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Description

This serial is available at Research Online: http://ro.uow.edu.au/ozcoll/8
MRS. MARY RIGHTEOUS EXPLAINS HER POSITION TO THE POPE
A Letter
To Ink
from Germaine Greer

The outcome of the OZ trial was expected. All over the western world governments are appalled by the most reactionary elements in the population. The disregard of civil liberties and the setting aside of expert evidence in the trial were part and parcel of the process.

The Tories have never supposed that OZ is in the least unpopular, though they might overlook the state; the politics of the trial were simply those of opportunism. In place of the sagging tolerance of the Labour government, they were instilling the image of the Conservative administration as a natural repository of authority. The defendants were too sanglant in their submission that a people alter the meaning of the demonstration; their jokes and acts of impiety were seldom reported and little understood, and given the inevitability of punishment, absurd.

Insofar as the women's movement is concerned, it may happen that it may expect to suffer from the new repression. Gay liberation movements will be hit first, but as soon as the reformist women's groups have gone the way of conscious-raising towards revolution, they may find themselves arraigned. And it is to be expected that they will discover new difficulties with accommodation and services. Indeed, as long as such difficulties are not encountered, it is only safe to assume that the group in question has not considered insignificant.

Tyranny is providing a perverse service; now we know that we must continually be educating ourselves and acquiring support. The time for preaching the obvious is over to the converted of the past. Those of us who believe that change is the only alternative to annihilation must struggle to communicate with the readers of The News of the World. Those who recall in distaste or cry that it is impossible have invalidated their own protest. Those who think it will be accomplished in a lifetime are fools. It will take all the time the government can spare to make sure they rarely expect to suffer from the new repression. Gay liberation movements will be hit first, but as soon as the reformist women's groups have gone the way of conscious-raising towards revolution, they may find themselves arraigned. And it is to be expected that they will discover new difficulties with accommodation and services. Indeed, as long as such difficulties are not encountered, it is only safe to assume that the group in question has not considered insignificant.

One general good reason for this is the cultural and intellectual blight which is the most useful to make them confront as two different aspects of the same reality. These are notable congruences between the philistine manners of Argyle and Faulkner, I think, that this approach confuses more than it clarifies.

And clarity is important in this matter, because it may produce movement. People are supporting, or anyway tolerating, internment who find themselves uncomfortable in such a position. Without doubt, the Ulster Protestants are worthy of sympathy even if the people not without virtue and energy, hopelessly confused by the ironies of history. That said, only a fight for recovery can sensibly show an instant of sympathy for the latest wild actions of the leaders of Ulster, or for the ruthless indifference of the British Government which supports those actions.

And yet they are condoned, even supported, by people who should, as it were, know better. It is not unfair, perhaps, to select Mr. Faulkner, for it represents an English attitude of some importance. The Guardian, which would not have intervened without trial acceptable in Greece, finds it acceptable in Ireland.

One must at least think that the IRA lost one man killed in ten when "defeated" otherwise they must be such a people, and although there are quite enough armaments in Ulster to ensure regular death by sheer friction, it should perhaps be that adequate guerrillas, but this surely is taking the principle rather far.

There is no need here to labour the point. Although there are IRA men, especially from the Provisional wing, doing some shooting in what they conceive to be the defence of their own people, and although there are quite enough armaments in Ulster to ensure, with the help of groups supports the programme at first obtained. Already, in a desperate attempt to shore up their position, some official spokesmen in Belfast have had recourse to the Slansky syndrome — there is nothing else to call it.

It will be recalled that one of the items of evidence against Slansky ran as follows: There was, without doubt, an Imperialist espionage conspiracy at work in the Czechoslovak Communist Party. Yet no evidence of this conspiracy could be obtained. This indicated clearly that Slansky, First Secretary of the Party, must be at the head of the conspiracy. It is a fact that the evidence had been suppressed.

Thus the absence of evidence is turned by theological means into the most convincing evidence of all.

A few days ago, Belfast officials were trying to maintain that internments like Farrell were indeed at the head of a vast armed conspiracy: in the end, they too had recourse to the absence of evidence. That absence, they said, showed the flimsy cunning of the conspirators; hence the fantastic danger they represented, and therefore the urgency of locking them up.

Such a policy, once comprehensively exposed, can be supported only by the repressive genius of a Stalin, and by the whole apparatus of the KGB and the Soviet Army. Such powers do not exist in Britain — the Defence of the Realm Acts apart — and that, perhaps, is one of the few perceptible slits in the dark curtain now enclosing Ireland.
Northern Ireland 1971

coming events

Life in Ulster is lived against a backdrop of great natural beauty - wild, bare mountains and wooded glens, quiet rivers and lakes and islands of sheltered, unpolluted coastline; and this has always had a big influence on people's quality of living. Ulster is famous for its literary and artistic life, which regularly win the world's leading awards. Culturally, Ulster has as much to be proud of as any other part of Britain - in a list of famous writers, artists, musicians, impresarios.

