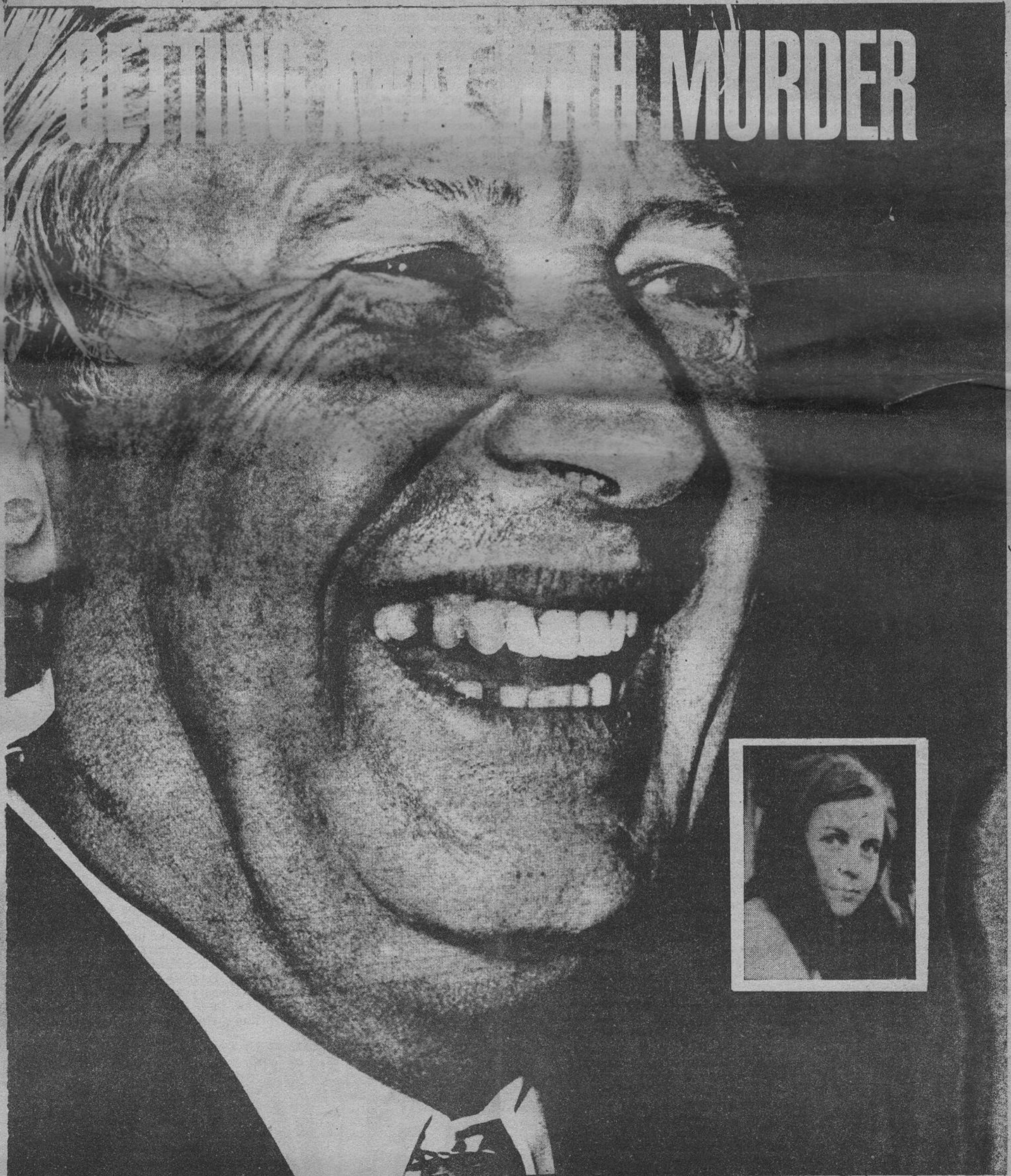


Black Dwarf



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Underground Press Conference: a Solipsistic Cricket Match.

By John Hoyland & Jane Nicholson

The Joinson Memorial Hall in Manchester stands in a grassy plot surrounded on 3 sides by blackened terraced houses and on the 4th by a gasometer. On Saturday 20th July, this was the scene of the first ever Underground Press conference, called jointly by OZ and Grass Eye, the Manchester underground paper. Unbilled stars of the occasion were a group of astonishingly scruffy skinhead kids, who attacked the hippies physically at the level where it hurts most, jumped up and down on the roofs of their cars, and brought the conference to a halt by chanting "we shall not be moved" in the doorway. They were finally invited into the hall to eat up all the food, and had a marvellous time because of the friendly and tolerant way they were treated.

In the only ideological statement of the day, Felix Dennis, of OZ, reminded the conference that in America people were shot to death by the police, while in Britain kids like these had nowhere to play—but it was all part of the same problem.

The most significant thing about the conference was the number of papers represented there. There were some 15 of them, including IT, OZ, Grass Eye, Time Out, Friends, Resurgence, Zig-Zag, and Black Dwarf. The total number of people at the conference was more than 50, even though many papers had either not been invited, or hadn't been able to make it. That there are so many independent papers appearing now is less important than the fact that they are willing to come together and discuss their common problems. Such a conference would never have been held a year ago.

The meeting convened itself four hours late, unconvened itself for some macrobiotic food, reconvened itself again and then terminated in a random but fairly effective way. There was a community of interest there, and this allowed for a pleasant vagueness in the way the meeting was run. Unfortunately it also made for cosiness and complacency.

The first session of the conference dealt largely with the proposed weekly paper that the OZ group hopes to bring out in November. This paper, which is intended to act as a "unifying news vehicle" for the underground, is to be called INK. The present idea is for it to appear in tabloid form like the Daily Sketch. It hopes for a circulation of 100,000, and it is apparently going to be indistinguishable from the bourgeois yellow-press except that it will contain "The Truth".

Felix Dennis explained that OZ's increased sales were directly related to how sensational their issues were. If they could be consistently sensational with their lead stories in INK, they may break the 30 to 40 thousand sales barrier, and get through to a six figure circulation. He added that he hoped the paper would act as a kind of news service for the underground, to the extent that people would use the paper as a community news service, and would feed information back into the paper from their areas.

A number of other new papers were also mentioned. It seems there is going to be another pop-paper called Strange Days, which will be like the music-section of IT only simpler and easier to understand. There is also going to be a comic series modelled on the great American R. Crumb's comics, and to be called Cyclops. There are also several plans—as yet not clearly formulated—for a political weekly. How the hell all these papers are going to exist together was not gone into very much, though it was claimed that INK and Strange Days would act as stepping stones to IT and Friends.

The second session of the conference dealt with possibilities of co-operation between the papers. Up till now the underground papers have been concerned in producing rival papers with rival sources of advertising revenue and rival distribution outlets. But with three years' experience of consistently similar rises and falls in distribution and advertising revenue, it has begun to appear that the underground might now be marketed as a package deal. This may explain why it was almost exclusively the business managers and advertising managers who decided to come to conference, not the editors.

Co-operation between the papers has been helped along by the attitude of the straight commercial world. First the record companies, and now

the film companies, have understood that a new product can be given an up-dated and "avant-garde" image if it is pushed through the underground press. Particularly as far as the American companies that advertise here are concerned, all the underground papers are regarded as more or less the same. And as the actual papers don't seem to be very conscious of themselves as distinct entities (it's often a question of different lay-out more than anything else) co-operation over attracting this advertising seemed a logical step.

Virtually all the papers at the conference had serious financial problems. These were attributed at least in part to the difficulties of distribution. (The question of the loyalties and the actual make-up of the readership was not dealt with). So various ideas about combining over distribution were put forward. Then the conference discussed ways of attracting more advertising. This led quickly into the area of promotion and PR. Somebody complained that one of the difficulties of producing an underground paper these days was that there wasn't much to write about. Perhaps they could get together to put on various promotional activities to "sell" the underground to the public, and at the same time get something to describe in the papers? This led to the usual fantasies about putting on rock concerts, producing television shows etc.—prompting Howard Frazer, of the Night Ferry distribution group, to comment afterwards that most of the people at the conference "seemed totally committed to the spectacle."

The fact that this first-ever meeting of the underground papers confined itself exclusively to discussing business and public relations might seem pretty strange. But what was really startling about the conference was that it became clear that underground papers have virtually no commitment to their own copy. This was expressed most sharply (albeit unconsciously) by one of the representatives of Friends, who said that if their paper was given a million pounds and consequently didn't have the continual hassles to get the paper produced each month, the paper would probably collapse because they wouldn't know what to do with it.

Most of the underground press have little to say that they actually think, or believe in. They continue to propogate a style of freedom, in which the revolutionary, the reactionary and the completely meaningless jostle side by side. It must be added that this has a positive aspect. The editorial and ideological freedom that the papers proclaim means that genuinely revolutionary voices can be heard in the columns of the underground press. The excellent and cool-headed Time Out, for example, carries a regular "Revolution" column that is offering a considerable service to the Left. In the same way, it is possible for revolutionaries to write in the other papers—at the moment anyway. This opportunity should not be wasted. The underground press keep their pages open for us. It is in part a criticism of revolutionaries that their voices are not heard there—as clearly, concisely and frequently as possible.

"Clearly" and "concisely"—these words are chosen deliberately. The underground press has a standard reaction to the Black Dwarf—that it is difficult to understand (that it is obscure) and that it is full of jargon. This seems an appropriate moment to reject emphatically this accusation, and to turn it back on the accusers. Anybody who has ever read OZ or IT knows only too well that these papers are ten times as obscure and as tortuously written as the Black Dwarf, and that they are absolutely riddled with a jargon which is the more contemptible because it so frequently means virtually nothing at all. If you compare phrases like "getting it together", "hype", "plastic", etc etc etc with a word like "bourgeois", what emerges is quite simply that the former words merely suggest vague feelings of approval or disapproval, while the latter actually describes something real. (It's obvious to any-one with eyes in their head that the bourgeoisie exists—that Britain is a class society—just open those eyes!)

This point relates very closely to what was so abysmally bad about this first-ever underground press conference—the almost unbelievable lack of thoughtfulness and seriousness that it revealed. This can be understood most clearly if we conclude by listing some of the things that were not

discussed at the conference:

The question of the relationship of the papers to their readers was not discussed. The concept "underground" itself was not discussed. What the underground stands for, who are the people who comprise the underground, what are the long-term intentions of the underground, what is the politico-social role of the underground, what is the relationship between the underground and other young people, other older people, the revolutionary movement, the third world, Marxism, etc etc etc—these things were not discussed. The differences between British underground papers and American underground papers was not discussed. The relationship between underground entertainment and "straight" commercial entertainment was not discussed, though at one point it was acknowledged sadly that the underground couldn't put on such a good rock-show as the Bath Festival. (The fact that virtually everything that the underground does is rapidly appropriated by big business was also not discussed.)

At one point it was mentioned that CBS helped to subsidise the American underground papers by extensive advertising for several months. Then, a sufficient demand for CBS's "underground" music having been built up, and a sufficient profit assured, CBS suddenly pulled all its ads out of every underground paper in American. Now CBS is advertising heavily in the British underground papers (why? and for how long?). The implications of this were not discussed.

IT, the oldest and recently the most committed of the underground papers, came to the conference against a background of falling circulation, huge debts, a killing legal battle on an obscenity charge, and some of its key staff leaving to start other (more commercial) ventures. IT has had problems before and has battled its way through them. Probably it will manage to do so again, but the fact that its problems were not discussed at this conference was amazing.

The question of the underground's reaction to the potential racism and the repressive "law and order" aspirations of the newly elected Conservative Government was also not discussed—this, despite the fact that the law is at present descending on OZ. OZ will no doubt respond to this in the same way that IT is responding to the obscenity charges it is facing—by organising a benefit concert. The underground's stock solution to every problem it faces seems to be to get some more bread.

The people who write for the underground press regard themselves as revolutionaries. How can they be revolutionaries when, even taken at their very best—at their most vital, at their most idealistic, at their most imaginative, at their most critical of bourgeois society—they do not take the trouble to find out how this society actually works? How can they be revolutionaries when they do not take the trouble to find out what are the different forces operating within society, and how these forces interrelate, and where the real locuses of power lie, and where the real sources of new forms of power lie, and how this new power can be applied, and how the forces of social change can be developed to the point where a new society is created to replace the old?

To make revolution is to change society. You cannot change society without understanding society. You cannot understand society without thinking....

A solipsism is a statement that attempts to explain itself merely by repeating what it said in the first place—it is a kind of closed circle that doesn't get anywhere. The day after the conference the people who were still in Manchester went out to a local park for a cricket match. When we left the match the Greasy Bear World Beaters were ahead of the Grass Eye All Stars by 45 runs to nil. This might have something to do with the fact that for a lot of the time the Greasy Bear World Beaters were both batting and bowling. It was fun at the cricket match, but it suggests the more serious thought: is the underground batting and bowling against itself? Is the underground a completely solipsistic movement? Or is it capable of engaging with the rest of society in a real, serious and revolutionary way? Looked at from this point of view, the first underground press conference was a start, but not a very promising one.

TIME OUT

the Living Guide to London

it THE TV-PAPER FRIENDS Black Dwarf

The nudes of Keele, upon whom the bourgeois of Staffordshire and Fleet Street have recently been concentrating their venom, are merely the expression of a couldn't-give-a-damn attitude in a particular context and hot weather. For the Keele authorities, however, the resultant loss of £20,000 from a local council was the last straw.

For two years, in face of continual—and increasingly radical—student hostility they have maintained a totally intransigent attitude. The particular institution (hyper-liberal mini-Oxbridge) the particular situation (small, isolated with a four year course) plus the continual presence of a revolutionary Left (fairly small but relatively articulate) has meant that continual attrition has borne results. Over the last two years a growing number of students here have passed from the system-as-unfair-by-its-own-standards criticism (i.e. liberal) to an openly revolutionary one. There is now a large minority (say 300 out of 1700) for whom any number of seats on Senate or liberal rules can make no difference.

Altogether seven students have been suspended this term. Three were victimised following a sit-in and another four on trumped up noise charges(!) Eighty students missed a minor First Year exam (out of 400). Drove of students have been leaving Keele's much vaunted First Year realising it is a fraud. Several attempted suicides culminated in a death last week. Academic victimisation for political reasons is small but increasingly significant (we have several irrefutable

examples).

The conjunction of these symptoms plus the apparent impotence of normal student sanctions (due to inability to strike etc.) led to: burning of a section of the Keele Registry, several nights of painting, glueing of strategic locks, damage to the Registrar's house and threats of other more serious damage. Though uncoordinated, these acts were a political reaction to the failure of the Left to provide a credible mass alternative to liberal impotence. Although condemnation of administrative terrorism was universal among students there appeared little to be done. The theoretical implications of applying various sanctions, and their purpose have rarely been thrashed out. In our case, we saw ourselves as acting so as to prevent the future use of reprisals by the universities, by attempting to establish the credibility of our sanctions. Nevertheless, the situation at the end of term is one in which we have learnt much, confirmed the existence of a revolutionary left with a large minority following, and prepared the base for less spectacular but equally subversive activities next term.

Someone wrote: "It is easier to shock the bourgeoisie, alas, than to overthrow it". Comrades at Keele are finding that in fighting for a university where we can educate ourselves and aid the struggle (particularly of the working class) outside this is certainly true. Freaking the bourgeois university may be useful (it has been); revolutionary socialists must act beyond this.

FROM A KEELE MILITANT

Got Them by the Testimonials

The present doctors pay dispute has exposed the splits and tensions within British medicine. The profession has always been divided between Consultants, GPs and junior doctors, and the rift between these sectors expresses a more fundamental contradiction between doctors as a middle class self-interest group, and their role in serving the community.

In 1947 when the NHS was founded, the then Minister of Health Bevan met with violent opposition from the British Medical Association (BMA). He dealt with this using classic divide-and-rule tactics by buying off the key leadership: the Harley Street Consultants. They were given part-time contracts so they could continue their private practice; they were allowed to continue running their teaching hospitals independently; and they were handed over a large lump sum of money to be distributed at their own discretion as 'merit awards.' Typically, Labour fell over backwards to accommodate its enemies, and ignored and alienated its potential support among GPs and junior doctors, 60% of whom had voted for the NHS against the leadership's line in the BMA's referendum.

During the 1950's discontent grew among the rest of the profession who had been left out in the cold and the GPs were the first to organise themselves. Through their pressure came the Royal Commission on Remuneration which proposed large increases in GP's salaries, and the establishment of a 'review body.'

The Conservatives set one up, a supposedly independent, body of seven distinguished men to decide on doctor's salaries. The chairman Lord Kindersley is a director of Rolls Royce, Layards Bank, the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, and the Bank of England, well suited to take a balanced view of the financial needs of doctors; three others out of the seven have been prospective Tory candidates. Kindersley and his crew have looked kindly on the profession, providing generously for Consultants and GPs over the years and now, at last, as they have emerged from their attitude of feudal serfdom and formed their own organisations, the Junior Hospital Doctors.

The recent furor follows the latest Review Body report. In their evidence to it (and they are the only body allowed to

give evidence) the BMA advocated a 40% increase for Consultants. This was a bit much even for Kindersley who suggested that 30% plus more merit awards would do. Imagine the fury of the BMA when the government cut their increase to a mere 15%, and at the same time split the profession, the other way this time, by offering the junior doctors all of their 30%. Kindersley and Co, as befits their political associations resigned en bloc, and the BMA issued a shrill cry to strike, asking the junior doctors to give up their 'blood money.'

