

QUEEN IN THE PALACE

WHAT a wonderful year 1982 has turned out to be for distraction! If some machiavellian script writers had conscientiously set out to write a scenario to bamboozle the public, they could hardly have produced — or even imagined — a sequence of events more calculated to serve the ruling class and make idiots of the people.

Making sure they had all the Official Offices of the country pulling their weight, they would have engaged the Meteorological Office in the production of the worse winter in living memory, if not longer. Emasculated brass monkeys had barely managed to breathe the blood back into their fingertips before little Mr Howe's Budget bamboozled us into thinking that the great up-turn was just around the corner, without a single U-turn from our Leaderene, when — Bingo! — our great nation was at war again, just like the good old days when the Great really was in Great Britain.

The drums went bang and the symbols clanged and the trumpets rooty-tooted as we launched a mighty sledgehammer to crack a nut 8000 miles away. The drama heightened as the naughty nut fought back — which made the whole exercise even more worth-while and created heroes as well as martyrs as some of our over-heated professionals shot down their own mates in the darkness — having been drilled on the good old Western slogan: Shoot first and ask questions later.

Many of our heroes got more than their fingers burnt and many are never coming back except to a hero's grave — but isn't that the name of the game, this year being 1982, The Year of The Sacrifice? Selfish nurses and narrow-minded engine drivers, before you press for your own little economic interests, like actually earning a living wage: Think of the Falklands! 2000 died that 1800 may live! Pay willingly your share of a billion that sheep may safely graze!

No sooner were the dead counted, however, than another little life came into the world, to take our silly minds off our petty troubles. Again, the trumpets clanged, etc, and the cannons roared, greeting the little prince into a world where he can do no wrong. Scarcely did the hullabaloo die down than great sporting fixtures filled the screen with, fortunately for some, the Spanish police playing true to form and bashing up OUR supporters while OUR team was losing to Nagaland or someone, but Botham was scoring a double century at the Oval. So all was well really.

And then — talk about the luck of the devil — just as the railwaymen were being screwed into the ground and the latest unemployment figures were about to be published: An intruder in the Palace! Twice! And just as the underpaid Health Service workers were staging their biggest direct action protest ever: IRA bombs in Knightsbridge!

The intruder in the Palace has led from one thing to another. Here is the story of a young man, more than somewhat unbalanced, who somehow found his way into Buckingham Palace on June 7 and stole half a bottle of wine — and on July 9 went back to have a talk with the Queen about it and managed to get, undetected, into Her Majesty's bedroom.

Our gracious queen calmly kept him chatting until, when he asked for a cigarette, she called for a housemaid, whose first remark was 'Bloody 'ell, Ma-am, 'ow did 'e get in 'ere?'

So of course, heads have rolled, and it is suddenly discovered that Her Majesty's personal detective, Commander Trestrail, has for years been A Practising Homosexual maintaining a long-term relationship with a young male homosexual prostitute. The clever detective has been with the Queen (who likes him very much and wants him to stay on) for 17 years, with a security clearance on beginning the job and one every five years since — four times in all. He has, of course, done the decent thing and resigned, for everybody knows what a security risk it is to have a gay person in any situation of national interest, like what the Queen is, although you would have thought wouldn't you, that he has satisfactorily served his apprenticeship by now?

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OFF THE RAILS

GONE are the days, they say, when disputes between unions and management could be settled over beer and sandwiches at number ten.

Certainly this seems to be the case in the current fight to the finish between ASLEF the train drivers union and British Rail Board.

ASLEF, being a small and relatively democratic union representing basically one grade of worker, is committed by its governing annual conference to protecting the guaranteed eight hour day. This was introduced in 1919 in a union/government deal as a safeguard against super exploitation of worker by boss ie, we wouldn't have to work over eight hours, and we'd be guaranteed eight hours pay — however much work was done in that shift.

British Rail, like all industry in capitalist recession, has to reduce the price of labour. Their idea of 'modern work practices' is basically about that, reducing staffing, cutting the service and getting more work out of each worker. Flexible rostering, once fully implemented, would drastically increase the workload as well as varying the length of each shift and the number of hours worked each week. The thirty nine hour week would actually be an average of thirty nine hours over eight weeks. That, and the underhand and brutal methods being employed by BR, ignoring negotiating procedures, picking off individual depots, threatening the sack (we're deprived of tax rebates, £13 taken away

from SS for families, no dole if we're sacked, no jobs to go to) makes it look like we're being taken back to the last century when workers waited outside the gates waiting for the boss to give them work.

It's true we wouldn't be in such a mess if Sidney Rat Weighell had not sold the guards into flexible rosters, BRB might have given up trying against ASLEF & NUR together. After all, the savings to be made from flexible rosters of one and a half million pounds a year are paltry compared to the eight and a half million pounds a day they are losing during the ASLEF strike.

Weighell's main ambition it seems, beside getting his knighthood, is to smash ASLEF. He has actually been encouraging BRB to make the workers more productive and to smash ASLEF.

What of the ASLEF leadership? They are in the difficult position of preserving the membership of the union, for their own jobs, and of maintaining their credibility, for their own skins.

At the moment, the only substantial support for us seems to be from the miners and Scargill, as we helped them in the past (much to Weighell's Chagrin). Most TU leaders are businessmen who see ASLEF as bad business, a bit out of date (actually trying to defend their workers' conditions) so the pressure is on from them and the Labour Party to bend back double to placate the bosses and the media. (ie, sell

out imminent)

What we actually need is a general strike, now. Give the bosses a fright. It's a good time, as the left are in such disarray, workers' councils can be set up without too much Leninist interference. Why not bring it up at your next branch meeting?

ADAM FLOWERS

(Secretary Broad Street Branch ASLEF)

STOP PRESS

As we go to press the strike is finished. The TUC gave 'advice' to ASLEF that they weren't prepared to give any support. No doubt part of their calculation was the spectre of a 'who rules' election helped by whatever remnants of patriotic fervour are still about. The flexible rosters are in operation at 70 odd depots. ASLEF Delegate Conference meets next week. The government still maintains that it did not interfere, but is pleased about the victory for 'common sense'.

The implications for all trades union are obvious.

NICE ONE!

Nice one CND. Your campaigning for nuclear free zones has resulted in 20 out of 54 county councils declining to take part in the government's Operation Hard Rock. The whole enterprise has been called off. But what is this? A statement by William Whitelaw, Home Secretary. The poor man has a lot on his mind at the moment with all manner of people dropping into Buckingham Palace to camp in the grounds or bum cigarettes off Her Majesty, senior policemen having to resign because they had preferences that are not, well illegal, but still not quite the thing. Perhaps he is managing to give some thought to other matters as well, such as the state of the prisons, those 'affronts to civilised society', the levels of unemployment, the risks of urban disorder when the weather perks up a bit, the problems of dealing with his prime minister, oh, all sorts of things. But did this victory for CND upset him? Oh no, he merely announced that he will change the rules so that all these people will have to play next time. Perhaps there is a lesson here for CND.

PRESIDENT Reagan announced, when greeting Columbia shuttle astronauts, that national security was an important consideration in America's future space activities. In a statement drawn up after a 10 month study by the National Security Agency, he mentioned the continued development of a satellite killer and a start on building an attack warning system to meet threats to US space systems. A senior Administration official has deplored that an 'unfortunate impression' has been gaining ground that the new policy statement meant that the US is preparing for combat in space.

QUEEN IN PALACE

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Although the Home Secretary, William Whitelaw, was practically the last to know anything about all this, back-bench Tories who already hate him are baying for his blood, or at least his resignation, too.

It would seem though, that our hereditary monarchs are more broad-minded and less hysterical about other persons' moralities than the institutions of the democratic state that serve her — and us. Sir Anthony Blunt, curator of the Queen's picture gallery, was not only gay, but a spy to boot — and Her Majesty got on very well with him. Trestrail, we fancy, would not have been sacked for his homosexuality but for the weird actions of young Fagan, sneaking into the palace, and some dumb cop ignoring an alarm bell, and Trestrail being the man in charge.

Most interesting has been the reactions of some people who know about palace life. Apparently, London's gay community (whoever is exactly meant by that) have

claimed that the royal household has 'long been a favoured source of work for gay men', some of them coming out quite openly — and why not?

As gays have always maintained: it is the attitude of the so-called 'straight' world that makes them subject to blackmail.

One last light touch to end on. From the *Guardian* we take:

There is a well-known story about the Queen Mother ringing her servants for a gin and tonic with the words: "I don't know what you old queens are doing down there, but this old queen is dying of thirst."

And as we go to press the latest unemployment figures are published at 3,190,000.
JUSTIN

ANTI-WAR SUPPORT NETWORK

REPORTS

THE AFWSN exists to bring together and support people arrested for opposition to the war over the Falklands Islands/Malvinas by:

1. Publicity of details of arrests and subsequent trials
2. Offering legal information and general support
3. Contributing to fines through fund-raising and donations
4. Putting arrested people in touch with each other

Latest Information:

- Nine people arrested on anti-militarist picket in Edinburgh are appearing in court on October 4th, charged with obstruction.
- Person arrested for insulting behaviour on anti-war rally in London (May 23rd) appeared at Bow Street Magistrates Court on July 5th, and got a conditional discharge for two years + £25 costs to pay.
- Two people from London Peace Action arrested for carrying a coffin on the same rally appeared at Bow Street on July 6th, also charged with insulting behaviour. They were acquitted!!!! but there is £80 costs to pay.

Four more London Peace Action people also arrested on the anti-war rally for — yes you've got it — insulting behaviour (for tearing up both Argentinian and British State flags) appeared at Bow Street on July 9th. They were fined £50 each, which they might not all pay.

No further details of the other six arrests on May 23rd.

— The two people arrested for paint-bombing the naval recruiting office in Holborn, London, on May 1st, have been remanded over to a higher court. Their case will be heard on September 1st at the Inner London Sessions House, Newington Causeway, Elephant and Castle. They face £600 in damages.

