

The Black Dwarf

ESTABLISHED 1817

VOLUME 14 No.17

FORTNIGHTLY 1/6d.

NEW
SCOTLAND
YARD

WHAT A

BLOODY NERVE

Five free papers have been threatened by the police. OZ: Six thousand copies burned. IT: Office raided, private documents removed. Rolling Stone: galley proofs examined. Black Dimensions: office raided, charges pending. Black Dwarf: three visits by Scotland Yard, threats of criminal libel.

Picture on the right: is this the notorious PC Pulley, well known to everyone in Notting Hill, especially to some of its black citizens?

Back in August, the Dwarf quoted Mr George Clark (director of the survey that has just exposed the appalling housing there) who said something nasty about

the PC. Last week (nine months later), two Scotland Yard detectives paid visits to the Dwarf distributors, and to the home of a member of the editorial board. They spoke of criminal libel – a serious offence.

Are the police going to press this charge; or is it just a case of the

frighteners all round?

If so, it hasn't worked. This week we give you our guide to Scotland Yard and to Special Branch activities in our universities; the next Dwarf will be investigating the police in Notting Hill – in particular the case of PC Pulley.



FUZZFILE

From Notting Hill to Victoria Street is but a shilling on an 88 bus. Our intrepid but suitably disguised *blue* dwarf found himself at the main entrance to the New Scotland Yard. Noting in passing the ramp and check-point leading to the very extensive underground vehicle dump beneath the pricey concrete and glass structure, he went in (1).

Fuzz most everywhere. They and staff have passes which are checked as they enter. Anybody else allowed to go in is supposed to fill in a voucher with his name and address. Old boy on door keeps a carbon copy and visitors return to him this authorisation as they leave. Being nothing if not unconventional, our dwarf decides not to avail himself of one of these grubby chits. Proceeds, undeterred, to the lift. Up: notices the lift doesn't stop at the third floor. In fact, our dwarf later finds out that the whole of the third floor, through both blocks, contains the Criminal-Records Office (2).

Friendly words to scurrying personnel reveal that the only access to CRO is in the Victoria St block. (Habitués refer to the larger, 19-storey, block as 'the tower' and the other, eight-storey block as 'Victoria St'.) The tower is almost entirely devoted to administration, containing mainly civilian employees. Victoria St is the police block proper.

However, he's in the lift: fourth floor. This is the canteen (3). Unfortunately not much time to stay and sample the fare, for the food is excellent and the prices – most reasonable.

Our dwarf changes to a faster lift and speeds to the upper floors of the tower. Here, in their well-carpeted and tastefully furnished accommodation, are the Commissioner himself, the Assistant Commissioners and the Official Receiver, with the architects just above them (4).

Black leather and carpets abound. Here, he notes, the teeming menials to be found on lower storeys are kept well out of sight. With a select, far from canteen dining room, the premises are well equipped to serve and entertain visiting dignitaries – which include not infrequent groups of Japanese or Ghanaian fuzz, for example, eager to pick up a tip or two about *good taste* and other old English street customs. Strikes our dwarf that the Commissioner's flat is well suited for the occasional over-night stay – the odd big demo, perhaps? Drink tastes good.

Connecting the tower with the Victoria St block is a substantial bridge (5 – obscured in picture). Wandering through, our dwarf sees what looks like a cinema and briefing room. Main attraction, though, are the display cabinets containing, as well as the usual cop soccer cups and that sort of thing, silver whips presented by the Shah of Persia and gifts from other enlightened despots. Pride of place currently seems to be taken by a bizarre scroll thanking the fuzz for their fine bearing in the Great October Demo. Signed by sundry middle-aged ladies and Tory councillors, it purports to be representative of the feelings of hundreds of thousands who



Continued from Page 1.

In the first floor of the Victoria St block he comes across the Information Room, where 999 calls are taken - you can see this from the street (6). Bits of computer much in evidence and about 20 TV screens. The cameras are scattered all over the central metropolitan area and used for traffic purposes but can also be useful when undesirables such as yourself, dear reader, choose to dance in the streets.

Just about this point the Commissioner's excellent booze begins to get the better of our dwarf's usually very-much-present faculties. (Anyway, as a result, he came out not quite sure about some of the floors between here and the upper part of the Victoria St block. Please accept his apologies.) He notices floors two to six embrace normal police work - general crime, gang-smashing, murder etc (7).

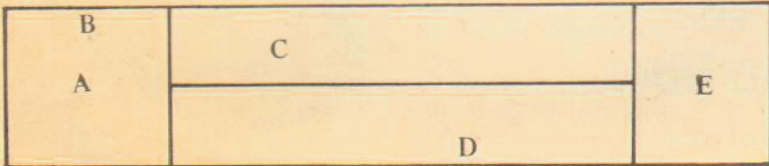
On the same floor as the obscene publications department: the Drug Squad. It's at the end of the building in the background of the picture. Legalise pot posters etc. grace the walls around these offices, obviously for informational purposes. Our dwarf leaves hurriedly.

Fifth floor: a monstrous map-room (8). Just about every map of every thing you can imagine in London. If it's any comfort, your house is one of these maps: maps showing spates of everything from armed robbery to handbag snatching, meticulously pin-pointed with smarty-like buttons and fancy tape.

Dwarf then wanders to sixth floor: fingerprints dept. (9). Hundreds of 'civvies' working here, taking prints from butterfly-type trays. Suddenly dawns on him that there is something like a running feud in Scotland Yard between police and non-police personnel. Fuzz seem to be continually cursing 'these bloody civvies' and vice-versa. (Notes that curiously, fuzz trade mag is called *The Job* and civil servants' mag is called *The Whip*.) Down the middle of this floor: glass cases with old murder weapons in them. Idea: 'Watch out for dabs on the tin-opener.'

Seventh floor: at the eastern end dwarf comes across photographic department which serves all sections (10).

At the other end (at last!) of same floor is 'D' squad of Special Branch (11). Seem to be lot of Welsh-speaking fuzz in here. One booking train ticket to Cardiff. Celtic fringe probably much expanded since investiture hassle.



Top floor of Victoria St block is all Special Branch (12). Here, dwarf discovers, are 'A' 'B' and 'C' squads. In open office at western end sees lots of plain-clothes cops (A on diagram). About 15-20 desks. Some women, but otherwise all types: proletarian London bobby, provincial and upper middle-class - 'different colour collar from shirt' sort. Dwarf says to himself: Outside you would never think some of these were fuzz. In this room they are all detective constables and sergeants. They talk of 'The Party' and industrial disputes. Also: troublesome teachers and tenants' associations. Our dwarf gets the impression that all these obscure little tenants' associations are unanimously considered irksome in the extreme. Impossible to keep track of all of them. SB man's secret dream: the Communist Party controlling all Left organisations. Would be far simpler that way to keep track. On noticeboard (B), in addition to holiday rota etc., current samples of some of more obscure political leaflets of undesirable nature.

Along either side of corridor are offices for ranks above sergeant (C). Dwarf notices these all kept firmly Chubb locked. He wanders past signing-on-book, by swing doors, to duty room (D). More political posters and leaflets on walls here. Also photos of one or two Black Power leaders. Most interesting pic: a guy with a white crash-helmet in his hand who is smashing windows of fuzz bus. Caption: 'Do you recognise this man?'

SB seems to spend most time checking on people taking out naturalisation papers: obsessively thorough. Though often inefficient (vide Dr Laurence of Purley cock-up recently) SB are definitely obsessively thorough. Lot of time also taken up, dwarf notices, by ordinary citizens who send in newspaper pics of demos (usually from *Express* or *Telegraph*) saying 'This man is my next-door neighbour' or (pic of Tariq Ali) 'This man works in my local curry restaurant.' Often nuts, often malicious, but most have to be checked on, our dwarf discovers to his amazement.

At eastern end of top floor finds Special Branch library (E). Mainly not criminal files but information got as result of surveillance, he guesses. Old files (cardboard) are labelled but new ones are all coded. Musty files on Hunger Marches, the Fenians, the Casement case, IRA. Equally musty custodians look after these (probably ex-cop or ex-army). One intriguing old file on 'ex-inspector Symes.' Notices another, uncompleted, file marked 'Pulley' - curious, thinks our dwarf, perhaps this is some new kind of secret weapon... He makes his excuses and leaves.

DWARF COMMENT

The police are getting active all round. A summer offensive is beginning. *Black Dimensions* a cyclostyled magazine which contained its own allegations of racist behaviour by Notting Hill Gate police was raided recently and a great deal of literature taken away. No charge yet. IT's offices were searched on a ridiculous pretext and letters seized. Again no charge. After a visit by local...

'square backlash is on the way. For some time now the middle classes have been watching in horror the way the young develop their struggle for identity: and they haven't liked it one little bit. Now, from their entrenched positions of power in the police and local councils they are launching a counter attack. It is going to get a lot worse before it gets better comrades. If you are attacked remember that you do have weapons. Publicity is one of them. If nobody knows about it nobody can help you. Tell us at least. But don't ignore bourgeois outlets for complaint - local papers, MP's even your local vicar. If the shit is flying and he's willing to be used - use him like a shield. Never plead guilty: always fight back. Hire the best lawyer you can find and then don't pay...



ROOM 055,
WAR OFFICE,
WHITEHALL,
S.W.1.

Our Ref.:

Your Ref.:

Dear

It has been suggested that you might like to assist this department in a current project we have in mind. As I cannot explain what it is all about by letter we should be grateful if you could find time to come to Room 055 at the War Office to discuss it. If you will ring Whitehall 9400 Extension 393 or write to the above address we can arrange a day and time convenient for you.

Meanwhile, please treat the contents of this letter as completely confidential and refrain from mentioning it to anyone. We shall of course pay the expenses of your trip to London.

Yours faithfully,

R. Strickland
R. Strickland.

CAMBRIDGE, SUSSEX Spy Networks Uncovered

If you're a student and 'they' haven't already got you, be warned, they know who you are and exactly what you're up to. In a week which has produced rumblings from the belly of the White House, to the effect that Dickie and Spiro want the students restrained, three remarkable pieces of information have come into the 'Dwarf' offices... the first from the *Shilling Paper* in Cambridge; the second from *Old Mole* of Harvard, the third from our reporters in Sussex University.

The *Shilling Paper's* article tells of a letter sent by the War Office in London to about a score of undergraduates in Cambridge. We reprint this letter here.

The War Office spider follows up this intriguing invitation to its potential fly, moving to a kill with a rendezvous in Room 055 of its Whitehall offices.

Here are two men, one heavy and unobtrusive, the other being Strickland himself, front man for the MI5 and witness in several spy trials. Strickland doesn't labour the point. They need, he says, a report from time to time on the political actions and attitudes of some undergraduates and occasionally, a full report in reply to a specific enquiry - nothing like a full-time job is involved.

As it turned out, Mr. Strickland and his 'heavy' didn't like the look of the man to whom they sent the letter above. Maybe they could tell that he was liable to blow the beans to the *Shilling Paper*. In any case they shrugged him off with Whitehall aplomb. But he could easily have joined the hundreds or thousands (who knows?) of agents and spies required by the state to police our free academic communities.

Of course, this news comes as no surprise. It confirms the social analysis which points to a necessary identification of interests between the universities and all other institutions of bourgeois power. Such analysis is peculiarly relevant to American affairs; and it was the discovery of CIA files on the Harvard campus which led to *Old Mole* printing this equation on one of their pages:

H A R V A R D = C I A = S T A T E
D E P A R T M E N T = M U R D E R E R S = F O R D
F O U N D A T I O N = P E N T A G O N

The secret CIA files made available to *Old Mole* revealed connections of various Harvard

faculties and personnel with the CIA, the US military, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the State Department. Moreover, the Deans of Harvard are shown to have approved contracts and affiliations with the CIA: Amongst the documents seized and reprinted was a memo on a CIA contract with Prof. Ivan Sutherland and a letter from Prof. Arthur Smithies to Dean Ford saying that the Professor had maintained contact with the CIA during ten years. A telegram to Dean Ford, from the Director of the Vietnam Working Group of the State Department, thanked Harvard for 'making Professor Kissinger available for his extremely successful mission to Vietnam'. Prof. Kissinger is now Nixon's special advisor for national security affairs.

Another document gave an official description of MIT's Centre for International Studies and showed:

- 1) that it was set up to 'penetrate the Iron Curtain with ideas' at the request of 'the civilian wing of the government.'
- 2) that 'much of the initiative for the establishment of the Centre came from members of the Harvard faculty.'
- 3) that one of its advisory boards included Allen Dulles, head of the CIA.

Should you be sitting in Exeter or York, making bombs and feeling secure, take notice, the University of Sussex in Brighton has been discovered keeping files on the political sympathies and actions of some of its students.

The authorities let it slip that they had these files during the course of a minor disciplinary case involving a militant student. The proctors described the student as 'a hard-core internationalist'. They knew that he had been in Paris for the May Revolution and that he had attended demonstrations in Essex university.

A meeting of the Student Disciplinary Council on April 23 deplored the keeping of such records, and demanded both that the files be made open for inspection and that they be burnt. The university replied by admitting that they had records for the politics of eight undergraduates: they claimed that their possession of this knowledge was the result of 'a clerical error'. They seemed full of contrition, promising that it would never happen again. The fact remains that the files have not been destroyed.

MAY DAY 1969.

Photo: Andrew Morland



TENANTS FIGHT BACK Council Chamber Cleared

On Tuesday and Wednesday, April 29th and 30, council meetings of the GLC and Camden council were interrupted by demonstrators protesting over the scandalous conditions in Council Buildings, Poplar (referred to in Black Dwarf no. 16).

