

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

THE NEW DEMOCRATIC TACTIC

Freedom Through Suppression

ADDRESSING a gathering of some six thousand people in New York last week, Representative Joseph W. Martin Jr., Speaker of the House, declared that Eisenhower's "peaceful co-existence with the Communists" statement to the press was "all very well", but "we have gone to too many conferences in the past with nothing more than a calf-skin brief case, a bottle of ink and a pious hope not to have learned our lesson by now". The free world Mr. Martin said, can "turn the tide" against communism by employing "the very same tactics which have proved so successful when used by the Communists." The battle will not be won by might of arms, or by atomic or hydrogen bombs, he cautioned, "for I know of no surer way to destroy civilisation than to submit it to a third world conflict."

"One man or one Government alone cannot win this struggle" he continued. "It must be a thoroughly informed coalition of all the free peoples and all their Governments acting in concert towards one end." The Communist tactics which the speaker advocated were the "use of psychological warfare, propaganda, agitation and infiltration". Such tactics were to be used by "a thoroughly informed coalition of all the free peoples" armed with the "weapons" of truth, the will to triumph and the moral stamina to succeed. Another necessary ingredient, he added, is understanding the true nature of the struggle.

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SOME people might say that these "tactics" have been in operation on both sides for some considerable time. As we know, where such tactics are used, the people are neither free, nor "thoroughly informed". Quite the contrary is the case, as the recent *Associated Press* report on censorship shows. It is

ENLIGHTENMENT

Mr. Justice Oliver sentenced Patrick Joseph Brennan (45), railway carriage cleaner, of Picton Street, Montpelier, Bristol, to eight years' imprisonment at Hampshire Assizes last week after he had pleaded guilty to committing two serious offences and five indecent assaults on boys at Montpelier. He also asked for two other cases of indecent assault to be considered.

The Judge said: "A man like you is like a pestilence, a pestilence that feeds on other people's children and destroys them. Nothing more horrible have I ever come across."

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"This case provides a striking example of the appalling mischief which would spread if homosexual vice were left unchecked by law," said Mr. Justice Glyn-Jones at Glamorgan Assizes, Swansea, recently in sentencing Arthur Wallis (41), unemployed miner, formerly of Queen Street, Treforest, to fourteen years' imprisonment. Wallis had pleaded guilty to a series of serious offences, including indecent assault on a boy of 3, and had asked for fifty other similar offences to be taken into consideration.

After saying that seventeen other men and boys were involved the Judge commented: "It is clear that you must receive a long sentence of imprisonment."

"Taking into consideration everything said on your behalf, I must nevertheless pass upon you such a sentence as will not only mark the horror and revulsion with which any decent member of the community must regard what you have done, but must also be such a sentence as to deter others from following your example and to ensure that for a long time to come you have no opportunity to corrupt other boys."

not only in Russia and the satellite countries and China that the "truth" is not available. Censorship exists in anti-Moscow Yugoslavia as well as in fascist countries such as Spain, Portugal and Argentina; it exists in Bolivia, Venezuela, Iran and Egypt. It exists in those countries where no official censorship operates but where the press is dominated or controlled by the Catholic Church, large business interests or by political parties. So much so that, as one journal has pointed out, perhaps only 100,000,000 of the world's population have the opportunity of enjoying a "free press".

Commenting editorially on the A.P. censorship report the *New York Times* points out that it is not possible for a newspaper "to present a complete world picture" so long as "in any area the publication of news is prevented or treated as a crime."

"All that newspapers and news agencies can do in such circumstances is to publish what they know to be true, without pretending that it is the whole truth. For instance, we simply do not pretend to know the whole truth about Russia."

The reasons for censorship do not change. Censorship is always and everywhere intended to conceal facts that might hurt those in power. In war this is understandable. It is also understandable when the facts concern defense. In other cases the censorship of news and opinion covers up mistakes, weaknesses and offenses against the common welfare. In a certain book there is a saying, 'The truth shall make you free.' And this is mostly what the censors fear."

In the same issue of the *N.Y. Times* is a report of the activities of the American Post Office Department and Customs Bureau in intercepting propaganda material arriving in the States from "behind the Iron Curtain". These departments, we are told, manage to intercept most of the material.

An estimated 1,000 examples of Communist books, newspapers, magazines and drawings from overseas are sent to Washington each month by customs or postal officials for review.

This estimate by no means indicates the precise volume of such propaganda, there may be thousands of issues of one item, hundreds of another, or perhaps only two of still another.

Outside the offices of the examiners here, sacks and boxes of the questionable Iron Curtain publications are piling up. The bulk of it never will see a mail box. It will be found "nonmailable" political propaganda, which the Post Office Department may order destroyed.

The test applied by the examiners in the initiation of "political propaganda" is

the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938. It is defined in short as any matter intended to indoctrinate, convert or in "any other way influence" any section of the United States public regarding the political or public interest or politics of a foreign government.

The nature of the propaganda from overseas varies in degree from open attacks on the policies of this Government to a more indirect approach. Few, if any, openly suggest overthrow of the United States Government. Few, if any, bluntly urge that the American worker "arise and throw off his chains."

Rather, by innuendo, suggestion and subtlety, the publications attempt to gain sympathy here for the Communist cause, plant seeds of disloyalty, and instill in readers a disbelief in their Government.

The most innocuous publication, in appearance, such as one on the ballet, the arts, animal husbandry or fishing, will devote perhaps 98 per cent. of the issue to the expected, but leave 2 per cent. for political propaganda.

To the suggestion that for many people in America such censorship is distasteful a high-up in the Post Office declared:

"Obviously, the material won't make

any impression on Americans with good common sense. But some day, some unsuspecting Americans may take it all seriously, particularly in a time of economic distress."

It was explained, moreover, that mailing of the propaganda itself is not an offense. Officials note that the laws are aimed, not at stopping propaganda, but rather at identifying it for any prospective unaware reader.

Such a combination of cynicism and paternalism might have been considered, by an "unaware reader", as only being possible in the openly recognised totalitarian countries. But here it is in black and white in the *New York Times*, for all to read, and we suggest that it is because anti-communist propaganda and psychological warfare have proved so successful that such shameful contempt for the freedom of the press can be publicised with impunity. If the social conscience were strong, not even the *New York Times* would be allowed to publish this frank account, for the censorship of the mails would be carried out secretly and unofficially. (It is just the same with telephone tapping, which officially did not exist until such time as the Communist spy scare had been worked up to such a pitch that Congressmen felt that they could get away with having

"The more a man acts for himself, the more does he develop himself. A frequent effect of these unions moreover is to allow the symbol to be substituted for the thing, and this always impedes true development. The dead hieroglyphic does not inspire like living Nature."

—WILHELM von HUMBOLDT.

legislation passed to make it legal and available as evidence at trials).

