



Socialist Worker

PAPER OF THE SOCIALIST WORKERS PARTY 10P



AMANDA AND THE 40,000 REINDEER
—Centre pages.



CHRISTMAS BOOKS
—Pages 11-15

Picture: John Starrock (Report)



ABOVE: Ian Watts.

'I told the woman at the Social Security office that Ian had only one pair of shoes and one of them had a hole in its sole. She replied that when you've been on social security for two years we might consider buying you a new pair.' PAT WATTS.

He is sick. He is cold. But he can't keep warm because of the Government's attempt to break the firemen's strike.

HOW LOW

by
John
Rose

A FIREMAN'S son, aged 9, who is suffering from the blood cancer leukaemia, has been refused vital travel and heating grants by social security.

This is a direct result of the Labour government's policy to cut down social security payments to smash the firemen's strike.

Allowance

Last Monday North London fireman George Watts and his wife Pat went to their local Social Security office.

'We were assured that our son Ian, who suffers from leukaemia, would be allowed his travel allowance to hospital (£3.08 every third week) and an additional heating allowance. (80p a week)' says George.

Leukaemia reduces the body temperature. Ian has to have an extra electric fire in his bedroom.

Two days later the Watts discovered that the extra allowances for their son had been refused.

'I contacted the Social Security office and they told me they had just received a new circular stating that these extra payments were no longer allowed,' said George.

'I just couldn't believe it,' said Pat. 'I'm so angry. I'm thinking of taking our son Ian down with me to the Social Security and demanding that they take him to the hospital. It's discrimination. They've picked on Ian because he's a fireman's son.'

George and Pat immediately contacted Newham Rights in East London. Newham

Rights have now obtained a copy of the circular. They describe the provision dealing with extra heating allowances as not only 'outrageous' but also 'illegal and directly contradicting government policy'.

DHSS policy expressly provides for financial assistance in cases of severe anaemia. Leukaemia is a more severe form of anaemia.

This disgusting story follows a statement given in

the House of Commons last week by former left wing MP Stanley Orme, now Minister of Social Security.

A mere £80,725 has been shelled out in Social Security payments up to December 6.

This works out at less than a £1 a week for the dependents of striking firemen.

Shrieked

Traditionally it has been extreme right wing Tories who have screamed and shrieked about strikers' families getting social security payments.

But now during the firemen's strike we have the spectacle of a Labour Government quietly and cynically putting into effect these cruel and vicious policies.

CAN THEY SINK?

The Ministry admits to 'Special' circular

THE DHSS finally admitted last Friday that a variety of special instructions have gone out to local offices about welfare payments to striking firemen after repeated denials.

This makes Stanley Orme, the minister responsible, not only a filthy traitor but also a bare faced liar. Orme told the House

of Commons last week that no special instructions had gone out.

In the view of Newham Rights 'it is the worst set of instructions we have ever seen'.

The circular states that 'urgent need' payments must be refused wherever possible.

Dennis Healey's Budget tax refund is to be counted as income which must first be spent before benefits are allowed.

'Only in the most exceptional circumstances and for the most compelling reasons should payment be made before the expiry of the period covered by the last wages.'

If the firemen can prove they really have no money then they are told to seek an overdraft or go to the union's hardship fund. If the DHSS are finally forced to cough up then they are advised in the circular to pay as little as 50p per dependent a day.

FIREMEN'S STRIKE: WEEK SIX.

Rank and File firemen reply to attack

WHO are the rank and file?

1. Do you know who the Rank and File are?

2. What are their interests, who do they represent?

3. Where do they get their finances from?

4. Is it coincidence that their address is Seven Sisters Road, the same address as the HQ of the IS?

5. Why do they never sign their names?

These words were written by three members of the South Yorkshire Brigade Committee of the FBU and circulated to firemen as if they had come from a full meeting of the brigade.

Firemen reacted angrily, including some members of the brigade committee, and a reply was issued immediately.

ANSWER 1: We are ordinary members of the FBU who are endeavouring to strengthen the union since we feel that the present officials do not always act in the best interests of the membership. For example:

'A: Our executive council were opposed to the strike until the rank and file instructed them otherwise.

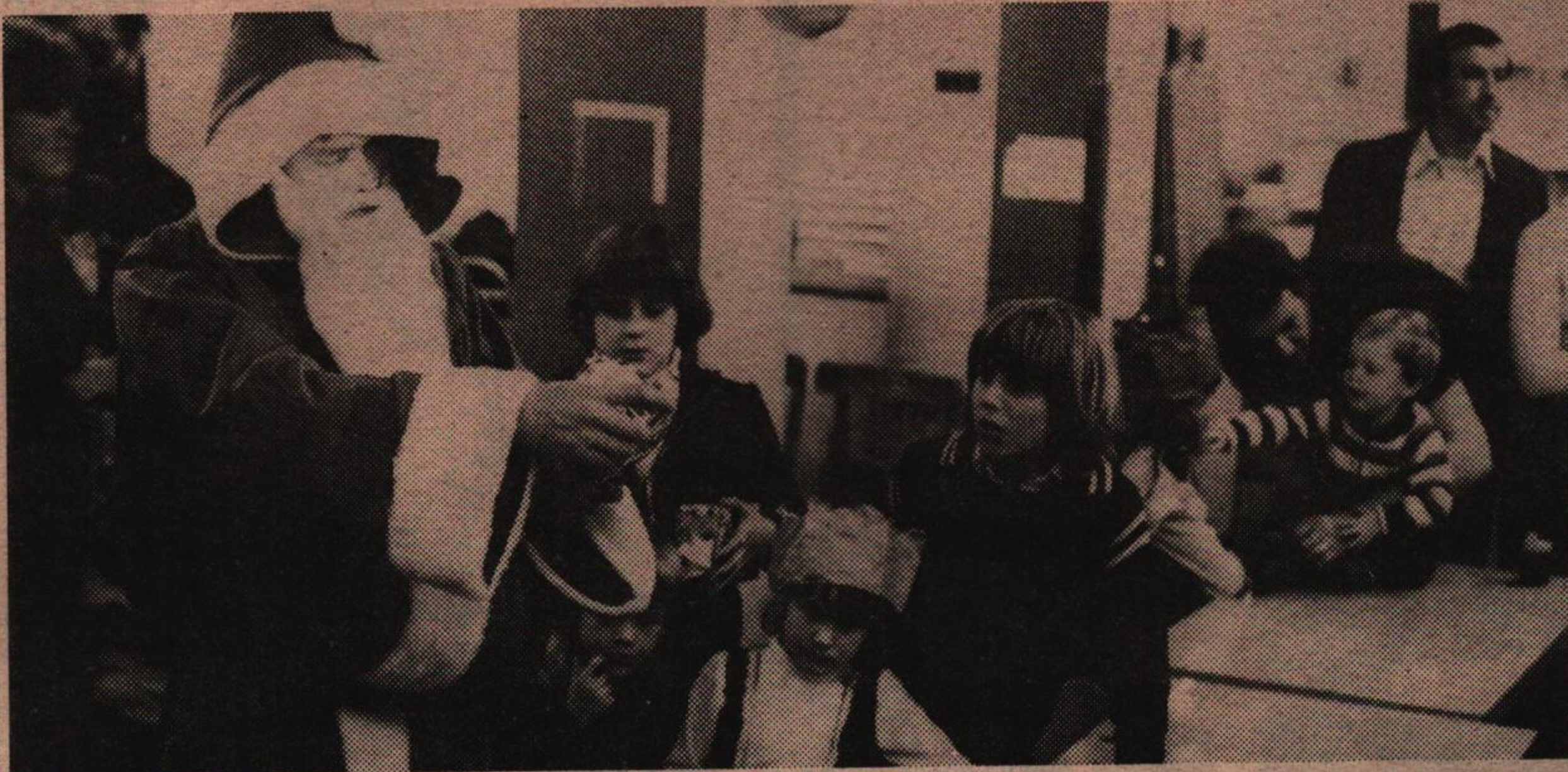
'B: Brigade officials were initially opposed to trade union support on our march but were forced to change their minds.

ANSWER 2: Our interest is still a stronger and more militant union where the membership are fully involved and their wishes are carried out. We want union representatives who are more responsive to the members.

'We believe the views expressed in Rank and File more accurately represent the members' views than our official publications, when they appear. Rank and File is written by and for rank and file firemen.

ANSWER 3: We are totally financed by FBU members. The accounts are open for anyone who wishes to see.

ANSWER 4: The IS HQ is not the same address as Rank and File. This is hardly surprising since the IS doesn't exist. It's called the Socialist Workers Party and



Pictures from a Christmas party given for the children of local firemen at the Middlesex Polytechnic in North London last Thursday. The party was paid for by big donations from workplaces. 'We were staggered by the response,' said the students' union president.



Picture: Mark Rusher (FBU)



its HQ is five miles away from the Rank and File Centre.

ANSWER 5: When the first Rank and File Fireman appeared with names included, the executive council saw fit to suspend three signatories from their official positions in the FBU.

'We believe the time has come for people to stand up and be counted. Here are the people who wrote this reply. There are more who would have signed had we had time to reach them:

M Monney, Division Three branch representative.

P Robinson, I C Denial, D Farr, F Walker, all Division Three, South Yorkshire.

S Wright, Darnall branch secretary.

A Wordsworth, A Buchanan, N Pimperton, all Oaks Lane Fire Station, Sheffield.

D Goben, J Reilly, A Benson, T Denman, all Erskine Road Fire Station, Sheffield.

A Thorne, A Haigh, D Bailey, M Tyler, all Mansfield Road Fire Station, Sheffield.

'Throughout the strike the only publication that has kept the membership informed and provided the necessary help on social security has been Rank and File Daily Strike News. We have been positive in our approach. If you agree with us why not join and support us?'

ARMY COWARDS SHOW THEIR COLOURS

A PARTICULARLY revolting story appeared on the front page of the Daily Telegraph last Thursday. It described 'twenty young officers who went into action at Boot Hill, Weymouth.'

'What was this courageous 'action'?' The officers 'pelted a picket line of striking firemen with hard-boiled eggs and onions.'

It sounded a pretty terrifying experience for these countryside firemen. One of the pickets, Ronald Ryan, described what happened.

'Three big troop carriers came down the hill and

stopped on the opposite side of the road. Then the soldiers leapt up and showered us. The whole thing was over in seconds.'

As another fireman, Tom Pyke put it: 'Not very brave are they? They couldn't even stand and fight properly.'

The officers and their men are based at Bovington Camp, 12 miles from Weymouth. They are due to be on fire call in the Midlands over Christmas.

Firemen on strike in the Midlands reading Socialist Worker now know the mentality of the creatures directing the scabbing.

NORTH SEA OIL ISN'T GOING TO HELP— THAT'S OFFICIAL

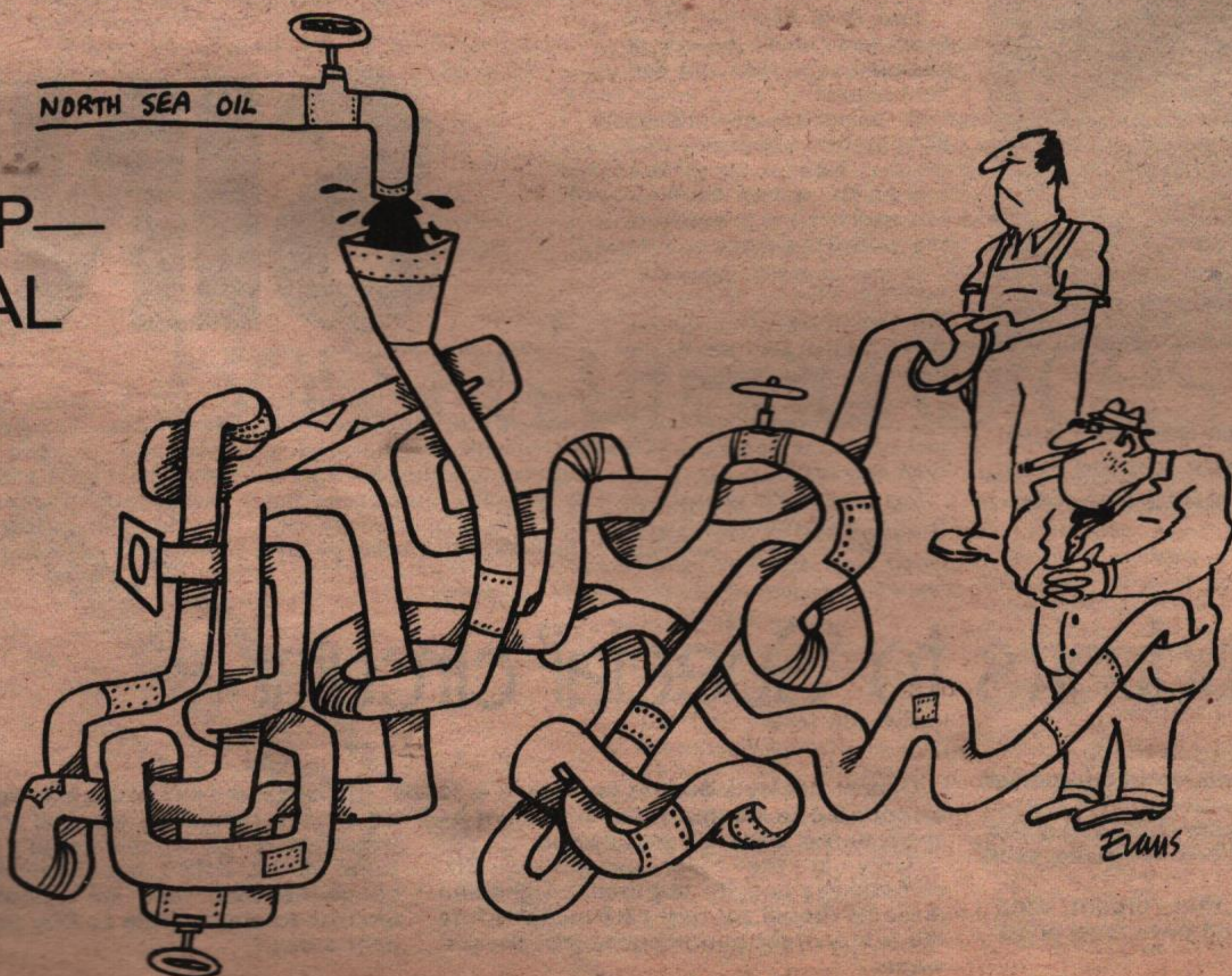
THE SCOPE for reducing unemployment in the medium term is relatively limited, despite the assistance of North Sea oil.

Not the sort of thing you hear from the government. Yet amazingly that is the conclusion of a secret report prepared by one government body, the Bank of England.

Extracts from the report were published in the left-wing Labour paper, Tribune, last week.

They reveal that most of what the government has been saying about the benefits of North Sea oil is poppycock. Instead of a new economic miracle, they reveal that Her Majesty's Treasury believe that export-led growth of much more than 3% per cent per annum would place intolerable strains on manufacturing output.

Indeed, the report goes on to suggest that the only way to stop North Sea oil ruining the economy, will be to invest all the wealth from it abroad.



Pupils demand: Remove this Nazi

PUPILS at a comprehensive School in Canterbury are demanding the removal of a Nazi teacher.

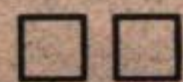
The pupils at St Anselms Roman Catholic School discovered that art and crafts teacher Miss Joan White was to be a National Front candidate at the next election.

Not surprisingly, the black students were upset at being taught by someone committed to encouraging racialism and throwing them out of the country.

They soon found support from white students, who circulated a petition against the teacher. 'The petition was something us white kids thought ncessary to assure our coloured friends that we in no way sympathise with her,' they explained.

According to the Sunday People, the head of the school has since 'smoothed' the situation down. If that is true, it is disgusting.

Nazi teachers will always claim, as Miss White does, that their 'politics and their teaching would be kept totally apart'. But that will not stop them trying to poison the minds of those they teach, of trying to turn white children against black children.



It was because of this that some years ago the then head of the Nazi National Socialist Party, Colin Jordan, was sacked from his job as a teacher. It is an example which should be copied in the case of Miss White and every other NF teacher.

The pupils at St Anselms have already made it clear that they don't want Miss White in the school. They have the power to make sure that every time she enters a classroom, every time she tries to open her mouth, she is shouted down and driven out.

Let's hope they use that power.

... and here's another that got shouted down

AFTER the Arsenal v Leeds match last Saturday, a penalty competition for London schoolboys was held. The fifth competitor was a black lad from Middlesex.

As he ran up for his first shot, a member of the master race in the crowd shouted 'National Front! National Front!'

The crowd responded by cheering every time the lad put the ball in the net.

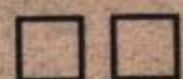
FASCISTS BOAST OF BEATING UP JEWS

THE HALL rocked to the stamp of the jackboot and shouts of Heil Hitler. Uniformed guards, some wearing swastika armbands, clicked their heels and cried Sieg Heil as their leader mounted the platform.

That, according to a News of the World report on Sunday, was what happened recently at a meeting of the Nazi British Movement.

The chairman of the meeting, Richard Middleton, told the audience of some of the movement's exploits: 'We ran into some Jews at Hoxton market and put six of them into hospital.'

'A Jew's jaw somehow came into contact with the Leader Guard's boot'.



He threatened: 'When we get power we'll have our own solution to immigrants'. Some of the audience shouted: 'The final solution'.

A delegate boasted that as a result of encountering him and a friend in East London, 'A Pakistani was blinded'. Another told of a fire which gutted a Pakistani restaurant. 'I wonder how it started', he asked.

The account is horrific. But, you might think, aren't the British Movement just a small group of loonies? Can't they just be left alone to fade into insignificance?

But if left alone they will not fade. The trail of beatings-up and fire bombings will continue. Life for many black people and Jews will become intolerable.

What is more, the British Movement are not just a 'small group'. They are part and parcel of a bigger fascist movement, with many of them in the East End of London holding joint membership in the National Front.

They know that the more votes, the more 'respectability' achieved by the Nazi Front, the more they will be able to turn their fantasies of Hitlerite violence into reality.

648,000 go hungry

648,000 CHILDREN are going without the hot meals they were used to this time last year. This is the effect of the Labour government's decision to put up the price of school meals from 15p to 25p.

Last October 5,503,000 children had school meals. This October the figure was down by a staggering 12 per cent — to 4,855,000. This means that there are nearly three million children at school who do not get a school dinner. The drop in the number taking school meals is the biggest since a Liberal government first introduced school meals 70 years ago.

SOMETIME over the next few days most of us will probably be tempted or bullied into a game of Snakes and Ladders.

