

The Manufacture of Madness

" Because the anti-semitic fights evil, his goodness and the goodness of the society he is fighting for cannot be questioned. This makes it possible for him to use the most ignoble methods, which will be justified by the ends he seeks. The institutional psychiatrist treating involuntary patients is similarly engaged in a task whose goodness is considered so self-evident that it justifies the vilest of means. He deceives, coerces and imprisons his victims, drugs them into stupor, and shocks them into brain damage. Does this lessen the goodness of his work? Not at all. He is fighting evil. "

-- Thomas Szasz. (The Myth of Mental Illness).



HELP WANTED

Can you help us? We always need -

WRITINGS

Poems; Stories; Reviews; Essays; etc.

GRAPHICS

Cartoons; Drawings; Engravings; in fact - anything that can be reproduced on litho.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Send us a pound for either:

- a) the next five issues or
- b) eight copies of one issue (street-sell it or give it to friends).

If you have a book-shop or stall ask about special 'sale or return' arrangements that we would be happy to make.

Z-revue Collective, 180 Melbourne Road, LEICESTER - Tel. 0533 50272

Zrevue

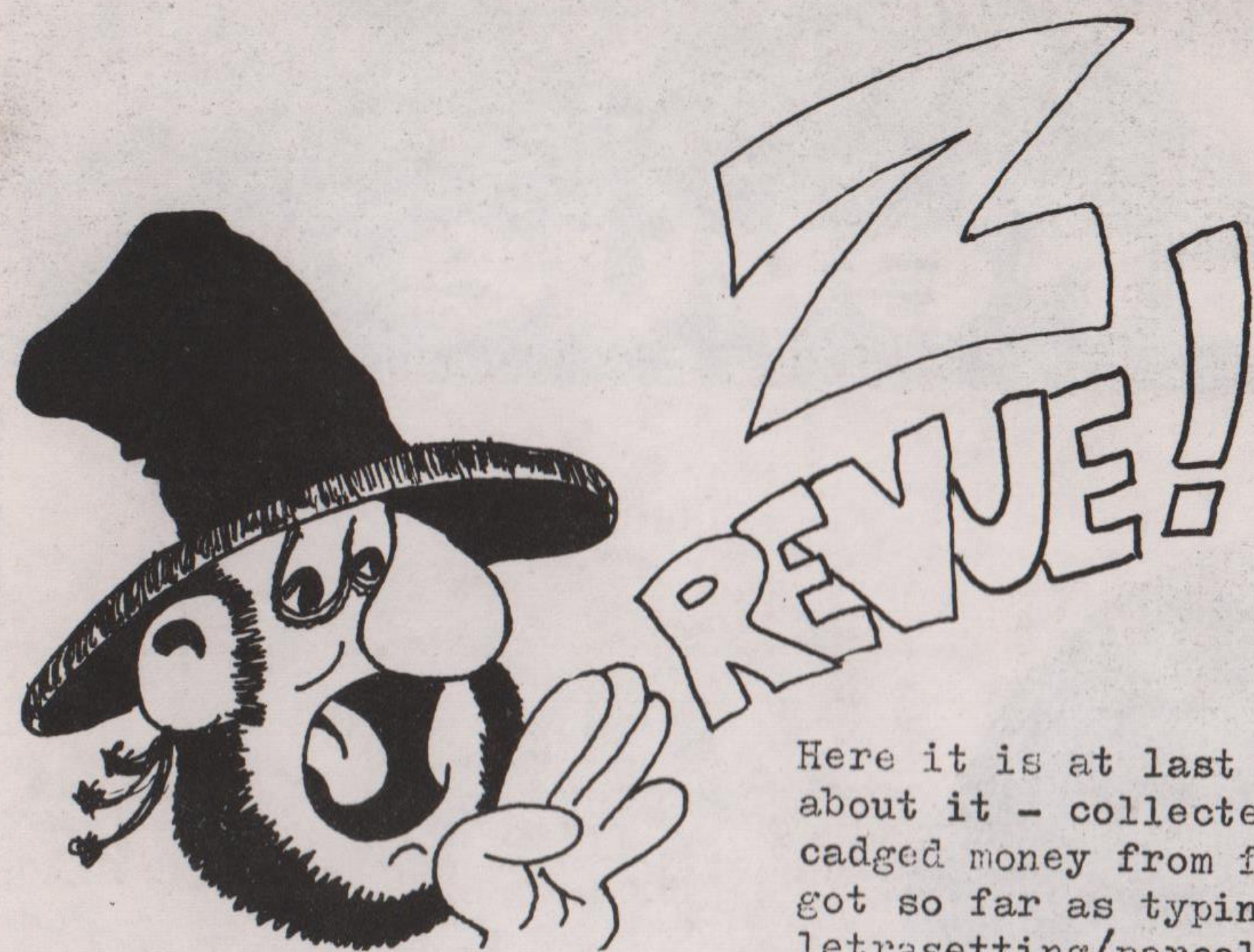
N°one



Poets, come out of your closets
Open your windows, open your doors,
You have been holed-up too long
In your closed worlds.

see p.3

15p



Here it is at last - we've talked about it - collected material - cadged money from friends. We even got so far as typing/laying-out/letrasetting/parcelling up and posting off the artwork for Z-revue No. 1 to the printers - only to

have it 'lost' in the post! So we've had to get down and do the whole bloody job again. Hope you like it.

We are producing the magazine to help fill the gap between political papers that seem oblivious to the power and influence of the creative impulse and literary papers that ignore the political/social implications of what they publish/review.

Our aim is to encourage writing and graphics imbued with the libertarian spirit - please help us to seek out such material.

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Lawrence Ferlinghetti

POPULIST MANIFESTO

FOR POETS, WITH LOVE

Poets, come out of your closets
Open your windows, open your doors,
You have been holed-up too long
in your closed worlds.

Come down, come down
from your Russian Hills and your Telegraph Hills,
your Beacon Hills and your Chapel Hills.
your Brooklyn Heights and Montparnasses,
down from your foothills and mountains,
out of your tepees and domes.

The trees are still falling
and we'll go to the woods no more.
No time now for sitting in them
As man burns down his own house
to roast his pig.

No more chanting Hare Krishna
while Rome burns.

San Francisco's burning,
Mayakovsky's Moscow's burning
the fossil-fuels of life.

Night & the Horse approaches
eating light, heat & power,
and the clouds have trousers.

No time now for the artist to hide
above, beyond, behind the scenes,
indifferent, paring his fingernails,

refining himself out of existence.

No time now for our little literary games,
no time now for our paranoias & hypochondrias,
no time now for fear & loathing,
time now only for light & love.

We have seen the best minds of our generation
destroyed by boredom at poetry readings.

Poetry isn't a secret society,
It isn't a temple either.

Secret words & chants won't do any longer.

The hour of oming is over,
the time of keening come,
a time for keening & rejoicing
over the coming end

of industrial civilization
which is bad for earth & Man.

Time now to face outward
in the full lotus position
with eyes wide open,

Time now to open your mouths
with a new open speech,

time now to communicate with all sentient beings,

All you 'Poets of the Cities'
hung in museums, including myself

All you poet's poets writing poetry
about poetry,

All you poetry workshop poets
in the boondock heart of America,

All you house-broken Ezra Pounds,

All you far-out freaked-out cut-up poets,

All you pre-stressed Concrete poets,

All you cunnilingual poets,

All you pay-toilet poets groaning with graffitti,

All you A-train swingers who never swing on birches,

All you masters of the sawmill haiku
in the Siberias of America,

All you eyeless unrealists,

All you self-occulting supersurrealists,

All you bedroom visionaries

and closet agitpropagators,

All you Groucho Marxist poets

and leisure-class Comrades

who lie around all day

and talk about the working-class proletariat,

All you Catholic anarchists of poetry,

All you Black Mountaineers of poetry,

All you Boston Brahmins and Bolinas bucolics,

All you den mothers of poetry,

All you zen brothers of poetry,
All you suicide lovers of poetry,
All you hairy professors of poesie,
All you poetry reviewers
drinking the blood of the poet,
All you Poetry Police ---

Where are Whitman's wild children,
where the great voices speaking out
with a sense of sweetness & sublimity,
where the great new vision,

the great world-view,
the high prophetic song
of the immense earth
and all that sings in it
And our relation to it ---

Poets, descend

to the street of the world once more

And open your minds & eyes

with the old visual delight,

Clear your throat and speak up,

Poetry is dead, long live poetry

with terrible eyes and buffalo strength,

Stop mumbling and speak out

with a new wide-open poetry

with a new commonsensual 'public surface'

with other subjective levels

or other subversive levels,

a tuning fork in the inner ear

to strike below the surface.

Of your own sweet Self still sing

yet utter 'the word en-masse' ---

Poetry the common carrier

for the transportation of the public

to higher places

than other wheels can carry it.

Poetry still falls from the skies

into our streets still open.

