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## editorial

Every night there will be drunken brawls in the bars and cafes of Benidorm, Blackpool or any of a thousand similar places. The drink liberates an explosive frustration, which is the only authentic response to the total domestication of leisure and the dissection of adventure which is so well expressed in that prim little word 'holiday'.

The image of two weeks paradise sustains fifty weeks of abject tedium for the average worker. To a large extent the periodic festivals of Christmas and summer help to discipline the working year: 'doing without' in order to save for the holiday and banishing the disappointments of an unsatisfactory life for the future delights, both sublimate immediate frustration. It is only when the reality shatters the image that the response becomes so violent. All the force fed images of sophistication can then get spewed up after a night on the booze.

For not only does capitalism circumscribe the conditions of our working lives, but it also colonises every second of every day of our lives. It necessarily compels us to produce and instrumentalises our non-working time by making it productive of consumption. In order to feed its ever increasing appetites and having saturated all traditional markets for commodities, capital invents more sophisticated commodities and by implication creates new markets and then new space into which it can expand. These sophisticated commodities include the pre-packed, predictable, delimited imagery of holidays. In the holiday, everything is quantified, everything is already known. There is no more adventure, something which implies the unknown and unpredictable, the unforeseen.

The simple seductivity of the images reveals the underlying truth that capital re-presents to us in a more disciplined manner — a real desire for pleasure. Thus happiness becomes a saleable commodity, and this is why it has a grip like a vice. It is this for which the 'holiday-maker' pays the money, these stupid illusions.

Jerry Rubin said, 'A society which abolishes all adventure makes the abolition of that society the only adventure possible.' Let's go.

# BORING FROM WITHOUT

The worst thing you can do in any war is to underestimate your opponent — and if you are fighting a class war in what is laughingly called a democracy it is even more dangerous, for dirty tricks and in-fighting are more the order of the day than straight confrontation.

On the surface the Trotskyist tactic of 'boring from within', or 'Entryism' as it was officially called, was no more difficult than had been the Stalinist strategy of capturing the trades unions in the 1930s and 40s. Then, you simply had to be a better trade unionist than anybody else, more dedicated, more willing to give of your time and before long you were a shop steward, a delegate, and in a position to push through resolutions in support of the Anglo-Bulgarian Friendship Society, arrange exhibitions of Khazakstan dancing shoes and other matters of great moment for the British working class on its march towards freedom and democracy and the next Five Year Plan for more coal production in the Don Basin.

The Trotskyists, followers of a failed authoritarian, themselves never failed to be jealous of the successful authoritarian, Stalin, and it was very much in the mode of 'anything you can do we can do better' that one of the four splinters after the crack-up of the Revolutionary Communist Party in 1948 decided that to get at the working class you had to go where the working class was gathered in strength: the Labour Party, if you didn't know.

To be fair, this must have seemed a rather easier task in 1948 than at almost any other time, for Labour was totally in control, theoretically, of the state machine, the whole apparatus of government, the forces of law and order and the upper echelons of British industry after the war. Nationalisation of basic industries was being rushed through (tho' with compensation for shareholders); the egalitarianism of misery was being held to through rationing (which in clothing meant dull uniformity) and conscription, Five Year Plans were being laid down and torn up with gay abandon, while clear-cut class war was not being complicated by anybody singing 'Glad to be Gay' or being militantly feminist or racist either way. Straight on for the Socialist State!

All the Entryists had to do was to sneak into the Labour Party, show themselves to be better social democrats than thou, and the party with all its apparatus of power and millions of votes would fall into their hands. Then,

oh then, the dictatorship of the proletariat could be introduced in correct Marxist terms, in line with the historic mission of the working class emancipating itself under the proper leadership, left-wing deviationists could be dealt with as the Old Man himself had demonstrated and scientific material determinism would do the rest.

Unhappily, determined materialism in the form of a capitalist class who had also read the books, struck back and within five years the Labour Party began the decline that hasn't finished yet.

Having decided that Labour was a nest of sitting ducks, and having disguised themselves with fine feathers and seductive mating calls like 'The Right to Work!', quacked from feather-lined nests of their own, nobody was more surprised than the Entryists when half the Labour Party got up and flew away. And the other half stayed put and quacked back.

This was not how it was supposed to work at all. The soppy social democrats were supposed to fall into the clutches of the bolsheviks 'just like that', as Tommy Cooper (a comedian yet to appear in our letters page) would say.

But historical determinism was not dead yet. Someone came up with the mysterious phrase 'Extra-Parliamentary activity'. 'What does it mean?' everybody asked themselves and each other. 'It means anything you want it to mean' came the stern reply. And among the things someone wanted it to mean was to go where the workers were by another route. The fiendish ploy was to put moles into industry.

This time it was harder. This time it meant going to work in factories like real workers. Clocking on at 7.45am for an eight o'clock start on the assembly line, jockeying yourself into a position to become shop steward, arguing with management and — finally — coming eyeball-to-eyeball with the trade union bosses. Which is where the buck stops. For these are the real professionals.

Unlike the Labour Party, which can be led by graduates from the London School of Economics, renegade doctors, daughters of suffragettes and sons of the aristocracy (none of which is intended to impugn their honesty — only their experience of all-in wrestling) the trades unions are led by individuals who have themselves clawed their way up from the factory floor, aided perhaps by Catholic or Methodist teaching, till they have reached a position where they hobnob with bosses, drive cars comparable to the boss's, live at the comfortable



end of town, go to the same tailors as the bosses and but for their carefully maintained working class accents, are identical with the bosses in their responsibility for the running of the works. Well oiled, and not about to tolerate sand in the works.

Middle class militants may falsify their job application forms and maybe fool the Personnel Officers — but they won't fool the fulltime trade union representatives. They can smell pinkos a mile off.

In the current hoo-ha about the sacking of alleged 'militants' for falsification of application forms, we have not yet seen it spelt out as to how the investigation began, how the cover was blown. Surely it can't have been as easy as the *Sun* newspaper (if that's what it is) claimed: 'They never read the *Sun*; they read the *Guardian* and talk about conditions in Nicaragua.' (Tip for any of our readers thinking of maling their way into industry: read FREEDOM and fox everybody!)

No, it is far more likely that militant action on the shop floor attracted the attention of local trade union officials, one quiet word led to another and, horror of horrors, it was discovered that some of these enthusiastic rank and file unionists were *over-qualified* for their jobs — like having been to university!

One such mole told (or sold) his story to the *Observer* last week, ('I was a mole for the SWP'), and after telling how he had helped to fight for better conditions for workers in a car factory (tho' without raising their class consciousness one iota) he said:

'At the end of the day the trades union structure was as big a stumbling block to what we were trying to achieve as the management themselves.'

'In fact, I ended up with a far greater loathing for the union than for management. It was the trades unions that used to get up my nose. The full-time officials never used to take the initiative on anything and when we did come to a really important battle over redundancy, they essentially sabotaged our attempt to fight the threat to the industry.'

'And once you got involved in the union you realised just what an undemocratic organisation it was, how much control the officials had. Probably more of my energy went into trying to democratise the union than in fighting the management.'

All this, of course, is something

that any anarcho-syndicalist could have told him — to say nothing of any anarchist who chooses to see no difference between anarcho-syndicalism and reformist trade unionism. This is not even a part of the dilemma facing every militant who wants to work towards a greater consciousness on the part of every worker: the question of how far you go in fighting for better conditions here and now without becoming so bogged down in the day-to-day struggle that you forget the eventual aim?

The mole reported in the *Observer* ended up being more sympathetic towards the employers than the unions — and disillusioned in the process. This was because he had been hooked on the concept of political in-fighting in order to gain political advantage and through that, political power. It is a hopeless seduction to think that essentially reformist organisations — political or industrial — can be 'taken over' to become organs of revolution and total change.

Two aspects militate against the concept:

One is that in the process of climbing the ladder to gain influence in the organisation you aim to control, you become corrupted yourself. The practice of manoeuvre, of stealthily winning points and advancing your cause little by little, just as surely, little by little, leads you into ways of thought and practice that take you over.

The second is that the organisations are already in the hands of sharp-eyed politicians who can see you coming. The machinery of organisations which are worth taking over are already established, long in the tooth and ruthless; they are already — as the *Observer's* mole found out — part of the problem.

As we said at the beginning, it is fatal to underestimate your opponent. Still worse is just not to recognise him in the first place! For anarchists, the issues are still clear: both those in power and those struggling to achieve it — by whatever means — are equally our enemies.

Philip Sanson

Next week: 'I was a wart for the CBI'.

■ Gays and the Anarchist Press

Why is it that anarchist publications cast so little light on the issues involved in the oppression of gays?

The issues involved in sexism and racism are sometimes (though not often enough) discussed, yet those involved in 'sexualism' are rarely studied. Gay liberation is as important as, and an integral part of, heterosexual liberation, but most (straight) anarchists seem to regard gay liberation as a mere side issue, something that can wait till after the revolution, rather than an issue that must be resolved before any libertarian-socialist revolution

stands any chance at all of succeeding.

Many people pay lip service to the general idea of 'gay rights', but dissociate themselves personally from our struggle, and it is this lack of solidarity and true understanding which I feel will be so detrimental come the revolution. So many so-called socialists are only willing to put up with, or tolerate gays in their post-revolutionary society rather than welcome us with complete acceptance.

