

# THE BLACK DWARF

## Birth of a small dark stranger

After a difficult confinement, THE BLACK DWARF was reborn at a London hospital on 1 May 1968. The small dark stranger immediately held a press conference, at which he informed our reporter: "Not too much

A big paper needs CAPITAL, and capitalists don't pay people to write Left-wing things. Big papers need LAWYERS to tell them what the judges will let them print. You can tell some of the truth about MPs, I grant you, because they're the nation's scapegoats. But if you write about real politics—any things which oil magnates and bankers and speculators and insurance companies and press lords do to a country—then it's not enough to print the truth. You need plenty of money to pay the fines and the legal costs.

A judge's job is to protect property, you see. That's why they lock men up for 30 years for robbing the bankers. And the lying press lords pretend it's because they were violent!

Big papers need ADVERTISEMENTS—silly tigers to advertise Standard Oil and its world-wide exploitation of human beings—and a READERSHIP to go with it. So you write in Ye-Oldie-Speak, like *The Times*, and you fill up with letters from brigadiers and court circulars and thoughtful editorials ("It is greatly to be hoped) and old boys' dinners and situations vacant for the old boys' young boys. Then you've got a quality paper for an AB readership, with ads for expensive goods. Everybody respects QUALITY papers.

Or you can write it in ancient cockney baby-talk, like the *Daily Mirror*, and you can tell the strikers to "Come off it, chum!" and you can set the dockers against the railway-men, and the railway workers against the printers, and men against women, and North against South, and Britain against Foreigners—and you've got a POPULAR paper, with plenty of ads for cheap goods. Everybody respects POPULAR papers.

These questions must be answered before you can get your mortgage, your policy, your club membership, your selective welfare benefits. You've got labels all over you, THE BLACK DWARF wants to take them off!

In Germany, where they used to burn books, students have been scattering newspapers around the street, interfering in the distribution of the free press. Why? Because Rudi Dutschke, the student leader, had been shot. The students blamed the Springer Press, the newspapers of the German businessman, Axel Springer. The students blame these malicious journals for the attack on Dutschke. And they are probably right.

The Springer Press preaches nationalism and hatred of minorities. The 'Free Press' is private property, and the students were hitting at property-owners where it hurt. Police-men violently protected Springer's private property.

The rebels are 'only students'. They have little political or economic power. Strikers can attack the domination of property-owners because they are employed. Students can't do that. They acted as consumers.

One reason for the wretchedness of our society is the brainwashing mass media known as the 'free Press'. The students have done something about it. Others will come to realise that the organisations responsible for our wars and our race hatred are political parties and parliaments but banks and industrial concerns. And they will do something about it. There are newspapers in England not much less vicious than the *Daily Mirror* treated the recent railway strike. Or Jack Dash, the dockers' leader. After the 17 March demonstration in Grosvenor Square, Press malice was turned upon Tariq Ali. They wanted him deported, because he is a Pakistani. Cecil King's paper, *The Sun*, was well to the fore in hounding the Asian. On 15 April some of us supported Ali with a banner which read:

"THE BLACK DWARF SAYS—AXEL SPRINGER TODAY, CECIL KING TOMORROW"

Why King? His papers are more influential than the others. Their attacks on Socialism is more effective. Cecil King admits that he is producing a paper which he would not care to read himself, to persuade the working class. He wants to use his power to decide how we shall live and how we shall be governed.

The German students' slogan was: 'Students today, workers tomorrow.' Could they be right? Will adult working-men come to recognise the way in which they have been brainwashed by their masters?

On 18 April the *Daily Mirror* made an announcement it was 'opening its columns to the Voice of Protest. Tell the *Mirror* your views. In return the *Mirror* offers an audience of 15,000,000 citizens."

The BLACK DWARF rang up the *Mirror*'s news editor, offering to explain what we had paraded the banner: 'Axel Springer today, Cecil King tomorrow?' The news editor said he could accept only 300 words from the BLACK DWARF sent him 300 words from this article, explaining the reasons why we object to Cecil King holding so much power over our communications. So far, the *Daily Mirror* has not printed it.

The fact is that when newspapers talk of 'free speech', they mean only the freedom of rich men to print what they choose, without being hindered by the Government. They want freedom to print stories which will sell many copies, no matter how harmful those stories may be. That is why many Press lords (like Cecil King's relatives who own the *Evening News*) are opposed to the law against male impersonation. They think racism is exciting news, which will sell many copies and bring in advertisements. So they call it free speech. Freedom is more than that.

