

editorial

anarchist fortnightly

The charade of electoral politics has long been well understood by anarchists. Resistance is not only growing but also growing outside of the traditional areas of accepted conflict and is being taken into the streets, houses and country at large. The tactics of 'direct action' adopted by the anti-war movement are the best known, and so far best supported example, of what must become a generalised strategy to be used against the state. They must, however, learn to sever themselves completely from the empty promises of politicians and expand the struggle beyond just single issues.

The growth of movements such as, feminism, gay liberation, ecological and animal rights have shown the degree of peoples anger and frustration with a social order that seems bent on ultimate self-destruction, one way or another, while maintaining a life of oppression in the meantime. These movements have not only supplied invaluable critiques of this social order but also in many facets of their expression shown us how this order can be combatted. In fact they are, in many cases, one step ahead of those anarchists who, burdened by the inertia of their purist ideology, are still sitting around waiting for a 'mass movement', the end of the world, the second coming, an armed uprising or the global pacifist consensus. Many of those involved could not be termed anarchists, but most of their ideas and actions could be termed anarchistic. We find ourselves repeatedly expressing support and then tacking on some minor or major reservations. In certain cases outright denunciation. This is reasonable within the confines of a debate on anarchist principles, but somewhat suspect when one finds oneself in direct conflict with the forces of the state and solidarity is refused on rather tenuous grounds.

A case in point is that of the Vancouver Five, who dared take 'direct action' one step further, currently on trial in Canada having been charged with a series of bombings and conspiracies related to anti-militarist, ecological and feminist issues. The Canadian state has gone to extremes to try and convict the five, and in the process is attempting to criminalise all other dissidents by association. Harrassing other members of protest groups and support committees after having whipped up a general hysteria through the media. If they are allowed to get away with this virtually unopposed they will no doubt feel confident in using these tactics over and over again. The Canadian state is trying to destroy dissent, the fight is a political one in which we are all involved. It is difficult to differentiate those who would deny solidarity with five against the state, with the state itself, their effect is the same. "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem". Whether due to the restrictions of their self imposed pacifist straight jackets or the fact that the five are not FREEDOM subscribers, or even that the five might be guilty of the 'political crimes' that they stand accused of, those who indulge in vague principled posturing as a reason for inaction do nothing for the cause of anarchism and the fight against the state.

There is a minimal level of solidarity where we fight together despite our differences, for our enemy is a common one. And this is it.



We've heard of the lunatics taking over the asylum, but not of them bombing it before — the mental hospital at St George's, Grenada, bombed by the US Air Force during the invasion last week.

IN THE BACK YARD

Without in any way wishing to be accused of petty spite, we have to admit to a feeling of great pleasure in being able to write in successive issues of matters that have caused our dear Prime Minister acute embarrassment.

Our Iron Lady's image is looking distinctly rusty, not to say dented, by the cavalier manner in which her favourite American President contemptuously ignored her very existence as he ordered the invasion of a British Commonwealth Caribbean island. Not that Mrs T can complain — she's pretty good at ignoring other people's existence as well, which was why the Falklands crisis was able to reach battle stations before she woke up to what was happening.

Not that even a genius like Margaret Thatcher can be expected to know *everything* that's going on in every far-flung corner of the globe — but are we not paying huge armies of diplomats, bureaucrats and other kinds of rats to keep their eyes on what those foreigners are doing everywhere? And isn't it their job to go running to her with every bit of information, every suspicion, and every suggestion from our own dirty tricks department?

Oh, of course, we forgot, we don't have a dirty tricks department, do we? But there's one hell of a stench blowing eastwards at this moment from the beautiful island of Grenada which is raising not just Maggie's hackles, but a whole lot of other issues as well.

For 27 years Sir Eric Gairy ruled the island, and after 'independence' set up what would have been called a tin-pot dictatorship in a banana republic but for the fact that he had no imperialist ambitions that drew him into conflict with Britain and no left-wing leanings that

could possibly panic America. In fact he was quite content to be a big fish in a little pond, using Grenada's Treasury as his own personal pocket-book, fiddling elections to maintain the facade of democracy, and ruthlessly crushing any potential rivals or popular unrest. The economy was moribund, international trade consisting practically entirely of the same products that had made the island a much-fought-for prize over the centuries: spices.

Apart from that, Grenada's only natural resources were — its nature. Geographically beautiful, with a wonderful coastline, the sparkling clear blue Caribbean lapping gently at silver beaches under the tropic sun and a desperately poor labour force. In fact ideal for tourism. But Gairy knew that this would mean sharing his power with lots of others — and you know how dictators are.

Well, in March 1979, he made the mistake many have made before — he took a trip abroad, creating an opportunity for Maurice Bishop and his 'People's Revolutionary Army' (spearhead of the 'New Jewel Movement') to stage a coup and take over.

Bishop was a self-styled Marxist (though of which tendency is not clear) and he quickly drew support with his announced intentions of revitalising the economy — primarily through tourism, for which he had to seek loans from richer countries.

Because 'our' Queen is still nominal head of the Commonwealth Bishop first approached Britain for finance to build an airport for holiday planes and hotels to house their passengers. A dazed Foreign and Commonwealth Office and Jim Callaghan with troubles of his own turned it all down. So Bishop went

cap-in-hand to the USA, who also found plenty of excuses to say no — which meant that the suspect nature of his politics would mean interminable delays in getting any money out of the US Treasury, for the bureaucrats would have to be sure they were not financing some goddam pinko regime. Not that they put it quite like that, of course.

But Bishop was in a hurry. Such little party organisation as the PRA had contained more generals than groundtroops and they pushed him in the only direction left — Cuba. The Americans had specifically told him *not* to go to Cuba for aid, but with the exception of Canada, nobody else offered anything.

So the door was then opened for, on the one hand, the rapid influx of Cuban construction workers (all of whom, through their national service conscription, had become skilled guerrilla fighters) and on the other, an angry USA, who saw Communist influence extending right in their own backyard. 'Get Bishop' was undoubtedly an order from the CIA.

After the spectacular failure of the 'Bay of Pigs' invasion, however, the American government has tried to play a rather more subtle game. Grenada, after all, is (still) a British Commonwealth country, and the then President of America, Jimmy Carter, was not quite as trigger-happy as our present B-movie star. A waiting game followed.

Unease at the increasing Cuban presence and the supposed 'Marxism' of Bishop made many wealthy inhabitants sell up their idyllic holiday and retirement homes on Grenada and move out. The 'destabilisation' technique was working, and a 1979 population of 120,000 has now fallen to just over 100,000 — and it's the richer,

employing class who have gone. The new airport is not yet built, nor are the hotels, and the tourist trade coming in on cruise ships is not nearly big enough to steady the economy.

So Bishop himself was the victim of another coup. The emerging military class (which barely existed in 1979) felt strong enough to have a go. Under the leadership of Bernard Coard and 'General' Hudson Austin, Bishop and his government were seized, rescued by a civilian crowd, re-captured and shot. Almost within hours the US Navy was on its way to take over and restore law and order and democracy — something they had never bothered about when Gairy was running his corrupt and ruthless regime.

Coard and Austin are, as we write, still alive, but in detention. It will be extremely interesting to see what happens to them — for quite clearly it was Bishop himself that the Americans wanted out of the way.

Maurice Bishop, however, was extremely popular in Grenada. He led a more egalitarian and less corrupt regime than the people had known and gradually — *very* gradually and in the face of many difficulties — conditions for many people were improving. The revolt against him came from members of his own party; a more 'extremist' Marxist and a military man with the Cubans to thank for his advancement, for his arms and the trained men under him. All they hadn't given him was power.

Bishop held the power — which made him a target for both the party rebels and the Americans. And it must be admitted that for someone who had made a coup himself, he didn't seem to be looking over his own shoulder nearly carefully enough, and he should surely have been more aware of the effect the Cuban build-up was going to have on both the USA and the surrounding Caribbean states. He seems to have trusted the Cubans and not to have realised that *they* were working for *their* own interests, not his, not Grenada's.

According to reports, military activity had been building up in Barbados — jumping-off place for Grenada — for some time, and diplomatic activity had been going on between the USA, the Association of East Caribbean States, and the Governor-General of Grenada — all without the British Government getting wind of it. Without going into all the details, the Governor-General would seem to have been collaborating with a government not his own in the invasion of his own territory, without a word either to Whitehall or Buckingham Palace; Thatcher is seen with egg on her face by having been snubbed by the President with whom she is so proud to have a 'special relationship'; the Americans have done an 'Afghanistan', and in so doing have antagonised all the states of Latin America — and Canada and parts of Europe. Was it all worth it?

Well, as far as the USA is concerned (and to hell with everybody else), if getting the Cubans out of Grenada is worth it, then we can only say that the Coard-Austin coup could not have come at a better time if the CIA planned it themselves. Perhaps they did?
Justin

■ So What?

Segui 'defaced' — so what? Pat and Julie Flanagan (24th September) make a big thing of the antics of 'anarchist' groups in Catalunya and their 'battle for Segui's legacy'. What a waste of effort it all is when there's progress to be made, changes to be brought about.

I was in Barcelona for a few days (not long, I'll admit, but I do speak Spanish and understand Catalan), and I tried hard to find signs of life in the anarchist and peace movements there.

What I found were groups with little common focus of attempts to work together even though NATO's on the way. At least the anarchist bookstall was out every day, but it only had dingy, turgid rhetoric (even worse in Spanish than in

English) with little relevance to today. The magazines had glorious episodes from way back, obituaries of famous comrades, and endless delvings into ancient writings to hijack the credibility of dead writers to boost small groups' egos. They've barely noticed feminism, they're dominated by the fossilised 'leadership' of CNT, and they're more into justifying their own 'ideological purity' than achieving social change.

That was my impression, anyway. I hope someone can prove me wrong, I hope they change. I hope it's not catching. Keep stopping the City.

Kristian Ravnkilde
Nottingham

■ Thank you

Only FREEDOM could have printed contributions so pointed and so profound as those by Janet Lawrence and Philip Sansom last week.

Having reached the youth of seventy — plus two distinct varieties of the dreaded cancer — destroying at one nausea that 'youth fantasy', — I was considering a Last Offering to FREEDOM: my belief in the theory and practice of Anarchy — on

a postcard.