Unfortunately, when it comes down to politics most gays leave a

lot to be desired, and it is for this reason that I greatly distrust groups like the Campaign for Homosexual Equality (CHE), which are only seeking to make gays equal in present society, ie equally oppressed, instead of looking towards a society in which nobody is oppressed.

In order to have a totally classless society it is not only necessary to eliminate the division of labour, it is also necessary to rid ourselves of the 'division of love', that is, just as society today forces us all into certain well defined specialized roles with respect to work and thus

causes the alienation of workers; so we are all expected to conform to particular roles according to our gender and informed exactly who to love. It is important that we bring everyone to recognise and respect love and affection mutually enjoyed by people where ever they find it. This is true gay liberation, not merely the changing of a few misbegotten laws, but a total change in the attitude of our comrades to us gays, how can one be totally free if still ruled by one's parents and grandparents archaic prejudices?

Anthony Archer

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■ Odds and Ends

The report from Clydeside brought back memories of the Glasgow Anarchist Communists in the years after the First World War, of Guy Aldred, Henry Sara and Rose Witcop, and Emma Goldman's visit to Scotland. Aldred was a faithful educator of the working class and it is a great pity that his writings have been neglected.

Your editorial remark about the 'point of production' is indeed very much to the point. And it brings me to asking - what has happened to the syndicalists? It would seem from your pages that the old working-class anarchist movement has disappeared. It would be a good thing to hear from some of the old hands. The young workers of today can learn a lot from their experiences.

FM  
Hastings

FROM THE EDITORS

We feel the contents of our Letters page is getting very ragged and would like to make the following comments and requests:

**First:** FREEDOM is not a comic and we are getting a little tired of receiving letters over the names of dead comedians, however well-loved. This is not to say we are opposed to humour, satire, irony, but we would prefer to know from whom it is coming.

**Secondly:** We would prefer to print proper names and addresses. If, for your own reasons, you do not wish to be openly identified, please ask for your name and address to be withheld from publication, though we would still like to print the town or county or country from which you write. If you must adopt a false name and address, please make it one by which you can be consistently known as a correspondent. Totally anonymous letters will tend to be ignored in future.

**Thirdly:** Please have a little consideration for those who read your letters and have to type-set them for printing. An indecipherable scrawl is unlikely to get past first base, so if at all possible write clearly with reasonable space between the lines and on one side of the paper - and the same applies to typing, which is of course much preferred.

**Fourthly:** We are more than a little tired of angry and personally abusive letters which make no attempt at rational argument and betray contempt for other points of view. It is for lively exchange of different opinions that we put your letters at the front of the paper, for we do think they are an important part of FREEDOM.

On the other hand, and as examples of what we don't want, we are holding three letters arising out of the current 'Class War' controversy. Two of them are from class warriors telling everybody else to 'Fuck off!' - the third is from a working-class housewife/mother/domestic slave telling them to 'Fuck off!'

We don't feel that we have any responsibility to present arguments at that level.

I know it's the 'silly season' for the rest of the country, but hasn't our one gone on a bit long? Is it my natural arrogance that makes me think something is missing in a lot of heads? This barney between the pacifists and the others (what do you call non-pacifists, anyway? - activists, violentists - answers on postcards only to the usual address) has been going on for ever, and there seems no end in sight.

What is the point, anyway? There seems to be very little armed insurrection at the moment,

and bombing teams appear to have gone off for their hols. So the pacifists have no one to form defence committees for, and the non-pacifists have nothing to do but write 'blood and thunder' articles, instead of shooting, bombing, and generally having a good time.

It may be opening myself to a charge of liberalism and the tearing off of my badges (you know, black flag, circle A, etc), but isn't there a big soggy grey area in which a lot of us dwell? I suppose I can be as good a pacifist as the next person, until it comes to a situation where violence presents itself. Since I assume we are talking about state violence, and not the Saturday night chucking-out time punch-up, not many of us on a day-to-day basis experience it in this country, so we can afford the luxury of pacifism. Secondly, I'm as good an insurrectionary as the next, but at the moment I can't see much point in digging up my cleverly concealed Sherman tank and motoring off down to the dole office to start the end of civilisation as we know it. For one thing, have you seen the price of ammunition at the moment?

What does it leave us? Well, as I see it, an irresolvable argument, which will carry on until we are all dead, either peacefully or violently. The only way the whole thing will be ended is by one or the other side being proved 'right', and how is that going to happen? It's all empty rhetoric,

whichever of the two positions you take at their extremes, and only shows that there isn't much else to do but slag each other off. Still, no doubt it keeps them happy, and I suppose it's a fairly harmless occupation, but a bit boring for the rest of us who don't play.

Clem

The article about the demo in Sicily was good, with one exception: the anti-drug paranoia. Surely libertarians should believe in the freedom to use drugs or not as one chooses. Freedom is the foundation of anarchist philosophy. It is only forced drugging (such as practised against those in mental prisons) that we should be opposed to.

On a different subject, how about a boycott of products from those countries where anarchist propaganda and organising are illegal? One comrade in London, or Wahington DC, or ACT in Australia could call embassies and find out where anarchism is prohibited. Our combined thousands on several continents would have some impact if followed conscientiously over several years. I myself try to buy from those countries listed in the Blacklist.

I shall have to remain anonymous, lest the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) decides to check and see if I have any cannabis.

Long live Anarchy!

A Reader

■ 'Scientific' and 'Critical' Theory

Recent letters and your article on anti-ecology are only too right to doubt the 'Anarchism' of recruits from the Peace, Feminist, Animal Rights and Ecology movements. One might well add rejects from the Marxist Parties to that list.

The lack of 'libertarian influence' in Britain today and the world is directly related to the amount of time wasted in on meetings discussing 'Revolution through yoga, brown rice, matriachy, the ploughing up of London into self-sufficient agricultural communes, and the abolition of work'. The dreadful state of our movement is living proof that Marxist economic theory plus militant liberalism do not produce even a glimmer of honest libertarian understanding.

The labour theory of value and the rest of it are pure fiction, with no relation to reality whatever. The fundamental problem of Economic theory and activity is the 'economic' allocation of scarce resources (the more 'value' you wish to attribute to human work the more 'scarce' it must become), not pretending that scarcity doesn't exist, a la Bookchin.

In the real world, prices are determined by supply and demand. Objects don't have an inherent economic value at all, (labour or otherwise). Capitalist profit is just the difference between production costs and sales income. The joint-stock limited companies that domi-

nate our lives, were created by the State, not the other way round. The State was created by military force, not trade.

Post-Keynsian economic theory may not be revolutionary, but at least it explains what's actually going on, and the power of the State to 'fix' the level of production/unemployment by fixing the level of demand. (Watch what Thatcher does, not what she says!) Only from a metaphysical marxist perspective can you make the marketplace 'unclean' in itself. To the 'fair exchange is no robbery', and money is just pure exchange value.

It's very difficult for Marxists to appreciate the fundamental libertarian view that exploitation is a sociological/political relationship, an act that some people do to others, - an act of domination. The general level of economic technology is utterly irrelevant to this view. Subsistence farming can be carried on under either a feudal tyranny or a village co-operative. Industrial production (high or low tech) under a boss or a direct-democracy co-op/collective.

One key point is that a brick layer will feel entirely different about building a wall for a boss or the State than he/she will feel about doing exactly the same task in a libertarian society ... exactly the difference between rape and making love. The essence of libertarian thought is that exploitation

is a power relationship based ultimately on force.

It would clarify matters immensely if anarchists realised that the logical extension of this view is, that 'class' is determined by relationship to the power structure, rather than to the means of production, as Marx fantasised. Exploitation is not a question of exchanging goods and services in a Market, but of being under the domination of another human being. You experience alienation precisely because your body is carrying out someone else's orders. An analysis of the talking and enforcement of social decisions provides the key to a true libertarian sociology.

When the pure 'communists' have actually set up 'self-sufficient' communes, run according to their principles, they've been a fucking disaster. The Italian anarchists in Argentina, Owen in New Harmony, and several in Britain. Only Whiteways survived more than a couple of years, and that by generous support and bequests from 'rich anarchists'.

When Lenin abolished money and the exchange of goods in the market he produced mass starvation, death and chaos. One of the Kronstadt demands was for the restoration of the open markets, where peasants and workers could exchange goods directly. That Lenin felt it necessary to re-introduce capitalist one-man management

along with state controlled markets in the N.E.P., can only be explained by his authoritarian ideology, and personal lust for power.

In recent times, Pol Pot abolished city-life, money and the market-exchange of goods in Cambodia and the resultant chaos and panic killed nearly half the population.

Many anarcho-syndicalists in Spain had, in fact, the same Marxist economic theory that the Anarcho-communists have. Some collectives abolished 'money' internally, which meant that you went to the shoe maker, he gave you a ticket, which you took to the collective accountant, who gave you another ticket which you took back to the shoe maker, who gave you the shoes! This was somehow supposed to be more efficient than paying as you went along!

Clearly ideology is what makes you want to bang your head against the wall instead of just climbing over it. Equally clearly, anarchists need to develop a far more 'scientific' and critical attitude to their theory and a higher sensitivity to the capacity for self-deception of human mind. To those who dislike theory, I can only say that, 'revolutionaries' who do not understand the world will find their revolutionary activity will produce somewhat different results to the ones they expect.

Stuart

Bonzo

'All this is directly contrary to the true interest of mankind. All this must be unlearned before we begin to be wise.' (William Godwin: Enquiry Concerning Political Justice, 1793.)

been made available if the results of tests on guinea-pigs had been taken as conclusive, because penicillin is highly poisonous to them. Rabbits can eat deadly nightshade but it can kill humans. Some animals react in different ways from others. For example, morphine depresses rats and dogs but stimulates cats, goats and horses.