It's an age-old children's game, with a simple theme.

You go up if you land at the bottom of a ladder; and down if you land at the head of a snake. And there's several heads of nasty, long snakes just before the victory square.

For socialists and militants in industry, 1977 was a game of snakes and ladders.

The ladders are plain. Again and again, working people have organised to fight for better wages and conditions. Unlike 1976, when there were hardly any strikes and almost total apathy, 1977 was a year of much militancy and much agitation.

There were four times as many strikes in 1977 as there were in 1976: more strikes than in any other year since Labour was elected.

There were strikes against the social contract—by toolroom workers at Leyland in February and March; airport engineers at London Airport in April; electricians in Port Talbot in May and in power stations in November, and air traffic controllers throughout the summer.

And then there has been the six-week strike of the firemen—the first long national official strike since Labour was elected.

There have been strikes to force union recognition, dominated by the strikers at Grunwicks, who have now been on the streets for one and a half years.

The Grunwicks dispute dominated the headlines as no small dispute has in all British Labour history. In June, mass pickets started and culminated in the great mass picket of July 11 when the scabs bus was held up for a morning.

More than 10,000 trade unionists turned up that early morning in solidarity with the Grunwicks workers—against a nasty employer and a new right-wing anti-union organisation.

Another great battle for recognition was waged against a much stronger employer—Trust Houses Forte, the hotel chain.

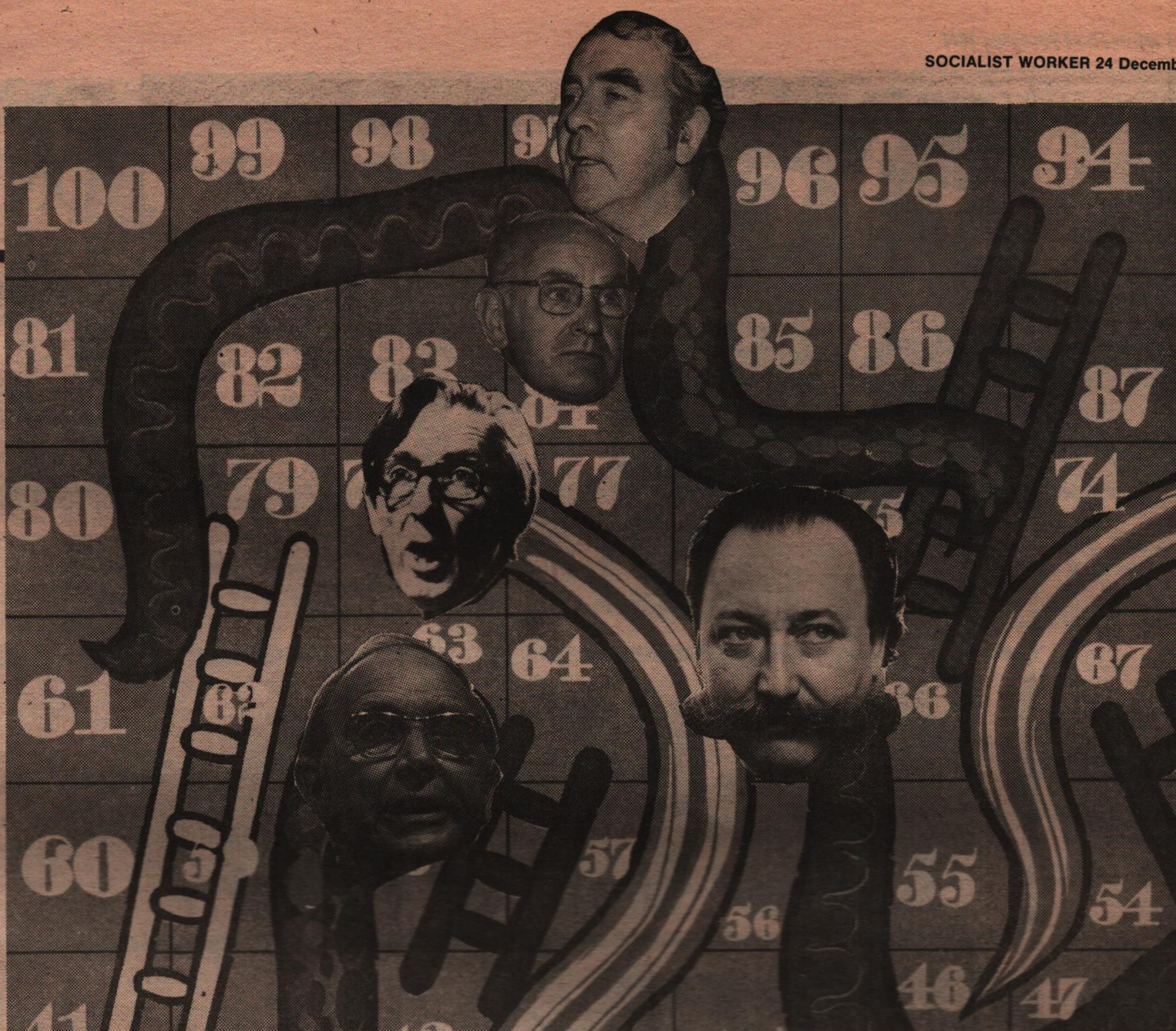
In Sheffield, Oxford and Birmingham recognition strikes were staged against THF by poverty-stricken workers at luxury hotels and night clubs.

At Birmingham's Night Out Club, mass pickets from the powerful lorry drivers TGWU branch swelled the weekly mass pickets in a formidable display of solidarity and trade union power.

The battle for equal pay—continued. Cosmetic workers at Yardleys, Basildon, and textile workers at Laird Portch in the West of Scotland fought hard and long against grading schemes deliberately designed to keep women on lower pay scales.

There were many other strikes of great courage and determination—the strike for the closed shop among journalists at Darlington is the longest in the history of the National Union of Journalists.

Even bread workers, bullied for so long by a rotten union and a ruthless employer have begun to show their strength.



SNAKES AND LEADERS

Yet all this action, all this sacrifice and courage, has amounted to nothing. The ladders have been climbed, often with enthusiasm and courage. Yet each time the snakes have sent the workers plunging back into despair and apathy.

The toolroom workers at Leyland, the Airport engineers and the Port Talbot electricians got next to nothing. Even the airport controllers got a great deal less than most had expected. As this is written, an attempt is being made to con the firemen into accepting a deal which will give them no more than 10 per cent.

The Grunwicks strikers are struggling to keep their strike going. Trust Houses Forte is still non-union. The women at Yardleys and Laird Portch have not got equal pay. The Darlington journalists have been abandoned by the print workers who supported them. The bakers got nothing from their fight in the autumn. And the miners ballot has been overturned by the executive.

This is all the work of the snakes. What snakes? Most militant workers had realised by the beginning of this year that they could expect no support from the Labour

Socialist Worker

WHAT WE THINK

Government.

But over the year a new set of snakes emerged. For every one of the strikes and actions mentioned was sabotaged—not by the employers, not by the government, and certainly not by any lack of will of the strikers.

The snakes were the trade union leaders: the Finance and General Purposes Committee of the TUC who voted to abandon the firemen; Gormley, Daly and the right-wing leaders of the NUM who voted to overturn their members' ballot; Scanlon of the AUEW who stood with the employers at Leyland to denounce the toolroom workers.

Chapple of the EETPU who denounced the strikers at Port Talbot and did his utmost to wreck the unofficial power workers committee; Todd of the TGWU who stuck the knife in the equal pay strikers at Yardleys; Jones of the same union who called off the battle against Trust House Forte.

Jackson of the UPW who, with

his executive, broke the back of the Cricklewood postmen who blacked the Grunwicks mail; Maddocks of the bakers whose militant noises fizzled into nothing when his members struck in the Autumn; Keyes of SOGAT and Wade of the NGA, who led their members back through the picket lines at Darlington.

The snakes do not stop at trade union offices. An even newer brand of snake has emerged in 1977—the full-time convenors, with their secretaries, their quotations from Burns, and even, on occasions, Communist Party membership cards.

Men like Derek Robinson, the convenor at Leylands whose arrogance and contempt for the workers he represents led to the collapse of a wage strike at Leylands in the summer—even before it had started!

And Jimmy Airlie of Govan Shipbuilders who called on workers in Scotland to accept work which had been transferred from Tyneside because of a strike there.

In all these cases, workers' action and enthusiasm has been dashed by a mean and narrow-minded full-time trade union officialdom—by the gentlemen who prefer a little bit

of 'influence' and 'respectability'

And that is why the real leaders of 1977 come from the small signs of organised rank and file militancy against the trade union officials.

The power workers, for instance, sick to the teeth with the EETPU leaders, have formed their own unofficial shop stewards' committee, which will be fighting again

The craftsmen in the steel industry intend to do the same—as the next issue of Socialist Worker will disclose. The workers at British Oxygen won one of the few outright victories of the year—because they had a powerful worker-representation on the negotiating committee

It's been a bit of a joke among Socialist Worker readers for years now that all our editorials end with a call to build a rank and file movement. And it's certainly true that nothing comes just by calling for it.

But the facts of life for working people in Britain, their continuing failure to win back some of the money filched from them by employers and the Labour government, *prove the case*.

If the workers want to climb the ladders, they will have to do without the snakes and organise the climb themselves.

Eat the rich—it's history

I HAVE discovered that the slogan 'Eat the Rich', far from being new, was common three or four hundred years ago.

In 1580 in a small town in eastern France, the workers of the town in alliance with the peasants of the surrounding countryside took over their town and set up a popular commune: they danced in the streets, threatening the rich and crying that 'before three days Christian flesh will be sold at sixpence a pound.'

Cannibal

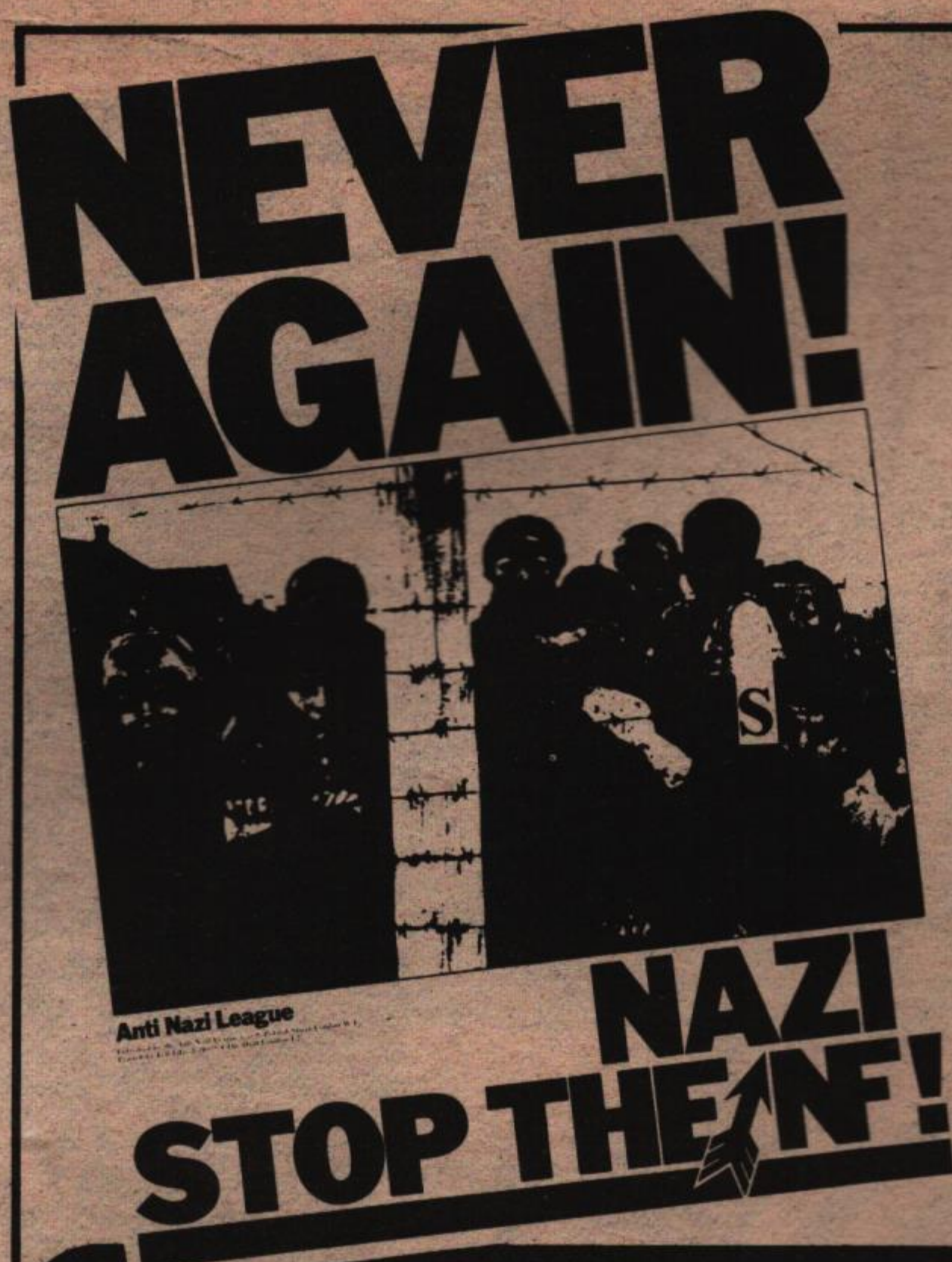
At the winter carnival which followed soon after, the new mayor, dressed in a bear's skin, held a mock cannibal banquet.

At Naples in 1585, an extortionate magistrate was murdered and his flesh sold in pieces in the street. Whether anyone went the whole hog and are it I don't know.

In 1593-5 and in 1636-7 in various parts of France of which the most accurate translation seems to be 'munchers'—a title designed to strike fear into the hearts of the rich indeed!

These were times when actual famine was a frequent occurrence and there were stories and rumours of poor people forced by starvation to eat human flesh. The answer 'Eat the Rich' must have had considerable popular appeal. I am glad to see it revived.

□ NORAH CARLIN, London N.9



The crumb of comfort that came too late

A CRUMB of miserly comfort from the Labour Party this week. I have only one criticism of their hard hitting TV expose of the activities and perverted ideology of the NF. It has come two years too late.

The time has come for socialists and other opponents of racialism to get off their backsides and take the initiative. Because seedy Labour Party politicians and trade union bureaucrats are not going even to pretend to worry about Nazi hyenas feeding off the carcass of a rotting economic system.

If the Neville Chamberlains of this

government won't stop the New Hitlers, then there is only one option left open for the workers. They shall not pass.

□ Ludwig T Kasatkin (former CP member), Castleford.

SCHOOL student members of the Socialist Worker Youth Movement in this area have decided to set up an anti-Nazi organisation.

We plan to have a public meeting some time in January. If you can help, let us know at Fight, 2 Mayall Road, SE4.

□ Graham Lloyd, South London.

AND I WAS ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES

I THOUGHT SW readers might like to hear about my recent experiences in flat hunting. I have been looking for six months without success. The following conversation took place when I phoned some estate agent about the advert.

Agent: 'Do you mind if I ask you a few questions, Mr. Parker?'

Me: 'Not at all.'

Agent: 'You are . . . er . . . English, I take it?'

Me: 'Yes, but why do you ask?'

Agent: 'Well, you see, the landlord — a nice man really

— doesn't want immigrants to live in his property. You see, they tend to mess things up and make a lot of noise. What is your profession?'

Me: 'I'm a teacher.'

Agent: 'And your wife?'

Me: 'Her work is connected with race relations.'

Agent: 'Oh . . . er . . . I see. Could I have the names of your employers and length of service, plus your ages?'

I tell him. I've been looking too long to be fussy.

Agent: 'And would it be possible to send me a banker's reference, an employer's reference, and another reference from someone else?'

Me: 'Yes.' (Highly sickened, but still desperate. He'd already had one reference from where I am living now!)

Agent: 'Good! Have you any questions?'

Me: 'You say that the flat is "part furnished", what does that entail?'

Agent: 'Er . . . well . . . it has got a carpet and some curtains! But you have to supply the bed and cooker.'

Me: 'How about additional expenditure?'

Deposit

Agent: 'Well, there's . . . £100 deposit to the landlord, £3 a week rates to the council, it is in need of a little decoration I admit but the landlord expects you to carry it out at your own expense; a minimum two year agreement, £50 each to the gas and electric people to turn it on—

you see, it's the immigrants again, they steal from the meters—and £5 for the contract.'

Me: 'Anything else?'

Agent: 'Yes, the landlord will consider your application . . . and the others. He's got a busy time, there's over fifty of them!'

Is it really surprising that there are hundreds of people homeless? I'm lucky, at least I have somewhere to live now. Shame that my wife has to live somewhere else isn't it? □ Geoff Parker, Hendon

□ Geoff Parker, Hendon

Letters

Send your letters to: Letters Page, Socialist Worker, PO Box 82, London E2 9DS

The ones who steal and squander

The wealth men die for in the Rhonda Stolen by the rich to waste and squander The life and death of a fireman they don't hold dear

A drop in their profits is all they fear They close our hospitals and cut back our schools

and treat us all like bleeding fools The time is coming to an end

The working class won't always bend Get rid of the traitors in the TUC

let the rank and file set the workers free Then they no longer

Can steal and squander. ● S. K. BARRY, Ealing

£33.50 for a 96 hour week!

I WOULD appreciate it if this letter could be published in your paper. What I write applies to all the crossing keepers on this railway line.

We are residential keepers the lowest paid employees on the railways.

We do 96 hours a week and all we receive in take home pay is £33.50. It is impossible to carry on with this small income.

Our NUR official should sort out our problems and give us better pay. I hope they read this, so we get a fair deal for residential keepers in this area.

□ A Crossing Keeper, near Lowestoft.

Babies being drugged to death

ON TUESDAY night (6 December) the BBC North Late News Programme came up with an item that really shocked me.

It said that according to an article published in the British Medical Journal by Professor Robert Zachary, babies born with Spina Bifida were being drugged to death by some doctors.

My wife was born with Spina Bifida and that particular item made me realise how lucky Brenda and I were to have the privilege of sharing the happiness that we enjoyed throughout our relationship.

Alive

After all if baby Brenda hadn't had a good doctor looking after her soon after she was born, she wouldn't have been alive, never mind be part of such a wonderful relationship.

Sometimes I wonder why Socialist Worker doesn't devote some of its space to the handicapped and disabled and their fight for a decent way of life where they are treated as equal citizens instead of monstrosities from another planet. □ Peter Shelley, Barnsley.

One reason why I won't join the SWP

EVERY time I see those fine young people selling Socialist Worker in our High Street or at Grunwicks or wherever, I am elated.

