Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Do not be too moral. You may cheat yourself out of much life so. Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something."

—H. D. THOREAU.

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EDEN'S GENEROUS OFFER MEANS

CONSCRIPTION FOR TWO GENERATIONS

FROM the Labour Party Conference at Scarborough and the London Conference of Foreign Ministers held at Lancaster House, which for all too long dominated the columns of the press with their "practical" and high-minded eloquence, one fundamental lesson emerged, common to both meetings. It is that the leaders know best what is good for you and me and the Cypriots and the Germans, the Chinese and the Africans.

At Scarborough the Executive's will that Germany should be allowed to rearm had to prevail, and by arrangement with the leaders of the 129,000 members of the Woodworkers their vote which at the T.U. Congress held a fortnight earlier had been *against* became a vote *for* the motion, and thus what would have been a narrow defeat was quickly converted into a hollow victory. Not that it mattered very much since the Foreign Ministers at Lancaster House were going ahead with their plans of "recognising that a great country can no longer be deprived of the right properly belonging to a free and democratic people . . . " that is, about Germany and the need for her to take her place, complete with jack-boots, alongside the other free nations in their defence of peace and freedom. Germany for her part undertakes not to manufacture Atomic weapons, Chemical or Biological weapons, long-distance missiles, guided missiles, magnetic and influence mines, warships or bomber aircraft for strategic purposes. Presumably at present her rôle in the next war will be to provide the cannon-fodder, though there is the convenient loophole to this undertaking which says that this arrangement can be cancelled if such a request by the German Federal Government is accepted by a two-thirds majority of the Brussels Council of Ministers. "if in accordance with the needs of the armed forces a request is made by the competent Supreme Commander of N.A.T.O."

At Scarborough the Executive told the youth of this country that responsible socialism in effect means more and not less conscription. To those who objected Mr. Cooper for the Executive pointed out, to scattered cries of "shame", that it was a Labour Government that had introduced conscription and also lengthened its period, adding: "You cannot blow hot and then cold, taking one attitude when in office and another out of office". Such frankness, such a profound truth could only be expressed in fact by a party out of office. But we shall remind them of it when they are back at the helm! The Executive however agreed to "Bully" Deakin's suggestion (or order) that all the resolutions and amendments on National Service be remitted to the Executive.

Meanwhile at Lancaster House the future of conscription had already been decided with Mr. Eden's really generous offer of 80,000 head . . . of youth to be more or less permanently stationed in the Berlin area ("subject to the understanding that an acute overseas emergency might oblige H.M. Government to omit this procedure [of not withdrawing them against the wishes of the Brussels Treaty Powers]").

This means, writes the *Sunday Times* that:

Britain is now irrevocably committed to the keeping of a great standing army in peace-time. This break with her ancient island tradition has been accepted, in effect, ever since 1945, but it is now to be signed and sealed. Four divisions by themselves represent no very large number of men. But they must be trained, front-line soldiers; behind them must be a system of adequate reserves to reinforce them in case of need. And the confirmation of our European liability rids us of no risks or duties elsewhere. Thus we are bound, for two generations, to keep up forces on a scale which we have found possible only by having two years' national service.

What a legacy of shame have we left to the youth of to-morrow and the day after!

PASSIVE RESISTANCE

For the past two Sundays a party of Africans has walked quietly into the Dutch Reformed church at Broken Hill, 90 miles from Lusaka, and sat down with the congregation. The Africans have not said a word but simply remained in the church with the rest of the congregation until asked to leave.

They are members of the African National Congress attempting to prove that there is a colour bar in the churches. They deliberately chose the Dutch Reformed church for its association with South Africa. Now the elders of the church have appealed to police to stop the Africans from coming into the church. The police, promising to attend service next Sunday, point out that unless there is a disturbance of the peace they are powerless to act.—*British United Press.*

Manchester Guardian, 2/10/54.

"Protectorate same as Conquered Country"

AN action is being heard in the High Court of Uganda which is more interesting for its revelations than in speculations as to the outcome. For as the Attorney-General of Uganda pointed out, the Court had jurisdiction over the Protectorate Government but not over the Governor while he was acting on behalf of the British Government!

The action, by three members of the Buganda Lukiko (Parliament), is to test the legality of the deposition in December of the Kabaka Mutesa II who is now in exile in Britain, (albeit a very comfortable exile on the £7,000 a year allowance granted him by the British Government, coupled with a certain "social life" among the young set which has earned him a place in the gossip columns of the *Evening Standard* and perhaps even in the glossy stand-bys of dentists' waiting rooms).

The evidence and the depositions of the Kabaka himself, would seem to indicate that on the one hand Whitehall had urged on him the need to become a more democratic and constitutional monarch while on the other, the Governor expected him to carry out *his* orders without consulting the Lukiko. And as the present Regent of Buganda pointed out in evidence, to have ignored the Lukiko would mean "betraying his country. In my view he would have been deposed by the Lukiko". Thus the Kabaka found himself between two fires, and he obviously made a wise choice in accepting exile, cocktail parties and £7,000 and at the same time retaining a moral foothold in his own country as is evidenced by the present action.

The Regent, Mr. Mugwanya, who is also Chief Justice of Buganda, said the Kabaka had never refused to co-operate with the Protectorate Government. The Kabaka and his Ministers, who were solidly behind him throughout, merely sought the amendment of the 1900 Agreement whereby the country was administered. "We cannot wait until the most backward area is ready before getting self-government ourselves," Mr. Mugwanya said. "When are you British going to leave our country?"

He told the Court every Buganda African feared federation with Kenya. "As things are [in the Legislative Council] we might be handed over to the Indians," he said. "We are very much opposed to the partnership."

But these far from unreasonable fears and aspirations were of no great concern to Mr. R. L. Dreschfield, Q.C., Attorney-General of Uganda when he opened for the defence. He said that under British Constitutional law, British powers over a Protectorate were the same as over a conquered country. "I think it is taken for granted that if you conquer a country you can do what you like in it," he added.

He submitted that the withdrawal of recognition from the Kabaka and the appointment of Regents were acts of State and could not be challenged in any British court. The Foreign Jurisdiction Act of 1890 clearly showed that such acts were solely in the Government's discretion. Withdrawal of recognition from the native ruler of a protected State came well within the Government's powers.

The Court had jurisdiction over the Protectorate Government, said Mr. Dreschfield, but not over the Governor while he was acting on behalf of the British Government. If the Court held that the withdrawal was not an act of State it could only consider the territory's municipal law. The Uganda Agreement of 1900 was not part of that law.

So far as we know the case is proceeding still, though it seems pretty pointless after the Attorney-General's barefaced admission that the law is a sham since the British Government can do "what it likes".

THE PEACEFUL PEKING GOVERNMENT

Peng Teh-huai, the newly appointed Defence Minister of China, said in a speech at a military parade in Peking to-day that the Chinese Army and people must redouble their efforts to "free Formosa from the yoke of American imperialists and the treacherous clique of Chiang Kai-shek."

