

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Law never made men a whit more just; and, by means of their respect for it, even the well-disposed are daily made the agents of injustice."

—H. D. THOREAU.

MALAYA & KENYA DEATHS PILING UP

COLONIAL WARS MUST END

IT is said that eventually the truth will out. Unfortunately that happens only too often when it is too late, and the damage has been done. Slowly the struggles being waged against French and British imperialism in North Africa, in Malaya and Kenya are being presented in their true perspective, but not until the situations have reached such critical phases that some drastic change in official policy can no longer be put off without closing the door for ever to any compromise policy between the colonial powers and the native resistance movements. Recently we have witnessed the British government eating its words over the banishment for life of the Kabaka of Buganda, and now that this has happened we are offered a Profile in the *Observer* on Sir Andrew Cohen, the Governor of Buganda in which he is depicted in a very unfavourable light, and by his actions largely responsible for the crisis in that province. Indeed, it now appears that if anyone ruled in an autocratic way in Buganda it was rather Sir Andrew Cohen than the Kabaka!

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FOR the past five years, that is, since the "troubles" started in Malaya, we have been told that the British and French have been fighting against "bandits", "terrorists", "Communists", "savages", "gangs"

who planned to destroy their countries and rule by terrorising the "loyal natives". We were told that they were only a handful of desperate men, hated as much by the natives as by the whites, etc. . . .

Some people must have wondered how it has been possible for these "handfuls" of men in Malaya, in Kenya and now Tunisia, to continue their resistance for so long against well-armed and trained forces, bombing aeroplanes and helicopters; against the hostility of their own people; against the extermination of their forces and the destruction of their sources of food. The British forces have used flame-throwers and bombs to destroy their crops, and terror to destroy their morale. Yet they go on, and with their continued resistance, so a little more light on the truth of the situation emerges.

The *Sunday Times* (28/11/54), of all papers, has published one of the most revealing dispatches on the Malayan situation that one could expect to read in the British Press. Their Special Correspondent in Kuala Lumpur opens his dispatch with these significant words:

Understanding the situation in Malaya has not been helped by the common employment of a lot of inaccurate terms. It can hardly be called an "emergency"; for it has lasted more than five years. And the instigators are inadequately described as "bandits"; for their aim is, and always has been, to overthrow the

Government and to establish a Communist régime.

For those who would jump to the conclusion that it was true then that Moscow (or Peking) were behind the struggle, we must quote again from the *Sunday Times*:

"They [the Communists] have never had any material support from outside Malaya."

We have always been told that the "bandits" obtain their supplies by intimidating the local population. This, it now appears, is only part of the truth:

General Bourne has said that with the active support of the villages the rebellion can be ended in a year. The fact that he will not get his support fully—and he knows he will not—is the first of several reasons why the situation in Malaya is not considered in the long run, so bright as present complacency would indicate.

The jungle forces cannot survive without at least the oil and salt that the villagers supply them with. These supplies are still forthcoming and are likely to continue to be so.

Intimidation is not the only reason why estate-workers and Tamil labourers take food and messages out to hidden niches, or why Chinese girls disappear for a night or two from the wire-enclosed villages. There are still poor estate-workers and farmers who believe that Communism will improve their lot, and intellectuals whose hatred of the British convinces them of the justice of the revolution. They comprise, so a Government official estimated, perhaps five per cent. of the population. But while they remain, the jungle fighters are all but indestructible. The rebels have

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ANTI-MILITARISM IN GERMANY

ARE we going to see the most active anti-militarist movement spring up in Germany? It certainly seems like it, from the reports of demonstrations by German youth during the last two weeks.

There have been two election campaigns running in W. Germany, where the Hesse and Bavaria State Parliaments have been elected. During the campaigns, Herr Theodor Blank, unofficial War Minister for Western Germany, went along to speak at meetings for the Christian Democratic Party.

The *Observer* (28/11/54) reports: "In almost every meeting where he spoke, he has been howled down and the meeting turned into an anti-military demonstration by thousands of young people of conscription age."

In one case—at Augsburg on Wednesday—the meeting was transformed into a riot and Herr Blank was beaten and injured.

Similar experiences were suffered by the former General von Manteuffel, now a Free Democratic M.P., and other speakers personally connected in the public mind with the rearmament programme.

The anti-militarist demonstrations in Hesse and Bavaria follow other recent indications of the same mood among the German 20-year-olds.

Resistance to military service among those who would have to fill the ranks of the new German divisions is growing more determined and passionate as conscription is revealed as a closely impending reality.

The fact is becoming unmistakable that among the German post-war generation anti-militarist re-education has been successful and that those who now regret this re-education will find it difficult to undo its effects."

How encouraging this is! Especially that it should come from Germans, whom, we were assured, are naturally military-minded, love uniforms and are slavish and obedient.

Politicians, naturally, are trying to

cash in on this popular feeling. The Social Democrats and the trade unions are now flogging the no-conscription issue—but, it seems, only because Germany remains divided. 'Germans against Germans? No!' runs one of their election leaflets. It seems that they would be prepared to accept a new Wehrmacht, however, as soon as E.-W. German unity is achieved. Rearmament and conscription give them ready-made vote-catching lines.

For the German Youth, however, the issue is much more real. They are the ones who would have to do the fighting and dying—and their demonstrations seem spontaneous and unofficial, but ably organised nevertheless. And determined.

Perhaps British Youth have something to learn in this direction also?

LABOUR DISCIPLINE

THE antics within the Labour Party on the issue of German Rearmament deserves more space than we have at our disposal this week.

Suffice to say for now that the Party decision to withdraw the Whip from six pacifist members because they conscientiously voted against the Government's Bill approving the Paris Agreements is one more example of the monolithic and dictatorial nature of the Party and of their abandonment of Socialist principles for the expediences of the political racket.

The pacifist M.P.s (there's a contradiction in terms!) deserve our respect for doing what they thought right—and so does the ex-I.L.P. militant John McGovern, who voted with the Tory Government because he thought that was right.

But what are we to think of the Ben-aites, who have thundered against German rearmament in the columns of *Tribune*, but decided to abstain, to remain dumb, in the vote in the House of Commons?

COMMENTS

THE SOLDIER TURNS TEACHER

THERE are those who profess to know something about military matters who declare that Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery is not the military genius he has been made out to be by his backers. We would not know. But there can be no doubt that in matters of education the Field-Marshal has a lot to learn. But it is part of the vanity of these mortals blown up to more than natural size by the Press and the sycophants, that they have not the modesty to keep silent on those matters in which their knowledge is slender and their prejudices many.

After being given an honorary degree by Columbia University not, be it noted, for his contribution to learning but for his "valour" and brilliance in war and his eminence as "a builder and protector of peace", the Field-Marshal felt qualified to give American educators a piece of his mind on their new-fangled theories of education. And as might be expected he came out in favour of the big stick. After all, "I was well-beaten myself," declared the Field-Marshal, and without waiting for comments on the results he added: "and I am the better for it."