On Tuesday, the United Tenants Association had organised a coach load of tenants from Releana Road, Poplar, to come and heckle from the public gallery. They sat quietly while the council dealt with minor local issues, such as the conditions of pavements, road signs, and parking facilities. But when Councillor Greengross was in the act of answering a question from Councillor Walker about the depths to which bollards are buried in the pavement, uproar broke out in the public gallery. 'You fat slob, where's your humanity?' and 'These are the homeless families. They are your responsibility'. Leaflets were scattered explaining fully the appalling housing conditions in Releana Road, and saying what action the tenants had now decided to take. Stinkbombs were thrown. After only a minute of this, the mayor ordered the gallery to be cleared.

We were then treated to the spectacle of fat, besuited councillors strolling around drinking coffee and eating caviare canapes, saying such things as: 'Of course, they're ruining their own case. If only they'd go through the proper channels...' 'You fucking scum', one woman had called from the gallery; whereupon, 'What did she say?' one Councillor asked his wife; 'I only heard "scum"', she replied.

Possibly most disturbing of all was the bored and blasé way in which both councillors and

press were treating the incident. Every single Camden Council meeting is interrupted by angry tenants. Every time the gallery is cleared by the police. What should be a militant and democratic gesture is quickly and easily contained by the system. And what of the theory that protesting tenants should go through the proper channels? A member of UTA told us that her organisation had done just this. The result? The housing officer had referred them to welfare; and welfare had sent them back to housing.

The police arrived after twenty minutes. They were immediately aggressive, making first for the women, whom they attempted to remove by force. One woman lost her glasses in a scuffle, and a policeman stamped on them and broke them. One policeman, on seeing Bill Woods, of St Pancras Tenants Association, said to his mate: 'Get that big man first'. A policeman's helmet was knocked off into the chamber below, and was picked up by one of the councillors, who clowned around, out of sight of the furious tenants; other councillors clamoured to try it on. In the gallery, there was chaos and fighting for twenty minutes. We heard from several sources that the King's Cross police are noted for their brutality.

We waited after the gallery had been cleared to see what reference, if any, the mayor made to these disturbances: or, more important, whether this would evoke any response in him or the other councillors. But his only reference to the incident was to apologise for their interruption of the meeting, and to resume the discussion of the vital question of bollards.

Janet Ree.

Your Right To Be Heard

Our legal correspondent writes:

Protesting tenants who find themselves thrown out of council meetings for heckling should remember the following facts. The police have no right to remove people from the public galleries of council chambers by force. If they do so, they are laying themselves open to possible charges for assault.

This became apparent last week when members of the United Tenants Action committee broke up a meeting of the GLC. They were protesting about the council's outrageous rent increases, which came into force last October. After heckling, showering the assembled councillors with leaflets, and throwing stink bombs, an order was given for the gallery to be cleared. The police were called.

The tenants, however, refused to move. This posed a problem for the inspector in charge of the removal squad. He was obviously, unlike some of his predecessors, chary of taking a hard line. The demonstrators consequently held their ground and refused to move. Net result: the tenants in effect took the council chambers for three-quarters of an hour. They eventually left when boredom set in.

The council had meanwhile left the chamber. Mr Roland Freeman, chairman of the GLC's Finance Committee, explained in weary tones: 'You see the police have no power to remove these people by force. That's the difficulty we're in. Parliament, on the other

hand is in a different position. They are a court, anyway, and if you so much as cough in the House of Commons public gallery you can theoretically be clapped in the tower. Anybody interrupting a session of Parliament is committing a contempt of court. The council chamber, here, like any other county council in the country, is in no different legal position from any other public building. If people come in and refuse to move, they are committing an offence of trespass, it is true. But that is a civil offence. The police have no power to arrest anybody for trespassing.'

Under the Local Government Act, all local authorities are compelled to hold their meetings in public. If they refuse members of the public entry, they are themselves breaking the law. Tenants, should, however, remember that if they interrupt council meetings they are taking the risk of being charged with disturbing the peace, or something of that nature. Getting evidence to prove that this has happened is in fact very difficult, and such charges being brought against people who have caused disturbances in public galleries or council chambers is unheard of. The GLC, whose meetings have been broken up for almost eighteen months now, realise this. They are worried. They are now looking into the possibility of framing a bye-law which would give them greater powers for handling troublesome tenants. Meanwhile remember; stubbornness pays!



Photos: Homer Syke



Postscript: Poplar

Mr Beresford attempted to squat in Ilford but was forced back with his family to his prison-like flat in Poplar. (BD No.16). He suffers from rheumatism and can get no regular work. In fact he is reduced to collecting scrap metal with his kids.

His two sons were taking their bundles down to the scrap merchant when a road-sweeper stopped them and asked them what they were carrying. This sweeper pries into every aspect of the lives of the people living in Releana Road Council Flats.

The kids told their father about it on the way back from the merchant. He went up to the sweeper and asked him what business it was of his. The sweeper replied by advancing on Mr Beresford and raising his shovel. Mr B. bopped him one.

He then went off to the docks in search of a job.

Back home there was a knock on the Beresford's door. Mrs B. opened up to face three thugs, each hiding a weapon behind his back. Downstairs there was a further group

sporting knuckle-dusters.

'Where's your fucking husband then? Hiding behind your skirts?' One of them let go with a flyer and caught her 9 year old son on the cheek.

She slammed the door in their faces, bolted it and shoved most of the furniture against it. Just as well. Some of them tried to break it down, others went round the back and threw stones at the window.

Mrs B. sent her eldest son to try to get the Police. But the gang spotted him and nearly cornered him; luckily he shinned up a drain-pipe and back inside before they could get him. Mrs B., at her wits end now for fear that her husband might come back to be greeted by 20 thugs, yelled to a departing welfare officer to get through to the police for Christ's sake.

'If we can't you we'll carve up you wife and kids.'

And then they were gone and the fuzz rolled up too late.

John Weir

THAT NOTTING HILL REPORT

On May 5 a report on housing in Notting Hill was published.

Its publication was prefaced by numerous press leaks, was followed by extensive press coverage and will certainly lead to vast droves of lords and ladies coming into the area with their hand-outs, good advice and, above all, requests for patience.

The message of the report is simple: conditions in Notting Hill are appalling but they are the result of a quite exceptional circumstance - a high influx of immigrants into an area especially attractive to speculative builders. Like general poverty and balance of payment problems, one big push by local council, GLC and Government and the problem of housing can be solved - or so the report says.

It is, of course, no accident, that the facts outlined in the report should be interpreted in this way. The survey began as a project of hundreds of local people and students and it was quickly taken over by a 'director', George Clarke. For 18 months this man has withheld information on particular tenancies from the only people, two tenants organisations, who were prepared to use the information to the advantage of the people in the community. A hack from Sussex (who is now taking up a planning job with the GLC) was employed to produce the data. Finally, a first draft was

building a fourth for \$3 million). At the Council's request publication was delayed to give them time to prepare a defence. All criticism of Council activity was subsequently removed from the report.

In fact, of course, Notting Hill merely typifies the conditions which exist in many urban areas. Since these conditions are integral to a society ordered under monopoly capital, no remedy for them can be expected from the present councils and central Government. The people of Notting Hill know this and they will receive promises from the council and from Westminster with a suitable contempt.

Along with general support for the work of Peoples' Associations on rents and the creation of play-spaces, there is an almost universal sympathy for the actions of squatters. Many members of the community seem ready to go beyond simple occupation of empty property and to say, 'If we can't have all these empty flats, then neither shall they'.

It is in this context that the Notting Hill Squatters and Peoples' Associations have called for a militant demonstration on bad housing on May 17. Its aim is to bring together large numbers from inside and outside the area, beginning the broadest possible discussion on strategy (the place of squatting, and of harassment of empty luxury flats and their owners). Links will be joined with the struggles

NEWS IN BRIEF

The much-publicised proposals for banding in the Highgate and Haringey comprehensive schools (B.D. No.16) were approved by the Council two weeks ago. But the Tory racists of the Education Committee didn't have it all their peaceful and anti-democratic way. IS organised a march of 150 which passed through the main shopping centre en route to the Civic Centre while the proposals were being discussed. Later, about 400 people went into the public gallery to disturb the councillors' cool by singing, heckling and booing. Basil Lewis, West Indian Conservative Councillor voted against the proposals (West Indian voice from the gallery, 'He had no choice, man.') and Vic Butler, Labour Councillor, thanked the demonstrators for showing up the ineffectiveness of the Labour group in the Council chamber. Following the passage of the banding proposals, plans are being made by the people of Haringey and Highgate to boycott the banded schools. It may happen that parents will challenge in court the abolition of their right to choose a school for their children. After the meeting, the notorious Chairman of the Education Committee, George Cathles, recorded what may be his last, obligatory, 'World in Action' interview. Cathles has resigned his position and he is splitting to the US where there is even more scope for racists like him.

demonstration was intended to draw the dockers' attention to the implications of loading these arms - which are a part of Britain's imperialist action against Biafra. About 200 dockers have already refused to load one arms shipment and the movement is growing.

Sheffield University Union has carried out a motion offering Visiting Lectureships, to be paid out of Union funds, to Nick Bateson and Robin Blackburn. Since the Union has massive funds (estimated at more than £60,000) the offer is valid and workable. The Sheffield Union is waiting to see what the University Senate will make of the idea.

Edinburgh College of Commerce was occupied on Mayday by about 200 people in protest against *In Place of Strife*. Students of Commerce, University students and workers stayed in occupation of the Assembly Hall throughout the day.

Mayday in Kent University was an opportunity for supporting the LSE. The University Soc. Soc. organised a march in Canterbury with Bateson and Blackburn.

Leeds' first May Day March for forty years was convened by the ACTT Film Shop. Yorkshire TV. Other ACTT shops in Leeds supported the march, as did the IS group.



SPECIAL YOUTH SECTION
COMPILED AND DESIGNED
BY JOHN HOYLAND AND
SHEILA ROWBOTHAM

THE PEOPLE OF THE MOUNTAIN

LETTER TO A TEACHER

'Letter to a Teacher' is a book written by a group of boys aged between 12 & 14 from Tuscany, Italy. They describe a school they ran themselves and explain to the teacher how it differs from the kind of education she understands. It has become a manifesto for the Italian schools movement. These are some extracts from it.

Dear Miss,
You won't remember my name. You've got so many in your head. But I've often thought of you and your colleagues in the institution which you call learning, and all the kids you've crammed.

THE PEOPLE OF THE MOUNTAIN ON TIMIDNESS

Two years ago when I was in my first year, you frightened me. And the timidness I felt followed me everywhere I went.

I stuck close to the walls so no one would see me.

At first I thought I was sick or maybe it came from my family. My mother is one of those women who is frightened of a telegram form. My father observes and listens but hardly ever speaks.

Later I thought that timidness was a disease of mountain people like us. The peasants from the lowlands, I thought, seemed so sure of themselves. Not to speak of the workers!

But then I noticed that the workers allowed all the best jobs in factories, in the political parties, and all the seats in parliament, to go to 'pap's little darlings'.

They're just like us. And the timidness of the poor is a mystery that goes back a long way in time. Why, I can't explain, because I'm so much a part of it. Perhaps it's just a lack of presumption.

ON THE MULTICLASS

In my primary school, the State gave me a second-rate education. Five classes were held in one room. I had a right to one-fifth of a school. I've learned that this system is used in America to create differences between whites and blacks. An inferior school for the poor from the time they're toddlers.

Once out of primary school I still had a right to three more years at school. The Constitution even says I must go. But at Vicchio there is still no secondary school. To go to Borgo is quite something. The mistress told my parents that it wasn't worth their throwing away money like that. "Send him to the fields. He's not good enough for studies". My father did not reply. But he said to himself: "If we lived in Barbiana, he would be good enough".

ON BARBIANA

At Barbiana all the kids go to a school run by the priest.

But we were from another kind of people, and lived far away. My father almost let well alone. Then he found out that a little lad from San Martino went there. So he took his courage between his hands, and went to find out about it.

When I got there Barbiana didn't seem like a school. No chairs, no blackboard, no benches. Nothing but large tables where we had our classes and ate.

There was only one copy of each book. Blokes gathered round it. I hardly noticed that the bigger ones were teaching the others. The

too, would lead the class.

Those without a start, those who took longer to learn than the others, and those who were absent-minded, felt privileged. They were treated in the same way as you treat the top of your class. It was said that the school could not exist without them. As long as they did not understand, no one could go any further.

ON THE PEASANTS

You say that kids hate school and prefer playing about. You never asked us peasants about it. But we're 1,700 million strong.

Your entire culture is made just like that. As if you were the entire world.

THE VILLAGE BOYS

After they started the secondary school at Vicchio other peasant boys came to Barbiana. Only the failures, of course.

To them the school teacher was on the other side of a barrier: hence some wanted to do him and others to copy him. It took them time to learn that here we don't have marking books.

About sex, too, they had their ways. They thought you spoke about it in secret. As soon as they saw a cock mount a hen they nudged each other as if they caught two people fucking.

However, at the beginning it was only part of the course that woke them up. We had an anatomy book. They locked themselves in the bog to look at it and two pages were pretty well ruined.

Afterwards they learned that some other pages weren't so bad either. Then they discovered that history, too, was worth the effort.

Now everything interests them. They help teach the younger kids. They have become like us.

THE EXAMINATIONS

In June during my third year at Barbiana, I was a candidate for the leaving certificate. The essay topic was "Make a railway carriage speak".

If I had been honest, I would have turned in a blank copy. Or I would have criticised the topic and the people who set it.

