

Freedom

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Squatters
Win VictoriesWhat is COMMON?
Whose WEALTH?

IF THE COMMONWEALTH really had anything to do with brotherhood, then a Conference of the representatives of millions of people of differing colours, cultures, levels of technical development, coming together to pool experience and practise mutual aid, would indeed be an occasion for celebration.

All the Commonwealth citizens in London would have poured out on to the streets (though holding the Conference in January is a slight deterrent to this!) and the night air would have been throbbing with African rhythms, steel bands, bouzoukis and belly dancing.

Alas for the grey, sordid reality. The only Africans dancing were dancing with rage outside the Conference or Rhodesia House or South Africa House, or they were Biafrans and Nigerians expressing anything but brotherly love. No steel bands, no bouzoukis, no calypsos, no belly dancing, no nothing to indicate that

... or cared about man the little axes they to grind.

WHO CARES?

What has Canada do with La Leane, or Australia with the West Indies—except to say KEEP OUT! The white leaders of the white ex-Dominions care nothing for the Asians and their problems; the Asians care nothing for the Africans; the Africans resent the white leaders because Rhodesia is slipping through their fingers. They criticise the Labour Government's slimy immigrant policies, while practising discrimination against their own non-African minorities.

The Commonwealth Conference was a gathering of slick political operators and hatchet-men, ex-police or military men, party yes-men or bullies, one archbishop and a widow. It was not true to say, as the ever-more stupid Enoch Powell said, that all they had in common was the English language. What they had in common was that they were governors, and thus they had the common problems of those who set out to govern their fellow men.

The fact that a majority of the faces around the Conference table were black does not affect that situation one little bit. A governor is a governor is a governor and the pigmentation of his periphery is irrelevant to his function. This is something that our naive socialist friends choose to ignore—for all their class analysis, and historical economic hoo-hah.

This is why the 'revolutionary' socialist students drop a clanger when one of the four points you have to accept to join them is 'support for nationalist movements fighting against imperialism'—or words to that effect.

WINDOW-DRESSING

It was generally and openly admitted by most commentators on the Conference that the real business was carried on back-stage. It was in the smoke-filled hotel rooms of Belgravia that the real haggling went on. What was said in the open sessions of the Conference and in the carefully-prepared hand-outs for the Press was the window-dressing; and it is the window-dressing that the young (and old) socialists fall for, time and again.

Nkrumah is a dirty word now, a name you never hear at Commonwealth Conferences—but he was one of the great nationalist leaders fighting against imperialism; he was the darling of the 'Progressives' when he came to power—like Stalin was for so long. But when the

corruption of his pocket-lining Ministers was too blatant to hide any more, when his own power mania became intolerable even for his own patriots, when he was chased out to live it up on the money he'd fiddled away from the Exchequer—then the 'Progressives' were silent—except to start cheering his successor!

Another aspect of this year's gathering that did not escape unnoticed was the fact that the Prime Ministers have 'mellowed'. In a TV interview after the last session, Singapore's Premier, Lee Kuan Yew (a smooth and charming character) said how different he found his fellow Premiers this time as compared with 1966. Then, he said, they were a pretty rough bunch; now, he would trust himself with them anywhere! Odd commentary, you might think, but showing that the 'mellowing' process that gives us Harold Wilson today as the heir of Keir Hardie and Jimmie Maxton,

really the equivalent of this of the workers' struggles in this century in the last century. In both cases the strength and sacrifice of the ordinary people have been used to ease into power a managerial class. The difference has been the speed with which it has been accomplished in the colonial field—due in part to the ruling classes of the world no longer being afraid of change that they can control, and also—a more sinister difference—the new native Governments have stepped into power better primed for operating it than were our own early Labour leaders.

THE POWER GAME

Mainly Western university-educated or Moscow-trained, with the vast experience of totalitarian methods of government in this century to draw upon; with modern methods of communication, crowd control, propaganda and massacre at their disposal, the new nationalist governments have been able to skip a lot of lib-lab nonsense and democratic flannel; they have been able to get down to the business of governing without any pretence about public opinion. With largely illiterate populations to deal with, the leap from imperial tyranny to one-party tyranny has been but a small hop.

But to imagine that there is anything 'progressive' about this is to live in the clouds. The bourgeois leaders of the new 'independent' states can play the power game as well as anybody—well, nearly. And one of their prime functions—like all governors—will be to prevent their own people getting too revolutionary.

The 'revolutionary' socialists who, in their time, would have had us support Nkrumah, Nasser, Makarios, Nehru, the Federal Nigerian Government—Christ! even America started as an anti-colonial state with one of the world's great statements for its revolutionary constitution!—these students of revolution must ask themselves if they can be satisfied with a revolutionary concept which means only a change of government. If our revolutionary tactics involve 'taking steps' at least let them be steps forward—not sideways or back!

The Commonwealth Conference, then, was not at all meaningless. It was telling us loud and clear that if we are interested in a revolutionary society emerging in the under-developed countries of Africa or Asia or the Caribbean—or anywhere—we do not support nationalist parties aiming at power. We support international movements aiming at destroying power!

JUSTIN.

SINCE THE occupation of 'The Hollies' on December 1, the Squatters' Campaign has grown, spread and even won some important victories. The response from all sections of the public has been extremely favourable. In our visits to slums and hostels throughout the East End we received a very friendly and sympathetic reception. In addition to this there was a tremendous press and television interest in the campaign, again mostly favourable.

SQUATTING, SQUATTING EVERYWHERE

Less than a week after 'The Hollies' demonstration, the Community Action Service, a group in West London started by Jon Steele, National President of the Young Liberals, carried out a one-day occupation of an empty house in Tavistock Square. This, and many others in the road like it, are owned by the London Borough of Westminster, which has refused to let them be used for the homeless.

The group stayed in for a day, and cleaned and decorated the house. After, Jon Steele said that they had made the rooms look very nice. 'It just shows how easy it would be to make these places habitable. We will be continuing our campaign to get these places used for the homeless.'

The London Squatters' Campaign, the group that organised 'The Hollies' demonstration, planned its follow-up for the weekend of December 21/22. The place chosen was All Saints Old Vicarage, in Capworth Street, Leyton, E.10. This twenty-roomed house has been empty for at least three years. At the time of the Abridge Hostel campaign in 1966, I, on behalf of the Friends of Abridge, had approached the Vicar about the place being used by the homeless. He had put the phone down in annoyance.

Three days before Christmas, this was too good a target to miss. At 1 p.m. on Saturday, December 21, about 15 people entered the building and started to erect barricades. Eventually the police arrived, but so did more supporters, including some homeless families from Council Buildings, a hostel in Poplar, ad-

ministered by the London Borough of Camden. Some of these supporters were able to climb in through a window before the police cordoned the place off.

The idea of the demonstration was to ASK the Church to hand over this empty house to the homeless. If they refused we said we would remain in for 24 hours—and then leave.

We achieved our objective, and left on Sunday at 2 p.m. Despite the fact that the police got into the house, our barricades upstairs held, and we remained in occupation. The women from Council Buildings spoke to both the Vicar and the Archdeacon. Both refused to allow the Vicarage to be used for homeless people, claiming it was used 'for meetings and sporting equipment'. So nice for brotherly love: no room at the Vicarage!

The spirit of the demonstration was excellent. At one point those in occupation were short of supplies. The supporters outside responded—and, over a period of about an hour or more, supplies were thrown up for us to catch at the upstairs windows of the Vicarage.

It was at this point that one unfortunate incident occurred. Most of the police, throughout the occupation some even helped us up with supplies. However, on this occasion the reasonable behaviour of the police was marred by the provocative behaviour of one or two of them. (This is a familiar story—we on the Left usually being the sufferers.) While Jim Radford was throwing up blanket rolls, one policeman deliberately tried repeatedly to get in the way of the rolls after they had left Jim's hand. He eventually succeeded (although this is doubtful), and as a blanket roll came up to the window a piece of string tied round it either brushed the officer's helmet or just missed it.

The officer stepped forward and arrested Jim for assault. A scuffle developed and Bryan Symons was also arrested. Both have to face charges of assault and obstruction at Stratford Magistrates' Court on February 3.

That weekend also saw two more

'squatting' demonstrations. The Notting Hill Squatters held their first 'squat' at Arundel Court—a luxury block of flats in their area. This was a protest against the Council's policy of allowing luxury flat buildings. They stayed for six hours and left without incident.

The same day, Saturday, December 21, Ilford YCL demonstrated outside a block of offices in Ilford—arguing that houses should be built instead of offices. This demonstration also passed without incident.

The last of the 'token' squats was on Saturday, January 10—again by the Notting Hill Squatters. This time they occupied a £17,500 empty 'town lane' for the day.

VICTORY NUMBER ONE!

One member of the London Squatters, Alf Williams from Harlow, told the Harlow Press that the next squatters' demonstration was going to be in Harlow. This was two weeks ago. He also said that we would move homeless families into empty Council property in Harlow, and block the main London to Newmarket road, the A.11. The authorities in Harlow went berserk and really got the wind up. The result of a lot of fuss was that the council agreed to allow three houses used for rehousing homeless families from hostels in Essex, if the demonstration was called off. With such an offer Alf had no hesitation in agreeing, and the demonstration has been changed to Manor Park, in London.

THE SECOND VICTORY!

This is probably more important than the first. On Saturday, January 18, Notting Hill Squatters took over number 7 Camelford Road, W.11, and installed Mrs. Maggie O'Shanon and her two children, with intent to keep her there on a permanent basis. At the time of writing they are still in occupation. It looks as though they are going to succeed. The first real permanent 'squat' has so far resulted in the rehousing of a family. We hope this will encourage others to follow suit. That is the whole aim of the campaign—to encourage widespread direct action.

B.R.

HOME OWNERSHIP FOR EVERY FAMILY

IN IRELAND TOMORROW

THE STRUGGLE for Civil Rights in Ulster, with its great excitement and much publicity on newspapers and TV, has obscured an equally important fight that is now going on in the capital city of Ireland, Dublin. This is the protest against the evils of landlordism and the demand for the right of the common people to the ownership of the homestead—however humble that may be.

The present agitation has its roots deep in Irish history. The Land War of the 1880's concerned chiefly the rural workers and small farmers, many thousands of whom were evicted from their homesteads so that the landlords could make more profit from cattle. In that war there were thousands of casualties; many of the oppressors were killed and maimed. Today the same strife engages the urban proletariat in the great cities of Dublin, Belfast and Derry.

About six or seven years ago, the old buildings of the city of Dublin, many of them several hundreds of years old, began to crumble and fall. One house at Dorset Street fell down in a cloud of bricks and dust, killing an elderly couple as they slept in their bed.

Another at Fenian Street fell and entombed two little girls in the rubble. The Public Health Inspectors condemned hundreds of old houses; and their dwellers were hastily evicted—into the street. The city was like a battlefield with the gaping walls of demolished houses. Hundreds of the dwellers stood staring at their former homes—or wandered to and fro in the rain. Old people on sticks, little children, mothers with babies at the breasts, sheltered in doorways or crouched in makeshift tents in the back streets and alleyways of the city. Many of them are now, several years later, still homeless, without place to sit or lie, without hearth to warm them or fire to cook their meals.

At the same time, get-rich-quick speculators hastily moved in to bargain for the title-deeds of the stricken homesteads. Many thousands of pounds were made by selling out the rights of the bewildered people to plutocratic interests. Even in the less-stricken areas of the city, many and many a dishonest pound was made by buying out the landlords'

interests and then evicting the tenants to make way for tall blocks of offices. By these tricks a whole generation of humble people were dispossessed of their homes; great areas of Dublin were depopulated; and many thousands of people were exiled to the ghettos of Birmingham and London.

In 1962 a slum landlord, Laurence Lane, was indicted in the Dublin Court on charges of unjust exploitation and criminal oppression; and of serfdom, contrary to the international law of slavery. He was accused of buying and owning houses as weapons of entrapment, with intent to force the dwellers into serfdom. The United Nations Slavery & Similar Institutions Act 1956 defines serfdom as the state or status of a tenant who is by law, custom or agreement bound to live and labour on the land owned by another and to render service (to pay him rent) to such other person and is not free to change his status; and the act further ordains that such oppressor is a criminal. However, the charges against Lane

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Marx and Bakunin

MARX AND BAKUNIN BEFORE THE INTERNATIONAL.—Article translated by GEOFF CHARLTON. (Numbers in the text indicate footnotes.*)

(This text is taken from the biography of Marx by Franz Mehring. Mehring was a German journalist who lived from 1846 to 1919; a member of the social-democratic party, he participated in the 'Spartacus League' with Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. His works, which are important, include *A History of German Social-Democracy*. The orthodox Marxists, whilst recognising that his biography of Marx is unrivalled, reproached him violently for 'errors of appreciation with regard to Lassalle and Bakunin', whom, they say, he tried to save and justify. Mehring would have committed the crime, for example, of being astonished at the verdict of Marx on the Paris Commune, a model of State suppression, when the orthodox consider it as a model of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Mehring's sources seem reliable, although he does not reveal them and the texts of Bakunin differ in small ways from those cited by Steklow, for example.)