Peng Teh-huai gave the armed forces ten orders so that they could "liberate Formosa, defend our sacred territorial borders against any possible attack by the imperialists, protect the construction of the homeland, and safeguard peace in Asia and in the world." The orders were:

"Hold yourselves constantly prepared for combat; intensify your military and political training; heighten your unity of purpose; raise your Socialist consciousness; endeavour to learn from the advanced experience of the Soviet Army; master the art of modern warfare; give rein to your revolutionary heroism; obey orders; maintain discipline; strive for the successful fulfilment of every military task set you."

Manchester Guardian, 2/10/54.

A SHOWDOWN AT THE DOCKS

PRESSURE on the workers in Britain's ports has been steadily increasing over the last four years. The immediate post-war boom and full employment had begun to wear off, jobs were getting scarcer, and the bosses were not slow to take advantage of a changed situation.

Militants began to find themselves more and more often left 'on the stones' at the end of a call-over; the jobs that were going were given first to those workers who had not—at least openly—played any active part in the large strikes of the five post war years.

With no help from their unions, and the unofficial Portworkers' Committee split by political dissension—thanks to the Communists, who for their own reasons were lying low, the dockers began to run into hard times. Some drifted away from the industry, although very few took advantage of the Dock Board's magnanimous offer to release them for a time on the promise of getting their registration books back when more work was available. This move, incidentally, was an indication of the weakness of the de-casualisation scheme, which was supposed to protect the dockers at times when work was scarce.

A Growing Resistance

With the dockers, then, on the defensive, the employers steadily increased their pressure, gaining back here and there some of the concessions they had been forced to yield during the war and post-war period when the dockers were in the strong position.

During the last twelve months, however, we have seen a stiffening on the part of the dockers. Many had been driven to take permanent jobs, which reduces their freedom of action, although ensuring a steady wage (though less than they would earn at piecework as a pool man—if there was work), but those who remained in the pool (of labour hired by the day) have come more and more to realise that they could not afford to allow employers to maintain the initiative much longer. And so this year has seen hardly a week—hardly a day—pass without some action being taken by portworkers to defend their interests.

Extra Work

These have mostly been unofficial, but one officially-supported action has been carried on in London by members of the Stevedores' and Dockers' Union—the ban on overtime. This has been in operation since January, and is in opposition to the employers' interpretation of a clause in their agreement which binds the men to do overtime when 'reasonable'. The employers interpret 'reasonable' as meaning just when and for as long as *they* want.

Since January, then, the N.A.S.D.U. has operated a total ban on overtime, and has intended to maintain it until the employers come to terms. 'White' union men (Transport & General) have not been affected, except that it is by no means always possible for them to work overtime if the Blue ticket men knock off at the end of the proper day.

Then the summer brought the end of meat rationing and the successful attempt by the cold-store employers to re-introduce night-work, to cope with which labour was brought into the docks from outside—with T.G.W.U. approval. The freeing of meat from controls and rationing has, of course, brought a great increase of work on the meat ships and in the cold stores.

And one extra task that has been put upon dockers handling meat is that of sorting at the same time as unloading. This entails inspection of grade marks on every carcase handled, and its placing in appropriate piles for cartage or storage —which inevitably slows up the unloading and reduces piece-work earnings.

Strike the Only Way

After representations had been made by the men concerned officials of the T.G.W.U. negotiated with the employers on this issue and it was agreed that the number of dockers in a gang should be increased and each worker should receive an extra five shillings per half day (four hours).

The N.A.S.D.U., however, refused to negotiate on this issue alone, but demanded consideration also be given to other outstanding grievances—of which the overtime question is the most important. But the employers refuse to discuss overtime until the ban has been called off—so the position on that is deadlock.

The only alternative, short of retreat, left to the N.A.S.D.U., was that of strike action; and that is what has now developed.

Blue union men were working alongside T.G.W.U. dockers on the New Zealand line meat ship *Haparangi*, when the call came to stop work until the employers agree to discuss with the blue union *all* the outstanding issues. At first two hundred men came out on an unofficial basis, and the Chairman of the strike committee, Vic Marny, is a member of the T.G.W.U.! The blue union then recognised an official dispute and within a day 2,200 men, affecting 24 ships, had stopped, and at a mass meeting at Poplar Civic Hall last Friday, a resolution was passed calling for a complete stoppage by all the 7,000 blue union men in London.

This strike promises to be 100 per cent. effective—and more, for there will be many members of the T.G.W.U. who either cannot or will not work when the Blue ticket men have stopped. Indeed, among the 2,200 out on the first day were many Transport & General members whose loyalty to their fellow workers is stronger than their obedience to their own officials—for of course the T.G.W.U. is urging its members to stay at work.

The C.P.'s Scabby Rôle

This strike is to be in the nature of a showdown for the N.A.S.D.U.; a trial of its strength to act in London. And certainly the forces are ranged against it, for the strike is not only opposed by the employers and the T.G.W.U., but also by the Communist Party, which, as we reported last week, opposes the move by the dockers in Hull and Birkenhead to leave the T.G.W.U. and join the N.A.S.D.U.

The C.P., because of its reluctance to see dockers leave a union in which it has been boring for so long (our information is that there are 32 minor offices in the docks section of the T.G.W.U. held by Communists), would hate to see the N.A.S.D.U. run a successful strike and win the overtime issue. The advertising value of such a victory would be tremendous.

We do not know whether rank-and-file Commies will be scabs in this strike, but this attitude of the C.P.'s is already putting it in a very invidious position among dockers, who can now see clearly enough that Communist support for workers' interests is very much dependent upon Party interests first. Also the squirmings of such as Ted Dickens, docker on the C.P. executive Committee, are not lost

☞ Continued on p. 4

Ship Repair Workers still on Strike

THERE must be some militant germ flying about the Thames at the moment, for there is another large strike now entering its third week going on in the ship repair yards.

All the way from Teddington to Tilbury, ship repair workers are on strike in protest against out-of-turn dismissals for redundancy. The men want the application of the 'last in—first out' rule if dismissals have to be made at all.

8,000 men are now out, following the sacking of five electricians three weeks ago, and the strike has the backing of the London District Committee of the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions.

While they are at it, why do they not use their strength, not merely to fix a condition on sacking, but to reduce the hours of working per day, so that the work can be lightened for all and spread over more workers?

Ban on Loading Canal Boats

MAKING an attempt to tie up a section of water transport, the Transport & General has, from last Monday, imposed a ban on the unloading of any canal boats and lighters on which the skipper does not hold a union card.

This looks like an attempt to force all canal and waterways workers into the T.G.W.U., in order to forestall any possible move by the Watermen's & Lightermen's Union to follow the example of the Stevedores' & Dockers'.

ON THE FRINGE OF THE REAL

REAL is that hard piece of furniture you hit your head against, real the sea-sickness on your last Channel crossing, the couple of pounds you lost in backing the wrong horse, the bills you received with this morning's post, Peter's success and your failure in the last competitions you entered, and then the dreadful weather this Summer, the poor stuff you buy in the shops, the polluted air you breathe, the increasing number of nasty people about, the governments concocting another war, and, finally, the earth, the human species, and yourself, all going to meet a certain end.