But I was 14 and I came from the mountains. To get into grammar school, I needed that leaving certificate. And that little paper was in the hands of five or six people, total strangers to me and my life and almost everything I knew and loved. Absent-minded men who held the knife over me.

I tried to write the way you like.

The French examination was a false test. Examinations must be abolished. They simply ensure loyalty to an unbearable system. The difficulties should be put in proportion to the difficulties of life. If you increase them that's because you love little traps and snares. You make war on your students.

Why do you do it? It's for their own good.

ON TWELVE YEARS OLD OPPORTUNISTS: What are the aims of your pupils. That, too, is a mystery. Perhaps they don't exist. Perhaps they're common place.

Day after day they study for the book test, for their tri-monthly report, for their certificate, for their finals. In between they don't notice all the beautiful things they are studying. Languages, history, sciences, are reduced to marks and nothing more.

Behind these little bits of paper there's only the small interests of each. The certificate is worth money. None of you say so. But in the end it boils down to that.

To study this way in your schools, you've got to be an opportunist at the age of 12.

The opportunists of 12. Count them. They number most of your pupils. They never get the sense of a school.

THE NEWSPAPER:

I know the history of the last half century best of all. The Russian revolution, Fascism, the War, the Resistance, the liberation of Africa and Asia. It's the history experienced by my grand-father and my father.

I also know the history of my world, thanks to the newspaper that we read at Barbiana every day, out loud from end to end. We must read it. It's a way to wake up to the fact that your diplomas have not turned us into complete idiots. We endure them only because of our parents. But politics, that is the suffering of other peoples, is more important than you - and us as well.

ON THE CONSTITUTION:

You stopped at the First World War, exactly at the point where pupils can begin to refer to their own lives. The whole year you never read a newspaper in class.

The Doctor's little Piero has the time to read fables. Not Gianni. At 15 he slipped through your fingers. Now he's in a factory. He doesn't need to know if it's Jupiter who delivered Minerva or vice versa.

Better that the work contract of the metal workers were in its place in Italian classes. Have you read it Mme? You should be ashamed of yourself. It represents the very life of some half million families.

You say to each other about each other that

cabbage water cock-up

As far back as I can remember people have been telling me to do things that there seems to be no reason for. Headmasters, when they aren't hitting you, tell you what job you will get if you do as badly as your teacher says you will. Cops tell you to halt and to stop hanging about and get your exhaust pipe fixed and cut your lip. Postgraduate lady social workers tell you that you are going down hill but it's not too late. They all tell you that you are irresponsible and that you must get adjusted.

What they mean is this. School is where you learn to hate books and long for a job. A job is where you learn to hate work and long for money. Money is what you spend so you can put up with work again the next Monday. In addition they think school keeps kids off the streets so their mothers can go out to work. Work helps the Export Drive and will put Britain back on her feet again. Money should be saved for your marriage or the Second Coming or the forthcoming economic collapse.

It's not really extremely surprising that many people get fed up. You can show you are fed up by smashing up the Victoria Line after Arsenal lose. You can get pissed and feel great until old Lardbelly says "Time" and starts emptying the ashtrays over your trousers. You can get a really good bike and spend a lot of time on it until you get your bones sprayed across the North Circular or have to sell it to keep the baby in nappies. You can spend a lot of money on records, clothes and hairdo's even if it does take you 90 per cent. of your time to earn it.

But then the gang breaks up, the people who were in the same class as you have babies; before you know it you are in the laundrette complaining about Jimmy Young and your husband's taste for huge plates of carbohydrates. Despite the exciting bits, the pleasures of life tend to be capitalist cabbage water: the T.V., radio and odd film. And it's then you stop to notice whether there is really all that much difference between the Old Alabammy Black and White Minstrels and zoomy Radio One Club. It gets quite tricky to tell the difference between John Peel and Kenneth Wolstenholme. It all comes from the Great Musack Machine of capitalism and it's designed to get you to like the present set up and view any other social arrangement as 'idealistic' or 'impossible' or just not worth the bother.

Now at present, after four years of belt tightening to sustain Harold's costly pantaloons, we are still in a major economic crisis. Things are getting worse rather than better. Short of mass suicide or the dismantling of council flats and hospitals and their rebuilding into insurance companies, we are likely to get slightly worse every year. The man

with the Ford Popular who wanted an Anglia will find himself back on a Lambretta. In this world of harsh reality, the Fleet Street agencies of misinformation are obliged to cheer us up with Eurovision Song Contests, Resignation Threats and Trans-Atlantic Air Races.

Torpor

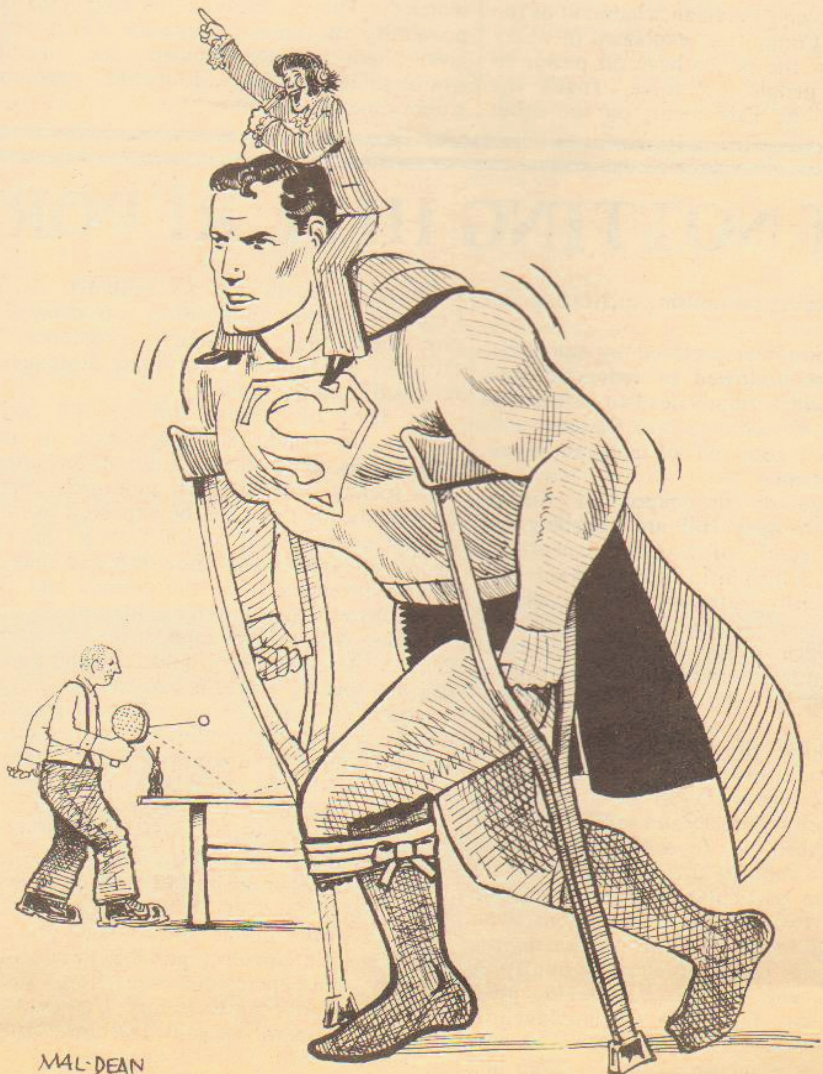
Political change does not exist so social change must be invented; the manufacture of banality has to be transformed from a cottage industry to a national empire employing thousands of over-educated graduates. They must keep the clouds over our heads, whether it's the clouds of Jimmy Hendrix, the betting shop or the freak-out university. That we should get our heads out and look around us is the one thing that worries the Public Relations Officers who work for the system; whether in Parliament, the editorial offices or the classroom. Cathy can't come home but Twiggy's in her heaven. There may be revolt in France, Italy, even Ireland, but here in Britain we believe in the Queen, The Cenotaph and the Referee. They know that cultural torpor guarantees political obedience and that for a few years more the candyfloss of the Permissive Society is more useful than the crowbar of the Police State.

Anyone who will put up with Lesley Crowther, Bernard Braden and Robin Day without an overwhelming need to kick the TV screen in will have a brain too softened to vote for a strike, help a squat or read a leaflet. And as the political crises becomes more and more insoluble outside revolutionary politics, so the fabric of society stretches and thins and the need for social discipline becomes more vital for them. The capitalist ice is getting so thin that delegates at the Democratic Convention weren't even allowed ice cubes in their cocktails in case they threw them.

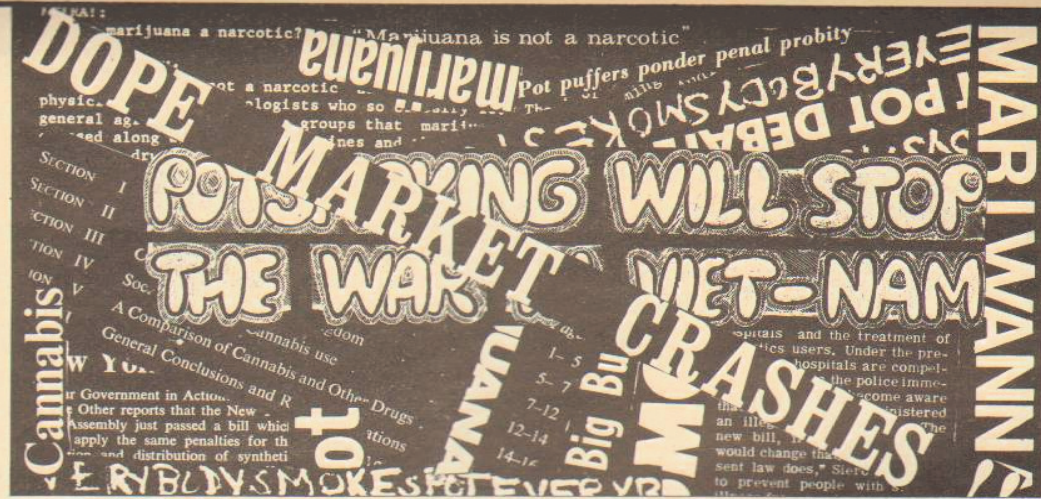
What is NOT wanted is liberal lizards in the TV factories, cogs with the remains of consciences who whiny with radical delight when they slip a shot of Socialism into a sea of cabbage water. It doesn't make the cop's boot softer or the Strikes easier, and promises of help from the Media above discourage the revolutionary movement's reliance on itself - which is all it has.

It's for revolutionaries to assert that there is more to Man than the nozzle end of a cathode tube and the late racing results. That there's more to music than Mantovani and the Move, more to love than truss adverts and fag commercials, more to politics than the midget monsters in Whitehall. It's just their system, their apologies, their lies and it's coming apart at the seams. Next time the hand of capitalist cabbage-water culture comes to feed you, don't just bite it, but snap the fingers off.

David Widgery



MAL DEAN



POT

IS POT HELPING THE REVOLUTION

Smoking pot is a political act, and every smoker is an outlaw. The drug culture is a revolutionary threat to plasticwasp-5-america... wrote Jerry Rubin recently, the yippie leader who led the demonstrations at the Chicago Democratic convention. The idea that pot is a vital binding element in the revolutionary movement is catching on fast in America and is even beginning to put down some grassy roots here.

Sex and pot

There are signs that although pot might not have much to do with the revolution more and more revolutionaries are turning to pot. I know one dedicated hardworking comrade who politically will only trust fellow smokers. This is a common, and I think quite mistaken, part of the habit. Pot is now as freely available as brandy in many grand drawing rooms; a groovy girl in the corner is de rigeur at many of the trendier upper-class parties but it doesn't seem to have made the slightest dent on their solid notions of power and society and although our comrade might find them friendly enough I doubt whether his arguments would impress them either.

Hundreds of underground American newspapers are all built around the same three themes of student power, sex and pot. These papers are a wild whoop of joy and anybody who smokes will recognise and remember that feeling of Eureka the first time they got high without fear. It's like falling in love. You want to rush out and tell everybody; which is exactly what these papers are doing.

Busts are reported with all the gravity of serious political events. Pot is lauded as the great unifier: 30 thousand joints were sent through the post recently to New Yorkers by

some rich and benevolent campaigners. The message seems to be that if you could only turn all the world on all our troubles will be over. Oh yeah. Well, tell that to that half of the world (N.Africa, Pakistan, India, the Middle East, and most of S. America) which is already turned on and suffers under the most vicious and repressive governments imaginable and they'll spit cannabis in your eye. But the argument can't end there. It is a lot less simple than that. Pot is new to Western Europe and its effects will be different from places where it has always been used.

Politically correct?

The politically correct answer to the title is NO. Pot is essentially a middle class activity and serves simply as a diversion away from the main task of building the revolution. Qu: And how do you do that? Ans: By spreading consciousness. Qu: Can't pot help? Ans: Certainly not. Pot is just an opiate; all it can spread is unconsciousness. End of discussion because any smoker can tell you that the last answer just isn't true.

One of the largest claims for pot is that it heightens perception, that it is a reality-seeking drug not one of escape. The trouble with saying anything about pot is that it is very difficult to say anything for certain. But we'll try. It certainly won't help you to read Marx, although there are bound to be irritating exceptions who will write and say I'm wrong. And for them I am. Most smokers I have talked to agree with me that it doesn't help any form of concentrated mental work. But pot can relax you enough to help your mind reach out around corners where it wouldn't normally go. (Although I have achieved the same effect lying

in a hot bath and others would claim the same for alcohol.) It is just that in the friendly euphoric state of being high a lot of barriers fall away and a zenlike thought can come winging by.