They haven't put up the barricades, yet,

the streets still alive with faces,

lovely men & women still walking there,

still lovely creatures everywhere,

in the eyes of all the secret of all

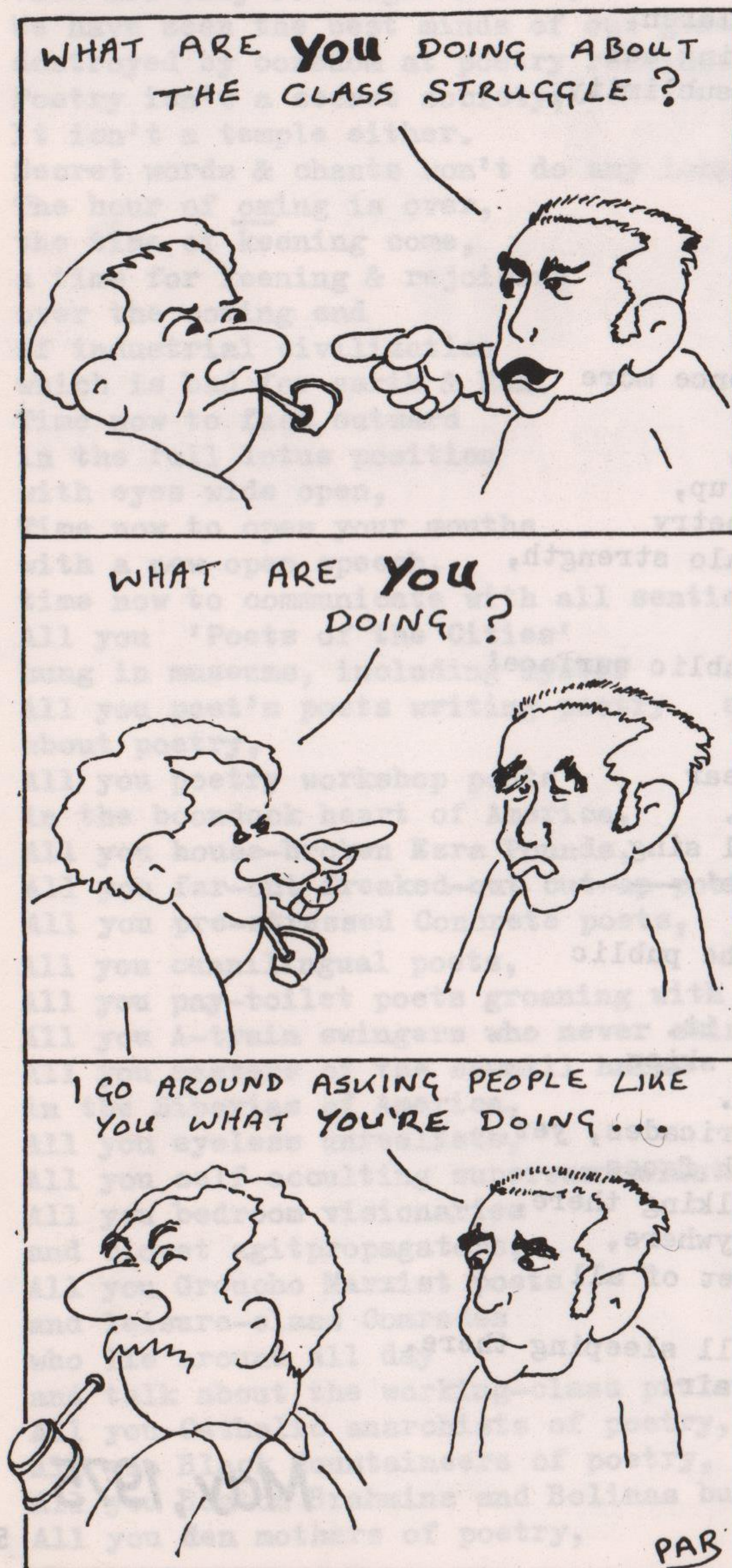
still buried there,

Whitman's wild children still sleeping there.

Awake and walk in the open air.

May, 1975

anark



Dave STRINGER

I heard
Bessie Smith
singing the Blues
in the Friday
dole-queue
like a ghost
written on the faces
of tired, old
redundant men
that moaned
in the grey smoky air
'ain't it a shame
without a doubt
nobody loves you
when you're down
& out of the race !

DRILL!

PRE....SENT A...RMS !
The sergeant commands -
the soldier stood
proudly
to attention,
chopped off his arms
with his bayonet
& gave them
to the sergeant
who, at length, seeing
him stood STIFF, UPRIGHT
shouted A...ARRT EASE!
& gave them back to him
pleased he had maintained
his ordered
position -
BUT, BY NOW
the soldier was DEAD
& was rewarded
posthumously
for bravery
in the course
of DUTY !

of sexual poverty

A socially imposed norm of permissible sexual behaviour has long been at the cornerstone of hierarchical society. Traditionally, the repressive character of bourgeois society has been measured, not only by its use of force against the proletariat, but in its suppression of overt sexuality. For centuries, the most successful capitalist countries have utilized variants of ascetic morality as an effective mechanism of social regulation; more recently the bureaucratic states of Russia, China have employed similar moral ideologies to the same effect. Today, however, the most advanced forms of spectacular society have abandoned such blatant methods of control over their inhabitants. In these cases, the spectacle has even gone so far as to actively promote the decomposition of its former defences - morality and the family are now discarded as antiquated social features. The sexuality once confined to the periphery of bourgeois society is now tolerated - that which was openly and defiantly expressed only by those 'on the outside', blacks, beats, etc. has become part of spectacular culture as a whole.

The former taboos of bourgeois society have disappeared in the face of new standards of moral conduct. Past behavioural paragons (chastity, monogamy, etc.) which were always little more than myth, have been replaced with the modern 'adventures' of infidelity and sexual intrigue. From the office buildings to the suburbs, an 'openness' has been proclaimed in sexual affairs; the demands which were radical 30 years ago - sex education, birth control, etc. - are now accepted services of state schools and institutions. Even the radical libertinism of Sade now returns as a farce in the contemporary rituals of 'sexual freedom'. That which proved so scandalous in the past is now nothing more than a stimulant to enliven routine existence. The current explicitness has even reached the conventional media.

Behind the much-discussed era of 'sexual freedom' however lies an extension of sexual domination. In making sexuality public, the spectacle only conceals its real absence. Capitalism continues to generalize an image of sexuality which however removed from puritanism, remains only that - an image, a surrogate for real experience. The 'new' sexuality, like the old, has become a weapon in the class struggle, not only in relation between bosses and employees, but throughout the relations of everyday life. The spectacle's pornographic use of sexuality is

only incidentally revealed in the cheap 'sex' films, magazines, etc. and the suggestive advertising in which alluring men and women serve as an enticement to the world of the consumer. The banalization of life accomplished by capitalism has reached the point where sexuality itself has become a quantifiable article. The reality principle imposed by capitalism upon sexual pleasure is that of commodity reality. The marketplace of sexuality has been added to the modern economy, not merely as a commodity, but as one which sells others. The voyeurism present in every aspect of the spectacle now finds its fulfilment in sexual consumption.

hot line

fun
Set

Keep all lines open when you wear our latest **HOT LINE** set - the outfit consists of a peep-hole halter neck bra matched with expose divided leg pantie in sheer Nudette Nylon plus a matching garter suspender belt with sheer black nylons

Colours: Black, Red, White. Sizes: 32" to 42" bust. Please also state stocking size.

Price: £3.99 + 15p p & p.

EXPOSE PANTIES

Intriguing divided leg briefs. Made in sheer transparent nylon with delicate lace trimmings. Black, Red or White.

GRETA - The Original Vibrating Swedish Rubber Bedmate

Greta is the ultra de-luxe Climax doll that every man should own . . . Completely! Moulded down to the last intimate detail, this adorable bedmate will surprise and delight you with her very many talents. A petite 5'2" tall and a curvy 36-24-36 - you will love playing with her every part! Greta is the original vacuum-formed doll - NOT one of the nasty cheap fakes. She comes complete with OPEN CROTCH PANTIES and MINIATURE POWER PACK to control the intensity of the tingling vibrating sensations from her vagina. Greta is almost better than the real thing! Being sold for £50 by other companies in U.K. Buy Greta direct from us at less than 1/2 price at just £24. (Greta is available without vibrating vagina at £18). Never be without a bedmate - make it with Greta, she guarantees to satisfy your every wish.

The spectacular accumulation of sexuality is only an accumulation of misery and the reification of erotic experience has produced its complement in the form of a rampant sexual nihilism. Here all pleasure is absent - the freedom which modern capitalism affords everyone is the freedom to meet, fuck, and remain as an object. This situation, however, does not constitute some mysterious 'repressive de-sublimation' (Marcuse) in which alienation is made tolerable through sexual release. Spectacular sexuality in no way compensates for the poverty of spectacular life - sexual alienation is another moment of a total alienation and a recognition of sexual oppression has already become apparent among large sectors of the proletariat.