All life, however, is not so grey. If it were we probably would not notice it or would wear our eyes out straining them to pick out one shade of grey from another. There are bright things as well, and that is why we are tricked into the game. It is for the sake of bright things that we keep our eyes well open, and our nerves exposed. We would shut our eyes for good and cover our nerves with seven feet of earth if there was nothing but grey. Hoping, instead, for bright things to turn up, remembering those we came close to, and those that seemed to shine especially for us, counting upon a miracle just round the corner that would cast brightness everywhere in our little world and possibly in the big one as well, we go through life, strolling or rushing as the case may be, and perhaps, towards its end, by a process called wisdom, we turn our wilful impatience into a system of patience, we make it our conscious effort to remove greyness or ignore it.

It is a virtuous, a noble, and a glorious effort, all the more virtuous and more glorious and nobler the more we talk about its virtue, nobility and glory, and the less we try to enquire into its methods and to assess its results. This effort, with the conspiracy of silence and talk surrounding it, is at the very basis of civilization and progress—a hypocritical state of affairs, but not as sordid as it sounds. To say that we are all nice people and that this is a nice world to live in pays more and in more respects than to say the opposite. The most immediate result of our saying that we are nasty, and that, therefore, we have a right to be nasty, would simply be to invite more people to be nasty towards us, and to be nastier than they were before. One forgets only too easily that there are many degrees of nastiness, and that a difference of degree is often of capital importance, especially for those who, however hard they may try, cannot be as nasty as others or nearly as nasty as they would like to be. The myth of noble, glorious and virtuous Man, therefore, a conspiracy against truth as it may well be, is responsible for keeping nastiness within bounds and under control, and not, as it is often alleged, to the exclusive advantage of one particular social class or type of man.

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ONE of the effects of the dreadful weather last Summer was that rivers and streams overflowed their banks causing loss of life and crops. But a mountain stream I happened to see in Italy, after swelling like the others, shrank to very modest proportions, and left here and there some deep and tranquil pools that were amazingly full of fish and beautiful weeds. I thought then of the human species flowing like a river through the centuries, now in spate and now placidly on according to the weather. I thought also what a wonderful book a German scholar could write about historical weathers, but what struck me most was that the purpose of human history, though just as interesting and futile as that of a river flowing into the sea, did not account for everything that was worth accounting for. There is something in human lives and activities which does not go to make history or to disappear into it, the same as the water in the pools from that mountain stream did not go back to it or finally into the sea. No longer following a declivity and no longer being pushed from behind, a mode of human existence is possible, cut off from the main current, in fact with no current at all, and with some imitations of Being as contrasted with Becoming whose pointlessness is so poignantly rendered by the image of the river of Empedoclean memory.

It is quite possible, that is to say, and not at all infrequent, to cease caring for brightness and worrying about greyness, to let nastiness and the civilizational denial of it follow their course, and to be content with an existence or part of an existence that contributes nothing to history, to the betterment or worsening of mankind, to its continuity or repetitiveness. Such an existence, of course, would be a capital sin against the Holy Body, and it is characteristic of our time that States, parties, and similar concretions of temporality and nastiness should actively persecute it wherever it shows signs of materializing. Maybe the human river is tired, its animal sources are drying up, and the sea is felt a bit too near and a bit too terrifying. The fact is that there is a widespread though unorganized reluctance to follow the river in its downward course, and roar and gurgle down those falls that are the delight of history-worshippers. No wonder that there is panic in some quarters, and zeal of persecution in others. It would be the end of the world—so it is thought in these quarters—if the river stopped flowing, if there were no more history or a history with no wars when there have always been wars.

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IT is not the people who have a little house in the country and say that they care just for a quiet life, a few simple joys and absolute security that are outside history and might stop its famous wheels. They are not free from nastiness, to begin with, because they are generally too fond of those nice things for the securing of which a certain measure of nastiness is needed, at least carried out by proxy. The rank and file of armies and parties, then, consists of just such people who are made to fight and die for the sake of a little house or some other equally precious and innocent thing. Not even day-dreamers are to be considered outside history because their dreams are a function of desire, and start and finish with self, the very thing for which reality is reality. Day-dreaming is the favourite occupation of people lacking imagination because imagination is primarily the ability to see things as they are or can be with no relation to self.

The mental activities of the people I have in mind, instead, can all be reduced to or shown to be dependent upon, imagination. Planning and scheming, which could be defined as applied day-dreaming, are also mental actiivities, but they are aimed at inserting themselves into the real or at effecting some change in the same. They are an expression and tool of the will to live, of the will to power, while the mental activities on the fringe of the real are expression and tools of a will to know. These may also affect the real but in a creative way, anything human that could be called creative being characterized if not by an independence of the creator from his material, certainly by his autonomy in giving it a form. All artistic activities are of this kind, and so are mathematical, scientific and philosophical constructions, and even ethical behaviour when ethics are cultivated for their own sake, irrespective of results and repercussions. The realm of them all is the potential, not the world as it is, but as it may, could or ought to be. Their province is to establish new relationships and not be determined by existing ones, not forgetting that these also were at one time the result of a mental and creative activity, while the real, according to the starkest experience we have of it, could be defined as that which is by nature impermeable to thought.

Difficult as it may be to define precisely the demarcation line between the real and the potential or to establish their deeper interconnections, interest in one cannot be confused with interest in the other, though the same mind can often step into the potential while reacting to, or trying to react upon, reality, and, *vice versa*, be drawn to make some practical use of the fruit of its excursions into the potential. There are activities which are clearly not concerned with the making of history, be it of the individual, of a nation or of the human species. There are also people engaged in such activities, and withdrawing from others as well as they can. Soothingly to them and bitingly to those who despise them the idea has also come that it is the instant, eternity-flavoured quality of these activities that matters fundamentally, and not the future of the self or the species; that it is scattered pools, and not a river and not a sea, that are the most desirable image in which mankind may see its higher destiny and truer self reflected.

GIOVANNI BALDELLI.

BOOK REVIEW

The Sociology of Education

***EDUCATION AND SOCIETY*, an Introduction to the Sociology of Education. A. K. C. Ottaway. (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 18s.)**

THIS is an orthodox book intended to fill the gap for English students of educational sociology, written by a university Lecturer in Education, and warmly introduced by a Professor of the Sociology of Education. It should therefore represent a fair sample of enlightened opinion to-day.

Mr. Ottaway explains that "the culture of a society during a given period is determined by the interaction of two classes of factors (*a*) the stage of technical invention and scientific discovery it has reached, and (*b*) the dominant aims and values of the society". He shows, for example how far the forms of education in England during the 19th century were determined by technical changes. The industrial revolution brought in its train the demand for literate factory workers: hence the development of Elementary education, with its emphasis on reading and writing, which culminated in the reforms of 1870. Similarly the Public Schools not only increased in number but the type of discipline inside them changed in response to the demands for administrators and men who could become Governors of a Province in the growing overseas Empire. Sports, such as hunting and fishing, in fact gave way to team *games* and to the perfect system quite as much because of the need for a new kind of bureaucrat as because of the ideals of Dr. Arnold.

On the other hand Mr. Ottaway recognises the enormous influence that a superior individual may have whether as an inventor or in giving forceful expression to the values of a new philosophy which become incorporated in, and help to shape, a new culture.