The last five years has seen the junior doctors turn against the BMA as they have formed their own organisations the Junior Hospital Doctors Association and now the Junior Doctors Section of the Medical Practitioners Union. They are now the best organised, most militant section within the profession. It is not hard to see the reason. Junior Doctors are so over-worked that when the BMA recently negotiated overtime pay for them they saw to it that it started each week after 102 hours of duty. In the past the patronage that consultants exercised over the Juniors through their testimonials ensured that the Juniors accepted their allotted role, and, like apprentices, put up with gross exploitation. Now the growth in numbers of Juniors, combined with the small numbers of Consultants, has broken their grip. So it is no surprise that the BMA, who have never themselves shown the slightest interest in improving the conditions of junior doctors, should have to turn to them in their hour of need (need for another £750 on top of the £750 they were offered).

The result has been a hearty snub for the BMA with junior doctors throughout the country voting against them.

As always in our society the language of cash conceals the real issues. Underlying this dispute is the problem of overworked junior doctors providing an inadequate service to patients in under-equipped hospitals without proper community support, alongside a growing and largely clandestine private sector. If the Tories give their blessing to this process, they can only accelerate the increasing radicalisation of young doctors—and the Consultants will get their rise.

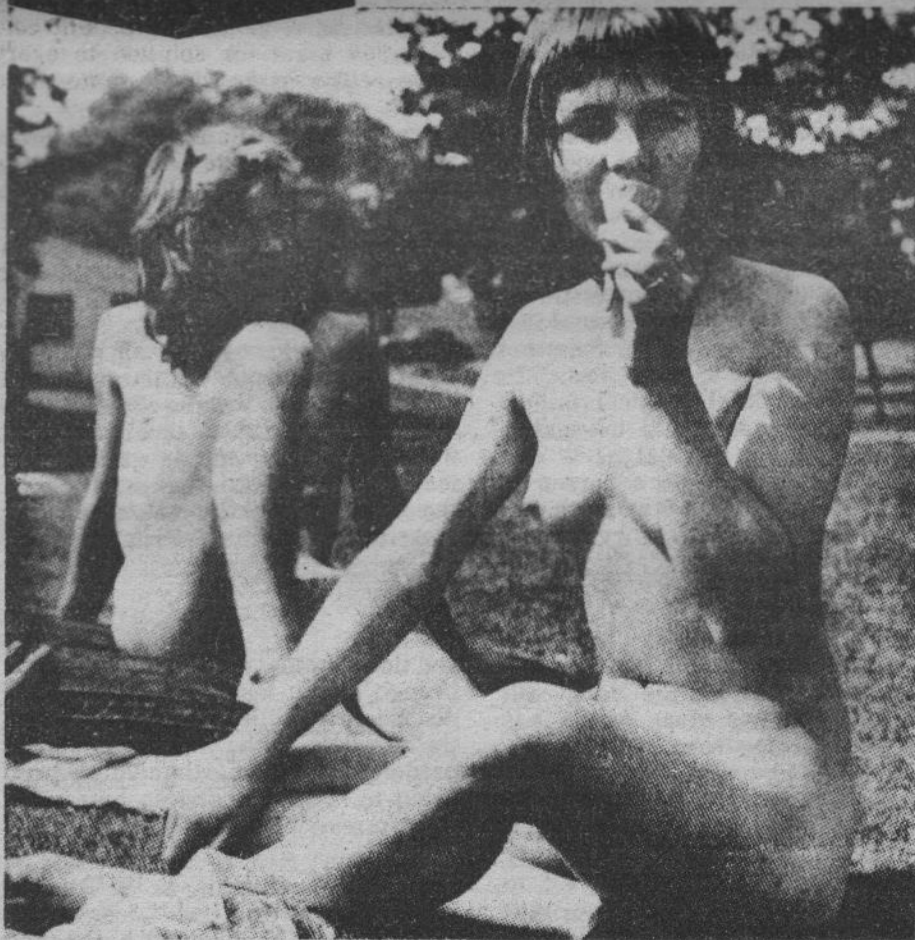
By a Junior Doctor.

How they kept their cool at Keele

NEWS OF THE WORLD

JUNE 21, 1970

No. 6,604 PRICE EIGHTPENCE



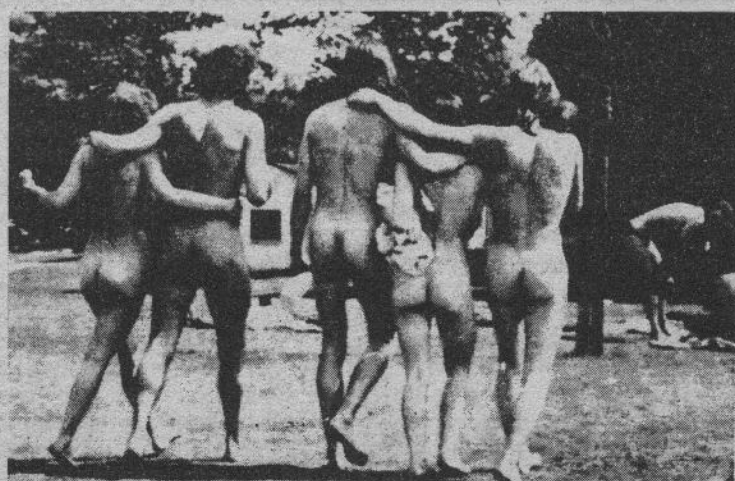
THESE are pictures of the Nude Students Affair that you read about in yesterday's newspapers.

They were taken on the campus of Keele University. Staffs, after 20 students stripped off to sunbathe.

Shocked onlookers called the police, and the students put their clothes on.

Blonde sunbather Rosie Marcham, aged 23, said: "When it's hot we occasionally do go nude."

A university official said no decision had yet been made on whether action would be taken against the students.



TENANTS LEADER DIES AFTER ATTACK ON FRIEND

Councillor Doug Watts, one time Vice-Chairman of the United Tenants Action Committee, died recently of a heart-attack which was almost certainly caused by the shock of seeing his friend Alderman Bill O'Dell beaten up by a fellow-Alderman from Tower Hamlets Council.

The incident occurred on April 4th at the Burdett estate in the East End. Bill O'Dell a long-time fighter for the tenants, had resigned from the Labour Party previously, and was standing as a "Rent Rebel" Candidate in the GLC elections. He was being supported in his campaign by Doug Watts, an old friend and like him an old-age pensioner.

The two were sitting in a car addressing a meeting through a microphone attached to a loudspeaker equipment on the car. Suddenly Alderman Rackley, who lives on the Estate, pushed through the crowd with two companions. Bill O'Dell told the Black Dwarf what followed:

"Rackley pulled me out of the car by my tie. Then he roughed me up. He wrecked my equipment, and I ended up with a black eye."

Doug Watts, who had only a week before discharged himself from hospital after a heart-attack, was no stranger to the hostility of reactionaries—even reactionaries like Rackley who were in his own party. But the sight of his friend being treated in this way was evidently too much for him. Two hours after the incident he suffered another heart-attack, and was taken immediately to hospital. A week later he died.

Bill O'Dell told the Black Dwarf that one aspect in particular had made him angry about the tragedy. After the funeral, Mrs Watts put a notice in the paper about her husband's death. She received many messages of sympathy and condolence, including messages from most of the Tower Hamlets Councillors. Noticeably absent from the list, however, was Alderman



FESTIVAL OF THE DEPRESSED

In a protest against the General Election 200 supporters of CRAP (Campaign for Revolution against Parliament) shuffled round the City, chanting and playing music. The festival

EDITORIAL

The result of the General Election 1970 presents the left with a golden but difficult opportunity—to break once and for all the hold of the Labour Party over the working class.

Labour fought the election on the premiss that class politics was no longer significant, and the whole Party accepted this without criticism. It attempted to turn itself into a 'national' Party by evacuating the last traces of socialism from its policies, and went to the country like a prostitute, with nothing more to offer than itself.

The weakness and feebleness of the Conservative opposition seemed to give Labour a victory it had done nothing to deserve. But Labour outdid itself to prove that it could be even more wretched than Heath and the Conservatives.

Labour did not lose because it was inexperienced, because it was unprofessional, because it was badly led, or because the Conservatives had a better programme or more money—all excuses that have been used in the past. Wilson's very skill at the Parliamentary game deprives Labour of these time worn excuses and dramatically underlines the fundamental political and ideological weakness of Labourism.

Harold Wilson, self-seeking and self-regarding, has been publicly and deservedly humiliated. Obsessed with trivia, his incessant calculations made his opportunism appear to be a strategy. His onanistic manipulation of the media seduced the press and television, and of course, himself. Dizzy with success he was successful at nothing, and his failure was intrinsic to his entire politics. It is a continuation of Wilsonism to blame the defeat on tactical misjudgments or his personal quirks.

If Wilson has failed how much more so have the discomfited labour leaders who had so little belief in their own intelligence and powers that they surrendered their Party to his narrow calculations?

Gone from the Foreign Office is the depleted absence Stewart, who trailed after American imperialism and ensured that in a time of crisis and international turmoil Britain had nothing to say. Gone, the bland Jenkins. About to lead us from one economic crisis into another, he can return to his studies of bygone Parliamentarians. Gone, the thugish Callaghan, with his leering smile, an archtypal excrescence of British Labourism. Gone the bloated visage of Healey, with his unbroken record of imperialist military policies in the so called Ministry of Defense. Gone the opportunist Barbra Castle, who took on the most vicious betrayal of the workers by the labour government.

Nerve

The often repeated story of the 1945 Labour Government—the Attlee ad-



ministration that laid the basis of the 'welfare' state—is that it had three reforming years and then lost its nerve. It is now clear that the Labour Party has never recovered this nerve, and that it never will. Through the long years of the fifties, of Conservative prosperity, of the internecine splits and betrayals, Labour's leaders became convinced that they were a permanent opposition. Like drowning men they grasped in desperation at Wilson's rhetoric of technology, and scraped in to victory over Lord Home. Then, as they reformed the structure of British industry, and reversed the balance of payments deficit, the opinion polls tolled out the message: they were heading once again for opposition. With their task done, they have indeed found themselves back on the familiar benches, a chastened and defeated party.

The traditional Labour supporter will try to put the defeat down to tactical errors. The election should have been a week sooner; it should have been in the Autumn or in the spring of next year; the Labour machine didn't have time to get into action and, most damning of all self-criticisms, the manifesto should have had a few 'ideas.'

The electoral structure of the

Wilson fails in bid

sour. But what alternative? What 'ideas' could he have put forward without losing credibility? What alternative did the Cabinet have, given that they have no policies, but to follow Wilson? Labour's Election Campaign was not an accident, in its very nothingness it fulfilled the historical destiny of Social Democracy. In this sense Wilson's campaign was the most honest and sincere political manouver he has ever performed.

Nonetheless, whole sections of the British left still voted for Wilson and his clique. Some of them voted under the impression that the Conservatives would introduce a stringent, semi-fascist regime of racialist terror and repression against the working class. But as some of the contributors to our debate on voting Labour in the pre-election Black Dwarf pointed out, this will not be the case.

The victory of the Conservatives is a move to the right, but it is a move already presaged in the development of the Labour Party. From the very beginning of the Labour Government when it refused to devalue in 1964, from the very model of Wilson's personal aspirations (Macmillan), it was crystal clear that the nation Labour wanted to lead was a Conservative one.

But Wilson failed in his bid for Tory leadership. Now there is a true blue administration in office. It will impose cuts in the social and educational services, it will profit speculators and businessmen, it will help South Africa, even if, with aplomb, it builds more houses than Labour, and directly assists the very poor) now that Labour has ceased to be socialist the Conservatives can safely increase welfare when they want to). The Conservatives will put through Trade Union legislation, they may even engineer a boom, but they will not in any crucial political respect alter the relationship of the working class to the State, any more than Labour would have.

The new Conservative government must be seen in this light, without crocodile tears for the epigones of Attlee. The right-wing policies of Heath and his cabinet are not an excuse for wailing lamentations, even though Heath (like Nixon a loser who won) has in Enoch Powell his Spiro Agnew. Powell, who attacks the media while staring into the TV cameras, is the man who blasts the students, the workers, the foreigners and the liberals. Like Nixon, Heath keeps a distance on his Agnew, and picks up the benefits. For Blacks, as in the States, the existence of a figure like Powell in the ruling Party gives ground for fear. It also gives the prejudiced and the openly racist, the Paki-bashers and the National Front, more

defeat, the low turn out, the 'housewives' voting for Heath, racialists voting for 'Powell' are not reasons but consequences. They are the ballot, and so they remain to be explained.

One fundamental reason stands out—the bankruptcy of Labour. Its administration was one of the utmost nullity. What did it do on its own initiative? A record of non-events. The National Plan (that was scraped), Incomes Policy (that was temporary), Sanctions on Rhodesia (they've not been enforced) Trade Union legislation (that was withdrawn), the nationalisation of Steel (that was left over from 1951), the abolition of prescription charges (that was reneged on). What is left? SET, IRC, and the invasion of Anguilla. All the rest (devaluation, Ireland, long term withdrawals from East of Suez) were forced on them. The marginal but important reforms that have liberalised social life—abolition of hanging, homosexual law reform, legalisation of Abortion etc—have gone through as free votes.

This fundamental political failure of the Labour administration underlay the election campaign. Wilson put himself forward on a person to person confrontation with Heath. He seemed to win but victory turned

C.P. The morning after.

What happened to the Communist Party in the election? We are pleased to carry this short report on the Party's misfortunes by one of its revolutionary militants. For obvious reasons he has to remain anonymous.

The Communist Party has been hit by galloping inflation. It appealed for £40,000 for its General Election Fund, and rather fewer than this number of votes were cast for its 58 candidates; an average of about £1 per vote—a seller's market.

The C.P.'s vote in the election dropped 40% (just as it did in the recent local elections). The drop provides an interesting trend for the Party's headquarters in King Street. Steady declines in Party membership and readership of the 'Morning Star' (in small—almost microscopic—print 'Incorporating the "Daily Worker"') provide other similarly interesting figures.

The CP went into the election doing the job that the social-democratic Left of the Labour Party is too incompetent to do for itself; that is to

offer something that differs from Wilsonism even if only quantitatively. A qualitative difference such as would be shown by raising the demand for socialism, is utterly beyond the Labour Left, and was mentioned only in passing by the CP in its election material and right at the end of the two election broadcasts; whose feeble content was only matched by their feeble presentation.

Bert Ramelson, in his encounter with Tony Cliff some months ago, seemed, in his summing up, to equate electoral with political work; when he defended the Party's policy of contesting elections on a wide scale. In many areas the election (and election work in general) was and is still seen by the majority of CP members as a substitute for consistent political work among the people. A vicious circle is set up when the Party vote falls; enthusiasm and morale within the Party falls and there is less inclination on the part of many members to do the hard political work required. In-

stead, public activity hinges on a few individuals. Even so, the Party still lost votes in those areas where it is (comparatively) strong and active.

The lack of success cannot, therefore, be put down to just a lack of consistent work. Nor can it be put down to, as some inside the Party will claim, a misapplication of tactics. The tactics themselves were determined by the overall strategy of the Party's guiding document, the 'British Road to Socialism'; in the light of the Party programme they were quite correct.

The sharp decline in the Party's vote must be seen for what it is, a defeat. A defeat that calls into question the entire strategy of 'The British Road.' Revolutionaries in the Communist Party must not flinch from this. The question has been raised before, but since no theoretical analysis of an anti-revisionist nature has been made of Britain from within the CP for more than a generation, no alternative strategy has been put forward. So anti-revisionist challenges have been defeated with ease. For example, a somewhat negative re-

solution from the Erith factory branch at the last C.P. Congress to discuss the 'British Road', called for the rejection of the 'British Road' as predetermining a parliamentary transition to socialism and so betraying the interests of the working class. It was defeated by 350 votes to 9.

Since that time (1967) there have been new currents in the CP taking up the question of a revolutionary strategy. The tasks before them, among others, are to challenge the 'British Road's' concept of an electoral alliance embracing the Labour Party, (the kiss-of-death method of artificial expiration), and the present concept of 'Left unity' (leading in practice to tailism).

A new concept of united front work is needed, not geared to a debilitating electoralism, and based on a more rigorous analysis of the Labour Party. At present the CP supports the Labour Party, but has forgotten the second part of Lenin's advice—'as a rope supports one who is hanged'. In the interest of the working class, never did the Labour Party more deserve hanging.

for Tory leadership.

confidence.

So as usual, without a moments thought, the British left responds by "taking up the fight." This time against the "Tories." By so doing it helps to reproduce the parliamentary dichotomy—and so benefits Labour. This "fight" is a political trap. The main enemy is the British State. The Party which blocks the working class from seeing this, which blocks the working class from starting to take political power into its own hands, is the Labour Party.

The question of the left's strategic response to the change in government is of the utmost importance, and we will be pleased to publish discussion on it. For an odious wave of sentimental attachment to the Labour Party has swept the left. Already those on the Black Dwarf collective who refuse to vote Labour have been challenged—did they really mean it? Don't they really prefer Labour? If there is one outstanding feature of the British left it is that it is a glutton for punishment. Within hours of the defeat of the wretched and reactionary Labour administration the left was singing its praises. Only relatively of course, but that makes no difference. The men who reneged on every socialist principle cannot be fondly appreciated by genuine revolutionaries. And if we all know that they are not Socialists, if that goes without saying, then why mourn their passing any more than that of the Liberal Party (also 'marginally better')? Sentimental attachment to a Party of betrayal is the wide open road to yet another epoch of defeat and isolation.

Just as it is the Labour Party which must be attacked and smashed, so within the Labour movement this debate must be taken up by militants so as to strike down the Labour 'left.' For the immediate situation is an extremely favourable one quite unlike 1951 after the defeat of the Attlee administration.