"A boy cannot be expected to imagine intellectually the misery and pain he has the power of inflicting on others," said Dr. Montgomery, and on the theory that the brain is to be located in the buttocks and not in the head, he prescribed "a good beating with the cane" as having a "remarkable sense of awakening on the mind and conscience of the bad boy". "Not to administer such chastisement in bad cases," said this benefactor of mankind "is in effect a sort of cruel neglect—cruel to the children and cruel to society".

Dr. Montgomery also came out against comprehensive schools and in support of separating the bright boys from the others. "Selection and specialist education"—he declared as he probably dreamed of his Utopia of officers ruling over the rest who would be privates—"is the surest way to ensure that democracy will produce a well-educated élite."

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BY way of contrast and because it is a story with charm and almost of sentimental interest for anarchists, we must mention the school which has been

started in Moscow by members of the foreign diplomatic colony. They have taken over a mansion in Moscow and converted it into a school for forty-eight pupils of thirteen nationalities. The Children's Centre as it is officially called, grew up "spontaneously" writes the *New York Times* Moscow correspondent—"and was put together out of bits and pieces by the parents and children themselves". Said one of the teachers of one of the back rooms which have been converted: "This was just a dark hole. The parents did it up. The walls were washed down and painted. The Ambassador (Charles E. Bohlen of the United States) provided beer to keep the fathers going."

"Marty Bowe (of Holyoke, Mass., building superintendent of the United States Embassy) made fifteen desks. Before that we just had boards."

The children work very well together in one room, the head-mistress said. They read each other's compositions and make field trips together. The older children help and criticize the younger ones. Discipline has been better than average, Miss Sewell reported. In the beginning there was some difficulty, but only because the non-English-speaking children did not always understand the teacher's commands.

Twelve youngsters from eight countries, none of whom spoke English before this year, are studying in a tiled basement room that used to be a kitchen. In another room, which accommodates grades three to nine, children ranging in age from 7 to 15 study and recite at adjoining desks, just as they did in the old American one-room schoolhouse. The difference is that an Israeli boy sits next to a Yugoslav, and an American girl helps an Indonesian with her English.

It all sounds very pleasant and informal this Children's Centre right in the heart of the Russian Empire, and is it not a curious coincidence that the mansion in which it is housed was the birthplace of that eminent anarchist Peter Kropotkin, a fact which is recorded by a plaque? We wonder whether the curiosity of these youngsters will make them eventually want to find out more about the ideas of the great Russian educator who so long ago had opposed the idea of education through caning, with education through love and understanding.

P.

CHURCHILL'S BRICK

THE most famous amateur bricklayer in the world is undoubtedly Winston Churchill. Before the war we were often regaled with photographs of him down at Chartwell, his country house, laying brick upon brick with obvious enjoyment.

It is as a dropper of bricks, however, that Winston has achieved greater fame, and there is little doubt that his enjoyment of the flutter he causes among diplomatic dovescotes is also greater.

Last week, our Prime Minister paid one of his rare visits to his constituency (at Woodford, Essex). Apparently the speech he had written was a trifle dull and stale; it probably referred chiefly to the

things which affect the day-to-day lives of his humble constituents, and gave little scope to the recalling of those stirring war-time years when the Old Warhorse was leading us to victory against the Hun—the period he has crystallised as Our Greatest Hour.

He thought he would liven up his speech, and so he inserted in it a piece of information which he had already discovered aroused some excitement among representatives of the Primrose League. He told them about a telegram he had sent to Field Marshal Montgomery at the time the hero of Alamein was mopping up German war material in North Africa.

Churchill's telegram was an instruction to Monty not to destroy the German arms, but to stack them safely and conveniently so that they could be re-issued to the Wehrmacht should the Russians have continued to push westwards in 1945.

This exposure has seemed shocking to some people. Indeed it must be so to all those who thought of the last war as what it was made out to be—a sincere alliance against the bestial creed of Nazism. Those who believed Churchill when he promised that German militarism would not be allowed to emerge again for fifty years have somehow managed to equate that belief with the present plans for a new German army. It must be more difficult for them to equate his words with the fact that at the very time he was mouthing them he was prepared to hand back their arms, not merely to the Germans but to the Nazis; he was clearly prepared to accept the remaining leaders of Nazi Germany as allies in 1945, should his existing allies, the

Russians, not halt their armies where Churchill thought they should.

This, after six years of denunciation of Nazism, of justifiable propaganda against their vile régime, after knowledge, exposure, photographs and documents had been given to the world about Belsen, Buchenwald, the gas chambers, slave camps, torture and brutality by the Nazis and their armies. Churchill was prepared, even then, to accept them as allies, just as his knowledge of the nature of Stalin's vile régime did not make him hesitate for one moment to embrace 'the rugged old warrior chief' in 1941.

Of such a nature was Churchill's anti-Nazism. Such was the nature of 'The Grand Alliance'.

Manchester Dockers

THERE are 500 dockers out of Manchester's 2,300 who want to leave the Transport & General and join Barrett's Stevedores' and Dockers' Union.

If they do, they may lose their jobs, for the T. & G.W.U. run the local Dock Labour Board, jointly with the port employers, and they lay down that all dockers must be members of the T. & G.W.U.! A nice situation!

The 500 referred to above were the total present at a meeting addressed by Dick Barrett. There are probably many more who will join when the move begins. The answer clearly lies in numbers. Given a sufficient majority out of the 2,300, there will be nothing the Dock Labour Board could do about it, if they went into the 'blue' union.

Also, given a majority, the power to negotiate which is at present withheld from N.A.S.D.U. will clearly have to be given.

THE efforts now being made to illegalise the spread of myxomatosis bring into prominence a problem that is scarcely noticed as a rule. Now, there is no doubt at all the rabbits do great damage. And there is no doubt that if they were to be exterminated, as they now could be, before they develop powers of resistance to the new disease, the saving of crops would be very great. (On the other hand the natural balance would be upset, and woods and copses, which the rabbits have kept back to a certain extent, would spread and become a great nuisance). But this is not the whole story.

There is a very unsavoury element in the attitude of those who favour the spreading of the disease. They use all the good old arguments that are trotted out in defence of fox-hunting, that it is really kinder to the animal in question, and all the rest of it. On the other hand the arguments of the opposition do not at first sight seem too good, or at least not too "practical". They mainly revolve round the inhumanity of the thing, the effect upon children of continual sights of rabbits almost falling to pieces while still alive, and of course the easy answer is to accuse them of "sentimentality". After all the crops are being destroyed by the rabbit pest, and the world is short of food as we know. And if an anti-rabbit campaign were to

THE CONQUEST OF NATURE

be organised properly now, it would perhaps be possible to exterminate both rabbits and the disease at the same time. Thus sparing the children and the adults all further horrors in the future.