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INFILTRATION, another Communist tactic advocated by Mr. Martin, again is no new weapon in the United States government's armoury for the protection of liberty and culture! The use of agent-provocateurs in the revolutionary and trade-union movements goes back long before the Communist menace was thought of, and is already written into the history of Labour in America. But in the present struggle, the McCarthy investigations and the trials of leading American communists has brought out the fact that F.B.I. officials had wormed their way into Communist cells just as efficiently as the Party members infiltrate non-Communist organisations.

And this infiltration is not limited to the United States. The undisguised delight of American government officials at the recent *coup d'etat* in Guatemala does not leave many without the feeling that the Americans were behind it all. Again, only last week a trial ended in Brazil of forty-four persons—alleged Communists—accused of subversive acti-

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Dockers Attack Vestey's

THE ending of meat rationing will no doubt end also a number of problems for the middle-class hostess and housewife. For the "upper" class hostess few problems existed throughout the whole period of rationing, for poultry and game, smoked salmon and the better kinds of fish, and delicacies of many kinds were available if your pocket was deep enough (to say nothing of the gift parcels from abroad with which the international officer class said its thanks for wartime entertainment).

For the working-class housewife, however, the problems have simply shifted their emphasis. Rationing by the book has now been replaced by rationing by the purse, and it will be a rare working class family that can enjoy all the good quality meat it would like.

For some sections of the workers, the ability to avail themselves of unrationed meat is even more likely to be limited—and, paradoxically enough, it is precisely workers in certain parts of the meat industry who are under fiercest attack from the employers now.

INCREASING PRESSURE

The great meat empire dominated by Lord Vestey and his family (one of whom, a boy of 9, inherited £900,000 recently) has been preparing for many months for the end of rationing and the beginning of the great free-for-all, the free enterprise jungle of damn-you-Jack-I'm-

all-right in which monopolists are rarely called Jack.

Steady pressure has been increasing upon workers in the cold stores of London's docks and has been answered, over the last six months, by go-slow protests. Every month this year, from

LORD VESTEY OWNS:

- All the cold stores of the Union Cold Store Company (eleven in all in London).
- The Blue Star Line of meat refrigeration boats.
- The Union Cartage Company.
- A colossal chain of retail shops, including those under the names: Hammett's, Dewhurst, Wedell's, Downe's, Kingdon's, Fletcher and many more.
- The Eldorado Ice Cream Co.
- The Ocean Accident Insurance Co.
- Meat factories in Australia and New Zealand (Donald Cook & Co.)
- Amalgamations with the great meat canning firms of Armour's and Swift's.
- Gold taps to his bath in the family home in Hampshire.

of dockers at the Small Library Hall in Bermondsey, where night-work was discussed and voted on. 800 voted against it—one man voted for it. A few days later, Mr. O'Leary, Division Officer (over the whole of the London Docks) for the Transport & General Workers' Union, and union representative on the National Dock Labour Board, informed a meeting of poolmen that none of them would do night work and none would answer the 10.45 p.m. call-on. He assured them that whenever there was no work for them in No. 7 Sector (the Cold Store Sector) they would be transferred to a Sector where there was work for them.

What he omitted to tell them was that their chances of regular work were going to be adversely affected by the fact that the cold-store employers intended taking on a number of limited registration men (i.e. workers registered for work with one employer only) who would do the night-work.

DILUTION

This, however, became clear when Borthwicks of Deptford commenced advertising for foremen, checkers and labourers, and took on 160 limited men, while retaining 30 regular employees (permanent men, or "perms"—the least militant section of the dockers) and when on June 5th, 140 limited men started at the Union Cold Stores. 80 of these began work at Nelson's Wharf alone, alongside 30 regulars, where there were usually 30 regulars and 30 poolmen.

Here the bosses showed their hands—for here was dilution with a vengeance. They were bringing in labour from outside the docks—and with trade union

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In Brief

A Paying Job

One thing the Petrov hearings have revealed is that spying can be quite a paying job, certainly more remunerative than being a worker in Russia (or Australia). Mr. Petrov told the commission at the hearing on July 6 that at a series of night meetings in cars with Mr. G. Richards, deputy director of the Australian Security Service which preceded his departure from the Soviet Embassy he was paid a total of £4,000—presumably for his services. Mr. Petrov added that he had been forced to leave behind many prized belongings in Canberra and in Russia. In Moscow, he and his wife had 100,000 roubles (about £9,000) in savings.

NINE YEARS AFTER

PARIS, July 2—Six former officers and guards of the Nazi wartime camp in Struthof in Alsace were sentenced to death for brutality and murder by a military court in Metz, France, to-day. Forty-three others tried in absentia re-

ceived similar sentences.

The six men sentenced to death and nine others had been in jail since the end of World War II awaiting trial, that is nine years. Is this the way democracy works?

PROGRESS

GENEVA, July 5 (Reuters)—More than half of the world's 550,000,000 children receive no education, Dr. Luther Evans, Director General of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, said here to-day.

DEMOCRACY

DACCA, EAST BENGAL, JULY 5. The Communist party in East Bengal has been banned by the provincial Government. An official announcement said that the party had for its objective interference with the administration of law and the maintenance of law and order, and constituted a danger to public peace. —Reuters.

workers have declared a go-slow in order to fight one issue after another. All the time there has been a ban on January to June, for periods lasting from three days to a fortnight, cold-store overtime, and the aim of the workers has been to win a worth-while day wage.

In March the uptown cold stores dockers were joined by the Smithfield Market workers to force a demand for 5s. an hour, which they won for the handling of colonial meat only. In May the employers, by some clever reasoning of their own, maintained that a ship-load of Australian horsemeat (for human consumption) did not rate as "colonial meat". After a workers' protest the argument went to arbitration, and the workers won.

And all the time, over the last six months, the dockers have had to defend their conditions against continual attempts by the bosses to beat them down.

THE THREAT OF NIGHT-WORK

Two months and more before the end of rationing, it became clear that the meat bosses intended the return of night work. This had ended with the beginning of the war, and dock workers had always expressed their determination never to see it reintroduced. Even the trade unions had gone on record against it.

Last month there was a mass meeting

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GIFT OF BOOKS: Stroud: S.L.R.; London: J.H.

Memoirs of An Ex-C.Per

AS confessions and denunciations continue to appear in print from ex-communist intellectuals, Soviet bureaucrats and semi-illiterates, the reaction of the anarchist is one of extreme irritation. These public confessions obviously give to the ex-communist a form of absolution which, in the case of the genuine "penitent", may be good psychiatric treatment but which often has the opposite effect on the general public, dependent as they are on their newspaper reports, and whose hysterical anti-communism is based on irrational fears.

Viewed objectively the ex-communists are generally a pretty unsavoury bunch. The ease with which the well known British communist Comrade Hyde slid into the rôle of Dr. Jekyll, and whose experience with the *Daily Worker* as a writer makes him very suitable as a propagandist for that other sinister organisation, is an example of the difficulties in detecting the genuine ex-revolutionary from the opportunist.