Festivals of the oppressed

One curious effect of the drug is the way it can amplify the slightest hint of pomposity. Banal film dialogue becomes ridiculously funny and a party political broadcast can send a group of (even) apolitical heads into hysterics. These effects do seem to undermine the status quo. They are certainly contributing to the generation gap.

Take a young suburban dwelling boy or girl of eighteen. He's strapped into his environment by a cobweb of lies, poverty and carefully inculcated inferiority. The day he discovers pot, can be a small revolution for him. Lenin wrote that "Revolutions are festivals of the oppressed and the exploited... at such times the people are capable of performing miracles". Something like this elation spreads through his mind & body, shyness and tension begin to crumble. They would have gone anyway, in time, but pot does seem to be able to speed up maturity and, some claim, dissolve prejudice.

Does Rubin have a point? Can pot=Crime=Revolution? There is no doubt that early confrontation with authority can have a politicising effect. Being put up against a wall and searched is a symbolic setpiece for the way power works in this country. The dangerously polite request to hold up your arms. The supercilious expression on the copper's face just two inches away from yours. The feeling of

helplessness, of being trapped. And for what? Just for what? A tiny piece of weed sap. A this is where the young can begin to work things for themselves. They know they're doing nothing wrong and what is amazing about them is that the police don't. If the police are so blind and idiotic to defend the lie that pot is harmful then what other lies are they defending? Whose law and order? Certainly not his. Whose power and property? Well except for his dum/dee cross every five years he's never going to have any of either.

Here to stay

There is a temptation here to play with the idea that if the Rubin equation is even only partly true then there is a case for the left to argue that things should be left as they are (giving up the 500 who are always in gaol for smoking). This thought has probably never escaped some minds on the right who are pressing for reform. But of course it is unjust and idiotic law which must be repealed. Pot is here to stay. It will go on blowing minds forever. It's great to get high, just as it is to make love, or climb a mountain, or argue with a friend or enemy and see the points go home or... or... or for the awful ageing truth about pot is that it isn't very important. Believe me as one head to another. Perhaps it might be worth six drop-out months of anyone's life but once you've got yourself straight then just let it become a small part of you and settle down to the real work of joining together to make the revolution and being what Deutschker calls the long march through the institutions. Let's get under way before pot becomes one.

Clive Goodwin

THE GREAT GROUPIE HOAX

This year, the word is underground. Journalists no longer have to reach for their Tom Thumb dictionaries and dutifully spell out phyza... no, psycho... no, whatever the word was.

Last year, we were told pop music was bringing in a mental revolution, but something went wrong, so this year sights are set a little lower (or is it higher?) and pop is bringing in a social revolution. There will be fighting in the streets, and if you sold a million LPs last year, then you can have a machine gun, and if you sold two million, you can have a helicopter and a machine gun. Of course, if something goes wrong again, and the revolution doesn't come, don't worry, pop music will be right there socking it to the bourgeoisie, like they've never been socked before, and continually regirding its loins to move on towards that final Armageddon when all the Superstars will come face to face with all the Superstraights, blow the smoke of certain substances in their faces, and all tune up for the Final Ultimate SuperSession.

Meanwhile, as the battered Ford Transits race endlessly up and down the M1, some curious things are happening. More and more evidence is being brought forward to prove finally and conclusively that sex and money are available in the pop business in quantities which

the human mind can scarcely conceive. The Great Groupie Hoax has been sprung, with the result that the ballrooms of this country are full of French journalists anxiously searching for a groupie who will reveal all; and Granada T.V. are no doubt preparing a high-powered documentary on the subject of the sex-mad girls of pop.

At the same time, the business affairs of Apple and Northern Songs provide non-stop copy for the financial columns, and make the activities of Clore and Co. look well passé and small time.

The effect of this, it might reasonably be thought, would be to further intensify the efforts of all concerned to grab as much money and knicker as possible as quickly as possible, while the mass media help by making it all seem in some curious way a forward-thinking and praiseworthy thing to do. If the system chooses to set up the pop business as a kind of Roman circus of unprecedented splendour and debauchery, it is safe to assume that the performers may at times get a little muddled as to whether they are merely acting or really living. Sometimes, of course, the performers just insist that it is the circus that is real and the public that is being watched, and one or two of them get away with this. But it does tend to annoy the public, and if carried too far, may

result in punitive action; the most favoured at the moment being a visit from the duly-authorized officers.

However, for the most part the mass media can congratulate both themselves and their public on the fact that even if the pop business doesn't really act and feel the way they describe it, there are many people doing their best to close the gap, and make it one non-stop highly lucrative screw from beginning to end.

Parallel with all this, there is another, less tactile, but more insidious trend in pop. Because pop has become so identified with the long-haired middle-classes, it has been necessary to make pop an art form; and if you have an art form, then you need, not artistes, but artists. So there is now an enormous emphasis on musicianship, and stars are increasingly being made not by such crude measures as emphasising their sexual organs, but by emphasizing their musical ability and artistry.

Of course, in many cases, this means that managers etc. just tell a different set of lies about the same old faces; and it doesn't mean that good looks are unimportant either. But it does mean that many musicians who two years ago might have assumed that they would spend the rest of their days playing someone else's music for a good fee or their own for practically nothing, are now playing their own

music and doing very well thereby.

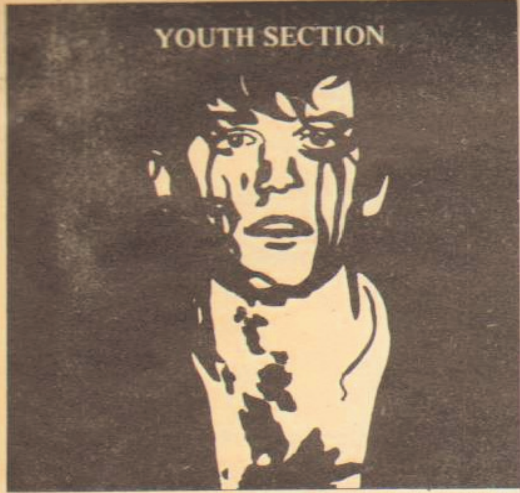
Even if one disregards the more painful obvious attempts at achieving "integrity" by repeating tired old jazz and blues licks ten years too late, there's no denying that groups like Pete Brown's Battered Ornaments are achieving a success that would have been unthinkable those far-off pre-pot days.

So, back in the sweat-soaked ring, the candy-striped superstars lie back in the limousines and mutter of the revolution while tender young groupies feed them grapes and stroke their whatsits. Put all that sex and money and all this artistic integrity together and you get the makings of a heart-warming psychotic situation. Maybe the anthem of the revolution will after all be a million-seller smash hit.

Meanwhile, things like the free concerts at Hyde Park crop up. They are of course totally ignored by the press, since no money is involved and last year at least there was not a orgy. In fact, they represent the first assertion by the pop business that they are concerned with music, like any art form, should be free. For the rest, its money and sex, or business as usual.

Laurie Lim





I AM YOUNG, MY BROTHER IS BLACK, WE ARE ANGRY.

Sorbonne

God made the bees
The bees make honey;
We do the work
The teacher gets the money.

young comrade.

THANKS TO TEACHERS AND EXAMS, COMPETITIVENESS STARTS AT NINE. IT IS UNREASONABLE TO EXPECT A REPRESENTATIVE IN THE COMMONS TO DO ANYTHING FOR YOU. OR YOUR UNION BOSS, OR GOD, OR ANYONE ELSE.

Red Paper.

You pump your facts straight in
you take your questions out
You take your young minds
and then you twist them all about
You give them competition!
so they'll all-hate each other
That's what we're all about - UGH!

Cambridge street-play.

A teenaged gang called "The Wolf Pack" terrorised frail, old people in a city's slums.

It's latest victim was 63-year-old Francisco Sanchez, found murdered outside his tenement home in Manhattan.

The gang followed him there and stole the five shillings he had in his pockets.

Then they stabbed him through the heart... and went off to spend the money on bags of chips.

Yesterday, detectives probing the murder of Sanchez arrested five members of The Wolf Pack.

The oldest was fifteen. The youngest was just twelve.

The Unfree Press.

What then is the most profound meaning of bureaucracy in relation to the social destiny of men? It is the insertion of each individual into a little niche of the great productive machine where he is doomed to perform an alienated and alienating labour. It is the destruction of the whole meaning of work and the whole meaning of collective life. It is the reduction of life to private life, outside of labour and outside of all collective action. It is the reduction of even this private life to material consumption. And it is finally the alienation of consumption itself through the permanent manipulation of the individual as consumer.

He that works and does his best
Gets the sack like all the rest.

young comrade.

Some people who commute go for 15 to 20 years travelling on the same train every morning, seeing the same people on the train, and never, in all that time, speaking to anyone during their commuting. "Well," says Mr. Hugh Bennett, a business-man who catches the 7.21 from Esher daily, and has done so for 15 years, "you just don't do it. Nobody bothers about anybody else. One doesn't speak to people even though one does become familiar with their faces." Mr. Bennett's train from Esher, he says, misses its connection every single day at Wimbledon and has done for almost as long as he can remember now. He has never complained; takes it for granted.

The Unfree Press

Society is a carnivorous flower.

Sorbonne

Naive minds think that the office of kingship lodges in the king himself, in his ermine cloak and his crown, in his bones and veins. As a matter of fact the office of kingship is an interrelation between people. The king is king only because the interests and prejudices of millions of people are refracted through his person. When the flood of developments sweeps away those interrelations, then the king appears to be only a washed-out male with a flabby underlip.

Trotsky.

You're daft, you're potty, you're barmy,
You ought to join the army.

young comrade.

Socialism is an integral vision of life.

Gramsci

Silence in the court
While the judge blows his nose
Stands on his head
And tickles his toes

young comrade.

To-day love could prepare an appalling indictment of the wrongs and privations that bourgeois relations have inflicted upon it. The misery of the world is economic, but that does not mean that it is cash. That is a bourgeois error. Just because they are economic, they involve the tenderest and most valued feelings of social man. For the satisfaction of all the rich emotional capabilities and social tenderness which bourgeois relations have deprived him, man turns vainly to religion, hate, patriotism, fascism, and the sentimentality of films and novels which paint in imagination loves he cannot experience in real life. Because of this he is neurotic, unhappy, sick, liable to the mass-hatreds of war and racism, to absurd and yet pathetic Royal Jubilees or Funeral enthusiasm and to mad impossible loyalties to Hitlers and Aryan grandmothers. Because of this life seems to him empty, stale and unprofitable. Man delights him not, nore woman neither.

Caudwell

The personality structure of man today is characterised by an *armouring against nature within himself and against social misery outside himself*. This armouring of the character is the basis of loneliness, helplessness, craving for authority, fear of responsibility, mystical longing, sexual misery, of impotent rebelliousness as well as of resignation of an unnatural and pathological type. Human beings have taken a hostile attitude towards that in themselves which is living, and have alienated themselves from it. This alienation is not of biological, but of social and economic origin.

Reich.

Their minds are policed by discipline, patrolled by examinations. Their hearts frozen by authority. Their state within the state mimes the society from which they are insulated. And yet, they do no own, and they do not belong.

Angelo Quattrochi

Thou shalt not question authority.
Thou shalt not ask where thou art going.
Thou shalt work fifty years for somebody else.
Thou shalt worship the lord thy boss.
Thou shalt love everybody except Communists, Buddhists and Stokeley Carmichael, with all my heart.
Thou shalt respect Winston Churchill, the Queen, and British Democracy.
Thou shalt not think lest thou should be damned into sanity.

"Bomb"

KISS YOUR LOVE WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR GUN.

I went down the lane to buy a penny whistle,
A copper took off me, and gimme a lump of gristle.
I asked him for it back, he said he hadn't got it.
You fibber, you fibber, you got it in your pocket.

young comrade

Just as, to the bourgeois, the disappearance of class property is the disappearance of production itself so the disappearance of class culture is to him identical with the disappearance of all culture. That culture, the loss of which he laments, is, for the enormous majority, a mere training to act as a machine.

- communist manifesto.

To achieve liberty man must govern himself; but since he lives in society, and society lives by and in its productive relations, this means that for men to achieve liberty, society must govern its productive relations.

Christopher Caudwell.

REVOLUTION IS THE ECSTASY OF HISTORY

DO YOU CHARGE US WITH WANTING TO STOP THE EXPLOITATION OF CHILDREN BY THEIR PARENTS? TO THIS CRIME WE PLEAD GUILTY.

Communist Manifesto.

Paul Cardan.



ālīēnā'tion *n.* Estrangement; transference of ownership; diversion to different purpose; insanity (also mental ~).

HAPPINESS IS

We confront an enemy which is increasingly centralised and well-organised, which employs increasingly subtle and far-reaching methods of control, which every day invades more and more aspects of people's lives and thoughts. Capitalism makes itself felt not only in people's work, but also in their recreation, in their management of their homes, in their holidays, in their entertainment, in their eating-habits, even in their sex-lives. Faced with such a total assault, only a similarly total reply will be effective. This is not just a battle for men's minds. It is a battle for their souls.

They try to tell you:

Happiness is something in the future. Happiness is when you've got a car, or a house, or when you're married, or when you've got kids, or when the kids go to school, or when the kids leave home, or when you get a rise, or when you get promoted, or when you retire, or when...

They try to tell you:

Happiness is being Paul McCartney, or Julie Christie, or David Bailey, or Mary Hopkin, or

and violent, or in a countryside that every day gets more overrun with arterial roads and factories and is gradually disappearing altogether.

On the tenth day of the May Revolution, they wrote on the walls of the Sorbonne:

"TEN DAYS OF HAPPINESS ALREADY."