What Mr. Ottaway says about Group Dynamics and the function of a leader in a small group is fine. For example (p. 159): " . . . if there is strong disagreement, the whole group should be faced with the disagreement because the conflict must be resolved in some way or other before progress can be made," or . . . there should be a gradual transition from the leader-centred group to self-reliance in all members of the group. Under some circumstances the leadership can be allowed to pass round to other members of the group. This is a sign that there is no over-reliance on one particular leader, and indicates a healthy condition in the group." But he ignores the fact that joint consulation is not enough without joint ownership too. It is fatally easy for so-called democratic practices to be swept away if one side holds the power to give the sack.

In his discussion and definition of the State (p. 53) "as that part of a society which performs the political functions", Mr. Ottaway only tells part of the story. He shows the policeman patting little children on the head, as it were, but omits the oppressive and coercive attributes of the State and its rôle as the instrument of the ruling class. For example (p. 165): "ideally a (free) society would rule itself, but in reality it must give some of its members authority over others. This will involve the use of force by the authority. Why? Because a society is always accompanied by a non-social community . . . (children and immature members and those who do not share full consciousness or who break the law)."

But it cannot be argued that either the Labour or Conservative Government use soldiers to break strikes because the strikers are "immature members"! The State throws in its weight on the side of the owners. And since the Trade Unions have become a branch of the State machine, comparable to the civil service, there is small wonder that strikes are unofficial.

That in England at the moment the State is comparatively benevolent seems to have blinded Mr. Ottaway to its activities overseas — suppression of free speech in Cyprus, for instance—not because the Cypriots are immature, but because Cyprus is regarded as an island of strategic interest.

It is the State that uses power to suppress minorities or people who differ from its current ideology. This starts with dismissals from employment, as in America at the present time, and ends with the concentration camp or gas chamber, as in U.S.S.R. or Nazi Germany.

Further, has Mr. Ottaway forgotten that the State legalises acts of violence and destructiveness which if carried out on an individual's responsibility would be counted as delinquent? Modern warfare is not just a monopoly: it is of such dimensions that it cannot be carried on as a function of any other authority than the State.

In his final chapter, Beyond Sociology, Mr. Ottaway says that "it is not enough to educate for society as it is, we must also ask what its future ought to be, and direct our energies towards the realisation of our idea". But having raised the question he shies away from attempting to answer it.

To whom should we turn? To Edward Glover's Outline of War Research, contained is his *War, Sadism and Pacifism?* To Alex Comfort's *Authority and Delinquency in the Modern State*? Or to Professor Adrian who expounded in his 1954 address to the British Association that "the Scientist must apply his science to the study of human nature to prevent its failures. He cannot wait for the discoveries which might make us act more wisely; he must make it abundantly clear now that the human race cannot stand more than a few thousand atomic explosions whether they hit their target or miss it."

We know enough of the springs of human behaviour to say that 'a world without war' is a feasible cultural aim for the immediate future. We know, according to Mr. Ottaway, that "it is in the intimate group of the family . . . that the authoritarian or democratic character is laid" (p. 149). A persuasive discipline and new methods of teaching can be consciously adopted so that children grow up not so lacking in self-assertion as to acquiesce in support of a national war, nor needing aggressive outlets of ghoulish deeds in battle.

Some people hesitate to put forward education for peace as an aim on the ground that it would be an unwarrantable indoctrination of the young. Yet we do not hesitate to impose other values —even comparatively recently controversial ones—such as that slavery and cannibalism are abhorrent.

We know from the study of the now hackneyed Mountain Arapesh tribe, to which Mr. Ottaway refers, that the social group to which a child belongs determines to a large extent his future behaviour and character, and that this particular culture produced a co-operative and peaceful people, in contrast to the unco-operative, unkind and extremely aggressive Mundugumor tribe.

Values are one of the social forces, and the influence on educational aims and methods of such men as Froebel in the last century, or of Dewey, Freud or Gandhi in the 20th, cannot be denied. Their message was taken up by pioneer schools who, acting in advance of their time, hastened the acceptance of a new outlook.

ANTHONY WEAVER.

SUNDAY PAINTERS

OCCASIONALLY amongst the dreary repetitive productions of amateur artists there blossoms a work, which for various reasons, we call a Sunday painting. Its chief characteristics are a naive vision and an intensity of interest in the subjects chosen by the painter, who generally possesses little technical skill and even less knowledge of the work of other, more professional painters and their artistic intentions. This type of painting has, since the discovery of Henri Rousseau by Picasso and his friends in 1908, become increasingly popular, and there are to-day a number of well-known Sunday painters whose works are easily identifiable and whose names—VIVIN, BOMBOIS, PEYRONNET, ALFRED WALLIS, etc.—conjure up the appropriate images.

Now, when these painters works are gathered together, as they are in the I.C.A. Gallery at 17, Dover Street, I naturally enough expected an exhibition that would contain much to delight me and even find, as one critic put it, much that was lyrical. Also I must confess at once that I was disappointed—I merely found it boring, and a little pompously presented.

There is very little here that is memorable, even the picture "Don Juan" by Henri Rousseau failed to do more than slightly relieve my boredom.

I looked with some loathing at the sophisticated subtlety of Vivin, at the blown-up dance by Bombois, and was reminded by Jack Taylor's two canvasses of his preference for sticky sweet and sickly colour; even Dom Roberts "Footballers" looked calculated and contrived. The most pleasure came from the almost unknown painters and the earliest pictures. These indeed had that certain honesty which, on occasion, makes the mundane seem almost lyrical.

However, I cannot escape the conclusion that I have seen very much better painting of this kind at the exhibition last June by members of the studio classes of the City Literary Institute in Stukeley Street, Drury Lane which, so far as I know, never gets visited by any of the professional art critics who pontificate so learnedly in the weekly papers and on the Radio about this kind of art. The City Literary Institute is not the only one in the field which gets overlooked in the scramble by the amateur and professional art critics to be among the fashionable forefront of artistic criticism to-day. However, outside the small circle of their friends and fellow students these Sunday painters are almost never heard of. Perhaps, however, this is not without certain advantages, for it must be admitted that publicity and the passing success does seem to tarnish some of the Sunday painter's innocence—he tends consequently to fail to develop because of his determination to go on producing that type of picture which first attracted attention. His manner remains desperately the same and he gives the impression of being incapable of development. It has been said by Mr. Eric Newton "that the Sunday painter's first picture is as impressive as his last", and while I believe this to be more or less true, it is nevertheless a fact that a significant change in scale will often produce a startling development in experience. I recently had this demonstrated by a woman flower painter whose artless, but charming efforts, were almost her sole output, but who, during the holidays, suddenly produced on a canvas much larger than anything she had attempted before, a most ravishing landscape—much better than most of the pictures in the I.C.A. show.

This exhibition, which closes on the 9th October, is a concoction of names and anonymities, and it is the latter who score most, and indeed, the best Sunday painters are to be found amongst those whose works are produced annually in the evening institutes and during the holidays—painters whose main occupations are only remotely connected with their hobby; train drivers, bus conductors, clerks, nurses, bench hands, porters —these are the enthusiasts from whose ranks there occasionally flowers another Henri Rousseau.