I agree: the anarchist analysis is the last analysis, which is why FREEDOM's voice had a knack of being 'right' about each latest war-scare; as it was right in 1945. Right, I believe, because, in the Marxian sense, objectively correct. The perverted, corrupted parody of Socialism that presents itself as the implacable enemy of 'Western Capitalism' — this dangerous scare-

■ Correct line

MG Anderson (FREEDOM 22nd October) is right to criticise FREEDOM for publishing the 'Free the Five' article, and to point out that no anarchists should support the kind of activities with which the five are charged.

When I first saw 'trial by media' advertised in *City Limits* I got the impression that the five were innocent victims, and although disagreeing with the support the blurb seemed to give to the fire-bombing of porno shops, went along to see the film at the 121 bookshop. The film consisted mainly of extracts from various TV reports about the arrest and trial of the five, plus short interviews with them made in prison. At no point (as far as I can remember) did they

declare they were innocent of specific charges. While conspiracy is a catch-all law that should be opposed, and anarchists might oppose gun control, there can be no justification for armed robbery, arson and other forms of action which endanger life. Even if such acts are supposed to be directed against property rather than people, there is always the chance that something will go wrong. This case raises wider issues, such as — can those who commit or support such acts be called anarchists? If the answer is yes, then they should be termed Non Libertarian Anarchists. Such people may be anarchists, but they are not libertarians.

EM

■ More Confusion and a reply

Call yourself an anarchist paper? Iris Mills going on about wimmins struggle being only a secondary one. I suppose it's a case of wimmins oppression disappearing overnight once the class war is won? Feminism from your article is only important for the consciousness raising of *wimmin* and Greenham Common. I suppose I would be divisive — ie, wimmin acting/deciding for themselves without men except for support roles (creche, food, transport, legal aid).

Are Peace Anonymous wanting to take over someone else's struggle — ie, the proposed New Years Eve mixed demo at Greenham? Who is being divisive? You write 'it is hoped that friendly discussions will solve these problems, but serious difficulties seem likely.' After reporting that the wimmin at Greenham don't want a mixed demo (New Years Eve) and especially one not organised by themselves, I suppose their wishes are secondary? I think you should understand your

own authoritarianism.

Peace Anonymous, if they want a mixed demo, could blockade the road which the cruise missiles parts will take once they arrive by boat.

Dave

Maryport

This letter is in reply to two articles in FREEDOM, 8th October, titled 'London Meeting' and 'Coming Demonstrations'.

Reporter replies

Answer to 'Confused', FREEDOM 22 October 1983

Our two readers from Brighton arrived at our meeting late and left early. They must be very sensitive.

Experience teaches that it helps to get a discussion going (especially as this was the first of a new series, after some years) to have a chairperson, and I sat — fairly informally I thought — so as to see and be seen

while fulfilling that role for a time; the function falls away as a discussion warms up.

It also seems reasonable for the opening speaker to face the gathering and nobody else objected to the seating arrangement which could anyway have been re-arranged at will. Our correspondents could have turned their chairs to face any direction they wished, if they wished, but instead they preferred to stalk out, the accusation of our all being aggressive coming from the one who had contributed nothing to the discussion.

But they seemed to arrive in an antagonistic mood themselves — one, early on, criticising 'my tone', although she was kind enough to apologise later for that, perhaps realising that I can't help my rough male voice.

I am sure that the reference to me as being one of Iris Mills' 'mentors' must have amused Iris as much as it did me.

The 'language' point was made

editors (old and young) for helping us to bear it; and having the courage, and the patience, of their convictions.

DM

P.S. The American Army is combatting the forces of 'Lawless Anarchy and Communism' (BBC 'Today' programme). Any Comments?

■ Right of reply

Anarchy 36, which appeared in August, includes a letter from me, followed by an editorial reply which contains several false statements about me. I sent a long, detailed letter, which was rejected, and then a short summary letter, which has been ignored. I am therefore forced to defend myself in FREEDOM by sending you a copy of my last letter to *Anarchy*, as follows.

Your reply to my letter in *Anarchy* 36 contains the following statements about me: that I am one of 'the self-styled professors of Anarchism'; that I have 'set an example' of being "consistent" over the past 20 years by consistently denouncing as "violent" and "futile" anyone who dares challenge the "non-violent" myth in resisting the State; and that I even went 'to the point of attacking the Stoke Newington Eight defendants in the "Angry Brigade" case (through the pages of FREEDOM) whilst they were actually standing trial. I must point out that all these statements are completely false: I have never described myself as a professor of anarchism; I have never, in 24 years of writing in the anarchist press, denounced anyone who disagrees with non-violence; I

have never attacked anyone on trial, and in the score of articles I wrote about the 'Angry Brigade' case in FREEDOM I never criticised any of the defendants at all. I understand that there is no room here to refute these statements in the necessary detail, but I shall be glad to supply the relevant facts to anyone who sends me a stamped addressed envelope.

Nicolas Walter
88 Islington High Street
London N1

■ FREEDOM's function

I decided years ago that I had a talent for criticism I would turn into an old grouch if I didn't also take pains to praise when and where appropriate. Apart from certain editorial lapses here and there, the standard of journalism in FREEDOM has soared upwards. I still think that you should keep half-educated crazy letter writers with nothing of substance to say out of your columns, that you should emphasise the educative nature of your publication so that it may be passed on to non-anarchists,

and that you should never let out of your sight the activist nature of anarchism, paying due attention to strangling legislation aimed at impeding activism.

A paper has other functions than these, but for an anarchist paper these are fundamental. Such a paper cannot hope to compete with the bourgeois press in providing news, with the exception — and this is an important one — of printing items the bourgeois press won't handle for political reasons. But arising partly out of this function, I would expect FREEDOM always to be giving a 'paranoid' anarchist twist to everything it says; and by that I don't mean screaming insults at authority but quietly recounting histories and ways and means of arseholing that authority.

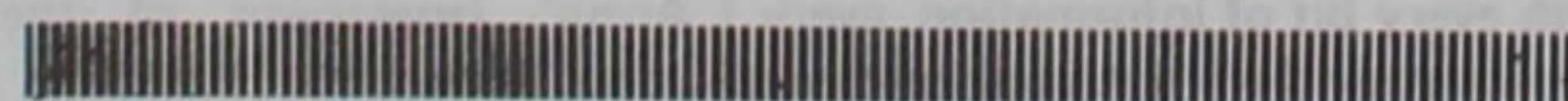
The anarchist movement is one vast think-tank with activist contacts. It is the duty and purpose of publications like FREEDOM to point this out and to help in developing the movement in ways consonant with this definition. And currently FREEDOM is beginning to get it together.

PS You were dead right about Golding!
Trevor M Artingstoll
Netherlands

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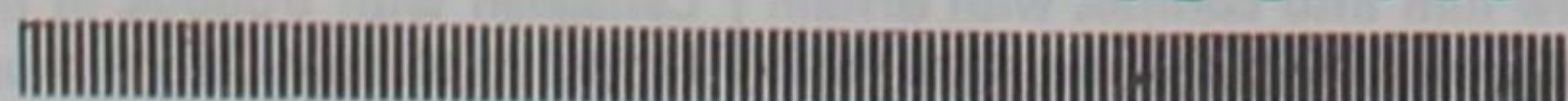


ANARCHIST
BOOK
FAIR

11 30 AM TO 10 30 PM

SAT 26 NOVEMBER

THE PRINCE ALBERT
WHARFEDALE RD N1
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Four years after the NATO decision to install new nuclear missiles in Western Europe, the time approaches for the deployment of American Cruise missiles in Britain and Sicily and Pershing missiles on the Continent. The level of activity in the nuclear disarmament movement has increased accordingly, and during the past few weeks there have been very large demonstrations in West Germany, Italy, Denmark and the Netherlands, and also in Britain. Here anarchists have been involved in various ways in many actions. Many of us took part in the CND march and rally in London on 22 October. This demonstration was possibly as large as its predecessor in June 1982, but certainly no larger, and the message of the speeches in Hyde Park was just as empty. It was not surprising that some of the anarchists present expressed their impatience rather forcefully, but it was unfortunate that the main effect of their intervention was to alienate much of the crowd — as described by a report on this page. Many of us also took part in the women's guerrilla action at Greenham Common on 29/30 October, when Hallowe'en celebrations were used as a cover for a brilliant operation in which hundreds of women pulled down hundreds of yards of the perimeter fence of the Cruise missile base — as described in another report on this page. And many of us took part in the demonstration in central London on 31 October, when the parliamentary debate on Cruise was accompanied by a mass lobby of MP's at the House of Commons and a mass meeting in Trafalgar Square, which was used as a cover for illegal march on Parliament — as described in another report on this page.

Resistance is growing

Impressions of a paper seller

Having watched the most colourful and fantastic parts of the march enter Hyde Park (including the bewigged and powdered Eighteenth Century Fops Against the Bomb), I slowly made my way back in the direction of the platform, selling FREEDOM. By the time I got within earshot of the speakers it was time for Neil Kinnock.

The cheers and cries of enthusiasm that greeted him were infuriating. Could all these people really be so naive? Could they still (not all of them so young) fail to distinguish between the resolutions of Labour's rank and file and the *Realpolitik* of successive Labour governments? If I stood on tiptoe I could just make out the black, and black-and-red flags, the torn, untidy banners of the anarchist contingent. Never had a sight been so welcome. I had to reach them at all costs.

Kinnock ranted raucously on out of his school exercise book, as at last I squeezed through to the outermost circle of black flags. It was as if the temperature had dropped instantly to zero. A sudden barrage of sound blocked out the speaker's words — 'Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!'

From my position I couldn't see what was happening at the platform, but all at once the police were charging on us; demonstrators around me were saying to one another, 'Let's get out of here', beginning to panic. The police cordon approached and instinctively I slipped underneath. Arrests were being made. Soon I realised just to what extent the cordon was dividing the anarchists not only from their target, the platform, but from one another and from the other demonstrators.

Perhaps some of the comrades didn't realise this because they began throwing bottles and crushed up beer cans and these, inevitably, hit other demonstrators, who

were not as well protected as the police. I saw a bottle, hurled from the midst of one group of black flags, hit a protestor in the eye and fell him to his knees in pain. He happened to be black, and it wasn't clear in what spirit the police dragged him away.

An old guy pointed the police in the direction of the assailant, and I intervened, saying he couldn't have possibly seen who threw the bottle. Noticing that I had a bunch of anarchist papers under my arm he turned on me, demanding to know why we didn't have our own demonstration; obviously we had no interest in nuclear disarmament.

I began to argue with him, but to everything I said he yelled 'Bollocks!' with increasing rage, until someone pulled him away. Someone else came up and said, was this the free speech anarchists were supposed to believe in?