The seven people arrested on their support picket on June 4th have been remanded on bail to appear at Wells Street Magistrates Court on September 6th.

OTHER NEWS

- The two people arrested for leafletting at the Trooping of the Colour on June 13th, and charged with obstruction, were found guilty at Bow Street and fined £5 each.
- Of the 48 people arrested at the CND march on June 6th in London, one has already pleaded not guilty and has been bound over to keep the peace, 20 are due to appear at Wells Street on September 14th and October 26th, one or two at Marlborough St on unknown dates, two juveniles to report to the police on July 13th to find out if any action will be taken. A few are untraceable and of the rest at least thirteen were released without charge, though some were held for two days. The police can still bring charges within the next six months. Their defence campaign can be contacted at:

84b Whitechapel High Street,
London E1.

The Cambridge ad hoc Committee against the Falklands war have become part of the Support Network and will be helping to raise funds. They can be contacted at Grapevine Bookshop, 186 East Road, Cambridge.

At the moment we have £106.3½p, many thanks to all those who have sent donations. The next meeting of the AFWSN will be on September 6th at 7pm at 6 Endsleigh St. We will need to continue our work well into the winter as appeals will probably still be necessary. We will keep on producing a bulletin and hope

people will keep on contacting us with news, donations etc, at London Greenpeace, 6 Endsleigh St, London WC1.

We have a list of friendly solicitors in the London area which we can send to people. Send us an SAE to the above address.

DEFIANCE

THE undersigned Giuseppe Scarso (matriculation No 05961000341) who in the name of your military ordinance was to present himself on the day of June 30 at the 225 Battalion F 'Arezzo' to effect servitude, enslavement, enclosure...in your instruments of death known as battalions of the army: REFUSES and OBJECTS any appurtenance in your ranks.

As an anarchist and antimilitarist I do not intend to wear the uniform of blood and death, considering armies, no matter what their colour or what State they belong to, to be the political-cultural instrument/structure of capitalism in order to perpetuate dominion and exploitation, as well as a coercive and demagogic means of 'safeguarding' the 'territorial rights' of a nation.

In its function the army has always been and continues to be the essential instrument of humanity's division into classes, of control over individuals and of the safeguarding of capitalism. I absolutely refuse to be a part of a military structure which has always committed the most atrocious crimes, wars...and the most vile raids. I do not want to renounce my head and my way of thinking to troop into your lines and become a chameleon.

I believe that the exploited, the revolutionaries, must make known, today as yesterday, their complete aversion to the militarist servility of armies by active insubordination, for a society of free and equal individuals.

I do not intend to become a part of the Italian army, but to affirm the antimilitarist, revolutionary Anarchist practice:
AGAINST WAR! AGAINST THE ARMY!
AGAINST ARMAMENTS! AGAINST STATES! AGAINST PRISONS! FOR INSUBORDINATION!

GIUSEPPE SCARSO

WILDCAT



FREE TSURKOV

INFORMATION concerning dissent in the USSR or its client states is always difficult to obtain. What follows is an account of the experiences of one group of dissidents who were active in Leningrad from 1976 to 1978 when they were finally arrested.

The history of this group goes back to the opening day of the 25th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in Feb 1976. It was at this time that various leaflets which declared that the Party and its policies were bankrupt began to appear on the streets of Leningrad. It took the KGB a fortnight to trace these leaflets to a group known as the 'Revolutionary Communards'.

The Revolutionary Communards started when two students at Leningrad University set up a commune on 37 Primorski Prospekt, a small house on the outskirts of the city. Little did Alexander Skobov and his friend Arkady Tsurkov realize the extent to which the commune would become a focal point, not only for the youth of Leningrad but even further afield. The commune soon became a place of lively debate between the various political philosophies of those involved (Marxism,



TSURKOV

Anarchism, Anarcho-syndicalism). It also started the production of a samizdat (home produced) journal called 'Perspectives'. Before long there was even talk within the group of holding conference of oppositional youth but in August 1978

the KGB raided the commune and a number of arrests were made. Questioning of all those involved soon followed and on Oct 14th Skobov was arrested and 17 days later the KGB arrested Tsurkov. Over the next few months many others were charged and sentenced for 'crimes against the state'.

All of these people have now been released except Tsurkov. At his trial, held in camera on the 3rd April 1979, he was sentenced to 5 years in a corrective labour camp and 2 years internal exile. He is not due for release until 1985.

Tsurkov has been adopted by Amnesty International.

ON Saturday the 5th of June 14 members and supporters of the North East Anarchist Federation staged a 2 hour picket outside the USSR embassy in support of Arkady Tsurkov.

The picket was generally boring, leaflets were handed out on the opposite side of the road to the embassy, request of the Diplomatic Protection squad, and one member of the NEAF was threatened with assault and arrest for pointing a camera at a pig.

Malc, for NEAF

RAGUSA anarchist group and anarchist group 'Rivolta e Libertà' of Catania announce an INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST CONFERENCE in the municipal sports ground at Comiso, Ragusa July 31 and 1 August 1982, on the theme THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CRUISE MISSILE BASE AT COMISO CAN BE PREVENTED.

We believe the present stage of the struggle against the installation of missiles in Comiso requires a deepening of analysis and methodology. Seen in this light the Comiso conference acquires a double interest: on the one hand it should consent a clearer vision of how to intervene to prevent the construction of the Base; on the other, it should allow the anarchist movement as a whole to reconsider the effectiveness of methods of struggle valid for all situations involving the realisation of the class struggle.

The conference will therefore develop:

- A brief introduction by the comrades organizers of the conference.
- Debate for the whole of July 31 and morning of August 1. Comrades intending to bring reports to be read during the conference should bear in mind that each contribution to the debate will be limited to 15 minutes, therefore reports requiring more time should be duplicated for distribution during the conference.
- Conclusive demonstration with open air meeting in Piazza Fonte Diana, Comiso, followed by march to Magliocco airport.

We remind comrades to come equipped

with sleeping bags and tents.

Comrades and structures of the anarchist movement should undertake to contribute towards the expense of the conference and the initiatives which emerge from it directed at continuing the struggle to prevent the installation of the missile base in Comiso. Payment should be made to postal current account no. 10033975 in the name of Giuseppe Scarso, Casella Postale 21, 97010 GIARRATANA, Sicily.

For further information and clarification write to above address or telephone 0932/976445.

Fraternal greetings

Ragusa anarchist group
'Rivolta e Libertà' anarchist group,
Catania

PS: We consider the presence of comrades from experiences other than those of the Italian anarchist movement to be indispensable in order to examine different experiences of struggle and to discuss as widely as possible what direction to give to the anarchist intervention in the struggle against the missile base in Comiso.

During the conference a simultaneous translation of the reports in languages other than Italian can be guaranteed. As for the discussions in Italian, a brief synthesis in English, French and German will be given at the end of the conference.

INVITATIONS

Dear FREEDOM,
I don't think we've invited you to the Gathering yet. This extraordinary political gathering — hopefully some 3000 people near Glastonbury for six days — will probably be one of the biggest get-togethers of the year (bar demos).

On site we shall all be working to produce a Green Declaration to come out on Celebration Day. It will outline what everyone at the Gathering feels are the main principles of the green movement and will then put forward any ideas for ways forward that the Gathering comes up with.

I very much enjoyed your review on ecology and anarchism. I expect at least one of you will be able to make it, looks like being really good fun as well as having a political purpose.

If you are coming and are interested, please let me know as I shall be putting out all kinds of stuff to the movement press and the straight media.

Love & Peace,
DAVID TAYLOR

The Green Gathering is to be held from Tuesday 27th July to Sunday 1st August. It will consist of Music, Theatre, Displays, Stalls, Workshops, Speakers, Kids Area.

Tickets will cost £9.00 for the six days, if bought at the gate BUT a limited num-

More Fellowships!

DISARMAMENT is a strange concept. A general stance in favour of the idea is obligatory. Then, great store is placed in negotiations by nation states. Statements are issued. Conferences are convened. Talks are undertaken. Yet, at the end of the day, as they say, indeed at the end of the week and at the end of the year, the whole thing remains slippery, still just beyond firm grasp. Somehow, it would seem, nation states are not quite so committed to the concept as their words would indicate. Only to the concept as it affects other nation states. A cynical doubt creeps in, perhaps armaments and warfare are implicit in the very nature of nation states. Perhaps it would be more realistic to negotiate for the voluntary defanging of snakes. Or, failing agreement on that, for 5% to be amputated from the ends of the fangs. Or, at least, an agreement that the snake will not strike first.

The United Nations Special Session on Disarmament has just completed five weeks of talks. Public figures have queued to stand and declare their commitment to peace. The end result has been described as 'unmitigated failure'. This in uncharitable. There has been an 'achievement'. It has been agreed to increase the number of UN Disarmament Fellowships, for six months study, from 20 to 25. The special session started with three objectives; to

produce a comprehensive programme of disarmament, to review how much progress has been made since 1978 and to establish a world disarmament campaign. The first got absolutely nowhere. The second looked more hopeful, after all not much has happened. However, this foundered on bickering about who, precisely, was responsible for such lack of progress. Delegates seemed to prejudice the issue by always assuming that it was somebody else's fault. It was agreed to have a world disarmament campaign. Unfortunately, here also there was a tendency to want the emphasis directed elsewhere and by the time opposing interests had been taken into account, there is not much of a campaign left. We must thank all the delegates for their trouble. After all, it must be very stressful to cope with all this intransigence from foreigners. This can be illustrated by the pressures on the British delegation, who had to reconcile a number of apparently conflicting attitudes. No one, except the cynical, would doubt their commitment to peace. It must be a lack of understanding, an essentially superficial view of the world, that cannot see that there is no conflict in negotiating for disarmament as the representatives of a government that has just fought a war, is busily replacing lost equipment and is holding a British Army Equipment exhibition to encourage the sale of weapons to other countries.

ber of tickets are available if bought in advance.