The Cold War

Then the Labour Party was openly split and contained a vivid rhetorical 'left' leader in Aneurin Bevan. Meanwhile, Stalin ruled in Moscow and British troops fought in Korea. The Korean war consolidated the Cold War, the essential ideological structure which kept the socialist left both anti-communist and contained within the Labour Party. Within this context the combination of Bevan and Stalin stifled the development of revolutionary Marxism, whilst the Korean boom which the Conservatives inherited, demoralised the massive Labour following already disheartened by years of a political bureaucratic austerity.

Twenty years later there is still an imperialist war in South East Asia, but of a quite different character.



Twenty years later Wilson, who was one of the 'left' cabinet ministers who resigned from Attlee's government, is leading the Party, with the 'mantle' of Bevan around his shoulders. Twenty years later it is the Communist bloc which is divided, while genuine Marxist currents are making revolution across the world. Most important of all Vietnam has smashed the ideological barriers of the Cold War.

Thus the potential political relationship between the left and the Labour Party is reversed. There is no credible political left inside the Labour Party. There is no monolithic Stalinist organisation blocking development on the left outside the Labour Party. And this favourable conjuncture on the left is combined with a crisis on the right. For unlike 1951, instead of a boom, the Conservatives are faced with an immediate prospect of an American-led world recession, with conditions of near Civil War in Ireland, with a potential war of intervention in the Gulf and with a mass of liberals itching to mobilise over Africa. Only entry into the Common Market offers the Conservatives positive potential propaganda and possibly economic respite. Yet even that will raise the

innate suspicions of the working class and will greatly assist Socialists in demonstrating the class nature of international capitalism.

Fear

The only serious threat to the left then, in the immediate future, is its own weakness and lack of confidence. This was vividly revealed by the fear of Labour returning—as has happened—into 'opposition.' For when Labour is in power the left can attack the leadership without attacking the Party.

This reluctance to attack the Labour Party has deep historical roots. For the last thirty years the great majority of working class militants have been active within the Labour Movement whilst the mass of the working class have been politically passive. Trapped in a defensive dialogue with Labour, deprived of the experience of mass action, every traditional instinct furrowed in the earnest brow of British Socialism still points to another dance of death with Labour.

Nothing typifies this extraordinary trance better than the Communist Party of Great Britain. There was one stark statistic in the election: every extremist did well. Enoch Powell, Mad Mitch, Ian Paisley,

even the imposter who changed his name to Edward Heath. Nor was this a straightforward move to the right. In Mid-Ulster the one left extremist Bernadette Devlin trounced her opponents. But the CP's vote slumped.

The contrast between the CP's performance and Bernadette's is a historic one. For Bernadette is the first of a new generation that has experienced mass struggles, and has confidence in the militancy of the working class; no letters protesting against her jail sentence need be written to *The Times*! Against this the Communists stand condemned. And condemned with them is the entire strategy of trailing the Labour Party and hurling abuse at the Conservatives.

Veneer

Only two men give the CP's policies a veneer of plausibility: Scanlon and Jones.

Now the 'left' union leaders are negotiating with the Conservatives and we can expect rotten compromises and fake rhetoric over the anti-Union legislation. We need not fear denouncing them as lackeys of the Labour Party when they reach their agreements. For there is no need to fear isolation from the Labour Movement by attacking its political structures root and branch. On the contrary such an assault is vitally necessary. Class conscious workers have already shown an extreme reluctance to support the Labour Party, and in the absence of a critique from the left, one that is firm and clear and militant; one that does not fear the Conservatives, nor flinches from the destruction of Labourism, many of these workers will have no other way of expressing their fundamental dissatisfaction than by moving to the right.

The new conjuncture

The Election has shown that at the national level the Labour Party is totally and utterly bankrupt, that at the level of local organisations it is feeble and emasculated, that its internal ideological life is now zero, that the allegiance of the working class to it as a class had been dislocated. This tremendous movement is occurring at the same time as an unprecedented avalanche of wage demands, many stemming from sectors that have been dozy and passive for decades. The highest peak in industrial militancy since the General Strike in 1926 has coincided with the decline of the working class's traditional allegiance to Labour. This double movement is not a coincidence. The Labour Party has imprisoned the workers of this country and now, as they begin to sever their allegiance to that Party, above all at the level of political organisation, their own potential for militant self-organisation is released.

S.N.P. Well, it was worth a try.

At a public meeting in a church hall during the last election, a tweedy S.N.P. lady got up and announced to an amazed audience of fishers and crofters that she had seen wild animals being captured by firing anaesthetic bullets into them—on the television programme "Daktari": would it not be possible, she asked, for our policemen to be provided with these anaesthetic bullets to fire at criminals? When the laughter had died down and the speaker (NOT S.N.P.) had politely rejected her, the lady got up to say, indignantly, well, anyway, it was an idea.

The Scottish National Party itself is, in essence, a collection of 'well anyway' ideas. There are the obvious jokes—such as the gans of "criminals, drunks drivers and layabouts" who were to be employed to drive more roads through the Grampians, and the idea of a nationally "pure" Scottish capitalism (you must be Scottish to invest in Scotland, take away your foreign gold). But apart from these

cular time, with no class or economic basis whatsoever, against the drift of European capitalism, against the immediate economic interests of the Scottish working-class, was doomed to remain idealist and impotent.

They did however, attract two totally different kinds of supporters. One lot, the middle-class eccentric ladies and their canny menfolk with an eye to becoming bigger fish by making the pond smaller, can be dismissed as vagrant Liberals, out of touch and/or opportunist. But the second kind of support is much more important and symptomatic. The S.N.P. managed to invoke the vigorous, almost frenzied support of thousands of bright, intelligent, romantic idealists between the ages of 14 and 21; they, by and large, saw themselves involved in a kind of National Liberation Front driving out English and American capitalism from their native glens, following in the footsteps of Robert Owen and Keir Hardie (who actually advocated separatism at one time), and creat-

and some form of profit-sharing prosperity were to be enjoyed by all. All this in spite of the fact that the S.N.P. tends to be lead into battle by medium-sized capitalist, and its chairman, Wolfe, is one of the most unloved employers in Scotland.

Why was their incredible energy, their political involvement, their enthusiasm, and their imagination, channeled into this futile, unprincipled party of idea-mongers? For two reasons: firstly: most of them refuse to support the Labour Party because they have been educated to dissociate themselves from the working-class,—they belong to that rising new sub-class of mini-meritocrats to whom a cloth cap is a joke, and socialism either something that happens in Russia or an excuse for raising the cost of living. They expect certain safeguards from the state, and at the same time demand the freedom to exploit the rest of society as ruthlessly and rewardingly as possible. They reject Labour and Conservative ideologies alike be-

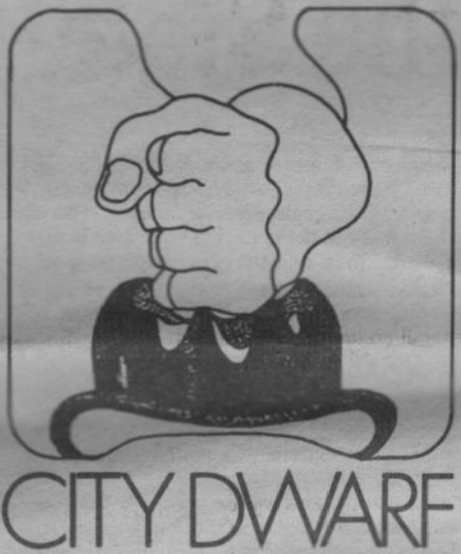
Liberals, Plaid Cymru or S.N.P. Secondly, the debating-society, issueless context between the two major parties has, very properly, given them the impression that something important, something profound, something to do with the quality of living, was not being discussed? They were not sure—but patriotism was there and was different—so they went for it.

Now the S.N.P. have, inevitably, been ignominiously defeated in Scotland, these young people are in no-mans-land. Which way will they jump? By their class characteristics and interest, they could easily move to the far right. On the other hand, they know something is wrong. They are not stupid. Can their intelligence and their "idealism" ever be put to a better use than chasing bright ideas tossed up in front of them by a lot of opportunist tartan Tories? Or have the anaesthetic bullets of a bourgeois education, the capitalist "information" media, and the acquisitive instincts of a competitive

City Bubbly.

On the morning of June 19th.—the day after grinning Ted and his motley crew had made their election coup—I was outside the Stock Exchange at 9.00 a.m. The surrounding streets, which normally do not hot up until well passed 10 a.m. were choc-a-bloc with hysterical pin-stripe suits, beserk bowler hats and, despite the early morning sun, jubilant broleys everywhere being flourished at arms length. The whole place was ten times more beserk than when there is a change in the bank-rate, and that's saying something.

Unfortunately, the visitors gallery in the temporary Stock Exchange building was brimming over with eager investors so it was impossible to actually see what went on inside when trading began at ten o'clock, but just hanging around outside, listening to the conversations of the huddled groups of ecstatic jobbers and ebullient brokers, it was not difficult to get the general impression.



Down in the pubs off Throgmorton Street at lunch-time, the members of the Stock Exchange were falling over to buy each other drinks. They were shouting and yelling, laughing, cheering and singing as if Utopia had suddenly descended on them from out of the blue, and I suppose, for them, it had.

A quick visit to the Financial Times building showed that the Index was up a staggering 23.5 points—a bigger jump than that caused by the declaration of peace in 1945, the announcement of withdrawals of American troops from Vietnam, or the settlement of the Cuban missiles affair—in fact the largest jump ever recorded in a single day in the thirty five years of the the existence of the F.T. Index.

The big pension funds, and unit trusts, who have, much to the chagrin of the Market, been lying low in recent months, were out in force buying with a vengeance. Up shot the Government Stocks, too, with £1 added to War Loan, which rose to £37. 10s.

The afternoon saw heavy profit taking, and quick, sharp selling of many of the shares that had rocketed in the morning, but, nevertheless, the Index ended some 17.1 points up at 351.7, and more than £1000m. had been added to the value of shares quoted on the market in a single day.

Further confidence came from a 26 point leap in the pound on the foreign exchange markets and it ended at 2.4002 U.S. dollars.

ICI, for example shot up 4s.4½ to 49s.6d. in the morning, and even though it fell back to 47s.9d. during

share market value.

A particular feature of the Markets was the leap in shares of Hotel and service industries (from Trust Houses to Rank Organisation) spectacular advances in oils, and huge leaps in the property sector, which reactions were probably not unrelated to the Conservative's attitude to Selective Employment Tax, their policy as regards Rhodesia, and the widespread belief that Capital Gains Tax, the bug-bear of property developers, will be subject to revision.

One thing is certain: the City had not been expecting a Tory win. In the days before the election, the Index had dwindled downwards, further depressed by the withdrawal of really big money to the sidelines, until the result was known. The Evening Standard Poll, on election day, brought things flickering to life, but the bears were out during the week before the election, selling for all they were worth Stock which they had not got, hoping that they could buy it back after a Labour victory at a very much reduced price.

They were probably the only people in the City who got their fingers badly burned by the result.

Of course, this feverish trading was a case of over-reaction, and the very next day the F.T. Index slipped back again—it will probably level out at around 340 for the time being—because even the City cannot expect a Tory Government to wave the magic wand, and put everything right in Wall Street of whose markets the English Stock Exchange is usually little more than a mirror.

Why does the City jump for joy at the thought of Tory government? The broad answer is simple. It knows that in "Heath's team," it has a body of men and women whose aims and ambitions are not incompatible with its own. If there is any real difference between the Labour and Conservative Government, it is in their approach to financial Capital, and Wilson was notoriously reluctant to admit his debt to the City, not only playing down the contributions of "Invisibles" to the export figures, but, on at least two occasions, castigating the bankers, openly and publicly for their refusal to co-operate with his economic policies.

Although 1968 and the first few weeks of 1969 saw an almost unprecedented boom in shares, the City was always mistrustful of the Wilson administration, but with Heath in it can look forward to the remedying of many of its specific grievances.

If the 1971 budget includes a reduction, or at least a modification of Corporation Tax, and adjustment of Capital Gains Tax, the abolition of S.E.T., the restoration of tax relief for loan interest, and a lowering of direct, personal taxation through the imposition in some shape or form of Value Added Tax, the Stock Market is likely to jump for joy again, and if the international economic situation is more amenable, the first two years of the Tory administration are likely to witness a rampant bull market.

There are other factors too: the Tories are pledged, in no uncertain fashion, to the abolition of the Land Commission, and it is probable, or at least possible, that moves will be made Ian Smithwards—both moves will be welcomed by the City. Share tipsters are already pointing to Rhodesian Bonds as the one thing certain to climb under the present Government.

There are other more menacing factors, such as the alliance which has always existed between Powell's purist Capitalist economics and the racketeers of the City. Earlier this year, when a group of stock-brokers staged a demonstration on the floor of the House in favour of the Rhodesian Government, one saw the point at which the two dominating aspects of Powellite ranting come together.

Everyone in the City was celebrating after the election; in one Champagne drenched directors office, I was told "not to worry" how much I drank, because "The Tories will soon be allowing tax free entertainment expenses for businessmen again,

'And there came unto Westminster..?'

(A Paisley Election Meeting, Ballycastle, North Antrim.)

"Let us begin this election service with a song. 'Oh God, our help in ages past...'", thus Paisley, booming, started his election speech. His arrival had been preceded by that of two drummers with huge Lambeg drums, one of them with a gaudy portrait of the Doctor himself, and the motto "Our Defender," inscribed on the front. The drummers began a slow, thundering beat which resounded through the whole town and drew the population to the green on the sea-front where the meeting was to be held. After a while a convoy of about 50 supporters arrived, led by a battered van with an accordion band, driven by Paisley's pale and docile batman, his brother-in-law, the Rev. Begs.

DRUMS AND FLAGS

Finally, after this careful buildup, Paisley himself arrived in a saloon car, gaping frog-like out of the front window, and proceeded to organise his followers for a march round the town. Paisley stands out in a crowd partly because he is a bit taller than the average, but also because his clothes and hair have that distinctive level of minimal neatness that accompanies a certain degree of celebrity. The procession was led by three Lambeg drummers, and three flags—the Ulster flag with the Red Hand emblem, a plain Union Jack, and another one with "No Surrender" written across it. Next came Paisley himself, with bent shoulders, followed by his aides and an old woman holding a tape-recorder to catch his every word. Behind this vanguard flowed about 500 people, and two bands: an accordion band, and the "Young Conquerors: Shankhill Road Flute Band." There was no co-ordination between these different musical outfits, and the main purpose seemed to be to attract the population by a confused cacophony, and to generate enthusiasm

for the coming meeting. The march wound its way round the residential streets, down the shopping centre, and, the bands fell silent as they marched past the war memorial, back to the green for the speech of the evening.

The bands were made up of youngsters, and many of them had a slightly weird Bosch-like appearance, particularly as the procession wore on and they got tired and slightly high on their sounds. The Lambeg drummers were older and were a confused team taking it in turns to beat the drum, or wipe the drummers brow. Paisley himself wore an air of deceptive, paternal mildness, often looking like a man with an artificially solemn mask. As many of the locals were sitting in their first-floor windows overlooking the streets, he would occasionally give them a stilted wave or a paralytic smile, which opened up the lower half of his mouth in a bullock-like yawn. When he was about to start his meeting, and the crowd got in the way of his loud-speaker van he moved them aside with a great show of pseudo-pastoral gentleness. His show of reassurance and gentleness is one side of his appeal to a Protestant working class who feel they have been sold out by the Unionist leaders.

AN HONEST DEALER IN PROTESTANT UNITY

He began his speech, after the song and the prayer, by announcing that he was a truthful man, and that contrary to the official Unionist denials, there had been an electoral deal between himself and the Unionist Party in three constituencies where a split Protestant vote would have let a Catholic in. He challenged Chichester-Clark to ask him, Paisley, to name the Unionist officials who had negotiated the agreement. He then went on to attack his Unionist opponent Henry Clarke. Henry Clarke had spoken in





favour of the disbandment of the B Specials. He remained silent during the pre-Christmas Ulster debate in Westminster—"He must have had trouble with his false teeth"—and in the post-Christmas Ulster debate—"He probably still had indigestion from his turkey." He and "Major Chee-Chee," were traitors to Unionism. "Mr. Henry Clarke does not stand for justice. He stands for Landlordism. He would walk on the Protestant working class." Clarke had even gone so far as to "defile the flag" by printing election posters with a cut-out of his "big-head" imposed over a Union Jack.

Paisley then went on into a more general tirade calling for the return of the B Specials, law and order and end to the toleration of law-breakers like Bernadette Devlin. He stood, of course, for equal treatment of Catholics but this had to be a "justice based on righteousness."

The only specific political proposals he made were for helping the motorist by cutting taxes on petrol, government aid to small farmers and a rise in old-age pensions. He seemed curiously unsure of these less uniquely Protestant demands, as if he could not feel their relevance but knew they were felt to have some in the wide world beyond his loyalist horizons.

"MY FRIEND, YOU ARE A FOOL"

His speech concluded, Paisley offered to answer questions. The first one received the crushing reply: "My friend, you are a fool." The next, on the Common Market, led Paisley to say that he was against the Common Market because "it would be the end of Ulster's Constitution." After a few more desultory and easily deflected queries Paisley called for an end, and "Three cheers for the bands, the Lambeg drummers and the police." *God Save the Queen* was then sung, and as all attention was focussed on the chanting Paisley, his heavies beat a boy in the crowd who had asked a hostile question earlier on.