Elated that a courageous intelligence has somehow evolved from that cowed and subservient era that I belonged to. I am hopeful that you will continue the inspiring acceleration of militancy that we now see everywhere.

One thing mars the picture. Like two 'perplexed readers' I am sickened by the rubbish you are capable of printing on the subject of the Soviet Union. It is the one thing that prevents me from joining your party.

From an otherwise grateful soldier. □ Don Tomson, Ealing.

Why I'll have a hard job voting Labour

AFTER missing school last Monday due to sickness, our eldest girl, Louise, aged six, appeared at home on Tuesday lunchtime. She had been sent home because she can't have school meals that week through missing school on the Monday.

It seems it's now policy for our local Education Authority, that if a child misses school on Monday, she can't have meals for the rest of the week and has to be sent home—regardless of whether both parents are at work.

Due to public spending cuts, parents now have to pay a non-returnable sum in advance, for the week's school meals. So if your child happens to be off school on a Thursday or Friday, that's tough, as you've already paid for the whole week and get no refund.

When will the majority of the working class wake up to see that the gains made over this century are being stripped before their very eyes, by apologists for the system who call themselves a 'Socialist government'?

I will find it a difficult task to vote for the Labour Party in the next general election. □ CHARLES FELLOWES, Eccles, Manchester

Our thanks...

KINDLY ACCEPT this belated note of thanks for the support that you gave to the students' cause through your paper.

I assure you that your specific support was very heartening for the student body and indeed should have helped to correct the warped image which—owing to local circumstances—many students have of socialism.

We are at the moment facing a most intransigent Government which is continuously strengthening the State machinery and putting it to effective use in a way that any opposition can be easily stifled.

One example of this, and there may be others, is the fact that over a hundred Telecommunications employees have been suspended for the past five months for taking partial industrial action. □ Michael Frendo, L-ISTUDENT, Malta.

What we're up against

I JUST had to write to you after reading Duncan Hallas' piece about America and give you some idea of what militant workers are up against here.

Duncan mentioned the Starns miners who were attacked by state troopers while on a peaceful picket line.

Recently, I attended an evening in solidarity with the Starns miners in New York and saw a video tape of that incident.

The union uses video in the belief that the presence of a film crew lessens the chance of violence.

Well this time it didn't. The troopers just went wild club-

bing and kicking the miners and forcing them to lie down on the road.

The film crew decided to bring a case against the police and turned the video tape over to the state governor for evidence. He in turn gave the tape to the police, who are now using it for training! □ Peter Court, New York

STOP RISING FOOD PRICES... EAT THE RICH!

STOP RISING FOOD PRICES—eat the rich! Printed in green and red, 20p each, 10 for £1.50, 50 for £6.50, all prices including postage.

Cheques made out to RED BADGERS please.

All from RED BADGERS, Socialist Worker, PO Box 82, London, E2 9DS.

Choose two or more books from the following list before 31 December, and you can have them at half-price:

- State Capitalism in Russia, by Tony Cliff, 75p (usually £1.50)
- Bureaucracy and Revolution in Eastern Europe, by Chris Harman, £1.35 usually £2.70.
- Workers against the Monolith, by Ian Birchall, £1.35 (usually £2.70).
- Communist Politics in Britain, by Hugo Dewar, 90p (usually £1.80).
- The Balham Group, by Reg Groves, 60p (usually £1.20).
- Capitalism and Theory, by Michael Kidron, £1 (usually £2).
- Rosa Luxemburg, by Paul Frolich, £1.65 (usually £3.30).
- Lenin's Last Struggle, by Moshe Lewin, 45p (usually 90p).
- Them and Us in Literature, by Paul O'Flinn 45p (usually 90p).
- Origins of the International Socialists, 50p (usually £1).
- Chile: The Gorillas are amongst us, by Helios Prieto, 38p (usually 75p).
- Lenin's Moscow, by Alfred Rosmer, £1.20 (usually £2.40).
- The Emancipation of Women, by Eugene Thonnessen, 98p (usually £1.95).
- The Occupation of the Factories, by Spriano, £1.20 (usually £2.40).
- The Bolsheviks and the October Revolution, £1.80 (usually £3.60).

1/2 -PRICE CHRISTMAS OFFER

Add 50p flat-rate postage on all orders, send money with order to: PLUTO PRESS, Unit 10 Spencer Court, 7 Chalcot Road, London NW1.

ON STRIKE FOR CHRISTMAS...

AS YOU tuck into your Christmas Dinner, remember all those trade unionists and their families who will be on strike right through the holiday.

At **SANDERSONS**, Skegness, the northern Grunwicks that most people have ignored, it is now 35 weeks since 43 trade unionists came out on strike after a shop steward was sacked.

All the strikers have now been sacked.

The boss of Sandersons, Roy Sanderson, is another George Ward. His luxurious manor house looks out over the works.

While George Ward worries about his race horses, Roy Sanderson is planning to build a hanger for his private aeroplane—if he can defeat the strike.

At the **METROPOLE HOTEL**, Central London, the strike for a £50 minimum wage is carrying on after eleven bitter weeks, without official support from the strikers' union, the General and Municipal.

At **ROLLS-ROYCE**, North West London, it is 16 weeks since 700 workers came out on strike for a 17 per cent pay rise.

Just like the British Oxygen workers whose strike beat the 10 per cent limit, they have received almost no publicity—even though the Queen's new Silver Jubilee Rolls-Royce is held up in the factory.

The Rolls directors held a Christmas Party for the workers' kids at one of the London factories last Friday. One of their employees dressed up as Father Christmas to give out some presents.

When he asked: 'What do you want for Christmas?' striking workers interjected: 'Seventeen per cent!'



Grunwicks strikers picketing the plant earlier this year—they're still there. Remember them this Christmas.

The Rolls workers got a new offer on sick pay last week too, though the bosses are sticking firm on the 10 per cent.

In **NOTTINGHAM** 5,000 workers who make bicycles, components and toys for **RALEIGH** are on strike for a 30 per cent pay rise. They've been offered 10 per cent.

The strike—now five weeks old—is one of the longest in Nottingham for years.

At **BRITISH STEEL SPUN PLANTS**, in Ilkestone, Derbyshire, 1,000 workers are on

strike for a £15 across-the-board increase and guaranteed cost of living related rises. The strike has now been on for seven weeks.

They have been offered just 5 per cent, which, with inflation this year at around 17 per cent, means a wage cut of 12 per cent.

For all these workers, and for the **FIREMEN** and the **GRUNWICKS** strikers it will be a hard Christmas. They all need your support.

Send messages, send money—perhaps even mince pies! And during the Christmas holiday, go down to your local picket line, and offer support

for the holiday and in the battles of the New Year.

□ **SANDERSONS** Strike Committee, c/o Phil Gillatt, 27 Lady Matilda's Drive, Skegness. Cheques to Sandersons Strike Fund.

□ **METROPOLE** strike committee treasurer, V Murphy, 98 Fordwich Road, London, NW2.

□ **ROLLS-ROYCE** strike committee treasurer, Mr Arbuck, 2 Lucas Avenue, Harrow, Middlesex, HA2 9UJ.

□ **BRITISH STEEL** strikers, c/o A Barclay, 107 St Norberts Drive, Kirk Hallam, Ilkestone, Derbyshire.

□ **GRUNWICKS** strike committee, 375 High Road, Willesden, London, NW10.

... AND ONE INSIDE

VIC SEADON, a shop steward in a North London factory, will be in jail this Christmas.

His crime? He went to support the Grunwicks strikers on their picket line, and was arrested like hundreds of other trade unionists.

But Vic is the first one to be jailed.

Don't let him rot in Pentonville Jail. Send Christmas, New Year cards and telegrams to: Vic Seadon, Pentonville Prison, Caledonian Road, London, N1.

All telegrams must, by law, be read out to Vic—they can't be delayed.

... and the Law Lords' nasty gift proves the Grunwicks strikers right!

THE House of Lords gave a final ruling on Grunwicks last week.

George Ward, managing director, was perfectly in his rights not to recognise the strikers' union APEX, declared the law lords. The work of the government's arbitration and conciliation service, ACAS, which originally recommended recognition, has been totally dismissed.

Kamlesh Gandhi, chairman of the Grunwicks Strike Committee, spoke to Socialist Worker the day after the Lords' ruling:

'We were not surprised at the decision. We knew we could not win through the House of Lords.'

'In a way the decision was a good one for us. It is likely that our union leader, Roy Grantham, would have settled for establishing 'the principle' of recognition and then call the strike off.

Concealed

'It is not possible in law to demand our reinstatement. In other words the defeat could have been partially disguised by "winning" recognition.

'Instead, however, Grantham will have to recommend that the strike continue—for the time being.

'The strikers feel frustrated and bitter. They don't want to give in but they just detest what the TUC have done to us.

'Looking back, it's hard to believe how raw we all were when the strike began. We didn't know anything about trade unions or how politics worked in this country. Most of us had been brought up in East Africa and had been sheltered from political involvement.

'Sixteen months ago I'd never even heard of the word "Socialism". Now not only have I heard of the word, I've found out what the word means.

'And I know that it has nothing whatsoever to do with the TUC and the Labour Party. It was the mass pickets that made all this clear.

'All the strikers have been made very aware of the kind of society we live in. One thing is certainly going to stay in our minds—the "great speeches" of all those trade union leaders.

Forced

'Anyway, it's not over yet and some very positive and lasting achievements will remain. It has been by and large the young Gujaratis that have dominated the strike committee.

'We have not been inhibited by the conservatism of our elders. The special tradition of respecting the elders has broken down. We have shown that young Asians can fight and fight hard trade union rights.

'If we lose, the blame rests absolutely on the shoulders of the trade union leaders. And that is a problem for all of us.

We want rid of this Nazi, say striking electricians

'HE WAS an arrogant pig, a right little Hitler'. That was how electricians working on the London Transport Underground described the behaviour of foreman Derek Martin last week.

His bullying had finally forced 60 of them to take strike action.

But Martin is not only a little Hitler. Between harrasing trade unionists on London Transport, he is also an organiser for the Nazi National Front.

Working with—or rather under—Martin is predictably not pleasant. Like most authoritarians his main purpose in life seemed to be to pick on people who came under his sway.

He doesn't, it appears, generally go for shop stewards. But he likes to harass and insult young lads who've not quite finished their time. He also picks on black electricians. Last week the electricians,

members of the Electrical, Electronic, Telecommunications and Plumbing Union, had finally had enough. They demanded an inquiry into Martin's unsavoury behaviour and declined to take any more instructions from the man.

As a result management took the men off the clock and off wages, thus causing the escalation of industrial action to a full strike.

Now that they were on strike, management started talking turkey.

All of a sudden they agreed to the inquiry the men had been demanding. They also agreed to pay the lads for the time they were off the clock.

The strikers, understandably, are declining to make comments until the inquiry has met.

But one thing is clear. They're doing the whole trade union movement a service by standing up against those elements who always want to divide workers and set us fighting among ourselves. The activities of Fuehrer

Martin are of course political activities, inspired by his belief not in the unity of working people but in the so-called national interest and the alleged 'superiority' of white Anglo-Saxons over the rest of the human race.

Workers can do without this kind of poison dividing their ranks. Every ounce of it makes it easier for bossmen of every hue to walk all over us.

□ □ And all credit to these workers for standing up to it. They are staying out pending the result of the inquiry.

The London Transport inquiry into Martin's behaviour takes place on Wednesday this week, after Socialist Worker has gone to press. We'll be bringing you a report on further developments in the New Year.

Donations and messages of support to EETPU Strike Fund, Griffiths House, 280 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1.



Some of the 60 strikers picketing in Central London last Friday

Picture: John Sturrock (Report)



'REVOLUTIONS ALWAYS fail'. 'They invariably end up in despotism'. 'They devour their own leaders'.

That's a message we've all had hammered into us—whether by school history lessons or by popular novels such as those by Baroness Orczy.

They portray the Great French Revolution of 1789-94 as an enthusiastic striving for liberty that rapidly degenerates into pure carnage, with crazed women lapping blood as the innocent are dragged to the guillotine.

Terror

The portrayal is double dishonest. It grossly exaggerates the scale of the terror. The high point was the 'September Massacre' of 1792. A typically lurid description by the English writer of the last century, Thomas Carlyle, calls it 'a thing to be counted beside some other things,

which lie very black in the earth's annals.'

Yet by Carlyle's own admission the total number of those killed was 1,089. Compare that figure with the total of some recent counter-revolutions—half a million executed by the victorious fascists after the Spanish civil war, the 40,000 murders in Chile.

Or compare it with the tens of thousands who died in another terror in Paris, when the Paris commune was put down in 1871.

The terror of 1792 sinks into virtual insignificance. Unless you think that it more horrendous to murder those who live in chateaux than those who eke out their lives in slums.

More importantly, the myths about

the French revolution ignore a vital fact—that it was a middle class, 'bourgeois' revolution. It was this that led it to 'devour its own leaders'.

The fall of the Bastille in July 1789 roused the enthusiasm of the whole middle class. And not only in France. 'All thinking beings shared in the jubilation of this epoch', recounted the aging (and reactionary) German philosopher Hegel 30 years later.

'A spiritual enthusiasm stirred the world'. The English poet Wordsworth recalled the same mood, 'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive. To be young was very heaven.'

Power had passed from the Royal Court to the lawyers and businessmen

who made up the national assembly. No wonder their kindred souls everywhere were overjoyed. But the joy was not to last long.

Vast

The fall of the Bastille was the signal for a vast, spontaneous, uncoordinated movement among the 80 per cent of the population who were peasants.

They refused any longer to hand over to the aristocracy the old feudal payments. They did not wait for the go-ahead from the National Assembly, but instead armed themselves, destroyed the records of who owed what, burnt the chateaux of the nobility.

In the cities too the poorer classes began to move—the hundreds of thousands of self-employed craftsmen, the multitude of small shopkeepers, the workers in the newly established factories.

They had been in the forefront of the storming of the Bastille. But they wanted more from the revolution than fine words.

But the propertied middle classes could not be happy at such developments. For they could be directed against the rich bourgeois as well as against the rich aristocrat.

Army

Hardly had the Bastille fallen than the middle class set up its own army to patrol the streets of Paris, the 'bourgeois guard', later called the 'national guard'.

Its attention was directed more at preventing the poor complaining at the shortage of bread than at the plots of the aristocracy and the court.

In resounding phrases the national assembly had declared everyone to be equal. But it hastily went on to make a distinction between 'active citizens' who had property and were allowed to vote, and 'passive', propertyless citizens, who were disenfranchised.

It left the king's army intact—as a force that could be relied on to keep the poorer classes in their place.

Split

Again and again the aristocracy took advantage of the softness of the middle class leaders to try and overthrow them.

This produced a split within the middle class itself. Those who had most to lose from a revolt of the propertyless, the very rich, lined up with the king and the aristocrats.

But others were not prepared to abandon the struggle. They organised themselves into a party, the Jacobins, and used the slogan of equality to mobilise the poorer classes against plots of the aristocracy.

They saw that if the revolution did not 'devour' its first set of half-hearted, compromising leaders, the revolution itself would be devoured.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION



THE MAN in this picture is Ali Nowrouzi. He is sitting in a cage in the Teheran Zoo in Iran.

Visitors pay 40p to come and stare at him. Nowrouzi is suffering from a disease that causes abnormally large growth. He is over seven foot tall and weighs 35 stone.

He came to Teheran to get medical treatment but in Iran there isn't any for farm labourers like Nowrouzi.

He found himself stranded in Teheran with his wife and four children. Eventually Teheran Zoo offered him a job—as an animal in the Zoo. The Zoo feeds him each day and gives him a little pocket money.

The Shah of Iran, who is enthusiastically praised in the Times by Lord Chalfont at least once a week, is one of the richest people in the world because of his enormous oil revenues.

IF YOU scrape up enough money to buy a second class air ticket you may notice, as you sit on the plane, that gallons of free drinks, huge meals and other goodies are being carried up to the first class passengers.

Of course they, or their company expense accounts, pay far more. But they don't pay enough.

The Civil Aviation Authority has just announced that second class passenger fares are subsidising the first class fares.

SS murderers who go free

THE DUTCH Nazi convicted of mass murder in the Second World War last week was unlucky not to have kept out of the courts.

Just over the border in West Germany there are a large number of Nazis wanted by the French courts for war crimes. The West German Government won't extradite them.

Among those wanted by the French are—
□ Hans Dietrich Ernst is a solicitor and notary in Leer, Lower Saxony. In 1942-4 he was SS commander in German occupied Angers, in France.

He was responsible for countless murders and torturing of Jews and communists. While he was in charge, 6400 were deported to Germany, and over half never returned.

Until the end of the war he worked in the Berlin security headquarters, and afterwards he was sentenced to death in France in his absence *four times*. Attempts to stop him practicing as a solicitor have failed.

□ E Heinrichsohn was in the 'Jew deportation' section of the Gestapo—he provided the trains to the Auschwitz Concentration Camp. In France he organised raids against

Jews in the non occupied areas and was responsible for the deportation of 4000 Jewish children.

He shot the resistance fighter Andre Rondenay personally, and was also sentenced to death in France.

He is now a solicitor and Mayor of a small Bavarian town. □ Fritz Mersche was the Nazi police chief of Orleans. In 1944 the problem in Orleans was that the prisons were over full. Mersche carried out the liquidation of 35 Jews who would not fit in the prisons. This was done by throwing them into a stream and stoning them to death.

Judge

He is now a Frankfurt judge and editor of a lawyers journal. He was also sentenced to death in France but lives legally in Germany.

The French are more obliging to the West Germans. They have just agreed to extradite the lawyer Claus Croissant. He is wanted in West Germany because of his defence in court of the Baader Meinhof group and others accused of terrorist crimes.

Last minute gifts from Fortnum & Mason



The Employment Service Agency

VACANCY GENERAL SHOP ASSISTANTS (MAN OR WOMAN)
DISTRICT CENTRAL HULL
BUSINESS DEPARTMENT STORE
SALARY 18-£11.63 19-£12.54 20-£13 21-£14.30
HOURS MONDAY 9 - 5.30 SAT. 9 - 5.45
REMARKS TO WORK IN FOOD DEPT. VARIOUS DUTIES
AGE 18+

This job, sent in by Mike Cooper from Hull, was billed as 'job of the week.'

