shall emerge with hope. Merely to survive is an achievement.

EDITORS.

CARRY THE BANNER

WORKERS ARE AGAIN showing the Government that their use of the law to restrict trade union activity can only rebound back on them, causing widespread disruption of industry. The Government's Industrial Relations Act and the case of Mr. Goad have been answered by one-day stoppages of engineering workers. Monday's strikes, which stopped the national papers, were timed to coincide with the sequestration from the Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers of £50,000 for contempt for failing to appear before the National Industrial Relations Court.

The workers at the CAV factory at Sudbury stayed out on strike for three days. Their decision to go back, taken a day earlier than expected, was not without some bitterness since the shop stewards at the twelve Lucas group factories in Birmingham, failed to recommend support to the members. At Sudbury they said they had 'set the ball rolling. Now it is up to other members to carry the banner'.

All praise to the workers at Sudbury for their action, especially since the only strikes that have occurred there are two one-day stoppages. It was during one of these strikes that Mr. Goad scabbed. It is unfortunate that these other factories did not come out and express their solidarity with Sudbury. They in fact passed a resolution calling on the union's executive to recall the engineering section's national committee so that the policy of non-co-operation with the Court can be discussed. Such a move will probably mean that the union will fall in line with the TUC's policy and defend itself in Court.

The union executive has soft-pedalled the whole issue. Their statement last week only said that they believed that the members will not stand idly by and allow unworthy individuals such as Mr. Goad—apparently supported by organisations and individuals who certainly have no sympathy with the trade union movement—to bring our organisation to ruin.

Even though the union has not co-operated with the Court, it is not prepared to positively demonstrate its industrial strength. It has left it to its area committees and shop stewards to set an example. To the average trade

unionist, who supports his union's policy on the Act this does have a demoralising effect. But it has been pointed out in these columns before, even the 'left wing' unions are not prepared to use the industrial strength which their members have. Any organisation which is based and structured with a leadership will, by its very nature, also try and control its membership. But the executive would rather keep hold of the reins than let them out of their hands by having a national strike of engineers.

For the union, the employers and the Government, the timing of the case has been opportune. A worker's first thought, whether you like it or not, is cash in his pocket for his family for the holiday. But this week's stoppages have again shown where the real power in industry really lies. If the Government continues to rely on the Act only further confrontations can result.

The wage freeze, with continuing price increases, has aggravated the situation. Even management are getting worried about this situation. Mr. Jukes, director general of the Engineering Employers' Federation, has advised the Government to return to collective bargaining but within a framework of a prices and incomes policy agreed to by the unions.

Certainly there have been and are plenty of signs that this is what the Government wants. Some deal whereby the rough edges of the Act are smoothed out in exchange for an incomes policy would be a bargain for any Government and the employers and would be the biggest con-trick ever put over on the working class.

What is needed is a realisation that with the industrial strength of the working class everything is possible. At the moment the organisations, created to defend our interest against the employers, are so tied up with the State that the trade union leaders only want to see a continuing of the capitalist system of exploitation. They will support reforms, higher wages and the reduction of the working week, but they will withdraw from any action that threatens the employers and the State's existence. As anarchists we have to put this to working people and build a movement to end the exploitation of man by man once and for all. P.T.

THE STRIKE ACTION taken by hospital workers throughout Britain last week was the first widespread challenge to the Government's wage freeze. More than 200,000 men and women, among them porters, catering staff, cleaners and telephonists, took part in the strike and many also supported local demonstrations. Many workers reacted enthusiastically to the official union call for a half-day stoppage in protest at the freeze on their pay claim by deciding to strike for 24 hours. In London, more than 4,000 workers demonstrated their anger outside the offices of the Department of Health.

The ancillary workers in hospitals—the phrase hardly does justice to the importance of the work done by these people—are amongst the low-paid workers for whom the Government was shedding crocodile tears a few months ago. Porters earning £20 a week are expected to carry out various unpleasant tasks like conveying amputated limbs to incinerators and dealing with infectious cases. Of course, workers who provide a highly important social service inevitably face hostile criticism from the press when they take strike action. The workers' concern for the welfare of the public is turned against them in the most immoral kind of blackmail. If the rest of society is not prepared to end the exploitation of socially-important workers then they have no alternative

Fight the Freeze!

but to take strike action. In last week's strike the hospital workers did everything to ensure that patients did not suffer, and where necessary they performed essential services and donated their pay to charity. Despite the ritualistic search by journalists for a 'horror story' about the consequences of the strike they seem to have been completely unsuccessful in their quest!

The wage freeze which was expected to end on February 27 is now likely to be extended for another two months and the Government has made clear its intention to impose a ceiling on pay increases when the freeze ends. Up until last week wage negotiations for workers due for a pay rise had been continuing with the intention of agreeing on rises to be implemented when the freeze ends. However, Heath has now made clear in a letter to Lord Cooper of the General and Municipal Workers' Union that no such agreements are to be concluded 'until such time as the Government is able to announce guidelines'. Meanwhile, the major items of expenditure for the lower-paid—rents and the prices of basic foods like meat, fish and fruit—

are excluded from the so-called price freeze. Undoubtedly, many manufacturers have avoided the price freeze by back-dating the increases. In the chaotic world of food retailing with its phoney pricing and perpetual 'cut-price offers' there is unlimited scope for raising prices.

Despite all the talk from the Government about the lower-paid, the wage freeze is simply intended to hold back the wages of all workers in order to increase the profits of the wealthy. The union bureaucrats of the TUC, committed as they are to the perpetuation of the capitalist system, are eager to do a deal with the Government and they are hoping to re-open negotiations under the cover of concern about prices. Early next year many more groups of workers—including the miners—will be due for a pay rise and they will feel the effects of the freeze. United action by all workers can defeat the wage freeze, and if we are ready to take control of our own lives we can defy the authority of the State and destroy the system which condemns us to a life of endless work and wage-slavery. TERRY PHILLIPS.