People were obviously bewildered by the attitude of the anarchists, which was that it was a 'fucking waste of time' to listen to the speakers. One of them was protesting in hurt tones to a puzzled CNDer: 'You could hear them whenever you wanted on Channel Four!' It didn't occur to him that it was just as much of a 'fucking waste of time' to abuse them, instead of offering other demonstrators a coherent anarchist argument. 'Why shouldn't the platform be heckled?' she said, 'Why shouldn't he speak?' Yes, indeed; but what was he saying? 'Shit! Shit!' and so on.

I left Hyde Park feeling depressed. It's a common enough experience. But it wasn't only because of the great question mark over the use of such rallies, but because of what my own comrades had been doing. All that energy spent in hurling verbal excrement at the platform. Perhaps, they would reply, it wasn't the time or place for anything else. But if not then and there, when and where?

GF

Greenham Common

Last weekend was the best fun I've had for years. What follows, is, of necessity, a very personal account, but I hope I can convey something of the exhilaration we felt over those two days.

We arrived at Greenham Common on Saturday afternoon, seven women and two children. We had gone first to the Blue Gate, where we were quietly and sympathetically briefed by one of the women camping there, under the gaze of several policemen. As we drove round the base, we saw bits of the fence already looking very ragged. We stopped to discuss what we should do, and a car came screaming on to the same patch of ground. Three women leapt out, ran to the fence, climbed on each other's backs, snip, snip, snip, ran back to the car, and drove off. A section of the fence was ready to be pulled down by the next people who came.

Walking between the Orange Gate and the main gate. None of us had real wire cutters, so we couldn't do any original damage. But the soldiers had been repairing the fence with wire about as strong as coathangers. Ordinary pliers were very useful here. At one point we had been walking over the fence on the ground, which was actually quite unpleasant as it was very muddy and the footing not at all secure. Then we came across five soldiers holding a bit of fence up, while it was wired to the posts. So we thanked them for making the walk through the woods so much easier. 'If looks could kill, your reporter would be several hundred feet underground by now. When we got to the main gate, firelight and fire warmth and wine and everything was shared, without question, among everyone who was there.

Then the walk back to Orange Gate, where our tents were pitched. For the first part of the journey, we had an escort of twenty or thirty soldiers (all inside the fence). We were walking on the road, a few

feet from the fence, very close to the aeroplane hangars. We dropped down and stayed very still — not unfortunately very quiet, for none of us could stifle our giggles completely — as the soldiers, torches searching the undergrowth, tried to find us again. We listened to them becoming increasingly hysterical ('I can hear them but I can't see them, where the fuck are they?') and then, as one woman, we stood up and marched off down the path, all singing 'Colonel Bogey'.

Then there was the Sentry With The Green Light. Most of the soldiers guarding the fence obviously had instructions to remain as inconspicuous as possible, so that they could observe, and overhear, without themselves being noticed. (The Ministry of Defence obviously thought that we were incapable of shining a torch through a fence). But this guy had a better idea. The fence is green, you see, so he had a green torch so we wouldn't see the light. Get it?

It was bitterly cold on Saturday night, far too cold to sleep, so we sat round the lovely fire and watched the incredibly beautiful dawn, and exchanged stories of the day before and took messages from people who were anxiously searching for women who had been arrested and not yet released. Rumour abounded. It was said that some women who had broken the fence near the silos had been beaten up by soldiers; that the arrival of the missiles had been brought forward to 4am on Monday so that Heseltine would be able to announce that in the parliamentary debate on Monday afternoon; that two American soldiers who were supposed to be mending the fence had taken bolt cutters from some women and cut it themselves, saying that they were sickened by the mess they were helping to create.

On Sunday, in the daylight, walking through the woods was

much easier, and incredibly, a whole section of fence near the main gate was completely unguarded. They were using barbed wire to mend it now, but this succumbed quite easily to the pliers.

Sunday afternoon, a meeting to discuss action in London on Monday. Only one jarring note, when one woman tried to force all the others to organise the meeting in the way she wanted. Otherwise, quiet voices, respectful attention, every woman's ideas listened to and carefully and thoroughly considered.

Several things stand out from the weekend. The fear, when first attempting to cut the fence, quickly overcome by the rush of adrenalin. The tremendous sense of community at all the camps, the way everything was shared without question, the atmosphere of gentleness and fellow-feeling, and the enormous sense of commitment among everyone who was there, but especially the women who are camped there permanently. The sight of yards and yards of fence on the ground, yards and yards more sagging disconsolately, and soldiers frantically weaving their barbed wire, was one to cheer the heart and make you believe that perhaps we could win, that the base would eventually become again a part of the beautiful countryside which at present it desecrates so foully.

V



Comiso — Aeroporto Magliocco 26 settembre 1983

Whitehall Demo

The demonstration in central London last Monday evening, like the one at Greenham Common at the weekend, was efficiently organised by word of mouth, the information being spread first through the vast CND network and then to various political groups and individuals. Hundreds of people began to gather in Trafalgar Square while CND members were lobbying MPs during the Cruise debate in the House of Commons (a curious occasion, in which one of the few parliamentary debates on this subject ended with a large majority for the installation of Cruise, although this is one of the few issues on which the majority of the population agrees with the nuclear disarmament movement). The meeting was marked by lighting candles as dusk fell and singing songs rather than making speeches or shouting slogans, and there was an excellent atmosphere.

The official recommendation was to disperse at 8:00, but the

unofficial decision was to march towards Parliament in a strictly illegal demonstration (processions are forbidden within a mile of Parliament while it is sitting), and in fact the move towards Whitehall began a little earlier, a group of pacifists and Christians taking the lead before any Trotskyists or anarchists could do so! The police immediately reacted by blocking the way down Whitehall with a cordon backed by a row of coaches and vans, and the demonstrators immediately reacted by staging an old-fashioned sit-down right across the road. When it was clear that the police had no intention of making mass arrests, demonstrators began outflanking the cordon and getting into Whitehall further down, or else dispersing to other places near Trafalgar Square and Parliament Square. As demonstrators stopped traffic, the police set up cordons, until in the end virtually the whole area was at a standstill.

There were a few small arrests

when the police lost patience with some small groups, and I was arrested at a sit-down behind the main cordon in Whitehall. Compared with my experience of the old sit-downs, police procedure for charging and searching demonstrators, and getting information and checking identities, are much more elaborate than 20 years ago; but despite a lot of non-cooperation we were all released on bail at midnight, and will be in court on 29 November on minor charges under the Highway Act.

The demonstrators remained in good spirits throughout the evening, and considerable ingenuity and determination were shown by many of them. Some started a bonfire with the discarded candles, anticipating Guy Fawkes Day on Saturday. All seemed to know about the die-in at the Cenotaph on Remembrance Sunday, 13 November. See you there.

NW

Absent Friends

Of life's small pleasure one must place on the census that of patrolling London's Charing Cross Road. To suck up to the world-famous actress Vanessa Redgrave, a creature of mad animal loveliness who brings to the harsh cold pavements of London all the heart-aching sexual brooding agony of Emily Bronte's wild moorland, as she stands flogging her revolutionary paper to the indifferent tourists. To gaze up at a small window above Foyle's, 'Largest non-union Bookshop in the World', where men say Christina Foyle sits crooning sad Irish songs to the passing birds, and into Collets, the Communist-orientated political bookshop fighting by printed word and expulsions to contain the threat of working-class revolution and to maintain a better, decent, cleaner world for their world-wide diminishing bureaucracy, even if it means rewriting the Communist Manifesto in its next print-out. It is all Restoration comedy, and if the slaughter of the innocents is viewed from the safety of the *Daily Telegraph* news column one can laugh like a drain as we dance and tiptoe our way to our own individual hells. There within the Charing Cross Road is the Hobby Shop, wherein you buy your clay, your mineral rocks, raffia, gear for the making of costume jewellery and all the apparatus for those of us who are desperately clinging to our failing grip on our limited sanity.

And hobby is the correct word. To enter the Victoria and Albert Museum is to enter the kingdom of the dead, for death is the only key to take up lodgings within its shadowed, silent galleries. The dresses of long dead women, the gaudy clownish gowns of ancient priests who long years ago became worm bait. The armour of armchair warriors who never drew a sword and the pots and the silver and the gold, and the bored uniformed

attendances brooding on a believed injustice and of homelands that they will never see, nay never saw. And there, up those marble steps, to the small gallery for the wine and the 25th anniversary of the Craftsmen Potters Association of Great Britain, Studio Ceramics Today for it is here that the time-destroying hobby shop of the Charing Cross Road becomes a cult. I have little use for the game of pot-making, for the end result is so ineffectual that one must question the reason for the performance. Across the whole length of the Western world, wherever civilisation and bored people wish to kill time for their non-creative fingers, there are thousands upon thousands of brown-smocked draped men and women spinning that blob of clay to produce a pot that ceased to be a functional part of the human race's daily living more than a hundred years ago, and at this moment decent men and women are lying awake in the dead dark hours of the night contemplating with horror the Christmas gifts of more hand-thrown pots to join, after a diplomatic interval, all the other gifts of hand-thrown pots on the shelf in the lavatory. The facade that tries to turn this ineffectual hobby into an art of the master mystical potter is the pretty coloured glazes. And here they are within the cases within the exhibition at the V&A, and one wanders, wine in hand, and admires them, for the sheen of the bright colours like unto town lightings reflected on an oil slick left in a road is a thing of passing beauty that will never be repeated by any standing lorry or glass-melting kiln.