*Centre International de Recherches sur l'Anarchisme.

MICHAEL BAKUNIN had been present at the Congress of the League for Freedom and Peace at Geneva and had also joined the International some months before the Congress of Brussels (September 1868). After the rejection of alliance between the League and the International, he tried to bring the Congress of the League at Berne to a programme which projected the destruction of all States in order to build on their ruins a federation of free associations of productive workers from all countries. But he remained in a minority, as among others did Johann Philipp Becker,¹ with whom he founded The International Alliance for Social Democracy, which was certainly to absorb itself entirely into the International but assigned itself the task of studying in particular political and philosophical issues on a basis of the great principle of the equality of all men on earth.

Already, in the September number of the *Vorbote*, Becker was announcing this alliance, the goal of which was to create sections of the International in France, Italy, Spain and as far away as his influence reached. But only three months later, on December 15, 1869, Becker asked the General Council² to accept the Alliance in the International, having seen the same demand refused by the Federal Councils of Belgium and France. A week later, on December 22, Bakunin wrote to Marx: 'My old friend, I understand today better than ever how right you are in following the splendid path of economic revolution and in urging us to take it up, and to exclude those among us who are getting lost among the side-tracks of national enterprises or narrowly political ones. I am doing now what you have been doing for twenty years. Since the solemn adieux I made to the bourgeois of the Congress of Berne, I have known no other society or people than that of the workers. My homeland is now the International, of which you were one of the founders. You can see plainly, dear friend, that I am a follower of yours, and I am proud to be so. Those

are my situation and personal convictions.' There is no reason to doubt the truth of these affirmations.

A clear idea of the relationship between the two men is made in a comparison, which Bakunin himself made several years later when he was then in violent disagreement with Marx, and was speaking of Marx and Proudhon. He wrote: 'Marx is a very serious and profound thinker in economics. He has the immense advantage over Proudhon of being effectively a materialist. Proudhon, despite all the efforts he made to detach himself from the traditions of classical idealism, nevertheless remained all his life an incorrigible idealist, who allowed himself to be influenced now by the Bible, now by Roman Law, so that I said to him as much, two months before he died—and he was a metaphysician to the tips of his fingernails. His great drawback is that he never studied the natural sciences and never acquired their methods. He had certain intuitions which showed him furtively the right road, but he always fell back into his old errors, with his false or idealist mental habits. For this reason Proudhon has become a living contradiction, a genius, a revolutionary thinker who defended himself continually against idealism but never finally vanquished it.' That is what Bakunin wrote of Proudhon.

Immediately afterwards he described Marx's nature as it appeared to him: 'Marx as a thinker is on the right track. He has stated as a principle that all the religious, political and judicial developments of history are not the causes but the effects of economic evolution. This is a great and fertile thought which Marx did not discover all by himself: such an idea has been glimpsed and partly expressed by many others before him, but it is to him that finally the honour redounds for having developed scientifically and posed as a principle to all his economic system this basic idea. On the other hand, Proudhon understood much better the nature of freedom, and felt it too, than did Marx; Proudhon had the very instinct of a revolutionary even if he was scarcely that in doctrine and imagination; he venerated Satan and proclaimed anarchy. It is very possible that Marx might have reached a system of liberty more intelligent than that of Proudhon, but he lacked the instinct of Proudhon. A German and a Jew, he is authoritarian from top to toe.' So said Bakunin.

WAY BEYOND PROUDHON

For himself, he drew from that comparison the conclusion that he had grasped the highpoint of agreement of the two systems. He would have developed the anarchist system of Proudhon and would have cleared it of all its encumbering accessories — doctrinaire, idealist, metaphysical—giving it for method materialism in science and economics in history. But this was an enormous illusion on Bakunin's part. He had gone way beyond Proudhon, upon whom he had the advantage of all his European development, and he understood Marx much better than Proudhon had ever understood him. But he had studied neither the German philosophical school nor the class-struggles among the peoples of the West as deeply as had Marx. And, above, all, his lack of

acquaintance with political economy handicapped him more than ignorance of the natural sciences handicapped Proudhon. This gap in Bakunin's development persisted none the less for his having had it explained in a fashion that was very honourable for him, in that he had languished during a great part of his best years because of his revolutionary activities in the prisons of Saxony, Austria, Russia, and in the Siberian wastes.

His strength and his weakness were having 'the devil in his body'. What he meant by his favourite expression the famous Russian critic Bieliniski described in words as beautiful as they are exact: 'Michael is guilty of many things, but there is something in him which exceeds all his deficiencies—it is this eternally active principle which is at the bottom of his nature'. Bakunin had a revolutionary nature through and through, and like Marx and Lassalle he had the gift of making himself heard. What an achievement for a poor refugee who possessed nothing besides his mind and will, to have woven the first threads of the international working-class movement in a series of European countries, in Spain, Italy, and in Russia! But it is enough merely to mention these countries to put one's finger on the profound difference between Bakunin and Marx. Both of them saw the revolution coming apace, but while Marx saw his avant-garde in the proletariat of heavy industry, as he had studied it in England, in France, and in Germany, Bakunin was counting on the army of unattached youth, on the mass of the peasants and even the lumpenproletariat.³ As much as he recognised clearly the superiority of Marx as a scientific thinker, just as much he fell back into the errors belonging to the 'previous generation'. He himself adjusted to his lot, thinking that science was certainly the compass for life's navigation, but not life itself, and that only life itself created phenomena and living beings.

It is stupid, and more unjust towards Bakunin than towards Marx, to evaluate their relations solely upon the incurable schism which brought those relations to a close. It is much more interesting to the political and psychological eye to follow their attraction and convergence during a span of thirty years. Both at first were young Hegelians; Bakunin sponsored the 'Franco-German Annals'. After the split between his former protector Ruge and Marx, he decided for the latter. Then, when he saw at Brussels what Marx understood by communist propaganda, he was frightened; some months later, he was enthusing over the adventurist column of freebooters whom Herwegh was leading towards Germany, only to realise shortly afterwards his madness and to confess his mistake publicly.

Shortly afterwards, in the summer of 1848, the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*⁴ accused him of being the toy of the Russian government, but it recognised its mistake in a manner in which Bakunin was completely satisfied. After a meeting in Berlin, Marx and Bakunin renewed their former friendship, and the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* energetically defended Bakunin at the time of his expulsion from Prussia. As a consequence, his panslavic agitation underwent a severe criticism, but with the introductory remark 'Bakunin is our friend', and under the expressed opinion that Bakunin agitated along democratic lines and that it was necessary to excuse him for his illusions on the Slav question. Nevertheless Engels, author of this article, was wrong also in the fundamental reproach he addressed to Bakunin: the Slavic people had the historic future which Engels denied them just the same. The participation of Bakunin in the uprising in May at Dresden was recognised by Marx and Engels more rapidly and vividly than by anyone else anywhere.

NUMEROUS IMPRISONMENTS

On his return from Dresden, Bakunin was imprisoned and condemned to death first by a Saxon tribunal, then by the Austrians, and in both cases was 'pardoned', his sentence commuted to permanent imprisonment; then he was extradited to Russia, where he spent years of dreadful suffering in the fortress of 'Peter and Paul'. During this time an injured Urquhartist took up the accusation against Bakunin of being an agent of the Russian government, in the *Morning Advertiser*, and said he was not in prison at all. Against this, Marx protested in the same paper, along with Herzen, Mazzini and Ruge. But an unfortunate accident caused the name of Bakunin's detractor to be also Marx, which was known in the narrower circles although the fellow rejected the questioning of his

name in public. This sameness of names was made use of by the pseudo-revolutionary Herzen in a disgraceful intrigue. When Bakunin, who had been sent from the 'Peter and Paul' fortress in 1857 into Siberia, happily escaped from there and made it to London via Japan and America, Herzen pretended that Karl Marx had denounced him in the English press as an agent of Russia, to fool Bakunin. It was the first of the tales which were to cause disaster between Marx and Bakunin.⁵

Bakunin had been removed from European life for more than ten years, and we see how he allied himself with Russian refugees of the stamp of Herzen, with whom at bottom he had few things in common. Even in his Panslavism, of which so much had been spoken, Bakunin always remained a revolutionary, whilst Herzen did no more than meddle in the affairs of czarism with insults against the 'decadent West' and his mystic cult of the Russian village commune. The fact that Bakunin maintained up till the death of Herzen friendly relations with the latter, who indeed had helped him a great deal in the difficulties of his youth, does not speak in his disfavour; already in 1866 he wrote him a letter of political rupture in which he reproached him for wanting a social transformation without a political transformation and for forgiving all the crimes of the State, leaving intact the old Russian village commune from which Herzen was expecting the salvation not only of Russia and the Slavic countries but also of Europe and the entire world. Bakunin submitted this fantastic dream to a criticism which annihilated it.

But after his escape from Russia he lived with Herzen, and for this reason was held at a distance from Marx. This has far more importance in that he was in process of translating the *Communist Manifesto* into Russian and having it published in the *Bell* of Herzen.

THE INTERNATIONAL

At the time of a second stay in London by Bakunin, at the time of the founding of the International, Marx broke the ice and tried to meet him. He was able to assure him in complete truthfulness that not only was he not responsible for the calumny against Bakunin, but that he had fought it, on the contrary, with all his might. Thus they separated: Bakunin was fired with the project of the International and Marx wrote to Engels on November 4, 'Bakunin greets you. He left today for Italy, where he is living (in Florence). . . I must say that he pleased me greatly, more than before. . . In all, he is one of those rare people whom I have seen progress and not regress during these last few years.'

However, the joy with which Bakunin had greeted the International did not last for long. His stay in Italy soon stirred 'the revolutionary of the previous generation'. He had chosen this country because of its gentle climate and agreeable life but also, since France and Germany were closed to him, for political reasons. He saw in the Italians the natural allies of the Slavs against the totalitarian state of Austria, and while he was still in Siberia the exploits of Garibaldi had excited his imagination. They made him recognise moreover that the tide of revolution was rising anew. In Italy he found a great host of political alliances; he found there was an unattached intelli-

gentsia ready to enter into all the scheming, a peasant mass always on the edge of starvation and a lumpenproletariat without mobility, for example the Lazzaroni of Naples, where he established himself after Florence to live there for several years. These classes seemed to him to be the true forces to make revolution. But as he saw in Italy the country where social revolution was perhaps nearest, he soon had to recognise his error. The propaganda of Mazzini dominated the country still, and Mazzini was an enemy of socialism; with his calls to combat drowned in religiosity and his strongly centralising tendencies, he only fought for the unification of the bourgeois Republic.

During these Italian years, the revolutionary agitation of Bakunin took on more precise forms. Because of his lack of theoretical formation, allied to a bursting mental activity and an immense strength, he was always very much influenced by his surroundings. The politico-religious dogmatism of Mazzini increased his atheism and anarchism, his denial of all State authority. In return the revolutionary traditions of the classes which were for him the privileged combatants of total revolution declined more precipitately in his view into secret societies and local upheavals. Thus Bakunin founded his 'Secret Alliance for Social Revolution' which soon recruited among the Italians and was to combat above all the 'tiresome bourgeois rhetoric of Mazzini and Garibaldi', but which he widened soon onto an international level.

It was in the interest of this secret alliance that Bakunin, who established himself in Geneva, autumn 1867, tried at first to influence the League for Liberty and Peace and, when he had failed, forced himself to alliance with the International, with which he had not been preoccupied to any great extent for four years.

—Franz Mehring: *Karl Marx, Geschichte Seines Lebens*, Leipzig 1918; quoted from Berlin edition, Dietz Verlag 1960, pp. 410-416.

NOTES.

¹Becker (1809-1880), German revolutionary, was a refugee in Switzerland after 1847, supported in his writings the party of Lassalle, then participated in the founding of the International and founded the *Vorbote*.
²The General Council of the International, of which Marx was a member, and which had its base in London.
³Marcuse says no less: 'Below the conservative popular classes, there is a substratum of pariahs and "outsiders", other races, other colours, exploited and persecuted classes, the unemployed and the unemployable. . . Their opposition is revolutionary even if their consciousness is not!' ('One Dimensional Man', Paris, 1968, p. 280). He elsewhere quotes students and the intelligentsia.
⁴The *'Neue Rheinische Zeitung'*, a daily founded in Cologne in 1848 by Marx and other members of the League of Communists.
⁵The campaign of calumnies had begun on August 23, 1853, in the *'Morning Advertiser'*, with an article signed F.M. According to Nettlau ('Michael Bakunin, eine Biographie', p. 128). It is in the *'New York Tribune'* of December 2, that Marx protested against these accusations, declaring his intimate friendship with Bakunin. Marx could not be the one directly responsible for these libels: 'I really believe,' adds Nettlau, 'that it was Englishmen, for the remarks against Bakunin showed a complete ignorance of the revolutionary events of the continent. But it is undeniable that Marx frequented the Urquhartist circle and found himself at home there.' Still in 1872, Bakunin held Marx responsible for this campaign (ibid. p. 128). It reappeared also in 1862, on the arrival of Bakunin in London, who wrote: 'I replied in a newspaper, calling upon the anonymous culminator to reveal his name and promising to reply to him not with my pen in my fist but with my fist alone. He took me at my word and I was left in peace' (ibid. p. 147). (Translated and annotated in French by Marianne Enckell.)