Paisley's rhetoric, and the way he organises his rallies, aim to evoke a familiar and parochial past, using that curious jumble of religious and military symbols that goes to make up Orange culture. At the same time he is blatantly aggressive and defiant of political politeness. His attacks on his opponents are evocatively physical—Henry Clarke's false teeth, Bernadette Devlin "with or without her appendix," and "Major Chee-Chee, the back of whose ugly neck I have to look at three days a week in the Stormont Parliament." On both occasions he was elected (to Stormont, and then to Westminster) he made victory speeches that rejected the formalities of the usual victor's address. In the Bannside, after saying "this is not the place to comment on the significance of my election," he launched a vigorous assault on the Unionist Party, the *Belfast Telegraph* and the "traitor O'Neill" who had held the seat before him. When the recent result was announced, he proceeded to thank not the returning officer or his constituents, but "the God I serve." He then went on to belabour Henry Clarke whose 20,000 majority had disappeared and to say that the people of Antrim now had a "representative of the people."

HIS CLASS RHETORIC

Paisley openly appeals to the "Protestant

this populist demagoguery corresponds to a political truth. The Unionist Party rests on an alliance of the Protestant ruling class and the Protestant proletariat and farmers. That alliance no longer protects the workers and farmers and Paisley's appeal rests precisely on this developing class split within Unionism. This is the fundamental reason why the official Unionists are unable to fight back, and why they came to deal with him. His policies are theirs, but his are more blatant and reject the formal co-operation with Westminster and Dublin required for the political and economic survival of their class position.

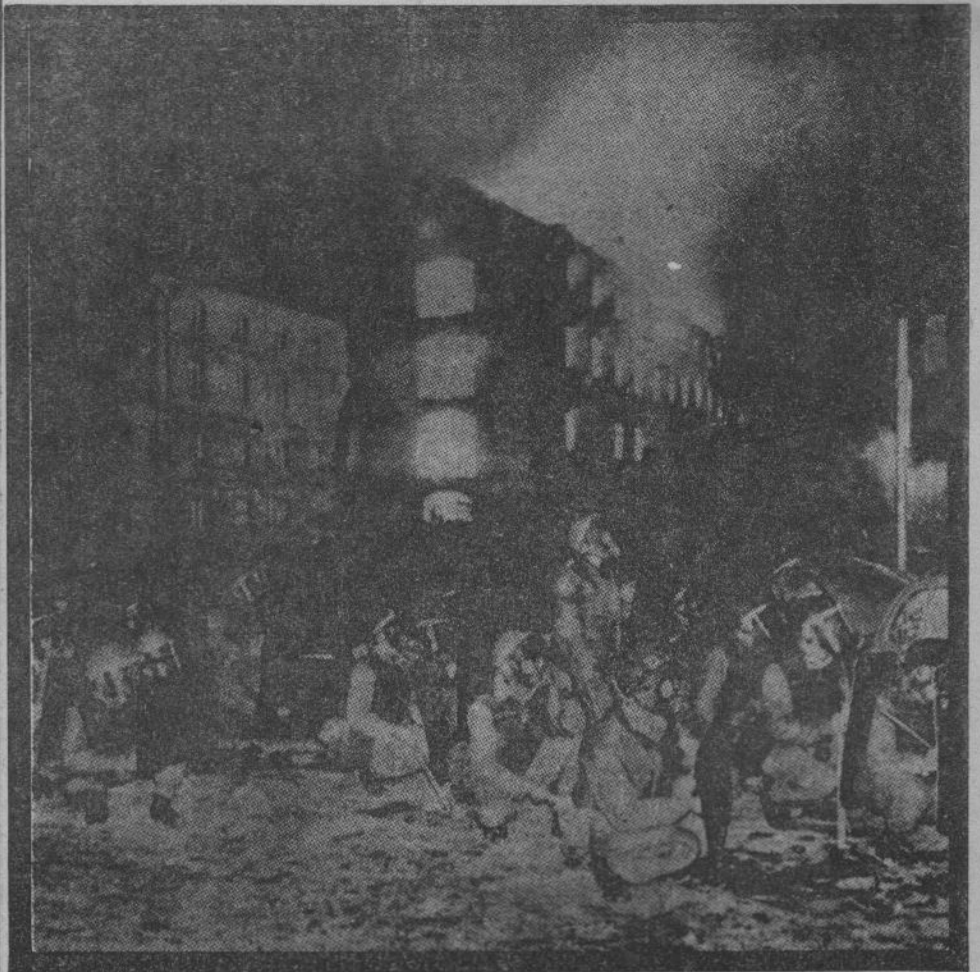
Paisleyism, manipulating the memories of former crises ("remember 1960") is a defensive reaction to the decay of this sectarian Protestant bloc. As such he has clearly got limits. Such categories as he uses are enough to express a solidarity, but not to resolve the problem. You can't be "loyalist" to a Westminster that betrays you, and "our province" cannot survive on its own. His uncertain attempts to inject a bit of economics into his rhetoric shows that he is aware of this limit but unable to surmount it.

British observers have handled Paisley (and Bernadette Devlin) in terms of the racist anti-Irish stereotypes that date from the pre-1921 period but were revived again in 1968. They are either terrified of him or else scorn him as a buffoon and an upstart. When the Antrim results were delayed by a hitch in counting, the BBC radio commentator Hardiman Scott went on about how "This is all very Irish"... In fact Paisley cannot function in Westminster like he does in Ulster. His rhetoric and his appeal lies in asserting his authority over an audience who respond to his cultural and ideological outlook because they share it. Even in Stormont his first speech was unsure and dull. The timid quakings of bourgeois commentators here are consequently unfounded. Paisley will not unduly disturb the trivial and inebriated ranks of the House of Commons.

HE STANDS ALONE

In Ulster his strategy is not to supplant the official Unionists. First, he himself can only work alone. His allies are insignificant men and his fellow-candidate Beattie was defeated in Belfast. Allies who do appear to deny his supremacy, like the clown Maj. Buting, are thrown out. This is one limit on his creating a party. The other is that he doesn't need to. He organises separately to move the Unionist Party itself. He makes pacts with them and they pursue Paisleyite policies in their election campaigns. None of the Unionists in the election talked about reforms.

Paisley has altered the relative weight of the different classes within the Unionist bloc to preserve its traditional policies, "old-fashioned traditional Unionism" as he calls it. But in so doing he has undermined the effete clique of landowners and businessmen who run the Unionist Party. It will take a long process of propaganda and revolutionary organisation to tame this determined Presbyterian bullock. For to do so means winning the Protestant working class to the socialist policies that alone can resolve the social and economic difficulties that Paisleyism expresses.



... while Bogside fought the State

Special Report

Bernadette Devlin is not in Armagh jail for breaking the law or for resisting the law, she has been jailed for fighting the law. Even "worse", for inflicting a partial defeat on it, when she helped the Bogside's beat back the Royal Ulster Constabulary last August.

Bernadette has played a central role in the three stages of the development of the 'Ulster crisis'. Fifteen months ago in April 1969 when she was elected to Stormont, she became the political expression of the Civil Rights movement. A Connolly socialist, a Catholic Unity candidate, a student at Queens, a girl - this extraordinary combination produced the youngest member of Westminster's Parliament. This originality reflected the new development of the Catholics in the North. The attachment for Bernadette, that is so deeply felt, is based on hope, that she represents a new and therefore bearable future.

The day after her election to Parliament was announced, rioting broke out in the Bogside. It began from trivial incidents, and swiftly escalated to barricades and police brutalities; and it was then that the RUC invaded Sam Devenney's house, beat his children and murdered Devenney himself. (see the article by Bernadette in *Black Dwarf* No. 33) Apart from the interviews Bernadette Devlin's first task as a newly elected MP was to go and see the Devenney family. A fact which helped ensure that for her a seat in Parliament was linked to a determination to fight the RUC., by force if necessary.

The second moment when Bernadette takes the centre of the decrepit stage of Northern Irish politics, was in August. Reinforced herself by her knowledge of what had happened in April, her presence in the Bogside helped ensure massive press coverage and forced a degree of restraint on the police, and above all helped to keep up the morale of the Bogside's themselves. When, battered and exhausted the RUC admitted defeat the situation of the Ulster statelet was transformed.

The British sent in their troops, and used the opportunity to push through reforms, in a last attempt to turn the North into a modern 'Democracy'. The 'B' specials were abolished, a central housing authority established, etc. etc. But these reforms were pushed through to ensure the preservation of the reactionary one Party political system that existed throughout the North's fifty year history.

The jail sentence that Bernadette is now serving, comes from charges laid against her for the fighting in Bogside last year. Her sudden arrest on the road to Derry turns the spotlight onto her for a third time, and again at a moment when the North is in convulsion. The result of her appeal and the decision to sentence her were delayed until after the results of the General Election. In part because putting her down if she had been defeated would have ensured her final humiliation, in part because to sentence her during the campaign would have guaranteed her success.

invoked into an attack on the British troops, and bigoted republican-led sectarian fighting, better armed and more deadly than any time since the war, breaks to the open in Belfast. For Bernadette, this third escalation is a defeat. Much of the responsibility lies on 'Catholic' shoulders, as the Irish working class again divides against itself. It will ensure a period of reaction that will make her own jail sentence seem mild.

For now the imperialist government in Westminster, and on this there is no difference between the two parties, has decided to use force to break the extremists and enforce British domination.

Not that reforms will be forgotten. In a striking editorial called 'The Fever of Ulster' *The Times* has outlined British policy and the strategy behind it (June 30 1970). Reforms, it says, are necessary, not because they are needed, but because: "The faction of the IRA that is forming violence now has its own gunmen and the teenage mobs to play with. The much broader section of the community that joined in or supported civil rights agitation are not yet its pawns. It is of crucial importance that they do not become its pawns, that they are not given cause to abandon their strong interest in the preservation of the peace in favour of the view that what they regard as their rights can only be won by armed rebellion."

On the other hand if '...for weakness of will or for any other reason, the United Kingdom Government might be tempted to pull out...Armed subversion would cease to be a futile and criminal throw that it is now recognised to be by the overwhelming majority of people in both parts of Ireland: it would become the violent means to a realisable objective...'

What conclusion does the *Times* draw from this? As well as reforms, 'Harsher tactics by the troops in the face of rioters would be justified. Verbal reassurances now require the backing of action.' As one such reassurance was that petrol bombers would be shot, this is an open invitation to the British Army to open fire.

The ruthlessness, and self interest of the ruling class are contained in these quotes. Reform and repression are both necessary and in both cases the reason is the same. To prevent the masses from taking their own command of history. Reforms are necessary because otherwise the people in Ireland may be forced to take open action. Whilst the ultimate will to control the North must be shown, otherwise the people will naturally take the opportunity to throw the British out.

This double strategy of concession and ruthlessness is not the product of unbelievable scheming and shrewdness. It is two prongs of a well honed fork, that has borne the British ruling class through an imperial epoch, a weapon that serves one overriding imperative: keep the masses down! and that serves a single collective end: class rule.

Bernadette has been jailed for the same reason that reforms are in progress and ruthless repression on the way. For she represents the possibility of a people in arms. In contrast to the sectarian fighting in Belfast, the Bogside's rose to confront the British. Already they have staged the United Kingdom's first, if limited, proletarian insurrection. Only this can liberate Ireland.

by Mike Rosen.

Guided by the firm logic that the really worthwhile thing about banging your head against a wall is that it's great when you stop, 99.9% of us carry around that hopelessly romantic crutch: somewhere there is a place where I could get away from it all.

There is no escape from the myth that you can escape. But like all the major crutches and placebos that we surround ourselves with to ward off visions of personal and/or worldwide holocausts they are worth a bit of thought before lobbying into the dustbin.

For a start, just where the hell is this place that everybody gets away to and who or what is the 'it all'? The British Travel Association don't have information on 'it all' but they do know that getting away for 60% of British humans means away from Britain, for nearly a third of them it means Spain, and for a third of them, Spain means Majorca. So what has this consensus of the consensus of the consensus place got? For a start "it's a happy holiday paradise where long peaceful days fade lazily into warm nights with stars twinkling in cloudless skies." Or in brief, "bustling resorts, tiny villages with white-washed houses, long stretches of golden sand, dotted with palm-umbrellas to shade sun-worshippers, all form part of the delightfully gay kaleidoscope which is Majorca." It's worth remembering that "farmers with their slow, clopping donkeys wend their unhurried ways along green-hedged lahes" and that it was probably some out-of-work arts graduate who picked up a fiver or two to write this shit for Benson Public Relations Ltd. (ref. 'Lyons 1970 Holidays, Champagne Jets to the Sun from 29gns') The key to the thing can be found of course encapsulated in a photo of sand bums and tits where you know that your sun-tan is there for the asking on the sands of Arenal's inviting beach. (not Arsenal)

The main chords

In actual fact the job of selling holidays is a serious business and obviously a potentially lucrative one. About £990 millions were spent on holidays (including travelling to and fro) last year. But quite apart from the financial issue (and the vast conning swindling machine that it is) you can hear just in the extracts quoted most of the main chords of the summer hols sound. Why do long peaceful days fade, why should it interest me that the villages are tiny but the resorts are bustling and what have farmers and donkeys got to do with it? The crucial contradiction that all brochure readers have to face up to and then conceal is (1) that the getting-away-from-it-all syndrome carries with it the rural idyll in all its gruesome glory alongside the fact (2) that because he is a stinking capitalist he has to amass his clients into profitable fun-loving clusters. So on your holiday you will be virtually alone and at one with Nature, enjoying the solitude of an empty landscape sharing the pleasure of living with happy swains (elsewhere referred to as labourers, peasants etc.). And at one and the same time be part of an amazing gay crowd of fun-seekers enjoying Whitbread's Tankard, non-stop light music and the twinkling lights of cars skidding in the donkey shit.

It's an old problem facing the imperialist abroad. He wants to enjoy the natives and enjoy himself. As all his sensibilities belong to the mother country with its assumptions of deluxe living, private-property-acquiring and 'herrenvolk status,' he can't let himself shed these and envy the life of the "flower-bedecked fisher-folk." Quite the contrary: the fact that it is an illusion that he is envying their lives reinforces his original outlook. A classic historical case is that of Cecil Sharp the folksong collector who went to the Appalachian Mountains in the US during the first world war. On the one hand he was bowled over with delight at finding a community whose folk culture had survived the industrial revolution and on the

Getting a bit

The next thing that's great about getting away is that it should hold out the possibility of getting a bit. But who's going to get a bit of what? English girl with swarthy Latin? To be fair, it's not exactly recommended in the brochures. English bloke with local maiden? This is seen as a possibility. The holidays posters of the world are mostly bikini adverts in disguise. But of course the real possibility of your stay in our air-conditioned hotel should be the chance of knocking off one of your fellow fun-seekers. In actual fact, though lying about all day in the sun gets your gonads going it also makes them too hot (and blistered) to handle.

Actually the commercial relationship—rather than physiological—between sun and sex for the white anglo-saxons is a study on its own. Obviously the sun is Majorca's main natural resource given that it has now become a central summer preoccupation of the pasty-faced caucasian. I can remember the sadistic delight I used to enjoy when the girls at school came back from their six day fry-ups on Rimini beach. At the time it seemed to sum up the absurdity (not to say tragedy) of the holiday biz. For them it meant working every Saturday at hairdressers; months of brochure swatting (though god knows what minutiae of criteria operate between the sun-soaked sands of one beach and the sun-drenched sands of another); months of fantasy about lonely but mature men who would introduce them to pleasures they didn't know existed (I think that was the phrase); the careful choice of every garment, bangle and body-servicing implement to cover all six days and so on. It seemed then and now a peak in surrendering one's personal resources of self organisation to the bastards. A yearsworth of Pearl and Dean compressed into a week with all those bad colour one minute films about Torino's and its suburban continental cuisine. And underlying it all was the implication that the satis-

best equals it costs more operates as the magnet to the consumer. When it applies to fridges, this is in the short term tolerable but as it moves more and more towards an assessment of experience itself the fouler it gets. The name 'Package Tours' is accurate. If fucking could be bottled, the Pope couldn't stop them marketing it.

Back to the beginning

The two concepts that lie behind the original notion of a holy day are rest and celebration. Nowadays these rests between periods of labour are only real "rests" in our consciousnesses, which assume that labour is dull, albeit necessary, and that it is possible to fragment both our lives and ourselves into periods which are more or less self-expressive, more or less "the real me," and so on. In primitive, non-exploitative societies, however, the concepts of rest and celebration are linked with each other and with labour itself. Celebrations preceded or terminated the collective achievement—the hunt, harvest etc. In the primitive situation the "rest" period was in fact taken up with the labour of art-religion: i.e., placing the work that had to be done into its position in the cosmos. You couldn't get away from it all—you were part of it all....

With exploitative societies you have the growth of an awareness of two tasks: one for the master,





By the time we get round to fully fledged stinking capitalism then master and worker are in open conflict over that same period of rest and celebration. Here is the way nineteenth century farm labourer expressed it in a song about the rural labour markets or "Terms":

**The Harvest time when it comes round
They'll grudge you sabbath rest
They'll let you to the worship
But they like the working best
The dinner hour it vexes them
And then to us they'll say
Come on my lands you'll get your rest
When lying in the clay'**

By the time we reach today the situation is even further complicated. As we can see from the song, the right of the working classes to have a break from suicidal labour was not freely given. Every minute's break from the production line has had to be won by industrial action and yet any analysis of the consumer state can reveal that man's leisure time is a gold mine for the exploiter. (It must be, because they print all the prices in the brochures about a millionth of an inch high.) So we're face to face with chestnut: have the working classes yet again 'conspired' to bring about their own oppression? And isn't it in the capitalist's interests anyway to have a bunch of beaming happy workers back in the office and shop refreshed by their ten days on the beach?