One of the great masters of this slight craft was the late Cornish potter Bernard Leach who spun off life's wheel five years ago at the age of 92, and within the V&A exhibi-

tion three of Bernard's family are carrying on the old tradition by spinning Leach-inspired pots. But missing from this V&A exhibition is Bill Boardman, and I would argue, with a piss-taking grin, that this is one man whose work should have been included within this exhibition. Bill Boardman could be and has been listed as a small-time crook, as opposed to big-time crooks, but even as a small-time crook it was one glorious series of criminal fuck-ups which meant that he spent more time slopping out than robbing honest citizens. He was released this month, and there was no 'Good old Bill boy' reception at the Victoria & Albert Museum pottery hoo-hah, for Bill acted out the ultimate indignity of making the art establishment look ridiculous and also demonstrating that, if your heart is in the right place and you have access to the tools and material you too can become an instant genius. It was the antique dealer John Excell who on prison visits showed Boardman photographs and catalogues of the master potter Leach's glazed pots, and Bill and a companion decided to sit out their A-level pottery class in Featherstone jail by producing 'Leach-style pots'. That they 'threw' their pots and fired them in secret within the prison is a matter of congratulation to all concerned, but it was then that Excell purchased the pots for £1 each from the Prison Department and took them to Christie's and Bonham the world renowned auction houses (you got it, we'll flog it, my ol' darling), informed experts, and stated that 'I'm sure they're fakes' and stepped back in bemused horror when the experts told him that the pots were genuine Bernard Leach master potter's pots. And they sold for thousands of pounds, with the first Boardman 'Leach' pot going at Christie's in 1980 for £1,050, and from then on it was

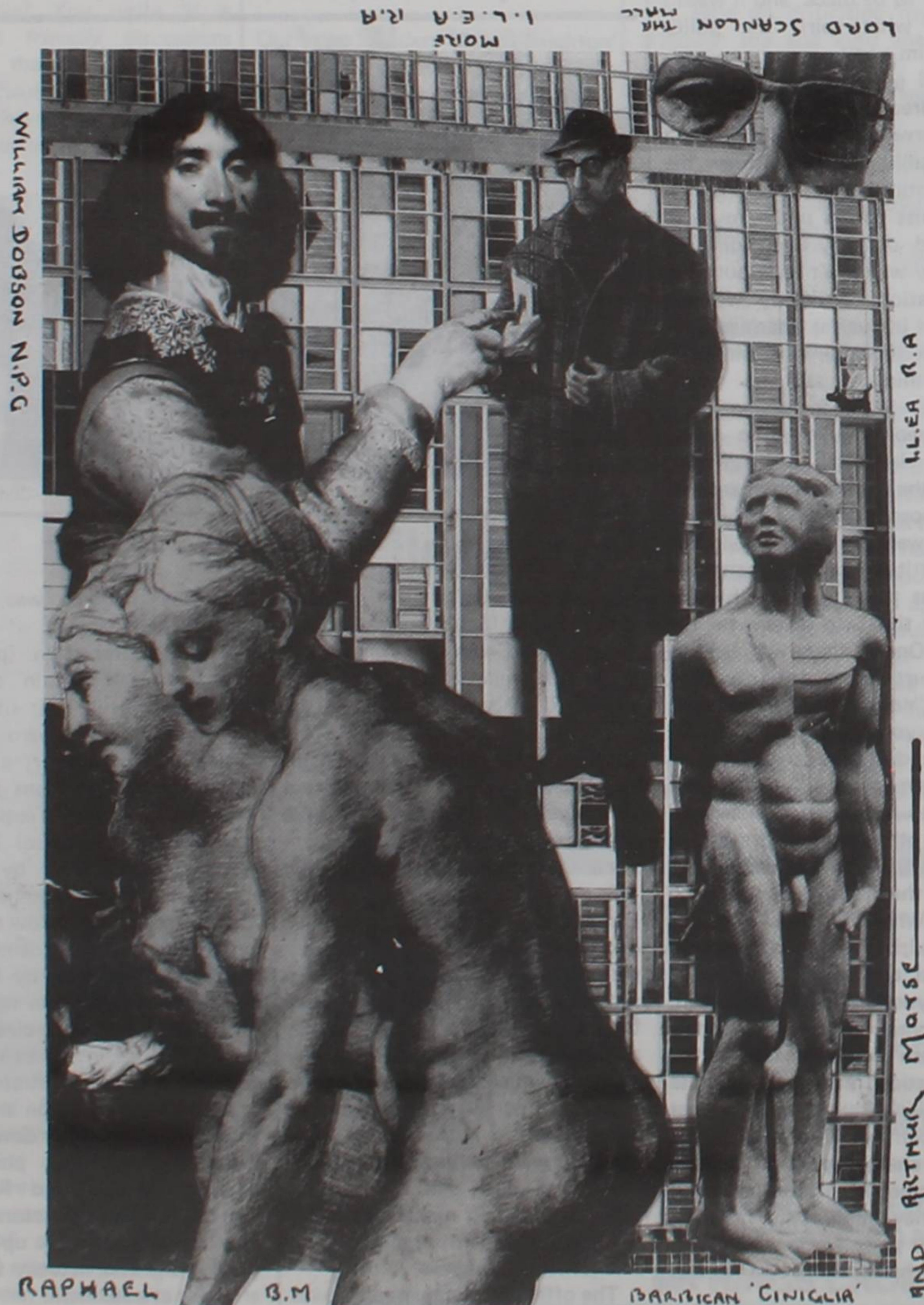
everybody's birthday — until Janet Leach, the widow, pointed the accusing finger at Boardman's pots, stating that they were never thrown by her late and dearly beloved husband, the one and only genuine master potter. Boardman landed another prison term for acting out the role of genius, while the antique dealer and the prison side kick got suspended sentences. I hold that there are two injustices done — one, that Boardman should have received a prison sentence for making Leach look-alike pots about which, as I understand, he made no claim; and, two, that the Craftsmen Potters Association of Great Britain did not invite Bill Boardman and his pots along to the Victoria and Albert exhibition. But good luck, Bill, you have a lifelong fan in me. We should never fall into the trap of believing that because an artist can forge or copy a work of art, be it trivial or mighty majestic, the forger or copyist has created another work of art. It is no more than brilliant craftsmanship, for it is as the plastic flower to the living rose. One is a living creation in its own right, the other a dead reproduction bereft of living, breathing life; and all those drear dead glazed pots belong to the dead, so let them throw every pottery wheel away and once more model the living clay with the living hands.

That pastiche is not peculiar to our age is easy at this time to view, for the National Portrait Gallery are exhibiting a major collection of the work of the painter William Dobson. He was part of the Court of Charles the first in 1642, after the battle of Edgehill, and he painted and painted the members of the Court and Royalist cause. He climbed up on to history's bandwagon, for the only value of his portraits churned out life-size are that they are in the main bad pastiches of Van Dyck's flamboyant style. In the NPG press notice it states that Dobson spent the last months of his life in prison and died young, in poverty, but Malcolm Rogers makes this point in his informed introduction to a good catalogue that 'it is possible, if unlikely, that he spent a period in prison at this time'. In the end we are all dust among dust, William, no matter what our political or ideological beliefs, and poor Willy Dobson's quietus is recorded in the register of St Martin in the Fields in Trafalgar Square, wherein Charles I sits mounted in bronze glory, as 'Octobris 1646...28 Guilielmus Dobson'.

For the Town and his breathless Royalist Frau, speed is the order of the hour for the exhibition of postcards and posters at the African Centre lasted but two days with just time enough to dash across Covent Garden to the pub. Posters and postcards protesting man's (and woman's) inhumanity to man (and woman!), so much good work by artists whose name and claim to fame we will never know. And John Hutton's gentle pastel geometrical abstracts taking the anger out of Mondrian's style, or FLIPOT 'The Great Archway Land-Sculpture' at Queen's Wood, Highgate, as well as his protest at the rape of our common land for bureaucratic destruction has been tabled and passed. So what do we do?

And that bang was the sculpture of Ciniglia 'Dream of Brutus' whose marble 1,100 lb fell through the bottom of its packing case while in transit from Italy to London's bleak and barren Barbican and was carried in in 20 separate pieces to be glued together by the unhappy sculptor. Despite the hard, soft-spoken sell by Ciniglia's agent, it still remained for us wine-swilling few a sad little exhibition, but with the Town and his fully paid up union-card holder Frau, to the Royal Mall, comrades, to meet my Lord Scanlon, AUEW. Tomorrow the revolution?

Arthur Moyses



A War of Words

Unlike military dictatorships, less obviously repressive authoritarian states, like Britain, every day 'peacefully' regiment their workers to maintain power. In subtle ways which forestall direct police tactics, modern Western states know that less tangible control camouflages their designs and brings better results. Sophisticated states, hardly for moral reasons, shy away from the baton and machine gun, while commandeering printing presses, classrooms, and radio and television stations to preach the ideological messages that keep them in luxurious power.

Such ideology coerces workers to worship its varied ruling class. 'The working man (in Britain)', Bernard Shaw wrote, 'respects the bourgeoisie and wants to be bourgeois.' He does so because he is intimidated into being ashamed of who he is. By bullying workers into thinking themselves unintelligent and worthless, rulers keep them obedient. Creating a slave of the mind is obviously better than using real chains; showing a 'progress' over ancient masters. Military authority is avoided by play-acting superiority at the workplace and through public

communications at home.

State education and media simply maintain the social order. Keeping a rich, powerful minority is getting a working population, like Egyptian pyramid builders, to produce wealth, while coercing them to respect rulers who merely plunder the goods. When this respect breaks down, the military takes over. This has not happened in this country because that respect is yet alive. When workers are intellectually enlightened and propaganda fails, military authority becomes real, and more severe with worker's violence. Even before violence, as in Poland, military rule is imposed when propaganda fails. Most Poles laugh at state lies. Polish media do not fool their people as do American or British, partly because they do not have available the same elaborate techniques. Instead many Poles hearken after the capitalist trash, because like the British worker, they are duped into believing that the Western system is designed to make all rich.

In truth, Western nations produce sophisticated propaganda that achieves the same aim as military regimes, but shows itself 'innocent' because it does not use that police power. However, when its propaganda fails upon occasion, it too resorts to violence, as was the case, for instance, when anti-Vietnam war demonstrations got out of hand and four unarmed university students were shot dead on an Ohio campus by the American national guard.

In this country the integrity of individual workers is destroyed, while their bodies are preserved solely for wage slavery, in some of the following ways.

In school, they are immediately faced with stern authority, which in the teenage years becomes an unnecessary burden on the free

development of the individual. But the aim of state education is not to encourage individuality and the ability to think for oneself, but rather conformity to the various needs of the state. The Young Britons are forced, with no alternative, to appreciate such as Victoria and Churchill, rather than workers — the true heroes of British history. Great states, like Rome, are shown as models of achievement.

In university, they are further trained, not educated, to become servants for the industrial order. Once in the workforce, they continue their political 'education' through papers like the *Times*, *Guardian* or *Telegraph*, which, regardless of their ostensible political dispositions, support the status quo. Their liberal education, which many university students nowadays see as useless, is furthered by state-supported arts and capitalist publishing houses.

Among the larger working class, state propaganda is furthered through the tabloid press and the television. In rubbish like the *Sun* or *Mirror*, the 'grandeur' of royalty, nobility and monied classes pushes the workers to obey those who they are told are their superiors, and through them to live vicariously.