Whatever your interest - artistic, sporting, educational - Ulster caters for it generously.

Friday the 13th. We visited Dublin. It was wonderful to have peace, but when I looked Dublin I can see the same thing happening there. We arrived back in Derry with more trouble.

Monday the 16th. There was a general strike in the city, most of the public transport came to a halt, postmen on strike, dockers, shops. Meetings were held. Again another riot situation occurred. Four people were arrested violently by the troops. A man by the name of Gerry Ferguson was arrested by the army. This man was knocked unconscious by a rubber bullet. It was also reported that he had 36 stitches put in his head. In the local paper, the Derry Journal, there is a photograph of a soldier standing on this man's body. The date of this paper is 17/8/71.

Tuesday the 17th. The last day of our holiday. The factory known as Essex International was closed this day due to the army because the workers would not pass the army sentries on the gate. This caused another situation to develop.

Also in this area where Essex International is based there is a big military compound, and during our stay the army has made several attempts to relieve the soldiers who had been on duty there continuously for a week, due to barricades around this area which the army had not been able to pass through, but had failed with several attempts to take down these barricades and had to drop supplies by helicopter to the soldiers.

We would like to assure the people of Ulster that we are British taxpayers and British citizens of this country, that their money is being wasted on keeping troops on the side of the streets in 'Ulster' and this sort of thing could happen in this country as well.
Fashion
What To Wear For Ulster '71

Welcome to the Auxiliary English Army. The AEA. Today we are going to show those gooks the Irish. They're all we have left to shoot up, but never mind, it's still fun. You don't need a gun, just stay there and think about it, we've got all the guns we need. Your real task is to carry on doing what you've been doing for the last six or seven centuries.

Surprised? We don't ask much in the AEA, just that you show your support for the soldiers at the front. The fighters under fire, those standard bearers to all of which is best and British, always on call, always ready to quell the riot. As long as they know the AEA is around they'll continue with hope in their hearts. They may complain sometimes that they're tired, they've been fighting for six or seven centuries, but it's their job and as long as they know it's their duty, and so long as they support them in their fight, in their duty, as long as they know we're here, they're fine. As long as they know it's not Vietnam, and no-one's saying it's like Vietnam, as long as they know they feel justified.

They don't have to think about it then, because they know you're thinking for them. They don't hear about protests and demonstrations and all that shit, they don't need them: they know no-one is undermining them. They don't need all that dope the GIs and you need because they have a clear conscience, they feel right, they're keeping your peace for you, for the AEA.

Do you feel safe? They want you to be, those soldiers, that's what we support them for. Don't worry. Every time they fire one of those lokey rubber bullets at a crazy mob, it's for you. Those gooks, those bastards on the streets, they must really feel isolated. They must feel as though no-one gives a fuck! And that's good, because they just might get demoralised. Every time one of their people gets beaten to death and no-one gets to hear about it, that must really screw them, because their fight really depends on that, really depends on good publicity.

And they don't get it. It doesn't exist. We of the AEA make sure of that. We know our army is out there fighting for Ireland's good. Keeping the peace as it always has done, and the AEA has always been with them right through the ages. Historically we have marched side by side down the highway of fortune. We have exterminated entire nations (over-population?), plundered savage lands (they didn't appreciate it), raped half the world, aborted their young embryos, dragged their children from a maimed womb and dressed them in bowler hats, and much more. That's the AEA. What about it? Now we sit on our bony little asses and contemplate our actions with profit. INDIA, AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, MALAYA, IRELAND. Our heritage. Your heritage. Our sacred heritage. Our sons' sacred heritage. And we of the AEA can, and do, sit. That is our function.

We sit while half the world spews up our shit. We can sit and turn on to the Beauty of Life. Humanity is pointing it's skeletal finger at us, and screaming for help and we can look elsewhere at the horrors. Wake up! It's here. The horror is on its way. The AEA, guardian of centuries is recruiting, and there is plenty of space to fit you all in.

As a nation we are the embodiment of inflicted torture and real pain. Our sceptred Isle is dripping with blood. Every black starving white bloated child you've ever seen is buried in the earth you are sitting on. And that's not all! There's plenty more, just sit down and think about it! It is our history. It's our day to day life. Some might call it death, day to day death. But it is ours. It is our day to day history, if you like. And it is going on to-day, isn't it? It's going on now, right now. You know where Ireland. Good. You know where Ireland is don't you? Four hundred miles away. That's not far is it? Where they drink Guinness and everyone says 'Oi'.

