

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Whatever mitigates the woes or increases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, this is my measure of iniquity"

—ROBERT BURNS

SYNDICALIST NOTEBOOK

SECURITY SCREEN FOR SEAMEN

ANOTHER step towards Western totalitarian control of the workers has been taken with the introduction of the McCarran Act, which operates as from Christmas Eve.

Among other things, this Act lays down that all seamen must get a security clearance before being allowed to land in the United States. And what the "security really means is that the seaman has to swear that he is not or never has been, a member of the Communist Party.

Of course, the shipping companies are co-operating with the U.S. authorities. Cabins on the *Queen Mary* and the French liner *Liberté*, have been handed over to the quiz-masters who grill each member of the crew individually.

The *Liberté* is due in New York on Christmas Eve, so to make sure all the crew were "safe", U.S. immigration officer Leonard Martin was fixed up in first class cabin No. 51, on the main deck, where he started his cross-examination on the east-bound crossing, getting through about half the crew of 1,000 before the liner reached Le Harve.

Some of them—mainly among the engine-room and deck crew—were hostile, 1,000 before the liner reached Le Harve. strike action was threatened.

The crew say they were interviewed separately for about seven minutes. For those who cannot speak English an interpreter was present.

First they were asked: *Have you ever been in jail? Have you ever had a serious disease? Have you ever been involved in smuggling?*

Towards the end came: *Are you a*

Communist? Have you ever been a member of an organisation with Communist leanings?

One seaman said: "So far as I know, only one member of the crew has said he is a Communist."

This man, a tourist-class waiter, is still in the crew. According to the act, he will spend Christmas on board.

Mr. Martin said: "The French Line will be asked to arrange for his transfer to another ship not calling at an American port."

Every man who passes the test will be handed a certificate, which will cut screening on future trips.

It should be noted that this security screening by American officials is being carried out on nationals of other countries over whom the U.S. Government has no control (one would think) and that the U.S. is now claiming the right to dictate to shipping lines of other countries what men they shall use as crew on certain runs.

The companies obviously will not mind having the Commies weeded out for them—but what about the workers' attitude? You don't have to be a Communist to object to this sort of thought control—in fact the Stalinists ought to be pleased to see other governments copying their own so faithfully—but nevertheless the seamen should see that this scheme is stopped right away.

This they could do by deciding that no ship will call at any American port until the thought-police are called off.

PIT WINDERS' STRIKE COLLAPSES

AS was to be expected, the strike of Yorkshire pit winders collapsed with nothing gained for the men. The support, even from their own members, was not 100 per cent., and the fact that other mineworkers were prepared to blackleg on the strikers ensured that it would fail.

Looking at it from the outside, it is a bit difficult to see just why the engineers chose this particular time, when all mineworkers are anxious to earn extra money for the holiday, to try their strength. During a previous winders' strike, when there was no "bull week" involved, the National Union of Mineworkers was able to find miners willing

to work the winding gear. The engineers might have known, then, that a strike at such an unpopular time would be doomed to failure.

Nevertheless, the winders certainly have legitimate cause for grievance. They were striking in the first place for an increase of 3s. a shift—which has already been granted to winders in Derbyshire, but withheld from the Yorkshiremen. This at a time when the National Coal Board is refusing general demands from mineworkers on the plea that a reorganisation of the wages structure of the entire industry must precede any wage increases.

Add to that the fact that the winding men have been refused separate recognition—they are negotiated for through the N.U.M., and this for an old-established craft organisation means a diminution of their responsibility and their function and one can begin to see that bitterness already exists between the N.U.M. and the winding men's association. The latter clearly ask themselves why they should pay any allegiance to the large organisation, which has swallowed them up against their will, reducing them to the impotent level of all the affiliated sections under the large general unions.

The N.U.M. on the other hand clearly sees the winding men's association as a bothersome little relic of the old days when the mining industry was split into a myriad craft organisations, and is refusing to put itself out on their behalf until all winding men join the N.U.M.—even going so far as to blackleg on them to force them to give in.

This struggle may be regarded as an argument against the likelihood of an industrial syndicate being formed among the miners. The difference would be, however, that a syndicate would be a decentralised organisation, with all its local constituent parts autonomous and responsible—and aiming at responsibility of function in the work as well as in representation. Anarcho-syndicalism in the mines would bring a federated union of freely acting parts, it would not create a monolithic and centralised officialdom, jealously taking all power away from the men on the job—which is what the N.U.M. is doing.

And, above all, anarcho-syndicalism would seek to foster solidarity, not destroy it by dividing the workers against each other.

Japan Welcomes Margaret Sanger

JAPAN has for long been one of the most densely populated states in the world and before the war, like other Fascist states, sought to increase population by making birth control illegal. Since 1945, however, military considerations have occupied less prominence in Japanese affairs and the full social disadvantages of high population pressure have no longer been concealed. The Japanese Government (like that of India) has even sought to give official encouragement to birth control.

In pursuit of this, the Japanese Government invited Mrs. Margaret Sanger, Dr. Abraham Stone and Dorothy Brush of the International Planned Parenthood Committee to help in planning the official birth control campaign.