The Royal Family, for example, makes excellent propaganda for state control among the workers. Besides its monetary and political power, it is the very symbolic power of the Crown's authority that intimidates a free spirit, setting a pattern of master-servant relationships at all levels of society. Workers who are still religious continue to be fooled by the royal association with God and its 'divine' authority. Part of Queen Elizabeth II's title is 'By the Grace of God, Defender of the Faith'. For the workers who reject religion, the Royal Family is the epitome of the

leisured, rich life: love affairs, race horses and hob-nobbing with heads of state.

The *Sun* also praises the monied classes through sex-gossipy, second-hand, fabricated and illusive sex, which has become the main enticement for sales. The presentation of this kind of voyeur sex further instills in the workers respect and admiration for those who they believe are their betters. They are led to look up to the 'wild love affairs' of the upper middle class (Koo Stark etc.) and thus are hammered with the myth of 'upward mobility', as though these benefits will be theirs if they but cooperate with the system, play the game, and 'move up' the very pyramid of wealth which they themselves have built.

While work is preached as the way up (God forbid an industrial action!), the hope of instant elevation above one's peers is held out in various pools and lotteries. The winner is promised a ticket to enter the world of sex, fast cars and jet travel. Around all this rubbish is blatant Tory propaganda (Support the Falklands!), which party's direct means of remaining in power is such intellectual and moral degradation of the workers.

How does one then persuade workers to believe in themselves and stop fearing their masters?

The root of the word 'education' is to bring out what is already present — in other words, to encourage the self-realisation of individuals and not to cram them with facts that stifle self-thought. Capitalist formal education and its press aim at the direct opposite: to create fairy tales about economic and political realities which supposedly keep the majority content as wage-slaves. Our battle is to be fought with pen and ink and not lethal weapons. Such means produce

very slow results, it is true, but a creation painstakingly produced often has a better chance of survival than one brought about by quick, destructive energies.

This is not to say immediate results are not desired, but the methods can only be the prompt establishment of libertarian schools, working and living communes, and a mass-circulation press. All this takes money, too often lacking amongst those who refuse to play ball with capitalists, but one wants money from honest, sympathetic sources, who if educated about the non-violent and profoundly sound historical basis of anarchism, as opposed to its popular misconceptions, might make available such funds.

If the aim of a libertarian society is equality for all, it makes little sense to think one can merely kill the monied classes and simply steal their property — however unjust their possession of it may be — but rather to identify their authoritarian ideologies, and through reason counter them with words. Kropotkin wrote: 'Men who have acquired wealth very often do not find in it the expected satisfaction, and feel their own reward is exaggerated. The conscience of human solidarity begins to tell....and then they try to find an outcome for that deeply human need by giving their fortune....to something which, in their opinion, will promote general welfare.' Through non-violent reasoning, such people might be convinced.

Someone once said the pen was mightier than the sword. It is indeed this very might that the state uses daily, above their standing armies and police forces, to keep in power. They are waging a war of words, and we must fight back with the same weapons. JL Lauria

Polish History Lesson

Anarchizm; Anarchisci na ziemiach Polskich do 1914 Edited by Herman Rappaport (Panstwowe Wydawnictwo Naukowe, 1981).

The anarchist movement in Eastern Europe has been concealed from history by a combination of circumstances that includes the physical extermination of many participants, the language barrier, the totalitarian desire to rewrite history, and the Cold War. Ironically this book on 'Anarchism and Anarchists in Polish lands to 1914' which contributes a wealth of factual material on the history of Polish anarchism during the period 1905-1914, was published just as the Polish anarchist movement was in the throes of rebirth, and only a few months before the military regime cracked down on an insurgent people.

The first part of the book is composed of the texts of 68 documents, most of them official reports, and nearly all in the original Russian (as the book relates primarily to the part of Poland then under Russian domination), although brief introductions and textual notes are provided by the editor, and some anarchist manifestos are included, in Polish.

The second section comprises a number of magazine articles, and extracts from books on anarchism, ranging from an article published in *Walce Klas* in 1885 to extracts from Machajski works. Two short pieces by Lenin sit rather uneasily in this section and are obvious sops to officialdom.

The third part of the book is in many ways the most interesting, although a mere 29 pages long, as it contains tabulated information

about the nature of the Polish anarchist movement culled from police files. Background information is provided on 547 anarchists who were victims of police repression during the nine-year period. Names, ages, sex, marital status, nationality, occupation, anarchist affiliation, and the type of repression are all meticulously recorded. The latter ranged from simple deportation to being shot without trial.

The Polish Jews formed a substantial part of the Polish anarchist movement in this period. To some extent the occupational background reflected this urban Jewish involvement, with large numbers coming from craft and artisan trades, although this also reflects the embryonic nature of the Polish working class at this time, which was being formed from these artisan strata of society.

Hidden amongst the tables is an entry for Johannes Holzmann, better known as Senna Hoy, who died of starvation and tuberculosis in a Warsaw jail — a grim reminder that the struggle for freedom in Poland has been paid for with the blood and suffering of hundreds of anarchists whose only tribute has been a note in the police files.

Although published by an official publishing house, this book contributes important new material on the anarchist movement in Poland during a vital stage of its development. Many gaps remain, notably information about anarchist involvement with the resistance during the Nazi occupation, and the suppression of a decimated movement on post-war Poland. Gradually, however, our history is being rediscovered.

ME

Fighting for Trotsky

Robert Shaw: Fighter for Trotskyism 1917-1980 by Mickie Shaw (New Park Publications, 1983. £3).

Robert Shaw, whose biography this is, died in March 1980 from asbestosis-induced mesothelioma. Just another one of the countless victims of a social system which puts the maximisation of profit before the health and safety of the wealth producers? Not so. For a start, how many victims of industrial disease have had lavishly illustrated 238-page books written to commemorate them? This privilege has been accorded Robert Shaw by virtue of his 37 years service as a founder, leader and full-time organiser of the trotskyist organisation known today as the Workers' Revolutionary Party.

What makes this book such tragic reading is not so much the sympathy one is bound to feel for any worker killed by the capitalist system, as the fact that this particular worker's life-long struggle against the system was so utterly misdirected.

To add irony to the tragedy, it would not be going too far to say that Shaw's trotskyist politics were, indirectly, responsible for his death. A pacifist when the second world war broke out, in April 1940 he withdrew his application to be registered as a conscientious objector. His change in attitude was prompted by the need to defeat fascism (ie, take sides in a struggle between two rival capitalisms) and to defend Russia — a 'workers state' (I) — from imperialist aggression. Shaw was directed to work in the war industries and ended up repairing and refitting old scrap ships in the

Merseyside shipyards. Thus it was that he came into contact with the asbestos dust which would eventually kill him.

Shaw became active in the Electrical Trades Union on Merseyside and 'led the resistance to attempts by the Stalinists to discard trade union principles and practice by permitting unlimited overtime, disregarding safety regulations, opposing industrial action to secure settlement of grievances.' Shaw demanded better pay, better hours, and better conditions — but for what? In effect, for producing the means with which millions of workers could slaughter each other in a conflict in which no proletarian interests were at stake.

When the war ended Shaw went to work on the railways and continued his trade union activities in the NUR. Although in writing he acknowledged that 'the trade unions have become merely another apparatus of the state to coerce the workers to accept sacrifices' in practice he 'advised against anti-union actions'. We also learn that in 1951 he complained that 'the transport unions and the TUC refused to mobilise the working class in the only form of action which could save the nationalised road haulage and defeat the Tories — general strike.' Obsessed with recruiting cadres to staff the vanguard party which would lead the workers to power, it obviously never crossed his mind that workers could have organised a general strike by themselves without waiting for the trade unions and TUC to do it for them. Here was another

'Marxist' who had never understood that 'The emancipation of the working classes must be conquered by the working classes themselves' (Marx's Inaugural Address to the International Workingmen's Association).

Shaw was also active in the Labour Party until he was excluded from it in 1951. Along with his wife, comrade and biographer Mickie he fought for re-admission. In a grovelling letter submitted to Nottingham City Labour Party in 1957 they testified that they 'were both convinced of the necessity of working to achieve and maintain a Labour government in power. We assisted to the best of our ability to return a Labour MP'. They had 'helped to organise campaigns to strengthen the party', and despite being excluded had 'continued to act as loyal supporters of the Labour Party'. The punch-line to this joke is that we are then expected to shower the Shaws with praise for 'opposing the anti-working class actions of the Labour government' — the very government which they loyally worked to put in power!

These Labour Party and trade union activities reveal trotskyism for what it is: manipulative politics based on an insulting contempt for the mental and practical capabilities of the working class. Shortly before his death Shaw wrote that social problems (such as industrial disease) could be solved 'only by the revolutionary overthrow of capitalism under the leadership of the Workers' Revolutionary Party.' Well, at least he was half-correct....

Mark Shipway



Who are the Wankers?



illustrations from 'Anarchy 31'

Masturbation was for several centuries a matter of virtually universal phobia, condemned at the same time as morally sinful and medically harmful — an entertaining chapter on the subject appears in Alex Comfort's book on the dottiness of doctors, *The Anxiety Makers* (1967). After the Second World War, however, it was at last shown by more scientific sexologists that masturbation is at the same time virtually universal and totally harmless — though less rewarding as well as less risky than shared forms of sexual activity. But, by a characteristic irony of cultural history, as masturbation ceased to be a fertile source of nonsense about the imaginary 'vice' of 'self-abuse', it became an equally fertile source for the genuine vice of personal abuse. As a result the relatively recent slang word 'wanker' is now an increasingly widespread and meaningless insult in English, and its growing use among anarchists is a sad symptom of our continuing impotence in more serious senses

than the sexual one.

There is — or at least could be — a serious basis to the use of sexual terminology in political discussion, whether in the simple assumption that sex and politics have much in common, or in a much more subtle argument — derived from both Marx and Freud, and most elaborately expressed by Wilhelm Reich — that there are significant parallels between sexual and political attitudes and activities. But the prevailing use of sexual vocabulary in political circles is generally a regrettable reflection of the sexist atmosphere in such circles. In theory it could well be said that the whole world of orthodox politics is in a real sense a masturbatory world — one in which people live for fantasies rather than facts, stimulate themselves rather than each other, and get fruitless satisfaction from individual actions rather than fruitful satisfaction from shared activity. But in practice it must be said that the people who call other people 'wankers' are not

Making any profound analysis of politics but are merely using yet another superficial obscenity, and are just a likely to call other people 'pricks' or 'cunts' and their arguments 'shit' or 'crap'.