See this exhibition, but also make a point of finding out what happens in your locality—you may easily find the latter more rewarding.

R. SACKMAN.

Freedom
THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

Vol. 15, No. 41 October 9, 1954

THAT "GAP" AND OTHER MATTERS

A GLANCE at this week's *Progress of a Deficit* will make many readers wonder whether a misprint has crept into that column as well! But there is no mistake, thanks largely to the many contributions received during the past weeks from our American comrades (and without minimising the smaller and regular contributions from some of our comrades in this country, may we specially mention the large sum received from W.S. of London who, during the past years has more than once come forward during a *Freedom Press* financial crisis to help us substantially?). What was becoming an ever more critical situation, from which there appeared to be no alternative but that of suspending publication, has now been stabilised by the efforts of a relatively small number of our readers. But, just as the publication of a weekly is an unremitting effort, so also is the financial support needed, and we therefore appeal to all FREEDOM sympathisers to continue with their support of the paper. At the end of this year we shall publish a statement of our general financial situation.

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THE life of a revolutionary paper, or for that matter of most minority papers, is not an easy one, especially when its production is dependent on the voluntary efforts of a number of people who have, besides the day to day problems of earning their livings, commitments, self-created or otherwise, which absorb their thoughts and energies in varying degrees. A journal which pays its contributors (and its editorial staff!) can be planned, articles commissioned and receives more contributions than it can publish so that it enjoys the luxury of selecting only the best material. The result is a balanced production, both in content as well as the standard of contributions. The disadvantages are that very often such publications lack conviction and are dreary, and we would not therefore wish to see FREEDOM produced in this way.

But the fact must be recognised and faced squarely, because it is as important to the future of a paper such as ours as is the regular flow of financial contributions to meet the deficit. It is that with the exception of three comrades, on whom we can rely for regular contributions to our columns, the filling of the remainder of the paper is left to chance and the editors! It will be said by optimists and escapists that in this way we have managed to issue some 500 issues of FREEDOM and its predecessors, and that presumably such a method (or lack of method) for publishing a paper works in practice, so why are we moaning? The answer is a simple one. In the first place we want to improve FREEDOM and this can only be achieved by being more selective—and this means having more material to choose from and being able to call on contributors with specialized knowledge to deal with particular subjects.

Secondly, the optimists and escapists fail to appreciate that even on the editorial board there is in the course of fifteen years or more what, in inhuman terms, could be described as Wear and Tear! In the past six years our Editorial group has suffered considerable losses in personnel, losses which have not been made good by young people coming forward to assume not only the "glory" (if any) but also the responsibility involved in publishing a weekly.

Perhaps our contributor S.F. was right when he wrote in FREEDOM (*Help! We Need It* 11/9/54) that it is generally felt that the kind of work we do is "quite inadequate" on the social plane. He went on to explain that:

"The inadequacy is not that it is quantitatively small, or qualitatively poor, but that it is felt to be an unrewarding effort by the people who are involved in these activities because of the voluminous effort and the meagre rewards. There seems to be a general lethargy as far as these activities are concerned, and they appear to hinge more on compulsion than on conviction. Whether tenacity of purpose, or stubbornness is an essential facet of the revolutionary, I don't know, but a continuous plodding on well-trodden paths, and the continuous rehash of time-worn ideas seems to be the current pattern."

And he opposes this dreary, unrewarding, compulsive re-hashing of time-worn ideas with "the need for greater and more vital activity" that is felt "by a large section of the younger members". In saying that we are not yet so satisfied as not to be able to re-live our own youthful enthusiasms and understand what our comrade S.F. is saying (and what every generation of youth has been saying so that it too is simply re-hashing time-worn *aspirations*!), we think nevertheless that uninformed action is as aimless as armchair philosophising is sterile.

★

PATIENCE (not to be confused with resignation or apathy) is a necessary quality of the anarchist and the revolutionary syndicalist. An outworn idea, perhaps, but obviously one which has not yet been sufficiently clearly understood in all its implications even by some professed anarchists and syndicalists, not to deserve to be repeated again and again. To reject it obliges one either to withdraw altogether from the struggle or to join forces with the authoritarians, either willingly or due to "the force of circumstances" as the Spanish movement did in 1936, or as sections of the French movement are doing, or even as the Swedish syndicalists who are proposing to form a Federation of Municipal Libertarians* with a view to taking an active part in local affairs—which sounds less offensive than local *government*.

We do not say that the kind of work we do is the only effective or valid activity on behalf of our ideas. Quite the contrary; we have always maintained that all activity, by example or through the spoken or written word, addressed to large gatherings or to one's neighbour, is a contribution to the achievement of the free society IF we are all agreed that the free society will never be achieved by the ballot-box or the *coup-d'etat* but by the people's overwhelming desire for it. If that premise is accepted then the *word* is action, and it behoves all active anarchists to see to it that our ideas are expressed effectively, clearly, convincingly and with enthusiasm. And the more of us there are to do this work of releasing minds and encouraging thought, the greater will be the impact . . . and the results!

*See l'intervention des libertaires suedois dans les municipalités by Rudiger in *La Revolution Proletarienne* (Paris, September, 1954).

MORAL REARMAMENT

***INSIDE BUCHMANISM*, by Geoffrey Williamson. Watts & Co.**

MORAL Re-Armament seems to be little known by ordinary people. The author of this book, having passed through Caux, their headquarters, during a holiday in Switzerland, took an interest in the movement and decided to make an investigation of it, trying to be as impartial as possible. This was not too difficult, since he seems to be an ordinary Christian and authoritarian.

After studying their literature, and meeting prominent members of the movement in England, which calls itself the Oxford Group, he returned to Caux to plunge more deeply into the mysteries of the cult. This is no hyperbole, for, as he began to discover as he probed more deeply, there is a lot that is very strange in this new religion. A lot in fact that does not "add up". At the time of his visit the World Assembly was in progress, which, by the time it was over, had been attended by 8,000 delegates from eighty-two countries, so he had ample opportunity of studying every aspect of the movement.

There is no space to go into everything that he raises here. However this much can be said from the start. It is a movement aimed at preserving the *status quo*, and there can be no doubt about that. It is supported by people of all classes, but it is run by the wealthy. Although in Mountain House, the headquarters, formerly a luxury hotel, where the author stayed, there was a general air of freedom and friendliness, you were never left alone for one moment. Authority was there in a masked form. The organisation itself has no membership cards, for Dr. Buchman has said, "This is an organism, not an organisation", but this does not prevent the whole thing being run by a clique. In any case thinking among the rank and file is discouraged, and everybody seemed to think in slogans, most of which had been coined by the Great Leader himself.

INDUSTRY

The movement works for industrial peace and the end of the class war. It does all it can to get hold of strike leaders and militant workers and convert them, the favourite expression is "change", and send them back loving the boss, and supporting this existing set-up.

One of the speeches made at the Assembly was made by an ex-Communist, Jack Jones.

"I come from the part of Britain that is called 'Little Moscow'," he led off, and then went on to tell how he had been compelled to leave the mines because of an accident. He then went into the steel industry . . . "But I knew enough about revolution to defeat any industrialist . . . I was determined to break a record that the steel industry held—fifty years of peace . . . Any Communist worth his salt will defeat an army of industrialists without an ideology." But the industrialist that he came up against did have an ideology it appears. When he went to the manager's office, the manager asked him politely if he had ever approached a problem in the light of "What's right?" instead of "Who's right?".