Sir George Pickering, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University, said: 'The idea as I understand it, is that fundamental truths are revealed in laboratory experimentation on lower animals and are then applied to the problems of the sick patient. Having been myself trained as a physiologist, I feel in a way competent to assess such a claim. It is plain nonsense.'<sup>2</sup> Putting it simply, would you take medicine meant for your dog?

Do we need the new drugs? This question was answered over 20 years ago by Dr Walter Modell of Cornell University, 'one of America's foremost drug experts', who said: 'When will they realise there are too many drugs? . . . We simply don't have enough diseases to go around.'<sup>3</sup> A medical commission, nominated by President Allende of Chile in 1972, found that there were about two dozen drugs of proven therapeutic value.<sup>4</sup> Yet there are now around 205,000 drugs on the market world-wide!<sup>5</sup> Even the World Health Organisation, which is heavily financed by the USA, the top drug-exporting country, recommended in 1977 that only 220 drugs should be considered essential.<sup>6</sup>

So we are in a situation where we are inundated by drugs we don't need, tested by methods which are dangerously inaccurate. It has been estimated that in Britain alone, there are between 10,000 and 15,000 drug-induced deaths every year, more than in road accidents. There are also around one million people suffering from adverse drug reactions.<sup>7</sup>

Defenders of vivisection often claim that the major infectious diseases that were prevalent at the turn of the century were virtually wiped out thanks to drugs and vaccines developed on animals. However, a study of the statistics for these diseases reveals that mortality rates were declining before the relevant drugs were developed. For example, tuberculosis and pneumonia were the biggest killers in 1900, streptomycin and isoniazid, used to treat TB, were made available in 1950, but have achieved no new fall in the death rate. Sulphonamide, developed in 1935, and other antibiotics which followed, have been similarly ineffective in reducing the number of deaths due to pneumonia. In fact, death rates for pneumonia in the US actually rose between 1950 and 1970.<sup>8</sup> For more than a century, analysis of disease trends has shown that the environment is the primary determinant of the state of general health of any population. Epidemics are largely unaffected by medical intervention.<sup>9</sup>

If drugs were really good for us, one would expect the British people to be a lot healthier now than they were in 1948, when the National Health Service began, with free treatment for all. One would also expect the demand for drugs to fall as people became healthier. Neither is the case. The NHS drug bill has risen from £5 million a year to a staggering £2,000 million! Prescriptions have increased by about 150 million. The 1977 General Household Survey, carried out by the Government's statistical office, revealed that 56 per cent of all men and 70 per cent of women suffered from chronic health problems.<sup>10</sup> Quite simply, the NHS is being bled white by the pharmaceutical

industry which has a vested interest in ensuring that this unhealthy nation stays unhealthy. The drug industry spends around £120 million a year on persuading doctors to prescribe their products.<sup>11</sup> This is nothing however, to what the NHS spends in putting right the enormous damage drugs cause.

The results of tests on animals lack scientific validity when applied to humans. The fact that it is widely believed the safety of new drugs can be ensured by animal-testing despite cases such as Thalidomide, which was tested on animals for 7 years, is a tribute to drug industry propaganda. The Government's Committee on Safety of Medicines, which approves all drugs in Britain, recently stated: 'The public which demands medical progress must be prepared to accept that modern drugs present some risk.' Are we prepared to accept as 'some risk' drugs such as the pain-killer Opren, which is believed to have caused 65 deaths and adverse reactions in 4,000 others in this country alone? This drug was approved although it had already been banned in Canada, Australia and New Zealand.<sup>12</sup>

The reason why we have medical experiments on animals, as

well as other types of experiments, was explained by John Bryant in his book *Fettered Kingdoms*: 'I would like to eat, wash in, inhale, drink, wear, or in some other way use a certain substance (which the human race has survived without, or with, for millions of years), but I am frightened what nasty effect that substance will have on me. Therefore, I will try it out on someone weaker than myself who cannot object or refuse, so that if that someone screams, becomes ill, or dies, then I know not to use that substance. That is cowardice!'

Alain Smith



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Chimpanzee inoculated with Syphilis for research purposes.

## DRUGS AND ANIMAL TESTING

In a National Opinion Poll conducted in August 1982,<sup>1</sup> 50 per cent of those questioned approved of experiments on animals for medical purposes. This was in contrast to the 82 per cent who disapproved of experiments involving the deliberate infliction of pain. We therefore have to ask why people who would normally oppose vivisection make an exception in the case of medical experiments and whether these experiments are really of any benefit to mankind.

The moral justification of medical experiments on animals can be stated as follows: that the pain inflicted on the few (animals) is outweighed by the benefits to the many (people). George Bernard Shaw argued that animal experimentation should be thought wrong whatever the advantages may be. However, this argument sounds unconvincing to people who have been led to believe modern medical science will one day rid us of all diseases and even confer immortality upon us.

The most common defence of medical experiments on animals is that we need them to test new drugs for safety. This makes two assumptions: that the results of animal experiments are translatable to humans and that we need the new drugs.

The reactions between humans and animals differ widely. Penicillin, probably the most useful drug we have, would never have

## TURKEY

Thousands of political prisoners in Turkey's military prisons have been on hunger strike against prison conditions since July 7. The action has already claimed two lives, Irfan Ornek and M Solmaz. Both died after being tortured by the prison authorities to get them to quit the strike. Hundreds of prisoners are reported to be in hospital, some in a coma, and others are refusing medical attention.

The authorities are doing everything in their power to break the strike, now that it is reaching a critical stage where successive deaths could occur. Fasting prisoners are systematically being removed from their cells and tortured and their screams are broadcast over the prison PA system.

The action originally comprised some 2,500 prisoners in Istanbul's military prisons: Metris (the largest), Sultanahmet, Kabakoz and the

notorious Sagmakilar which has recently been converted into a single and double cell prison and is reserved for especially troublesome political prisoners and the top leaders of various parties and groups.

The prisoners' demands centre around the refusal to wear prison clothing, their refusal to submit to military disciplinary measures such as saluting officers, singing militaristic and fascist marches, etc. They are demanding an end to torture, beatings and bans on visitors, access to lawyers, newspapers, books, pens and paper. They want the abolition of the isolation cell system and a return to the ward system.

There are conflicting reports that the hunger strikes in Istanbul may have ended. But there is evidence that they have in fact spread to other towns such as Izmir, Ankara and Erzurum.

## GREECE

After thirty days on hunger strike Photis Danatos (see FREEDOM Vol 44 No 13/14) was transferred to a civilian hospital. A couple of days later he managed to escape with the help of two comrades (as did Kropotkin many years ago). After an initial flurry of activity the police have taken a low profile. There has been no statement as yet from the Ministry of Justice which was handling the case. This means that both Photis and Kiriakos Miras are now on the run. It may also be noted that the Greek authorities have now been spared the possible embarrassment of having an anarchist martyr on their hands while forcing him to remain underground. Should either of our comrades decide to become overtly active again the police will no doubt be only too happy to re-arrest them, or are we being too paranoid?

## THE EEC

David Isiorho (FREEDOM 18 June) is wrong to suggest that calls for Britain to quit 'Europe' (the EEC) and for import controls from abroad are 'racist'. They are not in themselves chauvanistic, though they may sometimes be a result of chauvanism.

The EEC is the culmination of the current state-of-the-art in western capitalism, and rich nation states. It is, in effect, the civilian form of NATO. To be ruled from Whitehall is bad enough; to be ruled from Brussels (or Washington) is far worse.

Mass-marketed goods from overseas are a product of the international capitalist system centred in the west. They are not produced by worker cooperatives; they are controlled by western industrialists exploiting cheap labour overseas, or by local industrialists often more exploitative of indiginous labour, with child labour, workers unrepresented by unions, etc. International capitalism is worse than national (eg. British) capitalism, if only because it is more widespread, more inequitable, causes local unemployment by shifting capital abroad, and requires greater exploitation and repression.

Such calls (to quit Europe, or for import controls) are the symptom, not the cause, of ideological orientations: the cause of the right and

that of the left remain quite different. The right tends to be racist, and if they indulge in these and similar slogans, then they are likely to be expressing more deeply-held racist sentiments. The left tend to prefer better employment opportunities in Britain to exploitation of cheap labour abroad (if only in the short term, prior to the revolution), and if they use similar slogans, it is likely to be an expression of their deeper-held preference for the lesser evil in a bad world. It is unhelpful to confuse the two.

Finally, how 'racist' can a policy be when it specifically rejects membership of a club (the EEC) made up mostly of rich and powerful nation states of white peoples? In fact, the reverse is much more plausible: racists would be more inclined to band together with other 'white countries' and thus isolate the weak and poor nations of the Third World. Trade figures for example show that, before joining the EEC, Britain had more links with countries in Asia and Africa; after joining, these links were reduced or cut, and greater links established instead with other 'white countries', including those outside Europe (eg. Australia). The same may be said of cultural and other links, and for other member states of the EEC.

Bunn Nagara

## ITALY

In the editorial we read that, 'Last weekend (22nd to 24th July) in Sicily, several thousand people attempted to occupy the Magliocco Airport. . . . The truth is that around 300 comrades went to Comiso and took part in the two peaceful demonstrations in front of the Magliocco airport which took place on Friday 22nd July and Saturday afternoon, 23rd July. At 9pm on the Saturday police suddenly attacked our comrades who were peacefully sitting down. After this police attack in which many comrades were beaten up and two were arrested and released after one week, most comrades left Comiso.