FUGS OFF

SINCE BY SOME WEIRD irony the true purpose of the Roundhouse is now being fulfilled, despite Arnold Wesker, it's time to call attention to the situation there. When Wesker and his merrie men (and women) failed to raise the necessary trillion pounds to collect little orchestras and ballet corps who would bring all that was good about culture to the masses the building fell into disuse. But lately under a new régime it has seen a series of astonishingly good pop concerts, featuring the most political of the groups and singers around. It is patronised by the young and the cognoscenti. And the message spreads and the numbers grow.

Around 2,000 attended a concert in October for the Fugs, perhaps the most outrageous of all the groups now singing and playing. New York in origin (though the immigrant strain is strong), the Fugs are refreshingly old. They sing like the Hell's Angels might about love and sex. Their stage show is blasphemous, powerfully provocative and musically striking. Censorship is a perennial headache. The night I saw them their first spot was delayed by two hours because, it was

rumoured, the police were going to close them down, boot them out, at the least sign of difficulty.

Their latest record shows only a few signs of similar difficulties. 'It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest' (Reprise 6305) has had to retitile their attack on America's foreign policy 'Wide, Wide River'—the stage name is 'River of Shit'—much enlivened by lead-singer Ed Sanders' desperate mimed attempts to swim ashore and his vivid asides on the news of the day. Otherwise it doesn't compromise. 'Johnny Pissoff meets the Red Angel' begins with, as 'Rolling Stone' pointed out, a Zappa-like song and then switches to a Country and Western like threnody; a style much loved by the Fugs.

It almost comes off, remains even so, damaging, horrific, incisive. The rest of the record is rapid interfire jokes, songs, chants (one a plainsong hymn to marijuana), obscenities and satirical moments of hysteria and affirmation. But why, when so tough with their material, are they pussy-footing around with their goddam name?

MONICA FOOT.

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PICTURES OF REVOLUTION

'One did not have to look for who would work in the concentration camps and the liquidation centers—the garrison would be filled with applicants from the pages of a hundred American novels, from Day of the Locust and Naked Lunch and The Magic Christian, one could enlist half the Marshals outside this bus, simple, honest, hard-working government law-enforcement agents, yeah! There was something at loose now in American life, the poet's beast slinking to the market-place. The country had always been wild. It had always been harsh and hard, it had always had a fever—when life in one American town grew insupportable, one could travel, the fever to travel was in the American blood, so said all, but now the fever had left the blood, it was in the cells, the cells traveled, and the cells were as insane as Grandma with orange hair. The small towns were disappearing in the bypasses and the supermarkets and the shopping centers, the small town in America was losing its sense of the knuckle, the herb, and the root, the walking sticks were no longer cut from trees, nor were they cured, the schools did not have crazy old teachers now but teaching aids, and in the libraries, National Geographic gave way to TV Guide. Enough of the old walled town had once remained in the American small town for gnomes and dwarfs and knaves and churls (yes, and owls and elves and crickets) to live in the constellated cities of the spiders below the eaves in the old leaning barn which—for all one knew—had been a secret ear to the fevers of the small town, message center for the inhuman dreams which passed through the town at night in sleep and came to tell their insane tale of the old barbarian lust to slaughter villages and drink their blood, yes who knew which ghosts, and which crickets, with which spider would commune—which prayers and whose witch's curses would travel those subterranean trails of the natural kingdom about the town, who knows which fevers were forged in such communion and returned on the blood to the seed, it was an era when the message came by wind and not by the wire (for the town gossip began to go mad when the telephone tuned its buds to the tip of her tongue), the American small town grew out of itself again and again, harmony between communication and the wind, between lives and ghosts, insanity, the solemn reaches of nature where insanity could learn melancholy (and madness some measure of modesty) had all been lost now, lost to the American small town. It had grown out of itself again and again, its cells traveled, worked for government, found security through wars in foreign lands, and the nightmares which passed on the winds in the old small towns now traveled on the nozzle tip of the flame thrower, no dreams now of barbarian lusts, slaughtered villages, battles of blood, no, nor any need for them—technology had driven insanity out of the wind and out of the attic, and out of all the lost primitive places: one had to find it now wherever fever, force, and machines could come together, in Vegas, at the race track, in pro football, race riots for the Negro, suburban orgies—none of it was enough—one had to find it in Vietnam; that was where the small town had gone to get its kicks.' (Norman Mailer, *The Armies of the Night*, Weidenfeld and Nicholson, 1968, 45s., pp. 152-153.)

IT IS PROBABLY no longer necessary to recommend to readers of *FREEDOM* Norman Mailer's magnificent account of the peace march on the Pentagon in the autumn of 1967. All that needs to be said is that it has all the qualities of an honest, a supremely intelligent and acute, getting hold of one average sensual man's experience of his crisis of identity in the shape of his confrontation with the idea and the practice of world revolution: the writing is confident, even arrogant, but within the mannered and egocentric construction of an image of Mailer there is a wild and gentle irony transmuted the dross of self-obsession into the gold of sympathy with the human condition: here I am, a tawdry half-cock show, and yet with a brilliant coruscation of comedy and a glimmer and to see with a whole eye the irrepressible, irreparable, unbearable mock-tragedy of being human—the last and most rigidly particular of created things cast out upon the boundless ocean of thought and feeling! I have quoted one of the more ambitiously tendentious passages in the book because I think this is the heart of the matter of the book. It is this sort of impressionistic analysis which at last justifies and makes sense of the brilliant introduction which sets Mailer and his compatriots—fellow star performers and notables (who on the march 'kept being crowded into the second rank by notables less notable than themselves') like Dr. Spock and Dave Dellinger and above all Dwight MacDonal and Robert Lowell—absolutely right in their place. Even the most puritanical of anarchists (which I class myself as near to being) must be impressed with the delicate mixture of mockery, criticism and some honest admiration which Mailer puts into his description of his encounter with Paul Goodman. 'Paul Goodman has been the first to talk of the absurd and empty nature of work and education in America, and a generation of college students had formed around the core of his militancy. But, oh, the style! It set Mailer's teeth on edge to read it; he was inclined to think that the body of students who followed Goodman must have something de-animalized to put up with the style or at least such was Mailer's bigoted view. His fundamental animus to Goodman was still, unhappily, on sex. Goodman's ideas tended to declare in rough that heterosexuality, homosexuality, and onanism were equal valid forms of activity, best denuded of guilt. Mailer, with his neo-Victorianism, thought that if there was anything worse than homosexuality and masturbation, it was putting the two together. The super-hygiene of all this

mental prophylaxis offended him profoundly. . . . There was always Goodman's damnable tolerance for all the varieties of sex. Did he know nothing of evil or entropy? Sex was the super-highway to your own soul's entropy if it was used without a constant sharpening of the taste. And orgies? What did Goodman know of orgies, real ones, not lib-lab college orgies to carry out the higher program of the Great Society, but real ones with murder in the air, and witches on the shoulder. The collected Tory in Mailer came roaring to the surface like a cocked hat in a royal coach.' (pp. 24-35.)

THE MODERN REVOLUTION

But eventually Mailer's picture of revolution is not a humorous and rather cosy parlour-dialogue with the spirits of the dear departed (Goodman, Lowell and MacDonal) are of course all still alive—at least they were when Mailer wrote—but in the same arch way that he writes of himself in the caesarist third person singular, so he writes of his friends like a benign nostalgically reminiscing old auntie: this is—as it was also in the strategy of the march—the scene-setting for the great collective event, and also (though this is an interpretation perhaps reading too much into Mailer's intention) an epitome faintly awry of the kind of social relationship, as richly frustrating as rewarding, that revolutionaries must make the most of. The kaleidoscope of Mailer's deeply impressionable imagination is as is the kaleidoscope in the end ruthlessly coherent, imposing upon the whole a magnificently textured pattern or theme assuming all discordant phenomena into itself: not denying their discordance so much as it denies the incompatibility of discordance and unity. At the heart of the revolution lies the recognition that discordance does not rule out relationship, but its affirmation is the actual form of the real relationships of our human life. Reading *Armies of the Night*, rereading and reflecting on it, it seems there is in this march a paradigm (it is one of Mailer's favourite words as well as one of mine: it is a concept without which we cannot breathe) of the modern revolution—of what is in process right now, of what it is trying to go on to, and of how it is going to get there: it seems also that in Mailer's kaleidoscopic, macrocosmic-microcosmic sensibility—contracting and expanding with the assured violence and abandonment of an unabashed would-be prophet—we have the ideal register of this revolution.

Listening to the complete Leninist Walter Teague (whose 'philosophy prob-

ably began with Lenin's remark that the revolution needed people who would work, sleep, think, and eat revolution twenty-four hours a day') conduct an impromptu seminar in the prison cell in which he finds himself with other demonstrators after his epic trot across the grass in front of the Pentagon parking lot: Mailer reflects with his typical mildly malicious irony on his own attitude to the Marxist method: 'he had heard Communists and Trotskyists expatiating on social problems and social actions for years with just this same militant, precise, executive command in analyzing the situation, the same compelling sense of structure, same satisfying almost happy dissection and mastication of the bones and tendons of the problem before them, and Mailer had in fact decided years ago, repelled by some bright implacable certainty in the voices of such full-time Marxists, that Leninism finally was good for Leninists about the way psychoanalysis was good for psychoanalysts. It was a superb mental equivalent to weight-lifting—the brain worked, perspired, flushed itself, and came back with hard tangible increments in mental tone and vigor, but it had nothing to do with the real problem which was: how do you develop enough grace to capture a thief more graceful than yourself? Leninism was built to analyze a world in which all the structures were made of steel—now the sinews of society were founded on transistors so small Dragon

for American aid against another Communist nation. Certainly Russia and China would be engaged in a cold war with each other for decades. Therefore, to leave Asia would be precisely to gain the balance of power. The answer then was to get out, to get out any way one could. Get out. There was nothing to fear—perhaps there never had been. For the more Communism expanded, the more monumental would become its problems, the more flaccid its preoccupations with world conquest. In the expansion of Communism, was its own containment. The only force which could ever defeat Communism, was Communism itself.' (p. 187.)

THE VULNERABLE CLASS

But this, though acute, is in the margin. The main substance of the Mailer analysis of the revolution which has come home to roost in the precious body and blood of all of us, is a picture of a class: disorientated, fragmented, apprehensive and vulnerable, yet this very vulnerability the instrument of its vision and its fearlessness, in its total irresponsibility, in its exile to the extreme edge of existential being—the sons and daughters of the American middle class are the image and the reality of the revolution in process:

'They came walking up in all sizes, a citizen's army not ranked yet by height, citizens' army not ranked yet by height, an army of both sexes in numbers almost equal, and of all ages, although most

and Moon-men and a knight unhorsed who stalked about in the weight of real armor. There were to be seen a hundred soldiers in Confederate gray, and maybe there were two or three hundred hippies in officers' coats of Union dark-blue. They had picked up their costumes where they could, in surplus stores, and Blow-your-mind shops, Digger free emporiums, and psychedelic caches of Hindu junk. There were soldiers in Foreign Legion uniforms, and tropical bush-jackets, San Quentin and Chino, California striped shirt and pants, British copies of Eisenhower jackets, hippies dressed like Turkish shepherds and Roman senators, gurus, and samurai in dirty smocks. They were close to being assembled from all the intersections between history and the comic books, between legend and television, the Biblical archetypes and the movies. . . . The aesthetic at last was in the politics—the dress ball was going into battle. Still, there were nightmares beneath the gaiety of these middle-class runaways, these Crusaders, going out to attack the hard core of technology land with less training than armies were once offered by a medieval assembly ground. The nightmare was in the echo of those trips which had fractured their sense of past and present. If nature was a veil whose tissue had been ripped by static, screams of jet motors, the highway grid of the suburbs, smog, defoliation, pollution of streams, over-fertilization of earth, anti-fertilization of women, and the radiation of two decades of near blind atom busting, then perhaps the history of the past was another tissue, spiritual, no doubt, without physical embodiment, unless its embodiment was in the cuneiform hieroglyphics of the chromosome (so much like primitive writing!) but that tissue of past history, whether traceable in the flesh, or merely palpable in the collective underworld of the dream, was nonetheless being bombed by the use of LSD as outrageously as the atoll of Eniwetok, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and the scorched foliage of Vietnam. . . . The same villains who, promiscuously, wantonly, heedlessly, had gorged on LSD and consumed God knows what essential marrows of history, wearing indeed the history of all eras on their backs as trophies of this glutony, were now going forth (conscience-struck!) to make war on those other villains, corporation-land villains, who were destroying the promise of the present in their self-righteousness and greed and secret lust (often unknown to themselves) for some sextechnological variety of neo-fascism.' (pp. 91-93.)