Mr. Sanger has for many years been a militant campaigner for birth control in the United States, where she suffered imprisonment for her advocacy. She was supported by Emma Goldman, who also went to prison for the same cause. Mrs. Sanger has also made many success-

ful visits to Europe to further the birth control movement.

Dr. Abraham Stone was the expert chosen by the World Health Organisation in response to the Indian Government's request for an adviser in tackling their conception control problem. Dorothy Brush is editor of the International Planned Parenthood Committee's news bulletin.

The latter reports that Margaret Sanger and her companions have been received by civic and government leaders in Japan with unrestrained enthusiasm according to the New York newspapers. "The Vice-Minister of Welfare, Falichi Miyazaki, called Mrs. Sanger's teachings 'an encouragement to the Japanese Government's campaign to control conception by legal means'."

Mrs. Sanger visited a village in Japan where women had decorated their largest building with flags to receive her. "Clad in kimonos, many with babies at their backs, they added their personal and affectionate welcome to all the official recognition showered on the three tireless travellers for birth control."

Waste and Want THE USUAL STORY

WE are reminded often enough that in August 1933 one and a half million oranges were thrown into the sea between Britain and Spain; and that in 1934 thousands of gallons of full-cream Irish milk were poured into the Clyde by order of the Ministry of Agriculture to keep up the price; and that in 1936 forty million bags of coffee beans were thrown on to huge bonfires in Brazil; and that at the same time five thousand head of cattle were being destroyed, and their carcasses burned every week in the public abattoirs of Denmark, while the government of Chile was burning the carcasses of half a million sheep.

We are reminded often of the implications of these things, and we are reminded, too, of the fact that now, as then, most of the people of the world haven't enough to eat. But now, as then, nothing is done to relate over-production to under-consumption.

An *Associated Press* dispatch from Spokane, Washington, on Sept. 24th, summarised the report of the Pacific Northwest Grain Dealers' Association, in these words:

"There is no place to store it and no place to ship it, so farmers in this rich wheat-producing area have

had to dump more than 6,000,000 bushels out on the ground.

"They have had to dump wheat before but never in piles like the ones that dot the inland empire of Eastern Washington, Eastern Oregon and Northern Idaho to-day. The biggest before was 5,000,000 bushels in 1946.

"It sits out in the wind, the sun and the rain. It might even be there when it snows. It sits alongside warehouses already bulging with wheat."

Another American trade association, the Michigan Retail Food Dealers' Association, announces that in the current year, "The baking industry wasted 68 million dollars in unsold bread. Altogether, there were 474,240,000 loaves of bread wasted—enough to feed two million people (a city the size of Philadelphia, or the entire population of the States of Kansas and Iowa) for a whole year."

ONLY RELIGIOUS OBJECTIONS ACCEPTED BY C.O. TRIBUNALS?

ROBERT SADLER, jnr. (21), apprentice joiner, of Brunton Bridge, Newcastle, was fined £50, with the alternative of 81 days in prison, by the Newcastle-on-Tyne magistrates on Dec. 10th, after he had refused to undergo a medical examination for military service.

Sadler first appeared before the bench on the previous morning when he pleaded guilty to failing to submit himself for medical examination. The magistrates ordered him to undergo the examination in the afternoon. He did not do so. When brought before the Court again, he was charged with failing to obey the order of the Court. Again, he pleaded guilty.

Mr. K. H. Bolam, for Sadler, said Sadler came from a pacifist family. His grandfather's brothers went to prison in the First World War, and his father and his brother had been to prison in the last war.

Mr. W. E. Robinson, for the Ministry of Labour and National Service, had said Sadler failed to register for service in 1949, was provisionally registered as a conscientious objector in January, 1950, and was struck off the register by the local tribunal in July this year. This decision was upheld on appeal. He was ordered to report for medical examination in October but did not do so.

Mr. Bolam told the Court that apparently tribunals took cognisance only of religious objections. Sadler's objections were based on humanitarian grounds. He was not a member of any political party.

D. C. THOMSON WORKERS STILL NOT REINSTATED

THE supposed victory by NATSOPA in getting unionism recognised (for the first time since 1926) at the printing works of D. C. Thomson, Dundee, Glasgow and Manchester, must have a pretty hollow ring for the 77 men who, for leading the strike last April, have not yet been reinstated.

Since direct action did the trick before, why do not NATSOPA try it again?

Are they perhaps afraid that the workers who are in Thomson's now will not respond, even to the half-hearted extent that they did seven months ago? Or are they merely afraid of a new set of court injunctions? P.S.

CAPITALIST INTEREST

Britain is importing marbles from America—and "it is very much in the interest of this country to maintain the import," Mr. Harry Mackeson, Secretary for Overseas Trade, told M.P.s yesterday.

Under the token imports scheme to keep trade channels open, £44,000 worth of toys, including marbles, are allowed in from America. Britain sold America last year £500,000 worth of toys—including marbles.

—*News Chronicle*, 17/12/52.

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Bankrupt Liberalism

LIBERALS refused to carry a resolution critical of collective punishments in Malaya when they met in London recently for the quarterly council of the party and heard Sir Andrew McFadyean express his "contempt" for the suggestion that the tactics were similar to those employed by the Germans during the war.