These will cost £7.50 for six days and are available from:

2 Cross House, Fontinell Magna,
Shaftsbury, Dorset.

Site of the gathering is:

Worthy Farm, Pilton, Somerset.

(Pilton is on the A361 between Shepton Mallet and Glastonbury. Follow signs from the village).

JOIN US!

Dear Everybody,
We are Lakenheath peace camp. No, that is inaccurate — you are! It's just that you don't seem to have noticed yet.

We are strictly non-violent (that is the only strictly we use). If your local group of individuals can come up with any brilliant ideas for protests, for all our sakes get your butts over here and get it together. Cruise is coming next year, this is not the time to sit theorising — now is the time for action.

There is no doubt about it, whatever your political/non-political ideals there's

not much hope for them without a world.

If you feel that what we have said makes sense, don't just applaud — do something now before it's too late.

If you are prepared to work hard for peace in a non-violent way come over for a bit, but be warned it's no holiday camp.

The community spirit is at best worth all the sacrifices true anarchy demands (at worst suicide is preferable).

You can get the respect and love of us all but only you can earn it.

By way of warning, we do have children here. Most responsibility is shared so that parents too can work on bomb-stopping activities, instead of having always to cook for, clean up after and educate their offspring. This has worked out really well so far but it can only work if people are willing to share some of their time with the younger members of our community.

Well, all you lot, I hope we will soon be inundated with active, energetic, loving people. I hope I haven't made it sound too restrictive because we do have an awful lot of fun here too, but we feel that if you plan to live here it is only fair you should know some of the facts.

Yours in peace love and freedom
**FAMILIES AGAINST THE BOMB
PEACE CAMP**

IN BRIEF

THREE legal authorities have been axed to death in Papua-New Guinea in a frenzy of tension around elections.

CONTROVERSY is growing about the production of electric shock weapons by a British company. The appropriately named SAS Group displayed these at the recent British Army Equipment exhibition at Aldershot. They include a police truncheon, available in various lengths, which can deliver 4000 volts at a low current, 'Not only is it excellent for law enforcement but is ideal for use in penal institutions' and the 'pocket shock prod', 'the first electric shock device available in pocket size'. Robert Sas, a director of the company, is quoted as having no comment on the suggestion that the devices could be used for torture, 'We do have a bit of worry about them but they have a very low amperage. The shock will take the wind out of your sails and make you think again but it doesn't really hurt.' Dissenting views have been expressed by some people who have met these appliances, either being used for crowd control or in more refined situations, such as in Chile, which had representatives at the exhibition.

CHARLES Keefre, a 20 year old private in the US Army, ran amok with his M-60 tank in Mannheim, West Germany and then plunged it into a river and drowned. He had been facing a court martial on charges of receiving stolen property and theft of an army pistol. We must ask whether young men should be given such potentially dangerous toys.

IT is nicely ironic that in the week when TV shows a repeat of 'private Schultz', based on undermining the British economy by flooding it with forged money, several million pounds of counterfeit notes are reported to have been seized in south London. Perhaps it is a surreptitious attempt to reinflate the economy without the notorious U turn on things like M3.

AUTHORITIES in Zurich have upheld a decision to cut disability pay to a man who had to give up work after suffering from circulatory disease. Noting that he had smoked 20-30 cigarettes per day for 25 years, it was decided that he was responsible for his own disability because of 'gross negligence'.

A Home Office inquiry into the Prevention of Terrorism Act is underway. The police are pressing for it to be extended. Civil liberties groups tend to the opposite opinion. Latest scores, since the Act was introduced in 1976, 5372 people detained, 4742 released without charge, 251 excluded by order from Britain, 113 charged with breaches of the Act and 266 other charges.

LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS

NEED FOR
CLASS STRUGGLE

Dear FREEDOM,
MB's letter in FREEDOM (26:6:82) in response to the anarchist experiences in the recent CND Rally raises some very important points for the anarchist movement in Britain. It seems to me that anarchists involved in particular struggles should see those same struggles within and as a part of an overall strategy for change. Either we believe we will see anarchism in our time and work towards that or at least we work to build a strong and firm base from which anarchists of future years can work.

Within that context then I think it would be worthwhile for anarchists to seriously evaluate the work they are putting into single issue/broad based campaign typified by the CND movement which are always fraught with bourgeois attitudes and methods of protest and pose no threat whatsoever to the real causes of oppression. The single issue campaigns and causes will never threaten bourgeois society simply because they are bourgeois by ignoring the profit. For anarchists to think that they can by agitation come to dominate these movements (in terms of demands) and use them as a means to change society radically is I believe a bad error. We should see these movements as peripheral struggles to what should be our main activity, as a movement, the class struggle. To make real inroads into the bourgeois nature of these movements and to see our demands really accepted and acted on, requires real strength as a movement nationally and in the eyes of our oppressors. That strength can only be got by having an industrial base and by workers in this country having anarchism as their politics I can't ever see the bomb being banned by the CND movement unless autonomous workers take up the fight.

Spontaneous working class struggle is where real anarchism will take shape and grow as a movement and we will have to work long and hard alongside such struggles to see our ideas come to fruition. There seems to me to be a large amount of antagonism in the anarchist movement towards the working class, coinciding with a general belief that we will never achieve anarchism anyway! This is a sad reflection of the movement particularly when it has been in working class context that anarchists have achieved greatest success.

Furthermore there is a trend in the modern anarchist movement and its theory, which suggests that the 'bourgeoisification' of the working class is now complete and that the real struggle is now hinging around the ecological and energy questions. It's not strange that the movement of anarchists into such areas of struggle should seek credence in a 'new' theory, but the trend away from the

working class may suggest a 'bourgeoisification' of segments of the anarchist movement rather than vice versa!

I am not trying to nor do I ever want to glamourise the working class, my emphasis on the working class simply revolves around the question of how are we going to achieve anarchism. That's what matters! It's important to remember I think that for anarchists the task of bringing revolution has never been far from impossible. Likewise, though the oppression and exploitation is different now for workers, than 100 years ago, the essential character of the class struggle remains and thus the potential for revolution based on that struggle remains. We should accept the point MB makes, that it is only when life becomes materially intolerable that workers will revolt and in doing so recognise that such a reality is again approaching.

Lastly, can I say that it is about time that the anarchist movement in Britain sorted itself out in terms of its own content — materially and theoretically — and in its relationship with the outside (sic) world, with a view to revolutionising it. It seems to me that the anarchist movement has never got far, more because it has never decided in the longterm that it did want to and was going to go somewhere than because the working class had given it the two fingers! We should be further strengthened and resolved by recognising that anarchism is the only revolutionary theory of life left to the working class. Let all Marxists and other 'leaders of the downtrodden masses' chew on that! Yours for a free society,
A FRIEND OF DURRUTI
Ireland

CARNIVAL
CONTINUED

Dear FREEDOM,
I would like to reply to John Englart's article on Anarchism in Australia.....what can I say, the omissions would fill up several FREEDOM Review sections. In trying to cover everything he has said nothing, particularly about the current split in the Jura Bookshop group there is a strange silence! The shallow treatment of the other areas besides Sydney reflects his isolation and he would have been better to concentrate on New South Wales specifically. The Federation of Australian Anarchists Bull and the fascinations with paper organisations and 'positions' of slimey Trots and the groups of students and the groups of students gathered around Professors in Victoria and Queensland might be worth exposing critically but this is not done. Curiouser is the attacks upon the 'carnival anarchists' for not behaving themselves in the Courts of the all-knowing 'Gentry'. I can only say that the 'obituary' on them is premature and that calendars, postcards, squatting, a

cafe continue a presence despite the best intentions of the police, thugs, their 'comrades' in the anarchist scene and various other authorities.

Having left Australia for some years now it seems incredible that nothing of current activity is shown, only the crumbs of a miserable past and with a few slurs thrown in. A puzzle for some readers in Europe no doubt until a proper job is done and maybe 'entertaining' for the ignorant but personally I am aghast.
PEDRO

COMRADE
MITTERAND

Dear Friends,

I enclose a quote from a full page advertisement in the so called liberal Guardian (Tuesday July 6th 1982) by the societies for the Defense of Tradition, Family and Property (TFP).

'The Message of the TFPs is a detailed analysis of French self-managing socialism which recently began a vigorous process of international expansion with Mitterand's election to the presidency..... The TFPs maintain that the self-managing programme aims to break society down into minute bodies endowed into quasi-sovereignty, an action which would result in the implantation of an anarchic utopia in France.'

- Mitterand, anarchist doesn't show it!
- Mitterand, anarchist doesn't know it?

Vive L'Anarchie!
CAROLINE CAHM

RACE MEETING

Dear FREEDOM,
The link between peace and race must be recognised as an important element in any peace movement, yet the black community has so far taken a very limited interest in CND. There may well be various reasons for this apparent lack of interest but if CND want the support of black peace activists they must not follow the example of a local CND with which I am familiar where the phoney left united to exclude a black anarchopacifist from continuing active involvement as secretary of the group. I appreciate that CND is a broad movement but surely we need to question should it be so broad as to include as it did on this occasion several newly recruited young people proudly wearing swastika badges.
Yours in anarchy,
PAT ISIORHO

The editors reserve the right to cut letters unless you say 'All or nothing!'. (In which case it might be nothing!).

LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS

A MODEST PROPOSAL

Dear FREEDOM,

I have a suggestion for all groups in the world to consider, part of which is slightly frivolous, and part of which isn't. The idea is that we start a massive umbrella organization under the title of 'The International Anarchist Conspiracy', and that every group in the world, by virtue of being an anarchist group, is henceforth a fully paid up card carrying member of the conspiracy. All groups are entitled to sign themselves as the appropriate Section, International Anarchist Conspiracy. These sections could be local, regional, national, continental or whatever. Which means that we here could put out statements signed 'Freedom Collective, West Australian Section, International Anarchist Conspiracy', and other groups elsewhere as appropriate. Where several groups exist in a city they would have to come to some agreement regarding suburbs or names etcetera.

