

# Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

Vol. 15, No. 38

September 18th, 1954

Threepence

## GUNS STILL PROFITABLE

VICKERS LTD., the giant armament and engineering organisation last week made an issue of £6 millions 4 per cent. unsecured loan stock 1962-69, and though it was offered to existing shareholders only, 10,000 applications were received for a total of £143.3 millions, so that in fact the issue was nearly 24 times oversubscribed!

In the stock markets the opening quote was 35s. up on the price at which the £100 shares had been offered, and "in a couple of quick bounds" rose as high as 40s. According to the *Evening Standard* these shares at one time showed a £120,000 gain in cash values.

Who said that Death doesn't pay Dividends?

### Other Dividends Going Up

IN the new blue book on the national income it shows that gross trading profits of British companies rose by one third between 1948 and 1951 but have been declining since then. On the other hand dividends on ordinary shares have been steadily rising from £395 millions in 1948 to £445 millions in 1952 and to £513 millions in 1953. If we add to this the undistributed income after tax, which for 1953 was £1,147, we have a total for net profits made by British companies last year of

£1,660,000,000. This amount in terms of workers' earnings represents the wages for a year for 4 million workers who are paid at the rate of £8 a week.

Who said Capitalism was committing suicide?

### Those Self-pitying Workers!

YES, it was the Director of Religious Education in the Manchester Diocese, Canon M. T. Dunlop, who, if we understand him correctly, thinks that capitalism is committing hari-kiri. In a paper on "Voluntary Service in the Welfare State" he declared that:—the ruling groups, although widely recruited, have lost faith in themselves and for two generations have sheered away from the exercise of authority at home or abroad, as un-Christian or reactionary. The workers "have been for so long at the receiving end of benevolence and condescension that a dangerous number of them have come to regard ever better pay and easier conditions as a self-evident right."

Self-pity, he goes on, is "an occupational disease of the miners and dockers, and is now infecting the railwaymen. Few of them stop to ask whether in a planned economy with full employment the function of the trade union has not changed, so that, like a medieval guild, it should be as concerned with standards and efficiency as with pay and conditions."

Fewer still, Canon Dunlop claims, stop to wonder whether the conceding of their annual January demands is not bringing down the whole economy about their ears...

"The makers of our Welfare State," Canon Dunlop says, "by the giving of their fortunes and lives, have secured everything for the masses except freedom."

We propose that a subscription be started right away for those capitalists who have given their fortunes and their lives for the Welfare State, and that a plaque with their names in gold letters shall be placed in a prominent position in the Stock Exchange.

## ALL RIGHT AT THE T.U.C.

IT is not a very inspiring job to sit down and write a report on the annual Trades Union Congress.

For one thing, the general pattern is so similar year after year, that one tends to repeat one's self, and there is so seldom anything of real significance, or anything unexpected, said, that there is hardly anything worth reporting.

One knows well in advance what the resolutions are going to be about, who they will come from, how the votes will go, and just what effect it will all have on the workers of this country. We no longer expect even the ghost of a revolutionary attitude to be expressed at the Congress: the Commies will take their line and the General Council will take theirs, and the only life that will appear in the gathering during the whole week will be through the shouting match that inevitably takes place at some time between both sides.

It is, all in all, a depressing spectacle. Here are gathered 1,000 delegates, "representing" 8 million workers in 184 unions. Here is the expression of the real power in the land—the organised working class—but what does it amount to?

It amounts in fact to a gathering of a bunch of professional go-betweens and political stooges. Of government men, sycophants and careerists, men and women who have made jobs for themselves and gained power and whose first interest will always be the retention of their positions.

In 1936 in Spain the Anarcho-Syndicalists reached a membership of 2 million—out of a total population in the country of about 26 million. The British Trade Union membership is therefore nearly twice—in proportion to population—that of the C.N.T.—but the C.N.T. was able to make a social revolution, while the trade unions here go on and on, accumulating funds and entrenching their power in a capitalist society—but doing nothing to upset that capitalism.

In fact just the reverse. The whole policy of the British trade union movement is to stabilise capitalism, and do nothing more than ensure a barely tolerable position for the British worker in the existing circumstances.

It is this which is so depressing. The workers in this country have developed a degree of unionisation higher than anywhere else in the world. They have achieved a power which the capitalist class could not withstand if it were used intelligently for the expropriation of the means of life. The strength represented at Brighton last week is sufficient to finish capitalism in Britain, free the colonial countries from British domination and, in conjunction with workers' organisations in other countries, end for ever the fear of wars and the misery of want.

It is doubtful, however, if the most ardent unionist to-day would pretend that there is much chance of that! For it even seems to be beyond the powers of Congress to make their own constitution a little more democratic, as the failure of an A.E.U. motion showed.

This motion sought to amend the rules and constitution of Congress so that trade groups could elect their own representatives to the General Council instead of, as at present, Congress as a whole. The present procedure, like everything else in the T.U.C. set-up, concentrates control in the hands of the leaders of the large

## Australian Witch-Hunt

WHEN mass political trials take place in the countries within the Soviet orbit, the indignation displayed by the national press (with one exception) would lead one to imagine that it shared the horror felt by anarchists towards such events, with their inevitable associations of extreme secrecy, vague charges, informers and confessions. However, this attitude changes very rapidly with geographical location. A trial in Spain, at which 20 or 30 workers are sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, is mentioned in an odd couple of paragraphs, while hundreds of natives of Kenya or French Africa are judicially murdered without the British public being given a word of information about it.

Similar reticence is being shown towards the latest proceedings of the Australian Royal Commission on Espionage. Several years ago, when police enquiries resulted in diplomats of various Iron Curtain embassies being asked to leave England, a writer in the *Daily Mail* pointed out that now that it was common knowledge that every great power maintained spy rings in every other capital, we should feel delighted, rather than disturbed, on learning that a foreign

"Universal suffrage gives to every man and woman the right to vote for a candidate selected by someone else."

—CHAPMAN COHEN.

spy system had been unearthed. However, this realistic attitude has not been generally accepted, and most people feel alarmed when the plots of hostile powers are discovered under their noses, and this is happening in Australia now. When Mr. Petrov deserted his Russian masters and sought refuge with the Australian government, the matter was widely publicised in England as evidence of the particular wickedness of the U.S.S.R., compared with the virtuous 'free world'.

Quite obviously, during the present period of cold war strategy, neither side can afford to miss any opportunity of picking up information about the potential strength, or scientific development of the other, and this gives a certain plausibility to allegations by both sides.

The most significant features of these trials however, are not their international, but their internal implications. The purges in Bolshevik countries either take place at times of economic failure, in order to divert the minds of the people from the social chaos, and blame it on 'Imperialist sabotage', or else are simply the result of struggles for power between political rivals.