But back of all the arguments two fundamental outlooks are in opposition. The rabbit question is only the most recent example. The first outlook might be described and summed up in one phrase, "The Conquest of Nature". The second outlook is more vague and instinctive, and those who hold it are often unaware of the reason they do so, or really of what it is that they are defending. It consists of a hatred for destruction, and indeed for any setting off of a vast process on a large scale, which when started cannot be stopped, and which looks like making fundamental changes in the world one has become used to. It is a sort of conservatism, but is not to be despised on that account.

We live in a militarised society, and the phrase "Conquest of . . ." rises too easily to our lips. When applied to nature it is a false one, and exceedingly misleading. The world is regarded as man's enemy, which is not far from the Puritan idea of it being a "vale of tears". Naturally it does seem to be hostile, particularly in countries afflicted with earth-

quakes and cyclones, or threatened by the encroachment of deserts. Nevertheless it is not by conquering, but by co-operating with nature, that agriculture, and hence civilisation, has been developed.

We all know the disastrous consequences of the theory of "the conquest of nature" as applied to agriculture. We know all about the fanatical supporters of this theory, who exhaust the soil in order to force out of it bigger and better crops, and, when it can do no more, move on leaving a dust bowl behind them. On all sides we hear talk of the "conquest of the air", while monster airliners split asunder in the midst thereof. Perhaps it is the air that is the conqueror? If the attitude to space travel is to be "the conquest of space" we shall be the witnesses of crash after crash.

In the sphere of sex the same outlook breeds neurosis. We are still expected to "conquer" our sexuality. To practise "self-control" and so on. What is natural is not good enough for us. We must be artificial at all costs, even if it makes life ten times more complicated, and far less pleasant than it could be.

This is not the product of the nineteenth century. The actual phrase in question originated at that time, but the

outlook it describes goes back probably to the beginning of civilised life. The Middle Ages, as believers in return to peasant agriculture so rightly point out, did not have dust bowls. Men did not "conquer" nature, but did all they could to preserve the fertility of the soil, by co-operating with natural processes as far as possible. But the medieval attitude to sex was very bad indeed. Here was "the conquest of nature" with a vengeance. It was not in the cause of "progress" but of "the spiritual life", and its logical end was monasticism. Psychologically speaking the period was a mental "dust bowl".

The tragedy of man is that he is bound to live unnaturally whatever he does. Civilisation is here to stay. Even if an atomic war was to wreck civilisation, as we know it, it would not usher in a period of primitive communism. That is almost certain. It would most likely mean a period of barbarism, or even a species of feudalism. Institutions of our present society, such as war, or the Christian religion, would be carried over into an age of technical backwardness. This is the case with many savage peoples to-day. The nations of Europe would probably be split up among a collection of petty warlords, who had been clever enough to amass sufficient quantities of arms, petrol and vehicles driven by it, and perhaps a few light aircraft. As time went on conditions would probably become more and more primitive technically, but institutions have a knack of surviving the technical level of the society that produced them. It would be a long time before we were quit of the institution of the State for instance.

The natural way of life for man seems to be that of a food-gathering animal, wandering through the forest in small bands loosely organised, without fighting, property, or any form of sexual taboo, not even that on incest. Only if we could go back to such a state of affairs could we be entirely free from the products of an unnatural society. Only thus could we be free from neurosis. But such a thing is not possible.

The only alternative is to "have one's cake and eat it". In other words, while keeping civilisation, to endeavour to live as naturally as possible, eschewing artificiality as much as possible, and in particular to avoid a hostile attitude to nature.

Many artificial things we cannot possibly do without. In an anarchist society as in any other this applies. But there are many things that can be scrapped. On the social plane, property, war, government and all forms of authority, patriarchal religion, and all the artificial restraints that are placed upon the love

life. On the technical level, the quest for things to be bigger and faster, the sacrificing of man to the machine, particularly in the form of mass-production, the making of poisonous foods, the use of artificial manures that poison the soil as the foods poison us, and, to bring us back to the point of departure, the spreading of diseases wholesale, which once started cannot be checked, and whose ultimate results cannot be foreseen. All these things show a sickness in our society, that, even if it can never be entirely eradicated, since it will always be an artificial society, can be reduced to harmlessness almost completely, if people are ready to fight them.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

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The Ox and the Frog

"At the beginning was the Fable," or, less politely, "bull".

THUS Paul Valery used to retort when somebody quoted him the beginning of the fourth Gospel. It was not animal stories he had in mind, but we can take his statement, though over-generous and unintended, as a tribute to the antiquity of narrative renderings in fable form of pretty general human situations and events. Not too ancient but mirroring an ancient truth is a fable in which not a bull but, perhaps significantly, an ox figures as one of the characters. The other is a frog, and the story goes that the frog, jealous of the size of the ox, blew himself up to increasingly greater dimensions until he burst.

The accepted moral of the fable is that one should be content with one's status and limitations. It is echoed by a Latin proverb, which addressing the bovine specimens of humanity as a kind of poetic justice to the frog-like, warns that what is permissible to Jupiter is not permissible to an ox (*quod licet Jovi non licet bovi*). In platitudinous language; no man is satisfied with his lot, and everyone is jealous of somebody bigger than himself. When not dissatisfied with what he is in comparison with other men he grumbles at his being a man, and wishes to be something else, a pig, a God or a stone, nothing at all. Contempt for platitudes is another aspect of the same fact; the truth they usually contain does not redeem them from the taint of being common property, and leaving therefore the holder of it no ground for distinction.

THE desire to emulate the glorious can scarcely be accompanied by critical sense, for to be critical is not to allow oneself to be too promptly or excessively impressed, while the would-be emulator anticipates at least an equal degree of impressionability in others as makes him envious of those he wants to emulate. So thanks to the natural tendency towards exaggeration on the part of those privileged to witness something out of the ordinary, men have constantly set themselves standards of achievement higher than any reached before. As emulation, furthermore, needs support and compliance of groups of people sometimes very large, it follows that human capabilities have been subjected to a perpetual and growing strain that amply justifies the misgivings of some thinkers that its limits are bound soon to be overstepped and cause unspeakable collapse.

There is supposed to be a comic aspect in the fate of the frog. To me it is a tragic fate, and, generally, the amusement which the factual content of fables is supposed to provide is of a despicable kind. The laugh it is meant to elicit is that of the fortunate for the unfortunate, of the strong for the weak, of the coward for the brave, and of the many for the one. It is frogs who tremble inwardly lest the daring one should succeed in becoming as big as the ox, and who would have hastened to follow his example had it proved successful, that can laugh at his pitiful end or think that it was deserved. They congratulate themselves on their wisdom in remaining as they were, but the spice of their self-congratulation is the punishment of him who questioned their wisdom, and might have shown it was arrant stupidity.