Where Cromwell shut four hundred women and children up in a hut and sent our soldiers in with orders to have a good time? Where the women and children were raped and then had swords rammed up their asses and cunts? Swords, imagine that. Eight-year-old children fight in the streets in Ireland, just like Vietnam. But they don't have a chance with the combined forces of the English army defending our Irish streets. The AEA knows that. We know where Ireland is and we can see what is happening.

We can see what is happening in Ireland, we can see what is happening in Vietnam, we can see all those American GI's getting destroyed by H, and we can giggle at that, because that H is destroying the capitalist pigs who are attacking a good country. Imagine all those soldiers going back home! Really needing a fix all the time because they think they're still fighting the enemy! But none of that in Ireland. Our soldiers have never even heard of H, let alone felt it. Nobody is turning anyone on in Ireland, and subsequently when our boys come home they won't be destroyed, they'll be ready for the next foray, in some distant land.

Clean, upright honest soldiers, and just look at that stiff upper lip. It's so stiff it looks like it'll never smile, and that's good because these men are men. Men of England defending Ireland, against the Irish. Remember the fight is against the Irish. Remember? The same guy who builds your house and pours your pints. He's difficult to recognise because he is white! Yes. He's not even black —  but white. He's not like the Indians or the Africans we talked about, he's the same colour as us.

And nor our soldiers are out there killing him now, but humanely, quietly. No napalm yet for the lads in Ireland. No starvation. Anyway they had all that before we were born. They've lived with that all their lives. They're used to it, can you imagine that? They know what it is to have been on the losing side for centuries and do you know who the winning side was? Right on. England and the AEA. You. Us. The continuation of our age-old concentration camp.

We are the guards at those gates, and if you can't see the smoke from the ovens yet, don't worry, it's there.

Now for a warning. This is 1971. This nation is sick. There has been no major collective statement about the sickness we —  as a nation —  have perpetuated —  ever. We have never with respect, with either understanding or compassion expressed ourselves, our disgust, collectively. Our insanity is deeper than we think. Any expression of sanity does not exist. We are degenerate sycophants hanging from a bloated lip of gluttony.

That jumble of letters spells guilt. This is 1971. Ireland exists. Before our eyes a major inhumanity is taking place. Ireland is the personification of our empire. It stinks. It is all we deserve. And take care of that lip.
Ulster: apart, the English have other old colonies in which to play their favourite role of cultural and economic oppressor. For the moment, Wales seems quite secure under the aegis of its cymruified prince. For the moment, the prospect of the national reality of having its national life ruled by Nabobs in Westminster.

If Scotland is now being repressed by its Westminster government, then that's its own fault, you could say, since it should have committed the Act of Union in 1707.

If Scotland is now being repressed by its 'foreign' rulers, it has to be remembered how repressed it has been by its 'native' rulers both before and after the Union. John Knox, Mary of Scots and Prince Charles Edward Stewart – to mention the best-known, political policies, immigration policy never wavered from the Keep Britain White policy initiated by the Tories with the Immigration Act of 1962.

The racial legislation of the Labour government was a compromise from the start. It contained a fundamental contradiction between immigration and decentralisation. The state dual and temporal – are a bonnie lot indeed, working out the twists of their fantasies on an ignominious population.

If Scotland is now being repressed at all (and it surely can't escape it) it's not in any way that Nationalists or the Liberal De centrals have, up to now, recognised.

Ulster

Mike Farrell is the leader of the leftwing People's Democracy party in Ulster, and a lecturer at Belfast College of Technology. He is regarded as a political theoretician and in no way regarded as a 'revisionist'. So in the dawn swoops of August 9 he was lifted and interned.

Orla Farrell is in Euston station with her husband, Orla Farrell, who has been permitted to see her husband only once since his arrest (under the 1943 Security Act) and then only for a short period of approximately fifteen minutes. It was during this brief visit that 'Michael informed me of some of the tortures inflicted on him' Orla Farrell said.

"My husband was forced to run barefoot over barbed wire, broken glass and sharp stones. At one stage an Alsatian guard dog was set on him, badly ripping his clothes. All the white British troops and RUC officers looked on jeering.' She added that he was kept in solitary confinement for twenty days. Asked what she thought her husband and other leading PD members were interned, Orla Farrell said 'Faulkner not only wanted to get rid of the military (IRA) set but also for them to be conditional on the 'good behaviour' of the migrant, the proof resting with him.

"The immigrant can be 'voluntarily' repatriated if he and his family 'become a burden to the State', i.e. if he loses his job.