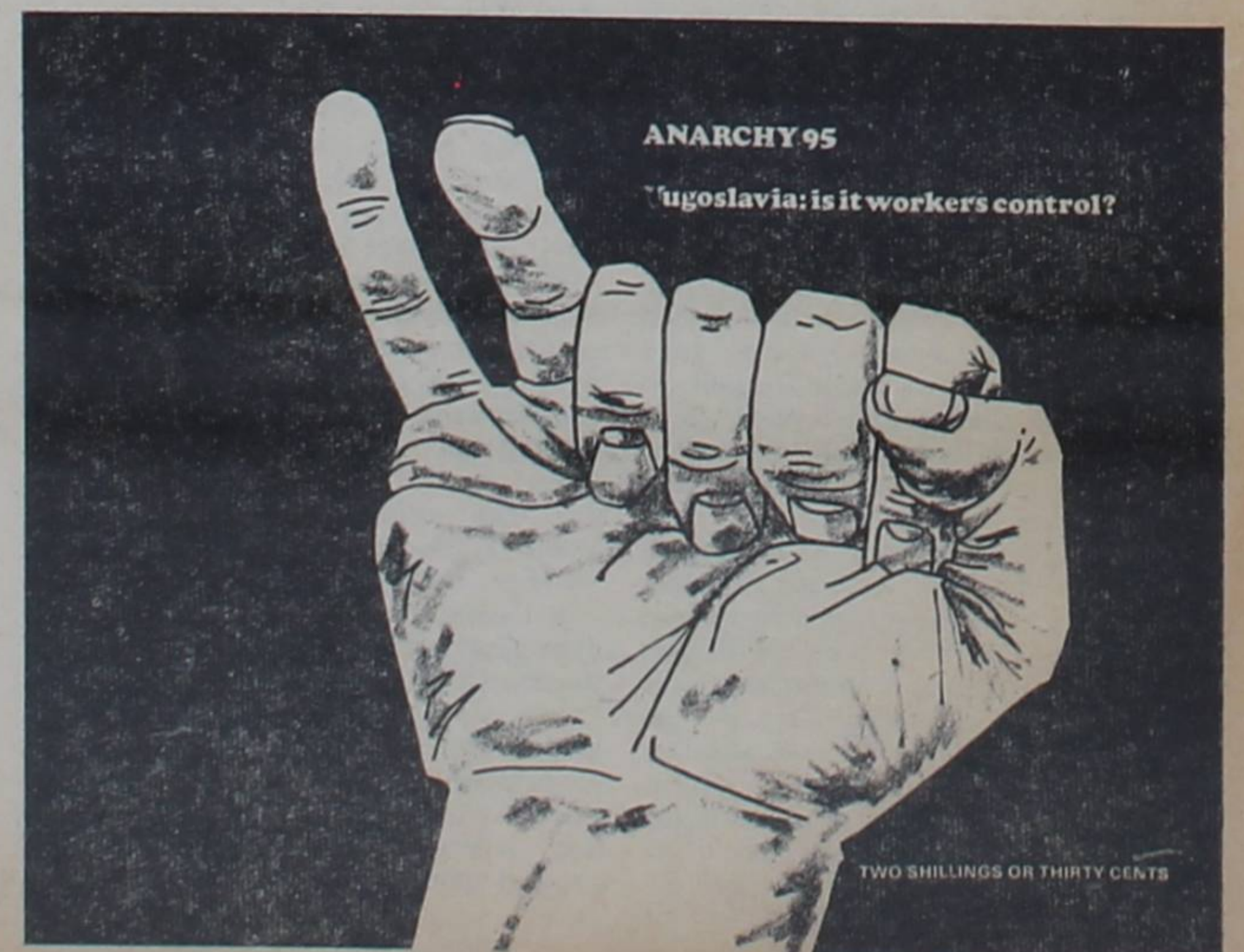
THE ENEMY

The enemy: the blockade in the mind which seeks to stem the movement of revolution: is not the fighting of a war in Vietnam—it is not the fighting of any way—it is the stupid, lazy unimaginativeness (shades of Nietzsche—'Be what thou art!—not what you have lazily and thoughtlessly accepted yourself to be, secondhand in thought and feeling and action!') which can find no apotheosis, no god nor demon, except in the violence of physical destruction—and of course cannot find it there, and so seeks the more desperately to find it there: escalation is the logic of war: as Norman Brown might say—perhaps already has said—it is the psychosocial corollary of that genital fixation of the libido which can find orgasm only in that act which has had assumed for it that exclusive uniqueness. Magnificently Mailer captures the symbolism and the reality of the Pentagon:

'The Pentagon rose like an anomaly Continued on page 5



Lady could hide them beneath her nail.' (p. 179.) And yet there is more to both Marxism and Mailer: whether we like it or not, revolutionaries or counter-revolutionaries, we are all beneficiaries and victims of that cave-illuminating device which Marx was the first to examine, whose examination is still the most exciting and the immeasurable foundation of all others—the dialectical progress of both thought and action in history is an illumination blowing the minds of all of us. Mailer at his most artfully simplistic—as in his chapter 'Why are we in Vietnam?'—cannot evade the picturing of contrary, symbiotic development. 'A submersion of Asia in Communism was going to explode a shock into Marxism which might take a half century to digest. Between Poland and India, Prague and Bangkok, was a diversity of primitive lore which would jam every fine gear of the Marxist. There were no quick meals in Asia. Only indigestion. The real difficulty might be then to decide who would do more harm to Asia, Capitalism or Communism. In either case, the conquest would be technological, and so primitive Asian societies would be uprooted. Probably, the uprooting would be savage, the psychic carnage unspeakable. He did not like to contemplate the compensating damage to America if it chose to dominate a dozen Asian nations with its technologies and its armies while having to face their guerilla wars. No, Asia was best left to the Asians. If the Communists absorbed those countries, and succeeded in building splendid nations who made the transition to technological culture without undue agony, one would be forced to applaud; it seemed evident on the face of the evidence in Vietnam, that America could not bring technology land to Asia without bankrupting itself in operations ill-conceived, poorly comprehended, and executed in waste. But the greater likelihood was that if the Communists prevailed in Asia they would suffer in much the same fashion. Divisions, schisms, and sects would appear. An endless number of collisions between primitive custom and Marxist dogma, a thousand daily pullulations of intrigue, a heritage of cruelty, atrocity, and betrayal would fall upon the Communists. It was not difficult to envision a time when one Communist nation in Asia might look



PICTURES OF REVOLUTION

Continued from page 4

of the sea from the soft Virginia fields (they were crossing a park), its pale yellow walls reminiscent of some plastic plug coming out of the hole made in flesh by an unmentionable operation. There, it sat, geometrical aura complete, isolated from anything in nature surrounding it. Eras ago had corporation land begun by putting billboards on the old post roads?—now they worked to clean them up—just as the populace had finally succeeded in depositing comfortable amounts of libido on highway signs, gasoline exhaust, and oil-stained Jersey macadam—now corporation land, here named Government, took over state preserves, straightened crooked roads, put up government buildings, removed unwelcome signs till the young Pop eye of Art wept for unwelcome signs—where are our old friends?—and corporation land would succeed, if it hadn't yet, in making nature look like an outdoor hospital, and the streets of U.S. cities, grace of Urban Renewal, would be difficult to distinguish when drunk from pyramids of packaged foods in the aisles of a supermarket. For years he had been writing about the nature of totalitarianism, its need to render populations apathetic, its instrument—the destruction of mood. Mood was forever being sliced, cut, stamped, ground, excised, or obliterated; mood was a scent which rose from the acts and calms of nature, and totalitarianism was a deodorant to nature. Yes, and by the logic of this metaphor, the Pentagon looked like the five-sided tip on the spout of a spray can to be used under the arm, yes, the Pentagon was spraying the deodorant of its presence all over the fields of Virginia. (pp. 116-117.)

It was an historic moment when the reconnoitering vanguards of the Mobilization Committee went into the Pentagon to study its vulnerability to attack, historic not for the magnitude of the events which were to derive from this visit, but historic as a paradigm of the disproportions and contradictions of the twentieth century itself. Nineteenth-century generals would not have been permitted to explore the fortress they would attack, but they would have known its storehouse when they took it. Now recapitulate the problem at the Pentagon: an enormous office building in the shape of a fortress housed the military center of the most powerful nation on earth, yet there was no need for guards—the proliferation of the building itself was its own defense; assassination of any high official in the edifice could serve only to augment the power of the Pentagon; vulnerable to sabotage, that also could work only for the fortification of its interest. High church of the corporation, the Pentagon spoke exclusively of mass man and his civilization; every aspect of the building was anonymous, monotonous, massive, interchangeable. For this committee of revolutionary explorers, the strangeness of their situation must have been comparable to a reconnaissance of the moon. They could enter the Pentagon without difficulty, walk wherever they pleased—although not without attracting attention quite soon, for if most of them looked like responsible executives and experts, Rubin's hair was brushed out like a Black Militant's in five inches every direction from his head; they could nonetheless explore their target, debate their approach (even debate aloud if need be in these corridors filled as much with moving people as a busy subway station), they could even if they had wished probably have paid a call on the Secretary of Defense to inform him of their project, yet it was impossible to locate the symbolic loins of the building—paradigm of the modern world indeed, they could explore every inch of their foe and know nothing about him; the twentieth century was in the process of removing the last of man's power from his senses in order to store power in piled banks of coded knowledge. The essence of coded knowledge was that it could be made available to all because only a few had the code to comprehend it. (pp. 228-229.)

SOCIETY IS A PRISON

In the gloom of his prison Mailer is not happy. 'Floods of totalitarian architecture, totalitarian superhighways, totalitarian smog, totalitarian food (yes, frozen), totalitarian communications—the terror to a man so conservative as Mailer, was that nihilism might be the only answer to totalitarianism.' (p. 176.) But in the final confrontation mass man, 'anonymous, monotonous, massive, interchangeable', becomes individual, tangible, susceptible: he is a soldier in the US army barring the way across the asphalt plaza in front of the Administration Entrance to the Pentagon, and six inches away is the nihilist: and totalitarianism is not so totalitarian as Mailer had imagined, and the nihilist possesses the grace of renewal and rebirth in the midst of

terror and confusion:

'If the troops were relieved that a pullulating unwashed orgiastic Communist-inspired wave of flesh did not roll right over them, and that in fact the majority of demonstrators right there before them were not unlike in appearance the few quiet long-haired cool odd kids they had never quite gotten to know in high school, the demonstrators in their turn were relieved in profounder fashion that their rank of eyes had met the soldiers, and it was the soldiers who had looked away. They looked across the gulf of the classes, the middle classes and the working classes. It would take the rebirth of Marx for Marxism to explain definitively this middle class condemnation of an imperialist war in the last Capitalist nation, this working class affirmation. But it is the urban middle class in America who always feel most uprooted, most alienated from America itself, and so instinctively most critical of America, for neither do they work with their hands, nor wield real power, so it is never their lot nor their sixty acres, and certainly never is it their command which is accepted because they are simply American and there, no, the urban middle class was the last class to arrive at respectable status, and it has been the most overprotected (for its dollars are the great nourishing mother of all consumer goods) yet the most spiritually undefended since even the concept of a crisis in identity seems most exclusively their own. The sons and daughters of that urban middle class, forever alienated in childhood from all the good simple funky nitty-gritty American joys of the

working class like winning a truly dangerous fist fight at the age of eight or getting sex before fourteen, dead drunk by sixteen, whipped half to death by your father, making it in rumbles with a proud street gang, living at war with the educational system, knowing how to snicker at the employer from one side of the mouth, riding a bike with no hands, entering the Golden Gloves, doing a hitch in the Navy, or a stretch in the stockade, and with it all, their sense of elan, of morale, for buddies are the manna of the working class: there is a God-given cynical indifference to school, morality, and job. The working class is loyal to friends, not ideas. No wonder the Army bothered them not a bit. But the working class bothered the sons of the middle class with their easy confident virility and that physical courage with which they seemed to be born—there was a fear and a profound respect in every middle class son for his idea of that most virile ruthless indifferent working class which would eventually exterminate them as easily as they exterminated gooks. And this is not even to mention the sense of muted awe which lived in every son of the urban middle class before the true American son of the small town and the farm, that blank-eyed snub-nosed innocent, bewildered, stubborn crew-cut protagonist of all conventional American life; the combination of his symbolic force with the working class was now in focus here.

Standing against them, the demonstrators were not only sons of the middle class of course, but sons who had departed the middle class, they were rebels and radicals and young revolutionaries; yet they were unbloodied; they felt secretly weak, they did not know if they

were the simple equal, man for man, of these soldiers, and so when this vanguard confronted soldiers now, and were able to stare them in the eye, they were, in effect, saying silently, 'I will steal your elan, and your brawn, and the very animal of your charm because I am morally right and you are wrong and the balance of existence is such that the meat of your life is now attached to my spirit, I am stealing your balls.' (pp. 257-259.)