A critique of both the old and 'new' sexuality of bourgeois society has been developed by the Women's Liberation and Gay Liberation movements. In refusing the sexual roles demanded by capitalism, these movements have uncovered the truth of reified sexuality - in our society personal relationships

are determined by social relationships. But while exposing the hierarchy and social dimensions of present sexual relations, these movements have failed to develop a critique of spectacular domination as a whole. Even in terms of sexuality their critique is limited and does not take into account the roles demanded of others (men & 'straights') more important are the various mystifications concerning the essential social contradiction posed by sexual differences. From this false division Womens Liberation and the like, construct separatist ideologies in which the partial critique of daily life generated by these movements becomes subsumed under the ultimately reformist aims of 'sexual equality'.

Where Womens Liberation and others leave off is precisely the starting point for a radical critique of the social implications of sexual behaviour. It is alienation in its totality, and not in its purely sexual aspects. that must be



abolished by the proletariat; refusal of a particular constraint (marriage, housework) has meaning only if it is part of a refusal of all constraints. A century before the earliest critiques of bourgeois sexuality, Fourier demonstrated that a qualitative change in sexual relations could only take place in a radically different social context. All radical experiments in living which take place, in abstracto, are condemned to failure; the communes



"If one compares the immensity of our desires with our limited means of satisfying them, it seems that God has acted unwisely in endowing us with passions so eager for pleasure passions that seem created to torment us by exciting a thousand desires, nine-tenths of which we cannot satisfy so long as the civilized order lasts." - Charles Fourier, 1808 Theory of the Four Movements.

of the 'New Left' and the 'counter-culture' are witness to the illusory nature of such a revolt. Here, spectacular sexuality is merely reproduced on a hip level; from the cheap voyeurism of hippie comic books to the 'families' of Stalinist sects, all the old values are reinforced.

Against both the spectacle and counter-spectacle of sexuality, it is necessary to assert the free will of the individual - a radical power which does not yet exist and which cannot, in fact, exist separately from collective revolutionary action. To oppose the desires of the individual against the prisons of daily life in bourgeois society is not simply to oppose radical sexuality to that of the spectacle, however, there can be no talk of sexual freedom except within the framework of a larger social freedom.

The perception that these two issues are inseparably linked is that of Reich, whose theories, despite their short comings, remain more radical than those of the 'modern' ideologues. However naive its assumptions may have been (confusion on Lenin etc) Reich's Sex-Pol movement in the 1920s represents one of the first attempts to develop a radical opposition that would be based on the terrain of everyday life. Unlike either the clinical or radical psychologists of today, Reich was not concerned with either analysis or sexuality in themselves. Reich's analysis led him to concretely

link rebellion against bourgeois sexuality with the class-struggle as a whole.

Reich's vision of a 'Sexual Revolution' is today only part of the revolutionary project which faces the people. Sexual affirmation is one aspect of a total affirmation. The search for authentic life and communication which, however mystified, lies at the root of all sexual experience will only be satisfied through the transformation of all social relations. Revolutionary passion embraces all other desires - the cells in which we are all trapped will only be destroyed in the abolition of the spectacle in its entirety.

Dinah Livingstone

LEEDS CLINIC

"You see Sylv," Jan said,
"he's too quick for me
and that's my marriage."

Sylv in an odd mood almost sang
when she answered,

"You see, he's like trees to me,
enormous elms when I'm in his arms.
And in bed he gives peace to me
like apples red. Perhaps he's the god
that trees have been
and apple the health of my heart in the garden."

"You're mad," said Jan,
"when you're not even married."

They put their welfare foods
carefully in their prams
and going along together
stopped in at a cafe for tea and meringue.

Lillian Wolfe

LILLIAN'S VOICE

"We lived in Edgware Road. There were horrible slums just round the corner. One day my sister and I started to go down Horace Street about a maid who applied for a job as 'general' with us, and a policeman stopped us and said it would not be safe for us to go. As long as I can remember I saw much poverty around us; and the little ragged children playing in the streets. This must have had a definite influence on me. Also when at school I liked history and was especially interested in the 'Rotten Boroughs' which prevented any but the rich people from being represented; and also the struggle to get popular education.

One day I was making my father's bed and dipped into Winwood Reade's Martyrdom of Man which was my father's bedside book and the only thing besides the daily paper which I ever saw him read. I found it very interesting and used to read some every day. One day he came in and found me reading it and said, 'That won't do you any good', which in the circumstances I thought very funny. Anyway I followed up the footnote references and eventually, at eighteen, lost my religion.

I remember a feeling of great relief, but was rather worried that, if my friends at the Post Office had known about it, they would still want to be friends with me. Towards the end of my twenty years in the GPO I became a suffragette and, as a result of lobbying, an Anarchist! I definitely renounced promotion. The head of my department came to see me about it. He spoke of the money aspect of promotion, and I told him that it did not mean much to me. I think he was probing to get me to talk about my ideas, as they must have already got a file on me. My prison sentence was, no doubt, added later. My lobbying experience made me realise what a farce it was that the members of parliament represented the people in their constituency

FREEDOM PRESS and the WOBBLIES

One day at a Trafalgar Square rally I bought a copy of FREEDOM because I liked the name of it. In the Civil Service Socialist

Society to which I belonged a group of us from the Post Office found ourselves very unpopular, and discovered that they were socialists and we were anarchists. Then my life at Freedom Press began. At one time I joined the IWW My membership was very brief as I was absolutely horrified at the book of rules and regulations which was given to me. I don't know how I first heard of the IWW but I liked the idea and still do. ('We are many, they are few.')

Probably my first realisation of the injustice of the system under which we live was when I noticed at an early age that those people who did the most for the ease and comfort of others were the worst paid. The servants, for instance. If they were paid £18 a year they were considered very well paid. One of my friends in the suffragette movement founded the Domestic Servants Union, and things have been better for domestic workers ever since.

FAMILY LIFE and RELIGION

We were the 'poor relations' of the family and I always felt that we were looked down upon because our father kept a shop. One branch of the family were very well-off indeed and we were not recognised by them. My father's sister and her family, who became well-off later as dentists, were very fond of us all and we saw a lot of them. But one day my father was deeply offended at something one of the sons said to him and he never went there again. I always thought it must have been a sneer about my mother, but we were never told anything about it. My sister and I got to know a lot of well-off young people at the cycling club and dances, so I always felt that there were two sides to my life; our social life and our life in Edgware Road, which was very plebian surrounded as we were by hard-up people and the very poor with their little ragged children.

I just accepted religion as a child, as children do, but nobody ever talked religion to me. We were taught to say the Lord's Prayer. Later I went to a Sunday school at the synagogue, where I was quite a star pupil. Later still I became quite religious. I used to deny myself very attractive things such as theatres because they interfered with the Sabbath. No wonder I was relieved when the Martyrdom of Man helped me to throw it off. I looked up footnote references and read Darwin, Spencer, etc. and soon found that I was not alone in being without religion.

SUFFRAGE and SOCIALISM

I joined the Womens Freedom League because I, in common with many others, thought the Pankhursts were too authoritarian. I met many fine women in the movement, many of whom were socialists. Before I went to that first meeting I was very critical of the propaganda methods, but afterwards saw that it was the only way to

get our ideas heard and understood. Just because we were women and classed as we were with children and idiots!

Women of today certainly do not realize what we did for them. I do not remember any anti-man feeling at all. It was simply that the ideas of women were never asked for, or represented, in any. We knew that much that was wrong could be put right (like women's and children's work in coalmines, etc.) I went on a caravan tour with a very intelligent Scottish girl who was a fine speaker. One evening in Salisbury Market Square we were booed, had cabbages thrown at us, and were finally chased to our caravan by a howling mob. Not a nice experience! But on the way we were invited into a house by some friendly people who protected us until the mob had gone. We went back the next evening and the people were so surprised to see us that they listened. We often found gifts on the caravan steps. Due to my lobbying experience I have never used my vote. But, voting aside, our movement made a very definite change in the status of women.

I cannot say when I first heard about socialism, but I was an enthusiastic member of the Civil Service Socialist Society until a group of us discovered we were anarchists. It was this group of us which started the Communal House, Marsh House, named after the group editor of Freedom. It was a great success. We shared the house-work and expenses and each had our own room. We had a social and dance every Saturday evening at which we did refreshments, which earned some cash for Freedom's expenses. These were always well attended. The socials were held on the ground floor where there was a full-sized billiard room so there was good room for dancing. It was a very large house in Mecklenburg Street and had large rooms. The rent was £90 a year!

WAR and RESISTANCE

I only remember feeling that the Boer War was wrong, and a young man trying to convince me otherwise. On Mafeking Day I was cycling home from Rugby at the end of a holiday and saw the jubilation in all the towns and villages I passed through. In the evening I went down Oxford Street and saw the young men kicking their top-hats into the air to express their joy. But I always had the impression that South Africa got more out of that war than Great Britain did.

I was working at the GPO the afternoon when news came through that we were at war (World War I). Everyone was horrified. Later the atmosphere became very disgusting. I remember even during our half-hour lunchtime some wretched girl would rise and start singing 'God Save the King'. Sometimes it would be done two or three times, when we were expected to stand up. I didn't.