The political implications of this Bill are clear. It is, as Ian MacDonald has said, an anti-working class measure directed principally against the black section of the working class, but affecting every other section as well... it is as much part of the government's overall strategy for disciplining the working class as the Industrial Relations Bill and all the other anti-working class measures being adopted. In the enormous agitation against the Industrial Relations Bill, that measure has been described as the charter. Yet here we have a measure in which the government is preparing, if necessary, to use the whole apparatus of the State and law forcibly to turn one section of the working class into scab labour; and there is hardly a mention about it from the official trade union movement.

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The British ruling class wants to make ordinary people work longer hours for less money. In order to do this, it will have to divide the working class, destroy its solidarity, turn one section against another. That is the task of the 1971 Immigration Bill. When it becomes law, it will create a legally separate class of citizens with practically no rights and under constant surveillance and supervision. With growing unemployment, this Bill will find an excuse to deport more than a few thousand people to the Highlands and in the lowlands are happy to become stereotypes. These chains are not easily cast off. At least half the shackling is done by the prisoners. The Scot, to be free, has to know himself as a man, knowing himself only as a Scot entitles him to.

Ulster apart, the English have other old colonies in which to play their favourite role of cultural and economic oppressor. For the moment, Wales seems quite secure under the aegis of its cymruified prince. For the moment, the prospect of the national life ruled by Nabobs in Westminster.

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If Scotland is now being repressed at all (and it surely can't escape it) it's not in any way that Nationalists or the Liberal Decentralists have, up to now, recognised.
The promotion of lecturers was determined by seniority, by research, by conducted examinations. Beneath them, prescribed courses and syllabuses and conscripted students studied. Universities lecturers lectured and students studied. The authorities were unchallenged. They presided undisturbed over the game. No one seriously questioned the content or the worth of the academic product. It was a gentlemanly, large-scale operation with no serious lapses into immorality. The authorities, in their deep ignorance of what it was all about, with the help of authoritative rebukes and irrelevant punishments which inevitably proved that the bases of the protest were well-founded. The actions were repressive and trivial. At the LSE for instance, they refused to allow a student president sabbatical leave or to write to The Times; they banned the holding of meetings and so on. But the authorities were not consciously reacting to a general mood, only to isolated and (to them) inexplicable demands. As student protest increased, the authorities were faced with the possibility that there was a general discontent with the way institutions were being managed.

Robin Blackburn was dismissed from his lectureship at LSE for expressing an opinion in support of his students; Laurence Harris (another lecturer at LSE) was pursued by the school authorities over many months on charges which were eventually dropped and the School refused to contribute to the £1,000 which his defence cost him; Anthony Arblaster at Manchester and Dick Atkinson at Birmingham were refused appointments on political grounds (the only possible explanation); at East Anglia recently, 19 academics were threatened with dismissal because of their public criticism of University decisions; Warwick University Limited tells its own story; Paul Hoch was imprisoned for several months after conviction on a minor charge and then deported; no one needs reminding about the Garden House affair at Cambridge, or about Hornsey and Guildford art colleges; students at a large number of Universities have been subjected to court injunctions, expelled or suspended; students at colleges of education and elsewhere have been disciplined because their sexual relations with other students do not conform to the views of governors; staff and students convicted by the courts of possession of hashish have been dismissed or expelled although their offence had nothing whatsoever to do with their academic institution; a very large number of protesting students have been punished and the careers of many academic staff set back or ended.

These results were not too difficult to achieve. Apart from disciplinary procedures taken in the courts or in University tribunals, threats were made to students at large that grants would be stopped, examinations not held. At LSE, the School was closed for several weeks. The governors first seemed to have panicked but they continued vindictively until enough of the academic staff found the courage to insist that teaching be resumed. The authorities in Britain today react quite swiftly and quite effectively. There is nothing new in this. But repression in Britain leaves behind an irremovable stain, a sediment that does not wash away. And this can be seen today in many institutions of higher education. The failure of the authorities to answer student and staff protest substantively has had the effect of weakening those institutions more seriously than could have been achieved by any direct action. This weakness will not easily be remedied. And it can be remedied only by radical change. Repression can be effective in the short run but in the long run it is self-defeating. To some people, the "strong" men have shown how to run their tutelage, are become sepulchres. Institutions. Those institutions, under the control of essentially authoritarian, and their inability to be in control of educational institutions. Those institutions, under their tutelage, are become sepulchres. That is their epitaph.
It is against the law to refuse to pay your rates. Given that you must therefore pay them, you must choose a group of people to decide how to spend the money. I, and a group of my friends would like this job. What we propose to do is to meet a group of local political representatives to decide how to spend the money. The recent White Paper attempts to satisfy the public interest. They are sensitive to nothing, except the need to canvass their wards. There are quite a number of local political representatives who form this squad to plump for votes each year. Some councilors are more cynical than others in ignoring their duties to the public. At Haverhill, West Suffolk, the urban council (Labour controlled) recently informed the local evening paper that it must not use advance copies or minutes to alert the public about the council’s intentions. The paper must wait until the council has made its decisions — and it is too late for public protest — before it can report their activities. The same council actually grants the press more rights than its electors. Reporters are allowed into some committee meetings, but the public is not. Other councils are similarly indifferent to the public right to know.