Among the anarchists who use such language, however, this particular term has a particular class connotation. The people they abuse are not just 'wankers' but 'middle-class wankers'. The implication seems to be that working-class people are somehow real ('fuckers', perhaps) but that middle-class people are only pretend, following the tradition of the vulgar class-consciousness and reverse snobbery long prevalent on the left. So anyone with a middle-class background or educated accent or professional job is liable to be accused not just of being a traitor or poseur or, worse, an intellectual but, worst of all, a 'wanker'.

Such abuse is now being applied within the anarchist movement to anyone who is suspected of reading

or even thinking, and it is also extended beyond the anarchist movement to anyone seen as a rival on the left — in trade unions, in political parties, or in organisations such as the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. For example, the anarchist paper *Class War* (which was discussed by David Isiorho in *FREEDOM* on 16 July) appeared on the huge CND demonstration on 22 October with an attack on 'middle-class CND wankers'. There is a lot to be said against the leaders of CND, but, as Terry Coleman in the *Guardian* on 24 October, is this 'a clever parody'?

The hard fact is that a deliberate attempt to produce a clever parody of anarchism intended to discredit us among the ordinary people on such a demonstration who are likely to be interested in libertarian ideas couldn't do better than a paper like *Class War* — or behaviour like that of the group of anarchists who did their best to wreck the demonstration but only managed to wreck the work being done by most of the

many other anarchists there. The harder fact is that it is this small minority of anarchists who are the real wankers in the movement. Their use of abusive language and aggressive behaviour serves only to excite themselves, and affects everyone else not with admiration or alarm but with aversion or amusement. They talk a lot about class anger and fighting the rich, but they do nothing about it; nor do they make any effort to reach the working-class they proclaim to represent. They prefer easy targets, like anarchist meetings or peace demonstrations, where they will be safe from the sort of retaliation they advocate. They do nothing for the anarchist movement, or for any kind of libertarian or revolutionary changes. Unlike real masturbation, their kind of political onanism is genuinely harmful, and its appearance among anarchists is a tragedy for anyone who cares about the movement.

MH

In answer to David Koven's appeal for anarchists to submit short essays, here is one which sets out my opinions on the role which anarchism must play in relation to the individual in society.

The Self Importance of Anarchism

Any exponent of anti-doctrinaire beliefs will admit that the most fundamental component of an anarchist's make-up is an unrestricted, unfettered mind, free from the restraints of any form of political and social dogma. And, as the present system expressly forbids such mental rebellion, it is clear that such minds are of vital importance to the furtherance of anarchistic thought and development. Bearing this in mind, it seems relevant to ascertain why a mind with such a refreshing attitude should decide upon anarchy as the best way forward, rather than, say, Marxism, capitalism, etc. And, thinking about it, the most conspicuous difference between all other 'isms' and anarchism is the value it places on the role of the individual in society, and the role the state must play in relation to that individual.

Anarchy is the only political philosophy (if it can be described thus) which is not interested in setting up and maintaining a machinery of government. It is a well-accepted fact that through a Marxist takeover of the means of production, the first action of the so-called 'revolutionary council' would be to lay down strict governing lines for administration and bureaucracy. And as for capitalism, Fascism, Maoism and socialism, the evidence that these political and social doctrines regard the power of the state as being more important than the welfare of any one part of it abounds for all to see.

So, the great advantage a belief in anarchism has over other philosophical forms is the concomitant acceptance of the strength of individual participation in the decision-making processes of a society.

For most living British anarchists, there has never been a greater opportunity for actually experiencing a government in which the role of the individual in society is totally disregarded. The present administration has succeeded in turning an erstwhile democracy into a virtual dictatorship, with the Iron Lady at her favourite position, the helm. Though the individual was not accorded his or her full rights in any government before Thatcher's, it has been over the past four years or so that reactionary politics has excluded dissent from any organised source, let alone individuals. And it is this kind of political exclusionism which serves to highlight the distressing plight of the individual in an organised political system. Speak to any victim of the white, male dominance which holds sway in this country, and it soon becomes apparent that the policies of a centralised governmental system are geared towards groups of people, rather than in coping with the wide variety of problems experienced by the different components of a society. The present system of Social Security and Unemployment Benefits are glaring examples of this situation. The rules for payment of Social Security are strictly laid down by an unseen committee of

politicians and civil servants with total disregard for the individual merits of each application. And, to a great extent, Unemployment Benefit is doled out in huge quantities without the authorities knowing where most of it is going.

So what is to be done? Simply to read the works of past anarchists, and to imbibe what they have said about governments and their restrictions on individual liberty, is not enough for someone to accept anarchy as a philosophy of life. What is also necessary is a deep-rooted knowledge that each and every individual is as important as any other. And there lies the crux of the matter.

Unfortunately, however, quite often the belief that one individual's use of his or her right to freedom of expression must be allowed is applied at the expense of another's, or prevents others from expressing their right to reject exploitation. The libertarian's argument in favour of pornography is an example of the belief that freedom of speech must be extended to someone who simply wishes to exploit the fantasies (usually male ones) and frustrations of contemporary life. Scant regard is given to the wishes of the victims of so-called 'freedom of expression'. The individual, as represented by such pornographers is usually exploited by his or her own frustrations, or exploits as a result of his or her own fantasies. And so here is an example of a misapprehension being held as a libertarian doctrine.

The upholding of one individual's freedom at the expense of another's is a contradiction of the first principle of anarchism.

The acceptance of the individual as a unique entity is of paramount importance to a belief in anarchy, and it is this belief which draws people toward such an idea. The great advantage anarchistic thought has over any other political and social doctrine is its glorification of the individual, and it is this glorification which must be held at the forefront of all anarchist theorising and activity.

However, it is not simply the importance of the individual *per se* which is at stake in modern politics, though this is certainly cause for concern. The most distressing aspect of Thatcherism — and the supposedly socialist opposition — is the negation of any kind of individualism being allowed to participate in the running of the government. No account is taken of the problems experienced by small groups of the population. Because of the uncontrollable impetus of modern government, it is only huge majorities which can ever hope to achieve any progress for their aims. And as we have seen since the days of Harold Wilson, no government can count on even half the misguided members of this society who trudge along to polling booths every five years to give them sufficient support to implement their policies; though, granted, Thatcher certainly intends to achieve her goals despite mass opposition. Par-

liamentary democracy was never intended to represent the wishes and desires of any individual, but simply to represent a consensus of opinion amongst an arbitrary number of electors.

The growing belief in the efficacy of extra-parliamentary activity in order to highlight opposition to governmental policies is an important element in the re-emergence of faith in the individual. As has been pointed out many times, much to the consternation of the gutter press, the women at Greenham Common and other nuclear missile sites, are opposed to any form of leadership, basing their preference for syndicalism both on an aversion to past betrayals in the anti-nuclear movement, and on the importance of each individual to the success of their protest movement. The era of protest groups in which a figurehead, or famous president, with more 'clout' than the run-of-the-mill activist is hopefully drawing to a close. Because of the disregard for individual autocracy by the 'major' political parties, there is a growing faith in such self importance. This undoubted belief in the individual as an important element in a society's make up must be the primary aspect of any anarchistic development. In order for free-spirited people to adopt an anarchist stance, the autocracy of the individual must be defended to the very end.

Jeffrey Lamb

Clydeside week of action

1st Day — Wednesday, October 12th
A rally was held in the Maclellan Galleries in Glasgow. This successful speech/discussion meeting attracted around 80 people. We sold a number of books/pamphlets and gained some new activists.

2nd Day — Thursday, October 13th
Direct Action at the Holiday Inn, Glasgow by a group of 22 anarchists. Under the ad-hoc title of 'The Unemployed Diners Club' they occupied the restaurant of the hotel at lunchtime, with placards demanding 'Businessmen's Lunches NO! Unemployed Lunches YES!'

The action was in protest about businessmen being able to spend more on one meal than many unemployed families have to live on for a week, and the employment of YTS 'slave' labour to help build a multinational empire.

It was also in solidarity with the Wyers Squatters in Amsterdam, where attempts are being made to evict the biggest squat in Europe in order to build a Holiday Inn. Local Radio reported the occupation as 'the first of many' in independent actions by the unemployed.

3rd Day — Friday, October 14th
Anarchist Field Day. A screening of the 'Blue Collar' video followed by discussion, followed by four individual workshops (eg, revolt against work, Crime and punishment discussions). Reasonably successful. At the Glasgow School of Art.

All in all this was a very successful 3 days, and we learned a lot. We are now about to put these lessons to good use in some Direct Action against the CBI Conference in Glasgow on Monday 7th and

Tuesday 8th November, 1983. (First time the CBI have been in Scotland). We intend to give a very special welcome.

Glasgow's Labour Council are in the middle of a promotion for the city along the lines of 'Glasgow's Miles Better', featuring a smiling little yellow Mister Man. We intend to attack this policy at the same time at a picket of the Conference on the Monday morning, with a banner proclaiming (in large letters) 'Glasgow Smiles Bitter' — featuring a grimacing Mister Man!

We have further (more direct!) action planned for later Monday and Tuesday. Any comrades from other anarchist groups wanting to join the fun will be most welcome. Contact: **Clydeside Anarchists, Box 3, 488 Great Western Road, Glasgow. Tel: 041 339 8218.**

reports

Rome and Milan

Rome 22nd October 1983

The camp at Comiso has now ended, but the debate goes on. A large anarchist presence in Rome for the 22nd was an Island of sanity in a sea of red flags. The Italian Communist Party and the numerous tiny Marxist groups seem unable to have any effect on the situation despite their numbers, yet again proof of the sterility of Parliamentary politics. The demonstration, like most large demo's, was very boring (unless you were an autonomist fighting the police), everyone caught up in a pointless numbers game. Now we wait for Cruise and the next step in the struggle.

Gruppo

Milan Study Centre

The Centro Studi Libertari 'G. Pinelli' was established in 1976, with the aim of promoting anarchist culture. The centre has a library, promotes study and research, organises conferences and seminars and publishes an annual bulletin.

The library holds virtually all books and leaflets published in Italian on the history and ideas of the Anarchist and Libertarian movements. It also has complete series of the most important Anarchist periodicals and a large number of minor periodicals and one-off Italian Anarchist publications, in original and in microfilm. The most

important of the conferences organised by the centre have been 'The International conference of studies on Bakunin' (Venice, 1976), 'The International conference on studies on Technobureaucracy' (Venice, 1978), 'The International conference of studies on self-management' (Venice, 1979) and 'The international conference of studies on Utopia' (Milan, 1981). Dozens of speakers and thousands of people took part in these conferences.