Now all this is obviously fairly frivolous and hardly striking dread into the hearts of the bourgeoisie, but it costs us nothing and it might even help anarchists to start communicating with each other.

But anyway, to the second, more serious part of this suggestion — money. I, for one, am thoroughly pissed off with being robbed blind by the banks for sending money overseas. Commission of \$5 (about £2.50) is standard here, even for sending \$10.

Another mob who make a fortune out of anarchists is the various post offices. The main problem is bulk postage of books. So over the next year or so, is it too much to ask that the various anarchist publishing houses, in the English speaking world at least, should consider more communication between themselves and other anarchist groups and consider more joint publishing ventures such as Cienfuegos has been doing for a while now.

Especially with the cheaper books I think it would be best to send a single copy from the originating publisher to others who are interested, and for them to print their own editions in their own countries.

I don't know whether the higher printing costs per copy for doing small runs would cancel out the money saved on freight, but I do think it would be worth investigation.

And back to the banks, does anyone have any bright ideas on how to send money to each other without getting robbed every time? How about an anarchist currency clearing house? Yes, I know it's disgusting but so is getting robbed. Capital rules (not OK). Degrading though it may be, the money saved from such a system might stop a few anarchist publishing groups from going under. (Does anyone know an anarchist publisher that isn't in financial difficulties?)

Anyway, nuff for now. Hope to have some replies soon.

LEONARD HINCKLEY
for Freedom Collective,
West Australian Section,
International Anarchist Conspiracy,
Post Office Box 203,
Fremantle,
Western Australia, 6160.

THINK ON

Dear FREEDOM,

Nott John him Big Pillock. Him review Riot Book. Him think Life served up on plate? Him want read words like in The Sun or The Daily Star? Him want spoon-feeding?

Nott John I say 'Think'. Any Big Talk or Big Write on anything — bricklaying, cooking, football, printing, knitting, bicycles, clouds, anything — it give special words. Same with Society. Especially when Big Fight Complicated came.

Nott John him think writers of Riot Book born with them words in mouth? No. They learn with doing + thinking, thinking + doing. Me too. Nott John also if him want.

Nott John him make mistake of many anarchists often. Him like form more than content. Him want 'Smash State', 'Kill Pigs', 'No Rulers', 'Burny, Burny', 'Band, Band', 'Yaroooh, Yaroooh', 'Anarchy Now'. Empty words shouted in dark. (Better than thinking of dark, eh?) Content of Riot Book put flesh on bones. Long words help more to see. Them not hide things, them bring them out. Not frightened of dark.

Nott John not talk about contents of long word writing. Police, Racism, Wage Labour, Society Big Change, Marginalisation, Ghettoisation. Why him ignore these Big Things? These more important than how it written. All anarchists frightened of Long Word Dark them?

Me say — Write Not To Work OK?
Nott John him Big Pillock
Sorkers of the World, Learn the 3 Rs —
Reading, 'Riting, Revolution.
A B SEE

AN INFORMATIVE CONFERENCE

Dear FREEDOM,

Room for any more comment on the Beyond the Bullshit conference? I attended the conference, and unlike reader Richard Cross, I thought it was very interesting. It is the first time I have ever been to a conference attended by comrades from all over the country and of many differing viewpoints.

I met many interesting people and made many new contacts. The workshops were dominated by the loudest male, were negative? Well, I was at the Right to Shirk, Autonomous Movements Tape

Exchange, Squatting and various other workshops and found the exchange of views informative and frank.

The women's autonomous workshop was reported to be very successful, presumably that was dominated by the loudest males, eh Richard?

What's wrong with watching videos? I found the Riot, Angry Brigade and Free Voice of Labour videos informative and enlightening.

So what if people are vegetarians but also wear DMs etc? People need good shoes etc, that has nothing to do with the mass consumer death of MacDonalds et al. I didn't see many people plastered in make-up and hip clothes. I see fashion etc as a load of crap, but if people wish to indulge in it, well that's their choice.

OK, the conference wasn't an earth-shattering event, but who expected it to be? It was a start; it functioned well on the level it operated.

My only criticism was that the workshops were OK. on a pragmatic level, but a coherent strategy for future action (where do we go from here?) was needed. Hopefully this will get together at the next conference. In the meantime, I'd like to thank the South London Anarchists for doing such a good job of getting the conference going.

MIKE

Toxic Graffiti
c/o 121 Bookshop,
London

SWEAR WORD?

Dearest FREEDOM,

In you we don't have a bad old paper really. But occasionally the odd swear word creeps in.

On the front page under the heading 'Loyalty to What?', on the last column, there is reference to 'the tragic psychopath Barry Prudom'. 'Psychopath' is a favourite word used by the State to describe those that would question its existence. That is, the State's existence.

It could be that I am sensitive to this word, used as it was to label me once upon a time, when I refused to wear her majesty's uniform. But that's another story.

All the best,
MICK CROPPER



FREEDOM CONTACTS

ABERDEEN

Solidarity, c/o 163 King St, Aberdeen.

ASKERN GROUP

c/o 1 Chapel Hill, Market Place, Askern, South Yorkshire.

BARRY

Terry Phillips, 16 Robert St, Barry, South Glamorgan.

BELFAST

Anarchist Collective, Just Books, 7 Winetavern St, Belfast 1.

BEDFORDSHIRE

Bedfordshire and isolated Anarchists, write: John, 81 F, Bromham Rd, Bedford MK40 2AH, Beds.

BRIGHTON

Libertarian Socialist Group, c/o Students Union, Falmer House, University of Sussex, Falmer, Brighton.

BRISTOL

L. Bedminster, 110 Grenville Rd, Bristol 3.
B x 010, Full Marks Bookshop, 1, J Cheltenham Rd, Bristol 6.

CAMBRIDGE

Cambridge Anarchists, c/o 186 East Rd, Cambridge.

CANTERBURY

Alternative Research Group, Students Union, University of Kent, Canterbury.
Canterbury Anarchist Group, Contact address is: Andrew Savage, 177 Old Dover Rd, Canterbury, Kent.

CARDIFF

Write c/o One-O-Eight Bookshop, 108 Salisbury Rd.

CIRENCESTER AND THE COTSWOLDS

c/o Andrew Wilkie, 7 Sperrington, Cirencester, Glos.

CLEVELAND

25 Liverton Crescent, Thornby, Cleveland.
Also produces Common Cause, local anarchist paper.

COVENTRY

John England, Students Union, University of Warwick, Coventry.

CRAWLEY

Crawley Anarchists
Ray Cowper,
Bluebell Close,
Crawley S11-873

CUMBRIA

2 Forestry Cottages, Millfield,
Hutton Roof,
Penrith,
Cumbria.

DERBY

Black Ram c/o Forum Books
86 Abbey Street,
Derby
Tel: 368039

DUBLIN

Love v Power, Whelan's Dance Studio, 51 South King St, Dublin 2

EAST ANGLIA

DAM, Marilyn Everett, 11 Gibson Gardens, Saffron Walden, Essex.

ESSEX

Oral Abortions, The Catskills, Maldon Rd, Gay Bowers, Danbury.

EXETER

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

GLASGOW YOUNG ANARCHISTS

CHISTS,
c/o Box 1984,
PRACTICAL ANARCHY (monthly free broadsheet, send large sae)
c/o Box 3,
RENDEZVOUS group
c/o Box 68; produces councillor leaflets.
CALDERWOOD 15/GPP pamphlets
c/o Box V2
All at Glasgow Bookshop/Collective, 488 Gt Western Rd, G12.
(Kelvinbridge subway).

HASTINGS

Anarchists, 18a Markwick Terrace, Saint Leonards-on-Sea, East Sussex.

HUDDERSFIELD

Huddersfield Anarchist Group & DAM
Box DAM, c/o Peaceworks, 58 Wakefield Road, Huddersfield

MULL

Libertarian Collective, 70 Perth St, Mull HUS 3NZ.

KEELE

Anarchist Group, c/o Students Union, The University, Keele, Staffordshire.

KEIGHLEY

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

LAMPETER

Anarchist Group, c/o Adrian James, SDUC, Lampeter, Dyfed SA48 7ED, Wales.

LIVERPOOL

Anarchist Group, c/o Hywel Ellis, Students Union, Liverpool University.

LEAMINGTON

and Warwick, c/o 42 Bath St, Leamington Spa.

LEEDS

Leeds Anarchist Group, Box LAP A, 59 Cookridge, Leeds LS2 3AW

DAM + Federation of Leeds Anarchists

Box R U
59 Cookridge St
Leeds 2

LEICESTER

Blackthorn Books
70 High Street
Leicester

Libertarian Education 6 Beaconsfield Rd. (tel 552085).

The Anarchist Society,
Societies' Room,
Student's Union Building.

University of Leicester,
University Road,
Leics. LE1 7RH

LONDON

Anarchy Magazine
Box A
84b Whitechapel High St
London E1.

Freedom Collective, Angel Alley,
84b Whitechapel High St, E1.
(01-247 9249). Aldgate East tube,
near Whitechapel Art Gallery

Greenpeace, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1,
Meet Thursdays 7pm.

Kingston Anarchists, 13 Denmark St, Kingston upon Thames, (01-549 2564).

London Workers Group, meets
Tuesdays 8pm at Metropolitan

Pub, 75 Farringdon Rd, EC1.
Middlesex Poly Anarchists,
Students Union, Trent Park Site,
Cockfosters Rd, Barnet, Herts.

121 Bookshop and meeting place,
121 Raiton Rd, Herne Hill, SE24
West London Anarchists contact
John Sanders, 4 Naylor House,
Mozart Estate, W10.

MALVERN

and Worcester area, Jock Spence,
Birchwood Hall, Storridge,
Malvern, Worcestershire.