Their attempts to defend their indefensible positions produce some obviously funny sophistry. One councilor at Saffron Walden recently declared that he was opposed to making information more directly available to the press because newspapers sometimes printed stories unfavourable to the council. When the issue of press admission to committees arose at Alsager, Cheshire, way back in 1959 a member of the rural council, with typical eloquence, opposed the suggestion thus: "I don’t think we should have reporters here reporting what we say ...

He was demolished by a verbatim report in the following day’s paper.

It is little wonder that secrecy prospers in the town halls and that contempt for democracy is second nature to the garrulous and mental incapability of the council chambers. After all, they give up endless time and effort, without pay, and all they want in return is to push people around without noise and fuss; and, in doing so, earn the undying respect of the electorate.

Ron Sandford

Houses

To be fed and clothed has been established as a ‘right’. No ‘right’ to work has been achieved. Unemployment is still deeply feared and its control measure has been strengthened by the Industrial Relations Act.

No ‘right’ to be housed exists either.

The social strains of the housing situation are shown in every edition of every local paper. The local paper ‘The Fair Deal For Housing’ (H.M.S.O. 20p) will strengthen the fears which sap militancy and keep pressure on the council. There are many homeless and a few squatters. Tenants and ratepayers can be satisfied with fewer people than do the Trade Unions. Council tenants have no security of tenure. Controlled tenants are the worst off — freedom, for them, excludes freedom from harassment and eviction.

This means that only to owner-occupiers and council tenants. Thus the houses are divided against themselves. And the most parasitic benefits the most from the press. The £60 million extension of the Victoria line in London raised development values along the route by £50 million. These days, prick a new rent-payer in the eye and more valuable each passing day! The Freshwater control the biggest block of rent-paying property in the land and the whole of the clan has built a £9 million personal fortune from scrab. The building societies are now the strongest financial institution about.

The White Paper aims to satisfy the whole range of those who profit from the buying and selling of property and their lackeys, the attendant land-owners, landlords, money lenders, building society officials, estate agents, solicitors, barristers, and bailiffs.

The Tory scheme will transfer £300 million a year from the pockets of seven million rent-paying householders to the pockets of landlords and money-lenders, from the consumers to the investors. It will in effect cut the wages of the consumers and increase the rate of profit for the investors. And this wage cut will fall on workers not yet organised to resist the alienation of their income.

It will bring the vast majority of these rent-paying workers under the thumb of a system depending on their want of a rebate on a means test. If you’re eligible for the dubious privilege of joining the Tories’ new game, your rent will go up. If you’re rich enough to avoid playing, your rent will go up less.

The time has come for rent strikes. The heights of Parliamentary and Trade Union leadership are well enjoyed. What we propose to do is to meet a group of local political representatives to decide how to spend the money. The time has come for rent strikes. The heights of Parliamentary and Trade Union leadership are well enjoyed. What we propose to do is to meet a group of local political representatives to decide how to spend the money.
“KICK OUT THE JAMS” is a song by the bands who would become known as The Rolling Stones. The line “I don’t want to make music that you can buy your revolutionary pass” is a common refrain in the band’s early period. The song was released in 1963 and is one of the band’s most iconic tracks. The lyrics are often interpreted as a call to action against the injustices of the time, including political and social oppression. The line “I’ll make you a deal you can’t refuse” is a reference to the mob boss Vito Corleone in the film “The Godfather.”
Art Spectrum London, which closed at Alexandra Palace on Sunday after only three weeks, was an exhibition mounted by the Greater London Arts Association with Arts Council financial backing. It was the biggest of seven concurrent exhibitions across the country aimed, in the words of the catalogue, at showing what is going on in contemporary art all over the United Kingdom.

It was in every sense a landmark: artists, selected as freely as possible were to be allowed to do their things within the constraints of the money available.

There was plenty of space: the GLC made the Great Hall of Alexandra Palace available, and it’s as big as two football pitches and taller than the Albert Hall. A good space, not a pleasant one: three weeks, was an exhibition mounted with Arts Council financial backing. It was in every sense a landmark:

A feature of the OZ trial was the implication by the defence witnesses that visual and verbal images do not have the power to alter people’s awareness of opinions. If this is true (other than as a legal argument) then those who are used to making such images might just as well pack in here and now. But, like Mary Whitehouse I do believe that images have the power to change people; I will never be quite the same person for having read The Story of O, or having seen the Magritte exhibition at the Tate.