They were happy because of the comradeship, the shared experience. They were happy because they had taken their destinies into their own hands, because they were creating their own world. Because, just for a bit, they were running their own lives.

The revolution is about happiness, not just economic theory.

The enemy is alienation just as much as it is poverty and injustice. It is not only the distribution of wealth that has to be changed - it is the quality of life under capitalism, the lack of purpose, the absurdity of most work, the pressures against social warmth and tenderness. It is the meanness and ugliness of this society that must be exposed and fought.

We live in a society that almost inevitably makes people unhappy. It does so because it does not exist for people in the first place. The great goals of our society - efficiency, modernisation, rationalisation - are not goals that by themselves make people happy.

Efficiency for what? Moving towards what?

A small example: in the name of efficiency they have installed automatic ticket-collecting machines on the London Underground. They are "efficient" because people won't be able to fiddle them and travel free, and because they'll mean London Transport can cut down on staff. But instead of making travelling easier or more comfortable, these things make it more difficult. They actually slow down the rush-hour. And you just try getting through them with a suitcase, or a baby and a push-chair...

There is another way which would make the Underground ten time more efficient, and which would cut down on staff almost completely - and that is, to make it free. There are a whole number of things like this that we pay for that we needn't pay for at all - and that would work much better if we didn't pay for them. But they'll never do that, because what their efficiency is about is *money*. If a thing's efficient, that means it makes more money.

A bigger example: take the existence of buildings like Centre Point - huge skyscrapers kept deliberately empty because it is actually profitable to charge such impossibly high rents that nobody will move into them for years - but when they do the owners will make an absolute bomb. Meanwhile twenty thousand people are homeless; hundreds of thousands on the housing lists; millions live in slums.

The liberal newspapers and the TV current affairs programmes tut-tut about these things daily.



RICHES ARE LIKE MUCK: WHEN THEY ARE IN A HEAP THEY GIVE BUT AN ILL ODOUR – BUT WHEN THEY ARE SPREAD OVER THE GROUND THEY ARE THE CAUSE OF MUCH FRONT

Bacon

No good thing has been or can be enjoyed by us without having first cost labour. And in as much as most good things are produced by labour, it follows that all such things of right belong to those who have produced them. But it has so happened, in all the ages of the world, that some have laboured and others have without labour enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue.

Abraham Lincoln.

We have coined too many expressions that are intelligible to nobody

Mao Tse-Tung

The revolutionary movement must cease appearing as a political movement in the traditional sense. Traditional politics are dead and for good reason. The population abandons them because it sees them for what they are: the activities of a group of professional mystifiers, buzzing around the machinery of the state or its appendages with a view to penetrating them and "taking them over". The revolutionary movement must appear as what it really is: a total movement, concerned with everything men do and undergo in society, and above all with their real daily lives.

Paul Cardan

IT IS NOT THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF MEN THAT DETERMINES THEIR EXISTENCE, BUT, ON THE CONTRARY, IT IS THEIR EXISTENCE THAT DETERMINES THIS CONSCIOUSNESS.

Marx.

Why is it that you strive to speak in ready-made formulas? Now do you know what the employment of ready-made phrases shows? It shows that your mind is not working, that only your tongue is at work. When you use ready-made phrases you make no impression on anybody, because everybody knows them without you. You are afraid to say things in your own way because it might not sound so elegant. You are mistaken. You will get a better hearing, and be better understood.

M.I. Kalinin

COMMUNISM SHOULD NOT BRING ASCETISM, BUT ENJOYMENT OF LIFE, AND VIGOUR IN LIFE THROUGH A FULFILLED LOVELIFE.

Lenin

We have it in our power to begin the world over again

Tom Paine

IT IS THE ASCENT OF MAN FROM THE KINGDOM OF NECESSITY TO THE KINGDOM OF FREEDOM.

Marx & Engels

Socialism means workers' management of production and of society. It means popular self-administration through workers' councils. This must be proclaimed and illustrated from historical experience. The real content of socialism is the restitution to men of domination over their own lives and the transformation of labour from an absurd means of breadwinning into the free action of individuals and groups.

Cardan

The revolution which is beginning will call into question not only capitalist society but industrial society. The consumer society is bound for a violent death. Social alienation must vanish from history. We are inventing a new and original world. Imagination is seizing power.

Sorbonne.

I can see the bright green strip of grass beneath the wall; and the clear blue sky above the wall, and sunlight everywhere. Life is beautiful. Let the future generations cleanse it of all evil, oppression and violence and enjoy it to the full.

Trotsky

distribution of money in this society remains as grotesquely unfair as ever. (You just read the "Latest Wills" section of *The Times* if you think all that's been evened out.) Workers who demand more money are demanding a right, not a privilege.

But support for the fight for higher wages should not obscure the basic truth: because money is the main reason for doing things, we live in a *dehumanised* society.

Capitalist morality is the morality of the brothel.



In order to be fully happy, people need to be able to do things with other people – to work with them in a creative way, to play with them, to go on holiday with them, to make love to them, to bring up a family with them. People also need to do things with a sense of meaning, to have a sense of purpose in their lives.

But it is virtually impossible in this society for people to be happy in this way. One of its noticeable features is that people's social lives are increasingly empty and meaningless. The most important aspect of our social life is work. Yet how many people love their jobs? How many do their work because it really fulfills them? How many feel any real sense of loyalty to their firm? Of course they don't, how could they? How could you feel loyal to ICI or Fords?

And as for outside work – what are we living for? – to possess an electric toothbrush? To acquire expensive cars and expensive drinks and expensive women? To clutter up our lives with more and more gadgets? To play endless empty games of social one-upmanship? Is that what it's all about? The thing about this society is its total meaninglessness. Where are we going? What's the point of it all?

No wonder modern bourgeois culture is so barren, so utterly lacking in nobility and warmth. Never in the history of humanity has man presented himself with such self-hatred and cynicism as he has in his culture in the last fifty years – whether it be in the sense of futility of a Becket or Kafka, or the emptiness of the Hollywood movie.

People actually think of the war – so we are told – as a time when they were happy. There was a point to their existence then.

People cannot have a sense of purpose in this society because they are not involved in it in a meaningful way. They are merely cogs in a vast machine. They simply obey orders – not only in their work but in more and more other spheres of life as well.

Can a society based on the privilege of the few at the expense of the many ever to be a happy one? We call this society a rat-race. Does anyone challenge that description? How can a society that is admittedly a rat-race produce happy people?

The fact is, it doesn't. It produces neurosis, crime, violence, loneliness. Just watch the tele for a few evenings, and then say we live in a happy society. This society has been called *The Lonely Crowd*. Millions of people living together, yet being alone in the middle of it all, often passing days without really talking to another human being. Go home on the late-night tube and then say we live in a happy society.

In every field people are bamboozled, pushed around, controlled, spoonfed, sucked dry of their energy and vitality and originality. Their education is a regimented exam-race where the main thing they are taught is to know their place. Their work is dehumanised and boring, and for the most part is merely a question of obeying orders. Their entertainment is spoonfed to them by powerful business interests, and is designed largely to keep them in a state of sporadic stupidity laced with a dash of envy and greed.

And the future? – bigger, uglier cities suffocated by the filth and noise of traffic; machines more important than men; personal relationships and human emotional needs sacrificed to a "modernisation" that does not even work; the people made impotent, alienated, insignificant – dwarfed by the power of the capitalists, their institutions and their bureaucracy.



This is what young people are invited to look forward to. No wonder they reject it. No wonder they are fighting for something better in almost every country in the world. Capitalism is doomed not only because of its economic contradictions and its injustice, not only because it cannot offer equal opportunity to its workers. It is doomed because it cannot promise its children a life that is worth growing up for.

The response to all that has to be a total one. We are out to create a new world, nothing less. This means our politics has to be the living embodiment of that new world, that new way of life. It is something that has to show in every sphere of our lives, just as capitalism invades every sphere of our lives. If politics makes you unhappy something's wrong, because the revolutionary movement should be the new world in miniature, and the new world should make you happy.

Young people have glimpsed the new world in their imaginations. The generation that wrote



WE SHALL FIGHT IN THE FACTORIES

"Apprentices must demand - no, not demand - they must take the right to strike."
 - Ernie Roberts, Workers Control Conference, March 1969

Young workers are steadily growing angry about their bad conditions and the way they are being used. With the London Electricity board this is evident when they say that Electrician's mates will be gradually disposed of and apprentices will be used. Even now apprentices are being used. But they still get apprentice's pay and they get treated like apprentices. The electricians will not give you one bag of tools to take to a job, they will give you all of them. Then they will cycle easily to the job.

The L.E.B. apprentices are better off than other young workers for pay and education. But the L.E.B. play on this by saying they are doing us a favour by sending us to college and teaching us a trade. But do they realise we are doing them a favour? We can't strike while we are apprentices so any grievances are rarely dealt with. We are split up into groups so that we are never all together at once to discuss our grievances and try and sort them out by taking action. Shop stewards encourage you to join their union - why? If the union takes action over something, we can't. If we have a grievance the unions say "what can we do? You aren't allowed to strike."

We must unite ourselves into a fighting body with other industrial firms supporting each other. In this way we can take action and sort out the problems that for many years have been disregarded with excuses like: You should be glad you are getting an apprenticeship other

youths aren't so lucky. Okay so we are the lucky ones, but let's make sure its worth being the lucky ones and fight for a 35 hour week, 4 weeks paid holiday, an agreed indenture, and the abolition of night work.

An Apprentice

NOTE:

The young engineers, members of the A.E.U., have decided upon the following apprentices' and youths' charter, which the 1968 National Committee approved:-

- (1) That the wages of apprentices should be paid on the basis of a revised percentage from 60 per cent at 15 years to 90 per cent in the last year of the apprenticeship; these percentages should be based on the skilled rate.
- (2) A 35 hour working week; restrictions on the working of P.B.R. systems until the last year of apprenticeship, with payment of average piecework percentages, the abolition of compulsory night work for apprentices, boys and youths, and the payment of full wages during sickness.
- (3) The establishment of four weeks annual holiday at full holiday rates.
- (4) The establishment of a procedure agreement to cover all apprentices, and that all apprentices be employed under an agreed indenture, with the extension of powers and establishing district and factory training committees.

WE SHALL FIGHT IN THE SCHOOLS

As regular Dwarf readers will know, the Schools Action Union was set up at the beginning of January. Since then it has undergone steady, nation-wide expansion and our own newspaper, Vanguard, sells about 4,000 copies to teachers and secondary-school students.

So far so good, but with the start of the summer term and the proximity of the exams some of our members and sympathisers are beginning to feel the squeeze, both at home and at school.

The inevitable pressure from parents is increasing and that of headmasters is reaching an ominously high level. In fact it would seem that headmasters in London have reached a joint decision, possibly with the backing of the Inner London Education Authority, to force S.A.U. members to stop their activities and leave the organisation. If they do not they are threatened with having their university or college entrance forms ruined by vindictive comments from the headmaster. Even the teachers who support us are finding things rather hot and the fear of dismissal is an uncomfortable thing to live with.

We need help to resist this pressure being put on us. It is the pressure of those who train young people to do the tricks the capitalist system requires and they are applying the pressure because they are frightened.

We are not frightened, because we know we will win. But to bring the victory closer we must have the support of all progressive groups in each district. This means Trades Councils, all militant trade-unionists, left-wing political groups and all other sympathetic movements. If headmasters and boards of governors knew that their actions might result in industrial action - and remember that boards of governors are always made up of business-men - then they will find themselves severely restricted in their attempts at harassment and intimidation.

To move towards this situation we ask anyone willing and able to help, to contact their local branch of the S.A.V. If you do not know the address or if there is not yet one in existence in your area and you want to help start one please contact, The Secretary, 2 Kiddepore Gardens, London NW3

Richard Lugg

"But they are trodden on, the old familiar faces, so at the rising of the sun and the going down of the ditto, I remember, I remember, the house where I was taught to play up, play up and play the game though nobody ever told me what the game was, BUT WE KNOW NOW, DON'T WE."

'Nostalgia, Now 3d Off' Adrian Mitchell

Apprentices

A Black Dwarf reporter went to interview four apprentices on pay, unions, strikes, politics and education. Three were engineers and one a draughtsman. One was in the A.E.F., another in D.A.T.A. The other two were not in unions. Pay varied considerably not only between first and second year apprentices but by firms. They were averaging about £5. a week. Overtime was limited to 8 to ten hours a week. None of them usually did it.

UNIONS

Two of the engineering apprentices were not in a union because 'you don't get nothing out of it'. But the apprentice in the A.E.F. said if you were injured on the way to work you got paid compensation. But he was critical of unions. He thought there were too many splits in them. Like at Fords where the A.E.F. was alright but not some of the other unions. Where he worked, his shop-steward was a Chinese kind of communist and the convener was more Russian and now they weren't getting on too well which didn't do any good. He'd been to union meetings. You could go but you couldn't take part as an apprentice. They were often like a comedy show. They'd be about whether brother so and so should eat his meals between such and such an hour. If someone spoke up about something really important it was just shoved aside. They forgot about legislation against trade unions and remembered all the little unimportant things.

It was felt generally that the unions' opposition to grading of apprentices was a good thing. So was the fight they'd put up for better conditions. Someone wondered if unions deliberately kept apprentices on low wages so they'd become really militant shop stewards when they finished. But it was pointed out unions didn't always like militant shop stewards that much.

One of the non-union engineering apprentices thought unskilled men on the shop floor should get less and apprentices should get more because they 'knew more'. But the A.E.F. member opposed this. 'Everyone's entitled to a

decent wage. After all you're only training.'