It is, or was, held to be utterly stupid by many to try to be like somebody living and near you who is manifestly your superior—stupid because the odds are too many, and courting failure when you can leave it alone is indeed unintelligent. But equalitarian aspirations are stupidity of this kind, and it is a bit embarrassing to have to admit that some of them have met with success and have been turned into wisdom. To look at it morally, then, our democracy, as Bertrand Russell remarked, is a product of jealousy, but morality apparently, the same as wisdom, goes with success, and to-day it is a challenge to the democratic principles and dispensation which is considered immoral, a jealousy of what is enjoyed by the many on the part of some greedy and spiteful few.

Jealousy is also at the bottom of all attempts to emulate the dead. Was Saint Augustine asking himself "si isti et illi cur non ego" not jealous of the merits other saints shone with in the eyes of the Lord? Lofty moral lessons as are, for instance, imparted in "I Sepolcristi" of Ugo Foscolo appeal to ambition, another name for jealousy, and so does generally the wish for glory the Renaissance inherited mainly from Cicero and handed down to us, and so the strivings of the artist and even of the philosopher, an *animal gloriae* according to Tertullian's definition. For glory is praise, and the achievements aimed at for the sake of glory are an expectation to share in or draw to oneself the praise which others have secured.

Not all wisdom, then, is a disguise of cowardice and fear; some is free of even the slightest speck of jealousy, and to be contented with one's limitations, far from being a mark of pusillanimity, can be a token of manly endurance. This is especially the case of him who unsuccessfully tried to overcome his limitations, and knows his resources to be less than at his first attempt. It is true also of what Jung deprecates as a reintegration of personality at a lower level for no one can better judge than the person concerned of the scars suffered in failure, however correctly it may be ascertained that it was due to outside circumstances. Integration of personality, to my mind, is always grounded on more certain values than any from which may spring the compulsion to allegedly higher levels.

What kind of frogs are the anarchists? To fit in the typology of the fable they should be described as frogs who would like all the oxen reduced in size on the not too incorrect assumption that they are not real oxen but just inflated frogs. According to them, if oxen should be seen in their real shape and be reduced in size, there would be more space available and all other frogs would naturally expand with no danger of bursting. At the same time many an anarchist laughs, perhaps a little wryly, at the sight of other anarchists who are itching in all their pores with a velleity to swell, and yet are prevented from adding a single inch to their stature by both the social and psychological limits to elasticity which their anarchism imposes.

A better answer to the question is that anarchists are anarchists to the extent that they are impatient with the ox-and-frog aspect of human relationships, with men's obsession with size, and everyone's endeavour to be bigger than somebody else. They feel that men are not only made unhappier but are also substantially impoverished by submitting their vast diversity to a common standard of measurement. For them each individual is unique, but this uniqueness is meaningless if it states that each is incommensurable to any other. Shape, therefore, and not size, and inner shape rather than outer shape, because the latter may draw admiration but also stir up envy while the former is only to be reached and to be known by love.

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CINEMA

ARS GRATIA ARTIS

I CANNOT remember whether anyone has ever reviewed a musical in FREEDOM, and I feel that it is high time somebody did, if only for the benefit of those readers who prefer kulchur to social significance.

The trouble with most musicals is that what little music they contain is embedded in some maudlin story, usually about a Broadway show that is saved from catastrophe at the last minute. Even for the ten-minute ballet sequence in "The Red Shoes" we had to sit through two hours of novelettish drivel that was no doubt taken from the pages of some magazine for women.

This fault, I am glad to say, has been avoided by the makers of "Carosello Napoletano" (enghlished by the distributors as "Neapolitan Fantasy"), which can be seen at the Marble Arch Pavilion. The narrative is used only to provide a slender link between the musical numbers: it is skilfully and unobtrusively done, and far from spoiling the fun it makes intelligible and gives a unity to a vast cavalcade of characters and images from the seicento to the present day.

The credit titles would stretch the length of Oxford Street if they were unwound, and this is perhaps the reason why some critics were so grudging in their praise for the film's many fine points. So many films with a swarm of famous names in the cast list have been disappointing that many moviegoers have developed a conditioned reflex, and the appearance of such a film automatically brings out the skeptic in them. In this case such fears are groundless. It is true that even with such cast-iron song hits as *Core Ngrato* and *O Sole Mio* the producers could still have botched it. But they have not. The entire cast seem to combine the zest of amateurs with the skill of professionals. The whole thing has been done with tremendous gusto and the *garbo* that has not yet gone to Hollywood. The scenes have been composed with a painter's eye, and the colour

photography is an object lesson. "Carosello Napoletano" also has le Grand Ballet de Marquis de Cuevas and the Ballet Africain de Keita Fodeba with choreography by Leonide Massine, who also dances the part of Puncinello. And, as we learn at the end, Beniamino Gigli and Carlo Tagliabue, to mention only the first two on the list, *hanno cantato*.

But the star of the film is Naples itself: not the noisy city the tourist sees, but the Naples in the heart of every Neapolitan, the Naples that produced the *Canzone napoletane* that help to make this film so gay, the Naples of beauty and laughter and joy, the *bella Napoli* of her poets, radiating warmth and humanity.

There is sadness too, and for some of us social significance rears its ugly head in the most unexpected places. Such as us could not avoid a wry smile at the scene of a firework stippee depicting in showering sparks a ship named *Progress* accompanied by the legend "Viva il XX Secolo". The naive enthusiasm of 1900 is not for us. Nor could I altogether suppress the thoughts that came to my mind as I watched the symbolic figures of the homeless vagabond and his wife (Paolo Stoppa and Clelia Matania), and their six children as they wander from scene to scene and from century to century. The sign displayed on their barrel organ is 1918 "Veteran of the Great World War seeks a home" needs only the slight amendment to "Greatest World War" to bring it up to date for 1945.

There are some pleasant touches of satire. There is the German tourist, for instance, who, when invited by the barrel organist's son to contribute to the collection, says, "I helped you in the 12th century; it says so here" and points to his guidebook.

But never mind the social significance. If you prefer *bel canto* to the screechings of crooners, go and see it. If you don't, go anyway; you will see the Naples they mean when they say *Vedi Napoli e poi muori*. E.P.

THE MYTH

WE should have found it unnecessary to mention that Sir Winston Churchill had celebrated his eightieth birthday this week but for the fact that the occasion has been used as an excuse by the National Press to subject us to a bombardment of Churchilliana and pictures of the old bulldog himself which is an nauseating as similar high pressure publicity when the king died was sordid.