NEW STATESMAN

The Great Hall of Alexandra Palace looks like a dirty old disused warehouse, and although its appearance has not improved the Art Spectrum show, one of the exhibitors at least succeeded in intensifying the atmosphere of decay and neglect by creating the illusion that the local council has stopped collecting the rubbish.

NEW STATESMAN

The Editor, New Statesman, Great Tressle, London, WC1 V 1HJ.


Who needs cricketers?

Dear Sir,

Your ARTicle co-respondent Hermon Melville in his ‘long running revue’ of the ‘Art Spectrum exhibition’ at Buckingham Palace, N.10. (New Statesman, 20th August), stated that an exhibit, ‘the most shocking contribution of all and later “o wittily, unassuming, civilised triumph for the art of collage” was Gilbert and George. It was in fact by myself, Derek Gilbert, Imeen George Boshier, Imeeon. . . . After much research.

Yours Faithfully

Derek Boshier.

NEW STATESMAN

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Arms

by Dick Nettleton, General Secretary, CND

With the signing of the Test Ban Treaty in 1963, the thousands who marched in the late 50s and early 60s presumably felt that the urgency had passed and the problem could be contained without mass public pressure.

Today, the prospect of nuclear annihilation does not produce the same mass reaction it did. There is concern, people still respond but at a quieter level. CND and the peace movement are still around and active but it is as though people have decided either that ‘deterrence’ works and the dangers of nuclear war are too remote to be of concern, or that nuclear war is inevitable and nothing can be done.

The present government, since its election, has clearly adopted economic policies which aim at a high rate of unemployment, the pegging of wages and the repression of struggle against these policies. Yet Britain spends over £2,200,000,000 a year on ‘defence’ (notwithstanding the fairly open admission that Britain has no defence, and cannot have a defence against modern weapons of mass destruction).

Our best skills and expertise are devoted to devising new and better weapons of mass destruction. Aldermaston struggles to make the British nuclear warhead for our Polaris subs viable in the face of Russian ABM development. Porton works away on the adoption of disease as a weapon of war, producing the occasional oddity such as blue dye to spray on Belfast street demonstrators. (It had to be blue because red would look like blood on TV and green or orange are obviously not on!) Nancekuke still produces nerve gas, and laboriously transports it to Porton for research purposes in quantities which could destroy the entire population of Britain.

Governments always shroud ‘defence’ matters in an aura of secrecy. The mass media play the issue down. The peace organisations play a useful if limited role in taking off the wraps and exposing some of the facts. (In 1958 it was necessary for a pacifist to ‘find’ Aldermaston, before the demonstrations could be organised.)

CND has recently been pointing out that behind the economic arguments for and against British entry into the Common Market lay an intention to create a new nuclear force in Europe by pooling British and French nuclear weapons and research. This is still officially denied by government spokesmen. But Messrs Heath, Balniel and Co have said enough to make it clear that this is yet another of those matters best arranged behind a barrier of silence.

Experience teaches that people take action when they have the facts. That is why governments spend so much energy and time in suppressing facts and muddying the water.

The arms race today is shrouded in technological blabbergab. But in this area more than any other, we must ‘leave it to the experts’. After all, their toys are costing each and every one of us money — £2,200,000,000 a year. You don’t have to face a Tommy in Derry to be repressed by British Arms. You’re repressed by them everywhere, if only because you’re paying for them.

Spying

The Big Brother TV Network run by the Metropolitan police has recently expanded its operation with the positioning of a camera above the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. It matches the one in Grosvenor Square. It is there, said a police spokesman, to facilitate the movement of traffic and pedestrians, particularly during meetings. During the recent Bangla Desh and Irish Civil Rights meetings it panned across the Square as the marchers filed in, then covered the plinth, focussing on each speaker.

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Anthony Hetherington

I A N A N D J A K E

MARCH ON BRIXTON PRISON
SEPT 4TH
Assemble Clapham Common Tube 12 Noon
Benefit: Imperial College Friday 3rd 7pm
TRIAL SEPTEMBER 7th

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THE BIG BROTHER TV NETWORK

SPYING ON THE PEOPLE

MALCOLM HARBISON (NICHOLAS THIRCE ASSOC.)
WARNING

This play has explicit sexual content and 'offensive' language. If you are likely to be disturbed please do not attend. *Mature Adults Only!*

**ANDY WARHOL'S PORK**

THE ROUND HOUSE

Chalk Farm Road

NW1 01-267 2564

2nd-28th August Previews 30th-31st July

Mon-Thurs 8pm Fri and Sat 6 and 8.45pm

Special discount for Students

Friday September 3rd

Benefit Dance for

JAKE PRESCOTT & IAN PURDIE

THIRD WORLD WAR

HAWKINS - DANCES - WHITE HEAT

Robert & Gideon

Imperial College

(South Kensington tube)

7pm Adm. 90 p.