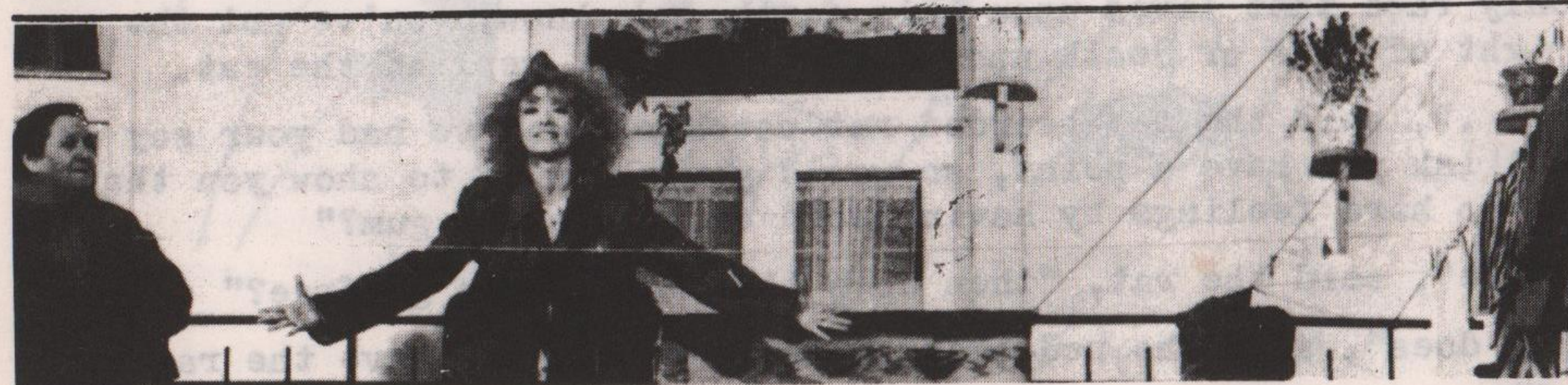
I was at the GPO until 1916 when I resigned and after that we went to prison (see Defying The Act). I was living at Marsh House and had entered my name at Queen Charlotte's hospital as I wanted

the very best for my baby. ~~But~~ two or three weeks before he was due I had a visit from the Almoner and they turned me down because Tom and I were living together still - otherwise I could have gone there (i.e. - they were living together as common-law husband and wife'). George Davison had invited Tom and me to go to his very luxurious house in Holland Park, so that is where young Tom was born. A young nurse used to come daily night and morning.

Whilst we were at Marsh House an article appeared in one of the daily papers - I think it was the Daily Express - about us. Just in one day's issue, and then nothing more. We came to the conclusion that the papers had been warned-off as the police were keeping an eye on us. Conscription had started and some of our boys hid in the Scottish mountains to avoid it. We had a very outspoken article about conscription in The Voice of Labour and it was for this article that Tom and I were sent to prison. It was reprinted as a leaflet. He was charged with printing it, and I for distributing it. I had sent it out with a signed letter suggesting ways of getting it well distributed. One lot went to Errico Malatesta, and they were watching his correspondence. Next thing was a summons served on Tom and me. Tom got three months and I got two months - we refused fines as alternatives. I was put in hospital as my son was on the way. I think it was meant to be kind, but I was not allowed to mix with the other prisoners, even on exercise in that ugly yard. It really amounted to solitary confinement and had a very bad effect on me. My thoughts kept going round and round and I could not sleep. I was afraid this might affect the baby, so I consented, two weeks before I was due for release, to pay the fine of £20. The last night I had sleeping-pills, a night nurse, and very little sleep.

That leaflet was very funny. Freedom Press did not appear on it, but Tom had concocted some humorous details of printers, etc. I remember Lloyd George and other members of the government being involved. These leaflets were to be taken to a friendly printer. But we knew Tom was being followed around, so he started off with a bag he didn't usually carry and went to Freedom Press as usual. Later on I went out carrying the copy for the leaflet in my muff, which were luckily in fashion at that time, and delivered it safely to the printer."

To be concluded in Z-2.



Mike Humphrey

The RAT-CATCHER and the RAT

Said the red-bearded rat-catcher to the rat, "How much money are you worth?"

Replied the rat, "Wealth I have plenty: but money - none!"

"What and where is this wealth that you talk about? Fetch it to me at once or your life will be swiftly shortened by my sword or chewing-gum!"

"Tis true I have wealth but how can I give it to one who's so eager to kill at will? Why do you wish to kill me? I've not harmed you in any way; in fact if it wasn't for rats there would be no need for rat-catchers, so we do you a favour by being around and keeping you in a job."

"Oh dear! I never looked at it like that. But wait! Rats are a pest; they must be destroyed! They cause great damage to the human race, by spreading germs and diseases. You and your kind would harm me and my kind, so why should I let you live?", said the red-bearded rat-catcher to the rat.

"We should kill at all. The germs we've got, we picked up from you, so if you just let us live as we were intended to live, we would die in our own natural way. Who gave you the right to judge me and mine? Who said we all must die? The human race is not the only race that lives upon this earth, you know, you've not the right of life or death upon another being", replied the rat.

"...", said the red-bearded rat-catcher, "you've had your say and I think you have a point, so would you allow me to show you there is no hard feelings by having some of my chewing gum?"

"Sure", said the rat, "then does that mean I can go free?"

"It does", said the red-bearded rat-catcher, and gave the rat some

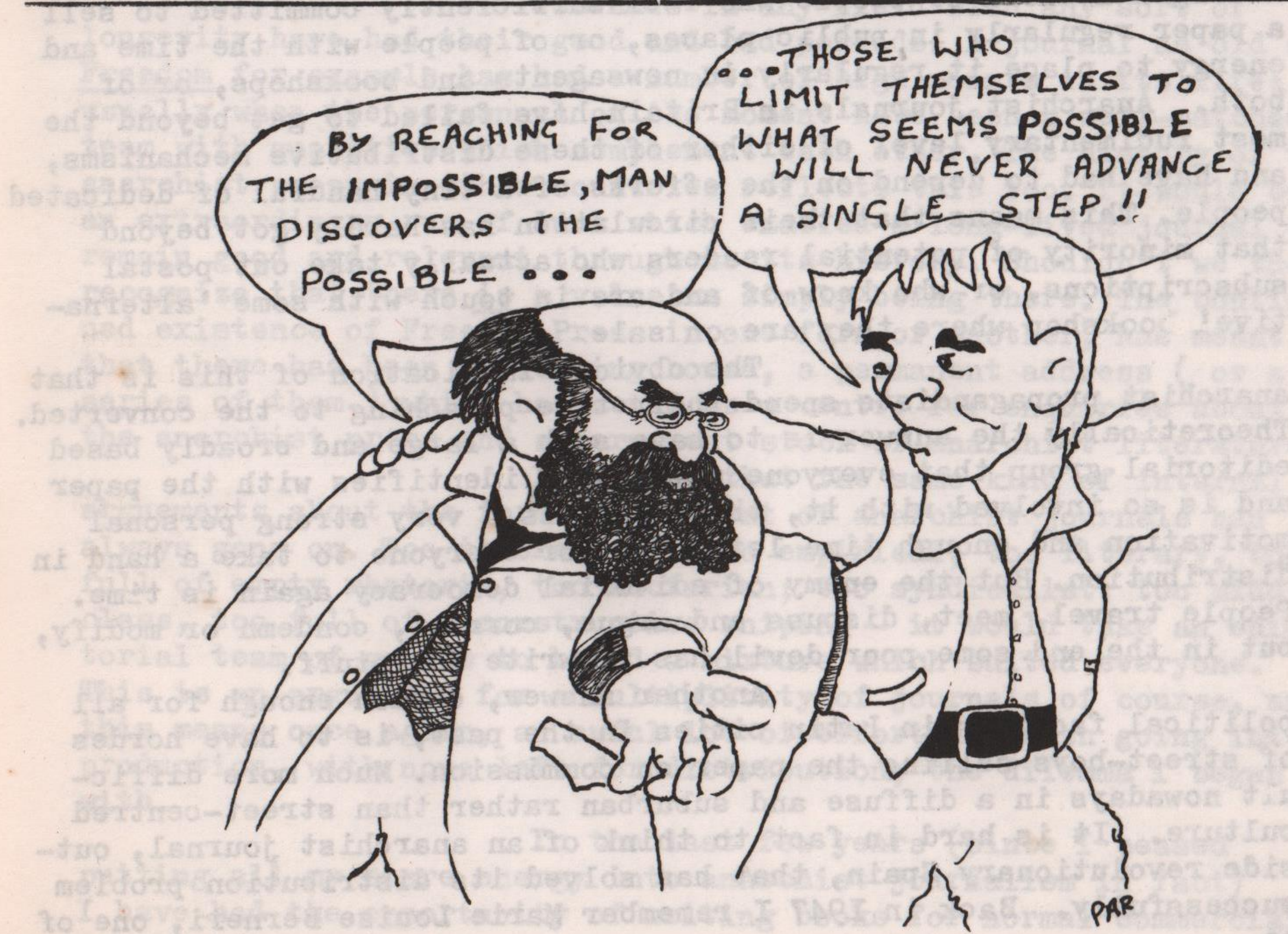
gum. "Eat it up and be on your way, but before you go, please tell me what this wealth is that you have."