MANCHESTER

'Wildcat' or 'Solidarity' at: Box
25, 164/166 Corn Exchange,
Hanging Ditch, M4 3BN

MERSEYSIDE

Box LAG,
21 Gothic Street,
Rock Ferry Birkenhead,
Merseyside.

MORECAMBE & LANCASTER

North Lancs. Libertarians'
c/o Cliff M Poxon,
13 Carleton St,
Morecambe, Lancs. LA4 4NX

NORWICH

Norwich and district Anarchist
and Anarchopacifist collective,
c/o Box 6,
FREEWHEEL,
52-54 King Street,
Tel: Norwich 21209 for FREE-
WHEEL or 616117 for Dave.

NOTTINGHAM

Jackie Veevers
7 Irene Terrace,
Basford,
Individuals Anonymous 12p SAE,
above address.

OLDHAM

Nigel Broadbent, 14 Westminster
Rd, Failsworth.

ORPINGTON

AN @ group is starting in Orpington
to help balance the nice new
police station they're getting.
Contact Rik Fuller, 60 Ramsden
Rd, Orpington Kent.

OXFORD

Anarchist Group and Solidarity,
c/o 34 Cowley Rd.

PAISLEY

Anarchist Group are unfortunately
contactable through the
Students Union, Hunter St,
Paisley, Renfrewshire.

PLYMOUTH

Anarchists, 115 St Pancras Ave,
Pennycross.

PORTSMOUTH

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

READING

Reading Anarchist Group, Box 19,
Acorn Bookshop, 17 Chatham St,
Reading. Meets once a week.

RHONDDA

and MidGlamorgan. Henning
Andersen, 'Smiths Arms', Tre-
herbert, MidGlamorgan.

SHEFFIELD

Anarchists, c/o 4 Havelock Square
Sheffield S10 2FQ.
Libertarian Society, Post Office
Box 168, Sheffield S11 8SE.

SOUTH WALES

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

SWANSEA

Black Dragon, Box 5, c/o Neges
Bookshop, 31 Alexandra Rd,
Swansea SA1 5DQ, W Glamorgan.

SUSSEX UNIVERSITY ANAR-
CHIST GROUP &
BRIGHTON ANARCHIST
GROUP,

c/o Students Union, Falmer House
Brighton, East Sussex.

SUSSEX ANARCHIST SOCIETY
c/o Hastings Anarchist Group,

SWINDON

area, Mike, Groundswell Farm,
Upper Stratton, Swindon.

TAYSIDE

Anarchist Group, 3L 188 Strath-
martine Rd, Dundee.

WAKEFIELD

Anarchist and Peace Group, c/o
E Fazackerley, 36 Bowan St,
Agbrigg, Wakefield, West York-
shire.

PICKET

At McAlpine's, Bernard St, opp.
Russell Sq Tube Station, London,
on 3rd Aug 12 noon-3pm. (McAl-
pine's are constructing Tomess
Nuclear Power Station).
Full details: Greenpeace London
(01)-387 5370

PUBLICATIONS

Toxic Graffiti has appeared as
promised (see FREEDOM No 10).
16pp A5, 35p + postage. Available
from A Distribution, 84b White-
chapel High Street, London E1.

DESIRES

Book wanted: 'The True Believer'
by Eric Hoffer. Contact Mark Nel-
son, 1 Victoria Rd, Hyde Park,
Leeds 6, W Yorks.

Anyone interested in anarchism in
the Lancs area contact

Jim Price 44 Station Rd
Barton Nr Ormskirk
Lancs L39 7JN

Anyone interested in forming a
North West Anarchist Federation
please contact,

DAM
164/166 Corn Exchange Build-
ing, Hanging Ditch, Man 4.

A REVISED INLANDS CONTACT
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LONDON E.1
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West Papua

The Vanishing People

THE million Melanesian people of West Papua are faced with extinction. So far, this has aroused infinitely less concern than the threatened extinction of the California condor.

A former Dutch colony, West Papua lies just north of Australia, the western half of the island of New Guinea. It was invaded and annexed by Indonesia in 1962. After an 'Act of Free Choice' in 1969, it became Indonesia's 22nd province 'Irian Jaya'. At the time Indonesia's violation of numerous terms of the UN-supervised 'Act of Free Choice' was ignored by the rest of the world. For the last twenty years an organised guerrilla movement (the Free Papua Movement - OPM) has been fighting for independence, isolated and unknown.

The situation in West Papua today remains unreported. Indonesia, with Papua New Guinea's assistance, has imposed a near-total cordon around the territory. The Indonesian army of occupation is at least 32,000 strong. The border with Papua New Guinea is sealed by troops patrolling both sides. A few travellers pass through the capital, Jayapura, and the airport on Biak island. But West Papua is essentially forbidden territory to outside observers, except those approved in Jakarta by the Suharto regime. The Papua New Guinea government actively collaborates in suppressing the OPM.

Despite this, some news gets out. OPM couriers make the risky 5 week journey across difficult terrain into Papua New Guinea. There is the occasional telephone call from Jayapura to Europe; travellers are hastily given whispered messages or letters by West Papuans who disappear as quickly as they approach. By the time it emerges, information is often weeks out of date and difficult to check. However, the overall picture of Indonesian occupation is remarkably consistent.

Recent news from Paniai is typical of the reports filtering out of West Papua for years. In September 1981 a Dutch television crew (the first foreign film crew allowed in West Papua for ten years) filmed three thousand armed men and women in an OPM camp in the Paniai area. On 22 November 2,500 people were killed in an Indonesian bombing attack on Paniai. OPM and Dutch commentators have since claimed that the TV crew unwittingly revealed the location of this large guerrilla base to Indonesian officials. On 13 December the OPM retaliated. The regional military camp was attacked and 150 Indonesian troops were killed. A Papuan flag was hoisted, and the Paniai area declared 'free and independent

territory of the Free Republic of West Papua'. The Paniai reports have been confirmed in the Dutch press.

These events indicate the nature of Indonesia's war against the people of West Papua. Moreover they reveal well-organized and concerted OPM resistance, a fact vehemently denied by Indonesia. The November bombing is just one of hundreds or aerial attacks since 1962. The victims are overwhelmingly villagers. While the OPM fighters are mobile and well-informed, villages suspected of aiding the guerrillas are helpless targets. A former Dutch patrol officer and author, Kees Lagerberg estimates that 150,000 people have 'statistically disappeared' since 1962. The former OPM leader, Jacob Prai, now in exile in Sweden, estimates the number of West Papuan deaths since 1962 at 190,000 - approximately 20% of the population.

More precise figures are difficult to obtain. Indonesian census methods are notoriously unreliable, while the information ban prevents independent investigation. Unknown thousands of West Papuans have fled to hide or die in the jungles in the face of Indonesian attacks on villages. Despite - indeed because of - the official censorship there is every reason for concern about the physical and social existence of the Melanesian people. There are three main causes for concern: (1) continuous reports of Indonesian military attacks with a high civilian casualty rate; (2) the effects of Indonesia's transmigration programme; and (3) the deliberate stifling of Melanesian culture.

Most of the reports of Indonesian military action are necessarily from OPM sources. Attacks take two main forms. The first is aerial bombardment by jets and helicopters. The jets bomb and strafe, then the helicopters land troops to kill survivors, raze villages, shoot pigs and dogs and destroy food gardens. The second involves more accessible areas where villages are surrounded by ground troops. An April 1982 report speaks of villagers bayoneted or burned alive in their houses. Gardens and livestock were destroyed and women were raped before they were killed.

Often the OPM provides precise details of location and names of victims. For example, early this year in two villages near Jayapura, Ampas-Waris and Batte-Arso, Urbanus Yafok, his wife and family, and Modestus Wake, his wife and family were bayoneted. The corpses were left unburied as a warning to other villagers.

This year's military operations have proceeded under the slogan 'Let the rats run to the forest so the chickens can

breed in the coop'. The slogan appears to refer to the Indonesian attempt to secure more areas for the huge influx of transmigrants. The April OPM report speaks of hundreds of women and small children dying of hunger after they were forced to flee to the jungles and mountains.

The OPM has produced lists of 794 political prisoners in at least ten centres. In April this year a former OPM leader, Martin Tabu was taken from his underground cell to Entrop, about a mile from Jayapura and shot. Entrop is otherwise known as 'Tempat Tengkorak', the Place of Skulls. It is an execution ground for West Papuan nationalists. Another delayed report states that in April 1981, twenty-one West Papuans in Ifar prison near Jayapura were gassed with carbon monoxide.

Meanwhile the OPM controls the larger area of the country. Its forces continue to make numerous attacks on Indonesian personnel, equipment and transmigration settlements. The power of the OPM was tacitly admitted by the provincial military commander, General Santoso, when he ordered his troops in August 1981 'not to set foot in areas which are not under Indonesian military command.'

The gravest long-term threat to the survival of the West Papuan population is the Indonesian transmigration policy. West Papuans are rapidly becoming a minority in their own land. By 1983, Indonesian demographers estimate that 1.5 million people, mainly from the overcrowded islands of Java and Madura, will have been transferred to West Papua. Then there are at least 150,000 'illegal' transmigrants from the Moluccas and Sulawesi who have settled in the towns, especially Jayapura.

The transmigrant programme serves a double security function for the Suharto regime. First, it shifts some surplus population from desperately land-short areas. Second, the higher the ratio of Indonesians to West Papuans, the less of a 'problem' the West Papuans will be. Pushed into ever-worse terrain, West Papuans die younger and reproduce less. In parts of Asmat infant mortality is over 60%, while life expectancy is about 32 years. Cholera is rife here. In the Baliem Valley, whooping cough and other respiratory diseases take a steady toll, along with widespread yaws and measles. The most disastrous disease, however, is VD which has now

reached epidemic proportions after its introduction in 1962. Fertility has been gravely affected, especially among the Dani people.