Who is the BLACK DWARF? 'Nobody. Looking over an industrial valley, bright with light and life, Sir George Stowell said: "As you see, there is NOBODY between us and the Locker-Lampoon." A journalist printed a good story in the *People*—and then reprinted it in the small-circulation *New Statesman* because, she said: "NOBODY reads the *People*." NOBODY is all those millions of people who are so different from each other but all lumped together under one big label—the masses, the working class, the labour force, the man in the street, the other man, the unknown warrior. That's who the BLACK DWARF is.

'Some are labelled "coloured" and some of them are labelled "mad". It starts in schools. Even our modern comprehensives work out their proportions—12 average pupils, nine below average, nine above. The Greater London Council is changing it now—12 average, five above, 14 below. Why? But more important, who decides?

'Reader, are you white-collar or cloth-cap? What age did you leave school? Do you work at 7 a.m. or 10? Do you drink in saloon or public bar? Have you a cheque book or a telephone or merely a rented TV? How's your accent? Have you got a good speaking voice or an unfortunate manner? How damp is your handshake? Are you Jewish, are you married, are you an actor? Age, class, sex? How long have you got to live? Clerical, manual, administrative, professional? Productivity rating? How much capital? Who are your references? Residential area or council estate? Will you get richer as you grow older or poorer? Do you mix with people of the other class?

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ballyhoo, please. This is a small Left-wing newspaper, and we hope there will be many others. You can't have a big Left-wing newspaper in this country until the Un-Free Press is taken into public ownership.



## WORKERS, STUDENTS, INTELLECTUALS!

Thirty years ago our last World War began after a period of crisis. Today we face a similar crisis.

Capital makes war on liberation movements. Little war drag on, or limp to a close, according to the needs of a precarious Capitalist economy. Race hatred is fomented among the working class. Consensus governments drift to the extreme Right.

The BLACK DWARF has emerged as a result of this crisis. THE BLACK DWARF will report and support the people, the movements, and the ideas, that aim to change forever the social structure of this country, and of the world.

We will write about real politics: the things done to this country by oil magnates, bankers, sterling and property speculators, insurance companies, strike breakers and Press lords. Since the last war we have collaborated with our ruling class to produce atom and hydrogen bombs, napalm and the refinements of germ warfare. All these things have been done to protect private property. This is called, in the Un-Free Press, preserving law and order, maintaining stability, keeping the peace. Private property is protected by force: police force, armed force. We want to see private property abolished.

There is much talk these days about violence. We live in a violent society. Our institutions are violent. Our police are violent. Our rulers support violence wherever their authority is challenged. We intend to challenge their authority.

Never a day goes by, but one of our freely chosen leaders gabbles in favour of peace and against violence; but once his face vanishes from our screens, war, brutality, and murder take the place of his smile. We have spent well over half our money on rockets, spies, guns and propaganda. And well we might. We know that two-thirds of the world are hungry, poor and angry. We are defending ourselves not against the Soviet establish-

ment (which has almost become the ally of American Capital in its quest for stability) but against the people on whose necks we are uneasily sitting. They are angry at being forced to the extreme Right. The violence we call peace has been challenged, and it being defeated on the battlefields of Vietnam American Negroes have had enough crap rubbed in their faces; Africa, Latin America and Southern Asia are about to have a real go on their own account. At home our students (young, free for a little while, able to consider the world problems abstractly while preparing to become bosses) are in a state of ferment. They are angry at being forced through the rigmarole of Poverty-War-Peace Prosperity -Poverty-War all over again. Though he may block his ears to it, the English worker, on his facts, soon knows exactly what those hungry and 'underprivileged' people are fighting about. He should be able to fight for every single advantage he now possesses; the ruling class gave him nothing—he took it from their clean, greedy hands by force, and his hunger marches of the Thirties make the Grosvenor Square demonstration look like a tea party.

We have had enough of you, ENOUGH OF YOUR POLICE, YOUR PROPAGANDA, YOUR LIES, YOU CAME HERE TO GET RICH, YOUR IDEALS ARE PROFIT, COMPETITION, AND MORE PROFIT, YOUR MOTIVES ARE AVARICE AND SELF-AGGRANDIZEMENT. Our ruling class knows this well. They have prepared to meet it. They have power, armies, police, churches, newspapers, and TV networks. And they have YOU.