After giving details of three cases in which collective punishments were imposed, Sir Andrew said it was all very well to talk about pacification, but bandits could not be pacified. They were either out to take money like gangsters in this country, or they were working for an enemy Power to set up a hostile Government.

The inhabitants of Malaya did not require pacification and they had shown no resentment at this retributive or protective action. They knew perfectly well that the British Government and every British man working in their country was only too anxious to get on with progressive development of social and political institutions.

Sir Andrew added that the use of force in this way was repugnant and they would all like to avoid it. But every moral dilemma was a conflict of duties. It might be necessary on occasion that our efforts involved some little suffering to the innocent, but they were a form of protection of the victims of blackmail. Insofar as they were penalties they were falling on the kind of people who, through terror, had made themselves accessories after the fact and accomplices in deeds of murder.

Referring to a part of the resolution which compared the policy in Malaya with that of the Germans in France during the war, Sir Andrew said: "I say that analogy is contemptible. Even in France the German troops could not be relied upon to carry out that policy. They had to have specially recruited troops."

Even after the removal of the offending sentence and further discussion the resolution was defeated.

—*Manchester Guardian*.

Ignazio Silone—Henryk Ibsen—Frazer Darling—Claude Houghton—George Orwell—Louis Adeane—Robert Sinclair

A FREEDOM ANTHOLOGY

The Interrogation

EACH one of us was expecting his turn, and not one of us could guess what it was that the representatives of the authorities wanted us to answer. Our chief worry, of course, was whether there would be anything to pay if we gave the wrong answer. Nobody knew what "refractory" meant, but we knew quite well what "pay up" meant.

When the little fat man asked him, "Long live who?" the old cobbler took his hat off and shouted: "Long live Queen Margaret!"

The effect was other than what Baldissera expected. All the armed men roared with laughter, and the little fat man said:

"She's dead. Queen Margaret is dead."

"She's dead?" the old cobbler exclaimed, horrified. "Impossible!"

"Write down 'constitutionalist,'" the little fat man said.

Baldissera went away, shaking his head sadly after this sequence of inexplicable happenings. On Berardo's instructions, Antonio Zappa, whose turn came next, shouted: "Down with the robbers!" This called forth a murmur of protest from the men in black shirts.

The little fat man ordered Filippo Il Bello to write down "anarchist".

Zappa went away, and it was Antonio Spaventa's turn.

"Down with the vagabonds!" he shouted. This caused a fresh outburst from the ranks of the blackshirts. Spaventa was put down as an anarchist as well.

"Long live who?" the little fat man asked Luigi Della Croce. But he was a pupil of Berardo's, too, and wouldn't shout "long live" anything, but only the reverse.

"Down with the taxes!" was his reply. This time the Fascists made no protest, but Della Croce was put down as an anarchist, too.

Raffaele Scarpone, who shouted, "Down with the people who pay the wages!" right in the face of the representative of the law, caused a much greater sensation.

The little fat man wanted to have him arrested, but Raffaele took the precaution of being well outside the square before he said the words. In two bounds he was behind the church, and that was the last we saw of him.

The next few were more prudent. The first of them was Giacobbe Losurdo.

"Long live everybody!" was his reply, and it was hard to think of anything safer than that. But it wasn't appreciated.

"Put down 'Liberal,'" said the little fat man to Filippo Il Bello.

"Long live the Government!" shouted Giovanni Uliva, with the best of intentions.

"Which Government?" asked Filippo Il Bello. Uliva had never heard that there was more than one Government, but out of politeness said: "The lawful Government!"

"Put down 'traitor,'" the little fat man said to Filippo Il Bello.

Ponzio Pilato tried to go one better, and when it was his turn shouted: "Long live the Government!" too.

"Which Government?" Filippo Il Bello asked.

"The unlawful Government!"

"Put down 'criminal,'" the little fat man said.

—IGNAZIO SILONE: *Fontamara*.

but not alone. There must have been eight or ten of the lads and lasses from Coigeach, all ready to help and all primed for a good day's fun. The hut shot up into position, the lining was fitted and wires slung over the top and suspended with boulders. We put what we could inside, and the rest was carried to the landing by the willing hands.

We have come to the conclusion that the cure for the chronic state of monetary poverty in which we find ourselves while we insist on doing what it pleases us to do is to simplify needs. Face up to the fact that much of the furniture and fittings and therefore of indoor space, is quite unnecessary for comfort. Pare down continuously and avoid junk like the plague, be careful to see that such labour-saving devices as you instal are not in fact labour-makers. We have never been more happy than in those wooden-hut days; if there is one fruitless consumer of good energy above another it is the eternal scramble to maintain or reach some false standard of comfort, social position or respectability. If you become suddenly poor, cut your losses and climb down, and if you are chronically poor but doing what you most wish to do, then I repeat, simplify your needs with a bold, clear mind. The extra time given you by this means to continue doing the things you wish, makes the effort well worth while.

Expanding Freedom

YOU can never get me to regard freedom as synonymous with political liberty. What you call freedom, I call freedoms; and what I call the struggle for freedom is nothing but the constant, living assimilation of the idea of freedom. Who possesses freedom otherwise than as something to be striven for, possesses it only as a thing without life or spirit, for the idea of freedom has always this quality, that it constantly expands as one assimilates it, so that if during the struggle one pauses to say: Now I have it! he merely shows that he has lost it. But to have just this dead kind—a certain static view of freedom—is characteristic of state organisations; and it is just this that I have called worthless.