"I found that this manager had found the only answer to every industrial problem, every economic problem, every political problem, every domestic problem . . ." And this answer lay in "personal change". True, he goes on to say that he had " . . . tried to change a system. I now realize through meeting a superior ideology that a system is a set of events which are determined by individuals. If we want to change a system we must change ourselves." But I think that it is fairly clear that the Buchmanites do not aim to change the system. They aim to fit people to *it*.

The writer also describes a sort of revue, "The Good Road", that puts over the Buchmanite message. In one scene it shows workers and management co-operating happily, when in slips, for no apparent reason, a naughty woman, dressed completely in red, who, by sowing seeds of mistrust between management and workers, succeeds in stopping the machinery, and bringing all to a standstill. But then comes on the stage a clean-living hero called "Change", who gives a little sermon on Moral Re-Armament, and the bad fairy gets thrown out, and the wheels of industry turn again. The whole thing is ended with songs seemingly taken straight from the bourgeois nursery of about 1890, making it out that if everybody would only be nicer to everbody else, everything would be all right. Which is the essential philosophy of the whole movement.

EDUCATION

At Caux the author obtained a prospectus of the newly founded College of the Good Road, which is to train young Buchmanites. "The founding of the College of the Good Road this time marks a third phase, this time in response to the needs of the ideological age. Its aim is to turn out officer-statesmen in the war of ideas, equipped with an answering ideology based on absolute moral standards and the guidance of God."

The four absolutes on which Buchmanites base their morality are: Absolute Honesty, Absolute Purity, Absolute Unselfishness, and Absolute Love. Now of course anybody who opposes Moral Re-Armament seems to many simple-minded persons to be opposing honesty and all the rest of it.

"BRAVE NEW WORLD"

Indeed, the heartiness of the whole atmosphere at Caux seems to be a mixture of Huxley's "Brave New World" and Butlin's holiday camps. Everyone is happy all the time. In the end the author says that he wanted to flee, back to the normal world where you could see somebody scowling. There can be no doubt that this jollity is part of the general totalitarian trend of modern mass movements. In such an atmosphere individuality stifles.

The author describes how at the last of the morning "assemblies" that he attended, at which people get up and tell their life stories, and usually end up by saying why they now supported Moral Rearmament, one girl actually dared to say that she could not bring herself to make the sacrifice of her individuality that the cause demanded, and went on to say that in fact she *did not like it*.

It was a bombshell! Everyone was most embarrassed, and did not know what to make of this. The writer however was delighted that at last someone had had the courage to stand out against the prevailing atmosphere. He does not believe that Moral Re-Armament would work over the whole world, and some of the arguments he uses against it are a little reminiscent of the objections made to anarchism. But to me it seems not impossible that, knowing that most people are (thanks to their conditioning), of undeveloped mentality, the movement might in fact be a success. It might succeed, for a time at least, in imposing its ideology in some parts of the world. And what a world that would be! That it is not so stupid as the author seems to think is shown by the wide support it has among rulers and statesmen. Adenauer, Schuman, Thakin Nu, and many others. He admits that Buchman may have been behind the Schuman Plan. However he does not seem to be able to draw the conclusions that this would indicate.

(To be concluded).

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT! WEEK 39

Deficit on *Freedom*
39×£15=£585

Contributions received £584

GAP £1

September 23 to September 30

Parma: H.P. £2/9/5; London: W.S. £29/10; Berkeley: R.P. 14/1; London: J.S.* 3/-; London: P.Q.* 2/6; London: C.F. 2/7; London: E.P. 10/-; Hyde Park Sympathiser: 1/-; High Wycombe: C.A.R. 2/6; Preston: W.A.LeM. 2/6; London: E.S. 2/-; New York: Freedom Aid Committee per M.G. £8/15/0; Per O.M.:— Beverley P.I. £3/10/0; Martin Creek: N.T. 7/-; Miami: per L'Incaricato, £18/4/0; Miami: A. 7/-; Miami: B. 7/-; Youngstown: Part Proceeds Picnic, Sept. 5, £8/15/0; Antracite: 7/-; Part Proceeds Picnic, Labour Day, £17/10/0; Tampa: A.B. 7/-; Tampa: A.C. 7/-.

Total	92	15	7
Previously acknowledged	491	19	4
1954 TOTAL TO DATE	£584	14	11

GIFTS OF BOOKS: Preston: W.A.LeM. Stroud: L.G.W.

THEATRE

Separate Tables

THERE is a profound sentiment of pity underlying Terence Ratigan's SEPARATE TABLES, two plays: *Table by the Window* and *Table Number Seven* (at the St. James' Theatre). The action of both takes place in the lounge and dining-room of the Beauregard Private Hotel, near Bournemouth. In *Table Number Seven* one of the permanent guests is Major Pollock, who says that he went to a public school and Sandhurst, and was in a Highland regiment: some of the other guests suspect that he is not telling the truth. Then Mrs. Railton-Bell reads in a local newspaper that "Major" Pollock, who it seems is only a lieutenant, has been bound over for twelve months for behaving insultingly to no less than six respectable women in a Bournemouth cinema. As a "good" woman and authoritarian, Mrs. Railton-Bell is only too pleased to have this opportunity to humiliate and degrade one of her fellow human beings, who is now helplessly exposed to her narrow-minded and hypocritical ridicule.

Morality stifles sympathy, pity, love, understanding: it stimulates the rank weeds of cruelty and self-righteousness to monstrous proportions. The chain of habit, of convention coils itself around the heart, like a serpent, to gnaw and stifle it; it grows rigid and callous, and for the softness and elasticity of childhood, full of proud flesh and obstinate tumours. Authoritarians have two kinds of morality side by side: one which they preach, but do not practise, and another which they practise but seldom preach. Mrs. Railton-Bell informs the other guests about Major Pollock, and asks them what action they are going to take. A young doctor thinks that they should say nothing about it: as Major Pollock has really done no harm to anyone, it is a case for practical Christian ethics. Unfortunately, the very people, the Pharisees and hypocrites whom Christ satirized and attacked, now call themselves followers of his teachings, while they continue to be cruel and sordid oppressors. Christian humility is preached by the clergy, but practised only by the lower classes.

The forthright and independent Miss Meacham declares that she knew all along about Major Polock, and what's happened doesn't surprise her, but she doesn't give a damn. However, the young man is in a minority of five to one on this question of human kindness. As he goes out, he reminds them of the sin of spiritual pride. His wife does not agree with him either: such vice must not be encouraged, they must think of the purity of society, especially of their baby daughter when she grows up. How true it is that "decency is indecency's conspiracy of silence". In her self-satisfied contentment and success, she forgets in her ruthlessness all the loneliness and unhappiness that others may suffer in the hideous society which crushes the spontaneous self-realization of the individual.