The 'mass occupation' of the Magliocco Airport - to which the comrades of the 'Leghe Autogestite' called comrades from all over the world - remained a slogan, nothing more. A debate is going on about this issue within our movement here in Italy, and a critical report of Comiso's failed 'mass-occupation' will be published in the next issue of our review.

We think that the difference between 'several thousand' and the actual 300 is too great and needs to be corrected in FREEDOM.

Paolo Finzi  
Editrice A, Milan.



# JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN BY DALTON TRUMBO



*Johnny Got His Gun* by Dalton Trumbo (Journeyman Press, paperback £3.75).

The American writer Dalton Trumbo was a journalist, novelist, and dramatist, but he became famous (and rich) as a Hollywood screenwriter. In fact his best-known screenplays — for *The Brave One*, *Spartacus*, *Exodus*, *Papillon*, and so on — were really pretty awful, combining trite sentimentality with vague leftism. Perhaps the least bad was the one he wrote for David Miller's film *Lonely are the Brave* (1962), but even here he falsified the original, diluting the explicit anarchist pacifism of Edward Abbey's novel *Brave Cowboy* into a purely individualistic non-conformism.

Much more impressive (though much less profitable) were the novels which he wrote at the beginning of his career, but they are little known, with one exception — *Johnny Got His Gun*, which has just been republished in this country, and which is worth more attention than the rest of his work put together.

James Dalton Trumbo was born in 1905 in Montrose and brought up in Grand Junction, Colorado. His parents were fairly typical small-town Westerners, well-educated and hard-working, but lacking wealth or health. When his father lost a job, they moved to Los Angeles; and when his father died, he became the family breadwinner — literally, working in a bakery for eight years. But a year at college had introduced him to journalism, and he gradually established himself first as a journalist, then as a freelance writer of fiction, and from 1935 as an increasingly successful screenwriter.

Almost at once he became politically active, joining the left-wing Screen Writers Guild, and eventually joining the Communist Party in 1943. This was at the time of the greatest acceptability of American Communism, when it was closely identified with traditional patriotism and populism, so it was not odd that in 1945 he worked as a writer for the American delegation at the founding conference of the United Nations Organisation and for the American Air Force in the Pacific.

But after the Second World War, as after the First World War, a Red scare swept the United States, this time taking the form of the witch-hunt which became known as McCarthyism after its best-known individual leader 'but which was mainly led by the House of Representatives Committee on Un-American Activities.

One of the targets of this campaign at the height of the Cold War was the alleged 'Communist Infiltration of the Motion-Picture Industry', and one of the victims was the leading Communist screenwriter, Dalton Trumbo. In 1947 he was summoned as an 'unfriendly witness' by the Committee, and he gave the most unfriendly testimony in every sense, not only refusing to answer questions about his or anyone else's politics but replying with furious attacks on the Committee. As a result, he was one of the 'Hollywood Ten' who were cited for contempt of Congress, and when they lost their appeals to the United States Supreme Court he was imprisoned for a year in 1950.

Meanwhile he had quietly left the Communist Party in 1948 — though he briefly rejoined in 1955 to defend the prosecuted Party officials in California — and his last public involvement in left-wing politics was to campaign for Henry Wallace as the Progressive Party presidential candidate in 1948. He lived in Mexico from 1951 to 1954, but returned to the United States and resumed his career. Like the other victims of the witch-hunt, he was officially black listed from all work in the American film industry; but, unlike most people in films, writers can work underground, and for ten years he was able to get employment on the black market, writing at cut rates under false names. The irony of his position was exposed in 1957, when he actually won an Oscar for his screenplay of *The Brave One* as 'Robert Rich'. This was the beginning of the end of the blacklist, and in 1960 he was able to start working in his own name again. He became as famous (and rich) as he had once been, working until his death from cancer in 1976.

*Johnny Got His Gun* is a short novel directed against all war, being based on two things — Trumbo's early life, including the conscription of young Americans in 1917-1918 to join the remote war in Europe; and a newspaper report of a visit by the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII) to a war veterans' hospital in Canada, where there was a First World War patient who had lost all his limbs and all his senses except touch. It is a passionately written account of an American conscript who has Trumbo's memories and the unknown soldier's injuries. He finds himself lying in hospital with no arms, no legs, no eyes, no ears, and no mouth,

breathing and feeding through tubes, able only to feel and think and move what is left of his head. He can't even masturbate, though a considerate nurse performs this service for him with all the others. What can he do?

In the first half of the book, 'The Dead', Joe Bonham, who has been wounded on the Western Front, becomes aware of the extent of his injuries by gradual stages, punctuated with dreams and memories of his (ie Trumbo's) childhood and youth. In the second half, 'The Living', he begins to come to terms with his situation, learning to think clearly, to measure time by the nurse's visits and the sun's warmth, and eventually to tap his head in morse code. For a long time no one takes any notice, but a change comes when a new nurse traces MERRY CHRISTMAS on his chest and then realises that he too is trying to communicate. He taps SOS, and a doctor taps back: WHAT DO YOU WANT? He asks to be put on exhibition as 'the man who made the world safe for democracy' and so on. He is told: WHAT YOU ASK IS AGAINST REGULATIONS. He realises that there is no hope, that another war is already on its way. The first section ends with a bitter direct attack on all war; the second section ends with a bitter ironical welcome of the next war. He can do nothing; but perhaps the book might do something.

The irony was greater than Trumbo expected. *Johnny Got His Gun* was written in 1937-1939 and published at the beginning of September 1939, just as the Second World War started. This would have killed it in Britain, but the United States kept out of the war, and the novel fed American isolationism of both left and right. Trumbo wasn't yet a Communist, but it was serialised in the American *Daily Worker*, at the time when Soviet Russia was allied with Nazi Germany and the Communist line was strongly anti-war. In 1940 it was broadcast as a successful radio play (the main part being taken by Jimmy Cagney).

When the United States entered the war, in 1941, Trumbo, (like the Communists) changed his attitude to the subject, and he and his publisher agreed that it 'was exactly the sort of book that shouldn't be reprinted until the war was at an end'. When extreme right-wing organisations campaigning against the war pressed him to have it reprinted, he reported them to the FBI — who promptly investigated not them but him. As he admitted, 'it serves me right'. The novel was reprinted after the war, going out of print again in the Korean War of the early 1950s, and was

reprinted again during the 1960s and 1970s, being especially popular during the Vietnam War.

Trumbo naturally wanted to turn the book into a film, but he had great difficulty with it. Eventually, with the enthusiastic encouragement of Luis Bunuel, he wrote a screenplay in 1964, but he found that he had to direct and help to produce it himself. It was at last shot in 1970 (the main part being taken by Timothy Bottoms), and it won several prizes at the Cannes Film Festival in 1971, but it was a critical and financial failure in the United States. It has seldom been released, but it was once shown on British television.

*Johnny Got His Gun* is actually a very good film, in some ways better than the book. Joe Bonham's more general thoughts are removed, his memories are shortened and sharpened, and his situation is intensified. Trumbo changed his own original as he had changed other people's. When Joe Bonham is asked what he wants, he replies that he wants to die; his nurse tries to perform this last service for him, and the end is much subtler than in the book. It is a terrifying fable of war on either screen or page, and it is well worth seeing or reading in any form.

Unfortunately the new edition of the novel isn't very good. Last year the Journeyman Press reprinted in its Chapbook series *The Time of the Toad*, Trumbo's very partial pamphlet on what he called 'the American Inquisition', without any editorial material to explain the case or even to expose the author's ironical position as a Communist protesting about his civil liberty. Now the Journeyman Press has reprinted *Johnny Got His Gun* without any editorial material to introduce a novel which isn't nearly as simple and straightforward as it seems. The new British paperback is based on the current American paperback. It contains Trumbo's introduction of 1959 and addendum of 1970, four pages of American and European (but not British) reviews, and a blurb wrongly claiming that it is the 'most shocking' and 'most powerful anti-war novel ever written'. The biographical information is incomplete and inaccurate. There is no bibliographical information about previous editions, not even the British ones which appeared during the 1950s and 1960s, and there is no reference to the radio play or the film. And the price is rather high. Never mind; it is a remarkable book, worth having for the two propagandist chapters alone.

NW

## CORRECTIONCORRECTIONCORRECTIONCORRECTIONCO

There is an error of identification in Hermia Oliver's *The International Anarchist Movement in Late Victorian London* not noted by Nicolas Walter in his review of the book in *FREEDOM* (June 18). As it is an error which leads to some confusion, I think it is worth pointing out.

When Ms. Oliver says of the Socialist League that: 'Among anarchist members of the council before 1889, by far the most important was H.A. (usually known as Ambrose) Barker' (p. 62), she is actually confusing two different people; H.A. (or Henry) Barker and A.G. (or Ambrose) Barker.

H.A. Barker, who was a member of the Socialist League council and was noticeably active in League politics, was not an anarchist but a supporter of parliamentary action who actually resigned his position as National Secretary and left the League in 1888 because he was in disagreement with its anti-parliamentarist policy (see Bellamy &

Saville *Dictionary of Labour Biography* vol. VI pp.18-21).