The enquiry being conducted in Australia seems to be influenced by both these factors. With the Korean war halted, and possibilities of a truce in Indo-China, the Australian government had to find something to keep up enthusiasm for war preparations, defence pacts, the rearming of Japan, etc., and the defection of Petrov presented it with a great opportunity. In addition, a general election is due in the near future, and the governmental coalition of Mr. Menzies, fearing a loss in popularity, welcomed the chance to pose as defenders of western democracy, and hoped, if possible, to manoeuvre the Labour Party into a position of seeming to side with the Communists.

From the very beginning the hearings of the Commission have been full of irregularities, but a crisis has been provoked by the intervention of Dr. Evatt, leader of the Labour Party. While giving evidence on behalf of two members of his staff, Dr. Evatt alleged that parts of the government's most important evidence, Document J, were obvious forgeries, and that Mr. & Mrs. Petrov were paid informers. Subsequently, after the arrest of a French diplomatic official on related charges, he stated that the case against her was also possibly groundless. It is impossible, at this stage, to say which, if any, of the charges and counter-charges have any truth in them, but it seems that, since his personal reputation will be at stake, Dr. Evatt must have fairly good proof.

These later developments, the charges that governmental lawyers are involved in a vast conspiracy of forgery and deceit, has received considerably less attention from our daily newspapers. After all, it would never do for everyone to find out that the statist and legal system of the West operated on exactly the same principles as those of the East!

Whatever its outcome, this affair will reveal the basically totalitarian nature of the allegedly democratic government of Australia, and the depths to which its politicians are prepared to descend, disregarding every idea of justice and truth, abusing innocent individuals, and employing every underhand device of which they accuse their opponents, in order to gain some slight advantage in the fight for power. Political repression is not the monopoly of communist governments, or capitalist governments, but of governments in general. In order to end it the entire system will have to be abolished.

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### KENYATTA TO BE BANISHED

THE Government of Kenya has already announced its plans for the future of Jomo Kenyatta, the Kikuyu leader at present serving a seven years prison sentence for alleged Mau Mau initiation activities.

According to a *Reuter* report from Wangi (Kenya):

Sixty Kikuyu chiefs and more than a thousand tribesmen heard the Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, pronounce here to-day the final penalties to be imposed on the former Kikuyu leader, Jomo Kenyatta.

Kenyatta, and four other Africans sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in April last year will be "required to live in a remote place specified by the Government in the Northern Province—far away from the scene of their former criminal activities."

The restriction order, the first of the Mau Mau emergency, will mean that the Government will control every movement of the five men. Any visitors or mail they receive will be subject to censorship. Their use of all forms of communication, transport, and possessions will be restricted.

Such are the foundations upon which "democracy" is being built in Kenya!

## Labour Delegation Drops in on Japan

WHILE Mr. Attlee went to Australia to calm down those patriots who were a bit annoyed about his visit to Russia and China, the rest of the Labour delegation went to Japan.

There, their behaviour seems to have been rather odd and high-handed, since a programme had been carefully mapped out for their stay by the Japanese Socialist Party, but our Labour leaders tore it up and refused to face a press conference on their visit to China at all.

It would seem odd, that is, if we accepted the Asian tour at its face value—a good-will tour to establish harmony and help keep the peace. But as we have already pointed out, it is the Chinese market that our 'Socialists' are interested in.

Since that is so, it was somewhat naive for the Japanese to expect any information on the Chinese market. As the *Manchester Guardian* reported:

"... the expectations of Japanese press and public on epochal revelations concerning China that would shake the world—and confirm the existence of vast new markets for Japanese goods just around the corner—went unfulfilled."

Of course they did. The Labour delegation was hardly going to encourage Britain's main competitor in the Far East, was it?

Not that in fact the Japanese intend to wait for British encouragement. They are not far behind. An agency report told us last Monday that: A Japanese economic delegation, headed by Mr. Nobuhiko Usiba, counsellor at the Foreign Ministry, has arrived in Moscow.

Thus trade competition is going to be intensified, and workers in Britain and Japan will have to work against each other in the interests of their employers.

Have to, that is, as long as they put up with employers.

### PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT! WEEK 36

Deficit on Freedom

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## On the Margin of Civilisation

**CHRIST STOPPED AT EBOLI,**  
by Carlo Levi. Guild Books,  
2s.

WHEN this book was first published it would seem that most of the reviewers read no more than the first page, and did not in fact understand that. Maybe they did not read more than the title, for they are busy men after all, and their mild conformist views are their livelihood. The general impression that they produced was that the book was a sensational exposure of witchcraft and devil worship in pagan Italy, of life in darkest Lucania where everyone was a werewolf, or in league with evil spirits. If something were not done about it quickly, they warned, these people would be won over to Communism. Evidently a good dose of Catholic Christian Democracy was needed to set against the weird superstitions of these peasants.

As a result I did not read the book for many years, for I am tired of the bombastic pretensions of those who profess and call themselves Christians, and I have a positive aversion to sensational travel books exploiting the mysteries and horrors, real or more usually imagined, of Tibet, Central America, Santo Domingo, or some other home of romance, high adventure, and the white man's burden.

The author was exiled to Southern Italy by the Fascist régime, which used this desolate corner of the world as a sort of Siberia. The title means simply that the peasants consider themselves outside civilisation. "Christian" with them means in effect "civilised man", and by the phrase "Christ Stopped at Eboli", which is with them a proverbial saying, they mean that civilisation has never really reached them, it stops at Eboli where the railway ends. All the same they have to support its exactions, taxes and conscription, and bear comparison with it, and this induces in them a sense of inferiority, and a feeling of despair.

"None of the pioneers of Western civilisation brought here his sense of the passage of time, his deification of the State or the ceaseless activity that feeds on itself. No one has come to this land except as an enemy, a conqueror, or a visitor devoid of understanding. The

seasons pass to-day over the toil of the peasants, just as they did three thousand years before Christ; no message, human or divine, has reached this stubborn poverty."

The local bigwigs, the mayor and the doctor, and similar people, officials appointed by the State, and suchlike characters, have nothing but contempt for the peasants, about whom they talk in much the same tone as an English planter adopts when he talks about the Negroes he exploits.

"Good people, but primitive. Above all look out for the women. You're a young man and a handsome one. Don't take anything from a woman... They would be sure to put a love potion in it..."

"They're as stubborn as mules," says the doctor. "Ah yes. They like their own way better. We give them quinine and more quinine, but they won't take it. There's no cure for their mulishness."