"Well, I do feel a little strange in my tummy, but I think I can tell you that. My wealth isn't really anything you can see or touch, so its difficult to explain. You see, I come from very humble beginnings and live in a very poor way, but I do have my freedom to come and go whence I please. I have a nice little wife and ten children and live in a sewer that stinks, which for rats, that's a nice place to be. I run when I want to and walk when I wish and swim and jump and play. When I am hungry I go looking for food for us all and that, really, is how I spend my day. I suppose I can say that my wealth is my happiness."

With that, the rat dropped to the floor and died! The red-bearded rat-catcher picked up the rat by his tail and put him into a sack with lots of other rats. He put the poisoned chewing-gum packet back into his pocket and started to walk further along the sewer. After a while, he saw another rat. "Hey, you there!", he called.

"Who, me?", said the rat.

"Yes, you!", said the red-bearded rat-catcher, "How much money do you have?"



Colin Ward

NOTES

OF AN ANARCHIST EX-EDITOR

The enemy of anarchist journalism is the fact that there are only twentyfour hours in a day and that quite a slice of them are used up earning a living. Of what remains, so much time and nervous energy goes into producing a journal that none is left to spend on distribution and promotion. There must have been plenty of exceptions in other times and other countries, but I can think of few.

Effective distribution depends on having a network of people who feel sufficiently committed to sell a paper regularly in public places, or of people with the time and energy to place it regularly in newsagents and bookshops, or of both. Anarchist journals in Britain have failed to get beyond the most rudimentary level of either of these distributive mechanisms, and have had to depend on the efforts of a tiny handful of dedicated people. This means that their circulation has hardly got beyond that minority of potential readers who actually take out postal subscriptions, or who know of and are in touch with some 'alternative' bookshop where they are on sale.

The obvious implication of this is that anarchist propagandists spend their time preaching to the converted. Theoretically the answer is to have such a large and broadly based editorial group that everyone so closely identifies with the paper and is so involved with it, that there is a very strong personal motivation and enough time left over for everyone to take a hand in distribution. But the enemy of editorial democracy again is time. People travel, meet, discuss and argue, correct, condemn or modify, but in the end some poor devil has to write the stuff.

Another answer, common enough for all political factions in Latin cities in the past, is to have hordes of street-boys selling the paper on commission. Much more difficult nowadays in a diffuse and suburban rather than street-centred culture. It is hard in fact to think of an anarchist journal, outside revolutionary Spain, that has solved its distribution problem successfully. Back in 1947 I remember Marie Louise Berneri, one of

Freedom's editors, wryly remarking, "The paper gets better and better, but fewer and fewer people read it." At that particular time, the falling readership had nothing to do with the quality of the paper. The tacit wartime coalition of the anarcho-anti-militarist left had dissolved and the political apathy of the left, following the election of the postwar Labour government, had implied a general withdrawal of interest in issues. Similarly Peace News was faced with a decline in sales in the mid-sixties when the impetus had subsided in the anti-bomb movement. People blamed it on the then editor Ted Roszak, but it was simply that the ebb and flow of interest in minority ideas was operating against him.

What I find worrying is that in the last few years - say from 1968 - the tide has been flowing in an anarchist direction. But has this been reflected in the circulation and influence of the anarchist press? I don't think it has. Some people would say that this reflects a comprehension gap between the 'old' and the 'new' anarchists, and that they are just not on the same wavelength. Old dogs are not good at new tricks and I imagine that the members of the Freedom Group for example would retort that they would be happy to relinquish their responsibilities if they had found a replacement team really likely to take them over responsibly, previous attempts not having been happy.

Journals in any field with any sort of longevity have had their good and bad periods. A journal as old as Freedom for example has had a number of high points in its life: usually when the personnel of the moment have been a well-matched team with qualities which complement each other. The history of the anarchist press in other countries reflects this too. It would be an extraordinary run of luck which enabled a long-lived journal to remain good and relevant throughout its history. Shouldn't we then recognize that there is a value in simply being there. The continued existence of Freedom Press in one form or another, has meant that there has been a clearing house, a permanent address (or a series of them) which has acted as a centre for enquiries about the anarchist press and a permanent stock of anarchist literature.

I suspect that the same kind of internal arguments about the form and content of anarchist journals has always gone on. Too theoretical, too empirical, too literary, too full of empty rhetoric, too sectarian; too syndicalist; too middle class, too full of unconstructive sniping - it would take an editorial team of genius to blend a mixture which suited everyone. This is an argument for a multiplicity of journals of course, and this means once again, an awful lot of effort and cash going into production, with none left for distribution; the dilemma I began with.

In the last few years (since I ceased putting all my spare energy into anarchist journalism in fact) I have had the opportunity of writing books for normal commercial publication, and this has given me the opportunity, novel for me,

of reaching with what I believe to be an essentially anarchist message, people who would never be reached by our kind of journals and who never go near 'alternative' bookshops; simply people who browse around in the public library and discover what to them (however familiar and well-worn they are to us) are new, fresh and exhilarating ideas. When I was editor of Anarchy (1960-70) I was in fact in an extraordinarily privileged position. Editing, pasting-up and correspondence was done on our kitchen table, while the donkey-work of subs., stuffing envelopes etc, was done by other people down at Freedom Press. Moreover the joint subscription arrangement with Freedom meant that there was a subscription basis that made the journal financially viable from the start. Nor was any kind of pressure put on me to follow a Freedom Press line (if such a thing exists). But it provided a degree of editorial autonomy that would seem almost indecent for an anarchist group in the seventies. And it enabled me, not only to spend my evenings at home, but also I think I can claim in view of the posthumous acclaim of the first series of Anarchy, it enabled me to demonstrate that propaganda based on the constructive possibilities of an idea is more effective as propaganda than that based on destructive, even though perfectly valid, criticism. The kind of themes that Anarchy specialised in - workers control of industry, alternatives in education, the de-institutionalisation of social welfare, dweller-control of housing, creative approaches to deviance, and so on, were the kind of issues that very many more people are concerned about today than ten years ago. They were the right growing points for the application of anarchist ideas to ordinary life. Another thing that was extraordinarily lucky for me was that Rufus Segar appointed himself cover artist.

A great Freedom editor, Tom Keell, wrote in the early twenties that an anarchist journal was intended for serious people in their most serious moments. He meant that attempts to write down to people, to talk in slogans and catch-phrases, were not worth making in the anarchist press, and that there was no point in trying to appeal to the lowest common denominator of readership - we could leave that to the popular press, which in fact is read for light entertainment rather than for information or the exchange of opinion. One of the things I learned from thirty years of attempting to be an anarchist journalist was that he was right.

WITHDRAW!

STOPPRESSSTOPPRESSSTOPPRESS....16 people facing trial in autumn for giving leaflets to troops stressing their civil rights to become a resistor/objector of conscience/civilian & free humanbeing again! You can help by writing to British Withdrawl from N.Ireland Campgn. 5, Caledonian Road, London NI/or: Peace Centre, Ringway, Birmingham.

Phil Ruff

7 YEARS AFTER

"I am fighting to make socialism a reality. In my eyes that is the only way to live."
Dany Cohn-Bendit, 1968.

It is common these days to ignore the libertarian character of the May revolt in Paris in 1968. Marxist 'theoreticians' are eager to "prove" that the missing ingredient was a "correct" revolutionary leadership (by which they mean themselves) even though ALL the various brands of Maoists, Trots, Leninists, and communists were caught with their dialectic down, and, after being FORCED by the workers to chase after the struggle, were completely impotent.

The events in Paris during May 1968 provided a graphic demonstration of a revolutionary crisis in modern times, and more importantly, in a so called "affluent society". They show that a revolutionary situation doesn't ALWAYS derive from purely ECONOMIC imbalance. The struggle had nothing to do with an economic crisis in capitalism. Its driving force was the alienation and meaninglessness of life within bureaucratic capitalism, NOT any slump in the standard of living.

The French workers were primarily concerned with winning control of their factories. The central conflict was between the order-givers and the order-takers. It lay bare the real contradiction of capitalism - the fact that it excludes people from CONTROL of their own lives, yet at the same time is forced to win their PARTICIPATION, without which the chain of command and obey would snap and the whole rotten hierarchy would collapse. (Witness the attempts of the present Labour Government in this country to substitute "workers' participation" for direct workers' control)

The tremendous response which the revolt of the students and workers evoked among ordinary Parisians only came when it went BEYOND simple economic demands. And it was only later, when the Communist Party and the trade union bureaucrats succeeded in diverting the struggle back into demands for higher wages, that the movement was halted and the capitalist regime saved.