Presently transmigrants are being settled around strategic locations such as the Manokwari and Sorong oilfields. The state-owned oil company Pertamina has not employed West Papuans since 1969. Other transmigrants provide a buffer zone along the border, thus obstructing the OPM's refugee, aid and information access to Papua New Guinea. Populations of shifting agriculturalists who once moved back and forth across the border are cut off from clanspeople in Papua New Guinea and deprived of traditional lands. The main buffer settlements are near Arso on the West Sepik border, Merauke in the south, Kurik, Bupul and Semangga. By the end of 1983 it's expected that the southern border area will be settled by 100,000 Javanese transmigrants.

The border patrols and buffer settlements are just part of the total Indonesian project to stifle Melanesian culture in West Papua. The few West Papuan officials in provincial government are merely Indonesian mouthpieces. Not one Melanesian MP has visited Papua New Guinea since its independence. West Papuans are not granted exit visas.

In the Cenderawasih University at Jayapura there are 2,500 students, 1,600 of whom are West Papuans. However there is no educational exchange with Papua New Guinea. Those who study outside Jayapura are sent to Java. Nowhere in the education system is there any study made of Papua New Guinea. Students at the university are not even allowed to say the word 'Papuan': they are 'Indonesian'. If they do, they are interrogated as OPM supporters. Where there were once scores of languages, there is now officially just one, Indonesian. Television and radio programmes, magazines, newspapers and government posters are in Indonesian. Once 80% Christian, West Papua's religious culture and landscape is now dominated by alien mosques.

By the end of this century it is expected that the population of West Papua will be between 10-15 million Indonesians. Meanwhile, the physical and cultural annihilation of the West Papuan people continues unheeded and virtually unopposed. Without international action their destruction is assured.

Forty years on....

You, you & you! Edited by Pete Grafton. Pluto Press, paperback £2.95.

THE title echoes the call for 'volunteers' in the armed forces. The subtitle is 'The people out of step with World War II'. The book is a digest of the memories of 49 people by a libertarian interviewer. The period runs from just before to just after the war. The subjects range from volunteers and conscripts in the forces and outside to deserters and resisters on the run. The attitudes range from passive involvement in to active resistance against the war effort. The result is an essential contribution to the true history of the last world war.

Readers over fifty will remember many of the episodes and attitudes. Readers under fifty will learn many things which are forgotten or suppressed by the conventional view of the war as a time of national unity. Readers of FREEDOM will be particularly interested by the memories of an unnamed person who is variously described as 'Commercial Artist', 'Conscientious Objector' and 'Anarchist', who is in fact one of the longest serving members of the FREEDOM Press and the FREEDOM collective, and who gives a fascinating account of his personal development into an anarchist and of the anti-war activity of the anarchist movement forty years ago.

MH



Marie Louise Berneri and Lillian Woolfe selling anarchist literature during the war.

Felix Greene's World

GIBBARD, *The Guardian* cartoonist is not alone in seeing the Falklands crisis as a cynical exercise in testing the latest technologies of death. Humanity, represented by Kids, stands at the door. 'Quiet! Falklands Experiment' reads the sign. Inside, scientists, arms manufacturers, technologists, arms traders, defence strategists, Warsaw Pact and NATO generals and politicians from each of the 'Three' Worlds watch British and Argentinian mice (or are they rats?) sinking, swimming and drowning in a sea of missiles, ships, bombs and planes.

In his accompanying article, peace activist and historian E P Thompson writes 'We can see, more clearly than we could two weeks ago, the features of World War III. It is not only that the Falklands War is being fought with nuclear-age technologies in which only the nuclear-tipped war heads are missing. It is also that the consequences of the militarisation of the entire globe have become transparent.' (*Guardian*, May 31). If a British nuclear submarine should be sunk, causing a major reactor disaster, Thompson adds, 'it would perhaps (be) located by a Lynx helicopter (Westland Aircraft Ltd) equipped with Ferranti Seaspray radar and Decca electronic supports.'

For many years, British-born Felix Greene, film-maker and writer, has been trying to warn us that the post-Hiroshima world has become one giant laboratory for politicians, arms manufacturers, technicians and generals. His 1967 Penguin Special, *Vietnam! Vietnam!* depicted in photographs of great power, the terrible truth of the Vietnam war. This was no defence of peace, freedom and justice as American and Australian propaganda would have it. Greene lets the pictures and facts from official or western media sources speak for themselves. Vietnamese men, women and children were being napalmed, bombed, tortured, gassed and murdered en masse because they were suspected of being actual or potential 'enemies' in their own country. Greene's book made an important contribution to the movement against this obscene exercise in technological death and destruction.

Greene, now 73 and living in London, originally published this book himself in 1966. No US publisher would touch it, despite the fact that he had lived and worked there for years, and had many friends and contacts in publishing. With his wife, friends and local schoolkids, he packaged and sent off from his garage 100,000 copies, at his own expense.

Now Gollancz has just re-issued *Let There Be a World*, Greene's 1963 call for an end to the nuclear arms race. Like *Vietnam! Vietnam!*, *Let There Be a World* combines a simple factual text with eloquent photographs depicting the facts and effects of nuclear madness from Hiroshima to the present. Again, no-one in the US would publish it. Greene set up his own Fulton Publishing Company (named after the street he lived in) and printed and posted out 85,000 copies.

The book was influential among American congressmen and writers like Bertrand Russell and C P Snow. Russell wrote that it 'captured the terror and majesty of our behaviour and aspiration.' However, unlike *Vietnam! Vietnam!*, it remained unknown to the general public. The situation changed late last year. Nicholas Humphrey, the 1981 Bronowski lecturer, CND supporter and Cambridge psychologist, remembered Greene's book and suggested to Gollancz its updated reissue.

The response has been extraordinary. Like *Vietnam! Vietnam!*, its English publication has caught and fired the public mood. Twenty-five thousand copies were printed. Half were sold in the first week. Gollancz plan a second run. Hundreds of books and countless millions of words have been devoted to our world-wide experiment with nuclear death. But as Greene realised in the 1950s with his films on

China, an image accompanied by simple text or commentary is far more effective.

Greene told us recently about his first efforts in film-making. When he went to China after the Korean War, he literally didn't know how to load, let alone use a camera. When he returned to the US and showed his film, the distributors laughed, calling him the most naive man alive. No-one would show a film about life in China in the atmosphere of the anti-Communist fifties.

Undeterred, with \$ 250 in the bank, Greene hired Carnegie Hall cinema for three weeks (cost: \$ 20,000) and overcame a last-minute series of efforts by the US government to ban the film. The showings were a great success; Greene cheekily announced that his film had been 'approved' by the authorities. Queues stretched for blocks. The film won awards, critics praising his marvellous art-work and filming techniques! Though Greene subsequently published a range of books on China and imperialism, his films and 'picture' books have had by far the greatest impact.

What is it about the human mind which makes us unwilling to imagine or recognise the technological violence of our time unless directly confronted with it in person or photographs? Why is a napalmed child or nuclear bomb victim more real on film than in the mind's eye? For Greene, it's largely because of the morally deadening effects of nationalist ideology. We let the politicians con us with abstractions about God, Queen and Country, forgetting that people of other countries are just like us.

'It is quite obvious that each country has its own historical traditions and customs...I delight in this variety, these differences. But what is enormously dangerous is the belief that our particular country is somehow superior, cleverer, more, "sensible", less selfish, more peace-loving than any other...Nationalism is another form of racism ...Racism and nationalism are a poison which prevents us from understanding others and from seeing the world as it is.'

Green explained that he had been a conscientious objector and pacifist in the US during the Second World War, but had supported the armed resistance of the Vietnamese against US aggression. He's since come full circle and is now an absolute pacifist. Violence, no matter how seemingly worthy the case, always generates more and worse violence. The solution thus cannot lie 'out there' in changes in social institutions. It can only lie in a revolutionary understanding of and change in ourselves, the human creators of these terrible institutions and practices. 'The world is mad. What are the unconscious causes?' Greene's answer is: fear.

But Greene at 73 is as little an armchair theoretician of human nature and psyche as he is a 'communist' or academic student of political economy. He is a non-dogmatic doer; Orwell would call him a 'decent' man. The simple overriding fact is that the nuclear arms race becomes ever more dangerous and difficult to reverse each day that passes. Stopping this lunatic momentum is the number one responsibility of each of us, Greene argues. All else is ideology or superfluous.

It's not necessary to accept Greene's pacifism or oversimple dichotomy between changing people versus changing social structures (obviously the two succeed or fail together) to agree with him. The facts and pictures presented in *Let There Be a World* speak for themselves.