We are not concerned with making capital out of the ex-communists, but we would be foolish if we ignored the tracts from these individuals who were motivated by a genuine revolutionary spirit, and in whose writing one can sense the bitter disillusionment when faced with the reality of the Soviet myth.

Into this category falls Arthur Koestler whose analysis of communism viewed as a faith, and whose insight into his own conversion put his work among the most important that has been written on this subject. That he should choose at the moment to identify himself with the cause of Western "Democracy" can perhaps be understood in the light of his experiences as a European refugee from two dictators, and one can only hope that his sensitivity to the political climate will eventually lead to his disillusionment with democracy.

The second volume of his autobiography* adds little that is new to his original analysis of the political neurotic, and except in a few places never quite reaches the exciting insight and writing which made such an impact on the reader of the *Yogi and the Commissar*. It is a pity that so much material has been squeezed into one volume; it could have filled at least another two.

Part Two of the book starts with his first visit to Russia and relates his travels in Soviet Central Asia in 1932-3. I found this totally absorbing because this part of the world is completely unknown to me. A brief description of the market place in Kharkov where Koestler spent two weeks before setting out on his travels sums up the tragedy of the "revolution betrayed."

**The Invisible Writing*, by Arthur Koestler, London, 21/-.

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BOOKS

THE FACE OF VIOLENCE, by J. Bronowski, Turnstile Press Ltd. 12/6d.

THE problem posed by the widespread violence of our society fills everyone, from the most conservative judge to the most advanced humanitarian, with alarm and despair. Not that it is to be regarded as anything new of course. As far back as civilisation goes it has been saturated with violence. We, even today, are apt to regard ourselves as relatively humane in comparison with the past. But it is probably truer to say that we are used to our own forms of cruelty. The horrors perpetrated in remote parts of the globe, or in the Middle Ages, seem terrible to us because they are unfamiliar. A European who visited the notorious kingdom of Dahomey at the end of the last century would be disgusted by the innumerable cruel practices, but a Dahomeyan would probably have been equally horrified by the consequences of the Industrial Revolution in Europe. One is almost tempted to say that "progress is an illusion."

The Face of Violence is a book in two parts. The first is a study of violence through the ages, from the early days of what we call civilisation to the present time. The second consists of a play broadcast on the Third Programme on the 28th March, 1950. It is to be adapted for the stage. We deal first with the study of the history of violence.

Bronowski discusses violence in the early city states, dealing particularly with the bizarre customs, that he considers grew up as the result of the increasing restraints on people's instinctual desires, that civilisation imposed. I must confess that I find much of what he says somewhat confusing. We start off with a headlong plunge into a nightmare world of man-eating sphinxes and dragons. It is a bit hard to see the wood for the mythological trees. Briefly however, the author considers that such practices as human sacrifice, the sending out of scapegoats, the institution of the saturnalia or Feast of Fools were so many ways by which civilised man contrived "to let off steam", and relieve, if only temporarily, the terrific pressures created by civilisation. He makes the mistake of equating society and the state, and says, "Men therefore have a right to fear that society may unman them. Yet no man has made the best of his gifts without the setting of a helpful society, such as the Greek or the Italian city

THE FACE OF VIOLENCE

states. This is the dilemma of man and state. Always the animal drive for self, the jungle of nature, waits to disrupt his city . . ." "The jungle of nature" sounds like the Christian idea of Original Sin, and that we must crush down our "animal nature" in order to rise to a more spiritual level. But Bronowski does not quite take that position. He goes on, "And yet that force, anti-social as it is, is not all alien or all bad. The mind that drives it is full of human wishes. The Greeks remembered that every mind, good as well as bad, takes strength from living in our animal body."

The implication being that man was, before the rise of civilised communities, a sort of "caveman", who gratified his anti-social impulses to the full. Yet very primitive societies have been known, and some quite civilised ones such as the Hopi Indians, that have no state, no wares, no human sacrifices, no saturnalia, and no crime. In their societies psychiatrists would find no employment.

Again the author identifies "authority" and "order". "In this fight against natural chaos, the guilt of society is that it is a society. The guilt is order . . . Only the man of authority can expiate the sin of order." It is certainly true that all over the world kings have been ritually killed, after a certain period of their reign, but their death can hardly be said to be an expiation of "the sin of order" for order is a natural thing to man, as natural as breathing. It is not something that came in with civilisation. If it is an expiation it is surely the expiation of "the sin of authority"? Man does not need kings to make him orderly.

The Mischief Maker as Hero

I feel that the author is on surer ground when he deals with the rebel hero of folklore. "The nimble heroes of folklore are neither like Shelley nor like Christ. They are not crusaders. They do not lead one social order to overthrow another. For they do not represent a new authority, but no authority. From Jack who climbed the beanstalk to Till Eulenspiegel, and through the pages of the Grimm brothers, the mischievous hero is flatly at odds with all authority. Like Robin Hood, he fights for the wild forest against the city."

This is the resistance of the "natural" or the "primitive" man against the trammels of civilisation. It is the dream of enslaved man for the simple freedom of his ancestors, a fantasy that a few bold spirits still put into practice occasionally.

THEATRE

FREEMEN AND ACTORS

CUSTOM, conformity and coercion are our enemies, and make dullards of us all. We must purify our atmosphere and transform completely the milieu in which we live, for it corrupts our instincts and our wills, and contracts our heart and our intelligence: the tyrant superstition reigns imperious in the minds of men, and warps their thoughts from nature's plan. There is so little in our lives that is not theatrical, false, artificial. Modern man, oppressed by authority and his environment, can never be himself. He must act the part of the law-abiding, authority-respecting citizen. The natural, spontaneous inspiration, independence and eager delight of the child in life, deformed into the narrow soul of the State slave, whom folly guides and prejudice controls who treads one dull, dreary track of business, worshipping Mammon, and forgetting what freedom is, prizing it not. If the ordinary 'decent' citizen of to-day were to eliminate from his life all his hours of hypocrisy, hours devoted to social duties and conventionalities, the stream of hours displaying his respectability, eliminate those things he does because he is afraid of public opinion, the police, his employer or boss, eliminate all the ceremonial sides of his life, and those moments when he is not posing or acting, or watching others posing or playing hypocritical rôles themselves, he would see that there is very little in his life that is not theatrical, false; wherever he turns he will find that his whole life is founded on violence or the fear of it. Democratic man is quite unable to think of himself as a free individual; he must belong to a group, or shake with fear and loneliness—and the group, of course, must have its leaders. In such a society impostures continually prevail. Modern Drama, as all modern literature, mirrors the complex struggle of life; the sincerest poets, playwrights and philosophers have realised that the individual must either be always and entirely free or he is not free at all, he must be free all in all or he is all in all a slave; the bright day of liberty and anarchy will burn like a chasm of fire to burn all the worst shrouds of superstition and

authority which stifle the world. In his plays Maxwell Anderson has shown that at present on all that is best in human life one traces the mournful mark of bondage and disgrace. Everywhere the noble and the courageous, gallant hearts and true spirits are served up as victims to the vile and the few. In *Winterset* Mio, the son of an idealistic father executed many years ago as a common criminal, embarks on a hunt for evidence that would clear his name. He discovers the truth from the remorseful and mentally disturbed Judge Gaunt and even meets the real criminal in the person of the gangster Trock. But like many children of the light he is too tender-hearted to be able to cope with the forces of evil. Mio meets Miriamne, who is the sister of Garth, a reformed gangster who has come to escape the domination of Trock. They fall in love, finding an intimate bond in their mutual loneliness and terror. In the Esdras cellar apartment Mio discovers Garth with Judge Gaunt who participated in the Romagna 'frame-up' and whose sense of guilt has driven him mad. Gaunt denies Mio's accusations, saying that Romagna was found guilty by all due processes of law, and given his chance to prove his innocence. Mio denounces this claim:

"What chance? When a court panders to mob hysterics, and the jury comes in loaded to soak an anarchist and a foreigner, it may be due process of law, but it's also murder!"

Trock is shocked into confessing his guilt by the sudden appearance of Shadow, his gunman, whom he thought he had murdered. Though revenge is within his grasp, Mio is cheated of it by Miriamne's equally strong desire to save her brother; he thus gives up his mission but the star-crossed lovers are still denied happiness. Mio is killed by Trock's gunmen, and the girl purposely gets shot by them also to prove to Mio that she did not send him to his death. In considering their sad fate, Miriamne's father finds in their lack of fear, in their defiance of death, something very noble and heroic:

It is not "the dark man's headlong dream of a world to his will, without order at all".

In modern European history the cunning rascal, the bandit, the pirate, the spiv, and the picaro are well represented in literature. The first picaresque novel was published in Spain in 1550. It was entitled "La Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes y de sus fortunas y adversidades". It started a veritable flood of books about vagabonds, thieves, prostitutes, and such-like. Spain was the land where these works had their greatest vogue, but their spread all over Europe showed their popularity.

Later came the romanticising of the pirate and the highwayman, who appealed to those who may have felt that they desired more aggressive heroes. Most of those who received this romantic treatment did not merit it. Captain Kidd, who has become a byword for piracy, was not hanged for piracy at all, but for striking one of his crew over the head with a wooden bucket, and killing him in a fit of temper. Most of the highwaymen were pretty sordid rascals, the gallant gentlemen of the road was the exception.

The modern crime story with its glorification of the gangster is the logical continuation of this. But we have moved a long way from Robin Hood. The Nazi and Fascist movements were to a large extent gangsterism on a political level. The gangsterism itself being the revolt against the vast impersonal forces of our inhuman society. Men feel crushed and lonely, and band together in groups to fight the world. Such groups gangs, and fascist parties, are often only held together by a common hatred against some common scapegoat, the Negro, the Jew, the intellectual, or the democrat. Meanwhile the threat of war hangs over everybody, and the time is short.

"But the young cannot push the weight of the world around in their heads. To them it is present and laming: The disaster is to-morrow, and to-morrow is a mechanical colossus whom someone else powers." Of course if to-morrow is to be the day of universal collapse there does not seem to be very much that one can do. In such an atmosphere it does not matter much what one does. Not that the authoritarian will admit this as extenuation of the acts of cash-boys, etc. I listened once on the wireless to one of those programmes where a team of speakers in some village hall answer

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"Oh, Miriamne, and Mio—Mio, my son—know this where you lie, this is the glory of earth-born men and women, not to cringe, never to yield, but standing take defeat implacable and defiant, die unsubmitting. I wish that I'd died so, long ago; before you're old you'll wish that you had died as they have."

If men really knew the blessings which flow from independence, if they could but have a short and transient gleam of liberty, though it was but in a dream, they would no longer obey the State and bend their knee in bondage, but, once taking their freedom, would be always free. As Charles Churchill wrote: "And if Oppression brings me to the grave, and marks me dead, she ne'er shall mark a slave."

No modern playwright has written so passionately in defence of his convictions or held so high a conception of the ideals of the human race as Anderson. In *High Tor* he exposed how industrialism destroys the landscape, factories enslave the young, the lust for profit corrupts the spirit, and the beauties of the past are phantoms. Van finds refuge on the mountain he has inherited, but everything conspires to deprive him of it and send him into the mills of Mammon. He can only escape by precipitate flight to another mountain, an indefinitely located one in a hypothetically open West. Consolation comes only from a dying Indian's assurance that this sorry civilization will also end since "nothing is made by man but makes in the end, good ruins." That is true, but it is hardly any consolation for anyone who can only breathe in the present world, and has only earthly existence. It is merely remote poetic justice, and that is cold porridge. However, *High Tor* is touched with greatness in language, characterization and atmosphere.

D.M.M.

DEATH FOR SPYING

WHEN Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were condemned to death in America opinion all over the world was shocked because the death penalty had not before been exacted in peacetime for spying. Liberal opinion has always accepted the execution of spies in wartime because, partly, there is an inevitably general lowering of moral standards in those who accept war however unwillingly; and partly because secrecy surrounds a wartime spy trial and "public opinion" is not consulted. No doubt liberal opinion accepts this secret and summary legalized killing because it doesn't want to know.

But in peacetime it is quite a different matter. Then the issues are no longer treated secretly. Few trials could have had more publicity than the Rosenbergs'; and liberal opinion, therefore, was faced squarely with the issues. Even so, perhaps inevitably so, many refused to believe that espionage would be punished by death in peacetime, and the actual execution of these two people a year ago in Sing Sing came as a renewed shock.

Liberal opinion is one thing: the government of the United States is quite another. The House of Representatives have now voted, without a single dissident, in favour of making peacetime espionage a capital offence. They have crossed the t's and dotted the i's of the Rosenberg case. Liberal opinion can no longer shelter behind the huggemugger of wartime secrecy and "not know" that men and women are done to death for another offence besides murder.

In the foregoing discussion we have treated liberal opinion rather objectively and in a cold light which is scarcely sympathetic. The views of liberal people who would like the world to be a more humane place are nevertheless shared and sympathized with by most anarchists. What is unsympathetic is the two-faced attitude of liberalism towards the authority which behaves illiberally and inhumanly: which would like to dodge the issues by not knowing about them.

This attitude is shown quite clearly in a leading article in the *Times* (10/7/54) on this very case. It points out the newness of execution for peacetime espionage; it adds: "the crimes of which they (the Rosenbergs) were found guilty had, it is true, been committed during the war"; and goes on to observe that "in most countries, including the United States, the laws against espionage were drawn up in an age which regarded spying as only mortally dangerous to a nation when it was actually engaged in war." All this is very logical and liberal were it not for one fact which the *Times* nowhere mentions—that the *United States were not at war with Russia but were allied to it*, at the time the Rosenberg offences were committed. The failure to mention, perhaps even to think of this fact seems to us significant of liberal thinking to-day.