Says another, "They don't trust us. They don't trust the pharmacy. Of course there's not a complete stock of drugs, but we can make one thing do for another. If there's no morphine, then we use apomorphine."

Since the author was a doctor himself these people tried to keep him in their own circle. They feared him as a rival. With good reason too as it turned out, for he soon became far more popular among the peasants than the regular doctors of the neighbourhood. In any case he was bent on entering the world of the peasants, "that closed world, shrouded in black veils, bloody and earthy, the other world where the peasants live and which no one can enter without a magic key."

Evidently he found the key, for the peasants became very fond of him. The secret that he discovered was to put aside paternalism, and treat them as equals, and to try to understand them.

Living in infertile country, almost at starvation level, and constantly wracked with disease, the peasants developed a gloomy stoical philosophy. Sex was stripped of tenderness to a large extent, marriages were arranged, sometimes without the couple knowing each other beforehand, and on the other hand it was considered that men and women were driven on by such intense desire for each other that it was not "the done thing" for a man and a woman to remain together without a third present, even if it was only a child.

Yet the people were not so cut off from the outside world as one might think. Many emigrated to America, and large numbers returned, having improved their fortunes, and bought a little land, and settled down. All the same they soon relapsed into poverty again. But for them America, particularly the United States, remained a land of promise. Indeed it was almost more real to them than the rest of Italy, from which little good came, and much evil.

We are far from the happy-go-lucky and well-fed Indian peasants of Stuart Chase's excellent book "Mexico".

The great event in the history of the peasants was the war waged by the brigands during the sixties of the last century. The peasants supported the Bourbons against the liberals and the progressives. They opposed the unification of Italy and the march of history, but not out of perversity, or because they were naturally ignorant and "backward". The old feudal order, and the corrupt monarchy, had left them to themselves. The new disciples of the Hegelian State had different ideas. This Brigands' War was a savage gesture of despair, there was no hope of victory in the end. "If the world had only one enormous heart, I'd tear it out," said one of the most ferocious of the brigand chiefs.

In this part of Italy Garibaldi is not a national hero, for as the author, who is not an anarchist but who seems to come close to the anarchist position

### DOES HE ALWAYS DO IT?

Mr. Jakob Malik, the Soviet Ambassador, touring the Scottish Industries Exhibition at Glasgow yesterday, turned his back on an exhibit of a recoil-less anti-tank gun and said, "I am a man of peace. I do not want to see it." He remained at the stand for some time, however, discussing with the exhibitor Russia's interest in the purchase of high quality ships.

Manchester Guardian, 11/9/54.

It would be interesting to know if Mr. Malik also turns his back when, with other party bosses, he reviews a military display in the Red Square on May Day?

sometimes, points out, Liberalism, Fascism, and Communism are all forms of State-worship, and no form of State has done anything for the peasants, in Italy at any rate. In fact this is an almost universal pattern, for after all the State is a product of the cities, and of town-dwelling civilisation. This helps us to understand why the Vendean peasants fought so bitterly against the French Revolution, which for them meant in fact taxes and conscription. This is a situation that State-worshippers fail to grasp, and so to them these peasant wars are nothing but the outbursts of superstitious savages.

As for the horrid magical practices that so upset the reviewers of the English edition of this book, Carlo Levi has this to say:

"Anyhow, magic as it was practised in Gagliano was harmless enough and the peasants considered it in no way in conflict with official medicine. The custom of prescribing some medicine for every illness, even when it is not necessary, is equivalent to magic anyhow, especially when the prescription is written, as it once was, in Latin or in indecipherable handwriting. Most prescriptions would be just as effective if they were not taken to the druggist, but were simply hung on a string around the patient's neck like an abracadabra."

We who live in towns, and in such countries as England, which is just one vast suburb, would do well to remember that outside our civilisation is another older one, on which we are to a certain extent dependent, which also has its needs and way of living, which should be respected, and not treated in the cavalier fashion of the Bolsheviks.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

## On the Theatre

### FROM MORN TO MIDNIGHT

IN the remarkably original play, *From Morn to Midnight*, Georg Kaiser satirized the cheapness and futility of modern civilization rushing headlong toward cultural, spiritual and physical destruction by power and profit-motivated industrialism, as well as the inability of its robots to recover their freedom and individuality. The individual is so crushed and hemmed in by laws and money that his very existence is granted to him only by the gracious permission of society and the State: "common sense" and the dreary emptiness of the ideas of the majority have so rationalised and regimented life that it has become horrible in its meaningless conformity. And the so-called emancipation of the workers loudly proclaimed by Communism is in reality an even more deadly de-personalising tyranny.

"Whoever does not work shall not eat." This sadistic socialistic principle which maliciously confirms the brutality and the deplorable bourgeois attitude towards our fellow-men, contains one of man's deepest humiliations. It reduces the spiritual, metaphysical worth of the individual's irreplaceable personality and life to external economic worthlessness. What? Can it be that his *unalienable right to live and to be free* consists of nothing else than the production of fodder? Is the value of his life that of a beast of burden, or one of *Rossums Universal Robots*, or the scientifically produced beings of *Brave New World*? Must the individual perform duties for the abstraction "society" before he can live, with the guarantee of a share of that fodder, spiritual and physical? The

above Communist or State Socialist authoritarian compulsory work principle (instead of voluntary creative activities and contributions) casts a pitiless light upon the whole paltriness of the Marxist heresy that profoundly debases us humans even though it incessantly pays lip service to our human dignity.

In *From Morn to Midnight* a robot-like cashier embezzles his bank's funds in order that he may court an exotic foreign lady. On the supposition that this fair Italian who refused money for a draught at the bank is an adventuress, the cashier leaps to the conclusion that, if he steals a large sum for her, she will reciprocate his kindness with love. But she turns out to be a "respectable" woman, and virtuously rebuffs him, insisting that he restore his booty. Already, however, his theft has been discovered. He must flee; since he has already crossed the Rubicon by stealing the money, he resolves to make the best of the situation and tries to recapture the fullness of the great world beyond his cashier's cage. "I am on the march," he exclaims, "there is no returning; forward I go!" Launched thus upon his one day of debauch, the erstwhile sober cashier is wholly transformed. He remains unmoved even by the death of his mother. He creates excitement at a race with his gold, until a more prodigal prince diverts the crowd's attention.

In successive nightmarish episodes he finds this world deceitful and illusory. The pleasure-seeking crowds are automata, and the girl who entertains him proves to be a pasteboard beauty with a

Continued on p. 3

## COMMENT ON

### LONELY ISOLATION

WHEN I worked in Kensington and walked through its streets of tall 19th-century Italianate buildings and saw the occupants of these boarding houses, 'private hotels' and 'service flatlets', the adjective which always came to my mind was 'suicidal'. There Anglo-Indian widows with their discontented metallic voices, sad-faced Poles, reading their political weeklies over cups of Lyons coffee, young-old ex-officers unable to find jobs commensurate with their sense of their own importance; how long, I thought, will they feel it worth while to cling on to life?