Socialist Worker

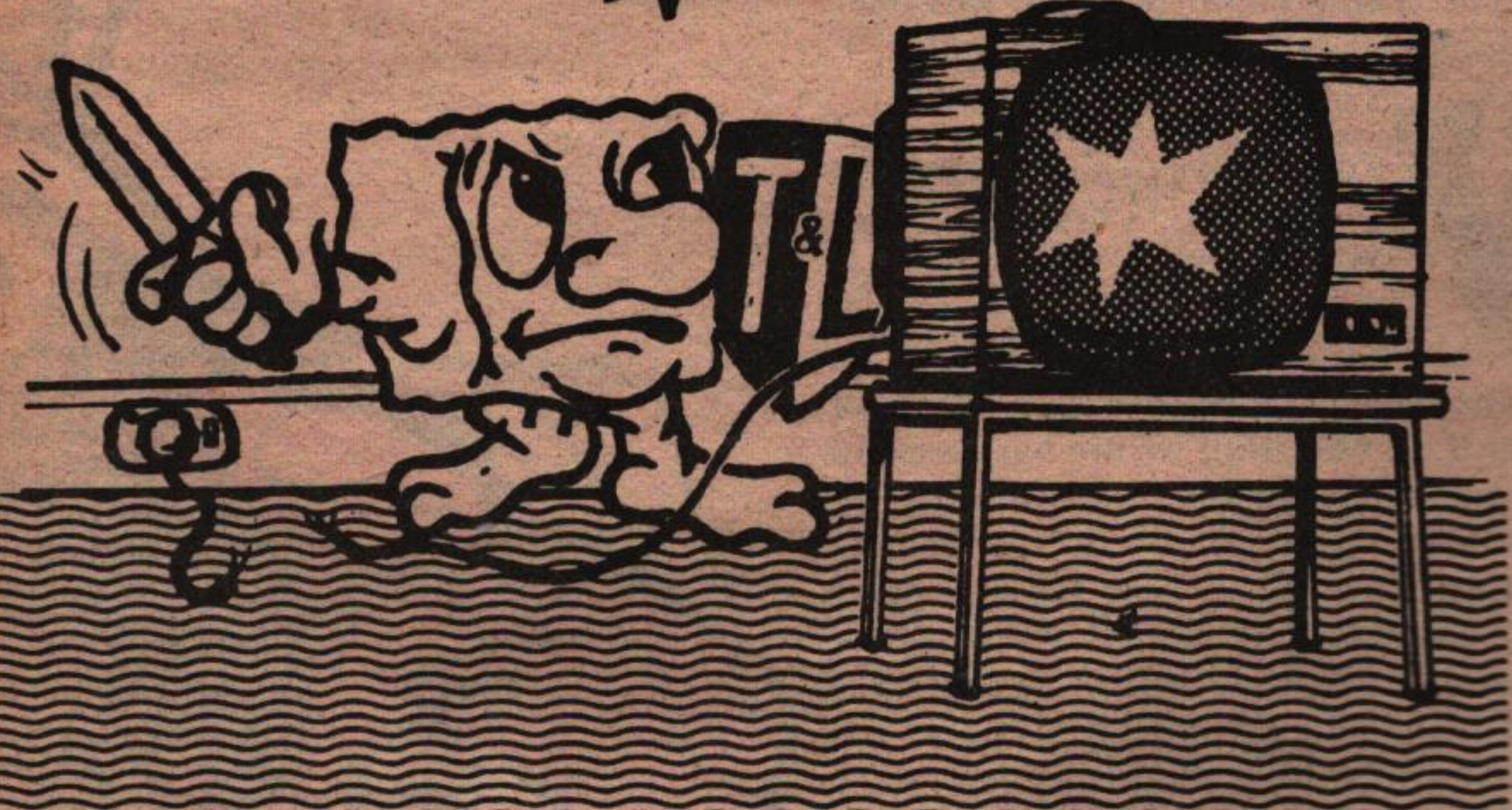
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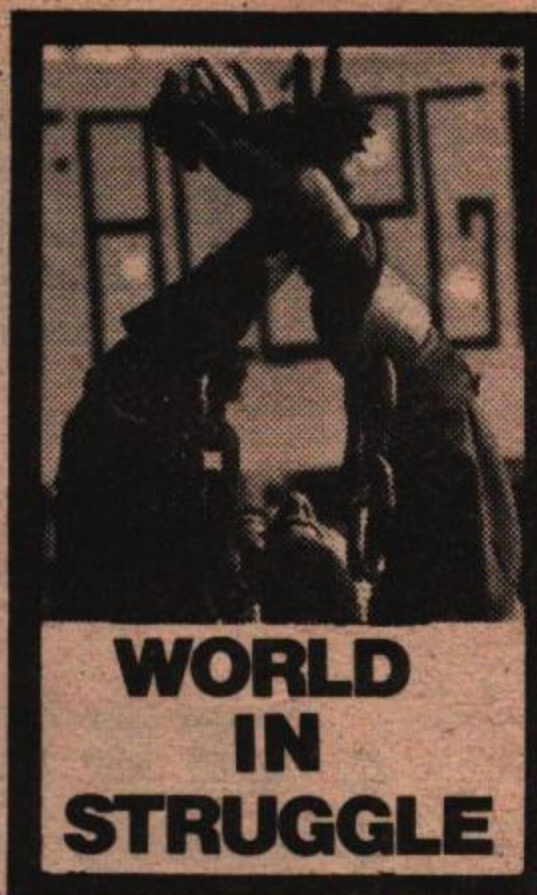
Tate and Lyle censors

..OUR NEXT PROGRAMME
WILL BE AN INVESTIGATION
OF PROFITS IN THE SUGAR
INDUSTRY.. *ZZZ PHUT!* *



From Socialist Worker, 10 August 1974.

profit from apartheid



AN UGLY and familiar partnership between the sugar firm Tate and Lyle and Law and Order have come together as television censors.

A wonderful ATV series on South Africa, produced by Anthony Thomas, has been interrupted by an injunction from the High Court granted by Roy Bedlam, a Queens Counsel and deputy judge. The injunction banned ATV from mentioning Tate and

Lyle in their programme last week about the pay and conditions of black workers employed by British companies in South Africa. The whole programme has been postponed.

Tate and Lyle has for some years been one of the most ruthless exploiters of black South African labour.

In 1975, they gave evidence to the House of Commons committee on black wages in South Africa. They claimed that their workers at the Ilovo Estates in Natal were working at wage rates above the poverty datum line—but only after they had ignored the official poverty line and fixed their own!

They claimed that the poverty line set by the South African authorities was too high for rural workers such as those at Ilovo.

In its place they fixed a 'reasonable' poverty line at 16 Rand—that's about £11.20 a month or less than £3 a week.

The only food allowed for in this Tate and Lyle 'poverty line' was two 80-kilo bags of maize a month.

Wilsher, deputy chairman of Ilovo, which was half-owned by Tate and Lyle, told the committee that workers there would 'expect to grow their own vegetables without it costing them anything'.

He also agreed that the Tate and Lyle diet laid down for their poverty line included 'no protein content'.

He also agreed that there was nothing allowed for any spending on housing. The workers, he explained, lived in dormitories provided by the company. Their families, banned from the dormitories, would be expected to build their own mud huts.

Army

Asked what life was like in Tate and Lyle dormitories in Ilovo, Wilsher replied: "It is rather like life in the army".

Asked if he would like to reconsider his analogy, Wilsher replied: "I do not quite follow. I had four very happy years in the army myself".

By all accounts, Anthony Thomas's programme exposes some of this arrogance about some of the poorest workers in the world.

The half-share in the Ilovo estates was bought at a knock-down price. It was sold at a good profit just a month after Anthony Thomas made his programme.

But Tate and Lyle own plenty of other estates and industries in South Africa.

Through their recent take-

by JOHN WILLS

over of Manbre and Garton, their own glucose, starch and molasses interests in South Africa. They also run the huge Hippo Valley Estates in Rhodesia and a very profitable company in Mozambique.

The chairman of Tate and Lyle, John Lyle, is an extreme right-wing fanatic. He and his fellow-directors are leading contributors to right-wing witch-hunting organisations such as the Economic League and Aims for Industry.

Speech

Recently, the company has become a big advertiser in the Free Nation, the journal of the National Association for Freedom.

The Tates and the Lyles believe in freedom of speech and freedom of the press—except when anyone in press or television dares to criticise Tate and Lyle.

This is not the first time Tate and Lyle have resorted to these tactics.

In August 1974, Socialist Worker published a front page article accusing Tate and Lyle of hoarding sugar to create an artificial sugar shortage and shove prices up.

When Thames Television asked Paul Foot to argue the matter out with Tate and Lyle on the Today programme, he agreed.

But Tate and Lyle rushed straight to the High Court, where they got an injunction preventing Paul Foot or Thames Television 'making defamatory comments' about Tate and Lyle.

The programme was replaced by another about a fox that drank lager.

Russia in crisis

FURTHER evidence came to light last week of how Russian is running into economic crisis.

The Supreme Soviet was told that the goals set for the economy this year had not been met for agriculture, oil and gas equipment and basic metals industries.

And the targets for production next year were cut back to the lowest since the war.

The expected industrial growth rate of 4.5 per cent is no higher than similar estimates for Western countries such as the US and Germany.

The Russian economy, like the Western economies is no longer able to perform the 'miracles' of 20 years ago. In 1966-70 industry grew at an average rate of 8.4 per cent a year; in 1971-75 by 7.5 per cent. Now it is growing at only about 5 per cent.

White man, eight votes

THE TV and newspapers have been telling us for weeks that Ian Smith, prime minister of Rhodesia, has accepted the principle of one man, one vote.

But the Guardian on Friday let slip that his talks with various middle-class black leaders are faltering because of his insistence on 'white control of one-third of the proposed parliamentary representation'.

Whites are four per cent of Rhodesia's population. So his scheme amounts to this: for Africans one man, one vote; for whites, one man eight votes.



Chile's hypocrites

NO ONE can now accuse the Chilean military ruler, Pinochet, of not having a sense of humour. He has just nominated a Chilean delegate to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights.

The delegate in question is Professor Luis Winter Iguait, of the Catholic University of Valparaiso. But he is better known to many inmates of Chile's prisons as an officer in the naval reserve.

In this capacity he interrogated and tortured left-wing sailors who were imprisoned when Pinochet seized power three and a half years ago.

MINISTER RESIGNS

THE Rumanian minister of mines has been forced to resign. This, of course, has nothing to do with the strikes that shook the mining region in July and the occupation of the area by armed troops ever since.

Wearing paper caps, and beating metal drums Rome construction workers stage a noisy demonstration after building contractors locked them out following pay disputes last week.

EMPEROR BOKASSA, MADE IN FRANCE

BOKASSA, the ruler of the Central African Empire, held a coronation for himself a couple of weeks ago.

The press really enjoyed itself poking fun at him—as if it is more ludicrous for a black man to put a crown on his head than for millions of pounds to be spent commemorating the occasion when a white woman did the same.

Bokassa's behaviour is, of course, both absurd and barbaric. He has beaten prisoners to death with his bare hands and cut the ears off thieves.

But what do you expect from a former sergeant in the French army that fought to keep Vietnam when it was a French colony, using much the same methods later made notorious by the Americans?

Bokassa does have his friends, though. The French president, Giscard d'Estaing goes big game hunting with Bokassa several times each year in the emperor's private hunting area.

The French government contributed £1 million to the cost of the coronation, providing credit for the buying of a fleet of Mercedes cars and 200 BMW motorcycles.

EMPIRE

When Bokassa proclaimed himself emperor, he received an immediate message of congratulations from Giscard.

Perhaps this has something to do with the fact that 45 per cent of the goods shipped from Bokassa's empire belong to French companies.



The new emperor on his two-ton, gold-plated throne.

WHY YOU SHOULD BE A SOCIALIST
PAUL FOOT

We socialists are not fanatics or time servers. We are socialists because we see the prospect which life holds out for all working people.

We want the commitment of workers who laugh and live and want to end the wretchedness and despair which shuts love and laughter out of so many lives.

We do not have to spend the rest of our lives, and leave our children to spend the rest of their lives, wrestling in the struggle against a mean and despotic ruling class.

Society can be changed, but only if masses of working people abandon the rotten shipwreck of the 'leave it to us' reformers, and commit themselves to change from below.

This pamphlet puts our case. Will you read it?

50p, including postage, from: Socialist Worker Distributors, 6 Cottons Gardens, London E2.

AMANDA and the FORTY



Amanda shivered. It was cold. Worse, it was Christmas. In less than an hour she would have to face the men with their harnesses and their whips. 'Reigning in the reindeer' was their nasty little joke for it. And the next few weeks would be hard. Hard grinding through the endless snow; the long waits in the cold, almost as bad as moving; the flick of the long whips and the harness biting into her shoulders and back. Amanda had a few minutes left to dream and she dreamt of the Christmases a long time ago when all the reindeer in the White Plains looked forward to Christmas. The work was still hard, but it was fun somehow. There was plenty of food and warmth. And every year there were more presents for the children.

Even the Father Christmases didn't seem so bad then. A bit pompous, perhaps, and silly. But at least they were friendly and he called most of the top reindeers by their nicknames.

There wasn't any need to use a whip because most reindeers looked forward to Christmas and even competed for a place in the sleigh teams.

It was difficult to remember when things started to get bad. Gradually, Christmas by Christmas, the perks vanished. Then the food which they'd always got at each stop on the run wasn't there any

more. Then there were less and less presents to give out, and a lot of sad children who followed the sleighs mournfully hoping for a present, but never getting one.

When the reindeers didn't turn up for the sleigh teams, the Father Christmases went out into the White Plains with guns and halters. Amanda shivered again as she remembered her father, a proud reindeer chief, breaking free from his halter and darting across the plain.

She remembered the crack and the whistle and her father's blood on the snow, and the mocking cry of the huntsman: 'Perhaps there will be something for you to eat on this trip reindeer meat!'

And so the reindeer had succumbed—but not completely. Amanda snuggled down and smiled as she remembered the Christmas when the Father Christmases hadn't got it all their own way. That



year, the sleigh bells, which summoned the subdued reindeer for the Christmas run, rung early.

As the reindeer gathered, they found that there weren't any Father Christmases, nor any sleighs. Instead a great male reindeer stood in the middle of the glade, ringing the bells.

He was a cheerful, popular reindeer, this one. They called him Jackanhughie.

We don't have to go on doing just as Father Christmas says' Jackanhughie was saying as Amanda joined the crowd. 'But if we disobey, we must disobey together. If we break from the crowd one by one, they will shoot us down. But if we wait until we are harnessed to the sleighs, and break together with the sleighs, there's nothing they can do'. Amanda remembered, giggling a little, how she and other females had grumbled. Wouldn't it just annoy Father Christmas, wouldn't they all be shot? She remembered Jackanhughie blowing his horn, and all the sleighs turning from the tracks and racing over the snow to their rendezvous in the forest—and the Father Christmases swearing and stumbling far behind them in the snow.

And she remembered how Jackanhughie had gone back and talked to Father Christmas, and had told him that there would be no presents distributed this year nor any other year unless the shooting stopped, and unless there was better food, and more presents to give out.

And the shooting *did* stop, and there was better food and more presents. And Jackanhughie called them all together, and handed them all a little horn.

'I must go away now' he said. A moan rose up in the ranks of the reindeer. 'Don't worry', he bellowed. 'Here for every one of you is a horn which you can tie around your neck.'



'And if one of you is in trouble ever again, just blow the horn and cry out: COOEE! COOEE! JACKANHUGHIE! COME AND HELP ME! I'll hear that call wherever I am and I will come and help you'.

And all the deer cheered as Jackanhughie disappeared into the evening sun.

And it *had* happened many times since, Amanda thought grimly as she struggled to her feet and shook off the snow. When the whips cracked on the Christmas run, they had blown their horns and Jackanhughie had come bounding over the hill.

And he agreed with the Father Christmases that the whips would never be used again, *unless any reindeer behaved really badly*. And the whips were out just as much again the next year.

And things had got worse, and although Jackanhughie always came when you called him, he didn't seem to make that much difference...

All this dreaming made Amanda late for the muster. Everyone got there before her. And when she came to the top of the little hill over the muster point, she stopped and ducked back again in horror. For in front of her a thousand reindeer—the best reindeer in all the Great Plains—were being chained to each other. There were no sleighs in sight. The Father Christmases had lost their scarlet coats. They were in uniform now, shouting and bawling at the men to tighten the chains. 'We've had enough!' they bawled at the reindeer. 'We're going to teach you a lesson once and for all. *We* decide what happens at Christmas, no one else, d'you understand? If you don't, you soon will'.

The deer struggled and heaved, but they were trapped in a small space and all round them were Father Christmases with guns, each one with a wolf, the deadliest enemy of the reindeer, straining and slaving on a leash.

And Amanda watched as each reindeer put their horns to their lips and blew a mighty blast which echoed through the plains:

COOEE! COOEE!
JACKANHUGHIE!
COME AND HELP ME!"

The wail died in the distance, and all eyes strained on the white horizon. But there was no Jackanhughie cantering over the plains.



They called again, but he did not come. And the Father Christmases burst out laughing and dived in among the reindeer, slicing the horns from their necks with long thin knives.

There was blood on the snow, and a moaning and a clanking of chains which went on all that night and the next as the chained cavalcade wound its way to Christmas city.

Amanda followed, and watched. She watched as the men sent ten selected deer every hour into the wolves' paddock. She watched as the men singed their initials on the reindeers skins with branding irons.

When they came to the city, she watched as the deer were led to the bottom of the Christmas castle. She watched as a mighty mahogany door was swung back by pulleys and levers and the deer were led inside. And she

Y THOUSAND REINDEER



But Amanda was not watching them. She was transfixed by the sight of Jackanhughie, walking up and down with all the Father Christmases.

He had pulled on a cloak of the best scarlet. He wore a false white beard, and he walked up and down kissing children. And Amanda had a curious feeling that the Father Christmases weren't laughing out of jollity.

They were Ho, Ho Ho-ing at Jackanhughie!

And a great anger welled up inside her, and she turned and ran—ran furiously for two days and nights all the way back to the Great Plains.

As she ran, a single thought kept pounding in her head in rhythm to her beating hooves: *He never did anything for us. Never, nothing. Never nothing.*



It was *we* who gave the call and answered it, *we* who broke with our sleighs that day when we beat them. *We* did it, but we never realised it. We thought it was *him* and now he has betrayed us'.

These thoughts she turned to words when she got back to the rest of the herd. But it wasn't a herd any more.

The best and strongest of the reindeer had been taken to the city. Among those left, the majority were female, for the Father Christmases had always said that the female reindeer were useless for sleigh-driving.

Then there were the caribous. And the Father Christmases like their reindeer white, pure white. The caribous never had anything to do and most of them never believed they could do anything.