WHAT THE PAPERS DIDN'T SAY

WE HAVE BEEN interested to see the coverage in the press of 'The Angry Brigade-Stoke Newington Case'. The Sun and the Daily Express outdid themselves in revelations of goings-on in a cottage at Wivenhoe which apparently not only involved the AB, sex and drug orgies but also the apparent ritual slaughter of a hen. This story was also covered (or originated) in the Essex County Standard which also carried two letters criticizing this story.

We have long been used to the sensationalism, trivialization and lies of the 'popular' press. We do not know why we expect better from the quality press. Nicolas Walter pointed out in a letter to the Guardian that it had once again 'disgraced itself in editorial comment on the Angry Brigade'. It made some slight amends by publishing Nicolas' letter and the letters of two or three other comrades and supporters but there were many other letters which

were doubtless kept out including one from Mark Hendy which pointed out how the AB trial had aided the police in keeping their tabs on dissenters. Mark Hendy commented on the disingenuous remark quoted by the Guardian, 'I cannot see how getting innocent people arrested is going to stop the bombing' and the Guardian's obvious approval of this remark.

It has long been noted that where a newspaper reported something of which one had knowledge it was wrong in at least one particular, but if one would see an example of all-round mistakes one should look at an account in the Sunday Telegraph of December 10 of the history of FREEDOM, which had obviously been transposed from a history of Anarchy. What is more astonishing was to receive a letter from the Telegraph saying that the author 'is on holiday for the next two weeks, but I will make a point of bringing your

comments to his notice when he returns to the office'. No correction has, so far, been published.

It was even more astonishing to find that The Times reported Pinelli being found dead outside a block of flats. A comrade wrote up to point out that it was the police headquarters. The Times (without publishing the letter) replied 'The Editor thanks you for writing to him on December 7, which was noted with interest, but with respect, Mr. Borrell did not know the details you give, which will be borne in mind here'. What sheltered lives Times reporters lead.

Finally we might mention that one of the best stories on the case since the verdict has appeared in Time Out.

The theory put forward in the last issue of FREEDOM that the people convicted in the Stoke Newington Eight trial were picked out as 'examples' seems to be borne out by a photograph re-

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Enjoyable Guilt

EVERY ESTABLISHED and well-breeched society has its problem group to give it that sense of guilt that adds zest to the enjoyment of living high off the hog. Dickens set the scene for us with the cosy fire, the Christmas puddin', the turkey and the grateful poor and every contemporary society has tried to live up to those Dickensian ideals of worthy charity for the true blue charity cases. But the days when one could hand out, or receive, the charity hand-outs have passed from the pleasures of the individual to that of the politicians and we of the humanitarian idealism, liberal conscience and low income must use the super-market of the world's charity needs to salve our battered consciences, for though we have committed no crime we, being what we are, demand the right to suffer, and by Christ we will suffer, even though our needs may be greater than those we demand to help.

The Canadians have the Eskimo, the Americans the Indians and Jane Fonda, the Israelites the Arabs, the Arabs the Israelites, the Australians the Aborigines, the Irish the Protestants and the Protestants the Irish and I have the Rich. My rich are not the long-haired, over-dressed and youthful property speculators dashing from slum-wealth to slum-wealth in their flash cars, my rich are not the neurotic boardroom sad sacks of the great business takeover empires, or the great money lords of the pop entertainment industry, but your genuine Old School, High Tory, True Blue rich. Men and women who can trace their line back to the Tudor gangsters, whose grandfathers literally trod on the faces

of the deserving poor, and whose country homes creak with tradition and wood-worm.

The men have shy smiles and ill-fitting suits and their wives and daughters wear expensive and dated dresses, and all sport the Imperial Hooter made fashionable by Princess Anne, and they move in small groups through London only when they come to give homage to the Queen or bury one of their number who won national honour and a State funeral.

One sees them at the Private View at the Royal Academy Summer Show, at the Chelsea Flower Show and fumbling with the Order of Service at St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, but then they leave us for the lonely parklands of their homes and the cheerless rooms of the great houses, and the upstart peasants watch BBC-2 on their coloured television sets in their council houses while my rich sit and sip their sherry as they watch the Black and White Minstrels on a television set permanently on the blink.

LOVE AND AFFECTION

Call me snob but these are the creatures of my conscience, and on those weeks before Christmas I patrol the crowded food departments of Fortnum & Mason within Piccadilly and gaze at these creatures of my private charity with love and affection, as they drift

among the wealth of this foodshop. Affection because they are rich and I have no need to dig deep into my pocket for them, and love because we are but two faces of the one lunatic fringe of an evil and selfish society, and it is only lack of money that bars me from calling myself rich. And I trail them as they wait to be attended by the black-coated staff, as they order their Jambon Blanc Ardenne Hams, their Bollinger 1966 Champagne and their Jamaican La Florales Coronas Cigars, and a little nagging envy disturbs me as I think of my two pints of Guinness and skate and chips in the back streets of Soho.

Each year within Fortnum & Mason is the crowning glory of a rich and established society, and each year I make my pilgrimage to gaze upon it with the same awe that an Irish peasant would gaze upon the dirty toes of the True Pope, for Fortnum's hamper stands for sale, and as long as this sale of Fortnum's £150 hamper is on exhibition then all tales of a divided society and the viciousness of a wage freeze for the poorest of the working class by a Tory Government becomes self-evident. And it is for sale and the rich write out their cheques for its delivery to their sons in far places, that for the two months' take-home pay of a low-paid worker they will dine well.