The May revolt went beyond the confines of any one social group. Virtually every section of French society (excluding the ruling class) was involved to some extent or other. Thousands of ordinary people began to question for the first time in their lives the whole principle of hierarchy; and in fighting for the destruction of the problems which faced them as individuals (family, school, work) they fought for the destruction of all that faced them collectively. For the first time they proclaimed the need for a total transformation of the society in which they lived and affirmed the need for self management ("autogestion") of their own lives.

Faced with such a direct threat to its authority, the state was compelled to reveal its oppressive nature and fundamental incoherence; and at the same time the emptiness of Government, Parliament, administration and political parties was exposed for all to see. The bureaucratic leaderships of the "working class organisations" were forced to reveal their true nature as custodians of the established order. The various "official" harbingers of freedom amongst the package-deal left, still playing their worn gramophone records and clutching onto the same old cliches for organisation, proved totally irrelevant to the situation. The workers, who these "vanguards" considered incapable of achieving anything but "trade union consciousness", achieved more in the first two weeks on the streets than the Marxist leaders had done for sixty years. As in every preceding revolution, the Marxists began by discouraging the revolt as inopportune, and then, forced by events, grudgingly gave their blessing to accomplished fact.

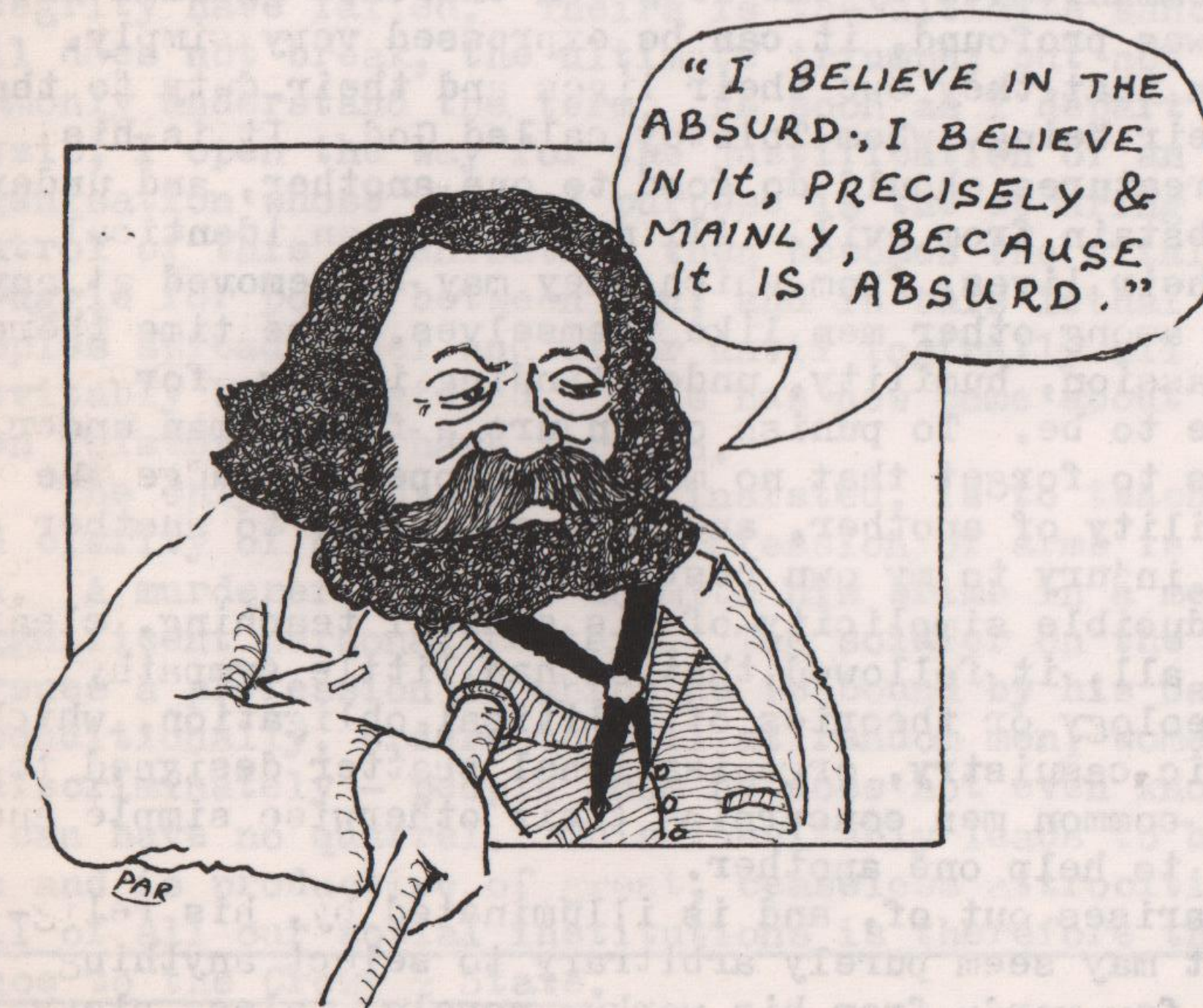
People learnt by direct experience what others had taken a lifetime of book learning to discover. The workers LIVED the revolution without bothering what dialectical phrase should be fitted to which action. Suddenly conscious of their ability to achieve something on their own, people who until then thought themselves isolated, dominated by the institutions of the state, realised that they were not powerless. Incomprehension and apathy changed almost overnight to conscious determination to bring about real change. Meetings of 5,000 people, workers as well as students, were common in the Sorbonne where previously a meeting of fifty would have been impossible to control. Nine million striking workers for the first time began to question their role in society.

Had the workers of the armaments factories not only occupied their places of work but continued production and armed the workers, had the transport workers taken arms into the other cities of France

and organised local militias, victory would have been assured. The state would have been confronted by an armed people controlling the economic means of production and transport. It is unlikely that the largely conscript army would have fired on the workers. Instead mass desertions would have bolstered the actions of the workers and students. The revolution would have become a reality.

As it was the workers, unused to such a situation, hesitated and the unions and communists stepped in with promises of pie in the sky in exchange for moderation - the struggle was diverted. Diverted but not destroyed. The experience of the French workers can never be erased. It is often necessary to learn from mistakes. The ideas which, before May, the anarchists had been attacked for as "utopian" found a common voice in the workers, who accepted the libertarian ideas of self-management and direct action as normal and natural. This DESPITE the efforts of the communists and union leaderships!

Only by daring, by trying again and again, and learning from the mistakes made along the way will people ever advance. The workers and students of Paris pointed the way forward. If not in Paris, then the struggle will begin again in another place with other people.



Ronald Sampson

LEO TOLSTOY

Tolstoy's greatness is so many-sided that it is not easy to pinpoint his unique stature. I would cite the depth of his love of humanity, his detestation of, and absolute fearlessness in the presence of 'Power', his unquenchable devotion to the truth whatever the cost in personal suffering. As he lay dying at Astapova railway station in 1910, an old man of eighty-two, among his last words were: 'I do not know what it is that I have to do...' and the knowledge that despite his gargantuan efforts to save men from their terrible fate, he could not persuade more than a handful to listen. Even today, a hundred years after he wrote it, the brilliant and searching analysis of our social pathology contained in War & Peace, and in the Second Epilogue in particular, is still either despised or ignored. The fact that his dire predictions have been so rapidly fulfilled does not seem to predispose us to listen more attentively to what he had to say.

Tolstoy is first and last a profoundly religious thinker, and was accordingly excommunicated by the Orthodox Church. Because Tolstoy's religion was profound, it can be expressed very simply. All men are equal in that they owe their lives and their duty to the common author of their being, whom Tolstoy called God. It is his will that all his creatures should do good to one another, and under all circumstances abstain from evil. All men are in an identical situation: living their lives, from which they may be removed at any moment and forever, among other men like themselves. The time therefore for love, compassion, humility, understanding is now, for tomorrow I may cease to be. To punish or injure a fellow man under any circumstances is to forget that no man is equipped to judge the degree of responsibility of another, and that an injury to another is automatically an injury to my own best self.

Given the irreducible simplicity of his ethical teaching, clear and unmistakable to all, it followed that he had little sympathy with any abstruse theology or theories of political obligation, which he saw as ritualistic casuistry, organisational chatter designed to confuse and deceive common men concerning their otherwise simple and self-evident duties to help one another.

Tolstoy's art arises out of, and is illuminated by, his religious philosophy. It may seem purely arbitrary to select anything for discussion in a few words from his works, novels, tales, plays,

which are as rich and all-embracing as life itself. Yet central to all Tolstoyan thought is the supreme value of forbearance and forgiveness, with the corollary that the will to dominate and get one's own back is morally crippling. This is the central theme of tales like God Sees The Truth But Waits, and Master & Man. The same theme provides some of the most moving episodes in his greatest works; War & Peace, Anna Karenina, Resurrection: Prince Andrew mortally wounded at Borodino catching up at last with his hated enemy Anatole Kuragin, himself at the point of death under the surgeon's amputating knife:

Vronsky and Karenina, the lover and the husband brought together at the foot of Anna's bed where she is thought to be dying in childbirth of puerperal fever; Prince Nekhlyudov seeking forgiveness of Katusha Maslova, the maid who he had grievously wronged.