THE RITE OF PASSAGE

For the last few hundred demonstrators who sit out this night in the plaza before the Pentagon it is a rite of passage: '... this passage through the night was a rite of passage, and these disenchanting heirs of the Old Left, this rabble of American Vietnam, and hippies, and pacifists, and whoever else was left were afloat on a voyage whose first note had been struck with the first sound of the trumpet Mailer had heard crossing Washington Monument in the morning. "Come here, come here, come here," the trumpet had said, and now eighteen hours later, in the false dawn, the echo of far greater rites of passage in American history, the light reflected from the radiance of greater more heroic hours may have come nonetheless to shine along the inner space and caverns of the freaks, some hint of a glorious future may have hung in the air, some refrain from all the great American rites of passage when men and women manacled themselves to a lost and painful principle and survived a day, a night, a week, a month, a year, a celebration of Thanksgiving—the country had been founded on a rite of passage. Very few had not emigrated here without the echo of that rite, even if it were no more (and

no less) than eight days in the stink, bustle, fear, and propinquity of steerage on an ocean crossing (or the eighty days of dying on a slave ship), each generation of Americans had forged their own rite, in the forest of the Alleghenies, and the Adirondacks, at Valley Forge, at New Orleans in 1812, with Rogers and Clark or at Sutter's Mill, at Gettysburg, the Alamo, the Klondike, the Argonne, Normandy, Pusan—the engagement at the Pentagon was a pale rite of passage next to these, and yet it was probably a true one, for it came to the spoiled children of a dead de-animalized middle class who had chosen most freely, out of the incomprehensible mysteries of moral choice, to make an attack and then hold a testament before the most authoritative embodiment of the principle that America was right, America was might, America was the true religious war of Christ against the Communist. So it became a rite of passage for these tender drug-vitiating jargon-mired children, they endured through a night, a black dark night which began in joy, near fumbled in terror, and dragged on through empty apathetic hours while glints of light came to each alone. . . . (pp. 279-280.)

THE EXORCISM

It is at this point that Mailer begins to fumble, at least I begin to sense a mere atticizing, an attempt to force a climax which perhaps does not exist: another climax, a more outrageous and yet perhaps more significant, rite of passage is recorded earlier and more vividly in perhaps the best chapter in the book: 'The Witches and the Fugs': it is the performance of the Fugs on the eve of the March which for Mailer most truly represents and penetrates the reason or rather the non-reason of an operation which at last did not know what it was at. . . . 'The new generation believed in technology more than any before it, but the generation also believed in LSD, in witches, in tribal knowledge, in orgy, and revolution. It had no respect whatsoever for the unassailable logic of the next step: belief was reserved for the revelatory mystery of the happening where you did not know what was going to happen next; that was what was good about it.' (p. 86.) The exposure—the demystification—of the great American pragmatic: its very competence and technological expertise at least humanly shoddy and inadequate: is the rediscovery of the mysterious of the politic. The rite of passage is an exorcism:

'October 21, 1967, Washington, D.C., U.S.A., Planet Earth.

'We Freeman, of all colors of the spectrum, in the name of God, Ra, Jehovah, Anubis, Osiris, Tlaloc, Quetzalcoatl, Thoth, Ptah, Allah, Krishna, Chango, Chimeke, Chukwu, Olisa-Bulu-Uwa, Imales, Orisasa, Odudua, Kali, Shiva-Shakra, Great Spirit, Dionysus, Yahweh, Thor, Bacchus, Isis, Jesus Christ, Maitreya, Buddha, Rama do exorcise and cast out the EVIL which has walled and captured the pentacle of power and perverted its use to the need of the total machine and its child the hydrogen bomb and has suffered the people of the planet earth, the American people and creatures of the mountains, woods, streams, and oceans grievous mental and physical torture and the constant torment of the imminent threat of utter destruction.

'We are demanding that the pentacle of power once again be used to serve the interests of GOD manifest in the world as man. We are embarking on a motion which is millennial in scope. Let this day, October 21, 1967, mark the beginning of suprapolitics.

'By the act of reading this paper you are engaged in the Holy Ritual of Exorcism. To further participate focus your thought on the casting out of evil through the grace of GOD which is all (ours). A billion stars in a billion galaxies of space and time is the form of your power, and limitless is your name.' (pp. 120-121.)

And at last Mailer feels at home: this is the lonely journey he has made and now he finds it shared with other loneliness. 'Now, here, after several years of the blandest reports from the religious explorers of LSD, vague Tibetan lama goody-goodness, auras of religiosity being the only publicly announced or even rumored fruit from all trips back from the buried Atlantis of LSD, now suddenly an entire generation of acid-heads seemed to have said good-bye to easy visions of heaven, no, now the witches were here, and rites of exorcism, and black terrors of the night—hippies being murdered. Yes, the hippies had gone from Tibet to Christ to the Middle Ages, now they were Revolutionary Alchemists. Well, thought Mailer, that was all right, he was a Left Conservative himself. "Out, demons, out! Out, demons, out!" (p. 124.) I have given long extracts from the book, to try and show its importance, so that you can keep some of the best passages without spending 45s.; but the whole book must be read so that Mailer's achievement may be fully appreciated and enjoyed.

MARTIN SMALL.

(To be continued in February Supplement)

Friday Night Out

THE ARTS LAB founded by Jim Haynes has been open to experiments in music, theatre and poetry; film, sculpture and painting for well over a year. But recently the Drury Lane laboratory lost half the team of organizers over a difference of policy. Jim Haynes wishes it to be open for people not art. Meaning, as far as I know, the enjoyment, entertainment and awareness of people and their participation (whoops) I mean their activity, not simply that of paid artists. So, as Jim Haynes puts it, there should be two arts labs in the near future. (I don't know the policy of the second Arts Lab.)

At the Arts Lab, Drury Lane, last week, Essex University students put on 'X', written and directed by Pam Aubrey also at Essex. This is a play of immense power and commitment as acted by this group of white, liberal students in portraying black negro history, seen through the founder of Black Muslims, Elijah Mohammad. The play is suitable for almost any large open room or outdoors and the only props are lights and music.

With Elijah Mohammad as narrator, negro history is shown in a series of sketches with statements and speeches of people like slave traders; slaves; individuals like Dubois; Martin Luther King; Ku Klux Klan; the negro girl refused entry into the Little Rock School, Arkansas.

But the strength of this production lies in the movement and mime supported by good jazz music. Dress is black from head to toe. White bibs denote 'Whitey'.

I remember particularly the scenes of a negro woman raped; lynchings of rebellious plantation workers; jazz club sounds and scenes; the 'black and white together' changing into 'Black Power forever' and 'We Shall Overcome' into 'We Shall Over-run'; the storming of city buildings climaxed by machine-gunning of the demonstrators; the massing of more and more demonstrators, linked-arms facing the powers of government and army. Defiant and prepared for future battles.

Of course this is a hymn to Black Power. An attempt to forge negro dignity and identity through an understanding of their own history.

There is no criticism of power politicians. There is no comment on conscription and high Vietnam losses among negro soldiers! There is no alternative to the streets or to violence!

But this is a serious and sober production which should equal any other student play put on at the Exeter student finals. (Any reader wishing to book this Essex University Group with 'X' should get in touch with Pam Aubrey, 35 Halstead Road, Kirby Cross, Essex. Tel.: Frinton 3139.)

After midnight and the emotionally stunning play, 'X', Godard's film *One Plus One* seemed boring, tedious and the Rolling Stones apart, uninteresting. The Black Power sequences were simply trivial though they revealed the emptiness of political sloganeering and the ease of

destroying human beings—white women killed by bullets. However it is funny and does cut-up the dear images of religions. Religions of politics, sex and money. Religions of nationhood, novel writers and film-makers. I enjoyed the shots of recording studios. *The Rolling Stones* making their new LP. A long-



playing record called *Beggars Bouquet* (Decca). Mick Jagger singing a song so obviously influenced by the haunting imagery of Bob Dylan (on *John Wesley Harding*, etc.). Singing it again and again in an effort to record as they wanted it recording/sounding: the song — SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL.

So to the final and as yet hardly released film over here in England, *DON'T LOOK BACK*. This is a portrait of Bob Dylan as up to and about 1964/65. The camera simply follows Dylan everywhere. Here is a young professional singer and songwriter—storyteller as he used to call himself—standing in the street flipping the words of *SUBTERRANEAN HOME-SICK BLUES* onto the ground as they boom out at you. . . .

'John is in the basement Mixing up the medicine I'm on the pavement Thinking about the government. . . . Don't follow leaders or watch the parking meters. . . . Twenty years of schooling and they put you the dayshift Look out kid is there something you did Better jump down a manhole light yourself a candle Don't wear sandals you can't afford the scandle. . . .'

He is shown singing the *Ballad of Medgor Evers* to a negro work-team on some typical farm; outdoors dressed in overalls, with short hair and grim expression of belief. The camera switches to the Albert Hall—with bank on bank of people hidden behind tiny lights in a pitch-black stage waiting for this poet-with-guitar to appear in the spotlight. He is wearing black leather jacket and carrying harmonica and a wry defensive look as he sings the *Ballad of Medgor Evers* to a paying audience of nice whites in cosy marketable comfort.

There is a scene of great interest to me where he is pounding away on a typewriter, it is early hours of the morning. Joan Baez sits in an easy chair singing a

worksong-cum-blues. A woman sits in the corner by Dylan (his wife?). He carries on typing his work and Joan Baez, now married to David Harris, an organizer for *The Resistance* (Anti-Military Revolution), sings some sad love song, her eyes tired and sad as if already very far from Dylan's love. The typewriter continues to pound . . . working on new songs—Poems with Music.

Another scene shows his manager, Al Grossman, bargaining for £2,000 as fee for a half-hour show on television, Granada, or BBC, it doesn't matter which. He plays one company off against the other and gets his money (two shows, I think).

But those scenes I remember best were between Dylan, Alan Price and the lonely student interviewer; and the one in which Dylan grills the journalist from *Time* magazine. In the former an earnest and tiresome student persists in asking questions—unable to listen to Dylan and Alan Price in a warming-up session before appearing on stage. The student has been educated by the head method. That is, he has no warmth of personality for he has been emotionally deadened by environment and education. He cannot remain silent and still learn, or even understand, so he worries Bob Dylan in answering. He has no 'heart' or 'soul'.

Time magazine is publicly annihilated by devastating analysis of its 'real' news or its 'real' importance. The journalist, discomfited but tough, learns that Dylan will not be reading any *Time* article anyway for he never buys *Time* magazine.

Dylan is shown travelling through England on tour. Meeting Liverpool girls and putting up with official praise from a patronizing Lady Mayoress. He ends his tour, after that Albert Hall concert, after singing *It's All Over Now Baby Blue* and *Gates of Eden*; *Talkin' World War Three Blues* and *It's Alright Ma, I'm Only Bleeding*; sitting in a taxi; murmuring about the deadened English communists saying that word 'anarchist'—'Now that would really worry me to be called anarchist.' 'Anarchist?'

Yes, he is very very wealthy now. He has four children and a wife hidden away. He writes, mostly, since he is still under contract to write/record. He recently released LP *John Wesley Harding* has been described as 'a load of rubbishy lyrics' but I would not describe it like that. For if what he writes is complex it is meaningful and beautiful poetry. Not poetry for birthdays or deathdays but for every day; and if we cannot understand it perhaps that is our problem not Dylan's. Songs like *Dear Landlord*; *Lonesome Hobo*; *All Along The Watchtower*; *Drifters Escape* and *I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine* seem fairly direct! See *SINGOUT* magazine, Oct./Nov. '68, for his current thoughtlines.*

DON'T LOOK BACK is showing indefinitely at the Arts Lab; telephone for details: 01-242 3407.

DENNIS GOULD.

*SINGOUT (8s. 6d.) from Dobell's Record Shop, Charing Cross Road.

Towards Workers' Control

WHY WAS WORKERS' CONTROL DISCUSSED? [in France]

THE IDEA OF WORKERS' CONTROL has appeared on different historical occasions: during the Spanish Civil War by the anarchists; in Yugoslavia after the rupture with the Comintern; and in the formation of certain countries such as Israel and Algeria.

However, the idea was not immediately involved in the May and June movement in France: it is not mentioned in the agreement of the 'Workers' and Students' Struggle' Commission (see bulletin of the 22nd March Movement for 26.4.68).

Only after May 10 was the idea brought up publicly, when the Sud-Aviation factory at Nantes was occupied and workers' control was discussed after May 13. *Humanité* (the French Communist daily) of May 22 said that it was a hollow formula. The CFDT (a trade union federation with Catholic tendencies), however, adopted the concept ('of which the first preliminary is trade union rights within the factory'). The idea was discussed by *Syndicalisme* on May 25 and *Combat* on May 30. (The latter had previously described Cohn-Bendit as 'a wandering puff of smoke').

It appeared, therefore, that in a few weeks an ideology almost unknown to the masses had been considered by them, and that all the proposals of the great central trade unions had been powerless to destroy it, since, being forced to attack it, they had given the idea more publicity.