It is there for the buying and one can do no more than re-quote its price and name its contents in the hope that some rich comrade might buy one, and that Fortnum & Mason will send me the commission, so for the record one can buy at Fortnum & Mason Ltd., of Piccadilly, London, W1A 1ER, their hamper for the price of £150 and it will contain:—

- 1 Crystal Ship's Decanter filled with F & M Blackseal Whisky,
- 2 Bottles Krug Champagne 1964,
- 1 Box 25 Bolivar Corona Cigars,
- 1 Large Terrine Foie Gras Aux Truffes du Perigord,
- 1 16 oz. Jar Finest Russian Beluga Caviar,
- 1 Silk Box, trimmed goldwise, containing 2½ lbs. of Fortnum's Favourite Chocolates,
- 1 Brass Bound Teak Tub containing Half of a Prime Stilton Cheese,
- 1 Glass Jar of Breton 'Framboises' in Martell Cognac,
- 1 Delightful Lustre Jar filled with Young Stem Ginger in Syrup,
- 1 Gift Box containing Two Finest China Soup Bowls and Saucers, Two Silver

- Spoons and a Tin of Turtle Soup,
- 1 Tin French Canard a l'Orange,
- 1 Rigaud French Perfumed Candle with Stand,
- 1 Glass Jar F & M Pineapple Slices in Kirsch,
- 1 Coalport China Sugar Bowl, containing F & M Brown Coffee Crystals,
- 1 Glass Jar Peaches in Heavy Grenadine Syrup,
- 1 Gift Box containing Two Fine Staffordshire China Jars filled with F & M Preserves,
- 1 Crown Devon Decorated Tray containing 2½ lbs. Crystallised and Glace Fruits,
- 1 Glass F & M Selected Ox Tongue,
- 1 Tin F & M Viennese Maison,
- 1 Decorated Jar, 'Blue and White' design, filled with F & M Royal Blend Tea,
- 1 Tin Royal Hawaiian Macadamia Nuts.

There are no Green Shield Stamps but the whole is contained in a traditional wicker hamper, so to your truly, actually and genuinely really rich, any time you have room for a spare guest at the table remember me

ARTHUR MOYSE.

of 'a pressing social problem which gives cause for concern'. As the press hand-out for *The Red Menace* unwittingly sums it up in one of the book's illustrations, 'So shocking it was filmed behind sealed studio doors'.

Censorship is of course another way in which any thrusts from the celluloid weapon may be parried, and it is in this connection particularly that the British reader can piece together the disastrous toll on footage that The British Board of Film Censors has exacted as the price of cinematic liberty over the years. The opportunism of government allows what has to be allowed, and during the war, when it was becoming a matter of some concern for the authorities, the previously deaf, dumb and blind BBFC actually passed with an 'A' certificate an American film (overlooked in this book) called *Social Enemy Number 1*. It was not, as readers of this paper might be forgiven for assuming, about government, but an attempt to alert the population to the facts about venereal diseases. It is only in recent times that this has again become a subject that is allowable in films shown in British cinemas.

COBWEBS OF IGNORANCE

Little mention is made of censorship in *The Celluloid Weapon*, nor any made of those much-banned films that tried to sweep away the cobwebs of sexual ignorance, and bring home the bacon at the same time. The attitude of the British censors is well exemplified by the fact that when they passed the American film *A Child is Born* in 1940, they awarded it an 'H' (for horror) certificate! *Civilisation* (1916) might well have been anti-war in its message, but it was refused a certificate here on the grounds that it depicted the physical manifestation of the carpenter Joshua (otherwise known as Jesus of Nazareth for those who believe in such things). *Miracle Woman* (1931) which dealt with religious hysterics was banned by both the BBFC and the LCC, as was *The Bitter Tea of General Yen* (1933) because it dealt with the love of a white woman for a yellow man (we were of course still an Imperial Power in those days!) *The Snake Pit* (1948) was a plea for humane treatment of the mentally ill, but over here it was only shown after the censors had excised the scene which showed electro-shock therapy. Similarly, the anti-capital-punishment argument of *I Want to Live* (1958) was lessened by the removal of the scenes inside the gas chamber. One glaring omission from this book is the film *I Was a Captive of Nazi Germany* (1939), one of the very few early American attempts to bring home to people the reality of Fascist Germany, and this was actually refused a certificate by the BBFC on the grounds that it 'would offend Germany'. Even the Leftie-orientated LCC only allowed it after certain cuts had been made. Once in the war however, everything changed, and yesterday's enemy became today's pal, just as not so many years later everybody did an about-face again! The sheer ham-fistedness of some American films is rather overlooked in this book, and whilst the authors mention the film *The House of Rothschild* (1934) as a paean of praise for Big Business, they fail to mention the fact that unedited footage of this particular film was lifted bodily by Goebbels and included in one of his anti-Semitic propaganda films! Such is the power of celluloid manipulation.

FILMS WE WILL NOT SEE

Towards the end of the book several films are mentioned which, for one reason or another, have not yet surfaced for British audiences. *THX 1138* (1971) although passed in the 'X' category last April, has so far only succeeded in

attracting one sole booking in Aberdeen (no doubt the bookers were aware that a sizeable body of comrades exists in that city!). To quote the book, the film 'stresses the complete enslavement and dehumanisation in a regimented, computer-programmed future technocracy. Even uglier than Huxley's *Brave New World*, the populace in this film is required to take daily doses of drug sedation. The unforgivable crime in this de-emotionalized, asexual world is to feel the reactionary urge for human copulation. When technician THX and his female roommate LUH purposely evade taking drugs and engage in intercourse, they are apprehended via the omnipresent television eye that deprives all the inhabitants of privacy'. The only scheduled booking of this film at the time of writing is at the Paris Cinema, Coventry for seven days from April 1, 1973, and I'm afraid I can't tell you if that is an area that adds fluoride to its drinking water or not. . . . *Panic in Needle Park* (1971) is, to quote a Fox spokesman, 'full of problems', not the least of which I should imagine is censorship, since it deals with teenage heroin addicts in New York and the pitiful depths to which such addiction can lead (a fact of life that the pro-drug lobby tend to soft (no pun intended) pedal). *Desperate Characters* (1971) 'catches the . . . feeling of individual helplessness in a community too large for people to communicate with each other'. *Bless The Beasts And Children* (1971) attempts an ecological approach (which many of us might have to stop smirking at sooner than we think), and stresses the need for man to 'recognise the kinship among all living things'. None of these films are scheduled for immediate showing over here. Nor indeed is *Black Chariot* (1971) which is interesting both from the angle of content, and through the fact that it was produced through an effort of mutual aid. Concerning black militancy, its entire production costs were underwritten by the black population of California. In addition to the investment of 24 limited partners in the company, personal loans were made to the producing firm through solicitation in black communities throughout the state'.