Get away with you

There has been a struggle by workers to win holidays for themselves because work as specified by capitalism is for most, intolerable, whilst an expression of that position is obviously an implied threat to the order. The reasons why it is intolerable are not simply because it is dirty, cancer-inducing, back-breaking and gene-distorting. The job referred to as 'your' job is in fact someone else's job—the bugger who buys it. You don't play a part in controlling or organising it. You are unaware of how it is integrated with other tasks needed to complete, distribute or market the product of your labour. The ideal subject of Capitalism is a totally passive man. It's an invitation to in-

But then the very division of life into work (which is good for you but boring), and leisure (which is pleasurable) could only grow out of a society organised along these lines. Passive man is very much in demand. He asks no questions about the division of his life and labour, and he accepts the fragmentation. Education is for him a short term phenomenon, and its here in the formative years that the great work ethic is laid down. The ethic states that unless a child is compelled to do certain kinds of work he will never be convinced of the need for it, and leisure becomes a breather, fixed, between work spells.

Such an atmosphere is the ideal breeding ground for "I've got to get away from it all", and it was Mathew Arnold, the Nineteenth Century's Chief Inspector of Schools, who mused that it would be fun to be a gypsy cruising about without a care in the world, just glancing at the odd book every now and then.

Your head and the system

There are two crucial points here: 1) It is obvious nonsense that one leaves anything behind. Instead you bring the whole lot with you: the great howling wizzing machine in your head that assessed and chose that particular kind of holiday at that particular time. Any new set of friends and relationships that may be attempted during the hols can only come from the basis of the way you operated before.

2) The very financial system that you enter into with such glee as being the means for getting away is in itself only another parallel institution to the one you work in. (Short of going to China, I suppose) This perhaps is seen most clearly at a place like Butlins with its armies of badly paid pleasure dispensers playing reveille and bingo over big brother speakers all day long.

As it stands at the moment one of the immediate prospects held out to workers is Butlins. Built as palaces of fun out of green timber, giant replicas of fun-birds and beasts dangling from the ceiling of the swimming pools, every minute of the day a potential competition of bubbling babies and glamorous grandmothers—it looks like hell. It is in fact not far from the prospect of prototype passive man. What makes Butlins not simply bearable but actually a giant success is that try though the little chaps in their red blazers do to organise your life into an endless stream of bubbles and fun you can actually make off to the snooker room. Butlins seems to offer moments of companionship to people who never forget it. A second potential of holidays is obviously discovery. "Woburn Abbey radiates the art history and tradition the elegance of a bygone age", as the Duke puts it—"see the Great State Bedroom (Queen Victoria slept there) and Monkeys swinging in the trees" (did she do that too?)

So is it all doom and grudders and the only solution to stay at home and brood on all those idiots frolicking on the beach while you have seen, crystal clear, through the whole grisly conspiracy?

What are the pointers towards a life where work versus unwork does not exist? This after all is what the great hippy freak-out is all about. All you need is love, and all you need to do is get away and do it.

The only snag about this is that someone has to produce the great heaps of technological gunge that make all the great sounds needed for the exercise. And hell—you need a fridge. But is there a resolution of the problem of 1) trying to turn unwork into antiwork, 2) leading a sufficiently integrated life for the sake of sanity, 3) and having a good time? The problem lies in part in coming to terms with anti-work. This the hippy philosophy never does. Anti-work for them is simply just not working and letting the juice pour in. Somewhere along the line a marxist has to see his job as imagining a system in which work is the self-fulfilling permanent activity of man. This may mean that what any individual does, would have to be diversified. It may mean that the notion of a holiday of "getting away from it all" ebbs away into the idea of simply going somewhere else to work. And it may also mean the revival of festival and celebration.

Freetime is not free so long as it is time given by the people who make you unfree. Freetime is not free so long as the people who make you un-

one composed of many cross-currents. For example, on April 1st the church was either unable (at the highest level) or unwilling (at the lower levels) to prevent what was effectively an annual cultural revolution in which pre-christian cults rose to the surface and inverted the christian order and there were orgies on the altar and lords of misrule and so on. In fact one of the great myths that christians consistently get away with is the idea that there was this integral ball of ideology called christianity that rolled across the world wiping out all indigenous religions, and that this situation lasted until for some mysterious reason (eg nationalism) things got a bit steamy round the renaissance and Luther announced that he was a turd in the world's straining arsole.

The medieval idea of a holiday, contained within it 1) the idea of time off (as given by master). 2) time one, to perform the christian duties—and 3) time on, on the residual indigenous rituals.

To suggest however that this produced any confusion in the minds of the practitioners would be a misrepresentation. Rather what occurred were constant attempts by the catholic hierarchy to put down the pagan rave-ups, and to persecute back-sliding lower clergy drawn in to the churchyard dances. Certain kinds of songs were banned, dances were forbidden and so on. When we remember that the priest John Ball wrote "When Adam delved, and Eve span, Who was then the gentleman?" in 1381 (The Peasant's Revolt) and again that the mystery plays ran simultaneously with folk festivals then we can see that the notion of a holiday was already by this time quite a complex

The Middle East no: 2

FRED HALLIDAY

DHOFAR

June 9 1970 was the fifth anniversary of the outbreak of guerrilla war in Dhofar, against the rule of the Sultan of Muscat. A recent article in the *Economist* (June 6) confirmed that "the Sultan's forces have lost control of the whole Dhofar area and now are holding defensive positions along the coastal strip." It went on to say "The Sultan's answer has been to increase his own defense forces. He will make a determined effort to crush the rebellion before the British withdrawal from the Gulf next year. It is unlikely to be successful." The same article also said that UK "involvement is doing untold harm to British prestige and influence elsewhere in the peninsula."

There have been other reports recently that the Sultan, on the advice of his British Defense Secretary Colonel Hugh Oldman, plans to double the number of troops, and a communique from the liberation forces mentions attacks that point to a desperate counter-offensive by the Sultan.

Since the capture of Rakhut town in western Dhofar (August 1969) and of Sakh in eastern Dhofar (March 1970) the fighting has concentrated on the road linking the capital Salala to the desert in the north. The Sultan is still able to control the desert, since there is no cover or mountainous terrain to protect the guerrillas from air attack. This road is called "the Red Line," by the Popular Front.

Both the Shah of Iran and the Sheikh of Bahrein have called for the deposition of the Sultan, and the British are pressing for him to allow his son Qabus, educated at Sandhurst, to take the throne. The *Times* reported on June 18 that the Sultan had already resigned and was about to go into exile.

There are two reasons for continued, even increased, British backing for the Sultan: they want to hang onto their base on the Sultan's island of Masira, and they want to

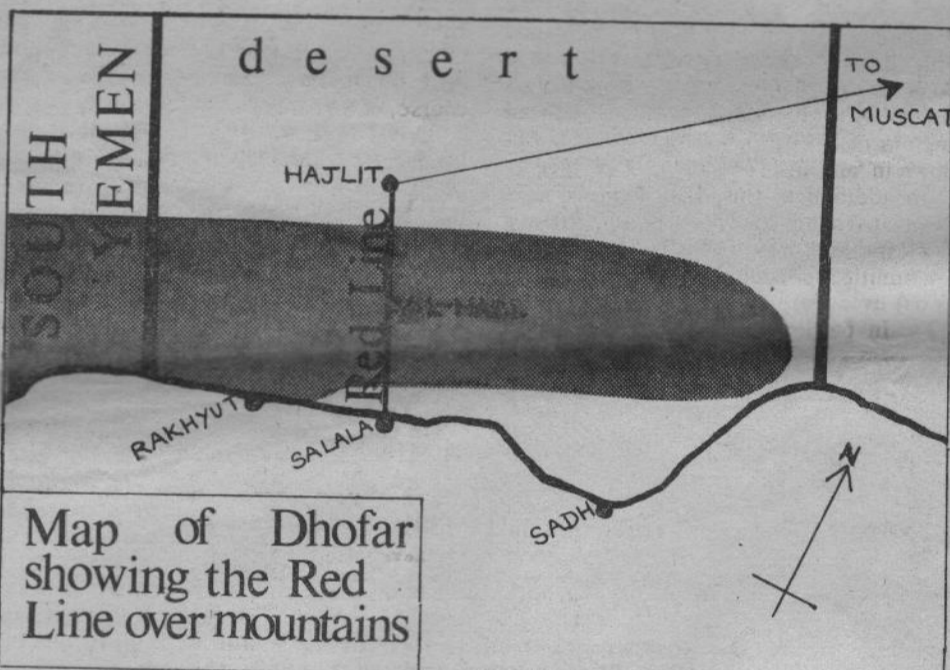


Heath greeting the most reactionary ruler in the world.

suppress opposition in the Gulf which they are to leave in 1971. But the revolution is firmly established, and the military forces are closing in on the capital, and building up for the definitive blocking of the Red Line road.

Melvin Laird, US Defense

Secretary, recently announced that US ships would soon be moved from Indo-China to the Gulf area, and the Conservatives are likely to step up aid to the Muscat Army. Such a sharpening of the conflict will increase the revolutionary pressures in the Gulf area as a whole.



Map of Dhofar showing the Red Line over mountains

communique

This is the latest military communique issued by the Popular Front for the Liberation of the Occupied Arab Gulf, as published in the Beirut Marxist-Leninist weekly, *al-Horria*. It should be borne in mind that communications inside Dhofar are extremely bad, and it can take up to a month for news to get from one end of the front to the other.

On April 29, 1970, at 6 o'clock in the morning the British imperialist enemy launched an attack, in a vain attempt to break the encirclement of his forces along the Red Line at al-Hasl, which the People's Army of the PFLOAG has sustained for about two months. The attack came from the north, from Hajlit camp in the desert area, and it consisted of three mobile detachments, which were supported by a group of British RAF planes, long-range heavy artillery, infantry and armoured cars. After it had advanced about five kilometres to the middle of the Hamrir pass, our heroic forces struck back, and engaged with it in a number of battles which lasted 35 hours. Then the enemy forces retreated, with the following losses:

- 1) 100 mercenaries killed or wounded, including four British officers.
- 2) 8 Bedford military vehicles destroyed.
- 3) One battery of field artillery destroyed.
- 4) One Hawker Hunter plane hit.

Our forces returned safely to base, but the enemy's savage attacks killed many of the livestock belonging to our defenseless compatriots.

On May 4 1970 one of our regular units penetrated an enemy post on the Red Line and opened fire with light and medium weapons. The fight lasted for 14 minutes, and 5 of the enemy's troops were killed or wounded.

On the same day another fighting unit of the People's Army ambushed a convoy of enemy vehicles moving along the Red Line. When the vehicles came near to the ambush our forces suddenly attacked with a torrent of rapid automatic fire. The clash lasted for ten minutes, and the enemy lost one of his trucks, in which everyone was killed or wounded. Our own forces returned to base safely.

Long Live the Revolution of June 9, carried out by the command of PFLOAG!

Long Live the Fighters of the People's Liberation Army and of the Popular Militia!

Hold High the Banner of Organised Revolutionary Violence against Imperialism, Zionism, and Reaction!

JORDAN

200-300 people were killed in Amman, Jordan, in a mid-June outbreak of fighting between King Hussein's beduin troops and Palestinian guerrillas. This is not the first time there have been such clashes, though they have never been so bloody. Up to June 1967 Hussein tried to suppress the guerrillas—at that time only al-Fath. After the June defeat he had to let them operate, but on a number of occasions (February 1968, November 1968, February 1970) fighting broke out: the king claimed that he wanted to limit the carrying of arms in Jordanian towns, the guerrillas said he wanted to liquidate the resistance, and come to a "peaceful settlement" with Israel. A similar process has been occurring in the Lebanon. Both there and in Jordan a reactionary pro-western regime has been unable to wipe the guerrillas out, but has tried to prevent them from undermining their own fragile structure.

Hussein in particular has had trouble with his army, and has had to restrain the virulent anti-communists in charge of it and recently he raised the pay of his crack troops. The chief advocate of a tough line against the Palestinians was Sharif Nasser bin Jamil, Head of the Army and Hussein's uncle. He amassed himself a fortune by organising the smuggling of arms and hashish and recently built himself a luxurious £400,000 house on the outskirts of Amman.

June 6 at a guerrilla's funeral in Zerka, near Amman, and fighting between guerrillas and beduin spread to the capital. Although al-Fath and Hussein announced a cease-fire on June 9 the two self-proclaimed Marxist-Leninist groups, the Popular Front (PF) and the Democratic Front (DF), refused to accept it until Hussein sacked his key advisers—from the command of the Army Sharif Nasser himself; General Keyhani, Minister of the Interior; and Colonel Shaker, Commander of the Amman garrison. The PF held a group of European and American tourists hostage in the plush Intercontinental Hotel until these demands were met. Later in the week they were.

THE SPLIT

These events provoked a major split in the guerrilla movement. Both Hussein and President Nasser singled out al-Fath for praise and attacked the DF and the PF for adventurism. The DF leader Nayyef Hawatmeh had called for the dissolution of the King's special anti-guerrilla militia, and Hussein replied by accusing Hawatmeh of provocation. But the public positions adopted by the different groups may not necessarily be an accurate guide to what is really going on. The DF (which split from the PF in February 1969) has attacked the "petty-bourgeois" regimes of Egypt, Syria and Iraq which give support to different guerrilla groups (al-Fath, as-Saiqa and the PF respectively) and they have gone furthest towards an alliance with the progressive Israeli Matzpen group.

the Matzpen article on Arab Revolution printed in *Black Dwarf* last year (June 14, 1969, no. 19). They have also openly supported the Dhofari struggle, and have close ties with anti-Baathi forces in Iraq. They have called for a democratic and socialist Palestine with equal rights for Jews and Arabs. But the DF are also the weakest of the groups, and hence the most exposed to attacks from the right. They claim that one of their military cadres, Sahel Ghazal, was shot by Sharif Nasser early in June, and when the fighting occurred last February they felt forced to put their name to an al-Fath communique calling for an "Arab Palestine"—a chauvinist slogan.

The PF on the other hand, led by the Christian Dr. George Habbash, have received backing from Iraq. Using a Marxist vocabulary they have denounced al-Fath for being a petty-bourgeois organisation and until last February refused to participate in the co-ordinating committees of the guerrilla movement. To win support from al-Fath, they engaged in a series of spectacular actions, some of them (shooting up air-liners, attacking school buses) were totally indefensible and have played into the hands of Zionist propaganda inside Israel and in Europe ("they are all cut-throats and terrorists" etc.). They have adopted a verbally revolutionary position, and are clearly willing to conflict with Hussein, although how far they go may be limited by their association with Iraq. They have not yet converted their verbal profession of Marxism into a fully revolutionary practice.

Habbash greater leverage, but Iraq wants to keep Hussein as a puppet and impose a cabinet of bourgeois politicians sympathetic to the guerrillas. The other Arab states are all behind Hussein, and are trying to build up al-Fath as a stabilising force. None of the guerrilla groups is prepared, or willing, to clash openly with the Arab regimes now by bring Hussein down, nor do they want to remove the mild buffer between themselves and Israel that Hussein provides. Even Hawatmeh appeared at a press conference on June 15 with Arafat and declared: "There are several phases in a liberation movement...We must now all unite to meet the conspiracy which aims to liquidate the Palestinian revolution." Both the DF and the PF joined a joint Palestinian-Jordanian Co-ordinating Committee designed to settle questions at issue. They are all therefore trapped in the politics of manoeuvring for influence behind the facade of Hussein's rule.

The US were very upset by this fighting and alerted the 6th Fleet and the 82nd Airborne Division in preparation for an invasion under cover of removing US civilians (as in Santo Domingo in 1965). The Russians were equally angry, and *Pravda* accused the DF and the PF of being "American agents."

These events illustrate the fragility of Hussein's position, but they also show the guerrillas are split among themselves, that the left is still unable to break with the Arab regimes, and that their revolutionary aims have still to find an effective, and inter-

TORY AFRICA POLICY EXPOSED
TORY AFRICA POLICY EXPOSED

THE ENEMY WITHOUT AND THE ENEMY WITHIN

On May 17th. this year, the South African Minister of Police, Mr. S.L. Muller made a remarkable statement about the extent of guerrilla activity in Southern Africa. Speaking at a meeting in Johannesburg, he told his audience that a very large number of his men were at that time engaged on South Africa's northern borders in what he called 'near warfare conditions.' This, he admitted, made grave and worrying demands on South Africa's 40,000 strong police force, which, in any case had to deal with the highest crime rate in the world. It is this police force, along with South Africa's Army, Navy and Airforce, that the new Conservative administration in Britain is about to re-arm.

Conservative policy on Southern Africa is very clearly defined. First South Africa. Douglas-Home has committed the Tories to renewing arms sales to the Vorster regime for so-called external defence. More than that, he has said that in power, the Conservatives would take steps to make special military arrangements for co-operation between South Africa and NATO. Anthony Barber, the Tory Party Chairman, said on a recent visit to South Africa that under the Conservatives, Britain would treat South Africa as an ally. What that means is that, although Britain will recognise that South Africa is illegally occupying Namibia (S.W. Africa) she will do nothing to help ending that occupation. There will be an attempt at a compromise with Smith in Rhodesia, and as the Conservatives confidential document puts it there will be a 'friendly re-examination with Portugal of ways and means of utilising the Anglo-Portuguese alliance to establish mutually valid defence arrangements in the Southern Atlantic.'

It's quite clear that, if nothing else, all this will give a strong moral boost to the white racist regimes of Southern Africa: in fact, it means much more than that. For the liberation movements it represents a significant shift in the strategic arms balance: for countries like Tanzania and Zambia which have been directly involved in supporting the guerrilla movements, it is a very real threat.