The Centro Studi Libertari is situated at **255 viale Monza, 20126 Milano, (Tel: 25 74 0 73)** and is open from 4pm to 8pm Monday to Friday.



Editrice A was formed as a cooperative in 1977, legally joining three separate editorial enterprises: the magazine *A*, the periodical *Volonta* and the publishers Edizioni Antistato. The formation of the cooperative formalised an already existing collaboration, which was partly due to a certain overlapping of personal responsibilities (that is to say that certain comrades were and are involved in more than one undertaking). Notwithstanding this, the three bodies are fully autonomous, both administratively and editorially and all work, both administrative and editorial, of Editrice A is at present performed voluntarily by a dozen comrades.

A is a 44-page, illustrated, monthly magazine, started in 1971 and with a current circulation of 10,000. The articles deal primarily with the current social and political situation but also include brief historical and theoretical essays.

Volonta is a 100-page (approx.), quarterly periodical, with a circulation of 3,000. It was first published in 1946 on a monthly basis and became quarterly in 1980 when it took on its present editorial nature. It publishes research studies and theoretical writings over the entire international, cultural spectrum. It is edited in collaboration with the Centro Studi Libertari 'G Pinelli' of Milan and has published many of the papers presented at the Centre's conferences and seminars.

Edizioni Antistato has been publishing books since 1950. Since the present administration was formed in 1975, it has published 22 titles including the writings of both classical anarchists (Bakunin, Kropotkin, Malatesta...) and their modern counterparts (Colin Ward, Louis Mercier Vega...) and also general cultural works with a libertarian perspective (Rene Lourau, Joel Spring, Simon Leys...).

The postal addresses are:
A rivista anarchica, C.P. 17120, 20170 Milano — tel: (2) 289 66 27
Volonta, C.P. 10667, 20110 — tel: (2) 25 74 0 73
Edizioni Antistato, C.P. 10086, 20110 Milano — tel: (2) 25 74 0 73

In brief

Experts in the Soviet Union are worried that the rate of illegitimate births has reached at least 20%, a total of 500,000 a year. The average in England and Wales is 13%. Other Soviet authorities are pressing for an increase in the overall birth rate, which is not enough to replace the older generation.

The Ministry of Defence has overpaid defence contractors by over £150 million over the last two years. Five firms have now been asked for refunds, totalling £2.75 million.

Soviet Defence Minister, Marshall Dimitri Ustinov, has been awarded the Order of Lenin to celebrate his 75th birthday. That makes his eleventh.

One of the 11 synods of the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa has declared that apartheid is a 'sin'. We don't usually approve of the concept, but it's nice to see the Church finally disapproving.

A woman in San Diego, California, threatened to hold her breath until she turned blue when she was arrested for shop lifting. This didn't impress the authorities, so she did. She died.

Captain Thomas Sankara, new leader of Upper Volta, has ordered that all nightclubs in the country should be closed because they are 'bourgeois'. He said that they should be replaced by popular ballrooms offering dancing to 'revolutionary music'.

The Pope has agreed to the opening of proceedings which could lead to

the sainthood of nearly 17,000 Francoists who were 'martyred' by the Red Hordes in the Spanish Civil War.

The police are to make a new training film showing techniques for coping with women demonstrators. The idea is that women 'lie down, put their arms by their sides and just make it difficult for the arresting officer'. In contrast, 'if a fellow is on the floor his automatic reaction is to start kicking and punching'.

A Church minister is not an employee and is not entitled to the protection of the law against unfair dismissal, the Court of Appeal has ruled. The point is that 'a minister sets out to serve God', so no contract comes into being when he starts working in a particular ministry.

Some controversy was aroused when Margaret Thatcher was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. It was elitistically felt that her contributions to science did not reach the standards required. Now it seems that the procedures were not followed strictly enough, and the election may be declared void.

The Church of England has decided that 'certain forms of gambling' have 'positive value'. However, this must not be taken as opening the Floodgates of Permissiveness. Village fetes, annual dances and club affairs can keep their 'raffle and tombola'. Bingo, football pools and friendly banter in selecting a

winner for the point to point 'can be part of wholesome social relationships'. However, lines must be drawn, a gambling boom is sweeping Britain, leading to suicide, depression, divorce, unemployment and crime.

Sign of the times. The *Peoples Daily*, party newspaper of the Chinese communist party, has printed a list of essential reading. None of Chairman Mao's works are included.

Britain, USA and USSR are accused of using the issue of Human Rights for political propaganda in Amnesty International's annual report. It says that governments cover up tortures and killings in one part of the world while using such abuses elsewhere for political propaganda. It cites as examples Soviet news media reports on Poland, American statements on Central America and Britain's sudden attention to torture and disappearances in Argentina. We must be grateful to Amnesty for letting us know these things.

Anarchist slogans were recently found inside a 'secret' American-Australian military base at Pine Gap, Alice Springs, in the heart of Australia. The base, which is supposed to be heavily protected from intruders, contains a complicated electronic system for the collecting and sifting of data sent to earth by American satellites. On the cupola of the building inside the perimeter fence were found such graffiti as 'No to this Madness'.

NATIONAL

ABERDEEN
Subversive Graffiti Collective, c/o 163 King St, Aberdeen (Includes the ex-members of Aberdeen Solidarity). Activities include production of a local free news-sheet.

BASILDON
Contact: Mark, 27 Little Lullaway, Basildon Essex.

BEDFORDSHIRE
Bedfordshire and Isolated Anarchists, write John 81 F Bromham Rd, Bedford MK40 2AH

BELFAST
Just Books, 7 Winetavern St, Belfast

BIRMINGHAM
Birmingham DAM, c/o Peace Centre, 18 Moor St, Ringway

BRISTOL
Box 010, Full Marks Bookshop, 197 Cheltenham Rd, Bristol 6

BURNLEY
BAG, c/o 2 Quarrybank

CAMBRIDGE
Cambridge Anarchists, c/o 186 East Rd, Cambridge
East Anglian Anarchist Federation c/o Grapevine, 186 East Rd

CARDIFF
c/o 108 Bookshop, 108 Salisbury Rd, Cardiff 2
C.O.I., Box 999, 108 Salisbury Rd

CLEVELAND
c/o Liverton Crescent, Thornby. Also produces 'Common Cause' local anarchist paper.
Box A, c/o 120 Victoria Rd, Middlesbrough

COVENTRY
Anarchist Group, c/o Students Union, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL

CRAWLEY
Libertarian Group, Ray Cowper, 1 Bluebell Close Crawley, W Sussex

CUMBRIA
2 Forestry Cottages, Millfield, Hutton Roof, Penrith

ESSEX
DAM, Martyn Everett, 11 Gibson Gdns, Saffron Walden, Essex
Oral Abortions, The Catskills, Maldon Rd, Gay Bowers, Danbury

EXETER
Anarchist Collective, c/o Community Association, Devonshire House Stocker Rd

FALKIRK
Black Bairn, c/o Box 3, 488 Gt Western Rd, Glasgow

FORMBY
Floating Free, 88 Freshfield Rd, Formby, Merseyside L3 73HW

GLASGOW
'Practical Anarchy' (monthly free broadsheet send large sae) c/o Box 3 Calderwood. 18/GPP pamphlets c/o Box V2 At Glasgow Bookshop Collective, 488 Gt Western Rd, G12 (Kelvinbridge Subway)

GRAVESEND
Please contact Adrian, Lodge House, By Valley Lodge, Ifield Way, Gravesend, Kent

HUDDERSFIELD
Huddersfield Anarchist Group & DAM, c/o Peaceworks, 58 Wakefield Rd, Huddersfield

HULL
Hull @ Group, 23 Nott St, (moving in Sept to 24 Albany St)

KEELE
Keele University A Group, R Knight, c/o Students Union, The University, Keele, Staffs

KEIGHLEY
Anarchists, c/o Simon Saxton, 1 Selbourne Grove, Keighley, West Yorkshire BD21 2SL

LANCASTER
Tadeusz Szczepanski, 38 Bradshaw St, LA1 3BE

LEAMINGTON AND WARWICK
Lemming and Yorick A's, c/o 23 Radford Rd, Leamington Spa, Warwks CV31 1NF

LEEDS
Leeds Anarchist Group, Box LAP A, 59 Cookridge St, LS2 3AW
Leeds Direct Action Movement, Box DAM, 59 Cookridge street, Leeds, LS2

LEICESTER
Blackthorn Books, 70 High St, Libertarian Education, 6 Beaconsfield Rd, tel: 552085
The Anarchist Society, Societies' Room, Students Union Building, University of Leicester, University Rd, LE1 7RH

LIVERPOOL
Liverpool Anarchist Group, Box LAG, 31 Gothic Street, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead, Merseyside.
Discordians, Liverpool Students Union, Brownlow Hill, Liverpool
North West Anarchist Federation, 224 Garston Old Rd, Liverpool 19, Merseyside

LONDON
Anarchy Magazine, Box A 84b Whitechapel High St, London E1; FREEDOM

Collective, Angel Alley, 84b Whitechapel High St, E1 (01-247-9249). Aldgate East tube, nr Whitechapel Art Gallery.
Greenpeace, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. Meet Thursdays 7pm
London Workers Group, c/o Little A C1 Metropolitan Wharf, Wapping Wall E1. 121 Books/Anarchist Centre, 121 Ralliton Rd, London SE24 Tel: 274 6655
Contact Address for: Anarchist-Feminist Magazine; Pigs for Slaughter; South London Anarchist Group (SLAG); South London DAM; London Anarchist Youth Group meet every Friday at 121, 7.30pm.
Martin Nicholas, 111 Reed rd., Tottenham, London N 17.

NW LONDON
K Potkin, Student Mail, Polytech of Central London, 32-38 Wells St, WC1

MALVERN
and Worcester area, Jock Spence, Birchwood Hall, Storrige, Worcestershire

MANCHESTER
Wildcat, Box 25, 434 Corn Exchange, Hanging Ditch, Manchester, M4 3BN
DAM, Box 20, 164/44 Corn Exchange Bldgs, Hanging Ditch, M4
Black & Red Society (Anarchist Group), c/o The Students' Union, University of Manchester, Oxford Rd, Manchester
South Manchester A Group, c/o Raven Press, 8-10 Gt Ancoats St, Manchester 4

MORECAMBE & LANCASTER
Chris Preston, 27 Nightingale Close, Gosport, Hampshire PO12 3EU. (Correspondence only)
North Lancs Libertarians, c/o Cliff M Poxon, 13 Carleton St, Morecambe Lancs LA4 4NX

NORTH STAFFS
Careless Talk Collective, R Knight c/o Students Union, The University, Keele, Staffs

NORWICH
Norwich @ Group, c/o Box 6, FREE-WHEEL, 52-54 King St

NOTTINGHAM
Nottingham Anarchist Group, Box A Mushroom Bookshop, 10 Heathcote St 582506.