—HENRYK IBSEN: *Letters*.

On the Island

JAMES MACLEOD and Donald Fraser came in that first week of October,

"It seems to me," said Dougal, "though it is one of those things you hesitate to say in a sophisticated society, that it is doubtful whether all that is meant by art and culture is the right thing by which to judge a civilisation, nor should it be considered one of the major ends to which a civilisation moves. Surely the true criterion of a civilisation should be the right behaviour of its people to one another. If a society exists in which behaviour has reached a state of justice, mercy and rightness, and the pitch of individual sensitiveness is high, can it achieve a much higher state of civilisation by technics? I doubt it. The art and culture part of it is a symptom of civilisation, a kind of creative froth coming out of the beer. If the beer is inert, you get no froth, in which case the people will lack the social and civic sense I am talking about."

—FRAZER DARLING: *Island Years*.

Here or Nowhere

DIRECTLY we're certain that death is near, then the beauty of the world—all the marvellous, great, neglected, forgotten beauty of the world—rises before us, overwhelms us, claims us. We turn to look our last on purgatory—and find we are gazing on paradise.

—CLAUDE HOUGHTON:
Chaos is Come Again.

Intimations of Rebellion

THE weakness of the child is that it starts with a blank sheet. It neither understands nor questions the society in which it lives, and because of its credulity other people work on it, infecting it with the sense of inferiority and the dread of offending against mysterious, terrible laws...

Sin was not necessarily something that you did; it might be something that happened to you... this was the great, abiding lesson of my boyhood: that I was in a world where it was not possible for me to be good...

Virtue consisted in winning: it consisted in being bigger, stronger, handsomer, richer, more popular, more elegant, more unscrupulous than other people—in dominating them, bullying them, making them suffer pain, making them look foolish, getting the better of them in every way. Life was hierarchical and whatever happened was right. There were the strong, who deserved to win, and there were the weak, who deserved to lose and always did lose, everlastingly.

I did not question the prevailing standards, because so far as I could see there were no others. How could the rich, the strong, the elegant, the fashionable, the powerful, be in the wrong? It was their world, and the rules they made for it must be the right ones. And yet from a very early age I was aware of the impossibility of any subjective conformity. Always at the centre of my heart the inner self seemed to be awake, pointing out the difference between the moral obligation and the psychological fact. It was the same in all matters, worldly or other-worldly. Take religion, for instance. You were supposed to love God, and I did not question this. Till the age of about fourteen I believed in God, and believed that the accounts given of him were true. But I was well aware that I did not love him. On the con-

History's Hard...

HISTORY'S hard for heart to hold. Children creep with cindered eyes To die for shelter in the cold. But the great lucid statesman lies Sealed into stone and story told To children true of heart and eyes, And soon warm eyes grow cold.

—LOUIS ADEANE

The Old Lady of Bow

WITHIN a few yards of the Roman causeway is a small, strong and irregular-looking house, inhabited by a lady of seventy. She is rightly proud of the fact that she has built her house, unaided, during five laborious but happy years. Photographs of the site taken five years ago show her former home, in which she had lived for thirty years, shattered by a bomb; literally not one wall remained whole. She has spent the closing years of her seventh decade building concrete foundations, laying brick walls, making roof and ceilings, laying flooring, and extending her plumbing as she added room by room to her stout thick, concrete-bedded house—the kind of house with its gay wood-fire and big black tea-kettle, in which my childish vision used to see Alfred burning the cakes. I have found her an engaging hostess. Here is a dogged native vitality worthy of the old Lea and of its long story of Roman elephants and Viking longships... The old lady of Bow is as enduring as the river. Claudius would have been proud of her, and the elephants that pursued the British would have broken their knees on the concrete Gibraltar that she calls her home.

—ROBERT SINCLAIR: *East London*.

The Colonists

KROPOTKIN was very pleasant last Wednesday, though he was far from well... Also he told us an anecdote which I will tell you, my dear.

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We Weren't Stalin's Booksellers

We have not taken to our bosoms the present turgid torrent, or should we say, plumb's flush of anti-communist books. We do not enjoy the breast-beating or scandalous revelations of "Ten Weeks in King Street" (or "I Was Stalin's Gasman"). But we did enjoy extracts from the latest, which informed us that:—

"At Xmas every Communist is told to buy his children books from Communist bookshops or at the annual Daily Worker Fair. Every year I spent ten or fifteen shillings this way on books... but only rarely did I give them to my daughters, and they were not much of a success when I did..."

"If a Party leader such as Pollitt, Gallacher, Jackson, or Pelme Dutt writes a book, borough secretaries are under obligation to order large numbers of them for distribution among Party members for purchase and for sale. I once bought ten copies of Willie Gallacher's book. I was able to sell two of them, but I turned in the purchase price of ten. Of course, if any Party member is fool enough to voice a mild protest at this forcible sale of literature, books, etc., there is a ready answer for him. 'What are you complaining about? You know what Lenin said? Propaganda is the greatest weapon...'