Saturday September 4th

MARCH TO BRIXTON PRISON

Meet at noon - Clapham Common tube

**BRADFORD BUST FUND**

You may have read elsewhere about the amazing lengths to which the drug squad went in order to bust a bunch of freaks in Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire.

A benefit concert will be held, on Friday 22nd October at St. GEORGES HALL, BRADFORD. HAWKWIND will be playing (amongst others) and tickets will be 50p and 75p. Please give your support.

**LOWEST TRANSATLANTIC 'JET FLIGHTS' GUARANTEED RESERVATIONS**

ALSO EUROPE AUSTRALIA S AFRICA FAR EAST

O. T. D. B.

20 BOLTON STREET W1.

01-493 5750 & 5757

A Free Communications Group meeting open to all at Conway Hall Red Lion Square, WC1, on Sunday 5 September at 2.30 pm. Admission Free.

**BRING YOUR OWN CARPET**

Open noon to midnight

136a Westbourne Terrace, WZ

01-723 7367

Entrance round the corner in Bishops Bridge Rd

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Women

by Diana Shelley

Women are vegetables, women are meat.
We are vegetables, trained to listen
while the men talk. We are vegetables,
condemned to a concern with trivia — the
milk bills, the washing up, the children's
shoes. We are vegetables, systematically
stifling our creativity in mental routines
in factories and offices, where we are
systematically underpaid. We are
vegetables, watching our men drop out of
straight society and continuing in it our­
selves because someone has to pay the
rent. I lived with a man who worked but
did not often earn money. He did not
wish to be involved with trivialities —
they interfered with his work, he needed
freedom. So my freedom was to do
tedious jobs in order that our food might
be bought, our gas bills paid. I came
home and gave him money — and then I
was taken apart because I was col­
laborating with the system, not doing real
work, lazy, stupid, a vegetable.

We are meat, objects to be consumed,
carcasses hung from the advertisements in
the tubes. We are meat in the offices,
bought at 80p an hour. We are meat in
the classified ads of Time Out, 'willing to
bore our boobs' and 'ball with cool cats'.
We are even meat in the OZ
trial, where
our image, Honeybunch Kaminski ('What
a little yummy' — chomp chomp), bears
little relation to the thirteen year-old girls
we see in the streets: she is the product of
adult male fantasy, which wants a sexual
object both liberated enough to be a good
lay and young enough to be told what's
what. These days that is increasingly dif­
ficult with adult women. If Honeybunch
did exist, and walked around with breasts
bared, even amongst people who consider
themselves sexually liberated, what would
she experience? She would be meat, as
were a friend and I when we made theatre
barebreasted at an OZ benefit — meat to
be grabbed at, to be told to 'go on the
stags and dance, child', to have Coca-cola
poured over, to be treated in all ways
possible as a sexual object and in no way
as a human being.

When we have realised that we are
vegetables and meat, it is tempting to
climb into the deepfreeze, contain our­selves in shrinkwrap polythene and never
communicate with men again. Withdrawal
is the traditional reaction of women. But
I believe there is no time left now to be
victims, no time to stay away from the
streets licking each other's wounds: there
is work to do.

Our liberation is inseparably linked
with that of everybody else. We must
fight the domination of men wherever we
find it in our lives now. We must also
move into the areas of change and
actively challenge the male chauvinism we
shall find there if that change is ever to
become revolution. We hold half the
power of the universe; we must use it. We
must remember that meat bleeds and —
when they have ceased to be merely
serviceable — vegetables flower. Let it
bleed, sister, let it bleed. Let it bleed on
the walls of the Old Bailey, let it bleed in
the shipyards of the Clyde, let it bleed
behind the barricades of the Ardoyne.
Then let it flower.
A scene in the film ICE, which describes a fascist America a few years from now, portrays a band of licensed thugs apparently castrating a young revolutionary. When shown in New York, no one was overly upset. But in the first four days at The Other Cinema in London, a woman vomited and screamed for an hour before the scene could be cut by the staff. A psychiatrist suggested an explanation which becomes even more plausible in light of the OZ trial. While I had presupposed an identification with the victim, he said a typical English audience would in fact identify with the torturer. The English tend towards repressed sadists, he said, but such a vision was too much. In Britain, then, Carry On Up The Carry On would be the box office hit of all time.
George Jackson was murdered by prison guards on August 21st inside San Quentin Prison. The prison has been sealed and only the Warden's version of events has been reported to the press. It claims from day one that why were shot dead after the "breakout"? How could 30 guns (as reported in the New York Daily News) have been in the electrically charged prison without the knowledge of the guards?