Not a very kind thought, was it, as the car salesmen took their discreet suits to be pressed, or the language teachers bought another bottle of aspirin? But I see that someone else was thinking the same thing last week in commenting on the high suicide rate in the inner metropolitan boroughs like Holborn and Kensington, and relating it to the fact that these are boroughs where large numbers of people live alone.

LONELINESS was described as "one of the major social evils of our towns" by the psychiatrist Dr. T. M. Ling at the Town Planning summer school last week. Many victims, he said, are people who live in London's single-room furnished flatlets converted out of big Victorian houses. There might be 15 "households" in one of these old houses. These "households" often consist of middle-aged shorthand typists and shop assistants who eke out a lonely and dreary existence on six or seven pounds a week. Other rooms contain young married couples who are always frightened in case they start a family, because they know they will be given notice to leave as soon as the fact comes to the knowledge of the weekly rent collector.

SPEAKING generally, the characteristic of the lonely flatlet dwellers is that they belong, or regard themselves as belonging, to the middle class, which means, in these days of a redistributed national income, that they don't drop their aitches, and that they call their midday meal lunch, not dinner. Mr. Anthony Quinton in a recent broadcast on the

post-war novel and reality, spoke of the "more or less unacknowledged social redundancy of large sections of this class". The title of his broadcast, *A Refusal to Look* was his comment on the attitude to reality of most contemporary English novelists. For the typical post-war novel of the sort that aspires to be ranked as literature is either a cosy and sensitive recollection of middle-class childhood, or else the sophisticated and petulant snobbery of writers like Evelyn Waugh, Nancy Mitford or Angela Thirkell.

"Preoccupation with the past," he says, "is only one aspect of the anachronistic character of much present-day fiction. This is more tellingly displayed in novels which are ostensibly about the present day. This point is perhaps best approached by way of travesty. Consider the conventional English detective story. The setting is a large country house in a supposedly typical English village; there are numerous reception rooms and a complex geometry of servants' quarters (requiring a diagram); outside are summer houses, a rose garden, topiary work, and a ha-ha. A long avenue of beeches leads to the main road. The human apparatus is sharply divided into real people, including the private detective, and village people, including the police. Everyone has all the time in the world."

TWO novels of the last year which have been widely praised for breaking away from the make-believe world of what the snob-appeal advertisements for lime-juice or air-travel call "gracious living", are *Hurry on Down* by John Wain, and *Lucky Jim* by Kingsley Amis. But here in fact are the same old sensitive young men. Mr. Quinton wisely remarks:

"Yet their heroes are only Pontifex and Dedalus again, but with a regional accent now and patched trousers. Wain's hero makes a juvenile flight from his home and his family's expectations into an attempt to lose himself in the warm abyss of proletarian life. After a series of amusing experiences he winds up as a script writer for commercial television. He solves his problem by ceasing to be the sort of person for whom the question 'how should I live?' makes any sense."

"If it is not altogether clear to what extent Wain is prepared to approve of this drastic solution, there seems to be no doubt that Kingsley Amis underwrites

the similar method by which his hero copes with his difficulties. Lucky Jim Dixon joyously abandons his job as a university teacher to become a business man's receptionist at £500 a year. Now this comical nihilism, that says, 'if the way to live eludes you don't try to look for it, just creep into the softest hole you can find', is no doubt a new answer, but it is an old problem and, in the form in which they attack it, a non-existent one. The problem of Jim Dixon's generation is not to work out a way of living against the forces exerted by the older, established generation in seeking to make us live up to their expectations; it is rather to work out a way of living in the face of their kindly indifference. After two wars they are morally in retreat. The context, then, in which our crucial decisions are made is not that of the dead hand of an older generation but rather of what I have called the social redundancy of the middle class."

THE lonely self-contained flatlet dwellers, dreaming of "gracious living" as they heat their baked beans on the gas-ring, too proud to know their neighbours, fulminating (like some of our middle-class anarchists) against the Welfare State, under-paid, but unfitted by temperament and training, to take a job which is better-paid but involves getting dirty hands, and lacking the sense of vocation which makes some jobs rewarding in themselves, these are the victims of social redundancy. I do not speak here of the aged for they are a general problem resulting from the changed family structure of to-day and from the fact that while we have abandoned personal responsibility for them we have not yet properly assumed social responsibility for them (unless, like the government, you regard the present scale of the old age pension as adequate).

But one cannot simply write-off people as socially redundant and leave it at that. Dr. Ling in his lecture said that "Social clubs, community laundries and other meeting places would do something to break down the isolation of these people." This of course, is true, but it seems to me that the way not to be isolated is to have a job which you feel to be valuable to yourself or to society. Then you can begin to find an answer to Mr. Quinton's question "How should I live?" But where, for the lonely flat-dwellers, are these to be found? C.W.

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## THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

FOR a brief moment last week the spotlight of fame was turned on an unemployed working man, father of nine children, who disappeared while attempting to swim the English Channel unaccompanied. The popular Press thrives on the Ted Mays of this world. "Dog bites man" is not news; but "man bites bog" is. And Ted Mays understanding Fleet Street's basic definition of "News", realised that to swim the Channel in the orthodox manner would probably only receive a small paragraph (since it has become a commonplace, no more newsy than "dog bites man"), hit on the idea of venturing into the unknown alone except for a small battery-operated light fitted to an inflated rubber tube (as a warning to shipping at night) and the spiritual comfort of a bottle of rum. The contraption was to be drawn along by a cord tied to his waist. Here was real adventure, real courage, real danger! Here was a man gambling for high stakes: his life! But there was more to it than adventure. It was obviously the case of a man drunk with the desire to see his name in the headlines. If not, how does one account for the press publicity that preceded his attempt. (Compare this with the swimmer who recently crossed the channel, landed on the beach, waited half an hour in the hope of meeting a human being, let alone a newspaper reporter, then got into his escorting boat and returned to France!)

When, therefore, certain sections of the Press, after the event, attacked Ted Mays for his irresponsible action, and made him out to be a lunatic and not just a reckless hero (which he would have been had he succeeded), they forgot to make an admission; and admission of their responsibility in the tragedy. For without the sensational Press there would be no Ted Mays. "Adventure" has become an industry in which if the principal actor lives to tell his tale, he is descended upon by the vultures of the popular press, advertisers, publishers of best-sellers, and the Hollywood film kings. The horrors of war have also become adventures, the material from which heroes are made and their crimes glorified in print and on celluloid. The willingness of young men to take part in wars is possibly motivated more by this myth of "adventure" and "glory" than all the theories about "aggressive instincts" which have not been "sublimated" and so on. And once again it is the creators of the one-day heroes who are responsible for the twisted minds that seek adventure and fame in the mass murder of war.