OLDHAM
Nigel Broadbent, 14 Westminster Rd, Fallsworth

ORPINGTON
Rik Fuller, 60 Ramsden Rd, Orpington, Kent

OXFORD
Oxford Anarchists, 34 Cowley Rd

PLYMOUTH
Anarchists, 115 St Pancras Ave, Penny-cross

PORTSMOUTH
area anarchist group, c/o Garry Richardson, 25 Beresford Close, Waterlooville, Hants

READING
Reading Anarchists, Box 19, Acorn Bookshop, 17 Chatham St

RHONDDA
and Mid Glamorgan, Henning Anderson, 'Smiths Arms', Treherbert, Mid Glamorgan

SHEFFIELD
Libertarian Society, PO Box 168, Sheffield 1
Sheffield Anarchists, Doncaster Anarchists and Black Rat, each c/o John Craeghe Society, PO Box 217, Sheffield, S1 1FD.
Sheffield Peace Action, 69 Rustlings Rd, Sheffield 11
NEAF Secretariat: Box 168, Sheffield 11

SOUTHAMPTON
'Southern Stress', c/o October Books, 4 Onslow Rd

SOUTH WALES
DAM, c/o Smiths Arms, Baglan Rd, Treherbert. Write for anarcho-syndicalist contacts in Treherbert, Rhondda, Pontypridd, Penarth, Barry and Cardiff areas

SUSSEX
Brighton Anarchists, c/o Students Union, Falmer House, University of Sussex, Brighton East Sussex
Hastings Anarchists + Polson Pen, 92 London Rd, St Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex
Sussex Anarchist Society, c/o Hastings Anarchist Group

SWANSEA
Anarchist Group, Box 5, Neges, 31 Alexandra Rd, Swansea
Billy, 63 Clynnmaes Place, Bhenymaes, Swansea

TAYSIDE
Josh Cowan, 3/R 17 Cheviot Crescent, Dundee, DD4 9QJ

TYNE & WEAR
Newcastle Anarchist Group, c/o 2 Priory Court, High St, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear NE8 3JL

WAKEFIELD
Anarchist and Peace Group, c/o Fazackerley, 36 Bowan St, Agbrigg, Wakefield, West Yorkshire

WEST WALES
Terry Phillips, 7 Heol Nant, Felinfoel, Llanelli, Dyfed SA14 8EL

YORK
Shell 22, 73 Walmgate, York

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Anarchy by Errico Malatesta. New translation of classic text. Pamphlet 75p (21p).

ABC of Anarchism by Alexander Berkman. Classic text. Pamphlet £1.50 (33p).

DEADLINES

FREEDOM Collective would welcome any readers who wish to help fold and despatch the paper. The next issue will be sent out on Thursday 17th November, starting at around 6pm. This is also a good time to come 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 the short items for the next issue is first post, Monday 14th November. Longer articles in by first post, Thursday 10th November.

Fighting the Revolution Three studies of revolutionary leaders - Nestor Makhno, Buenaventura Duruti, Emiliano Zapata. Pamphlet 75p (21p).

Illustrated catalogue available. Please send SAE 9" x 6" (21p) or 2 International reply coupons.

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*Nationalism and Culture by Rudolf Rocker (614pp cloth) £15.00 (£2.00).

The Revolution of Everyday Life by Raoul Vaneigem (new authorised translation) (216pp paper) £3.00 (65p).

*Freedom, Feminism and the State: An Overview of Individualist Feminism by Wendy McElroy (357pp paper) £7.50 (95p).

The Ego and its Own: The Case of the Individual Against Authority by Max Stirner. (366pp paper) £4.50 (95p).
Marxism versus Reality by Brian Moseley (46pp paper). £1.00 (21p).
Quiet Rumours: An Anarcha-Feminist Anthology. (Various Authors) (72pp paper) £1.50. (33p).

NEW THIS WEEK
Shelley on Love: An Anthology edited by Richard Holmes (247pp paper) £3.95 (60p).
Emma Goldman: Una mujer en la tormenta del siglo (in Spanish) by Jose Peirats. (312pp paper) £2.25 (60p)

NEW TITLES IN BOOKSHOP

*The American as Anarchist: Reflections on Indigenous Anarchism by David DeLeon (242pp cloth) £20.00 (95p).

*Individual Liberty by Benjamin Tucker (294pp cloth) £25.00 (95p).

*Partisans of Freedom: A Study of American Anarchism by William O Reichert (602pp cloth) £22.50 (£2.00).

*Don Juan: or The Continuum of the Libido by Paul Goodman (160pp paper) £4.50 (53p).

*Collected Stories by Paul Goodman. Four volumes: The Break-up of Our

Camp (287pp paper); A Ceremonial (273pp paper); The Facts of Life (325pp paper); The Galley to Mytilene (309pp paper) £6.00 (95p) each.

*Native American Anarchism by Eunice M Schuster (202pp cloth) £22.50 (95p).

PAMPHLETS (full trade terms available)

*My Visit to the Kremlin by Nestor Makhno (32pp) 45p (21p).

*Syndicalists in the Russian Revolution by Gregori Maximoff (24pp) 30p (21p).

*White Collars and Horny Hands: The Revolutionary Thought of Weclaw Machajski by Max Nomad (22pp) 30p (17p).

A MISCELLANY

*The Man versus the State - with Six Essays on Government, Society and Freedom by Herbert Spencer (531pp paper) £6.00 (£2.00).

The Complete Novels by Franz Kafka (638pp paper) £4.95 (95p).

The Complete Short Stories by Franz Kafka (486pp paper) £3.95 (71p).

Housmans International Peace Diary 1984 (with International Directory of Peace Organisations). £2.50 (30p)

Housmans Peace Diary 1984 (with Directory & Profiles of UK Peace Organisations) £2.50 (30p)

Memoires by Louise Michel (in French) (335pp paper) £4.00 (45p).

*The Romantic Exiles: A Nineteenth Century Portrait Gallery (on Bakunin, Herzen, Nechaev and Ogarev) by E H Carr (391pp paper) £8.50 (95p).

*The Radical Will: Randolph Bourne: Selected Writings edited by Olaf Hansen (548pp paper) £5.95 (95p)

The Guillotine at Work: Vol 1. The Leninist Counter-Revolution by Gregory P Maximoff (337pp cloth) £6.00 (95p). [Note: only one volume is available].

The CND Story edited by John Minnion, and Philip Bolsvoer (158pp paper) £1.95 (39p)

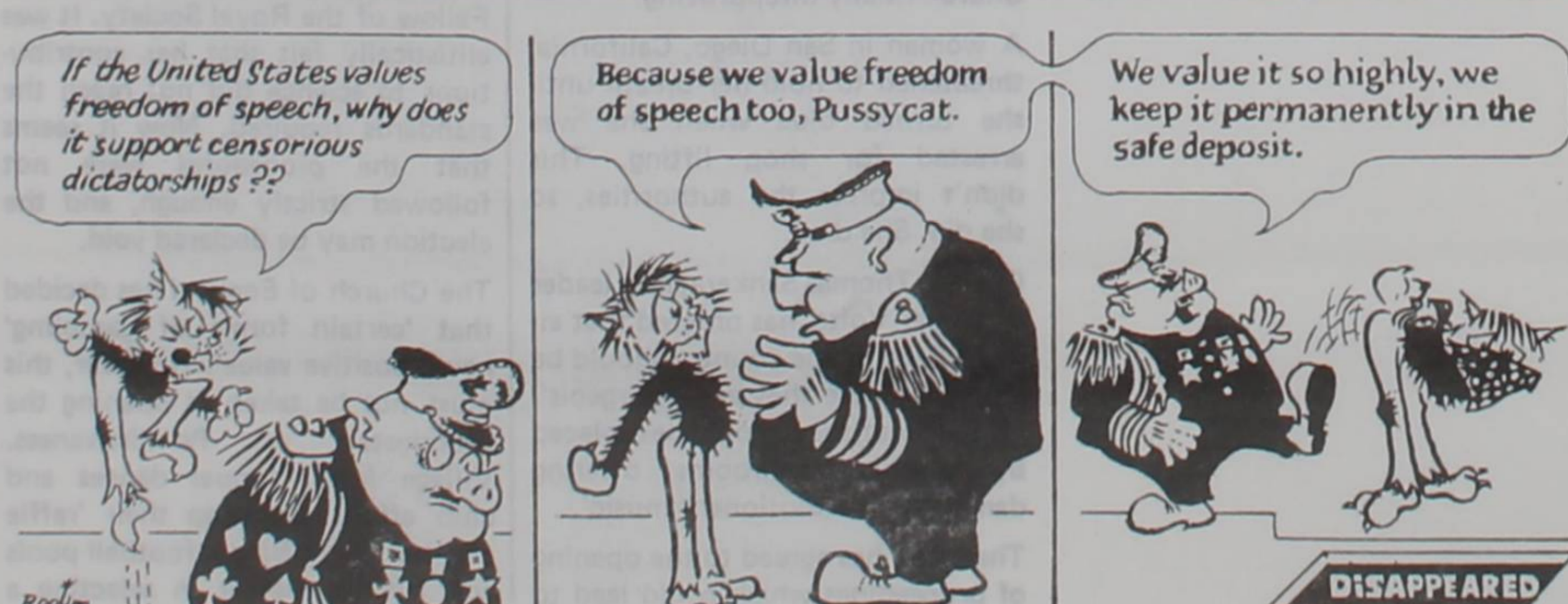
The International Anarchist Movement in Late Victorian London by Hermia Oliver (176pp cloth) £13.95 (65p)

Anarcho-Syndicalism: History and Action: The Direct Action Movement (21pp paper) £0.30 (21p).

Writing on Anarcho-Syndicalism: The Direct Action Movement (18pp paper) £0.30 (21p).

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This issue has been delayed due to production difficulties. We apologise for the omission of new contacts and the deletion of old ones and at having had to use an old book list. [Aldgate Press]