"One day the Literature Secretary of the Hackney Branch called on business. We talked for a while about this, and then suddenly he said, 'Comrade, have you bought a copy of Harry Pollitt's book, "Serving My Time"? 'Yes, it's in the flat somewhere.' 'Where is it then? Why can't it be seen? Are you ashamed to show it?' He stood up and peered suspiciously at the books. 'Show it to me...'

We may point out with all modesty that we, too, have a bookshop. But we have no goon squad of high-pressure salesmen to see that your bookshelves are on the party line, and we don't care where you put our books.

We would point out that Freedom Press benefits from all sales at Freedom Bookshop, whatever the book. We have a highly-trained pack of bloodhounds who can sniff out scarce books as quickly as a Stalinist can trace a deviationist. Our own goon squad limits its terrorist activities to cowering antiquarian booksellers, libraries and remainder merchants into supplying books of anarchist and libertarian interest at laughably low prices.

And we always welcome gifts of books, especially priceless first editions, which we can sell to the general public to help FREEDOM's funds.

You are always welcome to come in and browse around at 27 Red Lion St.: we issue a book list for those who can only buy by post.

L.W. and J.R.

BOOK REVIEW IN THE FAR WEST

RAVENS AND PROPHETS by George Woodcock. (Allan Wingate, 15/-)

WHAT one should expect of a book of travel I do not know. It is personality expanded into geography, a man mapped large; or sometimes it is the world reduced to the size of an eye. Some take possession, others are possessed, as Lawrence was. Some travel in fable and history, others in mirrors and beads—(these, embittered in pith helmets, armed with great buffalo guns, silence egotism with laconic reports of hide, seek and slaughter). There are those who do not chase themselves, and they often net us smaller game of greater value. In time the hunter yields to the ploughman and we get place rather than pride; empire becomes commonwealth; Gorer reaps the furrow. Perhaps George Woodcock should be numbered among these seekers and scythers, for though his book has character, he does not dominate and devalue the wealth he finds and binds for us. His approach to Western Canada is modest, fair-minded, factual; his writing is everywhere easy, vivid and firm; responsibly the other side of the globe comes round close and clear, coloured by nature not by his political or personal shade.

the hurdy-gurdy girls of the great Rush, the hanging judge of the backwoods, and the story of Duncan the Anglican missionary, who persuaded the Indians to build and occupy the Holy

City of Metlakatla: a model Victorian village, complete with mock-Gothic church, on the sea-frayed edge of the wilderness. There were and are many lesser individualists in a land which is still in part a frontier; also those who made Utopian settlements, and the more business-like ones who have created producers' organisations such as the Fisherman's Co-operative of Prince Rupert. By contrast the author describes such "company towns" as Ocean falls (paper-making), and the dark castle of Trail, in the interior: the biggest of Canadian metal and chemical combines has set its smelting-works here, on a hill above the people.

FREEDOM BOOKSHOP OPEN DAILY

- Books on Spain and the Spanish War...
- GEORGE ORWELL: *Homage to Catalonia* 10/6 (For Collectors only: a fine first edition of above, £1 10s.)
- GERALD BRENAN: *Face of Spain* 15/-, *Spanish Labyrinth* 31/6, *Literature of the Spanish People* 40/-
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- ★ We have some incomplete files of *Spain and the World* (1936-39) for sale at £1 (approx. 40 issues out of a total of 53 published).
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- John Langdon-Davies *Behind the Spanish Barricades* (1936) 3/6
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He gives us an account of four journeys, taken by train, car, boat, boot, across seven thousand miles of British Columbia—up the jagged coast into Alaska, eastward over the Rockies into the snowy plains of Alberta. The change of place is preceded by a journey in time, as the history of the region is briefly summarised; solid research into the past always underlies the (sometimes cursory) examination of the present. The story has a wide interest: urban and country life, the residual Indian cultures (the Indians now comprise a rising three per cent. of the population), ghost towns and gold mines, hotels, shops and prices all receive attention. Anyone intending to visit the country could hardly have a more thorough introduction to it than this one; casual readers would be entertained by the dips into the local legend—

The book contains much information about the remaining tribes of Pacific Coast Indians, who are treated politically as second-class citizens but are no longer publicly despised, and whose numbers are now increasing. Some of these peoples, such as the Gitksans and Babines, stubbornly continue to resist the advance of white civilisation; living in decaying villages of wood, erecting stalker "totem" poles (of inferior craftsmanship), supporting themselves by hunting, fishing and casual logging labour, they hold potlaches illegally and are hostile or reticent in the face of white interference or interest. On the other hand, the Tsimshians (something like two hundred live in what is left of Metlakatla) have attained security by adopting modern fishing methods, and are adjusting themselves to the life around them. They too hold potlaches (the ceremony at which the wealthy give away or destroy their riches—in expectation of gifts in return) and dance-festivals, but their clan system is dissolving before the educative influences of cinema and school. The Indians of Duncan's village are soon to receive full political rights, and the governmental tutelage is to be removed. George Woodcock believes that they have taken the best road; "If only a similar opportunity were brought to the rest of the Indians, it might yet be possible for their cultural heritage, their

dramatic, artistic and musical aptitudes to take their part in and leaven the dry mass of contemporary Canadian culture."