The means of communication were consequently of the utmost importance, but they were not able to dominate the situation. The bureaucrats were forced to denounce what they would have preferred to ignore.

Because an ideology is talked about, it does not mean that it is accepted. Let's look at the concrete cases of application.

WHERE WERE THERE GROPINGS TOWARDS WORKERS' CONTROL?

One hears of factories at Brest, of certain large stores in some towns. About twenty examples are cited. One hears of the strike committees in Savoy who issued coupons for goods.

A certain consciousness was shown in the form of the strikes, the feebleness of the demands of the trade union bureaucrats, and the fact that a respect for human dignity often appeared on lists of demands made by the workers. What was lacking was lots of propaganda beforehand, and militants ready to act, not as leaders, but as militants.

An example: when some students brought some chickens to be sold to the strikers on the cheap, the workers at first regarded this solely as an act of kindness, but it took on another meaning when the workers started doing this themselves, entering into direct contact with the peasants and students, not through the trade unions, as before, nor on an individual basis, but on a living solidaristic basis.

This happened in several areas where it was least expected. There were important demonstrations in Bordeaux and Lyon where groups were interested in workers' control, but we do not know of any cases of application in those

cities. However in Brittany [an extremely conservative area] and Savoy there were attempts at application. In Paris and Nantes, workers' control was proposed and attempted.

There were, therefore, three levels: propaganda without results, propaganda with results, and, apparently, results without preliminary propaganda.

TO WHAT END WERE THE ATTEMPTS AT WORKERS' CONTROL?

'In practically all the factories where active occupation had followed the strike, the problems of the running and administration of the enterprise had been more or less taken into account by the strikers. This corresponded to the tendency of the young workers and militants, who generally refuted a system of industrial relations that no longer corresponded to their culture and their personalities.'

We do not know if a factory has ever corresponded to the personalities of its personnel; but it is evident that what had to be done to find rapid solutions to urgent problems, led to a heightened consciousness; the opening and running by strikers of canteens and funds to give credit and coupons for petrol, etc.

At the same time the division of

labour was questioned, and hence the organisation of work itself.

As well as this there was an increased consciousness acquired partly from action: 'At the Renault factory at Cléon were some young workers who, at the time when the occupation of Sud-Aviation was announced, spontaneously stopped work in certain shops and decided to occupy the factory. It was then proposed and adopted that the managers be locked in their offices as at Bouguenais.' Also contacts were made with other factories and workers made contact with students and peasants. At Nantes the distribution of food was organised. It was self-defence:

working below capacity. They wanted to organise things in a better way and participate in the running of the enterprises and avoid the divisions between different enterprises in the same branch of industry. It is from here that their attitude to and their interest in workers' control arose, in so far as it is a system which is concerned with the organisation of work, and requires the co-operation of all. But it is almost certain that they disliked the revolutionary implications of workers' control.

As for the trade unionists who are, let us not forget, a minority among the workers [in France], there was a clear

even though things may appear otherwise. Thus 'participation' has re-appeared, being founded on the demand for information and a certain amount of control, that the bosses are ready and willing to give in order to deceive the workers. But nothing within the framework of capitalism is changed.

Besides workers' control is control of all the aspects of the economy, whereas the different concepts proposed by the government (autonomy, participation, etc.) only came to a particle of power within a limited sector.

If there is no theoretical clarification of workers' control, the slogan will be accepted in some reformist sense, to the benefit of some centralist formula which is directly recuperable by the communist movement.

BRIEF CONCLUSIONS

There was no workers' control. Workers' control became a miraculous word which would devour the snake of reformism. It is up to us militants to explain and spread the idea of workers' control, wherever we may be.

The essential criticism that one can give to centralism, even if it is democratic, even if the proposals from the centre are discussed and amended by the base, is that such an organisation really reserves the initiative for the elite, which results in passivity on the part of militants at the base and maintains them in a state of submission, which they often readily accept, because they are the victims of capitalist alienation.

The power of decision-making and the elaboration of the political line should belong to all the militants of the revolutionary organisation. This federalism, this running of an organisation in its totality by all the militants is also 'workers' control' (autogestion).

The bureaucrats always oppose this with 'efficiency'; everyone cannot decide the political line, this is an affair for specialists; one must guide the masses on the road of increasing consciousness. . . . federalism will enfeeble the workers and therefore would be the objective ally of capitalism. However this is a false problem, a false dilemma; the real problem is to give the revolutionary organisation a federalist structure, which will allow the revolutionary line to be expressed and therefore be effective.

—From *Noir et Rouge*, No. 42.

Trans.: B.B.



the formation of a revolutionary power.

There appeared therefore, two reactions concerning the practicalities of workers' control; one attitude slow-moving, progressively arriving at a consciousness and another more forceful and determined.

ATTITUDES TO WORKERS' CONTROL

The workers generally received the idea favourably. The new element was the role of the technocrats. In spite of the presence of certain of these who were militant revolutionaries, a great ambiguity existed. The technocrats, engineers and technicians felt that things were

division on the subject of workers' control within the left. Since May there have been fluctuations in membership depending upon the positions taken. At Flins radical workers left the CGT (Communist) for the CFDT, whereas moderate and passive elements have joined the unions which took a 'reasonable attitude'.

THE REACTIONS OF CAPITALISM

'Everything will be as it was before,' explained M. Lip in *Le Monde* (15.8.68). 'Let us not be mistaken, there exist and there will exist for a long time people who have an inadequate level of pay.' This corresponds to the needs of capitalism, which cannot modify exploitation,

Inside the French Army

IN ANY REVOLUTIONARY situation the role played by the army is crucial. The following, which is an extract from a letter by a French soldier which was sent to comrades of the 'Noir et Rouge' group, describes the reactions of the soldiers in one camp to the May revolt.

'We will now see what effects the May events had on the camp at Frileuse; first the measures taken by the government, then the reactions among the men.

The measures taken were of two kinds:

1. The 5th Infantry Regiment were confined to the camp and put in a state of alert; their only contact with the outside world was by means of transistor radios; one company, commando company No. 2 (the toughest, which contained all the juvenile delinquents), was prepared to go into action at any given moment. During the night lorry-loads of armed men drove around. One section (of trainee sergeants) was designated to maintain order in the camp if necessary.

2. The camp itself was transformed into a re-grouping base. Three huge tent towns were built and the best company from each of the following regiments arrived [here there followed a list of the regiments].

What were the reactions to the revolt? First, the officers. . . . The officers (who sometimes show an amazing incompetence in the performance of their duties) looked on the students as a nuisance that had disrupted the regular flow of their lives. Among the lower ranks of officers were a certain number of ex-parachutists, who had been sent as instructors to improve the regiment, after their own regiments had been dissolved or transformed after the de Chalé rebellion. These were often the most competent officers in the camp. They had a mixture of egalitarian, republican and anti-democratic tendencies. They weren't mad about defending de Gaulle, but they

were ready to at the time, to make the rebels respect law and order, and also because they were a little jealous of the "Sorbonne beards" ("Those students talk too much; they ought to let the CRS at them" (sic).) Some of them were admirers of Mao.

When the parachutists, the marines and the hussars arrived at Frileuse, the ex-paras of the 5th Infantry, meeting many old friends, summed up their reaction with the oft-repeated phrase, "It's always the same blokes who have to do the dirty work."

The other officers were a bit thick and didn't realise what it was all about. However one of them said about some new recruits, "This will stir things up a bit; there must be some workers' sons amongst this lot." The reactions of the conscripts were expressed by words and actions.

ARMS THEFT

One night there was a big arms theft from the general armoury (the sergeant who commanded the guard was a conscript). The military police could prove nothing against him, but he was dismissed and sent elsewhere. Rumour had it that the arms were found dumped in the Seine, but I'm not sure whether this was true or not.

A captain was to leave for Paris by jeep. His deserted vehicle was parked ready for his departure. Several unknown conscripts surrounded it; looked as though they were giving it a check-up, then quickly disappeared leaving the jeep with four punctured tyres and a leaking petrol tank. The incident seemed to have shaken certain officers.

There were several attempts to distribute leaflets in the recreation rooms and around the camp; some of these were published by Action Committees outside the camp.

Finally certain soldiers would have liked to leave the camp and join the rebels (I say would have liked).

So much for the acts; the mental attitude of the soldiers was more difficult to estimate. For example during a conversation held by eight conscripts in the guard-room one said he would have fired on the demonstrators (he wanted to join the paras, but didn't come up to the standard), six would not have fired (one of these was the corporal who said, "Just because I'm in uniform, that doesn't mean I'm a soldier; I would never fire on civilians; that would be like shooting my mates"), and the last of the eight said, "I would have fired, but not on the demonstrators. . . ."

NEW RECRUITS

Now for those who were called up in July, just after the revolt. There was some tendency on the part of the regulars to consider all the new recruits as ex-demonstrators. The recruits themselves, however, only spoke of barricades when they were fed up, but they said hardly anything else (apart from the thug who was passing through, under arrest for attacking a gendarme, who declared that he was a member of the "Anarchist Party" (sic), or the young man who replied to the question: "Have you ever been a member of any youth organisation?"—"Yes: the JCR"). However, one gained an idea from several conversations.

For example, on the theme "If it starts again in October, and we are sent to deal with it . . ." (among a dozen men) one said, "Once one is there, one would be obliged to fire if one received the order, and if at the same time one is on the receiving end of flying stones, one is liable to get angry. . . ." One said, "It would be better to refuse to go", and another, "On the contrary, one would have to go in

*A Trotskyist group, now illegal.

order to do something. . . ."

On the theme "Were the students right?" (among half a dozen men) one said, "As far as I'm concerned I've got the tricolour on my arse and the red flag at my head. . . ." Another said, "We've already been defeated" but admitted "The tricolour will always be necessary" (he was a member of the CGT*). The Others agreed with him. Finally in one section of about forty men, about half a dozen hummed or sang the "Internationale".

THE QUESTION THE MEN WERE ASKING

In conclusion, we will ask the question that the men themselves were asking: "Suppose it begins again. . . ."

If it starts all over again, it is most probable that there will be at Frileuse some conscripts ready to fight the demonstrators. All the officers would not be available as some would have to look after the conscripts. However the support of the conscripts for a revolutionary movement remains uncertain, apart from the isolated actions of certain individuals, at great personal risk.

It is more difficult for revolutionary spontaneity to show itself in the army than in other occupations. To do something here means risking a lot. It is understandable that there is a lot of mistrust; each man knows his own section inside-out, but there is little contact with other companies and among the different sections of each company. This isolation is a great obstacle and is aggravated by the artificial rivalries encouraged by the officers. Also there is no work done in common nor meetings in which different companies take part. On the other side, the repression is united. Some sort of embryonic secret liaison would be necessary to pass on information and let sec-

*A Communist trade union organisation.

tions know what was being thought in the other sections. In order to do this, there must be more anti-militarists in the army, and friendly contacts with people outside. To wait till the last moment, then suddenly think of the army, and dish out a leaflet to friends here and there, means risking a lot for a little (especially for the soldiers); it would be dangerously childish. Undoubtedly there are some places in the army where one can do almost anything without being discovered, but as far as the situation as I know it is concerned this sort of thing should be avoided.

Trans. B.B.

**Important
Announcement
LONDON
SQUATTERS**

**Public Meeting to instal
Homeless Families
in Empty Properties
SUNDAY FEB. 9 2 pm
MANOR PARK
(British Railway Stat.)**

News from Northern Ireland

ON FRIDAY, January 17, 60 pupils from six different schools picketed St. Dominic's, Belfast, in support of a 16-year-old girl who was expelled the previous week for distributing the 'Who the hell do you think you are' leaflet. The picket was well covered in the North Irish Press, the *Newsletter* (Belfast) reproduced the leaflet. One quote from the headmistress, Sister Virgilius: 'This is ridiculous. You will be authority. This sort of thing must be stamped out.' More action and fuller report follows.—(Phone.)

FREEDOM has reported in depth the battle for a revolutionary Human Rights in N. Ireland, a revolutionary situation is developing. Various steps have yet to be taken.

The campaign in Eire must catch up. It has started but it has a long way to go. 'Protestant' workers must march with the already marching 'Catholics'. It must be made clear that the struggle is only sectarian in the sense that NI politics is based on the Catholic/Protestant struggle, and it is the politicians who keep this alive. It is the Government and their forces who try and make every march look like a sectarian fight, for as soon as the Protestant and Catholic workers unite, the Government and the whole one-party system will collapse. It is for these reasons that Bunting and Paisley have the connivance of the Unionist Government, by all they do, keep the religious issue alive. They are the sectarians. It is the old

policy of divide and msrule. The battle at the moment is one of propaganda by deed. The People's Democracy of Queen's University, Belfast, won a major victory at Burntollet, the forces of the Government took the gloss off it at Newry. This week has been a breathing space, but the battle must continue all over Ireland. We of the militant left must bury our differences and give our active support, remember Britain pays £70 million to keep the Unionist in power. The ultimate responsibility lies here. Biafra, Malaya, Mexico, Japan and Italy, missing from our list of struggles supported, let not Ireland become another.