Labour add their bit

Not that this is a complete reversal of Labour's policy in government. Over the past six years, Britain has sold to South Africa 16 Buccaneer jet fighter/bombers, a number of HS-125 twin jet aircraft, £400,000 of motor chassis for armoured cars and lorries, spare parts for Buccaneers, Canberra bombers, Shaktletons, ammunition for South Africa's Centurion tanks and 4.5 inch shells for British-made frigates. And South Africa is now manufacturing under licence from Rolls Royce and Hawker Siddeley, jet engines for the Impala aircraft and for the Italian AerMacchi MB 326 strike trainer.

But, despite the fact that Labour's 'arms embargo' was anything but watertight, the South Africans have scarcely been able to conceal their delight at being able, once again, to buy British weapons. Over the past five years, the bulk of South Africa's defence equipment has been supplied by France, but it's known that Vorster has been very worried that France might at any moment enforce a full scale embargo, as De Gualle did previously on Israel, thus leaving South Africa with a completely inadequate defence system. So, Britain is going to be asked to supply some £300 million of equipment over the next year. South Africa wants Hawker-Siddeley to supply the aerial reconnaissance 'Nimrod' plane. Packed with sophisticated electronic equipment, this is ideal for locating enemy submarines, or guerrilla troop concentrations. She also wants more Buccaneers. Speaking in Salisbury, Rhodesia, the South African Defence forces' chief recently said of the Buccaneer 'It is an excellent plane for counter-insurgency operations.' The Buccaneer is supposedly a naval aircraft 'for external defence only.' The South African Defence Ministry is also very interested in the Jaguar supersonic strike plane. This is an Anglo-French project,

invited the South African airforce to test-fly the plane. The British ship-building industry is confidently awaiting orders of some £200 million for frigates and destroyers from South Africa—equipment that South Africa wants on grounds of 'fleet standardisation'—many of the ships in the S.A. navy have British specifications, so that supplementary equipment from Britain is cheaper, and much easier to obtain. Finally, South Africa will be wanting a number of British helicopters.

'External' defence

All these will be justified as 'arms for external defence.' In the same way, France justified her breaking the UN, embargo over the past five years. *But of the South African airforce's 36 Mirage jets bought from France, eleven have ended up in anti-guerrilla operations in Rhodesia, together with 7 of the 16 'Super-Frelon' helicopters.* They are all on loan to Rhodesians in support of the operations carried out by 4,000 Rhodesian troops and an estimated 5,000 South African army and para-military police ground troops. And according to French newspaper reports, the South Africans are also experimenting with a new French helicopter against the Zimbabwe comrades. British weapons, too, have been used against SWAPO comrades in Namibia—as far back as two years ago the 'Daily Express' carried reports of a British helicopter being shot down in 'anti-insurgent operations' there.

In addition to this, British firms have been investing freely in South Africa's domestic armament industry (small arms, ammunition, chemical and biological weapons) ever since it was set up in the early 60's. In particular, the munitions manu-

facturing firm, African Explosives and Chemicals, part of which was recently taken over by the South African Government, began as a joint venture in which ICI held 42% of the shares. Now it makes anti-personnel bombs and the riot gas and bullets which in February wounded five African children in a riot in Daveytown African township, near Cape Town.

Overall, the new arms supplies from Britain will make an important contribution to South Africa's defence capabilities. In 1968 and 1969, the South African military forces held two large scale military exercises. In both, light bombers were used, (Buccaneers and Canberras), together with French helicopters. This is exactly the type of equipment Britain will sell. Neither of the exercises was 'anti-submarine'—(this is what the Tories claim the equipment will be used for)—both were miles from the coast, and as the chief of the armed forces said at the time 'the aim is to give our troops anti-terrorist training.'

What is more as military co-operation between South Africa and Portugal grows, it would not be surprising to see these British aircraft being used against liberation fighters in Angola and Mosambique, adding to the British weapons used there by the Portuguese who receive them under NATO defence agreements. (The South Africans have sent at least three battalions of troops of the TETE province of Mosambique) The same is true, of course, of S.W. Africa.

Already, South African aircraft have been seen flying high reconnaissance missions over Zambia (another possible use for NIMROD??). And Dr. van der Merwe, Chairman of S.A.'s National Party's Foreign Affairs Committee, has suggested pre-emptive strikes on Israeli lines against Zambia and Tanzania.

Kaunda is well aware of the danger, and has just ordered a £7 million missile system from Yugoslavia—but nevertheless, Zambia remains highly vulnerable. Tanzania remains even more exposed from the sea, where S. African owned British built frigates could easily shell Dar-es-Salam as part of a 'small-scale police action.' And just this possibility—with the Conservative government remaining strictly 'neutral'—is being taken seriously in South African press and political circles.

Those who stand to gain

Who stands to gain most in Britain from these deals? According to the 'Times Business news' it will be Hawker Siddeley—with an estimated £100 million in contracts for Buccaneer, NIMROD and SEACAT missiles. One of 11 directors of Hawker Siddeley is Sir Halford Walter Lupton Reddish, President of Rugby Conservatives, and director of the Economic League which gave some £100,000 to the Tory party to fight the last election. Br. firms with S.A. subsidiaries altogether gave the Tories £300,000 to fight the General Election. Another director is the Rt. Hon Lord Shawcross of Friston, who is also a director of Morgan and Cie (South Africa), the 'Times', Thames Television (remember the recent row in Thames boardroom over whether or not to show a documentary fiercely condemning Apartheid?), and Birmingham Small Arms Co., (which gave £4,000 worth gifts to political organisations last year). And one man who's going to be very much involved in formulating British policy in Africa is Lord Carrington—the new Minister of Defence. Until very recently he was a director of Barclay's Bank (thought to be not without some interests in S. Africa) and Hambros Bank, which has large holdings in Hawker Siddeley.

In opposition, the chief Tory advisory body on defence and foreign policy was the Conservative Commonwealth and Overseas Council. At a major meeting in February the Council drew up a long confidential document 'OVERSEAS ISSUES FACING THE NEXT CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT'. Chairing the whole Council was Sir Frederic Bennett M.P.—a member of the Rhodesian bar and director of Kleinwort Benson Europe (South Africa). (Reginald Maulding is a director of Kleinwort Benson). Specialising on Southern Africa was Mr. Ian Lloyd MP, who was a member of the South African Board of Trade and Industries until 1955, and who contributes regular articles to the SA Journals of Economics and Industrial Economics. The whole argument of the document is that with the Suez Canal effectively in Russian hands, Britain must guard the Cape sea route. And so.....

The fact is, of course, that the 'Soviet threat' and the Simonstown agreement are just Red Herrings in the Indian (?) Ocean. The only threat to Capitalist investment in Southern Africa as well as to the great economic potential there—large quantities of Iron ore and oil have been found in Angola, and large amounts of Uranium to the north comes from within the countries. The Conservative Commonwealth and Overseas Council show in their document that they know this. That is why they are proposing to re-arm S. Africa, and to revamp defence treaties with Portugal. For they know that in order to survive, they must keep open every source of raw materials, every potential market, and every possible region in the world for surplus investment.

The internal repression in South Africa—apartheid; the relations of production there—capitalism; and its essential international support—imperialism, together form a trinity of reaction. This in turn supports and supplies the ruling classes in Britain and Europe. The Conservatives will do everything they can to help break the liberation forces that threaten them when they threaten the regime in South Africa. We in Britain must confront the Conservative's imperialist policies, oppose and smash them. Only a rigorous hostility to capitalism itself can drive and inform this struggle, which is the shortest

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OVERSEAS ISSUES FACING THE NEXT CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT

DEFENCE OUTSIDE NATO

Prepared for the 1970 Conference by an ad hoc Working Group under the Chairmanship of Sir Frederic Bennett, MP and assisted by other Specialists (see APPENDIX I attached).

INTRODUCTION

On the day that a Conservative Defence Minister takes office, there will be at least three areas where his immediate attention and decision will be required, and could have an immediate impact: The Gulf, where the British Forces may well be down to the absolute operational minimum; South East Asia, where, apart from the Hong Kong garrison, it is likely that any small remaining force will be both inadequate and lacking in credibility; and the South Atlantic and Indian Ocean waters which comprise the Cape Route.


Action on the lines recommended below may serve to avert historic tragedies which the CCCC Working Group responsible for this Paper feel may well otherwise be inevitable. Above all the Group believes that any action the Minister takes must be urgently initiated and no delay should be allowed.

Only in this way can the necessary security to do so be put beyond question, and only by this means can an irrecoverable loss of confidence and authority be avoided.

THE GULF

The Problem: The absence of a credible force in the Gulf. The danger is that the need for a counter-insurgency operation will be increasing the chances for a full scale war.

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Italy:

Complexities of the Parliamentary Road.

The Italian regional elections have finally been held—twenty years after they were due. The predicted results have led to Communist (PCI) and Social-Proletarian (PSIUP) majority in one region and a projected Socialist/Communist coalition in two others. The results are less of a menace to the ruling class than they might have been in 1948. But they still pose problems—for the Left as well as for the Right.

The results were interpreted by the Bourgeois press as a victory for the "centre-Left," the coalition of Christian Democrats, Socialist, Social Democrats and Republicans which has constituted the national government of Italy for the past six years. But the situation is not so clear cut.

The losses on the left were mostly due to the abject tailendism of the Social-Proletarians (PSIUP), who have hitched their wagon so firmly to the Communists that they have lost their potential as a radical left opposition. Many PSIUP supporters in fact seem to have followed, whether consciously or not, the line taken by the Student Movement and left groups, and abstained. Meanwhile, within the Centre-Left, it was the minority parties who made gains, largely at the expense of the traditional Right. Two points stand out: one, the Social Democrats have picked up the support of reactionary voters and are confirmed as a new part of the Right, the rallying-point of reactionary anti-Communism; the other, the surprising resilience of the old Socialist Party, formerly the great mass party of the working class but in steady decline since 1948. The key questions posed by the election concern the Communist Party. Firstly what advantage will it draw from its outright victory in Emilia-Romagna and its probable position as leader of a Left-coalition in Tuscany and Umbria? Will the Communists be as modest (or as reformist) in their ambitions in regional administration as they have been in the municipalities they control? Probably. The regions they have won are not those in which the industrial working class is strong, and their diffuse social base is not such as to give them the necessary militant support for a confrontation with the central government. The strong showing of both Socialists and Social Democrats in the election is likely to strengthen the hand of the mostly overtly reformist wing of the PCI, whose strategy has always been to attempt to woo away the Socialists and the left of the Christian Democrats from the Centre-Left and to avoid too sharp a provocation to the Right.

The prospect, then, is that the long war of attrition between Communists and Christian Democrats will continue for some while, with a strong possibility of an eventual Communist victory. This is a prospect which fills many sections of the Left with dismay. The able manoeuvres of the PCI and its Trade Union allies have blunted the edge of the class struggle in the interests of a sophisticated inter-class bid for parliamentary power, and the militant activity of last autumn has been absorbed into economism. What the elections show most clearly, however, is that the parliamentary shufflings are not a direct reflection of the development of forces within the country. So if the extra-parliamentary left can get beyond the stage of only opposing the economism of the PCI with its own brand of maximalist economism, and if it can gain a strong foothold in the industrial centres, then it can use Communist strength as a shield behind which it would be possible to develop its own forces; provided of course, that the groups can handle their differences without unnecessary self-destruction. In short, it is not bad that the PCI may gain from the present situation provided the revolutionary forces can also consolidate.

CAPITALISM SMELLS

Pollution is a field that has all the ingredients of a major non-issue. An unchallenged expert in non-issues, the Duke of Edinburgh is opening conferences on pollution and behind the scenes a motley array of technocrats, retired majors and rural Tories are fighting for the nation's purity. Messrs. Wilson and Nixon fresh from their rural preservation schemes in Nigeria and South-East Asia have had us all agog with their grandiose schemes for a cleaner world. The similarity between parliamentary elections and detergent advertisements (Wilson versus Heath: Omo versus Daz) is becoming even more marked with each political party promising a cleaner Britain!

The basic fact about pollution (ignored by most liberal criticisms) is that it represents an often deliberate attempt by industrial concerns to pass their cleaning costs to the community at large. One sewage plant at Plymouth, for example gives unofficial instructions to its employees to discharge raw sewage into the sea if the plant is overloaded, in spite of the fact that this is prohibited. Now industry has recognised how dangerous pollution is to its reputation and last year companies like ICI ran television commercials to clean up their image.

When industry talks to itself it is often more frank than its publicity hand-outs. In a Pollution Supplement in a weekly magazine called Industry Week (owned and published by the Confederation of British Industries) we find in the issue of December 5th 1969 this revealing comment: "Industrial concerns exist not to serve people, but to make profits. As this entails that the greatest return should be extracted for the minimum investment, the attitude towards pollution control is that it is money spent without return."

If one looks at information produced by the Alkaline Inspectorate (a Government body) one sees that the amount spent by 10 big industries on pollution control in the decade 1958-68 is only a tiny fraction of their total investment, while experts have suggested that 10% is a reasonable figure. Shell Chemicals estimate that they have spent between £6 and £10 million on pollution control at their £100 million Carrington plant. Comparing this with a maximum fine for pollution offences of £100, we can see why many firms do little to stop pollution. The last Government issued a White Paper on the Environment suggesting that fines should be raised, but they still will bear absolutely no relation to the damage caused.

So Britain is littered with examples of where non-socialised industry has passed its costs to the community in the form of slag heaps, smog and polluted waters. The Alkaline Inspectorate survey showed that the cost of air pollution by the 10 industries was £350 million per year. The irrationality of our

society can be seen from the fact that the 6½ million tons of sulphur dioxide emitted from the chimneys of British industry (giving acidic rain, harmful to vegetation and housewives' washing) could be eliminated. This will not happen, however, until speculators have pushed the world price of sulphur high enough for it to be extracted from the sulphur dioxide and resold at a profit.

Naturally the working class suffers most from pollution because workers are much more likely to live near factories that pollute. In Billingham dominated by ICI—the chemical workers have to contend with company towns, and an inescapable company air. In Japan, the schoolchildren who live in the Yokkaichi petro-chemical industrial town have to wear masks to school to protect themselves from the fumes produced by the factories that their parents work for!

SO DO BUREAUCRATS

Most pollution could be eliminated in a planned economy as waste produced by one industry can often be used by another. In the Soviet Union, however, planning is organised with bureaucratic ineptitude and often major projects are allowed to despoilate. One of the worst examples of this was the construction of a wood pulp factory on Lake Baikal (an enormous freshwater lake in Eastern Siberia) whose waste is killing many rare species of plant, shellfish, fish and animals. From the fuss the Press has been making about pollution one would think that they have been on another—and cleaner—world since the Industrial Revolution. The River Irwell has been the sewer for the Lancashire industrial complex since the earliest industrialisation and its fate is typical. The Observer Business Supplement of 1st February 1970 had an excellent article on the Irwell showing how it was polluted by industry on its banks and the author pointed out that if you fell in you would be taken to hospital for a stomach pump-out. It is interesting to note that there is a small pamphlet in the archives of the Manchester Reference Library on the pollution of the Irwell written at the beginning of this century! It seems that no notice is being taken of even contemporary warnings, for only recently the Manchester Ship Canal (part of the Irwell) caught fire (!) killing a number of people.

There are six main groups in this country agitating about the environment, nearly all of them with a sprinkling of titles to grace their newspaper. One is tempted to think that many of their members join on the assumption that conservation is integrally linked to conservatism. Some of the groups do some quite useful work, but others have very undesirable undertones. The 'Conservation Society', for example, has an almost hysterical desire for population control.

The composition of these societies is almost entirely derived from upper and middle income groups and the recent controversy over the site for London's third International airport shows how unrepresentative they are. As the various discussions continued it became clear that the fact that the airport would create employment was only of minor concern for them, whereas trade unionists thought differently.

Another point about the societies is that they are all orientated to traditional methods of activity—the petition or tea with the Minister. They have never disturbed the wheels of industry.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

Recently there has been a stirring of interest in pollution from the Left (See Red Scientist No. 3 and BSSRS Newsheet No.7) but it is sad that many socialists fail to see the potential of the pollution issue. Of course Nixon has used the pollution issue as a diversion for the anti-war movement, but this does not mean that pollution has no revolutionary implications. After all the US anti-war movement has been diverted into massive 'peaceful' rallies with radicals being prevented from speaking, but this does not mean that Vietnam should now have no significance for the revolutionary left.

The existing anti-pollution societies have little concern for the urban working-class areas where socialists could work against pollution. Neighbourhood organisation against pollution enables us to link opposition to pollution, not just to the quality of life, but to identify local firms as class enemies for more than just the people who work in them. A neighbourhood campaign allows different sections of a working community to play their part, for activities can extend from picketing to housewives blocking firm's telephones with complaints. It is important to note that in industrial areas pollution is not just a matter of aesthetics; for many working people contact with cadmium, mercury or asbestos fumes can be lethal or at least cause severe suffering.

Science students are beginning to join the revolutionary left and the issue of pollution is one that could have a direct importance for them. The trouble with such issues as germ warfare is that they can be viewed as exceptions to the "decent" uses of science. Pollution, however, is a feature of all capitalist industry and a fight against it need not be diverted to moralism, but can lead to an analysis of the exploitative nature of our society.

David Aron

* Red Scientist No.3 Available from Martin Thomas, Dept. of Mathematics, Manchester University, Manchester, 13. Price 1/-p.p.

BSSRS Newsheet No.7. Available from British Society for Social Responsibility in Science, 42, Great Russell St, London W.C.1.



The Great Dylan Cop-Out

MR. DYLAN'S SELF PORTRAIT

by Andy Chester

Bob Dylan cast such a spell over a whole generation of young North Americans—all those whose political and musical consciousness was formed during the 60's—that it's no wonder he has become an object of vested interest. First it was the 'new left' of the civil rights movement, then the heads of the acid explosions, that sought to make capital out of him. More recently Dylan seems to have been officially adopted by the U.S. ruling class.