Sunday, 17 March; an American commentator tells the USA of 15,000 Negroes, they have made the discovery that no one will implement revolutionary social change on their behalf but themselves. Experience has taught them that negotiation and compromise would mean their social conditions wretchedly tied to the economic and political systems of exploiting countries; at worst to a brutal and oligarchical despotism which opposes power derived from Western approval and capital to the needs of poor people in a desperate search for dignity and national identity.

The Government of the United States, slavishly refused by official Labour and Conservative party opinion to terms with these historical realities Sunday's 15,000 could dolefully lobby Parliament and the American Embassy for ever, without effect. Six men in Washington on the same day were scribes of the economic fate of millions. It is not surprising that large numbers of people here should draw a few sombre conclusions from this contradiction, and from the preceding logic of events over the years since the last war.

The truth of the matter is that capitalism is now more seriously embattled than at any time since the 1930s. And the police who cordoned off the American Embassy on Sunday faced not exhausted men from Jarrow, nor orthodox Communist militants in a re-enactment of Cable Street, but an educated and informed spectrum of opinion which will tolerate disputation no longer. The violence on Sunday was not some kind of discreditable lapse from



## Structures of evil do not crumble by passive waiting. If history teaches anything it is that evil is recalcitrant and determined and never voluntarily relinquishes its hold short of an almost fanatical resistance. MARTIN LUTHER KING

Time and time again Labour leaders have supported Capital against the workers. Time and time again they have become professional strike breakers. They are afraid of the ruling

class. They are afraid of the middle class. They are tired, empty, hollow men. They are not afraid of the working-class—yet.

The consensus politicians of our country are never tired of yapping about how lazy the workers are, how degenerate youth is. The real danger in this country is in our work-to-rule capitalists, in commuter trains and residential suburbs. The House of Commons is essentially a fraud: it does not govern this country. The fate of this country is in the hands of a tightly-knit, politically motivated group of businessmen. Both parliamentary parties want the same thing: to stay in power and to support the ruling class, to keep peace at home and let American Capital deal with the hungry abroad. To keep you hooked on the vote, the telly and a chicken at Sunday lunch.

Alas, my friends, we are the chickens. When the going gets rough in Saigon—up to the colour stakes; when the Negroes burn down shops—we pay more rent. And this will continue, and it will get worse—until we change it, together.

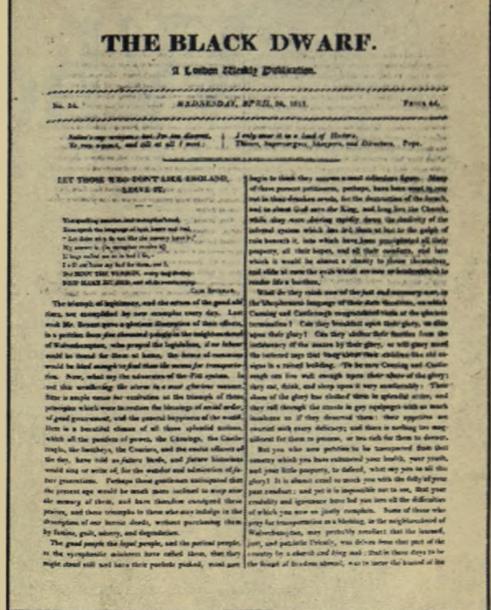
We placed too much faith in the Labour Party. The Labour leaders (our leaders—we ourselves are to blame) have pinned their faith in the ruling class; so we have traded our vision of a new society for a few reforms, a half-baked Health Service, schooling that stops at 15, a quick spin on the motorway on a Sunday afternoon.

decent standards of public expression in a democratic society—it was the drastic outcome of profound and irreconcilable differences cutting across young and old, Right and Left, or any other convenient antitheses to which a threatened order still clings. So long as it takes place in Vietnam or elsewhere, most people are not unduly disturbed, except to click their tongues over the horror of it all. When it happens in Grosvenor Square, there is a sense of public outrage—and columns of self-righteous drivel in the newspapers. The unreality of the response is amazing.

Carrots are handed in to the police for those poor horses. Under a photograph of a young woman with her hair down, exposed, being manhandled by the police, there is a caption remarkably only for its glowing Victorian, ambiguously erotic term of a 'spanking'. Our media of mass communication avidly dig their jaws into the entrails of dissent, and come up smug and self-satisfied as usual. After all, the morality of violence is clear: it's wrong. It's wrong, committed by whom and anywhere at any time—except against demonstrators. Entrenched 'authority' looks everywhere to place the blame for public disorder except within its own tangled and complex responsibilities.