A.G. (Ambrose) Barker, who was an anarchist member of the League, was not a member of the council before 1889, or (as far as I am aware) after 1889. He does not seem to have played so prominent a part in the politics of the Socialist League as he did earlier in the Stratford Dialectical and Radical Club and the Labour Emancipation League. It was however, Ambrose Barker who 'wrote unpublished memoirs cited by Quail' (see Quail *The Slow Burning Fuse* p. 17 et seq).

After his leaving the League in 1888, H.A. Barker was active in J.L. Mahon's Labour Union and later in the I.L.P. Ambrose Barker, on the break up of the League in the early 1890's, joined the Freedom group, becoming editor of *FREEDOM* in 1930, a position he resigned in 1933 due to a long serious illness. Chris Milburn

# The Struggle in the Factory

## History of a Royal Ordnance Factory

● The history of Dalmuir R.O.F. is the history of any other war-time factory, it is the story of workers' struggle against the forces of capitalism aided and abetted by the fakirs of the trade unions and the Communist Party. Faced with these odds it is creditable that the workers did not succumb entirely, and that a band of them continued in opposition and endeavoured to preserve some degree of sanity throughout the welter of lies, distortions and intrigue that surrounded the worker.

### Anarchist Federation. Glasgow

3<sup>d</sup>.

Few of the issues which revolutionaries discuss today are essentially novel. Since capitalism 'began', successive generations of revolutionaries have grappled with the basically unchanging problems thrown up by a fundamentally unchanged social system. But the theoretical contributions of these revolutionaries and their practical attempts at supercession have enjoyed little comparable continuity. At most times few in numbers and limited in influence anyway, their thoughts and activities have been and are systematically marginalised, suppressed and erased by actual physical defeats and the ruling class's control over Culture, History, and most popular channels of communication. With the result that each generation of revolutionaries has to struggle very hard indeed to learn from the past: to recover, understand, assess, develop and improve their predecessors' efforts.

Especially at a time like this, when the real mass workers' struggles from which a lead might be taken are thin on the ground, and when there is little prospect that the revolution is going to break out tomorrow, it is hardly to waste time to go back and re-examine the history of the revolutionary movement. If there are few sources of optimism in our current everyday existence, we can at least gain comfort and confidence from a sense of our own history — from the knowledge that we are neither alone nor unprecedented in opposing capitalism and posing a genuine alternative. And so long as we do not approach the past in too reverent or antiquarian a way we can discover much to inform our current thoughts and actions and to prepare more confidently for the struggles ahead.

With these thoughts in mind I would like to draw attention to a pamphlet entitled *The Struggle in The Factory: History of a Royal Ordnance Factory* written by 'Equity' and published by the Glasgow Group of the Anarchist Federation in 1945. The relevance of this pamphlet's message has been undiminished by the forty years which have passed since it was first published.

The origins of the Anarchist Federation (Glasgow Group) can be traced back to the Socialist League of William Morris. When the League collapsed nationally

around 1895 there emerged from the remnants of the Glasgow branch an Anarchist Group which maintained an active existence for the next ten years. For a while in the first decade of the 1900s it was partially eclipsed by the neighbouring Paisley Group but by May 1912 had revived sufficiently to be able to publish the first of what turned out to be 34 issues of a weekly paper, *The Anarchist*, under the editorship of George Barrett (aka Ballard).

In 1917 the Glasgow Communist Group, formed four or five years previously under the influence of Guy Aldred, joined forces with the Anarchists. The name Glasgow Anarchist Group was retained after the merger until 1920 when the title Glasgow Communist Group was adopted.

During these years the Group used the London-based monthly, *The Spur*, (edited by Aldred and Rose Witcop) to publicise their views and activities. In February 1921 the Group started up its own paper, *The Red Commune*, but this, with two members, Jenny Patrick and Douglas McLeish, plus Aldred and the printer Andrew Fleming, being successively prosecuted for sedition. Later the same year the Glasgow Communist Group became the Central Group of the newly-formed Anti-Parliamentary Communist Federation.

In 1933 Guy Aldred announced his resignation from the APCF and soon afterwards formed the United Socialist Movement, which remained in existence well into the 1960s. In 1936 there was another split in the APCF, when the anarchist-inclined members withdrew to form the Glasgow Anarchist-Communist Federation. In 1938 they published a short pamphlet about Kronstadt by Emma Goldman called *Trotsky Protests Too Much*. The following year, by which time the organisation was known simply as the Anarchist Federation, they brought out *Bolshevism: Promises and Reality* by G Maximov. (Meanwhile what was left of the APCF carried on, changing its name to the Workers' Revolutionary League in 1941.)

*The Struggle in the Factory: History of a Royal Ordnance Factory* is an account of events in the Dalmuir Royal Ordnance Factory, Clydebank, Glasgow, during the second world war: "It is the story of workers' struggles

against the forces of capitalism, aided and abetted by the fakirs of the trade unions and the Communist Party."

A large part of it is taken up by a detailed examination and condemnation of the role played by the Communist Party. Once Russia had entered the war the CP reversed its earlier policy of obstructing the war effort and "proceeded to sabotage all direct action." It gained control of the Dalmuir Shop Stewards' Committee, kept control of it through various bureaucratic manoeuvres, resolved to extend and intensify the training of women and youths so that skilled men could be released for the armed forces, collaborated with, and supported the demands of, the employers, and isolated the Dalmuir factory in an effort to sabotage the solidarity and unity of workers which would have been necessary to resist the redundancies imposed towards the end of the war.

Summing up the part played by the CP at Dalmuir, the pamphlet states: "They linked themselves with the policy of the employing class, their lackeys the Trade Union leaders, and the Labour leaders. The CP has become the most deadly of these reactionary forces because while all the others had been recognised, the full reaction of the Communist Party had still to be realised. It is unfortunate that the workers who were temporarily dazzled by the blandishments of the CP had to learn the disastrous results of CP policy, the hard way."

If *The Struggle in the Factory* was only a historical record of the anti-working class war-time patriotism of the CP it would still be valuable. However it deserves to be recalled for being much more than just that. The general lessons it draws from specific examples have weathered the test of time well; this is what makes it a text for today's struggle every bit as much as it was a text for the struggle in 1945. This is especially true for three of the points the pamphlet makes. These points require little commentary so I'll let the pamphlet speak for itself.

Firstly, there is the crystal-clear realisation of the role played by the trade unions in the functioning of modern capitalism:

"The official Trade Union is now part of the apparatus of the employing class to diffuse and . . . the working class struggle . . . The professional Trade Union leaders are, as has been often demonstrated, merely creatures of the employing class with the definite job of accepting on behalf of the workers all kinds of anti-working class measures."

Secondly, there is the pamphlet's explanation of why trade unions are now counter-revolutionary organisations:

"Trade Unionism could, and did, win advantages in wages and conditions during the growth and expansion of the Capitalist System, but because of its structure as a reformist organisation it cannot operate today. The capitalist system is no longer capable of giving reforms. The present capitalist system of society has ceased to expand, and the various groups of capitalists throughout the world are forced into wars of annihilation against each other in the attempt to keep the capitalist system in being. Under these circumstances the trade union leaders can come to the workers only to announce further reductions in working conditions."<sup>(1)</sup>

(Although the next 20-30 years were to witness a steady rise in working class standards of living and the maintenance of 'peace' in the capitalist heartlands, the system's relapse into crisis since the 1970s and the current war preparations of the bourgeoisie

have certainly restored the relevance of the perspective adopted in 1945.)

Thirdly, pointing the way ahead, the pamphlet ends by calling for control over workers' struggles to be wrenched away from the trade unions, the Labour Party and the CP; workers had to rely entirely on their own strength, initiative, and consciousness:

"The working class . . . organising at the point of production, irrespective of craft or creed, must jealously guard and retain control of their own organisation."

'Proletarian revolutions' Marx wrote, 'criticise themselves constantly, interrupt themselves continually in their own course, come back to the apparently accomplished in order to begin it afresh, deride with unmerciful thoroughness the inadequacies, weaknesses and paltrinesses of their first attempts.' If it is to eventually succeed, the revolutionary movement needs to adopt a similar attitude to its own past, if only because in the process of doing so it can rediscover achievements

— such as *The Struggle in the Factory* — which are anything but inadequate, weak and paltry.

Mark Shipway

(1) The origins of the theory of the mortal crisis and imminent collapse of capitalism can be traced back to Rosa Luxemburg's *The Accumulation of Capital* (1912). In the 1920s the anti-bolshevik Communist Workers' Party of Germany (KAPD) regarded adherence to the theory as a feature distinguishing the revolutionary from reformist organisations. Today the theory of the 'decadence' of the capitalist system and its cycle of war-reconstruction-crisis-war finds its foremost defendants in the International Communist Current and the Communist Workers' Organisation. The APCF, which the authors of *The Struggle in the Factory* had recently left, falls roughly within the same communist tradition as the KAPD, ICC and CWO, which probably explains the authors' adherence to the theory of capitalist decadence.



Arthur Moyses: Collages  
Zero One Gallery, 84b Whitechapel High St, London E1, until August 20

The new slimline Frau, clothespeg on nose, and her compressed Town have been tracking a well-worn beat to the new in-pavilion for the avant-garde of le monde d'art with the lifting of the lid and it must be sadly admitted the elbow to offer one of the smallest openings of the current season. Nevertheless let us not shrink for ideological reasons from admitting that if you know of a better 'ole you are well advised to go to it and from thence let the constipated world know that middle class merde still has its place much to the bewilderment consternation of those who mistakenly thought the first surrealist exhibition in Paris was Dada's last word on the subject. For, little Hammersmith Garage at 5am leaves the fat-gutted bourgeoisie snore on and on and on, the sherry glasses and the pet fours clink as merrily as cash registers in the Champs Elysees or for that matter Wards in Piccadilly where Polish George and Irish Francois paddle in Guinness for the breathless depletion of the touristic and topless sunbathers on the Embankment struggle sullenly to reclaim the day for the lascivious marbles of the Parthenon.