EQUAL PAY FOR WOMEN

General verdict: if a woman can do a man's work she should have equal pay. A draughtswoman got the same. Why not other women?

GIRL APPRENTICES

'I don't want to be an engineer. I'm sure a girl don't,' and 'if they want to do it let them but it wouldn't do much for their complexion.'

STRIKES

The A.E.F. apprentice was a member of a Junior Workers' committee. It was alright but you went to a meeting every month and everyone said apprentices should go on strike but no one knew how to go about it. It didn't publicise itself enough. He only heard about it through his shop steward who is left wing. If you had a right wing steward he would say anything. It was very difficult to organise apprentices. In the strike in 1959 there were too many splits. The communists were saying they did it all and the trotskyists saying they did it.

Someone else felt in the strike they were telling all the apprentices they had to be communists.

EDUCATION AND AUTHORITY

The old way of teaching apprentices was to say it once and then a swift belt round the ear. But the apprentice today wouldn't stand for this kind of thing.

POLITICS

There was a lot of disagreement here. How equal was Russia? In China they were equal but it was all brainwashing. No it wasn't. How do you know you've never been there? The defender of China had to admit he hadn't. He knew a folk singer who'd been to Cuba though and he really liked it. All the people came to listen to him play out in the open. Things had got much better there. There was brainwashing here too.

THE DAYLIGHT HOURS

A hev gorra bairn
 an a hev gorra wife
 an a cannit see me bairn or wife
 workin in the night,

So go way Mr Doleman
 av got somethin else ti do
 than spen me daylight hours
 workin for you.

Yes aa am a song bird
 an a song bird must sing
 an you, oh Mr Doleman
 you'll not clip me wings.

So go way Mr Doleman
 av got somethin else ti do
 than spen me daylight hours
 workin for you.

Grab ya job an ram it
 in ya stupid gob
 ad ratha gan ti prison
 than de ya stinkin job.

So go way Mr Doleman
 av got somethin else ti do
 than spen me daylight hours
 workin for you.

An if a gan ti prison
 the world will git ti na
 the walls of a prison
 isin strang enuff for wa.

So grab ya job an ram it
 in ya stupid gob
 ad rather gan ti prison
 than de ya stinkin job.

by Tom Pickard

Tom Pickard was born in Newcastle in 1946. His father was a railwayman. As the bulge babies grew up through what pass for schools in the North East Tom was moved to the lowest stream of a secondary modern school. Since he received so little encouragement in school it was not surprising that he left with his friends at the age of fourteen. 'Work was very scarce, but I enjoyed the dole, it gave me time to read and learn to see things to understand people better than if I had been doped by work.'

Harassment

AT LAST
 YOUTH IS AWAKENING



AT LAST YOUTH
 IS SHOWING US THE WAY



YOUNG MAN
 THE FUTURE BELONGS TO YOU



BUT DON'T YOU TOUCH
 THE PRESENT... AND LEAVE
 THE PAST ALONE!

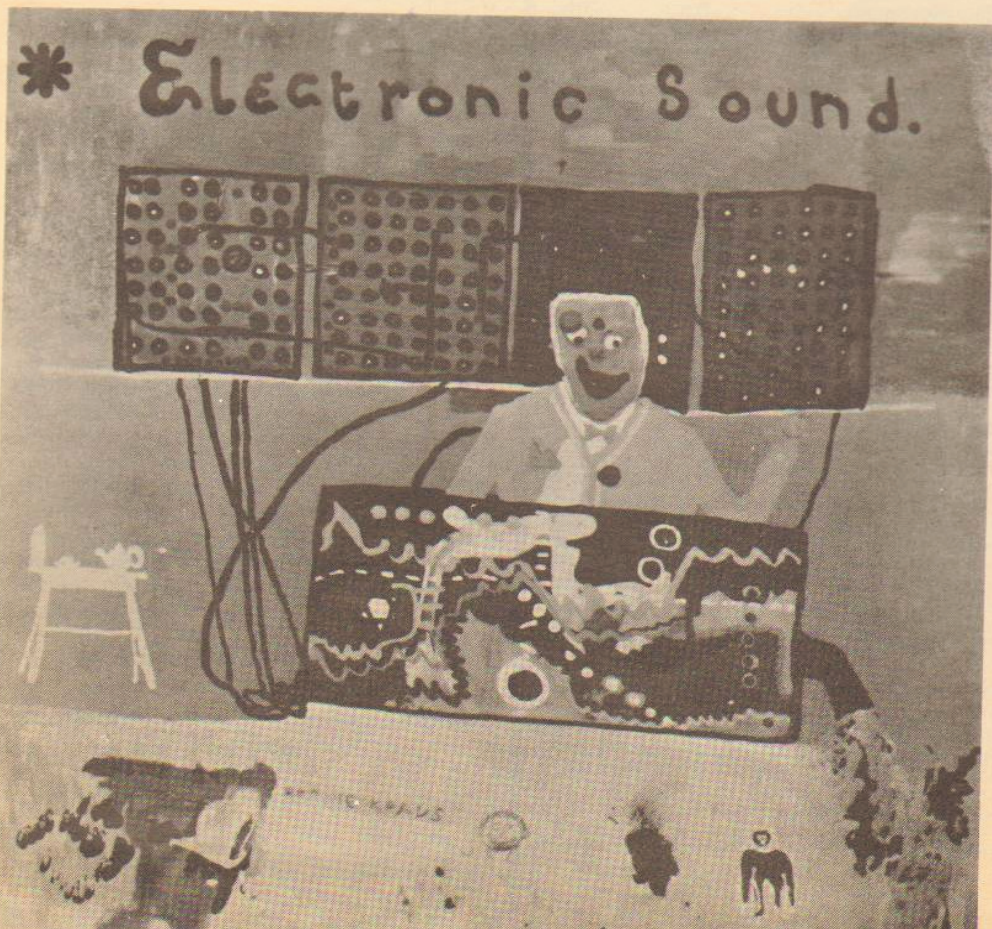


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(Zapple 01) Unfinished Music No.2'



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Address.....

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(ZAPPLE) APPLE RECORDS
3 SAVILE ROW, LONDON W.1.

'ACTION COMMANDOS' Spanish New Left Tactics

A month after the state of emergency ('Estado de excepcion') was lifted in Spain, there is enough information to enable us to draw up a balance sheet; to determine its importance and, what is more interesting, to estimate the influence which the state of emergency may have on the creation of a revolutionary situation.

The state of emergency is important. It is the most violent repressive measure taken against the Spanish people since the end of the Civil War. The fact that it has been possible to declare it shows that, after thirty years, the real power remains in the hands of the military and of the most conservative elements in the Falange, and that 'liberalization' is merely a show-piece and not a real piece of liberalization.

On the other hand, the declaration of a state of emergency, one stage removed from an outbreak of war, shows that there are forces in Spain capable of drawing her towards a revolutionary crisis.

The immediate causes impelling the army to act centred on the troubles in the universities. These troubles are no more serious than at any point in the past two years but last January witnessed the murder, in front of the police, of the student Enrique Ruano Casanova. The Spanish Press lied or did not report fully this death, and the European Press ignored it. According to the police, the only witness, Ruano Casanova, committed suicide by throwing himself out of a window of his flat. Good sources have it that he was either pushed by the police or threw himself out to avoid any further tortures. This 'suicide' is explained when we know that, a few days earlier, Barcelona students threw a statue of General Franco out of a window of the rector's office.

The demonstrations organised after Ruano Casanova's death, carried out according to urban guerrilla tactics, exasperated the police. The official car of Vice-Admiral Gonzalez Aller, with the 'big fish' inside, was surrounded by a 'commando' of students in the Calle de la Princesa (in Madrid's University quarter). 'This cannot go on any longer', said the Admiral to Carrero Blanco, the Vice-President of the Government, also an Admiral. A few days later in the so-called Spanish Parliament (Cortes), the magic words of Fascism were uttered again by Carrero Blanco's paternal mouth: - 'There shall be no sport played in the Temple, no science in the circus, no politics in the Universities...'

CHALLENGES

Outside the universities, the government has been faced by a number of challenges.

Churches were occupied, with the priests' permission, by the wives and families of the leaders of the Workers' Commissions. There was a joke which was not published in the Spanish Press: 'Spain 1969: Politics in the University, Politics in the Church and Circus in Parliament'.

The Madrid College of Lawyers, traditionally fascist-inclined, passed a motion to modify the Penal Code on political matters.

1500 intellectuals demanded that the Government should accept its responsibility for the tortures suffered by members of the Workers' Commissions in Asturias, the Basque

Country, Catalonia, Madrid, and especially in Valencia.

'The glass is now full', declared General Cano Iñesta, military Governor of Madrid. The opposition, so far liberal, had now hardened and joined up with 'fellow travellers', anarchists, maoists, 'guevaraites' and such like. It was not enough for Fascism to arrest and torture the members of the revolutionary opposition.

The state of emergency was directed in fact against all opposition, from the ultra-right wing and monarchists, right through the Centre to the revolutionaries.

The revolutionary Left did not need a state of emergency. They have always lived under it. Its members were savagely tortured, in particular around December 1968, and with especial ferocity in Valencia. The murder of Ruano Casanova was prior to the state of emergency; and the same applied to the occupation of churches, prison sentences, mass sackings or deportations that members of the Workers' Commissions have always had to put up with, state of emergency or not.

The complete censorship of the Press has directly affected those groups which have access to the Press at national level, such as the Opus Dei, Christian Democrats, monarchists. But it has hardly affected the revolutionary Left groups which go on publishing their clandestine leaflets with more virulence and justification than before the state of emergency. The prison sentences and deportations have for the time being silenced the neo-capitalist liberal opposition. They are after all only a part of the system. On the contrary, the prison sentences and deportations have pushed the Asturian miners, the Catalanian textile workers and the metal workers of the Basque Country to go on strike (without precedent in a regime of total suppression and fear) and have caused partial strikes in the Madrid industries. Equally, the agitation in the Universities, which was meant to be wiped out, has been radicalized and has extended to new masses of students that see direct action as the only possibility to transform society.

Censorship and repression have fragmented the technocratic opposition and even some revisionist groups within the Workers' Commissions. However, the climate of repression has strengthened the revolutionary groups who now find their actions more justified than ever.

Today, it is possible to envisage in Spain a neo-capitalist and liberal successor taking over from Fascism. But large masses of workers and students would view with impatience such a succession - particularly those grouped in the revolutionary mixed Commissions of students and workers.

The link between the students' and workers' struggles has always been a basic aspect of the people's struggle in Spain against the Yankee-Francoite oligarchy. The first enemy was the fascist structure of the Unions, both for students and for workers. The struggle has brought more successes to the students than it has to the workers. To achieve partial reforms in universities does not involve an attempt

against the 'underlying interests' which directly affect the labour field. The students have been able to smash the Fascist SEU (Union of Spanish Students) and to create a democratic one, illegal, but accepted 'de facto' by the authorities.

The workers have not been able to destroy the vertical structure of the Spanish Trade Unions (backbone of the regime). However, they have set up workers' Commissions, which are the ones who have the real power in political and economic talks with the bosses.

Neither workers nor students agree with the purely economic aim. The revolutionary goal is the most important aim of the Workers' Commissions.

In 1962, the students mobilised in solidarity with the heroic struggle of the Asturian miners and, under the slogan 'The University with the People', demonstrated shouting 'Miners yes, Opus no', 'Asturias yes, Franco no'. This 1962 strike saw the birth of the Workers' Commissions and these established links, even though weak ones, with the student movement. These links have a concrete purpose. For this reason, representatives of the Workers' Commissions attend the students assemblies regularly as observers. Leaders of the working class attended the Constituent Assembly of the Democratic Union of Students in Madrid and Barcelona. These unions are also the ones to launch the order of mobilisation every First of May, in which the students and the masses of the people demonstrate against the oligarchy. The students take part in these in a massive way.

However, the link between workers and students has opened up new prospects with the setting up of new mass organisations - Comisiones Obreras Juveniles (COJ, Young Workers' Commissions) and Comisiones Obreras de barrio (COB, Area Workers' Commissions), which, in the big cities, have played and play a first-class revolutionary role during the state of emergency. With an efficient organisation and an iron discipline, the COJ and COB have played havoc with the whole of Madrid's police force. They have abandoned the idea of big, peaceful demonstrations decorated with Press cameramen, TV, etc., as a product of the capitalist or consumer society, and have organised 'action commandos' that not only demonstrate against Franco the man, or against a particular action of the dictatorship, but against the whole system and all the elements which support it. These commandos have held up the Yankees' and the oligarchy's Banks, attacked the fascist newspapers, and distributed leaflets to everyone. They hold brief meetings in the streets, in the buses and even in the tube. They are also the catalysts of political agitation in every city area regarding local problems. The COJ and COB maintain the revolutionary line against the 'civic commissions' launched by the revisionists, which have a demobilising and counter-revolutionary character.

The COB and COJ are true mass organisations in which workers and students fight the common enemy: the Spanish oligarchy. They form in some towns and especially in Madrid, the base of the Spanish people's movement.

Alvar Gonzalez

DWARF LETTERS

This letter was sent to Dwarf by several comrades who prefer us not to print their names. They wish to avoid being connected with a resourceful individual who daubed an anti-exams slogan on a Cambridge pub and is now being sought by the City police.