The vote of the House of Representatives thus becomes a kind of retrospective legalizing of the state's killing of the Rosenbergs. Once again liberal opinion shows why this is acceptable. The *Times* leader referred to points out that "the whole free world has been shocked in recent years to learn of the enormous ramifications of Soviet sponsored espionage and of the damage it has succeeded in doing to national interests" and it speaks of "the old sharp distinction between a state of peace and a state of war" as having become "blurred".

This is an argument whose force cannot be overlooked. Anarchists have frequently pointed out the destruction caused to moral behaviour between movements of the Left by the Leninist disregard for all moral issues. And similarly of the effect of the Soviet Union's hiding foreign policy under the cloak of seemingly revolutionary phrases, in that it has provided justification for governments everywhere to introduce oppressive legislation.

Liberals therefore can salve their consciences by pointing to the stark necessities of the age. The fact is that men are faced with a dilemma. On the one hand is the principle that the death penalty (at any rate for peacetime spying) is wrong; on the other the idea that one has to be practical, and that principles are not served by acting in such a way that they are overwhelmed by—the Nazis or the Russians or the enemy within our midst—by whoever in fact is currently held to threaten the Western way of life. Liberals are consumed by this conflict between principles and being practical men.

Anarchists too have had to face this conflict, and have on occasion sacrificed principle to practical necessity with a wealth of self-justificatory explanation. Let us make clear our own position in this dilemma. In the present world anarchism finds itself in conflict with almost every basic principle of society and economics. In such a world we are not comfortable in the rôle of "practical men", and in such a world we stand unequivocally for the upholding of principle. But this is not to say that we therefore are unconcerned about the practical consequences of our line. The point is that it is really impractical to sacrifice principle for some alleged practical gain in the real world of to-day, for the sacrifice of principle has in part made the world what it is. Faced with this conflict between principle and practice, the only practical approach is to refuse the dilemma in those terms. One upholds principle and one attacks the present day organization of the world in its social, economic and moral aspects. One fights for a world in which there is no conflict between principle and practice. One cannot do that by sacrificing principle to *real politik*.

Continued from p. 2

A series of questions asked them by the local inhabitants. One questioner asked if modern juvenile crime was perhaps caused by the prevalent sense of insecurity, and one of the speakers, who evidently specialised in the "blunt common sense" line, replied that there always has been insecurity in our society, and always will be, and that the young had better get used to the fact. He got the loudest applause of the evening. It was as if the entire audience were delighted at this happy thought. I sometimes think that people like being miserable.

The Need for Recognition

The author seems to be demanding a better integrated communal life. "The single man, even the man in protest, is not looking for an enemy, but for the acknowledgement that he counts. He is looking for others to see him as a person. This is the cement of the group: the sense of mutual recognition." In the primitive tribe this of course was the case. Men who are isolated in our urbanised society try to reproduce this tribal life by joining associations of every kind; the anarchist movement is a good example of this. The feeling of isolation the author sees as a potent cause of violence to-day. The man who feels that he has no importance will regard society as a plot to crush him, and to assert himself he will indulge in anti-social acts. Thus he may obtain recognition, and even a certain amount of hero-worship among those who dare not or cannot go quite as far as he.

The second half of the book consists of the play that illustrates these ideas. It describes the various adventures of a man, who travels about looking for a guard of the concentration camps he was in during the war, who drowned a boy in a waterhole, and fired on the prisoners

RECENT prosecutions have brought the extraordinary concept of obscenity which prevails in this country into the light of legal procedure and it seems that some advances have been made. Mr. Justice Stable for example, in the Secker and Warburg case, directed the jury to read the whole book and not merely concentrate on the "highlights". He declared that what was acceptable had to be considered in the light of to-day and it has been generally implied that times have changed and that things which were obscene yesterday are acceptable to-day, without any riders on whether this is a desirable trend or not.

Mr. Justice Stable did a service to straight thinking when he asked whether contemporary literature is to be judged by what is suitable for a fourteen year old girl to read. It is well known that the great writers of the past have to be bowdlerized for school use and that the Bible and Shakespeare provide a mine of "prurient" literature for school children at least among the educated classes. Mr. Justice Stable's query however arises directly out of the law as it stands for he pointed out to the jury that "the test laid down in 1868 of whether a book was obscene was whether the tendency was to deprave those into whose hands the book might fall, and whose minds were open to such immoral influence. The book has to be judged on to-day's standard."

Now all this about obscenity has led to lively discussion in the press. Everyone seems anxious to defend Shakespeare and James Joyce, to say that obscenity is all right if it is redeemed by literary merit, but they are equally anxious to dissociate themselves from the "pulp trash of the filthiest kind" which circulates, etc., etc., in thousands of copies.

Shakespeare and James Joyce are all very well, but as a social phenomenon the yellow-jacketed sex and crime literature is much more significant of our age. It seems almost certain that prosecutions increase demand for the books prosecuted and one can only conclude that there is a tremendous demand for the "por-

The Face of Violence

during a riot. Thinking that such a sadist must have come from the criminal classes, he starts off by combing the underworld. He does not however find the man he is looking for there. Everywhere he goes he gets into scrapes and fights, which are illustrations of the various forms that violence takes in our world.

Eventually the criminals tell him that he is looking in the wrong places. The man he wants is probably some ordinary stay-at-home bourgeois, who now lives a perfectly normal respectable life, soaking his corns, and reading the murder stories in the papers. And so in fact it turns out. It is impossible to take revenge on such a commonplace little person, especially as he has since married the woman whose son he murdered, who seems to have forgiven him. In fact revenge is no good either, for it is simply another form of violence no different from the crime that it is supposed to pay-off.

Violence is not the prerogative of a few crackpots, criminals, and men in power. It exists in all of us, and it is this that is the danger. If it were only a few lunatics it would not matter. Having analysed violence the author does not seem to have any very definite solution to the problem, except giving man a greater recognition within his group. This I think is because, for all his profundity, the author misses most of the important causes of the evil.

He does not discuss the origins of private property, the state, organised religion, the growth of war, the patriarchal family, and the results of these institutions. If one leaves them out of account, the existence of violence, indeed the whole development of our society, becomes indeed an impenetrable mystery.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

OBSCENE PUBLICATIONS

nographic filth which no-one would defend" (to use an oft-repeated phrase in these discussions), and that a majority of minds is open to depraving influence. It is just this universal interest in pornography that is the real point. Educated people may like to dress it up as literature but it is hard to believe that it is the pure literary merits of the obscene passages in the classics which attract them. In every age there has been production of and demand for erotic literature for its own sake and it is all nonsense to obfuscate the issue by nice distinctions between literature and trash.

Pornography Instead of Sex

Everyone is repelled by the spectacle of prurient pleasure in obscenity exhibited by puritanical anti-sexual persons. Bowdler and his like are figures of derision. What seems wrong here is that pleasure or stimulation from pornography ought not to replace sexual activity. Yet it is plain that this is what a considerable amount of the demand for pornography is motivated by. Equally plain is that the Rabelaisian acceptance of erotic writing exemplified by such writers as Boccaccio or Shakespeare springs from quite a different source—the joyful acceptance of erotic life.