REG. B.

WHAT THE COMMONWEALTH IS ALL ABOUT

BRITAIN MAY SELL a squadron of supersonic Lightning fighters worth a total of about £12m. to Malaysia if talks due to begin in London recently are successful. Tunku Abdul Rahman, Prime Minister of Malaysia, is cutting short a visit to Paris where he was about to negotiate the purchase of 16 French Dassault Mirage jets to fly to London for discussions with the Government and the Lightning's manufacturers, the British Aircraft Corporation. The Tunku had been offered the much older Hawker Hunter while he was in London for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. He said in Paris: 'Only when they knew I was going to Paris to buy Mirages did the British wake up and offer to provide Malaysia with Lightnings.' Malaysia could need 15 or 16 Lightnings, 12 for a squadron and three or four back-up or trainer machines. No objection exists on security grounds to the sale to Malaysia of the aircraft which is the RAF's front-line fighter. Powered by two Rolls-Royce Avon

engines, the Lightning has a top speed of 1,500 miles an hour and can carry a wide range of weapons. Saudi Arabia and Kuwait have bought the Lightning from Britain and negotiations for further sales are going on with other countries. If Malaysia buys from Britain the contract will be similar to those with the Saudi Arabians and the Kuwaitis with a package deal embracing the training by BAC of both air and ground crews over several years at their home bases. With its advanced electronics and other systems, the Lightning would be far too complex an aircraft for the Malaysians to take on without such assistance. (Or—How to Stay East of Suez, with Profits.—Eds.)

—The Times, 20.1.69.

Gold as Safe as ever

MOST OF THE leading gold mining groups in this country are very highly valued in the stock exchange. Largely, it would appear, because it has been concluded that political risk is relatively unimportant. The gold price crisis, with the resultant strain on currencies, has made investors aware of the importance of commodities as a sound and continuing investment. The chance of the mines themselves being snatched away by intransigent or left-wing governments has ceased to be a major risk.

—The Times, 20.1.69.

MOVING FUND
Target is £1,000 per year.
1969 pledges honoured and donations to date: £52 4s. 6d.

MOVING FUND
Target is £500.
Donations in 1968 reached £430 0s. 3d.
1969: To date—Nil.

SKINT!

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
Estimated Expenses:
3 weeks at £90: £270
Income: Subs and Subs: £217
DEFICIT: £53

PRESS FUND
Wminster Coll. Gp.: 2/6; Glasgow: T.D. 8/1; Ilford: C.S. 5/8; Mansfield: C.S. 5/-; Aberdeen: I.M. 2/-; Wolverhampton: J.K.W.* 2/-; J.L.* 3/-; Manchester: M.D. 2/-; Falmouth: R.W. 1/8; London, N.W.3: K.L. 5/-; North: N.B. 4/6; London: J.B. 3/-; London: G.H. 2/-.
TOTAL: £2 6 5
Previously Acknowledged: £41 10 5
1969 Total to Date: £43 16 10
DEFICIT B/F: £53 0 0
TOTAL DEFICIT: £9 3 2

SKINT!
Please Renew Subs!
*Denotes Regular Subscriber.

MASS MEETING of Building Workers at DENNISON HOUSE

Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria, S.W.1
TUESDAY, 11th FEBRUARY
at 7.30 p.m.
Make sure your Branch and Job are represented
Issued by West London Branches of Building Trades' Workers

side of the city, a bomb was fastened to the underneath of the landlord's car outside his own uxurious villa in suburban Dalkey. It failed to explode; but there were no arrests. There were High Court proceedings against one of the squatters, Denis Dennehy, and he has now been on hunger strike in Mountjoy Jail for over a week. Demonstrations in his support have been held. On Saturday, January 18, 1969, a mass meeting was held by the Dublin Housing Action Committee at the centre of the city, and prominent speakers demanded his release. At the end of the meeting, the demonstrators marched down O'Connell Street (the main highway to the Irish Republic), and held a sit-down protest on the bridge. Traffic in the great city was completely immobilised for several hours. The police attacked with drawn batons and the demonstrators defended themselves with fists, placards and poles. It was, I am told, one of the biggest meetings ever held in the city since the 1913 Lockout and the great days of Big Jim Larkin. The demonstrators' demand is a simple one. Homes. Homes at a price the people can afford to pay. Ownership, not perpetual rent or any form of serfdom. No more landlordism. Home ownership for every family in Ireland tomorrow. This is a just and lawful demand; and it must be honoured.

GERARD GRIMLEY
Agitor, Voice of the Unemployed and Exploited. This paper is a cyclostyled, four-page publication, dealing with the problems of those on the dole in Ireland. Although Ulster is a police state, the Republic of Eire is not paradise either. A couple with three kids in Dublin receive £8 10s., in Belfast £14 12s. There are warnings about police spies, and articles dealing with the various tricks played upon the unemployed, how they are used to frighten into submission those who still have jobs. Also there is an article on mental illness and unemployment. It is a pity there does not seem to be any address on it, where one may send for a copy. Perhaps this is dictated by prudence!

DIE YOUNG AT DUNLOP

Continued from page 8
a pep talk calling for our co-operation. Alas, our old gaffer got out when he found the job bad for his nerves. Marsden said he wanted 'fair do's' for the new bloke, and warned us that if need be he could be 'a bastard'; Harry, himself about the size of two-penn'orth of copper, has also threatened privately to shake us up. On us asking about our rise (see *FREEDOM*, 11.1.69) he admitted it was all but in the bag. Co-operation OK, but blind obedience, subservience, and sheer slavery are not on. And if that's what he wants he's got another think coming. Marsden, Brown & Co. please note: we will co-operate best with a management which takes notice of us, the workers. We will work best when we know we work for ourselves and not for the few who control and pocket the profits of these giant combines, such as Dunlop. **A MANAGEMENT OF WORKERS** A management of workers would have no need to get out the big whip, to threaten and sweat workers into producing. Higher production comes from increased mechanisation, improved organisation of the job, and the incentive to work. Does anyone doubt that this could best be done by the workers themselves? At Dunlop, a conveyor belt and masks could probably reduce the menace of dust. But we have neither. Industry today is full of heartless, spend now—do nowt managements.

LETTERS

FIFTH COLUMN

North-west Federation

Dear Comrades, A conference will be held in Preston on February 1 on the question of reviving N.W. Federation to improve liaison/conference in the North-West. Any group or individual not previously contacted and who are interested in this, would they please contact Preston Anarchist Group at the following address, giving numbers and if accommodation is required. Yours fraternally, IAN COWBURN.
Preston Anarchist Group,
c/o Ian Cowburn,
140 Watling Street Road,
Fulwood, Preston,
Lancs.

London May Day Committee

Dear Friend, Preparations for this year's May Day (May 1) demonstration are now under way. At our meeting on January 10 the following decisions were made:
1. To organise the biggest possible demonstration on Thursday, May 1.
2. To hold a Rally and Meeting at Tower Hill (as last year) and then to march with banners and slogans to some large open space (probably Victoria Park in the East End).
3. To provide there the possibility for the demonstrators to enjoy themselves for the rest of the day with music, dancing, sports, acting, artists—anything, in fact, that the marchers themselves want to do. It will be a real, free day—free from work and free for everyone to enjoy themselves. May 1 is already recognised as a workers' holiday in many countries. We want to see it recognised in Britain also—a day when we turn our backs on the State, the profit-makers and exploiters and assert our dignity as human beings, men and women not work-horses. So, if you are fed up with unemployment, homelessness, bad housing, rents, rising living costs and endless Government direction of our lives, then show your disgust by taking the day off to demonstrate on Thursday, May 1. Our aim is enjoyment, not violence. We simply intend on our day of the yr to ignore the whole money-grubbing system and thus demonstrate the power of the working class, that they can't live without us. There is a tremendous amount of work to be done and all who want to help make May 1 a success are cordially invited to meet at 29 Love Walk, S5 (701 0817). Yours fraternally, JOHN LAWRENCE, Chairman, London May Day Committee.

FREEDOM IN THE PROVINCES

Outside London *FREEDOM* and *Anarchy* now available from the following news-agents and booksellers:
NEWSAGENT outside Ilford Station.
THE HYPERION, Waterloo Street, Birmingham, 3.
CASTLE STREET BOOKSHOP, 1 Castle Street, Edgeley, Stockport, Cheshire.
BUX for PAPERBACKS, 16 Drury Hill, Nottingham.
TOWER BOOKS, 86 South Main Street, Cork, Ireland.
MR. G. M. BREMMER, Newsagent, Bigg Market, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.
THE CURIOSITY SHOP, 150-154 LONDON ROAD, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey.
CLYDE BOOKSHOP, 292 High Street, Glasgow.
Further help is needed to find new outlets for *FREEDOM* and *Anarchy* (see Contact Column). Often lacking in practical knowledge, though capable of blinding us with science, these managers blunder on threatening workers and causing strikes, but are basically clueless when it comes to providing any real practical solutions. MUNICIPAL & GENERAL WORKERS.

Belief in Convention

I USED TO BELIEVE in morality and reject convention. I now believe in morality and reject morality. By morality I mean: doing what you are told. By convention: doing what other people do. But as it would not be possible to follow simultaneously a number of different moral codes so it would not be possible to accept all conventions. It is necessary to discriminate. An example of a convention I accept is driving on the left hand side of the road in Britain. I think that we would benefit from changing the convention and agreeing to drive on the right. But for obvious reasons this is not an appropriate area for direct action to initiate change. It is important that we should all drive on one agreed side of the road. It is not so important which side it should be. Another convention I accept is speaking the truth most of the time. If we did not speak the truth most of the time at least two consequences would follow: we would find it very difficult to gain information from one another and we would be unable to lie. Lying is based on the convention that most of the time people speak the truth. The two examples I have given are not only examples of conventions. People who believe in morality would say that we have a moral obligation to drive on the left hand side of the road in Britain—and to tell the truth. More over the law insists that we drive on the left—and in certain circumstances that we tell the truth. Law, morality and convention often come together to propose/impose the same thing and many people are not interested in the differences between them. However the differences are crucial—particularly for anarchists. Laws are regulations imposed by the state: when you break them the law tries to break you. Moral codes tell you what to do but don't punish you when you ignore them. Conventions are agreements—not necessarily formal and explicit—between groups of people to behave in a certain way. Law, morality and convention are absurd. I have defined morality as: doing what you are told. The anarchists who defend morality would probably complain at this definition and argue that their morality did not involve being told what to do. They would say that they had worked out for themselves what they should do. Of course morality—like death—can be self-inflicted but the consequence in both cases is the same. The man who tortures his brain and finally produces his own original moral code then tells himself what to do. At worst morality is an excuse for causing pain to other people—or, if you are a masochist, for causing pain to yourself. At best it is a waste of time. If you try and adopt the moral principle 'thou shalt not tell a lie' you will go mad trying to keep to it—or you will begin to make exceptions. Your moral principle will become: 'thou shalt not tell a lie except to policemen, magistrates or ticket collectors in the London Underground'. Or, at the end of a long and exacting process, you will conclude: 'thou shalt not tell a lie except where greater good can come of the lie than the evil done by it'. This is not a very satisfactory conclusion: you have not travelled a great distance since you started. It would of course be more simple to say: 'I tell the truth unless I have a good reason for lying'. But as soon as you say something like this you leave morality behind. As I have pointed out there is a convention that we do usually tell the truth. To turn this convention into an effective moral principle involves listing all the possible exceptions to it. Anything less than this leaves you more or less at your starting point—with a vague and general idea which needs to be worked out in each concrete human situation. The absurdity of morality is also shown by my other convention—driving on the left. It makes no sense to say that we are 'morally obliged' to follow a practice which is so obviously in the general interest. In many areas the 'general interest' would be difficult to define. But the basis of social behaviour in a free society would surely be conventions between groups of people rather than either law or morality. The fact that so many present conventions are unacceptable does not make convention itself objectionable: the meaning of the word is agreement. WYNFORD HICKS.

The Black 'White Paper'

THE PRE-ELECTION tactics of the Labour Government are working out very well. By presenting the White Paper *In Place of Strike* they are drawing the Tory Party further into the open in declaring their policy on industrial affairs.

Two Tory Party spokesmen have seized the bait. In the *Evening News* dated 17.1.69, Charles Curran, former Tory MP for Uxbridge, in writing about Barbara Castle's proposals stated: 'But she will also make a permanent name for herself in British history.'

Her proposals are the thin end of a very thick wedge. It is far easier for a Labour Government to drive in that wedge than it would be for the Tories.

No doubt the Tories will seek to drive it in a good deal further when they return to power.

But where wedges are concerned it is the first blow that counts.

Contact Column

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

Help! John Bonner and Steve Leman, after refusing to accept the authority of the courts, were fined £5 each for fly posting Elliot Automation demo received. Contact Bexley group please.

Help Increase 'Freedom's' Circulation. Are you willing to take 'Freedom' and 'Anarchy' regularly to local newsagents and collect returns and cash? If so we'd like to hear from you. — CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT.