Churchill, to his immediate circle of friends and relatives, is probably an irritating or genial, a sullen or lovable, a stubborn or amenable—old man. To the public—or at least, to a section of it which permanently lives in a sort of Hollywood dream of irreality—he is a myth, a star, built up in the popular imagination by exactly the same Fleet Street techniques that are used for a Jane Russell or a Frank Sinatra. But Fleet Street and the publicity men make and break these Stars, and from 1929 to 1940 they saw fit that Mr. Churchill should remain in the political wilderness, and nothing he did or said could drag him out of, from what must have been for him, an oblivion. That he became overnight the "symbol of resistance to the last ditch" and all that, tells us little as to his worth other than that he fitted the job that the powers-that-be needed to raise the war morale: that of a verbal buccaneer.

In the post-war years he has lived on his capital, and if one is to judge by the pretty direct hints he has received from Fleet Street and the backroom boys of his own party, he has outlived his welcome on the political stage. So perhaps for them the celebrations are a friendly, even reverent political Obituary Notice. For the despairing middle aged man-in-the-street it is his special Hollywood dream of what he might have been at eighty, a pleasant distraction from the prospect of living on the old-age pension. And to the bobby-soxers of all ages the symbol of bulldog tenacity.

And when it is all over, and the cigar and the fingers are replaced by the black homburg and the moustache (or the doodles?) the voice of some Innocent might be heard uttering those words which, with the passing of time, and of Churchill, have lost none of their meaning:

*"He were no lion, were not
Romans hinds".*

'The Gentle Anarchists'

WE would like to think that every person in the country listened to Mr. Priestley's two recent broadcasts under the general title of "The Gentle Anarchists".* In his first talk on Power and People we feel he gave, in the brief fifteen minutes at his disposal, a masterly exposition of the anarchist case against war, against the dangers of world government and for the dignity of the individual. We would have wished to add "convincing" to the "masterly", but then we were prejudiced listeners! We leave it to others to judge. This is what Mr. Martin Armstrong, writing the Radio criticism in the *Listener* last week, had to say:

In 'Power and People', a grand talk, the first of two called 'The Gentle Anarchists', J. B. Priestley seemed to me to diagnose our present international predicament with entire accuracy. In my

*Reprinted in the *Listener* of Nov. 25 and Dec. 2.

AMONG the various revolutionary upheavals since 1789, the First Serbian Insurrection is one of the least known. Its two-fold significance was missed both by students of revolutionary movements and by those who lived in a Europe immersed in the Napoleonic wars. The Insurrection however proved to be the first successful revolt of a Balkan people, preceding the Greek War of Independence by seventeen years, and unlike the revolutions of 1789, 1848 and 1917, it broke out in the countryside and recruited most of its leadership and rank-and-file among the peasants. It thus opened a new era in the history of those nations which the Turks had conquered in the latter Middle Ages, and it brought to the forefront a class whose lowly position in the Turkish empire was noticed by all the travellers passing through Serbia in the preceding centuries.

The Serbian medieval State was conquered six years after the fall of Constantinople. Its native dynasty, nobility and national church were swept away. The only remaining section of the population, the peasantry, joined the growing ranks of the Christian rayah. The sole function of this peasantry was, in the eyes of its conquerors, to provide manual labour and pay taxes for the upkeep of a military empire whose armies crossed the Belgrade pashalik in their advance into Central Europe.

The problem of maintaining large armed forces in an area where the population was sullen and poor, and communications scanty, was solved by the Turks without the use of a cumbersome bureaucracy. They merely preserved or adapted to their own needs the existing forms of self-government which in most of Serbia was centred in the village commune. It elected its own head, called knez, who was responsible for order, the collecting of taxes, often paid in kind, and the supply of labour for the repair of roads and the building of fortifications. The knez had no armed force at his disposal since the bearing of arms was limited to Moslems, and acted as the villagers' representative in their dealings with the Turkish authorities situated in the towns where the Serbian element was negligible.

There the Moslems ruled supreme since Turkish regulations and chicanery made life unbearable to those who refused to embrace Islam or were not sufficiently pliable, a characteristic which few Serbs would claim to possess. Most of them felt more secure in the self-supporting family communities called *zadrugas* where several generations of blood relatives lived and worked together, and where production was largely for use and not for profit.

This patriarchal society based on the village commune and the *zadrugas* remained cut off from the West, except in time of war which the Christian powers fought against Turkey. Serbian support was then eagerly sought and freely given though there were not a few disappointments when at the peace treaties little regard was paid to their wishes. An amnesty for the Serbs was the most the Habsburg plenipotentiaries obtained from the Sultan, together with an offer to emigrate to the Austrian dominions, for those who were too compromised in the eyes of the Turks. Many availed themselves of this proposal and settled in the Habsburg lands where by the end of the 18th century the Serbian

childhood, 'anarchist' and 'nihilist' were both boggy words with a sinister ring about them. (They have been superseded to-day by 'Red', 'Bolshevik', and 'Communist', and all five of them, strangely enough, connected with Russia!) After learning to read and reaching years of discretion I learned to respect anarchists, though not the bomb-throwing variety of my childhood; yet the word still had a faintly dangerous sound until last week, when Mr. Priestley deftly plucked out and attached the word 'gentle', whereby he effectually exorcised the last vestige of the boggy and left me asking myself if, after all, I am not myself an anarchist. Perhaps I shall know when I have heard his second talk.

We hope Mr. Armstrong, and many thousands besides, are asking themselves this question, and are not afraid to face it squarely. And here our readers—those at least who have long ago faced the question—can help others to know more about anarchism by introducing them to the literature published on the subject.

minority headed by its clergy, merchants and a sprinkling of intellectuals, enjoyed a certain amount of autonomy, maintained its own schools and published its first newspaper.

Their compatriots in the Ottoman empire could boast of none of these things. And yet the last Austro-Turkish war (1788-91) provided them with the means to play a bigger rôle in shaping their future. The military experience they gained and the arms they amassed while fighting under Austrian officers of Serbian origin in a specially formed "Free Corps" proved useful in the "seventeen nineties". It was during that decade that the Serbs were drawn into the armed struggle between Moslems, the outcome of which was to decide the future organisation of the Turkish empire.

Sultan Selim the Third's efforts to carry out his plans for westernization in order to strengthen his empire met widespread opposition among those whose interests were injured by the new reforms. At its head stood the janissaries who had degenerated from an élite corps of the Turkish army to an irresponsible pressure group, notorious for its interference in State affairs. The authority of the central government declined in the provinces in proportion to the distance from Constantinople. The provincial governors were either puppets in the hands of the local Moslem aristocracy, the *beys* and *agas* (Egypt, Bosnia) or had succeeded in becoming almost independent, as in the case of Byron's host, Ali Pasha of Yanina in Greece, and Pazvan-Oglu on the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier.