Truly old comrades can remember Shirley Temple and our longshed tears as she tapped her merry arm in the steps of Bill Coengler Robinson and will recall as they sit on the only throne in the smallest gallery in Town the innocent pleasure we must forever be relieving from making our own contribution to the fertility of the Thames Estuary and the flavour of Colchester Oysters. 'Don't phone us, we'll phone you,' must indeed be the message to be learned by rote and then swallowed from the art on these marbled walls and those of us privileged — nay, condemned — to have genuine Moyses on our walls must for all our conscious egos feel humbled to realise that here is a talent too large to be confined within three walls and a door. Indeed such is the breadth of the vision and the generosity of this unassuming artist that this is one door that can never be closed. The onward march of benighted humanity and young revolutionaries with curses on their lips and fire in their bellies if it signifies anything must signify that and to say that it is worth no more than the entrance fee puts monetarism in its place and to hell with it I say and this is true art that will last as long as the Andrex holds out.

Simion Shlapp

## Moving towards an open mind



One of the minor irritations engendered by men and women of acclaimed genius is that they, and those who adore them, assume or believe that they are authorities on any other minor or major unrelated subject. This is a fault of which, I pray, I have never nor will ever be guilty, for I know that there are areas of human knowledge that I would hesitate to express an opinion on. Not so Trotsky — for between organising a revolution, creating an army, murdering anarchists and getting into Joe's bad books, Leon — like Hitler, Napoleon and my late and unlamented aunt — had what are known as decided views on any subject under the hammer. That their opinions on a dull day should be of some slight interest in the matter of wine, buildings, music or the gourmet value of the four minute egg, should not be denied them, but the irritation arises from the action of their dedicated followers stamping the seal of approval on their polemic by stating that Trotsky said, Napoleon said, Malatesta said, Bakunin said, Lenin said, Mrs Thatcher said . . . in the belief that that endorses anything and closes any discussion.

Trotsky's curse was that he believed, and his latter day breathing followers believe — and proclaim — that Trotsky was an authority on poetry, literature and painting. Given a platform or a sheet of lined paper Trotsky spelt out the definitive judgement on any novel, poem or painting of which his library ticket availed him. He had very little understanding that these creative works could be things of beauty in their own right or that the genius of the master craftsman could still survive, no matter who the pay master or what the subject matter. For Trotsky — like many educated philistines — accepted the arts as no more than the hired or conscripted tools of a noble or ignoble cause or conspiracy.

On May 9th, 1924, Trotsky, arriving late at a conference on Party Policy in the Field of Imaginative Literature, tore Rakolnikov,

Vardin, Libedinsky, Pletnev, Bukharin and other — present or absent — friends to shreds, wit' the mouth wit' the mouth, for Trotsky was a brilliant and practised speaker devoid of simple and human pity. We are fortunate that there is a small pamphlet of 28 pages still in circulation that dates from the July 1967 Fourth International debate, which gives us a blow upon blow account of the debate calling for the whoring and then the slaughtering of the Muses. And in that ancient debate Trotsky rejected the myth of proletarian culture, arguing that the traditional period between a bourgeois society and a socialist society was too brief for the revolutionary proletariat to create a proletarian culture, but come his workers' state, then a new working class culture would emerge. That is pure rubbish, for what they are demanding of the hired Grub Street hack is no more than the pay masters of history have demanded for their gelt, and that is the right to dictate the style, size and subject matter of the creative work. For, comrade, if you take the money for sitting on your arse in the rent-free ivory tower, then don't whine about the product. For Trotsky accepted that art is no more than the idle amusement of any wealthy middle class society, and as such it would be necessary to rob and rape it to fertilise the new working class state culture. Yet hidden in that chill debate was the message and I quote, 'That alongside a flexible and far-seeing policy in the field of art we need a resolute and severe, but of course not petty, censorship.' And Trotsky will be the jailor and he spoke with an open mind. All this would be slaughter-house academic were it not for the Shell exhibition at the topless towers within the Barbican Art Gallery.

It is what it is — a pleasant and undemanding exhibition of the visual works of art commissioned by the advertising department of Shell to increase the sale of their petrol and oil. The best artist craftsmen and women of the last

three quarters of this century were employed to produce it and, as with much of the out-door visual advertising of the inter-war years, it merged into our folk culture. Yet as I stood viewing the paintings and drawings of McKnight, Anon, Bateman, Rex Whistler, Graham Sutherland, Paul Nash, Hillier, and others, a critic of a national paper whispered words in my ear that he would never dare write — 'It's all Hitler Third Reich shit,' but he was wrong, for here was an exhibition that could only be interpreted by a Marxist analysis or, failing the LSE state grant, ordinary lumpenproletarian common sense. For one painting in isolation means nothing, but when the entire oeuvre propagates a visual world of wealthy, stable, non-political, industrial unrest; free, no-sweat living, then the correct assumption must be that it is wealthy middle class art, commissioned by a wealthy middle class orientated sales organisation, to appeal to the desired values of a wealthy middle class. Here was a world ruined by the death of millions in a war called Great. A world of mass misery and unemployment, of vile slums and hunger and human degradation, but nowhere in all these works on view does that fact surface or is it even hinted at. The 'sales force' would be foolish if they had done that, for in those inter-war years the emerging motoring class was middle class, and so it must follow that advertising played to their social fantasies and to do that, they hired the artist' and he or she stripped, climbed onto the table and danced. Accept that, and one can enjoy craftsman/woman-ship. Right, Leon! Of all the work on view at the Barbican's Shell exhibition there is nothing of any lasting value, for like religious art it survives only because of its subject matter, a wealthy, green and pleasant land, made mobile by Shell petrol — but it is a pleasant exhibition, nevertheless.

So too is the Sound Sculpture by the Baschet Brothers,

in the green hell on one of the roofs of the Barbican. What the Brothers have attempted and are succeeding in doing is welding metal to sound in their abstract sculptures and it is fun time. One taps and bangs and rattles the sheets of sculptured metals and glorious sounds echo in the gallery. Twelve semitones in one octave, giving out 120 notes in competition with the cheese buffet and the abstract sculpture that pours out a continuous flow of champagne. The sight of a bearded Baschet brother frantically pouring bottles of champagne into the 'continually' flowing champagne abstract sound sculpture to keep it continually flowing champagne; adults and small children banging away at the Baschet brothers Sound Sculptures, seeking the ten octaves to make with the music and Paradise enow.

Yet all art is surface value for

*Club Life and Socialism in Mid-Victorian London* by Stan Shipley (Journeyman Press, paperback £2.75).

This remarkable study of a neglected aspect of the British left was first published in 1972 as the fifth of the original History Workshop Pamphlets, and has now been republished as the first of a new series of booklets jointly produced by the Journeyman Press and the London History Workshop Centre.

The three sections describe the London followers of Bronterre O'Brien, the Chartist leader who advocated revolutionary socialism with an emphasis on land and currency; the working-men's club which flourished in London during the 1870s and early 1880s; and the Manhood Suffrage League, which was an important focus of socialism at that time. Stan Shipley's research, which began when he was a student at Ruskin College, Oxford, and is based almost entirely on primary sources, brings to light many obscure individuals and developments during that significant stage in our past, including some later involved in the

come the brute realities of hunger or impending death by violence it is no more than old rain upon dead windows. I stand within the National Gallery, glass in hand, viewing the collective work of 'Manet at Work' and as I gaze at the fragmented pieces of the painting of 'The Execution of Maximilian' I choose to remember how all those years ago I prowled through the dusty basement of the National Gallery pulling aside heavy framed painting after heavy framed painting, to reveal in the gloom the piece of the Emperor Maximilian. I measured the pieces of isolated pieces, in different galleries, with a length of string, and wrote and argued that these pieces should be replaced in one single frame, and if after all those years no-one will cry glory glory towards me standing by the wine table, then I will claim my right on behalf of myself and the columns of FREEDOM to cry to the Town and his stringless frau, regard us as your hosts.

Were Manet, Sickert, Augustus John, Ben Shahn and all the others of that style major painters? I would say no, for although they gave pleasure they were no more than journalists of the brush. With swift and facile strokes they caught a moment in time that holds us for a brief moment like newspaper headlines. Van Gogh in his early years and his sombre 'Potato Eaters' period was a visual journalist and as with Manet and the others it was only in his last agonising few months that the artist began to emerge. So be it for a good and enjoyable exhibition, but there at the Royal Academy is the artist whose work always gave me pleasure. A minor artist in his own right, his empty landscapes of lovely infantile flat colours demand nothing of the mind or the soul and his work will survive as will that of Edward Burra as an 'English artist' of the period, when the rest of the major rubbish has gone down to the basement to take the place of the Emperor Max now on honoured view. The artist is Tristram Hillier who died this year, and I will sit in my torn night shirt at this typewriter and read his letter to me. Dated the 11th September 1954 on Arthur Tooth & Sons 31 Bruton Street W1 notepaper it reads (quote), 'In gratitude to Arthur Moyses without whose assistance I would never have finished my painting 'The Crucifixion' (signed) Tristram Hillier 11/10/54.'