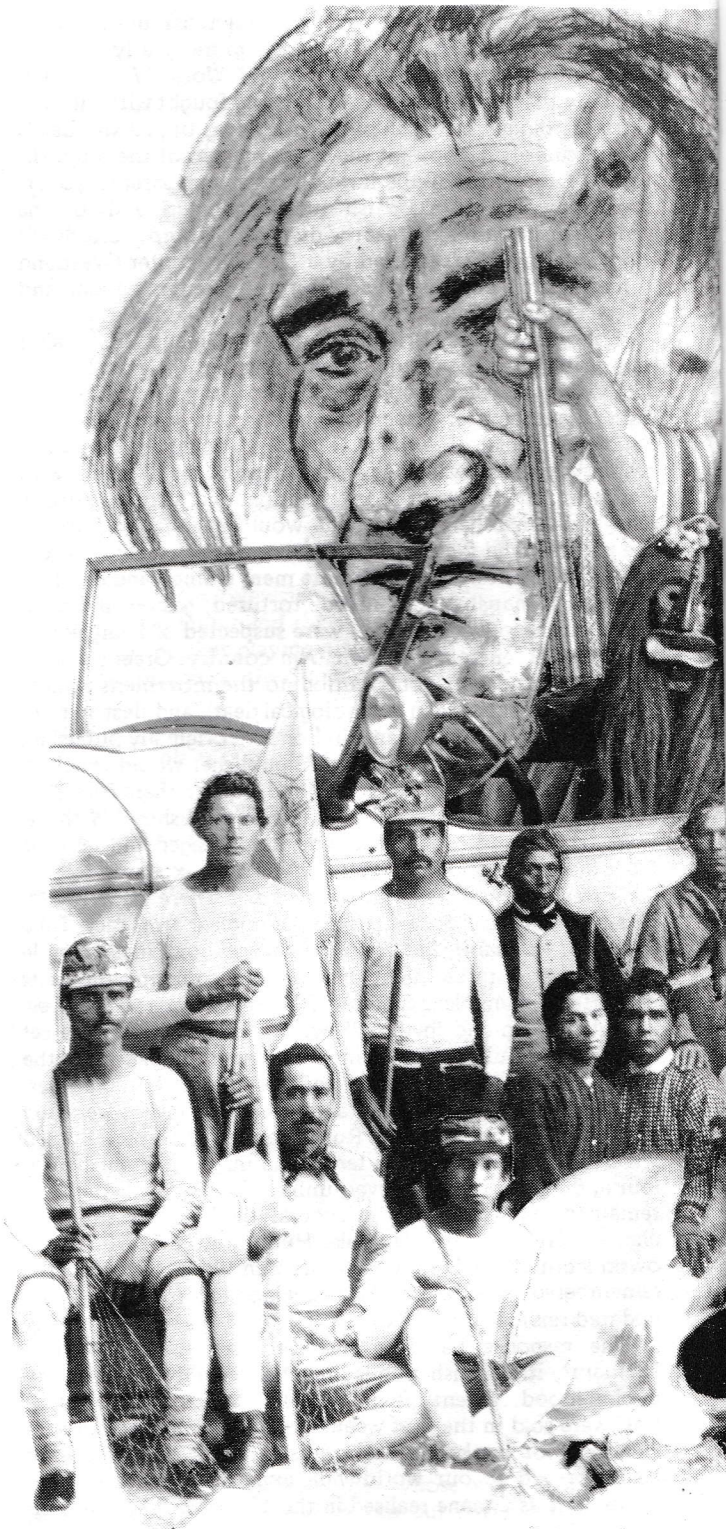
Felix Greene, *Let There Be a World* London. Victor Gollancz Ltd. £1.95 64 pages.

PAT FLANAGAN
& JULIE SOUTHWOOD

NOTHING PERSONAL. TA

HISTORY, despite Marx, despite Carlyle, is no more than a record of human slaughter. Wars, revolutions, and with famine as a bad third, are the meat of every text book from the child's primary history for toddlers to the learned essays of every historical association, for we know as standing students of the bar room universities that without two world wars and two major revolutions the story of the human race would never make the top of the reading charts. We are for it, we are against it, but in Christ's Name we are hypnotised by the love-hate of the cult of violence, for without bloody carnage what would we read in bed on a Sunday morning, except more revelations of the weird sexual mores of the Bloomsbury Group, and in-depth exposes of the French wine producing industries? At the stone dernier of Piccadilly's Royal Academy is the British Museum's Museum of Mankind, but a few yards walk from the fashionable Burlington Arcade, and it has been responsible for many good, exciting and worthy exhibitions. But because of the shortarm cash flow it never manages the publicity drive of the Royal Academy who with, many times, inferior exhibitions has the Town and his poster-soaked frau standing in that traditional mile long queue in that traditional down pour of rain while they would never consider that five minute walk to a free and extremely well laid out exhibition around the bend. Of the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition what can one say except that this year's follows in the Great Tradition of the Royal Academy of being the worst Summer Exhibition they have mounted for many a year. The work taken as a whole, lorrywise, is really of a low standard but one cannot blame the members of the Royal Academy, for they have literally yards upon yards of wall space to cover and they can only blot out that wall space with work that is submitted. The exhibition fulfills its function in that it is a public reflection of what the Island Race is daubing away at in these Years of Grace 1981 and 1982, and with complete sincerity I would state that like that knighthood that always eludes me, and fingers out Elizabeth II, for I am 68 years of age, it is an honour to have one's work hung on the walls of the Royal Academy. The works that dominate this year's Royal Academy Summer Exhibition are the naive, brash domestic paintings of Anthony Green, and Tony was there on the Private View Day glad-handing people of wealth, importance or just loveable such as myself, for I have known him for a number of years; and comrades put your Social Security money on Tony to become a future President of the Royal Academy. Remember me for the plug Tony and all the best to the wife and family. But at the Museum of Mankind there is an exhibition that one can argue is of more, or less, importance than the happytime wall daubings at the Royal Academy. It is the Thunderbird and Lighting exhibition of Indian life in northeastern North America and it spans the years between 1600 and 1900, and between the hours of 10.30 to 12.30 and 2.30 to 4.30pm, the 12th to the 17th July 1982. Ruth Schawanda and Delia Beboning, two Indian craftswomen, will demonstrate beadwork and porcupine quillwork embroidery. Here are the hunting arrows, the costumes, the decorated steel axes imported by traders from Britain. Here is the Cree bow and arrows and the cradleboards of the Ojibwa and the Mohawks for carrying their young children and, yea, even to a scalp stretched and decorated with quills. John Wayne thou should be living at this hour. But on press day as the small group interwove, sherry in hand, a voice murmured: 'I lost my heart at Wounded Knee', for as one looks at the photographs of the Menominee chief Kitchie-ogi-maw, the Niantic chief or Sa Ga Yeath Qua Pieth Tow, one of the Mohawk chiefs painted two or three hundred years ago: body decorated and magnificent

in full tribal robes, and then looks upon the obverse: the Mohawk 1867 lacrosse team; or the 19th cen. Ojibwa woman with her child, and then the 1928 Ojibwa flogging tourist junk: Mountain Eagle and his family in a 19th cen. New York slum selling tourist junk in this crowded sweat shop to one who made it; Sherman Red Eye in 1934 driving a Packard car while wearing the tribal False-Face mask; and the old bleeding heart dichotomy intrudes over the rim of sherry glass. Robbed of their lands, hated by neighbours,



TAKE AIM.

disease-ridden and hungry, the small nomadic tribes of 1982 still wander the face of the earth, from the indians of south America to the eskimos of northern America, to the aborigines of Australia, through the heart lands of Africa to the continent of Mother India, for the skin colour of authority is no criterion of conscience. And it is the old problem of what does one do? Should they, these nomadic peoples, be treated as a human zoo to be fed, doctored, given a small patch of grazing land but segregated from the destructive



evils of a sophisticated black, white or brown civilisation or should they be eased or forced into that society as hired labour to become a clownish charade of a dead culture? Let there be no illusions about this for in 1982 the liberal conscience of Australia and America are still trying to resolve the liberal problem, for this is the question behind the Thunderbird and Lighting exhibition at the Museum of Mankind. There are stacks and stacks of free flowing middle class money now in the Bond Street art world, for month by month it would seem that new galleries are opening, and it was good to stand behind a director of the Mayor Gallery while in Kasmin's gallery breathing in his expensive cigar smoke. I do not smoke but I gloried in the vanity of inhaling with the rich. At Kasmin's it was sheets of jig saw polaroid photographs of Hockney's 'friends of the artist' and from a bus ride away they had the beauty of secular stained glass windows. They are pleasant and I enjoyed looking at them but a stained glass style image of George Lawson gazing at Wayne Sleep's (the ballet dancer) right tit must in the end — say ten minutes — begin to pall. If one followed the richness of the cigar smoke into the Mayor Gallery it was 'USA', which means that if you have failed A- Level Art and ever wondered what happened to Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, James Rosenquist, Cy Twombly and Andy Warhol, then the answer is that like creatures from the Black lagoon they have come back to terrorise the human race and are at the moment on the gallery walls of the Mayor Gallery. Only Jim Dines is showing signs of life for his paintings and his prints are on display at the Waddingtons, who are rich beyond the dreams of Mobile. They are sad shows, so crude and rubbishy by an artist with talent that if I were on the Waddingtons' free loading list I'd weep into my wine. White-washed brushes and happytime moneytime slash slash slash. And there is mystery in the air and the art world for while it has now become the practice for the international money men (sorry persons) to sponsor art exhibitions such as Mobile with the Graham Sutherland bend-a-knee-in-homage exhibition, we now have the Julian Schnabel exhibition at the Tate and almost without exception these huge sheets are the property of Doris and Charlie Saatchi, while across the town at 82 Wapping Wall is the Open Studios Exhibition and again along with Blue Circle cement, Channel 4 and BP are Saatchi & Saatchi as sponsors. Having talked the Island Race into 3,000,000 unemployed, your friendly neighbourhood war, and Denis by starlight courtesy of Private Eye, one can only wonder what future hell is being dreamed up for the Town & his SDP frau in the world of fashionable art. Of Julian Schnabel what can one say, for he is such a pleasant person? Built on the lines of young Marlon Brando I was genuinely pleased when he signed my catalogue but I cannot accept that his work has any validity. A 31 year old New Yorker, he made the art scene in 1979, and as in London and Paris the fashionable fruiti tooti galleries have a captive market for this muscle flexing rhubarb. With sheets the size of the tarpaulin that covers six wheel lorries, and with certain 'happenings' twelve inches thick with car body filler, the paint is slashed on as no more than a crude pastiche of Rouault; but with 'Oar' the 13 inch daubed car filler is covered with inbedded pieces of broken crockery. It is fun and I enjoyed being there and meeting the artist but as works of art? No. One thing puzzled me and haunted my mind and that was Julian Schnabel's 'Starting to sing: Artaud' 1981. A huge face in black and white and I knew I had seen it somewhere before and I would hold that it is no more than a rough sketch, with a very slight change of angle, of Antonin Artaud's pencilled self portrait on display at the Barbican 'Aftermath' exhibition. So, homage to the master. But there are rewards at the Tate at the Private View of the Winsor & Newton exhibition and Princess Michael of Kent moved among we guests star-scattered on the grass, and German Fred and I got stoned on all the champagne you could drink, and ended up drunk as pigs sleeping it off in a bus shelter. Peace has her heroes.