The situation in Serbia was further complicated by the unwillingness of the Sultan to give to Austria any pretext for interference, and the relatively high proportion of Christian Serbs, compared to Moslems whether of Turkish, Slav or Albanian racial origin. These two factors and the memories of the recently disbanded Serbian "Free Corps" induced the Sultan to grant certain concessions to the Serbs (1793) in return for support against the marauding bands of janissar-

ies. The Serbian peasants under their own leaders played an important rôle in warding off these attacks until the janissaries won in December 1801 an important success in the struggle for power in the Belgrade pashalik. They murdered the local pasha and thus put a stop to the novel policy of using Christians to fight for the Sultan against his rebellious co-religionaries in Serbia.

Their distrust of the Serbs, who had been the backbone of the resistance against them, and the need to reward their own followers, induced the new rulers in Belgrade to abolish practically all forms of self-government. Direct rule was established by settling in the villages small groups of Moslems for whose upkeep the peasants were responsible. New taxes were invented and tolls taken while rapine, arrests and forced labour increased. So did the number of outlaws, called *hajduks*, in the forests which had always been under the Ottoman occupation the last refuge of those Serbs who wanted to fight back.

The resulting restlessness in the countryside did not escape the notice of the new rulers. Their fears were aroused when they captured a letter from a prominent knez announcing a coming revolt. To forestall the Serbs they decided to act before spring and to kill immediately the potential leaders of the revolt, the knez. With the help of deception and small punitive expeditions a hundred Serbs were executed and many others forced to escape into the woods.

The answer to this massacre came less than a fortnight later. The wandering groups of peasants in the forests were by then aware that no compromise was possible with their present rulers and that their own physical survival was at stake. They therefore decided on insurrection in February 1804. At the same time, the three hundred peasants present there, elected as their leader George Petrovich, an illiterate peasant of a poor Serbian family and without any military experience except as a *Hajduk* (outlaw) and a volunteer in the "Free Corps". G. Petrovich or Karageorge (Black George)

as he is better known, proved a most fortunate choice. His ability to inspire thousands of his countrymen and his skill as a strategist were such that an Oxford historian has recently described him as "probably one of the greatest natural military geniuses in history".

When the Turks came to kill him he escaped all by himself. His first comrade in arms was a well-known *hajduk*; the next day he was joined by two peasants, on the third by nine others and ten days later he had two thousand. Under his direction they destroyed the small Turkish posts in the villages and burned down the caravanserais on the main roads. At night these fires acted as a signal to the peasants further away. They rose almost to a man and thereby prevented their opponents from concentrating their forces and obtaining sufficient aid from the neighbouring provinces.

It was this aspect of the rising which impressed an English historian of Serbia. Writing a hundred years later he pointed out that "The noblest aspect of the Serbian revolt is its universality. There was no hanging back and no treachery, yet there was no pay for those who fought, and every man who joined the ranks joined for love. It was a true peasant uprising, a people in arms for liberty. Perhaps the liberty these men sought led them to cruelty in war and to lawlessness in peace, but this wild freedom was something for which all of them were ready to die. Among wild races a great man always has immeasurable influence, yet the true hero of the revolution is not Kara George, but the individual Serbian peasant."

Such was their success that by June 1804 the insurgents, now twenty thousand strong, held the whole of the Belgrade pashalik with the exception of a few towns which fell later. They then felt strong enough to reject the terms offered by Constantinople. This made further fighting inevitable and led the Sultan to proclaim the "Holy War" against his rebellious subjects in 1805. T.A.

(To be continued.)

The Situation in Argentina

THE dictatorship of Peron in Argentina maintains itself in power by means of a rigidly authoritarian structure, avoiding as far as possible the outbreaks of mass violence usually associated with fascist states, but at the same time managing to suppress almost completely any sign of active opposition to, or even criticism of the régime.

Its methods of repression have been developed to a unique degree of refinement. By means of a stranglehold on the press and radio services the government uses the techniques perfected by Hitler to try to instill into the people that they are enjoying the best possible standard of living, thanks to a régime whose only concern is "social justice". At the same time the channels of propaganda of opposition groups are obstructed by more restrictions and prohibitions every day.

The rights of free speech, public meetings and regular newspapers have been forbidden for many years, and to the laws against them has recently been added a new one threatening the confiscation of the machines of any printer who allows them to be used for the printing of matter objectionable to the government. Such denials of liberty extend not only to the anarchist and revolutionary movements, but to socialist and liberal parties as well, although in the latter cases they are not applied so viciously. The result is that, although not actually illegal, these movements find themselves in forced isolation, unable to publish regular periodicals, or even to find printers to print their manifestos, and so cannot effectively spread their propaganda among the people.

As with all dictators, Peron finds it necessary from time to time to create spectacular scares, designed to arouse and exploit nationalist sentiments, and enlist them in his support. For many years communism provided a satisfactory scapegoat, but a recent development has been violent tension between the Argentine and Spanish governments, and recently attacks on the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Since the signing of the Spain-U.S.A. defence pact the official press has become increasingly hostile, and has carried vigorous denunciations of Franco. Several weeks ago, a number of priests were arrested; charges

against them, and the Catholic Action movement as a whole being that they had used their influence in workers', student, and youth organisations to subvert their loyalties to the government. The indications of these developments may be of a coming internal struggle for power within the country, with the church and the Peronist party on opposite sides. The Vatican has expressed a fear that the anti-clerical measures may be a prelude to the complete secularisation of education, an inevitable consequence of the clash between two authoritarian systems, each trying to mould the children and youth of the country to passive obedience to it. In addition, with Spain more tightly bound to the aims of American foreign policy, Argentina has lost an ally in its quest for Pan-Americanism, under Argentine domination.

During the recent general election campaign, the government promised that on its return to power it would stabilise the cost of living and grant all round wage increases. As was to be expected, the ruling party did win the electoral battle, but not a word has since been heard of its promises. Any wage increases that have been granted in the past have invariably been swallowed up immediately by increases in living costs.

The General Confederation of Labour, far from being a workers' organisation, is simply a labour front, acting as an appendix of the State; its bureaucratic hierarchy serving to deflect the workers from the use of resolute direct action against the employers or the government.

Over a period of several months, the metal workers carried out a series of militant actions, showing great promise as the centre of concerted resistance. During the entire period of go-slow movements, partial stoppages, and the culminating general strike the C.G.T. officials played a wholly passive rôle, only troubling themselves to transmit orders from above to the workers, and finally ordering them to return to work. The demonstrations by the workers against this betrayal were met by police repression, resulting in many arrests and imprisonments. The governmental propaganda machine then proceeded to denounce the militancy of the workers as an intrigue of international commun-

ism, as it had done during previous strikes of railway workers, construction workers, sailors, dockers, etc. In the case of a strike by workers in a tobacco factory, the C.G.T. leaders went to the extreme of sending *agents provocateurs* among the strikers, brandishing revolvers, dividing and confusing them and ensuring the failure of the strike.