Comrades

So far the exams campaign in Cambridge has consisted of thousands of copies of six fairly lengthy leaflets, mass distribution of posters, slogan-painters, one mass meeting, meetings in several colleges and faculties, and the 'March of the Academic Cripples', complete with bandaged heads, burning gowns, street theatre, and a fire-hose employed by an unfriendly porter (which burst the ear-drum of one comrade). After two weeks, 250 attended the mass meeting, which, though fewer than expected, was not bad for an exam term, and we succeeded in putting over some fairly complex political arguments. A fair number of students have boycotted prelims and a smaller number Part I and Part II of the Tripos, thus facing degree-less expulsion. This small boycott is not visualised as the end product, however, but as a means of propaganda towards a mass boycott (perhaps 1000 of 9000 students) next year or the year after, a boycott opposed to assessment and

1) They illustrate and propagate the evils of university education - single, examinable 'disciplines', teaching

The campaign was begun because we saw it as the most valid *offensive* political move we could make. Examinations and assessment are the key instruments of ruling class hegemony in the university:

1) They illustrate and propagate the evils of university education - single, examinable 'disciplines', teaching principally what is assessable, education ostensibly for a critical approach to individual life, in fact for capitalism, instead of education for a critical approach to *social* life.

2) They act as the principal end of higher education, and judge the correct status for the examinee with the attacking exams from within the university and from outside it, and above all it means breaking down the

3) They are a direct expression of class warfare - 'keeping the buggers down' and ready for mastication in the jaws of the ruling class.

Hence a campaign against assessment is a political offensive on a revolutionary stand: a total negation of the authorities' position rather than an opposition to its inconsistencies (the basis of the LSE struggle - clearly not to be denigrated). But such a campaign, whose strategic aim is to reveal that the strain of revision is class oppression at work, needs a great deal of time, propaganda attacking exams from within the university and from outside it, and above all it means breaking down the mistrust of the left elite and of its often transparent (and hence incorrect) tactical manoeuvres, which is felt by the moderates, potential revolutionaries.

The possibilities of such a campaign, and the importance of the strategy outlined above is, we think, illustrated by last term's events in Manchester where, after a lot of publicity, a motion to occupy until the three-hour written paper was abolished was defeated by 2400 votes to 1600. The vote indicates considerable success, but by moving too soon, much of the impetus of the campaign was destroyed.

We would also argue as to the correctness of the demands. A large and politically-led boycott against *assessment* would not give the authorities the opportunity to compromise with committees or continuous assessment, and thus drive the left to start all over again, but leave them with two 'impossible' alternatives: to accept our demands or to send 1000 students out into the world without degrees, either of which would mean a considerable defeat for ruling class education. Because *all* students are consciously fucked up to some extent by exams, because the most unlikely people have been working with the campaign, such a mass boycott is clearly on the cards even for next year - given that we can muster enough energy and commitment on the left to sustain the campaign.

Yours fraternally,
(name and address supplied)

HELP!

Come to the Dwarf office and help us get the new issue out to our subscribers and distributors. Volunteer help needed every issue, usually on alternate Wednesdays, Thursdays and

POT POURRI

Folkestone, recently. Schools comrades were distributing *Vanguard*, the Schools Action Union paper, outside the Girls' Grammar School. They were given a lift in a car by some comrades who are not at school. Sex, male; age, 23. They were seen by one member of the local police force whose wife is a teacher at the school. Symbolic relationship. The following week, parents of six of the girls received a letter from the headmistress of the grammar school. She could not understand what interest 23-year-old men could have in 13-year-old girls.

It was clear to her that their daughters were being used, and not just for political reasons. She warned parents that the girls 'may' have been taking drugs and that they were associating with people who did take drugs. No evidence, of course, for any of these accusations. But to the Folkestone authorities, legal, educational and parental, it is self-evident that the demand for increased democracy within schools could only come from sex-maniacs, drug addicts, and communists. A mother of one of the girls told one of the undesirables that her daughter was 'one of the sheep', and it was obvious nobody could be interested in her except for sexual reasons. The girls involved have been kept under parental house arrest. 'Undesirable' literature is banned, which includes the Penguin on Risinghill and

described by other parents as unnatural. Folkestone comrades are described by parents as being 'undesirable 23-year-old men'.

Ironically, in fact, 'the forces of Folkestonian law and order are providing a beautiful object lesson in authoritarianism. For once they really are educating. And the lesson isn't being ignored. Not only has a schools action group been formed, but suddenly everyone is becoming undesirable, 23, and VERY DETERMINED.

Patrick Wall meeting in Hull. Opens with resounding chorus from revolutionaries of 'God save the Queen.' Streamers; balloons; confetti; all the weapons of academic thuggery out in force. Imperialist & racist speech lost in the rhythmic drumming of many feet.

Tom Fawthrop, revolutionary student banned from Hull after sit-in of last year, is accused of assaulting Patrick Wall. He did. With confetti.

Endpiece: Cause for Concern the BBC programme which brilliantly covered the question of racialism in the police looks like becoming a cause for concern in itself. A film programme that...

In the last issue of *Black Dwarf* we printed a special section on the Middle East, including abbreviated versions of the programmes of the Palestinian guerrilla groups with a political introduction. We omitted to mention that this introduction was written by the Committees for Solidarity with the Palestine Revolution (CSPR) a group working within the Palestinian Solidarity Campaign. The CSPR have branches in London, Oxford, Cambridge, Manchester, Durham and Ipswich: their aim is to work for a socialist revolutionary policy within the Palestinian liberation movement as a whole and within the Palestine Solidarity Campaign in this country. They will be publishing a Manifesto in the next *Black Dwarf* and a series of pamphlets including a bibliography on Palestine and a summary of the main positions taken by socialists on Zionism over the past fifty years, with a critical account of Stalin's policy towards Israel. Would anyone interested in joining or setting up CSPR groups or in obtaining our pamphlets please write to CSPR, c/o Black Dwarf, 7 Carlisle St. London W1A 4PZ.

The article on Northern Ireland in the last issue of Dwarf was marred by two errors: its headlines gave the impression that the author considered that the police had arrived too few and too late; and the whereabouts of Derry police station was not marked on the map. It lies on Strand Road, north of Waterloo Place.

Published by the Black Dwarf, 7 Carlisle Street, London, W.1A 4PZ. Printed by APT, 16 Dufferin Street, London E.C.1. Distributed by

'In the Western student troubles such names as Cohn-Bendit, Krivine, Konarski, Triesman, Klein, Adelstein, and Wortis suggest a disproportionately large Jewish element among the ringleaders. In general the powerful voice of Jewry among the world's opinion media has welcomed the "new look" leftism.'

This is the voice, not of an 'old look' Hitlerite conspiracy, but of the National Front, a patriotic political organisation whose head office, manned by sweet old ladies, is decorated with a portrait of the Queen. An organisation, indeed, committed to gaining power within the constitution, and to carrying out in its policy, in a reasonable atmosphere, completely devoid of fanaticism and hysteria.

But how cute! What are we worried about? In fact, the National Front is fascist, straight up and down. It will soon be very well funded - a £1½ million legacy is about to arrive - and it is gaining new members at the rate of 150 a week. It has groups all over Britain, two journals, and picks up the votes in South London local council elections as adeptly as does the neo-Nazi West German party. Its policy director, A.K. Chesterton (nephew of the late G.K.), was a leading spokesman for Mosley's British Union of Fascists - 'a purifying force which would cleanse democratic policies from corruption' - and was once offered a job by the Nazis. Another director of the Front, Admiral Sir Barry Domville, was a close friend of Himmler's and was confined in Brixton jail as a security risk in 1939. And it is not just that the National Front has attracted many leading fascists to its ranks. Its publications are full of the irrational hysteria of racism and the desire to pin everything on to a gigantic world conspiracy.

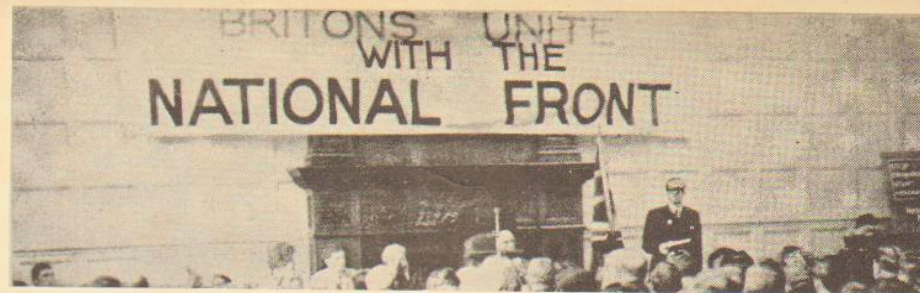
Two members of the National Directorate, to whom your reporter spoke, vehemently denied that they were in any way anti-semitic. 'We are opposed to international capitalism, Jewish or Gentile', said Jo Short. Yet on just two pages of the March issue of *Candour* (read by all the South African cabinet ministers' Frontman Martin Webster told us) Rothschild is attacked three times, Oppenheimer twice, Rufus Isaacs and Kuhn Loeb once each. Recent issues of *Candour* and *Spearhead* speak of the 'international financial (i.e. Jewish) revolutionary conspiracy which was behind the Communist Revolution in Russia.' In this twilight of political thought, communism and Jewish finance presently rival each other for control of the world.

For the National Front, the state of the world is certainly shocking, and the pages of its journals sound the alarm. 'Developments of the last six months have been quite fantastic... Moral subversion, subversion among the youth and universities, the traffic in drugs, the massively increasing pornographic literature aimed at distorting the culture of people... we see evil mounting as never before in our lives.'

To combat this evil, the Front has set out its policy in different spheres.

ECONOMICS.

There is no coherent economic analysis in the National Front's literature. It speaks only of establishing a British 'world system' which will include the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and Rhodesia, and, if they so wish, the republics of South Africa and Eire. This world system will be quite self-sufficient; and if at first it is not, a strong military force will make sure it soon is. Activities director Martin Webster claims that the present defence budget is chicken feed. 'If you are properly exploiting the opportunities of military presence, the money is well spent'. He denies that exploitation is really involved: 'people ask for protection and you get trade preferences in return'. His ideas must be seen as part of the reaction to the Great Conspiracy of which the Front is so fond. Since Yalta, Webster has put it, the principal aim of America and Russia has been the destruction of British world power. International finance - Jews, Russians, Europeans, and Wall Street - must be destroyed, when the Anglo-Saxon race will be free to run its own system.



RUMBLINGS ON THE RIGHT



Domestic economic policy is left equally vague. Once Britain is racially pure and economically free, most problems will evaporate. Industrial disputes will be referred to 'a labour court enjoying the same status as Her Majesty's other courts. Councils of management and labour will ensure that no sectional interest is able to operate to the harm of other sectional interest or to the detriment of the nation as a whole'. It might all have been culled from Harold Wilson's last speech.

Will there then be no unemployment problem when Britain is pure white and unsullied? To this question, Martin Webster replied that 'people of a civilisation should be prepared to do their own dirty work. There is a hard core of white scum who should do these jobs, they should be pressed into work if they refuse to get jobs (that is, are unemployed for more than three months). These people need a good kick up the arse. We don't intend to tolerate idlers of our own race.'

RACE

The National Front presents its racism in benevolent terms. 'Many immigrants dislike the British climate'; 'It is important for all races to keep their unique contributions to civilisation' (to be exercised only after being sent back to their homes). 'The British people have a will to rule which stamps them a superior nation', Webster suggests, hastily adding: 'This is not value judgment... black people have a beachcomber attitude to life. They need to be led by the hand'. Party policy would redirect the £200 millions now given in aid to 'despotic cannibal kingdoms' to providing immigrants in Britain with a one-way ticket for home: their 'humane and orderly repatriation' - softened by a £100 resettlement handshake - would be taken in hand.

Just in case any of the membership should be disappointed by this mealy-mouthed stuff, the literature is riddled with hysterical diatribes on the subject of race. 'Anglo Saxon and Celtic peoples must not be turned into a teeming mulatto mob'. *Spearhead* specialises in reporting immigrant crimes - polygamy, rape, murder, and the mistakes made by 'overseas doctors and nurses'.

All this is backed up with a farrago of theory. Martin Webster told your reporter that 'there are congenital differences between black and white. It's not just a paint job'. Statistics are culled from 'research' to show that black IQ ratings are lower than among comparable whites. And *Spearhead*, adding up the costs of the immigrants to the national exchequer, comes up with a £40 million pound bill. One item: £10 million 'drained from our economy through illegal currency rackets'. Somehow, a further £60 million appears, to give a grand if meaningless total of £100 million. 'It would be possible in the space of two years to repatriate two million immigrants from Britain for much less than the sum above'. Sweet dreams! But as Martin Webster ruefully admitted, 'I suppose you can't send them back to Jamaica on the first banana boat'.

DECAY

The policy of the National Front not only faces up to the problems of Economics and Race, it deals also with the subject of national decay. Hand-in-hand with the great Communist-Jewish conspiracy and the floodtide of blacks, are the 'fanatical students' organising 'sit-ins and protests', 'roving bands of hippies bopping up and down', 'youthful drug addicts' and 'the newly licensed homosexuals bestriding the stage'. 'The NF will deal sternly even ruthlessly to stamp out such wickedness'. By ruthlessness, Webster explained what they meant: 'We are

ready to confront Red thuggery and bullying physically. Three hundred of us could cut through that rabble like a knife through hot butter. We can move in and out of that crowd so they wet themselves'. In fact, last January outside Rhodesia House two NF members went into action. 'Barry Bolton and Robert Taylor tried to fight off the vandals, but in the confusion when police reinforcements turned up, were themselves mistaken for Reds and bundled into a Black Maria.' Webster explained with a laugh: 'As soon as the police realised their mistake, they released our two members'.