The root of the evil in man can be expressed in many different ways. Tolstoy in attempting to define the source of man's suffering placed his chief emphasis on the alleged right of self-defence. This 'right' he held to be spurious and rejected. Insofar as defending my body involves doing injury to another man, I do something I know to be wrong. Insofar as I do not return good for evil, I do myself an injury as well. While other men may destroy my body, which is in any event mortal and perishable, they cannot injure my essential self, my integrity. This is indestructable, except insofar as I myself destroy it. This is clearly understood by men in Power. Hence the lengths to which they have gone in every generation of mankind to rob the heretic of his integrity. His life they normally only take in desperation after all attempts to destroy his integrity have failed. Theirs is the ultimate sanction; his, if his will does not break, the ultimate triumph; but not a triumph as men commonly understand the term. As soon as I depart from this metaphysic, I open the way for the justification of an apparatus, an organisation whose alleged purpose is the securing of my defence. Control of this organisation then becomes the vital key in the struggle for power between men; and in this lethal struggle the ripples spread wider and wider until logically all mankind will inevitably be threatened. This has now come about more quickly than even Tolstoy could have foreseen.

The only remedy, Tolstoy insisted, is to teach men by example and clarity of mind that the profession of arms is an evil profession. A murderer at least commits his crime in a meaningfully significant personal context. The soldier on the other hand pursues a profession in which he is bound by his oath to obey, unconditionally, orders to kill at random men, women and children indiscriminately - people whom he does not even know and with whom he can have no quarrel. This inevitably leads to brutalisation of men and is productive of great, ceaseless atrocities. The most evil of all our social institutions is therefore the oath of allegiance to the Crown & State.

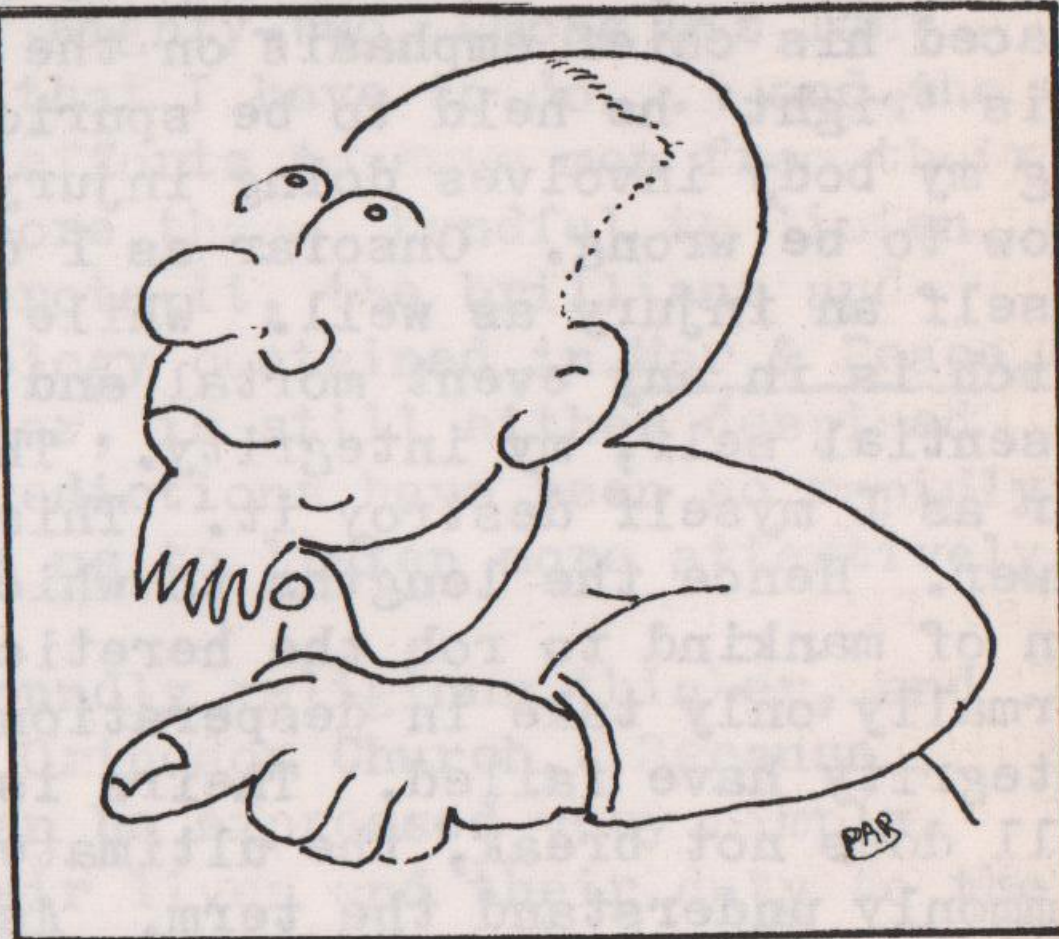
The only remedy is an ancient one but it is a sufficient one:

'Swear not at all ... Let your communication be Yea; Yea; Nay; Nay.'

In conclusion let Leo Tolstoy make his appeal to us direct in his own words: 'If I know the road home and go along it drunk, staggering from side to side - does that make the road along which I go the wrong one? If it be wrong show me another; if I have lost my way and stagger, help me, support me in the right path as I am ready to support you, but do not baffle me; do not rejoice that I have gone astray; do not delightedly exclaim: 'Look at him - he says that he is going home yet he goes into the mire!'; do not rejoice at that but help and support me. For indeed, you are devils out of the mire, but are also men going home. See, I am alone, and I cannot wish to fall into the mire. Help me! My heart breaks with despair that we have all gone astray, and when I struggle with all my strength you, at every failure, instead of pitying yourself and me, flurly me and cry out in ecstasy: 'See, he is going with us into the mire!.'

Michael Gerard

Who's Who in Eternity



The public face,
Genteel snuffling laughter
Concealing menace:
Absolutely marvellous, thank you so much -
Smothering the mental haemorrhage.

Convenience of love,
Belief in something up above
That christens and marries and funerals
For an establishment contracted fee
While garden-fete wife says, it's twee.

Big warm house and three litre car,
God given things which are
Ours by right, with children
With gardens and singing birds:
Forgetting those who cart away the turds.

ABSENT FRIENDS

Rolf Stein is in detention in Germany, where the Baader-Meinhof "trial" is due to re-open soon. It is nonsensical to call it a trial as no defendants since Guy Fawkes have been so universally condemned as guilty before the legal process opens. And the situation which the media have created out of this in Germany is one where libertarians, left wingers, anarchists and people of no matter what non-consensus political views are being hounded remorselessly. Simple possession of certain political documents is an offence carrying a prison sentence. The German police have been given a free hand to act against political dissidents and they are taking advantage of it. Rolf Stein has been imprisoned only for his opinions. He is secretary of Berlin ABC and has long been active in support of prisoners. He needs support from his friends and comrades on the outside now. Letters of protest to the German Embassy, 21/23 Belgrave Square, London S.W.1. And messages of solidarity and support to Rolf Stein, 5 Koln 30, Rochus Str 350, Germany.

Also five comrades in this country, Jake Prescott, John Barker, Jim Greenfield, Hillary Creek and Anna Mendelson are still serving long sentences of ten years each, imposed after the "Angry Brigade" trials. They need long term support and contributions towards the cost of this work to Stoke Newington Five Welfare Committee, Box 252, 240 Camden High Street, London N.W.1.

An American comrade, Eddie Sanchez, is a prisoner who has come to a revolutionary political position since being imprisoned and as a result of his prison experiences. He would have had difficulty in being politically committed before being imprisoned as he is now 26 years old and has been in prison for the past sixteen years, since he was just ten years old. During his time in prison Eddie Sanchez has been subject to many forms of harassment and brutality from behaviour modification treatment to pieces of razor blade in his food. At present he is accused of assaulting a fellow prisoner, and the prisoners has made testimony that it was not Eddie Sanchez who assaulted him. Even so the proceedings against him have led to a belief among those who are working in his support in America that the frame up will end in his being found guilty. While this comrade can sustain his resistance and keep his human dignity he will also remain hopeful. Send messages of solidarity and support to Eddie through Free Eddie Sanchez Committee, P.O.Box 124, West Somerville, Mass.02144, U.S.A%

LAG

Dennis Gould

Trapeze Artist in a Circus full of Clowns

" Colleges are like old-age homes; except for the fact that more people die in college than in old-age homes, there's really no difference. " - Nat Hentoff Interview for Playboy.

" Money doesn't talk it swears. Obscenity who really cares? Propaganda all is phony! " - Its Alright Ma(BringingItAllBackHome).

Most people chasing political and social goals, like most people chasing poetry & literature awards, feel that the importance of mythmakers like Bob Dylan and Joni Mitchell to be limited. I feel that their importance as poets, as interpreters, is immense. For they are primarily dealing with their very own experiences, with their very own thoughts/feelings. If only those seeking to further anarchism were doing the same we would have fewer organizations and more organizers - more poets and more anarchists. Since every individual has the potential for unlimited growth as a person, we need to help those who lack confidence in revealing the poet & craftsman /woman, within everyone. To point out the harm done to people by institutions - and to the staff of these institutions also.