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IN themselves the Ted Mays, the marathon runners, the dangerous ascents of mountains and descents into the bowels of the earth are people and activities of little real importance. What is important is that such activities should, by the conditioning referred to above, become the yardstick of adventure. The spirit of adventure is more than the pitting of one's physical strength and skill against the forces of nature or against apparently insuperable physical obstacles. In fact, man's real spirit of adventure is to be found in his intellectual curiosity.

The real courage and integrity with which some men at all times in history have abandoned the prejudices and traditional thinking of their time to penetrate the unknown and to go wherever it might lead—

this is the spirit of adventure which produced a Galileo, a Newton, a Darwin, a Freud and an Einstein.

★

LIFE itself should be an adventure, and what is so saddening is the realisation that for a very large number of people life is so drab and boring that wars and the "pursuit of bizarre records", as the *Observer* defined the Ted Mays affair, come as a kind of relief.

Material comfort, that is, the necessities of life, is naturally one of the objectives of the anarchist society. But unlike the materialist socialists, and Welfare State capitalists, anarchists have always maintained that this is not the goal to which all else must, if necessary, be sacrificed. Life is not just working, eating and sleeping, however light the work may be, however appetising the food, and however deep the sleep! Life is a seeking after happiness, and an unending journey of discovery.

But we can already hear someone saying that what most people are seeking is material security and that we anarchists, the revolutionary socialists and the popularisers of culture are wasting their time. Even in the columns of *FREEDOM* some correspondents in the name of the younger generation, echo this viewpoint, and suggest that we retire to our ivory tower, and in splendid isolation live out our ideas to the full. By all means let us try to live up to our ideas . . . not in isolation but in the closest contact with our fellows. We need them just as much as they need us; the adventure of life is the discovery of new worlds of thought, new interests; it is the understanding of one's fellow beings. And as propagandists, our task is to help and incite our listeners to explore what may be for them new ideas, new interests . . . in a word, to help them find a new approach, new definitions to life, happiness and community.

And this is something each one of us can do. Let us illustrate with the example of a man who is not an anarchist but, significantly, a bookseller. Mr. Cheetham has just retired after 67 years in the book business. In an article of reminiscences published in the *Bookseller* last week he refers to the "influence of a bookseller . . . that reaches much farther than he knows", and he instances the case of a timber merchant who was in business in a big way and who told him that: when he reached the middle forties he began to take life a little easier. His business was well established and he had a certain amount of time on his hands. He took to reading as an escape from boredom, and in his own words read only the most dreadful shockers. "After a while one of your assistants got to know me and began making a few recommendations and suggestions. He guided me into a world of literature that I did not know existed. I shall never forget the tremendous debt I owe to this shop and its assistants."

That is the kind of spirit of adventure we anarchists must encourage, for before the anarchist society is possible mankind must have thrown overboard all its outworn ways of thinking and have discarded its prejudices. And we will only do this when man's idea of adventure will not be that of a spectator at the bizzarries of the Ted Mays and the men who hurtle over Niagara Falls in barrels, but as an enthusiastic participant in the discovery of new ways of thought and of living.

### SACKCLOTH FOR THE POPE?

THE Pope yesterday advised master tailors attending a European congress in Rome to prevent "provocative luxury, entirely lacking in shame, concerned only to flatter vanity and pride."

*News Chronicle*, 11/9/54.

We wonder what robes His Holiness was wearing at the time?

## ANARCHISM IN PRACTICE

"IT is all right in theory but not in practice". This is perhaps the most commonly heard opinion about anarchism, and, needless to say, it is expressed by people who know next to nothing about anarchist theory. People who care about theories, anyhow, are remarkably few, and, especially in this country, a theory is assessed according to some visible and tangible application. As there is no anarchist society and anarchists are so few, so different from one another, and often with characteristics in common with people of other creeds and with psychological types for which a creed is but of secondary importance, the general lack of interest in anarchism and vagueness of knowledge about it are more than justified.

A Christian can be a Christian under practically any régime and in any walk of life. This universality can be taken as a mark of superiority or as a target for criticism, but it is to it, to a great extent, that Christianity owes its strength and its survival. A Christian can draw a neat distinction between what is demanded from him in the Church militant and in the Church triumphant. It is similarly easy for a Communist to know his duties under a capitalist system, but for an anarchist there is no way of making the best of both worlds. He has no authority to guide him, to reward his virtues and to forgive his sins. Any compromise remains entirely his responsibility, and unless he puts up with unlimited persecution his conscience is never at rest.

Compromise is a daily necessity for the anarchist at large. If it were not, his position in an anarchist society would be one of relentless hostility and leave no room for anything positive. To be an anarchist would mean to make a hell of one's life, a hardly healthy or rational choice. There is thus no living example of a perfect anarchist. True enough

there is not one of a perfect Christian, either, but this fact is an argument against, rather than in favour of, anarchism. Between two strivings after perfection and two actual imperfections the choice becomes immaterial. The anarchist may be more heroic, but for that reason it is less human, more open to pride and abysmal failure.

★

MAN is born an anarchist. As early as he can use means of expression he fights against each 'no' that comes from outside authority and is instinctively disobedient. But he is not naturally a respecter of other people's freedom, at least when freedom involves property. This natural anarchism is taken by most people as the whole of anarchism, and, of course, it is deemed impracticable and undesirable. What most people fail to see is that any existing system, which they accept and support, is mainly the result of natural anarchism, that is, a system in which, generally speaking, anyone acts according to his own will and power, unless a stronger will and power lies in his way.

The professed anarchist, although identifying his will and power with a rational principle, is hardly in a different position from any ordinary man. When he does act differently, his intelligence or ethical sense are to be held responsible, and if he is an anarchist because he has intelligence and ethical sense the inverse is obviously not true.

As a corollary of the above, anarchist organizations do not behave in ways conspicuously different from those of other organizations. When they rigidly try to do so they soon dissolve or remain ineffective. It takes a great deal of faith constructively to persevere in getting anarchists to act together. Were it not for loyalty to one's illusions and illuminations, and psychological or moral in-

ability to associate with people of other creeds, no anarchist would survive a year of active participation in an anarchist organization.