He visited the extensive Mennonite settlement centred on Yarrow, and found it a rather ordinary farming community; little but their pacifism now distinguishes these good people from their neighbours. The Doukhobors, however, have surrendered neither their language, costume nor customs to the hostile world. (There are reported conversations with normal Canadians, indicative of public opinion concerning the "dirty Douks"). At the Orthodox village of Thrums the Woodcocks were taken hospitably by the hand; they learned that the members of the sect maintain their distrust of authority, their pacifism, their mystical beliefs and religious rites; it appears that their hymns, which are magnificently sung and fortunately recorded, compose a kind of saga of their glories and sufferings; the saga is kept up to date, so that now the Doukhobors psalm the anti-war war meetings and arrests of 1940. Crossing a ravine by aerial ferry, the travellers came to Gilpin, the home of the Sons of Freedom (the radical wing of the Doukhobors). Here they attended a simple religious service and questioned the congregation upon the notorious nude processions and burnings of schools; they found the Sons of Freedom shrewdly practical but apocalyptically mystical, and the conversation was somewhat uneven. These radicals have recently received a new inspired teacher or guide, who has persuaded them to renounce violent methods of propaganda; so there will be no more parades.

It will be seen that the book is various, rich and strange. Occasionally the author seems to have been too thorough: some Canadian town appear provincial and drab; he might be reproached for weakness in judging the intrinsic interest of his material. Once or twice it looks as if he might have taken too much information on trust. But I found most of his narrative wholly absorbing, and I hope there is more to come.

L.A.

Obtainable from 27, RED LION STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

What is "Constructive" Anarchism?

CONSTRUCTIVE ANARCHISM by G. P. Maximoff. (Maximoff Memorial Publications Committee, Chicago, \$2.50. 152 pp.)

ONE of the first things that strikes one about this work is its small size and exorbitant price. After reading it, however, one is forced to the conclusion that it is perhaps as well that it has been priced so highly, since while it may be an excellent description of what the author terms "communalistic-syndicalism", it has very little to do with "constructive anarchism". It is saddening to think that this work represents the constructive ideas of the author of that invaluable study of the Russian Revolution and the resulting persecution of the Russian anarchists, *The Guillotine at Work*.

The book is divided into two sections. The first is a short essay entitled "My Social Credo," first published in 1933, and is merely a bald statement of what is more elaborately proposed in the second section. This second section comprises the bulk of the book and is a polemical reply to a "Platform" issued by "A Group of Russian Anarchists Abroad" in 1927 and a "Reply" by "Several Russian Anarchists". The publishers do not include either the "Platform" or the "Reply", so one cannot judge the validity of Maximoff's criticisms of either. All one can do is to review the constructive proposals he puts forward with regard to the achievement of a free society.

Maximoff's main concern is with what he considers the necessity for the anarchist movement (by which he means that section known as anarcho-syndicalist, regarding as he does the purely anarchist communists as "impractical", and the anarchist-individualists as "typically bourgeois") to have a "practical programme" in order that it can successfully negotiate the transitional period of the social revolution; the "communalistic-syndicalist régime", as he calls it. This régime will be one in which economy will be organised by "High Councils" (higher than what?) in which leadership will still remain (though it is called "natural"), and in which the "masses" will be led by "one or other" political ideological group ("this being inevitable even in an anarchist society", though he grudgingly admits that the masses can sometimes "act freely and creatively under favourable conditions"). Maximoff even knows the number of hours per day it will be necessary to work (6) in the "first stages" of the new society, as well as knowing the age at which children can be considered fully "educated" ("Society will have an obligation to pro-

vide children up to the age of eighteen with a comprehensive integral education"). The organisation of schools "will be the public function of the Union of Educational Workers", which will consist of "interested public societies, of parents, economists and others". The person who is most vitally interested and affected, the child, is not even mentioned and must, presumably, do as his "elders" tell him and avail himself of the facilities they so kindly provide. In fact, where the individual comes into this plethora of unions, syndicates, credit banks, high councils, public services, this carefully prepared menu of Proudhonian syndicalism, is somewhat difficult to decide. Even the Bolsheviks waited until after they had got into power before they produced their "five-year plans", but Comrade Maximoff apparently thinks that the anarcho-syndicalists possess some "divine" quality of omniscience which allows them to forecast the future with the assurance of a racing tipster. Indeed, it is somewhat of an anti-climax to find, after some fifty pages of blueprint, the statement that "However, the Anarchists do not visualise future society in such a simplified and schematic form!"

Let us take two particularly controversial statements which the author makes concerning his proposed programme for the "transitional stage". They occur in the chapter entitled "Organisation of Defence".

On page 136 he writes: "Partisan detachments will not be a sufficiently reliable form for the full defence of the Revolution. They will certainly appear in the Revolution itself, and will play a useful part in the initial stages of the struggle, but they will be helpless once it takes on the aspect of real warfare. Under such conditions hostilities can only be conducted by properly organised armed forces, capable of utilising military science and all methods of modern war technique. But an army in the form which exists in bourgeois countries, or on the lines of the Red Army in Soviet Russia, would not conform to the fundamental principles on which the new society is to be built. Therefore neither the army nor partisan detachments can be considered the desirable form of organising the military forces in the Revolution. The first would be a threat to freedom, the second an insufficient means of defence.