As Amanda told her story, they moaned and bleated. Many put out little idols to Father Christmas and prayed to him to send the prisoners home again. But most came to the forest muster point of all the herd where Amanda said: 'We can't survive on our own. The Father Christmases have imprisoned our best reindeer, so that we can never again break with our sleighs and tell him what we want. And Jackanhughie is being cosseted at the castle while our friends are chained in the dungeon. *We must do something, and if you want to know what—follow me!*

And she led the sad, mottled cluster of reindeer over the Plains until they found other clusters, and other herds. Until that time the reindeer had always wandered in small herds. But Amanda and her friends sought other herds, and told them what was happening in Christmas city. And then, one silent night, they collected together, twenty thousand female reindeer, ten thousand caribous and another ten thousand male reindeer from far beyond the Great Plains. And they moved as one force all that night and the next and the next until they came, in the early morning light, to the slopes of the great castle.

Smoothly and silently as they had glided across the Plains, they swam the moat and formed up in endless rows, a strange, dim army in the snow.

And they charged the mahogany door. Amanda thought, as she charged with the first line, of how the Father Christmases and even some of the male reindeer had always laughed at her antlers.

They weren't big, majestic antlers like the ones the men had. They were short and strong and, Amanda thought, very useful for charging

OR JACKANHUGHIE: THE FINAL SELL OUT AT CHRISTMAS CITY



wooden walls. And sure enough, long before any of them had hoped, the great wall started to crack and splinter. It crashed to a roar which woke the whole castle.

And suddenly there were forty thousand reindeer pounding through the passages, freeing the prisoners, pulverising the wolves and throwing the Father Christmases one by one into the freezing moat.

At the top of the castle the victorious reindeer found an attic, locked apparently for ever.



In it were hundreds of thousands of Christmas presents of every description. The next morning they loaded the presents on sleighs and took them round the city.

Every child in every part of the city got presents that Christmas. The bells rang clearer and the sleighs ran easier and the Christmas round was suddenly fun again.

And its been like that ever since, every Christmas. There's always been more presents for

everyone. People argue who should get the most, but no one gets too many and no one goes without.

And there is never any need for the whip or the halter. The reindeer themselves organise the Christmas round, and it gets quicker and smoother every year.

And ever since the wild reindeer have always travelled in huge herds, which have kept the wolves at bay and dealt, ruthlessly with any man who came against them with a gun.

And the female reindeer are still the only female deer with antlers.

Amanda didn't get married, and so lived happily ever after.

And Jackanhughie? Well, he was freed when the reindeer stormed Christmas' castle. He had to put up with a lot of cruel jokes. Reindeer would sneak up behind him blowing horns and shouting COOEE!

But Jackanhughie became an ordinary reindeer again and liked it. Most reindeer quickly forgot about his treachery, and came to like him and trust him—but never rely on him—again.

And as for Father Christmas—well, no one even believes in him any more.

watched from a window as the deer were manacled inside the castle, and the wolves tethered close to them to gloat at their future feasts. And the door—it was more than a door it was a wooden wall—slammed shut and Amanda felt she would rather be inside and chained and tortured, than outside, alone and powerless to do anything for her friends.



Amanda wandered all night hopeless and hungry around the city. In the morning, she found herself in a crowd of people in the city square. The Father Christmases were gathering for their annual parade.

They were all in jolly red uniforms, with jolly white beards, and they all walked up and down kissing children and shouting 'Ho! Ho! Ho!' in a jolly way.



Story:

Paul Foot

Drawings:

Phil Evans

THE SOCIALIST ALTERNATIVE!

North East

SOUTH TYNESIDE Socialist Workers Party: For details of all meetings please contact the Socialist Worker sellers in the following places:
GATEHEAD: SW sales Gateshead High Street (outside Littlewoods) every Saturday 10.30 to 1pm.
HEBBURN: SW sales Hebburn shopping centre, every Saturday 10.30 to 12 noon.
JARROW: SW sales Bede Shopping Precinct, every Saturday 11 to 1pm.
SOUTH SHIELDS: SW sales, King Street (near Marks and Spencers), every Saturday 11 to 12 noon.

Wales

SWANSEA Socialist Workers Party sell Socialist Worker in College Street every Saturday, 11.30am to 1pm. Pamphlets, IS Journals and Rank and File papers also on sale. Come along for a chat and help us to sell SW.

Midlands

CREWE Socialist Workers Party public meeting: Which way to socialism? Speaker Paul Foot. Thursday 19 January, 7.45pm. Details of place from SW sellers.

LEICESTER Socialist Workers Party Christmas Party, Thursday 22 December. Details from SW sellers.

South East

ASHFORD Socialist Workers Party sell SW at the entrance to the Tufton Centre every Saturday 11am to 12.30pm. Come along for a chat and help us sell SW.

London

CENTRAL LONDON Socialist Workers Party Civil and Public Services Branch public meetings. Alternate Wednesdays, ask your paper seller for time and places of meetings. 21 December. Pre-Christmas booze-up—and exercise in real ale tasting. 4 January. Is Russia socialist now?

LAMBETH Socialist Workers Party New Year's Eve Party: The last great party at Alphonsus Road. West Indian food, draught beer. 11pm till dawn, New Year's Day. Full details to follow. Numbers limited, so book now. Phone 01-720 4701.

BERMONDSEY Branch Socialist Workers Party meets every Thursday 8pm at Bede House, Southwark Park Road (Nr John Bull Arch).

Public meetings and events organised by the Socialist Workers' Party and its fraternal organisations.

□ Send details of meetings and notices to reach us by first post Monday at the latest, to Whats On, Socialist Worker, PO Box 82, London E2 9DS.

COULD YOU help organise Skegness/the SWP National Conference/deal daily with branches/run the national office?
 □ The SWP are looking for an ADMIN/ORGANISER, capable of working under own initiative. It is not a typing job, but you cannot do the job unless you can type. SWP members only.
 □ Details to National Secretary, 6 Cottons Gardens, London E2 (phone 01-739 9772).

TOWER HAMLETS Socialist Workers Party branch meetings every Wednesday 8pm, Oxford House, Devonshire Street, Bethnal Green. All SW readers welcome.

SOUTH LONDON Socialist Workers Party NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY: Soul and Reggae and Punk. Food. 50p admission before 11.30, 70p after. St Alphonsus Rd, Clapham Common (one minute from tube).

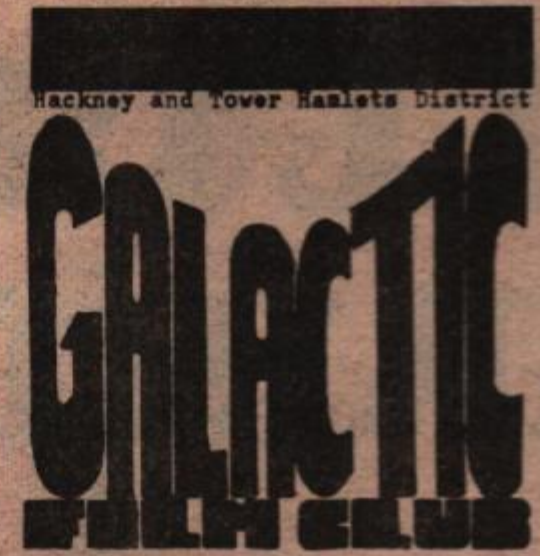
SOUTH WEST LONDON Socialist Workers Party Public Meeting: Why you should be a socialist. Speaker: Steve Jefferys. Tuesday 10 January, 8pm, for details of place ask your SW seller.

CROYDON Socialist Workers Party SOCIAL to celebrate the New Year: Thursday 29 December, 8pm, Ruskin House, corner of Park Lane and Coombe Rd.

SW Notices

WOULD B KELLY, who ordered a Dan Jones Grunwicks print, please send SW Recordings his or her address.

LABOUR HISTORY CALENDARS 1978, printed and published by Sheffield Socialist Workers Party. Each month highlights an event in working class history. Sheffield Outrages 1850-58, Suffragettes 1900-1914, Shop Stewards Movement 1915-20, General Strike 1926, River Don Work In 1971, Kill the Bill 1972, and others. Limited edition of this fine calendar. Not just useful but a marvellous catalogue of our traditions. Rush order to Simon Ogden, 1 Portsea Road, Sheffield 6, 0742 34674. Price including postage £1.80.



DISPEL the Post-Christmas blues. Come and see the film *SLEEPER*—Woody Allen meets Big Brother and wins. Friday 6 January, Bethnal Green Music Library, Cambridge Heath Road, London E2. Admission 60p.

BARROW: Anybody interested in forming a Barrow Branch of the Socialist Workers Party please contact paper sellers every Saturday outside closed market, 10-12, or contact Socialist Worker.

SOCIALIST Workers Party punk band need drummer and bassist. Ring Tony 01-703 9111 Ext 6, between 9 and 5, Monday to Friday.

FOR SALE: back copies of Socialist Worker 1968-74 very nearly complete. Would make a wonderful Christmas present—offers, phone Jackie on 01-249 6777 evenings before 13 December, or write to R&F Films, c/o 265A Seven Sisters Road, London N4. Proceeds to Right to Work film.

RENTAMOB STRIKES AGAIN! Second issue of Rentamob, agitprop bulletin of the SWP and supporters, out next week. Includes: Consumer's Guide to Demos/Pickets/Trials, report of the Right to Work Film, 'Throwing some light on boring meeting', Parties for the party, and many other things. 10p a copy plus 7p postage (10 for £1, post free) from Dave Simmonds, Counter Act, 27 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1.

ISRAEL—A RACIST STATE? The Third Socialist Worker Pocket Pamphlet. Out now! 5p each—£3 for a hundred. Orders to: Socialist Workers Distributors 6 Cottons Gardens, London, E2 8DN.

Notices

□ Notices for this column must be posted to arrive by first post Monday before publication. We cannot take details over the phone. CASH WITH COPY ONLY to Classified, Socialist Worker, PO Box 82, London E2 9DS.



MANCHESTER Rock Against Racism Christmas concert: Friday 23 December in Stretford Civic Theatre. Bands are: The Fall, The Worst and poet John Cooper-Clarke. Tickets available beginning of December.

THE RED FLAG: Illustrated Poster (24" x 18") of Socialism's Song (five verses). £1 from Glossprint (SW), 62 Spire Hollin, Glossop, Derbyshire.



THE 1978 BLACK and White Calendar with 12 superb photographs by Robert Golden produced by North West London Socialist Workers Party for the fight against racism and fascism. Only 50p from Bookmarks and other bookshops soon or direct from Black & White Calendar, c/o 214 Roundwood Road, London, NW10. Cash with order. Postage and packing 10p each. 10 or more post free. Cheques payable to Black and White Calendar.

December issue

Womens Voice out now!

Childrens books, reviewed by children, our first short story; the Virgin birth; news; reviews; and much more.

Copies available from Womens Voice, 6 Cottons Gardens, London E2, 20p including postage, or from your Socialist Worker seller.

Womens Voice 1978

Being working class these is being born with a pair of hands which are practically withered away by the time you are finished - and you've got nothing to show for it.

ie Spike - housewife/nightcleaner

You heard you tell me how you'll pull the bosses down

JANUARY

9	16	23	30
10	17	24	31
11	18	25	
12	19	26	
13	20	27	
14	21	28	
5	22	29	

FEBRUARY

6	13	20	27
7	14	21	28
1	8	15	22
2	9	16	23
3	10	17	24
4	11	18	25
5	12	19	26

MARCH

6	13	20	27
7	14	21	28
1	8	15	22
2	9	16	23
3	10	17	24
4	11	18	25
5	12	19	26

This is the first ever Womens Voice calendar. Beautifully designed, and printed in two colours, it comes folded, so that you can either display two months at a time or stretch it out to its full length. Because we want as many people as possible to be able to have copies we are offering two calendars for £1, postage and packing free. We will enclose a message for copies sent direct by us to your friends. Order early in time for the New Year!

□ 75p each, or send one to a friend and you can have two for £1. Cash with order to Womens Voice Calendar, 6 Cottons Gardens, London, E2.

Washing the news greyer than grey

THE local newspaper lurched into the house today. It was the usual fare. Plenty about petty crime, the Women's Institute, chrysanthemums (an awful lot about chrysanthemums), the latest royal visit, another batch of fox hunts.

The rag is guaranteed to have you fast asleep by page five.

I can just see them putting the paper together. Ingredients—greyness, lack of humour, microscopic attention to petty detail, and most important a total contempt for energy, imagination and creativity.

This week there were some unpleasant creatures crawling around in the chrysanthemums. One was a vicar who wanted to get back to the good old days of corporal punishment.

Discipline, that's where we are going wrong. A good sharp rod across the behind never did any child any harm. Look at me.

'Another sherry? Don't mind if I do.'

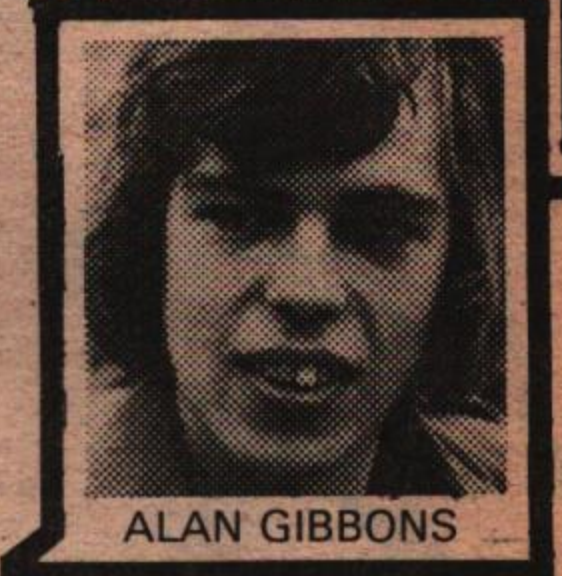
Then there's the chief education officer. He's also disturbed by the state of the schools, and would you credit it, he too has a magic solution: the six Rs.

Whisky

Reading, writing, arithmetic, religion, respect and responsibility.

'How far the children of today are from the respectful, responsible, kids of yesterday,' you can hear him say, 'singing Ave Marias all

Socialist Workers talking



the way to the school. 'Mine's a whisky, make it a double.' And they don't stop at the kids. The same lesson is hammered home all the way through the paper. 'Prison teaches man a lesson' is another headline. The editor lives in an Old Testament world where anyone straying from the path brings a swift and heavy retribution about his head.

Rowdy

There are the judges, headmasters, rectors and chiefs of police on the one side, and football hooligans, under age drinkers, rowdy schoolkids and social security scroungers on the other.

And of course the Establishment eleven always wins 5-0.

It's a useful view of the way things are, of course. Once you've made it clear that there are those who do and those who don't get on the wrong side of the law, it's easy to cover things up.

The front page this week has rumours of corruption among certain councillors. The paper calls the rumours a smear. And who are we to disagree? They don't do such things.

'Another brandy Ted... Now, about the contract for those empty railway carriages....'

'Police training? Oh, call in a Nazi'

SO the Nazi Front's Martin Webster was recently invited to address a police seminar at Durham.

Earlier John Tyndall had claimed: 'Our opponents in the establishment would be quite frightened if they knew how much sympathy we have in the police' (quoted in the Observer Magazine, 11 September). It all adds up.

The attitudes of the newly-enrolled young coppers on the **LONDON WEEKEND SHOW** (LWT) gave a good insight to the simplistic, 'goodies or baddies' thinking of many of them.

Typical comments were 'I'm a great believer in discipline' or 'I joined the force for action'. Action against who? I ask.

Another, in training at Lewisham of all places, observed: 'It's the second generation of blacks who cause the trouble.'

One of these upright, close-cropped examples of the best of British manhood came out with: 'At Grunwicks extremist minorities are exploiting the situation'. Did he mean the NAFF, I wonder?

Or what about those ministers who have been on the picket line, Shirley Williams, Fred Mulley, and Douglas Howell? Extremists all? Hardly.

POLICE

MP Audrey Wise, when asking the Special Patrol Group to desist in their brutality, was arrested herself. She obviously must be an 'extremist', as must be those many eye-witness Labour MPs and trade union officials who have denounced the police thuggery.

Of the many thousands who made up themass pickets, no account at all was taken of the fact that coming from all over the country they represented

TELEVISION by Ossie Lewis

millions of trade unionists. To the young, eager-beaver, new-style copper they are a 'minority'.

Tyndall says he would have used water cannon and rubber bullets.

One rookie was frank enough to admit that at the Hendon Police College 'we have to go through a sort of dehumanising process' and a woman would-be copper had had some trouble with her conscience. Coming from the provinces, she confessed that she could not have faced the reaction of her friends when she decided to enrol, so she came to London.

VIOLENT

The reaction of the hand-picked schoolchildren who were asked to give their view of today's friendly neighbourhood bobby ranged from 'stand-offish' to 'violent'.

One youngster indignantly recounted how at a football match he was snatched quite unwarrantedly and searched in full view of the crowd. The doors of the police van were opened ready to receive him, when wiser counsels prevailed and he was let go.

Janet Street-Porter, in a rather guarded summing-up, observed that 'police recruits change something in their personality' and gave the advice: 'It's up to the police to balance their dehumanisation—whatever that means.

Is it that they they should seek to become at least half-human?

Finally she added: 'The police image has changed'. She can say that again.

Socialist Worker

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BLOCK CAPITALS!

WHY RUSSIA ISN'T SOCIALIST—Duncan Hallas exposes the myth that repressive dictatorship is the inevitable consequence of the removal of capitalism, a myth that blocks the road to socialism in both East and West.

A recorded cassette, 42 minutes, followed by 34 minutes of questions and answers. £1.50 including postage, from SW Recordings, PO Box 82, London E2 9DS.



Socialist Worker Recordings produces cassettes of meetings, discussions, documentaries on political subjects relevant to the struggle for socialism. Our list includes:

CHILE: A documentary in sound, examining what went wrong with Chile's parliamentary road to socialism which led to the bloody military coup of 1973. 55 minutes. £1.40.

LENIN: Tony Cliff cuts through the

mythology, that has been built around the man who played a leading role in building the Bolshevik Party and in the Russian workers' revolution of 1917. 43 minutes. £1.40.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BLACK POWER? Fred Hooper, a former member of the Black Panthers, on why the Black Power movement of the 1960s failed to find a way out of racism and oppression for the black people of the US. 50 minutes. £1.40.

WORLD CRISIS: Nigel Harris shows how the famines and upheavals of the poor countries of the

world are the result of the biggest world economic crisis since the 1930s, and examines the implications for socialists. 58 minutes. £1.40.

RACISM AND THE BLUES: David Widgery on the roots of blues singing, particularly that of Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday, in the slavery and oppression of blacks in the US. 55 minutes. £1.40.