It is combined action and organization that bring into sharp relief all the difficulties of practical anarchism. Men with anarchist ideas should join forces together, but once they have done that, where should they start from, and what should they do? They are invariably very few, their task immense, and they who want total freedom for everybody are surrounded on all sides by people who do not want to lose possessions more precious to them than freedom or want a freedom that by anarchist standards is all slavery and oppression.

There may be conditions favourable to this or that anarchist activity. Anarchists may be of such calibre as to take the initiative, and an anarchist act may make history, but generally, and now more than ever, political and historical situations are so compact, pressing and oppressing that interpretations in anarchist terms are ineffective and they do not admit of an anarchist solution. Supposing an anarchist organization is

Continued on p. 4

### CRAZY DEPT.

That's £200 that was!

Whitley Bay (Northumberland) will spend £200 on street decoration for the ten minutes' visit of the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh to the town next month. The royal car, which passes through the town, does not stop.

You too can be like Julius Caesar!

More than five hundred people were killed in the United States in accidents during the long Labour Day week-end. Traffic deaths numbered 360, drownings 92, and miscellaneous fatalities 83.

### The Vicious Circle

OTTAWA, Sept. 7 (A.P.)—Canada is floating a \$1,100,000 loan to help pay off the Fourth Victory Loan, the Finance Department announced to-day.

The bonds will be in two issues, one bearing 3½ per cent. interest maturing Oct. 1, 1979, and the other 2 per cent. maturing Oct. 1, 1957. Neither may be called before maturity.

Proceeds of the loans will be used to pay off the \$1,111,000,000 loan issued May 1, 1943, at 3 per cent. interest. These bonds will be redeemed Oct. 1.

And in 1979 the government will be raising another loan to help pay off the loan which was raised in 1954 to help pay off the loan which was raised in 1943. And so on until the people come to their senses and burn the lot!

is in his existence and which only he really experiences. True drama should therefore show or convey this inner meaning of the human spirit), but Kaiser draws instead outline designs stressed and stylized. He argues that wealth stifles love, that those who profit from the capitalist system are guilty of oppressing the poor, and that each individual, rich or poor, is nevertheless responsible for the well-being of all, that upon each of us weighs the responsibility for the wrongs of the social order. Dostoevsky put it very sharply when he asked whether it would be right to achieve paradise on earth at the cost of one tear of one innocent and tortured child. Evil means are poisonous. Freedom is never achieved by violence, brotherhood through hatred, peace by bloody conflict. The so-called conscience of the smug citizen is remarkably adaptive: it can be stretched for miles and folded up into nothing. If it suits his sordid material interests, he will sanction or commit the most horrible and ruthless exploitation, dehumanization and oppression. The bourgeois is the real nihilist: he denies the value of the individual human soul, he despises the true dignity and culture of the personality, of brotherhood, worshipping instead the pettiness of authority, the futility of luxury, and the fantastic abstractions of money, law and the State. The inhuman brutality, the murderous contempt for the freedom of the individual, which is revealed in the present Nazi-like terroristic oppression of the African people of Kenya by the spiritually bankrupt White herrenvolk is a terrible and menacing example of the lengths of degradation to which the rulers and the bourgeoisie will go in order to keep their power and property, and to lord it over their black slaves, who have been driven to frenzied rebellion by this tyranny. D.M.M.

### From Morn to Midnight

Continued from p. 2

wooden leg. In one weird and lonely scene when the cashier spreads out his arms he looks as if he were nailed to a cross, and in this portentous moment he has premonitions of the end that bear a resemblance to the Agony in the Garden nineteen hundred years before.

Kaiser realised in this bitter summary of a soul's defeat that the most atrocious desecration of the ego, of the value of the individual is the modern form of feudal serfdom, bourgeois capitalist democracy. Man is no longer his own proprietor, his own sovereign, but the property of a State from which there is no appeal. As long as money and a single government on earth exercise this unnatural, soul-destroying, character-breaking power, just so long—despite the best-laid peace plans—world wars will reign in perpetuity. War is only the grossest material eruption of all the hatred, envy, boredom, and hysteria festering in the minds of dehumanized people. No amount of opportunistic hypocrisy can alter this situation.

The cashier joins the revellers at a masquerade, and, when this gaiety fails to satisfy, he follows a Salvation Army lassie to her headquarters, mounts the bench of penitence and announces his discovery. It is this: "Not with all the money from all the banks of the world can one buy anything of value. One always buys less than he pays for. Money impairs value. Money hides real worth. Money is the crowning deceit of all!" True wealth, Kaiser maintains, is the freedom of being able to unfold to their fullest bloom all the spiritual powers planted within us. When the cashier flings away what is left of his booty, his fellow penitents scramble for it in a mordantly ironic scene. He is gratified that at least the girl he has followed is sincere and uncorrupted, remaining untempted by the gold. But forthwith she opens a door to admit the police, remarking: "This is your man; I have shown him to you; I claim the reward." Thus the cashier's one day of freedom is over. "From morn to midnight I have wandered round and round in a circle!" he cries. "Now I see the way out, but where does it lead?" So saying, he shoots himself. For Georg Kaiser the mind and the spirit are all-important centres of activity threatened by the machinery of industry, of power and coercion, of gold-getting, of warfare. This concentration on the material side of life, which is the furthest removed from freedom, leads to a situation where men begin to consider the material not as a means but as an end in itself.

Creative spiritual life is either denied altogether, or is made subject to the material which lays down the directives.

Life takes on depth and meaning only if the individual comprehends it in the spirit of symbolic realism of his inner reality. The visible world is a symbol of the world invisible. What the free spirit creates, is the most real, of the most value. One of Kaiser's characters says: "Do not let the days mutilate you, nor dumb mechanical movements of the hand." The individual is a universe of his own: he should not be a mere object in the external world, a thing to perform certain compulsory or permitted actions, obey the law, under the brutal materialistic gaze of authority, of hostile dehumanized bosses, rulers, employers, or the herd in general. The higher spiritual values disappear if they are not affirmed in liberty. The individual is the essence of freedom; there is no superstition, obedience, fear, restrictions or taboos in the unique, undeformed human mind; it is a vast and beautiful expanse, an inner dignity and freedom of the spirit, and where it leads one should pursue one's own untrammelled way, feeling, moving and living according to one's spontaneous inspiration. But that wonderful spirit, that skylark that soars in the limitlessness of joy and freedom is trapped in the darkness of authoritarian society; its wings are amputated by society, by authoritarians, parents, teachers, rulers; its eyes are put out by these brutal murderers of love, of free thought, of emotion, of delight in true communion, sympathy and love, and the real value which is independent of time, belonging to eternity. The main characteristic of so-called collective realities is that they do not have an existential centre, they can neither suffer nor rejoice. But the capacity for suffering is the mark of truly primary reality, the soul of the individual in the mystery of the universe. The Church cannot suffer, nor can the State, the nation or the "working-class", it is only the people who form these super-personal entities who can suffer, think and exist.