To the writer there can be no doubt that this attitude is a healthy one. And it follows that demand for erotic elements in literature (and in other arts, too) is a natural and acceptable demand in which shame ought to have no place. Obscenity will obviously never be put down by law, least of all by anti-social puritanical law which is secretly fascinated by the thing it attacks. A rational view would expect and accept an open erotic literature; but such a view could only flourish where an open and accepting attitude to sex

prevails. Yet how many people have been helped to obtain a rational attitude in the difficult matter of sex in a sex-starved society by means of literature, especially the sex-accepting literature of the great writers? A freer attitude about erotic literature would tell against the puritanical Bowdlers and exert a favourable influence in general.

Sadism in Popular Sex Literature

Disquiet arises however from any examination of popular sex literature. First it is usually sex-and-crime literature, secondly it is almost uniformly joyless and sadistic. Far from disseminating a free and healthy attitude it confirms every linking of sex with shame and cruelty. This is the fact that should be exercising the law and the moralists. In fact however it is clear that there is a Hay's Office kind of morality at work. These books can only get by because sexual activity in them is visited with retribution and is seldom pleasurable. It is, in fact, the law's attitude which supports the sadistic bias, and it would be absurd to expect censorship or obscenity prosecutions to purify this literature.

Thus we come back to what we knew in the beginning. A world of fascism, red and black, of wars and Sunday newspapers, finds nothing wrong with violence and brutality in literature, but is profoundly hostile to an eroticism of joyful sex acceptance. And that the literature which is permitted is one which supports this attitude. Books, as Mr. Justice Stable said, have to be judged by the law on to-day's standard. Humane people will reject to-day's standard and work towards a decent and open attitude of a very different type. They will accept the erotic element in literature and life and be suspicious of censorship and legal procedures.

Viewpoint

COLONIALISM

IT has become obvious recently that quite a large section of British public opinion is hostile to the current colonial policy of the government. Labour Party speakers find that their largest and most enthusiastic audiences are to be found when the colonies are being discussed. Unfortunately, this hostility is very vague in its approach and lacks any positive direction. Naturally, the political leaders try to turn it to their own advantage by proclaiming that the problems will all be solved by the next Labour Government, but there seems to be a certain amount of healthy distrust of this solution among rank and file members who remember what the last one did.

It seems at the moment that the only possible alternative to British imperial rule is rule by a native government, and the line taken by well-meaning reformers is to advocate that, either gradually or immediately, the imperialist powers should withdraw, handing over power as they do so to native governments. To anarchists this is most unsatisfactory, and cannot be supported. The accession of such a government may bring temporary alleviations in the lot of the indigenous population, but when the initial enthusiasm has worn off, and the new government has dug itself in, it will be just as oppressive as the one it has replaced, with the added feature that all its oppression will be carried out in the name of liberation and democracy.

Despite this, there are some features of the colonial freedom movement which should command the support of anarchists, and which can serve as a basis from which specifically anarchist ideas may be developed and presented. For instance, the presentation of objective facts about the situation in various colonies, which is undertaken by various organisations, cannot have anything but beneficial results, but anarchist propaganda must add to it by pointing out the reactionary nature of those governments that have superseded imperialism. Even if Nehru's prisons are not quite so full as they were under British rule, they still contain many thousands of Indians whose only crime is to be 'against the government'. The capitalist press seizes on this as an argument in favour of strong British rule, but really it is a vindication of the anarchist position.

At the same time, it is essential to emphasize that this knowledge and understanding are useless unless accompanied by action, and this is where revolutionary ideas can offer far more than reformist ones. Ruling class imperialism is only possible because of the consent of the workers of the exploiting nations. The deportation and murder of thousands of Kenyans is carried out by British soldiers, the guns with which the oppressive policy is implemented are handled by British dockers, and so on. While verbal and written expressions of the solidarity of the people of Britain with those of the colonial world are necessary, the most effective method of struggle is to demonstrate to the people around us that they themselves are helping to maintain government, and all its implications, and that by their own direct action they could end colonialism overnight. This part of the story will certainly not be told by missionary societies or socialist parties.

Finally, in any contact with Africans in England, anarchists must make their conclusions heard, and do everything possible to initiate and assist the spread of anarchism among Africans.

To anyone who knows the facts of colonial exploitation, it seems imperative to take immediate positive action, which will bring concrete results, and the anarchist approach must appear very slow and at first sight ineffective. In reality however, the concrete results achieved by reformism have been merely to install new tyrannies in place of the old.

As a small movement, we can only hope to have a relatively small influence at first, which may not be felt at all in a practical sense for many years, but we are building on the firmest possible foundation.

P.H.

Have you asked
for VOLINE'S
NINETEEN-SEVENTEEN
at your
local PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE TRUTH WILL OUT
B.B.C. Presents the case for Anarchism

IT is not so very often that the B.B.C. lays itself open to the charge of propagating anarchist philosophy. As a rule we can expect to turn our homely radios on and be reassured that Parliament has passed a few more laws for our benefit, that the police are doing a jolly dangerous job jolly well on the whole, that the royal clowns are still on our backs, and that cricket is still being played both on and off the field.

And, of course, it goes without saying, Justice is Always Done.

There have been one or two lamentable lapses, such as a crowd being referred to as a mob when it turned out that they were on our side after all, but by and large the B.B.C.'s subtly biased impartiality rarely raises the placid middle-class eyebrow from its plimsoll line. Firmly glued as it is to the rape and arson columns of our gloriously free gutter press.

There are times, however, when we are brought to wonder whether there is not a crypto-anarchist on the rampage behind the stately portals of Broadcasting House. It is not that occasionally we are treated to a talk by Alex Comfort or Sir Herbert Read. After all, these people are quite acceptable in their own right as poet and art critic. In fact anarchism is almost respectable in such circumstances.

No, it is the more oblique boner that makes us sit up and blink. Take last Sunday's historical whodunit "Who Murdered the Magistrate?", for instance. It was very well done indeed. A more effective exposure of the vices of "legal government" would be hard to produce. Add to this the fact that this same blandly devastating programme has been broadcast twice already this year and it begins to look as if the Director General himself might be a party to this nefarious attempt to undermine our trust in the guardians of law and order.

Briefly, the tale—a true one—ran thus. In 1678 a London magistrate, Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey was found brutally murdered on Primrose Hill. For this crime three innocent men were later hanged. It seems that the hapless beak had inadvertently become involved in the Titus Oates case—a put-up job which produced a mythical Popish plot to massacre the Protestant population as a means of rousing mob hysteria in an attempt to unseat Charles II. The anti-Charlie clique was composed largely of landed gentry led by Lord Shaftesbury—as nasty a piece of curdled blue blood as ever stepped out of an ogre's fortress in a fairy tale. This ripe specimen and his party were receiving from the French King, himself a Catholic, a large annual sum to assist them in their anti-Catholic propaganda! In this roundabout way Louis was hoping to weaken his European rival, Charlie Two.