It is an unfortunate fact that the Argentine people, after having in past decades built up strong organisations of defence and struggle, largely along anarcho-syndicalist lines, have allowed them to be disrupted and weakened by a mixture of stalinist and socialist reformism, and Peronist promises, and at the present time only offer sporadic and unco-ordinated resistance, easily overcome by the government.

In a recent manifesto the anarcho-syndicalist Regional Workers Federation appeals to the workers to desert the C.G.T. *en masse*, and return to their former militant direct action. It points out that all the gains which the people have won have resulted from this, and not from collaborationist methods. The future of Argentina lies, not in the hands of the passive officials, but with the conscious revolutionary minorities. P.H.

IT IS BETTER TO TRAVEL . . .

MR. FRANCIS WILLIAMS is a faithful chronicler of the Labour Movement, and in *Magnificent Journey* (Odhams, 15s.) has written a history of the rise of the trade unions to their present position of power and glory.

Like many people wedded to the political approach, however, he is beginning to discover that it is better to travel than to arrive, for having bitten off as much as they can chew of nationalisation, the unions are now in the same dilemma as the Labour Party in the political field—where do we go from here?

For the rank and file trade unionist, looking back on a century and a half of struggle and trying to figure out how it arrived at the present dead end, it seems increasingly clear that a lot of the steps taken on the 'magnificent journey' have to be retraced, and new paths found if the original destination is to be reached.

gained as well the support of many of the inland aborigines, who recently greeted British parachutists with a volley from their blow-pipes.

The "handful" of bandits now appear to be more than a handful for the authorities. As fast as one is killed so another takes his place:

The Communists have been suppressed with relative success, but they have not been annihilated. Five thousand there were in the beginning, 5,000 have been killed, but still there are an estimated 5,000. They have never had any material support from outside Malaya, and their internal support is waning. But there is little hope of its becoming non-existent.

And this in spite of the dissensions in the ranks of the resistance. According to the *Sunday Times* correspondent, purges have taken place as well as executions. On the other hand he reports that in Selangor "waverers" have been told that "all who have lost faith in the revolution should frankly say so, and apply for release", but concludes that the small response may be due to the fact that it is not made clear "what kind of release is afforded".

After five years the British authorities can declare that only a quarter of the population live in "What areas free of Communist terrorists" at a cost of 5,000 of the "enemy", 2,000 police and security forces and 3,000 civilians. And this year the Malayan Government will be spending a third of its total revenue to whitewash Malaya. And the British taxpayer will be contributing a further £26 million to keep the flag of British business flying... from the last rubber tree if need be!

KENYA

AGAIN, one must treat the official reports and statements, such as that of the Deputy Governor of Kenya that "Mau Mau gangs are fighting desperately for survival" as a boost to morale and an assurance that the situation is under control. If one analyses the remark, one finds that it can mean everything and nothing! Of course the Mau Mau are "fighting desperately for survival". They have been since the beginning. But then so are the settlers. In fact the struggle in Kenya seems to be waged with even greater intensity than that in Malaya, and in spite of the wholesale slaughter the end does not appear to be in sight. As in the case of Malaya this "handful of savages" reminds one of the parable of the loaves and the fishes. Already, according to the Deputy Governor "7,000 Mau Mau have been killed by security forces, not counting those killed in air raids, and 750 have been killed in the last ten weeks. Terrorists were surrendering at the rate of 70 a month". The hangmen have also been kept busy as the Colonial Secretary was able to testify last week in a reply to Fenner Brockway. More than a thousand Africans have been condemned to death in the two years of the "Emergency" in Kenya, of whom

756 have been executed. That is at the rate of more than one a day, including Sundays. Of these only 248 were executed on charges of murder. 290 were hanged for "unlawful possession of arms and ammunition", 163 for "consorting with terrorists", 8 for "Acting with intent to further terrorism", 45 for "administering unlawful oaths", and 2 for "procuring supplies for terrorists". Here is judicial murder with a vengeance and against which even the barbarities of the Mau Mau initiation ceremonies and the alleged burying alive of a white settler appear as insignificant details.

In spite of these "successes", the claim by Mr. Blundell, a War Councillor in the Kenya Government, now in London, that the situation had shown "a definite improvement" in the past month, is not shared by his fellow settlers on the Legislative Council who have expressed their disagreement with his appraisal of the situation and with his claim that the establishment of multi-racial Government has reduced the "temperature" of the emergency.

TUNISIA

IN Tunisia, though the "troubles" only recently started on a large scale, the Government can draw on much experience and bitter memories from their Indo-China campaign to guide them in the approach to this new problem. Once more the significance of this movement against French colonialism, which is successfully holding down a French force of 100,000 men, is generally described in the same terms as were applied to Kenya and Malaya. But curiously enough it is to the *Sunday Times* that we must turn for a realistic appraisal:

Local opponents of the French talk about them [the Fellagha] as a Muslim Maquis, "patriots of the resistance". It seems a twisted description. There are

almost certainly no intellectuals among the Fellagha; it is doubtful if many are educated men or even literates. Yet they cannot be shrugged off as mere bandits because they are causing some of the sharpest political anxiety for a long time—or, rather, their exploitation is.

There appears to be a linking up between the Fellagha and the Nationalist Destour Party, not on ideological grounds, but simply through a recognition that in their struggle against the French they have common ground, and can act more effectively in unison. The ways in which this mutual aid has succeeded in foiling attempts by the French to starve them into submission (this seems to be a method much favoured by the French and British alike) is described by the *Sunday Times* correspondent recently returned from Tunisia:

Officials in country districts assured me that wherever Fellagha moved to new ground guides were supplied by the local Destour cell. Everywhere the Fellagha know the smallest goat track. Similarly, I was assured, they use shepherd boys as scouts or watchers. A ragged child of eight or ten guarding a few poor goats among the rocks looks so harmless—and will willingly co-operate "for fun". When the French tried to stop this cunning dodge local agitators raised loud cries about "persecution, even of our children."

Destourians, their sympathisers or victims, transport, harbour and care for Fellagha wounded; and in these areas where births are too often not registered and even the French, with their mania for documentation, have been unable to institute a proper system of personal identification, checks are extremely difficult.

Food? To stop outside supplies the French are now blockading the Aures range in Algeria—rather forlornly; for there is something quite uncanny in the Arab's capacity to live on what strikes the eye as utterly desolate country. Troops speak of their baffled feelings when, after isolating apparently barren and waterless heights of rocks for days, they see each night the fires of the Fellagha spring up from peak after peak.