SHELLEY AND REVOLUTION: Paul Foot on the work of a poet who was a revolutionary, republican and feminist, but whose work and life has been vastly misrepresented for 150 years. 87 minutes. £1.50.

SW Recordings, PO Box 82, London E2 9DS.

Socialist Worker/Bookmarks



CHRISTMAS BOOK SUPPLEMENT



I CAN remember it as clear as ever—the first time I did this strange thing called reading a book.

It was in 1927 and I was away at sea earning £3.50 a month.

I picked up this book called *The Count of Monte Cristo*. I started reading it to get away from the utter boredom and monotony of the job. I read it for release.

It just captivated me.

After the *Count of Monte Cristo* came more books. I began to understand people. I began to understand life.

I started to get away from the shackles that school had put on my mind. All the nonsense about how all Taffies are comedians, all Scots mean.

You know the sort of rubbish. You hear it today about black people.

BOOKS THAT SPOKE FOR ME

IT'S IMPORTANT to me to make it clear that I read for pleasure, not out of some sense of duty.

It's no use telling working-class people that they've 'got to' read this and that. Our whole lives are filled with other people trying to tell us what we've 'got to do'.

And most of us hate it. It reminds us of school, homework and other terrible things.

I learned to read and write. I say write. What I mean is I can write my name. I can write a letter.

But I find it so hard to put my thoughts into the written word.

The books I came to love all had this one quality—they put those thoughts I had never been encouraged to express on to paper.

The books I loved were 'my' books in a very special way. I felt as if I had written them.

I became hungry for the horizons of life that I could find in Bernard Shaw, in Upton Sinclair and Sean O'Casey.

Christ, I love to read O'Casey.

The point of his writing is not to throw important words around. It's to probe and understand the world we live in and explore what we all have within us. That's why I love O'Casey.

LIFE, NOT 'POLITICS'

PEOPLE had a tremendous influence on me too. I remember I came across this old Communist called Wally when I was young. As a result I later joined the Communist

CONFESSIONS OF A BOOK ADDICT

by JIMMY CLARK



Party, which I've been in ever since.

Wally was an amazing man. He had this ability to talk, not about 'Politics' with a capital 'P', but about life. He used to use a pub in Canning Town. Christ, everyone loved to talk with him.

He expressed things in a working-class way. He might disagree with what you said, but you never got the feeling that he felt in any way superior.

Wally was a singer, a story teller, a great character. In our language he was what we call a diamond. He had the great gift of getting across to people who weren't political or were hostile to politics.

Wally and the books I had come to love had a lot in common. They were out to increase the eloquence and confidence of ordinary people, to help them recognise the

strength and talent that is within them.

The effect of these books and people on me was that I tried to write. I kept a sort of journal. My brother, my beloved brother Alec, called it 'The Diary of a Dypsomaniac'.

I wrote it but I always found that my hand could never write as fast as my brain could think.

People of our class constantly have their self-confidence sapped from them. At school they teach us about the stiff upper lip, about *esprit de corps*.

They kept saying to us: 'You must never cry'. Why shouldn't we cry? Why shouldn't we laugh? Why shouldn't we scream?

BEATING THE PATTERN

YOU ASK me why I like books. It's simple.

I love books because they help

to defeat the pattern that is laid down for you by being born poor.

The environment in which we grow ruins so many fine youngsters. You can see that all over the East End, what fine people they are despite the conditions, what wonderful people they could be.

I remember a story that we used years ago in the Communist Party to describe how our lives were stunted.

We used to say: 'If an acorn is planted in the midst of a thick forest of pines can it grow and spread its branches into an oak? Of course it can't.

It has to compete with the pines all around. It has to grow thin and straight. It *can't* spread its branches.

And if nature does that to trees, how much more does it happen to human beings?

Books helped me to grow despite the cramped conditions and the artificial darkness of poverty. They helped to root me in the long struggles of our class the world over.

And isn't it beautiful when working-class people set aside the appearances and the pretences that we have to adopt for survival, and instead speak and say what we really feel.

I like to think of life as a train journey. You jump on the train on the day that you're born and after that you must try to make a choice.

Are you going to be someone who explores the train, the land and nature and life around it?

Or are you going to let them make you into someone cut off from all that, someone whose whole life amounts to saying 'Get the playing cards out. I want to win a few bob.'

Jimmy Clark at home with his beloved books. Jimmy, now 69, has been a seaman, a docker, a shiprepairer and a good many other things besides. He was raised in Custom House, in the heart of London's East End. He now lives with his wife Mary in Forest Gate.

TEN BOOKS SHOOK THE WORLD



John Reed

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

John Reed must be one of the luckiest journalists in history.

He was an American socialist who travelled to Russia in 1917 to find out about the developing Bolshevik Party. He spoke good Russian.

He was in Petrograd in October when the Bolsheviks led the working people of Russia in a revolution which dismantled the entire economic system.

John Reed told the story of the revolution in TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD.

I have a first English edition of the book, which is not like most first editions. It is printed in a dirty grey cloth cover and published by the Communist Party of Great Britain in 1926.

I bought it for 1/6 (7½p) in a long-since demolished second-hand bookshop at Anderston Cross, Glasgow, at a time when I was impatiently starting a training period before 'going into politics'.

The 'politics' were the politics of the newspapers and television: the politics of a small group of well-spoken and sometimes even well-meaning men and women whose job and career it is to do things 'on behalf of others'.

Politics was a profession, just like the law of accountancy. Its qualifications were a gift of the gab, a facility for administration and a good deal of vanity. Political apprentices were encouraged to develop a series of 'principles' and a 'conscience'.

John Reed's book smashed all that to pieces. It introduced me, for the first time—and that after 24 years of expensive education—to the masses: not the 'mob' of school history books, not the 'electorate' evoked by politicians to confirm their prejudices, but the masses in motion, tearing aside centuries of apathy and subservience and reaching for aspirations which most of them had never before imagined.

□ PAUL FOOT, journalist.



TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD, by John Reed, Penguin Books, £1

The Female Eunuch



GERMAINE GREER

I read Germaine Greer's THE FEMALE EUNUCH in the winter of 1970-71 soon after it was published. It moved me greatly.

It penetrated so radically into those aspects of our lives hidden by ignorance and fear and convention that it was at times very painful to read.



For the first time a woman writer was being honest not just about the way we are treated but the way we treat ourselves. She cut through the layers of self-defence and self-deception, but not without pain and anguish and love.

It is a generous, courageous book, beautifully written and all the more effective for being published in the very early days of women's liberation.

I read the Female Eunuch when things were very tough for me. It helped to give me the guts to keep going.

□ JUDITH CONDON, Women's Voice columnist.

THE FEMALE EUNUCH, by Germaine Greer, Paladin, 75p



GEORGE ORWELL Homage to Catalonia

I've always liked Spanish people and I went to Spain to learn the language when I was 23. I wasn't interested in politics before then, but in Spain I became interested.

It was in this situation that I came across George Orwell's HOMAGE TO CATALONIA. I loved the book. It was so exciting and revealing of the Spanish Civil War and of why the fascists won.

The thing that struck me most of all was the account of the workers' militia. It was democratically run with everyone on the same pay and food. It created enormous comradeship.

To somebody who hadn't thought about politics it was amazing. I'd always assumed that you needed bosses, people giving orders, a hierarchy.

Thus one book ripped that idea apart. Spain had obviously had a tremendous effect on George Orwell the author, and the way that book is written transfers the enthusiasm and sense of wonder to the reader.

No-one should miss this book.

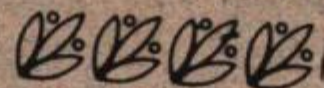
□ SANDY WENN, bookshop worker.

HOMAGE TO CATALONIA, by George Orwell, Penguin Books, 75p

GERMINAL

Emile Zola

I was born and raised in Cyprus and came here to Britain to study. I got interested in the women's movement and my outlook on life began to change. Then came the attempted coup in Cyprus and the invasion by the Turkish army, just the latest in a long series of disasters that the interests of empire had let loose upon Cyprus.



The whole experience put my ideas into the melting pot.

Someone gave me the great socialist novel GERMINAL to read. It knocked me out.

The descriptions of the working conditions in the mines, and the life that people had to put up with shocked and angered me and changed my views about society.

I'm sure it will do the same for anyone who cares to read it. The book will also give them great pleasure.

□ ANDROULLA ECONOMOU.



GERMINAL, by Emile Zola, Penguin Books, 95p



Strumpet City

Anyone can get hold of STRUMPET CITY, by James Plunkett. I was just amazed by this book. It's so strong and so sensitive.

It has that rare quality of showing you something more than the things in our society that have to be fought against. It shows the real values inside all human beings, values that can be realised even in conditions of the greatest stress.

It is beautifully written and important to me because it keeps in front of us the potential inside all working people, a potential which will be expressed in the kind of society we want to build.

In my job so much garbage comes past my eyes, Health and Safety

JAMES PLUNKETT

Executive press releases, technical reports and what have you.

Typical was a piece I read recently in the British Journal of Industrial Medicine on the destruction of the Belfast ladders. It was written as if it was a commentary on a cricket match. There wasn't the slightest sense of anger or outrage as this murder of a people.

Strumpet City rekindled the flame of outrage in me again and again. I would recommend it to anyone.

□ PAT KINNERSLY, author of the best-selling The Hazards of Work, and How to fight them.

STRUMPET CITY, by James Plunkett, Panther, £1.25

Fontamara



IGNAZIO SILONE

Even with the huge amount of books on the market, particularly paperback, it's still difficult to recommend unreservedly a book to Socialist Worker readers.

But FONTAMARA is a book that presents no problems.

Ignazio Silone's book is easy to read, exciting, humorous and packs a political punch.

The novel is set in a southern mountain village in Mussolini's Italy. It tells the story of a peasant township weighed down by lack of education and superstition, being exploited by government officials and landowners.

Then when they try to fight back, they are brutally put down by the fascist police.

This book shows the real face of fascism—brutal and greedy—with government corruption and lies bewildering the peasants.



Although in one way a tragic story, with violent death, rape and suicide, it has a certain humour.

The political message, although present throughout the book, takes real form when Berardo, one of the peasants' likely leaders, soon to be murdered by the fascist police, makes a speech to his friend in prison:

'Unity, it's a new word. That is solidarity. That is strength. There is only one thing we lack—unity. All the rest will come itself,' he says.

The book ends on a down note, with the peasants split and asking 'What are we to do?'

But the lesson is still there. Fascism must be fought. The main weapon in the fight is unity of the working class.

□ GEORGE KELLY, electrician.



FONTAMARA, by Ignazio Silone, is being reprinted by Journeyman Press, ready February 1978, about £1

POWER WITHOUT GLORY

Frank Hardy

POWER WITHOUT GLORY is one of the great portraits of the 20th century capitalist system.

Its author, Frank Hardy, started out as a barrack room narrator, then worked as a journalist on the racing paper The Trotting Board.

He became obsessed with using his Irish way with a tale to chart the rise to power of one crooked operator called John Wren.

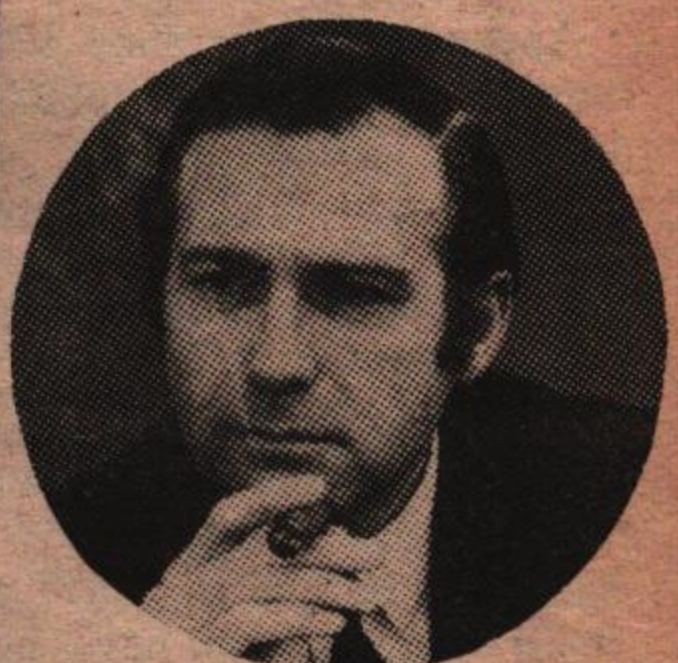
Wren rose by using Catholic Action, his contacts in the trade unions and the Labour Party, using at every point the power of the coin to hypnotise, buy and beguile.

Hardy researched in pubs and race tracks as well as libraries and drew on the history of the working class movement to fortify his gift for fiction.

The book was written on the run and printed in secrecy.

Hardy's complicated map of the grey forces of Australian capitalism was too accurate for the publishing trade to touch. He borrowed and borrowed again to get it typeset privately, then printed the first copies himself one Christmas with a mate.

A larger edition was darkly printed by the night shift of the Victorian Labour Party press, still controlled by the man the novel depicted and close to the police headquarters.



Hardy began to sell the book himself at privately organised rank and file trade union meetings. When by 1950 the real Wren moved a public libel writ, it was too late.

Read it for Hardy's untutored narrative power, for its feel for a labour movement so similar yet so different to ours, to understand one of the most important capitalist nations of the late 20th century.

But the real hero is the book itself, its writing against the odds, the publication by workers themselves of a biting portrait of the system built on their labour.

'Tycoon kills himself after TV rags to riches saga' was the headline after Eric Miller, a minor version of Wren, shot himself after watching the mediocre TV version.

I'm sure Frank Hardy would appreciate the effect of his book on a modern day Wren more than any number of Nobel Prizes.

□ DAVID WIDGERY, doctor.

POWER WITHOUT GLORY, by Frank Hardy, Panther, £1.25

THAT

All books mentioned on these pages are available by post from Bookmarks, 265 Seven Sisters Road, London N4. Please add 10 per cent for postage (minimum 15p).



Upton Sinclair THE JUNGLE

I read Upton Sinclair's *THE JUNGLE* when I was 20 years old. I was an instinctive, gut-reaction socialist, and believed that society could be changed through reforms.

I can still remember what the book did to me. I felt outraged and appalled that any human beings should be forced to live like this.

Through *The Jungle* you read and see the lives of the people in the Chicago meat yards. You get to know the characters in a very human way.

It made me so angry to think that human beings, many of them very fine human beings, could be reduced to such levels.

I became convinced that there must be better ways of organising the basic elements of life. I discussed my ideas with other people, who, like me, were halfway towards being revolutionary socialists.

I wanted to do things and I thought, well we must have a better chance of changing things than the people in *The Jungle* did.

The book made me want to ask many more questions. I went to a good many political meetings but I found them boring, and all too often lacking in the qualities that you find in the great socialist novels.

□ GERALDINE NORRIS, typesetter.

THE JUNGLE, by Upton Sinclair, Penguin Books, 80p

SOLEDAD BROTHER

THE PRISON LETTERS OF GEORGE JACKSON

George Jackson's *SOLEDAD BROTHER* was the first book I read about the black struggle in America. It had a great effect on me.

I couldn't put it down and by the time I'd finished it I understood black power.

Poverty and the prison system tried to turn George Jackson into an animal. But despite everything Jackson rose above it and sent a message of hope and dignity out to exploited people—black and white—everywhere.

I still remember that great bit in the book where he talks about the new horizons that have opened up for him.

The powers-that-be must have been very frightened of this man. For they had him killed.

When I hear of a book that someone has enjoyed I borrow it. And when I come across one I really like I lend it out.

I still remember the day when one of the lads in the factory came in raving about *Soledad Brother*. Five of us read it in as many weeks.

Of course when you lend a book you're a wee bit worried about getting it back because books like this are nearly as precious as life itself. I'm joking, but you know what I mean.

□ TOMMY GORMAN, British Leyland shop steward.



SOLEDAD BROTHER, by George Jackson, Penguin Books, £1

Memoirs of a Revolutionary

VICTOR SERGE



Before I came across Victor Serge's *MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONARY* I always used to read novels with a political vein.

Before Serge I found straight political books heavy and dry. I read them out of duty, or rather tried to read them.

But in Serge I found all the sensitivity and tenderness that I had looked for in vain elsewhere and never found.

Until the time that I read *Memoirs of a Revolutionary* I was always pro-Russian. I had never gone into it but my instinct told me that whatever I read in the gutter press couldn't be true.

I had some reservations but not many.



But I found in Serge the most honest treatment of the things that were wrong. He really brought out how the beauty of the workers' power in Russia was taken over by a new set of masters.

But he made his criticism of Russia out of love for working people, out of loyalty to the cause.

Since I read *Memoirs of a Revolutionary* I've gone on to read his other books. They're fine things too.

I was particularly impressed by *MEN IN PRISON*, coming from the East End and knowing so many people who've been in there.

These imprisoned people were subjected to the most terrible conditions. Yet they were never broken, they never renounced their faith.

Memoirs of a Revolutionary I'd recommend particularly strongly to anyone, though I must say that the book that affected me most when I was young was Upton Sinclair's *The Flivver King*.

It's a book about Henry Ford. It really shook me this book, the description of what those with wealth and power did to get their wealth and power is still with me today.

I remember above all the scene where Henry Ford's hired goons break up a meeting called to raise funds for a strike.

Their activities lead to a situation in which a little child is thrown into a vat of hot coffee. Her flesh, writes Sinclair, cooked like meat on the bone.

That was the first time I thought of Henry Ford and his kind as super-crooks, villains, evil men. I have hated people like that and loved my own ever since.

□ JIMMY CLARK, dockworker.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONARY, by Victor Serge, OUP, £1.75

THERE'S no doubt about it, the book that really changed my life was *WAR AND PEACE* by Leo Tolstoy.

I read it when I was 17 or 18. It was the first thing which gave me a notion of how human history really worked, as a process.

The analysis of Napoleon proves that the ruling class are not in control of history. Even now, the best part of 20 years later, I would still recommend it to anyone.

Another book which had a profound effect on me was William Blake's *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

Blake was one of the first writers and artists to protest against the hellish exploitation capitalism let loose on the world. It is a beautiful touching thing, showing how our lives too are stunted.

One of Blake's statements in this book will always stay in my mind: 'Prisons are built with stones of law, brothels with bricks of religion.'

□ JAMES HINTON, socialist historian, author of *The First Shop Stewards Movement*.



IF YOU'RE looking for a book that you or those close to you will really enjoy then I'd say get them *SHOULDER TO SHOULDER*.

It's an outstanding book, beautifully produced and very helpful to the women's movement, whose emergence is such a vital influence on all our lives.