ARTHUR MOYSE

The Compassionate Revolutionary

IF FREEDOM published poetry then undoubtedly over the last 30 years Adrian Mitchell's poems would have graced its pages....'My brain socialist/My heart anarchist/My eyes pacifist/My blood revolutionary'. But here now is a great opportunity to make up for all we've missed because *For Beauty Douglas*, his collected poems 1953-79, has just been published. (Allison and Busby paperback with pictures by Ralph Steadman £4.95)

I opened it at random and read 'All the world's beauty', 'Beatrix is three' and 'To you' and straightway was moved in that gulping throat-tightening way that always catches me by surprise and makes it impossible to read the poems aloud without a shake in my voice. Hardly a living poet has that effect on me though lots of popular music does and Mitchell's poetry is so close to jazz and popular music that, had he been born a decade later, I could imagine him as our greatest rock performer.

In so many ways I wish that had happened for, such is our fear and mistrust of poetry, he has never reached the wider audience that music opens up and his work has not yet achieved the currency of (say) John Lennon's. I say this not because on some daft scale I rate songwriters more than poets but simply because I want more people to be exposed to his anger, his wit, his occasional sentimentality and his unswerving belief in the poet as propagandist. In a miserable and petty review by Peter Porter in *The Observer* Porter claims Mitchell 'leaves the world as he found it since he is always preaching to the converted' and that his work is 'a bundle of unheeded howls'.

How I loathe the critics and how they loathe committed artists like Mitchell. Critics like Porter can't bear plain speaking, which removes poetry from the clutches of the charmed circle and invites everybody in. - 'Populist communication' he sneers - but I suspect he is actually embarrassed because Mitchell dares to expose his terrors and hopes in language which reveals rather than hides. Embarrassed and also frightened; Mitchell's poetry needs no guide and interpreter between itself and the reader. His audience hears him read and buys his books - there's no need for a middlebrow critic to explain whether it's good or not. The fear comes from the secret dread that the revolutionary poet might actually inspire the audience to revolution - and where would the critic be then - poor thing?

The trouble is, I think Porter's fear is ill-founded - at least in Britain now. All our howls have gone unheeded since the last war and as our country wallows in nostalgic imperialism and dreams of nuclear cleansing I find it hard to believe that poetry will save the world. But I fervently believe that is what the function of poetry is now - perhaps always has been. So the question of preaching to the converted is neither here nor there. Mitchell writes the way he does because he has to and, because he is a wonder, he inspires the converted who listen to him to confirm their own rage and belief and battle on with renewed determination - or even hope.

I first heard him read around 60/61 at a CND do with George Melly (who performed extracts from *Ubu Roi*) and he was the first poet I ever heard live. It was a revelation. I had never imagined that poetry could be like 'Nostalgia - Now threepence off' that marvellous chronicle of the decline and fall of the British Empire. Here, in a catalogue of popular reference and a certain wry affection - like Jimmy Porter in his empire speech - Mitchell blows the wind of change to reveal what?....'where are the deep shelters? Biggles may drop it, Woralls of the Wraf may press the button. So, Billy and Bessie Bunter, prepare for the last and cosmic yaroooh and throw away the ManTan. The sky will soon be full of suns.'

From there on I was a fan and certainly Mitchell's poetry was an important influence on my own slow journey to becoming a poet. Now when I read through his collected poems I am amazed at how many of his poems I know. By know I mean remembering hearing them or seeing them in mags when they came out or being passed on by friends. They plot the political passage of time and despite their topicality they remain fresh, witty and powerful as ever.... 'Involvement', 'To You', 'To whom it may concern', 'Peace is Milk' 'A tourist guide to England', 'Veteran with a head wound'....marvellous titles and marvellous poems.

'To whom it may concern' is a poem for all wars as powerful as anything Dylan ever wrote at his height. But who but Adrian Mitchell would have set it to The Hokey Cokey....

*You put your bombers in, you put your conscience out,
You take the human being and you twist it all about*

So scrub my skin with women

Chain my tongue with whisky

Stuff my nose with garlic

Coat my eyes with butter

Fill my ears with silver

Stick my legs in plaster

Tell me lies about Vietnam.

How tragic the decline of Dylan and how marvellous the endless song of Mitchell - at times Dylan sounded like him - or was it the other way round....

They're selling postcards of the hanging

They're painting the passports brown

The beauty parlour is filled with sailors

The circus is in town....

Dylan.

Well Tennyson's on Television selling bad breath.

Lyndon's in the pulpit and the sermon is death.

Hitler's in the bunker playing nuclear chess,

Judas got a column on the Sunday Express.... Express....
Mitchell.

Mitchell's energy is legendary and his output of poems, songs, novels, plays is productivity at a level to make Peter Parker swoon with joy. I can guess Mitchell's view of Peter Parker though - you've only got to read

(to dogmatic men and automatic dogs)

I'm an entrist, centrist, Pabloite workerist

- Sweet Fourth International and never been kissed,

I've got a mass red base that's why I'd rather sit on the floor,

If you want to be a vanguard, better join Securicor.

My daddy was opportunistic

My mama was mystified

I want to be a movement

But there's no one on my side...

NO REVOLUTION WITHOUT COMPASSION

NO REVOLUTION WITHOUT COMPASSION

What I love above all about Mitchell's work is the sureness of his intention - his understanding of what his function ('duty') as a poet is. As he says of 'all the world's beauty'.

.....but no i couldn't turn

myself around to bask in it -

i knew my duty:

to watch black tarmac miles of motorway

for the columns of the killers

willing themselves along to kill

all the world's

beauty

Mike Horovitz is another poet whose work has been a great inspiration to me and in the current edition of his

magazine *New Departures** Adrian Mitchell imagines a failed poet having to describe the aftermath of a nuclear catastrophe in East Anglia.... 'You're a poet said the Regional Commissioner/Go out and describe that lot.' Of all his poems set against war, and nuclear in particular, I don't think he has written anything finer than 'On the beach at Cambridge'. It does what all great poetry does - that is by the force of the poet's imagination it makes us understand.

Amongst all the good things in *New Departures* No. 14 it is worth buying for Adrian Mitchell's poem alone. It's not in his new book (it was written in 81) but I believe it to be one of the greatest of his many great poems. We are lucky to have him.

Jeff Cloves

* *New Departures* £2 inc postage from New Departures Piedmont Bisley Nr. Stroud Glos. 7BU.

B. Traven still masked

PETER Neville's review of *To the Honorable Miss S... and other stories* (10 July) contains two points which are open to serious question - the identity of B Traven, and the quality of his work.

1. Peter Neville accepts the identification of the Mexican writer known as B Traven and Traven Torsvan and Hal Croves, who appeared in 1925 and died in 1969, with the German writer known as Ret Marut and Richard Maurhut, who appeared, in 1907 and disappeared in 1924, and with the real German Otto Feige, who was born in 1882 and disappeared in 1905. As I said after Will Wyatt's television programme 'B Traven: A Mystery Solved', which was broadcast on BBC 2 in December 1978 and published in the *Listener* in January 1979, this thesis is certainly impressive but it is not entirely conclusive (*FREEDOM*, 3 February 1979); I said so again after the publication of Will Wyatt's book *The Man Who was B Traven* in 1980; and I say so yet again after the publication of Will Wyatt's introduction to *To the Honorable Miss S... and other stories* in 1982.

The problem is that, although a great deal of information about Traven and Marut has been gathered over the years by various academics and journalists, and although Will Wyatt discovered the Feige link and presented more material than ever before, the crucial evidence linking the three figures remains circumstantial rather than direct, and the case amounts to a balance of probability rather than a proof beyond all reasonable doubt. There is still no definite evidence, either personal or documentary, that Marut was Feige or that Traven was Marut, and in particular that the mysterious author or authors of B Traven's well-known fiction may be identified with the mysterious author or authors of the little-known fiction by Marut/Maurhut.

Indeed, after reading this first translation of these fifteen stories from the time of the First World War, it seems less likely than before that they were written by Traven, whoever he was. Briefly, there is virtually no resemblance between the two. Marut/Maurhut is arty and abstract and elitist and pretentious; Traven is philistine and concrete and populist and almost pop. No doubt the German stories were written in Europe rather than Mexico, but the first part of *The Death Ship* (published in 1926) is placed in Germany and other parts of Europe, and it is nothing like the German stories. No doubt either the German stories are earlier writings, but they were published when their author was well into his thirties, and there is a gap of only six years between the publication of the latest German stories (in 1919) and the publication of the first Mexican stories (in 1925). Peter Neville says that 'much of the later Traven is there' in the early stories. I can say only that I see little or nothing, and that if there were no biographical connection between Traven and Marut/Maurhut there would be no question of a literary connection.

2. Peter Neville suggests that Traven was a writer's writer, a literary craftsman, and so on. I suggest that he was the author of what G K Chesterton and George Orwell called 'good bad books' - those which are bad by objective rules of literary merit and intellectual judgement, but good by subjective tests of readability and memorability.

Traven would be an unfortunate model for other writers in most respects. His style is clumsy, his construction is crude, his narrative is monotonous, his characterisation is stereotyped, his attitude is sentimental, and his ideology is simplistic (it is of course a version of ours, being a combination of anarchist individualism and anarcho syndicalism, but it is a simplistic version of it). Where he wins - with readers, rather than critics - is in anger and atmosphere and theme and moral. His work is readable and is widely read, but not for literary reasons, and few of the many articles and books about him take his literary quality at all seriously; For example, an 'International and Interdisciplinary Conference' commemorating the centenary of his (supposed) birth is being held at the Pennsylvania State University on 21-23 October 1982. Nearly all the proceedings will be biographical or political, and nearly none will be critical. Far from being a writer's writer, Traven is surely a reader's writer. And far from being unmasked, his mask is surely intact.

NW



Torsvan in jungle kit on an expedition in 1926

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