"Instead, the anarchists propose the general arming of the working people on the basis of a militia."

Maximoff then goes on to detail 11 principles on which he thinks the militia

should be organised. Among them is arming of all workers between the ages of 18 and 45; the "recruitment" of all women between 18 and 35 for the militia medical corps; and an annual thirty-day muster for manœuvres, for which mobilisation, like that for war, will be conducted according to age groups" (those comrades who are happy because of the recent abolition of the "Z" call-up will be pleased at this, I am quite sure!) The author states in the first section of his book that he is an anti-militarist. How he reconciles this statement with these proposals and his insistence that the revolution must organise "armed forces according to all the rules of military science", is a little difficult to understand.

It is obvious that no social revolution can be successful unless it receives support and extension in countries outside the one it originates in. Even if the rest of the world does not immediately follow suit, then the revolutionary movements in the most powerful nations must be strong enough to effectively neutralise any attempted intervention on the part of their respective rulers. The type of

revolution which Maximoff envisages taking place—a revolution in a country or area completely surrounded by hostile régimes—is doomed to failure from the start, no matter how well organised its military defence is. The strength of a revolution lies in its successful application of its principles and their appeal to the oppressed peoples of the world. The erection of a military system such as that proposed by Maximoff would completely negate the libertarian and humanist ideas of anarchism and would in all probability result in the reinstatement of authority and its corollary of privilege.

On page 140 Maximoff states: "As to crimes of social import like, for instance, various kinds of violations of liberty and equality, murder, etc., such cases will be dealt with by public communal courts composed of representatives of producers' and consumers' communes, co-operatives and house committees in the commune in question, and will include appropriate scientific experts and physicians. The composition of these courts, organised wherever required, will be flexible, since judges will be elected for

Letter

THE OPEN SOCIETY

THE article "Anarchism and the Open Society" over the initials C.W. is a stimulating contribution to libertarian thought for which I am sure many of your readers who are interested in, but do not share, the Anarchist philosophy have been waiting. The views expressed may possibly be a direct consequence of Herbert Read's plea for a restatement in a technological environment of the Anarchist solution, and may well prove to be a turning-point in the history of the Anarchist movement. However, that may be, it is interesting to note so thoughtful a response to the need for such a restatement, and it may be an index to your contributor's fundamental

outlook that he selects as his Anarchist prophets Proudhon, Réclus and Kropotkin rather than, say, Stirner or Bakunin.

It is a pity that, whilst frankly recognising the "progressivist" assumptions which determine the approach of many Anarchists (a majority?) to the all-important problem of freedom, he makes a somewhat ungracious reference to those moderns (including some Anarchists apparently) who have accepted "the idea of Original Sin". Theirs is a decision, seemingly, not born of a positive, intellectual assent to a doctrine remarkable for its vitality, in spite of repeated and determined attacks upon its validity as an explanation of our unhappy condition, but merely the result of accidie consequent upon a prolonged and imprisoning frustration. May I suggest that disillusionment of the kind referred to by C.W. may be a necessary discipline of the spirit, and is often the prelude to a confident step forward in the right direction. It need not inevitably lead to a stultification of the spiritual faculties.

The postulate "Human nature is neither good nor bad, it is capable of anything" is hardly reminiscent of the moral grandeur of a Kropotkin or a Tolstoy, though it may, for all I know, be acceptable to the present generation of Anarchists. Perhaps C.W.'s sociological man is but a variant of the more familiar "economic man" after all, in spite of his rejection of the Marxian dialectic. Accordingly, to be a sociological anarchist is to declare for a new version of the chibiastic dream, it being unlikely that the exaltation of scientism prevalent in Anarchist circles will prevail against this familiar secularist inversion of religious truth. And what are we to say of "the doctrine of natural goodness" which Prof. Talmon, Dr. Popper and Mr. Berlin "justifiably attack"? It must be disposed of, presumably, if Anarchists are to maintain their essentially humanist analysis of the modern dilemma, by an appeal to the conception of the "sociological man" based upon a refusal to recognise that the problem of evil cannot be ignored if a sound judgment about Man's true nature is to be attained.

Your contributor is, however, on safer ground when discussing Martin Buber and the confusion between Society and the State though, unlike Buber, he declares for the Anarchist solution. In my own view, Martin Buber shows a deeper realisation of the extreme complexity of the problem of the relation between man's social and personal life, witness his appeal for a renewal of efforts to bring about "an alteration in the ratio between governmental control and administrative control in favour of the latter" to use his own words, relying upon what he calls "social education" to achieve the kind of personalist society which he advocates. Were C.W. a Christian he might perceive that Society as understood by Anarchists could easily lead to the "hidden authoritarianism" which he says upholders of the point of view of the "open society" charge Anarchists with unconsciously desiring.

P. M. M. HUGGON.

"The business of a statesman is to balance the greed and fears of the proprietary classes the necessities and demands of the working-class. This is a sorry business, and leads to all kinds of trickery and evasion; so that it is more than doubtful whether a statesman can be a moderately honest man."

—WILLIAM MORRIS

The Measure of Man Continued from p. 3

to no small extent synonymous with the state of mental health, whether of the person, the household, or the community."