But although it is all very fine to sit in one's ivory tower and demand no compromise and a whole cake rather than a half, as things now stand, anarchist and libertarian ideas will have (if they are to be shown at all) to erupt through the system as it now operates. 'Give a little, get a little' as the ever-wise Myra said, and when she asked 'could the actual Christ have possessed a fraction of the radiance and the mystery of H. B. Warner in the first *King of Kings* or revealed, even on the cross, so much as a shadow of the moonstruck Nemi-agnony of Jeffrey Hunter in the second *King of Kings* . . .?' she pierces the myth and purpose of Hollywood more accurately than *The Celluloid Weapon* does in all its 270 pages. Bearing all the foregoing in mind, I would like to mention a film that this book doesn't cite, which I consider to be the most influential film for social change that ever emerged from Hollywood's dream factories, which was the brilliant, truly mythic, *Now, Voyager* (1942). In capturing precisely and exactly the psychological mood of a moment in time, it also dragged (finally, painfully, and at last) psychology from the dusty old medicine chest in which it had lain, and presented and delivered it into the mass public consciousness. Lest such a statement induce any of our more sober-minded readers to seize pen to paper in scornful derision, let me also add that this same film also proved that cinema is, by its very nature, strictly for wankers. And that I'm a wanker too.

DAVID GODIN.

Blunted Weapon

THE CELLULOID WEAPON—SOCIAL COMMENT IN THE AMERICAN FILM by David Manning White and Richard Averson (Beacon Press, Boston, USA, \$14.95).

THE TWO WRITERS of this book seem to feel that celluloid can be a weapon; a weapon with which to foster social change and affect social consciousness. To which I can only comment that, so far as the American film is concerned, it is a weapon that has very seldom ever been allowed to get a proper hard-on. Although this book is enormous it is not erudite, and like so many well-intentioned American books in this price range its own portentousness weighs it down and produces a lack-lustre style that is seldom witty, and never frivolous.

'Blessed celluloid' mused Myra Breckinridge in Gore Vidal's brilliant novel, and, in many ways, Myra's spiked, arch and surreal comments upon the grotesque and hideous structure of Hollywood, reveal ten times the information about the intent and purpose of American movies than this present book. Not that I am against the idea as such that cinema should pursue a social quest and function, and I am the first to welcome any attempt to convey radical, rational or humanistic ideas through this medium. Like Goebbels, I think film is the finest form of propaganda there is. But those comrades who raised their eyebrows when I reviewed *Spartacus* in *FREEDOM* twelve years ago, will now I hope, through the hindsight of following Stanley Kubrick's output since then, be able to recognise that it was one of those brave, if futile attempts, to deliver a radical message within the framework of a lavish Hollywood spectacular.

Much of the groundwork in the field

of conscious, dedicated and social cinematic comment, was in fact pioneered in various European studios, and like Tamlam-Motown records and the early Beatles, Hollywood merely followed into territory first explored by others more talented and gifted than themselves, and then took the credit bestowed by the media safe in the knowledge that the media itself is pretty thick. Most true pioneers in the arts are nearly always doomed to obscurity. Because of this the creative precursors are eclipsed by the lesser exploiters who follow in their wake.

Where Hollywood has led however (to give credit where it is due) is in the one area which *The Celluloid Weapon* most sketchily covers, and that is in the realm of subconscious social comment. Films such as *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *The Member of the Wedding*, *The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter*, *Reflections In A Golden Eye*, and *Baby Doll* (all adapted from works by Tennessee Williams or Carson McCullers) receive no mention at all, whilst the very brave *Storm Center* (which, to her credit, Bette Davis appeared in when the tee-nosed Lillian Gish flounced out in pious horror after having read the script) deserves much more than the eight-line mention the authors have accorded it. I would have much preferred this book had they singled out a couple of dozen titles from the near six hundred or so mentioned, and dealt with them in greater depth. Some films are more committed than others.

NAIVE


My own eye too is very cynical, and it is patently obvious to me that the recent spate of youth-orientated 'radical' films are set up by financiers in the optimistic hope that they will start the cash registers singing the same tune they

sang after the enormous box-office success of *The Graduate*. This somewhat naive innocence of the authors is again apparent when they make mention of the film *Traffic In Souls* (1913) which they tell us was 'based on the Rockefeller White Slavery Report . . .' (as if no black girl was ever forced into prostitution!) . . . and the vice investigations of District Attorney Whitman of New York'. Although this high sounding clap-trap might have lent an air of serious and concerned respectability about the film's intentions when written on a press hand-out, it was in fact a hastily made pot-boiler which utilized an otherwise taboo subject to save the film's producer from impending bankruptcy. It grossed thousands of dollars within a few days of opening (having cost only a pittance to make) but I doubt that any of the revenue found its way to any of those well-meaning societies that worked to abolish enforced prostitution.

The high finance of capital of course, is the most internationalist there is, and whilst the lower orders are always enjoined to be patriotic, loyal and devout, when it comes to the deadly serious business of making money such soft notions are given very short shrift by the captains of industry. Through one of those historical accidents (like the one that made American black people the inventors (but not, alas, the beneficiaries) of pop music), the early American film industry was mostly run by a gang of hoodlums, paranoids, wheelers and dealers of the utmost secular nature who, by another accident (that of birth), just happened to be of the Jewish faith. One would perhaps assume then that one field in which some sort of message would have been allowed to seep through would have been in exposing the pestilence of anti-Semitism, but the demands of the international market largely overrode any such considerations. Even during the early Nazi pogroms Louis B. Mayer was trying desperately, through a Gentile intermediary, to get the ban lifted from all MGM films which was automatic in Germany at that time on account of their 'Jewishness'. Not until after the war, when the world was swept with a pretty genuine wave of sympathy for what the Jews had suffered under the Nazis, did Hollywood feel it really safe to tackle such a subject.