At this point I must apologise if the plot appears to be getting out of hand. Politics and the law are very involved and tortuous pursuits and that is all there is to it.

Anyway, poor old Godfrey heard about Shaftesbury's treasonable activities through a friend and from then on was a hot potato. Once he was a star in the Titus Oates act it was easy enough to give him the chopper or, as it turned out, a fourpenny boot in the breadbasket, and blame it on the Catholic conspiracy.

All the evidence seems to suggest that the dirty work was done by an old acquaintance of Godfrey's, a satanic limb of the nobility, the Earl of Pembroke. Before he drank himself to death at thirty this high spirited lad had six certain murders to his credit and possibly another ten on the side. Contemporary accounts describe him as of vicious and violent temper when sober, which was not his usual sunny disposition, and a homicidal maniac when drunk. He achieved a certain local notoriety for the highly original way he despatched his victims by jumping on their chests and kicking them to death.

Godfrey had been imprudent enough to indict Pembroke for one of his earlier murderous escapades, but those in high places, too high to be effectively kicked to death we presume, had seen that the headstrong boy was let off with a caution not to do it too often. So we can well imagine the gusto with which Pembroke undertook his patriotic duty.

That's all for to-night kiddiewinkies. Sweet dreams, and here's Grandpa Winston to tuck you in, and Uncles Clement and Maxwell Fyfe to tell you that it couldn't happen these days because governments are so honest and policemen are so kind. It is only the Russians and the Mau Mau who do naughty things nowadays and one day they'll all have truthful democratic governments too and B.B.C.s of their own and then everything will be lovely, won't it?

What was that you said about Joe Hill and Sacco and Vanzetti? They were Americans, dear, and you shouldn't say rude things like "The Trenton Six", it isn't polite. Now who on earth was Sidney Stanley? Seretse Khama? What a tongue twister. And Dr. Cort? Really, the things you think of! R.T.G.

Conservative Anarchism

THIS unfortunate phrase, used by Giovanni Baldelli in one of his articles in FREEDOM some time ago, has evidently caught on. I suppose it is too late to protest against it. There is however, the possibility that it may die a natural death. I hope so.

At the moment it comes up at every meeting, and seems to refer to those anarchists who do not support reformist measures like the Health Service. Their "conservatism" consisting in their adherence to the principles of anarchism apparently. The expression is an exceedingly bad one. The word "conservative", in England at any rate, calls up to mind a whole host of visions, Conservative Bazaars and Garden Fêtes, vicars' tear-parties, stately homes, our great public schools, the noble traditions of our island home, "freedom broadening down from precedent to precedent", and all the rest of it.

Phrases are always striking if they contain something paradoxical or incongruous. This one certainly does. In this case the ideas evoked by the word "conservative" clash with the ideas brought up by the word "anarchist", which, to those who have got past the cloak and dagger stage, signifies a rebel, an implacable hater of all authority, cruelty, injustice, and superstition. Here we get an illustration of the Hegelian dialectic of thesis ("conservative"), anti-thesis ("anarchist"), and now we are going to look at the synthesis. I believe

that the phrase "conservative anarchist" calls up to mind the picture of a personage who spends his entire time with his nose in some tome written by some sage, probably Kropotkin, and whose mind is shut off from the modern world. The implications being that anarchism is in fact out of date, and should presumably relapse into a mild and gentle reformism. The Welfare State is now the fashion, and we must move with the times.

I doubt whether it will make much difference now whether we do or not. I think the chances of people waking up to their peril in time is remote, since they seem to have accepted the hydrogen bomb quite cheerfully. But I think it is a pity that we should throw away our principles all the same. Present history is proving anarchist prophecies one hundred per cent. correct. The "conservative" anarchists have been proved right again and again, and those comrades who have supported governments have always regretted it.

The "conservative" anarchist does not necessarily wish to stay at the level of knowledge or theoretical development of Kropotkin's day. I think that there is a good case to be made out, that had the old revolutionaries had the psychological knowledge available to-day, the Revolution might have begun fifty years ago. Lack of this knowledge hampered them fatally. It seems to me that modern psychology, like modern history is increasingly coming to support the anarchist case. It will be a happy day therefore when the epithet "conservative anarchist" ceases to be merrily bandied about. A.W.U.

Malatesta Club

The Entertainments Committee of the Malatesta Club wish to thank all the comrades who made the acquisition of a 3-speed gramophone possible. A programme of musical appreciation will be arranged and notices to the effect will appear in FREEDOM.

A special thanks to J.B. who finally administered the *coup de grace* and managed to get the machine wholesale.

First Recital

JULY 21— George Plume
Records by Caruso

8th Annual Summer School

To be held in London
At the Malatesta Club
155, High Holborn,
(few minutes from Holborn Town
Hall and Kingsway Underground
Station)

August Bank Holiday Week-end
31st July—August 2nd.

PROGRAMME

Saturday, 31st July
2.30 p.m.—Lecture G. Ostergaard
"Anarchism and the Labour
Movement"
7.30 p.m.—Lecture Tony Gibson
"The Mythology of the Class
Struggle"

Sunday, 1st August

11 a.m.—Lecture John Hewetson
"Sociological Aspects of Anarchism"
Afternoon—Hyde Park Meeting
Evening—Social.

Monday, 2nd August

11 a.m.—Lecture Sam Fanaroff
"Man—the Anarchist"

"Before the Hoop was Broken"

THERE is a widespread, superficial knowledge of the North American Indian, due mainly to the vast extent of Hollywood's influence. In recent years some 'westerns' have occasionally shown us a less biased and more factual picture of the Red Indians. It is a very fragmentary knowledge, but in the cinema one must be thankful for small mercies. It is very pleasing, therefore, to read "Eagle Voice" (Melrose 12/6), by John G. Neihardt, an authentic tale of the Sioux, told through the author by Eagle Voice of the Oglalas, one of the seven bands of the tribe. Professor Niehardt lived among the Omaha Indians and was later on intimate terms with the Sioux of the Dakotas. His close friendship with a Siouan Holy Man led to his becoming the latter's spiritual son and it is from him that the author learned most of the tribe's history, mythology, ethics and way of life. The character of Eagle Voice is based on his old friend.

Every day the author visits Eagle Voice in his patched old tepee to hear his reminiscences and unhurried stories of the good old days; stories of fanatical courage, hardship, love and humour. "It is only my body that stoops," says the old diehard, "for I can feel my spirit standing tall above the snows and grasses that have been, and seeing much of good and evil days. There are battles to be fought, and ponies to be stolen, and coups to be counted. And there is happy hunting when the bison herds were wide as day, and meat was plenty, and the earth stayed young. That was before the rivers of Wasichus (white men) came in flood and made it old and shut us in these barren little islands where we wait and wait for yesterday." His tales of the war parties against the white soldiers are now tempered with wisdom. "They all died, a hundred soldiers died in the country that was ours. But the forked-tongued ones who sent them did not die. I think they are living yet."