And let the academic historians wonder how or why.

Arthur Moyses

anarchist movement.

The new edition has been reproduced directly from the old one in a slightly smaller format, with the loss of half the illustrations and without any additions or corrections. As a result, the foreword by Raphael Samuel and the preface by Stan Shipley are rather out of date, and the various minor errors in the original have been repeated. For example, it is not true that Bradlaugh 'supported coercion in Ireland'; he opposed it from beginning to end. It is not true that Frank Kitz's 'father was a German'; he was an Englishman. It is not true that the Glasse who attended the clubs was 'very likely' John Glasse of Edinburgh; he was Henry Glasse, who became an anarchist and went to South Africa. The silliest mistake of all is to give the date of the first edition as 1971, when it was 10 January 1972.

It is a pity that there isn't a new introduction and the text hasn't been corrected, especially in view of the price, but the booklet still has considerable historical value and is also very readable.

MH

## TAXES AND THE CENSUS

On Thursday, August 4, about nine adults and two children staged a three hour protest at Cambridge Regional Tax Office in Brooklands Avenue. The protestors, including members of Saffron Walden Group Against Nuclear Weapons, and anarchists from Cambridge, Stambourne and Saffron Walden, objected to the p.a.y.e. system of compulsory taxation for war.

We surveyed the offices in advance, and had some idea of what to expect in terms of layout and security. Our protest was situated at the junction of two heavily used corridors. Initially members of staff tried to talk us out of our protest but eventually tried to ignore us. Our response was to wander round the building entering the 'private' offices to talk to people in the building — this tactic, combined with our refusal to leave prompted them to call the police. Senior members of staff locked themselves in their offices refusing to accept any form of official complaint from us.

Eventually the police arrived and forced us to leave, but not before we had left a letter explaining our protest with Mr Pilkington

who was 'in charge' that day. Members of the public we encountered were enthusiastic about our action.

We then went to look round the very large bunker situated nearby and found the gate open! We were able to look all round the outside noting new maintenance work that had been done recently. The door bell remained seized-up. Requests to nearby offices provided us with the information that the bunker is administered by the Property Services Agency, who also service Lakenheath. So we went to complain at their office block. Our requests for information about our places in the bunkers, and the supplying of materials to Lakenheath were refused by Mr Harding of the PSA who announced he had called the police.

We drifted off, but intend to return — our main failure was in not taking leaflets to explain our action to staff we encountered. Next day *Peace News* arrived, suggesting we protest at tax offices — practice and theory.

Martyn

As a postscript to your report of the Census (7 August 1982), the wheels of the legal machinery obviously grind more slowly on this side of the Atlantic. After varying degrees of hassle concerning my refusal to fill in the 1981 census form, I finally appeared in court on 22 April this year and pleaded not guilty. While I was naturally found guilty, I was given an absolute discharge, and, most importantly, not required to fill in the form (unlike similar judgements across the country). Most gratifying was the support I received from other people who have vowed not to fill in their forms next time the State comes to pry into their lives, so I do feel that the action has had some educational value, no matter how small.

Do keep up the excellent work, I imagine it must be very frustrating at times. Keep in mind, though, that there are many readers out there, such as myself, who look forward to receiving their next copies of FREEDOM. On to the next decade!

Don Barr

## CUBA AND AUSTRALIA

I am writing to draw the attention of your readers to the plight of two political prisoners in Cuba who are in urgent need of support and solidarity from all who care for human freedom.

Victor Miguel Canton Gomez (born 1941) took part in youth activities while studying at the Escuela de Comercio. After the revolution he realised that the new government was totally loyal to a communist system and he began to oppose it.

He has been in prison since June 23 1962, having been sentenced to 30 years imprisonment because, according to the 'Revolutionary Tribunal', he did not believe in the communist ideals, had helped two friends who shared his beliefs and participated in the fight against Cuba's communist regime. At present he is kept isolated and is not allowed to receive visitors or letters.

Roberto Martin Perez Rodriquez has been imprisoned since August 13 1959. He was also sentenced to 30 years. He is being held in

a cell by himself and his health is in very poor condition. He is being denied urgent medical attention necessary because of complications with a wound received during a prison protest in 1975.

Further information about these cases can be obtained from International Society For Human Rights, 14 Newland Road, Banbury, Oxford OX16 8HQ. Tel (0295) 58345 or 01-607 9778.

In the USA write to: Clare Berta Canton (Victor), 761 NW 22 PL Miami, Florida 33135; and Glenda Perez Menes (Roberta's daughter), 35 SW 21st Ave, Miami, Florida 33135.

I appeal to all readers to obtain the necessary information, write to the Cuban authorities requesting that they receive medical treatment, be released and allowed to emigrate to the US to be re-united with their families, and to publicise these cases as widely as possible so that they and many thousands like them can be helped.

Ed McArthur

BP will be blockaded by Aborigines and other non-violent protesters from August 27 for ten days. Over a thousand demonstrators will blockade the proposed Roxby Downs uranium/ copper/ gold mine in South Australia. If it opens this will be the world's largest mine and will have devastating consequences not only for white Australians, but the Aboriginal people on whose land the project is situated. Western Mining Corporation of Australia (51%) and British Petroleum (49%) have refused to even discuss Aboriginal land rights with the owners, the Kokatha people. To support (or join) the blockade, contact Roxby Action Group c/o Campaign Against Nuclear Energy (CANE) 291 Morphett St, Adelaide 5000, Australia. Join support action in Britain on August 29 — contact PARTIZANS (People Against Rio Tinto Zinc), 218 Liverpool Road, London N1, (01-609 1852).

## ASBESTOS

About 85 years since the first intimations of danger in the use of asbestos, the General, Municipal and Boilermakers' Union has urged the speedy implementation of safety laws governing its use.

Happily this coincides with the

order given to the tenants of Livingstone (no relation) estate in Wandsworth (south-west London) that they must not decorate, drill or make any alterations in their flats (in which most tenants have been living for many years) because of the now admitted presence of blue asbestos in the building.

Mr Goddard, a Council Spokesman, said in a radio interview that asbestos has only recently become recognised as a dangerous building material and all the tenants in Livingstone will have to move out while alterations are made. A small compensation will be paid but no admission was made about white asbestos.

## STOP THE CITY

As you read this, wars are raging throughout the world, in the Middle East, Southern Africa and elsewhere. As if these were not bad enough, it seems that further wars — if not global war — are looming on the political horizon. Witness the drift of Central America towards the status of a new Vietnam; and the stationing of a new generation of nuclear weapons in Europe in the next few

months, adding a critical twist to the nuclear arms spiral.

Meanwhile, the major banks of the USA and Western Europe are imposing vicious cuts on the working and peasant peoples' living standards in the Third World (notably Brazil and Mexico at present) in order to pay for their own mistakes of the last decade.

Much of this rapidly deteriorating situation can be traced back to the financial institutions based in the industrially advanced countries, which provide a billion pounds or more a day to finance military expenditure, and in whose interests most wars are fought. 'The City' area of London is one of the major centres of these institutions.

In the light of this situation, there are plans to STOP 'THE CITY' on September 29 1983. This is the day when profits for the summer are reckoned up. It is a chance to show that the will of the people is stronger than the institutions of war and destruction. We are calling on City workers to take the day off. Together

we can reclaim the City for ourselves. There will be a carnival on the streets, and a chance to show our opposition to the death machine.

STOP 'THE CITY' is intended to be a peaceful action.

Co-ordinating meetings are every Monday at 6pm at 6 Endsleigh St, London WC1.

There will be a General Planning Meeting on September 3rd at 10am to 6pm, Tonsbridge Club, Cromer St, London WC1.

On the 29th September, arrival points for STOP 'THE CITY' will be at Finsbury Square and the steps of St Pauls Cathedral. These will begin at 6am and continue for people arriving throughout the day. 01-247 3015 is the contact phone number on the day.

Accommodation organised from 121 Bookshop, 121 Railton Rd, Brixton, 01-274 6655.

More information from STOP 'THE CITY' c/o London Greenpeace, 6 Endsleigh St, London WC1. Phone Dave 01-809 1346, Andrew 01-609 1852 (London) or 061 928 9134 (Manchester).



INTERNATIONAL

AUSTRALASIA
AUSTRALIA
AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY
Research and Resources Centre for Lib-
ertarian Politics and Alternative Life-
styles, 7/355 Northmore Ave, Lyneham,
ACT 2602.
NEW SOUTH WALES
Freedom, K153 Haymarket, Sydney
2000.
Redfern Black Rose Anarchist Book-
shop, 36 Botany Rd, Redfern NSW 2015.
Jura Books - an anarchist bookshop,
417 King St, Newtown, NSW 2042.
Everything Collective - put out an
anarcho-feminist magazine, Box 131,
Holme Building, Sydney University,
Sydney, NSW.
QUEENSLAND
Black and Red Bookshop, 5A Browning
St, West End, Queensland 4000, tel: 07
(447984).
Libertarian Socialist Organisation, PO
Box 268, Mount Gravatt, Central 4122.
Self-management Organisation, PO Box
332, North Quay.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA
PO Box 126 Norwood, SA 5067.
TASMANIA
Bill Graham, PO Box 70, Mowbray
Heights, Launceston 7250, Tasmania.
VICTORIA
Journal of Libertarian Politics and Alter-
native Life-styles, 51 Ormond Road,
Moonee Ponds, Victoria, Australia 3039.
La Trobe Libertarian Socialists, c/o
La Trobe University, Bundoora, Victoria
3083.
Libertarian Workers for a Self-managed
Society, PO Box 20, Parkville 3052.
Monash Anarchist Society, c/o Monash
University, Clayton, 3168, Melbourne.
Resource Centre, 215 Victoria Parade,
Collingwood, Victoria.
Treason, Box 37, Brunswick East, Victo-
ria 3057.
WESTERN AUSTRALIA
Freedom Collective and Libertarian Res-
ource Centre can be reached through PO
Box 203, Fremantle 6160.
NEW ZEALAND
Blackmail, Box 13165, Christchurch.
Daybreak Bookshop, PO Box 5425,
Dunedin.