UN-AMERICAN

The small Hollywood Anti-Nazi League who had told Leni Renfenthal in 1938 that she was not welcome in Hollywood, were in turn told in the fifties by the Un-American Activities Committee that there was no room for them in Hollywood either. The studio bosses were again silent until it was safe to speak out, which is a pattern that so much so-called 'protest' follows. Once an idea gains a degree of social respectability (through either public agreement or apathy), then the radical-chic brigade (so much more deadly in the long run than any angry brigade) produce an exploited 'safe' exploration



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**ANARCHIST
FEDERATION
of BRITAIN**

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University and Student Groups: c/o P. L. Mare.

Peonage in Rochdale

This month the Alderglen management brought 66 more young girls over from the Philippines to work in their Rochdale mills. Here is a report done by Rochdale's Women's Lib. Group for the Rochdale Alternative Paper.

THERE IS ONE PLACE in Rochdale where you can always be sure of getting a job; the Alderglen Mill in Spotland Road. Despite high unemployment in the town the managers of Alderglen find it necessary to advertise jobs in the *Rochdale Observer*. Why?

After interviewing a number of women with experience of working in the factory, we came up with some of the answers.

FEW BENEFITS

The women are given few of the benefits and facilities taken for granted in other jobs.

Supervisors check the amount of time a worker spends in the toilets. A glass panel in front of the toilets enables members of the Personnel Department to see any worker who enters, and so to report her if it is felt she is taking too long.

For long stretches the women must stand as they work, particularly in the packing department. In the afternoon the women work from 1.30 to 5 o'clock without a break and without the opportunity to sit down.

The managers seem to have eyes only for that which is cheapest and quickest. They care little for the people who work to make their wealth, and the wealth of the country, a reality.

To take a few examples—there is no paid sick leave, no maternity benefit, no maternity leave.

Holiday pay is calculated from April to April hence a woman starting work at the mill in May will work over two

years before getting a full year's holiday pay.

The first aid facilities are poor. Treatment of injuries and illnesses is left to the Personnel Department.

Any grievances can be taken to a supervisor or to the Personnel Officer, but this, as several women pointed out, got you exactly nowhere.

WEAK UNION

The union (National Union of Textile and Garment Workers) is weak with few members and the management is hostile to any women associated with it.

But it is often claimed that such factors are really not important since the pay at Alderglen is 'good'. We heard stories of women at the mill taking home £20 a week. On looking closer it seems that this applies to only a small minority.

£14 A WEEK

The women are guaranteed £12 a week when they are trained but how long you stay on the training of £6 depends very much on if your face fits. Payment above the basic rate is by piece work and most trained workers earn about £14 a week.

Even allowing for such titbits as an attendance bonus and overtime—which is often compulsory—the money at Alderglen can hardly be called good.

How much does the managing director, Mr. Rubin, earn? Or the production manager, Mr. Leader? Certainly not £14 a week.

VACANCIES

So because conditions at Alderglen are so poor people don't want to work there. There are vacancies. How then are these vacancies filled?

The answer reminds one of the old days of slave labour.

Representatives of Alderglen went to

the Philippines to recruit young single girls to work in the mill. The Philippines is a poor country and so the offer of wages of over £20 a week and a house to live in was attractive.

In reality however they earn at most £14 a week and £2 of this is taken back to pay their fares. Most of the girls are also sending money back to the Philippines to help other members of their families.

NOWHERE ELSE TO GO

The girls are living in terraced houses on Spotland Road, lodgings arranged for them by the mill. We know of cases where they have to live with over 7 of them in a one-up, one-down house. They have no bathroom, no TV and the heating is inadequate. The rent is £1 each.

The management at Alderglen are exploiting the ignorance and isolation of these girls. At least they won't leave the mill since they owe the factory both for fares and lodgings. And they have nowhere else to go.

It is no wonder that the mill management, with its casual attitude towards the

Michael Tobin to go on Hunger Strike

MICHAEL TOBIN, who is serving his two years' sentence in Chelmsford Prison for 'disaffection' (i.e. it was claimed at his trial that he issued two 'inflammatory' pamphlets), is going on Hunger Strike for Christmas Day.

His aim is to draw attention to the way sentences like his are being used as a form of legalised internment; and to protest at the way Justice Thesiger blacklisted him at his trial as far as his chances of finding work when he comes out of prison are concerned. (Thesiger said that it was 'extremely undesirable' that Michael should work for Hoo Power Station, where he was employed, or any other public company after his release and asked that these remarks should be passed to the 'appropriate authorities'.)

workers and its poor conditions of work, find it necessary to advertise jobs in the *Observer* and go half-way round the world to find new, gullible recruits. (Research and written by Rochdale Women's Lib. Group.)

FOOTNOTE

An Alderglen company has been hard up for labour for over 12 months, in spite of high unemployment in the Rochdale area. I was told by some workers at the mill a year ago that the difficulties the firm was experiencing were caused by the bad conditions, so bad that most local workers wouldn't put up with it. One worker told me that often people only got the job the Filipinos are now doing for a couple of days. Since RAP has been investigating the company, some workers have joined the union, but Mr. Leader, the production manager, has said that he'll make sure that union members work harder than the rest. Many are therefore scared of joining the union.

Except for RAP the local press have played down the circumstances surrounding the Alderglen mill and the *Manchester Evening News* last week refused to publish a letter from a member of the Rochdale Women's Liberation Group attacking the firm's treatment of its workers.

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Asians' Hosiery Strike

AFTER THE WHITE workers and Asian strikers involved in the dispute at Mansfield Hosiery Mills in Loughborough had supported opposing sides in the Powell support march and IS counter-demo the other weekend, as reported in last week's FREEDOM, the National Front have now also intervened in the strike. A number of their supporters have held a march in Loughborough passing the factory. They have also given out leaflets to the workers in the factory, who continue to scab on the strike by the Asians for a decent wage and an end to job discrimination against them.

This is evidently a direct attempt on the part of the Front to capitalize on the racial antagonism that has been allowed to develop. The strikers have responded by attempting to defuse the situation. They have withdrawn pickets and are seeking a meeting with the white workers to discuss the problems that confront them all.