What degeneration! In 1962 the guy used to raise money for freedom riders. In June 1970, with a million students on strike after Cambodia and Kent State, he's photographed dressed in academic gown and receiving an honorary degree from the Dean of Princeton University.

Dylan's career might seem one great cop-out, but after all, he only claims to be a musician. Does bad politics necessarily mean bad music? In Dylan's case particularly, the left politicians have a lot to answer for. Back in 1964 when Dylan switched from protest to surrealism and teamed up with an electric band, these would-be mentors were unanimous in condemnation. But *Subterranean Homesick Blues*, which so shocked the campus liberals at Newport '64, was not only a mammoth musical advance—all sixties rock derives from it—but also ideological dynamite. 'Protest', the bastard musical progeny of popular front liberalism, could not be the music of a revolutionary anti-capitalist movement. How much more subversive is *Ballad of a Thin Man* than *The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll*, or *Desolation Row* compared with *Masters of War*. The new freedom from the narrow demands of political expediency was itself a step forward. Music cannot do the work of politics, though it can complement politics—real politics, the expression of class forces—at its own level.

MUSIC AND MASSES

In time Dylan, in his second phase (from *Bringing It All Back Home* to *Blonde on Blonde*), found himself

once more in tune with a mass radical social base. This relationship was necessarily a changed one. Liberalism—an essentially idealist ideology—can kid itself that music and politics become one when political—and sub-political!—demands take over the lyric: 'if god's on our side he'll stop the next war'. After all, liberalism is a protest addressed to the powers that be. Revolutionary politics, which recognises political power as an object to be fought for, cannot delude itself that its aims will be realised through a dialogue with the ruling class. So it can accept that music is not merely an instrument of political agitation; music is already related to politics when it expresses, in its own language, a common social/cultural base. This is why Dylan's music remained so important, not just to the acid freaks on the fringe of the student movement, but to vanguard fighters in the anti-imperialist struggle, as the movement made the painful transition from reform to revolution; from Berkeley to Chicago. It was no gimmickry that led the RYM 1 faction at the 1969 SDS convention to choose the 'Weatherman' title for their position paper: this was their world of cultural reference. Dylan certainly rejected the movement in 1964—'I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now'—but his subjective consciousness shouldn't be confused with the objective meaning of his music. The charge that Dylan copped out in 1964 only reflects the limitations of his accusers.

DYLAN'S THIRD PHASE

How then does Dylan come to be where he is in 1970, and what is the meaning of his most recent records? *Self Portrait* is the culmination of Dylan's third phase, the process first evident with *John Wesley Harding*. It confirms the direction of his subsequent development. The main determinant of this new departure was undoubtedly the ideological refuge Dylan found in American populism. Culturally, he rejected the city for the country, acid for alcohol, surrealism for naturalism, and became a moderate man—all this following his accident in summer 1966, which cut short almost two years uninterrupted touring with The Band. This trauma didn't lead to immediate musical disaster; witness the superb set of songs (*Tears of Rage/Down in the flood/I shall be Released* etc.) Dylan wrote in 1967 and recorded with The Band on the pirated 'basement tape.' But Dylan's new-found rural traditionalism made it impossible for him to start touring again, and this increasing distance from social reality (live audience) allowed his populist ideology to run amok in his music, and eventually turned him into that sorrowful figure of the star, whose isolation from the discourse of the masses—the fount of all artistic creation—dooms him to a descending spiral of repetition.

In *John Wesley Harding* Dylan still



used the country-and-western idiom without collapsing into it. He wrote a set of songs around the populist theme of morality, but gave them a surreal twist: Frankie Lee and Judas Priest play out their archetypal moral tale against a kaleidoscopic landscape that shatters and recombines the elements of real social relations. On *Nashville Skyline*, this tension is resolved in favour of the straight, and Dylan stands at the edge of the abyss. He has only one card to play to save himself from banality. It is perhaps the most startling and unexpected fact of Dylan's career that he should have ended up relying first and foremost on his qualities as a vocalist.

Make no mistake—Dylan's singing, previously remarkable for its functionality, is now what he wants you to listen to, what he demands to be judged by. His lyrics used to be delivered in the literal sense: words thrust at the audience whose aesthetic value depended on the tensions between their meaning, the tone and cadences of speech itself, and the instrumental backing. Their function now is to support a vocal line conceived as an aesthetic object in itself. Compare *Like a Rolling Stone* from *Self Portrait* (live at the Isle of Wight August 1969) with the recording on *Highway 61 Revisited*. Dylan has learnt to sing beautifully, there is no question of that. His model is obviously the smoothly shaped vocal lines of early Presley (1954-56), but even if he could match Presley—which he can't—there is no artistic value in repetition, and this attempt to return to a primordial state of musical bliss is inevitably forced and false.

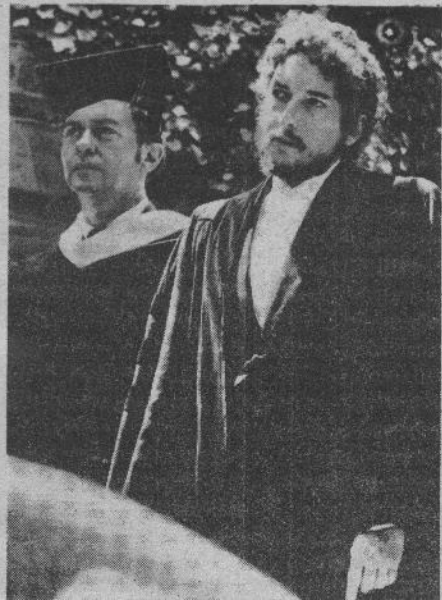
OUT INTO LIMBO

About *Self Portrait* itself there is little that can be said. Firstly, Dylan's new songs have degenerated into almost unmitigated vacuity. The author not only of *Tombstone Blues*

Pensive and beardless, the early Dylan. And below Dylan 1970, at Princeton being honoured with a Doctorate in Music for giving "authentic expression of the disturbed and concerned conscience of young America".

and *Maggie's Farm*, but also of love songs like *One Too Many Mornings* and *It's All Over Now, Baby Blue*, can now actually write, and sing: 'For me there is no other damsel, than my blooming bright star of Belle Isle', while the string section at-tests to his sincerity. Secondly, though the use of female choirs, string orchestras, brass etc. does not in itself go against artistic integrity, the striking fact is that almost every track on this double album is a production whose true author is not Bob Dylan but the country music industry. For the first time in his recording career, Dylan has lost control of the medium to C.B.S. The tragedy is that he abdicated this control voluntarily. Thirdly, *Nashville Skyline*, for all its contrived innocence, was saved by the sense of humour and self-irony that had marked Dylan's music from the start. *Self Portrait* shows Dylan finally taking himself seriously, and this invests much of the record with an aura of living death.

The Isle of Wight concert was in many ways Dylan's finale as a creative musician. The messianic setting of an open-air festival could not have been more favourable. Dylan sang a retrospective cross-section of his work and, in harness with The Band, he all but succeeded in welding this varied material into a new artistic unity around his new vocal style. At least it seemed so at the time. But finales are unrepeatably. Dylan's self-portrait in 1970 is that of a pathetic and isolated figure, drifting off into the limbo that Presley left for in 1957. Dylan's demise is not yet fatal. I doubt whether we shall yet-a-while find him playing at the International Hotel, Las Vegas. But that is the inevitable end of his present road.



Oxford Street: the VSC and IMG take control of the march.



Sally Fraser

DAVID TRIESMAN

Some of the so-called tribes in the Soloman Island believe that given certain propitious signs, like the coincidence of particular events with the rising of dead ancestors, the coming of a new age, a millenium, will surely follow. They believe that ships will appear in their harbours, bearing all the materials which the white settlers formerly owned, the materials from which they will make their new world. I don't know whether Daniel Read, who wrote *Debacle in Grosvenor Square* (Black Dwarf May 25th) is a Soloman Island Cargo Cultist, but he shares their perception of the world.

He imagines that the occurrence of an alarming event in conjunction with the awakening of the spirits of past occasions, Cambodia plus the year of the Grosvenor Square battles and the Paris Uprising, were capable of giving rise to a vehement struggle comparable to the pre-conditions for building an 'anti-imperialist' movement. The revolution never simply follows a demonstration, and although it is true that we all spend the evenings after one in dispondency, we do so in the direct aftermath of the day, when subjective impressions of the event are closest to the surface, and before we analyse what has been going on. For Daniel Read to reproduce that demoralisation after having time to do some more constructive analysis simply adds his literary demoralisation to the general situation. The article is exactly what the movement doesn't want; 'in Vietnam the NLF continue to fight against imperialism' but we aren't the NLF, nor can their struggle be immediately mirrored here.

We need to start at the begining. A demonstration can be called for a number of purposes. It can be an act of solidarity with peoples elsewhere: it can be a means of exposing something, of making public theatre of some hidden or distorted fact; it can be a means to welding the participants closer together, a tiny element in a festival of the oppressed; it is very rarely that it is the last step in the seizure of state power. All these uses of demonstrations situate them as *nothing more than tactics*. Even the last is a tactic for taking the Party forward to the position of being the vanguard of the dictatorship of the proletariat. In that sense, we can only have certain limited ends in view from a demonstration, and they must be seen in terms of a more general policy, a long range strategy. In this country we seem always to be confusing the issue by making a tactic into a strategy.

So the real question comes to be what strategy we should be engaged in and then to see what role demonstrations can play in the. Under those circumstances there is no possibility of having a 'de-politicised' demonstration. In early 1968, in response to calls from the VSC, in Universities and other organisations up and down the country, small groups set about the recruitment of people

for the demonstrations called for February and March. The groups became tight-knit and relatively efficient. They maintained wide networks of contacts inside their Universities and between each other. Speakers got round the country to meetings which were organised, and the level of political discussions rose astronomically. That is to say, there were organisations in continual existence which were capable of recruitment, political education and organisation of the other people actively interested. With each demonstration, each being tougher than the last, more people were recruited and the discussions of what to do in a violent encounter became more concrete.

That may have been a fortuitous gain in terms of the strategic decision to build revolutionary organisation throughout the country, but the effect was crucial to understanding many of the events of British campuses that year. The same people were in the forefront of the local organisation in many respects, and they used the same channels they had opened at the instigation of the VSC.

Without our realising it, demonstrations which started as the *raison d'être* for the groups became tactics which the groups used to consolidate, to show their political solidarity with the NLF and to punctuate the struggles in the places where they worked. Local work against the campus clowns of law and order was shown to be part of the national pattern. As a result of the potency of this confrontation, the militants decided to concentrate on violent demonstrations, quite correctly, because a real head of steam was being built up and the police could be guaranteed to lose their cool very early in the proceedings.

The whole build up worked through to October with the added enthusiasm engendered by Paris that summer. There were probably more meetings, more discussion of the nature of imperialism, before October than at any previous time. October found people ready for tough action with a high level of political militancy, but they were convinced by the VSC leadership, already quite apparently afraid of what the year had let loose, that a massive 'march' of solidarity, impressive by virtue of numbers rather than politically motivated action, was appropriate. There are times when that sort of demonstration may be valid as tactics, but that October was never one of them. The myth of the Grosvenor Square 'death-trap,' the sudden eclipsing virtue of Hyde Park, were the language of fear.

It doesn't seem so surprising now that everyone went home, the groups of basic organisation broke up and the very thought of another Grosvenor Square was so remote as to be absurd. We wondered what the hell 1968 had been for and we were prepared to sleep off the depression under the anaesthetisation of the Sunday Walk in October. We thought we would have done better to get

sponsors and have made the walk for Oxfam. No one needs reminding that the crucial error of the left in this country was in the eighteen months that followed October 1968. Militants were active and desperately exposed in a few colleges, notably the LSE and Essex. Elsewhere there was so little happening that even those who claimed that what was needed was quiet work with Trade Unionists never claimed they were actually doing it.

It is amazing that Daniel Read didn't feel it necessary to link the word 'debacle' with the 18 months of real debacle. No one is simply going to reappear on the battle field after that long knowing exactly how to hold a 'political demonstration' at three days notice, how to break police lines, where to attack police buses or the Grey-Green Coach Company. Its almost a religious belief that it was vaguely possible. I thought it was very surprising, given the level of the speeches, that as much militancy as finally appeared took place. The *horror* of Cambodia and Vietnam, the GI dead, the Kent Four, can never substitute for our permanent organisation around the anti-imperialist fight. We nearly gave up the right to lead any such movement in the 18 months before the demonstration; our revolutionary offences didn't take place during it.

In this country there is little doubt that cultural traditions have always acted against violent demonstrations, the determined attempt at objectives. When we were on the way to over-coming that cultural hurdle, we were doing it by political means. To decide to fight, to use a petrol bomb and so on, right through to the decision to stage insurrection, are decisions based on level of political preparedness, not what we feel like on the day. We were moving on to better and better political levels in 1968, with more analysis and comprehension of the necessity for certain sorts of action. This process is what is meant by the development of courage. Courage is political; when we lack politics, we lack courage.

For the BD article to simply dismiss these problems in favour of having a look at one afternoon in May, is to lower the level of necessary discussion to straight-forward moralising. Like most moralists, Daniel Read only demoralises. It is like an authoritarian parent taking his child out for the day, finding that he doesn't behave in the way the parent wants, and then beating him, irrespective of the whole past history of the child and his possible future. If our muscles are weak from lack of use, there's no point in self-flagellation because we can't run a four-minute mile. What we must do is learn for the future. There is no way that can happen if we limit ourselves to weeping after each demonstration as though it ended the world. Building is a vitalising process and every conscious demoralization is a serious offence against this or any movement.

REPLY

DANIEL READ

Demonstrations, the obsession and vanity of the British Left, and its most miserable preoccupation. Every 'demo' is an excuse for endless schemes of petty tactics, sweeping imperitives towards the masses and indulgent voyerism. The demonstration against the American invasion of Cambodia was one of a long line. David Triesman is right to point this out.

But he is wrong to suggest that the demonstration should not have been criticised. Nowhere does he defend the demonstration, it is true. He suggests instead that a critical analysis of it adds demoralisation to demoralisation, that only historical analysis and a practical alternative would justify our criticism.

This is salutary but still gets us nowhere. Of course the only decisive and effective criticism is to build the organisation and political direction that will ensure successful demonstrations. Of course a full analysis

should give the tradition and background of the successive attempts of the British revolutionary left to hurl itself onto the stage of history. But the suggestion that criticism straight and simple only makes matters worse is a veneer for the most negative of all possibilities—a demoralised Left, silenced even from making public its dissatisfaction with itself. What way forward is there from that?

David Triesman does make some telling points. The origins of the Grosvenor Square Demos go back to the VSC battles in late '67 and early '68. However the 'debacle' that he insists on is not to be found in the eighteen months after the political failure of the October '68 march. The origins of that failure and its aftermath are to be uncovered in the period before the October march.

The Cambodian demonstration was a failure and we said so. It seemed to Geoff Turner, whose letter was published in the last issue of the Black Dwarf, that our criticism was that the demonstrators should have fought the

fuzz. Not necessarily—peaceful demonstrations can be very successful. The charge we levelled was that the demonstration was not *political*. Some of the militants there were angry enough to fight the police, and in response to the brazen escalation of imperialism, they had every right to be. But as a whole the demonstrators were aimless (with one exception, the IMG and VSC as we reported, deliberately took over the leadership of the march to lead it into the Square via North Audley Street). Apart from that the demonstrators *shuffled* into the square.

David Triesman says we should not have expected more. We demand more. Many of the demonstrators reject organisation and collective discipline, and still do. If they can rely on their political instincts, if the spontaneous response of the most militant section of the left is collective and combative—then that might be a stronger and more flexible weapon than full scale organisation. But this is not the case—is it?

SCHOOL FREEDOM

DEMONSTRATE 12th JULY

We have received the following communication from the Schools Action Union. It has the Black Dwarf's full support:

"The Schools Action Union is at present engaged in a campaign which is perhaps the most important campaign we have launched so far, and which is relevant to all school student unions, not just the SAU. The campaign could be called a 'civil rights' campaign, for we are fighting for the rights which people out-

schools already have. Throughout their existence, SAU members have been victimised for merely trying to exercise their rights such as publishing magazines in which they are able to criticise the running of their school, holding meetings on school premises to discuss the running of the school or on such issues as Vietnam or Cambodia, or for expressing their feelings against the dictatorial authority of the headmaster (as the five members from Kingsdale were doing)

Because of all these, it was felt to be imperative that we should fight for the following three demands:-

1. The right to publish uncensored newspapers and magazines, subject

- to the laws of libel, obscenity etc.
- 2. The right to organise student meetings on school premises during school hours, during breaks and after school without staff interference.
- 3. The right to join a student union and engage in political activity including the right to strike.

These may not seem very revolutionary, but they are to the highly oppressed school student and to the authorities. But more important, they lead on to the running of the school being in the hands of an elected school council representing students, teachers and all school staff, for it is only in this way that the headmaster will no longer be the sole authority in the school.

These demands are being publicised in a number of different ways, firstly in *Vanguard*, the national magazine of the SAU, and secondly through a demonstration which will be taking place on **Sunday 12th July at 2.00p.m.** starting at **Camperwell Open Space**, of the Old Kent Rd, and going to **County Hall**. Please help us by being on the demonstration and by fighting for the rights of all school students.

For more information and copies of *Vanguard* at 6d each, please contact

SCHOOLS ACTION UNION

160, North Gower St., London. N.W.1. 01-387-5406

Sitting in year after year (contd...).