It's printed on fine paper and with lovely pictures. But better than that, it broadens your outlook and changes your views. Most enjoyable.

After that I'd recommend *WORKER IN A WORKER'S STATE* by Miklos Haraszti, which I've just read. It shows in terrifying detail how in these countries which some call communist the workers are remorselessly exploited.

Again this book is easy to read and accessible to all. You'll thoroughly enjoy it.

□ TOMMY NICHOLSON, pensioner and Spanish Civil War veteran.



I WAS one of three black children at a comprehensive school in Welwyn Garden City. When, in 1969, I read *THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X* it changed my whole outlook and gave me back my identity.

It is a tremendous tribute to the human spirit, the story of a man from the ghetto who knew all its trials and tribulations, and fought his way through drugs, the inhumanities of the prison system to become a revolutionary.

Once you've started reading it, you can't put it down.

□ KADIFA WILLIAMS.



TWO books I've read this year have really excited me.

Ross Russell's book *BIRD LIVES*, on the great black American saxophone player Charlie Parker, is tremendous, the finest book about the horrors of racism and the beauties of black music that you'll find anywhere.

Another amazing book is Spriano's *OCCUPATION OF THE FACTORIES*. For me this one book compresses all the problems and lessons of a revolution into one year in the life of the Italian working class.

Because of the deep crisis of Italian capitalism, what begins in 1920 as a straightforward struggle to defend wages and union organisation accumulates momentum to such a point that the working class in Turin and the

...and some others you're sure to enjoy

WAR AND PEACE, Tolstoy, Penguin Books, vol 1 £1.25, vol 2 95p.

SELECTED POEMS, Blake, Penguin, 75p.

THE FIRST SHOP STEWARDS MOVEMENT, Hinton, Allen and Unwin, £3.50.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, McKenzie, Penguin, £3.50.

WORKER IN A WORKER'S STATE, Haraszti, Penguin, 85p.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X, Penguin, £1.

BIRD LIVES, Russell, Quartet, £2.25.

OCCUPATION OF THE FACTORIES, ITALY, 1920, Spriano, Pluto, £2.

SOMETHING HAPPENED, Heller, Corgi, 95p.

CATCH 22, Heller, Corgi, 85p.

WILLIAM MORRIS: ROMANTIC TO REVOLUTIONARY, Thompson, Merlin, £3.90.

BRECHT POEMS, Eyre Methuen, part 1: 1913-28, part 2: 1929-38, part 3: 1938-56, £1.95 each.

THE SPIRAL ASCENT, Upward, Heinemann, £6.50 (reprinting).

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AND OTHER STORIES, Upward, Penguin, 40p.

MARXISM AND LITERATURE, Williams, OUP, £1.75.

WHO OWNS SCOTLAND? McEwan, Edinburgh University Students Publication, £1.50.

THE CHEVIOT, THE STAG AND THE BLACK, Black Oil, McGrath, Pluto, £1.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, O'Casey, Pan, vol 1 60p, vol 2 30p, vols 3-6 40p each.

FIVE PLAYS, O'Casey, 50p.

WAYS OF SEEING, Berger, Penguin, £1.25.

SONGBOOKS, Rosselson, Look here £1.50. That's not the way it's got to be, £1.

BY POST from Bookmarks, 265 Seven Sisters Road, London N4. Please add 10 per cent postage, minimum 15p.

Lombardy plain is bidding for a new society.

The employers are willing to do anything to undermine this explosion of working class power.

The Agnelli Brothers, owners of FIAT, even offer to turn their factories into a workers' cooperative! They were only too willing to concede joint control for a while to avoid being consigned to oblivion!

Giolitti, the prime minister at the time, is an intriguing figure. He is a genuinely talented Machiavellian politician of the kind that Jim Callaghan only aspires to be.

He holds out against these sections of the employing class who want to challenge this movement with physical force, preferring to confront the trade union leaders, sincere left-wing reformists like Arthur Scargill or anarchists of one kind or another, with a vision of the unknown.

But these were sincere people who betrayed the workers. They did so not because they were corrupt or bought off. They did so because they just couldn't make the quantum jump between reform and revolution.

They lacked the vision of the future. Their beings were devoid of anger and passion.

It's the deadly serious side of the old joke about the workers at a mass meeting saying to the union officials 'We want a revolution'.

And what does the union official reply? He says: 'But the employers will never agree to that.'

□ BOB LIGHT, dockworker.

SOMETHING HAPPENED, by Joseph Heller, is far and away the best thing I've read recently. For me it's a better novel than Heller's classic *Catch 22*.

class life. Once you get into the book it's wonderful.

It's about a middle-rank executive in a giant American corporation. He's frightened of the people above him in the company in case they might give him the sack. He's frightened of the people below him in case they might get promoted into his job.

He's frightened of his wife and children because he thinks they might think he's not the success he should be. And they in turn are frightened of him in case they're letting him down!

It's funny, appallingly funny and better by far than *The Naked and the Dead*, or *From Here to Eternity*.

□ EAMONN McCANN, journalist.



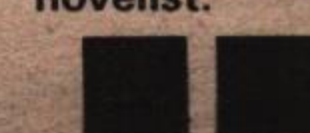
THE BEST book I've read this year is Edward Thompson on *WILLIAM MORRIS*. It's a fine, stimulating and enjoyable book.

Don't be put off by the size. It brings out the dimension of Morris' extraordinary life that is usually ignored. As well as being a great maker of things and a writer, he was an uncompromising socialist and revolutionary.

Another book that really inspired me was the middle volume of Bertolt Brecht's tremendous *Collected Poems*, which everyone will surely enjoy.

It's called *POEMS OF THE CRISIS YEARS* and it's Brecht at his best, writing angrily and passionately before fascism was finally victorious in Germany.

□ EDWARD UPWARD, novelist.



THE BEST book I've read this year is *MARXISM AND LITERATURE*, by Raymond Williams. This book teases out the relationship between the economic structure of society and the kind of culture that grows up and around it.

I don't necessarily agree with it all. But it is a sensitive and stimulating treatment of a delicate problem for socialists.

I've written a foreword to what I think is a very important book. It's *WHO OWNS SCOTLAND?*

Written by a 90-year-old man called John McEwan, it contains very basic information about the strange old private enterprise land ownership has on Scotland.

This information has just not been available before and it is an amazing feat to have got the book together.

□ JOHN McGRATH, socialist playwright, author of the magnificent *The Cheviot, the Stag and the Black, Black Oil*.



SEAN O'CASEY's plays and his autobiography did it for me. I found in his writings a way of looking at society which was humanistic and funny as well as socialist.

He so easily made sense and nonsense of things.

Two other books that occupy an important place in my heart are *WAYS OF SEEING*, by John Berger, and the magnificent novel *CATCH 22*, by Joseph Heller.

WAYS OF SEEING did more to bring the world of high culture and 'art' home to me than anything else I've ever come across. I'm sure it would do the same for anyone who read it.

Catch 22 is a truly subversive book. Better than anything else I know, it brings home the absurdity of this so-called rational society.

□ LEON ROSSELSON, singer and songwriter.



'I used to be a benevolent fascist... then I read the Ragged Trousered Philanthropists'

THOSE were the words of a young lad for whom socialism, until recently, meant a hazy mixture of James Callaghan and Leonid Brezhnev.

And if you think they sound corny you obviously haven't read the book.

Those that have will understand. Here is a novel—perhaps the only novel—that has entered the lives of thousands upon thousands of British workers and created countless socialists in the process.

I remember my dad telling me how in the Thirties youngsters started in the building trade would often have a copy shoved in their hand and be told: 'Here you are son, read this—it's your heritage'.



LEFT: Robert Tressell.
RIGHT: The title lettered by hand by Tressell himself.

THE
RAGGED TROUSERED
PHILANTHROPISTS.

Being the story of twelve months in Hell, told by one of the damned, and written down by Robert Tressell.

Alan Sillitoe, the novelist, has recalled two decades later how it was pressed on him by a wireless operator in the army with the words: 'You ought to read this. Among other things it is the book that won the 1945 election for Labour.'

The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists is the story of the handful of workmen living and working in squalor and poverty in Edwardian Britain, in the early 1900s, then the richest society on earth.

Among them is a socialist, Owen. Tirelessly he explains that their masters are rich precisely because they are poor, that the

workers create wealth only to have it taken from them.

That they must suffer—and how they suffer, and women and children most of all—that others may live in splendour. That they in their ragged trousers are philanthropists to those in top hats and tails.

Here, precisely because of the starkness of the poverty and the savagery of the injustice, capitalism is laid bare in all its

cruelty and absurdity.

There has to be something better, some alternative to this unending humiliation and indignity.

But the wage slaves know of no other horizon than the next meal. They have worn their chains so long they can no longer recognise them. Owen is jeered and abused.

And so it goes on, the misery and the despair that capitalism brings to men and women who can see no way out.

This is no romantic novel by

an outsider. The author, Robert Tressell, knew what he was writing about.

So much so that is clearly an autobiography. Tressell is Owen, and the story of the decorators is his story.

He wrote the book in what little spare time his masters allowed him. And it was published by chance after his death in 1911, his daughter having found the manuscript bundled up beneath his bed.

Even then, perhaps out of fear of the turbulence of those years before the First World War, it was censored. The publishers virtually cut it in half, ending it in such a way as to suggest that cranks who believed in socialism could do no more than con-

template suicide.

Not until 30 years later was it published in full.

It remains today a book that can capture the hearts and minds in a way few others can.

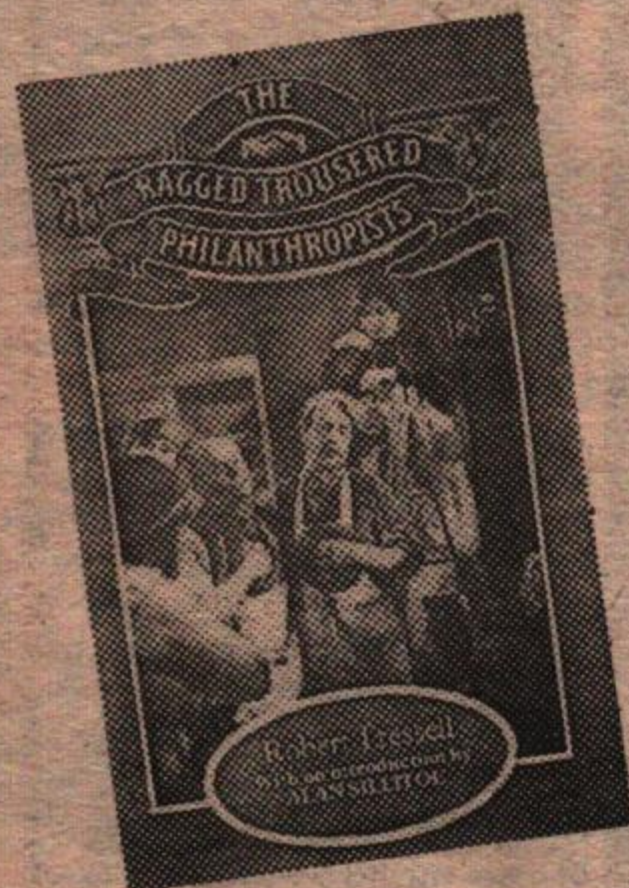
It makes you angry and inspired, proud to be a socialist and ashamed to be anything else than wholehearted.

It makes you want to shout socialism from the rooftops, to continue the fight when it seems bleakest, to seek out the words that convey the insanity and barbarity of capitalism.

And it makes you realise how little has changed, how we merely have a better class of poverty today, a subtler sort of apologist for capitalism, a more informed resistance to socialism from our fellow workers.

If you want peace, prepare for war... CLASS WAR.

Geoff Ellen tells the story behind the book that has reached the hearts of thousands of British workers



THE RAGGED TROUSERED PHILANTHROPISTS, by Robert Tressell, is published by Panther Books at £1.

It's available by post at £1.15 from Bookmarks, 265 Seven Sisters Road, London N4.

Trade Unions and The Media

Edited by Peter Beharrell and Greg Philo
Critical Social Studies General Editors: Paul Walton and Jock Young

In media language royal processions do not 'disrupt' the traffic; protest marches do. MPs and doctors never 'endanger the Social Contract' through their wage claims; that is left to car workers, miners and dockers.

Trade unionists, including Alan Sapper, and mass communications researchers have contributed papers to this book which seeks to demonstrate that much of what passes for factual 'neutral' reporting is in fact imbalanced and produced from a subjective viewpoint.

It is an excellent exposition of various facets of media discrimination. In a series of well-researched essays various contributors show how the selection, suppression and distortion of news is organised to give the most negative picture of trades unionists and their values.

International Socialism

£2.50 paperback

If you would like to buy a copy of this book you can either call at Bookmarks, 265 Seven Sisters Rd., London N4 2DE or send an order by post (including 45p postage) to the same address.

The Macmillan Press

Pluto Big Reds



Big Red Diary 1978
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Politics of food
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43 socialist songs and anthems including some old favourites and some surprises. The songs of Ewan McColl, Alex Glasgow, Woody Guthrie, Leon Rosselson, Peggy Seeger and others — plus 'The Red Flag', 'Bread and Roses', 'Bandiera Rossa' and much more. Words, music and pictures.

Pluto Press, Unit 10 Spencer Court, 7 Chalcot Road, London NW1 8LL telephone 01-722 0141

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304pp hardback £7.75 paperback £2.50

From Bookshops/Pathfinder Press, 47 The Cut, London SE1 8LL. Complete catalogue on request.



LEFT-HANDED BOOKMARKS?

BOOKMARKS, the London bookshop of the Socialist Workers Party, started ten years ago with £30 worth of pamphlets. Since then we have come a long way.

As the socialist movement has grown again, and as the SWP expanded, so have we.

So much so that today Bookmarks is one of the best socialist bookshops in Britain.

From the floor almost to the ceiling the shop is packed with books that will enlighten and enlarge, novels and history books, jazz books and poetry books, books that will *above all* bring pleasure and enjoyment.

People buy about 500 books a week in our shop in Seven Sisters Road in North London. Over and above the cash sales we send out dozens upon dozens by mail order. (We'll get anything you want, by the way.)

We provide bookstalls for all kinds of meetings. Indeed we'll do almost anything to get books to people.

And for one simple reason. They help in the struggle. They act as an antidote to the ideas and assumptions that television and the press install in our brains.

Bookmarks is a professionally organised and professionally run bookshop. And it makes money.

It's what we do with the money that makes our shop different from almost any other in the country.

We don't exist to cream off the profits into private pockets. Instead the surpluses we make go on new



schemes and projects to get still more socialist books into the hands of the people who will read, enjoy and make use of them. Like our Bookclub and our Bookfair.

Bookmarks also gives support to the Right to Work Campaign and the Rank and File Movement. We make sure that the Rank and File Centre doesn't get ripped off by some landlord.

And it is from offices above the shop, that Bookmarks provides free of charge, that conferences, marches rank and file papers and activities are organised.

Our bookshop has a life all of its own. People come in from the neighbourhood for a book or a paper and a discussion. Members from a whole range of trade unions and

SWP branches up and down the country come by when they are in London.

We correspond with—and send books to—a whole range of people at home and abroad.

We send letters and comfort and books to people in prison and in return they write back to us. Like John Begg, who is doing seven years at Peterhead Prison in Scotland.

A letter from John is an experience to be shared. Earlier this year one of his letters told something of his story.

He wrote: 'The great social and psychological transformation which has taken place in me began through reading George Jackson. Before this I have to admit that I was selfish, arrogant, reactionary and racist.'

People find their way into the working class movement and the Socialist Workers Party through our shop. They bring their experience in the struggle to us.

Another regular is John, a great advocate of the abolition of the wages system. John can recite whole sections of the Communist Manifesto—from memory and has been known to walk the length of the shop on his hands.

In between serving customers and talking to visitors we help people to make up bookstalls, pack books for mail order customers or for the Book Club (about 1000 packages a quarter), cut electrostencils for a wide range of organisations from NOISS groups to Punk mags, from left sects to the World University Service.

In addition, of course, there is the essential work of keeping shelves stocked, recording sales, checking stock, ordering new books, replacing stock on the shelves and distributing Socialist Worker to the London branches of the SWP.

With your help we can do still more.

SOCIALIST BOOKFAIR

ANOTHER success this year was the Socialist Bookfair we organised and held in Camden Town Hall in London.

Designed as a celebration of the rebirth of socialist publishing over the past ten years, the Bookfair brought together over 50 publishers, big and small, who produce socialist books.

The day itself surpassed anything we could have hoped for. The atmosphere was marvellous, the stalls beautifully set out and displayed thanks to the tireless efforts of Eve Barker.

There were print union banners on the stage, a bar to eat and drink, chat and listen to socialist songs in.

The booksellers, publishers and bookshops who had stalls all found the Fair a great help.

We ourselves vastly increased our standing and prestige. We hope the event will encourage publishers of left-wing books to be more ambitious and go for a wider market.

IS THERE A LEFT BOOKSHOP IN YOUR AREA?

Here is a list of the left-wing or alternative bookshops that came to the Socialist Bookfair:

- Acorn Bookshop, The Emporium Merchants Place, Reading.
- Acorn Bookshop, 84 Church St, Wolverton, Bucks.
- Blackthorn Books, 74 High Cross St, Leicester.
- The Bomb Shop, c/o 20 St Leonards Rd, Bristol (opening March 1978).
- Bookcentre, Winston St, Darlington.
- Book Junction, 84 Dalston Lane, London, E8.
- Book Place, 13 Peckham High St, London, SE15.
- Boom Town Books, 167 King St, Aberdeen.
- Bristol Books, 60 Loughborough Rd, London, SW9.
- Central Books, 37 Grays Inn Rd, London, WC1.
- Collets, Charing Cross Road, London, W1.
- Compendium, 240 Camden High St, London, NW1.
- Corner Bookshop, 162 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2.
- Corner House Bookshop, 14 Endell St, London, WC2.
- Cradlewell Books, 235 Jesmond Rd, Newcastle upon Tyne.
- Dillons, University Bookshop, 21a Silver St, Cambridge.
- Dillons University Bookshops, 1 Malet St, London, WC1.
- Economists Bookshop, Clare Market, Portugal St, London, WC2.
- First of May, 45 Niddry St, Edinburgh.
- Grassroots Books, 1 Newton St, Piccadilly, Manchester.
- Heffers, 20 Trinity St, Cambridge.
- Kensington Bookshop, 14 Kensington Church St, London, W8.
- Key Books, 25 Essex St, Birmingham 5.
- Leeds Bookshop, PO Box 157, Leeds LS1.
- Little Bookshop, Covered Market, Oxford.
- Mushroom, 10 Heathcote St, Nottingham.
- News from Nowhere, 100 Whitechapel, Liverpool 1.
- Other Bookshop, 328 Upper St, London, N1.
- Other Branch Bookshop, 42 Bath St, Leamington Spa.
- Paperback Centre, 28 Charlotte St, London, W1.
- Pathfinder Press, 47 The Cut, London, SE1.
- Public House Bookshop, 21 Little Preston St, Brighton.
- Rising Free, 182 Upper St, London, N1.
- Rosta, Spiekerhof, D4400 Munster, Germany.
- Tower Hamlets Arts Project Bookshop, 59 Watney St, London, E1.
- Ujama, 341 Glossop Rd, Sheffield 10.
- Village Books, 17 Shrubbery Rd, London, SW16.
- Websters Bookshop, Whitgift Centre, Croydon.
- Wedge Co-operative, 13 High St, Coventry.