The Government inquiry into the dispute has also opened, under the chairmanship of Mr. Kenneth Robinson, the former Labour MP and Minister of Health, who is presently managing to keep body and soul together by holding a directorship with the British Steel Corporation. So there can be no dispute that the inquiry is under the control of a real man of the people who has an intimate knowledge of the lives and ways of Asian immigrants and a real sympathy with their cause. Or so we are supposed to believe.

On the inquiry's opening day it heard a claim from Mr. Harold Gibson, general secretary of the Hosiery and Knitwear Workers' Union, that the Race Relations Board had not conducted its hearings in accordance with 'the normal workings of British justice'. This was the union's defence against a finding that, acting of course with the traditions of British justice at the forefront of its considerations, it had co-operated with the Mansfield Hosiery Mills management over a ten-year period in a deliberate policy of excluding Asians from the higher paid knitters' jobs.

In a way Mr. Gibson does the strikers a favour by making such patently nonsensical statements, for they cannot doubt that no help for their cause can come from such a man. The solution lies in their own hands, and depends only on their own determination and solidarity.

PETER MILLER.

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NO RETURN FOR BUSMEN

IT WOULD APPEAR that one of the Conservative Government's few claims to success is that of the working-class wage freeze. It is true that the wage freeze was but a part, so said the Tory Party, of a general battle against inflation, yet, while every patriotic employer refuses to grant the most minor of wage increases in the interest of Britain and his own bank balance, prices week by week creep steadily and aimlessly upwards. In a world market there is no government who can control the prices of international foodstuffs and raw materials and any politician or economist who claims otherwise is either a liar, a fool or a candidate for high office.

The lesson of history was there, and in 1945 the governments of Europe through the fledgling United Nations Organisation could have enforced a rigid price control, but every elected government was fearful of the boys back home. In national politics the answer was again so very simple even for the small countries in that all that was needed was to take the savings of the people out of a floating economy and tie every year's savings to a legal minimum wage, so that a week's wage saved in 1950 would still be credited as a week's legal minimum wage whatever the wage was in 1960 or 1970.

But the battle is lost, and once more a war-battered generation have seen their life savings lost in an economic whirlpool, which will only sicken itself out when a surfeit of food and raw materials turns the whirlpool into a quicksand of over-production. But a halt to inflation is still good political copy in every Western country, and the Tory Party of Private Profit and a Free Economy are hawking their honour on every political platform in exchange for votes, while the Social Democrats who fear to fight when in office cry battle from the benches of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition. Yet for all that the lunacy of the legal wage freeze in relation to the working class seems to be operating, against the wishes of the workers concerned, and one witnesses the pathetic sight of hospital domestic staff standing in small groups outside their hospitals demanding that their small wage claim shall be met and their plea is ignored.

One must surely ask where are the mass of the militant workers and why are they so silent at this moment? The

answer is that many of the major employers cynically handed out large pay claims to the militant working groups in many cases with only hours to go before the pay freeze became official, and this without one single whimper or protest from the Government or the national press.

CYNICAL

A classic case of this cynical backroom bargaining must be the deal between the London Transport and the TGWU. The normal procedure in the matter of the bus workers and their London employers in relation to wage negotiations was to let the matter drag by, month after month, until with all interest lost by the rank and file a new pay structure and working agreement was floated down from Transport House to be read to half a dozen members by a bored secretary in an almost empty union room, for when the news officially reached the rank and file it had already become public news in the national press, who simply printed the employers' instant handout. And yet with but hours to go before the Tory Party wage-freeze became official, the rank and file read in their national bladder that the bus union and the London bus employers had agreed and signed a new wage increase and that it was being put into immediate operation. Like the £10 Christmas handout for the old people, it was a *fait accompli*, and who could stand up and protest at a major rise? The increase in wages was to become effective from November 4, and on November 17 it was a £1 a week for the rank and file PLUS £1.50 a week for having to work shift work PLUS £50 a year to be paid to the rank and file on every Christmas pay day, starting with 1973, for every worker who has been a good boy or girl. It was as simple as that and who dare demand that it be rejected?

The employers won their battle for, as with certain other key industries, they destroyed the vanguard of working class troops by buying them out hours before the battle. That was a Tory Government victory in their battle against the industrial working class, but what London Transport won was two simple clauses that the militants of the Central Bus Committee had declared they would not give way on. The bus workers, and note I say 'workers' Women's Lib, work

a 5-day working week with 2 days off each working week, and the employers have long wanted to split up these two days so that instead of a worker having two consecutive days off from work in any single working week they will now be forced to accept two separate and single days off at any time during the working week at the discretion and the whim of the schedules office.

DAY OF VIOLENCE

And the employers have won, for in exchange for a piece of backroom trading, clause 7(b) has been thrown out of the agreement and it has been agreed that 15% of a rota can be made up of broken rest days. The second victory for the London bus operators is an amendment to the old working agreement that clause 4(b), that limited half the working day, either side of the meal break, to no more than 4½ hours, can now be increased to 5 hours of uninterrupted work on a Saturday, within an 8 hour 18 minute working day, allowing for a 40 minute meal break, and this to specifically apply to Saturday workings. To the uncommitted and the unconcerned it may seem a small matter that bus workers should be ordered to work a 5 hour stretch WITHIN their Saturday working day, but in human terms Saturday is the day of the drunken punch-ups, when somewhere in London some unfortunate bus man, or woman is involved as a victim of drunken and job violence, and year after year the Union has sworn that it is fighting the LTE for 'easement on weekend workings'.

The police admit that they are unable to contain the bus violence on Saturdays and time and time again the workers have defied the employer and the Union by refusing to work their buses on a Saturday night, when the violence has got out of hand, yet with one single stroke of the pen the TGWU have betrayed them for literally thirty pieces of silver, or to quote the employer's handout 'a shift allowance of £1.50 per five day week'.