In issue No.34 we carried an attack by a political militant on occupations as a strategy within educational institutions. Here we publish a reply to this by David Page, a lecturer in General Studies at Hornsey College of Art. Page, whose contract has been terminated at the end of this term, played a significant role in the Hornsey affair.

Like the puritan sects of religious history the left has an abrasive, sometimes numbing, capacity to question its own motives. Of course critical examination of the effect, or probable effect, of this or that action is vital, but what does not help is confusion between theory and fact, and between level and level.

The political militant who wrote about occupations in Dwarf 34 exhibits characteristic confusions. The student left (he says) should not expose itself unnecessarily, e.g. in occupations, and get clobbered: it should work away unobtrusively, questioning the content of education; at the same time it should ignore the issue of academic freedom and leave that to the liberals. There are some serious contradictions here. Firstly, if the left is to keep quiet enough not to be noticed it will not actually be there at all. Secondly, the Hornsey affair was precisely an attack on educational content: this did not stop it being smashed as a political plot. Anyone who thinks that to 'rebel against their studies' will not bring out the Inquisition had better think again. Thirdly, the security of the staff and student left on the campus can only be guaranteed by these same weedy liberals and their 'academic freedom'.

Certainly the liberal concept 'academic freedom' in practice camouflages a shoddy elitism: the academically free are a minority just large enough to produce the trained personal who can service and maintain bourgeois society, and to perpetuate the elite. But the crux here is that there are two quite different things—liberal ideals, which aren't despicable which are not definable and the miserable inability of bourgeois society to fulfil these ideals. It is precisely by fighting for an ideal and being disillusioned by the reality that the liberal suddenly wakes out of his sleep-walking. We should constantly encourage the ideal and point to the reality.

Now for sit-ins/occupations. The first objective is to generalise—all sit-ins are not one sit-in, some are appropriate and some are silly. Our militant leaves out such positive points as (1) a sit-in gives people a brief but often vital experience of running their own lives; (2) it enables them to create and experience their own education, and (3) it is a challenge to the property fetish and the organisation of authority: there is a spiritual value in this challenge. The draw-backs to sit-ins which he notes may be curcial arguments in particular cases, but 'the golden rule is that there is no golden rule.'

It is worth looking at one of his examples both for its value in this argument and because it has been insufficiently considered by the left. "The longest occupation to date—at Hornsey—achieved precisely nothing, unless you count the mellifluous mumbles of sympathy from the cultural establishment." But what happened at Hornsey was not a tactic. The vast majority of students were not committed, consciously and in advance, to taking a certain step: simply a large number of people in a meeting entirely accepted by the authorities decided not to leave. From then on it just grew, and can't be compared with the highly considered occupations at the LSE. Then what is the nothing it achieved? Does one judge in terms of the liberation of individuals, the raising of consciousness, the achievement of concrete political goals, or what exactly? The very fact that it went on for 6 weeks made it a beacon which the other Art and Design colleges found it impossible to ignore. There was fierce discussion throughout the sector. The staff and their union were radicalised along with the students, and the establishment hurried away to do a rethink. When that comes out (The Summer/Coldstream Report) in the autumn, the argument will break out again. A whole process for making people aware has been initiated.

Politically there were, it is true, great losses. (Few people seem to realise that at Hornsey and Guildford alone some 100 part-time and 15 full-time staff were sacked or otherwise disappeared in the last 2 years). And yet this is a sort of strength: the stubborn fight of the Guildford sacked staff for reinstatement followed. It is likely that Surrey Education Committee will eventually have to capitulate to pressure from a coalition of educational unions (ATTI, NUT, NUS), and Trade Councils. And after Surrey, Haringey. A new weapon has been forged—clumsy, perhaps, but potentially powerful.

It is important to remember here that half the students in full-time education are not at Universities at all, but in authoritarian teacher training colleges, or techs and colleges stifled by parochial LEAs, where 'academic freedom' cannot be preserved because, under any meaning, it was never established in the first place. Certainly the sit-in is not always the best tactic, but let us have rather more clarity about objectives and variable local conditions before we attempt conclusions.

David Page

Reply to David Page

David Page's comments on my article raise, yet again, the question of the place of liberalism in revolutionary strategy. Page supports liberals in educational institutions because of their educational and defensive role. He supports liberal ideas because they lead to a disillusionment that may form the beginnings of a revolutionary consciousness.

I attacked the use of liberal issues as a means of raising consciousness precisely because history shows this to be the most dangerous tactic of

all. Liberalism has been responsible for the failure of every revolutionary movement in western Europe since 1848. The continuing hegemony of capitalism and its institutions must be ascribed to their ability to recuperate anything short of revolutionary demands. This hegemony rests squarely on the existence of liberalism as the perceived ideology of the bourgeoisie. As an ideology it is a form of false consciousness, resting not on theory but on a series of abstract value judgements about the nature of society. Its immense power lies in its ability to blind the mind to reality by creating a false community of ideals. As a tool of the ruling class it has been successful in containing the workers' movement by forming a common middle ground, by conditioning its members into accepting false problems and false solutions.

Page's liberalism must be seen in its true colours as an enervating diversion from real issues. It is the false friend of inadequate and uncertain pseudo-revolutionaries. Page is wrong if he thinks the bourgeoisie incapable of fulfilling liberal demands. Over the last hundred years it has instituted a whole series of reforms in education, welfare and work. There is little reason to suppose that it will not go on doing so. Liberalism is a jelly that absorbs the force of anything short of total revolution. Revolutionaries can only avoid the deadly embrace of the liberal Delilah by maximising their demands.

Occupations must be accurately situated in this perspective. Page claims that occupations are useful in providing organisational experience for militants, as a challenge to education, property and authority. He accuses me of an almost religious purism in denying the efficacy of occupations. My analysis was tough precisely because it is the confusion engendered by liberalism that has led to the failure of occupations. The drama of the occupation is a play enacted on the stage of capitalism. It does not seek to smash this stage—the worthless property and content of bourgeois learning; it merely seeks to reform it. The revolutionary left needs to preserve a diamond hard edge to its theory to avoid being dragged blindly into confrontations based on false premises.

The response to the alienation of these institutions seen in the fire-bombings at Essex, Keele and Newcastle may be criticised as pure terrorism that ignores the problems of mass organisation. But this response represents a deeply felt, subjective reaction. This romantic nihilism with its rejection of liberal measures is the subjective motive force of the revolution. As Lefebvre states: the subjective revolt is now an objective contradiction of capitalism. Page's gradualism offers no real outlet to this violence: it cannot unite it with an objective theory of social action. Despite Page's own undoubted commitment his methods in practice at Hornsey diverted the energy of the students into a maze of reformist goals. Most of them died of exhaustion somewhere inside.

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ON THE BALL

A little magazine, for subscribers only, started publication this year. It is called, justifiably—Politics and Money, and each month it gives a politically informed economic analysis of a single problem; such as the Common Market, or the outlook for Britain.

Its first issue, now sold out, gave a general survey of the outlook for 1970 and in clear stringent language (though with one rather irritating archaicism) it predicted the recession in the US economy, showed that the Nixon administration could not avoid it because of its political priorities, and spelt out the possible effects. Cautious and realistic, Politics and Money explains in clear and simple terms problems that the bourgeoisie covers over in the confusions of its own self-interests, while the Left all too often can only shout and posture. Neither facile nor pretentious. Politics and Money is a

little known but very valuable magazine, one that can only be subscribed to—and should be.

30/- a year, 20/- for students, from 14 South Hill Park Gardens, London NW3.

FROM VIETNAM TO INDO-CHINA

The journal of the VSC formerly called Vietnam has promptly and rightly changed its name to Indo-China. Its first edition under its new name has an excellent piece on Laos translated from Le Monde, an extensive Vietnam bibliography, an analysis of the press response to the invasion of Cambodia, unmasking the lackeys, and plenty of short items—a model of struggle and analysis. Now it is going from duplicated format into print, and needs financial help. Subs, 7/6 for six issues from 182 Pentonville Road, London

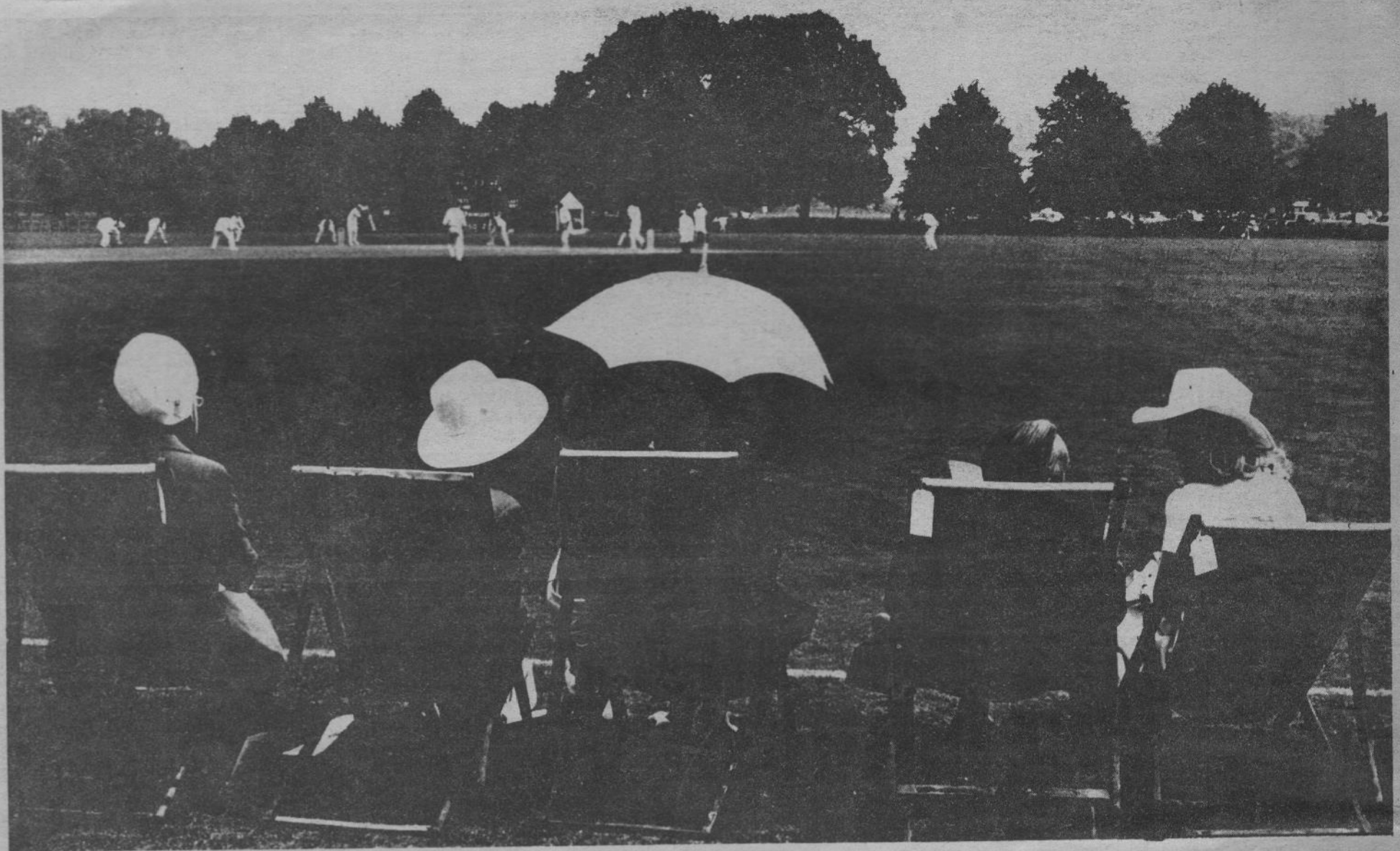
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Sally Fraser

Eton; 4th of June—see the way the ruling class label their deckchairs.

ANGUILLA—BRITAIN'S MOST EXPENSIVE INVASION

Inflation is world-wide, the cost of everything is going up, including the price of invasions. An article on the invasion of Anguilla has just appeared in the Financial Times. Their special correspondent applies the very latest unit cost analysis. Balancing up the expensive logistics of getting troops and police to the Caribbean island and the money that Britain is now investing in the development of the island's roads and civic buildings he concludes that the "cost has probably been greater per capita (about 6000) and per square mile (35) than for any other British commitment overseas." Of course this includes the expense of subsidizing the islands economy so that another invasion is not necessary in a few year's time. The islands only newspaper *The Beacon* has ambiguously declared "The fact is that Anguillans are grateful to our visitors for their cheerful and practical help and we feel they deserve a resounding pat on the back."

GAY LIBERATION MEETS THE SHRINKS

In April of this year the Gay Liberation Movement invaded the National Convention of the American Psychiatric Association in San Francisco. They report that the main convention looked like a "refugee camp for Nixon's silent majority". It was 99 percent white, straight, male, middle-aged, upper middle class:

"They are the insulated ones—separated in their immaculate garb, cars, country clubs, planes, expensive hotels—protected from emotional involvement by a gibberish vocabulary which translates

humanity into 'scientifically' quantifiable and 'objective' terms".

A week after Kent State and Cambodia, the psychiatrists had come to discuss business as usual. But business as usual didn't happen. The "shrinks" had hardly started their agenda when a Women's Liberation representative invaded the platform and grabbed the mike.

"I want to know what room the women can have to meet together in, and I want to know now," she said.

The Chairman appeared not to have heard. He called the next speaker. Another woman took the microphone:

"I don't believe you heard," she said. "We want to know what room we can have, and we want to know now."

The women got their room. They also got permission for Mario De Santos to read a Women's Liberation statement to the conference. In it she said:

"Women come to you suffering from depression. Women ought to feel depressed with the roles society puts on them....Those roles aren't biological, they're learned....It started when my mother threw me a doll and my brother a ball."

The shrinks found this hard enough to take, but chaos really broke out when Gay Liberation intervened. The homosexuals present had read all about psychiatric theories on homosexuality, and from their point of view the psychiatrists "don't know their elbows from their assholes". So they grabbed the convention floor microphone and started talking:

"We've listened to you long enough," said a bearded homosexual called Konstantin, running around the hall in a bright red dress. "We're fed up with being told we're sick. We're gay and proud."

Red dresses or not, the homosexuals had real grievances to beef about. These were expressed with particular vehemence when one of the psychs started demonstrating his shock treatment machines. This involved showing slides of male nudes, during which the patient is given a painful electric shock. Later he is shown a slide of a female, and receives no shock.

But the real target of the homosexuals' anger was Dr. Bieber, an "expert" on homosexuality. Shouted one of the homosexuals: "You are the pigs who make it possible for the cops to beat homosexuals: they call us queer; you—so politely—call us sick. But its the same thing. You make possible the beatings and rape in prisons, you are implicated in the torturous cures perpetrated on desperate homosexuals. I've read your book, Dr. Bieber, and if that book talked about Black people the way it talks about homosexuals, you'd be drawn and quartered and you'd deserve it."

"I never said homosexuals were sick", said Bieber. "I said they have displaced sexual adjustment."

"That's the same thing, mother-fucker", shouted the homosexuals.

Pandemonium ensued. Homosexuals started throwing paper aeroplanes down from the balcony saying, "don't fight us, fuck us." The chairman attempted to call order so that a shrink called McConaghy could read his paper. He was interrupted by shouts of "vicious" and "torture". The straight psychiatrists got increasingly up tight and enraged.

"They should be killed!" shouted one.

"Give us back our air fare!" shouted another....

BRITAIN RELEASES POLITICAL PRISONER

The 1968 October 27th Demo seems to stay with us. Arguments about whether it was a victory or a defeat for the Left continue. But there cannot be much doubt in the mind of Tony Soares who had just completed serving a two year gaol sentence for his part in the demo.

He was accused of distributing two leaflets (advertising the demo) which the prosecution claimed might have induced people to riot (if the people had rioted, which they didn't). The parallels with the Peter Martin case are plain. Both men are black and both of them were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for handing out their opinions of roneoed pieces of paper.

LIBERATION MEETING

With the development of the armed struggle in Namibia (South West Africa) and the strengthening of the racist collaboration between the new British Government and the regimes in Portugal and South Africa, Namibia is of growing importance. Until recently, there has been a tendency for the country to be ignored, or to be thought of as merely part of South Africa—a tactic which neatly suits the apartheid regime, with their claims to have incorporated the country into South Africa, despite the condemnation of the UN and of progressive forces from all over the world.

To counter the ignorance, and to stimulate greater interest in Namibia, and in the struggle there, a Friends of Namibia Committee has been formed in London, following an initiative by the South West African Peoples Organisation, (SWAPO), which is conducting the liberation struggle in the country. The Committee will seek to raise the level of consciousness about the situation in the country, and to encourage the raising of material support such as medical supplies for the Namibian refugees.

The Friends of Namibia will be formally launched at a meeting on July 9th, at 7.30pm in Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.2. Speakers at the meeting, will include Peter Hain, of Stop the Seventy Tour, and also Moses Garoeb, Administrative Secretary of the South West African Peoples Organisation, who is flying to England for a tour to help launch the organisation.

Further information is available from the Secretary of Friends of Namibia, Peter Hellyer, at 54, Charteris Rd., London, N4 (tel/wk 01 799 3150)

SEX AND MEDITATION FOR THE GENERALS

The Pentagon has begun the construction of a \$15,000 paneled "meditation room" so that America's Generals can have an appropriate place to think about the next world. Presumably, the rest of the five-sided building will continue to be dedicated to the destruction of this one. Our pictures, however, show that God is not the only person that nation's generals turn to when trying to escape from the difficulties of the Vietnam war. General William C. Westmoreland, well known for his "search and destroy" strategy in Indo-China under President Johnson, is here shown turning for comfort to fellow General Elizabeth P.