If policemen persist in physically defending (after all they are paid and demonstrators are not) a society whose assumptions and values are rapidly becoming meaningless to anyone who can think—then their injuries are no more regrettable than those who at least have some idea what the fracas is all about.

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## WHY The Black Dwarf

Tom Wooler was a clever and humorous man. He edited a great Left-wing paper which closed down 140 years ago. It was called THE BLACK DWARF.

He was a printer from Sheffield with an office in Fleet Street. When he was charged with writing seditious and libellous material (they said he had labelled King Richard II!), he explained that he hadn't written a word: he had simply set it up in print. The lawmen said to go away and think up another charge.

The old BLACK DWARF was a political action, not just a means of communication, not just a way of striking attitudes. Can we do as well as Tom Wooler? He charged fourpence a copy and had no advertisements and no lawyers. He could fill the streets with demonstrators. Working-men wore his paper in their hats. In 1819 he was sent to Warwick goal for 18 months, at the height of the one man, one vote agitation.

Out of date...? Not in Greece, not in Rhodesia. It's widely believed that the people of these countries are not yet ready for 'parliamentary democracy'. One man, one vote, still means something.

Tom Wooler worked up the people of Britain to support rebels and revolutionaries at home, as well as abroad. In Spain, Latin America and among the slaves of the West Indies. He preferred the idea of passive resistance, but he justified violent revolution:

'The right of the People to resist oppression always exists and its requisite power to do this always resides in the general will of the People.'

Wooler's kind of thinking resulted in the slogan: 'Peaceably if we may. Forcibly if we must.'

When Wooler wrote of 'the People', he meant the People of the whole world—not merely the majority of the British-working class. He was in favour of unlimited immigration and would never have surrendered to the sick and vicious racism of Enoch Powell. But he did not merely talk enthusiastically about foreign revolutions. He was in the forefront of the struggle to improve the living standards of the poorer classes. He was very near to the policy of the new

BLACK DWARF: to lead a consistent struggle for the day-to-day interests of the working masses and ward off attacks on their standard of living and, at the same time, to make use of every partial demand to explain the necessity of revolution and show the impossibility of even a moderately serious and lasting, let alone fundamental, improvement so long as the power of capital is maintained.

Tom Wooler was a joker. He wrote a long letter, in every issue, from THE BLACK DWARF to the Yellow Bonze of Japan, explaining the idiotic public happenings which had occurred in Britain during the previous fortnight. The new BLACK DWARF will keep up the correspondence. He was a theatre reviewer; and he used to review the performances in the House of Commons and the law-courts, in the same style as his theatre reviews. The new BLACK DWARF will maintain his interest in these sad but comical happenings.

In 1817, Wooler was accused by a security man of printing proclamations for the new revolutionary government of Britain. But Wooler was not a policeman's lie. Wooler knew that revolutions come when the People want them to come. Journalists can't make them happen.

The new BLACK DWARF will not pick quarrels with other Left-Wingers—but with our principal enemy, Capitalism, most effectively represented in political, economic and military terms by the United States of America.

## fill in & tear off to the BLACK DWARF!

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of THE BLACK DWARF every fortnight on sale or return terms

Please send me THE BLACK DWARF for the next 12 months

I enclose cheque/postal order for 15s £3

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

THE BLACK DWARF 79 Cromwell Rd London SW7 01-370 3332

# Who is Enoch Powell?

He is a right-wing Tory opportunist who will stop at nothing to help his party and his class. He is director of the National Discount Company (assets £224,000,000) which pays him a salary bigger than the £3,500 a year he gets as an MP. He lives in fashionable Belgravia and writes Greek verse.

## What Does He Believe In?

Higher Unemployment. He has consistently advocated a national average of 3 per cent unemployed.

Cuts in the Social Services. He wants higher Health charges, less Council houses, charges for State education and lower unemployment pay.

Mass Sackings in the Docks. Again and again he has argued that the docks are "grossly over-manned". Enoch Powell is the consistent, declared enemy of the working class — a high priest of the capitalist system. He is opposed to all controls except immigration control.

He is playing exactly the same trick as Hitler and Mosley played before the last war. He is saying exactly the same things which Mosley was saying four years ago. He is whipping up racist feeling against the minority to get the support of the majority. The workers who fought for Hitler in Germany in 1933 soon paid the price. Their trade unions were smashed. Their welfare services abolished, their lives at home and at work terrorized by Fascist thugs.

The choice is simple; either you work together with your work-mates of all colours and nationalities for a strong socialist trade union movement. Or; support Powell and lose your jobs, your homes and your standard of living in a wave of racist hysteria.