... AND HERE'S THE BOOKMARKS/SOCIALIST WORKERS PARTY CHAIN

- BIRMINGHAM: Socialist and TU Books, 224 Deritend High Street, Birmingham 12 (Open 10am-6pm, Monday-Saturday).
- CARDIFF: SWP Books, 59 Bridge Street, (open afternoons on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and all day Saturday).
- COVENTRY: TU Books, 65 Queen Victoria Road.
- EDINBURGH: Bookmarx, 130 Morrison Street (two minutes walk from Haymarket Station).
- GLASGOW: SW Books, top floor, 64 Queen Street, C1.
- HULL: Socialist Books, 239 Springbank (open 10am-5.30pm, Monday-Saturday).
- LONDON: Bookmarks, 265 Seven Sisters Road, N4 (near Finsbury Park tube) (open 10am-6pm, Monday-Saturday, late opening till 8pm Wednesday).
- MANCHESTER: TU Books, basement, 260 Deansgate, Manchester 3.
- SOUTHAMPTON: October Books, 4 Onslow Road.

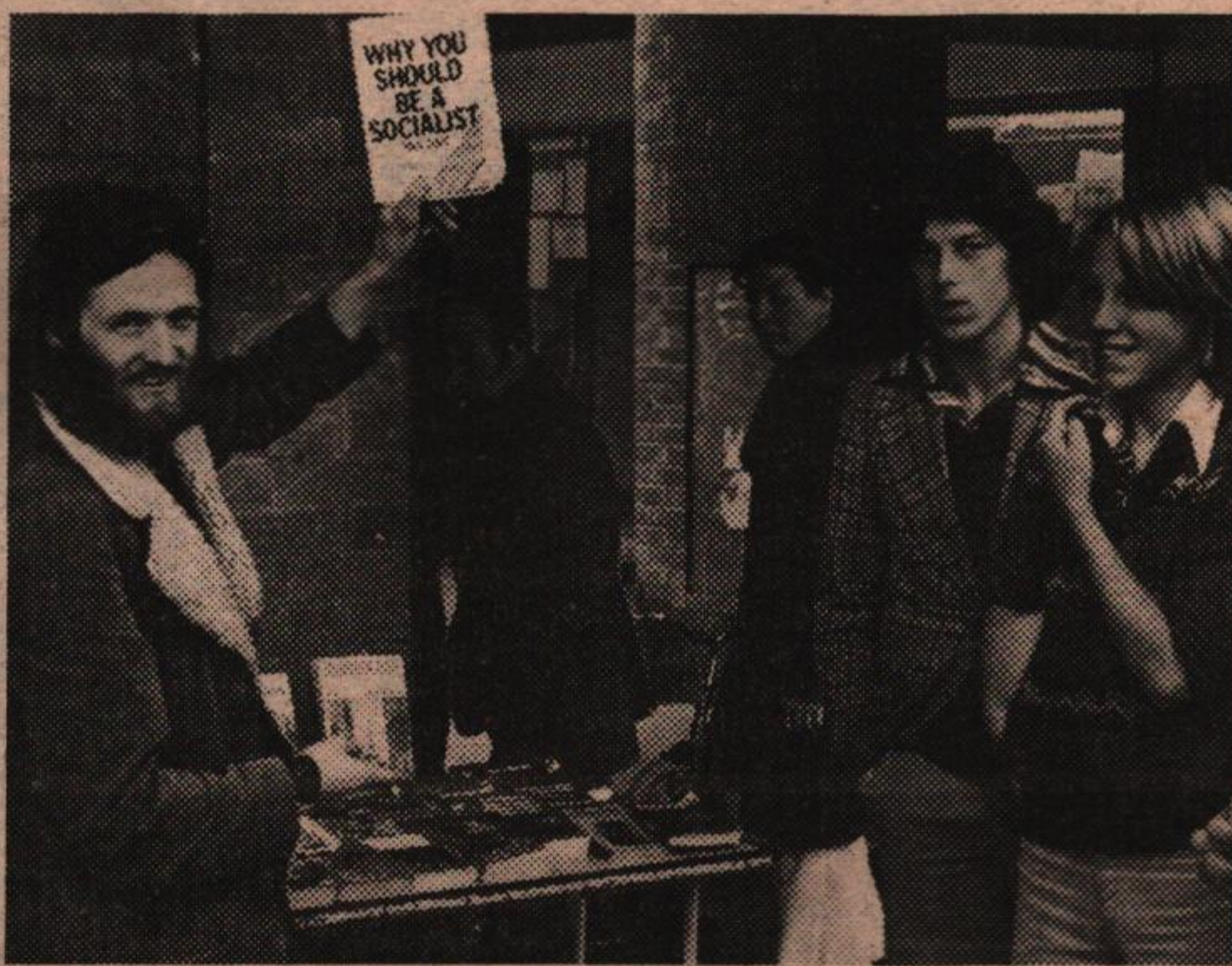


THEIR BOOKS

LEFT: A soldier in Chile impounds books during the coup of 1973. There were bonfires of burning books on every street.

... AND OURS

RIGHT: Right to Work Campaigners at a second-hand bookstall in Skelmersdale.



Bookmarx Club: More than a spelling error!

OVER the past year Bookmarks has moved into pastures new. First, early in 1977, came the Bookmarx bookclub.

Inspired by the tremendous success of the Left Book Club in the 1930s and encouraged by the new audience the Right to Work Campaign was reaching, we set out to devise a way to provide people with the best socialist books we could lay our hands on.

In just one year the Bookmarx Club is established as far and away the best socialist paperback book club. Our only criterion for choosing a book is the enjoyment it will give the reader. Our aim is to introduce busy and committed people to books which will be in-

teresting and useful to them. Most of the books we choose are new or recently reprinted, and we are not tied to one publisher.

By bulk buying we are able to give these books to our members at a considerable discount. At £1.50 a month (£4.50 a quarter) everyone should be able to afford the subscription—and for that you get books worth about £7 each quarter.

The response so far has been tremendous. The club now has 500 members.

If Ian McDonald of Fort William and Bill House of Bradford are anything to go by they're well-satisfied members too.

Referring to one of the recent selections, an African novel by Sembene Ousmane, Ian wrote: 'God's Bits of Wood should take its place beside Ragged Trousered Philanthropists as a classic socialist novel.'

Bill House had this to say: 'Great selection so far—especially the novels.'

Our success is such that publishers and authors are beginning to knock on our door.

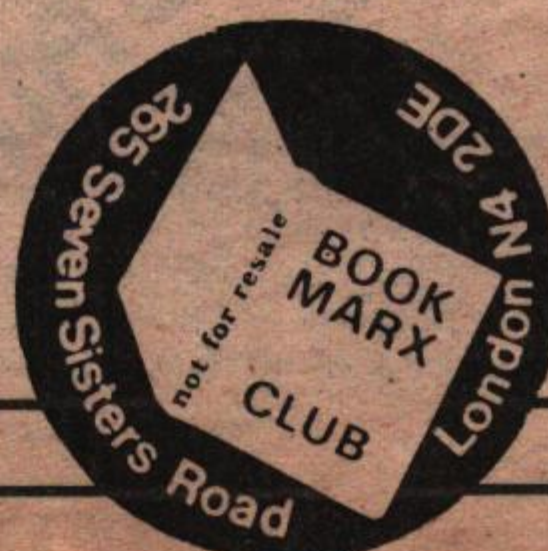
But this is only a beginning. With many more members we can bring you still better books at even keener prices. We are especially proud of the selection for the first quarter of 1978.

So do yourself a favour and join. Or give your friends a sub for Christmas.

- LIST A**
CONQUERED CITY, by Victor Serge.
A novel of the anguish of Russia in 1919-20, when the wars of intervention were forcing on the workers a more and more repressive regime.
NO MEAN FIGHTER, by Harry McShane and Joan Smith
McShane's long-awaited autobiography, and incidentally a history of revolutionary politics in this country.
- LIST B**
UNEMPLOYED STRUGGLES, by Wal Hannington.
The story of the struggles of the 1930s ably told by a leading participant. Perfect complement to McShane.
- LIST C**
SELECTED WRITINGS, by Alexandra Kollontai.
An excellent selection from this leading Bolshevik, the only woman on the central committee.
- LIST D**
FORD, by Counter-Information Services.
The latest anti-report deals with the huge multinational car firm.
THE LOCKED ROOM, by S Jowall and Wahloo.
A detective story with a difference. It shows the true role of the police.
MUTINY, by John Prebble.
Story of the mutinies in the Highland regiments in the 18th century, readably told.

1978 FIRST QUARTER

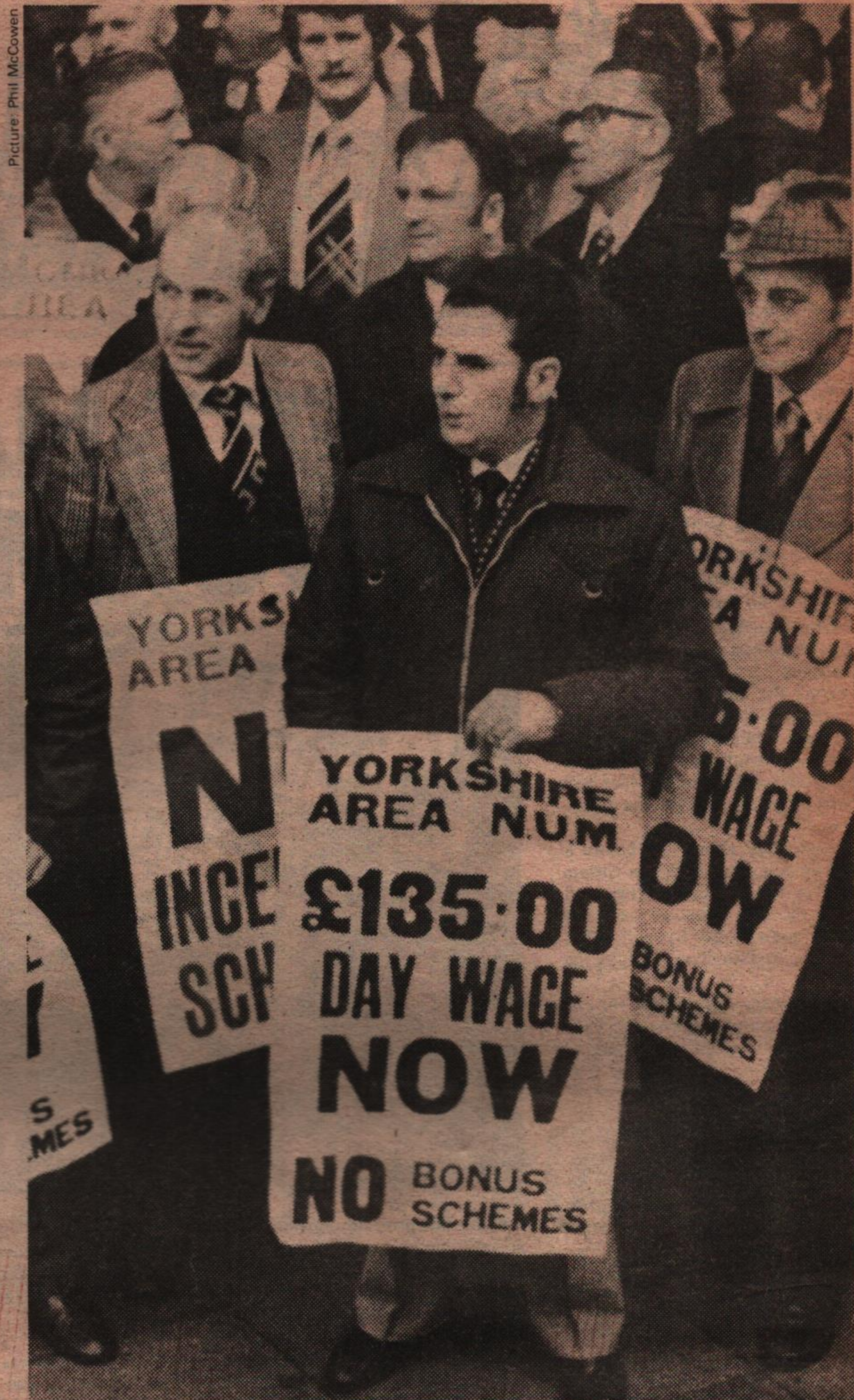
You get List A, plus B or C or D, for a basic £4.50 subscription. If you want List A plus two others, send £6.75. If you want the lot send £9.
□ Send your selection, plus payment, to Bookmarx Club, 265 Seven Sisters Road, London N4.



Socialist Worker

PAPER OF THE SOCIALIST WORKERS PARTY

MINERS' UNION IN DANGER!



Miners lobbying their executive for the £135 claim in October—lack of fight for it is pushing them into productivity deals.

IT WAS a terrible week last week for the miners' union.

The rush to productivity dealings has turned into a stampede.

Even the areas where miners voted overwhelmingly against productivity dealing in October are now infected by the blight.

At the Solsgrith pit, which produced a quarter of all the coal produced in Scotland, miners have been on strike for a productivity deal.

Only wages battle can cure prod deal cancer

They agreed to return only when Mick McGahey, Scottish miners president, promised a recall of the area's delegate conference.

Implicit in McGahey's speech to the Solsgrith miners was the suggestion that the conference will reverse the area's policy against productivity deals, and allow Solsgrith and any other pit to negotiate their own deals with the Coal Board.

We went to press before the result of the meeting of the Yorkshire area council of the union on Monday.

Before the council was a resolution calling for action now for a big wage claim for all miners—which was the policy of the union conference and members before it was reversed two weeks ago by the NUM executive.

But the council may postpone a decision until the result of its fruitless court action against the NUM executive the following day.

And every day's postponement means a rush of blood from the weakened and demoralised body of the union.

Productivity dealing, we repeat, is disastrous for the miners' union.

The newspapers are still pretending that it will bring £25 a week more for all miners. This is nonsense. Many miners will be lucky to see £5 extra.

Truth

At Desford colliery in Leicestershire last week, the miners learnt some of the truth about the productivity deals.

When they heard about the targets which the Coal Board had set for their productivity deal, they were horrified. They walked out on strike in protest, and only went back when the board agreed to renegotiate the targets.

The schemes will hand all the initiative

about pay and conditions to the employers.

There is no 'scientific base' for the targets. The Coal Board will set its targets when and how it likes. In pits it wants to close, the targets will be near-impossible.

Closures will be brought about by enticing miners away from threatened pits to those with higher productivity payments elsewhere—which can then be lowered again at the Coal Board's will.

All decisions, including the number of men per shift, the standards of safety, will be affected by the deals—all to the detriment and danger of the miners.

The unity and solidarity between mineworkers of every area and of every description—faceworkers, surface men, even clerks—will be destroyed.

Yet the fact remains that for many miners the productivity deals seem the only hope for more money in their pockets now.

They were against the deals in October, when the alternative was a fight for higher wages, starting with £135 for face workers.

But the fight never came. There was no call from the leaders of the left in the union who had fought so powerfully against the deal. There was a long, crucial pause.

The right reorganised. They forced a motion through the executive conceding local productivity deals.

The left were caught with their pants down. They were left opposing productivity deals without any strategy for fighting for

more money now.

For several weeks, Socialist Worker and the rank and file miner's paper, The Collier, have been urging the left leaders to call a delegate conference of the pits which voted against the productivity deals to call for strike action for a big wage increase for miners now.

This is the only alternative to productivity dealing. You cannot fight productivity deals without a fight for higher wages at the same time.

It is not too late.

Response

A clear united call from Arthur Seargill (Yorkshire), Mick McGahey (Scotland), Emlyn Williams (Wales) and Jack Collins (Kent), and a strike for higher wages in the areas which voted against the productivity deals would get a huge response.

It would offer confidence and hope to all the militants in the pits who are still opposing productivity deals against a rising tide of feeling that they are the only way to get more money.

If the left leaders deny those militants such a call, they will conclude that when it comes to a fight their leaders are more concerned with the rule book (which has been ignored by the right) than with the needs and aspirations of their members.

Bosses' greed forces bakery action

ANOTHER group of the country's worst paid workers have moved into the wages battle behind the firemen—14,000 bakers.

The bakers are after a £45-a-week basic wage and three extra days holidays, bringing them up to four weeks a year.

So far they are operating a work-to-rule and a complete ban on overtime.

The vote to take industrial action was phenomenal in last week's ballot of union members. Three quarters of the members voted to reject the employers' latest insulting offer.

Of these around 60 per cent favoured an overtime ban and work-to-rule and 35 per cent a

total stoppage. The work-to-rule and overtime ban started last weekend.

Bakery workers are the fourth lowest paid group of workers in the country, according to union statistics. Take-home pay for a man with a couple of kids and who works long and awkward hours is around £36.

The industry is dominated by three giant monopolies—Spillers French, Rank Hovis McDougall and Associated British Foods.

Their profits last year amounted to £138 million, a huge increase on 1975.

But these fabulously wealthy organisations refuse to make even the barest concessions to the bakery workers. They're only offering a rise of 5 per cent plus one extra day's holiday, or 6 per cent with no extra holiday entitlement.

Such a deal would scarcely let a bakery worker meet the increased cost of bread and cakes in the past year, never mind catch up on all the other increases in the cost of living. The dispute may escalate over the next few days. Under

government orders the baking monopolies may stiffen their resistance to these underpaid workers.

Alternatively, if the work-to-rule does hit home, the bakery companies might organise a lock-out.

The media has already started a campaign against these workers. They are going to need every ounce of support they can get.

United action between firemen and bakery workers would boost the confidence of both. It would also encourage millions of other low paid workers to seek the higher wages they need.

JOIN THE SOCIALIST WORKERS PARTY

Name
Address
Trade union
Please send me more information

Send to: National Secretary,
Socialist Workers Party, 6 Cottons
Gardens, London E2 6DN.