Dunedin Anarchists, Box 6227, Dunedin,
New Zealand
PO Box 876, Auckland.
PO Box 13165, Christchurch.
EUROPE
AUSTRIA
Liberte, Postfach 86, 1033 Wien.
Monte Verita, Neustiftgasse 33, 1070
Wien.
BELGIUM
Revolutionair anarchisties kollektief, c/o
Zwart & Rood, PO Box 546, B-8000
Gent, Belgium.
DENMARK
Aarhus: Regnbuen Anarkist Bogcafe,
Meljigade 48, 8000 Aarhus.
FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY
Graswurzel (Grass Roots), c/o W Hertle,
Grozerschippsee 28, 21 Hamburg 90.
Libertad Verlag Berlin, Jochen Schmuck,
Postfach 440 227, D-1000 Berlin 44.
Schwarzer Faden (Black Thread), Obere
Weibermarktstr 3, 7410 Reutlingen, tel:
07121/370494.
Schwarzer Gockler (Black Cockeral), c/o
A Muller, Postfach 4828, 7500 Karlsruhe.
FRANCE
Federation Anarchiste Francaise, 148 Rue
Amelot, 75011, Paris.
Union Anarchiste, 9 Rue de l'Ange,
63000 Clermont Feraand.
HOLLAND
De Vrijle, Postbus 486, 2000AL Haarlem,
Holland, tel: 023 273892.
NORWAY
Anorg, Hoxtvedt, 31B, 1431 As. (Pub-
lish Folkeblad 4 times a year.)
POLAND
Piotrek Bettlejewski, age 22, Ulpoinana
30/37, 09 402, Plock, Poland.
SPITSBERGEN
Stephen W Holland, age 27, 2 Gylgar-
dynza Creke, The Mining Community
Huts, NY Alesund, Spitsbergen, Svalbard
A Arctic Ocean Isle.
SWEDEN
Magazine 'April', Box 15015, 104 65
Stockholm, Sweden.
Nya Bokcafeet, Box 15015, 104 65
Stockholm.
Syndikalist Forum, Tensternas Gata 51,
11631 Stockholm.

Syndikalistiskt Forum (anarcho-syndical-
ist bookshop), Husargatan 5, 43302 Gohl-
enburg, tel: 031-13 25 04.
FRANCE
Union des Travailleurs Communistes
Libertaires, Write to Editions 'L' (with
no other mention) BP 333, 75525 Paris.
NORTH AMERICA
CANADA
Black Cat Press, PO Box 11261, Edmont-
on, Alberta.
Open Road, Box 6135, Station G. Van-
couver BC.
Wintergreen/AR, PO Box 1294, Kitchen-
er, Ontario, N2G 4G8.
MONTREAL
Chaos, c/o R Yves Breton, CP 95 S/N
Place d'Armes, Montreal, Quebec, H2Y
3E9.
USA
North American Anarchist Network,
(NAAN), PO Box 7033, Boulder, Color-
ado 80306, - sample issue £1.
ARIZONA
Malicious Hooligans (anti-nuclear), 1110
W 2nd St, Tempe, AZ 85281.
CALIFORNIA
Autonomia, PO Box 1751, San Francisco,
CA 94101.
Bound Together Book Collective, 1901
Hayes St, San Francisco, CA 94117, tel:
(415) 668-2785.
Libertarian Anarchist Coffeehouse, meets
last Sunday each month at Cafe Com-
mons, 3161 Mission St, San Francisco.
CONNECTICUT
Wesleyan University Eco-Anarchists, Her-
mes, Box HH, Wesleyan University, Mid-
dletown CT 06457.
MASSACHUSETTS
Emma Goldman Group, c/o Paul Hetz-
necker, 883 Bay Road, Amherst Mass
01002.
MINNESOTA
Soil of Liberty, Box 7056 Powderhorn
Station, Minneapolis, Minn 55407.
MISSOURI
Columbia Anarchist League, PO Box 380,
Columbia, Missouri 65207.
NEW YORK
Libertarian Book Club, Box 842, GPO
New York, NY 10012.
OREGON
Portland Anarchist Center, 313 East
Burnside, Portland, Oregon 97205,
USA.

TEXAS
Non-violent Anarchist Network, P O Box
1385, Austin, Texas 78767.
WASHINGTON
Left Bank Publishing Project, Box B, 92
Pike Street, Seattle, WA 96101.
Social Revolutionary Anarchist Feder-
ation, PO Box 21071, Washington DC
20009.
MEETINGS
Direct Action Against Multinationals
Action on August 29. Contact PART-
IZANS 218, Liverpool Road, London
N1 (01 609 1852).
Sheffield Greenpeace Festival
Sat/Sun Sept 17/18 Norfolk Park
Sheffield. Details: Green Action c/o
Peace Shop, 51 Leopold St, Sheffield
S Yorks.
CONFERENCE ON FEMINISM AND
ANARCHISM Sat/Sun, September 3/4
at 11am at: Trades and Labour Club
Doncaster.
Saturday is for women to discuss issues
among themselves (men organise their
own discussion?). Sunday will be a
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Anarchist/feminist group, Box V, LAP,
59 Cookeridge St, Leeds. Tel Jacqui
0302 859015
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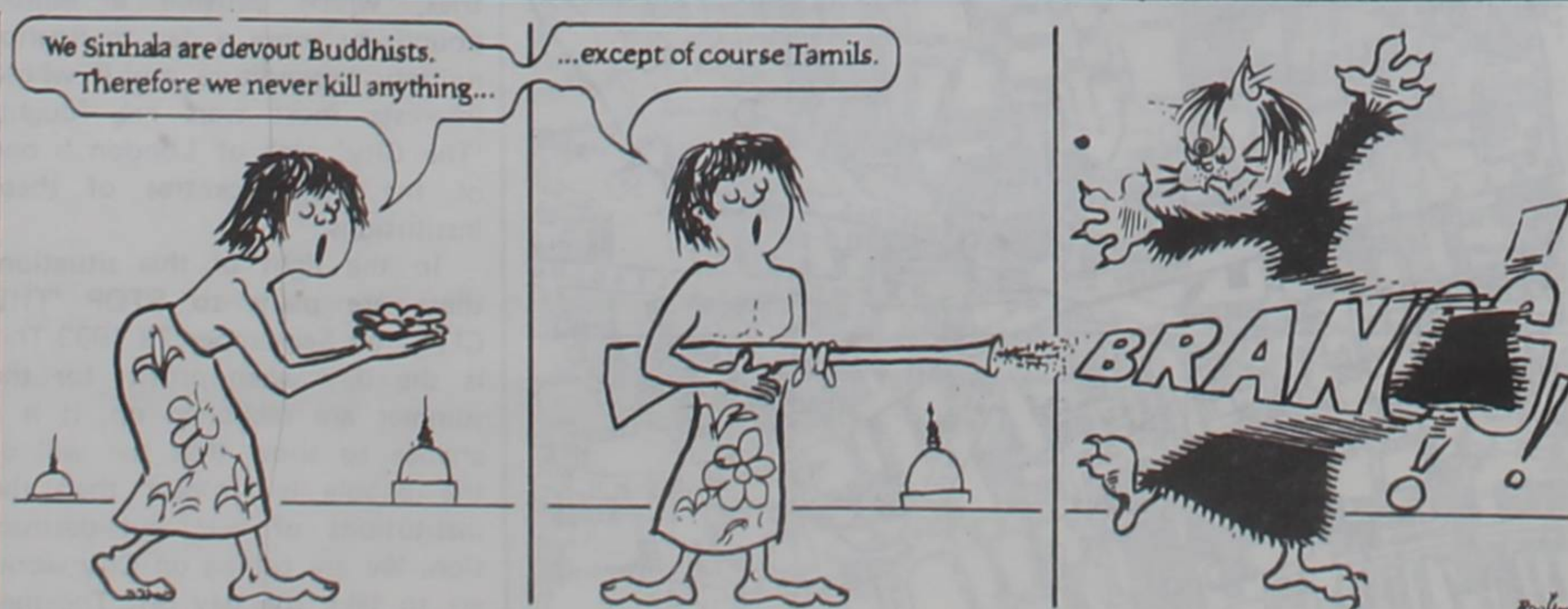
No details this time as Jim is
away but please remember,
without your support we
cannot continue.

DEADLINES

FREEDOM Collective would wel-
come any readers who wish to
help fold and despatch the paper.
The next issue will be sent out on
Thursday 8th September, starting
at around 6pm. This is also a
good time to come in and meet
the editors.

FREEDOM also needs your
written contributions and any
graphics or photographs readers
feel would be useful to us. Copy
deadline for short items for the
next issue is first post, Monday,
5th September, longer articles in by
first post Thursday 1st September.

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