Candour and *Spearhead* attack all liberal and progressive measures with stupendously ham-handed satire. 'Children at Hightown Junior School, Sholing, Hants, decided they did not want to attend school. So they set fire to it. £5,000 damage was caused. Let us hope that no one will discipline the little dears. That might give them complexes, inhibitions, etc. They might even turn to violence. Let us instead pat our permissive leaders on the back and congratulate them on producing a generation of up-and-coming students who will be worthy rivals to the present clear-eyed, open-minded, drug-ridden rioters'.

The emphasis is on a 'healthy and moral' Britain, and consequently NF publications print attacks on the 'liberal' prison parole system, 'communist' magistrates, 'inadequate' prison sentences, 'the left wing prelates who run the Church', the BBC ('in our last issue we drew attention to Curran's self-confessed Marxist background'), and the state of British culture ('evidence of planned political manipulation can be seen among the exponents and originators of modern "anarchist art"').

A WARNING

The National Front is a movement of frightened and self-righteous people. In an age when nationalism is declared redundant both by the internationalism of the Left and the internationalism of the giant capitalist corporations, the NF has nothing to cling to but Louis Mountbatten's TV recollections. But its emotional appeal is strong. It reaps the backlash to unrest in industry and the universities; and profits from the frustrations of workers, shopkeepers, and all those beset by the problems of living under a declining imperialist power.

Hitler wrote: 'National Socialism undertakes to defend people as a whole against the individual, when and wherever his interests are not in harmony with the common weal'. The National Front now proclaims: 'New men and women, utterly dedicated to the British Cause, are essential if the rot is to be stopped. That is why we invite you to give your most serious attention to the National Front, a new political movement which has only one overriding purpose - to put Britain first'.

You have been warned. John Newbiggin

Of course, from the very nature of their material, the English Stage Society was expecting some kind of protest. Prior to opening night of the Enoch show, several screaming letters were sent to the society including one notable for its length and ferocity from the British Immigration Council.

On opening night, ten men broke through the front door, attacked the press officer and rushed up four flights of stairs into the theatre. On stage was Henry Wolf, described as a 5'2" Jewish intellectual. He was knocked off the stage by a punch from the first NF man who became known as 'the bruiser'. In the audience were 10 or 12 further members of the NF and they stood up shouting 'Take this degenerate muck off the stage'. Pamphlets were distributed, a stink bomb was let off, and the bruiser broke a chair. The arrival of about 20 uniformed police put a stop to the disturbance; so efficiently did the police restore order that it looked as if they and the NF had worked out some kind of modus vivendi.

The Enoch Show has been rewritten to contain the NF entertainment and it is hoped that the show in its new form will take the stage sometime this week.

London Co-operative Society's open summer school.

26th July - 2nd August 1969
At Easthampstead Park College, Wokingham, Berks.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION TODAY & TOMORROW

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CHINA'S CONTINUING REVOLUTION

by William Hinton,
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FANSHEN

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CHINA POLICY STUDY GROUP
62 Parliament Hill, London, NW3

'Rank and File. Militant teachers' journal. Available quarterly from 87 Brooke Road, London N16. Single Copy, 1/2.9/0 per dozen. Annual subscription, 4/8.

John Peel said it, "If you want to know what is really happening, you must read Peace News", currently available on a 6 weeks trial offer for 5s from Caledonian Road, London N1.

The Mineworker - for workers' control of the mining industry on the Anti-Capitalist programme. From D. Douglass, 16 Abbeyfield Rd., Dunscoft, Doncaster, Yorkshire.

Socialist Worker - the weekly paper that campaigns for workers' power. Annual sub. 30s. Paxton Works, Paxton Road, N17.

Socialist Woman is produced by a group of socialist women of the Nottingham Socialist Women's Committee. A subscription costs only 4/- for 6 issues (Bi-monthly). Send to 16 Ella Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 5GW.

Student International. Bulletin of Student Power. Available from Murray Smith, 61 Fergus Drive, Glasgow NW. Price 1/3 (post inclusive). Bulk terms available.

Mozambique. 20 minute film shot in liberated areas for hire. 16 or 35mm. £2.10.0 o.n.o. Pamphlet available, 1/4. Write to Committee for Freedom in Mozambique, 1 Antrim Road, London NW3 or ring 01-722-9030.

N.L.F. badges 3/- each, 10 for 15/- Red, black flags 7/6. Other badges, flags - see for details. McGee, 42, Pendarves St., Beacon, Camborne, Cornwall.

Malcolm X Poster. 4s 6d including postage from Peter Martin, 19 Fairmount Road, London SW2.

Smash Capital Now Poster. Christopher Logue Poster, three colours. See photo elsewhere in this Dwarf. 5s. post free from The Black Dwarf, 7 Carlisle St., London W1A 4PZ.

What's Black and White and Red All Over? Poster 2s including postage from The Black Dwarf, 7 Carlisle St., London W1A 4PZ.

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DWARF DIARY

Any progress towards unity made by the National Convention of the Left must be counted as modest. Certainly views were aired, issues discussed, heated arguments arose, and as more than one speaker pointed out, old friends were met and new ones made. However, not one course of action was agreed. Speaker after speaker declared that what was required was not a talking shop but a programme of action, and yet at the end of the day every single issue was remitted back to a 'Continuing Commission', whose only mandate was - to continue.

Unity was the aim, by means of the lowest common denominator. It was hoped that by a frank and free discussion, differences would be revealed yet a common platform could be reached on which all would unite. In the end, unity was achieved by a series of cautiously worded resolutions from the chair, usually carried *nem con*, either because the delegates

were in confusion over procedure, or because the import of the motion was such as to offend no one.

Perhaps the most crucial decision of the conference, when to reconvene, and whether to reconvene on a delegate basis, was postponed, not because of the IS-CP controversy, but because the chairman refused to put it to the vote, presumably fearing that 'unity' would be endangered. The organisation of the convention was itself discredited when it was revealed that it had conveniently omitted one of the eight reports significantly on Democracy and the State, from the final draft, 'because of too much disagreement'. The lowest 'common denominator' had turned out to be consensus.

One key question as to the future of the Convention is whether it will work at a local level. Its stated objective is to set up Left Forums or Left Councils to co-ordinate actions. I suggest that these good intentions are likely to fail. At present co-ordinated local action often springs from the necessity to pool resources, from local knowledge of a common enemy (bad housing, rent increases, working conditions), and frequently from good communications between the groups due to an interpenetration of members and friends. Often groups are more willing to co-operate locally than nationally simply because members know and meet frequently in pubs, at work, at college, etc. A Left Forum would add nothing to this, and would be unlikely to initiate action not already undertaken by one group or another. Unity must be from the roots up, not the top down.



Isn't he incorrigible, though? You'd have thought that a clever man like Capt. Robert Maxwell (and after all he must be clever to have accumulated a personal fortune in excess of £3,000,000) would have had enough of trying to get his hands on slipping papers after the shambles over the *News of the World* take-over. But there he is again, eyes fixed on the

journalistic heavens, chasing this time after the *Sun*. What can it all be about? Has the man's judgement gone awry? Where is the spark that lit the fire of Pergamon? Surely Maxwell can find a better use for his money than throwing the *Sun's* mother-of-pearl into the pig-pen of the Labour Party.

And of course Capt. Maxwell hasn't lost a fraction of his acuteness. He has looked to the future, beyond the next election, beyond fat Ted kissing Elizabeth's hands, and he has seen that the Parliamentary Labour Party in opposition will inevitably be fragmented. This almost certainly means that Wilson will go and that there will be an hysterical wrangle over the Party's leadership. Maxwell imagines, and he could be right, that the decisive influence in the cannibalistic rite of choosing Wilson's successor might be the voice of the *Sun*, committed, as it would be under his ownership, 'steadfastly to the cause of the Labour Party'. Maxwell couldn't care less about the *Sun* as a newspaper and he doesn't give a toss if it loses some money. He wants to be Kingmaker... or maybe someday, King.



LSE's strategy of exemplary repression has collapsed in the courts of bourgeois order. Seen by the Vice-Chancellors and Principals, as well as themselves, as being in the forefront of student revolt, the LSE authorities in liaison with Edward Short and Shirley Williams have taken it upon themselves to set an example and nip the student movement in the bud. They have spared no expense to achieve this end. They have called in the police to close the school, proposed and practised staff spying on students, and wheeled out the apparatus of injunctions and trials. In short, they have sacrificed the most important totems of their ideology - academic 'class neutrality' and intellectual 'impartiality'. But instead of managing to isolate or expel the militants, the LSE authorities have shown themselves up as mean and arbitrary petty despots.

Twelve cases went before the courts. Adams stated categorically that the cases were being brought by outside authorities. The magistrate corrected him: 'These cases,' he said, 'were brought and have been pursued at the insistence

of the college.' Of the twelve cases, nine were dismissed, including Bateson and Nigel Harris. Three were given conditional discharges and made to contribute a total of £13 towards the cost of the gates. Val Greenwood (one of these three) was also fined £10 for assaulting a policeman after Adams forced everyone who was drinking at the bar on the night the gates were taken down to submit to an identity parade. The LSE authorities still have 11 outstanding injunctions, some applying to the people who were tried, to prevent 'further disruption of the school'. If they go ahead with an arbitrary prosecution of students who, like Martin Tompkinson, have already been cleared in court, they will see the rapid collapse of the injunctions system. There was one particularly interesting feature of the shambles in court. To state publicly that you will take down a gate with a *screwdriver* only constitutes a threat of civil trespass; no criminal offence is involved. So gates can be taken down 'non-violently' if you please and, providing you don't use sledgehammers or explosives etc, the police won't stop you.

PARLIAMENTARY SELECT COMMITTEE AT THE LSE



THE STRUGGLE IN IRELAND

rssf special paper 9d

may 1



The RSSF's first national paper has just been published. It sets out to give the background to the struggle in Ireland, and to encourage solidarity action in Britain. It includes articles on Ireland's history and economy, photos, a map, statistics, bibliography and so on. 9d each (add 4d pp), or £1 for 27 plus a poster. Obtainable from: RSSF, 59 Fleet Street, London EC4. Tel: FLE 5735.

EVENTS

MONDAY MAY 26: RELEASE ALL SOUTH AFRICAN POLITICAL PRISONERS: There are 10,000 in Vorster's gaols. March from Hyde Park (Old Exhibition Site), assemble 12-12.30 leave 1pm for Trafalgar Square 2pm. Speakers: Bernadette Devlin MP; Robin Blackburn; Ernie Roberts AEF; Robert Resha, Executive, ANC of South Africa. Organised by Anti-Apartheid and Ruskin Kitson Committee. Tel: 580-5311.

SAT MAY 17: Housing demo and march, basically called by Notting Hill Squatters. Meet at 2.30pm at Colville Gdns, Notting Hill.

SAT MAY 17: SALE OF CHINESE GOODS AND FILM SHOW. Edgar Snow's Documentary 'One Fourth of Humanity' and 'A Case to Answer', a Granada TV 'World in Action' film about Hongkong. 6.30pm at Devonshire Street House, 30 Devonshire Street, W1. Organised by SACU (Society for Anglo-Chinese Understanding: tel:387-0074).

SUN MAY 18: Mass rally Trafalgar Square at 1pm: EQUAL PAY NOW FOR WOMEN CAMPAIGN. Organised by National Joint Action Campaign for Women's Equal Rights, 76 Rainham Road, Rainham, Essex, RM14 7RL.

MON MAY 19-TUES MAY 20: Angry Arts Film Society is showing 'THE ORGANISER' with Marcelle Mastroianni as a pioneer trade union organiser in Northern Italy, at Unity Theatre, 1 Goldington St, NW1, 7.30pm both evenings. Tickets 5/- or membership 2/6 from AAFS, 6 Bramshill Gdns, NWS. tel: 263-0616.

FRI MAY 23-MON MAY 26: the Ruskin College Kitson Committee is planning a march and demonstration over Whit weekend concerning political prisoners in South Africa, in particular Dave Kitson who was a student at Ruskin College and a member of the Draughtsmen's Union. Kitson was sentenced to 20 years imprisonment for his activities in the Civil Rights Movement and for his revolutionary attitudes. The march goes from Ruskin College to Trafalgar Square, London.

SAT MAY 31: ACCORD (Action Campaign to outlaw racial discrimination) International Ball at the Roundhouse, Chalk Farm, NW1. 7-12pm. Artists: John Dankworth, Cleo Laine, Paco Pena (flamenco), Soft Machine, light show, licensed bar, etc. Tickets 25/- from the Roundhouse box office (tel: 485-8073) and Camden Committee for Community Relations, 25 Euston Rd, NW1 (tel: 827-9261).

TUES JUNE 3: DISCUSSION MEETING: CHINA IN MAY 1969. a report from Roland Berger. 7.30pm at SACU, 24 Warren Street, London W1. (tel: 387-0074).

Scripts of two street theatre pieces about repressive education, performed in school playgrounds: 'Who am I?' and 'The Sad and Avoidable Fate of Everyone Here', are available from PSST! (Political Slogan Street Theatre), c/o 7 St Andrews Hill, Cambridge, at 6d for one copy or 2/6 for 6. Their next project is the creation of pieces attacking university examinations to be performed outside lecture halls. All critiques, ideas, synopses, scenes are welcomed and script(s) and critiques will be distributed mid-May to those who ask for them, so that the anti-examination project may have national impetus.

Would anyone interested in forming and participating in a Birmingham Squatters Group please get in contact with me as soon as possible with a view to action this summer.

Any advice from the London Group would be much appreciated. Let's do something about Brum's slums! Act now! Contact KEITH RUSSELL, c/o 39 CONWAY ROAD, SHIRLEY, SOLIHULL, WARCS.

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