Such views, whether Prof. Demerath will admit it or not, are an invitation to the architect to become a practical revolutionary—for how is he to affect or change the psychological attitudes of suburbia? More than likely, he enjoys the country-club life himself, if he happens to be one of the few architects who are "prosperous", and will be disinclined to add psychiatry to his already overburdened eclecticism.

There have been, however, a few architects who have thought in these terms. Louis Sullivan found time from his professional duties to develop a genuine philosophy of architecture. Speaking of a typically Chicago office building of the early years of this century, he wrote: "It is all the the's, and's, ifs, but's; it is all connectives that connect nothing; qualificatives that qualify nothing; propositions that propose nothing; conjunctions that conjoin nothing; exclamations that exclaim nothing." And Frank Lloyd Wright, who acknowledged Sullivan as his teacher, spoke of the aimless forms with which we have surrounded ourselves:

"Here in this great melting pot of all the breaking-down or cast-off cultures of this world, we have allowed the arrogance of science to deprive us of genuine culture. We inherit and preserve the cultural lag.

"The aesthetic sense, unhealthy, neglected, or betrayed, has come down to a raising of the cup with the little finger delicately lifted or of, say, the easel picture or some poetic pose or eclecticism in manners or architecture."

Houses are built, tracts are developed, without the slightest feeling for the natural environment. Nature is some-

thing we do away with, or ignore. As Wright has said of building in California: "The people get busy with steam shovels, tearing down the hills to get to the top in order to blot out the top with a house." The rolling country of Southern California is cut and gashed to make highways and building sites, with little or no regard for the natural contours of the landscape. This neglect, indeed, contempt, for nature is not unique to the bourgeois hordes. As Joseph Wood Krutch noted recently, a feeling for nature is almost entirely lacking from modern literature. He asks:

"Is there any 'Love of Nature'—as distinguished from intellectual approval of the processes of biology—in Shaw? Does T. S. Eliot find much gladness in contemplating Her? Does James Joyce's apostrophe to a river count; and is Hemingway's enthusiasm for the slaughter of animals really a modern expression of that devotion to blood sports which, undoubtedly, is a rather incongruous aspect of the English race's 'Love of Nature'? In America, Robert Frost is almost the only poet universally recognised as of major importance in whom the loving contemplation of the natural world seems the central activity from which the poetry springs."

Our great public buildings, despite their massive grandeur, are too remote from the feelings of the people. One can easily understand the critical jargon of some of the modern architects, who call these monstrous, monolithic structures "fascist" in mood and implication. They suggest, not service of the people, but impenetrable barriers and vast, impersonal authority.

What is to be done about all this? What can be done? What might be proposed for the city of Los Angeles, for example, where, in rented apartments, the average term of tenant occu-

pancy is about six weeks? With a population as rootless as this, can anything be said about home-building?

A beginning may be made by individuals, who can insist upon designing as much of their own homes as they can, and building as much of them as they can. It is possible to take greater pride in a compost heap than in a garbage disposal unit—that supreme symbol of our victory against nature, which denies the soil the mere refuse that is all it asks for replenishment of its fertility.

People can change even their architectural environment, by discovering its importance and its implications. Part of the change, of course, will have to involve progressive independence of outside services and authorities, for only by doing things for themselves can people reverse the broad, general tendency to an impersonal, mass society in which simple individuality is symptomatic of heresy and deviation—in short, an unwillingness to "participate" in the tasteless uniformities of the totalitarian age. Perhaps one step that could be taken by architects themselves would be for more of them to become builders—and impart some of their hopes and idealism to the building trades. To put it very simply, not enough dreaming and vision go into the conventionally constructed home or public structure. How can any community have beauty and charm, how can children love their homes and schools, how can the town or city convey a warm, friendly atmosphere, so long as everything that is built has only a commercial motive behind it?

Arthur Morgan once defined democracy as a community in which every man does his own "dirty work". We should like to add that, in a democracy, instead of hiring it done, a man ought to do his own creative work—or, as we said before, as much of it as he can.

Los Angeles.

MANAS.

specific sessions only. Since prisons as such will be abolished, the criminal will be subject, depending on his psychological condition, either to medical treatment or to temporary isolation from society in special correctional productive communes within whose limits he will be entirely free."

On wonders why Maximoff dismisses the individualist anarchists so sharply as "bourgeois" when both Tucker and his school proposed a system of courts similar to those he proposes. What is more they did attempt to give some idea of what would be considered an antisocial "offence", something the author does not endeavour to do. Both Kropotkin in his essay *Organised Vengeance Called Justice* and Clarence Darrow in his book *Resist Not Evil* state the case against proposals such as Maximoff's far more lucidly than can the present writer.

Constructive Anarchism concludes with some proposals entitled "The Everyday Struggle". Among these are some which would delight not a few "left" politicians, particularly those of the Trotskyist variety. What they have to do with the achievement of anarchy, however, it is difficult to see. It would have been far better to have left them, with the greater portion of this work, in their original Russian, and to have translated some other Russian anarchist writer whose thoughts were more in keeping with the non-compromising, anti-authoritarian traditions of anarchism. This type of syndicalist thinking is more dangerous to the anarchist movement than any propounded by the non-working class idealists of the early days whom Maximoff condemns as so impractical and theoretical.

S. E. PARKER.

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