In the two parts of *Gas*, his most famous work, Kaiser shows that labour as well as capital is attached to a system which makes of man but a hand or a foot to operate a machine and deprives him of his true humanity. In his most characteristic plays he sets forth these ideas schematically through symbols, making no effort to represent life as an external copyist, (if each character is treated by the dramatist merely as he appears to others, then there is no existential centre or subjective reality in a play. The dialogue, actions and feelings of the characters are objectified: but in real life the human being is not only his body, his voice or his external actions, but the consciousness, the mind which



## VIEWPOINTS

## Pens and/or Spades?

A WOMAN attempting to cross the road, and being thrown into a panic by an oncoming vehicle was confused; the inevitable happened. The car didn't stop and the woman was left lying in the street. A man having noticed the accident from an overlooking window, turned away and settled down into his comfortable chair, lit his pipe, and started reading a paper. The guilt of the driver for not stopping is well established. But is the observer in his nonchalance equally guilty?

This one act play is perhaps symbolic of the world at large. Is the man who passively watches, but who does not actively participate in a crime as guilty as the perpetrators?

In France they chase a stag in an enclosed hunting ground. A good time is had by all who enjoy hard and fast riding. The stag at the point of almost exhaustion faces his pursuers unable to continue. A two foot knife is then plunged into his heart as the final climax to the chase. The honour of the *coup de grace* is officiated by a distinguished guest of the hunting party. Who is guilty—the butcher or the chasers?

The fact that special battalions of the Nazi army were guilty of atrocious cruelty is a well established fact. The horror of the concentration camps is well established too. The multitudes who knew about them and yet remained passive to the suffering must be candidates for judgment as well.

The anti-racial policies of the present South African government, the squalor and the destitution of the every-day lives of Africans, the terror and the cruelty of the police, facts known and seen by the mass of the white population of South Africa who nevertheless remain unmoved. Those who choose the jobs that become the active vehicle of these policies are in a sense like the driver in the first paragraph. The majority of the white population who remain the passive onlookers are equally guilty.

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ONE may tackle this problem from a number of angles. What makes people so unconcerned and unaffected by the tragedy of their surroundings? And this in spite of the fact that all the major religions preach brotherly love. Are the people who participate in the actual cruelties merely the cogs of that huge machine we call Society? Or is this just part of the universal negativism which seems to permeate all phases of life? Why the discovery of the splitting of the atom should have resulted in the creation of a bomb rather than cause world-wide joy at the discovery of untapped energy; why the scientific men should have assumed the rôle of the onlooker as well; why every scientific discovery must undergo a baptism of negative fire; why Pasteur should have been

so ridiculed, for such a long period for his suggestion that micro-organisms may be the cause of some diseases; why Freud should have suffered the pangs of mockery and persecution before the world acknowledged him as an epoch maker; and why any new discovery that tends to upset present day scientific equilibrium be met by a committee of rebuffs rather than a warm acceptance, an intelligent enquiry and then a final judgment?

How is it that the cultural atmosphere breeds so many negative attitudes and makes the positive aspects of living the field of revolutionary activity? (To what extent the revolutionary is subject to the negativism of his epoch, and to what degree he imbibes this self-same negativism, nationalized subtly by his ideological outlook, remains a moot point).

Why the primary object of war is to kill as many people as possible, and why technology should be orientated in that direction by the masses of the people directly—like working on ammunition, or indirectly—by supplying the finance, who yet remain passive to their own destruction, is a problem seldom stated by the mass political parties, though they all fight for the "common man". Why should the object be a greater slaughter? Perhaps a war could be lost by the country who made the least broom-sticks, or perhaps a "war" could be fought by two countries on the basis of a social programme. The country who provided the least amenities, like parks, schools, houses, within a period of two years, should be considered the loser. Why shouldn't putting the enemy to shame be the desired end of the war, rather than millions of dead bodies?

The mechanical killing, the violence of war and hatred, seem merely to change their cloak with time. It appears to be as inevitable as to-morrow's sunrise. It is part of our thinking and feeling.

When the "devil" became "God", and "God" became the goal of mystics, revolutionaries, and dreamers, is lost in antiquity.

★

THE joy of living belongs to a sparsely populated few. The rest have to put up with the antics of the devil they themselves nourish. The marginal delineation of who is guilty becomes meaningless and the problem is perhaps not so much the suppression of the actual sadist, but rather where and how this became the order of the day. To the sensitive individual two alternatives are open. One, to throw oneself wholeheartedly into the struggle even though it appears to be a losing battle, and secondly, to isolate oneself from the world at large to the furthest degree possible. As the emotionally healthy individual would limit his company with a group of sadists, so the sensitive indi-

vidual must limit his company with the ravings of a crazy society.

This is practice actually happens; people who genuinely reject the society through the medium of a particular philosophy or political outlook isolate themselves by virtue of their attitudes. Advocacy of the withdrawal of support and activity from the present political set-up may be a real platform for any libertarian group that desires a real change. The attitudes of protest that people adopt against the society are a living and real thing if they are backed by genuine emotions, and not merely by a political cloak. It can form the basis for a real living community; the kernel for a better society can begin its life here and now. This cannot be a problemless venture but then living to-day is not problemless either. The verbal protests that most groups make as far as the discontents of society go can be likened to the man in the very first paragraph. Instead of simply sitting down and reading his paper, he would protest against the callousness of the driver, the shame of the poor woman lying in the street. He might even write a letter of protest to the *Times*, and then finally sit down and read as before, perhaps now with a worried frown on his forehead. Generally speaking the revolutionary (for lack of a better name) of our time remains to a large degree the verbal protester. He is still filled with the negativism of his culture, and though he decries the world, he has produced little constructive on the basis of his ideology. Perhaps we should drop the pen and pick up the spade, for a while anyway. We may later discover that both pen and spade can be wielded at the same time, the pen becoming more potent as the spade materially complements the pen. Survival, to-day, becomes the need of the world; it transcends all creeds and ideology, and it becomes increasingly artificial to blame the Communist or the Capitalist for the present impasse. All are guilty by virtue of either their active support or indifference. Perhaps there may be some sense in the idea of letting the H-Bomb fall, as there is no point in preserving beautiful Rome if only sheep and sadists are to roam her streets. The Anarchist, contrary to the statement published in a recent Sunday paper, is far less concerned with "a bomb in his hand and a knife in his teeth" than the author of this statement, who seems abysmally ignorant of Anarchism.