The French authorities have now presented the fellaghas with an ultimatum threatening "pitiless" military action if they refuse to lay down their arms. It declares that it will offer complete freedom to all who surrender even to those "suspected of terrorism and murder and escaped convicts". This offer goes much further than the British one made through "General China" to the Mau Mau. And unlike the British offer which was doomed to failure from the beginning by the hostility of the settlers to any compromise, the French are doing things thoroughly. A *Reuter* report (25/11/54) gives details of the arrangements that have been made:

France is to suspend military operations against the Tunisian rebels for from three to six days next week to enable Tunisian leaders to seek out the rebels and persuade them to accept a cease-fire. A conference of military commanders at which General Boyer de la Tour, the Resident-General, presided, decided today to divide the country into zones and to cease operations for several days in one zone at a time. Those rebels agreeing to lay down their arms would be given free pardons.

★

IT seems that these prolonged colonial struggles no longer meet with the enthusiastic, patriotic support which governments expect and got in the past and need, to justify their continuation and intensification until victory, by annihilation if needs be, is finally achieved. Not even the atrocity stories seem to move them unduly, but neither do the barbarous methods being used in their name to counter the "atrocities". Where there is strong public feeling there is hope that something might happen. The failure of the Indo-China campaign can largely be explained by the bitter hostility of the French public to its continuance, and Premier Mendès-France owes his meteoric rise in French politics to the fact that he seized his opportunity of ending the war at any price, knowing that on the whole he would have French public opinion on his side.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Anarchists and Positive Action

IT was indeed an amusing coincidence that *FREEDOM*'s back page last week carried the two particular letters that it did.

There was the cry from the heart of sympathiser Arthur Moyses, that anarchists never suggest positive action, and there was the sharp pulling up from Albert McCarthy because a particular piece of positive action we did suggest was to support what he considered an unworthy cause.

It is hard to please everybody, and there are times when it seems impossible to please anybody. The anarchist propagandist is continuously faced with this dilemma—that there is little that can be done to-day of a truly revolutionary character, and that supporting measures immediately possible often deviates us from the revolutionary path.

The only anarchist alternative is to build a movement—of anarchists—big enough to influence public opinion and the course of events. But then so many people—like Arthur Moyses—hang back from giving unqualified support to the anarchist movement because we can't do anything now.

It's a vicious circle, and one which drives many anarchists to an individualist position, in which they cannot even work with other anarchists of different approach because their own purist position may be besmirched. Others are driven in an authoritarian direction—via syndicalism (without anarchism) towards a position hardly distinguishable from the marxist parties. Both attitudes seem equally barren from a social revolutionary viewpoint.

The rap over the knuckles I earned from Albert McCarthy (and I cannot altogether deny its justice) indicates the 'danger' to which one is exposed immediately one puts forward a positive proposal for application within existing authoritarian society. My suggestion (that dockers should, themselves subscribe the money that dockland settlements lost through the Lord Mayor calling off his charity dinner), was looked at from the point of view of what was good for the dockers, not for the settlements. At very small personal cost they could have raised their collective stock in the eyes of the public tremendously, after a

strike for which they had been castigated on all sides.

And, authoritarian settlements aside, that would have been a libertarian and generous initiative. Arthur Moyses's suggestion, however, is a repressive and censorious one, in spite of his protestations about disliking censorship, and it arises directly from the fact that in trying to deal with the effect he forget the cause.

There is a market for pornographic literature because so many are sex-starved; to take away that literature does not solve its readers' problems. Children lap up horror comics because their lives

T.U.C. Rejects Discrimination

WE are pleased that the discriminatory proposals to control the employment of coloured workers, made by Jim Leask, Midland organiser of the Transport & General Workers' Union, (*FREEDOM*, November 27th), were not even considered by the 100 delegates of the T.U.C.'s regional advisory council at their meeting in Coventry last Thursday.

At first the majority of the delegates refused to listen to his proposals, but when he did put his case "next business" was moved and carried before his resolution was even seconded.

If the good sense of the delegates at this meeting meant the end of the problem we would be delighted, but if we are any judge of human psychology our guess is that Brother Leask has now a double grievance and will be unlikely to discourage his Midland members from any prejudicial feelings they may have. We may be wrong, and we hope so, but it is enough at the moment to be able to record a sensible action taken by some officials of the T.U.C. for a change.

are regimented and dull and the adult world that they see around them is ridden with organised violence. Simply to suppress the literature and leave the causes for their appetite for it untouched is no solution at all. All it does is to give authority one more bit of control over our lives.

Basically, however, it is rather ridiculous for anarchists, with the present forces at their disposal, to suggest practical proposals for anything—because nobody takes much notice of us anyway. There are comrades who want *FREEDOM* to be more agitative, but when the effect of our agitation is consistently nil, it becomes a little ridiculous.

There are many organisations whose agitation can be effective now. Arthur Moyses should persuade the trade unions or the Labour or Conservative Parties to take up his proposals—because they could do something about it. For anarchists the immediate task is to persuade more people that the principles of anarchism are something which would enrich their lives now if they would base their lives upon them.

Children are bug-ridden in Glasgow slums and seek escape in horror comics because their parents accept society as it is. And in as much as his alternatives are repressive—so does Arthur Moyses.

London. ANARCHO-SYNDICALIST.

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT! WEEK 47

Deficit on <i>Freedom</i>	£705
Contributions received	£718
SURPLUS	£13
November 19 to November 26	
Birmingham: Anon. £1/0/6; London: J.S.* 3/-; London: J.E.D. 2/6; London: C.F. 2/9;	
Per A.G.: San Francisco: Committee for Freedom £21; London: C.H. £10.	
Total	32 8 9
Previously acknowledged	685 16 6
1954 TOTAL TO DATE	£718 5 3

GIFT OF BOOKS: London: E.P.

If the destruction of life in Kenya and Malaya is not to drag on indefinitely there must be an awakening of public opinion here, to condemn a struggle which, viewed objectively, is simply for the purpose of maintaining a real handful of white settlers as lords and masters at the expense of the native populations.

Nobody will deny that good things have been introduced in Africa by the white man, but that is no reason for expecting the Africans to be so overwhelmed with gratitude as to have to mortgage an indefinite future carrying the white man on their backs.

LIBERTARIAN.

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)

DEC. 5—Donald Room on ORIGINS OF THE STATE.

DEC. 12—Eric Kinton on FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

DEC. 19—Rita Milton on THE FUNCTION OF A REVOLUTIONARY PAPER

DEC. 26—No Meeting

JAN. 2—S. E. Parker on ANARCHY, REVOLUTION AND THE INDIVIDUAL

JAN. 9—Geoffrey Ostergaard on Subject to be Announced

JAN. 16—Jack Robinson on THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION

INFORMAL DISCUSSIONS

Every Thursday at 8.15.

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HYDE PARK

Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

ANARCHIST YOUTH GROUP

At the Malatesta Club

DEC. 8.—Tony Gibson

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