What is of particular interest to the libertarian, is the contrast between the old Siouan way of life and our own. When Eagle Voice steals his grandfather's pipe to make an offering, he says, "If I had been a Wisichu boy, I think they would have whipped me; but Lakotas (Sioux) never hurt a child. They were good in those days before the sacred hoop was broken." We can compare these savage Indians with our civilised parents who inveigh against the Grand National's cruelty to horses in one breath and take vicious swipes at their children in the next. There is a sharp contrast between our pitiful old age pensions and the Siouan care of the old, who were given the tenderest meat. The standing of a man in the village was largely decided by his generosity to old people. The practice of mutual aid is marked. When Eagle Voice's father was killed, his family gave all they had to the needy and wandered to mourn according to custom. When they returned to the village there was "a big giving of gifts until we were not poor at all." "Now," says the old man, "when somebody dies, we don't go anywhere. We just sit where we are and feel bad, and we don't get along with each other any more, for we have forgotten how to learn." Good conduct was largely maintained by village opinion, only fully possible in such closely-knit communities. There is also an interesting illustration of the Siouan method of dealing with a murderer or "kills-home", who takes the place of his victim to look after his de-

pendents. The hangman's noose against this humane understanding!

Some questions remain, such as why they were friendly to some tribes like the Cheyenne and Arapaho and hostile to others like the Crow and the Shoshoni. There was hardship even in the old life, a fact a romantic view is apt to ignore, but if the reason for the tribal skirmishes were purely economic, then all the tribes would have been enemies. It would appear that early conditioning in this case proved the strongest reason, for the Sioux were brought up to take great pride in war exploits. One also wonders about the precise form of marriage and sex life.

The Sioux were a nomadic, hunting people, dwelling in tepees; tall, picturesque in dress, upstanding and forthright in character. Though there is little doubt as to the nobility of these particular savages, the constant, reciprocal horse-stealing raids, the warring spirit, superstition and militaristic cult of "scores" (shades of Kenya!), have nothing to commend them. With such a simple, close to Nature way of living, we can hardly blame them for failure to adapt themselves peacefully to such a changed situation, and we are often with Crazy Horse and Eagle Voice in heart, if not in head. One is liable to get the impression from this book that the Sioux have been practically wiped out. Actually, according to the 1860 census they numbered 24,000 and in 1934 35,000, so life on the reservations in South Dakota and Nebraska may at least have cut down the tuberculosis, to which they had previously been particularly prone. There is much food for thought for the libertarian in this fascinating and most unusual book, which takes us into another world, a world of savagery and superstition, but also a stirring one of love, character and beauty. There is a saying in the States about "sending it back to the Indians" when something is no longer wanted, but it is difficult to imagine what Eagle Voice would make of the "air-conditioned nightmare", were the country returned to his people.

DOUG WILSON.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP

LECTURE-DISCUSSIONS
Every Sunday at 7.30 at
THE MALATESTA CLUB
155 High Holborn, W.C.1.
(Nearly opposite Holborn Town Hall)

OPEN AIR MEETINGS

Weather Permitting
HYDE PARK
Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

NORTH-EAST LONDON

DISCUSSION MEETINGS
IN MANOR PARK
Alternate Wednesdays
at 7.30 p.m.

AUGUST 4—"Contra" on
APATHY
(To be held at East Ham)

Apply to *Freedom Press* for details.

GLASGOW OUTDOORS

(Weather permitting)
MAXWELL STREET
Every Sunday at 7 p.m.
Speakers: Hugh McCutcheon
Mark Kramrich
Hugh McKeefery

INDOORS

at *Workers' Open Forum*
50 Renfrew Street, Glasgow.
Every Thursday at 7 p.m.

MEETING

GUATEMALA—Crushed by
American Aggression.
D. M. MacTaggart and others
LABOUR HALL,
CHANDOS STREET,
SLOUGH.
Tuesday, July 20, at 7.30.

FREEDOM

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DOCKERS ATTACK VESTEY'S Continued from p. 1

approval, for all these limited men are fixed up with union cards—precisely in order to weaken the experienced dockers whose militancy has shown itself so strongly in post-war years.

The rôle the limited men were to play was also shown by the fact that they were getting 36s. a day where poolmen were getting no less than 48s. And the bosses set out to exploit their inexperience by switching them to other jobs whenever they finished one, whereas poolmen go home when they have finished a ship—even if it is only 2.30 in the afternoon. Further, having switched the limited men to another job, the employers then swing overtime on to them—getting them to work until 7 o'clock.

GO-SLOW AGAIN—THEN STRIKE

The next day after this began the poolmen and perms refused to work on piecework and went on day-work—i.e. started another go-slow. On that day (Tuesday, July 6th), there was redundancy in that sector and 12 poolmen were sent to another sector, although the limited men had been taken on.

The next day, Wednesday, no poolmen were taken on at all at Nelson's, and on the Thursday, in all the cold stores of the Vestey group—eleven stores north and south of the river—only 2 poolmen were taken on, as against the usual number of about 100.

Immediately after this situation became known, a strike developed. Perms stopped work soon after 8 a.m. and at dinner-time all those poolmen who had been allocated jobs elsewhere pulled out also. (Incidentally, disciplinary action is possible against many of these for breaking the continuity rule).

The next day, every cold store and dry store in 7 Sector, north and south of the river, was at a standstill. The strike was solid and the delegation from the strikers

to the employers felt in a strong position to press for a guaranteed week at piecework rates and asked for £2 5s. a day for day work (as against £2 asked for by O'Leary, the union official!)

By this time, however, the damage had been done. With the introduction of the limited men, the employers had the whip hand over the poolmen—unless the strike could have been extended. But by Monday there was no sign of any support from other sectors and the strike collapsed.

TOO LATE?

It rather looks as though the poolmen in the cold-stores have missed their chance. Six months ago—two months ago—they could have effectively blocked the employers tactics. But, leaving their affairs in the hands of trade union officials, they have been sold out. The hated night work is on its way back; O'Leary has now fixed the rates for it with the bosses.

Blame O'Leary for it if you like; but it seems to us that the dockers themselves are to blame. They have had example after example of union officials guarding the interests of the bosses rather than of the rank and file—especially in the white union, although the blue (Dockers and Stevedores) wouldn't be much better.

Isn't it about time that these lessons were learned, and that the port workers began to create anew an organisation through which to fight the battles that lie ahead? Cannot they create a rank and file movement, free from leaders and politicians, which could be kept under their own control, ready for action in their own interests whenever necessary?

Either the portworkers do this, or they can expect to be steamrollered by the Vestey's of the world with their side-kicks like the O'Leary's doing the dirty work for them. AG/PS.