In the midst of impending destruction nothing would be more positive than the beginning, or even the attempt to create a better existence here and now. A large scale movement away from the cities may be an example for many to follow. Though this programme may have many difficulties, for the older people perhaps more than for the younger generation, it is the youth who have borne the full brunt of war. At least here is a chance of success. The alternative will certainly have no winners. S.F.

## The Need for Blueprints

ANARCHISTS generally refuse to lay down hard and fast rules for the organisation of the future society. There is a good reason for this. Clearly we do not wish to legislate for posterity, and force upon them a society that they had no hand in the making of, one that will in all probability not answer their needs. Nothing could be more unanarchistic. But this in many ways excellent attitude has its weaknesses. We lay ourselves open to the charge of vagueness.

As a matter of fact a "blueprint" of the anarchist society does exist, and seems to be generally accepted, a sort of anarcho-syndicalist-communism. I think however that the whole problem is looked at in the wrong way. It is not a question of "laying down a blueprint" but of putting forward concrete suggestions for dealing with the very concrete problems that will arise after the social revolution. I am not suggesting that there should only be one set of answers laid down for these problems. Everyone will have ones that are slightly different from everyone else's, and in discussion compromises may be arrived at, or simple agreements to differ. One of the most obvious problems that will arise is of course the question of what to do with the anti-social beings produced by the old society.

## LETTER

## DEMAND FOR BETTER WEATHER

A Manchester *Guardian* report has told us that the secretariat of the World Meteorological Organisation has been instructed to prepare a report on the causes of weather changes which, it is hoped, will remove the spreading belief that the summer's bad weather has been caused by hydrogen bomb experiments. Meteorologists attending a W.M.O. meeting at Geneva have received many letters from private citizens urging international action to restore good weather, and the Soviet delegate has seized the opportunity to emphasize that here is another reason why the bomb should be banned.

But, as every good Anarchist knows, bad weather is the fault of the Government, and reformist measures like urging a semi-official organisation to take action can be no more effective than any other appeal to authority.

Nor should it be overlooked that, just as lawyers will do nothing to prevent crime, because they have a vested interest in it, meteorologists have a vested interest in weather, and so long as the capitalist system lasts, and meteorologists have nothing to sell but their forecasting power, so we shall have to put up with weather.

Only, comrades, after the revolution, shall we be able to return to the true and natural sequence of the seasons, and only in an Anarchist society will the harmonious balance of sunshine and showers be achieved. Let us then work and struggle together for the abolition of weather and the introduction of free access to climate for everyone!

PLUVIUS.

But that is only one out of many.

Clearly definite plans must be developed beforehand to tackle such problems when they arise, and it does seem to me that as a rule anarchists dismiss these problems rather airily. It looks as if the collapse of what we know of civilisation is near at hand, and a chance may soon come for anarchists to put their ideas into practice in a world in turmoil, where the central power will have broken down completely.

What is wanted is not in fact one "blueprint" of a future society, but many different ones. There is no question of one being universally or compulsorily adopted. Each community in a free society will have the chance to run its life in the way it so desires. Therefore it seems to me that what is wanted is that various groups and individuals should elaborate for themselves plans of how they would like an anarchist society to run. We tend too much to say vaguely that we don't want to lay down blueprints, and in almost the same breath we describe an anarchist society "with local, regional, and national committees", the good old line which seems to bear the official imprimatur.

We are not obliged to follow this plan of society. I am by no means sure that I care very much for a hierarchy of committees, even if they don't form the basis for a new State. In future articles I hope to elaborate what I consider to be the most suitable form for an anarchist society, but I don't aim to impose them on anyone, the proposals will be simply suggestions as a basis for further discussion, and perhaps experiment. My utopia, like all utopias, has a population of one.

A.W.U.

## 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)

SEPT. 19—Robert Cochrane  
THE BOAT PEOPLE

SEPT. 26—DEBATE  
THE MARXIAN THEORY OF  
VALUE—IS IT VALID?

Affirmative: W. Kerr.  
Negative: W. H. Carlton.

## OPEN AIR MEETINGS

Weather Permitting  
HYDE PARK  
Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

## NORTH-EAST LONDON

## DISCUSSION MEETINGS

AT MANOR PARK  
Alternate Wednesdays  
at 7.30 p.m.  
(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 Kramrisch  
Hugh McKeefery

## INDOORS

at 200 Buchanan Street  
Every Friday at 7 p.m.

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Anarchism in Practice Continued from p. 3

one of workers, its action will be one of class demands, and will have to take into account the strength and will of other organized workers as well as that of the employers and of a State that makes it its business to control relationships between employers and workers. If the aim of the organization is mainly political then the problems of the day will determine its intended action, and their complexity should be matched by a complexity of organisation very similar to, if not identical with, that of a party; also not a little promiscuity of persons and means would be necessary to influence in any tangible way the springs and wheels that carry forward the problems of the day.

★

EFFECTIVE anarchist action depends, then, like any organized action, on numbers and means. If effective action is the goal, then, logically, an anarchist organization should concentrate first and foremost on increasing the number of its members, on collecting means, and shaping some sort of division of labour. But there is in anarchism a deep-seated bias against an instrumentality of this kind, and ineffectiveness with purity is preferred to efficiency with distortion or deviation. Organizations that started to do something were accused with plenty of evidence of doing something that was not specifically anarchist while those that could not be thus accused did practically nothing.

A feeling remains, however, in spite of all appearances and complexities, that political and historical situations may develop one day which will be susceptible of interpretation in anarchist terms and

admit of an anarchist solution. Then an anarchist organization will rise out of the will of the people, to whom the anarchist solution will appear as possible and desirable. Times, in other words, will come for anarchist action as they have come for anarchist thought. It is a question of maturation, and if it is certain that it is not the present-day handful of anarchists who will achieve this maturation it may well be that it will never be achieved without this handful of anarchists to-day, however confused their thoughts may be and their activities seemingly futile.

Efforts towards organization are not to be abandoned, if for no other reason than because it is from them that the ripeness of the times for anarchism can be gauged. But still more important than organization is the need for a link for co-ordination. Action demands a certain degree of specialization and instrumentality, but, if there is communication and co-operation between groups, a consciousness of the ends and of the whole of anarchism is less likely to be dimmed and lost. No anarchist group, let alone an individual can carry on the anarchist struggle on all fronts. They will all, however, fight a better battle if each knows that the struggle is carried on by others on other fronts. This link and solidarity between anarchists or anarchist groups could help towards that faith and mastery of will and mind which Communists and Christians derive from the frownings and blessings of their masters. There may be an anarchism with no concern for results; there may be an anarchism without illusions or hopes, but there is no anarchism without faith.

GIOVANNI BALDELLI.

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