The inability to act spontaneously, to express what one *genuinely* feels and thinks, and the resulting necessity to present a pseudo self to others and oneself, are the root of the feeling of inferiority and weakness. Major Pollock tells the daughter of Mrs. Railton-Bell, who is thirty-three and yet is still repressed, lonely and crushed by her mother, that he was shy and nervous at school and was therefore bullied and laughed at; he has always been afraid of life and people and women. His relationship to the world has been distant and distrustful. He did not like himself as he was, so he invented another person. Miss Railton-Bell and Major Pollock have been happy and more truly themselves in each other's company than ever before in their lives: they have found sympathy in their mutual fear and loneliness. But Mrs. Railton-Bell brutally shows the newspaper to her daughter, who becomes hysterical with grief. "If that girl doesn't end up as a mental case, it won't be the fault of her mother." She says to the kindly manageress of the hotel that she must be a freak, but the manageress replies that each of us is a freak then, as each one of us is unique, no one is normal and ordinary, she has always found every individual *extraordinary*. "It would be a dull world if we were all normal." But so much originality and uniqueness is blocked in people's lives. If life loses its meaning because it is not lived, man becomes desperate.

In *Separate Tables* we see that, looked at superficially, people appear to function well enough in individual and social life, and yet it is dangerous to overlook the deep-seated unhappiness behind that comforting veneer. This is the tragedy of Major Pollock and Miss Railton-Bell, and of Mrs. Shankland and Mrs. Martin in the first play, *Table by the Window*. Only if man does not repress essential parts of himself, only if he has become transparent to himself, and only if the different spheres of life have reached a fundamental integration, is true life and spontaneous activity possible. The actions for which Major Pollock, and Mr. Martin, who was unhappily married and was imprisoned for causing grievous bodily harm to his wife while he was drunk one evening, thus ruining his promising career as a junior Labour minister, are judged by others, do not represent their true inner personalities and souls. When we

☛ Continued on p. 4

Anarchism and Isolation

THE discussion on the commune as a means of propaganda is as old as the Anarchist Movement itself. Individuals will no doubt choose this form of association on a basis of personal needs and conviction. Where purely objective factors are the only consideration, such as whether the commune will further the anarchist cause, then it is unlikely that the discussion will ever go further than mere theorising. For those who feel the need for the kind of life envisaged in the commune, and who are convinced that it will bring us nearer to the millennium, the course for them to take is so obvious that one hesitates to mention it—to go ahead with the formation of the commune and by experience find out whether, as suggested by Sam Fanaroff in FREEDOM last week, the "masses" will accept anarchism when an example can be shown of an anarchist commune operating successfully in a capitalist society.

I suggest however, that the reaction may well be similar to the one we get at the moment when we give as examples of anarchism in practice, the bookshop, the club and the printing press—"such activity is only possible in a small movement", our opponents argue. The commune will be no more nor less successful than our present activities as a means of persuasion, but it would *add* to the examples we have already got. It has been argued that in fact the commune is useless as a propaganda weapon because, by its nature, it must be isolated from the outside world; since presumably it would operate an agricultural economy and would be largely self-supporting, thus eliminating the need for much contact with society. On the other hand, the commune could be used for many useful purpose, such as a home for refugee orphaned children or older comrades. It presents many possibilities for practising mutual aid (mentioned by George Woodcock some weeks ago), but individuals must be prepared to accept the hard work and the responsibilities that this would entail, and there would be little time left for propaganda in other directions. That must be the job of anarchists who are enthusiastic about publishing a paper, or public speaking, as well as all the other work involved in these activities.

Having agreed in principle with the idea of the commune, some of the reasons given by Sam Fanaroff in his article "Reflections from the Ivory Tower" for the isolation of the anarchists are curiously inept. For instance, what does he mean by the statement that "any real movement in politics to-day made either by the Communist Party or by groups very much influenced by it"? By "real" he presumably means that the organised communists are dealing with the problems facing the masses of people. I cannot think of one example that would support such a contention. Nor, if it were so, could anarchists agree with it. The whole basis of the anarchist case is a rejection of a minority élite "doing things for the masses". The job must be the work of the ordinary people themselves, consciously working towards a common end.

Furthermore, to speak in terms of a "real movement" implies a movement towards a recognisable goal. This involves means by which this goal will finally be reached. Is S.F. implying that simply because the Communists noisily support a popular demand that they constitute a "real movement", and that we should follow their example? Was the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact in 1939, or the actions of the Red Army at the time of the Warsaw uprising, or the handing over by the Russian Government of Communists in Russia to the German fascists as an example of "facing the problems of the masses"? These are admittedly extreme examples of "political expedients", and perhaps Sam Fanaroff has some other cases in mind. But because the Communists may at a given time, for political reasons, support, for example, the coloured peoples' struggle for equality, that surely does not lead us to ignore the *reasons* why they do so. One cannot divorce reasons, intentions and means from the end. To do so is to lose sight of the objective and to become immersed in the political struggle which has led to the betrayal by the Communists of thousands of decent genuine revolutionaries who put their faith in them. Political expediency and the abuse of power has caused a setback to the revolutionary movement from which it will take years to recover.

On the question of our rejection of Parliamentary democracy as expressed by the people through the vote, S.F. admits that we have perfectly rational reasons for doing so, but, he goes on to say, "to the man in the street this kind of political activity is what he understands". Have we then to participate in an irrational form of activity merely because the man in the street (whoever he may be) understands it? Or, do we attempt to clarify his ideas by attacking the irrational basis for his belief in political action as a means to his eventual emancipation? The latter is obviously one of the methods that the anarchists must adopt. It may take longer, and it may not show results in our lifetime. But, is the alternative the course that anarchists can follow? To a large extent this will depend on our objective. If we want to be dignified human beings and keep our self respect; if we are concerned with truth, justice and freedom we must stand aside from the political struggle when necessary, but be ready to participate, on anarchist terms, when a revolutionary situation demands it.

Most of us would agree with S.F. when he says that "the average adult has his character foundations laid in his youth by education and family structure". At the same time we cannot deny the effects of ideas on the minds of individuals (if we did so we may as well give up attempting to spread our ideas). But I am rather puzzled as to what S.F. is trying to prove in view of his previous remarks. Does he mean that (*a*) the commune will break the character structure by example or, (*b*) the Communist Party as a real movement, will force it down?

No anarchist would disagree with the improvement of living conditions here and now. At the same time pointing out that the free, classless wageless society is the eventual aim. I feel in this connection that the examples chosen by S.F. to show how Poland, Bulgaria and Hungary have introduced free hospitalisation, work for all with paid holidays, free education, etc., are rather unfortunate. They may not have political freedom he says, but they had no political freedom before the Bolsheviks took over, so, working on the maxim that "what you've never had you never miss" S.F. accuses us of looking at the scene from our ultimate focal point—the free society.

If a blind man, hearing that there was such a thing as an operation that could cure his blindness, goes to a hospital and asks for treatment and the surgeon said: "Sorry, I won't operate because you have never known what it is like to see the beauty of the rising sun or all the other things around you, therefore, having never seen them you cannot miss them, so it would be foolish to operate", would we not regard the surgeon as a complete lunatic? Because we have experienced the pleasure of the things around us and want to impart them to the blind man, we feel that those who would deprive their fellows of similar appreciations must be mad. Similarly, if the Polish, Hungarian and Bulgarian Governments provide free hospitals, education and plenty of work (the latter we do not doubt), so that the workers will be able to work harder and sacrifice more, don't expect the anarchists to get excited over it, or scorn us because we point out that the peoples of these countries have neither freedom of movement or expression. We would not claim that the Africans were well off simply because a few missionary schools and hospitals were available for use, with Christ thrown it!