The Central Bus Committee, and one can sympathise with them, were offered a huge pay increase hours before a Tory pay freeze came into operation, and they accepted the pay increases and the strangling strings that went with it. Hardest agreement of this package deal for the union to explain away is the

Good Boy and Girl clause that, unless a bus worker gives 'satisfactory service' for a period of 12 months he shall lose £50. We err, we are stupid, we are irresponsible and we are victimised by petty officials, but it no longer means a mouth-lashing by the garage manager, and signing one's work record, but if one signs one's work record more than 4 times in one year, or more than one disciplinary board (industrial courts martial), then one is £50 the worse off on the following cold and snowy Christmas Day.

STAND UNITED!

The men that run London Transport are small men ill-fitted for their job, and they are taking panic measures as London's public transport grinds to a halt, and even Sailor Heath has to walk 100 yards. They now accept that the one-man operated buses are a complete write-off, and no more are to be put into service in Central London, while in 1973 the LTE want to cut London's public transport mileage by over 5,000,000 miles.

The lesson in all this is for the working class to stand united, but the first split in our ranks was when the militant workers accepted the Tory pay freeze by accepting a 'favoured group' pay rise for ourselves at the expense of the less militant and well organised workers. In the battle for survival the working class have only fair-weather friends, therefore they should always fall back upon their own strength, for when that fails them then they are indeed lost.

On November 30, 1972, the *Daily Telegraph* printed a letter from a W. H. Cousins of Upminster, who whined that teachers' pay is at the same level as that of lavatory attendants and dustmen, and he goes on to whine that if teachers get the same pay as dustmen then the world cannot complain if teachers have only a dustman's outlook'. As one who has cleaned out many an industrial and military shithouse, and in the bleak days of 2,000,000 unemployed was unfortunate not to win a dustman's job, one could despise this man Cousins, and the belief of him and many others that wages should be paid on one's social position within this society. It would be said, nay will be said, that this is but the voice of the one stupid and ignorant man, if it were not for the fact that over a year ago a mass demonstration of

teachers assembled in Trafalgar Square demanding a pay rise. One automatically joined in as a matter of working-class solidarity. When one saw that poster after poster carried that same whining slogan that 'Dustmen get more pay than teachers' then one stepped out of the lower middle-class ranks, for as an unskilled labourer, and one-time shithouse cleaner, I knew that there was no place for the working class within those closed ranks.

A. MOYSE.

Contact

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

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'The Longford Threat to Freedom', by Brigid Brophy, 10p plus 3p postage. Special rates: 5 copies, 35p; 10 copies, 70p; 15 copies, £1.05; 20 copies, £1.40; 30 copies, £2. Quantities sent post free. National Secular Society, 103 Borough High Street, London, S.E.1.

Greenpeace — Stop the French Tests. Vigil at French Embassy, Knightsbridge, January 1, 12-1.00. Meeting at 14 Grays Inn Road, W.C.1, January 3, 7.30. Ideas needed, at the above address, or write for information.

Meeting to discuss possible television spot, Thursday, December 21, at 8.30 p.m. at Freedom Press. Convener: Terry Phillips.

'Libertarian Teacher'. Now published five times per year—litho printed. Takes up all aspects of the struggle in and out of schools. Single copy 13p — subscription (5 issues) 50p. Black Flag Bookshop, 1 Wilne Street, Leicester.

'Black and Red Outlook', December edition available from Roy Carr-Hill, 29 St. Michael's Place, Brighton.

Stoke on Trent 'Dwarf' are opening an alternative information service at 66 Beresford Street, Stoke on Trent, ST4 2EX. Regular open meetings every Thursday, 8 p.m.

Anyone in Hasting or area interested in forming local group please contact Kevin McFaul. Hastings 7905.

Towards an Ecological Solution by Murray Bookchin, Gutter Press, 4p, can only be obtained from Freedom Press.

Does anyone know where two French girls can stay during the Xmas holidays? Write Box 100, care of Freedom Press.

Work is starting on the production of a libertarian news sheet covering Wales, in particular the South. Any comrades interested in receiving the first issue of this, planned for January '73, please contact Jock and Eve Spence, 22 Cwmdonkin Terrace, Swansea.

Organisation of Revolutionary Anarchists. Contact Secretary for information, pamphlets, etc. 68A Chingford Road, London, E.17.

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Harlech ASA. A group of anarchist-syndicalist alliance is now forming in Harlech, Merioneth, N. Wales; anyone interested in helping and supporting from the N. Wales area, please contact G. & B. Briggs, c/o Coleg Harlech, Harlech, Merioneth, N. Wales.

Anarchist Calendars 1973, 10p each, 24p post from Kropotkin Lighthouse Publications, c/o Freedom Press.

Anyone interested in forming a Cambridge Anarchist Group please contact Alan Ross and Louisa Martin, 24 Thomas Road, Fulbourn; phone 880147.

'Peace News' for theory and practice of non-violent revolution. £4.95 p.a. (students less 10%). Trial sub. 7 weeks for 50p with free M. Duane 'Biological Basis of Anarchism'. 5 Caledonian Road, N.1.

Michael Tobin Defence Committee, c/o 265 Dale Street, Chatham, Kent.

Libertarian Aid Committee for the Hyde Park '3'. Visiting: Phone 677 1526 (Mrs. Carty). Letters-gifts (must have Prison No.): 110305 M. Callinan, 110281 L. Marcantonio, 110280 Stan Quinn. Donations: Mrs. Callinan, 59 Bronesbury Villas, London, N.W.6.

Anarchist Organisation LETTER

Comrades of the social revolution,

As one who felt accused by Terry Phillips (in *FREEDOM* No. 51) of 'picking the corpse of a still-born controversy' (*The Organisational Platform of the Libertarian Communists*), may I be the first to congratulate him on the excellent humour contained in his being the first to rejoin this necrophiliac gang-bang, and for the hilarious paradox of his being the first to prove the pessimistic necessity of Pete Newell's appeal at the close of his review for 'reasoned discussion and debate' of the *Platform's* proposals.