Even more do we need to reveal how our acknowledged poets, like Shelley & Blake, lived their lives & why they 'speak to our condition' just as relevantly as in their own day. It is commonly & conveniently forgotten that Shelley travelled to Ireland to give out his own leaflet written on the 'Irish Question' that he wrote Mask of Anarchy at the time of the Peterloo Massacre in Manchester; that William Blake wrote precise poems about sexual & social freedoms; and that he hid Tom Paine when on the run after publication of Rights of Man. If these are 'romantics' let's have a thousand more! They did enough to stimulate a human revolt, and did their fair share of fucking & fighting for their rights.

It is some thirteen years since his first LP - Bob Dylan. This is what AJ Weberman said in Broadside (93) when asked how long Dylan used irony? " On his very first record. He was a subtle cat. Columbia Records told him to cool the political jazz. He had a lot of his other songs already written at the time Bob Dylan was recorded. But they wanted him to do those old Negro folksongs. So Bob said ok & selected a list of songs which dealt with death, which is so much a part of the life of a slave. He even chose a song like 'Sister Mary wore three links of chain/

On each link was Jesus' name' - that song can be looked at as linking religion & slavery. Religion as superstition was used to keep the blacks enslaved. "

Most kids of the Seventies will probably see him more as the superstar of that Bangladesh Concert(3-LPs') and that Isle of Wight Festival than as a new folksinging hero of myths & ballads; from English traditional tunes to his own Rock & Roll melodies.

At the time George Jackson was gunned down in prison(author of Soledad Brother) Bob Dylan released a response to his murder on a 'single' which had the song George Jackson on both sides; one a simple guitar backing, the other a big band & singers', so making it impossible for music stations to play the-B side! ie. they would have to play George Jackson with its strong words of solidarity for the man:

" He wouldn't take shit from no-one
He wouldn't bow down or kneel. "

He has always written such strong, simple ballads in the great tradition of folksingers & poets. Save up to buy Freewheelin' & Another Side of Bob Dylan and then beg, borrow or steal two fantastic ones: Bringing It All Back Home & Highway-61 Revisited! If you then also manage to get birthday & christmas presents choose John Wesley Harding & Blood On The Tracks (his very latest release). If you listen carefully these few songs will give you the scope of his poetry.

For Bob Dylan (ne Zimmerman) has released poets & poetry from the clammy bloodsucking hands of the anaemic academics, and nudged & prodded listeners to listen very carefully to words. Bob Dylan has reclaimed poets & poetry for the children of Walt Whitman & Woody Guthrie (who incidentally would be better acknowledged as the fine poet he is, if Born To Win, his notebooks, were widely available). Since Dylan's voice is rasping & rough it requires careful attention to 'get' his words, especially on the early LPs'. Dylan, more than any other person of his generation, has created a freedom of style & execution for songs & poems which says 'Go ahead in your very own way and write/sing your very own poems.' If you read his long jazzpoem on the albumsleeve of Joan Baez in Concert Pt.II you will see what I mean. And because his poetry is on records it escapes the literary cliques. Yet what could anyone call A Hard Rain and Desolation Row but epic poems?

Any song or poem which increases confidence, self-awareness or independence is very political indeed. For inner-directed people, individualists if you like, are awkward sods who run their own lives. May even go on to print poems or sing songs of their own situations? This means they are very much still concerned about housing; jobs; welfare of children; civil liberties.

Bob Dylan creates a climate of moods through some sixteen 'official' longplayers' & on some thirty or more 'boot-legs' (pirated albums from taped concert recordings-or stolen studio tapes'). And as if this were not enough ... books have come out on

trapeze artist: Bob Dylan by Anthony Scaduto (Abacus): Mr Song & Dance Man by Michael Gray (Abacus): Bob Dylan, A Retrospective (Pica): Bob Dylan-Writings & Drawings (Panther) this last being his songs & poems, collected works of 460 pages! (unfinished) Recommended. Whoops!

The late Ralph Gleason; whose journalism on jazz/folk/rock is only touched by Nat Hentoff; also a founder of Rolling Stone, wrote this testament to Dylan, a fragment from a brilliant essay on Dylan: "Dylan describes a world in which naturalness is forbidden, creativity the enemy and beauty is assassinated. Youth struggling to keep from growing up absurd in a land of tv commercials and highrise rapacity, sees this same world and sees, too, that we adult members accept it." - Ralph Gleason, Ramparts, 1966.

Israel Young, a longtime befriender of young folksingers & musicians, contributor to Sing Out, organizer of folk-events has written: "He started his New York career as a disciple of Woody Guthrie via the technique of Jack Elliott. With the help of many friends he immersed himself in the entire range of American balladry. He soon became the first singer-writer to incorporate contemporary psychological ideas into the form of the traditional ballad stanza. He made contemporary words seem as if they were always there, and that is the work of the important artist." - Israel Young (East Village Other).

All his LPs' are available: 1. Bob Dylan 2. Freewheelin' 3. Times They Are A Changin' 4. Another Side of Bob Dylan 5. Bringing It All Back Home 6. Highway-61 Revisited 7. Blonde On Blonde 8. Greatest Hits 9. John Wesley Harding 10. Nashville Skyline 11. Self-Portrait 12. New Morning 13. More Greatest Hits 14. Planet Waves 15. Before The Flood 16. Blood On The Tracks.... & of bootlegs get The Albert Hall Concert.

Bob Dylan is a poet who, like those of old, sings. And like important poets always, he stirs our imaginations. He is a storyteller & soothsayer who quickly spellbinds us by wrapping his words in fetching melodies and driving rhythms and by singing them in a fantastically weird style - crude rather than cultivated. He's also a rollicking harmonica howler, an adequate guitar picker and an individual enough folksinger to break with tradition by adapting the big beat of rock & roll. This makes him a very unusual living poet; one with an audience of millions. We listen, perhaps we sing along, certainly we tap our feet, occasionally we even dance to one of his songs, and if we are of a mind to, we begin to understand that a man possessed by dreams is telling us how things seem to him....
- Donald Myrus intro. Ballads, Blues & Big Beat.

CONTRIBUTORS

Lawrence Ferlinghetti is the founder of City Lights Bookshop, San Francisco; the creator of the Pocket Poets series; publisher of Allen Ginsberg's Howl, of Denise Levertov, Kenneth Rexroth, Jaques Prevert Kenneth Patchen & Jack Kerouac. Author of Coney Island Of The Mind, Pictures Of A Gone World, Starting From San Francisco, Her, Routines.

Ronald Sampson has written The Psychology Of Power; The Anarchist Basis Of Pacifism; translated, type-set, printed & published Tolstoy's Letter To A Soldier. Actively involved in the Cttee. of 100 struggle of civil disobedience in the Sixties. Just written a book on Tolstoy

Lilian Wolfe 1876 - 1974. Telegraphist before 1900. Opposed Boer War Suffragette. Anarchist Companion of Tom Keell - editor/printer of Voice of Labour & Freedom. Both imprisoned in 1916: (See Z-Revue 2 for 'Defying The Act') - founded healthfoodshop in Stroud; member of Whiteways Community. Worked in Freedom Bookshop for 30 years. Salut!

Phil Ruff overwhelmed us with material: graphics etc. is involved with Anarchist Black Cross at Centro Iberico, 83a, Haverstock Hill, NW3. He recommends Cohn-Bendit's Obsolete Communism: Left Wing Alternat. (Penguin). We also suggest situationist: Beginning Of An Epoch & the Solidarity pamphlet Paris '68. Not forgetting the magnificent Posters!

Michael Gerard is musician; poet; teacher & leek grower extraordinary.

Mike Humphrey is pissed-off computer freak now reformed youth worker!

Colin Ward is an architect/teacher/editor & author. Founded Anarchy a journal of immense importance, for taking anarchist ideas into the wider world. Published from 1961-70. Ten years of material suitable for at least half dozen books - Publishers take heed! Anarchy In Action (Allen & Unwin) is a continuation of his ideas. Editor of Peter Kropotkin's Fields, Factories & Workshops Tomorrow (Allen & Unwin). An editor of Freedom from 1947-60. Editor of BEE, Town & Country Planning Ass., Bulletin of Environmental Education - BEE. Search out his books!

Dinah Livingstone is publisher of Katabasis Pamphlets; has written some extraordinary poems. Lookout for Beginnings; Tohu Bohu; Holy City Of London; Maranatha. Write to: 10, St Martins Close, London NW1.

Dave Stringer is a non-stop talker whose poems are quite the opposite! Is definitely one of Walt Whitman's 'wild children' and has like so many present day poets, published/hawked/read and given-away nevermind sold, his poems/his pamphlets of other poets'. He is one the best readers around - has a fine voice. Contact him at following address: 23, Moorlands Av, Leeds, Yorkshire.