Finally, it may be true that to some extent we are isolated from the "masses" but, I maintain, the fault is theirs and not ours. Within the framework of our movement and in our personal lives we attempt to contact the ordinary people. Unlike other political parties we do not isolate ourselves by electing leaders and thus becoming so far removed from the people that we no longer know, or want to know, their needs. If the ordinary people reject what anarchism has to offer that is their loss but *we* cannot be held responsible for it. But bear in mind, that "Anarchism originated among the people, and it will preserve its vitality and creative force so long as it remains a movement of the people". R.M.

Separate Tables

☛ Continued from p. 3

perform an act, it is not our whole being which performs it, all life which is in us—but only that which we are in *at that moment* imprisons us, spiritually, socially or literally—stops us with obligations and responsibilities, in that way and in other ways irreparably. Every possibility of action, of self-realization is precluded from us then, and of so many germs that could create a forest, the active expression of one's emotional and intellectual potentialities, the individual basis of the personality, being as little identical with any other as two organisms are ever identical physically, only *one* germ falls there, the tree grows there, and will not be able to move from there, there in its rigid entirety forever.

The moral indignations of Mrs. Railton-Bell is the invariable bourgeois characteristic of the hostility or resentment which the authoritarian finds in his relationships with others. The free individual desires to perish in order to arise afresh from day to day. Wander through a hundred souls, let that be your life and your fate. The man of objectivized ideals, of beliefs, the "believer" in God or duty, is necessarily a dependent man; he is one who cannot regard himself as an aim, who cannot postulate aims from the promptings of his own heart.

The ending of *Table Number Seven* is not happy in the conventional sense, but Major Pollock decides to face the future, to be himself, and has sufficient courage to take the manageress' offer and advice to remain at the hotel. Mrs. Railton-Bell gets up to leave the dining-room, and tells her daughter to accompany her, but for the first time her daughter has determination to refuse, to make her own decisions: in the future we feel she will begin to develop her own feelings, wishes and thoughts, no longer be an automaton of authority.

Table by the Window shows the tragedy and conflict, the misunderstanding and bitterness which are caused by love and human relationships, and in spite of the ending when both have decided to begin again with a new tolerance and understanding of each other's needs and faults, there is much truth in the remark of one of the elderly ladies: "People have always scared me a bit. They are so complicated. Being alone is the blessed state if you have the character for it." Unfortunately most people slash each other to bits when they are together, and slash themselves when they are alone. Loneliness and true self-sovereignty are two different things. The best that occurs to men is that which occurs to them in the solitude of their own souls, that which they dare not confess not only to their neighbour but very often not even to themselves (for often they come to want what they are *supposed* to want), that which they fly from, that which they imprison within themselves while it is in a state of pure thought, emotion and before it can flower into words or actions. The most tolerant, libertarian character in the play is the manageress, who was "in love with someone who was in love with someone else", although this has not embittered her, as she has developed her own life and personality.

The free thinker realises that all this we call civilization is nothing but trappings of culture and that those who are content merely with trappings are savages muffled in respectability and royal robes, and the splendours of technique, the machine and the city leave him cold. The lust for power and money, the machinations of the bourgeois, intense activity is often mistaken for evidence of self-determined, individualistic action, although we know that it may be no more spontaneous than the behaviour of an actor or a person hypnotized. When the general plot of the play is handed out, each actor *acts* vigorously the rôle he is assigned and even makes up his lines and a few details of the action by himself. Yet he is only playing a rôle that has been handed out to him. The free man creates himself, his drama, his meaning *and* acts himself alone. In his last play *The Deep Blue Sea* Terence Rattigan revealed a subtler sense of drama, a profounder insight into human life. *Separate Tables* is not so emotionally interesting, but nevertheless it is a very fine play. Mr. Eric Portman portrayed the parts of Mr. Martin and Major Pollock with a masterly blend of "realism" and reserve. Mis Margaret Leighton is most successful in her tender and subtle performance as Miss Railton-Bell.

D.M.M.

Showdown at the Docks

☛ Continued from p. 1

on the rank and file. Dickens, in spite of the Party line, is a member of the N.A.S.D.U., because the T.G.W.U. won't have him!

Much to Gain, Little to Lose

For the Stevedores and Dockers' Union, then, this is a very important strike—and it has much more to gain than to lose. It it loses, blame can be fairly levelled at the C.P. for its disruptive political tactics, and at the T.G.W.U., which has accepted the bosses' demands on overtime without a quibble. Should the strikers win, however, the prestige of the N.A.S.D.U. will be greatly enhanced (it is the first major official strike in the docks for years) and its membership in London will increase.

And on the overtime issue alone, the strike deserves support. It is quite intolerable that in this day and age overtime working should be in any way compulsory.

LATER

AS we go to press, we are faced with conflicting reports on the number of dockers out. Some daily papers put the figure at 10,000 on the first day, and the B.B.C. on Tuesday morning reported 70 ships held up.

Arthur Deakin has of course denounced the strike as 'stupid and reckless' and said his men will remain at work. The above figures, however, show that there must be anything between 3,000 and 4,000 T.G.W.U. dockers not working.

Recognising this likelihood, the Transport & General were prepared for it, and on Monday morning leaflets were being distributed instructing all T.G.W.U. members involved in the dispute to report to their local divisional officer. According to rule, dispute pay will be paid. It must be galling for Deakin to have to pay back some of his members' money for a dispute in support of a rival union!

At 7.45 on Tuesday morning Dick Barrett, N.A.S.D.U. leader, was at the gates of affected docks and has promised that an Executive member will be there every morning. (As one docker said—'Imagine Deakin doing that!').

Barrett knows that he is fighting for his life. If there is any possible way that Deakin could crush N.A.S.D.U. he would cheerfully do so. But he has let down the rank and file too often to be able to count on them—and that, for all his bluster, is where his strength comes from.

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*)

OCT. 10—J. McGregor
A Gradualist Approach to the Classless Society

OPEN AIR MEETINGS
Weather Permitting
HYDE PARK
Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

ANARCHIST YOUTH GROUP

One of the initiatives to grow out of the Malatesta Club in London is the formation of an Anarchist Youth Group. It will organise meetings and social activities as outlined in its programme for October below.

SAT. OCT. 9—INDEPENDENCE DAY
A Farce by Members of the Youth Group.

SAT. OCT. 16—DANCING from 9 p.m.

SAT. OCT. 23.—ANARCHIST COMMERCIAL TV.
Commentator: Shirley Rantell.
Including: Fashion Show in the year 5,054 A.A.R. (After Anarchist Revolution)

TUES. OCT. 26—Bob Green *on*
RECENT TRENDS IN BEHAVIORIST PSYCHOLOGY.

NORTH-EAST LONDON

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

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at 200 Buchanan Street
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