As one of the 'bureaucratic bores' who exhumed and translated the *Platform* ('after 46 years', thank you I hadn't spotted that. Actually I myself was still-born for 25 years after the *Platform's* publication in French and doubly resent the at least 46-years-old Terry Phillips' arrogance), I can but stand petrified in awe of the stunning irony of Terry Phillips' ability to write a poison-pen letter about a document and a review, neither of which he appears to have read in full. Perhaps he was most impressed by the bits* that were printed in heavy type: 'executive committee', 'organised vanguard', 'class army', 'Cheka', which at first sight might well produce symptoms of mental stress in a *FREEDOM* reader.

I wonder, when I read in Terry Phillips' letter, 'The essence of the *Platform* is the assumption that the Russian Revolution did not end in a Libertarian society because there was no significant party-like organisation of anarchists', whether he had read in the *Platform* (p. 9), 'It (the state) will be replaced by a federalist system of workers' organisations of production and consumption, united federally and self-administering. This system excludes just as much authoritarian organisation as the dictatorship of a party, which ever it might be. The Russian revolution of 1917 displays precisely this orientation of the process of emancipation in the creation

of the system of worker and peasant soviets and factory committees. Its sad error was not to have liquidated the organisation of state power: initially of the provisional government, and subsequently of bolshevik power'. And I wonder if he had read this when he went on to write, 'It does not occur to these vanguardists that the success of the revolution depended on the aspirations and actions of the mass of the people rather than themselves'; and had he read the appropriate section titled 'the role of the masses and the role of the anarchists in the social struggle and the social revolution' he would have understood from this passage the context in which terms such as 'organised vanguard' are used: 'Anarchists think that the labouring masses have inherent and constructive possibilities which are enormous, and anarchists aspire to suppress the obstacles impeding the manifestation of these possibilities'.

The greatest obstacles then as now were internalised bourgeois and bolshevik lies. To convince people of the truth is hard; to uncover the truth is a bloody sight harder. The tasks of documenting and communicating the truth are easier when undertaken collectively. (I wish Phillips had told us the reason why Voline, etc., opposed the platform, or the reason why such a 'significant anarchist' individualist as Lev Chernyi felt compelled to help organise the Black Guard.) Perhaps Lev saw a solution to a problem and organised accordingly. That would be 'ad hoc organisation' wouldn't it, Terry? The true pursuit of knowledge and freedom is collective and continuous; it is also impossible without a social revolution. The *Platform* concludes by discussing what form of anarchist organisation is compatible with the effective collective and continuing pursuit and dissemination of knowledge and freedom in order to 'suppress the obstacles' to a triumphant revolutionary consciousness: this form they identified as libertarian federalism. Which is the proposed form of the 'General Union of

Anarchists'.

It is also the form of ORA, and has been since long before we 'exhumed' the *Platform*, for the real lessons of history are not writ in the columns of *FREEDOM*, but in the experiences of mass self-activity of the working class, and on every occasion when mass activity has carried beyond the confines of the bureaucracies of East and West it has manifested itself, whenever continuity was necessary, in the form of federalist structures. And if Terry Phillips equates bureaucracy with paper-work, then we are consciously bureaucratic, we have an *Internal Bulletin* for sharing and documenting our experiences (individual and collective) and two national publications for communicating them. All three are organised differently according to their purposes and special problems. Two have been thoroughly reorganised during the last six months. Is this 'ad hoc' or embryonic bureaucratic state capitalist?

In the original 1926 Dielo Truoda group's introduction to the *Platform* the authors declare quite freely that there are gaps and inadequacies in the text, but their solution is seen as the task of the organised movement. And: 'On another level also we have no doubts. We foresee that several representatives of self-styled individualism and chaotic anarchism will attack us, foaming at the mouth, and accuse us of breaking anarchist principles. However we know that the individualist and chaotic elements understand by the title "anarchist principles" political indifference, negligence and absence of all responsibility, which have caused in our movement almost incurable splits, and against which we are struggling with all our energy and passion. This is why we can calmly ignore the attacks from this camp.'

Our hopes lie elsewhere. EDUCATE, ORGANISE, EMANCIPATE.

Fraternally,

STEVE LUDLAM,
ORA North London.

(Incidentally, for what it's worth, the *Platform* has not been adopted by a national conference of ORA members, its publication is the responsibility of the North London group. It is not the ORA's platform.)

THE PAPERS

Continued from page 1

produced in *Time Out* (15.12.72). It shows Chris Bott, Kate McLean, John Barker and Hilary Creek on a demonstration against the Industrial Relations Act. They are marching under a banner bearing the slogan, 'Kill the Bill!'

This photo, taken in Manchester, on January 12, 1971, shows that they were a fair way away (about 130 miles) from the house of Mr. Carr, which was bombed the same day.

It has been known for a long time, at least since the Committee of 100 days, that the police have detectives with cameras at demonstrations, snapping busily away. Indeed in recent years demonstrators have had them too. There is a photo of a probable police spy, with camera, elsewhere in this issue.

While this photograph shows the supposed 'Angry Brigade' (or some of them) a long way from the scene of their alleged crime, it does more. It shows how similar pictures, taken by the police, of militants on demonstrations, could lead up to the selection of victims. A few such photos of a group of friends, who march together on a number of occasions, could suggest the classic 'tightly-knit body of politically motivated' people all ready to be rounded up.

This is probably how this particular group came to be chosen. No doubt they will not be the last.

Also unreported was a demonstration of support at Wormwood Scrubs for the imprisoned which was attended by 300 people. Ah well, as the *Guardian* said, you can't report everything!

J.R.B.

Anger & After LETTER

Editors,

It was kind of Jack Robinson to reply to a criticism (which I have not seen) of my reports of the Angry Brigade case; but I may point out that, just as the editors don't necessarily agree with the views of contributors, contributors don't necessarily agree with those of the editors. As the author of the reports of the Angry Brigade case signed 'N.W.' and 'Correspondent', I should like to dissociate myself from Jack Robinson's articles on the subject of January 1 and December 9, 1972.

North Harrow NICOLAS WALTER.

*In P.N.'s review.