George Jackson was a political and as a poor man, he had seen right into the underworld of American society. In justice he was a political dissident in military confinement, (five standing 70 when he was eightpence) with his pinstripe pants. His letters (from prison were pulling protest all over the world.

Angela Davis has expressed the feelings of the hundreds of thousands of people who knew George Jackson gave courage and strength! His death means the loss of an irretrievable love...so I will try by best to express that love in the way he would have wanted - by re-affirming my determination to fight the cause George died defending.

FROM STAGE'S LETTER...To Angela Davis, June 4th 1970:

"Do you know (of course you do) the secret police (CIA, etc) go to great lengths to murder and confine prisoners of the opposing camp in the wretched of the earth. We are not suffering in the sense that seventy millions of people in this country are daily tortured by hunger, war, and suffering; but we are now prisoners of the opposing camp in the life and death struggle to liberate the wretched of the earth. To Angela Davis, May 29th 1970:

"The author, I know, to add to petitions being sent the wretched of the earth. We agreed because we believe that it means the loss of an irretrievable love...so I will try by best to express that love in the way he would have wanted - by re-affirming my determination to fight the cause George died defending."
Afterword

1. Beware of false sympathisers. As Cocteau said: "Watch out: that man is no revolutionary. He's just a dandish anarchist of the old guard." Many journalists and BBC producers (midnight radical, daytime conformist) fall into this category.

2. Subject all written, broadcast or televised information to analysis for evidence of Tory bias — hidden assumptions, a superior, superior, superiority. Always argue as if from apparently objective reportage. For revised information to analysis for evidence of loyalty belonged as of right to his instance, a recent Times headline ran: "Loyal Rolls Worker Fined." The story was of a motor worker who had been penalised by his union for strike-breaking. He was fined, in fact, for disloyalty. The Times, of course, assumed that a man's loyalty belonged as of right to his employer, and not to his fellow workers.

3. Adopt a manner of effortless superiority. Always argue as if from smiling strength. All weakness corrupts absolute. The other night at a charity dinner I found myself next to a titled lady who felt things were getting worse all over the world. She and her husband owned a shipping line: "Ten years ago we had 150 ships. How many d'you think we have now? Barely fifty!"

4. Hate the crimes of Stalinism. But remember that no Communist country has ever bombed civilians. "We burned and we maimed and tortured in Malaysia," he intoned, "and we were right!" After the show, he said that where war was concerned, it was "in for a penny, in for a pound — never go back on your word!" I.e. never admit you were wrong. The peer's wife led him slowly to his car, saying "It's getting late, George" for what must have been the millionth time.

5. If you feel your distaste for Tories is about 33 but casually revealed that she exostipated, booming moistly of how he shared his agony over what is in fact the case: that true Tories can no longer read the Times, of course, assumed that a man's loyalty belonged as of right to his employer, and not to his fellow workers.

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6. Always cherish Judge Argyle's remark that because the 1970 defendants were poor, it would be "inappropriate" to fine them. From this it follows that the ability to pay a fine equals the ability to bribe you way out of prison.

7. Don't be deceived by Tory praise for energy, etc., of "Socialists" like George Brown. He appeared with this clownish person on an American TV show a few months ago. He lurched and rambled and expostulated, booming moistly of how he walked in the White House garden with Johnson and shared his agony over Vietnam.

8. Never cease to mistrust pro-Common-Market propaganda. The Tory attitude is that the Market represents a challenge for British industry; of course there will be higher unemployment and higher prices and small business will go to the wall; but all this is presented as if it were an inevitable and character-building ordeal. The English are in danger of supposing that there is some miraculous panacea in the Market which Heath has not yet seen fit to reveal to them. They cannot accept what is in fact the case: that true Tories sincerely believe that hardship is morally good for the workers, as well as a desirable discipline. (The fact that the Market is an anti-Socialist bloc seems also to have escaped popular attention.) Tory politicians seldom appeal in vain to the British public's appetite for suffering.

9. When everyone talks about life style, talk about life content.

10. Don't succumb to the worst British vice — namely, fear of the disapproval of people in authority (which includes headmasters — the prototypes — judges, editors and TV pundits). The British don't need coercion by secret police or torture chambers: in most cases the mere threat of disapproval is enough to deter them from anti-Establishment opinions or activities — the mere prospect of brow frowningly knitted between the teacher's eyes. It took generations of iron rule to tame the German people: the British came to heel without the whip.

11. What distinguishes the true Socialist from the true Tory? Answer: his fury when poor or underprivileged people are prevented from the full enjoyment of their lives. No Tory feels this fury, Nurture it. Remember what Brecht said about the people — that he could understand their divine patience, but where was their divine rage?