Chicago College and Bookshop in the of SURREALISM AND REVOLUTION, desires contacts in UK. Interested in stocking all revolutionary publications, avant-garde poetry journals, 'little mags', etc. Gallery Bugs Bunny, 524 Eugenie, Chicago, Illinois 60614, USA.

Scottish Anarchist Conference in Aberdeen March 1 and 2. Details from Dave Coull, 3 Eskview Terrace, Ferryden.

International Summer Camp. This year it is going to be held in Cornwall. Committee meeting at Freedom Press, Tuesday, January 28, 8 p.m. Help wanted in organisation.

Help wanted (girl, couple, anything considered) in isolated rural household, Colchester/Ipswich area. Working anarchist parents offer board, lodging, and pocket money for sharing care of children and chores. Time/responsibilities flexible. Children 4 and 14. Driver preferred. Box No. 30.

Poster Workshop, 61 Camden Road, N.W.1. Free silk screen facilities at the service of the class struggle.

Free Schools Campaign. Support needed for anti-authoritarian Schools Campaign Street. Jan 28: Godfrey Webster on 'The Origins of the Hungarian Uprising'. Feb. 4: Geoff Charlton on 'Anarchism and the American Novel'. (Worth moving to Birmingham—C.C. Compiler.)

The Crypt, 242 Lancaster Road, W.11. Music, Poetry, Theatre every Wed. 2/6. Audience participation.

Birmingham Discussion Meetings. Tuesdays at 8 p.m. At The Crown, Corporation Street. Jan. 21: Graeme McIvor on 'Freud and Anarchism'. Jan. 28: Godfrey Webster on 'The Origins of the Hungarian Uprising'. Feb. 4: Geoff Charlton on 'Anarchism and the American Novel'. (Worth moving to Birmingham—C.C. Compiler.)

Badges and Banners. Rectangular metal black/red badges 2/6 each post free or bulk rate (10 or more) 1/- each—resell at 2/- or 2/6. Also flags and banners to order, from 7/6. McGee, 42 Pendarves Street, Beacon, Camborne, Cornwall.

If you wish to make contact let us know.

The need to strike that blow is plain. I applaud Barbara for recognising it.

Mr. Macleod, 'Shadow Chancellor', has stated, 'We shall urge adoption of this in the committee stage of the legislation in the House (he was talking about contracts being enforceable in the Courts) and if the Government do not accept our views then we shall strengthen the legislation when we come to office.'

One can imagine the use of these two quotes in Labour Party election material, making the point that Tory policy will be far tougher, and therefore the Labour Party proposals are the lesser of two evils. By this method the Labour Party hope to frighten the industrial worker into supporting them, and at the same time hoping to retain the middle class vote who want the unions 'brought to order'.

The Government White Paper *In Place of Strike* certainly waffles on through its 40 pages. It could have stopped after the first sentence on page 5. 'There are necessarily conflicts of interest in industry.' What the White Paper failed to say was that there always will and must be under the capitalist system. The other thirty-odd pages consist of blarney leading eventually to industrial shackles.

Under the paragraph 'The Role of the Government in Industrial Relations', the Paper states 'The State should recognise the right to strike and the right to bargain collectively to improve wages and conditions. But so long as the "rules of the game" were roughly fair to both sides the State should not be concerned with its consequences.' One wonders where the 'Prices and Incomes Board' fit in to that statement. The State make the rules for their game, anyone thinking to the contrary must be living on another planet.

When discussing the present state of industrial relations the Paper attempts to encourage the popular concept that one section of workers' struggle is not the concern of other sections of workers. The report practices on about the right of an employee to withdraw his labour being one of the essential freedoms in a democracy, but then goes on to say that strikes in key positions can damage the interests of other people so seriously—including the interests of other trade unionists—that they should only be resorted to when all other alternatives have failed. The purpose of the Industrial Bill is to ensure that such workers will only ever be able to strike in theory.

The Report criticises the weaknesses in collective bargaining and the outdated distinctions between hourly-paid workers and staff and then goes on to state that 'The combined effect of such defects is to increase the feeling of many employees that they have no real stake in the enterprise for which they work.'

The difficulty these days is not only not having a stake in one's place of work, but not being sure of whom one really works for. Two directors have a chat over lunch, decide to merge and 'pop!' some workers are out on the 'stones'.

The final paragraph in the 'Reform of Collective Bargaining' section attempts to butter up those in opposition to industrial reform by suggesting that managements should make available to employees' representatives the information necessary for them to do their work. This is a real load of 'old oboblers'. Managements kid their own shareholders therefore the possibility of them opening their hearts to the workers' negotiators with worthwhile information is a bit far-fetched.

A 'mother hen' is to be established called a Commission on Industrial Relations (CIR). Its job will be to see that the 'game is played fairly'. Development of acceptable rules governing disciplinary practices and dismissals. Bring shop stewards within a proper framework of agreed rules in the firm. I suppose one should not quibble; it provides employment, and it's nice to increase one's earnings just before retirement—better than a State pension.

The section on 'Collective Agreements and the Law' is one of the sections most heavily criticised. Barbara Castle makes

the point that it is up to the employers to convince union that legal enforceability of contracts is in their own interests. The Tories and the CBI want contracts enforceable by law. Such a policy would strangle rank and file action and at the same time strengthen the hand of the union bureaucrats.

No Government White Paper on industrial affairs would be complete without reference being made to Restrictive Labour Practices. They go on to talk about overmanning or unnecessary overtime operated by groups of employees who see it as a way of protecting their jobs or of maintaining earnings. No mention is made of 'employers' restrictive practices'. Mergers followed by closure of plants and consequent sackings. So-called labour restrictive practices are essential outside a system of Workers' Control.

The creation of a new 'Industrial Board' puts the lie into the White Paper. Within the twenty lines describing the Board's function are hidden the penalties, to cover inter-union disputes (i.e., steel industry) and the ignoring of the 'cooling off period' for unconstitutional strikes. The penalties are fines by attachment of earnings.

The CIR will be asked to assist in problems of trade union structure and organisation, the idea being to draw the official trade union closer to the Establishment if that's possible. The training of full-time trade union officials and shop stewards is emphasised. It is far easier for the shop stewards to 'con' the rank and file into labour rationalization schemes and productivity deals than it is for management.

The policy of balloting the membership before taking strike action is a sop to the middle-class vote. The amount of official strikes called by the Government can be counted on one hand. Nevertheless it is another example of Government interference into trade union affairs.

The whole purpose of the *In Place of Strike* Bill is to screw down the rank and file. Control from above will be strengthened, encouragement will be given to the official trade union leadership to crack down on the rebels. Industrial militants could be in for a rough time.

If you believe in the Ballot Box you have a choice of two evils. If you do not, then organised rank and file action is the only alternative. If the opposition to the Prices and Incomes is any criteria, then Corporate State here it comes.

BILL CHRISTOPHER.

DIE YOUNG AT DUNLOP

'How managers cause strikes.'
'Workers are remarkably tolerant of conditions of heat, noise, stench, and sheer physical pace which would make nervous and physical wrecks of most of those who comment on strikes—so long as these conditions are clearly an inevitable part of the job. But the strain comes out in their angry intolerance of avoidable frustrations. Look into a strike-prone enterprise, and you are quite likely to find sheer muddle.'
—Guardian, Economic Editor.

THEY CALL IT the Dunlop Dust-Bowl! With the air thick with dust, the Regent Rubber tyre men are getting choked-off with the bad working conditions at Dunlop, Rochdale, and a few of us are looking for fresh jobs.

Due to this irritating dust from dirty tyres one lad is having to have his tonsils out, bad chests and sore throats abound, and all of us discharge large quantities of black slime from our mouths and nostrils.

On top of this there are the lorries which are allowed to run inside the works for unloading, so pouring out deadly diesel fumes into an enclosed area where we are working.

ABSENTEE MANAGEMENT

This kind of factory conditions could easily explain why Rochdale is near top of the charts when it comes to reckoning up how many of its inhabitants have bronchitis, TB, and other industrial diseases. It could also explain our absentee management!

Freedom For Workers' Control

JANUARY 25 1969 Vol 30 No 3

ONE AGAINST THE OTHER

THE SITUATION at present existing in the steel industry is a classic example of the trade union's role as the middle man in the labour market. It is ironic that, with the change from 'competitive private enterprise' to monopoly State ownership, the competition as to who can recruit the most members is now between the manual and white-collar unions. The British Steel Corporation (BSC) now finds itself in the middle of competing unions and faces a threat of a national stoppage by the 16 manual unions, starting from January 26.

The strike decision was taken after the BSC has finally decided to recognise two white-collar unions, the Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staffs (ASTMS) and the Clerical and Administrative Workers Union (CAWU), at plants where they had a 'substantial membership'. Following this, manual union members have been instructed to refuse to follow instructions from anyone who is not a member of their own unions.

Before gaining recognition, the white-collar unions have had to put up a considerable fight. At the same time, in the newly-appointed head of personnel, Mr. Ron Smith, formerly of the Union of Post Office Workers, refused to recognise both white-collar unions. This was despite the fact that both unions had recruited a considerable percentage at both the clerical and foreman levels. The case for recognition was put before the TUC who said that the two white-collar unions should have only local recognition.

COURT OF INQUIRY

The CAWU thought otherwise and carried out a very successful campaign whereby their members at the plants of the former Colvilles and Stewarts and Lloyds in Scotland went slow. Later their members at Pressed Steel refused to handle anything from BSC and so threatened a hold up in car production. It was this action that really did the trick because following a Court of Inquiry set up by Barbara Castle and headed by Lord Pearson, it was recommended that both the CAWU and ASTMS should be recognised.

The BSC were now faced with a dilemma and one that could only bring them up against the 16 recognised manual unions, headed by the 105,400-strong Iron and Steel Confederation. Out of these 16 manual unions, 11 form a consortium of small craft unions totalling 22,300 members, of which 400 are white-collar workers. The ISTC has 11,750 white-collar members.

In the past there has been considerable reluctance on the part of foremen and clerical workers to join the manual workers' unions. This reluctance is based on two counts; one, that no doubt they thought they did not need a union and that certain staff associations would look after their interests and two, that the manual unions were ineffectual anyway against the management and that they did not cater for their interests. The two white-collar unions, on the other hand, had shown considerably more militancy and were recruiting members fast

plain our absentee management!

The only boss who ever comes regularly to Dunlop, Rochdale, is Harry Marsden, and then only once a week. He doesn't like it, but no doubt he likes the expenses for coming.

CO-OPERATION

It was Marsden who, last Friday, introduced us to our new foreman with

in their own industry, as well as in many others. The CAWU has 3,500 members and the ASTMS has 4,100. This constitutes substantial inroads into the labour market of the industry, which until recently had been practically an exclusive for the manual unions and particularly the ISTC.

These inroads, followed by the recognition of the white-collar unions, are not just an accident, but are part of the change in the make-up of the industry.

It has been pointed out in FREEDOM before that the main reason why the steel industry was nationalised was so that, with centralisation, it could serve capitalism far better. It is a 'commanding height' and as such it has to be efficient on capitalist terms, but a major part of the industry was nowhere near this mark. Already a programme of modernisation and rationalisation has started and new processes are being introduced. Soon the different jobs of blasting and refining will be a continuous process.

SACKINGS FORECAST

When they are, what is now described as a 'labour intensive' industry will be cut down and it will be the skills and know-how of the manual workers that will not be needed in such quantity. Instead, it will be the white-collar worker who will be running the machines and it is this long-term prospect that is frightening the manual unions, especially the ISTC.

It is a frightening prospect, because something like a quarter of the present labour force of well over 200,000 will be made redundant by 1975. BSC hope to do this painlessly by natural wastage, but the unions say this is 'too optimistic'. The axing will not mean that less steel will be produced, but the 'modern methods' will in fact turn out more with less men.

With this sort of threat to jobs, the unions in the industry, obviously, should not be fighting one another. But being what they are, the middle men in the labour market, the white-collar workers in the industry represent a large prize and the entrance of the CAWU and the ASTMS is considered to be an intrusion into the domain of the other unions. (Before the white-collar unions became a threat, the other 16 unions fought amongst themselves.) But what remains at the basis of this dispute is the matter of choice, that workers, no matter what the colour of their collars, should be able to join the union of their own choosing and once having gained a following, that union should bargain on their behalf. It is as simple as that.

However, the tragic thing is that the union leaders are more militant over an inter-union dispute than they are over one with the management. While this is the case, men's jobs will be lost. Instead of fighting one another, they should be doing something about the forthcoming sackings.

I do not, however, anticipate any such fight from the leadership of any of the unions, whether it is Dai Davis, General Secretary of the ISTC or Clive Jenkins of the ASTMS. While saying it is up to workers to choose what union to join, the present dispute can only divide them. The rank and file of both manual and white-collar unions should realise this and act upon it. A divided house will not prevent the wholesale axing of jobs between now and 1975, but unity of common interest could demand that re-training takes place where necessary and that hours are cut instead of jobs.

Continued on page 7